

EXT. ORDO ERIS (OUTER RIM) - DAY

With a bright flash, the MANTIS exits the jump from hyperspace. Halting directly in front of the asteroid space station turned Haxion Brood stronghold, Ordo Eris.

GREEZ DRITUS

Alright. Looks like we're here,  
kid.

CAL KESTIS

Great. Go over the plan one more  
time, Greez.

GREEZ DRITUS

There is no plan! I've got the  
credits I owe Sorc Tormo. It should  
be as simple as walking in and  
paying the man.

Cal shakes his head in disbelief as he strides back and forth. BD-1 mimics Cal's head shaking.

CERE JUNDA

It's never that easy with you,  
Greez. Besides, *if* it actually was  
that easy, why can't you go pay him  
yourself?

GREEZ DRITUS

You know I would, but...

Greez takes a beat to think of an excuse on why he can't be the one to go inside and pay Sorc Tormo.

GREEZ DRITUS (CONT'D)

... While Cal was out fighting  
whatever flying monster that was on  
Dathomir, I slipped on some water  
while I was doing *real* labor.  
Watering the plants he got me.

The Mantis makes its descent to a landing pad situated on the edge of Ordo Eris. Flags of the Haxion Brood fly high around the landing pad, as well as giant holos of fearsome bounty hunters. Almost like statues of players at a sports arena.

Equipped with a comm in his ear so he can hear the team, and BD-1 on his back, Cal exits the Mantis and heads towards the entrance of the station.

GREEZ DRITUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Remember kid, head straight for  
Tomo's office. No where else. These  
guys aren't fans of visitors.

CAL KESTIS  
You don't have to tell me twice.

Cal enters Ordo Eris, which seems to be relatively small considering their flashy landing pad. After analyzing his surroundings, Cal realizes the station is essentially one long hallway with a large office at the end.

As he walks down the hallway he sees flashy and gory posters of Haxion Bounty Hunters draped everywhere. Among the posters are taxidermy exotic creatures and bounties still trapped in carbonite.

CAL KESTIS (CONT'D)  
These guys seem to really take  
pride in their craft.

BD-1 makes a vocalization in agreement.

GREEZ DRITUS (O.S.)  
Yeah. They're psychos. They'd  
rather die than give up a bounty.

CAL KESTIS  
That explains why they've sent  
seven bounty hunters after me since  
the debacle at Tormo's arena.

GREEZ DRITUS (O.S.)  
Yeah... Again, sorry about that.  
But hey, after today. Problem  
solved.

As Cal continues walking down the hallway he begins to faintly feel something in the Force calling to him.

Cal reaches a point where he finds two doors in the hallway. The door on the left leads to the barracks, and the door on the right leads to a small combat simulation dojo. The force is calling him to something in the combat simulation dojo.

CAL KESTIS  
BD, can you slice this?

BD-1 slices the door and it opens to an ornately decorated foyer. Through the foyer lies the dojo. To the left of the room lies a lightsaber grasped by only one peculiar droid arm. It lies upon a pedestal, clearly a valuable piece.

CAL KESTIS (CONT'D)

This lightsaber. It's been calling to me. Why?

Cal reaches out and touches the lightsaber on display. A psychometry vision immediately clouds his mind.

GENERAL GRIEVOUS (V.O.)

Your lightsaber will make a fine addition to my collection.

The quote resonates in Cal's mind as he sees flashbacks of Grievous slaying Jedi and committing other heinous acts. Cal immediately falls back onto the floor in panic; landing inside of the dojo.

CERE JUNDA (O.S.)

Cal, are you okay? What did you see?

CAL KESTIS

I touched a lightsaber that was connected to a droids hand... Or a humans hand? I'm not sure what it was. General Grievous. He seems familiar, but I can't place it.

CERE JUNDA (O.S.)

General Grievous... He was a very powerful General during the Clone Wars. Taking out over a dozen Jedi before Obi-Wan Kenobi took his life. Sorc Tormo is a known collector; that piece must've cost him a fortune.

CAL KESTIS

I just need to get away from it.

Cal begins standing up, still unaware of the fact that he is now in the combat dojo. As he stands up, two training bounty hunters stop and stare at him.

BOUNTY HUNTER 1

Hey, you're not supposed to be in here.

BOUNTY HUNTER 2

Wait a minute. He's that Jedi the boss has been trying to capture.

Cal takes a step back towards the foyer, but it's locked.

CAL KESTIS

Listen, I'm not here to fight. I  
just need to see your boss-

The two bounty hunters don't wait to listen. They begin attacking Cal. Gaining his bearings, Cal notices this combat dojo is similar to the one he trained on with Jaro Tapal.

GREEZ DRITUS (O.S.)

Ehh. What would it hurt to take out  
a couple more bounty hunters,  
right?

CAL KESTIS

Not funny.

Cal continues fighting, using the rooms resources around him to help finish off the foes. Finally defeating them, he notices there's only one door leading out of the dojo. A door that leads directly to Sorc Tormo's office.

Still mad about having to fight two bounty hunters, Cal force pushes the door open. Within, Sorc Tormo sits behind a desk and a tall Kyuzo bounty hunter with a peculiar circular hat stands next to him.

SORC TORMO

Cal Kestis. You've come to kill me,  
haven't you?

The Kyuzo bounty hunter has one hand on his pistol and the other hand strangely on his circular hat. Sorc Tormo seems surprisingly relaxed, sitting behind his large desk draped with a large Haxion Brood flag.

CAL KESTIS

No. I have the credits Greez owes  
you.

SORC TORMO

That's too bad. Embo here was  
really itching for a fight.

Cal looks over at the Kyuzo bounty hunter. Something about the energy he gave off showed that he is a tremendous fighter.

CAL KESTIS

Sorry to disappoint you, Embo.  
Here's the credits Greez owes.

Cal tosses a bagful of credits onto Tormo's desk.

Tormo calmly counts them.

SORC TORMO

What if I don't accept this payment?

CAL KESTIS

Why wouldn't you? The credits are all there aren't they?

Embo is still in the corner of the room, hands on his hat and pistol.

SORC TORMO

Maybe I just don't like Greez.

CAL KESTIS

Trust me. I understand that completely. But it doesn't matter. He's paying you. He doesn't owe you anymore.

Sorc Tormo leans back in his chair, looking around the room at posters of bounty hunters and other antiquities.

SORC TORMO

Fair enough. His debt is forgiven. However, I have a proposition for you, Cal Kestis.

Cal looks at BD-1 and takes a long sigh. He seems to know what Sorc Tormo will propose.

SORC TORMO (CONT'D)

Come work for me. A Jedi bounty hunter. Together, we could garnish unimaginable riches. And more importantly I can keep you safe from the Empire.

CAL KESTIS

No thanks. I like the crew I'm with.

Cal turns around and begins heading for the doors that lead to the long hallway.

SORC TORMO

At least think about it. The more the Empire comes after you, the more you might change your mind.

Cal opens the doors and begins walking down the hallway. Still not looking back he replies to Tormo.

CAL KESTIS

I thought about it. It's a no.  
Don't come after us anymore, Greez  
owes you nothing.

As Cal walks back to the Mantis, a cutscene with Sorc Tormo and Embo take place.

SORC TORMO

Embo, contact the Empire. Tell them  
the Jedi they're looking for is  
roaming around the Outer Rim.

Embo takes out a holopad and a bald humanoid with two streaks of red on his forehead and under his eyes pops up as a hologram. The Grand Inquisitor.

CUT TO:

INT. MANTIS - DAY

GREEZ DRITUS

Thanks again, kid. Now those nut  
jobs will leave us alone.

Greez gets a bit more serious.

GREEZ DRITUS (CONT'D)

It means a lot. You're a great  
friend.

CAL KESTIS

Don't get all mushy on me, Greez.  
I'm sure you would've done the same  
for me.

Cere, BD-1, and Greez all laugh, knowing he wouldn't. Cal shakes his head.

Greez informs everyone to buckle up and the Mantis flashes into hyperspace.