

# Kenobi: A Star Wars Story

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We open on a moon, filling the night sky. As we pull back, a second, smaller moon is revealed, peeking out from behind its larger companion.

We move slowly down to the surface, a desert wasteland filled with nothing but dunes and sand.

The terrain is familiar: **Tatooine**.

On a rock outcropping high above, a hooded figure cuts a stark silhouette against the deep blue sky. It's OBI-WAN KENOBI.

His face is weathered, the creases around his eyes more prominent, the grey in his beard more noticeable, but the gleam in his eye is as familiar as ever. Surveying a small farm in the distance, he sees a man and a young boy, no older than 10 years old, turning off various machines and shutting down for the evening.

The man heads inside, beckoning to the boy. Just as the boy is about to step inside the small hut, he pauses. He turns for just a moment in the direction of Obi-Wan who smiles gently, despite the distance between them. The boy turns and goes inside. Obi-Wan disappears into the rocky crag.

Obi-Wan returns home to his hovel. He hangs up his cloak as he enters and sets about his evening routine. He boils some water for tea, then washes his face with water, his features more gaunt in the pale light of his hut. He eats a few morsels out of a simple wooden bowl.

As he finishes his supper, he turns to clear off a nearby table, knocking something to the floor. We get a glimpse of the gleam of metal. He reaches to pick it up, retrieving Anakin's lightsaber from its resting place behind the table.

Obi-Wan stares at it and it stares back. A relic of his failure. A relic of his pain.

Suddenly, a flash of molten lava startles Obi-Wan.

A beat, and then a flash of yellow eyes.

Another beat, then suddenly a voice from the past: **"I HATE YOU!"**

Obi-Wan swiftly locks the lightsaber away in a box by the foot of his bed. He's perspiring every so slightly. He sits by his bed, head in hands as he remembers his Jedi training and begins to breathe. He reaches out with the force, clearing his mind in an effort to reach beyond the physical plane.

We see flashes of a figure consumed in light looming above Obi-Wan, almost within reach but alas it disappears into the murky black of the night. Obi-Wan lies down, frustrated with his failure and attempts to sleep.

We cut to a glimpse of a beautiful desert, twin suns rising just over the horizon.

Obi-Wan wakes and proceeds with his daily routine, not unlike the day before. He spends time meditating in the glow of the binary sunrise. He eats. He cleans, careful to avoid the area where he's stashed the lightsaber. He has a conversation with some passing Jawas.

At midday, he kneels in the center of his home and closes his eyes. When he opens them again, he is in a dark, endless void. the center of his hut and accepts the communication. Across from him, another robed figure sits: MASTER YODA.

Obi-Wan and Yoda exchange pleasantries.

"Master Kenobi. Settled into your new home have you?" Yoda inquires.

"Well it's... certainly charming." Obi Wan replies with his very characteristic mixture of wry humor and world-weariness.

"And your training? Progress have you made since our last meeting?"

At this, Obi-Wan looks down, masking deep shame.

"I try Master. But I've been... unable to reach him."

"Distracted you are. Consumed by your exile. Clear your mind you must. Let go of that which you've lost."

"I will try Master."

At this, more kneeling figures materialize, joining the circle: Jedi Master OPPO RANCISIS, Jedi Master QUINLAN VOS, and WINSLAU DA'K, the youngest among them, still only a padawan when the Clone Wars ended.

Each look haggard in their own way, tired from being on the run.

"Master Vos. Master Rancisis. Padawan Da'k. Good to see you it is," Yoda says smiling.

You as well Master. These last few months have been... challenging," Rancisis replies.

"That's one way to put it. Soul-sucking would be another," Quinlan replies with his typical snark.

This gathering, the last surviving Jedi so far as they know, update each other on their movements and planning.

After leaving Boz Pity, Quinlan has infiltrated an Imperial detachment on the Outer Rim. Oppo is seeking out the location of an ancient Jedi temple on Dantooine. Winslau has taken a more holistic approach, doing humanitarian work on the planet Cato

Neimoidia, which has suffered greatly in the aftermath of the Clone Wars.

And of course, Master Yoda is in seclusion on a remote, uninhabited planet, meditating and reaching out through the force, searching for other Jedi survivors. It's through his connection to the Force that this meeting is even possible.

For his own part, Obi-Wan reports that Luke is doing well under the care of Beru and Owen. Yoda adds that word from Bail Organa has been limited, but Leia is likewise being well cared for. There is a small hint of frustration in Obi-Wan's voice, his duties are clearly the least compelling.

Yoda shifts the topic to what they have all been avoiding: whispers of a Jedi hunter. Survivors of the purge are being picked off, one by one. Kirak Infil'a, Jocasta Nu, and Ferren Barr are already among the casualties.

Information is sparse about the cause of their deaths but someone, or something, is hunting them.

Obi-Wan volunteers to track this Jedi hunter down and put a stop to this. Yoda tells him that his mission is to protect Luke, not chase down an enemy in the shadows.

When Obi-Wan protests, Quinlan snaps back that the Clone Wars are over. Warriors aren't needed anymore.

Yoda quells the frustration, urging them all to remain calm. When more information presents itself, they will identify a course of action, but for now they must be patient.

