

SUMMARY

FORBIDDEN PLANET

No. 1

(Script dated: 3-10-55)

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

	Total number of pages in script including revisions to date, and based on 63 lines per page.	
3-17-55		90

(Script completed: 3-17-55)

FORBIDDEN PLANET

FADE IN:
 MAIN AND CREDIT TITLES SUPERIMPOSED ON THE
 BLACK OF OUTER SPACE -- pinpointed with
 piercing stars, smudged with nebulae, scrawled
 across with cosmic dust. As TITLES END--

1

A Voice (o.s.)

In the final decade of the Twenty-first Century, men and women in chemically-fueled rocket ships landed on the moon. By 2200 A.D., with the perfecting of atomic propulsion, they had reached the other planets of our solar system.

(as CAMERA BOOMS IN)

Almost at once there followed the discovery of quanta-gravitetic hyper-drive, through which the speed of light was first attained, and later greatly surpassed -- and so at last mankind, now banded together in a single federation, began the conquest and colonization of deep space.

ADVANCING CAMERA has by now PICKED UP
 (MINIATURE) A SPACE SHIP IN FLIGHT -- a
 relatively tiny object of polished metal.
 Shaped along the general lines of the planet
 Saturn, it hangs suspended before the in-
 finite background, and seems hardly to move.

Voice (continuing o.s.)

United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, more than a year out from Earth Base on a special mission to the planetary system of Alpha Aquilae, the great main -sequence star Altair.....

As CAMERA STOPS in an impressive FULL-SCREEN
 CLOSE SHOT (MINIATURE) -- THE SPACE SHIP --

DISSOLVE

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT - MAIN DECK

2

At the marvellous controls is COMMANDER ADAMS, exceptionally young for his rank. Beside him LT. FARMAN, his astrogator and second-in-command, is bent over the eye-pieces of a computer. In the communications area, CHIEF QUINN, youthful and spectacled, is hastily locking up his banks of electronic gear. Correspondingly, LT. "DOC" OSTROW (a dozen years older than his Commanding Officer) is stowing away his medical supplies. AS
 SCENE STARTS --

FORBIDDEN PLANET

FADE IN:
THE M.G.M. SEAL TITLE

1

Superimposed on the black of outer space - pinpointed with piercing stars, smudged with nebulae, scrawled across with cosmic dust. As TITLE DISSOLVES OUT, THERE FLASHES ON SCENE FROM BELOW CAMERA a shining metallic object. Shaped along the general lines of the planet Saturn, it shoots away into the remote distances, dwindles swiftly to a bright speck, and is lost among the other bright specks. CAMERA HOLDS. SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLE. DISSOLVE THROUGH CREDIT TITLES. As TITLES END --

A Voice (c.s.)

In the final decade of the Twenty-first Century, men and women in chemically-fueled rocket ships landed on the moon. By 2200 A.D., with the perfecting of atomic propulsion, they had reached the other planets of our solar system.

(as CAMERA BOOMS IN)

Almost at once there followed the discovery of quanto-gravitetic hyper-drive, through which the speed of light was first attained, and later greatly surpassed -- and so at last mankind, now banded together in a single federation, began the conquest and colonization of deep space.

ADVANCING CAMERA has by now again PICKED UP (MINIATURE) THE METALLIC OBJECT, a space ship in flight, now just visibly moving before the infinite background.

Voice (continuing o.s.)

United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, more than a year out from Earth Base on a special mission to the planetary system of Alpha Aquilae, the great main-sequence star Altair.....

As CAMERA STOPS in an impressive FULL-SCREEN CLOSE SHOT (MINIATURE) -- THE SPACE SHIP --

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT - MAIN DECK

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FORBIDDEN PLANET

FADE IN:

THE M.G.M. SEAL TITLE SUPERIMPOSED ON THE
BLACK OF OUTER SPACE

1

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A Voice (o.s.)

