

RESERVOIR JEDI
Revised Screenplay – 2 August 2002

1. *(Black screen. In blue appear the words:*
“A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far from L.A....”

2. *Interior. Day. A diner. JEDI in robes are sitting around a table, drinking coffee or other liquid. With them are JOEDA, constantly sucking and blowing smoke from the end of his walking stick, and MACE GUY EDDIE. The mood is convivial. [Note: the seating order should be as follows: BROWN, BLONDE, MACE, ORANGE, WHITE, BLUE, JOEDA, PINK, and back to BROWN. It’s roughly in order of speech, but BLONDE and MACE, as old friends, should be together, and WHITE and ORANGE, as new friends, should be together.]*

MASTER BROWN

(skinny, talkative guy, long face, nowhere near as smart as he thinks he is.)
...the whole lightsaber thing is a metaphor for big –

MASTER BLONDE:

(handsome, dark-haired guy, interrupting)

No, it’s about a girl whose planet is very vulnerable and it’s been nearly taken over by the Trade Federation. Then she meets a boy whose senses are really attuned --

MASTER BROWN:

(interrupting again.) No, it’s not. It’s not about a girl who meets a sensitive boy who reminds her of some kid she knew in the Legislative Youth Program when she was twelve. Now, granted, that’s in “Phantom Menace”, no argument there...

MASTER ORANGE:

(youngest guy there, skinny) I heard “Phantom Menace” sucked---

MACE GUY EDDIE:

(Black man, bald, deep voice, great dignity and gravity)

Hey, that was a big role for Amidala.

MASTER BLUE:

(oldest guy)

I liked Amidala’s early stuff, you know, as Queen. But once she got into her Senator phase, you know, “Palpatine Don’t Preach” and stuff...

MASTER WHITE:

(young, bearded—Obi-Wan)

Wait, weren’t you dead by then?

MASTER BROWN:

Hey, you guys are distracting me. You’re clouding my mind. What was I talking about?

MASTER PINK:

You were saying that “Phantom Menace” was about a girl who meets a really special kid, but that lightsabers are a metaphor for ---

MASTER BROWN:

Oh, yeah. What it's really about is this Jedi Master. So all that taxation of trade routes to the outlying star systems, that's all, like, a diversion. It's just to keep the Jedi's attention away from what's really happening. This Jedi master, he senses that. Now, he's been training Jedi. I mean, all the time. Jedi jedi jedi jedi jedi jedi jedi jedi jedi.

MASTER BLUE:

How many Jedi was that? *(camera sweeps around Jedi at table)*

MASTER PINK:

(showing off his trivia knowledge) A thousand generations?

MASTER BROWN:

Then one day he detects a disturbance in the Force, and it's like, holy cow. It's like the voices of millions crying out in pain and terror, and then silence. It's like, a vergence. It could bring balance to the Force. I mean, this Jedi's seen some large midichlorian counts, but this kid's midichlorians are off the chart. The kid was conceived by the midichlorians, so his mom, is like, a virgin. The Force is so strong in this one, it hurts. The master feels this kid's presence. He hasn't sensed anything like this since he was six months old and began his training and became mindful of the living Force. It's reminding him of what it was like to be an apprentice. Hence, "Like a Padawan". *(Everyone laughs.)*

WHITE:

Why do I get the feeling that we've picked up another pathetic life form?

BROWN:

Hey, I can talk.

BLUE:

The ability to speak does not make you intelligent.

JOEDA:

(wrinkled, green guy, reading from a little book or PDA-type device, talks very long and slowly)

Obi. Obi? Obi? Obi-Wan? Qui-Gon Jinn?

WHITE:

Give me that thing. *(Takes book away)*

JOEDA:

Hey, what the Force do you think you're doing? Arrogant the young Jedi are!

WHITE:

I'm tired of hearing you read from it, Joeda.

JOEDA:

(starts hitting WHITE with stick) Mine! Mine! Or help you I will not!

WHITE:

What, does it have the comlink numbers of all the female Jedi in it?

PINK:

Hey, how about that librarian, Jocasta Nu? I heard White had her call number.

WHITE:

Naaah, she said that she couldn't give me what I wanted. That it didn't even exist.

JOEDA:

(To WHITE) Your master's defiance I sense in you. The names of all the Jedi this book contains. If it should ever fall into the hands of the Sith, multiplied would our adversaries be, and out would we be wiped. (WHITE opens the notebook, and a golden glow emanates from it. WHITE sits, transfixed.)

ORANGE:

Is that what I think it is? *(No reaction from WHITE.)* It's beautiful.

MACE:

Are we happy, White? *(No reaction. Louder.)* Hey White, are we happy?

WHITE:

We're happy.

BLONDE:

You want me to cut him in two, Joeda?

WHITE:

You cut me in two in a dream, you better wake up and apologize, **or it will be your worst nightmare.**

ORANGE:

I thought Jedi don't have nightmares. Anyway, I'd rather dream of Padme.

JOEDA:

(gets up, head visible above table)

Rambling must we get. Pay for breakfast I will. On the Jedi Master Card. The tip must all you take care of. *(All JEDI take out wallets, except for PINK. Shot of MACE's wallet, on which is embroidered the words "BAD MOTHERFORCER".)*

MISTER PINK:

(skinny, kind of bug-eyed and snaggle-toothed. Tries to look nonchalantly around, until others notice he's not paying.)

I don't tip.

MACE:

You don't tip? Force, not even Watto would say that.[I mean, considering that they're letting us film in their restaurant for free, we should be grateful.] **The Dark Side I sense in you.**

BLUE:

I sense an unusual amount of fear for something as trivial as this trade dispute.

PINK:

Hey, I'll tip a service droid when it does something special, like repairing the damaged deflector shields while we're under attack, but not just because the Jedi code says I have to.

BLUE:

Greed can be a very powerful ally.

WHITE:

Hey, show some compassion, some unconditional love for all things. These service droids work hard. Serving tables is the number one occupation for droids without a higher conceptual thinking module. It happens that it's the one job basically any droid can do.

PINK:

So? Let them learn Bocce and become protocol droids.

