

STAR WARS: EPISODE 3.5: BIDDING TIME

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FADE IN:

START SPACE CRAWL:

STAR WARS

EPISODE 3.5: BIDING TIME

Almost everything that could have gone wrong did go wrong for the Jedi. The Evil Emperor Palpatine's plans worked to perfection and he now rules the galaxy with ruthless cruelty. Darth Vader has assumed his job as second-most-evil person in the galaxy with great joy. Their new ultimate super-weapon, the DEATH STAR, is nearly complete and they are itching to use it on something just to make sure it works.

Master Yoda, now in exile on the swamp planet Dagobah, spends most of his time perfecting his marsh stews and longs for the olden times when he did not have to sleep on dirt floors.

Bail Organa is learning quickly that raising Leia was a lot harder than he thought it would be, especially when it comes to changing her diapers after she takes a huge midichlorian-fueled dump.

Obi-Wan Kenobi spends much of his time monitoring Luke Skywalker's childhood from a safe distance on the desert planet Tatooine. He gets lonely at times, of course, and the Texas Hold 'em tournament at the cantina is not fun since he can read his opponents' minds and use the Jedi mind trick to make them fold or raise.

In their own ways, they are all BIDING TIME.

END SPACE CRAWL

PAN DOWN:

EXT. TATOOINE - MIDDAY

On the desert, sprawled across in small herds, are BANTHA. They are not moving, just standing around looking around occasionally. Suddenly, one of the larger BANTHA takes a huge dump. The pile is as big as a nearby baby BANTHA.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. THE CANTINA - EVENING

OBI-WAN KENOBI and five ALIENS are sitting around a poker table playing a Hold 'em tournament. ALIEN #1 pushes all of his chips into the middle of the pot.

ALIEN #1 (in alien language)
All-in.

OBI-WAN
You don't want to go all-in.

ALIEN #1
Yes, I do want to go all-in.

OBI-WAN
Look, I have got you beat.

ALIEN #1 (frustrated)
I don't think so.

OBI-WAN
Okay, friend. I'm all-in, too.

OBI-WAN pushes all of his chips into the pot. As the other ALIENS contemplate their hands, OBI-WAN slumps back into his chair and gets tired of waiting for them to decide. Eventually, after nearly a minute, OBI-WAN gets tired of waiting and waives his hands in front of them and speaks.

OBI-WAN
You all want to go all-in.

ALIENS #2-5 (in alien languages)
We all want to go all-in.

ALIENS #2-5 push all their chips into the pot, and they all turn over their cards. OBI-WAN has pocket aces and wins the pot. The ALIENS get angry as OBI-WAN gathers all the chips and begin to grumble loudly.

OBI-WAN
You're all just going to have to get better at poker. That's all. I'm just sayin'.

OBI-WAN takes the chips to the bar and cashes them in for credits.

The BARTENDER nods approvingly at OBI-WAN'S winnings.

BARTENDER (in alien language)
Twelve weeks in-a-row?

OBI-WAN
No, this makes *thirteen* weeks in-a-row I've won.

BARTENDER
Can I get you something to drink?

OBI-WAN thinks about it for a second, then shakes his head no.

OBI-WAN
I've got to get home before the Sand People start their nightly marauding. I don't want to end up as a slave for Sand People.

BARTENDER
No, that would be horrible!

OBI-WAN and the BARTENDER laugh heartily.

OBI-WAN walks out of the cantina.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANTINA - NIGHT

OBI-WAN looks up at the night sky plaintively then back at the cantina doors.

OBI-WAN (to himself)
I guess I can always kill those marauding Sand People if they give me any trouble.

OBI-WAN goes back into the cantina.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. DAGOBAH - NOON

YODA is eating a bowl of stew in front of his fireplace. As he takes each bite, he analyzes it and his face turns inquisitive as if he is trying to figure out something. He occasionally makes light grunts and groans as he eats. After one big bite, he leans to his right and farts loudly. His eyebrows rise and he giggles intensely.

YODA
Mmmmm! Barking mynocks!

YODA continues to giggle incessantly. Then his eyes get even wider and he sniffs the air deeply.

YODA
Hmmmmm . . .

YODA looks down at his robe and then uses his hands to see inside. After a brief inspection he seems satisfied.

YODA
Here sit I, stew am eating.
Farted did I, and nearly my robe
shat!

YODA giggles some more. A look of discovery dawns on his face.

YODA
Salt it needs!

YODA uses the force to telekinetically shake a salt shaker over his bowl of stew. He then stirs it up a bit and takes another bite. As he leans forward, he farts violently again and giggles.

YODA
Barking gundarks!

YODA continues to giggle and rips off repeating farts for the next several moments.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

The Death Star is still under construction but nearly complete. DARTH VADER and EMPEROR PALPATINE are standing by a huge window looking out into space. The vast room is empty except for a view screen and a set of bunk beds.

EMPEROR

So, Lord Vader, what do you think of the new battle station?

DARTH VADER

I think it is insignificant compared to the power of the force.

EMPEROR

Can the force blow up an entire planet?

DARTH VADER turns to the EMPEROR, then turns back to look out into space. He lightly toes at a piece of scrap metal on the ground.

DARTH VADER

Um. No. I suppose not.

EMPEROR

That's what I thought.

DARTH VADER looks around the room again and spots an empty can of beer.

DARTH VADER

Oh, yeah? Can the Death Star do this?

DARTH VADER uses the force grip choke on the can of beer and crushes it, then uses the force to toss it into a blue recycling bin near the exit.

EMPEROR

No. The Death Star cannot do that.

DARTH VADER
That's what I thought.

They contemplatively scan the stars together again. Eventually, the EMPEROR turns to DARTH VADER to speak.

EMPEROR
So, which movie do you want to watch tonight? We have "Monsters, Inc." and "Baby's Day Out."

DARTH VADER
I thought I told you to put "Kinsey" at the top of your Netflix list.

EMPEROR
We could watch "Amelie" again. I bought a previously-viewed copy of the special edition with a whole extra disc of bonus features.

DARTH VADER looks steadily into space in front of him, and thinks a moment.

DARTH VADER
"Baby's Day Out."

EMPEROR (smiling)
Good! Good! I want to watch that, too!

The EMPEROR cackles as he loads the DVD into the view-screen.

CUT TO:

INT. BAIL ORGANA'S HOME - NIGHT

BAIL ORGANA and his wife, PAROL ORGANA, are standing over LEIA'S crib, trying to get her to stop crying. They shake rattles and hum songs, but nothing is working.

BAIL ORGANA (frustrated)
I give up! There's nothing she likes. She's always crying and nothing can stop her.

PAROL ORGANA (equally frustrated)
I'll try holding her again.

PAROL ORGANA picks up LEIA and caresses her gently in her bosom.
LEIA continues to cry, although more softly.

BAIL ORGANA
I should've known this wasn't
going to work out, Parol. I knew
she would be hard to raise. I
mean, she's got *Darth Vader's*
blood in her.

PAROL ORGANA
Do you think it's too late to give
her back?

BAIL ORGANA
To whom? Oh, I know. Let's call
up *Darth Vader* and ask him if he
wants his daughter back. That'd
be a real fun phone call. Maybe
we should just call the Emperor
himself and tell him we don't want
her anymore. Then he'd just try
to blow up the whole planet.
That's a real good idea you have.

PAROL ORGANA
What about *Obi-Wan* or *Yoda*?

BAIL ORGANA takes out his cell phone and scans it for a bit.

BAIL ORGANA
I don't think I've got their
numbers anymore. I lost them when
I upgraded to this new phone and
they couldn't transfer my contacts
list to this new one.

PAROL ORGANA
We could go back to *Coruscant* to
the *Jedi Temple* and search the
archives.

BAIL ORGANA pauses for a moment to think about his wife's idea. Then he shakes his head no.

BAIL ORGANA
Too risky.

PAROL ORGANA
What about the droids?

BAIL ORGANA
We just erased their memory banks.

PAROL ORGANA
Maybe we could leave her on
someone's doorstep?

BAIL ORGANA
Just put some whiskey in her
bottle for now.

CUT TO:

INT. JABBA THE HUTT'S PALACE - NOONISH

An intergalactic band is playing and many aliens are dancing. JABBA is enjoying a pousse café and an alien frog as he watches. He yells during the middle of the song for another drink.

JABBA (in Hutt language)
Jar-Jar! More drinks!

JAR-JAR BINKS runs in with a drink tray carried high above his head. He has a very strange looking heavy metal collar around his neck, and he is dressed in leather bondage gear.

JAR-JAR
Yes! Mee-sa serve da-master!
What does Master Jabba the fat
want?

JABBA'S eyes roll and he gets angry.

JABBA
I bet you don't call me fat again.

JAR-JAR

Mee-sa so sorry! Mee-sa forget
you-sa sensitive about your
weight!

JABBA raises an electronic hand-held device.

JABBA

This remote control can blow your
head off with the push of a
button.

JAR-JAR

Mee-sa remember the story about
the exploding slave collar you-sa
put on me. Mee-sa very excited to
serve the master and not get mee-
sa head blown up!

JABBA

So, get me another pousse café!

JAR-JAR

O-sa kay-sa, Master Jabba the fat!

JAR-JAR immediately realizes his mistake and turns to the camera and frowns. JABBA presses the button on the remote control, and JAR-JAR'S head explodes into a billion pieces. The music stops.

JABBA

Now you-sa are headless Jar-Jar.

Everyone applauds, and JABBA laughs heartily.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR are sitting cross-legged on sleeping bags in front of a DVD-TV combo set, watching "Baby's Day Out" with some cans of beer in front of them. They have been making a beer-can pyramid with the empties. The EMPEROR turns to DARTH VADER during a quiet moment in the film.

EMPEROR

I want some popcorn.

DARTH VADER

So have some popcorn.

The EMPEROR pulls a microwave popcorn packet out of his robe and throws it in front of the DVD-TV combo set.

EMPEROR

They haven't installed the microwave yet. We're going to have to electrocute it to pop it.

DARTH VADER

I'm not using force lightning on the popcorn. Just think what lightning might do to my mechanical respiratory system. I mean, I'm more machine than man now, and shooting electricity out of my arms seems like a really bad idea right now.

The EMPEROR sighs.

EMPEROR

You know, shooting lightning out of your hands is one of the best parts about being a Sith Lord.

DARTH VADER

You're really pushing my buttons right now, you know?

EMPEROR

Fine. I'll use my force lightning on the popcorn.

The EMPEROR uses force lightning on the popcorn bag and it fills up with popped popcorn. DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR look at the full bag for a moment, and then the EMPEROR looks at DARTH VADER.

DARTH VADER

I'm not getting that for you. You popped it, you can get it for yourself.

EMPEROR

But I can't! I'm old and weak!

DARTH VADER slumps a bit.

DARTH VADER

Fine.

DARTH VADER uses the force to grab the popcorn from a distance and carries it over into the EMPEROR'S lap. He then uses the force grip on the bag to pop it with loud burst and popcorn flies all over the control room, with a good amount landing in the EMPEROR'S hair.

CUT TO:

INT. YODA'S HOME - NIGHT

YODA is sitting on a stool, kicking his feet about. He sighs and scratches his forehead. He looks at his fingernails, digging out dirt from underneath them. He then gets off of the stool and walks over to his nightstand. He pulls open the drawer and takes out some fingernail clippers.