In the final decade of the Twenty-first Century, men and women in chemically-fueled rocket ships landed on the moon. By 2200 A.D., with the perfecting of atomic propulsion, they had reached the other planets of our solar system.

(as CAMERA COMES IN)

Almost at once there followed the discovery of quanta-gravitetic hyper-drive, through which the speed of light was first attained, and later greatly surpassed -- and so at last mankind, now banded together in a single federation, began the conquest and colonization of deep space.

ADVANCING CAMERA has by now again PICKED UP (MINIATURE) THE METALLIC OBJECT, a space ship in flight, now just visibly moving before the infinite background.

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As CAMERA STOPS in an impressive FULL-SCREEN CLOSE SHOT (MINIATURE) -- THE SPACE SHIP --

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT - MAIN DECK

2

At the marvellous controls is COMMANDER ADAMS, exceptionally young for his rank. Beside him LT. FARMAN, his astrogator and second-in-command, is bent over the eye-pieces of a computer. In the communications area, CHIEF QUINN, youthful and spectacled,

Adams (to Farman)
When do I get a D.C. fix, Jerry?

2
CONT'D
(2)

Farman
Half a minute, Commander.

Adams (over shoulder)
Got your breakable gear stowed, Chief? We drop back below light-speed soon as the Lieutenant's ready.

Both
Aye-aye, sir.

Farman
Ship on course. Will reach D.C. point at 1701 -- less than three minutes now.

Adams
Take it away.

Farman swiftly punches out an elaborate combination on the controls.

Farman
D.C. set, and punched on.

Adams (into inter-com)
Attention! Captain to crew: All hands square away to decelerate.

In various b.g. areas, a crew of about a dozen men jump to batten down loose gear, etc. During the following each steps into his individual deceleration station.

Adams (continuing)
The ship's beeper will as usual sound ten times after lights dim.

Bosuni (in b.g.)
D.C. stations! -- On the double! Want to bounce through this one?

As the officers too take their stations, the ship's gong sounds. The lights slowly dim. As the ship's beeper sounds ten times at one second intervals, a column of green radiance gradually comes into being around each man. Suddenly, with a huge, shattering sound, the general lighting jumps to violet. The ship begins to pitch and jar. The light brightens swiftly to blue, to green, to yellow, to orange, to pink, to red, to blazing scarlet. For a moment, everything appears to waver and change shape in a screaming climax of tortured molecules. Then abruptly, blackness and silence.

is hastily locking up his banks of electronic gear. Correspondingly, LT. "DOC" OSTROW (a dozen years older than his Commanding Officer) is stowing away his medical supplies. AS
SCENE STARTS --

2
CONT'D
(2)

Adams (to Farman)
When do I get a D.C. fix, Jerry?

Farman
Half a minute, Commander.

Adams (over shoulder)
Got your breakable gear stowed, Chief? We drop back below light-speed soon as the Lieutenant's ready.

Both
Aye-aye, sir.

Farman
Ship on course. Will reach D.C. point at 1701 -- less than three minutes now.

Adams
Take it away.

Farman swiftly punches out an elaborate combination on the controls.

Farman
D.C. set, and punched on.

Adams (into inter-com)
Attention! Captain to crew: All hands square away to decelerate.

In various b.g. areas, a crew of about a dozen men jump to batten down loose gear, etc. During the following each steps into his individual deceleration station.

Adams (continuing)
The ship's beeper will as usual sound ten times after lights dim.

Bosun (in b.g.)
D.C. stations! -- On the double! Want to bounce through this one?

As the officers too take their stations, the ship's gong sounds. The lights slowly dim. As the ship's beeper sounds ten times at one second intervals, a column of green radiance gradually comes into being around each man. Suddenly, with a huge, shattering sound, the general lighting jumps to violet. The ship begins to pitch and jar.

is hastily locking up his banks of electronic gear. Correspondingly, LT. "DOC" OSTROW (a dozen years older than his Commanding Officer) is stowing away his medical supplies. AS
SCENE STARTS --

2
CONT'D
(2)

Adams (to Farman)

When do I get a D.C. fix, Jerry?