Yoda tasks Master Oppo with investigating these Jedi hunter rumors further. Obi-Wan after all, has a far more important mission. Obi-Wan stays silent, but stirs uncomfortably.

The Masters bid each other farewell and as quickly as it began, this midday vigil has concluded. The small hut is once again filled with silence and the light of the setting suns.

Obi-Wan steps outside and makes his way to his rock outcropping where he sees, once again, Owen and Luke packing up for the night. He looks towards the sky, the first stars starting to shine, and sighs. He returns home.

By the candlelight, Obi-Wan sits to meditate and once again attempt the training which Yoda had tasked him with two years ago.

He attempts to quiet his mind and focus. He sees a brief flash of light. Vague abstractions of the force. Is that a figure? Perhaps a familiar one? But it doesn't last. The light quickly twists into darkness.

Flashes of fire and fury. A woman screams in pain. Hundreds of voices cry out in agony and are silenced by the hum of a lightsaber. Obi-Wan snaps out of his meditation, palms on the floor sweating. He lies back on his bed and contemplates the ceiling for a moment before quickly rising, packing a bag and leaving his hut.

We follow Obi-Wan on a solemn journey, a pilgrimage to a destination unknown. He treks across dunes of sand, through rocky ravines, meeting with various life forms along the way.

He sleeps, he wakes, he walks.

His journey is eerily reminiscent of Anakin's journey to find the Sandpeople who killed his mother so many years ago.

After many days of travel, he finds himself on the edge of a dune, looking over a great expanse as we pan to reveal: MOS EISLEY SPACEPORT. Obi-Wan begins his descent.

Obi-Wan makes his way through streets, his hood up so as to not attract unwanted attention. Denizens from all over the galaxy mix and mingle. The Empire is notably absent. Obi-Wan makes his way to a nearby cantina and briefly looks around to ensure he's not being followed before ducking in.

Inside we are greeted to the sound of a cantina band playing an upbeat tune. At one table, an enormous Ithorian sits across a small Dug, brows furrowed, deeply engaged in a game of holo-chess.

In another corner, a menacing group of Weequay thugs kick back various colored beverages and stare down passers by.

A few Toydarians flit about, one of them nearly knocking into Obi-Wan as he cautiously moves about the cantina. He finds his way to the bar and sits, his senses alert and attuned to any danger.

The bartender turns around and Obi-Wan stifles a reaction. His wretched visage is suitable for this hive of scum and villainy.

"Something to drink?" He asks Obi-Wan curtly.

"Uh... yes, yes I'll have... whatever you recommend.

Obi-Wan flashes a cautious, polite smile. It's not returned. The bartender slides a glass of something very dark and viscous over to him. Obi-Wan picks it up and eyes it with no small amount of concern.

He turns in his chair and scans the room. Opposite him, a figure sits alone in a dark corner. A hood masks the face of a woman. She's watching Obi-Wan intently.

As Obi-Wan scans the crowd for potential pilots, his personal space is invaded by a Toydarian.

"Uh... can I help you?"

The Toydarian introduces himself as Ruko, a pilot. He says he can tell that Obi-Wan is looking for one. His rate however? Unreasonably high, an annoyed Obi-Wan states that you could *buy* a ship for that much.

Ruko feigns offense, and implies that Obi-Wan is clearly not from around here, so he can afford it. Or perhaps, he'd rather "take a tour" of the neighborhood, Ruko menacingly asks.

When Obi-Wan politely declines yet again, Ruko makes it clear this is not a negotiation. Turning down such a generous offer is a grave insult that can't be ignored. He has a reputation to uphold after all.

The group of Weequay thugs stand and slowly begin to inch towards Obi-Wan. Fingers begin to twitch as they near triggers. Obi-Wan adopts a more defensive stance. Other bar patrons are starting to notice.

Obi-Wan once again insists on being on his way, but this gang of thugs are not having it. Two thugs move to grab him but he quickly slips between them and they smack into each other, crashing into the bar and knocking over several patrons in the process. Obi-Wan evades another Weequay, once again sending him tumbling into a table full of people. The crowd is shouting, some egging the violence on, others ready to fight themselves.

One Weequay draws his blaster, and with uncanny speed, Obi-Wan flings a drink off of the bar counter at him, causing his shot to go wild. Obi-Wan glances to his side to see that Ruko has been hit in the shoulder. Ruko slumps, muttering curses in an alien tongue, then passes out.

The air goes out of the room and everything goes silent. Obi-Wan sighs.



Then **all hell breaks loose** as fist fights erupt in every corner of the bar. The enraged Weequay thugs throw themselves at Obi-Wan.

It's a cacophony of blood and dust as dozens of aliens punch the living daylights out of each other. Obi-Wan moves through the brawl with inhuman speed, dodging and ducking swings while delivering rapid-fire, hyper-focused blows to pressure points.

One by one, thugs go down around him until he's cleared some space. Seizing the lapse in conflict, he leaps over the bar and with a burst of speed, rushes through the back door as shouts echo behind him.

As he exits, we linger on the hooded woman from before. She watches Obi-Wan intently and moves quickly to follow him.

Obi-Wan bursts out onto a back alley and dashes through narrow passageways, avoiding people as best he can and eventually comes to a rest in a dark corner. The screams and shouts have died down. He ditches his robe and grabs one from a nearby drying rack.

