

Block Wars: Episode I - Phantom but Deadly

By

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We're crazy fucked up assholes with too much time on our hands...

Turmoil has engulfed the Galactic Blockublic. The banning of trade servers to outlaying star systems is in dispute. There's a Lord Tony joke in here somewhere.

Hoping to resolve the matter with a blockade of deadly battleships, the greedy Trade Federation has stopped all shipping to the small planet of Naboo. Meanwhile, Amazon has continued shipping and is charging double for Prime membership.

While the congress of the Blockublic endlessly debates this alarming chain of events, the Supreme Chancellor, who I swear we will not make Trump jokes about, has secretly dispatched two Jedi Knights, the guardians of peace and justice in the galaxy, to settle the conflict...

EXT. SPACE

PAN DOWN to reveal a small space cruiser heading TOWARD CAMERA at great speed. PAN with the cruiser as it heads toward the beautiful green planet of Naboo, which is surrounded by hundreds of Trade Federation battleships.

INT. CRUISER - COCKPIT

The Captain and the Pilot maneuver closer to one of the battleships.

QUI-GON
(off screen)
Captain.

The captain turns to look behind her.

CAPTAIN
Yes, sir?

QUI-GON
Tell them their viceroy has a funny looking face.

CAPTAIN
Yes, sir.

The captain turns to her screen, where Nute Gunray waits a reply.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

With all due respect for the Trade Federation, the Ambassadors for the Supreme Chancellor wish to insult your face.

NUTE

Oooh. Jinn! I knew you were aboard this vessel!

QUI-GON

Indeed Nute. It's always a lovely time to see you.

NUTE

You dirty Jedi scum, what are you here for now?

QUI-GON

We want past your blockade, or is it a quarantine? I don't care, regardless, we're here to buy cigars, bud.

NUTE

Our blockade is perfectly legal, you know.

QUI-GON

Yet what trade organization would discourage trade? You baffle me with your advanced knowledge economics, Nute.

NUTE

Gah! Fine, so you are here to negotiate. So be it. Allow them entrance.

The screen goes black. Out the cockpit window, the sinister battleship looms ever closer.

INT. DOCKING BAY

The small space cruiser docks in the main bay of the battleship.

A small protocol droid walks in to greet them. It has a female voice.

(CONTINUED)

TC-14
My name is TC-14. Your trial
version of TC-14 has expired! If
you'd like to unlock the full
version, please insert 25 credits
into my chassis to continue! Or
visit our website

QUI-GON
(interrupting)
Uh, later.

He turns to his friend.

QUI-GON
(whispers)
I didn't bring any credits, did
you?

OBI-WAN
(whispers)
No. Of course not.

QUI-GON
(whispers)
Are we going to need credits?

OBI-WAN
(whispers)
Fuck if I know.

They're taken down the hall.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The two cloaked figures are seated.

TC-14
My name is TC-14. Your trial
version of TC-14 has expired! If
you'd like to-

QUI-GON
Alright enough!

The droid leaves. The two figures remove their cloaks and
hoods. They are non other than Qui-Gon Jinn, Jedi master and
his apprentice, Obi-Wan Kenobi.

OBI-WAN
I have a bad feeling about this.

(CONTINUED)

QUI-GON

What makes you say that?

OBI-WAN

There are no gift shops in this entire place.

QUI-GON

Don't center on your anxiety, Obi-Wan. Keep your concentration here and now where it belongs.

OBI-WAN

Master Yoda says I should be mindful of the future.

QUI-GON

Well master Yoda isn't here, is he? No, just regular old Qui-Gon, your master. Trying to teach you a lesson, but nooo.

OBI-WAN

I'm sorry master, you're right. How do you think these negotiations will go?

QUI-GON

These Federation types are cowards. The negotiations will be short. Or they'll send in droids like they always do. They think it's funny or some shit.

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

Battle droids are lined up behind the door. One looks at the other and giggles a robotic giggle.

DROID

Tee-hee, I love Tuesdays.

INT. BATTLESHIP'S BRIDGE

Nute Gunray and Daultray Dofine are in the bridge as La-a enters.

TC-14

My name is TC-14. Your trial version-

(CONTINUED)

NUTE

No, wait! The Jedi are here already!? I was busy getting my popcorn! I thought it was still part of the trailer!

DAULTRAY DOFINE

Well you're fucked now.

NUTE

That's it! Gas them!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

TC-14 makes her way into the room with drinks on a serving tray.

Smokes starts billowing out of a vent on the lower side of the room.

QUI-GON

Oh, come on now.

OBI-WAN

What?

QUI-GON

The guy in the next room just lit up a joint.

He turns to the wall next to them.

QUI-GON

(yelling through the wall)
Couldn't wait to get high until later, buddy?

The smoke continues to billow.

OBI-WAN

Wow, there must be a lot of pot-heads in there.

QUI-GON

Wait a tick. This doesn't smell like pot...
(turning to Obi-Wan)
Not that I would know what that smells like.

The two Jedi realise it's deadly gas.

(CONTINUED)

QUI-GON
No wait this is dioxis!

OBI-WAN
What?

QUI-GON
Poisonous gas!

OBI-WAN
Man, it's entirely visible and has
a definite odor! You know I get the
feeling these Trade federation guys
are very stupid.

INT. BATTLESHIP'S BRIDGE

A hologram of Darth Sidious appears.

SIDIOUS
Are they dead yet?