ORANGE:

The biggest problem in the universe is no one helps each other.

BLUE:

There's something about this boy. He knows nothing of greed. He gives without any thought of reward.

MACE:

Shut the Force up. *(All laugh, rise, use Force to put on sunglasses, use hands to straighten robes and tunics, and walk out...cut to*

3. A brick wall, exterior, day.

VOICEOVER:

(tired Steven Wright drone)

This is radio station Kay-Three-Pee-Oh, with more of the greatest hits of the 70's. *("Star Wars" music begins -- 70's disco version. The JEDI, all in robes, and dark sunglasses, walk past a brick wall. BLONDE, to his left WHITE, to his left ORANGE, are in front, with BLONDE slightly ahead and ORANGE slightly behind. Next come BROWN and to his left, PINK, talking animatedly. Finally, MACE and BLUE; between them, JOEDA levitates in a papasan chair. Shots of each individual JEDI from the front, then the whole group from behind as they walk towards a waiting spaceship. "clock-fade" to star pattern, across it rolls the familiar diminishing crawl:*

*Crawl: "Episode 0
RESERVOIR JEDI"*

Skip a line:

"It was the perfect plan. For a thousand generations, the Jedi Knights were the guardians of peace and justice throughout the Galaxy...[New paragraph]Until something went wrong..."

4. *(Black screen. In back, sounds of blasters, explosions, cries, lightsabers. It's the battle on Geonosis. Over black screen, we hear..)*

ORANGE:

Aieeeeeee!

5. *(Interior. A small spaceship cockpit, with two seats, next to one another. [Or a scooter, with two seated one behind the other.] ORANGE is slumped next to or behind WHITE, who is driving like mad through space.)*

WHITE:

Just hold on, my very young Padawan.

ORANGE:

He cut my forcing arm off!! I'm gonna die!!

WHITE: *(flying spaceship like mad)*

Now cut that ... out! Whoops, bad choice of words. Now stop focusing on the negative! Be mindful of the present! *(to self)* Force, I hate flying!!

ORANGE:

I'm gonna die, I know it!

WHITE:

Oh, excuse me, I didn't realize that you could see things before they happen. Can you see things before they happen? Whoops, bad question. Just hang tight. We're gonna get you back to Coruscant, and Joeda's gonna get you a medical droid to fix you up, and you'll get a nice mechanical hand, and the Force will be with you. *(singsong)* Say it, the Force will be with you! *(No response)* Say the words: the Force will be with you!

ORANGE:

The Force will be with me.

6. *(Star pattern background.*

Crawl: And now, they've got to figure out who set them up...)

7. *Interior. The Jedi Temple. WHITE enters carrying the wounded ORANGE, drops him down on floor.)*

WHITE:

See, here we are, at the Jedi Temple. Now who's a tough guy? Huh? Who's a tough Jedi?

ORANGE:

I'm a tough Jedi. *(Pause.)* I'm sorry. All this blood is scaring the -- other bodily substances out of me.

WHITE:

What blood? Lightsabers cauterize wounds.

ORANGE:

(looking down at stump.) Oh, right. *(Pause.)* Obi-wan, I'm scared!!

WHITE:

Don't be. You're going to be fine. And remember. A Jedi does not know fear. Fear leads to...

ORANGE:

Obi-Wan, listen. You're the closest thing I have to a father, and I love you. I don't want to cause you pain. But without medical attention, I'm gonna die. I'm good at fixing things. But I'm not all powerful. I can't save myself. Only the Dark Side of the Force can do that.

WHITE:

I can't make use of the Dark Side. I'm sure another solution will present itself.

ORANGE:

I swear, I will not betray the Jedi. I promise. But if I stay here, I'll be dead...before the next sequel comes out.

WHITE:

You're not gonna die. Listen, along with right through the gut, the arm is the most painful area a guy can take a light saber in. But it takes a heck of a while to die from it. You got a long time to go in a galaxy far, far away. You'll be in a lot of Forcin' pain, so that Joeda will be able to feel it a hundred parsecs away, and say, "Terrible suffering I feel." But when he gets here, which will be any minute now, he's gonna use all his powers on you, and you're gonna be OK.

(PINK comes storming in.)

PINK:

Was that a plot of the Dark Side or what? Oh Force, look at Orange. What happened to him?

WHITE:

Dooku cut his arm off.

PINK:

Where's Brown?

WHITE:

Blasted.

PINK:

Oh Force, this is bad. It's some kind of Dark Side set-up!

WHITE:

You think it's the Sith Lords?

PINK:

Do you doubt it? Blind we are, if we couldn't see this. I mean, one minute we're rescuing the Senator from those monsters, and the next, there's a Forcing droid army there. I didn't see any troop carriers. I mean, when they launch a troopship from a control vessel, it takes five minutes for it to come down out of orbit. These droids were right there, all of them of the newest model, all knowing just what they were aiming at. I'm telling you, they were **there** and **waiting** for us.

WHITE:

Are you sure they were there? I didn't notice them until Amidala started shooting.

PINK:

That's because you were looking to see how much more of her shirt was gonna get ripped off. I'm not saying they weren't there. They just didn't make their presence known. That's how I know it was a trap. Haven't you thought about this?

WHITE:

(starting to get angry.) I haven't had a chance to think... first I was trying to save myself, then I was trying to take out Count Dooku, then I was taking care of this guy.

PINK:

Well, let's start thinking. **Patience. Use the force. Think.** Keep your concentration here and now, where it belongs. We need to speak to the Jedi Council. The situation has become much more complicated. For all we know, there could be Trade Federation Starships on their way here now. Force, what am I doing here? I could have been negotiating with the winners of the bathing suit contest on some beach planet. I had negative instincts about this mandate right off. As soon as I felt them, I should have said "No thank you" and taken the first transport out of here, but I didn't listen. I wanted to believe him, you know, I wanted to believe in Joeda. Because if you don't believe, you fail. I always said if I felt this way about a mandate, I'd walk, and I didn't, because this outfit (*indicating robe and tunic*) really gets the chicks. And waving around this saber thing (*lifting lightsaber hanging from his belt, near crotch*)—

WHITE:

You're sweating. Relax. Take a deep breath. Control your feelings. I need you cool. Are you cool?

