# Episode 1 - Kassa

Cassian Andor's reckless search for answers about his past makes him a wanted man.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Panting )

( Distant vehicle revving )

( Aliens speaking alien language )

( Upbeat music playing on speakers )

Wait there.

No weapons. No comms.

No credit. No nonsense.

In you go.

Upstairs lounge is closed tonight.

( Electronic music playing on speakers )

You pay at the end.

Don't even think about it.

She'll send you home cryin'.

( Laughter )

Welcome.

Hello.

Alone tonight?

Just me.

Hmm.

Have you been with us before?

First time.

Well, you picked a great night. It's sort of been quiet this evening.

Excuse me.

We were here first.

Yeah, we've been waiting. He just got here.

Gani will help you.

Guard: I don't want Gani.

Behave.

( Chuckles )

Oh, she's funny, ain't she?

My apologies.

You should take care of them.

Why?

It's a company town.

Oh, they're just sentry guards.

They like to play at being cops. It's... It's annoying.

Gani: Hello, guys.

Where were we?

You were telling me how quiet it was.

( Chuckles )

Looking for something special tonight?

A friend of mine said there was a girl from Kenari working here.

Kenari?

It was a small Mid Rim system.

I've heard of it.

It's not your girlfriend or something, is it?

I don't have a girlfriend.

( Chuckles )

Are you from Kenari? Nostalgic, are we?

Let me go and check on that for you.

Is there something amusing?

What?

Guard: You keep looking over here like there's something funny.

Definitely not.

What does that mean?

Oh, that is a hard look for a little thing like you.

Yeah, he's not laughing now, is he?

There was a girl from Kenari, but she left several months ago.

We do have a lovely lady here tonight from Tahina who's got those big dark eyes you're looking for.

This girl from Kenari, any idea where she went?

What are you? Seriously. Boyfriend? Husband?

( Whispers ) I'm looking for my sister.

Well, whoever she is, she's not here. She disappeared.

People come and go.

You should leave.

What was her name?

Nobody here gives their real name.

( Rain pouring )

( Woman shouts )

( Footsteps sloshing )

Doorman: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hang on there.

No weapons. No comms.

No credit. No nonsense.

Guard 2: Hey! Scrawno! Slow down.

Slow down!

Guard: Stop! Stop right there!

You're in Pre-Mor corporate zone. You know that, right?

Guard 2: Employees are required to present their IDs upon request.

Oh, no, you didn't park out past the causeway, did ya?

Guard: I sure hope not. That's off-limits to visitors.

We'd have to fine you.

Guard 2: Yeah, I mean, you know about the visitor's curfew, right?

Guard: Yeah, we'd have to impound your ride.

Guard 2: Tough break.

Guard: What if he swum over?

You swim over, scrawno?

Guard 2: Yeah, he's not laughing anymore.

If you've got Corpo ID, now would be the time to pull it out.

Guard: Gonna have to see it, big stuff.

Guard 2: There you go.

I got 300 credits in my coat pocket.

Guard: ( Chuckles ) What are the chances on that?

That is almost exactly what it costs to cover the fine.

The towing charge and our personal processing fee.

Guard 2: Everybody's lucky night.

Guard: Let's have a look at it.

I'm not moving.

You want it, you take it and I walk away.

I don't need any surprises.

( Tense music playing )

( Gun clicks )

Have at it.

( Sniffs )

( Grunts )

No. Other pocket.

( Guard 2 grunts )

( Both grunting )

( Chokes )

( Coughs )

( Groaning )

Tell me now.

Tell me what to do!

Let's hear it, boss!

Get up. Get him up.

Get him up!

Move!

( Breathes shakily ) He's not breathing.

No.

Verlo! Verlo!

He's faking.

He's not!

Verlo! ( Whimpers )

You killed him.

( Guard gasping )

You didn't mean it.

He fell.

We had a misunderstanding, and...

We'll go in together.

We played too hard in hitting, and you didn't understand it.

He tried to grab you, and... and he fell, and he hit his head.

We'll go in together.

We'll tell them what happened.

( Uneasy music playing )

( Breathing heavily )

( Thunder rumbling )

( Panting )

( Light-hearted music playing )

( Droid mumbles )

( Growling )

( Hound grunting )

( Weapon charging )

( Hound yelps )

( Droid chatters )

( Light-hearted music resumes )

B2EMO: C-C-Cassian. I brought what you t-t-told me.

Cassian. Kassa. Kassa.

Kassa! Kassa!

( Speaking Kenari )

( Gasping )

( People speaking Kenari )

( Engine rumbling in distance )

( Distant explosion )

( All gasp )

( Murmuring )

( Villagers exclaim )

( Shouting in Kenari )

( Speaks Kenari )

( Distant explosion )

( Villagers exclaiming )

B2EMO: But where were you?

It's not important.

If it's not important, why not tell me?

Cassian?

Cassian: Who came by the house last night?

Jezzi and Femmi brought supper and Maarva's medicine, and then Jezzi came back b-b-because...

Anybody looking for me?

B-B-Brasso. Brasso was looking for you.

Cassian: What did you tell him?

B2EMO: Maarva told him...

Told him what?

B2EMO: Pausing for data lag.

Tell me what she said.

( B2emo stuttering )

Bee!

B2EMO: Maarva said you were out ruining your health and reputation with friends of low character.

She told him sooner or later you were going to g-g-get yourself into trouble you couldn't talk your way out of.

Then she told Brasso that...

Enough!

Come here.

Listen to me. It's important.

I know it takes a lot of energy, but can you make a lie for me?

I can lie. I have adequate power reserves.

Don't tell anybody you saw me. Don't tell anybody you know where I am.

B2EMO: That's two lies.

Let's have both.

I will have to recharge at home.

Take your time on the way back.

I got to hurry.

B2EMO: I can't come with you?

Not now. I don't have time.

I'm sorry.

I'm late. Wait. What's this?

Hold still. Hold still.

Take your time.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Pleasant music playing )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Indistinct chatter )

Man 1: Let's get to it.

Man 2: Grab mine.

Man 3: Yeah, grab those two now.

Brasso will catch you up.

Hey.

You don't look so good.

I'm fine.

I came by for you last night.

Yeah, I know.

What'd you do when you left?

Uh, I was tired. I went home, cleaned up a bit, and then I fell asleep.

No. You came by for me, but I wasn't there.

So then you started home, and you saw me at the Hotel Bridge.

We decided we were thirsty, and you wanted to go to Cavo's.

But I said that was no good because there's too many people there I owe money.

You're serious?

Yeah.

Who's gonna be asking?

So Cavo's was out.

But then you remembered you still had half a bottle of nog stashed at home.

So we went there and drank ourselves to sleep.

Please. I really need this.

You insulted my choice of beverage.

As host and provider, I was offended by this.

( Cassian chuckles )

You failed to gauge the depth of my irritation.

You rose to make your point more vocally.

I was helping you back into your chair when you fell.

You were gone when I woke up.

You've come here now to apologize.

( Chuckles softly )

I accept your apology.

Rashi: Hey, Brasso, let's go.

Do me this. Whatever this is, when it's done, pull your boots on and get to work. You look like a wreck.

I knew I could count on you.

I'm not lending you any money.

I knew that, too.

Tell your mother she can afford to put the heating on.

It was freezing there last night.

Make yourself useful.

( Engine roar )

This is quite the report. This happened when?

Last night, sir. I knew you were leaving this morning, and I wanted to make sure you had all the information before your departure.

You've been very busy.

Two men are dead, sir.

Employees.

If that's not worth staying up for, then I'm not worthy of the uniform.

Have you modified your uniform?

Perhaps slightly.

Pockets, piping, and... and some light tailoring.

I know one of these men. Kravas.

That's another reason I wanted this to get immediate attention.

He was a squad commander on Four.

He's fallen a great deal since then.

He was a Sentry Corporal here on One.

No mystery there.

He's lucky he wasn't killed years ago.

One of the most unpleasant people I've ever met.

There's no suspect at this point?

We have some excellent leads.

"A human with dark features asking about a Kenari girl"

"who might have been working in the establishment."

Are there no witnesses to the actual crime? It's usually quite busy there.

Apparently not. This happened just outside the district, at the plaza entrance to the causeway.

I know.

There's an intersection...

I said I know it.

Were they robbed?

No, sir.

Tough case.

Bad timing.

I'm sure that in several days, with the proper resources, I can bring this case to a...

Stop!

And I don't mean just the talking. I mean stop.

This case appears to bear all the hallmarks of what I like to describe as regrettable misadventure.

Sir?

Two dedicated Pre-Mor employees caught in the sad orbit of a rare calamity.

I don't understand.

I want you to conjure a suitable accident.

But...

And let's make sure it's on the far side of the plaza. Let's get it outside the Leisure Zone.

But they were murdered.

No.

They were killed in a fight.

They were in a brоthеl, which we're not supposed to have, the expensive one, which they shouldn't be able to afford, drinking Revnog, which we're not supposed to allow.

Both of them supposedly on the job, which is a dismissible offense.

They clearly harassed a human with dark features and chose the wrong person to annoy.

I suspect they died rushing to aid someone in distress.

Nothing too heroic. We don't need a parade.

They died being helpful.

Something sad but inspiring in a mundane sort of way.

You look stricken, Deputy Inspector.

Are you absorbing my meaning here?

Trying, sir.

When I said bad timing, I wasn't referring to the fact that you spent all night worrying this.

I meant that I am on my way this very morning to an Imperial Regional Command review, where I'll be asked to make a report about our crime rates, and the goal of that speech, should you ever be asked to deliver it, is brevity.

Minimizing the time the Empire spends thinking about Preox-Morlana benefits our superiors and, by extension, everyone here at the Pre-Mor Security Inspection team, which at the moment includes you.

Don't put your feet on my desk in my absence, and let's have an accident report waiting when I get back.

Yeah, tell him that 15,000 is the best he's gonna get.

( Chatter in alien language )

She's in the yard.

( Speaks alien language )

Yes, Yes, we can do that.

( Grunts )

Woman: I'm busy.

I'll be quick.

What?

Your friend.

What friend?

The one who buys. Your secret friend. How fast can you reach him?

What happened to you?

I fell.

On what? A jealous husband?

I have something to sell.

Don't we all?

How soon could he be here?

I was planning to reach out at the end of the month.

No. This would have to be now.

Yeah, for what? For one item?

No. That's not how it works. I bundle things before I make contact.

Bix. Bix. Come on.

There's a Tac Corvette coming in this week looking for scrap.

I'm told there's a rack of Imperial targeting units someone might forget to strip out.

We'll get that, that thing you've got.

Got a few Naval com-scans...

I can't wait that long.

Why?

What have you done?

Your friend will want this piece.

He'll come for this. You said he wanted to meet me.

So, what is it?

What is it?

I got an untraceable NS-9 Star path unit.

Vector crystals and Imperial seal still intact.

How long have you had that?

I need to move it, Bix.

You've been hiding it.

Saving it.

I'm guessing it comes from one of my bids.

Guess again.

Not your best move, Cassian.

So, what?

You want to call your guy or not?

Do you know how much that's worth?

Yeah.

Enough to get out of here, lay low till things cool off.

I need to relocate for a while.

You've been holding out on me.

And you've been skimming off the top. ( Scoffs )

So let's not get emotional.

You'll need an alternative plan...

No, no. The answer's no.

You don't know what I'm about to suggest.

I'm not selling this to you, Bix.

Come on.

I didn't hang on to this to have a partner.

I need every credit I can put my hands on to...

Are we bidding on the Wobani run tomorrow?

What?

There's a Wobani run coming. Jeef wants to know if we're in on it.

He'll know when I'm ready.

( Chuckles softly ) Yeah, are you...

What?

Well, it looks like it's turned into something more than work.

Do I ask about your personal life?

Just promise he knows nothing about any of this.

He'd do anything for me.

No. No, no. That wasn't my question.

No. He knows nothing about any of it.

Bix, you said he wanted to meet me.

I really need this.

I'll let him know.

Now, go fix your face.

Four of these, five of these. Transport at once, once we get payment.

Woman: Mm-hmm.

She seems upset.

It's good to see you, Timm.

Seems like that happens every time you come around.

I wouldn't worry. She's tougher than both of us.

I'm getting tired of hearing that.

Then you'd better find yourself a less-complicated woman.

Good luck with that.

( Tool whirring )

( Tribal music playing )

( Indistinct chatter )

( All speaking Kenari )

( All cheering )

Girl: Kassa!

( Speaking Kenari )

( Lively chatter )

( Laughing )

( Scolding )

Ey! ( Speaking Kenari )

( Chatter resumes )

( Indistinct chatter and laughter )

Everything okay, sir?

Fine. ( Clears throat )

Thank you.

( Breathes heavily )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Forward.

( Sighs ) Forward.

Forward.

Wait. Wait, wait. Go back. Go back. That.

What is that?

I'm not quite sure, sir.

Sublight something.

Orlean Star Cab or a Day van. Some old thing.

And this something just strolls through the checkpoint?

No identification whatsoever, just wanders into points unknown?

The nights get busy. You know the traffic.

I don't know what's more disturbing, the fact our borders are unprotected or your complacence about it.

Find it. Whatever it is, I want to know when it left and where it went.

You'd have to filter the entire night.

Well, if it's too much for you, let me know.

I'm sure somebody wants the chair.

Hey, Cass.

Hey. ( Chuckles )

Good to see...

What's the hurry?

Got some place to be?

Yeah.

What, not happy to see me?

What, no love for Nurchi?

No, I'm late, okay?

I know. I want my deposit back.

I wish I could, but it's in play.

Just waiting to hear they're on-site. Okay?

Vetch?

Seriously?

I'm not one of these losers gonna let you float until they forget how much you owe them.

You're here with him.

To what?

To threaten me?

Vetch, you let him talk you into this?

The subject is money.

I just asked you a question.

What?

Since when do you take orders from Nurchi?

Don't answer that.

You need work this bad?

Leave him out of it.

He said all I needed to do was stand here.

Good.

You keep at it.

You think I'm messing around?

I hope so.

I'm gonna do us a favor and not mention this happened.

Vetch, very nice to see you.

What?

I'll be back.

What's up?

Errands. Won't be long.

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Timm grunts )

( Speaks alien language )

( Sighs )

( Panting )

Dad.

Haven't seen you lately.

Some of us work.

( Chuckles ) What are we looking for?

Bendine Mesh-Tech filter.

Yellow racks in the back.

You might have to dig a little.

Thanks.

Good luck with it.

( Suspenseful music continues )

( Beeps )

( Rhythmic beeping )

( Keys clacking )

Look alive. He's on his way up.

Is he even allowed to approve overtime?

That's his problem.

Not if we don't get it.

Well, it'll be his name in the time scan.

Ferrix!

Yes, sir, we've been working on it.

Kenari human males on Ferrix.

I'm afraid that's a blank, sir.

What?

But we have got a Imperial census.

How old is it?

This is six years ago.

That's an eternity.

There's not a lot about Kenari, sir. It's fairly obscure.

That should make it easier.

We'll have to put the word out.

On Ferrix?

Where else would we put it?

We don't have presence there, sir.

Is it not under our jurisdiction?

Officer 3: Technically.

We are simply asking for information.

Officer 2: Have you ever been there?

What difference does that make?

They have their own way of doing things.

This is the murder of two Pre-Mor employees!

Put out a bulletin.

Kenari human men wanted for questioning. Slam their channels. Flood it.

Set up a desk here to monitor anything that comes in.

Let's go!

( Hounds grunting )

( Thudding )

( Metallic rattling )

What do you think you're doing?

Forgot something.

Now? He's in the office.

I refueled it. Just like you told me. And now I'm almost done.

What is that? Is that the ID chip log?

It's the old one.

I'm just putting a blank in right now.

( PA system chimes )

Boss: ( On PA ) Pegla! Pegla! What in the name of Chobb is going on out there?

I think the yard rats are back.

Zorby: There's a customer out front. Get those hounds to start earning their keep.

Why are you swapping chip logs? You're gonna get us both in trouble.

I didn't like the way it was running last night.

So you're doing me a favor?

Leave it better than you found it.

The way you always do.

The Cassian way.

I was gonna ask if I could borrow it again tomorrow.

I wouldn't do that if I was you.

Close this out.

Don't come back.

Come on, Pegla.

No, no, no.

No.

We're done. No more favors. No more deals.

Listen, this...

Don't.

I don't want to know what you're doing or why or where you took this thing last night or any of it.

Finish up. Get out.

Don't come back.

( Whistles )

( Hound squeals )

( Group shouts in unison )

( Chattering in Kenari )

( Speaking Kenari )

Girl: Kassa.

( Sighs )

( Speaks Kenari )

( Somber music playing )

( Music playing )

# Episode 2 - That Would Be Me

Cassian attempts to lay low on Ferrix as agents of the law close in.

( Suspenseful music playing )

No weapons. No comms. No credit. No nonsense.

Cassian: A friend of mine said there was a girl from Kenari working here.

( Whispers ) I'm looking for my sister.

People come and go.

You should leave.

Wh... What was her name?

Nobody here gives their real name.

Excuse me. We were here first.

Oh, that is a hard look for a little thing like you.

Stop right there!

( Verlo groans )

( Kravas shouting )

Kravas: He's not breathing.

You killed him.

Chief Hyne: You've been very busy.

Two men are dead, sir.

Employees.

If that's not worth staying up for, then I'm not worthy of the uniform.

I know one of these men. He was a squad commander on Four.

One of the most unpleasant people I've ever met.

But they were murdered.

No. They were killed in a fight.

They clearly harassed a human with dark features and chose the wrong person to annoy.

Cassian: I have something to sell.

What?

I got an untraceable NS-9 Star path unit.

Your friend will want this piece.

What is that?

Find it. Whatever it is, I want to know when it left and where it went.

Let's go!

Kassa!

( Speaking Kenari )

( Gasping )

( Villagers exclaiming )

( Dramatic music playing )

( All chattering in Kenari )

( Birds chirping )

( Chattering continues )

( Chattering continues )

( Howling in distance )

( Chattering continues )

( Dramatic music playing )

( Chattering continues )

( Metal ringing )

( Deep exhale )

( Grunting )

( Grunts )

( Loud melodic clanging )

( Rhythmic clanging echoing )

( Loud metallic clang )

( Grunts )

Shut the door.

( Whirring )

Scram! Get out of it!

( Hounds snοrt¡ng )

( Clicking )

( Powering down )

( Sighs )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Beeping )

Timm: Everythin' okay?

( System shuts down )

Just tired.

Too tired for a meal?

Was that the plan?

Could be.

I thought we said one night a week.

Let's, uh, start the week tonight.

Let's do this. ( Sighs )

Why don't we do something fun tomorrow night?

There's a plan.

Just lock up the back.

I'll take care of all this.

( Kisses )

Thank you.

Yep.

( System beeping )

( Beeping )

( Door hisses )

( Chatters )

Don't you say a word.

( Chatters )

Maarva: I mean it.

Cassian: There you are.

( Chuckles )

Don't you look comfortable.

( Sniffles ) Hey.

( Kisses )

Hey, Bee.

( B2emo whines )

Everything okay?

Oh. Oh, this? ( Chuckles )

Oh, I need a wash. Uh... ( Chuckles ) I was helping Pegla and tripped on a cable.

You've been busy.

Cassian: Yeah.

I ran into Brasso last night.

( Chuckles )

We had a lot to talk about.

Maarva: Mmm, sounds fascinating.

I would have come home this morning, but everything I had going on was over East.

I've been trying to get back all day.

I'm gonna go get cleaned up.

Read it to him, Bee.

Read what?

B2EMO: I c-c-can speak now?

( Sternly ) Read it.

( Whirring )

"P-P-Pre-Mor Authority is seeking a Kenari male resident of Ferrix for questioning. Citizens with any information should contact the Preox-Morlana Security HQ without d-d-delay."

Who else knows?

About what?

That you were born in Kenari.

( Scoffs )

You don't want to hear what happened?

Mmm-hmm, we'll get to that. But who knows? Who have we told?

I don't know. I...

Maarva: We have always said Fest.

Every doc I've ever submitted has always said you were born on Fest.

Have you ever said anything other than Fest?

Officially, no. I don't think so. But people, yes.

Who?

Uh... And so did you.

Well, how many?

Cassian: I don't know.

It's not something I've been keeping track of!

Well, everyone I've told is dead.

( Cassian scoffs )

That's ridiculous.

Jezzi. Sammo. Hmm?

That's family.

If we're making a list, we're making a list.

Well, it's all your women that I'm worried about.

Oh, come on. Please. Stop. Stop!

Maarva: Femmi, Karla, Sondreen.

There are some names I don't even know!

B-B-Bix.

Bix has nothing to do with this!

But then who told these Pre-Mor bastards about Kenari?

That would be me.

Bix. B-B-Bix is I-I-looking for you.

What?

Well, why would you do that?

When? When? When did she call? Just now?

What? Tell me.

C-C-Comm fail. Your comms.

Bee, where is she?

How did that come up?

Come on.

Just forget that.

Is she still in the yard?

Maarva: What do they want?

Bee? Wait!

Bee, where is she?

C-c-comms access throttle. C-c-calculating reroute.

( Powering down )

( Sighs )

Cassian.

What have you done?

( Breathing heavily )

I messed up.

( Sighs )

( Lively chatter )

( Laughter )

( Sighs )

Haven't been here in a while.

I wasn't sure what was safe.

Cassian: You saw the notice.

What did you do?

Two guys jumped me. It went too far.

How far is too far?

They were shaking me down.

I wasn't looking for a fight.

Listen, forget what I said this morning.

I'll sell you the piece.

I just need enough to get out of here.

He's coming.

The buyer's coming.

It's too late to call him off. He'll be here in the morning.

( Sighs )

Hey.

I won't forget this.

( Indstinct chatter )

( Tense music playing )

You should go.

Yeah. Okay.

( Sniffles )

( Sighs )

( Whirring )

( Male alien speaking alien language )

( Heavy breathing )

( Beeping )

Female Officer: You called him, right?

Male Officer: He's on his way up.

Cassian And or. This says he's from Fest.

This was a tip call, right? Probably someone messing with us.

I don't see Kenari here.

Hold on. I have an image.

"Insurrection, destruction of Imperial property, assault on Imperial soldier."

Check the database. See if it says anything about Kenari.

We have a suspect?

Not sure yet. We're about to get an image.

( System processing )

( Door opens )

( Door closes )

( Glass clinking )

( Doorbell chimes )

( Intercom buzzing )

Who is it?

Bix: Is it too late?

( Beeps )

( Door whirring )

Your light was on.

I'm here.

Yeah, I... I see that.

Uh, no, I meant... I meant, yes, it's not too late.

I couldn't sleep.

But if it's not a good time, then...

No. No. Not at all.

( Door whirring )

I'm just... I'm surprised.

Good.

Do you want something to drink or...

No. I've had enough.

( Sighs )

( Breathing heavily )

You all right?

I am now.

( Kissing )

( Droids chittering )

Sergeant Linus Mosk at your service, sir.

( Clears throat )

Sorry to roust you in the middle of the night.

No, sir. Privilege, sir. Got the brief on the ride in.

I'd like to move on this quickly.

We have a dangerous, mobile suspect in a very serious crime.

Couldn't agree more, sir.

Tempo is crucial.

Velocity in the service of inspired leadership, is there a worthy substitute?

I think not.

It's one suspect. How many men do you think we'd need?

I'd say 12, sir, just to be prudent.

Will you be suiting up with us, sir?

I think I should. Don't you?

Absolutely, sir.

Show of force. Boost morale.

Nothin' like seein' an officer on the line.

Excellent.

Sergeant Mosk: If I may, sir, hats off to you and Chief Inspector.

Two men dead, line of duty, colleagues?

It's outrageous.

Exactly!

The thought of anything less than full engagement on a case like this...

Unconscionable, sir.

Dereliction of duty, at the minimum.

It would be, wouldn't it?

I've seen it, sir.

Half measures.

The take-it-slow, the wait-and-see.

It's a plague on discipline.

Face your men, yourself, the rest of your life, knowing you did less than everything you possibly could?

I've been saying all along we need a stronger hand with these affiliated planets.

There's fomenting out there, sir.

Pockets of fomenting.

Corporate Tactical Forces are the Empire's first line of defense, and the best way to keep the blade sharp is to use it.

So, well, thank you, sir.

I'll pass along your kind words to the Chief Inspector.

Sir!

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Chatters )

( Thudding )

( Whirs )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Sighs )

( Sniffles )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Birds chirping )

( Villagers chattering in Kenari )

( Speaking Kenari )

( Speaking Kenari )

( Electricity crackling )

( Tense music playing )

( Clicks tongue )

( Sniffles )

( Breathing heavily )

Girl: Psst. Kassa.

( Music intensifies )

( Whooshing )

Man: Optimize landing.

Fondor droid mod: Landing scanned and locked.

Man: How long a walk this time?

Fondor droid mod: The shuttle will be 2.3 klicks away.

Man: There's nothing closer?

Fondor droid mod: Nothing safe.

( Whooshing )

( Dramatic music playing )

( Whirring )

( Clanks, hissing )

( Ship powering down )

( Device beeping, whirring )

( Grunting )

( Heavy exhale )

( Grunting )

( Metal clanging )

( Metal clanging in distance )

( Inhales deeply )

Hey.

What are you doing?

Ah, couldn't sleep.

( Sighs ) Tell me you have caf.

Was just about to put it on.

Can you open up the yard for me this morning? ( Sighs )

Timm: Uh, sure.

( Hissing )

You okay?

Yeah. Yeah. Just, um... Just tired.

What's up this mornin'?

Just got a few errands to run.

Won't be long.

I'm sure I had some comms in here.

( B2emo whirring )

( Rattling )

It's crap.

Why do we n-n-need comms?

Here we go.

You could just come and t-tell me.

( Intercom static )

You haven't been listening to me, have you?

You have to go away.

And?

You have c-c-credits for Maarva.

You need to t-t-tell me where you're hiding them.

Because we don't want someone else to find Maarva's credits, do we?

I agree.

You should stay.

If I can bring them myself, I will.

But if I can't, we need the comms, right?

Bee...

Going is a b-b-bad idea.

You need to get back. She's gonna wonder where you are.

Come on.

Go!

( Whirring )

Maarva: Bee?

Bee?

( Sighs )

Bee?

If you've powered down back here again, I'll be so upset with you.

( Grunts )

Hmm.

( Exhaling )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Mmm.

( Tense music playing )

( Electricity crackling )

( Breathing heavily )

( Crewman groans )

( Gasps )

( Kenari children screaming )

( Kenari children howling )

( Groaning )

( Blowing darts )

( Groans, panting )

( Kenari children howling )

( Groans )

( Groaning )

( Tense music playing )

( Children speaking Kenari )

( Girl speaking Kenari )

( Breathing heavily )

( Speaking Kenari )

( Kenari children wailing )

( Breathing heavily )

( Music intensifies )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Granik speaking alien language )

Xanwan: ( In english ) You're wrong.

( Granik speaking alien language )

Xanwan: It's the confidence that's irritating.

( Speaks alien language )

I am looking it up!

Hey. Haven't seen you in a while.

You got a minute?

I'm just... I'm looking up Kenari.

What's that?

Yeah. He never heard of it either.

( Granik speaking alien language )

"Kenari. Mid Rim.

"Abandoned after Imperial mining disaster."

( Speaks alien language )

Mining. Everyone died.

"Abandoned and considered toxic. Imperial prohibition."

( Speaking alien language )

No, no, there's no reward.

Corporate enforcement are looking for someone.

You know anybody from Kenari?

( Chuckles )

What can I do for you?

How much for a run to Tassar?

Xanwan: When?

Today.

What would we be picking up?

Give me the price for not knowing.

Weight?

Not important.

Xanwan: Explosive?

No, no.

Does it talk?

Give me a number, Xan.

Xanwan: Nine hundred.

( Scoffs ) A real number.

You want immediacy and discretion.

That's an expensive combo.

I got 500.

Well, you should plan more carefully.

Okay, let's split the difference.

Xanwan: It's your choice.

You want to go today and have me keep my mouth shut?

Seven's my floor.

Okay, if it's seven, you better be ready in an hour.

Keep the engine running.

( Granik speaking alien language )

Will you let it go?

( Granik speaking alien language )

( Powering up, whooshing )

Sergeant Mosk: All right, gentlemen.

( Powering up )

Cassian And or.

Not a recent image, but the best we've got.

He may not appear to be a formidable opponent, but two of our men are dead having made that mistake.

( Beeps )

West Team will include Deputy Inspector Karn and myself.

We will endeavor to serve the warrant and exfil rapidly.

North and East Team will take positions accordingly for a pincer movement should the subject attempt to flee.

And or should be considered armed and dangerous.

We will have the element of surprise, but there should be no illusions as to the risks involved.

There may be some local residents who are less than enthused with our presence.

( Scoffs )

You may remind them that there's a Territorial Forum once a month where they are free to make official complaints.

( Men chuckling )

All yours, sir.

Thank you for being here.

There comes a time when the... the risk of doing nothing becomes the greatest risk of all.

This is one of those decisive moments, and I can't imagine a team I'd rather share it with than all of you.

There's no room for doubt on the path to...

( Grunts )

Success... ( Gulps )

And, uh, justice.

Best of luck to us all.

( Clears throat )

( All applauding )

All right, then. Carry on.

Well said, sir.

( Syril sighs )

Inspiring.

( Indistinct chatter )

Will I: You believe this?

Incredible, right?

We're circling.

We're stacked up.

Crazy, right?

We should be charging them.

What'd they stick you to park your ship?

Sixty credits.

( Sighs ) Gutty, aren't they?

Chargin' us to come and spend our money.

They get you comin' and goin'.

I'm old enough, I first came here, you could drive in across the wasteland.

They had a ground carry.

Drive right through.

That was no bargain either.

You'd make the round trip and taste it a week later.

( Chuckles )

Just ( Smacks lips ) nasty.

Now it's this.

What's your line?

Rather not say?

No need to explain.

Who knows who you're talking to these days.

Me, I'm in propulsion.

We do add-ons and boosters.

( Engine whirring )

Mmm.

Never changes, does it?

You know what they say?

No, what's that?

If you can't find it here, it's not worth finding.

( Chuckles )

( Dramatic music playing )

( Music intensifies )

# Episode 3 - Reckoning

Cassian's desperation to avoid arrest leads him to a mysterious man with unknown connections.

Kravas: Stop right there!

You're in Pre-Mor corporate zone. You know that, right?

( Verlo groans )

( Kravas shouting )

He's not breathing. You killed him.

B2EMO: "P-P-Pre-Mor Authority is seeking a Kenari male resident of Ferrix for questioning. Citizens with any information should contact the Preox-Morlana Security HQ without d-d-delay."

We have a suspect?

Female Officer: Cassian And or. Insurrection, destruction of Imperial property, assault on Imperial soldier."

Who else knows that you were born in Kenari?

B-B-Bix. Bix is looking for you.

Bix has nothing to do with this!

But then who told these Pre-Mor bastards about Kenari?

Xanwan: "Kenari. Abandoned after Imperial mining disaster." Everyone died.

( Children crying )

Sergeant Mosk: And or should be considered armed and dangerous. He may not appear to be a formidable opponent, but two of our men are dead having made that mistake.

Cassian: I have something to sell.

What?

Cassian: An untraceable NS-9 Star path unit.

Bix: Do you know how much that's worth?

Cassian: Yeah. Enough to get out of here, lay low till things cool off. Your friend will want this piece. He'll come for this.

( Panting )

( Grunting )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Panting )

( Electric crackling )

( Gasping )

( Breathing heavily )

( Whirring, crackling )

( Gasping )

( Indistinct chatter on radio )

( Device beeping )

( Mysterious music playing )

( Devices whirring )

( Electricity crackling )

( Gasps )

( Grunting )

( Yells )

( Creaking )

All right, she's clear. Yeah, that's it.

Man 1: Standby for the detach.

Man 2: It's good?

Man 1: It's good.

Man 3: Bring more over here.

Man 1: Slow it down.

Man 4: Bring the tester over here.

Man 1: Release the catch.

Man 2: Clear it out.

Go for the detach.

Man 5: Watch the twelve-eight.

Man 5: You got this one.

Man 1: Still get a reading off of this one.

Man 6: It's still live.

Cassian: Hey.

I think I have some money on the way.

If it comes through, I'm out of here.

When? ( Breathing heavily )

Cassian: Today.

That doesn't sound good.

I'll leave money with Maarva.

She'll have what I owe you.

( Breathing heavily ) Keep an eye on her if you can.

Where are you going?

It's better you don't know. ( Breathing heavily )

I'll be back.

I'll find a way.

( Whirring )

( Hissing )

( Clanking )

( Clattering )

Announcer: Welcome to Ferrix Terminal. Please make sure to check your belongings before departing.

( Indistinct chatter )

Shuttle ferry discount ticket packages are available at the dispatch kiosk.

Will I: Not staying at the hotel, are you?

Not tonight.

Smart choice.

It's the ultimate Ferrix gouge.

Mind your wallet!

( Indistinct chatter )

Thank you.

There's been a complication. I missed the window to call back.

Luthen: Calmly.

Pre-Mor Enforcement put out a bulletin last night for someone meeting Cassian's description.

I've seen it.

The bulletin doesn't mention him by name.

It says they're looking for someone from Kenari.

His Imperial prison record says he's from Fest.

Yeah, that's always been his story.

Has he been identified?

I don't think many people know him.

He killed these men on Morlana?

Oh, then we better be quick about it.

Where is he?

Bix: East lot. Building nine.

Luthen: You trust him?

Bix: He'll be there.

