

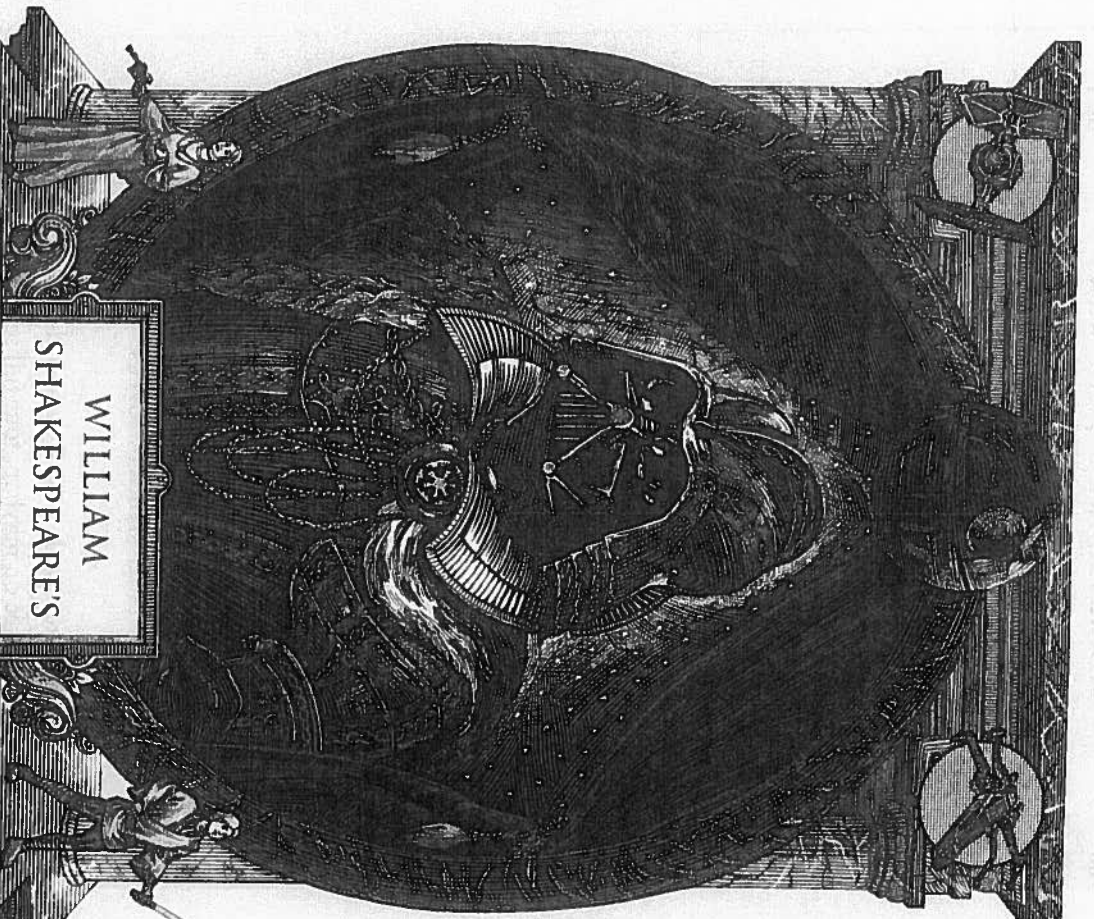
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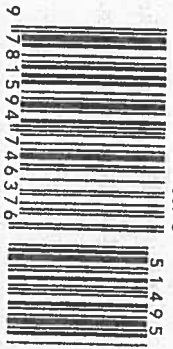
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QUIRK

SCENE 1.

Mos Eisley, on the desert planet Tatooine.

CHORUS
 Now, in her cell the princess doth remain,
 With hope and trouble written on her face.
 At times she faces torture, horrid pain.
 With these tools Vader seeks the rebel base.
 While Leia in her captive state is kept,
 Young Luke and Obi-Wan set on their way.
 Approaching town, they hope to intercept
 A pilot to transport them sans delay.

*Enter OBI-WAN KENOBI, LUKE SKYWALKER, C-3PO,
 and R2-D2, riding in landspeeder.*

OBI-WAN
 Mos Eisley spaceport. Never shalt thou find
 A hive more rank and wretched, aye, and fill'd
 With villainy. So must we cautious be.

Enter STORMTROOPERS.

