

Space Wars
Episode IV: There Is No Hope

Original Concept: George Lucas
Space Wars Concept: Ryan Clough
Story: Andrew Erickson

A long time ago...

...in a galaxy that may or may not be close to this one...

...because it all depends on your perception of space...

...as well as which dimensions you have access to...

...but, according to Stephen Hawking it's all a moot point...

...because black holes are going to kill us all anyway...

Against a Starfield, War Drums Pound into the Abyss as the title crawl is displayed.

SPACE WARS

EPISODE IV THERE IS NO HOPE

IT'S A PERIOD OF GALACTIC WAR.
THE REBELLIOUS ONES HAVE JUST
WON THEIR FIRST VICTORY OVER
THE EVIL GALACTIC CORPORATION.

DURING THE WAR, SPIES MANAGED TO
STEAL SECRET PLANS TO THE
CORPORATION'S ULTIMATE WEAPON,
THE KILL SUN, AN ARMORED SPACE
STATION THAT IS COMPLETELY
INVULNERABLE EXCEPT FOR ONE SMALL
AND RELATIVELY INACCESSIBLE WEAK
SPOT.

PURSUED BY THE CORPORATION'S
SINISTER AGENTS, PRINCESS LEIA
RACES HOME ABOARD HER STARSHIP,
CARETAKER OF THE STOLEN BLUEPRINTS
THAT CAN SAVE THE GALAXY...

*Aboard the Tentative IV, a rebel strike ship that looks feeble
compared to the Star Killer shooting at it.*

C3PO: Oh dear. I think they've shut down the main reactor.

R2D2: [Beeps.]

C3PO: Fusion, obviously. Wait...do you hear that?

There are welding noises behind a nearby door. Everything is quiet for a few seconds, and then the door explodes inward, decapitating C3PO.

R2D2: *[Beeps.] Subtitle: Good riddance! He whined.*

Ever the famous Star Wars scene, Darth Vader appears

Darth Vader: *[Turns toward a Storm Trooper.] I want you to search the ship for internal combustion engines. Take no prisoners. [Thinks for a moment.] Actually, try to capture the princess. I have a feeling she's the only human on this ship who's not going to get red-shirted.*

The stormtroopers salute, then begin searching the ship.

Suddenly, rebels dash into the corridor and begin firing. The stormtroopers respond, and both sides shoot at each other for a while without hitting anything. Finally Darth Vader steps in.

Darth Vader: *Enough! [Whispering to himself.] I knew we shouldn't have cut funding for the marksmanship academy.*

Vader chokes the rebels to death, and the stormtroopers begin searching the ship. Now, with the rising chords of Leia's theme playing in the background, we see Leia searching for a place to hide, but the dastardly stormtroopers, in a rare moment of competence, spot her as she gives the Kill Sun plans to R2.

Stormtrooper #1: *Quick! Set your phasers...er...blasters, to stun! It's impossible to miss that way!*

Stormtrooper #2 sets his weapon to stun, takes aim, and accidentally shoots another Stormtrooper (Stormtrooper #3).

Stormtrooper #1: *Give me that! [Aims and - surprise! - actually hits Leia.]*

The troopers take Leia to Darth Vader, who begins questioning her about the plans.

Darth Vader: *Where are those plans?*

Leia: *I don't have any plans. This is a diplomatic ship.*

Darth Vader: *Oh, please. Not only do we know that the rebels sent you the plans, but it was your ship that shot first!*

Leia: What? You came out of hyperspace, demanded that we allow ourselves to be boarded, and then started shooting at us!

Darth Vader: *[To one of the troopers.]* Retcon - the rebels fired first.

Stormtrooper #3: Yes, sir. *[The trooper raises a walkie-talkie, which only seconds earlier had been a blaster rifle.]*

Darth Vader: *[Louder, to all of them.]* Take her away!

The stormtroopers drag Leia into the docking bay of the Star Killer, with her shouting and protesting all the way.

Stormtrooper #3: *[Worried]* Sir, this is going to increase dissent in the Corporate Congress. Are you sure this is wise?

Darth Vader: She is our only way to find the hidden rebel base. Besides, they're Congressmen. Give them some pork and they'll cooperate.

Stormtrooper #3: Yes, Lord Vader.

Darth Vader: Oh, by the way?

Stormtrooper #3: Yes?

Darth Vader: You have failed me for the last time. *Raises hand.*

Stormtrooper #3: Actually, I think we did quite a good job of capturing the sh- *Urk!*

Darth Vader chokes the unfortunate stormtrooper, then allows him to fall to the floor dead. At the lower-right corner of the screen, a counter appears:

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 1

However, R2 has managed to find the escape pods. He launches into space, but is being monitored by the Corporate Star Killer.

Bridge Technician: The rebel ship just launched an escape pod, sir. Sensors show no life forms aboard. Should we blast it?

Bridge Officer: Nah. We only have enough power left for fifteen thousand shots with the ion cannons. We'd better conserve our ammunition.

Bridge Technician: It should take only one shot to destroy it.

Bridge Officer: Don't you understand? This is the Corporation!
We never destroy anything with just one shot!

The escape pod has landed on the nearby desert planet of Tatooine. The door on the escape pod opens and R2 rolls out into the vast desert.

R2D2: *[Rotates his dome, sweeping the desert for signs of life, beeps in frustration.]* Subtitle: Great. I just had to land on a planet with no intelligent life.

Luke: *[Far off in the distance, Luke's shouting can barely be heard.]* Aunt Beru! Someone stole one of our moisture vaporators!

R2D2: *[Beeps.]* Subtitle: Even worse - they're moisture farmers!

R2 heads in the general direction of the shouts - and right into a little valley where the Jawas have set up an ambush. An ion blast incapacitates R2, who lets out a shrill cry, and the minuscule Jawas scamper out from behind rocks, picking up R2 and carrying him to their sandcrawler.

Once they arrive at the sandcrawler, the Jawas attach a restraining bolt to R2, then load him into the vehicle. In the interior of the sandcrawler, R2 sees a junk heap made up of droid parts. He then hears a familiar voice...

C3PO: Oh, thank goodness you're here R2! I thought I was doomed. Doomed! Dooooooooooooo-

R2D2: *[Beeps a question.]*

C3PO: The Corporates recovered my body after the battle, and apparently took it with them when they landed here. The Jawas bought me and repaired me, fortunately with only limited loss of functionality! Furthermore, I- *[Shuts off for seemingly no reason.]*

R2D2: *[Beeps.]* Subtitle: He's narcoleptic now?

