**420 EXT. TATOOINE - DESERT - LARS HOMESTEAD - AFTERNOON 420**

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 slump 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

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 lifter...

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 (CONT'D)

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!

**421 INT. LARS HOMESTEAD - GARAGE AREA - LATE AFTERNOON 421**

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 threedimensional 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

There you go.

The princess immediately disappears...

LUKE (CONT'D)

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.

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 (CONT'D)

No, I don't think he likes you at

all.

Artoo beeps.

THREEPIO (CONT'D)

No, I don't like you either.