

Tycho's Trial

Extension 2 English

Student Number: 4149319

Centre Number: 558

Dramatis Personae

Tycho's Trial

In order of appearance

(non-speaking parts in italics)

- One human male security guard
- One Bothan male security guard (covered in brown fur, face a cross between a wolf and an ape)
- Corran Horn, 25-year-old human male from Corellia, small, dark hair, green eyes.
- Tycho Celchu (pronounced ty-ko sel-ku) 28-year-old human male from Alderaan, slender, blondish brown hair, crystal blue eyes.
- Emtrey, black protocol droid, clamshell shaped head, glowing yellow eyes.
- *Lai Nootka, (pronounced ly) tall Duros male from Duro, blue skin, long face, misshapen head, large red eyes.*
- Wedge Antilles, 27-year-old human male from Corellia, slightly less than average height and build, brown hair and eyes.
- Winter, 26-year-old human female from Alderaan, tall, slender, long white hair, dark eyes.
- Iella Wessiri, 26-27-year-old human female from Corellia, slender, light brown hair, brown eyes.
- Mirax Terrik, 25-year-old human female from Corellia, tall, slender, black hair, dark eyes.
- Riv Shiel, Shistavanen wolfman (werewolf) from Uvena III, black fur.

- Gavin Darklighter, 16-year-old human male from Tatooine (looks older), tall, sandy brown hair, brown eyes.
- Asyr Sei'lar, Bothan female from Bothawui, early 20s black fur, white diamond patch from throat to navel, white hands and forearms, white patch across left eyes and side of face, violet eyes.
- *Ooryl Qrygg, Gand male from Gand, giant bipedal bug, ebon eyes, and 3 fingered hands.*
- Nawara Ven, Twi'lek male from Ryloth, late 20s, ash coloured skin, sharp teeth, 2 fleshy tentacles sprouting from head, dark red eyes.
- *Rhysati Ynr, (pronounced een-er) human female from Bespin, early to mid 20s, shapely, blond hair, hazel eyes.*
- Erisi Dlarit, human female from Thyferra, early to mid 20s, tall, slender, chin length black hair, sapphire blue eyes.
- Pash Cracken, human male from Contruum, mid to late 20s, tall, lean, red hair, green eyes.
- *Inyri Forge, human female from Kessel, early 20s, trim, brown eyes, long brown hair with blue forelock.*
- Alliance security commander, can be either male or female.
- General Airen Cracken, middle-aged human male from Contruum, green eyes, greying red hair, thickening trim build.
- Mon Mothma, human female from Chandrilla, approaching middle aged, stately, fading red hair, blue eyes.

- *Princess Leia, 25-year-old human female from Alderaan, petite, brown hair and eyes.*
- *Doman Beruss, human female from Corellia, approaching middle age, flaxen hair.*
- *Borsk Fey'lya, Bothan male from Kothlis, cream fur, violet eyes.*
- *Verrinefra B'Thog, Elomin male, tall thin, pointed ears, four horns, widely spaced eyes.*
- *Sian Tevv, Sullustan male from Sullust, small, huge eyes, loose jowls, pointed ears.*
- *Admiral Ackbar, Mon Calamari male from Mon Calamari, salmon coloured skin, lobed head, protruding eyes.*
- *Kerrithrarr, Wookiee male from Kashyyyk, tall, black fur.*
- *Jennsar soBilles, Duros male from Duro.*
- *Prison guard*
- *Trepore Ewns, human male from Sluis Van, dark blond hair, blue eyes.*
- *Whistler, green and white R2 unit, squat cylindrical body, domed head.*
- *General Horton Salm, human male from Norvall II, small, rotund, bald.*
- *General Crix Madine, human male from Corellia, middle aged, blue eyes, brown hair and beard.*
- *Halla Ettyk, 34-year-old human female from Alderaan, short, dark hair.*
- *Clanom Narquer, Quarren female from Mon Calamari, helmet shaped head, mass of tentacles under close-set eyes, apricot skin.*
- *Zaree Lovanci, young human female from Kuat, reddish hair.*

- *Ithorian cameraman from Ithor, pachyderm-type, eyes at end of trunk*
- Diric Wessiri, old human male from Corellia, frail, animated brown eyes, largely bald, grey and white hair streaked with black.
- *Military policemen*
- *Riflemen, human male, tall, dark hair, round face.*
- *Wes Janson, human male from Taanab, tall, baby-faced, brown hair and eyes.*
- *Hobbie Klivian, human male from Ralltiir, dark blond hair.*
- Kirtan Loor, human male from Churba, tall, black hair.

ACT I

FADE IN

INT. CORRIDOR.

Two Alliance security guards, one human male, the other Bothan male, are standing guard outside a very dark grey door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRAN'S QUARTERS.

Two men, **CORRAN HORN** and **TYCHO CELCHU** are in a room with grey walls and dark blue carpeting. **CORRAN**, a small 25-year-old human male, with dark brown hair and green eyes is sitting on an ejector seat [like out of the cockpit of a fighter], and **TYCHO**, slender 28-year-old human male, with blondish-brown hair and crystal blue eyes, is sitting on the room's only couch. **EMTREY**, a black protocol droid with a clamshell-shaped head, is standing next to the couch; head slumped forward, in shutdown mode. There are lights everywhere, and a holo-projection on the longest wall of a river falling into three waterfalls. A small refrigerator was between the couch and the ejector seat, doubling as a holo-projector stand.

CORRAN:

So General Salm thinks you're some sort of threat to the Alliance. Shouldn't that make me wonder about you?

TYCHO:

(sighs)

Two years ago I was captured and taken to Lusankya.

CORRAN:

(surprised)

Lusankya?!

TYCHO:

You know it?

CORRAN:

Only by the most vague and nasty of rumours. People who come out of there are human remote bombs, sleeper agents for the Empire. And they don't even know if they're an Imperial agent waiting to happen.

TYCHO clenches his fists.

TYCHO:

I *know* I'm not. Being able to prove it is something else again.

CORRAN:

But you're constantly under suspicion, how can you put up with it?

There is a pained look in **TYCHO's** crystal blue eyes.

TYCHO:

It is the only way I can be allowed to fight back against
the Empire.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HEADQUARTERS

A dank and seedy cantina [picture the Mos Eisley cantina only darker and less hospitable]. The place is crowded with all manner of creatures. **CORRAN** is standing at the bar, sipping a small glass of green ale, half of which was foam. There are blaster bolt marks ranging from hip level to head level on the walls.

CORRAN'S POV – Pans from the walls to the booths, scanning the various occupants. In one booth sits **TYCHO** and a hooded person.

ANOTHER ANGLE – **CORRAN** shakes his head and looks away, but **TYCHO** is still there when he looks back. The person seated with **TYCHO** stands. The figure is tall, and **CORRAN** reels in horror, believing he recognises the individual.

CORRAN:

(whispers)

Kirtan Loor.

ANOTHER ANGLE – **TYCHO** stands and he and his companion leave together.

CLOSE UP – The hooded figure's face. It is blue with large red eyes—a Duros.

CUT TO:

INT. A BUSY CANTINA

It is similar to the Headquarters, only quieter and filled with humans. **CORRAN** is sitting in a booth talking to **WEDGE ANTILLES**, a human male of slightly less than average height and build, aged 27, with brown hair and eyes.

WEDGE:

Winter said you had something you could tell only me?

CORRAN:

Five days ago, I saw Tycho Celchu talking with Kirtan Loor, an Imperial Intelligence agent.

WEDGE:

That's impossible. Five days ago Tycho was killed when Warlord Zsinj attacked our base at Noquivzor.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPTHS OF CORUSCANT

The Rogues and company are in a cavern-like room with lime and rust stains on the walls and a trash midden in the middle. The midden consisted of trash disintegrating into mush, with a few odd, brightly coloured plastic things poking out. The ceiling has been sculptured to look like a cave, complete with stalactites hanging down. There is periodic DRIPPING from the ceiling, and the Rebels are rather damp and cross.

