

Space Wars
Episode II: When Clones Attack

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A long time ago...

In a galaxy far, far away...

The Clone Wars happened...

But that's not important right now...

Instead, we'll be focusing on politics...

And a teenage romance...

For some reason...

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

SPACE WARS

EPISODE II: WHEN CLONES ATTACK

THERE IS UNREST IN THE GALACTIC REPUBLIC. SEVERAL HUNDRED SYSTEMS ARE THREATENING TO SECEDE. THAT MIGHT NOT SEEM LIKE A LOT OUT OF ROUGHLY TWO MILLION MEMBER PLANETS, BUT JUST GO ALONG WITH IT.

THE SEPARATIST MOVEMENT, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF COUNT DOOKU, IS MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR THE JEDI KNIGHTS TO MAINTAIN PEACE.

SENATOR AMIDALA OF NABOO IS RETURNING TO THE SENATE. AFTER TEN YEARS OF FILIBUSTERING, THE PROPOSAL TO CREATE AN ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC IS COMING TO A VOTE.

Yellow Naboo fighters and a larger, silver ship fly toward Coruscant. They land on one of the planet's abundant guard rail-less landing platforms. Amidala and her retinue exit the silver space yacht. A thunderclap knocks them to the ground as the shiny, undoubtedly expensive is reduced to a pile of slag and a

rain of shrapnel. Everyone is knocked to the ground. Amidala gets up and rushes to her double, who was nearer to the blast.

Corde: I'm very badly burned!

Padme is stopped by Captain Panaka.

Panaka: I can't let you get any closer, Senator.

Corde: I'm suffering unbearable pain!

Padme: I have to help her!

Panaka: Sorry, but I can't let you die over a bad Austin Powers reference.

Corde: I think my leg is broken! I'll try standing on the other one...

Corde stands for a moment, but collapses. Padme goes around Panaka and kneels next to her faithful bodyguard.

Padme: Is there anything I can do for you?

Corde: No...I know my death will not be in vain...

Padme: Corde...

Corde: Promise me you'll always fight...to preserve the vaguely autocratic forces of multiethnic monarchism.

Padme: I promise.

Panaka: Actually, I think she could make a full recovery.

Padme: No, I'm pretty sure she'll die.

Panaka: Why?

Corde: Because I have no real purpose anymore, and someone had to die to set the tone for this.

Panaka: What about me? I'm completely redundant, considering the Senator is more than capable of using a blaster.

Rabe: And we handmaidens are completely useless.

Sache: Just like pants for Wookiees.

Corde dies.

Panaka: I guess that solves that little debate.

Jar Jar: At least mesa knows mesa never will dien in dis franchise. Because mesa just sooooo lovable!

Panaka: If you weren't going to become a plot point later, I'd kill you right now.

Jar Jar: Mesa loven you, too!

The Galactic Senate is meeting to take the vote.

Palpatine: My colleagues, I have distressing news. Senator Amidala of Naboo has been assassinated. This is a grievous personal blow to me, because- Will the delegation from the Trade Federation please stop doing the wave?

Another hover pod floats into the center of the chamber.

Ask Aas: Why weren't the Jedi able to prevent the assassination? We won't be safe until we have an army.

Debate breaks out. The Senators' shouting only dies down when Amidala enters.

Padme: We must prevent a war at all costs.

Palpatine: Aww, frick. I mean, Senator Amidala! What a pleasant surprise to know you're alive and not at all dead!

Padme: I warn you, if we create an army there will be a war.

Palpatine: You're right. Being defenseless is a wonderful way of preventing rogue aggression. After all, it worked for you...

Padme: If we offer the separatists violence, they will only show violence in return! This decision could destroy the very foundation of the Republic.

Palpatine: You're right again. There's no way secession could undermine the foundation of a body that can only exist based on the goodwill of its members.

Padme: How could any of you vote in favor of war?

Palpatine: It's quite easy, as you'll see tomorrow, when we take the vote on this motion. Until then, we are adjourned.

Later, Palpatine is in his office, talking to several Jedi Masters.

Palpatine: More and more systems are joining the separatists. Something must be done.

Mace: If they do break away...

Palpatine: I will not let this Republic that has stood for a thousand years fall.

Ki-Adi: Excuse me?

Palpatine: What?

Mace: The Republic has existed for more than 20,000 years.

Ki-Adi: Over a thousand generations.

Palpatine: Uh.... There are no continuity errors!

Yoda: Hmm?

Palpatine: The plot holes are a lie!

Mace: So which is it - 1,000 or 20,000?

Palpatine: Both!

Ki-Adi: That seems a bit paradoxical.

Palpatine: Paradoxes? Ha! I'm a politician!

Mace: Can we get to the point already?

Palpatine: I didn't know there was a point. I thought you just enjoyed my company.

Mace: The point is, Jedi are not soldiers. We can't fight a war.

Palpatine: Master Yoda, do you really think it will come to war?

Yoda: Mmm...much worse than war, I fear.

Palpatine: Yes...yes, indeed...

Mace: What was that?

Palpatine: Nothing...nothing at all...

Yoda: Whatever happens, do their duty the Jedi will.

A hologram appears on Palpatine's desk.

Dar Wac: The Loyalist Committee has arrived.

Palpatine: Excellent. Send them in.

A group of Senators enters Palpatine's office.

Yoda: Unfortunate the incident on the land platform was, Padme. Glad to see you alive I am.

Padme: Thank you, Master Yoda. Do you know who was behind the attack?

Mace: Our intelligence points to disgruntled spice miners on the moons of Naboo.

Padme: Disgruntled spice miners?

Ki-Adi: That does raise an interesting question. How exactly does one mine spice? Is it in a similar manner to the methods for farming moisture?

Mace: I wouldn't treat this lightly. Those spice miners are very disgruntled.

Padme: I think Count Dooku was behind it.

Ki-Adi: He is a political idealist, not a murderer.

Palpatine: May I suggest placing the Senator under your protection?

Mace: What do I look like, a freakin' bodyguard?

Palpatine ignores Mace.

Palpatine: These are stressful times. Perhaps we can find an old friend of yours. Like, say, Obi-Wan Kenobi...

Mace: I'm sure that reuniting you with Obi-Wan will in no way inadvertently bring about the annihilation of the Jedi Order.

Yoda: And recently returned from a mission he has.

Palpatine: If not for yourself, then please do it for me.

Padme: Fine.

Everyone turns and leaves the office.

Palpatine: "Do our duty, we will." Yeah, and talk backwards you will, you little green bugger.

Obi-Wan and Anakin ride an elevator to Amidala's apartment.

Obi-Wan: You seem a little on edge, Anakin.

Anakin: What gives you that impression, Master?

Obi-Wan: I haven't seen you this tense since we walked into a nest of gundarks.

Anakin: But we came out alright. Did you see-

Obi-Wan: Yes, Anakin, I saw you rip the pants off that gundark. Stop reminding me.

Anakin: I haven't seen her in ten years.

Obi-Wan: Huh? Oh, Amidala. Relax, she's not the Queen anymore.

Anakin: That's not why I'm nervous.

Obi-Wan: So you admit you're nervous?

Anakin: Well...maybe...

Obi-Wan: You know what Master Yoda says. "Nervousness leads to fear, fear leads to paranoia..."

The elevator opens and the Jedi step out into Padme's suite.

Obi-Wan: ...and the whole thing just leads to Richard Nixon. So don't be nervous.

Jar Jar: Annie! Mesa so glad to be sein you!

Anakin: Is it OK to be aggravated, Master?

Obi-Wan: Under these circumstances, yes.

Jar Jar: Mesa smilin!

Obi-Wan: Where's the Senator? We didn't come here to guard you.

Jar Jar: Why not? Mesa gonna be a Senator one day, muy-muy.

Obi-Wan: A Senator? In your dreams, you amphibious fruitcake.

Jar Jar: Ees Annie yousa apprentice now?

Anakin: Yes. I'm a Jedi Knight.

Jar Jar: Wow, that muy bombad!

Anakin: And just where is Padme?

Jar Jar: Shesa expecting yousa! Come dis way! No, wait, I actually tink it dis way. It some way, I know dat.

Jar Jar and the Jedi (what a great name for a band) enter another room.

Obi-Wan: It's a pleasure to see you again, Senator.

Padme: It's been far too long, Master Kenobi. But I have to say that I think your presence here is unnecessary.

Obi-Wan: I'm sure the council has its reasons.

Padme walks over to Anakin.

Padme: Annie? My goodness, you've grown.

Anakin nervously whispers to Obi-Wan.

Anakin: Is she coming on to me?

Obi-Wan: Like I'd know.

Anakin raises his voice and tries to be smooth. Unfortunately, this is Anakin Skywalker, not Lando Calrissian, and we won't get any better at small talk as the movie progresses.

Anakin: You've grown more beautiful. And, uh...shorter? Yes, you're much shorter than before. Or maybe I'm taller. I don't know. But the point is that, um...we're not the same relative height as before. Yes, that's exactly what I meant to say.

Mortified, Obi-Wan covers his face with his hands and takes a deep breath. Padme, oblivious, smiles.

Padme: You'll always be that little boy I knew on Tatooine.

Anakin smiles.

Obi-Wan: Our presence here will be invisible.

Padme: Then how will I know you're here?

Obi-Wan: By our...smell?

Padme: I need answers, not protection.

Anakin: We can get answers!

Obi-Wan: No, Anakin, that's not part of the mission.

Anakin: But if it falls under our mandate of protecting her...

Obi-Wan: Anakin, you will follow my lead.

Anakin: Why?

Obi-Wan: What?

Anakin: Well, isn't it implied that investigating the identity of the killer is part of our mission?

Obi-Wan: I don't believe this! You're a clueless, horny teenage boy who thinks he knows better than your own master and the entire Jedi Council! You wouldn't last two minutes against a Sith Lord, but you think you can do anything. I mean, what have you ever done? Huh? You won a glorified racing game, blew up a droid control ship entirely by accident, and became a Jedi by sheer virtue of Qui-Gon's insisting you're the Chosen One.

You've slid by on luck this whole time, but you think you can boss me around! It's not fair!

Padme tries to steer the conversation away from Obi-Wan's pent-up rage.

Padme: I'm sure that with you two protecting me, there will be no further attempts on my life. Now, if you will excuse me, I will retire.

Jar Jar: Mesa bustin wit happiness at yousa twoen comin here!

Anakin: She hardly remembered me. I've thought about her every day, and she's forgotten me completely.

Jar Jar: Oh, shesa muy happy to be sein you, Annie! Shesa happier den any time in da last ten years!

Anakin: Then why didn't she look happy?

Jar Jar: Padme hassa leedle problem emoting. Shesa hardly display any emotion at all, muy-muy.

Obi-Wan: I should probably be worried that you're obsessing over a woman just because she was the only person in the last movie that actually showed sympathy toward you. But, frankly, that rant tired me out, so instead I'm going to bed now.

Anakin: Shouldn't we check the security around here?

Obi-Wan: That's a close second on my to-do list.

Two bounty hunters meet on a ledge outside a skyscraper.

Wesell: I hit the ship, but they used a decoy.

Jango Fett: We'll have to use something more subtle this time. Unleash the time-travelling sharks.

Wesell: That doesn't seem very subtle.

Jango: Hmm... more subtle than sharks? How about giant centipedes?

Wesell: Fortunately, I always keep an emergency supply of centipedes on hand.

Jango: Are they poisonous?

Wesell: I'm insulted. Of course they are!

Wesell grasps a metallic cylinder.

Jango: There can be no mistakes this time.

Jango turns and ignites his jetpack. The dramatic effect is ruined when he flies headfirst into an outcropping. He adjusts his course and hovers into an open space farther away from the building.

Either the Jedi get a lot of charitable contributions, or being defenders of the peace is more profitable than it sounds, because the Jedi temple is enormous. Mace Windu and Yoda are walking down one of its seemingly endless hallways.

Mace: Why couldn't we foresee this attack on the Senator?

Yoda: Masking the future is this disturbance in the Really Big Power.

Mace: The prophecy is coming true. The Bad Side is growing.

Yoda: Prophecy?

Mace: You know, the prophecy that we use to explain all the plot holes surrounding the Order and our complete ineffectiveness?

Yoda: Hmm. Sense the future only the Sith can.

Mace: It's been ten years and they have yet to show themselves.

Anakin is meditating in the living room of Amidala's apartment. The door to the apartment opens and Obi-Wan enters.

Obi-Wan: There are more than enough guards downstairs. No assassin will try to get in that way. Any activity up here?

Anakin: Quiet as a tomb.

Obi-Wan: Interesting choice of words.

Obi-Wan checks a handheld view screen. It shows R2 by the door, but no sign of Padme.

Obi-Wan: What's going on here?

Anakin: She covered the cameras. She must not have liked me watching her.

Obi-Wan: When did this happen?

Anakin: Shortly after I tried to install a camera in the shower. I told her it was essential to her security, but she wouldn't listen.

Obi-Wan: What is she thinking?

Anakin: She told R2 to warn us if there's an intruder.

