

STAR WARS: THE CLONE WARS  
Dance of the Twi'lek

By

Carl King

PO Box 830143  
Santa Clarita, CA 91380  
[carl@bendbarsliftgates.com](mailto:carl@bendbarsliftgates.com)

MAIN TITLE: STAR WARS - THE CLONE WARS

FADE TO:

QUOTE: We discover who we truly are when we meet our  
opposite.

FADE TO:

NARRATOR

(over series of shots)

As the Clone Wars rage on, Jedi  
Knight Aayla Secura continues to  
train with the telepathic Jedi  
Master, Plo Koon. Suffering from  
memory loss, the blue-skinned  
Twi'lek works to reconstruct the  
connection with her past and ascend  
to the rank of Jedi Master.

INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - DAY

Aayla Secura sits in meditation. She closes her eyes.

FAST PUSH IN

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PLANET RYLOTH - POL SECURA'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A cobblestone driveway leads to the estate. Colored lights  
shine on exotic plants. A fountain.

Two BODYGUARDS stand at the front door.

A CLOAKED FIGURE approaches.

One of the guards blocks his path.

BODYGUARD #1

What can we do for y--

Bodyguard #1 CHOKES and grasps at his own throat.

Bodyguard #2 takes a step forward, but SLAMS against the  
stone wall, knocked unconscious by an invisible force.

INT. DINING ROOM

A fat, blue-skinned Twi'lek man, POL SECURA, entertains three guests. Two brain tails hang from his head and coil around his shoulders. He wears ornate jewelry.

EXOTIC CLASSICAL MUSIC plays.

A beautiful blue Twi'lek woman, AAYLA SECURA, dances for the guests.

POL SECURA  
 ...so I said, why do you think I  
 joined the council in the first  
 place?

Pol Secura SLAMS his fist on the dining table.

The guests LAUGH.

He stuffs a handful of pink mold into his mouth and CHEWS it.

INT. HALLWAY

Checkerboard floor. Urns, paintings, and sculptures decorate the walls.

The cloaked figure STRIDES toward a pair of double-doors. He THROWS off his cloak, revealing long black hair.

He SNATCHES a lightsaber from his belt.

INT. DINING ROOM

CLOSE ON POL SECURA

He takes a sip of wine.

The sound of a lightsaber IGNITING from behind the door.

He SPITS out the wine.

GUESTS  
 Gasps!

ON ROOM

The heavy double-doors BURST OPEN, breaking the hinges.

(CONTINUED)

The muscular Kiffar Jedi Master QUINLAN VOS strides in, glowing green lightsaber drawn. A yellow tattoo stripes his face below his eyes.

QUINLAN VOS  
I suggest you skip dessert.

Pol Secura stands up.

POL SECURA  
Vos! What are you doing?!

The Jedi points to the three guests.

QUINLAN VOS  
You three... get lost.

The dinner guests mutter and scurry out the door.

DINNER GUEST  
How rude!

Aayla Secura creeps towards the kitchen.

POL SECURA  
Master Jedi... I already told you,  
I--

CLANG!

The blue Twi'lek dancer KNOCKS over a dinner tray.

Quinlan Vos points at her.

QUINLAN VOS  
You... stay.

ON AAYLA SECURA

She stops.

ON POL SECURA

Quinlan Vos points his lightsaber at Pol Secura's throat and backs him onto the balcony.

QUINLAN VOS (cont'd)  
Your own niece? How can you do this  
to her?

POL SECURA  
I don't know what you are talking  
about.

(CONTINUED)

AAYLA SECURA

Who are you? What do you want with us?

The lightsaber pushes forward. The fat Twi'lek leans backwards, losing his balance.

POL SECURA

Whoa!

He waves his arms and squats down.

Quinlan Vos points his lightsaber down at him.

ON QUINLAN VOS

QUINLAN VOS

Tell her. Now.

ON POL SECURA

The lightsaber CRACKLES near Pol Secura's face.

POL SECURA

You've lost your mind, Jedi!

ON QUINLAN VOS

He bares his teeth, withdraws the blade, and BLASTS Pol Secura with FORCE LIGHTNING from his free hand.

CLOSE ON AAYLA SECURA

SCREAMS from Pol Secura.

QUINLAN VOS (O.C.)

(yelling)

Tell her about the Glitteryll! Tell her how you drugged her! Turned her into a servant!

POL SECURA (O.C.)

No!

SLOW PUSH IN ON AAYLA SECURA'S EYES

Another BLAST of FORCE LIGHTNING.

Screams.

QUINLAN VOS (O.C.)

Tell her how you stole our memories!

(CONTINUED)

Blue lightning reflects in her eyes.

She trembles.

Tears.

QUINLAN VOS  
Tell her or you will die!

Screams.

Her gaze tightens. She furrows her brow.

AAYLA SECURA  
Leave him alone!

She THRUSTS both hands forward.

