

(Sound effect list:-
-Benny Hill chase music.)

Cast of Rebel Characters:-

Rebel Scum (Captain Slan Drolo.)

Local leader The Colonel. (Female 35+ because she has a daughter approaching 18.)

Rebel Sergeant.

Rebel Corporal.

Veteran Rebel Soldier. (Male about 45.)

Female Imperial Officer.

Overtitle:- The Star Wars You'll Never See.

Undertitle:- "The Disruptive Adventures Of Slan Drolo-THE Rebel Scum."

Joe Mignano as The Narrator (and anyone else such as "Male Imperial Communications Officer etc...)

----- as Captain Slan Drolo "The Rebel Scum Himself."

----- as Local leader The Rebel Colonel.

----- as Rebel Sergeant.

John Damocles Smith as Rebel Corporal.

----- as Veteran Rebel Soldier.

-----as Female Imperial Officer.

Part One.

The hastily assembled Rebel Squad of 10 men took-in the details the Colonel-the local commander-divulged. Their equipment all checked and ready during the limited time they had available for their mission. The Colonel opened a draw in her desk and asked the Sergeant to distribute a microchip to each of the squad members.

Colonel:- "Here are the plans of the Imperial Research base. You will reach that destination within two hours. Your squad commander will be Captain Slan Drolo..."

Sergeant:- "Slan Drolo!!" Said the Sergeant. His disappointment showed. The upset looks upon every other man's face told her that there's obviously something wrong. She had no idea what it could be.

Colonel:- "Gentlemen, I see each of you have a problem with him. Would you care to tell me what it is?"

Sergeant:- "You mean you don't know, Ma'am? He has the worst attitude within The Alliance. You know how The Imperials call us Rebel Scums?"

Colonel:- "All too well." The Colonel's calmness a distinct contrast to the Sergeant's agitation.

Sergeant:- “Well, Ma’am, HE’S The Rebel Soldier OTHER Rebels call Rebel Scum.”

Colonel:- “This is all new to me I’ve never heard of Captain Drolo until today, so I don’t know anything about him. Tell me about his conduct.”

Sergeant:- “He thinks he’s Han Solo. He acts like he’s the coolest man in the galaxy. He’s nothing but a constant nuisance and proud of it.”

The Corporal stopped eating from his bag of potato chips and interrupted:- “You’ve seen him, Ma’am. Remember last week’s wedding? He’s the pest who shouted ‘Geeet oon with it, this wedding is more boring than the one with your first wife.’ That was him.”

It became much clearer to the Colonel. “Yes, I remember that silly man. During the reception, I overheard him saying to the groom ‘Congratulations, if you’re not fussy about marrying someone who looks like Jabba’s Mother-In-Law, then that’s your business and I’m happy for you.’ Then laughed as if it was a joke.”

Corporal:- “Silly is quite an understatement Ma’am. He has an ego 12 parsecs wide.”

As the Corporal took some more potato chips out of his bag, the Sergeant spoke again. “Not long ago, The High Command banned him from recruiting female soldiers and Wookies. You wouldn’t believe the requirements.”

Colonel:- “Let me guess, they have to be attractive?”

Sergeant:- “Yeah there’s that, but, to be in his squad they were all required to wear Hutt Slave Girl Outfits. Not the sort of man you would allow your own Daughter anywhere near. Eh, Colonel.”

Colonel:- “Of course not, she won’t turn 18 until three months from now.”

Sergeant:- “Colonel, I strongly recommend that you assign us another Squad Commander.”

Colonel:- “I’m afraid we have no time. He’s the only one who knows the layout of the Imperial base...” The squad breathed-out in bitter disappointment already. “...he was the undercover spy we planted there.”

The Corporal, still with some half-crunched potato chips in his mouth, interrupted. “Then postpone the mission.”

Colonel:- “We can’t, we must strike before they transport the secret weapons. And by the way, why is he banned from recruiting Wookies.”

Sergeant:- “Because the requirements stated that they had to be waxed everywhere, wear pants and get tattoos.”

The Colonel slapped herself with a facepalm, head bowed.

The Sergeant felt a sudden slap on top of his shoulder, startled. It was Captain Slan Drolo. THE Rebel Scum. "Nyah heh heh heeh, "Colonel, you mean to tell me that that's my squad? I wish that local commanders like your silly self would stop assigning me such boring people."

