



# Chewie

written by

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The following is a work of fiction, but any similarity to people living or dead is probably because it's completely true.

INT. DEATH STAR - DETENTION SECURITY AREA - NIGHT

Two STORMTROOPERS escort a handcuffed CHEWBACCA into the gray detention area.

A tall, grim-looking OFFICER approaches the trio.

OFFICER

Where are you taking this... thing?

STORMTROOPER

Prisoner transfer from cell block  
1138.

OFFICER

I wasn't notified. I'll have to  
clear it.

The officer gestures to a GUARD clad in all black. The guard approaches Chewbacca.

Without anyone firing a weapon, SPARKS and SMOKE begin to abruptly shoot from the walls and consoles.

The guard turns around, breaking character.

GUARD

Wait, I thought I was supposed to..

CHEWBACCA

(with a human voice)

Ah!

Chewbacca swings his arm wildly, knocking the guard on the back of the head, sending him tumbling to the ground.

LUCAS

Okay, let's cut there.

GEORGE LUCAS (32) with brown hair, a full beard and dark, tortoiseshell rimmed glasses stands and enters the action.

A dozen assorted crew members swarm the set, make adjustments, and restage the scene.

Chewbacca removes his costume head revealing PETER MAYHEW (32), the seven-foot-two British man portraying the Wookiee. Timid with a soft, monotone voice, Peter is nearly the polar opposite of the character he plays.

He reaches down and helps up the guard he knocked over.

PETER

Very sorry about that.

GUARD

All in a day's work.

PETER

I'm still having trouble seeing...  
You know, with the mask on.... I'll  
try to be more careful next time.

Peter turns and looks directly at us, the audience.

PETER (CONT'D)

(directly to the camera)

One of the first things you learn  
when you're really tall, is that  
you have to be careful, always. You  
can't take many risks or you're  
likely to end up crushing  
something, or someone.

The camera follows Peter as he ambles over to the craft  
services table.

PETER (CONT'D)

Of course none of you really care  
about me, not yet anyway. You want  
to hear about Star Wars. Well, the  
good news is this movie is about  
that movie. I'm going to tell you  
everything, even the stuff they  
don't want me to.

Peter reaches the craft services table and pours some tea.

PETER (CONT'D)

The bad news is that this movie's  
also about me a bit too. And why  
shouldn't it be? I'm the one it's  
named after, or at least Chewbacca  
is... Look don't worry, I'm not  
going to introduce you to my grade  
school teacher or any rubbish like  
that. It's just--

He pauses and takes a sip of tea.

PETER (CONT'D)

Star Wars was the biggest risk I  
ever took. It may seem obvious now,  
but it certainly didn't seem that  
way at the time. Not to anyone. Not  
even to you know who.

Lucas, completely unaware of Peter's conversation with the  
audience, interrupts him.

LUCAS

Alright Peter, we need you for the close up.

Peter stops looking at the camera and becomes a little less poised, now back to his awkward self.

PETER

Oh. Right. I was just, um... I'm sorry.

Peter puts the Chewbacca mask back on.

A CAMERA ASSISTANT, with shaggy hair, bell bottoms and giant yellow ear muffs, holds up a CLAP BOARD that reads:

"The Star Wars"  
Slate 406 / Take 2  
19th MAY '76

He positions the board in front of Chewbacca's face and claps it.

INT. 20TH CENTURY FOX STUDIOS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TITLE OVER:

Los Angeles, Two Years Earlier.

Lucas sits on one side of a gargantuan conference room table. Across from him several executives including ALAN LADD, JR (37) Fox's VP of Creative Affairs.

Sitting silently next to Lucas is GARY KURTZ (35) Lucas's producing partner who sports an Abe Lincoln beard.

EXECUTIVE #1

Can we back up for a second? The laser swords and the laser guns. Are those the same?

LUCAS

No, the laser gun is a normal, everyday laser gun. The laser sword is different. It's the ancient weapon of the Jedi Bendu.

EXECUTIVE #1

Got it. And Anakin Starkiller fights Jedi Bendu.

LUCAS

No, Anakin Starkiller *is* a Jedi Bendu. He and the other Bendu fight the evil Sith Lords.

EXECUTIVE #2

Wait, Bendu's not a person?

LUCAS

No.

Puzzled looks on the executives' faces.

EXECUTIVE #2

So who is this Starkiller? Are we thinking a Robert Redford type, a Dustin Hoffman, a Charlie Grodin--

LUCAS

(exhausted by the question)

It needs to be all unknowns. If Robert Redford is in the movie, all of the sudden it becomes a Robert Redford movie. I want it to be a space movie.

Alan Ladd lets out a deep sigh.

ALAN LADD

George. I have faith in you. That's why you're here, but maybe this isn't the right project.

KURTZ

What you have to realize about George is he's got a real vision. He's very visual, that's why this will work. You guys have seen Grafitti.

EXECUTIVE #1

That was great... but this isn't like that.

EXECUTIVE #2

Why not just do a sequel to Graffiti?

LUCAS

I want to do something completely new. This is the kind of movie I've wanted to make since I was a kid.

KURTZ

That's why kids are gonna love it.

EXECUTIVE #3

For this budget we could make ten kids movies.

LUCAS

Not this kind of movie. I want to take people to a new place. I remember watching the Flash Gordon serials when I was young and there is nothing like that any more.

EXECUTIVE #2

We should just get the rights to Flash Gordon.

LUCAS

No, this is better, because now it can be something different. I know it's a risk, but all of Hollywood is a risk.

MR. STANFILL

When I was at Lehman Brothers, we had a policy.

Everyone turns to DENNIS STANFILL (50), a Tennessee Native, veteran of the Navy, and Fox's Chairman of the Board.

MR. STANFILL (CONT'D)

We only made investments if we were completely confident in their returns.

Lucas and Kurtz look apprehensive. Alan tenses up.

MR. STANFILL (CONT'D)

Now, I'll defer to you Alan, since this is your area of expertise, but it just seems to me that this is far from a sure thing.

KURTZ

(whispered)

Show them the stuff now.

LUCAS

I could explain the story again--

KURTZ

No, just show them.

Lucas fumbles with a leather briefcase.

LUCAS  
 (turning back to the  
 executives)  
 I had an artist do some conceptuals  
 to kind of give an idea what it  
 could look like. I think these  
 really--

Lucas displays beautiful, full color paintings that show elaborate images of Star Wars as we know it.

EXECUTIVE #1  
 Oh fuck.

The X-Wing TIE-Fighter battle inside the Death Star trenches.

Darth Vader wielding a lightsabre.

A hairy giant creature, with a bandolier across his chest and a gun in his hand. Chewbacca.

ALAN LADD  
 Those are really something.

Lucas looks at Kurtz optimistically.

KURTZ  
 Is that a yes?

Ladd glances at Stanfill who gives him an "I trust you, but it's your ass on the line" look.

ALAN LADD  
 (cautiously)  
 It's a yes.

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - LONDON - DAY

TITLE OVER:

Kings College Hospital  
 London

Peter Mayhew pushes a cart into a hospital room and lowers his head to fit through the doorway. He wears black pants, a white medical jacket (sleeves rolled up), and a tie.

PETER  
 My name's Peter.

In the hospital bed, GRAHAM (56), a working class Londoner with a cheery disposition is recovering from surgery.

GRAHAM

My god, things must be bad, they've sent in a giant.

Peter is a little uncomfortable. He never knows how to react to that.

PETER

I'm here to change your bedpan.

GRAHAM

That sounds like some fun.

PETER

No, it's actually rather disgusting.

Peter gives a wry smile.

GRAHAM

At least you're a friendly giant.

PETER

I'm going to lift your legs.

Peter lifts up Graham's legs and pulls out the bedpan. Graham looks away toward the ground. He sees Peter's giant black shoes.

GRAHAM

I've worked in the shoe department at Debenhams for twenty years and I've never seen a pair that big.

PETER

They actually... They actually wrote an article about them in the Examiner.

GRAHAM

An article about your shoes?

PETER

No, an article about my feet.

GRAHAM

Piss off!

PETER

(shyly)

It's not much of an accomplishment. I was just born this way.

Peter grabs a fresh bedpan from the cart.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I need to get back in there.

He lifts Graham's legs again.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I did get to be in a movie because  
of that article though.

GRAHAM  
That's fantastic!

PETER  
It was okay. I played a Minotaur.  
One of those Sinbad movies... never  
came out though.

GRAHAM  
That's life for you.

PETER  
Could be worse.

GRAHAM  
At least you've got the bedpans.

Peter gives a another smile and pushes out his cart.

INT. HARRISON FORD'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Ford's modest house on Woodrow Wilson Drive is less than impressive. It's a fixer upper that he's never gotten around to fixing.

Inside the garage, HARRISON FORD (33), in a plaid shirt and jeans, hammers the second leg into a chair.

Enter MARY (31), Ford's wife, with Ford's six-year-old son WILLARD trailing behind.

MARY  
Hey honey, Fred's here.

HARRISON  
Tell him there's a new house rule.  
No Hollywood assholes within fifty  
yards of the premises.

Enter FRED ROOS (41), a slim casting director with a fat face.

FRED

Can't imagine that's much of a problem for you these days.

Harrison laughs and extends his hand. It's clear that he and Fred have history. Mary exits with Willard.

HARRISON

How have you been Fred? Let me guess, you're kicking Pacino out and you want me for the next Godfather movie.

FRED

Good one. No, I think everyone agrees it's best if we leave it at two... I'm here about a new project. I'm casting something for George.

HARRISON

Oh yeah, he wants to bring me in?

FRED

Well no, he actually specifically told me not to.

HARRISON

Jesus Christ, Roos.

Harrison walks over to his tool box and retrieves more nails.

FRED

It was a compliment. He said no big stars like Harrison.

HARRISON

(scoffing)

Big star? I'm a fucking carpenter.

Harrison lightly taps a nail into place.

FRED

I know, but you know how George is. He thinks everyone has memorized every frame of Graffiti like he has.

HARRISON

So what the hell are you doing here?

FRED

I think if we're clever, he can be convinced.

HARRISON

Forget it. If he doesn't want me, I don't want him. I'm getting too old to be begging for my supper. I'll just make another fucking cabinet.

Harrison turns the chair on its side to look at it.

FRED

This is your problem. Your attitude. You never go all in on anything.

HARRISON

I don't need a lecture.

FRED

You're right, your life's perfect. I don't know why I even bothered.

Harrison looks up at him.

HARRISON

Alright... What did you have in mind?

FRED

I assume you can install a door.

Harrison nods.

FRED (CONT'D)

Well, what if you were fixing one when George came into the office.

HARRISON

That's the plan?

FRED

That's it.

HARRISON

You really think I'm that desperate?

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN ZOETROPE OFFICES - DAY

Harrison strips the paint off of a door frame with a scraper revealing screws underneath.

He lowers safety glasses off his forehead, plugs in a reciprocating saw, and gets the blade in position.

LUCAS

Excuse me.

Harrison steps out of the way. Lucas walks right by, not even noticing him.

Harrison shakes his head.

HARRISON

(under his breath)

Nice to see you too George.

He engages the saw and begins aggressively cutting out the screws that hold on the door frame.

Lucas turns around and slowly walks back.

LUCAS

Harry?

Harrison stops the saw.

HARRISON

George. I didn't even notice you.

LUCAS

I'm not usually here. Francis was nice enough to let us use his offices to cast this space movie I'm doing.

HARRISON

Oh great.

LUCAS

(realizing)

What are you doing here?

HARRISON

I'm fixing a door.

LUCAS

Right. Yeah.

HARRISON

Well George. It's been nice catching up, but I have to get back to work.

Harrison lowers the safety goggles again and picks up the saw.

Lucas takes a step back and squints his eyes.

Harrison lowers the saw.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

What are you lookin' at?

Lucas shakes his head.

LUCAS

Nothing. I'll see you around.

INT. AMERICAN ZOETROPE OFFICES - CASTING STAGE - DAY

Lucas sits in a high backed wooden chair across from RICHARD DREYFUSS (28). Next to Lucas are several casting assistants.

A small camera and overhead microphone record the performance.

Dreyfuss speaks in his distinct nasal voice.

DREYFUSS

I'm Han Solo, Captain of this vessel. Who's in charge then?

LUCAS

I'm Ben Kenobi. Luke Starkiller here is leading our expedition.

