

STAR WARS: X-WING VERSUS TIE FIGHTER  
EPISODE I: "PILOTS"

written by

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Based on STAR WARS by George Lucas

Draft 2

ACT ONE

SUPERIMPOSE: "A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away..."

FADE IN:

INT. ORNERY WORRT (OSSA'S ROOM)

The camera opens on a starfield, just like every other Star Wars movie. But there's no music. No opening crawl. Pan backwards, through a window, into a cramped bedroom. There are model ships made of scrap on austere shelves. Dirt-covered coveralls are all over.

There's a knock at the door.

DORRAN (O.S.)

Ossa?

OSSA TWILL, an 18-year old with long, wild hair and a stained, half-zipped flight suit, lurches out of bed.

OSSA

Did I oversleep?

She clambers out of bed slowly, awkwardly. She clamps her legs into mechanical braces with old, grinding servos, and fastens a harness around her waist.

DORRAN (O.S.)

Not by much.

Ossa limps towards the door. DORRAN TWILL, her proud father, hands her a bowl filled with a colorful, food-like mush, which she readily takes as she pushes past him.

DORRAN

Slow down! We've got plenty of time!

INT. ORNERY WORRT (CORRIDOR)

OSSA powers ahead of her father with a heavy, clanking, robotic gait, down a corridor with windows overlooking the hangar.

The Ornerly Worrt is basically a flying hangar with a few extra rooms welded on to the side. The ship could be ancient. Lights flicker and hum loudly, panels are missing, and the walls are peppered with patches of rust.

INT. ORNERY WORRT (BRIDGE)

OSSA and DORRAN make their way into a cramped bridge, where a console is flashing slowly and beeping loudly. DORRAN slides into the pilot's seat and hits a button.

A sputtering projector creates a distorted blue hologram of a lizard-like trandoshan in coveralls: KARTISSK.

KARTISSK

(In a thick, hissing  
accent)

Ah, Dorrnan! I call three times,  
you finally answer!

DORRAN

Sorry, Kartissk, we were just  
waking up. What do you need?

KARTISSK

I have job opportunity! Very  
urgent! Rock-thief caught in  
minefield. Recover ship while  
still enough to salvage!

DORRAN looks away from the hologram - towards OSSA, and rolls his eyes. When he turns back around, he's smiling again.

DORRAN

Of course, Kartissk. You paying  
the usual rates?

KARTISSK

Yes, plus double for salvage.

DORRAN hisses apologetically.

DORRAN

Can't make any promises. I've got  
a buyer for most of the parts.

KARTISSK

Hmmm. Not matter. I send  
coordinates of wreck and codes  
for the minefield.

You know, if you work for me  
full-time, you not need sell  
parts on side.

DORRAN

Yeah, but then I'd be working for you.

DORRAN flips a switch and ends the call. OSSA laughs.

OSSA

(Imitating DORRAN)

But then I'd be working for you.

OSSA snickers and erupts into even louder laughter.

DORRAN

(Smiling)

Stop it...

OSSA

You sound like a, a, bounty hunter or something! Gee, dad, did you rehearse that one in the mirror?

DORRAN

It just popped into my head, I swear! I don't know how many times I gotta tell that guy no.

DORRAN grabs the ship's controls and starts steering it towards the mark.

EXT. SKARRAN 12 - MOMENTS LATER

The Ornerly Worrt gently banks downwards towards the thick, Saturn-like ring of a massive gas giant. Vortexes of swirling storms in the planet's orange skies can be seen from space.

The ship meanders through a few large asteroids, searching for the wreck with a spotlight.

They fly past several floating mines. A blinking red light turns green as the Ornerly Worrt passes by, then back to blinking red.

They find the wreck: A small, ugly ship. Its engines have been blown off, leaving a trail of debris.

DORRAN

What a mess. Doesn't even look like a mining ship. Probably just spice runners or something.

OSSA

I don't think anyone survived  
that.

DORRAN shakes his head.

DORRAN

Better get ready.

OSSA nods and leaves the cockpit.

EXT. ORNERY WORRT (HANGAR)

OSSA enters the hangar in a jumpsuit. She has a backpack of  
tools slung over one shoulder.

DORRAN (O.S.)

(Over a grainy  
intercom)

Ok, tractor beam is on!

OSSA braces herself and watches as the wreck is pulled  
towards the Ornery Worrt, and into the hangar. The floor is  
covered in scuffs and scrapes from past jobs, and it's  
immediately clear why. The wreck drags against the hangar  
floor with a grinding screech.

As soon as it slows to a halt, OSSA goes to work, using tools  
to dismantle the ship with incredible speed and precision.

MONTAGE

OSSA strips the ship down to nuts and bolts, collecting and  
sorting pieces into three neat piles: working parts, valuable  
scrap, and worthless junk.

During her work, OSSA comes across a secret compartment full  
of unmarked cases. OSSA presses a button on her wrist,  
calling DORRAN

OSSA

Dad, I think you were right -  
spice runners.

OSSA moves to crack open one of the crates.

DORRAN (O.S.)

Careful, OSSA - whatever you  
found, don't open -

Too late. OSSA slides the lid off, revealing a case full of Imperial E-11 blaster rifles. OSSA jumps backwards.

OSSA  
Imperial blasters!

DORRAN (O.S.)  
Karabast! I'll be right there.  
Don't touch anything else!

INT. ORNERY WORRT (HANGAR) - MOMENTS LATER

DORRAN stands at the edge of the hangar with a stack of crates. OSSA has her head bowed, as if this was her fault.

DORRAN  
You sure that's all of it?

OSSA gestures towards the stripped chassis of the ship.

OSSA  
There's literally nowhere else  
they could've hidden anything.

DORRAN  
Great. Help me with this?

DORRAN grabs a case and flings it out of the hangar. It glides through space before crashing into an asteroid and bouncing in another direction.

DORRAN flings another case, while OSSA picks one up with both hands and tosses it out of the ship.

DORRAN (CONT'D)  
You can't tell anyone about this.  
Ever.

OSSA throws another case of weapons.

OSSA  
I won't- but we didn't do  
anything wrong, did we?

DORRAN  
No, but those blasters were on  
our ship. The Imperials won't  
care about why or how.

DORRAN (CONT'D)

Now let's get this stuff to  
Kartissk.