The scene changes to stormtroopers inspecting the crashed escape pod.

Stormtrooper #1: Wow, it's hot here.

Stormtrooper #2: It's the desert planet, you idiot.

Stormtrooper #1: The idiot is whoever thought it would be a good idea to colonize this place. We're probably spending more than the entire planetary GDP on this one search!

Stormtrooper #2: Yeah. Moisture farmers. What the heck does a moisture farmer do, anyway? I mean, how do you plant moisture?

Stormtrooper #4: Why do they call this planet "Heatstroke 451," anyway?

Stormtrooper #2: Because it's the four hundred fifty first waterless rockball in an unstable orbit in a binary system that they've surveyed.

Stormtrooper #4: *[Gasping.]* The...the heat! Arrrrrrrgh!

The unfortunate trooper collapses.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 2

Stormtrooper #1: So that's how this planet got its name!

Meanwhile, back at the sandcrawler:

Uncle Owen: We're lookin' for a droid to help with moisture farmin'.

Jawa: *[Jibbers something.]*

Uncle Owen: See, we have this problem every year. I can't understand a word you're sayin'!

C3PO: I can translate. I am fluent in over...forty forms of communication? And thirty of them are archaic? What did those Jawas do to me?

Uncle Owen: Can you moisture farm?

C3PO: Probably. The odds of my being capable of agricultural functions are- *[C3PO shuts off.]*

R2: *[Beeps.] Subtitle:* Never tell him the odds.

Uncle Owen: I'll buy 'im.

Luke: Well, what about that astromech?

Uncle Owen: Now what'll we do with an astromech, boy?

Luke: Race it through Homeless Canyon?

Uncle Owen: [*Frustrated.*] Fine. If it'll keep you from whinin' for a day.

Luke: Ten hours.

Uncle Owen: Fifteen.

Luke: I won't go any higher than twelve.

Uncle Owen: Deal.

R2, unimpressed, tries to escape, but one of the Jawas shoots him with the ion blaster.

Back at the Lars Homestead, Luke is trying to clean up the droids.

R2D2: [*Angry Beeps.*] *Subtitle*: Remove my restraining bolt, insolent fool!

Luke: What did he just say?

C3PO: He is expressing discontent with the state of his restraining bolt.

Luke: He's supposed to. They don't call them, uh...fun bolts!

R2D2: [*Beeps a question.*] *Subtitle*: Should I give him a good jolt?

C3PO: [*To Luke*] He is willing to make a deal. You remove the restraining bolt, and he'll show you a holographic message.

Luke: Boring. How about a counter-offer - I don't remove the restraining bolt. Period.

R2D2: [*Beeps indignantly.*]

C3PO: Fine. No more racing through Homeless Canyon.

Luke: What? Fine! I'll remove the restraining bolt.

Luke removes the bolt, and a holographic video suddenly appears.

Leia: Is this thing on? Blast! I knew I should have taken those astromech repair courses! Let's see ... power ... reset ... rockets ... here it is - record!

The hologram turns off.

Luke: What!? Where's the rest of the message? She didn't seriously...

C3P0: It would seem she accidentally stopped the recording. I'm so sorry...

Luke: Who is she anyway? Boy, that body! Brains or no, I'd sure like to get a date with her! I haven't had one since ... well ... ever.

R2D2: *[Beeps.] Subtitle: You can't be serious...*

A woman's voice can be heard in the distance.

Beru: Luke! Time for dinner!

Luke: *[Hands the restraining bolt to Threepieeo.]* See if there are any other accidental recordings of that chick... *[Leaves the room.]*

We first see the dining room area, where Luke, Beru, and Owen (Lars that is, not Wilson) are talking.

Luke: C'mon! I wanna go to the acadamy! Pleeeeeeeeese?

Uncle Owen: But I need you for another season! I have a feeling that we'll have a bumper moisture crop next year.

Luke: That's what you've been saying for the last two years! I can't think of a time we *have* had a good crop!

Uncle Owen: You can go next year, I promise.

Luke, sulking, leaves the room.

Aunt Beru: You can't keep him here forever. Let him go to the academy.

Uncle Owen: I can keep him here forever. That stupid old man stuck me with that whiny kid almost twenty years ago! I wanted to move to Coruscant! If I have to be miserable, I think that he should be miserable with me.

Aunt Beru: [*Sighs.*] And I suppose you want to droids to be miserable, too.

Uncle Owen: You bet. I don't like the look of that astromech. I think he's plannin' something.

Later, Owen is checking the moisture vaporators.

Uncle Owen: Drier than a bleached bantha bone.

In the background, we see R2 rolling into the garage, dragging pieces of a landspeeder engine behind him.

Lars: [*Looking at the sand.*] That darn droid gone missin'.

Beru: Wasn't Luke supposed to take the droids to Mos Eisley for memory wipes?

Lars: That's what they wanted us to think. [*Procures a shotgun.*] We're goin' droid huntin'. [*Cocks the shotgun.*]

Jawa: [*Jitters something.*] *Subtitle*: Would you like to buy a moisture vaporator?

Lars: No! [*Shoots the Jawa. To himself,*] And they think they're so hot when it comes to business negotiations.

In the garage, Luke is trying to start the landspeeder to pursue R2.

Luke: Start, darn you!

The landspeeder sputters and makes all sorts of defective car sounds.

C3PO: [*Lifting the hood.*] Well here's your problem. It would seem that this landspeeder is missing an engine.

Luke: We'll just have to use the backup engine.

Cut to the desert, where the landspeeder is moving along at a snail's pace.

Luke: Push faster!

C3PO: Oh, dear...

Eventually, our whiny farmhand (er, hero) gets on R2's trail.

Luke: Looks like he stopped here.

C3PO: *[Stranded on a far-away dune.]* I wonder if he realizes he's been coasting for the last three kilometers.

Luke begins searching for R2. He trips.

Luke: Oh. R2! Uh, that was quick. So...let's...just...go?

C3PO: I'm coming, master Luke!

A robed figure leaps in front of Luke!

Luke: Aaaaaaa! Sand people!

Klingon #1: I'm not a Tuskan, I'm a Klingon!

Luke: Aren't you supposed to be on the Star Trek set?

Klingon #1: You mean this isn't Star Trek?

Luke: Afraid not. This is Space Wars.

