



STAR WARS JEDI LOST

SCRIPT BY
CAVAN SCOTT

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BY CAVAN SCOTT

Star Wars: Dooku: Jedi Lost

Star Wars: Adventures in Wild Space—The Escape

Star Wars: Adventures in Wild Space—The Snare

Star Wars: Adventures in Wild Space—The Steal

Star Wars: Adventures in Wild Space—The Cold

Star Wars: Choose Your Destiny—A Han & Chewie Adventure

Star Wars: Choose Your Destiny—A Luke & Leia Adventure

Star Wars: Choose Your Destiny—An Obi-Wan & Anakin Adventure

Star Wars: Choose Your Destiny—A Finn & Poe Adventure

Sherlock Holmes: The Patchwork Devil

Sherlock Holmes: Cry of the Innocents

**STAR
WARS™**

DOOKU

JEDI LOST

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CAVAN SCOTT



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For Christopher Lee

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

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VENTRESS: Dooku's assassin, recently recruited to his cause.
Our narrator.

DOOKU: Sith Lord. Seen at various points in his life.

SIFO-DYAS: Male. Dooku's oldest friend.

TERA SINUBE: Male. Cosian. Jedi lightsaber instructor.

YULA BRAYLON: Female. Jedi Master.

KY NAREC: Male. Ventress's former Jedi Master.

LENE KOSTANA: Female. Altiri. Dooku's mentor.

ARATH TARREX: Male. Dooku's childhood rival.

COUNT GORA: Male. Dooku's father.

ANYA: Female. Dooku's mother.

RAMIL: Male. Dooku's brother.

JENZA: Female. Dooku's sister.

RAZ FELLIDRONE: Male. Portmaster.

PRIME MINISTER: Male. Bivall. Prime minister of Proto-branch.

PIRA: Female. Bivall. Doctor.

GRETZ DROOM: Jedi Knight. Seen as a sixteen-year-old and then as a young Jedi and eventually Master.

PRIESTESS: Presager dark sider.

QUI-GON JINN: Jedi Padawan.

JOR AERITH: Female. Mirialan. Jedi Master with a sharp tongue.

RAEL AVERROSS: Male. Dooku's first Padawan, seen as a Jedi Knight. Thick Ringo Vindan accent.

AIR-RACE COMMENTATOR: Fast-talking alien.

XVI DRAMATIS PERSONAE

INSPECTOR SARTORI: Male. Coruscant Security officer.

CENEVAX: Female. Jenet. Crime lord. Skittish and ratlike, but deadly.

DROIDS

LEP-10019: Dooku's LEP droid.

D-4: Female. Gora's cantankerous protocol droid.

TACTICAL DROID

WAITRESS DROID

SECURITY DROIDS

BATTLE DROIDS

ENFORCER DROID

POLICE DROIDS

MED DROIDS

ATTENDANT DROID

QC-ME: CSF mortuary droid.

MINOR ROLES

CELEBRATION HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER

BRY: Male. Hoopaloo. Birdlike alien thief.

JORKAT: Male. Karkarodon. Thug.

VELEK: Female. Askajian. Thug. Speaks alien language.

ZANG: Female. Jedi Initiate.

TEMPLE ATTENDANT: Female.

RESTELLY QUIST: Female. Elderly. Chief librarian at the Jedi Temple.

YEPA: Female. Portworker.

GRAN: Male. Thugs.

PENDAGO: Male. Thug. Speaks guttural alien language.

SENATOR TAVETTI: Male. Bivall senator.

RRALLA: Male. Wookiee child. Medcenter patient.

AID COMMANDER

TRADER

PROTESTOR #1

PROTESTOR #2

VARIOUS GHOSTLY VOICES FOR SINGLE LINES

PARS-VALO: Initiate.

AMBASSADOR KETAS: Male. Solodoe ambassador.

CHIEF TANU: Solodoe security chief.

DIVAD MASSPUR: Male. Holopresenter. Drunk.

CANDOVANT AMBASSADOR: Male. Speaks alien language.

DESK SERGEANT: Male. Human. Mid-forties.

TRANDOSHAN HEAVIES: Speaking both Trandoshan and Basic.

GUARD

GLUTE: Male. Cybernetic Crolute. Voice like Unkar Plutt but with a mechanical buzz beneath everything, as if his voice box is augmented.

