

Space Wars
Episode I: The Gungan Menace

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A longer time ago...

...in a galaxy far, far away...

Against a Starfield, War Drums Pound into the Abyss as the title crawl is displayed.

SPACE WARS
EPISODE I
THE GUNGAN MENACE

TURMOIL HAS ENGULFED THE GALACTIC REPUBLIC. PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO PAY THEIR TAXES, ESPECIALLY THE TRADE FEDERATION, WHICH HAS DECIDED TO PROTEST BY BLOCKADING THE COMPLETELY UNIMPORTANT WORLD OF NABOO.

SHORT ON ACCOUNTANTS, THE SUPREME CHANCELLOR HAS DRAFTED A FOOLPROOF PLAN TO SEND TWO JEDI KNIGHTS TO SETTLE THE CONFLICT.

A small ship speeds toward the Trade Federation blockade around Naboo.

Qui-Gon: Captain.

Captain: Yes, sir?

Qui-Gon: Tell them we wish to board at once.

Captain: Are you sure we should phrase it that way?

Qui-Gon: I see no reason not to.

On board one of the Federation battleships, the message is received.

Nute Gunray: Prepare to repel boarders!

Qui-Gon: I have a good feeling about this.

The Republic cruiser docks with the Federation ship. In the docking bay, two robed figures exit the Republic ship and are greeted by a protocol droid.

TC-14: This way, please.

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan are led into a conference room.

TC-14: My master will be with you shortly.

The droid leaves and the door closes, locking the Jedi in the room.

Obi-Wan: Something's wrong.

Qui-Gon: I don't sense anything.

Obi-Wan: It's not about the mission. It's something... elusive...

Qui-Gon: Be mindful of your feelings.

Obi-Wan: Well, I am rather hungry.

Obi-Wan rises to go to a vending machine in the back of the room.

Qui-Gon: You can wait until after the negotiations.

Obi-Wan: But I'm hungry now.

Qui-Gon: These Federation types are cowards. The negotiations will be short.

Obi-Wan: But, master-

Qui-Gon: Fine.

Qui-Gon walks over to the vending machine. He selects something and places it in a container on his belt.

Qui-Gon: For afterward.

Obi-Wan: I can't believe you're asking me to negotiate on an empty stomach.

Qui-Gon: But you won't be negotiating. Your job is to observe, Padawan.

On the battleship's bridge, Gunray is shocked by TC-14's report.

Gunray: What did you say?

TC-14: The ambassadors are Jedi Knights, I believe.

Gunray: Kill them!

TC-14: Are you certain that attacking diplomats who also happen to belong to an order of psychic swordsmen is the best course of action? We could just talk to them.

Gunray: Oh, I've talked to Jedi before.

Gunray shudders at the thought.

Gunray: Never again...

In the hallway, a battle droid opens the door to the conference room. Poison gas billows through the opening. The two Jedi leap into the hallway, cutting down droids with their lightsabers.

Droid #1: Stand down immediately and you will be spared.

Qui-Gon: Fool! We have diplomatic immunity!

Gunray: What in blazes is going on down there?

Neimoidian #1: We should seal off the bridge?

Gunray: Wait, where are we right now?

Neimoidian #1: The bridge, sir.

Gunray: Ah, very good. Seal off the bridge!

Neimoidian #1: That won't be enough.

Gunray: I want destroyer droids up here at once!

Neimoidian #1: Before or after we seal the bridge?

Gunray: Just do it!

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan finish off the remaining battle droids and make their way to the bridge door just as three thick blast

doors slam shut. Qui-Gon plunges his lightsaber into the door, which begins to glow red.

Neimoidian #1: They're still coming through!

Gunray: Impossible! This is impossible!

Neimoidian #1: Where are those destroyer droids?

Gunray: Wait, aren't they in storage?

Neimoidian #1: You're right! We won't survive this!

In the hangar, several crates begin to rattle. Suddenly, they burst open and droidekas roll out and race toward the bridge. In the process, one of them runs over a Gungan. A counter appears in the lower-right corner of the screen.

Gungan Kill Count: 1

As they arrive outside the bridge, the wheel-shaped droids deploy into vaguely humanoid shapes (albeit humanoids with laser cannon for arms).

Qui-Gon: Destroyer droids!

Obi-Wan: Is that bad?

Qui-Gon: What do you think? They have "destroyer" right in their name!

Qui-Gon gives up trying to slice through the bridge doors and instead focuses on deflecting the droids' blaster shots. However, it soon becomes clear that the Jedi's defenses will soon be overwhelmed.

Qui-Gon: Time for a tactical withdrawal.

Obi-Wan: What does that mean?

Qui-Gon: Run for your life!

The Jedi use a Really Big Power-assisted run to escape the droids.

Gunray: That was easier than I thought it would be.

Neimoidian #1: Sir, they've gone up the ventilation shaft.

Gunray: What do they think this is - Star Trek?

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan appear at a large vent in a giant hangar bay. Thousands of battle droids are loading onto landing craft.

Obi-Wan: Master?

Qui-Gon: Yes?

Obi-Wan: I think I just lost my faith in the power of diplomacy.

Qui-Gon, in the grand Jedi tradition, carefully considers his options before making a completely nonsensical decision.

Qui-Gon: Let's stow away on separate ships.

Obi-Wan: But that doubles our risk of detection while offering no appreciable benefit.

Qui-Gon: Who's the master here?

Obi-Wan grudgingly answers.

Obi-Wan: You are.

Back on the bridge:

Neimoidian #2: Sir, a transmission from the planet.

Neimoidian #1: It's Queen Amidala herself.

Gunray: At last we're getting results.

Queen Amidala appears on a view screen, wearing an exotic headdress and robes. They will be but the first of many.

Gunray: Again you come before me, your highness. The Federation is pleased.

Amidala: You will not be pleased when you hear what I have to say.

Gunray feigns alarm.

Gunray: Oh, no! Are you going to send your mighty fleet to break our blockade? Oh, right, I forgot that you don't have one! How's that pacifism working out for you now, Queen?

Amidala: Nevertheless, your trade boycott of our planet has ended.

Gunray smirks at his advisors.

Gunray: I wasn't aware of that. Let me check.

Gunray looks out the bridge window at the hundreds of Federation ships surrounding Naboo.

Gunray: Nope. Still there.

Amidala: I have word that the Senate is finally voting on this blockade of yours.

Gunray: Gee, that would be bad news for us if the Senate ever made actual, you know, decisions.

Amidala: Enough of this pretense, Viceroy! I'm aware the Chancellor's ambassadors are with you now, and that you have been commanded to reach a settlement.

Gunray motions for the feed to be cut so he and his minions can laugh hysterically.

Gunray: Get a load of this! She thinks we gave in! If only she knew!

The Viceroy manages to regain his composure, and motions for communications to resume.

Gunray: My apologies. We had some technical difficulties. As to the negotiations... I wouldn't be so confident if I were you.

Amidala: Beware, Viceroy... the Federation is going too far this time.

Gunray: Sure, go ahead and believe that if you want to.

The view screen fades to black.

Neimoidian #1: She's right. The Senate will never-

Gunray: It's too late now.

Neimoidian #1: Do you think she expects an attack?

Gunray: What would she do even if she did know? Send a bunch of Ewoks to attack us?

In the Theed Palace, Amidala and Governor Sio Bibble are talking with a hologram of Senator Palpatine.

Palpatine: Yes, I'm sure the ambassadors did arrive. In fact, the talks should be over now.

Without warning, the hologram sputters and disappears.

Amidala: What happened?

In space, a communications satellite is obliterated when a Federation drop ship ploughs right into it.

Panaka: Check the transmission generators.

Bibble: A malfunction?

Panaka: The Federation could be jamming us.

Bibble: A communications disruption can only mean one thing.

Panaka: We should have bought better service?

Bibble: An invasion.

Amidala: Don't jump to conclusions, Governor. We must continue to rely on negotiation.

Bibble: How? We don't have communications! We must prepare to defend ourselves.

Panaka: With what? An all-volunteer police force? Stun batons aren't going to stop battle droids.

Amidala: I will not condone a course of action that will lead us to war.

Bibble: You pretty much did that when you insulted Gunray to his face.

Three landing craft slowly land in a swamp. Troop carriers emerge from the cavernous bays of the landing craft. A hologram of Gunray is giving orders to the commander droid OOM-9.

Gunray: There is no trace of the Jedi. They may have gotten onto one of the landing craft. Have your forces search for them.

OOM-9: If they are down here we'll find them. We are moving out of the swamp and marching on the cities. We are meeting no resistance.

Gunray: Excellent.

OOM-9: In fact, the current level of deployment seems to be overkill.

Gunray: There's no such thing. Alert me when you've finished the "sales pitch" to our future customers.

Qui-Gon runs through the swamp, doing his best not to get trampled by panicked animals. And then he runs into the main non-midichlorian problem with this movie: Jar Jar Binks. A MTT roars over Jar Jar and Qui-Gon, who only avoid a certain death by lying flat on the ground.

Jar Jar: Oy, muy-muy! I love yous!

Qui-Gon pulls out his lightsaber and thumbs the activation button, but it doesn't work.

Qui-Gon: You idiot! You almost got us killed!

Jar Jar: No I didn't.

Qui-Gon: Get out of here!

Jar Jar: But yousa saved me! Mesa yous humble servant.

Qui-Gon: I already have a servant.

Jar Jar: But mesa be owin you a life debt. Mesa Jar Jar Binks.

Two STAPs zoom through the forest and hone in on Qui-Gon.

Qui-Gon: I don't have time for this.

Qui-Gon throws his still-deactivated lightsaber at one of the droids, knocking it off its STAP. The other droid looks at the spectacle, distracting it long enough for Qui-Gon to land a flying kick that sends it flying. In the distance, the STAPs hit a tree and explode. Obi-Wan shows up and finished off the droids with his saber.

Obi-Wan: What's that?

Qui-Gon: A local. I'm trying to get rid of it.

Qui-Gon inspects his weapon. He shakes it, which produces a rattling noise.

Qui-Gon: So, what have you been doing?

Obi-Wan: Trying to find you.

Qui-Gon opens one end of the saber and adjusts some parts.

Qui-Gon: We stowed away on two different ships. Do you realize what the odds are of them ending up in areas that are even remotely near to each other?

The Jedi Master puts the lightsaber back together and turns it on.

Qui-Gon: There we go.

Obi-Wan: I, uh... sensed you through the Really Big Power.

Qui-Gon: Then why did it take you so long to find me?

Obi-Wan: It's only been a few minutes.

Qui-Gon: Yeah, well, when you're around this creature, even the shortest amount of time can feel like an eternity.

Jar Jar: Hesa saved me!

Qui-Gon: And boy, do I regret it.

Obi-Wan: We should get out of here before more droids show up.

Jar Jar: More? More!?

The two Jedi start to run. Jar Jar tries to keep up.

Jar Jar: Exsqueeze me, but da most safe place would be Otoh Gunga. Tis where I grew up. Tis safe city.

Qui-Gon: A city?

Jar Jar nods.

Qui-Gon: Is it full of... things like you?

Jar Jar nods again.

Qui-Gon: Then we're not going.

Jar Jar: Oh... Good. Theysa not like me there. Mesa banished.

Qui-Gon: Really?

Jar Jar: Yesa, muy-muy.

Qui-Gon: I've changed my mind. We're going.

Jar Jar: But-

Qui-Gon: Remember, you owe me a life debt.

The three run into a murky lake.

Qui-Gon: Where do we go now?

Jar Jar: Wesa goen underwater.

The Jedi pull out little breathing devices.

Jar Jar: Me warning yous. Gungans no liken outsiders.

Jar Jar dives into the lake. The Jedi follow. As they swim farther down, they see the glow of Otoh Gunga, an underwater city enclosed in soft force fields. Jar Jar swims through one of the bubble-like enclosures. Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon follow.

Jar Jar: Hello, Captain Tarpals. Mesa back!

Tarpals: Not again, Jar Jar. Yousa goin' to da Bosses. Yousa in big doodoo thissa time.

Tarpals jabs Jar Jar with his electro-pike.

Gungan #2: Hey! That's not humane!

Tarpals: It's not my job to be humane!

Tarpals pulls out a blaster and squeezes off a shot at Gungan #2.

Gungan Kill Count: 2

Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon stand before Gungan officials.

Boss Nass: Yousa cannot be here.

Qui-Gon: Well, then maybe you can help us leave. We need to go the Theed to warn the Queen of the invasion.

Nass: Wesa no like da Naboo! Dey tink they soooo smart und theysa brains so beeg!

Qui-Gon: That doesn't matter. Once the Federation defeats the Naboo, they will attack you.

Nass: How theysa be attackin' us if theysa not know where wesa is?

Obi-Wan: Listen, you and the Naboo form a symbiont circle. What happens to one of you will affect the other. You must understand this.

Jar Jar: Mesa feel soooooo stupid right now.

Nass: Wesa no need da Naboo.

Qui-Gon: Allow me to try a different approach. Right now we're here annoying you. If you give us some sort of transport, we can go annoy the Naboo instead. How's that?

Boss Nass considers this turn of events.

Nass: Hmmmmm... very well. Yous will take a bongo through da planet core.

Qui-Gon: Excuse me?

Jar Jar: A bongo.

Qui-Gon: Um, that's all well and good, but... I don't think I understand how a bongo is a suitable form of transporting people through a planet's core.

Jar Jar: The planet core issa made of water.

Obi-Wan: But where could you possible get that much water?

Nass: Some planet called, uh, Tatooine.

Qui-Gon: Am I the only person who's perplexed by this whole "bongo" thing?

Jar Jar: Ees like submarine.

Qui-Gon: That really doesn't answer my question.

Obi-Wan: Master, I believe bongo is their term for a type of naval transport.

Qui-Gon: This is all too confusing. Why did we have to get on board transports bound for the exact opposite side of the planet we wanted to go to?

Obi-Wan: Yes, that is rather inconvenient.

Nass: Do yousa ever stop talking? Get out of here!

