

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 VIII: The Darkness Within

Although the Imperial presence has been driven from Coruscant, Mas Amedda continues to mastermind the remains of the tyrannical regime from his hidden fortress. The ruthless Admiral Vantos, under the direction of the elusive Sith, has begun to terrorize the lesser worlds of the galaxy with endless battalions of oppressive Stormtroopers.

As the leaders of the Galactic Alliance Movement tirelessly campaign for more support, Leia Solo travels to her mother's home world of Naboo to seek an audience with the Queen....

PAN UP to reveal the idyllic world of NABOO. A lone MON CAL FIGHTER flies OVER CAMERA, banking into the planet's atmosphere.

002 EXT. NABOO - FOREST CANOPY - LATE AFTERNOON

The CRAFT flies above the lush forests. It is met by two battered NABOO FIGHTERS.

003 INT. NABOO STARFIGHTER - COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON

GUNGAN PILOT: *(into comlink)* Wesa yous royal escortes. Da queen, shesa expectin yousa.

004 EXT. NABOO - THEED - LATE AFTERNOON

The NABOO FIGHTERS lead the MON CAL SHIP toward the capital city of THEED, sitting on the horizon like a sparkling jewel. The SHIPS enter the royal hangar next to the palace.

005 INT. NABOO PALACE - THRONE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The stately young QUEEN ZARAMINA is seated on the throne, flanked by her ADVISORS. FOUR HANDMAIDENS are close by, and GUARDS are at the doors. LEIA, wearing a Jedi robe over a light colored tunic, bows before the QUEEN.

LEIA: Greetings, Your Majesty. My name is Leia Solo, and I come before you as an ambassador of peace and goodwill.

QUEEN ZARAMINA: Welcome, Leia. I must say how unusual and wonderful it is to see a Jedi in person! Forgive me, but I have only ever learned about their valiant deeds through history lessons, and my Grandparents' stories of the heroic role they once played in Naboo's past. Tell me; to what do we owe this honor? Surely you know we have received your Council's recruitment invitation broadcasts; if you have come looking for new initiates, I can assure you that any citizens who felt prompted to answer the call have probably already done so.

LEIA: Actually, Your Highness, I've come more in a political capacity. I'm here to make a personal plea on behalf of the Galactic Alliance Movement, because Naboo has not accepted Mon Mothma's call to take part in the formation of the new government. I humbly beseech you to appoint a delegate and give your planet a voice in the new Senate!

QUEEN ZARAMINA: On behalf of my people, I will say that we hold the utmost respect for Mon Mothma and her efforts, and we are truly honored by her invitation. However, although we do look forward to the continued success of the Galactic Alliance, I regret to tell you that Naboo is choosing to remain neutral at this time.

LEIA: With all due respect, Your Majesty, to not make a decision is a decision...the issue cannot be avoided forever. Yes, the Galactic Alliance has managed to whittle the

patrolling Imperial fleets down to practically nothing over the past few years, but we are far from safe. I'm sure you're aware of the many systems that have recently suffered the wrath of Admiral Vantos and his deadly new warship. The only way the Galactic Alliance will be able to shift the balance of power away from those who seek to rule through tyranny is through the support that planets such as yours are courageous enough to give!

QUEEN ZARAMINA: I am truly sympathetic to your cause, Leia, but you must understand the shame and guilt that we Naboo feel over Palpatine, who was one of our own... And, as if living in his dishonorable shadow isn't enough, many here are also still deeply scarred by the tragic death of Padmé Amidala, who was one of our most beloved and outspoken political leaders. I do not wish to subject my people to any more pain; therefore I feel it is best that Naboo not get involved in the galaxy's greater political arena just yet.

LEIA: Your compassion for your citizens is admirable, Your Majesty, but if you do not do anything now to stand up against oppression, the Imperials will eventually crush Naboo, along with everyone else! *(addressing the entire room)* Like all of you, I am no stranger to grief. I too have suffered great loss; my *entire planet* was destroyed by Palpatine's Empire, but I do not blame the Naboo for this! *(softly)*...And I also understand your heartache for Padmé Amidala, for I too greatly miss her...more than you can possibly imagine. You see, she was my mother. *There are MURMURS of surprise as the QUEEN and her RETINUE look at one another in astonishment.*

LEIA: *(cont.)* ...If the Naboo honor the memory of my mother, then they must also honor what she fought for. I know in my heart that if she were here today, she would tell you the time to act is now, while you still can!

Everyone in the room is visibly moved, including the QUEEN.

QUEEN ZARAMINA: Leia, we are honored by your presence and your passionate words. Perhaps you are right; Naboo will appoint a new Senate representative.

LEIA bows courteously.

LEIA: Thank you, Your Majesty. I assure you, you are doing the right thing.

006 EXT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - DAY

HEAVY DRIZZLE falls on the planet as the traffic lanes move in their never ending processions. The MILLENNIUM FALCON ROARS INTO FRAME, maneuvering down to disappear inside the TEMPLE'S main hangar entrance.

007 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - LIGHTSABRE PRACTICE GALLERY - DAY

MASTERS DEPA BILABA, WONROFF EMANON, SIEG LETTOW, and LUKE SKYWALKER each lead their PADAWAN CLANS through a range of exercises.

DEPA BILABA: From the ready position, into the first defensive posture. That's right...and the second; it requires a deeper step forward, Kadar. Good...and the third...very good...into the fourth, exactly! And back around to the ready position. Well done, Padawans! ...Again!

Meanwhile, LUKE'S CLAN wears the customary eye-shielding helmets as they practice with REMOTE TRAINING DROIDS.

LUKE: Okay, Devil Group, move into the seventh attack position. Auzituk- too wide a stance robs you of speed and agility; bring your feet together. That's better. Now get ready...pivot and parry!

One of the PADAWANS is hit by a sting burst from his TRAINING DROID.

PADAWAN: Ouch!

LUKE: Jode, keep your blade higher and bring it all the way around; a parry must be a full movement. Now into the eighth attack position, everybody...Feel the life of the lightsaber in your hands, and anticipate the flow of the Force within you.

ALANA SEREN blocks a flurry of laser bolts with exceptional skill.

LUKE: Very good, Alana! Here- perhaps you're ready for a new challenge...

Before ALANA has time to think, LUKE pulls a small metal bar from his robe and tosses it into the air. ALANA slices the bar into three pieces. She lifts her visor, smiling at her handiwork.

ALANA: Yes! Not too bad, if I do say so myself!

LUKE: *(teasing)* Sure, that's pretty good...for a beginner. When you are more accomplished, the bar should be in seven pieces.

LUKE winks at ALANA. She smiles and determinedly pulls the visor back down over her face. Behind them, THREEPIO approaches escorting HAN.

THREEPIO: Excuse me, Master Luke, we have a visitor.

LUKE: *(to PADAWANS)* You're looking good, Devil Group! Carry on. I'll be back with you in a moment. *(to HAN)* Well, well! Look who decided to come by for a visit!

HAN: How've you been, kid? *(Looking around)* I guess all this 'Jedi' stuff's got your hands pretty full lately, huh?

LUKE: You can say that again! We've had about two-hundred Force-sensitive adults respond to the galaxy-wide broadcasts so far! Can you believe it?

HAN: Huh. At least the place has livened up a little since you first moved in.

LUKE: It sure has! Each new arrival gets assigned to a clan, to be trained either by myself or one of the other Masters. As you can see, the Learners are keeping us on our toes!

HAN indicates the many WOOKIEE PADAWANS scattered throughout the CLANS.

HAN: After all these guys have been through, I'm surprised they're willing to take any more orders from anybody.

LUKE: Actually, I've been especially impressed by the Wookiees, Han. They are creatures with close ties to nature, as you know, but they also have a great affinity, in their own way, for the Force.

HAN is slightly underwhelmed by LUKE'S enthusiasm.

HAN: I coulda told you the Wooks aren't just big, shaggy humanoids, Luke...they do have an ancient culture, with subtleties of its own. Chewie's claimed a couple times that he can 'sense' the feelings of his relatives back on Kashyyyk, but I always chalked it up to a Wookiee's strong familial instincts...not anything as grand as this Force of yours.

An uncomfortable silence. HAN attempts to change the subject.

HAN: *(cont.)* ...Anyway, I'm headed out to Aquilae for another strategy meeting. It won't be long now until the Alliance has the Imperials beat, Luke.

LUKE shakes his head in wonderment and respect.

LUKE: And you think *my* hands are full! I hardly see you anymore, ever since the Alliance put you in charge of your own Intelligence division. And the way you've been coordinating those strikes against the Imperial armadas! I guess that little 'Corellian Eclipse' maneuver of yours at the battle of Kessel really paid off, huh? You always did know how to run rings around 'em!

HAN: Well, I wouldn't exactly say it's been easy...

LUKE: No, but you sure make it *look* easy, Han; not only have you wiped out most of their ships, but you've also managed to neutralize practically all of their training academies! The Regional Governors must be shaking in their boots!

HAN: Hey, I can't take all the credit...it's been a great team effort.

LUKE: ...And every great team needs a great leader, right? I think Leia's work ethic must be rubbing off on you; you've been almost as busy as she is!

HAN offers a thin smile.

HAN: The Galactic Alliance is just trying to do everything we can to stop Vantos, Luke.

LUKE is puzzled by HAN'S somber behavior. He leaves his CLAN to their exercises and the two old friends move off to the side to speak in private.

LUKE: Han, I sense something other than the Vantos situation is on your mind. What is it?

HAN: *(hesitantly)* Leia and I both went to the Aquilae medical facility recently...

LUKE: Is everything okay?

HAN: That depends on who you ask, I guess. The medical droids say we're both completely healthy, but for reasons they can't explain we are unable to have a child. Luke, here's the deal: I'm still convinced Leia's demanding training is somehow responsible, so... Maybe she should take a break when she gets back.

LUKE: She hasn't expressed any desire to hold back on her training, Han. On top of that, she's developing into the most naturally gifted learner I've seen yet!

(reassuringly) Look, when the Force wills it, you and Leia will have a child, I promise you.

HAN: *(irritated)* That answer seems to be working for everyone else, but I'm not buying it anymore, Luke. I'm sick of waiting around for 'the Force.'

LUKE: Try to be patient, Han...I'll consult the Jedi Council on the matter.

HAN: *(even more irritated)* Maybe the Jedi should get out there and do a little more to help us stop Admiral Vantos, instead of just sitting around here in their ivory tower

with blinders over their eyes. Think about it, kid.

HAN breaks away, moving toward LUKE'S STUDENTS.

HAN: (cont.) ...Anyway, I'm only here to pick up the Wook; remember, his first obligation is still to me and the Falcon. (to *LUKE'S GROUP*) Chewie! Come here! *CHEWBACCA* is revealed among the *PADAWANS*, raising his face shield and giving a familiar *BARK*. He switches off his lightsabre and makes his way toward *HAN*.

HAN: The Force may be wonderful an' all, Luke, but you're gonna have to learn what seems to be important from what really is important. ...See you around.

LUKE is speechless. The *CAPTAIN* and his *FIRST MATE* depart.

HAN: (loud enough for all to hear) These fancy laserswords'll never be as good as your trusty bowcaster, Chewie!

The other *MASTERS* look at *LUKE* questioningly. *THREEPIO*, ever the diplomat, tries to smooth over the awkward situation.

THREEPIO: Don't worry, Master Luke. General Solo ought to cheer up again once the Galactic Alliance finds a way to stop that horrible Admiral Vantos.

008 EXT. KAALEITA - DAY

The *CITIZENS OF KAALEITA* gaze upward, many of them pointing at a mysterious *RECTANGULAR HOLE* that has opened up in their green sky. A huge dark grey *STAR DESTROYER* seems to materialize out of thin air around the opening, which is in fact its underside hangar bay. A *WHITE CLOUD* begins to issue forth from the *SHIP*. The descending *CLOUD* turns out to be a *HORDE OF JETPACK-WEARING STORMTROOPERS* carrying heavy bazooka-type weapons. The *AIR COMMANDOES* scatter and fly throughout the helpless city, spreading *DESTRUCTION* in the streets. In a panic, some of the terrified *CITIZENS* run for their lives, while others simply try to hide.

009 EXT. NABOO - THEED - EARLY EVENING

The setting sun nears the horizon. Rose-colored light reflects off the peaceful canals that meander through a quaint residential section of the city.

010 EXT. THEED - RESIDENTIAL AREA - SIDE STREET - EARLY EVENING

LEIA and *ARTOO* make their way through the little street. *PEOPLE* pass by them, *KIDS* are playing. A *WOMAN* leans from a nearby window.

WOMAN: Jev! Autter! Puck! Come inside and get cleaned up for supper!

The *CHILDREN* run inside, *LAUGHING*. *LEIA* and *ARTOO* turn onto a side street. They stop in front of one of the houses.

LEIA: You're sure this is it, Artoo?

ARTOO WHISTLES and starts forward; *LEIA* hangs back. *ARTOO BEEPS*.

LEIA: (untruthfully) No, don't be silly! I'm not nervous...I just...

TWO WOMEN approach the house, gossiping with one another. They stop short at the sight of the *DROID* and the *JEDI*.

LEIA: Excuse me, is...is this the home of Sola Naberrrie? We were directed here by Queen Zaramina...

The *WOMEN* eye *LEIA'S* Jedi attire warily.

WOMAN #1: May I ask what your business is? Sola is a very old woman...

LEIA: My name is Leia; I am the daughter of Padmé Amidala, her late sister.

After a stunned silence, there are *SHOUTS* of joy from the *WOMEN*. They both come running toward *LEIA*, hugging her.

WOMAN #2: My name is Ryoo, and this is Pooja! We're your cousins!

011 EXT. NABERRIE HOUSE - GARDEN - EARLY EVENING

RYOO and *POOJA* show *LEIA* through a side gate into a beautiful yard, where they find *SOLA NABERRIE* tending her garden.

RYOO: Mother, someone is here to see you...The daughter of Auntie Padmé...

The *OLD WOMAN* gets up and looks at *LEIA*, regarding her for a long moment. Her eyes well with tears and a smile slowly breaks along her weathered face.

SOLA: Yes...yes... you have her eyes! Oh, how I've hoped and prayed for this day! Come, come! Let us all go inside!

The *FOUR WOMEN* venture into the house, *ARTOO* following after them.

012 INT. NABERRIE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - EARLY EVENING

SOLA: Please, child, make yourself comfortable. May I take your robe?

LEIA: Yes, that would be nice. Thank you very much.

As SOLA takes the garment she notices the lightsabre attached to LEIA's belt.

LEIA: *(inhaling deeply)* Mmmm. Your home smells wonderful!

SOLA: It's the roast. You're just in time, Leia; we are about to have dinner.

SOLA hangs the robe near the door. ARTOO rolls to LEIA's side, CHIRPING HAPPILY. SOLA gives him an appraising glance.

SOLA: *(cont.)* ...Your droid is a bit worse for wear and tear, isn't he? If he needs a recharge, there's a port he can plug into right over here...

LEIA: How 'bout it, Artoo? Are you ready for some power?

ARTOO WHISTLES eagerly as LEIA pats him on the head. RYOO and POOJA stop in their tracks and stare at ARTOO. His name has triggered a distant memory.

POOJA: Wait...Artoo... Artoo...Detoo? Can it be...?

RYOO & POOJA: Artoo!!!

They kneel down next to the DROID and hug him. ARTOO WHISTLES and BEEPS.

RYOO: Artoo Detoo! It is you! I don't believe it!

LEIA: *(confused)* Wait...you...know him?

SOLA: Ah yes, I remember Artoo! What a wonderful surprise! He was given to my sister after her term as Queen was up. He used to accompany her during her visits home when she was a Senator. Artoo, it's so good to see you again!

ARTOO BEEPS a happy greeting. LEIA regards the little DROID in a new light.

LEIA: Artoo is from Naboo?

SOLA: Oh yes. And how the girls absolutely adored him! They were very young...

(thinking) Let's see...Ryoo was about six...which means Pooja would have been only four...but I daresay it looks like he certainly made a lasting impression!

013 INT. NABERRIE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

LEIA, RYOO, and POOJA sit down at the table laden with bowls of heaped steaming food. SOLA comes in from the kitchen and sets the last bowl in front of LEIA.

SOLA: I hope you're hungry, dear.

LEIA: Yes, Ma'am! It looks like I came to the right place at the right time!

Everyone LAUGHS as they start passing food.

SOLA: Please, you can call me Sola. ...Or Auntie...if you like.

LEIA blushes, not quite sure what to say. SOLA ignores the awkward moment.

SOLA: So, I see you've become a Jedi Knight, like your father. How impressive! I noticed that you even own a lightsword!

LEIA: Oh, I'm not a Knight yet...just a Padawan Learner. And the lightsabre is only on loan from the Temple armory for my training. When the Council decides I'm ready, then I'll undergo the trials to qualify for Knighthood.

POOJA: I think the life of a Jedi sounds hard. Haven't you ever thought about settling down and getting married instead?

SOLA shoots POOJA a look, but LEIA smiles.

LEIA: It's okay. Actually, I'm already married. Sometimes, that seems harder!

The NABERRIE WOMEN exchange confused glances, oblivious to LEIA'S little joke.

SOLA: Forgive us, but it's always been our understanding that Jedi were not allowed to marry... Padmé made us all swear not to tell anyone about her marriage to Anakin.

LEIA: Yes, this was indeed the way it used to be... In fact, my marriage has become a bit of a sticking point with the Council Elders, who still favor the old ways.

Thankfully, though, they're not in much of a position to deny me; right now they need all the help they can get!

The WOMEN nod.

SOLA: Is your husband a Jedi also?

LEIA: *(laughs at the thought)* No! Goodness, no! He's far too pragmatic for something as ethereal as the Force! No, Han accepts my abilities, but he's most comfortable dealing with things he can see and touch...which actually serves him well in his position with the Galactic Alliance's Intelligence branch.

SOLA: Oh, how wonderful! A guardian of justice and a detective, both working to clean up the riffraff of the galaxy! It sounds like you two are a perfect match! I'm so happy that you've found such a decent and honest man, Leia.

LEIA: Oh, Han would be the first to tell you he wasn't always the responsible leader that he is now! He's got a bit of a rough past, but I have to admit that's part of his charm, and I love him for it. *(fondly)* He is a good man.

The WOMEN beam at the love they see in LEIA'S eyes.

RYOO: Do you have any children?

LEIA is caught off guard. She downplays the sensitive subject.

LEIA: No...not yet. I mean, we both want children, but our lives seem to be too busy at the moment, what with my training and Han's work and everything...

SOLA looks affectionately at her DAUGHTERS.

SOLA: When I became pregnant with Ryoo, I was right in the middle of my botanical and agricultural studies at the university. Then Pooja came along a few years later, when I was busy with my new job at the Theed conservatory! Children have a way of arriving no matter how hectic life gets, but I wouldn't change a thing. I know that when the time is right, Leia, you and Han will have children of your own.

LEIA smiles appreciatively.

014 EXT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dirty rainwater streams down the sides of the Jedi High Council tower.

015 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - LATE AFTERNOON

LUKE meets with the JEDI ELDERS.

OPPO RANCISIS: Solo's distress over his wife's training should come as no surprise, Master Skywalker. This is precisely the sort of thing that stems from family attachments, and why we have repeatedly expressed our strong reservations about the training of those who are too old.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Yes. I can only surmise that the Force is denying the Solos any children because the code has been broken.

LUKE: I have to respectfully disagree, Master Bunden. We all know this is not just happening to Han and Leia; for several years now our efforts to locate any Force-sensitive children anywhere in the *entire galaxy* have yielded nothing!

Silence as the ELDERS reluctantly concede this point.

DEPA BILABA: Still, I fear it is an unwise thing to go against tradition... *(glances at SEIG LETTOW)* Several Padawans are having a much harder time staying focused since their homeworlds were hit by Admiral Vantos...

SIEG LETTOW: Yes, a number of my Learners are experiencing some emotional struggle, but I do admit that the Order needs strong *adults* if it is to survive in these uncertain times... It is this reason alone that we have agreed to train any and all who have shown ability, despite age or marital status.

LUKE: And I thank you Elders for your wisdom on this matter. Let me reassure you, the countless hours I have spent in the Temple archives - along with your venerable and much-appreciated insight, of course - has gained me a solid understanding of the old codes. However, the forbidding of family attachments has been troubling me; my instincts in the Force tell me this cannot be right.

SEIG LETTOW: Each has to follow his own path in the Force, Master Skywalker. We can sense that you mean well and do not wish to cause any tension. I would advise you to seek answers to your inner conflict through meditation.

The other COUNCIL MEMBERS nod in approval. LUKE nods in turn, and the session comes to an end.

016 INT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - LANDING PLATFORM - DAY

The MILLENNIUM FALCON rests on one of the many landing platforms overhanging the base's vast coral-covered lagoon. Jets of steam spew from the SHIP'S underside. CHEWBACCA is busy welding something on one of the landing claws.

017 INT. AQUILAE BASE - HAN'S OFFICE - DAY

HAN, MON MOTHMA, LANDO, and ADMIRAL ACKBAR sit at a large round conference table with GENERALS RIBBEKAN, MADINE, and DODONNA. ACKBAR is discussing a HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY of Admiral Vantos's flagship. He points to an unusually large mechanical structure extending from behind the ship's bridge.

ACKBAR: Cloaking device technology of this magnitude is unprecedented. Despite our best leads, as long as Vantos has this advantage the Wraith will continue to slip through our fingers time and time again.

Concerned looks pass between members of the GROUP. HAN indicates the HOLOGRAM.

HAN: It gets even better. According to my insiders at the Academy, this ship is just a prototype. They say that construction on an entire fleet of 'em is now underway at the Kashyyyk shipyards...

MADINE: We've already started working on a strategy for Kashyyyk, but it's just going to take some time yet to work out all the logistics...

RIEKKAN: The Regional Governors are all but defeated without their patrolling armadas, but if they end up with a new fleet of ships like this one at their disposal we will have little hope of stopping a galaxy-wide terror campaign...

KAZAN: These ships must have *some* weakness. (to HAN) Is there any chance your insiders might be able to obtain the Wraith's schematics?

HAN shakes his head in frustration.

HAN: I wouldn't count on it. When you consider those transmitter bugs that've been planted inside their bodies, they really put their long necks on the line just to get this basic external surface imaging to us. Besides, as much as I hate to say it, I wouldn't want them to jeopardize their greater mission...

LANDO: Mission?! More like a suicide pact, if you ask me!

MON MOTHMA: Maybe from where we're sitting, General Calrissian, but they've had to witness the systematic extermination of their people. Surely, for them Operation Broken Egg is about honoring the memory of the ones who are gone.

HAN: (nodding) And those damn implants'll kill 'em if they ever try to escape, so can you blame 'em for wanting to go out on their own terms? Especially if it'll guarantee the Academy can't be exploited by the Imperials anymore...

LANDO: I can respect that, I guess. I don't think I could make that kind of sacrifice, but I respect it. They've got guts, that's for sure.

DODONNA: Yes, their courage is admirable. I can only imagine the kind of losses they've had to endure...

MON MOTHMA: Far too many have suffered at the hands of Mas Amedda and his agents of evil. As long as they have expendable clones and a covert means of deployment, democracy can never be fully re-established. And there is another matter we need to discuss. A troubling new pattern has emerged in Admiral Vantos's attack strategy. Many of the systems he's recently hit have only *just* made tentative agreements to join the Galactic Alliance. Kaaleita, which was attacked earlier today, is still in the middle of talks! I find it highly suspect that so many of these potential allies would be targeted, when their commitment to the Galactic Alliance has yet to be publicly announced.

ACKBAR: It cannot be a coincidence. I fear our suspicions of a possible double agent somewhere within the Galactic Alliance ranks are being confirmed.

GENERAL MADINE hesitantly glances at HAN and CHEWBACCA.

MADINE: No disrespect meant to you and yours, General Solo - the loyalties of your wife and your First Mate would never be in question - but I do feel it should just be stated for the record that the Jedi Council is aware of our political strategies as well...

DODONNA: Duly noted, General Madine, but I think it should go without saying the Jedi can be trusted.

HAN: (nodding) Yeah, they *do* seem to genuinely hold the galaxy's best interests at heart, I'll at least give 'em that much. When it comes to the fight against the Imperials the Council Elders have been a little too hands-off for my taste, but I also gotta admit they have been pretty busy getting their house in order.

DODONNA: Yes, and we must remind ourselves of the long-term benefit of this. As guardians of peace and justice, the Council has been doing what they can to work with the Alliance, and they will do more when they are able.

LANDO: I agree with Han and General Dodonna. After all, the Jedi have managed to send some humanitarian aid out to the worlds hit by Vantos. And isn't Leia currently away on an ambassadorial assignment for us by special permission from the Jedi Council?

MON MOTHMA: Not entirely. Although her mission is partly on behalf of the Galactic Alliance, Luke is the only member of the Council who actually knows about it. Because her business on Naboo is largely of a personal nature, I advised him that it might be better if he dispatched her secretly, to avoid any undue conflict with the rest of the Council.

RIEEKAN: Good thing, too, if it turns out that we really are compromised by a security breach.

MON MOTHMA: Until the issue is resolved, I think it best we keep all tactical information limited to those in this room, who we know we can absolutely trust. *Everyone nods in agreement.*

018 INT. NABOO - NABERRIE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

LEIA, SOLA, RYOO, and POOJA relax after dinner. ARTOO stands in the corner, his power off. SOLA LAUGHS as she relates a story her sister once told her.

SOLA: ...He and Padmé were staying up in the Lake Country, and...and...the pathetic boy was...was attempting to stand on the back of a galloping Shaak, of all things! Can you imagine that? Padmé told me she could hardly believe how ridiculous he looked before he was thrown off!

The WOMEN all LAUGH loudly, waking ARTOO. The little DROID looks around the cozy room, making a HAPPY LITTLE SOUND. LEIA wipes tears of laughter from her eyes.

LEIA: It sounds just like the kind of reckless thing Han would've done to impress me back when we first met! I guess I must have inherited my mother's soft spot for a show-off...

The WOMEN let out a contented sigh. The evening is winding down.

SOLA: Leia, you're more than welcome to spend the night if you'd like.

LEIA: You know, I think I just might take you up on that offer! Thank you.

RYOO: *(yawns)* It is getting late; I should probably be going...

POOJA: Me too. My family's probably already gone to bed...

EVERYONE stands and moves to the door. ARTOO follows. RYOO and POOJA each give SOLA a hug and a kiss.

RYOO: Goodnight, Mom.

SOLA: Goodnight, sweetheart. Pooja, give the kids a hug and kiss for me, okay?

POOJA: 'Night, Mom, I will. *(to LEIA)* Leia, I'm so glad you've found us! I hope you can come back again soon, and meet the rest of the family!

LEIA: Me too!

RYOO: And bring Luke!

LEIA: I will.

The COUSINS hug one another. ARTOO rocks back and forth, BEEPING happily. RYOO and POOJA each give the little DROID a hug.

POOJA: It's been wonderful seeing you again after such a long time, Artoo!

RYOO: Take good care of Leia, won't you?

ARTOO WHISTLES affirmative, and sees the TWO WOMEN off.

019 INT. NABERRIE HOUSE - PADMÉ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOLA prepares a bed. LEIA is looking at the framed holograms of her mother on the walls. One in particular, depicting PADMÉ and ANAKIN together on their wedding day, has captivated her. The japor snippet is visible around Padmé's neck.

LEIA: I recognize this pendant...I've seen it in my dreams...

SOLA smiles and goes to a small box on the bureau. She opens the box, revealing the japor snippet.

SOLA: We found it after the funeral; the tough ivory wood survived the pyre. Padmé once told me that Anakin made it so she would always remember him...

LEIA: *(quietly)* At least she had something tangible...my so-called 'memories' of my mother are not even real; they're just images in my dreams.

SOLA rests a comforting hand on LEIA'S shoulder.

SOLA: Oh, I disagree, Leia. Sometimes dreams- the ones that stay with us- can be just as real as any memory. They help keep those we love and miss alive in our hearts, and have the power to outlast any mere physical keepsake. I dream of my sister all the time. Padmé is very much alive in my heart, and I will always cherish her memory!

...In fact, it's been a while since I've tended to her resting place; would you like to accompany me there on the morrow?

LEIA: Yes, I would like that very much. It would do me a world of good to be able to pay her my respects...before I have to leave, and resume my Jedi training and my work for the Galactic Alliance.

SOLA: Your mother would have been so proud of you, Leia.

SOLA hands her the japor snippet.

SOLA: (cont.) ...Here. I know she would have wanted you to have it.
Touched, LEIA is speechless. Tears come into her eyes. The TWO WOMEN embrace.
SOLA: Good night, child.
LEIA: Good night, Auntie Sola.

020 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - SACRED SPIRE MEDITATION BALCONY - EVENING

LUKE stands alone on a balcony encircling the peak of the original sacred spire, a natural mountain that the Temple was constructed around. High above, several broken STATUES of the most revered Jedi are suspended on repulsorlift pads. LUKE gazes up at the shattered remains and SIGHS. He sits down cross-legged and closes his eyes to meditate.

LUKE: (quietly, to the Force) I have come seeking answers; the Council Elders have been unable to offer me any true understanding.

Silence. Then, YODA'S VOICE speaks from the beyond.

YODA: That is because true understanding they have not, Master Skywalker.

A soft illuminating LIGHT falls on LUKE as the shimmering, translucent SPIRITS OF OBI WAN AND YODA appear before him. LUKE bows his head.

LUKE: Masters! I am humbled and honored to have you with me once again.

OBI WAN: We are always with you, Luke. It is your strength in the Force that allows us to materialize from the beyond, even if only for a short time.

LUKE looks up at his MENTORS, realizing they are only two. He is confused.

LUKE: And my father... Where is he?

YODA: In exile, his soul is. Although the Chosen One who fulfilled the prophecy he was, right the wrongs Anakin did not; merely stopped the horror, he did.

OBI WAN: Luke, I'm sorry to tell you your father's murder of innocent Younglings has kept him from being fully reconciled with the Force.

LUKE lowers his head, feeling a pang of sorrow. Then a thought occurs to him.

LUKE: Younglings! Could this be the reason why the Jedi have been unable to detect any Force-sensitive children?

The SPIRITS nod gravely.

YODA: A curse upon the galaxy, there is. Since the heinous infanticide Anakin committed, born no more Force-sensitive children have there been; the last, you and your sister were.

LUKE: (softly, to himself) Leia... (to the SPIRITS) Masters, although my feelings are not condoned by the Council, I have a strong brotherly love for her, and she in turn is married and wants a family. Tell me, how am I to reconcile these matters of the heart with the rigidity of the Jedi code?

YODA and OBI WAN look at one another, as if they share a dark secret.

OBI WAN: The Jedi of old were allowed to marry and have families, Luke, and they passed down the Jedi teachings to their children generation after generation. This is the true way of the Order, but it has been kept secret for nearly a millennium by the successive permanent leaders of the Jedi Council.

LUKE: But...why? What happened?

YODA: Long ago, the youngest-ever leader of the Jedi Council I became. Told I was by the four other permanent Council members of an ancient prediction; a prophecy that foretold balance to the Force a 'Chosen One' would bring.

OBI WAN: It was cryptically written in the ancient Journal of the Whills that the Chosen One's attachments and love for his family would bring untold despair to the entire galaxy.

YODA: Yes... But what 'balance' meant for the Jedi exactly, not sure we were; troubled for the Order's future, I was, so a strict new doctrine forbidding Jedi from all family attachments, I decreed. Erased from the Temple records and then rewritten all associated Jedi histories were. Prevent a disastrous fate I hoped this would, but terrible consequences for the galaxy, my pride had...

YODA looks away with remorse. LUKE is awed by his Master's humility and attempts to comfort him.

LUKE: Master Yoda, I know you only had good intentions in your heart.

YODA gives LUKE an appreciative smile, a distant look in his eyes.

YODA: As each new generation of Jedi infants I taught, accepted as fundamental doctrine the no attachments code in time became. For nearly 800 years, this way it remained.

LUKE: Then how is it that my father turned to the dark path?

OBI WAN: Eventually it came to pass that a maidservant whose unborn babe registered unheard-of Force-potential readings was detected by the five permanent members of the Council.

YODA: To Coruscant, the pregnant mother we brought. There, determined we did that the one spoken of in the ancient prophecy her child was; that conceived by the midichlorians, he had been.

OBI WAN: Fearing for the safety of the galaxy, the five secretly decided that the mother and child should be sent far away into a life of bondage on the Outer Rim, where they would never be free to return.

LUKE swallows the lump in his throat.

LUKE: *(whispering, to himself)* Tatooine...

OBI WAN: Nevertheless, the will of the Force would not be denied; many years later, my Master and I stumbled upon the boy, and little Ani unwittingly ended up back in the midst of the Council. The permanent members recognized him and initially denied his training, however, a new Sith threat had also suddenly resurfaced. The Council grudgingly rescinded their decision, under their own reassurances that the boy would never be allowed to see his mother.

YODA shakes his head at the bitter irony.

YODA: Precisely because of our efforts to prevent it, fulfilled the prophecy inevitably was.

LUKE sits silently for a moment, feeling a mixture of fascination and sadness at the JEDI'S confession, pondering the ramifications.

LUKE: And now the Sith have somehow risen again... How could this be?

OBI WAN: These new dark lords must have initiated themselves independently, sometime after the long Sith chain was broken by the Chosen One... However, we must admit that our ability to see many things in the mortal realm is severely limited.

LUKE struggles to understand.

LUKE: Forgive me, Masters, but have you not become one with the Force?

OBI WAN looks to YODA, who bows his head solemnly.

OBI WAN: Our Master Qui Gon Jinn is the only one who has achieved such an exalted state of being, through his unwavering dedication to the Living Force. Although he has taught us how to retain our identities beyond death, we have been unable to join him; our spirits are caught here between the mortal world and the netherworld, because of our guilty role in enforcing the false doctrine upon the Chosen One, which subsequently led to his fall and transgression.

LUKE: There must be a way to set things right... Perhaps the Living Force can provide an answer, Masters?

YODA: If such a way there is, then surely only by a Skywalker can it be found. Our only hope, you and your sister are.

The SPIRITS fade away, leaving LUKE to ponder all that they have told him. Nearby, MASTER LETTOW hides in the shadows of a narrow passageway, intently watching everything that has taken place. Not wishing to disturb LUKE'S contemplation, he thoughtfully twists his moustache and silently retreats into the darkness.

021 INT. CAVE CHAMBER - DREAM

The view is oddly distorted and disorienting. LEIA moves through the haze and sees her MOTHER. PADME is crying.

PADME: Anakin, you're breaking my heart!

ANAKIN appears, but he is not the handsome young man LEIA saw in the holo-picture. His head is bald, his face is much older and scarred, and he wears the body armor of DARTH VADER. His dark-ringed eyes are filled with sadness, and he holds out the japor snippet as he approaches LEIA. He no longer speaks in the booming voice of DARTH VADER, but in the trembling whisper of a meek and imploring elderly man.

ANAKIN: Help me, Leia!

022 INT. NABOO - NABERRIE HOUSE - PADMÉ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LEIA wakes with a gasp. She looks around Padmé's room, slowly remembering where she is. The night sky outside is beginning to glow with the light of the coming dawn. ARTOO rolls to her side, BEEPING a morning salutation.

023 EXT. SOLLEU RIVER, THEED CEMETERY - DAWN

SOLA, LEIA, and ARTOO quietly arrive via gondola. LEIA pays the FERRYMAN. The gondola departs as silently as it came. SOLA, LEIA, and ARTOO venture into the cemetery. A heavy morning mist hangs low over the beautiful gardens and memorial sites. SOLA leads the way to the Naberrrie mausoleum, one of the more prominent structures on the grounds.

SOLA: Artoo and I will wait outside. I'll attend to the flowers after you've had a moment of privacy.

LEIA: Thank you, Auntie Sola.

LEIA enters the mausoleum.

024 INT. NABERRIE MAUSOLEUM - DAWN

Lotus flowers cover the marble sarcophagus where PADMÉ'S remains have been laid to rest. LEIA kneels before the tomb, holding the japor snippet in her hand.

LEIA: (quietly) I wish I could have known you, mom. ...I promise, I will find out the meaning of my dreams...

Silence. Then ARTOO BEEPS and WHISTLES outside. LEIA turns and gazes out the doorway. A white horse-like CREATURE stands majestically in the morning mist at the distant edge of the gardens. Mesmerized by the animal's beauty, LEIA gets up and goes to her AUNT'S side.

025 EXT. NABERRIE MAUSOLEUM, THEED CEMETERY - DAWN

SOLA'S eyes are wide with wonder.

SOLA: (whispering, exited) It's a gualaar! We almost never see them in the wild! How extraordinary it is we should see it at this moment... my sister always had a special fondness for gualaars; a team of Naboo's finest even led her funerary cortege. The GUALAAR looks at them for a moment, and then it snorts and disappears into the nearby trees. LEIA is enthralled.

LEIA: Artoo, wait here with Sola- I want to see it again.

ARTOO BEEPS in protest. SOLA becomes slightly apprehensive.

SOLA: Leia, I must caution you- the woods can be a mysterious domain...

LEIA: I just want to get a closer look, that's all.

ARTOO again BEEPS his concern.

LEIA: Here, Artoo, will this make you feel better?

LEIA removes a comlink from her belt and hands it to him. ARTOO takes the comlink and LEIA smiles, patting him on the head.

LEIA: (cont.) ...Both of you don't worry. I'll be right back.

ARTOO WHISTLES plaintively as LEIA hurries off. She cautiously makes her way around the perimeter of a low hedge maze and disappears into the forest.

026 EXT. FOREST - TEMPLE RUINS - DAWN

The overhead canopy blocks out much of the early morning light. Decrepit GRAVE MARKERS protrude at precarious angles from the jungle-like undergrowth, indicating that this region was designated as a burial ground long before the Naboo built the nicely manicured memorial park nearby. LEIA catches a fleeting glimpse of something white disappearing in the thick mist hanging between the trees ahead of her. Moving further into the woods, she comes upon an area littered with the crumbling architectural remains of a long-forgotten race.

027 EXT. THEED CEMETERY - NABERRIE MAUSOLEUM GARDENS - DAWN

ARTOO helps SOLA prune some of the plants surrounding the Naberrrie mausoleum.

LEIA: (over comlink) Artoo...Aunt Sola...are you there?

ARTOO CHIRPS, handing the comlink to SOLA.

SOLA: (into comlink) Yes Leia, where are you?

LEIA: (over comlink) The gualaar is gone...but I've discovered an interesting place. I want to explore it a little further, if there is time.

SOLA: (into comlink) There's no hurry, Leia, but please be careful.

LEIA: (over comlink) Everything is fine, trust me. I'll be back shortly.

SOLA gives the comlink back to ARTOO, who moves his head from side to side and gives a forlorn WHISTLE.

SOLA: If you're saying you have a bad feeling about this, I couldn't agree more.

028 EXT. NABOO TEMPLE RUINS - DAWN

Walking among giant half-buried heads carved from stone, LEIA is drawn toward the entrance to a decayed ruin overgrown with massive gnarled roots. As she nears the doorway, she removes the lightsabre from her belt, ignites it, and cautiously enters the darkness within.

029 INT. CATACOMB PASSAGE, RITUAL CHAMBER - DAWN

LEIA makes her way through the descending tunnel, the glow of her blue blade revealing the walls to be lined entirely with bones and skulls. The dank catacomb passageway leads into a circular underground chamber, and LEIA approaches a ritualistic stone altar in the center of the room. Suddenly the shimmering apparition of ANAKIN SKYWALKER appears. He wears the robes of a Jedi, and there is a smile tinged with sadness on his youthful face.

LEIA: Father? Is it really you?

ANAKIN: Yes, Leia...

LEIA looks around the macabre surroundings.

LEIA: But...I don't understand... What are you doing here, in this place?

ANAKIN: It is the only place that has any meaning for me; Naboo is where my life truly began...where your mother and I fell in love. Without my beloved Padmé I am lost...compelled to haunt these grounds near her resting place. I fear my soul is fated to spend an eternity without her...

LEIA'S eyes well with tears.

ANAKIN: (cont.) ...Leia, I am so sorry! Please forgive me for all the pain and suffering I have caused! You must believe that everything I did was for her...for us...for our life together, before the obsession for more power clouded my mind! ...My son was able to see the good in me...can my daughter?

LEIA: Yes...Luke has helped me to have a deeper understanding of compassion, father.

The Jedi way is teaching me to let go, to love unconditionally. I forgive you.

Relief washes over ANAKIN'S face, and his eyes close for a moment as he holds onto his daughter's words. Father and daughter are reconciled at last.

LEIA: (cont.) ...I know what it is to lose the one you love. I will do whatever I can to try and set things right, so that you may eventually have some peace.

ANAKIN: Thank you, my child... May the Force be with you...

ANAKIN'S spirit fades away.

030. EXT. SPACE - ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER

The sinister grey STAR DESTROYER WRAITH moves silently against a sea of stars. The massive cloaking device extending from behind the bridge pulsates with bright light. The SHIP appears to dissolve, slowly disappearing from view.

031 INT. ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE

ADMIRAL VANTOS stands at attention, reporting to the imposing visage of MAS AMEDDA on a large viewscreen.

VANTOS: My Lord, we are now less than four parsecs from our objective. The Wraith's cloaking device is performing well; with her silent running the planet will have no warning of our approach, even with its vast array of scanners.

AMEDDA: All the same, keep the Wraith cloaked in outer orbit, and send drop ships. This world is too heavily defended, and the Wraith is too important to risk losing.

VANTOS: Yes, my Lord. It is most wise to take all the necessary precautions.

AMEDDA: Have your troops been fully briefed?

VANTOS: Absolutely. Three squads of air commandoes are readying themselves as I speak. They will appear to target the east power generators, but I've calculated the odds and expect none of them to return. It is a necessary sacrifice for the true purpose of the mission.

AMEDDA: Very good, Admiral. The use of air commandoes will leave no doubt that you

coordinated this attack. It is imperative that they inflict as much emotional trauma as possible before they die.

VANTOS: Do I have your permission to initiate the operation then, my Lord?

AMEDDA: You do, Admiral. Proceed.

032 INT. NABOO - CATACOMB PASSAGE - DAWN

LEIA follows a staircase up through a tunnel and comes to a wall with a door in it. She presses a control and the door swings open, revealing a secret entrance into the library of an old deserted manor.