DREYFUSS

Organa Major is a rebel system. There--

Dreyfuss pauses. Cacophonous hammering is heard in the background.

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

Sorry.

LUCAS

Just start again.

DREYFUSS

Organa Major is a rebel system.  
There will be quite a few starfleet  
patrols between here and there--

More loud hammering. Dreyfuss stops again. He prepares to go,  
but is interrupted by another harsh BANG.

DREYFUSS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ George. Is there  
something we can do about that  
noise? I'm trying to give a goddamn  
audition here and some cocksucker's  
banging a fucking hammer in the  
hall.

INT. AMERICAN ZOETROPE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Lucas is back standing in the doorway.

LUCAS

(to Harrison)

Maybe you could come back and work  
at night or when we go on lunch.

Dreyfuss comes down the hall toward them.

DREYFUSS

Oh my god, it's really him. This is  
too much.

HARRISON

What's Dreyfuss doing here?

DREYFUSS

I'm here to audition to be a  
carpenter, maybe you can teach me  
how to hold a hammer.

HARRISON

I thought you didn't want anyone  
from Graffiti in this movie?

LUCAS

I don't. I'm just seeing him as a  
favor. Wait, who told you that?

DREYFUSS

Whaaatt? A favor? I was in  
motherfucking Jaws! I don't need  
this. Fuck you George.

HARRISON  
Watch your mouth kid.

Several people have poked their head out to watch this argument.

DREYFUSS  
Go fuck yourself.

Dreyfuss storms out.

There is an awkward silence.

HARRISON  
Don't everyone thank me at once.

People chuckle and get back to work.

Lucas hangs in the doorway.

LUCAS  
You know, I could really use an actor to read with people in the room.

Harrison grins.

HARRISON  
Yeah okay, let's try that.

INT. ROW HOUSE - LONDON - EVENING

A dimly lit working class home. This is the home of Peter's parents: CHRISTOPHER (55) a retired policeman who's kept the attitude but now drives a cab and CLAIRE (54) a homemaker who's wearing an apron.

Peter sits at a large dinner table across from CHRIS JR, Peter's normal sized older brother, and Chris's pregnant wife, BETH (34).

Like Chris Jr., the rest of Peter's family is normal height. They chatter back and forth with high energy as Peter sits quietly eating beet salad.

CHRIS JR  
We have a name if it's a boy, but not one for a girl.

CLAIRE  
Well then you're bound to have a girl.

CHRISTOPHER

Nonsense. There's a long series of boys in my side of the family.

BETH

I was thinking maybe Frida for a girl. You know, like Frida Lyngstad.

PETER

(very quietly)

I have an audition to be in another movie.

CHRIS JR

Who's Frida Lyngstad?

BETH

You know, Frida. From Abba.

CHRIS JR

Oh Christ. I fucking hate Abba.

PETER

I was wondering if someone could give me a ride to it?

CLAIRE

Sorry, you need a ride for what?

PETER

The audition.... It's a big American movie this time. They're filming here in England because it's cheaper I think.

CHRISTOPHER

Not this again.

Christopher gets up from the table to refill his drink.

PETER

There are two parts they need large people for... One is a tall evil robot and the other one is a sort of dog man... I'm not sure which one they want me for.

CHRIS JR

Pete, it's just not practical. You'd be jeopardizing your job at the hospital and if you lost it, you're not likely to find another in this economy.

PETER

I suppose.

CHRIS JR

Besides they don't want you because you can act. It's just like the last time. They only want you because you're a...

Chris Jr. stops himself but it's too late.

PETER

Because I'm a freak?

CHRIS JR

That's not what I meant.

PETER

It's okay. I know that's the only reason they asked. I just.... Never mind.

The family continues eating dinner in silence. Peter looks a little disheartened by the discussion.

BETH

(leaning over to Peter)  
I started pregnancy leave this week. I can drive you to the audition.

Peter perks up.

INT. LOS ANGELES HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Harrison Ford enters a house party with RON HOWARD.

HARRISON

Why'd I come to this thing? I don't even like this show.

RON HOWARD

I don't know. I thought the episode Reiner was in was pretty good.

On the television screen is Saturday Night Live. Everyone is crowded around watching it and drinking beers. Chevy Chase sits across from Richard Pryor in the "word association" sketch.

CHASE

(television)  
If I say dog, you'd say...

PRYOR  
(television)  
Tree.

HARRISON  
He's funnier when he does stand up.  
I'm gonna go get a beer, do you  
want one?

RON HOWARD  
No, I'm good for now.

Ron watches SNL with a big smile on his face.

Harrison sidles over to a table where there are several bottles of alcohol and mixers. He starts to make a stiff drink when his arm gets bumped, causing him to drop the bottle. It shatters on the ground.

HARRISON  
Hey, who the hell-

He turns and sees CARRIE FISHER (19), beautiful and filling up a large glass with Vodka.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
Oh, hey.

FISHER  
Sorry about that. Needed to get  
something to make this show more  
entertaining.

She finishes filling up her glass of Vodka.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
I'm Carrie.

HARRISON  
Harrison Ford.

Fisher gives him a big hug. Harrison awkwardly accepts.

FISHER  
Oh my god! I'm reading with you  
this week for an audition for some  
time travel movie.

HARRISON  
You mean, the space movie?

FISHER  
Yeah, that's it! It doesn't matter.  
I'm not gonna get it.  
(MORE)

FISHER (CONT'D)  
I hear Lucas is going to go with  
Jodie Foster. Disney slut.

HARRISON  
Don't read too much into that.  
George told me that there's no way  
I'm in the movie, but I'm the only  
one he keeps having read for it.

Fisher spots someone else at the party and starts motioning  
to them.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
You know, if you want, I could talk  
to--

FISHER  
(ignoring Harrison)  
Oh hey! Warren! Get over here.

HARRISON  
Or not.

Harrison grabs his cocktail.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later.

He leaves and WARREN BEATTY comes up and gives Fisher a hug.

WARREN  
Is that your new boyfriend?

FISHER  
No, that's Harrison Ford.

WARREN  
Who the fuck is Harrison Ford?

INT. EMI STUDIOS - PRODUCTION OFFICES - NIGHT

Kurtz is on the phone and holding a contract in his hand.

Lucas doodles on the white space of two Polaroid photos, one  
of Harrison Ford and another of Christopher Walken.

Kurtz hangs up the phone.

KURTZ  
Ladd says no, this is the contract,  
take it or leave it.

LUCAS

Well, I always said if we didn't get guaranteed distribution, I'd walk.

KURTZ

What are you saying?

LUCAS

I'm saying, maybe I should actually do that.

KURTZ

You're really saying that?

LUCAS

I don't know. How are we still negotiating this? We're almost done casting.

Lucas picks up the Polaroid of Walken.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Can we bring Walken back in to read again. I'm not sold on him, but there's something I like about how he talks.

KURTZ

Should I set something up or is the movie off because you don't like the contract?

Lucas starts to tug on the hair above his sideburns.

LUCAS

I've done three page-one rewrites for free, the shooting schedule's basically impossible--

(he tugs harder on his hair)

I'm gonna kill myself doing this and we're not even sure the movie will get a real release.

KURTZ

Yeah. That's where we are.

LUCAS

AGHH!

Lucas picks up a pair of scissors and cuts a chunk of hair off.

KURTZ

I hate it when you do that.

Lucas takes a breath.

KURTZ (CONT'D)

Look, Pollock and Berg have gotten things from Fox that no one thought was possible. You're gonna be able to make the movie you want to.

LUCAS

But is it going to be worth it?

KURTZ

Honestly, at this point, I have no idea.

Lucas brings the scissors back to his hair and then thinks better of it. He tosses them on the desk.

LUCAS

Alright, I'll sign it.

Kurtz hands Lucas his pen.

KURTZ

They did say one other thing....  
They're moving the start date  
again.

LUCAS

They already pushed it back twice!

KURTZ

They're not pushing it back.  
They're pushing it forward to next  
month.

Lucas picks up the Polaroids again and looks at them. He tosses one off to the side.

LUCAS

Well, call Harrison and tell him  
he's Han Solo.

INT. HARRISON FORD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Harrison washes varnish off his hands in the bathroom sink.

He walks out to the hall through a BLANKET hung in place of a missing door.

INT. HARRISON FORD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One wall of the living room is covered with a blue tarp. The rest of the room is in various stages of repair.

Mary is sitting on the couch drinking a glass of wine.

Harrison walks in drying his hands with a towel.

HARRISON

We don't have the cash. It can't be done.

MARY

You're kidding.

HARRISON

It just doesn't make sense.

MARY

You want to talk about not making sense -- you spent three months trying get this part and now you're gonna back out.

Harrison puts the towel on a table and walks up behind the couch. He puts his hands on Mary's shoulders.

HARRISON

I'm gonna make less money doing this movie for three months than I would staying a carpenter. I've gotta tell him no.

Mary looks up at him.

MARY

But it could lead to better things. You've always said that.

HARRISON

I'm getting a little too old to live on hopes and dreams.

Harrison starts to pace.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

There's a hole in the floor for god's sake.

Harrison motions to a two-foot-wide hole in the corner of the living room that has been cordoned off by a two chairs and an end table.

MARY

Come sit next to me.

She shifts over to one side of the couch.

Harrison sits down and she takes his hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

I know you're not happy here.

HARRISON

Will you stop with that stuff.

MARY

Harry, I know you. The reason the house isn't finished isn't because you're too busy - it's because you're depressed.

Harrison doesn't respond. She's right.

MARY (CONT'D)

If you want to be a carpenter I will get behind that 100%. But if any part of you still wants to be an actor, you need to do this.

Harrison kisses her on the forehead.

HARRISON

As soon as I get back, I'm gonna finish the rest. I promise.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Inside a messy production office, Peter avoids making eye contact with anyone and anxiously taps his enormous fingers on the arm of his chair.

Surrounding him on the wall are storyboards and concept drawings for Star Wars. Peter notices one of the full color images of Chewbacca smiling and stares at it curiously.

FEMALE VOICE

Don't let him make you nervous.

Peter turns and see's the source of the voice sitting behind a receptionist desk, BUNNY ALSUP (31). Despite being named "Bunny," Aslup is a brunette with a no-nonsense look and a bit of a feminist streak.

PETER

Pardon?

BUNNY

You're here to see George, right?

Peter gives a maybe look.

PETER

I'm here to audition for Mr. Lucas,  
is he George?

BUNNY

Yes, Mr. Lucas is George.

PETER

Then yes.

BUNNY

Okay, well just to give you a fair  
warning, he's not really good with  
people. But he's worse with women  
than men, so at least you have that  
going for you.

PETER

Oh... Are you his... Who are you?

BUNNY

I'm his secretary for now. Usually  
I work for Gary--for Mr. Kurtz, but  
lately I'm doing two jobs for the  
price of one.

PETER

Do you know what dates they'll be  
filming? I'm not even sure I can  
get the time off work to do this.

The phone rings. Bunny answers it.

BUNNY

Production.

(she listens)

Yes, he received Fox's version of  
the budget.

(listens)

Because he hasn't approved it.

(listens)

He says if he can't get the money  
to shoot the salt flats then the  
movie is going to be ruined.

(listens)

Well I'm just a secretary too!

Peter is eavesdropping and concerned by what he hears.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Haha. Yeah. I'll have him call.

George Lucas enters, flanked on his sides by Kurtz and JOHN BARRY (40), the production designer.

Barry is showing Lucas designs for a Tie Fighter.

LUCAS

These still look too much like airplane controls.

BARRY

Well what else are spaceship controls supposed to look like?

Barry takes the designs back. They open the door to leave--

BUNNY

George!

Lucas stops and stares at Bunny. She gestures towards Peter.

LUCAS

Oh right. You're here for Chewbacca?

PETER

Hi... My name's Peter.

As Peter speaks, he stands up and extends his hand. Lucas does not walk toward him to shake, instead he just stares at Peter and steps back.

LUCAS

Okay. Yep. He's perfect. Bunny, fill him in about the details.

(to Peter)

I look forward to working with you.

Lucas shakes his hand then exits with Kurtz and Barry.

Peter gives Bunny a relieved look.

PETER

He made up his mind so quickly. I can never do that.

BUNNY

When George finally sees what he wants, he dives in head first.

PETER

Sounds dangerous.