( Whooshing )

( Whirring )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Clattering )

( Indistinct chatter on radio )

( Indistinct chatter )

B2EMO: Vapor density acceptable.

Airborne concentration minimal.

No detectable gas toxicity.

Maarva: There. Are we satisfied?

( Panting ) Let's get that console unit.

Maybe we should quit while we're ahead.

Maarva: Are you listening? It's safe.

Whatever it was, it's burned off.

Just get your mask off.

( Exhales )

( Mask hisses )

( Breathes deeply ) Time, not gas.

We said 20 minutes tops.

( Clanking echoes )

I don't want to know what that is.

There must be at least six brand-new fuel nodules up ahead.

We got more than we can carry already.

What's the asking price of those today, Bee?

For sale or barter?

Are you kidding?

( Clanking )

We need to leave now!

Could be anything.

( Creaking )

Well, in that case, by all means, let's plow forward.

( Kassa grunting )

( Yelling )

( Grunting )

( Yelling )

Clem: I like your spirit, son.

( Panting )

You just might not want to be here when they come to clean up.

( Kassa gasping )

( Speaking Kenari )

( In English ) He doesn't understand you.

Republic frigate approaching.

( Gasping )

( Whooshing )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Whooshing )

( Whirring )

( Hissing )

West Team on site.

East Team, sitrep, over.

Soldier 1: East Team inbound on approach. Three minutes from LZ.

Sergeant Mosk: North Team, sitrep?

Soldier 2: North Team here. We're on site.

Sergeant Mosk: Copy that, North Team. Stand by.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Sheathes )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Haven't seen any Blues in a while.

( Grunts )

What the hell are they doin'?

Hunting for somebody.

( Grunts )

( Grunting )

( Whirring, clanks )

( Speaking Kenari )

( In English ) It's gonna take nine minutes to get back to the hauler.

And leave him here?

Is that what you're suggesting?

Let him run.

( Speaking Kenari )

We're trying to help you.

( Kassa speaking Kenari )

Where's the Republic ship?

Orbiting now.

They'll kill him.

They'll kill us.

Bee, get me the Drowser.

No. Maarva, no.

Maarva: Shut up, Clem.

He's got people here.

Yeah, people who've just killed a Republic officer.

It'll be open season here the moment that frigate lands.

( Yelling )

( Both grunting )

( Hissing )

( Grunting )

You better think about this.

Plenty of time for that.

I'm not leaving him here to die. ( Grunts )

Soldier 2: Have you searched yet?

Soldier 3: Uh, not yet, no.

East Team on site.

East Team, secure the position.

Soldier 1: Copy that.

( Doorbell buzzes )

( Doorbell buzzes )

( Beeps )

( Whooshes )

We have a warrant for Cassian And or.

( Gasps )

( Groans )

Why's all that stuff still piled up in the alley?

Thought you wanted to get it out this morning.

I do. I just forgot. ( Clears throat )

( Objects clattering )

Syril: Check the shelves!

Pull that down.

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

You can stop this any time you want by telling us where to find him.

Sergeant Mosk: Sir.

Keep her there.

Sergeant Mosk: Got another resident here, sir.

Syril: ( Sighs ) Where's Cassian, droid?

M-M-Maarva!

Pull his power supply.

No!

Don't let them scare you, Bee.

They can't do that.

They're in our home.

Shut her up!

( Muffled grunting )

( Maarva breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

Cassian: Bee, are you back yet?

Please tell me these things are working, Bee.

Bee, respond.

( Whirring )

Are you recharging?

I want you to tell Maarva that I'm sorry.

( Device beeping )

I forgot to tell you that. And, uh, make sure she keeps the heat on too.

Sergeant Mosk: East.

Cassian: You know how cold she gets.

East. East-northeast. Got it.

Leave one man here?

Cassian: Bee, are you reading me? Please come in.

Sergeant Mosk: Drawin' a crowd.

( Crowd clamoring )

I'd say two, sir.

Call East Team. Tell 'em we're on our way.

Sergeant Mosk: You two, come with me. Stay here.

Cassian: Are you hearing me?

Keep an eye on 'em.

Bee, are you getting this?

Resp...

( Door whirring )

Luthen: And or?

You made it.

( Clanks )

Are we alone?

I am.

( Whirring )

Woman: What'd you do with Maarva?

She's an old woman!

All right, now, back off. Back off.

Nothing to see here.

Business as usual.

Serving a warrant.

Corporate authority. Back off.

( Disgruntled people yelling )

How far?

A ten-minute walk.

East Team will secure the site.

Luthen: For how much?

Forty thousand.

Luthen: Forty thousand?

Cassian: Forty thousand credits is cheap.

Is it?

( Scoffs )

An untraceable Star path Unit.

Vector crystals and seal still intact.

You can track every Imperial coordinate for nine radial parsecs.

Luthen: Is it here?

Is the money here?

How do I know it works?

Cassian: It's sealed.

The moment I plug it in, the value drops.

So you could be scamming me. ( Scoffs )

Cassian: I'm giving you my word.

Luthen: And if that's not enough?

( Chuckles )

( Stutters ) You know where I live.

So I could come back if I were dissatisfied.

( Clicks tongue )

Has Bix ever burned you before?

You're planning on sticking around, are you?

( People chatter indistinctly )

( Footsteps approaching )

Salman: There's a bunch of Corpos looking for Cassian.

Wilmon saw them.

Here?

They're down at Maarva's.

Bix: No.

What in the name of Chobb has he done this time?

( Sighs ) Oh, God.

There was a bulletin last night. Did you see it?

"Kenari male resident."

( Stammering ) I need to think. Just let me think.

Is that what this is about?

( Panting )

Someone ratted him out.

Salman: What? What do you mean?

I need to go find him.

Salman: No. Bix, no.

Someone has to.

Salman: He could be anywhere. Tell her.

Don't.

Don't? Don't what?

He can take care of himself.

( Scoffs )

Who?

How do you know who we're talking about?

Did I ever tell you that Cassian was born on Kenari?

I don't... I don't... I don't remember.

Hmm?

Bix: I do.

I remember.

( Breathing heavily )

( Softly ) How could you?

Wait. ( Breathing heavily ) What is going on?

I can't believe you'd do that.

What did you do?

Timm!

Luthen: Where'd you get it?

Cassian: What difference does that make?

I see three choices.

Either you're an Imperial spy, you're fronting for the person I really want to speak to, or you're the thing itself.

I see one choice.

Either you got my money or you don't.

( Rattles )

Luthen: So which is it?

I know Bix has her game.

I know you bribe quartermasters to leave valuables on the ships before they come in for scrap.

But this isn't that.

This isn't something they'd let pass.

No.

I went in and got this myself.

How? How's that possible?

It was... It was sealed on the Imperial Naval Base in Steergard.

Look, you got the money. I got the box.

What else is there to talk about?

I'll give you another thousand credits to tell me how you got it.

( Chuckles ) Another thousand?

Luthen: Done.

How?

( Sighs )

You just walk in like you belong.

Takes more than that, doesn't it?

Cassian: What? To steal from the Empire?

What do you need?

A uniform, some dirty hands and an Imperial tool kit.

( Scoffs ) They're so proud of themselves, they don't even care.

They're so fat and satisfied, they can't imagine it.

Can't imagine what?

Cassian: That someone like me would ever get inside their house, walk their floors, spit in their food, take their gear.

The arrogance is remarkable, isn't it?

They don't even think about us.

Us? I don't know you.

Luthen: Fair enough. But I know you.

These days will end, Cassian And or.

The way they laugh. The way they push through a crowd.

The sound of that voice telling you to stop, to go, to move.

Telling you to die.

Rings in the ear, doesn't it?

Cassian: Why don't you let me count that money?

But they'll think about us soon enough.

We should get moving.

Soon enough, they'll have something else to listen to.

You don't want to get caught with it.

Well, they'd hang me, wouldn't they?

Take me up Rix Road and hang me in the square.

Wouldn't be the first time, would it?

Isn't that where they hung your father?

Who are you?

( Gun cocking )

What is this?

Luthen: I said I know you.

I know all about you.

Yes, I want the box, and I'll leave with that if it's all I can get.

I came looking for something more, and I think I've found it.

I'd like you to come with me.

How do you know about me?

I was hoping for a more relaxed conversation, but you're right, we don't have time.

Contrary to what you told me, I doubt that you'll be stickin' around.

I know you killed two Corpos at Morlana-One, and I know they're coming for you.

Seems like such a waste to let them have you.

Waste of talent.

( Whispering ) Who are you?

That's the wrong question.

The right question is how much time do we have to get out of here.

Why would I go anywhere with you?

Don't you want to fight these bastards for real?

( Suspenseful music playing )

Go. Go! Go! Go on!

( Patterned clanking )

( Breathing heavily )

Man: Grab it. Let's go.

( Granik speaking foreign language )

( Buzzing )

( Whirs )

( Cassian breathing heavily )

What does that mean?

Worker: It's a signal. Let's go! Come on. Let's move.

( All clamoring )

What is all this?

Intimidation, sir.

Bluff and bluster.

( Rattling )

How did you get here?

I have a ship near the ferry lot.

Maybe you are the Imperial spy.

To what purpose?

If you knew they were coming for me, why would you be here now?

Special people are hard to find. I didn't want to see you tossed on the pyre.

I thought there was time to figure it out, but I was wrong.

( Device beeping )

May I?

( Breathing heavily )

I'm the only decent bet you've got right now.

You want to die being careful?

( Device beeping )

( Rapid beeping )

Are you carrying a com link?

Why?

Give it. Give it to me now.

Give it!

( Cracks )

( Beeps )

Rule number one, never carry anything you don't control.

( Clank in distance )

( Cassian gasps )

( Corpos speaking indistinctly )

( Whispers ) Hey! There!

They're taking the doors.

We're surrounded.

( Patterned clanking continues )

Man: Come on. Get back here.

Man 2: Hurry. Hurry.

Man: Close it up. Close it up.

( Panting )

You, stop!

I said stop!

( Gun cocking )

You look scared, girl.

Not runnin' home, are we?

Soldier 1: West Team, this is East Team. We're in place at the factory. Should we engage?

No. No.

Wait for us. We'll be there soon enough. Hold the perimeter.

They've got him pinned down, sir.

Time to close the snare.

( Whispering ) What are they waiting for?

Reinforcements.

How were you getting out of here?

Cassian: My plan's gone.

And your ride is 40 klicks across the Wastelands.

We just need a speeder. What's our best option?

West. Into town.

Where does that go?

Under the old furnace.

Does it get us out of here?

Cassian: Yeah. It's the long way around.

( Breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

( Beeps )

Cassian: What is that?

I put slap charges on the doors.

What? When?

Rule number two, build your exit on your way in.

Brace yourself.

( Explosion )

( Metal rattling )

( Thudding )

( Metal creaking, rattling )

( Footsteps approaching )

( Thuds )

Let's go!

The box! We left the box!

Luthen: No!

( Chains rattling )

( Thudding )

Soldier 1: There he is!

( Blasters firing )

( Grunting )

( Both panting )

( Grunting )

Luthen: Get down!

( Chain rattling )

( Thudding )

Cassian: I'm going. Cover me!

Luthen: Forget the box!

( Grunts )

( Metal rattling )

( Screaming )

Soldier 6: We're taking heavy fire.

I told you to wait!

Soldier 6: We've got two men down.

East Team, repeat last.

East Team, repeat last.

( Grunting )

( Groans )

Come on!

( Metal creaking )

( Thudding )

( Clattering )

( Blaster fires )

( Cassian grunting )

( Blasters firing )

( Panting )

Cassian: Look out!

( Chain rattling )

( Grunting )

( Groans )

( Chains rattling )

( Clattering )

Now! Come!

( Metal creaking )

( Chains rattling )

( Rumbling )

( Cassian grunting )

Sergeant Mosk: East Team!

What's goin' on up there?

North Team, where are you?

There's no signs.

I don't know what street.

Sergeant Mosk: We're in a firefight here. I need your exact position.

( Grunting )

Told you to wait here!

( Groans )

( Tense music playing )

Cassian: Wait! The box!

The box is just sitting back there.

I thought you were smart.

What if it's just one guy left?

They wouldn't come here with only four men.

We're on North Stairs Lane. North Stairs Lane.

Leave her!

Sergeant Mosk: Get your men to Rix Road and put a tac pod in air immediately.

Bix! Bix!

What have you done to her?

You stop right there.

She's bleeding!

I'm telling you to stop.

Sergeant Mosk: North Team, sitrep.

Who did this?

( Blaster powering up )

( Groans )

( Yells ) Timm!

Sergeant Mosk: North Team, sitrep.

( Sobbing )

What's going on up there? I need eyes in the air now!

Soldier 2: Acknowledged, sir. Stand by.

Give me the rifle!

Why?

You're going back to the pod!

By myself?

Get the pod in the air. Keep your radio on.

Get moving!

( Bix crying )

Let's get out of here.

North Team heading for Rix Road.

Air support en route.

( Crying )

Timm.

Sergeant Mosk: Now it's three men?

How is that possible?

They brought the building down. ( Panting )

They've got explosives.

Wait. Hold on. Hold on. What do you mean "they"?

Soldier 1: There's two of them. Two humans. Heavily armed. Heading your way.

Sergeant Mosk: Keep 'em flanked.

Keep pushing. Keep the channel open.

Now there's two of 'em?

Apparently so.

We're just gonna stand here?

( Breathing heavily )

Point taken.

We'll split up, take positions, pick 'em off when they come through.

Rifle! Let's go!

Left flank! Right flank!

( Tense music playing )

Soldier: Take positions.

( Panting )

( Buzzing )

( Device whirring )

( Whooshes )

Hello?

Hello?

( Aliens yelping )

( Aliens chattering )

( Gasping )

( Patterned clanking echoing )

( Beeps )

( Whirring )

Gets to you, doesn't it?

Soldier 7: Shut it.

( Clanking continues )

That's what a reckoning sounds like.

( Aliens panting frantically )

( Patterned clanking echoing )

You want it to stop, but it just keeps coming.

Soldier 7: I told you to shut up!

( Grunts )

Maarva: It's when it stops, that's when you'll really want to start to fret.

Why?

What happens then?

( Patterned clanking continues )

( Sighs ) Hmm.

Clear!

Go! Go! Go!

Sergeant Mosk: ( On comms ) North Team, status?

In position.

Sergeant Mosk: Eyes open, lads. Weapons ready.

( Sighs )

( Patterned clanking echoing )

( Clanking stops )

( Wind blowing )

( Chatters )

( Whirring )

( Blaster clicks )

Drop the weapon.

( Breathing heavily )

Now take off the comm.

Put it down.

( Cracking )

( Device buzzes )

How many are you?

( Voice shaking ) I don't know.

Luthen: Kill him.

( Breath trembling )

How many?

Luthen: I'll kill him.

Twelve. ( Stutters ) Fourteen. ( Breath shaking )

A dozen men. Two officers.

( Softly ) I swear.

( Breath trembling )

( Breathing heavily )

( Intense music playing )

( Panting )

( Whirring, hissing )

( Powering up )

( Whirring )

( Whooshing )

( Clattering )

( Grunts )

( Revving )

( Scraping, creaking )

( Groans, panting )

( Alarm blaring )

( Clanking )

( Groans )

( Clattering )

( Alarm blaring )

( Breathing heavily )

( Explosion in distance )

Was that them?

Soldier 2: I don't know. I can't tell from here.

Well, who else could it be?

Soldier 2: But that would put them behind us.

( Breathes deeply )

sh¡t!

We're under siege.

They're everywhere.

Luthen: Which one do you want?

How many of those charges you have left?

( Footsteps approaching )

( Muffled screams )

( Yelling continues )

Hang on, sir.

( Muffled grunting )

( Panting )

( Gasps )

( Engine whirring )

That's them! They're getting away!

( Blasters firing )

( Grunting, panting )

Sergeant Mosk: Torch! Torch it!

Soldier 8: Look out!

Soldier 9: Stay on him!

Soldier 8: Get it!

Soldier 9: Fire!

Fire!

( Explosion )

( Gasps )

( Crashing )

( Fire crackling )

( Gasping )

( Chuckles )

( Speeder whirring )

Soldier: There he is!

( Remote beeps )

( Explosion )

( Gasps )

( Corpos groan )

( Gasping )

( Clattering )

Sergeant Mosk: No, no, no!

North Team, come in!

North Team, come in!

( Breathing shakily )

( Somber music playing )

( Grunts )

( Corpos wailing in pain )

Sergeant Mosk: Bacta!

( Whirring )

( Accelerating )

Sergeant Mosk: This is Delta-One. We need immediate casevac, over.

( Fire crackling )

Nova, Nova, Nova, this is Delta-One.

( Whirring )

( Panting )

( Breathing shakily )

( Whirring )

( Salman grunting )

Bix, come on. We need to get out of here. Come on.

Come on.

( Bix gasping )

Come on.

( Engine accelerating )

Sergeant Mosk: Pull yourself together, all right?

And get back to position, men! ( Coughing )

( Hoarsely ) Nova, Nova, this is Delta-One. Did you copy my last?

( Gasping ) That's it.

We need to get out of here.

Sir.

We need to get out of here.

( Yells ) Sir, we need to get out of here!

( Whistles )

( Ship powering up )

( Maarva grunting )

( Panting )

( Whirring )

( Whooshing )

( Gasping )

( Breath trembling )

# Episode 4 - Aldhani

Out of options, Cassian joins a mission to infiltrate an Imperial garrison on Aldhani. Meanwhile on the city-covered capital world of Coruscant, agents of the Imperial Security Bureau start to piece together information regarding the disturbance on Ferrix, while Senator Mon Mothma carefully maneuvers webs of intrigue.

Pre-Mor Enforcement put out a bulletin last night for someone meeting Cassian's description.

Luthen: The bulletin doesn't mention him by name. It says they're looking for someone from Kenari.

Sergeant Mosk: And or should be considered armed and dangerous. He may not appear to be a formidable opponent, but two of our men are dead having made that mistake.

Who are you?

( Gun cocking )

I know all about you.

Yes, I want the box, and I'll leave with that if it's all I can get.

I know you killed two Corpos at Morlana-One, and I know they're coming for you.

Seems like such a waste to let them have you.

Waste of talent.

( Whooshes )

We have a warrant for Cassian And or.

( Gasps )

Brace yourself.

( Explosion )

Let's go!

Soldier 1: There he is!

( Blasters firing )

( Grunting )

( Blaster clicks )

How many are you?

Twelve. ( Stutters ) Fourteen. ( Softly ) I swear.

I'd like you to come with me.

Why would I go anywhere with you?

Don't you want to fight these bastards for real?

( Explosion )

( Speeder whirring )

( Remote beeps )

( Explosion )

( Gasps )

( Gasping )

( Intense music playing )

( Whooshing )

Luthen: There's a medpac.

( Rumbling )

Luthen: Blue. Bright blue.

The shelf behind you.

Take hold of something.

Anyone behind us?

Set for Aldhani.

Fondor Droid Mod: Calculating for Aldhani.

Cassian: Are they coming?

Luthen: Do as I say.

Fondor Droid Mod: Calculations complete.

( Hyperdrive whirring )

( Clattering )

( Gasps )

What's powering this?

I've been in a Fondor Haulcraft.

I've flown them.

Never seen one do that.

Well, it's been a day of surprises for all of us.

You're bleeding on my floor.

Fix your arm.

What's Aldhani?

That depends.

I haven't agreed to do anything but save my skin.

Yeah, and here you are with your skin.

Cassian: ( Breathing heavily )

What's that?

Luthen: Med nog.

Just a sip.

( Sighs )

( Sniffles )

Perhaps you got alternatives I'm not aware of.

Seems to me you have two choices.

Either I drop you somewhere and you start running or you come with me and help with something important.

( Sighs )

And, of course, you could try and kill me and take the ship.

( Grunts )

( Panting )

Define "important."

Taking something of real value from the Empire.

( Scoffs ) I don't need you to steal.

Seeing how well you're doing on your own.

I'll take the drop-off.

Luthen: And do what? Continue as you are?

They'll use the same rope to hang you whether it's for a plasma coil or 20 million credits.

I'm offering you everything you want, all at once.

What is "everything I want"?

Since you know so much about me.

To put a real stick in the eye of the Empire and get paid for it.

( Scoffs ) I wondered who you were.

Who am I?

Alliance, Sep, guerilla, Partisan Front.

One of them.

Isn't it all the same?

It is to me.

So we agree.

( Scoffs ) No.

I think it's all useless.

Better to spit in their food and steal their trinkets.

It's better to live.

Better to eat, sleep, do what you want.

You don't know me.

( Scoffs ) I fought in Mimban when I was 16.

Two years of it.

Straight out of prison, into the mud.

I'm one of 50 that survived.

And who did it turn out we were fighting?

( Scoffs ) Ourselves.

So, please...

You were on the ground in Mimban for six months.

You came in as a cook.

You lived because you ran.

But you're right about one thing.

The Empire had you fighting each other, which should make you hate them all the more, and you do.

I said I know you.

I know the outside. I know what people tell me when I ask.

The rest, I imagine.

I imagine your hate.

I imagine that no matter what you tell me or tell yourself, you'll ultimately die fighting these bastards.

So what I'm asking is this.

Wouldn't you rather give it all at once to something real than carve off useless pieces till there's nothing left?

I didn't risk my ass for the Star path unit.

I came for you.

( Sighs )

What's the offer?

Five days.

Big stakes, big danger.

Prepped team, good plan.

You survive and deliver, I'll give you 200,000.

( Sighs )

What would we be stealing?

The quarterly payroll for an entire Imperial sector.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Exhales )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Grandi: With the next quarter's detention estimates expected to increase across the Ryloth sector, any further erosion in local authority may require an increase in our black line budget.

Partagaz: And where would you target these new resources, Supervisor Grandi?

Uh, increase surveillance, sir.

Partagaz: Looking for what?

Grandi: Anti-Imperial activity as always. ( Chuckles softly )

Partagaz: Uh, are you being intentionally vague?

Grandi: No, sir.

I'll expect specifics by the end of the day. Lagret, what is this item from Arval a-Six?

( Beeping )

A positive development, sir.

The dimensions of the conflict have diminished sufficiently that mining has resumed on the occupied lands.

Partagaz: Storage issues with the displaced?

Lagret: Ongoing.

As is your unfinished memorandum of recommendations regarding the problem.

My staff is awaiting an assessment from Arval a-Six's ministerial director.

Because they've done such an excellent job so far, hmm?

( Sighs ) What do we do here?

Lagret: Sir?

Partagaz: What is our purpose, Lagret?

Lagret: On Arval a-Six?

I open the question to the room.

What do we do in this building? Why are we here? Anyone?

We're here to further security objectives by collecting intelligence, providing useful analysis, and conducting effective covert action, sir.

Very good, Dedra.

That is verbatim from the ISB mission statement, and wrong.

Security is an illusion.

You want security? Call the Navy.

Launch a regiment of troopers.

We are healthcare providers.

We treat sickness.

We identify symptoms.

We locate germs whether they arise from within or have come from the outside.

The longer we wait to identify a disorder, the harder it is to treat the disease.

Do you understand my meaning, Lagret?

Yes, sir.

Partagaz: Don't trouble yourself writing the memorandum.

I'll reassign it.

Blevin, Morlana sector. This incident on Ferrix.

Corporate Security, sir. They're still in charge out there.

They tried to serve a warrant and ran into more trouble than they'd anticipated.

Trouble meaning what?

Several dead. Property damage.

Interruption of service.

A stolen Imperial Star path unit was recovered at the scene.

Partagaz: Those responsible?

Blevin: Unknown, sir.

I'm heading out after this meeting.

We'll speak before you leave.

Jung.

Jung: Sir?

Partagaz: Elaborate on these added protection requests for traffic to the Abrion sector.

Jung: Proactive measure, sir.

There's an increase in construction shipments going to Scarif, sir.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Trimming )

Luthen: Think of a name.

Think of a name for yourself.

( Cassian sniffles )

( Sighs ) Clem.

For the next five days, you'll be Clem.

( Sighs )

( Device whirring, beeping )

Who's that?

You'll be working for her.

I thought you were in charge.

Luthen: I never said that.

She's gonna hate this idea to start.

She's gonna argue with me.

Think it's best you stay inside until I've had time to work it all out.

Take this.

What is it?

It's a down payment.

It's a Kuati Signet.

Blue kyber. Sky stone.

The ancient world.

Celebrates the uprising against the Rakatan invaders.

Don't take less than 50,000 for it.

Just know it will always be worth more to me.

I want it back when this is over.

( Scoffs )

If I live.

I want it back.

Against 200,000.

Luthen: Giving you my word.

( Breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

( Hissing )

Hello, Vel.

Vel: We almost didn't get the message.

Luthen: I'm glad you made it.

They've started patrolling the old Stone Valley.

It's a full day gettin' out here now.

I like hearing that. The vigilance.

I count on your discipline.

Obviously something's wrong.

No. Actually, I think things are coming together.

( Whirring, clicking )

Fondor Droid Mod: Something I can help you with?

( Sighs )

He can pilot. He can shoot. He can lie. He speaks Alarin, Myo, Nari.

He's got steady nerves and isn't afraid to kill.

I can't believe you're doing this.

He can pilot.

We go in three days!

He increases your chances of success dramatically.

Now? Like this?

Five months in?

Just plug in some new person?

It'll tear the team apart.

Well, then it's not much of a team, is it?

You're vulnerable and you know it. I'm buying you critical redundancy.

What do you mean "buying"?

I'm paying him.

No.

Luthen: Two hundred thousand.

We've been eating roots and sleeping on rocks for this rebellion ( Yells ) and now you've got a mercenary on board?

You're wasting energy. You know I'm right.

We need this to work, Vel.

Failure would be devastating.

What would I tell the others?

You'll tell them it was always a part of the plan.

Are you giving me a choice here?

Yeah.

You take him or call it off.

I was planning to shut you down.

Your odds have improved since we set the meeting.

You'll take him in and lie about how it's come to pass.

You'll plug him in as a replacement for anyone who goes down along the way.

In the next three days, if for any reason... Look at me!

You wanted to lead?

This is what it comes to.

You got three days.

Something feels off, something turns, someone starts to fold, you step up, you lead, you cancel the mission.

I need to know you understand.

And if he's the problem?

Well, that's the advantage of renting him.

He's disposable.

This has to be a win, Vel.

Yes.

Yes.

Clem!

( Indistinct chatter )

Blevin: You will immediately relinquish any and all com links, weapons, and scandocs.

You will not return to your living quarters.

You will leave here and be escorted with haste to the transfer center, where you'll be issued with any personal items that the Imperial inspectors have had time to inventory.

You will holo-certify receipt of said items.

You will holo-certify confirmation of the official ISB After Action Report detailing your involvement and culpability in said Ferrix incident.

Question, sir.

Blevin: No.

And no, you will not waste further Imperial time reading the reports.

But I've had nothing to do with this.

Well, exactly.

It took the combined ingredients of idiocy, ineptitude, and total disengagement for this farce to have reached the full apex of incredulous disaster.

Seriously?

My files are filled with Corporate Security fiascos, but this takes the prize.

And you, Deputy Inspector Karn.

Proud, are we?

Take solace in this.

You will not be replaced.

You've rung the final bell on Corporate independence.

As of this morning, the Morlana system is under permanent Imperial authority.

Congratulations on that.

Vel: Is your arm something I need to worry about?

Cassian: No.

Vel: Well, it's a long walk, through the night.

( Both panting )

Who is he?

You should've asked him that when you had the chance.

He told me you were the boss and you wouldn't like my being here.

That's about all I know.

He is something we will never discuss.

When we get to camp, we're going to tell them this was my idea and we've been planning it all the while.

We never mention him.

If you change that in any way, you and I are going to have a big problem.

( Wind whooshing )

( Cassian sniffles )

And why so far?

We're robbing the armory at the Aldhani Garrison.

There's an Imperial airfield nearby, and they've got nothing better to do than patrol.

So, this is the safe route.

He told me about the payroll, not the garrison!

I don't know who you're talking about.

You're taking on an Imperial armory?

Are you not joining us?

Us? How many of us are there?

Now we are seven.

( Scoffs ) Seven? ( Shouts ) Seven against a garrison?

Save your wind. This is a long walk.

( Whirring in distance )

Hey, hold on. Hold on.

( Gasps )

Get down! Tuck in!

( Both panting )

( Whooshing )

They won't be back today.

Come on.

This says five dead.

( Devices beeping )

One local and four Pre-Mor security employees.

Uh, they've misspelt Ferrix.

Where is my Star path unit?

Where are you?

He said it in the meeting. It's got to be here.

Heert: There's a raw transmission in here somewhere.

Hang on.

"Varnisi. Unauthorized Imperial equipment, Ferrix, 0430.

"Ensign retrieved a sealed Imperial NS-9 Star path unit from the site."

That is our box from Steergard.

Has to be.

Right, that gives us jurisdiction.

I want you to go to Blevin's office, tell them we need everything they've got on Ferrix.

It might mean more if you went.

I don't want to spark his interest.

( Whooshing )

Fondor Droid Mod: Orbiting Coruscant.

Luthen: Your controls.

Landing protocol 037.

Fondor Droid Mod: Protocol 037.

( Beeping )

( Clicks )

( Whirring )

( Whooshing, whirring )

( Sighs )

Cassian: What is this place?

Nothing special.

There used to be hundreds of settlements up here.

Forty thousand Aldhanis all across the highlands.

They were here for centuries, but it only took the Empire a decade to clear them out.

Killed them?

Vel: No.

Drove them south.

There's an Enterprise Zone in the Lowlands.

Factories, new towns, Imperial housing.

Aldhani has the unfortunate quality of being close to nothing and not very far away from everything.

It's the perfect hub for distribution.

If one were trying to take over the galaxy.

So, who are we supposed to be?

There's still a few shepherds in the hills.

Nature lovers, mystics, dead-enders.

Drink up. We've a way to go.

( Sighs )

( Exhales )

( Door whooshes )

My assistant tells me you refused to turn over the file on this incident in Ferrix.

I have work to do.

That was an official request made by an officer of my staff.

I suggest you schedule an appointment.

I want the full Ferrix report.

It's my sector.

An Imperial Star path unit was stolen from the Steergard Naval Yard and found at the scene. That gives me jurisdictional access.

You've been here, what, just over a year?

You might want to steady the ladder before you start climbing.

I'm not looking for career advice.

You fall here, you fall alone.

Are you denying my request?

For the second time today.

Fine. I'll take it to Major Partagaz.

Don't look down.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Snoring )

( Blaster whirs )

( Gasps )

Man: Everyone's dead.

While you were sleeping, they came in, slit everybody's throat.

You ride with Mossy, Garvish?

Saw Gerrera?

Fall asleep on watch, they're gonna put your head on a pike for a laugh.

Sorry.

Don't tell Vel.

I won't.

You will.

You better think what you're gonna say 'cause she's coming down now.

Actually...

( Device whirring )

( Device beeping )

Man: ...there's two.

What do you make of that?

We better make sure they know what's comin'.

( Birds cawing )

Who is it?

That's what I was gonna ask you.

( Bleating )

( Panting )

What's she doing?

Vel: Gather up.

This is Clem.

Haven't mentioned him before now because I wasn't sure we could get him here on time.

We've had a stroke of luck.

He's been able to fight his way free.

He'll give us critical redundancy in all areas.

It's a bit late for surprises.

That's Skeen.

This is Taramyn.

Nemik.

And Cinta.

We've always known we were short a man.

Can I speak with you?

Let's get Clem settled in.

Nemik: Good to have you, Clem.

We'll take all the help we can get.

Cinta, feed him and then take a look at his arm.

Vel.

The posts on the corral are down again.

Now, unless you two want to be chasin' animals all day, I'd get out there now. Okay?

Let's get to it.

We'll work Clem into the program at drill.

( Lively chatter )

Announcer: ( Over PA system ) Telgordo Travel service to Hosnian Prime, Plexis, and Eufornis Major will now be departing from platforms 7-12 and 7-13. Do not join the line without your boarding pass.

( Vehicles whirring, whooshing )

( Beeping )

( Elevator dings )

( Whirring )

( Sighs )

( Whooshing )

( Sighs )

( Gasps )

Mother.

( Crying )

( Sniffling )

What are you starin' at?

( Crying )

( Whirring )

Blaster burn.

Needs to be cleaned.

Apologies in advance.

We're trying to save our pain meds.

How do you know him?

He comes highly recommended.

So you don't know him.

Vel: I know that we need him.

That's all I'll say. Anything else is a violation of security.

No, he's got brass. You... You can feel it.

And we can use a hand, but this late in the game?

As opposed to when?

You trust him with our lives?

That's my call to make.

Nemik: He's committed.

I'm feeling that.

I want to.

Feel what?

His belief in the cause.

When it comes down to it, that's all I need to know.

Vel.

Vel!

I trust him.

Okay?

All right?

( Whooshing )

Kleya: Senator Mon Mothma's here.

New driver.

Luthen: Anyone we know?

Never seen him.

Chandrilan?

( Sighs ) One would think.

( Chuckles )

Senator.

What a pleasure to see you.

You as well, Luthen.

Sorry to be so late. It's always right when you're leaving, everyone remembers things they're meant to bother you with.

( Laughs ) Free your mind, Senator. This is a place where time stands still.

It's hard being surrounded with this much history and not be humbled by the insignificance of our daily anxieties.

How true. ( Sighs ) And how I need to hear that.

You know Kleya.

Of course.

We often refer to the gallery as Coruscant's unofficial temple of patience. ( Laughs )

Well, I have to start coming here more often.

( Laughter )

You're teasing us.

So, a gift for your husband.

Yes. It's his Day of Days. It's a Chandrilan custom.

One of our many.

