

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NEAR CORELLIA

A bright white space station slowly orbits a Corellian moon. Four slim sections connect to a main hub.

Int. Incom Station

Two of Incom's technicians are listening to a Holonet broadcast in the background. DR. JENNINS, the senior technician, looks up from his work and listens intently.

HOLONET NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

With the small, but growing sentiment against Emperor Palpatine, calling itself "The Rebel Alliance," There is more talk in the Senate of the need for the Empire to nationalize Incom, as was previously done with Sienar Fleet Systems. Incom is known for starfighter design -

Dr. Jennins turns to NARRIN, a Mon Calamari.

DR. JENNINS

You were right, Narrin; Palpatine has been taking an interest in our work.

NARRIN

After Palpatine grabbed Sienar and Breecher Unified Technologies, all of the non-human workers mysteriously vanished. That worries me, to say the least.

Dr. Jennins nods and they both look back to their work.

DR. JENNINS

Our baby is in the final stages of testing and looks ready for production.

The distinctive whine of a starfighter engine starting up fills the room.

NARRIN

This starfighter might even
outperform the TIE Fighter.

DR. JENNINS

(with a shocked look)

Of course it will! More
firepower, better atmospheric
flight control....

The engine sound gets louder and he needs to shout to be heard.

DR. JENNINS

...Not to mention a shield
generator!

(raises voice)

If that stabilizer -

The rest of what he says is lost to the sound of the engines. He glances at his computer console.

Running from the computer are bundles of cables that lead up to a hovering X-wing, in pristine greys.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NEAR DANTOOINE

Starfighters and smaller support vessels patrol around the Providence class cruiser, Liberty. The Liberty is by far the largest ship in the fleet and serves as the Rebel Alliance command cruiser.

INT. LIBERTY - READY ROOM

GENERAL JAN DODONNA is watching the same Holonet broadcast that the Incom technicians were watching. COMMANDER ZY (28) appears and stands at attention in the doorway.

DODONNA

Ah, Commander Zy. Come in.

Dodonna gestures to the open chair.

ZY

Thank you, General.

(his eyes flick to the
screen)

What's the story?

Dodonna shakes his head in disgust.

DODONNA

Bad news. This confirms what
Intelligence has been warning us
about.

ZY

Palpy's up to his old tricks
again? Why can't the rest of the
galaxy see it?

DODONNA

In due time, everyone will see.
I'm sure of it. But before then,
Incom appears to be next on the
Emperor's agenda

ZY

What can we do about this,
General?

DODONNA

(smiles broadly)

I'm glad you asked. High Command
has come up with a plan to
rescue whatever data and
personnel we can before the
Emperor makes his move.
Hopefully we're not already too
late.

ZY

And what if Incom doesn't want
to join the Rebellion
wholeheartedly?

DODONNA

I'm not worried about that. More than half of Incom is non-human. I'm sure they've been watching closely to the Empire's record with alien cultures...Boresh, Pact IV, Caamus.

Zy ponders this for a few seconds.

ZY

Yes, what choice do we have? Much of Koensayr's staff is at Incom...and with Koensayr's recent manufacturing struggles. We need might need to rely on Incom...unless we're going to be expected to fly Z-95s, captured TIEs, ARC-170s or other Clone War relics.

DODONNA

(nods)

We need a steady supply of snubfighters if we're going to continue our fight...Incom has shown support before to our cause.

ZY

Still a risky plan. If the Empire is already in motion...

DODONNA

(looks knowingly at Zy)

Know any brave pilots?

ZY

A few.

DODONNA

Good. Pick your pilots, Commander. You'll need the best if things go badly.

ZY

Any support vessels?

DODONNA

Only a freighter doubling as a troop transport. The Liberty has been assigned to patrol the Dantooine system so you'll be on your own.

ZY

Understood. It shouldn't be anything Gold Squadron can't handle.

DODONNA

Excellent. Command briefing will be at 1400 hours. You can fill your pilots in after that in the squadron briefing.

Zy stands up and prepares to leave.

DODONNA

And Commander?

Zy turns back to look at Dodonna.

DODONNA

Let's keep this quiet.

INT. SQUADRON BRIEFING ROOM - 1430 HOURS

The buzz of eleven pilots talking among themselves reverberates in the cramped room. RIN, a young female Twilek, grabs the bandanna off of SIDESLIP's head.

RIN

Why do you wear this smelly thing? Is it a fashion statement?

SIDESLIP

For luck. Not that I need it.

Zy enters the front of the room.

ZY

Alright, boys and girls, settle down. Let's get to business.

He waits a moment as the last of the conversation ends.

ZY

As you may already know, many of Koensayr's personnel joined Incom. With Koensayr struggling to keep up with the Alliance's need for replacement fighters, Incom may be the key to our future supply of Y-wings.

(beat)

The Empire is poised to take over Incom. Our job is to make sure that doesn't happen.

SIDESLIP

(to Rin)

No Incom, no starfighters?

RIN

With no new fighters, how could we keep you supplied when you have to bail?

SIDESLIP

Hey! That was only once and that wasn't my fault! Why don't you bug Hairball about how many Y-wings he's lost?

HRRRALL, an elderly Wookiee, lets out a questioning howl and then growls.

SIDESLIP

Sorry buddy! I know you're tender about that.

ZY

Care to share with the group or can I continue?

(listens to silence)

Resources are stretched thin, so the squad will be split in two. Half the squadron will go on the mission while the rest of you will stay behind to guard the Liberty. Flash, you are in charge here of the squad while I lead the mission to Corellia. Rin, Sideslip, Juke, Hrrrall, and Gamble will be joining me.

ZY

Rin, you have my wing. Gamble, you're paired with Hrrall again...and that leaves Juke and Slip.

(scratches his chin)

Maybe I shouldn't put your two together as wingmen. There would be a lot of pretty maneuvers but no shooting. Though how you got those callsigns is beyond me. The Y-wing may be the best starfighter around, but it's not exactly the most nimble thing in the galaxy.

JUKE, SIDESLIP's brother raises his hand.

JUKE

What is our mission again? I couldn't hear you for some reason.

Juke looks right at Rin, who scowls back at him.

ZY

We will fly cover for the commando team aboard the Remembrance. The captain knows all the ins and outs of the Corellian sector. However, the Remembrance is a lightly armed freighter, which means Gold Squadron will be doing the fighting, should it come down to that.

GAMBLE

What kind of opposition can we expect?

ZY

None as far as I know, but I wouldn't put anything past the Empire; we may have company.

(beat)

We will leave for Incom Station at 0500 tomorrow. After the commando team gets what they

ZY
 need, we will make two
 hyperspace jumps to make sure
 we're not followed before
 jumping to the rendezvous point
 at Nebula 308 Alpha, where the
 Liberty will pick us up. Any
 other questions?

No one asks any so Zy continues.

ZY
 This mission comes straight from
 the top so you all know how
 important it is. This mission
 falls on the shoulders of Gold
 Squadron so the Alliance expects
 it to get done.
 (looks at each pilot)
 We've got a big day ahead of us.
 Get some sleep.
 (beat)
 Dismissed.