Padme is asleep and R2 powered down. The only light in the bedroom is filtered through the blinds. Obi-Wan and Anakin can be heard, still talking in the living room.

Obi-Wan: It's not just an intruder I'm worried about. There are plenty of ways to kill a Senator.

Anakin: I know, but we have to catch the assassin.

Obi-Wan: You're using her as bait?

Anakin: It was her idea. Besides, I can sense everything that happens in that room.

Obi-Wan: You are really starting to creep me out.

Back to the hallway for more argument. How Obi-Wan put up with this for ten years, we'll never know.

Anakin: Trust me.

Obi-Wan: Oh, that's right! I forgot about your sound record of having good, responsible judgment. By all means, gamble the Senator's life just so you can catch the assassin. Yes, that makes perfect sense.

Wesell loads the centipede cylinder (say that five times fast) into a probe droid.

Obi-Wan and Anakin move to the apartment's balcony.

Obi-Wan: You look tired.

Anakin: I don't sleep well anymore.

Obi-Wan: Because of your mother?

Anakin: I don't know why I keep dreaming about her. I haven't seen her since I was little. Could you remind me why exactly I haven't been allowed to visit home in ten years?

Obi-Wan: Because the council saw no harm in keeping you separated from your mother, leaving you to angst about her later in the movie.

Anakin: Huh?

Obi-Wan: I mean, dreams pass in time.

Anakin: I'd rather dream about Padme.

Obi-Wan: Now you're getting creepy again.

Anakin: Just being around her is intoxicating.

Obi-Wan [thinking]: I should probably do something to curb this behavior before it gets out of hand.

Obi-Wan: That's nice, Anakin.

Anakin: Thanks. I'll take that as approval of my childish obsession.

Obi-Wan [thinking]: Crap!

The probe droid floats up to the bedroom window and cuts out a section of glass. It stealthily inserts the cylinder into the hole, letting the centipedes loose in the Senator's room. The discussion outside continues.

Obi-Wan: You shouldn't be associating with politicians. They're not trustworthy.

Anakin: Chancellor Palpatine seems good enough.

Obi-Wan: From a certain point of view.

R2 sounds an alarm and shines a light on the bed.

Obi-Wan: That can't be good.

Obi-Wan and Anakin rush into the bedroom just before the centipedes are able to accomplish their mission. Anakin swats away both insects with his lightsaber. Obi-Wan quickly surveys their surroundings and spots the probe droid lingering outside the window. He dashes toward the window, jumps and is halted by the safety glass.

Obi-Wan: Why can't reality be more unrealistic?

With assistance from the Really Big Power, Obi-Wan knocks out a section of the window. Leaping into the air, he latches onto the probe droid as it flies off to return to its master.

Padme: Did they try to kill me...with bugs?

Anakin: If they were smart, they would've rigged the droid with a thermal detonator. We never would have been able to save you, then.

Padme is alarmed by Anakin's (not) thinking out loud.

Anakin: I mean, uh...stay here!

Anakin runs outside the apartment, finding a parked speeder. He jumps in, kicks the owner out, and takes off. The droid, with Obi-Wan hanging on for dear life, is darting through traffic. Despite its best attempts to dislodge the Jedi, Obi-Wan tenaciously clings to it. Noticing that she's getting a little more than she bargained for, Wesell, opens fire on the droid, destroying it. Obi-Wan plummets for a moment, then grabs onto the tail of a speeder. Climbing in, he notices something familiar about the driver.

Obi-Wan: Anakin!

Anakin: Nice to see you could dr-

Obi-Wan: No puns.

Anakin: But-

Obi-Wan: Just keep your eyes on the sky.

Anakin nearly avoids a head-on collision with another speeder.

Speeder driver: Right of way, you jerk!

The two pursue Wesell, who is doing her best to evade them in her own speeder.

Obi-Wan: Do you think you could at least try to not get us killed?

Anakin: Maybe some music will take your mind off flying.

Anakin reaches down and fiddles with the radio. And, yes, they still have radio in the galaxy far, far away. After all, they still have data tapes. Anakin finds a station he likes. Matrix chase music plays.

Obi-Wan: Too overdone.

Anakin changes the station. The Invader Zim theme plays.

Obi-Wan: Too obscure.

Anakin changes the station again. The Star Wars theme plays.

Obi-Wan: Too meta.

Anakin changes the station yet again. "Cliffs of Dover," by Eric Johnson, plays.

Obi-Wan: Ooh, I like this song.

Wesell turns into oncoming traffic in an attempt to shake the Jedi.

Obi-Wan: Aren't there any cops in this city?

Anakin eases the stolen speeder underneath Wesell's. The two speeders enter some type of...weird power plant...with random electricity arcs...or something. This part really doesn't make sense. It's like the Republic gave Nikola Tesla several plots of land on which to build whatever he wanted. And, naturally, Anakin is completely oblivious to the huge, writhing arcs of electricity that should be fairly easy to see. The chase continues, with Wesell firing at the Jedi at every opportunity. Anakin pulls into a side street under the impression it's a shortcut.

Obi-Wan: Great. You lost him.

Anakin jumps out of the speeder, landing on Wesell's vehicle several stories below.

Obi-Wan: I'll never hear the end of this.

Surprisingly, Anakin manages to cling onto Wesell's speeder. In one of his many "not thinking things through" moments, Anakin ignites his lightsaber and stabs through the roof of the speeder. Wesell, alarmed, raises her blaster pistol and fires straight up. One of the shots knocks the lightsaber out of Anakin's hand. Somehow, Obi-Wan is able to snatch the rogue saber right out of the air.

Obi-Wan: Ooh, free lightsaber.

"Layla," by Eric Clapton, starts playing on the stolen speeder's radio.

Obi-Wan: Best. Night. Ever.

Anakin reaches inside Wesell's speeder's cockpit, wrenching the blaster from her hand. One last shot rings out before the pistol goes flying into the air. Obi-Wan catches it.

Obi-Wan: Free blaster!

Wesell's speeder goes out of control, skidding along the pavement until it comes to a stop. Anakin is sent flying. By the time he regains his senses, Wesell is gone. Another speeder appears as Obi-Wan eases onto the street.

Anakin: She went into that club.

Obi-Wan: Oh, please. I know that's just a lame excuse to get into a nightclub.

Anakin: Uh, by the way, do you know what happened to my lightsaber?

Obi-Wan: Nope.

Anakin: Then what's that hanging from your belt?

Obi-Wan: My spare.

Anakin: Since when do you have a spare?

Obi-Wan: Since I found one...

Anakin: I know that one's mine.

Obi-Wan: Fine, I'll give it back. But the next time you lose it, I'm going to keep it.

The two enter the nightclub where Wesell is hiding.

Obi-Wan: Why do I get the feeling you're going to be the death of me?

Anakin: [*Sneezing.*] OMINOUS FORESHADOWING!

Obi-Wan: Bless you.

The Jedi look around the bar.

Anakin: I think she's a changeling.

Obi-Wan: What's that supposed to mean?

Anakin: She can change her appearance at will.

Obi-Wan: They must have some severe image issues.

Obi-Wan walks up to the bar.

Anakin: What are you doing?

Obi-Wan: I'm going to have a drink while you find her.

Sleazebaggano: Wanna buy some death sticks?

And, yes, that is his name. There's a name for everything in the Star Wars universe.

Obi-Wan: I've always wondered why they're called death sticks.

Sleazebaggano: Surgeon General.

Obi-Wan: [*Using Mind Trick.*] You don't want to sell me any death sticks.

Sleazebaggano: I don't want to sell you any death sticks.

Obi-Wan: You will go home and rethink your life.

Sleazebaggano: I will go home and rethink my life.

Obi-Wan: You will give yourself a vigorous wedgie.

Sleazebaggano: I will give myself a vigorous wedgie.

Obi-Wan: Now that I'm done abusing my Jedi powers, it's time to look for that assassin.

Obi-Wan feels a blaster pressed to his back.

Obi-Wan: Ah. That was easy.

In a flash, Obi-Wan activates his lightsaber and slices off Wesell's arm. The bar goes silent as the patrons stare at Obi-Wan.

Anakin: Uh... Jedi business. Don't pay any attention to the severed limb on the floor.

Obi-Wan and Anakin grab Wesell and carry her into an alley outside the bar.

Obi-Wan: Do you know who you were trying to kill?

Wesell: The Senator from Naboo.

Obi-Wan: That was easy. So, who hired you?

Wesell: It was just a job.

Obi-Wan: Who hired you?

Wesell: The death stick guy!

Obi-Wan: I know you're lying. And by the way, his name is Elan Sleazebaggio. He's twice the scumbag you'll ever be.

Wesell: It doesn't matter if I die or not. The Senator will be killed, and the next one won't make my mistake.

Anakin: She has a point.

Obi-Wan: Hmm?

Anakin: I mean, if she'd just rigged that probe droid with a thermal detonator, we wouldn't be here right now.

Wesell: Yeah, but that idiot insisted on the centipedes.

Obi-Wan: Who? Who hired you? Who made you use such a needlessly complicated method?

Wesell: It was a bounty hunter.

Obi-Wan: Yes, go on.

Wesell: It was a man.

Obi-Wan: Just say his name already.

Wesell: A human man.

Obi-Wan: Yes, we get the picture. Now what was the guy's name?

Wesell: His name? I'll tell you his name in a moment. The name of the bounty hunter who hired me to kill the Senator. He hired me. He hired me for the purpose of killing the Senator. That was him. Yes. His name, which you so desperately want, is, and I want you to listen carefully so you don't miss it, because I'm going to say it right now-

Obi-Wan: Get on with it!

Wesell: His name is-

Without warning, Wesell twitches, grasps at her neck, and dies. Obi-Wan and Anakin look up in time to see Jango Fett fly off.

Obi-Wan: Now that was just ridiculous. He could have just killed us instead of his own underling. I mean, he must have been watching us nearly that whole time, which would have given him ample opportunity to charge up a disruptor rifle. When you take into account all the obvious mistakes these bounty hunters have made, you have to wonder if they're trying not to kill us. Either that or they're just a bunch of retards.

Anakin: There's a dart sticking out of her neck.

Obi-Wan: Hmm? Oh. Oh! He left evidence behind! This guy is a freaking moron!

Obi-Wan and Anakin stand in the center of the Jedi Council chamber.

Yoda: Track down this bounty hunter you must.

Anakin: Told you.

Obi-Wan: Whatever happened to protecting the Senator?

Yoda: Handle that your Padawan will.

Obi-Wan, understandably angry, mutters under his breath.

Obi-Wan: I'm sure that's not all he'd like to handle.

Yoda: Have more to say do you, Obi-Wan?

Obi-Wan: Well, whoever tried to kill Amidala knows where she is. How will Anakin protect her?

Yoda: Escort her to Naboo Skywalker will.

Mace: It will be difficult to get her to leave, so we're sending you to talk to Palpatine.

Obi-Wan: Or we could just speak with Amidala herself.

Yoda: Since when make sense this did?

Obi-Wan: What?

Anakin and Palpatine stare out the windows of the Chancellor's office.

Palpatine: Senator Amidala will not refuse and executive order. She will accompany you to Naboo.

Anakin [thinking]: I hope nobody thinks it's pathetic that I have to get an executive order in order to get a girl to spend time with me.

Palpatine: So, they finally gave you an assignment. About time. You are the most gifted Jedi I have ever met.

Anakin: Can't argue with that.

Palpatine: I can see you becoming the most powerful Jedi ever.

Anakin: Even more powerful than Master Yoda?

Palpatine: Especially Yoda.

Mace Windu and Obi-Wan walk through the halls of the Jedi Temple. Yoda accompanies them in a hover-chair.

Obi-Wan: I'm concerned for Anakin. He is not ready for an assignment like this.

Yoda: Confident in its decision the council is.

Mace: The boy has exceptional skills.

Obi-Wan: But he doesn't know how to use any of them! He just runs around inexplicably avoiding death! He has no self-control but thinks he's the best thing to happen to the Order since the eradication of the Sith.

Yoda: Yes... arrogant more and more Jedi are becoming. Even the older, more experienced ones.

Mace: Remember, Obi-Wan, if the prophecy is true, your apprentice will bring balance to the Really Big Power.

Obi-Wan: And if it's not true?

Mace: Then we've wasted a whole lot of time on that self-obsessed moron.

Anakin is in Padme's apartment, watching Padme and Jar Jar talk.

Padme: I'm taking an extended leave of absence. You will take my place in the Senate.

Jar Jar: Mesa muy-muy honored to be takin dis heavy burden. Now, what exactly Senators do?

Padme: As long as the Republic is still standing when I come back, you'll have done your job.

Jar Jar: Oh. Mesa tink mesa can handle that.

Padme briskly walks over to Anakin, perhaps realizing that she has set the bar too high for Jar Jar.

Padme: I don't like the idea of hiding.

Anakin: Don't worry. I'm sure it won't take long for Obi-Wan to find the bounty hunter.

Padme: I haven't worked a year to stop the Military Creation Act just to be absent when its fate is decided!

Anakin: Sometimes we have to let go of our pride and do what is requested of us.

Padme: Have you ever followed your own advice?