Yours is a rich history.

Well, that's a kind way of putting it.

I put aside a few things.

If I recall, he has an interest in military artifacts.

Yes.

Luthen: So, let's start with the oldest one.

It's a Utapaun monk cudgel.

You see the ceremonial variety in many places, but this is the real thing.

It's a unique gift for most, but... it's a treasure for the true aficionado.

Dated to the eighth archaic settlem...

May I show you something?

Oh, don't bother. I couldn't afford anything here.

Please. There's no harm in looking.

We just got in some terribly interesting coins.

Yeah.

( Chuckles )

I'm trying to expand Perrin's tastes beyond fighting implements.

Is there anything else that might interest him?

Well, your timing is excellent.

I have something very special that just came in.

Come with me.

It's a two-faced divinity.

Fourteen thousand years old.

A sun goddess and a serpent from the over world sharing the same mouth. ( Chuckles )

( Whispering ) If you can't deliver, I need to know.

Do you think I'm not trying?

I never think that.

But I need to start planning if you're no longer coming through.

The money's there.

It's just getting very dangerous to move it around.

I can't pull funds the way I used to.

They're watching me now.

Oh, they're watching everyone.

This is different. They're everywhere.

There's a new spy every day at the Senate.

I visit the bank, they're all new faces.

You got a new driver.

( Sighs )

I feel under siege.

I have many mouths to feed.

I can only forage for so long.

I found someone I think can help me.

Someone who?

To bring into the circle? No.

I know what I'm asking.

Luthen: No.

We're vulnerable enough.

We need funding, not more people.

Don't lecture me on vulnerability.

No one's more at risk than I am.

You think I haven't thought this through?

I'd be the first one to fall.

( Sighs )

Why don't you take this on loan?

May I?

If your husband doesn't love it, I'll be glad to take it back.

It's a daring choice, but I trust you'll have the courage to turn back if it should be a bit much.

I appreciate that.

You'll be here?

Well, if not, Kleya can always reach me.

Kleya, can we have this wrapped for the Senator?

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Clicks )

( Whirring )

( Whirring )

( Sighing )

( Whirring in distance )

( Sighs )

( Speeder powering down )

( Sighs )

( Indistinct chatter )

He's with us.

Stay.

Man: No, I didn't.

( Yells ) What the hell is going on?

When did this happen?

What, he's here now? Where?

Getting cleaned up.

And we've no say in this?

It's not a vote.

Just like that?

It's been in the works.

What else don't I know about?

This helps us.

You were cutting it close. You said it yourself.

Three days out.

What were you gonna do if I couldn't get here today?

Turn up with an extra face to explain?

I knew you'd come through.

We're not prepped for this.

We don't even have enough comms as it is.

We have two spares.

That was our backup.

Clem is our backup.

Taramyn: We have an extra uniform.

Gonna need to leave us your belt and gloves.

Clem.

We need another hand, and you know it.

I should've been consulted.

On that, we agree.

Clem, this is Lieutenant Gorn.

He's our contact at the garrison.

Wounded on top of it.

On top of what?

Being someone I've never met who's suddenly got my neck in their hands.

I know the feeling.

Are we done?

Who is he?

He's Clem. He's here, that's all that matters.

Look, we're wasting daylight. Let's get on with it.

Give Nemik a hand.

What's with all the patrols on Stone Canyon?

There's an Imperial engineer arriving from Coruscant.

We're mapping the old trail for him. But that'll stop tomorrow.

I'm pushing all our attention toward the Lowlands.

How long do we have you?

I've got a midnight inspection.

Let's get going.

( Fire crackling )

What's all this?

Dinner for the governor.

What governor?

The governor of Hanna.

My regimental mate, that governor.

That's tonight?

It's on your calendar.

I added it a month ago after we discussed it.

You don't remember?

( Sighs )

I remember you wearing me down.

I didn't think anyone could do that.

Are you enjoying this?

No. Just looking forward to seeing some old friends.

Oh, who else is coming?

Seating chart's just there.

Ars Dangor? Sly Moore? From the Vizier's private chamber?

Is that a problem?

You can't be serious. These people hate me.

They spend every day trying to undo anything I've touched.

Well, perhaps tomorrow they'll think twice.

Uh, not right now, please.

Go!

You shouldn't have invited them without making sure I was aware.

Well, it's a bit late to cancel.

But at your pleasure.

( Sighs, chuckles )

Well played, Perrin.

And no, I'm not being serious.

Don't seat them near me.

Oh, I've taken care of that.

You're at the boring end of the table. These people are fun.

Oh, are they? Are they fun?

We should find some Ghorman guests for tonight and see how amused they are.

Your fun friends just cut off their shipping lanes yesterday.

Do you know how many will starve?

Oh, perhaps we can laugh about it over the third course.

Perhaps you should have a rest.

If you make me pay attention, I will.

And you won't be happy.

Don't do this again.

Perrin: There's rumor you bought me a present.

It's going back.

Must everything be boring and sad?

( Sighs )

Vel: Akti Amaugh, the Valley of Caves.

The sacred valley.

The Empire came in 13 years ago and liberated the air base, Alkenzi, 50 klicks west of here.

They quickly discovered the unique storage possibilities of the caverns, claimed the land for the Emperor, and dammed up Nasma Klain, the sacred river.

Now, the Aldhani Garrison is a depot for supplies, weapons, and the payroll for the entire Imperial sector.

Garrison, observation tower, sentry defenses, all to protect this runway opening here.

I'll do it. It's fragile, that piece. The rain gets into the glue.

Vel: The runway descends underground to the flight deck of a single Max-7 Rono freighter.

Vel said you could pilot.

Fly a Rono?

A box freighter?

Mmm, it's not really flying, but yeah.

Vel: This room behind the flight deck, that's a vault.

We're taking crates of payroll from that room, loading the freighter, and escaping out of the runway tunnel.

Obviously, it's not to scale.

Escaping?

In a Rono?

Yeah.

( Scoffs ) Those were TIE fighters we saw on the way in.

How far is the air base?

From the garrison...

Fifty klicks, you said.

Fifty-two.

Fine, 52.

They'll be on you in minutes.

Nine minutes. We've timed it.

( Scoffing )

Vel: Mmm.

Cassian: Okay.

You'll be lucky to make the horizon.

It's a suicide run.

Exactly.

That's why they only keep a 40-man regiment in the garrison.

Because they know no one's stupid enough to try it.

No one but us.

( Sighs )

These old stones, Nasma Brani, it's a temple or what's left of it that once sat on the mighty river.

Lieutenant Gorn, you tell it.

Once every three years for as long as anyone can remember, the Aldhanis gather in this valley for a celestial event they call Mak-ani bray Dhani.

The Eye of Aldhani. Thousands of them.

They'd hike for weeks to get here just to see it from the sacred land.

To see what?

Imagine 50 meteor showers all at once, but like a curtain being pulled across the sky until the Eye, the window to the galaxy, forms over the horizon.

You've seen this?

I've been here almost seven years. I've seen it twice.

It's not the event it used to be.

Now they've got everyone relocated, it's a pretty sad affair, but the Eye, it's not something you'll soon forget.

Once every three years.

To a thousandth of a second. And it's not really a meteor shower.

It's a recurrent band of crystalized, noctilucent microdensities.

Billions of crystals. Very heavy but small and unstable.

As the planet passes through the belt, they swarm the atmosphere, heat up, and explode.

From the ground, it's a thing of beauty.

In the sky, it's chaos.

We've calculated an escape trajectory that gets us out just before the Eye closes.

This happens in three days' time.

( Chuckles )

That's your cover.

Yes.

Gets us in, gets us out.

They won't know where we came from, and if we can beat the clock, we'll be gone before they even know what happened.

Now, you've got a lot to learn and very little time to do it, so what we need to know is, are you in all the way?

Let's get to it.

( Door whooshes )

Speak.

She's demanding the raw data from the incident on Ferrix.

The Star path unit that was recovered at the scene has been traced to a theft at an air base under my jurisdiction, sir.

She's overreaching to increase the size of her portfolio.

She should spend more time on the security at her bases and less furthering her career.

Lieutenant Meero.

The stolen item has great value, sir, particularly to the rebels.

Tracing its theft might expose activity in my sector.

People also take things for money, do they not?

Is it worth creating this much intra-office friction in the pursuit of what seems like a case of a robbery gone awry?

Sir, it is my feeling that this is part of an ongoing effort to steal proprietary Imperial equipment in anticipation of an organized rebellion.

I have three previous case files on my desk that begin to suggest a pattern.

Your feeling.

I'm seeing signs of coordinated activity over a number of sectors.

What activity?

Similar items of interest, repeated methods.

Gut instinct.

You came to us from enforcement.

Yes, sir.

Here, we act on vetted and verified information.

Alert me when this materializes into something more definite.

Until then, confine future activities to your sectors.

Thank you, Lieutenant.

You have two sectors to supervise. Blevin is handling six.

He does, I will admit, hew to the traditional viewpoint of this office and its staffing.

He is, I'm sure, a challenge to work with.

His quarterly reports, however, are in and yours are not, and here we are spending your valuable time with this issue.

There's a high bar for your performance, Lieutenant.

Unfair perhaps, but senseless to ignore and potentially the foundation of a uniquely superior career.

You're supposed to be more competent and tucked away.

That's why you're here.

That's why we're bringing in officers like you.

Let's remind everyone of that and not get lost in the dust.

Yes, sir.

On a positive note, I was impressed with your detention numbers from Sev Tok.

Far above the quota.

I may be sending more of that sort of work your way.

Thank you, sir.

We're done.

( Sighing )

( Fire crackling )

( Sighs ) Know how to use this?

( Beeping )

Yeah.

Taramyn: That's the Rono freighter specs and the console layout.

You get done with that, that's a detailed map of the garrison.

That's an Aldhani phrase book.

( Sniffles )

Can I eat my food?

You'll eat, you'll let Cinta check the bandage, and you'll have learned all that by morning.

I'll take the first watch.

( Suspenseful music playing )

# Episode 5 - The Axe Forgets

Being a team player does not come naturally to Cassian, but the daring mission to infiltrate an Imperial garrison requires it of him. The operation has been in the planning stages for months. As the newest member of the mission, Cassian must overcome the prudent distrust of his teammates.

( Suspenseful music playing )

Wouldn't you rather give it all at once to something real?

What would we be stealing?

The quarterly payroll for an entire Imperial sector.

Partagaz: Blevin, this incident on Ferrix.

Corporate Security, sir. They're still in charge out there.

A stolen Imperial Star path unit was recovered at the scene.

Vel: Five months in?

Just plug in some new person? It'll tear the team apart.

I'm buying you critical redundancy.

What do you mean "buying"?

I'm paying him.

We've been eating roots and sleeping on rocks for this rebellion and now you've got a mercenary on board?

Luthen: Take him or call it off.

You're taking on an Imperial armory?

Are you not joining us?

Cassian: Us? How many of us are there?

Vel: Now we are seven.

That's Skeen.

Taramyn.

Nemik.

Cinta. And Lieutenant Gorn.

Who is he?

He's Clem. He's here. That's all that matters.

We're wasting daylight. Let's get on with it.

As of this morning, the Morlana system is under permanent Imperial authority.

Congratulations on that.

Mother.

Senator.

If you can't deliver, I need to know.

The money's there.

It's just getting very dangerous to move it around.

You think I haven't thought this through?

I'd be the first one to fall.

Vel: That's a vault.

We're taking crates of payroll from that room, loading the freighter, and escaping out of the runway tunnel.

What we need to know is, are you in all the way?

Let's get to it.

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Breathing shakily )

Eedy: Syril.

You're slouching.

Is that how you've been presenting yourself to the world?

It would explain a great deal.

Being a leader isn't something one just turns on and off.

By the time you've remembered to sit up straight, it's too late.

You might as well wear a sign that says, "I promise to disappoint you."

Shame we couldn't have seen more of each other when you were flourishing.

I'd have the memory to sustain me.

Well, you could've come any time you wanted.

Any civilized being knows an open invitation is no invitation at all.

My assumption is, you have no prospect for the future.

I had a spare room.

( Sighs )

Could've visited any time you wanted.

You know that.

I know what you tell me.

I intuit the rest.

I intuit you have no future prospects.

I'd forgotten the precision of your predictive powers.

Ah, you've remembered how to mock me.

Forgotten how sensitive you can be.

Perhaps you've forgotten my question.

Do you have even a single prospect before you?

I'll find a way.

I'm calling Uncle Harlo.

( Sighs )

I'm calling in the family favor.

Haven't heard that in a while.

These are desperate times.

You're assuming he'll remember you.

That's amusing.

And you think he'll talk to you?

I know he will.

And he'll know why I called.

And he'll respect me for having waited so long in asking and being so prudent about my request.

( Scoffs ) What is it you'll be asking for?

Someone who will take you on, Syril.

Setting the bar high, are we?

Uncle Harlo will know what's best.

( Breathing heavily )

( Livestock bleating )

( Gasps )

( Groans )

( Gasps )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Skeen sniffles )

It's all there.

Vel asked me to have a look.

( Sighs ) I think she's having second thoughts.

Go talk to her if you want.

She'll be up soon.

You didn't come with much.

That plus the bad arm?

It's pretty clear you left wherever you were in a hurry.

Corporate issue. Interesting.

There's no sense bein' upset.

You're lucky to be alive right now.

We've been down here for months, and the stakes are high.

How's your arm?

I'll be fine.

Uh-huh.

And, uh, who... whose is this?

Didn't get a name.

Oh.

You know what this means, don't you?

Yeah, I saw your eyes go right to it.

Krayt Head.

See, they don't know.

They got no idea.

What about this?

"By The Hand."

So, where were you?

Sipo.

Youth center.

Three years. I was 13 when I went in.

I never heard of it.

Well, you didn't miss anything.

Yeah.

They've built a lot of cages, huh?

"The axe forgets, but the tree remembers."

Now it's our turn to do the chopping.

So, that's it?

That's why you're here?

Revenge?

Yeah, that's good enough for now.

You?

I was told I could help.

Yeah, but you won't say by who.

Working with other people is never easy.

Yeah.

I didn't mark you for a team player.

It always breaks at the weakest point.

Oh, you're worried about the kids.

Nemik's a surprise.

He's green, but he's all in.

He's a true believer.

Nothing but the cause for him.

Then there's Cinta.

Cinta Kaz.

She's stone cold and fearless.

Probably the toughest one here.

She's already sharin' a blanket, if that's what you're wonderin'.

( Scoffs )

And the Lieutenant?

Without him, there's no plan.

He could be walking us right into a trap.

They would've taken us down by now.

Or maybe that's what you're here for.

I'm here to win and walk away.

Wouldn't that be lovely?

Perrin: The driver's here.

Mon: Kloris.

Yes.

You know his name.

Is Leida ready?

I'm not sure.

Where is she? Leida?

Hmm. Did you eat?

When would that have happened?

I just came down.

Mon: Take something for the ride.

What?

Mon: We need to be going.

Oh. Change in plan.

Dad's taking me.

You're taking me, right?

Got to clear it with her.

I don't have early class today.

We planned this.

You did.

Get your coat. It's not up for discussion.

Are you serious?

Mon: Am I serious?

Just go. You're off the hook.

Enjoying this?

Get your coat.

It's out of your way anyway, so what's the point?

The point is, we have a schedule, the driver's waiting, I've planned on this, and we're going.

You're only doing it to show off.

What?

Just go.

What would I be showing off?

That you're involved somehow.

What? That's just...

Nobody cares. You can relax.

That's just so hurtful.

See? There you go.

Go where?

That's my point.

It's all about you, isn't it?

It's always all about you.

Is this really how you'd like to start the day?

I didn't choose this conversation.

( Somber music playing )

I so appreciate the support.

Dray milk.

You can live on it.

You may question your existence after a few days, but...

( Sniffles )

( Groans )

Memorable, isn't it?

( Device clicking )

That's an old one.

Old and true.

And sturdy.

One of the best navigational tools ever built.

Can't be jammed or intercepted.

Something breaks, you can fix it yourself.

Hard to learn.

Yes, but once you've mastered it, you're free.

We've grown reliant on Imperial tech, and we've made ourselves vulnerable.

There's a growing list of things we've known and forgotten, things they've pushed us to forget.

Things like freedom.

Nemik sees oppression everywhere.

Skeen pretends not to listen, but I know the message is sinking in.

( Chuckles )

He's writin' a manifesto.

Did he tell you?

Apparently, the only thing keepin' us from liberty is a few more ideas.

Few more ideas. ( Chuckles )

It's so confusing, isn't it?

So much going wrong, so much to say, and all of it happening so quickly.

The pace of repression outstrips our ability to understand it.

And that is the real trick of the Imperial thought machine.

It's easier to hide behind 40 atrocities than a single incident.

But they have a fight on their hands, don't they?

Our elemental rights are such a simple thing to hold, they will have to shake the galaxy hard to loosen our grip.

I'd like to hear what Clem believes.

I know what I'm against.

Everything else will have to wait.

You're my ideal reader.

( Skeen scoffs )

Now you've done it.

Haven't titled it yet. I've been waiting.

It's a work in progress, and I know that there's a great deal left to say.

I mean, look.

Right here.

Fresh inspiration.

Two seemingly random objects, and yet this charts an astral path, this maps the trail of political consciousness.

Both systems based on truth, both navigating toward clear and achievable outcomes.

Basic facts expanded to...

Taramyn: Clem.

To be continued.

( Chuckles )

Busy day, Clem. Finish your milk.

( Scoffs )

You don't trust him?

( Sighs )

I barely trust you.

Hmm.

Vel: Obviously, it's a track launch, so there's an adjusted thrust ratio to make it up the ramp.

Cassian: Okay.

It's on an overhead rail.

Has to be, yeah.

So calibrating the weight...

What about it?

How would you do it?

How would I know the weight?

Is this a test?

It's a simple question.

You don't know how to get it off the runway, do you?

We know how to fly it.

Cassian: Yeah, but you've got to get it up there first.

Answer the question. ( Sighs )

You really don't.

Do you?

You don't know how to get it out of there.

How do you input the weight?

( Scoffs )

You sure it's on the rail?

Yes.

It's mounted?

It's ready to go?

That's how they keep it, you're sure of that?

Yes, we're sure.

( Scoffs ) Lieutenant Gorn is in there every day.

Okay.

There's a load clutch.

It... It's a big ugly handle just right next to the booster throttle.

There's a gauge just below to read out the weight.

Taramyn: Why isn't this in the manual?

Because it's a custom job.

It's an add-on.

( Scoffing ) What were you gonna do if I wasn't here?

( Sighs ) Might have been ugly but we'd have figured it out.

( Stammers ) We wanted to be sure.

Oh. Okay. I'll pilot.

Vel: No, you'll do as you're told.

Ah, I'm flying it.

We can say it's your idea. I don't care.

But if it's my ass on the line, I'm pulling this thing out of there.

( Sighs )

Okay.

Okay.

( Snorts )

( Livestock bleating )

Taramyn: Clem.

The tower yard.

The dam.

The garrison HQ and the barracks up top by the east end.

The Rono tunnel.

The flight control tower.

And objective number one, the door at the base of the tower.

The Temple Path.

Now, the real thing has a downhill pitch, but the distance is right.

And down there, where we'll be coming from, The Old Temple.

Got it.

( Dramatic music playing )

Lieutenant Gorn: What's this?

Target practice?

( Clanking )

( Sighs )

Where are they?

This was to be cleaned up yesterday.

Where are they?

They should be back soon, sir.

Lieutenant Gorn: Back from where?

I believe they're in the tower, sir.

The Commandant's wife needed help moving furniture for the dinner.

I'll be back in an hour.

This had better be well on its way, or I promise you, I'll be revisiting the schedule for winter furloughs.

You are Imperial Private Clem.

You're a sentry from the Alkenzi Airbase transferred for special duty.

Shoulders back.

More.

Don't touch me.

You want something, you tell me.

Can you walk like a soldier?

I've seen it done.

Let's find out if you've been payin' attention.

Form up.

( Busy chatter )

Tigo: I don't care where it goes. Just get it out of here.

Soldier: Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

Captain Tigo!

There you are.

They're still clearing out some guests.

What do you think?

As a hotel?

Do you want it or not?

The assignment?

No, you're taking the assignment.

I was asking if this would do as your headquarters.

Could I be made Prefect?

The title. I know it doesn't come with extra pay.

You can wear a ball gown if you'd like.

Just get this up and running before my next staff meeting.

Taramyn: It's about confidence.

We belong here.

We're followin' orders.

The door's bein' opened as we approach.

Lieutenant Gorn will be out front. He's the leader.

He's the gatekeeper.

So eyes on him at all times.

We're locked in. We're listenin'.

We're ready to adapt.

And last man in bolts the door behind him.

Squad, halt.

Questions?

What are they doing?

Never mind about them.

You got enough to worry about.

Let's walk it again at speed.

You should switch.

What?

He's left-handed.

Should swap sides.

Why don't you get a handle on what we're doing here before you start making suggestions.

Vel: Why?

Why switch sides?

Skeen is left-handed.

You want your weapon on the outside.

What am I?

Right-handed.

Vel: Taramyn?

Right.

Vel: Cinta?

Cassian: Right.

Nemik?

Favors right, but shoots left.

Fine.

Let's switch.

Any other suggestions?

( Whirring in distance )

Wait!

( Tense music playing )

Cover the guns.

( All panting )

Taramyn: Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!

( Whooshing )

He's gone.

Vel: I don't think so.

( Whirring )

( Loud whooshing )

( All gasp )

( Livestock bleating )

They'll soon see.

Surprise from above is never as shocking as one from below.

( Loud whooshing )

Corporal Kimzi.

Sir.

Enjoying the view?

Yes, sir.

Gets a bit stale in there sometimes.

( Sighs )

It's always inspiring, isn't it?

Kimzi: I suppose.

Is it true they're tearing this all down?

It's been discussed.

Move the airbase here?

That makes sense.

It's a big project.

Not too many Dhanis to worry about anymore though, eh?

How many do you think we'll have tomorrow?

I don't know.

It was less than a hundred last time.

Still enough to smell 'em, right?

Can you imagine this place with a couple of thousand of them?

Yes.

I can.

Get about your business, Corporal.

I'll be making rounds tomorrow night, and I expect you at your station.

Sir. Yes, sir.

( Both panting )

( Both straining )

Cinta: "Hello."

Cassian: Nahrvai.

Again.

Cassian: Nahrvai.

"Stop."

Cassian: Na is he. Naych.

It's hard.

Naych.

How's your arm?

It's good. You're a healer.

Hey! What are you doing?

I'm just moving your stuff.

Don't.

( Grunts ) It was in the way.

Don't ever.

I thought you were checking the comms.

( Sighs )

Hey.

And you can dress yourself.

Nemik: Who packed these charges?

Cinta: That would be me.

Vel: I can fit three more in here.

Taramyn: Let's have a look at you.

Make a soldier of you yet.

Blevin: So, I'll want weekly reports from Ferrix.

And I want to keep a tight hand on the budget.

Now, what did I miss while I was gone?

Woman: The Finkly Conference.

They have agreed to move up your speech...

( Indistinct chatter )

Dedra: Hosnian Prime?

Heert: It's useless.

They haven't broken, misplaced, or mislabeled a single military component in the past 12 quarters.

Well, maybe there's, uh, an unofficial ledger.

I... I wouldn't trust anything coming out of there.

Imperial Navy is the only account they have left at this point, and they'd never admit anything's wrong.

You should go.

I didn't realize how late it was.

I'm staying if you are.

( Sighs ) I don't know what I'm doing.

About any of it.

Yes, you do.

You're onto something.

Kessel, Fondor, targeting consoles from Jakku, proton warheads from Base Cay, the Steergard Star path.

He's right though.

It's too spread out to be organized.

But you don't believe that.

I know this.

If I was them, this is how I'd do it.

I'd spread it out.

Never climb the same fence twice.

It's too random to be random.

( Breathing heavily )

Two more files each?

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Crackling )

Stay focused, Clem.

( Sniffles )

To the Rebellion.

Nemik: To the Rebellion.

( Dramatic music playing )

Eedy: I needn't tell you how wrong you were about Uncle Harlo.

But you will.

He said he never felt police work was your chosen path.

Syril: 'Cause he knows me so well.

And whose fault is that?

Can I guess?

Perhaps you'll study Uncle Harlo with more energy in the future.

What field is it he thinks I should be pursuing?

He said he wanted to think about it.

I struggled with how best to describe to him the events that have led us here.

I told him how sorry you were about what happened.

I stressed that it was a large enough mistake to be deeply educational.

Yes, I heard some of that.

Our conversation?

Your side of it.

Hard to miss.

Sadly, I wasn't able to study Uncle Harlo's response.

He knows how much we're counting on him.

Vel: Stairs to the hangar?

( All panting )

Cassian: Four flights, four landings.

Vel: Vault cage weak point?

Cassian: Top corners.

Distance to load ramp?

Twenty-eight meters.

Emergency comm signal?

Red-Red.

Clear signal?

My turn.

Lieutenant Gorn.

What's an Imperial lieutenant doing getting involved with this?

What difference does it make?

Everyone else seems to know.

He fell in love with a local woman and lost a promotion.

Then he lost the woman.

Then he lost his taste for the Empire.

( Breathing heavily )

Everyone has their own rebellion.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Machinery whirring )

( Indistinct chatter )

Man: Is the shipment secure, sir?

Lieutenant Gorn: Attention!

Both: Sir.

Lieutenant Gorn: As you were.

I prepared a reduced schedule for tomorrow.

I know you were eager for that.

It'll mean a great deal to the men.

And now, I see the gantry's still unpainted.

I've spoken to them about it, sir.

Lieutenant Gorn: And yet it remains undone with an engineering officer from Coruscant arriving today and in our business.

Let's see if painting it tomorrow night will make the point more clearly.

Kimzi: Sir.

May I speak plainly, sir?

Plainly and quickly.

Aldhani, sir.

It's not many people's first-choice assignment.

The thing you hear when posted to Aldhani is that perhaps you'll be lucky enough to be there for the Eye.

The idea of being this close and not seeing it, and I know we can't all be up there, but I fear morale might be crushed by having anything more than an essential roster down here tomorrow night.

( Sniffles )

I want it painted the day after tomorrow.

I'll be here midday, and I expect to see it shine.

Absolutely, sir.

Thank you, sir.

Make sure the men know how close they've come.

( Sighs )

( Sighs )

( Grunts )

Don't move.

'Cause you know what'll happen.

Hey, what are you doing?

There we go.

I knew it.

I knew you were lying. I knew it.

Look.

What is it?

Skeen: Kyber.

Sky kyber.

He's been hiding it.

Skeen?

Sky kyber. Look at it glow.

What's going on?

I warned you.

He comes here with nothin' but the clothes on his back and a stone worth 30,000 credits?

You have a problem, you come to me.

Here I am.

I've topped out on questions, Vel. I have reached my limit.

He won't say why he's here, where he's from.

He doesn't say what he believes in. And now this?

Who brings a treasure to a robbery?

We don't have time for this.

I need to know who I'm riding with.

You know exactly who I am.

And you know I'll kill you for it.

Okay.

Okay, so, I guess we know it's not a fake, huh?

Cassian: It's your call.

Let's not go too far, Clem.

I just want what's mine.

Yeah, don't put me on the spot.

Enough!

Everyone stands down.

Everyone!

Nemik: There's something coming! There's a... There's a ship in the valley!

Vel: Get your packs up.

Move!

Put the weapon away.

Give him the stone. You can kill each other later.

You'd be right where I am.

Tell yourself whatever you want.

Nemik: I think we're okay!

It's heading towards the garrison!

Get your stuff! Move!

( Ship whooshing in distance )

Vel: We'll talk when we're safe.

I'm being paid.

Paid to be here.

You need to know?

That's it.

What?

Yeah, I'm here for the money.

You can't live with that?

I'm not worth it?

I'll walk away and wish you luck.

But that's what it is.

( Scoffs )

I don't want to walk in looking over my shoulder.

You knew this?

The choice was take him or call it off.

Call it off?

You should've told us days ago.

Maybe so.

It just would've been something else.

What's that mean?

The day before is always hard.

Too much time to worry.

Taramyn: You think we're scared?

I know you are.

It's really only the money?

To take a risk like this?

Come on.

Maybe you're the one that's afraid.

Cassian: Of course I'm afraid.

But there's a difference between fear and losing your nerve.

You want out of this?

Make a choice.

Don't use me as an excuse.

Cinta?

No.

She didn't tell me.

Let's get to the camp in one piece.

You can all chew on it there.

All of you.

Move.

( Sniffles )

( Perrin sighs )

You saw me talking to Gar Ta feed.

Mmm. You were busy tonight.

He knows more about what you're up to than I do.

Must be embarrassing.

( Scoffs )

When were you planning to tell me about this new foundation?

Well, I didn't think you'd be interested.

Why is that?

It's charitable.

Hmm.

What's his name?

Kloris.

Perrin: Kloris?

Sir?

Would you mind taking the Expressway?

Kloris: Yes, sir.

( All panting )

Looks just like your model.

Should do.

I've had plenty of time to study, and we've been sneaking up here for months.

Vel: We need to signal soon.

Let's get a fire up. Let's go.

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Device clicks, whirring )

Vel: Okay, that should do it.

Skeen.

( Clears throat )

( Sniffling )

She wants me to tell you about my brother.

There's a long version, but what matters is they killed him.

He was a farmer.

Imperial Prefect came in, took his land, flooded it.

He couldn't fight him.

He couldn't bear it, so he went a boat and filled his pockets with stones.

I always hated the Empire.

I don't really know what to call how I feel now.

What kind of farm?

Trees.

Pepper trees.

Centuries of 'em.

That's as close to an apology as you're gonna get.

( Chuckles )

It's close enough.

Taramyn's in charge now.

Completely in charge.

I need to know you understand that.

Where will you be?

If all goes well, we'll see you tomorrow night.

I need to hear you tell me you can follow the plan.

You won't have a problem with me.

Good luck to you.

Vel: No farewells tonight.

Plenty of work to do together tomorrow.

( Grunting, panting )

( Sighs )

( Static )

( Static, indistinct chatter )

I thought you were turning it off.

I was just going to.

You said that an hour ago.

Am I keeping you up?

( Sighs )

There's nothing coming through tonight.

You want to be useful, go clean some coins.

( Buzzes )

Happy?

Have you checked your walk-away pack?

Yes.

And the one on the Fondor?

I don't like seeing you nervous.

There's nothing else you can do, Luthen.

They're either gonna be okay out there or they're not.

Well, that's a daring prediction.

Vel's the only one who traces back.

No.

The thief. And or.

I wasn't careful.

You wanted this to happen.

This is what it took.

It's never gonna be perfect.

I wanted it too much.

We have clients in the morning.

Yeah, I'll be ready.

It'll all be over this time tomorrow.

Or it'll just be starting.

Or that.

( Clicks )

( Suspenseful music playing )

# Episode 6 - The Eye

With cover from a spectacular local festival, the Aldhani mission reaches a point of no return.

Wouldn't you rather give it all at once to something real?

What would we be stealing?

The quarterly payroll for an entire Imperial sector.

That's why you're here? Revenge?

Yeah, that's good enough for now.

I didn't mark you for a team player.

Working with other people is never easy.

Vel: We're taking crates of payroll from that vault, loading the freighter, and escaping out of the runway tunnel.

Escaping? In a Rono?

You'll be lucky to make the horizon.

No one's stupid enough to try it.

No one but us.

Taramyn: It's about confidence. We belong here.

We're followin' orders.

Wait!

( Whooshing )

Surprise from above is never as shocking as one from below.

Don't move.

( Grunts )

He comes here with nothin' but the clothes on his back and a stone worth 30,000 credits?

Who brings a treasure to a robbery?

I'm being paid.

You can't live with that?

I don't wanna walk in looking over my shoulder.

Cassian: Looks just like your model.

( Chuckles ) Should do.

I've had plenty of time to study, and we've been sneaking up here for months.

Kleya: There's nothing else you can do, Luthen.

They're either gonna be okay or not.

The thief. Andor.

I wasn't careful.

It'll all be over this time tomorrow.

Or it'll just be starting.

I couldn't sleep.

Cassian: It's natural.

I need to be at my best.

Don't worry.

The excitement will kick in.

I'm struggling to understand why my faith doesn't calm me.

I believe in something. Why am I so unsettled?

I mean, you have nothing, you sleep like a stone.

I write when I can't sleep.

Wrote about you last night. Not you specifically, not "Clem."

Although I'm assuming that's not your real name, anyway.

"The Role of Mercenaries in The Galactic Struggle for Freedom."

My conclusion is simple.

Weapons are tools.

Those that use them are, by extension, assets that we must use to our best advantage.

The Empire has no moral boundaries, why should we not take hold of every chance we can?

Let them see how an insurgency adapts.

( Sighs ) Well, you're half right.

The Empire doesn't play by the rules.

And how am I wrong?

( Sighs )

They don't care enough to learn.

They don't have to.

You mean nothing to them.

Perhaps they'll think differently tomorrow.

Be careful what you wish for.

So you think it's hopeless, do you?

Freedom? Independence? Justice?

We should just submit and be thankful?

Just take what we're given?

( Inhales deeply )

Do I look thankful to you?

( Smacks lips ) No.

But I'm glad that you're here.

No matter what the reason.

Don't worry.

You'll be fine.

You'll sleep when it's done.

( Somber music playing )

( Dramatic music playing )

The Dhanis, they're a simple people.

They breed a sad combination of traits that make them particularly vulnerable to manipulation.

On a practical level, they have great difficulty holding multiple ideas simultaneously.

We've found the best way to steer them as we'd like is to offer alternatives.

