

Hot Balls of Plasma Matter Wars: A Fading Hope  
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v0.4

*Black Screen. A series of words in light blue gradually appear...*

Long ago in a galaxy far, far away, there was peace.  
However, this isn't where our story takes place.  
Our story takes place here, right this instant...

*...then disappear. "Hot Balls of Plasma Matter Wars" appears in space. It recedes into the background. A scrolling text in yellow follows:*

Episode IV  
Chapter 42  
Paragraph 7  
Subsection 84

The Dimwits vs the Morons in Outer Space

The Galaxy is in turmoil. A Rebellion has sprung up to fight the evil Galactic Empire. Words float uselessly in space. Does anyone ever read this stuff? Can't we just get to the action already?

EXT. SPACE

*A large ship pursues a much smaller ship. The larger ship is firing at the smaller ship with simple laser bursts. The lasers explode narrowly missing the ship. There are brief pauses between laser shots. The smaller ship is run by the rebels while the larger ship is run by the Imperials.*

INT. REBEL DIPLOMATIC SHIP – BRIDGE

*The bridge is small, cramped, and a bit dingy. There are five people controlling the ship. In the middle of the bridge, the captain sits in his chair. He is wide eyed, twitchy and over caffeinated. Surrounding his chair is empty paper, coffee cups. Frankie plays a video game in the back. Julia, sitting on the side, is reading a novel. A third person is working furiously on a computer terminal in the back. An androgynous person is painting their nails at the front of the bridge over a control console for the ship. All of the bridge personnel are uninterested in what the Captain is doing and what is going on around them.*

*The bridge rocks from a nearby explosion, but no damage is done to the ship. Very obviously excited and happy, the Captain jumps out of his chair.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

Ha! You missed again!

*A flash of light is briefly visible outside the window and the bridge shakes.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

Missed me! Missed me!

*Another flash of light briefly lights up the bridge as the Captain continues to celebrate.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

We're still here! Oh, yoo hoo!

*Another flash of light lights up the bridge and the bridge shakes again. The person painting their nails has the bottle of nail polish shake off the control panel. They casually catch the bottle, put it back, and continue to paint their nails.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

Missed again!

*A fourth flash lights up the bridge, shaking it.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

Here, I've got something for your to aim at!

*The Captain begins to unbuckle his pants. Everyone on the bridge turns at the sound of his buckle then roll their eyes and turn back to what they were doing.*

*The ship intercom whistles.*

CHIEF ENGINEER  
(Off screen through the intercom.)

Engineering to Bridge.

REBEL CAPTAIN

Not now, lieutenant. I'm fighting the Empire.

*The Captain turns his butt towards the small window. We see a close up of the Captain's face or a side view of the captain as he pulls down his pants. The audience knows that he is pulling down his pants to moon the enemy, but there is nothing shown below the waist.*

CHIEF ENGINEER

Captain, we've got a serious situation.

REBEL CAPTAIN

Yes, I do too. I'm giving the Empire my very best.

CHIEF ENGINEER

Oh, please, Captain. Again? How many pots of coffee did you have this morning?

INT. IMPERIAL DESTROYER 1 – BRIDGE

*The bridge of the Empire ship is opposite of the Rebel bridge. It is spacious, pristine, and well lit. Inside, a row of officers along the wall are seen quietly working. The Captain of the Empire ship is hovering above one of the officers along the wall. The Captain points at the screen of the officer.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Leftenant, what if you aimed just a little to the left? Try now.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 1

Firing laser gun. We missed, Captain.

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Ok. Try aiming a little to the right. Try that.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 1

Firing laser gun. Missed again, Captain.

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Ok... then just a little to the left.

*Imperial Lieutenant 2, a nameless face from the row of lieutenants, gets up from his workspace and walks up to the captain invading his personal body space. He yells directly at the Captain.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 2

Captain! Status report!

*The Captain's ear hurts and he rubs it.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Good heavens, Lieutenant, you don't have to yell. I'm right next to you. What do you have?

*Imperial Lieutenant 2 backs off a little bit.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 2  
*(Still a little loudly)*

The Rebel ship appears to be attempting to communicate with us visually.

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

*The captain mistakenly thinks the rebels are about the surrender and is pleased with the news.*

Ah! We must be getting to them. On screen!

*The Captain turns towards the main viewer. We do not see what is put on the main viewer, but the audience clearly sees the Captain's horror.*

Oh, good heavens, Lieutenant, I thought you said he was trying to communicate. That's disgusting.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 2

Sir, should I prepare to return moon?

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

What kind of stupid question is that? Yes, of course. Prepare to return moon.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 2

Aye sir.

*Imperial Lieutenant 2 begins to unbuckle his pants.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Not here, you moron. Go find another deck. I don't want to see anything unsavory. Speaking of which, will

someone please get that ass off the screen?

INT. DIPLOMATIC SHIP – BRIDGE

CHIEF ENGINEER

*The Rebel Captain is continuing to moon out the window and enjoying himself thoroughly. The Chief Engineer is still trying to get the Captain's attention. He is now resorting to crooning as he would to a child. As before, we do not see anything "unsavory".*

Captaaaain... I need to speak with youuu...

REBEL CAPTAIN  
*(Frantically gesturing at his butt.)*

Get a load of this right here! Kiss it! Kiss it!

CHIEF ENGINEER

Please. This won't take more than a moment.

REBEL CAPTAIN

*The Captain makes kissing noises and hoops in a celebratory yell.*

Plant them lips right here!

CHIEF ENGINEER

Captain, I really think you should...

*A loud bang is heard throughout the ship. The hum which has permeated the ship is now gone and everyone on the bridge looks worried.*

CHIEF ENGINEER

Never mind, Captain.

*The captain pulls up his pants and buckles up.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

What the hell was that?

CHIEF ENGINEER

That was our main propulsion unit. We're pretty much floating in space without power.

REBEL CAPTAIN

They hit us?

CHIEF ENGINEER

No, sir, although they came pretty close about 67 shots ago. The magnetic flux took out our power coupling on the negative axis. It's been polarized.

REBEL CAPTAIN

*(Looking a little worried.)*

Uh... is that a bad thing?

CHIEF ENGINEER

If you consider being boarded by the Empire a bad thing, then yeah.

REBEL CAPTAIN  
*(With dawning realization.)*

Oh.

INT. IMPERIAL DESTROYER 1 – BRIDGE

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Careful not to fly past them!

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 1

Captain, there's something called inertia. It's impossible to fly past...

*Imperial Lieutenant 2 is sitting at his terminal. His loud voice easily interrupts Imperial Lieutenant 1.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 2

We just over shot them, sir!

*Imperial Lieutenant 1 does a double take on his terminal screen and taps it.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Full stop. Let's tractor them in.

*The captain turns to the row of officers.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Lieutenant.

*All of the officers turn to the captain in unison.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN  
*(Pointing.)*

You. Right there. Next to the knob lever thing there.

*Although some of the officers turn back to what they are doing, several officers who may have been pointed at fidget. They don't know who he is talking to.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

You. No. You. Raise your hand.

*Two officers raise their hand.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

No. The other one. You. Behind the other officer.

*One officer is left with his hand held up.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

I want the guy behind the person with his raised hand.

*Now that they sorted out who the Captain was addressing, the tension in the air is released and the Captain begins addressing the Lieutenant he wanted to address.*

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

Finally! Now, what was it that you wanted to say? You should have known better than to try to interrupt me while I was firing at the Rebels.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 3

Yes sir. I was trying to suggest that you to use the targeting computer for acquiring locks on a target *before* firing at them.

IMPERIAL CAPTAIN

*The Captain nods and points to his desk which has been off screen until now.*

That sounds like a new technology, eh? Very well. Write up a report describing how this apparatus works and I'll take a look at after I've read all of the other reports.

*The camera reveals the Captain's desk. The Captain's desk is the only thing that is not pristine on the bridge. His desk is buried under so much paperwork that you can't see anything except a small corner of the desk and a piece of the executive chair.*

INT. DIPLOMATIC SHIP – CORRIDOR 1

*Two robots, RA2DA2 and C3KO are seen moving down the corridor. RA2DA2, a vacuum cleaner, is short and squat -- basically a can on wheels with abilities for attachments. (Note: In Episode V, he will be used as a vacuum cleaner.) C3KO is humanoid android and a gold-yellow color.*

C3KO

Do you hear that, RA2DA2? They shut down the main propulsion system. We'll be caught for sure!

*An alarm softly goes off and a red warning light at the top of the wall slowly goes on and off.*

RA2DA2

*RA2DA2 responds with a series of whistles, bells, train horns, and finally globular sounds.*

C3KO

We're doomed!

*A rebel sergeant is leading the charge across the screen. He runs on screen and stops. His gun is drawn.*

REBEL SERGEANT

This way, boys! They'll be coming in the front door!

*He runs off screen as about 10 other rebel troops run past the robots and follow the sergeant off screen. The*

*last trooper slows down and never quite makes it off screen. He stops next to the robots and remains on screen. He points in the other direction.*

REBEL TROOPER 1

Hey, Sarge! The front door is this way!

*C3KO looks at the troops in surprise. Rebel Trooper 1 runs off screen in the other direction. All but one of the other troopers follow him off screen in a run. The Captain is in the middle of the group as they run past. A second rebel trooper slows down and stops next to the robots. He remains on screen.*

REBEL TROOPER 2

Uh, Sarge, I think the front door is actually this way.

*Rebel Trooper 2 points in the direction they were first running in. The troops walk back and congregate around Rebel Trooper 2 near the robots. C3KO and RA2DA2 watch them. Almost instantly, one of the troops pulls out a map and places it against the wall where several people can look at it. There are several red arrows with "You are here" written on it. Poorly drawn, a very crude (and probably wrong) map of the ship can clearly be seen, but is not dwelled upon by the camera. Bad spelling, backwards letters, and even a "site of future lavatory" can be seen. A few soldiers pull out their smart phones and begin looking at maps on those. They begin randomly discussing which way is best. There is lots of pointing and very fast debates. One trooper scratches his head with the barrel of his blaster pointed at his head. After a brief moment of study and debate, the sergeant gets frustrated.*

REBEL SERGEANT

*(Half growling because he is aggravated.)*

We don't have time for this. Half of you go this way and the other half go that way.

*The troops split apart leaving the robots alone in the corridor. C3KO has been turning back and forth watching the entire spectacle the whole time.*

C3KO

*(Turning to RA2DA2.)*

We're doomed!

INT. EMPIRE SHIP – AIR LOCK

*An Imperial sergeant, a few officers, and a handful of stormtroopers are on screen looking off screen. The sergeant is directing a soldier who is off screen.*

IMPERIAL SERGEANT

Place the explosive on the edge of the door near the locks. That's right. Place the detonators into the explosive. Good. Set the timer. Oh, and be sure to give yourself enough time to...

*From off screen, a flash of light is seen, and an explosion is heard. Rubble is thrown in the direction of the soldiers and troopers on screen probably even striking some of them. Smoke makes its way on screen from the direction of the explosion. One of the officers flinches. Another displays a horrified face. A stormtrooper is hit in the face by a boot and falls over. The soldier who flinches picks up the boot so that the boot is clearly seen. It is smoking. Everyone except the imperial sergeant reacts in some one. The imperial sergeant is completely unaffected by what he has seen. He merely pauses what he is saying for a brief moment until the smoking boot is shown.*

IMPERIAL SERGEANT

*(Shrugging.)*

Never mind. Well, at least he got the door open. Let's go.

INT. REBEL SHIP – AIR LOCK. CONTINUOUS

*The imperial stormtroopers enter the rebel ship first with their guns drawn. They enter via a hallway. The officers cautiously follow next. They cautiously approach towards the camera and towards a T junction in the hallway. There is no sign of any other soldiers as they walk through the door. A moment later, C3KO and RA2DA2 walk into the corridor from the left. The imperial soldiers freeze and watch. The robots do not notice them. Several rebel soldiers run on screen from the left and quickly go past the robots exiting off screen on the right. C3KO has to step out of their way and against a wall. Some of them are the same rebel officers from earlier. C3KO watches the rebel soldiers. The imperial soldiers watch them as well.*

REBEL TROOPER 3  
(Off screen)

No, wait, it's this way!

*The rebel soldiers who just ran off screen to the right now run on screen in the opposite direction and exit off screen on the left. C3KO seems quite surprised. After watching the whole spectacle, the imperial officers and troopers continue to quietly board the ship. C3KO finally notices the imperial troopers and freezes with fear. C3KO watches the Imperial officers and Imperial troopers as they quietly pass them and exit off screen on the left as they pursue the rebel troopers. Both robots make a quick and discrete exit right.*

*A brief moment later (and with the hallway free of people), more stormtroopers (at least eight) board the rebel ship. Darth Vacuity finally enters. He is wearing a black suit, full length black cape, and a mask. The audience can hear him breathing using some kind of mechanical apparatus. He approaches the hallway where the robots and troops just exited. He looks left then right then left again. He snaps his fingers and one of his troopers brings out a map just as the rebel soldiers did earlier and puts it on the wall so everyone can look at it. The troopers and Darth Vacuity begin to study and point at the map discussing where they need to go.*

INT. REBEL SHIP – CORRIDOR 2

*Isolated from the fighting, C3KO finds a place to hide in a darkened corridor. We can only see him from the waist up. He thinks about poking his head out into the hallway, but laser blasts fill the hallway with smoke. He decides to stay then looks down to discover RA2DA2 is not at his side. He starts looking around and discovers him down the corridor where a woman places something inside of him. He is curious for a brief moment wondering who she is. The woman makes a discrete exit and RA2DA2 approaches C3KO. C3KO is unaware that the woman is Princess Leech.*

C3KO  
(Ignoring what just transpired.)

RA2DA2, what are we going to do?

*RA2DA2 responds then rolls down the corridor.*

C3KO

Wait a minute... where are you going?

*C3KO follows. The princess quietly watches them leave.*

INT. REBEL SHIP – CORRIDOR 3

*We see a close up of Rebel Trooper 4. He is kneeling down and hiding behind a bulk head facing left to something off screen. Through camera angles, it is implied that his back side is safe. He carefully peers around the bulk head and looks. It is obvious that he is nervous. Rebel Trooper 5 enters from the left side of the screen, but does so by backing up. He never looks at the other soldier until they are next to one another. In this scene, neither trooper ever checks behind them to what might be off screen on the right. Rebel Trooper 5*

*kneels besides the first.*

REBEL TROOPER 5  
*(Whispering)*

Anything yet?

REBEL TROOPER 4  
*(Whispering back.)*

Not yet.

*They both continue to carefully look off screen to the left. Behind them and off screen on the right, another soldier responds to them. The audience does not realize that the voice actually belongs to an Imperial stormtrooper.*

STORMTROOPER 1

I think I heard something.

*The camera begins to pull back. We see a couple more rebel troopers hiding behind another bulk head and facing left. One of them is unwittingly holding the gun backwards and pointing it at himself. Another soldier gestures and soldier incorrectly holding the gun fixes the problem.*

REBEL TROOPER 5  
*(Now a little bit more cautious.)*

I think I heard something too.

REBEL TROOPER 4

What did you hear?

REBEL TROOPER 5

Perhaps someone talking. I'm not sure if it was us or them. They could be close.

STORMTROOPER 1

There it is again.

STORMTROOPER 2

Shhh. We don't want them to hear us.

*As the camera continues to pull back, we see about the same number of Imperial stormtroopers facing the opposite direction from the rebels. They are back to back to each other. The closest troops are only a few feet away from the other and easily within hearing range. It is apparent that neither side knows the other one is there.*

REBEL TROOPER 4

Did you shush me?

REBEL TROOPER 5

I didn't shush you.

STORMTROOPER 2

I said shhh! Now shhh.

STORMTROOPER 1

I didn't say anything. Do you think it's them that we're hearing?

REBEL TROOPER 4

I heard you shush me just now.

*Rebel Trooper 4 shoves Rebel Trooper 5. Rebel Trooper 5 then shoves Rebel Trooper 4.*

STORMTROOPER 2

*(Directed behind him -- and unwittingly -- to the rebel soldiers.)*

I said quiet!

INT. REBEL SHIP – BRIDGE

*Darth Vacuity has lifted the Rebel Captain by the neck with one hand into the air. His feet are dangling off the ground. He appears to be strangulated by Darth Vacuity. We see several stormtroopers standing about. The rebel bridge crew haven't changed anything they are doing. They are still painting nails, reading books, and playing games. They aren't at all concerned with the Captain's plight. A stormtrooper walks up to Darth Vacuity.*

STORMTROOPER 3

The Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death's plans are not in the main computer.

DARTH VACUITY

*(Turning his attention to the Captain.)*

Tell me, Captain, where are those unencrypted transmissions you intercepted? What have you done with those plans?

REBEL CAPTAIN

*The Captain gestures to his neck, and struggles to talk.*

I... can't... breathe...

DARTH VACUITY

Really? Then how are you able to speak?

*The Captain hesitates, then shrugs.*

REBEL CAPTAIN

Lots of coffee?

DARTH VACUITY

*Darth Vacuity squeezes some more. The Captain gestures to his neck again and he struggles to breathe.*

Don't play stupid with me, Commander.

*The Rebel Captain stops struggling and is obviously confused by that statement. Darth Vacuity ponders what is confusing the captain for a very brief moment.*

DARTH VACUITY

Don't play normal with me, Commander.

*Understanding, the Rebel Captain goes back to struggling to breathe.*

REBEL CAPTAIN  
*(Struggling to speak...)*

We're on a diplomatic mission...

DARTH VACUITY

If this is a consular ship then where is the ambassador?

*The Rebel Captain passes out in Darth Vacuity's hand. Darth Vacuity drops him to the floor.*

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Speaking quickly and unhappily.)*

I didn't do anything. It wasn't me. I was barely strangling him. What happened?

*The androgynous person sighs, gets up out of their seat, and walks over with a bit of a sultry step towards Darth Vacuity. The camera positions so that Vacuity, Stormtrooper 3, and the androgynous person are seen from the waist up. The captain is on the floor, off screen. The androgynous person looks down at the captain and sighs.*

ANDROGYNOUS PERSON  
*(Shaking head a little bit.)*

His heart has stopped again. This happens from time to time when he drinks too much coffee. May I?

*The androgynous person gestures to the Captain. Vacuity and Stormtrooper 3 aren't sure what to make of the situation.*

DARTH VACUITY

Uh... I guess so.

*The androgynous person looks at the captain, makes a very mean and determined face, yells loudly as he / she jumps into the air, and falls to the ground with their elbow going straight for the captain. It becomes obvious to the audience that their entire weight is going to be focused in the elbow as the androgynous person strikes the captain. As the androgynous person goes off screen, a loud crack can be heard. Vacuity and Stormtrooper 3 are surprised and horrified. Both of them take a step back.*

REBEL CAPTAIN  
*(Groaning and off screen)*

Thanks. I needed that. I think I'll be ok now.

*The Captain groans again. The androgynous person gets back up coming back on screen.*

ANDROGYNOUS PERSON

He'll be fine in two or three hours. You have to let the caffeine run its course. He'll start twitching, but that's ok. Let me know if he stops breathing again, though.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Attempting to take control of the situation again.)*

Two hours? I need answers now!

ANDROGYNOUS PERSON

Well, getting all huffy isn't going to get you anywhere.

DARTH VACUITY

*(Becoming threatening and taking a step closer towards the androgynous person)*

I could interrogate you for answers.

ANDROGYNOUS PERSON

*(Becoming a little threatening towards Darth Vacuity.)*

How sure are you about that?

*Unsure what to think of the situation, Darth Vacuity takes a small step backwards. Androgynous Person laughs and heads back to their nail polish.*

ANDROGYNOUS PERSON

*(Now, more carefree.)*

I can talk nails and facials, Frankie can go on and on for hours about his stupid video games, Julia can recommend the best romance authors and Dweeb over in the corner will only talk to you if you role play Star Bleck with him. Beyond that, you're out of luck.

*Frustrated, Darth Vacuity turns to his Stormtrooper 3.*

DARTH VACUITY

Commander, tear this ship apart until you've found those plans... and bring me the passengers. I want them alive!

STORMTROOPER 3

Um... can I just look in the computer instead of taking the ship apart?

DARTH VACUITY

*(He gestures some as he talks)*

I want every wall panel taken down, every bolt scrutinized, every button pushed, every floor swept, every ceiling tile taken down...

STORMTROOPER 3

*(Resigned and unhappy about what Darth Vacuity is going on about)*

Yes, sir.

*He walks off the bridge with several other stormtroopers following.*

DARTH VACUITY

... every microbe inspected...

INT. REBEL SHIP – CORRIDOR 2

*Four stormtroopers carefully walk down a darkened corridor searching for anything that looks of interest. This is the same corridor that Princess Leech was hiding in earlier.*

STORMTROOPER 4

Did you see the latest on Channel 4?

STORMTROOPER 1977

Yeah. Red Neck Zombie Reality TV was pretty good last night.

STORMTROOPER 5

I caught Political Red Necks on Kashiiik. They were riding some kind of very large, humanoid creature with lots of fur called a Wookless. You should have seen what happened when those creatures got angry at the rider. Now *that* was funny.

STORMTROOPER 4  
(*Spotting the princess*)

There's one! Shoot!

*A hail storm of laser fire flashes as they all try to hit the princess at once. The air fills with smoke. After a long moment, the troopers stop firing.*

STORMTROOPER 6

Did we get her?

*Stormtrooper 5 waves his hand to clear the air and coughs.*

STORMTROOPER 1977  
(*Inspecting gun*)

Hey, did you say to set for kill or set for stun earlier?

STORMTROOPER 4

Stun.

STORMTROOPER 1977  
(*Pauses for a brief moment.*)

Oops. Hope I didn't hit her.

STORMTROOPER 6  
(*Obviously aggravated.*)

For Pete's sake. If you did hit her, that'll be the fourth time this month.

STORMTROOPER 1977

No, that was trooper 1138. I'm 1977.

STORMTROOPER 6

I never could tell you apart. So I suppose that's what? The seventh time this month?

STORMTROOPER 1977

Or eighth. I've lost count.

*Unable to see the floor because of the smoke, Stormtrooper 5 trips and falls. As he does, his gun accidentally goes off and shoots Stormtrooper 6. Stormtrooper 6 falls to the ground.*

STORMTROOPER 5

Found her!

STORMTROOPER 4  
*(Checks her pulse)*

Hey! She's still alive! Inform Lord Vacuity that we have a prisoner.

INT. REBEL SHIP – CORRIDOR 4

*There are a series of escape pods in this corridor. We see RA2 DA2 wedged into one of the escape pods.*

C3KO

What are you doing? You can't go in there. Those escape pods are only for...

*A small laser causes an explosion next to C3KO. He quickly looks at the damage.*

... robots who want to preserve their life. Good idea, RA2.

*He gets into the escape pod with RA2 and the escape pod takes off.*

INT. IMPERIAL DESTROYER 1 – GUNNER STATION

*Imperial Commander 1 and a gunner sit in a small office with a large gun that is prominently shown outside the window. They are both having coffee. A console begins to beep or there is a motion outside the window that catches the gunner's attention. The gunner, who is in the middle of sipping his coffee quickly puts his cup down and swiftly moves to a targeting computer.*

GUNNER

There goes another one. We better shoot it down.

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 1  
*(Waves his hand dismissing the opportunity.)*

Sit down. We're on break. Someone else will get it.

GUNNER  
*(Shrugs.)*

Ok. You're the boss.

*The gunner takes another sip of coffee then laughs at an idea he has.*

GUNNER

Hey, wouldn't it be funny if all of us were on break at the same time?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 1  
*(Politely chuckling at the lame joke.)*

You have a bizarre sense of humor. You know that? That would never happen.

INT. ESCAPE POD

C3KO

That's strange. I wonder why no one is trying to shoot us down.

EXT. ABOVE PLANET TATTOO ME

*The escape pod makes its way to the planet below.*

INT. REBEL DIPLOMATIC SHIP – BRIDGE

*The princess is led by stormtroopers to Darth Vacuity.*

PRINCESS

Darth Vacuity! Only you could be so bold.

DARTH VACUITY

Don't look so surprised, your highness. Several transmissions were beamed to this ship. I want to know what you did with those plans.

PRINCESS

Can you be a little more specific? We typically make multiple transmissions with plans every day: to our mothers, our spouses, our children...

DARTH VACUITY

I'm referring to the transmission concerning our secret space station plans.

PRINCESS

Secret Space station plans? What are you going on about?

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Very gleeful about the capabilities)*

Once our secret space station is finished being constructed, it will be capable of destroying whole worlds.

PRINCESS  
*(Under her breath)*

Oh... is that what all those schematics meant.

*The Princess realizes the implications of what Darth Vacuity just said.*

PRINCESS  
*(Speaking normally.)*

Wait... Wait wait wait a minute. That's the big secret we've been trying to find out? You can blow up entire planets?

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Unsure what to say)*

Err...

PRINCESS

You can really turn a planet into a bunch of free floating rocks?

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Struggling to recover)*

It ... uh... sort of works like that...

PRINCESS

You really are dumb enough to destroy a whole planet instead of using its resources for your own purposes, aren't you?

*Imperial Commander 2 has been standing by Vacuity's side the whole time.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 2  
*(With a lot of solid support for Vacuity.)*

It sounded like a good plan to me.

PRINCESS

I'm a member of the Imperial senate and when they hear that you're willing to commit genocide without first putting it to a vote...

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Trying to regain control of the situation)*

Princess Leech, you are part of the rebel alliance and a traitor.

PRINCESS

I'd only be a traitor if I seeded a torrent on the Pirate Bay.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Standing speechless for a moment.)*

You didn't really do that, did you?

*The Princess purposely lets Darth Vacuity worry.*

DARTH VACUITY

Take her away!

*Stormtroopers lead her off the bridge.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3  
*(Approaches Vacuity from off bridge)*

Lord Vacuity, there are no copies on board this ship. There was an escape pod that managed to escape during the fighting. No life forms were aboard.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Dubious)*

In the six minutes we've been on board, you've searched everywhere.

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

Yes, sir.

DARTH VACUITY

Behind every panel and every door?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

Yes, sir.

DARTH VACUITY

Every microbe?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

Yes, sir.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Still dubious)*

Very well. Is there any other relevant bit of information you'd like to tell me?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

There was an escape pod that managed to escape during the fighting.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Feeling like he is not in control.)*

Yes, yes, I know. Is there anything else you'd like to report?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3  
*(Not quite sure what to say.)*

No life forms were aboard?

DARTH VACUITY  
*(More accusingly.)*

Anything else, commander?

*Imperial Commander 3 thinks for a moments then half shrugs.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

No, sir.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Sighing.)*

Sometimes I wonder if you lead me by the nose on purpose. Ok. Send a ship down to the planet to retrieve the stolen plans.

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

Very good, sir.

*Imperial Commander 3 is happy that Vacuity agreed to what he thought should happen. He strikes a regal pose with "purpose" walks off.*

EXT. PLANET OF TATTOO ME – MIDDLE OF DESERT

*It's a hot and sandy planet. The camera pans around. There are nothing but sand dunes everywhere. The camera finally settles on C3KO. We see C3KO from the waist up only. He is marching through the sand.*

C3KO

What a desolate place this is. Why I ever allowed you to talk to me into coming here is beyond me.

*C3KO looks around. The camera switches to a further back position so that we can see how endless the desert is, but only C3KO is there. RA2DA2 is no where to be found. The camera eventually comes back to a close up of C3KO. Only C3KO's tracks are visible. He begins to look around for RA2DA2.*

C3KO

RA2? RA2DA2, where are you?

*C3KO is now becoming frustrated.*

C3KO

How in blazes did you get lost on a planet like this? Who am I going to blame when something goes wrong?

*C3KO notices movement in the distance.*

C3KO

A transport! Hey! Over here! Over...

*C3KO realizes it is a large speeding dune buggy that is coming towards him. It doesn't quite drive in a straight line. It pulls up and stops next to him. In the driver's seat is a waja – a short creature that speaks a different language and is covered in a desert robe. RA2DA2 sits in the passenger seat. RA2 is buckled in and greets C3KO with his usual slurry of bizarre sounds. RA2 is also holding a beer. The beer is taped onto the end of the stick (so it looks sort of like an arm) and the stick is taped onto RA2's body. There is a large ice chest sitting between the waja and RA2. In the back of the dune buggy are several other wajas. The other wajas are all dressed the same as the driver so it is impossible to tell them apart. The waja speaks to C3KO, opens up the ice chest, takes out a beer and tosses it to C3KO. Unable to react fast enough, the beer can hits C3KO in the head. The other wajas motion C3KO to get into the back and they make room for him. Meanwhile, the driver realizes his beer can is empty, gets out a new beer, pops it open, and guzzles the entire thing. He holds up the empty beer can in triumph. All the wajas happily cry out in unison in celebration. The driver tosses the beer can into the front passenger floor where there are numerous other empty cans. He then gets out a third can and opens it.*

*C3KO gets in and the dune buggy takes off. The wheels throw sand all over the place. Because the driver is drunk, the dune buggy doesn't drive straight. A moment later, a second dune buggy drives onto the screen from a perpendicular angle to the first. Absurdly, being the only two vehicles in the desert, they slide to a stop before they actually hit. Both waja drivers get out, staggering towards each other, and begin arguing. Eventually, they begin to physically fight, but because both are drunk neither is very successful.*

EXT. PLANET OF TATTOO ME – MIDDLE OF DESERT, NEXT TO ESCAPE POD

*Stormtrooper 7 lifts up a vacuum cleaner bag full of debris and shows his commanding stormtrooper what he found.*

STORMTROOPER 7

Look sir. Androids!

INT. FLUKE'S HOME ON THE FARM

*Uncle Omen sits in his recliner in the living room. He is reading the magazine "Extreme Podracing" with the headline "Should children 3 and younger be racing?" and "Interview with the 3 year old who will try to beat Annie's record." The door bells rings. He sighs in an irritated tone, tosses the magazine down onto a nearby table and gets up to answer the door. He opens it. A waja is standing at the door.*

UNCLE OMEN

Oh. We're not interested.

*He slams the door in the waja's face. Aunt Brute immediately comes storming into the room.*

AUNT BRUTE

Who was that?

UNCLE OMEN

One of those wajas.

*Aunt Brute forcefully and angrily opens the front door. The waja is walking off, but she grabs him by the scruff the neck and brings him back forcing him just over the threshold into the house. The door stands open.*

AUNT BRUTE  
(To waja.)

On no you don't. Get back here. You ain't getting off that easy.

*The waja speaks an alien language. He is obviously a little confused by what is happening.*

UNCLE OMEN

What's he saying?

AUNT BRUTE

How the hell should I know? You never bothered to buy a translator android like I keep asking.

UNCLE OMEN

Was I supposed to do that?

*Aunt Brute releases the waja and takes a couple of steps towards Uncle Omen. She grabs him by the collar and pulls him close so they are face-to-face. She's basically yelling at him.*

AUNT BRUTE

Every day for the past six months, you've replied to my request the exact same way. Buy a translator bot today or I'll make sure the surgeons won't be able to find anything to reattach this time. Got it?

*The waja is standing behind Aunt Brute (but out of her sight) immediately turns and starts to tip toe out the door. Somehow, without seeing the waja trying to sneak out, she knows the waja is leaving. Still looking at Uncle Omen and holding him with one hand, she uses her other hand to point at the waja.*

AUNT BRUTE

Take one step out that door and we're having waja juice with dinner, got it?

*The waja stops with his foot up in the air, quickly turns back around, and firmly places itself into the house. Uncle Omen studies Aunt Brute for a moment.*

UNCLE OMEN

I think you're serious. Fine. I'd be happy to get one, but where am I supposed to find a translator robot in the middle of a desert?

*Hesitantly, quietly, and with fear, the waja speaks in his foreign language and points out the door. Again, without ever seeing the waja, Aunt Brute responds:*

AUNT BRUTE

There. He says he has one.

*Uncle Omen looks back and forth between the waja and Aunt Brute. He's very confused since he knows she can't see the waja.*

UNCLE OMEN

How do you know? I didn't think you knew the waja language.

*Aunt Brute forcefully releases Uncle Omen and shoves him away.*

AUNT BRUTE

Are you stupid? Can't you see him pointing?

EXT. FLUKE'S FARM

*C3KO and RA2DA2 stand among several robots. To the side, several dune buggies and a number of wajas are walking around. Uncle Omen walks with the waja that came up to the door and looks at the waja robot merchandise. The waja, speaking in waja, is quite serious about the wares that he is selling and speaks as such, but Uncle Omen doesn't understand him at all. Uncle Omen gives the waja a curious look. Uncle Omen then spots C3KO.*

UNCLE OMEN

Protocol android?

C3KO

Yes, sir. Why it is my primary function.

UNCLE OMEN

*(Snickering and gesturing to the heaps of sand.)*

I don't think you'll find much work on this planet. If you knew other languages, then that would be something.

*Uncle Omen starts to walk off.*

C3KO

Did I say protocol? I meant translation is my primary function.

*Uncle Omen comes back.*

UNCLE OMEN

Do you know the binary language of moisture evaporators?

C3KO

I used to work with hydration evaporators. It's like a second language to me.

*Uncle Omen tries to quickly figure out what C3KO is capable of so the two begin a rapid dialog back and forth which is detailed below. As the two go on, it is obvious that Uncle Omen becomes more impressed fairly quickly by the robot's qualifications.*

UNCLE OMEN

How about Bocce?

C3KO

Of course, sir.

UNCLE OMEN

Waja?

C3KO

Yes.

UNCLE OMEN

Kung Fu?

C3KO

Not a problem.

UNCLE OMEN

Hyper-transdimensional interstellar warp field technology powered by ecologically sustainable biochemical thrusters?

C3KO

I could do that in my sleep.

UNCLE OMEN

Basic algebra.

C3KO

*(Pauses then speaks a bit more slowly.)*

My programming may be a little deficient...

*Uncle Omen interrupts.*

UNCLE OMEN

*(Obviously disappointed, but resigned.)*

Yeah, ok. *(Turning to waja.)* We'll take him and that little vacuum cleaner too.

*Uncle Omen points to RA2DA2.*

UNCLE OMEN

Fluke! Fluke Troubleminder! Where the hell are you?

*Fluke Troubleminder comes running up as fast as he can. As he tries to slow down so he doesn't hit Uncle Owen, he trips and falls on his face. In the background, we see one of Fluke's shoes hit the waja in the face. The waja falls to the floor.*

UNCLE OMEN

Geez. Don't you ever tie your shoes?

FLUKE  
*(Getting up)*

Yeah, but they never stay tied.

UNCLE OMEN  
*(Dismissing his comment.)*

Take these two bots to the garage and have them cleaned up by dinner.

FLUKE  
*(Whining.)*

But I was going to the Tosche station to get a new inter-anti-trans-spacial galaxial mini targeting unit.

UNCLE OMEN

You can find some new friends later. Get to it.

FLUKE  
*(Obviously disappointed.)*

All right. Come on.

*Fluke gestures to the two robots to come with him.*

INT. FLUKE'S GARAGE

*Fluke, C3KO, and RA2 all walk / roll into a half broken garage. There is light coming in through cracks in the wall and ceiling. Fluke grabs a drink from the refrigerator.*

FLUKE

Want a beer?

*Fluke tosses a beer at C3KO and it bounces off his head. He then pops one open for himself.*

FLUKE  
*(Complaining to C3KO)*

My imaginary friend is right. I'm never going to get off this rock. I've always wanted to be an ace fighter pilot or

a rock star or I'd even settle for a life guard at a pool, but no... here I am still moisture farming.

C3KO

Moisture farming?

FLUKE

You live on a desert world and never heard of moisture farming?

C3KO

Actually, the two of us arrived on planet about six hours ago. I'm not even sure which planet we're on.

*Fluke begins scraping RA2 with a tool to clean out the crud.*

FLUKE

Really? Well, you're on Tattoo Me – planet with the most tattoo parlors in the galaxy. Well, it used to have the most tattoo parlors... about several thousand years ago when the planet was first named. Now there aren't so many. Actually, there's only one I know of and it's run by an old hermit who hides way out in the desert. He also moves around a lot and doesn't leave any forwarding address.

C3KO

*(Surprised and not sure what to make of that information.)*

Oh. That's rather strange. How's he stay in business?

FLUKE

Beats me. He's a friendly guy, though. So, how'd you come to this planet? What did you do before this?

C3KO

We were in the rebellion against the Empire.

FLUKE

*(Becoming excited.)*

You know about the rebellion? Tell me everything!

C3KO

I don't know much and there isn't much to tell.

*Fluke becomes disappointed. He goes back to cleaning RA2.*

C3KO

I did some interpreting and protocolling and... quite frankly, if you work with one human idiot, you've worked with them all.

FLUKE

*(Not realizing the insult the C3KO just gave him.)*

Yeah. I know what you mean.

*Fluke continues to work hard on one spot.*

Where you two on a luxury liner or a...

*A loud sizzle of electricity is heard coming from RA2 DA2 and Fluke is knocked back. His hair is slightly frizzled and smoking. A no-smoking sign comes on with an auditory "ding!" above C3KO's head. C3KO looks up. From RA2, a 3D hologram is displayed. The hologram is of a beautiful woman -- the princess from earlier. Fluke is mesmerized by her. Because of some kind of glitch, the message constantly repeats.*

PRINCESS

Help me Oh-Be-One U-Can-Beat. You're my only hope...

Help me Oh-Be-One U-Can-Beat. You're my only hope...

Help me Oh-Be-One U-Can-Beat. You're my only hope...

FLUKE  
*(With awe.)*

She's really beautiful. Does she get undressed at some point? Can I see the whole recording?

C3KO  
*(Looking a little unsure what to say.)*

She's a princess and I don't think she'd do such a thing.

FLUKE  
*(Disappointed.)*

Oh.

*Fluke thinks.*

Oh-Be-One... I wonder if she means Old Been Beaten.

*RA2 squawks.*

C3KO

RA2DA2 says he really wants to meet Been Beaten and play the message for him, although I can't fathom why.

FLUKE  
*(Showing interest.)*

So there is more to the message?

AUNT BRUTE  
*(From off screen and not very nearby.)*

Fluke, if you want your dinner, you better get your butt inside right now!

FLUKE  
*(Talking to the robots)*

I'll be back shortly. Hopefully, tonight's dinner is edible otherwise I'll be back real shortly.

C3KO

Pardon me, sir, but my joints are nearly frozen from all the sand. When are you going to clean me?

*Fluke leads C3KO over to an in-ground pool.*

FLUKE

Although I live in a desert, one of the benefits of being a moisture farmer is that we get to have pools and hot tubs. Enjoy yourself.

*Fluke pushes C3KO into the pool. There is a bright spark, a loud zap, and a puff of smoke from C3KO. The lights in the room go out. Except for the rays of sun coming through the gaps in the garage walls, it is totally black.*

FLUKE

Hmm. Maybe that wasn't the best of ideas. Hey, little vacuum cleaner, see what you can do with him while I'm gone. My uncle won't be happy if I broke the translator bot he just bought.

INT. FLUKE'S FARM, DINING ROOM

*Fluke enters the room. Uncle Omen is sitting at the table. The table is set. Aunt Brute is placing dinner on the plate. It is a mostly gray color with an oatmeal like consistency and very nasty looking.*

AUNT BRUTE

It's about time you came.

*Fluke flinches as he catches the smell of dinner. To him, it's repugnant. Uncle Omen seems to enjoy the smell.*

FLUKE  
*(Hesitantly asking.)*

So, what is dinner?

AUNT BRUTE

I worked hard on this, so you better not turn your nose up at it like the past two nights. It's made from lizard toes, rat tails, refrigerator goods that spoke, parts of your late Aunt Susie, and some bum bum extract I found yesterday evening.

*Fluke looks at his dinner. It is moving and pulsating on the plate. When he brings his finger close to it, part of the goo begins to reach out towards him. He moves his hand back quickly and is now very wary of dinner. Uncle Omen takes one taste and enjoys it.*

FLUKE

Wow. Um... looks like a winner tonight.

AUNT BRUTE

And you better not play with your food again tonight. You're an adult, for heaven's sake.

*Fluke quickly darts a finger near his food a couple of times. Each time, the dinner moves towards his hand. He leans over just a little bit to inspect it a little more closely. A bulge in the goo separates and shows a single eye. It then blinks a couple of times and looks at Fluke. Fluke pushes back from the table disgusted by what is looking at him.*

*By this point, Uncle Omen is eating from his plate very eagerly.*

*A low growl emanates from Fluke's dinner. Cautiously and trying not to provoke it, Fluke slowly moves further back away from his dinner. Without more warning, the dinner-goo jumps on Fluke's face attacking him. Fluke*

*tries hard to wrestle it off, but he merely falls to the floor off screen with dinner still attached to his face. The begin to fight noisily.*

AUNT BRUTE

What did I just tell you about playing with your food?

*Uncle Omen takes a half-hearted interest in what is happening. The camera changes so that we can see dinner backing off as Fluke gets up off the floor with one of his socks between his finger and thumb. Fluke taunts dinner with his sock. Dinner growls back.*

UNCLE OMEN  
(Very disinterested.)

Fluke, how many times do I have to tell you not to take your shoes and socks off at the dinner table? We're trying to eat.

*Fluke runs towards dinner and dinner skitters away across the floor screaming in a high pitched sound. It is terrified of Fluke's sock. Fluke throws his sock at the creature.*

AUNT BRUTE  
(Angry with Fluke)

Now look at what you've done. You've scared off dinner.

FLUKE  
(Yelling at dinner which is now off screen.)

Here's a second one for you!

*Fluke takes off his other sock and runs out of the room (off screen) holding his other sock.*

AUNT BRUTE

I can't stand that kid. How long do you intend to keep him here?

UNCLE OMEN

I only need him for one more harvest. I promise I'll let him join school next year.

INT – FLUKE'S GARAGE

*Fluke enters the garage. Only C3KO is standing there. RA2 is nowhere to be seen.*

C3KO

Please don't deactivate me! He was going on about the message saying that he needed to deliver it to Oh-Be-One U-Can-Beat immediately.

FLUKE

Oh no...

*Fluke runs outside grabbing a set of binoculars on the way out.*

EXT. – NEAR FLUKE'S HOUSE, CONTINUOUS

*The twin suns are setting. Fluke lifts the binoculars to his eyes and looks around.*

FLUKE

Blast it. I don't see him.

*There is a growl near Fluke. He looks down and spots his dinner again. It looks back at him. Fluke points to his shoe and the dinner goes scurrying off quickly screaming in terror.*

C3KO

Pardon me, sir, but can't we go after after him tonight?

FLUKE

No, it's dangerous with all the bandits and robbers this time of night.

C3KO

*(Looking around at the desolate landscape.)*

You have problems with robbers in the middle of nowhere?

FLUKE

It's not just the robbers. It's the pimps, drug dealers, rioting sports fans, and car salesmen. You would not believe how bad it gets.

*C3KO looks troubled by the notion.*

FLUKE

*(Quietly, sadly)*

It was horrible what happened to my step cousin.

C3KO

I'm sorry for your loss.

FLUKE

*(Surprised.)*

Loss? He runs the whole thing. That's why it's so dangerous.

*C3KO looks confused and even more troubled.*

EXT - MORNING, NEAR HOUSE

UNCLE OMEN

Fluke? Fluke?

INT - KITCHEN, CONTINUOUS

UNCLE OMEN

Have you seen Fluke?

*(Aunt Brute is putting a microwave breakfast in the microwave for herself.)*

AUNT BRUTE

Said he was going to Anchorarm and might not return. I'd say good riddance, although that boy doesn't have enough sense to stay away from here even if a whole platoon of soldiers descended down upon the place.

UNCLE OMEN  
(*Confused.*)

You didn't really run him off, did you? I still need him for harvest.

AUNT BRUTE

Don't get snippy with me. Of course, I told him he better come back. Cooking is the only work I ever intend to do around here.

UNCLE OMEN  
(*Still Confused.*)

So what did you tell him to make sure he comes back?

AUNT BRUTE

I reminded him about what happened the last time he didn't come back by lunch time.

UNCLE OMEN  
(*Suddenly curious.*)

Say, did they ever rebuild the south section of town?

AUNT BRUTE

I doubt it. I left a crater at least a kilometer wide.

EXT - DESERT CANYON

*Fluke gets out of the funky mobile and approaches RA2. C3KO follows closely behind.*

FLUKE

Where do you think you're going?

*RA2 communicates through a series of incomprehensible sounds.*

C3KO

What mission are you talking about? What's this nonsense to find Old Been Beaten?

FLUKE

No one knows where he his! He changes his location every day.

*A strong looking, heavily tattooed man walks out from a nearby cave. A heavily tattooed woman walks towards him from a different direction than Fluke came. The man and woman approach each other.*

TATTOOED MAN  
(*Very happy from because of new tattoo and pointing towards the mouth of the cave*)

Yeah! You da man! This is friggin' awesome! Whoo! Check it out babe. Your name is right here.

TATTOOED WOMAN, INDIA-JAYDE

I don't see it. Where is it?

TATTOOED MAN

Right here.

*The woman looks at his arm. His arm is filled other women's names crossed out with X's. There was basically no room on his arm her new name, "India-Jayde" is squeezed in and curls around other tattoos. Some of the letters are backwards. One of the "i"s in her name looks like a very simply drawn flower. All-in-all, it's a pretty sorry tattoo and horribly done.*

INDIA-JAYDE  
(Swooning.)

Aw, that's so sweet.

*The tattoo couple walk by Fluke and the robots. The man doesn't like the look of Fluke and gives him a contemptuous look.*

TATTOOED MAN

What are you looking at?

FLUKE  
(Hesitantly.)

Is Been-Beaten in there?

*Tattoo man lights up at the mention of the name.*

TATTOOED MAN

You a virgin? Is this your first? Well don't be scared, little man. You've come to the right place. Ol' Been Beaten will take care of you. He is the best tattoo artist this side of the planet.

INDIA-JAYDE  
(Proudly attempting to add emphasis how good Been Beaten is)

He's the *only* tattoo artist this side of the planet. That's why he's the *best!*

FLUKE

Uh... thanks.

INT. - CAVE 1

FLUKE  
(Off screen.)

Been Beaten?

OH-BE-ONE

No. No, please. No more business. I just want to be left alone. I've already inked thirty seven of you this morning and it's not even close to being midday. I can't take it anymore.

FLUKE

Been... it's me.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Brightening up.)*

Fluke! What brings you out here?

*Oh-Be-One's mood quickly darkens.*

I'm not doing another tattoo.

FLUKE

No! I don't want a tattoo. I came because this little bot has a message.

*Oh-Be-One suspiciously eyes RA2. RA2 begins to chirp and bounce excitedly.*

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Guiltily.)*

No. You're wrong. I've never seen you. We've never met before. Don't ever bring up that incident about the Senator again. You're confusing me with someone else.

*RA2 gives a disapproving electronic comment. Oh-Be-One pokes his head outside and nervously looks around.*

OH-BE-ONE

Come on. I want to change caves before someone else finds me.

*Oh-Be-One grabs Fluke by the arm and they leave the cave.*

INT- CAVE 2

*The robots, Oh-Be-One, and Fluke enter the second cave. It is furnished with a sofa, lamps, magazines, etc.*

OH-BE-ONE

This is my newest secret hide out. The movers just finished this morning.

*He sits down.*

So, what can I do for you?

FLUKE

Yeah, so we came to see you because this bot has a message.

OH-BE-ONE

For me?

FLUKE

No, for someone called Oh-Be-One You-Can-Beat.

O-BE-ONE  
*(Thinking deeply.)*

Oh-Be-One. Oh-Be-One. Now that's a name I haven't heard in a long time. A long time.

FLUKE

So you know him?

O-BE-ONE

Well, of course I know him. He's me. I haven't heard that name since... your father and I ratted the galaxy together. You know, your father and I were real ladies men back in the day. We used to go around to all the brothels and...

FLUKE

Wait, you knew my father?

OH-BE-ONE

Oh, yes. He was a good friend. Sometimes. When we weren't trading lame barbs in the middle of a super heated planet in the middle of a volcano. That reminds me. He would have wanted you to have this.

*Oh-Be-One briefly looks in a box and hands Fluke a laser sword. It is not turned on.*

FLUKE

A stick. That's... uh... just great. I'll set it next to my sand collection.

OH-BE-ONE

No, not just a stick. It's a laser sword. An elegant weapon that is not as clumsy or random as a blaster. There's the button. Just be sure you don't...

*Fluke activates the laser sword and accidentally slices a lamp in half.*

... aim it at anything before you activate it.

FLUKE

Oops. Sorry.

*Fluke turns around and accidentally slices a table in half.*

Sorry. I'll fix that.

*As Fluke inspects the table, he swings the sword away from him trying to be safe with it and accidentally cuts the sofa in half. Oh-Be-One quickly comes up and takes the sword from him turning it off.*

OH-BE-ONE

Give me that! How can you be so clumsy with a weapon that is nearly impossible to be clumsy with?

*Oh-Be-One is unhappy with the turn of events. He looks at the handle. It says "Ages 3 and up" on it.*

How old are you anyway?

FLUKE

I'm supposed to be 18, but my low grades held me back a year so I'm only 15.

*Oh-Be-One is startled and disturbed by this "revelation". He looks back at Fluke quite dubious about whether to give it back him. He finally decides to give it back and hands it to Fluke.*

OH-BE-ONE

Just don't turn it on until I can train you.

FLUKE

Train me? To do what?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Very serious.)*

To be a headless knight.

*Fluke laughs.*

FLUKE

A headless knight? I'm not so sure I want to sign up. I keep hearing stories about they kept losing their heads in battle... hence the title of "headless knight". Death is a permanent thing.

OH-BE-ONE

That's because you're hearing stories perpetrated by the Empire.

FLUKE

So, death isn't a permanent thing or none of those stories are true?

OH-BE-ONE

Yes. No. Well, sort of. Look, if you use a laser sword, sometimes accidents happen.

FLUKE  
*(Astonished.)*

*You* killed someone while training them?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(He looks very uncomfortable.)*

Well, it sounds worse than it really was.

FLUKE

So you did kill someone.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Struggling to avoid answering the questions.)*

It happened only two or three times. Or so. I lost count.

FLUKE

What happened?

OH-BE-ONE

Look, what's important is that the Empire came along and wiped out the headless knights.

FLUKE

*(Thinking for a moment and then becoming quiet.)*

Was my father a headless knight too?

OH-BE-ONE

Yes. Most definitely.

FLUKE  
*(Excitedly.)*

I bet he went out in a blaze of glory as he chopped up thousands of bad guys with a single swing of the...

*As Fluke speaks excitedly, he jumps on one of the sofa parts and swings the laser sword handle (still off) around in a ridiculous fashion pretending that he is some sort of headless knight warrior. Fluke stops suddenly and looks at Oh-Be-One accusingly.*

Wait a minute. Did my father die in some training accident too? Did you kill him?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Looking a bit relieved.)*

No! Not at all. Look, a student of mine betrayed and murdered your father. That student became Darth Vacuity.

FLUKE

So... not only did you train the Emperor's second hand man how to be the biggest bad-ass in the galaxy, but he's also the guy who killed my Dad? What kind of monster are you?

*Oh-Be-One sets his head into his palm.*

OH-BE-ONE

This is not going how I intended.

FLUKE  
*(Getting ready to leave.)*

Listen, I've got some moisture evaporators to go fix.

OH-BE-ONE

Fluke, you've got to become a headless knight. The galaxy...

*Oh-Be-One has trouble saying the next words as he fully understands the implications of it.*

The galaxy depends on you.

FLUKE

Give me one good reason why I should be a headless knight.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Deciding to change tactics.)*

You get to do magic tricks.

FLUKE  
*(Suddenly changing his mind.)*

I'm in!

*Oh-Be-One breathes a partial sigh of relief as Fluke decides to be a headless knight.*

OH-BE-ONE

Well, the first thing we need to do is find out more about this...

*There is an annoying ring or song that begins to play. Oh-Be-One walks over to a device and presses a button. A man in a suit displayed as a hologram appears. It's a salesman.*

HOLOGRAM

Don't hang up because you could be saving hundreds of credits on your new home! Just press 1 now to speak with a live operator...

*Oh-Be-One presses a button and the hologram disappears.*

OH-BE-ONE  
(Complaining)

Every single day at the exact same time...

*The holophone rings again.*

OH-BE-ONE  
(Displeased with the interruption)

Great. Who is this?

*He presses the button again and the same man in the suit appears.*

HOLOGRAM

... or press 2 now to automatically text your credit card information to...

*Oh-Be-One rips the device from the wall and throws it across the room then turns to Fluke and RA2. The phone device is now destroyed and permanently off.*

OH-BE-ONE

As I was saying. Let's play the message.

*Oh-Be-One indicates that RA2 should start his message. Fluke takes a big interest in the princess as soon as she appears. RA2DA2 plays the entire message.*

PRINCESS

General Oh-Be-One You-Can-Beat, I present myself in the name of the Inter-World Non-Pact Backwater Redneck of Inebriated Dimwits or INBRED for short. My father, Flail Organana served with you in the Cloned Wars. It was my mission to deliver secret documents intercepted from the Empire and to give it to the Alliance through my father on Alderbafoons.

*There is a small explosion that occurs in the recorded message. The explosion is not far from where the Princess recorded her message. She ducks and stumbles slightly twisting her ankle in the process.*

PRINCESS

Ow!

*The Princess's dress is close to floor length. She lifts her dress exposing the bottom half of her lower leg. Fluke gets pretty excited by this thinking that she perhaps might be getting ready to undress. He is disappointed when she simply checks out her ankle for a brief moment and lets the dress drop.*

My ship has fallen under attack above Tatto Me. By the time you get this, I will be under arrest by the Empire. My last hope is to give you the documents which are vital to the survival of the Rebel Alliance. This RA2 unit has them stored in his memory and you must see this bot safely delivered to the Alliance. This is our most desperate hour. Help me Oh-Be-One You-Can-Beat. You're my only hope.

*The hologram of the princess goes away. Oh-Be-One thinks for a long moment.*

OH-BE-ONE

You must learn the ways of the Pressure if you are to come with me to Alderbafoons.

FLUKE

Alderbafoons? I'm late as it is. My Aunt is going to have my hide.

OH-BE-ONE

I need your help. I'm getting too old for this sort of thing.

FLUKE

I can take you as far as Anchorarm.

*Oh-Be-One thinks for a brief moment. We see his eyes shift between where the hologram of the princess was and Fluke.*

OH-BE-ONE

*She needs your help. You could rescue her and she'd be grateful to you.*

*Fluke suddenly gains interest.*

FLUKE

Maybe I can do it this one time.

TATTOOED MAN  
(From Off screen)

Hey Been-Beaten! I need you to do another tat.

OH-BE-ONE  
(Groans, then speaks to himself.)

How do they find me?

*The tattooed man that Fluke spoke to earlier enters the cave coming on screen. A different girl is riding on the man's back. She is very happy and laughing.*

OH-BE-ONE  
(To tattooed man.)

I just finished up with you.

TATTOOED MAN

Yeah, but that other slut and I broke up. I need you to X her name out and write Laretta-Clemintine's name on my arm.

*Oh-Be-One is dumbfounded at not only that he wants the correction but at the length of the new name as well.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, MEETING ROOM

*There are three generals seated around a table. They are in the middle of a discussion. Imperial General 1 is passionate about what he is saying to Imperial General 3. Imperial General 2 is very bored by the whole argument.*

IMPERIAL GENERAL 1  
*(Having problems finding the right word for a moment)*

Until this battle station is optimal... optional... optic-titional... oper-national...

IMPERIAL GENERAL 2  
*(Bored.)*

Operational.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 1

...is finished, we are vulnerable. Darth Breathing Apparatus managed to hand the plans of the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death to the Rebel Alliance. Who knows what kind of vulnerabilities there are on this station.

*(Imperial General 1 uses the name "Darth Breathing Apparatus" as an insult for Darth Vacuity.)*

IMPERIAL GENERAL 3  
*(Sounding firm, resolved, and completely sure of himself.)*

There are no flaws in the engineering plans nor in the construction of my battle station.

*A metal ceiling tile falls from the ceiling landing next to Imperial General #3*

IMPERIAL GENERAL 3  
*(Sounding a little less sure.)*

Well, no major ones.

*The intercom buzzes. Imperial Lieutenant 4 is interrupting the meeting through the intercom system. He is slightly annoyed by the news he is has to deliver to Imperial General 3.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 4  
*(Over intercom.)*

Sir, engineering reports Deck 673 in Section Q collapsed. Again.

*General #3 presses a button on the desk.*

IMPERIAL GENERAL 3  
*(Irritated by the interruption.)*

Tell them standard clean up procedure and make sure they remember to test for atmosphere. I don't want to lose yet another set of repair crews to the vacuum of space.

*General #3 presses the button again to turn off the intercom.*

If the Senate would just give us the money we need to complete the station, we wouldn't be having these little problems.

*Darth Vacuity and the Grand Puff Tweaknose enter the room.*

TWEAKNOSE

I have just received word that the Emperor has permanently dissolved the Senate. The regional governors now have direct control over the star systems.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 3

Great. Who's going to pay the bills now?

DARTH VACUITY

The Emperor will ensure that this battle station will receive the funds needed.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 2  
*(Looking surprised.)*

I had an early meeting with the Emperor two days ago. I had to remind him that he forgot to put on his pants that morning.

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Checking to make sure he has his pants on.)*

It happens to all of us sometimes.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 2

Let's just say that I'm not convinced of his leadership... or yours for that matter.

DARTH VACUITY

Our leadership is insignificant compared to the power of the Pressure.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 1

The Pressure?

DARTH VACUITY

It's like some kind of force, but the name wasn't trademarked, copyrighted, and patented yet.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 2

You don't scare me with your sorcerer's ways, Lord Vacuity. Your sad devotion to that ancient religion...

*Darth Vacuity raises his hand and squeezes his fingers together. Imperial General 2 has trouble breathing and can't speak any longer. Grand Puff Tweaknose speaks after a tense moment.*

TWEAKNOSE

This bickering is pointless. Vacuity, release him.

*Imperial General 2, breathing again, collapses on the table.*

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Walking away.)*

As you wish.

TWEAKNOSE

Darth Vacuity will find the plans to this battle station, the location of the rebel alliance, and make waffles all before this station is optimal... optic-titional... oper-national...

IMPERIAL GENERAL 1

Optional!

*Imperial General 2 rolls eyes.*

TWEAKNOSE

Optional. Until then, we will be patient and wait.

*Darth Vacuity bows and exits the room. Grand Puff Tweaknose remains behind with the generals. The men are silent and they stoically stare at each other for a long moment. They are "being patient and waiting". It's brief, but long enough to be a little uncomfortable for the audience. When the generals start speaking, they all speak very quickly and in rapid succession.*

IMPERIAL GENERAL 1

Cards anyone?

IMPERIAL GENERAL 3

I've got a deck right here.

*Imperial General 3 pulls out a deck of cards from under the table.*

IMPERIAL GENERAL 1

I love poker.

IMPERIAL GENERAL 2

Hey, you guys like strip poker?

*Grand Puff Tweaknose rolls his eyes.*

*EXT - DESERT*

*Several dune buggies are over turned. Fluke, Oh-Be-One, C3KO, and RA2DA2 are all wondering around looking at the damage.*

FLUKE

This looks like the same brand of beer that the group of wajas drank when they sold us our bots.

*Fluke shakes his head.*

I don't get it. I've just never heard of sand worms hitting anything this big before.

OH-BE-ONE

They didn't. The buggies are still mostly in one piece. Unopened beer is still in the coolers. This is the work of Imperial troops.

FLUKE

*(Not fully believing Oh-Be-One and half laughing.)*

What? Imperial troops don't like alcohol?

OH-BE-ONE

*(Shrugs.)*

It's a genetic defect in the cloning process.

*Fluke is a little surprised by the response.*

FLUKE

Ok. But why would Imperial troops want to slaughter wajas?

*Fluke looks at C3KO and RA2DA2.*

If these were the same wajas... then that would lead them... home.

OH-BE-ONE

Wait, Fluke! It's too dangerous!

FLUKE

*(Quite happy and ecstatic)*

It's going to be Aunt Brute versus Imperial troops. I want front side seating to the best fight in the galaxy! I'm putting money on Aunt Brute!

*Fluke climbs into the dune buggy with Oh-Be-One following closely. Before Fluke can leave, a bright, white-yellow light illuminates both of their faces for a moment. Although the light is caused by an explosion, the explosion is not shown. Both Oh-Be-One and Fluke look towards the light. A long moment later, the ba-boom sound of the explosion can be heard. The echos off the desert canyon walls eventually fade away. As the sound fades, a very strong gust of wind blows by Fluke and Oh-Be-One. Both are very still and quiet as they watch.*

OH-BE-ONE

*(Speaking with awe)*

What was that?

*Fluke climbs back out the buggy. He is slightly irritated.*

FLUKE

She won. I missed the whole thing.

OH-BE-ONE

*(Stammering, still in shock.)*

She wha... that was your aunt?

FLUKE  
*(Kicking a rock or some sand.)*

Yeah.

*Oh-Be-One shakes his head not quite believing Fluke.*

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Commenting about the explosion.)*

That was just like the explosion at Anchorarm about four months ago.

*Fluke looks at Oh-Be-One with a "guess what" look.*

OH-BE-ONE

No. That couldn't have been her.

FLUKE

It was.

OH-BE-ONE

Why would she do that?

FLUKE

Because I kept hanging out with my friends there instead of doing my chores. Now there's no one left in Anchorarm for me to hang out with.

*Oh-Be-One recoils in horror some.*

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Under his breath.)*

Maybe I should have left you with Annie instead.

FLUKE

What was that?

OH-BE-ONE

Nothing.

FLUKE

She's really going to be in a foul mood.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Astonished.)*

Someone can survive that kind of explosion?

FLUKE

If anyone could, she would.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Thoughtful and concerned)*

Is it really safe for you to go home?

FLUKE

You're going off planet, right?

*Oh-Be-One nods.*

Think we can find a pilot with enough room for me before she tracks us down?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Quickly stating)*

I'll get the bots.

*Oh-Be-One quickly turns around walking off.*

EXT - MOSS EASY, CHECK POINT

*Fluke pulls his funky-mobile up to the checkpoint. Stormtrooper 8 stops him.*

STORMTROOPER 8

How long have you had these bots?

FLUKE

This is our second day...

*Oh-Be-One elbows Fluke in the ribs.*

OH-BE-ONE

... that we've been on Tattoo Me. The bots have been with us for three or four seasons.

*Fluke realizes that it's awkward how Oh-Be-One just said the word "seasons" since they just landed on the planet.*

FLUKE

If you measure seasons from the planet we just came from.

*Both Fluke and Oh-Be-One realize how bad the situation must look to the trooper.*

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Trying to improve the situation, but coming out lame.)*

They're for sale if you want them.

STORMTROOPER 8  
*(Unimpressed.)*

Yeah. Which planet are you from?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Unsure how to answer.)*

Uh... Kashiik?

STORMTROOPER 8  
*(Lightening up and laughing)*

No kidding! I just watched a reality show about that planet the other night. I'm jealous. You had a front row seat to watching Rednecks jumping on the back of the super hairy locals and then "RIP!" gettin' torn apart.

*Stormtrooper 8 gestures that they are literally torn limb from limb and laughs. Stormtrooper 8 laughs. Oh-Be-One fakes a laugh very badly in an attempt to try to be amiable.*

STORMTROOPER 8

Friggin' awesome. So, getting back to business. I'm going to have to see your identification. You guys have some?

OH-BE-ONE

Yes, but we left it at home.

FLUKE

In our cave.

OH-BE-ONE

Our hotel. He meant hotel.

FLUKE

Right. What he said.

STORMTROOPER 8  
*(Looks at them suspiciously)*

Hey, 1138, you got those pictures of those guys we're supposed to be looking for?

STORMTROOPER 1138

Right here.

*Stormtrooper 1138 walks over with a picture. Both stormtroopers look at the picture and at Fluke and Oh-Be-One.*

STORMTROOPER 1138

It can't be them.

*He looks a little more at the picture.*

STORMTROOPER 1138

Geez. And I thought the guy in the picture was ugly.

FLUKE

Hey! You can't talk to Oh-Be-One like that!

STORMTROOPER 1138

Dude, I was talking about you. You are butt ugly.

*Stormtrooper 9 overhears this and walks over.*

STORMTROOPER 9

Hey, no need to insult the people who... wow.

*Stormtrooper 9 gets a good look at Fluke for the first time.*

STORMTROOPER 9

You are ugly. Let me see the picture.

*The camera cuts to a tattered piece of paper that the stormtroopers have been passing around. It is a drawing of three figures in colored pencils. It is a "picture" of Fluke and the two bots. It's good enough to somewhat recognize Fluke and the robots, but bad enough to make identification impossible. It also sort of looks like a child drew it. Some of the colorization is done outside the lines.*

*Oh-Be-One subtly and gently waves his hand one time at the Stormtroopers. His voice is somewhat hypnotic.*

OH-BE-ONE

You are interested in having fun instead of looking for bots.

STORMTROOPER 9  
(To Stormtrooper 1138)

Dude. Where's your phone. Catch one with these dudes, huh?

STORMTROOPER 1138  
(Pulling out an Imperial smart phone.)

Right on. No one is going to believe what you look like. Mind if we get a picture with you?

*Fluke and Oh-Be-One force a smile on their faces. The camera cuts to showing several pictures on the smart phone that are taken and in a somewhat rapid succession:*

- 1) The stormtroopers are standing behind the funky mobile. Fluke and Oh-Be-One have ridiculous fake smiles. The stormtroopers are making various symbols (peace, hanging tough, etc) with their hands. The robots are off to the side, but included in the picture.*
- 2) Fluke pretends his hand is like a gun and holds it up to the head of one of the stormtroopers. He seems to be having fun in this picture. The other two stormtroopers are pretending to be scared (perhaps by running away or holding their hands up). Meanwhile, Oh-Be-One looks bored in the background sitting in the funky mobile with the robots.*
- 3) Fluke is now holding one of the stormtroopers real guns and aiming it at Oh-Be-One who is still sitting in the funky mobile. Oh-Be-One looks disturbed by the turn of events. Around Fluke, the stormtroopers are egging him on. Fluke is still having fun. Again, the robots are seen.*
- 4) In the final picture, several people are lined up against the wall. Their hands and feet are spread. We see their backs. Fluke is holding up a gun with one hand and is making some sort of threatening motion to one of the people on the wall. It looks like he might execute someone. A stormtrooper is standing behind Fluke with a paper bag filled with air and ready to pop it behind him so as to scare him. One of the stormtroopers is holding up someone's wallet with one hand and the wallet's cash in the other.*

EXT - MOSS EASY, CHECK POINT, CONT.

*Fluke and Oh-Be-One are sitting in the funky mobile with the robots getting ready to drive into town. Oh-Be-One*

*is now driving.*

STORMTROOPER 8

Man, you guys are a lot of fun.

FLUKE

Yeah, I had a great time too.

STORMTROOPER 1138

Be sure to pass back this way soon.

STORMTROOPER 8

And bring a keg of cherry-lime diet cola while you're at it.

STORMTROOPER 9

You ever need anything, you give us a call.

*Stormtrooper 9 touches his cell phone against Fluke's cell phone.*

STORMTROOPER 1138

Oh, and I want to apologize again for popping the bag behind you.

FLUKE

I'm fine, but I'm still a bit worried about that lady. Are you sure she'll be fine? I think I shot her.

STORMTROOPER 8

*(Waves his hand dismissively.)*

Faces are overrated. Don't worry about it.

STORMTROOPER 9

Later!

*Oh-Be-One drives off just a couple of dozen feet and pulls into a slot at the closest cantina. They all exit the vehicle as they talk.*

FLUKE

Wow. I can't believe we got past those guys. I thought they had us pegged for sure.

OH-BE-ONE

The Pressure can have a strong influence on the weak minded.

*Thinking for a brief moment as to what transpired.*

And it has a very strong influence on the very weak minded.

FLUKE

I'll give them this. They were really fun to be around.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Looking dubiously at Fluke.)*

Very, very weak minded.

FLUKE

So where do we go from here?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Pointing to the cantina.)*

We'll find a pilot in here.

FLUKE

Really? Hey! This reminds of a joke. A headless knight, an idiot, and two bots walk into a bar.

*Oh-Be-One stop walking for a moment as he pauses waiting for the rest of the joke. Fluke realizes Oh-Be-One is no longer walking with him.*

OH-BE-ONE

Well, what happens?

FLUKE  
*(Not fully understanding at first.)*

Huh? Oh! I don't remember the rest of it. I just remember I was told a joke once about that.

*As Fluke is saying this, the four of them walk into the cantina.*

INT - MOS EASY CANTINA

*There are several camera cuts showing a bartender serving drinks and various people and aliens standing or sitting around the bar or at some of the tables. An alien band plays music in the background. One of the last camera angles in this montage shows Oh-Be-One talking Chewing Gum. Chewing Gum puts a piece of gum into his mouth and begins to chew. Fluke begins to enter more deeply into the cantina and the bots start to follow him.*

BARTENDER

Hey! We don't serve their kind in here.

FLUKE

Huh?

BARTENDER

Your bots. They're too normal looking. They'll have to wait outside.

FLUKE

Oh. Right.

*Fluke quietly instructs C3KO and RA2DA2 to wait outside. The bots leave the cantina. Fluke sits down at the bar next to Oh-Be-One and orders a drink. Oh-Be-One and Fluke are just about back-to-back with each other*

*as they are turned sideways and away from one another. The bartender gives Fluke a drink then leans over to Fluke.*

BARTENDER

Don't come back in here. You'll scare all my business away.

*The bartender leaves to serve another patron. Fluke gives him a questioning and disapproving look. Oh-Be-One quietly continues to converse with Chewing Gum. Frankie 1 comes up to Fluke and tugs on his shirt.*

FRANKIE 1

I don't like you.

FLUKE

*(Still slightly disheartened by what the bartender just said.)*

Hey, look, man, it's the only face I have.

FRANKIE 1

*(Trying to pick a fight.)*

No one likes you.

FLUKE

That's not true. There's, uh... wait... I think of someone...

FRANKIE 1

I'm wanted for murder in 12 star systems. Today, I'm going for lucky number 13.

OH-BE-ONE

*(Confronting Frankie 1)*

Come. This little one isn't worth the trouble. Let me buy you a drink.

*Frankie 1 pulls out a gun. Oh-Be-One pulls out his laser sword and cuts off Frankie 1's arm. Oh-Be-One saves the laser sword. Frankie 1 grows a new arm within a second or two then picks up the gun. Oh-Be-One looks at his opponent more carefully.*

OH-BE-ONE

This could be a problem...

*As Frankie 1 is beginning to aim, Oh-Be-One cuts off Frankie's arm again. A new one grows back. Frankie 1 smiles evilly.*

OH-BE-ONE

Grow this back.

*Oh-Be-One cuts off Frankie 1's head. A new head grows back on the body and the head grows a new body. Frankie 1 and Frankie 2 stand up together.*

OH-BE-ONE

*(Now becoming more worried.)*

Hmmm... that's a pretty good trick.

BARTENDER

Frankie! What do I keep telling you? Quick screwing around with the new patrons or I'm going to kick you out.

FRANKIE 1  
(Suddenly laughing jovially.)

Sorry about that. I couldn't help myself.

FRANKIE 2  
(To Oh-Be-One.)

No harm done, right?

*Frankie 2 slaps Oh-Be-One on the shoulder in a friendly gesture. Frankie 3 is sitting at a table with Frankie 4. Although they are dressed in different clothing, they look exactly like Frankie 1 and Frankie 2. Frankie 4 is digging in his bag and positioned in such a way so that the viewer does not immediately see that there is a fourth copy of Frankie who is running around. The viewer should only see Frankie 3.*

FRANKIE 3  
(To bartender.)

Oh sure blame me. Like it's my fault.

*Frankie 4 turns and the viewer finally sees it is yet another copy of the alien.*

FRANKIE 4  
(To Frankie 3)

You idiot. He wasn't talking to you. He was talking to me.

*Camera cuts to Frankie 5 at another table. He's half laying on a table with multiple empty bottles surrounding him. It is implied that he's been heavily drinking. His head is laying on the table with drool coming out of his mouth. He simply raises his hand with a bottle still in it and belches loudly. Sitting at the next table next to him is Frankie 6. Frankie 6 is with a woman.*

FRANKIE 6  
(To Frankie 5)

Yeah! You tell 'em, Frankie!

*Frankie 1 and Frankie 2 turn away from Fluke and Oh-Be-One and walk away.*

FRANKIE 1  
(To Frankie 2 and gesturing to Oh-Be-One)

I like him. It's been a while since someone's cleaved us in two.

*Oh-Be-One is clearly disturbed by the turn of events. He looks at the bartender.*

BARTENDER  
(Shrugging.)

Don't worry about it. They always pay their tab. You've just given me another loyal customer.

*Oh-Be-One touches Fluke on the shoulder and guides him to a table.*

OH-BE-ONE

Chewing Gum here is first mate on a ship that I believe will serve our interest.

*Chewing Gum leads Fluke and Oh-Be-One over to a table with Hannibal So-Slow. Hannibal is sitting at a table next to Frankie 6. (Frankie 5 is passed out at another table on the opposite side.) Chewing grunts a series of alien barks and growls to Hann... then places a piece of gum into his mouth.*

HANN

Chewing Gum tells me you're looking for passage to the Alderbafoons system. Is that right?

OH-BE-ONE

If your ship is fast.

HANN

Fast ship? You've never heard of the Millennium Sparrow?

OH-BE-ONE

Should I have?

HANN

It's the ship that made the Kessel run in less than 12 parsecs.

FLUKE  
*(Impressed.)*

Wow. That is pretty fast.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Rummaging in his memories)*

Wait... isn't a parsec a measurement of space, not time?

HANN  
*(Flabbergasted.)*

No.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Now sure of himself.)*

I did a little space travel in my younger years. I know what a parsec is. As a space pilot, you should know that it is a unit of space. Not time.

HANN  
*(Challenging Oh-Be-One.)*

Is that so? What is a light year?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Not impressed with Hann's response.)*

It's the distance it takes light to travel in a year.

HANN

Right. So you measure distance by using time, right?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Hesitating.)*

I suppose we do.

HANN  
*(Becoming more aggressive in his argument.)*

Well, us real space pilots use distance to measure time. I did the Kessel run in 11.98 parsecs. That's quick. Ok?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Very unsure now.)*

Um... ok.

HANN

The ship is fast enough for you old man. What's your cargo?

OH-BE-ONE

Only passengers. Myself, the boy, two bots, and no questions asked.

HANN  
*(Smiling.)*

Well, that sounds easy. What's the catch? You two have a foursome going on with the bots or something and the misses found out?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Dead pan serious.)*

We're on a mission to save the universe.

HANN  
*(Become quite irritated.)*

Great. You're one of *them*, huh? Think the whole universe revolves around you? Billions if not trillions will die unless you fulfill some sort of request that some stranger assigned to you. Blah, blah, blah. Gads, I hate missions like this. This will cost you extra. Anything else I should know about? Trouble with the Imperials?

*Chewing Gum places another piece of gum into his mouth.*

OH-BE-ONE

Not yet, but we'll soon fix that.

HANN  
*(Getting serious.)*

Really? Ok. That'll tack on a good bit more. I want 10,000. All in advance.

OH-BE-ONE

10,000? We can give you 2,000 credits now and 15,000 credits when we arrive.

HANN  
(Nodding at the tempting offer.)

17, huh? You've got yourselves a ship. I'll see you in docking bay 94 as soon as you're ready.

*Hann spots stormtroopers coming into the bar.*

Looks like someone is taking an interest in your handy work.

*In the distance, the bartender speaks to the stormtroopers and purposely points to them. Oh-Be-One gestures to Fluke then purposely begins to get up.*

OH-BE-ONE

Time to go.

*Oh-Be-One never quite makes it out the chair. Another set of stormtroopers comes up behind him. Stormtrooper 8 places his hands on Oh-Be-One's shoulders and gently forces him to sit back down. Stormtrooper 9 positions himself closer to Frankie 6's table and looks at the paper with the child-like drawing of Fluke and the robots. Although it is never focused on, the viewer should be able to make out that it is the same picture of Fluke and the bots as before.*

STORMTROOPER 8  
(Stern, but friendly.)

Sit back down.

*Stormtrooper 9 indicates to Stormtrooper 8 that he has located the person in the drawing.*

STORMTROOPER 9

Yeah, I think that's him. (To Frankie 6.) You're under arrest.

*Unable to see who Stormtrooper 9 is indicating, Oh-Be-One assumes he is the one being talked about. He tries to pass off the issue as nothing by smiling and laughing.*

OH-BE-ONE

It's all a simple misunderstanding.

STORMTROOPER 8

Not you old man. We're talking to him.

*Stormtrooper 8 points at the table next to them. The Stormtroopers questioning the bartender have now arrived and they are surrounding Frankie 6's table. Frankie 6 is caught off guard and turns his attention from his lady friend to assess the situation.*

STORMTROOPER 1138  
(To Fluke.)

Hey Fluke. How's it goin'?

*Stormtrooper 1138 gestures like he's popping a paper bag and laughs.*

*Frankie 6 tries to run, but Stormtrooper 9 and the other stormtroopers catch him and throw him to the ground. Frankie 5 (who is two tables down from Fluke, Oh-Be-One, Han, and Chewing) lifts his head.*

FRANKIE 5

*(Slurring his words and speaking to Frankie 6.)*

You tell 'em Frankie!

STORMTROOPER 9  
*(To Frankie 5)*

Keep that up and you'll be under arrest next.

*Stormtrooper 8 and Stormtrooper 1138 allow Oh-Be-One and Fluke to make a quiet and discreet exit.*

*Chewing Gum places another piece of gum into his mouth.*

HANN  
*(Quietly to Chewing Gum.)*

17,000 for Alderbafoons? These guys must be really stupid. Prep the ship.

*Hann grabs Chewing by the arm before he can leave.*

HANN

Hey, you have any idea what a parsec is?

EXT - MOS EASY CANTINA

OH-BE-ONE

You'll have to sell your funky mobile.

FLUKE

That shouldn't be a problem. Unless I make friends with smuggler, become a galactic hero, and kiss a twin sister that I don't know that I have full on the lips, I'm never coming back to this planet.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(As they walk off.)*

Never say never.

INT - MOS EASY CANTINA

*Hann, now without Chewing Gum next to him, picks up a bag at his table, but is greeted by Greedom. Greedom has a gun pointed at Hann and motions for Hann to sit down at a table. Hann does. Greedom sits opposite him at the table.*

GREEDOM

Going somewhere So-Slow?

HANN

Apparently not.

*The stormtroopers walk by their table ignoring the whole exchange. They are escorting Frankie 6 out of the cantina. Frankie 6 is in handcuffs. The Stormtroopers quickly leave. Hann and Greedom briefly look at the Stormtroopers as they pass by then go back to intently glaring at each other.*

HANN

What do you want?

GREEDOM

You owe Jabba the Hute some money.

*There's a brief pause.*

HANN

And?

GREEDOM

And if you can pay me instead, I'll forget that I found you.

HANN

Just like that, huh? Done.

*Han reaches into his pocket and drops a few coins in front of him. Greedom looks at it not fully understanding.*

GREEDOM

What's that?

HANN

The credit fifty I owe Jabba.

GREEDOM

That's all you owe him?

HANN

That's it.

GREEDOM

I can't even buy a drink here for that.

HANN

*(Making light of the situation.)*

Yeah, but the grime in this place is top notch.

GREEDOM

He hired me to collect a credit fifty from you?

HANN

He's never been very good with my money. He blew the whole thing out of proportion. By my reckoning, he actually owes me three credits, but it's not that important to me. I like that he keeps me smuggling things here and there.

GREEDOM

Well... that's just stupid. I want a thousand credits from you or I'll kill you right here in this bar.

*Hann quietly and discreetly reaches for his gun under the table. The camera allows the viewer to see Hann unlocking his holster with his gun, but Greedom can't see this from his perspective.*

HANN

Come on. Don't do this. You know I don't have a grand on me and that would make us enemies from the get go. Can't we be friends?

GREEDOM

One last chance. Pay up or die.

HANN

*(Becoming much more cold towards Greedom.)*

Ok. Here's your payment.

*Hann pulls out his gun out from under the table. Greedom sees the motion and aims his gun. There is a flash of light and smoke as they both fire. The flash blinds the viewer from seeing who actually shoots first. When the flash goes away and some of the smoke clears, we see Hann and Greedom standing and looking at one other. They've missed each other and they are both still alive. Parts of the wall are burning behind each of them.*

BARTENDER

*(Angry.)*

Hey! You know the rules! Which of you fired first?

*Hann and Greedom point at each other.*

HANN AND GREEDOM

*(In unison.)*

He did!

EXT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH

*Several fighter ships are patrolling the secret space station.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*Darth Vacuity, Grand Puff Tweaknose and several other supporting officers are in the room. Two men are carrying a large bundle of wires between them in the background. Darth Vacuity and Grand Puff Tweaknose are speaking with one another.*

DARTH VACUITY

Her resistance to the truth formula is considerable.

*Imperial Lieutenant 5 approaches Grand Puff Tweaknose and interrupts him.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 5

With the exception of the cabling for the satellite holovision, all checks are complete.

*The governor turns to the two cabling guys. One of them is ascending a ladder with the large bundle of cables.*

TWEAKNOSE

This is all for the satellite holovision?

*Imperial Lieutenant 5 looks embarrassed.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 5  
(Clearing his throat.)

The men have a large variety of interest. A very large variety of interest if you catch you my drift.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose says nothing. Imperial Lieutenant 5 continues to be nervous and unsure as to what to say.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 5  
(Not very loudly, but enough for Tweaknose to hear.)

The ratio of men to women is fifty to one, sir.

TWEAKNOSE  
(Aggravated.)

Yes, I know what you meant. I'm simply amazed at how much money we're spending on something as trivial as holovision.

*In the background, the man on the ascending ladder can now only be seen from the waist down. The end of cables go up off the screen -- just like the man. The ladder falls out from under him and the man hangs suspended in the air flailing his legs. Grand Puff Tweaknose turns to Darth Vacuity completely ignoring what is going on in the background.*

TWEAKNOSE

Concerning Princess Leech, perhaps it is time for an alternative form of persuasion.

DARTH VACUITY

What did you have in mind?

TWEAKNOSE  
(A smile slowly spreads across his face.)

We're going to blow up a planet, gentlemen.

*The governor turns to the officer.*

Set your course for Alderbafoons.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 5  
(Acknowledging orders.)

Sir!

*There is a bright, flickering light from where the man is hanging and the sound of him being electrocuted. For a brief moment, the man stiffens and twitches. The lights dim and come back on. The man yells, hoops, and hollers during the moment when the flickering and zapping occurs. It sounds like he is enjoying it. After the "electrocution", he drops onto the floor, but remains standing when he does. His shirt is shredded and blackened. His hair is standing up and smoking.*

ELECTROCUTED TECHNICIAN

*(Giving a thumbs up.)*

We done done!

TWEAKNOSE

What the hell are you two doing?

NON-ELECTROCUTED TECHNICIAN

We just run a bunch o' cables for der satellite TV. We done!

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Surprised.)*

Done?

ELECTROCUTED TECHNICIAN  
*(Proud of the job they've done.)*

Yup!

TWEAKNOSE

How can you be done with all this cabling laying all over?

*The camera pans across the control room. There is cabling all over the room -- on the floor, across control panels, and hanging from ceilings. Some of the officers are working on their control panels despite most of their panel being taken up by the cabling.*

You can't just leave all this cable laying all over.

*Non-Electrocuted Technician pulls out a well used, folded piece of paper.*

NON-ELECTROCUTED TECHNICIAN

Well shucks! We done forgot a step. (He reads slowly and with difficulty.) Step One. Plug cables in. Step Two. Make sure cables ain't layin' 'round.

ELECTROCUTED TECHNICIAN

Gosh darn! Our boss ain't gonna be too happy about all the other cables.

TWEAKNOSE

Other cables?

NON-ELECTROCUTED TENICIAN

Yeah. It will take us months to pick up all der otter cables we done left out all over der station.

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Furious.)*

Months!?

EXT - MOS EASY, BACK ALLEY

*Three stormtroopers enter a residential area. All three are carrying pieces of paper. Stormtrooper 10 walks up*

*to the first residential unit. The other two watch from a small distance to see what he will do. Stormtrooper 10 knocks on the door, but no one answers. He tries the door by jiggling the handle, but it doesn't budge.*

STORMTROOPER 10  
*(Sounding bored.)*

This door is locked. I'm moving on.

*Stormtrooper 11 who is the next closest to a residential unit, knocks at that door. The other two stormtroopers slowly begin to move on to the next residences when the door opens for Stormtrooper 11. An older man looks at Stormtrooper 11.*

STORMTROOPER 11  
*(Excited and very serious.)*

Unlocked door! Unlocked door!

*All three stormtroopers rush into the house pushing the man back inside quickly. The camera remains outside.*

STORMTROOPER 11  
*(Yelling from inside the house.)*

Have you seen these bots? Have you seen these bots?

OLD MAN  
*(Scared.)*

Uh... I don't know! I don't know anything!

STORMTROOPER 11  
*(Yelling)*

Don't lie to me! Have you seen these bots?

*As the yelling conversation occurs between the old man and the stormtroopers, the first residential door opens. C3KO briefly sticks his head out, and quickly looks around. Both C3KO and RA2DA2 very quickly leave the first residence going in the direction where the stormtroopers came from.*

EXT - MOS EASY, ANOTHER BACK ALLEY

*With Oh-Be-One by his side, Fluke takes money from an alien. Oh-Be-One and Fluke walk off. Fluke is shaking his head.*

FLUKE

Ever since the PX-83 came out, they just aren't in demand.

OH-BE-ONE

I'll pick someone's pocket, then it will be enough.

INT - MOS EASY, DOCKING PORT

*Jabba the Huga is a slug-like alien. He and several henchmen have surrounded the Millennium Sparrow. Two of the henchmen surrounding the Millennium Sparrow are Bob Fezz and Greedom.*

JABBA  
*(Speaking towards the Millennium Sparrow.)*

So-Slow! Oh, Hannibal So-Slow! Come out of there, So-Slow!

*The camera switches to Hann walking into the docking port. He is surprised by what he sees.*

HANN  
*(Complaining under his breath towards Chewing Gum.)*

This part of my script didn't go as planned.

JABBA  
*(Still talking towards the ship not knowing Hann is behind him.)*

So-Slow!

HANN

Jabba the Huge. What a pleasant surprise.

*Jabba turns around as do all of his henchmen.*

HANN

You didn't think I was going to run, did you?

JABBA

I wasn't sure. Greedom says that you tried to shoot him.

HANN

He tried to shoot me too.

JABBA  
*(Consoling, Han.)*

Hann, let's not start all that. Just pay me the money you owe me and we'll be good friends.

HANN

A credit fifty, huh?

JABBA

A credit sixty. You've owed me this debt for a while now, so I had to tack on a little interest.

HANN  
*(Smiling pleasantly.)*

You drive a hard bargain.

*Hann reaches for his wallet, but finds that it's gone. He lightly pats himself down looking for it. He becomes slightly alarmed.*

Someone picked my pocket. Chewing, can you spot me a couple of credits?

*Chewing Gum reaches for his side then lightly pats himself down too. He growls communicatively.*

Well, if you put some pants on, you'd be less likely to always forget your man-purse somewhere. Did you check the Sparrow?

*Hann smiles uneasily at Jabba. Behind Jabba, Greedom and Bob Fezz are holding up Hann's wallet and Chewing Gum's man-purse. Jabba doesn't notice. Hann's smile quickly drops off his face.*

HANN

Hey! Those are ours!

*Han rushes Greedom and Bob Fezz, but the other henchmen stop Hann.*

JABBA

Hann, you're always making excuses. A lost wallet here. A dropped shipment there.

*Hann unhappily glares at Greedom and Bob Fezz for a brief moment. He sees Chewing Gum sneaking up behind them. He then turns back to Jabba. Hann then tries to keep Greedom and Bob Fezz from noticing Chewing Gum by engaging Jabba in conversation.*

HANN

Ok, Jabba. I tell you what. I have a nice easy shipment. I'll pay you back with more interest in a couple of weeks. How about that?

JABBA

It will be two credits.

HANN

A credit eighty.

JABBA

One twenty five.

*Hann briefly considers.*

HANN

A credit twenty five, huh? Ok. That seems fair.

*There's a scuffle off screen and a large growl from Chewing Gum. Jabba turns to see what is going on. The camera switches to Chewing Gum holding Greedom upside down. Bob Fezz rushes Chewing Gum, but Chewing Gum releases one leg of Greedom for a brief moment to backfist Bob Fezz without even looking over shoulder. Despite his armor, Bob Fezz falls to the floor knocked out. Chewing Gum then shakes Greedom by his legs. A number of wallets, three combs, a couple of switch blades, Chewing's man-purse, five hammers, several packs of chewing gum, and a Series One DVD collection of "Rednecks on Kashiiik" falls to the ground. The cover features a couple of Rednecks riding a couple of Wooklesses. Chewing drops Greedom onto the floor (on his head). Chewing picks up the DVD box and looks at it. Chewing gets angry and rips it in half while angrily growling.*

JABBA

*(Half bored by the turn of events.)*

Come one, everyone. I have things to do.

*Hann walks over to the pile on the floor then picks up his wallet and holds it up in Greedom's face angrily. (Greedom is still on the floor.)*

HANN

Well, I seem to have found my wallet.

*He looks inside and finds a couple of credits. He pulls it out to pay Jabba. Jabba and his henchmen are already walking away with their backs towards Hann.*

Here, Jabba, I can...

JABBA

No more excuses today, Hann. Just get me the money another day.

*Jabba and his henchmen leave the docking port (and go off screen) by using the exit. Hann gives up trying to give Jabba the money. It's just not a priority for him. Greedom quickly runs after them and exits. Bob Fezz, staggering, runs after Greedom. When Bob Fezz tries to exit, he hits the door frame instead and falls over. He's knocked out again. Hann and Chewing have watched the entire spectacle and Hann finally shrugs then puts the credits back into his wallet and puts his wallet into his pocket.*

HANN

I don't know how that slug stays in business. Come on, Chewing. Let's prep the ship. We have a job to do.

*Chewing Gum places a piece of gum into his mouth as Fluke and Oh-Be-One enter the docking bay. As they enter, Fluke is looking back through the door towards the group that just left the hangar.*

FLUKE

Was that my step cousin?

*Oh-Be-One does a double take when he passes Bob Fezz. Bob Fezz is sitting on the ground looking like he's passed out. Oh-Be-One continues walking forward while he looks at Bob Fezz. Fluke is in front of him and stops short. Oh-Be-One nearly bumps into him when he does stop short. Fluke appears to be shocked as he gets a good look at the Millennium Sparrow. Oh-Be-One then gets a good eye full of the ship. He is not pleased by what he sees. Now, for the first time, the audience gets a good look at the Millennium Sparrow. It has cobwebs, rusted panels that are half falling off and even a couple of broken windows that allow inside air of the ship to interact with the outside air of the ship.*

FLUKE

*(Awed and reverent and quiet.)*

She's beautiful.

*Oh-Be-One's shock grows more apparent as he looks at Fluke wondering what is going on inside Fluke's mind. Fluke runs on board leaving Oh-Be-One outside.*

HANN

*(To Oh-Be-One.)*

That's right and she'll make .5 past light speed.

OH-BE-ONE

*(Sighs.)*

What do you mean .5 past light speed?

HANN

Well, you know. The Sparrow will go .5 past light speed.

OH-BE-ONE

.5 what? It will do 1.5 times the speed of light meaning it would take us 50 years to go to Alderbafoons instead of the usual 75 years it takes light?

HANN

No! I mean we'll get there in about two or three hours.

*Hann and Oh-Be-One stare at each other for a moment.*

You're a strange old man, you know that?

OH-BE-ONE

And I'm beginning to question your credentials as a pilot.

HANN

I don't supposed you'd be impressed if I told you that I made a lot of special modifications myself?

*Fluke's head pokes out of one of the windows and he's holding fuzzy dice.*

FLUKE

He even has fuzzy dice hanging from the bathroom mirror!

HANN

*(Proud of himself.)*

There's one of them. Now, if you'll just get on board, we'll be on our merry way.

*Oh-Be-One casts a disapproving glance at Hann as he moves past him to get on board.*

OH-BE-ONE

*(Under his breath.)*

This trip will be the end of me.

EXT. ABOVE PLANET OF TATTOO ME

*The Millennium Sparrow moves into space from the surface of the planet.*

INT. COCKPIT OF THE MILLENNIUM SPARROW

*Hann and Chewing Gum are in the cockpit with Fluke and Oh-Be-One. The robots are elsewhere on the ship.*

HANN

What's this? An imperial cruiser? There must be a no-fly above atmo.

OH-BE-ONE

You didn't check?

HANN

There's always some secret edict that we don't know about: Passenger manifests, no-fly zones, recording device

laws. I mean, they're *always* going on about some terrorist organization that's trying to overthrow the government.

*Oh-Be-One looks at Han for a brief moment wondering if Hann's figured out what his real intent is.*

*A television off to the side comes on.*

AD ON TV

Hello, Tattoo-Me shoppers! This is a public service announcement. We're sorry for the inconvenience, but the Empire has temporarily declared a no-fly zone above the entire planet.

HANN  
*(Gesturing at the TV a little aggravated.)*

Now they tell us.

AD ON TV

Nothing is allowed the fly above 1 meter. That includes all you hot-shot moisture-farming crop-dusting fly boys! Also prohibited are all sales of automatic blasters, RPGs, planetary ion cannons, XYB-Wing Fighters and nuclear accelerated proton packs. Pod Racers and young slaves are still on sale at Watlo's, though!

*Chewing Gum turns off the TV and growls as he puts in a piece of gum into his mouth.*

HANN

What do you mean two more of them?

*Hann checks his instruments.*

A total of three, huh? Angle the deflector shields while I prepare to make the jump into hyperspace.

OH-BE-ONE

Angling the deflectors is not automatically done by the computer? Has technology gone backwards since I've been seclusion?

FLUKE

Hey! I have an idea! Make this ship go really fast! You said it goes fast.

HANN

You're both a bag full of fun. Chewing, execute defense seven three echo niner tango zero one six five indigo.

*Chewing growls an acknowledgment and reaches for a lever.*

HANN

No, no, no! We deployed those rusted panels last week. Remember? Deploy the other set!

*Chewing works over the controls as the ship rocks from laser blasts.*

FLUKE  
*(Still partly lost in his own world and happy.)*

I forget. How fast does this ship go again?

HANN

Fast enough to outrun those babies.

FLUKE  
*(Pointing to a control panel.)*

Then how come their gaining?

HANN

One minor oversight...

OH-BE-ONE

How long before you make the hyperspace jump?

HANN

It will take a few more moments for the navi-computer to give us the exact coordinates. We need that or the ship might burn up inside a star or fall apart due to intense gravitational distortions.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Sarcastically.)*

Fall apart? We wouldn't want that to happen, would we?

HANN

Watch your mouth old man.

*Hann reaches for a lever, hesitates, then looks at Chewing without pulling the lever.*

HANN

The navi-computer is ready, but I can't ever remember which one it is. Can you remember?

*The ship rocks from a laser blast. Chewing growls and points at yet another control.*

HANN

No, no! I was pretty sure it was one of these two that activated hyperspace.

OH-BE-ONE

Oh, for crying out...

*Oh-Be-One doesn't complete his sentence. He simply pushes Hann out the way and presses an unrelated button. The ship jumps into hyperspace.*

HANN

I was going to try that one eventually.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*Grand Puff Tweaknose stands stoically looking at a view screen of a planet. A piece of paper hits him in the head.*

TWEAKNOSE  
(Exasperated.)

How many times do I have to tell you not to play around in the control room?

*Camera switches to three officers standing next to each other. They are Goofball 1, Goofball 2, and Goofball 3. Goofball 1 is holding a sling shot and hides it behind his back.*

GOOFBALL 1  
(Pointing at Goofball 2)

He started it!

GOOFBALL 2  
(To Goofball 1)

What are you some sort of stooge? You fired that thing.

GOOFBALL 3  
(Raising hand.)

Actually, it was me.

GOOFBALL 2  
(To Goofball 3)

Oh, you did, huh?

*Goofball 2 grabs Goofball 3 and prepares to slap him.*

TWEAKNOSE

Enough! You're all acting like a bunch of idiots from an old TV show that doesn't know if they're copyrighted or not. One day, you're going to get someone inadvertently killed with your silly actions.

*The three officers sit back down at their stations. As they sit, Darth Vacuity escorts the princess into the control room where Grand Puff Tweaknose is waiting. Two stormtroopers escort them on either side.*

PRINCESS

Grand Puff Tweaknose. I saw Darth Vacuity was already decked out in his leather. I should have expected to find you holding the whip and chains.

TWEAKNOSE

Charming. *(Mockingly.)* It was so hard to make the decision to terminate your life. *(More seriously.)* Before you die, I want you to tell me the location of the secret rebel base.

PRINCESS  
(Laughing.)

You might have persuaded me more if you had said you wouldn't kill me in exchange for the information on the Rebel base.

DARTH VACUITY

Good going, Puff. You just blew the one chance we had.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose looks disapprovingly at Darth Vacuity.*

TWEAKNOSE

I doubt that. We are in the same orbit as your home planet, Princess. Tell me the location of the secret rebel base or your planet is done in for.

*Princess Leech is horrified and immediately begins begging.*

PRINCESS

No! Please! Alderbafoons is a peaceful planet. Except when the rioting starts over sports, but we really are peaceful! Or except for the rising civil war toll in my country. But other than that, we're peaceful.

*The Princess' demeanor changes as she speaks. She begins to wonder why Grand Puff Tweaknose would want to bombard a planet that is actually violent.*

PRINCESS

You also might want to avoid the southern continents. They were still nuking each other last month. Say, are you sure that you really want to attack this planet?

TWEAKNOSE

*(He steps forward invading her personal body space.)*

Give me an alternative military target, princess.

PRINCESS

*(She hesitates looking at her planet.)*

Tattoo-Me.

TWEAKNOSE

Tattoo you? I want the Rebel base. Not a request.

*The princess grabs the governor by the shirt and shakes him. No one tries to stop her.*

PRINCESS

Not me, you idiot. The planet is called Tattoo-Me.

*She releases the governor. He straightens out his uniform.*

TWEAKNOSE

Oh. Well. In that case. I suppose your planet gets a reprieve and all those you care about are safe. Good choice. Set a course for Tattoo-Me.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose is hit in the face again by a paper coffee cup. Coffee spills on him, but he purposely doesn't catch the cup or prevent the coffee from spilling on him in any way. He is, however, obviously angry at what just happened.*

GOOFBALL 2

*(Pointing at GOOFBALL 3)*

See what you did?

*Goofball 3 feigns ignorance. Goofball 2 grabs a Magic 8 ball from a nearby console and throws it at Goofball 3. Goofball 1 happens to be standing very near Goofball 3. The Magic 8 hits Goofball 1 in the head and reflects*

*back into a nearby console. Lights flash, a loud alarm sounds, and the super laser on the station fires. Alderbafoons is hit by the super laser and explodes. Everyone stands horrified for a moment watching it happen on the view screen then Goofball 1 and Goofball 3 point at Goofball 2.*

GOOFBALL #1 AND #3  
*(In unison.)*

He did it!

GOOFBALL #2  
*(After a brief hesitation.)*

Oops. Maybe we can put it back together? Do we have a broom and dustpan somewhere?

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, BACK ROOM

*In the background, RA2DA2 is playing a futuristic chess-like game and C3KO is watching. In the foreground, Fluke is practicing with his laser sword and a hovering ball. Oh-Be-One looks like he suddenly feels sick and he sits down. Fluke goes to comfort him.*

FLUKE

Are you ok?

OH-BE-ONE

I feel a great disturbance in the Pressure. I fear something terrible has happened.

*Hann enters the room from the cockpit as Oh-Be-One is speaking.*

HANN

Yeah, Chewing farts a lot. It's something he eats. Sorry about that.

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Pointing to where Fluke was practicing.)*

You'd better get on with your exercises.

HANN

I came over here to tell you that your troubles are over. Those Imperials are no where to be seen. I told you this ship could move quickly.

*Fluke continues practicing with the laser sword and the floating ball. The floating ball fires little laser shots at Fluke. Fluke fails to block it. Oh-Be-One ignores Hann.*

You can heap the praise on me at any time.

*Oh-Be-One and Fluke continue what their doing.*

Any time.

*Hann gets aggravated that everyone is ignoring him then he notices the chess game that Chewing Gum is playing with RA2DA2.*

Chewing, what have I told you about playing chess?

*Chewing growls displeasure at Hann, puts a piece of gum into his mouth, and continues playing.*

Fine, but I'm not fixing it again if you break it.

*Chewing presses a button. Hologram 1 on the chess board moves.*

HOLOGRAM 1

It's about time you made up your mind, you over digested hairball.

*Chewing growls displeasure at Hologram 1.*

HOLOGRAM 1

Sure! Threaten me! It's only my life that you're throwing away with a stupid move like this. See if I care.

*RA2 makes some sort of bizarre sound and Hologram 2, another 3D chess piece, moves onto the spot with the Hologram 1.*

HOLOGRAM 2  
(To Hologram 1)

Any last words?

HOLOGRAM 1  
(To Hologram 2)

Yeah.

HOLOGRAM 1  
(To Chewing Gum)

I want express my displeasure at how stupid my player is. A lobotomized orangutang would have chosen a better move than you.

*Chewing Gum smashes his fist down on the table in anger, but his hand travels through the pieces on the holographic chess board.*

See how stupid you are? You don't even know how properly kill me. I'm a hologram, you dolt!

*Chewing Gum gets up in a huff, then places his hands on a control panel. All of the chess pieces on the board began screaming at him and begging him not to rip out the panel. Chewing rips out the panel. There is some brief sparking and then the holograms on the chess board disappear.*

HANN  
(Shaking his head.)

Every time. Every time those stupid chess pieces can't keep their silly mouths shut and every time I'm left with the bill to repair the game.

*Fluke continues to practice with the laser sword. The floating ball floats in the air next to Fluke. Oh-Be-One watches with interest.*

OH-BE-ONE

Remember to let the Pressure flow through you. Let it control your actions. Can you do that?

FLUKE  
(Totally confident.)

Yeah. No problem.

*Fluke swings his laser swords wildly at the floating ball, but misses. The floating ball fires several laser shots at him. Fluke fails to deflect them. He howls in pain with each laser shot.*

HANN  
(Laughing.)

A religion that teaches laser swords defending against a blaster. That's just funny.

FLUKE  
(Turning off the laser sword.)

You don't believe in the Pressure, do you?

HAN  
(Hesitating due to confusion.)

Yeah, I believe that's what I just said that. Look, kid, I've been from one end of the galaxy to the other and I've seen a lot of strange stuff -- prequels to good movies, the floppy eared creatures on Naboo -- but I've never seen anything that indicates in an all powerful Pressure controlling everything.

OH-BE-ONE  
(To Fluke.)

You have a lot to learn. Here. Try this.

*Oh-Be-One picks up a nearby helmet and places it on Fluke's head. Fluke raises the blast shield, but Oh-Be-One puts it back down.*

FLUKE

I can't see with the blast shield down. How can I fight?

OH-BE-ONE

Your eyes can deceive you. Trust your instincts.

FLUKE  
(Under his breath.)

Right. Trust my instincts. I can't even trust my foot to not fall asleep when I sit on it.

*Fluke turns the laser sword back on. The floating ball immediately fires multiple shots and Fluke quickly deflects all of them. Fluke quickly removes the helmet.*

FLUKE

I did it!

*Fluke turns off the laser sword.*

OH-BE-ONE  
(Happy.)

You've taken your first step into a larger world.

OH-BE-ONE  
(Touching his stomach.)

Oh... I hate getting old. Time to go find the loo.

*As Oh-Be-One leaves, Hann approaches Fluke.*

HANN

I'd call it luck.

FLUKE  
*(Quietly, only to Hann.)*

I would too.

HANN

We should be coming up on Alderbafoons. I need to get back to the cockpit.

*As Hann and Chewing are making their way to the cockpit, the remote fires on Fluke.*

FLUKE

Hey! You're not supposed to fire at me while my guard is down.

*The remote gives an electronic squeal of laughter. Fluke raises his sword and turns it on. The remote takes off into another corridor in the ship and Fluke screams as he runs after it.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, COCKPIT

*Hann sits down in the chair and presses some buttons. The ship comes out of hyperspace and immediately begins to rock back and forth as it is bombarded by rock. Hann and Chewing assess the situation as Fluke and Oh-Be-One enter.*

HANN  
*(Complaining.)*

We've jumped into some sort of uncharted asteroid field!

*Chewing Gum growls in communication and places a piece of gum into his mouth.*

HANN

Are you sure? Double check the charts.

*Chewing growls again in communication.*

HANN

I don't get it. Our position is correct, but there's no Alderbafoons.

FLUKE

You lost a planet? Are you sure you know how to drive this thing? You know, I'm not such a bad pilot myself!

*Fluke reaches over for the controls, but Hann bats him away. Oh-Be-One checks the controls on the side.*

OH-BE-ONE

Fluke, he's right. The planet is gone.

FLUKE

Gone? How can an entire planet disappear?

*Oh-Be-One suddenly pieces things together.*

OH-BE-ONE  
(Gravely.)

It was destroyed by the Empire.

HANN

Now I know you're off your rocker, old man. Not even the empire has enough fire power to...

*The ship stops rocking, but Hann is interrupted as several items hit the front window. Everyone looks at the front window, then the camera cuts to show the window from behind the four companions. The audience can see what hit it. There are three bras and two pair of panties stuck to the window. They slowly slide off. The camera cuts back to everyone in the cockpit.*

HANN  
(Less convinced about what he was saying.)

People sometimes dump their stuff into outer space. Even if they still have price tags on them.

*There's another thunk against the glass. The camera cuts to show the window again. A sign saying "50% OFF ALL LINGERIE AT UNDERWEAR R US!" fills the window. It slowly slides off too. The camera cuts back to everyone in the cockpit.*

HANN  
(Now even less convinced about he was saying.)

Just coincidence. *(He now tries to distract everyone from the ominous.)* You know, I used to know someone who worked at Underwear R Us. She was my...

*There is a final thunk against the glass, but the camera remains on everyone in the cockpit. We never see what the final thunk is. Like the three monkeys (see no evil, hear no evil, say no evil), the following happens simultaneously: Chewing places his paws over his eyes, Oh-Be-One places his hand over his mouth, and Fluke places his hands over his ears. All three are horrified and shocked. Hann has no reaction other than being quiet. For a brief moment, there is stunned silence from the four of them. Hann finally breaks the silence.*

HANN  
(Pointing at the window.)

...ex-girlfriend. I think it's time to turn the ship around.

*Han goes to maneuver the controls then the ship starts bucking.*

HANN  
(Groaning.)

We're caught in some sort of tractor beam. It's coming from that moon.

OH-BE-ONE

That's no moon. That's a space station.

HANN

It's too big to be a space station.

*The ad television comes on. It is flashy and gimmicky and quite stupid.*

AD ON TV

Welcome to Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death's souvenir shop. Now just in! Alderbafoons souvenirs! Own your own piece of the first planet to ever be destroyed! Now only 199 credits! Destroyed by the Empire only minutes ago, this piece of rock represents history in the making...

*Chewing Gum roars and turns off the television.*

HANN

Chewing, full reverse and lock in the auxiliary power.

*Chewing pushes a lever, but they are still dragged forward.*

FLUKE

Hey, I think we're still being pulled in towards the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death!

HANN  
*(Mocking Fluke.)*

You are just full of interesting information today, aren't you?

*Han pulls out his blaster and looks a bit deflated at being killed by the Empire.*

Well, I'm not going out without a fight. Unless someone else has a brilliant idea?

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Placing a hand on Hann's shoulder.)*

There are alternatives to fighting.

*Hann looks at Oh-Be-One as if he's crazy for suggesting that there are other options.*

EXT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW

*The Millennium Sparrow is pulled into the space station and lands in a hanger. Stormtroopers surround the ship.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONFERENCE ROOM

*Both Vacuity and Grand Puff Tweaknose are in the room. The sound of the com goes off and Grand Puff Tweaknose answers it. Over the intercom, Imperial Lieutenant 6 speaks.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6  
*(Over the intercom)*

Sir, we just brought a freighter on board. Its markings match one that left Tattoomee.

TWEAKNOSE

A ship successfully left Tattoomee? I ordered a strict no-fly area over the planet.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6

Er... yes, sir. Unfortunately this was one of the ones that escaped.

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Furious.)*

One of them? You mean more than one escaped? Just precisely how many escaped?

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6

987, sir.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 7  
*(Over the intercom, in Background)*

Damn it! There goes another one!

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6

988.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose is obviously unhappy with the news. Then he realizes something else is wrong.*

TWEAKNOSE

Wait a minute. We're supposed to be on our way to Tatto-Me. How did we receive a freighter if we're traveling in hyperspace?

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6  
*(Becoming more uncomfortable.)*

Er... That's because, sir, we're not in hyperspace yet. Sir.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose attempts to control his anger. He waits for a moment, but Imperial Lieutenant 6 is not forthcoming with the reason.*

TWEAKNOSE

Is there any reason that you're not telling me as to why we're in hyperspace?

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6  
*(Very uncomfortable.)*

Sir. It... um... It's really hard to describe. The reasons involve high-level technical difficulties with the hyperspace energy converter. And a barrel full of coffee.

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Trying very hard to be patient.)*

A barrel of coffee? Like the big multi-gallon drums?

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6

Yes, sir. And flock of chickens.

TWEAKNOSE

Chickens?

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6

And maybe a half digested giant squid. We're not sure what that is. We think they all entered through an exhaust port after we blew Alderbafoons up, but something may have crawled through the ventilation shaft from storage too.

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Finally giving up.)*

I don't want to know anymore details. Just fix it and get us underway.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 6

Yes, sir.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose turns off his intercom.*

TWEAKNOSE  
*(To Darth Vacuity.)*

Why would that ship come here?

DARTH VACUITY

They must be trying to return the stolen plans to the princess.

TWEAKNOSE

Return the plans to the *princess*? Don't you think that is rather silly?

*Darth Vacuity turns slightly towards Grand Puff Tweaknose in an inquisitive fashion.*

Why would they risk bringing the plans here? To a space station with more than half billion stormtroopers roaming around? Are they going to give them to her then turn around and leave? Perhaps, don't you think, they were going to Alderbafoons instead?

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Hesitantly.)*

You could be on to something.

TWEAKNOSE

Find out what is on that space ship, Vacuity.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HANGER BAY

*Vacuity walks into the bay with stormtroopers on either side. He approaches the Millennium Sparrow and the troopers waiting there.*

VACUITY

Commander, search the ship for humanoid life forms.

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3

Yes, sir.

*The commander flashes a quick sign with his hand and several stormtroopers run aboard the Millennium Sparrow.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, COCKPIT

*Fluke, Oh-Be-One, Hann and Chewing Gum are all in the cockpit arguing as to what they should be doing. Their voices are all overlapping and even Chewing is growling his input:*

FLUKE  
*(Panicking.)*

We've got to hide! We've got to hide!

*Fluke finds a bucket and places it over his head.*

HANN  
*(Angry and agitated.)*

Getting locked and sealed in my own smuggling compartments isn't what I had in mind...

OH-BE-ONE

We have no other choice than to hide. If they find us...

*The door opens to the cockpit and all four fall silent. Stormtrooper 12 quickly looks around, sees them, and leaves.*

STORMTROOPER 12

Cockpit clear!

*Fluke peeks from under his bucket. The four of them stare dumbfounded at what just happened. All at once, the four of them scramble from the cockpit and follow Stormtrooper 12. They hear several other troopers call out from the ship.*

STORMTROOPER 13

Gunner turrets clear!

STORMTROOPER 14

Secret compartment clear!

STORMTROOPER 15

Negative Power Coupling Repair Area clear!

*The four stormtroopers meet up near the loading ramp and exit the Sparrow.*

*The camera stays within the Millennium Sparrow with Hann, Chewing, Oh-Be-One, Fluke, and the bots.*

STORMTROOPER 12  
*(Off Screen.)*

Sir, we found no humans, but there are demented and deranged life forms on board.

FLUKE  
*(Looking around.)*

Deranged? Where?

*Chewing becomes enraged, growling, and tries to go down the ramp, but Oh-Be-One and Hann hold him back and try to shush him.*

STORMTROOPER 12  
*(Off Screen.)*

That's probably one of them now.

*Chewing becomes enraged again, but Oh-Be-One and Hann continue to hold him back.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HANGER BAY, JUST OUTSIDE OF MILLINEUM SPARROW,  
CONTINUOUS

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3  
*(Looking at all the noise coming from the ship; Disgusted by tripples)*

Great. Another pest problem. Very well, send the exterminators on board. We don't need them getting out of hand like the like those round, fuzzy born-pregnant tripple things.

DARTH VACUITY

Did you find any bots?

*Stormtrooper 12 shrugs his shoulders hesitantly.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3  
*(Hesitantly)*

I didn't know we were supposed to be looking for bots. If you want I can send them again on board to search...

DARTH VACUITY

No. Leave a couple of troops at the door and just send a full scanning crew on board to see what they can find out. I want every part of this ship checked.

*Darth Vacuity points at the commander.*

DARTH VACUITY  
*(Very seriously.)*

And I mean every part of the ship checked. You know how detailed I want the scan.

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 3  
*(Unhappy.)*

Yes, sir.

*Darth Vacuity looks up at the ship.*

I sense a presence I haven't felt since...

*Darth Vacuity suddenly walks off.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, CONTINUOUS

HANN  
*(Quietly.)*

Even if we get past them, how are we going to get past that tractor beam?

OH-BE-ONE

Leave that to me.

HANN

I knew you were going to say that.

*Chewing Gum puts a piece of gum in his mouth.*

HANN

First things, first. We need to acquire some uniforms. How are we going to get those two guards to come up here without calling out to them? I want the element of surprise.

FLUKE

That's easy.

*Fluke cups his hands to his armpit and starts making armpit noises.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HANGER BAY, JUST OUTSIDE OF MILLINEUM SPARROW, CONTINUOUS

*The two guards look up the ramp then at one another. One nods in the direction of the ramp and they both halfheartedly ascend. There is the sound of growling, a laser sword, blaster fire. As soon as those noises are over, we hear Fluke screaming like a small child.*

FLUKE  
(Off screen.)

They're dead! They're dead!

HANN  
(Off screen.)

Grow up, Fluke. These were only stormtroopers anyway.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, COMMAND POST

*There is an officer and a commander inside of a small command post.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 4

TK-421, why aren't you at your post? TK-421, do you copy?

*The commander looks out the window. Fluke, dressed as a stormtrooper, looks at the commander and gestures at his helmet. The commander makes the same gesture and then shrugs his shoulder indicating he doesn't understand. Fluke gestures again. The commander frowns and shakes his head indicating he still doesn't understand.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 4

What is that stormtrooper trying to say?

*Fluke makes wild gestures at his helmet desperately trying to convey that his head piece isn't working. Imperial Commander 4 swirls his finger near his ear then points at Fluke indicating that Fluke is a little crazy. Fluke's immediate gesture indicates surprise then Fluke shoots the bird at the commander.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 4

That trooper just flipped me off! I'm going to have a little disciplinary conversation with him right now. Take over until I get back.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 8

Yes, sir.

*Imperial Commander 4 opens the door. Hann (dressed as a stormtrooper) and Chewing Gum are standing at the door. Chewing Gum knocks the commander over to the floor dead. The other officer gets up out of his chair and reaches for his gun. Hann quick-draws his blaster. He does NOT bother to aim. Hann blasts Imperial Lieutenant 8 and the lieutenant falls over dead. Hann smiles and suavely blows across the tip of the barrel.*

HANN

*(Smiling smugly and speaks towards Chewing Gum.)*

Finally got the sights on this thing correctly sorted out.

*Hann and Chewing Gum enter followed by Oh-Be-One and the bots. Fluke comes running up after them and then closes the door. He stops short when he sees the two dead bodies.*

FLUKE

Just how many people are we going to kill? These two weren't even stormtroopers.

OH-BE-ONE

Bad guys, Fluke. These are bad guys. All good guys have to kill bad guys at some point. Stay focused.

FLUKE

Focused. Right! We need to kill the tractor beam.

*Oh-Be-One goes to correct him, but Fluke brushes by too quickly and begins to work the control panel. Curious, Oh-Be-One comes up behind him and watches.*

OH-BE-ONE

What are you doing?

FLUKE

I'm trying to pull up the map to see where the tractor beam is.

OH-BE-ONE

*(Frowning as he inspects Fluke's work.)*

Oh. Do you know what you're doing?

FLUKE

Computers aren't that hard to use. You simply...

COMPUTER VOICE

All trash compactors throughout station will be disengaged for the next 60 minutes.

FLUKE

Hmm... That wasn't it.

COMPUTER VOICE

Cloning process, Level K, disengaged.

FLUKE

Oops. Someone might notice that. I'll just try this.

*Fluke continues pressing buttons.*

COMPUTER VOICE

Soylent Green Processor, set to maximum recycle. Tie Fighter Bay Area B-65 bay door safety disengaged. Tie Fighter Bay Area B-65 door opened. Warning, decompression and loss of life in Tie Fighter Bay Area B-65.

OH-BE-ONE

Oh, for crying out loud... Let me.

*Oh-Be-One shoves Fluke out of the way and presses buttons. While he is shoving Fluke out of the way, the computer continues.*

COMPUTER VOICE

Torpedo bay, Level N, self destruct mechanism engaged. Darth Vacuity's personal quarters self destruct engaged.

*Oh-Be-One begins to work the controls.*

COMPUTER VOICE

Pink flowers now germinated in hydroponics. Ballet lessons for clone troopers now scheduled. Group therapy scheduled in Section 10.

OH-BE-ONE

Drat. That wasn't it. What did you press for self destruct stuff? Maybe we can destroy the tractor beam from here?

FLUKE  
*(Shrugging.)*

I don't know. I just pressed random buttons.

HANN

You're working it all wrong. Here. Let me try.

COMPUTER VOICE

Stormtrooper cafeteria area, Level G, self destruct mechanism engaged. Station shield generator self destruct mechanism engaged.

HANN

Ah ha. I'm getting closer.

*A loud alarm sounds briefly catching all of their attention. Hann stops working the controls.*

COMPUTER VOICE

Warning. Backup energy reactor self destruct engaged.

HANN

Oh oh. That may catch their attention.

EXT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH

*A large explosion on one of the hemispheres occurs. The flames quickly die out. A sizable chunk of the space station is now missing.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, COMMAND POST

*Han, Fluke, Oh-Be-One, Chewing Gum, and the bots looks at each other as the station rocks and shudders from the explosions.*

HANN

Maybe it's not as bad as it sounded. Maybe no one will notice.

*Chewing Gum growls his disapproval and puts a piece of gum into his mouth.*

HANN

I was trying to keep a little optimism. *(Changing subjects.)* Why would anyone put a self destruct in a cafeteria anyway?

OH-BE-ONE

New tactic. RA2, see if you find the location of the tractor beam.

*A stick like device pops away from RA2DA2's body and he plugs himself into the computer.*

HANN

Isn't that a little phallic in the wireless age?

*RA2 squawks his disapproval then changes his tone to something more communicative.*

C3KO

He's found the place where the tractor beam is. He'll bring it up on the monitor.

*The monitor comes to life and shows a complicated maze. At one end of the maze, it shows a giant arrow with the words "You are here." At the other end of the maze, it shows "Tractor Beam is here."*

OH-BE-ONE  
*(Complaining.)*

Ugh. Every single station has to be designed like this. Ok. I know where I have to go.

*As Oh-Be-One passes Fluke, he touches him on the shoulder.*

Fluke, I have to do this alone.

FLUKE

Wait... what? But I want to come with you!

OH-BE-ONE

These bots need to be delivered to the Rebellion or other star systems will suffer the same fate as Alderbafoons. I believe my destiny lies along a different path from yours. The Pressure will be with you. Always.

*Oh-Be-One leaves the room, but stands in the hallway. He thinks for a long moment as he tries to decide whether to go left or right. Oh-Be-One finally decides and goes down a particular direction. Fluke closes the door behind him. RA2 starts squealing loudly.*

C3KO

Oh my! It looks like we found the Princess!

FLUKE

*(Confused.)* Princess? *(Sudden understanding.)* Oh! The one in the message! Awesome! Where is she?

C3KO

Detention area, Level 5, Block AA-23. She's scheduled to be executed.

FLUKE

What? How could they? We've got to do something!

HANN

What's this "we" business? I didn't sign up for this.

*Fluke thinks for a moment.*

FLUKE

*(Trying to tempt both Han and Chewing Gum.)*

She's got different flavored chewing gum. Repair facilities for ships. Chess games you can destroy. Her personal belly button lint collection.

HANN

*(Thinking things over.)*

Repair facilities for my ship, huh?

FLUKE

Any kind of repairs you'd need.

HANN

I don't know. My ship needs a lot of repair. What's your plan?

FLUKE

*(Briefly looking around.)*

The bots will stay here, but we'll just use those binders to...

HANN  
(Interrupting Fluke.)

Gotcha. The ol' prisoner-in-hand-cuffs routine.

*Hann moves to put the binders on Chewing Gum's wrists.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HALLWAY

*A small bot on wheels is going down the hallway. The camera runs parallel with it until a huge hairy foot stomps down upon it. Disgusted by what he stepped on, Chewing Gum takes a moment to fling the robot bits off his feet. Chewing is flanked by Hann and Fluke on either side wearing the stormtrooper outfits. Hann and Fluke shrug then the three of them continue forward.*

*They reach an elevator and get in. The doors shut and they are the only three in there. There is annoying elevator music playing. Slowly, all three of them look up to a speaker that is off screen. Chewing, being a bit taller than the other two, reaches up with both cuffed hands and punches it. The speaker drops into view of the camera, suspended by only a couple of wires. It continues to play music, but the sounds are tinny. Chewing reaches up and rips it out throwing it to the ground. Hann shakes his head.*

HANN

This isn't going to work.

FLUKE

Why didn't you say so before?

HANN

I don't know. I was probably wondering what the collection of the belly button lint of a princess looked like.

*The elevator door opens.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, DETENTION AREA, COMMAND CENTER

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

What are you doing with that... thing?

*Chewing moves forward slightly and Hann gently holds him back. Feeling threatened by Chewing, Imperial Lieutenant 9 takes a small step back.*

FLUKE

We're transferring an... um... a stolen prisoner.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

A *stolen* prisoner, you say? I didn't know one was stolen. I'll have to check.

HANN

Wait! You can't check. The com lines are down.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9  
(Not overly phased by the excuse.)

That's ok. I'll just send one of my officers to check in person.

*Imperial Lieutenant 9 gestures with his hand and Imperial Lieutenant 10 begins to move towards the elevator.*

HANN

Wait! You can't do that either. The uh... the elevator is down too.

*Imperial Lieutenant 10 stops.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

The one you just stepped through?

HANN  
(Hesitantly.)

Yeah.

FLUKE

We were the last ones who could come up before they took it out of service.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

That's ok. He can take the stairs.

*Imperial Lieutenant 9 signals again, and Imperial Lieutenant 10 begins to move towards the stairs.*

HANN

Wait! The stairs are out of order too.

*Imperial Lieutenant 10 stops going towards the door. Imperial Lieutenant 9 begins to get a little suspicious.*

FLUKE  
(Trying very hard to think his way out.)

For polishing. Concrete. For polishing concrete.

HANN  
(Nodding his head.)

It's required once a year.

*There's an awkward silence. Finally, Imperial Lieutenant 9 nods his head in sudden understanding.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

Imperial directive 7495.1. Right. I remember. I thought they just polished the stair wells six months ago. Well, since we can't use the coms, the elevators or the stairs, I suppose we'll just have to wait. Do either of you want some tea and crumpets until everything...

*The elevator doors open. A new pair of stormtroopers (Fake Stormtrooper 1 and Fake Stormtrooper 2) comes in with a large, muscled, hand cuffed alien.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

I thought the elevator was closed for repair?

FAKE STORMTROOPER 1

Uh... no, sir. We're just here because we have a misplaced prisoner.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

*A misplaced prisoner, you say?*

*The stair well opens too. Another pair of stormtroopers (Fake Stormtrooper 3 and Fake Stormtrooper 4) comes in with a different large, hand cuffed alien also.*

*The four sets of people awkwardly look at one another.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9  
*(Sighing.)*

What are you here for?

FAKE STORMTROOPER 3  
*(Awkwardly.)*

We found this alien feeding on the defibrillator wires outside in the hallway. *(Very awkwardly.)* Sir.

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 9

Is this someone's idea of a practical joke? We're not a zoo! Take these hideous non-sentient slave-beasts to the disposal unit at once!

*Imperial Lieutenant 9 happens to gesture at Chewing Gum. Enraged, Chewing Gum launches forward out of Hann's grip and starts to beat Imperial Lieutenant 9. Imperial Lieutenant 9 falls to the ground.*

*Surprised by the turn of events, the other two aliens briefly look at one another, then launch forward and help Chewing Gum pummel Imperial Lieutenant 9. Violence to the Lieutenant is NOT explicitly shown. It is merely implied. On screen, we can see the repeated hammering by Chewing Gum and the two aliens as they hit the Lieutenant who is off screen.*

*Fluke pulls out his gun and starts firing at the second officer. The second officer fires back. There is a horrendous flash of laser fire and smoke that quickly fills the room as the other Fake Stormtroopers join in the fire fight. After a quick but intense battle, the smoke clears some and we see there are multiple fires burning on the walls. The four fake stormtroopers plus Hann and Fluke are still standing, Imperial Lieutenant 10 has succumbed to the laser fire.*

*Despite the intense battle, Chewing and the other two aliens are still pounding their fists repeatedly into the Lieutenant.*

*The fake stormtroopers, Hann and Fluke all point their weapons at one another. Since all of them are still dressed as stormtroopers, none of them realize they are all fakes.*

HANN

No one fire and I'll get my Wookless under control.

FAKE STORMTROOPER 1

Yeah. I'll do the same.

FAKE STORMTROOPER 3

Ok.

*All of them lower their weapons. Fake Stormtrooper 3 gestures at Fake Stormtrooper 4. Closest to the brutal pounding, Fake Stormtrooper 4 leans over to touch his alien, but his mask accidentally falls off. The man has at least a week's worth of stubble and wild hair. It is blatantly obvious that he is not a clone. Immediately, everyone's weapons aim at everyone else, but no one fires.*

FAKE STORMTROOPER 1

Wait, you're not a clone?

*Slowly, Fake Stormtrooper 1 takes off his mask. Fake Stormtroopers 1, 2, 3, and 4 aim their weapons at Fluke and Hann.*

HANN

You've got to be kidding me.

*Hann pulls off his mask and Fluke does the same. Fake Stormtroopers 2 and Fake Stormtrooper 3 also take off their masks.*

HANN

We're all here to rescue someone and we all came up with the same rescue plan?

*Everyone lowers their weapons.*

FLUKE

Not one of us is from the Empire?

FAKE STORMTROOPER 2

We're here to rescue a prince.

FLUKE

Princess.

FAKE STORMTROOPER 3

Mine's a hermaphrodite, but they're royalty too.

*The intercom starts to repeatedly ding. Hann presses a button.*

HANN

Uh... everything's under control. Situation normal.

OFFICER ON INTERCOM  
(Angrily.)

What's going on down there?

HANN  
(Badly coming up with excuses on the fly...)

We had a... um... a party. Lots of cake and ice cream. Someone had a sugar rush and... uh... things got a little

out of hand. Everything's fine here... now.

OFFICER ON INTERCOM  
*(Accusingly.)*

And I wasn't invited?

HANN

Correct. It was a, uh, birthday party for my kid brother. We can ship you a piece of cake if you want.

*Hann realizes that he may have gone too far and grimaces in anticipation of bad things to come.*

OFFICER ON INTERCOM  
*(Getting very agitated now.)*

Who is this? What's your confirmation number?

*Unexpectedly to everyone including Fluke, Fluke belches loudly.*

OFFICER ON INTERCOM

Ok. Confirmation number confirmed. Don't let things get out of hand next time. Stop by my office and drop off that cake when you get a chance.

HANN

Righteo. No problemo.

*Hann touches the panel and the intercom turns off. Fake Stormtrooper 4 slaps Fluke on the back.*

FAKE STORMTROOPER 4

Nice going, kid. You both did a good job just now. Birt-day party. Dat's a good one. Gotta remember dat one.

FAKE STORMTROOPER 2

Where are we going to get some cake?

FAKE STORMTROOPER 1

You are such an idiot. We'll pick some up at the bakery on the way to our escape ship.

FAKE STORMTROOPER 2  
*(Nodding.)*

Oh.

FLUKE  
*(Struggling to find the proper plural.)*

We all better look for our royalty... royalties... royal-tie...

*Fluke goes down the long hallway (but not that long) with Fake Stormtrooper 2 and Fake Stormtrooper 4. In the first two cells, Fake Stormtrooper 2 and Fake Stormtrooper 4 find the person they're after. All members of the other parties get their alien's attention and quickly leave with a friendly wave. Only Hann, Fluke, and Chewing Gum remain. Fluke checks another door.*

*Hann sits down.*

HANN

You got this?

FLUKE

Yeah. I'll find her in a jiffy.

HANN  
(Mumbling to himself.)

Good. I've already done more work than I bargained for.

*Hann looks at Chewing. He's still vigorously punching Imperial Lieutenant 9 (who is still very dead). Hann then looks at Fluke. Fluke checks another door then he runs to the center of the hallway and thinks for a moment trying to remember which door he just checked. He begins rechecking the same doors he just checked. Hann just shakes his head and leans back in the chair. In the background, but still clearly in the camera frame, Chewing is continuing to hit the officer.*

*The camera fades to the exact same scene except Hann is now sleeping in the chair and the smoke in the air is mostly gone. Chewing is still continuing to pound with the exact same ferocity as before.*

FLUKE  
(From off screen.)

Found her!

*Hann begins to wake up.*

HANN  
(Sleepily.)

It's about time.

*As Hann sits up, the elevator door opens and two officers with several stormtroopers walk in.*

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT 11  
(Wiping eyes and yawning.)

Is anyone awake enough to brew a decent cup of coffee? Man, I hate Mondays.

*Chewing cocks his fist back to strike the downed officer yet again, but stops. Both Hann and Chewing Gum look at the new people coming in. The officers then notice them. Hann and Chewing Gum run down the hallway as the Imperial officers and Stormtrooper get their guns. One stormtrooper pulls his gun out and accidentally hits another stormtrooper in the face with his elbow. (Surprised by the scene in the detention area, the officers and stormtroopers are slow to draw their weapons.)*

*Hann and Chewing Gum run past Fluke and the Princess.*

FLUKE

Where are you two going?

HANN

Change of plans!

*Laser fire begins coming down the hallway. Fluke grabs the Princess' hand and runs after Hann and Chewing.*

*All of them hide behind two bulkheads in the hallway. They are across from one another. The Princess and Han are on one side, Fluke and Chewing on the other. Laser fire from the stormtroopers is interspersed throughout the conversation. Hann and Chewing fire back occasionally.*

PRINCESS

So, what's your plan?

HANN

Plan?

PRINCESS

Yeah. How are we going to get out of here?

HANN

*(Pointing to where the stormtroopers are firing from.)*

We leave through there.

*Hann and Chewing Gum continue to fire their guns in the general direction of the stormtroopers. Fluke tries to fire his gun, but it is jammed. He shakes it and looks down the barrel then tries to fire gun as he is looking down the barrel. Fortunately, it does not fire. He continues to inspect it.*

PRINCESS

That sounds like a great plan. Are you thinking about killing all the stormtroopers on this battle station?

HANN

*(Continuing to fire.)*

If I have to.

FLUKE

*(Still working on his gun.)*

Maybe we can just wait until they all accidentally kill themselves.

PRINCESS

That is the stupidest idea I've ever heard.

FLUKE

*(In all seriousness.)*

We could wait until they all die of starvation. Is that a better idea?

HANN

And I let you talk me into coming down here to rescue her? Call up those bots of yours and see if there's another exit.

*Fluke pulls out his communicator.*

FLUKE

RA2! C3KO! Is there another way out of here?

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, COMMAND POST

C3KO

RA2DA2 is checking now, sir.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, DETENTION AREA HALLWAY

FLUKE

They're checking now.

*Fluke starts hitting the butt of his gun against the wall hoping it will help it work. It does. His gun accidentally fires destroying a grate in the wall between the princess and Hann. Everyone is shocked that Fluke fired his gun and it came close to hitting both the Princess and Hann. Hann rubs his ear in obvious pain from the noise. Meanwhile, the laser fire from the stormtroopers begins to reduce in the intensity.*

PRINCESS

What the hell are you doing?

FLUKE

It was an accident! Sorry!

*Moving in front of the grate and offering her body.*

PRINCESS

Next time, why don't you just shoot me and get it over with?

HANN

What? What did you say?

*Hann turns and accidentally knocks the princess down the grating. Hann, Chewbacca, and Fluke look stunned at this turn of events.*

FLUKE

What'd you do that for?

HANN

*(Not happy with what he did.)*

Great. I guess we'll have to go after her.

FLUKE

You think?

HANN

Man. It stinks down there.

*The laser fire which gradually has been getting less and less finally stops. Fluke and Hann look down the hallway.*

HANN

Chewing, find out why they stopped firing.

*Chewing puts a piece of gum into his mouth and cautiously moves down the hallway with his gun at the ready.*

C3KO  
(Off screen, via Fluke's intercom)

Sir! RA2 found another way out. It's actually the door just next to you.

*Fluke and Hann look up. There is an exit sign right above the door next to Fluke.*

*Chewing growls in a communicative way.*

HANN

Really? They all accidentally shot each other?

FLUKE

And you said my plan was stupid.

HANN  
(Trying to deflect blame.)

Actually, that was the Princess.

FLUKE

So who goes first?

*Hann and Chewing look at each other then (without Fluke realizing what is going on) they shove Fluke down the chute. He goes down head first.*

HANN

Who goes next?

*They briefly look at each other, then play rock-scissors-paper. Chewing loses. He growls a complaint and then dives down head first. Hann takes a sniff and is repulsed by the smell. He then dives head first down the chute. When Hann lands, he lands feet first.*

*Hann looks around. They are in a garbage room.*

HANN

What an incredible smell you've discovered, Princess.

PRINCESS

Hey! It was you who knocked me down here. Remember?

HANN

Oh. Yeah.

FLUKE

I have a question. How is it that I went down head first, but came out feet first?

HANN  
(Confused.)

Huh. Now that you mention it, I did the same thing. That is weird.

*Chewing growls in communication.*

HANN

Designed the station? Who knows? Probably some bloody stupid guy named Johnson.

*Hann gets a good look at the Princess for the first time. The camera cuts to slow motion. The Princess pulls a piece of garbage out of her hair. Romantic music plays. The camera cuts to Hann. He smiles. Briefly, the camera cuts back to the Princess. She is trying to fling gook from her fingers. The camera cuts back to Hann and time passes at normal speed. As the camera pulls back, we see Fluke dreamily looking at the Princess. It's very similar to the way Hann was looking at her -- romantically. The two men glance at each other at the same time and each realizes that they were both looking at her. They turn in opposite directions and pretend to look at trash.*

FLUKE

Hey. Something just brushed against my leg.

HANN

I don't want to hear about your fantasy fetishes.

FLUKE

No, really. Something just touched me.

PRINCESS

It's your imagination. There's nothing in here that...

*Fluke gets pulled under the water very quickly. Everyone is concerned. A small moment later, he resurfaces. He coughs a little.*

PRINCESS

Are you ok?

FLUKE

I'm fine. I lucked out. He ripped the boot off my foot and then tried to start eating my foot.

PRINCESS

You lucked out?

FLUKE

Yeah. I have foot odor issues.

PRINCESS

Worse than this room?

*In the trashy water, a python-like creatures surfaces and floats in the water. It is dead.*

FLUKE

I don't think he'll be making that mistake again.

*The Princess' eyes go wide as she realizes the potency of his feet.*

*Fluke finds his boot and puts it back on. Hann and the Princess look at each other. They are a little concerned about the abilities of his foot.*

*Without warning, the walls begin to close in and compact the trash. Fluke starts screaming like a small child.*

PRINCESS

Quick! Find something to brace the walls with!

*Hann searches for a long pole and finds unsuitable things. Fluke continues screaming and flailing his arms around. Chewing stands by the door mesmerized by the three of them. Very simply, he turns and presses a button next to the door. The trash compactor stops and the door opens. Fluke stops screaming. Hann and the Princess stare dumbfounded at Chewing. They begin to approach the door.*

HANN

Show off.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, TRACTOR BEAM ROOM

*Oh-Be-One steps next to a platform that is so high up in the air, you can't see the bottom. The walkway he is on is also pretty high in the air. The platform, which is awkward to get to, has a series of controls. He looks down.*

OH-BE-ONE

I swore I'd never get on one of these again. Ugh! Why in the world would anyone build anything like this? This has got to be the most stupid, useless, and dangerous piece of engineering on the whole station. You think they'd have hand rails or something.

*Oh-Be-One hears a noise and unhappily steps onto the platform then hides behind the controls. Two stormtroopers walk onto the walkway and stop.*

STORMTROOPER 16

Hey, did I tell you I have a date on Friday?

STORMTROOPER 17

No kidding! Is it with one of those new batches of female stormtroopers?

STORMTROOPER 16  
(Smugly.)

She prefers the term femtrooper.

*The two stormtroopers high five one another.*

STORMTROOPER 17

Femtrooper. Huh. That's a new one. What's her name?

STORMTROOPER 16

FT-7598.

*Stormtrooper 17 nods.*

STORMTROOPER 17

Pretty nice name. Is she good looking?

*Despite them being on a dangerous ramp where they could fall to their deaths, Stormtrooper 16 gives a good shove to Stormtrooper 17. Stormtrooper 17 is never in danger of falling off.*

STORMTROOPER 16

Dumb ass! Of course she's good looking. Without the armor, she looks like every other femtrooper. That's why we're all called clones. You and I look the same. The ladies look the same.

*Stormtrooper 16 shakes his head disapprovingly.*

Is she good looking... You say that as if I had any other choice.

STORMTROOPER 17  
*(Shrugging.)*

I hear there are women outside the station who look different. I wasn't sure. 5468 said he saw a new female walking around yesterday near the detention cells. I thought it was maybe a new clone.

STORMTROOPER 16

5468's an idiot. He wouldn't know a woman if he saw one naked.

*There's silence for a brief moment.*

STORMTROOPER 16

Hey. You ever notice how the upper echelon never have women working for them? What do you think is their problem?

STORMTROOPER 17

Problem? Maybe they like guys instead. We could ask the troopers who run the security grid and see if they have anything hot to look at.

STORMTROOPER 16

Eww. Gross.

STORMTROOPER 17

What's wrong with swinging the other way?

STORMTROOPER 16

Nothin'... but watching the generals get their kicks? They're all like 110 years old. Come on, man. That's sick. I'd want to commit suicide if I ever saw Grand Puff Tweaknose with the Emperor.

STORMTROOPER 17  
*(Shuddering.)*

You're right. Even I wouldn't want to see that.

*There's a brief silence. Oh-Be-One grimaces unpleasantly at the thought.*

STORMTROOPER 17

You know, that might explain the high suicide rate in security.

STORMTROOPER 16

Gads. You're right. I hope I'm never assigned to the cameras.

*There is a brief silence. During the silence, Oh-Be-One looks up and belatedly sees a security camera pointed directly at him. He touches it with a finger and points it in another direction. It squeaks loudly as he moves it.*

*Stormtrooper 16 stiffens. To the viewer, it seems as if Stormtrooper 16 heard something.*

STORMTROOPER 16

Wait!

*Stormtrooper 16 turns to Stormtrooper 17. Oh-Be-One is worried that they heard him.*

STORMTROOPER 16

You're fan of guys? You're gay?

*Oh-Be-One is relieved they didn't hear him.*

STORMTROOPER 17

You didn't know that?

STORMTROOPER 16

We're clones! We're supposed to be alike!

STORMTROOPER 17

Engineering can't even manufacture a broom without it falling apart. What makes you think they can get genetic engineering right?

STORMTROOPER 16

Good point. You got any dates lined up?

STORMTROOPER 17

Nah. I don't like the way the candidates look. What time is it?

STORMTROOPER 16

I don't know. Probably about time for Red Necks on Kashiiiik. Want to watch?

STORMTROOPER 17

Sure. Beats guarding some big, empty room with a broken switch. Come on.

*The two stormtroopers walk off. Oh-Be-One is relieved that he is now alone, but doesn't quite know what to make of the Stormtrooper conversation. He decides to get down to business.*

*He approaches the tractor beam controls and looks at it. There is a large label "Tractor Beam" which is half falling off. The large button / switch that turns it on and off is dangling by a couple of wires. The wires have obviously been bypassed and a number of wires are hanging out the machine. They are very poorly duct taped together. Oh-Be-One toggles the large switch (awkwardly since it is duct taped together), but nothing happens. He flicks again. It sparks once then the switch falls into his hand. It is now completely disconnected and obviously useless. Unfortunately, the tractor beam is still on. Without considering the implications too much, he casually tosses the switch into the large cavern then he thinks for a moment trying to figure out what to do. He pulls out his laser sword, and slashes the console. The nearby screen finally reflects that the tractor beams are all now disengaged. Satisfied, Oh-Be-One saves his laser sword and leaves.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HALLWAY

*Fluke and Hann are now out of their Stormtrooper outfits. Fluke is putting on the utility belt from the stormtrooper outfit.*

PRINCESS

You have boys have any more brilliant plans? An actual way to get out of here?

HANN

As a matter of fact, yes. I brought a ship, the old man is taking out the tractor beam, and we'll be on our way. Easy Peasy.

*The Princess looks at Hann dubiously.*

PRINCESS

"Easy Peasy?" I suppose you think this whole rescue operation is "groovy" too, huh?

HANN

Actually, Princess, I'm expecting to be paid for this trip. I'm a hired hand. No more. I was promised repairs on my ship for rescuing you.

PRINCESS

I'm sure we can arrange something. Which way to your ship?

HANN

This way.

*Fluke and Hann lead her down the hallway. Fluke points out the window.*

FLUKE

It's that pile over there.

*The Princess looks out the window and laughs.*

PRINCESS

You came in that thing? I'm impressed.

*The camera cuts to a shot of the Millennium Sparrow shown through the window. Although we near nothing, a*

*panel falls off and hits the floor. It surprises a couple of Stormtroopers who happen to be walking by. They start shooting at the fallen panel.*

PRINCESS

So, really. Which ship are we stealing?

HANN

Stealing? We're not stealing a ship. We're taking my ship back.

*The Princess is now worried.*

HANN

What?

PRINCESS

You're serious? That ship?

HANN

Why not?

PRINCESS

Maybe I should just take my chances with the Imperials.

HANN

Come on. She's a lot better than she looks. I made a lot of special modifications myself.

FLUKE

Like fuzzy dice!

PRINCESS

What did you do to get a ship to look that bad? Take a decent ship and rebuild it with all the broken parts from a junk yard?

*Chewing puts another piece of gum into his mouth. Hann grabs her wrist.*

HANN

Nice. Come on.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, ANOTHER HALLWAY

*Hann, the Princess, Fluke, and Chewing Gum are walking down the hallway when they bump into sixteen stormtroopers. Fluke starts screaming like a small child, runs in circles, and waves his arms in a panic. The stormtroopers, mistaking the chaos for danger, run away. One of the troopers turns and runs into a crossbeam near the wall. (The way that the stormtrooper runs into the crossbeam should be exactly like the stormtrooper who bumps his head in the original Star Wars Episode IV movie.) He is knocked out. Hann realizes he now has an advantage and seizes it. He starts yelling and firing his gun. Chewing gum follows Hann.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, YET ANOTHER HALLWAY

*Hann continues screaming and chases them down the hallway.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, ANOTHER HALLWAY

*Coming around in a full circle, the first ten stormtroopers run past Fluke and Princess Leech again. Fluke and Princess Leech are startled. The other six stormtroopers hide behind Fluke and Princess Leech. Fluke and the Princess don't yet realize they are being used as a hiding post. The other ten stormtroopers continue to run off. Hann and Chewing Gum quickly run by Fluke and the Princess. Neither Hann nor Chewing Gum acknowledge the Princess nor Fluke. The Princess and Fluke aren't quite sure what to make of the running stormtroopers pursued by Hann and Chewing Gum. Relieved that Hann and Chewing Gum are now gone, the stormtroopers behind Fluke and the Princess come out of hiding. When Fluke and Princess Leech turn around, they are surprised to see the stormtroopers. Just as surprised, the stormtroopers are shocked to see them. When the stormtroopers begin to aim their guns and fire (obviously missing Fluke and the Princess), Fluke and the Princess run away from them.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, STILL YET ANOTHER HALLWAY

*When the stormtroopers reach a dead end, they turn to face Hann. Chewing Gum is nowhere to be seen. The troopers and Hann realize that Hann is outnumbered. The stormtroopers quickly form a circle around Hann and aim their guns at him. (In the process of making the circle and aiming their guns at Hann, they also inadvertently aim their guns at each other.) Hann partly curls up in an instinctive way to protect his body. He is standing the whole time as he waits to be shot down. The stormtroopers begin firing. Smoke quickly fills the hallway. A few stormtroopers fall to the floor. The viewer is initially unsure as to what has happened to Hann.*

STORMTROOPER 18

Hey, anyone see him?

STORMTROOPER 19

He's got to be here somewhere.

STORMTROOPER 20

I think I may have shot him.

*Through the fog, Han tip toes past STORMTROOPER 20.*

STORMTROOPER 18

No, but it looks like you got 5389. Keep looking.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HALLWAY

Hann tip toes around the corner into a clear area of the hallway where he meets a waiting Chewing Gum.

HANN

Come on. Let's get to the ship while they're looking for me.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, RANDOM HALLWAY

*Fluke and the Princess are on the run with stormtroopers behind them and being shot at. They run past warning signs that say "Warning! Bridge out ahead!" and into the next area.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, GIANT CHASM WITH MISSING BRIDGE

*Fluke and the Princess run into an area that is similar to where Oh-Be-One was. It is a giant hole that leads to nowhere. As they run into the area, Fluke almost falls off the edge, but the Princess helps pull him back. As they*

*step out of the way, the stormtroopers make the corner and run past them. In sequence, six of them accidentally fall off the platform. Some of them fall in while trying not to fall in while others fall in while trying to shoot them Fluke and the Princess. None of them are successful as they all fall to their deaths. Fluke looks down into the chasm.*

FLUKE

That ought to hold them for a while.

PRINCESS

How are we going to get across?

FLUKE

I have an idea.

*Fluke starts rummaging through his stormtrooper pouches. (The pouches are off screen.) In a very rapid succession, he starts handing things to the Princess. He hands her a squishy stress ball shaped like the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death, a dog chew toy, a half eaten hamburger, and a magazine copy of "Femtroopers". On the front cover of Femtroopers, a woman dressed in a bra, panties, and stormtrooper mask is holding a large gun. The Princess, curious, opens the magazine and immediately closes it. Horrified, she tosses over the edge of the chasm. Fluke continues to hand her things. Next is a supermarket ad prominently displaying Chad Vader. Next is a knotted tangle of Christmas lights that are still lit. The knotted tangle is merely the first half of the string. Fluke continues to continue to pull the other half of (untangled) lights out of his pouch (hand over hand) and finally gets to the end. He gives it a good tug and the lights go out. He hands the Princess the plug. He continues. He hands her a blanket, a live kitten, and a pair of panties. Fluke goes to reach for more, but grabs the panties back.*

FLUKE

Oops. Those are mine. I got a little overzealous.

*He takes the panties back and stuffs them down his trousers. She gives him a "what they hell?" look.*

PRINCESS

*(Aggravated by how long it is taking.)*

Are you going to be done any time today?

FLUKE

Found what I was looking for!

*He takes out a small steel cable a grappling hook. With one throw, it latches around a pipe above. They grab onto each other and she kisses him.*

PRINCESS

For luck.

*They swing across and, missing the opening, the Princess is sandwiched as they hit the wall. As Fluke lets go of the cable, they are fortunate to have a ledge catch them. The Princess staggers a bit.*

FLUKE

Hey... you know. I just realized something. We could have just turned around and gone back the way we came.

*The Princess looks across the way and realizes he is right. She starts hitting her head against the wall.*

FLUKE

We can swing back across if you want.

PRINCESS

*(Grabbing his hand and leading him out of the chasm room.)*

Absolutely not.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, WIDE HALLWAY NOT FAR FROM THE MILLENEUM SPARROW

*Oh-Be-One approaches cautiously and slows. He takes out his laser sword.*

DARTH VACUITY

*(Off screen.)*

Oh-Be-One You-Can-Beat. You're pond scum and I have been waiting for you.

*There is a slight pause. Oh-Be-One looks a little confused.*

DARTH VACUITY

*(Off screen.)*

No, no, no. That's still not it.

*The camera switches to Darth Vacuity. He is staring at the wall with his laser sword on. He points his laser sword at the wall and completely ignores Oh-Be-One.*

DARTH VACUITY

Oh-Be-One You-Can-Beat. My name is Darth Vacuity. You are an old fossil and you will now die. No, that's still not it.

OH-BE-ONE

Darth, who are you talking to?

*Startled, Darth Vacuity turns around and confronts Oh-Be-One.*

DARTH VACUITY

I was practicing my line and here it is: My name is Darth Vacuity. You killed my father. Prepare to die.

OH-BE-ONE

*(Confused.)*

You're a bastard because we both know that because you don't have a father.

DARTH VACUITY

*(Obviously disappointed with himself.)*

I can't even get a stupid quip right. Well, prepare to die anyway.

*The two approach each other and begin to use their laser swords to fight.*

DARTH VACUITY

When we last fought, you were but the learner, now you are the master.

OH-BE-ONE

Huh?

DARTH VACUITY

That didn't come out right either. Well, you know what I mean.

*Both continue to fight.*

OH-BE-ONE

You can't win, Darth. If you strike me down, I'll be more powerful than you possibly imagine.

DARTH VACUITY

If you strike me down, I'll become more powerful than *you* can possibly imagine.

*They separate for a moment and Oh-Be-One considers the implication of Darth Vacuity's words.*

OH-BE-ONE  
(*Worried.*)

What do you mean?

DARTH VACUITY

I don't know. What you do you mean?

*Oh-Be-One doesn't respond and they continue to fight.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, LANDING BAY WITH MILLENEUM SPARROW

*A number of stormtroopers are guarding the Millennium Sparrow. One of the troopers sees Darth Vacuity and Oh-Be-One fighting with laser swords. He gestures and all of the stormtroopers go running off toward the fight. In one of the side doorways, the bots are peeking out. Hann and Chewing Gum run up to the bots. Chewing Gum puts in another piece of gum into his mouth. A brief moment later, Fluke and the Princess join them also.*

HANN

Where's the old man?

FLUKE

I don't know.

HANN

Alright, well, look. The guards just left so we need to make a run for the ship. Chewing, you're up.

*Chewing growls an affirmative.*

*Chewing Gum dashes out to the rear of the ship where the panel that fell off earlier is laying on the ground. He takes several pieces of gum that he's been chewing from his mouth and places it on the back of the panel.*

PRINCESS

What's he doing?

HANN

Standard ship repair.

*Chewing then sticks the panel back onto the ship. The Princess looks at Hann with dubiousness.*

HANN

Ok, let's move it!

*As they are running to the ship, Fluke stops to look at what the stormtroopers are doing. The camera cuts to what Fluke is seeing. Oh-Be-One and Darth Vacuity can clearly be seen fighting with their laser swords just inside another hallway. Off to the side, one stormtrooper is standing on a small box and taking money for bets. A second stormtrooper is making marks on a dry erase board. Next to them are two groups of stormtroopers. One group is cheering on Darth Vacuity while other group is cheering on Oh-Be-One.*

FLUKE  
*(A bit loudly.)*

Been-Beaten?

*Oh-Be-One notices Fluke and turns his attention to Fluke.*

OH-BE-ONE

Don't wait for me. Get to your...

*While Oh-Be-One is distracted, Darth Vacuity cuts through him. His cloak falls to the ground empty.*

FLUKE

No!

*The stormtroopers who have been placing bets turn and start shooting at Fluke and the others. Hann, the Princess, Chewing, and the bots run on board the ship. Fluke does not. He sits down on the floor in the midst of all the laser fire, places his head in his hands, and starts crying.*

HANN  
*(Poking his head out the door.)*

Come on, kid! We haven't got all day!

OH-BE-ONE  
*(In a disembodied voice)*

Run, Fluke, Run!

*Fluke gives a very gentle gesture dismissing both Hann and Oh-Be-One.*

HANN

Fluke, I can't wait for you all day!

OH-BE-ONE  
*(In a disembodied voice)*

Fluke, get your ass onto the ship right now!

*Fluke shakes his head in refusal. He continues to sit on the floor. The Princess, angry, walks sternly off the ship into the wild laser fire from the stormtroopers, grabs Fluke by the ear and tugs hard. Fluke immediately yowls and comes with her to the ship. As they go on board the ship, Hann is providing cover fire.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, COCKPIT

*Chewing Gum is in his seat and already flicking switches. Hann quickly comes into the cockpit and gets into his seat.*

*Chewing growls in a communicative way. Han briefly pauses and looks doubtfully at Chewing.*

HANN  
*(Not very convincingly.)*

Yeah. I'm sure the tractor beam is disengaged.

*They continue to look at each for a half second knowing full well that Hann just lied, then they simultaneously turn to their controls and work the ship.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, HANGER BAY

*The Millennium Sparrow backs out of the docking bay, turns around, and blasts off. Through a series of further cut scenes, we see it leave the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, COCKPIT

*Hann expresses relief that the tractor beam was disengaged.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, BACK ROOM

*Fluke is sitting in a chair. He is sad. The Princess approaches with a blanket from behind him so that he doesn't really notice her. As she goes to put it around him, he notices her, jumps away from her slightly (but remains in his chair) and covers his ear.*

FLUKE

Not my ear. That really hurt.

PRINCESS  
*(Gently, with care.)*

Sorry about that.

*She places the blanket around him and he accepts it.*

PRINCESS

I'm really sorry about the ear thing. I'm not going to tug it again. I just had to get you on board the ship quickly. I promise I won't do it again.

*The Princess sits next to him and rubs his back.*

FLUKE  
*(Sighing and relaxing.)*

I can't believe he's gone.

PRINCESS

I'm really sorry to see your great, great, great grandfather die in such a way.

FLUKE  
*(Insulted.)*

He wasn't that old.

PRINCESS  
*(Unsure of what to say.)*

Just your grandfather then?

FLUKE

Actually, he wasn't even related to me.

PRINCESS  
*(Surprised.)*

Then who the hell was he?

FLUKE  
*(Shrugging.)*

I'm not entirely sure. I think he was some kind of war hero who decided to be a hermit in the desert.

*Hann comes running in.*

HANN

Fluke, I need you at the guns. Princess, up in the cockpit!

*Hann runs off to one of the gun turrets and begins to strap in.*

FLUKE  
*(Quietly, to the princess.)*

I can't do it. I'm too depressed.

*The Princess grabs his ear and yanks again. She leads him to the entrance to the turret.*

FLUKE

Hey! You said you wouldn't tug my ear again!

PRINCESS  
*(Sternly.)*

Shut up, sit down, strap in, and blow something away or I promise I'll make you regret the day you rescued me.

*Fluke gets into his chair.*

FLUKE  
*(Under his breath.)*

I'm already beginning to regret it.

*INT. AND EXT. VARIOUS*

*The camera cuts are rapid producing an air of excitement and action. Both Han and Fluke put on their head sets and begin manning the gun turrets. The Princess sits in Hann's chair in the cockpit and puts on a headset. There is an air of danger as to what is going to happen next. All of them are worried.*

HANN

You know how to fire a turret, kid?

FLUKE

Yeah. Like this.

*Fluke fires his gun and there is a small explosion that rocks the ship.*

HANN  
*(Half way speechless.)*

My radar dish is... You just blew away... I can't believe... Aim before you fire, idiot!

FLUKE

Sorry. My bad.

HANN  
*(Under his breath.)*

If it's not the chess game, it's the radar dish.

*The ship rattles again.*

HANN

I said aim first!

FLUKE

That wasn't me!

*The ship rattles again.*

PRINCESS

Here they come!

HANN

Little late on the warning, Princess.

*The camera cuts to Fluke.*

FLUKE

He's on my side! I got him!

*Fluke begins to fire rapidly. He is working his gun hard.*

FLUKE

Quit moving so much, you little weasel! Take this!

*Fluke continues to fire. The camera cuts to the outside of the ship where a very, slow moving enemy ship is flying next to the Millennium Sparrow. It flying sideways because it is turned toward the Millennium Sparrow and firing at it. It also keeps missing with its shots. It should be an easy take down for Fluke, but he keeps completely missing the enemy ship.*

HANN

I don't see any on my side!

PRINCESS

It's just one, slow moving ship.

HANN

Kid, what the hell are you doing over there?

*Fluke continues to rapid fire.*

FLUKE

I came really close one time!

*Obviously agitated, Hann drums his fingers on his console as he waits.*

HANN

How "slow" is "slow moving"?

PRINCESS

I think the ship is nearly at a stand still relative to us.

HANN  
*(Unstrapping himself.)*

Oh... for crying out...

