

## Palpatine's Evil Council of Doom, Part V: The Plot Dumbs Down

Thrawn: The time has come to throw off the shackles of Palpatine's regime! Together, we can create a free, enlightened Empire! Who is with me?

*Nobody pays any attention to Thrawn.*

Thrawn: This is what I get for trying to appeal to the general public. Now, what kind of language would entice them... You! Yes, you! The Empire is in trouble! Are you a bad enough dude to save the galaxy?

Citizen #1: Yes, sir! I'll do anything you say!

Thrawn: Excellent. Now to gather more followers, build a base of operations, draft some plans...

Citizen #1: You lost me.

Thrawn: I mean, we need more guys. And guns. We need lots of guns.

Citizen #1: Oh. It all makes sense now!

Palpatine: I sense a great disturbance in the Force.

Desann: Sorry. My bad.

Palpatine: What?

Desann: Yeah, about lunch... my digestive system can't handle-

Palpatine: Please, no more.

Traviss: Boba didn't eat much. I hope he's well.

Palpatine: I think he's as well as he's going to get.

Lucas: Did you hear about Thrawn?

Palpatine: What about him?

Lucas: He's trying to start a revolution.

Palpatine: Yeah, right. He'll never accomplish anything.

Desann: I say we should crush him, just to make sure.

Palpatine: No.

Desann: Just a little?

Palpatine: No.

Lucas: Think of the sequels we could make!

Palpatine: We don't need more money, George! We have an entire galaxy's worth of resources!

Lucas: Money, money, money, money makes the world go 'round!

Palpatine: Uh... moving along...

Desann: Crush! Destroy! Aniiiiiihilate!

Palpatine: That's enough out of you! Force Choke!

*Desann is lifted out of his chair by an invisible force.*

Desann: Why not... Force... Crush?

*Palpatine releases Desann.*

Palpatine: I can't kill you. You're the only "idea guy" we've had since Thrawn left.

Desann: You fired him.

Lucas: That reduces payroll expenses!

Palpatine: That's it! Somebody is going to die!

Traviss: Not Boba!

Palpatine: How right you are. And now, Lucas... Force Lightning!

Lucas: Retcon Beam!

*The two blasts meet in the middle of the conference room. Palpatine and Lucas pour more energy into the battle in an attempt to overwhelm their opponent.*

Lucas: Continuity! UNLIMITED CONTINUITY!

Traviss: Boba would help, but he's too exhausted from being leader of Mandalore. Isn't that right, Boba?

*Fett's arm falls off.*

Traviss: Oh. Well, I'm sure it'll grow back, thanks to your superior Mando physiology.

Palpatine: Desann... help me!

Desann: Yes, master!

*Desann ignites his lightsaber, then thrusts the blade into the midst of Palpatine's Lightning and Lucas' Retcon Beam. The saber's interference redirects the beam straight into Fett's body.*

Palpatine: What just happened?

Boba: I feel fantastic and I'm still alive!

Palpatine: What?

Desann: What?

Denning: What?

Lucas: Money?

Daala: What?

Traviss: Boba!

Boba: Me!

Desann: How can this be? I demand an answer! **Demand**, I say!

Boba: That will have to wait. Thrawn's fleet is here!

*Boba flexes, then leaps straight through the ceiling of the conference room.*

Boba: Hiya!

*Fett uses his jetpack to fly into space, where Thrawn's fleet is about to begin its attack on... whatever planet the Council of Doom meets at.*

*Dodging turbolaser fire, Boba flies toward a star destroyer.*

Boba: Hoo! Yah! Wachow!

*Fett roundhouse kicks a turbolaser blast into a TIE interceptor. He then shatters the bridge window of a star destroyer with a single punch. The entire destroyer spontaneously explodes, but the fireball doesn't harm Fett at all.*

*Back in the conference room, Palpatine and Desann are playing checkers. Seeing that he can't win, Palpatine fries the board with Force Lightning.*

Palpatine: Ha! I win!

Traviss: Since I'm a journalist, I'll record these events from an objective viewpoint. Now, which should I describe first – how much better the Mandalorians are than everyone else, or how much the Jedi suck?

*In space, Thrawn is contemplating his response to Fett's attack.*

Thrawn: This is the moment we've been waiting for. Now unleash... the Talifan!

*Thrawn's flagship launches a person in an EV suit at Fett.*

Talifan: Hey, Fett! You were, what, thirteen when Order 66 was given? How did you kill so many Jedi, then? Did you just happen to kill all the Jedi powerful, intelligent, and stealthy enough to escape your all-mighty clone army?

Boba: I, uh... I was just that good!

Talifan: Really? The clones had much more training and combat experience than you, had the element of surprise, and were perfectly positioned to take out the Jedi. How could you do any better?

Boba: No! Power... weakening... Credibility... failing!

Talifan: And if you were such an experienced Jedi hunter, shouldn't killing Luke Skywalker have been a walk in the park? Why did the Empire even bother looking at other bounty hunters when it had the bane of the Jedi Order at its disposal?

Boba: They... I... Oh, there's no excuse! The retcons aren't strong enough!

Talifan: Look at you! Even the slightest experience fighting Jedi would have been enough for you to determine the necessity of a ysalamir in order to counter their Force abilities. That way you would have been able to incapacitate Skywalker in a matter of seconds instead of getting kicked into the sarlaac by a blind Corellian scoundrel. You made every mistake in the book, for crying out loud!

Boba: I was having a bad day!

Talifan: You're the most pathetic excuse for a bounty hunter I've ever seen!

*A turbolaser bolt sends Fett careening back to the planet below.*

Palpatine: A wedge of cheese! A herring! A praying mantis!

Desann: You're getting warmer.

Palpatine: The lone mantis of the apocalypse!

Desann: Yes!

Palpatine: I told you I excel at charades.

*The game is interrupted when Fett comes crashing through the ceiling, landing right on the table in the center of the room.*

*The members of the council stare at Fett's body in stunned silence.*

Traviss: I think he's sleeping. He must be tired after wiping out that incompetent non-Mando's fleet.