SENATOR BULGESKI: Male. Sallichen senator.

CHANCELLOR KALPANA: Male. Elderly.

TRADE FEDERATION REPRESENTATIVE: Male. Human.

SENATOR PALPATINE / DARTH SIDIOUS: Does he really need an introduction?

SERGEANT ESON: Male. Serennian.

COUNTESS HAGI: Female. Serennian refugee.

ABYSSIN GUARD #1

ABYSSIN GUARD #2

ABYSSIN COMMANDER

ABYSSIN GENERAL

ABYSSIN MERC

HAL'STED: Male. Ventress's slave master.

REPUBLIC AGENT #1

REPUBLIC AGENT #2

PART ONE

NARRATOR:

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

CUE THEME

SCENE 1. INT. CASTLE SERENNO. KEEP. NIGHT.

Atmosphere: Wind whistles past a balcony, high in Dooku's castle.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I hate it here.

I hate the castle. I hate the cliff. I hate the spikebats whirling above the forest far below. I hate the moons grinning down at me.

I hate the fact that night after night I stand on this ledge, feeling the breeze against my skin, wondering what it would be like to jump, to drop down into the trees.

Would the Force guide me?

Would it help me find that perfect branch that would take my weight so I could spring to safety, leaves crunching beneath my feet as I ran, rodents scurrying for their nests.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

How did you get here, little one?

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

Most of all, I hate that voice. The stupid, impossible voice. A voice of the past. A voice that doesn't belong.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

I said . . .

VENTRESS:

I know what you said, Ky.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

And yet you choose to ignore me, my Padawan.

VENTRESS:

I'm not your anything!

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I whirl around, expecting to see his face. Those crinkled eyes. That crooked smile.

But the room is empty, dust motes whirling in the moonlight.

He's not here. And yet . . .

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

How did you become this?

VENTRESS:

A monster?

KY NAREC:

(DISTORTED) Do not twist my words, little one.

VENTRESS:

Don't call me that.

KY NAREC:

(DISTORTED) What do you want me to call you?

VENTRESS:

You could try my name.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

How did you become this, *Asajj*?

VENTRESS:

Actually, that's worse.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I know I'm being contrary, but what does he expect? How *did* I come here? How did I become this woman? This *creature*?

He did this. He led me here.

He left me behind.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

I never left you, Ventress. I never would.

VENTRESS:

Shut up! Get out of my head!

LEP-10019:

Mistress?

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

The damn droid makes me jump. The castle is full of them, with their whirring servos and lifeless eyes.

VENTRESS:

I wasn't talking to you.

The droid looks around, its neck servos whirring.

LEP-10019:

There is no one else here.

VENTRESS:

No. No, there's not. (SIGHS) What do you want, droid?

LEP-10019:

My designation is LEP-10019.

VENTRESS:

I don't care.

LEP-10019:

Oh. Um. He needs you.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

Ventress . . . please . . .

VENTRESS:

Lead the way.

SCENE 2. INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR.

The LEP-100197 droid clanks as it leads Ventress through the castle.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I think of the ways I could destroy the waddling robot as it leads me through the castle. The corridors are long and as sterile as its workforce. As a building it's impressive, with its high vaulted ceilings and arched doors. We had nothing like it on Rattatak, nothing that wasn't pockmarked by laser burns anyway. But where are the portraits of long-dead ancestors? Where are the statues? Where is the stuffed rancor head mounted over a roaring hearth?

The castle is pristine but empty, devoid of warmth.

Like its master.

LEP-10019:

This way please.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

Dooku is in the great hall, standing on a raised dais. He stares through the circular window that dominates the far wall, his family's sigil etched into the stained glass.

LEP-10019:

Wait here.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I fight the urge to separate the El-ee-pee's stupid rabbit-eared head from its narrow shoulders. It totters off, leaving me in Dooku's presence. The imposing man doesn't turn. He doesn't even acknowledge that I am here.

I wait, every muscle aching with the effort of appearing nonchalant.

As if I can fool him.

DOOKU:

Your feelings betray you.

VENTRESS:

I'm sorry. I—

DOOKU:

(STERN) Did I grant you permission to speak?

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I grit my teeth, trying to calm the fury that twists in my belly like a nest of bloodvipers.