BUNNY  
Welcome to the circus.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Peter sits in a folding chair in the corner of a colossal soundstage. Construction crews are building the DEATH STAR PRISON SET in the background.

Peter is wearing the furry body portion of the Chewbacca costume while JOHN MOLLO (45), the British costume designer, and Makeup Artist STEWART FREEBORN (62), also British, apply pieces of an unpainted-latex Chewbacca mask to Peter's face.

They apply the hair on top of his head and step back.

PETER  
Should we really be doing this now?  
I need to be back at the hospital.

FREEBORN  
Sorry, we were told to fit you for  
the mask right away.

MOLLO  
The eyes still look wrong.

They take off the mask.

FREEBORN  
Alright sit tight, we'll try again.

As they exit, Peter stands up and starts looking around.

ANTHONY DANIELS (O.S.)  
I'm Anthony Daniels, the human  
cyborg. You must be the monster.

The voice of ANTHONY DANIELS (30) sounds exactly like that of C-3PO. Peter turns and sees that Anthony is dressed in a full-body BLACK LEOTARD that shows only his face.

PETER  
I'm Peter. My character's name is  
Chewbacca I think.

Anthony Daniels shakes his hand.

ANTHONY DANIELS  
Delightful to meet you, Chewbacca.

Peter is a bit perplexed but still shakes his hand.

PETER

Nice to meet you too, Mr. Daniels.

They share an awkward silence.

ANTHONY DANIELS

Have you been in many other films?

PETER

I was a Minotaur for Sinbad.

ANTHONY DANIELS

Oh, how terrific. I'm more of a theatre man myself. I just finished with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. You know it's not entirely unlike my role in this film if you think about it.

He pauses a moment to articulate.

ANTHONY DANIELS (CONT'D)

I've got a simple job to do, but there's a marvelous story that happens around me.

PETER

I haven't actually gotten a script or been able to check if I can get the time off work even.

ANTHONY DANIELS

Oh well that won't do at all. You must have one at once. I'm going to get you mine.

Anthony Daniels walks away quickly.

KENNY(O.S.)

(cockney accent)

Stuck-up prick.

Peter looks down suddenly and sees KENNY BAKER (42), a three-foot-eight inch dwarf wearing a white turtleneck.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Don't bother readin' the script. It's all rubbish and they'll just change it again.

Kenny uses his hands to hop onto the folding chair and sit.

KENNY (CONT'D)

They've got their asses on backwards around here. Promised a role to my cabaret partner Jack, but they haven't got a costume for him. What's that tell you?

PETER

Um, I don't really know.

KENNY

Tells me they're pullin' my pud. Givin' the ole switch and take-back.

PETER

Maybe they're just busy. Seems like quite the undertaking.

Peter motions to the set being constructed.

KENNY

Feedin' me a load of pony and trap is what they're up to. I were you, I wouldn't trust a word they say.

PETER

Thank you I suppose. I hope your friend gets to be in the movie.

KENNY

Oh, it will work out or they'll be findin' somebody else to fit in their tin can.

Kenny points to the R2D2 suit. He punches Peter in the knee.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Guys like us gotta be careful. People are always trying to take advantage.

Mollo and Freeborn return with a new mask.

MOLLO

We're gonna try this again.

FREEBORN

Kenny, do you mind if we get that chair?

Kenny hops out of the chair and gives them an "I've got my eyes on you" look.

Peter sits down and they start to fit the new mask on him.

A loud crash is heard in the background.

In the distance DAVID PROWSE (41) a 6'5" Welsh body builder who plays Darth Vader, wears a motorcycle jacket, cape, and Nazi army helmet. He has just knocked over a saw horse and has gotten into an altercation with a CONSTRUCTION WORKER.

PROWSE  
(Welsh Accent)  
Well you're the one who put it  
there aren't you!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER  
Sod off.

PROWSE  
Don't you talk to me like that.

MOLLO  
Christ, what's he still doing in  
the Vader costume?

FREEBORN  
Excuse us for a minute.

Freeborn and Mollo head toward Prowse.

KENNY  
What'd I tell you, got their heads  
up their bottle an' glasses.  
Wouldn't shock me one bit if the  
whole thing got scrapped.

PETER  
They couldn't do that... Could  
they?

KENNY  
Wouldn't bother me if they did. Go  
back to the cabaret, have me a  
dancer or two, ay?

Kenny lights a cigarette. He offers one to Peter. Peter looks down at Kenny, who's literally half is size.

PETER  
No thank you.

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter is back in Graham's room, he finishes wiping his ass.

GRAHAM

You know, it may just be because you wipe my bum, but I feel like you and I have a very intimate relationship.

PETER

(joking)  
Probably because I wipe your bum.

GRAHAM

Glad you cleared that up.

Peter readjusts Graham's gown but seems distracted.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Something on your mind besides bedpans?

PETER

Oh, it's nothing. Just went to an audition for a movie and things started moving a lot faster than I'm used to.

GRAHAM

Sounds exciting.

Peter starts to load up his cart.

PETER

I'm not even sure if it's worth asking my boss for the time off. He's not the most accommodating and it seems like this might just make him upset.

GRAHAM

Peter, take it from a man who's staring down the grim reaper.

Graham begins to speak in a more serious tone.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

It's not the things you've done that haunt you, it's the things you were too afraid to do... You don't think I wanted to work at Debenhams my whole life, do you?

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Peter knocks on a door that says NURSING ADMINISTRATOR.

MR. WHITAKER (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. WHITAKER (53) the grumpy nursing administrator, sits behind a drab steel desk. Bookshelves full of colored binders surround him.

MR. WHITAKER

Have a seat Mr. Moviestar.

Peter pulls the chair back further and sits down carefully.

PETER

I didn't know you had heard. I was going to speak to you about it today. I didn't want to bother you before I knew for sure.

MR. WHITAKER

So, what? You're here to give your two-week notice then?

PETER

Well no. I mean, even though it's a movie, I'm not being paid very much and -- I'm not needed all the days they're shooting. I was hoping we could work out a flexible schedule.

MR. WHITAKER

Special treatment, just for you? You must be out of your mind.

PETER

It's just -- I know you were able to give Donald off during Rugby season.

MR. WHITAKER

He was in the World Cup! That's a bit different.

Peter looks down.

MR. WHITAKER (CONT'D)

When I was younger I wanted to be on the radio. Do you know where I'd be now if I'd pursued that?

PETER

I suppose you could be a big star maybe.

MR. WHITAKER

No you dolt. I'd be unemployed. No one listens to the bloody radio anymore.

Peter doesn't know how to respond.

MR. WHITAKER (CONT'D)

Listen, I can move your schedule around for this, but I need to be sure that whatever dates we decide on will be final. I can't keep moving peoples' schedules around.

PETER

I'm not really sure--

MR. WHITAKER

Well that's the problem right there. You need to be. So give me the dates you need off now - and then you're off for them. End of discussion.

PETER

Yes sir.

Peter takes out a piece of paper from his pocket and writes the dates on it. Whitaker snatches it and gets back to work.

PETER (CONT'D)

You know, this movie is a very big production. That's why some things are still up in the air.

MR. WHITAKER

Things aren't up in the air here anymore, are they?

PETER

No sir. I'm off those dates and that's final.

EXT. TUNISIAN DESERT - FARM SET - DAY

TITLE OVER:

First Day of Shooting  
March 22nd, 1976  
Tunisia

For the first time, we see MARK HAMILL (24), he's as fresh faced and young as we expect, but also has an unexpected arrogance about him. He's overacting, three times as much as his performance in the final film.

MARK

But I was going into Tosche Station! To pick up some power converters! -- Can we stop? I'm sorry George. I just don't get it. Can you explain the converters?

We pull out and see the entire crew. Everyone looks miserably hot in the Tunisian sun.

Anthony Daniels tries to reset his position then stumbles slightly. We hear a snap.

ANTHONY DANIELS

I'm sorry to interrupt but could someone lean me against something, I believe my foot may be bleeding.

Lucas pulls Mark aside and they have a heart-to-heart.

LUCAS

Mark, the converters don't matter. The point is you're unhappy. You want a future out there in the stars but everyone around you tells you to just be safe and stay where you are.

Lucas has a moment. He's clearly been talking about himself.

MARK

I just don't get it George. It's just hard you know? I'll get it.

LUCAS

I know. Let's go again. Places. Let's try this one a little faster.

Everything resets. Everyone looks at R2D2.

Nothing happens, A banging noise is heard.

KENNY

(from inside R2)  
Batteries are dead. Somebody restart this thing or get me my cigarettes.

KURTZ  
(frustrated)  
Let's just break for lunch.

EXT. TUNISIAN DESERT - TENT - DAY

Lucas, very sullen, sits in the corner of the tent. Kurtz walks in.

LUCAS  
(dead serious)  
I need to kill someone.

KURTZ  
Haha. Yeah, I know the feeling.

LUCAS  
No. It's not a joke. It's for the movie.

KURTZ  
Do you need some water, George?

LUCAS  
Maybe I could kill C3PO... Ar. No one would care. At the end of the day most of the audience will still see him as just a robot.

KURTZ  
Oh. You're talking about a character. -- wait a minute. The script is locked. We're in production. You can't make any more big changes.

Lucas takes out a pair of scissors and meticulously cuts off a few pieces of his hair.

LUCAS  
Maybe I should kill Chewbacca. He's the most loyal in the group, it would be like killing a dog. People might respond to that.

KURTZ  
This movie is for kids. Kids don't want you to kill their fucking dog.

LUCAS  
I think they do!

KURTZ

Before you do anything you need to call Ladd back. He's called five times.

A scrawny PA wearing yellow athletic shorts enters the tent.

PA

I'm sorry Mr. Lucas. There's a problem.

KURTZ

I told you not to bother us unless--

PA

There's some sort of army here and they want to speak to our general.

EXT. TUNISIAN DESERT - DAY

Lucas and Kurtz stand in front of a line of military vehicles. A Libyan man in a Gadhafi-esque military uniform and dark sunglasses jumps out of a military truck.

The LIBYAN OFFICER speaks only in Arabic.

LIBYAN OFFICER

(in Arabic)

*Who is in charge here?*

TUNISIAN DRIVER

They want to know who is in charge.

KURTZ

Are you the translator?

TUNISIAN DRIVER

I'm your driver.

KURTZ

Sorry.

LUCAS

Tell them that--

KURTZ

George, let me handle this.

LUCAS

Fine tell them he's in charge.

The Tunisian driver makes expressive hand gestures that symbolize facial hair as he speaks Arabic to the Libyans.

TUNISIAN DRIVER

(in Arabic)

*The bearded man with no mustache is in charge. We are a film crew.*

LIBYAN OFFICER

(in Arabic)

*If you are just a film crew, why do you have a tank?*

The driver turns back to Kurtz and Lucas.

TUNISIAN DRIVER

He wants to know why you have a tank?

KURTZ

What fucking tank?

TUNISIAN DRIVER

(In Arabic)

*What tank?*

LIBYAN OFFICER

(in bad English)

Tank!

The Officer points violently at the armored sandcrawler transport facade.

LUCAS

Oh. The sandcrawler. Just explain what it is.

TUNISIAN DRIVER

I don't know what it is.

As Lucas explains what it is the Tunisian Driver translates what he says.

LUCAS

It is not a tank. We are on another planet. It is a sandcrawler. It collects robots for scrap metal and to resell them.

TUNISIAN DRIVER

(in Arabic)

*It is not a tank. We are on another planet. It is a sandcrawler. It collects robots for scrap metal and to resell them.*

The Officer calls for troops with guns to come to his side.

TUNISIAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm not sure they understand.

LUCAS

Well, I don't know how much clearer  
I could be.

KURTZ

For god's sake, tell them it's just  
a fucking movie before they shoot  
us.

TUNISIAN DRIVER

*This is a just a film. It is all  
fake, a set for Science Fiction.*

LIBYAN OFFICER

(in bad English)  
Science Fiction?

KURTZ

Yes.

LIBYAN OFFICER

Set in future!

LUCAS

Well technically the distant pa--

KURTZ

Yes.

LIBYAN OFFICER

Flash Gordon!

LUCAS

Exactly!

LIBYAN OFFICER

You give us VIP tour, then we go.

He signals to the troops and they all march into the  
sandcrawler.