You put a number of options on the table, and they're so wrapped up in choosing, they fail to notice you've given them nothing they thought they wanted at the start.

Their deeper problem is pride. The Dhanis would rather lose, they'd rather suffer, than accept. Which is wildly ironic as they've choked down everything we've thrown at them these last 12 years. It's a ten-day trek up from the Lowlands. We offered them a transport because we know they'll refuse, but then, along the way, we've placed a series of "Comfort Units," shelters and taverns with cheap local beverages.

Quite predictably, what began as 500 pilgrims at the bottom has already dwindled down to...

Where are we now, Lieutenant?

We counted 60 last night, sir.

They may pick up some highland stragglers along the way, but it's developing as we'd expected.

Not that long ago, they'd put 15,000 out there.

Have they any idea this is the last time they'll be allowed up here?

No, there's no profit in that.

We've spent the last decade promoting an Imperial viewing festival down in the Enterprise Zone.

They'll have that going forward.

It is their sacred valley, is it not?

Well, ultimately, they will return, won't they, Colonel?

When you need plenty of arms and legs to build all you've got planned.

You've been here the longest, haven't you, Lieutenant?

Yes, sir. Seven years.

Will the Dhanis let us build our new facility in peace?

I don't see them having a choice.

The Eye, Colonel, you're in for a treat.

( Chuckles ) It really is something to see.

Quite the celestial spectacle.

I'm looking forward to it.

Now, what do you make of him?

Colonel Petigar?

He's an engineer. You won't charm him.

Well, it won't be for lack of trying.

Are we secure?

I've brought in 30 sentries from Alkenzi. I'll be supervising them.

I've sent our best men to the perimeters.

Tonight must be perfect.

That's the plan, sir.

Perfect.

I want that word ringing in your ears.

Taramyn: Echo-One.

Echo-One.

Echo-One.

Echo-One on spot.

Echo-One.

Nemik: Go ten up.

What is that?

Fieldcomm. It's a battle radio.

( Radio whirring )

Looks Imperial.

Not anymore.

Taramyn: Echo-One.

Echo-One.

Go three up.

Cassian: What? It's not working?

Nemik: It will. It locks in.

When it does, it will carry on working long after everything else is fried.

Vel: ( Over radio ) Valley-One. Valley-One. Valley-One, go. Valley-One.

Valley-One. Valley-One on spot.

Valley-One. Valley-One.

Taramyn: Echo engaged. Lockin' now.

( Beeping )

Lock and confirm, Echo. Lock and confirm.

( Radio whirring, beeping )

Confirm. We're locked in.

We're dialed in. Movin' now.

( Beeping )

Safe travels.

Taramyn: And to you.

Vel: Valley-One out.

Let's pick it up.

Fallin' behind.

He likes giving orders, doesn't he?

Makes sense, right?

What do you mean? ( Breathing heavily )

They didn't tell you, did they?

( Sighs )

He was a stormtrooper.

Really?

Pick it up!

You should've been here when Cinta found out.

They slaughtered her whole family.

Taramyn: Pick it up.

( Grunts )

( Whooshing )

( Breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

( Whooshing )

Has it started?

Lieutenant Gorn: Well, the Dhanis don't believe it ever ends.

So, yes, sir, it has definitely started.

Gorn here. Go ahead.

Corporal: Low Road Unit reporting, sir.

The guests are arriving.

Lieutenant Gorn: Let's have a peaceful welcome.

Will do, sir.

Form up!

But do it quietly.

( Suspenseful music playing )

Taramyn: Tighten up. Eyes front. They'll be here any minute. You're a soldier now, Clem. These people hate us. The ones that have climbed this far have made a life of it. Do not engage.

We meet soldiers from the garrison? We're from Alkenzi.

They're from Alkenzi? We're from the garrison.

Keep your mouths shut, and remember, we belong here.

( Grunts )

Vel: It might be best if we split these up between us, and...

Soldier 1: Hysterical. I said, "You can't both be right."

( Soldiers laughing )

( Speaking Dhani )

( In English ) They're just gonna be waiting for him, right?

I had a good look at her.

Believe me, patience was not the first thing that came to mind.

( Soldiers laughing )

( Breathing heavily )

Soldier 2: Oi, here comes another one.

Whoo!

( Whooshing )

Oh, look at that.

( Whooshing )

Soldier 1: Come on.

Let's get back to base.

Escort, march!

( Dramatic music playing )

( Jayhold grunts )

( Sighs )

Roboda?

Roboda.

I'm dressing Leonart.

He's 12, he can dress himself.

Come and look at this sash.

None of this was stored properly.

It's all compressed.

Perhaps you've expanded.

Jayhold: Where's his Imperial blouse?

I'm not wearing that.

You'll do as you're told.

Mother, I don't feel well.

You'll make an effort tonight if it kills you.

He might have a fever.

He might feel the back of my hand.

The boy is ill, Jayhold.

He's always ill.

Look, you wanna get out of here, do you?

Get that transfer, leave this stinking planet?

You certainly whine about it enough.

Colonel Petigar will be making those decisions.

Now, I want everyone on their best behavior this evening.

I look forward to seeing that.

( Jayhold sighs )

( Footsteps approaching )

Company, halt!

Squad, halt!

( Speaking Dhani )

( Pilgrims muttering indistinctly )

( In English ) Let them pass.

( Indistinct chatter )

Taramyn: Quick, march!

( Whirring )

Get ready. I think I hear two coming.

( Distant rumbling )

( Whooshing )

Vel: Let's go.

( Both grunting )

You were right.

( Sniffles )

I'm not tired at all.

Tighten up.

All right, listen up!

Squads One, Two, and Four, you're here for the night.

Get comfortable.

I want no surprises.

Squad Three, standby.

You'll be joining the return escort with the Commandant and his family.

If you don't bother them, they won't bother you.

So I want mouths shut and eyes open.

Corporal.

Right turn.

With me.

( Sighs )

( Footsteps approaching )

Squad, halt!

( Muffled whooshing )

( Jayhold chuckles )

Everybody ready?

Ah, the skin?

We trade goat hides for a three-year lease.

If they didn't smell so badly, it might be amusing.

Come on, you two.

The Dhanis have a rough appetite for fragrance.

Yes, I've been warned.

A bit of ceremonial nonsense, and we can tuck into a fine table.

Above the stench.

( Petigar grimaces )

Has she checked in?

( Sighs )

Not yet.

Problem?

She'll be there.

Wrong time to mess up.

They were supposed to call us!

When are you gonna learn?

Soldier 1: We were waiting!

Kimzi: You were waiting?

That's your excuse?

You should know better.

Don't let Gorn catch you.

Voice on comm: Alkenzi Wing Seven. Eastern sweep completed. Returning to base.

( Tense music playing )

Attention!

Corporal.

Sir.

These men from Alkenzi?

Yes, sir.

( Sighs ) You do the talking, eh?

Yes, sir.

Let's make quick work of it.

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Cinta and vel panting )

( Speaking Dhani )

Where is she? We're late.

( Device whirring )

Kimzi: Random.

Alkenzi?

No, they're shutting down right now.

Everything's grounded.

No one wants to be up in this.

( Panting )

Cinta: Vel, get down.

( Panting )

( Tense music playing )

It's solid?

Call them.

Vel: You're sure?

You're stalling.

Taramyn: ( Over radio ) Echo-One. Echo-One. Echo-One. Echo.

Echo-One.

Echo-One. Echo-One.

Valley-One.

Valley-One at go.

Call it.

Are you on point?

Taramyn: Yes. We're here on point.

Are we going or not?

( Tense music intensifies )

Vel.

Go.

We go.

Taramyn: Copy.

( Speaking Dhani )

( In English ) He says, "May The Eye find the good in all of us."

Indeed.

Tell him we'll give him the gift of our absence and be on our way.

( Whooshing )

( Both grunting )

Lieutenant Gorn: Corporal.

At your service.

Fall in.

Right turn.

With me.

( Pilgrims speaking indistinctly in Dhani )

( Gong sounding )

( Chieftain speaking in Dhani )

( Pilgrims exclaiming )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Soldier: Sir.

Lieutenant Gorn: Everything in order?

Yes, sir.

Lieutenant Gorn: You take the point and send your men down.

I want no one up here without my permission.

Will do, sir.

You know, it's the old ones causing all the problems.

Always trying to... ( Continues indistinctly )

( Door buzzing, opening )

It'll all be much easier.

The days of passing skins and ritual nonsense will be soon behind us.

No great loss there.

It's not as if there's much Aldhani civilization to even forget about in the first place.

( Door closes )

Drop it. On the floor.

What's all this?

Roboda: No!

Taramyn: Drop it there.

( Roboda whimpering )

Where's Lieutenant Gorn?

Down, on the ground. Down.

( Crying )

What's the meaning of this?

Be quiet!

( Roboda crying )

Move.

Roboda: Please.

This is an outrage!

Skeen: Quiet! Stop talking!

Stop right there.

( Roboda sobbing )

( Tense music playing )

Colonel Petigar: Let the boy go.

( Roboda crying )

Let the boy go!

Jayhold...

Colonel, please.

Nobody has to die.

( Blasters firing )

( Petigar grunts )

( Dramatic music playing )

Soldier: Everything all right, sir?

All good.

You can join your men at the bottom of the hill now.

Enjoy the Eye.

Soldier: Yes, sir.

Thank you, sir.

You'll never get out of here.

( Grunts )

( Whirring )

We're good.

( Pilgrims cheering )

You do everything they tell you.

Just what are you after?

Vel: You'll be taking us to the payroll vault.

That's insane.

Or we die together.

I can't open the vault.

Time check.

Falling behind.

Go. We'll finish.

Jayhold: Didn't you hear me?

I don't control the vault!

It's on a code from the air base.

It's done remotely.

Keep lying and it'll be a short night for you.

We know how the vault works.

We need your hand to key the sensor.

We can take just that if you'd prefer.

Jayhold: You'll never make it out.

Vel: You better pray we do.

You have no idea...

One path! One choice.

We win, or everyone dies.

Starts now.

( Leonart whimpers )

( Whirring )

Jayhold, please just do what they say.

( Beeping )

( Electrical buzzing )

( Static )

Welcome, sir.

Put them down.

Down!

Against the wall. Move.

Move!

Down.

Sorry, just having a problem with the comms.

Try the inverse channel.

Hands away from the console.

Get up, now!

Move!

Let's go! Move!

( Roboda sobbing )

( Static )

( Pilgrims singing in Dhani )

( Speaking Dhani )

Nemik: Lights. Parapet. Base Floods. Turrets. Launch Tunnel.

Comms, you know.

This?

Don't touch, that's Alkenzi, that's the Air Base Link.

You're coming with us.

Everyone else stays here.

Your comms have been disabled.

Ours are working.

If you don't help us, your family will die.

If you slow us down, if you stall, if you argue, if you play us in anyway, they will die.

You'll kill us anyway.

'Cause that's what you'd do, right?

No.

If we get what we came for, everyone walks away.

But if we go down, you're right there with us.

Nemik: 14 minutes.

Vel: Move.

Tell me you'll be all right.

I'll be fine.

Go.

( Tense music playing )

( Roboda breathing heavily )

( Sighs )

( Pilgrims singing in Dhani )

Are you having trouble with your comms?

It just went down.

The Alkenzi line is still open, but everything else is fried.

Weird, right?

Must be the Eye.

( Suspenseful music playing )

Clem out first.

( Whirring )

Skeen: Clear.

Taramyn: Vel, take him.

Vel: Move.

Taramyn: Clem, with me.

Guard 1: Forty credits.

Guard 2: I'm in.

Guard 3: Deal.

Hexba.

Guard 4: Hexa.

Guard 5: Hoxla.

Guard 1: Come on.

Guard 6: Oh, come on.

( Guards laughing )

Taramyn: Commandant on the floor!

Commandant inspection!

Muster up! Let's go.

Guard 1: Yes, sir.

Line it up!

Move!

Hands on heads!

Hands on your heads!

Taramyn: Drop it! Now!

Out! Out!

Jayhold: This is not an inspection, it is a robbery!

Vel: Move!

Jayhold: They've taken the tower and communications.

They're holding hostages, including my wife and son.

Move!

They've already killed, and I am sure that they will do so again, which is why I am urging you to cooperate.

Vel: Enough! Move! Move!

( Guard 4 grunts )

Hey!

You are gonna load us out as fast as possible.

Anyone doesn't want to hustle for the next ten minutes, raise your hand.

All right, up! Up! Up! Up! Let's go!

Two men to a trolley. Let's go!

You got power?

Yeah, I do indeed.

Skeen: Let's go! Move! Move! Move!

( Singing in Dhani )

( Speaking Dhani )

( Beeping, whirring )

Jayhold: I can't unlock the trays. It takes a signal from Alkenzi.

Vel: Get with the others.

Jayhold: I only control the gate!

Move!

They won't open!

Jayhold: Do you hear me? I don't control the vault!

Get ready.

Fire in the hole!

( Whirring intensifies )

( Explosion )

They're in.

Go. I'm almost done. I'll be right behind you.

( Tense music playing )

Let's go!

Let's go! You, here! Move, move! Move!

Vel: You, up there! Move! You up there!

Nemik: ( Over radio ) Echo-One. Echo-One, on spot. Echo-One. Echo-One, on spot.

Valley-One. Loud and clear.

Nemik: We've taken the vault and breached the vault door...

( Distorted ) In... Repeat. We're in... the freighter now.

Cinta: Copy that. All good up here.

( Beeping, whirring )

Nemik: Get ready. Alkenzi should be calling in soon.

Cinta: Will do. Valley-One out.

( Singing in Dhani )

( Speaking Dhani )

Vel: Come on!

( Guards panting )

Come on!

Taramyn: Load!

Out of the way!

Vel: Come on! All the way around!

Taramyn: Move! Bring it in!

Get it turned around! Move! Move!

Taramyn: You're taking too long! Let's go! Let's go!

Go! Get out! Out! Out! Okay!

Vel: Come on!

Taramyn: Faster! Get it round and moving!

Vel: Move! Move! Come on, move!

Man: ( Over radio ) Tower One, this is Alkenzi Wing Command. Requesting status rep. We have a vault-breach indicator lighting up over here.

( Beeping )

( Singing in Dhani )

Man: Tower One, please respond. A vault-breach indicator light has gone off, and we need clari...

( Buzzes )

( Beeping, whirring )

( Powering down )

( Pilgrims singing in Dhani )

Soldier: Where are we going?

Kimzi: Heading to the vault.

Soldier: But we'll miss the Eye.

Move! Let's go!

Let's go! Move! Move! Move!

Skeen: Move!

Bring 'em in, bring 'em in. Keep loading!

Vel: Come on!

Now! Now!

Vel: Move, move, move!

Skeen: All right! Move! Let's go!

Taramyn: Keep moving!

Vel: Come on!

Cassian: Go, go, go!

Vel: Move it!

Get out of here.

Taramyn: Keep loadin'!

Vel: Let's go!

Taramyn: Faster!

Skeen: Come on.

Move! Move!

Vel: Come on! Faster! Move!

Move!

Get loading!

Vel: Get it on. Come on.

Come on!

( Singing in Dhani )

Vel: Move!

Taramyn: That's it. Let's go!

Guard: All right, got it.

Taramyn: Move, move! Move! Move!

Vel: Keep moving! Keep moving.

Go! Move around him! Move!

Time check!

Five-nine.

Faster! Faster! Faster!

Vel: Come on! Let's go! Come on!

( Whirring )

Kimzi: Watch yourselves! It's a long way down!

( Whooshing )

( Pilgrims gasp )

Almost home! Everyone can go home!

Let's move!

Move!

Right, get it out! Out!

Lieutenant Gorn: What are you doing? You're still loading?

Vel: We have two minutes.

Lieutenant Gorn: I was afraid you'd be leaving!

We need to be locking up!

Guard: Easy there... Yeah... Quickly, quickly...

You.

Quit gawking and get pushing.

Close it down! Let's go! Last call!

You'll hang for this.

Seven years serving you? I deserve worse than that.

Are we good to go?

We're good.

Okay, come on! Come on!

( Klaxon alarm blaring )

( Thudding, clinking )

Lieutenant Gorn: Are you crazy?

Just leave it! Get this thing in the air!

Kimzi: What's going on here?

( Suspenseful music playing )

You're off your post, Corporal.

Sorry, sir, but...

This is a classified mission, and you're not cleared to be here.

Commandant?

Tell him, sir. Tell him he needs to leave.

Kimzi: Sir?

I am giving you a direct order, Corporal!

What is going on here?

( Gasping )

Kimzi: Sir...

( Tense music playing )

( Blasters firing )

( Grunting )

( Blaster fires )

( Grunts )

( Blasters firing )

( Grunts )

( Soldier grunts )

( Groaning )

( Firing continues )

Go and get us ready!

Cover me!

Now!

( Both grunting )

( Groaning )

( Blaster fires )

( Both grunting )

( Gasping )

( Beeping, whirring )

( Whirring )

( Grunting )

( Both straining )

( Cassian grunting )

( Cassian chokes )

( Blasters firing )

I'm pinned down!

( Growls )

Cover me!

( Taramyn grunting )

( Groaning )

No!

( Grunting )

( Gasping, grunting )

( Breathing heavily )

( Blaster fires )

( Grunts )

( Yells )

( Soldier groans )

Where's Taramyn?

( Ship whirring )

( Dramatic music playing )

( Breathing heavily )

( Blasts ricocheting )

( Whirring )

( Whooshing )

Get this thing in the air!

Go! Go! Go!

( Beeping, whirring )

( Powering up )

Hang on!

( Whooshing )

( Guards screaming )

( Skeen and nemik grunting )

( Grunts )

( Breathing heavily )

( Whooshing )

( All gasping )

Skeen: No!

Vel: Nemik!

( Nemik groaning )

( Grunts )

Skeen: No! No! No!

Lift him!

( Nemik groans )

I can't feel my legs. I can't, I can't feel my legs.

Vel: Nemik.

Skeen: Hey.

Vel: Nemik, can you hear me?

( Whimpers )

Vel: Can you hear me?

I need a flight path.

Skeen: He's hurt! Hold on!

What are you doing?

Hold him still.

What is that?

Med-spike. Keep him still.

Skeen: ( Shushes ) Go, go, go.

No. ( Whimpers )

( Grunts, gasps )

( Vel breathing heavily )

( Gasps )

Where am I heading? I need numbers!

Hold on!

( Dramatic music playing )

( Vel and skeen grunt )

Cassian: I'm flying blind!

( Beeping, whirring )

( Whooshing )

( Beeping )

Climb!

Climb? Look out the window.

Climb. Full climb now!

What did you give him?

I'm pegged here!

I don't have the speed to make it!

And now you want me to climb?

( Screaming ) Climb!

( Vel and skeen grunt )

( Whirring, beeping )

( Whooshing )

( Beeping )

Dive!

( Whooshing )

Vector six-five-five-five-one.

Full boost thrust on level!

Come on!

( Glass breaking )

( Yelling )

( Whooshing )

( Explosion )

( Pilot yelling )

( Breathing heavily )

( Pilgrims gasp )

( Crying )

( Whooshes )

( Thuds )

I need to know where we're going.

Vel: Is he still with us?

Yeah, you disappointed?

That's not fair.

Cassian: Where are we heading?

She wants to bail on him.

He's dying.

Skeen: You don't know that.

There's a doctor. We have it built into the contingency.

She doesn't want to jeopardize the mission.

This kid, I mean, this kid is the reason that we are here.

He's alive.

( Clicking, whirring )

How do we get to the doctor?

( Sighs )

( Somber music playing )

( Devices beeping, whirring )

( Dr. Quadpaw grunting )

Skeen: You think he'll make it?

Cassian: He could get lucky.

Yeah, luck.

( Scoffs )

It drives the whole damn galaxy, doesn't it?

( Sighs )

You wanna guess how much is in there?

( Tense music playing )

Eighty million, give or take.

What'd you tell me?

You wanna win and walk away.

Well... forty million apiece.

Don't tell me you haven't thought about it.

See, I can't fly the trawler, but I do have a safe place we can hole up.

Between the two of us, we could be the winners here.

So no rebellion for you?

Oh, I'm a rebel. It's just, uh... me against everybody else.

( Sighs ) Where would that put me?

Forty million credits is enough for me to forget all about you.

( Scoffs )

Your brother, with the orchard?

I don't have a brother.

So just leave them here?

Don't play the high mind with me.

You're not here to save anybody but yourself.

I saw it the first minute you came into camp.

You're like me, we were born in the hole, all we know is climbing over somebody else to get out.

There's a moon eight parsecs from here with nobody home.

Put that thing down, catch our breath, split up the winnings, and walk...

( Skeen grunts )

( Sighs )

( Breath trembling )

Vel: Thank you. Thank you for trying.

( Somber music playing )

I did everything I could.

It's not you, Doc.

And it's not what you think, either.

Oh, surprise me.

I'll give you 30,000 credits for the ship in the barn.

That's twice what it's worth.

Excuse me?

Where's Skeen?

Skeen! Skeen!

He's dead.

He wanted to take the money and leave you here.

He wouldn't do that.

( Scoffs )

You're gonna have to think about that.

You disgusting bastard.

Taramyn warned me.

I'm taking my cut. The number I was promised.

I'm leaving you the freighter and what's inside.

I did my job.

I'm done.

And I wouldn't stick around if I were you.

Return this to your friend.

Wait.

Nemik's manifesto.

He said to give this to you.

I don't want it.

He insisted.

( Sighs )

Major Partagaz: Don't get comfortable. This is not a meeting.

No one is going home.

Tell your staff, tell your families.

I want every Star Sector and Planetary Emergency Retaliation plan in the building ready for presentation by midnight.

Mon: Senator Dhow's proposal is both temperate and timely, far more reasoned and thoughtful than the calls for decree we've been hearing from the other side.

There will be a fact-finding commission put in place this session, and it will prove that this is a boot to the throats of all Ghormans, who've done nothing more than request their basic rights.

( Indistinct chatter )

Mon: My bill assails the coarse and blatant domination of a peaceful and faithful ally.

( Delegates clamouring intensifies )

( Beeping )

Woman: The blue is lovely.

Kleya: It's a Devaron blue.

There's an inscription on that one.

In a language no one remembers.

How sad.

No, it's liberating. You decide what it says.

Your own secret language.

Man: Got anything from Aldhani?

Excuse me?

Man: Aldhani.

Big rebel attack last night. It's all the news.

I'll have to look.

Maybe we have something in the back.

Man: Really? I was kidding.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Breathing heavily )

( Laughing )

( Sighs )

( Exhales )

# Episode 7 - Announcement

The fallout from the Aldhani heist is swift and seismic, shaking the Imperial Security Bureau on Coruscant into action, and prompting more intrigue for Senator Mon Mothma. Meanwhile, Cassian Andor returns home to find a much changed Ferrix.

Wouldn't you rather give it all at once to something real?

What would we be stealing?

The quarterly payroll for an entire Imperial sector.

Dedra: If I was them, this is how I'd do it.

I'd spread it out.

Never climb the same fence twice.

( Whimpers )

Timm: Bix!

Who did this? ( Grunts )

Timm!

Nemik: So you think it's hopeless, do you?

Freedom? Independence?

We should just submit and be thankful?

Do I look thankful to you?

Lieutenant Gorn: Corporal.

At your service.

Fall in.

Turn.

With me.

Tell me you'll be all right.

I'll be fine.

Go.

( Explosion )

Let's go!

What is going on here?

( Blasters firing )

I'm pinned down!

( Growls )

( Groaning )

No!

Hang on!

( Whooshing )

( Grunts )

Eedy: My assumption is, you have no prospect for the future.

I'm calling Uncle Harlo.

I'm calling in the family favor.

You wanna guess how much is in there?

Forty million a piece, give or take.

So no rebellion for you?

Oh, I'm a rebel. It's just, uh... me against everybody else.

( Skeen grunts )

He wanted to take the money and leave you here.

He wouldn't do that.

I'm taking my cut.

I did my job.

I found someone I think can help me.

We're vulnerable enough.

We need funding, not more people.

Don't lecture me on vulnerability.

No one's more at risk than I am.

Eedy: Syril?

Syril!

( Sighs )

Is that what you're wearing?

Syril: It would seem so.

What makes you believe the Bureau of Standards is in the market for individuals?

It's a brown suit.

It's your interview.

Perhaps, you would like to come along.

( Newscast playing indistinctly )

Uncle Harlo's influence is not a thing to be trifled with.

How am I trifling?

He's done us a tremendous favor.

You need to remember you're not just representing yourself today.

It's a brown suit. ( Clears throat )

The collar.

What about it?

It's high.

You've had it raised.

I had it tailored.

Everything says something, Syril.

I've tried to make you understand that, you've resisted.

( Clicks tongue ) What is it that you hear my collar saying?

"Look at me. I don't believe in myself. I am desperate for approval."

Man: ( On newscast ) We have distressing reports are reaching us that a terror attack and robbery have taken place at the Imperial Armory on Aldhani, with multiple fatalities reported.

What happened?

Eedy: Rabble.

...a Blockade Order was issued...

Eedy: They attacked a garrison.

They'll regret it.

Man: ...officials on the scene are still assessing the loss and searching for the conspirators.

Yularen: The criminals responsible for last night's atrocity on Aldhani think they've taken the Empire by surprise. We know better.

We know the real shock will be when they discover how ready and eager we are to respond, to be prepared, to be here this morning and know that the only question we need to answer is how tight to close our fist. This is why we plan. This is why we work so hard when we're at peace. This is why we recruit so carefully and demand so much.

The following measures will be adopted Empire-wide as of today.

A tribute tax equal to five times the amount stolen from Aldhani will be levied on any sector harboring partisan activity.

We will make it clear that no one steals from the Empire.

The use of any local custom, festival, or tradition as cover for rebel activity will trigger permanent revocation of Imperial tolerance.

I spoke with Emperor Palpatine last night, and he's assured me that the ISB will be taking the lead going forward.

No one in this room should have trouble accessing Army or Naval resources in future.

The Emperor will be convening an emergency session of the Senate to propose a legislation package of bills and amendments that will free our hands in all matters of surveillance, search, and seizure.

We will be invoking the Public Order Resentencing Directive later today.

P-O-R-D.

Any criminal act, with even indirect effect on the Empire, will henceforth be branded a Class One Offense.

All prison sentences are immediately re-evaluated.

All outstanding fines and levies are to be paid in full.

I have assured the Emperor...

Heert: You're not pleased.

Dedra: We're playing straight into their hands.

Heert: Whose hands?

The rebels.

This is exactly what they want.

We're treating what happened at Aldhani like a robbery.

Heert: What would you call it?

An announcement.

Man: ( On radio ) Preliminary investigation puts the loss at over eighty million credits. All military personnel at the garrison have been replaced and are being interrogated by ISB. ISB confirms the tracking devices in the escape craft were disabled prior to it reaching hyperspace. 134 Aldhani residents have been taken into custody under suspicion of abetting the terrorists.

( Static, beeping )

Mon Mothma.

Without warning?

Wipe the smile off your face. ( Chuckles )

( Whirring )

( Door hisses )

( Sighs ) I should've called.

We're on our way to the Senate, I realized we'd be passing by.

I'll be right back.

Kloris: Ma'am.

Perrin likes it, I'm just not sure he loves it.

Ah.

I think I might want the other one.

( Mon sighs )

Was this you?

Luthen: What do you mean?

( Softly ) The garrison. Aldhani.

Ah! Is it true?

Kleya was just... ( Muffled )

Mon: ( Muffled )

I've been worried you might do something like this.

( Laughs )

How I wish I had.

Let's have a look.

I don't believe you.

Well, you'll have to try harder.

Don't you dare talk to me like that.

Revolutions are expensive.

I told you, I'm doing everything I can.

( Chuckles ) Your "everything" seemed to be all about bringing in a savior to access your family funds.

( Softly ) It was you, wasn't it?

I explained to you the risk of new faces, but you seemed to know better.

( Shudders ) You realize what you've done?

I thought you were here to tell me about the meeting.

It's tonight.

They may reschedule.

I warned you when we started.

You told me we were building a network.

What were my words?

This is something else entirely.

Luthen: "Turning back will be impossible."

You knew where this was going.

You've always known.

( Laughs )

Has anyone ever made a weapon that wasn't used?

The network's been built. It's up.

It grows or it dies.

( On comms ) We've waited long enough. You realize what you've set in motion?

Luthen: It was time for that as well. Palpatine won't hesitate now.

Exactly!

We need it.

We need the fear.

We need them to overreact.

You can't be serious.

The Empire has been choking us so slowly, we're starting not to notice.

The time has come to force their hand.

People will suffer.

That's the plan.

You're not angry at me.

I'm just saying out loud what you already know.

There will be no rules going forward.

If you're not willing to risk your conscience, then surrender and be done with it.

( Sighs )

We need every credit we can get our hands on.

Let me know how the meeting goes.

( Breathes heavily )

I'm afraid I won't be taking either of these pieces this morning.

( Laughs ) I'll have some new things coming in very, very soon.

Mon: I'll be sure to come by.

Luthen: ( Laughs ) Always at your service, Senator.

Always at your service.

I hope she's worth it.

Luthen: Well, we'll see, won't we?

We can't hide forever.

( Limo whirring )

People all think we're kidding when we say it, but it's true.

There are no small jobs at the Bureau Of Standards.

( Inhales deeply ) I spoke with your uncle.

Some sectors might naturally appear more exciting from the outside.

Weights and Gauges may seem a more vibrant arena than Redundancy or Verification, but walk the floor, talk to any lifetime employee, you'll be surprised.

I'm sure.

Morlana One.

Syril: Yes, uh... ( Breathing heavily )

There's a rebel murderer running free because of corruption and laxity in the corporate authority.

I was punished for trying to uphold the law.

Do my job. Maintain public safety.

Two men dead.

Co-workers.

I believe that we have laws for a reason.

I fully intend to clear my name and have my record expunged.

Why don't we start that process now?

Probably best for everyone to just edit this a bit before signing you in.

I'm sure your uncle would approve.

( Beeping )

Fresh start, eh?

New beginnings.

We just happen to have an immediate opening in Fuel Purity.

I'd hate to see you miss your chance.

( Beeping )

( Indistinct chatter on PA )

Man: ( On PA ) Exit right for the Senate level.

( Lively chatter )

Exit left for the downtown, midtown level.

( Tense music playing )

Stormtrooper: Four-nine vector six. L-U-H-three-four-one. Security clearance code...

Man: The food is superb.

Woman: It's quite exquisite...

( Door hisses )

Dedra: At ease, Attendant.

( Gasps ) Yes, sir.

Ma'am. Sir.

Your tunic.

Sorry, sir. Ma'am.

Sorry.

What is your name?

Felzonis.

Attendant Felzonis.

Hmm. I need a Multi-Sector Data Blend going back two years.

The survey pool is Imperial Naval bases and repair facilities.

I want a record of all missing avionics, comm, navigation, and targeting equipment.

For which star system?

All star systems.

Is that a problem?

I'll need this report kept confidential and a copy sent exclusively to my office.

Can I rely on you for that level of discretion?

Absolutely.

Yes. Can do.

Will do.

Will do.

Right. Get on with it.

( Cinta panting, grunts )

( Sighs )

( Panting )

( Sighs )

Where is he?

I shouldn't even be here.

Neither of us should.

The money's safe.

We know.

It's been moved already. You've done exceptional work.

It's the trawler that we're more worried about.

It's buried. Gone for good.

You're sure?

Yes.

He read your message.

( Scoffs )

I really thought he'd be here.

Every loss is different.

Every one's the same.

I recruited Taramyn myself.

Nemik, Gorn, they'll all be remembered.

That's it?

He had doubts about Skeen.

It's one less thing to worry about.

Have you heard from Cinta?

She's doing what she was told.

Receiving messages is just as dangerous as sending them.

You should keep that in mind.

We have a loose end.

Cassian Andor, who you know as Clem.

You need to find him.

Find him?

We can't have him walking around with Luthen in his head.

You mean kill him.

This is what revolution looks like, Vel.

( Tense music playing )

We'll send you what we have on him.

( Whooshing )

( Whirring )

( Blaster whirs )

Maarva: ( Softly ) Who's there?

I hear you!

( Whirring )

( Rattles )

Maarva: Just, just hold on!

( Maarva panting )

B2EMO: Cassian.

Oh! Get in here. ( Breathes heavily )

Since when do we lock the door?

Oh!

B2EMO: Where have you been?

Look at you. ( Sighs )

( Kettle beeps )

You can't stay here, Cass. It's not safe.

B2EMO: There is t-t-troopers now.

Cassian: That was fast.

Yeah, they came the next day.

Kicked out Pre-Mor, took over the hotel.

Ferrix is under Imperial authority.

( Groans )

You shouldn't be here. ( Sighs )

Someone turned me in.

You don't know?

Know what?

B2EMO: T-T-Timm.

What?

Timm Karlo turned you in.

No point in stewing over it, he's dead now.

The Corpos killed him when they were coming after you.

How do you know all this?

Everyone knows it.

Bix knew about it?

No.

She was coming to warn you, and Timm was trying to stop her, or to catch her, I don't know. I've... I've heard both.

But you can't be here, Cass.

The Imperials are here to stay.

They're not going away this time.

It's all come undone.

We won't have to worry about that.

What are you talking about?

We're getting out of here.

We're leaving.

To go where?

Anywhere we want.

( Chuckles ) I got lucky.

I scored.

I've got enough credits to get us anywhere.

We're gonna clear out.

Leave this mess behind.

B2EMO: When d-d-do we go?

We go tonight.

Tonight?

Yeah, why not?

What do we need to take but the three of us?

( Whirring )

Huh? Get out of the cold and damp.

