



QUEER EYE FOR THE STRAIGHT GUY
VS
EWOK EYE FOR THE IMPERIAL GUY

Yutzka: Can I take this pineapple stalk off my head yet?

Airyu: Ssh, just keep it there a little while longer, you have to be an Ewok today. Oh, the cameras are on? *straightens his collar* Good evening, pilots, and welcome to Ewok Eye for the Imperial Guy!!

Yutzka: Yub yub!

Airyu: Today, our friendly neighborhood Ewok is going to give one lucky pilot a complete makeover! Let's bring 'em in!

Two stormtroopers enter the room, dragging a kicking and screaming COL Frodo.

Airyu: Hey, it's Frodo! He's just about the right height to be an Ewok!

Frodo: Blast it Airyu, I outrank you! Have these oafs unhand me immediately!!

Airyu: Sure thing. Sero, take it from here.

The stormtroopers release Frodo and walk out.

Serovich: *Clubs Frodo with a rock* Simmah dahn nahhh!!

Justin: *walks through the halls of the Vanguard* Interesting, it's almost midnight, with no sign of Airyu's mischief yet... either that's a feeling of relief, or sheer utter terror coming over me.... crap, I forgot to get those reports from my office! *turns around and gets into a turbolift*

Death Squire: Ooh ooh! I made a hat! *puts a poorly-made hat on Frodo*

Drefan: Uh... DS, what did you make that out of? No place sells brown cloth for *parsecs* around.

Death Squire: Mostly soiled underwear.

The room becomes deadly silent. All eyes fix on DS.

Death Squire: Whaaat? I stole it from the IWATS cheerleaders!

Craven: Dude... IWATS doesn't have cheerleaders.

Death Squire: Wha? It was in the hamper across from the locker room... *picks it up and looks closer* Property of... IWATS FOOTBALL!?!?! AAAAAHHH!!!! *drops it and runs out the door screaming*

Paco: That boy ain't right.

Justin: *opens the door to his office, steps in, and turns on the light*

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Todd: Aahhhh!!! It's our straight guy!

Justin: Whaaa? What did you do to my office, why is there a shag leopard rug?!? Why is my Imperial logo all sparkly!! You bastards! You- you- YOU ORGANIZED THE VANGUARD IRONMAN FILES!!! NOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN WHY THERE ARE NEVER ANY MEDALS AWARDED FOR IT!!

Todd: Let's get him, boys! *whips out a pair of tweezers*

Shawun: He's *all mine* *takes out a makeup kit*

Justin: ... mommy..

IN THE VANGUARD INFIRMARY

Justin: *slowly wakes up* What the hell happened? Why is there an Ewok in the next bed over?

Frodo: *sits up* I'm not an Ewok, you pile of bantha poodoo. *looks at Justin's hands* Nice manicure, sir.

Justin: Frodo?!??

Frodo: Yep. Don't ask?

Justin: Won't tell.

Frodo: Sir, no sir! I won't tell anyone about the mascara!

MORAL: Makeovers are the last resort of the needy, vain, and desperate to get on TV. Like presidential candidates.