Farman

Half a minute, Skipper - Ship on course. We should reach D.C. Point at 1701, less than three minutes.

Adams (over shoulder)

Take it away.

(walking toward Quinn at Communications desk)

We drop back below light-speed in about three minutes. Got your breakable gear stowed, Chief?

Quinn

Aye-aye, Sir.

Adams crosses toward table, looks back at Farman. Farman swiftly punches out elaborate combination on the controls.

Farman

D.C. set, and punched on, Skipper.

Adams (into inter-com)

Attention! Captain to crew: All hands square away to decelerate.

In various b.g. areas, a crew of about a dozen men jump to batten down loose gear, etc. During the following each steps into his individual deceleration station.

Adams (continuing)

The ship's beeper will as usual sound ten times after lights dim.

(he hangs up mike on wall; addresses Bosun:)

D.C., Bosun.

Bosun (in b.g.)

D.C. stations! -- On the double! Want to bounce through this one?

As the officers too take their stations, the ship's gong sounds. The lights slowly dim. As the ship's beeper sounds ten times at one second intervals, a column of green radiance gradually comes into being around each man. Suddenly, with a huge, shattering sound, the general lighting jumps to violet. The ship begins to pitch and jar.

-- Slowly the lights come on. The men step off their D.C. stations, groggy and a little sick.

2
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (checking speedometer)
Down to point 3896 of light-speed.

Farman (as all crowd to
view-scope)
Altair right on the nose!

Adams
O. K., Jerry, punch out an orbit on that fourth planet out from the primary.

Farman (as he obeys)
Ship in approach. Helical vector orientated.

Adams (into intercom)
Captain to crew: Attention! Attention!

3-4 OUT

MEDIUM SHOT - AT BIG VIEW-PLATE

5

As it lights up, and a number of crewmen gather, and begin talking in eager undertones. A planet is now visible, like a blue-green jewel, haloed with atmosphere.

Adams' Voice (continuing)
Our port of destination, Altair-4, is now visible on the main view-plate. As you will recollect from your briefing lectures, this is an earth-type planet. Twenty years ago the spacecraft Belerephon landed here with a prospecting party of scientists. Our mission is to search for survivors. That is all.

LAP DISSOLVE:

MED. SHOT - NAVIGATION AREA - MAIN DECK

6

The mottled globe of Altair-4 fills the whole scope. Doc and Adams are peering at it. Farman is still at his eye-pieces.

Doc
The Lord sure makes some beautiful worlds!

Adams (to Farman)
How do those continents check with the old charts?

The light brightens swiftly to blue, to green, to yellow, to orange, to pink, to red, to blazing scarlet. For a moment, everything appears to waver and change shape in a screaming climax of tortured molecules. Then abruptly, blackness and silence..... slowly the lights come on. Men and officers step off their D.C. stations, groggy and a little sick.

2
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (checking speedometer)
Down to point 3896 of light-speed.

Simultaneously Farman flips on the main scope. Instantly the SCREEN IS FILLED WITH A (FILTERED) WHITE IMAGE of the sun-star, Altair. Its rice-like graining is visible, pock-marked with "sun-spots", and surrounded by a fringe of fiery prominences.

Farman
Altair right on the nose!

Adams (exploding)
Jerry, you've got to stop shooting them this close!

Farman (cocky)
This is close?

As though in reply, the alarm beeper starts to sound.

Adams
There's our hull temperature alarm!
(to Farman)
Put us in the shadow of that first planet out from the primary!

Farman
Aye-aye, sir.

As Farman punches controls -

Adams
Coolers, Bosun!

Bosun (in b.g.)
Aye-aye, sir.

As coolers come on audibly -

Adams (to Farman)
Some day you'll bring us out inside some star!

