

ANDOR - THE BOTHAN CONNECTION

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EXT. BURNIN KONN MINING FACILITY - DAY

A large Imperial BULK CRUISER hovers over land that has been strip-mined within an inch of its life. Rows of small CARGO TRANSPORTS bring containers from the surface to the cruisers' hold. The smaller ships fly in tight formative lines into and out of the larger ship, like airborne ants entering and leaving a nest.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE

CAPTAIN TANE, Male, Paunchy mid 40's, unkempt for an Imperial, leans over to check the console of ENSIGN DAIVIC, male, 20's.

DAIVIC

(whispers)

Sir, are we aware yet of what ISB is looking for? Perhaps if we knew...

TANE

(urgent whisper)

Don't know Ensign. Stay quiet. Keep your head down and do. Your. Job.

CAPTAIN TANE turns to flash an obsequious smile at LIEUTENANT DEDRA MEERO who stands near the command console, data pad in hand. She does not return his gesture. Accompanying Meero are her attache HEERT and two DEATH TROOPERS, silent and menacing.

MEERO checks her data pad against something at the command console.

MEERO

Ensign, check your scopes. One of your transports will have veered off course.

DAIVIC

Yes Lieutenant. Noted. They seem to have corrected however. They are back on approach.

MEERO

That ship is stolen. It is carrying a bomb headed for your cargo hold.

TANE

I will bring them down immediately. Weapons...

MEERO
 (cuts TANE off)
 You will do no such thing captain.

CAPTAIN TANE
 Lieutenant with all respect, isn't
 it better to blow them out of the
 sky.

MEERO
 (stern)
 Captain Tane. This is now an ISB
 operation. I have command. Your
 role is to assist as needed. If
 needed! Am I clear?

CAPTAIN TANE nods and stands back. He straightens his
 uniform, doing his best to retain what little dignity he has
 left.

MEERO (CONT'D)
 (to Ensign DAIVIC)
 Ensign, please have them retransmit
 their clearance code.

ENSIGN DAIVIC speaks into his headset.

DAIVIC
 Cargo Transport 73-Zed, request you
 re-transmit your docking clearance
 code.

TANE
 (to MEERO)
 Lieutenant, I've personally vetted
 all of our cargo transport pilots,
 if there's any insight I can
 give...

MEERO
 (impatient)
 That's quite all right Captain.
 Ensign, their clearance code will
 be correct, but it will not be from
 the most recent update.

DAIVIC checks.

DAIVIC
 That is correct, Lieutenant.
 Shall I hold?

TANE

If they're carrying a bomb than
certainly...

Meero cuts him off.

MEERO

Do NOT hold, Ensign. Let them
through.

TANE

You're just going to let them bring
a bomb aboard my shiop!?

MEERO

Captain Tane, I am losing patience.

Ensign Daivic speaks into his console.

DAIVIC

Transport 73-Zed. Please maintain
present course to scan control.

EXT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The line of cargo transports fly through a scanning laser one
at a time. A glow follows the contours of each craft from bow
to stern.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A cargo manifest moves across the screen of Ensign Daivic's
console. MEERO's console mirrors the information, she stares
intently.

MEERO

Am I reading this manifest
correctly Ensign?

CAPTAIN TANE

Lieutenant, it appears to be in
order...

MEERO quiets TANE with a look.

MEERO

Ensign?

DAIVIC

Yes Lieutenant, their cargo
manifest matches what we have on
file.

MEERO

Watch your scanners closely. You will see a brief power surge from that craft.

A beat while Daivic stares intently at his console.

DAIVIC

Confirmed Lieutenant. There's nothing on the manifest that would cause that.

MEERO

It's a scan disruptor. You're receiving a false manifest. Captain Tane I want you to send a security team to the loading bay!

TANE

(to his crew)

Security team to loading bay five, immediately!

(to Meero)

Lieutenant with all due respect, I cannot risk my ship, my crew, my cargo...

MEERO

(stern)

Captain Tane. Do I need to have you escorted from your own bridge?

Meero's DEATH TROOPERS move forward menacingly.

The last of his dignity in tatters, TANE stands back and bows his head.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

A cavernous space, loaded with shipping containers. Cargo transports drop their loads and exit in an orderly fashion. To one side of the bay, a series of landing pads. A squad of STORMTROOPERS rushes out to one, surrounding it.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAIVIC

The cargo has been offloaded.

Captain Tane swallows hard. Begins to speak. Thinks better of it.

MEERO

Tractor beam. Do not let that ship
leave.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

The stolen Rebel transport, heading for the exit, instead
banks out of line and heads to the landing pad covered with
STORMTROOPERS.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

MEERO

Ensign, eject that cargo container
now! Captain, increase altitude
immediately!

ENSIGN DAIVIC urgently presses a few buttons.

EXT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The Cargo Container freefalls from the belly of the Cruiser.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

MEERO

Shields!

EXT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

As the BULK CRUISER rapidly puts on altitude, the cargo crate
detonates in a massive explosion over the planet's surface.
The CRUISER is rocked. Many of the smaller Cargo Transports
along with several Imperial Escort ships, Lambda Shuttles and
TIE fighters are evaporated.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The bridge CREW steady themselves as the ship is bounced by
the explosion. Alarms begin to sound throughout the ship.

MEERO

(yells)

I want the crew of that transport
taken alive!

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER CARGO BAY - CONTINUOUS

The stolen cargo transport sets down on the landing pad. The awaiting Stormtroopers quickly steady themselves from the explosion and surround the ship.

A squad moves toward a rear hatch, places a charge on it and stands back.

A flurry of sparks and smoke as the hatch is forced open. Blaster fire from inside the ship hits nobody. A STORMTROOPER tosses stun grenade inside. The nearest Troopers take cover from the FLASH-BANG.

More blaster fire from inside the transport. Shots fly wild and inaccurately.

A squad of STORMTROOPERS enters the ship, firing stun weapons.

INT. IMPERIAL BULK CRUISER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

DAIVIC

Crew has been captured alive,
Lieutenant.

Captain Tane butts in again.

TANE

Well done. Have we sustained
damage?

DAIVIC

Damage to our ship is minimal. The
facility on the ground is reporting
multiple casualties and extensive
damage.

MEERO

Captain, please join my associates
for a debriefing.

