

FIFTH SON

Episode I: Dominion

A Star Wars Story

Written and Revised by Jono Hunt 2019

(Overlay opening crawl text)

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

Pan to station silhouetted against the gas giant, Érdj.

Speck (ship) seen cutting across planet disc towards station

Semi wide shot of ship entering hangar of derelict station,
Érdj in the background, dwarfing both objects.

PITCH BLACK

Light cuts vertically as doors slide open, revealing Five's helmeted
face

Subtle creaking noises and low ambience throughout.

Pull back sleazy angle shot of Five silhouetted in the doorway

Shot from behind Five showing a view down a dark corridor. His Sabers
should be seen clipped to his belt, but floating in the low gravity.
This can be emphasized by a sash he wears as well.

Five leans forward and dives down the corridor in low G, disappearing
into the black.

Cut to Five in a giant space, walking towards the edge of what would be
an extending bridge.

Ultra wide shot of cavernous room with Five standing across the
threshold.

Cut to close-up of Five in profile.
Cut back to wide, Five dives again, shooting across to the massive
doors on the other side.

Cut to graceful, soft landing at the gates.
Cut to shot from behind Five looking up at the massive triangular
doors.

Cut to dusty black; background is hard to make out. Five's hand rises
into frame, dimly lit.

Cut to waist up behind Five, arms extended, trembling. Change focus
from FG to BG, showing the doors starting to slide open laboriously,
ice and debris fall from the edges.

Cut to shot of Five from the front, trembling with the Force, starting
to glow a bit, steam rising from his presence.

Cut back to behind Five, now hovering, doors almost open to pitch
black.

Cut to Five collapsing to his knee and fist, heaving.
Cut to close-up of Five raising his head.
Cut to over the shoulder shot looking into doorway darkness.
Cut back to close-up.

FIVE: Téj vacs...
(st: It's you...)

Cut to shot following Five into the darkness

Title logo screen wipe to starfield.

DOMINION
EPISODE I: FIFTH SON

Opening Crawl. Off-white text on a colourful, indigo nebula background.

A STAR WARS STORY

A new darkness stirs in the unknown regions...

In the years before the legendary Battle of Yavin that saw the beginning of the fall of the Galactic Empire, the DOMINION OF SOJ sent many spies to the core worlds, learning about the cultures and militaries of the inner galaxy.

By augmenting their soldiers through superior genetic sciences and remaining enigmatic with advanced cloaking technology, the SOJ have hidden from the core galaxy for a millennium. Aligning with neither the scattered FIRST ORDER nor the struggling RESISTANCE, The KNIGHTS OF THE SÀLTOJ are a force unlike any the inner Galaxy has ever seen.

On the dark, hidden worlds of the SOJJÚNH system, the nation prepares for conquest...

Title overlay:

PART I: STIRRING IN THE DARKNESS

Pull camera back and pan up.
View from grassy moon with huge gas giant disc in background. Station silhouette in the sky. A small ship cuts into frame from above.

ÉRDJ MOON
UNKNOWN REGIONS, 5BBY

Pull back and stop, revealing the small ship landing in front of a shrine at an imposing obelisk. A dark robed figure exits the ship and walks towards another robed figure, meditating at the shrine.

Cut to close-up of the Acolyte meditating. The Head Acolyte's bright blue eyes suddenly open.

ONE: (OC) Üdvöz, Szent-anh (St: greetings, Holiness)

HEAD ACOLYTE: Üdvöz...

Cut to close-up of both figures in profile. It is One and the Head Acolyte.

ONE: To think that we are actually going ahead with this, again!

HEAD ACOLYTE: To think you should have any doubts, my child.

ONE: Are my concerns unfounded? I cannot feel its thoughts. I know they are there, yet I feel nothing. Will it be a problem?

HEAD: I sense in you, One, much fear of the new Number Five. Fear not, it is young yet. A mere seed, now. We made the changes necessary to the Sàltoj program.

ONE: Never in a thousand years have we given a Number Five such power. I need reassurance that it can be controlled.

HEAD: If you didn't make it such a habit to cut them down in training, we would not have had to redesign them.

Head Acolyte stands up and smooths his robes, composing himself before One.

ONE: And ever since I cut down those failures, the others have shown a loyalty I cannot speak of in the Five series. We almost lost the colony on Lutyár due to the flaws. The last Number Five inspired a rebellion! We still have not accounted for all of the defectors. For our sake as a nation, I hope these changes to the program come from Lord Nùlja himself.

HEAD: (raising an eyebrow at One) a lapse in focus? Search your feelings and you will know it is His Majesty's wish. Perhaps your personal frustrations make it difficult to commune.

ONE: Forgive my concerns, Holiness. This is our destiny... I cannot abide any interruptions when we are so close to conquest.

HEAD: No need for forgiveness, child. The inner galaxy is crumbling; we will reveal ourselves in due time. Now. We must discuss Lord Nùlja's preparations.

Wipe to wide shot of the Soj flagships in orbit around Sojjúnh, with the two suns visible in the distance.

Text overlay:

SOJJÚNH SYSTEM,
THE DOMINION OF SOJ

Cut to close shot of hangar and an escort ship emblazoned with the Soj crest leaving for the planet.

Cut to ship landing on a pad high atop a tower. Stark landscape and infrastructure can be seen clearly in the background as well as the suns.

Medium wide shot of boy-emperor and escorts walking along catwalk to tower.

Cut to interior. Large triangular doors slide open and guards salute entourage as it passes; walking toward camera.

Opposite angle, slightly overhead of entourage walking down corridor towards two Acolytes, who bow, and then join the entourage.

Cut to smaller triangular doors opening and the entourage entering a throne room. Pan left as entourage moves towards the throne. Throne is a spartan slab, but above it is a decadent frieze showing the destiny of the Soj to conquer the galaxy.

Cut to Soj-Îz-anh breaking dignity by hopping up on the throne casually. The guards take their place on either side, and the Acolytes, joined by two others, stand in front.

Cut to close-up of Soj-Îz-ahn making a pouty face. Cut to close-up of Acolyte 1

AC1: Your Grace -

SOJ: (whiny, but commanding) I want to see it. Bring it before me. Now.

AC1: (looking around at the others) Your Grace, it is not yet ready. That is, unless I am speaking to His Majesty..

Cut to Soj-Îz-anh looking slightly baffled. Suddenly he seizes for a second as his blue eyes glaze over pink.

SOJ: (Standing up, gracefully. Voice lowers) Indeed, my child. (The guards look a little uneasy) If it cannot be brought before me, then take me to it. (Smirks, creepily).

Cut to Acolytes bowing, lead by Acolyte 1

AC1: as you wish, your Majesty. Please follow us.

Cut to Soj-İz-anh descending. The guards begin to follow, but halt,
almost robotically.

SOJ: You must remain here...

Cut to side shot of Soj-İz-ahn walking out of frame as guards snap back
into place, mechanically.

Cut to wide shot of entourage leaving opposite side of throne room.

PITCH BLACK

Doors slide open in darkness, revealing silhouetted entourage.
Highlights come into focus as the room is being lit from afar.

Cut to opposite angle, slowly zooming in on a lone Bacta tank in the
dark, glowing of its own accord.

close-up of tank, revealing a wired and tubed fetus with glowing skin.

Opposite angle, tank in foreground. Soj-İz-anh comes into the eerie
light generated by the fetus.

SOJ: Why does it glow?

**AC1: We don't know. Illumination is an ability we've not seen before.
It comes and goes.**

**SOJ: Fascinating... I feel... uneasy around it. Tell me, is this a sign?
Should I... reconsider using Number One's body instead?**

**AC1: Leïtja has been very attentive. She will tell you what she knows
of it.**

LEİTJA: Your Majesty...

Soj-İz-ahn cuts a sharp side-eye towards Leïtja.

AC1: Your Majesty, I assure you, she is an authority.

SOJ: Very well. Speak, woman.

LEİTJA : (Visibly perturbed) ...Your Majesty. This is an inherently light side trait of the İz. However, fear not, my lord. It is still early enough that we are keeping a close watch on the memory patterns of the ancestral Five.

SOJ: Very well. I feel that you are true. Nonetheless, you must move it to Érdj immediately. His Holiness is there to attend. My child needs the soul of the Soj like mother's milk.

AC1 looks at Leitja

LEİTJA : As you wish, your Majesty. I see that as a very wise precaution. I hope it also satisfies... Your Grace...

Cut to same behind-the-bacta-tank shot of Soj-İz-ahn looking at the fetus, smirking in a sinister fashion.
He twitches at Leitja's comment; eyes flashing briefly between Nùlja pink and Soj-İz-anh blue.

Fade to black.

•••••

Title overlay

PART II : SEEKING BALANCE

Fade background in.
Disc of an ice planet with a tropical equatorial ring.

Text overlay

NAJARKA
OUTER RIM TERRITORIES, 30ABY

Cut to semi close shot of planet near equator, zooming in, showing jungle animals, including small primates (Kichicolia) and an enormous snake-like creature in pursuit (Najarkan Wilderbeast), and smaller snakes, navigating the tangled branches.

Cut to industrialized clearing amidst jungle.

Cut to close-up of a hexagonal imperial research base, now converted to a makeshift pirate cove / weapons and ship chop shop.

Cut to wide overhead of Five's custom Clawcraft parked, Five walking towards the main building.

Cut to close-up of a droid parked in the aft portion of the ship, whirring and beeping as his master walks away.

YA'PRAW: (oc) You're lucky you're as honest as I am scared of you - and I ain't scared of much.

Cut to an alien in mechanic's gear (Ya'Prawa of the Pho Qeeday people) [they look like bipedal seals] sitting in a dingy workshop with all sorts of junk everywhere.

Cut to Five standing before him, leaning casually against a cabinet of some sort.

FIVE: I'm sorry to hear that you're scared of me. And I'm sorry I don't have the money now. I'm still not used to how you do things here in the core.

YA'PRAW: Ten years, kid. Ten years of business and you still get things backwards, haha! This ain't even the core! Nah... something about this plan o' yours I'm curious about. But it's insane to me, and that makes it expensive... how's my droid doin'?

FIVE: Q is fine, he's with the ship... look, I'll get you what you want, but I need them now.

YA'PRAW: Alright, I trust you, but I've got a bad feeling about this (sighs). You have no idea how hard these were to come by, or how much trouble might find you. I guess that's why Q's with the ship, eh?

FIVE: Trouble might find me, yes, that's why Q didn't join us for refreshments - and that's why I need them! Now!

YA'PRAW: alright, alright...

YA'PRAW pulls out a scraped up, orange canister, places it on a workbench and slowly twists the top open. Gases hiss out of the sides as he raises the inner chamber out. Gas still obstructs what's inside.

Cut to hangar where Five's ship is.
close-up of back of ship where droid 8T-CQ notices a dark figure emerging in the distance.

Cut back. YA'PRAW pulls out another canister and repeats the process.

He steps away, glancing towards Five.
Cut to Five stepping forward and uncrossing his arms, looking in astonishment.

Cut to the gas clearing from the two chambers and two glowing crystals, one amber, one white, sitting at the heart of the chambers.

Cut to YA'PRAW, staring at the crystals.

YA'PRAW: I don't know how "right" this is... you know these came from dead Jedis' weapons, eh?... This stuff's harder to find since The First Order destroyed the greatest source of Kyber in the galaxy. Or rather, they corrupted it beyond recognition. Who knows what happened. Ransacked it dry, for some super weapon, I heard. Just like the Empire did on Jedha, before the war. Ilum, these traders called it. It used to be a planet, or something. Special to the Jedi or whatnot.

FIVE: You sound sympathetic, all of a sudden. I've heard it's not much better, here in the core - sorry - outer rim, than back home. My people still suffer greatly under that puppet of an emperor, *Soj-ìz-ành*. But they love him... well, they have no choice but to... they do not realize how even he is being controlled by Nùlja...

Cut back to hangar, droid leaves ship and scurries off before dark figure can reach the ship. Dark figure marches in slow motion towards the same doors 8T-CQ exited through, pausing only to scan the ship, briefly.

YA'PRAW: (oc) Sympathy? Hahaha! Yeah, well, not yet, I hope. (Cut back to the shop) If what you told me is true about your people and why you must stop them, then maybe it makes me look at my own life and the state of my own world, here. Like the end could come from anywhere... not so black and white in front of ya. I

never used to care about any cause; I didn't snag this base because I cared about the rebellion - no, I made a lot of money off the end of the Empire. I guess I just wanted to lay low. I don't know much about the resistance, either, other than they don't stand a chance. Maybe they should run and hide until the right time.

Cut to Five, nodding sympathetically. He approaches the crystals.

