

THE OTHER CHILD

EXT. SPACE

A rebuilt Naboo starfighter halts in the middle of space. Nothing but blackness dotted with distant stars is visible. We see DIN DJARIN, THE MANDALORIAN, in the cockpit. There's no passenger seen through the enclosure over the backseat, behind the cockpit.

Djarin flicks some switches.

ANGLE ON the fuel gauge. It is almost in the red.

Djarin sighs, looks out the cockpit window.

In the black distance a small asteroid floats parallel to Djarin's starship.

DJARIN

Hey.

There is no response from the passenger area.

DJARIN (cont'd)

Hey. Are you awake?

Still, no response.

DJARIN (cont'd)

Time for lunch.

GROGU, an infant of the same species as YODA, flicks himself up into a sitting position in the passenger seat.

Grogu is wide awake. He coos.

DJARIN

I thought that might do the trick.
Give me a second to prepare it.

Djarin uncovers a set of meal supplies in his lap. He tries to find something right for Grogu. There are cookies, but he keeps looking.

Grogu looks out his window at the asteroid floating parallel to the ship. He seems enamored with it. Then his attention turns to the cockpit.

Djarin has set the cookies down. He is trying to heat up some cold meat with a futuristic version of a plate warmer.

Grogu uses the Force to pull a cookie toward him, but the crawlspace between the cockpit and the passenger seat is sealed.

Djarin notices the floating cookie.

DJARIN

Nice try, but you're not getting your desert first again.

Grogu lets the cookie drop, his shoulders lowered in defeat.

As Djarin continues preparing the meat, Grogu again watches the asteroid. It looks a little like a cookie, from far away.

Grogu closes his eyes and pulls the asteroid toward the ship. It isn't moving fast, but it is now perpendicular to the ship, on a collision course.

DJARIN

Ok, it's ready.

Grogu hears that his food is ready and turns toward the cockpit, accepting the food through an opening in the sealed crawlspace.

The asteroid has slowed, but the object keeps moving in its collision course.

Grogu looks at his food. He hesitates, not enthused about eating cooked meat.

Grogu eats the cooked meat anyway. In one bite.

The asteroid continues moving toward the ship.

Djarin plots a course to a nearby fuel station, using a navigation screen. The ship's screen instructs Djarin that this station is the only one his ship can make it to.

Grogu burps. Djarin takes this as a signal to send a cookie through the opening.

Grogu relishes the cookie, taking small bites.

The asteroid is getting very close to the ship.

DJARIN

Are you nearly done back there?

Grogu coos. His face is covered in bright red frosting, and he has a little cookie left.

DJARIN (cont'd)
We're low on fuel and I don't think
we should idle much longer.

The asteroid is about to hit the ship.

DJARIN (cont'd)
In fact, if you're not done, you're
going to have to wait--

Djarin is interrupted as the asteroid slams into the side of the ship.

The ship begins rolling, spinning the occupants upside down and right side up.

An alarm in the ship is going off.

Grogu loses the last bite of his cookie as Djarin tries to get control of the ship.

Djarin gets control of the ship, but a warning flashes on his ship's screen. It says the fuel line has been damaged and the ship is leaking fuel.

DJARIN
Great. One asteroid for a hundred
light years and it hit the fuel line.

Grogu grumbles in response as he scans the floor for the remainder of his cookie.

Djarin uses his navigation screen again to plot a course to the nearest planet. He finds one. It is a heavily vegetated, unsurveyed planet called Pallif.

DJARIN
We're going to have to land or we'll
be floating junk. Stay strapped in,
ok? It's going to be close.

Grogu's eyes seem to understand the situation.

Djarin speeds the ship toward Pallif.

As the blue and green planet comes into view, the ship's alarm goes off.

Djarin looks at the navigation screen, then the nearly non-existent fuel level, then at the planet. He doesn't want to be told the odds.

The ship is almost in Pallif's atmosphere when a different alarm screams--this time to say the fuel is completely gone.

DJARIN

Hold on!

