

Dooku: I'm baaaaaaaaaack!

Mini-Grievous: Yeah, ****ers!

Dooku: And this time, we're in 3D!

Mini-Grievous: Aww yeah!

Ventress: No we're not.

Mini-Grievous: Bleh!

The theme song plays.

Old Count Dooku was a Jedi Knight
But then he left their Order one night
He became a Sith Lord and that's all right
He has a red blade and his cape is tight

But that's not the end of the story, no
He and Sidious tried to seize control
Of the galaxy in the Clone Wars
So you better sit back and grab some s'mores
It's Dooku and Pals!

Dooku and Pals: The Movie!

Dooku and Darth Sidious are discussing their diabolical plans to overthrow the Republic.

Dooku: These burritos are delicious!

Sidious: Those are cheese logs, you idiot.

Dooku: The tortilla is simply amazing – and it's so cheesy!

Sidious: That's because it's a cheese log.

Dooku: I could eat these all day!

Sidious: Well, you'd regret it about six hours from now.

Dooku: I can't hear a word you're saying!

Sidious: What- Get that cheese log out of your ear!

Dooku: Make me!

Sidious: Why do I even bother with you? You're so... stupid.

Dooku: Yeah, well, I bet I could take over the galaxy if I wanted to!

Sidious: And I bet you can't.

Dooku: Oh really?

Sidious: Really.

Dooku: Bring it, old man!

Sidious: No, **you** bring it.

Dooku: Fine, then I will!

Dooku rushes out of the room. He enters again after a few seconds.

Dooku: Uh... bring what?

Sidious: The galaxy, you idiot. You're supposed to conquer it.

Dooku: Ohhhh, that's right. I'll be right back.

Dooku attempts to concoct a plan for defeating the Republic.

Dooku: First I'll have to deal with the Jedi Order. But I know that Yoda is more powerful than me. How can I defeat him?

Dooku thinks, then writes an idea down in a notepad in front of him.

Dooku: I know! I'll shove a pipe bomb down his toilet! That'll defeat him somehow!

Ventress: What are you doing?

Dooku: I'm going to take over the galaxy! Who are you?

Ventress: I was created for the Clone Wars cartoon. To be honest, I don't really know what I'm doing here.

Dooku: I love that show! Ahsoka is all like “I’m going to fight General Grievous even though I’m just a Padawan!” And she does! And despite all logic, she **doesn’t** get cut into tiny little pieces within five seconds! Sweet.

Ventress: No, the other cartoon.

Pause.

Ventress: The one before that.

Pause.

Ventress: You know there were two Clone Wars cartoons, right?

Dooku: This notepad is going right up my nose!

Ventress: Look, do you remember that Star Wars show with the weird animation that had Mace Windu fighting an entire droid army singlehandedly? It also featured an entire clonetrooper unit getting destroyed by me. Surely you saw it at some point?

Dooku: Do you have a lazer?

Ventress: What? No, my purpose here is to help you defeat the Republic.

Dooku: But your **real** purpose is to fire your lazer, right?

Ventress: No.

Dooku: Shoop da woop!

Ventress: Shut up.

Dooku: Besides, me and Sidious already came up with a plan. It was cool. We had burritos and then he was all like “I bet you can’t take over the galaxy,” and I was all “Sure I can,” and he was all “Then prove it,” so I was like “These burritos rule!” Then we had milkshakes. Milkshakes rock.

Ventress stares at Dooku, dumbfounded.

Dooku: My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard!

Ventress: Please shut up.

Dooku: Anyway, I picked up this book on galactic domination at the thrift store. It’s called “Green Eggs and Ham.” I think it’s metaphorical.

Ventress: You’re an idiot. You know that, right?

Dooku: Hey, you know what really grinds my gears? Stephanie Meyer, that’s who. I was a huge fan of Twilight, but then she completely shunned me! I even broke into

her house and licked her face while she was sleeping, and you know what she did? She had me arrested! I can't believe it! So it's OK when a sparkly, whiny, shemale vampire does it, but not when I do? That's discrimination, I say! When I become supreme ruler of downtown Spokane, Washington, she won't be invited! And then we'll see who's a creep – it'll be her!