EXT. SKARRAN STATION

The Ornery Worrt flies up to an ugly space station that looks like multiple ships welded together. It is hovering just above the rings of Skarran 12, the huge orange gas giant.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (HANGAR) - MOMENTS LATER

KARTISSK, a tall trandoshan in coveralls, comes into the hangar flanked by two THUGS. He greets DORRAN with open arms.

KARTISSK

Dorran friend! My ship?

DORRAN gestures to the hangar of the Ornery Worrt. A crane picks up the wreck with magnetic cables and starts slowly extending, dragging the ship out of the hangar.

DORRAN

Where do you want it?

KARTISSK

That does not look like mining  
ship.

DORRAN

Guess they weren't rock-thieves  
after all. Maybe you should be a  
bit more careful about where you  
put your mines.

KARTISSK

I was very careful. That why the  
mines work. Besides, why you  
complain? Good business! Lots of  
salvage!

DORRAN rolls his eyes.

DORRAN

Speaking of salvage. My payment?

KARTISSK looks at the wreck, narrowing his eyes.

KARTISSK

I give you 3,000 credits.

DORRAN

That's half my rate!

KARTISSK

Smaller ship than I thought.  
Worth less. Would pay more for  
scrap.

DORRAN

I told you - I've already got a  
buyer, and they pay more than you  
anyways.

One of the THUGS hands DORRAN a case of credits, which he  
cracks open and checks.

KARTISSK

Bah! I run expensive station, but  
Dorran tries swindle me.

DORRAN

Oh yeah, I'm doing all the  
swindling here. Enjoy your new  
ship.

With a disgusted scoff, DORRAN steps back into the Ornery  
Worrt.

A moment later, the ship takes off and flies away.

KARTISSK nods at one of the THUGS. The THUG pulls out a  
comlink and says something unintelligible.

EXT. SKARRAN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The Ornery Worrt banks down into the asteroid field again.  
From beneath the station, a small probe droid launches and  
follows the ship.

INT. ORNERY WORRT (BRIDGE) - MOMENTS LATER

OSSA is at the controls when DORRAN enters the cockpit.

OSSA

Sounds like that went well.

DORRAN

Yeah. Let's ditch this salvage,  
then we'll hit the market on  
Skarran 3.

OSSA  
(Grinning excitedly)  
Works for me.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD

The Ornerly Worrt glides into a sparse portion of the asteroid field.

The probe droid is still following them from a distance. Its antenna extends, and it starts transmitting.

INT. ORNERLY WORRT (BRIDGE)

DORRAN  
Echo, are you out there? You certainly picked a remote enough meeting place.

SABBOTT (O.S.)  
(Over the ship radio)  
This is Echo. We read you. Moving to dock.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD

A modified U-Wing with teal markings, the Echo, emerges from behind an asteroid. It gingerly glides into the Ornerly Worrt's hangar.

INT. ORNERLY WORRT (HANGAR) - MOMENTS LATER

The U-Wing lands. The loading ramp extends with hissing jets of smoke.

DORRAN and OSSA enter the hangar. DORRAN gestures to several pallets of salvage tied down with cargo netting.

DORRAN  
Eight pallets of salvage and spare parts, as promised.

An older woman in beige fatigues with graying hair emerges from the Echo. DORRAN recognizes her instantly.

DORRAN (CONT'D)  
Thanda. What the hell are you doing here?

THANDA looks past DORRAN at OSSA.

THANDA

Is that her?

DORRAN

Stay away from her. Take your  
scrap and leave.

THANDA bows her head in disappointment. She waits a long  
moment, deciding what to say.

THANDA

You know, I tried to find other  
scavengers.

DORRAN turns away from her, and picks up one of the pallets  
with a hovering forklift.

DORRAN

Yeah, and I bet you stopped  
looking when you saw my name.

THANDA

Dorran, that's not fair.

DORRAN

That's not fair? No. What's not  
fair is that you-

DORRAN cuts himself off, glancing at OSSA. She's watching the  
argument from afar with wide eyes.

DORRAN

... Take your scrap and leave.

DORRAN shoves the forklift controls into THANDA's hands. She  
shakes her head glumly, then loads the first pallet onto the  
Echo.

SABBOT AGGE, a long-faced Abenedo, is leaning against the  
side door.

SABBOTT

I thought you said he was an old  
friend.

THANDA scoffs and pushes the pallet past him.

THANDA

Just grab the next pallet. The sooner we're out of here the better.

OSSA approaches DORRAN, who's pacing in agitation near the back of the hangar.

OSSA

Who is she?

DORRAN shakes his head.

DORRAN

She's with the Rebel Alliance. She's putting us in danger.

OSSA narrows her eyes, and jabs with a finger.

OSSA

But you know her.

DORRAN

I'll explain after they're gone.

OSSA glances over at SABBOTT and THANDA. They're loading the next two pallets of scrap.

OSSA

They're not listening.

DORRAN takes a deep breath. Suddenly, there's a beeping from his pocket, saving him from an explanation.

DORRAN fishes his comlink out of a pocket. A hologram of KARTISSK appears in his palm.

KARTISSK

Dorran, friend! So good to see you!

DORRAN

What, Kartissk? I'm in the middle of something.

KARTISSK

Yes, yes, it about the ship you scrapped!

DORRAN

(Slightly worried)

What?

KARTISSK

The Empire was looking for a ship of that model. Had a shipment of stolen weapons aboard.

OSSA's eyes go wide. DORRAN tilts his head towards the cockpit. She hesitates.

DORRAN

Must've been a different ship. We didn't find any weapons.

KARTISSK

A shame. That's not what I told them.

DORRAN

(Furious)

What!?

KARTISSK

Empire said they were selling weapons to Rebels. I think you took weapons, sell to Rebels at mark-up.

DORRAN

I'd never do that!

KARTISSK

Tsk, greedy Dorrnan. Always trying to make credits on the side...

DORRAN

Greedy? You sold me out!

KARTISSK

Scavengers replaceable. But Empire will let me keep your ship.

DORRAN

Ossa, get to the cockpit now.

OSSA nods and exits the hangar. DORRAN rushes over to THANDA and SABBOTT.

DORRAN (CONT'D)

You two. Out. Now.

THANDA

There's only one more pallet!