Djarin nosedives the ship into the atmosphere.

It is just enough. The strong gravity on Pallif yanks the ship downward toward the planet.

The ship is an arrow falling to ground.

Djarin tries to pull the ship upward as it descends.

Grogu spots the bit of his cookie laying on the floor. He Force pulls it to him and eats it in one bite as the ship falls.

The ship passes through the atmosphere and Djarin pulls the nose up just enough to level the ship for a crash landing on the smooth, white sands of a beach.

TITLE SCREEN

THE MANDALORIAN

EXT. BEACH ON PALLIF - DAY

Djarin gets out of his ship and checks that Grogu is ok. Grogu smiles, having enjoyed the rollercoaster ride.

DJARIN

Alright, buddy. Let's see what's around here.

Djarin grabs Grogu and climbs down from the ship.

Behind them, a MAN (40s) and WOMAN (40s) in primitive looking tunics hide at the edge of a thick forest, which looks very much like the forests on Dagobah.

Djarin sets Grogu down and examines the ship. Except for the large dent of damage from the asteroid, it is intact.

Djarin gets Grogu set up in his floating stroller.

DJARIN

This place seems kind of familiar,
but I'm sure I've not been here.
C'mon.

They move down the beach awhile.

Djarin uses binoculars to look around. He sees nothing that looks like civilization.

One of the people watching Djarin and Grogu walks out from the forest, toward them.

Djarin hears the steps, despite the sands' dampening of them. He spins around, pulling out his blaster and aiming it at the stranger while stepping in front of Grogu.

MAN

(throwing his hands
up)

I mean no threat! Don't shoot!
I'm sorry, but aren't you here to
rescue us?

DJARIN

Rescue?

WOMAN

(stepping out from
the forest, hands up)

Please don't hurt my husband! We are
officers of the Galactic Empire!
You're looking for us!

MAN

We've been stranded here for many
years. Has the Empire sent you for
us?

DJARIN

There is no more Empire.

MAN

What? No Empire? But...But how could
that be?

DJARIN

It's a long story and I'm not even
good at telling short ones.

Grogu coos and pops his head out from behind Djarin. The woman and man take notice of Grogu, relaxing somewhat.

WOMAN

It doesn't matter. We need help
getting off this planet. I'm Mela and
this is my husband Renoll. And who
are you and your little friend?

DJARIN

He's with me. And I'm...I'm just passing through. My ship's low on fuel.

RENOLL

Our ship had leftover fuel! We can point you to it, but we'd need your help with something.

Djarin lowers his blaster, but keeps it in his hand.

DJARIN

What're you proposing then?

MELA

Our daughter is missing, if you help us, we'll get your fuel.

DJARIN

I'll need tools to repair the fuel line too.

RENOLL

I can get them. And help you. I was an engineer on a Star Destroyer.

DJARIN

What were you doing here? This place isn't charted.

MELA

We were part of a surveying team. The Emperor wanted us to look here for something, something very peculiar--

A blaster shot comes from the trees. Renoll and Mela dive behind some rocks with Djarin, who has grabbed Grogu's stroller.

Djarin points his blaster at the couple.

DJARIN

Who is that?

MELA

It's the others from our ship, they're not in their right minds anymore!

DJARIN

What?

Another blaster shot. It hits the rock.

MELA

There's something strange about this place. The forest. It can make you do things you wouldn't do--

Yet another blaster shot, again hitting the rock.

Another primitively dressed, pirate-looking man, a former Imperial SCOUT, steps out from the trees, carrying a sniper blaster rifle.

SCOUT

Your new friend better come out here! Remember what Perlic will do to little Yesha if you don't obey!

DJARIN

What's he--

MELA

Yesha is our daughter. He took her. Perlic.

RENOLL

It's the forest--he's done horrible things to us all.

SCOUT

I'm giving you one last warning! Give him up or Perlic will hear about your treachery!

Grogu looks at Djarin. His eyes speak a language only Djarin understands.

Djarin throws his blaster over the rocks, then he comes out from behind the rocks, hands up.

