

My Apprentice Ep 1

INT. A boardroom. Camera pans across a table to the end of it, where a figure is seen sitting in his chair facing away from the camera.

Vader (spins around from chair and faces camera):

Welcome to my lair of evil! Muhahahah! (coughs). Uh, to begin our journey I have selected 12 candidates from all over the galaxy to see -

The PRODUCER appears and whispers into VADER's ear.

VADER (con't):

What?! We only have four?! Well how the **** am I going to run a ****in' reality show for 12 weeks with only 4 idiots? God, I hate this damn show. The producers should really burn in hell.

He sighs.

Vader (con't, angrily):

Today I have selected...4 candidates...for the job opportunity of a lifetime to hand me coffee and sugar in the morning, and start up my vehicle when it's cold outside, and give me back rubs and feed me grapes on a silver platter. The job is crap but the pay is a whole two-figure salary. Who will prevail, who will fail, and who will be the next ass kisser? Er, sorry, my apprentice.

Music begins with the title screen/opening credits. The Imperial March plays, and quickly changes to For the love of Money.

CUT TO outside the house:

Vader:

Welcome, all, to my home. It will be great to meet you all and get to know you during the following weeks to see who is fit for the job. This is not a game, this is a long ass job interview that will be composed of doing ridiculous tasks to impress me. You will be split into two teams. The winning team will get a kick ass prize, and the

losing team will be sent to my office where someone will be fired. (Or most likely killed.)

Luke:

Wait, what?

Vader:

Nothing, nothing... Your first task is to create a team name that represents you. Han and Boba Fett, you will be one team. Luke and Chewie, you be the other team. Now go to your quarters. I'll have my secretary call you when it is time. Oh, and pick a team captain who will lead you in your task. And if the team fails, the team captain will be responsible. Good luck, and may the Force be with you.

Han:

Wait, why can't I be with Chewie? It's always Han and Chewie.

Vader:

Rrgh, fine. Chewie, you wanna be with this cracka?

Chewie growls in disagreement.

Han:

What?! Chewie, you ***hole! Come here!

He gets up and tries to go after Chewie, but Luke holds him back.

CUT to CHEWIE, aside.

The teams enter the room and HAN tries to walk in first, but LUKE Force pushes him into the wall.

Han:

What the ****, I was walking there! Why the hell did you do that?

Luke:

Because I can, and if you make a problem of it I'll rip your throat out.

CUT TO HAN in front of the camera alone. At the bottom of the screen his name appears and his occupation.

Han:

Man, what a jerk. He really needs some anger management, and I don't think a bad temper what Vader is looking for.

He walks off, but quickly comes back to add..

Han:

Oh, and he needs a haircut.

CUT TO the room.

Luke:

C'mon Chewie, think of a name.

CHEWIE growls.

Luke:

I don't know a damn thing you said. Oh I know! How about we be the Jedi Monkey Masters?

CHEWIE growls again, and shakes his head.

Luke:

Yes, I am a genius, and I nominate myself as team captain.

CHEWIE growls in disagreement.

Luke:

No you can't be team captain. Chewie, you suck.

CHEWIE growls angrily.

Luke:

No! Bad Chewie! Bad! Bad!

LUKE beats CHEWIE with a newspaper.

Pan out to the other team.

Han:

So, team name. Hmm, this is too complicated for me. I don't know. how about The Dominators?

Boba Fett:

Nah, too hard to spell, and plus it's kind of gay. What about Ewoks?

Han:

Well, that's not too bad, I guess. Ewoks...hm, I think I like it! You're smart, you should be the team captain!

Phone starts ringing. LUKE answers.

Luke :

Hello?

Secretary:

Mr. Vader would like to meet you in the board room at 12pm.

Luke :

Oh, alright, thank you.

He turns and whispers to CHEWIE.

Luke :

Chewie, we need to meet Darth Vader in the board room at 12pm.

CHEWIE growls.

Luke :

Shh, not so loud. Don't let *them* find out, alright?

CUT TO LUKE alone outside.

Luke :

Yeah, I screwed the other team. They're going to be late now, but I don't care because I'm going to win, you got that bitch?!

He grabs the camera and shakes it violently.

Luke:

I'm going to win!!!

LUKE and CHEWIE enter the board room and sit down. Vader is already there.

Vader:

Where's Han and Boba Fett?

HAN and BOBA enter.

Han:

Bitch, you didn't tell us about the meeting!

Vader:

Okay, sit down. Next time don't be late. Now, to begin, what are your team names?

Luke:

Chewie and I are the Jedi Monkey Masters.

Vader:

Okay. Sounds good, I guess...and you two?

Boba Fett:

Ewoks.

Vader (blank stare):

What the *hell* kind of name is that? It sounds like you guys have been smoking crack! I hate people who do drugs. Anyways, today's task is a simple one. I run a lot of wars, and I need weapons to make my empire strong. So today your job is to negotiate the cheapest price for a lightsaber. Whoever makes the cheapest purchase will win, and

whoever loses will meet me at the board room where someone will be fired. Now go! Leave me!

Luke:

Okay Chewie, lets roll.

They all get up, and LUKE Force pushes Han to the ground.

Han:

God damn you, Skywalker!

