

## Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom, Part II: Fyyar At Will

Palpatine: Let's see... what's on the agenda this week?

Desann: The rebels' **imminent demise!**

Palpatine: Yes, yes, we know. Perhaps we should start by introducing our newest member. She's one of the most distinguished members of the Imperial fleet.

Daala: It's an honor.

Thrawn: There's only enough room on this Evil Council for one admiral.

Daala: Shove it, blue boy.

*Thrawn raises an eyebrow in disbelief.*

Thrawn: What... did you...

Palpatine: I believe this week we were going to discuss the Imperial Stormtrooper Marksmanship Academy.

Daala: Waste of money.

Lucas: I like money.

Thrawn: Are you still here?

Desann: We should invest in shadowtroopers instead.

Thrawn: Shadowtroopers?

Desann: Stormtroopers with lightsabers. And black armor. It will be **awesome**.

Daala: We should build more superweapons instead.

Palpatine: Ooh, good idea. You could learn a lot from her, Thrawn.

Thrawn: I swear, one of these days I'm going to kill that shutta.

Palpatine: What was that?

Thrawn: Nothing... nothing at all.

Desann: What kind of superweapons shall we build? I already have a name picked out, but no ideas.

Daala: I was thinking of lasers that turn metal into crystal.

Thrawn: You can't be serious.

Desann: We could put them on a ship and call it the **Doomgiver**. Because it is the **giver** of **doom**.

Palpatine: I like it.

Thrawn: But... but the concept is terrible!

Palpatine: Quiet, Thrawn. You're past your prime.

Thrawn: No! I won't stand for this! I'll create my own plan!

Daala: Then let's hear it.

Thrawn: How about... we send a fleet into the Unknown Regions to secretly construct bases in preparation for a surprise attack on the rebels? It could be our ace in the hole in case they succeed in wresting a significant portion of the galaxy from us.

Palpatine: Why would we do that?

Desann: Bah! I've had enough of these calls for subtlety and secrecy! Let us rain **doom** upon the heads of our **doomed** enemies!

Palpatine: See, Thrawn? Why can't you be reasonable like Desann here?

Thrawn: I'm trying! Can't you see that we can't defeat the rebels through sheer force?

Palpatine: That's the kind of pessimism that will get you fired.

Thrawn: But-

Palpatine: I've had enough of your insolence! Daala, you are now in charge of Thrawn's command.

Thrawn: What will I do?

Palpatine: You can take command of the Dark Force.

Thrawn: The Dark Force was lost on its maiden voyage.

Palpatine: Precisely. If you can find it, you can have it.

Desann: Ha! Your career is **doomed**!

Lucas: I'm singing the doom song now!

Thrawn: Look what you're done.

Lucas: Doom doom, doom doom-doom, doom doom doom doom! Doom doom-doom, doom doom-doom! Doom doom doom-doom, doom!

Palpatine: Let's move this discussion to a place with less... singing.

*Admiral Galak Fyyar walks onto the bridge of a star destroyer.*

Communications Officer (Officer #1): Admiral Fyyar!

Gunnery Officer (Officer #2): Fire!

*The deck vibrates slightly as the destroyer's heavy turbolasers fire.*

Officer #1: Communication for you, Admiral Fyyar.

Officer #2: Fire!

Palpatine: Admiral Fyyar-

Officer #2: Fire!

Palpatine: -we would like to relocate the Council of Doom to your flagship.

Fyyar: I would be honored. When will this take place?

Palpatine: Immediately. Why do you ask?

Fyyar: My children are visiting. Come over here!

*Fyyar's children walk over to the comm. station.*

Fyyar: Here are my children – Fyyar #1-

Officer #2: Fire #1!

Fyyar: Fyyar #2-

Officer #2: Fire #2!

Fyyar: And Fyyar #3.

Officer #2: Fire #3!

Palpatine: I see that you named them with admirable efficiency, Admiral. I hope that the next generation of Fyyars-

Officer #2: Fire!

Palpatine: -will live up to your example.

Fyyar: Yes, well, I try to keep things as efficient as possible. Just this morning, I had no choice but to fire-

Officer #2: Fire!

Fyyar: -a pilot who did not meet standards.

Palpatine: What happened?

Fyyar: He got drunk and started a fire-

Officer #2: Fire!

Fyyar: -in the fire-

Officer #2: Fire!

Fyyar: -control center.

Palpatine: All right. We'll be there in ten minutes. Palpatine out.

Fyyar: Fyyar out.

Officer #2: Fire!

Officer #1: No, you fool! He's not saying "fire!"

Officer #2: Fire!

Officer #1: Fyyar-

Officer #2: Fire!

Officer #1: -isn't ordering you to fire!

Officer #2: Fire!

Officer #1: Fyyar was talking about firing a guy who started a fire in the fire control center!

Officer #2: Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

Officer #1: I've had enough of this! Admiral!

Fyyar: I'm going to the shuttle bay to meet the Emperor.

*A monitor in the security station shows Palpatine's shuttle landing in the star destroyer. Fyyar walks into the bay. A group of stormtroopers stands at attention.*

Stormtrooper #3: Admiral Fyyar on deck!

Officer #2: Fire on that deck!

Officer #1: You fool! Why would we fire on our own ship?

Officer #2: You heard him! Fire!

Officer #1: What? No! Fyyar is there!

Officer #2: So you agree. Fire!

Officer #1: It's not even possible for our turbolasers to hit our own ship! It's basic design!

Officer #2: It's worse than we thought. We must be sabotaged!

Officer #1: The ship is **designed** that way.

Officer #2: Well, it's a poor design.

Officer #1: You're saying it should be possible for us to shoot down our own ship.

Officer #2: Yes.

Officer #1: You're an idiot.

*Due to their argument, the two don't notice the squadron of x-wings approaching the destroyer.*

Officer #2: But you're not denying what I said.

Officer #1: It should be evident that letting our guns target our own shuttle bay is just plain stupid.

Officer #3: Sir, we need a firing solution on those fighters.

Officer #2: Not now. I'm discussing something important!

Officer #3: But-

Officer #2: Not now!

*The x-wings fire their proton torpedoes, destroying the bridge. The explosion is felt in the shuttle bay.*

Palpatine: What was that?

Fyyar: Nothing important, I'm sure.

Desann: I hope you all brought something for the potluck.

Daala: I made brownies!

Desann: Truly, you are a legend in your own time.

Thrawn: Are we **ever** going to get anything done?