Anakin: Now why would I do that?

Padme: Annie...

Anakin: Please don't call me that.

Padme: What? Annie? I've always called you that.

Anakin: Well, I don't think it's mature enough.

Padme: Annie... do you ever listen to the things you say?

Anakin: Why would I do that?

Padme: You're still that boy I knew on Tatooine. Just...with a lightsaber and a little ponytail.

Anakin: I'll be a full Knight soon enough. But Obi-Wan, he... he's holding me back.

Padme: He's concerned with your well-being. We might resent mentors sometimes, but they have our best interests at heart.

Anakin: Don't get me wrong, Obi-Wan is a great teacher, but in many ways I'm ahead of him. I'm ready for the trials. I know I am! And he knows it, too. So why doesn't he let me take them?

Padme: That must be frustrating.

Anakin: He's overly critical! He never listens! He doesn't understand! It's not fair! It's like he thinks I'm some immature, whiny kid who mistakes valid, constructive criticisms for insults!

Padme: To be fair, you do sound just like a little kid who's not getting his way.

Anakin: I'm not whining! I'm not! I'mnotI'mnotI'mnot!
Waaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Padme: I didn't say it to hurt you.

Against all odds, Anakin actually calms down.

Anakin: I know...

Anakin looks into Padme's eyes.

Padme: Don't do that.

Anakin: Why not?

Padme: Because I can see what you're thinking.

Anakin: Ahh, so you have Jedi powers?

Padme: I think it has more to do with the fact that you make sure everyone in the sector knows what you're feeling at all times.

Anakin: I'm mildly insulted, but I'll allow it because I'm madly in love with you, even though I'm not sure you'll ever reciprocate, which is the source of epic amounts of angst that's been building up ever since I feared I'd never see you again ten years ago.

A long, awkward silence follows.

Anakin: I mean, I'll be sure not to make eye contact with you from now on. Is there some other part of your body you'd like me to ogle?

Padme: You have a lot to learn about women.

Anakin: Great! Maybe you'd let me get some hands-on experience!

Padme turns her back toward Anakin and gets back to packing for the imminent trip to Naboo.

Later, it's time for Padme and Anakin to go to Naboo. Obi-Wan is on the landing platform to see them off.

Obi-Wan: Don't try anything foolish.

Anakin: Would I do that?

Obi-Wan: Most definitely.

The two board a freighter as Obi-Wan watches.

Obi-Wan: I have an extraordinarily bad feeling about this.

Obi-Wan is now in the Jedi Temple, working on analyzing Jango's dart.

Obi-Wan: It's a toxic dart. I need to know who made it and where it came from.

HK-47: Query: Why would I give you that information, organic meatbag?

Obi-Wan: Because I need it to track down a dangerous bounty hunter.

HK-47: Observation: No bounty hunter could possibly be as dangerous as I am.

Obi-Wan: I just need to know where the dart came from, OK?

HK-47: Statement: Figure it out yourself, meatbag.

Obi-Wan: I hope you realize I'm going to keep asking you questions.

HK-47: Resignation: Very well. It is a toxic dart, well-suited to killing you pitiable organics.

Obi-Wan: I already know it's a toxic dart. I need to know who made it!

HK-47: Statement: This dart does not match any database entry. Therefore, it does not exist.

Obi-Wan: But... I can see the dart. It's right here.

HK-47: Statement: It is merely an illusion, one of reality's little tricks played on your feeble mind.

Obi-Wan: Just give it back to me.

HK-47: Cooperation: As you wish, although I must remind you that the dart in fact does not exist.

Obi-Wan: I know who can identify this.

HK-47: Mockery: If you wish to identify an item, perhaps you should determine that it is extant beforehand, inferior meatbag.

Obi-Wan walks the streets of Coruscant until he comes to a small building called "Dexter's Diner."

Waitress droid: Can I help you?

Obi-Wan: I'm looking for Dexter. I need his help with something.

The droid gets Dexter, who steers Obi-Wan over to a booth.

Dexter: Hey, ol' buddy! What can I do for ya?

Obi-Wan: You can tell me what this is.

Obi-Wan places the dart on the table.

Dexter: I ain't seen one of these since my prospecting days in the Outer Rim!

Obi-Wan: Can you tell me where it came from?

Dexter: What you got here is a Kaminoan saber dart.

Obi-Wan: I wonder why it didn't show up in the archives.

Dexter: Ah, you Jedi aren't nearly as smart as you think. It's these little cuts on the side that give it away. Your droids only focus on symbols, you know.

Obi-Wan: Kamino. Is it part of the Republic?

Dexter: No, it's beyond the Outer Rim, I'd say about twelve parsecs outside the Rishi Maze, toward the south. I'd stay away from it, though. Those cloners...they like to keep to themselves.

Obi-Wan: Are they friendly?

Dexter: Well, it depends.

Obi-Wan: Depends on what?

Dexter: How good your manners are...the size of your pocketbook...whether you denounce their morally questionable genetic alterations...

Obi-Wan returns to the Jedi Temple, as he has not yet realized that the order is completely useless. While waiting for the Jedi archivist to arrive, Obi-Wan stares at a bust of Count Dooku.

Jocasta Nu: Did you call for assistance?

Obi-Wan: Yes, yes I did.

Jocasta: Is it urgent?

Obi-Wan: Absolutely.

Jocasta: Then you shouldn't mind while I stand here and exposit.

Obi-Wan: I just never understood why he quit. Only twenty Jedi have ever left the order.

Jocasta: Yes, Dooku was the most recent and the most painful. No one likes to talk about it.

Obi-Wan: Well, it didn't take much to get you to talk about him.

Jocasta: You know, he was often out of step with the council's decisions, much like your old master, Qui-Gon.

Obi-Wan: Really?

Jocasta: They were alike in many ways. Idealists... He always wanted to be the best Jedi. His knowledge of the Really Big Power was... unique.

Obi-Wan: Let me guess - his favorite phrase was "My kung-fu is stronger than yours."

Jocasta: In the end, I think he left because he lost faith in the Republic. He believed that the politicians and Jedi had grown corrupt.

Obi-Wan: He must have found out how much embezzling goes on around here. I mean, this temple's pretty ornate for something supposedly funded by charitable donations and door-to-door cookie sales.

Jocasta: He disappeared for nine or ten years, then showed up as the head of the separatist movement.

Obi-Wan: It's very interesting, though I'm sure that knowledge has no relevance at all to anything that will happen to me later in this movie. Yeah, that's right, I just broke the fourth wall. What're you going to do about it? Huh? That's what I thought!

Jocasta: So, why did you call me over here?

Obi-Wan: I need help finding a planet called Kamino. It doesn't show up on any of the charts.

HK-47: Ridicule: Clearly the inferior meatbag is trying to locate a planet that does not exist. Even if you gave him a map, detailed instructions, and an extra pair of flesh-hands to assist, I doubt he could locate his own-

Jocasta: Enough! Get back to stacking holobooks. You've been pushing your luck ever since you made those threats on Master Windu's life.

HK-47: Resignation: Yes, mistress Nu. Reassurance: The probability of me killing Master Windu in his sleep is virtually nonexistent...meatbag.

Jocasta and Obi-Wan activate a computer terminal and pull up a chart of the galaxy.

Obi-Wan: According to my information, it should be in this quadrant somewhere, just south of the Rishi Maze.

Jocasta: No coordinates? You might as well throw a dart at a map and try your chances.

Obi-Wan: In my experience there's no such thing as chance. How about a gravitational scan?

The two study the hologram.

Jocasta: There are some inconsistencies. Perhaps the planet you're seeking was destroyed.

Obi-Wan: Wouldn't that be on record?

Jocasta: It ought to, unless it was very recent. I'm sorry, Master Kenobi, but it seems that the planet you're searching for does not exist.

Obi-Wan: That's impossible. Perhaps the archives are incomplete.

Jocasta: The archives are comprehensive and totally secure. If you can't find something in them, it does not exist.

Obi-Wan holds up Jango's saber dart.

Obi-Wan: I have a nonexistent Kaminoan dart here that says otherwise.

Jocasta: I don't know what you hope to prove, but that planet does not appear in the archives, and so I can't be of any further assistance to you.

Anakin and Padme are still on the cramped freighter.

Anakin: I can't wait to get to Naboo. Such a beautiful planet... I've thought about it every day.

Padme: You not only think about me every day, but Naboo? What else do you spend all your free time thinking about?

Anakin: How much I deserve to be on the Jedi Council.

Padme: Of course. You know, Naboo might be different from what you remember. Time changes perceptions.

Anakin: Sometimes it does... sometimes for the better.

Padme: It must be difficult having sworn your life to the Jedi...Not being able to visit the places you like or do the things you like...

Anakin: Or be with the people you love.

Padme: Are you allowed to love? I thought it was forbidden for a Jedi.

Anakin: Attachment is forbidden. Possession is forbidden. Compassion, which I would define as unconditional love, is

central to a Jedi's life, so you might say we're encouraged to love.

Padme: Except you're not allowed to be in relationships or marry or have children.

Anakin: True, although it's possible to do all those things without love.

Padme: Touché.

Anakin: You know, you haven't changed at all.

Padme: And you've changed so much.

Yoda is supervising a group of children practicing with training lightsabers.

Yoda: Don't think, feel! Become one with the Really Big Power. Wax on, wax off.

Yoda notices Obi-Wan standing near the entrance to the room.

Yoda: Younglings, enough! A visitor we have. Master Obi-Wan Kenobi, meet the mighty Bear Clan.

Obi-Wan: What's a bear?

Yoda: It was the Wookiee Clan, but complain the Wookiees did.

Obi-Wan: Sorry to disturb you, master, but I need your help.

Yoda: Consulted with the assistance droid have you?

Obi-Wan: Yes, and I have to ask where you got that sadistic nutjob.

Yoda: Sadism matters not. Now what do you need?

Obi-Wan: I require your assistance locating a planet. It doesn't show up on any of the archive maps.

Yoda: Lost a planet Obi-Wan has. How embarrassing. How embarrassing.

Obi-Wan: Don't talk down to me in front of the younglings. How are they supposed to respect their elders?

Yoda: Come, little ones, gather around the map reader. Clear your minds and find Obi-Wan's missing planet we will.

The lights dim as the children gather around a holographic projector.

Obi-Wan: This is where it ought to be, but it isn't. Gravity is pulling all the stars in this area inward to this spot. There should be a star here, but there isn't.

Yoda: Most interesting. How can this be?

Obi-Wan: My theory so far is that a bounty hunter erased the data from the archives to cover his tracks, but he's also an idiot, so he left an easily-identifiable trail.

Yoda: Ask for your opinion did I?

Obi-Wan: Well-

Yoda: Did I?

Obi-Wan: No, Master Yoda.

Yoda: Then don't answer!

Jedi Child: Master? Then why don't you just go to the system?

Yoda: Right the child is. After all, nothing more important to do you have.

Obi-Wan: All right. I'll go to Kamino.

Yoda: While you are there, clone me could you?

Obi-Wan: I'll, uh, look into it...

Anakin and Padme disembark the freighter, which has just landed in Theed. The two walk to the palace courtyard.

Anakin: If I grew up here, I don't think I'd ever leave.

Padme: I doubt that.

Anakin: Well, it sure beats the Jedi Temple. There's a Wookiee in the room next to mine.

Padme: What's so bad about that.

Anakin: He talks in his sleep. Sometimes I go a week without sleeping. At first I thought I'd get used to it, but... well, that's not important right now, is it?

Anakin looks at the palace, which is probably more valuable than all the property on Tatooine combined.

Anakin: It's magnificent.

Padme: I know. When I was young I never imagined that one day I'd live here.

Anakin: Did you dream of power and politics when you were a little girl?

Padme: I don't think anybody does.

Anakin: Then you obviously haven't been around Palpatine enough.

Padme: I came to be involved in politics through my studies. The more history I read, the more I saw how much good politicians could do. After school I became a Senatorial advisor with such passion that before I knew it, I was elected Queen.

Anakin: So, you somehow managed to finish school, get a job in the government, and be elected Queen, all by the time you were fourteen. Is that typical in Naboo society?

Padme: For the most part it was because of my conviction that reform was possible. I wasn't the youngest Queen ever elected-

Anakin: You mean they've elected Queens younger than you?

Padme: Yes.

Anakin: And these aren't rigged elections where there's only one option?

Padme: No.

Anakin: And you have a secret ballot and everyone's vote is counted?

Padme: Absolutely.

Anakin: And, apparently, you still managed to end up with prepubescent girls being given powers that no single person should wield.

Padme: Well, you Jedi are training with lightsabers and mystic abilities at that age.

Anakin: Yeah, but we have responsible masters who look out for our well-being. Sometimes. In theory. And besides, we have no choice in the matter - they take us at birth, which was why the council was so reluctant to let me into the order. But you had a choice to be Queen or not.

Padme: And now that I think back on it, I'm not sure I was old enough. I'm not sure I was ready.

Anakin: I'll say so.

Anakin [thinking]: No, you fool! You want to get into her pants, don't you? Then why do you keep criticizing everything? Who cares if her people will vote for anything that moves? Just forget that and compliment her, already!