"My sincerest apologies," he mutters as he dons a traveler's cloak and pulls the hood over his head. He tears a bit of nearby canvas and fashions himself a scarf as well. He peers out onto the street to make sure the coast is clear, when he hears a nervous voice behind him:

"You... Are you a Jedi?"

Obi-Wan turns and finds himself face to face with MENA, the woman from the bar. Seeing the alarm on his face she quickly allays his fears and tells him she won't turn him in or tell anyone. Instead, she needs his help.

"It's my daughter, she's... she's like you."

"Like me?"

"Yes. A Jedi."

He smiles at her earnestness.

"Do you mean she's shown the ability to use the Force?"

She nods. Obi-Wan urges her to take him to her daughter. She beckons and he follows her.

They wind through back alleys and eventually make their way to a non-descript hut on the edge of Mos Eisley. She pulls back a curtain and sitting there on the floor is Anakin Skywalker, young and shaggy-haired like he was when they first met.

Obi-Wan stumbles backwards in shock, shaking his head and when he returns his eyes, Anakin is gone and in his place is a young girl, not much older with dark red hair and bright eyes. Her face is innocent but for a light scar that runs from her jaw towards her eye.

The child smiles gently at Obi-Wan and raises a shy hand in greeting. Obi-Wan smiles back, warmth returning to his weathered visage and kindness returning to his eyes. This is the Obi-Wan we know. He kneels to greet the girl but the mother steps between them. Obi-Wan looks at her in confusion.

"Please, the less involved she is with the Jedi, the safer she will be."

Obi-Wan looks a little dismayed, but steps back nonetheless.

"The Empire is hunting down anyone with ties to the Jedi," she explains. "They kill the older ones, but the children they take. We never see them again."

"Yes I've heard these rumors," Obi-Wan replies with great sadness.

"They are **not** rumors. We saw it, first hand."

She explains that when the Clone Wars ended, her people were scattered to the Outer Rim. Some have made it to Dantooine though, where she hopes to find that a safe haven in that community.

Obi-Wan thinks on this for a moment. On Dantooine, he could certainly be useful in Master Rancisis's investigation. It feels almost like a sign from the Force, if one were to interpret it that way (and he very much wants to).

"It seems the Force has brought us together for a reason. I will accompany you to Dantooine. Do you have a pilot?"

"I did. It appears he's had the unfortunate luck to have picked a fight with a Jedi."

Obi-Wan seems a little embarrassed, but reluctantly adds that he can fly a ship, and perhaps, Ruko won't mind too much if they were to borrow his.

Obi-Wan, in the pilot's seat of their... recently acquired ship, prepares for take-off. It's a bit of a bumpy start, he struggles just a bit to keep the ship level as it leaves the ground. Under his breath he comments that he still hates flying.

From this, we cut to a scene of great chaos. A small village is being ransacked by Imperial forces. Villagers are running screaming. Some are being taken prisoner, others are being gunned down if they attempt to resist. An aged Jedi knight is defending them as best he can. It's Oppo Rancisis, injured and bloody, his side charred from a blaster hit.

"Go! Go now!" He turns and shouts to the group behind him. Before they can even move to join him, a crimson blade pierces his sternum. Horrified, the group of villagers back away as his body slumps to the ground revealing a figure in the shadows. The figure steps into focus, face completely covered by a helmet,

decked out in plate armor and featuring the insignia of the Inquisitorius. THE INQUISITOR speaks, voice heavily modulated by the helmet. He warns the villagers that if they do not comply, they will be **terminated**. His voice is not threatening. It is calm and emotionless. Calculated.

A female villager leaves the side of her child and approaches.

"Please sir. We offer no resistance. But we have wounded. The children, they need medical care," she pleads.

His head turns ever so slightly, considering her. We cut to the child, looking on terrified. In his eyes we see a flash of red, a scream and then his own voice crying out into the night.

The Inquisitor motions to a nearby squad of Stormtroopers to round them up. He turns and heads back towards his command ship, a Zeta-class Imperial shuttle. Inside, he approaches a console and presses a button. The unmistakable figure of DARTH VADER appears, showering the interior of the shuttle in blue light.

"Report," he asks between his labored breathing.

"The Jedi has been terminated. Villagers are being transported for further questioning."

"Any trouble?"

Without hesitation the Inquisitor replies: "None."

"The Emperor will be pleased."

The Inquisitor bows ever so slightly. A planet appears on the holo-console.

"Your next assignment. Coordinates have already been sent."

"As you wish my Lord." But Vader is already gone.

The Inquisitor inspects the planet as civilians are being herded behind him by Stormtroopers. He looks up, and in the darkness of his ship, glowing red eyes light up.

Our travelers are now en route to their destination. Obi-Wan and the child converse. The child is opening up, seeming to have gotten over her initial nervousness, and is now bombarding Obi-Wan with questions about the Jedi Order.

Soon the more innocuous questions (Who was the strongest Jedi? Is it true you can breathe underwater? Pull a Star Destroyer out of the sky?) turn into a more complex line of questioning about the Clone Wars.

Obi-Wan struggles to answer why the Jedi chose to go to war.