PINK:

Yes, Master.

WHITE:

You come from a warm planet. A little too warm for my tastes. Have a death stick. (*offers cigarettes*)

PINK:

I quit. I don't want any death sticks.

WHITE:

You don't want any death sticks. (*PINK looks at him funny, takes a cigarette.*) You have been well trained, my young apprentice. There will be no match for you. (*PINK lights cigarette using his lightsaber, takes a drag.*)

WHITE:

So how did you get out?

PINK:

Cut my way out, same as you. Sliced up a lot of battle droids.

8.. Exterior. Arena on Geonosis. Day. PINK is deflecting blaster bolts with his lightsaber. BATTLE DROIDS advance, firing, but falling as blaster bolts are reflected back. PINK jumps into a small spaceship or speeder cycle, flies away.)

9. Same as 7.

PINK:

Did you kill anybody?

WHITE:

A bunch of droids.

PINK:

No real people?

WHITE:

Just droids. (pause) You're right. Not good.

PINK:

Could you believe Master Blonde?

WHITE:

That was insane. How could a guy like that ever have passed the trials? We're keepers of the peace, not soldiers. I know we're supposed to negotiate. But if someone starts shooting plasma bolts at me, I'm gonna deflect them back. And a choice of getting eaten by a thirty-ton lobster, or getting out with my mullet intact, that's not a choice at all. But that guy, Blonde, he had no control over his feelings.

PINK:

Hey, everybody gets scared. But fear leads to anger, and anger leads to hatred. I don't want to kill anybody, not even droids. And the whole point of a lightsaber is that it's not as clumsy or random as a blaster. But this guy pulls one out and starts blasting everything in sight.

WHITE:

If Amidala wants to use one, that's one thing – she's not a Jedi. I mean, how old is she? Twenty, twenty-one?

PINK:

If that. But a fully trained Master, with Padawans looking up to you? You're not supposed to do such things.

WHITE:

What you're supposed to do is act like a Jedi. You're supposed to be mindful.

PINK:

So who's the rat then? Who's gone over to the Dark Side? Master Blue? Master Brown? Joeda? Why haven't we heard from him? A communications disruption can mean only one thing – invasion!

WHITE:

I've known Joeda a long time. He trained me in the ways of the Force. I can tell you he didn't have anything to do with it.

PINK:

He trained me too. But me saying he didn't do it is ridiculous. I know that I didn't do it, because I'm mindful of my feelings so they won't betray me. But I can't definitely say that about anybody else, because the Dark Side is clouding our vision. For all I know, you're the rat.

WHITE:

For all I know, you're a Sith Lord.

PINK:

Now at least you're reaching out with your feelings. (*They stare at one another. PINK makes a small hand gesture.*)

WHITE:

The mind trick won't work on another Jedi. (*Pause.*) I swear, it must be my destiny.

PINK:

What do you mean?

WHITE:

Ten years ago, I'm still a Padawan, my Master gets it through the gut from a Sith Lord. (*Points to his belly.*)

PINK:

That's hard. There are always two Sith Lords. Was it the master, or the apprentice? (*WHITE gives him an annoyed look. Pause. PINK puts hands on own lower abdomen, imitating WHITE, considering the pain of a saber through the gut, suddenly realizes he has to go.*) Hey, where's the bathroom here? I can control my feelings, but not my bladder.

WHITE:

Down the corridor, docking bay one one three eight.

10. (*Star pattern. CRAWL: "Master White".*)

11. *Interior. Jedi Temple.*

JOEDA

By the way, how's Qui-Gon? A team you were, yes?

WHITE:

Yeah, but you push that Master/Padawan thing too long and it gets to you after a while. And then, of course, he got killed on Naboo by Darth Maul.

JOEDA:

Oh, right. We nine hundred year olds these senior moments have.

WHITE:

So explain your long-range holographic transmission.

JOEDA:

Big job. Suppressing a rebellion. Count Dooku is going to lead his Confederation of Independent Systems out of the Republic.

WHITE:

No he won't. What's the opposition like?

JOEDA:

Just lots of disposable generic sci-fi aliens, nothing Sigourney Weaver couldn't handle, and maybe a bounty hunter. But have all available Jedi working with you, you will.

12. (same as 7.)

PINK: *(reentering)*

So, I want to go to a motel and lie low and reconsider my life.

WHITE:

You want to go to a motel and lie low and reconsider your life.

PINK:

(scowling, indicating ORANGE)

What about him? Is he gonna die? For all we know, he's been seduced by the Dark Side and will eventually exterminate virtually all of the Jedi.

WHITE:

That kid is dying from a lightsaber stroke that I saw him take. He may wear a rattail, but don't call him a rat.

PINK:

Well, somebody is. *(Turning away.)*

WHITE:

Not him!

PINK:

You're getting too attached to him. Attachment is forbidden.

WHITE:

Attachment? His arm's been **DE**tached and it's my fault. Now, that might not be part of the Jedi Code, but it means something to me.

PINK:

Why, that's almost as beautiful as the Nabooan marriage ceremony. *(Turns to go. WHITE grabs PINK, pulls him around.)*

PINK:

Get the Force off me!

(They fight, wrestle with elaborate gymnastics; PINK is thrown down, draws his lightsaber. WHITE, standing above him, draws his; their blades cross.)

Force you, you Forcing Force! You're acting like a six-month old Padawan; I'm acting like a Jedi.

VOICE:

Hey, guys, when you get angry, your power ceases.

(It's MASTER BLONDE.)

PINK:

Master Blonde! You OK?

(PINK and WHITE turn off lightsabers.)

We were worried about you. What happened?

BLONDE:

Your thoughts betray you.

PINK:

Listen, we think someone's joined the Dark Side.

BLONDE:

Like who?

WHITE:

We don't know.

BLONDE:

You sound like Count Dooku. He says (*laughing, amused at this*) that hundreds of Senators are now under the influence of the Dark Lord of the Sith.