Klingon #2: I told you! We're supposed to be on the set of Star Trek XII: The Search for Scotty!

Luke: *[Pointing.]* That way.

Klingon #1: Ohhh. C'mon, let's get a bantha.

Luke: Can I have one? My landspeeder isn't working.

Klingon #2: Sure. Why not?

Obi Wan: Did I miss my cue? *[Walks out from behind a rock outcropping.]* Oh, great! You didn't even attack the boy yet!

Luke: What?

Obi Wan: Never mind. Just take me to your house and I can explain everything!

Luke: You're just a crazy old hermit!

Obi Wan: Eeveeeerrryyythiiiiiiiing.

Luke: Even the girl?

Obi Wan: Uh...sure, kid.

Luke: Deal!

At the homestead, they dismount their bantha, which has the landspeeder in tow. Lars watches proudly.

Luke: This crazy old hermit followed me home. Can I keep him? Pleasepleaseplease?

Lars: Fine. I'm just glad it's not another rancor. *[Looks at the bantha.]* Hey, how about we harvest that there bantha?

Cut to a pile of wet fur on the ground.

Lars: What did I tell you? Bumper moisture crop!

Cut to the inside of the homestead, where Luke is eager to learn more about the holorecording.

Luke: So, what was that about the girl?

Obi Wan: I made no promises.

Luke: Yes you did!

Obi Wan: Perhaps...from a certain point of view.

Luke: So, you don't actually know anything.

Obi Wan: I know that your father fought in the Really Big War.

Luke: What?

Obi Wan: Clone Wars. Whatever. It was some war. Give me a break, kid; I'm half-senile.

R2D2: *[Beeps at Obi Wan, sounding aggravated.]*

Obi Wan: What? That recording? Right. Thanks. *[To Luke.]* Your talking trashcan just reminded me of the recording.

Luke: He's not a trashcan. He's an astromech!

Obi Wan: Whatever! I don't care. Just get rid of the thing. There's no use for something like that. I mean, it's a can on legs. Man, these droids give me the willies - which reminds me of this long, long, long, long, story. Now sit down. It was about forty years ago on the Kessel Run-

Luke: He says he found the recording.

Leia: Here's the deal: I'm a princess in dire circumstances - not to imply I'm a damsel in distress, by the way. As the person viewing this recording, your job is to rescue me. As a reward, you'll get whatever you want.

A flurry of small print flies across the recording. "Produced by Endangered Women Who Don't Fit the Stereotype of Damsels in Distress Studios" a voiceover says

Luke: Wow! A princess! But what was all that other stuff?

Obi Wan: I think there's more.

Leia: By the way, this message is meant for Obi Wan Kenobi. If you're watching this now, Obi Wan, I'm sorry I couldn't just send you a phone call or something, but Heatstroke has really bad coverage! I have to go now. Remember - you're my only hope. *[Whispering.]* I'm doomed.

Luke: Wow! A princess! Let's go save her!

Obi Wan: We will need transportation.

Luke: You mean she's not in Mos Eisley?

Obi Wan: I'm afraid not.

Luke: Or even this planet?

Obi Wan: That would be highly unlikely.

Luke: So, what should we do?

Obi Wan: Let's go to Mos Eisley, get drunk, and hire the first loveable rogue we come across!

Luke: But I'm below the legal age...

Obi Wan: But first, here's something far more dangerous than mere alcohol!

Luke: Deathsticks?

Obi Wan: I suppose you could call it that...from a certain point of view.

Luke: You're going to keep saying that, aren't you?

Obi Wan: You bet. Now close your eyes.

Luke complies, and hears that snap-hiss familiar to all Star Wars fans.

Obi Wan: Now open them.

Luke: AAAAAAAAAAGH! What's that? Get it away!

Obi Wan: Oh, please. It's just a lightsaber.

Luke: You almost gave me a heart attack!

Obi Wan: You wimp! I've survived more than a dozen over the years. It's been awhile since I've had my hands on one of these. Watch this!

Obi Wan takes a swipe at the landspeeder, cutting off a chunk of it.

Obi Wan: I've still got it!

Luke: *[Groans.]* My ride!

As they prepare to leave, the screen fades and the landscape changes to a desolate wasteland. Undulating dunes dominate the background. A lone figure shuffles onscreen.

C3PO: I'm coming, master Luke!

Our heroic trio manages to make it to Mos Eisley in their run-down landspeeder. However, our favorite stormtroopers have set up a roadblock...

Stormtrooper #1: Halt! We're searching for a pair of droids.

Obi Wan: As you can plainly see, there is only one droid here.

Stormtrooper #1: Hmm...that's a good point. Would you mind if we searched your landspeeder?

Luke: Of course I would!

Stormtrooper #2: I think he's hiding something.

A mysterious thumping sound comes from the speeder's trunk. Luke looks over his shoulder nervously.

Stormtrooper #1: You always say they're hiding something!

Stormtrooper #2: What about those Wookiees?

Stormtrooper #1: I keep telling you, Wookiee-ookiees are not biological weapons!

Stormtrooper #2: What, just because they gave you some? And I suppose that Twi'lek was completely innocent, too?

The thumping sound continues.

Luke: *[Whispering over his shoulder.]* Quiet!

Obi Wan: Can we just move along now?

Stormtrooper #1: Yeah, yeah, whatever.

Luke: That was easy. Was that some trick you learned in isolation?

Obi Wan: It's called the Really Big Power. It pervades all life and is caused by a universal energy field.

Obvious Voice-Over: I mean, midichlorians.

Luke: What?

Obi Wan: It's true. By tapping into this energy field-

Obvious Voice-over: I mean, having a high midichlorian count-

Obi Wan: *[Irritated.]* That's not what I mean at all! *[To Luke]* I sense that you are strong in the Really Big Power.

Luke: How?

Obi Wan: With this Star Trek-type scanner. Watch. *[Opens a scanner that looks like it came from the prop department of The Search for Scotty.]* Dang thing must be broken. It says that your Really Big Power sensitivity is caused by some kind of bugs in your bloodstream.

Obivous Voice-over: Shut up, old man!

Obi Wan: Pardon me?

George Lucas: *[Runs up to the landspeeder.]* Now what's the big deal here? Midichlorians are the best thing since Jar Jar Binks!

There's an awkward pause...

Obi Wan: It's an energy field.

Obvious Voice-over: Agreed.

Luke: Glad we got that cleared up.