Anakin: I mean, you should have let them make you dictator for life!

Padme: Popular rule is not democracy, Annie. It gives the people what they want, not what they need. I was relieved when my two terms were up.

Anakin [thinking]: Two terms? That sounds oddly familiar. Could she...no...there's no way...oh, wait, she's saying something. Must...not...ignore...

Padme: When the Queen asked me to serve as Senator, I couldn't refuse her.

Anakin [thinking]: Senators are directly appointed by the Queen rather than being elected? That's not very democratic. No! Bad Anakin! Stop analyzing this bizarre society! Nothing good can come from it!

Padme: You've sure been quiet.

Anakin: I agree with you!

Anakin and Padme walk toward the palace. R2 follows.

Queen Jamilla is seated on the throne. Sio Bibble is at her side. Handmaidens and guards stand nearby.

Jamilla: We've been worried about you. I'm so glad you're safe, Padme.

Padme: Thank you, your highness. I only wish I could have served you better by staying in Corsucant for the vote.

Jamilla: I'm sure you chose someone with good judgment to cover your absence.

Padme: Uh...

Bibble: Given the circumstances, Senator, you know it was the only decision her highness could have made.

Jamilla: How many systems have joined Count Dooku and the separatists?

Padme: Thousands. And more are leaving the Republic every day. If the Senate votes to create an army, I'm sure it's going to push us into a civil war.

Bibble: With all due respect, you're an idiot.

Padme: You're lucky you said "with all due respect."

Bibble: I, for one, don't see the logic in preventing a war by letting the Republic be dismantled piece-by-piece. If you really think democracy and the Republic are worth fighting for, then at least act like it!

Padme: I am fighting for the Republic! But it will be impossible to negotiate with the Separatists if they feel threatened.

Bibble: Oh, that makes perfect sense. How could we negotiate without anything backing our demands? Why should they accept our offers when they could take whatever they want with impunity?

Padme: The separatists don't have an army, either.

Bibble: Yes, I'm sure we can trust the Trade Federation's claims that they've disarmed themselves. Voluntarily, of course, and without government oversight. Oh, they're quite trustworthy.

Padme: I admit, there are rumors that they have not reduced their arms as ordered.

Bibble: Rumors? Nute Gunray is still their Viceroy! Nothing has changed! If this crisis gets any worse and we refuse to act, the Republic will fall. It's not like we can round up another Gungan army and scrape together a miracle at the last second.

Jamilla: We must keep our faith in democracy. The day we lost our faith in democracy is the day we lose it.

Padme: Let's pray that day never comes.

Bibble: Don't worry. I'm sure prayer will solve our problems and get the separatists to rejoin the Republic. That's much more reasonable than, say, doing something.

Bibble looks at Anakin.

Bibble: What do you have to say about this, Master Jedi?

Anakin: Well-

Padme: He's not a Jedi yet. He's just a Padawan learner.

Anakin: I recommend-

Padme: I was thinking I'd stay in the lake country. There are some places up there that are very isolated.

Anakin: And maybe there are people up there who know not to answer a question that's not addressed to them. I'm in charge of security here.

Padme: Annie, my life is at risk. This is my home. I know it very well. I think it would be wise for you to take advantage of my knowledge in this instance.

Anakin: Sorry, m'lady. I apologize for being under the impression that I was here for a reason. In the future I'll try to be as useless as possible.

Bibble: I don't think that'll be a problem.

Padme and Anakin leave the palace, and are soon in Padme's house.

Padme: I hope you don't mind if we stay here a while, mom.

Jobal: Oh, it's fine. There are plenty of former Queens who went back to live with their parents.

Padme: It's not like that. A bounty hunter is trying to assassinate me.

Jobal: That's what they all say.

Padme: Look, we just need shelter.

Anakin: And food. I'm starving.

Jobal: It's bad enough that you're back here when you should be on Coruscant, but now you've brought your boyfriend to mooch off me. You're not pregnant, are you?

Padme: What? He's my bodyguard, mother!

Jobal: Oh please, you're not fooling anyone. Just look at him; I'd feel more threatened by a Jawa.

Padme: The Jedi assigned him as my bodyguard because we know each other. Remember that boy with the Jedi during the blockade? This is him.

Jobal: And you're asking me to believe he's a Jedi now?

Anakin: Let me prove it to you.

Anakin ignites his lightsaber blade. Jobal is unimpressed.

Jobal: Blue? How original. Why couldn't you get a purple one, like Mace Windu? Now there's a real Jedi.

Padme: We don't need to take any of this. I'm going to my room.

Jobal: Don't get too comfortable!

Padme goes to another part of the house. Anakin, unsure of what to do, goes outside and looks at the garden. One of Padme's sisters approaches the Jedi.

Ruwee: Tell me, how serious is this?

Anakin: I admit, I'm not her boyfriend, but-

Ruwee: I mean how much danger she's in.

Anakin: Wha- oh! Right. There have been two attempts on her life. Right now my master is tracking down the assassins.

Ruwee: Do you think he'll be able to?

Anakin: Don't worry. They're not exactly the best assassins I've ever seen. They tried to kill Padme with giant centipedes. This won't last long.

Ruwee: I don't want anything to happen to her.

Anakin: Neither do I. Unless it was some kind of life-threatening experience that ultimately brought us closer together. That would be all right.

Obi-Wan discovers that Kamino is exactly where it should be.

Obi-Wan: Ha! Obi-Wan - 1. Bounty hunter - nada.

Obi-Wan lands on one of Tipoca City's raised platforms. Pushing forward against strong wind and rain, he enters the sterile facility.

Taun We: Master Jedi, so good to see you.

Obi-Wan: Am I supposed to know you?

Taun We: The Prime Minister expects you.

Obi-Wan: Unless your Prime Minister is a logic-impaired bounty hunter, I have no interest in meeting him or any of you other freakish giraffe-people.

Taun We: But it's been ten years. We were starting to think you would not come. Now, please, this way.

Obi-Wan grudgingly follows.

Taun We: May I present Lama Su, Prime Minister of Kamino... and this is Master Jedi...

Obi-Wan: Obi-Wan Kenobi. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Llama. You are a man, right? It's kind of hard to tell. Actually, it's really hard.

Lama Su: Such matters are not important. But I do hope you enjoy yourself. You arrived at the best part of the season.

Obi-Wan: Only if you happen to like rain and gale-force winds.

Lama Su: And now to business. You will be delighted to hear we are on schedule. Two hundred thousand units are ready, with another million well on the way.

Obi-Wan: Yeah, yeah, whatever.

Lama Su: Please tell Master Sifo-Dyas that we have every confidence his order will be met on time and in full. He is well, I hope.

Obi-Wan: Aside from a mild case of death, he's fine.

Lama Su: I'm so sorry to hear that. But I'm sure he would have been proud of the army we've built for him.

Obi-Wan: Army? What...the...crap?

Lama Su: Yes, a clone army. And, I must say, one of the finest we've ever created.

Obi-Wan: And just who did he say this army was for?

Lama Su: This army is for the Republic. But you must be anxious to inspect the units for yourself.

Obi-Wan: Uh, yeah, that's why I'm here, all right. Inspections and stuff.

Just when things on Kamino were getting interesting, Padme and Anakin have to show up again. They've moved to a retreat in the lake country.

Padme: When I was in Level Three we used to come here for a school retreat. See that island out there? We used to swim to it every day. I love the water.

Anakin: Yes. Water is good.

Padme: We used to lie on the sand and let the sun dry us...try to guess the names of the birds singing...

Anakin: Sand...I hate sand. It's not at all like water. It is like anti-water. Which isn't good at all, because I like water. But sand...it's coarse and rough and gets everywhere... especially your pants. If only I had the power, I'd take all the sand in the galaxy and destroy it! Someday I'll have the power to stop people from getting sandy! Everything will be soft and smooth...just like you...

Padme: Uh...

Anakin: I love you because you're not made of sand!

Padme: That's...nice?

Anakin: But enough about sand. What are you thinking?

Padme: Just that sometimes... You could look into the glass and see the water. The way it ripples and moves. It looked so real...but it wasn't.

Anakin: Sometimes when you believe something to be real, it becomes real.

Anakin [thinking]: Just like my chances of you falling for me. Sand!?! What was I thinking?

Anakin: Shut up, brain!

They look into each other's eyes.

Padme: I used to think if you looked deeply into glass, you would lose yourself.

Anakin: I think that's a load of...uh, truth. Yes, I agree with everything you say.

And then, Anakin does the impossible. He kisses Padme.

Padme: No, I shouldn't have done that.

Anakin: I'm sorry. When I'm around you, my mind is no longer my own.

Anakin [thinking]: Woo-hoo!

Obi-Wan and his Kaminoan escorts walk onto a balcony overlooking an enormous parade ground. Thousands of clone troopers are marching in formations made up of hundreds of troopers each.

Lama Su: Magnificent, aren't they?

Obi-Wan nods slowly.

Clonetrooper #2: Look! An outsider! And he's human!

Clonetrooper #1: Just stay focused on the drills.

Clonetrooper #2: Come on, they're-

Trooper #2 trips. His rifle fires as he hits the ground, the shots hitting a piece of sensitive equipment. Naturally, the equipment explodes, sending troopers flying into the air. One of the troopers is sent hurtling into the safety glass surrounding the balcony, where Obi-Wan is starting to have second thoughts about the clone army. A counter appears in the lower-right corner of the screen.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 7

Lama Su: Er, moving on...

The tour continues through a classroom filled with identical students.

Lama Su: We take great pride in our combat education and training programs. These students have already formed combat sub-groups.

Obi-Wan: So, you encourage them to join gangs?

Lama Su: Of course. We find it to be essential to the process.

Obi-Wan looks out a window to see a group of students beating up a grown, armored trooper.

Clonetrooper #4: Please stop! I already gave you my lunch money!

The students break out a flamethrower, and Obi-Wan quickly moves on.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 8

Obi-Wan: Just how did you make so many clones in only ten years? Some of them seem a lot older than that.

Lama Su: Growth acceleration. The first batch had some kinks that needed to be worked out, but other than that it's worked perfectly. We can grow a clone to maturity in half the time it would normally take.

Obi-Wan is led through a cafeteria.

Lama Su: You will find they are completely obedient, taking any order without question. We modified their genetic structure to make them less independent than the original host.

Obi-Wan: Original host?

Lama Su: A bounty hunter called Jango Fett. We felt a Jedi would be the perfect choice, but Master Sifo-Dyas hand-picked Jango Fett himself.

Obi-Wan: Where is this bounty hunter now?

Lama Su: Oh, we keep him here.

Clonetrooper #5: FOOD FIGHT!

The troopers pull out blaster rifles and start firing at each other, turning over tables for cover and flinging utensils.

Lama Su: Not again...

Obi-Wan: How about we go pay a visit to Jango?

Lama Su: Good idea.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 20

Lama Su: Apart from his pay, which is considerable, Mr. Fett demanded only one thing - an unaltered clone of himself. Curious, isn't it?

Anakin and Padme sit in the middle of a hilly meadow. Nearby is a lake, the shores of which probably have a lot of sand. Anakin hates sand, as you already know.

Padme: I don't know...

Anakin: Sure you do...You just don't want to tell me.

Padme: Are you going to try one of those Jedi mind tricks on me?

Anakin: They only work on the weak-minded.

Padme: All right. I was twelve...His name was Palo.

Anakin: What happened to him?

Padme: He became an artist, ended up getting killed by the Federation during the occupation.

Anakin: Heh heh...I mean, uh...too bad. For, you know, uh, him.

Padme: And I went into public service.

Anakin: I don't see why. The system doesn't work.

Padme: How would you have it work?

Anakin: First, I'd have everyone send all their money to LucasArts.

Padme: What? That's completely ridiculous!

Anakin: I think it could be a great boon to democracy.

Padme: Well...when you put it that way, it does sound more reasonable.

George Lucas: Keep up the good work, boy.

Padme: Did you hear something?

Anakin: Nothing at all. We also need a system where the politicians sit down and discuss the problem, agree what's in the best interests of all the people, and then do it.

Padme: That is exactly what we do. The trouble is that people don't always agree.

Anakin: Then they should be made to.

Padme: And who's going to be responsible for making them?

Anakin: I will. I should be! Someday I will be...I promise you, I will even learn to stop politicians from lying!

Padme: Anakin...That sounds an awful lot like a dictatorship to me.

Anakin: Oh, please, you make it sound like all dictatorships are inherently bad. If something works, why not try it?

Padme: Because it doesn't work!

Anakin: How will we know unless we try it?

Padme: You're making fun of me, aren't you?

Anakin: I have no idea what you're talking about. You're always so serious.

Padme: Serious! I'm serious?

Anakin: Yeah. Why so-

Anakin is interrupted when Padme pegs him in the face with a piece of fruit.

Anakin: I probably deserved that.

Taun We opens the door to Jango's apartment.

Taun We: He doesn't appear to be in at the moment. Why don't you stay and wait for him?

Taun We leaves and Obi-Wan wanders into Jango's kitchen. He's taken aback by the sight of someone sitting at the table.