INT. LIBERTY FLIGHT DECK - 0445

Zy enters the flight deck and sees the ground crew busily getting six Y-wings armed and fueled. He adjusts his flight suit, exposing intricate tattoos encircling his neck and wrists that wind into his suit. He nods at a passing engineer while he walks towards the nearest Y-wing. An engineer is hanging half in, half out of the cockpit. The engineer mumbles something inaudible from inside, then pulls himself out of the cockpit, looking very confused the whole time.

YOUNG ENGINEER
 This is the two-seater model of
 the Y-wing, right?

OLDER ENGINEER
 Yeah, that's right.

YOUNG ENGINEER
 Where is the pilot's seat? And
 why is the gunner's seat turned
 backwards?

The experienced engineer chuckles. His eyes shift their focus over the young engineer's shoulder.

OLDER ENGINEER
Hello Leiutenant. It's all ready
to go for you.

Hrrrall says a thank you in Wookiee to the engineer. The young engineer stares, wide eyed.

OLDER ENGINEER
You're welcome. Happy hunting
today. May your lasers never
miss.

Hrrrall steps up to the cockpit, opting to use his long legs instead of a ladder.

Zy reaches up and shakes Hrrrall's huge hand.

ZY
I'm counting on you to keep
Gamble in line today, old friend.

Hrrrall growls, showing his fangs.

Zy starts off in the direction of a distant Y-wing, where he can barely see a two pairs of boots nearly touching each other.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - RIN'S Y-WING - MOMENTS LATER

Between the Y-wing's nacelles, Rin and Sideslip share a long kiss. She breaks away slowly, looks in his eyes, and kisses him again. As she breaks away this time, she takes his bandanna off his head and puts it around her head tails.

SIDESLIP
It looks good on you, if a bit
small. But I feel naked without
it.

RIN
Oooh.

Rin bats her lashes at him and smiles. He blushes and smiles sheepishly.

DECK OFFICER (V.O.)
Gold Squadron, prepare last pre-
flight checks.

Sideslip looks up at the unseen voice then back to Rin.

SIDESLIP

Love you. Stay alive, okay?

RIN

You too. Slip, you be careful
out there.

(pointing to the
bandanna)

I hope I didn't take all of your
luck.

SIDESLIP

Bah! I don't need it. I've got
my brother to look after me.

Sideslip jogs off to his Y-wing. Moments later, Juke
appears from the other side of Rin's Y-wing. Rin puts a
hand on the ladder. Juke cups his hands, ready to boost
her up.

JUKE

Need a boost, little lady? Or
would you rather I call Hairball
over here to toss you up?

RIN

Ha ha. Funny, Juke. I haven't
heard that one a thousand times
already. We should broadcast
your routine and threaten to
keep broadcasting until the
Emperor steps down.

JUKE

(bowing)

Milady gives me too much credit.

Rin punches him lightly in the stomach.

Zy arrives and raises an eyebrow. Both pilots hurriedly
salute him. Zy stares at each one for a few seconds.

ZY

As you were.

Zy turns and walks away, hiding a small smile. His steps
carry him to the freighter Remembrance.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - NEAR REMEMBRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Eight Rebel commandos prepare their packs and weapons for the mission.

COLE sits on top of an ammo can with one leg propped up. A knife is stuck in a support column nearby. He's wearing a dark tank top that exposes enormous muscles and an Imperial symbol tattoo with a black slash through it.

Cole looks up as Zy approaches and stares with piercing eyes for a long moment. Zy stares back unflinchingly. Cole gives a slight nod and Zy returns it. Cole pulls his knife out of the column and returns it to a shoulder sheath.

The commando leader, CAPTAIN AJACK, approaches Zy.

AJACK

Ah, the commander of Gold Squadron. A pleasure to meet you.

Ajack and Zy shake hands.

ZY

Likewise.

(beat)

Good luck today.

AJACK

Just get us there and we'll get the rest done.

ZY

It shouldn't be -

ENGINEER (V.O.)

Look out! It's coming down!

Everyone scatters from a proton torpedo that teeters on a rack and then drops hard to the ground with a CLANG. It starts rolling towards the Remembrance.

FADE OUT:

END ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. LIBERTY FLIGHT DECK - NEAR REMEMBRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The torpedo rolls its way closer to the Remembrance, humming warningly with lights flickering. The torpedo keeps rolling and it bumps up against Cole's booted foot.

Cole calmly opens a panel on the torpedo and adjusts a few switches. The torpedo stops flickering and becomes silent. Everyone lets out a collective sigh of relief. Cole continues cleaning his blaster rifle as if nothing happened.

After a few moments of recovering, some Rebel soldiers start walking up the ramp of the Remembrance to load their gear aboard.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSENGER AREA - CONTINUOUS

WEDGE ANTILLES (late teens) is checking the readouts, preparing his ship for departure. A commando, PARZO, eyes Wedge.

PARZO

Hey, who let this kid aboard?

Parzo indicates Wedge with a gesture of his blaster rifle. Wedge looks a little afraid, but apparently it's not the first time a blaster has been pointed at him.

THIN, HOLLOW VOICE (O.S.)

This "kid" is the captain of the ship.

GHOST, a Bothan, steps out of the shadows next to Parzo.

PARZO

Ghost! Give me a heart attack, why don't you? You know I hate it when you do that.

Parzo looks back at Wedge, still more than a little skeptical.

PARZO
You old enough to fly this thing?

WEDGE
Yes, sir. It's my ship.

Ajack walks up the entry ramp followed by the rest of the commando team.

AJACK
Captain Antilles has been running weapons and supplies for the Alliance for some time now and I vouch for him personally. Is that good enough for you, Parzo?

PARZO
Of course, sir. My apologies...Captain.

AJACK
Good.
(raises his voice)
Everyone got their gear? This party is about to get started.

REBEL COMMANDOS IN UNISON
Yes, sir!

INT. LIBERTY FLIGHT DECK

Engines power up, getting higher pitched. The ground crew clears the deck.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

Zy does last minute checks and opens up the comm.

ZY
Alright, my lords and ladies, it's time. Into the dark!

EXT. SPACE - NEAR LIBERTY

Gold Leader pilots his Y-wing out of the hangar and the rest of the squadron follows. Remembrance is the last to leave the hangar.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
Set destination Incom Station,
Corellia in five ticks.

INT. JUKE'S Y-WING

JUKE
Wooooohooooooooo! Corellia's
favorite sons are coming home!

EXT. SPACE

Gold Squadron and Remembrance head away from the Liberty
and enter hyperspace.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR INCOM STATION

NARRIN (V.O.)
The Imperials are slime! We
can't give them Project X!

INT. INCOM STATION

A group of Incom techs are having a heated debate. DR.
BRA'AL, a pro-Imperial, smirks.

DR. BRA'AL
Please. You're educated! You're
a scientist. You of all people
should know you need proof. All
I'm hearing is conjecture.

NARRIN
The Ghorman Massacre? The
slaughter of the Jedi?

DR. BRA'AL
The Ghorman "Massacre" was a
police response to an unlawful
protest. And the Jedi? Don't
even get me started on those
zealot traitors!

Dr. Jennins raises his arms for silence.

DR. JENNINS
Gentlemen, please. Enough.

Narrin and Bra'al stop bickering, but glare at each other for another moment before they give their attention to Jennins.

DR. JENNINS

It doesn't really matter either way. Incom shouldn't concern itself too much with politics. We simply design and manufacture the best starfighters in the galaxy. Everything else is secondary.

That brings a few smiles from the techs, excluding Bra'al.