Farman
Yeah! and I bet you'd court-martial me for it.

The light brightens swiftly to blue, to green, to yellow, to orange, to pink, to red, to blazing scarlet. For a moment, everything appears to waver and change shape in a screaming climax of tortured molecules. Then abruptly, blackness and silence.....slowly the lights come on. Men and officers step off their D.C. stations, groggy and a little sick.

2
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (checking speedometer)
All right, we're down to point 3896 of light-speed.

Doc (mopping brow)
Getting warm in here, Skipper.

Adams
Yeah --- Jerry ----

Adams strides to main scope, flips it on. Instantly the SCREEN IS FILLED WITH A (FILTERED) WHITE IMAGE of the sun-star, Altair. Its rice-like graining is visible, pock-marked with "sun-spots", and surrounded by a fringe of fiery prominence.

Farman
Altair right on the nose!

Adams (strides back)
Jerry, you've got to stop shooting them this close!

Farman (cocky)
This is close?

As though in response, the alarm beeper starts to sound.

Adams
There's our hull temperature alarm!
(to Farman)
Put us in the shadow of that first planet out from the primary!

Farman
Aye-aye, Sir.

As Farman punches controls -

Adams (to Quinn)
Coolers, Quinn.

Quinn (at desk)
Aye-aye, Sir.

Bosun (to crewmen)
Grey, Jim, cooling stations on the double!

2
CONT'D
(3A)

As coolers come on audibly -

Adams (back to table; over
shoulder to Farman)
Some day you'll bring us out inside some star!

Farman
Yeah! And I bet you court-martial me for it.

Farman
Tell you better in a few hours, Skipper.
(glancing up)
Time for brakes.

6
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Take it away.

Farman (into intercom)
Astrogator to crew: Stand by to change flux.

As Farman manipulates the controls, there is a sudden roar, and a lurch. As the SOUND quiets to a drone --

DISSOLVE:

7 OUT

FULL SHOT - MAIN VIEW-PLATE

8

A detailed section of Altair-4 is now visible, like a huge relief map. Dawn sweeps over seas and plains and mountains, until finally all is in full daylight. During this, PULL BACK into GROUP SHOT of crewmen.

Crewman Randall (mopping forehead)
Getting hot in here!

Crewman Lindstrom
Sure -- listen!

Above the drone of the brakes, there is now a steady, shrill hissing sound.

Crewman Moran
Air-friction on the hull!

Crewman Nichols (at a new sound)
Coolers just cutting in.

Adams' Voice (on intercom)
Now hear this! Captain to crew: we are entering the atmosphere of Altair-4. No survival suits will be required upon landing. Oxygen content 4.7 richer than Earth standard, gravity only point 897. Adjust equipment accordingly. That is all.

Identified by a white chef's cap, the Cook has come up into the doorway of his galley. He is distinctly of a lower type than the others.

Doc (watching main scope)
Meanwhile this ship arranges its own eclipses.

2
CONT'D
(4)

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE STAR ALTAIR

2X1

an unfiltered, blinding dazzle, with the black disc of the planet swiftly moving across to obscure it. The moment the eclipse is complete, the full corona shines out wide in all its pale glory -- and, silhouetted on this, the space-ship, like a speck, which hurtles UP TOWARD CAMERA, and flashes on OFF SCENE ABOVE CAMERA.

INT. MED. SHOT - SPACE SHIP - MAIN DECK

2X2

Adams

O. K., Jerry, now punch out an orbit on that fourth planet.

Farman (as he obeys)

Ship in approach. Helical vector orientated.

Adams (into intercom)

Captain to crew: Attention! Attention!

3-4 OUT

MEDIUM SHOT - AT BIG VIEW-PLATE

5

As it lights up, and a number of crewmen gather, and begin talking in eager undertones. A planet is now visible, like a blue-green jewel, haloed with atmosphere.