NUTE
I pumped the room full of gas!

SIDIOUS
Now I have to ask... this time did
you use the kind they can see, or
the kind they can't see?

NUTE
The kind they... oh fuck.

He turns to a communicator.

NUTE
(into device)
Send in the battle droids! Blow up
their ship! They mustn't escape!

Sidious is unamused.

INT. DOCKING BAY

Two large laser cannons move into position. They telegraph
their moves pretty obviously and they move slowly enough
that the captain could probably eject.

INT. CRUISER - COCKPIT

Muffled hair-metal plays in the background. The captain is singing along with it and pretending to pilot the ship through an imaginary asteroid field. He looks up out the window and sees his reflection, suddenly we focus on the two blasts coming at the ship, now with no time left to escape.

PILOT

Oh. Oh dear.

INT. DOCKING BAY

The ship explodes with a great force right as the song the captian was listening to climaxes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The gas is really starting to thicken. The large blast can be heard from here.

QUI-GON

Alright, negotiations are over.
Saber-time.

OBI-WAN

Witty one liner!

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

The droids are lined up and ready. A hologram of nute commands them.

NUTE

They must be dead by now. Blast
what's left of them.

The hologram fizzles out.

DROID

Harsh, man.

The droids open the door. Smoke rolls out into the room.

TC-14 stumbles out.

TC-14

My name is TC-14. Your trial-

Suddenly two lightsabers and silhouettes can be seen and cut off the droid's speech. The green saber lunges and takes TC-14's head off. The droids attempt to attack but are cut down in vain.

INT. BRIDGE

NUTE

Qui-Gon! You dirty hoe-bag!

RUNE

Sir? What shall we do?

NUTE

Send in those destroyer droids!

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

Obi-Wan continues to destroy droids as Qui-Gon makes his way to the doors. He starts cutting through.

INT. BRIDGE

RUNE

Oh god, they're cutting through the door! Do something!

NUTE

Shut more doors!

DROID

WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE DOORS!

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

Doors are shut on Qui-Gon. However, he looks at his saber, realizes it is still solidified plasma and hotter than a star, and continues to cut, this time whistling.

Destroyer droids make their way down the hallway. Qui-Gon senses them.

QUI-GON

Uh oh. Destroyer droids are never fun.

The two Jedi quickly make an escape, scoby doo sound effects as they run.

The destroyer droids rush in, slightly too late.

(CONTINUED)

DESTROYER DROID

Uhh...

They sit silent for a few seconds.

DESTROYER DROID

Well this is akward.

INT. DOCKING BAY

The two Jedi have made their way into the docking bay where hundreds of droid ships are making their way to the surface of Naboo for an invasion.

QUI-GON

Battle droids.

OBI-WAN

They're planning to invade the planet.

Qui-gon starts running toward the ships and sneaks aboard.

OBI-WAN

Where are you going?

QUI-GON

Let's split up! We'll be far less conspicuous that way!

OBI-WAN

What!?

QUI-GON

Last one to the planet buys lunch at Dexter's!

OBI-WAN

Oh you are on!

Obi-wan also runs towards the ship.

EXT. SPACE

The landing craft zip down to the planet below.

EXT. NABOO

The ships land and hundreds of droids are let down onto the planet.

Qui-gon is already down and on the planet and makes his way through the landscape.

An odd, frog-like creature called a gungan named Jar Jar Binks squats near-by.

He's picking flowers like a complete and utter idiot.

One of the giant tanks makes its way through the forest, taking trees and other plants with it.

Jar Jar just stares at it in awe, like the complete fool he is.

JAR JAR
(quietly)
Oh no.

QUI-GON
Hey! Get the fuck out of here!

Jar jar doesn't listen, he stares at the giant tank.

QUI-GON
(annoyed)
For god's sake.

He runs at Jar Jar and catches him right before the tank mowes him over. They both drop to the ground as it floats over them.

JAR JAR
Oyi-

QUI-GON
No! Do not speak! Don't you ever
fucking speak to me.

JAR JAR
But-

QUI-GON
It's bad enough we need you for the
plot, but be damned if I will
listen to you.

He gets in real close to Jar Jar's face.

(CONTINUED)

QUI-GON

You say one fucking thing before we get off of Naboo and I'll cut your tongue from your head, udnerstand?

Jar Jar nods nervously.

Two droids on speeders burst out of the vegetation chasing Obi-wan. They fire lasers at him.

Qui-gon quickly pulls out his saber and deflects the bolts back at them, blowing them up instantly.

QUI-GON

And where were you?

OBI-WAN

(out of breath)

I... landed... on the other side... of the planet... that idea... to split up... was stupid...

QUI-GON

... so how are you here now?

OBI-WAN

(out of breath)

I... ran... really... fast...

He stops and catches his breath. He looks over at Jar Jar.

OBI-WAN

(still out of breath)

What the fuck is this?

QUI-GON

A local.

JAR JAR

I-

QUI-GON

(cutting him off)

He's mute. Doesn't talk. Ever.

Jar Jar again nods sheepishly.

QUI-GON

Alright we need to get out of this battlefeild before we get blown to smithereens. Jar Jar, you're a gungan, take us to your home city underwater, I'm sure that'll be safe.

Jar Jar wants to protest but remembers to keep his mouth shut.

QUI-GON

That's a good lad, let's get going.

The three make their way to the edge of the lake and jump in.