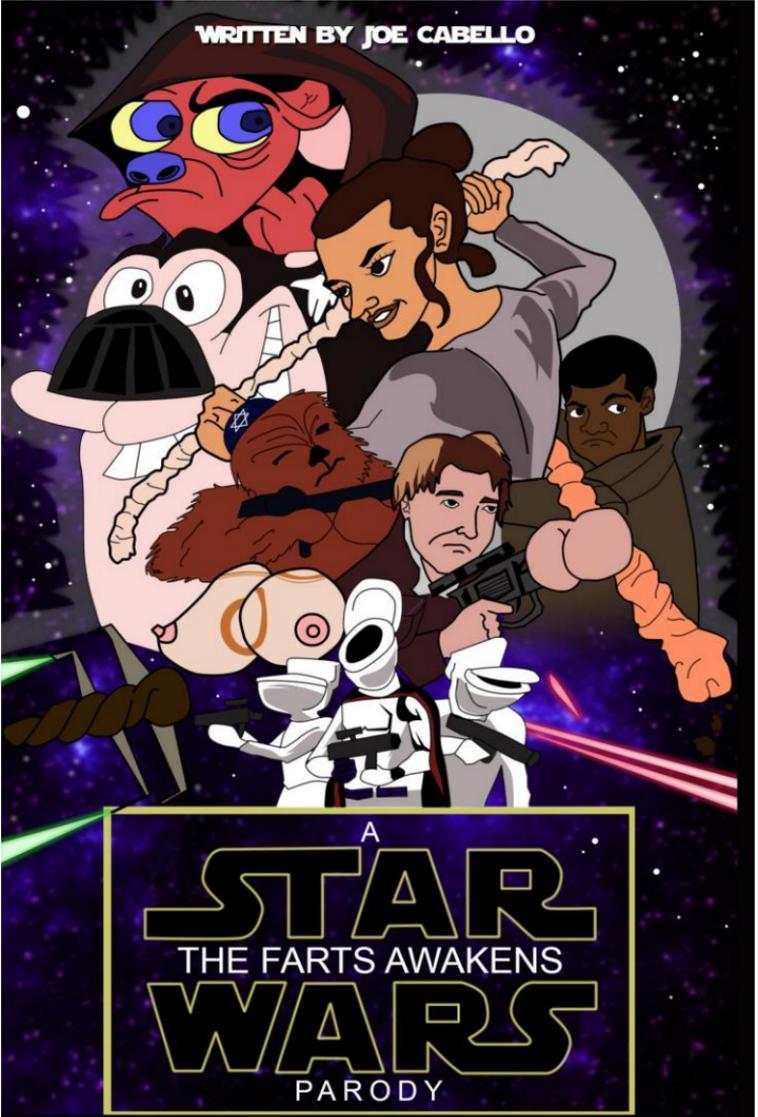


WRITTEN BY JOE CABELLO



A
STAR
THE FARTS AWAKENS
WARS
PARODY

THE FARTS AWAKENS:
A STAR WARS PARODY
AVAILABLE ON [AMAZON.COM](https://www.amazon.com) **HERE**

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Based on
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FOREWORD
by Julian Stern

“I’m writing a foreword for Joe’s Fart Awakens thing,” I told my girlfriend earlier this morning.

“You mean like the scroll-y text at the beginning?”

“No, no, a *foreword*.” I pointed to her copy of *Infinite Jest*, which I have not read, but have thumbed enough to know that Dave Eggers wrote the foreword. “Like Eggers wrote for *Infinite Jest*,” I explained, knowing full well the absurd cockiness of my comparison.

She shook her head, quickly beginning to not care. “I thought it was a screenplay.”

“It’s written in screenplay *format*. But it’s being printed as a *book*.”

She opened her mouth, closed it, opened it again. “Why?”

“Why?”