DORRAN

The Empire's coming. Go!

DORRAN urgently ushers them onto the U-Wing. THANDA reluctantly slams the side door shut.

DORRAN whirls around, jogging towards the hangar exit. We hear the U-wing take off - sending a gust of scorching hot engine wash past him.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The Echo blasts away from the Ornery Worrt. Behind the scavenger ship, an Imperial freighter appears, and immediately deploys four TIE Fighters.

Two of the TIE Fighters zoom at full speed after the Echo. The other two circle the Ornery Worrt like vultures. One fires at the ship's engines, causing them to sputter and die.

INT. ORNERY WORRT (BRIDGE)

DORRAN grimaces as the ship rumbles and sparks.

DORRAN

The engines are down.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (V.O.)

Your engines have been disabled.  
Prepare to be boarded.

DORRAN grabs OSSA by the arm.

DORRAN

Come on, we've got to go!

INT. ORNERY WORRT (CORRIDOR) - MOMENTS LATER

DORRAN and OSSA rush down the corridors of the Ornery Worrt.

OSSA grabs as many ration packs as she can carry.

We hear the Imperial ship dock with the Ornery Worrt.

The two make their way to a T-junction. Straight ahead is the airlock. To the side is an escape pod.

OSSA

Dad, get in!

The airlock door starts sparking. The Imperials are cutting through it.

DORRAN shoves OSSA into the airlock.

DORRAN

Here. The credits from Kartissk.  
Make them last.

BLAM. The door falls open. DORRAN closes the escape pod hatch just in time.

The smoke clears. Two STORMTROOPERS and an IMPERIAL OFFICER enter the corridor.

INT. ESCAPE POD

OSSA presses herself flat against the escape pod hatch, invisible from the outside. We can see the events in the hallway through a narrow slit in the hatch.

She covers her mouth, and tries to slow her panicked breathing.

DORRAN (O.S.)

Officer, there's been a terrible misunderstanding.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (O.S.)

You've been caught red-handed selling stolen Imperial weapons to a known Rebel agent, Thanda Vira.

DORRAN (O.S.)

I swear, I just sold her scrap - there were no weapons.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (O.S.)

So you admit to dealing with Rebels?

DORRAN (O.S.)

That's not what I-

The officer gestures with his hand. We hear a blaster shot and see a red flash.

OSSA whirls around to look, and slams on the hatch.

OSSA  
(Shrieking)

Dad!

The Imperial officer looks through the slit, then steps back, aiming his blaster pistol at the hatch.

IMPERIAL OFFICER

In there!

OSSA dives across the escape pod, hitting the launch button. Through the hatch, we see the Ornery Worrt (and the Imperial freighter docked with it) rapidly shrink into the distance.

Suddenly, we hear a crunch, and OSSA is thrown across the escape pod as it suddenly lurches to the side.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD

Ossa's escape pod bounces off of an asteroid and spins out of control. A TIE Fighter breaks off to pursue it.

The Echo makes a wide U-turn, blasting one of its TIE Fighter pursuers.

INT. ECHO COCKPIT

Thanda wheels the controls around urgently.

SABBOTT

Uh, why are we turning around?

THANDA

Dorran's ship just shot an escape pod straight into an asteroid.

SABBOTT

(Sarcastically)

Nice.

THANDA

We're gonna pick him up.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The TIE Fighter lines up a shot on Ossa's escape pod as it corkscrews dangerously close to an asteroid.

The TIE Fighter fires, but hits the rock instead. Twin explosions of vaporized stone pelt the escape pod with debris. One chunk hits the pod's thrusters, reversing the direction of its spin.

INT. ESCAPE POD - MOMENTS LATER

The escape pod spins violently. Despite being tossed around, OSSA tries to crawl into the pilot seat. Eventually succeeding, she straps herself in and grabs the pod controls.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Just as the TIE Fighter shoots again, the Escape Pod suddenly lurches to the side, its directional thrusters firing. The blasts miss, and OSSA weaves around an asteroid.

The TIE Fighter angles after her, but the Echo appears behind it. A few quick blasts from the U-Wing's turret, and the TIE explodes.

INT. ECHO COCKPIT

Thanda flips a switch and starts punching buttons as she talks.

THANDA

Dorran, I don't know if you can hear me, but hold still, we're picking you up.

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The U-Wing sweeps in. The escape pod jukes to and fro, trying to escape it, but the U-Wing successfully captures the escape pod - magnetizing it to the bottom of the ship.

INT. ESCAPE POD - MOMENTS LATER

OSSA looks up, concerned. Suddenly, she hears a whirring.

Through the front of the escape pod, we see the stars turn to streaks of white light.

OSSA

Oh, no no no no no!

EXT. ASTEROID FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

In classic Star Wars fashion, the Echo jumps to hyperspace, leaving the camera spinning in its wake.

ACT TWO

## EXT. THE TENACIOUS

A sleek courier shuttle drops out of hyperspace, and flies towards an outdated Venator-class Star Destroyer stripped of all paint. The ventral doors open, allowing the shuttles to glide into the central trench.

It flies past hangars filled with rows of hanging TIE Fighters, before pulling into an empty bay.

## INT. THE TENACIOUS (MESS HALL)

This room is austere and brightly lit. Long, steel tables with attached benches split the room into long rows. Young IMPERIAL CADETS in black uniforms chatter among themselves and pick at unappetizing meals on square trays.

The blast doors slide open to reveal SORRIN MURR, a young male cadet with a rucksack over his shoulder.

The chatter stops. Sorrin offers a friendly smile, then gets in the empty line for food. The chef is a glossy black droid that scoops meticulously measured portions of food and wordlessly dumps them onto the tray.

PRESTAN SHALX, a ginger cadet radiating Draco Malfoy energy, slides out of his seat and gets in front of Sorrin.

TOBBIN RHO, a lanky, nerdy-looking cadet, follows Prestan like a small dog.

PRESTAN

Sorrin Murr, right? Our new number six?

SORRIN

(Cautiously)

Mmmhmm.

Sorrin tries to slide around Prestan, who moves to block him.

PRESTON

Rumor is some kind of prince. I don't need to bow, do I?

TOBBIN snickers.

SORRIN

My planet's an agrarian  
backwater. It's not that big of a  
deal.

