

**S . D . I .**

**THE OTHER STAR WARS**

by

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**LEGAL DISCLAIMER/MIND-FUCK ALERT:**

*ALTHOUGH THIS STORY IS ONLY INSPIRED BY REAL-LIFE, HISTORICAL  
EVENTS, ITS COLD WAR PARANOIA IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT ACCURATE...*

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Washington Monument. Beltway traffic near the Capitol.

The power epicenter of the free world.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN, 72, in mid-speech at his desk before the TV cameras.

SUPER: March 23, 1983

REAGAN

We maintain peace through our strength -- weakness only invites aggression. But there is also another way: We must embark on a program to counter the awesome Soviet missile threat with measures that are defensive.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A curious mix of MILITARY GENERALS and SCIENTISTS, among the Beltway SOCIALITES, watch the speech on a large TV screen.

REAGAN (ON TV)

What if free people could live secure in the knowledge that we could intercept and destroy strategic ballistic missiles before they reached our own soil?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

REAGAN

Tonight, I am directing a long-term research and development program called S.D.I. ... to render nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete. We seek neither military superiority nor political advantage. Our only purpose is to search for ways to reduce the danger of nuclear war.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EAST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The career military men rise for a standing ovation. The civilian scientists remain seated in stunned silence.

INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS - MOSCOW, SOVIET UNION - NIGHT

Executive office. Dark and hazy with cigar smoke.

A single desk light illuminates two men: the KGB CHAIRMAN and his DIRECTOR. They share a bottle of vodka.

KGB CHAIRMAN

Has the Main Adversary made some undetected scientific breakthrough?

KGB DEPUTY

Not of which we are aware.

KGB CHAIRMAN

Then what is the meaning of this?

The KGB head peruses a folder with S.D.I. news clippings.

KGB DEPUTY

Our intelligence suggests that the United States is planning a first strike attack. We cannot take any chances. The fate of the unfree world is at stake.

The chairman turns to another file containing Star Wars movie stills. He winces at the spaceships and aliens.

KGB CHAIRMAN

Perhaps there is another connection...

Turns the page to a dossier of filmmaker George Lucas.

EXT. SKYWALKER RANCH - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - MORNING

A Victorian mansion among office buildings on Ewok Lake.

INT. SKYWALKER RANCH - LUCAS'S OFFICE - MORNING

Executive assistant JANE BAY enters her boss's office. She carries a stack of photocopies.

Reveal GEORGE LUCAS, 39, at his desk, untrimmed beard and thick glasses, wearing his usual flannel shirt and jeans combo. He contemplates, twirling scissors in his hand.

LUCAS

All I wanted to do was make a Disney movie for kids. Not create a blueprint for World War III.

JANE

What are you talking about, George?

Jane notices clumps of hair in the wastebasket.

JANE (CONT'D)

You're not snipping off your hair again, are you? What's wrong?

LUCAS

Reagan just announced his "Strategic Defense Initiative." Everyone's calling it Star Wars.

JANE

So?

LUCAS

Ronnie's trying to build a Death Star. Or something like it.

JANE

Oh, come on, that's impossible.

Lucas lifts the newspaper, reads.

LUCAS

"Orbiting stations above the Earth able to fire nuclear-propelled lasers to shoot down nuclear warheads." What does that sound like to you?

JANE

Science-fiction.

LUCAS

He thinks it's reality! Doesn't he know what he's doing is the exact opposite of the moral of that film? Is he that clueless?

JANE

It's just a political publicity stunt. Watch, it will go away soon.

LUCAS

I wish you were right about that,  
Jane, but these people are  
certifiable.

Lucas picks up the phone, hears STATIC on the line. His  
anxiety returns.

LUCAS

Damn it, the line's fuzzy again.  
You don't think that ...?

JANE

What?

LUCAS

Nothing.

INT. BASEMENT - MACKELROY HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of KIDS play the role-playing game Dungeons &  
Dragons.

The Dungeon Master is KENT MACKELROY, 19, glasses, chronic  
bed-head, and wide-eyed enthusiasm. He wears an old Star Wars  
shirt, circa late '70s, which, if not for sentimental value,  
could qualify as a faded rag.

His friends, RYAN and ERICA, wear medieval rogue and damsel  
outfits, respectively.

Kent rolls a tetrahedral die and makes a note. He positions  
his rogue and damsel miniatures on the board.

RYAN

Will I fail this challenge, Kent --  
I mean, Dungeon Master?

KENT

Good chance, my unbrowed Rogue.

RYAN

Low blow. I use the tweezers and  
they still grow back.

KENT

I apologize.

RYAN

You're only supposed to evaluate my  
constitution and dexterity.

ERICA  
Both are limp so far.

RYAN  
Shut up, Erica!

KENT  
There's no whining in Dungeons and  
Dragons, people. Suck it up!

Ryan strains to pick up the overweight Erica in their bulky costumes. They trip into the bookshelf and end up in a heap.

The stairway door bursts open.

KENT'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
Kent Mackelroy, it's three in the  
morning! You have the CIA entrance  
exam next week. You need time to  
study.

KENT  
Next week? What day is that again?

Kent exchanges looks of concern with his friends.

KENT'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
Wednesday, May 25th.

Kent reacts as if he's been stabbed in the heart.

RYAN  
Jedi opening day, Kent.

ERICA  
Oh, no.

KENT  
Hell, no.  
(to Mother)  
Oh, yeah ... thanks for the  
reminder. But you know I already  
have a job at the mall?

KENT'S MOTHER (O.S.)  
You don't have a future in retail,  
Kent! My father was in the CIA and  
my brother is now. It's our  
family's patriotic duty and it's a  
government job with benefits --  
you'd be set for life!

Kent mimics her speech as if he's heard it a thousand times.  
The stairway door slams.