DOOKU:

No. Let your anger grow. Let it seethe.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

Finally he turns, regarding me not with interest but with idle curiosity, the way a scientist examines a rodent to see if it has mastered a new trick, to see if it deserves a reward.

But there are no rewards here.

DOOKU:

Your burns are healing. Do they hurt?

VENTRESS:

No, Master.

DOOKU:

Liar. Try again.

VENTRESS:

Yes. They hurt very much.

DOOKU:

Good. Focus on the pain. Use it. It is the source of your power.

VENTRESS:

Yes, Master.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

Master. The word sticks in my throat. I vowed I would never call anyone Master again. Not after Hal'Sted. And especially not after Narec.

And yet, here I am.

KY NAREC: (GHOST)

Here you are.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I clench my fists, nails biting into my palms. The voice has plagued me ever since I was brought here. A voice only I can hear. Unless this is another test? Has Dooku summoned a phantom to torment me?

I square my shoulders, raising my chin. I must appear strong.

Dooku's dark eyes narrow.

DOOKU:

You are troubled.

VENTRESS:

No, Master. It . . . It is nothing.

DOOKU:

I told you. Do not lie to me.

VENTRESS:

I wouldn't. I . . . I couldn't.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

A smile tugs at the corners of his mouth. The rat has performed well. Squeak, squeak, squeak.

DOOKU:

You wish to kill me.

VENTRESS:

No. I—

Force lightning crackles out from Dooku's fingers, striking Ventress.

VENTRESS:

(CRIES OUT)

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

Dark lightning bursts from Dooku's fingers, coursing over me. In one agonizing, mind-shredding moment, he proves to me that nothing else matters. Not the droids. Not the castle. Not even Ky.

There is only his authority and his voice.

The lightning continues to flow throughout the scene as Dooku taunts her.

DOOKU:

Of course you want to kill me. You are a killer. That is what you do. That is why I chose you. Do you think I came to Rattatak by chance? That I somehow stumbled upon your pit?

VENTRESS:

(PAINED) No . . .

DOOKU:

The Force showed me. It showed me a Dathomiri sold to save her coven. A slave liberated from captivity. A Padawan forced to watch her Master bleed out in the dirt.

VENTRESS:

Please . . .

DOOKU:

Is that how they begged, your victims, as you took revenge, as you slaughtered every Rattataki who conspired to murder your Master? I wish I'd seen it, Ventress. I wish I'd seen their faces when they realized the storm they'd unleashed.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

Somehow, despite the lightning, despite the pain, I relive each and every moment. Feeling the fury swell inside me, my lightsabers a blur, their screams like music.

I never knew how sweet revenge would taste, how the fear in their eyes sated the anger in my belly.

Ky would have told me that it wasn't the Jedi way, but I didn't care. I had taken the Jedi way and rammed it down their throats along with my fist.

Zol Kramer. Rynn'k-lee. They all fell, one after another.

Until I faced Kirske. Until I faced the scumsnake who had ordered Ky's death.

I'd thought he'd be like the others. I thought he would pay. I thought he would suffer as I was suffering.

I was wrong. I was blindsided by my own vanity, so sure that I would emerge victorious. So convinced. I never expected Kirske to use himself as bait until it was too late, until I'd raced toward him, lightsabers blazing.

Until the trap had been sprung.

That's why Dooku found me, not surrounded by the corpses of my enemies, but forced to spill blood for the entertainment of others, a gladiator in a filthy pit, stun collar tight around my neck.

Could he sense my regret? My rage?

For my part, I had no idea who he was, just the latest in a long line of spectators enjoying the hospitality of Osika Kirske's viewing gallery. I had no idea he'd told Kirske he was looking for an assassin, or that he'd already made his choice.

I don't know who was more surprised when Dooku took Kirske's head, me or the Vollick himself. One minute Dooku was sipping wine from a crystal glass, and the next his crimson lightsaber was slicing through Kirske's neck.

The Vollick's head bounced down into the arena, a shocked expression on his face as it bounced once and then twice before coming to rest at my feet.

I couldn't celebrate. I couldn't revel in Kirske's death. *I* should've been the one to deal the killing blow, to snuff out his life, and yet this . . . this stranger with fine clothes and an imperious gaze had stolen my revenge.

