



SCROTE ONE:

A STAR WARS PARODY

**THIS IS A PREVIEW COPY. BUY THE FULL BOOK
HERE**

Written by
Joe Cabello

Cover art by
Eric Owusu

Foreword by
Julian Stern

Based on
Characters from the Star Wars universe

Copyright © 2016 Joe Cabello

All rights reserved.

ISBN-13: 978-1541026773

ISBN-10: 1541026772

FOREWORD

by Julian Stern

It has been exactly one year, one day, three hours, and one minute since I sat down to write a foreword for Joe Cabello's first Star Wars parody, *The Farts Awakens*. It's a bit of a shame that I didn't write this yesterday as I told Joe I would because, damn, exactly one year? That would've been pretty cool.

But then the Farts Awaki-verse has never been about calculated precision. The reason that I can even recall the moment I wrote the *Farts* foreword is because I documented it in order to emphasize the project's smash-and-grabitude: created in fewer than five days from conception to proof, the book showed that the way of the Farts is to do now, ask why later.

And here we are, later. One year after the release of *The Farts Awakens*, what has it achieved? Is it a pop-viral hit, discovered by redditors and vaulted to internet infamy? No. Is it a calling card that, though commercially unsuccessful, caught the eyes of someone with power who handed Joe the keys to a larger opportunity? Well, no. It's not really that either.

No. *Farts Awakens* hasn't sat on any bestseller lists or even on physical bookshelves where books are sold. But it has sat on *my* bookshelf. And on my toilet. And beside my bed.

And whenever I've needed an arguably mindless, but definitively heart-driven pick-me-up, I've been able to open to a random page and find sentences like, "Stormpoopers busily work around the site. They prepare a Y-WANG, a cargo ship with three pointed wings shaped as penises." And if you're reading this, perhaps it's been there for you as well.

So whether Jyzz Erso's tale of vengeance is your first foray into the adventures of the Rebel Assliance, or this is your return to a galaxy fart, fart away, enjoy *Scrote One*. Enjoy as you read it now, but also as you reread and remember it over the course of the next year, until Joe inevitably decides to release *Episode XIII: Fartses of Breasts-in-me!*.

1. It was announced today that Episode XIII will likely be called *Forces of Destiny*, so I'm hoping I've beaten Joe to the punch and forced his hand on this one.

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

Reading Tips:

This parody is written in screenplay format. For those unfamiliar with screenplay terminology, here are explanations for the terms that may not be common knowledge.

INT. – Interior

EXT. – Exterior

V.O. – Voice over

O.C. – Off camera

O.S. – Off screen

CONT. – The character is continuing to speak.

SCROTE ONE:
A STAR WARS PARODY

BY JOE CABELLO

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:

SCROTE ONE: A STAR WARS PARODY

Text crawls up the screen:

After a vicious coup by Empimple Papsmeartine, the once great Orgasmic Senate is no more, and from their asses, the Empooper has formed. Papsmeartine and his loyal subject, Shart Vader, rule over the galaxy with an iron fist(ing).

To ensure a lasting dominion over the galaxy, Papsmeartine executed Order 69: a call for the immediate extermination of the Browneye, respected warriors who use the Farts, a force found in the anus. For the oppressed citizens of the Empooper, the Browneye are the only thing standing in the way of a purely constipated and bloated existence. And now they are feared to be gone forever.

The Rebel Assliance fights back against the Empooper, each side devoted to developing gassier and gassier technology, like Dutch Ovens, Cropdusters, or the Taint Ripper.

Unbeknownst to the Rebel Assliance, the Empooper has been working on a deadly weapon that uses the power of dingleberry crystals, the same crystals used in the Colonsabers of the Browneye, and there is only one man who can help the Empooper finish this weapon of ass destruction... an Empooper defector, VanHalen Erso.

The text disappears and we are left in the darkness of space. It's cold and empty, like a Radio Shack.

Suddenly, the darkness is sliced by the porcelain white of a TOILET DESTROYER, a giant toilet, and the Empooper's most deadly and impressive ship, enveloping the darkness in white (and a little bit of brown and yellow).



Trailing behind it we see not one, but dozens *puts on glasses*, no, *hundreds* of Toilet Destroyers coating the sky.

Even from the distance of space, they cast a shroud of shadows on the planet beneath them: Ballt, a grimy, grassy planet of two giant, hairy spheres, or as you might call them, "balls."

A cluster of three smaller ships blast out of the rim of the largest Toilet Destroyer as if they are the splash back from a giant turd, and fly straight towards Ballt.

INT. THE ERSO'S HOME - BALLT - DAY

JYZZ ERSO (8 years old) scampers through her family's modest home. Dust hangs in the air like stars, and the furniture is second hand (and not "cool" second hand like a \$200 stepstool a white person might buy. More like sun-bleached George Foreman Grill from Goodwill).

It's not the kind of home you'd want to play at if you were a kid, but once you're a teen it would be chill because you could get away with smoking pot there.