Suddenly, the environment shifts, almost bleeding away. Obi-Wan is no longer in a ship, he's back in that endless void. In front of him sits Master Yoda. Yoda is less clear though, as if through a fog. Obi-Wan struggles to clear his vision.

"Master Kenobi, for us, dark news I have." Yoda says.

Obi-Wan knows, he can already feel it through his connection with Yoda.

"Master Rancisis."

"Yes, one with the Force, now he is."

"And Master Voss, Padawan Da'k, are they...?"

Yoda shakes his head.

"Hidden from me, they are. Through the Force, I can no longer see them. Moving against us, dark powers are, now more than ever, protect the Skywalkers we must."

Yoda senses Obi-Wan's instinct, and urges him to remain on course, to protect young Luke. If Padawan Da'k is in danger, then Cato Neimoidia is not safe for any of them.

Obi-Wan hesitates. His friends could need his help, but to pursue this would not only jeopardize his mission to protect Luke Skywalker, it would directly compromise the safety of this mother and child he had promised to help. The vision of Yoda begins to fade.

Obi-Wan knows what the right choice is, but he doesn't know if he can make it.

Obi-Wan is suddenly alone in the void. Kneeling, he looks up to see the back of a hooded figure.

"Master... Please, I need--"

The figure begins to turn, but the vision ends, and Obi-Wan is back on the ship. Obi-Wan returns to the cockpit. Mena is there, and looks at him with a look of concern.

Their ship arrives on Cato Neimoidia.

The planet is a stunning vista. Miles of thick cloud-like fog form an ocean-like layer over the entire surface of the planet, broken by massive, arching rock formations from which entire cities hang "upside down."

The ship docks inside of a huge hangar that serves as one of the city's ports. It has a very Grand Central vibe, with hundreds if not thousands of people milling about, heading to their various destinations.

While the bulk of this crowd are the green-skinned Neimoidian people, there are a surprising number of humans and other aliens in the mix.

Against the mother's protests Obi-Wan instructs the family to stay on the ship. He promises that this is only a small detour, they need fuel in any case he rationalizes. They will make it to Dantooine within a day.

Obi-Wan makes his way through the city streets, catching a few strange looks as he walks amongst the mostly Neimoidian crowds.

Despite this, there's a general air of disinterest. Some are huddling in door frames, burning garbage to stay warm. Most however seem much too busy to acknowledge Obi-Wan's presence. He spots some loading boxes and bags onto vehicles, others arguing in the streets.

The city's turbulent atmosphere contrasts with the towering, opulent architecture around them. This place has clearly fallen on hard times since the rise of the Empire.

Obi-Wan asks around for directions, but is rebuffed or ignored each time.

His investigations draw attention, someone in the crowds is watching him.

As Obi-Wan enters an alleyway, he's quickly surrounded by a gang of ruffians. He holds up his hands to signal that he's not looking for a fight.

The leader of the gang questions Obi-Wan on what he is doing here. It becomes clear that he isn't being attacked, the gang was preparing to defend their home. They believe Obi-Wan is some kind of Imperial agent.

Obi-Wan is forced to reveal that he's a Jedi to dissuade this suspicion. The air between them is tense, the Neimoidians clearly have history with the Jedi.

Just when it seems like things might boil over into violence, the gang's leader orders his crew to lower their weapons. The enemy of my enemy, after all.

The gang explains that for weeks, the planet has been occupied by an Imperial detachment. A Star Destroyer has been in orbit, blockading traffic on and off the planet, slowly but surely choking the life from the population.

Stormtrooper squads make frequent sweeps through the city, and recently, there was a violent confrontation of some kind in the inner district. The rumor on the street is that a Jedi was involved..

Obi-Wan is perplexed, he's seen no sign of an Imperial presence, much less a Star Destroyer. The gang explains that last night, the entire garrison inexplicably left in the night, the capital ship disappearing from the horizon.

That's all the time they can give him though. The population at large is looking to seize this opportunity to get off world, who knows when the blockade might return. Obi-Wan pleads with them to at least point him towards the incident, his friend needs his help.

The gang leader reluctantly agrees to take him to another neimoidian, the only survivor of the event.

Back at the ship, the child plays with pebbles, floating them between her hands. It's a slight trick, but impressive for someone so young.

Suddenly, she looks up frightened. She's sensed something, something terrible.

Obi-Wan goes to meet the survivor, finding a clearly shell-shocked and barely coherent older Neimoidian. He had been



part of a small group who had been helping to hide the Jedi living on the planet. When they were discovered, only he made it out of the attack that followed.

He's shaking, and his speech devolves into rambling about some kind of monstrous entity.

A man, no, a beast. Half-machine. Ten feet tall, clothed in shadows as dark as the night sky.

The Neimoidian points a shaky finger at a tall, thin building a few blocks away. Even at this distance though, it's clear that this structure has recently taken an incredible amount of damage. Portions of the upper stories and their walls have crumbled, revealing a cross-section of the building's guts.

Obi-Wan takes off in that direction. He stops, and stoops low, finding what appears to be a streak of dried blood.

We see flashes of this fight as Obi-Wan envisions it. Someone was injured, retreating. A towering shadow wielding a red lightsaber strides after them.

