

FADE IN:

WHITE SPACE

And then... scrolling up from the bottom, in COURIER FINAL DRAFT font... "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away..."

The familiar John Williams *Star Wars* theme SOARS as more text scrolls up.

"EPISODE VIII

THE NEW ORDER

The central government of the NEW REPUBLIC has been left in ruins. Though the deadly FIRST ORDER reels from the loss of Starkiller Base, the RESISTANCE has been unable to press the advantage.

As General Leia Organa's last, desperate bid to recover Jedi Master Luke Skywalker has thus far failed to come to fruition, she faces a new challenge to her authority.

On the distant planet of Ahch-To, the young warrior Rey is learning that beckoning Skywalker out of his self-imposed exile will not be easy, or without consequence...."

A MOUSE CURSOR moves back up over the text, stopping at the first sentence. A CLICK, some deletions, and new words typed.

"The central government of the NEW REPUBLIC is in ruins."

A beat. Then more keystrokes. An UNDO. The original sentence reappears. The RING of a cellphone punctures the soundtrack.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Modest and nerdy. Movie posters of *Brick* and *Looper* adorn the wall. Several *Star Wars* toys and action figures adorn the shelves. Three banjos are lined up against the wall.

At the desk is RIAN JOHNSON (42), pretty but doesn't know it. He pauses n his iTunes playlist. Answers his phone.

ASSISTANT

(on phone)

I have Marty Boswick for Ree-anne Johnson.

RIAN JOHNSON

It's pronounced "Ryan," actually.