Prestan narrows his eyes - that wasn't the response we was  
expecting.

PRESTAN

Mmmhmm. Well, better get used to  
taking orders, instead of giving  
them, because I'm going to be our  
wing's flight leader.

Sorrin maintains a neutral expression - hopelessly confused  
by the groundless antagonism.

SORRIN

...Congratulations?

There's a moment of tension. Prestan isn't sure if he's being  
mocked, or if Sorrin really did misunderstand him. With one  
last glare, Prestan and Tobbin return to their seats.

Another cadet slides up behind SORRIN - TALA VEX. Her hair is  
long and loose, and colorful tattoos poke out from her collar  
and sleeves.

TALA

Oh, you've done it now.

SORRIN

Done what?

Sorrin whirls around. Tala snatches a fruit off of his tray  
and takes a bite.

SORRIN (CONT'D)

That was mine.

TALA

(Chewing)

Sorrin, right? I'm Tala. That was  
Prestan, classic Imperial  
bootlicker, and he thinks your  
privileged posterior might plant  
itself in his preferred position.

Sorrin scoffs.

SORRIN

Last thing I want is to be in charge. Besides, I just got here!

TALA

Didn't you transfer from an Officer academy?

SORRIN

Yeah, because I didn't want to be an officer.

Tala holds up a finger and takes another bite of the fruit.

TALA

(After chewing)

We heard you flunked.

Sorrin flusters, looking around the room.

SORRIN

(Astonished)

How?

Tala smirks. A voice speaks through an intercom.

INTERCOM (V.O)

Flight Nine to simulator pods.

Flight Nine to simulator pods.

Sorrin looks down at his tray of uneaten food.

SORRIN

Great.

EXT. SPACE SIMULATION

Three TIE Fighters sail into view with their distinctive wailing sound. Behind them is an Imperial transport. Unlike regular, colorless ships, all four ships have red markings painted on their hulls. The ships flicker - this is a simulation, not reality.

CERAS (V.O.)

I can't believe we got stuck with the new guy.

## SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

We see Sorrin in a black flight suit. He's not wearing a helmet, and does not look especially comfortable with the controls.

SORRIN

Was I supposed to hear that?

## CERAS'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

CERAS TURALEE, a green-skinned Mirialan in the same black flight suit, rolls her eyes.

CERAS

Yes. I want you to know I'm blaming you when we lose.

## JOR'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

JOR KRAKELN, a huge and imposing man, looks like a grown man in a child's bumper car inside the cramped cockpit. He has a thick (but well-kept) beard.

JOR

Vex is on the other team.

SORRIN (V.O.)

Who?

## SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin winces as he's scolded over the radio.

CERAS (V.O.)

Vex. Tala Vex. She was chatting you up in the mess hall.

SORRIN

Is that good or bad?

JOR

Hmm. Both.

## CERAS'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Ceras flips switches urgently.

CERAS

Shut up. I see them - left and down, 38 degrees, coming in fast. Sorrin, guard the transport. Jor, on me.

Ceras's TIE Fighter gracefully banks downwards. Jor's abruptly turns a split-second later. Sorrin's TIE slows down, keeping pace with the transport.

Below them, three TIE Fighters with blue markings shuffle into a triangle formation, leaving their transport defenseless.

SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT  
Sorrin taps his instruments.

SORRIN  
It looks like they're abandoning  
their transport...

CERAS (V.O.)  
Don't even think about it!

Two red TIEs and three blue ones unleash a salvo of green laser blasts before passing each other. Only one ship explodes in the exchange - a blue one.

SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT  
Sorrin sits back in his seat, pouting, and listens to the chatter.

CERAS (V.O.)  
Jor, see if you can knock out  
Tobbin.

JOR (V.O.)  
Just did.

CERAS (V.O.)  
Wait - your left!

JOR (V.O.)  
That's got to be Vex! Wait, I  
lost her!

Sorrin jumps forward, looking at his scanner.

SORRIN  
Jor, cut right! Ceras, see if you  
can get a shot.

There's a moment of silence. We hear TIE's firing in the distance.

CERAS (V.O.)  
That was lucky. We scared her  
off.

SORRIN  
Lucky? Wait - no you didn't!  
She's headed for - oh. Me!

Suddenly, Sorrin's ship flashes green. He fumbles for the controls and plunges the ship downwards.

CERAS'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Ceras taps instruments with experienced precision.

CERAS

She's trying to scare you off.  
Stay with the transport!

SORRIN (V.O.)

Trying?

CERAS

(Insistently)

Jor?

Jor's TIE fighter breaks formation with Ceras's, and is instantly destroyed by a blast from off-screen.

JOR'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Jor smacks his controls in frustration. The whole cockpit flashes red.

JOR

Prestan!

SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin jerks the controls to and fro like he's trying to rip a weed out of the ground. His TIE lurches from side-to-side.

SORRIN

Don't panic, we're still two and two!

CERAS (V.O.)

Yeah, until Tala quits playing with her food. Prestan's on his way.

SORRIN

Yeah, I see him. I've got an idea.

Sorrin's TIE fighter abruptly cuts to and fro while Tala's flies recklessly close behind him. She fires the occasional burst of green lasers - clearly toying with him.

Sorrin speeds up, veering towards Prestan, who starts firing. Sorrin abruptly turns, forcing Tala to jink out of the way of Prestan's attack.

## SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin shrugs, his grip on the controls is white-knuckled.

SORRIN

Well, it almost worked.

He squeezes the triggers - there's a series of green flashes.

Prestan's TIE is forced to dodge just as Tala sweeps back behind Sorrin. Both are forced to dodge again as they nearly collide.

SORRIN

Ha! Ceras?

Ceras's red TIE fighter strafes the blue transport, unleashing a barrage of green lasers. Bright orange explosions blossom across the length of the transport.

## TALA'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Tala shrugs, unimpressed and unconcerned.

TALA

Nice job on the defense, buddy.  
Maybe you should've left the  
newbie to me.

Sorrin's red TIE races to meet up with Ceras. Prestan and Tala are both behind him. Ceras attacks, firing a neat hole in one of Tala's wings. Her TIE's engines sputter - it's losing power but it's still flyable.

## TALA'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Tala looks offended by the damage to her ship. Several warning lights are flashing.