Obi-Wan arrives at the building and enters the first floor. He traces his hand along the wall, finding burn marks along deep gashes in the stone, as if something was swinging a lightsaber with incredible, indiscriminate force.

We see another glimpse at this final showdown. It's the padawan, Da'k, terrified, and desperately fending off a much larger attacker. Each deflected blow sends him reeling as he barely manages to avoid the next violent sword swing.

Obi-Wan arrives where the damage ends at a single, small mark at the center of the rear wall. Obi-Wan peers intently at the clue. It's a hole, almost a perfect circle, neatly cut through the solid stone.

Obi-Wan bends to touch it, running his fingers along the edge. He examines his fingertips, black with soot.

We see the padawan's end: a hulking form of a man in pitch black armor, a flash of red light as the Jedi is run through, so violently that the lightsaber pierces the wall and just keeps going.

Obi-Wan falls to a knee. What kind of monster would have done this?

He slowly rises, and behind him, stands The Inquisitor.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" The Inquisitor asks.

"I think I may have," Obi-Wan replies, seemingly unperturbed, drawing his lightsaber.

"You Jedi, always so predictable."

A sound of skittering fills the space. Out of each of the room's four shadowy corners, a HUNTER DROID drops from the ceiling like a spider, contorting itself to stand upright as it hits the floor.

Jet-black, with a single red eye, these droids are just humanoid enough to make their spindly, arachnid-like limbs feel unnatural and unsettling.

Obi-Wan and the Inquisitor ignite their lightsabers. The hunter droids' "hands" fan out into rotating blades.

There is a moment of quiet, punctuated only by the scrape of metal on metal from the droids' weapons.

Then. **It Begins.**

The fight is frantic, chaotic inside the tight confines of the room. This isn't a clean, brightly colored duel, it's a street fight.

Blades are spinning, furniture is being broken, Obi-Wan is pulling out every trick he has in his book just to survive. He leaps through the cracked and broken ceiling to the next story, trying to separate his attackers.

He continues to ascend as the fight goes vertical, spinning clashes of blades happening in mid-air. They soon reach the roof, and the battle spills out onto the rooftops of neighboring buildings.

The combatants leap from rooftop to rooftop. Each time they take to the air, the action turns almost tranquil, poetic; a graceful and colorful ballet of swordsmanship. The moment they touch down however, it's violent, savage; kicks, punches, thrown objects.

This pattern repeats as the Jedi battles his hunters across the city skyline. He's holding his own, but he's clearly losing. He's outnumbered, on the defensive.

He takes one wound, then another. Things are going from bad to worse.

Suddenly, a solid THUNK sound as a rock strikes a droid with a preternatural force, leaving a deep dent in its head. We see that it was thrown by the child, a fiery look on her face.

The Inquisitor's attention is piqued. He barks an order for the droids to go after the her, while he turns his attention back to the Jedi. The Inquisitor leaps at Obi-Wan, and the two go **crashing** through a nearby window.

As the terrifying spider-like droids bear down on her, the child's confidence cracks and she runs.

She weaves through the city streets. Civilians are in full panic as these droids tear through the neighborhoods.

The child comes upon her mother who has been frantically searching for her. Turning back, they see one of the droids coming their way, far too fast to outrun for much longer.

The child raises her hands in an imitation of a Jedi using the Force. She strains, trying desperately to put something in between them and the skittering droid.

A blasted, crumbling wall begins teeter, ever so slightly. If she can only pull it down, it could block their pursuers.

It moves, bit by bit; but it's far too little, too late, and the droid is upon them -

- before it is suddenly sliced in half by a blue lightsaber blade! Obi-Wan spins, his hand facing outward, and in one smooth movement, he pulls down the crumbling wall, cutting off their pursuers for now.

Obi-Wan and the family escape to the port to find a truly chaotic scene. Hundreds of ships are being frantically stuffed full of people and departing.

The trio sprint towards their own ship, only to see it take off.

Seeing no other option, they try their best to blend in, boarding one of the many refugee ships. This plan seems to work, as the crowded ship takes off and prepares to break the atmosphere.

Suddenly, a **Star Destroyer** snaps into low orbit, casting an enormous shadow over the entire departing fleet, blanketing them in an unnatural darkness. There won't be any escape from Cato Neimoidia on this day.

Inside their transport, Obi-Wan and the family feel the ship come to sudden halt. After a few moments of confusion, the pilot speaks over the intercom, barely masking the shaking in his voice.

"Everyone please remain calm." The pilot's voice cracks, falters. He informs the passengers that they will be landing. Imperial troops are searching for specific people. He's been assured that no one else will be harmed. The pilot pleads with his passengers to cooperate.

Panicked whispers break out among the passengers, and Mena looks to Obi-Wan, terror in her eyes. He takes her hands, but no words could fix this.

The transports are directed away from this particular city and to a more remote mountainous bridge spanning the distance between two jungled mountains. In the center of this rock bridge hangs an Imperial fort, dangling precariously over a river of molten lava. Long tethers are drawn from the tip of the fort to landing platforms embedded within the rock bridge it is attached to.

It is on one of these landing platforms that the transports are being grounded. Their transport touches down and within minutes, the Inquisitor and a squad of Death Troopers are on board.

"I am a member of the Imperial Inquisitorius. We are looking for a rogue Jedi. Cooperate and you have nothing to fear."