Find somewhere warm and easy.

I can make it happen.

It's all gonna be different now, Ma.

( Kettle hissing )

( Grunts )

( Cassian sighs )

( Kettle beeps )

( Grunts )

Cassian: What's wrong?

Maarva: Just such a lot to take in.

No one knows I'm here.

We take what we can carry, and we disappear.

It's just such a big idea, you know, I... I get so tired.

You surprised me. ( Chuckles )

( Chuckles ) What am I thinking? It's... It's late.

Yeah, yeah. You... You gotta rest.

I'll check up on Bix, and we'll pull out first thing in the morning.

All right?

B2EMO: F-F-First thing.

Let's do that.

Ah.

( Lively chatter )

Thank you.

Sorry we're not having dinner.

How long are you staying?

I'm back to Chandrila tomorrow.

I haven't been home all year.

You haven't missed much.

I've missed you.

You always seem to be away when I'm there.

I'm not that hard to find, Mon.

Not for a Senator.

You're right.

I've been a poor friend.

No, that's not what I meant.

Life takes us where it will.

You've become all this. All these years.

We're both a long way from where we started.

Mon: Have I changed so much?

We've all had to adapt.

Is it that bad?

( Smacks lips ) I just can't imagine living here, Mon.

Like this.

Coruscant.

No escape.

Just this glimpse of what it's like here, what you have to do.

It can be challenging.

You carry it gracefully.

Can I trust you, Tay?

Can I call back our old kinship and share some truth with you?

Leida: Mother.

Leida.

Do you remember my daughter?

Of course.

This is Tay Kolma, one of my oldest friends.

How do you do?

You've met before.

Bank Of Kolma? You know Adrine and Marsa from back home.

My sisters.

Um, I'm not sure.

It's been a long time, and you've certainly grown up.

( Mon chuckles )

So everyone says.

Typical banker. No one pays me to be original.

Oh. Father said I needed to ask you if I may be excused.

Yes.

You're excused.

Tay: Lovely seeing you again.

Leida: Uh, yes. Have fun, Mother.

Another part of the challenge.

It's a difficult age.

I've spent a great deal of time thinking about this conversation, Tay.

I want to tell you something that only three people in the galaxy know about.

Why would you want to do that?

Because I need your help.

And I'm hoping I can trust you.

Is this personal or political?

Political.

Then I'd suggest you hesitate.

Why?

Tay: Like I said, we've both changed.

I've done more than grow weary of the Empire.

I'm afraid you'd find my politics a bit strong for your taste.

Your world is inescapably linked to the Empire.

You're with these people all the time.

( Clicks tongue ) I'm not sure you're aware how far afield some of us have taken our political allegiances these days.

( Breathes heavily )

Sorry, I think I've had too much of Perrin's Embassy punch.

( Chuckling ) Drink up.

Drink up, Tay, and keep smiling ( Chuckles ) as if we're having a happy chat about childhood days.

I'm not sure I understand.

No, you don't.

What you see, what people say about me, it's a clear picture, isn't it?

I'm a polite, sometimes-indecisive Senator who spends her days fighting and failing to protect Separatist do-gooders and battle Empire overreach.

An irritation, as you so harshly put it.

I've made you angry, I...

No, no. You've set me free.

I've been wondering all day how I could be sure of confiding in you.

I don't know what we're talking about.

It's a lie.

The Mon Mothma people think they know, it's a lie.

It's a projection.

It's a front.

Smile. ( Chuckles )

I've learned from Palpatine.

I show you the stone in my hand, you miss the knife at your throat.

Where is this going, Mon?

The Grand Vizier has infiltrated my Separatist Coalition meetings.

My driver is an ISB plant and reports on my secret humanitarian programs.

They know they watch me, and I want that, because as long as everyone thinks I'm an irritation, there's a good chance they'll miss what I'm really doing.

What are you really doing?

Raising money.

I need to access my family accounts. Until recently, I was able to dip in and out of my family fortune without concern.

( Inhales ) That's changed.

I need help.

Raising money for what?

I'm forming a Chandrilan charitable outreach program.

I'll ask you to be chairman.

It will involve visits here to Coruscant.

It will appear to be another of my benevolent and useless irritations.

( Whispering ) I've explored the alternatives.

You're my best shot.

You haven't answered my question.

And I won't.

You're better off not knowing.

Or perhaps, you'd find my politics a bit strong for your taste.

Perrin's on his way over.

He knows none of this. He's not to be trusted.

Smile.

There you are.

Reminiscing, are we? School days?

Are we that predictable?

( Chuckles )

There's a reunion coming up.

Oh, don't remind me. ( Chuckles )

She pretends not to care, but we both know better, don't we?

It was ever thus.

May I steal her back? There's a few guests that require special handling.

Of course.

To be continued.

( Breathes deeply )

( Panting )

( Knocks )

( Knocks )

( Radio static )

Hey.

Bix: ( On comms ) Cass?

Hey.

What are you doing here?

Remember when your father caught me climbing over that wall?

This is the last place you should be.

( Cassian chuckles, sniffs )

I think those were his exact words. ( Chuckles )

It's not safe here.

Timm?

I guess he thought you and I were back together.

Why would he think that?

You can't be as surprised as I was.

( Door opens )

What happened to you?

I ran into a wall, like I do.

You can't be here, Cass.

Troopers won't catch me.

Not here.

They won't have to.

You'll be turned in.

By who?

By who?

By anyone.

People blame you for what happened.

Blame me?

You killed two Corpos and came home to hide.

Put the entire town at risk.

Now there's Imperials on the street.

If Timm had kept his mouth shut.

If this, if that. If you, if me, if Timm.

We were doing a deal you...

You scam, you borrow, you lie, you disappear.

Your crazy boyfriend tries to get me killed, and I'm the villain?

You need to get as far away from here as you can.

( Breathes deeply )

( Scoffs ) Wow.

I will.

I am.

You won't have to worry about me anymore.

( Scoffs, sighs )

I need to know about the other guy.

The buyer, who is he?

I don't know.

You're lying.

I'm not.

Paak introduced us, but swears he doesn't know either.

I have a comm. I call. I wait.

Sometimes they respond.

He knew all about me. How?

I... I don't know.

And you're right, he did know.

He knew that the Corpos were on you. But not from me.

( Inhales ) You ever talk to him again, tell him I held up my end of the deal, and he needs to forget about me.

And that goes for everybody. ( Sighs )

I've done it before.

12,000 credits.

That's everything I owe. ( Sighs )

Xan, Nurchi, Brasso, Deema.

Twelve should cover it.

Be careful, Cass.

You too.

( Metal ladder rattles )

( Stormtrooper speaking indistinctly )

( Footsteps approaching )

( Marching )

Clem: This is not our fight, Cass.

( Frantic chatter )

( Sighs ) Don't worry. They won't be here long.

They're just gonna raise their silly flag and fly away.

Man: Long live the Republic!

Man 2: Free Ferrix!

( People shouting )

Don't move. Stay here.

Hey, guys! Calm down!

You're only making things worse!

Officer: Halt!

( Shouting stops )

Officer: Turn!

( People gasp, whisper )

Ready arms!

( Footsteps approaching )

( Gasps )

( Sighing )

( Door hisses )

( Whirring )

B2EMO: M-M-Maarva.

He's b-b-back.

I was coming to find you.

Cassian: Here I am.

You haven't done much packing.

B2EMO: She says we can't go.

Maarva: Bee. Quiet.

Cassian: What is this?

I'm not going.

What are you talking about?

Maarva: I'm staying.

Cassian: But it's... it's not safe.

I know all that.

Cassian: I can't be here.

You said it yourself, "It's all come undone."

There's an Imperial barracks on Rix Road.

Good luck to them.

You wanna live under that?

It's happening everywhere.

( Sighs ) Well, we'll find a place they haven't ruined yet.

I'm already there.

That place is in my head.

They can build as many barracks as they like, they'll never find me.

( Sighs ) What's left to keep you here?

The Rebellion. ( Sighs )

What?

Ferrix has been hiding long enough.

So now you're taking on the Empire?

( Sighs ) Laugh if you want to.

Who's laughing? This is madness.

No, it's not.

It's overdue, and probably doomed, and I'm too old, and I don't care anymore.

For 13 years, every time I walk down Rix Road, I turn off before I get to the square.

I take the long way around so I don't have to think about Clem hanging there.

( Ice cracks )

( Breathing heavily )

( Rope creaking )

( Wind whooshing )

Then yesterday, I heard about this attack at Aldhani.

Have you heard about this?

What about it?

Well, Bee played me the news.

Do you know what I'm talking about?

Cassian: Yeah, yeah, the garrison at Aldhani.

I heard that, I put on my best coat, and I walked across the square with a smile on my face.

( Sighs )

If there are heroes brave enough to take on a whole Imperial garrison, I'm brave enough to stick it out here.

( Breathes heavily )

I... I don't expect you to understand.

Aldhani was just a robbery.

People are standing up.

Yeah, and getting killed for it.

But there's work that will need doing.

Yeah? ( Stammers ) What is that?

Whatever it takes.

I've been lying around waiting to die long enough.

( Chirps sadly )

You can't beat them, Maarva.

Not if I run away.

( Whirring )

You have a different path, Cass, and I am not judging you.

Everything you've been through, everything that was taken away from you before you even started?

( Scoffs )

Take all the money you've found and go and find some peace.

I won't have peace.

I'll be worried about you all the time.

That's just love.

Nothing you can do about that.

I've never loved anything the way I love you, and I've never fretted on anything more, but this time... ( Gulps, sighs ) you can't stay, and I can't go.

( Sighs )

B2EMO: C-C-Can I speak now?

No!

( Chirps sadly )

Tell me you understand.

I don't.

You will. ( Stammers ) You'll see.

( Sighs )

And just one more thing... Just... ( Sighs ) Stop searching for your sister.

It's a fantasy. There were no survivors on Kenari. What happened there was not your responsibility. You were a child. Let it go.

( Sighs )

I'm coming back. ( Breathes deeply )

Maarva: Of course you are.

( Door hisses )

Jung: The alternative analysis is that by comparing the detention numbers to the frequency of surprise inspections we're under-allocating our harbor patrol units.

So, three theories, Mr. Jung?

Yes, sir.

Three possible explanations for why you have failed to keep pace with your neighboring sectors.

That's correct.

I'm correct?

Your approval is heartening.

Your guidance would be welcome, sir.

Very well, let's have a full audit of all hyperspace lanes leading to Ord Mantell on my desk by this time tomorrow.

As you wish.

Partagaz: Mr. Blevin.

Sir.

I sense something eager in you this morning.

Am I mistaken?

( Sighs ) No, sir. And at risk of repetition, you are correct.

Good news, is it?

I'm afraid not.

I wish to lodge a charge against a fellow supervisor.

Proceed.

I believe our Sector Protocols, as described in the ISB Code Of Conduct, are being violated by Supervisor Meero, and that this overreach, for which she was previously reprimanded, risks compromising Imperial safety to a degree that silence is no longer possible.

You think this forum appropriate?

I do.

It's a serious charge.

Blevin: I believe you'll share my sense of urgency.

Supervisor Meero, do you mind having your integrity ventilated in public?

No, sir.

Supervisor Blevin obviously finds my conduct a more interesting subject than the advancement of Integrated Imperial Security.

He's put a lot into it, I'm curious to hear his insights.

Partagaz: This is Ferrix, is it not?

Yes, sir.

Your sector.

There was an unusual piece of Naval equipment recovered.

Meero wanted your crime reports.

You determined her request was out of order and in violation of the chain of command.

Dedra: That's not accurate.

You advised me to reinforce my suspicions with data and to be careful in my work going forward.

Careful?

Is that your defense? You've been "careful"?

I'd be curious how many people at this table will think it "careful" that you've found a way to access our sector data without ever filing a request.

Partagaz: Is that true, Dedra?

( Inhales ) Yes.

I used the Imperial Emergency Act in the wake of Aldhani to gather data across multiple sectors without official sanction.

But that is the wrong question.

I'd like to know if anyone here believes the Rebellion plans its actions around the artificially constructed boundaries of our sectors.

Major Partagaz created those sectors.

As organizing principles, not personal playthings.

Do you think the rebels care about the lines we draw on maps?

You think the relevance of my work has been supplanted?

( Breathes deeply ) Systems either change or die.

Sir.

Thesis, please.

Dedra: There is a focused, organized rebel effort to acquire highly-restricted Imperial military components.

Your evidence?

By accessing unfiltered Sector Crime Reports I can now prove a link between the theft of our most secret equipment and its distribution to rebel groups across the galaxy.

This is hard, verifiable data you are prepared to present?

Yes, sir.

I believe Supervisor Blevin is aware I have a documented file ready to go.

I believe his accusations here this morning have more to do with self-preservation than any sense of urgency.

What's more urgent than a renegade intelligence officer?

Imagine if everyone in this room played as loose with the rules as you.

Excellent suggestion, Blevin.

I'm wondering where we'd be right now if everyone here showed the same endeavor as Supervisor Meero.

I'll have to think about that.

For the moment, I'm reassigning the Morlana sector to Supervisor Meero.

Ferrix is of great interest to her and has clearly become a distraction for you.

( Inhales ) I see no urgent problem, but, as always, I salute the provocative exchange of ideas.

Supervisor Grandi, you will accelerate your schedule.

Jung, I will expect your report on Ord Mantell tomorrow.

Thank you all for the lively session.

Dedra, if you'd walk with me a moment.

Partagaz: Well-played.

Thank you, sir.

Watch your back.

( Upbeat music playing )

( Shower running )

( Sighing )

( Groans )

( Sighs )

Keef.

Keef?

( Beeps )

I'll be out in a minute.

What're you doing?

Washing up.

I'm gonna take a walk.

Windi: Well, we need stuff.

Arkie's up the beach.

He'll be open.

Cassian: I was planning to go the other way.

Mmm, Arkie has the new flavors.

And we need Peezos.

Don't forget the Peezos.

We ran out of Peezos?

Peezos and Revnog.

The greenie green ones.

( Sighs )

Windi: The greenie Revnog.

You liked it, too.

Keef? Are you listening?

( Upbeat dance music playing )

Ah. ( Speaking alien language )

( Laughs )

Man: Go! Go! Run!

Go, go, go, go!

( Chatter in alien language )

Shoretrooper: Hey, you! Stop!

( Panting )

Shoretrooper: Hold it!

Shoretrooper: Freeze!

( Indistinct chatter in alien language )

( Whirring )

( Indistinct chatter in alien language )

Shoretrooper: What are you doing?

Excuse me?

Shoretrooper: You keep looking around.

Just trying to figure out what's going on.

Shoretrooper: You a part of it?

Part of what?

Shoretrooper: Don't play dumb.

No, I'm on my way to the store.

Shoretrooper: Back up.

Stand right there.

You look like you're sweating.

Well, it's hot.

Shoretrooper: Or you've been running.

Why would I be running?

Shoretrooper: Because you're a part of it.

Part of what?

Shoretrooper: I'll ask the questions.

Man: Go! Run!

Pier Nine, Pier Nine, runners heading south!

Man: Move it! Go!

I can wait for you here, if you want.

Shoretrooper: Friends of yours?

What?

Shoretrooper: You heard me.

Cassian: Wait, no... Uh...

( Chuckles ) I don't know anybody here. I'm a tourist.

Shoretrooper: Tourists don't run.

But I'm not running.

Shoretrooper: You got that right. That window is shut.

( Whirring )

( Men groaning )

( Groaning )

I'm just going to the store.

It's right there.

Shoretrooper: You need to calm down, sir.

Droid assistance, please.

( Men groaning )

Uh... What? Wait. What is he... No, this is crazy. ( Laughs )

Shoretrooper: Hang onto this one for me. I wanna check the shelter.

( Man screaming )

Kx Unit: He said hang?

No, no, no. No.

No, you misunderstand.

No, he... he meant watch.

Kx Unit: Hang?

No, no, he means watch. ( Gasps )

( Groans, choking )

Kx Unit: Hang.

( Choking )

Tell him! ( Gasping )

Tell him you mean watch!

Judge: Charges?

Prosecutor: Loitering at a crime scene.

Walking an unleashed massif.

( Sighs )

Prosecutor: Animal fouling.

Judge: Four months.

Next.

Bailiff: Keef Girgo?

Keef Girgo!

Here.

Name?

( Chuckles ) Hey, uh, Keef Girgo.

Charges?

Prosecutor: Civil Disruption.

Anti-Imperial speech.

( Nervous chuckle ) No. No.

Prosecutor: Fleeing the scene of anti-Imperial activity.

( Sighs )

Prosecutor: Attempted damage...

I... I'm sorry, there's something wrong.

Judge: I wouldn't.

You've got enough trouble without a Resisting Judgement charge.

I'm just a tourist.

Oh, apologies all around then.

This used to be a six-month sentence.

Six years.

Six years?

People: Six years?

No, no, wait!

Bailiff: Take him.

Change of guidelines.

Shoretrooper: Take him away.

I didn't do anything! Hey!

Take it up with the Emperor.

Wait. I'm just a tourist!

Judge: Next.

Wait!

( System beeping )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Chattering continues )

# Episode 8 - Narkina 5

While lying low, Cassian is swept up in an Imperial crackdown with little more than a false identity as protection. The Empire are unaware of his true past, but send him to toil in a high security prison. Meanwhile, the Imperial Security Bureau continues to piece together intelligence on acts of sedition.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Explosion )

They're in.

( Whooshing )

Cassian: We're getting out of here.

To go where?

Anywhere we want.

( Chuckles ) I got lucky.

I've got enough credits to get us anywhere.

We're treating what happened at Aldhani like a robbery.

Heert: What would you call it?

An announcement.

You realize what you've set in motion?

People will suffer.

That's the plan.

Kleya: I hope she's worth it.

Luthen: Well, we'll see, won't we?

We can't hide forever.

I can now prove a link between the theft of our most secret equipment and its distribution to rebel groups across the galaxy.

For the moment, I'm reassigning the Morlana Sector to Supervisor Meero.

Ferrix is of great interest to her and has clearly become a distraction for you.

Mon: As long as everyone thinks I'm an irritation, they might miss what I'm really doing.

Tay: What are you really doing?

Raising money.

Raising money for what?

Maarva: I'm not going.

What are you talking about?

You can't stay, and I can't go.

Flob: Morlana One.

I fully intend to clear my name and have my record expunged.

Why don't we start that process now?

Syril: There's a rebel murderer running free because of corruption and laxity in the authority.

Shore Trooper: Hang onto this one for me.

( Grunting, choking )

Six years.

Six years?

No, no, wait!

Change of guidelines.

Cassian: I didn't do anything!

Wait. I'm just a tourist!

Shore trooper 1: Get in line!

Shore trooper 2: Move it!

Don't you look at me!

Move it!

Shore trooper 3: Keep moving!

Up the stairs!

Pick it up!

Shore trooper 4: Name?

Tuck Hybecks.

Shore trooper 4: Home planet?

Tuck: Galdi.

Shore trooper 4: Belsavis. Next.

Name?

Girgo. Keef Girgo.

Home planet?

Deris-plata.

Narkina Five.

What? What's that?

Get to your transport.

Next.

What is that?

What's Narkina Five?

I'm a tourist!

Shore trooper 5: Move it.

Shore trooper 4: Home planet?

Man: Giermos.

Shore trooper 4: Belsavis.

Right there.

On you go.

Come on, move it, move it.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Whirring, beeping )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Guard: Anywhere, come on, sit down!

Right, shoes off!

Boots, sandals, everything on the floor!

Toss it in!

Come on, move it, bare feet, let's go!

( Prisoners breathing heavily )

( Engine firing )

( Rumbling )

( Inhales deeply, exhales )

( Whirring )

I'm Lieutenant Dedra Meero.

I'm the ISB Supervisor for the Morlana Sector.

What happened to Lieutenant Blevin?

I'll ask the questions.

Ferrix. I've been reviewing the incident.

I was planning on calling you in to fill some gaps in the report.

We were scheduling that.

But now, we've both had our mornings interrupted because you keep requesting the Bureau of Standards Data Center to look for Cassian Andor.

You've claimed he was a missing fuel specialist, an unresponsive energy engineer, a fuel purity field officer suspected of forging Imperial reports.

You've been here for less than a month and you've filed five false inquiries.

Six, actually.

I wasn't counting this morning.

What are you doing, Mr. Karn?

Cassian Andor is a murderer and a threat to the Empire.

I have been trying, with the limited tools available, to find him.

So, this is about public safety?

Here's what's happened, Syril.

You have engaged the curiosity of the ISB.

( Inhales sharply )

Now, is there anything you'd care to tell me before I waste more of my time figuring out what it is you are up to?

I'm just trying to clear my name.

One would think you'd want to leave Ferrix far behind.

One would be wrong.

I have a busy day.

Tell me, what's not in Lieutenant Blevin's report that I need to know?

I have no idea. I wasn't allowed to see the report.

You signed it.

I was given no choice.

( Whirring )

We should be upstairs by now.

Give him Blevin's report, let him read it.

Keep him in there.

Of all days?

Dedra: We have time.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Whooshes )

( Breathing heavily )

( Rumbling )

Dedra: This is an Imperial Starpath unit.

It was stolen from the Steergard Naval yard last year.

We don't know when it was taken because Steergard was afraid to disclose its theft and thought they could hide its absence.

My full report highlights the prevalence of this problem galaxy-wide.

I'm listening.

This unit was found last month on Ferrix in the Morlana One Sector.

The thief was a local named Cassian Andor.

He was wanted for the murder of two Corporate Security officers.

The Starpath was left behind as he escaped the tactical team sent in to arrest him.

Andor was in the act of transferring the unit to a person we've named Axis because of his centrality to what we believe to be an organized rebel effort to acquire specialized Imperial gear.

This is quite the wishlist.

Full planetary comnet, full Garrison tech package, Series Nine Spectrum surveillance, local agent funding, Code Droid.

Dedra: All ready to go, sir.

If someone there is talking, we need to be listening.

It's a large investment.

It's a fraction of the price of lost technology.

So, drill down on Ferrix, find this thief, and then what?

Identify Axis.

They escaped together.

It's the first best lead we've had.

Supervisor Meero has convinced me that this Axis has been nimble in spreading his activities across the galaxy.

And, no, we don't know who he is, nor do we know the scope of our problem.

The little we are aware of is already troubling.

Ferrix was a mistake.

It's the first one he's made.

Drill down is exactly what I want to do, sir.

Drill down, find Andor, and get a hunt started.

( Whooshes )

( Hissing )

Guard: All right, move!

Go!

Down the ramp!

Down the ramp, now!

Move it!

Stay right there!

On program!

Hands behind heads, feet down!

( Whooshes )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Hissing )

( Wind blowing )

( Whirring )

Breathe deep, brother.

This may be the last fresh air we ever taste.

Welcome to Narkina Five.

This is an Imperial factory facility.

You've all been assessed as labor-worthy.

Now, following this introduction, you'll be transferred to your level assignment and workroom, where your floor manager will explain the details of our schedule and expectations.

Your length of stay has been predetermined.

The quality of that time will be up to you.

Now, those who've been incarcerated before will be surprised by the calm, sanitary conditions, and our minimally invasive enforcement techniques.

Well, I'm sure some, if not all of you, are wondering, how we risk standing before you without weapons?

It's a potent question.

And hopefully, one you won't need to have answered very often, but...

( Clicks )

( Prisoners grunting )

( Grunting, screaming )

( Groaning )

( Prisoners grunting, groaning )

You may stand.

That was level one of three.

Our floors are Tunqstoid steel.

Do your time productively, keep to your lane, and this needn't be more than a memory.

Good luck to you.

Guard 1: Up!

Line up! Single file!

Up!

( Grunting )

Guard 2: Let's go!

( Digital beeping )

( Whirring )

Dedra: You've read the report?

Worse than I feared.

Criminal negligence of my commanding officer, the total lack of Imperial authority on Ferrix, the fact that Andor obviously had an organized local cadre of accomplices.

None of that is here.

Let's talk about the accomplice you encountered.

You told Lieutenant Blevin that Andor was in the company of an older man, tall, wearing a cloak.

What's not in here?

Uh...

Grey cloak, grey green.

( Sighs ) Dark boots.

I didn't get a good look.

Uh...

I heard his voice, I'd recognize it.

Dedra: Here's what we'll do, Mr. Karn.

You'll stop filing requests for Andor.

Anticipating that, I will inform the Bureau of Standards that you were of service to the Empire today.

I was a good deputy inspector!

( Dramatic music playing )

I was very good.

I solved a double murder and found the killer in two days.

I was overly ambitious, yes, but time was slipping away, and the opportunity was real.

( Breathes deeply )

Service to the Empire, you just said it.

Can one ever be too aggressive in preserving order?

I didn't deserve what happened.

I wish you luck.

I'm running late.

It's clear you need Andor in order to find his partner.

This is more important than the death of two Corporate Security guards.

I could be a valuable asset going forward.

Raise the alarm one more time, and it won't be me you're speaking to.

Forget this happened.

( Sighs )

( Indistinct announcement over radio )

Guard 1: Stop right there.

On program.

That means, hands on head, eyes front, feet on the floor.

Do it.

( Electrical crackling )

Guard 2: Zap rod.

If I have to use it, you'll remember it.

Yes? Yes?

What's goin' on? Where's your partner?

They had a tech problem on One.

Guard 1: Delivery takes priority over tech, you know that.

Guard 3: He'll be here any second.

New man ready on five-two-D, requesting units override.

Guard 4: ( Over radio ) Copy that. Coming up.

That's not good. This was on the schedule.

He can't just not turn up.

He'll be here.

Guard 5: Override engaged. Five-two, you have the floor.

Guard 1: We've got deliveries' waiting.

Guard 2: Eyes front.

Let's just get him out on the Ring.

Step forward, let's go, move.

Step forward and stop, now, move.

Stop.

Eyes front, I said.

Guard 6: Sorry, I had to wait.

They were short-handed.

They had to pull a guy out from Four. I came as quick as I could.

Post up. We're already behind.

Guard 6: We good?

Guard 1: Yes, you can go.

Ready on the floor?

Looks good.

Guard 1: Prep for door.

( Whooshes )

Announcer: On program.

Step on to the lift and stop.

Move forward.

Kino: New man on the floor!

Guard 2: Move.

Kino: Hold your positions.

Guard 2: Step on there and stop.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Clicking )

( Distant beeping )

Guard 2: Step off, move.

I said, step off, now!

Move!

This is Unit Five-Two-D.

Level five, room two, the D is for Day shift.

Seven levels of factory, seven rooms per level, seven tables per room, seven men, each table.

My name is Kino Loy.

I'm the Five-Two-D unit manager.

The forty-nine men in this room answer to me.

Name.

Keef.

( Whooshes )

Keef Girgo.

Kino: He won't be back.

They only come to pick up the dead and bring their replacements.

You're mine now.

Off program!

Back to work!

Listen up.

It's a 12-hour shift.

Productivity is encouraged, evaluation is constant.

You have been assigned table five, which is the pod that is behind because you're not on the line doing your job.

Can you read?

Yeah.

You see in the main boxes, one through seven, those are the scores for the tables in this room, on this shift.

What's your table number?

Five.

There you go, table five.

See it? At the bottom?

Last place. That's you.

The seven tallies are the running shift totals of all the other rooms on this floor.

You play against all the other tables in this room, I play against all the other rooms.

Play?

Call it what you will, the point of this conversation is that you understand one thing most clearly.

I have 249 days left of my sentence.

I have a free hand in how I run this room.

I'm used to being in the top three on the level.

You will wanna keep that happening.

I'm sensing you understand me.

Sick, injured, you talk to me.

Problems with another inmate, I'll know before you do.

Losing hope, your mind, keep it to yourself.

Don't ever slow up my line.

Table five.

Table five!

( Indistinct chatter )

Table five?

Yeah, we've been waiting. What do we call you?

Keef.

I'm Jemboc. Welcome.

Xaul.

Taga.

Ulaf.

Ham.

And this is Melshi.

We're down ten.

We're a man short, he'll give us a pass.

Xaul: He should.

He won't.

Ulaf: He's done it before.

Taga: That was months ago.

We're down ten. You're dreaming.

Ulaf: He's done it before.

We're wasting time.

Down 12 before you know it.

They give us a new man with only an hour left?

Forty-two minutes, come on, boys, we can rally.

They're up there, laughing.

Jemboc: Don't.

Ulaf: Melshi's right.

Taga: We're wasting time.

Jem thinks Kino's in charge.

Hey, new guy, prepare to fry.

Keef.

What?

It's his name. Right?

Keef.

Work!

Ham's right, get to it.

Xaul: Fly.

Jemboc: Stand back.

Watch what I do, exactly what I do.

You'll be where I am this time tomorrow.

With seven men, I'm the Swing, I'll be feeding the table so it might be a little different...

He's on the box.

They're callin' him.

No.

Announcer: Five-Two-D shift productivity levels are unacceptable. We're calling a new clock.

Kino: Okay, listen up!

This will be a sprint segment.

39 minutes on the tone.

Announcer: As ever, the least productive table will be disciplined.

( Buzzer sounds )

( Machine whirring )

Hands away.

Clear.

Jemboc: Come on, boys.

Taga: Let's go, let's go.

( Indistinct chatter )

Ham: Come on, come on, come on.

Get busy, or get fried!

( Whirring )

Keep it going!

( Drilling )

( Whirring )

Mon: Not for me.

Perrin: I'll have hers.

You used to like it.

I was just better at pretending.

Well, that I find hard to believe.

Sagrona.

( In English ) What are we toasting?

A quick night.

Hmm. I'll drink to that.

( Clinking )

So, the evening's agenda?

I need votes to stall the Emperor's latest overreach.

Hello, Tay.

Tay Kolma, how prompt you are.

Perrin.

Still in town, or commuting?

Bit of both.

Something to drink?

What are we having? ( Chuckles )

Taste of home, eh? I'll have one.

Make it three.

I'm fine, thank you.

Mon is working.

Well, there's much to be done.

I don't think you're on the menu tonight, Tay.

The Senator is pitching politics, not charity.

Saving the Empire from the Emperor.

( Chuckles )

Do you remember Perrin at 15?

Oh, let's not.

The academy firebrand.

Bartender: Two squigs again, sir?

Please.

How things change, eh?

( Chuckling )

The new legislation is definitely having an effect.

The rebels might have thought that over before blowing up Aldhani.

Thank you.

Sagrona. Sagrona teema.

Well, good luck, feeding the galaxy. I'm off to feed myself.

Charity begins at home.

I was hoping you'd come.

I wish I had better news.

I'm about to get very busy.

The new banking regulations are making life difficult.

Difficult or impossible?

I don't know.

They're staffing up Imperial auditors, we'll see where they are placed.

Is there anything we can do?

That has its own risks.

Leida.

Uh, we've met.

Tay: Indeed.

You're here all the time now.

Learning to love Coruscant.

Your father's looking for you.

You're drinking squigs?

No, I've lost my taste for it.

It's disgusting.

Tay: That's the point.

I should find Dad.

Nice to see you again.

What about the money I've moved already?

Not everything's tucked away.

We'll find a way to explain it.

So, we've given up on hiding it?

How much are we worrying about?

Four hundred thousand.

Dhow: Senator.

Hi! I was just coming to get you.

Perrin said you were hoarding the squigs.

I always forget you're Chandrilan at heart.

And I always forget how sweet you are when you're looking for votes.

( Whooshes )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Distorted chatter )

Kino: Keep it down!

Keep it down!

( Breathing heavily )

( Dramatic music playing )

( Indistinct whispering )

( Buzzer sounds )

Kino: Line up!

Let's go!

Slorda: Palpatine's frustrating, yes, we agree.

Too easily provoked? Yes.

Overreactive, but...

Teenar: Understatement.

Says what he means.

We're discussing legislation, not speeches.

What does he mean?

What is public order?

It's an awfully big box, isn't it?

The Emperor's primary charge is to protect us, is it not?

And that's what the P.O.R.D. legislation will do.

How much protection is enough?

Vyvin: We know what too little looks like.

Surveillance and prosecution without limit.

If you're doing nothing wrong, what is there to fear?

Mon: I'm fearing your definition of wrong.

These are dangerous times.

Dangerous times?

Are they not?

Do you feel under threat?

Personally? Here, yes.

I'm at great risk of ingesting too much of this nourishing Chandrilan hospitality.

( Mon and vyvin chuckles )

( Whooshes )

( Indistinct chatter )

Xaul: This is our block.

You see the white lights? That's the floor.

White is cold, red is hot.

The white lights start flashing, you got seven seconds to get to your cell.

Sensors in the floor, two men in one cell, it's an instant fry.

Fall out!

Fall out, fall out, fall out.

Jem, walk the new man.

Yeah.

Jemboc: Okay, Kino.

Come on.

This is you.

Your rack.

Everything you need here is on the wall.

Water, night light, toilet flips down, got a plate, spoon, and shaver.

And food?

( Xaul muttering )

The tube.

You can get as much as you want.

They like us healthy and fueled.

Don't worry, you'll learn to eat it.

Tough way to start, getting fried twice in one day.

But perhaps in a few shifts, we can pull a winner.

Winner gets taste with their food.

Top table wins flavor.

Last place gets fried.

Right, this will be cleaned every day, and that is your tab.

What did you do?

Nothing.

Lot of that lately.

At least you know where you stand from the start, no surprises.

Melshi: Ask him already.

They doubled everyone's number last month.

P-O-R-D.

People must be talkin' about it.

About what?

Taga: The Public Order Resentencing Directive.

Jemboc: It's been a tough month here waiting for news.

Can't help but wonder what people are saying.

( Breathes deeply )

He's never heard of it.

He never heard of it.