They pull up to a cantina. Horribly off-key music can be heard. Luke opens the trunk. C3PO is inside.

C3PO: Oh, Master Luke, it was dreadful in there. I've never-

Obi-Wan: Like I care. *[To Himself.]* Curse this music! I've never heard a more wretched hum of Skive and Villany.

Luke: Huh?

Obi Wan: It's an old spacer tune. Your father taught it to me. Stupid kids and their stupid music. *[They enter the cantina.]* See? That's what you get for hiring Bith musicians!

Every Bith in the cantina stops playing and turns to stare at Obi-Wan.

Obi Wan: Uhh...what I really meant was, Sith musicians! Yeah, that's it!

Darth Revan: Take that back!

Obi Wan: You're non-canonical!

Darth Revan: Tell that to my lightsaber!

Obi Wan: You know what? What I actually meant was Klingon musicians.

The offended parties calm down.

Klingon #1: And after we gave them a bantha!

Klingon #2: Still, they're better than Spock. "Logical," this, and "logical," that. We should just tell Roddenbury to *[Mutters something in Klingon.]*

Klingon #1: Careful. That's the Romulan ale speaking.

Luke, Obi-Wan, and R2 search the cantina for someone to take them off-planet. In the background we can see an American astronaut in a fight with a Soviet cosmonaut, numerous sci-fi characters, a Gungan head mounted on the wall (its tongue pointed in some odd angle), and several Kotor characters and a white-armored Darth Vader (Star Wars Infinities: Return of the Jedi) sitting in the "non-canon" section.

Cantina Patron #1: Sorry, but they don't allow droids in here.

R2: *[Beeps.]* Subtitle Isn't discriminating against droids a hate crime?

Obi Wan: No. It's legal to discriminate against droids, Gungans, and Ewoks.

R2: *[Beeps angrily and leaves.]*

Obi Wan: Now, let's find someone who can get us off this worthless rockball.

We now see the real reason everyone's come to see this movie - Han Solo, lovable rogue and scruffy nerf-herder!

Han: I keep telling you, I don't have the money! I have student loans to pay off, you know.

Greedo: *[Subtitle.]* Oh well. I suppose I'll just kill you now and steal your ship.

Han: This would be a lot easier if I understood Rodian.

They sit still for a moment before George Lucas' voice shouts an order from off-camera.

George Lucas: Greedo shoots first!

Greedo fires his blaster at Han, but misses. He then fires a flurry of shots until the blaster's power pack is depleted. He pulls out another one and starts blazing away with it, too, hitting a waitress and a Gungan. Han calmly raises his own blaster, slowly takes aim, and shoots a Klingon.

Han: Uh - Greedo did it!

The two continue shooting, missing each other despite being only about three feet away from each other.

Han: Dang. Out of ammo. Time for plan W.

Chewie clubs Greedo in the back of the head with a bar stool. Greedo is sent sprawling onto the table.

Han: Plan Wookiee - works like a charm.

Obi Wan: *[Pointing to Han.]* How about that one?

Luke: OK. I'll just wait at the bar.

Obi Wan: Hello, there. I seek passage off-planet.

Han: Then you found the right man. I made the Kessel run in twelve parsecs.

Obi Wan: Isn't a parsec a measure of distance?

Han: Uh...yeah...it's a relativity thing. You wouldn't understand.

Obi Wan: Actually, I used to be something of a pilot myself.

Han: Then you should know how precarious the transportation situation is right now. You know, what with Rebels and the authorities shooting up the space lanes. But I'll take you to, let's say, Alderaan for twelve thousand credits.

Obi Wan: Six thousand.

Han: Look behind you.

Obi Wan turns around to see Chewie poised with another stool.

Han: Ten thousand. At least.

Obi Wan: Very well. We have reached an understanding. Here's my counter offer.

Obi wan raises his hand and a bar stool levitates over Han's head.

Han: Let's see...what do you get if you average ten and six...

Obi Wan: Four.

Han: Deal!

Meanwhile, Luke is minding his own business at the bar...

Alien #1: And I say that electro-magnetics can play a role in orbital mechanics!

Alien #2: You're not suggesting that Einstein is wrong, are you? Everyone knows that gravity is caused by curves in the space-time continuum.

Alien #1: The space-time continuum is your answer to everything.

Luke: Uh, isn't gravity caused by tiny particles called gravitons?

Alien #1: Particle physics has been dead for years!

Stephen Hawking: If I might butt in here...

Alien #1: Aww, what do you know?

Stephen Hawking: More than you would think...

Alien #2: And just what do you have to say?

Stephen Hawking: I believe that black holes are involved in some way.

Cut to Hawking getting kicked out of the cantina.

Stephen Hawking: Why does this always happen to me?

Back inside...

Alien #2: Besides, gravity is instantaneous throughout the entire universe. You can't go faster than the speed of light! You just can't!

Luke: You can in this movie!

Alien #1: Riiiiight.

Alien #2: Wormholes don't count!

Obi Wan: And I say you're all wrong! *[Obi Wan ignites his lightsaber and slices off one of the alien's arms.]* It's actually caused by the Really Big Power!

Luke: I don't know. How exactly does this power work? Because if it's really caused by midichlorians, then-

Obi Wan: Don't make me cut off your arm, too.

Han: Uh, not to rush you, but we should be leaving now.

Obi Wan: Show us to your ship, then.

Han: Great. You're going to love it. Fastest ship in the galaxy. Just come this way - it's in Docking Bay 94.

Obi Wan: Wait...I've heard that name before. Isn't that where they stick all the junkers?

Han: You must have misheard them. What they actually meant was, uh...Junkers! They're real popular. You know, Stukas and whatnot.

Obi Wan: Are you kidding? Stukas are obsolescent, incredibly slow pieces of junk!

They enter the hangar.

Luke: Ha! Look at that one!

Han: Yeah, actually...that one's mine. The Millennium Falcon.

Luke: You're...you're kidding, right?

Han: It might not look like much, but it'll get you off-planet.

A chunk of plating falls off the ship.

Han: That's not so bad. It lowers wind resistance. It's part of my preventive maintenance plan.

Obi Wan: I'm well aware that there's no wind resistance in space.

Han: From a certain point of view.

Luke's complaints and Han's excuses are interrupted by a blaster shot that misses everyone completely and hits an Ughnaut instead.

Obi Wan: Stormtroopers!

Luke: How do you know?

Obi Wan: Only stormtroopers are that precise.