His false reassurances are met with resounding, fearful silence from the passengers. Obi-Wan pulls the mother and child behind a row of cargo crates near the back of the transport.

The Inquisitor turns his head slowly, scanning the passengers aboard. All of them have their heads down, looking away from his eyeless gaze.

He motions to his troopers who begin to slowly file down the aisles, looking for any trace of the Jedi and the child. Obi-Wan pulls the family deeper into the shadows. The Troopers appear to turn up nothing and retreat back to the front of the ship. From behind the crates, they hear the sounds of retreating footsteps and let out a collective, silent breath of relief.

Just as they're beginning to inch out from behind the crates, a red lightsaber blade pierces through inches away from Obi-Wan's head. He spins around and there stands the Inquisitor. Obi-Wan ignites his blade and once again they're locked in heated combat.

The scene is chaos as passengers are screaming and rampaging towards the exits of the transport, knocking over troopers in the cramped space.

Obi-Wan uses the force to push the Inquisitor out the front of the transport. The Inquisitor meets his hand in the air, both pushing fiercely against each other with the force. We quickly flash to this exact moment from his fight with Anakin on Mustafar so many years ago. The moment of distraction is brief but it's enough for the Inquisitor to gain the upper hand. Obi-Wan redoubles his efforts and with a resounding boom, the pair are thrown against opposite walls of the transport.

As he falls, the Inquisitor hurls his saber at Obi-Wan who manages to just narrowly dodge out of its path. Unfortunately, the blade lodges itself into the machinery of the transport and sparks begin to fly dangerously.

There's a moment of silence as Obi-Wan and the Inquisitor lock eyes sensing what's about to happen. Simultaneously, and with superhuman speed, the Inquisitor darts for the entrance of the transport, summoning his blade as he goes, and Obi-Wan dashes to the mother and child, pushing them behind the remaining crates and sheltering their heads.

An small but forceful explosion rocks the transport and blows the wall completely open. Sparks cascade around the area that used to be the seats on the right of the transport. Obi-Wan checks to make sure they are okay and then tells them to get to another transport and he will find them when it's finished. He darts off through the blazing fire, smoke billowing around him as he runs.

Several feet away, the Inquisitor comes to and quickly gets to his feet, shaking off the force of the blast. Half of his helmet has been blown off. He tears it from his head in anger, revealing a young human face that would be handsome if not for how impossibly pale and gaunt it is. His eyes burn with the yellow of the Sith.

As Obi-Wan approaches and the smoke clears enough for him to see the Inquisitor, he finds himself standing face to face with Anakin Skywalker, eyes fiercely yellow, face twisted by the dark side. Obi-Wan freezes in horror before a blaster bolt hits the side of the nearby transport and shocks him out of his stupor. When he looks back, Anakin is gone and in his place is the Inquisitor. They eye each other and then they are face to face, lightsabers clashing and singing with a familiar buzz and hum.

The scene on and around the landing pads is chaos as some of the passengers have used the distraction of the explosion to mount a small resistance against the Imperials. They've retrieved Imperial weapons from a nearby shuttle and are firing back at the Stormtroopers while Obi-Wan and The Inquisitor are engaged in combat.

Their battle is fierce, with Obi-Wan holding his when suddenly, the Inquisitor spins and strikes with a familiarity that shocks Obi-Wan. As the fight continues, we see continued flashes of his fateful duel with Anakin, the moves in sync with the Inquisitor's attacks.

"Where did you learn that??"

The Inquisitor does not respond, instead spinning and attacking with another aggressive, familiar strike. Obi-Wan finds himself falling into a familiar fighting pattern, almost able to predict the frustrated Inquisitor's movements and gaining ground on him.

The Inquisitor, sensing his inability to breakthrough Obi-Wan's defenses, backs up and then renews his attack, switching to a more precise fighting style and slowly gaining ground on an exhausted Obi-Wan.

His exhaustion gives way to small mistakes, allowing the Inquisitor to land a small glancing blow on Obi-Wan. He leaps back, howling in pain and clutching a singed spot on his shoulder.

Obi-Wan is being pushed back now, further and further across the landing platform, right up to the edge, just steps away from a sheer drop into the lava below. It's over now, Obi-Wan has nowhere to go and the Inquisitor points his blade directly at his heart. The Inquisitor thrusts forward and Obi-Wan closes his eyes to make peace with this end

But it's not the end just yet.

A shout from behind them echoes around the cavernous underbelly of the rock bridge as the child appears amidst the smoke and wreckage.

Tears in her eyes, face fierce with concentration, she holds out her hands in front of her, struggling, fighting.

The Inquisitor's blade is trembling, centimeters from landing the finishing blow. Suddenly, he's thrown back by an invisible force, sliding across the floor as he tries to maintain his balance.

The girl collapses to her knees, struggling to catch her breath. The Inquisitor watches calmly. Now is his moment.



Before Obi-Wan can pull himself back together, The Inquisitor Force pulls the child to him, drags her towards one of the small pods attached to the tethers leading to the fort. It's clear now this was all a part of his plan in re-engaging Obi-Wan in a duel. As he walks, he pulls out a communicator and shouts:

"Contact Lord Vader. Tell him we have the child!"