I leapt from the arena floor, the Force propelling me up to the gallery, my lightsabers already burning. Dooku was waiting for me. Two blades against one. There was no way the old man should've been able to defend himself, and yet he did. He blocked every attack, parried every blow, giving no ground, taking no damage.

He didn't even spill his wine.

And then it came. His lightning. It felt like every atom in my body was being torn apart, every memory I had shredding beneath the onslaught. Mother Talzin. Hal'Sted. Ky. They were all gone, consumed in the pain of Dooku's dark magic.

I don't remember my lightsabers slipping from my hands. I don't even remember blacking out.

The next thing I knew, I was being grabbed by mechanical hands, dragged through unfamiliar corridors. My stun collar was gone, the air cool against my charred skin. I remember hearing birds as I was hauled past open windows. That's when I knew I was no

longer on Rattatak. The only birds on Rattatak are the strike-vultures that strip bones clean on the dust plains.

He was waiting for me in the great hall, in the exact same place as he stands now, looking down at me with eyes as black as a starless sky.

“I will teach you the ways of the dark side, but first, you must prove yourself.”

(A BEAT AS WE RETURN TO THE HERE AND NOW)

It takes me a moment to register that the lightning has stopped. Hands take my scorched arms. For a moment, I imagine it's Ky, helping me back to my feet, but then my vision clears and I'm looking into the face of my savior and tormentor.

I force myself to stand, telling myself I need to appear strong no matter what lessons Dooku inflicts.

DOOKU:

I don't want to have to do that again.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

That makes two of us.

He walks behind his desk, opening a drawer. As I struggle to draw air into my scorched lungs, he retrieves a disk no larger than a coin and tosses it toward me. It clatters and spins before coming to rest on the polished wood. I wait, not daring to move until he nods. Cautiously, I retrieve the disk, turning it over in my hand.

VENTRESS:

A data card?

DOOKU:

Place it in the holoprojector.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I do as I am instructed, a hologram fizzing into existence. It's a boy, no older than ten years old, wearing the robes of a Jedi Initiate,

hair buzz-cut short. There's something about his face. Something familiar.

VENTRESS:

(REALIZATION DAWNING) It's you.

DOOKU:

I'd forgotten I was ever that young. It belongs to my sister.

VENTRESS:

Your sister?

DOOKU:

I had no idea she kept the recordings. I told her to destroy them. She disobeyed me.

VENTRESS:

But I don't understand. You were a Jedi.

DOOKU:

I was.

VENTRESS:

But I thought Jedi cut all ties to their family.

DOOKU:

They do. But my sister . . . let's just say . . . we found each other . . .

VENTRESS:

How?

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

I tense, waiting for another burst of lightning, but instead Dooku's eyes drop away, focusing on the hologram of the boy in front of us. I sense conflict in him, memories long buried bubbling to the surface. When he speaks again, there is a . . . wistfulness in his voice, a vulnerability that I just haven't heard in him before.

DOOKU:

I never knew my family, for the reasons you mentioned. Like most of the Order, I was brought to the Temple by a Seeker, a Jedi who

was tasked to scour the galaxy for Force-sensitive infants. I had no recollection of my home, having been transported to Coruscant as a babe in arms, only to be told that I was to return as an Initiate.

VENTRESS:

Return to Serenno. Why?

DOOKU:

For a great celebration . . .

SCENE 3. EXT. CARANNIA. CAPITAL CITY OF SERENNO.

Atmosphere: As Dooku talks, we hear the sounds of a grand celebration behind the narration, music playing, crowds bustling, demonstrations being made. Think of it as a trade fair for the outer rim.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

Serenno was hosting a showcase for the galaxy, an opportunity for the planets of the Outer Rim to demonstrate what they could bring to the ever-growing Republic. Merchants and traders flocked here to wander the pavilions and gawp at demonstrations. There were ship makers and weaponsmiths, droid manufacturers and agrifarmers.

VENTRESS: (NARRATION)

And Jedi?

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

The Council had debated the wisdom of sending Initiates to such an event, but it had been argued that the Celebration was too good an opportunity to miss, a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for the young Jedi-in-training to observe the galaxy they had pledged their lives to protect . . .

What better way could there be for young Jedi-in-waiting to understand the galaxy they would serve, but to see it with their own overeager eyes?

SIFO-DYAS: (TWELVE YEARS OLD)

Dooku. Dooku, can you believe this? Look at it all. There are so many people.