033 INT. SITH MANOR LIBRARY - DAWN

LEIA enters the circular room through the fireplace, and the hidden door closes behind her. She looks around. Shelves lined with glowing holo-books stretch from floor to ceiling, and a large holo-portrait on the wall reveals that she is in the mansion of the former Naboo Senator who eventually became Emperor of the galaxy: Palpatine. Overcome by curiosity, LEIA moves to the central access terminal, where she finds a holo-disk repository. Scanning through the record disks, she comes upon one in particular that catches her attention.

LEIA: (reading aloud) 'Manipulating midichlorians to create new life.'

She stares at the disk in wonderment as the implications sink in.

LEIA: (cont.)... 'create new life'...

LEIA starts to reach for the disk and then hesitates.

LEIA: (cont., whispering) ...Could this be the answer? ...Could this hold the key that will bring Han and me a child?

She pulls the disk and holds it in her trembling hands.

LEIA: (cont.)...Dare I?

The disk reader next to her automatically opens with a HISS, startling her. She inserts the disk, and a HOLOGRAM of a youthful SENATOR PALPATINE appears. LEIA'S trepidation quickly melts away as PALPATINE begins to speak.

PALPATINE: (holo) It seems that my Master is not sharing every detail of his plans with me; he has long been searching for the key to eternal life, and now I suspect he has been focusing his energies on secret experiments. Another body has been disposed of in the catacombs, and he is gravely ill and does not wish to be disturbed. I believe he is attempting to twist the Living Force to his will. This is to be an account of the discoveries I am able to make regarding his progress...

The HOLOGRAM flickers as the first entry comes to a close. LEIA watches with intense interest as the next entry boots up.

PALPATINE: (holo) My new Senatorial duties on Coruscant have permitted me a brief visit home to Naboo, and shortly after my arrival here I surreptitiously learned that my Master's experiments with the midichlorians seem to have finally yielded him results. From what I have been able to ascertain, a fatherless conception apparently occurred with one of the maid-servants while I was away, but alas, she is nowhere to be found. I shall casually inquire of her whereabouts when the opportunity arises. Incidentally, my sources also tell me that the accursed Jedi were seen in the area recently, although it was not confirmed exactly what business brought them to Naboo...
LEIA is pale. Another HOLOGRAPHIC ENTRY crackles into view above the reader.

PALPATINE: (holo) My Master told me simply that the maidservant in question no longer works for the estate. When I pressed the matter, he dismissed me like so much garbage. He is a fool to underestimate me. I have served him faithfully. I have been on many missions for him, and as I have grown, so has my Master's confidence in me...or so I thought. I suspect now that he's hiding something... plotting against me. We shall see about that. I have already taken on my own apprentice in secret, and I am no longer content to stand behind my Master, in his shadow. No, I'm afraid his time has come, eternal life be damned...

The HOLOGRAM flickers again as a fourth entry boots up. This time PALPATINE appears in the Sithly guise of DARTH SIDIOUS.

SIDIOUS: (holo) Darth Plagueis 'the Wise' never saw it coming; I killed him in his sleep last night. Unfortunately, I've found that the pregnant maidservant is indeed nowhere to be found on the premises. I do not yet know what I shall do with this account. Perhaps I will enter it into the Sith archives...perhaps I will destroy it if I discover nothing further. It is a record of Master's miscalculation more than

anything. Pity that I have not yet been able to confirm whatever it was that he discovered; perhaps I was too impatient, but I'm sure the secret will be revealed in due time, in which case I will record it here. In the meanwhile, I shall quietly begin proceedings within the Naboo bureaucracy to ensure that all legal control of Cos Dashit's estate passes to me...

Suddenly, two pairs of IMPERIAL RED GUARDS come barging through doors on either side of the library. The LEADER, distinguished by his crested helmet, gives a hand signal. They menacingly level their pikes at LEIA.

RED GUARD LEADER: Halt, intruder! Who are you? How did you get in here?

LEIA: Well, well! I didn't know the royal goons were allowed to speak!

LEIA promptly grabs the disk from the reader, tucking it away in her robe with a defiant wink. The GUARDS' staves immediately hum to life, emanating a purple sizzling energy field. LEIA backs to the wall, keeping them in front of her. The GUARD LEADER lunges at LEIA with his crackling weapon, but her blue lightsabre snaps into view, blocking the move with a crashing parry. Her blade isn't able to slice through the guard's pike, and her eyes go wide in surprise. The GUARDS are equally surprised at the sight of LEIA'S laser sword, and they step back, fanning out in a semi-circle around her.

034 INT. THEED CEMETERY - NABERRIE MAUSOLEUM - DAWN

SOLA tends to the flowers on Padmé's sarcophagus.

035 EXT. THEED CEMETERY - NABERRIE MAUSOLEUM GARDENS - DAWN

Meanwhile, ARTOO wanders into the topiary maze, chirping happily to himself.

036 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - ANALYSIS CUBICLES - NIGHT

TWO SP-4 ANALYSIS DROIDS are studying the dead body of a large REPTILLIAN CREATURE. THREPIO observes from outside the glass cubicle.

THREPIO: Why am I not surprised to learn that Artoo was involved in this? The little troublemaker isn't even here, and yet he *still* found a way before he left to subject me to his constant aggravation! Master Skywalker specifically warned everyone that the Emperor's occupation of this building left behind all manner of filthy vermin in the lower levels... I even told Artoo there was bound to be more than just the common stone mite and duracrete slug infestations down there, but instead of listening to me what did he do? He immediately went wandering off into danger like he always does, and wound up crossing paths with this...this...

SP-4: We've identified it as a Siliskba. Actually, your counterpart was helping a team of Jedi to place sensors in the underground corridors when this female attacked them. It seems the Siliskbas are attracted to high-pitched whistles, which is how this one's brood was drawn into a trap not long after she was killed. Given the circumstances, the Astromech droid is quite fortunate that the Jedi were so close at hand to defend him.

THREPIO: Fortunate?! One day Artoo won't be so lucky, you mark my words! *(looks around nervously)* Em, might I inquire as to where the em, *Siliskba's* offspring are currently located?

SP-4: The freight hangar. The irascible creatures have been loaded into the hold of a transport ship, and are scheduled to be released on Ureallea later today...

THREPIO: Oh! I will be sure to stay well-away from the freight hangar, then! Horrible beasts! How simply dreadful that anything like them would be lurking about anywhere on the premises!

SP-4: Yes, but thankfully the new sensors will enable us to track and capture the rest of the Temple's unwanted pests, so they can all be relocated to more suitable worlds. Of course, the young Siliskbas will not have the advantage of their mother's presence as they're adapting to their new environment, but at least they seem to be thriving thus far without her, which is encouraging.

THREPIO: Well, I really don't know how your programming allows you such compassion for such pathetic life forms!

SP-4: It is a directive from Master Skywalker; something to do with the Jedi tenets, and 'all life being precious to a great energy field.'

THREPIO: Ah. Yes... 'The Force.'

037 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - LUKE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

LUKE suddenly wakes with a start. He sits upright, his face apprehensive. He tosses the sheets aside and jumps out of bed, quickly grabbing his robe and throwing it on over his sleeping tunic.

038 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - ANALYSIS CUBICLES - NIGHT

The DROIDS turn toward the SOUND of a muted alert buzzer. A red light is flashing next to a monitor.

THREEPIO: What's that?

One of the SP-4 DROIDS watches as the screen begins displaying technical data.

SP-4: The airspace scanners are detecting three approaching Imperial-class ships; the databanks are identifying them as troop transports.

THREEIO: *(frantic)* Imperials! Oh no! Hurry! We must sound the alarm and wake everybody before it is too late!

The SP-4 DROID punches in a code. KLAXONS begin to blare throughout the Temple.

039 EXT. JEDI TEMPLE - NIGHT

The fast-descending IMPERIAL DROP SHIPS enter Temple airspace and fire several strategically-aimed missiles. The salvos punch holes in the Temple's exterior as a swarm of AIR COMMANDOES deploys. The flying TROOPS fan out, swooping down on their target.

040 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - BARRACKS ATRIUM - NIGHT

The confused JEDI are emerging from their quarters, congregating along several levels of balconies overlooking an immense atrium. LUKE rushes to join them.

LUKE: *(shouting)* Everybody listen up! We're under attack! Imperial soldiers have already breached the outer walls, and they're coming toward us!

SHINGEN BUNDEN: *(shouting)* New recruits, retreat back into your barracks where it's safe! We'll protect you!

DEPA BILABA: *(shouting)* Everyone else, spread out along the railings! Our best chance of victory is to take up solid defensive positions here!

Everyone hurriedly responds. Each ELDER takes charge of their respective CLAN. LUKE spots ALANA with the rest of his group and rushes to her side.

LUKE: Ready your weapons and remember your training, Devil Group! You can do this! *The nervous PADAWANS grip their lightsabre hilts and look up, silently bracing themselves. The ALARMS continue to echo through the Temple. Tension mounts as a series of muffled EXPLOSIONS are heard overhead, advancing ever-closer through the levels above. Suddenly a tremendous BLAST opens up a hole in the ceiling. Lightsabres instantly spring to life as a score of IMPERIAL AIR COMMANDOES begin to pour through the smoke and flame, opening fire on the JEDI below. LASERFIRE begins flying everywhere, ricocheting in wild random patterns and creating huge EXPLOSIONS as the unproven PADAWANS attempt to ward off the deadly bolts.*

GRI SANN WEI: Padawans, focus! Deflect their incoming fire back on them!

The STUDENTS quickly manage to gain control, meeting each descending wave of invaders and successfully cutting many of them down. Tragically, the enemy fire also finds its targets, and several PADAWANS stagger and fall under the hail.

041 INT. NABOO - SITH MANOR - LIBRARY - EARLY MORNING

The air in the library is charged with the crackle and hum of energy weapons as the tense standoff continues between LEIA and the RED GUARDS. Suddenly LEIA seems to falter, her body sagging as if she has been overcome by a heavy weight. The far right GUARD aims the tip of his staff directly at her, triggering a BLAST of purple energy. LEIA barely manages a block, hefting her sword up to deflect the discharge and spinning to carry her blade in a sweeping arc down on the far left GUARD. As he sidesteps to avoid her weapon LEIA takes advantage of the defensive breach, slipping past him through the door and out into the hallway.

042 INT. SITH MANOR - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

LEIA runs down the corridor, spinning her sword behind her back to deflect two more ENERGY BURSTS. As she nears a doorway at the end, however, another darkside wave hits her and she grimaces, putting her hand to her head. A lancing BLAST strikes a Sith statue next to her, spraying shrapnel everywhere. A large chunk of flying debris sends her crashing through the doors.

043 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - BARRACKS ATRIUM - NIGHT

LUKE and ALANA fight side by side, surrounded by LUKE'S PADAWAN CLAN. The JEDI ardently repel another attack wave with their lightsabres, felling several COMMANDOES with their own deflected laserfire. However, amid all the chaos a number of AIR COMMANDOES manage to break through the defenses. They land on the deck, surrounding DEVIL GROUP.

LUKE: *(to his PADAWANS)* Remember your defensive exercises with the remotes!

COMMANDO: *(to his COMRADES)* Cut them down!

The IMPERIAL TROOPS open fire and the JEDI boldly leap into their midst. The searing laser swords are a blur of brightly-colored motion, and the COMMANDOES meet a swift demise. As the dust settles, ALANA peers over the balcony. SIX AIR COMMANDOES carrying large bazookas are flying away.

ALANA: *Look! Heading for the eastern halls! I think they're going for the generators! LUKE pulls a jetpack from one of the fallen IMPERIAL TROOPS and straps it on his back. Following his lead, ALANA and TWO OTHER PADAWANS named POTTS and JODE do the same, ready to take the fight back to the Imperials as the rest of LUKE'S PADAWANS continue to hold the line.*

LUKE: *Stay strong, Devils! We'll be back, right after we exterminate those stray Womp Rats!*

The FOUR JEDI rocket from the balcony and swoop down to take up the chase, lightsabres ignited.

044. INT. JEDI TEMPLE HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The pursuit swoops down into a series of narrow hallways as LUKE, ALANA, POTTS, and JODE race to close the gap. The SIX COMMANDOES ahead of them realize they are being followed and fire back at their pursuers. The JEDI use their swords to bat the laser bolts back at the TROOPERS, ALANA successfully hitting one and sending him careening into a pillar.

045 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A panicked THREEPIO hurriedly shuffles down one of the Temple hallways. The nearby SOUNDS OF BATTLE echo all around him.

THREEPIO: *Oh dear! Oh dear!*

Suddenly the FIVE AIR COMMANDOES enter the far end of the narrow corridor, firing indiscriminately. The wall panel next to THREEPIO explodes in a shower of sparks and smoke as the COMMANDOES zoom past.

THREEPIO: *Ohhh!*

The JEDI pursuers are right behind. An enemy laserbolt hits JODE'S jetpack.

JODE: *No! Ahhh!*

JODE bounces off the wall and spins out of control, slamming into the ground at THREEPIO'S feet. The terrified DROID scuttles for cover through a nearby doorway. The aerial combatants rocket down the hall and disappear around a corner as THREEPIO closes the door behind him.

046 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - FREIGHT HANGAR - NIGHT

THREEPIO'S photoreceptors light up and he scans the dimly lit area.

THREEPIO: *Where am I this time?*

A DROID with big hydraulic limbs approaches.

THREEPIO: *Excuse me, can you please tell me... Wait one moment- You're a load lifter! What are you doing here?*

The DROID issues a series of CLICKS and gestures to a TRANSPORT SHIP sitting nearby. THREEPIO spots a large warning label on the SHIP'S cargo door. A loud THUMP comes from

within.

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...Oh no! The freight loading dock! Ohh, what an impossible predicament! Either I go back out there to certain death, or I'm trapped in here with those horrible Siliskba monsters until the Imperials find me...

A realization slowly dawns on him, and he looks again at the CARGO SHIP. **THREEPIO:**

(cont.) ...Wait... Trapped with the monsters! Yes, yes! Perhaps...

He cautiously begins to move toward the TRANSPORT SHIP.

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...What am I doing? I must have a short-circuit!

047 INT. NABOO - SITH MANOR - ANTECHAMBER - MORNING

LEIA gets to her feet, battered and bleeding from a few minor cuts. Stunned and disoriented, she looks around at several exits leading off of the large paneled chamber, but she isn't sure which way to go. She fights to catch her breath and clear her mind of the oppressive dark side heaviness pervading the manor. The FOUR GUARDS enter through the shattered doorway. They quickly surround her, taking aim with their deadly staves.

RED GUARD LEADER: Now we have you, Jedi! This is where you die!

LEIA: Not if I have anything to say about it!

LEIA summons all her strength, managing to engage the LEADER'S staff with a high parry, then twisting around to block the low sweep of another GUARD'S staff. Barely sidestepping a BLAST from a third staff on her right, the deadly discharge hits the GUARD on her left. The RED GUARDS are temporarily distracted as their fallen comrade's robes burst into flame. Not wasting another moment, LEIA pushes out her left hand with all her might and spins on her heel, bowling her opponents over with the Force. While the dazed GUARDS struggle to their feet, the exhausted LEIA flees the chamber through one of the doors.

048 INT. SITH MANOR - BOATHOUSE PATHWAY - MORNING

LEIA races down a windowed colonnade, spying the river outside.

RED GUARD: She's headed for the boathouse! Stop her!

A BLAST overhead splinters the ceiling timbers, raining embers down upon LEIA. She turns and feebly bats a second purple ENERGY BLAST back towards the THREE GUARDS, striking the window next to them. They shield themselves from the explosion, but one is felled by flying shrapnel. LEIA quickly ducks down a stairwell leading toward the river.

049 EXT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE/CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

The jetpack chase leaves the confines of the Temple corridors as the aerial COMBATANTS rocket across an exterior veranda and soar up into the open skies. Two more AIR COMMANDOES are downed by their own deflected laser bolts.

POTTS: There are only three now! I can take them!

LUKE: Potts, no! Stick together, and we can outflank them!

POTTS ignores LUKE and flies dangerously close to the COMMANDOES.

POTTS: This is for all the families Vantos has ruined! Die, Imperial scum!

ALANA: Potts, come back!

The AIR COMMANDOES concentrate their fire on POTTS. Sweeping his lightsaber before him, the JEDI deflects the first volley, hitting one TROOPER in return. However, he is quickly overwhelmed and shot down.

POTTS: Yeeaagh!

POTTS falls from the skies. His robe trails flames and smoke as he plummets away to the city surface far below. The two remaining AIR COMMANDOES rocket down to an open balcony and veer back inside the Temple. LUKE and ALANA pursue.

050 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - POWER CHUTES - NIGHT

The chase hurtles toward three service ducts. The COMMANDOES head for the middle tunnel.

LUKE: This is it! They'll have to slow down to navigate the power chute! If we split

up and use the Force to guide us we can intercept them before they reach the generators!

ALANA: Okay, I'm on it!

LUKE takes the left tunnel and ALANA takes the right. The TWO JEDI accelerate through the narrow passageways, spinning and weaving their way around and through a dizzying tangle of large pipes and power conduits.

051 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - EAST POWER GENERATORS ROOM - NIGHT

They exit the power chutes neck-in-neck with the COMMANDOES. The eastern power generators loom ahead. Blades ignited, LUKE and ALANA immediately swoop in on the COMMANDOES from either side and render their jetpacks inoperable. The TWO SCREAMING TROOPS tumble head over heels and slam into the fast-approaching generator wall. The TWO JEDI pull up just in time to avoid the same fate.

LUKE: Come on, this way!

LUKE flies into a ceiling vent tube. ALANA follows him.

052 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - ROOM OF 1,000 FOUNTAINS - NIGHT

LUKE and ALANA shoot up and out of the vent tube, soaring into the Temple's vast room of 1,000 fountains. The two JEDI land and beam at one another, shedding their jetpacks to catch their breath. Caught up in the adrenaline of the moment they jubilantly hug each other, thrilled over their victory.

ALANA: We did it!

LUKE: We sure did!

ALANA looks around at the expansive garden-like space.

ALANA: Wow, the Temple's like a maze, isn't it? Somebody could easily get lost in this place if they weren't careful!

Suddenly they realize they are still in one another's arms. The sound of cascading water surrounds them. They gaze into each other's eyes, neither one wanting to leave the closeness of the other's embrace.

LUKE: (quietly) Right now I could just as easily get lost in your eyes...

ALANA modestly shakes her head at LUKE as if she's never heard anything so corny, but he can tell she likes it. They kiss. Their euphoria is only clouded by the SOUND of distant laser fire, and they gently break apart.

LUKE: Well, uh, I guess we should go back and, uh, help the others...

LUKE awkwardly picks up his jetpack. ALANA winks.

ALANA: I'll gladly follow you into any battle, if it leads us to more moments like this one...

053 INT. NABOO - SITH MANOR - BOATHOUSE - MORNING

LEIA reaches the bottom of the staircase and finds herself in the estate's private boathouse. Several WATER CRAFT are moored at the indoor dock. The TWO RED GUARDS appear at the top of the staircase, and start down after her. LEIA warily backs out onto the dock. Facing her adversaries, she positions herself safely over one of the walkway's support pylons. One of the GUARDS levels his stave across the divide at her. The GUARD LEADER bats down the weapon.

GUARD LEADER: Hold your fire! Do you want to get us killed? A stray blast could ignite the plasma!

The GUARD LEADER shoves his SUBORDINATE toward the dock.

GUARD LEADER: Get out there! She's got nowhere to run this time!

The GUARD cautiously advances out over the water toward LEIA. Desperately trying to come up with a plan, she glances around and spots the boat refueling station.

Following the path of the supply pipes with her eye, she notes that the estate's power generators, substantial reserve tanks, plasma stabilizers, and compressors are all located here in the boathouse as well. With one swift move she slices her blade through the decking at her feet. The unsupported bridge section beneath the GUARD collapses, sending him into the drink. As he struggles to stay afloat, LEIA leaps into a WATER SPEEDER and starts it up.

GUARD LEADER: Don't! Stop! I order you!

As LEIA pulls away from the dock, she uses her last ounce of concentration to hurl her ignited lightsabre at the power equipment. The HUMMING energy blade flies true,

plunging into one of the stabilization tanks. The volatile plasma begins to ignite as LEIA guns the WATER SPEEDER out of the building and onto the open river.

054 EXT. SITH MANOR, SOLLEU RIVER - MORNING

LEIA tears away downriver as the entire estate begins to erupt in a spectacular series of EXPLOSIONS behind her. She is mentally and physically exhausted. Slumping at the controls, she feebly pulls the comlink from her utility belt.

055 EXT. THEED CEMETERY - GARDEN MAZE - MORNING

ARTOO is puttering around in the garden maze, when a distant RUMBLE causes him to stop in his tracks. Static comes over the comlink.

LEIA: (over comlink) Artoo...do you copy? Artoo, come in!

ARTOO BEEPS a response to LEIA.

LEIA: (over comlink) Artoo listen, there's been some trouble...

056 EXT. SOLLEU RIVER - WATER SPEEDER - MORNING

LEIA: (cont.) ...Go to the riverbank with Aunt Sola and wait for me, okay?

ARTOO BEEPS a little protest over the comlink.

LEIA: Hurry, Artoo, I'm on my way. We're getting out of here!

057 EXT. THEED CEMETERY - GARDEN MAZE - MORNING

ARTOO'S periscope pops up above the maze and looks around. The periscope begins to move toward the exit.

058 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - FREIGHT HANGAR - DAWN

THREEPIO peels the last shred of the warning label from the door of the CARGO SHIP. The LOAD LIFTER DROID WHIRS and CLICKS at him.

THREEPIO: No, I don't really have a short-circuit, you half-wit! You're beginning to sound like Artoo! Of course my logic system is functioning properly! You're the one with the rudimentary programming, not me!

Suddenly, a squad of FOUR AIR COMMANDOES swoops into the hangar and lands near the TWO DROIDS.

COMMANDO LEADER: You there! Droids! We're looking for Jedi! Who's in that ship?

The LOAD LIFTER throws up his arms, CLICKING and WHIRRING frantically. The COMMANDOES look at one another.

COMMANDO: What did he say?

COMMANDO LEADER: How should I know? (to THREEPIO) Protocol droid! Do you speak binary?

THREEPIO: Yes, of course I do, sir. In fact, I've even had some experience programming these...

COMMANDO LEADER: Just tell us what he said!

THREEPIO: Oh, em...he says that there are several, em...life forms aboard, sir.

The LOAD LIFTER DROID starts CLICKING in protest, but the TROOPERS immediately push past the two DROIDS.

COMMANDO LEADER: Out of the way, clankers!

The COMMANDOES slap the door controls open and rush inside. THREEPIO quickly closes the door behind them, locking it. There is the muffled SOUND of GUNFIRE and SCREAMS, then silence. THREEPIO nods with satisfaction and turns to look at the befuddled LOAD LIFTER DROID.

THREEPIO: I simply can't abide the rudeness of these Stormtroopers!

The LIFTER DROID WHIRS nervously and backs away from THREEPIO.

059 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - BARRACKS ATRIUM - DAWN

The IMPERIALS continue to lead their assault against the JEDI CLANS. MASTER LETTOW and his PADAWANS fight side by side on one of the interior balconies.

SIEG LETTOW: Good, Akira! Good! ...Molock, follow your impulse! Let the Force guide your attack!

Deflecting a flurry of bolts, LETTOW stumbles into the railing and flops over the side, barely managing to grab it with his free hand! MASTER GRI SANN WEI is nearby and

spots the trouble.

GRI SANN WEI: Lettow! No!

GRI SANN WEI bats several laser blasts back at LETTOW'S ATTACKERS, providing extra cover as AKIRA and MOLOCK deactivate their weapons and rush to their Master's aid.

MOLOCK: Hang on, Master!

AKIRA: We've got you! Here, grab hold of our hands!

LETTOW manages to deflect another shot as he is pulled back up to safety. On solid ground once more, he boldly steps in front of his two unarmed PADAWANS and deflects a round of laser fire intended for them. One of the bolts accidentally ricochets into GRI SANN WEI'S shoulder and he slumps to the deck, injured.

060 EXT. JEDI TEMPLE - BALCONY - DAWN

MASTER DREE TAN and his GROUP are forced to retreat out onto an exterior balcony. A squad of AIR COMMANDOES dives down on them from above.

PADAWAN: Master, we're surrounded!

DREE TAN: That may be, but keep fighting the good fight, my brave Padawans! We will never surrender!

Suddenly LUKE and ALANA fly out of the sky, silhouetted against the rising sun. Without hesitation they swoop in and cut their way through the flying ranks, ALANA using the Force to hurl the enemy TROOPS in all directions. Upon seeing their exterior foes being so soundly defeated, DREE TAN and his PADAWANS let out a CHEER. They run forth against their enemies inside the Temple with a renewed strength. LUKE and ALANA fly inside to join them.

061 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - BARRACKS ATRIUM - DAWN

ALANA sees DEPA BILABA'S CLAN being pressed back on the far end of the interior balcony.

ALANA: Luke! Over there! Master Bilaba is in trouble!

LUKE: Use the Grip of Tython!

ALANA closes her eyes in concentration and throws her lightsabre. LUKE moves to protect her from enemy fire as the sword flies through the air like a boomerang, cutting down several COMMANDOES before returning to ALANA'S hand. LUKE waves his arm, knocking FOUR INCOMING TROOPERS from their flight paths. They slam against a nearby wall, and crumple to the floor in a heap. The JEDI CHEER.

DEPA BILABA: Come on, you lot! We've got them now!

Bolstered by the vigorous return of LUKE and ALANA, the JEDI CLANS redouble their efforts. In a flurry of activity they stride forward, skillfully deflecting Imperial fire and cutting down the enemy barrage until finally, the last COMMANDO falls. The sudden silence is only broken by the haunting SOUND of the Temple KLAXONS and the distant SIRENS of the arriving emergency fire ships. LUKE somberly looks around through the lifting haze.

LUKE: Too many Jedi have been sacrificed here today.

He deactivates his lightsabre with a SIGH. The remaining JEDI defenders gather around him. LETTOW supports GRI SANN WEI, who is holding his shoulder.

GRI SANN WEI: We've underestimated Admiral Vantos. His audacity must be stopped. The ELDERS and LUKE nod in agreement.

062 EXT. NABOO - SOLLEU RIVER ESTUARY - WATER SPEEDER - BOATHOUSE - DAY

LEIA moors the stolen WATER SPEEDER at a boathouse near the Royal hangar. She steps ashore, followed by SOLA and ARTOO. LEIA'S appearance is disheveled, but her strength has returned. A SQUAD OF NABOO FIGHTERS flies overhead, heading for the distant column of black smoke rising into the air beyond the city. SOLA looks at the FIGHTERS with a giddy smile.

SOLA: Mercy child! Your 'Jedi duty' certainly has caused quite a ruckus in this peaceful town, hasn't it?

LEIA: Oh Auntie, I'm so sorry for all the excitement, and for having to leave so soon...

SOLA: Now, now, I'll hear no apologies! Goodness knows we need a little excitement around here once in a while!

LEIA offers a sad smile. SOLA gazes lovingly upon her niece.

SOLA: (cont.) ...My, how your smile and energy remind me of Padmé... Leia, I do hope

you'll come again when you can stay longer. And next time, I want you to bring your husband!

LEIA: We'd love to, Auntie. I know Han would love it here. We both could use a good vacation.

There is a knowing twinkle in SOLA'S eye.

SOLA: You know...the two of you could stay at the family retreat up in the Lake Country...it's very romantic there...

She winks.

LEIA: It sounds wonderful. We'll hold you to that offer!

LEIA hugs her Aunt.

LEIA: (cont.) ...Oh, Aunt Sola, thank you for everything! I promise I'll be back soon!

SOLA: Alright, dear. Goodbye. Artoo, thank you for your help this morning, and remember we're all counting on you to take care of her!

ARTOO BEEPS a happy farewell, then he and **LEIA** head off toward the nearby Royal hangar.

063 EXT. THEED - HANGAR ENTRY - DAY

LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER rockets from the hangar, leaving the planet NABOO and heading for space.

064 INT. STAR DESTROYER WRAITH - VANTOS'S QUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS AREA

ADMIRAL VANTOS reports to a HOLOGRAM of MAS AMEDDA.

VANTOS: My Lord, the Coruscant operation was a complete success. The Jedi were able to fend off the attack and left no survivors, just as I expected. Now the bait is set. The fools are certain to overrate their abilities, and will surely come for me once you are ready to spring the trap.

AMEDDA: (holo) Excellent. Your strategies are shrewd, Admiral. Pity your subordinate failed to demonstrate the same level of cunning...

VANTOS: Commander Kane was a fool. Although he was a skilled tactician, he was impatient and swollen with pride. He deserved to pay the price for his disobedience at your very own hands, my Lord.

AMEDDA: (holo) Those who impede my plans always do, Admiral.

VANTOS shifts uncomfortably under AMEDDA'S evil gaze, but quickly regains his composure.

VANTOS: Regarding those plans, my Lord, I have contacted the Regional Governors just as you've demanded, and conveyed the momentous news of my next strike...

AMEDDA: (holo) Good. Now you will collect them and host them aboard the Wraith. It is crucial that they are all gathered in one place until I am ready for them to play their part in the next stage of my plans. Do not fail me in this, Admiral.

VANTOS: Once I make it clear this is a direct order from you, my Lord, I'm sure none will refuse.

AMEDDA: (holo) And well they should not. Once the Moff's have all been assembled, you will make immediate contact.

VANTOS: It will be done, my Lord. You have my undying loyalty.

065 EXT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - LATE AFTERNOON

The tall spires of the JEDI TEMPLE stand out against the grey sky.

066 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - FIGHTER HANGAR - LATE AFTERNOON

A crew of SERVICE ROBOTS runs a series of diagnostic checks on LEIA'S FIGHTER. ARTOO dutifully stands by, joined by THREEPIO. ARTOO CHIRPS happily.

THREEPIO: Well I'm thrilled to know you had such a wonderful time without me, Artoo. Never mind that while you were away frolicking in that peaceful garden of yours I was here, stuck in the middle of a fierce battle! But did I need you to save me? No! ...In fact, I'll have you know that I single-handedly defeated twenty Imperial soldiers! Why, we practically won because of my bravery!

ARTOO WHISTLES the equivalent of a "Yeah, right."

THREEPIO: Fine. Don't believe me, then. You're nothing more than a...a glorified plumber! Why Mistress Leia chose you to accompany her to the Royal Court of Naboo is

quite beyond me. We both know my superior programming makes me the much better choice for such dignified missions of Jedi diplomacy.

ARTOO ignores the insult and lets out a contented stream of BEEPS and WHISTLES.

THREEPIO: Yes, yes, you've already made it perfectly clear what a magnificent place Naboo is. Must you keep going on about it? You're becoming a nuisance! Honestly, I don't understand this newly-developed fixation of yours.

ARTOO BEEPS a response.

THREEPIO: Your homeworld?! What are you talking about? Have you forgotten that you were already attached to the *Tantive IV* for a dozen years before I got there? We have served the House of Alderaan ever since I can remember!

ARTOO gives a defiant REPLY.

THREEPIO: Memory purge! Oh no no no, you are quite mistaken, my imperceptive little friend! I believe you have had your memory erased several times, but I'm sure that horrible fate never befell me! On the contrary, my entire system was refurbished, cleaned, and upgraded as a reward for my role in the destruction of the first Death Star, which I don't mind saying is about the greatest honor a droid can have! Obviously you've forgotten that the Alliance gave me a new XB21 memory unit to supplement my already exceptional cognitive system, but I'm quite sure my memory is perfectly intact, thank you very much!

ARTOO lets out an exasperated WHISTLE, turning his dome from side to side.

067 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - LATE AFTERNOON

LEIA stands before the JEDI COUNCIL.

OPPO RANCISIS: Calling the Council to meeting is most unorthodox, Padawan Solo.

LEIA: Yes, I know, Masters, and I thank you for granting me audience when your hands are already so full. I know that dealing with the aftermath of this morning's attack is your top priority, but I felt it necessary to bring to your attention recent events. I have returned from Naboo, near the Outer Rim, where I was forced to fight four Imperial Royal Guards! I had sensed the Dark Side at an apparently empty manor house, and decided to investigate. I'm sorry to report, Masters, that I lost my training sabre during my escape...but if it's any consolation, I sacrificed it to destroy the entire estate!

LUKE suppresses a proud smile.

DREE TAN: While the loss of any training resource is a serious matter, in this instance I can safely say you did the right thing!

LUKE: Yes, although the estate appeared to be abandoned, it was obviously still in use as a Sith haven. As such, it could not be allowed to remain.

SIEG LETTOW: Jedi Solo...the Council has had numerous discussions concerning the inexplicable re-emergence of the Sith, but gained little insight as to their possible whereabouts. We did not send you to Naboo. What took you there in the first place? Is it not a peaceful and united world?

LEIA: Master, my mission was two-fold: firstly, to visit my mother's homeworld, where I was hoping to gain a greater understanding of the parents I never...

DEPA BILABA: But you've already been cautioned that the Jedi tradition does not allow personal attachments; that fear of loss makes one a slave to emotion, and can lead to the Dark Side!

LEIA looks down, speechless. LETTOW gives LUKE a fleeting look.

SIEG LETTOW: (to the other *ELDERS*) I'm sure Leia appreciates the dangers and was simply seeking clarification through the Force... (to *LEIA*) What was the other reason for your trip?

LEIA: (glances at *LUKE*) To beseech Naboo to join the Galactic Alliance, Master.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: But that is a matter of political diplomacy. You are a senator no more, Leia - why did you take it upon yourself to do this?

LUKE: Master, I sent her to the Naboo Queen.

The JEDI COUNCIL exchange incredulous looks.

GRI SANN WEI: I am sure, Master Skywalker, that you had a very good reason to play politics?

LUKE: I counseled the advice of Mon Mothma herself... She believes that Admiral Vantos has up-to-date knowledge, based on the pattern of his attacks. Because of this, and for the personal reasons outlined by my sister, I did not want any undue attention brought upon Naboo, or her trip there...

SIEG LETTOW: You suspect an informant? Within this Temple?! Unbelievable!

LUKE: It is a...possibility.

The JEDI MASTERS mutter.

OPPO RANCISIS: Enough. We will discuss this later. We must remain focused, especially during these troubling times while the Sith remain at large.

SEIG LETTOW: Yes, yes, I must commend you, Leia, for your bravery during what must have been a particularly grueling event. Four guards indeed! *(pauses, thoughtfully)* Your single-handed victory in the face of such overwhelming odds shouldn't go unrewarded... *(to the rest of the COUNCIL, enthusiastically)* Perhaps Padawan Leia is ready to complete the trials?

The other ELDERS glance at each other. Nobody seems to be opposed to the suggestion, so they all nod in agreement. LUKE beams with pride.

DEPA BILABA: Leia, to become a Jedi Knight, you must journey to the small moon of Ilum in the Kyber system. There, you will participate in the ancient Jedi rite of divining the crystal necessary for the construction of your own lightsabre. These three trials - the journey, the crystal divination, and the saber construction - can only be accomplished through total reliance on the Force.

SEIG LETTOW: This will be a spiritual journey, Leia, one that will reward your strength and skills.

LEIA: Thank you, my masters, for your confidence in me. I will prepare at once.

LEIA bows and leaves the Council chambers.

068 INTERIOR - JEDI COUNCIL ANTECHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

Outside the Council chambers LEIA presses the turbolift controls and steps over to a window to wait. Gazing down at a multitude of construction and repair droids busily fixing the battle-damaged Temple below, she pulls her comlink from her belt.

LEIA: *(into comlink)* Artoo, are you there?

ARTOO'S WHISTLING REPLY crackles over the comlink.

LEIA: *(into comlink)* Is the ship all fueled up and ready to go?

ARTOO BEEPS affirmative.

LEIA: *(into comlink)* Good. I'm on my way down. Wait there for me; we're going to be leaving again.

ARTOO WHISTLES his assent. The Council doors open and LUKE appears.

LUKE: Leia! The meeting just adjourned...I had a feeling you were still out here!

LUKE joins his sister and gives her a hug.

LUKE: *(cont.)* ...I am so proud of you!

LEIA: Thanks, I owe it all to you for believing in me!

The elevator doors open and they step inside.

069 INTERIOR - JEDI COUNCIL TOWER ELEVATOR - LATE AFTERNOON

LUKE and LEIA descend in the windowed elevator running along the outside of the Jedi Council spire.

LEIA: Luke, I've been dying to tell you; we have family on Naboo! After my meeting with the Queen I got to spend some time with our Aunt Sola and her two daughters, Ryoo and Pooja!

LUKE: *(surprised)* Incredible! You actually found relatives? Are they...I mean, what are they like?

LEIA: Luke, you *have* to meet them, they are so nice! Oh, and Aunt Sola gave this to me...

LEIA hands LUKE the pendant.

LEIA: *(cont.)* ...It's some type of ivory wood. She said our father carved it for our mother. Luke, this is the very same pendant I've been seeing in my dreams!

LUKE: I think I recognize these markings...

He examines the piece.

LUKE: *(cont.)* ...Yep, they're traditional Tatocine sand symbols alright, but this particular ivory wood is very rare... In fact, I'm pretty sure it could only have come from the Japor tree!

LEIA: What do you mean, *the* Japor tree? You make it sound like there's only one.

LUKE: That's because there *is* only one. The Japor tree is something of a local legend back home. They say it's been growing for centuries at a remote oasis in the Valley of the Spirits...in Tusken territory. When I was growing up, the settlers would sometimes tell tales of how the Sandpeople worshipped it as a sacred tree of life, and whenever somebody went missing there would always be whispers going around that the savages had offered up another blood sacrifice to their revered tree.

LUKE runs his thumb over the carvings, reminiscing.

LUKE: (cont.) ...But those are just ghost stories; myths that've been built up around the fact that it's the only Japor tree known to exist anywhere. I can't imagine how our father could have come by this... To obtain such a specimen would be nearly impossible for an outsider. I mean, the Sandpeople don't just give bits and pieces of their hallowed Japor tree away as tokens of appreciation!

LUKE hands the snippet back to LEIA.

LUKE: (cont.) ...He must have loved our mother very much to have given her something so rare.

LEIA: Yeah...

The lift doors open and they step into a curved corridor at the base of the Council tower.

070 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - CURVED HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The two walk along the hallway. LEIA seems to be lost in thought.

LUKE: You seem awful quiet all of a sudden. What's on your mind?

She offers a melancholy smile.

LEIA: You're right. Our father loved our mother very much... While I was on Naboo I was also able to finally forgive him. Now I know all he ever wanted was to be with her and to see her happy.

LUKE nods with approval.

LUKE: It's good that your feelings have finally been resolved on this matter. Your compassion has always been one of your strengths. I know our father was once noble and honorable, but as soon as he gave in to the desire for more power and control he could never be satisfied, and the dark side consumed him.

LEIA subtly touches her robe, feeling the record disk stowed inside.

LEIA: (hesitant) Is...is it possible for one to use the dark side to help others? I mean, after all, father *did* sacrifice himself to save you from the Emperor, didn't he?

LUKE: The only way he could have acted so selflessly was by *renouncing* the dark side. Leia, although there are many dark powers unknown to the Jedi, I suspect that few if any would be solely charitable, however benevolent they might seem.

LEIA: (sighs) The Force is such a great mystery sometimes...

LUKE: Yes, it certainly is, isn't it? Even the greatest scholars must meditate on it continually in order to discern its will.

LEIA nods, lost in her own thoughts.

071 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - LIGHTSABRE PRACTICE GALLERY/OBSERVATION BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

LUKE and LEIA walk halfway out onto a narrow observation bridge overlooking the huge lightsabre practice gallery. They stop and watch as SEVERAL PADAWAN GROUPS below drill in formation, using sticks to practice various lightsabre combat moves. ALANA SEREN is among them, helping DEPA BILABA to lead a group of women.

LEIA: The groups seem larger than usual. Wait...are those the newest recruits I see? They're practicing with the more advanced students now?

LUKE: Their training is being accelerated. The Elders feel everyone should be familiar with practical defense techniques, in light of the attack.

Below, ALANA demonstrates the grip of Tython, letting go of her stick and levitating it a few feet in front of her before calling it back to her hand. Her GROUP follows suit, most of them managing to keep their sticks aloft.

LUKE: (cont.) ...They're magnificent, aren't they?

LUKE is gazing wistfully at ALANA. LEIA gives her brother a knowing smile.

LEIA: You're falling in love with her, aren't you?

LUKE: Uh, what? ...Who? ...What do you mean?

LEIA LAUGHS, and LUKE smiles sheepishly.

LUKE: (cont.) ...Is it that obvious?

LEIA: To me it is, but then I also saw you get that faraway look the very first time you ever laid eyes on her. Not that I'm one to talk; I still do the same thing whenever I see Han.

LUKE blushes.

LEIA: (cont.) ...Hey, don't be ashamed of your feelings, Luke. Alana is a lovely woman. She's strong in the Force, and would make a good match for you.

LUKE: Yeah...I know... And I also know now that the feelings she and I are developing for one another are right, the same way it's right for you to be a Jedi while you're married to Han. Master Yoda confirmed that the 'no attachments' rule is a false doctrine. *(sighs)* Soon I'm going to have to break the news to the rest of the Order... *LEIA touches her brother's arm reassuringly.*

LEIA: I know you'll be mindful of what the Force tells you. After all, thanks to your guidance I've learned to listen to it too, and now look at me! I'm about to complete my training!

LUKE: I always knew you could do it, Sis.
They hug.

LUKE: *(cont.)* ...Take care on your voyage, and may the Force be with you!

LEIA: And with you, Luke.

LEIA departs, headed for the hangar. She turns and looks at LUKE once more.

LEIA: *(cont.)* ...Talk to her, Luke! Tell her how you feel!

Then LEIA is gone. LUKE turns his attentions back to ALANA, mesmerized by her.

Suddenly MASTER LETTOW appears, seemingly from nowhere.

SEIG LETTOW: Greetings, young Luke!

LUKE: *(surprised)* Oh! Hello, Master Lettow! I didn't see you there!

SEIG LETTOW: Quite all right, quite all right my boy! I'm wondering...would you be kind enough to indulge an old man in a walk?

072 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

LETTOW leans on his cane as he and LUKE stroll down a narrow corridor.

SEIG LETTOW: I can sense something has been troubling you, lad. What is it?

LUKE: *(evasive)* I don't know, perhaps you're just sensing my unease over the Imperial raid?