FIVE: I know all about hiding. My people ran for a thousand years from the Chiss Ascendancy, and have hidden for another thousand from all of you - outer rim or core. They plan on revealing themselves, and then terrorizing everyone. They will rival the First Order, and destroy the Resistance along with it. The Soj believe only they can rule the galaxy. I think they've realized they can't use me - their secret weapon - anymore, but there are still others like me...

Cut to close-up of YA'PRAW looking up at five with a worried expression.

FIVE: I came here ten years ago, but I've been hiding myself from them for half that time. You were one of the first people I met, then. I must say, seeing everyone free, here started to change my mind about my original mission.

Five places his hand on one of the container handles.

FIVE: (incensed, mean-mugging) I will defeat them before they arrive... little planets like this will be the first to suffer their invasion.

Low rumble, the room goes cold.
YA'PRAW and Five look at each other.

YA'PRAW: I never thought I'd ever say this to anyone... but may the Force be with you.

Cut to Five slamming the container shut.

Wipe to Five walking through a shoddy marketplace towards the hangar where he parked his ship. He has a sack slung over his shoulder with the Kyber canisters.

Cut to 8T-CQ speeding through the same marketplace towards Five, beeping like a mad droid.

Cut to Five hearing a beep and checking his com link on his arm.

Cut to arm displaying Aurabesh text that looks urgent.

FIVE: What are you saying, Q?

Cut to semi-wide shot of 8T-CQ bumping into Five at that exact moment.

FIVE: 8T-CQ, slower, I'm still learning!

Cut to close-up of Five. Beeps and blips; slower. He furrows his brow and squints.

**FIVE: (under breath) Nàjj...
(st Four...)**

Cut to shot of Five standing up slowly and turning around to notice the market crowd has slowed to a halt and some market-goers have cleared the way for a dark figure walking towards Five and 8T-CQ.

Cut to Five turning to 8T-CQ

FIVE: (quietly) Q, sneak off and fire up the ship. He won't see a droid as a threat...

8T-CQ bleeps and speeds off down an alley, through the frozen crowd.

Cut to semi close shot of Four approaching.

Cut to a slender cylinder sliding out of a tube on Four's wrist armour. The tip starts to sparkle a dark indigo with lighter purple wisps and then extends forward. It is an Ìzkard; the Soj Darksaber, weapon of the Sàltoj.

Cut to Five's concerned face.

Cut to Four advancing still.

**FOUR: Öta, véja mah téjtalák. Véja mih párbaj!
(st Finally found you, Five. Finally, we duel!)**

Four swings his saber with emphasis.

Cut to Five shouting back at Four.

**FIVE: Nàjj. Sajnálom. Ìzkard
àfeletàjтам sojcsàm!
(st Sorry, Four. Forgot my sword at home!)**

Cut to Five turning and running like mad through the frozen crowd.

Cut to Four, frustrated, cutting through the helpless crowd with his saber in pursuit of Five. As he leaves the scene, the crowd unfreezes and the market goers stand in shock of the carnage; half bodies sliding, limbs falling, screams.

Cut to Four rounding a corner into a walkway along a wall, devoid of people.

(Muffled screams and sounds of the aftermath can be heard fading out).
He scans around, puts his blade away and starts walking quietly.

**FOUR: Ùj mah téjérecs köz. O-érecs köz... Njàìz... Sajnálom mih Sàltoj.
(st I can feel you near. I can also feel... light... the Sàltoj would be
displeased).**

Pan camera as Five sidling a wall corner near the edge of the precipice.

Cut to Five jumping out, back to the precipice, facing Four.

**FIVE: Ùj mah ùjgondolat ùjcsületés mah sajnálom!
(st I thought my birth [itself] was displeasing!)**

**FOUR : Öta! Àllj mah futàj!
(st Five! Stop Running!)**

Cut to Five now up on the ledge of the wall

**FOUR: (in Basic, heavy accent) Stop running, so I don't have to cut you
down, little brother.**

FIVE: I have stopped running. I Learned to fly instead!

Five leaps dramatically and incredibly high, flipping back onto his rising ship, piloted by 8T-CQ.

Cut to Four, dumbfounded, sheathing his saber.

Cut to ship flying off planet.

Cut back to Four noticing someone coming. He taps his left forearm console and he is cloaked.

Cut to YA'PRAW jogging down arched hallway.
He runs to the ledge and watches the Speck of a ship in the sky.

YA'PRAW: Good luck, kid.

Cut to shot facing YA'PRAW. As four ignites his ìzkard, startling YA'PRAW, he uncloaks. (See blade first, then Four materializing).
close-up on YA'PRAW, terrified.

FOUR: What... did... you... give... him?

close-up on Four, YA'PRAW and indigo blade reflecting in his mask.

Fade to black

Cut to Five's custom Clawcraft flying across space, entering orbit of a large, lumpy, planetoid.

Text overlay.

ROGUE PLANETOID am-siak,
UNKNOWN REGIONS

Cut to Clawcraft landing outside a small encampment on the surface, encased in an airlock/deflector shield, which has an opening to allow ships in and out.

CLONE MERC: (oc) So they did follow us, after all, eh?

Cut to Merc in what looks like well lived in barracks converted into a rather homely dwelling. He is preparing a meal for himself and Five.
8T-CQ will be in the background of this whole scene, almost like a puppy.

FIVE: It was a matter of time. I counted on their fear of revealing themselves too early, when we first escaped. They seem to have kept with the original schedule for invasion... But now I fear more for you

than myself - they are so strong with Ìz - the dark Force, that I can't even feel if they suspected you.

MERC: Well, I doubt they'd believe that you held me hostage. If they do get me, then so be it. When they first nabbed me, I was already past my prime. By Kamino, I'm from the second series! The same sciences that created you are what's keeping me alive. So if they find me, they either change me... or I can finally die in peace knowing you've got this.

FIVE: ...no pressure, right, friend?

MERC: HAHA. Oh, come on. Look how far we've come! They removed my malfunctioning inhibitor chip, knowing how dangerous that would make me. They could have reprogrammed it to suit their needs, but they seemed to trust me. Even if the Sàltoj have finally shown up, there's still time to prepare for the actual invasion. Anyways, speaking of preparations, you should take a look at the parts I gotcha.

The shots during this convo are basically whatever feels natural during a meal.

Cut to lights flickering on in a workshop. There are weapons parts and scraps everywhere. A few imperial, Chiss, and rebel guns cover the walls.

Five and Merc enter.

Cut to a table on the far side of the room with a roll of dirty canvas.

Merc unrolls the canvas to show various tube-like parts and electronics. The standout pieces are a long golden tube and a long silver tube.

FIVE: Where did you find the main chassis?

MERC: I didn't. I had them made for ya based on your description of the gems.

Cut to sincere side-grin on Five's face and a slap on Merc's shoulder.

MERC: The guy who made them can't even speak basic, so I don't think anyone suspects what you're up to. Probably thought I was crazy,

anyways. Now, I know you're the one who's s'posed to build it from scratch... I hope this isn't interfering...

FIVE: Ha. I'm not trying to become a Jedi, I'm just trying to flush that evil that my Soj weapon left in me. The İzkard pulls the very life out of the wielder. Not like this. That's why I abandoned it.

MERC: Hrm. Well, let's see what cha got.

Cut to Five pulling the canisters out of the sack. Less dramatically than on Najarka, he places them on the table and opens them. The room goes a bit colder.

MERC: Gotta give it to ol' Ya'Praw. He can really get anything and everything!

Cut to the men looking at each other.

FIVE: I... I'm afraid to touch them...

Cut to concerned Merc

Cut back to Five.

Five closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and clenches his fists. He then opens his hands and begins to pull the Kybers from the canisters, using the Force. They resist. He finally gets them out and hovers them in front of an astonished Merc. They glow ever so slightly and appear to have liquid floating within.

Then, all the parts Merc had collected begin to float and start connecting and orienting around the crystals; gold around silver and silver around gold.

The casings then clamp shut around each crystal with an electric crackle. The sabers remain floating, even after Five lowers his hands and opens his eyes.

Five lets out a deep sigh.

MERC: ... Well? You gonna try 'em out?

FIVE: I... I'm still afraid. Those Kyber crystals are alive, you know. They are the Force. They sense my Ìz... they are as afraid of me as I am of them.

MERC: I already told you, you got this. I don't know the Force, or the Ìz, or whatever you Soj call it, but I do know this: You are the balance this galaxy needs. Nobody ever looks at the people who just try to eke out an existence. It's just war, war, war... I'm not righteous; I'm a laboratory- bred weapon just trying to be a man. And you - you know you're just like me. The Resistance needs you as much as the First order and the Sàltoj do. You can't have light without dark, my son - but darkness - it doesn't need light.

Cut to Five, a little more relaxed. Rather than pull the new sabers toward him, Five approaches them, gently. They do not resist. He glances over at Merc who returns with a nod. Five re-oriens the two sabers and clips them to each other (re: Maul, Ventress).

FIVE: You might want to stand back... I do not know what will happen next...

MERC: Gotcha...

Merc only backs up a little bit. His fascination trumps his fear. Five then takes another deep breath and does that spin move Maul does with the saber hilt. The ignition sequence should be very dramatic, like the earlier shot of the Soj Darksaber igniting. As the tips of the sabers start to glow amber and white, a purple electricity starts to surround and crawl all over Five. He begins to groan, and then with a scream, the two blades ignite fully, and the electricity forms an expanding Force bubble, causing Merc to actually back up. He stumbles into the wall of guns, knocking them about.

Cut back to Five's face, still screaming, energy flowing from his intense, blue eyes, arms shaking to contain the sabers. Five starts to levitate, and then the force bubble suddenly bursts, sending debris everywhere and actually slamming Merc into the wall. He falls to the ground; a Chiss Charric blaster rifle falls right beside him.

Cut back to Five, still levitating, but floating back "down to earth". He comes to, calm and benign as Buddha. He sheaths the saber blades and lowers his arms. Heavy breathing can be heard coming from Merc. Five

blinks rapidly and then shoots a glance over at Merc, who is aiming the Charric Blaster rifle right at Five. Merc realizes what he's doing...

MERC: ...Sorry, Five! Glad to see it's still you in there.

FIVE: It's okay. I understand that you'd do what you must.

MERC: Heh.. well at least I grabbed this (gestures with the Chiss rifle). Even if I couldn't hitcha, you couldn't hope to deflect bolts from this bad boy! The empire don't make 'em like the Chiss... Haha! Anyways... What was all of that?

FIVE: That was the Force contained in the crystals, cleansing me of my ìz. I feel... fine, just fine. I've never felt... fine.

MERC: I thought Is, or ìz or whatever - I thought that was just Soj for the Force.

FIVE: The ìz is yes, the Force. But it is so much more. The Force is natural. ìz is what we call the Dark Shadow. It was created and nurtured by the ancient Sàltoj to corrupt the Force into something else. Believe me, you can die happy never witnessing what the Acolytes of Sàltoj can do with it. My guilt follows me here from what "Number Four" (said with disdain) did on Najarka, yesterday.

MERC: My son, you forget I've served them longer than you've been alive. You cannot guilt yourself for the actions of an evil overlord. I doubt even Four has control of himself. I don't need to know how it works - just that it does. Heh. If I had a Kyber crystal for every time I felt guilty, we could take on all three armies! Look... we can do this!

Cut to Five, looking a little humbled.

FIVE: Thanks for the vote of confidence. It's not the armies I fear. It's the leaders. All of them owe their powers to the Force. Now that I have been accepted, (he gestures with the sabers), I will bring balance.

Cut to orbital shot of am-siak; a small dark ship comes out of cloaking. It is Four.

Cut to cockpit. Show Four reading a screen with text that is very foreign looking (not Aurabesh). He types in a few commands.

Cut to deflector shield gate. Show some sparks of electricity dissipating into gas and then the bluish hue of the shield disintegrating within the gate.

Cut back to the workshop. Merc and Five react to an alarm on the wall.

MERC: Stay here! (Runs off, with the Chiss rifle).

FIVE: MERC, NO! WAIT!

Five stumbles into the workbench, quite opposite to his normal grace. It delays his pursuit of Merc.

Cut to shot of Merc bolting down the hall.

FIVE: IT'S HIM!

Átkozotj! (under breath; st dammit!)

Cut to Merc running out to the airfield where Five's custom Clawcraft is parked, and now Four's ship. Four is standing there, izkard extended, waiting.

MERC: HEY! YOU'RE NOT WELCOME HERE!

cut to Four, not responding, not caring.

MERC: So that's that, then. If you don't care, then neither do I!

Merc starts firing rounds from the Charric at Four. Four stops the blasts, but Charric bolts cannot be deflected; one almost hits him as he dodges.

MERC: Alright, then. (Hits a switch on the gun, changing to electrified Charric rounds) (fires at Four).