Qui-Gon: All right, all right, we're leaving.

Jar Jar: Hassa you been forgettin' that theysa gonna kill me?

Qui-Gon: Actually, I was counting on it.

Obi-Wan: Master, we'll need a navigator.

Qui-Gon: I can navigate. I navigated the way to Naboo, after all.

Obi-Wan: And you also successfully navigated our way into a Federation trap as well as a diplomatic catastrophe.

Qui-Gon: I'm pretty sure that was your fault. Besides, we escaped.

Obi-Wan: I think you're losing sight of the big picture.

Qui-Gon: Not really.

Obi-Wan looks relieved.

Qui-Gon: You're more annoying than pathetic.

Jar Jar: Hey! Over here! Where wesa goin'?

Obi-Wan: You're the navigator.

Jar Jar: Mesa never been through planet core before! Do mesa look crazy?

Qui-Gon: Yes.

Obi-Wan: At least we have the Really Big Power for guidance.

Jar Jar: Dere no such ting.

Obi-Wan: Anyway, why were you banished?

Jar Jar: Ees long story but, ah, mesa... a little... clumsy.

Obi-Wan: You were banished for being clumsy?

Jar Jar: Mesa tripped and knocked over a cart full o' bombads. Dey went everywhere!

Qui-Gon: What's a "bombad?"

Jar Jar: Theysa blows stuff up.

A large dark shape begins to follow the bongo.

Jar Jar: So what if mebbe one or two of dem hit a shield generator or a boss. Everting get blown waaaaaay outta proportion!

The sub is seized by a large, predatory fish.

Qui-Gon: Full speed ahead.

Jar Jar accidentally sends the bongo into reverse instead.

Jar Jar: Oops.

Obi-Wan: Give me the controls. Now, where are the weapons on this thing?

The fish releases the bongo for apparently no reason.

Jar Jar: There no weapons on here.

The fish that had attacked the bongo is snatched up in the jaws of an even larger aquatic monster.

Obi-Wan: Then how do you survive down here?

Jar Jar: Mesa no know.

On board the Trade Federation battleship, Gunray stands before a hologram of Darth Sidious.

Gunray: The invasion is on schedule, my lord.

Sidious: Good. I have the Senate bogged down. Keep up the good work on your end and it will have no choice but to accept your control of the system.

Gunray: But we don't want to control the system! We just want lower taxes.

Sidious: Just do what I say.

Gunray: All right. But this had better pay off.

Sidious smiles, an expression that is far from reassuring.

Sidious: I assure you, everything will work out in the end.

Back to the planet core!

Obi-Wan: We're losing power.

Jar Jar panics.

Qui-Gon: Stay calm. We're not in trouble.

Jar Jar: What? Not in trouble? Dere monsters out dere! When yousa tink wesa in trouble!?!

Obi-Wan: Power's back.

The lights flicker on, revealing a giant fish right in front of them. Surprised and probably half-blind, it rears back. The sub turns around and speeds away.

Jar Jar: Wesa in trouble now?

Qui-Gon: Some navigator you are!

Qui-Gon places his hand on Jar Jar's shoulder, sending the Gungan into a coma.

Obi-Wan: What was that?

Qui-Gon: Vulcan Nerve Pinch.

Obi-Wan: I never learned that technique.

Qui-Gon: Does it always have to be about you?

The sub races through a tunnel, followed by its latest assailant. As it exits the tunnel, the fish follows and is caught in the jaws of an even bigger fish.

Obi-Wan: What kind of messed-up ecosystem is this?

Outside Theed, the droid army moves down the main road leading into the capital. It would seem that they don't realize they could have saved themselves a lot of trouble and landed directly inside Theed, instead of on the opposite side of the planet. Inside the city, the sub emerges in a canal. Its bubble canopies vanish and the passengers exit.

Jar Jar: Wesa safe now.

The bongo starts drifting toward a huge waterfall.

Jar Jar: Whoa! Wesa dyin' here, hey!

Qui-Gon jumps onto the safety of the bank. Obi-Wan follows.

Jar Jar: `ey! How I get offa here?

Qui-Gon: You're not making fun of the Really Big Power now, are you?

Jar Jar: Do somethin'!

Droid #2: Drop your weapons!

Thinking quickly, Qui-Gon drops his lightsaber and retrieves a little wire spool from his belt. He fires the wire behind his back, hooking Jar Jar. The Jedi Master then thumbs a button on the spool, reeling in the wire and sending Jar Jar flying into the battle droid.

Jar Jar: Oh, mesa owes you mesa life again!

Qui-Gon: You should probably stop keeping track of that.

They don't even notice as the bongo goes careening off the edge of the waterfall. Below, at the side of the canal, a Gungan family is taking pictures of the waterfall.

Gungan #3: What a bootiful view, muy-muy.

Without warning, the bongo crushes them all.

Gungan Kill Count: 6

In the palace, Amidala, her handmaidens, Panaka, and Bibble are surrounded by battle droids.

Bibble: How will you explain this invasion to the Senate?

Gunray: We will forge a treaty that will legitimize our occupation here.

Amidala: I will not cooperate.

Gunray: You're just a figurehead, anyway.

Bibble: Actually, she has supreme power.

Gunray: Ah. Then surely a dictator such as yourself will understand the expediency of ratifying a treaty immediately.

Bibble: She's no dictator, either. She was democratically elected to her position.

Gunray: Wait, wait, wait... you mean a fourteen-year-old girl was democratically elected supreme ruler of an entire planet? And they call her the queen!?!

Bibble: Of course.

Gunray: I give up. It's impossible to reason with you people. I will simply have to resort to threats.

Amidala: I will not be intimidated by you.

Gunray: Then perhaps the suffering of your people will persuade you. Process them.

OOM-9: Roger, roger. Take them to Camp Four.

In a plaza outside the palace, Amidala and her entourage are escorted by a group of droids. The Jedi and Jar Jar are lying in wait on a walkway above. The Jedi gracefully drop into the midst of the droids, cutting them down with quick lightsaber strikes. Jar Jar, slightly less graceful, belly-flops onto the unforgiving stone.

Qui-Gon: Your Highness, we are the ambassadors for the Supreme Chancellor.

Bibble: What did you tell them in those negotiations?

Qui-Gon: The negotiations never took place. We need to make contact with the Republic.

Panaka: They've knocked out all our communications.

Qui-Gon: Do you have any transports?

Panaka: Yes, but none of us are trained pilots.

Obi-Wan: I am.

Amidala: Help us, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're our only hope.

Qui-Gon: Huh? How do you know his name?

Amidala: Diplomatic briefings.

Qui-Gon: Boring. I never attend those.

Bibble: Apparently.

The group takes an alleyway to the central hangar. The crack open one of the doors, revealing a large contingent of battle droids.

Panaka: I count at least fifty. There's too many of them.

Qui-Gon: Come on. That's barely even a good warmup.

Qui-Gon turns toward Amidala.

Qui-Gon: I suggest you come to Coruscant with us.

Amidala: My place is here with my people.

Qui-Gon: Fine with me.

Obi-Wan: But the Federation will kill you!

Bibble: They wouldn't dare! They need her to sign the treaty.

Qui-Gon: Unless they're skilled at forging signatures. Then they wouldn't need her.

Obi-Wan: Besides, nothing the Federation has done so far has made any sense.

Panaka: They wouldn't have the nerve to kill her.

Amidala: The Jedi are right. We must go with them.

Qui-Gon: The Jedi are right. We must go with them.

Obi-Wan whispers to Qui-Gon.

Obi-Wan: Master, she already said that. You don't need to use a Mind Trick.

Qui-Gon: Who's the Master here?

The Padawan sighs.

Obi-Wan: You are.

Panaka: Getting past the blockade will be impossible, Your Highness.

Qui-Gon: Nonsense. You're assuming that they can shoot straight.

Panaka: But-

Qui-Gon: Watch this.

Qui-Gon strolls into the hangar.

Qui-Gon: Hey, bolt brain! Remember me! I'm that guy who tried to kill Gunray!

All fifty droids start firing at Qui-Gon. Not a single shot hits him. With the droids' attention fixed on Qui-Gon, the others make their way along the side of the hangar. Panaka points to some ground crew and pilots being guarded by droids.

Panaka: We need to free those pilots.

Obi-Wan: I'll take care of that.

Obi-Wan throws his lightsaber, slicing the guards in half. One of the liberated personnel profusely thanks the Jedi.

Gungan #7: Oh, mesa thanks you so much for-

A stray blaster bolt, deflected by Qui-Gon's lightsaber, hits the Gungan.

Qui-Gon: Sorry about that.

Gungan Kill Count: 7

The pilots and the queen's retinue board a sleek, chrome spacecraft. After everyone else is on board, Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon go up the ramp. The ship exits the hangar, drawing potshots from a few battle droids stationed nearby. The blockade, on the other hand, is a much more formidable obstacle.

Panaka: This is going to be tough, but if we fly straight ahead at a steady speed, we should make it.

Obi-Wan: Isn't that the exact opposite of what you're supposed to do in combat?

Panaka: I'm only an expert in land combat, but it's obvious to me that there's no cover in space. Also, we have no weapons. I think that limits our options.

Obi-Wan: Yeah - die or surrender.

Meanwhile, Jar Jar is inspecting some astromech droids.

Obi-Wan: We're hit! We're losing power.

The droids go up a tube that leads to the exterior of the ship. One by one, four of them are picked off by uncannily accurate turbolaser fire. The remaining droid continues repairs before going back into the ship.

Panaka: There's not enough power to get us to Coruscant. The überdrive is leaking.

Qui-Gon: We'll have to land somewhere to refuel and repair the ship.

Obi-Wan: That's inconvenient.

The Jedi study a navigation chart.

Obi-Wan: Let's see... we could either land in Tatooine, or Cato Neimoidia.

Qui-Gon: Which one is better?

Obi-Wan: Cato Neimoidia is full of luxury resorts and casinos.

Qui-Gon: Got it. Cato Neimoidia it is.

Obi-Wan: And it also happens to be the Federation home world.

Qui-Gon: I see. And what about Tatooine?

Obi-Wan: It's an inhospitable desert wasteland controlled by the Hutt crime lords.

Qui-Gon carefully considers his options.

Qui-Gon: Cato Neimoidia it is.

Obi-Wan: But, Master, the Hutts aren't looking for the Queen.

Qui-Gon: And I'm not looking for a worthless desert.

Obi-Wan: But you don't understand-

Qui-Gon: Well, then it would seem we have reached an impasse. And, as you know, ties go to the master.

Obi-Wan: Who says so?

Qui-Gon: The master.

Panaka: Just decide already. Which is safer?

Obi-Wan: They're both crime-ridden cesspits. However, the criminals on Tatooine won't specifically target the Queen. That gives us an advantage.

Panaka: Very well. Set course for Tatooine.

Qui-Gon: Fine. But they better have good booze.

On the Federation battleship, Gunray is informing a holographic Darth Sidious of the progress of the invasion.

Gunray: We control all the cities in the north and are searching for any other settlements.

Sidious: You mean you haven't conquered the entire planet yet?

Gunray: We're taking our sweet time.

Sidious: And what of the Queen?

Gunray: She... uh... disappeared.

Sidious: And how do you think that might have happened?

Gunray: All we know is that two Jedi were involved... oh, and there's this little rumor that a Naboo ship might have, er... gotten past the blockade.

Sidious: WHAT!?! Find her, Viceroy! I want that treaty signed!

Gunray: But she might not have even been on the ship. And it's out of range and, and... this is all your fault!

Neimoidian #1: What did I do?

Gunray: Not enough, obviously.

Sidious: Where is the ship?

Gunray: It is out of range.

Sidious: Not for a Sith.

A second Sith appears behind Sidious.

Sidious: This is my apprentice - Darth Maul. He only gets two lines in this whole thing.

Gunray: Really?

Maul: Yes.

Gunray: Well, that was one of them.

Maul: Crap.

Sidious: Fortunately, I'm paying him by the line. Now, my apprentice, go find that lost ship.

Darth Maul nods and the hologram fades away.

Gunray: This is getting out of hand. Now there are two of them.

Neimoidian #1: We should not have made this bargain. Wantonly plundering planets of their natural resources is one thing, but we need to draw the line at getting into a turf war between power-crazed guys with plasma swords.

Gunray: Agreed.

Qui-Gon, Obi-Wan, Panaka, and R2-D2 stand before Amidala and her handmaidens.

Panaka: Without a doubt, that droid saved the ship, as well as our lives.

Amidala: It is to be commended. What is its number?

Qui-Gon: Hey! I saved your life, too, and I didn't get commended!

R2 lets out a series of beeps.

Panaka: R2-D2, your highness.

Amidala: Thank you, R2-D2. You have proven to be very loyal. Padme! Clean this droid the best you can. It deserves our gratitude.

Padme: I think Rabe should have to clean the droid.

Amidala: And I say you will.

Padme sighs and grabs a cloth.

Qui-Gon: You also might want to know that we're heading for a remote planet called Tatooine. We'll be able to make necessary repairs there.

Amidala consults a navigation map.

Amidala: It seems to me that Tatooine and Coruscant are almost the same distance from Naboo.

Qui-Gon: It looks like someone misread the charts.

Obi-Wan: I'm not the one who examined the fuel tanks.

Panaka: Yeah, well, I'm not the one who jettisoned the emergency fuel supply.

Silence envelops the room before everyone slowly turns toward Jar Jar.

Jar Jar: What? Mesa had to make room for da cupcakes.

Obi-Wan: That doesn't make any sense whatsoever.

Qui-Gon: Your highness, I know what you're thinking right now, but you're going to have to trust my judgment.

Amidala and Padme exchange looks. Padme subtly shakes her head. Later, Padme is cleaning R2.

Jar Jar: Hideoe!

R2 goes with his first instinct and tases Jar Jar.

Jar Jar: Owsa! Mesa nomeanen to scare yousa.

Padme: That's all right.

Jar Jar: I scovered oily back dare. Needen it?

Padme: Where?

Jar Jar points to another room.