Alien #1: Yeah, he's the one that cut off my arm, all right!

Stormtrooper #1: You heard the alien. Get them!

Stormtroopers charge into the docking bay, firing flurries of shots - all of which miss, of course.

Han: Quick! We need to get inside the ship!

Luke: Are you kidding? We're safer out here than in that thing!

Stormtrooper #1: Oh, wait, now I see why these things are so inaccurate! We got the safety confused with the sights! Here, aim it like this. [*Adjusts Stormtrooper #2's aim.*]

Stormtrooper #2: Ohhhhh. Hey, that's much better!

Luke: Run away!

They rush onto the ship, which lifts off and speeds away from Mos Eisley.

Jabba: Ah, everything is right with the world. I don't know why I feel so generous, Bib Fortuna, but I just feel like doing someone a favor. *[Enters the hangar.]* What's this? Someone has shot holes in all my vintage Junkers craft! Who is responsible for this?

Stormtrooper #2: Han Solo!

Jabba: And to think I was going to let him off the hook! I'll get you, Solo! This is personal now!

Stormtrooper #1: So, Jabba, know any good bounty hunters? We could discuss it over some Wookiee-ookiees...

Meanwhile, on board the Millennium Falcon...

Obi Wan: Wimpy kids these days, trying to use their eyes in combat. Here's a helmet. You're going to learn to do this the right way.

Luke: Is this cumbersome helmet really necessary?

Obi Wan activates a remote training droid, which then shoots Luke.

Obi Wan: Absolutely. And that's what you get for asking questions.

Luke: But how am I supposed to protect myself?

Obi Wan: Women's intuition! I mean, the Really Big Power. Just activate your lightsaber and you'll know what to do.

Luke fumbles with the lightsaber before finding the ignition switch.

Luke: Aha! Now to just turn this thing on-

Han: Hey! Watch it!

Luke: Sorry! I thought it was pointing the other way.

Han: Look, Obi Wan, I'm not so sure we should trust his intuition.

Obi Wan: Nonsense. The ability to use the Really Big Power lies in each of us. Through careful training, we can all - whoa!

Luke swings the lightsaber around randomly, trying to hit the remote.

Obi Wan: What are you doing? Turn that thing off!

Luke: But I was just getting the hang of it!

Obi Wan: And to think I was going to say that lightsabers are less random than blasters. You almost gave me a heart attack, boy!

Han: So much for your Really Big Power, huh? I've been all across the galaxy, and I've never seen anything to make me think there's some big force field tying everything together.

Luke: What about the unified field theory?

Han: Bah. That's just a myth.

Obi Wan: Just how old are you, Solo?

Han: I dunno. Mid twenties, early thirties, probably.

Obi Wan: So, you don't remember twenty years ago, when there were thousands of Jedi running around the galaxy, fighting the Confederation?

Han: You ever been hit by a Wookiee? You'll forget what species you are, let alone details from twenty years ago.

Obi Wan: Oh, sure, blame the Wookiee.

Speaking of Wookiees, R2 is playing Dejarik with Chewbacca.

R2: *[Single Beep.]* Subtitle: Check.

Chewie places a piece representing a Star Destroyer on the board.

R2: *[Angry warbling.]* Subtitle: Exploit! Exploit! That piece is overpowered!

Meanwhile, on board the Kill Sun, the Corporation is preparing for a demonstration of its diabolical new weapon.

Tarkin: Where is the rebel base?

Leia: I'll never tell you!

Tarkin: Don't you dare defy the Corporation, or we'll give you the worst hair day of your life!

Leia: Your empty threats are no good against me.

Tarkin: Then maybe you'll be persuaded if we turn the Kill Sun against your homeworld.

Leia: You wouldn't dare.

Tarkin: Where is the rebel base?

Leia: It's...uh...Dantooine. It's on Dantooine.

Tarkin: That's no good for a demonstration of power. I guess we'll blow up your home anyway.

Leia: Wait! I forgot! It's not on Dantooine anymore!

Tarkin: Really? And just where is it now?

Leia: Here, on the Kill Sun!

Tarkin: That's just ridiculous. How are we going to destroy our own superweapon? We need a proper demonstration of power!

Stormtrooper #5: Isn't this fully armed and operation battle station completely invulnerable except for one small and virtually inaccessible weak spot anyway?

Tarkin: Why do you keep calling it that?

Stormtrooper #5: I don't know..."Kill Sun" just seemed kind of lazy. Maybe if you gave it a snappy acronym, like "The Sphere of Justice And Civility, Kindness, And Selfless Service".

Tarkin: Let's see...J, A, C, K, A - you know what? [*Shoots Stormtrooper.*] Just fire the thing!

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 3

Leia: Nooooo!

On the surface of the Kill Sun, six laser beams are fired, converging into a larger one. Except that they go through each other, missing the planet completely.

Tarkin: All right, who was it who decided that we should try to get six laser beams to combine into one huge one? That's not sound engineering! That sounds like something the Gungans would come up with!

Gungan #1: Meesa so sorry, big boss Tarkin, but there-a were-sa some budget cuts, muy muy.

Tarkin: [*Shoots the Gungan.*] Realign the lasers!

Leia watches in horror as the Kill Sun fires on Alderaan, destroying it.

Leia: What kind of idiotic demonstration was that? We didn't have any weapons!

Tarkin: And now you never will.

Leia: What?

Tarkin: It's part of our policy of unilateral disarmament - if we don't like you, we'll unilaterally disarm you! Now take her to the detention block!

Inside a prison cell on the Kill Sun.

Vader: [*Enters.*] So, you won't talk? Perhaps this will ... persuade you.

A black orb floats in. There are various attachments that are supposed to look sinister. On closer inspection, they're all just kitchen utensils.

Leia: Is that...is that a spatula?

Vader: We're very short on interrogation droids, so I had to steal one from the cafeteria staff. Now can we hurry this up? Lunch is in twenty minutes.

On board the Millenium Falcon

Obi Wan: I just felt a disturbance in the Really Big Power.

Luke: A disturbance?

Obi Wan: Yes. Millions cried out in pain, then were suddenly silenced.

Han: Do you have any idea where this distrubance was?

Obi Wan: Right in front of us, actually.

The Falcon drops out of Überspace. To everyone's astonishment, Alderaan is gone!

Luke: What's going on? This doesn't look like a planet!

Han: I don't know what's happening any more than you.