The shots explode in balls of electricity around four as he deflects them (Charric blasters are a Chiss design. They can switch between rapid fire energy bolts and explosive rounds that electrocute on contact). Four advances through the barrage as if it is nothing. Merc desperately reloads...

**FOUR: (heavy accent) We thought. ..we could... trust... you. But you betray us. You TRAITOR! (Stops another shot, advancing towards Merc).
You are... strong... but you are weak to Ìz!**

Cut to nervous Merc trying to cool down his overheating blaster rifle, but Four cuts him down. Before Merc perishes, Four holds him up and says

FOUR: YOU HAVE TAUGHT US MUCH ABOUT THE CORE... And for that, The Sàltoj are grateful... but your soul is pure treachery...

Cut to Five running out onto the airfield.

**MERC: You think you're gods, don't you, but you are demons! You can't even think for yourself. Your one man in his tower... heh! Do it. Cut me up and pretend you are not just a pawn. Do it. I was made in a tube like you... you think you're so special. Hahaha ha (coughs up a bit of blood, spits it into the shiny mask of his oppressor),
DO IT!**

Cut to Four plunging his saber into the hovering Merc's chest.

FIVE: NOOOO!

He tries to stop Four with a Force push, but it is too late. Camera follows the path of the force push, which knocks both Four and the dying Merc flying. Four slides towards the airlock, his elbow just slides out to the exposed surface, freezing over his armour.

Cut to Five running to Merc for a lovely, cliché "dying friends" shot. Cut to Five crouching beside Merc and shaking him for a second before giving up. No speech.

Cut to Five dramatically rising, his back to Four (who is seen in focus in the background, also rising). Change focus from back to front, showing Five with some Dark-side frustration in his eyes.

close-up of Four's Saber re-igniting, similar to the Najarka market scene.

Cut to low-wide shot of Five standing above Merc's corpse, Four in the background, lit by his saber. Five separates the staff-saber into the two smaller swords and spins back, flying almost a third of a kilometre

to Four. Four blocks and holds two overhead slashes from Five, who is clearly suffering that pull to the Darkside, in anger. close-up of five's face, teeth gritting, eyes glowing and tearing up, as he stares at his reflection in Four's mask.

Cut to semi-wide profile shot of fighting, Five dominating Four, shown by Four backing up and Five furiously slashing away at him. No fancy Force abilities here, just straight-up sword fighting.

At the end of the intense battle, Four gets the better of Five, Practically pinning his back to the air-bubble around the base on the fringes of the Airfield. Five isn't wearing a helmet, so he would suffocate/freeze out there. This is that classic Dark side is pinning Light side and then four says:

FOUR: You are not free of Ìz... yet... how you think I find you? I feel your trace across the skies.

FIVE: I will be free of Ìz... soon... but, no. Not yet...

Five pulls a sneaky, Dark-side move: While holding the physically stronger Four at Bay with both sabers, he pushes against the darksaber blade with as much pressure as possible. Then, for a second, he kills the blades, dodges Four's darksaber blade, quickly reignites one of his sabers, beheading Four. (It's as if his blades went through the other blade).

Cut to Five standing, blade at the terminus of the swing, and Four's body crumpling behind him, helmeted head floating off, beyond the airlock.

Cut to close-up of Five's intense blue eyes, glowing slightly purple and smoky black. The manner in which he defeated Four brought a little shadow back into his soul.

PITCH BLACK

●●●●●

Title Overlay.

PART III: CIRCLE OF FIVE

Fade in blue, rocky world, military bases on the cold surface.
Soj and Cs are visible in the distance.

SOJ MILITARY WORLD OF MAJJR,
UNKNOWN REGIONS, 20ABY

Cut to inside a military facility. Soj troops are marching, led by officers. The camera then hovers over a doorway and zooms slowly.

HEAD ACOLYTE: (oc) Welcome, my friend. We shall soon brief you on your new task.

Cut to Clone Merc standing before the Head Acolyte, seated in a lobby of sorts.

CLONE MERC: Thank you, your Holiness. Something different this time?

HEAD: Well, as I said, you will be briefed, but it does involve the new subject.

close-up of Merc's face, a little worried.

MERC: Ah? I've heard much about him; murmurs among your troops.

close-up of Head Acolyte, eyebrow raising.

HEAD: Hm? And what do they murmur?

MERC: Well, my Soj isn't that great, m'Lord, but it seems like they're scared of the boy.

HEAD: What's this? Haha! Fear is not the right word, though he will certainly become a force to be reckoned with. Come, now, hold your worries and compose yourself for His Grace's audience.

Cut to Soj-Îz-anh and his guards overlooking a small arena, where there is a young man training with weapons and some live soldiers. The soldier in command is actually Four; the young man is Five.

HEAD: Your Grace, I present to you our most reliable contact from the Outer Rim worlds-

SOJ: Ah yes! Our favourite leftover from the Clone Wars! How does this day find you... Merc, was it, that you preferred to be called?

Merc is slightly miffed at the condescending little bastard, but he also feels his power, remaining respectful (when Soj-Ìz-anh is in "Grace" mode, he is numb to the Force. In "Majesty" mode, he is Nùlja, and can sense such displeasure in others).

MERC: Your Grace. You seem rather jovial this day, m'Lord.

SOJ: Ha. Well, this day is a very important day. You shall meet our greatest creation yet.

Cut to Acolytes looking at one another with shifty eyes.

SOJ: Your training regimes and knowledge of this folly in the core have helped set us on the path to glory. Today, you shall meet the new Number Five. Number Four is with him now.

MERC: Has he trained with the others, yet?

SOJ: Indeed, he has. Number Two was severely wounded during his sparring match with Number Five, but he is being reconstructed as we speak.

MERC: Reconstructed...?

SOJ: The boy is very proficient with the Ìzkard, already. However, he has yet to fully control it.

MERC: I thought you stopped using the Ìzkard during training because of... Number One's tendency to...

SOJ: Number One has other duties, now. We reinstated the Ìzkard when we began training Five.

It is most pleasing to see him in action. Watch, now.

Soj-Ìz-anh gestures with his chin as the troops and Five/Four begin a new round of training.

Shouting in a foreign tongue can be heard.

Cut to the arena, 11 soldiers armed with something like light pikes, are encircling Five, with Four at 12:00. Five bows deeply to Four, Four nods and steps back out of the circle.

Cut to Merc taking a deep breath and staring with a concerned gaze, towards the spectacle.

Cut to Soj-İz-anh smiling, sinister. He claps twice, loudly.

Cut back to the arena, close-up of Five, slowly raising a hand as he adopts a fighting stance.

Cut to semi-bird's eye of the entire circle aiming the pikes at Five.

Cut to Four looking up at Soj-İz-anh.

Cut to Soj-İz-anh. He nods.

Cut back to Four. Four steps back a few feet, ignites his sword. He raises it, holds it dramatically in the air for a moment, before slicing through the air to signal to the soldiers to begin.

Before he brings the sword down, close-up of his masked face.

FOUR: Öta. Njal habozásmih.

(st Don't hold back, Five). (lit - no hesitating, you!)

Close-up of five in the same fighting stance, looking intense.

(Cut back and forth between the arena and the reactions of the officials).

Post air-slice, Five bursts into action:

The soldiers inch towards Five, closing in with the light poles, kettling him. Almost invisibly, Five ignites his saber and spins, hitting each Pike and sending the soldiers backwards a few feet.

As each soldier comes at Five he easily cuts each man down, either with sword arts or the Force.

After a minute or less, all eleven soldiers are either dead or wounded.

Five is standing in the middle of the circle, heaving; blue eyes glowing purple. He turns around and swings his blade while shouting. The blade is stopped by Four, who was presumably Five's target. They struggle for a minute before Soj-İz-anh shouts...

Cut to the mezzanine where the officials are standing.

SOJ: ELÉJ!
(st - ENOUGH!)

Cut to arena, Five comes to, eyes normal. He backs up and bows to Four, who returns it with a curt nod.

Five turns and bows deeply to Soj-Îz-anh.

SOJ: Excellent, my child.

Cut to five, who remains bowed, but lifts his head and smiles at the praise.

SOJ: Now... finish those who cling. Let them die with honour.

Cut to Merc, disturbed at this lack of mercy.

Cut to the arena. Five bows again, then stands. He walks up to each dying soldier and emotionlessly plunges his saber into each man's heart. Three of eleven. The rest are already dead.

SOJ: My Mercenary... you seem disturbed by my methods of training.

Soj-îz-anh closes his eyes.

MERC: No, your Grace, it's not disturbing, it's-

SOJ: (voice change) I prefer "Your Majesty". (unsettling glance up at Merc, with Nùlja's pink eyes).

MERC: ...No problem at all, Majesty.

SOJ: ...Good.

Cut to the arena. Four can be seen exiting with Five following. A cleanup crew is gathering the carnage.

Wipe to an audience with Soj-Îz-anh in his lounge at this military base. He is seated, hedonistically, in a *chaise* of sorts. The usual

dumb Royal Guards flank him, and the Acolytes, with Merc, stand before him on a lower level.

MERC: Your... Majesty...

Cut to Soj-Îz-anh smirking, cut back to Merc

MERC:... I noticed the boy understands when you speak Basic to him. Was this in preparation of my meeting him?

HEAD: Majesty, if I may - Precisely, my friend. Hmm... we 'installed' Basic into his language-logic systems very early on in gestation. He was practically born speaking both Soj and your familiar tongue. We did not want to waste time if he could not understand you.

SOJ: ...and what a wonderful asset for us, Number Five's linguistic skills - He shall be an ambassador of sorts, before we meet our destiny at the Core.

Cut to Merc - his usual, slightly confused, slightly worried look.

MERC: Forgive my confusion, M' Lords, Lady (gesturing to Leïtja), but after seeing Number Five in action, I cannot possibly understand how I can train him any further. He absolutely demolished your troops back there...

HEAD: The boy needs discipline. I fear he will sense freedom outside these walls... that is, if he is left unguided. We cannot provide this, at this time.

MERC: And how can I guide him? Can he even fly?

SOJ: Haha. No, he cannot. And we wish it to remain this way. He has no need of being a pilot. Please, do not indulge him this liberty. You will escort him into the Outer Rim Territories at Tatooine. There, you will teach him the ways of the Rim and the Core, illustrating the lack of order that he and his brothers will remedy. He needs to see these lawless worlds himself.

MERC: Forgive me, but Tatooine is a mess, m' Lord!

SOJ: would you prefer Jakku? Tatooine is a special place, regardless of the mess. Number Five knows only the purity of Sojjùnh. He will learn what *unclean* means.

MERC: But his... brothers, they haven't seen any of the other worlds...

HEAD: They most certainly have...

This is a fact that disturbs Merc deeply, but he retains composure so that Nùlja cannot sense his disagreement.

MERC: But how could they possibly go unnoticed - (realizing). Ah, yes. Your cloaking technology... I still can't believe you have ships so *small*, that cloak. The Empire would have killed for that!

Cut to a deep nod and that sinister smile from Soj-Ìz-anh
Cut to the Acolytes, smiling beneath their hoods.

SOJ: A demonstrable weakness of the Empire, indeed. And their malnourished spawn, the First Order. Show our friend his new ship.

Cut to Merc, raising an eyebrow.

Wipe to the Royal Entourage plus Merc, looking out of mezzanine windows above a hangar.

A medium-sized ship is being tended to below.

Cut to the hangar bay. A variety of military mechanics and guards work and stand around the ship.

It looks like various Imperial and Chiss designs, with obvious make-shift implements.

HEAD: (oc) There she is. Not much to look at, but the hybridization of parts and... rather derelict appearance should serve to hide the Soj technology within.

MERC: ...I see. Are we to travel exclusively in this, or am I to escort him with the Starfighter you've already generously provided me with?

HEAD: hmph. You already know he can't fly... We should never prefer you to have more than one ship; just this... new Clawcraft. And we would prefer you stay by his side, always, should something go wrong... If you have one ship, you are less likely to be tracked by sympathizers to

those pathetic Core ideals. Yet another reason your assignment begins amidst squalor.

MERC: Understood. I still have not received the full briefing, yet.

HEAD: You shall. Now, let us meet our new Warrior of the Sàltoj.

Cut to the hangar, cut to an entrance opening with the Royal entourage marching through, towards the ship. All hands stop working and all guards rank and file, creating a column on either side of the entourage.

Cut to another door opening to the left of the entourage, and Three, Four, and young Five, walking toward the ship as well; Five flanked by his elders.

The three warriors, march right up to Soj-Ìz-anh, who is flanked by the Head Acolyte and Merc. The other Acolytes stand immediately behind them, with the Royal Guards flanking them.

Cut to Soj-Ìz-anh staring down at Five, who is only slightly shorter than he is.