EXT. EMI STUDIOS - DAY

Peter Mayhew, dressed in corduroy pants and a jacket, looks  
like a lost puppy standing in the walkway between the various  
soundstages. He towers above dozens of extras in half  
completed alien and creature costumes who are milling about  
outside.

HARRISON (O.S.)

Let me take a guess, you're Peter.

On his words, the crowd of extras part for Harrison Ford like he's Moses walking through the red sea. Harrison is in black pants, a long sleeve v-neck and a vest. It's nearly the entire Han Solo costume but looks completely natural on him.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

It's about time we met.

Harrison extends his hand and Peter shakes it.

PETER

It's a pleasure.

Despite the fact that Peter is nearly a foot-and-a-half taller than Harrison, it's immediately clear who the Alpha dog in this relationship will be.

HARRISON

Come with me.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - STAGE 3 - DAY

Harrison and Peter walk through the massive soundstage, populated by crew members still constructing the set.

Freeborn, the British costume designer, approaches Harrison with a huge Peter Pan shawl-type collar in his hands.

FREEBORN

Excuse me, Harrison, I heard you had a problem with the collar. Does it not fit right?

HARRISON

Na, fits like a glove. Great work. I'm just not wearing it.

FREEBORN

What? Why?

HARRISON

Because it looks ridiculous. Also when Kurtz says "I warned you he's still difficult to work with" do me a favor and give him a big kiss for me, will you?

Freeborn steps back and looks at Harrison's costume.

FREEBORN

If I make you a belt will you wear it?

HARRISON  
Sounds great.

Freeborn exits. Peter is in awe and impressed by Harrison's audacity.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
You're with me Pete, right? The collar's terrible.

PETER  
I didn't realize it was appropriate for actors to say something-

HARRISON  
To hell if it's appropriate, it had to be said. Sometimes you just gotta tell someone to shove it up their ass, you know?

PETER  
To be honest I don't really use much profanity.

HARRISON  
George is real talented, but personally, I think he's bitten off more than he can swallow with this one. Have you read the script?

PETER  
Yes. I didn't understand much of it, but I admire Mr. Lucas for trying to do something so ambitious.

HARRISON  
Yeah. Sure. Maybe. But some of that dialogue. Just because George can write that shit doesn't mean we can say it.

Peter has been so intently making eye contact with Harrison, that he hasn't noticed what they were walking towards. He turns his head and sees, for the very first time, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON.

PETER  
My god...

The Falcon looks exactly as we know it from the movies, painstakingly designed and created to look as though it's been through hundreds of adventures.

HARRISON  
The Millennium Falcon.... Man,  
that's a stupid name.

FISHER (O.S.)  
Hey everyone!

Harrison and Peter turn. Carrie Fisher is standing at the entrance to the soundstage in the full Princess Leia costume, including the iconic hair buns. Her arms are spread wide, as if she's offering a hug to the entire production crew. She looks stunning.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
I'm here!

PETER  
Oh, that must be the princess.

HARRISON  
Yeah... The princess.

Peter's eyes get a little wide.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
I've seen that look before. Want me  
to introduce you?

PETER  
(stammering)  
Oh -- I'm not -- I wasn't --

HARRISON  
Whatever you say, Pete.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Kurtz sits behind a desk reviewing the shoot schedule. Lucas doodles potential shots in a notebook. Freeborn is in the center of the room holding the collar.

LUCAS  
Why won't he wear it?

FREEBORN  
Because um... He thinks it looks...  
ridiculous.

LUCAS  
Hmm...

KURTZ

I told you he'd be difficult to work with.

Freeborn bites his lip.

Bunny enters the production offices.

BUNNY

George - we've got a crisis.

LUCAS

We already know about the collar.

BUNNY

No. Not that. A real crisis. Alec Guinness just quit.

KURTZ

Fuck.

INT. ALEC GUINNESS' TRAILER - DAY

Alec Guinness (62) the consummate British actor, quickly but systemically packs his suitcase.

ALEC

Please understand, this is not personal. I just believe I am not a good fit for what you trying to do here.

LUCAS

Um, so I probably should have spoken to you before I killed you.

ALEC

Well, that would have been the more professional approach.

LUCAS

I just really think that you dying will add a lot of weight to the story.

ALEC

Death is not my objection. I've died a thousand deaths on the stage and screen. It's the later part.

LUCAS

When you tell Luke to trust the force?

ALEC

I don't want to be a ghost!!!

Alec composes himself. He gets back to packing.

ALEC (CONT'D)

I apologize but your entire film is ludicrous. I wanted to work with one of you younger American directors because I've been impressed with the films I had seen but -- you've gone too far. An audience will not accept a ghost. They'll be laughing at us. They'll be laughing at me.

Alec closes his bag. Lucas is silent for a few seconds, his mind racing through anything he can say to make Guinness stay.

LUCAS

Listen, I know this whole movie might be a little out there -- to be honest, sometimes I even have doubts if this will all come together.

ALEC

You're not helping your case.

LUCAS

But I also know to have any chance of succeeding, we all need to put aside our doubts and commit to the story we're telling... I'm begging you to be fearless and to help me tell my story.

Alec deposits his bag back on the couch.

ALEC

No passion more effectively robs an actor of his power than fear.

LUCAS

(cautiously)

I agree.

ALEC

I will continue. But I want to be wrapped by the end of the month.

LUCAS  
(hiding panic)  
Oh, sure. We can do that, no  
problem. No problem at all.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - PRODUCTION OFFICES - NIGHT

Lucas and Kurts look back at the schedule.

KURTZ  
If we combine these two days we can  
get him out in time, but we're  
gonna have to expand the lighting  
crew again.

LUCAS  
Then that seems easy enough.

KURTZ  
Well, we need to get some more  
money from Alan eventually if we're  
gonna do that and, considering he's  
demanding dailies to show the board  
at Fox and you haven't been  
returning his calls...

LUCAS  
Hmm...

Lucas flips through some photographs of X-Wing models on his  
desk.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Call Dykstra and have him set  
something up at ILM. He can show  
Laddy some space ships. Everybody  
likes space ships.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC COMPLEX - DAY

Alan Ladd stands in front of about a half dozen members of  
the 20th Century Fox board and their chairman, Mr. Stanfill,  
in the parking lot of a warehouse. It's a sweltering day, but  
they're all still dressed in their stiff dark suits.

ALAN LADD  
I understand there have been some  
concerns about the lack of dailies  
on The Star Wars project, but today  
we will put those fears to rest.  
(MORE)

ALAN LADD (CONT'D)

George has assured me that the special effects being done in this building will be what makes it one-of-a-kind. This company ILM is nothing short of the future of film.

He gestures for them to follow him as he cracks open an industrial steel door.

Ladd triumphantly opens the door and we see-

INT. INDUSTRIAL LIGHT & MAGIC COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

LOUD MUSIC BLARES. The inside of ILM looks like a hippie commune. Shaggy haired employees lounge around and chat. A record player blasts "Truckin" by The Grateful Dead.

DYKSTRA

Hey guys, what's happenin'?

The executives turn and see JOHN DYKSTRA (29). He's the shaggiest guy in the building and also the special effects supervisor. His hair is soaking wet and he has a towel around his waist.

MR. STANFILL

Did you just get out of a pool son?

DYKSTRA

Yeah man.

Dykstra gestures to a shipping container filled with water at the far end of the warehouse. Several other long haired guys are tossing a beach ball around in it.

DYKSTRA (CONT'D)

Pretty great, right? It gets really hot in here.

No one knows quite what to say.

ALAN LADD

You're John right?

DYKSTRA

Yeah man, John Dykstra, we met before.

He shakes Alan's hands and starts shaking hands with all the other execs.

Dykstra takes his towel off and starts drying his hair.

ALAN LADD

I wanted to show them all some of the progress. George assured me there are some great things going on here.

He finishes drying his hair and throws the towel in a corner.

DYKSTRA

Fuck yeah man. We're state of the art here. You're not gonna see this shit anywhere else. What I'm sayin' is, you money guys are putting your money in the right place.

Without warning, some ILM guys in the background let go of a rope and a refrigerator CRASHES into the floor.

After a silence.

DYKSTRA (CONT'D)

We wanted to hear what it sounded like when a refrigerator exploded.

MR. STANFILL

Alright, I think we've seen enough. I need to get back to the lot.  
(to Ladd)  
You better figure out something 'cause your butt's on the line on this one.

Stanfill leaves.

BOARD MEMBER #1

So much for the future of film.

Ladd is left alone with Dykstra.

ALAN LADD

...ah fuck. You guys have been working here for six months--

DYKSTRA

We got stuff comin' man. Relax. Good shit takes time.

ALAN LADD

I want to see twenty shots by the end of this week or you guys are all getting fired.

DYKSTRA

The thing is like... We all technically work for George...so you can't really fire us... per se... but look man, it's gonna all be great.

Alan Ladd starts breathing heavy.

ALAN LADD

Do you have a phone? I need to talk to him immediately.

DYKSTRA

George? Good luck man. I can't get through to him. They're *pretty* behind schedule in England.

Ladd wipes sweat away from his forehead.

DYKSTRA (CONT'D)

I got another suit if you want to go for a swim.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - MILLENNIUM FALCON COCKPIT SET - DAY

Peter, in his full Chewbacca costume sits in the pilot seat of the Millennium Falcon. A HAIR STYLIST adjusts Fisher's Princess Leia buns.

Lucas stands next to Fisher and directs her.

LUCAS

And that's how, just before this, you escape the Death Star.

FISHER

(pointing at Mayhew)  
So he flies the ship and I yell?

LUCAS

Essentially... Peter are you ready?

Peter gives a hairy thumbs up and Lucas steps away.

BILLY THE PA, a skinny kid who looks just out of high school, claps a clapboard in front of the camera.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Action.

Off screen crew shake the cockpit set, and Chewbacca paws at the controls and bobs his head in all directions.

FISHER  
We've lost the lateral controls!

LUCAS  
Cut.

Lucas climbs back into the cockpit.

FISHER  
Was that not the right kind of  
yelling?

LUCAS  
No, the yelling was fast enough....  
Peter.

The hairy head of Chewbacca turns towards Lucas.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Why are you banging the controls  
like that? We need to actually  
believe you can fly the ship when  
Han Solo hands it off to you. It  
needs to be more deliberate.

Lucas returns to the director's chair.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Action.

FISHER  
We've lost the lateral controls!

Peter bangs the controls exactly like he was doing before and  
his head bobs even more.

LUCAS (O.S.)  
Cut. That's not it. That's not it  
at all.

PETER  
(muffled)  
I'm sorry I tried to--

LUCAS  
Damn it. I can't hear you. Take off  
the mask.

Peter pulls off the Chewbacca head. His hair is drenched in  
sweat and his face is pale. Fisher is still sitting right  
next to him and can't help but feel sympathy.

FISHER

Leave it alone, George. He'll get it.

Kurtz approaches from the side.

KURTZ

George, we gotta break now. Half the crew left when you yelled cut.

LUCAS

What?

KURTZ

You're fifteen minutes over and these are the British unions. That's what happens.

Kurtz glances at the call sheets on his clipboard.

KURTZ (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

Can you come back tomorrow?

PETER

Actually, I'm scheduled for work at the hospital tomorrow and I can't really make any changes. Mr. Whitaker said--

LUCAS

I'm taking the biggest risk of my career and this guy is too scared to even ask his boss for time off?

Lucas gives a dirty look to Kurtz.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

This is what you get when you don't work with real actors.

Lucas leaves angrily. Kurtz and the remaining crew avoid making eye-contact with Peter.

FISHER

Hey... Can I buy you lunch?

PETER

Really?

FISHER

Yeah. I found the best place in town.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRITISH PUB - DAY

From across the road we see a classic British pub, but...

INT. PUB / CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Inside the pub building is a red walled Chinese restaurant, gaudily decorated. At a center table, Peter and Fisher sit across from each other. Giant Peter, now dressed in street clothes and Fisher, who hasn't bothered to change out of her Princess Leia costume, are definitely the most unusual couple at the restaurant.

There's awkward silence as Peter looks around the restaurant. He takes a sip from a tiny Chinese teacup.

FISHER

I'm not wearing any underwear.

Peter chokes a little.

PETER

I beg your pardon?

FISHER

Sorry, I didn't mean to say it that scandalously. But it's true. I'm not allowed to with the costume.

PETER

Why not?

FISHER

George says there's no underwear in space.

Peter considers this for a moment.