Obi-Wan: Who are you?

Traviss: I'm Karen Traviss.

Obi-Wan: Why does that name sound familiar?

Traviss: Oh, I get around. I wrote the Mandalorian language, you know.

Obi-Wan: The Mandalorians have a language?

Traviss: They do now.

Obi-Wan: OK. And what are you doing in Jango Fett's apartment?

Traviss: Doing research. Someday I hope to be the galaxy's foremost authority on Mandos.

Obi-Wan: What do you have so far?

Traviss: Hmm...

Traviss consults some notes.

Traviss: Mandos are awesome...They're way better than Jedi... They have the best weapons and impenetrable armour...

Obi-Wan: But when have we seen any indication of that? I mean, my lightsaber should have no problem penetrating Jango's armor.

Traviss: What, are you a misogynist or something?

Obi-Wan: Excuse me?

Traviss: Everyone knows Mandos are the best. That's why there are only three million clones in the Republic's army.

Obi-Wan: So far, right? This facility must be producing more.

Traviss: It's not. There's only three million. Total.

Obi-Wan: But...three million? To fight a galactic war? There are some neighborhoods on Coruscant with more than three million people. That's like trying to conquer a city with a single midget. Except instead of "city," I mean, "system," and instead of "midget," I mean "absolutely friggin' nothing."

Traviss: Oh, the Clone Wars are going to mostly be minor, brushfire wars fought between local militias.

Obi-Wan: Then... what's the point of making the clones?

Traviss: Because they're bloody Mandos, you wanker.

Obi-Wan: Mandalorians have been in a steady decline for thousands of years. I see no reason why cloning a Jedi wouldn't have been better in every way.

Traviss: Shut up! Just shut up! Mandos are great and there's only three million clones! And the droid army was only several hundred million at most! The Executor is eight kilometers long! Those asteroids weren't vapourized! The Death Star superlaser didn't destroy Alderaan on its own!

Obi-Wan: I have no idea what you're talking about.

Traviss: That's it! You're banned!

Obi-Wan: What?

Traviss: Banned!

Obi-Wan: But-

Traviss: BANNED!

Jango: Karen, I'm home!

Jango and Boba enter the apartment. Both are puzzled to see Obi-Wan.

Jango: I didn't know we'd have company.

Obi-Wan: I'm Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi. I'm here to check on the army's progress.

Jango: That right?

Obi-Wan: Your clones are impressive. You must be very proud.

Troopers #1, #2, and #3 burst into the room.

Clonetrooper #2: Daddy! I stubbed my toe!

Jango: Will you leave me alone already!?! I'm not your father! Now get back to your live-fire exercises!

Clonetrooper #3: But everyone else died.

Jango: GO!

The disappointed troopers leave.

Obi-Wan: Ever make your way into the interior as far as Coruscant?

Jango: Once or twice.

Obi-Wan: Recently?

Jango: Possibly...

Obi-Wan: Commit any murders? Plan to assassinate a Senator, maybe?

Jango: Just a few...I mean, no.

Obi-Wan: Ever hear of Master Sifo-Dyas?

Jango: Sifo-whatas?

Obi-Wan: Really.

Jango: I was recruited by a man named Darth Tyranus.

Obi-Wan: Odd...

Jango: Do you like your army?

Obi-Wan: I look forward to seeing them in action.

Jango: They'll do their job well, I'll guarantee that.

As Obi-Wan leaves the apartment, Jango appends a qualifier to his statement.

Jango: Some of them, at least.

The clone troopers wander the halls of the cloning facility.

Clonetrooper #1: Wait. If Jango's our father, who's our mother?

Clonetrooper #2: What about that medical droid over there?

Medical droid: Why don't you ever call? You say you're a soldier but you've never been in any wars. You're a disgrace.

Clonetrooper #2: I love you, too!

Clonetrooper #3: What about that droid that runs the training courses?

The troopers enter a test chamber.

GLaDOS: Welcome to the Tipoca City Enrichment Center. Due to technical difficulties, the scheduled test chamber is not available at this time. It has been replaced by a live-fire course for military androids. Thank you for helping us help you help us all.

The troopers look over to another group, made up of troopers #6 through #14. A portal appears in the ceiling directly above them; #15 emerges and falls to the ground. He is followed by a rocket.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 30

Clonetrooper #1: Rocket turrets? Ugh, not again!

While Obi-Wan is pursuing a deadly bounty hunter, Anakin is committing the dramatic, galaxy-altering action of...eating dinner!

Anakin: And when I got to them, we went into...aggressive negotiations.

Padme: What's that?

Anakin: Uh, well, negotiations with a lightsaber.

Padme: So, when Obi-Wan said he tried to negotiate with the Trade Federation...

Anakin: Oh, don't worry, he assured me they shot first. Then again...

Padme: What?

Anakin: Nothing! Uh... look at this!

Anakin uses the Really Big Power to grab a piece of fruit off a plate, causing it to levitate.

Anakin: Oooooooooohhhh... spoooooooooky!

Troopers #1, #2, and #3 walk the halls of Tipoca City.

Clonetrooper #2: Hey, it's Lama Su! Hi, there!

Lama Su: Not these morons again.

Clonetrooper #2: We have some questions, but nobody ever answers, for some reason.

Clonetrooper #3: Yeah. What's this "clone degeneration" thing we keep hearing about?

Lama Su: If I tell you, will you leave me alone from now on?

Clonetrooper #1: Sure.

Lama Su: All right. You three were part of "Batch Alpha." As you know, there are certain - let's call them quirks - associated with cloning. We made Batch Alpha to test the techniques we would be using for the Republic's army, as well as look for signs of instability.

Clonetrooper #1: You mean like clone degeneration.

Lama Su: Yes. You see, even the most well-made clone will still be an imperfect copy, and over time the imperfections will manifest themselves as a steady, irreversible decline that will destroy you down to your very DNA, ensuring a slow, painful death that will make you long for dismemberment at the hands of the separatists.

Clonetrooper #1: Wow. That's bleak.

Lama Su: However, we've detected none of the early warning signs of degeneration in you.

Clonetrooper #2: That's a relief. But what about the other clones?

Lama Su: Oh, they'll all die, just like every other member of Batch Alpha. One day we noticed a chemical imbalance in your tanks. As it turned out, your aspartame levels were slightly higher than normal. Every other clone in Batch Alpha inexplicably died. We tried replicating the conditions that caused your survival and lack of degeneration, but were never able to succeed.

Clonetrooper #2: That's not good.

Lama Su: And, in the process, killed every clone we experimented on.

Clonetrooper #3: That's not good, either.

Lama Su: We also began to notice...complications. For one, your intellects are far below our expectations.

Clonetrooper #1: But all of the troopers around here are idiots.

Lama Su: Yes, but they're idiots because they were designed to have very little independent thought. You, on the other hand, are both independent and stupid.

Clonetrooper #1: So, it's only a coincidence that we're morons.

Lama Su: Precisely.

Clonetrooper #2: That's good, right?

Lama Su: It's not good. You could potentially live forever.

Clonetrooper #3: What's so bad about that?

Lama Su: Then we'd have to pay you forever.

Clonetrooper #1: Immortality and job security, huh? Things are looking good for me.

Lama Su: You're not invulnerable. Chances are you'll die in the imminent war.

Clonetrooper #1: We'll just let the other clones take care of it.

Lama Su: There are only three million clone troopers.

Clonetroopers #2: It's a good thing the separatists can't have many more soldiers than us.

Lama Su: Actually, they have roughly eleven quintillion battle droids.

Clonetrooper #1: I think I just wet myself.

Clonetrooper #2: I guess we're going to be busy once the war starts.

Clonetrooper #3: Let's see... if each and every clone kills one hundred droids every second, and the separatists don't build any more, and none of us die...

Lama Su: Don't worry. There's a certain expert in the facility who is confident your inherent Mandalorianess will even the odds.

Clonetrooper #1: Then why don't they grab a blaster rifle and go fight eleven quintillion droids? I'm leaving.

Lama Su: What? You can't leave!

Clonetrooper #1: Fine, I'll stay. But I won't like it.

Clonetrooper #2: You already don't like it.

Clonetrooper #1: In that case, I'll like it even less! That'll show them!

Clonetrooper #2: Show who?

Clonetrooper #1: Uh... somebody!

Clonetrooper #3: Way to take a stand.

Obi-Wan walks across the landing platform to his ship.

Obi-Wan: R4, relay this, scramble code five, to Coruscant - "badger, badger, badger."

Obi-Wan's transmission reaches the Jedi Temple, where Yoda and Mace Windu listen attentively.

Obi-Wan: I have successfully made contact with the Prime Minister of Kamino. The locals seem to be a race of androgynous giraffe-people. But that's not really the point, because they're using a bounty hunter named Jango Fett to build a create a clone army. Oh, and the army was apparently commissioned by Master Sifo-Dyas...after he died.

Mace: The council never authorized the creation of an army.

Yoda: Into custody take this Jango Fett. Bring him here. Question him we will.

Obi-Wan: All right. One abducted bounty hunter, coming right up.

The image of Obi-Wan fades away.

Yoda: Blind we are if the creation of this clone army we could not see.

Mace: There's only one solution to this problem.

Yoda: What recommend you, Master Windu?

Mace: Obviously, if our ability to use the Really Big Power is diminishing, then we need a crap-load of new Jedi to make up for the shortfall.

Yoda: Right you are. Take more children from their parents we must.

Mace: I wonder how history will look on us.

Yoda: The one to write it, I expect to be, hmm.

In the lakeside retreat on Naboo, Anakin is having a nightmare.

Anakin: No...no...no...Mom! Don't! No, don't!

Padme enters the room and turns on the lights. Anakin suddenly wakes up.

Padme: Is everything all right? You were shouting.

Anakin: I had the most terrible dream. I had a popsicle, but mother took it away.

Padme: Are you going to be OK?

Anakin: I...I don't know if I can sleep after such a traumatic experience.

The next day, Padme sees a note on Anakin's bed. She warily picks up and reads it.

Padme: *[Reading aloud.]* Gone to Tatooine. Be back eventually. *[Sighs.]* Technically, he won't be disobeying his mandate if I'm on Tatooine with him, so...

Padme sets the note down. There's more writing on the back.

Padme: *[Reading aloud.]* Also, your horoscope says it's a bad time for flimsy rationalizations.

Jango and Boba Fett are preparing for a hasty departure from Kamino when Obi-Wan rushes onto the landing platform.

Boba: Dad, look!

As he runs toward the bounty hunter, Obi-Wan ignites his lightsaber.

Jango: Get on the ship!

Jango uses his jetpack to fly over Obi-Wan.

Obi-Wan: A jetpack? Now that's just cheating!

Jango: Says the man with the Really Big Power on his side.

Jango fires a rocket, the blast sending Obi-Wan flying through the air. Boba joins the fight when he turns one of Slave I's blaster cannon on the Jedi Master.

Obi-Wan: My lightsaber! Where'd it go?

Jango rockets over to Obi-Wan, who is frantically searching for his weapon. The bounty hunter chuckles at Obi-Wan's predicament.

Jango: Not so high and mighty now, are you?

Obi-Wan: Boot to the head!

Obi-Wan catches Jango off guard with a roundhouse kick. Jango gets to his feet and the two grapple, punching, kicking and, in Obi-Wan's case, headbutting the opponent.

Obi-Wan: OW! That freaking hurt!

Jango: Your martial arts are useless against my Mandalorian armor!

Obi-Wan: We'll see about that! Bamboozling Bear Hug of Death!
Obi-Wan tightly wraps his arms around Jango and awkwardly moves toward the edge of the landing platform.

Jango: I'm so bamboozled!

Obi-Wan: Take this!

Obi-Wan swings Jango over the edge of the platform. As he slides down, Jango fires a cable that latches onto Obi-Wan and pulls him down, too. In order to slow his fall, the bounty hunter digs into the side of the platform with claws mounted on his forearm gauntlets.

Jango: So long, Jedi.

As Obi-Wan slides past, Jango cuts the cable. Thinking that the fight is over, Jango moves over to Slave I. However, Obi-Wan has managed to use the Really Big Power to wrap the cable around a pipe, stopping his fall. Just as Slave I is about to lift off, Obi-Wan comes running onto the platform and throws a tracking device that attaches to the hull of the ship.

Obi-Wan: Me - 2. Jango Fett - still nothing. In your face!

Padme's ship lands in Mos Espa. She exits and runs into Anakin.

Padme: Anakin, what are you doing?

Anakin: I'm going to find Watto.

Watto is still in his junk shop, working on droids. The only thing that seems to have changed in ten years is his nascent beard.

Anakin: Watto.

Watto: What?

Anakin: I'm looking for Shmi Skywalker.

Watto looks at Anakin suspiciously. His gaze drifts towards Padme.

Watto: Anakin? Nah...

Anakin: Where is she?

Watto: And look at you, a full-blown Jedi! Hey, maybe you could help me with some deadbeats who owe me some money, eh?

Anakin: Watto!

Watto: All right, I get it, Jedi aren't supposed to kill in cold blood. Tell you what, if you just kneecap them, that'll be enough for me.

