

"Motti Now"

by

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SPACE

The Death Star looms into view. A lone X-Wing speeds away and disappears overhead.

We know where we are. We know what's going to happen next.

Suddenly a blip of light appears on the surface, an escape pod streaks from within and vanishes into space.

The Death Star explodes in glorious slow motion.

INT. DARKENED ROOM

A figure crosses to a window and parts a vertical blind.

MAN

Tattooine...damn. I'm still only in
Tattooine...waiting for a mission.

DISSOLVE TO:

The MAN meticulously irons Imperial uniforms and arranges them on hangers.

DISSOLVE TO:

The MAN sifts through a pile of receipts as he fills in his Empire Tax Return.

DISSOLVE TO:

The MAN checks a Midi-Chloraine Home Test Kit.

The label reads: **"ARE YOU A JEDI?"**

The MAN looks at the phial - the liquid has turned green. He checks the instructions - he isn't Jedi.

There is a knock at the door, the MAN opens it to two STORMTROOPERS.

TROOPER ONE

Are you Captain Piett, Seventeenth
Tactical Division?

PIETT

Yes.

TROOPER TWO

We have orders to escort you to
Imperial Intelligence.

PIETT

Good. I'll start packing.

The TROOPERS take PIETT by each arm.

PIETT

What? What are you doing?

The TROOPERS drag PIETT out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM SAME

TROOPER ONE shoves PIETT under the shower.

TROOPER TWO turns it on.

PIETT is drenched. He looks from TROOPER to TROOPER.

PIETT

I just ironed this.

CUT TO:

SPACE

An Imperial shuttle streaks towards a Star Destroyer.

INT. STAR DESTROYER IMPERIAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

The doors open with a hiss and a soaking wet PIETT
enters the room.

An IMPERIAL OFFICER who resembles Han Solo greets him.

There is the unmistakable sound of VADER's respirator.

PIETT warily snaps to attention.

IMPERIAL OFFICER

You have met Darth Vader, have you not,
Captain?

PIETT

Yes sir.

VADER

This meeting is not taking place.
Do you understand?

PIETT

Yes sir, yes your Lordship.

VADER

You're familiar with Admiral Motti, are
you not?

PIETT

Yes sir...C 'n C Death Star, he was
killed in the Rebel attack-.

VADER

No Captain, he wasn't. Admiral Motti is
alive.

IMPERIAL OFFICER

The Admiral deserted the Death Star
with his personal bodyguard, a band of
disloyal officers and female life
forms.

VADER is about to speak; the IMPERIAL OFFICER is unaware
and keeps talking.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

Motti was an outstanding officer;
courageous, brave...

VADER tries to interject but only PIETT notices.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

A natural tactician, ruthless and loyal
until his betrayal.

ANGLE ON: an annoyed VADER.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (CONT'D)
Motti has gathered around him a group
of Imperial traitors and Rebel
deserters...

VADER cracks his knuckles.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (CONT'D)
...brain damaged clones, crazed Ewoks,
dipsomaniac Wookies...they worship the
man like a god and follow every order,
however ridiculous.

VADER is seriously pissed off now. PIETT tries to signal
to him but the OFFICER is on a roll.

IMPERIAL OFFICER (CONT'D)
He's out there commanding troops with
no regard for -.

VADER raises two fingers; the IMPERIAL OFFICER clutches
his groin, drops to his knees, whimpers and keels over.

VADER points to a control panel and a recording starts.

MOTTI
(V.O.)
And why does a rebellion need a
princess? Is she royalty or just a
shill for the nabobs and the dental
hygienists who run the Rebellion now?

VADER raises his fingers again and the recording stops.

VADER
As you see, Admiral Motti has gone
insane.

PIETT
Yes sir, very much so your Lordship.

ANGLE ON: IMPERIAL OFFICER writhing on the floor. His
voice is choked and very high as he veers between pain
and pleasure.

IMPERIAL OFFICER

Your mission is to proceed to the fifth moon of Hoth, pick up the Admiral's trail...infiltrate his group and terminate the Admiral's command.

PIETT

Terminate?

The IMPERIAL OFFICER nods and whimpers loudly.

VADER

Terminate with extreme prejudice.