As I write this, it is 2:34PM on Wednesday, December 9, 2015. I have just read a nearly final draft of *The Fart Awakens: A Star Wars Parody* and I know that it will be submitted for publishing sometime this evening. Joe first texted me about the idea for this project at 12:12PM on Saturday, December 5th, just four days ago.

What I am telling you, dear reader, is that this feature-length screenplay project was conceived of and almost entirely executed in *four days, two hours, and twenty-two minutes*. Completing a screenplay is a feat. Completing one in half a week is *nearly* unheard of. Completing a parody screenplay in less than five days in an attempt to release it as a book ahead of the release of the film it parodies is, to my knowledge, *actually* unheard of.

(It should be noted that this feat would have been even less feasible were it not for the story consultation from Calder Holbrook, Patrick Fisackerly, and Wahab Shayek, not to mention George Lucas, Jim Jenkins, John Kricfalusi, and the many other minds responsible for the source material for this endeavor.)

But the “Why” of *The Fart Awakens* cannot be summed up as simply, “Because it hadn’t been done before.” Nor can it be dismissed as a hasty scheme to capitalize on the release of one of the most anticipated films in the history of cinema.

It is both of those things, yes, but more than that, it is a product of a man who just works differently. In any sort of creative endeavor, it’s easy to waste time weighing whether an idea is too stupid or too ambitious or not worth the effort. We often chalk that up to “just part of the creative process.”

Well, if that were the case, you would not be holding this book in your hands because Joe Cabello skips that step every time. Why? Because, more than anybody, he knows that in doing the thing, you make it worth the effort.

There are characters named Rando Cockjizzian and Handjob Solo in this story. *Very* stupid names. But Joe doesn’t worry about whether they’re too stupid. He just makes sure they aren’t by giving them wants and doubts and challenges and loves.

So apologies to my girlfriend, but we should never ask why someone creates. We should ask why it’s so hard for the rest of us. For Joe, it’s simple: do or do not; there is no why.

“If you’re going to go big, go home.”
-Daniel Clesi

Dedicated to my mother, father, sister, and beautiful nephew.
My biggest fans.

**THE FARTS AWAKENS:
A STAR WARS PARODY**

BY JOE CABELLO

A title card appears on the screen:

A long time ago in a galaxy fart, fart away...

The title of our film blasts on screen with the triumphant music of Chong Williams:

THE FART AWAKENS: A STAR WARS PARODY

Scrolling text crawls up the screen on a black backdrop:

30 years after the fall of the Galactic Empooper by the hand of the Rebel Assliance, the Empooper has regained strength, propelled by an unknown, dark power. Lead by General Fucks, their plan to dominate the galaxy is almost complete, using a new weapon, the power of which has never been seen before.

As time has passed and faded away, so have the lessons learned, and the heroics of the Rebel Assliance long ago. People have since forgotten the part that Luko Cockblocker played in defeating the evils of the Empooper. They have forgotten how he used the Farts, a binding, ubiquitous force found in the anus, to ultimately defeat Shart Vader.

The Browneye, an order of warriors who used the Farts for good, have been forgotten and relegated to legend. Nothing more than stories told to children, or printed in books meant to be read on the toilet.

There are, however, dark forces slowly gaining power, and those who have felt the farts before... will start to feel them again.

The text disappears and we are left with the blackness of space. It is quiet and serene, almost beautiful if it weren't so boring, but then-

The porcelain white of a TOILET DESTROYER, a giant toilet, and the Empooper's most deadly and impressive ship, floats onto the screen. Someone has not cleaned the rim, leaving a few droplets of splash back.

INT. TOILET DESTROYER - HALLS

The halls of the TOILET DESTROYER are white and sterile, but everyone in sight has just a hint of that look you make where you think you smell something bad, but you're not totally sure, indicating that this ship has that bathroom smell that's kind of gross.

Marching down the halls are rows of STORMPOOPERS, the infantry of the Empooper. Their armor is pure white, with a toilet-lid mask, and they wield ASSBLASTERS, laser blasters with butt-cheek barrels.