Chewie: *[Growls.]*

Han: Fighters? Go shoot at them, then!

Luke: Are you sure that's a good idea?

Han: I already have more than my share of authorities on my back. A few more won't hurt.

The Falcon recoils from a laser blast.

Han: OK...that hurt...

Obi Wan: What was that? Lasers don't have enough momentum to physically move something!

Han: Then why don't you step out of the ship and tell them that?

Obi Wan: That would be futile. Everyone knows there's no sound in space.

Luke: But I can hear them just fine.

Han: Just shoot them!

Luke goes to a turret and starts blasting away at the TIE Fighters

Luke: I got one!

Han: Shut up! *[Turns to Obi Wan.]* Can't you just use the Really Big Power to stop them?

Obi Wan: From a certain point of view...

The TIEs retreat.

Han: Great. Let's follow them to that moon.

Obi Wan: That's no moon...

Han: And what makes you say that?

Obi Wan: Surely you can see the Corporate emblem emblazoned on the side.

Han: Don't call me Shirley. And you made that word up.

Obi Wan: Just fly us towards that space station.

On board the Kill Sun, Vader gloats.

Vader: That's a job well done. Let's have a beer. *[Raises mug to his mouth - sparks shower everywhere.]* Ahhhhhh... *[Smoke begins pouring from his helmet.]*

Vader leaves to get a new helmet. There's a long, awkward silence.

Tarkin: So...the weather...

Thrawn: Artificial. As always.

Imperial Admiral #1: So, what should our next target be? I say Dantooine.

Imperial Admiral #2: What about Mon Calamari?

Imperial Admiral #1: But that's the galaxy's main source of bottled water! Lord Vader would be furious!

Imperial Admiral #2: Hmm...Coruscant?

Imperial Admiral #1: That's our own capital, you fool!

Vader re-enters the room.

Unfortunate Moff: Now that you're here, I say we turn this superweapon on the rebel base on Yavin IV.

Vader: I say we sit on it and wait for them to come to us.

Unfortunate Moff: Why?

Vader: Don't place too much faith in this technological construct. It pales in comparison to the Really Big Power.

Unfortunate Moff: Oh, here we go again. Listen, you can follow your crazy mysticism, but I prefer - *urk!*

The unfortunate Moff starts choking.

Vader: Mysticism, eh? [*Tightens grip. The Moff falls down dead or unconscious.*]

Unfortunate Moff #2: [*Chuckles.*]

Vader: And what are you laughing at? [*Starts choking the other unfortunate Moff.*]

Unfortunate Moff #3: Actually, he did raise a valid point. Your "Really Big Power" has been unable to conjure up those data tapes...

Vader: Tapes? Tapes? The Really Big Power will make tape obsolete! [*Chokes Unfortunate Moff #3.*]

Minutes later...

Vader: So, it's settled then.

The camera pans to reveal corpses strewn across the room. Vader's victims lie sprawled across the table. Janitors are removing their former superiors.
Vader: [*Points to a janitor.*] You! You there! You're the new highest-ranked person here. That means you're in charge of the Kill Sun.

Janitor: Ha! And everyone said this would be a dead-end job.

Our rebel protagonists are also having problems...

Han: I don't want to panic anyone, but we're caught in a tractor beam. Turns out, that wasn't a moon.

Obi-Wan: Don't act so surprised.

Luke: Quick! Launch the life pods or we're all gonna die!

Han: One, we don't have life pods. Two, where do you think they'd eject to - that planet that's not there anymore?

Luke: What? And just what did you replace the life pods with?

Han: There was a big shipment of illegal pants and we didn't have enough cargo space but were on a really tight deadline...

The tractor beam draws them inside a hangar on the Kill Sun

Han: Don't worry, I have a plan.

Obi Wan: I find that hard to believe.

Han: Would you rather take your chances with those stormtroopers?

Obi Wan: Actually, yes.

Han: Fine. Be that way.

Luke: Uh, I think they're getting ready to board.

Outside the ship, our favorite troopers are preparing to board.

Stormtrooper #1: Don't be such a coward - this is our chance to get that smuggler we missed on Heatstroke.

Stormtrooper #2: I don't know...something doesn't seem right.

Stormtrooper #1: You're the one who was eager to search that speeder. Why are you being cautious now? *[Walks up boarding ramp.]* See? It's safe in here. Now come on.

Stormtrooper #2 reluctantly walks up the ramp and they begin inspecting the ship. Then Han springs his trap.

Han: *[Putting on stormtrooper armor.]* All right, now we just find the princess and I can collect my reward.

Luke: Uh...this armor isn't fitting.

Obi Wan: I hope you remembered to take into account the fact that these are clones, and likely to have highly specialized armor.

Han: Yeah...I was just working on that now...

Chewbacca: *[Growls questioningly.]*

Han: Hey, that's a good idea.

Cut to the hangar. Chewie and Luke are handcuffed and being led by Han in a Stormtrooper costume.

Luke: Why doesn't Obi-Wan have to wear handcuffs?

Han: Because his job is to disable the tractor beam so we can escape.

Luke: Could you at least loosen these things? I'm chafing real bad!

Han: Shut up! We need this to look convincing.

R2D2: *[Beeps.]*

Han: And that goes for you, too. Where's that other droid, anyway?

Cut to the interior of the Falcon, where C3PO is talking with the captured Stormtroopers, who are somehow still wearing stormtrooper gear.

C3PO: Oh, yes, they treated me quite brutally, too. More coffee?

Stormtrooper #1: Thanks.

Stormtrooper #2: You know, I'm sure glad they make us dress in layers. I just wish the armor were higher quality...

Cut back to Han.

Han: *[Shrugs.]* Oh well.

Officer #1: Halt! Where is the other officer we sent to inspect that vessel?

Han: Well, uh, he's busy keeping his eyes on a, um, Code 503. He thinks he can keep a lid on it, though.

Officer #1: Ah, I see. And what about the prisoners?

Han: I figured I'd take them to the detention block for rebel spies.

Officer #1: Very well. You may go about your business. Move along, move along.

Han leads Chewie, Luke, and R2 to the detention area.

Luke: *[Whispering.]* Ow, ow, ow, chafing!

Stormtrooper #6: Oh, good. About time you got here with the prisoners.

Han: Sorry, we got held up.

Chewie breaks free from his handcuffs and grabs the stormtrooper.

Han: Where's the princess' cell?

Stormtrooper #6: I'll never tell you!