EXT. FIFTH MOON OF HOTH DAY

An Imperial shuttle that resembles a Humvee hovers over a swamp. CAPTAIN PIETT and TWO TROOPERS watch as an IMPERIAL PILOT lands the craft on the water.

IMPERIAL PILOT

How secret is this secret mission, Captain?

PIETT

That's classified.

PIETT looks into the foreboding jungle.

TROOPERS THREE and FOUR exchange camp looks.

TROOPERS THREE & FOUR

Oooooohh...

DISSOLVE TO:

The HUMVEE as its engines roar and a white wake spreads on the green water.

PIETT (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Finding Motti wasn't going to be easy. He'd been out here since Death Star One blew; punching holes in the Empire's offense and the rebel's defense. No

wonder they wanted him dead; he was
making both sides look like clowns.

EXT. STAGING AREA NIGHT

The Humvee cruises into an Imperial forward outpost.

In B.G. Shuttles, At-At's, and land speeders are being serviced.

EXT. DOCKS NIGHT SAME

The IMPERIAL PILOT tries to order fuel from a QUARTER-MASTER who is bantering to three other TROOPERS.

IMPERIAL QUARTERMASTER

No destination, no fuel rod. That's it.
Hey, Trooper you want two or three of
those -.

PIETT suddenly appears, grabs the QM by the collar,
drags him over some barrels and slams him against a
wall.

PIETT

Terribly sorry about that but the
destination's classified.

IMPERIAL QUARTERMASTER

Oh, sorry, Captain, sure...I didn't
realize you were droll, sir.

PIETT

Quite all right, Quartermaster.

IMPERIAL QUARTERMASTER

You got your fuel, sir and here's some
tickets for the show.

PIETT

Show?

EXT. STAGING AREA NIGHT

Two Female Life Forms ooze on stage and start to dance as the IMPERIAL PERSONNEL go wild at the sight of them.
ANGLE ON:

The IMPERIAL PILOT cheering.

He jumps on stage and goes for one of the dancers. She seems to like him and in a flash they jump off the stage and disappear in the undergrowth.

EXT. STAGING AREA DAWN

PIETT and the two TROOPERS wait by the Humvee.

TROOPER THREE
Can't wait much longer, Captain.

TROOPER FOUR
I thought he was just getting laid.

PIETT
Perhaps he fell in love.

TROOPER FOUR
Yeah, very droll, sir.

PIETT
It can happen anywhere...so I'm told.

TROOPER THREE
He deserted, Captain. Come on, I can drive this thing.

He jumps on board and starts the engine. TROOPER FOUR follows.

TROOPER FOUR
Captain?

ANGLE ON: A thoughtful PIETT before he jumps on board. The Humvee pulls away from the dock and into the river.

EXT. RIVER DAY

PIETT opens another document from the dossier and studies the contents.

PIETT (V.O.)

Motti was always his own man. He went after the generals, he stood up to Vader. When he didn't like the original color of the Death Star he went right to the Emperor and got it repainted. What balls...He was right - the most powerful weapon in universe isn't pale blue.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Humvee rounds a bend and the remains of a mopping up operation come into view. TROOPERS and an IMPERIAL OFFICER round up prisoners.

The Humvee comes close to shore and PIETT jumps out.

EXT. VILLAGE DAY SAME

ANGLE ON: IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO as he struts in front of a group of kneeling REBELS. He opens a deck of playing cards with the faces of the Rebellion's MOST WANTED and goes into a Chris Rock riff.

In BG, PIETT walks up behind him.

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO

Not exactly a princess are you, girl. Where'd you get that cheap ass dress. Shut up! Rhetorical!!

(He goes to another prisoner.)

Man, you are so ugly you had to be a rebel. No way you get to be an Imperial. Imperials are *style*.

(He goes to a crustacean prisoner.)

You are now a prisoner of the Empire. You have the right to remain my slave. Any attempt to escape means me dipping you in batter and deep frying you for

my lunch. Now just the subjugate and shut the -!

(He suddenly turns to
PIETT.)

Who the hell are you? Why are you sneaking up me? Damn! I hate that!! You know what I hate even more? I hate that you out rank me!

He snaps to attention.

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO
(CONT'D)

Sir!

PIETT
Where's your commanding officer, Lieutenant?

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO
He's on an extended recon, sir.

PIETT
Pardon?

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO
Sorry, sir! My feeble attempt to be droll, sir. I apologize, sir!

