

Star Wars  
The Holiday Special  
Episode II  
Life Day Strikes Back

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Based on an ill-advised television special.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT, OBVIOUSLY

Hundreds of distant stars dot the endless abyss of space.  
It's dark, I don't know what you expected.

Superimpose titles:

STAR WARS

The HOLIDAY SPECIAL

EPISODE II

LIFE DAY STRIKES BACK  
Peace is at hand! It's so  
close, you guys. Vestiges of  
the First Order's splinters  
still dig their icy grip into  
the galaxy. While victory is  
is near, it may take a Holiday  
Miracle for the galaxy's  
heroes to finally conquer the  
forces of evil once and for  
all....

We tilt UP, because only Attack of the Clones tilts up after  
the crawl for some reason, revealing the planet KASHYYYK.

Its planet-wide forests have browned and a smokey haze coats  
the globe like the lungs of a child with a cigarette-  
addicted parent. I'm venting.

INT. FIRST ORDER ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The sterile black walls gleam with red light. Hallways lined  
with ray-shielded doors stretch beyond view.

STORMTROOPERS and FIRST ORDER OFFICERS scramble in every  
direction as distant BLASTS and BANGS echo throughout the  
sharply-angled corridors.

LIEUTENANT GOEBBELS, (40), stumbles into frame. He is white,  
obviously, with blond hair and blue eyes; Really what Hitler  
had in mind. He GRIPS a fresh blaster wound on his shoulder  
as he limps into a nearby room.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Goebbels COLLAPSES onto the door frame, desperately propping himself up onto it. He gazes into the room.

GOEBBELS

S-- sir?!

At the front of the room before a huge monitor stands ADMIRAL PASTY BRITISHMANN, (60). His black uniform is spotless and really makes his eyes pop, y'know?

The security monitor shows various sectors in disarray.

BRITISHMANN

Here to tell me the obvious,  
Goebbels? The fleeing MSE's were  
more informative.

GOEBBELS

The... the what, sir?

BRITISHMANN

That's what mouse droids are  
called, you idiot.

GOEBBELS

Oh! Uh, anyway, yeah, we're getting  
creamed out there, sir.

BRITISHMANN

No doubt the Resistance. I wonder  
if they've brought a sense of irony  
along with them, given our recent  
paradigm switch.

GOEBBELS

What's left of our forces have  
already been scrambled.

BRITISHMANN

Our numbers are few, but we've been  
kept company by the finest soldiers  
we produced. All the runts turned  
tail after the traitor they call  
Finn's rally cry. What an event  
that must have been to witness.

GOEBBELS

You're tellin' me.

BOOM! A nearby blast rocks the corridor. Goebbels stumbles into the room. Four Stormtroopers back in through the door, each wildly firing their blasters.

(CONTINUED)

BRITISHMANN  
Seal the door, you oafs!

A Stormtrooper SMACKS the nearby console and the door SLIDES shut. Everyone backs away from the entrance.

BRITISHMANN  
The Resistance must have sent their  
most fearsome warrior if they're to  
liberate the wookiees.

BAM! The door QUAKES in its frame.

BRITISHMANN  
Perhaps the mighty Chewbacca.

BAM! Goebbels and the Stormtroopers WINCE.

BRITISHMANN  
Or maybe even...no, they  
wouldn't...

BAM! The door SHATTERS into pieces! A thick haze engulfs the frame and a hulking silhouette takes shape in the smoke.

ROSE TICO struts into the room. A fire burns behind her eyes. She is covered in grime and ashes and holds a shotgun pointed into the room. Not a Trandoshan shotgun or anything, like an "in and out of Walmart in five minutes" shotgun.

Britishman pushes through the cluster of cowards.

BRITISHMANN  
Ah, Rose Tico. The Resistance's  
bleeding heart.

ROSE  
So this is what fame is like, huh?