PANNING SHOT – From the midden to the Rogues. **WEDGE** is standing, leaning against a wall. **TYCHO** is sitting near by, in close conversation with **WINTER**, a

human female, 26-years-old, tall and slender, with long white hair and dark eyes. Next to **WINTER** is **IELLA WESSIRI**, a human female, aged around 26-27, slender with light brown hair and brown eyes. **IELLA** is talking to **MIRAX TERRIK**, another human female, aged 25, tall and slender with long black hair pulled back into a thick braid, and dark eyes. Next to **MIRAX** is **RIV SHIEL**, a Shistavanen wolfman [think werewolf] of an indeterminate age. **SHIEL** is GROWLING softly, clearly out of sorts. **GAVIN DARKLIGHTER** and **ASYR SEI'LAR** are next, surreptitiously holding hands. **GAVIN** is a 16-year-old human male [although he looks a bit older], tall with sandy brown hair and brown eyes. **ASYR**, is a Bothan female in her early twenties, slender and petite, with violet eyes and black fur with a white diamond shaped patch from her throat to navel [visible beneath her vests lacings], white hands and forearms and across her left eye and side of her face. Sitting in the corner is **OORYL QRYGG**, a Gand of an indeterminate age [think a giant bug in clothing, though bipedal with three fingered hands]. On **OORYL**'s other side is **NAWARA VEN**, a Twi'lek male in his late twenties, with ash coloured flesh, mouthful of sharp teeth, two fleshy braintails [tentacles] sprouting from his head and dark red eyes. **RHYSATI YNR** is snuggled next to **NAWARA**, a human female in her early to mid twenties, shapely with blond hair and hazel eyes. Next to **RHYSATI** is **ERISI DLARIT**, a human female in her early to mid twenties, tall and slender with chin-length black hair and sapphire blue eyes. Crouching on **ERISI**'s other side is **PASH CRACKEN**, a tall, lean human male in his mid to late twenties with red hair and green eyes. Next to **PASH**, huddled in the corner is **INYRI FORGE**, trim human female in her early twenties with brown eyes and long brown hair with a blue forelock.

ANOTHER ANGLE – **CORRAN** comes into the room. He looks around, sees **TYCHO** and becomes visibly angry. **WEDGE** pulls **CORRAN** aside.

WEDGE:

Do you want me to apologise for deceiving you, Corran?

CLOSE UP – **CORRAN**'s eyes are implacable, belying the hurt in his voice.

CORRAN:

You're my commanding officer. You don't need to explain yourself to me, sir. I'm glad to see Captain Celchu was not killed at Noquivzor.

WEDGE:

Corran, I chose to keep Tycho's presence here a secret to safeguard him and to give us a weapon the other side knew nothing about.

CORRAN:

Wedge, I saw him talking with Kirtan Loor at the Headquarters.

WEDGE:

Tycho said he was there meeting a Duros gunrunner named Lai Nootka.

CORRAN:

I bet.

WEDGE grabs **CORRAN** by the shoulders.

WEDGE:

Look, he had instructions to contact you if something happened to me. You were going to be told, but only when it was necessary.

CORRAN:

When Zekka Thyne was dying he said Kirtan Loor knew we were on Coruscant *before* he pressed Thyne into his service. There's a lying snake among us.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVERN. MORNING.

Near a black and gold Headhunter are **CORRAN**, dressed in an orange jumpsuit with white flack vest and life-support controller, and **MIRAX**, dressed in a black Imperial uniform, kiss. They part, and **CORRAN** turns around to find himself face-to-face with **TYCHO**.

CORRAN:

Captain.

TYCHO:

I'm glad you'll be flying the black-and-gold Headhunter.

I just checked it out, everything looks fine.

CORRAN does not look **TYCHO** in the eye

CORRAN:

Thank you, sir. If you'll excuse me.

CORRAN turns to walk around **TYCHO**, but **TYCHO** shifts to the right to block his path.

TYCHO:

No, wait a minute. I want you to know you're wrong about me. I didn't meet Kirtan Loor the night you saw me. I'm not working for the Imps.

CORRAN exhales slowly

CORRAN:

Captain, Wedge has asked me to let it go, and so I will, for now, but there are too many odd things here for me to let it go forever. Like your meeting with Kirtan Loor, for instance. I'm going to make ferreting out the spy in our midst a hobby. I'm good at that sort of thing.

TYCHO:

And you're honest, so I have nothing to fear. Fly well, Corran.

TYCHO gives **CORRAN** a nod and walks away. **CORRAN** notices **PASH** looking over at him. **PASH** quickly looks away and starts polishing his red-and-green Headhunter. **ERISI** walks over to **CORRAN**, looking concerned

ERISI:

Is everything all right?

CORRAN:

I, ah, just had a confrontation with Tycho. The Empire owns him, Erisi; I can feel it. I told him that when I get back, I'm going to dig up all the clues concerning the spy in our midst.

(Lets out a loud whistle)

Let's go, Rogues, it's time to get moving.

CLOSE-UP of **ERISI** biting her lip and frowning.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

There are computers lining the walls with chairs in front of them. **WEDGE**, **WINTER**, **TYCHO**, **IELLA** and **MIRAX** are clustered around a computer screen, watching the telemetry data from **CORRAN'S** Headhunter. **GAVIN**, **INYRI**, **OOYRL** and **EMTREY** are listening to the comm. chatter.

WEDGE:

Corran, we're getting nothing on this contact you report.

CORRAN:

(os)

Contact is weak, Wedge. It oscillates back and forth, as if running between buildings. The computer can't make any sense of...wait a minute!

WEDGE:

What's going on, Corran?

CORRAN:

(os)

I've lost throttle control. I'm speeding up!

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKENED CITY. NIGHT

It is raining. We hear THUNDER and we see jagged bolts of lightning light up the buildings a black and gold Headhunter speeding towards a building on a downward angle.

CUT TO:

INT. COCKPIT. NIGHT

CORRAN reaches over and flicks a couple of switches

CORRAN:

Initiating emergency shutdown of fuel injectors one and two.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

There are computers lining the walls with chairs in front of them. **WEDGE**, **WINTER**, **TYCHO**, **IELLA** and **MIRAX** are clustered around a computer screen, watching the telemetry data from **CORRAN'S** Headhunter. **GAVIN**, **INYRI**, **OOYRL** and **EMTREY** are listening to the comm. chatter.

WEDGE:

(to **WINTER**)

Can you help him?

WINTER:

I can try.

CORRAN:

(os)

Negative, Winter, cut the override code you're using. I need to shut those two injectors down.

WINTER:

I haven't used an override code, Corran.

CORRAN:

(os)

Yes you have. I'm locked up. No control.

WEDGE:

What's happening?

CORRAN:

(panicking os)

Manual override is not working.

WEDGE:

Punch out, Corran! Eject!

CORRAN:

(os)

Can't. Inverting! Nothing I can...

CORRAN'S signal ends in a static hiss

WEDGE:

I've lost another one.

(ECHOES...)

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKENED CITY. NIGHT

The darkness is broken by streaks of lightening that illuminate the imploding building. The ECHO of **WEDGE**'s voice is drowned by the THUNDER and the CRASH of the implosion.

CUT TO:

INT. TYCHO'S QUARTERS. DAY

It is an uncluttered room. There is a couch under the window, a coffee table made out of a crate, and a couple of chairs. **TYCHO** is standing next to the couch, staring out the window, reflecting, sorrowful. The doorbell CHIMES. **TYCHO** answers the door to find **WINTER** there. We see two **SECURITY OFFICERS** by the doorway, trying to look unobtrusive. He breaks into a smile.

TYCHO:

Hello, come on in.

WINTER:

Thank you.

WINTER steps through the door, **TYCHO** closes it behind her

WINTER: (cont.)

Sorry I took long, but I was helping Princess Leia. There is just so much for her to do now that we have taken the planet.

TYCHO takes **WINTER** into his arms

TYCHO:

That's all right; you're here now.

WINTER:

We haven't got much time.

TYCHO:

Then we'd better make the most of it.

TYCHO kisses her. The door **CHIMES**. **TYCHO** groans, breaks the kiss and answers it. There are three Alliance security officers standing there—the two from before and a **COMMANDER**.

TYCHO: (cont.)

Yes?

COMMANDER:

Captain Tycho Celchu?

TYCHO:

Yes?

COMMANDER:

You are under arrest for murder and treason. You have the right to remain silent, as anything you may say can be used against you in court.

The two security officers start handcuffing **TYCHO**

TYCHO:

Whose murder?

COMMANDER:

Lieutenant Corran Horn's

TYCHO:

(Incredulous, shocked)

What?

WINTER:

There must be some mistake, Commander. Do you know
who this man is?

COMMANDER:

Yes, ma'am, I do. I have orders here issued by General
Airen Cracken for the arrest of Captain Tycho Celchu.

WINTER:

There must be some mistake.

COMMANDER:

Well, if there is, you'll have to take it up with General
Cracken. I have orders to take my prisoner down to the
security cells.

WINTER looks into **TYCHO'S** eyes as they take him away

WINTER:

I'll clear this up, Tych.

TYCHO:

I'll be waiting. I love you.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY

WINTER waits patiently just inside the door. There are filing cabinets along the walls, the drawers are small, more for the size of computer disks than standard paper. Sitting at his desk is **GENERAL AIREN CRACKEN**, middle-aged human male with green eyes, greying red hair and a trim build that is beginning to thicken. **CRACKEN** is the father of **PASH**. **CRACKEN** looks up from the datapad on his desk.

CRACKEN:

I know why you have come to see me, Winter.

