

CINEMATIC CLASSICS



**STAR
WARS**™

EPISODE IV

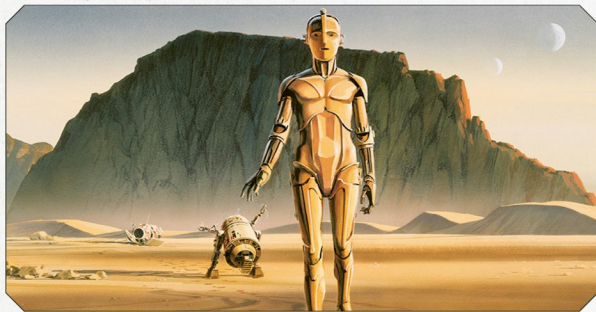
A NEW HOPE

C-3PO wandered away, complaining bitterly. He passed the giant skeleton of a krayt dragon that lay bleached on the sand. Then he spotted something in the distance.

'A transport,' he said excitedly, waving his metal arms in the air. 'I'm saved! Over here. Hey! Hey! Please help!'

Meanwhile, R2-D2 had reached the dark hills. The little astromech whistled softly as he trundled through a stony ravine. Little did he know that he was being watched. Behind the rocks, hooded creatures known as Jawas whispered to one another. Their yellow eyes glowed as the droid passed by.

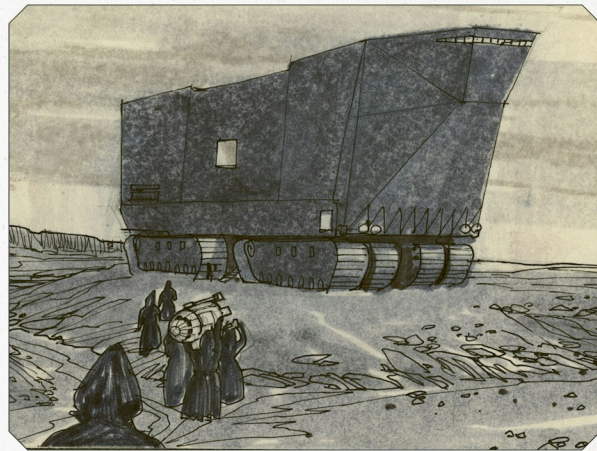
Then one of the Jawas sprang up in front of Artoo and fired an ion blaster. The blue energy bolt struck the droid, knocking him off his feet.



Concept art of C-3PO and R2-D2 on the planet of Tatooine after landing in the escape pod.
RALPH McQUARRIE

The Jawa gestured eagerly. 'Utinni!' he cried, and the others crowded round, lifting Artoo. They carried him through the ravine to their gigantic sandcrawler, where they fitted the little droid with a restraining bolt to prevent him from escaping. Then a large air-pipe snaked down from the sandcrawler and sucked Artoo inside.

Artoo was dumped into a large chamber filled with strange droids. They came in all shapes and sizes, from boxy power droids also known as gonk droids, to machines built for moisture farming, mining and security. Then a pair of glowing eyes spotted Artoo.



Storyboard / concept art of Jawas abducting R2-D2 and returning to their sandcrawler.
JOE JOHNSTON

'Destroyed,' he told the others. 'By the Empire.'

Luke couldn't believe that such a thing was possible, but there was no time to discuss it. A ship had appeared on their scopes: a small Imperial TIE fighter. It blasted the *Falcon*, then it streaked away.

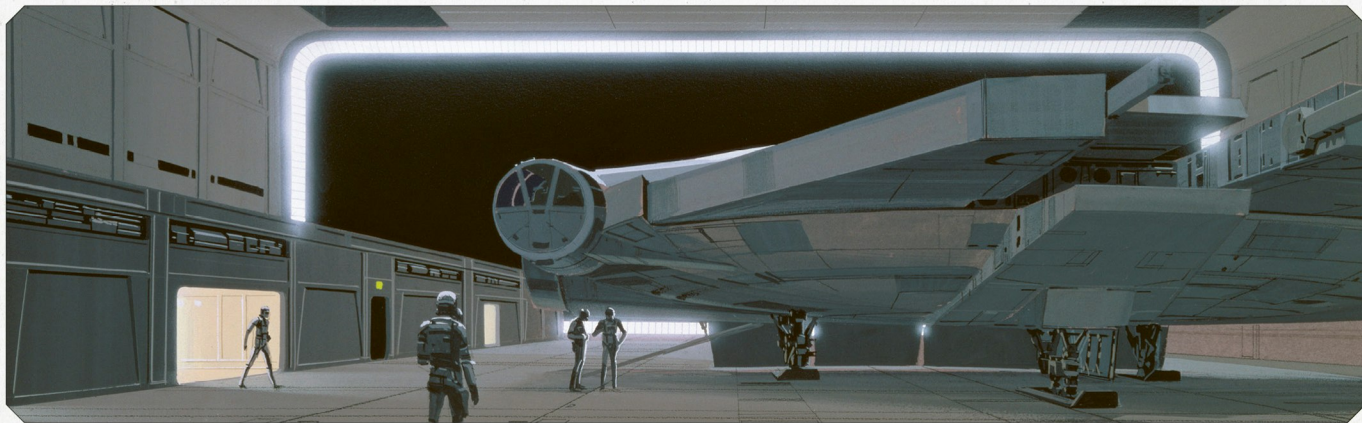
'He's heading for that small moon,' Luke pointed.

'That's no moon,' Obi-Wan told him. 'It's a space station.' Han Solo tried to turn the *Falcon* around, but it was too late. They were caught in an invisible tractor beam, pulling them steadily closer to the Death Star.