Heert approaches Tane along with Meero's Death Troopers. Each takes one of the Captain's arms. A panicked look crosses Tane's face.

TANE

I assure you, there's no way we
could have known...The ISB must
understand what I'm working with
here.

Meero ignores Tane's ever-loudening protests as her people escort him from the bridge.

MEERO

Ensign. I will be submitting you
for a promotion.

DAIVIC

Thank you Lieutenant.

Meero gives a curt nod, turns on her heel and leaves the bridge.

INT. ISB HEADQUARTERS CORUSCANT

Meero stands at the large table, finishing her report to MAJOR PARTAGAZ. At the table are multiple OFFICERS of the ISB, including BLEVIN who listens with a vague look of disgust on his face.

MEERO

...once they had bypassed our
scanners - using modified tech they
had stolen from us
(she shoots Blevin a
withering look)
- the rebels were meant to drop
the cargo container and leave. The
bomb hidden within was not meant to
be triggered until our bulk cruiser
joined its convoy in the Anoaat
shipping lanes.

BLEVIN

Instead, you thought it prudent to
allow the device to explode
planetside, destroying
considerable...

MEERO barely spares BLEVIN a glance. Instead she continues to address MAJOR PARTAGAZ.

MEERO

If the device had been allowed to
trigger in our convoy, it would
have done untold damage to our
fleet and brought one of our most
important shipping lanes to a
complete halt. Allowing it to
explode on Burnin Kon was the best
of bad options.

PARTAGAZ

And why not blast them from the sky the minute they were on your scopes, Lieutenant? Thus saving the Empire considerable damage and expense? Why allow them to proceed with even part of their plan?

MEERO

We were able to extract information from the surviving crew. A small but active Rebel cell has been operating among the mining guilds on Burnin Konn. We are proceeding to infiltrate this cell...

BLEVIN

You haven't wiped them from existence?

MEERO

Destroying a cell this small has very little strategic value.

PARTAGAZ

Explain yourself, Lieutenant.

MEERO

The routes and schedules of the Empire's hyperspace lanes are anything but common knowledge. They would not have formulated this plan without considerable intel. Intel they could only receive from an offworld source.

BLEVIN

Please tell us Lieutenant, that this is not another step in your quest to find the elusive Axis.

MEERO

These rebel cells are nothing without a leader holding them together.

BLEVIN

A leader who may or may not exist...

PARTAGAZ

Enough! Time will tell if this information is worth the price you paid. And speaking of price...

MEERO looks chagrined.

PARTAGAZ (CONT'D)

You have requested a considerable increase to your budget, Lieutenant.

MEERO

Major, my source has proven invaluable time and again, but they ask a steep fee.

BLEVIN

We all know your source, Lieutenant. Vile, amoral creatures. And hardly loyal to the Empire.

MEERO again addresses PARTAGAZ, ignoring BLEVIN.

MEERO

Major, the Bothans may be distasteful to us, but their tradition of spycraft is ancient and unmatched throughout the galaxy. Were it not for them our shipping lanes would be in chaos now.

PARTAGAZ

And if their loyalty shifts, Lieutenant?

MEERO

Then lethal force is always an option. But the Bothawui regents are keeping their system in line. Lets not destroy a tool that is working perfectly.

PARTAGAZ

A rather expensive tool. Your budget will stay the same, Lieutenant. Work with what you have. Show us progress against the rebels in your sector and we may revisit your request at another time.

MEERO

Thank you major.

MEERO sits. BLEVIN gives her a smug look.

INT. LUTHEN RAEI'S GALLERY - DAY

LUTHEN and MON MOTHMA watch as their assistants, KLORIS & KLEYA struggle to lift a large stone slab, covered in intricate markings.

LUTHEN

I'm so sorry to ask this of you. My load lifter's been malfunctioning and this maintenance droid of mine is worse than useless.

In the corner a maintenance droid pokes listlessly at sled-shaped object. Sparks fly.

MON MOTHMA

(gently chiding)

Luthen if you had told me, I could have brought our lifter and saved these poor souls the trouble.

(to Kloris)

Kloris, you can lay it across the rear seats. Take it home and then return for me.

Kloris nods & manages a pained grunt of assent as he and Kleya carry the slab outside to Mon's speeder.

LUTHEN

Do be careful! That slab is ancient and extremely easy to shatter!

As soon as the assistants are outside and out of earshot, Luthen gestures for Mon to follow him to the back room.

INT. RAEI'S GALLERY BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

LUTHEN closes the door.

LUTHEN

And now for something a little easier to carry.

LUTHEN pulls an object down from a shelf. A small carved head depicting a wolf-like creature in abstract form.

LUTHEN (CONT'D)

And much more valuable.

He hands it to MOTHMA. She turns it over in her hand, confused.

MON MOTHMA

I'm not sure I recognize the origin.

LUTHEN

I would be amazed if you did. These objects very rarely make their way to the core worlds.

MON MOTHMA

It's quite beautiful.

LUTHEN

And quite valuable. The moons of Bothawui are sacred to their people. A carving from their stone is priceless. Assuming you can have it authenticated.

MON MOTHMA is struck silent for a beat as she stares at the object.

MON MOTHMA

This is Bothan? How did you get...?

LUTHEN

How is not important. What's important is that this particular piece will only be valuable if a Bothan personally certifies its authenticity.

MON MOTHMA

And for that I must make contact with...

LUTHEN

The Bothan network.

MON MOTHMA tries to hand the piece back to LUTHEN.

MON MOTHMA

Well then it's worthless.

Luthen folds Mons hand around the piece.

LUTHEN

So quick to give up are we?

Mon reconsiders the piece in her hand.

MON MOTHMA

The only Bothans I've ever met are in the Senate, and they are skittish to say the least.

LUTHEN shrugs.

MON MOTHMA (CONT'D)

I can't get anywhere near their spy network without raising Imperial eyebrows.

LUTHEN

The Senators aren't the only Bothans on Coruscant.

MON MOTHMA

You can't be suggesting...

LUTHEN raises an eyebrow.

LUTHEN

Her name is pronounced M'tah-krr-ee. It translates roughly to Eye Of The Dawn. She is known more commonly as The Mistress. She rarely shows herself unless there's trouble.