Told you.

The Public Order Decree.

The resentencings.

I'm sorry.

All the rebel activity.

It's rebel nonsense.

I don't know anything about it.

They slaughtered a garrison.

That's not what he said.

They burned it down.

Does it matter?

We're the ones getting punished.

But this guy never heard of it.

Don't ever look at the number.

Double, triple, it doesn't matter.

Hey!

You're here 'til they don't want you. Understand?

Enough! Melshi!

Getting out now is just a dream.

Those days are over.

( Grunts )

I said, that's enough.

( Buzzer sounds )

Announcer: Return to your cells immediately. Thirty seconds on red floor.

( Breathing heavily )

You don't walk in your sleep, do you?

What?

You'll find out.

Tighten up!

Hot floor!

( Buzzer sounds )

( Powering down )

( Whirring )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Exhales )

( Sighs )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Ingenue speaking indistinctly )

( Laughs ) Oh, you should ask my wife. I never look out the window.

( Both chuckle )

Ah! Here she is.

Your embassy hostess.

The question was, how many hours a day do we stand here admiring the view?

Mon: ( Smacks lips ) We should. I know.

Not enough!

( Chuckling )

I think I'd never leave.

Well, that's always the way, isn't it?

One forgets to savor the familiar.

So true.

We came here as children.

Ingenue: To visit?

No, Mon became a Senator at 16.

So this is where you met?

No, we'd already been married a year.

That's so romantic.

And traditional.

The old ways of Chandrila.

As was the custom.

Man: To each people its own.

Speaking of, have you seen Tay?

No, he left.

He said he had an early morning.

Well, of course.

Excuse me if you will.

So nice to meet you.

I'm going to spend more time at this window, I promise you.

( All laughing )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Electrified humming )

( Somber music playing )

Kino: Tighten up!

( Whooshes )

( Hissing )

( Drilling )

Cassian: Flight.

Three's off two, they're at 18.

Four is struggling.

Melshi: Flight.

Jemboc: Hands away.

Clear.

Clear.

( Clicking, whirring )

Jemboc: ( Straining ) Away!

Flight!

Taga: Clear!

( Whirring )

All right, come on, come on, come on.

Ready?

I think so.

It's tight.

Xaul: Flip it.

( Creaking )

Ready up?

Ready up.

Well, hang on, hang on.

You okay?

Ulaf: ( Grunts ) Pin jam.

Melshi: Xaul, help him.

Yeah. Come on, mate.

( Grunting )

( Sniffles )

( Drilling )

Hey!

You just takin' a breather?

Come on, guys!

You got a chance of winning the shift today!

Be a shame to waste it.

Melshi: Keef.

Keef!

Yeah.

Jemboc: Yes!

Drill in!

( Chuckles )

It's not complaining if you tell me what's going on.

Oh, you're freezing!

My mother was a whiner and that'll cure you.

( Chuckles )

( Bix laughs )

I'm just trying to figure out if you need a doctor or not.

She has p-p-pain in the knee.

The doctor was here yesterday.

Your breathing sounds weak.

You got dizzy again.

What have you done now?

Apparently I'm throwing a party.

I heard the boys had to carry you back here.

Oh! Word travels fast.

She fell.

( Groaning )

Brasso: What was she doing by the hotel?

She's obsessed with Troopers.

She fell trying to pry open the old Rix flood gate.

She gonna flush them out?

No.

She wanted to see if the tunnel under the hotel was still open.

Why?

So the Rebellion can sneak in and take them by surprise.

She's a Rebel.

( Sighs )

I should be coming by more often.

She's not your mother.

Brasso: Or yours.

She can't stay here much longer.

( Scoffs ) Good luck with that.

What about the Daughters of Ferrix?

She's a past president.

They must have a warm room somewhere.

They've tried.

She's made her wishes clear.

Cassian.

You really don't know where he is?

Vel: Where did you go?

Who's the big one?

I've no idea.

Where were you? I was about to come lookin'.

Cold now.

What?

There's a room to rent around the corner.

They have a sign up.

Can't just stay here.

I can.

Alone?

Two of us would draw too much attention.

You'll stay here and wait?

Just hope he shows up?

Could be anywhere.

This is all we have.

What's the alternative?

Haven't we been apart long enough?

It's not about us.

After what we've been through?

You think the Empire stops to catch its breath?

This is a fight to the death, Vel.

( Scoffs )

Who would you say you are?

Maybe I'm a rich girl running away from her family.

Well, that's cold.

( Scoffs )

Even for you.

I told you upfront the struggle will always come first.

We take what's left.

( Sighs )

( Cinta sighs wearily )

I'm a mirror, Vel.

You love me because I show you what you need to see.

Bix: Thank you.

Brasso: Sure.

Well, I'll keep an eye.

( Whooshing )

Paak?

Are you as slow as I am?

Yeah, losing the hotel is not good for business.

We need a meeting. There's gotta be something we can do.

What's up?

I need to look for something in the back.

Not sure that's a good idea.

It's been off for a while.

( Softly ) It's urgent.

( Sighs )

( Whispers ) All right.

( Grunts )

( Clicking )

( Whirring, beeping )

( Clicking )

Kleya?

Kleya?

Kleya: It's the shop owner on Ferrix.

She's trying to find Cassian Andor. His mother is ill.

We're not answering. We can't.

She could show the right direction.

She's asking us.

She knows more than we do.

So much more. She might have a lead.

More likely it's the ISB working her radio.

You're guessing!

And you're slipping!

We're shutting down Ferrix.

The code, the frequency, all of it.

I'm thinking clearly and you're not.

Tell me to shut it down.

It's Andor.

Knowing he's out there, knowing me, not knowing what he knows.

I took him on the Fondor.

Was I insane?

You were desperate for Aldhani to work and it did.

And we'll find him, just not like this.

Vel was out hunting.

She and Cinta.

Are they in Ferrix yet?

I'll have a listen.

We're being extremely careful with it.

The woman's name is Bix Caleen.

Vel could have a look if it's safe.

They know what they're doing.

I'm not slipping, Kleya.

I've just been hiding for too long.

It's all different now.

We're going loud.

Vulnerability is inevitable.

I'm not slipping.

I know.

I just need you to wake up.

There's a lot to do.

Shut it down.

( Static noises )

( Powering down )

( Whirring )

( Breathing heavily )

( Somber music playing )

( Thumps )

( Beeping )

( Whooshes )

( Digital beeping )

Coordinate alternatives for Segra Milo.

Fondor Droid: Calculating. Four potential routes.

Let's take the long way around.

Droid: Re-routing Segra Milo.

( Veemoss breathing heavily )

( Yelping )

Man 1: No, no, no, no!

Man 2: Aw, man.

Man 1: Who is it now?

Man 2: No!

Man 1: He railed it!

Man 3: Who?

Man 1: Veemoss!

Man 4: Veemoss!

Table three, the tall one.

He fell! Or jumped!

Man 1: Aw, man, well, we'll be smellin' him all night.

Man 3: Here? He rails it here?

Man 5: He was slipping. You could see it.

Man 1: I don't care, man. You rail here at night, I got no sympathy.

Man 2: Shut up about it.

Man 1: You'll be shorthanded all day tomorrow.

Melshi: Think about that when you're gettin' fried.

Kino: Enough! Let's quiet down!

Announcer: Level five, grid disruption. You have ten seconds to get to your sleeping platforms.

( Clanging in distance )

( Indistinct chatter )

Officer: Move, move, move!

Bix: What's going on?

It's Paak's yard.

I'm not sure. They're all over it.

Boy: Detained for what?

Why won't you tell me?

Where are they taking my father?

Tell me! Where is he?

Where is my father?

Shut him up!

Policeman: Silence!

What's going on?

They took Paak in last night.

Where?

The hotel. He never came home.

Get these people back. I want a perimeter.

Two and two, up and down, clear the lane!

Stormtrooper: Yes, sir!

Let's go!

You okay?

I don't know.

Move it.

Let's go, let's go!

Get out of the way!

Move it!

Captain Tigo: Caleen!

Bix Caleen!

That's your name, isn't it?

If not, the resemblance is quite striking.

Brasso: Get to Zorby's. Run!

Captain Tigo: Get her!

Stormtrooper: Move! Move! Move!

Sorry. Excuse me. Sorry.

Captain Tigo: Go!

Get her!

( Tense music playing )

( Panting )

( Whooshes )

( Ship whooshing )

So, my friend, the garrison at Aldhani, was that you?

I was just about to ask you the same thing.

You'd never tell me if it was.

Somebody's sitting on some dosh.

If it's you, I'm hoping you'll put it to good use.

Would I be out here in the cold if I had just pinched a 100 million credits?

( Laughs ) That's exactly what you'd do.

And that's exactly what I would say if I were you.

If you're trying to convince me it was you, it's working.

( Clicks tongue ) Let's agree.

It was a masterpiece.

Well, now I'm sure.

Aren't you tired of playing behind the scenes, Luthen?

Aren't you tired of fighting with people who agree with you?

You come all this way to scold me?

Or did you bring me some toys?

Hmm.

I did, but they're not for free.

Nothing with you is free.

Not every operation is as flush as yours.

Tell me what you've got.

Well, how about a full set of Imperial drive adapters?

I've also got three sealed Steergard targeting deflectors.

Mmm.

You have this all here with you?

At what cost?

Anto Kreegyr.

I want you to meet him.

( Chuckles ) Anto Kreegyr?

He's been probing the Imperial power station at Spellhaus.

He's found a weakness in the defenses.

It may take some time to work up, but he's got an angle.

The man's an ox!

Slow! And stupid!

And strong.

I want you to hear his plan. He'll need air support.

Let's just keep this simple.

I'll take all three deflectors. How much?

Well, you meet with Kreegyr, they're free.

You don't, I won't sell.

I work alone.

That's what I'm trying to change.

I'm not gonna put my people at risk for someone else.

We need to pull together, Saw!

Whatever our final version of success looks like, there's no chance any of us can make it real on our own.

We need the Empire to help.

We need them angry.

We need them coming down hard.

Oppression breeds rebellion.

Kreegyr needs air support.

I'm not for hire.

Think of it.

Think of Spellhaus in flames.

Neither of you could do it on your own, but together...

Kreegyr's a separatist.

Maya Pei's a neo-Republican.

The Ghorman front.

The Partisan alliance?

Sectorists.

Human cultists?

Galaxy partitionists.

They're lost!

All of them, lost!

Lost!

( Tense music playing )

What are you, Luthen?

I've never really known.

What are you?

I'm a coward.

I'm a man who's terrified the Empire's power will grow beyond the point where we can do anything to stop it.

I'm the one who says, "We'll die with nothing if we don't put aside our petty differences."

Petty?

( Chuckles )

I am the only one with clarity of purpose.

( Laughing )

Well, anarchy is a seductive concept.

A bit of a luxury I'd argue to a man who is hiding in cold caves, and begging for spare parts.

( Laughing )

No sale today, Luthen.

Good luck with Anto Kreegyr.

( Bix breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

( Digital beeping )

( Whooshes )

She's on her way up.

Would you like us to clear the room?

No.

I want her to see him.

( Bix grunting )

What are you doing? Get him out of here.

Quickly.

Captain Tigo: You two, with me.

Now!

( Salman groans )

Paak.

( Grunting, breathing heavily )

Paak. Hey.

( Grunts )

Hello, Bix.

( Ominous music playing )

( Grunting )

( Whooshes )

Jemboc: Let's go!

Cassian: Come on, come on!

Jemboc: Hands away!

Melshi: Clear!

Jemboc: Good?

All right.

Okay, ready?

Bring it. Bring it in.

Come on, boys, yes.

Melshi: It's good, it's good.

( Dramatic music playing )

# Episode 9 - Nobody's Listening!

Under the unblinking scrutiny of the Empire within a high security prison, Cassian must surreptitiously work to plan his escape. The Imperial Security Bureau keeps digging for answers on Ferrix.

( Clicking )

Six years.

No, no, wait!

Bailiff: Take him.

Change of guidelines.

Cassian: I didn't do anything! Hey!

Take it up with the Emperor.

I'm just a tourist!

Warden: Welcome to Narkina Five. This is an Imperial factory facility. You've all been assessed as labor-worthy.

( Inmates groaning )

Kleya: It's the shop owner on Ferrix.

She's looking for Cassian Andor. His mother is ill.

Luthen: She may have a lead.

Kleya: Likely, the ISB working her radio.

You're guessing!

And you're slipping.

My name is Kino Loy.

I'm the Five-Two-D unit manager.

The forty-nine men in this room answer to me.

Xaul: You see the white lights? That's the floor.

White is cold, red is hot.

Jemboc: They doubled everyone's number last month. P-O-R-D.

Taga: He's never heard of it.

Jemboc: The resentencings.

I don't know anything about it.

Melshi: Don't look at the number.

You're here 'til they don't want you.

Kino: Melshi!

Get straight with that? Your worries...

That's enough.

You have engaged the curiosity of the ISB.

I'm just trying to clear my name.

One would think you'd want to leave Ferrix far behind.

One would be wrong.

Tigo: Caleen!

Bix Caleen.

Run!

Tigo: Get her!

( Panting )

( Veemoss screams )

Man 1: No, no, no, no!

Man 2: He railed it!

Man 3: Who?

Man 1: Veemoss!

Man 2: You're the ones gonna be shorthanded all day tomorrow.

Man 4: Think about that when you're gettin' fried.

Dedra: Hello, Bix.

( Bix grunts )

( Door hisses )

( Sighs )

I don't like wasting time.

But one must be careful.

You pull in the net and the easy thing, the quick thing, is to assume that everything you've dragged to shore is a fish.

I have colleagues who believe that's the prudent mindset in defense of the Empire.

But I take a more nuanced view.

I try.

So here's what we'll do, Bix.

I'll tell you everything I know, and in doing so, perhaps convince you to cooperate without intervention.

Failing that, we have Dr. Gorst, who's developed a unique interview system some of us are very excited about.

As you now know, we brought in Salman Paak last night.

We tracked him to a radio hidden in his yard and thought he might cooperate without encouragement.

For a man with very little actual rebellious activity on his resume, he was remarkably resistant, which of course just makes us think there's more to be learned.

Which leads to a longer session.

And suddenly, it's morning.

And there we are, wasting time.

( Inhales sharply )

In the end, it was a very poor decision on his part.

We learned everything we needed to know, and quite frankly, it hardly seems worth the price he's paid.

Paak attended a separatist meeting two years ago in Jondora where he met a woman who said that if he was serious about politics, he might like to act as liaison for Ferrix when he returned home.

He was sent the fractal radio unit you used yesterday afternoon.

Now this unknown woman who recruited him to the cause seemed less interested in generating political activity on Ferrix than she was in using your planet's unique commercial position to acquire stolen Imperial equipment.

Did you know Salman Paak was paid to keep that radio alive?

Did you know you were the only one to use it?

Were you aware that the buyer, your contact, met Paak only once before being turned over to you?

( Suspenseful music playing )

You're in my net, Bix.

Are you a fish or are you a thief, hmm?

Seems a shame to end up on the carving board if your motivation here is just money.

You have no recorded history of political troublemaking.

You're a business owner.

Now, I would prefer a conversation rather than put Dr. Gorst back to work.

But that, for the moment, is entirely up to you.

You're ISB, aren't you?

Worst of the worst.

You're going to tell me absolutely everything you know about the buyer.

You seem to enjoy this.

You're going to tell me all about Cassian Andor and their relationship.

They don't have a relationship.

You will be giving me a full, detailed accounting of every single piece of stolen Imperial equipment you've passed along, where it came from, who was bribed along the way, and where it has gone.

I don't know the buyer.

Dedra: Really?

Really.

Well, Salman Paak says you've had at least six meetings he's aware of.

He says you sit up on that radio for hours at a time.

I signal.

Sometimes he answers, he comes, he buys, he leaves.

Six face to face meetings.

He and Andor, blowing up buildings and killing security guards.

You're injured trying to warn them.

Your coworker is killed trying to win your freedom.

Andor and the buyer escape together.

It sounds to me like a nest of relationships.

When was the last time you spoke with Cassian Andor?

( Tense music playing )

The very worst thing you can do right now is bore me.

You're not gonna believe me anyway, are you?

No.

I suppose not.

She's all yours, Dr. Gorst.

Thank you.

( Door opens )

( Bix breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

Jemboc: Turn.

( Busy chatter )

Ready?

Your side. Fly.

Table three.

They won't be shorthanded all day.

There's a new man coming down.

But we can take the shift if we push.

We're already up on Four.

I could use a proper meal.

Xaul: Two, that's a threat.

( Groans )

Ulaf?

Jemboc: What do you say, old timer?

Short timer.

Make a run for the win?

My hand. I might need some help.

Let's switch.

What?

Come on.

Jemboc: He's right. Switch.

Why?

Keef is faster.

There's a better way of saying that.

The hand.

What's all this?

Just a little rebalancing.

Cassian: And...

Ulaf, what do you owe?

Be 41 shifts tomorrow.

You are the next man out.

You are the shortest of the short.

This swap your idea?

Me? No, no. It's Taga.

Are you kiddin'?

Jemboc: Turn.

Wise move.

Ulaf is going home.

New man for them today?

Always the next day, right?

You know the drill.

( Bix breathing heavily )

Oh, the... The restraints are nothing to be feared.

It's much safer for you to be tethered as we engage.

There's nothing intrinsically physical about this process, but we've had some early trials that were a bit chaotic. ( Chuckles )

( Door hisses )

( Panting )

There's an Outer Rim moon called Dizon Fray.

There was a sentient species there, quite unusual.

Extremely hostile to the concept of an Imperial refueling center that was being planned.

I say "was" because they created such a stir that the local commanders were granted permission to use any means necessary.

And, um, well, what's important for our purposes here today is that the massacre of the Dizonites was broadcast and recorded as proof of mission.

They make a sound as they die.

A sort of choral, agonized pleading.

It was quite unlike anything anyone has ever heard before.

There were three communications officers monitoring the documentation, and they were found hours later huddled together in various states of emotional distress, in a crawl space beneath the ship's bridge.

We've taken the recordings and modified them slightly, layering, adjusting.

And we found a section of what we believe are primarily children, which has its own particular effect.

( Suspenseful music playing )

Doesn't take long.

( Beeping )

It won't feel that way to you inside. But, um...

Let me know when you're willing to cooperate.

Oh, and if you're having difficulty speaking, just shake your head from side to side.

You'll want to be sure of that, Bix, that you're cooperating fully.

It's repeat listenings that cause the most damage.

Are we ready?

Let's get on with it.

( Dramatic music crescendos )

( Music stops )

( Breathing heavily )

( Breath trembling )

( Breathing heavily )

( Screaming )

( Whirring )

Jemboc: Drill away.

( Busy chatter )

I'm taking my run.

( Whirring, cranking )

( Metal creaking )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Announcer: On program. New man on the floor. Everyone, hold positions.

( Alarm sounding )

Kino: New man on the floor!

Hold your positions!

Guard: Step on to the lift and stop.

( Whispering ) Two men back. Two weapons.

Guard: Move forward.

No boots.

Guard: ...on that lift.

( Zapping )

( Grunting )

( Inmates chattering )

Silence!

( Inmate grunting )

He's touching the rail.

Believe me now?

The elevator's not wired.

Up!

Nothing that moves can fry you.

( Loud beep )

I have a new idea.

( Elevator whirring )

Don't wait.

We attack while they're coming down. Now.

They'll just go back up.

Cassian: No.

We make it stop.

We shut it down half way.

Take one guard, one weapon.

( Elevator whirring )

This is Unit Five-Two-D.

Level five, room two.

The "D" is for Day-shift.

The 49 men in this room answer to me.

( Groaning, breathing raspily )

( Device beeps )

Don't put them away.

Shall we begin?

( Breathing raspily )

When was the last time you spoke with Cassian Andor?

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Whirring, cranking )

( Busy chatter )

Let me. Let me, let me.

I can do it.

I know.

Jemboc: Ready up.

I'm ready.

Ready now.

Where do we stand?

Are we in the game?

We're up a rack with an hour left.

What? What's on now?

We just talked about this.

We told you two minutes ago.

Do you think I don't wanna win?

Am I working or not?

One rack up. Ours to lose.

Jemboc: Turn.

What are you waiting for?

( Dramatic music playing )

Keep her here.

( Bix grunts )

Keep her alive.

As a hostage?

She's a witness.

She's the only one we've got who can identify Axis.

And Salman Paak?

I don't care.

I'd like to hang him.

What's left of him anyway.

Make sure they know who's in charge.

As you wish.

( Tense music playing )

( Beeps )

( Door hisses )

Mon: The senator from Chandrila stands with those in opposition to the Emperor's new public safety legislation.

Senator 1: Long live the Empire!

Is there a more important issue facing this body right now than Imperial overreach?

The Public Order Resentencing Directive is the next step on an all too predictable march toward complete unchallenged authority.

Senator 2: She speaks the truth!

Senator 3: Boo!

Senator 4: Keep it down!

Our first responsibility is to the citizens who have sent us here.

( Buttons clicking )

Our second vow is to protect the power and independence of this remarkable chamber.

Senator 2: Listen to her!

Mon: I stand here today to speak with senators who've come with open minds, those of you who still believe that when we enter this building we are in a temple.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Door hisses )

( Comms trill )

Drive.

They called from the residence.

Your cousin, she's arrived.

What?

Your cousin.

At the embassy? She's there now?

Well, they said you'd want to know.

( Powering up, whirring )

Man 1: Where are they coming from?

Man 2: Don't know.

Kino: Keep it down!

They could keep us here forever if they wanted.

Kino: That's enough from you, Melshi.

Right, everybody settles down right now.

Something's wrong.

Whatever it is, they're taking their time about it.

What's going on?

What are they saying?

I think it's level two.

( Water splashing )

( Dramatic music playing )

Man 3: All right.

It gets stale in here.

Jemboc: Can't be much longer.

You all right, Ulaf?

I'm fine.

Level two, far side.

Taga, something broken?

What's he saying?

Level two. He's coming this way around now.

What's he saying?

Quiet!

( Powering down )

Man 4: What's goin' on?

( Powering up )

What was that?

Jemboc: What is that?

It's nothing. Someone didn't load in.

They are counting.

So they cut the power?

What do you think's happening?

( Alarm blaring )

Taga: Something's wrong on two.

They're going too fast. I can't read it.

Everybody, calm down!

Something's really wrong on two.

Look at me.

You haven't got a clue what they are saying.

"Level two, far side. Level two."

Are you all scrambled or something?

It takes a week for one word to get all the way up here.

And you're panicking about something that's happening on the other side of the building!

How many hands does it take for one word to get through up here?

It's a long way, yes. But you've got to admit...

Announcer: ( On PA ) Stand in place. On program. Feet down. Face front. Hands on heads. We will have immediate facility compliance or we will begin activating floors without warning. Bridges on program will have their doors opened. All shifts to proceed immediately to their stations.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Leida gasps )

It's amazing.

( Mon chuckles )

Aunt Vel's been to Tassio Moon, look what she brought me.

Your father may have an opinion.

We'll see if he lets you wear it.

He lets me do anything I want.

Well, why don't you go try it on?

( Chuckling )

Where have you been?

Traveling.

Six months?

There's a lot to see.

( Whispering ) I don't have enough to worry about.

Look at you.

The Empire doesn't rest, Mon.

The Rebellion comes first.

We take what's left.

Tell me you're going home for a visit.

They've been after me to find you.

Of course.

Just came through to see you first and get cleaned up a bit.

Seriously, Vel, what does he have you doing?

Who?

You're one to worry about.

Trapped here, boxed in.

Please tell me you're being careful.

Things are happening.

There's risk.

There's no other way.

I'm starting to think we're in over our heads.

He's got us spinning...

Stop.

You took a vow.

Leida: It fits.

( Mon and leida chuckle )

( Indistinct chatter )

Cassian: You never think about escaping?

You know I won't answer that.

Cassian: ( Chuckles ) I'll take that as a no.

Take what you like.

You flap that mouth of yours any longer, you'll regret it.

I'm sure you've thought about it.

How many guards on each level?

You want out of here alive, turn that part of your mind off.

Okay.

( Sighs )

How many shifts you have left?

( Sighs ) 217.

So, tell me what you know before you go.

You've been warned.

You think they care what we say?

Kino: You're on your own with this.

Why?

You think they're listening?

( Scoffs ) You think they care enough to make an effort?

( Softly ) Like you would know.

I know this.

They don't need to care.

All they need to do is turn this floor on twice a day and keep their numbers rolling.

Why bother listening to us?

We are nothing to them.

Melshi's right.

We're cheaper than droids and easier to replace.

Good luck to you.

Cassian: You think they care what we say?

Nobody's listening.

Nobody.

How many guards are on each level?

( Dramatic music playing )

( Sighs )

Cassian: Nobody's listening.

( Shouting ) Nobody's listening!

Partagaz: You took Gorst.

Good to see that's working out.

Dedra: Yes, sir. The interrogation was thorough.

We've no reason to believe anything was withheld.

But no ID on your Axis.

He's still just 'The Buyer'?

It's disappointing, I know.

But it does suggest the scope of what he's doing.

Axis obviously runs a very disciplined operation.

And one that's large enough to not be reliant on any one network or supplier.

Caleen gave us a list of every piece of gear that came through Ferrix.

And we think we've already got a match to a targeting unit recovered from a safe house operated by a rebel cell associated with Maya Pei.

Andor, he's all the way through this.

Yes, and that's what I'd like to highlight.

He's the local thief, right? The runaway murderer?

Andor returned to Ferrix three nights after Aldhani with money in his pocket.

Couldn't that be from the sale of the Starpath?

Can't be. They left it behind, right?

You're trying to connect Aldhani?

That's a bit of a stretch.

He was clean-shaven.

Andor had shaved.

Question, "Describe his appearance."

Answer, "He'd shaved his beard."

The rebels at Aldhani were clean-shaven.

Two soldiers from the garrison who got a look at him felt some similarity to our reference picture.

Well, that's worth running down.

An Aldhani connection would certainly amplify interest.

Let's follow that up.

Lagret: You didn't question the mother?

I decided to wait.

Better now leaving her in place and standing back.

She's too old and frail for anything serious, and if nothing else, she's our bait.

She's the reason Andor came back.

Perhaps they communicate.

Dedra: If they are, we'll know.

We're on her full-time.

( Dramatic music playing )

( Water splashing )

( Indistinct chatter )

Man 1: Did you hear it?

Man 2: Have you heard?

What?

Man 2: What happened to unit two-five.

We weren't told anything.

You're kidding.

They don't know about it.

They were fried out!

Man 3: They're killed. They're all gone.

Xaul: Who said?

Man 4: Both shifts.

A hundred men.

Taga: That can't be right.

You've heard nothing.

What did he say?

I don't know.

Man 5: They're all dead.

Who's saying this?

Maintenance tech.

We had a team go down.

They said they fried the whole bridge.

Man 6: Speak up.

He told Zinska.

Why?

Ask him.

Man 7: That's incredible.

Zinska?

He heard they were making trouble.

Announcer: On program. Feet down. We will have immediate facility compliance or we will begin...

What did he say?

What happened on two?

We... We don't know.

They set 'em all free.

( Grunts )

Kino: Get on program!

Kino! Kino!

( Softly ) We need to be careful.

The less they think we know, the better.

( Melshi panting )

( Shouting ) Hold your program!

Tighten up and listen!

It's a rumor.

Maybe it's true.

Maybe it's not.

We have heard nothing.

It's just another day, another shift.

So let's keep our mouths shut, keep our heads down ( Softly ) until we know what's going on.

( Buzzer sounds )

Eedy: You're up early.

Home late, up early.

Dressed and groomed.

Trimmed your hair.

Hmm. Something I should know?

I told you not to leave dinner out last night.

Your message was so brief.

One worries.

You're so busy these days, perhaps you're forgetting to eat.

You've been searching my room again.

It's called cleaning.

I like a tidy house.

You've been in my private box.

I have ways of knowing.

( Chuckles )

( Clicks tongue )

I find you a job, I press your uniform, I prepare two meals a day, I move mountains to scrape you off the floor and put you back on your feet, and what do I reap?

What is the return on my investment?

We were talking about you snooping on me.

The shadow of a son, a tenant, a stranger.

That's new. You'll wanna remember that.

All that time away on Morlana.

What if I'd let your neglect drive me insane?

Imagine that.

Look back just months ago when you could easily ignore me.

Imagine.

( Slurping loudly )

Imagine I'd cracked under the weight of your neglect.

Imagine I'd cracked and wasn't here now to pick up the pieces.

I've been promoted.

( Chuckles )

I knew they'd recognize your promise.

The demands of my time will be increased.

Uncle Harlo will be so pleased.

( Drilling )

Jemboc: Drill in.

Cassian: Right.

Ulaf, come on, mate.

( Drilling )

( Busy chatter )

Jemboc: Pull away.

Come on, boys. Let's go.

One, two. ( Grunts )

Jemboc: Let's go.

I'm there. I'm there. I got it.

( Ulaf panting )

Jemboc: That's it. That's it.

( All grunting )

( Clanks )

All right.

Okay, let's go.

( Drilling )

Come on, Ulaf. ( Panting )

Hands away.

Melshi: Clear.

Ulaf, hands.

Jemboc: Turn.

Come on, boys. We can do this.

I'll do it. Just... Just get it in.

( Ulaf gasping )

Jemboc: Come on, boys.

Just the one night, Vel?

Vel: I'm afraid so.

Perrin: Heading back to Chandrila today?

Yes. The Pilgrimage.

Find yourself a husband?

( Scoffs ) Wasn't on my list of things to do.

Well, you need a widower at this point.

Who's left of any value at your age?

Yes. All the good ones are taken.

We've had an influx of Chandrilans here recently.

You remember Tay Kolma?

I do.

Mother's old boyfriend.

What?

Is that something you've told her?

The key word is "old," darling.

We were in grade school together.

At least you've not gone political, Vel.

All the interesting people are getting very tedious these days.

No one ever calls me tedious.

Vel: Tay Kolma?

Money.

Is that all it is?

I don't have enough to worry about?

Vel: Anything I can do?

Yes.

Be a spoiled, rich girl for a while.

Remind people that's who you are.

I'll try.

What have we done, Vel?

We've chosen a side.

We're fighting against the dark.

We're making something of our lives.

( Footsteps approaching )

( Somber music playing )

( Bix breathing raspily )

( Busy chatter )

Syril Karn.

I know who you are.

What are you doing here?

I... ( Clears throat ) I wanted to thank you for the promotion.

I had nothing to do with it.

Syril: Well, my boss seems to think that you did.

We simply gave you a clean bill of health.

Have you been waiting out here?

Yes.

I'd never lie to you.

I...

I needed to find you and it's not that easy to thank you for what you did and what you're doing.

And to follow on and...

Try to follow on the conversation we had last month.

That wasn't a conversation. You were brought in for questioning.

Are you stalking me?

I know you work here and I come sometimes to see if I'll see you.

I am an ISB supervisor.

Do you have any idea how much trouble you're in right now?

I thought I had ruined my life.

I thought I was done.

After meeting you and discovering, you understood how dangerous Cassian Andor was. Just...

Just being in your presence, I... I've realized that life is worth living.

I realized that if nothing else, there was justice, and beauty in the galaxy and if I just kept going...

Perhaps my deranged belief that there was something better fated for me in the future was a dream worth clinging to.

I could have you arrested, you are aware of that?

I want what you want.

I sense it. I know it.

You're out of your mind.

I have already given you a second chance.

You come near me again, you pursue any of this, and I swear I'll have you in a cage on the Outer Rim.

( Sighs )

( Clicks )

( Door hisses )

There you are. Just came in. They picked up a rebel pilot an hour ago.

From our target list?

No, random.

But he's using a stolen Imperial masking unit.

One of ours?

Well, Corv is checking but...

Where are they holding him?

A destroyer off Steergaard.

Get Dr. Gorst, send him out there immediately.

I already did.

He's own his way.

Do you want to go?

Yes. No. There's no time.

I'll interrogate remotely.

Good work.

Go.

( Sighs )

I've been over the accounts.

I wish you'd called me sooner.

There were better ways to do this.

It was so easy at the beginning.

If we plan on making any further donations, we need to be sure that the work you've done so far isn't gonna come back to haunt you.

They can't all be hidden?

There's a 400,000 credit withdrawal that's proving a bit of a problem.

It appears on the ledger, then it vanishes.

It needs to be papered over.

How?

Easiest thing would be a deposit.

( Chuckles )

If I had that much sitting around, I wouldn't have burdened you.

How much trouble am I in?

There's no trouble at all unless they scan the accounts.

But that's coming.

( Sighs )

Time is not unlimited.

I need a loan.

A certain kind of loan.

You seem to have thought this through.

We need a Chandrilan banker with treasury relationships, and a book of business that's incomprehensibly huge.

You have someone in mind.

It's not a long list.

And yet you're afraid to say who it is.

Davo Sculdun.

( Sighs )

He is not a banker.

He's a thug.

The wealthiest thug of them all.

Don't tell me you've spoken to him already.

I wanted to bring you a solution.

Have you told him?

That you're feeling constricted by the new tax laws.

It's common enough.

A senator, 400,000 missing.

What will he think?

He'll think you're just like everyone else he works with.

You want what's yours.

At what cost?

I'm not sure.

He wants to meet you.

He wants to meet here.

( Chuckles )

Davo Sculdun, here. You must be joking.

I pushed back but...

( Sighs )

I could keep looking.

( Door hisses )

Partagaz: It was a routine customs check.

Heert: Totally random.

Lagret: Just the pilot?

Dedra: He was the only one on board.

And no witnesses.

Dedra: The beauty of it, sir.