On the battle station, Grand Moff Tarkin received a report that a ship had been captured. 'They must be trying to return the stolen plans to the Princess. She may yet be of some use to us,' Darth Vader said, and went to investigate.

But when his men searched the ship, they found no sign of anyone on board. 'According to the log, the crew abandoned ship right after take-off,' the commander reported. 'It must be a decoy. Several of the escape pods have been jettisoned.'

'Send a scanning crew aboard,' Vader ordered. 'I want every part of this



Concept art for the Death Star docking bay where the *Falcon* has landed. RALPH MCQUARRIE

Obi-Wan Kenobi slipped through the corridors of the Death Star, drawing closer to the *Millennium Falcon*. But before he could reach it, he came face to face with an old acquaintance. Darth Vader stood blocking his path, a red lightsaber humming in his hand.

'I've been waiting for you, Obi-Wan,' the Dark Lord boomed. 'We meet again at last. The circle is now complete. When I left you, I was but the learner. Now I am the master.'



Concept art for Darth Vader. RALPH McQUARRIE

'Only a master of evil, Darth,' Obi-Wan replied.

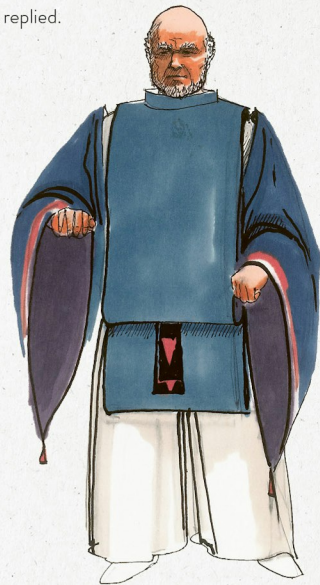
Vader strode forward, raising his blade. Obi-Wan took a step back and ignited his saber. Vader swung and the laser swords clashed together, filling the hallway with light and noise. 'Your powers are weak, old man,' he said.

Obi-Wan moved swiftly, countering blow after blow. 'You can't win, Darth,' he told his former apprentice. 'If you strike me down, I will become more powerful than you can possibly imagine.'

'You should not have come back,' Vader replied, lunging at Obi-Wan, but the old Jedi was too quick.

Spotting the duel from across the hangar, the stormtroopers guarding the *Millennium Falcon* peeled away, running to the aid of their overlord.

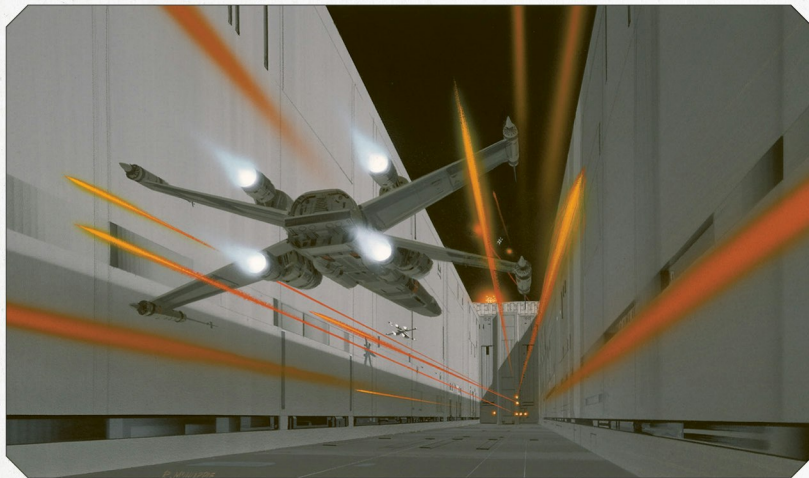
Luke, Leia, Han and Chewie had made it back to the hangar, where Artoo and Threepio joined them. With the guards distracted, they ran for the *Falcon*. But as he neared the *Falcon*, Luke saw his master locked in combat with the monstrous Darth Vader.



Costume concept for Obi-Wan Kenobi. RALPH McQUARRIE

In the Death Star's control room, an aide approached Grand Moff Tarkin, offering to ready his ship in case the Rebels were successful. 'Evacuate?' Tarkin asked disbelievingly. 'In our moment of triumph? I think you overestimate their chances.' He was sure that this ragtag army posed no threat to his battle station.

Meanwhile, Red Leader had guided another group of fighters into the trench. Vader was right behind them, taking out first one, then two of Red Leader's wingmen. But the Dark Lord was too late. Red Leader was in



Concept art for the Death Star trench run. RALPH MCQUARRIE

range. He fired, and his torpedoes streaked towards the target.

The shot was no good. The torpedoes missed, exploding on the surface of the Death Star. And as Red Leader turned to flee, Darth Vader's TIE fighter swooped in. Red Leader's X-wing slammed into the battle station and burst into flame.

Luke saw the ship explode and knew that time was running out. Flanked by Biggs and Wedge, he flew at full speed into the trench. But Darth Vader's fighter was right behind them and closing fast.

The Dark Lord fired, scoring a hit on Wedge's engine. 'I'm hit!' Wedge cried, peeling off. Vader ignored him, keeping his focus on Luke and Biggs. They swooped from side to side, trying desperately to evade the Dark Lord's fire.

It was no good. Biggs's ship was hit, and Luke watched as his best friend's ship exploded into shards of flame. There was no time to grieve. He knew that he was the Rebels' last hope for victory.

Luke switched on his targeting computer and prepared to fire his torpedoes. As he struggled to lock on to the target, Ben Kenobi's ghostly voice spoke to him once more. 'Use the Force, Luke,' the old Jedi told him. 'Let go. Luke, trust me.'

Luke deactivated his computer. He was determined to trust his instincts.