Han: Fine. Then we'll just have to throw you in the trash compactor.

Luke: *[Standing over a computer console.]* Actually, I just found out where the princess' cell is.

Han: Good work. Now let's go collect my reward.

Luke: Wait! Aren't you going to uncuff me?

Han: Oh, right. Get on that, Chewie.

Han raises his blaster rifle and starts shooting security cameras. Then he shoots the trooper.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 4

Luke: Now what are you doing?

Han: We can't raise any suspicions about what we're doing here.

Luke: And all the cameras going off isn't suspicious?

Intercom: What's going on in there, TK-421? Why did the security cameras go offline?

Han: Technical difficulties. Lots of them. It's been a bad day.

Intercom: Really? Because the feed from the cameras would seem to indicate that they went offline because you shot them.

Han: Yep. Debugging. The cameras didn't work, so we shot them!

Intercom: I see. Should we send a detachment of troopers to assist you?

Han: Uh, that won't be necessary. Oh, look, we're having problems with our comlinks, too. *[Shoots the intercom.]* All right, kid, let's grab the princess and get out of here!

They run into the hallway where the cells are.

Han: All right, let's start checking.

Luke: *[Opens a cell.]*

Gungan #2: Oh, thank you for-sa saving me!

Luke: *[Punches a button on a control panel, closing the cell door.]* Have you found it yet?

Luke opens another cell. A Toad is in it.

Toad: Sorry, but the princess is in another cell!

Han: Here it is! Cell 1138. *[Opens the cell.]*

Leia: Oh, good, I think I'm getting Stockholm Syndrome!

Han: *[Taking off helmet.]* Sorry, but I'm only in this for the money.

Luke: Did you tell her that Obi-Wan is here?

Leia: Obi-Wan? Where?

Luke: I don't know - he ran off.

Leia: Well, we have to find him!

Han: Great, kid, great. Just when we lose him, you go and do something like this.

Meanwhile, in the conference room...

Vader: He is here.

Tarkin: Who?

Vader: Obi-Wan Kenobi. My old master.

Tarkin: Isn't he dead?

Vader: One would think so. But he isn't. I can feel it in the Really Big Power.

Tarkin: But the Jedi are supposed to be gone. At least, that's what you told the Emperor.

Vader: *[Shuffles and looks down.]*

Tarkin: Ohhhhhh. I'm telling!

Vader: NO!

Intercom: We have an emergency in the detention block. Someone shot all the security cameras.

Tarkin: Check the recordings!

Intercom: Uh... *[Static obscures the rest of the statement.]*

Tarkin: Huh?

Vader: I'll have a Number 2 with jumbo fries.

Tarkin: The detention block - the princess! We need to stop them!

Vader: Let's just do what we always do and throw a whole mess of stormtroopers at 'em.

Tarkin: Good thinking.

In the detention area, things are going from bad to stupid...

Leia: Do you hear that?

A section of hallway explodes, and several troopers emerge from the smoke.

Han: OK - let's go down this hallway.

They run into C-3PO.

Han: Alright, let's go back the other way.

C3PO: I tried to hold them back, Master Luke. Really.

Leia: Whatever your plan is, it's more idiotic than the design for the TIE fighter!

Han: Plan? What plan?

Luke: Just try to find R2. He'll know what's going on.

Han and Chewie are barely holding off the troopers. Leia grabs Luke's blaster.

Leia: Give me that! [*Shoots a grate in the wall next to Han.*]

Han: OK, I get it! I know I'm a bad shot!

Leia: Just follow me! [*She nearly jumps through the hold in the wall.*] Oh, that's the incinerator.

Han: *mumbling* Good thinking.

Another group of troopers emerges at the other end of the hallway.

Stormtrooper #7: There they are! Get 'em!

Leah manages to grab #7's foot and pull him into the incinerator.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 5

Luke: Oh - hey! Let's just go out the main hallway!

Cut to Obi-Wan at the tractor beam.

Stormtrooper #8: Do you hear that?

Stormtrooper #9: What?

Obi-Wan makes a hand motion.

Stormtrooper #8: What did you say about my mother?

Stormtrooper #9: Huh? I didn't say anything!

Stormtrooper #8: Take it back!

Stormtrooper #9: But I didn't say anything!

While the two are arguing, Obi-Wan sneaks up to a control panel and deactivates the tractor beam. Stormtroopers #8 and #9 are wrestling on the ground, and end up plummeting into the abyss below.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 7

Back in the hallway...

Luke: More troopers!

Han: I'll hold 'em off. You and the princess escape!

Han and Chewie charge the stormtroopers.

Stormtrooper #10: Alright, men - fix bayonets!

Han stops and beats a hasty retreat. Meanwhile, Luke is walking across a very narrow bridge spanning a bottomless chasm.

Luke: I just don't get it - no handrails! Who designed this?

Stormtroopers start shooting at him from above - and missing. Luke moves back to the door.

Leia: They're coming down the hall!

Luke: [Shoots door control.]

Stormtrooper #10: There you are!

The door closes, but Stormtrooper #10 manages to clear the door Indiana-Jones style, grabbing a duplicate helmet from under the door. He is still sliding when the bridge falls into the bottom of the chasm.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 8

Leia: We're doomed!

Luke: Wait. I have an idea.

Leia: We're doomed!

Luke pulls out a grappling gun. He aim at the far side of the chasm and fires. The hook latches onto a trooper (Stormtrooper #11), pulling him into the bottomless pit.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 9

Luke: Uh, let me try that again.

He fires, and the hook wraps around a pipe on the far side.

Luke: All right, hold on.

Leia yanks on the gun. The pipe breaks.

Luke: Oh. [*Pulls out his comlink.*] R2! We need a new bridge!

A bridge extends from the other side.

Stormtrooper #12: [*Pointing.*] A bridge! Stop it! [*Runs toward the bridge.*]

Because of the tractionless stormtrooper boots, #12 falls into the chasm as well.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 10

Luke and Leia run across the bridge, every single stormtrooper missing the easy targets despite the sheer volume of fire being directed at the two. Elsewhere, Obi-Wan has bumped into his old apprentice.

Vader: We meet again, Obi-Wan. The circle is complete.

Obi-Wan: Unless it's a trapezoid.

Vader: Confound your cryptic knowledge!

Vader ignites his lightsaber; Obi-Wan responds by activating his own.

Vader: When I left you, I was but the learner. Now I am the master.