Unfortunately, I can't do anything to help you. There is evidence supporting this arrest.

WINTER:

What evidence? How can there be any evidence when Tycho's done nothing wrong?

CRACKEN:

Are you so sure that he has done nothing wrong? Corran Horn thought otherwise; he saw Captain Celchu meet

CRACKEN: (cont.)

with Kirtan Loor, and now he's dead. My son overheard Horn tell Celchu that he was going to hunt out the traitor in the Squadron, and Celchu said he had nothing to fear...

WINTER:

Well he didn't have anything to fear because he is innocent.

CRACKEN:

That could also mean that he was already planning to "silence" Horn. We can also connect him with the death of Bror Jace.

WINTER:

There must be some mistake.

CRACKEN:

Look, Winter, I know this isn't easy, but you have to admit that we have cause. Besides, we've never been able to rule out that Celchu wasn't brainwashed at Lusankya. I'm sorry.

WINTER:

(bitter)

Being sorry is not going to help Tycho, is it?

WINTER turns and leaves the office

CRACKEN:

I *am* sorry, Winter. If only it wasn't necessary to do this.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDGE'S QUARTERS. NIGHT

This is another uncluttered room, slightly larger than **TYCHO's**. There is a couch, coffee table made out of a large crate, and a couple of smaller crates for sitting on.

WEDGE is sitting on a crate while **WINTER** is pacing back and forth, distressed.

WINTER:

I don't believe this! I can't believe that General Cracken is doing this.

WEDGE:

I'm sorry, Winter, but that is what he said. I pointed out that there was no connection between Tycho and the Empire, but he just shrugged that off.

WINTER sits down on the couch suddenly.

WINTER:

There's a flaw in General Cracken's logic.

WEDGE:

How so?

WINTER:

General Cracken said that Tycho wouldn't fear an investigation if he had disabled the manual override codes and given them to the Empire right? Neutralising Corran as a threat?

WEDGE:

Right.

WINTER:

But Tycho checked Corran's Headhunter out *before* that argument with Corran. There would have been no reason for Tycho to disable the codes at that point. There was no threat. And he would have had no chance afterwards.

WEDGE:

You can disable the codes by remote, but you're right—he didn't have the chance. I'll have to tell that to Nawara.

WINTER:

Why?

WEDGE:

Because, Nawara's going to be handling Tycho's case. He's a good lawyer, and he knows that Tycho is innocent.

CUT TO:

INT. PROVISIONAL COUNCIL CHAMBERS.

A dark room. Three long tables are placed in a half-hexagonal formation. **MON MOTHMA**, a stately human female approaching middle age with fading red hair and blue eyes, is sitting in the centre of the centre table, with **PRINCESS LEIA**, 25-year-old human female, petite with brown hair and eyes, to her left and **DOMAN BERUSS**, human female approaching middle age with flaxen hair, to her right. At the far end of the left table is **FEY'LYA**, a Bothan male with cream coloured fur and violet eyes, with **VERRINNEFRA B'THOG**, Elomin male, tall and thin, with pointed ears, and four horns widely spaced eyes in the middle, and **SIAN TEVV**, Sullustan male, small with huge eyes, loose jowls and pointed ears on the other end. At the far end of the right table is **ADMIRAL ACKBAR**, Mon Calamari male with salmon-coloured skin, a lobed head, and protruding eyes, with **KERRITHRARR**, Wookiee male with black fur in the middle and **JENNSAR SOBILLES**, a Duros male with blue skin, red eyes and a long face at the other end. **WEDGE** is standing in the centre of the room, facing them.

MON MOTHMA:

While there are some who would agree with you,
Commander Antilles, unfortunately we can do nothing
about it. The evidence is sufficient in any jurisdiction of
the galaxy to call for a trial. The Provisional Council has
no authority to interfere with the way the military deals
with violations of the

MON MOTHMA: (cont.)

code of military justice. Until there is a conviction and punishment is decided, there is nothing the council can do.

Even in that case, we do not have a Judiciary as yet, and are powerless without one. Captain Celchu's fate is in the hands of the military justice system.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. CORUSCANT. CORRAN'S FUNERAL. DAY.

There is a pile of rubble in front of a platform. On this platform are **WEDGE**, with **RHYSATI**, **NAWARA** [holding hands, they are lovers], **ERISI**, **PASH**, **GAVIN**, **ASYR** [also holding hands; also lovers] **SHIEL**, **OORYL**, **INRYI**, **ARIL**, [small Sullustan female with garnet eyes and brown hair], **IELLA**, **WINTER**, and **MIRAX**. All look sad, with **MIRAX**, **IELLA**, **ERISI** and **RHYSATI** crying. Surrounding the area are grandstands colour-coded and full of people, grafted onto buildings. **WEDGE** indicates the rubble in front of him, talking, but all we can hear is **EMOTIONAL MUSIC**. There is a framed holo of **CORRAN** on the pile of rubble.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON. DAY.

MIRAX and **TYCHO** are sitting at a table in the middle of a sparsely furnished white room. A **GUARD** is watching them, glaring. **MIRAX'S** eyes are red and swollen from crying and **TYCHO** had binders on his wrists and ankles.

MIRAX:

Do you know what I found hard to believe?

TYCHO:

What?

MIRAX:

That you would help me save Corran if you perceived him to be such a threat. Or wasn't he a threat then?

TYCHO:

I never saw Corran as a threat. All Corran was going to do is hunt for the traitor in the Squadron. I had nothing to fear from that.

Beat as **MIRAX** looks down.

TYCHO: (cont.)

You don't believe me.

MIRAX:

(Whispers)

I'm not sure.

TYCHO:

What?

MIRAX:

I don't know what I believe. I wish I could be certain that I believed you, because you helped me save Corran even though you could have been severely punished. But every time I think of that, I see the anger on Corran's face when he saw that you were alive. He knew there was a traitor within the Squadron, and he believed you it.

TYCHO flinches as he looks down. **MIRAX** stands to leave.

MIRAX: (cont.)

I'm sorry, Tycho. I don't know what to believe, and right now it hurts too much to...

Tearfully, **MIRAX** rushes to the door, and the **GUARD** lets her out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. IMPERIAL JUSTICE BUILDING. DAY

We see a tall building labelled "Imperial Justice Building", with the word Imperial crossed out. A human male holo-news reporter with dark blond hair and blue eyes is standing in front of the building holding a comlink near his mouth.

EWNS:

This is Treprore Ewns, of the Sluis Van News Association. I'm reporting to you live from the Coruscant Justice Building where in just under one standard hour Captain Tycho Celchu will stand before a tribunal on charges of murder and treason. Prior to the liberation of Coruscant, Celchu was reportedly under suspicion of being a spy, as he had escaped from the Imperial prison Lusankya, the prison Imperial Intelligence head, Ysanne Isard, brainwashes people into being her personal agents. It is unknown as yet whether Captain Celchu was

EWNS: (cont.)

transformed in this way.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO'S TRIAL. DAY.

The courtroom is set out basically like an American courtroom; only there is no jury bench. The prosecution and defence tables are in front of the gallery. Where the judge's bench usually is there is a bi-level bench—one seat high in the centre and two seats one step lower to the left and right. The witness bench is to the left of the Tribunal bench, opposite the defence table.

TYCHO and **NAWARA** are sitting at the defence table with **EMTREY** and **WHISTLER**, **CORRAN'S** green and white R2 unit. **IELLA** is sitting at the prosecution table. At the high bench **ACKBAR** is sitting at the centre seat with **GENERAL HORTON SALM**, small, rotund human male to his right, and **GENERAL CRIX MADINE**, a middle aged human male with brown hair and a beard, to his left. **CRACKEN** is sitting in the gallery on the prosecution side of the room. **WINTER** is sitting in the gallery behind **TYCHO**. **HALLA ETTYK**, a short, 34-year-old human female with dark hair, is standing near the prosecution table, facing the witness chair where **ERISI** is sitting.

HALLA:

You stated he seemed anxious and agitated. Did you find his state of mind unusual?

NAWARA:

Objection, counsel is leading the witness.

ACKBAR:

Rephrase the question, Commander.

HALLA:

Flight Officer Dlarit, how did Lieutenant Horn's state of mind strike you at the time?

ERISI tugs at a bit of hair behind her ear.

ERISI:

Anxiety I could understand. We were all anxious to get going and to see if the mission would succeed or not.

HALLA:

And the agitation?

ERISI:

That wasn't like Corran.

HALLA:

Had you seen or heard anything that, in your mind, explained his agitation?

ERISI:

I...I saw Corran speaking with Captain Celchu. Then Corran came over and spoke with me.

HALLA:

And you concluded?

ERISI:

Something in their conversation set Corran off.

IELLA glances down at her datapad. **HALLA** smiles at **NAWARA**.

HALLA:

Your witness.