The Scout points his rifle at Djarin.

SCOUT

Good! Now move up a little closer!

Djarin does as he's instructed. He gets halfway to the Scout, who's on the edge of the forest.

SCOUT

Wait, stop. Take off that helmet. I want to see your face before I kill you.

DJARIN

I'm not going to do that.

SCOUT

You what?

DJARIN

You heard me.

The Scout studies Djarin. His face says he can't believe Djarin's incredulousness.

CUT to Groggu, Mela, and Renoll. Groggu, in his carrier, floats himself over the rock to peek.

Mela and Renoll fail to stop Groggu from peeking in time, but pull him back down.

SCOUT

(looking down sight)

No matter. Leave it on. I can take you down either way. That armor will be untouched when I deliver it to Perlic.

The Scout begins to take aim. Groggu sees this, and uses the Force to make the Scout's rifle tilt upward, making the shot miss.

Djarin rushes over to grab his blaster. He dives for it, rolls over, and shoots the Scout before he has a chance to fire his rifle again.

Djarin walks back over to the group behind the rocks. Groggu smiles and giggles at him.

DJARIN

Was that you again?

Groggu giggles again.

Mela and Renoll exchange knowing glances.

MELA

Wait. Does it have...powers?

DJARIN

What?

RENOLL

This child. Does it use powers?

DJARIN

How did you know?

MELA

We saw what he did to Geto's rifle.
We've seen something like that
before.

EXT. A MAKESHIFT CAMP ON THE BEACH - EVENING

Djarin sits around a fire with Mela and Renoll. Grogu is sleeping in his stroller beside Djarin as the former Imperials share some of the planet's local fruit.

RENOLL

Pallif is a place only a moof-milker
would willingly come to, but still,
we wouldn't have made it without this
fruit.

The group is silent. Mela tries to smile at her husband.

MELA

So, what's your story? I didn't think
there were many Mandalorians left.

DJARIN

There aren't.

(pauses)

Tell me more about this Perlic. He
took your daughter because she's
like...Grogu?

MELA

Yes. When we started exploring the
forest, we noticed Yesha had the
ability to...move things.

RENOLL

She even saved us all once from some
animal. Beastly thing.

MELA

It had these giant fangs. Looked
kinda like a Nexu. Yesha threw it
against a tree. Knocked it out.

RENOLL

(nodding at Grogu)

Have you seen anything like that with
him?

Djarin looks at Grogu, then nods.

DJARIN

Was that the first time you saw her use her power?

MELA

It was.

The group is silent. Grogu sighs in his sleep.

DJARIN

So Perlic wants her power. Is he a sorcerer?

RENOLL

What?

DJARIN

Is he like a Jedi?

MELA

I'm not sure. I've never even met someone who's seen a real Jedi.

RENOLL

But he is dangerous. The forest has made him much faster and stronger than anyone else. He was ruthless before we crashed here, but now...

MELA

He forced our surviving crew to build a shelter in the forest. We were the only ones he let go.

DJARIN

Doesn't sound like the kind to do that.

MELA

He didn't want Yesha to be distracted by us. We were exiled to the beach when he discovered her powers.

RENOLL

I think he only spared us because Yesha might've just given up and resisted his training if we were dead.

Djarin stands up. He picks up Geto's sniper blaster rifle.

DJARIN

And you're sure there's fuel in that ship?

RENOLL

Well, it's not in the ship, exactly.
Perlic has taken it, has it guarded.
In case he needs it.

DJARIN

(sighing)

Then I'll head there now. If he's as
dangerous as you say, there's a
better chance at taking him out if I
slip in unnoticed. Regardless, I'll
grab your daughter and meet you here.
At that point, we can regroup, see if
the rest of his crew still want to
fight.

Mela and Renoll stand up too.

MELA

No, we'll all go. There's seven or
eight others now, besides Perlic.
You'll need help.

DJARIN

If there's that many, then you should
stay. Watch Grogu and my ship. I've
dealt with worse, and if Perlic sees
you breaking your exile, that could
harm your daughter.