Jar Jar: Right over dare, muy-muy.

Padme: That's... the septic tank.

Jar Jar: Mesa no care what typen of oil it is.

Padme: I think you're misunderstanding me.

Jar Jar: Mesa Jar Jar Binks. Letten mesa tells you mesa life story. Onsen upon a time, mesa wassen in a egg.

Padme responds with the enthusiasm of someone at a six-hour time share sales pitch.

Padme: Fascinating.

Jar Jar: So, mesa lived in Otoh Gunga. But den... boom! Mesa exileden! Then mesa gets tackled by some Jeedai and ends up heren! Mesa gots no idea what goen on here!

In the cockpit, Tatooine is clearly visible.

Obi-Wan: Here we are - Tatooine. I'll land us on the outskirts of the nearest spaceport.

The space yacht lands in the Tatooine desert. Inside the spacecraft, Obi-Wan is removing the überdrive.

Jar Jar: Pleeeeeeease no maken me go out dere!

Obi-Wan: Master Qui-Gon insists that you go into the settlement with us. It will make us less obvious.

Jar Jar: But mesa amphibian!

Obi-Wan: I know. In fact, Qui-Gon only wanted you to leave the ship after I brought that up.

Qui-Gon enters the room.

Obi-Wan: The überdrive generator is gone. We'll need a new one.

Qui-Gon: Don't let them send any transmissions. Be wary... I sense a disturbance in the Really Big Power.

Jar Jar: What dat meanen?

Obi-Wan: I've trained under him for more than ten years, and it never means something good.

Qui-Gon: It could be anything from an imminent toe-stubbing to a Sith Lord.

Jar Jar: Dere no such thing as Really Big Power.

Jar Jar leaves the room, stubbing his toe on the door frame. The Gungan yelps and grabs his foot, losing his balance. He then falls into the pit where the überdrive used to be.

Qui-Gon: No wonder he got banished.

Outside, a Gungan in ragged clothing crawls up to the ship.

Gungan #8: Finally, mesa saved!

That very moment, a section of the ship's hull folds outward, forming a ramp and crushing the strategically-placed Gungan.

Gungan Kill Count: 8

Shortly afterward, Qui-Gon, Jar Jar, and R2 are walking to Mos Espa.

Qui-Gon: You seem to be coping with the desert suns fairly well, Jar Jar.

Jar Jar: Mesa gots SPF-10,000 sunscreen, muy-muy.

Panaka: Wait!

Panaka and Padme approach the Jedi.

Panaka: Her highness commands you to take her handmaiden with you. She wishes to observe the local-

Qui-Gon: No more commands today, Captain. This spaceport is not going to be pleasant. In fact, I have a feeling it's going to be a wretched hive of-

Panaka: But the Queen wishes it. She is curious about this planet.

Qui-Gon: Don't interrupt me! I'm a Jedi Master! And I say that we can handle this little shopping trip on our own.

Padme: I've been trained in self-defense... I can take care of myself.

Panaka: Don't make me go back and tell her you refuse.

Qui-Gon: What are you going to do - take off without me? Not likely!

Panaka: Just let her go with you.

Qui-Gon: Fine. I don't have time to argue. Now let's get off this dirty rockball as soon as possible.

The group walks through the main street of Mos Espa.

Qui-Gon: Why couldn't we have landed on a resort planet or a food court planet? Why did it have to be a bunch of moisture farmers?

Jar Jar: Dissen berry bad.

They come to a plaza surrounded by several junk dealers. They head for a little shop that has a huge pile of broken parts stacked up behind it. Entering the shop, they see a fat blue alien that somehow manages to stay aloft (kind of) on his stubby wings.

Watto: Whadda ya want?

Qui-Gon: I need parts for a J-type 327 Nubian.

Watto: Ah, Nubian. I got plenty of that. What kinda junk?

Qui-Gon: My droid has a readout of what I need.

A young boy runs into the shop.

Watto: What took you so long?

Anakin: I was cleaning the bin.

Watto: Whatever. Watch the store.

Watto turns back to Qui-Gon.

Watto: Let me take you out back. You'll find what you need.

R2 and Qui-Gon follow Watto into the junk yard.

Anakin: Are you an angel?

Jar Jar: Ohh, mesa never been called dat before. Thanks you!

Anakin: I was talking to her.

Padme: Huh?

Anakin: An angel. I've heard the deep space pilots talk about them. They're the most beautiful creatures in the universe.

Padme: I've... never heard of angels.

Anakin: You must be one. Maybe you just don't know it.

Padme: You're a funny little boy. So, how did you come to work in a...

Padme looks around the shop, trying to find the right words.

Padme: Quaint small business.

Anakin: My mom and I were sold to Gardulla the Hutt, but she lost us on a podrace bet against Watto.

Padme: You're a slave?

Anakin: Most of us prefer the term "freedom-challenged," but I don't know why. We're just people, like everyone else.

Padme: But you're treated like property.

Jar Jar, meanwhile, is intently studying a battle droid, which he accidentally activates.

Droid #3: Terminate all sentient life forms!

Jar Jar: Oh noen!

The droid scrutinizes Jar Jar.

Droid #3: Target is not sentient. Searching for additional targets.

Anakin: Punch its nose!

Jar Jar obeys, and the droid folds into a compact form.

Droid #3: Curses! Foiled by my own simple user interface.

Outside the shop, Watto and Qui-Gon are locked in business negotiations.

Watto: Here it is - a T-14 überdrive generator. You're a lucky guy; I'm the only dealer around here who's got one. Now, how are you gonna pay for this, eh?

Qui-Gon: I have 20,000 Republic credits.

Watto: Credits? Do you think I'm a moron or somethin'? Credits are worthless out here. I need something more real.

Qui-Gon: I don't have anything else. But I have a feeling that... credits will do fine.

Watto: No they won't.

Qui-Gon: Oh yes they will.

Watto: 'ey, whaddaya tryin' to pull, here? You think you're a Jedi or something?

Qui-Gon: We'll see about that.

Qui-Gon draws and ignites his lightsaber.

Qui-Gon: Is this real enough for you?

Watto: Take your best shot!

Qui-Gon swings, but the blade harmlessly passes through Watto.

Watto: Ha! Mobile holographic generator. You don't got nothing on me!

Qui-Gon: And what'll stop me from just stealing the überdrive?

Watto: I've made some non-standard modifications. If you install it the wrong way, your whole ship will go up in flames!

Qui-Gon: Oh, well. Ships are cheap.

Watto: And what about whoever installs the generator?

Qui-Gon: Jar Jar! I have a job for you!

Watto: You drive a hard bargain. I can respect that. But I have connections, and unless you want your ship to be a pile of slag by the time you get there, I suggest you don't go around waving your fancy laser sword.

Qui-Gon: You're bluffing.

Watto: I'm a professional gambler. You care to bet on it?

Qui-Gon: Just you wait. I'll find some way to cheat you out of this. It's personal now.

Watto: Come back here when you have some really money.

Qui-Gon goes back into the shop.

Watto: Fancy-shmancy Jedi.

As our protagonists leave, Watto mutters to Anakin.

Watto: Outlanders! They think because we live so far from the center, we don't know nothing.

Anakin: They seemed nice to me.

Watto: Eh, you find the good in everything. I don't know how you do it. Now clean the racks and you can go home.

Anakin: Yippee!

The group is crammed into an alley and Qui-Gon is talking on his comlink.

Qui-Gon: Are you sure there isn't anything of value left on board?

Obi-Wan: A few containers of supplies, the Queen's wardrobe, maybe. Not enough for you to barter with, though.

Qui-Gon: What if we sold the Queen's handmaidens?

Obi-Wan: I don't think the Queen would approve of that.

Qui-Gon: If she feels strongly about it, we could always steal them back. No harm done.

Obi-Wan: That's one of the worst plans I've ever heard.

Qui-Gon: And yet you're not making any suggestions yourself.

Obi-Wan: I'm sure another solution will present itself.

Qui-Gon: Yeah, well, you're not presenting any.

Qui-Gon puts the comlink away. The group moves out of the alley and walks past an outdoor café. Jar Jar spots a frog-like creature hanging from a wire. The Gungan checks to see if anyone is looking, then flicks out his tongue and snatches up the carcass.

Vendor: Hey! Why are you eating my display?

Jar Jar tries his best to talk around the mouthful.

Jar Jar: Uh?

Vendor: That's not even real! It's made of wax!

Jar Jar tries to swallow his catch, but can't fit it all in his mouth.

Vendor: Either pay, or spit that out now!

Jar Jar: But mesha no eaten in daysh!

The vendor draws a blaster pistol.

Jar Jar: No! No shooshting!

Jar Jar spits out the frog, which lands right in another alien's soup.

Sebulba: You!

Jar Jar: Who, mesa!

Sebulba grabs the frog and leaps at Jar Jar, knocking the Gungan on his back.

Sebulba: I believe this is yours!

Sebulba grabs Jar Jar's tongue and starts shoving the frog down his throat.

Jar Jar: Why always mesa?

Anakin: Because you're afraid.

Jar Jar: You bet mesa afraiden!

The boy ignores Jar Jar and defiantly looks at Sebulba.

Anakin: Careful. He has connections.

Sebulba: To who - slaves like you?

Anakin: No - big-time outlanders. I'd hate to see you diced before we race again.

Sebulba: You mean you found something to race in? I'm surprised Watto would trust you with anything but junk after last time.

Sebulba lets go of Jar Jar and leaves. Qui-Gon, Padme, and R2 arrive as the Gungan struggles to his feet.

Anakin: I'd keep an eye on your friend. He just picked a fight with a Dug.

Jar Jar: Hello! Mesa chokin' here!

Qui-Gon: Quiet, Jar Jar. I'm talking to this kid.

Anakin: My name's Anakin.

Qui-Gon: Did I ask?

Anakin: No, but-

Qui-Gon: I'd belittle you more, but I've already lost interest.

Jar Jar: What? Nobody gonna help me?

Qui-Gon: If you can still talk, you're not really choking.

Padme: It was nice of you to help him, Anakin.

Anakin: Fear attracts the fearful.

Jar Jar: What dat mean?

Anakin walks over to Jar Jar. He quickly jabs the Gungan in the stomach with his elbow, causing the frog to fly out of Jar Jar's mouth. This time it doesn't land in a bowl of soup. Instead, it hits Qui-Gon in the face.

Anakin: Learn to stick up for yourself.

Jar Jar: Yousa my hero!

Anakin and the group stop at a fruit stand.

Anakin: How are you feeling today, Jira?

Jira: Hot. I don't even have a cooling unit.

Qui-Gon: You don't see me complaining.

Anakin: That's because you're delirious from heatstroke.

Qui-Gon: Shut up. I know what's real and what's not. Isn't that right, Jar Jar?

Jar Jar: Uh...

Qui-Gon laughs at an imagined joke.

Qui-Gon: You're such a good friend, Jar Jar.

Anakin: Aaaaanyway, I'll take four palties today.

Anakin reaches into his pocket and grabs three coins. He drops one.

Qui-Gon: Look, everyone! Local currency! With this, we can buy a new überdrive. I'm a hero!

Qui-Gon brushes aside his cloak so he can pocket the coin. In the process, he reveals the lightsaber clipped to his belt.

Anakin: Actually, I think I'll just have three. I'm not that hungry.

The wind picks up. Shop owners start closing up their shops.

Qui-Gon: What a lovely breeze.

Anakin: A sandstorm's coming.

Jar Jar: That no matter. Wesa gots a nice ship we can stay in.

Anakin: How far is it?

Padme: The outskirts.

Anakin: You'll never get there in time. Come with me.

The group rushes into a slave hovel.

Anakin: Mom, I'm home! And I brought guests!

Jar Jar: Dissen cozy.

Shmi: And who are your friends?

Anakin: This is Padme, and some other people whose names I don't know.

Qui-Gon: I'm Obi-Wan Kenobi, and this is my debonair master, Qui-Gon Jinn.

Anakin: He's slightly delirious.

R2-D2 beeps.

Jar Jar: And mesa Jar Jar Binks!

Anakin: Want me to show you the droid I'm building?

Padme: What type of droid is it?

Anakin: A protocol droid, to help mom.

Padme: How thoughtful.

Qui-Gon: You're going in the entirely wrong direction. You're a little boy, right? So why not build a giant, fifty-ton battle

droid with a proton torpedo launcher for a head? That's way better than any protocol droid.

Anakin: But... what would it do?

Qui-Gon: Crush your enemies with a durasteel fist.

Anakin: I don't have enemies.

Qui-Gon: Is there anyone who annoys you?

Shmi: I should probably start cooking now if I want to feed all of you.

Padme: I'm sure Qui-Gon brought enough food for a meal.

Qui-Gon: I did?

Qui-Gon removes the container with the vending machine's food in it. He opens it, revealing a tiny rotisserie chicken.

Padme: I knew it. People like you are always prepared.

Qui-Gon: How did that get there? That capsule was supposed to contain my rebreather.

Jar Jar: What for?

Qui-Gon: Getting back to the ship. I've never tested the theory, but I think the thing can handle sand.

In the next room, Anakin is already showing his partially-completed droid to Padme and R2.

Anakin: Isn't he great? I just need a few more parts and I can finish him!

Anakin pushes a switch, and the droid sits up.

C-3PO: How do you do? I am C-3PO, human-cyborg relations. How might I serve you?

Qui-Gon enters, holding a glass of water.

Qui-Gon: Do you serve man?

C3PO: Absolutely.

Qui-Gon: How about in the ironic sense?

C-3PO: I don't believe I'm following you.

Anakin: I'm also building a podracer. You can see it when the storm is over.

Qui-Gon receives a call on his comlink.

Qui-Gon: Yes?

Obi-Wan: We received a transmission from Sio Bibble. He begged the Queen to give in to the Federation's demands. I think it's a forgery or that he was put up to it.

Qui-Gon: Was a reply sent?

Obi-Wan: Absolutely not. Still, she's upset. Her people just might be suffering and dying. Something has to be done.