DOOKU: (TWELVE YEARS OLD)

Too many.

SIFO-DYAS:

(LAUGHS) You need to relax. Enjoy yourself. It's a festival!

DOOKU:

I am enjoying myself.

SIFO-DYAS:

Then you should tell your face.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

It's safe to say that I was a . . . difficult person to know. I struggled to make friends in the early days of my training. On arrival at the Temple, Initiates are sorted into clans, an arbitrary grouping in many ways, but one that is supposed to foster an atmosphere of trust and kinship. Not so for me. I had no need of camaraderie, even then. I was there to train, to be the very best I could be. While my clan-mates huddled together after lessons, swapping tales of the Nameless or whatever phantasmagoria had seized their over-active imaginations, I could be found ensuring my tunic was sharply pressed and boots polished. I had Masters to impress, after all.

Only one boy saw through my bluster, an Initiate as likely to cause trouble as I was expected to excel. Perhaps I needed someone to burst my bubble. Perhaps I just needed a companion. But whatever the reason, we became inseparable . . .

DOOKU:

Sifo-Dyas, remember where we are. People are staring.

SIFO-DYAS:

So? It's the Celebration. We're supposed to be enjoying ourselves.

DOOKU:

No. We're supposed to be representing the Jedi. What would Master Yoda say if he saw you prancing about like a Floubettean dancer?

SIFO-DYAS:

But he's not going to see, is he? He's too busy being wise and inscrutable and—

Sifo-Dyas barrels straight into Yoda, who is knocked from his feet.

YODA:

(CRIES OUT)

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

My heart sank as Sifo-Dyas wheeled around, knocking into the very Jedi Master he was mocking.

SIFO-DYAS:

M-Master Yoda! I'm so sorry.

DOOKU:

(HISSING) You idiot!

YODA:

Look where you are going, you should, young Sifo-Dyas.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

As if they'd been waiting for disaster to strike, the other Masters appeared from the crowd, rushing to their Grand Master's aid. There was Tera Sinube, the beak-nosed Cosian who, like Yoda himself, seemed to have been born ancient and wizened . . .

TERA SINUBE:

Master Yoda? Are you all right?

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

And then there was Yula Braylon, a Seeker who had brought many of the Order's new recruits to the Temple doors.

BRAYLON:

Who did this? Show yourself.

SIFO-DYAS:

It was me, Master Braylon. I . . . I just got so excited with all the lights and the sounds and . . .

BRAYLON:

And this is why dragging Initiates halfway across the galaxy was a mistake.

YODA:

No harm was done. An accident it was.

DOOKU:

Sifo-Dyas really is sorry.

YODA:

Learned a lesson, young Sifo-Dyas has. Do it again, he will not.

SIFO-DYAS:

No. I promise. I'll . . . I'll look where I'm going.

YODA:

As all of us must. Yes. Everyone.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

Not all the Masters were as quick to forgive. Braylon fixed us with a suspicious glare, as if convinced we would blunder into trouble the moment her back was turned.

Her instincts were to be applauded.

BRAYLON:

Now, don't go wandering off. The lightsaber demonstration takes place in less than an hour. Do you understand? Remember why we are here.

DOOKU:

To demonstrate the discipline and composure of the Jedi.

SINUBE:

See? They *were* listening, Braylon. Well done, Dooku.

DOOKU:

Thank you, Master Sinube.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

We waited solemnly as the Masters headed back to the stage where the demonstration would be given. It was only when they were out of sight that I punched Sifo-Dyas sharply in the arm.

SIFO-DYAS:

Ow! What was that for?

DOOKU:

What do you think? Knocking Master Yoda over! You're lucky they didn't ship us back to Coruscant.

SIFO-DYAS:

I thought that's what you wanted. Come on, Doo.

DOOKU:

(SIGHING) Don't call me that.

SIFO-DYAS:

Why not? It's your name.

DOOKU:

No, it's not.

SIFO-DYAS:

(TEASING, SINGSONG) Doo. Doo. Dooku.

DOOKU:

Shut up.

SIFO-DYAS:

Doo. Doo. Doo.

DOOKU:

(UNABLE TO STOP HIMSELF FROM LAUGHING) You're an idiot.