He's right next to PIETT's ear. PIETT takes a step away.

PIETT
You don't know?

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO
Not exactly, sir.

PIETT
He's deserted, hasn't he?

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO
Yes sir! The CO felt he could best serve the Empire somewhere else, sir.

He cocks his head upriver.

PIETT
Very droll, Lieutenant.

IMPERIAL OFFICER TWO
Yes sir! Thank you, sir!

EXT. HUMVEE DAY SAME

PIETT climbs on board. TROOPER FOUR starts the engine.

PIETT
That way.

He points upriver.

TROOPER FOUR
How'd you know, sir?

PIETT
Their CO deserted and joined Motti...
Damn! Damn! Damn and blast!

TROOPER THREE
You just spilled your secret mission
didn't you, sir?

PIETT
Not a word, chaps. Okay?

The TROOPERS exchange looks and drolly salute.

CUT TO:

SUPER: MAP - THE TRAIL OF THE HUMVEE SNAKES ALONG THE
RIVER TOWARDS AN AREA MARKED: 'UNCHARTED'.

DISSOLVE TO:#

EXT. RIVER DAY

The jungle thickens and darkens overhead.

PIETT looks through a range finder then up into the moss
and tendrils of the jungle canopy.

PIETT

(V.O.)

Everyone seemed to be losing it in
some way out here. What the hell was
Motti going to be like when I found him?

PIETT'S POV: The river becomes a darker, more foreboding
green and black.

DISOLVE TO:

EXT. HUMVEE DAY

PIETT examines the dossier. TROOPER FOUR sneaks looks
over his shoulder.

PIETT

(V.O.)

After Alderaan, Motti wanted to go all
the way and vaporize every rebel planet
he could find...but he was over ruled.
Vader agreed with him but a rebel
surrender wouldn't have suited everyone
just then.

He turns the page of the dossier to reveal a picture
of GEORGE.

MOTTI (Cont.)

The bantu shit really started piling up
around him. I was beginning to see why
he bailed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP JUNGLE DAY

The jungle is getting creepier by the meter. TROOPER THREE
scans the riverbank and turns the Humvee away.

PIETT looks aft as TROOPER FOUR picks up the dossier and
flips through it.

PIETT'S POV: An X-Wing rusts precariously in large tree. A
shattered R2 unit hangs from a safety line.

The branch breaks and the R2 plunges into the black water.

PIETT turns and TROOPER FOUR clumsily tries to hide the dossier behind his back.

PIETT
Little late for that, don't you think,
Trooper?

TROOPER FOUR
Very droll, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK DAY

The Humvee is enveloped in a thick mist. Life forms can be made out on the riverbank as the mist and fog thickens.

Suddenly a dozen blaster bolts smash into the hull of the Humvee.

TROOPER THREE spins the wheel but the engine stalls.

TROOPER THREE suddenly loses it and starts shamelessly over acting.

TROOPER THREE
You don't have any idea how to get
us out of here, do ya? Do ya!!

PIETT
Haven't a clue, mate.

TROOPER THREE
Is that it? No plan? No apology?

TROOPER FOUR
Let's find him, fry him and get out of
here.

PIETT
Oh yes, that's a plan.

TROOPER THREE
Again with the droll! Go on, be droll,
be sardonic - !

Suddenly TROOPER THREE is hit in the chest with a blaster bolt. Blood spatters the windshield. He stares in disbelief.

TROOPER THREE'S POV: A Rodian - this one a crack shot - high fives a drunken Wookiee. They share swigs from a bottle.

BACK TO: TROOPER THREE.

TROOPER THREE (CONT'D)

A Rodian. A Rodian who can shoot straight.

Having achieved drollness, TROOPER THREE dies and drops to the deck.

As the Humvee drifts to the shore the figures come into view and form a tableau that could come out George's nightmares.

A dozen EWOKS brandishing spears line the riverbank and the ramparts of a strange temple.

At first they look cute and cuddly but as the Humvee draws closer they are foaming at the mouth with distemper. Their little bloodshot eyes dart around and they growl manically.

One of them is gnawing on a human arm.

Several CLONE TROOPERS stagger around aimlessly bumping into trees and each other.

Several rusted, rewired DROIDS buzz and whir menacingly.