ON BALCONY

The Jedi Master and the fat Twi'lek TOPPLE over the ledge. A  
FORCE PUSH.

AAYLA SECURA (cont'd)  
Gasp!

A THUD.

Aayla Secura RUNS onto the balcony and looks over.

ON MARBLE DECK, THREE STORIES BELOW

Pol Secura's motionless body.

Quinlan Vos dangles from a protruding statue of an Arkanian  
Dragon. He gazes up at Aayla.

ON AAYLA SECURA

She lifts her hands in front of her. They shake. She stares  
at them, wide-eyed, mouth open.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - MEDITATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON AAYLA SECURA

She opens her eyes with a gasp.

ON ROOM

(CONTINUED)

JEDI MASTER PLO KOON, a Kel Dor male in robes, kneels on the floor across from her. His face resembles a brain decorated by intestines. He wears black goggles and a breathing mask.

PLO KOON

You are recovering much of what has been lost. But there is only so far I can take you, Aayla. It is likely that some of your memories will never be recovered.

AAYLA SECURA

Perhaps they shouldn't be. I've always been taught that a Jedi must let go of her past. My focus is on the Living Force, Master. And in this moment there is a war to be fought! These sessions--

Plo Koon stands and raises his voice.

PLO KOON

These sessions are central to your development as a Jedi, young one. But unfortunately, they have come to an end. I'm sorry.

He walks to the door.

Aayla drops her shoulders and looks down.

PLO KOON (cont'd)

The Jedi High Council has requested that you appear before them.

INT. DARK MEDITATION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Hieroglyphics on the walls. Dim red lights glow on the ceiling.

A hologram of a hooded DARK LORD appears. A hooded APPRENTICE steps forward and kneels before it.

DARK LORD

The time for your trial has come.

APPRENTICE

Yes, my master.

DARK LORD

Are you prepared to submit your will to a force greater than The Force itself?

(CONTINUED)

APPRENTICE

I am.

DARK LORD

Through the emptying of the vessel  
you will achieve The Dark, and  
through The Dark...

APPRENTICE

Power.

INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - HIGH COUNCIL TOWER - DAY

Aayla Secura stands in the center of twelve Jedi Elders.

MACE WINDU, a bald-headed Jedi Master in robes, gestures.

MACE WINDU

Aayla Secura. You have served the  
Jedi Order and the Republic as an  
outstanding Jedi Knight and  
Guardian. Your contributions in  
this war are unquestionable. But we  
can not yet grant you the rank of  
Master.

Aayla looks at the floor.

A beat.

She stands tall and turns to face others.

AAYLA SECURA

Then tell me what it is I must do.  
I am prepared to face any trial!

KI-ADI-MUNDI, a venerable Jedi Master with a cone-head and  
mustache turns to her.

KI-ADI-MUNDI

It is not your knowledge of the  
Lightsaber, nor your knowledge of  
the Force, young one. It is your  
lack of knowledge about yourself  
that holds you back.

Aayla EXHALES.

AAYLA SECURA

It is true. Some parts of my memory  
are darker than the darkest night  
on Ryloth.

(CONTINUED)

YODA scratches his chin.

YODA  
Mmm. Thrive in darkness, the  
Twi'lek people do.

Aayla faces Yoda.

Yoda points at her.

YODA (cont'd)  
Learned to co-exist with it, they  
have.

AAYLA SECURA  
Master Yoda. Please guide me. Plo  
Koon has done all he can.

YODA  
To become a Jedi Master, only one  
that remains who can teach you,  
there is. And find her, you must.

AAYLA SECURA  
Her?

Aayla looks around the room.

AAYLA SECURA (cont'd)  
Who?

YODA  
Your soul's Shadow Counterpart.  
Lost in your past, she has become.  
Return to your place of birth, and  
guided to her by your instincts,  
you will be.

EXT. LANDING PLATFORM - DAY

Cluttered lanes of intersecting TRAFFIC in the sky. SHIPS of  
all shapes and sizes.

A DELTA-7 STARFIGHTER with R2 unit waits on the platform.

Aayla Secura strides forward.

R2 UNIT  
Beep! Whistle!

(CONTINUED)

AAYLA SECURA  
I don't care. We must leave now. I  
don't have time for--

VOICE (O.C.)  
Aayla!

Aayla Secura smiles and rolls her eyes as she CLIMBS into the cockpit.

AAYLA SECURA  
...him.

She sees Nautolan Jedi Master, KIT FISTO, a green humanoid with black bug eyes and long tentacles on his head.

He LAUGHS, his fists on his waist.

KIT FISTO  
Where are you off to now, Miss  
Mischievous?

No eye contact.

AAYLA SECURA  
Errands.

A half-smile from Kit Fisto.

KIT FISTO  
Come on. I know you better than  
that.

Aayla ignores him, raises an eyebrow, and FLIPS SWITCHES on the dashboard.

