

Let's Take It Over With

About this screenplay

Objective

[An illustrated screenplay crossing [Star Wars Ep. I](#), the [original Star Wars trilogy](#), the [Selinaverse](#) (itself crossing Star Trek TNG/DS9, Buffy, Judaism, Israel, [Objectivism](#), etc.) the real world online/offline life in 2010s/2020s, [Spaceballs](#), and [My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic](#).

This screenplay **is not** written in the Hollywood blessed format because [good hackers \(= resourceful and rule bending heroes\)](#) which include the talented actors and actresses in this film can withstand reading a raw and non-CSS-styled XHTML5 file. That - and hackers like me do not have the time to massage a screenplay into Hollywood's whimsical format only to be rejected, rinse and repeat.]

Licence



[Emblem:

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Dedication

[The **Dedication**:

TODO: FILL IN.]

Main scene

Mystery Woman for Naboo's Crown

[Padmé is sitting in her office next to her desktop computer.]

Receptionist on a popup window: Your majesty, [Ms. Emma Watson](#) is here and wishes to see you.

Padmé: please send her in.

[Padmé looks at a mirror on her desk, and does some last-minute facial-looks arrangements.

Emma Watson enters the frame.]

Padmé: hi Emma!

Emma Watson: good morning, Padmé!

Padmé: so, Emma, what brings you to Naboo?

Emma Watson: I want to destroy you!

Padmé: eh... what?!

Emma Watson: I am running "Madame Y Not" a.k.a "Madame Not Y" to Naboo's crown.

Padmé: is she a citizen of Naboo?

Emma Watson: she claims she is.

Padmé: I don't presume these are her real names.

Emma Watson: They are not.

Padmé: Sounds fishy.

[Cut to the office of Daniel, Padmé's cousin and legal advisor.]

Daniel: I'm afraid to say that running a mystery woman who claims to be a citizen of Naboo is possible under the current bylaws. This is one case where I wish the law will be amended, even though Padmé and I are passionate about trimming Naboo's bylaws from [superfluous regulations](#).

Padmé: well, I'm running for the crown again.

Emma Watson: and I'm starting my campaign with the slogan "Queen Padmé royally sucks! Vote 'Madame Y Not!'"

Padmé: [softly, and mostly to herself] Why does this shit keep happening to me?

Campaigning

[Showing Emma Watson's Twitter page.]

Padmé: Emma has been posting many repetitive posts for "Madame Y Not"'s campaign, which has attracted quite a few social media trolls, and made many people un-follow her.

Padmé: Given it is a very irrational course of action, we should get her health diagnosis.

Emma Watson's Health Diagnosis

[Showing the 1 kilometre high hospital building in [planet Trill](#).]

Cut to a room there. Padmé, [Julian Bashir](#), [Jadzia Dax](#), [Deanna Troi](#), and [George the Cat](#) are there.]

Julian Bashir: well, Ms. Watson seems to be in perfect health physically, but her mind is possessed by a spirit.

Jadzia Dax: and it has a signature of the [Beckyverse](#).

Deanna Troi: from what I can sense, that spirit is not malevolent, just cursed and feels scared and trapped.

Padmé: can we use technology to remove it?

George the Cat: Unfortunately, it is beyond the reach of even the Q Continuum. (Plot device!)

George the Cat: However, I suggest you consult with [Enyos of the Kalderash](#) from the Beckyverse. He may have some insights about psychological exorcism.

Talk with Enyos

[Padmé's computer says "Initiating Selinaverse⇔Beckyverse bridge" and after a while shows Enyos' face wearing a [straw hat](#) and a smaller live recording of Emma Watson of the Beckyverse.]

Padmé: hey Enyos and Emma! Thanks for agreeing to talk with me on such a short notice.

Enyos: No problem, your majesty.

Emma Watson of the Beckyverse: yeah! I've been feeling the heat from the Selinaverse's Emma Watson too.

Padmé: OK, what do you suggest to do about the possessing spirit?

Enyos: Well, psychologically, a possession is not different from a natural but irrational obsession. An effective way of dealing with it is to prove to the obsessed that he or she cannot reasonably achieve what they wish.

Padmé: thank you, Enyos. By the way, I see you have a different hat this time.

Enyos: yes, I'm on vacation in [Barbados](#) - currently sitting in a local bar.

Padmé: Why aren't you speaking from a graveyard?

Enyos: heh, that's a custom that [the Sisko would call 'past'](#).

Proving Padmé Will Probably Win

Emma Watson: Hey! Did you want to see me?