NAWARA stands and walks toward **ERISI**, stopping about half way between the defence table and the witness chair—while asking his question of the witness.

NAWARA:

Flight Officer Dlarit, how long was it between the time you reported speaking to Corran and the previous time you had spoken to him?

ERISI:

An hour.

NAWARA:

Did you see Lieutenant Horn speak with Mirax Terrik?

ERISI shrugs.

ERISI:

I suppose I did. I saw them standing near each other and saw her run off, but I don't recall any conversation.

NAWARA:

But do you concede that they may have spoken to each other?

ERISI:

Yes.

NAWARA:

So, as nearly as you know, Lieutenant Horn might have had multiple conversations that could have set him off.

ERISI:

I suppose so.

CAMERA PANS up to the sculptured ceiling and back down to the courtroom, indicating that time has passed. Now, **PASH** is in the witness chair and **HALLA** is pacing around in front of him.

HALLA:

And you don't want to be here testifying against Captain Celchu, do you?

PASH:

(Loud and emphatic)

No!

HALLA:

And, in fact, I had to compel your testimony with a subpoena, didn't I?

PASH:

Yes.

HALLA turns to the Tribunal.

HALLA:

I'd like permission to treat this witness as hostile.

ACKBAR:

Permission is granted.

HALLA:

You found yourself evaluating people and trying to decide how much you could trust them, yes?

PASH:

Yes.

HALLA:

And Captain Celchu figured high on your list of suspect individuals, didn't he?

PASH:

On a scale of one to infinity he ranked about five.

HALLA:

But that was higher than anyone else there, correct?

PASH:

You're making it sound wrong.

HALLA:

I move for the answer to be stricken as non-responsive.

ACKBAR:

So ordered. Just answer the questions, Lieutenant.

HALLA:

The ranking you gave Captain Celchu was higher than anyone else's ranking, wasn't it, Lieutenant?

PASH:

Yes.

HALLA turns back to the prosecution table, takes a datapad from **IELLA** and studies it.

HALLA:

That night you witnessed a conversation between Captain Celchu and Corran Horn, did you not?

PASH:

I did. I wasn't a party to the conversation, though.

HALLA turns and stares directly at **PASH**.

HALLA:

Did you hear Captain Celchu tell Lieutenant Horn that he had checked over the fighter Horn would be using?

PASH:

Yes.

HALLA:

And did you hear Lieutenant Horn threaten to expose
Captain Celchu's treason once he returned from the
mission?

Suddenly **PASH** seems very tired.

PASH:

Yes.

HALLA smiles.

HALLA:

What was Captain Celchu's response to the threat?

PASH:

He said he had nothing to fear from the investigation.

HALLA:

As if he knew there would be no investigation?

NAWARA stands quickly.

NAWARA:

Objection. It calls for speculation and is inflammatory.

ACKBAR:

Sustained.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. IMPERIAL JUSTICE BUILDING. DAY

We see a tall building labelled “Imperial Justice Building”, with the word Imperial crossed out. A female Quarren news reporter, **CLANOM NARQUER**, with a helmet-shaped head which is composed of a mass of tentacles set below her close-set eyes, is standing still amid a crowd of people rushing past. She is apparently calm, unflustered by the rushing people, and holds a comlink to her tentacled mouth.

CLANOM:

The prosecution opened its case today against Captain Tycho Celchu. Lieutenant Pash Cracken, son of the legendary General Airen Cracken was called as a hostile witness, unwilling to testify against his friend and squadron mate. His testimony was damning, revealing that not only did Lieutenant Corran Horn suspect Captain Celchu of treason, but that he himself thought Captain Celchu was suspect. I see Lieutenant Cracken coming now, let's see if I can talk with him.

CLANOM follows **PASH** as the latter tries to get away.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGUE COMMON ROOM. EVENING.

CLOSE UP—of a holo-viewer, showing the image of the previous scene. Over the top of the dialogue from the news broadcast, we hear a GROAN. The broadcast follows on from the previous scene. **PASH** is trying to get away from **CLANOM**.

CLANOM:

Excuse me, Lieutenant Cracken, would you care to tell
the people how you thought today's testimony went?

PASH:

(in a rush, over his shoulder)

No comment.

ANOTHER ANGLE. LONG SHOT of the common room. **PASH** is sitting at a table, looking glum, and **GAVIN** and **ASYR** are sitting with him, trying to cheer him up. **RHYSATI**, **ERISI** and **SHIEL** are sitting on a couch, watching the large holo-viewer.

ERISI:

Hey, Pash, look. You're on the news.

We hear **CLANOM** in the background.

CLANOM:

(os)

Obviously not. This is Clanom Narquer, from Mon
Calamari signing off.

PASH:

Turn it over.

RHYSATI holds up a remote and switches the holo to another channel.

CLOSE UP of the holo-viewer. We see a tall building labelled “Imperial Justice Building”, with the word Imperial crossed out. A young woman, **ZAREE LOLVANCI**, with reddish coloured hair is holding a comlink to her mouth.

ZAREE:

Called as the first witness in Captain Tycho Celchu’s
trial...

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. IMPERIAL JUSTICE BUILDING. DAY.

ZAREE is standing in front of the Imperial Justice Building, continuing her broadcast from the holo in the previous scene. She is facing her Ithorian cameraman (pachyderm-type person with eyes at the end of his trunk)

ZAREE:

Lieutenant Pash Cracken testified that Lieutenant Corran
Horn saw Captain Celchu meet known...

CUT TO:

INT. ROGUES COMMON ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE UP of the holo-viewer showing the rest of **ZAREE**'s broadcast.

ZAREE:

Imperial Intelligence agent Kirtan Loor in a dive called
the Headquarters.

ANOTHER ANGLE—**PASH** buries his head in his arms as **SHIEL** GROWLS.

RHYSATI switches the holo-viewer off

GAVIN:

Hey, Pash, you didn't mean to say all that, did you?

PASH:

No, Commander Ettyk twisted my words around. But the
damage is done isn't it. I've condemned Tycho. Excuse
me.

PASH gets up abruptly and walks out. **GAVIN** looks at his girlfriend, **ASYR**

ASYR:

You tried.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON. NIGHT.

PASH and **TYCHO** are sitting at the table in the visiting room, watched over by a
GUARD.

PASH:

I'm sorry, Captain.

TYCHO smiles.

TYCHO:

It's all right, Nawara told me what you were trying to do.

PASH:

I didn't do a very good job.

TYCHO:

Well, Commander Etyk is very good. That's why she's prosecuting this case. One thing, when she asked you if you considered me a possible spy, you hesitated. Why? *Did you ever think that?*

(a beat)

It's all right, it's perfectly understandable. I won't hold it against you if you did, I'm just curious.

PASH:

When you turned up flying that Headhunter and saving us from the Imps, my first thought was 'how in the Sith can he be here?' But over the next couple of days, I saw that you didn't betray us; and I knew then that you were trustworthy. And I'm sorry that I ever doubted you.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO'S TRIAL. DAY.

Same basic set-up as before, only this time, **IELLA** is in the witness chair. **CRACKEN** and **WINTER** are sitting on their respective sides, and **IELLA's** husband **DIRIC**, a frail human male with animated brown eyes and grey and white hair streaked with black combed over a largely bald head, is sitting in the gallery behind the prosecution table, opposite **WINTER**.

HALLA:

So, you worked with Corran Horn for two years?

IELLA:

Yes.

HALLA:

Describe for us, please, your relationship with Corran Horn.

IELLA:

We were close, very close.

HALLA:

Thank you. How well did you know Kirtan Loor?

IELLA:

He was the Imperial Liaison with CorSec. In the three years I worked in the same office with him, I got to know him well enough to avoid him as much as possible.

HALLA:

How would you characterise his appearance overall?

IELLA:

Rather distinctive.

IELLA brushes hair away from her neck.

IELLA: (cont.)

He prided himself on looking like a younger, taller
Governor Tarkin.

HALLA:

How well could you say Corran Horn knew Kirtan Loor?

IELLA:

I'd say that Corran knew Loor as well as I did.

HALLA:

Thank you. Now, you have read the report labelled
People's Exhibit 34, the report Corran Horn gave to
Commander Wedge Antilles, correct?

IELLA:

Yes.

HALLA:

Based on your experience as Corran's partner, how would
you characterise the nature of the report?

IELLA:

Typical Corran: concise, to the point, and unequivocal in his statement of facts. He was absolutely certain he's seen Captain Celchu talking with Kirtan Loor.

HALLA smiles.

HALLA:

So there was nothing in the report, nothing in your experience that would lead you to question Lieutenant Horn's identification of Kirtan Loor?

IELLA hesitates.

IELLA:

Actually there is one little detail about which I do have a question.

HALLA:

Move to strike as non-responsive, your Honour.

ACKBAR:

No Commander, you asked one more question than you should have.