Adams' Voice (continuing)

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LAP DISSOLVE:

MED. SHOT - NAVIGATION AREA - MAIN DECK

6

The mottled globe of Altair-4 fills the whole scope. Doc and Adams are peering at it. Farman is still at his eye-pieces.

Doc

The Lord sure makes some beautiful worlds!

6

CONT'D

(2)

Adams (to Farman)

How do those continents check with the old charts?

Farman

Tell you better in a few hours, Skipper.
(glancing up)

Time for brakes.

Adams

Take it away.

Farman (into intercom)

Astrogator to crew: Stand by to change flux.

As Farman manipulates the controls, there is a sudden roar, and a lurch. As the SOUND quiets to a drone --

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A detailed section of Altair-4 is now visible, like a huge relief map. Dawn sweeps over seas and plains and mountains, until finally all is in full daylight. During this, PULL BACK into GROUP SHOT of crewmen.

Crewman Randall (mopping forehead)

Getting hot again in here!

Crewman Lindstrom

Sure -- listen!

Above the drone of the brakes, there is now a steady, shrill hissing sound.

Crewman Moran

Air-friction on the hull!

Adams' Voice (on intercom)

Now hear this! Captain to crew: we are entering the atmosphere of Altair-4. No survival suits will be required upon landing. Oxygen content 4.7 richer than Earth standard, gravity only point 897. Adjust equipment accordingly. That is all.

Identified by a white chef's cap, the Cook has come up into the doorway of his galley. He is distinctly of a lower type than the others.

Doc

The Lord sure makes some beautiful worlds!

6

CONT'D

(2)

Adams (to Farman)

How do those continents check with the old charts?

Farman

Tell you better in a few hours, Skipper.

(glancing up)

Time for brakes.

Adams

Take it away.

Farman (into intercom)

Astrogator to crew: Stand by to change flux.

As Farman manipulates the controls, there is a sudden roar, and a lurch. As the SOUND quiets to a drone --

DISSOLVE:

7 OUT

FULL SHOT - MAIN VIEW-PLATE

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A detailed section of Altair-4 is now visible. like a huge relief map. Dawn sweeps over seas and plains and mountains, until finally all is in full daylight. During this, PULL BACK into GROUP SHOT of crewmen.

Crewman Grey (mopping forehead)

Getting hot again in here!

Crewman Lindstrum

Sure -- listen!

Above the drone of brakes, there is now a steady, shrill hissing sound.

Crewman Strong

Air-friction on the hull!

Identified by the white chef's cap, the Cook has come forward from the doorway of his galley. He is distinctly of a lower type than the others.

Cook (bored)

Another one of them new worlds - no beer, no women, no pool parlors. All you can do is throw rocks at tin cans - and you gotta bring your own tin cans!

Adams (on intercom)

Now hear this! Captain to crew: we are entering the atmosphere of Altair-4. No survival suits will

Cook (bored)
 Another of them new worlds. No booze, no women,
 no pool parlors. I'd trade all the galaxies there
 is for one windy corner of Chickisaw County,
 Oklahoma.

8
 CONT'D
 (2)

MED. SHOT - BRIDGE

9

Quinn busy at his electronic gear; Farman
 checking a set of old charts against the
 terrain visible in the forward scope; the
 Doc peering down through a built-in tele-
 scope.

Adams (to Quinn)
 Not even any short-range radio signals?

Quinn
 Not so far, sir.

Adams (gravely)
You make out anything down there, Doctor?

Doc (eye at eye-piece)
 I could be missing individual structures, but there
 are no cities, ports, roads, bridges, dams - just
 no sign of civilization at all.

Farman (puzzled)
 How would that little Belerephon party build
 up a civilization in twenty years!?

Adams and the Doc glance over at him.

Adams
 Ever ask yourself why they've never sent word
 back?

Farman (shrugging)
 They could have cracked up on landing.

Adams (very grave)
Or they could have made Man's first contact
 with an alien race.

Doc (as Farman looks
 startled)
 You think aliens would necessarily be hostile?