Obi-Wan freezes at the name "**Vader.**"

"It can't be," he mutters. At this moment, the mother comes running through the smoke, shouting for her daughter. She arrives just in time to see the Inquisitor shutting the door to the pod and descending down the tether towards the tip of the Imperial fort.

She screams in pain, rushing to Obi-Wan's side and begging him to do something. He's shell-shocked and doesn't respond.

Anakin? Alive? He was burned, left to die. How could it be possible?

All sound has been drowned out by a ringing as Obi-Wan's mind races. Slowly, he comes back to his senses, the muffled sounds of Mena's screaming becoming clearer and then he's back.

He grabs the mother firmly telling her that the only way down is another pod. They spot a nearby pod and race to it, beginning their own long descent.

We cut to the Inquisitor dragging the girl to a separate prison chamber near the bridge of the fort. She is struggling but is no match for the Inquisitor's vice grip.

With the girl locked behind a ray-shield, The Inquisitor turns to face her.

"Don't idolize them. The Jedi are not an ideal to strive for. They are weak. Lord Vader will set you straight. You'll make an excellent Inquisitor yet."

As the Inquisitor turns away, she speaks up, her voice filled with quiet rage.

"You failed didn't you?"

The Inquisitor stops and turns.

"I saw how you fought. I saw many Jedi fight on my home-world during the Clone Wars. You were a Padawan weren't you?"

The Inquisitor's eyes narrow.

"You were a Padawan and you failed."

The Inquisitor's stoic demeanor suddenly gives way to a rage that is excruciating as he moves within an inch of the ray-shield and her face.

"THE JEDI FAILED **ME!** THEY FED ME NOTHING BUT LIES AND CONTRADICTION. THEY SAID WE WERE NOT SOLDIERS BUT THEY MADE US FIGHT. THEY MADE US HURT. DON'T GIVE INTO ANGER THEY SAID. DON'T FEEL PAIN THEY SAID. BUT WAR IS **ANGER**. WAR IS **PAIN**."

The Inquisitor is a terrifying sight, his face contorted by fury, his eyes ablaze and filled with tears. Despite this, his youth has never been more apparent. He's just a child, only slightly older than the girl. When he speaks again, he's quiet.

"We didn't betray the Jedi. They betrayed us the moment they asked us to fight a war. Now the Empire has brought peace to the galaxy and the Jedi scourge is being eradicated."

His eyes meet hers once again.

"And you will learn to see through the lies of the Jedi. I promise."

With that he turns and exits the prison chamber and the girl slinks back into a corner, shell-shocked and alone.

The Inquisitor enters the main deck of the fort, approaches the console and once again hails his master. At first there is no reply. Then an robed attendant appears.

"Lord Vader is... unavailable at the present. I will relay your message."

"I must speak to Lord Vader immediately."

"I'm afraid that isn't possible. I will relay your message."

"It cannot wait! We have discovered a child that is strong in the force and an elder Jedi. He must know immediately."

There is a brief pause as the attendant considers this information.

The transmission gives way to static for a few moments and then a mangled torso illuminates the room. Lord Vader is suspended in a tank of Bacta, his scarred visage mostly covered in a breathing mask.

"What is so important that you felt the need to disturb my rest?"

The Inquisitor, caught off guard, stutters before regaining composure.

"We found a child my lord. The child is strong with the force and could be a powerful ally."

"And what of the Jedi. Has it been eliminated."

"He is in custody sir. He was different than the others I have faced. Older but stronger, faster. As if he knew my strikes before I made them."

At this, Vader stirs in his tank, his head tilting up.

"What color was his blade?"

"Blue."

"Describe him."

"Human. Short, sandy hair. A beard. Weathered."

For a moment the room is filled only with the sound of Vader's labored breathing.

"Hold him. I will be there soon."

With that the transmission cuts out abruptly and the Inquisitor slinks back into a nearby chair, exhausted.

We cut back to the Obi-Wan and Mena, nearing the end of their painfully slow descent to the fort.

Obi-Wan meditates. His vision is cloudy, muddled, but he can just make out the shape of a figure coming towards him.

He opens his eyes to see their arrival at the fort, a level removed from the main bridge. Obi-Wan tells the mother to find them a way out and he will rescue the girl. She snaps back at him that it's her daughter and she'd sooner die than be left behind.

Obi-Wan smiles wanly. She inquires. He tells her she reminds him of an old friend. She smiles back and then pushes past him to grab a blaster from a rack on the wall and leading the way.

They race through corridors stealthily, avoiding the occasional patrol but otherwise making it through uninhibited. It seems almost too easy.

They finally arrive at the blast door to the bridge. Unable to see any other way in, Obi-Wan remembers a technique from his late master and plunges his lightsaber into the cold metal, methodically carving a molten circle into the door. Upon finishing, he uses the force to push the piece through and steps through the opening to find the Inquisitor sitting impossibly casual in seat by a window, one leg folded over the other, one hand firmly on the hilt of his lightsaber. It's abundantly clear he didn't expect the blast door to hold Obi-Wan, just tire him out.

He tells Obi-Wan that Lord Vader is on his way to deal with them both and surmises that they have some history.