Colonel:- "We have too little time so you'll have to make do. Get your ship ready." The Colonel improvised, unable to think of anything else to say under the circumstances."

"What he means, Colonel, is that he's tired of receiving all male teams." Their Corporal said with contempt, arms crossed tightly. His bag of potato chips crumpling loudly.

"Yeah." Drolo didn't deny it. Then bragged. "And I had to cancel my arrangements with Princess Leia for THIS." He snorted, trying to make the mission sound unimportant.

Sergeant:- "Only in your dreams, Sleemo. Princess Leia would never look at you." Said the Sergeant, just as annoyed as anyone else at Slan Drolo's obvious lies.

Rebel Scum:- "You're just saying that because you're jealous that she said yes to my offer of a romantic holiday for her birthday."

Sergeant:- "To the asteroid field of Alderaan, I doubt that."

Rebel Scum:- "Of course, Sergeant. I want to take her someplace which reminds her of home nyeh heh heh."

Sergeant:- "Han Solo wouldn't let you anywhere near her. He wouldn't give her up without a fight. So what are you going to do if he goes after you?"

Rebel Scum:- "Then I'll tell him 'See you in hell Captain Solo.' Nyeh heh heh heh."

The Corporal didn't listen to Slan Drolo's pathetic lies, he tried to ignore them as he ate his potato chips.

Someone called Captain Drolo's comlink. The ringtone sounded like a Rancor's farting. He received a confirmation message from someone in the docking bay. It informed him of his ship being ready.

Rebel Scum:- "Good, it took you long enough." Then deactivated it and addressed his squad. "All right, losers. Get those unintelligent looks off your ugly faces and get to the ship on the double."

Drolo turned to follow his squad, and then stopped. He gave the local commander a few parting words.

Rebel Scum:- "By the way, Colonel. Tell your Husband that his girlfriend said thanks." It was now the colonel's turn to get upset at his lies.

Colonel:- “Why you... stuck-up... half-witted... scruffy-looking... NERF herder.”

Captain Drolo smirked with amusement “Nyeeeh, heh heh heh heeh... WHO’S a Nerf Herder.”

(End of Part One.)

Part Two.

Captain Slan Drolo, approached the asteroid containing the hidden Imperial Research base. He was dressed in the uniform he wore the entire time he was assigned to spy upon them. The hidden Rebel Squad maintained silence as their squad leader opened his transmission channel.

The orbiting defence satellites took their precautionary positions. Communication came through, requesting identification. As soon as the female communications officer recognized Slan’s voice, she handed the microphone to a male officer. The Sergeant wondered how many times she had to put-up with his sleazy sense of humour. Slan was asked for identification once again.

“This is Imperial Cargo Transport ‘The Shaven Wookie’ reporting. Transmitting clearance code now.”

“He could have thought of a better name for the ship.” Thought the Sergeant.

Male Imperial Communications Officer:- “Cargo Transport ‘Shaven Wookie’ you’re cleared. Proceed to docking bay three.”

Upon termination of communications, the Rebel Squad leader laughed loudly.

The Sergeant breathed out, offended at his squad leader’s all too unprofessional conduct. “This is going to be the worse mission ever...” Thought the Sergeant. “...I have a baaad feeling about this.”

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After landing, Captain Drolo gave his instructions before opening the cargo hatch, laughing contemptuously as he spoke and acting as if he’s the only important person in the whole mission. Hand gestures showing his outright arrogance.

“All right listen-up all you boring losers, here’s the plan. Follow your maps to your designated areas and take-out the power core. I need one of you to give me an extra pair of hands to sabotage something in the maintenance bay. (Points to the veteran Rebel Soldier among them) That’ll be you, ugly.”

They disembarked from “The Shaven Wookie” and the squad split in two.

“I’m not ugly.” Thought the Veteran Rebel Soldier as the Captain opened a hatch to a maintenance shaft. They followed a maze of tunnels big enough for two people to squat down in. The Veteran Rebel soldier was taken to a dead-end with an air-vent which overlooked the mess hall. They peeked through it and saw three female Imperial Officers having a break, drinking Jawa Juice, chatting.

“You stay here, I’m the only one capable of handling those three, I can’t risk anything happening to you, old man.” Drolo said patronizingly but acted as if he spoke seriously to the near-middle-aged man.