Qui-Gon: I'm doing the best I can to get that part. If only... Anakin! Are podracers spaceworthy?

Anakin: No.

Qui-Gon: Then I guess we're stuck here.

Outside the city, Darth Maul and a holographic Sidious look at the settlement.

Sidious: You are confident they are here?

Maul opens his mouth, then slowly closes it and nods.

Sidious: Good. The time has come to move against them.

Silence follows.

Sidious: Well, get on with it already. I told you to move against them. What are you going to do - fire off a witty one-liner?

Sidious cackles as his hologram vanishes. Maul grits his teeth and opens his mouth, but Sidious pops back into existence.

Sidious: Don't even think about it.

The hologram disappears again, and Maul closes his mouth and sighs.

Back in Anakin's hovel, the group is having dinner at a makeshift table.

Shmi: All slaves have transmitters placed inside their bodies somewhere. Any attempt to escape..

Padme: I can't believe there's still slavery in the galaxy. The Republic's anti-slavery laws..

Shmi: The Republic doesn't exist out here.

Qui-Gon: I bet it has enough worthless backwater worlds already.

Jar Jar: How wude.

Jar Jar flicks out his tongue to grab some fruit at the other end of the table. Qui-Gon intercepts it and pulls downward, causing Jar Jar's face to crash into the table.

Qui-Gon: Let that be a warning to you.

Qui-Gon lets go of the tongue, with the fruit still attached. Anakin wisely decides to change the subject.

Anakin: Have you ever seen a podrace?

Qui-Gon: They have podracing on Malastare. Very fast, very dangerous.

Anakin: I'm the only human who can do it.

Shmi rolls her eyes.

Anakin: What? I'm not bragging. Watto says he's never heard of a human doing it.

Shmi: Watto also tends to tune out everything that won't increase his profits.

Qui-Gon: You'd have to have Jedi reflexes to race pods.

Anakin: Really?

Jar Jar tries to snare another bit of food, but Qui-Gon catches his tongue again.

Anakin: You're a Jedi Knight, aren't you?

Surprised, Qui-Gon lets go of Jar Jar's tongue.

Qui-Gon: Huh? Who told you! I'll kill him!

Anakin: Well, ahhh... I saw your laser sword.

Qui-Gon: But maybe I killed a Jedi and stole it from him.

Anakin: I don't think so. No one can kill a Jedi Knight.

Qui-Gon: What about Padawans?

Anakin: Do they even get that kind of weapon?

Qui-Gon: Yeah. My apprentice is always complaining about-

Anakin: So you are a Jedi!

Qui-Gon: I guess there's no fooling you. All right, how much to keep you from talking?

Anakin: You came here to free us, right?

Qui-Gon: Come again?

Anakin: Why else would you be here?

Qui-Gon: We're on our way to Coruscant, the central system in the Republic, on a very important mission. It has to be kept secret.

Anakin: But how did you end up here if you're going to Coruscant?

Qui-Gon: It's a long story.

Jar Jar: Oh! Mesa tell it!

Padme: Our ship was damaged and we're stranded here until we can repair it.

Anakin: I can help!

Padme: But we don't even have the parts we need.

Jar Jar: Wesa gots nutten to trade, muy-muy.

Padme: But we figure these junk traders must have a weakness. Everyone does.

Shmi: Gambling. They can't resist a bet, especially if it's for one of those races.

Qui-Gon: Wow... who would have thought that we'd have a chance encounter with someone who has the exact skill we need to solve our problem? That's very convenient, in an inconvenient sort of way.

Shmi: But Anakin can't race. His pod isn't even finished.

Anakin: I'll finish it in time! You'll see!

Shmi: Settle down, Anakin. Watto won't let you.

Anakin: Watto doesn't have to know anything. We can enter Qui-Gon and make Watto think it's his.

Shmi: I still don't approve.

Anakin: But they need help.

Jar Jar: Wesa inna beeg bind here.

Padme: Maybe there's someone friendly to the Republic who could help us.

Shmi shakes her head.

Anakin: We have to help them.

Shmi: No, we don't.

Anakin: But you always say that people should help each other more.

Padme: I'm sure Qui-Gon doesn't want to put your son in danger. We will find another way.

Qui-Gon: She's right. I'd never intentionally harm a child.

Shmi: No, Annie's right. There's no other way.

Anakin: Does that mean I can race?

Later, after the storm has passed, vendors are clearing the mess and reopening their stalls.

Padme: Are you sure about this? Trusting our fate to a boy we hardly know. The Queen will not approve.

Qui-Gon: What the Queen doesn't know won't hurt her.

Padme: You'd be surprised.

Qui-Gon: Besides, I have a good feeling about this.

Padme: And I don't approve, either.

Qui-Gon: Remember, I'm the psychic here.

Padme: I still disapprove.

Qui-Gon: After all, look at the job I've done so far.

Padme: Now I disapprove even more.

Qui-Gon: Just wait for the plan to play out. You'll see that it's the right thing to do.

Padme: And if it doesn't?

Qui-Gon: We can have Anakin lure Watto into an ambush.

Qui-Gon enters Watto's shop.

Watto: The boy tells me you wanna sponsor him in a race. How can you afford that if you don't have money for parts, huh?

Qui-Gon: My ship will be the entry fee.

Watto: Ha! You have some real guts, outlander!

Padme: You're not doing anything to win me over, are you?

Qui-Gon: I do what I want.

Qui-Gon shows Watto a hologram of the ship.

Watto: Not bad...

Qui-Gon: It's in good order, except for the parts we need.

Watto: Fine. Heh, I almost feel sorry taking your ship from you. Now, what'll the boy race in?

Qui-Gon: I've acquired a pod in a game of chance. The fastest ever built, or so I've heard.

Watto: What? How did you get your hands on my pod!?

Qui-Gon: Relax, it's a new pod. If I could steal from you I'd already be out of here.

Watto: So, you supply the pod and the entry fee, and I supply the boy. We split the winnings fifty-fifty, I think.

Qui-Gon: Fifty-fifty!? I know a trick when I see one. I want enough money for the parts, and you can keep whatever's left over.

Watto: You drive a hard bargain, but I'll take it.

Anakin: Just out of curiosity, how much money does the winner get?

Watto replies in Huttese.

Watto: Enough for me to retire comfortably.

Anakin responds in the same language.

Anakin: And how much do the parts they need cost?

Watto: About two day's wages.

Qui-Gon: Hey! What are you talking about? Why can't you use Basic?

Watto: I was just amazed at your negotiating skill.

Qui-Gon: Well, I am a diplomat. Part-time.

Back to Anakin's house..

Qui-Gon: I was wondering, how many races has Anakin been in?

Shmi: Too many. The last one he was in, he wrecked Watto's pod.

Qui-Gon: He's lucky to be alive. Did you know that the life expectancy of podracers is measured in seconds? A few of the longer-lived ones last as long as a minute.

Shmi: I don't know how he does it.

Qui-Gon: Maybe he's sensitive to the Really Big Power. It would help if we knew who the father was.

Shmi: There is no father.

Qui-Gon: OK, I know what you're thinking. "This is a Jedi. He has a vow of chastity, so there's no way he'll know about that sort of thing." How naive do you think I am?

Shmi: Excuse me?

Qui-Gon: No matter which way you swing it, there has to be a father involved in some way.

Shmi: But I carried him... I gave birth... I can't explain what happened.

Qui-Gon: Back up a little. What happened **before** you carried him?

Shmi: Nothing.

Qui-Gon: I can keep a secret.

Shmi: I'm telling you, **nothing happened**.

Qui-Gon: Hmmm... either you're a liar, or there's something special about this kid.

Shmi: Let's go with the latter.

Qui-Gon: Well, I guess we'll see on the day of the race.

Outside, Anakin is playing with a group of his friends.

Kitster: Wow, a real astro droid.

Anakin: And I'm entered in the Boonta race tomorrow!

Young Greedo: What, with this pile of junk? What a joke.

Anakin: It's true! Watto's taken care of everything.

Kitster: But you've spent years working on that. How can you be sure it'll run?

Young Greedo: And even if it does run, you're going to lose anyway. Sebulba has a real pod.

Anakin: He only wins because he cheats.

Young Greedo: You could learn something from him. You can't race, you can't build anything.

Anakin: I built this.

Anakin draws a blaster pistol at the same moment that Qui-Gon enters the courtyard.

Young Greedo: Let's not get hasty. I was kidding. You saw it, Kitster, I was kidding.

While he talks, Greedo tries to stealthily draw his own weapon.

Anakin: I wouldn't try that if I were you, Greedo.

Young Greedo: What?

Anakin blasts Greedo in the chest. Shmi hears the shot and runs into the courtyard.

Qui-Gon: Little Greedo shot first!

Shmi: Anakin! How did you get that!

Anakin: Watto told me to get one. You know, in case someone tried to rob the shop.

Qui-Gon feigns indignation.

Qui-Gon: What kind of person would do such a thing?

Shmi: That doesn't matter. You shouldn't go around shooting people.

Anakin: But I had it on stun... I think.

Over by the pod, Jar Jar is looking at an energy binder.

Anakin: Jar Jar! Stay away from those!

Jar Jar: Dissa light real pretty. Mesa wanna touchen it.

Anakin: If your hand gets caught in that beam, it will go numb for hours.

Jar Jar spots an insect. He flicks out his tongue, which gets caught in the beam. Anakin rushes over to switch off the energy binders. Once Jar Jar is clear, Anakin turns them back on.

Jar Jar: Dats muy bigo oucho!

Qui-Gon gives Anakin a small battery. They are oblivious to Jar Jar, who gets his arm caught in the energy beam. The disoriented Gungan manages to extract himself from the beam just before another Gungan appears.

Gungan #9: Hellodere, Jar Jar! Watchen dis!

The Gungan lays a patch of shag carpet (which he was inexplicably carrying) on the ground, stands on it, and shuffles his feet. He then walks over to Jar Jar.

Gungan #9: Yousa gonna be so shocked!

Gungan #9 pokes Jar Jar. Rather than the expected static electricity-induced shock, the result is the complete disintegration of Gungan #5. Qui-Gon and Anakin remain oblivious.

Gungan Kill Count: 9

Anakin: Watch this, everyone!

Anakin climbs into the pod's cockpit. He inserts the battery into the dashboard and the engines start running.

Padme: It works!

Qui-Gon: Who would've thought...

At night, Anakin sits on the balcony rail of his hovel as Qui-Gon tends to a cut.

Qui-Gon: Look at all the stars. How many do you think there are?

Anakin: What's the big deal about stars? I see them every night.

Qui-Gon: Maybe you do, but light pollution on Coruscant is so bad we can't see any of them. And then there's the layer of smog that blocks out almost all incoming light. So, really, the only thing we can see is a huge, brown smear.

Anakin: Is every planet that bad?

Qui-Gon: Only the lucky ones. Coruscant is the center of galactic civilization.

Anakin: It doesn't sound like a place I'd want to live in.

Qui-Gon: Pretty much the only people who live there are Senators, Jedi, and droids, so I don't think you'll be going there any time soon.

Anakin: Are there any planets I could go to?

Qui-Gon: I don't know. First you'd have to get out of here.

Anakin: What about Padme's world? What's that like?

Qui-Gon: Half of it's full of Gungans, and the half that isn't is being invaded by the Trade Federation.

Anakin: Oh.

Qui-Gon: But it does have a lot of waterfalls. Real scenic.

Anakin: Waterfalls? They must have a lot of moisture vaporators.

Qui-Gon: I think they just wait for it to rain.

Anakin: Wow... I've heard of rain. What's it like?

Qui-Gon: Annoying.

Shmi: Anakin! Bedtime!

Anakin: Coming!

Anakin runs inside. Qui-Gon inserts a blood sample into his comlink and calls Obi-Wan.

Qui-Gon: Obi-Wan.

Obi-Wan: Yes, Master?

Qui-Gon: I want you to analyze this blood sample I'm sending you. I need a midi-chlorian count.

Obi-Wan: A what?

Qui-Gon: Midi-chlorians.

Obi-Wan: I'm not following you.

Qui-Gon: You know, the things that cause the Really Big Power.

Obi-Wan: Excuse me? I thought it was an energy field.

Qui-Gon: No, no, no, it's little, mitochondria-like things now.

Obi-Wan: But-

Qui-Gon: Just play along.

Obi-Wan sighs.

Obi-Wan: Very well, Master. I'll analyze his midi-chlorian count.

Qui-Gon waits a moment while Obi-Wan analyzes the blood sample.

Qui-Gon: Well? What does it say?

Obi-Wan's answer comes as a guttural roar.

Obi-Wan: IT'S OVER NIIIIINNNEEE THOOOOUUUUUSAAAAAAND!!!

Qui-Gon: What, 9,000? Is that even possible?

Obi-Wan: I don't know. I just learned about midi-chlorians half a minute ago.

Qui-Gon: But that's higher than Master Yoda's count!

Obi-Wan: And just what is Yoda's midi-chlorian count?

Qui-Gon: I think it's about 10, but I could be wrong.

It's the day of the race, and the Mos Espa arena buzzes with activity.

Watto: I want to see your ship the moment the race is over.

Qui-Gon: I'll let you look, but you can't touch.

Watto: Not if it belongs to me. Remember, no funny business.

Qui-Gon: You don't think Anakin will win?

Watto: I have faith in the boy, but I think Sebulba here is going to win.

Qui-Gon: Why?

Watto: He always wins. Let's leave it at that.

Qui-Gon: It's a nice plan.

Watto: Huh?

Qui-Gon: Sponsor Anakin while betting heavily on Sebulba. Well, I'll take that bet.

Watto: Whaddaya talking' about?

Qui-Gon: I'll wager my new pod against the boy and his mother.

Watto: What'sa matter with you? Two slaves for one pod!? No way. Only one... the mother, maybe.

Qui-Gon: Both, or no bet.

Watto: No way. One slave or nothing.

Qui-Gon: The boy, then.

Watto: How about we let fate decide, eh?

Watto draws a small die from his pocket.

Watto: Blue is for the boy, red for his mother.