KIT FISTO (cont'd)  
I heard about your meeting with the  
Old Folks.

The engines ROAR.

KIT FISTO (cont'd)  
(yelling)  
Let me go with you!

AAYLA SECURA  
(smiling)  
What? I can't hear you!

The cockpit CLOSES. The ship HOVERS and ROTATES.

Aayla Secura smiles at Kit Fisto through the glass.

(CONTINUED)

A single dismissive wave from Kit Fisto.

The ship BLASTS away. He watches it disappear into the clouds.

Kit Fisto turns. He shakes his head and furrows his brow.

KIT FISTO

Zyra...

He BOLTS down a corridor.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SPACE - PLANET RYLOTH - NIGHT

A rocky planet, half-covered by shadow. Aayla Secura's ship DESCENDS towards the terminator separating day from night.

EXT. PLANET RYLOTH - MOUNTAIN RANGE - NIGHT

Aayla's ship enters a cavern hosting a subterranean city.

EXT. CITY OF KALA'UUN - LANDING PAD - NIGHT

Aayla WALKS down a long landing platform towards a busy street.

She looks up at the ceiling of the cavern.

A short and obese yellow-skinned Twi'lek man, MON FORTUNA, RUSHES toward Aayla Secura. He dresses like a slob.

MON FORTUNA

Aayla Secura! Is that really you?

He wrings his dirty hands.

Aayla cocks her head.

Mon Fortuna looks her up and down.

MON FORTUNA (cont'd)

You're all grown up! You were this tall... oh, how I miss those games of Pazaak with--

(CONTINUED)

AAYLA SECURA  
I'm sorry... I've not been back to  
Ryloth since--

Aayla notices something over Mon Fortuna's shoulder.

A building, its architecture obtuse and geometrical.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. - SCHOOL

An ELDER TWI'LEK WOMAN. CHILDREN playing.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. CITY OF KALA'UUN - LANDING PAD - NIGHT

AAYLA SECURA  
It was good to see you... uh...

Mon Fortuna shakes her hand.

MON FORTUNA  
Mon. Mon Fortuna. I did business  
with your unc--

AAYLA SECURA  
I'm sorry to hear that. If you will  
excuse me, I must meet someone.

Aayla STRIDES towards the building.

Mon Fortuna watches Aayla and creeps away. He speaks into a  
communicator on his wrist.

MON FORTUNA  
She is here.

INT. SCHOOL FOR GIFTED TWI'LEK CHILDREN - NIGHT

An elder Twi'lek woman, TA'BOOLA sits on a stool. Twi'lek  
CHILDREN around her, working on KINETIC PUZZLES.

The door opens with a bell.

The woman frowns and steps in front of the children,  
removing her eyeglasses. The children peek around her.

Aayla Secura enters.

(CONTINUED)

Ta'boola smiles and throws her arms open.

TA'BOOLA

Oh, Aayla! You've finally come! I  
prayed... and I knew someday you'd  
come back and put an end to it!

Ta'boola wraps her arms around Aayla.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SCHOOL

A young Aayla Secura sits on the floor solving a kinetic puzzle. A pair of red arms YANK the puzzle away. Aayla cries.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SCHOOL FOR GIFTED TWI'LEK CHILDREN - NIGHT

AAYLA SECURA

I... went to this school.

TA'BOOLA

You did! Until your uncle... what's  
wrong, dear... don't you remember?

Aayla shakes her head.

Ta'boola strokes one of Aayla's brain-tails.

She withdraws her hand, as if shocked by electricity.

She frowns.

TA'BOOLA (cont'd)

We have a lot to talk about.

Ta'boola SIGNALS to her assistant.

TA'BOOLA'S OFFICE

Aayla sits on a couch.

A cage hangs in the corner, containing an exotic FELUCIAN BIRD. Aayla places her hand on the cage. The bird CHIRPS. She smiles.

Ta'boola stands at a window, arms crossed, watching the children play.

(CONTINUED)

TA'BOOLA

I'm sorry to hear about what happened. These are dark times, for all of us, Aayla. A crime lord has taken hold of our planet. The slave trade is out of control. Once a week they show up and take all of our female Twi'leks.

AAYLA SECURA

I am sorry, but I did not return to Ryloth on Republic business. I've come for--

TA'BOOLA

Yes. I know where she is, unfortunately.

Ta'Boola looks down, closes her eyes, and shakes her head.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Aayla steps through a fancy club. Seductive LIGHTS and MUSIC.

Twi'lek women of all colors dance for patrons.

Men of alien races take notice of her.

A hand brushes against her arm. She turns.

A squat and frail Neimoidian, KAV BOYNG, greenish-grey skin and red bulbous eyes. He dresses in a regal servant's gown.

Flanked by two TRANDOSHAN THUGS.

The thugs hiss through reptilian nostrils.

He BOWS.

KAV BOYNG

The Honorable Graxol Kelvyn...

He GESTURES across the room.