SEIG LETTOW: Yes, yes, we're all disquieted by what happened. Such senseless brutality! But if you'll forgive me for pressing the matter Luke, I sense there's something else. If that last Council meeting is any indication, I'd say the Skywalkers have yet to come to terms with following the no attachments code. I interceded on your behalf, but I will not be able to go along with it again if you continue to defy the Council. Tell me, did you follow my recommendation? Have you had a chance to meditate?

LUKE: Yes, as a matter of fact I have, and it only confirmed what I already knew in my heart to be true. Master Lettow, I appreciate your efforts to keep the peace, but the bottom line is that my sister and I are managing to live in a way that enhances our personal relationships, and we do this *without* ignoring our Jedi duties or disregarding the well-being of those we are sworn to protect. We will do what we must; what we feel is right.

SEIG LETTOW: Of course, of course...

073 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - CONTEMPLATION GARDENS - LATE AFTERNOON

LUKE and LETTOW enter an indoor garden adorned with artistic sculptures and exotic plants. LETTOW indicates a large Sith frieze that still remains from Emperor Palpatine's occupation.

SEIG LETTOW: You were wise to keep artifacts such as that one. They serve as a constant reminder of the dangers of the darkside...

LUKE understands LETTOW'S insinuation, but remains cordial.

LUKE: With all due respect, I fully understand that the old code seeks to prevent a decline into darkness that can sometimes stem from the fear of loss. Nevertheless, it is my conviction that deep personal connections are really the only way to achieve a higher level of vitality and wholeness, and all I'm suggesting is that a Jedi may feel more fulfilled and connected when allowed to love certain others and be loved by them in return.

LETTOW stops and faces LUKE.

SEIG LETTOW: Well, young Luke, I can't speak for anyone else, but the wisdom of the High Council has always been good enough for me...

He rests a passive hand on LUKE'S shoulder and gives a kindly smile.

SEIG LETTOW: *(cont.)* ...Luke, we are forever indebted to you for resurrecting the Order. Indeed, this is why certain, er, *familial* relationships already existing with you and your sister are being tolerated. But beyond this, I daresay you might have a hard time convincing the Masters to change their ways.

LUKE: Thank you for your patience, Master Lettow. I'm sure that in time we'll all be able to reach an understanding and see eye to eye on these matters.

LETTOW twists his moustache and eyes LUKE appraisingly.

SEIG LETTOW: Only time will tell, my young friend. But for now, if you'll excuse me, I must take my leave; my sources may have turned up some new leads as to the whereabouts of Admiral Vantos...

074 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - FIGHTER HANGAR - PLATFORM - SUNSET

An extendable platform moves LEIA'S MON CAL FIGHTER out of the hangar.

075 INT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

LEIA makes some final checks to her instruments. The monitor screen on her control panel prints out a hopeful inquiry from ARTOO.

LEIA: Sure, Artoo, you can fly if you'd like. It's been a while since I let you take the controls. Besides, I've got a lot on my mind right now anyway...

ARTOO WHISTLES a happy reply, his dome spinning around excitedly as he fires up the engines.

076 EXT. JEDI TEMPLE - PLATFORM - SUNSET

LEIA'S SHIP lifts off the platform and rockets skyward.

077 INT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SUNSET

ARTOO WHISTLES another query.

LEIA: No, we're not going to Ilum just yet. I want to see Han first, so if you could just set coordinates for Mon Calamar...

ARTOO BEEPS AFFIRMATIVE. CLICKS and WHIRS are heard as he begins inputting the navi-computer. LEIA settles into her seat and closes her eyes, thinking.

LEIA: (quietly, to herself) The maidservant...I wonder whatever happened to her and her child? (pauses) The ability to create life - naturally - through the power of the Force! Is such a thing even possible? ...And if it is possible, can it only be achieved through the dark side?

LEIA SIGHS. ARTOO BEEPS with concern.

LEIA: I'm fine Artoo, just thinking about a few things, that's all.

ARTOO WHISTLES an acknowledgement and then BEEPS informatively.

LEIA: Oh, okay. Yes, I'm ready, Artoo. Take us to Mon Cal.

078 EXT. CORUSCANT - LEIA'S FIGHTER - SPACE

The CORALLER accelerates away from the planet CORUSCANT, headed for deep space.

079 EXT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - DAY

The dome-like coral structure that houses Aquilae base stands surrounded by tropical waters.

080 INT. AQUILAE BASE - HAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The GALACTIC ALLIANCE LEADERS are gathered once more around the large conference table. CHEWBACCA stands behind HAN. MON MOTHMA attends via HOLOGRAM. A HOLOGRAM of an ELDERLY KAMINOAN flickers above the center of the table.

HAN: Prime Minister Taun We. I gotta say we're all a little mystified by this unexpected meeting call. What's the situation?

TAUN WE: (holo) I have just learned of a recent communiqué between one of the Regional Governors and Admiral Vantos; his next target is the Senate building!

MON MOTHMA: (holo) The Senate! Representatives from every corner of the galaxy will be convening here for our first real assembly in just a few days from now!

LANDO: And Vantos wants to crash the party...

DODONNA: Blast! We haven't been able to identify any sort of weakness yet with his ship. It will be nearly impossible to stop him!

ACKBAR: What about a diversion? An offensive move...something he won't expect?

CHEWBACCA BELLOWS a suggestion to HAN.

HAN: Maybe... General Madine, how are the plans against Kashyyyk coming?

MADINE: It'll take some time yet to completely work out our strategy. With the remaining Imperial forces centered around the shipyards there, the planet is just too heavily fortified...too many innocent Wookiee lives are at stake.

CHEWIE SOFTLY HOWLS his appreciation at MADINE'S considerate words.

TAUN WE: *(holo)* Then we must find a way to accelerate Operation Broken Egg.

HAN: Prime Minister, are you sure?!

TAUN WE: *(holo)* Vantos's ship may be difficult to catch, but if we could manage to cut off his clone armies at the source right now...

MON MOTHMA: *(holo)* It would waylay his impending plans against the Senate...

RIEEKAN: And buy us a little more time to iron out our plans for Kashyyyk!

HAN: Right. *(to TAUN WE)* How much longer until your group is ready?

TAUN WE: *(holo)* There is a disparity in available time. We have successfully placed the last detonation charges within Tipoca's support columns, but we would still need several more weeks to get all the exterior charges in place...

LANDO: Several more weeks?!

TAUN WE: *(holo)* I apologize for our slow progress. As you know, our ability to move freely about our own city is severely limited anymore; although I no longer hold any real power, I have ensured that our operatives have taken advantage of any unsupervised access the Imperials have granted us...

HAN: No apology necessary, Prime Minister, we know you've been doing everything you can. We'll just have to figure out a way around this setback.

DODONNA: Hmm. If the external deficiency were augmented by a strike team...

ACKBAR: Yes! Captain Kazan could deploy a stealth squadron of our small submersible pods! If they target the support columns precisely where the interior munitions are located, it would be enough!

TAUN WE: *(holo)* I should be able to collate those locations onto a schematic and transmit it to you...

MADINE: That would be good, Prime Minister, but even our smallest drop-ship will get picked up by the city's radar as soon as it enters Kamino airspace...

ACKBAR: Hmm, that's right... Even Kazan's sonic dive maneuver won't evade their pulsar tracking.

TAUN WE: *(holo)* My bug implant does not yet restrict access to Tipoca Space Control. I will use what little authority I have left to ensure the radar is out of commission before your team arrives. Before the strike is executed, however, a rendezvous must be arranged at our laboratory; we have perfected a means of saving our rare knowledge and specialist technology, and the sensitive material must be smuggled away to the safety of the Galactic Alliance.

HAN: *(taken aback)* No offense, Prime Minister, but just how's this meeting s'posed to happen? The place is swarming with Imperials!

TAUN WE: *(holo)* Yes, but there is still a way...the genetic donor program. As you know, bounty hunters and warriors of all types frequently come to Tipoca, hoping to meet the qualifications and receive a substantial payment. One could gain access to the Imperial infrastructure by posing as such a candidate, and thereby meet with us without arousing suspicion.

HAN: *(incredulous)* Sounds dangerous, if you ask me. We'd need someone really quick-thinking and adaptable for something like this...any volunteers?

HAN looks to the other LEADERS seated around the table. They gaze back at him wryly. The incredulity melts from HAN'S face.

HAN: *(soberly)* Uh, looks like I'm going to be seeing you soon, Prime Minister.

TAUN WE: *(holo)* I look forward to it, General Solo. Announce yourself as bounty hunter 'Ovan Marekal,' and my science team will be notified to send an escort.

HAN: Ovan Marekal. Got it.

TAUN WE: *(holo)* Very well. We will begin preparing for your imminent arrival, and the schematic will also be transmitted shortly.

The HOLOGRAM fades. HAN looks around at the other LEADERS.

RIEEKAN: Time is going to be tight on this one.

LANDO: Have we ever been on a mission where time wasn't tight?

Everyone LAUGHS, but the smiles quickly fade at the thought of the task ahead.

HAN: It'll work. It has to. 'Do or die,' isn't that what they say?

Everybody nods in silent agreement.

LANDO: I'd like to lead the underwater stealth mission.

HAN: Are you sure? It's gonna be tricky.

LANDO: I insist. Somebody's got to make sure this plan works like you say it will, right?

HAN: Alright then, but only 'cause I know you won't take no for an answer. If anyone can do it, General Calrissian, it's you. *(to the group)* We'll need to maintain radio silence in Imperial airspace to avoid detection. Since we'll have no way of communicating with each other, we'll have to use synchronized chronometers. Timing is everything. It's imperative that this job goes according to plan, so let's buckle down and work it out!

081 INT. SITH FORTRESS - COMMUNICATIONS AREA - NIGHT

A HOLOGRAM of a HOODED SEIG LETTOW flickers before DARTHS MONSTROSS and KAYOS.

SEIG LETTOW: *(holo)* How does...now? Is my signal...through...better?

MONSTROSS: Still a bit broken, but we can hear you well enough, Darth Sunder. *The HOLOGRAM fades in and out. LETTOW makes an adjustment.*

SEIG LETTOW: *(holo)* This should be better. Forgive the weak transmission... It's not easy getting an untraceable signal past the Temple's sensor array...

MONSTROSS: It's a necessary annoyance. Continue with your report.

SEIG LETTOW: *(holo)* I was saying, my Master, I've seen to it that her impudence hasn't gone unrewarded... The Council has stupidly agreed to send her to Ilum.

MONSTROSS: Good, good. The Naboo estate was an immeasurable loss; precious Sith relics, lore, and rare art...all gone forever. She will repay us with her life! *DARTH KAYOS flexes her mechanical fist and smiles evilly.*

SEIG LETTOW: *(holo)* I am also pleased to report the Wraith's attacks have worn down my Padawans as expected. Everything is proceeding as you have planned.

KAYOS: The Jedi can always be counted on to abide by their rules, and this will ultimately be their downfall. They cannot win against the Sith, who have no rules but domination.

SEIG LETTOW: *(holo)* It was wise to do away with the rule of two. The Jedi will be overwhelmed.

MONSTROSS: That rule was foolish and archaic. It led the great Darth Sidious to his demise, and finally broke the fragile Sith chain. But now the Order has risen again, independent of that flawed system. We will soon have Bogan legions at our command blanketing the galaxy, and then the Jedi will no longer be useful to us. Once the self-righteous fools have served our purposes, they will finally be dealt the killing blow!

KAYOS: *(LAUGHS wickedly)* How glorious that day will be!

A LAUGH escapes LETTOW'S lips but he quickly regains his humility.

SEIG LETTOW: *(holo)* My humble apologies, Masters. If I chuckle, it is only because the arrogance of the Jedi order infuriates me. *(bowing lower)* How I love to deflate them!

MONSTROSS: You have learned well, Darth Sunder. Soon you will be rewarded for your obedience. As a Sith, it is indeed a satisfying thing when every piece of your plan falls into place, thanks to your guile and the stupid, unknowing cooperation of your pawns...

082 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - LIGHTSABRE PRACTICE GALLERY - EVENING

The group of JEDI WOMEN make their way off the practice floor. ALANA is at the back of the crowd talking with DEPA BILABA.

ALANA: I noticed Master Lettow's padawans seemed to be having more difficulty focusing their energies than everyone else...I felt the pain within them.

BILABA: Mmm. Yonna, Oeeta, and Koo. The Council is aware of their struggles.

ALANA: Master Bilaba, I'm concerned; As Jedi sisters, we should be unified and strong. I wonder sometimes if Master Lettow is not encouraging them enough.

BILABA: Unfortunately, every one of his students has lost either family or loved ones to Admiral Vantos, but we are confident Master Lettow will help all of his charges to conquer these emotional obstacles. Just give him more time.

ALANA notices a SHADOWY FIGURE watching the JEDI from behind a row of large columns.

DEPA BILABA'S communicator CHIMES, and ALANA seizes the opportunity.

ALANA: Excuse me. I need to go back for something.

BILABA: Certainly.

ALANA stops, and DEPA BILABA continues on after the others, answering the call on her communicator. ALANA goes behind one of the giant columns to meet up with the SHADOWY

FIGURE, who is revealed to be LUKE.

ALANA: Luke! What are you doing here?

LUKE: I had to see you, Alana. I couldn't stay away any longer.

ALANA: I'm so happy you didn't. I've been wanting to see you too...

They blush, both feeling a mixture of bashfulness and elation.

LUKE: Can we go somewhere a little more private to talk?

LUKE leads the way to a quiet corridor adjoining the practice gallery. ALANA hurries after him.

083 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - SMALL CORRIDOR - EVENING

LUKE stops in the corridor and turns to face ALANA. He attempts to ease the nervous anticipation between them.

LUKE: I saw you earlier with the other padawans. You looked good out there. I've always said you're a natural!

ALANA: Thanks. I was just telling Master Bilaba that some of them seem to be having a harder time than the rest of us.

LUKE: Master Lettow's students?

ALANA: Yes...although I can understand what they're going through. I mean, my parents died when I was very young and I've since come to terms with losing them, but Admiral Vantos's recent attack on Ton-Muund...the senseless loss of Uncle Oxus and so many other loved ones...has all been much harder for me to cope with.

LUKE: I know what you mean...

ALANA: I miss them so much, Luke! But your teachings have been helping me to learn acceptance. I'm learning how to let go, and rejoice for those who have become one with the Force.

LUKE: The Jedi way has helped me through many of my own losses.

ALANA: Still, sometimes it's difficult having sworn your life to the Jedi... forsaking possessions...attachments...not being with the people you love...

ALANA looks up into LUKE'S eyes and feels a sudden pang of guilt.

ALANA: (cont.) ...Luke, I apologize for kissing you before...I know certain feelings are forbidden...

LUKE: (hesitant) Alana...it's okay...I've recently learned from Masters Yoda and Kenobi that the no attachments code is a false doctrine...

Silence as ALANA lets the weight of his words sink in.

ALANA: I knew it! I've meditated on it several times, and the Force has always remained calm, like a still pool of water...

LUKE: That's the Living Force confirming the truth. The Elders have focused on the cosmic aspect of the Force for so long that the subtleties of the Living Force have become a bit, well, *difficult* for them to grasp.

ALANA: Luke, how will you handle this delicate matter with them? And what do you tell all the padawans who have already lost so much?

LUKE shakes his head.

LUKE: That's my dilemma. I know from personal experience that not all truths are pretty or easy to face. The last thing I want to do is risk anyone's faith in the Force being broken. I'll find a way to gently bring the subject up once the immediate crises facing the Jedi have been dealt with and things settle back down. Hopefully then it'll be taken as the good news that it is.

There is a new twinkle in ALANA'S eyes.

ALANA: In that case, I take back my apology for kissing you.

LUKE: Wait a minute- I thought I kissed you!

They both GIGGLE, and then they embrace. Their lips are very close. About to kiss once more.

LUKE: (cont., softly) Alana, I came here because I wanted to tell you...

A door opens noisily and THREPEPIO enters the corridor. Distracted, LUKE breaks the embrace. ALANA'S concentration is on LUKE, but she realizes the moment has been lost. Her mind longs for a way to regain it, but the DROID is a bothersome interference.

THREPEPIO: Master Luke! Thank goodness! Nobody has been able to reach you on your communicator.

LUKE: Er, yes, thanks, Threepio...I forgot I turned it off... (looks at ALANA) I didn't want to be disturbed...

THREPEPIO: Then you're quite fortunate I found you, Sir. Master Lettow has called an emergency meeting in the briefing room. Mistress Alana is invited to attend as well.

LUKE: We'll be right there.

084 EXT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - HYPERSPACE

LEIA'S MON CAL CORALLER flies through the swirls of hyperspace.

085 INT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - COCKPIT - HYPERSPACE

LEIA continues to think out loud, WHISPERING to herself.

LEIA: The Elders always warn that suffering is inevitable once one sets foot on the dark path, and the Jedi Code is meant to keep us firmly in the light. But if we are also taught that the Force is all-encompassing, then are the light and dark sides truly separate? What if it's simply how we choose to use the light and dark energies available to us? Shouldn't a pure and honest focus of our intentions keep us on the path of light, regardless of what side we draw from? *(pauses, thinking)* Luke said as much! He said our father's honesty and nobility was only lost when his view became clouded by a lust for power... Surely I'm stronger than that! Surely I can see light in the darkness as long as it's used for good, and for the happiness of others?
ARTOO WHISTLES and BEEPS. LEIA reads the scrolling translation.

LEIA: Okay, Artoo, bring us out of hyperspace and take us in for a landing. *(to herself)* As soon as I can review more of the disc I'll know... Besides, just looking won't hurt, will it?

086 EXT. SPACE - MON CALAMAR

LEIA'S STARSHIP appears in space and speeds toward the planet MON CALAMAR.

087 INT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - MAIN HANGAR - LANDING PLATFORM - DAY

The tiny SHIP soars across the base's expansive hangar and finally sets down on a platform next to the MILLENNIUM FALCON. The canopy opens and LEIA disembarks. She hears VOICES coming from the direction of the FALCON'S open boarding ramp.

HAN: *(O.S., shouting)* Come on, Chewie! You're supposed to be helping me out here! *CHEWIE'S frustrated ROAR answers back. LEIA rolls her eyes at ARTOO, smiling.*

LEIA: They'll never change, will they?

ARTOO WHISTLES and moves his dome from side to side.

LEIA: Look, I'll be right back. Stay here and oversee the refueling, will you? *The little DROID BEEPS cheerfully. LEIA heads for the FALCON.*

088. INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - MAIN HOLD - DAY

LEIA approaches the battered freighter's main hold area.

HAN: *(O.S.)* No, no, no! C'mon, make sure you get it right, Chewie!

Upon reaching the doorway LEIA can't help but grin at the sight before her: HAN is dressed in the armor of a fearsome bounty hunter. CHEWBACCA huffs about his captain, delicately making a last-minute adjustment to one of the outfit's accessories with his large paws. He steps back and GRUNTS approvingly at his handiwork, then grabs the face-concealing helmet resting on the holo-chess table and plunks it down on HAN'S head.

HAN: *(muffled)* Aargh! I can't see!

HAN wrenches the helmet back off and glares at his first mate.

HAN: *(cont.)* ...You put it on backwards, you big dummy!

LEIA can no longer stifle her LAUGHTER. CHEWIE BARKS joyfully at the sight of her. The WOOKIEE'S hug completely engulfs the petite JEDI.

LEIA: Hiya, Chewie! Taking good care of my husband, I see!

CHEWIE GROWLS happily, and LEIA steps over to her husband, eyeing his appearance bemusedly. They embrace.

HAN: I'm so glad to see my lovely wife! How was your trip to Naboo?

LEIA: Well, good news- The queen has agreed to appoint a delegate to the new Senate! Beyond this, let's just say the visit was...enlightening. But more importantly, what's with this getup you're wearing?

HAN smiles and shrugs.

HAN: Oh yeah...the outfit. Uh, well, looks like it's my turn to play bounty hunter...

LEIA: Bounty hunter?

HAN: Yeah. Our plans for Tipoca have been stepped up, so I'm going undercover to help the insurgents smuggle away some of their specialist technology before we bring the place down.

LEIA: Well, I'm impressed that you want to pursue such a humanitarian cause, Han, but it sounds dangerous.

HAN: Aw, don't worry Hon, I'll be fine! I know my way around there pretty well. ...I mean, I won't say I'm too thrilled about going back to the Academy after all these years, but hey- I'm doing it for the Alliance, right?

LEIA looks HAN in the eye. BEAT of silence.

HAN: *(cont., softly)* ...Okay, so maybe my motivations are not entirely as altruistic as they appear... I mean, these genetic scientists...they're supposed to be the very best in the galaxy, right? And so when this is all over I figure we might be able to use their technology...

LEIA'S head bows. The implications of her husband's words are not lost on her.

LEIA: *(quietly)* Han, I know how much you want children...and I want them too... During my visit to Naboo I acquired a record disk...a disk that suggests new life can somehow be created by manipulating our cells...

HAN: Really? But that's great! Maybe with the Kaminoans' knowledge we'll be able to use this record to...you know... Maybe it'll help us finally have a child...one that's exactly the way we both want it to be!

LEIA hugs HAN tightly.

LEIA: I just want you to be happy. I promise that I'll meditate on it. After all, who knows? -Maybe the Force is presenting us with these opportunities for a reason. I haven't had a chance to review the entire disk yet, but I'll be willing to go through it and talk about it some more after I return.

HAN is taken aback and breaks the embrace.

HAN: Return? Where are you going?

LEIA'S face beams with pride.

LEIA: I'm actually just stopping here on my way to Ilum.

HAN: Ilum?

LEIA: It's a moon in the Kyber system. The Council says I'm ready to build my own lightsabre!

HAN'S face darkens. He steps back, his hands raised.

HAN: Whoa, whoa, wait a minute! I asked Luke to give you a break! I told him the stress of your training could be what's preventing us from conceiving!

LEIA moves to placate her aggravated husband.

LEIA: Han, it's okay. Whatever the problem is, we'll figure it out, but one thing I do know, it's *not* my training! -Look, I know I used to doubt myself and my abilities, but now I'm on fire! I just want to learn more, and live up to my full potential!

Sweetheart, please understand, I need to face the trials that will go towards shaping me into a Jedi Master like my brother, and I really need your support.

HAN: *(softening)* Yeah, I know how important this is to you, even if I don't get it most of the time. I just worry about you, that's all. Especially now that you're going off to...to someplace I've never even heard of...and I've pretty-much been everywhere!
CHEWIE BARKS.

HAN: What do you mean, 'it's uncharted,' Chewie?

LEIA: He's right. The Kyber system can only be found by a Jedi in tune with the Force.
HAN rolls his eyes. LEIA gently touches his face, reassuring him.

LEIA: *(cont.)* ...Han, I'll be fine. I'll get there safely, I promise. And besides, you should be more concerned about your mission to Kamino! *(looks around)* How do you plan to get there, anyway? Surely you're not going to just show up in the most wanted ship in the galaxy?!

HAN: *(shrugs)* I dunno, the Alliance has acquired a few ships as spoils of war over the years, and I figured on just borrowing one of 'em...

LEIA shakes her head.

LEIA: Most of those vehicles are in pretty bad shape, and you know it. How about you take one that we both know is in top-notch order...my dad's old ship?

HAN: What? The Severed Hand? No, no, that's out of the question! I couldn't possibly risk anything happening to Bail Organa's ship! Especially after all the trouble the service crews have gone through to keep her safe every time the Alliance has had to pick up and move in a hurry! ...They risked their necks like that because everyone knows that ship is your only remaining link to your adopted father!

LEIA thoughtfully touches the pendant hanging around her neck.

LEIA: When I was on Naboo I got to meet my aunt. She helped me to realize that although material objects may come and go, any sentimental value we've given them could never replace the memory of a loved one. Han, my dad will always be with me in my heart...I don't need his old ship sitting around collecting dust to remember him by.

HAN: Are...are you sure about this?

LEIA: I'd feel better if you took it. Anyway, nothing's going to happen to it! Soon we'll be with each other again, and we can get settled back into our lives...start having that family we're dreaming of!

They kiss.

HAN: You're the best. I love you. Be careful.

LEIA: Right back at ya, lover boy!

On her way out LEIA squeezes CHEWIE'S arm fondly, and he PURRS.

HAN: I want to hear all about your trip to Naboo when you get back!

LEIA: It's a date!

She gives him a wink and disappears for her starship.

089 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

LUKE and ALANA hurry down a hallway toward the Jedi briefing room.

090 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

LUKE and ALANA rush into the briefing room. The rest of the JEDI COUNCIL and several of the more advanced STUDENTS have already seated themselves in the chamber. MASTER LETTOW stands silently at the front of the lecture hall. LUKE and ALANA find a place to sit down.

LUKE: Thanks for waiting, everyone, sorry we held up the meeting...

SEIG LETTOW: Ahem. Quite alright...I'm sure you both have a good excuse?

LUKE: Let's just say it was a private matter, and leave it at that.

SIEG LETTOW: I see. Well at any rate, now that we're all here, I can go ahead and give my report. To be brief, I have information on the whereabouts of Admiral Vantos. One of my reliable sources tells me that he is hiding on Kettlebrae, a planet located in the Great Rift. I've got the coordinates, but we all know how elusive the Imperial vermin is; I'm sure he will only be there temporarily. We will have to act quickly if we hope to arrest him.

WONROFF EMANON: *(growling)* I say we form a posse and move on him now!

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Me too. We may not get another chance.

LUKE: I agree. You can count me in, Master Lettow.

DREE TAN: Yes, count me in as well.

SEIG LETTOW: Good, but Vantos is bound to be heavily defended. It will take more than just the four of us to apprehend him...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* I don't think it would be wise for all the Council members to go. Even though our numbers have been thinned considerably, some leadership does need to remain in place here at the Temple. I will stay, but judging by how roundly we defeated this morning's attack I'm confident that it will only require the help of our most advanced students to take him into custody.

DEPA BILABA: I will remain here also, since my most experienced Padawans have been sent to help with the relief effort on Kaaleita.

GRI SANN WEI: *(to LETTOW)* And my arm is injured, so I'll stay behind as well, but at least you'll have the Force and the element of surprise on your side.

LETTOW casts an approving eye over the PADAWANS, lingering on his own group.

SEIG LETTOW: Perhaps you're right... As you say, Vantos won't be expecting us, and there are many here who have proven themselves more than worthy in a fight. Yes, I daresay we should be able to manage if the three of you stay behind.

LUKE: So that's it, then; Masters, select your most accomplished Padawans, and I'll do the same. We'll reconvene in the Temple hangar and leave right away.

091 EXT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - MON CALAMAR - SPACE

LEIA'S SHIP rockets away from MON CALAMAR.

092 INT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

ARTOO WHISTLES a question.

LEIA: That's alright Artoo, I can take it from here, thanks.

The DROID BEEPS with concern.

LEIA: Yes, we're still going to Ilum, don't worry.

ARTOO WHISTLES another question.

LEIA: No, I don't need the coordinates; this trip is going to be a little different...

ARTOO lets out a long string of WHISTLES and BEEPS. LEIA patiently nods.

LEIA: Yes, I'm aware that you've been there before, but this is a part of my trials; if we relied on the navigational data in your memory banks it would defeat the purpose of the journey, now wouldn't it?

ARTOO WHISTLES and CHIRPS in alarm.

LEIA: I know, but saving time isn't the point, Artoo.

ARTOO BEEPS a confused reply.

LEIA: I guess it must be pretty hard for you to understand... Artoo, you're not going to like this, but I'm gonna need to power you down for a little while.

ARTOO starts to BEEP an objection, but his bright computer lights flicker off in mid-protest.

LEIA: I'm sorry, little buddy. Sleep tight, okay?

093 EXT. SPACE - LEIA'S FIGHTER

LEIA'S SPACESHIP veers away into the curtain of stars.

094 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - FIGHTER HANGAR - NIGHT

THREEPIO walks with LUKE, who has chosen FIVE of his PADAWANS, including ALANA.

THREEPIO: Master Luke, I have calculated this to be a very dangerous mission. With all due respect, are you sure my participation is absolutely necessary?

LUKE: Yes, I'm sure, Threepio. We may need your interpretive skills.

THREEPIO: But the dreadful screams never require any translation, Sir.

LUKE: There you go again, assuming the worst. It'll be okay, don't worry.

They come to a JEDI TRANSPORT VESSEL where the POSSE is gathering.

DREE TAN: I have chosen seven of my best Padawans for the mission.

WONROFF EMANON: (growling) I'm bringing eight.

One of WONROFF EMANON'S PADAWANS steps forward.

PADAWAN: It's payback time for all the lives Admiral Vantos has ruined!

Some of the other students MURMUR in agreement.

LUKE: I must caution you all to mind your feelings and stay focused on our mission, which is strictly to apprehend the Admiral and bring him to stand trial. Once we have him in our custody I will contact Mon Mothma, and she will arrange the formal proceedings. Vantos will have the option to submit his pleas for clemency to the Courts, so we need not concern ourselves with thoughts of retribution. The desire for vengeance has led many a Padawan to destruction... like Potts, for example. I admit, there was a time when revenge was all I could think of too. It nearly cost me my life, but luckily it only cost me this...

LUKE holds up his mechanical hand. Sobered, the PADAWANS respectfully bow their heads.

SEIG LETTOW arrives, with his entire CLAN OF TWELVE PADAWANS in tow.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: (to LETTOW) You're bringing all of your students?

SEIG LETTOW: They have all earned my trust. I'm proud to say I feel each one of them is ready for the task ahead.

THREEPIO: When I told Artoo that I should be the one chosen to accompany the Jedi on their diplomatic missions, this isn't quite what I had in mind...

Everyone LAUGHS.

LUKE: Okay everyone; let's bring a little peace and justice back to the galaxy!

With that, the JEDI POSSE hastily boards the SHIP. The ramp closes and the engines ROAR to life.

095 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - HOLOGRAM COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

DEPA BILABA stands near the communications equipment with her newest PADAWANS.

BILABA: In our last session you learned how it is possible in some instances to pinpoint the location of an unresponsive ship by tracing a 'message received' signal. This time, we will be working with transmissions coming from identified coordinates,

and I'm going to show you how to build relay signals for them. We will use a communiqué I sent earlier today as an example to work with.

BILABA moves to a panel and flips some switches. TWO HOLOGRAMS, one depicting her, and another depicting an AMBASSADOR C.J. THORPE of Kaaleita, appear.

THORPE: *(holo)* Kaaleita is still in a state of shock, Master Jedi. Admiral Vantos's troops have exacted a terrible toll. Our emergency services are stretched thin, and my people are dying, even now!

BILABA: *(holo)* I understand Ambassador, and I offer the deepest condolences of the Jedi Order. I will personally arrange for fresh supplies to be sent out to your people right away, as well as a number of Jedi to help you keep the peace in the wake of this terrible tragedy.

THORPE: *(holo)* You are most kind. The compassion of the Jedi knows no equal. *As the PADAWANS watch this two-way conversation, DEPA BILABA moves to a separate console and turns some dials.*

BILABA: Alright, everyone. The first step in setting up a relay signal is to lock in the transmission's original coordinates and stabilize the frequency, like so. Any signals from the Outer-rim will typically be weak and also need a boost before any kind of relay would be possible, but in this particular instance the signal came from a powerful transmitter in the inner Mid-rim, so we don't need to...

PADAWAN: Master Bilaba, look!

The HOLOGRAMS are briefly interrupted, replaced by the fragmented images of TWO FIGURES. One is unrecognizable beneath a dark hooded robe, but the identity of the other is plainly obvious: MAS AMEDDA, in the guise of DARTH MONSTROSS.

BILABA: Mas Amedda?!

DARTH MONSTROSS: *(holo)* ...soon...Bogan legions...blanketing the galaxy...the Jedi...no longer be useful...fools have served our purposes...the killing blow! *The FIGURES fade away, replaced by the HOLOGRAMS of DEPA and the AMBASSADOR. DEPA BILABA is visibly alarmed, but quickly regains her composure.*

BILABA: Strange... They must have been speaking at the same time as Ambassador Thorpe and myself, but how did they end up on the same frequency? The signal scramblers weren't damaged in the attack; all correspondences are still secure... What sort of anomaly could have caused our equipment to pick up this particular communiqué from the outside and overlap it with my own?

PADAWAN: Master, what if the message originated from somebody within the Temple, and was meant to be secretive?

BILABA: That is an insightful answer, Padawan Toillé...though I pray it isn't the case! I assure you, I will investigate this matter further...

096 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - ARCHIVE LIBRARY - NIGHT

A bronze bust of Count Dooku stands among a line of other busts of Jedi in the Archive Room. Poised in front of it, the serpentine OPPO RANCISIS studies the striking features of the chiseled face. GRI SANN WEI joins him.

GRI-SANN-WEI: He has a powerful face, doesn't he?

OPPO RANCISIS: Dooku was one of the most brilliant Jedi I have had the privilege of knowing...before he fell in league with the Sith, that is. Such a tragedy. His leaving the Order and his murder of Master Sifo-Dyas were both such great losses to us.

GRI-SANN-WEI gazes at the row of busts.

GRI-SANN-WEI: Only twenty Jedi have ever voluntarily left the Order...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(sighs)* The Lost Twenty. Count Dooku was the last and the most painful, but no one likes to talk about any of them, really.

GRI-SANN-WEI: I never understood exactly why they quit.

OPPO RANCISIS: Well, I only have a cursory knowledge, but to put it bluntly each one had some disagreement with the decisions of the Council... Much like our own Master Skywalker's regrettable inclination as of late.

GRI-SANN-WEI: *(surprised)* Really? Did they turn to the dark side and become Sith, like Dooku?

OPPO RANCISIS: It's certainly possible... My understanding is that they were all very individual thinkers...idealists. In fact, the very first group of Jedi to ever leave the Order also held to a knowledge of the Force that was...unique. According to ancient lore they ended up calling themselves 'The Order of the Whills.'

GRI-SANN-WEI: Ah yes, I've heard that name before. Whatever happened to them?

OPPO RANCISIS: Nobody knows for sure, but if I remember my early teachings correctly,

they disappeared nearly 500 generations ago, shortly after they made their obscure predictions.

GRI-SANN-WEI: Which would have been right around the time of the first war between the Jedi and Sith, right? *(pause)* Come to think of it, didn't that war take place in the area now known as the Great Rift, where Kettlebrae is?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(dumbfounded)* Yes, of course! Why didn't I remember that? *(thinking)* Hmm... You know, since we're here, perhaps we ought to spend a little time brushing up on our history lessons...

GRI follows after OPPO as he slithers over to a nearby bank of console stands. Green data flickers across the faces of the TWO JEDI as they intently pore over the monitor screens before them.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(cont., hissing)* Ah. Here's a public record, dated three thousand years ago, stating that 'Kett-Bray,' as it was once known, suffered cataclysmic geological and climate changes. It says, 'The Townowi Empire sent aid and rescue vessels to the colony in the wake of the natural disaster, only to find the glittering spires of its transparasteel cities were no more. Semi-sentient sub-species were all that remained.'

GRI SANN WEI: Ah, but that's the sanitized version, my friend; compare your public record with this Jedi one, which says a climactic battle occurred in the Kett-Bray system: 'Jedi and Sith armies clashed lightswords one last time...the Force was summoned in great displays of power...in the aftermath, Kett-Bray was left all but destroyed from the crossfire.' So my memory served me correctly; the first Great War *did* take place here!

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Of course... I should have known the Townowi Empire would not wish to advertise that its own Jedi Guardians contributed to such violent devastation. Too often the truth is buried by vanity and pride, and history becomes a lie. I never thought I'd say this, but thank the Force that the Sith had the presence of mind to retain the Jedi archives during their occupation here!

GRI SANN WEI: Yes, in this particular instance, I'd have to agree that they *did* demonstrate great wisdom... Look here! Even the profiles and records of the ancient Jedi scribes are still intact! *(emphatically tapping his screen)* Here, a Master Selri records that his band of Jedi 'faced the frenzied armies of Darth Vile at the battle of Condawn...the death-toll on both sides was terrible...the Sith Lord barely able to control his inculcated servants of darkness and despair...the warriors of Light frozen in deep concentration...acting in 'in concerto' they smote the Bo-gan shield...a counter-strike...a blinding brilliance...then silence.'

GRI looks up at his friend questioningly.

GRI SANN WEI: *(cont.)* ...'In concerto?'

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* A melding of several Jedi minds, under the direction of one point leader. Very old skill. Very dangerous.

GRI SANN WEI: Dangerous? In what way?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Surely you remember being taught that every Jedi, even the most accomplished Master, has some measure of darkness within them, yes?

GRI SANN WEI: Yes, of course.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* The practice of inconcerto essentially harnesses this dark energy.

GRI SANN WEI: *(incredulous)* What? Jedi actually using the dark side?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Obviously the Council would never officially sanction such a practice for general use, but nevertheless, by achieving a state of mind that leads through the penumbra of the dark side, it is possible for us to channel our own darkness and transform it into a weapon of the light.

GRI SANN WEI: Ah, yes, of course! Much like the Vaapad fighting style that was so favored by Master Windu!

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Yes, precisely. In fact, it was Master Windu who tried to teach the rest of our High Council how to perform inconcerto during the Clone Wars, but unfortunately the Order was swept away before we ever had a chance to really start refining our technique...

GRI SANN WEI: But you did manage to do it? I'm impressed!

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Oh, I don't know... Perhaps it is this Master Selri and his brethren who should be applauded, not us. After all, we were in the calm serenity of the central tower's Pinnacle chamber, while they were in the heat of battle! To be able to establish that kind of prolonged mental connection in the midst of such mayhem...now *that's* impressive!

GRI SANN WEI: *(smiling)* Heh. I recall an old rhyme from my Youngling years... 'When

Sith and Jedi come nigh...their mettle will be tested...but 'tween the two in time...will the Dark or the Light be bested?'

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* I remember that one too... 'Tho' both shall fuel a forceful effect...in the duel 'tween love and hate...the unexpected you must expect...when foes join in their fate.' Heh. We paid little mind to such riddles back then, but clearly the author was trying to impress upon us the fragile balance of the Force!

GRI SANN WEI: And yet how soon the Jedi forgot his warning!

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* But could you blame us? Who were the Sith, but a name from old history? While we studied the arts of peacekeeping and trained with harmless sparring remotes, they waited silently for us to grow complacent. They knew we would eventually come to disregard the lessons of the past...

GRI SANN WEI: From the history imparted by wise Elders like Master Selri...

The two JEDI ponder each other's words.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* So whatever became of him? Does it say?

GRI muses over the scrolling data.

GRI SANN WEI: Obviously he and his band survived the confrontation at Condawn, but let's see... It says they elected to withdraw themselves from the war...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Mmm. Sometimes running ensures the tale can be told... You and I can both attest to that!

OPPO winks, but GRI is too caught up in the historical account to notice.

GRI SANN WEI: But it seems they withdrew because they were actually at odds with the rest of the Jedi Order! It says they were strict devotees of the Living Force...they felt the Order was growing too reliant on the Cosmic Force and they... Aha! The Whills!

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Pardon?

GRI SANN WEI: It says here they became the first ever Jedi to renounce the Order and broke away, calling themselves the 'Order of the Whills!'

MASTER GRI regards OPPO RANCISIS intently.

GRI SANN WEI: *(cont.)* ...Well what do you know...this places them at the time of that tumultuous conflict, again just as I suspected! Let's see, what else...

GRI quickly cross-references, but his excitement is short-lived.

GRI SANN WEI: *(cont.)* ...No, there's not much more here about them...just an end-note that says, 'It is believed the Order of the Whills settled on an uninhabited world located somewhere in the Arkanis sector of the Outer Rim.' *(pauses, looking at a sidebar)* Hmmm, the research history tracker recorded Master Qui-Gon Jinn as the last to enquire. His keywords seem to indicate he was researching shamanistic rituals and the subject of preternatural existence, but I don't see how...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Gri, there are just too many coincidences here, don't you think?

GRI SANN WEI: We are taught that there is no such thing as coincidence.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Exactly. The Force has been guiding us...trying to tell us something...I know it. Do the records say how the war ended?

GRI SANN WEI: Yes, let's see... 'By relying on the Cosmic Force the Jedi were able to anticipate their enemy's moves, finally defeating the Sith in the region now known as the Great Rift.'

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Which brings us right back to Kettlebrae. Come, let's go to the map room now, and see what else we can learn about the Great Rift!

097 EXT. HYPERSPACE - JEDI TRANSPORT

A streaking tunnel of blue light envelops the JEDI TRANSPORT SHIP as it moves through hyperspace.

098 INT. JEDI TRANSPORT - PASSENGER HOLD

Some JEDI are practicing lightsabre stances, while others have congregated into GROUPS, talking amongst themselves. SEIG LETTOW sits in a secluded corner with his PADAWANS huddled around him.

SEIG LETTOW: You have proven yourselves in combat, my friends, but a true Jedi must also be able to overcome the fear and pain of loss...even the loss of those former loved ones that all of you have experienced at the hands of Admiral Vantos.

YONNA: But how? How are we supposed to do this?

SEIG LETTOW: An excellent question, Yonna. I have something here...

LETTOW reaches into his robes and produces a small flat metal square. He slides an activator switch on its edge. It hums to life, reconfiguring into what appears to be an empty BOX. A power field shimmers over both open ends.

SEIG LETTOW: *(cont.)* ...This is an ancient training device from the Jedi archives. When you place your hand into it you will experience a stinging sensation, but no actual harm will be done. Quite simply, if you can learn to overcome the feeling that only exists in your minds, then you can also divorce yourselves from your other preconceived notions of attachment, and the pain associated with it. *(to YONNA)* Since you're so eager to learn, we'll start with you.

YONNA leans forward and reaches through the energy field, inserting her hand into the box. She winces and jerks her hand away.

YONNA: Ow!

SEIG LETTOW: Again!

YONNA inserts her hand into the BOX once more, this time forcing herself to keep it there. She grimaces in pain. SEIG LETTOW fixes her with an intense stare.

SEIG LETTOW: *(hissing whisper)* Fight it! That's it! Fight it! Pain is weakness! There is no pain where strength lies!

YONNA is shaking. She resolutely clenches her jaw and her expression becomes one of cold determination. Her trembling subsides. LETTOW pulls the box away and claps YONNA on the back.

SEIG LETTOW: Good! Very good!

YONNA: Thank you, Master.

SEIG LETTOW: Padawan Hayden, you're next.

HAYDEN cautiously inserts his hand into the BOX. His brow furrows from the sting, but he manages to keep himself from withdrawing.