“Now why aren’t I surprised that you said that.” He thought, insulted.

The scum of a Captain took out some padding to glue over the air vent to prevent anyone from within the mess hall from hearing any noise and speech the two would make while they conducted their sabotage.

Drolo opened a panel, then cut some wires and asked the Veteran to place and hold a few tools on one of the circuit boards while he worked on another.

“You may let-go now. Now hold these wires.”

He did and received an electric shock.

“Nyeh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heeehhh.”

The Veteran said nothing, only scowled at his squad leader’s prank.

Slan Drolo worked on cutting and cross-wiring a few more of the electronics before holding out another pair of wires.

Upon completion, the Captain programmed a signal into their comlinks.

Rebel Scum:- “You hide here. I’ll go there and distract those Officers, while I do, this is where you come in. Your instructions are quite simple, even an uneducated Nerf Herder like you can follow them.”

Veteran Rebel Soldier:- “HEY, my Son is a Nerf Herder.”

Slan stared with his usual sarcastic face. “Well, I’m sorry to hear that. Now, When I give you the signal, cross this wire with that one and press this button.”

As Captain Drolo left for the Imperial Soldiers mess hall, Slan said:- “Ha ha, by the way, it’s not my fault that your Son has a loser’s job.”

The Veteran Rebel soldier grabbed the Captain’s arm, pulled him back angrily and lectured him. He carefully kept his voice low enough so that the Imperial Officers within the mess hall could not hear him though the noise-repressing padding.

“Listen, sleemo. I don’t know who you think you are and I don’t care. You’re not great, you’re not respected, you’re the most despised officer in the entire alliance. Get it through to your head that you’re nothing but a pathetic egotistical show-off.

You hear me? Pathetic Nothing but pathetic.

You’re pathetic pathetic, pathetic pathetic,

pathetic pathetic, pathetic pathetic,

PA-THE-TIC!!”

Slan Drolo was unfazed and still maintained his stupid, arrogant grin. The Veteran’s anger entertained him.

“So, what you’re saying is... that I’m pathetic?”

The Veteran huffed out in anger and Captain Drolo left the maintenance shaft.

He then cut through part of the noise-reduction padding, peeked through the hole and awaited his Squad Leader to enter the mess hall.

By the time the first of the female Imperial Officers saw him she screamed deliberately.

"(Screams) Aaaaaaa it's the turn-off!!"

"Nyah heh heh heh heeh, hello ladies did you miss me? I've come to tell you that today's your lucky day."

Female Imperial Officer:- "Good, you're leaving forever."

"Not quite babe, more like, all three of you will be transferred someplace else."

"That's even better, anywhere away from you suits us just fine." She was unable to keep clam.

"No, babe. I meant that all three of you will be transferred out of here with me."

"No way in hell you ugly Hutt-face scoundrel. And DON'T call me babe."

"Sorry babe."

Since Captain Drolo is a native Corellian, so he found the term "scoundrel" endearing.

As the Veteran Rebel soldier watched, he couldn't believe what he was hearing. His squad leader's inappropriate conduct made him feel agitated.

"What in the galaxy is he doing?" He thought. "Instead of wasting valuable time for the mission and acting like an old smoothie with those women will he give me the signal or not? Meanwhile the rest of the squad risks detection with every passing moment."

The next thing that Slan said to the three was "This base will be destroyed soon, either stay behind or come with me." As he made his voice tone reflect his egotistical mind, arms crossed.

"Idiot!!" Thought the Veteran Rebel Soldier. "How could he reveal our secret information like that just for his fun and games?" His vast experience made himself all too aware of how it could endanger the mission.

"I have a better idea, WE leave and YOU stay behind. That way we get to watch this base blow-up and you with it."

Drolo laughed. "You look beautiful when you're angry." And finally turned, still with the same stupid grin being maintained. "Don't say I didn't warn you three."

"Yeah, we're sure that you're telling the truth as usual, Captain."

Despite seeing Drolo leave, the Veteran Rebel Solder still received no signal. "What despicable conduct! Such an unprofessional waste of time."

The Veteran's comlink sounded. "NOW he sends the stupid signal." He crossed the wires and pressed the button as instructed previously.

Nothing happened.

Captain Drolo re-entered the maintenance hatch, seeing the incensed expressions upon the veteran's mature face.

