

THE INVADERS

SYNOPSIS

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away... Darth Vader returns home after a busy day at work.

CHARACTERS

Darth Vader

Freyda Vader
Wife of Darth Vader

Darryn Martin
Neighbours to Darth & Freyda Vader and the Star Wars
equivalent of an Aussie Bogan

Sharon Martin
Neighbour to Darth & Freyda Vader and the Star Wars
equivalent of an Aussie Bogan

*FREYDA IS FINISHING SETTING THE TABLE FOR
DINNER. DARTH ENTERS CARRYING A
BRIEFCASE.*

FREYDA: Hi honey, you're late.

DARTH: I'm sorry Freyda, I was dealing with a pesky member of the Rebel Alliance.

FREYDA: Solo?

DARTH: No, Admiral Jenkins was helping me, until I killed him that is.

FREYDA: Time after time... how many times do I have to tell you? You can't keep killing your Admirals. What will the neighbours say?

DARTH: Our neighbours are part of the rebel alliance and are traitors!

FREYDA: Oh Darth, the Martins aren't traitors. They're a lovely couple. Besides, you say that about everybody.

DARTH: Well, if I have learned one thing from the Empire, it's that you can't trust anybody.

FREYDA: You trust me, right? Right?!

DARTH: Of course I trust you (like the Rebel Alliance)!

FREYDA: What was that?!

DARTH: I said I trust you like... like... a Breville appliance.

FREYDA: Awww Darth, that's so... sweet.

DARTH: Yes, I am aren't I? Sweet, like a chocolate galaxy bar. Dark chocolate that is. Speaking of sweet, dinner smells wonderful. What are we having?

FREYDA: Baked Baby Wookie with Gungo beans and Yumbla, AND we have guests!

DARTH: Oh no, not again! Who is it this time? Admiral Johnson?

FREYDA: No, don't be silly! You killed him at the dinner party last month. Remember?

FREYDA REENACTS THE CHOKING DEATH IN A MOCKING MANNER, AND FREYDA AND DARTH BOTH LAUGH.

FREYDA: It's our neighbours, the Martin's. Now, put your bag away. They will be here any minute.

DARTH GOES TO PUT HIS BAG AWAY BUT STOPS NEAR THE DOOR.

DARTH: I sense something. A presence I have not felt since...

THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. DARRYN AND SHARON ENTER ABRUPTLY. SHARON IS CARRYING A BOTTLE OF PRESUMABLY WINE IN A BROWN PAPER BAG. DARRYN IS CARRYING A 6 PACK OF CANS.

SHARON: HEEEELLLLLLLLOOOOOOO!!!!

SHARON HUGS DARTH.

DARTH: Sharon.

SHARON: Oh Darth, how many times do I have to tell you?! Call me Shazza.

DARTH: Shazza.

DARRYN: Hey big fella!

DARRYN AND DARTH SHAKE HANDS.

DARTH: Darryn.

DARRYN GRINS AND POINTS AT DARTH. DARTH SIGHS.

DARTH: Dazza.

DARRYN: Alright!

SHARON GREETES FREYDA.

SHARON: How are ya, beautiful?

FREYDA: I'm good... Shazza!

DARRYN: Evening Mrs V.

FREYDA: Good evening Dazza. It's so good to see you both.

DARRYN: You're looking as gorgeous as ever.

FREYDA: Thank you Dazza.

DARRYN: Yeah, I was just saying to Shazza on the way over here, I said "Phhhhoooooo... that Freyda... If I wasn't with ya Shaz, I'd totally lay 'er!" Leia, get it?

SHARON AND DARRYN BOTH LAUGH LOUDLY AND OBNOXIOUSLY. UNSEEN BY SHARON AND DARRYN, DARTH EVENTUALLY HAS ENOUGH AND REACHES OUT HIS HAND AS IF TO START CHOKING DARRYN BY USING THE FORCE. DARRYN STARTS TO COUGH, AND SHARON SLAPS HIM ON THE BACK. FREYDA SIGNALS TO DARTH TO STOP.

FREYDA: Let's have a drink then, shall we? What would you like Shazza?

SHARON: A glass of Kessel wine would be lovely.

FREYDA: And for you Dazza?

DARRYN: Carillion beer would be bonza thanks Mrs V.

DARTH: And I will have a glass of our finest red endor wine.

DARRYN: Wine?! What are ya? Come on, have a Carillion beer with me!

DARTH: I'm fine.

DARRYN: Come on, be a man! It will put hairs on your chest... plate.

DARTH: I really don't want...

DARRYN: Make that two beers Mrs V. One for your manly man here. Right, big D?

FREYDA: Two beers it is.

DARTH LETS OUT A BIG SIGH AND SHAKES HIS HEAD. FREYDA POURS THE DRINKS AND SERVES.

FREYDA: Here we are. Shazza... Dazza...

FREYDA RETURNS TO BENCH AND COLLECTS DRINKS FOR HERSELF AND DARTH. SHE PUTS A STRAW INTO DARTH'S BEER.

FREYDA: A toast... to health and happiness.

DARRYN: And here's to a couple of really gorgeous looking birds, an extremely bonza looking bloke... and to Darth. Cheers!

EVERYONE CLINKS GLASSES, INCLUDING DARTH WHO DOES SO RELUCTANTLY. THERE IS A DING TO SIGNIFY DINNER IS READY.

FREYDA: Would you look at that... Dinner is ready. What perfect timing. Take a seat everyone.

DARRYN, SHARON AND DARTH SEAT THEMSELVES AT THE DINNER TABLE AND TALK AMONGST THEMSELVES WHILE FREYDA PLATES UP DINNER. SHE PLATES UP THREE MEALS, THEN PUTS THE FOURTH MEAL INTO A BLENDER BEFORE POURING INTO A TRANSPARENT CUP FOR DARTH TO DRINK THROUGH A STRAW.

FREYDA: Darth darling, how about telling the Martin's how your little building project is going at work while I get dinner plated.

DARTH: I really don't think the Martin's would be at all interested in hearing about the construction of the Death Star version 2.0.

SHARON: Go on! We'd love to hear all about it, wouldn't we Daz?!

DARRYN: Crikey, we sure would Shaz. Go on Big D, tell us all about the plans for the new Death Star.

DARTH: Well, if you insist. But I must warn you... it is exceptionally boring.

SHARON: Oh don't worry about that. Dazza has quite an interest in Death Stars, don't you Daz?

DARRYN: Sure do Shaz! I love a good Death Star!

DARTH: Oh, really?! How fascinating! Tell me about this interest of yours.

DARRYN: *(Nervously)* Well, I... ahhhh... what I mean big D, is... Death Stars! Phhhhoaah! You know what I mean?!

FREYDA: Here we are! Dinner is served!

SHARON DELIVERS PLATES TO SHARON AND DARRYN FIRST, THEN TO HERSELF AND DARTH.

DARRYN: Looks a cracker Mrs V!

FREYDA: Thank you Dazza. Baked Baby Wookie is one of Darth's favourites, isn't it honey?

DARTH: Yes it is. It goes great with red endor wine, usually!

FREYDA: Oh don't be such a sulk. Bon Appetit, everyone! How is it?

SHARON: It's gorgeous darl.

DARRYN: Mine's not that great Mrs V.

FREYDA: Oh Dazza, I apologize. Let me...

DARRYN: I'm sorry Mrs V, but my Baked Baby Wookie, well, it's a little chewy!

DAZZA AND SHAZZA GLANCE AT EACH OTHER BEFORE LAUGHING OBNOXIOUSLY AGAIN. WHEN THEY HAVE FINISHED LAUGHING, DARTH STRETCHES OUT HIS HAND TOWARD THE SALT, WHICH IS AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE TABLE. THE SALT MOVES HALFWAY ACROSS THE TABLE TOWARDS DARTH BEFORE FREYDA SLAPS HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

FREYDA: No force at the dinner table! Where are your manners?

DARTH SIGHS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD

DARTH: Could you pass me the salt Dazza?

FREYDA GLARES AT DARTH

DARTH: Please?!

DAZZA PASSES THE SALT TO DARTH. DARTH TAKES THE SALT AND SPRINKLES SALT INTO HIS CUP. FREYDA CONTINUES TO GLARE AT HIM.

DARTH: Thank you.

FREYDA: There, that didn't hurt to use good manners in front of our guests, did it?

DARTH: Only about as much as the lava on Mustafar.

FREYDA: Oh stop it! You're always going on about that bloody lava! Lava this... lava that... It's either that or Luke bloody Skywalker.

DARTH: You leave Luke out of this! I am his father!

FREYDA: Well, where is your son then? Oh, that's right, he's run off with the Rebel Alliance.

DARTH: Luke will come to the dark side...

FREYDA: No he won't! He's too busy destroying the Empire with that trollop of a sister of his and that overgrown chimpanzee.

DARTH: The Rebel Alliance will be crushed...

FREYDA: Crushed? How?! You can't even crush a Gungo bean. I had to blend it up for you and put it in a little cup.

DARTH: The new Death Star...

FREYDA: Oooooohhhhhh... the NEW Death Star! Oh, I see, it's not like the old Death Star is it? You know, the one that got blown into a billion pieces by YOUR OWN SON! No!!! The NEW Death Star probably doesn't have a big red target painted on the exhaust port with a sign saying "aim here", so I expect it will okay.

DARRYN: Enough already!

DAZZA AND SHAZZA STAND UP AND DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.

DARRYN: Crikey, you are doing our heads in.

FREYDA: What's going on here?

DARRYN: Mrs V... Big D... Let me re-introduce ourselves... My name is Captain Darryn Wan, and this is Captain Sharon Freeman of the Rebel Alliance. We want those plans for the new Death Star!

FREYDA: Take them! They're in the briefcase over there. They're useless anyway. If the last Death Star was anything to go by, you can just destroy it with a peashooter.

DARTH SIGHS

DARTH: I told you they were part of the Rebel Alliance and were traitors!

FREYDA: Oh shut up!

DARTH: No, you shut up!

FREYDA: No, you shut up!

DARTH: You shut...

FREYDA: No, you shut...

SHARON: QUUUUIIIIEEEETTT!!!!!! Both of you, please shut up! Grab the plans Darryn, let's get out of here!

DARRYN GRABS THE BRIEFCASE

DARTH: Not so fast! Your ability to steal a briefcase is insignificant next to the power of the Force.

DARTH REACHES OUT HIS HAND AND BOTH
DARRYN AND SHARON CLUTCH AT THEIR NECKS.

SHARON: Quick Darryn, use the force!

DARRYN PASSES THE CASE TO SHARON, AND REACHES INTO HIS ROBE TO REVEAL A BOTTLE OF "POWER FORCE". HE WALKS OVER TO DARTH WHILE STILL CLUTCHING AT HIS NECK, AND SPRAYS THE FORCE INTO DARTHS EYES.

DARRYN: Your ability to the use the force, is insignificant next to the power of Power Force. Later Freyda Vader!

*DARRYN STEALS AN UNCOMFORTABLY LONG KISS
FROM FREYDA, THEN HE AND SHARON EXIT WITH
THE CASE. DARTH, STILL BLINDED, MAKES
HIS WAY BACK TO THE KITCHEN TABLE AND
SITS. FREYDA IS HAVING HOT FLUSHES FROM
THE KISS.*

FREYDA: Well, beam me up Scottie!

DARTH SIGHS

DARTH: Oh, shut up!