A male Anx, GRAXOL KELVYYN. The twelve-foot tall pointy-headed humanoid wears luxurious robes. A pair of blue Twi'lek dancers entertain him. He smiles and strokes his chin.

(CONTINUED)

KAV BOYNG (cont'd)  
...graciously requests your  
companionship.

Kav Boyng steps back and GESTURES.

Aayla Secura raises one eyebrow.

AAYLA SECURA  
He has made a poor selection... I'm  
a terrible dancer.

KAV BOYNG  
Oh, no. Graxol Kelvyyn is quite  
certain of his tastes in Rutian  
Twi'lek females...

Kav Boyng wags his index finger.

KAV BOYNG (cont'd)  
...and does not like to be  
disappointed.

He nods to the reptilian thugs, who step forward and HISS.

AAYLA SECURA  
Then tell your Anx friend he should  
get his eyesight checked!

Aayla Secura's blue lightsaber FLIPS into her hand and  
IGNITES. She SWINGS it over her head with both hands and  
steps to the side in a FIGHTING STANCE.

ON KAV BOYNG

The Neimoidian's eyes WIDEN as he recoils.

KAV BOYNG  
A Jedi!?

ON GRAXOL KELVYYN

A low-frequency rumble from Graxol Kelvyyn. His crest turns  
red. He POUNDS his fists on the armrests.

ON CONFLICT

The Trandoshan Thugs step back. One draws a BLASTER. The  
other, a LASER AXE.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Nikta-nu-nebo-tanda!

The MUSIC stops. Everyone turns.

(CONTINUED)

A RED TWI'LEK WOMAN (20s) stands on a balcony. She wears a black trench coat over a SCANT DANCE OUTFIT and tall BOOTS.

She grips the railing.

RED TWI'LEK WOMAN  
Ah, my special guest has arrived!

The Neimoidian and his Trandoshan thugs back off.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. SCHOOL FOR GIFTED TWI'LEK CHILDREN - NIGHT

Young Aayla stands, reading a book.

A young RED TWI'LEK GIRL SHOVES Aayla, knocking her to the floor.

RED TWI'LEK GIRL  
You should watch your back,  
Blue-tian!

Children LAUGH.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Aayla Secura DEACTIVATES her lightsaber and relaxes her stance.

Graxol Kelvyyyn WHISPERS to his dancers.

AAYLA SECURA  
I believe we have some catching up  
to do?

RED TWI'LEK WOMAN  
Indeed, we do, my old friend.

INT. TWI'LEK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

A robot butler drives a hovering LIMOUSINE through the glow-in-the-dark landscape of the subterranean city.

Aayla looks out the window.

The red Twi'lek, ZYRA ZOBOS, wears large sunglasses. She reclines and sips a drink from a straw.

(CONTINUED)

ZYRA ZOBOS

Look at you! A real Jedi Knight!  
How many Twi'lek women can brag  
about THAT?

AAYLA SECURA

I don't do it to brag. I just try  
to do what is right, Zyra.

ZYRA ZOBOS

I'm not surprised. Ever since we  
were children... as wild as we  
were, something kept you from going  
over the edge.

AAYLA SECURA

And you?

ZYRA ZOBOS

I can't explain the empowerment  
that has come from embracing my  
true beauty as a Twi'lek woman.  
Now, I can have anything I want.

They pass a billboard. Zyra poses on it.

AAYLA SECURA

It appears you've gone down a dark  
path.

ZYRA ZOBOS

Well, what was my other option, to  
live like a monk?

Aayla crosses her arms.

AAYLA SECURA

The Republic is at war! The Sith  
have returned, tyranny is  
encroaching on our freedoms, and  
innocent people are dying. This  
extravagant lifestyle is how you  
choose to spend your energy?

ZYRA ZOBOS

Ugh. Don't bore me with politics.  
The Jedi and Sith have battled for  
thousands of years. For all I know,  
it could go on for thousands more.  
What's the point? What can I do  
about it?

(CONTINUED)

AAYLA

We are all connected in this, from the lowest worker to the most powerful politician. And when the war comes to Ryloth, you'll have to choose a side.

ZYRA ZOBOS

Here's to hoping I'm long gone before then!

Zyra raises her glass, nods, and takes a sip.

Aayla shakes her head.

The limo turns and goes up a steep hill.

AAYLA SECURA

Where are we going?

Zyra smiles.

ZYRA ZOBOS

To enjoy the spoils of my... dark path!

Zyra pokes Aayla's arm and laughs at her.

INT. ZYRA ZOBOS'S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Dark wooden shelves hold hardcover BOOKS.

A circular STAIRWAY wraps around the room, leading to a second level.

A STAINED-GLASS DOME on the ceiling.

Aayla and Zyra sit on leather chairs. A ROBOT BUTLER brings them REFRESHMENTS.

ZYRA ZOBOS

So what's it like, using The Force... beating up bad guys and stuff?