Ventress: What?

Dooku places a rake on the table in front of him.

Dooku: I'm smarter than the average hoe!

Ventress: I can see I have my work cut out for me.

Shortly afterward, thousands of light years away:

Nute Gunray: Finally, my Lucrehulk in a bottle is almost complete!

Dooku barges through the door, causing Gunray to knock the bottle off his desk, destroying it and the model inside.

Dooku: Did somebody order a **large ham!**?

Gunray: What do you want?

Dooku: I'm going to destroy the Republic and chew bubblegum, and I'm all out of gum! Do you have some?

Gunray: And why should I help you?

Dooku: Revenge! Breakin' the law, breakin' the law!

Gunray: I learned my lesson from Naboo. I'm not trying anything like that again.

Dooku: What if I said pretty please?

Gunray: No.

Dooku: I'll give you all the money ever made in the history of forever!

Gunray: Hmm... That offer is quite attractive, though I have concerns about your ability to follow through on it.

Dooku: If you help me, I won't unleash my "Dooku's Greatest Hits" compilation CD on the galaxy. Now with 85% more Slim Whitman!

Gunray: NO! Anything but that! Very well, I will help you defeat the Republic.

Dooku: All right!

Gunray: I'll call my corporate buddies. Maybe we can get the Banking Clan and Techno Union to join.

Dooku: Will Scooter be there?

Gunray: What?

Dooku: I know, I'll call my own evil pals! We can have an evil council and have evil sleepovers and play card games and play with nerf guns and eat bagels! It'll be great!

Gunray: Do you even have any friends?

Dooku: Yeah! Just you wait. It'll be the greatest thing since Supernatural! By the way, you aren't going to spontaneously combust on the ceiling, are you? I hate it when that happens!

Gunray: Uh... no.

Dooku: Why, just the other day I was about to go to bed when I saw someone stuck to the ceiling. They were bleeding all over! And then they caught on fire. You wouldn't believe what my insurance premiums are like!

Gunray: I'm going to go now.

Meanwhile, thousands of light years away:

Techno Union Official #1: As you know, we were able to build General Grievous out of some roadkill we found, thus creating one of the most fearsome warriors in the galaxy. While an impressive feat, this has damaged our PR. I believe it is necessary to rebrand our image.

Official #2: How so?

Official #1: We are going to make another General Grievous. This one, however, will be cute.

Official #2: Cute?

Official #1: Yes. We are going to create a Mini-Grievous. He'll be so chibi and adorable that people will completely overlook our abominable safety practices and tendency to kill our competitors. I even have a proof-of-concept.

Official #1 unveils a cage containing Mini-Me.

Official #3: You and your Austin Powers reference have convinced me to support this Mini-Grievous proposal.

Official #2: How soon can it be ready?

Official #1: Plot O'Clock.

Official #2: That's convenient!

Meanwhile, thousands of light years away:

Dooku: You could use some Rogaine!

Ventress: Shut up.

Dooku: Hey! You will respect my authoritah! I got Nute Gunray to support us!

Ventress: Oh. Gunray. Great.

Dooku: I've also been trying to recruit the IBC.

Ventress: The Intergalactic Banking Clan?

Dooku: Close – the Intergalactic Baking Clan!

Ventress: Excuse me? How will they help us overthrow the Republic?

Dooku: Bagels for everybody!

A cloaked figure enters the room.

Jar Jar: Mesa gonna help yousa destroys da Republic, muy-muy!

Dooku: Jar Jar! Did you bring Monopoly, like I asked?

Jar Jar: Mesa sure did!

Dooku: Excellent. Who wants to be banker?

San Hill: Did someone ask for a banker?

Dooku: No, I wanted a baker! What are you doing here?

San Hill: Oh. I thought I heard an "n." Well, I might as well stay.

Ventress: Don't you have work to do?

San Hill: I delegate. I also don't have much of a social life.

Dooku: You can stay, but only if you let me use the ship token.

Jar Jar: Mesa gets da limo!