Jyzz skips along the hall, coming closer to the mumbling sounds of a woman's prayer. She reaches-

INT. FARTS PRAYER ROOM - ERSO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

She stops dead in her tracks, covering her nose and mouth from a horrific stench-

LICKYA ERSO, Jyzz's mother, prays to her dingleberry crystals, nuggets of poop hardened into crystal. They're hung around the room on toilet paper like Christmas lights.

Jyzz remains unnoticed as she watches her mother. A dingleberry crystal next to Jyzz sparkles at her. In a trance, Jyzz reaches for it-

LICKYA ERSO
I don't think so, little one.

Jyzz pulls her hand away from the dingleberry crystal and pumps a few globs of hand sanitizer

in her palm even though she didn't touch it. For some reason, it doesn't feel right to get that close to poop and not wash your hands.

Lickya Erso comes over to Jyzz and gently rubs her hand across Jyzz's cheek, which is nasty.

JYZZ ERSO
(whining)
I want a crystal.

LICKYA ERSO
When you are ready.

JYZZ ERSO
How will I know?

LICKYA ERSO
You will know, because you will be chosen. Now go along. Mommy has to watch her soaps.

Lickya Erso plops down on a couch and turns the TV to a program that cycles through images of various soaps.

The sound of typing distracts Jyzz and sends her down the hall to-

INT. VANHALEN ERSO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jyzz sneaks into the office of her father, VANHALEN ERSO, a scientist with long, blond, Rockstar hair.

The office is covered in posters and paraphernalia that prove he's a scientist, like a poster that says "Science Rocks!" or a bucket of geological specimen that says "Science Rocks!"

He dances around a chalkboard covered in equations, shouting the occasional "yow!", "uh-huh!", and "yeah!" until he notices Jyzz.

VANHALEN ERSO
Scibbity-bop!

She runs right into his open arms.

JYZZ ERSO
Dad, Why do you look and talk like David Lee Roth¹ if your name is VanHalen?

VANHALEN ERSO
(chuckling to self)
I told you daddy never talks about that. What's cookin', baby girl?

JYZZ ERSO
I'm bored.

VANHALEN ERSO
Momma spending her day watching those waxy blobs on the TV?

JYZZ ERSO
No. She doesn't watch *The View* anymore. She's watching her soaps.

VANHALEN ERSO
You know what I would do when I was bored at your age? Meth. But since you shouldn't be doing that before you do cocaine, this is what I think you should do:

¹ David Lee Roth is so well known for scatting that the "scat attack" is referenced as one of his signature moves in an article titled, "The Complete Guide to David Lee Roth Noises" by David Vön Bader

Imagine what you'd want most in
the world and pretend like it's
true.

VANHALEN ERSO (CONT.)
So what do you wish were true?

JYZZ ERSO
I wish I knew the farts.

VANHALEN ERSO
You're worse than your momma.
What's got you so interested in
the farts?

JYZZ ERSO
If I knew the farts I could
protect you and mom. We wouldn't
have to run anymore.

VanHalen thinks to himself, "damn that would be
dope lol" but he can't say that to his
daughter. He can only provide comfort.

VAN HALEN
We aren't running anymore, baby
girl. Stop worrying and go outside
so daddy can play with his lizard.

Jyzz runs off.

VanHalen Erso plays with his pet gecko, and also
masturbates.

EXT. THE ERSO'S HOME - BALLT - DAY

The landscape is made up of hills and fields,
covered in hair, like moss, the pubic hair of
nature.

Jyzz pretends to fart at flowers and invisible
bad guys as if she's a Browneye.

JYZZ ERSO
Take that Empooper!

She focuses her butt towards a tree, squeezing at a level that would cause anal fissures to a lesser buttole.

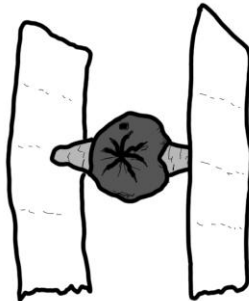
JYZZ ERSO
Feel my Browneye power!

RUMBLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.

Jyzz stands upright and holds her stomach, feeling for the rumble. Could it be the Farts?

ZHOOM!

A pair of TIE-Farters, the Honda Civic of Empooper ships (puckering butts with wings), and a Y-Wang scream past Jyzz and circle back to land. They are the ships we saw leave the Toilet Destroyer earlier. She can see the Empooper insignia emblazoned on them.



She looks back at her house and sees the series of political signs her family has on their lawn:

- "Feel the Bern"
- "Never mind. I'm With Her."

- "#NotMyEmpooper"

JYZZ ERSO

(gulp)
...Crap.

She races towards her house as she can hear the ships land in the distance behind her.

As she reaches the door, her father scoops her up and carries her to the back of the house, setting her down in front of him. He kneels to face her. His breath is horrible, apropos of nothing, but worth noting.

Her mother gathers supplies (Gogurt and wine coolers) into a go-bag. Her breath is fine.

JYZZ ERSO

(frantic)
What's happening? Why are they here?