TALA

(Vindictively)

Well! Okay!

Tala cuts her engines and spins her TIE on a dime. In a single precise maneuver, she brings Ceras into her sights and fires. With two well-placed shots, Ceras's TIE spins out of control and explodes.

## SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin nervously plays with settings on his instruments.

CERAS (V.O.)

Sorrin -

Her message is abruptly cut off by static.

Prestan's TIE is hurtling at full speed towards the red transport, but Sorrin forces him off-course with a few shots.

SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin is determined. A bead of sweat runs down his brow.

SORRIN

Come on. Take the bait.

Sorrin's TIE loops around, turning away from the transport and bearing down on Sorrin. They're jousting - firing shots, spinning, and dodging each other's attacks by inches.

PRESTAN'S TIE COCKPIT

PRESTON

Hold still!

SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin throws his controls around, a wild look in his eyes.

SORRIN

Come on!

The TIEs are rocketing towards each other on a collision course, and neither looks like it's going to break off.

Suddenly, a beam flashes perpendicular to the TIEs, hitting Prestan's barely a second before they collide.

SORRIN'S TIE FIGHTER COCKPIT

Sorrin shields his eyes as he flies through an explosion.

SORRIN

(Baffled)

What?

The cockpit goes dark as the simulation ends. With a hiss, the hatch at the top of the cockpit opens. Sorrin pulls himself out.

INT. THE TENACIOUS (SIMULATION HANGAR)

Four rows of three wingless TIE Fighter cockpits hang on the racks in this hangar, hooked up to gyroscopic mechanisms. Narrow catwalks run between them. The other pilots, Ceras, Jor, Prestan, Tala, and Tobbin, are all climbing out of their pods.

SORRIN

What happened?

Prestan kicks his pod's hatch shut and points at Tala.

PRESTAN

She sniped me!

Tala winces and shrugs.

TALA

I was aiming for Sorrin. Missed  
by that much.

Ceras gives Tala a dubious glare. Tala sees it and smirks.

TALA (CONT'D)

(Coyly)

Oh, come on! It's just a  
simulation! Nobody died!

## EXT. THE INSTIGATOR

The Echo drops out of hyperspace a few kilometers out from a bulbous Mon Calamari Cruiser. Ossa's escape pod is still magnetized to the bottom of the ship.

It zooms into the hangar.

## INT. THE INSTIGATOR (HANGAR)

As soon as its past the force field, the Echo drops the escape pod, which crashes into the hangar noisily, lands in the middle of the hangar (as opposed to its designated spot), and throws its side door open.

Thanda urgently strides to the escape pod, right past DOUL KAAROU, a neimodian in a mechanic's jumpsuit.

DOUL

Thanda you can't just park your ship in my hangar! There's a system!

THANDA

Out of the way!

She pulls a lever to open the dented escape pod hatch.

THANDA (CONT'D)

Dorran?

Ossa stumbles out of her seat. Her expression says everything. She stumbles towards the back of the escape pod, and lands in Thanda's arms, who pulls her in for a tight hug.

THANDA (CONT'D)

It's gonna be alright.

Ossa melts, sobbing. Thanda is barely holding it together.

THANDA (CONT'D)

Hey! We'll take care of you! It's gonna be alright.

## INT. THE INSTIGATOR (OSSA'S ROOM)

Ossa is seated on a cot, wrapped in a blanket. The door opens - it's ARRET TURM, a young pilot wearing a leather jacket over his flight suit.

ARRET

So you're the one they gave my  
room to?

Ossa snaps out of her daze and wipes her eyes.

OSSA

Oh, sorry. I didn't -

ARRET

It's fine. I'm just here to drop  
off some food.

He sets down a tray with a packaged meal and a thermos next  
to Ossa.

ARRET (CONT'D)

Settling in okay?

OSSA

I don't know.

Arret gives a sympathetic smile.

ARRET

(Cheerfully)

Where you from?

Ossa shakes her head.

OSSA

You've probably never heard of  
it. Bunch of rocks near here  
called Skarran 12.

ARRET

No kidding! I'm from a bunch of  
rocks, too!

OSSA

Yeah?

Ossa takes a sip of the thermos Arret brought.

ARRET

Place called Alderaan.

Ossa spits out her drink.

OSSA

I am so - I had no idea -

Arret waves off her apology.

ARRET

Bah, I set you up for that one.  
Look - my point is, if you need  
to talk, everyone on this ship  
has a story like yours. If you  
need to talk about it...

Ossa wipes her mouth and nods.

OSSA

It was this... this sleemo named  
Kartissk. He set us up over a  
shipload of scrap!

Ossa knocks over her tray of food in frustration.

OSSA (CONT'D)

Sorry!

She scrambles to her feet as quickly as her braces will allow  
- but Arret's already scooping up the mess.

ARRET

(Sympathetically)

No - you've got every right to be  
angry.

Ossa takes a deep breath and sits back down.

OSSA

What happens now?

Arret shrugs, sets down the tray, and paces around the room.

ARRET

Well, I'm sure Lieutenant Thanda  
would drop you off anywhere in  
the galaxy you wanted to go. No  
one's gonna make you stay here.

Ossa ponders the idea.

ARRET (CONT'D)

Or... You can stick around. Be a  
Rebel. Save the galaxy.

OSSA

My dad and I - he never wanted to  
get involved with this stupid  
war.

ARRET  
 (Sharply)  
 It's not stupid.

OSSA  
 (Flustered)  
 I'm sorry - you just said - what  
 I meant was... Gah!

There's a moment of silence - ruined by Arret's communicator chirping.

ARRET  
 Yeah?

THANDA (V.O.)  
 Arret it's Thanda. Is Ossa with  
 you?

ARRET  
 Yeah. Here.

He holds the commlink up to Ossa.

OSSA  
 (Glumly)  
 Yeah?

THANDA  
 Listen. I really hate to ask this  
 of you... But we may need your  
 help.

INT. THE INSTIGATOR (BRIEFING ROOM)

Arret and Ossa enter the Instigator's briefing room, an small amphitheater built around a table-sized holoprojector. Currently, a map of Skarran Station is slowly spinning.

Thanda is studying it intently, along with a crowd of REBEL OFFICERS.

OSSA  
 (Concerned)  
 That's Skarran Station.