MON MOTHMA

So I simply walk into a brothel and ask for her help?

LUTHEN

The fact that the Empire considers every other species to be beneath them does not stop them from fetishizing those same species. The Mistress knows this and uses it to her every advantage.

MON MOTHMA

I can't be seen in the lower Uscru District.

LUTHEN

I would never suggest something so unbecoming of the Chandrillan Senator. I'm sure there's someone more suitable we can send.

They are interrupted by the door opening. Kleya stands in the doorway.

KLEYA

Senator, the tablet is loaded and ready for transport.

Behind Kleya, Kloris is clearly visible.

LUTHEN

Wonderful! Senator are you sure I can't send someone over to help you display it. It is a rather fragile piece.

MON MOTHMA

Thank you Luthen, that won't be necessary. I believe I have someone in mind.

Mon quietly pockets the Bothan artifact as she shuffles Kloris out toward the speeder.

INT. MEERO'S OFFICE - DAY

Meero speaks to a hologram of a protocol droid, XP-157 (EXPEE). Meero has an edge of impatience.

EXPEE

My Mistress is mindful of the many factions within your organization that have a deep distaste for her people.

MEERO

Those factions are kept quiet with information.

EXPEE

It would seem this is no longer the case.

MEERO

Please tell her that those factions will only become more hostile if she is no longer seen as an asset.

EXPEE

Perhaps it is already too late. We are aware of how quickly Imperial hostility turns to violence.

MEERO

I can protect her.

EXPEE

The Mistress wonders for how long?

MEERO

As long as her intel proves useful.

EXPEE

And then?

MEERO

I believe the Mistress knows far more about these rebel factions than she reveals. If she can help me eradicate them...

EXPEE

My Mistress decides what information she will share, and when.

MEERO

Then she is a danger to herself and her people.

EXPEE

I shall convey your warning.

MEERO begins to speak but the hologram flickers off.

EXT. LOWER USCRU DISTRICT - NIGHT

The streets are dirty & crowded. Different species push past & step over each other, all involved in their own hustle. Some make deals, some panhandle, some pass contraband, some get high on death sticks & spice. In an alleyway near a pile of garbage, CINTA KAZ impatiently straightens the coat of CASSIAN ANDOR's uniform, that of an Imperial Officer. Cinta is in a similar uniform. Behind them, four REBEL SOLDIERS suit up in stolen Stormtrooper armor.

ANDOR

Any one of your people can infiltrate a brothel. Why pull me off running blockades for this?

Cinta squares Andor's belt.

CINTA

Because you reek of compromised principles.

Andor pushes Cinta's hand away, annoyed.

ANDOR

And how will my pretending to lust
after a Trandoshan get her
attention?

CINTA

Just get in there and convince them
that you're as hypocritical and
corrupt as her usual clientele.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Leave your galactic politics at the door. Bring money.
Creatures of all species and class lounge on couches as
various alien species drape themselves over them & flirt.
Among them IMPERIAL OFFICERS in varying states of undress. At
the bar a group of officers laugh & canoodle with several
TWI'LEKS who pour drinks into their mouths. ANDOR stands away
from the crowd at console manned by XP-157 (EXPEE).

EXPEE is looking at a holoscreen with ANDOR's image in
Imperial uniform.

EXPEE

Captain...Darayan.

ANDOR nods.

EXPEE (CONT'D)

Welcome to our establishment. We
trust your discretion will match
our own.

ANDOR

If anything it will exceed it.

EXPEE

Excellent Captain. Now may I ask
what species do you wish to commune
with?

ANDOR

Bothan.

EXPEE

I'm afraid the only Bothan here is
my Mistress, and she does not take
clients.

ANDOR

Please inform your Mistress that I
have a gift for her.

From a pocket in his tunic, Andor pulls the small, carved Bothan relic that Luthen Rael gave to Mon Mothma earlier.

He places it on the console. Expee eyes it warily.

EXPEE

A fascinating relic. And if it's real, it's most certainly stolen.

ANDOR

Then let me return it.

EXPEE

I'm sure my Mistress will be grateful.

Expee goes to grab the relic. Andor puts his hand over it.

ANDOR

I must give it to her myself.

Expee hesitates. Both of their hands are over the relic.

EXPEE

I am afraid that's not possible. My Mistress does not accept visitors. But I'm sure she will reward you generously.

ANDOR

Then I'm afraid this relic leaves with me.

Andor picks up the Bothan relic and heads for the door. He is blocked by two burley security guards (Weequay).

EXPEE

As I said, if a Bothan relic is in the hands of an outsider, it must be stolen. I must insist that you give it to me.

They are interrupted by a commotion at the door.

EXPEE (CONT'D)

Excuse me a moment, won't you captain?

Andor strains to look but he is held in place by the GUARDS.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

At the door is CINTA in her Imperial disguise, accompanied by four STORMTROOPERS (disguised rebels). The STORMTROOPERS weapons are pointed at two WEEQUAY SECURITY GUARDS attempting to block their entrance.

EXPEE approaches.

EXPEE

Please, no need for weapons here.
This is a place of business.

CINTA

(to her troopers)
Restraining bolt.

One of the STORMTROOPERS immediately approaches EXPEE, rapidly attaches a restraining bolt to her body, & presses a button on a handheld device. EXPEE is frozen in place.

CINTA (CONT'D)

(to two TROOPERS)
You two outside. Nobody comes in or out.

Two STORMTROOPERS (disguised rebels) head out the front door.

The Imperial clientele scattered throughout the brothel begin to hide their faces and scatter toward the back rooms.

CINTA (CONT'D)

(addresses the room)
Any Imperial Officer in this place will immediately present themselves for identification. If you cannot justify your presence in this vile pit, you will face the wrath of...

CINTA is interrupted by ANDOR playing his part in this farce.

ANDOR

Stand down Officer!

Andor pushes past the GUARDS that were holding him.

CINTA

Are you joking?

ANDOR

Stand down and call off your troops.

CINTA

Excuse me...Captain, is it? Under what authority does a morally bankrupt disgrace such as yourself dare...

ANDOR quick draws and shoots CINTA with a stun laser. As she drops, the remaining two TROOPERS point their blasters at ANDOR. ANDOR calmly walks up to the nearest TROOPER and puts his chest on the muzzle of the blaster.