Watto tosses the cube down. Qui-Gon lifts his hand slightly. The cube lands on blue.

Watto: You won the small toss, but don't think it'll have any effect on the race. Sebulba has it locked up, so this doesn't make any difference.

Anakin and Padme enter the hangar.

Watto: You better stop your friend's betting. It's a dangerous thing for someone with no money to do. He could end up getting a... visit... from some unsavory characters, if you know what I mean.

Watto leaves, laughing.

Padme: What's going on?

Qui-Gon: Sebulba's fixed the race.

Anakin: Aww... I was sure I was going to finish this time.

Padme: You've never even finished a race?

Qui-Gon: Please tell me you've at least won one.

Padme: How could he win a race if he's never finished?

Qui-Gon: It's possible to win by technicality.

Padme: How do you know that?

Qui-Gon: I've been looking over the rules. Did you know it's also possible to win posthumously?

Obi-Wan: Hello. I thought I'd show up to lend moral support.

Qui-Gon: That won't be necessary.

Obi-Wan: Neither was your betting everything we have on this game, but you did it anyway. Now could you explain just what pod racing is?

Qui-Gon: It's simple, really. The pods are made out of two jet engines that are connected to the cockpit with little wires. The contestants have to go around a track at near-supersonic speeds

while avoiding deadly obstacles and navigating caves and canyons. And sometimes Sand People will shoot at them.

Obi-Wan: That sounds... remotely possible.

Qui-Gon: And they have to do three laps.

Obi-Wan: We're doomed.

The enormous arena is completely filled by fans of the galaxy's deadliest sport. A two-headed announcer describes the scene.

Head A: Greetings, and welcome to the Boonta classic, the most hazardous of all podraces! I'll be your announcers today.

Head B: You know what they say - two heads are better than one.

Head A: Not if one of the heads is an idiot.

Head B: Right you are, Ken.

A line of podracers emerges from a hangar, surrounded by crew members.

Head A: And here they are!

Head B: Look at all those minor characters whose names are going to be said only once and never again. Ooh, Gasgano!

Head A: And Boles Roor...

Head B: And there's some other people!

Head A: And reigning champion Sebulba! By far the favorite today.

Head B: Right you are. The odds are so heavily in his favor that people are getting paid to bet on the other racers!

Head A: Still, it's not a smart bet.

Head B: Few people are taking it, possibly because of the rumor that Sebulba will personally hunt down anyone who bets against him.

Head A: Here are the flaggers, moving onto the track.

The pilots bow as Jabba the Hutt enters the box and waves to the crowd.

Head A: His honor, our glorious host, Jabba the Hutt has entered the arena.

Head B: It looks like he's brought his slave girls with him. That guy's got class.

On the track, Sebulba moves over to one of Anakin's engines and whacks a part protruding from the engine.

Sebulba: You won't walk away from this one.

Anakin: Don't count on it.

Qui-Gon walks up to the pod.

Sebulba: Is this your big-time outlander? I'm supposed to be afraid of him?

Qui-Gon: You will leave the boy alone.

Sebulba: I will... leave the boy alone.

Qui-Gon: You will get in your pod and race.

Sebulba: I will get in my pod and race.

Qui-Gon: I am handsome and suave.

Sebulba: You are handsome and suave.

Qui-Gon: Thank you.

Sebulba: You're welcome.

Sebulba, dazed, shuffles back to his pod.

Anakin: What was that?

Qui-Gon: Jedi mind trick.

Anakin: You're so cool! Can I learn to do that?

Qui-Gon thinks for a moment.

Qui-Gon: I think that can be arranged.

Jabba: Let the challenge begin!

The racers climb into their pods and ground crew back away. Qui-Gon returns to the stands.

Head A: The power couplings are being activated.

Head B: My life would have no meaning without this sport! Go, Sebulba!

On the track, Sebulba, still under the mind trick's influence, hears the announcer.

Sebulba: Go, me...

Head B: Start your engines.

Head A: On your mark...

Head B: Get set...

Jabba bites off the head of a frog and spits it at a gong.

Heads A & B: GO!

The podracers shoot forward and begin the race... all except Anakin's and a quad-racer. A Gungan is still on the track waving at the audience. The unwitting alien is sucked by one of Sebulba's engines.

Gungan Kill Count: 10

Anakin desperately tries to get his pod to start. Finally, the engines turn on and he joins the race. Sebulba is running neck-and-neck with another racer. The round the first turn and Sebulba drives his pod into his rival, forcing him into a rock formation. The pod explodes, but the racer fired an ejection seat.

Mawhonic: I'm OK, everybody!

Mawhonic soon gets a lesson in Murphy's Law when he's sucked into the intake of another podracer. Anakin passes one straggler after another. Suddenly, Tusken Raiders start firing on the pods.

Head B: Looks like Tusken Raiders have camped out on the canyon dune turn.

One of the Tuskens levels a rocket launcher and fires at the pods. The projectile hits Gasgano's pod, destroying it completely. Sebulba is in the lead, but another racer pulls up alongside him. Sebulba flicks a switch and a panel on his engine recedes, revealing a flamethrower. He quickly roasts the other racer. The quad-pod racer's engines start just as the others near the end of the first lap. The pilot puts it in gear and the four engines fly off in different directions. One of them comes crashing down on top of a Gungan pit crew.

Gungan Kill Count: 15

Head A: There goes Sebulba's pit crew.

Head B: I wonder if that'll have any effect on his performance.

The racers, including Anakin, complete the first lap.

Head A: Two more laps to go and, amazingly, nearly half of the racers are still alive!

Head B: I think that's a new record.

C3PO: There are two more laps? Oh, dear.

Padme: I'm sure he can do it.

Obi-Wan: He has to, or we're stranded here.

Anakin begins to catch up to Sebulba, who sabotages the remaining racers one by one.

Sebulba: Stay out of my way, slave boy!

Sebulba intentionally breaks off a piece of his pod and sends it flying into another racer's engine. The pod goes out of control and forces Anakin to the side. At the end of the second lap Sebulba pulls into the pit but discovers that his crew has been wiped out.

Sebulba: Poodoo!

The final lap starts with Anakin closing in on Sebulba, who is still the leader (and, by this point, pretty much the only racer left). When Anakin gets too close, Sebulba pushes him to the side, forcing him onto a service ramp. Anakin throttles his engines and flies off the ramp, landing ahead of Sebulba. Enraged, the champion pushes his engines as hard as he can in order to keep up. When he's nearly caught up he pushes a button that causes spikes to spring from the side of his pod a la Ben Hur. Sebulba bashes his pod into Anakin's, causing them to become entangled.

Anakin: Hey! Back off!

Sebulba repeats Anakin's words in a trance-like monotone.

Sebulba: Back off...

Sebulba pulls away from Anakin's pod and slows down.

Head A: Amazing! Sebulba seems to actually be throwing the race!

Watto: NOOOOOOOO! My bet!

Anakin finishes in first place.

Head B: And the crowd goes wild! Uh-huh, oh yeah!

Head A: Shut up.

Qui-Gon enters Watto's box.

Watto: You! You knew the boy was going to win! You cheated me!

Qui-Gon: Gambling produces more losers than winners. Deal with it.

Watto: No! I won't pay! It wasn't a fair bet!

Qui-Gon: As we speak, my apprentice is going to your shop. You might want to finish up here before he finds something that could get you into trouble with the Hutts.

Watto: How... how did you know? Fine! You can have the boy! Just don't tell Jabba that I'm the one responsible for the "mysterious" loss of his gold bikini shipment!

Qui-Gon: Only if you let me have one.

Watto: Whatever you want. Now let's go get your überdrive.

In the slave quarters, Qui-Gon is talking to Anakin and Shmi.

Qui-Gon: Part of the arrangement with Watto was that if Anakin won, he would be freed.

Anakin: What?

Qui-Gon: You're no longer a slave.

Anakin: What am I supposed to do now?

Shmi: Whatever you want.

Anakin: Then I want to become a Jedi.

Qui-Gon: I have to warn you, the Council won't like the idea of training someone so old. They're not exactly open to new ideas. My "Nude Fridays" proposal was shot down almost as fast as Obi-Wan's attempt to stop the mass abduction of promising children.

Shmi: Could you repeat that?

Qui-Gon: Nude Fridays. You see, the idea is-

Shmi: No, the part about kidnapping children.

Qui-Gon: Well, you have to train people when they're young. Otherwise they have all sorts of family ties and unhealthy emotions.

Shmi: How young?

Qui-Gon: Straight out of the maternity ward!

Anakin: But maybe they'll let me be a Jedi even if I am too old.

Shmi: If that's what you want to do.

Anakin hugs Shmi and goes to his room to pack his things. Suddenly, he stops.

Anakin: What about mom? She's free, too, right?

Qui-Gon: That wasn't part of the bet. Watto said only one of you could go free.

Anakin: But the money you won...

Qui-Gon: Isn't nearly enough.

Anakin: But she could come anyway. Watto can't do anything if you're halfway across the galaxy.

Shmi: Son, my place is here. It's time for you to go do what you want.

Anakin: I want to be with you.

Shmi: Do you want to stay here instead of being a Jedi?

Anakin thinks about the choice before him.

Anakin: I'm going to become a Jedi.

Qui-Gon: Great! And while we're at the temple, maybe you could put in a good word about a few of my ideas...

R2 and Obi-Wan help load the parts onto the ship while 3PO, Padme, and Jar Jar watch. It isn't long before they finish installing the new drive.

Obi-Wan: That should do the trick.

Jar Jar: Wesa gone leaven dissa place?

Padme: Yes. We're going to Coruscant. There we'll meet Chancellor Valorum and work out an end to this conflict.

Obi-Wan: It won't be long before the Federation is forced to leave Naboo.

Qui-Gon enters, wearing a metal bikini top.

Qui-Gon: What did I miss?

On a mesa outside Mos Espa, Darth Maul mounts a speeder bike and follows a probe droid toward the ship.

Obi-Wan: Sensors have picked up something approaching the ship.

Qui-Gon: I'll go out and see what it is.

Qui-Gon leaves the ship and is nearly cut down by Maul, who jumps off his speeder and ignites his lightsaber.

Qui-Gon: A red lightsaber? That can only mean one thing...

Maul stops and looks at Qui-Gon warily.

Qui-Gon: The Council has finally decided that we can use colors other than blue and green! I've been waiting for this day for so long! So, who are you?

Maul, remembering he's not allowed to speak, remains silent.

Qui-Gon: Ignore me, will you? We'll see about that!

Qui-Gon ignites his lightsaber and swings at Maul. The two attack and parry, neither gaining the advantage. Anakin, who has just showed up after saying his goodbyes, frantically boards the ship.

Anakin: Qui-Gon is in trouble!

Panaka: Who are you?

Jar Jar: Hesa muy-muy good friend who-

Panaka: Can it.

Jar Jar: Okeeday.

The ship hovers above the Tatooine desert, its ramp still lowered.

Obi-Wan: Master! Jump up here!

Qui-Gon jumps onto the ramp as its being raised. Darth Maul, frustrated, kicks some sand and gets back on his speeder bike.

Anakin: Are you all right?

Qui-Gon: I think so... Can someone tell me what just happened?

Obi-Wan: Your guess is as good as mine.

Padme: Whatever happened, we need to get out of here.

They go into the cockpit and the ship lifts off. Nute Gunray sits in a robo-chair in the Theed palace.

Gunray: When are you going to give up? Your Queen is lost, your people are starving, and you, Governor, are going to die much sooner than your people, I'm afraid. Take him away!

Bibble: This invasion will gain you nothing. We are a democracy.

Gunray: Yes. And, as we have already established, it is a democracy of idiots.

Bibble: The people will not live under your tyranny.

Gunray: And you assume they'd prefer the tyranny of a teenage aristocrat?

Bibble: You can't kill me! I'm a good guy!

Gunray: Not with that goatee, you're not!

Bibble is taken away as OOM-9 approaches Gunray.

OOM-9: My troops are in position to begin searching the swamps for these rumored underwater villages.

Gunray: Excellent.

On the Queen's spacecraft, almost everyone is resting. Qui-Gon is reclined on a couch and Obi-Wan is sitting in an easy chair.

Qui-Gon: I'm never going to Tatooine again.

Obi-Wan: Excuse me?

Qui-Gon: I went there about ten years ago on some mission.

Obi-Wan: While you were in Tatooine, did you happen to get some of their currency?

Qui-Gon: Yeah. I have bundles of it in my quarters in the temple. Why do you ask?

Obi-Wan stares at his master.

Obi-Wan: If you'd brought it, we could have skipped that whole convoluted plot that involved betting someone else's property on a proven loser in a death race.

Qui-Gon: Am I just supposed to carry around random items in the hope they'll be useful?

Obi-Wan: What about that rebreather you carry on your belt? There are Jedi techniques that could easily take its place. And besides, you don't even need Tatooine currency - some traveler's checks would have done the job just as well.

Qui-Gon: You know, it's easy to judge, but wait until you have your own apprentice. You're going to realize how hard it is to be me.

Obi-Wan: Like that'll ever happen... So, what do you remember of your stay in Tatooine?

Qui-Gon: As little as I possibly can. As far as I'm concerned, I never went there.

In another room, Padme sees Anakin sitting in a corner.

Padme: Are you all right?

Anakin: It's very cold.

Padme gives Anakin a jacket.

Padme: You're from a warm planet. Space is cold.

Anakin: But the biggest problem with controlling a ship's temperature would be keeping it cold. All you have to do to heat it is to vent waste heat from the engines.

Padme: ... A wizard did it?

The ship glides over Coruscant.

Panaka: Coruscant... the entire planet is one big city.

Anakin: Wow... how do they feed all those people?

Panaka: Well, uh...

Anakin: And it looks to be very industrialized. That amount of activity combined with the thick cloud cover would raise the surface temperature well above the point where humans could live there.

Panaka: You see-

Anakin: And just how is anyone supposed to move around? The traffic would be continuously deadlocked.

Panaka: The answer is simple.