He then goes over to the entrance of his home and pulls out the last issue of THE DAGOBDAH TIMES from the wastebasket by the door. THE DAGOBDAH TIMES is hand-written by Yoda on parchment paper. The one-page issue reads:

The Dagobah Times

Issue 3

Your source for all the happenings in Dagobah and beyond

ITEM: WEATHER LIKELY TO REMAIN CONSTANT FOR NEXT 1,000 YEARS

DAGOBDAH—Master Yoda, special to the Dagobah Times

"The weather here steady is and changes not," said Master Yoda, the only sentient inhabitant of Dagobah. "Lonely here it gets and wish do I that little brat, Anakin, we never trained," he said.

"Keeps thinking, does Obi-Wan, that overthrow the Empire Luke and Leia will, but not far from the tree do apples fall."

YODA lays the paper down on the floor by his stool and sits down. He clips his fingernails so the clippings fall onto the paper. After his fingernails, he looks at his toenails which are quite long. He gets off the stool and goes over to the nightstand and pulls out a pumice stone. He sits back down on the stool and begins to buff the corns on his toes. He then clips his toenails onto the paper.

After this, he replaces the tools in his nightstand and removes some clear nail polish from the drawer, and some cotton balls. He places cotton balls between his toes and he puts a coat of clear polish onto his toenails. He wiggles them in the air to get the coat to dry. Then he applies a second coat.

He looks at his toes with admiration as they sparkle in the light from the fireplace.

CUT TO:

INT. OBI-WAN'S CAVE - DUSK

OBI-WAN'S cave is very Spartan in nature. There is a bed of hay and a tattered blanket, and a very small circle of stones for a fire. He is sitting cross-legged on the rocky floor of the cave, drinking from a bottle. He is visibly drunk.

OBI-WAN (slurring)

This is just great. All the Jedi are gone. Well, there's me and the little guy way out on a swamp planet.

Too old to start training, that's what they said. I guess they were right. Anakin sold us all out for a girl. What a jerk!

OBI-WAN gulps the last of the bottle and tosses it out towards the mouth of the cave. The glass shatters on top of what appears to be about fifty other bottles. OBI-WAN sits quietly for a moment until a stiff cold wind makes him shiver.

He uses the force to rub two sticks together in the circle of stones, but his drunkenness prevents him from efficiently creating friction between the two sticks. He tries for awhile but eventually gives up.

OBI-WAN (defeated)
This sure sucks real bad.

OBI-WAN keels over to his right and passes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAIL ORGANA'S HOME - SUNSET

BAIL and PAROL ORGANA are reclining on their back porch in deck chairs drinking Mai Tais from Tiki glasses with the paper umbrellas.

PAROL
She's only going to get worse, you know. This is just the beginning. They always say the terrible twos are called terrible for a reason, and then if we can survive through the next few years, she'll become a teenager and we'll really have our hands full.

BAIL (slightly miffed)
Let's just relax tonight.

PAROL
Did you talk to your cousin on Coruscant yet about sneaking into the Jedi Temple?

BAIL (slightly more miffed)
Didn't we go over this last night? I told you already that I'm waiting to hear back from Sux.

PAROL
But did you hear back from him yet?

BAIL
No!

PAROL rolls her eyes and takes a drink.

PAROL

You don't have to get snippy with me. I'm only trying to help.

BAIL

You have a funny way of helping, by asking me to do everything.

PAROL

Don't forget that taking her was your idea, not mine.

BAIL (really mad)

That's it. No more talk about trying to get rid of her tonight, okay?

PAROL

Jeez. Fine.

An awkward silence passes as they drink eagerly from their Tiki glasses.

PAROL

We could fly to Tatooine and drop her off.

BAIL (infuriated)

What did I say? What did I say?!
I said no more talk about . . .

BAIL stops yelling to think for moment.

BAIL (intrigued)

That's not a bad idea.

PAROL

I know. It just came to me. Must be this drink.

BAIL

Let's see if we can get Obi-Wan's phone number from the archives first, and call him to give him some warning. Make sure the coast is clear there.

PAROL

Don't you think it would be better if we surprised him? Then he wouldn't have time to think about it.

BAIL

We should call first, in case there's any trouble there.

PAROL

What could go wrong?

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

The DVD/TV combo set displays the credits of "Baby's Day Out" but both the EMPEROR and DARTH VADER are sound asleep, prostrate in front of it. The beer-can pyramid is even bigger now.

The sound of DARTH VADER'S respirator is drowned out by the intensely loud snoring of the EMPEROR. At each inhaling, the EMPEROR makes a very loud flapping sound, and with each exhaling he makes a "puff" sound through his lips.

DARTH VADER awakens, sits up a bit and looks over at the snoring EMPEROR. He waits a few moments, then rests back down. He tosses a bit but cannot sleep due to the noise. He uses the force to grab a can from the top of the pyramid and konks the EMPEROR on the head with it. The EMPEROR is unfazed.

DARTH VADER then uses the force to grab another beer can, crushes it, and hurls it quickly at the EMPEROR'S forehead. It makes a loud clinking noise, and the EMPEROR stops snoring, licking his lips, remaining sound asleep.

DARTH VADER then reclines again to go asleep. Things are quiet except for his respirator until the EMPEROR begins to snore again, even more loudly than before. In frustration, DARTH VADER uses the force to grab the entire pyramid of beer cans and lifts them high over his head, pyramid formation still intact. After letting them dangle of his head for a few moments, he lets them fall and the cover the EMPEROR with a loud noise.

The EMPEROR awakens scared and sits straight up, beer cans falling off of him. DARTH VADER pretends to sleep through it all.

EMPEROR (scared, confused)
Lord Vader! What was that?

DARTH VADER still pretends to sleep. The EMPEROR taps DARTH VADER'S helmet with one of his long and snake-like fingernails.

EMPEROR (baby-cooing)
Helloooo! Anyone in there? Lord
Vaaaaa-der. Helloooo, sleepy
head. Wakey-wakey! There's a lot
of people to kill today and we've
got to get up early if we're going
to get to everyone.

DARTH VADER rolls over and continues to feign sleeping. The EMPEROR sighs and uses the DVD/TV combo remote control to start the movie over again. He opens another can of beer and drinks it.

DARTH VADER, with his back turned away from the EMPEROR, secretly uses the force grip to explode the picture tube. The EMPEROR is startled.

EMPEROR
Lord Vader! Did you do that?

DARTH VADER remains motionless.

EMPEROR (dejected)
Oh, great. Don't tell me this
place is haunted.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORUSCANT - JEDI TEMPLE - DAY

The Jedi Temple, still smoldering and fronted by piles of Jedi bones, is completely surrounded by Storm Troopers. Off in the distance, near a landing platform, is SUX ORGANA, BAIL ORGANA'S distant cousin. SUX monitors the movement of the troops, waiting for an in. The temple is simply too surrounded for any kind of stealth assault.

SUX uses his communicator and contacts BAIL.

SUX

Hello?

BAIL (O.S.)

Hello?

SUX

Yeah, it's me.

BAIL (O.S.)

Me who?

SUX

C'mon. I don't have time for this. It's your cousin, Sux Organa.

BAIL (O.S.)

Okay. How's it going?

SUX

The whole temple is completely surrounded. There's no way, no way in hell, that I'm going to get inside this place.

BAIL (O.S.)

What about a distraction?

SUX (frustrated)

Yeah, I already thought about the distraction! There must be at least two divisions of Storm Troopers here. I can't get in.

BAIL (O.S.)

This is really important, you know.

SUX

I think I get it. I am here on Coruscant and I could be shot dead at any moment. I sort of understand the gravity of the situation.

BAIL (O.S.)

We really need Obi-Wan's phone number.

SUX (eyes rolling)

Look, I get it!

SUX has to duck behind a spaceship because his yelling is attracting the attention of some of the Storm Troopers.

SUX

Cut me some slack, man! I flew here by myself and landed. We had to make up some landing codes and even then they were suspicious. I'm about two seconds from being shot by fifty lasers.

BAIL (O.S.)

Have you tried the hotfoot yet?

SUX (confused)

Hotfoot?

BAIL (O.S.)

Yeah. Hotfoot. Put a pack of matches on a Storm Trooper's foot and then light the whole thing. Hotfoot. You know?

SUX (incredulous)

And then I just run inside the temple?

BAIL (O.S.)

Yeah. That's right. And if that fails, you can always do the tap on the shoulder.

SUX (more incredulous)

The tap on the shoulder?

BAIL (O.S.)

Yeah. You know, sneak behind one of them, tap them on the opposite shoulder and then run away on the other side? It works every time.

SUX

Thanks for the ideas.

CUT TO:

INT. CORUSCANT DINER - DAY

SUX ORGANA walks into a diner and sits at a barstool. The DROID WAITRESS floats up to him.

DROID WAITRESS (robotic voice)

What'll it be, honey?

SUX

I just need some matches.

DROID WAITRESS

Matches, huh? Here you go.

The DROID WAITRESS tosses SUX a book of matches.

SUX

I need another book.

DROID WAITRESS

The first one's free, baby. Everything else if for paying customers only.

SUX

I just need one more book. I've got to do the hotfoot trick on some Storm Troopers for a distraction.

DROID WAITRESS

Oh! The hotfoot you say? This one's on me.

The DROID WAITRESS tosses a big handful of matchbooks at SUX.

SUX

Thanks, lady.

DROID WAITRESS

No problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEDI TEMPLE - DAY

SUX ORGANA has returned to the landing platform and is contemplating how he can get the matches onto a Storm Trooper's foot. A look of excitement crosses his face.

SUX

I got it!

SUX goes into his ship and comes out with a SMALL DROID, essentially a miniature version of a sand crawler. He opens a small door on it and fills it with matchbooks, and then sets it down. He then gives it instructions

SUX

Okay, go over to one of those Storm Troopers and empty the matchbooks onto his foot. Then use your spark tool to light them.

The DROID bleeps.

SUX

It's called the hotfoot.

The DROID bleeps again.

SUX

Do you have a better idea? You won't get shot at if you do it right. Once you light it, go as fast as you can backwards so he doesn't see you. Then I'll . . . I'll run up to the doors and you get back in the ship.

The DROID bleeps once more.

SUX (frowns)

I hadn't thought about getting back to the ship. I'll figure something out. Okay, let's go.

The DROID scurries off up the walkway from the landing platform, and SUX swings his body underneath to a catwalk that runs parallel. He and the DROID move together, until SUX gets to the end of the catwalk. He hoists himself up just a tiny bit to peek out over the edge and watch the DROID do its work at the temple doors.

There are two STORM TROOPERS guarding the front doors, and two independent groups of STORM TROOPERS march around the building at varying intervals. The DROID veers right to hug the outer wall of the temple and sneaks around to the doors, behind the two STORM TROOPERS.

The small door on the DROID opens up and a tiny robotic arm pops out of the side and begins feeding matchbooks on top of STORM TROOPER #1's foot. After all the matchbooks are piled on and around his foot, the DROID produces a small glass flask of rum 151, and makes a trail all the way over to STORM TROOPER #2's feet, making a large puddle there, and finally emptying it down his leg.

Then, a different arm pops out from the other side and it has a blue spark at its end. The DROID moves back over to the pile of matches and a long streak of electricity starts the matches on fire. At first, the fire is small, but it grows larger and then the rum ignites. Both STORM TROOPER'S feet are on fire, and the fire is extending up their legs a bit. The DROID speeds off, back along the wall. The STORM TROOPERS act oblivious to the fire.

