

THE CHAOS WITCHER

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - STARLIT

The vast and lonely void of space sprawls in all directions, lit by a million stars, we are but a speck wavering for just a moment, before--

--A pale blue planet, VOXLOR shifts into view, slowly rising, its giant moon eclipses beyond view, the vibrant oasis is familiar in many ways, but ostensibly alien.

SUPER: VOXLOR

EXT. VOXLOR - DAY

A small dwelling, hollowed from a toppled carcass of a massive tree, hides deep against thick vegetation and low lying fog.

Strange chirps and guttural groans emanate from deep within the lush jungle, filling the air with it's alien melody.

INT. HUT - DAY

JASPER RAINS (35), sits at a makeshift table, he wears a thick black robe, beneath his braided beard we see him smiling, a small metal orb floats effortlessly in front of him.

JASPER
Wonderful Tara.

Across from him on the floor, sits TARA RAINS (11) her face is scrunched in concentration, her stiff arms are held out in front of her, willing the orb to float, summoning with all her might, the force.

As her concentration starts to wain, the orb slowly descends and Jasper catches it.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You're getting better at this.

Tara flops backward, heaving against the unevenly carved floor.

TARA
It's not getting easier.

Jasper smiles.

JASPER

It's not meant to be easy, it's
meant to temper your resolve.

TARA

I have a new resolution...

JASPER

And that is.

TARA

Getting off planet as soon as
possible.

She grabs her hair and sniffs at the ends.

TARA (CONT'D)

I can't escape the smell of the
black fish.

JASPER

But you have to admit, they are
delicious, I've eaten so many, I'm
surprised I haven't grown gills.

Jasper brings his hands to the sides of his head and mimics a
fish bobbing through water.

Tara smiling joins him in mimicking the fish

A rapid knock catches their attention, they share a nervous
look before Jasper points abruptly.

MAN

(whisper)

Go.

In the far corner, a small wooden door, cobbled together with
mismatched pieces beckons her.

Scrambling towards it, she swings the tiny door open and sits
inside the cramped space, latching it from within.

She peers through the cracks and watches as Jasper answers
the door.

He speaks rapidly, it's intelligible banter.

Things seem to escalate quickly as Jasper reaches into his
robe and unsheathes his lightsaber.

The fiery glow illuminates the hut with a sinister red.
Jasper backs up and a JEDI steps inside.

His face hidden within a white cowl, his simple robes fall loosely to his knees.

The Jedi reaches into his robes and unsheathes his saber, it glows a brilliant green.

JEDI

Surrender peacefully, and you will
be given a fair trial.

JASPER

My only crime is being born a Sith.

He steps forward, swinging with ferocity, the two lightsabers collide violently, locking together.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Tara, run!

She is locked in fear as the hooded Jedi looks towards her. His dark brown eyes seem to lock onto her gaze.

Summoning her courage Tara unlatches another door behind her and leaps into the jungle.

The Jedi parries his saber and stabs Jasper. He crumples in a heap, dead on impact.

The Jedi sheaths his saber and hurriedly leaves the makeshift hobble.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Tara runs wildly through the thick brush, her legs carrying her as fast as possible.

Looking back, she sees the Jedi chasing her.

Taking a hard right, she cuts through a line of aging trees.

The Jedi however, is right behind her, much faster, propelling himself forward with ungodly speed.

Within seconds he is right on top of her, but--

--He stops short, and with one fluid motion he removes his lightsaber and deflects a blaster bolt.

The loud blast causes Tara to dive onto the forest floor.

He scans the line of trees, nothing but black beyond the first couple rows.

But out of the shadows, like an eerie blot, a figure emerges.

Small in stature, dressed in a black cowl, his face is obscured by a sleek metal mask, his eyes are black mirrors and belie no emotion.

Holstering his blaster, the MAN IN BLACK produces a lightsaber and activates the crimson blade.

The Jedi follows suit, the emerald light, highlighting his chiselled features.

Tara finds herself transfixed, caught in the surreal moment.

Using the force, the man in black tears a rock from the terrain and hurls it at the Jedi.

He easily cuts the stone in two and engages the man in black.

They expertly parry and strike at each other. The man in black charges forward, aggressively.

The Jedi loses some ground and a well placed boot sends him tumbling backwards causing his lightsaber to fall from his grasp, tumbling onto the forest floor.

He makes a desperate dive to retrieve it, but the man in black strikes towards the Jedi's arm.

The Jedi pulls back, saving his limb, but unable to retrieve the saber.

And in that moment the man in black extends his arm, catching the Jedi by the throat and hoisting him into the air.