AAYLA SECURA

The Way of the Jedi is not about adventure. It's a devotion to peace. I'm a guardian, not a warrior.

(CONTINUED)

ZYRA ZOBOS

You could have fooled me. You were about to make Lilek Chum out of that pair of Trandoshans.

A beat.

The Robot Butler slides a WINDOW closed.

He inspects it.

ROBOT BUTLER

Hmm.

Aayla nods toward the shelves.

AAYLA SECURA

Have you read all of these books?

ZYRA ZOBOS

No, but every mansion needs a library, right? I experience the highest class of Twi'lek culture. I've even collected several priceless works of art, as you can see.

Zyra gestures to a 12' TALL MARBLE STATUE. An almost-nude Twi'lek woman raises a TWIDENT skyward. Imp-like creatures climb her legs.

ZYRA ZOBOS (cont'd)

A gift from an admirer.

AAYLA SECURA

I think maybe the ink from your tattoos has leaked into your Lekku.

Aayla stands and steps to a book shelf. She lifts a book.

Zyra lifts one of her own BRAIN TAILS and admires it. TRIBAL MARKINGS curl their way down to the tip.

ZYRA ZOBOS

I just got this one last week. It's an ancient symbol for greatness.

Aayla turns to Zyra.

AAYLA SECURA

You have a brilliant mind, yet you've settled for a mundane life, Zyra.

(CONTINUED)

ZYRA ZOBOS  
Mundane? Ha! I make more money in  
one day than you will in your  
entire peasant lifetime.

Aayla turns back to the books.

AAYLA SECURA  
Our path is often as important as  
our destination.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
What's so bad about dancing? It's  
an ancient and primal art form,  
like painting and music.

Aayla PULLS a book from the shelf and opens it.

AAYLA SECURA  
Three noble pursuits easily  
corrupted to serve commerce.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
It's not like I'm some slave. I'm  
the one with the power.

Aayla SLAMS the book closed. A CLOUD of dust.

AAYLA SECURA  
On that topic, what do you know  
about the slave trade going on--

ZAP!

A Red Force Shock JOLTS Aayla Secura from behind. She  
COLLAPSES to the floor.

Her eyes SHUT.

ZYRA  
You could say I know a few things.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ZYRA ZOBOS'S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Aayla Secura OPENS her eyes, SHAKES her head, and backs up.

Zyra looms over her.

Aayla CRAWLS backwards.

(CONTINUED)

AAYLA SECURA  
A Sith! You?!

ZYRA ZOBOS  
Not quite. I've been trained in The  
Way of the Dark.

AAYLA SECURA  
What? That's nothing but a cult.  
You're being manipulated.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
You always were the weaker one,  
Aayla. Did you think that you would  
finally outdo me by becoming a  
Jedi?

Aayla reaches...

Zyra GRABS Aayla's lightsaber with a FORCE PULL.

ZYRA ZOBOS (cont'd)  
You think you can do something I  
can't?

Zyra LAUGHS.

ZYRA ZOBOS (cont'd)  
You think I can't use The Force?

Aayla lowers and shakes her head.

AAYLA SECURA  
No, I just think you should do some  
more reading on the subject.

Aayla GESTURES.

Books ROCKET from the shelves and PUMMEL Zyra.

Zyra turns and SWINGS at them with Aayla's lightsaber. She  
struggles to keep her balance. Books HIT her in the FACE and  
STOMACH.

Aayla raises one eyebrow.

A thick book from the opposite direction CLOCKS Zyra in the  
head. She COLLAPSES.

The lightsaber ROLLS on the marble floor.

Aayla RISES.

(CONTINUED)

She FORCE PULLS the lightsaber into her hand and STOWS it on her belt.

AAYLA SECURA (cont'd)  
What have you become, Zyra? What nonsense have you gotten yourself involved with?

Zyra CRAWLS from under the pile of books.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
More than you will ever understand, Jedi!

She reaches her hand forward and FORCE CHOKES Aayla Secura.

Aayla STRUGGLES for breath.

ZYRA ZOBOS (cont'd)  
Now, you will--

Aayla Secura FORCE LIFTS Zyra Zobos into the air, BREAKING the Force Choke.

AAYLA SECURA  
The Way of the Dark is an incomplete view of The Force. It's nothing but... undisciplined, renegade sorcery.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
That's where you're wrong. I've tasted divine chaos that neither Sith nor Jedi can fathom.

AAYLA SECURA  
Who did this to you, Zyra? Who has seduced you--

Aayla Secura is BLASTED across the room by a FORCE PUSH. She HITS the wall.

Zyra Zobos FALLS on the pile of books.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
Markos!

A red Twi'lek male, MARKOS, enters the room. Jagged TATTOOS decorate his skin. He wears elaborate black SITH ARMOR, covered in spikes. Seven feet tall... and UGLY.

MARKOS

Am I late for the study group?

The sound of a LIGHTSABER.