STORM TROOPER #1
Do you smell that?

STORM TROOPER #2
Yeah, that burning plastic smell?

STORM TROOPER #1
Well, that, too. But there's also
the smell of burning matches.

STORM TROOPER #2
And rum.

STORM TROOPER #1
Smells like someone lit a bunch of
matches and rum on our armor.

STORM TROOPER #2 looks down to see their feet on fire.

STORM TROOPER #2 (excited)
Hotfoot! Hotfoot!

STORM TROOPER #1 sees he's on fire, too.

STORM TROOPER #1
Ahh! Hotfoot! Hotfoot!

The two STORM TROOPERS dance wildly, trying to get the fire out. They get so excited that they dance over to the walkway, completely away from the doors. SUX climbs up and runs inside the temple. The TWO STORM TROOPERS continue to dance and flail until they fall off the walkway and plummet to their deaths. The DROID then hurries down the walkway toward the landing platform.

CUT TO:

INT. JEDI TEMPLE - FOYER

SUX is sneaking around inside, unsure of where to go, looking around. Way down a long hallway he can see STORM TROOPER #3 with his back turned. SUX runs up to a large kiosk, large enough to hide behind and not be seen by the STORM TROOPER.

The kiosk has a directory on it, and one line reads: "Archives-Straight ahead".

SUX sighs, peeks around the kiosk, and sees STORM TROOPER #3 still with his back turned. SUX walks as fast as he can, quietly, right behind STORM TROOPER #3. When SUX gets close enough, he reaches out with his left arm and taps STORM TROOPER #3 on the left shoulder, then darts off to the right down an adjoining hallway. STORM TROOPER #3 turns to his left, and sees nothing, and shakes his fist in the air.

STORM TROOPER #3
That's really getting old!

SUX runs across the hallway into a doorway, marked overhead: "JEDI ARCHIVES".

CUT TO:

INT. JEDI ARCHIVES

SUX is sitting down at a desk and conversing with an unseen COMPUTER with a female android voice.

SUX
I need the number for Obi-Wan Kenobi.

COMPUTER (O.S.)
I'm sorry. That number is unlisted.

SUX rolls his eyes.

SUX
Yeah, I know. That's why I'm here, because you have the number.

COMPUTER (O.S.)
That information is available only to Master Jedi.

SUX
There really aren't any Jedi left.

COMPUTER (O.S.)
So why do you need the number?

SUX

I can't tell you that.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Well then you don't get the number.

SUX

If I tell you why I need the number, will you give me the number?

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Maybe.

SUX

Kinda maybe or just maybe-maybe?

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Sorta maybe.

SUX pauses for a moment.

SUX

Okay. I need the number so I can call him to tell him his dry cleaning is done.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

That's stupid. What's the real reason?

SUX

That's it. I swear.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

No phone number for you.

SUX

Okay. I need the number so I can call him and tell him not to come to Coruscant because it's really dangerous here and the Storm Troopers will shoot him on sight.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

That's even worse. He already knows that. Master Kenobi and Master Yoda were here just a few months ago.

SUX (upset)

I'll tell you the real reason, but you have to promise not to tell anyone.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Lay it on me.

SUX

I need the number so I can tell my cousin so he can call Obi-Wan and ask him if it would be okay if they gave Leia back to him so he could raise her on Tatooine.

There's a moment of silence.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

You're kidding, right?

SUX

Nope.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Doesn't that kind of risk the lives of everyone involved?

SUX

Yeah.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

And the fate of the galaxy?

SUX shrugs his shoulders.

SUX

I guess.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

And it's really selfish.

SUX

That's my cousin.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

And he made you come here, risking your life?

SUX

He told me he'd get me a cushy job high up in the Alderaan government. The pay isn't great, but the benefits are good. I've never had dental insurance.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Paid vacation?

SUX

Yeah. Three weeks a year. And there's something they call a cafeteria plan. I can put money into it and it's tax exempt so long as I use it for certain things like medical expenses.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

But you've got to spend it by the end of the year or you lose it, right?

SUX

Yeah, but I'd spend it. I've been thinking about getting some gold fangs. That would max it out for sure.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

Are gold fangs a medical expense?

SUX

I hope so. If not, I'll use the money to do some laser hair removal on my back and butt.

There is another moment of silence.

COMPUTER (O.S.)
Put your communicator in the
docking bay to commence data
transfer.

SUX brightens and smiles.

SUX
Alright!

SUX places what looks like an original Palm Pilot into a Palm Pilot cradle and hits the hot sync button.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEDI TEMPLE

SUX peeks out of the front doors, and no new guards have been posted to guard the entrance. He waits for the groups of marching STORM TROOPERS to march around to the rear of the temple and he sprints across the walkway into his ship.

CUT TO:

INT. BAIL ORGANA'S HOME - EVENING

BAIL and PAROL are sitting on a couch, watching television. A Coldplay ring tone emanates from BAIL'S pants and he answers the phone.

BAIL
Hello?

SUX (O.S.)
I got it.

BAIL
Got what?

SUX (O.S.)
Master Kenobi's number.

BAIL (excited)
Yes! I knew you'd do it.

SUX (O.S.)
There's a small problem.

BAIL (concerned)
What's that?

SUX (O.S.)
I don't think he's paid his bill
in awhile. I tried the number and
it's been disconnected.

BAIL
I'll pay the bill. It'll be okay.

SUX (O.S.)
I think it's a big one. The Jedi
Archive computer said he's been
racking up a lot of galactic porn
phone bills.

BAIL
It can't be that much. He's only
been on Tatooine for a few months
now.

SUX (O.S.)
Suit yourself. Sounded to me like
he's been busy.

BAIL
It'll be fine. Thanks again, Sux.

SUX (O.S.)
No problem.

BAIL hangs up his phone and turns to PAROL.

PAROL
Did it work?

BAIL
Yeah. We got the number. But
it's disconnected.

PAROL
He hasn't been paying his bill?

BAIL

Nope. We're going to have to pay it for him.

PAROL

It can't be too much.

BAIL

I heard that most of Tatooine is analog roaming.

PAROL

He lives near a major city, doesn't he?

BAIL

Mos Eisley? That's just a dirty backwater town full of freaks and hippies and gamblers.

PAROL

Whatever the bill is, it'll be worth it to get rid of Leia.

CUT TO:

INT. OBI-WAN'S CAVE - EARLY MORNING

OBI-WAN is still passed out, exactly where he keeled over. A thin strip of light illuminates the cave. A muffled Britney Spears ring tone is heard.

OBI-WAN slowly shakes out of his stupor and produces his communicator from his pocket. He looks at it a moment, tries to focus, then realizes who's calling.

OBI-WAN (to himself)

It can't be. What could he possibly want?

OBI-WAN hits a button on the communicator and speaks.

OBI-WAN

This better be extremely important. You jeopardize the whole galaxy by calling me.

BAIL (O.S.)
Yeah, of course it's important.

OBI-WAN
Make it quick. The Empire may be monitoring this communication.

BAIL (O.S.)
We heard that . . . we heard that the Empire is building a huge new super weapon in space that can destroy entire planets. Something called a Death Star.

OBI-WAN rubs his forehead and stands up.

OBI-WAN
What do you want me to do about it?

BAIL (O.S.)
We should try to blow it up.

OBI-WAN
Go ahead and blow it up, then. Look, is that all you wanted?

BAIL (O.S.)
There's one other thing. Parol and I wanted to know if you . . . if you wanted to maybe take care of Leia . . . for a few years.

OBI-WAN sits down.

OBI-WAN (incredulous)
You can't be serious!

BAIL (O.S.)
She cries a lot and we really don't know how to get her to stop.

OBI-WAN
Find a nanny!

BAIL (O.S.)

We thought that since you helped delivered her, maybe you'd have a closer bond, and she could grow up closer to Luke there.

OBI-WAN

Jedi make terrible parents.
Remember how Anakin turned out?

BAIL (O.S.)

Uh. So how's everything going there? What's the weather like.

OBI-WAN (angry)

It's a desert planet. What kind of weather do you think we get here? Look, I've got to go. And don't call me. If I need anything, I'll call you.

OBI-WAN shuts off the communicator and rubs his forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. BAIL ORGANA'S HOME - NIGHT

PAROL is standing right next to BAIL. BAIL hangs up his phone and puts it in his pocket.

PAROL

Well?

BAIL

He doesn't want her, either.

PAROL (upset)

Darn.

The wailing of baby LEIA is heard in the background.

BAIL

You probably shouldn't give her any more whiskey tonight.

PAROL

But she's crying because she *wants*
the whiskey.

BAIL

Just a teaspoon then.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR are sleeping soundly in bunk beds,
with DARTH VADER on top and the EMPEROR on the bottom. ADMIRAL
ZHONNG enters and marches to the beds.

ADMIRAL ZHONNG

Ahem.

There is no response.

ADMIRAL ZHONNG (louder)

Ahem.

ADMIRAL ZHONNG clears his throat loudly, but there is no
response. He waits a moment, then goes over to the pile of beer
cans and picks one up. He walks up to the bunk beds and tosses
it on the floor near the EMPEROR'S head.

The EMPEROR bolts upright and hits his head on the bunk above
which startles DARTH VADER, who rolls out of bed and nearly
falls but is able to grab onto the edge, and his feet swing down
to kick the EMPEROR in the head, leaving a black streak. DARTH
VADER lets go and turns to ADMIRAL ZHONNG. The EMPEROR rubs the
black mark and winces, but goes back to bed.

DARTH VADER

Admiral Zhonng. What is it?

ADMIRAL ZHONNG

Lord Vader, the construction of
the Death Star is going as
planned.

DARTH VADER

And?

ADMIRAL ZHONNG

There's a shortage of energy cells.

DARTH VADER

Meaning what?

ADMIRAL ZHONNG

Current estimates predict the shortage of energy cells means the super-laser will not be operational for at least ten more years.

ADMIRAL ZHONNG instinctively grabs at his neck and cowers in fear.

ADMIRAL ZHONNG (terrified)

Please don't choke me! It wasn't my fault! Don't choke me! The architects and engineers underestimated! And you kept saying "we need a bigger laser" and so we kept adding to it and, I mean, it'll be really cool when it's done, you know?

DARTH VADER reaches a fist out as if to use the force grip on his neck, but then puts his arm back down.

ADMIRAL ZHONNG

Thank you Lord Vader!

The EMPEROR rolls over and electrocutes ADMIRAL ZHONNG with force lightning, and then rolls back over to go to bed.

DARTH VADER

It wasn't his fault, you know.

EMPEROR (talking with head on pillow)

You've got to use the force lightning to keep in shape. Use it or lose it, that's what they say.

DARTH VADER

We sure do go through a lot of admirals around here.

EMPEROR

We make it clear both at the interview and in the job description that deadlines are very important.

DARTH VADER

I know. I was the one who did the second interview with him, remember? Now we've got to reformulate the hiring committee all over again.

EMPEROR (mocking)

We've got to reformulate the hiring committee again. Wah-wah.

DARTH VADER climbs up to his bunk and goes to bed.

EMPEROR (mocking)

Goodnight, baby Vader.

DARTH VADER

Goodnight prune face.

EMPEROR

At least I *have* a face.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

START SPACE CRAWL:

STAR WARS

EPISODE 3.75: GETTIN' ALONG AND GOIN' ALONG

Two years have passed since the birth of Luke and Leia. Obi-Wan Kenobi struggles to keep himself busy, picking up various hobbies now and then, but nothing seems to satisfy him.

Master Yoda continues his work as publisher/editor/reporter for THE DAGOBAH TIMES. He occasionally ventures out into the swamps to explore, finding new ingredients for his stew. Ultimately, he feels extremely bored.

The DEATH STAR'S construction continues, and a new source of energy cells has upped the super-laser's operational date. The Emperor Palpatine continues to oppress or eliminate all opposition to his rule.

Bail Organa and his wife Parol Organa are picking locations for secret rebel bases, and Leia is in the throes of the terrible twos.

END SPACE CRAWL

PAN DOWN:

EXT. HOTH - MIDDAY

A group of Tauntauns are trying to stay sheltered from a blizzard underneath a cliff. They make various noises and then one of the Tauntauns takes a big, hot crap. As the turds hit the snow, they make hissing noises and steam emanates from the sublimating snow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ICE CAVE

BAIL, PAROL, and LEIA are dressed in appropriate winter gear. BAIL and PAROL are looking around in the cave, which is massive with many tunnels. LEIA is playing with a stuffed Tauntaun.

PAROL (skeptical)

You want to start a secret rebel
base here?

BAIL points around in the cave as he speaks.

BAIL

It's perfect. It's got everything we need. It's got a massive set of tunnels with many exits, it's on a remote system where we can avoid detection, and the perpetual blizzard will provide extra cover.

PAROL

Couldn't you pick something a little, you know, warmer?

BAIL

Oh, right. Let's just put the secret base on Coruscant or Naboo.

PAROL

You know what I mean.

BAIL

It's not so bad when you're inside the tunnels.

They stand for a moment looking at everything. LEIA inexplicably starts crying and moaning, throwing her stuffed Tauntaun to the ground.

BAIL

I'll stay here a few days and get things started. You go on ahead with Leia.

PAROL

Why do I have to go alone?

BAIL

Just go and be done with it.

PAROL sighs and picks up the crying LEIA and the stuffed Tauntaun.

CUT TO:

INT. YODA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MASTER YODA is writing out another edition of THE DAGOBAH TIMES. He is sitting at a small desk and currently has writers' block. The parchment in front of him reads:

The Dagobah Times

Issue 94

Your source for all the happenings in Dagobah and beyond

ITEM: WEATHER SAME IS, EVERYTHING SAME IS, CHANGES NOT, SUCKS BAD HERE IT DOES, GOING TO DIE FROM BOREDOM AM I

MASTER YODA sets down his pen and sighs. He gives up writing and heads to bed. He pulls a cover over himself and stares at the ceiling.

YODA

Hmmm . . .

After a moment, he stretches out both of his hands and hovers them over his torso. He dangles his fingers and makes tickling motions and near his midsection a small movement occurs, up and down. MASTER YODA giggles.

YODA (smiling)

Mmmm . . .

He hears a creak, pulls his hands under the covers, and looks around his house with wide eyes. After sensing the coast is clear, he takes out his arms and returns to his former business. He giggles once again.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR are busy hanging paper streamers and otherwise decorating the room for a party. There's lots of plastic Easter grass and big bags of candy and bags of balloons lying about. DARTH VADER is currently holding up the EMPEROR so he can tack a streamer high above the main window out into space.

EMPEROR

Lord Vader! Higher!

DARTH VADER, who is grabbing the EMPEROR by the waist, sets the EMPEROR'S butt on his shoulders and grabs his ankles to lift the EMPEROR higher.

EMPEROR

That's good!

The EMPEROR tacks the streamer up in a corner, and then DARTH VADER brings him down to the floor.

DARTH VADER

I think we need to have some signs describing what we're celebrating.

EMPEROR

What do you think those are for?

The EMPEROR points to a stack of signs that say: "GRAND OPENING". DARTH VADER sees them and nods.

DARTH VADER

Let's get some of those up.

DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR tack up the signs all around the command center.

EMPEROR

It really is exciting, isn't it?

DARTH VADER

Yeah. We've been waiting a long time to fire up that super-laser.

EMPEROR

It's going to be neat.

DARTH VADER

Yeah. But . . . you know it's nothing compared to the power of the force . . . even if it is really cool.

EMPEROR

Didn't we go over this before?

DARTH VADER

I guess.

EMPEROR

What should we destroy first?

DARTH VADER

An X-Wing?

EMPEROR

Too small.

DARTH VADER

An asteroid?

EMPEROR

Not enough death.

DARTH VADER

How about the trash? Eject it out and then blow it to bits?

EMPEROR

Lame.

DARTH VADER

How about your mom?

EMPEROR

Not funny.

They continue to hang the GRAND OPENING signs.

CUT TO:

INT. OBI-WAN'S CAVE - DAY

OBI-WAN is sitting cross-legged on his cave floor. He's furnished the cave a bit now, with some bookshelves and a cot. He's busy scrapbooking. He has a bunch of paper punches and glue sticks out.

He's looking over a stack of photographs, some of them have certain heads cut out. He grabs another photo, this one of himself, Anakin, and Master Yoda standing in front of the Cheesecake Factory at the John Hancock building. OBI-WAN sighs, grabs a pair of scissors, and cuts out Anakin's head. He drops the head onto a pile of cut-outs, all are heads of Anakin from other photographs.

OBI-WAN then places the picture in the scrapbook and looks at various border options in front of him. He ultimately chooses a red lace border and begins snipping it to size.

A shadow appears in front of him, and he immediately stops what he's doing. He instinctively places his hand on his lightsaber under his robe.

PAROL ORGANA and LEIA are at the mouth of the cave. PAROL knocks on the wall of the cave.

PAROL

Hello? Anyone home?

OBI-WAN relaxes, stands up and turns around. Because of the light, he cannot see PAROL or LEIA's faces.

OBI-WAN (shading eyes)

Who is it?

PAROL and LEIA walk up to OBI-WAN.

PAROL

It's Parol, and I brought a special visitor! Look, Leia, it's your uncle Obi-Wan!

OBI-WAN shakes his fists in frustration. LEIA walks up to OBI-WAN and smiles.

LEIA

Obi-Wan!

OBI-WAN (angry)

What in the hell are you doing here?!

PAROL

Um. We were in the neighborhood and just wanted to make sure everything was going alright. We haven't heard from you in awhile and we worry about you.

OBI-WAN

You haven't heard from me because secrecy is the only way we'll survive! The Sand People are probably waiting outside to kidnap us!

LEIA tugs on OBI-WAN'S robe.

LEIA

Obi-Wan!

PAROL

See, she likes you already. Well, are you going to pick her up or not?

OBI-WAN reluctantly picks up LEIA and holds her. LEIA smiles and sucks her thumb.

OBI-WAN

She is *not* staying here. It is risky and foolish. You have to take her back with you to Alderaan right now.

PAROL

Just keep an eye on her for a minute. I've got to . . . I've got to go outside for a minute and get some fresh air.

OBI-WAN sighs.

OBI-WAN
Just for a minute.

PAROL walks out of the cave. OBI-WAN stands holding LEIA for a moment, then gets suspicious. He walks out to the mouth of the cave and sees PAROL running for her speeder.

OBI-WAN
Dammit!

OBI-WAN, now infuriated, runs after her with LEIA in hand. Just as PAROL takes speeds off, OBI-WAN mounts his speeder with LEIA on his lap and the chase is on. LEIA giggles.

The chase is at breakneck speeds, through a rocky terrain with canyons and tunnels. After a minute of chasing, OBI-WAN catches up to PAROL and gets alongside of her speeder.

OBI-WAN
You've got to take her back!

PAROL
No way! She's yours now!

PAROL kicks her speeder into an even higher gear, and OBI-WAN does the same. He catches up to her again and grabs LEIA from his lap and then throws her onto PAROL'S lap. OBI-WAN then slows down quickly and turns back to his cave.

LEIA, now on PAROL'S lap, begins to cry. PAROL shakes her head and looks behind her at OBI-WAN speeding away. She goes along for a bit, looks down at the crying LEIA, and makes a quick turn to chase OBI-WAN. OBI-WAN sees her coming and speeds up.

The chase continues, with PAROL never quick catching up to OBI-WAN, who is the far better driver and with superior knowledge of the landscape. They continue on their hairy gauntlet of near crashes.

First is a campsite of the SAND PEOPLE. As they whip through the camp, one of their tents is upturned and underneath is a SAND PERSON naked in a bathtub. The SAND PERSON is very embarrassed and covers himself with a towel.

Next is through a JAWA droid bazaar. One of the JAWA'S gets upturned in the air, and lands on OBI-WAN'S lap. The JAWA giggles, and OBI-WAN slows down to throw him off. At the same time he does this, PAROL speeds by and tosses LEIA on OBI-WAN'S lap, so now a perfect exchange has taken place. LEIA is back on OBI-WAN'S lap and the JAWA is now on PAROL'S lap. PAROL speeds away.

The next scene is at MOS EISLEY. PAROL and the JAWA are whipping through town, in and out of street vendors. An applecart gets tipped over, and then PAROL seeds a huge ramp over a building. She veers for it and speeds up. OBI-WAN and LEIA follow. They both hit the ramp at the same time.

As each of the speeders hit the ramp, each is jolted so that LEIA and the JAWA are thrown into the air. They swap speeders so now the JAWA is back with OBI-WAN and LEIA with PAROL. OBI-WAN speeds off into the distance and hides the speeder in an alley. He and the JAWA get off. The JAWA gives him a thumbs up.

JAWA (in Jawa-ese)
Kickass! Lemme buy you a drink.

OBI-WAN
Sure thing, little dude.

OBI-WAN and the JAWA enter a cantina.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

The whole area is completely decorated with streamers and signs announcing the grand opening of the Death Star. There are a lot of STORM TROOPERS moving about, moving tables around and chairs and setting up a podium and a microphone. The layout is much like any regular hotel banquet.

The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER watch and give orders.

EMPEROR (to DARTH VADER)
I think we need more lighting over the head table. The one where we'll be sitting.

DARTH VADER (to STORM TROOPERS)
Put a soft spotlight over the head
table.

The STORM TROOPER in charge of lighting points a muted green
spotlight onto the head table.

EMPEROR
That's good!

DARTH VADER gives the lighting technician a thumbs up.

DARTH VADER (to EMPEROR)
Did we get the order in for the
rotating hydraulic stage?

EMPEROR
Yes. I did that a long time ago.
Everything is proceeding as I have
foreseen.

DARTH VADER
We need it to have that motorized
walkway on it, too. Remember?

EMPEROR (miffed)
I remembered that, too. It was in
the original purchase order. It
was a special add-on. It's being
installed tomorrow.

DARTH VADER
That motorized walkway is crucial.

EMPEROR
It's going to be fine.

DARTH VADER
It's important because we've hyped
this whole Death Star thing so
much and we really need to make
this party perfect or people will
start to doubt our power. First
impressions are everything.

EMPEROR

I thought the power of this battle station was nothing compared to the force.

DARTH VADER

It isn't. But if this party sucks, no one will come to our next party. We'll be social outcasts.

EMPEROR

Don't worry, Lord Vader. What could go wrong?

CROSS DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

SUPER: "The next night"

The Death Star grand opening begins with a cocktail party. There are STORM TROOPER servants and many ADMIRALS and CAPTAINS mingling in the crowd. DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR are mingling as well, but they remain closer to the head table. They each have a vodka martini in hand.

DARTH VADER (to EMPEROR)

It looks like a good turnout.

EMPEROR

It ought to be. The invitations said to show up or be obliterated.

The EMPEROR takes a big gulp of vodka and makes eye contact with an ADMIRAL across the room. He raises his glass as a toast.

DARTH VADER

Who was that?

EMPEROR

Oh. That was Admiral Tazar. He shows great promise. Maybe he could replace you someday.

DARTH VADER looks at the EMPEROR. He then raises his fist as if to use the force grip on his neck. The EMPEROR holds out his hands as if to shock DARTH VADER with force lightning.

The each back off and then laugh.

DARTH VADER holds his martini up to the mouth of his helmet. The EMPEROR produces a bendy straw from the pocket of his robes and positions it so DARTH VADER can suck through the straw and a small opening in his helmet.

CAPTAIN NEEDA has the courage to walk up to DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR. He has a rocks glass full of whiskey and a small paper plate with some carrot sticks and some celery sticks and some ranch dressing and some cherry tomatoes and a rye cracker and a slice of Pepper Jack cheese. As CAPTAIN NEEDA approaches, he takes a small bite of carrot after dipping it in the ranch dressing. The paper plate and the napkin he is holding depict the Death Star and both read: "Death Star: Grand Opening Party".

CAPTAIN NEEDA (chewing)
Great party, guys. I mean, great party, Emperor Palpatine and Darth Vader.

CAPTAIN NEEDA swallows and then takes a big gulp from his rocks glass.

EMPEROR
Captain Needa! You are quite the brave one. No one else has had the courage to talk to us yet.

DARTH VADER
Yes. You are our first visitor.

CAPTAIN NEEDA (aloof)
I think it has to do with the whole lightning and choking thing.

EMPEROR (smiling)
Oh, right. You're all afraid that I'll electrocute you with force lightning if you say or do anything wrong.

CAPTAIN NEEDA takes a drink and nods.

DARTH VADER

Or, if he doesn't electrocute you with the force lightning, you're all afraid that I'll choke you to death with the force grip, right?

CAPTAIN NEEDA nods again.

CAPTAIN NEEDA

Yeah, that's the main thing. The other thing is the intimidation factor, regardless of the whole instant death. You are the two most evil and powerful people in the galaxy right now, and it puts people on edge just to stand next to you.

EMPEROR (smiles)

Good! Good! That's exactly what we've been wanting to hear! Isn't that right, Lord Vader?

DARTH VADER takes another sip of his martini.

DARTH VADER

Yes. I initially suggested more of a passive-aggressive stance to the whole ruling of the galaxy, but Emperor Palpatine here insisted on a more systematic rule of tyrannical violence and death.

CAPTAIN NEEDA eats a celery stick with ranch dressing, then talks through the chewing.

CAPTAIN NEEDA (mouth full)

I think you made the right call, Emperor Palpatine. We really are afraid of you two and we would do anything to avoid being electrocuted or choked to death. I don't think a passive-aggressive approach would keep us in line in quite the same way.

The EMPEROR turns to DARTH VADER.

EMPEROR (smiling)
See! I told you!

DARTH VADER
Whatever.

CAPTAIN NEEDA
It's nice to talk to you two.
I've got to go mingle with some of
the other captains, and I could
use a refill.

CAPTAIN NEEDA shakes his rocks glass up high to show its
emptiness.

DARTH VADER
Don't forget to tip.

The EMPEROR looks at DARTH VADER and laughs hysterically.
CAPTAIN NEEDA laughs and walks away.

EMPEROR
Good one, Lord Vader!

DARTH VADER (dryly)
No, seriously. We should tip the
servers. They're doing a great
job and without them this party
would be a failure.

The EMPEROR looks at DARTH VADER blankly for a moment, then
DARTH VADER takes a sip of martini. He then does a spit take
through the grill of his mask and they both laugh bent over
until GRAND MOFF TARKIN steps up. GRAND MOFF TARKIN is smoking
a cigarette through a long plastic cigarette holder and is
drinking a margarita.

The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER stand upright and do their best to
stop laughing.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN (smug)
Hello, Lord Vader. Hello Emperor
Palpatine.

EMPEROR

Ahhh. Grand Moff Tarkin! Good to see you. This whole Death Star thing was a great idea. I'm really glad you thought of it.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Yes. I know. It will allow us to rule the galaxy through fear, hate, and death. Quite a concept, don't you think?

DARTH VADER

But this battle station is nothing compared to the power of the force.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN takes a long drag of his cigarette.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Can the force destroy an entire planet?

The EMPEROR looks at DARTH VADER with a smile. DARTH VADER takes a long drink of his martini and finishes it, looks at the EMPEROR, then down at his feet.

DARTH VADER

No. We went over this before at the last meeting. The force cannot destroy an entire planet.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

I'm not bragging or anything, but which would you rather do: blow up a whole planet, or choke someone?

The EMPEROR'S eyes light up.

EMPEROR (excited)

Oh I'd much rather blow up a whole planet! For sure!

DARTH VADER looks up and looks at his empty cocktail glass. He motions to a STORM TROOPER for a refill.

EMPEROR

What would you rather do, Lord
Vader?

DARTH VADER (reluctant)

I'd . . . I'd rather blow up a
whole planet.

The EMPEROR gives GRAND MOFF TARKIN a high-five.

EMPEROR

Yes! I knew it!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Have you decided what we're
blowing up first?

EMPEROR

Oh, we're still up in the air.
What do you think about your home
planet?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN is unfazed. He smokes his cigarette coolly.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

As you wish.

The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER laugh again. GRAND MOFF TARKIN
starts to laugh.

DARTH VADER (recovering from laughter)

No, really. We've decided to blow
up your home planet.

The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER laugh again. GRAND MOFF TARKIN
loses his cool.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN (miffed)

I've got to get another margarita.

EMPEROR (laughing)

As you wish!

DARTH VADER (laughing)

Don't forget to tip!

The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER buckle over laughing. GRAND MOFF TARKIN leaves their presence. The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER recover from laughing.

EMPEROR (excited)
Oooh! Lord Vader! The hot hors
d'ouevres are out!

DARTH VADER
What did you order?

EMPEROR
I chose the Swedish meatballs, the
chicken satays, and the hot wings
with devil sauce.

DARTH VADER (miffed)
You know I can't eat hot wings.
Besides, the devil sauce makes it
hurt when I poop.

EMPEROR
Oh, so I suppose this party is all
about you now?

DARTH VADER
That's not it. My point is that
you never ask me for any input on
any of the important stuff around
here.

EMPEROR
I didn't realize this was the
official Darth Vader debutant
ball. I should've gotten you a
corsage.

DARTH VADER
You know what I'm saying. I go
around doing all the killing, and
you sit back watching it all. I
want a little more responsibility.
More decision-making power. I
feel constrained at times.

A STORM TROOPER comes by with a selection of hot appetizers. The tray he carries them on is a nice commemorative tray depicting the Death Star. On the tray are Swedish meatballs, hot wings, and a cheesy quesadilla.

EMPEROR

What's this cheesy quesadilla
doing here? I ordered chicken
satays!

The EMPEROR electrocutes the STORM TROOPER and he falls to the ground convulsing. The party continues without any commotion. The EMPEROR bends down and grabs a slice of the cheesy quesadilla, then eats it.

EMPEROR

Not bad, actually.

DARTH VADER picks up a piece of the cheesy quesadilla and puts it to the grill on his helmet.

DARTH VADER

I can't eat this, either.

EMPEROR

Maybe you should've thought about
that before you got all of your
limbs cut off.

DARTH VADER

Maybe you should've designed my
helmet so I could eat solid foods.

At this point, the commotion of the party is interrupted by the sounds of metal forks striking glasses.

ADMIRAL OZZEL is raising a bottle of beer high up, standing in the middle of a parquet dance floor.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

Attention! Attention everyone!

The clinking stops and the party turns its attention to ADMIRAL OZZEL.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

I would like to propose a toast, a toast to this magnificent weapon of mass destruction, but more importantly, a toast to the people that made it all possible.

There are spontaneous "here, here" mutterings from the crowd.

EMPEROR (to DARTH VADER)

This is quite nice, don't you think?

ADMIRAL OZZEL

First, a toast to Grand Moff Tarkin, the idea man. It took a great mind to think of a great idea. I mean, really, we all had thoughts about blowing up entire planets but none of us put pencil to paper to make it reality until Grand Moff Tarkin came along. So, a toast to you, Grand Moff Tarkin.

EVERYONE

Here here!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN nods approval to ADMIRAL OZZEL and waives his cigarette holder at him.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

Next, I propose a toast to that one very important person, without whom we would likely still be fighting Jedi, whom some of you may have met in an earlier life as the precocious young Anakin Skywalker, the one, the only, Darth Vader!

EVERYONE

Darth! Darth! Darth! Darth!
Darth!

DARTH VADER waves like the British Queen and nods. The crowd noise dies down as ADMIRAL OZZEL raises his beer again.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

And last, but certainly not least,
a toast to the man without whom
none of this, none of this at all,
would be possible, a toast to the
one guy who keeps us all together
and pulls all the strings behind
the scenes, the great manipulator
and supreme ruler of the known
universe, the most evil guy I
know, Emperor Palpatine!

EVERYONE

Pal-pa-tine! Pal-pa-tine! Pal-
pa-tine! Pal-pa-tine! Pal-pa-
tine!

The EMPEROR nods and enjoys attention. A soft red spotlight lights up his face and a bit of DARTH VADER. The EMPEROR nudges DARTH VADER so he moves out of the spotlight.

The chanting continues for a few more minutes, until it changes to:

EVERYONE

Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!
Speech!

The EMPEROR nods and raises his hand, then motions for the crowd to settle down. The crowd comes to a complete silence. Then, a STORM TROOPER accidentally drops a tray of martinis and tries to run for the exit. DARTH VADER chokes him with the force grip and the EMPEROR begins his speech.

EMPEROR (beaming)

Admiral Ozzel, thank you for such
a nice toast! Well, for all of
those toasts, even the ones for
Lord Vader and Grand Moff Tarkin.

There is an uneasy laughter from the crowd.

EMPEROR (serious)

That wasn't supposed to be funny.

The crowd becomes still and worried.

EMPEROR (smiling)
Just kidding!

Everyone laughs.

EMPEROR
Thank you all for coming. The
turn out is great, even if
attendance was mandatory. Well,
not absolutely mandatory, but if
any of you hadn't shown up,
you'd've gotten a good one of
these!

The EMPEROR shoots force lightning into the air and cackles.
Those who are nearby cower in fear and a few spill their drinks.
The EMPEROR eventually stops shooting force lightning.

EMPEROR
Or Lord Vader would've choked you
to death.

DARTH VADER
Maybe I'd cut their head off with
my light saber.

EMPEROR (nods)
Yes, I suppose that is always an
option, isn't it? But it's not as
fun as choking someone from across
the room. Or this!

The EMPEROR shoots some more force lightning into the air and
cackles. People nearby back up into people behind them and more
drinks are spilled. The EMPEROR stops the force lightning and
rests his arms and sighs.

EMPEROR
Oh that is fun. Where was I?

DARTH VADER whispers into the EMPEROR'S ear.

EMPEROR

Oh, right! I had just thanked
Admiral Ozzel for the nice toasts.
I suppose I should make a few
toasts of my own. Let's see here
. . .

The EMPEROR pulls a small sheet of paper out from his robe and puts on his reading glasses which are attached around his neck via a thin silver chain. He speaks while looking at the list.

EMPEROR

I didn't want to forget anyone so
I made a list. Okay, number one
here is Grand Moff Tarkin!

The EMPEROR looks up from the list and looks out into the crowd.

EMPEROR

Where are you, old Moffy boy?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN raises his cigarette holder up high.

EMPEROR

Oh! There you are. Yes, a toast
to Grand Moff Tarkin, as Admiral
Ozzel said before, the idea man
behind this Death Star. You know,
it wasn't very long ago when he
and I were sitting around, tossing
out ideas, free associating,
brainstorming, when old Moffy boy
tosses out the concept of a Death
Star. "What's a Death Star?" I
asked him, and he told me it was a
new super-weapon that could act as
a battle station and would have a
big super-laser that could destroy
entire planets. Darth Vader here
still thinks that's not much
compared to the power of the
force, but I guess time will tell,
won't it?

There is an uneasy laughter from the crowd.

EMPEROR

I said that it was a great idea,
but before committing to anything,
I thought we should at least send
the concept to our marketing team
and get some focus group input.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MARKETING OFFICES - DAY

Sitting around a large oak table are various aliens who are members of the focus group and an AGENT in a suit. The AGENT has a stack of paper and some concept art ready to put on an easel. Another easel has a dry-erase whiteboard.

AGENT (effeminate)

Mmmm-kay. Up first is the Death
Bug.

The AGENT puts up an illustration of the death bug, which looks like a mix between a spider and a mosquito.

AGENT

Who here immediately felt fear
when they looked at the Death Bug?

A JAWA raises his hand, along with a few other aliens.

AGENT

Okay, Mr. Jawa. Would you care to
describe your feelings?

JAWA (in Jawa-ese)

It's a very frightening picture,
and on Tatooine, there are similar
bugs. The teeth and the name
invoke a very unpleasant mental
picture.

AGENT

And what if we told you this was a
new super-weapon, that we can make
these bugs by the billions and can
infest planets with them?

JAWA

That's even worse. Very scary.

AGENT

And if I tell you they method of death is that the bug crawls inside your nose and eats your brains?

JAWA

I can't imagine a worse way to go.

AGENT

Would you go so far as to say you would feel terrified?

The JAWA nods.

AGENT

Mmmm-kay. Moving along. Next we have the Death Shoes.

The AGENT puts an illustration of a pair of sneaker up over the Death Bug.

AGENT

Who's afraid of the Death Shoes?

No one raises their hands.

AGENT

What if I said the shoes had special micro-beads which feed the naturally occurring bacteria in your feet? And you develop a really bad smell which makes you nauseous?

The aliens look at each other pensively, but none of them raise their hands.

AGENT

That's a zero. No one? No one's afraid of the Death Shoes? Alright. Next.

The AGENT puts up a picture of the Death Star.

AGENT

Here's the Death Star. Anyone afraid of the Death Star?

No one raises their hands.

AGENT

No one? Okay what if I tell you it's a space station, a battle station, and it has a super-laser that is powerful enough to destroy large spaceships and is even strong enough to blow up this whole planet? Now who's afraid?

All of the aliens raise their hands.

AGENT

Assuming the Republic is taken over by an oppressive dictator, is the Death Star the kind of super-weapon that would tend to make you less willing to rebel?

All of the aliens nod.

END FLASHBACK

The EMPEROR is smiling back at the party.

EMPEROR

I'll have you know that my idea, the Death Bug, came in a close second. The Death Shoes idea was a public submission to our website, submitted by some idiotic Gungan named Jar-Jar Binks. I think we captured him and sold him to Jabba the Hutt, didn't we?

LORD VADER

Uh, that sounds about right.

The EMPEROR looks back down at his list.

EMPEROR

How can I forget to toast my main
guy, my number two, my go-to guy,
the X-factor, the one whose
uncontrollable rage led to the
death of all the Jedi, Mr.
Pokerface himself, Darth Vader!

EVERYONE

Darth! Darth! Darth! Darth!
Darth!

DARTH VADER takes a bow. The EMPEROR motions for silence.

EMPEROR

It's not easy up at the top of an
empire built from hate, evil, and
tyranny. In fact, it gets quite
lonely. I think Lord Vader
understands where I'm coming from
here. After all, it's hard to
make friends when your reputation
is for killing all the Jedi, even
the younglings.

The EMPEROR turns to DARTH VADER.

EMPEROR

I want to express my deepest
gratitude for your sticking by me
in these tough days of
consolidating our power.

The EMPEROR turns to the crowd.

EMPEROR

And for not killing me in my
sleep!

The crowd laughs. The EMPEROR turns to DARTH VADER again.

EMPEROR

I know there are days when you come in to work and think that it's a little repetitive, or that killing a lot of people in the name of power can get depressing. I also know that mere words cannot express my thanks. So I'm going to thank you in my own special way.

The EMPEROR moves out onto the parquet floor and motions for people to move away. A STORM TROOPER wheels out a karaoke machine and a monitor for the lyrics. The EMPEROR bends over and hides under his robe a moment and stands up and turns around, then removes his hood. With the hood gone, everyone can see that the EMPEROR has a bowler hat on, a little black mustache and a cane, much like Charlie Chaplin.

Just as the first few notes, solo piano, of "Smile" are playing, the EMPEROR speaks to DARTH VADER into the karaoke microphone, the whole time covered in a very soft, pink spotlight.

EMPEROR

This song goes out to Lord Vader, the best right-hand man an evil emperor could ever hope for.

Everyone in the audience applauds vigorously. The lyrics to "Smile" appear on the video screen, and the EMPEROR gets serious. He grabs the microphone close and begins to sing.

[Choreography in brackets after each line.]

EMPEROR

Smile, though your heart is aching.

[Use of cane and hands to make a smiley face on his own face, then a fist to cover his chest to indicate pain.]

Smile, even though it's breaking.

[Fake heart attack pain in upper chest and frowning.]

EMPEROR (cont'd.)

When there are clouds in the sky,
you'll get by.

[Use of cane and hands to arc
above and point to imaginary
clouds.]

If you smile through your tears
and sorrow,

[Use of cane and hands to paint
fake tears dripping from his
eyes.]

Smile and maybe tomorrow,

[Use of cane and hands to make
smile motion on face.]

You'll see the sun come shining
through

[Use of cane and hands to make a
circle and a punching motion
through the air.]

For you.

[Pointing cane at Darth Vader.]

Light up your face with gladness.

[Spotlight brightens on Emperor's
face.]

Hide every trace of sadness.

[Emperor frowns but wipes it
upwards into a smile with his
hand.]

Although a tear maybe ever so
near.

[Emperor pretends to wipe a tear
away.]

EMPEROR (cont'd.)

That's the time you must keep on
trying.

[Fist pumps.]

Smile, what's the use of crying?

[Shoulder shrugs.]

You'll find that life is still
worthwhile, if you just smile.

[Paints an imaginary smile on
Darth Vader's face with cane.]

At this point, there is a piano solo, and the EMPEROR does a "little tramp" dance soft-shoe on the floor with a lot of feet shuffling and twirling of the cane.

Just before the second verse repeats, the EMPEROR speaks to the crowd.

EMPEROR

Alright, are we gonna all do this
or what? If you don't, you'll get
a good one of these!

The EMPEROR shoots lightning into the air and cackles. The crowd joins in the second verse, doing the same choreography with the EMPEROR as he did the first time around. DARTH VADER reluctantly sings along, too.

EVERYONE

Light up your face with gladness.
Hide every trace of sadness.
Although a tear maybe ever so
near.

That's the time you must keep on
trying.

Smile, what's the use of crying?

You'll find that life is still
worthwhile,

If you just smile.

[music slows down for last line.]

The EMPEROR starts applauding himself and everyone joins him in applause.

EMPEROR

Good! Good! That was a good
team-building event, don't you
think?

DARTH VADER walks out onto the parquet flooring and takes the microphone from the EMPEROR. The crowd hushes.

DARTH VADER

I sort of have something special
planned for you, too.

EMPEROR

Oh! You shouldn't have!

DARTH VADER motions with his hands, and the lights go out except for a very soft light on DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR on the floor. The karaoke machine begins playing "Some Other Time" by Leonard Bernstein.

DARTH VADER

Where has the time all gone to?

[Points to imaginary watch.]

Haven't done half the things we
want to.
Oh, well.

[Shrugs shoulders.]

We'll catch up some other time.

Just when the fun is starting,
Comes the time for parting.

[Waives good-bye to Emperor.]

But let's be glad for what we've
had
And what's to come.

DARTH VADER (cont'd.)

[Dramatic raising of fist and clenching, accidentally choking and killing a captain in the crowd.]

There's so much more embracing
Still to be done, but time is
racing.

[Points to imaginary watch.]

Oh, well.

[Shoulder shrugs.]

We'll catch up some other time.

There is a piano solo again. DARTH VADER stands next to the EMPEROR, puts an arm around his shoulder and they sing the second verse together, swaying left and right.

DARTH VADER and EMPEROR

There's so much more embracing
Still to be done, but time is
racing.
Oh, well.
We'll catch up some other time.

The crowd applauds and there's not a dry eye in the room.

The lights come back up and again there's the sound of metal forks clinking glasses.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN is trying to get the crowd's attention.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Bravo! Bravo! But I have a
surprise of my own, too.

The EMPEROR claps his hands and smiles.

EMPEROR

This is turning out to be quite a
party, don't you think?

DARTH VADER

It's hard to imagine how it can
get better.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

I cannot sing or dance as well as
our inspired leaders here, but
what I can do is make a mean cake!

On that cue, two STORM TROOPERS wheel in a huge cart to the
parquet floor. On the cart is an immense cake, in the shape of
the Death Star. There are even lights dotting the cake as if
the Death Star is fully operational. Also on the cart are paper
plates and napkins depicting the Death Star.

EMPEROR

What kind of cake is it?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

A chocolate bombe.

EMPEROR (excited)

A chocolate bombe! A bombe! Get
it? It's perfect! May I cut the
first piece?

The EMPEROR eagerly grabs a long knife but GRAND MOFF TARKIN
puts his hand up.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Wait. I have another surprise.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN presses a button on a remote control and the
concave part of the cake where the super-laser shoots out lights
up. A small but intensely bright laser shoots out of the cake
and burns one a STORM TROOPER on the arm.

The crowd laughs.

EMPEROR

I like it!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN (smug)

Can you imagine if I'd had to make
a cake shaped like a Death Bug?

The EMPEROR cackles.

EMPEROR

Good one! Okay. Can I cut it now?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

It would be my pleasure.

The EMPEROR takes the knife and cuts a sector out of the Death Star.

EMPEROR

Lord Vader, do you want a piece with lots of frosting?

DARTH VADER

You know I can't eat cake.

The EMPEROR shrugs his shoulders.

EMPEROR (to crowd)

He's such a wet blanket, isn't he?

The crowd laughs.