The Jedi strains, clawing at his throat, but manages to propel his hand forward, his lightsaber rocks and then takes off.

It's fierce glow spins through the air, rushing towards the man in black.

He looks on in amusement and snaps the Jedi's neck, the lightsaber deactivates and the man in black catches it.

He turns his attention to Tara.

Caught off guard, her eyes widen with fear and she scrambles to her feet.

The man in black drops the corpse and begins towards her.

Within only a few paces, she stops dead, frozen in place by the will of the man in black.

She strains against the force, her eyes, wild and confused.

He approaches, his fist clenched.

He looks over her, judging her meek exterior, and releases her from his grasp.

She collapses, clutching herself.

MAN IN BLACK

There, there, Tara, I will not harm you.

His voice is chilling and mechanical, void of any warmth or compassion.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)

Do you know who you are Tara?

She slows in her fit, calming a bit

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)

You are Sith, nearly extinct, now that your father is dead.

Their gaze lock, her eyes wet and angry.

TARA

You lie!

MAN IN BLACK

You're only lying to yourself, I know you felt him, and I know you cannot feel him now.

The man in black points to his felled opponent.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)

That Jedi murdered him.

She looks at the freshly made corpse, his eyes still open, his mouth agape.

Turning back she meets the Dark Lord's gaze.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)

But he doesn't need to die in vain.

TARA

What do you mean?

MAN IN BLACK

Unfortunately, you were born into a war that has been raging since the dawn of time. Two sides of the same coin, trying to collide. You have a gift Tara, something the Jedi seek to harness as their own. But I can teach you, I can show you what your father was seeking, I can show you how to protect yourself. Do you want vengeance?

TARA

Yes, but I need to find my mother, she was off planet, she's still out there, she needs to know I'm here.

The mechanical man nods his head.

MAN IN BLACK

In time Tara, know that she's safe and will be waiting for you, after.

TARA

After what?

MAN IN BLACK

After your training is complete.

TARA

I need to find her now!

MAN IN BLACK

This is the only way to be reunited with your mother, you must learn to hide your power from others.

TARA

I'm sorry, I can't, I have to find her.

MAN IN BLACK

Then you leave me no choice.

He extends his arm, his black glove reflecting Tara's image.

A powerful zap leaves his hand and strikes the girl, causing her to shoot backwards.

Tara fights to rise, but can only manage her head before collapsing into unconsciousness.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SPACE HOLD - ROOM - UNKNOWN

Tara's eyes flash open, she's quick to rise, but only manages to sit up, she grasps her head in pain.

Steading herself, she scans her cramped surroundings, it's dark and metallic, yet sleek. Beyond that, the room consists of nothing other than a metal slab, and a porthole facing the void of space. A heavy steel door, laden shut is the only way in or out.

As her eyes try to adjust, wall panels start to flicker and bathe the room in a sterile light.

The door hisses, sliding to one side, causing Tara to pedal into a corner.

A protocol droid, R-3P0 (Are-Threepio) jitters into the room, his wiry innards are covered in worn plating, he seems to have been painted blue, but you can barley tell over his battered facade.

R-3P0

Good evening Tara, my name is Are-Threepio and I will be your caretaker.

Tara looks on, shocked by the sight of a droid.

TARA

What are you?

R-3P0

I am mechanical android Are-Threepio, a protocol droid manufactured in AFFA, year 32BBY.

TARA

And you're my caretaker.

R-3P0

My prime directive is to help mold you into what you desire to become.

TARA

And that is?

R-3P0

A weapon of course, so you can rid the galaxy of the Jedi and restore order.

(MORE)

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

Or something along those lines, I have to admit I wasn't entirely listening when DARTH PRIMUS was instructing me...

TARA

Darth Primus?

R-3P0

Our master, the one who saved you on Voxlor.

TARA

He didn't give me a name, just a headache.

R-3P0

Yes, well there will be many opportunities to know him better. In the mean time I suggest you get some rest, your training must commence post-haste.

Tara leaves the corner and tries to pass the droid, but he steps in-front of her, blocking her path.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Tara, strict instruction to keep you in this room; if only for the moment.

Tara sighs and plops down onto the metal slab, she throws her hands up in compliance and the droid bows ever so slightly.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

Thank you for understanding.

The droid exits, the door hissing shut behind him.

Sighing she stares into space, a million stars stare back.

A tear rolls down her cheek, followed by another, and then they begin to stream.

INT. SPACE HOLD - ROOM

Tara presses on a smooth metal protrusion, a panel opens up, she reaches in and retrieves a black robe and a lightsaber.