DR. JENNINS

(clasps his hands together)

Now that that is settled, let us get back to -

A proximity alert blares at a nearby console. A tech looks over the sensor screen.

FEMALE TECH

What can this be about? Several unidentified ships are approaching...starfighters.

(to Jennins)

Is anyone doing a test run today?

Jennins shakes his head.

FEMALE TECH

No, wait...they're Y-wing class.

DR. JENNINS

They must be Alliance ships. Signal them. The Rebels have always been cordial partners.

Bra'al scowls.

FEMALE TECH

(into comm)

Alliance Y-wings, this is Incom Station. Please state your intentions.

ZY

(over comm)

This is Commander Zy of Gold Squadron and freighter Remembrance requesting permission to land. We wish to discuss current Imperial events with you.

(beat)

It may be vital to your safety.

The female tech looks at Jennins, who nods.

FEMALE TECH

(into comm)

Acknowledged. Proceed to landing pad C.

INT. INCOM STATION - LANDING PAD C - MOMENTS LATER

The Y-wings and freighter set down. Repulsors puff and engines begin powering down. Zy is the first one out and he greets the waiting Incom techs. As the commandos start coming out of the freighter, the techs look alarmed. Captain Ajack holds his hand up, palm forward.

AJACK

Don't worry. We're here only as a precaution.

DR. JENNINS

I should hope so.

(to Zy)

Let us find some place more comfortable where we can discuss "current Imperial events."

AJACK

We'll set up a perimeter.

(to his squad)

In pairs. By the book now.

Zy follows Dr. Jennins out of the hangar.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSENGER AREA

The seven Rebel commandos are gathering up their gear, including a Shistavanen wolfman. Ghost puts on a long grey cloak.

VEKIO, the combat medic, picks up his portable medkit. He lifts a long blaster rifle.

VEKIO
(in a drawl)
I believe this is yours, Treel.

TREEL, wearing grey camo fatigues but no armor, accepts her rifle from the medic's outstretched hands.

TREEL
Thanks, Vekio. I thought you were going to keep that for yourself.

VEKIO
(grinning)
No, ma'am. I'll leave the fighting to the more qualified.

TREEL
Are you sure about that?

Treel tilts her head towards the rookie soldier. The rookie commando, SKIDS, is getting his gear ready. Skids, wide-eyed, bumps into a bulkhead with his pack and drops his helmet. Parzo snickers.

Ghost walks over to the rookie.

GHOST
They call you "Skids," right?

SKIDS
Yes, sir. Skids, sir.
(he salutes)

Ghost chuckles.

GHOST
I'm not Captain Ajack. You don't need to call me sir or salute me.

Ghost gently takes the rifle out of Skids' hands.

GHOST
It's probably a good thing most stormtroopers haven't figured this out...if you fold out the

GHOST
 stock like this...and brace it
 against your shoulder, it will
 help your aim.

PARZO
 (half smiling)
 And how would you know, Ghost?
 You don't even use a blaster.

Ghost's face shows his disgust.

GHOST
 Mmmmm. Too noisy, too
 unreliable. It's like using a
 hammer...
 (closely inspects a
 dagger)
 ...when you need a scalpel.

Finished examining his blade, he puts it in a sheath,
 which vanishes into his cloak.

The Shistavanen wolfman, BAZ, walks down the
 Remembrance's ramp.

INT. INCOM STATION - LANDING PAD C - CONTINUOUS

Baz takes the powerpack out of his blaster rifle and
 checks it. He replaces it and slings the rifle over his
 shoulder. He walks on to approach Sideslip and Rin, who
 were having a close conversation.

BAZ
 I heard your squadron leader has
 an interesting callsign.
 (thinks for a moment)
 "Zero," is it?

SIDESLIP
 That's right.

BAZ
 How did he get named that?

SIDESLIP
 He's a deadeye...he zeroes in on
 target...at least that's the
 popular belief. Rin, your his
 wingmate. Fill us in.

RIN

No one knows for sure. I've been in the squad since the Ryloth campaign and even I don't know.

INT. INCOM STATION - HALLWAY TO CONFERENCE ROOM

ZY

I feel a need of urgency here. Alliance Intel believes the Imperials will move soon...if they haven't already, to try to forcefully take over Incom.

Zy lets it sink in. Dr. Jennins strokes his beard.

ZY

I fear for your safety...especially for any non-human. Something I feel in my gut. You don't live long as a pilot unless you listen to your instincts.

Dr. Jennins lets out a long sigh.

DR. JENNINS

I can see the writing on the wall. The Emperor is going too far now, taking what isn't his.

Dr. Bra'al peers from the background, eavesdropping and scowling.

ZY

You know the Alliance would never pressure you into anything.

DR. JENNINS

I know, Commander. Some of the other researchers and I have been talking about this for a long time.

(long pause while he thinks)

I will talk to the others. I think it is time we took a stand.

INT. INCOM STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

All of the senior technicians are gathered together.
Some talk quietly, others more loudly.

DR. BRA'AL
We're going to join the Rebels,
aren't we?

Jennins nods.

DR. BRA'AL
I knew it. This is foolishness!

DR. JENNINS
Anyone who doesn't want to seek
refuge with the Alliance can
stay behind. It is your choice
to make on your own.

DR. BRA'AL
Don't tell me you actually
believe the Rebels' rhetoric?
...especially after Palpatine
got us through the Clone Wars.

DR. JENNINS
That is a topic of great debate.
(beat)
Everyone who wishes to help me
and the Alliance, come with me;
there's much work to be done.

Dr. Bra'al throws his hands up in the air and storms
off. A Rodian tech follows him. All of the other techs
stay with Jennins. Jennins smiles broadly.

DR. JENNINS
Thank you, my friends. Now let
us see if the Alliance likes our
little project.

INT. INCOM STATION - DARK HALLWAY

At a comm station, Dr. Bra'al and his fellow pro-
Imperial tech are looking at the flickering image of the
local Moff.

DR. BRA'AL
I think there's something you
should know, Moff Ulin.

INT. INCOM STATION - MAIN R&D ROOM

ZY (O.S.)
X-wing fighters? Alliance High
Command is going to love this.

Pilots and technicians are busily loading files and
computers.

GAMBLE
This is taking forever.

Gamble runs off.

TECH 1
Where did he go?

Another tech shrugs. The techs go back to discussing
what files and schematics they need to recreate Project
X.

After a few moments, Gamble returns with his all-white
astromech at his heels.

GAMBLE
Wampa, plug in and hurry this
along. Download whatever you can
store.

TECH 1
(to Wampa)
Ah, you can start with the
astrogation and sensor package
schematics.

AJACK
What did you call that droid?

GAMBLE
Wampa.

AJACK
And what is that exactly?

GAMBLE

I take it you've never been around the Hoth system. Well, wampas are -

AJACK

No, forget it. I don't really care for the Sightseer's Guide to the Galaxy at the moment.

GAMBLE

(to Wedge)

How about you? Got an astromech?

WEDGE

No, my freighter doesn't need one.

GAMBLE

(to tech)

Do you have any droids we can use to speed this up?

The tech ponders this for a moment. He starts walking faster and faster towards the droid storage with Gamble.

TECH 1

Yes. Yes, I believe we do have a BD-3000, a CZ droid, a Treadwell, and I think a power droid.