BRITISHMANN  
Oh, you've no shortage of adoring  
fans. We've snuffed out plenty of  
them. Each recited your pathetic  
"save what you love" propoganda as  
we notched down every protocol our  
interrogator droids are programmed  
with.

Rose's grip on the weapon TIGHTENS.

ROSE  
Is that what you're here to do with  
that weapon? To emancipate these  
beasts? To save what you love?

(CONTINUED)

Rose looks down at the shotgun in her hands.

ROSE

Yes. I came here to save, not  
destroy.

Britishmann SCOFFS. Rose droops the gun's muzzle to the  
floor and places her left hand on her belt.

ROSE

We don't have to do this. You can  
surrender. The New Alliance will  
give you a fair trial.

BRITISHMANN

Trial only begets tribulation, and  
I prefer a jury of my own peers as  
it were. Open fire!

The Stormtroopers prime their weapons and--

Nothing. Triggers click to no effect.

Rose holds up a jamming device in her left hand.

ROSE

Offer still stands.

BRITISHMANN

The FINAL Order will not yield to--

Each Stormtrooper drops their blaster.

BRITISHMANN

Cowards!

Britishman unsheathes a small vibroblade. Rose sighs.

BRITISHMANN

I have carved my legacy with this  
blade. Its grooves are stained with  
the blood of toppled legends. My  
name echoes through every corner of  
the galaxy!

ROSE

Wait... What's your name?

BRITISHMANN

I am the Indelible--

BOOM! Rose blasts him into the adjacent wall. His body  
slumps onto the floor. She points the gun to the others.

(CONTINUED)

GOEBBELS

May I deactivate the rayshields for you?

ROSE

Yes, please.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The red rayshields enclosing each cell flicker and fade. WOOKIEES cautiously walk out of their cages.

Rose drags Goebbels and co through the celebratory scene. Wookiees EMBRACE and free each other of their shackles. Some SNARL at the passing prisoners.

GOEBBELS

Will you be escorting me to a transport?

ROSE

Nah, we got a guy for that.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT ENTRANCE - DAY

The flat metal doors SPLIT apart to reveal CHEWBACCA who ROARS in Goebbels' face. Goebbels SHRIEKS and Chewie lifts him up by the throat, hoisting him away.

ROSE

You can follow him.

The four Stormtroopers rush to keep up with Chewbacca as he carries Goebbels away through a crowd of freed Wookiees.

The morning sun rises on a new day for Kashyyyk. Bright light dances off of the reflective metal shackles that now collect mud on the forest planet's outmost layer.

Rose gazes around, admiring her accomplishment. A small wookiee RUSHES toward her and hugs her by the hip. It mumbles and hums. Rose hugs it back. It's beautiful.

REY (O.S.)

She's saying "Thank you."

Rose turns to Rey. Her bright white outfit is covered in mud and grass stains.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE  
I don't think our cleaners are  
gonna get that out.

REY  
White was a poor choice, I'll admit  
it.

A taller Wookiee approaches them, also mumbling.

REY  
He's calling your outfit, but I  
could be translating incorrectly,  
"absolute fire."

ROSE  
Sick.

FINN, also filthy, joins them.

FINN  
I don't think you ever told me how  
you learned to speak Shyriiwook.

REY  
No one ever asked Han how he  
learned.

FINN  
Huh. How 'bout that?

POE, radiating Big Dick Energy, walks over to them. He's  
massaging his own right shoulder.

POE  
Guys, I have never fallen out of a  
tree that tall.

FINN  
You make flying look good even  
outside of a cockpit.

Finn positions himself behind Poe and massages his sore  
shoulder. Poe exhales deeply.

Rey and Rose watch, fully supporting them.

ROSE  
So you three had quite a setpiece  
too, huh?

(CONTINUED)

REY

Oh, you know. Some shootouts, a few quips, Finn slid under a closing door, I backflipped a bunch of times. Pretty standard op.

POE

Nothing you haven't seen before. Oh, right there.

FINN

Mhm.

ROSE

So now what?