Placing the robe over her shoulders, she Holsters the saber and closes the panel.

INT. SPACE HOLD - TRAINING ROOM

Tara stands in the middle of a large room, metal circles and patterns adorn the floor, walls and ceiling.

The same light emitting panels encompass the entire room.

She breaths deep and produces a solid black bandana, placing them over her eyes, she secures it in place.

From an unknown location we hear Are-Threepio.

R-3P0 (O.S.)
Are you ready Mistress Tara?

She takes a moment, and then nods her head.

From the ground a metal orb, the size of a basketball shoots up.

Unsheathing her saber, she cuts the sphere in two.

Multiple orbs spring up, laser turret hidden beneath their steel exterior pop open and they begin to fire.

She starts to deflect the laser fire, striking a few of the orbs with her deflections.

Rolling, she throws her saber, and using the force she guides it through the air, cutting down the multiple orbs.

The floor suddenly opens up and two large DROIDEKA's roll into the fray.

Sensing the droids she removes her blindfold.

The pair of menacing droids open up; their twin barrel blasters click open and begin to power up.

Tara's eyes gloss over, locked in fear.

She rolls just as the barrels let lose their munitions.

Their spider like legs guide them in position, they have her locked.

Tara tears a metal panel from the floor and tries to use it as a shield.

The first bolt catches the plate and passes through it like it wasn't there.

The bolt grazes Tara and she howls in pain. Gripping her shoulder she rolls and erects another panel directly behind the first.

The bolts coming through don't pierce the second, giving her a moment of respite.

TARA

Are-Three! Shut them down!

R-3P0 (O.S.)

I'm sorry Tara, master's order.

A blaster bolt sears the metal, causing Tara to dive from the hot shrapnel.

Caught in the open, the droid's open fire.

Bracing herself, she unsheathes her saber and readies for impact.

The bolt hits the saber, bouncing back the way it came but sends Tara flying.

The pair of droids close up and roll towards her.

Tara rolls on the ground, her smouldering robe about to ignite.

Freeing herself, she looks up, the droids open up in one swift motion and begin to fire.

Tara blocks the first bolt, but the second explodes into her forearm.

Her hand and a third of her arm slam into the reflective floor, the seared flesh still clutching the now inactive lightsaber.

Tara recoils in horror, bringing her injured arm close to her.

The droids raise their smoking barrels.

And then nothing, the droids power down and revert to their cocooned state, rolling back to their lairs.

Tara hesitantly uncovers her wound. Past the elbow, only a charred and smouldering stump remains.

Her hollow eyes don't seem to register the situation as she stares blankly at her missing limb.

The sound of heavy boots catch her attention and she looks up.

Darth Primus extends his arm and lifts Tara off the floor, she clutches her throat, trying to free the invisible hand.

DARTH PRIMUS
Pathetic, almost a year of training
and this was all you could muster?

He looks at her defeated state, eyeing her severed limb smeared across the training room floor, he grunts and releases his grip.

Tara crashes to the ground, hard.

DARTH PRIMUS (CONT'D)
It's my fault, I've been too
lenient with you. This will change
soon enough.

Darth Primus turns away, leaving Tara as she succumbs to her darkness.

INT. SPACE HOLD - ROOM

Tara bolts upright, panicked for a moment and clutches the remainder of her arm.

The wound is bandaged, a small amount of red seeps through the medical gauze.

She raises what remains, examining the reality of her injury.

As he weeps, the door slides open and Are-Threepio carefully enters.

R-3P0
I'm glad you're up, you gave us
quite a scare.

Are-Threepio places his metallic hand on Tara's shoulder.

She tears away from his touch.

TARA
Don't *touch* me!

Are-Threepio backs up, placing his hands in a surrendered fashion.

TARA (CONT'D)
You betrayed me Are-Three.

R-3P0

I'm sorry Tara, but I am bound to master, I cannot disobey his will.

(beat)

If it matters, I wish I could.

Tara turns to Are-Threepio.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

But do not worry young mistress, we can give you your arm back.

TARA

Really?

Her mood a bit more jovial.

R-3P0

Well not exactly your arm, unfortunately there was far too much damage to save your arm. No.

Are-Threepio extends his arm, bringing it beside Tara's missing limb.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

It will be like mine, well not exactly like mine; mine were built for shaking hands and giving nobility massages, yours will be much stronger, better equipped for your path.

Tara looks at the space where her arm used to be, slowly a mechanical arm starts to fade in, becoming less translucent and more opaque.

The solid steel bones connect to a clenched fist, the cybernetic fingers unfurl and clench again.