HALLA:

Thank you. No more questions.

HALLA sits back at the prosecution table as **NAWARA** stands, **IELLA** sits up a bit straighter, nervous about being cross-examined.

NAWARA:

You alluded to something in the report that left a question in your mind about Lieutenant Horn's identification of Kirtan Loor. What was that?

IELLA:

Corran described Loor as wearing a hooded cloak. He recognised Loor from his height and his gait, but he never actually saw his face.

NAWARA:

And as good as Corran was, you think this leaves room for him to be mistaken?

IELLA:

Yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. IMPERIAL JUSTICE BUILDING. DAY.

CLANOM is standing outside the Imperial Justice Building, holding a comlink.

CLANOM:

A bonus for Captain Celchu's defence today when Agent Iella Wessiri, former CorSec officer now aiding

CLANOM: (cont.)

Commander Halla Ettyk in the prosecution of this case, admitted that her former partner, Lieutenant Corran Horn may have been mistaken in identifying agent Kirtan Loor that night in the Headquarters, a dive in the lower areas of Coruscant.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON. NIGHT.

TYCHO and **WINTER** are in the visiting room, being watched over by a **GUARD**. **WINTER** is pacing back and forth, worried, bordering on distress. **TYCHO** is trying to reach for her hand, to calm her down, but cannot due to his restraints and the fact that the **GUARD** raises his weapon every time **TYCHO** reaches out.

We hear no dialogue, just intense music (possibly the middle interlude “The Aquarium” from *The Carnival of the Animals* by Camille Saint-Saëns).

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO’S TRIAL. DAY.

Same basic set-up as before, only this time, **WEDGE** is in the witness chair and **IELLA** is back at the prosecution table. **CRACKEN** and **WINTER** are sitting on their respective sides, and **IELLA**’s husband **DIRIC**, a frail human male with animated brown eyes and grey and white hair streaked with black combed over a largely bald head, is sitting in the gallery behind the prosecution table, opposite

WINTER. There is a stressed look on **WEDGE's** face as he answers the questions that **HALLA** is firing at him while pacing around like a predator.

We hear no dialogue, just music.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM. DAY.

WEDGE slumps against the cold, stone wall. Dialogue from the testimony echoes.

WEDGE:

(os)

You're good at twisting my words, Commander. I know
Tycho wasn't working for the Empire.

HALLA:

(os)

You may have felt that, Commander Antilles...

(trails off)

WEDGE:

(os)

Yes, for a heartbeat, I did allow myself to consider that
Tycho might be a traitor. I rejected it just that quickly...

(trails off)

HALLA:

(os)

Perhaps not to you, Commander, but it was to one man.

Corran Horn. And now he's dead...

(trails off)

Angered at the testimony, the impression he had been forced to give the court in the previous scene, he hammers his fist against the wall. **WEDGE** straightens as **ZAREE** and her Ithorian cameraman come over to him. **ZAREE** holds up a comlink and nods to the Ithorian.

ZAREE:

This is Zaree Lovvanci, Kuati First Holo-News, and I'm standing here with Alliance hero, Commander Wedge Antilles. How does it feel, Commander, to know that your testimony is what will convict Captain Celchu?

Before **WEDGE** can answer, **DIRIC** comes between them and grabs his arm.

DIRIC:

Commander Antilles's only interest in this matter is seeing justice done.

WEDGE lets **DIRIC** guide him past the journalists and through a security checkpoint where two **GUARDS** stop the journalists. They sit on a bench.

WEDGE:

I wanted to end Tycho's persecution with my testimony,
and all I did was leave the impression that even I think he
was a spy.

DIRIC:

Not at all. First of all, the Tribunal judges know you and
know how difficult that was for you. All Commander

DIRIC: (cont.)

Ettyk really did establish that Tycho was on
Coruscant at your request and that the possibility of
betrayal was in your mind.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON. TYCHO'S CELL. NIGHT.

TYCHO is lying on his prison bunk sleeping, tossing and turning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO'S TRIAL. DAY.

The quality of this view is slightly blurred and misty.

TYCHO, NAWARA, EMTREY and **WHISTLER** are sitting at the defence table,
the organics looking nervous. **HALLA** and **IELLA** are sitting at the prosecution
table. Neither woman betrays any emotion. Up on the high bench, **ACKAR** pounds

his gavel on the bench, calling for order. **MADINE** and **SALM** are sitting on either side and down from him.

ACKBAR:

Will the defendant please stand?

TYCHO and **NAWARA** stand.

ACKBAR: (cont.)

Captain Tycho Celchu, on the charges of the murders of Lieutenant Corran Horn and Flight Officer Bror Jace, the Tribunal finds you guilty.

There is an uproar from the gallery that is silenced when **ACKBAR** pounds his gavel again.

ACKBAR: (cont.)

On the charge of treason against the New Republic and conspiring with the enemy, the Tribunal finds you guilty. You are hereby sentenced to be executed three weeks from today.

The crowd in the gallery starts the uproar again; incoherent shouts of glee and anger, this time not to be silenced. There are looks of satisfaction on the prosecution side of the room, although grim on **CRACKEN'S** face.

TYCHO'S POV, PANS slowly around. **WEDGE'S** eyes are full of anger, his stance stiff. **WINTER'S** face is frozen in an expression of shock, tears running unchecked down her cheeks. **TYCHO** tries to go to her, but finds himself restrained by

MILITARY POLICE, dragging him away. All he can see is **WINTER**, growing smaller as he is dragged away.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON. TYCHO'S CELL. NIGHT.

TYCHO is lying on his prison bunk sleeping, tossing and turning.

TYCHO:

Winter!

TYCHO sits bolt upright in bed, sweating and breathing heavily. After a beat he calms down somewhat and lays back down, turning his head toward the barred window and staring out at the lights in the night.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTER'S BEDROOM NIGHT.

WINTER's bedroom is sparsely furnished—a bed, a dresser, a wardrobe, and two armchairs. **WINTER** is sleeping in her bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. MANARAI MAOUNTAINS. DAY.

The quality of this is blurred and misty.

WINTER's POV. She is standing with **IELLA**, **MIRAX**, **WEDGE** and the rest of Rogue Squadron in a clearing. **PRINCESS LEIA** is also standing there, one arm

across **WINTER'S** shoulders for support. A *Lambda*-class shuttle lands. **ACKBAR** walks down the ramp first, followed by a tall, dark-haired, round-faced man in a pilot's uniform carrying a rifle. **TYCHO** comes out next, accompanied by **MILITARY POLICEMEN**. **WINTER** looks up as somebody touches her shoulder. It is **WES JANSON**, a tall, baby-faced human male with brown hair and eyes. He says nothing, just squeezes her shoulder, and she can see **HOBBIE KLIVIAN**, a human male with dark blond hair, standing behind him, near **WEDGE**. Her attention is drawn to **ACKBAR**, but she can't hear what he is saying. Then the **RIFLEMAN** aims the rifle at **TYCHO**, and after a beat, fires.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

WINTER sits bolt upright in bed, screaming.

WINTER:

Noooo!!!!

A beat as she takes a look around at her sparsely furnished bedroom. Gathering her wits together, she gets out of bed, puts a robe on, and walks to her window.

WINTER: (cont.)

Just hold on, Tycho.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. IMPERIAL JUSTICE BUILDING. DAY

Long shot of people milling around and streaming into the Imperial Justice Building.

MALE ALIEN:

(voice-over)

...The trial of Lieutenant Celchu is resuming this morning
after a two week adjournment...

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO'S TRIAL. DAY.

Everyone is in their usual places. **DIRIC** has returned to the gallery and is sitting behind **IELLA** and **WINTER** is now in the witness stand. **WINTER's** face is drawn, the strain is clearly showing.

HALLA:

Lady Winter, have you ever discovered a spy within your
midst who left nothing in the way of clues to his
existence?

WINTER:

Not personally, no, but it has happened.

HALLA:

To your knowledge, did Tycho Celchu leave any clues
that he was the spy...?

NAWARA shoots to his feet.

NAWARA:

Objection! It has not been proven that my client is guilty
of these charges.

ACKBAR:

Rephrase the question, Commander.

HALLA:

Yes Admiral.

NAWARA sits.

HALLA:

Did the spy within Rogue Squadron leave any clues to his existence?

WINTER:

Not to my knowledge, no, but I am not involved in the day-to-day running of the squadron.

HALLA:

A moment ago you said that you were angry with Commander Antilles. Why, exactly?

WINTER:

I was angry that he lied, that he led me to believe that Tycho was dead and let me grieve unnecessarily. I was so angry that I punched the commander when the truth came out.

Members in the courtroom laugh.

HALLA:

Was this the only reason you were angry?

WINTER hesitates.

HALLA: (cont.)

May I remind you that you are under oath? I can ask the court for permission to treat you as a hostile witness if you do not comply.