WHITE:

Yeah, well, try this then. You acted like some psycho bounty hunter back there on Geonosis and almost got us all killed.

BLONDE:

I told 'em not to bring in the droids. They brought 'em. I took 'em out. Ancient weapons and hoky religions are no match for a good blaster at your side. If they hadn't done what I told 'em not to, they'd still be working today. (*PINK and WHITE look at him aghast.*) Well, don't everybody thank me at once.

WHITE:

Har-de-forcing-har. I can't believe they let a sick Force like you into the Order.

BLONDE:

Are you gonna beep all day, little droid, or are you gonna blast?
(*WHITE turns towards him, lightsaber in hand.*)

WHITE:

What was that? I'm sorry, I missed it. Would you repeat it?

BLONDE:

I said, are you gonna beep all day, little droid, or are you gonna blast?
(*WHITE turns towards him, lightsaber in hand.*)

PINK:

Hey, knock it the Force off, both of you are my elders, and I'm the only one acting like a Jedi. Master Blonde is the only one I completely trust. Even the Sith Lords don't kill indiscriminately; they have discipline. (*WHITE puts his lightsaber away.*)

BLONDE:

Well, that was sure exciting. *(to WHITE)* You watch a lot of William Shatner movies, don't you? *(pause)*

Anyway, I just talked to Mace Guy Eddie on my comlink through the old folks home. He said he'd be here in just a few parsecs. So we're just gonna wait for him.

PINK:

Wait? Here? *(sirens in background, then fade.)* You hear that? That is the sound of a thousand terrible things heading this way. If they find us, they will crush us, grind us into tiny pieces, and blast us into oblivion

BLONDE:

Nobody's going anywhere. We could be stuck here a very long time. But, meanwhile, look, I've got a surprise for you. *(Reaches back through door, pulls in JANGO FETT. Others grin, laugh, show appreciation.)*

13. *(Star pattern. CRAWL: "Master Blonde".)*

14. *Interior. Jedi Temple.*

JOEDA:

You are welcome. Good to see you again it is.

BLONDE: *(dressed as Han Solo)*

It's great to be out of the Carbonite. And I want you to know how much I appreciate your letting Luke come after me.

JOEDA:

Hey, the least we could do it was. *(Enter MACE GUY EDDIE, wearing long black leather coat.)*

BLONDE:

Lando! Did you bring the Falcon? *(MACE looks aghast, but keeps going.)*

MACE:

Hey! I'm sorry, I should have picked you up at the spaceport. But things have been so crazy with this rebellion thing...

BLONDE:

Yeah, the Grand Master's been telling me how the whole Order's going to seed, with the Jedi becoming, well, overconfident.

JOEDA:

Too sure of themselves, they are. *(MACE is taking off lightsaber, puts on JOEDA's chair, launches himself at BLONDE, and they playfight.)*

BLONDE:

Come on, you little motherfucker!

MACE:

Come here, I'm gonna teach you something, I'm gonna make you my Padawan!

JOEDA:

Out that you must cut! (*BLONDE and MACE return to seats.*)

BLONDE:

Sorry, Joeda, I'm just anxious to get back to work, you know? When can I get this Jabba guy off my back? **He weighs about five tons.**

JOEDA:

A little hot things have been ever since this Trade Federation thing. But work this out we can, hmmmm, Master Mace?

MACE:

We can get you. something out beyond the Rishi Maze. How'd you like to pilot a spice smuggler on the Kessel run?

BLONDE:

I don't want no Wookiiee copilot.

MACE:

You wouldn't have to do anything. You just hit the control panel and it goes. And no Imperial entanglements. If Jabba comes looking for you, that's the day you took an old guy and a kid and a couple of droids out to Alderaan. See, part of your job, Han, is going different systems, and we got our system in all sorts of systems.

BLONDE:

Sure, but when can I get a real mandate?

MACE: (to JOEDA)

Well, Master, we need everyone we can get on this Count Dooku thing....

15. (same as 7.)

(Prolonged martial arts fight, as the JEDI use the Force to throw JANGO against the walls and floor, and JANGO defends himself. JEDI yank off his rocket pack. Finally, they get him to a chair, to which he adheres magnetically. PINK hits him, hurts his hand on the helmet. Enter MACE GUY EDDIE.)

MACE:

This party's over. What the Force is going on here?

WHITE:

Where the hell is Joeda?

MACE:

Oh Force, look at young Orange.

PINK:

We were set up. Someone went over to the Dark Side.

MACE:

Yeah, who then?

PINK:

We don't know. Maybe this disturbance in the Force is masking the future.

MACE:

Oh, wait. Everybody ready?

WHITE:

(looking confused) What? *(Now understanding.)* Oh, yeah. Let's get it over with.

MACE:

(raising hand, as if conducting) One, two, three...

ALL:

(looking straight into camera, in unison, bored)
"I've got a bad feeling about this."

WHITE:

This is some rescue. We need a medical droid for Orange—where's Joeda?

MACE:

He's on his way. With a Clone Army. And boy is he going to be angry. *(Pause.)* Of course, he'll control it. **He'll create a perimeter around us surviving Jedi.** *(To BLONDE.)* I guess this is the bounty hunter you told me about? What the Force were you beating on him for?

PINK:

So he'd tell us about the Sith conspiracy....

MACE:

There is no Sith conspiracy! The Sith haven't been heard from in ten years! Now, listen. We will use all our resources to unravel this mystery. But first, we took a hit in the hyperdrive and we need to get parts for it. You two come with me, while Blonde stays here.

WHITE:

No Forcing way. (*pointing to **BLONDE**.)* He's a Forcing psycho. That little human being is out of his mind. This is him on Geonosis. (*Points at series of targets, making "p'chew" lasergun noises.*) P'chew. P'chew. P'chew. I don't want this stunted slime in my sight again. (***BLONDE** shrugs.*)

MACE:

What does it matter who we leave with him? We're not letting him go, now that he's seen everybody.

JANGO:

I actually can't see worth a damn in this thing. Masking my vision, this helmet is.