SUPER: 6 YEARS LATER.

INT. SPACE HOLD - ROOM

A very naked and a lot older Tara sits on the metal slab, her bare body is covered in numerous scars and gouges, a screwdriver is pressed into her prosthetic and she turns a small screw.

Are-Threepio comes bustling into the room, a robe held firmly under his arm.

R-3P0
Are you sure mistress?

TARA
We're getting out of here Are-
Three, I have to find mother.

R-3P0
You'll have to go through master.

She gives the screwdriver a final twist and clenches her fist.

TARA
This time he'll have to go through
me.

She takes the robe from Are-Threepio and wraps her toned, weaponized body in the black material.

Her light colored eyes flash over her saber as she tucks it away.

TARA (CONT'D)
Ready?

R-3P0
I'll follow you to the ends of the
galaxy, but my programming will
prohibit such actions.

TARA
Relax, I've already hacked your
directives. You owe Primus nothing.

R-3P0
Oh; but that doesn't change the
fact of how much I fear him.

Tara rolls her eyes and starts pushing Are-Threepio through the door.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)
He's going to crush my head Tara, I
can already feel the pressure on my
cranial plates. Tara!

INT. SPACE HOLD - TRAINING ROOM

Tara storms into the training room, she draws her weapon.

TARA
Show yourself Primus!

She scans the room, nothing but silence.

A moment later two hatches in the floor pop open and a pair of Droideka's roll into the room.

Tara smiles, swinging her Saber through the air.

The droid's pop open and begin to fire.

Tara starts to swat the bolts out of the air, like they were nothing more than common house flies.

With immense speed she hurtles towards the droids, as she reaches the first droid she cuts into one of his legs and it topples over.

The second droid positions itself and fires at Tara, she waves her lightsaber and smacks the bolt into the toppled droid, it hisses violently and explodes, engulfing Tara in a massive fireball.

The remaining droid looks on, scanning for life.

The fire rages, but then it starts to move in a peculiar way, as if it's being pushed.

Tara emerges from the inferno, the flames retreating from where she steps.

The droid readies itself but with a wave of her hand, the heavy droid flies backwards, sailing through the air.

The droid reverts to its spherical shape and rolls as it hits the floor.

Finding some traction, the droid pops open and skids to a halt, pointing its blasters they split apart, ready to fire.

But it's too late, Tara is already looking down one of the blasters barrel.

It powers up, a red blaster bolt takes shape inside the barrels.

Tara smiles and clenches her fist, the four blaster barrels pinch at the tip and the droid explodes from within.

Jumping with great height and distance, she lands in the center of the training room.

TARA (CONT'D)
Enough games, Primus.

A slow, deliberate clap emanates from behind Tara, she spins and Darth Primus steps into view.

DARTH PRIMUS
Very good Tara, your use of the force is exceptional, you're creative, fast, strong. But one thing is missing.

Tara scoffs.

TARA
And what's that.

DARTH PRIMUS
Your lack of anger.

TARA
If your torture has taught me anything, it's that I am filled with anger.

DARTH PRIMUS
And yet that anger is directed at me. I'm afraid if you defeat me now, you might feel, liberated, your desire for vengeance all but quenched.

Tara retrieves her lightsaber.

TARA
I'll feel something alright.

She quickly extends her hand and claws upwards.

A panel on the floor rips into shards and launch towards Darth Primus.

Surprised, Darth Primus jumps to the side, a few shards graze his robe.

Tara is right on top of him, her blade already striking.

Darth Primus extends his arm and pushes Tara backwards.

She flips backwards landing on her feet.

Darth Primus laughs, clearly impressed with her talent.

DARTH PRIMUS
Wonderful Tara, absolutely
wonderful. Oh, the ire that awaits
the Jedi.

TARA
You are my enemy!

DARTH PRIMUS
The Jedi is your enemy! They have
taken everything from you!

TARA
My mother is still out there, she's
still waiting for me.

DARTH PRIMUS
She is Tara, waiting for you to
become what you're destined to be.

TARA
You know nothing of my mother!

DARTH PRIMUS
I may know more than you think.

Darth Primus removes his cowl, he grabs the front of the mask and pulls down. The mask hisses and two long bolts rise from the top. Removing the mask, he tosses it to the floor.

A woman, Late 40's with dark flowing hair and clear eyes, stands before her.

Her thin lips coil into a sinister grin as she sheathes her saber.

Tara is floored, the truth of her life frothing unchecked into her cerebral.

TARA
Mother?

DARTH PRIMUS
Your mother is dead Tara, she died
that day with your father, what you
see before you is but a visage, an
empty husk, created by the Jedi.