REY

We take the prisoners to the Alliance, share some anecdotes, maybe go out for some drinks?

FINN

Ooo, we can hit Blackspire.

POE

I do love some corporate synergy.

CHEWBACCA (O.S.)

Eeeeeuurrgguuhhuhuuur.

Chewie saunters over to the group.

POE

Another suggestion?

REY

I believe so. Life Day?

Chewie nods.

REY

What's Life Day?

The group stares at Rey.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

A SCREEN WIPE takes us into space just out of Kashyyyk's atmosphere. Multiple Resistance Transports and the Millennium Falcon form up.



INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - CONTINUOUS

Rey lays across the dejarik table booth, her legs crossed and propped up on Finn's lap.

Rose inspects a cargo crate by the lounge.

REY

Today? And it's a yearly thing?

Poe enters the room from the cockpit.

POE

The girl growls Shryiiwook better than I speak basic and she's never heard of Life Day.

FINN

That's what I was saying.

Rey kicks Finn. Poe grimaces at the Jedi's legs.

REY

Well what is it?

POE

Honestly, I couldn't tell you much. There are red robes involved? Sounds like a bit much to me.

FINN

There's something about orbs, too.

POE

Like Gungan orbs?

Finn flails his arms out in a huge shrug.

ROSE

My family didn't really celebrate traditions. Just the idea of it.

Rey sits up.

REY

Which is?

Rose closes the lid of the crate and sits on it.

ROSE

It's about unity. Coming together, holding each other up. Providing the light that others see at the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSE (cont'd)  
end of dark tunnels. Basically  
everything we've fought for.

Chewie steps out from the cockpit and leans into the room.

ROSE  
Is that right?

CHEWBACCA  
Uueerrggh, err err.

The Falcon buzzes with static.

CAPTAIN BOE JOLOGNA (O.S.)  
Solo One, this is Cyan Leader.  
We're ready to jump to light speed.

Poe stands up.

POE  
Well, it's a long jump to Naboo.  
Either of you have any holiday  
stories.

ROSE  
Probably a few conflicting ones. I  
hear every system celebrates Life  
Day differently.

FINN  
I wonder how it's been celebrated  
right now.

The whole crew gazes off into the middle-distance, as if  
expecting a scene transition.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Resistance fleet lines up and JUMPS to light speed.

INT. CHALMUN'S SPACEPORT CANTINA - DAY

The dilapidated cantina hosts only a handful of unsavory  
dregs. Every creature in sight boasts an average of three  
blasters on their person.

Slumped over the bar sits a disheveled figure. She is tall  
with a commanding physique that would be far more impressive  
on a better day. She hunches under a tattered black cape  
that tapers over disparate chrome armor plates.

(CONTINUED)

A holocomm resting on the bar projects the image of the Cynabar's Infonet logo over a disembodied voice:

REPORTER (O.S.)

Chancellor Clarissian's Senate has officially passed the Organa Accords, hereby prohibiting any and all military action taken under a First Order flag. Implementation is expected to roll out within--

The bartender approaches the mountainous woman. It's literally BETTY WHITE.

BETTY WHITE

One more and you maintain your daily average.

PHASMA

I'd say remind me, but I'd really rather not know.

BETTY WHITE

For your conscience, that's eight of my worst stuff. For your health...

Betty White pours another glass.

PHASMA

I shouldn't even be drinking at this hour.

BETTY WHITE

Oh please, it's a holiday. Plus, there's five moons somewhere.

PHASMA

Is that a thing we say?

BETTY WHITE

It's a thing I say.

Betty White walks around the bar and grabs a rag.

REPORTER (O.S.)

It's being reported that another five First Order battalions have willingly surrendered to the New Alliance. Whether pardons are being considered under the Calrissian Administration is yet to be determined...

(CONTINUED)

PHASMA

Can we shut that thing up?

BETTY WHITE

It stays on. It's about the only conversation that these walls hear anymore. I turn a blind eye to your methods of acquiring credits because it keeps the moisturizers on.

Phasma chugs her drink. Some drips out of her mouth and sings the countertop.

PHASMA

I'm not about to ask for a job, it that's what you're setting up.

BETTY WHITE

That offer isn't anywhere near the table. My predecessor made it perfectly clear that this establishment does not hire someone with your kind of job history.

Betty White shoots finger guns at a framed portrait of former barkeep, Ackmena. A real golden girl, ya feel?

PHASMA

I'd be far overqualified anyway.

BETTY WHITE

In experience or regret?

Phasma hides behind her drink, pouring more into her mouth.

BETTY WHITE

Don't quit your day job, kid. Any of'em.

A rowdy group of SMUGGLERS romp into the cantina. QUASAR, (30), sporting gaudy clothes and an eyepatch, leads the pack followed by a SLEEMO, a rodian, GUNTHER, a burly man in a podracer helmet, and STUMP, an ugnaught.

They YELL and CAVORT their way to the bar. Gunther bumps into Phasma, spilling more of the burning liquid onto the counter.

QUASAR

Whoa. I'll have what she's having.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY WHITE

I'm afraid that's a specialty reserved for our prime members. Might I interest you in a Bloody Rancor this fine morning?

QUASAR

Oh, I've seen enough blood getting these credits. Might as well spend them in a cleaner way.

Quasar SLAMS three Imperial Credits onto the bartop.

Betty White leans closer to them.

BETTY WHITE

Are these Imperial Credits? I haven't seen these in ages.

QUASAR

Gen-you-ine, mighty-fine, brighter than the suns of Tatoo-ine.

Betty White and Phasma stare at him.

PHASMA

Where'd you get them?

QUASAR

A quintet of cold, dead hands. Weren't doin' much good being held in those.

BETTY WHITE

Well, in the interest of keeping all hands present nice and warm, why don't I bring over a few samples.

QUASAR

I already got my eye on my prize.

Quasar nods up above the bar. Betty White's and Phasma's eyes follow.

Above the pipes and tubes hangs the decapitated head of R4-P17; Obi-Wan Kenobi's Clone Wars droid, obviously. Her lights flicker on and off.

BETTY WHITE

I'm sorry, that's not for sale.

(CONTINUED)

QUASAR

Oh, you don't buy a prize, ma'am.

Quasar raises a DL-22 blaster pistol toward Betty White.

QUASAR

You win'em. It's said that there  
droid's seen parts of the galaxy  
the likes of us could find some  
hefty profit in. We'd love to crack  
it open a little more than it's  
already been.

BETTY WHITE

Come on now, it's Life Day.

PHASMA

Put that thing away.

Quasar titls his head toward Phasma.

QUASAR

Or what?

Gunther and Sleemo square up, revealing their own blasters.  
Stump does his best. Phasma finishes her drink and SLAMS it  
onto the bar. She stands up and walks toward the exit.

PHASMA

Thanks for the drinks.

Quasar watches her go.

QUASAR

Now wait just a minute. Boys? You  
ever hear the stories about the  
First Order's chrome-dome  
stormtrooper? Gait of a mudhorn,  
stomp of a reek.

GUNTHER

Good stories. Bloody. Fun.

QUASAR

I heard you struck out twice  
dealing with the same cadet. Didn't  
want to at least try for three?

SLEEMO

What sport is that?

Phasma stands still. Quasar approaches.

(CONTINUED)

QUASAR

What is it you're drowning here? Is it dishonor? Regret? Dare I say guilt? More and more systems have star destroyers falling down over'em. You must feel a certain way about almost giving your life to the cause only to not go down with the ship when it falls.

Phasma doesn't move.

QUASAR

Or did you jump ship and avoid it? Run from your duty at the perfect time? Turn tail and hide. Old habits, I guess. Those falling destroyers' shadows must make some excellent cover. Sleemo, could you?