SIFO-DYAS:

And you're home! This is Serenno, Dooku. How many Initiates get to visit where they were born?

ARATH: (TWELVE YEARS OLD)

(APPROACHING) What was that, Sifo-Dyas? This is where *His Eminence* comes from?

DOOKU:

(GROANS) Nice work, Si.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

If I could have willed it, I would have urged the ground to swallow me up there and then.

From the day we met, Arath Tarrex had been determined to make my life a misery. He seemed to take offense at everything I did. The way I walked. The way I talked. And most important, the way I outshone his pitiful attempts to succeed in each and every one of our classes together.

Jedi are trained to suppress our emotions, but even then, Arath. He was jealous of me, and for good reason . . .

SIFO-DYAS:

Leave us alone, Arath. We weren't talking to you.

ARATH:

Is this really your home, Dooku?

DOOKU:

No. My home is the Temple. Just like you.

SIFO-DYAS:

(SOTTO) More's the pity.

ARATH:

What was that?

SIFO-DYAS:

Nothing, Arath. Nothing at all. What's the matter, anyway? Don't you like it here?

ARATH:

Are you kidding? It's a dump. Who would have thought that for all his airs and graces, little Lord Dooku comes from a shab-hole like this?

DOOKU:

I'm warning you, Arath . . .

ARATH:

What? What are you going to do, Dooku? Run off to Braylon like last time?

DOOKU:

I'll show you what I'm gonna do.

Dooku goes to shove Arath, but Sifo-Dyas stops him.

SIFO-DYAS:

Whoa-whoa-whoa! Discipline and composure, remember. Discipline and composure.

ARATH:

(WALKING OFF) Good luck with that. See you at the demonstration, Your Highness.

DOOKU:

One day I'm going to wipe the smirk off his stupid face.

SIFO-DYAS:

And what good would that do?

DOOKU:

It would put him in his place.

SIFO-DYAS:

Which is exactly the kind of talk that adds coaxium to his engines. Look, I know you're better than him. He knows you're better than him. Even the duraslugs back home know you're better than him, but there's no need to rub his face in it.

DOOKU:

What about rubbing his face in that dewback paddock over there?

SIFO-DYAS:

Okay, that I would like to see, but if you do, Braylon will make sure we spend the rest of the Celebration holed up on the *Ataraxia*. Come on, Doo. When do we ever get out of the Temple, let alone off Coruscant? Let's forget Arath and explore while we have the chance, yeah?

SCENE 4. EXT. CELEBRATION. JENZA'S POV.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

I reluctantly agreed, allowing Sifo-Dyas to drag me farther into the crowd, unaware that, not far away, nobility was gracing the festivities.

HOLOGRAM ANNOUNCER:

People of the galaxy, welcome to Carannia. Here you will discover all the Outer Rim has to offer. Innovation. Exploration. A brave frontier awaits, worlds of opportunity and adventure, all accessible by safe and reliable hyperroutes . . .

We come upon Count Gora, the ruler of Serenno, who is sweeping through the celebration surrounded by his entourage.

GORA:

(SNORTS) "Safe and reliable hyperroutes"? What a load of Sith spit.

ANYA:

Gora, please! The children.

GORA:

What about them? I can't believe the Assembly talked me into this. It's an insult. That's what it is. A damn insult.

D-4:

Actually, Count Gora, the Celebration is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for Serenno.

GORA:

Anya, kindly remind your protocol droid not to lecture me, unless he wants to be smelted down with the next batch of Malvern's zersium.

ANYA:

Dee-Four, maybe it would be better if you buttoned your vocabulator.

D-4:

But Countess Anya, I sought only to remind His Grace that—

GORA:

I can still hear it talking!

ANYA:

Please, Dee-Four. The last thing we need is for him to go into another rage. Perhaps you could look after the children?

D-4:

The children? Countess, I'm programmed for diplomacy and etiquette . . .

ANYA:

And therefore the perfect babysitter for Ramil and Jenza.

RAMIL: (FOURTEEN YEARS OLD)

Mother! I'm not a baby!

D-4:

(SNORTS) That's a matter of opinion.

RAMIL:

Oh, shove it up your recharge coupling.

D-4:

Countess. Did you hear what he said?

ANYA:

(SIGHING) Yes, yes. Ramil, there's no need to be rude. (TO HERSELF) You're not your father.