LUKE and CHEWIE enter the garage

Luke:

What is this place? Get out of my way, Chewie, you're so useless.

Store owner:

dukdukdykdgfg

Luke:

Uh, pardon me. Chewie, try to speak to him.

CHEWIE growls at him.

Store owner:

Ah dududud here.

CHEWIE growls.

Luke:

Huh. So it's 50 credits for a lightsaber. I don't know, what do you think, Chewie?

CHEWIE growls.

Luke:

You're right. I think we're getting ripped off. Sir, how about you give us the lightsaber, and we give you this pocket full of nothing?

Store owner:

No

Luke:

What?! Oh, you shouldn't have done that. You're gonna die now!

He Force pushes the store owner into a wall and punches him in the face.

Luke:

Eat those 50 credits, ***hole!

CHEWIE growls.

Luke:

You're right, we should split up and try to find a cheaper price. Here, take this communicator and we'll call each other when we find something.

CHEWIE eats the communicator.

Luke:

No, you idiot, that's not food!

CUT TO LUKE by himself in the garage.

Luke:

My teammate is an idiot. He deserves to die, and if we lose he will.

Camera pans to CHEWIE. He growls.

Luke:

What? Oh...you heard me. I was just talking out of my ass, don't worry old buddy. Now c'mon, let's get out of here.

After CHEWIE starts walking about, LUKE looks back into the camera and does the "slicing the throat" motion then points to CHEWIE.

HAN and BOBA enter the garage.

Han:

Look Boba!

Boba Fett:

What? The owner is dead. Let's go somewhere else.

Han:

No, a free lightsaber!

HAN grabs the saber, and immediately an alarm goes off and garage door begins to close.

Han:

Crap, run!

He runs out the door just before it closes.

Boba:

Hey, a penny!

BOBA picks up the penny as the garage door closes on him. He looks up and notices that he is now trapped.

Boba:

Aw, mother ****ER! Hey, Han! Where'd you go?!

He starts banging on the door. HAN runs back to the garage and hears him.

Han:

Don't worry, I'll get you out!

HAN runs away.

CUT TO the board room

Vader:

Well, let's see how you did, Ewoks.

Han:

Well I lost my teammate, but we stole our lightsaber.

Vader:

Excellent. And Jedi Monkey Masters, how did you do?

CHEWIE growls.

Vader:

I see.

Luke:

Shut up, we didn't do that bad, we just couldn't buy one.

Vader:

So the Ewoks win. Your reward is you get to use my personal computer for 10 minutes. Have fun. As for you and Chewie, someone is getting fired. Let's rap.

In the computer room a screen saver is running.

Han:

Oooh, it's so beautiful, so glorious, so spectacular!

Boba moves the mouse.

Han:

Ahh! You broke it! I'm telling Mr. Vader! You're so busted!

Boba Fett:

It's fine, you moron, look.

The computer shuts down.

Han:

You broke it!

BOBA FETT runs away.

CUT TO the board room. LUKE and CHEWIE enter.

Vader:

Well, what happened?

Luke:

Mr. Vader, I talked to this gentlemen and -

Suddenly BOBA runs past out of the room screaming his head off. VADER, LUKE and CHEWIE and turn and stare.

Luke:

Anyways, as I was saying. I talked to this gentleman and he wouldn't budge, so I "accidently killed him," but I think it's Chewie's fault because he ate the communicator and we lost all communication, so that screwed up the task.

Vader:

Well Chewie, what do you have to say?

CHEWIE growls.

Luke:

Shut the hell up, you idiot. I swear I'll kill you! I'll kill you! (stands up) I swear you're dead!

Vader (force chokes Luke):

Sit down. Okay now...uh, do I really have to say this next part? There are only two people here.

He turns to look at the Producer, who is holding cue cards saying:

Shut up and say it or else we'll talk to Donald Trump to do the show.

VADER reads it slowly to himself and takes the hint.

Vader:

Shut up and say it or else...ohhh...crap. Fine. Er, Luke you are partially responsible, but...er...pick one other person who you feel it also responsible.

Luke:

This is so ****ing stupid. You know who I'm going to say.

Vader (leans over to Luke):

Just do it or they'll fire ME!

Luke:

Fine. I guess I'll have to say Chewie is also responsible.

Vader:

Okay, well explain why.

Luke :

I don't know. Because he's the only other person on my team? This is so dumb.

CHEWIE growls.

Luke :

Shut up, moron!

Luke :

Mr. Vader, I pour my blood and sweat into this job. I even killed someone so I could win, but this idiot ruined everything (stands on table). I know you think I'm too good for you, and that's why everyone is against me.

Vader :

Get off my table.

Luke :

Or what?

VADER closes hand

Luke :

Oh right, the choking thing.

He steps down from the table.

Vader :

This is a tough decision. Luke, you killed your client, but Chewie ate the communicator and is calm. Luke, to be part of my organization you have to be calm like Chewie when buying stuff on the black market, and you have been too aggressive since day one. I'm sorry, but you're fired.

LUKE dives across table and grabs VADER.

Luke:

I'm going to kill you! I swear you're ****ing dead!

VADER pushes LUKE, Force chokes him to death, and drags him outside.

CHEWIE is seen walking upstairs into the room.

End episode 1.