Sleemo climbs onto the bar and tugs at R4's head. Quasar stands close behind Phasma, speaking over her shoulder.

QUASAR

You might've really made a difference by sticking around, too. The First Order just hadn't been the same without their mascot--

SLICE! Phasma's extended staff BURSTS out of Quasar's back through his chest. Quasar wildly FIRES his blaster into nearby patrons. The remaining clientelle scatters.

Phasma TWIRLS around, tearing the staff out of Quasar's chest and disarms his blaster. She shoots Sleemo's leg, sending him off and behind the bar.

Gunther CHARGES her and they duke it out. It just can't be put to words. It's amazing. Sleemo and Stump fire off at Phasma, who blocks each bolt with her few chrome plates.

She snaps Hunter's neck as Stump RUSHES her. She punts the little guy into the opposite wall.

Sleemo GRABS Betty White and holds her at blaster-point.

SLEEMO

Don't move, or the crone eats it!

Phasma remains still.

(CONTINUED)

SLEEMO

Easy...

Betty White SNATCHES the nearby bottle of her worst stuff and SMASHES it into Sleemo's face. She breaks free as he YELLS and his scaly skin burns. Phasma pushes Quasar's blaster into Sleemo's face. They lock eyes.

PHASMA

Maclunkey.

PEW! The red bolt sprays green fluid everywhere.

Betty White peers over the bar, coated in green blood.

BETTY WHITE

Like the good old days.

Phasma approaches and slides the credits already on the bar closer to Betty White.

PHASMA

For the mess.

She turns to leave.

BETTY WHITE

Wait!

Betty White rummages around the back of the bar. She comes around and presents Phasma with her damaged Captain helmet.

PHASMA

Where did you get this?

BETTY WHITE

The screenwriter didn't feel like deciding.

PHASMA

Lazy ass.

BETTY WHITE

Consider it a gift in the spirit of the holiday. I owe you one, after all. I'm not sure what I'd do without old Blanch up there.

PHASMA

What'd that thing do for you?

(CONTINUED)



BETTY WHITE

She provides memories of an old friend.

Phasma stares into the remaining eye lens of her helmet.

BETTY WHITE

Memory is a fickle thing, especially at my age. I usually only harp on the things I wish I did differently; Things I wish I DID at all.

Betty White places her hands on the helmet.

BETTY WHITE

If you'll indulge an old crone, it isn't often someone gets a second chance at a second chance. These men died here at their worst. You go out there and live at your best.

Phasma looks up at Betty White and nods. She turns and leaves the cantina. Betty White turns back to the bar.

She looks up at R4.

BETTY WHITE

Let's hear it again, old girl.

R4 beeps the Golden Girls theme and Betty White wipes down the bar, dancing as she does.

EXT. MOS EISLEY - DAY

Phasma steps out into the bright, sandy town. Its streets are mostly barren besides the rays of light dancing on nearby walls, reflected off of Phasma's chrome plates.

She stares down into the helmet's eye again. She sighs.

Phasma dons the helmet once more, her exposed eye seeing the world with a new perspective through the helmet's gap.

She takes her first step toward a new life--

A landspeeder SMASHES into her, she flips several times over the vehicle and lands onto the sandy ground with a THUMP.

She is still.

Beat.

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON - DAY

Rey, Finn, Poe, Rose, and Chewie sit around the holotable.

FINN  
Are we out of stories?

ROSE  
Yeah, we ran out of steam way  
faster than I anticipated.

POE  
Ah well, I had fun.

REY  
I feel like I learned something.

FINN  
There was a lesson there.

CHEWBACCA  
Ueerrgghh, ruh rhee.

ROSE  
Exactly.

The Falcon BEEPS.

REY  
Look at that, perfect timing.

Finn LEAPS up on the bench and CLAPS his hands together.

FINN  
Let's go do some POLITICS!

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The fleet drops out of lightspeed above Naboo, Capital of the New Alliance of Peacekeeping Systems, (NAPS). Working tagline: "We could all use some NAPS." - Finn.