Mangy WOOKIEES of various sizes wade out into the river and pull the Humvee to shore. They stare through PIETT and TROOPER FOUR.

Several REBEL DESERTERS appear on the ramparts; there are two X-WING PILOTS holding hands. A B-WING PILOT is voraciously making out with Aura Sing's trashy sister.

IMPERIAL OFFICERS appear with various weapons, their faces are daubed with war paint. They eye PIETT suspiciously.

A GIRL in a white robe, Princess Leia's delinquent cousin with filthy hair and Gothic make up fingers the trigger of a blaster.

The IMPERIAL PILOT and the DANCER come into view. They're arguing.

The STORMTROOPERS who make up MOTTI's personal bodyguard appear from the darkness of the temple. Their armor is dented and burned with blaster hits and there are blood spatters on their arm and chest plates. Two have lost limbs.

They are accompanied by FLF's - FEMALE LIFE FORMS, some human, some not - they wear various alluring or vulgar costumes. Some are slaves, some are compliant volunteers - two are pregnant. They all carry weapons.

ANGLE ON: PIETT and TROOPER FOUR.

PIETT

One of us has to get back here by midnight tomorrow and call in the Tie strike.

TROOPER FOUR

Yes sir.

PIETT and TROOPER FOUR start to get off the Humvee.

Suddenly every weapon is pointing at them. They raise their arms.

A lone, healthy EWOK appears from the crowd and jumps on the Humvee. He wears a vest, bandana, native necklaces, sunglasses and has several cameras slung around his furry neck. His voice is slightly manic and his gestures are strangely familiar. He's HOPPER the Ewok.

HOPPER

Just be cool, man...okay...they don't want to hurt you.

TROOPER FOUR points to TROOPER THREE'S body.

TROOPER FOUR

Hey.

HOPPER

He's a Rodian, man, they're nuts. You gotta any smokes...man, that is -.

PIETT

I've stopped smoking, actually.

HOPPER

Ahh, man...don't be droll, man...You've come for him, haven't you?

TROOPER FOUR

Ahh, no...we're lost...yeah, lost...we took a wrong turn...

Several TROOPERS and WOOKIEES surround PIETT and TROOPER FOUR and carry them into the compound.

In B.G. a lone silhouetted figure watches from the shadows of the temple.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND FOLLOWING DAY

PIETT is tethered in a cage. An Oola-like creature is giving him a manicure while another creature peels a face mask.

HOPPER appears.

HOPPER

Some days he'll order a facial, then have the head cut off. Sometimes he goes too far, man, I know he does, I don't like all that coriander in the food either. But the man's a genius, man...just the other day he said to me, 'I know why the Rebel pilots wear orange.' And he told me. I mean, wow, I never knew that, man! I mean the intellect of the man ...it's incredible, man, he blows my mind -.

Two TROOPERS arrive; they open the cage, drag PIETT out and march him down the trail. HOPPER follows.

INT. MOTTI'S LAIR DAY SAME

PIETT is pushed into a semi-dark room. The stone walls glisten with moisture and dripping water is heard in the darkness.

PIETT'S POV: The hulking, shaven headed figure of ADMIRAL MOTTI leans out of the shadows into half light and signals PIETT to sit.

BACK TO PIETT as he sits on a stool without taking his eyes off MOTTI.

HOPPER furtively enters and sits on the floor between them.

MOTTI

Welcome, Captain. What message has my old friend Darth Vader sent. You're his errand boy, are you not?

PIETT

I was sent to make a report about your activities, Admiral.

HOPPER

Yeah, right, man. Make a report, man. Take his head back, that's what they told you. How you gonna do that, man? They love man, the jungle loves the man, he's at one with it all, man -!

MOTTI tosses a thermal detonator at HOPPER. He catches it on a roll like a cricket fielder, he bounces to his feet

HOPPER

Howzaat, man!!

A blue light switches on.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Ahh, man...you activated it.

HOPPER runs from the room.

The flash fully lights MOTTI's face for a moment. The explosion is very loud. Then after a long pause...

HOPPER (CONT'D)
(V.O.)

Owww!

HOPPER's muttering fades away.

HOPPER (CONT'D)
(V.O.)

Ahh man, where's the medic dude? Ouch.
My fur's singed all on one side...look
at my camera..Ahh, man...I'm
smouldering.