Cut to Five, looking up, with a disciplined posture, but innocent expression.

SOJ: My son...

FIVE: Your Grace...

SOJ: I prefer 'Your Majesty' at this moment. (Evil Smirk).

FIVE: Forgive me, your Majesty.

SOJ: Nothing to forgive, child. Your Father is here to teach you.

FIVE: Thank you, Majesty.

SOJ: Do you know who this is standing to my right? (Gesturing to Merc).

(Foley: that "Force" rumbling of pure bass)

FIVE: (scanning Merc, looking him up and down). He is of the Core, but born under water, far from the Core. He is of Human blood. There were

once many like him. He is now but one of a handful of his kind. He changed his number to a name.

SOJ: Hahaha! (delighted) hatástoj! Ljtöh hatástoj...

(st - Impressive! Most impressive...)

(now back to Basic)

Please, my son. Allow me to introduce 'Merc'... our most trusted ally in those Core Worlds we have told you about.

Cut to Merc looking disturbed at the term "most trusted ally".

SOJ: (continued). He is going to escort you on this long journey.

Cut to Five standing alert, and then bowing deeply.

FIVE: I am honored to meet you, Merc. I am known as Number Five, or Öta, if you prefer to speak Soj.

MERC: No, my Son. Basic is just fine. I fear that you may speak Basic even better than I (Smirks).

SOJ: Well, now that you two have been acquainted, I shall retire for the time being.

(Soj-Ïz-anh's eyes turn back to blue as he looks to the Head Acolyte. He points with his chin before turning and exiting). As the two Royal Guards march down the columns of Troops, each troop bows in a wave.

HEAD: Come, now I shall brief you both on the extent of the mission. You will leave in the morning.

Cut to semi wide shot of young Five looking up at Merc, who meets his gaze.

Fade to black.

Fade into a scene in a military operations room where the Head Acolyte is showing Merc and Five a large holomap of the known galaxy.

HEAD: ...as you can see, young one, there are countless worlds that need our help. I wish to show you just how far away these filthy places lie.

Head Acolyte gestures to the map and it zooms on the Galactic south west. It keeps zooming in until it shows the Sojjúnh system.

HEAD: you should recognize this from your studies...

FIVE: yes, of course, Holiness. That is our glorious home!

HEAD: indeed! This space outside of us is called the "unknown regions" because those in the core fear exploring it. They do not know that it is us they should fear.

FIVE: fear? But I thought you said we will help them all!

HEAD: hahaha! My child, fear will cause the lost and angry rabble in this chaotic galaxy to realize they fight for nothing. Once they know you - and see the power of the Ìz - they will then respect you. And in time, they will love you as we love our Lord Soj-Ìz-Ahn.

Shots should cut back and forth between Head and Five.

Cut to Merc rolling his eyes at the "love" comment.

FIVE: I... understand.

HEAD: Good! This first part of your journey is what we call *reconnaissance*. You shall travel without your weapon and learn as much as you can about the wars of the core worlds. You will gain the trust of various contacts in the outer rim. It is in these lawless lands that the truth emerges.

MERC: Holiness, without weapons?

HEAD: without his Ìzkard. You both understand the attention such a thing would attract. You must blend in as two of the lost for the duration of this mission. When you return home in a few years time, it will be to train for the actual conquest. Then we shall reveal our full power to the galaxy! Now, you shall both retire. The morning comes quickly.

Cut to Merc and Five bowing simultaneously before turning and leaving the briefing room.

Cut to Head closing the holomap.

ONE: (OC) you know how I feel about this. It should never have been created.

One emerges from the shadows behind the Head Acolyte.

HEAD: don't let your feelings interfere, Eija. And fear not, Najj has been assigned to watch them during this first leg of the mission. If young Öta remains loyal, then his return home will be celebrated. If not, and he violates our secrecy, Najj will ensure he won't return home.

ONE: you don't seem to trust it either, Holiness. Why even risk sending it?

HEAD: you know how powerful he will become. Even if he doesn't stay loyal, as it were, the trace he leaves in the inner galaxy will forever be marked on Lord Nülja's memory. The confusion he may cause among the Resistance and First Order will work to our advantage. Our Lord's wishes are to be fulfilled. Don't be jealous of your little brother, Eija. It doesn't suit you.

ONE: it is not my brother.

Cut to Head smirking.

Wipe to the Clawcraft, screaming through a hyperspace tunnel.

MERC: (oc) How about I just call you Five. I don't like using 'Number' for a name, heh.

FIVE: Five is fine. I like it!

MERC: I once knew someone named 'Fives', so it'll come to me more naturally, I think.

(This is a CLONE WARS reference to the clone CT-5555).

Cut to dimly lit cockpit shot, Merc in the captain's chair. Blue light flickers off their faces from the hypertunnel.

FIVE:... he died, didn't he? Was he a friend?

MERC: (astonished) ...in a manner of speaking... he was one of my many brothers.

FIVE: ...you are like the Sàltoj?

MERC: Haha! (nervous laugh) Gungan Gods, no! I mean, I guess because we never really had a mother, but all these fathers, eh? The closest thing I can think of is that we were both made for war.

FIVE: ...I know nothing else. I was made to bring the Soj to glorious Destiny at... it was called Coruscant?

MERC: That is correct, son. Everyone seems to think Coruscant is the center of the Universe. Even its unknown enemies. Ha.

FIVE: What is out there, where you come from? I sense that you have something in the Core that you fear we will take from you. You are a champion of the Soj, now. You have nothing to fear. My brothers speak of you like family.

MERC: My Son. I can't exactly tell you what I worry about. I'm a soldier - I think about action rather than heart... but my heart has been changed by war... and all this... borrowed time.

FIVE: You do not like the gift of life extended the Soj have given you?

MERC: it's not a matter desire... I take it as yet another sign that my time in the Galaxy is not up. My first sign was that my inhibitor chip malfunctioned and did not kill me after I fled the Empire. I take things as they come... I can't see through the Force like you.

FIVE: That is what you call the Ìz?

MERC: ...forgive me, yeah, the Ìz is like the Force. Your Acolytes told me it was different, but if that would help me understand your strange powers, then...

FIVE: (excitedly interrupting) - Are there others like the Sàltoj in the core?

MERC: Not anymore - at least I don't know of any. You always worry the Sith, or something like it is behind it all, ha! (Thinking about the Sàltoj)... Anyways, there used to be many knights, dark and light, who

fought to rule this Galaxy. Thousands of years of never-ending conflict.

FIVE: ...and we will end that conflict and bring order to the Core Worlds. That is our destiny.

MERC: So it seems. There's a big, big world in the core. I'm taking you there, but you need to open your own doors to it.

Cut to Five, looking a little confused. Linger here as Merc speaks.

MERC: (oc) Then, you need to open your eyes...and your mind.

FIVE: My mind?

Cut between the guys chatting.

MERC: Look at me - think about what we were made for... we're the same. (Sigh) My Son. I'm not the best storyteller. But you can understand more by reading my mind. I know you can. I hope it will open yours. Come now, I'll let you in.

Merc closes his eyes. Cut to Five gesturing towards Merc's temple, closing his own eyes.

Montage time! Images of rebels, imperials, resistance, first order, thousands of clones alive and then dead, order 66, Jedi, sith, etc.

Five looks a little shaken, now.

FIVE: Is that why you're helping me?

MERC: they'll kill me if I don't escort you and remain... loyal. I can't really help you. But you can help all of them.

Cut to Five, enthusiasm waning, suddenly looking confused.

Beeping on the dash, cut to Aurabesh readout.

MERC: Well, here we are. Welcome to the Outer Rim.

Cut to the ship coming out of hyperspace.

Cut to Five's wide, blue eyes reflecting a bright orange disc in them.
The twin suns of Tatooine are in the distance.

Cut to an astonished Five.
Cut to Merc looking at Five.

MERC: Fives... He died forty years ago.

Cut to Five, looking sad.

Fade to black

Text Overlay
FIVE YEARS LATER

UNKNOWN REGIONS
BAJADÈCS
SOJJÙNH SYSTEM

Fade in to the bright planet disc of Bajadècs

MERC: (OC) don't be so nervous, Five! They can't suspect anything.

Cut to Five and Merc piloting the Clawcraft, Five in the pilot seat.

**FIVE: how can you be so calm? We basically committed treason by doing
what we did...**

**MERC: (sarcastically) what? Spreading the word of a greater threat to
the galaxy than the First Order? Arranging for illegal weapons to be
made in order to defeat that threat? Recruiting a sworn enemy for help?**

FIVE: you will not mention Yana...

MERC: No, you will not mention Yana.

(Five blushing)

**MERC: hahaha, relax. Look, I've been hiding my feelings from them for
decades and I'm weak to the Force. You need to "mind your feelings" or
whatever it is your type does to keep out of trouble with each other.
Yana and Ya'Praw are not even on the Saltòj's radar. And we'll keep it
that way. We've done everything they asked and more. The beacons are**

set and they can now invade Rattatak and Tatooine, taunting the First Order. Their pride will overtake any doubts.

FIVE: wait, what about Q? What about the droid?

MERC: calm down! We left him with Ya'Praw.

FIVE: right...okay, okay. They won't know. I trust... we will succeed. For starters, we should switch seats. They can't know you taught me how to fly, can they? We're almost home - I mean, *there*.

Cut to Merc smirking at Five's hesitation to call SOJJÛNH home, as the two switch seats in the cockpit.

Cut to clawcraft coming out of hyperspace to the SOJJÛNH system.

Wipe to a wide shot, audience with Soj-Ïz-Anh, Four, Three, Two, and One, The Head Acolyte, Leïtja, and a few other Acolytes. SOJ is flanked by his idiot guards. They are interviewing Five about the mission. Merc stands with the Acolytes.

SOJ:(as Nùlja)... Excellent my child. And you mentioned a third world of interest?

FIVE: yes, your majesty. Takodana. We heard from many traders that is a popular world for those escaping the core to the outer rim. Merc and I feel that it is worth keeping watch over as it is a supply hub and also a point of conflict for our major enemies, the Resistance and the First Order.

SOJ: (chuckles, the Acolytes and Knights chuckle with him) Major they are not, child! They are vermin the same as the rabble I had you and Merc consort with these past years.

FIVE: forgive me, lord. They do think they are in control, is all.

SOJ: all is well. They should remain arrogant and oblivious, the same. Tell me once more, though, about how the two of you were received.

FIVE: Merc's familiar face has fallen into legend. No one asked once about his past. As for my appearance, it was wise to remain within the outer rim. There is such a diversity of people... (five starts to get enthusiastic before noticing the tension in the room and calms down)...

Pardon me, so many different looking freaks hiding from the First Order that my skin was also never in question. There are few scholars, if any, where we explored. Money spoke to the ideals of many of our contacts.

SOJ: interesting. Avarice abound at even the base levels of society. Did you... encounter anyone like us?

FIVE: You fear there are defectors? No, I encountered no Soj people...(trying to hide his thoughts of Yana, a Chiss woman. The Chiss look similar to the SOJ). There are some like us, also from these regions, but darker, with red eyes. I did not speak with them as I heard they are sympathizers to the First Order. Most of the pirates we encountered were greedy and selfish, or otherwise they seemed to fear speaking of any allegiance. Many of the First Order's own defectors are just trying to scrape by in the outer rim. If I may, your majesty, they will never know what hit them when we arrive!

SOJ: Precisely, my child. Your Holiness! (Gestures to the Head Acolyte). Present our young warrior with his gifts!

The Head Acolyte snaps his gnarled fingers and the camera cuts to some workers guiding a levitating coffer towards the royal entourage. They present the box before Five and bow before leaving. The Head walks up to the controls on the box and taps them. It hisses, unlocking.

HEAD: well, child. Go ahead.

Cut to Five opening the box slowly, with astonishment (like getting a new item in Zelda games).

Cut to a shot of the contents: a spartan, but shiny Saltòj armour set, and an Ìzkard.

Cut to Five's face. He gulps, staring down at the sword.

SOJ: My son. Try the blade.

Five hesitates. The tension increases. He is hesitant because he has been steadfastly moving to the light side... and the Ìzkard literally pulls life from the wielder and uses dark energy in order to function.

Cut to a nervous Merc.

Cut to now frowning Acolytes and SOJ. The knight One tilts his head towards Five.

Cut to Five. His worried face turns to mean. He slowly lifts the Ìzkard and brings it to his face. He turns around and ignites it, careful not to point it at SOJ. He cringes and grits his teeth.

SOJ: it hurts, doesn't it child? It has been many years since you've held one. This was made especially for you. (Smirks). All of SOJJÙNH thanks you and Merc for your duty.

FIVE: (exhaling as he sheaths the blade) thank you, your majesty. It is our destiny.

Cut to Merc, sighing relief.

