

# **THE FORCE AND JEDI LOATHING OUTSIDE OF LAS VEGAS**

**TEN MINUTE PLAY**

**By Roy C. Booth**

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## **THE FORCE AND JEDI LOATHING OUTSIDE OF LAS VEGAS**

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**SYNOPSIS:** Not so long ago, (well, last Thursday, actually) at a roadside tourist trap, not so far, far away from Las Vegas, there was a great disturbance in...the Force! A maiden of honor and her husband were stranded, waiting endlessly for a cab to come to their rescue. No car, no cellphone, and now they must endure the fan boy craziness of her younger brother, "Qwee-Bok Jin," an official representative of the High Jedi Council of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. Will they get to the wedding on time? Will Qwee-Bok Jin have to use his light saber to defend his sullied Jedi honor? And how does a large hero sandwich tie into all of this? Read this comedy, the people of the Republic have spoken!

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS** *(TWO MEN, ONE WOMAN)*

ROGER (m)  
ANGIE (f)  
DARRYL (m)

### **SETTING**

Last Thursday at a roadside tourist trap gift shop, "Feebar the Fool's Trinket Hut," outside of Las Vegas, Nevada.

**AT RISE:**

*ROGER and ANGIE are waiting outside the shop. Both are dressed as if going to a wedding, a wedding they are running the risk of being late to. ANGIE is pacing furiously, while ROGER is gnawing on a large hero sandwich that is still mostly wrapped in cellophane.*

**ANGIE:** (*Stopping.*) Are you going to eat *all* that?

**ROGER:** Again, for the seventh time, yes. I'm starved. (*Takes a bite.*)

**ANGIE:** Couldn't you have picked anything else?

**ROGER:** At their prices, this was the best deal and the best way to get filled up. Besides, at the rate we're going, we'll be lucky to make it to the reception.

**ANGIE:** No, if that cab gets here when they said it will, we should be able to make the wedding and everything.

**ROGER:** Well, here's hoping, then. (*Takes a bite.*)

**ANGIE:** You're not a bit worried about any of this, are you?

**ROGER:** Nope. Not a bit.

**ANGIE:** Argh! First the car breaks down, and then your cellphone won't work, and now we're stuck waiting outside of Las Vegas next to this...this...ramshackle tourist trap—

**ROGER:** Yeah, what a dump.

**ANGIE:** And you're just content to stand there chowing down on that ridiculously-sized sandwich.

**ROGER:** Yep. (*Offers.*) Want some?

**ANGIE:** No. Argh, I knew I shouldn't have been Suzie's maid of honor...

**ROGER:** Well, look at it this way...

**ANGIE:** Yes?

**ROGER:** You get to miss the cheesy chapel with the even cheesier Elvis impersonator performing the ceremony, and at least you don't have to, well, you know...

**ANGIE:** Yes?

**ROGER:** Well, let's just say that I really don't mind not spending *too* much time with your family. I mean, you are the only seemingly normal one out of the bunch.

**ANGIE:** Oh, Roger, they're not *that* bad...

**ROGER:** Maybe so, maybe so. At least they're not as bad as your brother.

**ANGIE:** Oh, you're just upset that we had to bring him along.

**ROGER:** Can you blame me? He's not exactly...normal, you know.

**ANGIE:** Roger, you're being unfair.

**ROGER:** Honey, he's embarrassing.

**ANGIE:** Oh, he's just going through a phase, Roger, you know how some kids are.

**ROGER:** Honey, he's *(Insert age of actor portraying DARRYL here, if applicable.)*—he's a grown man, for goodness sake.