BLONDE:

(*Slaps him on side of helmet.*) Shut up. You ain't gonna be around long enough to tell anyone about us.

(***WHITE** and **PINK** put up hoods, bow, and follow him out. **BLONDE** is left alone. Looks at **JANGO**. Takes off robe and tunic, to reveal Han Solo outfit.*)

JANGO:

But I don't know anything! I'm just a simple man, trying to make my way in the universe. Listen, even your master said there wasn't a conspiracy... (***BLONDE** hits him, using the Force.*)

BLONDE:

Now let's get one thing straight. I don't have a Master. I take orders from just one person. Me. There's no mystical energy field that control's MY destiny. I'm only in this for the money.

JANGO:

If it's money you love, then that's what you'll receive.

BLONDE:

Yeah? How much?

JANGO:

More than you can possibly imagine.

BLONDE:

I don't know. I can imagine quite a bit.

Now, I'm not gonna lie to you. I don't care whether you've ever been to Coruscant or not, **or if you know Jedi Master Sifo-Dyas, or anything about the Clone Army**, and if I did, I could just use my power over weak minds to find out. It's just that torturing a bounty hunter amuses me. Just like ... Greedo.

*.(Music begins—"Cantina Band" from original "Star Wars". **BLONDE** turns on lightsaber, dances around with it to music. Suddenly he lashes out, slicing off the antenna from **JANGO**'s helmet. He picks it up, talks into it.)*

Hello? Hello? *(gives up, throws it down)* That was a boring conversation anyway.

*(**BLONDE** picks up **JANGO**'s rocket pack, looks at it, smiles, then begins emptying fuel all over **JANGO**, who screams and begs.)*

JANGO:

Please. I have a son, Boba. I have a million clones made of me. Please. Scoundrel!

BLONDE:

Scoundrel? I like the sound of that.

*(**BLONDE** is raising his lightsaber to ignite the rocket fuel, when his body is wracked with glowing electrical bolts. [Or, he suddenly clutches his throat, strangled by some unseen force.] Camera whips over to show **ORANGE** half arisen, shooting the bolts out of his left hand. [Or holding up his hand to strangle **BLONDE**.] **BLONDE** writhes, finally collapses. He falls on his back, with his hands pushing up, his face agonized, just as when he was frozen in Carbonite. **ORANGE** wriggles a little over to **JANGO**.)*

ORANGE:

Jango.

JANGO:

Yeah.

ORANGE:

I'm a Sith Lord.

JANGO:

I know. Your name's Darth something.

ORANGE:

We're all Darth something. It's Vader, Darth Vader.

JANGO:

We were introduced by a man called Tyranus on one of the moons of Bogden. Force, Vader, how do I look?

ORANGE:

I don't know what to tell you, Jango.

JANGO:

Why that stuck-up...half-witted...scruffy looking...nerf herder!

ORANGE:

Jango, I need you to hold on. Sidious is on his way with the Death Star.

JANGO:

What's he waiting for? This guy cuts my antenna off! **My transmissions are all jammed!**

ORANGE:

Force you! Force you! I'm forcing dying here! We're not gonna make a move until Joeda gets here. We're just gonna sit here and not bleed until Joeda sticks his little green computer animated head through that door. We're gonna be two little Artoo-Detoo's. What's Artoo like, Jango? What's Artoo like?

JANGO:

He's cool.

ORANGE:

Correctamundo.

16. (*Exterior. Day. ORANGE, in Tattoine outfit, with longer hair and no rattail, and DARTH SIDIOUS, in a robe.*)

ORANGE:

What's this?

SIDIOUS:

It's a scene. Memorize it. If you are going to go undercover, you must be naturalistic. To do this job, you got to be a great actor. Because if you're not a great actor, you're a bad actor. If you're not Alec Guinness, you're Mark Hamill. This is an amusing story about something that happened on a mission. You've got to tell it in your own way, like you tell a joke. You can tell a joke, right?

ORANGE:

A Jedi does not feel anger, or love, or humor.

SIDIOUS:

If you spent as much time working on your wit as on your saber skills, you'd be invincible. And you'd get Amidala too. You want her, right?

ORANGE:

She's pretty young still. My Lord, is she legal?

SIDIOUS:

I will make her legal. And you, young Skywalker; we shall watch your career with great interest. We hope you can get into some better movies.

17. (*Interior. Evening. ORANGE, still in Tattoine outfit, is talking to WHITE, JOEDA, and MACE, across a table.*)

ORANGE:

...so I tell Amidala I'll be right back, I'm gonna go find my mom. So I walk into this camp, and who's standing there? Four Tusken Raiders and a gundark.

WHITE:

They're waiting for you?

ORANGE:

No, they're just hanging out, guarding my mom. The gundark starts barking. They know. They have to know. Panic hits me like a Kamino poison dart.

WHITE:

Oh, Force, that's tough. I don't care what universe you're from, that's gotta hurt. What did you do?

ORANGE:

I killed them. I killed them all. They're dead, every single one of them. Not just the men, but the women and the children too. They're like animals, and I slaughtered them like animals. I hate them!

JOEDA:

Know how to handle that situation you did. Master your fear you did. Just follow the Gungan and dive in and swim.

18. (Exterior. Day. **ORANGE**, now in Jedi attire, and **SIDIOUS**.)

ORANGE:

Well, I'm in. The council has granted them permission to train me .At first Joeda thought I was too old, but then this other guy said I **would** be a Jedi, he promised, whether Joeda wanted it or not, so he gave in. Said I was full of fear for my Mom, but that I was the Chosen One who will bring balance to the Force or something.

SIDIOUS:

They have finally given you an assignment. Your patience has paid off.

ORANGE:

Your guidance more than my patience.

SIDIOUS:

Well, this movie tries parental patience more than it requires parental guidance. Did you use the Tusken Raiders story?

ORANGE:

Yeah, it worked real good.

SIDIOUS:

Who else was there?

ORANGE:

Some guy called Master White.

SIDIOUS:

What's he like?

ORANGE:

A great mentor. Wise as Joeda and as powerful as Mace. But he's overly critical! He never listens! He doesn't understand! He knows I'm already more powerful than he is! He's holding me back!