TROOPER 3 I prithee, speak, how long hast thou these droids?
 LUKE 'Tis three or, mayhap, four full seasons now.
 OBI-WAN We are prepar'd to sell them, shouldst thou wish.
 CHORUS Now is the Force to noble purpose us'd—
 Not as the Sith, employing it to smite,
 Hath through the dark side rank the Force abus'd—
 Good Obi-Wan shall use the Force for right.
 TROOPER 4 Pray, show me now thy papers.

OBI-WAN
 —Nay, thou dost

Not need to see his papers.

—Nay, we do

Not need to see his papers.

—True it is,

That these are not the droids for which thou search'st.

Aye, these are not the droids for which we search.

And now, the lad may go his merry way.

Good lad, I prithee, go thy merry way!

Now get thee hence.

—Now get thee hence, go hence!

[Exeunt stormtroopers.]

*Enter JAWAS as OBI-WAN KENOBI, LUKE SKYWALKER, C-3PO,
 and R2-D2, dismount landspeeder.*

C-3PO
 O, how those Jawas vex me!

[to Jawas:]

—Get thee gone!

[Exeunt Jawas.]

Now by my troth, I cannot comprehend

How we those threat'ning stormtroopers did 'scape.

Aye, verily, I thought our end was nigh.

The Force hath mighty power o'er the weak

And simple-minded of this universe.

Dost thou believe we shall therein, in yon

Dank place, discover any pilot who

Hath means to transport us to Alderaan?

A goodly crew of freighter pilots here

May oft be found. But prithee, take good care,

This small cantina hath an ill repute.

injuring Being 2 and severing Being 1's arm.

Exeunt Beings 1 and 2.

OBI-WAN

[*aside:*] I have no wish or purpose here to fight,
Yet have these drunkards left me little choice.
But there is yet a lesson to be learn'd:
This Obi-Wan, though old, hath still the gift.
[*To Luke:*] Chewbacca here doth service as first mate
Upon a ship that may our purpose meet.

70

Enter HAN SOLO, who joins CHEWBACCA,

OBI-WAN, and LUKE at a table.

HAN

Han Solo at thy service, gentlemen,
The great *Millennium Falcon* is my ship.
My first mate Chewie telleth me ye seek
Safe passage to the system Alderaan.

75

OBI-WAN

Aye, true, if 'tis a vessel swift of flight.

HAN

"A vessel swift of flight," thou say'st? Hast thou
Not heard of the *Millennium Falcon*, Sir?

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OBI-WAN

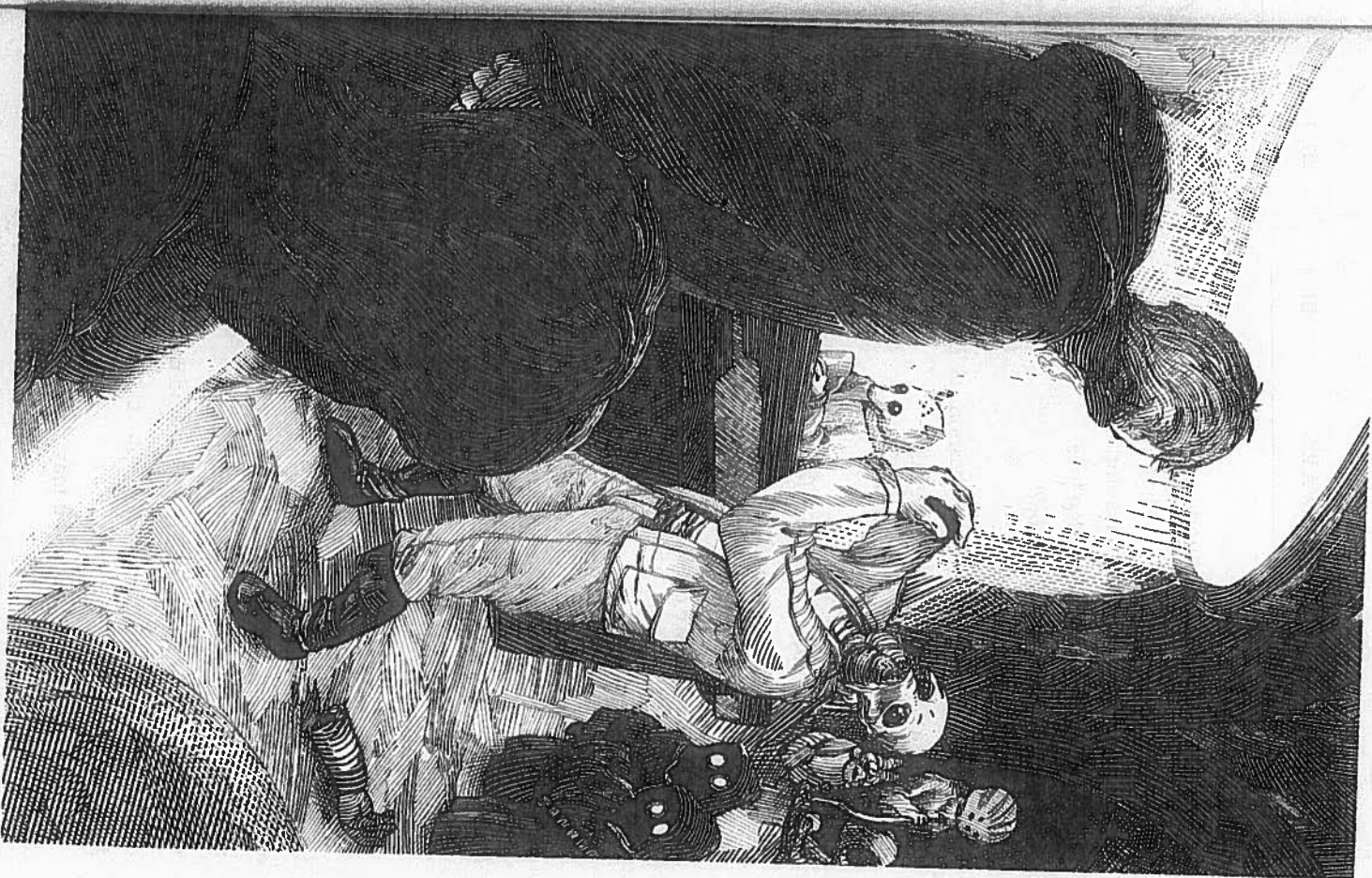
Some boasting we'll endure. [*To Han:*] Nay,
should I have?