ANDOR

Trooper, lower your weapon or so help me, I will have you in front of an execution squad by cycles end.

TROOPER

Captain, I have direct orders to arrest any Imperial I find in this establishment, no matter their rank.

ANDOR

That's good because every single officer here outranks you.
(raises his voice)
Including the ones hiding in the back rooms.

Imperial Officers begin to peek their heads out of hiding.

ANDOR (CONT'D)

So please, arrest us. All of us.

The TROOPER backs away but does not lower his weapon.

ANDOR (CONT'D)

See what the Bureau of Standards makes of your story against the word of two-dozen commissioned officers.

Some of the Imperial Officers in the back are standing up a little straighter now and beginning to button up their shirts.

ANDOR (CONT'D)

Or you can stand down. And take your lieutenant, who's obviously had too much to drink, back to her quarters to sleep it off.

The TROOPER hesitates before lowering his gun and motioning to his partner.

TROOPER

Help me get her out of here.

The TROOPERS drag the unconscious CINTA out the door. Once they've left, ANDOR turns to face the room.

ANDOR

Everybody, I am so sorry for my overly ambitious colleague! She'll be...

ANDOR is cut short by a stun laser. He falls to the ground.

EXT. ISB LANDING PAD - NIGHT

Deedra Meero walks quickly toward a waiting shuttle. Heert follows anxiously.

MEERO

If you think staying on coruscant is the best course of action, you are welcome to do so.

Heert continues to follow Meero to the shuttle.

HEERT

My only concern, Lieutenant is if the local cell on Burnin Kon turns out to be nothing but malcontents. Turns out to have no connection to a larger conspiracy...

MEERO

You've never believed that to be the case with these rebel cells.

HEERT

I'm simply pointing out that we must be careful how we spend ISB time and resources. If this doesn't pan out, it could be disastrous for us.

MEERO

Could be disastrous for a lot of people.

Meero goes up the ramp of the shuttle with Heert at her heels.

INT. BROTHEL OFFICE

Andor awakes to find himself bound to a chair. Beside him, Cinta is in a similar predicament. On either side of them, two GUARDS point blasters at them. From in front of them comes the voice of the BOTHAN MISTRESS.

MISTRESS

Please excuse my protocol droid.

EXPEE twitches erratically in the corner.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)

She's still recovering from that restraining bolt your people so hastily affixed.

Andor and Cinta strain their eyes to see who is talking. Behind a large desk sits the MISTRESS. A small device on the desk in front of her emits a distortion field, hiding her features. One of her hands sits outside the field, it is hairy, doglike, but with long, tactile digits. It rests on the small carved Bothan relic brought in by Andor.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)

However, your return of this sacred Bothan Moonstone is greatly appreciated.

CINTA

Where are the rest of my people?

MISTRESS

Safe for the moment. Restrained on the premises. What condition they leave in depends on this conversation.

ANDOR

What do you plan to do with us?

MISTRESS

That is up to you.

The MISTRESS presses a button and an Image of ANDOR floats in front of them, this time definitely not in Imperial garb.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)

You're building quite the reputation for yourself Cassian Andor.

Writing scrolls in the air before them. An image of the planet Kenari appears.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)
 What the Empire did to your home
 was tragic.

And image of the planet Ferrix appears.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)
 Even more tragic that the same
 thing is like to happen to your
 adopted home.

CINTA
 So you know where he used to live.
 Is that supposed to scare us?

MISTRESS
 Ah yes, Cinta Kaz.

The MISTRESS presses another button. Up comes Cinta's image. Alongside it pops up the image of VEL SARTHA followed by that of MON MOTHMA. Several icons denote the connection.

MISTRESS (CONT'D)
 It looks like you have powerful
 friends.

INT. BURNIN KONN SECURITY FACILITY - DAY

HEERT follows MEERO through the halls. He delivers an update from the data pad in his hand.

HEERT
 ...contact with the local cell has
 been extremely difficult. Since the
 explosion they've gone to ground.

MEERO
 It's to be expected. Reduce food
 rations for that sector. Then send
 in one of our agents to sell on the
 black market.

HEERT
 That should get someone to pop
 their head up.

MEERO
 What else?

HEERT
 A message from your contact in the
 Lower Uscru.

MEERO

Unusual. She doesn't usually reach out unless prompted.

HEERT

Indeed. This appears to be damage control of some kind.

MEERO

Is she compromised?

HEERT

She insists that she is not.

MEERO

So what does she deem so worthy of our notice.

HEERT

According to her a security squad attempted to shut down the business and arrest several Imperial officers in attendance.

MEERO

A clumsy attempt by local security forces to raise their profile?

HEERT

At first I thought as much.

MEERO

However?

HEERT

I checked in with our Security Precinct in the Uscru District and they have no such record of any action.

MEERO

Does our contact know who they were?

HEERT

She claims they were thieves in stolen uniforms. A botched attempt at a shakedown.

MEERO

And?

HEERT

And her people dealt with them accordingly.

MEERO

Why did she deem it necessary for us to know about this?

HEERT

She felt that the appearance of Imperials, even fraudulent ones was worthy of your notice.

MEERO

Acknowledged. Send our thanks, but no payment.

An Imperial TORTURE DROID floats in and matches their stride. They come to a door. HEERT uses a security card to open it. Inside are two captured REBEL PILOTS, looking exhausted and terrified.

MEERO (CONT'D)

Now let's see if our friends have anything new they want to tell us.

MEERO and HEERT step into the cell with their prisoners. The door closes abruptly.

EXT. LOWER USCRU DISTRICT

ANDOR and CINTA walk quickly. ANDOR rubs his wrists where he was bound. They are followed by their companions in the failed caper. They carry rucksacks with bits of Stormtrooper armor peeking out. The other rebels quickly branch off in multiple directions blending with the crowds in the street. ANDOR stays with CINTA.

ANDOR

She asks too much of us.

CINTA

She hasn't turned us over to the Empire. What price is that worth?

ANDOR

And in return for our necks she expects us to betray our own.

Before Cinta can answer they are interrupted by a local MERCHANT shaking her wares.

MERCHANT
BU-NA-TOOEY?

CINTA
(to creature)
Thank you, no.
(to ANDOR)
This is not our decision to make.

CINTA abruptly walks off in one direction, ANDOR in the other.