SOJ: come now. We all shall feast and celebrate! Our heroes must rest, for we shall begin the conquest imminently!

Wipe to an elite hall filled with Soj officials and military, musicians and dancers, state propaganda everywhere. Pan and cut throughout.

Cut to a last supper type table with the same royal elite from before. The Knights should be seated with their armour and helmets on, almost humorously. They are not eating. They are statuesque. Five and Merc are seated to Soj's left and Head and Leità are to the right.

SOJ: my child, although we celebrate tonight, I should have his Holiness explain a few things to you. Namely about your new gifts.

Cut to Five looking down at his armour. His helmet is on the table next to a half eaten meal while he nurses a drink.

HEAD: enjoy the look while you are home, child. But rather soon, you will return to the outer rim, in full regalia, to announce our coming. However, you must not show our cloth until you have secured Takodana.

Yes... we have taken interest in this world you mentioned. You will return as your false self and then reveal your full glory when the time is right. Your brothers will secure Rattatak and Tatooine following your work.

FIVE:... And when is this next mission?

HEAD: not for a few more years. We need your experience to be transferred to our army in Training, and this will take time.

Cut to a concerned Merc, noshing away at his meal.

SOJ: the procedure itself will not be taxing, but it will be daily and intensive. We shall imbue our soldiers with your new galactic knowledge, so they will know their enemy as you now do.

FIVE: Hm. And when do we begin? (Feigning enthusiasm).

HEAD: come morning, child. There is no time to waste.

FIVE: I see...

Five and Merc sneak a knowing glance at one another.

Cut to Five and Merc in the hall outside the convocation.

FIVE: what are they talking about? If they plug me in and look at my mind, I... we.. We have to go soon - now; tonight!

MERC: are you mad? They'll know immediately if we -

FIVE: they *already* know. I could tell when I took my blade. They knew I didn't want to hold it. We have to go -

MERC: calm down! You're sure they know?

FIVE: about me at least. I think they still trust you... so I understand if you won't come with me...

MERC: you are mad. Mad to think I'd ever leave you to fight this alone. If we're going, then we're going. No distractions, we just go, then.

FIVE:...now?

MERC: Now.

Wipe to Merc and Five sneaking up to the Clawcraft, heavily guarded.

MERC: damn. Six of 'em. How are we going to -

Five closes his eyes and raises both hands. Force rumble. All six guards fly into the hull of the ship and are knocked out.

MERC: ...oh. I see.

Cut to Five. He shrugs. Both men run to the ship.

Cut to cockpit. Merc is in the captain's chair frantically flipping switches. Five hops in the co-pilot chair. Blasters can be heard. Five runs back.

FIVE: I've got this!

Five runs outside and confronts backup guards. He ignites the Ìzkard and deflects a few bolts, hitting the dubious soldiers, before cutting down the penultimate guard. He looks down at the Ìzkard before throwing it at the last guard, impaling his chest.

Cut to a shot of the guard dying with the Ìzkard in his chest. Cut to Five looking disdainfully at the sword before running back into the ship.

Cut to the cockpit.

MERC: grab the sticks, I gotta do something!

FIVE: quite a symbolic exit for us, eh?

MERC: yeah... (looks out the windscreen at the glowing Ìzkard in the guard's chest; their lifeless corpse slumped on their knees). Leaving that, then?

FIVE: we don't need that anywhere near us. Its evil will only guide them.

MERC: gotcha. I've got to override the in-hangar tractor so we can make the jump. When I say so, punch it!

FIVE: right.

Cut to Merc flipping a panel open in another part of the ship. Sparks, etc. He moves a few wires around.

MERC: ready?

FIVE: ready!

MERC:...four...three...two...one...

Cut to Five pushing a lever forward. Cut to clawcraft screaming into hyperspace, out of the Soj hangar.

Cut to the Knights, Acolytes, and Soj-Ìz-Anh arriving in the hangar only to witness the escape.

HEAD: fighters! In pursuit! Now!

SOJ: no... let them go. Let them think they deceived us.

HEAD: your Majesty?

SOJ: number Four...

Four steps forward and turns towards Soj-Ìz-Anh

SOJ: be prepared to pursue them. It will take time; you must be patient not to reveal us, lest you reveal the Soj. You will first follow, then send us your reconnaissance. Only once you have seen him with your own eyes will you engage.

Four bows and before exiting, he looks over at the guard with the Ìzkard in his chest. Cut to a close up of the Ìzkard sheathing and falling to the ground. Cut to four exiting.

Head Acolyte relaxes and looks to Leità. Leità returns the glance and then stands up tall.

Cut to Soj-Ìz-Anh grimacing.

Fade to black.

●●●●●

Text Overlay

PART IV: REASONS TO LIVE, REASONS TO DIE

Bright orange disc, two suns in the distance.

TATOOINE,
OUTER RIM TERRITORIES, 30ABY

Fade in

Overhead shot of Five sleeping, slowly pulling out from his face. It's older Five, from 30aby.

Pulling back from the bed reveals he is not alone. A beautiful Chiss woman (Ay'an'arora, or Yana) lies next to him, on her side, facing away.

Five wakes up, gasping.

Cut to his partner appearing behind him, sympathetic and affectionate.

YANA: ...Dream? Or terror?

FIVE: ... memory. It was Merc who brought me here again, after our one trip home. It was here, on Tatooine, where I first met you. Heh. You tried to kill me!

YANA: It was my job, at the time ... he was a good man. Strong. And I know he became like a father. I am sorry for your loss.

He closes his eyes. She gets up, covering herself and exiting the frame left as Five stands up.

Cut to Five from the back (clearly pulling up pants) in the distance and Yana in the foreground, now robed.

She is preparing blue milk. Her dwelling is similar to the standard sandstone huts on Tatooine, but the bedroom is the living room is the kitchen. Yana lives by modest means.

FIVE: ...you feel conflicted by his death.

YANA: (looks a bit pissed off) I hurt for you. Before you met me, he was a target of mine. We tried many times to kill each other, before you came along. I don't know how to feel at this moment.

Cut to opposite angle and Yana now facing Five on the bed, holding her drink.

YANA: But... I am with you until the end. (Takes a swig of milk) I am afraid I cannot be of any use to my employer anymore - not after I know what is coming here. The First Order is the last thing on my mind.

FIVE: ...Thank you. I know you are not doing this for me, but for everyone in this Galaxy.

YANA: In many ways, yes. (Pause) In many ways, I am still as selfish as ever.

FIVE: Yana... you are not -

YANA: Öta. Stop. I need to know if you have ever read my mind.

FIVE: I promised you I would never -

Cut to close-up of Yana's stern face. Her red eyes are fixed on Five.

Cut to five, standing, back still turned, pulling on a shirt.

FIVE: - I can feel your eyes, and I can feel your fears, but I have never broken that promise. What's troubling you beyond the coming war?

Cut to Yana, still staring. She takes a gulp of milk and then places the glass on the counter.

YANA: I can't tell you, yet. Answer me this, please: do you feel anyone else around us? With us?

FIVE: We have secured this place with the ships' cloaks! We will not be found.

(YANA is desperately hiding something from Five, but she sees his misunderstanding of her paranoia as proof he hasn't broken his promise, nor that he knows there is something she's hiding).

YANA: ... do you trust me?

FIVE: I love you!

Cut to Five turning and stepping towards Yana. He stops, sensing she'd rather keep her distance.

Cut to Yana, arms crossed.

YANA: I know. But I did not ask you that. Do you trust me?

Cut to Five, sincerely worried. Gaze fixed on Yana.

FIVE: ... I will admit, it took time, considering you tried to kill me.
But yes, yes, I trust you.

Cut back to Yana, a little more relaxed. She seems accepting.

YANA: What will you do when this is over? They are coming for you. If they get you, the Galaxy will suffer a fate worse than what the First Order is promising.

FIVE: You have your own life to worry about for the same reasons. I don't plan on dying, Yana. And I don't plan on being a vessel for Nùlja's resurrection, either.

YANA: I'm not so sure Lord Nùlja's plans coincide with yours. My people have been the only true ally of The Empire, since its inception, and continue to refuse subjugation. Today, the First Order is risen. The Soj are descended from the Chiss, yet neither of our people have anything but self-interest. The Chiss also believe in never striking first - in fact, it is law.

FIVE: Are you saying we should just wait around until the Dominion arrives and see what happens? After what happened on am-am-siak, I'd say they are already here.

Cut to Yana, relaxing a little bit, but keeping her distance.

YANA: The armies will wear one another thin. He wants that more than he wants you... It's Nùlja I fear. I was born under the shadows of the Empire... and even now, a new darkness stirs within the First Order. But it is not like Nùlja...

Cut back to Five, waxing philosophic about his purpose.

FIVE: What bothers me more than anything is what I heard Nàjj - Number Four, say to Merc before killing him. He called him a traitor, rather than I. Merc once told me that the Sàltoj paired me with him because

they absolutely trusted him. It was me, their own creation, that they did not trust from the start. He protected me. He... He sacrificed everything for me. I must honour that. By Soj and Cs, I just left his body there!

YANA: ... It sounds like you want revenge, to me.

FIVE: Yana, I...

YANA: I was an assassin for them for twenty years; since I was ten. We Chiss grow rapidly, but age slowly. Seems you Soj are the same... but even still, you are like a little boy. I've seen what evil lies at the heart of The Empire and now the First Order - they might as well be the Sàltoj - but not as bad. This isn't about you being the hero...

Cut to Five, eyes locked with Yana, listening intently, furrowed brow.

YANA: (continued) ... If you seek revenge when you confront the Sàltoj, you may fall to the Dark Side, completely. Now that I am free from that evil, I will never go back. I told you I'm still as selfish as ever. I hope you understand that. Merc sacrificed himself for you. He did what he had to to buy you time - but I won't.

FIVE: You said you'd be with me until the end...

YANA: If you go Dark... that is the end.

Cut to close-up of Five in profile. He lowers his chin slightly and blinks & gulps. His jaw is clenched.

Fade to black.

Fade into New Hope Homage shot of Five standing outside the dwelling, desert sands whipping past while he watches the double sunrise of Tatooine. Yana emerges from the dwelling and stands beside Five.

FIVE: Tatooine was the first world I saw outside of The Dominion. It is a special place, if blighted. The Force is strong, here. Sons and daughters have been born of it, here, in this desert. The suns remind me of Soj and Cs, back home.

YANA: Is that really home anymore?

FIVE: Home... huh... I'm not reading your mind, I promise. But you sound like you want to run. I'm tired of running, Yana.

YANA: Öta... I don't want you to think you are someone I *wouldn't* die for. I'd rather die with you. But I want us to live, and disappearing is the only way I know how. But you... no, you cannot run and hide anymore.

Cut to five, turning his head towards Yana.
Cut back to Yana.

YANA: I have always lived my life with a way out. I've never been forced into a corner until now. I want you to be with me - but you can't - not until you destroy Nùlja. But you cannot destroy him with anger in your heart. Not if you wish to save your people... or at least save us.

Cut to close-up of Five. Profile. Staring off at the Suns rising, daylight pouring in.

YANA: Öta... it's time to let you in. You will understand.

Yana takes Five by the hand and they look each other in the eyes. She places his hands purposefully on her belly.

Five shuts his eyes.

Montage time! Quick flashes of Yana flying off to an unknown planet, uncovering a hidden dwelling, setting up shop, giving birth, a small girl who looks like Five...

Cut to Five, holding tears, hyperventilating.
Cut to Yana.

YANA: Öta. You must defeat them.

Cut to extreme close-up of Five's eyes opening.

Cut to similar blue eyes, but it's Soj-Ïz-anh.
Zoom out slowly, cut to Soj-Ïz-anh, the head Acolyte and Leitja, and two Royal Guards, plus Numbers Two and Three.

Cut once more to show them high up on a balcony, overlooking a massive ceremonial army and citizens.

Text overlay.

EMPEROR'S COURT
BAJÀDECS, CAPITAL OF SOJJÙNH

Cut back to behind Soj-Ìz-anh stepping towards the balcony, about to make a speech.

Cut to an Acolyte leaning in to advise Soj-Ìz-anh before the speech.

AC3: your Grace, remember that they must not know of Number Four's demise nor Five's betrayal.

SOJ: Of course, my child.

Cut to Soj-Ìz-anh smirking.

Throughout the speech, cut between the troops, civilians and the authority (the speech should be a little less melodramatic than Hux's Über Hitler TFA rant).

SOJ:

My children...

For millennia, you have known nothing but the purity of our ways. You have heard stirrings of conquest, no doubt. Indeed, we will conquer; the destiny of the Dominion of Soj lies at the core of a rotting fruit. But it is still ripe, ripe for our picking. Our glorious way is the only way. These Core dwellers are lost souls; hungry beasts, feasting blindly on one another.