PETER

Well, I suppose that does make sense now that I think about it. Because of gravity and everything.

Fisher bursts out in laughter. Peter smiles but he's uncertain what she's laughing at.

FISHER  
You're funny!

PETER  
No, I'm not.

FISHER  
You are. I can see it in your eyes  
when we're on set.

Fisher puts her hand on Peter's, he smiles but then shyly  
pulls away.

PETER  
Maybe for a giant I'm funny, but  
that's not fair, there's not much  
competition. Next to you, Harrison  
and Mark, I'm about as interesting  
as a rusty tea-kettle.

FISHER  
Oh please! Harrison... Well, he's  
not as interesting as he thinks he  
is.

PETER  
Well I'm just worried I may be a  
bit of a disappointment. I'm not  
really a professional and I see  
George's grand vision of the movie,  
but I don't think I quite live up  
to it.

FISHER  
You feel like you ended up here by  
accident and you're completely in  
over your head?

PETER  
How'd you know?

FISHER  
That's always how it feels. It  
doesn't get easier. You just have  
to learn to relax. I have no idea  
what I'm doing in this movie, but  
George keeps telling me I'm doing  
great.

PETER

You're probably right, but I still have my brother's words in my head saying everyone's just trying to take advantage of me and I'll end up on my ass.

FISHER

Please, you want to talk about being taken advantage of -- I was in a movie before I was even born. Bundle of Joy, my mother was pregnant when she made it, and I played the bundle.

PETER

Oh, your mum's an actress?

FISHER

You don't know? My mom is Debbie Reynolds. You actually didn't know?

PETER

I don't even know who that is.

FISHER

Oh come on. You do. Tammy, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, Singing in the Rain.

PETER

Singing in rain? That seems rather foolish. You'd get awfully wet.

FISHER

You haven't seen Singing in the Rain? What movies have you seen?

PETER

What's a movie?

Fisher takes a moment and looks him right in the eyes.

FISHER

You son-of-a-bitch, you're messing with me.

He raises his glass of tea and winks. He's known all along.

FISHER (CONT'D)

You know I even believed you for half a second!

PETER

Maybe I'm not as bad an actor as I thought.

FISHER

Remember -- just relax and go with the flow.

INT. MILLENNIUM FALCON COCKPIT SET - DAY

Peter, now back in his full Chewbacca costume sits next to Harrison in the cockpit of the Millennium Falcon.

LUCAS (O.S.)

Action.

HARRISON

Great shot, kid. That was one in a million!

LUCAS

Cut!

Lucas walks into the cockpit.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

That's perfect. We don't even need a second take. Great job both of you. That's exactly what I was talking about Peter - relieved but not relaxed.

Peter takes off the mask and sees Fisher watching with the crew. She gives Peter a big thumbs-up and he grins.

Harrison pops out of his seat and pats Peter on the head as he gets out of the cockpit.

HARRISON

Good work Pete.

LUCAS

Okay, let's move on to the next setup.

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter approaches the nurse's station with a patient folder in his hand. NURSE MCGOVERN (55), a large joyful woman looks up.

NURSE MCGOVERN

Mr. Mayhew! I didn't realize your movie was complete. When can we all go see it?

PETER

Oh, well it's not done yet. Neither am I in fact. I'm just here for the next two weeks.

Nurse McGovern inserts a page into the folder and hands it back.

NURSE MCGOVERN

Alright, that's it. You can take this back.

PETER

Oh, I meant to ask. Whatever happened to that fellow in two-o-seven? Name was Graham.

McGovern drops her eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)

No?

NURSE MCGOVERN

He asked about you. Apparently, you made quiet the impression.

PETER

It was mutual.

Mr. Whitaker casually strolls over the nursing station.

MR. WHITAKER

Mr. Mayhew you're back.

PETER

Oh, hello Mr. Whitaker.

MR. WHITAKER

My office immediately.

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Whitaker stands behind his desk while Peter sits in a too small chair in front of it.

MR. WHITAKER

Mr. Mayhew, when you asked me for leave to be in this movie, I did you a favor, do you understand?

PETER

Yes sir.

MR. WHITAKER

I didn't have to say yes, you understand. I was trying to be accommodating.

PETER

I appreciate that sir.

MR. WHITAKER

Do you? It certainly doesn't seem that way from your behavior. If someone had done a favor like this for me, I'd be doing everything I could to stay in their good graces. I would have called in to check on things. I would have invited my boss to the set even.

PETER

I'm sorry sir.

Whitaker leans in.

MR. WHITAKER

What's that? *I'm sorry sir. Yes sir. I'm a giant freak sir and can't say more than three words at a time sir.* Yeah. That's mean. But you deserve it. You do.

PETER

If you want to come and visit the set you can.

MR. WHITAKER

No, I don't want to visit the set of your rubbish movie. No, we're done. Get back to work.

PETER

Thank you sir, but it's not rubbish.

MR. WHITAKER

I beg your pardon?

Peter sits up straight.

PETER

The movie. I think it's actually going to be rather good. Especially for kids, but for all people too. It's exciting and interesting and very creative.

MR. WHITAKER

Oh! So now you don't just act in movies, you also review them too. Where can I read your column? Are you in The Guardian?

PETER

No, but I know the movie is good.

MR. WHITAKER

I don't give a rat's arse if it's rubbish or not.

PETER

It's not.

MR. WHITAKER

Good day Mr. Mayhew.

EXT. EMI STUDIOS - CATERING TENT - MORNING

Peter, in a white turtleneck and long brown pants, stands in line at a catering truck with Fisher, her hair down and wearing an oversized shirt.

FISHER

I went to school here for a year and half.

PETER

Here?

FISHER

Well, in London.

CATERER

Keep it moving -- who's next?

Peter steps up to order.

PETER

I'll have the tomatoes, bacon, two fried eggs, mushrooms, fried bread, sausage, and a side of baked beans if you've got them.

CATERER

You got it.

PETER

Sorry, you were saying?

FISHER

Oh, just that my mother got it into her head that someone in the family ought to be a respectable actor, be classically trained and that bullshit, so instead of a sweet sixteen she shipped me off to England.

Peter gets handed a full and somewhat disgusting looking plate of food.

HARRISON

My Tonto's back!

Harrison's head is popped out of his trailer. He runs outside to greet Peter.

FISHER

(whispered)

Now he thinks he's the Lone Ranger?

PETER

Good to see you again Harrison.

HARRISON

Pete - check it out.

He's holding a small plastic bag of marijuana.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

What do you say? Want to start the day off right?

Peter tries his best to do a fake sneeze.

PETER

Oh. Um... Well, not today. I've got a little bit of a cold that I'm still getting over.

HARRISON  
Oh. Sure. Yeah, hey - no problem  
man. We'll hang out later.

FISHER  
I'll smoke it with you.

HARRISON  
You sure?

FISHER  
Definitely.

HARRISON  
Alright.

Harrison and Fisher head back into his trailer.

HARRISON (CONT'D)  
If you see the principal, don't  
tell him we're under the bleachers.

INT. DEATH STAR COMMAND OFFICE SET - DAY

Two storm troopers run down the hallway with Obi Wan Kenobi,  
R2D2, C3PO, and Chewbacca.

LUCAS  
Cut. I think we got it. Let's get  
the stuff with the masks off.

The first storm trooper takes off his mask, it's Mark Hamill.  
Then the second one takes of his mask - it's Harrison Ford.

No, wait a minute, it's not Harrison Ford, it's a guy that  
looks just like him.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Is that the stunt double? This  
isn't a stunt. Where's Harrison?

BILLY THE PA  
I'm sorry Mr. Lucas, I couldn't  
find him. He wasn't in his trailer.

KURTZ  
If he's off fucking around again  
like during Graffiti, this is the  
last time we're putting him in a  
movie.

MARK

He gets a stunt double for this?  
Why do I have to do all this  
running?!

LUCAS

Does anyone know where Harrison is  
or what he's doing?

Peter takes off his mask. He starts to say something but  
hesitates.

Peter hands the Chewbacca head to the Billy the PA and runs  
off set.

KURTZ

Where's he going?

EXT. EMI STUDIOS - TRAILERS - DAY

Peter, his body still in the Chewbacca costume, knocks on a  
trailer door that says "C. Fisher."

There's no response.

He knocks more vigorously.

FISHER (O.S.)

One second, I need to put something  
on.

His face lengthens in surprise.

Fisher opens the door, she is wearing a red silk robe with  
nothing underneath.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Oh, Peter! It's you!

Peter looks down at his feet.

PETER

Oh, I was looking for Harrison - I  
thought he might be - because I saw  
you two together before - but - I  
guess not - if you do happen to see  
him -

HARRISON (O.S.)

Someone looking for me?

Fisher opens the door completely and we see Harrison sitting  
on the couch in his underwear.

PETER

They need you on set. The Death Star command center um, and the storm troopers--

HARRISON

Alright, let me get some pants.

Harrison squeezes past Peter and walks away from the trailer, still without pants.

Peter gives Fisher a quizzical look.

FISHER

I ripped his pants off.

He looks on the floor and sees Harrison's jeans with a rip from the crotch down the leg.

PETER

Oh. So you did.

Fisher takes out a cigarette, lights it and takes a drag.

FISHER

Yeah, he's pretty fun for a married guy.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Bunny sits at her desk on the phone.

BUNNY

No, I don't think it will be the worst movie ever made.

(laughs)

Okay, maybe the second worst.

Alan Ladd marches into the reception area. Bunny takes a deep gulp and hangs up the phone.

ALAN LADD

Where is he?

BUNNY

Oh, Mr. Ladd. You're in England.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - OUTSIDE EDITING ROOM - DAY

Before Ladd can open the editing room door, Lucas steps in front of him and blocks his way.

LUCAS

I can't let you go in there.

ALAN LADD

This isn't up for discussion. I need to see where we are.

LUCAS

So many things still need to come together. The rough assembly really won't give you a good idea. I mean, even I'm frustrated with the dailies I've seen.

ALAN LADD

You're frustrated? I'm being barred from a room! How do you think I feel?

LUCAS

I still think it can come together.

ALAN LADD

Jesus Christ. Open the door and stop acting like a child.

LUCAS

Mr. Ladd, I apologize but I have no choice but to formally refuse your request.

Lucas tries to look firm.

ALAN LADD

Formally?

LUCAS

Yes.

ALAN LADD

George, I'm watching what you have or I'm shutting you down... Don't think I won't shut you down.

Lucas steps out of the way and Ladd advances into the editing suite.

Lucas waits in the hallway. He starts looking in drawers and file cabinets. He can't find what he's looking for. He kicks a trash can.

Down the hallway he opens the drawer of a small metal desk and finds a pair of scissors. He cuts off some hair, throws the scissors back in the desk and slams the drawer.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - EDITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is dark and clicking sounds are heard as Lucas paces next to a Moviola which is projecting the currently assembled Star Wars scenes onto its small screen.

Sitting in front of the screen is JIM JYMPSON (47), who despite being an editor, wears a three-piece suit and seems even more formal than Alan Ladd standing next to him.

On screen, we see Han Solo talking with Jabba the Hutt in front of the Millennium Falcon, except Jabba is a fat Irishman in a sheepskin vest.

HAN SOLO

Look Jabba, even I get boarded sometimes.

JYMPSON

Oh, this is a particularly difficult sequence. No coverage at all.

LUCAS

There's not supposed to be!

ALAN LADD

Who's this Irish guy? I don't remember him in the script.

Jympson freezes the projector on an image of Han and the Jabba actor.

LUCAS

That's what I was trying to say. We're not even using this, you shouldn't be watching it.

ALAN LADD

If it's not in the film, why is it being edited?

JYMPSON

I find it's best not to ask that question.

LUCAS

Jim, please, now is not the time. The plan is to replace the actor with a stop-motion effect from ILM.

ALAN LADD

ILM is a goddamn joke George.

LUCAS

If they don't have time, we'll just cut the scene.

JYMPSON

Business as usual around here. Very unprofessional.

LUCAS

Shut the fuck up Jim.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - OUTSIDE EDITING ROOM - DAY

Lucas and Ladd stand alone in a long hallway. Ladd takes out a pack of Newport cigarettes, lights one, and slowly inhales.

ALAN LADD

It doesn't look good George but,

LUCAS

Alan--

ALAN LADD

But it's not terrible either. Ford seems charming enough and I like that thing, his dog thing, it's funny.