Anakin: Another interesting issue is that-

Panaka: Look, kid, a wizard did it, OK?

Anakin: Padme already used that excuse.

Panaka: Alright, then it's all because of the Really Big Power.

Anakin: But-

Panaka: The Really Big Power solves all logical problems.

Anakin: Is that true?

Qui-Gon: Yep.

The ship settles onto a landing platform high above the streets. As everyone disembarks, they see Chancellor Valorum and Senator Palpatine.

Anakin: Why are there no guard rails?

Qui-Gon: Because guard rails are prohibitively expensive. Only the wealthiest people can afford them.

Valorum: Happy birthday, Nibbler!

Amidala: I'm Queen Amidala of Naboo. And, uh, it's not my birthday.

Valorum: The Queen? Why, I wasn't expecting you for another two mouse droids. Do you how do?

Palpatine whispers an explanation to the Jedi.

Palpatine: He's still in shock from a recent assassination attempt. Just try to ignore it.

Queen: I need to speak before the Senate. It is urgent.

Valorum: Of course I'll take you to the circus, ma'am! Just step this way-

Valorum nearly steps off the landing platform, but a bodyguard catches his arm and pulls him back.

Palpatine: Ah, why don't you just come this way? We can go straight to Congress.

Amidala and her retinue get into a waiting taxi.

Palpatine: I'm sure you have much to say about the invasion of our planet.

Amidala: Thank you, Senator Palpatine. It's nice to know there's someone in Coruscant who knows how to handle this crisis.

Palpatine: Yes... yes, indeed..

Jar Jar: Mesa no trusten him.

Padme: Quiet, Jar Jar.

Qui-Gon: I'm going to go to the Jedi Temple. I'll catch up later.

Amidala and Palpatine carry on a conversation in the Senator's quarters.

Palpatine: The Republic is not what it once was. The Senate is full of greedy, squabbling delegates who are only looking out for themselves and their home systems.

Amidala: How bad can it be?

Palpatine: The Republic has two million member worlds. The Senate alone has 4,000,000 members. And the House of Representatives...

Amidala: But the Chancellor seems to think there is hope of Congress taking action.

Palpatine: You saw him, didn't you?

Amidala: Yes, but...

Palpatine: It I may say so, your majesty, the Chancellor has little real power. The bureaucrats are in charge now. Our best choice is to push for the election of a stronger Supreme Chancellor. You should call for a vote of no confidence in Chancellor Valorum.

Amidala: He has been our strongest supporter.

Palpatine: The man has gone off the deep end. Our only other option is to submit a plea to the courts.

Amidala: Then it's worse than I thought.

Palpatine: If you don't take action, we may have to accept Federation control for the time being.

Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan stand in the center of a large, circular room.

Qui-Gon: I think it may have been a Sith Lord.

Mace Windu: Did you just say "Sith Lord?"

Qui-Gon: Ye-

Mace Windu: There's no such thing as Sith Lords, understand? They died out before even Yoda was born.

Yoda: No need there is to drag my age into this.

Ki-Adi Mundi: Perhaps he will reveal himself again.

Mace Windu: We will use all our resources to unravel this mystery. And by all our resources, I mean you two.

Obi-Wan: What? But-

Mace Windu: You will speak when spoken to!

Obi-Wan: Yes, sir...

Obi-Wan leaves the council chamber.

Qui-Gon: One more thing... there's this, uh... kid... who kind of has the highest midi-chlorian concentration ever.

Mace Windu: Higher than Master Yoda's?

Qui-Gon: Maybe just a little..

Yoda: The one who will restore balance to the Really Big Power you think he is?

Qui-Gon: Balance? When did it go out of balance?

Yoda: Matter that does not.

Mace Windu: It's part of a prophecy.

Qui-Gon: Is it possible that this prophecy will be misinterpreted, thus dooming our entire order to extinction?

Ki-Adi Mundi: We don't think so.

Qui-Gon: Great! Let me go get the boy.

Yoda: Trained as a Jedi, you request for him?

Qui-Gon: Well... sure. Yes.

Yoda: Then tested he will be.

Anakin walks down a long corridor in Palpatine's quarters. He stops in front of a door that is flanked by two guards.

Guard: May I help you?

Anakin: I'm looking for the handmaiden, Padme.

The guard speaks into his comlink.

Guard: The boy is here to see Padme.

Handmaiden: Let him in.

The guard opens the door for Anakin, and closes it once the boy is inside.

Gungan #16: Hellodere! Mesa here to see da Queen!

Guard: Intruder alert! Intruder alert!

Gungan #16: No, wait! Mesa brought a present for her!

The Gungan holds up a wrapped package.

Guard #2: That must be a bomb!

Guard: We only have one option if we can hope to save the Queen.

The guards raise their blaster rifles.

Gungan #16: Oh noen!

The guards blast the Gungan.

Gungan Kill Count: 16

Guard: Threat neutralized.

Inside the Queen's quarters, Anakin is greeted by the handmaidens.

Anakin: I'd like to speak with Padme.

Handmaiden: I'm sorry, but Padme is not here right now.

Amidala: Who is it?

Handmaiden: Anakin Skywalker, to see Padme, your highness.

Amidala: I've sent Padme on an errand.

Anakin: I just wanted to tell her that I'm about to go to the Jedi Temple to begin my training, I hope.

The Senate chamber is a cavernous domed building. Valorum sits in an elevated area in the center. Palpatine and Amidala are in the Naboo congressional box.

Palpatine: If the Federation moves to defer the motion... your majesty, I beg of you to ask for a resolution to end this congressional session. You must force a new election for Supreme Chancellor. I promise you there are many who will support us... it is our best chance... your only chance...

Amidala: You truly believe the Chancellor will not bring our motion to a vote?

Valorum: Attention, ladies and germs! I have an important announcement to make!

Amidala watches hopefully. And then Valorum starts singing "Smells Like Teen Spirit."

Valorum: With the lights out, it's less dangerous! Here we are now, entertain us!

Amidala activates her microphone.

Amidala: Can we get to the matter at hand?

Valorum continues singing.

Valorum: A denial! A denial! A denial! A denial!

Palpatine: I guess that means no. Uh, let me take care of this.

Palpatine clears his throat and speaks into a mic.

Palpatine: Valorum! They're serving ice cream in the Senate cafeteria!

Valorum seizes the controls to his hover pod and takes it through a circular opening in the floor of the chamber.

Palpatine: I would like to have a few words. Delegates of the Senate... a tragedy has occurred on our peaceful system of Naboo.

Gunray: Yeah - you haven't surrendered yet!

Palpatine: We have become caught in a dispute you are all well aware of, which began right here with the taxation of trade routes. Now, it has engulfed our entire planet in the oppression of the Trade Federation.

Gunray: This is outrageous! We recently conducted a poll in which 100% of Nabooians expressed approval of our conduct.

Palpatine: How many did you survey?

Gunray: That is, ah... irrelevant. The point is, the Queen is trying to get you Senators to act against your interests. Who do you think would rather line your pockets, hmm?

Palpatine: They're all yours.

Amidala: Thank you. Honorable representatives of the Republic, I come to you under the gravest of circumstances. The Naboo system has been invaded by the droid armies of the Trade Federation.

Gunray: There is no proof!

Amidala: You were just demanding our surrender a few moments ago!

Gunray: Um, ah... you see... I want you to surrender the point that we are not out of line with Republic law. Yes, that's it.

Amidala: I call for action to be taken against these aggressors.

Gunray: We need a commission to determine whether Naboo has been invaded.

The Senators shift forward in their seats. Many of them whisper amongst each other.

Gunray: Yes... a commission! You can't resist the opportunity, can you? You can form sub-committees, draft a great bill with little unrelated line items in it... do you have any idea how inefficient and costly this could be? With a commission, you could haul billions - no, trillions - of credits back to your home systems!

The Senators applaud.

Amidala: But truth and justice are at stake!

Gunray: Truth and justice are overrated.

Valorum's pod drifts back into the Senate. The Chancellor manages to manipulate the controls while licking a triple-dip ice cream cone.

Amidala: I call for a vote of no confidence in the Chancellor. *The ice cream slides off the Chancellor's cone and the Senate falls quiet.*

Gunray: A vote... we haven't had one of those in years...

Bail Organa: Alderaan seconds the motion for a vote of no confidence in Chancellor Valorum.

Gunray: The Trade Federation moves the motion be sent to the procedures committee for study.

Valorum: What's happening?

One of Valorum's aides leans over.

Aide: You're going to lose your job.

Valorum: You mean...

Aide: Yes.

Valorum: How could this happen? One day you're the first female starship captain in the Gamma Quadrant, the next... nothing!

Aide: Um... yes, sir...

Palpatine: The vote will begin tomorrow.

Gunray: No! This is impossible! I call for a filibuster!

Palpatine: In that case, I will have no choice but to use the nuclear option.

Gunray: You don't have enough votes for that.

Palpatine: I wasn't speaking figuratively.

Gunray swallows nervously.

Gunray: Very well... tomorrow we begin the vote.

Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon stand on a balcony outside the temple.

Obi-Wan: The boy won't pass the council's tests. He's far too old.

Qui-Gon: I have a feeling he'll pass.

Obi-Wan: Don't defy the council again... you could be on it by now if you just followed the code.

Qui-Gon: Who cares about the code?

Obi-Wan: Every member of the order except you.

Qui-Gon: Exactly.

Anakin stands before the council. Mace Windu holds a small viewing screen.

Anakin: A ship... a cup... a speeder.

Mace: I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 10.

Anakin: 5.

Mace: OK. Now I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 1,000,000.

Anakin: 5.

Mace: All right.

Windu reaches for a deck of cards and draws one from the top.

Mace: And what card am I holding?

Anakin: The Joker.

Mace: What's the best way to get stains out of a robe?

Anakin: Burn the robe.

Yoda: Good, good, young one. How feel you?

Anakin: Cold, sir.

Yoda: Afraid, are you?

Anakin: No, sir.

Yoda: Afraid to give up your life?

Anakin: I don't think so.

Yoda: See through you, we can.

Mace: Be mindful of your feelings.

Ki-Adi: Your thoughts dwell on your mother.

Anakin: I miss her.

Yoda: Afraid to lose her... I think.

Anakin: What does that have to with anything?

Yoda: Everything. Fear is the path to the bad side... fear leads to anger, anger leads to hate... hate leads to suffering.

Anakin: Or fear leads to caution, which leads to isolation, which leads to destruction.

Mace: What are you saying?

Anakin: Or caution leads to tradition, which leads to pride.

Ki-Adi: I don't get it.

Anakin: Or anger leads to passion, which leads to strength, which leads to heroism.

Yoda: The way of the Sith that is.

Anakin: How?

Mace: Jedi must be proud, condescending, insular, judgmental, and untrusting.

Yoda: But the most important rule of all is...

Mace: A Jedi must never, ever, get married.

Anakin: Why?

Yoda: Because marriage leads to children, children lead to love, and love... to selfishness.

Anakin: I'm not quite sure how you made that connection.

Mace: We can't let Jedi go off and have lives of their own.

Yoda: The shadow of greed, that is.

Anakin: That's stupid. Why don't you let Jedi love or feel emotion?

Yoda: Old and lonely we are... I sense much fear in you.

Anakin: I'm not afraid.

Yoda: Then continue we will.

In Palpatine's quarters, Amidala and Jar Jar are watching the looking out a window.

Jar Jar: Yousa tinken yousa people gonna die?

Amidala: I don't know.

Jar Jar: Wesa no goen down without a fight. Wesa warriors, gotta grand army.

Amidala: An army?

Jar Jar: Yes. Muy bombad.

Amidala: Then maybe there is hope.

Palpatine and Panaka rush into the room.

Panaka: Your highness, Senator Palpatine has been nominated to succeed Valorum as Supreme Chancellor.

Amidala: How unexpected.

Palpatine: Yes... indeed..

Amidala: Who else can be nominated?

Panaka: Bail Antilles of Alderaan and Ainlee Teem of Malastare.

Palpatine: I feel confident our situation will create a strong sympathy vote for us. I will be Chancellor, I promise you.

Amidala: I fear by the time you have control of the Senate, there will be nothing left of our people. There is nothing more I can do here. I have decided to go back to Naboo. My place is with my people.

Palpatine: The Federation will force you to sign the treaty.

Amidala: I won't sign any treaty.

Panaka: Please, stay here where it's safe.

Amidala: No place is safe if the Senate doesn't condemn the invasion. If you win the election, Senator, I know you will do everything possible to stop the Federation. I pray you will restore sanity and compassion to the Senate.

Palpatine: I think one of two wouldn't be bad...

Panaka: What?

Palpatine: Oh, nothing...

Everyone but Palpatine leaves the room. When he's sure he's alone, the Senator does a victory dance.

Palpatine: Yes! This is almost too easy!

In the Jedi Temple, the council is still deliberating.

Yoda: Correct you were, Qui-Gon. A high concentration of midi-chlorians his cells contain.

Mace: The Really Big Power is strong with him.

Qui-Gon: Then he is to be trained.

Mace: No. He will not be trained.

Qui-Gon: No?

Mace: He is too old. There is already too much anger in him.

Qui-Gon: What if he's the chosen one?

Yoda: Clouded, this boy's future is. Masked by his youth.

Qui-Gon: I'll train him, then. I take Anakin as my Padawan learner.

Obi-Wan: Uh, master, have you forgotten that you already have an apprentice.

Qui-Gon: I don't want you anymore. You're too whiny. Besides, Anakin has the highest midi-chlorian count ever. Training him will probably be the easiest thing I've ever done.

Obi-Wan: But-

Qui-Gon: Not listening.

Mace: We don't have the time for this. Queen Amidala is returning home, which will put pressure on the Federation.

Yoda: And draw out the Queen's attacker.

Obi-Wan: Great! Let's round up two dozen lightsaber duelists and take care of our Sith problem once and for all.

Mace: Actually, we're just sending the two of you.

Yoda: May the Really Big Power be with you.

Obi-Wan: You've got to be kidding. He almost killed Qui-Gon before and you're just going to send us alone to fight him again?