GAMBLE

Oh, not a gonker. Forget that one.

(frowns)

That's all you have in this entire facility?

TECH 1

The main production facility has a lot more. We're the research and development site.

INT. INCOM STATION - DARK HALLWAY

Dr. Bra'al and the Rodian leave the comm station and walk down the corridor.

DR. BRA'AL
 Jennins won't look so smug when
 our Imperial friends arrive. Or
 from behind bars...if he's so
 fortunate. In fact, he -

Dr. Bra'al stops abruptly as he turns the corner. A
 meter away is an Imperial stormtrooper.

DR. BRA'AL
 Oh! You're here already? But I
 just contacted -

The stormtrooper fires a shot into Dr. Bra'al and the
 Rodian tech.

INT. INCOM STATION - AJOINING CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

PARZO
 Skids, did you hear that?

SKIDS
 Yeah.

PARZO
 We better check it out.

Skids stares wide-eyed but doesn't move.

PARZO
 Well, let's get going!

They double time it to the corner. Parzo, with his back
 to the wall, sneaks a glance around the corner. He turns
 back to Skids.

PARZO
 Stormtroopers. I see four of
 them.
 (turns off the safety
 on his rifle)
 I'm going to run across to the
 terminal and you cover me.

Skids nods. Parzo turns the corner, running and firing.
 Two stormtroopers fall. Parzo dives behind a terminal
 and uses it for cover. Skids follows and crouches behind
 a terminal on the right side of the corridor.

The stormtroopers return fire. Parzo shoots from cover twice more. Another stormtrooper drops. The return shots are getting closer to Parzo.

Skids looks confused at his rifle.

PARZO

What are you waiting for? Start shooting ba-

Parzo doesn't finish the sentence - the remaining stormtrooper's shot hits Parzo in the face and knocks him down.

Skids stares at Parzo in shock and horror. The CLICK CLACK of the stormtrooper's boots announces his approach. Skids hands shake and he fumbles with the safety.

In slow motion, the stormtrooper lifts his rifle, takes careful aim. Skids closes his eyes. Just before the stormtrooper can fire, a dagger appears in his neck between his helmet and armor.

Ghost steps out of the shadows, nods to Skids, and puts his dagger away.

ZY (V.O.)

From what I have heard about these X-wings, it sounds like Juke and Sideslip might actually earn their callsigns.

INT. INCOM STATION - LANDING PAD C

Zy walks around the ship, inspecting it from different angles. The prototype X-wing is being lowered and carefully attached to the top of the Remembrance. Standing on the Remembrance, Wedge runs his finger along the nose of the X-wing.

The other pilots are gathered around the X-wing, looking with awe and skepticism. Hrrrall carries two huge computers tucked under his arms into the freighter.

AJACK

Maybe even young Wedge here. The kid has potential.

ZY
 Maybe you'll fly one someday.

WEDGE
 (voice distant)
 Yeah...

GHOST
 (over Ajack's comlink)
 Captain Ajack, we have a
 complication.

Zy and Dr. Jennins look to Ajack, who listens in silence.

AJACK
 Stormtroopers.
 (beat)
 We lost Parzo.
 (to Dr. Jennins)
 Ghost and Skids found your
 friend Dr. Bra'al and another
 technician dead.

Ajack brings up his comlink.

AJACK
 Baz, what's your status?

Empty static. Ajack curses under his breath.

AJACK
 (into comlink)
 Cole?

There is no response for a couple of seconds.

COLE
 (over comlink)
 Here, sir. Orders?

AJACK
 (into comlink)
 Take Treel with you and go to
 Landing Pad B. Find Baz and
 report back.

COLE
 (over comlink)
 Yes, sir.

AJACK
 (to Zy and Jennins)
 I think haste is wise at this
 point.

Dr. Jennins runs off to get the rest of the vital
 equipment. Zy gathers the pilots to help.

INT. INCOM STATION - MAIN R&D ROOM

Technicians and pilots hurriedly gather whatever they
 can.

TREEL
 (over comlink)
 I repeat.
 (explosions and shots
 filter through the
 comlink)
 Captain! Baz bought it. Skids
 came to help. He's wounded.
 (beat)
 We're being overrun. There are
 stormtroopers everywhere.

AJACK
 (into comlink)
 Everyone withdraw to Landing Pad
 C.

Ajack puts his comlink away.

AJACK
 Time to leave, people! Get the
 last of what we need and let's
 go.

DR. JENNINS
 We still need the schematics for
 the weapon systems.

AJACK
 Make it quick.

Hearing footsteps, Ajack moves to a defensive position,
 watching the hallway. Ghost, his cloak billowing behind
 him, is running from the other end of the hallway. Out
 of breath, he reaches Ajack.

GHOST

They're...near.

A shot hits the wall over Ghost's head.

AJACK

Find Zy and Wedge. Get those Y-wings ready for flight.

Ghost complies. Ajack fires down the long hallway at the stormtroopers. He glances back at Jennins.

AJACK

Doctor....

DR. JENNINS

Just a few seconds. We need these files and more importantly we need to prevent the Imperials from getting them.

Ajack fires a few more shots.

AJACK

Just hurry.

More stormtroopers join their comrades and lay down a near constant stream of fire.

DR. JENNINS

I think....there!

(to a tech)

Narrin, grab that and go to the freighter!

INT. INCOM STATION - EAST CORRIDOR TO LANDING PAD C - CONTINUOUS
Jennins, Narrin, and Ajack run towards the landing pad, followed by the Treadwell droid. Ajack fires over his shoulder.

INT. INCOM STATION - LANDING PAD C - CONTINUOUS

The fleeing group enters the hangar to the sound of Y-wings powering up. One Y-wing has lifted off the deck and enters space.

The escaping Treadwell droid is hit by a blaster bolt and explodes into fragments next to Ajack.

On the other side of the hangar, from the North

corridor, Cole with a rifle clutched in one hand, carries an unconscious Skids on his back. Vekio takes Skids and carries him to the freighter.

Treel is kneeling on the ramp of the ship, taking long range shots at stormtroopers. Ajack stops at the ramp to help with cover fire.

Jennins and Narrin run up the ramp. Narrin is about to enter the ship and is shot in the back. He drops the computer he was carrying. Jennins grabs the computer and boards the ship. An R4 unit quickly wheels aboard behind him.

The ramp lifts while Treel continues to shoot stormtroopers. A shot hits a strut next to her face. More shots hit the ramp.

The Y-wings and Remembrance lift off and escape from the hangar.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Gamble is the last to blast off. Wampa whistles his relief and swivels his dome in time to see stormtroopers filling the hangar in droves.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

Alright, we're all accounted for.

RIN

Sir! Venator-class Star
Destroyer. Three-five-seven mark
two.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Edging around the far side of the Corellian moon is the arrowhead shape of an Imperial cruiser.

FADE OUT:

END ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NEAR INCOM STATION

The Rebel fighters streak away from the station towards the moon and into the path of the emerging Star Destroyer.

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(over comm)

Rebel ships, this is Captain
Tayce of the Imperial Star
Destroyer Scathe.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

(over comm)

Power down your engines or be
destroyed. This is your only
warning.

ZY

(to himself)

Well, that's not very friendly.

(into comm)

All ships, prepare to jump to
hyperspace. Remembrance, stay on
our starboard quadrant. Gold
Squadron - echelon left
formation strafing run. Follow
my lead.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

Wampa is frantically warbling.

