

# Leks of Our Lives

(First aired on Selen in 37 ABY)

The vibrating heat of the Selenian sun smothered the *hacienda* in its sweltering blanket, the orange rays peering over the vast ocean from a distant horizon. Rhythmic creaks of a rocking chair accented the staccato of knitting needles as bird of prey cried out in the clear blue sky. Faint guitar music played in the distance by an unseen Mariachi band.

A lone shape, dark and slender, silhouetted against the setting sun as it approached from the waterline. Slowly, it solidified into the shape of a man as the faint *clinking* of spurs became audible, the wide brim of a traveller's hat equally visible now that his shape was no longer an apparition.

The stranger pulled to a halt by the porch, daring not to step up on the wooden stairs without permission from the matriarch. He stood silent upon the scorching sands, his silver spurs muffled and soundless. Eventually, he plucked the *sombrero* off his head and held it in his lap, head bowed in shame for a moment more before he dared look up at the knitting Twi'lek.

"Beloved!" the man cried out, desperation and dehydration making his voice hoarse. "I've returned, as promised!"

The Twi'lek's reply was but indignant knitting, the lekwarmer slowly taking shape under her dutiful ministrations.

"Beloved!" he cried out again, staggering forth a half pace. "Please, forgive me, *mi amore!* I swear to you, I will not leave your side again!"

The creaking of the rocking chair stopped. The clicking of the needles stopped. Everything around them, *stopped*.

The man gulped. Audibly so.

The woman put away her work, brushed sand off her lap and stood. Her purple skin shone in the ruby glow of the setting sun, her amber eyes alight with a flame he had not seen since... since he left.

"*No te amo!*" she declared, not gazing past him and into the sunset. "*Vete al diablo!*"

He stepped back, shaken by her fierce words. But he could not deny his heart and the passion drove him forth once more.

"*No lo creo, Tali!*" he protested, hands flying to his heart. "I wish to prove to you that my love is true. *Qué puedo hacer?*"

Tali shifted her gaze towards him, but only for a moment, before returning to her listless stare. It was the Twi'lek's turn to stay silent.

"I was pregnant!" she declared, finally. "*Eres el padre!*"

"No!" The man staggered back, physically reeling from her words. How could it be? He had been so careful. But yet... It all made sense! How could he have been so blind?!

"*Si!*" Tali stated, her resolute syllable driving the nail into his coffin as she turned to look at the Human who'd broken her heart. "It is true. You *vere* the father."

"B-but how? When?" He shook his head, it didn't matter anymore. "Where is our child, *mi amore?* When can I see her?"

Tears welled up in her eyes, her hands balling into fists as rage and grief consumed her.

"*Se murio.*"

"*Mentiras!*" the man cursed. He could not believe her words to be true. How dare she bring him so high, only to throw him so low? "*Dime la verdad!*"

Tali shook her head. "I already toldt you the truth. She diedt, before she even hadt a chance to see her mother, let alone her *father.*" The last word was spoken with such cold bitterness it cut through the man's heart.

The anguish was clear on his face as he clutched the shirt over his chest, hand gripping the brim of his *sombrero* and twisting it into a knot. "*No aguanto más!*" he cried, sinking to his knees in the sand. Hot tears spilled upon his cheeks.

Tali looked down at her former lover, the pang of guilt within her calling to console him. But she did not heed it. "*Se acabo, Koliss Welcott!*"

*"Leks of Our Lives" was written in front of a live studio audience*