GORA:

What was that?

ANYA:

Nothing, darling. I was just talking to the children.

JENZA: (ELEVEN YEARS OLD)

Can't we just look around, Mother?

ANYA:

Not by yourself, Jenza. You know that.

JENZA:

But—

ANYA:

But nothing. Dee-Four will stay with you.

RAMIL:

This is so humiliating.

ANYA:

You could always come to the Assembly and hear your father's speech?

JENZA:

Actually, Dee-Four will make fine company. (POINTED) Won't she, Ramil?

RAMIL:

I suppose. Come on then, Bolt-Head. Let's look around.

D-4:

But I must protest. My duty—

ANYA:

(CALLING BACK AS SHE WALKS OFF) Is to look after the children. Have fun.

D-4:

(CALLING AFTER HER) Countess. Countess, really. (TO HERSELF) This is too much. I've half a mind to . . . (REALIZES THE

CHILDREN HAVE GONE) Where are they? Where have they gotten to? (CALLING) Lady Jenza.

SCENE 5. EXT. CELEBRATION. THE CHILDREN'S POV. (CONT.)

We shift farther into the crowd, D-4 now behind us.

D-4: (OFF-MIC)

Master Ramil! Come back here.

JENZA:

What do you want to see first, Ramil? I hear there are Jedi here.

RAMIL:

Why would anyone want to see those freaks?

JENZA:

Don't call them that.

RAMIL:

Father does.

JENZA:

Father does a lot of things. Come on.

They run off, D-4 finally catching up, just a moment too late.

D-4: (COMING UP ON MIC)

No. No. Wait for me, you pampered—Oh, what have I done to deserve this.

SCENE 6. EXT. CELEBRATION—JEDI DEMONSTRATION.

The children push through the crowds, heading toward the Jedi demonstration. Above the babble of the watching crowd, we can hear Yoda, Sinube, and Braylon performing a ceremonial demonstration in perfect unison, their lightsabers buzzing and swooping. Think of it as Tai Chi for Jedi.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

At the Jedi stage, we stood watching Yoda, Sinube, and Braylon demonstrating basic lightsaber stances, plasma humming as

they moved in perfect synchronization, eyes closed and minds calm.

All around, the crowd gawped, the Masters just another spectacle to experience amid the noise of the revelry, but for one young observer the demonstration would be a life-changing moment . . .

Jenza pulls Ramil through the crowd. D-4 has caught up with them.

JENZA:

There they are! Wow. Just look at them.

D-4:

Yes. Yes. Very good. Shall we find your parents now?

RAMIL:

Is that it? Aren't they supposed to be fighting or something?

D-4:

No, the energy blades are purely ceremonial.

JENZA:

It helps them meditate.

RAMIL:

How do you know?

JENZA:

I saw a documentary on the HoloNet. The swords are called light-sabers.

RAMIL:

They look stupid.

D-4:

They look dangerous. They'll have someone's arm off in a minute.

RAMIL:

Here's hoping. At least that'll be more interesting. (LAUGHING)
Look at that one. He looks like a slime-gnome.

JENZA:

Shush. He'll hear you.

RAMIL:

I'm not surprised with ears like that. Oh, come on, Jen. This is so boring. Let's find the Nalroni pavilion. Father says the Celanites are demonstrating their new security droids.

JENZA:

You go. I want to look around.

RAMIL:

Yeah, like Bolt-Head will let us split up . . .

D-4:

Bolt-Head certainly will not.

RAMIL:

See?

Jenza leans into her brother conspiratorially.

JENZA:

(WHISPER) What's the matter, Ramil? Scared of a protocol droid?

RAMIL:

(WHISPER) Of course not.

JENZA:

(WHISPER) Prove it.

RAMIL:

(WHISPER) Okay. Watch this.

He rummages around in his pockets.

JENZA:

(WHISPER) What are they?

RAMIL:

(WHISPER) Thunderburst caps.

JENZA:

(WHISPER) Mother said you weren't supposed to have them anymore. Not since the Frost-tide ball!

RAMIL:

(WHISPER) What's the matter, Jenza—*scared?*

JENZA:

(SMILING) Oh shut up.

RAMIL:

(WHISPER) Get ready to run. One.

JENZA:

(WHISPER) Two.

RAMIL:

Three!