Ventress: I'll take-

San Hill: I call the hat!

Ventress: Aww...

Dooku: Looks like you're the thimble.

Ventress: But I don't want to be the thimble.

Dooku: Talk to the hand!

Slightly later:

San Hill: Hmm... Dooku, what do you want for your railroad property?

Dooku: The water works, Baltic Ave., and your allegiance to me in the coming war against the Republic!

San Hill: I don't know...

Dooku: Here, I'll also give you a "get out of jail free" card.

San Hill: It's a deal!

Meanwhile, thousands of light years away:

Karen Traviss: I want'oa to be in this'oa movie'oa. And I won't take no'oa for an answer!

Andrew: No.

Karen Traviss: Curses, foiled again!

Meanwhile, thousands of light years away (well, actually, it's in the next room over; that's just how big the authors' houses are):

Ryan: Find a new scene transition.

Andrew: Never!

Ryan: Curses, foiled again!

Meanwhile, somewhere completely different (OK, so it's Geonosis):

Poggle the Lesser: Our economy has suffered a severe downturn. We have to figure out how to fix things before the next election.

Geonosian #1: It's mostly because the tourism industry is down. How can we attract more people to our planet?

Geonosian #2: It's because of the high price of hypermatter. What we have to do at this point is diversify our economy.

Geonosian #3: Our planet is a freaking desert! We don't have anything of value! How are we supposed to diversify?

Geonosian #1: We do have droid foundries.

Geonosian #2: But they can only make battle droids. We tried retooling production once already, and that was nothing but a disaster.

Geonosian #1: Yeah. We probably should have done more testing before putting something called "Sodomy-Bot 9000" into production.

Geonosian #3: I have heard that Count Dooku is attempting to build a coalition with the intent of launching a war against the Republic. If there was a civil war, not only would our droid industry be invigorated, but we would get increased tourism from all the ship crews passing through the system.

Poggle: But... it's Dooku.

Geonosian #1: From what I hear, he has the support of the Trade Federation, and several other groups are considering backing him.

Poggle: What? Are they insane?

Geonosian #2: It might be the only way.

Poggle: I'll think about it.

Geonosian #3: [whispering] That means yes.

Poggle: I can hear you, you know.

Meanwhile, on Kamino:

Jango Fett: So, what you're saying is that the original Karen Traviss died, so you replaced her with a clone?

Lama Su: Precisely. However, we were unable to complete the flash learning, so the clone was a lousy writer. Also, it quickly began to suffer from clone madness.

Jango: That explains a lot.

Dooku: Hey, everybody!

Jango: What are you doing here?

Dooku: I need you to pick up some groceries for me.

Jango: I'm a bounty hunter. I kill people.

Dooku: That too.

Fanboy: Wait a minute. You didn't recruit Jango Fett on Kamino!

Dooku: That's because he lied about it.

Fanboy: You're completely ignoring canon!

Dooku: Just like George Lucas!

Jango: I'm tired of these meta references. Can we just pretend this conversation never happened?

George Lucas: Retcon beam!

One minute ago:

Dooku: I need you to pick up some groceries for me.

Jango: But I'm a bounty hunter.

Dooku: Wash my car!

Jango: Oh well. As long as it pays...

Meanwhile, thousands of light years away:

Techno Union Scientist #1: Bad news, everybody. The jerkwads in Sector 7G have created a functioning gaydar, and they're completely overshadowing our own work! If we don't finish Project Tempest in a Teapot soon, they'll get all the funding.

Scientist #2: Kriff!

Scientist #3: A working gaydar? How did they manage that?

Somewhere in Sector 7G:

Scientist #4: This gaydar is simply fabulous!

Scientist #5: You fool! You're throwing off the readings!

Back to the other scientists:

Scientist #1: So far, we've completed... nothing. Hmm... Let's try to finish it in the next hour, OK?

Scientist #2: But it's almost time for our lunch break.

Scientist #3: And I have to be in a meeting at one.

Scientist #1: Fine, fine, we'll finish it tomorrow.

Scientist #2: Actually, I'm taking a personal day tomorrow.