INT. THEED HANGAR - DAY

The Falcon leads the fleet into the hangar, landing first.

The gang piles out of the the freighter.

FINN  
Now THIS is some bookend shit.

(CONTINUED)

POE

None of us have ever been here  
before in our lives.

FINN

I mean, like... on a bigger scale.

BB-8 BEEPS from afar. He rapidly turns a corner and RUSHES to the group. They all lean toward him with open arms. BB-8 HALTS and looks back and forth between Rey, Poe, Finn and Rose. They all look at each other and group hug the little round droid. It's the cutest thing you've ever seen.

Jannah enters the hangar riding an orbak because I said so, that's why. She wears blue Royal Guard attire.

JANNAH

Generals, the Alliance welcomes  
you.

ROSE

Why don't we all get one of those?

REY

The space horse or the sick fit?

ROSE

Oh shit.

JANNAH

You've come just in time, all the  
boring stuff is over and the party  
is underway.

POE

Perfect timing. Well, you can  
direct these fine scumbags to the  
detention cells and us to the open  
bar, please.

JANNAH

Right this way.

Jannah leads them out of the hangar.

INT. THEED BALLROOM - DAY

The glimmering granite walls and columns of the palace are decorated for Life Day. Orb motifs everywhere.

An elegant dinner party turns the ballroom floor into a sea of interwoven cultures. Representatives from all corners of the galaxy speak, laugh, and drink together.

(CONTINUED)

The gang watches it over a balcony.

FINN

This is a dinner party? Isn't it lunch time for us?

REY

It would be on Kashyyyk.

FINN

How do any of us function?

LANDO (O.S.)

My my, what have we here?

LANDO flaunts his swagger all over the scene. He still basically wears the same stuff and a cape. Obviously.

JANNAH

He says that to literally everyone.

LANDO

Are you saying that as my personal guard or my favorite daughter?

ROSE

What now?

LANDO

Yeah, it's a thing. We didn't exactly make that clear in any way but it IS a thing.

REY

I can relate.

LANDO

We do have some last bit of buisness to attend to, so why don't you kids get a head start on us. That way you might be able to keep up with me.

Everyone laughs, they're having fun.

LANDO

And Happy Life Day! Soak up the good vibes floating around. It's the likeliest day of the year for something magical to happen.

Lando and Jannah walk away.

(CONTINUED)

POE  
Lando's daughter? Is everyone a  
legacy character's kid?

FINN  
Not me.

MACE WINDU (O.S.)  
You sure about that?

Everyone TWIRLS around. The translucent blue figure of MACE WINDU stands before them. He is smiling.

LANDO  
See? That was a pretty fast payoff.

REY  
Mace Windu?! I said that outloud so  
we'd all be on the same page.

ROSE  
Thank you, I am so confused.

MACE WINDU  
Hello there. Are you ready to meet  
your daddy?

FINN  
I... I, yes. Yes, I am.

MACE WINDU  
Good... because he's right over  
there!

Mace points behind them. They TWIRL again, but there's admittedly less effort put into it all around.

Before the group stands WILLROW HOOD, (65), still holding the ice cream maker he was running around on Cloud City with. Yup, that dude. Look it up on Wookieepedia.

WILLROW  
Son...

FINN  
... Dad?

Rey nudges Rose.

REY  
We should--

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

Yeah.

Rey and Rose back away.

Finn straightens his posture.

FINN

Well. I guess there's someone else  
you should meet, too.

Finn takes Poe's hand.

POE

We were planning on him taking my  
name since... y'know.

Rey and Rose watch, fully supporting them again.

REY

I love them.

ROSE

Perfection.

MACE WINDU

Hell yeah.

Rey and Rose SCREAM.

REY

What's your deal? What are you  
doing here?

MACE WINDU

I'm a messy bitch who lives for  
drama. Now excuse me, I have  
another Jedi ghost to flip off with  
this hand I just got back.