"It didn't work! This crossing these wires wouldn't sabotage a thing."

"Of course not." Drolo responded as if he heard the Veteran tell a joke. Then crossed the actual pair of wires for the sabotage. "These are the ones." An explosion came from someplace in the other side of the asteroid base.

"Nyah heh heh heh heehhh, nice distraction for the rest of the squad, eh?"

With the actual sabotage done, the Veteran made his way out of the maintenance hatch, trying to ignore the rest of his Squad leader's bragging.

"Yeah, unlike the rest of you in the squad, I'm such a genius, wouldn't you agree? Nyah heh heh heh heh heehhh."

Meanwhile, within the power centre, four Stormtroopers stood guard around four in-ground shafts leading to the power generator. Two guarding either side of a corridor each.

"Do you know what's going on?" Said one of the guards at the south corridor's entrance.

"I don't know but if it's another drill then I'm going to file a complaint."

"Yeah, I'm getting too tired of those, what obsession do our superiors have with drills? It's getting too repetitive."

They heard a noise, the guards at either side of the north corridor's entrance saw something fall from the ceiling of the south corridor. About 20 feet into it.

"What was that?" They moved to check out the item which fell on the floor. One of them monitored a device in his hand and detected no sign of explosives. As they neared the object on the floor, blasters ready, the Rebel Corporal-who was hiding in one of the maintenance hatches in the ceiling-lifted a panel of the roof after all four of the Stormtroopers passed, and dropped a stun grenade. The Corporal jumped down onto the floor and shot the unconscious Stormtroopers underneath their helmets.

Corporal:- "All clear, Sergeant."

Everyone in the squad's detachment came out of hiding from the roof. They dragged the Stormtrooper's bodies toward the shafts to the power core in order to hide them as the Corporal reached down to the floor and picked-up his unopened bag of potato chips.

Sergeant:- "Quickly, attach charges. Set timer for 10 minutes. All the docking bays are too far away from here."

All eight of the Rebels in the detachment possessed four explosives each and prepared to synchronize their timers when three Stormtroopers came out of nowhere. The first of them grabbed the Sergeant and pointed his Blaster at the side of his head. The other two pointed at either side of his rib cage."

"Weapons down Rebel scums."

They obeyed, knowing that at point blank range, even Stormtroopers wouldn't miss a shot. The Rebels laid the unactivated charges upon the metallic floor and knelt with their hands in the air upon demand.

The Sergeant heard three shots of blaster fire within a split second, expecting to feel the pain of death, only to see the three Stormtroopers fall to the floor. It turned out that each was a headshot impacting a mere few inches from his own head. The only reason why he was still alive was because of the perfect accuracy of the shooting by Captain Drolo from behind. The Sergeant turned round and saw the egotistical expression upon their squad leader's face, as expected. He stood there in the north corridor, held his blaster angled upward as if it was all for show. The Veteran Rebel soldier was behind him, it seemed that his fallen facial expression was made permanent after Drolo's showing off how good a shot he is. Had he missed, their angry Sergeant would have died, no question about it.

Everyone was naturally in a state of shock. Slan Drolo loved the way that none of them looked too pleased.

Sergeant:- "Curse you, sleemo, I'm glad that you're on OOOUUUR SIIIDE!!!" Shouted the Sergeant.

Drolo, resting the back of his blaster on his shoulder, smirked. "Of course you are, I just saved your useless lives didn't I? Nyeh heh heh heh heeehhh. And not to mention the mission ALL THANKS to ME. Nyeh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heeehh." He enjoyed the groans from each of his squad members as they attached their explosive charges.

"Let's get a move-on, (Drolo stated upon completion of the set-up) unless you wanna be blown-up along with the base. Back to 'The Shaven Wookie,' NOW."

The Sergeant disagreed. "No, Captain. That's the first place they'd be waiting for us. In my opinion that will easily get us all killed."

"I don't care about your opinions because they're always dumb. Heh heh heh heh. Now trust me, I know what I'm doing." And ran as if leaving them behind. "Race you there."

Upon reaching docking bay three. Captain Drolo asked his squad to wait. He straightened his Imperial Uniform and approached some of the Stormtroopers and Imperial Officer in command of them. He appeared to be asking to inspect his ship and they took out their blasters as if checking for hidden Rebels. A burst of black gas escaped, followed by a small explosion five seconds later. It appeared that no-one, not even Captain Drolo had survived.