SIDIOUS:

Tell me more about Joeda.

ORANGE:

You remember "Sesame Street"?

SIDIOUS:

Yeah.

ORANGE:

Grover. He sounds like Grover. (*SIDIOUS* nods appreciatively. They eat for a moment, with Anakin making waving around french fries dipped in ketchup like lightsabers, using the Force to make them fly into his mouth, playing with Star Wars toys, etc.)

So, I guess you'll finally take over Naboo now?

SIDIOUS:

No, for a while I wanted to rule there... I could have been just as good as that high school prom committee chair they had, but of course, the rulers there are women. They only have queens. What was I supposed to do?

ORANGE:

Is that why you started wearing that dress all the time?

SIDIOUS:

I'm tired of little nickel and dime planets.

ORANGE:

What are you suggesting?

SIDIOUS:

This galaxy.

ORANGE:

I'm ready. Right here, right now.

DARTH SIDIOUS:

OK, I'll get control of the Senate and create an Army of the Republic, while you undermine and destroy the Jedi.

ORANGE:

Got it. (*Pause, as they stand up, and pull hoods over faces. ORANGE draws lightsaber, SIDIOUS takes out model of DEATH STAR and holds up.*) I love you, Palpatine.

SIDIOUS:

I love you, Annie Bannie. (*ORANGE jumps up on table, brandishes saber.*)

Everybody be cool, this is a galactic takeover!

ORANGE:

Nobody move a finger...or a toe...or a tentacle...or an eyestalk...or any other part of your body...or we'll blow your planet to cosmic dust!

19. *(Interior. Night. ORANGE's apartment. He's sleeping, having a nightmare. It is apparent through the blankets that his hands are below his waist)*

ORANGE:

No, No!

(A hologram of MACE appears before him.)

MACE:

Hey, what's going on?

ORANGE:

Master...

MACE:

Forget it, I don't want to know. It's showtime. Grab your cloak...we're hovering outside. *(ORANGE buckles on belt, with lightsaber, puts on cloak, heads outside, stops, and looks at self in mirror.)*

ORANGE:

They don't know. They aren't mindful. You're not gonna get hurt. You're Spock. You're totally calm and they don't suspect a thing, 'cause the Force is with you.

20. (Interior. Jedi Temple. Day. The guys are all there.)

JOEDA:

(In front, briefing.) [Set this up myself I have. Approached all you I have, approached me have you not. Know each one of you I do, know your records. Except for this one. A learner yet he is. But in him strong the Force is, or here he would not be.]

A story let me tell you. The spirits of five dead Jedi are hanging around, watching the living ones, advising them. Trying to figure out how they got killed. Finally, they realize: it's because the got overconfident. Mindful the future to at the expense of the present moment. As ghosts they ended up – the Phantom Menace that is. The message you've all got? So when over this all is, and successful I'm sure it will be, then about the future you can think. Right now, on the matter at hand must we concentrate.

[Let me tell you a story. A couple of guys, sitting around a movie theater, where they still work for minimum wage. Trying to figure out why their amateur video sucked. Was it the script? The cinematography? It's your fault, it's my fault, it's his fault. Finally, they realize. The whole time they were making the film, they kept joking around. You got the message? When the shooting's done, and I'm sure it will go well, then you can joke around. Meanwhile, cameraman, check your lenses. Remember: Your focus determines your reality. And your box office gross.]

For this mission, aliens shall we be fighting, and aliases shall we be using. (*Points to each JEDI with hand, each rises out of seat due to influence of the Force .*) Master Brown, Master White, Master Blonde, Master Blue, Young Padawan Learner Orange, (**ORANGE** winces) Master Pink.

PINK:

Hey, why do I have to be Master Pink?

JOEDA:

Because a faggot you are.

PINK:

Why can't we pick our own color?

JOEDA:

A Jedi craves not these things.

PINK:

How about I'll be Master Purple.

MACE:

(drawing purple lightsaber.) No, you won't.

BROWN:

I think these color names are kind of dumb, actually.

MACE:

You want dumb? Would you rather be Luminara Unduli or Barriss Offee?

JOEDA:

Look, this is not a Jedi Council meeting! Two ways to go on this one we have: at my pace, or hyperspace. (*points in opposite directions*)

21. (Exterior. Day. **ORANGE** and **WHITE** are in an open speeder. *They aren't wearing their cloaks. WHITE has his sleeves pushed up.*)

WHITE:

Nice car you got us.

ORANGE:

I had to get one with an open cockpit, and the right speed capabilities.

WHITE:

You hotwired it?

ORANGE:

The Force gives me power over weak automotive security systems. (*Noticing a tattoo on WHITE's arm.*) Hey, that's cool, where'd you get it?

WHITE:

Tattooine, of course. Now, let's go over this again. Where are you?

ORANGE:

Ummmm....(*he's not sure, hasn't studied enough*)

WHITE:

You **will** learn your place, my extremely young and pathetically immature Padawan.

ORANGE:

Outside Amidala's chamber. No one goes in.

WHITE:

Where is she?

ORANGE:

On top of me...I mean, she seems to be on top of things...I mean, in bed, alone.

WHITE:

Much have you learned, but much to learn you still have, my young Padawan. Where am I?

ORANGE:

On the roof, watching for attack from outside.

WHITE:

Where's the bounty hunter?

ORANGE:

Right below us! (*Leaps out of car, over the side.*)

WHITE:

I hate it when he does that.

(cut...resume with them both in car again.)

ORANGE:

So what if someone attacks anyway?

WHITE:

If it's a Viceroy, these Trade Federation types are cowards. The negotiations will be short. You just draw your lightsaber. Scares the crap out of em. If you get a bounty hunter, thinks he's Buck Rogers, it's a different story. You gotta slice 'em in half, or chase them through an asteroid field. I'm hungry, let's get a food capsule.

22. (Same scene. Some time later. WHITE is talking to ORANGE.)

WHITE:

...as you go on, you'll travel more. Maybe they'll ask you to be in some other movies, especially if Wil Wheaton's not available. But what you notice over there, it's the little differences. A lot of the same things we have here, they have there, but there, they're a little different.