LUCAS

He's not really supposed to be funny.

ALAN LADD

Look, that's not the point. I'm not pulling the plug, but you've got to get things together. You need to tighten up around here and get things back on schedule.

LUCAS

Okay.

ALAN LADD

And start mailing me those dailies. I went out on a limb for you for this, don't fuck me.

LUCAS

I'll get things back on schedule.

ALAN LADD

Good.

LUCAS

Alan, I know Hollywood is filled with cover-your-ass executives. You're either a genius or a crazier fuck than me.

ALAN LADD

I think you have a real vision, but thank me when we're done.

Lucas walks back into the editing suit.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - EDITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LUCAS

Mr. Jympson, I wanted to apologize for my behavior. You were right, I was unprofessional.

JYMPSON

Ah. I'm glad you are capable of admitting fault. That will serve you well.

LUCAS

Oh, and one more thing, you're fired.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The large multi-room suite is overflowing with about fifty members of the cast and crew, with some spilling out onto the balcony.

Billy the PA runs by wearing a crown made from a box.

BILLY THE PA

I love making movies!

There's a loud knock. Harrison Ford opens the door. Kurtz is outside.

HARRISON

Hey Kurtz, this is a pretty nice suite you got. Thanks for letting us have a party here.

KURTZ

Who gave you a key to my room?!

HARRISON  
 Nobody, I told them it was my room  
 at the front desk.

KURTZ  
 Harrison...

HARRISON  
 Don't worry, we'll be out of here  
 by 3AM at the latest. Also, no  
 producers allowed, sorry.

Harrison shuts the door in Kurtz's face.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KURTZ  
 Who does that guy think he is,  
 Steve McQueen?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The clawfoot bathtub is completely full with bottles of beer  
 and ice. Kenny sits on the closed toilet, drinking a beer and  
 monitoring the tub. He has a small can by his feet that has a  
 few bills and a "donations" sign on it.

David Prowse stands in front of Kenny.

PROWSE  
 Hey little fella, have any Welsh  
 beers?

KENNY  
 No, we haven't any Welsh piss brew.  
 Take a cider and get on your way.

Prowse takes a bottle of cider and walks out.

KENNY (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 No tip? Bloody Welsh windbag.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A Bee Gees record plays loudly. Mark Hamill is standing  
 awkwardly next to Anthony Daniels by the record player.

ANTHONY DANIELS

I'm all for camaraderie with cast and crew, but it seems to me this celebration is a bit too bacchanalian considering our early start time tomorrow.

Mark picks up the Bee Gees record sleeve.

MARK

I love these guys. They were born in England you know?

ANTHONY DANIELS

I'm afraid I prefer Opera over today's *popular* music.

MARK

Oh huh...

Mark's enthusiasm is temporarily drained.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey, do you know where Carrie is?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HARRISON

Haven't you ever wanted to try it?

Harrison is holding a joint. He, Fisher, and Peter are all sitting on the edge of the bed.

PETER

Oh, I mean, of course I'm curious, but it's probably not a great idea.

FISHER

Come on, you've got to try it. You're one of us now.

HARRISON

More than Mark. Am I the only one starting to think that kid's a little shit head?

PETER

I don't know. I have an early shift at the hospital tomorrow.

FISHER

What are you talking about? We have a scene together tomorrow.

PETER  
But the schedule--

HARRISON  
Schedule changed.

Harrison takes a big puff.

Peter stands, suddenly overwrought.

PETER  
I need to talk to Mr. Kurtz or Mr.  
Lucas.

FISHER  
What'd I tell you?

PETER  
I know but...

FISHER  
Relax and go with the flow.

PETER  
I guess I could call someone at the  
hospital to cover for me.

HARRISON  
That-a-boy.

Harrison hands Peter the joint.

PETER  
So, how exactly does one go  
about...

FISHER  
Haha! You're in. This is going to  
be fantastic.

HARRISON  
Okay, it's kind of like smoking a  
cigarette but just make sure you  
take a big inhale and hold it.

Without asking any more questions, Peter sucks in with all his strength and takes the biggest hit in the history of marijuana.

His deep, uncontrollable cough sounds like a sick walrus.

FISHER  
Oh my god, are you okay?

Peter stands up.

PETER

Yes. Quite. That's, wow that's rather powerful, isn't it?

Peter stands up and struggles a bit to get his balance.

PETER (CONT'D)

I think I need to get some air.

He starts to walk away and stumbles out the door bumping his head on the way out.

FISHER

I'm gonna go check on him.

HARRISON

Don't be gone too long, I get lonely.

EXT. HOTEL SUITE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Fisher walks out to find Peter.

FISHER

You shouldn't be alone the first time you get high. I'll hang out with you.

PETER

Carrie that's sweet, but I administer heavier drugs than this for a living. I'll be fine.

He pauses for a moment then looks at her.

PETER (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to tell you...You're very beautiful.

FISHER

No. Not you too! I can't handle a love triangle.

PETER

Oh no, it's not that. Certainly not now that I know you.

FISHER

Thank god.

PETER

I just had wanted to tell you when we first met, but I was too shy.

FISHER

Aww you're adorable Peter.

She takes his hand and kisses it.

FISHER (CONT'D)

It's too bad it would never work with me and you. You're too sweet and I'm too much trouble.

Peter nods, he accepts.

FISHER (CONT'D)

You sure you're alright out here?

PETER

Sound as a pound. If you want hang out with Harrison, it's okay.

FISHER

Am I that obvious?

PETER

Maybe I'm just good at reading you.

Fisher hugs Peter and runs back into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fisher walks into the bedroom, which is now empty.

FISHER

Harrison? Did you leave?

HARRISON

(muffled)

I'm in here.

FISHER

What?

HARRISON

(muffled)

The closet.

FISHER

Why are you in the closet?

Fisher walks to the closet and opens the door. Harrison is completely naked.

HARRISON  
Why don't you come find out.

FISHER  
Man, you've got some nerve.

Fisher smiles, walks into the closet and closes the door behind herself.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR SET - DAY

The walls of the trash compactor close in. Harrison, Fisher, Mark and Peter (now back in full Chewbacca costume) bang the walls and scream.

HARRISON  
Help!

FISHER  
Get us out of here!

LUCAS (O.S.)  
Cut.

The walls stop closing in, and the wide shot reveals twelve members of the crew on each side of the trash compactor walls manually pushing them in.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
We need to figure this out. The walls need to be moving in at the same pace.

Lucas goes off to work with the crew. Peter takes off his mask. He's drenched in sweat and looking glum.

MARK  
(to Harrison and Fisher)  
Hey, where'd you guys go last night? I wanted to hang out at the party.

HARRISON  
Oh, uh. Last night. We were just off having a *deep* conversation.

FISHER  
Well, it wasn't that deep. In fact, I barely felt penetrated at all, intellectually that is.

Harrison and Fisher both laugh.

MARK

Huh? What? I don't get it.

HARRISON

What's the problem? Was my *brain* not big enough for you.

FISHER

Hey Peter, I bet you've got a pretty big brain.

Peter shrugs.

PETER

I've never measured, but I'd estimate it's about the size of a newborn's arm.

Fisher and Harrison laugh. Peter cracks a smile.

MARK

Hey, he's in on this too? What am I missing.

HARRISON

Don't worry about it kid.

Lucas comes up to them.

LUCAS

Alright, we're going to go again. Just remember, don't stop screaming until I yell cut.

MARK

Hey, when we do the part when I say the number for our location, I'm going to say my phone number this time. Sound good?

LUCAS

Just say what's in the script.

MARK

That's not fair. You let Harrison change the script all the time.

HARRISON

That's cause I make it better, idiot.

MARK

Don't call me an idiot, idiot!

LUCAS

Ugh fine. Say whatever you want.  
Let's just go again.

Lucas composes himself.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

And Carrie good work, but we need  
to hear you scream as much as all  
the guys.

Suddenly, Fisher starts to weep uncontrollably.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Um, Carrie is something wrong?

Fisher cries even more.

HARRISON

Hey Car, it's okay.

FISHER

(hysterical)  
DO NOT TOUCH ME!

She shoves his arm off, stands up and runs away.

Lucas, Harrison, Mark and Peter are completely bewildered.

HARRISON

What the fuck was that?

INT. PUB / CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

Peter and Fisher sit in their usual booth. Peter has a family sized serving of fried rice, chow mein, and beef with broccoli in front of him. Fisher stares at a hot and sour soup that she hasn't touched.

PETER

You should eat something.

Fisher doesn't respond.

PETER (CONT'D)

Would you like some of my rice?

She looks down at her soup.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Guess I'll just have to eat it all  
myself then.

Peter smiles at Fisher but she doesn't crack.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You're making this very awkward,  
you know?

Fisher starts talking without making eye contact.

FISHER  
I just get really sad sometimes out  
of nowhere and I can't control it.

PETER  
I know this is a delicate issue,  
but at the hospital I've worked  
with some manic-depressive  
psychiatric patients and--

FISHER  
Thank you! You know, nobody else  
will ever agree that I'm completely  
fucked up.

PETER  
Well you aren't messed up, it's a  
medical condition--

FISHER  
Stop. I like you better when you  
tell the truth. Admit it. I'm  
totally fucked up.

Peter hesitates.

FISHER (CONT'D)  
Come on.

PETER  
Alright. A lot of times I look at  
you and I say, she's a bit screwy  
in the head that one.

FISHER  
Thank you!

Peter stops eating.

PETER  
You're not so different though.  
Everybody's got their issues.

FISHER  
What do you know about it?

PETER  
Look at me, I'm a physical freak of nature.

FISHER  
Peter, no, you're a sweetheart--

PETER  
Hey, honesty right?

She makes direct eye contact with Peter.

FISHER  
You are freakishly tall and it makes everyone incredibly uncomfortable.

He looks right back at her.

PETER  
You're only ever way too happy or way too sad, and it drives everyone looney.

FISHER  
When we first met I thought you looked like a monster and probably lived in a cave.

PETER  
You desperately hit on everyone you meet.

FISHER  
I find your feet disgusting.

PETER  
I find your general demeanor reprehensible.

Fisher lets out a big sigh.

FISHER  
Can I have some rice?

PETER  
Absolutely not.

Peter smiles and slides over the bowl.

INT. DEATH STAR CORRIDOR - DAY

Everything is staged for the showdown between Darth Vader and Obi-Wan. Prowse and Guinness stand across from each other holding lightsabers with twirling wooden blades.

A large group of cast and crew is crowded off camera watching. Mark squeezes in between Peter and Harrison.

MARK

Hey did I miss it?

PETER

No, they've just been practicing their lightsaber moves.

HARRISON

The old man's not too bad with a sword either.

MARK

I wish I got to fight someone with my lightsaber, and not just that stupid ball.

PETER

Maybe you'll get a chance to in the sequel.

MARK

Haha. Good one.

LUCAS (O.S.)

Alright I think we're ready to go.

BILLY THE PA

Quiet on set.

Vader and Obi-wan brandish their sabres.

VADER

The circle is now complete. When I left you, I was but the learner, now I am the master.

OBI-WAN

Only a master of Evil, Darth.

Their swords connect. Obi-Wan spins and strikes again.

He delivers his lines with full Shakespearean bravado.

OBI-WAN (CONT'D)

You can't win, Darth. If you strike me down, I will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

Harrison elbows Mark.

HARRISON

(whispering)

That's why he gets to do the sword fights.

Vader and Obi-Wan's swords collide again.

LUCAS

Cut. We got it.

KURTZ

That's a wrap on Sir Alec Guinness!

The entire cast and crew erupts into applause. Prowse takes off the Vader mask and shakes Guinness' hand. The ovation continues and Guinness has no choice but to give a small bow.

He's immediately crowded by people patting him on the back and telling him what an honor it's been to work with him. Harrison is one of them.

HARRISON

That was really great just then.

ALEC

Thank you Mr. Ford.

HARRISON

So I guess you ended up buying George's whole vision after all, huh?

ALEC

Please. I still think this film is likely to ruin my entire legacy. But one must always act well their part, for that, my dear boy, is where all honor lies.

HARRISON

That's pretty good.

ALEC

It should be. It's Alexander Pope.

Nobody knows who that is.

HARRISON

Well, look, it was really great working with you.

ALEC

A bit of advice, one actor to another.

He puts his hand on Harrison's shoulder.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Quit cheating on your wife, it makes everyone think you're a bastard.

Alec walks off, leaving Harrison alone with his thoughts.

Fisher runs up to him.

FISHER

Hey, a bunch of us are going to get hammered at a Greek restaurant, you wanna come?

HARRISON

Nah, I think I'm going to stay in and work on my scenes for tomorrow.

FISHER

Suit yourself.

(she runs off)

Hey Sir Guinness, you wanna come?!

ALEC

I'd be delighted.

CUT TO:

INT. ZORBA'S CAFE - NIGHT

Alec Guinness is at the center of a long table. Lucas, Kurtz, Fisher, Mark, and Peter are spread all around. Guinness is completely trashed.

ALEC

No! I only drink if I have something to toast to.

FISHER

To your last day!

Fisher starts to drink but Guinness stops her.

ALEC  
Come on Carrie, we've already done  
that one.

FISHER  
Hey George, when's my last day?

Lucas counts on his fingers quickly.

LUCAS  
Four weeks.

FISHER  
Okay, then to four weeks from now.

ALEC  
To that!

Everyone drinks.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
Now what?

FISHER  
Do one for Peter.

ALEC  
Ah. Perfect. To Mr. Peter Mayhew, I  
know that being tall does not make  
one fearless, but fearless you have  
become.

Carrie pats Peter on the back.

ALEC (CONT'D)  
And also I am thrilled to have you  
here as someone else I can toast  
to!

Everyone laughs and drinks. Off to the side, Kurtz and Lucas  
are a little less involved in the festivities.

KURTZ  
Today was a good one.

Lucas takes a big drink.

LUCAS  
Another month of days like today  
and this movie might only be half  
bad.

KURTZ  
To a half good movie.

Kurtz raises his glass.

LUCAS

I don't see it that way.

Kurtz and Lucas clink glasses.

KURTZ

I know.

EXT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter ducks his head as he gets off the bus at the hospital.

INT. KINGS COLLEGE HOSPITAL - MR. WHITAKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Whitaker is buried behind a stack of papers at his desk. Peter enters holding two tickets in his hand.

PETER

Good morning Mr. Whitaker.

MR. WHITAKER

Well, look who it is. The big movie star, now back among us common people. Tell me, how is the filming, Mr. Mayhew?

PETER

It's been going by so fast, I can't believe there is only a month left.

Mr. Whitaker is unimpressed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Here, I got you these.

He hands the tickets to Mr. Whitaker.

PETER (CONT'D)

They said I could have two tickets to the London premiere. I was going to invite my Mum' but I thought about what you said about, appreciating you for allowing me to take the time off and I thought I'd give you both of the tickets.

Mr. Whitaker examines the tickets. They are handwritten white pieces of paper.

PETER (CONT'D)

Now, these aren't the actual tickets of course, but think of them as a guarantee from me.

Whitaker dismissively tosses them onto the desk.

MR. WHITAKER

You expect your guarantee to be worth a horse's trough after what you've done?

PETER

What *I* have done, Mr. Whitaker?

MR. WHITAKER

Yes, Peter. Do you not recall our conversation when you gave me the dates you requested off? You assured me they were final.

PETER

That was final. All my shifts were worked.

MR. WHITAKER

By you?

Peter looks down at the ground, he knows he's been busted.

PETER

Nurse McGovern said she was happy to take my shifts.

MR. WHITAKER

That's not the point. You were trying to deceive me. I'm just not sure I can tolerate deliberate deception. That's a terminatable offense.

Peter is silent, he doesn't know what else he can say.

MR. WHITAKER (CONT'D)

Now, if you're willing to cut back on these days off--

PETER

I'm sorry Mr. Whitaker but they need me there.

MR. WHITAKER

Well then maybe the offer is you take no more days off or you don't bother coming back.

PETER

Sir, you're being unreasonable.

MR. WHITAKER

No. You are. Surely they can stick another giant in a furry suit.

PETER

To hell with this!

Peter slams his giant, open hand down on the desk.

PETER (CONT'D)

You're a petty, jealous bully and I've had enough of being treated this way.

Peter stands up, towering over the seated Mr. Whitaker.

MR. WHITAKER

(concealing that he's  
scared shitless)

If you walk out of here, your job's going with you.

PETER

I'd like you to do me a favor, Mr. Whitaker.

Peter points at the two tickets on Mr. Whitaker's desk.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'd like you to take these two tickets and shove them up your arse. I quit.

EXT. EMI STUDIOS - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Lucas arrives at the studio in a black cab. Bunny runs out of the production office.

BUNNY

George, Ladd's on the phone for you.

LUCAS

Tell him I'll call him back tomorrow morning his time.

BUNNY

I've been telling him that for a week.

LUCAS

Alright then.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - DAY

LUCAS

Laddy, how's your day? What time is it there?

INT. ALAN LADD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alan Ladd paces holding a phone in one hand and the receiver in the other. Mr. Stanfill stands in the corner with his arms folded.

ALAN LADD

George, what did I tell you about sending me dailies?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LUCAS AND LADD.

LUCAS

That I had to do it.

Kurtz and Bunny look at Lucas slumped in his chair. The phone is on speaker.

ALAN LADD

And what have you done?

LUCAS

I know I haven't sent them, but every time I send them, you get the wrong idea and I just don't want you to get the wrong idea.

ALAN LADD

Well, guess what, my ideas don't matter anymore.

LUCAS

What do you mean?

ALAN LADD

The board is fed up with how much money this production has sucked up with nothing to show for it.... So no more money.

Lucas is unable to respond, he almost seems numb.

KURTZ

Alan, hold on. This is Kurtz here, you're on speaker.

ALAN LADD

Great.

KURTZ

Listen, we've got enough left for two weeks, but that's impossible. We need a month. Not like when George says we need a month. This is real. If you can't get us a little more money, we'll be turning in an incomplete product, you'd never be able to release it.

ALAN LADD

Good thing we didn't guarantee a release then, isn't it?

KURTZ

Alan, for fuck's sake.

ALAN LADD

You guys created this problem. I tried to help and you stonewalled me. Now you have to face the consequences.

Ladd hangs up.

MR. STANFILL

If this thing loses any more money, you're fired.

In Lucas' office there's silence for several seconds.

KURTZ

I guess if we split up into four units, and just run everybody around without stopping.... Maybe it's possible.

LUCAS  
I'd end up killing myself if I  
tried to do that.

KURTZ  
Well, what do you want me to say?  
We don't have any other choice.

Kurtz leaves and Lucas looks devastated.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - EMI ELSTREE STUDIOS - DAY

Peter hums as he relieves himself at urinal. He flushes and moves to the sink to wash his hands when he hears a loud BANG against a stall wall.

He looks underneath but doesn't see anyone's legs.

PETER  
Everything okay in there?

He pushes the door open slowly and we see the source -- it's Lucas, curled up in a ball on the closed toilet. He bangs his head against the wall.

LUCAS  
(not making eye contact)  
Oh, it's fine. I've just been  
huddled up here cutting my hair off  
and trying to figure out why I ever  
thought this movie was a good idea.

PETER  
Beg your pardon?

LUCAS  
What's the point of all this stress  
on something that will be terrible?  
This movie is going to ruin all our  
lives.

PETER  
That's not true.

LUCAS  
What do you know?

Peter looks down at the ground with no response.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here anyway?  
We're not doing any Chewbacca  
scenes today.

PETER  
I quit at the hospital.

Lucas looks at Peter.

LUCAS  
Really? Why?

PETER  
Honestly? Because my boss was a  
huge prick.

Lucas laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)  
And I was just tired of being  
careful. I'm a fucking giant, after  
all. I decided it was time to start  
acting like one.

Peter doesn't realize it, but he's struck a cord with Lucas.

INT. EMI STUDIOS - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Hundreds of cast and crew members, including Peter, are  
milling about the sound stage where the set for the medal  
ceremony scene has been constructed.

LUCAS (O.S.)  
Excuse me, excuse me-

The chatter dies down slowly. Eventually, everyone turns and  
faces Lucas who is standing on an elevated part of the set.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Look, um, things have been a little  
rocky, here. I don't think anyone's  
going to debate me on that.

There are shattered chuckles of recognition from the crowd.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I know sometimes I may seem like  
I'm in my own world, but I'm not so  
blind that I can't see when things  
are--well--they haven't been great.  
We've been divided because our  
approaches,

Close on Kurtz, who nods in agreement.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Because of our backgrounds.

Close on Anthony Daniels (C3PO) and Kenny Baker (R2D2) both of whom look at each other and nod.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Because of opinions about the, uh,  
about the material.

Harrison smirks.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

But what I'm saying is- let's put  
all that stuff behind us and take  
this thing to the finish line. We  
have the chance here to do  
something really special. Something  
that's never been done before. Sure  
it's risky but I think at the end  
of the day, no matter what your job  
is here, we all got into this  
business to capture peoples'  
imagination. If we can finish this  
film, I promise we'll do just that.

Lucas waits for a response from the hesitant crowd. He makes eye contact with Peter.

Peter stands up tall.

PETER

(to the whole crowd)

We've put up this long with your  
crazy nonsense. No point in giving  
up now!

Everyone laughs and it turns into cheers.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. EMI STUDIOS - DAY

We see a MONTAGE of Lucas, cast and crew frantically running back and forth between the various stages at EMI studios shooting scenes non-stop. There are rapid costume changes, set changes and lens changes as they shoot.

It's like Day for Night but with Star Wars.

We see behind-the-scenes angles of various iconic scenes:

-Darth Vader spins out of control in a tie-fighter in front of a blue screen.

-Chewbacca puts his hands behind his head in the "let the Wookie win" scene. Lucas gives him a big thumbs-up. Then the chair Peter is sitting in breaks.

-All of the rebel x-wing pilots are arranged by Kurtz for the briefing room scene.

-Fisher kisses Mark and they swing over the large gap inside the Death Star. As soon as they land, they are unhooked and rushed by a PA to the next soundstage.

-Chewbacca runs as fast as he can down a Death Star hallway, sees a group of storm troopers, then immediately runs back in the opposite direction.

-Mark jumps out of the cockpit of the x-wing and Ford, Fisher, Anthony Daniels and Peter (all in costume) run toward him.

End montage.

LUCAS

Cut.

Lucas looks at Kurtz.

KURTZ

Are you sure?

Lucas nods.

KURTZ (CONT'D)

Okay, that's a wrap on The Star Wars.

There is a release of applause from the exhausted cast and crew.

EXT. EMI STUDIOS - TRAILERS - DAY

Peter hangs around outside Harrison's trailer, back in his street clothes.

Harrison walks out carrying a small box of stuff. Carrie is behind him.

HARRISON

Hey Pete. Good last day.

PETER

I suppose you're going to try and convince me to come to another party in a hotel room you're not staying in?

HARRISON

Not tonight, I fly back to LA at eight.

PETER

Oh, I didn't realize.

HARRISON

Yeah, yeah, you know.

Peter motions to Fisher.

PETER

Just me and you then.

FISHER

Sorry, I'm on the same flight.

PETER

Oh. You two are together now?

FISHER

Haha! What are you high again?

HARRISON

We had a lot of fun together, but I really need to try and make things work with my wife.

Fisher looks like she might get emotional but she keeps it together.

PETER

Well, if either of you are back in England we should get together.

HARRISON

Yeah man, don't know when that'll be, but yeah, we should keep in touch...

They both just kind of look around for a little bit. Crew members are busy transporting dismantled pieces of the set.

FISHER

Peter, this is the part that's a drag about making movies.

(MORE)

FISHER (CONT'D)  
 When they end, you lose all your  
 new best friends.

PETER  
 So what happens now then?

FISHER  
 We hug and say goodbye.

Fisher gives Peter a long hug. Harrison awkwardly shakes hands with him. Harrison and Fisher walk away, leaving Peter all alone.

INT. ROW HOUSE - LONDON - EVENING

TITLE OVER:

London  
 Three Months Later

Peter sits in the living room with his parents, Christopher and Claire, as well as Chris Jr. and Beth. The family is all crowded around Chris Jr. and Beth's new baby girl, FRIDA.

PETER  
 (to Baby)  
 Hi there.

Everyone smiles as Peter holds her. Baby Frida starts to cry.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 Oh, that's no good.

Baby Frida struggles and cries louder.

BETH  
 Let me take her.

PETER  
 Yeah, that's probably for the best.

