

Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom, Part IV: The Revolution Will Not Be Canon

Palpatine: OK, so that Darth Binks thing didn't work out.

Thrawn: Ya think?

Palpatine: That's it! I've had enough of your attitude! You're fired!

Thrawn: You can't fire me!

Palpatine: What, are you going to quit?

Thrawn: No, I'm going to overthrow you!

The other members of the council laugh.

Thrawn: I'm serious. Mark my words, you will pay for this. You'll all pay!

Thrawn storms out of the chamber.

Desann: He never brought anything good to the potluck anyway.

Palpatine: Hmm... with our recent losses, it may be necessary to recruit new members.

Daala: I'll make a quick call. I know someone who is very interested in your work. However, they'll have one condition...

Palpatine: What?

Daala: We're going to have to give Boba Fett a position on the council.

Palpatine: But... he's dead.

Daala: Just prop him up in the corner.

Palpatine: His body is in the sarlaac. How are we supposed to retrieve it?

Daala: Send some poor sap to get it.

Palpatine and Daala's gazes drift toward Desann.

Desann: Yeeeeees?

A while later, Desann has successfully recovered Fett's body, which has been awkwardly jammed into a chair next to Karen Traviss. George Lucas enters.

Lucas: Sorry I'm late. Also, I hope you don't mind that I brought a friend.

Troy Denning: Hey.

Desann: Fools! How are we supposed to feed everyone now? Do I look like I'm made out of delicious, savory Chistori meat?

Palpatine: Anyway, we were going to, uh... why did we convene this meeting?

Desann: We are going to **crush** the rebels in a glorious display of **crushing!** They shall be utterly and mercilessly **crushed!**

Palpatine: Ah, yes. What do you pro-

Traviss: Boba Fett.

Palpatine looks at Fett's corpse, which is barely being held in place by duct tape.

Traviss: What do you think, Boba?

Traviss waits, in vain, for an answer.

Traviss: He's not answering.

Palpatine and Daala exchange a worried look.

Traviss: That is so mysterious. He's probably thinking about his tortured past.

Daala: His past is the least of his problems right now.

Palpatine: Uh, let's see what Troy has to say.

Denning: Well, the way I see it, Luke Skywalker is unstoppable.

Palpatine: OK. And...

Denning: That's it.

Palpatine: All right. Any other id-

Traviss: Boba Fett.

Palpatine: Yes, I know.

Traviss: Mmmmm... Boba Fett...

Lucas: Mmmmm... money...

Desann: Mmmmm... bagel...

Andrew: Mmmmm... Bastila...

Palpatine: And who are you?

Andrew: I got lost after the Q&A session.

Palpatine: Get out of here, before you completely destroy the fourth wall!

Palpatine sighs.

Palpatine: Still no ideas? Nothing? No-

Traviss: Boba-

Palpatine: Yes! I kriffing heard you the first time! Now shut up!

Desann: We should build a Death Star that shoots star destroyers.

Palpatine: Why?

Desann: The star destroyers are all Eclipse-class, so then they fire their own superlasers. It will be **awesome**.

Daala: And the superlasers turn metal into crystal.

Desann: Excellent. It shall be called "the Crystal Star!"

Lucas: Hey, everyone, I just got an idea.

Palpatine: What is it this time?

Lucas: OK, so, Jabba the Hutt's uncle is kind of like him, but purple and covered with body paint. And he speaks Basic with a really high, nasal voice.

Palpatine: What does that have to do with anything?

Lucas: Money.

Denning: I have an even better idea. Let's kill half the characters just to upset people!

Lucas: I don't know. Will they still give me money if they're upset?

Denning: Those morons will buy anything.

Traviss: I think we should have to listen to what Boba thinks about this.

The council members are silent while Traviss waits for Fett to dispense his pearls of wisdom.

Traviss: I think he wants us to do nothing.

Desann: Then nothing is what we shall do! I will begin immediately!

Traviss: Oh, Boba, you're so witty. Will you marry me?

Traviss waits.

Traviss: It's OK, Boba. Take your time.

Fett's body falls out of the seat. Lucas uses it as a footstool.

Lucas: You know, this gives me an idea for some new merchandise...