He flashed an Imperial profile for a moment then vanished.

They thought it was odd and pursued.

Any chance he radioed home before they got him?

He swears he didn't. He thought he'd get away.

This was a Dr. Gorst interview?

Yes, sir. Confidence is high.

He got the pilot talking almost immediately.

Heert: The Imperial masking device he used is one of the items stolen from the naval yard in Lozash last year.

Partagaz: Incredible.

Apologies. We were offsite.

We've got a rebel pilot in custody.

One of Anto Kreegyr's group.

He was picked up at a customs check.

We don't think Kreegyr knows he's gone missing yet.

He's telling us there's a raid planned on the power station at Spellhaus.

Where was he heading?

On his way to Kafrene.

They'll count him missing soon.

Exactly. We don't want Kreegyr getting spooked.

We can't hang on to him. We can't let him go.

Destroy the ship. Make it look like an accident.

There's too much at stake. If I were Kreegyr, I'd be suspicious.

Partagaz: We want Kreegyr moving forward.

What if we foul the ship?

An accident. Something mechanical.

Have the pilot found dead in the cockpit. What would happen?

They'd have to find it. But they'd tow it into Kafrene.

If we did it quickly, staged it properly, let it drift into traffic.

Make it so. Top priority. Quickly and carefully.

We leave no trace.

Excellent work.

I want a meeting with military intelligence immediately about Spellhaus.

Let's go.

( Door hisses )

( Whirring )

( Hatch hisses )

( Busy chatter )

( Groans )

( Grunts )

( Cranking )

( Cassian grunting )

( Buzzer sounds )

( Groaning )

Announcer: ( On PA ) Inmates, on program. Program in place. Low yield tables in position.

Table two takes the shift by six racks and three.

Table one in the box.

( Inmates groaning )

( Breathing heavily )

Ulaf.

Kino: Come on. Let's get this done.

Jemboc: ( Whispering ) Can he stand?

Cassian: Yeah.

( Buzzer sounds )

Announcer: On program.

( Groaning )

Xaul: Cover him. Cover him. Cover him.

Hang on.

Announcer: Inmates on program. Program in place. Low yield tables in position.

( Breathing heavily )

( Groaning )

Ulaf. Hey, look at me.

( Whispers ) Okay.

Almost there. Almost there.

( Shudders )

( Tense music playing )

( Whirring )

( Inmates groaning )

( Breathing heavily )

Kino, he needs a doctor.

Get him to the cell.

( Ulaf groaning )

We're late. Come on. Keep moving.

Keep moving. Keep moving.

Cassian: One, two, three.

All right. All right.

Take his head.

Cassian: I got you.

Zinska, tell 'em we need a med tech-up here.

You, get going. Now.

( Ulaf groaning )

Hang in there, Ulaf.

You've only got a few shifts left.

Then you're going home.

Announcer: On program.

( Elevator whirring )

Step off. Let's go.

( Door hisses )

Kino: Here he comes, Uli.

He'll have you back in your cell soon enough.

Haven't seen you for a while.

I haven't gone anywhere.

His name's Ulaf.

I've seen him before.

Hold that.

( Mask hissing )

He's only got 40 shifts left.

( Device whirring )

Just wanna get him up and about.

He's tough as an old rock.

( Beeps )

Look at me, brother.

His name is Ulaf.

I don't wanna know his name.

He's got 40 shifts left.

So we just want something to get him through the next few days.

Get him back on his feet.

That's not an option.

What?

What, you can't save him?

There's nothing to save.

He's had a massive stroke.

( Air hissing )

Kino: What are you doing?

I can't help him.

I can't help anyone.

I need a bag and a trolley.

Guard: It's coming.

Rhasiv: He's lucky.

He'll pass peacefully, which is more than I can say for the rest of us.

Another week like this, and you'll be begging for what he's getting.

What do you mean?

You heard me.

Hold his shoulders. You, hold his legs.

What happened on level two?

You'll want to keep your men in line.

Now hold him.

He'll feel nothing.

( Choking )

( Exhales )

He's passed.

What do you mean... ( Sighs ) keep my men in line?

What happened down on two?

We need a bag and a trolley.

Guard: I said it's coming.

( Door hisses )

They made a mistake.

A man who was just released on four ended up back on two the next day.

Word got out on the floor, and then they killed them all.

Guard: You need those other men there?

Rhasiv: They're just leaving.

Guard: Now.

Kino: If he was released...

You heard me.

No one's getting out, are they?

Not now.

Not after this.

At least your friend is free.

Guard: You two, on program now.

Up. Hands on your heads.

Move.

Let's go. Come on, let's go.

Now. Let's go.

How many guards are on each level?

Never more than 12.

( Dramatic music playing )

# Episode 10 - One Way Out

A rare opportunity opens and the time for Cassian and his fellow inmates to act is now.

Taga: Something's wrong on Two.

Something's really wrong on Two.

Look at me.

It takes a week for one word to get all the way up here.

You're panicking about something that's happening on the other side of the building!

You think they're listening?

Like you would know.

I know this.

They don't need to care.

All they need to do is turn this floor on twice a day and keep their numbers rolling.

Mon: I need a loan.

You have someone in mind.

It's not a long list.

And yet you're afraid to say who it is.

Davo Sculdun.

He is not a banker.

He's a thug.

( Maarva wheezing )

Your breathing sounds weak.

The doctor was here yesterday. ( Wheezing )

You really don't know where he is?

Kino: New man on the floor!

Hold your positions!

I have a new idea.

( Electrical buzzing )

( Prisoner grunting )

( Whooshing )

Luthen: Anto Kreegyr.

I want you to meet him.

Anto Kreegyr?

Luthen: He's been probing the Imperial power station at Spellhaus.

We've got a rebel pilot in custody. One of Anto Kreegyr's group.

We don't think Kreegyr knows he's gone missing yet.

What if we foul the ship?

Have the pilot found dead in the cockpit.

Make it so. Top priority. Quickly and carefully.

We leave no trace.

Kino: What, you can't save him?

There's nothing to save.

He's had a massive stroke.

What happened down on Two?

A man who was just released on Four ended up back on Two the next day.

Word got out on the floor, and then they killed them all.

No one's getting out, are they?

Not now.

Not after this.

( Zipper closing )

( Whirring )

Cassian: We need to go tomorrow.

( Breathes heavily )

Tomorrow?

You heard me.

Go where?

Anywhere.

It has to be tomorrow.

Tomorrow.

We can't wait.

We'll never have a better chance.

You sound insane.

No, listen to me.

They don't have enough guards, and they know it.

They're afraid. Right now, they're afraid.

Afraid? ( Yells ) Afraid of what?

They just killed a hundred men to keep them quiet.

What would you call that?

I'd call that power.

Power? Power doesn't panic.

Five thousand men are about to find out they're never leaving here alive.

( Scoffs ) Don't you think that worries them upstairs?

Whatever we're making here, it's clearly something they need.

( Shudders ) They can't afford to be surprised again.

( Buzzer sounds )

( Alarm blaring )

There'll never be less guards than tomorrow. You know that.

On-Program.

Everyday we wait, they get stronger.

It might be wise to have a plan.

We have a plan.

Oh, what? You and Birnok and Melshi?

You don't have time to be stupid!

Come on!

The plan works around the new man coming down.

( Breathing heavily )

They'll replace Ulaf tomorrow.

That might not happen again until it's too late.

I'd rather die trying to take them down than die giving them what they want.

( Alarm continues blaring )

We won't have a better chance.

It has to be tomorrow.

Program.

Announcer: Home Blue, proceed directly to your cell.

Keef, where is he?

Cassian: He's dead.

Man 1: He didn't make it?

Man 2: What happened?

Man 1: He's dead. Can't you see that?

Man 3: Who was it?

Man 1: Ulaf, the old guy.

New man tomorrow.

Jemboc: What's going on?

Cassian: Tell them.

Man 1: Collapsed in the walk way.

Tell them!

Taga: Tell us what?

Xaul: What happened?

A doctor came out.

Xaul: He didn't do much, did he?

Cassian: Kino?

Announcer: We will have immediate facility compliance or we will begin activating floors without warning.

Taga: Keef! Floor!

( Floor powering up )

( Electrical buzzing )

Xaul: What's going on?

The doctor told us what happened down on Two.

It's true, isn't it?

They fried the whole bridge.

It is worse than that.

It's why.

Man 1: Louder.

Cassian: He said they made a mistake, and sent back a man who'd just been released.

They fried two shifts to keep it quiet.

Jemboc: You heard him say this?

Man 2: How would he know?

Man 3: I don't believe it.

( Exhales )

Man 3: He's a doctor, they would never tell...

No one is getting out!

It's true.

( Smacks lips ) The rumors are true.

Man: He said it's true.

They're not letting us go.

( Prisoners chattering indistinctly )

Ever.

( Inhales ) We're gonna die here, or in the next place.

( Breathing heavily )

So let's get out heads back in our cells, and start figuring this out.

( Prisoners chattering indistinctly )

Lagret: Kreegyr's men took the bait.

They're asking for a landing bay.

They found it?

They're towing it, sir.

"Pilot dead. Ship adrift.

"Port of origin unknown.

"Kafrene Rescue Salvage reports unresponsive, GPE 7000.

"Operator appears to have frozen following hydraulic failure on hyperspace re-entry."

Lagret: It worked.

Now we hang back and wait.

Suggestion, sir?

Yes.

I don't think we should step away.

Go on.

We should do what we normally do.

Unidentified ship, dead pilot. We'd want to take a look, wouldn't we?

Let's assume Kreegyr's watching.

The least suspicious thing to do would be to take an interest.

That is exactly what we will do.

( Door whirring )

( Thudding )

( Prisoners groaning )

Kino: Listen up!

We are done with counting shifts.

There is only then and now.

There is only one way out.

Play it how you want.

But I'm gonna assume I'm already dead, and take it from there.

There's no sense in warning the night shift.

They'll hear about it one way or another soon enough.

Let's make it look good.

( Electrical buzzing )

Announcer: New protocol announcement. All sky bridge transfers will be On-Program and silent until further notice. Any shift not in full compliance will be punished collectively. On-Program now.

On-Program!

( Drilling )

Jemboc: And turn.

( Indistinct chatter )

Ready?

Melshi: Yeah.

( Cassian grunts )

( Indistinct radio chatter )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Jezzi panting )

Doctor Mullmoy, ( Sniffs ) we're just not sure what to do.

She needs her meds, she knows it, but we caught her hiding them now, and when I asked her what she thought she was up to she said your pills put her off of food, and she'd rather keep eating than let you keep pretending.

Dr. Mullmoy: Okay, where is she?

Man: It's over there.

Got it. Thanks.

Davo: I was here once, 30 years ago.

I'd just left Chandrila, and my boss at the time thought I'd enjoy seeing it.

Tay: Has it changed much?

I can't tell.

Didn't pay enough attention.

Suppose I thought I'd be coming back regularly.

It's State property.

The rules are strict on décor. Our choices for change are limited.

It's a bit old, isn't it?

I like new.

I know it's tasteless and cliché, but one of the indulgences of great wealth is freedom from other people's opinions.

You've made your point.

Yes, everyone says you're very direct.

The Senator has many obligations, she's learned to manage her time accordingly.

I like when things are clear.

But then I always get to thinking, what's around the corner?

Mmm, your curiosity has clearly been profitable.

Davo: I've met your husband several times.

I'm sure.

( Davo chuckles )

I take it that's not a corner we're turning in this conversation.

It is not.

Many cultures don't fully appreciate the clarity of the Chandrilan marriage.

Even our own people are confused at times.

Boundaries can be liberating.

The old ways have value.

Good.

We understand each other.

So, searching for a more fluid banking situation, are we?

We've discussed all this, Davo.

I'd like to hear her say it.

Yes.

We're exploring alternative financing arrangements for our foundation.

As Tay has no doubt already told you, we've reached a scale in our holdings that permits a great variety of transactions to be bundled in ways that make outside observation impossible.

Yes, I've been informed.

What's unfortunate is that people such as yourself, those with immaculate reputations, sometimes feel that by taking advantage of the opportunity they're somehow tarnished.

The money is yours.

Family wealth is a thing to be proud of and you ought to be able to move it as you like with your privacy intact.

The Empire's new regulations, made without Senate consultation, I might add, are as cumbersome as they are avoidable.

They've made a game of it and we play.

This is a charitable fund we're establishing.

Davo: So I've been told.

What will it cost?

My fee?

We assume it's a percentage of funds transferred.

I want no fee.

Money means very little to me at this point.

Charity, isn't it?

I insist.

Davo: And I refuse.

Please take no offense, I'd prefer not to owe any favors.

I'd feel far more comfortable paying you for your trouble.

A drop of discomfort may be the price of doing business.

( Davo sighs )

Let's have it.

I'd like a return invitation.

I'd like to come back here at least once.

I'm sure that's something ( Chuckles ) that can be arranged.

Davo: I have a 14-year-old son.

I'd like to bring him with me.

You can't be serious.

I'm not asking for betrothal.

Then what are we talking about?

An introduction.

Your daughter is 13. She'll soon come of age.

Two young people.

Attractive and privileged Chandrilan citizens.

What makes you think I approve of that tradition?

Our position sometimes makes decisions for us, don't you find, Senator?

Neither of us have lived a life that encourages nonconformity.

Is that your only offer?

I'm afraid so.

Tay will see you out.

Of course.

( Davo sighs )

Davo: It's a lot to think about.

I'm not thinking about it.

That's the first untrue thing you've said.

It's been a pleasure.

( Whirs )

( Shuddering )

( Device whirring )

There was a mark on the fountain.

Could be anything.

That's what I thought, so I went to the stairs.

The rail was gone.

A clean break. Fresh.

He wants a meeting, face to face.

There goes the day.

Kleya: I don't like it.

Not now, I don't like the timing.

You don't like anything.

( Sighs ) At the very least you need to let me go.

Take the Fondor, go to safety and I'll take care of it.

You know that's not happening.

Stop wasting time.

It's been a year.

I'm surprised he waited this long.

Then if it's a trap?

Oh, if it's a trap, we've already lost.

Jemboc: Hands away.

( Indistinct chatter )

Are we really doing this?

You're still on board?

I want out. Don't care how.

I'm dead. I'm dead.

Hey, hey, hey!

I'm pretending to be dead.

( Breath trembling )

Don't die until you put up a fight.

One way out.

Come on!

Keep it moving!

Come on!

( Drilling )

Pick it up.

( Prisoners chattering indistinctly )

Right now, I'm two racks behind!

And we are not gonna close out the shift like that!

( Breathing heavily )

( Scraping )

Stop right there.

On-Program. Hands on your head. Eyes front. Feet down.

( Breathing heavily )

Kino: Keep it moving!

( Panting )

( Softly ) Come on, come on.

Kino: Come on!

( Grunting )

( Grunts )

Step forward, move, stop there.

( Electrical buzzing )

Zap-rod.

If I have to use this, you'll remember it, yes? Yes?

We owe a check on Three.

Guard 1: Do that now.

We're already behind.

Stepping off.

Guard 2: You're good.

Guard 3: I said eyes front.

( Electrical buzzing )

Where is he?

Are they even watching?

Calm down.

How?

I thought you were dead already.

( Grunting )

( Pipes creaking )

( Grunting )

New man ready on 5-2-D, requesting unit override.

How's it looking out there?

Guard 4: Copy that, coming up.

Looks good.

( Drilling, whirring )

Okay, go.

( Whistles )

( Cassian grunts )

( Pipes creaking )

( Grunting )

( Scraping )

( Grunts )

( Grunts )

( Grunting )

( Alarm sounding )

( Softly ) Oh, no.

( Grunts )

Announcer: On-Program.

( Alarm continues )

( Door whirs )

( Grunting )

( Breathing heavily )

( Breathing heavily )

( Breath trembling )

( Alarm continues )

Announcer: On-Program. New man on the floor. Everyone hold positions.

Kino: New man on the floor!

Hold your positions!

Lift engaged.

( Lift clicks )

( Lift whirring )

What'd you say to me?

Ham: I said nothing.

If you wanna say something, you should say it now.

You start...

( Both yelling )

Hey! You lot, back on program!

( Prisoners yelling indistinctly )

You lot, back on program!

Get back on program!

( Grunts )

( Rattles )

Whoa, what's going on? What's that?

Kino: Now!

( Electricity crackling )

( Air hissing )

What's going on out there?

Go! Go!

Clear the target.

What are you doing?

( Electrical buzzing )

( Creaking )

( Thudding )

( Groans )

( Electrical buzzing )

( Grunting )

( Prisoner grunts )

Prisoner 1: Come on! Help them!

Prisoner 2: Let's go!

Attack!

( Prisoners roaring )

( Grunts )

( Birnok yells )

( Blasters firing )

( Prisoners yelling )

( Yells, grunting )

Spark the floor! Spark the floor!

Get on the tables!

Get on the tables! Get up on the tables!

Guard: Spark the floor!

( Electrical buzzing )

( Prisoner screaming )

( Prisoners screaming )

Prisoner 1: Talk to me!

( Breathing heavily )

( Clicking button frantically )

Prisoner 2: Right, are you all right?

Prisoner 3: You all right? You good?

Prisoner 4: I'm okay.

Attack!

( Prisoners yelling )

We have a situation on 5-2-D.

Repeat, we have a situation...

( Blasters firing )

( Prisoners screaming )

( Grunting )

No! Xaul!

Prisoner 5: Come on!

( Blasters firing )

Guard: Hey!

( Grunts, groans )

They're down!

Kino: Come on! Climb!

( Prisoners yelling )

Kino: We're in!

( Guard grunts )

( Guard grunts )

( Alarm blaring )

( Panting )

Prisoner 6: Right.

Gimme a hand.

Man: That's it. Go.

( Drilling, whirring )

Prisoner 1: Got it.

Prisoner 2: Hey, did you see that?

Prisoner 3: Yeah, hold up.

Prisoner 4: What's that?

Prisoner 5: Where's that coming from?

( Prisoners yelling )

Hand it off.

Cassian: Move!

( Blasters firing )

Kino, come on!

Kino: We need to hold the level!

Let someone else do that.

Ham: Go! Go!

Cassian: Blow the consoles!

Keep the doors open!

Guard: What's going on down there?

I'm not sure, Sir...

Guard: I'm looking at a water break.

I've got service warnings on every panel.

Guard: Get over there and check it out. Now.

Check out 5-2-D. Now!

Prisoner 1: Let's go. Okay.

Prisoner 2: Go, go.

Jemboc!

Jemboc: Taga, come on, let's go!

Let's go!

Guard: Let's go. Fall in. Come on.

Go! Go! Go!

( Blasters firing )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Guard screaming, grunts )

One way out!

Come and fight!

What?

( Panting )

( Buzzing )

Ham: Come on.

( Prisoners cheering )

( Cassian panting )

( Blasters firing )

( Pants )

Ah!

We're leaving! Join us!

Climb! Use whatever you can!

( Blasters firing )

Go!

Announcer: This is a facility-wide emergency announcement. Complete program protocol will commence in 40 seconds.

Any deviation or failure to comply will result in unit-wide activation.

Start the count.

Count engaged.

Announcer: How much longer to find the water break?

Techs waiting for a secure floor.

Isolate Five.

Tech: Locked in.

5-5, 5-3, 5-6. Burn a firewall around it.

Fry the whole Level. Make the epicenter 5-2.

Too late.

There's nobody there.

You shouldn't be here.

Turn it off.

Announcer: Excuse me?

Kino: Turn it off!

That could mean so many things.

( Grunts )

I... I'll turn it off.

Cassian: Step away.

Now!

Shut down the floors. Everywhere.

Do it.

Cassian: No.

Don't just turn it off.

Cut the power.

It's all hydro.

Once we turn it off it takes months to get it back up and running ag...

I don't have it.

He has the Hydro Gens.

( Electricity powering down )

( Whirring )

( Prisoners chattering indistinctly )

( Electricity powering up )

That's the backup power supply.

Get out of there.

There.

With him.

Move!

On-Program! Now!

All yours.

Kino.

( Digital beeping )

Tell them what to do.

It has to be you.

Come on, Kino.

You do this every day.

Tell them what to do.

( Buzzer sounds )

My name is Kino Loy.

I'm the day shift manager on Level Five. I'm speaking to you from the command center on Level Eight.

We are, at this moment, in control of the facility.

( Breathes heavily )

Is that the best you got?

How long we hang on, how far we get, how many of us make it out, all of that is now up to us.

We have deactivated every floor in the facility.

All floors are cold. Wherever you are right now, get up, stop the work. Get out of your cells, take charge and start climbing. They don't have enough guards and they know it. If we wait until they figure that out, it'll be too late.

( Shudders )

We will never have a better chance than this and "I would rather die trying to take them down "than giving them what they want."

We know they fried a hundred men on Level Two.

We know that they are making up our sentences as we go along.

We know that no one outside here knows what's happening. And now we know, that when they say we are being released, we are being transferred to some other prison to go and die and that ends today!

There is one way out.

Right now, the building is ours.

You need to run, climb, kill!

( Prisoners yelling )

Kino: You need to help each other. You see someone who's confused, someone who is lost, you get them moving and you keep them moving until we put this place behind us.

There are 5,000 of us. If we can fight half as hard as we've been working, we will be home in no time. One way out! One way out!

One way out!

Prisoners ( chanting ): One way out!

Kino: One way out! One way out!

Prisoners ( chanting ): One way out! One way out! One way out...

Cassian: Come on!

Let's get out of here!

( Prisoners continue chanting )

( Softly ) Quiet.

( Prisoners continue chanting )

One way out!

Whatever happens now, we made it!

What's wrong?

Can't swim.

What?

What did he say?

I can't swim!

( Sighs )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Aliens chattering indistinctly )

( Whooshing )

( Digital beeping )

( Device beeping )

Luthen: If this is a trap, press the buttons for 215.

( Breathing heavily )

Luthen: We'll have privacy. We're running express.

( Thudding )

First of all, congratulations.

On what?

Luthen: Your daughter. Healthy. Beautiful. You must be pleased.

( Rattling, thudding )

( Breathing heavily )

Is that meant to scare me?

Luthen: Well, it's been a year since we've had a chance to catch up. You've become a father. It's not worth mentioning?

It's not fair.

You knowing.

Watching me.

Do you ever think how it might feel from my side?

Luthen: I think about you constantly.

( Rattles )

Why are we here tonight, Lonni?

There's a new supervisor rising.

Dedra Meero.

She's focused on a suspect she's calling Axis.

She thinks he's building a rebel network.

She started looking into stolen Imperial Naval equipment and now she's looking for a link to Aldhani.

Luthen: Dedra Meero.

There was an incident on Ferrix a few months ago.

She thinks there's a link. She's been tearing the place apart.

They're searching for a thief and the middleman.

Luthen: Huh. "Axis."

She's gathering interest. Partagaz likes her.

Luthen: Well, this is good. Encourage this.

( Static )

Why is this good?

Luthen: Because she's wasting time.

( Thudding, rattling )

You had nothing to do with Aldhani?

Luthen: Well, almost nothing. We were invited, but declined. They got lucky. We don't build on luck. But this can't be why you're here.

( Gulps, shudders )

She just captured a Rebel pilot running supplies for Anto Kreegyr.

They turned him immediately and staged an accident.

We know that there's a raid planned on the power station at Spellhaus.

If Kreegyr attacks, they'll be waiting.

Luthen: And if he doesn't, they'll know something's amiss.

They'll be slaughtered.

Luthen: It's 50 men. You're worth more than that.

You have to warn them.

Luthen: To what end? Ruin everything? What better way to reassure the ISB there's no leak in security than sacrificing Kreegyr. I'm doing this for you as much as anything.

( Electrical buzzing )

( Thudding )

( Breathing heavily )

( Whirring )

( Digital beeping )

( Breathing heavily )

Tell me why we're really here today, Lonni?

I can't do this anymore.

I'm a father now.

I had no idea how it would feel.

We took a vow.

I'm giving you Dedra Meero.

I'm giving you Spellhaus.

I'm warning you about Ferrix. I'm honoring my vow.

I've been working my way through there for six years.

Working my way up.

Alone.

So, what was your plan?

Gather a big basket of goodies for me as a farewell gift?

What were you planning to tell the ISB?

My health.

My wife's family has an import business.

Even as you say the words, you know it's impossible.

We can't let you go, Lonni.

We can't spare you.

We've been grooming you for too long.

And yes, you've been alone, but your career has profited greatly from information that we've provided.

Information that cost me dearly.

You love your daughter.

Kreegyr's men will be dying to make sure she has a father.

You're trapped, Lonni.

There's no pleasure in saying it but you're going nowhere.

My sacrifice?

It means nothing to you, does it?

I said I think of you constantly and I do.

Your investment in the Rebellion is epic.

A double life? Every day a performance?

The stress of that?

We need heroes, Lonni, and here you are.

And what do you sacrifice?

Calm.

Kindness. Kinship.

Love.

I've given up all chance at inner peace.

I've made my mind a sunless space.

I share my dreams with ghosts.

I wake up every day to an equation I wrote 15 years ago from which there's only one conclusion, I'm damned for what I do.

My anger, my ego, my unwillingness to yield, my eagerness to fight, they've set me on a path from which there is no escape.

I yearned to be a savior against injustice without contemplating the cost and by the time I looked down there was no longer any ground beneath my feet.

What is my sacrifice?

I'm condemned to use the tools of my enemy to defeat them.

I burn my decency for someone else's future.

I burn my life to make a sunrise that I know I'll never see.

And the ego that started this fight will never have a mirror or an audience or the light of gratitude.

So what do I sacrifice?

Everything!

You'll stay with me, Lonni.

I need all the heroes I can get.

( Clicking, whooshing )

( Panting )

( Cassian and Melshi panting )

# Episode 11 - Daughter of Ferrix

( Suspenseful music playing )

Maarva: I'm not going.

What are you talking about?

You can't stay, and I can't go.

I'll be worried about you all the time.

That's just love.

( Choking )

Six years.

Six years?

Man: Welcome to Narkina Five.

( Whispers ) No one's getting out, are they?

Not now.

Mon: I need a loan.

Davo Sculdun.

Mon: He's not a banker. He's a thug.

What will it cost?

I have a 14-year-old son. I'd like to bring him with me.

You can't be serious.

Have you heard from Cinta?

She's doing what she was told.

Receiving messages is just as dangerous as sending them.

You should keep that in mind.

Sergeant Mosk: Sir... ( Panting ) We need to get out of here.

( Yells ) Sir, we need to get out of here!

You didn't question the mother?

Dedra: If nothing else, she's our bait.

She's the reason Andor came back.

( Maarva wheezes )

Your breathing sounds weak.

The doctor was here yesterday. ( Wheezes )

When was the last time you spoke with Cassian Andor?

( Grunts )

I'd rather die trying to take them down than die giving them what they want.

Attack!

( Firing )

( Indistinct shouting )

( Chanting ) One way out! One way out!

Whatever happens now, we made it!

Anto Kreegyr. I want you to meet him.

He's been probing the Imperial power station at Spellhaus.

He'll need air support.

I work alone.

That's what I'm trying to change.

Luthen: Why are we here tonight, Lonni?

Heert: Dedra Meero, she just captured a rebel pilot running supplies for Anto Kreegyr.

We know that there's a raid planned on the power station at Spellhaus.

If Kreegyr attacks, they'll be waiting.

Luthen: And if he doesn't, they'll know something's amiss.

They'll be slaughtered.

( Cassian grunting, panting )

( Panting )

( Whooshing )

I can't feel my hands.

( Breath trembling )

They're leaving.

Stop sayin' that.

They're leaving.

Melshi: I can't climb back up.

You hear me?

Cassian: I hear you.

Melshi: My hands won't work.

I said, "I hear you."

( Panting )

Tell me they're leaving.

They're leaving. They're leaving.

Woman 1: She looks so peaceful.

Woman 2: Yeah. Let's try and get some air in here.

Woman 1: Oh, we're gonna have to get rid of that bedding. We'll save it for Cassian.

Woman 2: Okay.

Woman 1: She would have wanted it that way. It's heartbreaking. What about the droid?

( Rattling )

( Whirring )

Woman 2: Maybe we can just put that to the side there.

Woman 1: Let me.

Woman 2: Okay.

We're gonna take her out in a minute, if you want to say goodbye.

I'll have them clear the room if you want to be alone.

B2EMO: I d-d-don't want to be alone.

I want M-M-Maarva.

Woman 1: Um, they're gonna want to clear that.

Jezzi's gonna be here 'till I get back.

B2EMO: I can g-g-go with you.

Jez?

Yeah? Right here.

Bee's gonna help you get organized.

Jezzi: There's a lot to be done.

B2EMO: You said I could g-g-go with you.

The Daughters of Ferrix require your assistance in matters of grave importance.

Jezzi: We need to pull together, Bee.

All of us.

( Whirring )

( Mechanical whimper )

( Somber music playing )

( Mechanical whimper )

Woman: There she goes.

That's sad. Taking her away. Ugh.

Corv: Looks like someone died.

It happens.

Someone you know?

Cinta: Just started last week.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Speaking narkinian )

( Melshi panting )

It looks like it's just these two.

They didn't walk here.

Better if we go around...

Yeah.

( Grunts )

( Aliens speaking Narkinian )

( Panting )

Hello.

What is it?

Cassian: It's a quadjumper.

Can you fly it?

I don't know. It's an old one.

( Both panting )

( Speaking Narkinian )

Is that good?

Do we have a choice?

Wait. Be careful.

They can't see us.

If they did, they'd never get back in time.

What if someone's in there?

We're getting out.

I know, I feel it.

Wait.

( Speaking Narkinian )

( Both panting )

( Grunts )

( Beeping )

( Both grunting )

( Aliens chuckle )

This was last night?

They just moved the body.

Tell me we are watching this carefully.

Full surveillance.

What happens now?

Tigo: As a prominent citizen of Ferrix, she rates a big send-off. They'll want to close Rix Road. They'll ask for a permit. They know we won't allow it, but they like to keep asking. They're building a list of grievances. We want a funeral.

Excuse me?

You're going to give them a permit.

Keep it small, limit the time, limit the numbers.

We want to put them in a box, stand back and watch.

As you wish.

How much time do we have?

Corv: Two days. That's the Ferrix custom.

What's that?

The dead are bricked.

They mix your ashes with mortar and local stone dust, put your name on and fire it up.

You become a block of Ferrix brick.

And then what?

They find you a wall.

( Grunts )

( In fractured English ) Mysie my.

( Speaking Narkinian )

Prison, haye? Escapers.

Toosie-two.

A thousand each the offer be.

One for each of us, Freedi.

( Speaking Narkinian )

Better fishing on land these times, haye?

( Speaking Narkinian )

Killed our water then, haye?

( Grunts ) What?

Not much squiggly now. Not much left.

We meant you no harm.

We killed nothing. Nothing.

Prison done it. Spoilt our water.

All our water. Haye, Freedi?

( Speaking Narkinian )

No biggy dinner tonight like past times, Freedi?

( Freedi speaking Narkinian )

Haye. Water spoil here and far.

All your scobbin prison.

That's the Empire.

We were trapped. We were trapped there.

It's their prison.

Ah, always the Empire, haye?

( Freedi speaking Narkinian )

( Alien chuckles )

What? What is he saying?

What, what is he saying?

He's saying, alive or dead, the offer goes.

Toosie-two.

Wait slow down, hey, hang on!

No, no, no. Let's talk. Let's talk.

Melshi: Hang on.

Kill anyone they would.

Kill the water. Kill the squigglies.

( Panting )

Care not a snod who they kill, haye?

( Speaking Narkinian )

Scob the Empire.

They not be killing ye.

Naye today.

( Both grunt )

Wise to be jumping quickly, though.

( Breathing heavily )

Where ye be looking to run now, eh?

( Affirming grunt )

( Panting )

Niamos?

Alien: Oh.

Niamos. Haye. Niamos.

Alien: Oh, yeah. ( Chuckles )

( Sighs )

( Roaring )

( Whirring )

( Hissing )

( Whirring )

( Beeps )

( Door closes )

Kleya: Can I help you?

My cousin. I understand she shops here.

Senator Mothma?

Are we alone?

( Inhales, smacks lips )

You'd like to get something for her?

We have some new pieces in.

Where is he?

She's been collecting jewelry.

I don't have time for this.

We have rules for a reason.

You don't seem to understand that.

( Scoffs )

Vel: I sent up a flag this morning.

We would have seen it tomorrow.

Vel: We?

The Fondor's gone.

Checked the back on the way in.

Everything you're doing right now is wrong.

Tomorrow is too late. Where is he?

You're off the rails. You're lucky he's not here.

( Scoffs )

I gave him Aldhani.

What have you done lately?

I don't have lately.

I have always.

I have a constant blur of plates spinning and knives on the floor, and needy, panicked faces at the window, of which you are but one of many.

( Suspenseful music playing )

What information?

I'll make sure he knows where it came from.

( Inhales ) Cassian Andor.

The mother died.

I'm leaving in the morning.

Cinta says it's very busy there.

( Inhales )

I'll let him know.

Do that.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Beeps )

B2EMO: I am glad you're back.

( Whirring )

( Indistinct chatter )

Big man's on site. I want full coverage.

Spotters front and back.

I want to know immediately about any comings and goings, visitors, deliveries, anything.

( Beeps )

( Metal clang )

( Grunts )

( Sighs )

Bee, time to go.

B2EMO: G-G-Go where?

Back to my place. I have work in the morning.

B2EMO: I'm charging.

You've been there all day.

I'll take the afternoon off. We'll come back tomorrow.

She's not here, Bee. She's in the stone now.

She's on her way.

B2EMO: ( Whirs ) I can w-w-wait to make sure.