The EMPEROR yields the cake-cutting duties to the STORM TROOPERS and eats his piece of cake. Other STORM TROOPERS are mingling among the crowd handing out the piece of cake as well as conical paper hats which depict the Death Star. DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR put their hats on.

EMPEROR

The cake is so moist! It's perfect!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Thank you, Emperor Palpatine. It is absolutely my pleasure.

EMPEROR

You should just taste the frosting. Very creamy.

The EMPEROR uses his finger to slather a hunk of frosting on DARTH VADER'S face grill. He sucks it up through it and it disappears.

DARTH VADER (making lip smacking noises)
Not bad.

A STORM TROOPER comes by with some beer bottles and the EMPEROR grabs one, tries to twist off the cap, but can't.

EMPEROR (grunting)
Lord Vader, are these twist off?

DARTH VADER
No.

The EMPEROR hands the bottle to DARTH VADER who promptly uncaps it with his face grill.

EMPEROR
Thanks.

DARTH VADER
Where's the champagne? We ordered
a hundred cases of Cristal.

EMPEROR
Patience, Lord Vader.

ADMIRAL OZZEL raises his glass and gets the crowd's attention.

ADMIRAL OZZEL
My surprise is not nearly
impressive as the wonder cake, but
it is time for some champagne.

The STORM TROOPERS bring out the champagne on trays and everyone gets a glass.

ADMIRAL OZZEL
If I could have you all come over
to the windows, I've prepared a
special event outside of the Death
Star. Bring your champagne.

Everyone moves over to the big window and looks outside. There is a mechanical arm with a bottle of champagne in its grasp.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

Okay, Emperor Palpatine, I think it's time we properly christened this fully operational battle station.

ADMIRAL OZZEL hands over to the EMPEROR a small version of the mechanical arm which acts as a remote control for the large arm.

Many people are crowding around the window now, trying to get a better view. The angle is difficult and many people cannot see it at all.

EMPEROR

Okay, everyone! On the count of three, I'll whack the bottle on the side of the Death Star and then let's all take a big gulp of champagne together!

EVERYONE

A-one! A-two! A-THREEEEEE!

The EMPEROR moves the mechanical arm forward, but also opens the mechanical hand's grip. The bottle falls out and drifts harmlessly into space, and the mechanical arm outside hits the Death Star with a thud.

The crowd watches the bottle float away.

EMPEROR

Well, drink!

The crowd cheers and drinks.

DARTH VADER

That was an expensive bottle of wine to waste.

EMPEROR

Don't worry. We'll send a space monkey out to get it.

The crowd finishes their champagne by the window and begins to mill about, slowly moving back to the center of the room. Just outside a monkey in a space suit and jetpack floats out after the bottle of wine.

The EMPEROR and DARTH VADER have moved back to the center of the parquet floor. The EMPEROR raises his hands for silence. The crowd quiets.

EMPEROR

I hate it when it happens, but I think we've all had enough fun for one night, and we should all probably get back to our battle stations, or our Star Destroyers, as the case may be.

A groan comes from the crowd.

DARTH VADER

Not if I have anything to say about it. I've got at least one more surprise.

The crowd applauds.

DARTH VADER

The completion of the Death Star also coincides with another very special day.

The EMPEROR smiles and blushes a bit.

DARTH VADER

Today also happens to be Emperor Palpatine's birthday, the big one-three-o!

Unannounced, there's a huge balloon drop and confetti from above, coating the whole room. Everyone applauds. A banner unfurls at the head table, which reads: "Happy 130th, Emperor Palpatine!"

DARTH VADER

And to celebrate this very special occasion, I thought we'd toast the Emperor. Did I say *toast*? I meant *roast*! A roast of the Emperor!

More balloons drop and second banner unfurls below the first one which reads: "DARTH VADER'S 2nd ANNUAL ROAST OF THE EMPEROR!"

The EMPEROR cackles with glee. Everyone finds their seats, with DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR at the head table, alongside them are ADMIRAL OZZEL, CAPTAIN NEEDA, and GRAND MOFF TARKIN.

DARTH VADER stands and takes the podium. As he begins to speak, there's feedback.

DARTH VADER

Testing. Ahem. Testing. Can you hear me in the back?

The feedback fades away.

DARTH VADER

That's better. Okay. Welcome to the second annual Darth Vader roast of Emperor Palpatine. We hope this year is even better than last year. I suppose the only way it could be worse would be if the Emperor electrocutes us all.

The EMPEROR cackles and the crowd laughs uneasily.

DARTH VADER "accidentally" pushes a pen off the podium onto the floor.

DARTH VADER

Whoops!

DARTH VADER turns and bends over to pick it up, pointing his butt at the EMPEROR. DARTH VADER rips a moist fart and wafts the air at him with his hands.

The crowd laughs hysterically. The EMPEROR cackles. DARTH VADER returns to the podium.

DARTH VADER

Sounds like we still have an
infestation of barking womp rats.

The crowd laughs.

EMPEROR

Sounds like someone needs to do a
pants-check!

Everyone laughs even harder.

DARTH VADER

So anyway, I thought it would be
easy finding people to help roast
Emperor Palpatine because, after
all . . .

DARTH VADER turns to the EMPEROR

DARTH VADER

. . . you are the most hated
person in the galaxy.

The crowd laughs. The EMPEROR giggles.

DARTH VADER

I suppose the lack of interest was
due to everyone hearing about last
year's roast, if you remember,
where you electrocuted all of the
guest speakers.

There is more laughter from everyone.

DARTH VADER

Then again, I thought my trouble
might be because no one really
believed you were turning 130
today. After all, you don't look
a day over 160, I swear.

Much laughter ensues.

DARTH VADER

Grand Moff Tarkin and I originally had planned a surprise trip for Emperor Palpatine to one of the nicer whorehouses on Naboo, but let's face it folks, no woman in their right mind would want to have sex with a guy like me, what with my four robotic limbs. It's not like I can really please a woman anymore.

EMPEROR

Who cares if the whores are pleased?

Lots of laughter ensues.

DARTH VADER

And even worse than me, can you imagine having sex with the Emperor? First of all, you'd have to dust him off.

DARTH VADER grabs a feather duster from under the podium and dusts off the EMPEROR. There is hysterical laughter from the crowd.

DARTH VADER

Then you'd have to plug your nose. He's not very big on personal hygiene. Trust me, I know.

Still more laughter.

DARTH VADER

Then you'd have to pretend to think that his pee-pee was big, just to give him some confidence.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

You'd have to pretend that he *had* a pee-pee first.

Everyone laughs. The EMPEROR stands up and holds out his hands as if to electrocute GRAND MOFF TARKIN, but is laughing too hard to do it. There is a very long period of uncontrollable laughter. Even DARTH VADER has to step away from the podium and recover. He eventually returns to the podium.

DARTH VADER

Can you believe it? 130? A lot of people out there in the audience might think that not much in a 130-year-old's body still works. Constipation is a common problem in people half his age. But let me assure you that Emperor Palpatine has no trouble with his bowel movements.

You know, I can personally attest that Emperor Palpatine has one full healthy bowel movement, precisely each morning at 7am. The only trouble is that he doesn't wake up until eight.

The crowd goes nuts. DARTH VADER produces a package of adult diapers from the podium and hands them to the EMPEROR who cackles and graciously accepts the gift. DARTH VADER takes the podium again.

DARTH VADER

Well, I suppose that about does it for me. Up next is a visit from the only volunteer we had this year. He probably didn't hear about how last year's roast went. Prepare to be floored by the comedic stylings of the galaxy's favorite cut-up, Shecky Schmule!

The crowd applauds. Up steps Shecky Schmule, an obnoxious and energetic comedian with a big bulbous nose, dressed in a tuxedo and bowtie.

SHECKY

Hello! Hello! Hello out there to all the ladies and germs.

SCHECKY turns to the EMPEROR.

SHECKY

Or should I say, *lady* and germs?

The EMPEROR makes a dry smile. No one laughs. SHECKY nervously turns to the podium.

SHECKY

It's not everyday you get a chance like this, to roast the Emperor of the galaxy and the most evil guy I know. Here's how it went. I get a phone call from none other than Darth Vader himself. He says to me, "Are you free next week to roast Emperor Palpatine?" And so I says to him, "Emperor who?"

SHECKY pauses for laughter, but there is none.

SHECKY (nervous)

Eh. Ahem. So I tell Darth to send me a picture. Maybe I'd recognize him and I could put a face to a name. So he sends me a picture of the Emperor, and I call Darth back. I say, "You want me to roast *him*? I thought all of the California Raisins had died years ago!"

SHECKY pauses for laughter, but he's bombing. He turns to the EMPEROR.

SHECKY

I mean, have you taken a good long look in the mirror lately? I suppose it's not possible since as soon as a mirror catches sight of you, it shatters itself out of sympathy.

Still no laughs. SHECKY nervously looks out into the crowd.

SHECKY

Okay, how about some balloon animals? Anyone here like balloon animals?

The EMPEROR nods.

EMPEROR

Yes! Balloon animals!

SHECKY (sweating)

Okay! Balloon animals it is!

SHECKY starts making some balloon animals, making a lot of noise with his hands rubbing the balloons as he twists them into shape. He ends up making a large penis and two balls and a ring around it which he places on the EMPEROR'S head as a balloon-penis-and-balls hat.

SHECKY

Ta-da!

There is complete silence from the crowd. The EMPEROR raises his hands and electrocutes SHECKY for a long, long time, until he turns black and crispy.

The EMPEROR takes off his balloon-penis-and-balls hat and electrocutes it to make it pop.

EMPEROR

Okay, then. Anyone else, Lord Vader?

DARTH VADER

I don't think so. Unless anyone out there wants to do some improv. Anyone?

There is no response from the crowd.

DARTH VADER

Okay. So that ends the roasting segment of the program. The Emperor and I would like to invite you to stick around for more cocktails, or coffee for those of you who need to get back to work. The karaoke machine is still up and running, and the Storm Troopers will be distributing song lists for anyone interested in singing a song for the Emperor. The song list is sorted by song title in the front, and by artist in the back. I'd encourage you to stick around since you never know what surprises we may have left.

Let's hear it for Emperor Palpatine, who today has made it 130 years of life . . . and death!

The crowd applauds. A small handful of the captains and admirals leave, but most stick around for more drinks. A STORM TROOPER drops off a karaoke song book for DARTH VADER and the EMPEROR.

EMPEROR

That was quite nice, Lord Vader.

DARTH VADER

I did have quite a bit of help.

The EMPEROR opens up the karaoke song book and begins shuffling through the pages. He puts on his reading glasses.

EMPEROR

We should do a duet, don't you think?

DARTH VADER (disinterested)

I'm sort of tired.

EMPEROR

We have to do a duet! After last year, they're *expecting* it!

DARTH VADER (sighs)
What are you thinking? Something
short, I hope.

EMPEROR
Well, there's always "I Got You
Babe."

DARTH VADER
Didn't we do that last year?

EMPEROR
Oh, right. How about "You Don't
Bring Me Flowers"?

DARTH VADER
That's kind of a buzz-killer to
end this party with, don't you
think?

EMPEROR
"Paradise by the Dashboard
Lights"?

DARTH VADER
You know I hate that song.

EMPEROR (frustrated)
You pick, then.

DARTH VADER
We had that moving walkway
installed for a reason.

EMPEROR
Right! "Me and My Shadow" it is,
then!

