



Star Wars™: Galactic Starcruiser

AUDITION SIDE: GALACTIC SUPERSTAR

Stuff?! These, are mine, Dah'ling! This extravagant mountain of cases, bags and boxes is mine. I don't have "stuff". There's no "stuff" here. These are my things, my possessions, my valuables. If you're looking for "stuff" you'd be well suited to inquire elsewhere.

(softening) Oh, but you're just doing your job, right? Just a poor little man, stuck on this wretched planet, put in charge of fondling strangers' "stuff". All those long, lonely nights waiting for some pitiful traveler to wander into your station so you might get some momentary joy from scrutinizing their "stuff".

Dah'ling, I've been there. Underappreciated. Taken for granted. Waiting for someone, anyone, to make eye contact and validate my existence. Hoping that my "stuff" would be good enough.

But not anymore! Wherever I go, I'm recognized. Appreciated. Revered, and admired. And no one lays a hand on my things. And no one refers to my things as "stuff"!

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