Obi-Wan is silent, focusing on calming his nerves and preparing for the inevitable battle, just as his Master did long ago in Theed. Seeing there's not conversation to be had, the Inquisitor slowly rises, ignites his lightsaber and then charges at Obi-Wan, face twisted with malice.

The two begin their fight anew but this time something is different. Obi-Wan is maneuvering around the room, more interested in gaining new ground than aggressing. With the Inquisitor's back to the door, the mother slips through the hole in the blast door and slips over to the ray-shield. She begins to fiddle with the controls to rescue her daughter.

Obi-Wan spies this and continues to maneuver the Inquisitor who doesn't notice, too blinded by his hatred.

Despite holding his ground fairly well at the outset of the fight, it's clear that Obi-Wan just doesn't have the stamina he had in his youth. After being chased for so long, his energy

begins to wane and the Inquisitor capitalizes on his mistakes, dealing him a series of non-fatal, but serious wounds. Obi-Wan collapses on the ground, tending his wounds, as the Inquisitor towers over him, apparently victorious.

"This is it Jedi. With your death I bring the galaxy one step closer to being free from your dogma."

"One step closer, indeed," Obi-Wan replies, spying the girl approaching the Inquisitor silently from behind.

He takes one more step forward to make the killing blow, perfectly centered beneath a hanging ceiling fixture. The girl closes her eyes, concentrates, and with arms outstretched, brings the fixture down on top of the Inquisitor, knocking him unconscious.

Obi-Wan breathes a sigh of relief as the mother and daughter rush to his side. The mother thanks him profusely. The daughter reaches out a hand to help him up.

The brief moment of peace is punctuated by a communicator on the central console coming to life and announcing the imminent arrival of Lord Vader.

The two turn to leave but Obi-Wan hesitates, staring out the window of the bridge and into the sky.

"What are you waiting for?" Mena shouts, but Obi-Wan is lost in thought. This is his moment. His one chance, if he's to finish what he started years ago on Mustafar.

We cut to the interior of an Imperial Starship. A familiar figure, shrouded in black, tilts his head towards a swiftly approaching planet. He senses former master, eager to conclude unfinished business.

Back in the fort, Obi-Wan takes one last look at the sky and then turns to depart. They find their way to a hangar where an Imperial shuttle is being refueled by a handful of Imperials. Obi-Wan and Mara, force abilities now flowing, make short work of them. They send troopers and workers alike flying into nearby crates without ever breaking stride.

They hop in the shuttle and begin to plug in coordinates. Obi-Wan takes the helm but hesitates ever so slightly. Under his breath he mutters:

"Flying is for—"

"Droids!" Mara shouts, pointing out of the cockpit. The Inquisitor's Hunter droids are fast approaching the ship but it's too late. They fire their blasters but the deflector shield sends the bolts careening into walls. The ship takes off and swiftly exits the atmosphere of the planet.

Safely in space, Obi-Wan says he's had his fill of adventure and that it's time to get them to Dantooine. They fly off into the black of space.

Cut to a pair of black boots, stomping forcefully down a hallway, the edges of a cape billowing at the heel.

We follow the boots through a blast door, past steaming wreckage, then through another blast door.

We hear groans and and then quick shuffling. We hear the Inquisitor's voice as he begins to say: "Lord Vader I—"

We hear a sickening **CRUNCH**, followed by an oddly muffled scream, and finally a resounding **THUD**. A body crumples to the ground as the boots continue to stomp forward.

We see Vader from behind, silhouetted against a blood red sunset.

A stormtrooper approaches and asks if he wishes to send a party to pursue them.

A moment of silence.

"No. Let him run. Like the coward he is."

Vader turns swiftly and leaves the room, his cape dragging through a pool of quickly amassing blood.

Obi-Wan bids Mena farewell on Dantooine. The child runs and plays amidst the planet's idyllic plains of golden grass and trees. A small village is seen behind them, presumably the survivors of their home world.

He realizes that despite all of this, he's never learned the child's name.

"**Mara**, her name is Mara," the mother tells him, watching her daughter in the distance.

Obi-Wan implores them to stay safe and tells them that the Force will be with them. **Always.**

He gets back to his ship and departs, Mena and Mara watching as the sun sets beautifully behind them.

We fade to the familiar, desert terrain of Tatooine as Obi-Wan returns to his hut, his travels finally concluded, his heart and mind finally at peace. He sets his things down and then steps to the center of the room.

He meditates, and the world goes dark around him as he communes with the Force.



He's alone in the blackness of the void, when he hears a voice behind him call his name. Obi-Wan turns to see a figure kneeling serenely. It's **Qui-Gon Jinn**.

Obi-Wan approaches, then kneels to join his former master. They sit together, eye to eye, equals in the Force.

Obi-Wan begins to form an apology, when Qui-Gon puts up his hand.

"Everything that has happened, every victory and every loss, has led you here. My greatest accomplish has been, and will always be this moment."

He places a hand on Obi-Wan's. "For in this moment, I have nothing left to teach you."

We cut to a shot of the binary suns of Tatooine, one a soft white and the other a deep crimson, setting slowly.

We pull back to see Obi-Wan on his favorite rock outcropping. A young boy emerges from a distant hut and Obi-Wan watches him as he watches the suns plunge below the horizon.

For the first time in years, Obi-Wan has begun to hope.

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