There is a so called First Order. They will be the last of their kind. There is a Resistance; but us... us, the Dominion of Soj; they will not resist.

The Riff Raff and rabble we have seen on the fringes will coalesce with the glorious destiny of the Soj. The ashes and dust will form new worlds. They are orphans who need a home. The false authority within

**the Core will bend knee before us, the Soj, the only true rulers of
this Galaxy.**

Cut to uproarious cheering amidst the civilians.
Cut back to Soj-Ìz-anh, pausing with satisfaction.

**Yes, my children, our glory will beset on all corners of this horrid
Core, and we will bring these worlds to us. You have all been loyal to
I, your father, and to our grandfather and grandmother, Soj and Cs.
(Gestures to the sky) Let their radiance enlighten this spiraling
ignorance.**

Cut to crowd of civilians.
Huge chant from crowd; indistinct.

**In a matter of hours, Kettö and Jàro of The Grand Warriors of the
Sàltoj will lead our armies to the Outer Rim Territories: Lawless
places most in need of our care. Their dear brothers, Nàjj and Öta, are
already amongst the madness, awaiting our arrival.**

Cut to Acolytes looking shifty...
Cut back to Soj-Ìz-anh.

**And Soj Brother Number One, Eijà,
will remain here in glorious Sojjùnh, to protect all of you, my
children.**

Cut to Deputy Head Acolyte smiling all nasty-like
Cut back to Soj-Ìz-anh.

This is for you. To the glory of The Soj!

Cut to more uproarious cheering amidst the civilians.
Cut back to Soj-Ìz-anh.

AC3: Your... Majesty, His Holiness has sent a message.

Soj-Ìz-anh twitches into Nùlja form.

SOJ: ... Go on.

**AC3: He is preparing to restrain Number One so you may use him as a
catalyst, should Number Five ultimately resist.**

SOJ: So it has come to this.

AC3: Your Majesty, you must leave the remainder to His Grace. You need to rest on Érdj for the coming storm.

SOJ: So be it.

Cut to wide shot of armies and civilians in the courtyard, and an armada of ships in the sky, against the discs of Soj and Cs.

Wipe to Érdj disc against the purple nebula with Érdj Station in foreground.

Title overlay.

Sàltoj FACILITY
CLOAKED PLANET ÉRDJ,
SOJJÛNH SYSTEM

ONE: (oc) THIS IS MADNESS! I SHOULD BE AT THE FRONTLINES, HUNTING DOWN THAT TRAITOR!

Cut to station interior, large hall with tons of high tech equipment. One stands in the center of the room, surrounded by Acolytes, lead by the Head.

Cut to One, gesticulating wildly and angrily.

ONE: HOLINESS! You cannot do this to me!

HEAD: One, my son, calm yourself -

ONE: DON'T "My Son" me! I do not deserve to be imprisoned during our time of glory!

HEAD: ONE. YOU ARE NOT YOURSELF. You are a child of Nùlja; you do as is his will.

Cut to One, trembling, but calming down. He stands sternly, and lowers his head slightly.

Cut to Head, sinister smile beneath hood.

HEAD: Good! You must know this is for the glory of all Soj. You will become one with Nùlja... as if you weren't already.

Cut to One, now still. His fists open as his arms fall slowly to his sides.

HEAD: Now, be still. The binding will only take a moment.

Cut to semi-wide shot of the Acolytes surrounding One. They all raise their arms and begin a low chant. Cut to the Head raising his arms, fingertips starting to crackle with purple electricity.

Cut to One, looking as shocked as he can beneath his helmet. Cut to close-up up on his right hand, fingers twitching.

Quick cuts between lightning beginning to flow from the Head Acolyte and One deploying his saber.

One draws his blade, and leaps forward, aiming for the Head Acolyte. The other Acolytes start shooting lightning at One, trying to slow him down, but it is too late:

ONE: HrrrrAAAAAGH! (Slashes down at the Head Acolyte, across his chest).

The Head Acolyte screams and falls back, lightning shooting around, disrupting many of the systems, including illumination. Lights begin to flicker and strobe, with the main light source coming from the lightning.

ONE: I am meant to rule the Soj! Lord Nùlja cannot even control a mere boy!

HEAD: FINISH IT! MY CHILDREN!

The Acolytes manage to restrain One, holding him at bay with their lightning. He drops his Ìzkard, extinguishing it. Using the last of his strength, the Head Acolyte lifts One high in the air and slams him into the far wall.

He then uses his other hand to bring coils of wires and panels of metal to crucify One against the far wall. Purple smoke and electricity can be seen, crawling all over One, the Acolytes, and the room in general.

Cut to wide shot of the station, crawling with the same electricity, beginning to capsize in space.

Cut back to the interior.

One has slumped, acquiescing to purgatory. All the Acolytes recoil in exhaustion. Leïtja rushes to the Head Acolyte's side.

HEAD: It is done. He is bound... set the station to minimal life support. Divert all other systems, as such, to serve our lord; it may be some time before his resurrection...

LEÏTJA: Your Holiness...

HEAD: I am spent... but... it... is... done... (expires).

The Head Acolyte slumps lifelessly in Leïtja's arms. She lowers him and composes herself.

The other Acolytes come to, and stand, staring at her.

LEÏTJA: You heard his Holiness! Or at least you felt his wishes - go, now! Secure the station! We must re-group, immediately!

Leïtja assumes leadership, and the Acolytes follow suit.
Cut to a mad scramble of robed figures in strobe light as the Acolytes run to secure Érdj.

Cut to Leïtja staring up at One, the Head Acolyte crumpled at her feet, as the station rumbles and alarms.

Fade to black.

●●●●●

PART V: NEARSIGHTED, FROM FAR, FAR AWAY

Faint sounds of intermittent blasters and the shuffle of warfare can be heard.

Fade into disc of a rusty coloured planet.
Title overlay.

RATTATAK, 31ABY
OUTER RIM TERRITORIES

Cut smoky skyline of a town on Rattatak.

Soj banners fly everywhere, and troops patrol the ground of a hamlet,
converted into a base.

The fighting is off in the distance.

Camera follows a Soj officer accompanied by two armoured soldiers,
heading to a makeshift office in a local building.

**OFFICER: (oc) Sir, we have the prisoner in custody in the west
barracks.**

Cut to face the officer standing with his soldiers. The background
interior should be a homely, local flavour, strewn with military
equipment and holo-screens.

Cut to a dark figure, helmeted and caped, standing with his back to the
officer. He is examining a holo-screen.

THREE: Tell me again how our troops managed to detain him...

Cut between Three and the Officer throughout the conversation. There
will be visions of the struggle described by the officer flashing
throughout. Three is recalling the events upon hearing the
descriptions, through the Force.

**OFFICER: Our initial invasion unit was directed to a planet called
Takodana, a haven for smugglers, bounty hunters and pirates.
Apparently, Number Five was resupplying at Takodana, before planning on
disrupting operations in Sojjùnh, directly. He was planning on
attacking alone.**

Flashes of Takodana's lush landscape and planet disc.

**OFFICER: Number Two felt a disturbance... the trace led him to this
place. He felt Number Five had either been there or was hopefully,
currently there.**

Flashes of Two on a command ship, giving orders.

**OFFICER: Number Two's reconnaissance unit remained undetected by the
locals throughout the investigation. The fugitive was accompanied by a
Chiss woman -**

Flashes of Yana and Five, heading towards their ships, hidden in a clearing in the forest.

THREE: She was an assassin for the First Order... Five was one of only two marks that she could not kill... he, and our Mercenary from the Clone Wars.

OFFICER:...Sir?

THREE: Continue, Commander.

OFFICER: Sir... as I was saying. This woman has apparently helped the Fugitive for many years since his apparent defection. Number Two's reconnaissance unit intercepted Number Five and his companion before they could reach their ships...

Flashes of five Soj assassins, uncloaking before the fugitive couple.

THREE: But...

Flashes of Yana and Five kicking ass. The assassins are armed with similar pikes to the ones seen earlier during Five's training on Majjr.

OFFICER: ...but it seemed that they got the better of our soldiers. That is, until Number Five's compassion for his companion got the better of him.

Cut to a shot of Three, lit by the holo-screen, in the foreground.

OFFICER: Number five destroyed our lead assassin with a blade similar to the İzkard. The Chiss woman managed to kill two of our own assassins before Number Five apparently shouted for her to run for her life. This distraction allowed the remaining three men to subdue Number Five.

Flashes of the above scene description. The two assassins jab Five in the ribs repeatedly with the pikes, his armour protecting him, but the jabs ultimately shock him and dropping him to his knees. Yana looks back once as she runs to her ship, which automatically uncloaks in her presence.

THREE: And now we have him in custody. How could he be taken so easily?

OFFICER: Sir, given what I know of his powers, I'm still astonished my-

THREE: Fool! He allowed his own capture. It is the only explanation.

Cut to the Officer, looking kind of stupid and embarrassed.

THREE: My little brother has always shown no preference for the true nature of the İz. This balance he seeks... he allowed his capture for two reasons, Commander: His compassion for a woman, and to insert himself before the Såltoj, directly. Now why would he do that?

OFFICER: Sir? (Cocky) Perhaps he is as bold as ever and believes he can defeat you.

THREE: Never underestimate the power of the İz, Commander. What condition is he in?

Cut to a very dimly lit cell in a dusty room. God rays and dappled light can be seen playing against a crucified figure. Electrical humming can be heard. It is Five. His wrists and ankles are clamped with lightly buzzing restraints. He is wearing a crown that restrains him in a similar way. The faint light from the restraints helps light the scene. He is very beat up.

Cut to an entourage consisting of Three, the Officer and the two soldiers, plus a prison guard. The guard is armed with a pike.

THREE: Hmmm. And where is the Clawcraft?

OFFICER: Number Two took it aboard his gunship. They are scouring its records for information, perhaps the destination of the Chiss woman. Guard, Wake him up.

The guard jabs at Five's neck with the pike, shocking him awake, gurgling and spitting up, coughing.

Cut to Three's helmeted face, looking displeased.

THREE: ENOUGH! That is not necessary. All of you, leave us.

OFFICER: Sir, is that such a -

Force rumble.

THREE: NOW.

The entourage sheepishly and fearfully leave Three in the cell with Five. Cut between Five and Three in conversation.

THREE: Kijtestvér...czörnyen nézelmah.
(st: Little brother. You look terrible).

FIVE: (cough laughing) Czörnyen érezmih!
(st: I feel terrible!).

THREE: Könjább becszél Basikey? (angry) Tönjkmah hoh inkább atz hoh Soj!
(st: Shall we speak in Basic? You seem to prefer it to Soj!)
(lit: Is Basic easier to speak? ...)

FIVE: I do prefer Basic, Jàro. More people can understand it... the more people that can understand... the more understanding people become. The nearsightedness of the Soj will end in ruin. I doubt this little invasion will even register in the chronicles of the Core.

THREE: You know we suspected you would leave us from the moment you were born. Such is the wont of the youngest of five. The Fifth Son of the Sàltoj has always been a rebel.

FIVE: ...then why let me go in the first place? How could none of you - so powerful with Ìz - not feel the conflict in Merc's warm heart?

THREE: Merc never betrayed his duty as a soldier. We never felt the need to enter his soul, and... admittedly, we never foresaw your bond with him. As for you, Lord Nùlja always felt that you would see the error of the lawlessness of these... other worlds. Like many parents, he blindly put all of his faith into his youngest.

FIVE: You keep speaking of us as if we were actually a family...

THREE: I felt as though we were, for a time.

FIVE: (getting angrier... dark forces stirring) Lord Nùlja, His Holiness, Leitàja; The Sàltoj - Is NOT a family. It is NOT my family...

THREE: Hahaha! Do you speak of the Mercenary and that Chiss Woman? How touching.

FIVE: (rumbling the room; his restraints begin to buckle) If only you knew...

Five begins to break free from the restraints just as Three catches him with the Force.

THREE: Please, little brother. You are weak. You need rest.

Three uses his powers to stop Five, and cause him to pass out again (like Kylo to Rey on Takodana in TFA). Five slumps on the floor.

THREE: Guards!

Cut to guards rushing in.

THREE: Take the prisoner to my gunship. It's time I had a little talk with Number Two.

Wipe to a massive Soj Gunship armada above Rattatak.
Cut to the bridge. Three is conversing with Two via hologram.

THREE: Bölctestvér. (st: Big Brother lit: Wise Brother) Have you found anything of significance aboard Number Five's craft?

TWO: Kijtestvér. (st: Little Brother) They were very careful to erase all flight records and any automatic holo-chronicling from the ship's security. Knowing how strategic the Chiss can be, I trust the Woman planned around ever leaving any trace. She is of little concern for the moment.

