

EXT. TATOOINE - DUNES

The Sandcrawler moves slowly down a great sand dune.

INT. SANDCRAWLER

Threepio and Artoo noisily bounce along inside the cramped prison chamber. Artoo appears to be shut off.

THREEPIO
Wake up! Wake up!

Suddenly the shaking and bouncing of the Sandcrawler stops, creating quite a commotion among the mechanical men. Threepio's fist bangs the head of Artoo whose computer lights pop on as he begins beeping. At the far end of the long chamber a hatch opens, filling the chamber with blinding white light. A dozen or so Jawas make their way through the odd assortment of robots.

THREEPIO
We're doomed.

A Jawa starts moving toward them.

THREEPIO
Do you think they'll melt us down?

Artoo responds, making beeping sounds.

THREEPIO
Don't shoot! Don't shoot! Will this never end?

EXT. TATOOINE - DESERT - LARS HOMESTEAD - AFTERNOON

The Jawas mutter gibberish as they busily line up their battered captives, including Artoo and Threepio, in front of the enormous Sandcrawler, which is parked beside a small homestead consisting of three large holes in the ground surrounded by several tall moisture vaporators and one small adobe block house. The Jawas scurry around fussing over the robots, straightening them up or brushing some dust from a dented metallic elbow. The shrouded little creatures smell horribly, attracting small insects to the dark areas when their mouths and nostrils should be. Out of the shadows of a dingy side-building limps Owen Lars, a large burly man in his mid-fifties. His reddish eyes are sunken in a dust-covered face. As the farmer carefully inspects each robot, he is closely followed by his slumped-shouldered nephew, Luke Skywalker. One of the vile little Jawas walks ahead of the farmer spouting an animated sales pitch in a queer, unintelligible language.

A voice calls out from one of the huge holes that form the homestead. Luke goes over to the edge and sees his Aunt Beru standing in the main courtyard.

BERU

Luke, tell Owen that if he gets a translator to be sure it speaks Bocce.

LUKE

It looks like we don't have much of a choice but I'll remind him.

Luke returns to his uncle as they look over the equipment for sale with the Jawa Leader.

OWEN

I have no need for a protocol droid.

THREEPIO

(quickly)

Sir -- not in an environment such as this -- that's why I've also been programmed for over thirty secondary functions that...

OWEN

What I really need is a droid that understands the binary language of moisture vaporators.

THREEPIO

Vaporators! Sir -- My first job was programming binary load I after... very similar to your vaporators. You could say...

OWEN

Do you speak Bocce?

THREEPIO

Of course I can, sir. It's like a second language for me... I'm as fluent in Bocce...

OWEN

All right shut up!
(turning to Jawa)
I'll take this one.

THREEPIO

Shutting up, sir.

OWEN

Luke, take these two over to the garage, will you? I want you to have both of them cleaned up before dinner.

LUKE

But I was going into Toshi Station to pick up some power converters...

OWEN

You can waste time with your friends when your chores are done. Now come on, get to it!

LUKE

All right, come on! And the red one, come on. Well, come on, Red, let's go.

As the Jawas start to lead the three remaining robots back into the Sandcrawler, Artoo lets out a pathetic little beep and starts after his old friend Threepio. He is restrained by a slimy Jawa, who zaps him with a control box. Owen is negotiating with the head Jawa. Luke and the two robots start off for the garage when a plate pops off the head of the red astro-droid's head plate and it sparks wildly.

LUKE

Uncle Owen...

OWEN

Yeah?

LUKE

This R2 unit has a bad motivator. Look!

OWEN

(to the head Jawa)

Hey, what're you trying to push on us?

The Jawa goes into a loud spiel. Meanwhile, Artoo has sneaked out of line and is moving up and down trying to attract attention. He lets out with a low whistle. Threepio taps Luke on the shoulder.

THREEPIO

(pointing to Artoo)

Excuse me, sir, but that R2 unit is in prime condition. A real bargain.

LUKE
Uncle Owen. . .

OWEN
Yeah?

LUKE
What about that one?

OWEN
(to Jawa)
What about that blue one? We'll
take that one.

With a little reluctance the scruffy dwarf trades the damaged astro-droid for Artoo.

LUKE
Yeah, take it away.

THREEPIO
Uh, I'm quite sure you'll be very
pleased with that one, sir. He
really is in first-class condition.
I've worked with him before. Here
he comes.

Owen pays off the whining Jawa as Luke and the two robots
trudge off toward a grimy homestead entry.

LUKE
Okay, let's go.

THREEPIO
(to Artoo)
Now, don't you forget this! Why I
should stick my neck out for you is
quite beyond my capacity!