*Hann gets up and goes over to the other turret where Fluke is.*

HANN

Hands off the gun.

*Fluke stays in his seat. Hann leans over, quickly looks out the window, does a quick "eyeball-it" aiming job and clicks the button. The turret fires once and the Imperial ship explodes.*

HANN

Princess, how many more are there?

PRINCESS

That was it. We're free.

FLUKE

Hey, thanks, Hann.

HAN  
*(Unhappy with Fluke.)*

Yeah. *(Slight pause.)* Are you good at anything?

FLUKE  
*(Shrugging.)*

My aunt always said I'm good at being a nuisance.

*Hann gives up, takes off his headset, and makes his way to the cockpit. Fluke follows him.*

PRINCESS

I've given the coordinates of the secret rebel base to Chewing Gum. We should be able to make the jump into hyperspace.

*Chewing growls, points at some place on the dashboard, and puts in a piece of chewing gum into his mouth.*

HANN

No, I think the button is somewhere over here.

*Chewing growls a disagreement.*

HANN

I think we should try that one first.

PRINCESS

You don't know how to make the jump into hyperspace?

HANN

Long story.

FLUKE

Been-Beaten pressed this button.

*Fluke presses a button and a clunk can be heard throughout the ship.*

HANN

That was the emergency bread crumbs.

PRINCESS

Bread crumbs? What is that?

HANN

It's not really bread crumbs. It's actually a bunch of spare parts that... look, it's not important. Let's try this button.

*Hann presses a button.*

HANN

Maybe it's this one?

*Hann presses another button, but nothing happens. The Princess huffs, presses an unrelated button and they jump into hyperspace.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*Grand Puff Tweaknose and Darth Vacuity are watching console screens. A worker dressed in overalls is working on the background on something.*

TWEAKNOSE

Are they away?

DARTH VACUITY

They've just made the jump into hyperspace.

TWEAKNOSE

I'm taking an awful risk, Vacuity. Your plan with the homing beacon better work.

*The term "homing beacon" catches the overalls worker's attention. He holds up a homing beacon.*

OVERALLS WORKER

Oh, hey, Darth. I got the homing beacon from parts like you asked then got distracted with another general's orders. Which ship did you want it installed on?

*Grand Puff Tweaknose shifts his eyes aggravatedly towards Darth Vacuity.*

TWEAKNOSE

And just how precisely are we supposed to track them now?

*Goofball 2, the one responsible for the destruction of Alderbafoons, comes onto the bridge out of the elevator. He's in a space suit, but his helmet is off. He's holding a dust pan and broom which he sets off to the side. Goofball 1 and Goofball 3, who are still in the control room, are happy to see him.*

GOOFBALL 1

Hey! How'd the sweeping thing go? Did you get Alderbafoons put back together?

GOOFBALL 2

It's terrible.

*Goofball 2 walks up to Darth Vacuity taking his gloves off.*

I've got a complaint for you.

*Goofball 2 puts a finger into Darth Vacuity's chest accusingly.*

A ship that just took off left so many rusted parts, it's as if it left a trail of bread crumbs. If your guests are going to keep doing that, it's going to take me that much longer to put the planet back together.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose and Darth Vacuity turn to each other. Grand Puff Tweaknose smiles a wicked smile as*

*they both realize how they're going to track the Sparrow.*

INT. MILLENNIUM SPARROW, COCKPIT

*The Princess and Hann are alone in the cockpit.*

HANN  
*(Trying to impress the Princess.)*

That's a fine bit of rescuing, I think. You know, sometimes I amaze even myself.

PRINCESS  
*(Not impressed.)*

It was too easy to escape. They let us go so they could track us.

HANN

Let us go? No way. Not this ship, sister.

*Hann thinks for a brief moment.*

Why would they want to track us anyway?

*The princess points by thumbing over her shoulder.*

PRINCESS

That little RA2 unit is carrying the technical plans to that battle station.

*Hann looks over his shoulder to the back.*

HANN

Really? I should have asked for more money.

PRINCESS

Money, money, money. You know, I can't figure something out. Why did the rebel alliance hire a bunch of yahoos like you three to rescue me? All they had to do was get the plans to that battle station.

HANN

Us? Chewing and I come as a pair, but the kid isn't mine. He hired me.

PRINCESS

Fluke? How's he fit into this story?

HANN

I don't know. He's just some desert rat from Tattoomee.

PRINCESS

And the old man I saw fighting with a laser sword?

HANN

His name was Oh-Be-One.

PRINCESS

Oh. So that's who I saw. Ok. So, let me get this straight: I give a message to Oh-Be-One telling him to deliver the secret plans to the Rebellion -- the most important assignment in the universe -- and the best he can come up with is Fluke who then hires you two?

HANN  
*(Proud of himself.)*

Yeah. You got pretty lucky that they hired me to help you. I'll gladly take my reward too.

*The Princess bangs her head on the console.*

PRINCESS

All those years in the desert sun must have gotten to him. I gave RA2 my father's phone number and the phone number of the headquarters of the Rebel Alliance. He could have called from his house and the Rebel Alliance could have made arrangements for Oh-Be-One to e-mail them a copy to them of the schematics. He didn't have to do everything like this. I didn't need rescuing for the rebellion to survive.

HANN  
*(Not impressed with the princess.)*

Really. If you're so smart, why'd you give the copy to the bot? Why not just make the transfer yourself?

PRINCESS

Because, moron, my ship was being jammed. As soon as the Empire finished giving us a blue print copy of that battle station, they shut down our communications. I couldn't make the outgoing phone call to give the plans to my father.

HANN

Wait... why did they give you a copy in the first place?

PRINCESS  
*(The princess gives a sly smile.)*

They were trying to send a copy to another planet and I happened to be between them and their destination.

*Hann realizes that she is smart and that makes her attractive. He begins to relax in her presence and enjoy her company.*

HANN  
*(Playfully, he acts suspicious.)*

Happened to be?

PRINCESS  
*(Returning the flirt.)*

I'm good at what I do.

HANN  
*(Continuing to flirt with her.)*

So, what is it that you do?

PRINCESS  
(Continuing to flirt.)

I'm a Princess.

HANN  
(Dreamily looking into her eyes.)

So, not a whole lot then?

*This makes the Princess angry.*

PRINCESS

Not a whole lot? Except help run a whole planet, lead a galaxy-wide rebellion against the Empire, steal plans to a planet-destroying mega-station, get my ship captured in the process, and finally watch my planet get blown away before being rescued by a bunch of yahoos who have no idea how hard it is to be a princess.

*The Princess storms out of the cockpit. She leaves just as Fluke comes into the cockpit. Fluke takes a good look at the princess as she leaves then sits in Chewing Gum's chair. Fluke and Hann sit in silence for a moment.*

FLUKE

She's quite pretty, isn't she?

HANN  
(Dejected.)

Yeah.

*There is another brief moment of silence.*

FLUKE  
(Repeating with the same tone and intonation.)

She's quite pretty, isn't she?

HANN  
(Getting a little aggravated.)

Is there something you want to say?

FLUKE

Yeah. I, uh, I think I like her.

HANN

Well good for you.

FLUKE

I kind of got the feeling like you might like her as well.

HANN

It wouldn't work out. She's all yours.

FLUKE  
*(Breathing a sigh of relief.)*

Good. I didn't want to get on your wrong side.

HANN

Don't worry. You're already there.

FLUKE  
*(Nodding and not fully catching what Han said.)*

Great. Do you have any candles or mood music?

HANN  
*(Looking incredulously at Fluke.)*

No.

FLUKE

A holo player and a good romantic movie?

HANN

No.

FLUKE

Flowers and some pizza?

HANN

No! We'll be at the coordinates in a few minutes anyway. Just wait until I'm out of the picture to ask her. I don't want to be caught in the middle.

EXT. SPACE, EXT. PLANET

*The Millennium Sparrow approaches a planet then lands.*

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, HANGAR

*Several people are waiting around as the door to the Millennium Sparrow opens. The viewer sees Chewing Gum beginning to walk off first, but his man purse (which is looped around the neck and shoulder) is yanked by the Princess (who is not on screen) and he is pulled him back inside. His growl comes out more like a whine.*

PRINCESS  
*(Off Screen)*

Back behind me! Back behind me!

*We hear a tearing sound and Chewing Gum roars in pain.*

PRINCESS

Do that again and I'll make you my personal throw rug. I'm the princess! I get off first!

*The princess takes a couple of steps onto the platform. Several people bow. A few kneel. Half way in the*

*background (not too obvious), one remains standing; he's so intent on picking his nose, that he doesn't realize she's come out. Ignoring the welcoming committee, she throws a handful of Chewing Gum's fur onto the ground.*

PRINCESS  
*(Looking at all the fur.)*

I must have yanked harder than I thought.

*She starts walking regally and steps off the platform. The commander approaches her.*

REBEL COMMANDER

We heard about Alderbafoons and feared the worst.

PRINCESS

It is the worst. My planet was destroyed.

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Briefly considering her words.)*

Yes... well, it could have been worse. You could have been on the planet.

PRINCESS

No. It is the worst. If I died on the planet, I at least wouldn't care about losing my pony collection, my yacht, my jewels, my...

*The princess stops short. She is horrified with a new thought.*

Oh no. It is truly the worst. I don't have a planet that I'll inherit anymore. I'm not a princess! That means I won't be elected queen!

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Unsure how to proceed.)*

Er... I suppose that is true, but I think people won't mind if you kept the title "Princess" if you want. Maybe that will make you feel better.

*An officer quickly approaches the commander. The officer's name is Jeffery.*

JEFFERY

Sir, a large space station -- approximately the size of this moon -- just jumped out of hyperspace. It's on the other side of Jawohl. It looks like they're going to orbit the planet.

REBEL COMMANDER

I wonder why they didn't just hyperspace on this side of the planet.

PRINCESS

With the nut jobs I saw running the show, it's amazing they managed to follow us. Ok, so here's the deal:

*She starts speaking rapidly.*

That space station has the capability to blow up planets. That's how I wound up not being a Princess anymore.

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Trying unsuccessfully to keep up.)*

Does this mean I should start calling you just Leech instead of Princess Leech?

PRINCESS  
*(Ignoring him.)*

Now, they may have accidentally blown up my planet, but right now, they are purposely gunning to take out the rebel alliance by blowing this moon to smithereens.

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Still trying to keep up.)*

They *accidentally* blew up your planet?

PRINCESS

The RA2 unit over there has the plans to the battle station. We have until they orbit the planet until they blow us away... which will take how long?

*The Princess points Jeffery.*

JEFFERY  
*(Looking at his watch.)*

Er... in about 30 minutes.

PRINCESS

So, all you have to do is read the technical documentation which is only.. how many pages?

*The Princess points to C3KO and RA2DA2. RA2DA2 gives an undecipherable answer.*

C3KO

Five billion, nine hundred twenty seven million, six hundred eighty eight thousand, three hundred and twenty five pages.

PRINCESS

Right. So you have to go through that and send out your ships to destroy a battle station that is likely armed to the teeth in less than half an hour.

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Still a little slow.)*

I think I missed something important. Could you repeat the part about the technical documentation? What is it for again?

INT. REBEL BASE, BRIEFING ROOM

*A number of pilots are sitting and standing around the room. Rebel Commander is standing at the front of the room. He starts his briefing.*

REBEL COMMANDER

Approximately 17 hours ago, a battle station with the capabilities to blow away the moon we are currently stationed on hyperspaced into our vicinity. Now, 30 minutes after that, it will blow us up.

*Rebel commander stops and thinks about what he just said for a moment. He turns to Jeffery.*

REBEL COMMANDER

Jeffery, they should have done that hours ago. Why are we still here?

JEFFERY

Because neither side took into account that as the battle station orbits the planet, we do to. We were in synchronous orbit. Together. Neither side gaining on the other.

REBEL COMMANDER

Then why are we planning an attack at all?

JEFFERY

Because they figured it out and increased the orbital rate. They'll blow us up in 30 minutes.

*The commander goes to continue his speech, but then turns back to Jeffery.*

REBEL COMMANDER

You said it would be 30 minutes last time. Are you sure this time?

JEFFERY

Very sure, sir.

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Continuing with his speech.)*

Very well. So, 17 hours ago, a battle station...

*Rebel commander stops again. He turns back to Jeffery.*

Good grief, man. We could have evacuated this place in an hour or two. The next time the Empire tracks us down, we're just evacuating. None of this attacking business. I don't care if they can blow up the planet. *(Disgruntled and half under his breath.)* Only 30 minutes. *(To Jeffery.)* Go find me an ice planet or something we can hide on.

JEFFERY

Yes, sir.

*Jeffery leaves.*

REBEL COMMANDER

In less than half an hour, this planet will...

*Rebel commander pauses as he tries to remember what he was going to say.*

This planet will. Hold on. Let me get my notes out.

*He pulls out a folded piece of paper.*

I hope it's the right version.

*He puts on his glasses and begins to mumble to himself.*

Less than half an hour... moon will... ah, that's where I am. (*Addressing everyone.*) In less than half an hour, this moon will be destroyed by a powerful space station built by the Empire. I have personally analyzed the plans to the battle station and have concluded that we're all going to die.

*There are murmurings amongst the pilots. The Princess' jaw drops half open as she can't believe he is saying this.*

I suggest you tell your loved ones that you won't be returning home to...

*Rebel commander is confused and he shuffles his papers looking for another one.*

This isn't the right speech. Anyone seen my revised speech? I think it has something about us finding a weakness in the station.

*The Princess steps up to the podium and points RA2DA2 and at diagrams on the screen.*

PRINCESS

This little RA2 unit has already analyzed the plans and he did find a weakness. If fighter pilots approach from this particular angle, the laser fire will be minimal. You can then skim down the trench which has minimal defenses, and drop a couple of torpedoes into a two meter wide exhaust port. It will start a chain reaction that will destroy the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death. You'll even have enough time to clear the area before it blows.

NAMELESS PILOT NEXT TO FLUKE

Two meters? It's impossible to use torpedoes. A torpedo may only have a diameter of 40 centimeters, but it has a length of four meters. It won't be able to navigate the twists and turns required to get to the center of the station. This plan sounds like something out of an old sci-fi movie.

FLUKE

It's not a problem. The explosion of the first torpedo should open up the exhaust vent to be larger. We'll just keep making runs until we get to the center of the station.

NAMELESS PILOT NEXT TO FLUKE

That is the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

FLUKE

You know, I've been getting that a lot lately. I'm not a dumb as I look.

PRINCESS

You're never going to let me live that down, are you?

*She suddenly realizes that Fluke is dressed in a pilot's uniform.*

Hey... why are you dressed in a pilot's uniform? Have you ever had any combat training or spent time in an XYB-Wing simulator?

FLUKE

No.

PRINCESS

Then why are you in here?

COMMANDER  
*(Embarrassed.)*

Most of our pilots are on vacation right now leaving us with more ships than pilots. We're desperate.

PRINCESS

Did you even ask him if knows how to fly?

FLUKE  
*(A bit insulted.)*

Please. For a pilot like me, flying is easy. It's just the landings that tend to be a bit rough.

INT. REBEL BASE, HANGAR

*Fluke walks into the hangar and spots Han loading supplies.*

FLUKE

You got your reward and you're now you're leaving?

HANN

I'd like to leave before you shoot the antennas off my ship. Yeah.

FLUKE

Come on, Han. You know what they're going up against. They could use a good pilot like you. Join us. I promise not to shoot any more antennas off.

HANN

*Hann stops and looks more closely at his ship.*

HANN

Hey! Half of my antennas are gone! Chewing, when did this happen?

*Chewing growls a response. Hann looks angrily at Fluke.*

HANN

You shot the antennas off my ship after you blew away my radar dish?

FLUKE  
*(Not fully understanding.)*

Yeah. It happened when I was going after that ship that was firing at us. It was just a simple little accident.

HANN

Accident? That's more stuff I have to replace!

*Hann begins to strangle Fluke. Chewing pulls Hann off Fluke and hold Hann so Fluke can leave. Hann struggles the whole time.*

*Fluke walks away from them very quickly. He keeps looking over his shoulder. Because he isn't paying attention to where he is going, he accidentally and physically bumps into the Princess.*

FLUKE

Sorry!

PRINCESS

Oh, hey, Fluke. What's wrong?

FLUKE  
*(Rubbing his neck.)*

It's Hann. He wants to kill me.

PRINCESS  
*(Trying to comfort him.)*

Every man has to follow his own path.

FLUKE

I suppose you're right. I wish Been-Beaten were here to guide me.

*The Princess, against her better judgment, gives Fluke a kiss on the cheek.*

FLUKE

What was that for?

PRINCESS

For luck. I just hope it works better than the last time.

*Fluke boards his ship. RA2DA2 is loaded as well.*

FLUKE

Oh, hey RA2. You're coming along too? That seems kind of silly.

*RA2 tries to talk to Fluke, but nothing sensible comes out.*

FLUKE

Yeah. I still don't understand anything you say. What's up with that anyway? You can do, like, everything except talk.

*Various cuts: The pilots get into their ships and launch. There are two main kinds of ships: XYB-Wings and YXB-Wings. The ships have been questionably maintained and look like they've been cobbled together from multiple model kits. None of them are exactly the same. As several ships rise from the treetops. One of them pops loudly, starts spewing dark smoke, and nose dives into the planet. The others seem to ignore it and take off.*

*At one point, as Fluke is taking off, he hears Oh-Be-One's voice:*

OH-BE-ONE

Fluke, the Pressure will not only be on you, but with you as well.

*Fluke doesn't know what to make of this, so he just shakes it off.*

EXT. PLANET'S SURFACE

*The ships leave the planet.*

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

*The Princess walks in with C3KO. Several officers are already at work here.*

REBEL ANNOUNCER

Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death will be in range in 15 minutes.

PRINCESS

Which squadron is Fluke in?

REBEL COMMANDER

He's in Red Leader's group. Athena, bring up Red Leader's chatter so she can hear.

*Athena pushes some buttons.*

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Speaking into his microphone.)*

All Ships, check in.

EXT. SPACE NEAR JAWOHL, VARIOUS SHOTS

*The various XYB-Wings and YXB-Wings are orbiting Jawohl and approach the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death. As the various people speak, the camera typically (but not always) cuts to the person speaking.*

RED LEADER

This is Red Leader. Acknowledged control. All wings under my command report in.

WEDGIE

Red Maroon standing by.

DARK BLUE

Dark Blue standing by.

SUN YELLOW

Sun Yellow standing by.

GREEN WITH PURPLE POLKA DOTS

Green with Purple Polka Dots standing by.

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES

Blue with Pink Stripes standing by.

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

*The Princess looks at the Commander incredulously.*

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Shrugging.)*

We never figured out better call signs.

SPACE, VARIOUS SHOTS

*White With Splotches and Pine Green with Blotches are twin brothers or twin sisters.*

WHITE WITH SPLOTCHES

White With Splotches of Red, Green, Black, and Blue standing by.

PINE GREEN WITH BLOTCHES

Pine Green With Blotches of Plaid standing by.

RED LEADER

Who was that last one? Did you say blotches or splotches?

WHITE WITH SPLOTCHES

I'm splotches.

PINE GREEN PLAID WITH BLOTCHES

I'm blotches.

RED LEADER  
*(Muttering to himself.)*

Damn twins.

BLACK ON BLACK

Black With Black Polka Dots, Black Stripes, And Black Swirlies standing by.

FLUKE

Red and Pink Rose Flower Power standing by.

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

PRINCESS  
*(To Rebel Commander)*

Did you ever consider a simple Red One, Red Two, Red Three kind of naming convention?

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Nodding and considering what she said.)*

Not too bad, but what do you do if you have more than three ships?

EXT. SPACE, VARIOUS SHOTS

NEON WITH SHAPES

Neon Green Planes, Hot Pink Robots, and Cool Blue Balloon Shapes standing by.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Humbling Before His Noodly Appendage, Servant of the Great Flying Spaghetti Monster standing by.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM  
EXT. SPACE

RED LEADER  
*(Over the intercom)*

Red Leader to base. All wings reported in and we're ready.

BLUE LEADER  
*(Over the intercom)*

Blue Leader to base. All wings standing by the...

*There is a burst of static as Green Leader cuts in. The final part to Blue Leader goes unheard.*

GREEN LEADER  
*(Over the intercom: There is munching and he speaks with a full mouth.)*

This is Green Leader. Except for someone taking a couple of bags of my potato chips, we're all ready here.

YELLOW LEADER  
*(Over the intercom with slurred speech.)*

Yellow Leader. *(Giggles.)* We're all liquored up.

BLUE LEADER  
*(Over the intercom.)*

This is Blue Leader. I'm picking up attack signals from purple and orange squadrons.

*This last bit of news surprises Rebel Commander.*

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Very confused. To Athena)*

Purple and orange squadrons? We don't have purple and orange squadrons.

ATHENA  
*(Turning to face the commander.)*

Um... actually, the ones who run the latte machine call themselves orange squadron and the guys who work the ovens are purple squadron.

REBEL COMMANDER

Ugh. Not these guys again.

ATHENA  
*(Half whispering to the Princess.)*

They're a bunch of pilot wanna-be folks working in the coffee and pizza joints.

PRINCESS  
*(Adjusting her hair buns.)*

You know, a cup of coffee and a couple of cinnamon roles sound pretty good right now.

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(Talking into the microphone.)*

Blue Leader. State your status again, please.

BLUE LEADER  
*(Over intercom.)*

All wings standing by the cash register in the mess hall, sir. Drive through in the launch tubes are down. Computers inside the hall are down. Tempers are flaring, sir.

REBEL COMMANDER

Well, get those computers up and running so you can finish up and go after the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death.

*Rebel Commander releases the button on the microphone.*

BLUE LEADER

Aye, sir.

PRINCESS

Weren't you running short on pilots? It sounds like you have a couple of volunteer groups ready to go.

ATHENA  
*(To the Princess.)*

Have you ever had one of their pizzas?

*Athena shudders at the idea.*

REBEL COMMANDER  
*(To the Princess.)*

You should try the triple half decaf sometime. I either get clear water or paste made up of nothing but coffee grinds.

EXT. SPACE, VARIOUS SHOTS

*The ships approach the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death. As it does, we see a clear shot of the damage caused by Hann earlier. There is still a large chunk of it missing.*

GREEN WITH PURPLE POLKA DOTS

Look at the size of the hole in that thing!

RED LEADER

Cut the chatter, Green With Purple Polka Dots. Accelerate to attack speed.

YELLOW LEADER  
(Slurring words.)

Wow, this Ever Clear is good! Hey, Red Leader, bet you're wishing you had some about now, huh?

RED LEADER

What do you want, Yellow Leader?

YELLOW LEADER  
(Slurring words.)

We're swirling into the trench. Whee!

RED LEADER

My wing, form up and cut across the axis. Let's try to draw their fire.

*Red Leaders XYB-Wings cut across. Laser fire erupts from some of the gun turrets on the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death trying to hit red group. They miss. The XYB-Wing pilots try to return fire, but no lasers fire.*

RED LEADER

My lasers won't fire!

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES

Mine won't either!

BLACK ON BLACK

I'm dead in the water too! What kind of new defenses do they have?

WHITE WITH SPLOTCHES

Did anyone remember open their S-Foils?

RED LEADER

Open your S-Foils! Open your S-Foils!

BLACK ON BLACK

Whew! That's better!

FLUKE  
(Frantic as he realizes how important an S-Foil is.)

What's an S-Foil?

*RA2DA2 squeals and opens the S-Foils for Fluke.*

Oh. That's what they are. Thanks RA2.

YELLOW LEADER  
(Slurring Words)

Hey, uh... Red Leader. Where's the trench?

RED LEADER

It's twenty degrees to your starboard side.

YELLOW LEADER  
*(Starting singing.)*

Time to go... down the trench... going so fast... that I can't flinch.

*Yellow Leader giggles at his newly made-up song.*

RED LEADER

Get off the com, Yellow Leader. Red Team, I need a few of you to help take out some of those towers.

FLUKE

This is Pink and Purple Rose Flower Power. I'm going in!

*Fluke skims across the surface firing his lasers missing the turrets. He flies between two turbo lasers on the surface. As he passes between them, they fire. The turbo lasers hit each other and explode. The explosive force hits Fluke's ship.*

BLACK ON BLACK

Fluke! Pull up!

*Fluke is trying to do just that. There is smoke behind him in his cockpit. He starts sniffing trying to figure out the new smell.*

FLUKE

Something is cooking. Do I smell bacon?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Flower Power, you all right?

FLUKE

Mmm... Bacon.

*The camera switches to an XYB-Wing (flown by Blue With Pink Stripes) circling a turbo laser. The turbo laser turns at the exact same rate that the XYB-Wing circles it. Because the turbo laser isn't lined up on the XYB-Wing, it means that it can't ever line up on it.*

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES

Hoo...WHEEE! Look at ME! I think I'm going to get diz-ZY!

RED LEADER

Good job, Blue with Pink Stripes. Keep up the good work.

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES  
*(Beginning to not feel well.)*

Yes, sirree... I'm gettin' dizzy... I think I'm going to hurl if I keep this up...

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, RANDOM CORRIDOR

*There is a flurry of activity inside the station. Vacuity is greeted by Imperial Commander 5.*

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 5

Lord Vacuity. We count somewhere between five and five hundred ships.

VACUITY  
*(Unhappy.)*

You can't narrow the number down any?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 5

Most don't know how to use their second hand to count, sir.

VACUITY

Anything else to report?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 5

They're evading the turbo lasers.

VACUITY  
*(Accusingly and getting very unhappy.)*

Have you tried anything else, like, I don't know... heat seeking missiles perhaps?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 5

That's on the other side of the station. The station is so large, our missiles would run out of fuel before reaching where the action is.

VACUITY

Well, I don't know! Open a window and throw rocks at them. Why are you bothering me with this information?

IMPERIAL COMMANDER 5

I was hoping you could order ships to take them on one-on-one.

*Imperial Commander 5 holds out a clipboard with a piece of paper on it along with a pen. Vacuity grabs it irritably and quickly signs it.*

VACUITY

Fine, fine. Yes, I authorize it.

*Vacuity hands it back.*

EXT. SPACE, VARIOUS SHOTS

PINE GREEN WITH BLOTCHES

How's it going, Blue with Pink Stripes?

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES

*(Feeling so sick, it can be heard how uncomfortable he is over the intercom.)*

I can't exit the circling without being shot and I am really starting to feel this.

PINE GREEN WITH BLOTCHES

You need to eject!