The MERCHANT calls an insult after them.

MERCHANT
Bawtch-Twongo!

INT. LUTHEN RAE'L'S GALLERY BACK ROOM - DAY

MON, LUTHEN & VEL SARTHA speak in panicked whispers.

VEL
She wants us to sacrifice something
as a show of good faith. Give up
one of our cells.

MON
(incredulous)
I'd sooner turn myself over to the
Empire.

VEL
You may not have to. She could
destroy everything we've built with
the push of a button.

LUTHEN
So why hasn't she?

VEL
I'm not sure it matters why. She's
dangerous. Perhaps its best we just
eliminate the threat.

LUTHEN
She is just a node in an ancient
and complex network. Killing her
would only invoke the ire of the
Bothans. They would expose us and
replace her before we could blink
twice.

MON

She must see some value in protecting us, at least temporarily.

LUTHEN

Perhaps she knows that her time in the good graces of the Empire is limited.

MON

You can't possibly believe the entire Bothan network is just biding their time before they come over to our side.

LUTHEN

Survival is a powerful instinct. Perhaps we can accelerate the process. Mon, who among your senate colleagues is most sympathetic to the Empire?

EXT. IMPERIAL SENATE - DAY

In a wide shot we observe MON MOTHMA talking with a SENATOR from Muunilist.

INT. IMPERIAL SENATE - DAY

Vice Chancellor MAS AMEDA presides at the dais.

MAS AMEDA

The chair recognizes the delegate from Muunilist.

MON MOTHMA watches as the Muunilist Senate Pod floats to the middle of the chamber.

MUUNILIST SENATOR

It has come to our attention that certain factions within our beloved Empire have been making use of the Bothan spy network. A network run by a species that has never proven loyalty to anyone but themselves!

As the Muunilist Senator prattles on, a smile barely cracks Mon Mothma's lips.

INT. BURNIN KONN SECURITY FACILITY - DAY

DEEDRA MEERO sits at a desk, studying a data pad. Agonized screams can be heard echoing in the distance. Her console lights up with an incoming call. She presses a button to close her door & cut off the screaming. A hologram of Major Partagaz flickers to life.

MEERO

Major, we've extracted names and locations of the cell operating here. My agents are about to make contact with...

PARTAGAZ

Lieutenant, I am indulging this pet project of yours because your instincts have proven valuable in the past. But your use of the Bothan Network to gain intelligence is now public knowledge. The Emperor finds this revelation most distasteful.

MEERO

Major, is it not our duty to use every possible resource?

PARTAGAZ

When the use of that resource makes the Empire look weak, then that resource must be reassessed. The Bothans are becoming confident. The Emperor feels a show of Imperial might on their homeworld is necessary.

MEERO

Major, any attack against the Bothans will be a self-inflicted wound for the Empire.

PARTAGAZ

Are you defending those vile things?

MEERO

No Sir. I'm only defending our best practices and most useful informants.

PARTAGAZ

This campaign of yours will bear fruit soon or I will not be able to justify your work in this sector. Am I clear?

MEERO

Understood Major.

PARTAGAZ

The Emperor is impatient and so am I lieutenant.

With a nod, Major Partagaz' hologram flickers off. MEERO hits a button opening the door to her office. The screaming can still be heard in the distance.

EXT. LOWER USCRU DISTRICT - NIGHT

ANDOR & CINTA walk side by side. There is tension between them.

ANDOR

It's one hell of a bluff.

CINTA

Luthen's right. It's the only card we have to play. If she's no longer an asset to the Empire, they'll turn on her and her people, then we can...

They turn a corner approaching the Brothel when

BOOM!

They are thrown back by a huge explosion. The Brothel is engulfed in flames. The street locals scream and run for cover.

INT. LUTHEN RAE'L'S GALLERY BACK ROOM

Vel & Cinta meet with Luthen. Luthen slams his hand on a table in frustration.

LUTHEN

We were oafish. I should have known better.

VEL

Was it the Empire? Is this how they eliminate their embarrassment?

LUTHEN

No. Too small a show for our Imperial friends. Almost nobody knew the Bothan operated there.

CINTA

After the explosion, Andor found this in his pocket.

Cinta holds up a small carved head, much like the one Luthen first gave to Mon Mothma. Luthen takes it, holds it up to the light.

LUTHEN

Interesting, these effigies are usually made from Bothan Moonstone. This one is not.

He puts it down on the tray of a desktop scanning device.

LUTHEN (CONT'D)

In fact this seems to be made of rather cheap local material.

He presses a few buttons, microlasers immediately disintegrate the object revealing a smaller round object hidden inside.

LUTHEN (CONT'D)

And there's our message. Kleya?

KLEYA brings over a device - a Holoprojector - and puts it on the counter next to LUTHEN. She looks at the small recently revealed object.

KLEYA

It looks like it's made from hardened deuterium. Highly unstable when it's exposed to scan rays.

LUTHEN

Then we'll have to read quickly.

LUTHEN places the newly revealed object into the Holoprojector. A few Aurabesh words float in the air before them.

KLEYA

(reads)

Stolen Moon Cantina. Andor Only.

She looks down at the projector.

KLEYA (CONT'D)
Are we sure there isn't anything
more?

Before anyone can answer a glow of light and a puff of smoke
melt the holoprojector and the object therein.

Annoyed, Luthen waves the smoke out of his face.

LUTHEN
Damn Bothans! That thing was
expensive.

INT. BURNIN KONN SECURITY FACILITY - DAY

Heert is in the midst of a report to Deedra Meero.

HEERT
Our agents have made contact with
the cell behind the bombing. It
appears your strategy was
effective.

MEERO
Excellent.

Heert hesitates for the briefest moment.

MEERO (CONT'D)
Was there something else?

HEERT
Our contact on Coruscant...in the
lower Uscru. There was a large
explosion.

MEERO
Our people?

HEERT
It does not appear so.

MEERO
She wants us to think she's dead.

HEERT
Several bodies were recovered,
including the remains of...

MEERO
No. This is a classic Bothan ploy.
Have the remains been analyzed?

HEERT checks his data pad.

HEERT
I do not believe so, Lieutenant.

MEERO
We're going back to Coruscant.