WINTER:

(softly)

There was another reason for my anger. Commander Antilles exposed Tycho to a lot of risk when he sent Tycho here.

HALLA:

Risk from what?

WINTER:

While I know that Tycho is no threat to the New Republic, there are those who believe otherwise.

WINTER glances up at **SALM**.

WINTER: (cont.)

Wedge took an awful risk in allowing Tycho to come here and possibly be embroiled in a situation like this one.

HALLA:

So you're conceding that there was a possibility that
Captain Celchu is a traitor?

WINTER:

No! I only meant that people could misconstrue Tycho's
presence. That Tycho would be under suspicion of treason
or worse when he did nothing wrong.

HALLA:

So you *do* think that Celchu could be a traitor?

WINTER:

No! I love Tycho and know that he is loyal to the New
Republic.

HALLA:

You may say that now, but your testimony suggests
otherwise.

WINTER:

I love Tycho.

WINTER runs from the witness box and throws her arms around **TYCHO**. He can't hug her properly because of the hand restraints, so he lifts his arms so that **WINTER** can slide under them. There is a frantic embrace. **ACKBAR** is pounding his gavel, calling for order, and military policemen are trying to separate the couple.

WINTER: (cont.)

I love you, and I believe in you. I know you are loyal to the Alliance; don't ever doubt that.

TYCHO:

I don't. I love you too, Winter.

NAWARA:

(whispering to the couple)

Admiral Ackbar could hold you in contempt if you don't let go.

IELLA comes over to them.

IELLA:

Come on, Winter, don't make things worse.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON. NIGHT.

Prison. **WINTER** is visiting **TYCHO**. The guard, **VOLEYYY**, is on duty, glaring at **WINTER** because she keeps touching **TYCHO'S** hand every now and then.

WINTER:

I hope I didn't make things any worse for you.

TYCHO:

Don't worry about it. You had to tell the truth. Besides, Nawara thinks you may have done me a favour.

WINTER:

How so?

TYCHO:

At the end of your testimony, when you ran over and threw your arms around me and told me you loved me...

WINTER:

When I made a fool of myself, you mean?

TYCHO:

You showed the Tribunal that no matter what Commander Etyk made you say, no matter how she twisted your words, you don't believe that I'm a traitor. And since you're such a trusted Intelligence agent, that's got to lend some weight.

WINTER:

(doubtful)

Maybe. I would feel a lot better if I'd been able to say what I'd wanted to.

TYCHO:

What do you mean?

WINTER:

Well, Halla got me up there to testify that I saw Corran's reaction to Loor's arrival, and that he recognised him.

TYCHO:

Similar to Iella's testimony.

WINTER:

But that wasn't all about that day I wanted to testify to. I think I know how Corran mistook Loor for Nootka.

TYCHO:

And Commander Etyk did not want you explaining *that* away.

WINTER:

Not only that, but it's pure conjecture.

TYCHO:

So, let's hear it.

WINTER:

Well, remember how Corran saw Loor earlier that day and had to kiss Erisi to stop himself from doing something stupid?

TYCHO:

Yeah?

WINTER:

After I left them to see about Mirax and a possible security breach, they went up to their room, but Corran left soon after.

TYCHO:

How do you know that?

WINTER:

Erisi said it in her debriefing.

TYCHO:

What's this got to do with Corran mistaking Loor for Nootka?

WINTER:

If Corran was still upset about seeing Loor, that may have been preying on his mind. Now, Nootka was fairly tall, wasn't he?

TYCHO:

Yeah.

WINTER:

So, he was wearing his hood up, and all Corran sees is a tall hooded man. Given his preoccupation with Loor, it's hardly surprising that he could have made that mistake. Iella even admitted on the stand that Corran might have been premature making a positive ID based on that.

TYCHO:

Yeah, but that line of thinking also supposes that when he calmed down, he would have seen things clearly. Corran was *certain* that I was the traitor.

WINTER:

Yes, but when he first told Wedge that he saw you with Loor, Wedge told him about Noquivzor, and let him think you were dead. Then Zekka Thyne tells him about a traitor within the group, and you turn up alive. It would have been easy for him to believe you the traitor at that point.

TYCHO:

I suppose.

WINTER:

Even putting that aside, he was trained by CorSec. He was trained to look for the most likely suspect, and from his perspective, that was you.

TYCHO:

Yeah, but he was also trained to look for every possible angle, not just get a suspect and centre on him.

WINTER:

And if Corran had lived that would be exactly what he'd
be doing. Investigating from all angles

CUT TO:

INT. CORUSCANT. THE HUTT HAVEN. NIGHT.

We see a crowded cantina. **NAWARA** is sitting in a booth with a tall individual in a hooded cloak. We can hear a male voice of a newscaster over the din.

NEWSCASTER:

Things are not going well for Captain Tycho Celchu as
the defence prepare to open their case tomorrow...

PAN back to the booth with **NAWARA** and guest. **NAWARA** has an incredulous expression on his face. **LOOR** pulls back his hood to reveal his face.

LOOR:

I can prove it, Nawara Ven, because I am Kirtan Loor and
I was nowhere near Tycho Celchu that night. In fact, I
have never met him.

NAWARA:

And you can verify where you were?

LOOR:

Yes. I have evidence enough to satisfy you.

LOOR grabs **NAWARA'S** hand and impales his thumb on one of **NAWARA'S** talons then tears a strip of cloth from his tunic and uses it to blot the blood on his thumb. He tosses the bloodstained cloth to **NAWARA**.

LOOR: (cont.)

You will broker a deal for me...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING FACILITY. DAY.

IELLA, **NAWARA** and **LOOR** are walking from an airspeeder to elevators about 20 metres away. **IELLA** is holding her blaster in two hands, up by her face, barrel pointing up, looking all around as she walks. **NAWARA** looks around as well. **LOOR** is walking between them, proud and confident, his cloak billowing out. **IELLA** feels something brush her cheek; she swipes it away and we HEAR a snap. **NAWARA** bats at something similar with one of his braintails. The lift doors open, the car is dark. **IELLA** stands still, bringing her blaster down. A shadow within the lift-car turns into **DIRIC** dashing forth, a blaster in each hand, firing.

DIRIC:

Die, Derricote, die!

Blaster bolts hit **NAWARA** on the right hip, spinning him around and flinging him through the air. **LOOR** is hit twice: once in the chest, lifting him up; the second in the abdomen, forcing him back down beside **NAWARA'S** tumbling body. As blaster bolts begin to come in her direction, **IELLA** coolly shoots a double-burst at **DIRIC**, hitting him in his chest. **DIRIC** hunches over, shooting the floor, drops to his knees

and falls forward, clutching his belly and dropping the blasters. **IELLA** runs forward, keeping her blaster trained on him, and kicks his blasters away. **DIRIC** makes a little SOUND and **IELLA** sinks to her knees beside him in shocked recognition. She rolls him over on his back and pulls his head in her lap, brushing hair back from his face.

IELLA:

Why, Diric, why?

DIRIC:

Lusankya.

IELLA:

(gasping)

No, no, that can't be.

DIRIC:

She broke me. She made me into one of her own. She placed me in Derricote's lab to watch him. She sent me to kill him before he could betray her. I had no choice. That wasn't him, though.

IELLA:

No, it was Kirtan Loor.

DIRIC:

Good. I never liked him.

DIRIC reaches up a hand to her face, but it doesn't get there.

DIRIC: (cont.)

I'm dying.

IELLA:

No. I'll get emergency medical droids here.

DIRIC:

No, Iella, no. Isard made me into what others accuse Tycho of being. He isn't. She had me reporting on him, too. From what she did, I cannot be saved. I can't live in suspicion, as a puppet. It would make life too...boring.

IELLA:

Diric, no, we can save you.

DIRIC:

It's over. I love you. She wanted me to kill you. I couldn't resist. I could defy—the trigger that opened the lift was supposed to be linked to a bomb. I did what I could. So you could stop me from betraying myself by killing you.

Thank you for freeing me.

IELLA smooths **DIRIC'S** face, as he dies. Her eyes welling with tears, she gently lowers his head to the floor and kisses him one last time.

CUT TO:

INT. CORUSCANT. MUSEUM. DAY.

We see a darkened room full of broken and defaced statues. The bodies of three stormtroopers are lying around. An exhausted **CORRAN** dressed in a rough tunic holds a comlink to his mouth.

CORRAN:

This is Corran Horn calling. I'm not dead—I only feel like it—and I could use some help returning to the land of the living.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO'S TRIAL. DAY.

There are a few notable absences from the courtroom. **MADINE** and **SALM** are at their usual places at the high table, but **ACKBAR** is not. **HALLA** is at the prosecution table alone, and **TYCHO** is at the defence table with the droids. **WINTER** and **CRACKEN** are in their usual places. The courtroom is fairly empty. **WINTER** leans forward to talk to **TYCHO**.