MOTTI
Do you know what happened to the last
captain they sent?

PIETT
No, Admiral.

MOTTI
They didn't tell you about the others,
did they?

PIETT
No, Admiral.

MOTTI
You see, Captain, this far out, the
Empire, the Rebellion...even The Force
begins to blur. Yet this is where
principles are re-sharpened, where duty
is re-focused...Do you understand?

PIETT
I think I do, Admiral.

MOTTI
I remember back when I was with the
Empire...it seems a thousand parsecs
ago...We landed on a planet and moved
into a settlement. We gave toys to all
the children there. Then, later we were
told, *They* had come. When we came back,

all the toys were broken. They pulled the arms off all the action figures. There was this pile of little plastic arms. The genius of it...If I had ten divisions like that, heartless, arrogant...fat...toy dealers...our troubles here would be over very soon. And that's when it hit me, like a proton blast to the brain...moral terror, merchandising ...collectibility. You must make these your allies otherwise they will become your mortal enemies. You follow me, Captain?

PIETT

Yes, Admiral.

MOTTI

Do you?

MOTTI smiles at him as he rises. He's wearing a faded green T-shirt and a brightly colored sarong.

He disappears into the shadows.

EXT. CAGE EVENING

Rain sheets down on PIETT's head.

SHOT WIDENS to reveal PIETT lashed to the bars.

TROOPER FOUR rolls up with a FEMALE LIFE FORM on each arm.

TROOPER FOUR

Hey, Cap...man this is the best damn duty I ever pulled. Hey sorry, Capn'. Captain. You still want me to do that thing at...whenever...what was that thing you gave me?

PIETT

An order.

TROOPER FOUR

Hey, droll one, Captain. You still want it? You're tied up, right. Hey, that was droll...

PIETT

Yes, Trooper, I do.

TROOPER FOUR salutes and staggers away with the FEMALE LIFE FORMS.

Suddenly, the singed face of HOPPER appears at the bars.

HOPPER

What are they going to say about Motti when he's gone, man? That he was a good man? A kind man? No, man, they're going to say he flipped, that he flipped on the Empire but the Empire flipped on him, man.

MOTTI appears. The FEMALE LIFE FORMS who were with TROOPER FOUR are on MOTTI's arm now. One of them heaves TROOPER FOUR's helmet into the cage.

They walk away.

HOPPER whips out a blade and cuts PIETT's binds.

EXT. HUMVEE DECK NIGHT

PIETT sends a signal from the cockpit.

EXT. MOTTI'S LAIR NIGHT

PIETT'S POV: The large foreboding door.

PIETT

(V.O.)

I thought he wanted to go out like a soldier.

PIETT opens the door. Music is blaring, the FEMALE LIFE FORMS are dancing with MOTTI.

PIETT

(V.O.)

I was wrong. He wanted to go out partying.

MOTTI

They say, "What are you rebelling against?" I say, "Whatya got?" Okay, girls, we're out of here. Come fly with me. Shecky get the shuttle.

MOTTI looks at PIETT.

PIETT looks at MOTTI.

PIETT'S POV: MOTTI holds up his hands and bares his teeth and reveals an orange peel in his mouth.

ANGLE ON: PIETT as he turns on a light sabre.

PIETT looks at MOTTI.

PIETT'S POV: MOTTI jumps genre again, puts his little finger to the corner of his mouth and gives him a *Dr. Evil* eyebrow.

As he raises the light sabre explosions start ripping up the compound and flashing in the lair.

PIETT

(V.O.)

The Tie Fighters were an hour early.
I'd forgotten we changed to Empire
Saving Time is this quadrant.

PIETT looks at MOTTI --

MOTTI's gone.

EXT. RIVER NIGHT

The Imperial Humvee backs away from the flaming compound as the Tie fighters come in for another run and the, "Money hits the screen."

The Humvee is dwarfed by the burning jungle. HOPPER is seen standing on the bow.

HOPPER
Far out...dig it, man...

PIETT
(V.O.)
I put in my report that we got Motti.
What the hell else was I going to do.
But deep down...I knew he made it out.

INT. MOTTI'S SHUTTLE NIGHT

MOTTI watches the burning compound as the shuttle lifts off. He reclines his seat to a horizontal position and whispers...

MOTTI
The merchandising...the merchandising...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

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All Star Wars references

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