Adams (lightly)
 They could be anything from arch-angels to
 man-eating spiders - or a combination of both.

All three think about this for a moment
 or two.

Adams (cont'd)
be required upon landing. Oxygen content 4.7 richer than earth standard, gravity only point 897. Adjust equipment accordingly. That is all.

8
CONT'D
(2)

Bosun
All hands! Check your equipment!

MED. SHOT - BRIDGE

9

Quinn busy at his electronic gear; Farman, Doc and Adams at table. Doc and Adams look at view-scope; Farman checks old charts spread out before him.

Adams (to Quinn in b.g.)
Not even any short-range radio signals?

Quinn
Not so far, sir.

Adams (gravely)
Jerry, can you make out anything down there?

Jerry
I could be missing individual structures, but there are no cities, ports, bridges, dams - just no sign of civilization at all.

Doc
I doubt the little Belerephon party would build up a civilization in twenty years.

Adams
Ever ask yourself why they've never sent word back?

Farman (shrugging)
They could have cracked up on landing.

Adams (very grave)
Or they could have made Man's first contact with an alien race.

Doc (as Farman looks startled)
You think aliens would necessarily be hostile?

Adams (lightly)
They could be anything from arch-angels to man-eating spiders - or a combination of both.

All three think about this a moment or two.

Quinn (startlingly)
Sir! We're being radar-scanned.

Quinn (startlingly)
Commander Adams! We're being radar-scanned.

9
CONT'D
(2)

All start. Adams crosses quickly.

Adams
Can you zero on it?

Quinn (a bit shaky)
No, sir. It-- it seems to emanate from an area
about 20 miles square!

Poker-faced, Adams considers this for a
moment, then flips the switch of the
alarm beeper. As crewmen rush to their
posts in b.g.

Bosun
Combat stations! Blaster men activate your
scopes!

Suddenly the beeper is cut off. The officers
remain motionless, alert, and carefully quiet.

Quinn (suddenly)
Radio contact! Sir, there's a voice here!

Adams
Human?

Quinn
Sounds like.

Adams
Boost it.

Quinn makes an adjustment, and the voice
comes through, deep and authoritative,
but a little blurred with static.

Voice
-- space ship, identify yourself. You're being
tracked.

Adams (into radio)
United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, J. J. Adams
commanding. Who are you?

Voice
Morbius speaking.

Adams
Who?

Voice
Edward Morbius of the Belerephon.

All start. Adams crosses quickly.

9
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Can you zero on it?

Quinn (a bit shaky)
No, sir. It -- it seems to emanate from an area
about 20 miles square!

Adams
Twenty miles square? Bosun! Class B alert!

He flips switch of alarm beeper.

Bosun
Aye-aye, sir. Combat stations! Blaster men
activate your scopes.

In b.g. crewmen rush to their posts. Suddenly
the beeper is cut off. The officers remain
motionless, alert and carefully quiet at
Communications section.

Quinn (suddenly)
Radio contact! Sir, there's a voice here.

Adams
Human?

Quinn
Sounds like.

Adams
Boost it.

Quinn makes an adjustment and a voice comes
through, deep and authoritative, but a little
blurred with static.

Voice
Space ship, identify yourself. You're being tracked.

Adams (to Quinn)
Tie me in.
(into radio)
United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, J.J. Adams commanding.
Who are you?

Voice
Morbius of the Belerephon.

Adams
Who?

Voice
Edward Morbius.

Quinn (startlingly)
Commander Adams! We're being radar-scanned.

All start. Adams crosses quickly.

Adams
Can you zero on it?

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about 20 miles square!

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moment, then flips the switch of the
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but a little blurred with static.

Voice
-- space shit, identify yourself. You're being
tracked.

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United Planets Cruiser C-57-D, J. J. Adams
commanding. Who are you?

Voice
Morbius speaking.

Adams
Who?

Voice
Edward Morbius of the Balerephon.