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES

No, I'm alright. I'm...

PINE GREEN WITH BLOTCHES

Eject!

BLUE WITH PINK STRIPES

I'm alright... I'm...

*Blue with Pink Stripes leans over to throw up. In the process, he hits a bunch of controls. His XYB-Wing swings around wildly and hits the turbo laser destroying both the turbo laser and himself.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*We see Grand Puff Tweaknose standing stoically in the command room.*

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

Seven minutes to rebel base.

*There is a brief pause.*

Nine minutes to rebel base.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose cocks and eyebrow in the direction of the announcer. He is sitting in his chair, looking at a computer screen and speaking into the microphone.*

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

Thirty minutes to rebel base.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose walks over to him.*

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

Ten minutes to rebel base.

TWEAKNOSE

What kind of nonsense are you spouting? Can't you give me a good estimate?

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

It's an old copy of an operating system. Apparently, the estimates to orbiting planets are as accurate as their estimates for copying files.

*The announcer turns back to the microphone.*

Twenty-three minutes to rebel base.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose walks off unhappy.*

EXT. SPACE, VARIOUS SHOTS

*There is a bright light that illuminates Red Leader's face.*

RED LEADER

What the hell was that? And has anyone seen yellow leader?

WEDGIE

Yeah. I saw the whole thing. The big fireball was yellow team making scorch marks on the surface.

RED LEADER

What? What do you mean? I thought they were making their trench run.

WEDGIE

I think they got a little too blitzed, got lost, found the trench again, and then the whole team just nose dived their ships into the surface of the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death. I don't think one of them made it into the trench. Oh... and that flash of light was their alcohol vapors flaming off.

RED LEADER

Great. Green Leader, we just lost Yellow Team. Green Leader? Are you there? Do you copy?

GREEN LEADER

*(Munching and a small belch comes over the intercom.)*

Yeah, sorry. Had a full mouth. Hey... anyone know how to get cheese powder off a flight stick? And some of my buttons are gumming up too.

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

REBEL COMMANDER

Squad leaders, new signals coming your way. They look like enemy fighters.

EXT. SPACE, VARIOUS SHOTS

RED LEADER

Pick up your visual scanning.

WEDGIE

*(Spotting the enemy fighters.)*

There they are!

RED LEADER

Watch it! You've got one on your tail!

BLACK ON BLACK

There's like a dozen of us. Which one of us are you talking to?

RED LEADER

I don't know. All the XYB-Wings look the same from the outside. I think I see Splotches in the cockpit. Or Maybe it's Blotches. One of you two.

WHITE WITH SPLOTCHES

This is White With Splotches of Red, Green, Black, and Blue. I don't see anything. Is it me? Should do some kind of evasive...

*We hear a brief moment of static over the intercom of Red Leader as he simultaneously sees the XYB-Wing blowing up.*

RED LEADER

Yep, it was you.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, RANDOM CORRIDOR

*Vacuity approaches two pilots.*

VACUITY

Several ships are trying to break formation. They might be making some kind of attack. Come with me.

VARIOUS SHOTS:

EXT. SPACE

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

WEDGIE

Fluke, you've got one on your tail!

FLUKE

I can't see him!

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Flower Power, I see him! Hard to port!

FLUKE

Which way is that?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Your left. No your other left. No, you need to turn... You're still going starboard!

*There's a slight pause.*

Ok... You're coming around. Don't change course.

*There's another slight pause.*

Don't change course! Don't change course! Starboard! Turn Starboard!

FLUKE  
*(Flying erratically. He's worried.)*

How's this?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Just pick a friggin' direction and stay with it!

*Sun Yellow joins trying to help Fluke. He lays cover fire and narrowly misses Fluke's ship.*

FLUKE  
*(Becoming hysterical.)*

More people are trying to shoot me!

*As Flying Spaghetti Monster continues to lay down fire in the direction he's turning in, Flying Spaghetti Monster accidentally nails another XYB-Wing.*

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

I think I got one! Flower Power should be in the clear!

RED LEADER

No. You just took out Blotches.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Oh. Sorry. Fluke, how are you doing?

FLUKE  
*(Still dodging enemy fighters and half crying)*

Mamma! I want my Mamma!

*Two enemy fighters coming in opposite directions fly at one another. Fluke sees the one coming at him and covers his eyes. It zips past Fluke and two enemy fighters fly into one another. The two of them explode.*

GREEN WITH PURPLE POLKA DOTS

Fluke's in the clear. Two enemy fighters just smashed each other.

GREEN LEADER

Starting our attack run. Switch all power to front deflectors. Switch all power to front deflectors.

*Green Leader heads down the trench in his YXB-Wing with two other YXB-Wings on his side. Laser fire comes from further down the trench.*

REBEL ANNOUNCER

Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death will be in range in 5 minutes.

GREEN LEADER

Switching to targeting computer.

*The laser fire in the trench stop.*

CHRISTENSEN

The guns. They've stopped.

GREEN LEADER

Good. That will make our job easier.

CHRISTENSEN

Doesn't that mean something ominous? Should I balance my shields so I have rear deflectors?

GREEN LEADER

Now you're just getting paranoid. We're safe. Just be my wing man.

*Christensen goes up in a fiery explosion.*

GREEN LEADER

*(Now spotting the enemy fighters.)*

Oops. We lost Christensen. Hey, Portman, maybe you should balance your rear deflectors so you have shielding back there.

PORTMAN

Deflectors stabilized. Should I try some evasive?

GREEN LEADER

The trench is pretty narrow. Where would you go?

PORTMAN

I don't know. Anywhere except but being a sitting duck here.

GREEN LEADER

No. We need to stay on target. Accelerate to Mach 15.

PORTMAN

Uhhh.... dude. We're flying in a vacuum. How fast is Mach speed in a vacuum?

GREEN LEADER

Stay on target!

*Portman isn't sure what to make of that comment.*

PORTMAN

Wait... Um... whose firing the torpedoes again?

GREEN LEADER

Stay on target!

*Portman is destroyed by Vacuity. Vacuity is flanked by his wing men. Green Leader pulls out of the trench.*

GREEN LEADER

Green Leader to Red Leader. I think they came at us from behind.

RED LEADER

Could you be a little more specific? Did they approach you from within the trench? Were they above you? Was it an ambush where they took pot shots at you as you sped by them? A little information would help us here.

GREEN LEADER  
*(Now under attack.)*

Ahhhhh!!!!

*Green Leader explodes.*

RED LEADER

Well, the nerve. He could have at least given me a hint or something.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*Grand Puff Tweaknose is stoically looking at the view screen.*

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

Ten minutes to rebel base.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose winces. A moment passes.*

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

Three minutes to rebel base.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose walks over to the announcer's microphone and rips it out.*

TWEAKNOSE

Silence is at least accurate.

*Grand Puff Tweaknose throws the microphone on the floor and walks away. The announcer stands up and cups his hands to his mouth.*

IMPERIAL ANNOUNCER

Thirteen minutes to rebel base!

*Grand Puff Tweaknose does a flying jump onto the announcer and begins to strangle him.*

VARIOUS SHOTS:

EXT. SPACE

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

RED LEADER

This is Red Leader. We've lost yellow and green teams. Rendezvous at mark 3.14.

SUN YELLOW

I see you.

BLACK ON BLACK

Be there in 20 seconds.

WEDGIE

Standing by.

FLUKE

Uh... where is mark 3 point something something? Is that where everyone is starting to congregate?

REBEL COMMANDER

Red Leader, this is Base. I suggest keeping part of your group out of range in case we need another run.

RED LEADER

Flower Power, you stay up here with Red Maroon and Flying Spaghetti Monster while I make my trench run. Everyone else, with me. We're going to start our attack run.

*Red Leader dives into the trench. Lined up one behind the other, Dark Blue, Sun Yellow, Green with Purple Polka Dots, Black on Black, and Neon With Shapes follow in a straight line behind him. Turbo lasers are fired from in front of them... then the turbo lasers stop.*

RED LEADER

Keep your eyes open for those fighters.

BLACK ON BLACK

I don't see anything.

RED LEADER

Can anyone above us see anything?

FLUKE

I see a bunch of stars above and a really big space station down below. Does that help?

RED LEADER

Enemy fighters, Fluke. Do you see enemy fighters?

FLUKE

Yes. Three of them coming in from your port side. Or is that starboard?

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

I see them! They're at eight o'clock.

RED LEADER  
*(Getting irritated.)*

I didn't ask for the time. Can't anyone give me an accurate direction?

WEDGIE  
*(Looking at the line of ships flying below him in the trench.)*

Hey... you know... with all of you lined up in a row one behind the other, you're making a pretty easy target for a strafing run.

RED LEADER

Don't be ridiculous. They're going to approach from behind and pick us off one at a time.

*Unceremoniously, Vacuity performs a strafing run from above and takes them all out. Now only Fluke, Wedgie, and Flying Spaghetti Monster are left. In the vicinity is Vacuity and his two wing men.*

FLUKE

Uh... base, this is Fluke. I mean Flower Power. I mean Purple and Black Rose Flower Power. Our team just got taken out. There's only three of us left out here. What do we do?

REBEL COMMANDER

What the hell happened to everyone else?

FLUKE

Well, there were the bad guys and they just blew up all the good guys.

WEDGIE  
*(Frustrated.)*

Because the enemy fighters strafed just as I said they would.

FLUKE

So now what?

REBEL COMMANDER

Fluke, I want you to lead the squadron down the trench and try again.

WEDGIE

Wha...? So, wait... we're plowing ahead with a failed strategy and Flower Power is leading us?

REBEL COMMANDER

Don't start up again, Wedgie. Just follow orders.

WEDGIE  
*(To himself, muttering.)*

23 years with the rebellion. 23 years... ever since my Dad helped found the rebellion... and this is where my life is today.

FLUKE

(To his wing men.)

Right. Ok. Um... let's go again. At full throttle. Yeah! That sounds like a good idea. That should keep the fighters off our back!

PRINCESS  
(Half whispering to Commander)

The others were going at full throttle before, weren't they?

*Rebel Commander shrugs.*

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Right on, boss.

WEDGIE  
(Half resigned.)

You know, Flower Power, if you wait for the "proper" time to fire the torpedoes while flying at that speed, you won't be able to pull out in time.

FLUKE

I'll worry about my speed and you worry about pulling out in time.

*Brief camera shot of Wedgie obviously confused by that statement.*

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

We'll stay far enough back to cover for you. How far back do you think we should stay?

WEDGIE  
(Coming to a decision.)

Far enough where my broken stabilizer won't cause any problems for anyone.

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

You have a broken stabilizer?

*Wedgie looks around his ship. It's a perfectly smooth flight.*

WEDGIE  
(Obviously lying.)

Uh... yeah. It's pretty bad. I can hardly hold my flight stick things are vibrating so bad.

FLUKE

Get clear, you obviously can't do any more good back there.

WEDGIE

See ya. Er... I mean... Sorry.

*Wedgie takes his XYB-Wing out of the trench.*

FLYING SPAGHETTI MONSTER

Fluke, they're coming in much faster this time. I think they have throttles too.

FLUKE

RA2, can you add a bottle of nitro or something to the engines? I want to try to increase the power.

*RA2DA2 squawks unhappily and with a bit of a questioning tone. Fluke's suggestion is impossible.*

*Vacuity fires his guns and the Flying Spaghetti Monster's XYB-Wing is destroyed. Only Fluke is left.*

*Fluke turns on his targeting computer and sets up to make his run. Fuzzy dice can be clearly seen on his dashboard. They say "Property of Hann So-Slow."*

OH-BE-ONE  
*(In a mystical voice.)*

Use the Pressure, Fluke.

*Fluke is confused at first, but then he reaches out with his hand and tries to use the Pressure. The fuzzy dice that he stole from the Millennium Sparrow fly off the dashboard and hit him in the head. He leans over to get them and knocks the flight stick about as he does. Despite how narrow the trench is and how fast the XYB-Wing is going, the XYB-Wing swings back and forth without hitting the walls of the trench.*

VACUITY  
*(Watching Fluke's X-Wing go back and forth.)*

The Pressure is strong in this one.

*Fluke comes back with dice he stole from the Millennium Sparrow. He puts it back on the dashboard.*

OH-BE-ONE

Fluke, trust me.

*Fluke turns off his targeting computer.*

ATHENA  
*(To Commander)*

His targeting computer is off.

REBEL COMMANDER

Flower Power, is everything ok? What's wrong?

FLUKE

Nothing. I just heard a voice in my head.

REBEL COMMANDER

And this "voice" told you to turn off your targeting computer?

FLUKE

Well, not specifically, but I think that's what it wanted.

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*Grand Puff Tweaknose stands watching the front monitor. The count down reaches zero. Lots of strange technical symbols suddenly appear around the Rebel moon.*

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Pointing at the view screen.)*

What is this?

GOOFBALL 1

It's a bunch of symbols.

TWEAKNOSE

Yes, I can see that. But what do they all mean?

*Imperial Announcer, who is tied up and duct taped and laying on the floor, begins jumping around and trying to say something as best he can. The others ignore him.*

GOOFBALL 1

Let's see... it says... Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death is installing updates. Do not turn off.

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Becoming very frustrated.)*

Of all the times it has to... How do we get it to stop?

GOOFBALL 1

We can call the help desk.

TWEAKNOSE

Then I suppose we'll have to. Do it.

*Goofball 1 quickly dials. A 3-note jingle plays as an automated devices answers.*

ANSWERING DEVICE

Welcome to the helpline for Destroyo Vision Products. For standard basic, please press one now. For Wookless, please press two now. For RA2 unit...

*Impatiently, Grand Puff Tweaknose hits a button.*

If you are calling about our terraforming line of machinery, please press one now. If you are calling about Destroyo Vision's eye glass wares, press two now. If you are calling about our collectable merchandise, press three now. To speak with a service representative, press zero.

GOOFBALL 1

What do you think? One or Zero?

*Grand Puff Tweaknose, growing more aggravated, presses a button.*

ANSWERING DEVICE

You have chosen to speak to a service representative. Please note that your phone call may be monitored and

recorded. Enter the phone number you are calling from.

*Tweaknose sighs and frowns then quickly punches in a number.*

ANSWERING DEVICE

Welcome to the helpline for Destroyo Vision Products. For standard basic, please press one now. For Wookless, please press two now. For RA2 unit..

TWEAKNOSE

We already answered that question!

*He presses a button.*

ANSWERING DEVICE

If you are calling about our terraforming line of machinery, please press one now. If you are calling about Destroyo Vision's eye glass wares, press two now...

*Grand Puff Tweaknose is now infuriated. His face turns a bright, crimson red with anger.*

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

REBEL ANNOUNCER

The Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death has cleared the planet. The Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death has cleared the planet.

VARIOUS:

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM  
EXT. SPACE

*Fluke takes a moment to line up his shot. He gets a very serious face as he "uses the Pressure".*

VACUITY

I have you now.

FLUKE

Eat torpedoes space station!

*Fluke clicks his firing button and two torpedoes launch from his XYB-Wing. They both fly backward and hit both of Vacuity's wing men. Vacuity's wing men are destroyed.*

VACUITY

What?!

*Laser fire hits Vacuity's ship damaging it. It spins out of control going out of the trench and away from the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death.*

VACUITY

What?!?!

HANN

Hmmm... I... uh... I guess you're clear, kid. Fire your torpedoes and get out of here.

FLUKE

That's great! Uh... I already fired them and I'm out of torpedoes. Did anyone see where they went?

HANN

You already fired them?

*Hann, realizing the danger he may be in, turns quickly around and leaves the vicinity of the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death.*

HANN

Time to get out of here...

*Fluke follows Hann.*

INT. ROUND-KILLING-BALL-OF-DEATH, CONTROL ROOM

*Grand Puff Tweaknose is talking into a speakerphone. Everyone in the control room can easily hear both sides of the conversation. Tweaknose is in the foreground. Right behind Tweaknose, Goofball 1 fires a large wad of paper with his sling shot hitting Goofball 2 who is further in the background but all of this can be clearly seen by the audience.*

TWEAKNOSE  
*(Into the speakerphone.)*

How hard is this for you to understand? We're trying to blow up a planet and your software has locked us out. I can't reboot the bloody computer.

HELP DESK TECHNICIAN  
*(Over the phone, very bored.)*

I'm sorry sir, you're going to have to reboot the machine before I can diagnose anything else with my script. Please turn your computer off and turn it back on.

TWEAKNOSE

I can't reboot the machine. There is no off button! It's a bloody space station!

*Goofball 2 jumps on Goofball 1 and they begin to wrestle right behind Grand Puff Tweaknose.*

TWEAKNOSE  
*(To Goofball 1 and Goofball 2.)*

Will you two both cut it out! I have had enough of you!

GOOFBALL 3

Yeah! Cut it out, you two!

*Goofball 3 pounds his fist on his panel accidentally pressing a big red button.*

COMPUTER VOICE

Whole station self destruct mechanism engaged. Self destruct in ten seconds.

*Everyone starts shouting all at once. There is complete chaos.*

TWEAKNOSE

*(Frantically into the phone. He has lost all composure now. It almost sounds like he is begging.)*

How do we stop it? How do we stop the self destruct?

HELP DESK

My script doesn't have how to stop a self destruct. I'm going to have to pass you on to level two. Can you verify your phone number so I can have them call you back?

EXT. SPACE

*The Millennium Sparrow, Fluke, and Wedgie are deep into space when the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death explodes.*

HANN

*(Surprised.)*

Fluke! You did it! That was a great shot!

FLUKE

*(Surprised too.)*

Yeah? I did it? I mean... Yeah! I did it!

*There is a chorus of cheers from the Rebel Base. No one can hear Wedgie's next comment except for the movie viewer.*

WEDGIE

He missed. Something else caused the space station to explode. Hello? Is anyone listening to me?

OH-BE-ONE

*(To Fluke)*

The Pressure will be with you always.

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, HANGAR

*Everyone comes running up to Fluke to congratulate him. Everyone is cheering. The Princess pushes her way through and hugs Fluke very tightly congratulating him. She is laughing and smiling. He goes to kiss her on the lips, but she pushes him away repulsed by his advances. Hann comes running up to them smiling.*

HANN

Hey! Congratulations!

FLUKE

I knew you'd come back! Nice shooting!

HANN

*(Partly embarrassed and clearing his throat.)*

Yeah... I... uh... I was kinda surprised. I was actually aiming for you. I guess the sights must be off on the forward guns.

*This admission stops Fluke dead in his tracks.*

FLUKE  
(*Stunned.*)

What? Why?

HANN

Oh... you know. I was still mad about he antennas, but it's all water under the bridge, though. You did something really incredible and I'm happy to share in your rewards.

WEDGIE  
(*Elbowing his way through.*)

He didn't blow up the station! Something else did!

*Everyone ignores Wedgie and the crowd sweeps Fluke away from Wedgie. Near Wedgie, a young mechanic begins working on Fluke's XYB-Wing.*

WEDGIE

But he didn't blow up the station! His torpedoes went backwards!

YOUNG MECHANIC

That's ridiculous. I installed those torpedoes myself.

*Frustrated, Wedgie leaves the scene.*

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, RECEPTION ROOM

*Fluke, Han, and Chewing Gum enter the reception room. All three walk down the aisle together side by side by side. The Princess puts a medal on Fluke and then on Hann. The Princess raises her arms and the crowd cheers. Chewing Gum looks around and growls communicatively. He gestures to his neck. No one notices him. He gestures more wildly. Even Hann and Fluke don't notice him. He turns slightly and folds his arms and pouts because he didn't get a medal.*

***Note: The following scenes take place as the credits are rolling.***

END CREDIT SCENE #1

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, DOCKING BAY

*The young mechanic who put the torpedoes on Fluke's ship is loading more torpedoes in. An older mechanic happens to walk by.*

OLDER MECHANIC

Hey! Hey! Hey! What are you doing? You're putting those torpedoes in backwards!

YOUNG MECHANIC

No, I'm not.

OLDER MECHANIC

Yes, you are. If you put them in like that, those torpedoes will fire backward! Flip them around. (*Muttering to himself, but loud enough for the young mechanic to hear.*) Boy, I'd hate to think what would have happened if he had serviced Mr. Troubfinder's ship.

*The older mechanic does not walk off. The young mechanic realizes that he probably did put the torpedoes in backwards and begins to wonder about what Wedgie said. He spots Wedgie across the hanger bay kicking over a box. Wedgie is too far away to have heard the conversation between the two mechanics.*

END CREDIT SCENE #2

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CAFETERIA

*At the check out, a young woman hands Blue Leader his change along with his coffee. Blue Leader is still wearing his flight suit.*

CASHIER

There you go, Blue Leader. Seventy five hundredths of a credit is your change.

BLUE LEADER

It's about time.

*He looks around the cafeteria. No one else is around except a janitor mopping the floors.*

BLUE LEADER

Where is everyone?

CASHIER

They're out celebrating Fluke's destruction of the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death.

BLUE LEADER

Damn it. I missed that?

END CREDIT SCENE #3

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, CONTROL ROOM

*The control room is empty except for Athena and the Commander. Athena sips her coffee and then spits it out all over the console.*

ATHENA

Eww! This is awful. Where did you get this?

REBEL COMMANDER

Where do you think? With everyone partying, it's the only place still open right now.

*Athena begins to mop up the mess on her console with a napkin.*

REBEL COMMANDER

Hey... I wonder. What ever happened to those enemy fighters that attacked our squad?

ATHENA  
*(Not following.)*

What do you mean?

REBEL COMMANDER

Well, there was a whole squadron of enemy bow-tie fighters that attacked Red squadron and then we never saw them again. We don't know what happened to them.

ATHENA

Our fighters never destroyed them?

REBEL COMMANDER

Nope.

END CREDIT SCENE #4

VARIOUS SHOTS:

EXT SPACE

INT. VARIOUS BOW-TIE FIGHTER COCKPITS

STORMTROOPER PILOT 1

Sir, did you find the Round-Killing-Ball-of-Death yet?

STORMTROOPER PILOT LEADER

Not yet.

STORMTROOPER PILOT 2

*(Under his breath.)*

How the hell can our team lead lose a friggin' space station that big?

STORMTROOPER PILOT LEADER

You're on the intercom. I can hear you.

STORMTROOPER PILOT 2

Sorry, sir.

STORMTROOPER PILOT 1

So, how did we all get lost at the same time anyway?

STORMTROOPER PILOT 2

I was just following you... Zen Navigation style.

STORMTROOPER PILOT 1

Me? I was just following Pilot 1980.

*Stormtrooper Pilot 1 points out his window.*

STORMTROOPER PILOT 1980

You're following me? Really? I was just following 2015.

STORMTROOPER PILOT LEADER

Hold on. Stop right there, everyone. Is there *anyone* who isn't following someone else?

EXT. SPACE, CONTINUOUS

*Ten bow-tie fighters are flying in a circle and they are all following one another.*

END CREDIT SCENE #4

INT. VACUITY COCKPIT

*Darth Vacuity flies through outer space in his half broken bow-tie fighter. He is leaning on his elbow and bored. There is a soft pinging noise that repeats over and over in his cockpit.*

VACUITY

Computer.

COMPUTER VOICE

Yes, Darth Vacuity?

VACUITY

Can you please stop that irritating pinging noise?

COMPUTER VOICE

Please confirm you wish to turn off the distress beacon.

VACUITY

No, computer. I want the distress beacon on, but I want that stupid noise to stop.

COMPUTER VOICE

Unable to understand request. Please restate intention.

*Darth Vacuity's breathing apparatus can be heard sighing.*

VACUITY

I said that if we'd simply orbited the planet in 30 minutes instead of 17 hours, you and I wouldn't be having this pleasant conversation.

COMPUTER VOICE

Sarcasm detected. Ignoring request.

END CREDIT SCENE #5

INT. SECRET REBEL BASE, HANGAR

*The young mechanic is working on the torpedoes under the supervision of the older mechanic. The older mechanic simply watches.*

YOUNG MECHANIC

So, I was wondering... why do we put RA2 units into XYB-Wings anyway?

OLDER MECHANIC  
(*Shrugging.*)

Beats me. Something about navigation.

YOUNG MECHANIC

Oh. So, typical navigation computers aren't powerful enough?

OLDER MECHANIC

Yeah. Something like that.

YOUNG MECHANIC

Oh. So... why don't we just put in more powerful navigation computers instead of using a full blown RA2 unit?

OLDER MECHANIC

Well... it's because... um... it's because... well, it's just always been done like that. Stop asking questions and just finish the job.

END CREDIT SCENE #6  
SMALL OFFICE

*Two engineers sit at their respective desks. There are papers everywhere. The younger engineer has the XYB-Wing blue print in front of him on paper. The young engineer finds something odd and looks at it more closely.*

YOUNG ENGINEER

Hey... What's this say right here? It's smudged pretty badly. It says something about putting an object into an XYB-Wing before departure.

OLDER ENGINEER

*(Not looking at what the younger engineer is working on.)*

Did you check the electronic CAD files?

*The young engineer goes to his computer and pulls up some schematics. Meanwhile, the older engineer, finally tears himself away from what he was working on and looks at the paper document.*

OLDER ENGINEER

Oh... this? It just says to drop an updated R-A-2 unit into an XYB-Wing before it takes off. Every engineer and mechanic knows that.

YOUNG ENGINEER

A "RA2" unit, you mean?

OLDER ENGINEER

Potatoes, potatoes.

YOUNG ENGINEER  
*(Scoffing.)*

That seems like a bit of an overkill.

*The young engineer studies the diagram further on the computer.*

YOUNG ENGINEER

The CAD file says drop an updated N-A-2 computer.

OLDER ENGINEER

The N-A-2? You mean a Navigation Astro series 2 computer? Not an R-A-2 unit? Let me see.

*The older engineer looks over the younger engineer's shoulder at the computer.*

OLDER ENGINEER

Huh. Well, that might change a procedure or two around here.

***Note: The following scene takes place after the credits have finished rolling.***

END CREDIT SCENE #7

INT. VACUITY COCKPIT

*Darth Vacuity is leaning on his elbow. The computer is still pinging over and over. Darth Vacuity sits up suddenly.*

VACUITY

We didn't have to orbit the planet to get to the rebel base. We could have just blown it away too.

*Darth Vacuity clenches both fists in anger. His fists start trembling slightly then the trembling grows. Within a short moment, his whole body is trembling with anger.*

VACUITY

Nooooooooooooooooo!!!

***Note: Please visit [www.jb-wolf.com](http://www.jb-wolf.com) for important production notes concerning this script.***