THANDA  
 Yeah. It is.

Thanda glances at the other officers for approval. They nod.

THANDA (CONT'D)

So... The last few years the Empire has been stripping your system bare. We just found out why.

OSSA

Yeah?

THANDA

They're building a second Death Star.

ARRET

(Terrified)

What?

THANDA

It's nearly operational. As we speak, the bulk of the Rebel fleet is preparing for an attack. Win or lose, we've got to cut that supply chain.

OSSA

You want to take over the station.

THANDA

(Diplomatically)

We want to liberate the station. Look - if the Rebels lose, we can stall the completion of the Second Death Star until we can come up with a new plan. And if - somehow - we win, we'll need those resources for whatever comes next.

(CONT'D)

Anything you can tell us about this station saves lives, Ossa. Not just ours but people all over the galaxy.

Ossa takes a deep breath and studies the hologram.

OSSA

What do you need?

Thanda grins.

THANDA

We need to bring down the station's communications, but we don't want to risk damaging the station directly. So, someone has to be on the inside.

OSSA

I can do it.

Thanda throws her hands up.

THANDA

I'd never ask that of you!

OSSA

You know how many times my dad and I got dragged in to fix that place? It's practically a second home for me.

OSSA (CONT'D)

(Correcting herself)

Was. Before... You know.

THANDA

Are you absolutely sure?

The two look each other dead in the eyes.

OSSA

I can do this.

THANDA

Take Arret with you.

THANDA (CONT'D)

(To Arret)

Make sure she gets to the comm system. We'll be counting on you two. If they call the Empire for help, it's all over.

Arret and Ossa both nod.

ARRET

Understood, ma'am.

THANDA

Take the Echo and have Doull load it up with anything you need. X-Wings will escort you to the station, but from there it's up to you.

OSSA

We'll get it done. Don't worry.

Thanda nods, and the two leave the briefing room.

INT. THE INSTIGATOR (CORRIDOR)

Ossa's leg braces screech as she and Arret purposefully move towards the hangar.

ARRET

Just so we're clear - you're not just doing this for a shot at that Kartissk guy, are you?

OSSA

Of course not.

ARRET

What happens if we run into him?

OSSA

(Grimly)

I don't know.

## INT. THE TENACIOUS (BRIEFING ROOM)

The Imperial briefing room looks like a lecture hall with a massive screen. All six Imperial cadets - Ceras, Jor, Prestan, Sorrin, Tala, and Tobbin - are rewatching footage of their simulated dogfight.

CAPTAIN THORNE, the undisputed master of the Tenacious, is on stage. His uniform is wrinkled, and his hair is unusually wild for an Imperial officer. As he speaks, he strokes his pointed goatee.

CAPTAIN THORNE

Your instructors and I have reviewed this footage thoroughly, and we've decided to make Sorrin Murr your new Flight Leader.

SORRIN

(Alarmed)

What?

PRESTAN

(Furious)

What!? Just because he won some stupid dogfight?

CAPTAIN THORNE

Won some stupid dogfight, sir. And no. Sorrin was constantly assessing the situation and planning accordingly. He's a natural leader, and he's got potential.

SORRIN

Sir, with all due respect, Ceras did most of the work.

CAPTAIN THORNE

She will be your second-in-command.

Ceras groans in disgust.

CAPTAIN THORNE (CONT'D)

And she will be responsible for holding you accountable. Your grasp of tactics is limp-wristed, and your piloting leaves much to be desired.

CAPTAIN THORNE (CONT'D)

(Addressing all six  
cadets)

As Sorrin's Flight, your job will  
be to catch him up on all the  
flight training he missed in  
Officer school. Dismissed.

INT. THE TENACIOUS - CONTINUOUS

IN A CORRIDOR...

Prestan leaves the briefing first, visibly fuming. Sorrin  
rushes to catch up to him. The other cadets trail behind.

SORRIN

Prestan, listen - I want you to  
know I'm just as mad about this  
as you are.

PRESTAN

Yeah, you sound real heartbroken.

...AT A TURBOLIFT

Everyone except Sorrin and Tala piles into a turbolift.  
Tobbin shrugs smugly as the doors close in Sorrin's face.

SORRIN

(To Tala)

Did you shoot Prestan down  
intentionally?

TALA

(Smugly)

Between you and me, I think this  
is going to be way more fun than  
Prestan being Flight Leader.

SORRIN

(Disgusted)

Ugh, you did, didn't you?

TALA

I swear! My finger slipped!

ANOTHER CORRIDOR...

Sorrin jogs to catch up with Ceras and the others.

SORRIN

Listen, Ceras, he really  
should've made you Flight Leader.  
Honestly!

Prestan scoffs.

CERAS  
It'll never happen.

SORRIN  
(Incredulous)  
Why not?

TOBBIN  
She's not human. In fact, the  
only reason she's allowed to  
serve at all is a special  
dispensation from-

CERAS  
(Frustrated)  
Yep, thanks for reminding me,  
Tobbin.

INT. THE TENACIOUS (BARRACKS)

A door opens on an austere barracks. Each wall has two slabs with a pillow and blanket. Prestan throws himself on the bottom slab on the right.

SORRIN  
Wait. We share a room?

CERAS  
Yep. Imperial procedure.

TOBBIN  
(Reciting a manual  
from memory)  
TIE Fighter cadets should spend  
as much time together as  
possible, so that teamwork  
becomes second-nature. They  
should function not as  
individuals but a single unit-

Tala brushes past all of them and climbs onto the top-left slab, dangling a leg over the side.

TALA  
He gets the idea.

Prestan sits up.

PRESTAN

What, you've got an issue slumming it with us, Flight Leader?

SORRIN

Uh, yeah, if you're all dead-set on hating my guts. I don't want to be your enemy. Whatever you've gotta say, let's talk it out.

In a flash, Prestan is out of bed and face-to-face with Sorrin.

PRESTAN

Fine. I didn't drag my way out of a Corellian slum so an entitled Prince could steal everything I've worked for!

CERAS squeezes behind Sorrin and flops into the bunk below Tala.

CERAS

Yeah, the Empire's looking for an excuse to discharge me. Shouldn't be too hard for them to find one with a mynock-brain like you in charge.

SORRIN

Hey!

TOBBIN

Is it true you flunked out of the Officer's academy?