KENT  
Shit. Game over.

INT. CIA TESTING CENTER - MORNING

Booklets open. Pencils scribbling in ovals.

A windowless classroom of young CIA applicants barely masking their nervous excitement.

All except --

Kent Mackelroy, face down on the desk, snoring and drooling from the mouth.

Arms folded, the ANAL PROCTOR watches for a few unamused moments, then slams a book on Kent's desk.

Kent awakens with a jolt.

PROCTOR  
Young man, did you come here to  
sleep or take a test?

KENT  
Um, is that a trick question?

The proctor shakes his head and returns to his desk overlooking the room.

Kent rubs his eyes and focuses on the test booklet. For a few seconds.

Quickly losing interest, he begins to doodle.

Over Kent's shoulder, we see the illustrations come to life: Boba Fett, Darth Vader, Yoda -- all Star Wars characters.

KENT (CONT'D)  
(imitating Yoda)  
Mmmm! Feel the force flow through  
you ...

PROCTOR  
Shhhh!

KENT  
(imitating Yoda)  
Mmm! Do or do not. There is no try.  
Mmmm? Mmmm!

Applicants look back at Kent with annoyed sneers.



KENT (CONT'D)  
(checks watch)  
Ooh, look at the time.

Kent hastily scribbles in the ovals and shuts the testing booklet. Holds it up to the proctor.

KENT (CONT'D)  
Finished!

EXT. D.C. SIDEWALK - DAY

Kent at a pay phone. He speaks in pained tones with intermittent coughs.

KENT (INTO PHONE)  
The doctor said, "Don't go to work, go straight home to bed." It's probably contagious ... all those runny mucus membranes and anal discharge. It's just a matter of time before -- thanks for understanding, Eddie.

Kent hangs up, grins. His sickly performance evaporates.

KENT  
Two out of three!

Kent, dressed in Obi-Wan Kenobi's Tatooine robe, clutches his toy light saber and parries vigorously with another fan, a MALE STOCKBROKER, still wearing his suit.

The two battle past a long line of MOVIEGOERS waiting outside a theatre, dressed in various Star Wars costumes.

The marquee reads: RETURN OF THE JEDI Premiere.

A bewildered HOMELESS MAN awakens in his cardboard bed to the spectacle.

HOMELESS MAN  
Can I come over to camp outside your houses? See how you like it!

Across the street, a nonplussed crowd watches the spectacle.

TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS openly mock the costumed masses.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #1  
Look at those freakin' geeks!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER #2  
 Are they trying intentionally to  
 never get laid?

Ryan and Erica wave at Kent to get his attention.

RYAN  
 Kent! Almost showtime!

ERICA  
 Hurry up, Kent! We can't save your  
 place forever.

The stockbroker wilts under Kent's light saber barrage, hits a sign face first and racks himself on a parking meter.

Kent raises his arms triumphantly.

A THEATRE EMPLOYEE emerges with a megaphone and directs the cheering crowd inside for the next showing.

Kent and the vanquished stockbroker bolt for their places in line.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Deputy Chief of Staff MICHAEL DEEVER and Science Advisor DR. GEORGE KEYWORTH, 44, an academic out of his element, consult with Reagan through a bathroom door.

REAGAN (O.S.)  
 Damn media! They wouldn't leave it alone back in March, and they're harping on it now. What's wrong with destroying nuclear missiles with space lasers?

DEEVER  
 They don't have a frame of reference for your grand vision, Mister President.

REAGAN (O.S.)  
 Why aren't they calling it S.D.I., Mikey? That's what I call it. Are they deaf?

DEEVER  
 Ted Kennedy unfairly labeled it on the Senate floor. On the bright side, Star Wars is very popular.

REAGAN (O.S.)

So I've heard. What's it about? The plot?

DEAVER

Well, sir, it's like a Western in space.

REAGAN (O.S.)

Oh, I like Westerns. But wouldn't there be a gravity problem?

Silence. Deaver's eyes plead for help from Keyworth. No go.

DEAVER

It's basically rebel fighters ... against a tyrannical government. An evil empire, like the Soviets. Actually, think of these rebels more like the Contras.

Loud toilet flush. Reagan emerges with urgent purpose. Deaver and Keyworth wilt from the backdraft.

REAGAN

Well, why didn't you say so? Why do they want to overthrow their government, Mikey? Lack of freedom? Oppression?

Deaver and Keyworth follow Reagan to his desk in the iconic room. The desktop is bare, except for a phone.

DEAVER

Well, you see, ah, the empire is obsessed with military technology. And the rebels believe the only way to restore democracy is to stop them before they can build a -- ah, Death --- uh, um ...

REAGAN

Build a what?

DEAVER

Doctor Keyworth? Could you help me out here?

DR. KEYWORTH

There's these cute little warriors that help the rebels in the latest one -- what were they called? Oh, Ewoks!

REAGAN

What the hell is an Ewok?

DR. KEYWORTH

They're these furry little spear  
chuckers.

REAGAN

Furry spear chuckers?

DR. KEYWORTH

Crafty, furry little spear  
chuckers, setting crafty traps.  
It's quite a marvelous sight.

REAGAN

... huh?

DR. KEYWORTH

They had this catchy song at the  
end ... Yub Nub, da da doobie da do  
--

REAGAN

Yub Nub? What's that supposed to  
mean?

DR. KEYWORTH

I don't know. It's part of their  
language.

REAGAN

Why don't they speak English?

DR. KEYWORTH

Sir?

REAGAN

They're aliens, aren't they? How do  
they expect to assimilate speaking  
that gibberish?

DR. KEYWORTH

... I don't think they want to.

REAGAN

That'll be the day.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - SUNRISE

Golden Gate bridge. Transamerica Pyramid in the downtown  
skyline.