GAMBLE

(to Wampa)

Calm down. Just calculate the
jump, I'll do the rest.

Wampa continues.

GAMBLE

Wampa! I need you to calculate
the jump. Let's not get left
behind.

Wampa whistles an affirmative.

GAMBLE

All right, then. Down to
business.

EXT. SPACE

The Y-wings form up behind Gold Leader. The Remembrance rolls to the protected starboard side of the formation.

Gold Squadron strafes the Scathe at full speed with torpedoes.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN

Several hits, but no observable
damage, boss.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

We only need to distract them.
Captain Antilles, are your
hyperspace calculations for the
first jump complete yet?

Several laser blasts from the Scathe connect with the Y-wings, but their shields hold.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT

WEDGE

Just finishing up.

EXT. SPACE

There are several long moments of silence as the Y-wings and freighter try to put distance between themselves and the Imperial cruiser.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT

WEDGE

OK. Ready when you are, Gold
Leader.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
Everyone jump in three, two, one.

EXT. SPACE

The Rebels enter hyperspace, leaving the Imperial ship and Incom Station behind.

EXT. OPEN SPACE - JUMP POINT 1 - MOMENTS LATER

The Rebel Y-wings and Remembrance emerge from hyperpace.

ZY (V.O.)
Everyone report in by the numbers.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN
Here. All systems go.

INT. HRRRALL'S Y-WING

Hrrrall growls.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
With ya.

INT. JUKE'S Y-WING

JUKE
In one piece. Scorched, but one piece.

INT. SIDESLIP'S Y-WING

SIDESLIP
No problems, boss.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT

WEDGE
The Remembrance and the X-wing are fine thanks to you, Gold Squadron.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

Good. We're all here. How scorched did you get, Juke?

JUKE

Looks like some minor damage to my port engine nacelle.

ZY

You'd better spacewalk and check it out to make sure it's nothing major. In the meantime, the drives will need some time to cool down, but that doesn't mean we can't plot the next jump now.

INT. JUKE'S Y-WING

JUKE

(to his astromech)
R3 pop out and give me a hand.

EXT. SPACE

Juke and R3 go zero-G and float to the port nacelle.

Sideslip coaxes his Y-wing in for a better look.

SIDESLIP

Looks like a lot of scoring by the relays.

JUKE

Ohhh...ohhhhhh...mmmmm.

SIDESLIP

Don't worry, it's not as bad as you think.

JUKE

No...no...ohh...I think...I shouldn't have eaten that Bantha burger.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSENGER AREA

Dr. Jennins and two technicians are looking very weary, but alive. Vekio tends to Skids' wounds.

TREEL

How is he?

VEKIO

He should make it. He will probably never hear out of that ear again, but...I think he'll make it.

TREEL

Good. He still owes me seventy five credits.

Treel and Vekio exchange smiles. Ajack enters the passenger area. He looks at Skids and then at Vekio.

VEKIO

He's still with us.

AJACK

Good.

(mouth in a straight line)

Baz and Parzo weren't so fortunate.

Vekio and Treel look down, neither has anything to say.

AJACK

Carry on.

Ajack leaves the passenger area.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - NARROW HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ajack stops in the hallway and stands there clenching and unclenching his fists. An R4 unit rolls by. Ajack looks left and right to see if anyone is around. He SLAMS his fist against a compartment. He follows with his other fist. He stands there quivering for a moment before a hand gently appears on his shoulder. Ajack half-turns.

AJACK

Even the kid got shot up.

GHOST

There's nothing you could have done.

(beat)

We were lucky to get out of there with anyone at all.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUKE'S Y-WING - MOMENTS LATER

R3 and Juke make minor repairs.

JUKE

Captain, the damage looks worse than it is. R3 is patching up the -

Juke gasps. A distant Venator-class Star Destroyer emerging from hyperspace is reflected in Juke's visor.

JUKE

I've got a bad feeling about this.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

Juke, get back inside. Slip, cover him.

(to the squadron)

Gold Squadron, form up in twos, line astern. Let's buy some time for Juke.

EXT. SPACE

The Y-wings form two groups - Hrrall with Gamble, Rin covering Zy.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

Rin checks her sensor screen.

RIN

Sir, I have multiple marks at six clicks. Looks like...TIE Fighters.

EXT. SPACE

A squadron of TIE Fighters is leaving the hangar of the

Venator and rapidly approaching the Y-wings.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

How did they find us? That can't
be a random patrol.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

I don't believe in coincidences.
(beat)
New destination for hyperspace
in case our plan was
compromised. I'm sending it to
everyone now. Let me know when
your droids have plotted the new
course.

EXT. SPACE

The TIEs and Y-wings close to weapons range.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

Hrrrall: on the first pass your
element will be the anvil to our
hammer.

Hrrrall growls an acknowledgement.

The TIEs open fire.

ZY

Now!

Zy's and Rin's Y-wings climb as Hrrrall and Gamble dive.
All four Y-wings curve, green lasers missing all around.
Red-orange lasers greet the TIEs. Several explode, parts
careening into space.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

Break off and engage in pairs.
Rin on me.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUKE'S Y-WING

INT. SIDESLIP'S Y-WING - CONTINUOUS

Sideslip watches the distant explosions.

SIDESLIP

(to Juke)

Can't you float any faster? Even R3 made it back before you did.

JUKE

Do you think I want to be out here?

SIDESLIP

We gotta get into this fight. They need us.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING - MOMENTS LATER

An explosion rocks Gamble's Y-wing to the side. Wampa screams.

GAMBLE

Yeah, I see him, I see him. Don't leak yourself.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

A TIE is tailing Gamble and firing away. Gamble can't lose him. Another Y-wing blazes into view and blasts the TIE.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

Whoa.

An earpiercing Wookiee growl fills the cockpit.

GAMBLE

AAAHH! Not so loud, buddy!

INT. HRRRALL'S Y-WING

Hrrrrall growls something in Wookiee.

GAMBLE
 (over comm)
 Yes, of course I want you to
 keep firing.

Hrrrrall howls a long Wookiee laugh.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUKE'S Y-WING - MOMENTS LATER

WEDGE (V.O.)
 It looks like the fight is
 coming this way.

INT. SIDESLIP'S Y-WING

Sideslip looks up and sees the distinct shape of three
 TIEs quickly approaching.

SIDESLIP
 I'll handle this, Wedge. That X-
 wing is too valuable to lose.

JUKE
 (over comm)
 And I'm not?!

SIDESLIP
 (grins)
 Well....

JUKE
 (over comm)
 The Empire wants the X-wing.
 They wouldn't shoot at it, right?

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUKE'S Y-WING

Sideslip fires up his engines and heads off to meet the
 TIEs. The starfighters exchange shots and a TIE
 explodes. Sideslip is untouched. He banks around to tail
 another TIE.

Meanwhile, the other TIE Fighter is taking long range
 shots at Juke's parked Y-wing.

A laser blast narrowly misses Juke, who is nearly to the
 cockpit.

JUKE
 (ducking)
 Slip, my life isn't the only
 thing flashing before my eyes.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

WEDGE
 (to Ajack)
 We can't just let him be
 executed.

AJACK
 Treel, you're my best shot. Get
 on that turret.