Scientist #3: Personal day? I just use my sick days whenever I want out of work.

Scientist #1: So that one time you made me finish your project for you because you were bedridden... You jerk!

Scientist #3: Me love you long time?

Meanwhile, at Dooku's HQ (also known as Denny's):

Dooku: So far I've talked to the Metal Union, the Punk Union, the Alternative Union, and the Indie Union, and none of them want to support me.

Ventress: Why don't you talk to the Polka Union while you're at it?

Dooku: Because they smell like sauerkraut!

Ventress: I was being sarcastic, you idiot. We need the **Techno** Union.

Dooku: But why?

Ventress: Because they have valuable resources and ships.

Dooku: But why?

Ventress: Because they invested wisely and have a successful business model, I suppose.

Dooku: But why?

Ventress: Because that's the way our economic system works.

Dooku: But why?

Ventress: Because the economists set it up that way in accordance with principles set forward by Adam Smith and other economic thinkers.

Dooku: But why?

Ventress: Just eat your food.

Dooku: This Grand Slam Breakfast is simply fabulous!

Someone approaches Dooku's table.

Scientist #4: Excuse me, but aren't you Count Dooku?

Dooku: No.

Ventress: Yes, he is, unfortunately. Why do you ask? And why is your Geiger Counter so active?

Scientist #4: Actually, it's a gaydar.

Dooku: What does a guy have to do to get an apple martini over here?

Scientist #4: Anyway, I work for the Techno Union. We've been hearing a lot about Dooku's plans to destroy the Republic, and we want in.

Ventress: Excellent. We're glad to have your support.

Dooku: I'm not wearing any underpants!

Dooku travels in his solar sail to meet with Techno Union officials.

Dooku: Let's sing the doom song!

Ventress: No.

Dooku: All right, then. Let's listen to some FallOut Boy.

Ventress: I'd rather listen to the doom song.

Dooku: I made myself a manwich out of duct tape and tin foil! Now to microwave it for fifteen minutes.

Shortly afterward:

Official #1: So, you would like us to join your anti-Republic alliance.

Dooku: What?

Official #1: The coalition you are assembling to overthrow the Republic.

Dooku: What?

Official #1: The Trade Federation and Banking Clan are members.

Dooku: What?

Ventress: Pants.

Dooku: Oh, OK! Sure, you can join.

Official #2: We just want you to do one thing in return.

Ventress: Yes?

Official #2: Destroy Kanye West. He ruined the greatest techno song ever with a crappy remix.

Dooku: What?

Official #3: You know. "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger." He practically raped that song with his inane rap!

Ventress: That was my favorite Daft Punk song!

Dooku: That b*****!

Official #1: You can use our latest creation in your mission to eliminate West. Behold!

Ventress: I don't see anything.

Official #2: You'll have to look down.

Mini-Grievous: I'm a midget!

Ventress: I thought you preferred the term "little people."

Mini-Grievous: Shut up, baldy!

Ventress: Excuse me?

Mini-Grievous: What kind of freak are you? You look like a goth in chemo!

Ventress: You know what? I don't think we'll need your help.

Dooku: Cool! A Furby!

Mini-Grievous: Who are you?

Dooku: Ronald McDonald!

Official #2: That would explain the "pedophile" vibe.

Dooku: Let's go kill Billy West!

Official #3: No, not Billy West. **Kanye** West.

Dooku: Conway Twitty?

Official #1: Him too.

Dooku: Very well. Let's go destroy the living personification of ego! But first, I need to do my laundry. Do any of you have change?

Mini-Grievous: I do.

Ventress: Why would a droid have money?

Mini-Grievous: Because I'm awesome!

Dooku sets out on a journey to rid the galaxy of Kanye West once and for all.

Dooku: Hey! I wanted a window seat!

Mini-Grievous: It's mine now!

Ventress: If only we had a bounty hunter.

Dooku thinks long and hard.

Dooku: I think the chicken came before the egg. You want to know why?

Ventress: I don't have time for this.

Dooku: Because the square root of pi is fish!