Beth takes the baby from Peter and exits into the other room.

CHRIS JR  
 It's been a long day for her. I'm  
 sure that's why she cried. Not  
 because of....

PETER  
 Right.

There's silence as everyone sips their tea.

CHRISTOPHER

How's the job search going? Heard you were going to a bunch of hospitals this week.

PETER

They take one look at how tall I am and laugh me out of the interview.  
(ashamed)  
I'm going to get kicked out of my flat at the end of the month.

CLAIRE

Well, you could move in here Peter.... I don't know if our spare room will fit that large bed of yours, but we can figure something out.

PETER

Thanks. And thanks for none of you saying I told you so about the movie.

Peter puts down his cup of tea.

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't know why I expected anything to come out of being the freak in the sweaty costume.

CHRIS JR

Pete, I want you to take my motorcycle.

PETER

Well, it's a nice thought, but I don't think so.

CHRIS JR

Why not?

PETER

It's not built for someone my size. If I shift the wrong way, I could tip it over, the seat's too low and if I raise it, it might be too high.

BETH

Oh, come on Peter.

PETER

That's just how I feel.

CHRIS JR

Stop pitying yourself. You never did this when we were kids, and to be honest, I always kind of looked up to you for that.

Chris Jr. tries to hand Peter the keys.

PETER

I just made a mess of my life trying to pretend to be something other than what I am. I'm done with it now.

Peter flings the keys on the table and stands up to leave.

CHRIS JR

Peter, you need to embrace what you did and move on. You'll find another job and looking back on it I bet you'll probably have great memories from making The Star Wars.

PETER

I don't ever want to hear about that bloody movie again.

Peter smashes his fist against a shelf, breaking it.

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear it. I don't want to see it. I'm done with the movie, I'm done with the hospitals, I'm done with everything.

Peter starts walking out of the house. Chris Jr. stands up.

CHRIS JR

What are you gonna do, go on the dole and sit around?

PETER

Why the hell not? I'm not good for anything else!

Peter slams the door.

INT. FOX SCREENING ROOM - DAY

On screen is the medal ceremony at the very end of the movie. Luke and Han-Solo both have their medals. Chewbacca yells, but it's still Peter Mayhew's muffled voice. The iris effect comes in and the reel runs out.

Lights come up.

Lucas comes out from the projector room and walks in front of the screen.

LUCAS

Okay, so um, like I said, the effects are temp, and the score, and the sound, and a few other parts but I wanted to get your feedback at this point... So, I guess, what'd you think?

The screening room is empty except for four guys in their early and mid thirties. They are BRIAN DE PALMA (36), STEVEN SPIELBERG (31), MARTIN SCORSESE (34) and FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA (37).

No one says anything for a while.

COPPOLA

Well, it was very ambitious... And you clearly put a lot of yourself into it, which is something to be proud of.

The awkward silence continues to linger.

SCORSESE

I think. Uh.. it's very interesting, very interesting what you've done here. You're tapping into this extraordinary revolution in technology, particularly videogames. Have you guys played pong? It reminded me a lot of pong. Especially the lighting. The lighting reminded me of pong.

DePalma rolls his eyes.

DE PALMA

Jesus. You guys are shit for friends.

LUCAS

What are you trying to say Brian?

DE PALMA

I mean it's garbage George. Really, just unwatchable garbage. At least Steve's saying nothing at all rather than lie to you and babble about pong.

SPIELBERG  
I actually thought-

DE PALMA  
Oh just shut up.

LUCAS  
Well, when the effects are  
finalized...

DE PALMA  
I'm not just talking about effects.  
What's all this Force shit?!  
Where's all the blood when they  
shoot people?

LUCAS  
Do you all feel this way?

All of the directors look at each other.

COPPOLA  
No, but... The way scenes are  
ordered... You have some story  
telling problems.

DE PALMA  
Yeah, no shit he has some story  
telling problems. What the fuck was  
that crawl? Jedi Bendu, who gives a  
fuck.

LUCAS  
I just think it's necessary to give  
people background on who the Jedi  
Bendu are, and convey that they  
founded the invincible Imperial  
Space Force.

DE PALMA  
No one's going to care about any of  
that shit. You just need to get  
across the tone. Start with  
something like "Once upon a time in  
a galaxy far, far away" or some  
bullshit like that.

SCORSESE  
Very smart. Invoking both the  
traditions of Fairy Tales and  
Science Fiction right at the top.

COPPOLA  
That might work better.

LUCAS

Okay, thanks. I'll write something like that up.

DE PALMA

Oh no you don't. I'm writing it for you.

LUCAS

No, you hate the movie.

DE PALMA

Yeah, but you're just gonna make it worse. I'll write it, come on, I'll do it right now.

De Palma and Lucas leave. They are soon followed by Coppola and Scorsese. Spielberg is the only one who remains in the screening room. He looks up at the screen, still unable to wrap his head around what he has just watched.

Alan Ladd sits down next to Spielberg.

ALAN LADD

What did you think?

SPIELBERG

Isn't it more important what you think?

ALAN LADD

George is screening a more finished cut for me next week, I'm sure he'd be furious if he knew I was asking you about it.

Spielberg strokes his beard, composing his thoughts.

ALAN LADD (CONT'D)

Based on all I've heard, and the finishing costs... I just don't think I can justify releasing it.

SPIELBERG

You want my honest opinion?

ALAN LADD

Spare me nothing.

SPIELBERG

I think this is the greatest movie ever made and it's going to make hundreds of millions of dollars.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DUSK

Kurtz rides in the back of a cab.

TITLE OVER:

May 25th, 1977  
Opening Day

The DRIVER starts honking as they hit traffic. Kurtz looks up to see what the hold up is and see's a HUGE, raucous crowd of people in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater.

The two front marquees as well as the side wall all advertise "Star Wars."

The line stretches around the block.

KURTZ  
Holy shit.

A limousine pulls up. HUGH HEFNER gets out, surrounded by Playboy models.

KURTZ (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get out here.

He pays the driver and rushes over to Hefner.

KURTZ (CONT'D)  
You're not here for Star Wars, are you?

HEFNER  
You betcha. Already saw it this afternoon. We're back.

KURTZ  
No shit.

Hefner walks past and enters the theater. Kurtz just stares in amazement.

He walks to a nearby pay phone and dials.

KURTZ (CONT'D)  
You gotta get down to Hollywood Boulevard George. You're not gonna believe this.

INT. GEORGE LUCAS'S HOUSE - DUSK

Lucas is on the phone at the kitchen table.

KURTZ (V.O.)

We did it you crazy son of a bitch.  
We fucking did it.

Lucas exhales a breath he's been holding in for the last three years, takes his scissors and throws them in the trash.

He hangs up the phone and we see images of STAR WARS MANIA around the world:

The movie playing in Paris, Israel, and Hong Kong.

Star Wars images on the cover of People, Time, and Mad Magazine.

Kids playing with Chewbacca action figures and stores selling out of Star Wars toys.

EXT. HAWAIIAN VILLA - DAY

Lucas sits on a patio reading a Doc Savage comic book.

Steven Spielberg walks in with a suitcase.

SPIELBERG

George, you're the only person in the world who would flee Hollywood when you have the biggest hit since Gone with the Wind.

LUCAS

Trust me, I needed a vacation.

SPIELBERG

You gotta get working on your next thing. Now's the time to do any project you've ever dreamed of.

LUCAS

I just did the project I've always dreamed of and it almost killed me.

SPIELBERG

Well, maybe we can do something together. We could do a James Bond movie.

Lucas considers this and looks at the cover of the Doc Savage comic. Doc has tan pants, brown boots and a torn white shirt. He's holding an old Smith & Wesson in one hand and an ancient artifact in the other.

LUCAS

What do you think of the name,  
"Indiana Jones?"

Spielberg grins.

INT. 20TH CENTURY FOX STUDIOS - ALAN LADD'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan Ladd is surrounded by Stanfill and several other executives. They are all holding glasses of scotch.

MR. STANFILL

To Alan Ladd, my new president of  
20th Century.

Ladd smiles. Everyone clinks glasses.

MR. STANFILL (CONT'D)

I guess it's hard to tell if it was  
a gamble or a sure thing after it's  
a hit, but I suppose you know what  
you're doing.

ALAN LADD

Thank you Mr. Stanfill.

MR. STANFILL

I just can't wait to see what a  
sequel will do.

STUDIO LAWYER

We don't actually umm... We don't  
have sequel rights.

MR. STANFILL

What?!

STUDIO LAWYER

You said to give him anything he  
asked for except more money.

Mr. Stanfill throws his bottle. Ladd can't help but laugh.

INT. PETER MAYHEW'S APARTMENT - DAY

His one-room flat is a huge mess. He sits on a small couch  
drinking a beer watching a black-and-white television. An ad  
for Star Wars come on.

He picks up one of his giant shoes and THROWS it at the small  
TV, knocking it on the ground.

His phone rings.

PETER  
What do you want?

KENNY (O.S.)  
Peter it's Kenny. We're going to  
the seven-thirty showing.

PETER  
I already told you, I don't want to  
see the movie. It's like you said.  
They just took advantage of us.

KENNY (O.S.)  
Says the bloke on the bloody cover  
of Rolling Stone. Bollocks.

PETER  
They took that before the movie  
even came out. I'm probably the  
worst part of it.

KENNY (O.S.)  
We're not taking no for an answer  
so either meet us there or I'm  
gonna get a fleet of fifty dwarves  
and drag you out.

Peter walks over and picks up his shoe.

PETER  
Alright, what theater?

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Peter sits between Kenny and Anthony Daniels. As the movie starts he has a sour expression on his face but as it goes on he gets more and more involved.

As the final credits begin, a big smile comes across his face. He's not alone, the entire audience gives the film a standing ovation.

They all get up to leave.

ANTHONY DANIELS  
Delightful!

PETER  
It was rather brilliant.

KENNY

I always knew it was going to be great. Did you hear all the laughs I got?

ANTHONY DANIELS

Kenny, it's not polite to be boastful.

KENNY

Like I give a shit. I say we get a few drinks and I show what not polite really looks like.

PETER

It was worth it, wasn't it?

KENNY

Two quid and we didn't even have to sit in the balcony, yeah I'd say so.

PETER

No, I mean, for a little while I had begun to think I was good for nothing, but to see it all there on the screen -- If I can do that, how hard could it be to do anything else?

KENNY

Yeah, what he said. Now let's go find a pub.

EXT. MAYDAY HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter pulls into the parking lot of a new hospital. He's riding a motorcycle.

INT. MAYDAY HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter wears a new uniform and pulls a cart out of a closet. He walks over the nurses station and hands a BLOND NURSE a chart.

PETER

Good morning to you.

He punches in on a time clock.

INT. MAYDAY HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

A group of hospital workers sit around Peter eating lunch at a cafeteria table. He has their full attention.

PETER

And then Alan Ladd says too bad,  
you'll have to finish in two weeks.  
And I don't know how we did it, but  
we pulled it off.

DENNIS, one of the hospital workers, has been clinging on Peter's every word.

DENNIS

What was the best part of your  
making Star Wars?

Peter looks down at his plate of hospital cafeteria food and thinks for a second.

PETER

Big lunches.

Everybody laughs.

The blond nurse walks over to the table.

BLOND NURSE

Pardon the interruption, but you  
have a phone call Peter. Long  
distance.

PETER

Really? Sorry everyone. More  
stories later.

INT. MAYDAY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Peter is on a phone hanging on the hallway wall.

LUCAS (O.S.)

Peter, I'm glad I got you. Um,  
how've you been?

PETER

Very well. Thanks again for that  
bonus you sent. That was very  
generous of you.

LUCAS (O.S.)

So the reason I called is.. well...  
we've decided to make a sequel.

PETER  
Congratulations, that's wonderful.

LUCAS (O.S.)  
I'd like to have you back for it if you can. I want to expand the Chewbacca role, he was really a fan favorite, the kids just love you. Anyway we're planning to shoot at the start of next year but, well you know, the schedule's not set in stone yet.

PETER  
Whenever it is, I'll make it work.

LUCAS (O.S.)  
You know, looking back on it, we were crazy to do this movie.

PETER  
Hey, nobody thinks we're crazy now.

Peter hangs up the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(to camera)  
Wait 'til you hear what happened when we made the sequel.

FADE OUT.

THE END