HAN

'Tis but the ship that hath the Kessel run
Accomplish'd in twelve parsecs, nothing more.
Imperi'l starships have I slyly 'scap'd,
But nothing more of that. And neither do
I speak about bulk-cruisers small, but vast
Corell'i'n ships, yet nothing more, no more.
I shall not brag about her speed, good Sir.
Suffice to say the ship shall fill thy needs,

85

90



As she's the fastest e'er. But nothing more.

[*aside:*] Aye, nothing more, I wish he'd hold his peace.

This man, it seems, doth love his ship far more

Than ere I saw a man his woman love.

Pray tell, what shall the cargo be?

—Myself,

The boy, two droids, and ne'er a question ask'd.

'Tis what, a touch of local trouble here?

Nay, let us simply say it thus: we would

Imperial entanglements avoid.

Aye, there's the rub, so shalt thou further pay.

Ten thousand is the cost, and ev'ry bit

Shalt thou deliver ere we leave the dock.

Ten thousand? Fie! We could our own ship buy

For such a sum as this.

—A goodly jest!

For who should pilot such a ship—shouldst thou?

Thou knave, I could indeed! A pilot skill'd

Am I in my own right. [*To Obi-Wan:*] Now should

we stay,

And be abusèd more by this man's words?

Two thousand can we render to thee now,

And fifteen more deliver when we come

With safety unto Alderaan's bright port.

Say, seventeen? Congratulations, men,

Thou hast a ship secur'd, and we'll depart

Whene'er thou art prepar'd. Thou shalt find me

At docking harbor number ninety-four.

Aye, ninety-four.

—It seemeth that thou may

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Already have provok'd some interest.

[*Exeunt Obi-Wan and Luke as stormtroopers pass by.*
Egh.

CHEWBAC.

HAN

—Seventeen! So must they desp'rate be!

This truly may my swift deliv'rance prove.

Go thou unto the ship and be prepar'd.

[*Chewbacca exits.*

In times now past have I poor judgments made,

And now these errors plague my very soul.

For freedom I was made—for taking wing!—

Yet as a markèd man I cannot fly.

For bound by debts, by duty and by fear,

I live my life along the razor's edge:

One part of me that hunts for better life,

And one part hunted for the life I've led.

My own existence is a paradox—

A smuggler with a lover's kindly heart,

A gambler with a noble spirit brave.

I would be better than it seems I am

If ever I transcend the man I was.

Perhaps this new employment shall reveal

The way I shall make straight my crooked path—

Thus heal my past and write a future new.

Enter GREEDO, stopping HAN SOLO as the latter begins to exit.

GREEDO

Na koona t'chuta, Solo?

HAN

—Yes, indeed,

Good Greedo, I have plann'd to make my way

Unto thy Master. Tell thou Jabba plain:

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