Sorrin points a warning finger at Tobbin.

SORRIN

I did not flunk! I transferred.

TALA

...Because you were going to flunk.

SORRIN

Maybe I didn't want to be an officer! Maybe I didn't want that kind of responsibility!

PRESTAN

Well, looks like you got it  
anyways.

SORRIN

Trust me. I'm thrilled.

JOR

Maybe it's destiny.

CERAS

Oh, don't start about that again.

SORRIN

(Insistently)

What? No - this is not some act  
of destiny.

TOBBIN

The Force is a lie the Jedi made  
to manipulate us. All the latest  
studies say so. Fate?  
Midichlorians? Not a thing.

TALA

Lay off. The Force is real.

PRESTAN

Don't be ridiculous.

JOR

She's right!

CERAS

(Simultaneously)

It's superstition!

TALA

When the Empire blew up Alderaan,  
people felt it!

CERAS

But you can't prove that!

TALA

The Force is real, and we're  
going to lose because of it.

SORRIN

Wait, but we're fighting for  
peace, and order! If the Force is  
real, why would it be against us?

TALA

Because our side blows up  
planets, you idiot.

PRESTAN

We blew up one planet - and it  
was a safe harbor for Rebels.  
Jhedda and Scariff were destroyed  
by Rebel attacks, not us.

TALA

(Condescendingly)  
You seriously believe that?

SORRIN

No, Prestan's right. I don't  
think the Empire would do  
something like that without a  
very good reason.

PRESTAN

I - wait. What?

He looks at Sorrin, pleasantly surprised.

SORRIN

(Smugly)  
Hmph. See? Maybe there's a chance  
for us after all, Prestan.

ACT THREE

EXT. SKARRAN STATION

Five X-Wings and the Echo drop out of hyperspace within close range of the ugly space station. The Echo goes straight for the station's hangar, while the X-Wings start patrols.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (COMMAND CENTER)

Kartissk paces around a circular command center.

Disheveled STATION WORKERS tap at consoles around him.

At the center of the room is a map of the asteroid field, which refreshes itself every few seconds.

KARTISSK

Scramble fighters! Call Empire!

STATION WORKER

Boss, we have an unauthorized landing in Hangar B.

Kartissk hisses and leans over the worker's shoulder and sees the Echo hovering in the hangar. Its side doors swing open as Arret and Ossa jump out. Arret has a blaster carbine on a sling, and Ossa is wearing a blaster pistol on a shoulder holster.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (HANGAR)

Arret and Ossa hustle to the nearest pair of blast doors, moving as quickly as Ossa can in her braces.

ARRET

(To Ossa)

Which way to the comms?

KARTISSK

(In Basic)

Echo! You trespass! Leave now or be destroyed!

The U-Wing turns around, leaving the hangar. The sound of its engines drown out all other noise in the hangar. Ossa and Arret exit the hangar.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (CORRIDOR)

Arret and Ossa hustle down a curved corridor with several PAUPERS slumped against the walls.

PAUPER

Ossa? Is that you?

Ossa helps the pauper to his feet and pats him on the shoulder.

OSSA

Things are about to get crazy.  
Find somewhere safe.

Two of Kartissk's THUGS run around the corner, blaster pistols drawn.

THUG

There they are!

A blaster bolt hits the wall next to Arret, exploding in a shower of sparks.

The Paupers scramble to their feet, covering their ears and rushing past the thugs.

Arret flinches in surprise, then urges Ossa down the curving corridor, putting distance between them and their pursuers.

Ossa's moving as fast as she can, her leg braces grinding loudly.

ARRET

Come on!

Arret slows down so Ossa can catch up, and fires a few shots down the hallway behind him.

Ossa ducks into an elevator, but Arret keeps going. Ossa catches him by the jacket and pulls him in.

OSSA

In here!

The elevator doors slam shut.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (ELEVATOR)

ARRET

You think they would've given us  
a warning before blasting.

OSSA

Not their style.

Ossa adjusts the harness of her leg braces. Arret glances  
down at them.

ARRET

Are your legs okay?

OSSA

They're frustrating...

The elevator dings. The door opens on a small, round  
communications room with a single STATION WORKER. Consoles  
form two semicircles around the room, and the walls are  
covered in important screens and controls.

ARRET

Hey! Hands up! Away from the  
console!

He points his blaster carbine at the station worker.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (COMM ROOM)

The station worker dives for cover, fumbles at his belt for a  
blaster pistol, draws it, and fires a shot between Arret and  
Ossa. They dive forward into the room, taking cover behind  
the consoles.

The elevator doors close behind them as Arret and the station  
worker trade blaster shots.

OSSA

(Shouting over the  
noise)

Don't hit the consoles!

Arret's stray shot causes a console to explode in a shower of  
smoke and sparks.

This is not a clean, heroic firefight. It's a sloppy, deadly  
game of peek-a-boo that forces Arret and Ossa away from the  
elevator doors.

Arret finally manages to blast the station worker.

There's another ding. The elevator doors open. It's the two thugs from before.

Arret sprays blaster fire into the elevator, forcing the thugs to take cover on either side of the door.

The elevator fills with smoke, and the doors slide closed.

Arret glances at Ossa, who hasn't even drawn her blaster pistol.

ARRET

Thanks for the help!

OSSA

(Shaken)

Well I didn't think we'd be blasting people!

ARRET

Whatever. Just shut the comms down - I'll cover you!

Ossa moves off-screen.

OSSA (O.S.)

How?

Arret looks over his shoulder, alarmed.

ARRET

I thought you knew how to work the console!

Ossa gestures to a smoking console with several fist-sized holes in it.

OSSA

(Furiously)

What console!?

EXT. SKARRAN STATION

Several Scyk-class fighters launch from the station. The X-Wings shoot down several of them as they are leaving their hangar, but a few stragglers escape. An X-Wing with teal markings shoots one down.

THANDA'S X-WING COCKPIT

Thanda taps at her instruments.

THANDA

Enemy fighters - look alive!

SABBOTT (V.O.)

(Over comms)

Have they shut down the comms yet?

THANDA

No, but they haven't called for help, either. I wonder what's going on in there...

INT. SKARRAN STATION (COMM ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Ossa is elbows-deep in the wreckage of a console, while Arret trades shots with the thugs in the elevator.

