

ANDOR

Season 2 Episode 1 SPEC by
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SAMPLE

For "ANDOR" created by Tony Gilroy

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-- FOOTSTEPS AND HAZE WISP INTO --

FADE IN:

EXT. LANDING BAY - NIGHT

From the thick fog, a rat emerges, nibbling on a power cord as - Boots THUD. CASSIAN ANDOR, rough, dark, hooded, crosses through the cloud and down the landing strip.

Behind him, a ship, illuminated by bright fluorescents, launches back up into the atmosphere. He pays no mind and continues on his journey into town...

**SUPER: VANDELHELM - GALACTIC TRADE ROUTE : LANDING BAY 006.
BBY 3**

Distant voices grow to --

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEYWAY - SAME

The white noise of the mechanical city is accentuated by spray paint canisters. TEENAGERS in dark colored hoodies cover the walls in swirly arubesh which reads "FIGHT THE EMPIRE."

Warning THUDS of incoming boots startle them. Like the rats, they scurry off into the haze as Andor enters. He stands at the entrance to an open square. Half of his face is now illuminated by a green hue. His features, dark but young.

POV: His eyes are locked on a black flag that hangs above the city. An empire logo with a huge slash through it. Andor takes a breath and continues to --

EXT. ARBOR MIRAGE - MUSIC VENUE ENTRANCE

He keeps his head to the ground as he passes by delinquents of all kinds. They laugh and carry on, much like the venue bouncer, QORA HAHN, who stops Andor in his desperate quest to get inside.

QORA

Hey, strider. Where you off to?

ANDOR

I won't be long.

Qora swings him around, playfully but a little too rough for Andor's liking.

QORA

We don't pay by the minute,
sweetheart. If you enter, you pay.

A beat. Andor slips his hand into his back pocket and takes out a few credits.

QORA (CONT'D)

Sorry, we don't take Imperial
credits here, my love.

Andor reaches in and grabs double the amount, adding it to the pile.

ANDOR

How about an extra 50, and we don't
talk about it.

She pauses and slides out of the way, accepting them. A few men at the door stare at him with a curious look. He straightens his hood and moves into --

INT. ARBOR MIRAGE - SAME

He enters a dark world, intermittently filled with bright, colored spotlights from the stage at the front of the huge room. On stage, four creatures play something very similar to classic rock. The crowd is ecstatic.

Andor moves to the back corner, home of a minibar, packed with people and aliens of all kinds. Andor slips through two people and makes himself comfortable, trying his best not to make eye contact with anyone.

MIRI

You looking for a menu?

MIRI POVOND, the bartender, stares at Andor as she dries a cup with a towel.

ANDOR

No thanks, I'm just waiting.

MIRI

Meet up?

No response.

MIRI (CONT'D)

Hmmm, well you could use something
I bet.

She grabs his chin and examines his face. He shakes her hand off.

MIRI (CONT'D)
I'll make you something rocky.

She smiles at him.

MIRI (CONT'D)
On the house.

A beat.

MIRI (CONT'D)
So, where'd you fly in from?

ANDOR
Core worlds.

MIRI
Mmmm, well I'm guessing you're not a senator.

He chuckles.

ANDOR
Maybe I'm a stormtrooper?

She laughs.

MIRI
Fat chance. The Empire wouldn't show their face out here.

ANDOR
And why's that?

A beat. They stare at each other.

MIRI
I know what you're thinking, but it's not that black and white. The graffiti, banners. All just work of kids. Teenagers.

She shakes Andor's drink.

MIRI (CONT'D)
We're not radicalized, just comfortable, privileged. We put up no threat.

ANDOR

The Empire will not see it that way.

She shakes her head.

MIRI

The empire are firefighters. They wait until there's a violent rebellion spark and then they put it out... We have no weapons here. No violence... So no Empire.

Andor chuckles.

ANDOR

The Empire doesn't wait for the fire. They start it themselves so that they can put it out. Create the problem and fix it... No better way to take someone over than convincing them it was their idea.

She SLAMS his glass onto the bar and he jumps. She displays a powerful smirk.

MIRI

One Rocky spirit.

She stares for a beat before walking off to another customer. Andor leans in and sniffs his drink. His pocket beeps. He pulls out a disk to reveal a hologram of a privileged, middle-aged man

As he's looking, his eyes catch on the man himself, sitting about 15 feet away at a small table.

INT. ARBOR MIRAGE - BOOTH - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Andor and BLON CARDAS sit. Blon is dressed in lavish robes with no covers for his head. He is the stark opposite of Andor.

Andor takes a moment before going to speak. It is loud from the music and shouting people.

BLON

Your friends are not here.

Andor stops.

ANDOR

But you said you saw them at-