Padmé: Yes, Emma! See - we conducted an online poll using open source software with [proved correctness](#) and over 90 percent of Naboo's voters took part in it. Out of them, over 98% noted they intend to vote **and** vote for me.

Padmé: So the bottom line is that Madame Y Not is probably not going to be elected, barring demonic/etc. intervention.

The Possessing Spirit

Emma Watson: alright, alright, Madame Y Not a.k.a Madame Not Y, is not going to run for Naboo's crown.

[An amorphous blob gets out of Emma Watson's body. [Discord](#), dressed as [Sherlock Holmes](#) appears and cages it.]

Emma Watson: oh my goodness,... What was happening to me? I wouldn't run a mystery woman for Naboo's crown... hell, on normal days I'll even refuse running for the UK or [French](#) parliaments.

[Looks at the caged blob.]

Emma Watson: What the hell is that?

Discord: elementary, Ms. Watson, my darling, [elementary](#)! [He blows some bubbles out of a soap bubbles' pipe]

Emma Watson: pray continue with your narrative, Mr. Discord!

Discord: What we see here is a quad-thermal, meta-tachionic, temporally phenomenic, geodesic, tri-phasic...

Emma Watson: any idea what it all means?

Discord: [not the slightest!](#)

Discord: However, by applying a gentle electron shower, we get [the blob is reduced to reveal [Pinkie Pie](#)]... Pinkie Pie!

Pinkie Pie: Whoa! What happened? Wait... I recall taking a guided tour of [the Beckyverse](#), then reading an ancient curse, and then:

Pinkie Pie: I possessed Emma Watson's body and... [starts crying] ran for Naboo's crown. [She weeps.]



[

([Crying Pinkie Pie.](#))]

[[Fluttershy](#) emerges.]

Fluttershy: oh, Pinkie, how could you?

Emma Watson: And that will teach me to not pick up [books with strange glows](#) from old book stores in London.

Padmé: Discord, was that your orchestration?

Discord: I'll take the fifth [counts only up to four using his 4 fingered palm.].

Padmé: OK, Emma, let me blog that the whole crisis is hopefully over; it harmed your online/offline presence more than it harmed Naboo, but it did uncover some loopholes in the Naboo policies.

Emma Watson: yeah! [the sweet emerged from the mighty.](#)

Gul Dukat and Chris Grimmie Live on meta-Planet-1

wrapper

[[The Death Star](#) approaches Planet Naboo.

Split screen with Padmé to the left, and [Gul Dukat](#) and [Chris Grimmie](#) in the Death Star to the right.]

Padmé: What the hell?

Grimmie: We're gonna destroy Naboo...

Padmé: but why?

Dukat: I owe the Bank of Naboo 5 USD.

Padmé: but...

[The Death Star fires. The Laser rays bounce off between the surfaces of Naboo and the Death Star. A portal opens to meta-Planet-1, a gigantic planet with a large audience of spectators covering its surface, and Naboo and the Death Star float in its air.]

[Dukat shows a 100 dollar bill.]

Dukat: Welcome to the next logical step after [Gul Dukat Live on Bajor!](#) "Gul Dukat live on meta-Planet-1"! The lovely Chris Grimmie and I will start with a rock cover of [Sesame Street's "What's The Name Of That Song?"](#).

[The rays start playing but then stop.]

[Split frame with [Cookie Monster](#), [Fluttershy](#), [Discord](#), and [Emma Watson](#) - all wearing aprons, and baking cookies.]

Cookie Monster: Greetings, Mr. Dukat! Me cookies be bothered by your loud noises [The cookie muppets muffle soft noises to voice their agreement with the protest.] So we prepared in advance an exact replica of Naboo without any living cells, and the same shape, and rays-deflecting behaviour. [Portal opens and the replica enters.]

Grimmie: Thank you, Cookie Monster! Happy baking, and feel free to listen to the concert.

Padmé: Thank you for solving the crisis.

Emma Watson: [No worries](#), your majesty. Cookies [Über alles](#)!

Cookie Monster: me gonna watch Dukat and Christina [the cookies prepare earphones/etc.].

Padmé: So will I.

[The concert starts.

[The upgraded Enterprise-D](#) gets out of warp. [William T. Riker](#) and [Gabriela Bee](#) are on its bridge.]

Gabriela Bee: we thought you guys could use some [percussions](#).

[The Enterprise emits drum sounds. Grimmie and the rest thumbs up.]

[Cut to view of Naboo's capital. [Darth Vader](#) is watching the concert streamed from the Internet.]