I can't leave you here alone. She wouldn't want that.

B2EMO: You could stay.

( Inhales )

One night.

( Whirring )

( Sighs )

Gorst: ( Echoing ) They make a sound as they die. A sort of choral, agonized pleading. If you're having difficulty speaking, just shake your head. Doesn't take long.

( Bix breathing heavily )

Gorst: It won't feel that way to you.

( Door opens )

Keysax: Bix, care to join me?

( Groans softly )

( Breathing heavily )

( Bix whimpering, grunting )

I'm going to ask you a question. I expect an honest answer.

If I'm not sure it's the truth, I'll have to call back Dr. Gorst.

( Crackling )

Anto Kreegyr.

That name, this face, have a good look.

( Clicks tongue ) Is this the man you introduced to Cassian Andor?

( Sighs )

Corv: Bix.

( Gulps )

( Sighs )

Children: "Yielding in acceptance. Safe in the braid of the old ways.

( Bix sobbing )

"True and steady and braided in trust."

"The old ways hold us. Safe in the knot, in the binding.

"The old ways teach us.

"Bound against the wind, tied to shore.

"Tethered in permanence..."

Seriously? Is that really happening?

We did it.

You did it.

I thought this was over.

It's back. You're not following the trends.

It's weird. It's stronger here than it is at home.

But you, you can do what you want.

It's not me.

Elder: Leida.

"True and steady..."

Perrin?

"...and braided in trust."

No, no, he's strangely open-minded on this topic.

It's her, it's Leida.

Leida: "...in the knot, in the binding."

Oh, no.

She loves it.

And her friends. It's the only thing she shows up on time for, it's mad.

"Yielding in acceptance. Safe in the braid of the..."

I can't believe this.

She found the elder.

Children: "...braided in trust. The old ways hold us.

"Safe in the knot, in the binding."

Don't tell me you're taking proposals.

Children: "Bound against the wind...

( Sighs )

I'm in so much trouble, Vel.

Children: "...Tethered in permanence. Yielding in acceptance."

Mon: Last year, I was pulling 100,000 credits every month from the family trust without a trace.

Vel: For Luthen? I had no idea it was that much.

It was so easy. I did it myself.

Set up a stream of accounts. It was like water running downhill.

I'd empty the bottom, and it would just flow. No one the wiser.

( Sighs )

Mon: A few months ago, I was contacted by one of the bankers back home, I was warned that Imperial inspectors might be taking a close look at Chandrilan accounts.

He said they were contacting clients to make sure everything was in order.

I did what I could.

I pulled everything I could access up the hill into the main account.

There was one empty ledger at the end of the line that was off-balance.

But it was so obscure and I just didn't know what else to do.

I was nervous.

I went to Luthen. I told him that I needed help from the outside, that I knew the risk...

Tay Kolma.

Yes.

Vel: Hmm.

And you trust him?

( Sighs )

Yes, I do.

( Whispers ) But then, Aldhani.

Now, suddenly everything was frozen.

( Shudders ) I thought Tay could help me replace the credits and get me started again, but what he really did was discover just how much more trouble I was in.

( Breath trembling )

Here I am.

( Gulps )

How much is missing?

Four hundred thousand.

( Sighs )

And they're looking into this when?

Mon: Soon. Very soon.

( Breathes deeply )

Does Luthen know?

Some? No. Not really.

( Sighs )

He warned me.

Who knows what he knows.

This can't be exposed.

I know that.

( Sighs )

I found a solution.

( Indistinct chatter )

Leida: Auntie Vel.

There you are.

What are you doing here?

Well, come back to see you.

Hello. How have you been?

Good. I'm well. How are you?

You are as nearly as tall as me.

( Both chuckle )

Vel: What were you doing in there?

Leida: Practicing the chant.

Vel: Huh. How's that going?

( Door opens )

Call for you.

( Device beeps )

( Powers up )

Sir? Is that you, sir?

( Crackling )

Yes. Hello, Sergeant.

Sergeant Mosk: Apologies, sir. And to the family.

What? Good to see you.

Sergeant Mosk: Yes. Yes, I think so. I'm on the night shift here. There's a line at the break to use this thing. Brevity's encouraged, so forgive me if I'm a bit hasty.

I can barely hear you.

Sergeant Mosk: Yes, Morlana One. Still here.

Just speak clearly.

Indeed. Been a bit rugged for me lately, but, you know, we're marching onward.

( Machinery blasts )

It's a smelter. There we go. Refueling. Should give us a moment. ( Panting )

Andor. I'm calling about Andor. You wanted news if I had it.

Yes. Please, go on.

Sergeant Mosk: Still a few Pre-Mor holdouts working in the office helping with the Imperial transition. My old partner still working the HQ night desk. He found me this afternoon and he told me that...

( Machinery blasts )

Has he been caught?

The mother.

Syril: You were talking about Andor.

Yeah, she's passed away.

Andor's mother?

Sergeant Mosk: There's lots of back and forth with Coruscant about it.

So, are you saying that he's there?

Sergeant Mosk: No, no, I'm in Morlana.

Where is Andor?

Yes. Yes, that's it. That he might show up at the funeral.

When?

Sergeant Mosk: ( Distorted ) If he's not getting there, sir, has to... Factored... I wouldn't put it past him. Not what we've been through.

We need to speak further.

( Device beeps )

I knew you'd want to...

( Device stalls )

( Sighs )

The mystery of your former triumphs have been vanquished.

( Scoffs ) I can sleep peacefully now.

( Door opens )

( Sighs )

( Squawking )

( Snoring )

( Beeps )

( Suspenseful music playing )

Nemik: ( Over speaker ) Tyranny requi...

( Snoring )

( Birds chirping )

( Two-tubes speaking tognath )

What's all this?

( Two-tubes speaking tognath )

Good to know.

Put it down or give it back.

( Beeps )

I'm in. I'll do it.

Do what?

Saw: Spellhaus power station.

Tell Kreegyr I'm in.

Tell him I'll bring air power, but we take tactical orders from no one.

You've taken a long time coming back to me, Saw.

We get to loot the eastern garrison.

Whatever we can carry off. And I want all the gear that you promised.

You're too late. He's going tomorrow.

We'll be ready. We have charts.

All he has to do is tell us when he wants it, and agree to my terms. Make it happen.

I think not.

Why?

You were so eager for it.

ISB knows Kreegyr's plan. They'll be waiting for him.

And how do we know this?

I won't tell you that.

And Kreegyr, he doesn't know.

How do you know I won't tell him?

I don't.

I don't know what you'll do.

( Scoffs )

It's far from ideal for either of us.

You're willing to burn him.

You're the random factor.

It's 30 men.

Plus Kreegyr.

Saw: So, you know he's doomed.

Which means either you're ISB or you have someone inside that you are protecting.

Or I'm just a very good listener.

You think it's worth losing Kreegyr?

I did. I'm not sure right now.

What if it was me instead of Kreegyr? What would you do?

Kreegyr doesn't know me. I'm not vulnerable if he's captured.

Surely you've met him.

Luthen: I've met him.

I've been in a room with him, but he doesn't know that.

We send people. We drop supplies. We have special radios. He can't hurt me.

Like I can.

It's your decision, Saw.

It's your decision.

But know the choice.

Do we let Kreegyr go down and play the long game, or do we warn him and throw away a source that's taken years to cultivate?

You have people everywhere, don't you?

You're avoiding the question.

Saw: All of your sources...

Try to concentrate.

There's someone with Kreegyr?

Someone at ISB? Maybe there's someone here with me.

You're wasting time.

Why wouldn't you?

You're avoiding the choice.

Who is it? Who is it?

It's Tubes.

( Two-tubes speaking tognath )

He's my man. He tells me everything.

Tell him. He deserves to know.

What is this?

What kind of game is this?

( Grunts )

Oh.

There's no way out alive. Of that you must be sure.

I'm doing this so you'll listen. So, listen.

Kreegyr goes down, the ISB will feel invincible.

They'll feel untouchable. We'll have a clear field to play.

The alternative... Kreegyr pulls out, we wave him off.

They'll know they'll have to wonder.

They'll trust nothing. Just like you're doing right now.

( Inhales )

If I were ISB, Saw, why wouldn't I just send you out there with him?

I didn't want you to have to make this choice.

Thirty men.

Plus Kreegyr.

For the greater good.

Call it what you will.

Let's call it war.

( Tense music playing )

( Beeps )

Automated Voice: Safe unlocked. Safe locked.

( Engine whirring )

( Beeping )

( Whirring )

Kleya: Where are you?

He wanted to reopen the offer.

Kleya: And did you close the sale?

I did. It was more expensive than I hoped, but I wasn't in a position to bargain.

So, you're coming home?

Luthen: Depends.

I'm most curious about the other piece.

You should come home.

Is it no longer available?

No, it's very much on the table.

The negotiations are ongoing and our representatives are involved, there's other buyers involved, your presence would complicate the bidding at this point.

We need that piece. We lose that and we'll have to close shop.

There's nothing more you can do.

That's never true.

It's a crowded market.

You need to think of the consequences of losing that piece to another collector.

I'm preparing for every outcome.

Luthen: There's only...

( Communicator buzzing )

Luthen? Luthen?

( Whoosing )

( Alarm blaring )

Elk: ( Over speaker ) This is Segra-Milo Imperial patrol. Please identify yourself, Haulcraft.

Luthen: I need an active transponder ID. Preference, Alderaan.

Fondor Droid: Working.

Sorry, can you repeat back, please?

This is an Imperial patrol. Standby for transponder scan.

Fondor Droid: ID found.

Yes, this is Alderaan 12912505.

Standby, Haulcraft. Run it.

( Beeps )

What's out there?

Fondor Droid: Arrestor cruiser. Cantwell-class. Three klicks and closing.

Luthen: ( Over speaker ) Is there something wrong, patrol?

There's been partisan activity in the area.

This is a piracy zone.

Oh, thank you for the warning. ( Sighs ) I'll be careful.

You'll be standing by is what you'll be doing.

Power the tractor beam.

( Rumbles )

How long on the ID?

Man 1: In the queue, sir.

( Thuds )

Decoy burn. Port thruster four. Rev it.

Fondor Droid: Portside thruster four.

( Beeping )

( Whirring )

Elk: Alderaan Haulcraft, please disengage any propulsion units and prepare for tractor beacon.

Luthen: Affirmative, patrol.

I have an engine overheating here, so it may take a moment.

( Engine accelerating )

Fondor Droid: Countermeasures charging.

Check his thermal.

Aberrant heat signature. Port-side thruster.

Get a boarding team ready.

Prepped and ready, sir.

Tractor beam has been engaged, Haulcraft. Please, power down your stabilizers.

( Beeping )

Calibrate tractor force.

Fondor Droid: Calibrating.

Confirm request, Haulcraft.

Fondor Droid: Tractor force two.

Sorry, patrol. I'm a one man show here. I have to manual these stabilizers.

( Beeping )

ID confirmed, sir. Alderaan Trade Alliance.

Cancel the boarding?

Elk: No.

We can use the practice.

Prepare for boarding and inspection, Haulcraft.

Engage reverse stabilizers on my throttle.

Fondor Droid: Acknowledged.

( Warbles )

What's he doing?

Tractor force up five.

Man 2: Does he think he can get away?

Man 1: Increasing five.

Man 2: Some pirate Haulcraft? Where does he think he's gonna go?

Elk: Final warning, Haulcraft.

Power down immediately or risk full consequences.

( Warbling )

( Beeps )

Fondor Droid: Countermeasures armed.

What is that?

( Alarm blaring )

No!

Man 2: From a Haulcraft?

Tractor beacon is failing us.

I can see that. ( Yells ) Where's my air wing?

Fondor Droid: Tractor beacon is down.

( Beeps )

( Whirs )

( Beeping )

( Warbles )

( Engine accelerating )

( Beeping )

( Warbles )

Droid: Hyperspace calibration complete.

( Engine accelerating )

( Beeping )

( Beeping continues )

( Sighs )

Xanwan Freight.

Cassian: ( Over speaker ) You busy?

( Scoffs ) Excuse me? Who is this?

Cassian: Are you alone?

I'm not getting picture.

Cassian: I need to get a message to Maarva Andor.

Cassian?

Cassian: Don't. No names.

Where are you?

Cassian: Tell Maarva I'm okay. Tell her I'm thinking about her. She'd be proud of me. And I'll get back as soon as I can. Can you remember that?

Cass, hang on.

Cassian: No names! I'm counting on you, Xan. Just let her know what I said.

Wait.

Cassian: What?

( Sighs )

Cass, I'm sorry.

Your mother's dead.

( Waves splashing )

( Wind whistling )

( Somber music playing )

You got through? It's okay?

Yeah. Everything okay.

All this space.

Fresh air. Like a dream, right?

How many do you think made it? How many of us made it out alive?

Not enough.

What if it's just us?

What if we're the only ones?

Somebody's got to tell people what's happening back there.

We need to split up. Double our chances.

One of us has to make it. People have to know what's going on.

I know.

Take this.

People have to know about this.

# Episode 12 - Rix Road

Targeted by numerous interests, the fugitive Cassian returns home to Ferrix, a tinderbox that is experiencing a spark of rebellion.

When was the last time you spoke with Cassian Andor?

( Grunts )

Maarva: Ferrix has been hiding long enough.

Cassian: So now you're taking on the Empire?

What's left to keep you here?

The Rebellion.

Did he tell you? He's writin' a manifesto.

You're my ideal reader.

( Engine whirring )

( Grunts )

He said to give this to you.

So, searching for a more fluid banking situation, are we?

What will it cost?

I have a 14-year-old son. I'd like to bring him with me.

I'm not asking for betrothal.

Then what are we talking about?

Davo: An introduction. Your daughter's 13. She'll soon come of age.

Don't tell me you're taking proposals.

I'm in so much trouble, Vel.

ISB knows Kreegyr's plan. They'll be waiting for him.

You think it's worth losing Kreegyr?

I did.

Sergeant Mosk: ( Over speaker ) Calling about Andor. You wanted news if I had it.

Yes. Please, go on.

The mother. She's passed away. He might show up at the funeral.

Officer: They just moved the body.

What happens now?

Tigo: As a prominent citizen of Ferrix, she rates a big send-off.

They'll want to close Rix Road.

You're going to give them a permit.

Xanwan: Cass, I'm sorry. Your mother's dead.

( Tense music playing )

( Sizzling )

( Ominous music playing )

( Warbling )

( Thunder rumbling )

( Shudders )

( Whirring )

You're here.

Welcome. And just in time for dinner.

I'll eat later.

I want to get changed, take a walk around the town.

I'll pull an escort.

No need.

Corv will take me.

Keep it small.

As you wish.

( Crackling )

( Whirring )

( Breathing heavily )

( Indistinct chatter )

Brasso: Xan.

Hey.

Looked like you were wrapping up, so I thought I'd wait.

How long you been here?

I spoke to Cassian.

What?

He called the shop.

How?

Picked up the old box line and there he was.

( Whispers ) Where?

I don't know. I...

Where is he?

He wouldn't say.

Does he know about Maarva?

Yeah, he does now.

It was a very short conversation.

He asked about the funeral.

Let's walk.

Who else knows this?

No one.

Keep it that way.

Can't be too careful.

They're watching Maarva's. Could be anywhere.

He'd be insane to come back now.

I hope you told him that.

Like I said, it was a very short call.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Metal scraping )

( Creaks )

Nurchi: I can't stop thinkin' about this whole Maarva situation.

( Indistinct chatter )

Imagine losing you mother like this.

I couldn't stand it.

Not being there for your mom.

Have Brasso place her stone, just breaks your heart, right?

You gotta feel for Cassian.

I'd be losing my mind.

Want another?

Xanwan: Maybe just one.

Nurchi: Why worry it though? ( Chuckles )

It's not like he knows about it.

Guarantee you, he's got no idea what's going on.

Bank on that.

I wouldn't be so sure.

Hey.

You know something I don't?

Do me a favor, keep it that way.

Hey.

We'll have another round.

( Sighs )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Metal clicks )

( Clicking )

( Sighs )

( Breathing heavily )

( Exhales )

( Perrin sighs )

I thought you left without me.

Crossed my mind.

Mmm.

I looked for you but, uh...

I'm sure.

Kloris, we'd like privacy, please.

Kloris: Ma'am.

Perrin: ( Sighs ) What now?

( Sighs )

You're gambling again.

Nonsense.

And here, in Coruscant.

Perrin: That's ridiculous.

Do you have any idea how tired of this I am?

( Beeps )

Perrin: ( Over speaker ) It's a lie. It's total fantasy. Who's telling you this?

Please.

Perrin: No, I'm serious.

Perrin, please.

Who is saying this?

Mon: Just don't.

We'll go back there, right now. We'll put it to an end.

We will not. I've been shamed enough for one night.

( Tense music playing )

You can't live without a casino? Fine.

You go to Canto Bight and do whatever it is you need to do.

But not here.

You promised.

I've kept my promise!

Keep your voice down.

Perrin: ( Over speaker ) He can't hear me. This is wrong, Mon. This is people trying to take you down by coming after me.

You tell me who's saying this and I'll tell you why.

Oh, please.

Where would I get the money?

That's the question that scares me the most.

Someone's lying to you.

On that, we can agree.

( Sighs )

( Cinta grunts )

( Panting )

( Sighs ) You're here.

I couldn't remember if I'd locked the door, if you'd even remember how to get here.

And here I am.

Cinta: I was on my way to pick you up.

This guy I've been watching, he's ISB.

( Whirring )

Cinta: He's their guy in town.

His boss showed up tonight.

Good to see you too.

( Breathing heavily )

An ISB supervisor came in tonight.

A woman.

Here. Now.

I was on my way to pick you up when they left the hotel dressed like locals.

( Beeps )

I had to follow.

They're getting ready, Vel.

They must know Andor's coming.

You did the right thing.

Cinta: We have to get there first.

I know.

Everything depends on it.

I said I know.

Come away from the window.

( Breathing heavily )

( Sighs )

Clem: Here's the thing, Cassian. The man who sees everything is more blessed than cursed.

( Metal clatters )

Clem: Look at that. Here we go.

Stand back, let it drip.

( Sighs )

( Music playing )

Look how quickly that's cleaned up.

Hard to believe, right?

Two minutes.

No longer, no shorter.

You know why they don't make these anymore?

'Cause they'd rather sell you a brand new system at ten times the price.

I mean, how many we got?

60? 70 of them?

Just sittin' there.

Five hundred credits each.

People don't look down to where they should.

They don't look down, they don't look past the rust.

Not us though, eh? Eyes open, possibilities everywhere.

Just need to get this cleaned up before Maarva find us doing this in the house.

( Breath trembling )

( Panting )

( Hounds grunting )

( Gasps )

( Barking )

Man: Who's there?

( Barking )

( Panting )

Man: Cass?

Cassian: Pegla?

Pegla: Down, now!

( Hounds grunt )

Huh. ( Panting )

Pegla: I don't believe it. ( Exhales )

( Sighs )

Hey.

I'm just...

I'm so sorry.

I loved your mom, I really did.

I know.

It's good to see ya.

What are you doing here?

Just keepin' an eye on the place till we sell it.

Cassian: Sell it?

Where's Bix?

( Grunts )

Where is she?

Cass... ( Breathing heavily )

Where is she?

( Shudders )

( Solemn music playing )

Nemik: "There will be times when the struggle seems impossible. I know this already. Alone, unsure, dwarfed by the scale of the enemy.

( Shudders )

Nemik: "Remember this. Freedom is a pure idea.

( Thunder rumbling )

Nemik: "It occurs spontaneously and without instruction. Random acts of insurrection are occurring constantly throughout the galaxy. There are whole armies, battalions that have no idea that they've already enlisted in the cause. Remember that the frontier of the Rebellion is everywhere. And even the smallest act of insurrection pushes our lines forward.

( Thunder rumbling )

Nemik: "And then remember this. The Imperial need for control is so desperate because it is so unnatural. Tyranny requires constant effort. It breaks, it leaks. Authority is brittle. Oppression is the mask of fear. Remember that. And know this, the day will come when all these skirmishes and battles, these moments of defiance will have flooded the banks of the Empire's authority and then there will be one too many. One single thing will break the siege.

( Rain pattering )

Nemik: "Remember this. Try."

Tigo: We've loosened air traffic as you requested.

Pulled back our uniform patrols, relaxed our curfew.

We've baited the trap and opened the door.

We've got recon units prepped and positioned.

I know you've got your own sources out there.

What time is the funeral?

They asked for midday.

We pushed it back two hours.

They slow down a bit after lunch.

Dedra: And the funeral area?

Keysax: Right there. That's her box.

We're allowing them half of Rix Road for one block.

Tigo: We gave them a max of 30 people.

The Daughters pushed back, so we've upped it to 40.

"Daughters"?

The Daughters of Ferrix.

It's a social club.

Andor's mother was a past president.

A local annoyance.

Keysax: The control position's here, here, and here.

We'll have snipers and a containment unit there.

Containment, yes. Snipers, no.

I want him taken alive.

I want that message passed along the line.

And clearly.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Sinister music playing )

Blevin: "Where would I get the money?"

"That's what scares me the most."

Kloris: That's right. Word for word.

Blevin: Was she more angry about him lying or the possibility of gambling debts?

Kloris: Hard to say.

Mon Mothma is of great interest here.

Having her husband dig a hole for himself could be helpful in many ways.

Kloris: Well, it sounded like Perrin had done this before.

Blevin: They've made some odd banking moves recently.

This would certainly explain it.

Kreegyr. You're missing it.

Keep listening.

( Indistinct chatter )

You can close out your Anto Kreegyr files.

Blevin: How many attacked?

Jung: They're still counting the bodies.

Blevin: It's over?

They walked right into it.

It was over before they started.

Prisoners?

Not today.

Take a guess who's not happy about that.

She called in.

He's been talking her down.

Dedra: ( Over speaker ) I just wish I had been part of the conversation, sir.

Partagaz: This wasn't a dialogue, Dedra.

We get nothing from a dead body.

Someone needs to be in the room saying that.

Partagaz: You're missing the point.

Today was about wiping the taste of Aldhani from the Emperor's mouth.

You want to start a conversation?

Find Axis.

( Beeps )

( Tense music playing )

( Sighs )

( Doors hissing )

( Whirring )

( Revving )

( Whooshes )

( Slurps )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Sighs )

( Dramatic music playing )

That's not him.

Guard: ( Over comms ) Sir?

Corv: The big man.

We've been played.

Where is he?

( Breathing heavily )

( Sighs ) Okay.

Make it quick.

( Gasps )

I wanted her to leave with me.

Brasso: I know.

I came to get her.

Brasso: She told me.

I couldn't get back.

You shouldn't be here now, Cass.

But the last time I saw her, we argued.

Don't.

Cassian: I told her I was coming back.

Stop.

I never should have left that morning.

Brasso: Stop.

She told me you'd say all this.

( Somber music playing )

( Sighs )

"Tell him, none of this is his fault. It was already burning. He's just the first spark of the fire. Tell him, he knows everything he needs to know and feels everything he needs to feel. And when the day comes, and those two pull together, he will be an unstoppable force for good. Tell him... I love him more than anything he could ever do wrong."

Pegla: Hey. ( Shushes )

Who's that?

( Indistinct chatter over radio )

Guard: There's different shifts that they're taking.

Street's clear. Hurry up.

Bix?

Still got friends in the hotel.

She was alive three days ago.

Why are they keeping her?

She must know something.

( Clicks )

We can't just leave her there.

You're gonna take on a full garrison?

I'll take care of Maarva.

You take care of yourself.

It's too late for that.

( Indistinct chatter over PA system )

( Whirring )

( Indistinct chatter )

Luthen: Any luck?

Was getting worried.

What's the verdict? Has he come home or not?

They seem to think so. They're everywhere.

There's an ISB supervisor in town.

A woman?

You know her?

Not yet.

This is good.

How is this possibly good?

Luthen: They'll do the hunting for us.

They'll want him alive.

They'll find him, we'll kill him.

Where will they take him?

The hotel.

So that's our target.

We just need him dead before they start asking questions.

How long do we have before the festivities start?

Few hours. You'll hear the anvil.

Where's Cinta?

Watching the mother's house.

Luthen: Oh, forget that. Get her up to the hotel.

I'll have a look around.

( Anvil clangs )

Luthen: What's going on?

( Clangs )

( Indistinct chatter )

( Anvil clangs )

( Clangs )

Get Cinta. I'll be at the hotel.

( Anvil clangs )

( Clangs )

( Indistinct announcement over speaker )

( Anvil clangs )

( Marching band warming up )

What's going on?

I'm not sure.

( Indistinct chatter )

( Indistinct announcement over speaker )

( Anvil clangs )

Guard: ( Over comms ) I can hear music, sir.

( Overlapping chatter on comms )

( Anvil clangs )

( Whirring )

( Clangs )

( Mournful music playing )

( Door closes )

( Sighs )

Keysax: Of course I hear it.

I'm just not seeing it.

They've started. They're coming from all over town.

I want everything out here.

Show of force immediately.

Stand to!

Double time, form up.

Let's move!

( Indistinct chatter )

Tigo: You call this a perimeter?

Square this away!

Get these people off the streets.

Guard 1: Team one here.

Guard 2: Team two here.

Guard 3: Go, go, go!

Guard 4: Team three...

Tigo: Restrict them!

( Indistinct shouting )

Guard 5: Move! Move! Move!

Guard 3: Go, go, go!

Guard 4: Move! Move! Move!

Guard 5: Take a unit down there.

You, Captain, take them that way.

( Mournful music continues )

Double the reward.

You found him?

I want twice as much and a ride out of here when it's over.

Where is he?

Pretend you're arresting me.

Hey!

What do you think you're doing?

Hey. Move it. Move!

( Indistinct shouting )

Guard: Right, we need to assume the positions.

Secure the perimeter.

( Nurchi grunts )

( Indistinct announcement over speaker )

Back!

Tigo: Which building?

Across the street.

Dedra: I need two men.

Tigo: He's seen him?

No, but he's sure he's there.

We're wasting time.

I've got a recon unit on the terrace up there now...

No. I need him alive.

Don't make me say it again.

( Indistinct shouting )

( Wheels squeaking )

( Indistinct shouting )

( Humming )

Sir.

Syril: She's here.

It's her.

( Beeps )

( Mournful music stops )

( Wind blows )

( Whirs )

( Spirited music begins )

What are we doing?

We're wasting time.

( Whirs )

( Water splashing )

( Sighs )

( Music continues )

All: ( Chanting ) Stone and sky. Stone and sky.

Stone and sky. Stone and sky...

( Chanting continues )

( Music continues )

Stone and sky.

( Gasps )

( Chanting continues )

Tenek.

Cassian.

( Sighs ) Where's Bix?

( Anvil clangs )

( Music stops )

I'm sorry about your mother.

( Whirring )

( Warbles )

( Crackling )

My name is Maarva Carassi Andor.

( Breathing heavily )

I'm honored to stand before you.

Maarva: I'm honored to be a Daughter of Ferrix, and honored to be worthy of the stone. Strange, I... feel as if I can see it. I was six, I think, first time I touched a funerary stone. Heard our music, felt our history. Holding my sister's hand as we walked all the way from Fountain Square. Where you stand now, I've been more times than I can remember. I always wanted to be lifted. I was always eager, always waiting to be inspired. I remember every time it happened, every time the dead lifted me...

( Wheezes )

With their truth.

( Labored breathing )

And now I'm dead. And I yearn to lift you. Not because I want to shine or even be remembered. It's because I want you to go on. I want Ferrix to continue. In my waning hours, that's what comforts me most. But I fear for you. We've been sleeping. We've had each other, and Ferrix, our work, our days. We had each other, and they left us alone. We kept the trade lanes open, and they left us alone. We took their money and ignored them, we kept their engines churning, and the moment they pulled away, we forgot them.

( Sighs ) Because we had each other. We had Ferrix. But we were sleeping. I've been sleeping. And I've been turning away from the truth I wanted not to face. There is a wound that won't heal at the center of the galaxy. There is a darkness reaching like rust ( Glitches ) into everything around us. We let it grow, and now it's here. It's here, and it's not visiting anymore. It wants to stay. The Empire is a disease that thrives in darkness, it is never more alive than when we sleep.

( Wheezing )

It's easy for the dead to tell you to fight, and maybe it's true, maybe fighting is useless.

( Breathing heavily )

Perhaps it's too late. But I'll tell you this... If I could do it again, I'd wake up early and be fighting these bastards...

Move!

Maarva: ( Wheezing ) ...from the start.

( Indistinct shouting )

Fight the Empire!

Enough!

( All yelling )

No!

( Grunts )

( Yelling )

Placement!

( Crowd yelling )

( All grunting )

( Tense music playing )

( Both grunting )

( Blaster fired )

( Crowd yelling )

Let him through! Hold the line!

( Panting )

Keysax: Let him through!

Let him through!

( Grunts )

Keysax: Let him through. Hold the line!

Hold the line!

Hold the line!

( Grunts )

( Clangs )

You! Bell tower, make it stop now!

Go!

( Panting )

Keysax: Hold the line!

I dreamt you came back.

Bix?

You climbed over a wall.

Hey, listen, we gotta get outta here.

Maarva was here.

( Tense music playing )

Wasn't she great?

( Sighs )

( All yelling )

( Buzzing )

Keysax: Get him up!

( Indistinct shouting )

Guard: Move, move!

( Crowd shouting )

There's no one out there. Come on.

They'll get angry.

No.

( All yelling )

( Clangs )

( All shouting )

( Beeping )

( Yells )

( Beeping )

( Explosion )

( Man 1 screams )

Nurchi: Ah!

( Crashing )

( Explosions )

( Glass shatters )

( Explosions )

( Groans )

Man: Oh, my God...

( People screaming )

( Breathing heavily )

Come. Come.

There you go.

( Bix grunts )

( Panting )

Man 1: Come on, let's get moving. Come on.

Man 2: Keep moving!

There! That's him!

Get him!

( People clamoring )

Keysax: Hold the line!

Open fire!

( Blasters firing )

Fire at will!

( Man grunts )

( Stormtrooper grunts )

( People clamoring )

( Brasso grunts )

( Stormtrooper screams )

( Man groans )

Brasso: ( Pants ) Come on!

Move!

Keysax: Get him!

( Blasters firing )

Woman: Ah!

( Xanwan grunting )

Ah!

( People screaming )

( Blasters firing )

( B2emo whimpers )

( People screaming )

Corv: You.

( Gasps )

What are you doing here?

( Cinta shudders )

( Grunts )

( Breathing heavily )

( Grunts )

( Cinta breathing heavily )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Whirring, beeps )

( People shouting indistinctly )

( Man screaming )

( Grunts )

Okay.

( Bix grunts )

( Blaster fires )

( Grunts )

( People screaming )

( Grunts )

( Man yelling )

( Yelps )

( Grunting )

( Clangs )

( Bix breathing heavily )

( Explosion )

( Bix whimpers )

( People clamoring )

( Clangs )

( Grunts )

( Stormtrooper screams )

( Grunting )

( Dedra screaming )

Syril: Do as I say. Move!

Straight ahead. Through the door.

Quickly!

( Both grunting )

( Dedra panting )

You?

How?

You were in trouble.

( Panting )

Syril.

I knew that.

( Breathing heavily )

I should...

I should say thank you.

You don't have to.

( Dedra panting )

( People shouting indistinctly )

( Bix panting )

( Distant blasters firing )

Vel: What about this?

Everything goes.

Vel: Closet?

Empty.

You're bleeding.

It's fine.

That's blood.

It's nothing.

It's not mine.

Jezzi: Come on, guys.

The fuel gauge says zero.

I've got nothing.

( Grunts )

It's topped out. It's reading full.

Jezzi: Do you wanna come up here and see?

Bang the gauge, Jezz. Just give it a whack.

( Sighs ) It's got a few kinks, but it's a good old ship.

I'd have more confidence if you were coming.

( Hisses )

It flies.

( Engine starts )

Pull it! Pull it!

Pegla: We're full!

Pegla: Give me those.

( Panting ) Now, go. You go now or forget it.

No.

( Whirs )

( Barking )

B2EMO: C-C-Cassian.

Pegla: Get it going!

Almost there.

( Bix whimpering )

Hey.

Help her up.

Bix: Brasso.

She's coming around. Come on.

Let's get moving!

Brasso: Come. Come with me.

( Bix breathing heavily )

( Whirs )

Hey, Jezz.

Hey, Cass.

Can they make it to Gangi Moon?

If they ever make it out of here.

You're not coming?

Stay low all the way to Farside Sea.

The moment you get over the water, you climb.

Straight home, full pump, hand throttle, no comms.

All in. You understand?

Yeah.

B2EMO: You're n-n-not coming?

Not today, Bee.

B2EMO: I n-n-never got to see you.

You take care of Bix until I get there.

I'm counting on you.

B2EMO: You always say that.

( Scoffs )

And you always come through.

Get them out of here! ( Claps )

He'll find us.

( Tense music playing )

Cassian will find us.

I will.

( Sighs )

I'll find you.

Now, go! Go, go!

( Whirs )

( Engine starts )

( Metal rattling )

( Groans )

( Engine whirring )

( Exhales )

( Somber music playing )

( Engine accelerating )

( Sergeant mosk exhales )

( Whooshes )

Luthen: Prepare for evac.

Full stealth.

( Beeping )

( Beeps, whirs )

You came here to kill me, didn't you?

You don't make it easy.

( Sighs )

I will now.

( Tense music playing )

( Sighs )

What game is this?

No game.

Kill me.

Or take me in.

( Scoffs )

( Sighs )

( Electricity crackling )

( Suspenseful music playing )

( Tie-fighter whooshes )

( Music stops )