Treel runs out of the cockpit.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR JUKE'S Y-WING

Wedge positions the Remembrance between the TIE and
 Juke, rotating his ship to put the attached X-wing away
 from the incoming TIE.

The TIE Fighter screams closer and shoots the
 Remembrance. Treel fires one shot from the laser cannon
 and destroys the TIE.

SIDESLIP
 (over comm)
 Nice shot.
 (beat)
 I just blasted the other one.
 You're safe now, Juke.

INT. JUKE'S Y-WING

Juke crawls into the cockpit. He straps in and powers up
 the systems.

JUKE
 (over comm)
 Glad to hear that.
 (to R3)
 R3, how much longer?

R3 beeps.

JUKE

Commander, I'm almost ready to jump.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING - CONTINUOUS

ZY

We're...

(squeezes off a shot)

...just finishing up here.

(looks at the Venator)

That attack cruiser is getting a little too close. Everyone, set heading away ninety-five mark thirty-five. We jump as soon as Juke is ready.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Imperial cruiser looms close, firing potshots at the Y-wings. A couple of wounded, flaming TIEs are flying back to their hangar. The Y-wings flee for safety with the Remembrance and its two Y-wing escorts out front.

JUKE (V.O.)

Ok. Ready.

ZY (V.O.)

Jump.

The Rebel force enters hyperspace.

EXT. HYPERSPACE - LATER

VEKIO (V.O.)

By the way, nice shot Treel.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSENGER AREA

The Rebel commandos, the Incom scientists, and an R4 are lounging in the passenger area.

TREEL

(whispering to Vekio)

Don't you think it was a little strange that the Imps happened to find us?

VEKIO
You're thinking that there's....

They both look around at the Incom techs.

VEKIO
An Imperial mole?

His voice carries as Vekio says "mole" it suddenly gets dead silent in the passenger area. A tech notices he's being watched.

TECH 1
What? What are you saying?

VEKIO
We were just thinking how convenient it was for the Imps to show up like that.

TECH 1
So you think we're Imperials?

Vekio shrugs.

DR. JENNINS
The only two pro-Empire techs on the staff were killed...by the Empire.

TECH 2
How about our freighter captain? How much does anyone know about him?

VEKIO
Enough that Captain Ajack personally vouches for him.

TECH 1
Do we know where your loyalties lie?

Vekio's eyes narrow.

TECH 1
What about him?
(points to the tattoo on Cole's arm)

TECH 1
 If he's so loyal, why did he
 betray the Empire?
 (pauses)
 Or did he?

Cole just looks at him, calmly. Vekio moves face to face with the tech.

VEKIO
 (voice trembling)
 That man has saved my life more
 times than I can remember.

TECH 1
 That doesn't mean a thing.

The tech and Vekio are about to come to blows. Cole walks up to them and separates them. Cole looks at the tech, eye to eye.

COLE
 (quietly)
 I'm not proud of my past. I'm
 trying to make amends any way I
 can. Now, please, I don't want a
 fight.

WEDGE (O.S.)
 (over ship's comlink)
 Exiting hyperspace...now.

EXT. SPACE - JUMP POINT 2- MOMENTS LATER

The Rebel force emerges from hyperspace.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
 Sensor sweep.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN
 Just us, sir. All Rebels.

GAMBLE
 (over comm)
 After what we just witnessed, I
 don't know about that.

RIN
What are you saying, Gamble?

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
What everyone else is thinking,
Rin.

EXT. SPACE

Gamble flies his Y-wing right behind the Remembrance.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
There's someone selling us out
on that ship. Wampa thinks so,
too.

ZY
(over the squadron's
channel)
Gamble....

GAMBLE
Think about it, sir. The Imps
were at Incom Station.
(beat)
And they somehow met us out in
open space after we jumped. Has
to be someone on the Remembrance.

ZY
Back in formation.

GAMBLE
But, sir!

ZY
(quietly)
I think so, too, but there are
good people on that ship. We're
not going to kill innocents.
(gently)
Now, back in formation.

Gamble hesitates for a long moment.

GAMBLE

Yes, sir.

EXT. SPACE

Gamble does a roll over the Remembrance and returns to the formation.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

We know it's nobody in the squadron.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN

(sarcastically)

Are you sure? How do we know it's not you, Gamble?

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

What? That's preposterous!

INT. SIDESLIP'S Y-WING

SIDESLIP

Yeah, the Imps wouldn't let you fly for them anyways.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

Hey!

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

I agree. It's not Gamble or anyone else in the squadron.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

Thanks...I think, sir.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Y-wings fly through the dark of space in silence.

Minutes stretch by then a Venator-class cruiser exits hyperspace in the same place the Rebels did.

FADE OUT:

END ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

Gold Squadron and Remembrance burn through space away from the new arrival.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN

Guess who.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

Great. It must be our lucky day.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY

Gold Squadron, Wedge: Angle headings away from the Scathe. Maximum speed. We're going to jump to the rendezvous point with the Liberty as soon as the hypers are cooled down enough.

EXT. SPACE

The Y-wings form a semi-circle around the freighter. The Scathe is gaining on them.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT

WEDGE

Gold Leader, my ship just isn't fast enough. I don't know if we're going to make it away in time this time.

Treel sends a worried glance at Ajack.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

Zy checks his computer to see the time remaining for the hyperdrive to be ready. He looks at the sensor screen and frowns.

Hrrrall growls over the comm. Zy looks back and does a double take.

EXT. SPACE

Two Y-wings have broken formation and are speeding straight towards the Imperial warship.

ZY (V.O.)

Juke, Slip: back in formation.

INT. JUKE'S Y-WING

JUKE

Can't do that, sir. This is the only way to escape.

ZY

(over comm)

That was an order, boys.

INT. SIDESLIP'S Y-WING

SIDESLIP

Put us on report when you get back, Boss.

ZY

(over comm)

I will. I'm proud of you both.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN
 NOOOOOO! Slip, don't!
 (tear streams down)
 Sir, let me go with them!

ZY
 (over comm)
 No. Stay with us. We need you.

SIDESLIP
 (over comm)
 Rin, stay with the squadron.
 Don't follow us! I do this for
 you...I love you, Rin.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

Zy checks the countdown on the hyperdrive.

ZY
 Almost time.

EXT. SPACE

The two Y-wings are getting further away from the rest of the squadron and closer to the Scathe. The Scathe opens up with all of its batteries. Juke and Sideslip deftly dodge all incoming fire with rolls and jinks.

INT. JUKE'S Y-WING

JUKE
 You got left; I got right?
 (looks left at his
 brother)

INT. SIDESLIP'S Y-WING

Sideslip smiles and nods.

SIDESLIP
 Light 'em up.

EXT. SPACE

Juke and Sideslip fire lasers, ions, and torpedoes at the Scathe.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

WEDGE

The Scathe is slowing to engage.
They did it!

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

Zy checks the time remaining on the hyperdrive. It flashes zeroes.

ZY

Let's go home to the Liberty

EXT. SPACE

The Rebel force, minus two brave pilots, enters the safety of hyperspace.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING - MOMENTS LATER

Zy looks forward and slowly blinks.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

Tears stream down Rin's face.

INT. HRRRALL'S Y-WING

The Wookiee hangs his head; his eyes are closed.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

Gamble stares straight ahead.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT

Wedge lets out a long breath. Ajack, arms stretched in a "V" against the cockpit walls, watches hyperspace roll past for a few moments then exits the cockpit.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ajack walks through the passageway. An R4 unit swivels its dome and watches Ajack pass by.