He throws down the thunderbursts, which burst on the ground like little fireworks. The crowd reacts, spectators crying out in shock, the children laughing with glee as they run.

JENZA:

(CALLING TO HER BROTHER) Catch you later, Ram!

D-4:

Wait. Where are you going? Come back. Come back here this minute!

SCENE 7. EXT. CELEBRATION—JEDI DEMONSTRATION. DOOKU'S POV.

We hear the disturbance from the other side of the Jedi demonstration where Dooku and Sifo-Dyas are watching.

DOOKU: (NARRATION)

On the other side of the stage, the disturbance caused much excitement among the Initiates . . .

SIFO-DYAS:

What's going on?

ARATH:

Just local kids setting off fireworks.

SIFO-DYAS:

Doo, are you okay?

DOOKU:

That girl . . .

SIFO-DYAS:

What girl?

DOOKU:

She was just there. By the droid.

ARATH:

You found yourself a girlfriend, Your Majesty?

SIFO-DYAS:

Shut up, Arath.

ARATH:

He looks pretty keen to me.

SIFO-DYAS:

What? (REALIZES DOOKU IS GONE) Doo? Dooku. Where have you gone?

SCENE 8. EXT. FAIRGROUND.

Atmosphere: An alleyway full of game stalls. Dooku is pushing his way through the crowd.

(THE FOLLOWING WILD TRACKS ARE FOR USE IN THE BACKGROUND AS HE PUSHES THROUGH.)

GAME STALLHOLDER #1:

Take a leap of faith. Zero-gee diving. Just three credits. Why not have a go?

GAME STALLHOLDER #2:

Droid firing gallery. Hit the target to win a prize. Droid shoot-out. Hit those tin-heads between their photoreceptors.

GAME STALLHOLDER #3:

Whack-a-bloggin! Try your luck. Where will they pop up next? Only two credits. That's it, son. That's it!

GAME STALLHOLDER #4:

Prize every time. What have you got to lose? Everyone's a winner!

DOOKU:

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Sifo-Dyas chases after him.

SIFO-DYAS:

(APPROACHING) Dooku! Wait up. Where are you going?

DOOKU:

Si. Go back.

SIFO-DYAS:

And let you have all the fun? What's gotten into you?

DOOKU:

That girl . . . I sensed something . . .

SIFO-DYAS:

I don't believe it. Arath was right.

DOOKU:

No, not like that. It was like I knew her somehow.

SIFO-DYAS:

How? You were only a baby when Yoda came for you.

DOOKU:

I know. I can't explain it. (SPOTS JENZA) There she is!

SIFO-DYAS:

Doo, this is crazy. You can't just run off. If the Masters catch you . . .

Dooku runs after her.

DOOKU:

You go back. I'll be all right.

SIFO-DYAS:

No. No you won't!

SCENE 9. EXT. FAIRGROUND. JENZA'S POV.

Atmosphere as before.

STALLHOLDER #1:

Test your strength against the tractor beam. Only three credits.
(SPOTS JENZA) What about you, little lady? Feeling strong today,
are we?

JENZA:

(UNSURE) No. Thank you.

She hurries on.

STALLHOLDER #1:

(CALLING AFTER HER) Go on! Have a go. You never know your
luck.

JENZA:

Really. It's fine. Thank you.

She bumps into an alien who answers angrily in Huttese.

ALIEN:

Chuba! Doompasha lo! [Hey! Watch it!]

JENZA:

I'm sorry! I didn't mean to walk into you.

ALIEN:

Oosa do nawee, eh? [Use your eyes, eh?]

She rushes off.

JENZA:

I really am sorry.

She wanders for a minute, totally lost.

JENZA:

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

She activates a comlink.

JENZA:

Ramil? Ramil, are you there?

RAMIL: (OVER COMM)

What do you want?

JENZA:

Where are you?

RAMIL: (COMM)

Heading toward the droid pavilion. Why?

JENZA:

I thought I might come with you after all. Can you wait for me?

RAMIL: (COMM)

Ha! I knew you'd get scared on your own. (TEASING) Perhaps you should ask the Jedi for protection?

JENZA:

Don't be such a smog-wart.

RAMIL: (COMM)

Where are you?

JENZA:

I don't know. There are games and—

Someone barges into her.

JENZA: (CONT.)

(REACTS) So many people.