Obi-Wan: Only a master at using a respirator!

Vader: Oh, you'll pay for that!

Unlike the movie, Obi-Wan shows off the extent of his agility, deflecting blow after blow.

Vader: [*Into wrist-comlink.*] I need some backup!

As Obi-Wan swings his lightsaber, Vader steps out of the way, leaving Stormtrooper #13 in his path.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 11

Vader: Your powers are weak, old man.

Obi-Wan: No, it's just that the budget is so low, we can't afford to break these props.

Vader: Nevertheless...

Obi-Wan: If you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than-

Vader: That's a risk I'm willing to take! [*Slashes at Obi-Wan with his lightsaber.*]

Our heroes (and heroine) are in the hangar, trying to figure out a way to get to their ship.

Luke: What if we dressed up in stormtrooper armor?

Han: No, no, we already tried that.

Leia: How do we know the tractor beam is down?

Han: We just assume that because we sent a feeble, old man on the most important part of the mission that he was able to accomplish it. Haven't you ever been on a rescue before?

Leia: I hope I never am again.

Several stormtroopers move away from the ship and toward the lightsaber duel.

Han: That's convenient!

Luke: Look!

Obi-Wan raises his saber and winks at Luke.

Vader: That's convenient! [*Cuts Obi-Wan in half.*]

Obi-Wan's cloak falls to the floor, but the old Jedi is gone. Luke is not happy with this turn of events.

Luke: No!

Everyone but Luke is running for their lives. Leia looks back to see Luke shooting at troopers. A shot hits a control panel, and a heavy door crushes an unfortunate stormtrooper (#14).

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 12

Obi-Wan's voice: Run, Luke! Run!

Luke rushes up the boarding ramp, and the ship takes off, ploughing through an entire battalion of Stormtroopers (#15-834) who were practicing formation marching. We see the figure they were creating: a picture of Darth Vader.

Stormtrooper Kill Count: 832

A little while later, they're in the rebel base, retrieving the data from R2.

Dodonna: Well, it looks like the Kill Sun is completely and totally indestructible-

Han: I quit.

Dodonna: - except for this one small, relatively inaccessible spot.

Luke: That's convenient!

Dodonna: We believe we can sneak a fighter into this trench, placing the thermal exhaust port within torpedo range.

Luke: *[Raising his hand.]* How big is the thermal exhaust port?

Dodonna: Just one yard wide.

Luke: That doesn't make any sense.

Dodonna: Shut up! You're ruining suspension of disbelief.

Luke: Sorry.

In the hangar...

Luke: So, you're just going to take your reward and leave?

Han: That was the deal, wasn't it?

Luke: I guess so...

Han: Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go steal shampoo from the bathroom.

Preparations for the attack are finished. The rebel ships take off and fly toward the Kill Sun.

Red Leader: Red Leader, standing by.

McCarthy: Red Scare, standing by!

Sarge: Red Team, standing by!

Red Baron: Red Baron, standing by!

Red #?: Red, uh... just red, standing by!

Meanwhile, the Imperial Troops are also reporting in.

Imperial Pilot: Gray Leader, standing by!

Mr. Burns: Gray 2, standing by.

Adolf Hitler: Gray 3, standing by.

George Lucas: Gray 4, standing by.

Red Leader: Why are we all on the same channel?

The Kill Sun turrets open fire, shooting down a rebel.

Porkins: Aaaaaaargh!

Red Leader: They got Porkins!

Mr. Burns: Excellent...

A late arrival, the USS Enterprise, flies toward the Kill Sun.

Kirk: *[In typical Shatner style.]* We...need to - fly **toward**...that - space **sta**-tion.

George Lucas: All men, attack that ship! Attack that ship!

Luke uses the distraction to fly into the trench

Kirk: We're ta-**king** heavy...damage!

The USS Enterprise explodes. Gray Squadron forms up behind Luke.

Vader: Don't steal my kill.

Hitler: *[Long stream of suitably angry German.]*

Hitler's tirade results in him losing control of his TIE fighter, which slams into the wall of the trench.

Red Leader: Switching to targeting computer.

Cut to inside of McCarthy's fighter, which has an Atari and Pong instead of a targeting computer.

McCarthy: Communist propaganda...

A burst from Vader's TIE hits an X-Wing.

Sarge: Hot buttered lugnuts!

Red Leader: We're taking too much fire!

Cut to inside of Luke's X-Wing. A display counts down the distance to the exhaust port.

Obi-Wan: Use the Really Big Power, Luke.

Luke: Who said that?

Luke's targeting computer retracts.

Luke: Hey! I need that!

Cut to inside of Vader's TIE fighter.

Vader: I have you now!

A shot comes out of nowhere and hits Vader's fighter.

Vader: What? Friendly fire!

Han: All right, kid, let's blow this thing and go home!

Luke: Han! You came back!

Han: The princess promised me another reward!

Cut to inside of Kill Sun.

Tarkin: Prepare to fire!

Technician: I don't understand - couldn't we have just blown up the planet that was in our way instead of waiting for the moon to come into range?

Tarkin: Oh, come on, it's not like this whole place is going to blow up two seconds before we fire.

They all laugh.

Meanwhile, Luke is now in range of the exhaust port. He fires, and the torpedoes shoot down the shaft.

Interior of Kill Sun:

Technician: We're now in firing range, sir.

Tarkin: So blow up the rebel base, already!

The Kill Sun explodes.

Red Leader: That blast came from the Kill Sun! That thing's fully operational!

Long pause

Red Leader: Orrrrrr...Luke actually managed to destroy it. Huh, imagine that.

Luke: Why are you acting so surprised?

Later, the rebels are celebrating their victory.

Dramatic music plays while Leia presents the heroes with medals. All of them, of course, except for Chewie...

Chewie: [Roars and snatches a medal from Leia.]

Leia: [Mumbling.] Sorry...

The ceremonies come to a screeching halt when troopers #1 and #2 enter.

Stormtrooper #1: Um... we, uh... must have taken a wrong turn.

Stormtrooper #2: I guess this means the ground assault didn't go as planned.

Chewie roars at the troopers.

Stormtrooper #1: All right, we're just going to back out of the room... We don't want any trouble...

Stormtrooper #2: We brought wookiee-ookiees!

Trooper #2 holds up a tray of the ambiguously edible "treats."

The music builds up and we shift to the credits.

And then the cantina music starts playing.



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 Unported License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/).