

Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom

Palpatine: I would like to call to order the first meeting of the Council of Doom, or "COD" for short.

Mr. Burns: Excellent.

Thrawn: A most promising development.

Desann: We shall crush the Jedi!

George Lucas: I like money!

Palpatine: Our first order of business is to annihilate the Jedi and enslave the galaxy. Monty will be in charge of the money.

Mr. Burns: Excellent.

Lucas: But...

Palpatine: You can run the entertainment industry, George. Thrawn will command the fleet, and Desann...

Desann: Yeeeeees?

Palpatine: You'll be, uh... in charge of the weekly potluck dinner.

Desann: What? This is an **outrage**!

Thrawn: Is it OK if I bring potato salad every week?

Desann: NO! Your potato salad is an **insult** to the glory of the Empire!

Mr. Burns: I'll just bring a bag of ice.

Desann: That is **intolerable**!

Mr. Burns: Eh, wot? Have you seen the price of ice lately? It's nearly two cents a ton!

Lucas: I love potlucks! I'll whip up a few prequels for next week.

Palpatine: Please, George, not again.

Desann: Besides, prequels aren't even a food item. Why won't you people meet me halfway?

Palpatine: Maybe because you're an alien.

Desann: But... Thrawn's also an alien!

Thrawn: Yes, but at least I'm humanoid. You, on the other hand, look like a kowakian monkey-lizard on steroids.

Palpatine: Can we get to the matter at hand?

Thrawn: Which is?

Palpatine: Destroying the Jedi Order!

Thrawn: Hmm... this will require tact and subtlety.

Desann: I say we go to the Jedi Temple **right now** and exterminate the lot of them!

Thrawn: No, no, you've got it all wrong. The proper strategy is to infiltrate and subvert.

Lucas: Bo-ring!

Mr. Burns: What if we bought them out?

Thrawn: And how do you propose to do that?

Mr. Burns: It's quite simple, really. We build a giant device to block out Coruscant's sun in the vicinity of the Jedi Temple. Their property values will plummet, leaving them no choice but to sell it to us.

Desann: And then we destroy them!

Mr. Burns: Yes, I suppose we could do that.

Thrawn: No, no, that's not nearly complex enough. Now, if only we could attach some cloaking devices to asteroids, or-

Lucas: What if we retconned them out of existence?

Everyone stares at Lucas.

Palpatine: That... just might work.

Thrawn: How would we go about altering canon at will?

Lucas: I don't know. There's some guy at the office who handles all that.

Meanwhile, at LucasArts HQ:

Troy Denning: Hey, me and Karen are going to kill off half the Solo/Skywalker family. Got any problems with that?

Clerk: Nope.

Troy: 'K, bye.

Back at the CoD:

Palpatine: All right... any other ideas?

Desann: I say we-

Thrawn: Yes, we know – crush, destroy, annihilate, blah, blah, blah, and so on and so forth.

Palpatine: Unless you have an idea on how to solve our little Jedi problem, I don't want to hear another word from any of you!

Everyone is silent.

Palpatine: Well? No ideas? None at all? How about you, Thrawn?

Thrawn: We could try bluffing them.

Palpatine: Not good enough. Any other ideas?

Mr. Burns: We could build more superweapons.

Palpatine: Explain.

Mr. Burns: Well, the Death Stars might have failed, but maybe if we built something even less practical...

Palpatine: I like it.

Mr. Burns: Excellent.

Palpatine: I'll see you all next week when we'll discuss the Imperial Stormtrooper Marksmanship Academy. And I expect all of you to bring something for the potluck.

Desann: I **demand** it!

Palpatine: You are dismissed.

Palpatine and George Lucas remain while the other members of the Council file out of the room.

Palpatine: Yes?

Lucas: I just got an idea for a movie. OK, you know Indiana Jones? I was thinking we could have him fight bigfoot!

Palpatine: Huh?

Lucas: Yeah! Or a mermaid! A mermaid bigfoot!

Palpatine: But... it would have no feet.

Lucas: What if it was an **alien** mermaid bigfoot?

Palpatine: Please get out of my office.