**ANGIE:** He's just a bit eccentric, that's all.

**ROGER:** Eccentric? Eccentric? He's nuts, Angie, over the top, missing some of his marbles, a lot of goo in his goo goo gajoob, too much loco in his locomotion—

**ANGIE:** Okay, Roger, that's enough.

**ROGER:** Honey, he thinks he's...

*Enter DARRYL, dressed from head to toe to the hilt as a Jedi Knight "padawan," complete with braid, from the **Star Wars** prequels. And he's not too pleased.*

**DARRYL:** Yecchhh!

**ROGER:** A Jedi Knight.

**DARRYL:** You should see the bathrooms in that place! Worse than a dying taun-taun's innards, I tell you!

**ROGER:** *(To ANGIE.)* See...

**DARRYL:** And all of that the junk in that place? Ewww! You'd think it was run by Jawas! Or Jabba the Hutt, even!

**ANGIE:** Darryl...

**DARRYL:** *(Holding up a finger.)* Ut! I insist you address me by my Jedi name!

**ROGER:** Oh, for...

**DARRYL:** No, really, it's only proper.

**ANGIE:** Darryl, don't you think—!

**DARRYL:** I keep telling you, sis, my name on this trip as an official representative of the Order is not "Darryl." Call me... *(Takes an overly dramatic pose.)* "Qwee-Bok Jin."

**ROGER:** You keep this up, and I'll be calling you Jar-Jar for the rest for the weekend. Or Stir Fry.

**DARRYL:** Not funny, man, not funny at all. "Qwee-Bok Jin" was given to me by the High Jedi Council of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and it is a name I carry with pride and honor.

**ROGER:** Sure thing, Jar-Jar, sure thing!

**DARRYL:** That is disrespectful!

**ROGER:** *(In a mocking Jar-Jar voice.)* Mesa thinks it soundsa just fine. You havea problem, you can walka to wedding. Me taka you noooOOOooo more. Bbblppttthh!

**DARRYL:** Don't mess with me, man. I'll have you know I'm a fully trained Jedi padawan. And I have the sacred light saber to prove it!

**ROGER:** Oh, brother...

**ANGIE:** Dar—uh, "Qwee-Bok Jin"...

**DARRYL:** Yes?

**ANGIE:** Why aren't you wearing the suit I picked out?

**DARRYL:** No can do. *(Gestures to self.)* This is formal dress, you know.

**ROGER:** Formalwear to the nuthouse, if you ask me...

**ANGIE:** Roger.

**DARRYL:** That's okay, Angie, we Jedi are trained in a host of disciplines and ignore the misguided taunts of others, for we are all linked to the Force. I myself have been trained in diplomacy. One of the great advantages of coming from a multicultural society, you know.

**ROGER:** Darryl, you're Canadian.

**DARRYL:** And proud of it! *(Sings.)* Oh, Canada—

**ROGER:** Okay, that's enough.

**DARRYL:** Yes, and I'm even fit for protocol duty. *(Pause.)* I know French.

**ROGER:** That doesn't—

**DARRYL:** And I know how to say all of the key proper diplomatic French phrases fit for any occasion, too.

**ANGIE:** *(Groans.)* He does.

**ROGER:** All the key proper diplomatic phrases?

**DARRYL:** Every one.

**ROGER:** Okay, then, how do you say, in French, “I surrender”?

**DARRYL:** Why, that's easy, that's...hey, now! Not funny, man, not funny!

**ROGER:** Okay, now, quick, spell “diaphanous” and use it properly in a sentence! Go!

**DARRYL:** Uhhh...

**ANGIE:** Okay, that's enough, you two. This waiting is driving me nuts, and you two aren't helping any.

**ROGER:** Sorry, honey.

**ANGIE:** I'm going to go back into that cheesy trinket shop and call the cab company again to see what's taking them so long. You two stay here and be nice to one another! *(Storms off.)*

**ROGER:** Good luck, honey.

**DARRYL:** *(Waves.)* 'Bye, sis.

*Pause.*

*The two turn to look at one another.*

*Pause.*

*ROGER takes a bite out of his sandwich.*

**DARRYL:** You don't like me because I *am* Canadian!

**ROGER:** No, that's not it at all, really.

**DARRYL:** Oh, yeah?

**ROGER:** No.

**DARRYL:** Okay, then.

**ROGER:** Nooo, I don't like you because you're bat guano crazy!

**DARRYL:** Ha! And that's because you don't approve of my religion!

**ROGER:** “Jedi” is not a religion!

**DARRYL:** It is too!

**ROGER:** Is not!

**DARRYL:** Is too!

**ROGER:** It is not!

**DARRYL:** Is too!

**ROGER:** Is not!

**DARRYL:** It is too, because my government says it is!

**ROGER:** Look, your government allowed you knuckleheads to write whatever you wanted under “religion” for the 2001 census, and 21,000 of you decided to write down “Jedi.”