Ghost is leaning against the wall. He tilts his head slightly and the captain does likewise and keeps walking.

Ajack pauses at the entryway to the passenger area. He cocks his head to the side and listens to the noises coming through the door from the other side.

Ajack keys the door and goes inside to the source of the loud celebrating noises.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSENGER AREA - CONTINUOUS

Two Incom techs and Vekio are laughing and dancing around.

TECH 1

Ha ha ha! I bet they were surprised we got away!

VEKIO

I'd love to have seen those Imperials' faces.

TECH 2

Hee hee! Yeah and -

Jennins strides in from another passageway.

DR. JENNINS

Gentlemen! Need I remind you that two brave pilots sacrificed themselves so we could escape. Our freedom was paid for in blood.

Jennins lets his words sink in. Silence. The techs and Vekio look down ashamed. The red-faced techs sit down. Ajack gives Vekio a stern look.

AJACK

Vekio, how is Skids doing?

VEKIO

He's...he's stable, sir. I...I should go check on him.

AJACK

Do that.

Ajack's eyes follow Vekio as Vekio brushes past on his way to the makeshift infirmary. Ajack remains standing straight and rigid.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR NEBULA 308 - MOMENTS LATER

A vast, swirling blue-green nebula curls through this region of space. A freighter and four Y-wings appear from hyperspace.

ZY (V.O.)
It looks like Liberty is running late.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING - CONTINUOUS

ZY
Move into the nebula.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN
Sir, won't that interfere with our sensors?

ZY
(over comm)
I'm counting on it. If someone tries to detect us, it will interfere with their sensors, as well.

RIN
Are you expecting uninvited guests?

ZY
(over comm)
Let's hope not.

EXT. SPACE - EDGE OF NEBULA 308

The five ships fly into the nebula and slow to a stop.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

Thick gases swirl around the canopy.

GAMBLE
Can't see a thing.

Hrrrrall growls over the comm.

GAMBLE
Well, yeah, but how's the
Liberty going to see us?

ZY
(over comm)
Sounds like we've got a
volunteer to keep watch from the
edge of the nebula.

GAMBLE
(mutters)
Why not?

EXT. SPACE - INSIDE NEBULA 308

Gamble turns his fighter around and heads back. Thin wisps evanesce past.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
(to himself)
Better.
(into comm)
Sensors indicate...nothing...not
even us.

Several minutes pass in silence. Gamble drums his fingers.

GAMBLE
(to himself)
Boring. Utterly boring. A nice
view of...
(wave of his hands)
...nothing.
(into comm)
Boss, when is Liberty supposed
to pick us up?

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
About twenty minutes ago.

GAMBLE
(over comm)
Think they left without us?

ZY

No. They had a patrol mission before they were to rendezvous with us. Be patient, Gamble.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE

(to himself)

Yes, sir. Being patient, sir.

(to Wampa)

You bored, too, Wampa?

Wampa beeps an affirmative.

GAMBLE

Great minds think alike, eh?

Wampa bleeps something. Gamble reads the text on the computer screen.

GAMBLE

What? Oh. Good eye, Wampa.

Gamble looks up and squints at the distant form of a ship.

GAMBLE

(to Wampa)

Let's see if we can get coax anything out of the sensors.

EXT. SPACE - EDGE OF NEBULA 308

Gamble slowly edges the Y-wing a little further from the thicker gases of the nebula.

GAMBLE

(to himself)

There. It's faint...but sensors show it's a capital ship. Good. The Liberty is finally here.

The ship moves closer, revealing the dagger shape of a Venator-class Star Destroyer.

GAMBLE
 (to himself)
 Wait, that's...
 (into comm)
 Zero! That Star Destroyer is
 here!

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
 Hold position. They can't see us
 if we stay hidden.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR NEBULA 308

The Star Destroyer moves slightly closer to the nebula and the hidden Rebel ships and stops. After a few seconds, it turns about and starts off in a different direction.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

Gamble lets his breath out slowly.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR NEBULA 308

Suddenly, the Venator-class turns about hard and heads straight at the Rebel ships.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
 (to himself)
 No way. This can't be happening.
 (into comm)
 Sir, you should know that the
 Imp ship is coming straight at
 us.

ZY
 (over comm)
 Hold position. They might just
 be taking a closer look or
 trying to flush us out.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR NEBULA 308

The Venator is getting closer - close enough to see scoring on its hull from torpedo blasts - close enough to see it launching an endless stream of TIEs that break

towards the Rebels' position in the nebula.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
 (to himself)
 Twenty-three, twenty-four.
 (into comm)
 Two squadrons of TIEs coming
 right at us.

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN
 (over comm)
 Haven't you Rebels figured out
 it is useless to run or hide?

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
 Gold squadron: protect the
 Remembrance at all costs.
 Remembrance: go further into the
 nebula.

WEDGE
 (over comm)
 Negative, Gold Leader. We're all
 in this. Besides there are
 plenty of targets for all of us.

ZY
 (sighs and says to
 himself)
 Doesn't anyone listen to my
 orders?

EXT. SPACE - EDGE OF NEBULA 308 - MOMENTS LATER

Silence. Then, four Y-wings and a freighter burst full speed out of the cover of the nebula and begin firing. Three TIEs explode. Another careens off badly damaged. The TIEs fill space with green fire.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
 Rin: go with Gamble.

There is no response.

ZY

Rin?

EXT. SPACE

Zy flies alongside Rin's Y-wing.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

Rin stares blankly ahead as she puts her Y-wing into a lazy roll.

ZY

(over comm)

Rin? We need you. Stay with us.

Rin frowns.

ZY

(over comm)

There's a time to grieve, but
it's not now.

RIN

(barely audible)

Yes, sir.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - COCKPIT

Wedge furiously works the controls, banking the freighter into stomach-sickening maneuvers. Ajack grabs hold of a bulkhead and chair to keep from being thrown around. Cole loses his balance momentarily and bumps into Ajack.

AJACK

It's getting crowded out there
and in here. Cole, why don't you
go see if Treel could use
another set of eyes?

Cole silently leaves and starts off at a run to the gunwell.

INT. REMEMBRANCE - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The corridor walls are a blur as Cole sprints on. As he rounds a sharp corner, he collides with an R4 unit who topples into the wall and lands on its back. Cole starts helping the droid up.

COLE
Ugh. Sorry, litt-

Cole looks at the droid and raises an eyebrow. A couple compartment doors have sprung open, revealing components that look very abnormal for an astromech droid. Cole looks closer and discovers what appears to be intricate sensor equipment.

The R4 extends a small blaster from a compartment and aims it at Cole. With incredible speed, Cole grabs the blaster arm and yanks it out of the droid, leaving both ends sparking.

Cole lifts the droid off the ground. With muscles bulging, he begins walking.

EXT. SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

At the edge of Nebula 308, a dogfight continues.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING - CONTINUOUS

RIN
Good shot, sir.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

ZY
Welcome. Bank right!

EXT. SPACE

Rin's Y-wing banks hard right. A torpedo from the Scathe narrowly misses Rin and hits a TIE that was tailing her.

INT. RIN'S Y-WING

RIN
That was so close I almost lost
my R2.