A formation of Stormpoopers stop their march. One Stormtrooper is next to an open door, where he can see GENERAL FUCKS, a cunt of a man, and CAPTAIN QRUNCH, a fat, bumbling idiot, both high ranking officers, talking to each other.

CAPTAIN QRUNCH

One of the poopers has found something, sir. It may be what we've been looking for.

GENERAL FUCKS

Show me.

They walk off together. Our Stormpooper at the door watches them intently. His formation moves

forward, but he doesn't fall in line - he follows General Fucks and Captain Qrunch.

INT. DEEPER IN THE SHIP

The Stormpooper sneaks around, following the sounds of General Fucks' voice, until he reaches a doorway and spies.

General Fucks and Captain Qrunch hover over a bowl of cereal.

CAPTAIN QRUNCH

You see, it stays crunchy, even in milk!

GENERAL FUCKS

Is this what you wanted to show me?

CAPTAIN QRUNCH

No, but isn't it great?

General Fucks slaps him with a rubber hand that he always carries around with him.

GENERAL FUCKS

This isn't the time for cereal, Captain. We need to find what we're looking for before the weapon is completed. Then we can prove our power.

CAPTAIN QRUNCH

Fine, sir.

(calling outside)

Collins! Come in with the item!

Footsteps echo through the hall as someone approaches. Our Stormpooper jumps into a nearby port-o-potty basin to avoid being seen. It covers him in poopy sludge.

COLLINS, a fellow Stormpooper, runs by and into the office. He holds something covered in a cloth.

COLLINS

We found this while combing the planet.

GENERAL FUCKS

The planet? Interesting.

Collins hands General Fucks the item.

Our Stormpooper climbs out of the port-o-potty and takes off his helmet. Reveal that he is none other than FINN HARDWIPER, a black Stormpooper.

General Fucks unravels the cloth to reveal...

A COLON. It is a disgusting, wrinkly cylinder, and gives off a faint brown glow at the tip, where the poopoo would come out.

Peeking around the doorway, Finn eyes the COLON in wonder.

GENERAL FUCKS

(frowning)

This isn't Shart Vader's. We must keep looking.

CAPTAIN QRUNCH

This one surely has enough farts, sir-

General Fucks slaps him with the rubber hand again.

GENERAL FUCKS

Did you find anything else?

COLLINS

Some other things. Let me show you.

They leave in a hurry, forcing Finn to jump into the basin of the port-o-potty again, but this time without the helmet. Gross.

GENERAL FUCKS

The planet Jokitch might be worth more to us than we even previously imagined, but we must continue our work on Nabooob.

They are gone, so Finn climbs out of the port-o-potty. He wipes the poopoo from himself, disgusted, but then it's as if he's in a trance. The COLON is on a desk in the room and he can't keep his eyes off of it.

Finn walks toward the COLON as if it's guiding him to it. His hands shake as they reach for it. He's scared, like a young boy touching his first boob. Scared, but excited.

He takes a deep breath, then grabs it - suddenly he's hit with a powerful force in his body and mind, like for just a split second he has the answers to all the questions in the universe. Then...

He lets out a little toot. The fart surprises him.

FINN

The Farts...

GENERAL FUCKS (O.S.)

Hold it right there, thief.

General Fucks has snuck up behind him. Finn clutches the COLON.

GENERAL FUCKS

Put that down, boy.

FINN

Boy?

GENERAL FUCKS

That's not how I meant it. Now put
it down.

Finn has to decide in this moment: Will he
continue obeying the orders of others and not
live his life's purpose, or will he embrace the
Farts?

He chooses Farts.

He punches General Fucks and runs down the hall.
Within an instant, alarms sound and Stormpoopers
chase after him. Brown Assblaster shots just
barely miss him.

INT. SPACESHIP DOCK

Finn ducks into the spaceship dock full of TIE
FARTERS, the standard issue ship of the Empooper.
They look like giant rolls of toilet paper. The
middle of the roll is the cockpit, and a piece of
loose paper dangles behind them like exhaust.