He GLANCES over his shoulder.

MARKOS (cont'd)

And hello, Aayla. It's been a while.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. POL SECURA'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Markos and Mon Fortuna play a CARd GAME with Pol Secura, Aayla's uncle.

Stacks of GAME CHIPS on the table.

A young Aayla Secura brings the three Twi'lek men a curved decanter of BRIGHT ORANGE WINE.

Pol Secura SLAMS his CARDS down on the table.

POL SECURA

Bah!

Mon Fortuna CHUCKLES and POURS himself a drink.

MARKOS

Keep losing, Secura, and perhaps  
I'll go home with the beautiful  
youngling girl!

Pol Secura pauses... then LAUGHS, his mouth wide.

Markos smiles at Aayla.

Aayla turns away.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ZYRA ZOBOS'S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

Aayla ATTACKS.

Markos FLIPS over Aayla, IGNITES his RED DUAL-PHASE LIGHTSABER, and lands in a wide stance. His lightsaber GLOWS, twice as long as Aayla's.

(CONTINUED)

He gestures to a BROADSWORD on the side wall. It FLIES towards Aayla.

As she rises, her eyes fixed on the Dark Lord, Aayla LIFTS her lightsaber in one hand. The broadsword SPLITS down the center and its halves CLATTER to the floor.

MARKOS

Lightsaber Form Five, the Way of Perseverance. Impressive!

Zyra steps forward, extends her hands, and closes her eyes.

MARKOS (cont'd)

But the will of the universe is towards its own destruction. We'll see how you persevere against the Power of the Dark.

A FLURRY of lightsaber strikes from Markos. Aayla blocks.

AAYLA SECURA

Whatever brainwashing you have inflicted on my friend, it will soon be undone!

ZAP!

PURPLE PLASMA ENERGY FLOWS from Aayla, through Zyra, and back into Markos.

Markos grows stronger. Aayla, weaker. FORCE DRAIN.

Markos STRIKES downward at Aayla's lightsaber as she weakens and COLLAPSES on the floor.

Markos laughs.

Zyra ceases The Force Drain.

Aayla HYPERVENTILATES.

Markos PULLS a gun-like device from his belt. He GRABS Aayla's hands and PULLS the trigger.

A PURPLE PULSE of energy binds her wrists.

MARKOS

These are Geonosian Containment Cuffs.

He does the same to her ankles.

MARKOS (cont'd)

They generate a magnetic field that  
disrupts your connection to The  
Force.

One more around her neck.

He PRESSES a button and HOOKS the device back onto his belt.

AAYLA SECURA

What are you hoping to achieve,  
Markos?

MARKOS

I'm hoping to complete my  
collection.

AAYLA SECURA

And how many Twi'lek women have you  
enslaved and indoctrinated into  
your cult? You've turned Zyra into  
some kind of brainwashed trophy  
queen.

Markos laughs.

MARKOS

Queen? Oh, no. You see... she was  
BAIT.

ZYRA ZOBOS

What?

Markos SWIPES his hand. Zyra TUMBLES across the floor and  
LANDS next to Aayla.

ZYRA ZOBOS (cont'd)

No!

INT. LIBRARY

ON GLOWING ENERGY HOOPS

SLOW ZOOM OUT

Zyra Zobos and Aayla Secura, on the floor, bound by GLOWING  
energy hoops.

MARKOS

Ironic. The little blue girl grows  
up with a brainwashing scoundrel  
for an uncle and a bully as a best

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARKOS (cont'd)  
friend. Oh, but she has so much potential! So she escapes for a short time, only to find herself right where she started. A slave.

Aayla struggles to use The Force, but is JOLTED by ELECTRICITY.

MARKOS (cont'd)  
Patience, Jedi. In time, your powers will grow, as you are trained in The Way of The Dark. All of your weak misconceptions about the galaxy will soon melt away.

AAYLA SECURA  
Just as the forces of Good and Evil shall never mix, I will never join you, Markos.

MARKOS  
Only when you transcend, will you discover that your petty Light Side of the Force is simply one part of a Single. Universal. Truth.

AAYLA SECURA  
And according to you, that would be?

MARKOS  
The VOID.

AAYLA SECURA  
Ha! Your experiments in bad philosophy and sorcery have clouded your mind.

Zyra STRUGGLES against her restraints.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
Markos! How can you DO this?!

MARKOS  
Simple. Existence is fleeting. And I've always preferred the blue skin of this Rutian.

ZYRA ZOBOS  
No!

He runs his fingers across Aayla Secura's chin.

MARKOS

I have watched you for years,  
Aayla. The red skin of the Lethan  
Twi'leks might be the rarest of  
all, but no dancer is as valuable  
as... a trained Jedi warrior.

Zyra TWISTS and TURNS in her restraints. She STRUGGLES  
against PULSES of electricity.

ZYRA ZOBOS

Aggghhh!

Markos LAUGHS at Zyra and turns back to Aayla.