WINTER:

(whispering)

I can't believe that people believe you were the one who leaked the information about the bacta convoy to Zsinj. How would you even know about it—you were in prison at the time.

TYCHO:

(whispering)

I guess someone knew that Mirax wasn't sure if she blamed me for Corran's death and thought I would want to get rid of her.

ACKBAR enters the courtroom and takes his place at the high bench

TYCHO: (cont.)

Shhh

TYCHO turns back around as **ACKBAR** speaks.

ACKBAR:

Today's session will be abbreviated. Captain Celchu, your lawyer is not here because approximately an hour ago he was shot and seriously wounded in the parking facility on the upper floors of this building.

We hear GASPS from the gallery.

ANOTHER ANGLE—**TYCHO** and **WINTER** share a concerned look.

ANOTHER ANGLE—**ACKBAR** holds up a hand/fin.

ACKBAR:

The assassin has been killed, but we have sealed the building for security reasons nonetheless. Nawara Ven was shot while in the process of bringing to court a witness who had recently surfaced to provide proof of

ACKBAR: (cont.)

your innocence. The witness provided a datacard filled with encrypted information that backed his claims concerning you.

TYCHO:

(incredulous)

What?

ACKBAR:

Unfortunately the assassin who wounded Counsellor Ven succeeded in killing the witness. General Cracken has assured me he has people working on the datacard

TYCHO:

Where does this leave me?

HALLA stands.

HALLA:

Admiral, the prosecution would be amenable to a continuance until Counsellor Ven has recovered.

ACKBAR:

Granted.

ACKBAR raises his gavel.

ACKBAR: (cont.)

If there is nothing more we will stand in recess until Counsellor Ven is able to continue.

TYCHO holds a hand up.

TYCHO:

Wait, please, isn't there something I can do? Isn't it possible for me to represent myself in his absence?

ACKBAR:

That has always been your right, Captain Celchu.

HALLA:

The admiral is correct, but really there is nothing you can do.

TYCHO:

I can call and question a witness.

HALLA:

Not really. I have before me a list of witnesses Counsellor Ven was going to call. None of them are here.

WHISTLER:

(TOOTS)

EMTREY:

Whistler says we *do* have a witness.

HALLA:

Who?

TYCHO stands.

TYCHO:

I can testify on my own behalf.

HALLA:

It would be a mistake to do so, Captain. I would rip you
apart on cross.

WHISTLER:

(BLATTS rudely)

TYCHO pats **WHISTLER** on the dome.

TYCHO:

I agree.

EMTREY:

Ah, sir, Whistler was agreeing with Commander Ettyk.
You're not his witness. Your testimony won't put this
whole business to rest.

HALLA:

The only witness who could do that is dead.

WHISTLER starts whirling his dome around 360° and bouncing up and down.

WHISTLER:

(TRUMPETS loudly, ending with
a piercing SHRIEK)

ACKBAR slams the gavel down.

ACKBAR:

Tell Whistler to calm down or I'll have a restraining bolt
put on him.

WHISTLER stops moving.

WHISTLER:

(HUMS mournfully)

ACKBAR:

Now what was he talking about, Emtrety?

WHISTLER:

(WARBLES)

EMTREY clouts **WHISTLER** on the dome.

ACKBAR:

Answer my question. Who is he saying this witness is?

CORRAN appears in the open doorway of the courtroom. This brings surprise.

CORRAN:

Begging your pardon, Admiral, I think Whistler intends
for *me* to be called as a witness.

ACKBAR:

This is impossible.

CORRAN:

It wasn't easy, but as for impossible, Admiral, you know impossible is what Rogue Squadron does best of all. If someone is inclined to call me as a witness, I think I can shed some light on the murder charges against Captain Celchu.

ACKBAR:

Perhaps, Commander Ettyk, the prosecution would like to reopen its case?

HALLA:

Thank you, sir. We call Corran Horn.

CORRAN limps to the front of the courtroom, pausing as he passes **TYCHO**.

CORRAN:

(whispering)

I owe you an apology, a *huge* apology, and I dept I can never repay. All this is my fault, and I'm sorry I caused you to go through it.

TYCHO:

Getting the murder charge removed from the indictment is a good start.

Satisfied, **CORRAN** turns to the Tribunal.

CORRAN: (cont.)

My apologies to the court, but there were things that
needed saying.

ACKBAR:

Understood.

SALM:

Lieutenant Horn, I have to ask, how did you get here?

CORRAN:

I started, at least this morning, from the Museum next
door.

SALM:

I meant the question in a more general sense. You, ah, are
dead.

CORRAN limps into the witness box.

CORRAN:

I think you'll want me sworn in before I answer that
question. It won't make the answer any more believable,
bit it'll give you some peace of mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. MANARAI MOUNTAINS. DAY

LONG SHOT of the mountain area. We see thirty-six TIEs flying around—some with straight wings, some with bent wings with middle panel missing. A *Super Star* Destroyer is rising from under the ground, leaving chaos and debris in her wake.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDGE'S QUARTERS. WEDGE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

CLOSE-UP of **WEDGE** asleep in his bed. His comlink starts BEEPING. Groaning, **WEDGE** reaches above his head, out of the shot, to activate it.

MON MOTHMA:

Wedge, this is Mon Mothma. We need Rogue Squadron
in the air, NOW! It's the *Lusankya*!

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT. MANARAI MOUNTAINS. DAY.

LONG SHOT of the mountain area and a battle with 10 X-Wings and a diminishing number of TIEs as they are being destroyed by the X-Wings. The TIEs break the attack and move to the *Lusankya*. One X-Wing follows the TIEs.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDGE'S COCKPIT. DAY

WEDGE reaches over and keys his comm.

WEDGE:

Rogue 4 this is Lead. Erisi, what are you doing?

CUT TO:

INT. ERISI'S COCKPIT. DAY.

ERISI:

I have him in my sights Commander. If I can just...

CUT TO:

INT. WEDGE'S COCKPIT. DAY.

WEDGE:

Negative Erisi, regroup now.

There is a beat before **ERISI** answers, her voice now sharper than before.

ERISI:

(os)

I don't think so *Commander*. It's time I should be with my true compatriots. The Empire is Thyferra's true future. Say hi to Tycho for me. He and Corran were useless to Director Isard. She couldn't brainwash them.

WEDGE lets out a frustrated growl.

WEDGE:

Mynock, pull what you can from Rogue 4's astromech.

WEDGE switches frequencies on his comm.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM. TYCHO'S TRIAL. DAY.

Everything is as it was in the previous scene—**ACKBAR**, **SALM** and **MADINE** are at the high bench, **CORRAN** is on the stand, **HALLA**, **TYCHO**, and the droids are at their respective tables and **CRACKEN** and **WINTER** are in the gallery.

WEDGE:

(os)

You can let Tycho go. He wasn't the traitor. I know who is and I can prove it.

ACKBAR:

What? Who?

WEDGE:

(os)

Erisi Dlarit. She just left with the *Lusankya*. I had my astromech pull data from hers which confirms what I just said.

CORRAN:

Right. She was in a position to forewarn the Imps about Bror Jace's return to Thyferra—and there was no love lost between them. I told her that when we'd taken Coruscant I was going to search out the traitor in our midst. She'd

CORRAN: (cont.)

helped me check out my Headhunter so she knew the codes, the same as Captain Celchu. She comlinked the data to Isard and I was taken.

SALM:

Why would she do that? Why work against us?

WEDGE:

(os)

The bacta cartels were formed under the Empire. She and her people might have figured their monopoly would end if the New Republic succeeded in destroying the Empire.

HALLA:

I take it I should assume the evidence against Captain Celchu was largely manufactured by her?

CORRAN:

I'd say that's a safe bet.

ACKBAR:

It is with great pleasure, Captain Celchu, that I say this case is dismissed. You are truly free to go.

ACKBAR BANGS the gavel down on the bench.

TYCHO:

Thank you, both of you.

TYCHO turns to the **MILITARY POLICEMEN** to get his binders removed. When he is free he turns and embraces **WINTER**.

WINTER:

I almost don't believe it. I kept having nightmares that you were convicted.

TYCHO:

I had those same nightmares. But they were just bad dreams. It's all over now; everything will be all right.

TYCHO draws back from the embrace and cups **WINTER'S** face in his hands. There is a tear rolling down her cheek, and **TYCHO** wipes it away with his thumb, his own eyes tearing up. Then he leans forward and kisses her hungrily, the first taste of freedom they have had in a long time. **CORRAN** feels like he is intruding.

CORRAN:

Excuse me.

CORRAN wanders over to a bench and sits, lost in his thoughts. He looks up when **TYCHO** speaks, seeing both he and **WINTER** standing in front of him.