ORANGE:

Example?

WHITE:

Well, they have the hyperdrive, same as us. But they call it, "the warp drive".

ORANGE:

(Getting his tongue around this, thinking it's a little funny but respectfully trying to pronounce it right.) "The warp drive".

WHITE:

And blasters? They call them "phasers".

ORANGE: *(Same)*

"Phasers".

WHITE:

And the Republic. They've basically got that, but they call it "the Federation".

ORANGE:

"The Federation". Like the "Trade Federation"?

WHITE:

No, just the "Federation".

ORANGE:

So what do they call Jedi Knights?

WHITE:

See, they don't have the Force over there. They wouldn't know what a Jedi Knight is.

ORANGE:

So what do they call them?

WHITE:

"Star Fleet Officers". (*ORANGE nods in understanding.*)

Now, I'm going to be away for a little while, so I want you to take care of the Senator. Guard her. Take her out.

ORANGE:

"Take care" of her? "Take her out"? But I thought that was what the mysterious assassins were trying to do. You mean, investigate who is behind this?

WHITE:

No, guard does not mean investigate. Just take her out, make sure she has a good time and doesn't get lonely. You will not exceed your mandate.

23. (*Interior. Bar. Bartender is pouring ORANGE a drink.*)

BARTENDER

So, you're taking out Amidala tonight.

ORANGE:

It's not like a date, man. It's a mandate. We're just going back to Naboo together. It's like, I'm guarding her. It's just a soft job, it'll all be smooth.

BARTENDER:

Yeah, well she's pretty soft and smooth.

ORANGE:

I'll be a good boy. I'll keep my hands to myself.

BARTENDER:

Remember, concentrate on the moment. Feel, don't think. Trust your instincts. Just remember what happened to the last guy who tried to touch Amidala.

ORANGE:

What?

BARTENDER:

Obi-Wan cut him in two and dropped him a down ten thousand foot reactor shaft, and now the guy don't talk so good. Here, you want some of this stuff to keep you relaxed? Prime Kessel spice, from my personal stash. For you, two hundred credits a gram.

ORANGE:

I don't need it. Just being around her is intoxicating.

24. (Exterior. Day. Arena on Geonosis. **WHITE**, **ORANGE**, and **BROWN** rush in, deflecting blaster bolts with their lightsabers. **BROWN** gets hit, falls. **WHITE** has a lightsaber in each hand, deflecting blaster bolts back at **DROIDS**, who fall.)

BROWN:

Master Orange? (**ORANGE** looks shocked as **BROWN** dies.)

WHITE:

Is he dead? Well, at least that will shut him up. Come on, snap out of it. (**WHITE** pulls **ORANGE** along.)

24b. **WHITE** and **ORANGE** run into a cave or vaulted room. **COUNT DOOKU** is approaching on a scooter, to the accompaniment of the song "Duke of Earl". **WHITE** stops him.)

WHITE:

Stop the Forcing vehicle, traitor!

(**ORANGE** reaches in – somewhat reluctantly -- to grab **DOOKU**. **DOOKU** slashes off **ORANGE**'s arm, and he falls. But **WHITE** comes up behind him, with his lightsaber, and slashes at him, staggering him, then, turns to look at **ORANGE**, and stabbing backwards, kills **DOOKU**. He helps **ORANGE** onto the back of the scooter, then gets on himself. On the scooter is the word "Grace".)

ORANGE: (woozily, in shock)

What happened to our speeder?

WHITE:

Sorry, Annie, I had to sell that speeder.

ORANGE:

That's OK, I'm never coming back to this planet. But whose motorcycle is this?

WHITE:

It's not a motorcycle, it's a speeder bike.

ORANGE:

But whose is it?

WHITE:

It's Dooku's.

ORANGE:

What happened to Dooku? Is he cuckoo?

WHITE:

Dooku's dead, Annie. Dooku's dead. (zooms off)

25. (Jedi Temple. Interior. Day. Immediately following sc. 15 – **ORANGE** lying on floor by **JANGO**, **BLONDE** lying there dead. Enter **MACE**, followed by **WHITE** and **PINK**; they see the carnage, and react.)

MACE

What the Force happened? (He's looking mainly at the dead **BLONDE**, not really noticing **ORANGE**, then finally looks over and notices **ORANGE**.)

ORANGE:

Blonde went nuts. He slashed the bounty hunter, and was going to burn him.

MACE:

Well, look who woke up. Hey, you with the fluffy haircut, how are you doing over there? (**ORANGE** just pants in pain.)

Am I in hyperspace, or did I just ask you a question?

ORANGE:

I'm OK.

MACE: (squatting down, waving hand in front of his face,

to test his consciousness.)

Are you mindful?

ORANGE:

Yeah.

MACE:

So do you know who we are? We are associates of **Grand Master Joeda**. You do remember your grand master, don't you?

ORANGE:

Yeah.

MACE:

Check out the big brain on Anakin! (pause, now more threatening.) Now tell me, what **really** happened here?

ORANGE:

Blonde had gone over to the Dark Side. He was going to kill the leaders of the Jedi and then disperse the few survivors throughout the Galaxy.

WHITE:

I can believe that – he acted like a Forcing psycho back on Geonosis. You should have seen him.

MACE:

I **don't** believe that. This guy had a price on his head. He could easily have taken the money and left to save himself. And he didn't. He kept fighting for us. And now you're telling me that this **very good friend of mine** was going to betray us?

ORANGE:

I swear on the soul of my recently deceased mother that I'm telling you the truth. (***MACE turns away, takes a few steps, hand on chin, thinking. ORANGE takes the opportunity to plead:***) And I just want to say how sorry I am about how Forced up things got at the battle, with me disobeying orders and all. I **entered** into this **order** with the best intentions, and the bounty hunter --

MACE

(*interrupting him, drawing his lightsaber and cutting off **JANGO's** head with a single stroke.*)

This bounty hunter?