VANHALEN ERSO

Listen to me, baby girl. Skiba-dee-bop!

JYZZ ERSO

(frantic)
Seriously, Dad! Why do you look and talk like David Lee Roth if your name is VanHalen?

VANHALEN ERSO

Sciddily-Biddily-bop! Shut up and look at me.

He holds her face in his hands.

VANHALEN ERSO

Everything I poo, I poo to protect you. Do you understand? Say you understand?

JYZZ ERSO
I won't lie. The poo thing has me
a little confused-

VanHalen slaps Jyzz.

LICKYA ERSO
Don't slap our daughter!

Lickya Erso slaps VanHalen.

STORMPOOPER (O.S.)
Don't slap Mr. Erso!

A STORMPOOPER, the Empooper's infantry - white
armor with a toilet bowl head - slaps Mrs. Erso.

Beat. They stare at the Stormpooper.

STORMPOOPER
That was too far. I'll leave and
give you all a couple minutes.

The Stormpooper leaves. VanHalen takes his focus
back to Jyzz.

VANHALEN ERSO
Do you understand?

Jyzz Erso nods.

VANHALEN ERSO
Now sciddily-diddily-bop on out of
here.

Lickya Erso grabs Jyzz and takes her out the
back door. Jyzz sees her father stoically
walking out the front door as she's pulled out
the back to-

EXT. BALLT HILLSIDES - CONTINUOUS

Lickya and Jyzz drift through the hills in twin Nissan 240SXs². Jyzz slides through a hairpin as she desperately looks back to catch a glimpse of her father.

From the high hillside, she can see him in the distance walking toward the Empooper soldiers as her vision is cut off by another rolling hill.

EXT. THE ERSO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

VanHalen Erso walks towards DIRECTOR KREVICE (60s), director of weapons technology for the Empooper, and the kind of guy who looks like he slurps apple sauce. Basically, a monster.

VANHALEN ERSO

You're harshing my vibe, Krevice.

DIRECTOR KREVICE

Wrong, VanHalen. I'm yellowing your mellow.

VanHalen twitches with fear. Director Krevice smirks at him and takes a slurp of apple sauce from a spoon, validating my earlier claim.

Krevice nods and his Stormpooopers grab VanHalen.

DIRECTOR KREVICE

Welcome back to the Empooper.

² The Nissan 240SX is a popular car for drifting. I thought it would be very cool for Jyzz and her mother to have matching cars that they tandem drift in. Turns out, I was right.

EXT. BALLT HILLSIDES - CONTINUOUS

The Stormpoopers search the twin Nissan 240SXs, but they're empty, and the stereos have already been stolen. They continue running up a small trail in search of the girls.

UP THE TRAIL

Lickya clutches Jyzz's hand as she drags her along the muddy hillside, literally-

REVEAL: Jyzz drags in the mud behind Lickya, her face caked with mud.

They stop by a herd of Tauntauns³.

JYZZ ERSO
What's happening?

LICKYA ERSO
There's no time.

JYZZ ERSO
No, I mean really. I can't see.

Lickya pulls out an eyeball-sized squeegee and scrapes Jyzz's eyes clean.

Jyzz opens her eyes and feels the warmth of her mother's hands around hers, dropping an object in her palm: a dingleberry crystal.

LICKYA ERSO
Jyzz. Trust the farts. The farts
will protect you.

³ Tauntauns wouldn't live on a planet like Ballt, but I decided to put them there anyway for the sake of an upcoming joke. I hope someone complains about it in a review.

JYZZ ERSO
But you said I wasn't ready.

LICKYA ERSO
The farts is in all of us. The gas
of the farts will grow in you as
long as you carry that... Just make
sure to use hand sanitizer after
handling it.

JYZZ ERSO
But what about you?

The sound of Stormpooper boots comes closer.

STORMPOOPER (O.S.)
Ah, crap, I stepped in crap.

LICKYA ERSO
They're coming. Quick. Hide!

Jyzz slips herself inside of a Tauntaun⁴ vagina,
and turns herself around inside so she can see
through the tiny slit, only able to make out her
mother.

Jyzz's POV through the Tauntaun vagina:

LICKYA ERSO
(to self)
The farts will protect me.

STORMPOOPER (O.C.)
Stop right there, lady!

ZHOOM! ZHOOM! Ass-blaster shots pierce through
Lickya as she falls to the ground in a heap.

Jyzz closes her eyes and covers her mouth to
conceal her screams. As she screams-

⁴ This is the joke.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. IMPERIAL PRISON - FEDHA - DAY

Jyzz (25 now, so she's smoking hot, but not that it defines her. It can be a quality she's proud of while she still has many different facets of her personality. For example, she has a Masters in mathematics and does improv comedy, though she's not very good or funny... Let's start this over).

Jyzz (25 now) screams herself awake on her imperial cot. A hand covers her mouth.

PREVIEW OVER!
THAT'S ALL YOU GET!
NOW GO BUY IT!
(CLICK HERE)