TYCHO:

I thought we had lost you.

CORRAN:

Sorry, I didn't want to intrude. I think I'll just get cleaned up and look for Mirax. Is she on planet?

TYCHO clears his throat.

TYCHO:

Ah, Corran, that's something I want to talk to you about.

(Hesitates)

I don't know how to say this...Mirax was killed, Corran.

CORRAN:

(Stunned)

When? How?

TYCHO:

Four days ago. The *Pulsar Skate* was part of a convoy of freighters with bacta shipments from Thyferra. The convoy was decimated by Warlord Zsinj.

CORRAN closes his eyes in pain, his hands balling into fists.

CORRAN:

The *Skate*?

TYCHO:

There was no sign of her. I'm sorry.

CORRAN:

Thank you.

All of a sudden, **CORRAN** seems very old and tired. An image of **MIRAX** passes before his eyes, of her smiling just after agreeing to date. Nodding at the couple, he turns and walks away. **TYCHO** goes to follow but **WINTER** gently restrains him

WINTER:

Leave him be. I have some idea how he feels and he needs to be alone now.

CORRAN absently walks past **CRACKEN**, who stops him.

CRACKEN:

Lieutenant Horn?

CORRAN:

Huh? Oh, I'm sorry General Cracken. I didn't see you.

CRACKEN:

Can we talk, Lieutenant Horn?

CORRAN:

Can it wait until later, General? I need to get cleaned up and I'd like to be alone for a while.

CRACKEN:

I know you would, which is part of the reason we need to talk about.

FADE TO BLACK

CORRAN:

(voice-over)

She's what?

CUT TO

EXT. PUBLIC PLATFORM. DAY.

There is a large crowd of people, gathered for a ceremony. **WEDGE** is standing on a dais with **CORRAN**, **MIRAX** and **TYCHO**. **MIRAX** is standing between **CORRAN** and **TYCHO** holding both of their hands. **MON MOTHMA** is at the podium giving the speech. She turns and points to **TYCHO**, gesturing. We hear TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

FADE TO BLACK

Tycho's Trial is a short screenplay adapted from a storyline in the *STAR WARS X-Wing* novel *The Krytos Trap* written by Michael A. Stackpole. I loved Stackpole's *X-Wing* books as soon as I read them, and I could picture them on screen. The characters were so alive to me, and I wanted to be able to interpret that for other *STAR WARS* fans to see, as not all of them have read the books. This is aimed for a PG audience, all *STAR WARS* fans alike, readers of the novels or no.

My fascination with *STAR WARS* began at an early age, and I have literally grown up watching the movies. As a child, the special effects and fairy tale storyline drew me in. As an adult, the same fairy tale style still draws me in, but for a different reason—it enthralled me with a saga of the struggle between good and evil that is still relevant today. It is the quest for survival that can inspire people to carry on and not give up, to endure despite the hardships. George Lucas may not have intended that when he first conceived the *STAR WARS* saga, but he is not adverse to it.¹

One thing I always looked for in the *STAR WARS* movies was Wedge Antilles. Wedge was the only Rebel pilot to have survived the major dogfights in all the movies (*Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, and *Return of the Jedi*²); indeed, he was the only minor character to survive the Trilogy.³ So, I would always look for Wedge when I watched the Trilogy, and I loved it when the writers of the *STAR WARS* novels would expand on his character.

There has long been a fascination with 'minor' characters from a film or novel getting

¹ Source: Documentary *The Mythology of STAR WARS*, interview of George Lucas by Leonard Maltin. 2000

² Obviously this list does not include Episode I: *The Phantom Menace* as it is a prequel to the Trilogy.

³ Mark Hamill, who played Luke Skywalker called Wedge "George Lucas' token survivor". Source 'Rebel Hero Denis Lawson', *STAR WARS kids, the magazine for young Jedi Knights* #4. copyright 1997 by Lucasfilm Ltd. Published by Scholastic Inc.

'centre stage' in a work of their own. This is how a lot of spin-off TV series and movies get made, eg. the new Chris Carter series *The Lone Gunmen* (2001) from *The X-Files* or, more famously, Tom Stoppard's play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* from the William Shakespeare play *Hamlet*. This is the reason Lucasfilm and Bantam Books decided to publish the *X-Wing* series, and this was the reason I decided on the plot for *Tycho's Trial*.

This fascination is easy to explain (at least for me). Minor characters have a story to tell. Sometimes the story will add to the overall picture of the source story, and sometimes it won't, but they all have this story. By focusing on these minor characters, one can tell the story that time constraints and limited lengths do not allow for, or are not necessary to the overall plot. The trial of Tycho Celchu is one such story.

Originally, this plot was one of which I had to choose from for this project when it became apparent that I would not have room for all that I planned. My teacher, ██████████, helped me decide on this plot by pointing out that trials are often visually dramatic. The more I thought about it, the more I realised that she was right. But it was not just the trial that I wanted to concentrate on (as that is partially covered in *The Krytos Trap*) but also the more personal aspects that Michael A. Stackpole did not or could not use. I wanted to answer the questions: how did the trial affect Tycho? Or Winter? How did the trial affect their relationship? What did Winter testify to on the stand? Trials are not just the sensational things that movies like *A Few Good Men* (Rob Reiner, 1992) or TV shows like *The Practice* (David E. Kelley, 1997-) will show us. The people involved have real feelings, and this was what I wanted to explore.

Adaptation is not easy, you have to find a balance between being true to the source

and exploring the meanings that inspired you when you first decide to do this. DeWitt Boden says, “Adapting literary works to film is, without a doubt, a creative undertaking, but the task requires a kind of selective interpretation, along with the ability to recreate and sustain an established mood.”⁴ In some ways, to adapt a science-fiction piece is doubly hard, as you have to describe alien characters in a way that the film-maker can interpret and visualise (this I found out then I tried to describe a Bothan—the various *STAR WARS* sources had different descriptions, and a fellow *X-Wing* fan had this to say: “Furry in body, slimy in spirit (in some cases)”.⁵) Basically, I had to keep this in mind: “When you adapt a book into a screenplay, all you need to use are the main characters, the situation, and some, but not all, of the story. You may have to add new characters and drop others, create new incidents or events, perhaps alter the entire structure of the book.”⁶

Other problems I had with the adaptation was deciding what I wanted to use and how I wanted to use it. It was not hard for me to write additional scenes like Winter visiting Tycho in prison, or a coda to the last scene. In fact, I was able to write more scenes than I could possibly use in a half-hour screenplay. But Michael A. Stackpole is an expansive writer, and the relevant trial scenes from his novel were too long to use as they were. Also, keeping true to the characters was a difficulty, as how they would react may not be realistic enough for an audience. Take Tycho for instance, one would expect him to be bitter, being framed, put on trial for murder and treason and suspected of being an Imperial agent for so long. But Tycho was not bitter at any point. He knew he was

⁴ DeWitt Boden, ‘The Adapting Art’, *Films in Review*, 14/6 (June-July 1963)

⁵ scifantasy (sic) from the Usenet group alt.fan.wedge. Archived on the Internet by Google groups @ <http://groups.google.com/groups?q=alt.fan.wedge&meta=site%3Dgroups>

⁶ Syd Field, *Screen Play, the Foundations of Screen Writing*. Copyright 1979, 1982, 1994

innocent, and he was resigned to wait until the New Republic sorted it out, if at all. Michael A. Stackpole had his to say about Tycho's lack of bitterness: "Framed and not bitter: If you go back to Tycho's core ethic of wanting to protect others, and his confidence in his innocence, then he knows he's being framed and knows who is behind it. And he also knows that they will fail at some point, and he will be able to go after them. The stuff he was being put through, in his mind, was not because of the NR, but because of the Empire.

He wanted to do anything he could do to stop the Empire. That's why he was willing to fly with the restrictions in the beginning, and endured everything else. Whenever he quit, the Empire had won, and he wasn't going to let that happen."⁷

To compromise between his calmness and the expectations of stress, I simply added a dream sequence where Tycho dreams of a guilty verdict. No matter how un-bitter he was, he was bound to have a nightmare or two!

This project has been such a learning experience for me. The *STAR WARS* universe is fun to play around in, and it has whetted my appetite for more adaptations from the *STAR WARS* novels. If I had this to do over again, I would write *Tycho's Trial* in a more sequential way, and not the piecemeal approach here. That is just a really awkward way to write anything, even if it is my wont. I would not change anything about the final product though. It tells the hidden story, the inside story of Tycho's struggle for freedom, and that cannot be changed.

⁷ Michael A. Stackpole in an alt.fan.wedge discussion about Tycho's personality. Archived at Google groups @ <http://groups.google.com/groups?q=alt.fan.wedge&meta=site%3Dgroups> Michael also said he was impressed with the analysis the fans made in the discussion. It's a pity I did not know about the group then.