EXT. STOLEN MOON CANTINA - NIGHT

ANDOR dressed in a hooded cloak enters under the glowing signage.

INT. STOLEN MOON CANTINA - CONTINUOUS

A dive bar. Crowded but quiet. The in-universe equivalent of Blues plays from a machine somewhere. ANDOR pushes his way through the clientele. In a dark booth he spots the glowing eyes of the Mistress's droid EXPEE. EXPEE pushes a bottle & glass forward, inviting him to sit.

ANDOR
Where is your mistress?

EXPEE
The Eye Of Dawn bids you greeting. She feels it prudent to stay hidden for the moment. She prefers it if most people think her dead. For now.

ANDOR
We were prepared to bring her what she asked for.

EXPEE
There is currently an Imperial attack fleet massing off the sacred moons of Bothawui. That is all you have brought us.

ANDOR
It was just a matter of time before the Empire betrayed her.

EXPEE
Is that not what you have done by exposing her?

ANDOR
So why hasn't she given us up? It could save your world.

EXPEE

My mistress knows that if this attack is stopped, another one is imminent. The Empire cannot afford to be seen as reliant on anyone but themselves.

ANDOR

She's going to let it happen?

EXPEE

Perhaps it needs to happen.

ANDOR

So what does she want from us?

EXPEE

From your rebellion? Nothing. They've done enough. From you, Cassian Andor, a way off Coruscant. Free of Imperial attention.

ANDOR

She must have a thousand ways to get off this planet?

EXPEE

But you are the most useful tool within reach at the moment.

ANDOR

And if I cannot achieve this?

EXPEE

Then my mistress will do what needs to be done in order to redeem herself and her people in the eyes of the Empire.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

A MORTICIAN speaks to Heert.

MORTICIAN

There were very few remains to recover. Our scanners did however find Bothan genetic material at the site of the explosion.

HEERT

And were you able to confirm the identity of this Bothan?

The Mortician leads Heert to a table holding what looks like the in-universe equivalent of petri dishes, test tubes and a microscope.

MORTICIAN

As I said, there were very few
remains to recover.

The Mortician gestures to a microscope as Heert leans in to look.

INT. BROTHEL RUINS - NIGHT

Deedra Meero walks flashes ID at a STORMTROOPER guarding the destroyed site. She passes through holoprojected yellow tape into the charred remains where the brothel once stood.

Meero makes her way gingerly to one dark corner of the devastation. She looks over her shoulder before dropping a shiny coin with an Imperial logo onto a heap of rubble.

EXT. CORUSCANT STREET - NIGHT

Andor walks through a crowd. Cinta moves in next to him.

ANDOR

Tell Rael I'll need two ships with
active clearance codes.

CINTA

And why would he just give those to
you.

ANDOR

Because if he doesn't the Mistress
will hand every one of us to Empire
in order to save her own fur.

Cinta peels away without giving an answer.

INT. ISB HEADQUARTERS WAR ROOM

MEERO delivers her report to Partagaz & her fellow
Lieutenants.

MEERO

...Imperial agents posing as black
market food distributors have made
contact and managed to infiltrate
the local cell on Burnin Konn.

(MORE)

MEERO (CONT'D)

Nobody local seems smart enough to have come up with the bombing.

BLEVIN

So you've spent Imperial time and resources to infiltrate a gang of idiots on an outer rim mining world?

Meero barely gives Blevin a glance before redirecting to Major Partagaz.

MEERO

What this tells us is that the local cell is receiving instructions and equipment from another, better-informed source.

PARTAGAZ

Your theoretical Axis.

MEERO

Knowledge of our shipping lanes, access codes to a stolen cargo transport...It's the only way the local cell could have planned that bombing.

PARTAGAZ

For now Lieutenant, you've managed to cut out a small cancer with your unorthodox ways. Only time will tell if this leads to further eradication of the disease.

BLEVIN

In the meantime Lieutenant Meero, Will you continue to traffic information with those vile Bothans?

MEERO

As I'm sure you're aware lieutenant, effective intelligence must come from a variety of sources. Many of them unsavory.

Blevin stands up, angry.

BLEVIN

Sources which in this case have humiliated the Empire.

MEERO

I believe it was a senator from Muunilist who humiliated the Empire.

PARTAGAZ

Enough of this! Our navy is massing off the moons of Bothawui. The Bothans will soon learn the price of disloyalty, as will the rest of the galaxy. In the meantime Lieutenant Meero, I expect your eyes to be fully focused back on the Morlana Sector.

MEERO

Of course Major. I've spoken with Lieutenant Thorne. His team will handle all further intel from Burnin Konn.

PARTAGAZ

Fine. And your Bothan source?

MEERO

Dead as far as I know, Major.

PARTAGAZ

That is likely for the best, Lieutenant.

BLEVIN

Perhaps next time you'll consider handling your own intelligence work instead of outsourcing it to such scum.

Meero shoots Blevin an angry look but does not respond.

INT. ISB HEADQUARTERS HALLWAY

Meero catches up with Partagaz as he leaves the meeting.

MEERO

Major?

Partagaz does not break stride. Meero matches his.

PARTAGAZ

Lieutenant Meero. Did you forget something in your report?

MEERO

No Major.

PARTAGAZ

What is it then?

MEERO

Respectfully Major, if we proceed with this attack on Bothawui, we will never have the intel to uncover and destroy this burgeoning rebellion. I would argue that lashing out violently every time we feel embarrassed only makes us look weak.

PARTAGAZ

Perhaps you should take up your issue with the Emperor. After all, it was he who ordered the attack.

MEERO

If I'm to understand his orders correctly, it was to be at the discretion of the ISB.

PARTAGAZ

The Empire exists to restore order to this war torn galaxy, Lieutenant.

MEERO

I'm not sure I take your point sir.

PARTAGAZ

The galaxy must see that it is the Empire and only the Empire who can bring that order. Anyone who interferes in that order can and must be punished.

MEERO

Perhaps a more focused show of power then. Replace the Bothan regents with our own command. Remove their representatives from the senate...

Partagaz stops and turns. He considers Meero with a long look.

PARTAGAZ

You are here because you are innovative. You often bend the rules to great effect. But be careful. Secrets and loose ends are very dangerous. They can easily destroy a promising career.

MEERO

Understood Major.

PARTAGAZ

I hope so Lieutenant.