The Sergeant took command and ordered the strike team to commandeer the TIE Interceptors on the upper level of the docking bay. They followed him quickly.

Before they took a fighter each he ordered them to scatter during flight so that they could make themselves more difficult targets against their satellite defence system.

The Corporal was the last to get through. All the others had either bypassed or shot their way through. By then, the orbiting defence systems converged in a way to prevent him from escaping. The Corporal flew upside-down to avoid one of them and prevent himself from crashing into another battle satellite at the same time. His potato chips fell upon the roof of the fighter's canopy.

The two satellites within proximity fired. Everyone heard the Corporal's yelp of shock through their communication systems as the rest of the squad shot the defences away.

The Sergeant assumed that they might not have come to his aid in time. "Corporal, Corporal, are you hit?"

"Negative, Sergeant. No damage. Just something in my eye."

With all obstacles clear they flew well away from the asteroid base. The explosives did their work.

Mission accomplished.

(End of Part Two.)

Part Three.

The debriefing back at the Rebel Base was long over. The colonel and the strike team tried to relax in the lounge as they awkwardly discussed what to do for the hero's memorial. No-one

wanted to be the one to make any speeches. Reluctantly, the base Colonel could only express the truth of the matter.

Colonel:- "Well, I'd hate to say it gentlemen, but he DID make the success of the mission possible."

The Sergeant accidentally dropped his bowl of steamed food. He apologized for his clumsiness. To replace it, the Corporal gave him a fresh pack of his potato chips. The Sergeant left to get something to clean the mess with.

Colonel:- "The only question remaining is:- How do we conduct the memorial?"

"Good question." The Corporal breathed out, opening another pack of potato chips.

They all had a difficult time to think of how to glorify a hero who had no respect for his fellow Rebel Soldiers and thought that it was funny.

The Corporal heard the Sergeant's voice from someplace behind him. "Well it DOES state in his will that he'd like, quote unquote, all female officers to attend dressed up as Hutt slave girls."

Corporal:- "I don't think so Sergeant, I really don't think that's in any way appropriate no matter what benefit he gave The Alliance."

Someone sitting in front of the Corporal called his attention. He looked up, and was surprised to see the Sergeant sitting in FRONT of him. He spun around and caught sight of Slan Drolo. He imitated the Sergeant's voice perfectly.

Rebel Scum:- "Hi everyone, did you miss me? Ha ha ha haaa."

Everyone felt as if their nightmares began again.

Sergeant:- "Captain!! How in the galaxy did you survive?"

Rebel Scum:- "I'm glad you asked. Remember the smoke before the explosion? (He took out an oxygen mask from out of his jacket and placed it on his face.) That knocked out the squad to clear the way for our team to escape."

Sergeant:- "But the explosions?"

Rebel Scum:- "Easy. They were merely theatrical pyrotechnics like they use in holomovies. Simple illusions."

All present within the lounge could not help but feel disappointed.

Rebel Scum:- "I told you that I knew what I was doing. Didn't I? After all, unlike the rest of you, I'm such a genius. Nyeh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heeehhh."

Sergeant:- "Captain, I wish you would get rid of that stupid laugh of yours."

Rebel Scum:- Slan Drolo spoke in a serious tone of voice, as if he genuinely didn't know what the Sergeant meant. "What stupid laugh? (long pause) Oh yeah... NYEEEEHHH, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heh heh, heeehhh."

He grinned in pleasure as he watched every Rebel in the room groan and waving their hands in protest and throwing scraps of food at him.

Rebel Scum:- "Well, no use hanging around boring people like you guys, you can have the victory ceremony for yourselves. I'm only in it for the money."

Corporal:- "You mean you're going to take the reward and leave?"

Rebel Scum:- "That's right."

Corporal:- "Without giving us OUR share first?"

Rebel Scum:- "There IIISSS NO share for you losers. When I'm in command all rewards belong to me nyeeehhh heh heh heh!!" And ran off, shouting. "As Han Solo once said:- See you in Hell."

Feeling all too betrayed, the angry, overworked Rebel soldiers gave chase.

(Sound effect:- The first few bars of the Benny Hill theme.)

Sergant:- (Music still playing.) You Rebel Scum Captain Slan Drolo!!"