Anakin: Where's my mother!?

Watto: Yeah, see, the thing is that Shmi...she's not mine anymore. I sold her.

Anakin: Sold her...

Watto: Yeah.

Anakin: And who did you sell her to?

Watto: Sorry, but a classy guy like me protects the identities of his customers. I'm afraid I can't tell you that. Unless...

Watto rubs his thumb and index finger together.

Watto: Eh?

Anakin: I'm not paying you anything. Now tell me where she is, or else.

Watto: Fine, fine. I sold her to a moisture farmer named Lars. Believe it or not, he freed and married her. They're somewhere on the other side of Mos Eisley.

Anakin: That's not good enough.

Watto: All right, I'll check my records.

Padme: Watto keeps records?

They move into the shop, where Watto is poring over his records.

Watto: Let's see...shook down a couple guys, bet on the podraces...

Anakin leans over Watto's shoulder.

Anakin: You proposed to Sebulba's sister?

Watto: 'ey, don't look at that! I was desperate, all right?! Now... ah, here it is. "Sold Anakin's mother to Cliegg Lars."

On Kamino, the clones are being readied.

Taun We: You will face many challenges in the upcoming war. The Republic will expect great things from you. You will be faced with innumerable challenges. One of those is a special task against a Separatist installation. It is of the utmost importance. Do we have any volunteers?

Not a single clone volunteers.

Taun We: Very well, then, if that's the way you're going to be I'll just select three of you at random. Hmm... Clones Alpha 1, Alpha 2, and Alpha 3.

Clonetrooper #1: What?

Taun We: You move out in ten minutes.

Taun We smiles.

Taun We: Oh, and don't forget your jetpacks.

Clonetrooper #1: I've got a bad feeling about this.

The three are sent to a testing chamber for a crash course in their new jetpacks. A group of clones is zipping around the room. Several of them attempt to enter a formation. One, however, keeps thrusting for too long and crashes into the ceiling.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 31

Another loses control and runs into the ground, accidentally sideswiping another trooper.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 33

The rest, distracted by the spectacle, ram straight into a wall. And then, for good measure, they explode.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 38

Clonetrooper #2: Heh...jetpacks...right...

Obi-Wan's ship drops out of überspace and begins tailing Slave I in the rings of Geonosis.

Jango: Almost there.

Boba: I think we're being tracked.

Jango: He must have put a homing device on our hull during the fight. We'll fix that.

Obi-Wan closes in on the Fetts. A portion of Slave I's hull opens and a charge drifts away.

Obi-Wan: I wonder what that thing is. I think I'll fly toward it and find out.

The charge explodes, creating an enormous, albeit perfectly flat, explosion.

Obi-Wan: ...the crap?

Obi-Wan heads in the direction of Jango's last location. As he emerges from a tunnel in one of the larger asteroids, Slave I swoops down behind him and opens up with its blaster cannons.

Obi-Wan: This is why I hate flying.

One lucky shot gets past Obi-Wan's shields and damages the small Jedi starfighter.

Boba: Got him, dad!

Jango: Stop distracting me and do something useful.

Boba turns toward a console and starts working. A missile rack emerges from the side of Slave I and fires a salvo at Obi-Wan's ship. One of the missiles connects.

Boba: Did you see that?

Jango: Yeah, sure. Good job, um, uhhhh... you.

Obi-Wan is trying to figure out a plan of attack.

Obi-Wan: Wait a minute, shouldn't I have my own bombs? R4, fire everything we have!

The fighter ejects its cargo, which manages to intercept the next missile volley.

Obi-Wan: Dang. All right, R4, let's get the heck out of here!

Obi-Wan lands his battered fighter on an asteroid. This somehow escapes Jango's attention.

Boba: Yeah! Got him!

Jango: We won't be seeing him again.

Once Slave I is a safe distance away, Obi-Wan lifts off the asteroid and heads for the surface of Geonosis.

Obi-Wan: Me - 3. Worst bounty hunter ever - zilch!

Anakin has arrived at the Lars homestead.

Anakin: I should probably remember where this place is in case I ever need to come back.

C-3PO: Oh, hello. How may I be of service?

Anakin: 3PO?

C-PO: Oh my...Master Anakin! And this must be Miss Padme.

Padme: Hello, 3PO.

Anakin: Yes, yes, now are we done with the random cameos?

HK-47: Statement: Not quite.

Anakin: I've come to see my mother.

C-3PO: Perhaps we'd better go indoors.

The three arrive in the homestead's courtyard.

C-3PO: Master Cliegg, Master Lars, might I present two important visitors?

Anakin: I'm Anakin Skywalker.

Owen: Owen Lars. This is my girlfriend, Beru.

Anakin [thinking]: It'll never last.

Padme: I'm Padme.

Anakin: Is my mother here?

Cliegg: No... It was just before dawn. They came out of nowhere - a hunting part of Tusken Raiders. Those Tusken walk like men, but they're vicious, mindless monsters.

Anakin: Is this the introduction to a cheap novel, or are you going to tell me where my mother is?

Cliegg: Thirty of us went out after her. Four came back.

Anakin turns to leave.

Owen: Where are you going?

Anakin: To find my mother.

Cliegg: And how are you planning on doing that?

Anakin gets onto a speeder bike.

Owen: Hey, that's mine!

Anakin powers up the bike and speeds away from the homestead.

On Geonosis, Obi-Wan is surveying a separatist position.

Obi-Wan: Hm. Good thing we have a giant clone army. And it's just now getting ready for combat. That's convenient.

Later, Obi-Wan infiltrates a Geonosian spire. He hears footsteps growing closer and does his best to hide against a pillar.

Dooku: Water sucks. Gatorade is better.

Gunray: What? I thought you were going to say something about convincing the Commerce Guild and Corporate Alliance to sign the treaty.

Dooku: Treaty? Treaty!? You can't handle the treaty!

Gunray: Look, just tell me if the Senator from Naboo is dead yet. After all, I can't let you go back on your word. You are a man of your word, right?

Dooku: I am Count Dooku, king of the lemurs.

Dooku and Gunray enter a conference room. Obi-Wan looks through the doorway.

Dooku: Now is the time. We must fight...

Count Dooku slams his fists down on the table twice.

Dooku: For the right...

Dooku pounds the table again.

Dooku: To secede!

Gunray: What he means is that we want the abolition of tariffs and certain taxes, as well as the propagation of free trade. We are evil capitalists, yes?

Passel Argente: I am authorized by the Corporate Alliance to sign the treaty.

Dooku: Shagidelic!

Shu Mai: The Commerce Guild does not wish to become involved at this point.

Dooku: Oh, come on.

Gunray: Yeah, come on.

Shu Mai: Stupid peer pressure. Fine, we'll support you in secret.

Dooku: Woo!

San Hill: The Intergalactic Banking Clan will support you wholeheartedly, but only in a non-exclusive arrangement.

Dooku: That's what your mom said!

San Hill looks at Dooku, puzzled.

Wat Tambor: The Techno Unions are at your disposal, Count.

Dooku: Excellent. We'll need all the boring, infinitely loopable music we can get.

Obi-Wan pulls away from the arch at the room's entrance.

Obi-Wan: This isn't even remotely promising.

The clone army is going over tactics.

Taun We: We cannot stress the importance of holding a tactical advantage over the separatist battle droids. That is why you will walk toward them in a straight line over an open plain with no cover, and little to no artillery or air support.

Clonetrooper #1: Can we go ahead and commit suicide now? It'll save you the cost of transporting us to the battlefield.

Taun We: Don't you remember your special assignment?

Clonetrooper #1: What, are we going to have to "test" that "lightsaber-resistant armor" like #6?

Taun We: Even better. Your mission will be to eliminate resistance in the catacombs.

Clonetrooper #2: The what?

Taun We: A series of dark, cramped tunnels containing hordes of enemies who will resist you fanatically.

Clonetrooper #3: Why do we need to attack them?

Taun We: Because they've been deemed strategically vital.

Clonetrooper #1: And yet you're only sending the three of us.

Taun We: We have the utmost faith in you.

Clonetrooper #2: See? There's no reason to worry.

Taun We: Now collect your equipment and prepare for departure.

Troopers stand in line before an armored blast door. A small hatch in the door opens and a trooper is given several thermal detonators.

Clonetrooper #7: All right! Thermal dets!

The trooper explodes, taking much of the line with him.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 51

Taun We: I suppose I should have mentioned that the thermal detonators are voice-activated.

Anakin uses his lightsaber to create a makeshift entrance into a Tusken tent. Inside, he find Shmi.

Anakin: Mom...

Shmi: Annie...is it you?

Anakin: You're safe. I'm going to get you out of here.

Shmi: Annie...my son...my grown-up son. I'm so proud of you...

Anakin: Stay with me...everything's going to be fine.

Shmi: I love...

Shmi dies.

Anakin: No...now I'm never going to know who or what she loves! I'll make them pay for this!

In another tent, a couple of Tusken are playing a card game. Suddenly, Owen's swoop bike comes crashing through the wall and runs over them.

Meanwhile, Yoda is meditating in his quarters in the Jedi temple. He is listening to a familiar voice.

Qui-Gon: Hey, remember when I said you should train that kid? Turns out, that was a really bad idea. Sorry about that.

Yoda: Have more to say do you, Master Qui-Gon?

Qui-Gon: You're all gonna die.

Yoda: Hmm...Encouraging this is not.

Obi-Wan is in the cockpit of his fighter, trying to contact someone.

Obi-Wan: Coruscant's too far. R4, can you reach Anakin instead?

A signal goes through to Naboo, but all Obi-Wan receives is a recorded message.

Anakin: Hey, this is Anakin. Sorry if you're trying to reach me, but I just realized that I haven't visited my mother in the last ten years and now would be a great time. Please leave a message after the tone.

Obi-Wan: Where did he go?

R4 beeps a reply.

Obi-Wan: Tatooine? Oh, right, that's where he's from. Just try to contact him already. I feel a lecture coming on, and I want to give it while I'm still indignant.

A Geonosian spots the ship.

Obi-Wan: Anakin? Anakin, do you come in? I need you to retransmit this message to Coruscant...

Anakin pulls up to the homestead in the speeder bike. He dismounts and walks into the house without a word. After a while, Padme brings some food to Anakin who is in the garage repairing the speeder.

Padme: I brought you something. Are you hungry?

Anakin: The shifter broke. Life seems so much simpler when you're fixing things. I'm good at fixing things...always was. But I couldn't...I couldn't fix my own whininess! Why did she have to die? Why couldn't I save her? I know I could have!

Padme: Sometimes there are things no one can fix. You're not all-powerful, Annie.

Anakin: I should be! Don't you get it, Padme? I hate sand, and I hate sand people! My whole life has been a giant, sandy train wreck!

Padme: Annie...

Anakin: No! The train is wrecked! And it's full of sand!

Padme: Anakin...

Anakin: It's all Obi-Wan's fault! He's jealous! He's holding me back! He knows I'm already a better actor than him! He is so not Alec Guinness!

Anakin hurls a hammer across the garage. It embeds itself in the forehead of C-3PO, who has just entered.

C-3PO: Oh, dear.

C-3PO beats a hasty retreat.

Padme: Annie, what's wrong?

Anakin: I...I killed them. I killed them all. They're dead, every single one of them.

Padme: Who, the people who enjoy our character interaction?

Anakin: Not just the men, but the women and the children, too. They're like animals, and I slaughtered them like animals! I hate them!

Padme: Won't you be expelled from the Jedi order if they find out?

Anakin: [Nods.] I suppose you're going to tell them.

Padme: No. To be angry is human.

Anakin: To control your anger is to be a Jedi.

Anakin picks up a wrench and starts hitting the speeder.

Anakin: See? I'm not controlling it!

Padme: Shhhhh...you're human.

Anakin breaks down crying. C-3PO, who has removed the hammer from his forehead, re-enters the room.

C-3PO: R2-D2 has a message for you from Obi-Wan Kenobi. He says it's urgent.

Anakin and Padme go to the royal yacht to view the message.

Obi-Wan: Anakin, I need you to transmit this message to Coruscant. Also, I need you to berate yourself for not being where you're supposed to.

The members of the Jedi Council watch the hologram with something approaching interest.

Obi-Wan: I have tracked the bounty hunter Jango Fett to the droid foundries of Geonosis. As I suspected, he is an idiot, but people still think he's a skilled fighter because he has a ship and cool armor.

Obi-Wan pauses a moment.

Obi-Wan: I know there was something else... let's see... oh, right, the Trade Federation is behind those assassination attempts. I guess Gunray knows how to hold a grudge. Anyway, the separatists are here, and you won't believe who they're led by. Are you ready? I want you to be ready to write this down, because it's going to blow your mind. All right? Ready? OK. The leader of the separatists is...

Obi-Wan pauses for dramatic effect.

Obi-Wan: Droidekas!

Obi-Wan draws his lightsaber and deflects a series of blaster bolts fired by a pair of droidekas.

Yoda: Droidekas?

Ki-Adi: I knew it!

Back on Tatooine...

Padme: Geonosis? They'll never make it in time. We have to help Obi-Wan.