AAYLA SECURA

Then you might also recognize the  
inherent difficulty in holding onto  
such a prize.

He pulls out a FLASK OF LIQUID.

MARKOS

Nothing that a delicious dose of  
Glitteryll won't fix. We'll start  
all over... you can be my bride who  
lost her memory in a tragic  
accident. How does that sound,  
sweets?

VOICE (O.C.)

It sounds like you need to work on  
your pickup lines.

Markos turns.

MARKOS

Uh?

The aquatic Jedi Master, Kit Fisto, FLIPS from the balcony.  
GREEN TENTACLES trail behind his head like a comet.

The Jedi LANDS and WALKS towards Markos, empty-handed.

Markos bares his rotten teeth and GROWLS.

Kit Fisto LAUGHS.

KIT FISTO

...and maybe get those teeth looked  
at!

Markos DRAWS his lightsaber.

(CONTINUED)

MARKOS

Ah, Jedi Master, Kit Fisto, has  
come to visit!

KIT FISTO

Tell me. What business does a Dark  
Lord have on Ryloth?

Markos smiles.

MARKOS

A profitable one.

Markos IGNITES his lightsaber and CHARGES. He CHOPS at Kit  
Fisto with both hands.

Kit Fisto DROPS to one knee, SPINS, and draws his green  
lightsaber above his head with one hand, BLOCKING the attack  
from behind.

The blades CRACKLE.

MARKOS (cont'd)

Elegant!

Kit Fisto SWEEPS his leg in an arc across the floor. Markos  
SPRINGS backwards.

Kit Fisto smiles and CHARGES at Markos.

They DUEL.

A locked stance, eye-to-eye. Their crossed lightsabers HISS  
and SPARK.

KIT FISTO

This will be the last time you  
trouble the Twi'lek women.

MARKOS

You should stay with your own kind,  
Nautiloid.

Kit Fisto FORCE SPEEDS behind Markos and GRABS one of the  
Dark Lord's BRAIN TAILS.

SCREAM OF PAIN from Markos.

KIT FISTO

As should you... Red Devil!

He smiles and PLUNGES his lightsaber at Markos's back.

SPARKS FLY.

(CONTINUED)

Markos STUMBLES forward, TURNS...

and LAUGHS.

Nothing but a black SMUDGE.

MARKOS

That's Mandalorian Iron, my boy.

Kit Fisto's smile vanishes.

KIT FISTO

Swordplay was never my forte...

He DEACTIVATES his lightsaber.

Markos blasts Force Lightning at the Jedi.

Kit Fisto DODGES the attack and VANISHES in a blur of FORCE SPEED.

Markos LAUGHS.

MARKOS

Cowardly Jedi!

The Dark Lord STEPS around the room. His lightsaber HUMS. He SWINGS it twice.

The Twi-lek women STRUGGLE in their restraints. Blue electromagnetic waves PULSE across their skin.

MARKOS (cont'd)

Your magic tricks amuse me, Fisto.  
But I'm not going to play hide  
and--

CRUNCH!

Markos looks down.

ON CORNER OF ROOM

A TRANSLUCENT OUTLINE of Kit Fisto. The Jedi LEANS forward, CLENCHING a fist.

ON MARKOS

The Geonosian Containment Controller on his belt CRUMPLES.

POW!

It ERUPTS in SMOKE and electrical SPARKS.

(CONTINUED)

Markos GROWLS.

Aayla Secura and Zyra Zobos BREAK FREE from the CUFFS.

He GRABS the device from his belt and SMASHES it on the floor.

MARKOS (cont'd)

Fisto!

Aayla Secura SPRINGS to her feet and DRAWS her LIGHTSABER.

Kit Fisto RE-MATERIALIZES from Force Cloak and smiles. He REACTIVATES his lightsaber.

KIT FISTO

Your Darksight has failed. It is you who are the slave... to your miscalculations.

AAYLA SECURA

Surrender, Markos.

Zyra HIDES behind the statue.

Markos GRIPS his lightsaber in his left hand. With his right, he reaches for his belt and UNCOILS a WHIP.

MARKOS

(to Aayla)

Foolish Twi'lek. It is you who will submit to me, as the others did.

The Jedi CHARGE.

Markos grins. He CRACKS the whip in the air and its tail IGNITES in the glow of RED, CRACKLING LASER.

The Jedi SKID to a halt.

JEDI

(together)

Lightwhip!

Markos LAUGHS.

The Jedi look at each other.

Markos LUNGES and TWIRLS the lightwhip.

The Jedi TUMBLE in opposite directions.

The Lightwhip WRAPS around the head of the statue. Markos PULLS and DECAPITATES it.

(CONTINUED)

ON ZYRA

Sparks and molten rock SHOWER around her.

ON MARKOS

MARKOS

Your destruction is eternal, Jedi!

Kit Fisto LAUNCHES a surprise FLYING KICK towards Markos.