**DARRYL:** Yes, and that makes it official! The people of the Republic have spoken!

**ROGER:** The people of Planet Looney Tunes need to move out of their parents' basements and get real lives!

**DARRYL:** Oh, sure, throw that in my face! I'd like you to know that once I find a place that is more attuned to the Force, I am *sooo* outta there!

**ROGER:** Shyeah, right. And I bet that after you move in and get all squared away, your Princess of Naboo will find you, you'll have some kids, and you'll end up ruling the galaxy as... (*Gestures dramatically, lowering his voice*) ...father and sons!

**DARRYL:** Hey, man, that is *sooo* wrong!

**ROGER:** Why? Doesn't your species procreate? Oh, I get it, aren't you all clones or something?

**DARRYL:** I will *never* turn to the Dark Side! Never! You can't make me!

**ROGER:** Somehow I really don't think you'd make it as a bad guy anyway...

*Pause.*

**DARRYL:** I hate you.

**ROGER:** Get in line, Jar Jar, get line.

**DARRYL:** I bet your day job is just something worthy of the Sith, isn't it?

**ROGER:** You don't know?

**DARRYL:** No.

**ROGER:** Heh. (*Pause.*) I work at the DMV.

**DARRYL:** Aha, I knew it! That wretched hive of scum and villainy.

**ROGER:** Yeah, well, whatever. It's a paycheck.

*Pause.*

**DARRYL:** And why are all of you people down at the DMV always so surly, anyway?

**ROGER:** Because we have to deal with morons like you who *have* to come to us to have their driving-related problems solved. You can't go anywhere else, right? So we're stuck hearing all the sob stories and excuses and the rest of it, including all of the weirdness. As a matter of fact, we're pre-screened for our lousy dispositions. It's a job prerequisite, just like being compulsively grabby is one to be hired by the Transportation Security Administration to work in airports...

**DARRYL:** Oh.

*Pause.*

**DARRYL:** I still hate you.

**ROGER:** I know, Jar Jar, I know.

*Enter ANGIE, she's much happier now.*

**ROGER:** Well, look who's smiling again!

**ANGIE:** They're on their way, probably in five to ten minutes or so!

**DARRYL:** Great! I'll have time to meditate before the ceremony – make sure all of my midi-chlorians are in working order.

**ROGER:** I'm not even going to touch that one...

**ANGIE:** Well, since I have the time, I'm going to run back in and freshen up a bit. This desert is just draining!

**ROGER:** Sure. Jar Jar...

**DARRYL:** Grrrrrr!

**ROGER:** ...and I will keep a look out for the cab.

**ANGIE:** Thanks! *(She runs back into Feebar's.)*

**DARRYL:** I have a bad feeling about this...

**ROGER:** Oh, quiet, you.

**DARRYL:** I feel a disturbance in the Force...

**ROGER:** Will you get over yourself already? Sheesh.

**DARRYL:** No, a Jedi knows of these things, and—

**ROGER:** *(Puts his foot down.)* Oh, for Pete's sake!

**DARRYL:** *(Taken aback by ROGER's outburst.)* Whu...?

**ROGER:** Look, if you were into just old school *Star Wars*, this wouldn't be so bad...

**DARRYL:** Huh?

**ROGER:** But you're so head over heels into this...this...mishmashing with the prequel trilogy abomination that it's disgusting!