THREE: I would reevaluate how you feel about the woman, Bölctestvér. There were no records to be chronicled, but she did leave a trace of something...

TWO: ...you sensed Ìz around her?

THREE: I sensed it through Number Five, not around her. It is within her... But not from her.

TWO: ... I see. It seems our traitorous "Little Brother" has a reason greater than himself to cause such galactic mischief.

THREE: Lord Nùlja will be most pleased with this development...

TWO: Father will not know. Do you understand?

**THREE: But this could mean a new vessel for his return! Fresh,
uninfluenced by -**

**TWO: Kijtestvér. Do not trouble our Father with more complexity. He
will know when he needs to know... if he does not know, already.**

Three is concerned with Two's attitude. He fears he may be developing
the same selfishness that One did.

THREE: Kettö...

**TWO: Jàro! Enough. I will leave my armada here, at Rattatak. I will
personally fly to you and we will present our "Little Brother",
Clawcraft and all, to Lord Nùlja and Lady Leítja. Her Holiness will
know how to bring Öta back to us. Can your Officers manage in your
absence?**

THREE... (reluctantly) Of course, Bölctestvér.

Wipe to Five, strung up in an interrogation room. He is wearing only
his tattered undercloth. His armour and sabers lie against the wall.

Three and Two enter sliding triangular doors. Guards can be seen
outside the room.

Five awakens and notices his brothers.

**FIVE: Time for school already? Lucky I was close to Jàro, or you might
not have found me. But why take the ship, Kettö?**

**TWO: It was not luck you were so close. That is Father's will. As for
the ship, it could be flown to me. You may have awoken before then, and
I know your temper when you awaken, Kijtestvér.**

Cut to five, smirking.

Cut to Three glancing at Five's equipment. He raises a hand. Cut to the
sabers, linked, wriggling and then flying towards Three. He catches it,
effortlessly.

**THREE: These... Njaìzkard... do not respond to me. I guess they only like
you.**

FIVE: They are alive, and yes, they know your ìz.

THREE: So like you, to try and tame a wild beast you have never known.
Haha. Seems the other one, she got away.

Cut to Five, pissed off at the comment.

THREE: Why, Kijtestvér, do you hate the Soj, so? Why do you dishonor
your heritage?

FIVE: Hmph. Do you know what the names are, of those *wild beasts* of
mine you hold? SOJ... and CS.

Cut to the elder brothers looking taken aback, as well as one can in
masked armour.

FIVE: Yes, my brothers. Named for our suns... named for the only two
beings, in all of Sojjùnh, who don't care about any of Nùlja's Bantha
Poodoo!

TWO: ÖTA!

(St: FIVE!) (Pointing at him)

FIVE: (eyes going dark... body snaking with purple electricity and black
smoke) Hahaha! I thought this darkness inside was to eat me alive... but
now I know why I never fully lost the ìz...

Cut between Two and Three, now genuinely frightened.

FIVE:... I am meant to share it with YOU!

Cut to Three holding the sabers. They suddenly Ignite, spinning away
from Three, almost killing him. They fly towards Five. Show a singular
cut of the spinning blade destroying the restraints holding Five, and
then spinning into his hands like he was casually catching a Frisbee.

Cut to Two and Three simultaneously igniting their ìzkards.

Cut back to Five, spinning with the force of catching the blades,
dropping with a thud.

Cut to the clawcraft and 8T-CQ messily exiting the hangar in which they are being held.

Cut to outside the cell. The thud shakes the whole room. The guards react and open the door.

Cut to interior cell. Door opening behind Two and Three. Troops rush in.

Cut to Five, rising. As he rises, his armour flies in bits, attaching around him (like Iron Man).

He taps his arm a few times before composing himself, to summon Q and the ship. The Soj, like the Chiss, do not use droids and never even considered Five's co-pilot as a threat. The Soj are ignorant to the significance of droids.

The troops rush Five, and he cuts both in half with one quick spin of his saberstaff.

Without fully describing this scene, it is basically the Darth Maul sequence in reverse: The outnumbered guy, with the staff, is going to put the pressure on these two and kill them both in spectacular ways. They can't handle him. They underestimated him. This is the whole point of the good guy who uses dark when he has to.

As Five is fighting, cut between Soj ships over Tatooine and Rattatak grouping in preparation to make the jump to hyperspace. Smoking debris from First Order ships, and stormtrooper corpses can be seen floating about in zero G. Cut to a monstrous flagship. Cut to the bridge. Soj-Ìz-anh is in a throne on the bridge. He goes from Grace to Majesty. A female voice should start saying:

FVO: All ships prepare to make the jump to hyperspace in Five...

Cut to Five slashing at the camera with his saberstaff. Cut to wide shot of him just slashing through the corridors, frightened troops running away from the three fighting knights.

FVO: Four...

Cut to more ships aligning.

FVO: Three...

Cut to Five swinging so hard at Three, he knocks his ìzkard away, plunging it into a troop's back. He then manages to cleave him in half from the right shoulder to left hip.

FVO: Two...

Cut to Five jamming the opposite end of his saberstaff, on the upswing, right through Two, lifting him to the ceiling of the corridor.

FVO: One...

Cut to angle down the hall, in front of Five. He drops Two. The background should be littered with troop bodies and destruction.

Five taps his arm. He rushes an airlock and slashes it open. He faces the camera and allows himself to be pulled by the vacuum into space.

- Cut to Five's mask before he gets sucked out.

PITCH BLACK.

●●●●●

Pan to station silhouetted against the gas giant, Érdj.

Text overlay

32ABY

ONE YEAR LATER

Speck (ship) seen cutting across planet disc towards station

Semi wide shot of ship entering hangar of derelict station

PITCH BLACK

Light cuts vertically as doors slide open, revealing Five's helmeted face

Pull back sleazy angle shot of Five silhouetted in the doorway

Cut to Five standing in a giant space at the edge of what would be an extending bridge.

Ultra wide shot of cavernous room with Five standing across the threshold.

Cut to close-up of Five in profile

Cut back to wide, Five dives again, shooting across to the massive doors on the other side.

Cut to graceful, soft landing at the gates.

Cut to shot from behind Five looking up at the massive triangular doors.

Cut to dusty black; background is hard to make out. Five's hand rises into frame, dimly lit.

Cut to waist up behind Five, arms extended, trembling. Change focus from FG to BG, showing the doors starting to slide open, laboriously, ice and debris fall from the edges.

Cut to Five collapsing to his knee and fist, heaving.

Cut to close-up of Five raising his head.

PITCH BLACK.

Beep.

FIVE: Hey, Q. See if you can get enough of a readout from the terminal by the ship to close this door. I don't want what's in here getting out.

Cut to 8T-CQ in the back of the Clawcraft, beeping and whirring.

FIVE: (oc) No, gravity is fine in here, and I'll take care of lights. Just get the doors at my coordinates. Opening them took a lot out of me...

Pan down as 8T-CQ drops out of the ship, onto the tarmac. Wide shot of the droid wheeling away from the parked ship, towards the main door terminal.

PITCH BLACK.

Faint white triangle in the distance.

Humming sound; suddenly Five's glowing hand is illuminating his shiny helmet, flickering like a white candle.

Cut to the dessicated corpse of the Head Acolyte on the floor, eerily lit by Five.

Cut to five. He is startled.

Cut to the massive doors slamming shut.

Cut to 8T-CQ. The thud was heard outside. The droid hasn't patched in yet and is confused.

Cut to Five. His arm is beeping.

FIVE: That wasn't you? Somehow I doubt it was a malfunction.

Cut to the light from Five's hand scanning over the floor, past the body. He hovers for a moment over what looks like the hilt of a heavy ìzkard. One can imagine the blade being thick and cleaver-like. He then begins to scan up the wall.

Pan up to reveal a scary image of One, crucified, in the pitch black, lit only by Five's unique power.

Cut to Five, astonished. The lights start flickering on, around him.

Cut to lights flickering around One, showing the machinery binding him, but no noticeable purple, smoky glow.

Cut to wide shot showing Five looking up at One, who is about 20ft up. The body and ìzkard can be seen more clearly now.

FIVE: HEY! WAKE UP! I KNOW THAT WAS YOU!

Cut to One, motionless.

Cut back to Five.

FIVE: I guess you need a little help getting up from such a long slumber...

close-up of hand raising in frame, but this time, crackling with electricity.

Cut to wide shot of Five using Force lightning on One. One convulses and screams.

Cut to Five withdrawing.

Cut to a smoking One, coughing through his mask.

ONE: Odd. Such reckless use of shadow, for one who seeks to rid himself of it.

Cut back and forth from Five to One.

Five removes his helmet before saying the following line.

FIVE: Why waste useful techniques? Certainly got your attention.

ONE: And now that you have it...

FIVE: I feel as though you are the only source of answers I have left in the Galaxy.

ONE: What would you ask?

FIVE: Was it you who called the Armada back, a year ago?

ONE: ... no. It was Lord Nùlja.

FIVE: But through you...

ONE: Don't get ahead of yourself, Kijtestvér. Ask the next question.

FIVE: Why did Nùlja call the ships back when two key Outer Rim worlds were secured?

ONE: Because Nùlja foresaw you slaying your brothers. Their losses, witnessed by our soldiers, was crippling. The retreat also served to baffle an already confused First Order. Mystery is the way of the Soj.

FIVE: Fine. A perfect excuse. But this whole opera seems like a waste of lives and resources... because of me.

ONE: Indeed, because of you, hahaha! You do not seem to understand your importance, Kijtestvér. They separated us because they knew that if it came to it, I would cut you down. The pride of the Acolytes had them turn you loose... just to see what would happen.

FIVE: When I learned that I was to be a vessel for Nùlja's resurrection, that was my turning point. Not Yana, not even Merc. I felt sympathy, but I was still just curious about the Core, then. I don't align with the Resistance, and I could not care less about the ideals of the First Order.

ONE: I'm so happy for you, knowing where you stand. Do you have any more questions?

FIVE: If I'm the one they designed as a vessel, then why am I not bound, as you are? Why you?

ONE: If only His Holiness were here, (cut to the corpse, cut back) he could answer that - from Lord Nùlja's point of view. I already told you why we were separated. Had they bound you instead, I may have cut you down as you have come to do to me, this day.

FIVE: What makes you think I've come to kill you?

ONE: Kijtestvér, please... why wouldn't you kill me? Besides your shameful corpse, I am Lord Nùlja's last link to this physical realm.

His Grace's body is too weak with the Ìz to ever contain Nùlja. Besides, we still need him as a puppet. The conquest of the Core is far from over. Patience is another virtue of the Soj, but I admit, I have never been that patient... Had the Acolytes granted me the power I deserved, we would not be so delayed. And you - you would have been disciplined, or dead.

FIVE: Ha. And I am neither. At least not the discipline of the Sàltoj.

ONE: My little brother. I am telling you right now. You must kill me if you have any hope of saving these pathetic souls from Father. I can feel your hesitation... I can feel your doubts. You fear that if you kill again, as you already have your own kin, you will fall fully into shadow.

FIVE: Perhaps. Perhaps my hesitation lies along the same curiosity that caused the Acolytes to misjudge my nature. Perhaps I just want to see

what happens. Tell me, Bölctestvér. Why the puppetry with His Grace?
Our father... is he even real, or has it just been you this whole time?

ONE: Search your feelings, young Padawan...

Five is losing his temper a bit... the station begins to shake.

FIVE: DON'T MOCK ME!

**ONE: Ooooh... are we becoming a little bit unhinged? Hahaha. It seems iz
still has you in its dark embrace. I'd be careful, little brother. Our
moorings are also loosening.**

**FIVE: You know what, brother. I want to look you in the eyes. It has
been... in fact I don't think I have ever looked you in the eyes.**

Cut to Five, looking pissed off. He raises his hand and rips One's
helmet off with the Force. Then he recklessly pulls the bound One off
the wall and brings him face-to face. One is still bound, however.

Purple smoke can be seen trailing from the wreckage.

Cut to profile shot of the clones, staring into one another's face.
They look identical. One, however, is pallid, bald, and has pale eyes.

FIVE: Are you Nùlja?

ONE: I should be, shouldn't I?

FIVE: Just answer me. Are you Nùlja?

**ONE: ... I will admit, though I have been watching you over the years, I
have never been able to commune with Father. I'm not even sure he is
real, anymore. No. I am not Nùlja... but I am his first clone.**

Cut back to the wide shot of the brothers staring at each other.

Cut to station exterior. 8T-CQ is plugged into the terminal. Beeps and
blips.

Cut back to interior. Beeps. FIVE checks his arm. Cut to forearm,
Aurabesh text.

FIVE: Look, pal. I know the place is falling apart. We'll be done here, soon.

Cut to One, smirking and raising an eyebrow.