Finn gets into one and turns it on.

FINN

Come on... Come on...

Stormpoopers enter and start shooting at his TIE
FARTER just as he gets it started and launches
out of the TOILET DESTROYER.

EXT. SPACE

His adrenaline is pumping, and he's just starting to let the feeling of victory wash over him - but a blaster shot hits his engine, sending him in a tailspin. He controls it the best he can, but-

His TIE FARTER spins out of control towards a brown planet...

EXT. JOKITCH

A sandy, desert planet.

Finn's TIE FARTER smashes into the sand of Jokitch. It's all sand and wreckage.

INT./EXT. REY'S TOILET DESTROYER - JOKITCH

A crashed TOILET DESTROYER is half embedded into the sand. It's hollowed out remains are now the home of REY TOILETBOWLER, a young and tough girl in her early 20s.

With a heavy pack full of items, she scales down the inner walls of the TOILET DESTROYER using a tampon grappling hook (unused). Following behind her is BB-69, her droid companion who looks like two giant breasts.

She reaches the bottom and unloads her haul - different toilet bowl parts. She's a toilet parts scavenger.

REY

Nothing good. Dammit.

EXPLOSION in the distance (Finn's crash). Rey perks up and scales to the top of the TOILET DESTROYER. She's quick, nimble, and capable.

EXT. REY'S TOILET DESTROYER - JOCKITCH

Rey reaches the top and looks out to see the settling dust of a recent crash - Finn's crash.

CUT TO:

Rey races through the desert on her SPEEDO BIKE. It's a giant, dirty speedo. She sits in the cradle of the crotch area as it inexplicably zooms through the desert towards the crash site.

INT. THE PLANETY ENDOR-GY - TREE HOUSE

The planet ENDOR-GY is home of the JIZZWOKS, a race of ~3.5' hairy bear-like creatures who live a life of constant orgies. They had been pivotal in defeating the Empooper thirty years ago, fucking all the Stormpoopers to death.

The tree house is an undulating mess of hairy bodies. Suddenly, a pale human hand bursts out from the mass of fur, covered in cum, followed by a face, also covered in cum. It's HANDJOB SOLO, aged thirty years since his adventures in the rebellion, he's now in his 60s.

HANDJOB SOLO

These Jizzwoks are going to suck me dry.

PRINCESS LAY-YUH, in her mid-60s, pops out of the furry mess.

PRINCESS LAY-YUH

Not before I do.

They kiss, obviously in love. It would be really sweet if it weren't so disgusting with the orgy of furry Jizzwoks around them.

JEWBACCA, an orthodox Jew, every inch of his body covered in payos (the curls on the side of the head of Jewish men), pops up. He's from the planet KOSHERK, as are all of his kind.

JEWBACCA

I hope semen is kosher!

HANDJOB SOLO

Jewie, we've been on Endor-gy for thirty years in this endless orgy. Don't you think it's a little late to be worrying about that?

RANDO COCKJIZZIAN, pops out from a pile of Jizzwocks. He points his fingers like guns. This is something he will always do when he talks.

RANDO COCKJIZZIAN

My man!

Handjob shudders. Princess Lay-yuh pulls her finger out of his butt.

PRINCESS LAY-YUH

What's wrong? I thought you liked butt stuff?

HANDJOB SOLO

No. It's not that. Did you feel something? It felt like a disturbance in the Farts.

PRINCESS LAY-YUH

The Farts? The Farts hasn't been around for years.

HANDJOB SOLO

I've got a bad feeling about this. Jewie, start up the Perineum Falcon.

RANDO COCKJIZZIAN
(finger guns, as always)
My man!

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About the Author



Joe Cabello is a comedian and writer who is counting on someone else to write the next great American novel so he can focus on writing dumb stories and dad-jokes. You can buy his book *The Longest Haiku* on Amazon, and see his work at the UCB and iO West Theaters in Los Angeles.

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