**DARRYL:** What do you mean?

**ROGER:** Look, as far as I'm concerned, the— *(Makes quotations.)* —“first three movies” do not exist in my universe, just like *Aliens III* and *IV* do not exist, nor does *Highlander II* without the director's cut. They were lame, they were shoddy, and they were made just to make a ton of money at the fans' expense. Good grief, most of those prequel characters were jammed in there so that Kenner could make more toys with some semblance of a story slapped around it all! So dress up in your pajamas all you want for all I care, but if you think for one moment I am going to take you seriously with all of this New Age-inspired goobledgook and wide-eyed cluelessness as to how the real world works, then you are sadly mistaken, my dear long-eared, ill-conceived “Stepin Fetchit” caricature. In other words: grow up already.

*Pause.*

**DARRYL:** Are you finished?

**ROGER:** Yeah...yeah, I think I am. *(Bites into his sandwich.)*

**DARRYL:** You really like those original films, don't you?

**ROGER:** *(Sighs.)* Yes, yes I do.

**DARRYL:** And you're still upset that the prequels didn't live up to your expectations. Because you cared.

*Pause.*

**ROGER:** Heck, yes!

*Pause.*

**DARRYL:** Okay, so maybe I don't hate you *that* much.

**ROGER:** And maybe I don't have to call you Jar Jar anymore, either.

**DARRYL:** Thanks, man.

**ROGER:** Don't mention it.

**DARRYL:** *(Goes in for a hug.)* Yeah I—

**ROGER:** *(Stopping him.)* No, really, DON'T mention it.

**DARRYL:** *(Backs away.)* Oh. Okay.

*Pause.*

**ANGIE:** *(Offstage.)* Aaaargh!

**ROGER:** Uh oh.

**DARRYL:** See, I told you I had a bad feeling about that.

**ANGIE:** *(Storming onstage.)* It is an absolute pigsty in there! A pigsty! And I have NO idea how anything could have gotten on the ceiling, either! The ceiling!

**DARRYL:** Ew.

**ANGIE:** Ooh, I can't take this anymore! Grrrrrrr...!

**DARRYL:** See, I told you...

**ROGER:** Honey!

**ANGIE:** And don't you "honey" me, either, Roger.

**ROGER:** Uh oh.

**DARRYL:** Ooh. *(Elbows ROGER.)* "Let the wookiee win." Heh.

**ROGER:** Stop that! And your sister is *not* a wookiee!

**ANGIE:** *What?!?*

**DARRYL:** Heh. I'm just saying, sis, that...

**ANGIE:** Okay, that does it! That does it! I've been nice, I've tried to be understanding, but being called a "wookiee" right now is where I draw the line! *(She rips the hero sandwich out of ROGER'S hands.)* Take this, you, you scruffy nerf-herder, you. *(Smacks him with the sandwich.)*

**DARRYL:** Hey! *(Fumbles for his light saber.)* Don't make me use this on you!

**ANGIE:** Oh, be serious! *(Thwacks him again.)*

**DARRYL:** Ow!

**ANGIE:** That's just a glorified flashlight! *(Thwacks him again.)*

**DARRYL:** Oh, yeah, we'll see about that!

*Insert epic sandwich/light saber duel (with appropriate music) that finally ends with...*

**DARRYL:** *(Getting thwacked.)* Ow! *(Starts to run away.)*

**ANGIE:** Come back here! *(Chases him off stage left.)*

*Pause.*

**ROGER:** I love that woman.

*Car honks offstage right.*

**ROGER:** *(Shouting stage left.)* Hey, honey, the cab's here!

**ANGIE:** *(Offstage.)* Good!

*Offstage: thwack!*

**DARRYL:** *(Offstage.)* Ow! *(Running past, exiting stage right.)* Yiiiiiii!

**ANGIE:** *(Pursuing him offstage right.)* Kreeeeegah!

*Pause.*

**ROGER:** Yep, love that woman. *(Starts to exit stage right.)* Heh. *(Stops, pulls out cell phone, and then flips it up like a **Star Trek** communicator.)* "Three to beam up, Mr. Scott, three to beam up." *(Puts phone away.)* Heh.

*As ROGER exits, the lights slowly...*

**BLACKOUT.**

**THE END**