Anakin: Wow. For once, I'm not the one making moronic, spur-of-the-moment decisions!

Padme: Look, Geonosis is less than a parsec away.

Anakin: I think the council would want us to stay here.

Padme: Too bad; we're going.

Anakin: Fine. I just hope this pays off in some way.

Padme: How so?

Anakin: Frankly, I'd be satisfied with either an actual conclusion to this plot, or you in a skimpy outfit.

Padme: That's not really an either/or situation.

Anakin: You'd be surprised.

An emergency meeting is being convened in Palpatine's office. For some reason, Jar Jar is invited.

Bail Organa: There can be no doubt that the Commerce Guilds are preparing for war.

Palpatine: Count Dooku must have made a treaty with them. We must do something before they are ready.

Jar Jar: Exqeezee me, yousa honorable Supreme Chancellor, sir. Mebbe da Jedi stop da rebel army, muy-muy.

Palpatine: Master Yoda, how many Jedi are available to go to Geonosis?

Yoda: To send on a special mission only two hundred are available.

Bail: That doesn't sound like enough.

Palpatine: I am afraid we will need to deploy an army. But what Senator would have the courage to propose such a radical amendment?

Bail: Unfortunately, the Senate would never approve something like that.

Palpatine: Perhaps if I had emergency powers...

Jar Jar [thinking]: Oh no, mesa not know what to do. What would Annie say if he wasa here?

Jar Jar closes his eyes and thinks harder than he's thought at any time in his life, and soon enough the answer is obvious.

Anakin: Me me me me me! It's not fair! Me me me me me!

Jar Jar: Mesa mosto Supreme Chancellor... mesa proud to proposing the motion to give yousa honor emergency powers.

Palpatine: How...generous of you.

Jar Jar: Mesa muy honored!

Palpatine: Yes... yes, indeed...

And so the galaxy was set upon the road to tyranny by a single clueless Gungan.

Obi-Wan is being held in a Geonosian prison, suspended in the air by a forcefield. Dooku enters.

Obi-Wan: Traitor!

Dooku: Ah, but what if the traitor betrays the treachery of the betrayed traitorous betrayer's treacherous-

Obi-Wan: Enough! Why am I being held here?

Dooku: [*Singing.*] Sunshine, lollipops and rainbows...

Obi-Wan: This must be some kind of demented mental torture.

Dooku: [*Singing.*] Everything that's wonderful is what I feel.

Obi-Wan: Noooooo!

Dooku: [*Singing.*] When we're together.

Obi-Wan tries to free himself from the forcefield, but it's too strong.

Dooku: [*Singing.*] Brighter than a lucky penny. When you're here the raindrops disappear.

Obi-Wan: I'll do anything, just make it stop!

Dooku: [*Singing.*] Dear and I feel so fine. Just to know that you are mine. My life is sunshine, lollipops and rainbows...

Obi-Wan: Sweet, merciful Vandar, he's reached the second verse.

Dooku: That's how the refrain goes. So come on join in, everybody. *[Singing again.]* Sunshine, lollipops and rainbows-

Obi-Wan: I've had enough! This is madness!

Dooku: *[Stops Singing.]* Madness? You haven't seen madness. Now me, I've seen madness, and it's such a sight even Cthulhu himself would whimper at the thought of it. When you stare into the abyss it doesn't merely gaze back, it consumes you - without mercy, without pity. You think you've seen depravity? I'll do things that will warp your very soul, Master Kenobi.

Obi-Wan stares at Dooku in horror.

Dooku: *[Singing.]* Everything that's wonderful is sure to come your way. When you're in love to stay. Sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows...

Obi-Wan: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Padme's ship lands on Geonosis.

Padme: Whatever happens out there, be sure to follow my lead. I'm sure we can find a diplomatic solution to this.

Anakin: Whatever you say.

R2 beeps a question.

C-3PO: I'm sure if they wanted our help, they would have asked for it.

R2 leaves the ship anyway.

C-3PO: Wait! Come back! I have abandonment issues!

Anakin and Padme walk through the corridors.

Anakin: Wait...

Anakin cuts down three Geonosian warriors with his lightsaber.

Padme: Good thinking. Cold-blooded murder is a great way to get on their good side.

Anakin: They attacked me first! You saw it!

Another Geonosian approaches.

Geonosian #1: Hello, sir. May I interest you in some insurance?

Anakin: Back away, vile creature!

Padme and Anakin exit the corridor and find themselves in a cavern that houses a droid factory. R2 and 3PO find themselves on a ledge above a conveyer belt.

C-3PO: What do you mean "you're in my way?"

R2 pushes 3PO off the ledge.

C-3PO: Help! Murder!

R2 uses his butt jets to fly to safety. This raises a lot of continuity issues, none of which will ever be addressed. Anakin works his way along the conveyer, cutting down Geonosians and dodging obstacles with perfect timing.

Anakin: All those hours of playing Megaman when I should have been meditating have finally paid off!

C-3PO's head is removed from his body and placed on a battle droid.

C-3PO: This makes absolutely no sense. And why do I have the sudden urge to murder all humans?

There's more obstacles and Padme gets trapped in a giant pot. None of this is important until Jango Fett jetpacks onto the assembly line.

Jango: Ha! Gotcha!

Anakin: Now I have no choice but to surrender even though Obi-Wan has kicked your butt twice, and wasn't even armed 90% of the time.

A LAAT gunship exits the hangar of a Republic transport ship.

Clonetrooper #2: Wow. I can't believe we're actually being sent on a commando mission.

Clonetrooper #1: If you want to survive, you'll remember the rules. Never talk about your loved ones, don't mention your

plans for after the war, and try to stay in a sweet spot between bravado and cowardice.

Clonetrooper #2: That should be easy. I have no plans for after the war, and my only loved one is Jango. Oh, and maybe that one droid in the training chambers. She said the cutest thing the other day after she almost accidentally incinerated me.

Clonetrooper #3: Hey, look! There's another gunship next to us!

They all look through view-slits in the ship's armor. Moments later, the other gunship is struck by anti-air fire and explodes.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 64

Clonetrooper #1: This could be a problem.

Dooku sits at a conference table opposite Anakin and Padme.

Padme: You are holding a Jedi Knight, Obi-Wan Kenobi. I am formally requesting you hand him over to me, now.

Dooku: Do you know what they call a cheeseburger in France?

Padme: He is an officer of the Republic. You must release him.

Dooku: Let me tell you a story.

Gunray: Not that again.

Anakin: What?

Dooku: You see, I was once like you - able to form coherent thoughts. But I lost my mind when I witnessed something so terrible, it left me hopelessly scarred. For you see, the difference between us is as little as one bad day.

Anakin: What happened?

Dooku: I had the great misfortune to witness a fistfight between Solid Snake and L. Ron Hubbard. They were both shirtless and coated in butter.

Anakin: Why butter?

Dooku: Because the butter factory exploded - duh.

Anakin: And who won?

Dooku: It was an even fight, but... well... I'm fairly certain Hubbard won when he swallowed Snake whole.

Padme: And you expect us to believe this?

Dooku: All that butter made Snake just slide on down. It was a gruesome sight. Oh, and also, my entire family perished in that tragic butter factory explosion.

Anakin: Is that all?

Dooku: And that was when I found out I was adopted.

Padme: Well...I fail to see how that is relevant.

Dooku: Relevance is irrelevant! You will be assimilated!

Padme: Look, I'm sure that if we cooperate, we can fix the Republic.

Dooku: Look at you, yammering about fixing things! You're like a Coldplay song, right down to the overly sentimental self-importance! Sever your leg, please!

Padme: I know about your treaties with the Federation, the Commerce Guilds, and others. I won't let you destroy the Republic!

Dooku: We have an army and you don't. Neener neener neener!

Anakin: Let us go right now!

Gunray: Fat chance, Jedi scum. I have waited a long time for this day. Jango, take them away!

Jango: You guys, take them away!

The Geonosians force Padme and Anakin out of the room.

The Senate is in chaos. And for good reason - Jar Jar is representing Naboo.

Palpatine: In the regrettable absence of Senator Amidala, the chair recognizes the senior representative of Naboo, Jar Jar Binks.

Jar Jar: Senators! Dellow felegates!

Jar Jar reads his speech from a napkin.

Jar Jar: Een response to da direct threat to da Republic, mesa proposen da Senate strip the Supreme Chancellor of hesa powers and surrender to da separatists!

The Senators almost unanimously shout down Jar Jar.

Mas Amedda: I say we do the opposite of whatever he says!

There is silence, followed by a wave of applause. Palpatine puts his hand on Jar Jar's shoulder.

Palpatine: Goooooooooooood.

Palpatine turns on his microphone so the rest of the Senate can hear him.

Palpatine: I love democracy. I love the Republic. But most of all, I love adorable puppies. In fact, I have one named Checkers. I am mild by nature, but I do not want to see the destruction of any of those. And I am definitely not evil.
The Senators cheer.

Padme and Anakin are in a Geonosian courtroom.

Sun Fac: You have been charged and found guilty of espionage.

Poggle: [*Backwards Sounding Speech.*] *Subtitle*: Do you have anything to say before your sentence is carried out?

Padme: You are committing an act of war, Archduke. I hope you are prepared for the consequences.

Poggle: [*Backwards Sounding Speech.*] *Subtitle*: Prepared for what? The Republic army? Oh, wait, it doesn't exist! Ha! Take them to the arena!

Dooku: Yeeha! Let's get this show on the road!

Anakin and Padme are thrown into an open cart. The roar of a crowd grows louder as they move through the tunnel.

Anakin: Don't be afraid. I'm sure a deus ex machina will be along any second to save us.

Padme: I love you.

Anakin: Are you just saying that because we're about to die?

Padme: No. Well...maybe.

The cart enters an arena. It moves to four columns in the center of the vast structure. Obi-Wan is chained to one of the pillars.

Obi-Wan: Oh, look who decided to show up. I was beginning to wonder if you got my message.

Anakin: I retransmitted it, Master. Then we decided to come and rescue you.

Obi-Wan: You're a complete idiot! Unless... is this part of the plan?

Anakin: Unfortunately, no.

Obi-Wan: You moron! If you weren't about to die anyway, I'd kill you!

Sun Fac: The felons before you have been convicted of espionage against the Sovereign System of Geonosis. Their sentence of death is to be carried out in this public arena henceforth.

The crowd cheers.

Obi-Wan: I hate bugs.

Poggle: [*Backwards Sounding Speech.*] *Subtitle*: Let the executions begin!

Gates around the arena open, releasing various animals. The one opposite Padme releases a nexu.

Padme: That doesn't look so threatening.

The gate nearest to Anakin releases an acklay, which looks like a cross between a crab and the universe's most PO'd praying

mantis. Finally, a rancor emerges from another gate. The predators move toward the center of the arena.

Obi-Wan: Anakin.

Anakin: Yes, master?

Obi-Wan: I want you to fetch my red shirt and my brown pants.

Anakin: This is no time for humor, master.

Obi-Wan: Guess what? I'm not wearing any pants!

Anakin notices that Padme has freed herself and is climbing a chain to the top of a pillar.

Anakin: How did you do that?

Padme: Hair pin. When you've gone through as many hair styles as I have, you learn a few things.

Anakin: That's nice, but... why aren't you trying to free us?

The nexu leaps toward Padme. Anakin is freed when the acklay's claws sever the chain that was holding him to the column. Obi-Wan, meanwhile, stares in horror as the rancor continues lurching toward him.

Obi-Wan: Uh... little help here?

Troopers #1, #2, and #3 are exploring the caverns beneath the surface of Geonosis.

Clonetrooper #3: I wonder what's in this room.

The troopers peer in.

Clonetrooper #1: This is Count Dooku's private suite!

Clonetrooper #2: Sweet!

Trooper #1 sits down in a massage chair.

Clonetrooper #1: Ahhhhhh... easiest mission ever.

Clonetrooper #3: Shouldn't we focus on destroying the droid factory?

Clonetrooper #1: Maybe later.

Clonetrooper #2: Hey, look at this. It looks exactly like Jango's jetpack!

Clonetrooper #3: Maybe Count Dooku stole it from Jango.

Clonetrooper #2: Then we should return it. I'll just hold onto it for now.

Suddenly, a group of commandos bursts into the room.

Boss: Delta Squad, spread out! Sev, provide cover, Scorch, man that- What are you doing here?

Clonetrooper #1: Oh, you know...secret mission.

Boss: Listen, something is going on in the arena. We need you to-

Clonetrooper #1: I don't think so.

Boss: What?

Clonetrooper #1: We'll just stay here and occupy this room.

Boss: We don't have time to argue. Go to the arena immediately. That's an order, soldier!

Clonetrooper #1: We already have orders.

Clonetrooper #2: And Jango's jetpack.

Boss: Didn't you hear? Jango's in the arena.

Clonetrooper #2: Really?

Boss: Yes.

Clonetrooper #3: Really really?

Boss: Yes, really! Now go!

Clonetrooper #2: Rreeeeaaa-

Boss: Shut up, already!

The three troopers exit the room.

Clonetrooper #3: What's their problem?