Partagaz walks away without another word.

INT. SMALL DARK ROOM

The Mistress, shrouded in shadow, plays with the Imperial coin left by Meero, considering it. With her free hand she presses a button on a device with a small screen.

On the screen several red objects (the Imperial fleet) move toward a representation of her homeworld of Bothawui.

Another button and a hologram of Meero flickers to life.

MEERO

You should not be contacting me directly.

MISTRESS

Desperate times call for a change of rules. Your fleet is still bearing down on my home.

MEERO

I may be able to stop the attack, but you must give me everything you have on these rebel cells. Not just the crumbs you've been feeding me.

MISTRESS

Hardly a reassurance. My people have proven their loyalty to the Empire time and again. We are rewarded with violence.

MEERO

That does not have to be the case, if you just...

The Mistress cuts the transmission mid-sentence. She turns her attention back to the screen indicating the Imperial fleet closing on Bothawui.

EXT. FIRST MOON OF BOTHAWUI

Several Imperial Star Destroyers approach the moon in menacing formation.

INT. STAR DESTROYER BRIDGE

A WEAPONS OFFICER addresses his Captain, BENITZ.

WEAPONS OFFICER
All ships are in position, sir.

CAPTAIN BENITZ
Have they raised a shield?

WEAPONS OFFICER
Negative Captain.

A COMMS OFFICER, speaks up.

COMMS OFFICER
Urgent message from the Bothan consulate, sir.

CAPTAIN BENITZ
Ignore them. Prepare the battery for bombardment. Target the temple.

WEAPONS OFFICER
Cannons charging at ninety-eight percent sir.

COMMS OFFICER
Captain, an unauthorized ship has just jumped into our airspace.

CAPTAIN BENITZ
Give them one warning. If they don't leave, destroy them.

COMMS OFFICER
Sir, it's a consular ship transmitting a distress signal. The Senator from Chandrilla.

INT. MON MOTHMA'S SHIP

Mon stands in the cockpit. Several loyal PILOTS are at the controls. Captain Benitz voice crackles over the comms.

CAPTAIN BENITZ

Consular ship, this is Captain Benitz of the Imperial Navy. You are interfering in a military operation. Leave immediately or you risk being destroyed.

MON

Apologies Captain. We experienced a severe reactor leak and had to drop out of hyperspace. We are setting down on the Bothan moon for repairs.

CAPTAIN BENITZ

Negative Senator...

INT. STAR DESTROYER BRIDGE

CAPTAIN BENITZ

Please navigate in range of our tractor beams. Our techs will assist you with repairs in our hold.

WEAPONS OFFICER

(to Benitz)

Bombardment cannons fully charged Sir.

CAPTAIN BENITZ

(to Weapons Officer)

Stand by.

MON

(over coms)

Captain we are losing power fast. I don't think we can get to you. We'll have to set down on the Moon, near the temple.

CAPTAIN BENITZ

You cannot do that Senator! You are interfering directly with...

INT. MON MOTHMA'S SHIP

MON

I don't think we have a choice
captain.

Mon nods to her pilot.

EXT. MON MOTHMA'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Mon's ship glides in over an ancient and beautiful temple made of elaborate stone carvings. It settles in a large courtyard near the front entrance.

INT. STAR DESTROYER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

WEAPONS OFFICER

Shall I signal to begin the
bombardment Captain?

Captain Benitz looks perplexed as he figures out his next move.

EXT. CORUSCANT - NIGHT

A hooded Mistress hurriedly exits a door and flees down a dark alleyway. As she rounds a corner she stops short. Lieutenant Meero stands in front of her, accompanied by a squad of STORMTROOPERS.

MEERO

I am authorized to call off the
attack. You simply have to stay
here on Coruscant.

Meero gestures to a nearby speeder, the door open.

MEERO (CONT'D)

I can protect you.

INT. STAR DESTROYER BRIDGE

CAPTAIN BENITZ

(to WEAPONS OFFICER)

On my mark, fire a small charge
cannon. Target within one klick of
that ship.

WEAPONS OFFICER

Target acquired.

CAPTAIN BENITZ

(to intercom)

Senator Mothma I have direct orders to proceed with the bombardment. If you remain there you will be destroyed.

MON MOTHMA

(over coms)

Captain, we cannot lift off. We are stuck here. I'm simply asking you for time to effect repairs.

CAPTAIN BENITZ

(to WEAPONS OFFICER)

Fire.

EXT. STAR DESTROYER

A dorsal cannon fires a blast at the Bothan moon. It hits the surface dangerously close to Mothma's ship and the Bothan temple, but does not destroy them.

INT. MON MOTHMA'S SHIP

The ship & crew are rocked by the nearby explosion.

MON MOTHMA

(into the comms)

Captain Benitz please hold your fire! We are a consular ship, we have no weapons and our shields are not functioning!

EXT. BOTHAN MOON

Debris from the explosion rises into the atmosphere. A hint of the destructive potential of an Imperial Star Destroyer.

EXT. CORUSCANT

Guarded by her squad of Stormtroopers, Meero escorts the hooded and cloaked Mistress to the waiting speeder.

Blam! Blam!

From out of nowhere two of Meero's Stormtroopers are taken down by blaster bolts. Meero and The Mistress crouch.

TROOPER

Sniper!
(points to a rooftop)
There!

The remaining Stormtroopers begin firing at the suspected position of the sniper. Bits of the surrounding buildings are blasted to chunks but there is no indication of the assailant.

MEERO

(to the Troopers)
Cover us while we get to the
speeder!

The Troopers continue to probe with their blaster shots as Meero escorts The Mistress to the waiting speeder. As they start to move, another speeder comes flying around a corner and slows at the group, but does not stop completely.

The speeder drifts sideways toward Meero and The Mistress. A door flies open. Blaster fire shoots from the interior over Meero's head. At the wheel of the invading speeder is Andor. He yells to The Mistress

ANDOR

I can get you out!

From nearby rooftops, more sniper fire occupies the Stormtroopers.

TROOPER

Multiple bogies! Circle up!

Meero locks eyes with Andor for the briefest moment before turning to The Mistress.

MEERO

Go with him and your people will
die!

The Mistress hesitates, unsure of which speeder to get in.

ANDOR

(to Mistress)
Come on!