SEIG LETTOW: Yes! I can feel your resolve! You are strong! *(to the GROUP)* You must give yourselves to the Force completely! Remember, the Jedi code demands that you not only be prepared to lose your lives, but also to lose everything and everyone you hold dear! A Jedi has no attachments!

LETTOW removes the BOX from HAYDEN'S hand and gives him an approving nod. Twisting his moustache, he leans in closer to his students.

SEIG LETTOW: *(cont., quietly)* ...Count yourselves lucky that you are not students of Master Skywalker, who, I am sorry to say, is all the weaker because he has been unable to accept this particular tenet...

LETTOW gestures toward LUKE'S GROUP with his cane. His PADAWANS discreetly glance over and see LUKE sitting with ALANA, focused on her.

ZAVOR: I didn't want to say anything Master, but lately I can't help but notice his preferential treatment toward Alana Seren...
The other PADAWANS nod, agreeing.

SEIG LETTOW: It's no secret that Skywalker's concern for his own private interests have begun to put him out of step with the rest of the Order. In fact, his nepotism toward his sister Leia nearly got her killed just recently, when he allowed her a special visit to their family's homeworld!

LETTOW'S PADAWANS MURMUR amongst themselves.

SEIG LETTOW: *(cont.)* ...What's more, he took it upon himself to make this decision in secret, because he knew it was against the code and the rest of the Council would not have agreed to it.

LETTOW shakes his head in disappointment.

SEIG LETTOW: *(cont.)* ...A pity, really. It pains me to see such a blatant disregard for sacred Jedi tradition...not to mention the total lack of consideration for those of you who have been fighting so diligently each and every day to rise above family ties. But fear not, my faithful Learners; eventually you will achieve the kind of piety that only a strict adherence to the Jedi code will bring. By choosing to walk in shades of grey, Master Skywalker only does himself and his clan a disservice. Alas, I've spoken with him about the dangers of his behavior, but he simply refuses to abide by the same guiding principles as the rest of us...

More murmuring from the PADAWANS.

SEIG LETTOW: *(cont.)* ...Anyway, I digress. Please forgive an old man for rambling on; I shouldn't have said anything. Such matters are really for the Council to worry about, and I betray my duty to them by burdening you with my confidences... Please, my friends, just forget I said anything and let us continue with the exercise. You're next, Padawan Wilhelm.

LETTOW holds the BOX out. WILHELM flinches as he puts his hand in and holds it there.

Tears form at the corners of his eyes, and his face flushes with adrenaline-fueled anger.

WILHELM: Argh!

LETTOW smiles and looks into the faces of his LEARNERS with proud conviction.

SEIG LETTOW: *(hissing whisper)* Remember, you are the Guardians of peace...the galaxy's servants! As such, you should have no temptations whatsoever that might cause you to neglect a wholehearted service, including private attachments and possessions! Do not go against sacred tradition and commit the same folly as Master Skywalker!

The TWELVE PADAWANS MURMER and nod. Meanwhile, off to one side, LUKE leans in closer to ALANA.

ALANA: This is exciting! It'll be tremendous if we can actually capture Vantos!

LUKE: Failure is not an option; the Admiral's campaign against the political reformation effort is taking a heavy toll on the galaxy.

ALANA: Not to mention the toll it is taking on the Jedi order...

LUKE follows her gaze as she glances at LETTOW'S PADAWANS nearby. Their faces are grim.

LUKE: *(SIGHS, nodding)* We have our work cut out for us, that's for sure...

His thoughts seem to have become preoccupied. ALANA studies him.

ALANA: Luke, I sense something is on your mind...

LUKE flushes and shifts uncomfortably.

LUKE: Alana, I need you to be careful on this mission. If anything were to happen to you...

ALANA: Don't worry, I can handle myself. But that's not it, is it? It's not about the mission. It's something else. Something...elusive. Luke, you were about to tell me something earlier, when we were alone...

LUKE moves closer and takes ALANA'S hand in his. His eyes gaze into hers as he searches for the right words.

LUKE: I don't really know how to say this... I never have before... Alana, you know how I feel about you...

She does and it's wonderful. Just then MASTER LETTOW approaches. LUKE pulls back, startled.

SEIG LETTOW: I hope I'm not interrupting another one of your...private matters?

LUKE: *(clearing throat)* ...Er, no, of course not.

SEIG LETTOW: We should be nearing the Great Rift.

LUKE stands, taking on his more formal manner.

LUKE: Yes, thank you...I was just about to head up front to check on our progress... The two men make their way forward. *LUKE stops briefly to address the rest of the JEDI.*

LUKE: *(cont.)* Strap yourselves in, everybody, we're about to make entry; it could get a little rough!

ALANA'S heart sinks as LUKE exits with LETTOW.

099 INT. JEDI TRANSPORT - COCKPIT - HYPERSPACE, SPACE

JUSTIN VALOR is in the pilot's seat. The co-pilot is a DROID named AC-38. LUKE and SIEG LETTOW enter.

LUKE: What's our progress, Justin?

JUSTIN VALOR: We're coming up on the Kettlebrae system now, Master.

SEIG LETTOW: Pity this transport isn't big enough to allow us the luxury of raising our shields before we revert. My sources warned me that Kettlebrae is a hazardous system to navigate.

JUSTIN VALOR: According to the navi-charts, this hyperlane route was the safest entry-point, but once we revert there's no telling what we may run into.

LUKE: Including the Admiral's defenses. Trust the Force to guide you, Justin.

JUSTIN VALOR: Yes, Master Skywalker. *(to ACE)* We'll just need to get those forward shields up as soon as we drop out of lightspeed, okay Ace?

AC-38: Roger that!

The navi-computer begins a five second BEEPING countdown. Through the window, the FOUR watch the stars revert from streaking lines back to their customary pinpoints of light. Suddenly the ship is buffeted by a meteor shower! The proximity ALARMS begin to blare. JUSTIN skillfully dodges several meteors.

JUSTIN VALOR: Ace?!

AC-38: Doing it now, Sir...

AC-38 activates the forward shields. JUSTIN leans right and down on the yoke to dive

away from a group of large rocks, and then swiftly pitches the SHIP back to the left to avoid another tumbling cluster.

JUSTIN: Whoa! This is crazy!

The proximity ALARM continues to sound. JUSTIN is starting to sweat. He wrenches on the yoke again, causing LUKE and SIEG LETTOW to stumble forward against the backs of the pilot chairs. There is a great SCREECHING SOUND and the SHIP shudders violently.

ACE: Portside shields sustaining damage, weakening to seventy-five percent.

JUSTIN: (panicking) I know, I know! They're everywhere, and coming in too fast!

LUKE: Be calm, Justin, focus.

JUSTIN: I'm trying, Master!

LUKE: (sensing something) Turn to the left! There's a big one just below us!

JUSTIN adjusts their path. LUKE points forward out through the window.

LUKE: There...aim for that cluster, then dip down onto an approach vector.

JUSTIN VALOR: You got it, Master. Sorry I almost got us creamed.

LUKE claps JUSTIN on the back.

LUKE: You did fine, Justin. (smiling) Ha! Kinda reminded me of my ol' skyhopper days back on Tatooine! Just stay focused and the Force will guide you through.

JUSTIN: Yes, Master. Thank you.

SEIG LETTOW: Yes, thank you, Luke. Trust Vantos to hide in a place like this...

JUSTIN VALOR: I hate to think what the rest of the neighborhood is like!

LUKE'S smile turns grim as he stares through the viewscreen. The dismal grey planet KETTLEBRAE looms large ahead of them, surrounded by a myriad of small moons and gargantuan satellite meteors.

100 EXT. SPACE - KETTLEBRAE

The JEDI TRANSPORT banks down toward the planet.

101 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - CLOUD COVER - DAWN

The SHIP flies high above a vast blanket of thick mist that stretches as far as the eye can see. Rugged snow-capped pinnacles jut up sporadically through the foggy ocean, looking like islands in the sky. Ominous storm clouds loom on the horizon, occasionally discharging crackling fingers of lightning.

102 INT. JEDI TRANSPORT - COCKPIT - DAWN

JUSTIN maneuvers closer to the planet's surface.

SEIG LETTOW: Bring the ship down on that larger peak over there.

JUSTIN VALOR: Yes, Master.

103 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - ASHANDI VILLAGE - DAWN

The JEDI CRAFT descends upon one of the peaks and lands in a little clearing, kicking up a great flurry of wind and snow. The ROARING engines die down and the ramp lowers. LUKE and the rest of the JEDI appear. Through the settling cloud of ice they see a curious little village nearby. The dome-like structures are all situated around a series of terraced thermal pools, and appear to be fashioned entirely from living roots that have been meticulously trained and woven together. A criss-crossing network of similarly-constructed bridge pathways is suspended above the steaming pools, connecting everything like a living web. Relaxing in one of the pools and silently staring at the JEDI are the VILLAGERS, a lemur-like race known as WOTTNOTTS. After the mutual exchange of a few curious glances, the JEDI venture forth on one of the root-bridge pathways. LUKE leads the way, with THREEPIO at his side.

LUKE: (quietly, to THREEPIO) Well, so far no sign of Admiral Vantos...

THREEPIO: Perhaps the natives can tell us where he's hiding, Master Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, maybe. Hopefully they speak Basic, but you never know...

THREEPIO: Well, if they don't, you know I am fluent in over six million...

LUKE motions for THREEPIO to be quiet, then raises his hands in greeting.

LUKE: (loudly) Hello! We come in peace! Can you take us to your leader?

An elderly WOTTNOTT greets them, gesturing to the moon-filled sky.

WOTTNOTT: Welcome, no furs! Me Bahiri, High Beeser of Ashandi tribe. Long time we a-watching Big Sky...wait for this day when you come to us!

LUKE: Thank you. My name is Luke Skywalker...

BAHIRI: Skywalker! Walk Big Sky! You Gods, yes?!

LUKE: (*chuckling*) No, no, I'm afraid we are only humble Jedi; Keepers of the peace, not Gods. We are here in search of someone by the name of Admiral Vantos...have you seen him?

BAHIRI: (*somewhat disappointed*) No, nobody got that name here...

BAHIRI pulls a few dark leaves from a vine growing next to him and pops them into his mouth. He looks to the sky again, apparently watching the many moons as he slowly chews. The JEDI gaze upward too, and then around at each other, puzzled by his behavior. Finally the WOTTNOTT'S attention turns back to them.

BAHIRI: (*cont.*)...But me cannot talk for Monduthi... Yes, maybe this 'Amoralvantos' you seek with Monduthi.

DREE TAN: Come again? Who - or what - is Monduthi?

BAHIRI: Them...uh, *less civilized* tribe...live deep inside mountain.

SEIG LETTOW: Perfect. How do we get there? Time is of the essence, High Beeser.

BAHIRI: No-furs in big hurry, huh? Then bumbum bridge be quickest way...

BAHIRI points to one of the root-bridge pathways leading to the outskirts of the village, where the sides of the mountain abruptly drop away.

THREEPIO: Oh dear! I don't like the looks of that!

THREEPIO takes a hesitant step backward.

LUKE: Threepio, look out!

THREEPIO: Oh! Oohh!

THREEPIO'S feet slip off the edge of the root walkway. Flailing, he pitches himself forward in a desperate attempt to regain his balance, his torso landing on the thick roots with a THUMP as his legs splash into the water below. He grasps a woven tangle of vines and manages to keep himself from going in completely. His legs SIZZLE and shoot out sparks.

THREEPIO: Help! I'm melting! Oh...what a world...what a world!

LUKE and DREE TAN quickly grab THREEPIO and haul him up, helping the traumatized ROBOT to his feet. He wobbles unsteadily, unable to walk properly.

DREE TAN: Not good. The circuits in his legs are fried.

SEIG LETTOW: I'm sorry to say, I think we shall have to go on without him...

BAHIRI: Tree Pee Yo can stay here at Ashandi, if him need to.

LUKE: How does that sound, Threepio? If you stay here, can you repair yourself?

THREEPIO: I think I shall manage, sir.

LUKE: Okay. Here's a comlink. Take care of yourself, and we'll be back soon.

THREEPIO takes a comlink from LUKE. He watches as the JEDI depart.

THREEPIO: Well, at least I won't have to brave that awful bottomless chasm...

A light snow begins to fall. The JEDI reach the periphery of the village, where the root-path leads right over the edge of the sheer cliffside. The anchored woven vines snake downward at a steep incline, vanishing into the mists below. Everyone hesitates, clearly doubtful of the ancient route's stability.

WONROFF EMANON: (*growling*) I have a bad feeling about this...

SEIG LETTOW: We should trust in the Force. We've come too far to turn back now. My group will take the lead.

LETTOW motions his TWELVE PADAWANS forward. They cautiously begin the precarious descent, followed by their MASTER. WONROFF EMANON warily makes his way after them.

One-by-one, his LEARNERS slowly follow. ALANA goes next, followed by LUKE and the rest of his PADAWANS. DREE TAN leads his GROUP after them, with SHINGEN BUNDEN and his PADAWANS bringing up the rear. Soon everyone disappears into the enveloping fog.

104 EXT. SPACE - ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER

The STAR DESTROYER WRAITH RUMBLES ominously through space.

105 INT. ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER - CONFERENCE ROOM

The large room is dominated by a long conference table. Seated around it are ADMIRAL VANTOS and the REGIONAL GOVERNORS. A HOLOGRAM of SLY MOORE is standing near the huge table. Several MOFFS glance at MOORE'S projected image, but for the most part their attention remains riveted on ADMIRAL VANTOS. The large, sallow-eyed MOFF SANDAGE fiddles with a small hand computer.

SANDAGE: Are you sure about this, Vantos? To hide here aboard your ship seems a lot like surrender to me. Despite your profuse assurances that our sectors are to be

restored to us once the new Senate is done away with, I have my doubts.
ADMIRAL VANTOS sits unmoved, unresponding. MOFF HORUS, a thin, bird-like man, jumps to his feet in great anger and despair.

HORUS: What alternative is there, Sandage? With the destruction of our patrolling armadas, we can no longer keep our systems in line!

SANDAGE stands to face HORUS.

SANDAGE: And you advocate fleeing like frightened children? This new strategy is contrary to the cybormitic analysis for future procedures and tactics...

HORUS: You would still trust a machine's logic over that of Admiral Vantos? If we stay in our sectors much longer without back-up we will be overwhelmed!
Finally ADMIRAL VANTOS can stand it no longer.

VANTOS: Silence! This strategy did not come from me! You are all to remain here aboard my ship by the command of Emperor Amedda himself!

SANDAGE: And where is he? How can he even call himself Emperor?! The Galactic Alliance movement has only been gaining headway since their victory at Kessel! Now our territories are reduced to the lawless outskirts, and even then we're being forced to go into hiding the way he did! He's lost all control, and I...

Suddenly MOFF SANDAGE chokes and clutches his throat, unable to breathe. Everyone falls silent as a HOLOGRAM of MAS AMEDDA appears beside MOORE.

MAS AMEDDA: (holo) I assure you, Moff Sandage, I am still very much in control.

HORUS stands transfixed, watching as SANDAGE turns blue. AMEDDA opens his fist, and SANDAGE slumps back into his seat, wheezing and swallowing huge gulps of precious oxygen. HORUS immediately sits down.

MAS AMEDDA: (holo, cont.) ...This retreat is not a surrender by any means. I have a bold new plan in the works that will finally crush our opponents, and win back territorial control once and for all. You are aware of the new fleet currently under construction at Kashyyyk, no? Once you have supplanted the Senate, these cloaked warships will allow you to maintain political and social order like never before. Until the moment of execution is at hand, however, the Wraith is the only safe place for you. I trust you all understand?

The GOVERNORS all nod in agreement.

VANTOS: My Lord, with your permission it is imperative that I refortify my ship's arsenal and infantry for the upcoming Senate strike...

AMEDDA: You may do so, Admiral, and then await my further orders.

VANTOS: Yes, my Lord.

VANTOS bows. AMEDDA turns to SLY MOORE.

MAS AMEDDA: (holo) And now, my loyal Second has some unfinished business to attend to...

106 EXT. SPACE - LEIA'S FIGHTER - ILLUM

LEIA'S MON CAL CORALLER approaches ILLUM. A radiant bluish-green glow seems to emanate from the small moon as it orbits KYBER, a huge uninhabited gas planet.

107 INT. LEIA'S FIGHTER - COCKPIT - SPACE

LEIA flips some switches.

LEIA: Wake up, Artoo! We're here!

The little DROID'S computer lights blink on. He starts BEEPING a blue streak.

LEIA: Forgive me, Artoo. I had to find Ilum by myself, using only the Force as my guide.

ARTOO gives a grudging BEEP. LEIA adopts a cheerful tone.

LEIA: Besides, you ought to be happy about saving some juice while you were powered down!

ARTOO gives a conceding WHISTLE. LEIA smiles as she steers down to the moon's surface.

108 EXT. ILLUM - CRYSTAL MESA - LATE AFTERNOON

LEIA'S SHIP skims along the edge of an extensive mesa and lands under a rocky overhang. She pushes the droid socket release button and then gets out of the FIGHTER. ARTOO pops out from the underside of the ship and sidles up beside her. The two look around. The rock and ice covered landscape is striated here and there with meandering veins of little blue and green crystals. Not too far from the SHIP is a stunning outcrop of much larger crystals. Its numerous mineral shafts and translucent emerald

columns jut impressively from the ground at all angles. ARTOO BEEPS excitedly and starts toward it.

LEIA: Nice try, Artoo, but I'm not here for just any crystal. Come on.

The little DROID utters a soft electronic SIGH, and follows LEIA as she carefully makes her way up a rocky slope toward a lookout ridge.

LEIA: It's not like when you were here with Luke. The Force is going to help me divine a very specific crystal... You know, the same way it also helped me to find this place.

ARTOO sputters an electronic RASPBERRY at the reminder. LEIA ignores it.

LEIA: Any of these common crystals can be used for training sabres, but the one I'm looking for will be one that is meant for me and me alone...one that resonates with my particular energy.

They arrive at the crest of the ridge and survey the wide valley beyond. Stretching across the tundra as far as the eye can see, a vast expanse of mineral fields and outcrops of giant crystalline columns sparkles in the late afternoon sun. ARTOO lets out an overwhelmed WHISTLE. LEIA pats the DROID on the head.

LEIA: (chuckling) Have faith, little guy. I'll know it when I see it.

109 INT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - MAINTENANCE HANGAR - EVENING

HAN and CHEWBACCA are going over the pre-flight checks to the SEVERED HAND, a pristine red and gray FIGHTER sitting on a hydraulic platform. HAN is wearing the bounty hunter outfit minus the helmet, which has been set aside on a nearby stack of cargo boxes. CHEWIE runs a paw over the vessel's shiny finish and BARKS in admiration.

HAN: You're telling me! She's in great shape for her age, Chewie! Leia says the Rebel Alliance acquired this ship during the last days of the Clone Wars, and it was personally maintained by her adopted father ever since.

The two open an underside panel and inspect the drive systems.

HAN: (cont.) ...Wow! Obviously the man knew a thing or two about mechanics... This baby's really been souped-up! Look at this... she's sporting a modified Incom 11-38 motivator drive unit, complete with Novaldex 04-Z cryogenic power cells, and customized ion accelerators!

CHEWIE ROARS his approval. HAN closes the panel, lost in thought.

HAN: Y'know, she must really love me to be entrusting me with her dad's pride and joy like this.

CHEWIE COOS in agreement. (Pause) HAN turns to his first mate, soberly looking him in the eyes.

HAN: Chewie, listen... I know you've volunteered to go with Lando's strike team, but there's something else I need you to do for me instead. ...In fact, I've already squared it with the other generals.

HAN shifts, visibly uncomfortable. CHEWIE RUMBLES quizzically.

HAN: It's just that I'm concerned for Leia... Something about this Ilum trip of hers doesn't feel right. It would really ease my mind if you'd go after her in the Falcon and make sure she's safe. Besides, as much as I hate to admit it, the Force probably is the only way to find this mysterious Kyber system...

CHEWIE ROARS willingly and gives HAN an encouraging bear hug.

HAN: Thanks, Pal. I know I'd continue to worry about her otherwise.

HAN puts on his helmet and climbs aboard the ship. As he looks over the flight controls CHEWIE barks a concern. HAN points to a timer on his wrist gauntlet.

HAN: (filtered) Aw, don't worry! These chronometers that me and Lando are wearing are synchronized to their own coded frequency. He'll send me a silent signal once he's in range, so I'll know how much time I have left to get clear. We'll be in and out of there before the Imperials even know what hit 'em!

He gives a cocksure salute, and then the canopy slides shut. The engines start to WHINE and CHEWIE steps back, buffeted by the wind as he watches the hydraulic platform lift the gleaming FIGHTER up into the main hangar above. The WOOKIEE lets out a soft MOAN as he hears the ROAR of the craft lifting off and flying away.

110 EXT. ILUM - TUNDRA AND CRYSTAL FIELDS - SUNSET

LEIA treks across a stretch of frozen tundra. Her eyes are closed as the Force guides her toward her crystal. ARTOO tags along, using his spotlight to navigate the rocky terrain as they wend their way from one radiant crystal outcrop to the next.

LEIA: We're getting closer, Artoo, I can feel it.

She comes to a halt. ARTOO BEEPS a query, and LEIA looks at him with concern.

LEIA: Uh oh. We have to move... Quickly!

Suddenly the earth beneath them starts to quake.

LEIA: (shouting) Look out!

ARTOO SQUEALS in dismay as the ground splits open and a new outcrop of giant rapidly-growing crystals begins to shoot up all around them. The two adventurers weave and dodge, narrowly avoiding the stabbing mineral shafts as they head for safety. LEIA barely makes it out of the danger zone. Before ARTOO can reach her, a giant crystal punches up directly beneath his feet, launching him skyward. The ROBOT issues a pathetic electronic SCREAM as he arcs through the air. Just before he crashes to the ground LEIA reaches out with the Force and breaks his fall, gently setting him down by her side. The violent geologic activity dies down as abruptly as it began. LEIA catches her breath.

LEIA: Are you okay?

The little DROID BEEPS a feeble affirmative, and utters a thankful WHISTLE of relief. They both stare in amazement at the newly-formed rift, and the enormous crystals now glowing brightly where there were none only moments before.

LEIA: Artoo, look!

LEIA nods toward an extraordinarily beautiful little cluster perched just below the rim on the fissure's far side. ARTOO WHISTLES curiously.

LEIA: It is there...

With her eyes closed and her head bowed, LEIA raises her arm and points at the cluster. Soon, a tiny crystal loosens from it and rises into the air, moving toward her. ARTOO BEEPS in amazement and scoots back. The glowing shard moves majestically, surely, toward LEIA'S hand. She plucks it from the air and examines it, her face beaming. ARTOO WHISTLES in amazement.

LEIA: You didn't believe I could do it, did you? I knew I wouldn't fail!

ARTOO TWITTERS happily and turns back toward the way they came.

LEIA: (laughs) Hey, hey, hey, not so fast! Where do you think you're going, buddy? You know perfectly well I can't leave yet! Now that I've got my crystal, it's time for me to face the most important trial of all!

ARTOO BLEEPs innocently as LEIA tucks the crystal into a pouch on her belt.

LEIA: That's right, silly- the construction of my new lightsabre.

ARTOO issues an electronic MOAN of exasperation.

LEIA: Well, you don't have to worry about following me on another long hike. I know the formal entrance to the Jedi caverns is still pretty far from here, but the Force is telling me I'll connect to them a lot quicker if I go this way.

She indicates the newly-opened fissure in the ground. ARTOO BEEPS worriedly.

LEIA: That's right. From here I must go alone...not even a comlink this time.

ARTOO gives a forlorn WHISTLE. LEIA kneels before the little DROID.

LEIA: Artoo, thanks for always looking out for me. I know you're just trying to keep me safe, but I'll be all right this time, I promise. Besides, we're the only ones here! Stay put, okay? We'll be leaving as soon I return.

ARTOO out a resigned BLEEP. He watches LEIA as she draws a deep breath and lowers herself down into the crevice.

111 INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - ARCHIVE LIBRARY MAP ROOM - NIGHT

GRI SANN WEI stands at a map reader console, where a holographic display of the galaxy is being projected into the air. He taps the keyboard and one particular galactic sector enlarges in front of him. He studies it intently.

GRI SANN WEI: There's Kettlebrae. It's in the Outlands of the western quadrant, adjacent to the Granita Cluster...

OPPO RANCISIS is coiled at the end of a nearby aisle, a small spherical holo-book reader balanced in his open palm. He indicates the projected images and text flickering before him.

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) This copy of Huu Windom's Atlas and Anthropological Survey says that Kettlebrae is 'also known as one of the Dark Planets.' It's primarily covered in deep misty ravines and sheer-sided mountains, with a Lurmen-type sub-species thriving on the high meadow slopes and hot pools... Hmm, this is interesting... It says the system is subject to unusually extreme gravitational forces...

GRI SANN WEI: Yes, look! The orbital paths of the planets and moons in this entire region appear to be abnormally elliptical, and totally out of alignment with one another. There is also a significant amount of celestial matter, such as asteroids, comets, and micro-nebulae gas clouds. ...That's certainly unusual for such a small section of space, isn't it?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Yes, that *is* odd. And a challenge to navigate at sublight speed, I would imagine...

GRI presses some buttons on the console. Route lines and text appear, overlaying the detailed holo-map. GRI scans the information and nods.

GRI SANN WEI: Yes, sublight travel in this area *is* strongly discouraged; the few local routes are littered with rocky debris, shipwrecks, and other hazards. The navi-info says the Great Rift is primarily a haven for those who don't wish to be found, such as smugglers and fugitives...although it's also frequented by credit-loving miners and bounty hunters. No wonder Vantos is hiding here!

OPPO RANCISIS slithers over to study the map alongside GRI SANN WEI. He points to a slightly curving line that narrowly threads through the densely-crowded region toward Kettlebrae.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Well, our posse should have been safe enough traveling on this hyperspace lane, but communications will surely be impossible; such a peculiar concentration of activity is bound to cause too much radiostatic disturbance. Why don't you activate the electro-magnetic polarities?

GRI SANN WEI: Good idea, my wise friend... Ah yes, there are several gravity wells present...and see there? The largest one is surrounding Kettlebrae!

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Most peculiar... *(to himself)* 'One of the Dark planets...' Hmm, I wonder... *(to GRI)* Recalibrate the electro-magnetic polarity filter, and colorize it to highlight the space matter spectrum.

GRI SANN WEI: The space dust? Let's see... Oh!

The map is now blanketed with a three-dimensional layer of glittering red and blue specks, which appear as an iridescent purplish mist wherever they are evenly combined. However, there are some areas where the red is noticeably more prominent, most significantly around Kettlebrae and its moons.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* I was afraid of that.

GRI SANN WEI: What does it mean?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Remember, the space matter can also serve as a sort of 'visible signature' of...

GRI SANN WEI: The Force's light and dark energy fields! Of course! But why would the negative energy field be so much stronger around Kettlebrae than the positive? ...And there are several other negative hotspots all clustered here in the western quadrant as well, see?

GRI traces the slow current of glimmering particles with his finger, following the concentrated pockets and streaks of red trailing within it.

GRI SANN WEI: *(cont.)* ...There seems to be a curving band of them sweeping down and eventually tailing off near Yuell, over here. Hmm. The planetary systems of Sicemon and Panna are both completely surrounded by mostly negative energy, while Dagobah is only partially clipped by this smaller negative pocket out here on the edge of the arc...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Dagobah, you say? Didn't Master Skywalker tell us that he found Master Yoda there? Heh, trust him to choose such a remote world!

GRI SANN WEI: And perhaps this division in the Force would have kept him hidden from the Emperor! Do you think the Great War could have caused these anomalies?

The serpentine MASTER RANCISIS looks up at GRI from under his bushy eyebrows.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Hard to say... We know there are sometimes naturally-occurring light and dark concentrations here and there across the galaxy...

GRI SANN WEI: Vergences...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Yes. They can be highly unstable, regardless of whether they are dark or light, and should always be approached with utmost caution...

GRI SANN WEI: But why would so many dark vergences be located in such a small area, and especially around Kettlebrae? It certainly *does* seem to be some kind of residual effect from long ago, don't you think? It's as if the war's culmination caused a 'rip' in the very fabric of the Force...

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Yes, and it would explain why the area is called 'The Great Rift.' At any rate, I'm afraid such a pooling absence of the light can only mean one thing...

GRI SANN WEI: A Jedi would be unable to connect with the Force, or be severely weakened to do so!

The serpentine JEDI MASTER nods somberly. They both turn to see DEPA BILABA entering the library. She looks troubled.

GRI SANN WEI: Master Bilaba...is everything alright?

DEPA BILABA: No. Have either one of you counter-verified Master Lettow's intelligence claims - that Admiral Vantos is on Kettlebrae?

GRI SANN WEI: I didn't think of it... (to OPPO) Did you?

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) No, I assumed his sources were legitimate. Why?

DEPA BILABA: I have reason to believe our posse is heading into a trap; one orchestrated by the Sith.

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) A trap?!

GRI SANN WEI: The Sith?!

DEPA BILABA: Yes. I discovered a partial communiqué between Mas Amedda and one of his acolytes...someone I couldn't identify. The message was hard to make out; something about Bogan legions blanketing the galaxy, and the Jedi being dealt a killing blow!

GRI SANN WEI: This news is unsettling, to be sure, but it could mean anything. How do we know it spells immediate danger for our brethren on Kettlebrae?

DEPA BILABA: The signal was originally encoded within one of my own outgoing messages. I was able to isolate it, and then pinpoint the exact location of its origin...

GRI SANN WEI: And?

DEPA BILABA: It came from Seig Lettow's private quarters. Mon Mothma and Master Skywalker were right about an informant within our midst. As much as I hate to believe it, Lettow is a traitor to the Jedi Order, in league with the Sith.

OPPO and GRI are visibly alarmed. The implications begin to sink in.

GRI SANN WEI: (cont.) ...We should warn Master Skywalker and the others!

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) Remember the interference; our communications would never get through to them.

DEPA BILABA: You're right; I already tried it.

OPPO turns to BILABA, a different thought coming to him.

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) Depa...did you say, 'Bogan?'

DEPA BILABA: That's right, 'Bogan legions.' Does that mean something to you?

GRI looks at OPPO in astonishment.

GRI SANN WEI: Master Selri! 'They smote the Bo-gan shield!'

OPPO nods.

DEPA BILABA: I don't understand...

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) Master Wei and I have been doing our own Kettlebrae research, and discovered a great many things. Something ominous is afoot, Master Bilaba, but now I know where we should look next. Come, I am going to need your help if we are to learn more about the evil that our Order may be up against...

112 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - VINE PATHWAY - MORNING

The JEDI are spread out single-file on the steep vine trail. The heavy fog and snow severely limits their visibility, slowing their progress toward the network of mountain tunnels somewhere below. At the front of the line, SEIG LETTOW'S PADAWANS finally come to the entrance, which has been elaborately carved to look like open jaws. Pushing aside a curtain of vegetation, they enter the gaping maw.

113 INT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - MORNING

LETTOW'S PADAWANS gather in the tunnel, away from the HOWLING WIND.

JOM: Ah, back on solid ground. What a relief!

SEIG LETTOW reaches them.

SEIG LETTOW: Our journey has only just begun, my friends. Quickly, scout the way ahead. I'll stay and make sure everyone else is safe.

GORDON: Yes, Master.

The TWELVE PADAWANS begin to move off, exploring the vine-tangled darkness.

SEIG LETTOW: Be on the lookout for any sign of danger!

114 EXT. VINE PATHWAY - MORNING

WONROFF EMANON inches toward the dark tunnel slowly coming into view through the snow

and mist ahead of him. Shielding his face from the whipping wind, he spies LETTOW standing at the entrance. The old man's hands are raised and his eyes are closed in concentration. Confused, EMANON cautiously moves forward. Suddenly LIGHTNING CRACKS somewhere on the mountain above, and shale begins falling from overhead. LETTOW gives EMANON a crazed look; his eyes have turned yellow, and a wicked smile crosses his face. EMANON rushes at LETTOW, reaching for his sabre.

WONROFF EMANON: (growling) No!

LETTOW is too quick, and he throws WONROFF back with the Force. The SHISTAVANEN MASTER'S sabre hilt goes flying into the chasm. He tumbles off the root walkway, but just manages to grab onto the edge, hanging for his life. LETTOW approaches and looks down on him, grinning evilly.

SEIG LETTOW: You should have listened to your feelings, Master Emanon.

WONROFF EMANON'S eyes are full of hurt and confusion.

WONROFF EMANON: (growling, whisper) You've betrayed us! You're the traitor!

LETTOW stomps EMANON'S fingers with his boot heel, sending him into the abyss.

115 EXT. VINE PATHWAY - MORNING

Further back on the walkway, EMANON'S PADAWANS hear their MASTER'S blood-curdling HOWL through the whiteout ahead of them.

PADAWAN: Master! Are you alright? Master Emanon!!

They are answered only by a loud RUMBLING SOUND. They look up in dismay as a huge avalanche of rock and ice thunders down towards them. The PADAWANS desperately throw themselves against the cliff face, only to be pummeled by the falling debris. They are sent SCREAMING into the gorge, careening away along with a huge section of the walkway.

116 EXT. VINE PATHWAY - MORNING

Meanwhile, LUKE and ALANA brace themselves, alarmed by the SOUNDS of the violent landslide and the SCREAMS of the PADAWANS being swept away to their demise. Suddenly the vine pathway ahead of them begins to tear away from the sheer rock face! The PADAWANS directly ahead of ALANA SCREAM horribly as they too plunge down into the chasm! LUKE instinctively moves to protect ALANA, but before he can reach her a huge boulder comes crashing down between them, demolishing the roots beneath her feet.

LUKE: Alana!!

ALANA SCREAMS. LUKE watches in horror as she tumbles away, disappearing into the fog of the thousand-foot crevasse.

117 EXT. CLIFF FACE, CAVE OPENING - MORNING

Unbeknownst to LUKE, THREE of the falling PADAWANS have either landed on narrow rock ledges or managed to grab onto loose bridge vines snaking down from the destruction above. ALANA is able to grasp one of the vines as well, but before she has a chance to catch her breath, part of the vine breaks free from the cliff. She swings sideways into the tail end of the avalanche, where the rain of pelting detritus causes her to lose her grip and knocks her onto a small ledge. Battered and bruised, she barely manages to crawl to safety through a small cave opening.

118 INT. CAVE OPENING - MORNING

Dizzy exhaustion is overwhelming her. Breathing hard, she peers into the darkness and realizes she is surrounded by a menacing circle of spears, all aimed at her.

Brandishing the weapons and speaking in strange JABBERING SOUNDS are a number of SHADOWY FIGURES. ALANA struggles to regain her senses, but the dreamlike image fades to black as she slips into unconsciousness.

119 INT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - MORNING

SEIG LETTOW'S PADAWANS come running back to his side, alarmed by the RUMBLING SOUNDS of disaster.

ZAVOR: Master, what is it? What happened?

LETTOW's eyes have returned to their normal icy blue color. He looks at his PADAWANS with an expression of shock and sorrow.

SEIG LETTOW: The blizzard...has caused an avalanche...
They crowd at the mouth of the tunnel, peering out as the catastrophe subsides.

120 INT. VINE PATHWAY - MORNING

The snowstorm is beginning to let up. LUKE gazes mournfully into the emptiness.

LUKE: (softly) Alana, I am so sorry...

He swallows the lump in his throat.

LUKE: (cont., softly) ...'Rejoice for those who have become one with the Force.'
That's what I taught you, isn't it? I will try my best to live up to that ideal,
though you will always be in my heart...

With an accepting SIGH he wipes a tear and turns away. He makes his way to the remaining JEDI as they manage to regroup. They stare silently at the impassable void where the walkway once was, visibly shaken by the unexpected and devastating loss of their brethren.

LUKE: Is everyone all right?

The PADAWANS nod numbly.

PADAWAN: There's no way anyone could have survived that fall... Right, Master Tan?
It's not possible, is it?

DREE TAN closes his eyes, concentrating. He shakes his head slowly.

DREE TAN: I can't tell for sure... My ability to connect to the Force seems to be
considerably weakened, as if the light side is almost non-existent here...

LUKE is concentrating as well.

LUKE: Yes, the dark side is strong in this place. I admit, I too feel a diminished...
Wait- I'm sensing something!

DREE TAN: I feel it too. Some others may have survived!

LUKE: (shouting) Alana!

Unsettling silence.

SEIG LETTOW'S VOICE: (O.S., shouting through the fog) Hello!

LUKE: (shouting) Master Lettow? Is that you?

SEIG LETTOW'S VOICE: (O.S., shouting through the fog) Yes! My padawans and I are okay!
We've managed to reach the tunnels!

LUKE: (shouting) The walkway is gone! Only a few of us have survived! We will have to
go back and find a different route!

121 INT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - MORNING

SEIG LETTOW stands at the mouth of the tunnel.

SEIG LETTOW: (shouting) Be careful! We will try to find the Monduthi and wait for you
there!

LUKE'S VOICE: (O.S., shouting through the fog) Alright! We'll be there as soon as we
can!

LETTOW turns to his PADAWANS.

SEIG LETTOW: It looks like we will just have to forge ahead on our own until they can
reach us. Be mindful; we will all need to watch out for one another in this dangerous
place. You know, I couldn't help but notice Master Skywalker only seemed to be
concerned for Alana Seren...

122 INT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL

Meanwhile, ALANA'S unconscious body is dragged along a dark tunnel.

123 EXT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - NIGHT

The JEDI TEMPLE stands against the dazzling nighttime cityscape.

124 INT. LIBRARY - HOLOCRON VAULT - NIGHT

*DEPA BILABA, GRI SANN WEI, and OPPO RANCISIS stand in front of a huge round door deep
in the Jedi Archives.*

OPPO RANCISIS: (hissing) Ah, here we are. (to GRI) Beyond this door is where the Jedi
Holocrons are kept...

OPPO places his hand over a Force-activated lock. The dilating door opens and a web of

criss-crossing security lasers deactivates, revealing a short tubular hall leading to the Holocron chamber. The JEDI step inside.

GRI SANN WEI: Of course; the crystal-lattice repositories. Fascinating devices, from what I understand. Although I've never had the opportunity to access one myself, I do know the vast knowledge they contain is only accessible through the Force.

The THREE JEDI step from the security hall into the Holocron chamber. The circular room is lit with the faint blue glow of the Holocrons, which rest in niches in the walls. A massive square pillar in the center of the room is also filled with the palm-sized artifacts.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* But I'm sure you didn't know that a hidden vault here also contains the only known Sith Holocron!

GRI SANN WEI: *(shocked)* No?! A Sith Holocron?

DEPA BILABA: Yes. In fact, at one time we actually had several Sith Holocrons, but the Council of First Knowledge destroyed all of them...except for the one.

GRI SANN WEI: But why allow even one to exist? Surely it is too dangerous?!

DEPA BILABA: Although it contains teachings of powerful evil, it was sometimes consulted when Sith enemies posed a threat to the Jedi. Its existence was only revealed to permanent Council members, including Master Rancisis and myself.

GRI SANN WEI regards the TWO MASTERS with renewed esteem, yet they can see he is still visibly concerned.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* An infernal device, to be sure, but it is held securely. Thankfully, we were entrusted with the skill to safely access its resting place by Madame Jocasta Nu herself!

OPPO and DEPA move to opposite sides of the square central pillar. They lightly touch several of the Holocrons nestled in it, their arms working in a sequential and fluidly synchronized motion. There is a RUMBLE from a mysterious hidden mechanism beneath their feet. The pillar slowly begins to drop, receding into the floor; it is actually a monolith that only appeared to be supporting the ceiling! A transparasteel enclosure on top of the column gradually comes into view from a recess in the ceiling. It lowers down and comes to a halt with a dramatic grinding HISS. The JEDI stare blankly at the encasement on the pedestal, dumbfounded. It is empty.

DEPA BILABA: It's gone!

125 INT. ILUM - CRYSTAL CAVERNS

The space has widened around LEIA, and she makes her way deep underground, navigating through a series of large caverns. The way is periodically illuminated by beautiful blue and emerald-green glowing crystals. It is very quiet here.

126 INT. ILUM - LIGHTSABRE TRIAL CHAMBER

She comes to a man-made chamber, a sanctum of the Jedi from a bygone era. The room is very dim, except for a single shaft of light focused on a raised crystalline podium in its center. LEIA moves to the platform and finds a stack of golden rings a few inches in diameter, their thick edges lined with minutely spaced grooves. She takes the top ring and places it on its edge into a corresponding receptacle on the podium. The podium begins to glow brightly, and the ring starts spinning like a top, faster and faster. At first the current of air flowing through its grooves produces an eerie HUMMING sound, and then it suddenly evokes a strangely cheery VOICE recording.

VOICE: On behalf of Amorphia's Bomerwright Industries, congratulations! You are about to become the proud new owner of a fantastic, high-quality lightsabre made entirely of meticulously hand-crafted Bomerwright components! (Primary crystal not included...some assembly will be required.) Please insert the next Instructohoop for a complete checklist of the individual parts you will need to get started, then, once your components have been selected, simply use our easy-to-follow series of Instructohoop tutorials to guide you through the construction procedure. Once again, congratulations, and good luck!

The VOICE dies away as the ring stops spinning. The light emanating from the podium has grown bright enough to illuminate the entire chamber now. A vast array of components and gleaming lightsabre hilt casings are displayed on the walls; thousands of styles, some with a hint of black or gold, but they all glitter and shine. It is an overwhelming sight.

LEIA: *(to herself, awed)* Wow! ...Who needs luck? The hardest part of this challenge

will just be deciding which one I like most!

127 INT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - LANDING PLATFORM - NIGHT

CHEWBACCA stands beneath the MILLENNIUM FALCON, adjusting one of the landing lights. After a final wipe of the socket with a rag he shambles over to the boarding ramp. Pausing to rummage in his carry pouch, he produces his training sabre and uses the rag to give the hilt a quick polish. With a satisfied HARRUMPH he tosses the rag onto a nearby tool caddy, clips the weapon to his bandolier at chest-level, and lumbers up the ramp.

128 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - NIGHT

CHEWIE settles into the pilot's chair. He fires up the engines and the ship lifts off.

129 INT. AQUILAE BASE - MILLENNIUM FALCON - NIGHT

THE FALCON soars past the various landing pads jutting from the walls, heading for the exit at the far end of the vast interior lagoon. Avoiding a flock of AVIAN CREATURES crossing its path, the old FREIGHTER gracefully swoops down and skims just above the water. ROARING down the line of docked MON CALAMARI CRUISERS, the FALCON starts to pull up and away as it reaches the last SHIP in the row, a slender, long-nosed STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER that is considerably smaller than its massive cousins.

130 INT. MON CALAMARI STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER - MAIN HANGAR - NIGHT

The CRUISER'S main hangar is alive with the hustle and bustle of CREWMEN securing equipment and readying for the mission. LANDO strides through the rush of activity on the flight deck. Hearing the loud WHINE of the MILLENNIUM FALCON'S engines outside, he looks toward the hangar door just in time to watch the PIRATE SHIP race by and disappear outside the base. WEDGE ANTILLES comes up beside him. The Correllian's expression is tense.

WEDGE: Captain Kazan says he's ready to go whenever we are, General Calrissian.

LANDO: That's Lando to you, Wedge! (noticing WEDGE'S unease) Hey, you're not nervous, are you? Relax a little bit, buddy! We've done this a million times!

WEDGE: Yeah, but the minute we start getting cocky is when things'll go wrong.

LANDO: Not this time. You tell the Captain we're as ready as we'll ever be. Now that we've got those detonator locations from the Prime Minister we can brief the pilots on the way.

WEDGE nods and heads for the bulkhead leading to the bridge. LANDO walks over to the fleet of MON CAL SUBMERSIBLE PODS. The small spherical CRAFT are equipped with forward protruding multi-jointed arms, while their rear propulsion systems have been heavily modified with the addition of small engine thrusters. LANDO arrives at his SHIP. A MUNITIONS CREW is busy loading detonator charges into a dispenser tube located at the front of the claw-armed VESSEL.

LANDO: (cont.) Load 'em up, boys! The more you can stack the odds in my favor, the better!

CREWMAN: Yes, Sir!

The MON CAL CRUISER'S massive engines RUMBLE to life.

131 EXT. SPACE - KAMINO

HAN'S STARSHIP comes out of hyperspace above the watery world of KAMINO, and banks down into the hurricane-covered atmosphere.

132 EXT. TIPOCA CITY (RAINSTORM) - NIGHT

Whipping wind and swirling spray lash at the vessel as it heads through the storm clouds toward the huge, Imperial-occupied city of TIPOCA. Suddenly, TWO TIE FIGHTERS appear and move toward HAN'S SHIP, drawing up beside him. One fires a warning shot.

133 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN: *(into transmitter)* Hey, hey! Hold your fire! I'm uh, a bounty hunter! Uh...Ovan Marekal! I'm here to apply for the clone template program!

INTERCOM VOICE: Acknowledged, bounty hunter. Follow our vector to platform eight-nine-one.

134 EXT. TIPOCA CITY - SEVERED HAND - TIE FIGHTERS - NIGHT

The clouds part to reveal a full view of TIPOCA. The city has expanded greatly since the Imperial takeover. The TIES and THE SEVERED HAND head for the sprawling complex of domes, which seems to bob on its stilts above the crashing waves. The SEVERED HAND and the TIE FIGHTERS bank around a large structure and fly in toward one of the city's landing platforms.

135 EXT. TIPOCA CITY - LANDING PLATFORM - SEVERED HAND - NIGHT

The TIES veer away as the SEVERED HAND lands on the platform. HAN gets out of his ship and makes his way through the HOWLING gale, entering the city through a brightly lit doorway on the far side of the platform.

136 INT. TIPOCA CITY - CORRIDOR ENTRANCE, PASSAGEWAYS - NIGHT

HAN wipes the rain from his visor. Ahead of him, a suspended transparasteel tube leads into the city. Warily making his way along the corridor, he looks down and surveys a huge facility below. Machines and CLONED WORKERS are busy producing a range of high-tech weapons. Coming to a junction, HAN stops, unsure of which way to go. Suddenly, several STORMTROOPERS round a corner in one of the connecting passageways, walking toward him menacingly. HAN'S hand inches instinctively toward the weapon at his side, but the TROOPERS simply march past, ignoring him. As they move off down a different walkway, TAUN WE appears. Accompanying her is another tall KAMINOAN. The two slender ALIENS approach HAN.

TAUN WE: Welcome to the Academy, 'Ovan Marekal.' We've been expecting you. Please, come this way.

The TRIO walks down one of the clear tunnels, passing over a large clone training plaza as they go.

TAUN WE: *(cont.)* ...This is Datos Aay, Scientific Administrator of the clone template selection program.

DATOS AAY: Greetings, 'bounty hunter.' I've been looking forward to our meeting, although I regret it isn't under more pleasant circumstances.

HAN: It's a real honor to meet you too, Administrator. I wish we didn't need to hurry things, but time is too precious these days...if you know what I mean.

HAN shows them the chronometer counting down on his wrist gauntlet. TAUN WE synchronizes a timer on her own wrist. She pauses at another corridor junction.

TAUN WE: If you'll both please excuse me; I have a pressing matter to attend to at the Space Control center... Datos, please escort our guest to the genetic testing facilities. I will rejoin you both very soon.

DATOS AAY: Be careful, Prime Minister.

TAUN WE: I will.

TAUN WE smiles pleasantly, winks one of her almond-shaped eyes, and departs.

137 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - ASHANDI VILLAGE - MAIN THERMAL POOL - DAY

The ASHANDI TRIBE lazes about in the main hot pool at the center of their village. TWO FEMALE WOTTNOTTS attend to BAHIRI, picking fleas off his back. THREPEPIO sits on the root-bridge near them, thrilled to have a captive audience as he works on drying and reprogramming his exposed inner leg components. He is using a variety of small standard-issue maintenance tools that detach from the inside surfaces of his opened leg coverings.

THREPEPIO: How simply amazing it is that your insulated fur protects you from such extreme temperatures! Look at how that scalding hot water nearly melted all my wiring! Had my legs been submerged for just a few moments more, I'm quite sure the damage would have been...

Just then LUKE and the other JEDI SURVIVORS appear out of the mist.

THREPEPIO: *(cont.)* ...Oh! Master Luke! You're back so soon! How delightful!

THREEPIO'S good cheer quickly fades, however, as he notices their somber expressions, and he realizes that they are fewer in number.

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...Master Luke, where is everybody? What happened?

LUKE: There's been a tragic accident... Many brave Jedi have perished.

THREEPIO: Oh no! This is terrible news!

LUKE approaches BAHIRI.

LUKE: The rest are somewhere in the mountain. Can you show us the other route?

BAHIRI: What make you a-thinking there is other way?

LUKE: Earlier you said the vine path was the quickest way, not the only way.

BAHIRI noisily chews one of his dark leaves for a moment and gives a funny little LAUGH.

BAHIRI: You very smart! Yes, there *is* other way, but Big Sky say no-furs must wait. First there is time for a-eating bumbum mush, then me can show you.

LUKE: Thank you, Bahiri, you are very gracious. We accept.

LUKE removes five small capsules from his belt.

LUKE: (cont.) ...I have enough food here to contribute to the meal.

This strains the tolerance of the other JEDI. They pull LUKE aside, moving some distance down the bridge to huddle out of the WOTTNOTTS' earshot.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: (quietly) But we don't have time for a meal, Master Skywalker! Why are you stalling here?! Don't you think we should be back out there looking for our comrades? Remember, Admiral Vantos is here somewhere! Seig and his clan could be running into his forces even as we speak!

LUKE: I can't explain why, Shingen, but I'm not so sure anymore that the Admiral is here. (to the entire GROUP) Listen, everyone, like you, I want nothing more than to rejoin the others, but I feel that our best hope is to first be patient with our hosts, and respect their customs. What little of the Force I can still feel, it is telling me to practice forbearance here.

The JEDI ponder LUKE'S words, hardly noticing that a wobbly-legged THREEPIO has shuffled over to join them.

THREEPIO: Er...may I remind you that my primary function as a protocol droid requires that I be well-versed in all customs, no matter how diverse...

SHINGEN BUNDEN: (smiling curtly) Threepio, in the short time I've known you, you've made it quite impossible for us to forget that fact.

THREEPIO is speechless. WHIRRING SERVO MOTORS swivel his head left and right as he tries to compute the JEDI MASTER'S meaning.

LUKE: Was there something more specific you wanted to say, Threepio?

THREEPIO: Oh...ah...yes, Master Luke. In order to keep my protocol libraries up to date I've been observing these Wottnott creatures while you were away, and it appears that their society revolves around the consumption of this 'bumbum' plant. They claim that doing so helps them to better understand the movement of the, em, 'Big Sky.' *The JEDI appear to be somewhat interested, much to THREEPIO'S delight.*

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...Although it does seem that even the simplest of decisions cannot be made without first indulging in this peculiar behavior and then waiting for guidance, which, I daresay, I have found to be even more trying on one's patience than putting up with Artoo.

LUKE: (chuckling) Coming from you, Threepio, that's saying something! Still, if Bahiri says we must wait, then that is what we must do.

There is a funny little SQUEAKING CHUCKLE. They turn to see BAHIRI approaching. The WOTTNOTT gives his dark fur a vigorous all-over shake, spraying water droplets on the JEDI closest to him.

BAHIRI: Unless you no-furs can a-moving planets, you not get far right now anyways! So come, come! Let us all a-eating now!

BAHIRI turns to follow after the other VILLAGERS, who are heading for the largest living-dome structure. DREE TAN watches him go and shakes his head.

DREE TAN: Moving planets? What is he talking about?

LUKE: I don't know...I just have a strong feeling we should trust him.

JUSTIN VALOR: But with all due respect, Master Skywalker, why? I appreciate that we should not be indifferent to any life form, but shouldn't this also include our fellow Jedi? Why are we forsaking them?!

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Luke, I must concur. Regardless of whether Admiral Vantos is here or not, Master Lettow and the others do still need our help, and now we're relying on these lazy natives to show us the way in their own sweet time!

LUKE: Patience, my friends. I too feel for our stranded brothers...and for those we've

lost.

LUKE visibly chokes with emotion at the thought of ALANA, then gathers himself.

LUKE: (cont.) ...Look, I understand your concerns. Time is indeed precious, but time well spent provides a greater reward than rash urgency. We would do well to stay focused on the here and now, and trust that all this is the Will of the Force...which I remind you still governs all despite our Jedi abilities being severely limited in this place. Now come on, let's just see where it leads us.

The JEDI consider LUKE'S words and nod reluctantly. Everyone follows after BAHIRI. THREEPPIO is left behind, seemingly forgotten.

THREEPPIO: Oh...I say...don't you worry about me! I'll just be here working on my repairs if you need me!

Nobody seems to hear the DROID or pays him any mind.

138 INT. KETTLEBRAE TUNNELS, MONDUTHI AMPHITHEATER

SEIG LETTOW and his PADAWANS cautiously make their way deeper into the mountain. The creeping vines lining the tunnel glow with a faint bioluminescence, lighting their way as they draw ever closer to the SOUND OF CHANTING VOICES echoing up from somewhere ahead of them. Water drips everywhere, and a humid wind intermittently blows, howling softly like a note of gloomy music. The GROUP follows a curve in the tunnel and they see light approaching. The CHANTING is louder now, and the wind HOWLS another dramatic note as they reach the mouth of the tunnel. They all stop in astonishment at the spectacle before them: The tunnel in which they are standing is only one of many dark side passages that open onto an incredible underground amphitheater. The large tiered cavern is teeming with strange jungle-like vegetation that glows with an eerie bioluminescence. Tangles of criss-crossing vines droop down from the high ceiling, which is supported in the center by a massive column of rock. Standing at the base of this central pillar with her wrists securely tied to it is the battered and weakened ALANA SEREN. A wide circular moat full of boiling water separates the crude altar from a THRONG OF CHANTING ALBINO WOTTNOTTS bowed in worship. SEIG LETTOW and his PADAWANS watch as TWO WOTTNOTT LEADERS with spears step forward, preparing to offer ALANA as a sacrifice to the Gods.

SEIG LETTOW: (low voice) These must be the Monduthi. It looks like we're going to have to break up this little party.

JOM: Do you mean to attack, Master?

SEIG LETTOW: Although the Jedi advise using the Force for knowledge rather than for attack, in some instances a Jedi on the offensive has no better ally than the Force, my loyal young apprentices. Watch, and follow my lead.

LETTOW then daringly leads his PADAWANS into the chamber. They immediately find themselves being surrounded by the startled and agitated TRIBE. The bold JEDI MASTER arrogantly ignores the CREATURES.

SEIG LETTOW: Well, well, if it isn't the charming Alana Seren!

ALANA: Master Lettow! Akira! Yonna! Thank the Force you're alive!

SEIG LETTOW: (flatly, noncommittally) You survived as well.

ALANA glances around behind LETTOW'S group.

ALANA: What about the others? Where's Luke? Is he with you?

SEIG LETTOW: Luke? Don't you mean Master Skywalker?

LETTOW turns to his PADAWANS.

SEIG LETTOW: (cont., quietly) ...You see? Skywalker's lost all his discipline.

They are distracted by a COMMOTION around them as the WOTTNOTTS JABBER amongst themselves, puzzled by the INTRUDERS. The TWO MONDUTHI LEADERS become engaged in a heated argument. The LARGER ONE bites off the end of a bioluminescent twig and sucks on it like a straw, shaking his spear at the JEDI. The SMALLER LEADER pleads and shakes his head 'no,' but the LARGE ONE dismisses him with a wave and steps forward with his weapon. LETTOW and the WOTTNOTT size each other up for a moment, then the WOTTNOTT makes a vicious lunge. LETTOW promptly activates his laser sword, and cuts the ALIEN in half. At this, all the MONDUTHI step back in shock. The SMALLER WOTTNOTT LEADER who discouraged the confrontation looks sorrowfully at the rest of his tribe. He angrily JABBERS something at them in their language, and backs away into a side tunnel. The remaining MONDUTHI look down at their fallen LEADER, and then back up at the INTRUDERS, whom they have surrounded. With an infuriated SHRIEK, the WOTTNOTTS all rush the JEDI at once, thrusting their spears forward. In a FLASH, the TWELVE PADAWANS ignite their swords and cut down several of the small CREATURES. Still, many MONDUTHI are able to break through the defenses with their jabbing spears, while yet more

spears rain down from the upper levels. Some of the JEDI are cut and suffer injuries, and in their anger and frustration they decimate all the MONDUTHI immediately around them. Wielding curved knives, the remaining WOTTNOTTS on the balconies scramble down to engage the ATTACKERS. The TWELVE run and leap to meet the new onslaught. A brutal savagery ensues.

139 INT. KAMINO - TIPOCA CITY - PEDESTRIAN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

HAN and DATOS AAY walk together along a hermetically sealed walkway overlooking the vast Imperial center. TROOPS, BUREAUCRATS, and ROBOTS bustle past, hardly paying the DUO any attention.

DATOS AAY: We Kaminoans took great pride in our scientific breakthroughs and the exorbitant fees we were able to command for our services, but regrettably, we gave little thought to the ethics or the consequences of our work.

HAN: Taun We told me a little about what your people have gone through since the Imperials took over your city... Terrible.

The elder KAMINOAN gestures toward a large OBSERVATION SHIP surrounded by a multitude of small ENFORCER VEHICLES at the far end of the complex.

DATOS AAY: Yes, the Enforcers have been routinely conducting sweeps, systematically weeding out what they refer to as 'dissidents.' Now, as you can see, we are all but extinct. The few of us who remain are nothing more than slaves in our own city; any honor we had once hoped to achieve for ourselves has long since been subverted and exploited by the...

HAN stops short. Below, connected to a docking station via an array of huge data cables and umbilical hoses, he sees the IMPERIAL FLAGSHIP WRAITH.

HAN: The Wraith! What the...? Vantos is here?!

DATOS AAY: Yes, he just arrived...no doubt to fortify for his imminent attack on the Senate.

HAN: The dirty worm!

Some of the PASSERSBY give HAN a curious glance. Not wanting to draw any more attention to himself, he starts to move off and almost runs headlong into ADMIRAL VANTOS coming out of a nearby elevator. VANTOS pauses and stares into the eye lenses of HAN'S helmet. It only lasts a moment, but the moment is electric. VANTOS breaks the spell by pushing past HAN.

ADMIRAL VANTOS: Watch where you're going, bounty hunter! (to DATOS AAY) Honestly, if that's the best donor material you Kaminoans are getting these days, then it's no wonder our soldiers aren't as sharp as they used to be!

HAN and DATOS AAY watch as the ADMIRAL storms away.

HAN: (seething) Hmph. We'll see how cocky he is after we throw a big ol' hydrosponder into his plans!

DATOS AAY: Suffice it to say, your arrival couldn't have been more timely, General Solo. Fortunately, thirty-three of the greatest scientific minds in our system have been spared. They are now safely gathered here in my facility, waiting for us...

140 INT. TIPOCA CITY - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

They enter a stark white waiting area filled with scholarly-looking KAMINOAN SCIENTISTS. HAN removes his helmet. A black PROTOCOL DROID approaches them.

DC-28: Ah, Master Datos...and General Solo, I presume? I am DC-28, at your service. Right this way, if you please...

DC-28 moves to a side door and taps an entrance code on a security panel.

141 INT. TIPOCA CITY - OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The door slides open. HAN and DATOS AAY follow DC-28 across to TWO KAMINOAN SCIENTISTS who are standing at an observation window looking into a large operating theater.

DC-28: Excuse me, Doctors, the Galactic Alliance liaison is here.

The SCIENTISTS turn, smiling, to regard HAN and DATOS AAY. DC-28 exits.

DATOS AAY: General Solo, may I present Occo Tho and Quist Mir, our foremost genetics pioneers. Doctors, this is General Han Solo, from the Galactic Alliance's Intelligence Division...and the man to whom we are most indebted.

OCCO THO: Good to meet you, General.

QUIST MIR: Yes, Good to meet you, General Solo.

HAN: The pleasure's all mine, Doctors.

OCCO THO: You're too kind. I'm afraid we're not quite ready yet. Thank goodness you'll be the one taking us, though; I'm sure we couldn't be in safer hands.

HAN: *(caught off guard)* Uh, wait a minute, what was that? Did you say...taking you? Taun We said I'd be smuggling knowledge...y'know...your technology. She...she meant scientific data, right?

QUIST MIR: No, she wasn't referring to mere data, General Solo. She meant us! **HAN:** *(flustered)* What?! But she never said... Thirty-three scientists! How? Transporting a group that size undetected... I don't... My ship isn't even big enough! And even if it was, what about those bugs they implanted in your bodies?!

DATOS AAY: Don't worry, General. You'll only be taking our minds.

They watch through the window as DC-28 brings in one of the SCIENTISTS from the waiting area and has him lay on a large operating table surrounded by MEDICAL DROIDS and strange equipment. An ominous clamp is placed on the KAMINOAN'S head, and he starts to undergo a form of mechanized brain surgery. DATOS moves over to a safe-like cabinet and retrieves a cartridge belt. He gingerly opens one of the cartridges and removes a small clear vial filled with gray fluid.

DATOS AAY: *(cont.)* ...This is Fau Bun, of Astro-dynamics.

HAN: *(awed)* Distillation?

OCCO THO: Yes. A high price for freedom, but the process has been greatly perfected. The brain is condensed into five ounces of fluid. Cloning cell samples and complete procedural guidelines for the reanimation process will be included so that a structural duplicate of the scientist can be reproduced. When the duplicate child reaches the age of six, he or she begins a series of injections of the brain fluid. By the age of ten years, they have received all the knowledge and memory of an experienced scientist: an old mind in a young body. As you can see, we have prepared this specialized shock belt for you to carry us with...

OCCO THO carefully places the vial back into the cartridge belt. HAN watches as the limp body of the KAMINOAN on the operating table is removed, and another SCIENTIST is escorted into the operating theatre. HAN turns to DATOS AAY.

HAN: 'A high price for freedom...' You weren't kidding! I swear...these politics are gonna be the end of us all!

DATOS AAY: Careful. If we could rid ourselves of the politicians, generals would no longer be necessary.

HAN: That's fine by me. I've done enough fighting to last more than a lifetime.

DATOS AAY: Well said, well said. We look forward to a new lifetime... One in which fighting will no longer be necessary.

HAN watches as the huge machine extracts another brain.

OCCO THO: Taun We and I will be the last to undergo the procedure.

HAN: You sure have a lot of faith in your technology.

OCCO THO: We've learned that technology is only as good as those who wield it, General Solo. DC-28 is going to make sure you have everything the Galactic Alliance will need to maximize our chances of success.

HAN: We won't let you down. *(to DATOS AAY)* But right now, Datos, let's get those remote charge detonators of yours synchronized with my chronometer...

142 EXT. HYPERSPACE - MON CALAMARI STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER

The relatively small MON CALAMARI STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER plunges through hyperspace.

143 INT. MON CALAMARI STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER - MAIN HANGAR FLIGHT DECK

LANDO briefs the strike team PILOTS gathered around him in the center of the hangar. A portable holo-projector on spindly robotic legs displays the greatly expanded Imperial city of Tipoca. Throughout the HOLOGRAM are numerous flashing red dots, sporadically positioned here and there on the city's support columns just below the waterline.

LANDO: These are the coordinates of the interior charges already placed by the Kaminoan cell. Commander Antilles and Red Team will attach their supplemental exterior charges at these same locations.

WEDGE and RED TEAM nod. The HOLO projection pans down to the sea floor.

LANDO: *(cont.)* ...I'll be leading Gold Team to place additional charges down here, at

the bases of the support pillars.

GOLD 3: So Gold's detonators are just for extra measure?

LANDO: That's correct. We only have one shot at this, so the more charges we place, the better. We'll cluster ours on the down-flow side of alternate pillars, so that they all buckle under the same stress.

RED 5: But will we have enough time for all this? Our mission window is pretty tight.

WEDGE: We'll have about twenty minutes of underwater travel time before the drop ship reaches the deployment coordinates just outside the city's radar perimeter. From there, as soon as we get the green light from Captain Kazan we'll have an additional twenty minutes to execute the mission.

RED 6: I don't know...we could be like sitting ducks out there...

LANDO: Considering the vast amount of marine life on Kamino, the Imperials' sensors are likely to overlook our small short-range submersibles, which means we should have no problem reaching our targets undetected.

RED 6: I just wish we didn't have to give up our trusty Incoms to go creepin' around in those little tin cans...

RED 6 jerks his thumb toward the fleet of small SUBMERSIBLE CRAFT lined up nearby.

LANDO steps over to one and pats the hull confidently.

LANDO: These Mon Calamari cargo loaders may look a little clunky, Teeter, but don't worry. The Captain assures me they've been outfitted with a surprising kick in their tails.

RED 6: Well then, maybe he wouldn't mind trading places with one of us, eh?

GOLD 7: Yeah, no kiddin'. Heck, I'd gladly take the helm of this little cruiser of his...even if it is just a glorified hangar bay sandwiched between a cockpit and an engine booster!

Everyone CHUCKLES, including LANDO. WEDGE quiets everyone down with a gesture.

WEDGE: Alright, alright, you jokers. Listen, here's the bottom line: We must bring Tipoca down. Everything's depending on us now, but if there's one thing I know it's that you guys are the best of the best; you can get this thing done no matter what kind of ship you're in!

GOLD 4: That's right, Boss. Just point us in the right direction, and let's see what these babies can do!

The PILOTS nod and CLAP, bolstered with enthusiasm.

LANDO: That's the spirit! Okay, everyone get buckled in and we'll finish our pre-submersion checks!

144 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - ASHANDI VILLAGE - DAY

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance as snow swirls through the Ashandi village. THREEPIO is alone on the root-bridge where everyone left him.

145 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - ASHANDI VILLAGE - DAY

The DROID re-attaches a small tool to the inside of his last opened leg covering and then closes it with a SNAP.

THREEPIO: *(to himself)* This will simply have to do until I have access to a proper droid repair bay. I can't trust Artoo with such a delicate leg operation again...not after his distracted heroics during our escape from Bepin left me standing in pieces! Suddenly, the SMALLER WOTTNOTT who left the Monduthi tribe surfaces from a nearby hot pool and clambers up onto the root-bridge, unaware of THREEPIO as he shakes out his white fur. Another distant THUNDERCLAP. The CRITTER looks fearfully up at the sky and points his spear toward the gathering clouds, as if expecting an attack.

THREEPIO: Em, hello...

The WOTTNOTT wheels around on THREEPIO with his spear and gives a terrified SHOUT. The DROID instantly throws up his hands in surrender.

THREEPIO: Ahh! Don't hurt me! I'm harmless!

The WOTTNOTT eyes THREEPIO warily, holding his spear in a defensive position. There is a moment of awkward tension. THREEPIO gestures toward the sky.

THREEPIO: I couldn't help but notice that you seem to be troubled by the weather, and I must say, the prospect of being out here in the elements has me quite concerned too. It does look as if this snow will soon turn into a rather nasty storm, don't you think? I've already had quite enough trouble here already, and the last thing I need is...

WOTTNOTT: Me need help! Where me find Bahiri?

The WOTTNOTT looks desperate. THREEPIO stands and takes a few halting steps.

THREEPIO: I will gladly escort you to him, but only if you will please put away that frightful weapon. It is quite unnecessary, I assure you.

146 INT. ASHANDI VILLAGE - MAIN HUT - DAY

A large bubbling pot is suspended over a fire in the center of the large hut. The rising smoke and steam escapes through a vent hole at the apex of the great domed ceiling as THREE WOTTNOTT COOKS pluck handfuls of dark leaves from the walls and slowly stir the plants into the simmering brew. Everyone watches and waits for the food to cook; WOTTNOTT on one half of the room, JEDI on the other. SHINGEN BUNDEN sits near the COOKS, restlessly watching their progress; he and his PADAWANS are clearly impatient to continue with the mission. MASTER TAN and his PADAWANS seem only slightly more willing to follow LUKE'S lead for the time being.

LUKE: High Beeser Bahiri, if you don't mind, could you please tell us a little more about the Monduthi?

BAHIRI: Bahiri have not much to say. Us Ashandi avoid them Monduthi.

LUKE: Is this because the Monduthi are... 'less civilized,' as you put it?

BAHIRI gestures to the living walls and ceiling of the shelter all around them.

BAHIRI: See bumbum? It everywhere! We a-eating it every day; bumbum help Wottnotts live up high on mountain...make us smart...see answers from Gods. Long-igo, Wottnotts have big trouble; inside mountain we a-finding different bumbum that make us feel strong. Which bumbum should be used, Wottnotts no agree. Some say Gods want us be thinkers, study motion in Big Sky, others say Gods want us be warriors, live in caves. So...them that a-wanting calm waters become Ashandi...and them that a-wanting angry waters become Monduthi. Us Ashandi stay here, where bumbum grow in light of Big Sky. Monduthi decide to live down in mountain, where other bumbum grow in dark. No way Ashandi ever gonna a-going down there...

Just then THREEPIO enters the hut followed by the MONDUTHI WOTTNOTT. The room goes silent as all eyes fall on the newcomers. BAHIRI recognizes the foreigner and jumps up, agitated.

BAHIRI: Tyki! Monduthi High Beeser's son! Why you come to Ashandi, Tyki?

TYKI steps forward and begins CHATTERING desperately in the Wottnott tongue. BAHIRI is clearly alarmed by what he is hearing. LUKE and the other JEDI look to one another quizzically.

LUKE: Threepio, can you translate what he's saying?

THREEPIO: Yes, of course, Master Luke. He says that the 'Fire Gods' are angry. He says that they have come to the Monduthi village, and... Oh dear!

LUKE: What?

THREEPIO: They have killed his father! He says he is here because he is...

TYKI notices LUKE and the other robed JEDI among the assemblage and drops to the ground in a fit of panicked worshiping. He continues to JABBER and carry on in his own language.

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...in need of some rather urgent help... Goodness me!

LUKE: What? What is it now?

THREEPIO: Oh, er, now he is saying that if you are, em, more 'Fire Gods,' he will worship you forever if it pleases you not to kill him! I say, Master Luke, whatever does he mean?!

TYKI: Fire Gods looking like not-Wottnotts! Them looking like you!

TYKI points to the JEDI. LUKE speaks to TYKI in a very calming voice.

LUKE: Tyki, we are not 'Fire Gods.' We are friends. We mean you no harm. Please, can you tell us what happened? Maybe we can help.

TYKI: Fire Gods deep below always protect Monduthi, keep down hot water if us offer gifts. We a-offering gold-hair not-Wottnott for sacrifice, but Fire Gods come stop ceremony. Papa angry, say them not-Gods. Him say Fire God leader only 'Bad Beeser' a-trying to conquer Monduthi. He challenge, but Fire God cut Papa down! Tyki angry, tell Monduthi we worship them Gods no more. I tell Monduthi to fight; I a-going for help.

DREE TAN leans in to LUKE, speaking quietly.

DREE TAN: Sounds like Admiral Vantos might be here after all...

LUKE: Yeah, I guess... I just hope Master Lettow and his clan manage to avoid any trouble until we can reach them... (to TYKI) Tyki, we're sorry for the loss of your father, but I'm afraid he was right; this 'Fire God' you speak of is actually just a

'Bad Beeser,' a really bad man who has hurt many people on many worlds. We came here to find him and take him away, but an avalanche has destroyed the path, forcing us to wait until Bahiri here is certain the heavens will allow us safe passage into the mountain.

TYKI: *(nodding)* Yes, him right. Other way not good for you not-Wottnotts now. When good, Tyki take you to Monduthi.

LUKE: Thank you, Tyki, that is very kind of you. In the meantime, my group has been graciously offered a meal by Bahiri. Surely, the most generous High Beeser of Ashandi won't object if Tyki joins us?

LUKE nods encouragingly at BAHIRI. BAHIRI plucks a dark bumbum leaf from the wall and makes a point of chewing on it slowly, warily glancing back and forth between TYKI and the ceiling vent hole as he thinks. Finally he nods.

BAHIRI: Humpf. Very well. It okay for Tyki to eat with Ashandi this time.

TYKI and BAHIRI sit down facing each other, alert and on edge. TYKI opens a small cloth pouch he's wearing on a string around his neck and pulls out a phosphorescent twig. He bites the end off of it, loudly SLURPING the dripping sap. The moment is awkward. LUKE attempts to ease the tension.

LUKE: Tyki, perhaps you could tell me why the Monduthi like living within the mountain, in the darkness?

TYKI holds up the glowing stick.

TYKI: Underground not dark! You a-seeing bumbum? It make plenty light there! Monduthi say Big Sky up here make *too much* light!

BAHIRI: Look around! Bumbum make it plenty dark in here, don't you think?

TYKI: But what about cloud boom? Wind a-blowing? Big Sky predators? Us Monduthi warriors brave, but these things not good for Wottnotts! Not good, no way!

BAHIRI: Pah! Ashandi live with these okay. Life better Ashandi way! Moons and stars in Big Sky tell us when safe, help us decide. Why Monduthi live where Big Sky no longer a-guiding them? Monduthi not thinkers!

Angered, TYKI jumps to his feet, spear in hand.

TYKI: No, life better Monduthi way! You Ashandi think *too much*! Move too slow! Us quicker to act! Us braver! Stronger! Us not need Big Sky to hold us back, a-pressing danger down always!

A number of ASHANDI grab spears and move to protect their HIGH BEESER. THREEPIO nervously makes his way over to SHINGEN BUNDEN next to the pot of stew. BAHIRI turns to LUKE.

BAHIRI: See? *This* why Monduthi less civilized. Always move to anger! Tyki only allowed here to a-sharing meal because you say it good idea, but Ashandi have plenty moons and stars in Big Sky to guide; us not need you guides too. Why you walk our skies, Jed-eye?

LUKE: Be calm, High Beeser. Aren't these the very same moons and stars that foretold this would be an historic day? Surely you must see that all of us- even Tyki here- have been brought together because it is the will of the heavens?

BAHIRI: Humpf. Maybe...but them Monduthi with them cave bumbum ways, them...them bitterness to us Ashandi...much bitterness. *(shudders)* Eurgh!

LUKE: Everyone, please lower your spears. Relax. Let's begin again.

TYKI lowers his spear. BAHIRI motions for his GUARDS to put down their weapons as well. Everyone sits back down, but the hut is buzzing with much restless JABBERING and MURMURING. THREEPIO leans in next to SHINGEN BUNDEN'S ear.

THREEPIO: Goodness! Such an angry fuss! Why must each tribe hate the other so?

SHINGEN BUNDEN: We were taught as Younglings that hate and anger are the result of fear; clearly they are both suffering from it, albeit in extremely contrary ways. Of course, I'm sure you probably appreciate this, being so intimately acquainted with fear yourself, eh?

SHINGEN winks and nudges the DROID with his elbow.

THREEPIO: Why, how very perceptive of you, Master Bunden! Yes, I do take great pride in my ability to recognize situations of a disagreeable nature, since it has been absolutely prerequisite to my effectively facilitating conciliation during particularly unfriendly negotiations. Of course, my misguided counterpart Artoo Detoo would lead you to believe that my circuitry has auto-evolved and tends to override under times of stress, but his opinions on these matters should never be trusted. You see, he is not as highly attuned as I am to the subtle nuances of social interaction. You know, Master Bunden, I must say it is rather refreshing to share the company of somebody who finally understands what I have to offer! Tell me, has your insight

always been this astute?

BUNDEN isn't even listening; his focus has turned back to the proceedings.

THREEPIO: *(cont., to himself)* ...Well! I suppose even a Jedi can be easily distracted, unlike an attentive protocol droid such as myself...

The MULTITUDE finally quiets back down. Once more, all eyes are fixed intently on LUKE and the WOTTNOTT LEADERS.

LUKE: Tyki, you mentioned a 'gold-hair not-Wottnott.' What are the offerings that you make to your Fire Gods?

TYKI: Usually bumbum thrown into Fire God pit, but when gold-hair not-Wottnott fall out of sky, we see she *much* better gift than bumbum.

LUKE: And this golden-haired woman... Tell me, is she still alive?

TYKI: Tyki not know... Tyki just afraid more Monduthi gonna be hurt...

LUKE: Tyki, as soon as we can, we will do everything we can to prevent that from happening...

Just then one of the COOKS signals BAHIRI. The HIGH BEESER stands.

BAHIRI: Everyone! We a-eating now! Bumbum!

A rousing CHEER of "BUMBUM!" goes up from the WOTTNOTTS. The COOKS begin dishing up the stew into small bowls fashioned from halved gourd shells. THREEPIO stands next to them, looking at the steaming leafy concoction with disgust.

THREEPIO: *(to himself)* 'Bumbum.' Dear me, how any creature could willingly consume such a distasteful looking...wait...is that a touch of dioxlia my olfactory sensor detects? Surely that can't be good! All known varieties of the genus dioxlia are very toxic! And didn't Bahiri mention something about...bitterness? Oh my! This isn't good at all!

The DROID leans over and politely taps one of the COOKS on the shoulder.

THREEPIO: *(cont.)* ...Em, pardon me; if you don't mind my asking, what is your main ingredient there?

WOTTNOTT COOK: Bumbum!

THREEPIO: Bumbum? Er, yes, of course, but I was hoping you could be more...

The COOK turns away from THREEPIO and continues ladling the stew. The DROID becomes visibly anxious, glancing back and forth between the CLATTER of the meal preparations and the waiting THRONG who are intently watching BAHIRI, TYKI, and LUKE.

LUKE: As I've mentioned before, we Jedi are peacekeepers; this means we're sworn to defend the innocent against oppression, but more importantly we encourage all beings to live in harmony with one another and the will of the Force. Now, I know it's uncomfortable, but if your two tribes ever hope to overcome the hostilities that are poisoning your ability to coexist, we must begin by identifying the exact roots of your differences...

THREEPIO: *(quietly, to himself)* ...Poison...roots... Yes, this circumstance is not unlike that particularly delicate situation I once attended on Valker, isn't it? And the solution there turned out to be...

The DROID suddenly has an epiphany and rises to his feet in excitement.

THREEPIO: *(cont., loudly)* ...Of course! Dilution!

The room goes silent. Everyone stares at THREEPIO, startled by his outburst.

LUKE: 'Delusion?' ...Uh, Threepio, shouldn't we be a little more respectful toward our hosts? *(to BAHIRI, embarrassed)* I'm sorry, High Beeser; I think he may have gotten some water on his verbobrain...

THREEPIO: No! Master Luke, Sir, I assure you, my cognitive module is functioning quite properly! You see, each tribe is convinced their way is best, but I believe there is a middle way!

LUKE: A 'middle way?'

THREEPIO: Yes! You see, when I was serving the Alderaan crest with Master Antilles, at one point we were its representative to negotiate a settlement on a protectorate moon. There was a dispute between the owners of a mining establishment there, the workforce, the locals, and the surveyors. We were unaware, however, of a Hutt influence behind the scenes that was guiding the negotiations. Of course, it was all very acrimonious, and as it turned out, the main parties had each secretly poisoned the other. What no one anticipated was that they had all used variations of a local toxin, and when consumed together, why, the poisons all cancelled each other out! You see? Dilution! In the end, everyone was forced to continue the negotiations, and a successful settlement was reached!

The LISTENERS stare at THREEPIO with blank faces.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: What do long-winded stories about the Hutts and poison have to do with

anything?! Are you sure there isn't something wrong with your droid, Master Skywalker? He's just rambling on about more of his diplomatic gibberish!

LUKE: No, he's alright, but I think you'd better get to the point, Threepio.

THREEPIO: I have deduced that both strains of the bumbum plant must contain poisonous toxins that are suppressing the Wottnotts' rationale, thus inducing the fear-based behaviors that you noted to me a few moments ago, Master Bunden.

All eyes briefly glance at SHINGEN BUNDEN. The JEDI MASTER shifts uncomfortably.

THREEPIO: (cont.) ...The extreme differences between these two toxins would explain why the Ashandi and Monduthi manifest their fearful behaviors in such diametrically opposing ways! However, there is a very high probability that, if ingested together, the passive and aggressive side-effects of each bumbum strain will be neutralized, while actually retaining the beneficial qualities extolled by both tribes!

Confused, the WOTTNOTTS and the JEDI look around at each other, wondering if anyone among them understood what THREEPIO just said. BAHIRI and TYKI look at each other, then at LUKE.

LUKE: I think I know what he's saying, my friends. Bahiri, you are very gracious to offer this generous meal, but Threepio here believes your mush will be even better for you if the Ashandi and Monduthi bumbum are both combined. Please, would you consider it just once, to see if he is correct?

BAHIRI looks to the sky beyond the ceiling vent hole, anxiously waiting for the answer. Disgusted, TYKI slaps his paw down on his knee.

TYKI: See? You Ashandi too slow! Too scared! What you afraid of?

In the blink of an eye TYKI jumps up and moves over next to the cooking pot. He pulls several twigs from the pouch around his neck, breaks them in half, and tosses them into the stew. The WOTTNOTTS CRY OUT in alarm. TYKI faces them, annoyed.

TYKI: No being silly, Ashandi! Look, me not afraid!

The THREE COOKS stare at TYKI, open mouthed. He snatches a ladle away from one of them and stirs the pot, mixing in the sap from the twigs. He dishes up a bowl and SLURPS it down. Refilling the bowl, he offers it to BAHIRI. BAHIRI is hesitant.

TYKI: What, you think we gonna die? From bumbum?! Ha!

BAHIRI reluctantly takes the bowl. Everyone watches intently as he drinks the broth and hands the empty bowl back to TYKI. The two rivals look at each other cautiously, and then they start to relax. Clearly less jittery and apprehensive, their eyes sparkle with a life not seen before.

BAHIRI: (chuckling) It like fog go away. Bahiri a-seeing...better.

TYKI nods slowly in agreement. Encouraged, the rest of the WOTTNOTTS immediately bring their bowls to the COOKS and begin SLURPING down the enhanced broth. A buoyant atmosphere quickly comes over the room. LUKE smiles at BAHIRI.

DREE TAN: Bahiri, will the 'Big Sky' allow us safe passage into the mountain now? After all, did you not say, High Beeser, that it would be safe once the meal was finished?

BAHIRI involuntarily plucks a bumbum leaf from the wall and raises it to his mouth but then stops short, chuckling to himself. He drops the leaf, smiling.

BAHIRI: Pah! What me doing? Me not need this only to know if we should a-going outside to look! Come, we see now!

147 EXT. ASHANDI VILLAGE - MAIN HUT - DAY

EVERYONE files out of the hut. A THUNDERCLAP sounds in the distance. TYKI instinctively shrinks at the threshold, clutching his spear and eyeing the vast expanse of clouds overhead. After a moment, he breaks into a smile at the feel of the wind on his face. Standing tall, he confidently steps outside.

TYKI: Me no more a-fearing Big Sky! Not even cloud boom!

BAHIRI: And me no more a-fearing mountain caves.

TYKI: Ah, good, good! So you gonna come with us, then?

BAHIRI: Oh, no, no, no. Caves good now, but, ahh, not today. Me be a-staying with Ashandi. Them need Beeser here.

TYKI: Oh sure, sure. Me get it. Good you no more a-fearing caves, though.

LUKE CHUCKLES at this exchange. BAHIRI and TYKI lead the JEDI along one of the root-bridges leading to the main thermal pond at the center of the village. The JEDI notice

that all the pools are now empty basins.

DREE TAN: The water...it's gone!

THREEPIO: Master Tan, I can only surmise that this phenomenon must be due to the constantly shifting gravitational pull of the planet's moons.

DREE TAN: Ah, so that's what Bahiri meant by moving planets...

LUKE gives DREE TAN a friendly 'I told you so' look. Everyone arrives at the main pool. BAHIRI indicates a set of damp steps leading down to a natural tunnel near the bottom of the empty pond.

TYKI: That be way to Monduthi village.

BAHIRI turns to the JEDI. He points at the sky, gesturing in a sweeping arc.

BAHIRI: Be carefully, Sky Walkers! See moon there? If you not back ahead of it a-going from there to over there, water gonna trap you 'til movement in Big Sky say it safe for no-furs i-gain.

LUKE: I understand. Thank you, High Beeser.

THREEPIO: Em, begging your pardon, Master Luke, but as much as I would enjoy accompanying you into this rather, um, wet environment, I just don't think my legs can take any more punishment.

BAHIRI: Tree Pee Yo, me be most honored if you a-staying with us for little more while, till Jed Eye be back.

BAHIRI and THREEPIO look to LUKE and the other JEDI. LUKE nods his approval.

THREEPIO: Thank you, High Beeser Bahiri. I can't tell you how much your generous hospitality is appreciated.

TYKI turns to THREEPIO and bows respectfully.

TYKI: Thanks big heap, Tree Pee Yo. You show Wottnotts 'middle-way' for a-eating bumbum...much better for us. Me gonna share new bumbum know-how with rest of Monduthi.

THREEPIO: It is an honor just to be of service, High Beeser Tyki.

TYKI removes the remaining twigs from the pouch around his neck and hands them to BAHIRI.

TYKI: Here, friend Bahiri; rest of these for you, until me be a-bringing more to Ashandi.

BAHIRI accepts the gift. He plucks a handful of leaves from the living bridge and offers them to TYKI.

BAHIRI: And these for you, friend Tyki. Me a-knowing us two tribes can make peace together.

TYKI stuffs the leaves into his cloth pouch. The WOTTNOTT LEADERS bow to one another.

THREEPIO: How simply marvelous. If more species practiced such wonderful civility, the galaxy would be a much nicer place.

LUKE: I'm proud of you, Threepio. We Jedi are always in favor of diplomatic resolutions. Not bad for a malfunctioning droid, eh, Master Bunden?

SHINGEN BUNDEN: *(humbled)* Just had to rub that one in, didn't you? *(beat)* Anyway, shouldn't we be getting a move on here? Moving planets, you know...

TYKI: Yes, yes, we leave Ashandi now. This way, Jed Eye!

The JEDI follow TYKI down the steps and into the mountain tunnel.

148 INT. MONDUTHI AMPHITHEATER

Although the wily MONDUTHI have put up a good fight, they are alarmed to see how their numbers have been cut down. CHATTERING angrily, the handful of REMAINING WOTTNOTS withdraw and escape into the tunnels. An eerie SILENCE falls on the amphitheatre. SEIG LETTOW'S PADAWANS, spread around the chamber, turn inward and regroup near their MASTER. ALANA is open-mouthed and in shock at the unnecessary slaughter she has just witnessed.

ALANA: What have you done?!

JOM: *(angrily)* We did what we had to! We were attacked and we defended ourselves!

ALANA: But not with the sword! There is always another way...

ZAVOR: We've just saved you from their pathetic little ritualistic sacrifice, and you're complaining?!

ALANA: Master Skywalker would have sought persuasion...

JOM: Master Skywalker! Master Skywalker! Listen to yourself, Alana! His persuasions are leading you and too many others astray!

ALANA: What?! Jom, don't you see...

SEIG LETTOW: Come, come. Let there be peace amongst us, brothers and sisters. Alana means well, but I fear she does not see that sometimes a more direct and immediate choice must be made. A clear path can always be found when one is decisive.

ALANA: But Master Lettow, you of all people should know that the *clearest* path is found through *discussion*, not senseless violence! Now, will somebody please cut me loose?

YONNA starts forward. LETTOW blocks her with his arm.

SEIG LETTOW: No, leave her. She's right; now that these 'savages' have been dealt with, there are definitely some things that we need to discuss...

149 EXT. KAMINO - TIPOCA - SPACE CONTROL CENTER TOWER - NIGHT

PAN IN on Tipoca's Space Control tower.

150 INT. TIPOCA SPACE CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

TAUN WE enters the Tipoca Space Control coordination tower. She ignores the LINE MANAGER standing nearby, and boldly approaches TWO CONTROLLERS seated at their stations.

TAUN WE: Excuse me...I have a request from my cloning team; they are unable to upload the latest software for Project B's specialist cloning suite onboard the Wraith...
The SENIOR CONTROLLER steps up to her, frowning.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: I don't see how this concerns us here, Prime Minister We. Exactly what is your team requesting?

TAUN WE: They have detected an anomaly on the relay between the laboratory transmitter and the Wraith's input receiver. They believe that the city's radar is scrambling the sensitive code, and respectfully request that your systems be shut down for a few minutes so they can isolate and resolve the problem.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: *(incredulous)* This is highly unusual. Our systems haven't caused any such problems in the past! And besides, needn't I remind you, 'Prime Minister,' that you no longer have the authority to make such a request?

TAUN WE: Admiral Vantos himself has authorized it; I have only just spoken to him. Please feel free to contact him and verify if you must, but my scientists have warned me that if this shutdown doesn't go ahead immediately, his own sanctioned 'Project B' could be jeopardized... I'm sure no one here wishes to incur the punishment that will surely be meted out by Admiral Vantos for failing him, especially when it could have been such an avoidable incident...

The seated CONTROLLERS glance at each other nervously, and then back at their LINE MANAGER, who is now visibly less sure of himself.

CONTROLLER #1: Sir, I'm sure we could power down for just a few minutes. We've got a current log of the traffic, and we can warn them that we'll be offline. They can stack a little while longer, can't they?

TAUN WE glances between the LINE MANAGER and the CONTROLLERS. She licks her lips nervously, and checks her wrist chronometer. The SENIOR CONTROLLER glances back and forth between the PRIME MINISTER and his STAFF. He's clearly unsure of how to best proceed.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: Very well. *(nods to the CONTROLLERS)* Go ahead. I'm going to verify this.

CONTROLLER #2: Yes, Sir.

As the CONTROLLERS set to work hailing the air traffic, the SENIOR CONTROLLER opens a comlink.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: Admiral Vantos, come in.

STATIC answers him. Frustrated, he switches to another channel.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: *(cont.)* ...Admiral Vantos, do you copy? Come in.

More STATIC. He glares at TAUN WE.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: *(cont.)* Damn electrostatic interference! If it's not the storms, it's your outdated hatcheries and sterile labs creating signal vacuums. We're initiating this temporary blackout, Prime Minister, but rest assured I am going to make sure your story checks out.

TAUN WE: Of course.

The SENIOR CONTROLLER steps over to a wall console and activates a city-wide intercom.

151 INT. TIPOCA CITY - PLAZA - NIGHT

SOLDIERS and OFFICERS listen to the SENIOR CONTROLLER'S announcement.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: *(over intercom)* Attention. Admiral Vantos to the Space Control Center, please. Admiral urgently required in Space Control.

152 INT. TIPOCA SPACE CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

The SENIOR CONTROLLER returns to his STAFF, supervising as they power down the traffic systems. TAUN WE glances at her chronometer and smiles to herself.

CONTROLLER #2: Sir, I'm not detecting any signal anomalies on our end.

The SENIOR CONTROLLER casts a suspicious glance at TAUN WE.

TAUN WE: Perhaps the science team has already resolved the issue. I will go back to the lab and check...

SENIOR CONTROLLER: You're not going anywhere. Not until Admiral Vantos says so.

153 INT. ILUM - LIGHTSABRE TRIAL CHAMBER

LEIA attempts to build her lightsabre using a set of small tools from her utility belt. She turns screws and fits plugs into sockets while listening to the instructional voice ring recording.

VOICE: Once the power source has been inserted into the power field conductor, secure the primary crystal mount to the inside of the casing. The alignment must be precise in order for the energy beam to maintain its density.

LEIA: *(to the voice ring)* Yeah, yeah, I know. *(to herself)* Alright, let's give this another shot...

LEIA strains to fit the parts together but they slip, clattering to the ground. She throws up her hands, exasperated, and stops the voice ring.

LEIA: *(cont., to herself)* Ahh! Not again! *(to the voice ring, flustered)* Why?! I'm doing it exactly like you're saying! Maybe this can't be done. *(to herself)* Listen to me. I'm talking to a recording like a crazy person.

She picks the parts up off the ground. She starts the voice ring once more, readying herself for another try.

VOICE: Secure the primary crystal to the mount. The concave surface of the focal lens should be resting within a two-degree arc of...

LEIA stops the voice ring.

LEIA: *(to herself)* What am I doing? I don't need this. I've tried to follow the instructions a dozen times, and a dozen times I've failed.

She takes a deep breath, calming herself. The Force begins to guide her. This time the tinkering is smooth and sure.

LEIA: *(cont., to herself)* Then the emitter shroud...

LEIA'S progress accelerates with steady confidence until the last parts of the lightsabre fall into place. She twists the telescoping hilt, compressing it shut with a final CLICK.

LEIA: *(cont., to herself)* There!

With a flip of the switch, the blue-bladed weapon hums to life. LEIA smiles, proud of herself.

154 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL MESA - NIGHT

A dark SITH SPACECRAFT maneuvers under an overhang near LEIA'S SHIP and touches down, scattering a flock of bat-like MANTHAS. DARTH KAYOS exits the SHIP and studies the MON CAL CORALLER parked nearby, clenching her lightsabre hilt in her robotic hand. There is a FLASH OF LIGHT as the weapon switches on, and the lithe SITH moves swiftly toward LEIA'S SHIP. KAYOS plunges her sword into the CORALLER. The angry energy blade releases a plume of smoke and sparks as it shears a long crippling gash through the durasteel hull like soft butter.

155 EXT. HYPERSPACE - MON CALAMARI STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER

The sleek ATTACK CRUISER navigates the kaleidoscopic tunnel of blue light.

156 INT. MON CALAMARI ATTACK CRUISER - MAIN HANGAR FLIGHT DECK

PAN along the row of spherical one-man *SUBS* secured to the flight deck. The pilots inside each *VESSEL* are visible through their small front view ports.

157 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT

LANDO secures his pilot safety harnesses.

KAZAN: (over comlink) We're coming up on Kamino, General Calrissian. Are your teams ready?

LANDO: (into comlink) All strapped in and ready to go on your signal, Captain.

KAZAN: (over comlink) Copy that. As soon as the countdown reaches zero-hour we'll surface to the rendezvous coordinates. General Solo should already be with us on the main upper deck by the time you return.

LANDO: (into comlink) Just have that secondary underwater hangar flooded and ready for us, Captain. We'll be dying to get out of these things by then.

KAZAN: (over comlink) You can count on it. Okay, here we go! Commencing sonic dive; radio silence from here on in. Good luck everyone! Roger and out.

158 EXT. SPACE - KAMINO - MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER

The CRUISER reverts from lightspeed barely above *KAMINO'S* atmosphere and immediately accelerates into a steep dive.

159 INT. MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER - BRIDGE

CAPTAIN KAZAN'S webbed fingers skillfully dart over the broad piloting control panels surrounding his command chair.

160 EXT. KAMINO - MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER

The SHIP'S hull begins to glow red. Flames ignite, engulfing the reinforced surface plating. There is a great *SONIC BOOM* as the *FIERY STREAK* slices through the storm clouds, plummeting down toward the sea.

161 INT. MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER - BRIDGE

KAZAN: (to his crew) Prepare to dump the spare parts.

MON CALAMARI CREWMAN: Aye, Captain!

KAZAN: (to his crew) Jettison now! (to himself) Thanks for the suggestion, Wedge!

162 EXT. KAMINO - UNDERWATER - MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER

An assortment of spare parts and mechanical fragments billows from the *ATTACK CRUISER'S* blazing tail just as it lances the waves of the roiling ocean with a dousing *WHOOSH*. The *SHIP* dives to a great depth. Leveling out in a graceful curve, it races along the seabed.

163 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT

LANDO looks at the chronometer gauntlet on his wrist.

LANDO: (to himself) Okay, let's get this silent linkup established...

He types on the gauntlet's small keypad, activating a countdown display and a flashing green light.

LANDO: (to himself, cont.) There. Alright Han, now you'll know we're here, and right on schedule...

164 EXT. KAMINO - NOCTURNE OUTPOST - NIGHT

The violent seas surround a lone Imperial outpost.

165 INT. NOCTURNE OUTPOST - NIGHT

Several TROOPS relax in the outpost, playing sabacc and listening to an officially

sanctioned MUSIC broadcast on Imperial radio. A CONTROLLER notices strange activity on one of his radar sensors.

CONTROLLER: Sir, I picked up something; a splashdown in zone thirteen. It might have been metal, but I can't confirm...it's gone now.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: Probably nothing, but radio it in to Academy Space Control anyway, just to be thorough.

CONTROLLER: Yes, Sir.

166 INT. TIPOCA - SPACE CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

ADMIRAL VANTOS enters, accompanied by TWO STORMTROOPERS. The SENIOR CONTROLLER stands at attention.

VANTOS: This had better be good, Officer. I'm a busy man.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: I apologize for the inconvenience, Sir. I tried to reach you on the comlink, but we seem to be having some problems with...

VANTOS: Yes, yes, so what is it?

The SENIOR CONTROLLER nervously glances toward TAUN WE.

SENIOR CONTROLLER: It's her, Sir. She claims that you authorized a temporary shutdown of our systems, and I just wanted to verify...

VANTOS: What?! I authorized no such thing. *(to TAUN WE)* Explain yourself! What is the meaning of this lie?

TAUN WE: The science team is merely trouble-shooting a diagnostics irregularity...it's nothing, really...

VANTOS: It sounds like something to me. What are you hiding, Prime Minister?

One of the CONTROLLERS urgently gestures toward ADMIRAL VANTOS.

CONTROLLER: Sir, I've just received a report from the Nocturne outpost; there has been an airspace breach in their sector.

VANTOS: Tell them to send out a team of sentries to investigate, quickly!

CONTROLLER: Right away, Sir.

VANTOS sneers at TAUN WE.

VANTOS: 'Diagnostics irregularity' indeed! *(to his men)* Put her in binders!

TAUN WE: You're making a mistake. It is probably just meteor activity...

VANTOS: Not likely. You Kaminoans are up to something, and I'm going to find out what it is.

The STORMTROOPERS seize TAUN WE and put binders on her wrists. VANTOS turns to one of the CONTROLLERS.

VANTOS: *(cont.)* ...Pull up their transmitter bug program. I want to know where each one of them is, and what they are doing.

CONTROLLER: Yes, Sir.

The CONTROLLER taps his controls and studies his screen.

CONTROLLER: They're all in the genetics lab, Sir.

VANTOS: All of them? Good. Dispatch one of the Enforcers. I want them detained there until I get to the bottom of this.

TAUN WE: I assure you, this really isn't necessary...

VANTOS: No, let me assure you, Prime Minister, it is.

167 INT. TIPOCA - OBSERVATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

HAN and OCCO THO watch through the window as DC-28 escorts the last SCIENTIST from the waiting room into the operating theater.

HAN: So when your minds are reestablished in your new bodies you guys will really be able to do this? ...Create a child for me and my wife, I mean?

OCCO THO: Of course, General...it's what we do! As long as we have enough genetic information, we can create life. In fact, my team's latest challenge was to replicate a new kind of warrior for the Imperials, relying solely on outdated genetic information rather than actual living tissue samples. They are calling them...'Bogan.'

HAN: You don't say. 'Bogan,' huh?

OCCO THO: Oh yes, it was quite a challenge, but we were even able to engineer the special facilities onboard the Wraith that their biological functions would have required for transport and deployment...although none of that will matter after today...

HAN: That's right, Doctor, it'll all be sitting on the bottom of the... Wait- Are you saying you have access to the Wraith's systems?

OCCO THO: Limited access, yes.

HAN: *(to himself, looking around)* And there's a terminal here... Hmm, maybe there's still a way I can get some intel on that cloaking device... *(to OCCO)* Doctor, what's your clearance code?

OCCO THO: My clearance code is LEX-321, but I don't know how it would help you...

HAN: Leave that to me.

DC-28: *(voice, over intercom)* Excuse me, Doctor, the facility is ready for you.

HAN and OCCO move toward a door to the operating theater. The door opens, and DC-28 approaches. OCCO turns to face HAN.

OCCO THO: Taun We should be here at any moment.

HAN glances at his chronometer. A GREEN SIGNAL LIGHT is flashing next to the countdown display.

HAN: I hope so...my team's made splashdown.

OCCO THO: So soon? But we need more time!

HAN: Don't worry, Doc; they landed about two hundred leagues away. We still have plenty of time to do what we need to do here, but the quicker we can get you guys squared away and all of us out of here, the better. Speaking of which, looks like your droid is ready for you...

OCCO THO: Thank you, General Solo, for helping us.

HAN: Don't mention it. On behalf of the Galactic Alliance, we wish we could have done more. And besides...the way I see it, now you guys owe me a pretty big favor, right?

HAN winks. OCCO smiles, and follows DC-28 into the operating theater. The door closes behind them. HAN watches through the observation window as DC-28 prepares the KAMINOAN for the distillation procedure. After a moment HAN turns away and moves to a nearby computer terminal. He sits down and analyzes the data screen, rubbing his hands together in nervous anticipation.

HAN: *(to himself)* Okay, clearance code LEX-321...here goes...

He starts tapping the screen. A 2D wireframe display of floor plans and specialist facilities comes up, accompanied by scrolling alphanumeric codes.

HAN: *(cont., to himself)* Alright! One fully authorized Imperial Kaminoan now in the Wraith's cloning suite! Ugh, that looks complicated...no wonder they're the specialists! Now to access the main power grid and find a way across to Engineering...simple enough on my own ship, but I bet this is gonna be a little bit trickier... Yep, that's what I thought! A security clearance request is no good! Unless...let's see, are they still using the same old security code?

He punches in a code sequence. Several bars go from red to green, but not all of them. HAN grimaces, but he's not beaten yet.

HAN: *(to himself, cont.)* Gotta allow for the year changes with the Central Time Stamp...not to mention the regional locality code...

This time all the security bars turn green.

HAN: *(to himself, cont.)* Yes! The main power grid! Trust the Imperials to standardize everything. Maybe my Academy days weren't wasted after all! Okay, so here we go; Engineering...good, good...and Sublight systems... Now from Sublight to the Hyperdrive Transition Shifter... Wow! Point nine! Now that's what I call a hyperdrive! Let's see...gotta be a link-up with the cloaker somewhere here... What about...the shock dampeners? Come on, come on... Yes! Cloaking Device and Defense Schemes! I'm in! Han, you old scoundrel, you've still got it! There's the Wraith's cloaking device in all its glory! Now we just download the schematics...

He starts to reach for his utility belt. Suddenly the door opens. An armed ENFORCER OFFICER enters the observation room. HAN stands to face him.

ENFORCER: Where are the Kaminoans?

HAN: *(stalling)* Uh, they stepped out for a sec...

ENFORCER: All of them? Where did they go?

HAN shrugs, looking around at the empty room.

HAN: Your guess is as good as mine, pal...I'm just here for the money. Is there some kind of problem?

ENFORCER: Their Prime Minister is being held on suspicion of treason. I have orders to hold everyone here until the situation is under control... *(eyeing HAN suspiciously)* Wait a minute...aren't you Han Solo?

HAN: *(chuckles)* No, but if I had a credit for every time someone asked me that...well, I sure wouldn't need to be here, gettin' stuck by a bunch of needles and probes, now, would I?

ENFORCER: No, I guess not...

Just then DC-28 enters from the operating theater, carrying the shock belt full of vials.

DC-28: I am ready for the Prime Minister, General Solo. In the meantime, I have included the growth-accelerant serums and everything else your Galactic Alliance technicians will need in order to...

The DROID halts at the sight of the ENFORCER, surprised. The moment is awkward.

ENFORCER: I knew it!

The ENFORCER goes for his weapon, but unfortunately for him HAN is quicker on the draw. HAN holsters his gun and steps over the ENFORCER'S lifeless body. He takes the belt from DC-28 and straps it to his armored suit.

HAN: Looks like Taun We isn't gonna make it.

DC-28: Oh...how unfortunate...

HAN: Yeah, but she knew the risks. Anyway, we can't afford to cry about it right now; there's plenty more where this guy came from, and they're bound to come looking for him when he doesn't check in...

HAN removes a small cartridge from his utility belt and inserts it into the computer terminal console. He initiates a data transfer command on the screen. The computer starts to WHIR and CLICK.

168 INT. KETTLEBRAE - MONDUTHI AMPHITHEATER

SEIG LETTOW paces back and forth in front of the captive ALANA, sizing her up.

SEIG LETTOW: Such a formidable mind. You have a wealth of untapped power, yet it always remains so guarded and closed to me. I wonder if you yourself know what skills you possess?

AKIRA: What do you mean, Master?

SEIG LETTOW: Have you not noticed in your training sessions, Akira? During group exercises, she often takes the lead point, and those of you who fight alongside her tend to move in a rhythm and compatibility unlike anything I've ever seen!

YONNA: Yes! You're right! I've sparred beside her, and we've won several times.

SEIG LETTOW: Exactly!

YONNA: Are you saying that she's...controlling me?!

SEIG LETTOW: All I'm saying is that Alana Seren has some abilities that we may not have been fully aware of...

ALANA: Don't be ridiculous, Lettow! I've been trained by Master Skywalker, by *all* of the Masters, including you!

SEIG LETTOW: But your personal Master, your *avored* Master, remains to be Skywalker!

ALANA: Yes... He's a natural leader, a powerful Jedi... He's a wise and good man... He's...he's....

SEIG LETTOW: What, Alana? Handsome? Funny? Dashing?

ALANA: Y-Yes, of course...but...but....

SEIG LETTOW: But there's more, I'd say, yes?

ALANA: What do you mean? What are you trying to say?

SEIG LETTOW: Come, you can't hide the warm feelings you hold for him, the fondness and attraction...

ALANA immediately blushes, and in vain she turns her head to hide it. There are GASPS from the TWELVE.

YONNA: But, Alana, we can't allow ourselves to be attracted to others, let alone our own Masters! You know the Jedi Code forbids any attachments!

HAYDEN: Yes! Attachments lead to possessiveness and fear of loss; to the Dark Side!

AKIRA: It must be a crush, a silly infatuation!

ALANA is suddenly irritated by this probing inquisition and becomes defensive.

ALANA: No! ...No, it's not. I love Luke, it's true...and he loves me.

SEIG LETTOW: Bah!

LETTOW theatrically throws his hands in the air and turns his back on ALANA.

JOM: We are Guardians of the Galaxy, Alana! The people look to us to protect them! We are better than to be tempted by silly, prideful emotion.

HAYDEN: Worse. She says Master Skywalker reciprocates her love.

YONNA: But how could he, when the other Masters have warned so many times against developing attachments? We've not only had to sever our ties to our loved ones, but we've had to meekly stand by and do nothing as Vantos has targeted our home worlds.

HAYDEN: Skywalker lives by one set of rules, yet we must suffer under another! He's a charlatan!

MOLOCK: Yes, a truer Jedi would abide by the Code!

ALANA: But the Code is wrong! It's a false doctrine! Attachments and unconditional love are the way of the Jedi. Master Luke has discovered this to be true...

LETTOW finally turns to face ALANA.

SEIG LETTOW: If this is indeed true, then there is a conspiracy against us *all!*

ALANA: But he only recently learned this from Yoda and Obi-Wan Kenobi, the Masters of old.

SEIG LETTOW: Impossible! Those Masters are long gone!

ALANA: It's true! He has heard them! They have spoken to him!

SEIG LETTOW: *(mocking)* Ha! So now your beloved Master Skywalker is hearing voices in his head! This young tyke has finally shown once and for all that he is not worthy of his Council membership.

JOM: Yes, yes, he's younger than all of us! We need older leaders who will treat us with respect and give us level answers!

Just then, LUKE and the other JEDI arrive on the scene, led by TYKI.

ALANA: Luke!

LUKE: Alana! Lettow! You're here! Come on, let's leave before...

SEIG LETTOW: Not so fast, Master Skywalker. I think we need to seek a clearer path here.

LUKE: What do you mean?

SEIG LETTOW: Your darling Alana has just exposed some secrets that my apprentices are finding difficult to accept. Come, answer their questions. Teach us...

JOM: The Jedi Code forbidding attachments: is it false, or does it still hold true?

LUKE looks at them, dismayed to find himself in a situation where, rather than apprehending Admiral Vantos, he is instead being confronted by his own brethren. His voice catches in his throat.

LUKE: I cannot deny it. It is false.

WILHELM: Aargh!

HAYDEN: I knew it! Deception! Hypocrisy!

LUKE: No! I've only just learned it myself! It was necessary to withhold the truth for the greater good! I didn't want your faith to be broken!

AKIRA: Faith? You mean our faith in your lies?

LUKE: Hold on, it's not like that. Just let me explain...

MING: Master Lettow is the only leader we can trust now! Skywalker and the others are all crooked and dishonest! They're plotting to control the entire Order for their own ends.

LUKE: What?! Take control...?!

SEIG LETTOW: And in so doing, many loved ones have needlessly perished...

AKIRA takes his sword handle in his hand. LETTOW draws his sword, as do the rest of his PADAWANS. Their sabres ignite. Alarmed, LUKE and his GROUP tentatively reach for their own weapons.

JOM: We demand strength from our leaders...a fearless might to strike down the Imperials who cowardly murder our families! We can't be served by you!

OEETA: No, we serve our families whom we avenge!

JOM: We will restore peace and order to the galaxy!

HAYDEN: Kill the traitors!

LETTOW'S PADAWANS rush forward and the scene erupts into chaos. Lightsabres swing and CLASH. As the former allies pit themselves against one another, the tide starts to shift; boiling water slowly begins to seep into the amphitheater. Unnoticed by the COMBATANTS, TYKI slips away to find the remains of his TRIBE.

169 EXT. ILUM - CAVE ENTRANCE, TUNDRA - NIGHT

LEIA climbs up out of the cave and finds ARTOO waiting where she left him. The DROID BEEPS excitedly.

LEIA: I did it, Artoo! I finally passed the trials, and constructed my own...

She is distracted by ARTOO'S frantic BEEPING.

LEIA: Relax, buddy! Your patience has paid off. We can go back to the ship now and head on home, alright?

ARTOO BEEPS anxiously and turns toward that direction. A column of black smoke is visible against the coming dawn on the horizon.

LEIA: Oh no! The ship! Come on, hurry!

LEIA starts running toward her ship. Even with his spotlight on, ARTOO has a hard time

keeping up on the difficult terrain and is quickly left behind. LEIA is nearly halfway back to her vessel when a BLACK FIGURE suddenly appears out of nowhere, hitting her with a Force blast that sends her tumbling. No sooner is she back on her feet when DARTH KAYOS is upon her.

LEIA: Sly Moore! Once again doing the bidding of your spineless Emperor!

KAYOS: Leia Solo, prepare to meet your maker!

Lightsabres ignite and the TWO WOMEN launch into a fierce duel. The collision of their Force energy causes the luminous mineral encrusted surface under their feet to begin shifting from cool blue-green to a glowing blood-red.

170 INT. TIPOCA - OBSERVATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

The WHIRRING and CLICKING stops. The cartridge spits back out. HAN breathes a SIGH of relief and tucks it away.

HAN: (to himself) Alright! Now we're in business!

He glances at the timer on his wrist.

HAN: (cont., to himself) ...Blast! Less than thirty minutes left! Where'd the time go?! I better hurry if I'm gonna get back to my ship before it's too late!

DC-28: General, may I suggest you use the Enforcer officer's vehicle? He won't be needing it anymore...

HAN: You know, that's actually not a bad idea.

HAN hurriedly makes his way to the exit and opens the door. The single-person vehicle is docked to the hallway tube just outside. HAN turns to DC-28.

HAN: (cont.) ...For a droid you're alright, DC. You won't be forgotten.

DC-28: Thank you, General Solo. Good luck.

171 INT. ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN settles into the small cockpit and eyes the control console.

HAN: (muttering, to himself) Now I just gotta figure out how to fly this thing. He touches the main control screen and the ship suddenly powers up.

HAN: (cont., to himself) Okay, okay! Here we go!

172 INT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIP - NIGHT

The ENFORCER SHIP lurches forward and wobbles unevenly. It careens away from the docking station, glancing off a nearby wall.

173 INT. ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN looks around nervously.

HAN: (to himself) This baby doesn't handle so good in town...

His hands move quickly from one lit panel to another, but the ENFORCER only slams into another wall and lists precariously sideways.

HAN: (to himself, cont.) ...Damn touch-screen controls!

HAN frantically looks at the monitor array around him, spies a large panel to one side that he hasn't tried yet, and slaps his palm down on it. The SHIP levels out.

HAN: (to himself, cont.) ...That's more like it.

174 INT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

Another ENFORCER SHIP suddenly comes into view, blocking HAN'S way.

175 INT. HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

ENFORCER: (over comlink) You there! What's your major malfunction?

HAN: (to himself) Great! My cover's blown!

HAN looks around nervously, ignoring the hail.

ENFORCER: (over comlink) Pilot, respond! What is your identification number?

176 INT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

The ENFORCER SHIP starts to close in. HAN accelerates away and the SENTRY takes up the chase. HAN sails over one tubular corridor and dives under another. The IMPERIAL PEDESTRIANS within one of the transparasteel walkways glance up and SHOUT in surprise as the pursuing ENFORCER SHIP slams into their section, completely obliterating it. TWO nearby ENFORCER SHIPS are immediately drawn to the calamity.

177 INT. HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

ENFORCER: *(over comlink)* Pilot, identify yourself!

HAN: *(into comlink)* They call me Ovan Marekal.

ENFORCER: *(over comlink)* That is not an authorized response. You will divert to the nearest docking station.

HAN: *(shuts off the comlink. He's starting to get the hang of the controls now.)*

HAN: *(to himself)* You guys want me to divert, huh? Okay, how 'bout this?

178 INT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

HAN throttles back with a sharp right-angled turn, and races along the remaining length of the damaged corridor's exterior. The TWO NEW SHIPS doggedly follow, opening fire with their electroshock stun cannons. HAN spins, barely avoiding the BLASTS.

179 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - AIWAH SCOUT TROOPERS - NIGHT

FOUR large rain-soaked AIWAHS fly above the mighty waves, carrying IMPERIAL SENTRIES outfitted in aquatic gear. The TEAM circles the floating debris that was jettisoned by the Mon Calamari ship.

FIRST TROOPER: *(into comlink)* There it is. Looks like it was some kind of crash. B-4711, go in for a closer look.

A SECOND TROOPER flies down and lands his AIWAH amid the flotsam and jetsam. He picks a small scrap out of the water and examines it.

SECOND TROOPER: *(into comlink)* Sir, I think it must have been a mining vessel. These markings are Corellian.

FIRST TROOPER: *(into comlink)* Roger that. Probably just another prospector aiming for Subterrel, and he miscalculated his exit from hyperspace. Alright men, there's nothing more to see here; let's move out!

180 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER

The STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER cuts through the water like a shark, scattering several SEA CREATURES in its path.

181 INT. MON CALAMARI ATTACK CRUISER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

KAZAN: All stop!

The HUMMING of the engines dies down and goes silent.

KAZAN: *(cont.)* The stealth team will have to take it from here; this is as far as we can go before we risk running into the city's sonar nets. Ballast Control, flood the hangar.

MON CALAMARI CREWMAN: Aye aye, Captain! Flooding hangar!

182 INT. MON CALAMARI ATTACK CRUISER - MAIN HANGAR FLIGHT DECK - UNDERWATER

The green launch signal lights up. The hangar's flood doors slowly open and the ocean waters pour in, swamping the secured SUBMERSIBLES. Once the hangar is completely flooded, the grapplers holding the small PODS release with a muffled CLUNK.

183 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO manipulates a series of controls, powering up his engines and turning on his

running lights.

LANDO: *(to himself)* Okay, this is it... 'Do or die,' right, Han?

184 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES

All the SUBS' rotary propeller engines activate with a jolt. LANDO and WEDGE lead the TWO TEAMS out over the ocean floor. As soon as all the POD VESSELS are in the clear of the ATTACK CRUISER they race away, disappearing into the briny ocean depths.

185 INT. KAMINO - TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

The ENFORCER SHIP chase continues to wreak havoc throughout Tipoca city as HAN desperately out-maneuvers an onslaught of ELECTROSHOCK STUN BLASTS from his pursuers.

186 INT. HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN: *(to himself)* Blast! I don't have time for this! Gotta shake these guys and get to my ship!

187 INT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

The SHIPS race inside Tipoca's enormous internal space. HAN swoops low over a plaza and roars past a PHALANX OF STORMTROOPERS, knocking them down. He zooms toward a munitions dump next to an open firing gallery. At the last moment he fires his stunner canon, and then yanks back hard on the joystick, sending the stolen ENFORCER rocketing skywards. The blue concentric BLAST ignites the munitions, and the conflagration catches his TWO PURSUERS, eliminating them. Just then THREE MORE SENTRIES come out of nowhere, sweeping around the fireball and following HAN up towards the ceiling.

188 INT. HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN: *(to himself, sarcastically)* Great. More of 'em. That's exactly what I needed right now...

189 INT. TIPOCA SPACE CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

TAUN WE sits in a chair, surrounded by ADMIRAL VANTOS and his TROOPS. The ADMIRAL paces in front of her.

VANTOS: There are certain things you haven't been telling me, Prime Minister. Did you think I wouldn't find out that several scrambled transmissions have recently been sent from this city? And now our agents are apprehending an insurgent bounty hunter. The security recordings show that you met with this individual when he arrived. Of all the applicants we routinely process, I find it highly suspicious that you should be on hand to personally greet the one who is now causing so much chaos...

TAUN WE is silent. ADMIRAL VANTOS stops and faces the KAMINOAN.

VANTOS: *(cont.)* ...You Kaminoans have been more trouble than you're worth, quite frankly, and your science team is operating on borrowed time. Of course, I'm sure you all understood this from the moment our academies began drafting conscripts, but Emperor Amedda has assured me that very soon, the genetic donor program will be altogether unnecessary. All it will take is the push of a few buttons, and at long last your pathetic species will be no more...

ADMIRAL VANTOS gestures toward the tracking locator control panel. He leans in close to TAUN WE.

VANTOS: *(cont.)* ...If you cooperate with me, however, perhaps I might consider sparing your life...

TAUN WE: *(defiantly)* My life is already through, Vantos. Very soon, this 'Academy' of yours will be lying on the ocean floor, and the two of us along with it.

TAUN WE glances at her chronometer. ADMIRAL VANTOS stares at her coldly. He moves to the control panel.

VANTOS: I should have done this a long time ago...

He enters a code command. TAUN WE collapses to the floor, dead.

190 EXT. HYPERSPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

The MILLENNIUM FALCON hurtles through the marble swirl of hyperspace.

191 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - HYPERSPACE, SPACE

CHEWBACCA sits with his eyes closed. The outside glow of the hyperspace tunnel casts a blue light on his fur as his huge paws rest quietly over the control deck. The meditating WOOKIEE starts with a GROWL and opens his eyes. He leans back on the light speed throttle with a HARRUMPH of satisfaction, watching expectantly as the stars streak back to their fixed positions. He looks around and throws his arms high with a frustrated ROAR; Ahead of him through the cockpit window floats the star-shaped CASINO COVINA, an off-route and less-than-legal gaming station. Expensive and exotic-looking YACHTS drift past, docking and undocking with the many arms radiating out from the flashy establishment's central hub. CHEWBACCA lets out another frustrated WAIL and grabs the controls, bringing the FALCON about.

192 EXT. SPACE - MILLENNIUM FALCON

The MILLENNIUM FALCON swoops in a wide curve and roars away from the glitzy gambling den.

193 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - SPACE

CHEWBACCA SIGHS deeply and closes his eyes once more. His huge paws dexterously input new coordinates on the navi-computer control board. He pushes forward on the light speed throttle, and the FALCON winks out of sight.

194 EXT. ILUM - TUNDRA, CRYSTAL FIELDS - NIGHT

LEIA and KAYOS continue to battle. The ruby discoloration of light radiates out on the ground around them like creeping tendrils as they slowly make their way in the direction of the parked spaceships. DARTH KAYOS spins and sweeps her sword out before her. LEIA bats it away and thrusts her own blade. The SITH LORD swiftly sidesteps, her arms outstretched as LEIA'S blade slices just inches away from her torso. She knocks the JEDI weapon away and LEIA spins, sweeping her sabre in a low arc toward her opponent's legs. KAYOS neatly jumps over the blue blade, but LEIA was expecting this; she thrusts her left palm out, Force-pushing KAYOS away while she's in midair. KAYOS is sent sprawling. LEIA quickly bolts after her. The SITH curls up and throws both her arms forward, causing a tight protective ring of red crystalline shafts to burst from the ground all around her. The charging JEDI is brought up short by the deadly pikes aiming at her. The pause allows KAYOS to leap forward with a terrifying SCREAM. LEIA barely manages to sidestep the CRACKLING red blade as the SITH blurs past. LEIA parries, and then steps in behind KAYOS as the dark warrior lands and turns. The JEDI sweeps her blade diagonally, but KAYOS locks onto it with her own weapon and carries it high. Gripping their sabre handles tightly, both foes lean into the crossed blades, their faces a breath apart.

KAYOS: I sense some conflict within you...a darkness that you keep hidden...

LEIA: (somewhat shaken) You're imagining things! There is no conflict!

KAYOS: But your fear and inner turmoil are palpable! Is it possible you finally understand that the Sith are more powerful than the Jedi? ...'Tis a pity I must execute you; I would enjoy re-focusing that fear and making you my apprentice!

LEIA: I would never join you, Darth! Your way is twisted, you are lost! Have you forgotten the lesson my brother taught you? Renounce the dark, or I will have no choice but to remind you just how powerful a Jedi can be!

KAYOS: (laughs) Fool! Luke Skywalker may have taken my arm, but this day revenge shall be mine, when he learns that I have taken his weak sister's life!

LEIA: You obviously don't know who you're dealing with. Rest assured I will not be as merciful as he was! I've already single-handedly destroyed your den of evil on Naboo, so why would I even think twice about destroying you as well?

KAYOS: Arrogant Jedi! This obscure little moon will be your final resting place!

With a GRUNT, both fighters push against each other's CRACKLING laser swords and step

back. KAYOS immediately springs forward and the TWO WARRIORS engage each other with a renewed vigor. Their HUMMING weapons trace great loops and figures of eight in a frighteningly tight proximity. The wind begins to HOWL. The intensified clash of their Force energy starts to cause violent tremors and disruptions in the crystalline landscape around them.

195 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES

Tipoca's support pillars loom out of the watery haze. The STRIKE TEAM VESSELS float OVER CAMERA, headed toward the Imperial city. WEDGE'S RED TEAM breaks formation and rises up toward the ocean's surface, fanning out as each pilot heads for his own designated targets. LANDO'S GOLD TEAM continues along the seabed, separating into pairs as they enter the forest of enormous pillars. Each two-man team swiftly claims a footing and gets in position on the down-flow side of it.

196 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO activates the controls of his vessel's utility arms. The multi-jointed arms elongate, and he deftly uses the pincer claws to extract two detonator charges from the dispenser tube located on the front of his vessel. He glances to the side through the wide curvature of his view port and spots his WINGMAN next to him doing the same. Together they move to attach the explosives in a cluster on the colossal pillar footing.

LANDO: (to himself, concentrating) That's it, Gold Four, you place yours there, and I'll attach mine...right...here! Whew! Okay, one down, on to the next...

LANDO maneuvers his ship away from the footing. He peers up and spies the faint GLOW of RED TEAM'S RUNNING LIGHTS pacing him far above.

LANDO: (cont., to himself) Looks like Wedge's team is moving along at a good pace too... This is gonna be too easy! Like feeding cud to a nerf!

197 INT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

HAN'S SHIP darts in between the suspended utilities and aircon tubing, zipping left and right, cutting the corners tightly. ONE PURSUER isn't as skillful, and his SHIP glances off a jutting conduit, spinning out of control. TWO are left.

198 INT. TIPOCA CITY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

ADMIRAL VANTOS hurries toward his ship.

VANTOS: (into comlink) Tell the crew to get the Wraith ready for an emergency takeoff, on the double!

199 INT. KETTLEBRAE - MONDUTHI AMPHITHEATER

As the TWO JEDI FRACTIONS clash, boiling water continues to percolate through cracks in the floor and lower walls of the underground amphitheatre, filling the chamber with rising steam. ALANA SEREN, who remains bound to the central stone column, is in danger of the slowly rising geyser water!

ALANA: (shouting) Luke!

LUKE jumps down the tiered levels towards her, but before he can reach the moat SEIG LETTOW appears out of the vapor in front of him like a shadowy specter.

SEIG LETTOW: You won't be able to save her this time, Skywalker! She's doomed!

LUKE: No, it's you and your followers who are doomed, Lettow!

Their green blades FLASH in the half-light of the bioluminescent vegetation.

SEIG LETTOW: I don't think so. My students shared the very same training as their opponents. They'll anticipate every defensive move against them.

LUKE: But they're outnumbered!

SEIG LETTOW: Again, you are wrong. You see, they also have the added benefit of my recent and focused training, which is clearly evidenced by their vigor.

LUKE: It's just a frenzied energy that only the Dark Side can bring, Lettow.

SEIG LETTOW: Perhaps, but it seems to be working for them, no? Oh, and I'm sure you must have also noticed by now that the light side of the Force is severely weakened in this place? How long will your sword skills hold up against us?

LETTOW LAUGHS wickedly. *LUKE* is slowly being backed up to the water's edge.

SEIG LETTOW: (cont.) ...Face it; you simply can't win here, Jedi.

Before *LETTOW* can press any further, *JUSTIN VALOR* appears at his side.

JUSTIN VALOR: Master Skywalker, I'm here!

Standing next to one another, the *TWO JEDI* keep the traitorous *LETTOW* at bay.

Elsewhere amid the sword fighting mêlée, *YONNA* pirouettes between *THREE JEDI*. They surround her, but she skillfully bats away their blue and green blades, and then leaps away as her *THREE FORMER COMRADES* run to catch her. Nearby, *TWO PADAWANS* stand defensively beside their Master, *DREE TAN*. Peering through a break in the steam, they see *MOLOCK* fling out his hand and Force-push *TWO JEDI* to the ground several tiers below.

DREE TAN: Look, over there! It's Molock, come on!

The *THREE* descend through the mist. Suddenly *HAYDEN* lands amid them, having Force-jumped from a ledge somewhere above. *DREE TAN* manages to parry several blows before *HAYDEN* kicks the elderly *JEDI* in the chest, knocking the wind out of him. His *TWO PADAWANS* protectively close in, but *HAYDEN* crouches and spins on his heel, rolling between them. Before they can react, *HAYDEN* pushes out his hands and sends them tumbling backward, down the last few levels and into the boiling water. The *TWO JEDI* give a blood-curdling *SCREAM* as they are fatally scalded! *DREE TAN* scrambles back to his feet and takes a defensive stance, barely managing to evade *HAYDEN'S* aggressive advances.

200 INT. MONDUTHI CAVE

The *MONDUTHI* survivors cower in a smaller cave just outside the amphitheatre, looking upon the fierce conflict through peep-hole cracks in the rock wall.

MONDUTHI #1: Why this happen? Why Fire Gods a-having so much anger at us?

MONDUTHI #2: Me think us was supposed to sacrifice all them not-Wottnott offerings at same time. It not good enough only a-giving one here, one there...

TYKI finds them and rushes into their midst. *JABBERING* excitedly, he holds up the cloth pouch of bumbum leaves for all to see.

TYKI: Look! Me got Ashandi bumbum! It help us!

He scampers down to the low end of the cave where a large puddle of hot water is forming from the rising tide, and drops the bag into the puddle with a *SPLASH*. The contents of the bag begin to steep, turning the water to a deep amber color. The rest of the *MONDUTHI* gather around *TYKI*, watching inquisitively as he pours in the sap from some glowing twigs and stirs the brew with his spear.

MONDUTHI #1: What you doing, Tyki? You gonna making Gods even more angry!

TYKI puts down his spear and laps at the cooler edge of the flavored puddle.

TYKI: Come! Come! Drink! It good! It making us better than before! Come!

Tentatively, the *MONDUTHI* follow his lead and drink from the pool. One by one, they sit back on their haunches, a clear look of calm focus and inner strength befalling their little faces.

MONDUTHI #1: Fire God is mountain. Monduthi live in mountain, and we know mountain. Monduthi can seeing this clear now!

MONDUTHI #3: Yes, no needing of sacrifice and fear anymore! You open us eyes, Tyki. We grateful!

TYKI: No thanking me! Instead, thanking Sky Walkers from Ashandi village! Them friends! Ashandi friends too! Now, new Sky Walking friends out there a-needing us! Come, come! Monduthi can help! We gonna leading Walkers back to Ashandi!

The *WOTTNOTTS* all give a *WHOOOP* of exhilaration.

MONDUTHI #2: Tyki, them other offerings - um, Walkers - still in poto-dungeon. We go getting them and leading back to Ashandi also.

TYKI: Let's a-going!

201 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - RED TEAM SUBMERSIBLES

RED TEAM is finishing up on the last of *Tipoca's* support pillars. *WEDGE'S* *SUBMERSIBLE* circles around one of the massive columns. A projected crosshairs display homes in on the exact location for detonator placement.

202 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

The crosshairs flash from red to green. WEDGE uses his claw arms to attach a detonator charge to the barnacle-encrusted pillar's surface.

WEDGE: *(to himself)* There, that's it, last one!

He checks a readout on his console.

WEDGE: *(cont., to himself)* ...And we're still on schedule! Good job, boys! Now let's get clear of this big ticking time bomb!

203 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - RED TEAM SUBMERSIBLES

WEDGE moves away from the pillar and flashes a signal with his running lights. All the RED TEAM PODS regroup. Following WEDGE'S lead, they accelerate away from the city.

204 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - GOLD TEAM SUBMERSIBLES

GOLD TEAM emerges from the jungle of support pillar footings, swiftly heading out into open water.

205 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO looks up through his view port. Far above, RED TEAM'S RUNNING LIGHTS are still faintly visible, moving steadily in the same direction.

LANDO: *(cont., to himself)* ...Alright, Wedge, mission accomplished. See? I told you there was nothing to worry about!

Suddenly a shiny GLIMMER on the seabed below catches LANDO'S eye. He maneuvers his POD for a closer look. The running lights reveal a half-buried tubular structure leading away from the city.

LANDO: *(cont., to himself)* ...Hold on, what do we have here? ...Some sort of walkway? But where does it go?

206 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - GOLD TEAM SUBMERSIBLES

LANDO flashes a signal to his TEAM. The SUBMERSIBLES come about and form up alongside him to follow the route of the mysterious passageway. As they progress, the topography of the ocean floor begins to slope downward, leading them into an ever-deepening abyss.

207 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO'S WINGMAN flashes his running lights, attracting LANDO'S attention. The WINGMAN is gesturing ahead with one of his utility arms. Looking in that direction, LANDO sees an immense low DOME slowly materializing below them in the bottom of the wide natural basin. Eerie LIGHTS slowly flicker over the DOME'S surface.

LANDO: *(puzzled)* Whoa... What is that?

208 EXT. KAMINO - TIPOCA CITY - WRAITH, ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

Torrents of rainwater cascade off the edges of the WRAITH as the mammoth STARSHIP rises high above TIPOCA and heads for space. PAN DOWN and TRUCK with HAN'S stolen ENFORCER VEHICLE as it rockets out of the city into the lashing storm. The other TWO ENFORCER SHIPS are still on his tail.

209 INT. HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN steals a quick look at the timer counting down on his forearm gauntlet.

HAN: *(to himself, incredulous)* What?! Only five minutes now?! When it rains, it pours! Okay, enough of this playin' around. Time to get serious!

210 EXT. TIPOCA CITY - ENFORCER SHIPS - NIGHT

HAN spirals downward towards the ocean, levels out, and races under the city, barely

skimming above the turbulent seas as he slaloms around and through Tipoca's forest of support columns. One of his pursuers catches a fin on a wave crest, and is sent tumbling in a fantastic spray of water before finally slamming into one of the pylons. HAN skips left and right, up and down, but the remaining ENFORCER SHIP doggedly continues the chase, firing one STUN BLAST after another. HAN pulls up and flies toward the city's underside, aiming for a cluster of landing platforms extending from the edge of one of the bowl-like curvatures. A BLAST glances off his dorsal fin causing his VESSEL to lurch wildly, but he just manages to thread the needle between two of the landing platforms. His pursuer isn't so lucky; the ENFORCER clips a hanging antenna array and veers off, hitting the underside of one of the platforms with a resounding EXPLOSION. HAN'S damaged SHIP shoots up into the sky in a high arc, trailing black smoke. The engine begins to sputter and die.

211 INT. HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN spots the SEVERED HAND waiting on one of the platforms below.

HAN: (to himself) Aha! There she is! (to the ENFORCER SHIP) Come on, baby!

HAN desperately manipulates the touch-screen controls, struggling to pull the SHIP out of its nosedive.

212 EXT. TIPOCA CITY - LANDING PLATFORM - HAN'S ENFORCER SHIP - NIGHT

Just as his stolen SHIP is about to slam into the landing platform, HAN pulls it out and lays it sideways. The ENFORCER VEHICLE skids hard across the deck in a shower of sparks, finally coming to rest just mere inches from THE SEVERED HAND. HAN rolls out of the cockpit and leaps to his feet, only to come face to face with a SQUAD of waiting STORMTROOPERS, who quickly surround him.

TROOPER: Hold it right there!

There is nowhere to run. HAN frantically glances at his wrist chronometer.

HAN: (quietly, to himself) You gotta be kidding me...

With a sly smile, he raises his hands in surrender.

HAN: (cont., to TROOPERS) ...Okay, okay, boys, you got me. Time's up.

213 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - RED TEAM SUBMERSIBLES

RED TEAM'S SUBMERSIBLES race TOWARD CAMERA. Spectacular FLASHES of bright yellow and orange LIGHT erupt behind them. Great shock waves ripple outward through the blue-green murk.

214 INT. TIPOCA CITY - SUPPORT COLUMNS - UNDERWATER

The Kaminoan charges hidden within the city's support columns detonate. IMPERIAL PERSONNEL SCREAM as the support columns begin to buckle and the water rushes in around them.

215 EXT. TIPOCA CITY - NIGHT

The entire ocean metropolis begins to shudder and GROAN. Some of the smaller structures topple into the ocean.

216 EXT. TIPOCA CITY - LANDING PLATFORM - NIGHT

The landing platform leans precariously.

TROOPER: Fall back! Move! Move!

The STORMTROOPERS panic, scattering in a hopeless attempt to escape the inevitable. Tipoca's massive domes start to go down, falling on each other like dominoes. In the confusion, HAN manages to scramble aboard the SEVERED HAND as the SHIP starts to slide across the deck.

217 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN frantically flips fuel levers and ignition switches as the landing platform and his SHIP both freefall toward the roiling ocean.

218 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - LANDING PLATFORM - SEVERED HAND - NIGHT

The engines come to life at the last moment. HAN pulls up just as the landing platform crashes violently into the sea. The massive blast of spray helps to thrust the SEVERED HAND clear of the waves and the toppling city.

219 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN circles above the destruction. Grinning from ear to ear, he clicks on his comlink.

HAN: *(into comlink)* Nice work, boys! Glad you made it to the party!

220 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

WEDGE: *(into comlink)* The party doesn't start until we show up, Han.

HAN: *(over comlink)* Looks like you finished it, too. How'd it go? Any problems?

WEDGE: *(into comlink)* Everything went off without a hitch. Red Team's safely en route to the Green One. Gold Team should be right behind us. Right, Lando? *(BEAT)* Uh, Lando, do you copy?

LANDO: *(over comlink)* Hey you two, maintain radio silence!

221 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(cont., into comlink)* ...Can't you see we're conducting a stealth mission here?

222 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN smiles as he watches the last city dome sinking beneath the waves.

HAN: *(into comlink)* Yeah, well...I think we might have just blown our cover...

Seriously though, I'm glad we're all still in one piece. Again, you did a good job, everyone. I'll see you when we rendezvous back at Green One.

223 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(into comlink)* Roger that. Gold Team's going to be running a little behind. There's some kind of dome structure down here that we didn't know about...we're going in for a closer look.

HAN: *(over comlink)* Well don't take all day about it pal; we don't want to stick around here for too long!

LANDO: *(into comlink)* Tell me something I don't know!

224 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SEA FLOOR

Streams of bubbles, debris, and Imperial bodies trail behind the plummeting wreckage of the city. The colossal structures rain down and crash dramatically into the rocky seabed, churning up a massive cloud of silt.

225 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL OUTCROPS - NIGHT

The wind whips fiercely at the dueling LEIA and DARTH KAYOS as newly-forming spurs of blood-red crystal stab upward all around them. KAYOS raises her arms high above her head and lunges forward, crashing her sword down upon LEIA'S horizontal blade. LEIA moves from the blocking parry to an undercut. KAYOS anticipates the move, sweeping her lightsabre low to meet the other. LEIA swiftly arcs her sword high, but KAYOS deftly locks her own saber onto LEIA'S and rotates the two blades in a wide circle, wrenching LEIA'S weapon out of her hands! As the handle spins off to the right, a thrust of her opponent's sword forces LEIA to roll away in the opposite direction, backing her toward a newly-bursting vein of giant crystals. KAYOS slashes viciously at her unarmed prey, but the JEDI leaps high into the air out of the SITH'S range, somersaulting backward over the lancing crystal shafts to land amid a patch of blue debris on the far side. Breathing hard, LEIA instinctively snatches up a splintered fragment about the length of her forearm and raises it just in time to block the SITH'S killing blow

coming down on her. DARTH KAYOS'S red blade crashes against the crystalline rod with a CRACKLE of sparks but does not cut through it, surprising both warriors. Quickly taking advantage of the reprieve, LEIA bats her enemy's weapon to one side, rolls, and scrambles to her feet. KAYOS immediately presses the attack, but LEIA ducks out of sight, seeking cover amongst the new outcrop of giant crystals. As the two COMBATANTS weave their way over, under, and through the glowing minerals LEIA skillfully blocks each advance with her crude weapon, wielding it as deftly as her own lightsabre. Infuriated by the JEDI'S audacity, KAYOS utters a frustrated SHRIEK and continues her onslaught with even more ferocity. Even though the SITH LORD is a whirling dervish of energy, the jungle of crystal pillars provide just enough obstruction for LEIA to elude her attacker. Aware that she can do little damage with the crystal shard, LEIA backs her way out of the outcrop and spies her lightsabre lying nearby. Seizing the moment, she lets KAYOS hook the shard from her hand. While the SITH is distracted by her own glee, LEIA throws out her arm and calls her lightsabre back to her. The handle smacks hard into her palm and she whirls on her foe, igniting the blade. KAYOS quickly defends, but LEIA presses her offensive, forcing her exhausted enemy to retreat up a slope. At the crest of the ridge, however, LEIA sees the smoking ruin of her SHIP sitting in the valley beyond. The sight distracts her just enough for KAYOS to get the upper-hand; the cunning SITH sweeps her blade just below the knee, cutting one of LEIA'S legs out from under her! The JEDI SCREAMS in pain and tumbles down the steep embankment. A large fissure opens up and she disappears into it.

226 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL PIT - NIGHT

LEIA lies on her back in the bottom of the newly-formed pit, bathed in a ghostly blue LIGHT from the crystalline walls surrounding her. She tries to get up, only to SHOUT in pain from her terrible injuries. Tears stream from her eyes as she frantically looks around at her predicament. Her lightsabre is lying near her foot. She reaches out, but just as it jumps into her trembling hand DARTH KAYOS peers down from above, like an angel of death in fluttering black robes. The blue crystals lining the rim near the SITH'S feet shift to red, and the crimson color starts to bleed down the walls toward LEIA.

KAYOS: (shouting) Pathetic Jedi! You have nowhere to go! I have destroyed your ship, and now I will destroy you!

KAYOS extends her biological arm, shooting Force lightning from her fingertips down into the shaft. It is blocked by LEIA'S ignited blade. The walls of the pit turn purple as the two adversaries strain against each other. KAYOS summons all her energy, and LEIA begins to weaken. The JEDI writhes in agony as the bottom of the pit becomes a crucible of violent energy and blinding light. The purple crystals around her begin to pulse, melt, and shatter. The shards become flying shrapnel, and her body is bombarded by the deadly fragments for what seems like an agonizingly long time.

227 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL MESA - DAWN

Finally KAYOS lets up. Grinning wickedly at the sight of LEIA'S torn and lifeless body below, the SITH LORD turns away from the pit and moves into the shadows beneath the overhang where her own SHIP is parked. Sheltered from the WHISTLING wind, she holds a comlink in the palm of her hand and activates it. A HOLOGRAM of DARTH MONSTROSS appears over the device.

KAYOS: My mission is successful, Master. The sister of Skywalker is dead.

MONSTROSS: (holo) Well done, Darth Kayos. Leave her, and go to the Kettlebrae system immediately. You know what must be done there.

KAYOS: Yes, my Master.

The HOLOGRAM fades. KAYOS snaps the comlink closed and lets out an exhausted SIGH. Just then she hears the ROAR of an approaching ENGINE over the sound of the wind. She spins around to see the MILLENNIUM FALCON swooping down in front of the dawning sun, blinding her. The gun on the FALCON'S underside fires. She manages to deflect a couple of the blasts with her sabre before a rock next to her is hit and the explosion sends her sprawling. As she struggles to her feet the SHIP sets down, ramp opening. CHEWBACCA rushes forth, igniting his lightsabre to exchange fierce blows with the evil SITH. ARTOO finally arrives on the scene, BEEPING in alarm at the sight before him. Without missing a beat he surreptitiously heads toward KAYOS'S SHIP. Unnoticed by the DUELISTS, the little DROID attaches a small tracking device to the hull. He then moves

to hide behind one of the many large crystal outcrops nearby.

228 INT. KETTLEBRAE - MONDUTHI AMPHITHEATER

The fighting continues. Thick steam now fills the large chamber, decreasing the COMBATANTS' visibility despite the ethereal phosphorescence emanating from the plant life around them. ALANA is still tied to the central stone altar, bewildered by all the glowing blades clashing in the vision-obscuring mist. Peering through the fog, she can barely make out three individual skirmishes playing out on the tiers closest to the moat surrounding her: TWO PADAWANS have joined MASTER DREE TAN, their three blue blades now fending off HAYDEN'S relentless onslaught. Near them, GORDON easily parries the weapons of TWO PADAWANS and Force-pushes them back, pinning them against a wall. Several tiers adjacent, JOM is simultaneously Force-choking ONE PADAWAN while blocking the feeble sword blows of ANOTHER. ALANA struggles in vain against her bonds. Frustrated, she closes her eyes and seems to become lost in a trance, her expression calm.

ALANA: (whispering) Come together...feel the Force...re-double your efforts...see their weak points...counter-attack...

Surprise and wonder suddenly comes upon the faces of the besieged JEDI on the other side of the moat. With a rallying SHOUT, they strike back with extraordinary control and harmonization. Overwhelmed, HAYDEN, JOM, and GORDON are forced to leap away to safety. ALANA slumps with a SIGH, a satisfied grin on her face. Her smile quickly fades, however, as she hears a GURGLING SOUND: The boiling water is now rising above the level of the moat, and inching ever closer to her feet! She tries again to pull her hands free from the vines binding her wrists, frantically working until the skin is raw. Still no success.

ALANA: (to herself) This could be bad. (shouting) Help! Luke! Anybody! Can you hear me?!

Not too far away, LUKE and JUSTIN VALOR fight side-by-side against SIEG LETTOW. They are only just managing to keep the ELDER MASTER at bay.

LUKE: I'm here, Alana! Hang on!

ALANA: Yeah, sure, okay! It's not like I'm going anywhere!

LUKE and JUSTIN both glance in ALANA'S direction. With an evil grin LETTOW waves his hand and LUKE'S green blade severs JUSTIN'S sword arm. The horrified PADAWAN staggers backward and topples into the boiling moat. LUKE is shocked and bewildered. He retreats to the water's edge and deactivates his sword in grief-stricken dismay. Alone, he is now at a disadvantage. LETTOW does not immediately press his attack, choosing instead to savor the moment. He also deactivates his sword, gloating.

SEIG LETTOW: You see? You simply have no power here, Skywalker. The dark side reigns supreme in this place. Everywhere, in fact! It is the ultimate source of power!

LUKE: You're mad!

SEIG LETTOW: Am I? Why, even your beloved Alana Seren must be coming to appreciate the power of the dark side!

LUKE: What are you talking about, Lettow?

SEIG LETTOW: I'm speaking of her rare ability to unite the minds of those around her, and even direct their actions with her own telepathic influence. Has nobody told you that inconcerto is strictly a dark side skill?

LUKE: You're lying.

SEIG LETTOW: Oh no, I promise you, the truth is far more interesting. I'm sure deep down Alana has always suspected the dark side is where her true power lies. She just hasn't been receiving the proper guidance...

LETTOW waves his hand. The fog over the water dissipates, bringing ALANA clearly into view on the other side. LETTOW fixes his gaze upon her.

SEIG LETTOW: Alana, you have only just begun to comprehend your dark side abilities...

LUKE: Don't listen to him, Alana!

LUKE rushes at LETTOW. The ELDER MASTER easily knocks him aside with a gesture.

SEIG LETTOW: Silence, you fool! (to ALANA) You can stop this senseless tragedy, Alana! Join with my apprentices, and I can help you reach your full potential.

ALANA: No! I will not forsake all I have honored and trained for! I won't betray the Jedi as you and your followers have, Lettow!

SEIG LETTOW: We don't recognize the Jedi Order anymore, M'Lady. Come now, aren't your Padawan comrades also just as fed up with the lies, the hypocrisy of it all? Aren't you? Be honest, Alana.

ALANA: The ideals are still alive, Lettow, even if the institution is flawed.

SEIG LETTOW: You believe in the same ideals we believe in! We want to bring order and justice to the galaxy!

ALANA: If what you say is really true, then you should stay in the Jedi Order and help Luke put things right.

LETTOW shakes his head, looking down upon LUKE as if he is a nasty insect.

SEIG LETTOW: Master Skywalker means well, M'Lady, but he is incompetent. The Jedi Order is corrupt and cannot be fixed. It is time to start over.

LUKE: You are the corrupted one, Lettow.

ALANA: He's right, Lettow. I can feel the darkness within your mind. You are lost. I will never join you.

SEIG LETTOW: Then you choose to sacrifice your comrades. I'm sorry, M'Lady, but without your allegiance I've done all I can for you. You can be sure I will come for you last. But first, you will witness the destruction of your Jedi brethren, starting with Skywalker here...

LETTOW ignites his sword. ALANA closes her eyes once more in concentration. A distant look comes into LUKE'S eyes, and he nods with understanding. As LETTOW boldly steps forward to resume the duel against SKYWALKER, LUKE swiftly crouches next to the moat and pushes out with his palms. A violent spray of scorching water is kicked up and thrown on LETTOW, burning him.

SEIG LETTOW: Aargh!

LETTOW drops his weapon and falls to his knees, clutching at his face. LUKE sprints up several tiers and rebounds into the air, grabbing onto one of the many vines arcing down from the ceiling. His blade slices the rope-like plant, and he swings over the moat to land neatly within the remaining area of dry rock encircling ALANA.

ALANA: Well, you certainly do like to keep a girl waiting, don't you?

LUKE: Hey, in case you didn't notice, I was kinda tied up over there!

ALANA: What do you mean, you were tied up? Look at me!

With a figure-of-eight FLASH of his lightsabre, LUKE deftly slices through the lashings restraining ALANA. She slumps forward, wrapping her arms around his neck as he deactivates his weapon and clips it to his belt.

LUKE: Are you okay?

ALANA: Yes, yes...I think so. Thank you, Luke!

LUKE: My pleasure, Sweetheart. Come on!

LUKE still has hold of the vine. He gathers ALANA in his other arm and pushes off, both of them just escaping the scorching liquid at their feet. They swing triumphantly over the moat to the dry ground on the other side.

ALANA: That was close!

LUKE: Trust me; we're still in plenty of hot water here...

LUKE looks around at the situation. Many PADAWANS have been cut down. Although the few that still survive are battered and wounded, LETTOW'S TWELVE APPRENTICES are abandoning these remaining duelists and rushing down to aid their MASTER, who is crouching in pain near the bottom of the amphitheater. Then LUKE spies TYKI through the mist, beckoning to him from a tunnel entrance higher up.

LUKE: This is our only chance. Alana, I think we're all going to need your help if we're going to get out of here alive; none of us can feel the Force here except you. Will you be able to call upon it again?

ALANA: Yes, of course.

LUKE: Okay, good. Stick with me then, and just be ready, alright?

ALANA: You got it, Handsome!

They give each other a heartfelt look. LUKE bounds up the tiered levels, followed by ALANA.

LUKE: *(shouting)* Everyone retreat! Follow me!

The JEDI survivors all turn and hasten after LUKE toward the tunnel. The TWELVE gather around SEIG LETTOW.

MOLOCK: Master, are you alright?

LETTOW looks up at his loyal followers. His face is a scarred mask of rage.

SEIG LETTOW: The Jedi must suffer for this. After them!

229 INT. MONDUTHI TUNNELS

TYKI leads the way, his body curled up and rolling like a wheel along the steadily ascending tunnel. LUKE and ALANA and the rest of the JEDI run behind him. SEVERAL OTHER MONDUTHI roll along beside the JEDI, CHITTERING excitedly. LUKE pulls out his Jedi comlink.

LUKE: Threepio! Threepio! Are you there?!

230 INT. ASHANDI VILLAGE - MAIN HUT - AFTERNOON

BAHIRI and his TRIBE gather around in awe as THREEPIO holds up the comlink.

THREEPIO: *(into comlink)* Master Luke, thank goodness! I was beginning to worry that you might be in danger...

LUKE: *(over comlink)* We are in danger, Threepio! Listen, there's no time to explain. Get to the ship as fast as you can, and tell Ace to get her ready; we're getting out of here!

THREEPIO: *(into comlink)* Understood, Master Luke. Do be careful! *(to himself)* Oh dear! *THREEPIO stands up and looks around at the concerned ASHANDI. BAHIRI stands also.*

BAHIRI: Soon water below come up fast. Them gonna need us help to getting out.

231 INT. MONDUTHI TUNNELS

TWO MONDUTHI emerge from a side passage ahead of the fleeing JEDI. With them are the THREE PADAWANS who survived the avalanche. Everyone stops, amazed to see their lost brethren. LUKE claps each disheveled PADAWAN on the shoulder.

LUKE: You're alive! Are you alright? Can you run?

The JEDI nod. SHINGEN BUNDEN points back behind them.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Look! Here they come!

Sure enough, not too far away SEIG LETTOW and his APPRENTICES are clambering up the tunnel. LUKE looks over at ALANA and gives her a wink and a nod: The signal she has been waiting for. She takes a deep breath, and closes her eyes.

LUKE: Master Bunden, Master Tan, stay back here with Alana and me. Everyone else, keep going! Run! We'll catch up! Tyki, lead them out, hurry!

LUKE doesn't have to tell them twice. TYKI and the other MONDUTHI roll away in a furry blur. The battle-weary PADAWANS also beat a hasty retreat, following close behind their WOTTNOTT guides. SHINGEN BUNDEN and DREE TAN step up next to LUKE and ALANA, clearly concerned about their rapidly approaching ADVERSARIES.

DREE TAN: And what exactly is our plan here, Master Skywalker?

LUKE puts a silent finger to his lips and tilts his head toward ALANA in deference. She is deep in concentration. DREE TAN and SHINGEN BUNDEN regard her with confused looks, but then a calm serenity settles upon their countenances.

ALANA: Everybody concentrate...together we can use the Force to defend ourselves...feel its energy all around us...accept it...focus as one...ready... Without another word the FOUR JEDI raise their hands as one and send a powerful shockwave down the tunnel. LETTOW and the TWELVE are hurled backward on one another and knocked to the ground. LETTOW'S burned face is fraught with a mixture of disbelief and hatred as he picks himself up off the ground.

SEIG LETTOW: Kill her! Kill them all!

He ignites his laser sword. The TWELVE follow suit.

ALANA: Their weapons...we can control them...feel the Grip of Tython...

Before the EX-JEDI know what is happening, their swords are wrested from their hands. The blades twirl and dance about in the air as if possessed, forcing their owners to dodge and duck for cover. ALANA, LUKE, SHINGEN BUNDEN, and DREE TAN stand perfectly united and calm, their eyes now closed.

ALANA: *(cont.)* ...Away with them!

The ENEMY'S weapons are sent flying back down the tunnel. The hilts CLATTER as they skitter off into the distant darkness.

SEIG LETTOW: No!

LETTOW and his APPRENTICES turn away, scrambling to retrieve their swords. ALANA, LUKE, DREE TAN, and SHINGEN BUNDEN open their eyes as if waking from a trance.

ALANA: That isn't going to slow them down for very long...

LUKE: But at least it did buy us a little more time. Come on!

Just then BAHIRI and a handful of other ASHANDI WOTTNOTTS appear.

BAHIRI: Walkers of Big Sky! Tyki say we gonna finding you here!

LUKE: Well well...someone really is brave enough to come down into the mountain!

BAHIRI: We come to help! This way, this way! Follow Bahiri!

DREE TAN: Let's go!

The WOTTNOTTS tuck and roll back the way they came. The JEDI hurry after them.

232 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL MESA - DAWN

CHEWBACCA'S lightsabre skills are not as refined, but his sheer brute strength proves too overpowering for the already weary DARTH KAYOS. She maneuvers her way underneath one of the towering crystal outcrops. As CHEWIE pursues she causes several of the giant mineral formations above his head to shatter. A huge segment of crystal column topples over, knocking him down and pinning him. He is subsequently buried under a heap of shards and heavy chunks. Satisfied that the WOOKIEE has been crushed, DARTH KAYOS hurries to her SHIP and climbs aboard. ARTOO watches as the sinister CRAFT takes off. WHISTLING anxiously, he comes out of hiding and rolls quickly to where CHEWBACCA'S motionless feet protrude from underneath the glowing debris.

233 EXT. KAMINO - SEA LEVEL - MON CAL CRUISER - SEVERED HAND - NIGHT

Kazan's SHIP, GREEN ONE, breaks the surface of the waves and floats on the turbulent seas. HAN'S SHIP approaches, and enters the main hangar bay entrance above the water line.

234 INT. ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER - BRIDGE

ADMIRAL VANTOS reports to MAS AMEDDA'S image on the communications screen.

VANTOS: ...This is an unexpected turn of events, my Lord. The entire city is gone, save the secret Project B facility...

AMEDDA: And the Regional Governors?

VANTOS: They are all still aboard the Wraith with me.

AMEDDA: Good...

VANTOS: In order to ensure their safety I have moved my ship away from Kamino. We've pinpointed the location of the Alliance vessel that is responsible for this, and I am preparing to deploy several TIE fighter squadrons...

AMEDDA: That will not be necessary, Admiral. Stand down your fighters. You and the Regional Governors are needed elsewhere. A band of Jedi defectors is awaiting you on Kettlebrae. Once you arrive in the system you will receive a signal pinpointing their exact coordinates.

VANTOS: Jedi, my Lord?

AMEDDA: Ex-Jedi, Admiral. They are vital to the next phase of our plans.

VANTOS: As you wish, my Lord. I will go there right away.

AMEDDA leers at the ADMIRAL wickedly.

AMEDDA: As for the pitiful Galactic Alliance strike team, the Bogan will take care of them...

235 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES - DOME STRUCTURE

A haze of vision-obscuring silt now clouds the water. GOLD TEAM'S SUBMERSIBLES cautiously approach the DOME STRUCTURE. The flickering LIGHTS dotting the hemisphere's surface pulsate rhythmically.

236 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD 4: *(over comlink)* Boss, what the hell is this thing?!

LANDO: That's what I'd like to know, Gold Four. It was connected to the city, and yet it clearly runs on its own independent power generators...

237 INT. GOLD 2'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD 2: *(into comlink)* Do you think it's some kind of secret cloning facility we didn't know about?

238 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: Cloning without the knowledge of the Kaminoans? I doubt it. But the Imperials are hiding *something* in there, that's for sure.

239 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DOME STRUCTURE - SUBMERSIBLES

The LIGHTS on the DOME'S surface start to pulsate more rapidly. A ring of RED LIGHT begins to intensify around the circumference of the STRUCTURE'S base, illuminating the cloudy water with a hellish glow.

240 INT. GOLD FOUR'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD FOUR: *(into comlink)* I don't know, Boss...I have a very bad feeling about this...

241 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DOME STRUCTURE - SUBMERSIBLES

With a LOUD METALLIC SCREECH the DOME starts to open, the hemisphere splitting in half to reveal a great crack of darkness within. GOLD TEAM'S VESSELS hover cautiously in the GLOWING RED brine as the two massive halves of the STRUCTURE'S outer shell ponderously rotate down into the sea bed.

242 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(to himself)* Yeah...me too...

LANDO maneuvers closer, trying to get a clear view inside. Through the swirling silt he can barely make out an intricate configuration of decks, tubing, cloning vats, and huge blocky chambers. Hatches on the chambers appear to be opening. He leans closer to his view port, straining to see, when suddenly there is a fearsome glimpse of writhing limbs, huge bat-like wings, and predatory red eyes. LANDO jerks his head back in alarm.

LANDO: *(cont., into comlink)* ...Oh, not good...not good...

GOLD 4: *(over comlink)* What is it, Boss?

LANDO: *(into comlink)* I don't know, Gold Four...

243 INT. GOLD FOUR'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(cont., over comlink)* ...but we're not sticking around long enough to find out. *(shouting)* Gold Team! Retreat! Retreat now!

GOLD 4: *(into comlink)* Copy that!

244 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES

GOLD TEAM'S SUBMERSIBLES turn around and jet away from the DOME, closely followed by LANDO'S SHIP.

245 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

WEDGE: *(into comlink)* Lando, what is it? What did you find?

LANDO: *(over comlink)* It's some kind of secret facility, Wedge...some kind of hatchery. Dark creatures...tons of 'em! They're like nothing I've ever seen before...like...

246 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(cont., into comlink)* ...something out of a nightmare.

WEDGE: *(over comlink)* Red Team's halfway to the rendezvous point, but we can turn around...

LANDO: Negative, Wedge, stay on your present course! We're all going back to Green One and getting out of here!

247 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES - CREATURES

The silt-filled basin glows on the ocean floor like an eerie red cauldron. LANDO'S TEAM emerges into the clearer water, speeding away toward the ocean's surface. Not far behind, a multitude of dark gargoyle-like CREATURES begins to pour forth from the swirling miasma, rising in a seemingly endless stream. With unbelievable speed, the leading CREATURES catch up to the fleeing VESSELS. They dart and dive around the SUBS, enveloping them. Two of the pilots panic, and their SHIPS collide. The underwater EXPLOSION takes out a few of the closest MONSTERS, but the rest seem unfazed.

248 INT. GOLD FIVE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD FIVE flips some switches, activating a pair of small guns.

GOLD 5: *(to himself)* Take this, you devils!

Grimacing, he presses a button on his steering yoke and opens fire.

249 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - CREATURES

A direct hit burns through one MONSTER, but the other shots just seem to glance off their thick leathery hides. The CREATURES emit a series of powerful blood-curdling SHRIEKS. Even muffled underwater, the NOISE is unsettling.

250 INT. GOLD FIVE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

Momentarily confused and disoriented by the SOUND, GOLD FIVE lets go of the steering controls. There is a THUD against his VESSEL and another chilling SCREAM.

GOLD 5: *(into comlink)* Argh! That noise! I can't...seem to... *(struggling)* There's no hope...

251 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - GOLD FIVE'S SUBMERSIBLE - CREATURES

GOLD FIVE'S SUBMERSIBLE lists aimlessly. TWO CREATURES latch onto it. With astounding strength, they tear off the utility arms, and then proceed to rip out the exposed wiring and tubing.

252 INT. GOLD FIVE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD FIVE is paralyzed with fear.

GOLD 5: They've got me! Losing power!

Another CREATURE slams into the viewport with a terrifying SCREECH. The transparisteel cracks and water begins to spray into the cockpit.

GOLD 5: *(cont., into comlink)* ...Viewport's cracked! Water's coming in... No use! I'm a goner...

253 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES - CREATURES

The THREE CREATURES break away from GOLD FIVE'S SHIP as it tumbles away and implodes. SQUEALING wickedly, they turn back toward the melee. GOLD FOUR manages to get clear and swings around on them, opening FIRE. GOLD SEVEN also lets off a few shots. One CREATURE is downed in the crossfire, but the other TWO slip through with only a few indirect BLASTS ricocheting off their thick skin. They turn and chase after GOLD FOUR.

254 INT. GOLD SEVEN'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD 7: *(into comlink)* Gold Four! You have two of them on you!

255 INT. GOLD FOUR'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD 4: *(into comlink)* You...argh! I can't see 'em!

LANDO: *(over comlink)* Hold on, Gold Four...

256 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(cont., into comlink)* ...I'm coming around to get a fix on them!

257 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES - CREATURES

LANDO'S forward running lights fall on the MONSTERS plaguing GOLD FOUR'S SUB. He fires close to the VESSEL, striking the CREATURES off the hull. They SCREAM and go after LANDO'S SUB.

258 INT. GOLD FOUR'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

GOLD 4: *(into comlink)* Thanks Boss! Look out! They're after you now! They're working their way up to your cockpit! Two are going for your cannons!

259 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

The GARGOYLES plainly rip the meager weapons from LANDO'S SHIP, rupturing several power couplers in the process. The lights on the SUB begin to flicker.

260 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

The SOUND of the power drive drops.

LANDO: *(to himself)* Blast! Short-circuit...losing power...

The MONSTERS appear in the viewport and let out a series of banshee SCREAMS. LANDO seems to slip into a trance-like state of gloom.

LANDO: *(cont., to himself, despondent)* ...That noise...making me feel so...

261 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

GOLD TEAM'S SUBMERSIBLES are being overwhelmed and torn apart. Lando's crippled VESSEL starts to drop away from the fracas, sinking toward the murky depths.

262 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN: *(into comlink)* Lando, this is Han. Talk to me, buddy; what's going on down there?

263 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(into comlink)* Han! We ran into a nest of creatures... Monsters... I...I don't know what they are, but...their screaming...it cuts through the water...through the hull... Han, the sound...

264 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

LANDO: *(cont., over comlink)* ...It turns you cold...

HAN: *(into comlink)* Well they can't scream if they're dead, right? So just blast 'em, you hear me? Blast 'em all to Hell!

LANDO: *(over comlink)* I...I...can't... Cannons are gone... I'm not gonna make it...

HAN: *(into comlink, incredulous)* What?! 'Not gonna...' What kind of talk is that? Listen, just stay calm and get yourselves out of there then, alright?

265 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

HAN: *(cont., over comlink)* ...As soon as you guys are clear we'll drop a depth charge!

LANDO: *(into comlink, strained)* I...can't... Sub's sinking... No power...

266 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

A CREATURE clinging to the front of the SUB tears open a maintenance plate and claws

at the exposed inner workings.

267 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

Several console panels erupt in MINI-EXPLOSIONS and showering sparks. Lando's radio communication suddenly becomes WHITE NOISE STATIC.

HAN: (into comlink, startled) Lando?!

268 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

The interior lights go dark, and electrical sparks from the exposed wires dance about the cockpit. LANDO cringes as the damaged communications circuitry emits a high-pitched SQUEAL. One of the nightmarish MONSTERS is glaring through the viewport and clearly screaming at him, but LANDO can't hear anything except the DEAFENING ELECTRONIC FEEDBACK. His eyes re-focus. He vigorously shakes his head clear and looks around, quickly taking stock of his situation.

269 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN tries to adjust his comlink receiver. All he can hear is STATIC.

HAN: (into comlink, frantic) Lando, what happened? ...Lando, do you read me? ...Lando?!

270 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

Wincing from the LOUD NOISE, LANDO works with the sparking wires. The bright computer lights flicker on, then off, then on again.

271 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

Zapping voltage, like lightning, arcs out and engulfs the plunging SUB in an eerie glow, electrocuting the clinging CREATURES before being extinguished by the water. The power drive starts back up. As the VESSEL pulls out of its dive and slows to a halt the dead GARGOYLES simply fall off the hull and drift away.

272 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO reroutes another set of wires. The EAR-PIERCING FEEDBACK stops and the lights flicker on.

LANDO: (to himself) ...Okay, power's back!

LANDO'S triumph quickly vanishes; near his feet, water is leaking into the cabin at an alarming rate. Sparks are still flying from the live wires and damaged console circuitry. He realizes there's no way out of this one.

LANDO: (cont., to himself) ...Oh no...

Through the viewport he can now see the RED GLOW of the DOME structure some distance away on the murky sea floor. The shifting silt reveals fleeting glimpses of still more CREATURES emerging from the ominous FACILITY.

HAN: (over comlink, urgent) Lando, come in! Lando, do you copy?!

LANDO: (into comlink, somber) I'm here, Han. Ran into a little more than I bargained for on this trip...

273 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN: (into comlink, relieved) That's okay, pal. We've been through plenty of close calls before, haven't we? Just get back here, and we'll both laugh about it later like we always do, alright?

(BEAT)

LANDO: (over comlink, somber) I'm afraid that's not gonna happen, Han. Not this time...

HAN: *(into comlink, frustrated)* Damn it, Lando, I don't care what those creatures sound like, shake it off! Clear your mind, you hear me?!

274 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

LANDO: *(into comlink)* No, it's not that, Han... My mind is clear.

HAN: *(over comlink)* Then what are you talking about?

LANDO: *(into comlink)* Han, they got me. Hull's breached. Water's leaking in fast...pretty soon it's gonna reach a whole mess of live wires...

HAN: *(over comlink, alarmed)* Then shut down! We'll send down a rescue team!

LANDO: *(into comlink)* Even with the power off the water'll still get to me before you do, old friend... And you'd never make it past all those monsters out there anyway, trust me... The rest of my team's already been wiped out...

275 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN: *(into comlink, desperate)* No, there's got to be a way!

276 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DOME STRUCTURE - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

Several of the GARGOYLE CREATURES rising from the DOME notice the FLICKERING LIGHTS of LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE in the distant haze. With a FEARSOME SCREECH they break away from the rest of the HORDE and swim off toward the VESSEL.

277 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

Silhouetted against the DOME'S RED GLOW, LANDO can see the flapping MONSTERS headed his way.

LANDO: *(cont., into comlink)* No...It looks like this time around the house has dealt me a hand I just can't win, Han. But I'm not going down without a fight! I've still got one last card up my sleeve; a way to keep 'em out of my head... At least, it'll keep 'em out long enough for me to make a run at that dome of theirs... The rest of you need to get out of here while you still can!

HAN: *(shouting, over comlink)* No, Lando!

LANDO: *(into comlink)* I'm sorry I couldn't do more, Han ol' Buddy... You've always been a great friend...

HAN: *(shouting, over comlink)* Lando!

With trembling hands, LANDO reconnects a set of wires. The EAR-SPLITTING FEEDBACK NOISE once again fills the cabin.

278 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

LANDO'S VESSEL accelerates toward the DOME. The intercepting CREATURES latch onto the SHIP, SCREAMING hideously.

279 INT. LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

The ELECTRONIC SQUEAL is deafening. Cracks spray small jets of sea water on the sparking control console. Acrid SMOKE fills the cockpit. LANDO starts to sweat, but thankfully he cannot hear the MONSTERS screaming at him through his viewport. Squinting past them, he sees the GLOWING RED DOME looming ever-larger through the thinning silt. Near the base of the DOME on the opposite side from the tubular walkway he sees a massive looping coil structure: the POWER GENERATOR. Clenching his jaw, he dives towards it.

280 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - DOME STRUCTURE - LANDO'S SUBMERSIBLE

The SCREAMING CREATURES are ripping LANDO'S SHIP apart. Amazingly, he manages to retain control of the hurtling VESSEL just enough to bounce off the side of the wall of the DOME and plow into the power generator. The mysterious FACILITY erupts in an enormous, multi-leveled EXPLOSION. Although many of the GARGOYLES are obliterated in the process, a terrifying amount of the rising HORDE survives, and continues toward the ocean's surface.

281 INT. SEVERED HAND - COCKPIT - NIGHT

HAN sits in shock and disbelief, struggling to comprehend the WHITE-NOISE STATIC of LANDO'S terminated communication. He opens the ship's canopy.

282 INT. MON CALAMARI CRUISER - MAIN HANGAR - NIGHT

HAN jumps down from the cockpit and desperately lopes to the edge of the hangar. Horror stricken, He looks out at the raging sea, as if his friend might miraculously appear somewhere out there. Nothing. He lowers his head at the bitter realization that Lando is gone.

HAN: *(whispering)* I'm sorry, old friend...

283 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES

The RED TEAM SUBMERSIBLES race along beneath the turbulent waves.

284 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

WEDGE spies GREEN ONE'S underside looming in the distant waters.

WEDGE: *(into comlink)* There she is, boys! Form up; we're getting out of here!

285 INT. RED FIVE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

RED 5: *(over comlink)* That's music to my ears, Red Leader.

286 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES

The TEAM falls into a single-file line behind WEDGE'S SUB. The leading GARGOYLES ENTER FRAME behind them, rapidly closing in on the hindmost VESSEL.

287 INT. RED SIX'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

There is a THUD on RED SIX'S hull. The SOUND of the power drive bogs down.

RED 6: What the...?

He struggles to stay on course. One of the MONSTERS suddenly appears in the viewport and SCREAMS. RED SIX turns pale and lets go of the controls.

RED 6: Aughh!

288 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - UNDERWATER - SUBMERSIBLES

The CREATURES swarming around RED SIX'S SHIP begin to tear it apart. The rest of the HORDE continues on after the retreating STRIKE TEAM.

289 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

WEDGE: *(into comlink)* Green One, this is Red Leader! Kazan, do you copy?

KAZAN: *(over comlink)* Loud and clear, Wedge.

WEDGE: *(into comlink)* Commence lift-off immediately! I repeat, lift-off immediately! The underwater hangar is now in sight, but we've got a mess of bogies on our tails and we're coming in hot, do you read me? We're coming in hot! There's no time for the standard docking procedure; we'll just have to improvise an emergency landing while you're on the move!

290 INT. MON CAL STEALTH ATTACK CRUISER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

WEDGE: *(cont., over comlink)* ...It's our only chance!

KAZAN: *(into comlink)* Copy that, Red Leader. Commencing lift-off.

291 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

WEDGE lines his SHIP up with the underwater hangar door.

WEDGE: (into comlink) Red Team! Maintain visual on that hangar! We're shooting for a moving target now, so stay sharp and calculate your launch angles accordingly!

292 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - SEA LEVEL - SUBMERSIBLES - NIGHT

GREEN ONE begins to slowly rise out of the ocean. The lower hangar bay clears the surface, pouring out a deluge of seawater. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE bursts from the ocean waves like a torpedo, arcing through the air toward the opening.

293 INT. MON CALAMARI ATTACK CRUISER - SECONDARY HANGAR FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

WEDGE'S SUB careens into the hangar and skids to a halt on its side. One-by-one, the other VESSELS come crashing onto the hangar deck behind him, slamming into each other in a spectacular pile up!

294 EXT. KAMINO OCEAN - SEA LEVEL - SUBMERSIBLES - NIGHT

The last RED TEAM SUB launches from the ocean waves toward GREEN ONE'S rising hangar door. Several of the winged CREATURES overtake the VESSEL in a SCREECHING frenzy, weighing it down and altering its trajectory.

295 INT. RED THREE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

RED THREE is overwhelmed by the CREATURES' SCREAMS. Seeing that he won't make the hangar door, he helplessly throws his arms up in front of his face.

RED 3: Aaiiee!

296 EXT. RED THREE'S SUBMERSIBLE - MON CALAMARI CRUISER - NIGHT

RED THREE'S SUBMERSIBLE SMACKS against GREEN ONE'S hull and falls into the sea, taking the clinging CREATURES down with it. However, the rest of the DARK ARMY is now emerging from the ocean and latching onto the departing CRUISER. Drenched, they begin to scabble their way up the hull toward the lower hangar opening.

297 INT. WEDGE'S SUBMERSIBLE - COCKPIT - NIGHT

WEDGE: (shouting, into comlink) Captain Kazan, we're in! Close the flood doors! Close the flood doors!

WEDGE braces himself against the awkward sideways orientation of his SHIP, straining to see the hangar door now just above and behind his viewport. Then he hears it: The distant SCREAMS of the advancing nightmare CREATURES. He holds his head in his hands, overcome by a growing feeling of despair.

WEDGE: (cont., to himself) ...No!

298 EXT. MON CALAMARI CRUISER - HULL - NIGHT

The flood doors start to close just as the first of the SHRIEKING GARGOYLES near the hangar opening. Several are caught up in the SLAMMING doors and crushed. Angrily SCREECHING and flapping the excess water from their wings, the rest of the MONSTERS begin to take flight.

299 INT. MON CALAMARI CRUISER - MAIN HANGAR - NIGHT

The CRUISER climbs up into the sky. HAN stands at the edge of the hangar, numbly looking down upon the watery grave receding away below him. Suddenly several of the CREATURES appear, SCREECHING and glaring at HAN with their hypnotic red eyes. He blinks and turns away, but it's too late; their evil influence is upon him. The retreating CRUISER is gaining altitude and picking up more speed, but the SCREAMING DEMONS are still drawing ever-closer. HAN slowly sinks to his knees under the strain.

HAN: *(cont., to himself)* ...No use...they've got us! We're not gonna make it! The SCREECHING is unbearable now. The CREATURES relentlessly grope for the edge of the hangar, trying to get a solid hold on it. As claws start to SCRAPE on metal, the hangar's blast doors suddenly close with a WHOOSH. HAN collapses.

300 EXT. EXT. MON CALAMARI CRUISER - SPACE

The CRUISER breaks free of the planet's atmosphere. The CREATURES SCREAM in frustration and turn back, unable to follow as the SHIP escapes into the vacuum of space.

301 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - ASHANDI VILLAGE - GEYSER POOL - LATE AFTERNOON

The snowstorm whips fiercely through the mountaintop village. The fleeing JEDI and WOTTNOTTS burst from the tunnel into the open air. Everyone scrambles up the exposed steps carved into the side of the empty pool. DREE TAN points to fresh footprints already disappearing in the swirling snow.

DREE TAN: Looks like Tyki managed to get everyone out safely ahead of us...

BAHIRI: You no-furs very very lucky! Moons in Big Sky move; water a-coming up now, see?

BAHIRI points to the hot water beginning to bubble forth from the fissures in the bottom of the basin. Not too far away the THUNDEROUS SOUND of the TRANSPORT warming up for take-off cuts through the HOWLING WIND.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Quickly now, to the ship!

SHINGEN BUNDEN leads the way along the raised village paths toward the VESSEL. As they near the main hut they see TYKI and the other MONDUTHI gathered there.

TYKI: Good seeing you safe! Them other Walkers, they a-going ahead from here alone, back to Big Sky.

TYKI indicates the direction of the SHIP. LUKE stops and motions for SHINGEN BUNDEN, DREE TAN, and ALANA to continue on. He turns to the WOTTNOTTS.

LUKE: *(cont.)* ...Bahiri, Tyki, I'm deeply sorry for those you have lost. I hope that together the Ashandi and Monduthi can find peace.

BAHIRI: Them we lose...they not die for nothing. Monduthi and Ashandi as one tribe now! You Walkers of Big Sky always welcome here!

LUKE: Thank you, all of you. You've saved our lives...we're forever grateful.

TYKI: You a-bringing all Wottnotts together again; it is us that should be grateful to you! Now go! Bad Walkers coming! We gonna a-helping you, okay? Go back to Big Sky!

LUKE gives the WOTTNOTTS a low bow of respect and then hustles off. The WOTTNOTTS retreat into the main hut. Meanwhile, the main pool basin now has a shallow layer of blistering hot water in it. SEIG LETTOW and his APPRENTICES spill from the tunnel, splashing frantically in their effort to reach the high ground. Their melting boots SIZZLE in the snow. Many of them scoop up great handfuls of the icy powder, trying to sooth minor burn injuries with it. Suddenly a DEAFENING SUCTION SOUND comes from the basin. All the pools explode. Fountains of scalding water erupt sky-high. As the steam hits the cold air, the blowing snow becomes saturated. All the pools rapidly fill, and the geyser pressure abates as quickly as it came. LETTOW and the TWELVE are miserable and livid; the fallout of sleet and rain is sticking to their robes and hair in clumps. LETTOW spots LUKE'S receding figure fading in the blizzard.

SEIG LETTOW: There they are! After them!

They dash after the JEDI. As they pass through the village, the WOTTNOTTS appear from the main hut with bundles in their arms. BAHIRI waves.

BAHIRI: Hey, you there! We got a-something for you!

The WOTTNOTTS begin throwing scores of little round melons. Annoyed, the ROGUE JEDI bat at them with their swords. They cleave many, only to find that the primitive projectiles are actually hollowed gourds filled with boiling water. The searing spray stings their faces, stopping them in their tracks.

WILHELM: Aaiiee!

KOO: We need that ship!

SEIG LETTOW: The Jedi must be stopped!

JOM: I'll do it, Master!

JOM finds his focus and breaks away toward the SOUND OF THE SPACESHIP, running through the gauntlet of clamoring NATIVES like a man possessed. At the JEDI TRANSPORT, the battle-weary PADAWANS limp up the boarding ramp. SHINGEN BUNDEN, DREE TAN, and ALANA

arrive just in time to help the last few injured STRAGGLERS aboard. LUKE runs through the thick snow toward the waiting SHIP. ALANA reappears in the doorway, looking for him.

ALANA: Luke, behind you!

LUKE looks over his shoulder and sees JOM running after him, his green lightsabre ignited. LUKE pulls his own sword from under his robe, but before he can turn, JOM uses the Force to push him. LUKE is thrown off balance and stumbles headlong into the hydraulic boarding ramp strut. His weapon flies out of his hand. Dazed, he falls near the foot of the boarding ramp.

ALANA: (shouting) No!

JOM pushes harder to close the gap. Gripping his sword in both hands, he raises it over his head. LUKE watches helplessly as JOM'S blade flashes down and CLASHES against - ALANA'S lightsabre! JOM and ALANA stare eyeball to eyeball. LUKE rolls away, exhausted and breathing hard. He spies his lightsabre lying in the snow several feet away and instinctively stretches out his hand. The weapon doesn't budge. SEIG LETTOW and his OTHER APPRENTICES are fast approaching.

JOM: You may have unusual powers, Alana, but not enough to stop us now.

ALANA: Try me!

JOM: Alright, come on, then. Show us what you've got.

ALANA takes a deep breath, adjusts her grip, and comes at JOM. For a moment, she drives JOM back, but then he presses forward. His blade viciously slices into her shoulder, nicking it deeply. ALANA SCREAMS in pain and staggers backward onto the boarding ramp. LUKE reaches his sword, ignites it, and skillfully opens up a large gash across JOM'S thigh. JOM falls to his knees, dazed by the wound. The other APPRENTICES stop short, regarding LUKE warily, but SEIG LETTOW runs headlong at the JEDI swinging his own green sword. LUKE strategically ducks under the boarding ramp and weaves around the landing gear. LETTOW'S attacks are crude and frenzied, but ferocious all the same. His APPRENTICES stand transfixed as the TWO WARRIORS battle beneath the ship. LUKE skillfully parries each blow, but only just. The ROARING engines transition to a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE. ALANA peers desperately from the boarding hatch.

ALANA: (shouting) Luke!

Before LETTOW knows what's happening LUKE is on the ramp, and the SPACECRAFT begins to lift off. LETTOW immediately jumps up after LUKE, but barely makes it. His heels hang over the edge of a forty-foot drop. LUKE grabs one of the hydraulic ramp struts with his mechanical hand and kicks out hard with all his might, knocking LETTOW off the ramp and back to the planet's surface. The ramp closes and the TRANSPORT rises into the sky, laying down a smattering of covering fire. LETTOW'S APPRENTICES duck and parry the laser bolts, deflecting them in all directions. The WOTTNOTTS, anxious for their own safety, dive into the main thermal pool and disappear out of sight. As the JEDI SHIP rockets away from the planet Kettlebrae, LETTOW surreptitiously activates a small homing beacon hidden in his robes. Panting, his APPRENTICES gather around him.

AKIRA: Master, are you okay?

SEIG LETTOW: Yes, yes.

GORDON: What now? We're marooned!

SEIG LETTOW: Oh, not to worry, my loyal apprentices. We shouldn't expect to be stranded on this miserable rock for too much longer; Admiral Vantos will be here, just as my reliable intelligence sources have assured me. When he arrives, you let me do all the talking. He needs to believe we mean him no harm. Once we are aboard his ship, at least then we will finally be able to exact some measure of justice.

302 INT. JEDI TRANSPORT - BOARDING HALLWAY

DREE TAN and SHINGEN BUNDEN rush into the hallway to find LUKE collapsed on the floor opposite the entry. He's exhausted. ALANA is kneeling beside him.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Master Skywalker, are you alright?

LUKE: Yeah, I think so... That was a surprise I won't soon forget...

DREE TAN: Come, let us move into the conference room.

303 INT. JEDI TRANSPORT - DIPLOMACY CONFERENCE CHAMBER

The JEDI help LUKE into a chair at the conference table. The young man leans heavily on the table top, catching his breath.

DREE TAN: I can't believe Master Lettow has betrayed us!

SHINGEN BUNDEN: He's swayed his clan against the Order. But why?!

LUKE: Obviously, they were under the influence of that dark energy we all felt.

ALANA: But if it were that simple, why weren't we all affected in the same manner? ...No, I could see into Master Lettow's mind through the Force, and I think it's possible he has been in league with the Sith all along...

DREE TAN and SHINGEN BUNDEN both look at ALANA in shock and wonder.

DREE TAN: You could see into his mind? How is it you were able to tap into the Force when we couldn't? And how were you able to channel the Force through us like that?

ALANA: I don't know, I just did it...

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Yes, how was that possible? Master Skywalker, what does all this mean? *ALANA clutches the wound on her shoulder. LUKE smiles softly at her as he regains perspective.*

LUKE: I'm not sure...but look at us. Right now, our immediate concern should be the wounded. We need urgent medical attention.

DREE TAN: The Temple's medical center hasn't been fully re-established yet since the air raid.

LUKE: Well then, I'll instruct Ace to take us straight to Aquilae.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: Good plan. The triage facilities there rival our own, and we can also warn the Alliance leaders of these new developments.

304 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL MESA - MORNING

ARTOO uses his tow cable to pull the last of the smaller chunks of crystal away from CHEWBACCA'S motionless body. However, a huge segment of toppled crystal is resting at a steep angle with CHEWIE pinned in the small space between the crystal and the ground. The WOOKIEE GRUNTS, and begins to stir. ARTOO desperately tries using his circular saw blade to cut the crystal, but the blade promptly breaks. BEEPING anxiously, he extends his specially articulated arm fitted with a small lightsabre, and tries to slice through the crystal. The blade screeches in a shower of sparks, but is unable to penetrate the glowing mineral. Now conscious, CHEWBACCA ROARS as he pushes against the heavy object pinning him, but it doesn't move. Frantic, ARTOO assesses the position of the massive obstacle. Situating himself under the higher end, he begins to extend his head dome like a car jack. Smoke starts to pour from his panels as his gear motors WHINE in protest, but amazingly, the crystal column is slowly lifting off CHEWIE'S body. The WOOKIEE manages to drag himself to safety, but ARTOO'S head dents and crumples under the weight. He topples sideways as the giant crystal crashes down. With a pitiful MOAN, the fallen DROID'S lights flicker and blink out. CHEWBACCA struggles to his feet and lets out a frustrated HOWL.

305 EXT. KETTLEBRAE - ASHANDI VILLAGE - EVENING

An IMPERIAL LAMBDA SHUTTLE descends upon the village, flanked by TWO TROOP SHIPS. From the shelter of a deserted hut, LETTOW and his PADAWANS watch in grim silence as the three craft land in the swirling snow field nearby.

LETTOW: You see, what did I tell you? We are about to be graced by the Admiral himself. Now, let me do the talking; remember, we need him and his ship right now more than we need to avenge our loved ones, so be patient. Here they come.

TWO armed STORMTROOPER SQUADS trot out from the TRANSPORTS and surround the lowered ramp of the SHUTTLE. A FIGURE in a dark uniform is briefly spotted, and then the PHALANX marches toward the village. SIEG LETTOW shuffles on his cane out into the wind to meet them, followed cautiously by his CLAN. The Imperial party stops and the STORMTROOPERS raise their weapons.

VANTOS: *(shouting)* I am Admiral Vantos! I am here to meet a group of Jedi defectors!

LETTOW: *(quietly, to his PADAWANS)* 'Turn-coat Jedi?' He can only be referring to Master Skywalker and the others! They were in league with Vantos all along! Be strong, my friends, and we will use this situation to our advantage! *(to the Admiral, shouting)* ...Greetings Admiral! We are indeed those Jedi! We have no accord with the lies and hypocrisy of the Temple Order. We know the truth!

VANTOS advances, his TROOPS quickly surrounding LETTOW'S GROUP.

VANTOS: Then I am tasked with bringing you aboard my ship.

LETTOW: We only wish to serve, and put our powers to good use for the benefit of all. Please lead the way, Sir.

VANTOS considers a moment.

VANTOS: Very well. You will give up your weapons to my men, and you will allow them to escort you to the transports. I will meet you on my Star Destroyer.

LETTOW: As you wish. *(to his PADAWANS)* Come along; let's not keep the good Admiral waiting.

LETTOW unclips his lightsabre and hands it to one of the STORMTROOPERS. The PADAWANS do the same. The STORMTROOPERS clip the weapons to their belts, and motion everyone toward the waiting SHIPS.

306 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL PIT - MORNING

CHEWBACCA focuses on the Force, using every ounce of his being to levitate LEIA from the pit. Her battered figure rises up and floats in front of him, the newly-constructed lightsabre handle still held firmly in her grip. Gathering her gently in his arms, the WOOKIEE lets out a long mournful HOWL; she is dead. He manages to carry her to the FALCON, limping weakly.

307 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - SLEEPING QUARTERS

CHEWIE carefully rests LEIA on a cot. He shrouds her lifeless body and face with a blanket.

308 EXT. SPACE - KETTLEBRAE

The IMPERIAL SHUTTLE rockets overhead, followed by the two zipping TROOP TRANSPORTS. As they hustle off toward the massive WRAITH STAR DESTROYER looming in the distance, DARTH KAYOS' SHIP appears from hyperspace above KETTLEBRAE.

309 INT. DARTH KAYOS'S SHIP - COCKPIT - SPACE

A visual enhancement scope lowers in front of DARTH KAYOS'S face. She spies the exhaust glows of the THREE IMPERIAL SHIPS entering the WRAITH'S underside hangar. She raises the scope and guns off after them, flicking some switches to activate a hail channel. A burst of ELECTRONIC SOUND comes over the radio.

DARTH KAYOS: Wraith Security, this is Sly Moore, emissary to his excellence Lord Amedda.

STAR DESTROYER CONTROLLER: *(filtered, over radio)* I have you on my screen now. Transmit the security code for shield passage.

DARTH KAYOS: *(calm, hypnotic)* My security code is cleared...

STAR DESTROYER CONTROLLER: *(filtered, over radio)* Uh, your code is cleared...

DARTH KAYOS: You will deactivate the security shield immediately and give me hangar bay clearance.

STAR DESTROYER CONTROLLER: *(filtered, over radio)* The shield is deactivated. You may approach Hangar Bay Two...

DARTH KAYOS: My arrival will remain unannounced.

STAR DESTROYER CONTROLLER: *(filtered, over radio)* Your arrival will not be announced...

310 EXT. SPACE

The small SITH SHIP moves towards the STAR DESTROYER.

311 EXT. ILUM - CRYSTAL MESA - MILLENNIUM FALCON - MORNING

CHEWBACCA drags ARTOO DETOO'S broken frame aboard the MILLENNIUM FALCON. The ramp closes behind them.

312 INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - COCKPIT - MORNING

CHEWIE throws himself into the pilot's seat and adjusts the controls. The MILLENNIUM FALCON'S main engines start to WHINE and the ship begins to move. The shaggy WOOKIEE pulls back on the throttle.

313 EXT. ILUM - MILLENNIUM FALCON - MORNING

The FALCON gracefully lifts off and disappears into the morning sky, leaving the crystal moon behind.

314 EXT. SPACE - KETTLEBRAE.

The STAR DESTROYER WRAITH continues to orbit KETTLEBRAE.

315 INT. ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER - CORRIDOR

VANTOS walks with SEIG LETTOW and his PADAWANS. The JEDI are still surrounded by the STORMTROOPERS who confiscated their weapons.

VANTOS: So you see, that embarrassing fiasco at Kessel and the subsequent, er...shall we say...'reduction of Imperial jurisdiction' has only motivated us to review our strategies and move forward with even more vigilance.

SEIG LETTOW: Then there's a chance the Galactic Alliance could actually succeed against you?

VANTOS: No, no, not at all! While it *is* true the rest of the remaining Imperial military has been driven back to help protect its last and most important territory, thankfully the Wraith has remained fiercely independent. No matter what feeble strategy the Alliance is planning now, their base of operations on Mon Calamar will be crushed and they will ultimately fail.

The GROUP walks into another corridor and heads for a huge doorway at the far end. Behind them, a passing flash of a DARK FIGURE appears, and then disappears into the shadows.

SEIG LETTOW: Since you obviously know the location of their base, why haven't you already moved against them?

VANTOS: Our long-term plan has required much patience...something I'm sure you understand all too well, Master Jedi. I could have struck at the heart of the Alliance a long time ago, but strategically speaking, they're too heavily defended for me to seriously consider risking the loss of this ship. You see, the Wraith is actually the prototype for a new fleet of vessels that will soon dominate the galaxy. Once this new armada is ready, the Galactic Alliance will be annihilated at long last!

SEIG LETTOW: It sounds like you have things well in hand. I must admit, Admiral, I'm having a difficult time seeing how we will be needed...

VANTOS: Emperor Amedda is a shrewd tactician, my friends! Even *I* am not privy to every detail of his plans, but suffice it to say, he feels that your unique... er... *abilities* are going to be vital to the fleet's success! It is enough for us to know that the consolidation of our partnership here today will be the first step toward finally carrying out our revenge!

316 INT. ADMIRAL VANTOS'S STAR DESTROYER - CONFERENCE ROOM

The mighty doors slide open and the GROUP enters the narrow conference room. The MOFFS are seated on one side of an elongated meeting table running down the center of the room, their personal GUARDSMEN positioned against the wall behind them. ADMIRAL VANTOS motions for the JEDI to sit in the seats opposite the REGIONAL GOVERNORS. The STORMTROOPERS step back and stand at attention along the wall behind the JEDI.

VANTOS: (addressing the MOFFS) Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet your new enforcers.

MOFF HORUS stands up, alarmed.

HORUS: Jedi?! Here?! What is the meaning of this, Vantos?!

VANTOS: They are ex-Jedi, Horus, and they are going to play a key role in our salvation. Emperor Amedda tells me we will regain command of the galaxy only with their help.

HORUS: Come now, Admiral, an old man with a cane? -And the rest of them look like his ragged band of street urchins! Surely, this is some kind of joke!

SANDAGE: Relax, Horus.

HORUS: Well, well, Sandage...you're now quite the patient one, aren't you?

SANDAGE flushes, his hand absently touching his throat.

SANDAGE: And what of it, Horus? If Vantos says this plan is from Emperor Amedda, then we should not question it! Besides, I've just inputted the data and my cybormitic analyzer is recalculating... It estimates that this plan of action has a fairly good percentage of success.

HORUS: (derisively) Oh, well that settles it then, doesn't it, Sandage? I guess we'll

just leave our fortunes in the hands of these heroic ex-Jedi!

GOVERNOR HORUS LAUGHS. Some of the other MOFFS begin to quietly scoff and LAUGH too, though the tension in the air is palpable. The PADAWANS shift in their seats, bridling under the mockery. SEIG LETTOW bows his head deferentially to HORUS and offers a kindly smile.

SEIG LETTOW: Perhaps we should present you all with a display of our skills?

In the blink of an eye, LETTOW jumps up from his seat and flicks out his arm. His sword activates and flies from the belt of one of the STORMTROOPERS, simultaneously cutting the hapless SOLDIER down in the process. The sword snaps to LETTOW'S hand, and he whirls to face the table. In the same instant, LETTOW'S PADAWANS also spring up to reclaim their swords and turn on the STORMTROOPERS, quickly striking them down. The MOFF'S PERSONAL GUARDSMEN raise their blasters and fire at the JEDI, but all the lancing shots are deflected back at them. A few of the shocked REGIONAL GOVERNORS manage to leap to their feet, but don't get very far as the PADAWANS jump onto the table and advance on them, swords swinging low. During the meleé, GOVERNOR SANDAGE tries to retreat, looking at his data pad in disbelief.

SANDAGE: But...but...this can't be happening! My calculations precluded any such...
Argh!!!

SANDAGE is the last MOFF to fall. LETTOW turns on ADMIRAL VANTOS and pins him against a wall, blue blade held at his throat.

SEIG LETTOW: So, it turns out we were merely to be your attack dogs and nothing more, is that it?

The ADMIRAL is visibly shocked, but stoically holds his head high.

SEIG LETTOW: (cont.) ...Here is a token of our appreciation!

LETTOW cuts off VANTOS'S head. The Admiral's body crumples to the floor.

The silence following the ferocity of the carnage is suddenly broken by the SOUND of someone CLAPPING. Everyone turns to regard a hooded FIGURE standing beside the doorway like an evil shadow. DARTH KAYOS lifts her head to reveal her pallid face smiling under the hood.

KAYOS: Well done! You have just saved me the trouble of killing these traitors myself, and for that, I thank you! You see, I've been on the trail of Admiral Vantos for some time... Like Commander Kane before him, Vantos had become a renegade with his own agenda; a maverick who was independently spreading fear across the galaxy and using the name of the noble Mas Amedda in an effort to consolidate power against him. From the look of things, the Admiral was conspiring to bring the Regional Governors into his plot, and you are to be commended for putting an end to their madness! I daresay, you are all very brave, and one step closer to the truth which the Sith possess... the truth of the darkside!

JOM: The Sith are evil! What truth can they possibly offer beyond that?

The PADAWANS turn their ignited swords on her, but KAYOS offers no resistance.

KAYOS: So, it's truth you want, hmmm? As fate would have it, there is still one small matter of unfinished business... During my quest to stop Vantos, I managed to intercept a partial transmission that confirms the Admiral also had help from someone else in this room...

She gives LETTOW a wicked smile. The PADAWANS look at one another, confused. For the first time, SEIG LETTOW is visibly alarmed. KAYOS produces her hand-held comlink, and a HOLOGRAM of SEIG LETTOW and ADMIRAL VANTOS appears. The hologram sputters and fades in and out.

SEIG LETTOW: Forgive me for the weak transmission... It's not easy getting an untraceable signal past the Temple's sensor array...

VANTOS: Yes, my Lord. It is most wise to take all the necessary precautions.

SEIG LETTOW: I'm pleased to say that the Wraith's attacks have worn down my Padawans as expected.

VANTOS: And now the bait is set. The fools are certain to overrate their abilities, and will surely come for me once you are ready to spring the trap. **SEIG LETTOW:**

(laughs) If I chuckle, it is only because the arrogance of the Jedi order infuriates me. (bowing lower) How I love to deflate them!

The HOLOGRAM fizzles out. KAYOS levels a cold stare at LETTOW. His face is ashen. He looks imploringly at his TWELVE PADAWANS, unable to comprehend this unexpected turn of events as they surround him, filled with anger.

JOM: You too, Master?

JOM ignites his blade.

SEIG LETTOW: No...no...that's not...I...I can explain...! (to KAYOS) You've twisted my

words, you lying witch!

KAYOS: Your words! Your lies! (to the PADAWANS) What penalty will you mete out? JOM stabs the double-crossing OLD MAN in the back. The rest of the PADAWANS follow suit, angrily plunging their swords into their MASTER, killing him. LETTOW'S lifeless body falls to the floor.

KAYOS: Good! Good! I can feel your hate... This is truth! It is the source of your strength! Tell me: When, exactly, did you turn toward the path of hatred? Perhaps you told yourselves that you were on a quest for justice? For virtue? LETTOW'S PADAWANS are motionless, shocked by what they just did. KAYOS wags her finger reprovingly.

KAYOS: (cont.) ...I know different. You see, the malicious recognize iniquity. As your own dear master's final lesson has just shown you, men are not driven by altruism. Deep down there are always...agendas. And so it is with you. To chase after Vantos, as you have, through a lethal terrain, and then to attack your own brethren knowing you would be outcast...is suicide. Men will not damn themselves for justice. But for hatred? They will do this and more...so much more. You may think I am evil, but I am not. I am efficient. I serve the glorious Sith tradition, which is rich and deep. Our founder was a Jedi Knight who saw the truth- he knew that ignoring the dark side of the Force was foolish, and that embracing it was the key to real power. The TWELVE look at one another, nodding in agreement. JOM deactivates his weapon and tosses it to the floor. The rest of them follow suit.

JOM: We renounce the Jedi Order. We wish to learn the ways of the Sith.

KAYOS: You are following your destiny. I will take you to your new Master.

317 EXT. JEDI TRANSPORT - MON CALAMAR - SPACE

The JEDI TRANSPORT zooms toward the distant planet MON CALAMAR.

318 INT. JEDI TRANSPORT - MEDICAL BAY

ALANA is sitting up in one of the medical beds. LUKE is at her side. He brushes the hair out of her eyes and runs his fingers along the scar on her shoulder.

LUKE: Once they get some Bacta growing on this, the scars should be gone in a day or so. Does it still hurt?

ALANA: I'm fine. Really.

LUKE: Alana... when we were out there and it looked pretty bad... well, it made me think about things.

ALANA: Me too. I was afraid.

Their eyes meet. ALANA touches his cheek with her hand.

LUKE: I'm in love with you, Alana. I've been trying to tell you...

ALANA: Oh, Luke, I didn't know how you truly felt about me...how I've been longing to hear you say those words! I love you too, Luke...I already had feelings for you even before we met...

The two fall into an embrace and kiss passionately.

319 EXT. MON CALAMAR - AQUILAE BASE - DAY

A dark monsoon lashes the tropical seas. The JEDI TRANSPORT flies in low over the crashing waves, headed for the large CORAL FORMATION that is Aquilae base.

320 INT. AQUILAE BASE - JEDI TRANSPORT - LANDING PLATFORM - DAY

The returned MON CAL CRUISER is docked in the vast interior lagoon. The JEDI TRANSPORT flies over it and sets down on a landing platform nearby. The JEDI disembark from the SHIP. HAN and the other ALLIANCE LEADERS meet the JEDI on the landing platform.

HAN: Luke!

The JEDI MASTER, though weary, sees the grief etched on his friend's face.

LUKE: Han, what's happened?

HAN: Our attack on Kamino... We managed to bring down the city...but Gold Team didn't make it...including Lando.

LUKE: What?!

LUKE is thunderstruck, unable to comprehend what he's just heard. HAN looks away bitterly, still unable to process it himself. WEDGE steps forward.

WEDGE: They spotted something strange hidden on the sea bed and went to investigate...

HAN: Yeah, seems they disturbed some kind of critters' nest; or some sort of secret cloning facility...

WEDGE: Nasty, ugly flying demons! They came after us, Luke, determined not to let us get away...

HAN: *(nodding)* And the feeling of misery from those screams! Made me feel like giving up...like all the hope was being drained out of me...

WEDGE: We're just lucky Captain Kazan was able to get us off-planet when he did. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here now.

HAN: Yeah...like Lando...

LUKE *puts his hand on his friend's shoulder.*

LUKE: I'm sorry, Han. He was a great friend.

HAN: *(nodding)* I know...

There is a brief moment of silence for Lando. LUKE turns to the other military leaders.

LUKE: Unfortunately, we have some more bad news: Your defenses here have been compromised; Master Seig Lettow has betrayed us all to the Sith, and taken his clan with him.

DREE TAN: Which means that Aquilae Base's location has probably been known to the enemy for some time now.

The others GASP with shock. HAN throws his arms up in the air.

HAN: *(exasperated)* Well that's just great. You Jedi are all alike! It's never easy with you around, is it?!

WEDGE: Han, come on! You don't mean that?!

DODONNA: Gentlemen, let's not let our emotions run away with us...

HAN: You think you're better than everyone else, but you just never learn, do you? You think you know it all, and then someone you trust stabs you in the back! You and your Jedi pals have your heads in the clouds, Luke! That ivory tower of yours is just too high in the sky!

MADINE: Pipe down, Solo! We can bandy accusations around later, but for the time being we must think of the consequences. The Base will have to be evacuated.

RIEEKAN: I agree. The natural sensor-jamming quality of the coral ceiling is inconsequential now that Lettow and his clan have turned against us. I'll alert Ackbar, and we'll start the procedures.

DODONNA: We may want to reconsider that other location on Dac...

The OFFICERS turn away and leave the landing pad. THREPIO wobbles into view at the top of the boarding ramp.

THREPIO: Oh, I say, I do hope someone will be able to reconfigure my ambulatory motors before we leave!

HAN and LUKE regard each other warily. A low familiar WHINE cuts through the tension. Everyone looks up to see the MILLENNIUM FALCON swooping in to land.

HAN: Chewie!

The GROUP gathers around the lowering boarding ramp. Another GASP is emitted; CHEWBACCA is carrying the LIFELESS BODY of LEIA!

HAN: Leia?! Noooo!

LUKE: Sis!

The WOOKIEE HARUMPHS and MOANS. HAN leans over LEIA, gently stroking her head.

HAN: A Sith Lord? In a pit??

LUKE: Leia...

LUKE approaches, and HAN loses it. He hauls off and slaps LUKE'S face.

HAN: *(spitting it out)* That's it! This is all your fault, Luke! You've killed her! Your own sister! All your fanatical Jedi nonsense, and my beautiful wife is dead! Chewie! Get her back on board! You an' me are gonna get as far away from here as we can!

ALANA steps forward and touches LEIA'S forehead.

ALANA: Wait, I can feel something! Masters, please join with me again! Follow me, trust me!

HAN: *(livid)* No! Get away from her!

HAN moves to push ALANA away, but CHEWIE holds him back. ALANA closes her eyes and focuses her inconcerto skill. The JEDI ELDERS gather around LEIA and concentrate. The purple crystal shards embedded in LEIA'S skin glow brighter. LUKE steps up and closes his eyes, joining them. Infuriated, HAN struggles to break away from CHEWIE'S grip.

HAN: Chewie...let...go of me!

The WOOKIEE holds him firmly. As the JEDI KNIGHTS focus their energies through ALANA, LEIA COUGHS and starts to breathe.

LEIA: (unconscious, mumbling) Shaman... Whills... Son of the Suns...

HAN stops struggling. Open-mouthed, his anger is replaced by awe.

HAN: What the...?? You brought her back to life?! How??

ALANA: I...I...don't know how, exactly, but yes, Han, she's alive. The crystal shards embedded in her tuned our energies. They're...part of her, they...sang to her spirit, and the midichlorians responded... I can't really explain it...

LEIA: (semi-conscious, mumbling) Han? Han? Luke?

A team of MEDICAL PERSONNEL put LEIA'S body in a floating repulsor capsule and take her away to the medical center. LUKE softly puts a hand on HAN'S SHOULDER.

LUKE: (quietly) She'll be alright, Han, she'll be alright.

HAN nods numbly. HAN, CHEWBACCA, LUKE, and ALANA follow the medical team out of the hangar bay.

THREEPIO: Why is it that there are never any of these singing crystals available when a droid needs repairing?

CHEWBACCA turns and MOANS something to THREEPIO.

THREEPIO: What? Artoo? Oh no!

321 EXT. SPACE - SITH FORTRESS, WRAITH

A docking tube connects the SITH FORTRESS and the WRAITH as they drift in the darkness of space.

322 INT. SITH FORTRESS - CONTROL ROOM - SPACE

DARTH KAYOS leads the TWELVE to where the hooded figure of DARTH MONSTROSS stands waiting. KAYOS bows, and the TWELVE do the same.

MONSTROSS: Welcome, my acolytes. You have chosen the path of darkness, the path of power! From this day forward you are Sith Lords; you are my agents. I have the control of life or death over you, and soon you will hold this sway over others. The feelings of the weak do not matter, and the feelings of those with influence can be exploited. You will devote yourselves to the idea of domination. That is the honor of the Sith! *The DARK LORD raises his arms in a grand sweeping gesture.*

MONSTROSS: (cont.) ...The Sith grow in the darkness; we gain strength from it. We circle our enemy, the Jedi, and they do not know it. Fools and liars, the Jedi think they have tapped the strength of the Force, yet they ignore the dark side, which is their most profound mistake, the deepest foolishness of their order. They say: *We do not seek power.* Yet they have it. Why do so many in the galaxy admire the Jedi? Because the Jedi tell them to! The Sith laugh at what the Jedi think of as their power! Soon all will see where true strength lies!

323 INT. JEDI TEMPLE - COUNCIL CHAMBERS - SUNSET

The JEDI MASTERS convene in the Council chambers. LUKE, DREE TAN, and SHINGEN BUNDEN are attending via HOLOGRAM from Aquilae.

DEPA BILABA: So that confirms it, then; Lettow was in league with the Sith, just as that hidden signal encoded alongside my communiqué to Ambassador Thorpe led us to suspect!

LUKE: (holo) Yes, I'm afraid so.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: (holo) Only time will tell how extensively his influence has poisoned the Order...

DREE TAN: (holo) And our good standing with the Galactic Alliance. As it is, they're already being forced to relocate to a new base of operations.

GRI SANN WEI: Yes, how regrettable that the Alliance should have to pay the price for our messy affairs. Not only has Aquilae's position been revealed to the enemy, but now Mas Amedda must also be aware that the location once doubled as our candidate training facilities as well...

LUKE: (holo, wryly) Master Gri, I think it's safe to say that the Sith Master would have been apprised of those facts long ago, when Lettow first arrived here. What's more disconcerting is to realize only *after* the fact that Mas Amedda -or should I say, Darth Monstross- has been manipulating and playing us for fools all along; that he's

simply been allowing us to do all the hard work of selecting and training his acolytes.

DEPA BILABA: *(nodding)* A triple-bluff worthy of a sabacc champion, to be sure. We must assume then that it was only for fear of tipping his hand that he's even tolerated Aquilae's existence thus far...at least until Lettow's clan was ripe and ready to be plucked from underneath us.

The JEDI all nod.

DREE TAN: *(holo)* Yes, but now, with the conspirator fled, and both Aquilae and the Temple laid bare...

SHINGEN BUNDEN: *(holo)* Surely, he'll order Admiral Vantos to mount an attack! **DEPA BILABA:** We will coordinate our defenses here until you return.

LUKE: *(holo)* Good. Fortunately it should take Vantos a little time to refortify in the wake of Tipoca's fall, but nevertheless, if and when he does try to attack us again we'll want to be ready for him.

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Hmmm. Masters, I regret to admit it, but I'm beginning to suspect the Sith are planning something far more threatening for the galaxy than merely another smattering of Imperial air raids from Admiral Vantos...

OPPO RANCISIS exchanges glances with GRI SANN WEI and DEPA BILABA.

LUKE: *(holo)* Master Rancisis, what do you mean?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* While you were on Kettlebrae, the three of us wished to cross-reference some dark side associations we discovered about the Great Rift with an archived dark side object; namely, a Sith Holocron.

GRI SANN WEI: However, when we went to retrieve it, the artifact was missing!

LUKE: *(holo)* Hmm. This is disturbing news.

GRI SANN WEI: We believe it must have been removed by the Sith during their occupation here...

DEPA BILABA: It isn't the first time someone has managed to steal a Holocron from our archives, but I shudder at the thought of this particular one being taken, and its terrible lore now in the hands of the Sith...

DREE TAN: *(holo)* Master Rancisis, exactly what dark side associations were you trying to verify?

OPPO RANCISIS: *(hissing)* Among many other foul secrets, the Sith Holocron contains an unspeakable evil: the genetic coding of the Bogan, a long-extinct race that had the innate ability to channel the pure power of the dark side. Under their direct influence, one would experience a kind of hopelessness that came to be known as 'the Bogan's despair.'

LUKE: *(holo)* Han said the Galactic Alliance strike team ran into a bunch of creatures like this on Kamino. They killed Lando...

DREE TAN: *(holo)* Mas Amedda must have forced the Kaminoans to replicate an army of Bogan using the genetic template encoded within the Holocron.

SHINGEN BUNDEN: *(holo)* If this is true, then we are facing a threat unlike anything any of us has ever known!

LUKE: *(holo)* My brothers, the Jedi Order must become united! Like a great tree, we have managed to withstand external attack, but if there's anything this unfortunate turn of events with Seig Lettow teaches us, it's that even with the greatest of trees, although danger may not always be visible from the outside there is always a danger of rotting from within!

DEPA BILABA: Wise words, Master Skywalker. We have our differences, but at least there is one thing we're agreed on: At whatever cost, the attempt must be made to stop this evil and destroy the Holocron from whence it came.

The JEDI MASTERS all nod in agreement.

DREE TAN: *(holo)* Though admittedly, we are at a loss as to where we should even begin to look for the Sith's hidden fortress...

324 EXT. SITH FORTRESS - SPACE

The SITH FORTRESS and the WRAITH float ominously above the planet KASHYYYK. Many WARSHIPS surround the Wookiee homeworld, providing heavy defense here in this, the galaxy's last Imperial-held region.

325 INT. SITH FORTRESS, OBSERVATION ROOM - SPACE

LETTOW'S TWELVE FALLEN PADAWANS kneel before their new Master, DARTH MONSTROSS. Their

eyes are yellow, and each wears a glowing red crystal talisman around their neck. DARTH KAYOS concludes the initiation ceremony by placing one of the amulets around the neck of JOM, who seems emotionless; hardened by recent events. MONSTROSS motions for his ACOLYTES to rise. Together they stand at a large window looking out on the Imperial shipyards that orbit KASHYYYK, where a fleet of new, cloaking-device equipped STAR DESTROYERS is under construction.

326 INT. AQUILAE BASE - DROID REPAIR BAY - DAY

Alliance TECHNICIANS fit THREEPIO with new leg components. Another TEAM works on ARTOO. Parts of the disassembled ASTROMECH are strewn everywhere, including his badly dented head dome. New propulsion rocket boosters are being fitted into his leg compartments.

327 INT. AQUILAE BASE - MEDICAL CENTER - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

LEIA is lying in a recovery bed, half-conscious. A team of MEDICAL DROIDS attends to her, some making adjustments to her new mechanical leg, others administering bacta treatments. HAN sits next to his wife, holding her hand reassuringly as her face winces in pain. LUKE, ALANA, and CHEWBACCA enter. HAN rises to greet them, and they each hug him in turn. LUKE and HAN exchange a silent communication, each expressing to the other sorrow, apologies - many things, all difficult to verbalize. ALANA moves to get a closer look at a nearby collection tray full of extracted purple shards. One of the fragments is different from the rest: pure black with a brilliant white glow around it. She picks it up and hands it to LUKE. He examines it with great interest and then tucks it into a pouch on his belt. CHEWIE gives HAN a portable holograph projector and HAN activates it. A small HOLOGRAM of a smiling LANDO appears, and they both gaze mournfully at their lost friend. Sharing their grief, LUKE and ALANA gather close. ALANA can see that LUKE is gravely concerned about the disturbing circumstances of LANDO'S demise and the prospect of an uncertain future. The only consolation she has to offer him is a comforting embrace.

Iris out.