Mace: He almost killed Qui-Gon?

Yoda: A win-win situation this is.

Qui-Gon, Anakin, and Obi-Wan stand on the landing platform outside the ship.

Obi-Wan: It's not disrespect, master, it's the truth.

Qui-Gon: From a certain point of view.

Obi-Wan: The boy is dangerous. They all sense it.

Qui-Gon: And yet they couldn't sense that Sith.

Obi-Wan boards the spacecraft.

Anakin: I don't want to be a problem.

Qui-Gon: Just watch me. I'm a great example.

Gungan #17: Sir! Sir! Could yousa spare some change? Mesa poor and needs it for-

Qui-Gon takes advantage of the lack of guard rails and kicks the Gungan off the landing platform.

Gungan Kill Count: 17

Qui-Gon: I'm a paragon of virtue!

Anakin: I also wanted to talk to you about midi-chlorians. What are they?

Qui-Gon: They're microscopic life forms that live within all living cells and communicate with the Really Big Power.

Anakin: Do they also live inside ysalamirs?

Qui-Gon: What do I look like - a biologist?

Anakin: But they live inside us.

Qui-Gon: Yes. And without the midi-chlorians, life could not exist. They continually speak to you, telling you the will of the Really Big Power.

Anakin: What if they lie?

Two taxis pull up. Panaka, Palpatine, Amidala, the handmaidens, and Jar Jar step out of them.

Qui-Gon: Uhh... we should probably be going now.

Jar Jar: Wesa goen home!

Gunray stands before a hologram of Darth Sidious.

Sidious: The Queen is on her way to you. She is no longer of use to us. Destroy her.

Gunray: But the treaty-

Sidious: Is irrelevant. Is the planet secure?

Gunray: Yes. We have overrun the last pockets of primitive life forms.

Sidious: Good. I am sending Darth Maul to join you. He will deal with the Jedi.

Gunray: Uh... Maul? The big, tattooed guy who doesn't say anything?

Sidious: The very one.

Gunray: I think we can handle things by ourselves... if that is fine with you, of course.

Sidious: The Jedi with the Queen. They will surely try to kill you. I think it would be to your advantage to have Maul on hand to deal with them.

Gunray: If you insist.

The hologram fades away.

Gunray: This can't end well.

Amidala discusses her plans with Panaka, Obi-Wan, and Qui-Gon.

Panaka: The moment we land the Federation will arrest you.

Qui-Gon: And what exactly is the point of this little homecoming?

Amidala: I'm going to take back what's ours.

Panaka: How? It's not like we have an army.

Amidala: Actually, I know someone who does.

Amidala glances toward Jar Jar, who has stepped in some oil he spilled.

Jar Jar: Oh, dissen berry bad.

Qui-Gon: For once I agree with the Gungan.

The ship approaches Naboo.

Panaka: The blockade's gone. There's just one ship left.

Qui-Gon: A droid control ship.

Obi-Wan: Why do they need a droid control ship?

Qui-Gon: To keep the droid from falling apart, of course.

Obi-Wan: Excuse me?

Qui-Gon: Cutting off the droid's command and control center will destroy them.

Obi-Wan: But that doesn't make any sense at all!

Qui-Gon: From a certain point of view.

Everyone prepares to disembark. Anakin enters the hold.

Anakin: Hi! Where have you been?

Padme: Annie! What are you doing here?

Anakin: I'm with Qui-Gon, but they're not letting me become a Jedi. I'm too old.

Padme: This is going to be dangerous.

Anakin: Where are we going?

Padme: To war, I'm afraid. It's been a difficult decision for the Queen to make. We are a peaceful people. We don't have weapons.

The ship lands in a swamp.

Obi-Wan: Do you think the Queen's idea will work?

Qui-Gon: Of course not.

Obi-Wan: Jar Jar is on his way to the Gungan city.

Qui-Gon: Yeah, that's the main problem with the plan.

Jar Jar returns from Otoh Gunga.

Amidala: That was quick.

Jar Jar: Theresa nobody dare!

Amidala: Do you know where they might be?

Jar Jar: Uh... mebbe. I tink deysa go to da sacred place.

Qui-Gon: Well, lead the way. The sooner we get this over with, the better.

The group follows Jar Jar as he moves through the swamp. He stops and makes a strange sound. Captain Tarpals and several Gungan troops emerge from the brush.

Jar Jar: Heyodalee, Captain Tarpals!

Tarpals: Binks! Noah gain!

Jar Jar: We comen to see da boss.

Tarpals nods to one of the Gungans. The soldier draws a blaster pistol stolen from a battle droid and fires at Jar Jar, who ducks. Qui-Gon, standing directly behind Jar Jar, deflects the bolt directly back toward the attacker with his lightsaber.

Gungan Kill Count: 18

Tarpals: All right, all right, I'll take you there.

The group is led through a clearing to some ruins where Boss Nass and several other Gungan leaders are.

Boss Nass: Jar Jar, yousa payen dis time. Whosa dese others?

Amidala: I am Queen Amidala of the Naboo. I come before you in peace.

Boss Nass: Bah. Yousa bringen da makineeks. Yousa all dien, mesa tink.

Qui-Gon: Did you understand a word of what he just said?

Obi-Wan: None of it, Master.

Amidala: We wish to form an alliance.

Suddenly, Padme steps forward.

Padme: Your honor...

Boss Nass: Whosa dis?

Padme: I am Queen Amidala.

Padme points to the "Queen."

Padme: This is my decoy. My loyal bodyguard. I am sorry for the deception, but under the circumstances it has become necessary to protect myself. Although we do not always agree-

Boss Nass: Dat for sure.

Padme: Our societies have always lived in peace. But now you are in hiding, and my people in captivity. If we do not act quickly, everything will be lost forever. I ask you to help us.. no, I beg you to help us.

Padme drops to her knees and prostrates herself before Boss Nass. Slowly, the others do the same. Boss Nass begins to laugh.

Boss Nass: Yousa tink dat bodyguard foolden us?

Boss Nass begins to laugh hysterically.

Boss Nass: It wasen so obvious! Yousa dumber den we are!

Tears are rolling down Nass' face and he can barely talk.

Boss Nass: Oh, mesa like dis. Maybe wesa bein friends.

Gunray and Darth Maul walk with a hologram of Darth Sidious.

Gunray: We've already located their starship in the swamp. It won't be long.

Sidious: This is an unexpected move for her. It's too aggressive. Lord Maul, be mindful. Let them make the first move.

Gunray: I'd say they've already made the first move.

Sidious: You dare defy me?

Gunray: Uh, no, what I meant to say was, uh-

Sidious: Good.

In the Gungan hideout, Padme and the Jedi are discussing a battle plan with several Gungans.

Boss Nass: Yousa doen grand, Jar Jar, bringen da Naboo together. So wesa maken yousa Bombad General.

Jar Jar: General? Oh, no...

A speeder driven by Panaka pulls up.

Padme: What is the situation?

Panaka: Almost everyone's in the camps. A few hundred police and guards have formed an underground movement. I brought as many of the leaders as I could.

Padme points to the soldiers in the speeder.

Padme: How did they escape?

Panaka: When I said it was an underground movement, I was speaking literally.

Padme: Do we have enough?

Panaka: I don't think so. This is a battle we can't win.

Padme: The battle is a diversion. The Gungans will draw the droid army away from the cities so we can secretly enter Theed. Then we will enter the palace and capture the Viceroy. What do you think, Master Qui-Gon?

Qui-Gon: What's my role in all this?

Padme: You and your apprentice will accompany us into Theed.

Qui-Gon: Sneak into a city and capture a helpless Viceroy, then? Sounds easy enough.

Back to the Theed palace and the holographic Sidious...

Sidious: She is more foolish than I thought.

Gunray: We are sending all available troops to meet this army of hers assembling near the swamp. It appears to be made up of primitives. We do not expect much resistance.

OOM-9: I am increasing security at all Naboo detention camps.

Sidious: Do you have anything to say, Maul?

Maul angrily stares at the hologram.

Sidious: I thought so.

Gunray: What are we to do now?

Sidious: Wipe them out... all of them.

Gungan soldiers advance onto a grassy plain. Federation AATs move up to a ridge and stop. The Gungans also halt.

Gungan #19: Energize the shields.

Shield generators mounted on pack animals activate, creating a bubble of energy around the Gungan army. In Theed, Padme, the Jedi, R2, and Anakin make their way toward the main hangar. They are followed by Naboo guards.

Qui-Gon: Once we get inside, you find a safe place to hide and stay there.

Anakin: Sure.

Qui-Gon: And whatever you do, don't interpret my words in the most literal way possible so that you end up flying straight into harm's way.

Anakin: Uh... I'll try not to.

The Naboo troops attack nearby battle droids. Padme and the others rush into the hangar. Gunray and his advisors watch the battle on a large view screen.

Gunray: I thought the battle was to take place far from here. This is too close!

Neimoidian #1: What is going on? Maul! I demand an explanation!

Gunray: Yeah! Tell us what's going on!

Maul thinks for a moment.

Neimoidian #1: We're waiting..

Maul tries to pantomime his conclusion that the Jedi are involved.

Gunray: What's he trying to say?

Neimoidian #1: I think... oh, no!

Gunray: What?

Neimoidian #1: A contingent of Cheddar Monks has arrived and is trying to storm the palace!

Gunray: We're doomed!

Neimoidian #1: Either that or it's the Jedi from earlier.

Gunray: Oh, OK. Go take care of that, Maul.

Federation tanks fire on the Gungans, but they can't penetrate the shield.

Droid #4: We can't penetrate their shields with firepower of this magnitude.

OOM-9: Then we have no choice but a human-wave attack.

Droid #4: Excuse me, sir?

OOM-9: What?

Droid #4: I don't understand that term... "human-wave?"

OOM-9: Just get the whole army to march in that general direction.

OOM-9 points toward the Gungan forces.

Droid #4: Ohhhhh. Yes, sir.

Massive troop transports open, revealing rows of storage racks containing hundreds of battle droids. They deposit the droids on the ground in neat rows.

Jar Jar: Oh... wesa doomed.

Gungan #19: General Binks, why no wesa shooting at da mackineeks?

Jar Jar is too busy staring at the rapidly-assembling droid army to give the order to fire. The droids unfold from their storage position, draw blaster rifles, and start marching toward the Gungans. The "grand army" eventually realizes that destroying enemy soldiers might be to their advantage, and Gungan warriors load catapults with glimmering blue spheres.

Jar Jar: Let mesa try!

Jar Jar picks up a particularly shiny orb.

Tarpals: Ohhh, no, Jar Jar! Thatsa da Orb of Peace!

Jar Jar: Den it no possible harmful, right?

Tarpals: Is an ironic name! Now give it!

Jar Jar: Aww...

OOM-9 is confused by the Gungan strategy.

OOM-9: Are they using catapults?

Droid #4: That would seem to be the case, sir.

A cow launched from a Gungan trebuchet crushes Droid #4.

Droid #4: Does not compute...

Anakin hides behind a Naboo fighter while a firefight rages around him. When only a few droids are left Padme signals to the pilots.

Padme: Get to your ships!

Pilots scramble into the ships and take off. Anakin gets into the cockpit of an available fighter. As the ships take off, a tank takes potshots at them, hitting one. It catches on fire and careens toward the ground.

Padme: My guess is the Viceroy is in the throne room.

Qui-Gon: Anakin! I want you to stay right there.

Anakin: But-

Qui-Gon: Just do as I say.

Porkins: But I was going to take that ship!

Qui-Gon: There's another one.

Qui-Gon points to a beaten-up, barely functional ship in the corner.

Porkins: You've got to be kidding. That thing will be the death of me!

Qui-Gon: Then at least try to take out something big and flammable on your way out.

Padme, her escorts, and the Jedi head for the exit. They are about to go through the door when everyone scatters, revealing Darth Maul standing in the doorway. Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan step forward.

Qui-Gon: We'll handle this.

The two Jedi ignite their lightsabers. Darth Maul removes his own from his belt and ignites both ends.

Qui-Gon: I knew it!

Obi-Wan: Master?

Qui-Gon: I knew there was some way to make these things better. Why didn't I think of that?

Maul lunges forward and tries to skewer Qui-Gon.

Qui-Gon: Now you've asked for it!

Six droidekas roll into the hangar, evoking a shrill cry from R2.

Anakin: What can we do?

R2 whistles and activates the ship's systems. It hovers just above the ground. Anakin rotates it toward the droids and presses a button. The ship's guns fire, destroying several of the droids. Anakin flips a switch, causing the ship to rocket out of the hangar, wiping out the remaining destroyer droids. Maul is managing to outmaneuver both Jedi, flipping and spinning away from all their attacks.

Qui-Gon: Quit fighting like a ballerina already! Just stand still!

The Naboo fighters are already in space and heading for the droid control ship.

Naboo Pilot: Bravo Flight, take on the fighters.

Johnny Bravo: Uh... how does this thing work, man?

Naboo Pilot: And Expendable Flight will make the run on the transmitter.

Porkins: Oh, crap.

Swarms of droid starfighters exit the cavernous hangars of the Federation ship and attack the Naboo fighters.

Slowly, the droids march through the Gungan shield.

Droid #4: Imagine that. One slugthrower and we could've taken out their whole army.

OOM-9: Shut up.

Still, the strategy of throwing wave after wave of droids at the Gungans is working. One catapult crew is wiped out when the Naboo starfighter shot down outside the hangar crashes right on top of them.

Gungan Kill Count: 30

By now the front lines have intermingled and Gungans and droids are fighting each other point-blank. Some persistent droids manage to destroy one of the Gungan shield generators.

Droid #5: Now the tanks can support us!

The AATs fire on the battlefield below, vaporizing droids and Gungans alike.

Gungan Kill Count: 40

Droid #5: If I survive this, I'm going to write a scathing expose.

Droid #5, however, is dispatched by Jar Jar, who is accidentally doing some good on the battlefield. This is, unfortunately, more than offset by the bad he is unintentionally doing. Destroyer droids roll into the fray.