Clonetrooper #1: Commandos. They think they're better than everyone else just because they have their own videogame.

The chaos in the arena continues. The nexu apparently believes that Padme's outfit isn't revealing enough, because it takes a swipe that turns her shirt into a midriff while barely leaving any claw marks. Padme retaliates by bashing it in the head with a chain.

Gunray: Foul! She can't do that... shoot her or something!

The rancor has reached Obi-Wan's column and is just about to snatch the Jedi, when...

Clonetrooper #2: Here we come to save the daaaaaaay!

The troopers notice Jango Fett in the stands.

Clonetrooper #1: Hey! He's standing next to Dooku!

Clonetrooper #2: Does that mean Jango's a traitor?

Clonetrooper #1: I guess he won't be needing that jetpack, right, number three?

#3 is climbing onto the rancor's back, jetpack in hand. He attaches the jetpack to the rancor and tries to jump clear. However, he's too slow, and ends up accompanying the rancor on a trip into the stratosphere.

Clonetrooper #2: Wow... that's a powerful jetpack.

Anakin frees Obi-Wan.

Gunray: This isn't the way it's supposed to be! Finish them!

Droidekas enter the arena.

Gunray: Yes! Oh, how long I have waited to witness your imminent demise! Bwa-ha-ha!

Mace: You're going to have to wait a little longer, Viceroy.

A purple lightsaber blade materializes in front of Jango Fett.

Mace: This party's over.

All around the arena, lightsabers flash as Jedi reveal themselves.

Dooku: Wow! You even crazier than I is!

Droid flood into the arena.

Jango: Fireball!

Jango activates his flamethrower. Mace jumps into the arena, and Gunray gets hit by the flame instead.

The Jedi are slowly being pushed into the center of the arena. The battle droid with 3PO's head enters the arena.

C-3PO: Oh, dear.

Jango Fett uses his jetpack to close in on Mace Windu.

Jango: Time to prove I'm the coolest bounty hunter ever!

Mace decapitates Jango. However, the Jedi are losing the battle, and are now completely surrounded. It would take a miracle to save them.

Clonetrooper #1: Wait, why don't we just use our jetpacks to fly out of here?

A single clone trooper falls into the middle of the arena.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 65

Everyone looks toward the sky, where Republic gunships are descending on the arena. Their turrets wipe out most of the battle droids. Clones disembark from the gunships and join the fray.

Clonetrooper #7: We were sent here to rescue Jedi? That's ironic.

Trooper #7 is struck by a blaster bolt.

Clonetrooper #7: Curses... foiled by my own hubris... and low-quality armor...

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 66

The Jedi board the gunships, which lift off and speed away from the arena.

C-3PO: They left us behind! I can't believe this!

R2 activates his jets, leaving 3PO behind.

C-3PO: Not again...

Gunships make strafing runs on separatist ships and positions.

Clone pilot #1: We're picking up some odd readings on the scanners.

Co-pilot: Bee!

A small bee collides with the gunship. One of the two does not survive.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 79

The separatist leaders meet in a command center.

Poggle: [*Backwards Sounding Speech.*] Subtitle: Our communications are being jammed.

Gunray: This can only mean one thing - invasion.

Haako: We must get the cores of our ships back into space. They're sure to be destroyed if they remain here!

Dooku: I'm singing the Doom Song now!

Formations of clone troopers are marching toward the core ships. One core ship tries to take off, but is damaged by artillery and falls back to the ground. It starts rolling, crushing all droids and clones in its path.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 321

Yoda's gunship lands at a command center.

Clonetrooper #8: The forward positions are advancing... kind of.

Yoda: Concentrate all your fire on the nearest starship.

Artillery hammers away at a core ship, with no apparent result. Then, unexpectedly, a rancor slams into the ship at supersonic speeds, causing it to fall on top of a formation of clones and explode.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 1,541

Clonetrooper #3: How...am I still...alive?

#1 and #2 rush over to their fallen comrade.

Clonetrooper #2: NOOOOOO! How could this happen?

Clonetrooper #3: It...had to...

Clonetrooper #1: Don't tell me you believe in destiny or "the will of the Really Big Power," or any of that crap.

Clonetrooper #3: No...it's just that...I know these are the prequels...and I'm not in the original trilogy.

Clonetrooper #2: Is there anything we can do for you?

Clonetrooper #3: Yes. I want you to... learn from my mistake. I'm dying because I tried. And that's the lesson... I want you to learn. Promise me...you'll never try.

Clonetrooper #2: I promise!

Clonetrooper #1: I don't get it. I already do the bare minimum.

Clonetrooper #3: And now I can die.

Pause.

Clonetrooper #3: And now I can die.

Long pause.

Clonetrooper #3: And now I can-

A spider droid steps on #3.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 1,542

Clonetrooper #2: Running time.

The troopers run for their lives. They spot a walker.

Clonetrooper #2: Hey, that AT-TE should be safe!

The AT-TE is destroyed by a single missile.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 1,560

Clonetrooper #1: Why is all our equipment so flimsy? Did they spend the entire budget on these decorative helmet fins?

Clonetrooper #2: Look! You're a fin-head!

Clonetrooper #1: Not a finhead, not a finhead...

The gunship carrying Anakin, Obi-Wan, and Padme is rocked by a near-miss.

Anakin: Do you ever wonder why they call it a "near-miss?" Shouldn't it be a "near-hit?"

Obi-Wan: This is no time for you to get philosophical! And it's a stupid question anyway.

Padme: Look! Count Dooku!

Anakin: Let's blow this thing and go home!

Clone pilot #2: We're out of ordnance, sir.

Anakin: Follow him!

A Geonosian fighter fires on the gunship, hitting it.

Anakin: That wasn't as bad as I thought it would- where did Padme go?

Anakin looks at the ground below.

Anakin: There she is! And look at all that sand... taunting me... we have to save her!

Obi-Wan: Follow the speeder.

Anakin: We have to land!

Obi-Wan: We have a job to do! There's no telling how many inane references Dooku will make if we don't stop him!

Anakin: I don't care.

Obi-Wan: I heard the man sing!

Anakin: I can't leave her.

Obi-Wan: Close the hatches.

Armored plates slide into place on the sides of the gunship.

Anakin: Huh? Why didn't we just do that in the first place?

Yoda: Hmmmmmm...

Clonetrooper #8: The droid army is in full retreat.

Behind them, a rock spire is stuck by a missile and collapses on a group of clones.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 1,750

Yoda: Well done, commander. Bring me my ship.

Troopers #1 and #2 come across Padme.

Clonetrooper #2: Uh... you OK?

Padme: I think so.

Clonetrooper #1: Do you know where we can find a ship?

Padme: No. I was hoping you could get a transport and get to that hangar.

Clonetrooper #1: Hangar, eh?

Padme: Yes. Count Dooku is there. We need to keep him from escaping.

Clonetrooper #1: Say no more.

The troopers run toward the hangar.

Clonetrooper #2: Is this a good idea?

Clonetrooper #1: Of course. We steal the ship, leave the planet, and leave the war to everyone else. Perfect plan.

Count Dooku is readying his ship for launch.

Anakin: You're going to pay for all the Jedi you've killed today, Dooku.

Dooku: Please. We just want to be able to practice our freedoms.

Obi-Wan: Is that why you're seceding from the Republic?

Dooku: They taxed our octopi! Where does it end, Obi-Wan? Where does it end?

Anakin: That's it I'm taking him now!

Obi-Wan: Anakin, no!

Dooku: You cheeky rascal!

Dooku raises his arms. A blast of lightning slams Anakin into a wall. Obi-Wan and Dooku activate their lightsabers. The two spar, but Dooku is clearly the better swordsman.

Dooku: Is that the best you can do?

Obi-Wan's attacks are all parried.

Dooku: Show me your moves!

Obi-Wan is wounded in the thigh. Just when Dooku is about to finish him off, Anakin rejoins the fight.

Dooku: You're more doomed than an Amish R&D department!

Anakin: Don't bet on it!

Obi-Wan tosses Anakin his lightsaber.

Anakin: All right, two lightsabers! Woo! I'm cookin' with gas!

Anakin forces Dooku back at first, but the Sith manages to get the upper hand. Fittingly, he then cuts off Anakin's.

Anakin: My hand! F-

Dooku: Falcon PUNCH!

Dooku punches Anakin in the solar plexus, sending the young Jedi flying into the nearest wall. Dooku is caught off guard when a cane slams into his forehead.

Dooku: Who threw that?

Yoda: Look down here you should.

Dooku: Ah. Do you represent the Lollipop Guild?

Yoda: Powerful you have become, Dooku. The bad side I sense in you.

Dooku shoots lightning at Yoda, who deflects the attack.

Yoda: Much to learn you still have.

Dooku: This calls for a change in tactics. *[Singing.]* Do you believe in rock and roll? Can music save your mortal soul? And...can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Yoda: No influence over me that music has.

Yoda ignites his lightsaber. Dooku attacks, but Yoda either blocks or avoids everything he attempts. Despite his height disadvantage, Yoda manages to shift to the attack.

Yoda: Fought well you have, my old Padawan.

Dooku: And while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown!

Yoda: What?

Dooku uses the Really Big Power to topple one of the cranes in the hangar. It nearly falls on Obi-Wan and Anakin, but Yoda stops it. Dooku's ship escapes, as well as the two Geonosian fighters that were in adjoining hangars. Padme and a group of clones fire on the ships, but their attempts are ineffective.

Clonetrooper #1: Hey! Friendly fire!

Clonetrooper #2: Maybe we should have stolen a different type of ship.

Clonetrooper #1: Just shut up and set course for Kamino.

Dooku's ship lands on Coruscant.

Sidious: Welcome home, Lord Tyranus. You have done well.

Dooku: I cut that boy's hand clean off!

Sidious: Indeed...everything is going as planned.

The Jedi Council has convened in the wake of the battle.

Mace: Where is your apprentice?

Obi-Wan: Oh, right, we never took him off his assignment. Anyway, it sure is fortunate that an army of clones appeared out of nowhere to help us. We should probably look into this just in case someone had an ulterior motive for creating them.

Yoda: A waste of resources that is.

Ki-Adi: Master Yoda is right. You don't look a gift nerf in the mouth, do you?

Obi-Wan: Nerfs aren't armed with blaster rifles. Anyway, at least the battle turned out to be a victory.

Yoda: Victory? Victory, you say?

Obi-Wan: Yes.

Yoda: Oh, good. Losing my hearing I am. Speak up you must.

Palpatine, Organa, and Amedda stand on a balcony above a staging ground. Thousands upon thousands of clones march up ramps into assault ships. One ship's landing is a little off, and it settles down on top of a clone formation.

Clone Trooper Kill Count: 4,500

Remember, kids - you can't argue with big, round numbers!

Organa: I can't believe it's come to this.

Amedda: At least we had the clones. That was rather, uh...

Organa: Convenient.

Palpatine: Yes...yes, indeed...

On Naboo, C-3PO and R2-D2 are the sole witnesses to Anakin and Padme's wedding.

C-3PO: I'm getting all teary-eyed, R2.

R2 beeps a sharp reply.

C-3PO: What do you mean, "you're the only one?"

The final loose end is tied up when troopers #1 and #2 land on Kamino.

Clonetrooper #2: Ahh, home, sweet home.

The two enter a chamber and stumble across a very different wedding.

Lama Su: Do you, HK-47, take GLaDOS as your lawful wedded wife, 'til death do you part?

HK-47: Affirmation: I do.

Lama Su: And do you, GLaDOS, take HK-47 as your lawful wedded husband, 'til death do you part?

GLaDOS: I do. Oh, Wait...look at me, still talking when there's science to do.

Clonetrooper #2: It looks like everything worked out for the better, after all. You know, except for the war and all that.

Credits: In Memory of Clonetrooper #3

Coming Roughly Around the Same Time as StarCraft: Ghost

HK-47: Disbelief: I am shocked that you would accuse me of such a thing!

Revan: You just gunned down a dozen innocent people. I was here. I saw it.

HK-47: Query: Can you be sure? Your inferior fleshy optics might have been affected by an illusion, or possibly a stray particle.

Revan: HK...

HK-47: Concern: Is there any sand in your eye? I'm merely watching out for your meatbag well-being.

Revan: No, I know what I saw.

HK-47: Correction: In that case, I was acting in self-defense.

Revan: They were unarmed.

HK-47: Clarification: Though not as unarmed as I would have like them to be.

Revan: So you killed them.

HK-47: Query: Would you not have done the same?

Revan: No, I wouldn't have.

HK-47: Indignation: I was protecting you. You are being highly unreasonable, as meatbags are wont to be.

Revan: I'm not being unreasonable. You murdered those people in cold blood.

HK-47: Statement: A-ha! As a droid, I do not have blood. You must be losing your tenuous grip on logic. Perhaps you are suffering from heatstroke? We must return to the ship and tend to your meatbag needs.

Revan: Whatever. I'm tired of arguing with you.

HK-47: Statement: Exhaustion is yet another deficiency of organic meatbags. I do not blame you, master.

Space Wars: HK-47 Is In This. 'Nuff Said.



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