Djarin hands Renoll the rifle. Renoll hands it to Mela.

RENOLL

She's the better shot.

MELA

What do we tell the little guy if he
wakes up?

DJARIN

Tell him I'll be back. Like always.

Djarin walks off toward the forest with Grogu fast asleep.

A banshee-like yell echoes through the forest from off in
the distance.

Mela and Renoll exchange another knowing glance, looking
down at Grogu.

INT. A LODGING BUILT FROM METAL SIDING - EVENING

PERLIC (50s), a former high ranking Imperial officer, sits on a chair ripped from his derelict ship. On his belt, he wears a steel artifact with obscure runes on it. It gleams.

Two guards stand beside the door.

In front of Perlic, on another chair from the Imperial ship, sits YESHA. She's around eight years old.

Perlic holds a small doll in the palm of his hand.

PERLIC

Now, little Yesha, show me you've been practicing. Take this doll from me.

Yesha focuses and reaches her hand out. She tries, but the doll only tips over and falls to the ground.

PERLIC

I see. You still are struggling to command your power. Why is that?

Yesha avoids eye contact, playing with her clothes. Perlic holds back a frown, then turns it into a smile.

PERLIC

How about this? You like this doll, yes?

Yesha nods a "yes."

PERLIC

What if I told you that you'd never see it again, just like your parents? Would you take it from my hand then?

Perlic holds the doll in his palm again.

Yesha's eyes seem to flare up, fighting tears.

Yesha uses the Force to yank the doll from Perlic's hand and zip it into her own.

PERLIC

Good, good. Yes. Very good. You see, you only need to access your true feelings in the moment to use your special gifts, Yesha.

Yesha smooths the hair on the doll's head.

There's a knock on the door. Perlic waves to his guards to open it for the visitor.

In walks TERMER (30s), a large, almost fully armored soldier. On his hip is a large vibroblade, a weapon capable of withstanding the strike of a lightsaber.

PERLIC

Yes, Termer?

TERMER

Sorry to interrupt, sir, but Geto hasn't checked in.

PERLIC

(looking at Yesha)

Mr. Termer--this wouldn't have anything to do with our exile friends, would it?

TERMER

Geto has been known to take his time, but he was out making his rounds on the coast, so it's possible.

PERLIC

Yes, very possible. Very. Hmm. Take two with you and find our scout.

TERMER

Sir.

As Termer heads out, Perlic smiles at Yesha.

PERLIC

Termer.

Termer stands in the doorway.

PERLIC (cont'd)

Don't forget to warn our dear friends about our deal. Their daughter surely hasn't forgotten.

Yesha can't ignore Perlic any longer. She looks him in the eye.

TERMER

Yes, sir.

Termer exits. Perlic stands and paces in front of Yesha.

Yesha's eyes follow his every movement.

PERLIC

I do hope your parents haven't done anything to Mr. Geto. It'd be a shame to distract you further from your training.

YESHA

I don't think they'd do anything, Mr. Perlic.

PERLIC

No? Well, perhaps not much anyway. But they are still distracting your thoughts now, aren't they?

Perlic waits for Yesha's response. He steps closer to her, still waiting.

YESHA

I guess so. I mean, yes.

PERLIC

Yes. So now, show me that you can control your focus. Stand.

Yesha puts the doll down on the floor and stands.

Perlic goes to one of the guards and borrows the guard's wooden staff.

Perlic approaches Yesha and takes a combat stance. She steps back, afraid.

PERLIC

In this forest, you may have only seconds to defend yourself. If you're not prepared, you might never see--

Perlic dashes toward Yesha, swinging his staff to within an inch of her face.

PERLIC (cont'd)

--a coming strike.

Yesha's recoil is delayed, coming a second after the staff has already reached her face.

PERLIC

So let us hope you would not fail so terribly if there were a real threat. The Empire has no use for those who do not stand their ground.

YESHA

I'll...do better. I can do better.

PERLIC

For your parents' sake, I do hope so.