ONE: Your little artificial friend? You really are a core-dweller, now! Haha. Droids. Please!

FIVE: Had the Soj embraced such technology, they'd probably already rule the Galaxy. My little artificial friend has saved my skin a number of times, and I am supposed to be a superior creation. Ha. The arrogance of our people truly shows. Perhaps they should have made me a droid. Built-in, infallible loyalty.

ONE: At least you admit your disloyalty. I spoke out against your enhancements when you were but a seed. His Holiness loved you more than any other Sàltoj.

FIVE: Hm. You would never know what love is. You have never experienced it. You may be the ultimate concentration of the Ìz... but I know the Force. It holds me in a warm embrace and it speaks to me from my very soul. The Force is responsible for my union with Yana. The Force is my Father; not Nùlja. And it is telling me that you are afraid.

ONE: Ha. What could I possibly fear, now?

FIVE: You are afraid of Nùlja. You want his power, but you do not want to be him.

Cut to one. He is no longer smirking and being cocky. He sighs, closes his eyes and lowers his head.

ONE: ... shall we see what... happens when you ask your final question?

Cut to Five. He smirks; corner smile.

FIVE: Very well. What do you think of all of this...

Cut to One, eyes still shut, but tightly. He is clenching his jaw in anxious anticipation.

FIVE: (continued)... Your Majesty...

Cut back to One. He stops clenching. When he opens his eyes they are the bright pink of Nùlja.

Cut to Five... he is startled.

Cut back to One, now trembling... surrounded by purple smoke.

NÙLJA: Ha. Do not act so surprised, my child. One speaks as if he knows... he knows nothing.

FIVE: My Lord... I will admit, I felt something all these years...But I doubted you were ever so.

NÙLJA: And what will you do with me now that you have me here, helpless.

FIVE: I somehow doubt you are helpless, Lord. Nonetheless, I needed to know you were real. I needed to look you in the eyes before I rid this Galaxy of you.

NÙLJA: Oh, such a disobedient son, you are, Öta! And so cold that you would destroy me before I could meet my grandchild!

FIVE: Funny that you would refer to me as your son, when really, I'm just a better version of you! It must be so disappointing to be trapped inside One's mess of a husk, when the Sàltoj spent so many years perfecting... this (vainly scans himself with his hand).

Cut to a grimacing One/Nùlja.

Cut back to Five.

FIVE: As for the child, there is no way you will see my child before I have... and no way you ever will!

NÙLJA: You know not your own child? This may explain why I cannot trace your little family... you have never been as a unit. You don't even know where they are...

FIVE: That is correct, my Dark Lord. It will remain so, until you have been erased. Even the core must know nothing of the Sàltoj, lest they use you as you have used me.

NÛLJA: Very noble of you... though I have hardly used you in any way. Ha. Indeed, I am disappointed by this husk, as you say. Number One has never been worthy of the power of Soj, powerful though he may be.

FIVE: Lord Nùlja... we could go on forever. I could ask you questions until Soj and Cs burn right out. You could hang there, decaying unto eternity.

Five deploys his sabers, separately, and looks up into Nùlja's eyes.
Cut to Nùlja, now frowning, furrowed brow.

FIVE: ...But I have a galaxy to save, and a family to raise - in that order.

NÛLJA: So you would execute me, here, like a common prisoner?

FIVE: you are no common prisoner. And besides, you've imprisoned yourself as far as I am concerned. I would normally behave with honour, as the Knights of Old, and challenge you to a duel... but I actually fear I wouldn't be much of a challenge. I wish I could say I was sorry for this, my Lord.

Five dramatically raises his sabers above his head in an X...

Cut to Nùlja. His cheek twitches.

Cut to the Ìzkard on the ground, twitching.

NÛLJA: Òta... my child. I know you will do what you must. But know I have been watching you. I taught you a little trick back on Rattatak...

The Ìzkard flies up, from behind Five, knocking him in the shoulder, distracting him. It ignites and whips around the mechanics restraining One/Nùlja and he spirals to the ground as he grabs the Ìzkard out of the air. As he lands, a force bubble throws Five back against the large doors. The Head Acolyte's corpse and all the debris also go flying.

Cut to Nùlja, floating down to the floor, holding the Ìzkard, fully powerful, and dignified. He is crackling with electricity that eventually dissipates into another Force bubble. He hits the ground with a thud that finally capsizes the station. The bubble is stopping debris from hitting him.

Cut to 8T-CQ, getting shocked from the terminal. He goes back to the ship and fires it up, just as the whole tarmac buckles.

Cut to Five, coming to.

Beep.

FIVE: Yeah, bud. Keep her floating. I'm okay.

Cut to Five summoning his helmet. He throws it on and stands up, igniting his sabers.

Cut to a wide shot, showing that Five is within the Force Bubble.

Cut to One/Nùlja. He swings the Ìzkard, and points it at Five.

NÙLJA: So sorry you could not skip your final test. Let us see if you have learned anything at all!

**FIVE: I have learned what Nùlja means.
In basic we say... Zero.**

NÙLJA: Enough! Show me that my efforts have not been in vain.

*A really, really cool sword fight ensues!
It won't be very long, and it will be more disciplined and dignified, as
it is all within a small space.*

Cut to a saber clash. FIVE has separated his blades. One/Nùlja is holding Five in a perfect X blade-clash. Profile shot.

NÙLJA: Such control... yet so much anger... how you balance the two, is truly admirable. But I know you want to give in!

Cut to Five's helmet, reflecting One/Nùlja's face.

Cut to 8T-CQ in the Clawcraft.

Cut to wide shot of the ship backing out of the hangar, just as it collapses. Debris floats in space, every which way.

Cut to 8T-CQ beeping, remorsefully.

Cut back to the blade-clash, still going.

Back and forth cuts

NÛLJA: You cannot hold me. Give in...

FIVE: No... I cannot...

Cut to the room buckling and rumbling, bits falling all around the two.

Cut to wide shot of the clash in the middle of the room. The Force Bubble is still protecting them both from the falling debris. The lights finally flicker off. Lightsaber lights only.

Cut to the large doors buckling, revealing a noticeable opening. Light shines in a god ray from the opening, lighting the two warriors.

Cut back to Five, struggling.

Cut to One/NÛlja looking super-evil.

NÛLJA: Then let go...

FIVE: I... I can't... hold... you... but...

Cut to One/NÛlja. His expression changes to confused.

Cut back to Five, then cut to original profile shot of the clash.

Five pushes against One/NÛlja with all his might, causing them both to slide back. NÛlja's Îzkard is knocked upward by the the push, leaving his chest area exposed. Five spins around and throws his amber saber, Soj, straight into NÛlja's chest, impaling him.

NÛlja drops to his knees, his arms flop to his sides, and the Îzkard extinguishes. Soj still glows in his chest.

Cut to Five, heaving, still gripping his silver saber, Cs. He sheaths it and stands up straight.

Cut to One/NÛlja staring in disbelief back at Five.

Cut to Five. He holds his empty hand out, towards One/NÛlja.

Cut to the saber in One/NÛlja's chest pulling out.

Cut to the saber flying back to Five, sheathing before he catches it.

Cut to close-up profile of Nùlja's pink eyes turning back to the whitish colour of One's eyes, before they roll back in his head and shut.

Cut to ultra wide shot of Five standing opposite One's kneeling body as it crumples.

The Force Bubble dissipates.

Cut to Five staring up at falling debris about to hit him. Start a sequence where he is hopping from piece to piece towards the opening in the doorway. The whole station is capsizing.

Five eventually reaches a vantage point where he can dive towards the opening.

Cut to a pile of rubble falling on One's corpse. As the pieces bury him, wisps of purple smoke can be seen coming from the rubble site.

Cut to Five diving, full tilt, as everything explodes and crumbles around him. Purple smoke seems to be chasing him. He doesn't notice.

Cut to Five accessing his arm console.

Cut to POV zooming into the triangular opening Five is aiming for.

Cut to purple smoke at his heels.

Cut back to POV. The cockpit of the Clawcraft comes into view, and the hatch pops open.

Cut to Five, tucking his knees to his chest, preparing for impact.

Cut back to POV, almost filling the frame.

Cut to exterior, Five cannonballing into the open hatch, but landing on his feet. The purple smoke is trailing him. He yanks the hatch shut as he drops into the cockpit, before the purple smoke can get him. The ship is flying backwards, facing the station.

Cut to interior cockpit. FIVE yanks off his helmet.

Cut to 8T-CQ beeping and whirring in the back.

Cut back to the cockpit.

FIVE: Whew! Always on time, 8T-CQ! Haha...

Five looks a little sombre, staring out at the station, fading off in the distance as it crumples.

FIVE: I guess it is done.

Aurabesh readout on the dash, beeps and blips.

FIVE: Come on. Let's find our way home.

Cut to 8T-CQ in the back of the ship, camera following. As the ship takes off into hyperspace, pan right to show the station imploding and then exploding in a cloud of purple dust.

Cut to the Clawcraft in a hyperspace tunnel.

Cut to the cockpit. Beeps and blips.

**FIVE: Hm? I don't know the coordinates. If I listen... she will tell me.
Don't worry, Q.**

Five smiles a sincere smile for the first time in a while.

Cut back to the site of the station explosion. Debris floats everywhere. Little purple twinkles start to coalesce. Cut to a shot of the Moon against Érdj. The twinkling begins to trickle down into the moon's atmosphere.

Cut to the grassy surface of the Moon. A column of purple smoke is swirling down from the sky, creating a crater of sorts, in the grass. Camera follows it as it cuts a swath, snaking through the grass towards the obelisk and shrine seen in Part I. The camera stops at a distance just to show the obelisk crackle with electricity.

Cut back to the Clawcraft in hyperspace. Cut to Five meditating in the foyer.

Cut to close-up, rotating slowly around his head. Sounds and murmurs can be heard. Yana's voice becomes clearer.

The camera stops rotating and pauses on Five's face. His eyes open as Yana says:

YANA: (OC) Öta... come to us...

Cut to Five bolting to the cockpit past 8T-CQ and tapping frantically on the dash.

FIVE: I got it, Q, I found them! I'm sending you the coordinates now for the calculations.

Cut to 8T-CQ spinning around, beeping. He plugs into a terminal just outside the cockpit.

Cut to a very excited Five.

Beep beep.

FIVE: Here I come, my love!

Cut behind Five, cranking a lever, down, out of Lightspeed. Classic star zoom out.

Ship snaps out of hyperspace over a vast, turquoise green ocean. The sea is dotted with volcanic eruptions everywhere, creating new islands.

A developed island pops up in view. It is a beautiful, Hawaii-esque paradise, but with strange pink rocks and blue vegetation. Behind the habitable area is a vast, black, volcanic plain, devoid of life.

Cut to a wide shot of the island chain.

Cut to a dwelling carved out of a pink cliff face.

Out in the open, but under a dappled shade, (much like the tattered markets seen on desert planets), Yana and child can be seen. Shots of provisions and salted fish. A campfire. Shots of Yana polishing a rifle. Shots of the child, now two years old, sitting near Yana.

Cut to close shot of the child, sitting up, but clearly an infant, Force-hovering a crudely carved Clawcraft toy. She is hovering it by cradling her hands, with a joyful smile on her face.

Cut to Yana. She stops inspecting her rifle and looks lovingly at her Force-sensitive child and smiles.

Cut back to the child. She suddenly stops smiling. She lowers her arms. She coos, then she deliberately moves the ship over to Yana, never taking her eyes off of it.

Cut to Yana, looking grave. She grabs the model out of the air.

Cut to Yana with the Child on her back and the rifle in hand. She is running along the beach. She stops and aims at the sky...

Cut to the Clawcraft hovering low, sending sand everywhere. It lands. 8T-CQ pops out the back and wheels around front.

Cut to Yana... she is relieved, lowering her gun.

Cut to the lid of the cockpit opening. Five flips out, landing perfectly on the beach.

Cut to Yana. She ditches her gun, and runs towards Five. She stops.

Cut to wide shot of Yana and Five, maybe ten feet apart.

Cut to Five, breathing deeply.

Cut to Yana. She stares at Five for a moment. She then swings the child around front, presenting her to Five.

Cut to Five. He drops to his knees, arms extended.

Cut to Yana. She runs to him, dropping to her knees, gently, and he embraces both of them, crying his damn eyes out.

Cut to Yana, holding both the baby and Five. She closes her eyes and tears begin to stream.

Cut to wide shot of the reunited family on the beach, embracing.

Cut to super wide shot of the island.

Circle wipe to starfield credits.

Crowd goes wild.

STAR WARS: FIFTH SON

WRITTEN, DIRECTED, ANIMATED AND (MOSTLY) PERFORMED BY JONO HUNT

PRODUCED BY HIS DREAMS