Aayla Secura DEACTIVES her lightsaber, closes her eyes, and extends her palms.

CRACK!

Markos LASHES Kit Fisto's LEG with the Lightwhip. A deep slice.

Kit Fisto SCREAMS in pain and CRASHES to the floor.

Markos LAUGHS.

MARKOS (cont'd)

You're finished, jumping frog man.

Markos DRAWS BACK his Lightwhip.

Aayla Secura concentrates and moves her hands in a circular pattern.

Air WHIRLS around Markos.

MARKOS (cont'd)

What!?

The Dark Lord LIFTS off the floor. He KICKS his legs and SPINS out of control.

A FORCE WHIRLWIND.

MARKOS (cont'd)

You!

Markos turns towards Aayla and SWINGS at her, but the lightwhip WRAPS around his body.

As he THRASHES, the lightwhip SEVERS the brain tails from his head.

Aayla RELEASES him and DASHES to Kit Fisto.

Markos FALLS to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

In a daze, he GRASPS at the back of his head.

Zyra RUNS to Markos.

AAYLA SECURA

Zyra, no!

Markos THROWS his head back and SCREAMS.

Shock waves RIPPLE across the room.

The Dark Lord EXPLODES. Zyra is caught in the FORCE  
DETONATION.

Aayla Secura creates a FORCE BARRIER. It protects the Jedi.

The statue of Zyra CRUMBLES. Stained-glass RAINS from the  
ceiling.

Markos COLLAPSES to the floor, face first in debris.

SMOKE and DUST fill the room.

INT. LIBRARY

Books and carpet SMOLDER. Ash covers every surface.

The smoke CLEARS.

Aayla Secura rushes to Zyra and FLIPS her over. Her skin  
SIZZLES.

ZYRA

(whispering)

Aayla...

AAYLA

Stay with me, old friend. We can  
start over. I was once seduced by  
the Dark Side... I can help you  
defeat it. You can start a new  
life.

ZYRA

I already have...

Zyra ROLLS OPEN her hand.

A key, enhanced with electronic circuits.

Zyra DIES.

Aayla turns.

(CONTINUED)

Kit Fisto STAGGERS to his feet and BRACES himself on a bookshelf.

His hand TRIGGERS a HIDDEN SWITCH and the book shelf OPENS.

KIT FISTO  
Oh... what's this?

A dark hallway. He smiles and shrugs.

KIT FISTO (cont'd)  
Ladies first!

INT. BASEMENT STAIRCASE

Aayla STEPS down a staircase with a lantern and stops at a door.

Kit Fisto HOBBLER behind.

She TURNS THE KEY and the door HISSES open.

INT. SECRET ROOM

A 3PO Droid DROPS a book and STANDS.

3PO DROID  
At last, we've been rescued!

A red female Twi'lek child, LI'SOO, RUNS to the center of the room and smiles, mouth wide.

AAYLA SECURA  
Zyra... a mother!?

The Twi'lek child runs at Aayla, arms open.

Aayla KNEELS and hugs the child. A look of shock on her face.

INT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - HIGH COUNCIL TOWER - DAY

Aayla Secura kneels before a circle of Jedi Masters.

YODA  
Force-sensitive, the Twi'lek child,  
Li'soo, is. With much caution,  
raised in the Jedi Temple, she will  
be.

(CONTINUED)

MACE WINDU

The renegade Dark Lord, Markos, has been defeated. It was discovered that his orbiting ship contained nearly a hundred Twi'lek children. They have been rescued and returned to their parents.

KI-ADI-MUNDI

For now, you've effectively banished the slave trade from your home planet of Ryloth.

YODA

Explored and defined the boundaries of dark and light... made peace with her past, Aayla Secura has.

PLO KOON

And in doing so, has become a master of not only her lightsaber, but of her complete self.

YODA

Knows where her journey began, the Jedi now does.

MACE WINDU

Without a point of origin, an arrow's direction would be meaningless. A wise Jedi is mindful of not only points in space, but the arc of all things.

AAYLA SECURA

I may have lost my memories, but I never lost who I am, and who I have become. Rebellion against the culture I was raised in is what brought me here.

YODA

For a Twi'lek woman, the easy path, it is, to become a Slave. Chose the higher, more noble path. Become a Master, have you.

A beat.

Aayla Secura smiles.

(CONTINUED)

YODA (cont'd)  
Conferred upon you, Aayla Secura,  
the rank of Jedi Master is.

She STANDS and bows. The High Council applauds.

She turns to Kit Fisto, who sits on a Council chair, a CAST  
on his leg.

He APPLAUDS and LAUGHS.

JEDI TEMPLE - NURSERY - DAY

Robed younglings of every race practice TELEKINESIS.

Li'soo sits apart from the other children.

TEACHER  
Li'soo! Come and join us, dear!

Li'soo faces away.

Her eyes GLOW Sith Yellow.

CUT TO CREDITS