MEERO

Only I can keep you safe!

A cacophony of blaster fire continues all around them.

INT. STAR DESTROYER BRIDGE

CAPTAIN BENITZ

This will be the final warning shot
Senator!

(to COMMS OFFICER)

Target within half a klick of her
ship. Thirty percent power load.

COMMS OFFICER

Targeting.

MON MOTHMA

Captain, please wait we can't...

BENITZ

Fire.

MON MOTHMA is cut off by another blast that rocks the surface near her ship and sends debris pelting her hull.

EXT. CORUSCANT - DAY

Meero and The Mistress are crouched as the Stormtroopers exchange blaster fire with snipers in the nearby buildings. Meero fires at Andor's speeder as it drifts sideways toward them.

SFX: Beeping

A figure runs quickly away from Meero's speeder. A REBEL SOLDIER.

TROOPER

There!

The rebel is quickly felled by blaster fire, but it's too late.

Meero's speeder is blown apart by a bomb planted by the fallen REBEL.

Meero covers herself to protect from the flames and debris. As her arms uncover her face she looks up to see the door on Andor's speeder closing. The Mistress doglike leg is just visible as she pulls it in to clear the closing door.

Meero watches Andor's speeder tear away.

She calmly presses a few buttons on a wrist mounted device.

INT. MON MOTHMA'S SHIP

Captain Benitz speaks over the com.

BENITZ

Senator Mothma, I have orders to begin my bombardment in full.

MON MOTHMA

Captain, surely you can delay your operation long enough to rescue my crew.

BENITZ

(to Weapons Officer)
Target Bothan Temple. Full Power.

WEAPONS OFFICER

Targeting.

INT. SMUGGLERS SHIP

The Mistress sits in the shadows of a small crew compartment. Andor speaks from the doorway.

ANDOR

I'll have you out of harms way shortly.

The Mistress nods. Andor presses a button to shut the door.

EXT. CORUSCANT JUNK YARD - NIGHT

Amidst the discarded parts of once magnificent looking ships, a dusty old ship (a Quadjumper) powers up her engines. She begins to leave the surface, but before she can go anywhere she is blocked by several hovering Imperial craft. The ship touches back down. A column of STORMTROOPERS surrounds it. They are escorted by two IMPERIAL TANKS. Standing half way out of a hatch is Deedra Meero. A commanding voice speaks over a loudspeaker.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Unauthorized ship! Power down and prepare to be boarded Immediately.

The dusty ship complies. Troopers run up to it, plant a small charge on the hatch. Blam! The hatch is forced open. A squad of Troopers enters quickly, blasters drawn.

INT. STAR DESTROYER BRIDGE

MON MOTHMA's voice over the com.

MON MOTHMA

Captain, if an unarmed consular ship pleading for help is not enough to delay your attack, then my crew and I have one final request.

BENITZ

What is it?

MON MOTHMA

Our long range coms are down, but there appear to be several factions transmitting your attack to the holonet. Please allow us to say goodbye to our loved ones.

BENITZ

(to his crew)

Hold.

(to Mothma)

Senator you cannot possibly expect me to...

MON MOTHMA

You've shown that you are willing to risk a diplomatic incident to carry out your orders. Let us show the galaxy that my crew and I are at peace with that decision.

Benitz' shoulders slump in dejection.

BENITZ

(to his Comm Officer)

Put me through to command.

INT. MON MOTHMA'S SHIP

Mon sits back in her chair and lets out a breath of relief. This is followed by a smile.

EXT. CORUSCANT JUNK YARD - NIGHT

The dusty smuggling ship is surrounded by Imperial forces. Down the ramp at blasterpoint comes EXPEE.

EXPEE

I'm so sorry, I didn't realize I was violating any Imperial regulations, I'm simply attempting to handle the estate of my late mistress and...

STORMTROOPER

Quiet!

Meero stands in her tank observing from afar. She approached by a trooper.

TROOPER

Lieutenant, we've done multiple scans of the ship. Only the droid was aboard.

MEERO

Fit the droid with a restraining bolt and bring her in for questioning.

In the distance EXPEE continues to monologue.

EXPEE

You see my Mistress had several assets that I am charged with...Oh Dear.

A Stormtrooper attaches a restraining bolt, Expee goes quiet but continues to walk ahead of the blasters trained on her.

Meero sits back in her tank and looks up at the sky. A hint of disappointment crosses her stern features.

EXT. ROCKY ASTEROID

A U-Wing is parked next to another slightly larger ship. Several figures exit the U-Wing, suited up for the nonexistent atmosphere. They enter the larger ship, which takes off almost immediately.

INT. U-WING COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Andor sits at the console. He speaks into a com.

ANDOR

The Bothan is safely away.

He sits back and stares out the viewport just in time to spy the larger ship jumping to light speed.

INT. LUTHEN RAE'L'S GALLERY

Luthen puts down a receiver and nods to Kleya.

LUTHEN
She's safe.

KLEYA
Will they work with us?

LUTHEN
Time will tell.

INT. IMPERIAL SENATE HALLS

MON MOTHMA walks with an AIDE toward the Senate Chambers.

AIDE
Your action on Bothawui has a lot of powerful people upset. Factions loyal to the Empire are requesting a vote of no-confidence in you.

MON MOTHMA
They do hate it when we get in the way of them destroying things.

AIDE
Also, a gift from the Bothan delegation.

Mothma's eyebrows raise in interest.

The Aide hands MON the carved Bothan head that she was originally given by Luthen.

AIDE (CONT'D)
They asked that this be returned to you.

Mon takes the effigy.

MON MOTHMA
How lovely.

AIDE
It came with a chain code certifying its authenticity. And a rather cryptic message.

MON MOTHMA
I would expect nothing less of them.

The Aide reads off a tablet.

AIDE

The Eye of Dawn looks upon you with
gratitude. Does that mean anything
to you?

MON MOTHMA

Perhaps.

MON approaches the entrance to the Senate Chamber. Agitated
crowd noises emanate from inside.

MON steels herself with a deep breath.

MON MOTHMA (CONT'D)

(to AIDE)

You think I can survive this vote?

AIDE

We may just squeak by, Senator.

Mon smiles to herself as she enters to face the wrath of the
IMPERIAL SENATE.

END