

Han Solo: HAN

Obi Wan Kenobi: BEN

Luke Skywalker: LUKE

Chebacca: CB

Source: <http://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Star-Wars-A-New-Hope.html>

## **INT. TATOOINE - MOS EISLEY - CANTINA**

Strange creatures play exotic big band music on odd-looking instruments as Luke, still giddy, downs a fresh drink and follows Ben and Chewbacca to a booth where Han Solo is sitting. Han is a tough, roguish starpilot about thirty years old. A mercenary on a starship, he is simple, sentimental, and cocksure.

HAN: Han Solo. I'm captain of the Millennium Falcon;

HAN: Chewie here tells me you're looking for passage to the Alderaan system.;

BEN: Yes, indeed. If it's a fast ship.;

HAN: Fast ship? You've never heard of the Millennium Falcon?;

BEN: Should I have?;

HAN: It's the ship that made the Kessel run in less than twelve parsecs! ;

Ben reacts to Solo's stupid attempt to impress them with obvious misinformation.

HAN: I've outrun Imperial starships, not the local bulk-cruisers, mind you.;

HAN: I'm talking about the big Corellian ships now. She's fast enough for you, old man. What's the cargo?;

BEN: Only passengers. Myself, the boy, two droids, and no questions asked. ;

HAN: What is it? Some kind of local trouble? ;

BEN: Let's just say we'd like to avoid any Imperial entanglements. ;

HAN: Well, that's the trick, isn't it? And it's going to cost you something extra. Ten

thousand in advance.;

LUKE: Ten thousand? We could almost buy our own ship for that! ;

HAN: But who's going to fly it, kid! You?;

LUKE: You bet I could. I'm not such a bad pilot myself! We don't have to sit here and listen... ;

BEN: We haven't that much with us. But we could pay you two thousand now, plus fifteen when we reach Alderaan.;

HAN: Seventeen, huh!;

Han ponders this for a few moments.

HAN: Okay. You guys got yourself a ship. We'll leave as soon as you're ready. Docking bay Ninety-four.;

BEN: Ninety-four.;

HAN: Looks like somebody's beginning to take an interest in your handiwork.;

Ben and Luke turn around to see four Imperial stormtroopers looking at the dead bodies and asking the bartenders some questions. The bartender points to the booth.

**STOP HERE**

**TROOPER**

All right, we'll check it out.

The stormtroopers look over at the booth but Luke and Ben are gone. The bartender shrugs his shoulders in puzzlement.

**HAN**

Seventeen thousand! Those guys must really be desperate. This could really save my neck. Get back to the ship and get her ready.