Rin looks back over her shoulder and sees the body of her R2 and only wires where its head was.

RIN
(to herself)
Oh. I guess I already did.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR RIN

Gamble's Y-wing blazes past.

GAMBLE (V.O.)
Yeeeeeeehaaaaaaaaaaa!

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
(to Wampa)
Did you see that one, Wampa?
(he fires)
Oh yeah, got another one.
(into comm)
There's not going to be any room
left on my Y-wing to paint the
kills after this mission.

Hrrrrall says something over the comm.

GAMBLE
Reminds you of one of your
battles of the Clone Wars?
You'll have to tell me all about
it when we get back...if we get
back, that is.

P.O.V. ZY

Zy tails a TIE in a dizzying roll and destroys it with a salvo of dual lasers.

A blast rocks Zy's Y-wing hard from below. Warning alarms go off and Zy puts the Y-wing into a roll.

Zy looks at the Scathe.

ZY
Does anyone have any torpedoes
left?

Hrrrrall moans.

GAMBLE
(over comm)
Negative.

EXT. SPACE

A pair of TIE Fighters buzzes Zy.

P.O.V. ZY

ZY
 (to himself)
 Well, there's more than enough
 TIEs to worry about.

Zy squeezes the trigger again. A TIE explodes, a wing spins away end over end. Zy flies on.

Zy looks up and squints. A mere meter away from the canopy, a sparking R4 unit drifts past.

ZY
 (to himself)
 What the?

WEDGE
 (over comm)
 Gold Squadron, we found our mole.

ZY
 (grinning)
 So I see.
 (checks sensor screen)
 Four more TIEs are chasing the
 Remembrance. Hrrrall, can you
 assist?

Hrrrall growls an affirmative.

ZY
 Keep that X-wing safe, Wedge.

WEDGE
 (over comm)
 Will do.

ZY
 Rin: go with Gamble; he's
 covered in TIEs.

EXT. SPACE

Rin heads towards the thick where a single Y-wing is fighting a mass of TIEs. The black of space is lit up

with flashes of lasers.

ZY (V.O.)
Hrrrall, how are you and
Remembrance faring?

Hrrrall responds with a series of ululating growls.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR REMEMBRANCE

The Remembrance's single cannon fires as Wedge banks the freighter around two TIEs. Incoming red-orange lasers take out one of the Imperial fighters.

The Y-wing and Remembrance pass each other in close proximity.

Hrrrall puts his fighter in a furious spin, avoiding hails of green fire. A few shots connect, blowing off the Y-wing's port nacelle.

EXT. SPACE - MAIN DOGFIGHT

An intense furball continues. Zy, Rin, and Gamble are fighting for their lives. One Y-wing is trailing a small tail of fire.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

Multiple blasts hit the Y-wing in thuds.

GAMBLE
(to himself)
There goes the shield generator.
Good thing this beast has a
thick hull.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

More alarms join the chorus of the other alarms.

ZY
Hrrrall, we might need a hand
out here.

Over the comm, Hrrrall mournfully moans.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR REMEMBRANCE

Flames pour out of where Hrrrall's port nacelle was. The

Y-wing is unable to correct its left-turning circle.

INT. GAMBLE'S Y-WING

GAMBLE
Just keep turning left, buddy!
I'll be there in a flash.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR REMEMBRANCE

The Scathe is nearly upon the beleaguered Rebels. It fires its massive batteries at the larger Remembrance.

INT. SCATHE - FORWARD TURBOLASER BATTERY

The gunnery sergeant takes careful aim at the freighter. He concentrates then fires. The shot streaks out.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The blast is led perfectly. It gets closer and closer to the blind side of the Remembrance, straight at the attached X-wing. The turbolaser blast is just about to land, until it splashes harmlessly against the shields of the Providence-class Rebel cruiser, Liberty.

The Scathe turns to face this new opponent, firing with all weapons. The Liberty sends torpedo after torpedo in response. Gold Y-wings launch from the hangar.

INT. ZY'S Y-WING

Zy looks out his port side canopy at the capital ships trading blows and the fresh Y-wings.

FLASH
(over comm)
Care if we join the party?

ZY
By all means, Flash. We were just saving these for you.

INT. FLASH'S Y-WING

FLASH
Invader, Nadger: assist Liberty.
Everyone else start cleaning
TIES off the boss.

EXT. SPACE - NEAR SCATHE

Two Y-wings contribute their torpedoes to the Liberty's. Huge explosions and blast craters appear all over the hull of the Scathe. It turns around to run, but lists and finally explodes from the onslaught.

EXT. SPACE - MAIN DOGFIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Y-wings converge and destroy the last TIE Fighter.

Gold Squadron forms up in a "V" and bank towards Liberty's hangar. They pass under a Y-wing that is trying not to fly in circles and slowly adjusting to head back to the hangar.

INT. FLASH'S Y-WING

FLASH

Hrrrrall? Everything OK?

Hrrrrall gives a guttural growl in response.

FLASH

My Wookiee is a little
rusty...did you just say that
you've had worse?

EXT. SPACE - NEAR LIBERTY

The Remembrance and Gold Squadron enter the hangar bay.

INT. LIBERTY - HANGAR BAY - CONTINUOUS

The Rebel ships land to the applause of the deck crew and General Dodonna.

Gamble sets his Y-wing down. The front landing strut falls off and the head of the Y-wing hits the deck hard. Gamble shrugs and unbuckles.

The weary pilots climb down from the starfighters. Wedge, the commandos, and Incom techs gather around.

DR. JENNINS

(to Dodonna)

I bring the Alliance a gift.

Dodonna looks at the X-wing and smiles.

FADE OUT:

END ACT IV

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. REMEMBRANCE - SICKBAY

Vekio keeps a vigil on Skids. Skids starts to stir and he opens his eyes slowly.

SKIDS

What...what did I miss?

INT. LIBERTY - HANGAR BAY

Zy and Rin have set their Y-wings down in a far corner of the hangar bay. Zy stands next to Rin's fighter, patiently waiting to help her down. She slowly unstraps and climbs down. She sits at the bottom of the ladder. When she takes off her helmet, Sideslip's bandanna falls off into her lap. She starts weeping and whimpering softly.

Zy sits down next to her.

RIN

Why didn't you let me go with him? If I would have helped him, we could....

ZY

(quietly)

You would have died, too, and the other pilots and commandos and technicians would all be dead, too.

RIN

(voice rising unevenly)
That still doesn't bring him back.

ZY

No.

(puts an arm around her
shoulder)

But Slip and Juke died for what
they believe in. Without their
sacrifice, none of us would have
lived.

A tear rolls down Rin's face.

ZY

For what it's worth, I know what
you're going through. I've lost
more close friends than...

(looks away)

I lost someone very close to me
when I first joined the
squadron. She...

(swallows)

As a soldier and a pilot, you
have to take each day as it
comes...celebrate each moment as
a gift. Today we won a great
victory for the Alliance.

RIN

(whispers)

Yes, sir.

ZY

Not "sir." I'm your friend.

Zy gently takes her hands and lifts her up.

ZY

Let's go celebrate with the rest
of the squad. There will be
plenty of time for mourning
later.

They look towards the celebration.

ZY

Do you think you can show me how
to dance?

That gets a tiny smile out of Rin. They walk hand in
hand to join their comrades.

FADE OUT:

THE END