Jar Jar: Ooooh, lookit dat!

The destroyers uncurl into their upright stance.

Jar Jar: Help! Somebody helpen me!

Tarpals: Protect the general!

A group of Gungans throw themselves in front of Jar Jar to shield him from a volley of blaster bolts.

Gungan Kill Count: 50

Jar Jar: Whew. That was muy close.

In space, Anakin's fighter is catching up to the battle.

Anakin: That's where the autopilot is taking us? Can't you change our course, R2?

R2 whistles angrily.

Anakin: I know you're trying, but that's not good enough. Either do or don't!

The lightsaber fight is still in progress. Maul leads the Jedi out of the hangar and into a power generator area.

Obi-Wan: It looks like this planet has more than an overabundance of water.

Qui-Gon: Oh, really?

Obi-Wan: Yeah. They also seem to have a lot of bottomless pits.

Qui-Gon: The palace architect probably started out as a videogame designer.

Obi-Wan: Or he was insane.

Valorum walks through the middle of the battle.

Valorum: I see you're admiring my work.

Obi-Wan: You're an architect?

Valorum: I dabble, really.

Maul takes advantage of the distraction to swing at Qui-Gon while kicking Obi-Wan off the bridge. Qui-Gon follows the Sith while Obi-Wan narrowly manages to grab onto a lower bridge. The former Chancellor stays occupied by talking to himself.

Valorum: I like the tattooed guy's style. He reminds me of myself when I was younger. Back then I could eat a whole bantha for breakfast and still have enough room for a tauntaun.

The essential "capture the Viceroy" part of the plan has become bogged down.

Padme: We don't have time to fight our way past all these droids.

Panaka: Let's try the outside stairway.

Panaka shoots out a window and they make their way onto a ledge outside the building. They fire grappling guns and climb up the wall.

Gunray is watching the battle via view screen in the throne room.

Gunray: Remember, the handmaiden is the Queen. Don't shoot her!

Droid #6: Which handmaiden?

Gunray: The one right there.

Gunray points to a figure in the hallway.

Droid #6: If the handmaiden is the Queen, then who is the Queen?

Gunray: I already told you, the handmaiden is the Queen!

Droid #6: But what about the other Queen?

Gunray: You fool! There is no other Queen!

Droid #6: But what about the Queen I thought was the Queen?

Gunray: Oh, the decoy?

Droid #6: Yes.

Gunray: I don't know. Probably a bodyguard or a handmaiden.

Droid #6: So the Queen is a handmaiden and a handmaiden is the Queen?

Gunray: Yes.

Droid #6: And which one are we supposed to shoot?

Gunray: The Queen?

Droid #6: Which Queen?

Gunray: The real Queen?

Droid #6: What about the fake Queen?

Gunray: Feel free to shoot her!

Droid #6: But we are, in fact, not to harm the fake handmaiden who is also the real Queen?

Gunray: YES! Don't shoot her! You're allowed to shoot everyone else!

Droid #6: Including the fake Queen who, previously, was assuming the identity of the Queen.

Gunray: How much more obvious can I make it!?! Shoot one, don't shoot the other, you incompetent droid!

Droid #6: Which one?

Gunray slaps his own forehead in frustration.

Droid #6: Uh, sir? You didn't answer my question.

Anakin finds himself in the middle of the battle.

Anakin: R2, get us off of autopilot!

R2 screams a reply.

Anakin starts moving the controls; the ship responds. A ship gets behind Anakin, but he hits the reverse thrusters and it flies past him and into the station.

Anakin: If their ships are flown by computers, how come they have such bad response times?

R2 beeps an answer.

Anakin: What's a Commodore 64?

Meanwhile, the attack on the control ship is going nowhere.

Pilot: We can't get through their deflector shield. It's too strong!

Anakin's fighter is hit by enemy fire and goes into a spin. Anakin regains control just as it enters the main hangar of the Federation ship. He dodges parked ships and stops just in front of a large bulkhead.

Anakin: It's not responding. Everything's overheated.

The lightsaber fight moves from the catwalk to a series of inexplicable deadly ray shields. Qui-Gon and Maul get there before Obi-Wan. The shields close, separating Obi-Wan from Qui-Gon.

A window in the palace hallway blasts apart. Padme, Panaka, and the soldiers climb into the hallway and head for the door to the throne room. Suddenly, destroyer droids enter the hall in front of and behind the group, trapping it.

Padme: Throw down your weapons. They win this round.

The Gungan army begins to break and flee. Two people are watching the battle from a safe distance.

Stormtrooper #1: Wait, how did we even get here? This can't be right. We're supposed to be on Kamino, being artificially grown in test tubes!

Stormtrooper #2: I like my test tube. It's cozy.

Stormtrooper #1: We should be careful not to interfere with the battle. It could alter the time stream in dangerous and unpredictable ways.

Gungan #51: Yousa gots to help me!

Stormtrooper #1: AAAAGH! Get away from me!

Trooper #1 panics and blasts the Gungan.

Gungan Kill Count: 51

Stormtrooper #2: Would that count as altering the time stream?

Stormtrooper #1: Eh, he probably ended up dying anyway.

Voiceover: Little did they know that the Gungan they killed was destined to become Palpatine's greatest political opponent, and would reform the Republic and usher in another thousand years of peace.

Stormtrooper #2: Oops.

Stormtrooper #1: Who said that?

Voiceover: Way to go, morons.

Stormtrooper #1: I'll kill you!

Trooper #1 fires wildly into the air. After a few shots the voiceover lets out a Wilhelm Scream.

Stormtrooper #1: Much better.

Stormtrooper #2: How can you be sure you didn't make things worse again?

Stormtrooper #1: I guess we'll have to wait and see.

The ray shields open and the fight resumes. Obi-Wan runs toward Qui-Gon and Maul, but is stopped when the shields close again. He's forced to watch as Qui-Gon bears the brunt of Maul's attacks. Qui-Gon manages to hold his own, until...

Qui-Gon: That's odd. I sense a massive disturbance in the-

Maul catches Qui-Gon off guard and stabs him in the chest. The Jedi Master falls to the floor.

Federation tanks advance, routing the Gungan army. Jar Jar and several other Gungans are held in a small group with other officer.

OOM-9: Surrender immediately or be terminated.

Jar Jar: Uh...

OOM-9: Your indecision will cost you dearly.

OOM-9 points to a random Gungan. Another droid blasts the target.

Gungan Kill Count: 52

Jar Jar: It's still muy hard for to maken a decision.

OOM-9: We need more Gungans.

The Naboo strike team is brought before Gunray and several Neimoidian council members.

Gunray: Your little insurrection is at an end, your highness. Time for you to sign the treaty... and end this pointless debate in the Senate.

One of the handmaidens, disguised as the Queen, appears in the doorway with several troops.

Handmaiden: I will not be signing any treaty, Viceroy, because you've lost!

Droid #6: So, which one do we shoot?

Gunray: THE HANDMAIDEN!

Droid #6: Which handmaiden?

The handmaiden blasts Droid #6, who stars waxing philosophical.

Droid #6: Only now, in the end, do I understand...

Padme takes advantage of the confusion to hit a button on her throne. A security panel on her desk opens, and Panaka reaches inside to grab a blaster pistol. The Neimoidians are quickly subdued.

Padme: Now, Viceroy, this is the end of your occupation here.

Gunray: It's not fair... it's not fair!

The lightsaber fight resumes when the gates/shields open, giving Maul an opening to attack Obi-Wan. The Sith gains the upper hand and forces Obi-Wan to the edge of a circular shaft. Obi-Wan falls over the edge, but manages to grab a nozzle on the side of the pit. Maul grins and kicks Obi-Wan's lightsaber down the shaft.

Obi-Wan looks for something - anything - that can give him the advantage. Suddenly, inspiration strikes.

Obi-Wan: That's an impressive lightsaber. How did you build it?

Maul: Well, you see-

With a burst of strength, Obi-Wan jumps out of the pit, calling Qui-Gon's lightsaber into his hand. With Maul's concentration broken, Obi-Wan is able to slice the Sith in half. To add insult to injury, Maul falls down the bottomless pit.

Obi-Wan: You only get two lines. Two lines!

Obi-Wan rushes over to Qui-Gon.

Obi-Wan: Master! Master!

Qui-Gon: It's too late...

Obi-Wan: No! Master, you can't die.

Qui-Gon: And how did you reach that conclusion?

Obi-Wan: Is there anything I can do for you? Any last requests?

Qui-Gon thinks for a moment.

Qui-Gon: Remember when you were a youngling, and how you were always getting into trouble?

Obi-Wan: Yes, master.

Qui-Gon: How about that time you tried to find out how much cheese you could flush down the toilet in my private restroom? Remember that? It backed up and the entire east wing of the temple was flooded.

Obi-Wan smiles.

Qui-Gon: All my personal effects were ruined, including the new lightsaber I'd spent weeks working on.

Obi-Wan: Yes, I remember that.

Qui-Gon: Well, my point is that I hate you, and I want you to go through the same agony I did. Train the boy.

Obi-Wan: But-

Qui-Gon: Just do it! I'm going to die now, just so I can get the last word. Train him!

Qui-Gon's eyes close and he breathes his last breath. Obi-Wan sits on the floor.

Obi-Wan: I thought the cheese incident was funny...

Anakin, still stranded in the Federation hangar, looks to both sides and sees he's being surrounded by battle droids.

Anakin: This isn't good, R2. The systems are still overheated.

Something thumps against the cockpit. A ladder has been placed against the ship, and a droid is climbing up to question the pilot.

Droid #7: Let me see your identification!

R2 whistles at the droid.

Droid #7: Are you the pilot of this ship?

R2 beeps.

Droid #7: Get out of there or we'll blast you!

Anakin sees dashboard lights go from red to green.

Anakin: We're in the clear, R2!

R2 tases the droid just as Anakin starts the engine. Droid fire at the starfighter, but Anakin has raised its shields. He sweeps the hangar, blasting the droids around the ship. He presses a button and two torpedoes fly from the ship, exploding in the reactor room.

Anakin: This might be a good time to get out of here.

The ship races through the hangar deck, mowing down droids as it stays just ahead of the growing fireball. This problem does not go unnoticed on the bridge.

Neimoidian #2: What do all these red lights mean?

He gets his answer when the bridge explodes. Anakin's ship makes it out of the Federation control ship just in time.

The battle droids are not only deactivated, but fall apart. Jar Jar, overjoyed, kicks one of the droids. Unfortunately, its blaster rifle is still in working order, and the jolt causes it to discharge and hit a nearby Gungan.

Gungan Kill Count: 53

Jar Jar: Oopseeday! Mesa bad..

The Naboo fighters land in the Theed hangar. The pilots are all surprised when they find out Anakin was the one who destroyed the control ship. The Chancellor's ship lands in the courtyard of the main hangar.

Padme: Now, Viceroy, you are going to have to go back to the Senate and explain all this.

Gunray: I think not! For I have one last trick up my sleeve..

Without warning, Gunray throws a smoke bomb to the ground. However, the smoke dissipates much too quickly for him to escape.

Gunray: Aww..

Palpatine, flanked by Yoda and other Jedi Council members, disembarks the cruiser.

Padme: Congratulations on your election, Chancellor. It is good to see you again.

Palpatine: It is so good to be home. Your boldness has saved our people, your majesty. It is you who should be congratulated. Together we shall bring peace and prosperity to the Republic.

Padme: I'm sure you'll do a fine job leading the Republic. Just be careful... you know the saying about how power corrupts.

Palpatine: I think you will find that I will be quite unchanged by my newfound power.

Padme: That's a relief.

Palpatine: Yes... indeed...

The Jedi Council is in an emergency meeting in the palace.

Yoda: Confer on you the level of Jedi Knight the council does. But agree on you taking this boy as your Padawan learner, I do not.

Obi-Wan: Qui-Gon believed in him. You should, too.

Yoda: The chosen one the boy may be. Nevertheless, grave danger I fear in his training.

Obi-Wan: And fear leads to...

Yoda: Believe that trying that trick on me you are I can't. Uh... let me rephrase that.

Obi-Wan: Master Yoda, I gave Qui-Gon my word.

Mace: The code does say that a Jedi Master's final wish must be honored.

Yoda: Very well. Agree the council does. Your apprentice young Skywalker will be.

Everyone gathers for Qui-Gon's funeral. Anakin, unsure what to do, looks to Obi-Wan.

Anakin: What will happen to me now?

Obi-Wan: I am your master now. You will become a Jedi, I promise.

Mace: There is no doubt. The mysterious warrior was a Sith.

Yoda: Always two there are... no more... no less... a master and an apprentice.

Mace: But which one was destroyed - the master or the apprentice?

A parade passes through the center of Theed. The crowd cheers as Amidala hands Boss Nass a shining globe.

Nass: Peace!

Nass' hand slips and the orb falls to the ground. There's complete silence while the Queen and Boss Nass back away from the orb. A pair of Gungans approach and study the sphere.

Gungan #9: Itsa dud!

Gungan #9 kicks it. It's not a dud.

Gungan Kill Count: 54

Coming When I'm Out of Ideas:

John Williams: What's the matter, George? Am I not good enough for you anymore?

John williams grabs a conducting wand and whacks George Lucas on the head. The truncated "The Clone Wars" version of the Star Wars theme plays.

Obi-Wan Kenobi and Count Dooku battle each other in the Tatooine desert. Obi-Wan deflects one of Dooku's thrusts, knocking his lightsaber away. Dooku counters by causing a mini-sandstorm, in which Obi-Wan loses his saber. Disarmed, the two start sparring with their beards, which are very pointy and inflexible indeed.

Ahsoka: So what's our mission? Storm a Separatist stronghold? Take down a core ship? Sabotage a droid foundry?

Anakin: Actually, we'll be babysitting a Huttling.

A group of clone troopers charges a droid column. The two groups exchange fire, and one of the clones is hit.

Clone Trooper #3: The armor! It does nothing!

Space Wars Episode II.V: I Think I'm A Clone Now



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