Tara shakes, her unbridled rage welling up to the surface. Tears begin to stream from her cheeks.

TARA
How could you?

DARTH PRIMUS

Through necessity! You were demonstrating ability far beyond your years, that type of power doesn't go unnoticed. When the Jedi came to Voxlor, they came because of you.

(beat)

Your father died, because of you.

Screaming, Tara launches herself towards Darth Primus, using the force to turn herself into a projectile.

Grinning, Darth Primus reactivates her crimson blade.

Tara swings wildly, her eyes filled with rage; Darth Primus expertly dodges and parries her attacks.

DARTH PRIMUS (CONT'D)

Yes, that's it Tara, unleash your anger.

Like a wild animal, Tara cleaves at Darth Primus, she takes the heavy blows, but they are tough to manage, even the floors buckle from the strikes.

Darth Primus extends a hand and force pushes herself away.

Landing a few yards away, Darth Primus tries to catch her breath.

TARA

You were supposed to protect me!
Instead you tortured me!

DARTH PRIMUS

A path for vengeance is a path met with pain. But this is the way, the only way to the darkside.

TARA

And what now, we join forces and take over the galaxy?

DARTH PRIMUS

No Tara, you are far more powerful than I could ever hope to be, but you still have a light within you, there can be no room for weakness with the Jedi.

TARA

I don't want to fight you!

DARTH PRIMUS

You don't have a choice.

Extending her arm, Darth Primus grabs Tara by the throat and hoists her into the air.

Tara chokes and claws at her neck, her eyes bulging from the pressure.

With waning effort she extends her arm and rips a panel from the floor, hurling it at Darth Primus.

She draws her lightsaber and cuts the heavy panel in two.

Tara drops from her grasp and rushes Darth Primus.

They collide, slashing and blocking in a quick succession.

Caught in a whirlwind of flashing blades and acrobatics, Tara claws up, and metal shrapnel tears from the floor, connecting with Darth Primus; she grimaces as the high speed projectiles rip into her.

Darth Primus slashes at Tara, she blocks her strike and moves to her inside, cutting Darth Primus's arm off.

She yells in shock and collapses to the ground.

Tara spins and places her palm over Primus's forehead.

Primus launches through the air, hitting the floor with a sickening crunch.

Jumping through the air, Tara lands beside Darth Primus.

TARA

It's over!

Darth Primus looks weathered and defeated, she coughs, her breath laboured and raspy.

She tries to speak, but it comes barely a whisper.

Tara tepidly leans towards her.

With surprising quickness, Darth Primus grabs her robes and pulls Tara close.

DARTH PRIMUS

Almost over.

Her wretched face coils in fury, red, penetrating eyes stare back. With a flick from her wrist, Primus sends Tara arcing backwards, high into the air.

Unhooking her blaster, Darth Primus fires at Tara.

In mid flight, Tara bats the blaster bolt, sending it back to Primus.

She closes her eyes, spreading her arms in a sacrificial manner.

The bolt rips through her chest, striking the ground behind her.

She fights to stand, if only for a moment and slumps backwards.

Hitting the floor, her last breath escapes in a spastic gurgle, causing blood to bubble from the sides of her upturned mouth.

Tara lands expertly, sheathing her saber.

She fixates on the freshly made corpse and collapses; breathing deep, trying to gain composure.

Are-threepio clops towards Tara.

R-3P0

Good heavens, Tara are you alright?

He places a hand over Tara's heaving shoulders.

She slowly rises to her feet.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry Tara.

TARA

I don't need your pity Are-Three.

Are-threepio removes his hand, his expressionless face tilts to a side as he straightens himself.

Tara turns to face him, her eyes now dark, moving in spirals, like a hurricane locked within.

R-3P0

Yes, of course mistress.

TARA

I need this mess cleaned up.

R-3P0

Right away mistress.

Tara begins to walk away.

R-3P0 (CONT'D)

Before you go mistress, you must know, it was as much a test for her as it was for you.

TARA

I'm sure it was Are-three.

R-3P0

Your mother also gave you a name, should you want to continue the Darth heritage.

TARA

What name?

R-3P0

I thought it was fitting when I heard it, it would be more fear inducing and malevolent than Tara, Tara is a bit subtle for you, you strike fear...

TARA

Speak Are-Three!

R-3P0

Yes, of course.

(beat)

Darth Animus.

TARA

Darth Animus? Very well Are-Three, now back to work, There's much to accomplish.

Are-threepio bows ever so slightly.

R-3P0

Yes Mistress.

FADE OUT: