

YOU ARE (NOT) THE FATHER

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INT. TELEVISION STUDIO ("MAURY" SET) - DAY

An AUDIENCE waits in silent anticipation as television talk show host MAURY POVICH (76) looks into the camera and brings the show back from a commercial break.

A banner across the bottom of the screen outlines the title of today's episode: "DADDY DENIALS"

MAURY

Welcome back to *Maury*. Please help me welcome my next guest, Padmé.

The audience CLAPS for QUEEN PADMÉ AMIDALA (20s) -- *yes, that Queen Amidala* -- who is sitting in a chair beside Maury.

MAURY (CONT'D)

Padmé, what's going on?

PADMÉ

Well, let me tell you, Maury: I met this dude a long time ago in a place very very far away.

MAURY

You mean like another galaxy?

PADMÉ

No, Pittsburgh. Anyway, when I met this motherfucker he was slick, right? He had this deep-ass voice, wore all black... he was a sexy-ass dude, Maury, so we obviously hit it off. You know, we'd kick it at Six Flags and wear matching outfits together, he was taking me out to dinner at Olive Garden and shit--

MAURY

They do have delicious breadsticks.

PADMÉ

I know, right? Anyway, one night things get all romantical and shit. Nine months later -- BOOM! -- this beautiful little boy shoots out of me like the Millennium Falcon shooting out of the Death Star.

MAURY

For the viewers at home, what does that mean exactly?

PADMÉ

It's just something we say on the street. Anyway, this motherfucker doesn't come to visit me or his newborn child even once while we was in the hospital. And then when I finally get a hold of him and tell him to come meet his son, he's all like--

(as Darth Vader)

--"Yo, I am not the father."

The audience BOOS and HISSES.

MAURY

Wow. Alright, let's meet him and see what he has to say, shall we?

(to audience)

Please help me welcome Anakin.

The audience BOOS as DARTH VADER (30s), in his full Darth Vader costume, struts out onto the stage. He flips off the audience and grabs his crotch as he sits next to Padmé.

DARTH VADER

(to Maury)

Yo, my name's Darth. I don't go by Anakin no more.

MAURY

(condescending)

Oh, alright... *Darth*.

(beat)

So this little boy Luke--

Video footage of an infant LUKE SKYWALKER (6 MONTHS OLD) GIGGLING/COOING is projected on a screen behind them. The audience lets out a collective AWWW at the sight of him.

MAURY (CONT'D)

--look at him there. What a cutie. Darth, are you saying you're not the father of that little guy?

DARTH VADER

Exactly what I'm saying, Maury.

Again, the audience BOOS.

DARTH VADER (CONT'D)

(to audience)

Whatever, whatever. Y'all don't know me from fucking Greedo.

The video behind them transitions to two still photos: a side-by-side comparison of Darth and Luke.

Padmé stands and rushes over to the screen.

PADMÉ
 (pointing back and forth
 between two images)
 Look at 'em! Of *course* he's the
 father. They got the same nose,
 same eyes--

The audience CHEERS.

DARTH VADER
 (to audience)
 None of y'all know what my nose
 even look like! I could be all Max
 Rebo and shit under this bitch!

PADMÉ
 (continuing)
 --and the same big-ass ears.

Darth stands and walks over to the photos.

DARTH VADER
 Y'all trippin'. Look--
 (points back and forth
 between two images)
 --look at me. I got a black mask on
 that helps me breathe. Do that kid
 got a black mask on that helps him
 breathe? Hell no! I got some
 buttons and blinky light shit on a
 plate on my chest. Where his
 buttons and blinky lights be, huh?

PADMÉ
 (screaming)
 He ain't got no reason to have none
 of that shit yet! Give him time!
 I'm bet one day he'll grow to have
 all that shit! Probably even have a
 robot arm, too!

DARTH VADER
 See!?! I ain't got no robot arm!

PADMÉ
 You Tusken Raider motherfucker!

Padmé pushes Darth in the chest. He raises one hand above his head in defense, but not to hit her. Instead--

DARTH VADER

Don't make me use the Force on you,
bitch!

The audience CHEERS as two SECURITY GUARDS (30s) rush in and break it up; Padmé and Darth once again take their seats.

MAURY

That brings me to a good point,
Darth. Your defense is that Luke
can't be your son for one major
reason, isn't that right?

DARTH VADER

That's right, Maury. That boy ain't
even got the Force!

The audience BOOS.

MAURY

You know what?
(holds up manila folder)
We're gonna find out the truth
right now because I have the DNA
test results right here.

PADMÉ

Read that shit, Maury!

The audience CHEERS.

MAURY

(pulls sheet from
envelope)
Darth, when it comes to the case of
six-month-old Luke... you are--

Darth raises his hand as he places a Force choke on Maury.

MAURY (CONT'D)

(choking)
--not... you are not--

Darth releases the Force choke.

MAURY (CONT'D)

(gasping)
--the father.

DARTH VADER

(to audience)
Who's the Tusken Raider
motherfucker now, motherfuckers?

PADMÉ
 Whatever, ain't no thing. Honestly,
 I'm *glad* you're not the father,
 because you a shitty baby daddy.

MAURY
 But, Padmé, wasn't there something
 else you wanted to tell Darth?

PADMÉ
 Damn right.

The audience OOOHS at the prospect.

PADMÉ (CONT'D)
 (to Darth)
 I'm pregnant again, and this one is
 definitely yours.

DARTH VADER
 Boy or girl?

PADMÉ
 Girl. I'm gonna name her Leia.

MAURY
 That's real ghetto.

DARTH VADER
 See? Already caught in a lie.

PADMÉ
 Oh, really? How you figure?

DARTH VADER
 Because Darth don't make no girls.
 Darth just fucks 'em.

The audience OOOHS and LAUGHS as Darth stands and starts high-fiving guys in the front row.

PADMÉ
 (to herself)
 I knew I should've fucked Obi-Wan.
 He was my only hope.

MAURY
 (into camera)
 Up next: Don Corleone may be the
 Godfather, but is he also the *real*
 father? Find out after the break.

THE END