Mace fades away.

ROSE

Do you all get to do that?

REY

It seems so.

R2-D2 slides over to them, BEEPING the whole way.

REY

Hey buddy! How're politics treating  
you?

(CONTINUED)

R2 BEEPS, and you can hear the disgust in it.

REY

I know.

ROSE

I'm still with her, too.

R2 beeps again.

REY

Wait, where has Chewie been this whole time--

The crowd beneath them ERUPTS with cheers. Chewie is crowd surfing and pumping the air with his gigantic paws.

ROSE

Life of the party.

REY

Power to him. Do you want to go in there?

ROSE

Counter-offer: Want find Threepio and make him reenact the entire Galactic Civil War again?

REY

That's my kind of night.

R2 BEEPS with joy, as he does any time he gets to torture his tall, golden friend. Rose rubs his head.

Rey's head tilts. She looks out to a nearby balcony overlooking the far-stretching plains of Naboo. The sun is nearly setting over the horizon.

REY

I'll meet you there.

ROSE

Take your time, he has to get through 19 years of nothing happening first.

Rose and R2 go off on their hunt for the annoying bastard.

Rey heads to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Rey steps out into the setting sunlight and leans forward on the marble railing. She closes her eyes.

The light paints an aura of tranquility over her face, at last feeling consistent peace in the sun's fading rays and the warmth of the friend group she calls famil--

BEN SOLO (O.S.)

Boo!

REY

FUCKIN' HELL!

Behind Rey, Force Ghost BEN SOLO laughs his ass off.

REY

Come on, man.

BEN SOLO

I'm a ghost now, what's up?

REY

Took you long enough.

BEN SOLO

I had some sins to atone for. It's a whole thing.

REY

BB-8 and I stood in front of the binary sunset for an hour waiting for it. I felt like an idiot.

BEN SOLO

Yeah, that would've been a good time to do it.

REY

Well, now isn't that bad a time. It's Life Day.

BEN SOLO

Oh, that wookiee shit?

REY

Y... yeah?

BEN SOLO

Ah hell, that was always the worst. Mom and dad dragged me to Kashyyyk every year. I had to sit at the cub table with Lumpy.

(CONTINUED)



REY  
Who's Lumpy?

BEN SOLO  
Lumpy, he's... Has Chewie not told  
you about his son?

REY  
Chewie has a SON?!

BEN SOLO  
Oh my God.

REY  
Well, we have a load to talk about,  
don't we?

BEN SOLO  
Looks like it.

Rey and Ben stare into each other's eyes. They move closer,  
Rey inching forward in small steps and Ben kind of floating.  
He's still wokring out the whole ghost thing.

They are inches apart. They both close their eyes and lean  
toward one another to--

LUKE (O.S.)  
Wow. This is magical.

REY  
The number of times we've been  
interrupted this way today.

GHOST LUKE stands in the balcony's entryway with his hands  
on his cheeks as he looks back and forth between them.

LUKE  
Another Solo/Skywalker romance. Who  
woulda thunk it?

REY  
I'm gonna be honest, it was kind of  
a spur of the moment thing. I was  
dead for a hot second there. That's  
a lot to go through.

BEN SOLO  
Wait... huh?

LUKE  
Trust me, I know love when I see  
it.

(CONTINUED)

REY

Where's the evidence of that?

LUKE

This Special is what makes Mara  
Jade canon again, babyyy.

BEN SOLO

What's happening?

REY

He's doing weird uncle stuff.

LUKE

Weird uncle stuff to him, yes, but  
it's different for you. You chose  
the Skywalker name, so  
technically...

REY

Please don't--

LUKE

I am your adopted father.

BEN SOLO

Kill me again.

Luke is now inexplicably wearing a velvet red Jedi robe and  
a canon-breaking Santa hat.

LUKE

Happy Life Day, you filthy animals!

CIRCLE CROP TO BLACK.