

Andrew: Are you ready, kids?

You: Aye aye, author!

Andrew: I can't hear you!

You: **Aye aye, author!**

Andrew: Ohhhhhhhhhhh, who lives in a palace of darkness obscene?

Audience: Council of Doom!

Andrew: They're planning and plotting nefarious schemes!

Audience: Council of Doom!

Andrew: If bickering morons be something you wish.

Audience: Council of Doom!

Andrew: Then just point your browser right over to [this](#)!

Audience: Council of Doom!

All: Council of Doom! Council of Doom! Council of Doom!

Andrew: Counciliiiiilll of Doooooooooooooom!

Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom, Part VIII: Reboot

Andrew: Hey, this is your friendly neighborhood author! Anyway, I think I jumped the shark about two parts ago, so I've decided to do a reboot of PECoD. Let's do this. LEEROY JEEEEEEENKIIIIINS!!!

Palpatine: This is different.

Boba: What... what happened? I'm alive?

Palpatine blasts Fett with Sith lightning.

Boba: Come on! Why are you guys always ragging on me?

Thrawn: Perhaps because you just said "ragging."

Boba: Do you think I **asked** to be turned into the object of Traviss' obsession? I'm a victim as much as anyone else!

Darth Binks: Mesa knowin' what it feel like to be muy hated character! Thatsa why mesa turned to da Dark Side.

Palpatine: Yes. You will serve me well in the upcoming battles. In fact, I think I have a use for you, as well, Fett.

Boba: R... really?

Palpatine: Yes.

Thrawn: No hard feelings about killing you again?

Boba: I guess not. It happens to me on a regular basis, anyway.

Fett is run over by a wagon fulla pancakes.

Boba: Help! Mando down!

Palpatine: All right, I've had enough of this. George! You know what to do!

Lucas: Re-release the movies with pointless CGI thrown in so the original special effects look ridiculous?

Palpatine: No, you fool! Use your retcon beam to restore Fett to his proper awesomeness!

Lucas: Ohh. Okie-dokie!

George Lucas zaps Fett with his retcon beam.

Boba: I feel different somehow.

Palpatine: This is your first step into a larger world.

Desann: Bah! Enough of this boring drudgery! It's downright tediously uninteresting! I say we destroy something!

Darth Binks: Did wesa say yousa could be talkin'?

Desann: Silence, or I shall destroy you with destructive destruction!

Palpatine: George? One more favor?

Desann is struck by the retcon beam.

Desann: Righto, gents. As I was saying, it would be most satisfying to engage in a bout of senseless mayhem. What say you, ol' chaps?

Thrawn: I think I'm beginning to tolerate you.

Palpatine motions to one of his royal guards.

Palpatine: Hey, crayola! Get us some pizza!

Desann: And crumpets!

Boba: Crumpets are for wimps! Real men eat the raw flesh of their fallen enemies!

Traviss: Oh, Boba, you're so-

Boba: Shut up!

Darth Binks: Now, wesa gotta come up with a plan for stopping da rebels, muy-muy.

Desann: Naval superiority is the route to go. If we control the hyperspace lanes, we can strangle rebel finances and starve them into oblivion.

Thrawn: That's... a decent plan, actually.

Boba: Where's the part where we go in and kick some rebel shebs?

Darth Binks: There be plenty of chances for that.

Boba: Excellent. My disruptor rifle hasn't seen use in a while.

Palpatine: No! Bad Fett! No disintegrations!

Lucas: Where's that pizza?

The royal guard is on the phone.

Borg drone: This is Pizza Borg. You will be assimilated by our low prices, adapted to service your choice of toppings and sauces!

Royal Guard: I **said**, I want three large pepperoni pizzas!

Borg drone: Would you like to hear about our new deal on-

Royal Guard: NO! I JUST WANT THE FREAKIN' PIZZA! SHUT UP ABOUT YOUR STUPID SALES!

Borg drone: Resistance is futile. And so is turning down a two-liter of Coke for only two dollars more.

Royal Guard: Fine, whatever! Now deliver the pizza on the double, or my master will kill me!

Borg drone: Have your currency ready. We will add your monetary distinctiveness to our own, to service our business plan.

Back in the conference room:

Boba: Can I at least disintegrate them a little? It's part of my code of honor.

Thrawn: You have a code of honor?

Boba: It's strange, but it's a code nonetheless. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to bathe in the blood of the innocent.

Closing theme:

<http://spacewars.50webs.com/random.wav>