

STAR WARS EPISODE IV A NEW HOPE

BY GEORGE LUCAS - LUCASFILM LTD.

INT. LARS HOMESTEAD - GARAGE AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

The garage is cluttered and worn, but a friendly peaceful atmosphere permeates the low grey chamber. Threepio lowers himself into a large tub filled with warm oil. Near the battered Landspeeder little Artoo rests on a large battery with a cord to his face.

THREEPIO

Thank the maker! This oil bath is going to feel so good. I've got such a bad case of dust contamination, I can barely move!

Artoo beeps a muffled reply. Luke seems to be lost in thought as he runs his hand over the damaged fin of a small two-man Skyhopper spaceship resting in a low hangar off the garage. Finally Luke's frustrations get the better of him and he slams a wrench across the workbench.

LUKE

It just isn't fair. Oh, Biggs is right. I'm never gonna get out of here!

THREEPIO

Is there anything I might do to help?

Luke glances at the battered robot. A bit of his anger drains and a tiny smile creeps across his face.

LUKE

Well, not unless you can alter time, speed up the harvest, or teleport me off this rock!

THREEPIO

I don't think so, sir. I'm only a droid and not very knowledgeable about such things. Not on this planet, anyways. As a matter of fact, I'm not even sure which planet I'm on.

LUKE
Well, if there's a bright center to
the universe, you're on the planet
that it's farthest from.

THREEPIO
I see, sir.

LUKE
Uh, you can call me Luke.

THREEPIO
I see, sir Luke.

LUKE
(Laughing)
Just Luke.

THREEPIO
And I am See-Threepio, human-cyborg
relations, and this is my
counterpart, Artoo-Detoo.

LUKE
Hello.

Artoo beeps in response. Luke unplugs Artoo and begins to
scrape several connectors on the robot's head with a chrome
pick. Threepio climbs out of the oil tub and begins wiping
oil from his bronze body.

LUKE
You got a lot of carbon scoring
here. It looks like you boys have
seen a lot of action.

THREEPIO
With all we've been through,
sometimes I'm amazed we're in as
good condition as we are, what with
the Rebellion and all.

LUKE
You know of the Rebellion against
the Empire?

THREEPIO
That's how we came to be in your
service, if you take my meaning,
sir.

LUKE
Have you been in many battles?

THREEPIO

Several, I think. Actually, there's not much to tell. I'm not much more than an interpreter, and not very good at telling stories. Well, not at making them interesting, anyways.

Luke struggles to remove a small metal fragment from Artoo's neck joint. He uses a larger pick.

LUKE

Well, my little friend, you've got something jammed in here real good. Were you on a cruiser or...

The fragment breaks loose with a snap, sending Luke tumbling head over heels. He sits up and sees a twelve-inch three-dimensional hologram of Leia Organa, the Rebel senator, being projected from the face of little Artoo. The image is a rainbow of colors as it flickers and jiggles in the dimly lit garage. Luke's mouth hangs open in awe.

LEIA

Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope.

LUKE

What's this?

Artoo looks around and sheepishly beeps an answer for Threepio to translate. Leia continues to repeat the sentence fragment over and over.

THREEPIO

What is what?!? He asked you a question...

(pointing to Leia)

What is that?

Artoo whistles his surprise as he pretends to just notice the hologram. He looks around and sheepishly beeps an answer for Threepio to translate. Leia continues to repeat the sentence fragment over and over.

LEIA

Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope. Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope.

THREEPIO

Oh, he says it's nothing, sir.
Merely a malfunction. Old data. Pay
it no mind.

Luke becomes intrigued by the beautiful girl.

LUKE

Who is she? She's beautiful.

THREEPIO

I'm afraid I'm not quite sure, sir.

LEIA

Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi...

THREEPIO

I think she was a passenger on our
last voyage. A person of some
importance, sir -- I believe. Our
captain was attached to...

LUKE

Is there more to this recording?

Luke reaches out for Artoo but he lets out several frantic squeaks and a whistle.

THREEPIO

Behave yourself, Artoo. You're
going to get us in trouble. It's
all right, you can trust him. He's
our new master.

Artoo whistles and beeps a long message to Threepio.

THREEPIO

He says he's the property of Obi-Wan Kenobi, a resident of these parts. And it's a private message for him. Quite frankly, sir I don't know what he's talking about. Our last master was Captain Antilles, but with what we've been through, this little R2 unit has become a bit eccentric.

LUKE

Obi-Wan Kenobi? I wonder if he means old Ben Kenobi?

THREEPIO

I beg your pardon, sir, but do you know what he's talking about?

LUKE

Well, I don't know anyone named Obi-Wan, but old Ben lives out beyond the dune sea. He's kind of a strange old hermit.

Luke's gazes at the beautiful young princess for a few moments.

LUKE

I wonder who she is. It sounds like she's in trouble. I'd better play back the whole thing.

Artoo beeps something to Threepio.

THREEPIO

He says the restraining bolt has short circuited his recording system. He suggests that if you remove the bolt, he might be able to play back the entire recording.

Luke looks longingly at the lovely, little princess and hasn't really heard what Threepio has been saying.

LUKE

H'm? Oh, yeah, well, I guess you're too small to run away on me if I take this off! Okay.

Luke takes a wedged bar and pops the restraining bolt off Artoo's side.

LUKE

There you go.

The princess immediately disappears...

LUKE

Well, wait a minute. Where'd she go? Bring her back! Play back the entire message.

Artoo beeps an innocent reply as Threepio sits up in embarrassment.

THREEPIO

What message? The one you're
carrying inside your rusty innards!

A women's voice calls out from another room.

AUNT BERU

Luke? Luke! Come to dinner!

Luke stands up and shakes his head at the malfunctioning robot.

LUKE

All right, I'll be right there,
Aunt Beru.

THREEPIO

I'm sorry, sir, but he appears to
have picked up a slight flutter.

Luke tosses Artoo's restraining bolt on the workbench and hurries out of the room.

LUKE

Well, see what you can do with him.
I'll be right back.

THREEPIO

(to Artoo)

Just you reconsider playing that
message for him.

Artoo beeps in response.

THREEPIO

No, I don't think he likes you at
all.

Artoo beeps.

THREEPIO

No, I don't like you either.