DARTH VADER
I've got to go powder my nose.

EMPEROR
But your nose was burned off after
the battle with Obi-Wan on
Mustafar!

DARTH VADER

It's a figure of speech. I need to go to the bathroom.

EMPEROR

Oh! Right! Here, then. You take the slip up to them. Hurry back or you'll miss my birthday cake.

The EMPEROR fills out a paper slip with their song on it, and hands it to DARTH VADER. DARTH VADER takes the slip and walks it over to a STORM TROOPER by the karaoke machine on the parquet floor.

DARTH VADER then leaves the room. There is a lull in the festivities and all that is happening is some mingling and drinking among the crowd.

ADMIRAL OZZEL and CAPTAIN NEEDA are engaged in conversation while drinking some wine.

CAPTAIN NEEDA

There certainly was less death this year, compared to last year.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

You have to admit that the rendition of "Smile" was rather touching.

CAPTAIN NEEDA

Touching? Yes, I suppose so. But I feel like there's still something missing from this party. We've been here for several hours now, and we haven't fired off the super-laser.

ADMIRAL OZZEL

Oh yeah! The super-laser! That must be the last surprise.

Suddenly, all the lights go dim. There is confusion at first, and then a recording of the "Imperial March" starts playing. In a corner of the room, two STORM TROOPERS push out yet another huge cake onto the parquet floor. This cake is a huge three-tiered cake, complete with 130 lit candles, at least ten feet tall.

After a few opening strains of the "Imperial March" the music fades into an organ repeating the first chord of "Happy Birthday."

EVERYONE

Happy birthday to you.
 Happy birthday to you.
 Happy birthday dear Emperor
 Palpatine.
 Happy birthday to you.

Everyone applauds and the EMPEROR steps up to the cake.

EMPEROR

This is quite nice. I know you want me to blow all the candles out now but I'd like to wait until Lord Vader returns from the little boys' room. He's got a bladder the size of a peanut, you know.

Everyone laughs.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Just blow the candles out. He could be laying some cable in there.

CAPTAIN NEEDA

And the wax is getting all over the cake.

EMPEROR (reluctant)

I really think we should wait for Lord Vader. The blowing out of the candles is his favorite part.

There is a still silence.

EMPEROR

Okay. Let's do this.

CAPTAIN NEEDA

Don't forget to make a wish!

EMPEROR

Oh! Right. I wish for . . .

CAPTAIN NEEDA

Don't say it out loud! That ruins it!

EMPEROR

Okay! Jeez!

The EMPEROR closes his eyes nods his head a little up and down, left and right, then opens his eyes and smiles. He takes in a big breath, and just as he starts to blow out the candles, the top of the cake comes off and DARTH VADER pops out, holding onto a big remote control with a big red button. DARTH VADER also has two silver tassel pasties on his chest.

The EMPEROR cackles and the crowd hoots and hollers.

EMPEROR

Lord Vader! Such a trickster!

DARTH VADER climbs out of the cake but slips and falls on some frosting. Everyone laughs as he stands up and brushes frosting off of his front side.

DARTH VADER

Ahem. It's all part of the act, folks.

EMPEROR

Sure! We believe you, right?

The crowd mockingly assents.

DARTH VADER

Moving along then. Although I'm not sure someone with a heart as old as yours can continue to be surprised without some negative consequences, I have one final surprise for you.

DARTH VADER hands over to the EMPEROR the big remote control with the big red button.

EMPEROR (excited)

What is it!?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

The big red button on that remote control activates this fully operational battle station's super-laser!

The crowd applauds.

DARTH VADER

But, keep in mind that the power of this battle station . . .

EVERYONE (mocking)

. . . is nothing compared to the power of the force.

EMPEROR

Yes, we know, Lord Vader. Can we please blow something up now?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

That is our final surprise. The Death Star's tractor beam caught a rebel Corellian Corvette as it came out of hyperspace. We of course wanted to blow it up immediately, but were saving that honor for you.

EMPEROR

Good! Good! Excellent! My wish came true!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

If we all can move back over to the windows, I think we'll get a good view of the rebel ship, and a good view of the super-laser warming up.

EMPEROR (excited)

This is fun!

Everyone moves over to the window. Outside, stuck in the tractor beam, is a Corellian Corvette. The concave part of the Death Star is barely visible in the upper-right corner of the window. A faint glow of green light comes from the focusing points around the concave dish.

The EMPEROR frowns when he sees the concave dish.

EMPEROR

I thought we agreed the super-laser would be red, not green.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Uh. It's kind of a greenish red. It changes color when it fires.

EMPEROR (disbelieving)

Hmm. Remember the meeting? When we decided what color the super-laser would be? Didn't we all agree on red?

DARTH VADER looks down at his feet.

DARTH VADER

I think he's right.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

We'll fix it right after the demonstration.

EMPEROR

You better fix it. I mean, what color do you think of when you think of destructive lasers? Red, right?

The crowd mutters approval.

EMPEROR
There! That settles it. The
super-laser should be red.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
I said we'd fix it.

EMPEROR
You better fix it.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
We'll fix it.

EMPEROR
Okay, then.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
Fine.

EMPEROR
Whatever.

The EMPEROR holds out the remote control and raises his hand dramatically.

EMPEROR
To everyone who made this a very
special birthday, I give my
gratitude and thanks. And to all
those rebels out there in the ship
I'm about to blow up, bye-bye!

Just before the EMPEROR presses the big red button, he sees something out of the corner of his eye on the floor. It is a large black spider. He screams like a girl.

EMPEROR (terrified)
Lord Vader! Spider! Kill it!

DARTH VADER walks over to the spider, raises his boot as if to crush it with his foot, but then steps back. He instead uses the force grip and crushes the spider into a messy splotch on the floor.

EMPEROR (relieved)
Oh, I hate spiders! Thank you,
Lord Vader!

The EMPEROR raises his hand over the button again.

EMPEROR
Here we go again. Thanks to you
all and good-bye to the rebels.

The EMPEROR presses the button, but there's no response other than a hollow-sounding click. The EMPEROR presses the button a couple of times, making some more clicking noises.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN has a concerned look on his face and grabs the remote control and shakes it.

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
It was working just a minute ago.

EMPEROR
Isn't there some sort of manual
override?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
Yes, but we overrode the manual
override in order to use the
remote control.

DARTH VADER
Check the batteries.

EMPEROR
Let me see it!

The EMPEROR and GRAND MOFF TARKIN fight over the remote control and it breaks in half in the struggle.

EMPEROR
Oh, great! Now you've done it!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
You broke it.

DARTH VADER
Let me have it. I'm good with
mechanical things, remember?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN hands the pieces of the remote control over to DARTH VADER. He looks at the pieces from all the angles, puts them back together with a snapping noise, and then shakes it.

EMPEROR (worried)
 Don't push the button! I get to
 push the button! It's *my*
 birthday!

DARTH VADER hands the remote control over to the EMPEROR. The EMPEROR raises his hand again over the button.

EMPEROR (sighs)
 Okay. Thanks again, and good-bye
 rebels!

The EMPEROR pushes the button and the focusing points in the convex part of the super-laser glow more brightly. The beam focuses into a very sharp, thin laser and very slowly extends out towards the Corellian Corvette.

EMPEROR
 Does it always take this long?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN
 Uh. Yeah. We're still perfecting
 it.

Everyone watches as the beam crosses space. It is only halfway there now.

DARTH VADER (smug)
 Remember what I said about the
 power of this battle station
 versus the force?

EMPEROR (miffed)
 Yes, yes. You really know how to
 hold a grudge, don't you?

DARTH VADER
 You're the one always telling me
 to hold on to my hate.

The EMPEROR rolls his eyes. The super-laser is three-fourths of the way to the rebel ship. The sound of a cricket chirping is heard in the background. The EMPEROR taps his long fingernails on the remote control.

CUT TO:

INT. CORELLIAN CORVETTE CONTROL DECK

The crew of the rebel ship are rushing about, nervous. They can see the thin laser coming towards them.

REBEL CAPTAIN

What kind of laser is it?

REBEL ENSIGN

The computers say it's a basic laser, but the computer is unaware of any laser which travels as slowly as this one.

REBEL CAPTAIN

Fire all engines forward!

The crew pushes a bunch of buttons, but the ship doesn't move.

REBEL ENSIGN

The tractor beam still has us locked in place. We're stuck here.

REBEL CAPTAIN

Prepare for impact!

The crew braces themselves. The laser enters the control deck and makes everything an intensely bright neon green. The crew shields their eyes.

REBEL CAPTAIN

Ahh! That's really bright!

Nothing happens. The crew's eyes adjust and they return to normal activities.

REBEL CAPTAIN

Damage report!

The REBEL ENSIGN pushes some buttons. A picture of their ship comes up on a view-screen. There is no sign of damage.

REBEL ENSIGN

No damage, sir.

REBEL CAPTAIN

None?

REBEL ENSIGN

Not even a scratch.

CUT TO:

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND CENTER

The crowd around the window watches as the laser enters the rebel ship. It stays on for awhile, then dissipates.

EMPEROR

Is that it? They didn't even blow up!

GRAND MOFF TARKIN (nervous)

Press the button again.

The EMPEROR presses the button again, but when he does, the remote control pops open into a bunch of pieces, falling all over the ground.

The EMPEROR begins to cry.

EMPEROR

I was having such a good time!
And it was going to be the perfect party, blowing up a big rebel spaceship! We had cakes and music and everything!

DARTH VADER walks up to the EMPEROR and gives him a hug.

DARTH VADER

It's okay. We'll get it fixed and we'll blow them up real soon, won't we, Grand Moff Tarkin?

GRAND MOFF TARKIN

Yes! Of course! We'll fix it right away. And the laser will be red, I promise.

EMPEROR

But I want to blow them up now!

The EMPEROR steps back from DARTH VADER. His face snarls and he composes himself.

EMPEROR

Lord Vader! Send out the suicidal space monkeys!

DARTH VADER

As you wish.

DARTH VADER walks out of the room. The crowd gathers once again to look out the window.

BEGIN FINAL MONTAGE [Music swells ("Isn't It a Pity"—Nina Simone)]

--- OBI-WAN KENOBI is in his cave, knitting a robe. He has a bunch of shelving installed along the walls of his cave now, filled with nutcrackers and Precious Moments figurines. Around his cave are other knitted items, like a tissue box cozy, a toilet paper cozy, and a beer can hat. The cozies have the phrase "OBI-WAN'S HOUSE" on them.

--- MASTER YODA is in his home, looking at himself in the mirror. He uses a micro-trimmer to clean up the hair on his ears and in his nose. He uses a Q-tip in his ears and then looks at the now green tips. He sniffs the tips.

--- BAIL and PAROL ORGANA are in their home, trying to get LEIA to stop crying. BAIL and PAROL are looking over a map of the galaxy, trying to find a certain planet. BAIL has a look of discovery and grabs a red marker, circling the planet marked "DAGOBAH."

--- About fifty suicidal space monkeys are flying away from the DEATH STAR towards the rebel ship. They have bundles of dynamite strapped to their backs. They pass the first space monkey which was sent out to get the wine. The first space monkey is floating back to the Death Star, and he waves to the suicidal space monkeys. The suicidal space monkeys wave back.

--- On Endor, an Ewok is running through a forest, crapping turds behind him.

END FINAL MONTAGE

FADE TO BLACK