OSSA

Okay, okay! I think I got something!

The lights in the room abruptly cut off. The screens and buttons flicker off next, and we hear technology shutting down with a loud crescendo.

The room would be pitch-black, if not for the red blaster bolts streaking back and forth.

ARRET

Why are the lights off!?

OSSA

I cut power to the whole room!

EXT. SKARRAN STATION

THANDA'S X-WING

Thanda grins proudly.

THANDA

(Excitedly)

That's it! Comms are down!

X-Wings continue to chase the remaining Station defenders.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (COMMAND CENTER)

KARTISSK

Where is Empire?

STATION WORKER

Uh, the operator wasn't responding. But comms just went down.

Kartissk roars in frustration.

KARTISSK

I deal with myself!

He storms out of the room angrily.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (COMM ROOM)

Arret and Ossa are both huddled behind what's left of the console. The room's red emergency lights have turned on, and a layer of smoke hangs on the air.

OSSA

Did you scare them off?

ARRET

I think they called the elevator.

The elevator dings again, and Arret goes over the top of the console to fire. Instantly, he's hit in the shoulder. He sprawls on the floor, hand covering a sizzling wound.

Ossa yelps and scurries away from him.

KARTISSK

Ossa!

Kartissk steps out of the elevator, clutching a small blaster pistol in a clawed hand.

KARTISSK (CONT'D)

Thought you die with Dorran.

Ossa's face darkens. She draws her blaster pistol.

OSSA

You sold us out.

KARTISSK

This Outer Rim! Just business!

OSSA

He's dead because of you!

Ossa levels the blaster pistol at Kartissk, hands shaking.

KARTISSK

Please. You wouldn't hurt fly.

She fires a warning shot at the console next to Kartissk.

KARTISSK (CONT'D)

Put down, before I have hurt you.

Kartissk slowly steps towards Ossa.

ARRET

(In pain)

What are you waiting for?

Ossa's face twists in anger, and she fires a shot into Kartissk's torso. He stumbles back, and looks at it.

Snarling angrily, Kartissk lunges forward, claws out.

Ossa fires two more shots, and the trandoshan falls face-first onto the ground. An awful gurgling noise escapes his lips as he dies.

EXT. SKARRAN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The X-Wings continue mopping up the remaining fighters - not a single X-Wing was destroyed. A few of the station defenders try to escape into the asteroid field.

A pair of U-Wings drop out of hyperspace, sailing towards the station hangars quickly.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (HANGAR) - CONTINUOUS

The U-wings bank to the side as soon as they enter the hangar. Their side doors slide open, and squads of Rebel troopers disembark.

Thugs and station workers drop their weapons, surrendering.

REBEL TROOPER

Hands up, nice and slow!

A door to the hangar opens. It's Ossa, dragging Arret, his arm slung over her shoulders.

OSSA

Hey! He's hurt!

A REBEL TROOPER runs over to help.

REBEL TROOPER

Set him down here. Let me see...

Arret grins at Ossa, still clearly in great pain.

ARRET

Hey, nice work back there...

OSSA

I shouldn't have blasted him...  
That felt... Wrong.

ARRET

No, you should have. He killed  
your father... You got revenge.

The Rebel Trooper injects Arret with some kind of sedative, and he passes out. The Rebels lead the station workers out of the room.

MONTAGE

Another U-Wing lands in the hangar. Rebel troopers start unloading boxes of supplies.

A REBEL DOCTOR examines the pauper from before.

Rebel Troopers hand out ration packs to dirty children on the station.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SKARRAN STATION (HANGAR)

Ossa and Thanda are walking together.

THANDA

You did a great job. I think your  
father would be proud.

Ossa looks uncertain about that, but nods.

THANDA (CONT'D)

I'd understand if you wanted to stay here. After all, the station's gonna need a new leader, and you're the one who freed them.

OSSA

I don't know...

Thanda raises an eyebrow.

OSSA (CONT'D)

I just... I think I could do more good with you all. With the Rebellion.

Thanda smiles.

THANDA

We'd be honored to have you, Ossa  
I will.

Thanda's communicator beeps urgently. She snatches it from her belt.

THANDA (CONT'D)

Sorry - urgent message.

She presses a button. A hologram appears. It's PRINCESS LEIA, with the long hair and simple brown dress from the end of Episode VI.

PRINCESS LEIA

This is a priority message for  
Rebel forces across the galaxy...

SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. THE TENACIOUS (BRIEFING ROOM)

The briefing room of the Tenacious is packed with cadets in full uniform. Captain Thorn speaks on stage.

CAPTAIN THORNE

The Emperor is dead. The Second  
Death Star is destroyed.

INT. THE INSTIGATOR (BRIEFING ROOM)

Sabbott Agge and other Rebels gather around the hologram of Princess Leia, cheering.

PRINCESS LEIA  
All across the galaxy, people are  
throwing off the shackles of  
Imperial oppression.

INT. THE TENACIOUS (BRIEFING ROOM)

Captain Thorne paces across the stage, speaking eloquently.

CAPTAIN THORNE  
...Opportunists will try to take  
advantage of the situation...

INT. U - WING PASSENGER COMPARTMENT

Arret smiles as he listens to the holographic message.

PRINCESS LEIA (O.S.)  
Still, our mission remains the  
same: to bring hope and freedom  
to every corner of the Galaxy.

INT. THE TENACIOUS (BRIEFING ROOM)

Captain Thorne clenches his fist. Tala shifts uncomfortably in the audience.

CAPTAIN THORNE  
...To bring peace and order to  
the Galaxy!

INT. SKARRAN STATION (HANGAR)

Thanda and Ossa listen to Leia's message in awe.

PRINCESS LEIA  
This war is far from over. The  
Empire still controls thousands  
of systems...

INT. THE TENACIOUS (BRIEFING ROOM)

The cadets listen to Captain Thorne's speech nervously.

CAPTAIN THORNE

This is only the beginning.

FADE IN:

EXT. A STARFIELD

In the endless black of space, thousands of stars glitter. It's quiet. Now, in classic Star Wars fashion, the title appears amidst a booming musical fanfare, and slowly zooms into the distance.

TITLE OVER: "STAR WARS: X-WING VERSUS TIE FIGHTER"