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I mess up your focus? Your focus determines your reality. I like to let my mind wander too, but then, all my buddies here are Jedi, and that makes me one too, so I have to stay mindful. Oh, you were finished? Allow me to retort: What does Joeda look like?

ORANGE:

What?

MACE:

What planet are you from?

ORANGE:

What? Tatt – [*“Tatt” pronounced to rhyme with “what”.*]

MACE:

‘What’ isn’t a system I’m familiar with. Is it in the Republic? What language do they speak there?

ORANGE:

Hutt?

MACE:

Now we're not gonna have one of those conversations where one guy speaks English and the other speaks Hutt or Geonosian or Wookiee or some bleeping robot [*the next word is bleeped out electronically with an Artoo-like sound*] #\$\$%^& and yet they all understand each other. Now what does Joeda look like?

ORANGE:

What?

MACE:

(***MACE** grabs him by the stump of his arm and pulls him up to his knees. **ORANGE** screams in pain.*) Say ‘what’ again, I dare you, I double dare you, say ‘what’ one more time!

ORANGE:

He's short....and he's green....

MACE:

Is he a tauntaun?

ORANGE:

What? (*MACE holds light saber right in front of his throat.*)

MACE:

Is he a tauntaun?

ORANGE:

No!

MACE:

Then why did you try to ride him like a tauntaun?

ORANGE:

I didn't!

MACE:

Yes, you did. You tried to ride him like a tauntaun. And Joeda doesn't like to go piggyback riding with anyone, except Luke Skywalker. (*Pause*) Have you ever read the Jedi scriptures? There's one passage I particularly like: (*recites*)

"The path of the Jedi is beset in all directions by the temptations of the Dark Side, and the tyrannies of Darth Tyranus. Blessed is he who in the name of the Republic maintains peace and justice throughout the Galaxy, for he is truly a Jedi Knight, and the protector of small planets. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance -- excuse me, with great return -- and strong feeling all those who seek to poison or destroy a Senator. And you will know that we are the Jedi, when we lay our sabers upon you!"(*raises his saber for the final blow – but WHITE blocks it with his own.*)

WHITE:

Master, I can't let you do this.

MACE:

You'd best be backing off, Master White. (*JOEDA's shadow appears in the doorway. As he enters, MACE and WHITE look away from each other at him, disengage.*)

JOEDA: (to ORANGE)

Creating mistrust is your way now. See through you, we can. Full of bantha poodoo you are.

WHITE:

What do you mean?

JOEDA:

Fallen the shroud of the Dark Side has. Seduced by the Sith the Padawan has been.

PINK:

Really? I thought he lusting after Amidala. You mean, she finally took her dress off for him? She finally revealed herself to the Jedi? (*MACE looks at him, annoyed.*)

JOEDA:

Great danger I sensed in him. More was happening, I felt, than had been revealed. About him alone was I not one hundred percent. Yet act against him I did not. Smoking what must I have been? (*looks at stick pipe*) Hard to see, the dark side is.

PINK:

Well, yeah, that's because it's **dark**. (*MACE looks even more annoyed at him.*)

WHITE:

Joeda, you're making a big mistake. You refer to the prophecy of The One, who will bring bullets from the police Force. You believe it's this boy?

JOEDA:

It is you who the mistake are making. Lost his mind, Obi-Wan has! How embarrassing! Not to train him, I told you. Too old to begin training he was! A Padawan he still was! At him look! He even dresses differently from all of us. Like, duh, can you say? (*Draws lightsaber, advances towards ORANGE.*)

WHITE:

That's all circumstantial. He's a little independent, and kind of a jerk sometimes, but he's incredibly talented. **His acting's even getting better**. He's a good kid. Where's your proof? (*turns to JOEDA with saber.*)

JOEDA:

Proof you need not when following your feelings you are! The boy is dangerous. They all sense it, why can't you?

PINK:

Hey, come on, **don't defy the council, Master, not again**. Let's not start a war. let's settle this like Jedi, by negotiation. (*Steps forward into middle.*)

MACE:

Yeah, and not "aggressive negotiation". Obi-Wan, you are a great Jedi and Joeda thinks highly of you. But if you touch our Grand Master, I will Forcing kill you.

ORANGE: (*rises to feet, ignites saber in left hand.*)

What's wrong with a little "aggressive negotiation"? You guys should be **made** to agree. By someone wise. (*As WHITE and JOEDA stand there aghast, ORANGE cuts down PINK.*)

MACE:

Thanks, I'm glad **someone** did that. I was getting real sick of that guy..(*ORANGE then engages a surprised MACE...and soon deals with him. WHITE looks at JOEDA...*)

WHITE:

Get out of here! This is a battle I do not think we can win! Save yourself! And protect what's left of the order! Take your Forcing notebook back! (*Throws notebook to him. JOEDA stands for a moment, raises saber – then turns and cravenly runs out the door.*)

JOEDA:

My future lies....elsewhere!

(WHITE turns to face ORANGE. Light saber battle begins. Eventually, they both fall, wounded – ORANGE has lost other arm – WHITE's in slightly better shape. The camera pans over all the dead Jedi, and to WHITE struggling over towards ORANGE.) I'm so sorry. I hoped you would join us. (*Pant, pant.*) I'm a Sith Lord. (*WHITE moans and sobs in anguish. SIDIOUS has entered [with Clone Troopers, if possible.] WHITE raises lightsaber for final blow.*)

SIDIOUS

Hold it right there! Drop the saber! Drop the Forcing saber! (*WHITE brings down saber for death blow, but SIDIOUS zaps him with lightning, and so he only wounds ORANGE, who collapses. WHITE falls. SIDIOUS comes over to ORANGE, wraps him in cape, puts helmet on head. Puts artificial limbs and life support box on him. As he's doing this, WHITE struggles to feet, sees he's not being observed, and runs out. SIDIOUS sends a bolt of lightning his way, but misses. With SIDIOUS's help, ORANGE rises to his feet, as DARTH VADER. Sound of heavy breathing. Surf music begins; SIDIOUS and (now) VADER look around, adjust cloaks, put away sabers, and walk out the door. The star pattern, visible through the windows, stretches out into hyperspace.*)

THE END