Mini-Grievous: I can't go on a road trip like this. Let's put on some tunes!

Dooku: Like "Black Ice." It's my favorite AC/DC album – I own all 5,452,807 covers!

Ventress: How would you even get that many?

Dooku: Only five other people bought it, and two of them were band members. I'm bored now.

Fanboy: What's with all the music references?

Mini-Grievous: Hey! Get outta my movie!

Ventress: Your movie? What?

Mini-Grievous: Oh. I thought we were making meta references now.

Dooku: Did I ever tell you about that time I swallowed an ATM? I was crapping money for weeks! On the plus side, I didn't have to use any-

Ventress: Please don't finish that sentence.

Mini-Grievous: Let's go smash mailboxes!

Dooku: All right!

Ventress: No. We're supposed to kill Kanye West.

Dooku picks up a comlink.

Dooku: Hey, Jango. Do you know anyone who could kill a heavily guarded, high-profile target efficiently and covertly? ... You do? Who is he?

Jango hangs up.

Dooku: I didn't even get to tell him what I wanted for Life Day!

Meanwhile, thousands of light years away:

Kanye West: How is it possible that I didn't win every Grammy? Don't those idiots recognize my genius? I'm the voice of a generation! I'm like a kick*** version of Beethoven!

Kanye is picked up and eaten by a rancor, which is roughly one-eighth the size of his ego.

Jango: Mission accomplished.

Meanwhile, back in the plot:

Dooku: And that's how I came to terms with my identity as a Wookiee.

Mini-Grievous: Your stories suck.

Ventress: We should do something constructive, like try to get the Commerce Guild to join us.

Dooku: The what?

Mini-Grievous: I hate World of Warcraft.

Ventress: They're a real organization-

Mini-Grievous: Of nerds.

Ventress: There will be cake.

Dooku: Let's go!

Meanwhile, at the Commerce Guild headquarters:

Smithers: Profits were at an all-time high this quarter, sir.

Mr. Burns: Excellent.

Smithers: Far be it from me to criticize you, but why are you planning on firing so many employees? We have more than enough money-

Mr. Burns: Foolish fool! You can never have enough money!

Smithers: But-

Mr. Burns: Smithers, release the hounds.

Smithers sighs and unleashes the hounds, which chase him out of Burns' mansion.

Mr. Burns: Excellent.

Dooku: Honey, I'm home!

Mr. Burns: Who are you? Don't make me make Smithers release the hounds! Oh, wait...

Dooku: Join me, and we can rule the galaxy as father and son!

Mr. Burns: What's in it for me?

Dooku: All the money ever made in the history of forever!

Ventress: You already promised that to the Trade Federation.

Dooku: I don't remember five minutes ago!

Mr. Burns: Hmm... that's quite the offer.

Dooku holds up Mini-Grievous.

Dooku: I'll throw in this free bobblehead!

Mini-Grievous: Hey! Set me down, buttmunch!

Mr. Burns: It's a deal!

A hologram of Sidious appears.

Sidious: The Republic just attacked Geonosis. You're at war now.

Dooku: We're going to end things here, because a cliffhanger ending guarantees we'll have a sequel. Just like the Super Mario Bros. movie!

Fanboy: This movie was terrible! In fact, it was worse than terrible – it was nothing! It was just a bunch of random stupidity flimsily held together by a paper-thin, incoherent plot! In the end, all it amounts to is a bunch of noise that only a committed fan could rationalize as anything less than a total farce!

Dooku: Just like Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen!

Mini-Grievous: That's it, I'm outta here.

The End

Credits

Written by: a room full of monkeys

Produced by: Uwe Boll

Starring:

Count Dooku as himself

Asajj Ventress as herself

Danny DeVito as Mini-Grievous

Coming soon, to a theater near you:

Dougie: It was terrible, eh! It came out of nowhere and killed Gordie!

Mountie #1: Can you describe this creature?

Dougie: Well, it looked kind of like that thing behind you, eh.

Mountie #1: Eh?

Mountie #2: Oh sh-

Alien vs. Canada.

(Hey, it can't be any worse than those Alien vs. Predator movies.)