Adams (aside to Farman)
Check those Belerephon rolls -- M-O-R-B-I-U-S.

9
CONT'D
(3)

Farman is already checking the list.

Farman
Here he is! Morbius E.-- Ph.D., Lit. D. --
expedition philologist.

Doc (frowning)
Philologist?!

Voice
Cruiser! What do you wish here!

The officers exchange glances.

Adams (into radio)
You don't understand, sir. We're your relief --
very glad to find you alive.

Voice (controlled impatience)
I of course appreciate your concern. But abso-
lutely no assistance of any sort is required.

They glance at each other again, incredulous.

Farman (dryly)
The old red carpet treatment -- what?

Adams (quietly into radio)
Doctor Morbius, by orders are to survey the
situation on Altair-4.

Voice (very arbitrary)
Let me repeat: I'm in no sort of difficulty
here! Your best procedure will be to turn
back at once without landing.

Adams (burned but quiet)
Sorry, sir.

Voice (snapping)
Commander! If you set down on this planet,
I warn you that I cannot be answerable for the
safety of your ship or your crew!

Adams (holding himself in)
If you'll just supply me with landing co-ordinates --

There is a silence.

Adams (sternly)
Dr. Morbius -- I require landing co-ordinates.

Adams (aside to Farman)
Check those Belerephon rolls -- M-O-R-B-I-U-S.

9
CONT'D
(3)

Farman is already checking the list.

Farman
Here he is! Morbius E.-- Ph.D., Lit. D.--
expedition philologist.

Doc (frowning)
Philologist?!

Voice
Cruiser! What do you wish here!

The officers exchange glances.

Adams (into radio)
You don't understand, sir. We're your relief--
very glad to find you alive.

Voice (controlled impatience)
I of course appreciate your concern. But abso-
lutely no assistance of any sort is required.

They glance at each other again, incredulous.

Farman (dryly)
The old red carpet treatment-- what?

Adams (quietly into radio)
Doctor Morbius, my orders are to survey the
situation on Aitair-4.

Voice (very arbitrary)
Let me repeat: I'm in no sort of difficulty
here! Your best procedure will be to turn
back at once without landing.

Adams (burned but quiet)
Sorry, sir.

Voice (snapping)
Commander! If you set down on this planet,
I warn you that I cannot be answerable for the
safety of your ship or your crew!

Adams (holding himself in)
If you'll just supply me with landing co-ordinates--

There is a silence.

Adams (sternly)
Dr. Morbius-- I require landing co-ordinates.

Farman is already checking the list.

9
CONT'D
(3)

Farman

Here he is! Morbius E. -- Ph.D., Lit. D. --
expedition philologist.

Doc (frowning)

Philologist?!

Voice

Cruiser! What do you wish here!

The officers exchange glances.

Adams (into radio)

You don't understand, sir. We're your relief --
very glad to find you alive.

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I, of course, appreciate your concern. But abso-
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They glance at each other again, incredulous.

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you that I cannot be answerable for the safety of
your ship or your crew!

Adams (holding himself in)

If you'll just supply me with landing co-ordinates--

There is a silence.

Adams (sternly)

Dr. Morbius -- I require landing co-ordinates.

Voice (resigned)
Very well! -- but I wash my hands of all responsibility. You have standard charts?

9
CONT'D
(4)

Adams
Yes, sir.

Voice
You may come in at 83-17-4 North, 148-21 West.

Adams
Thank you.

Farman has punched out the co-ordinates on the automatic computer.

Farman (checking screens)
That's right back there in that desert.

Voice (suddenly)
Commander! I strongly urge you to reconsider! Please permit me to recommend --

Adams quietly switches the amplifier off.

Doc (frowning, pondering)
Something funny down there, Skipper?

Adams glances at him, but does not reply.

Adams (to Farman)
I'll take her in.
(into intercom)
Captain to crew: Stand by to reverse polarity. Standard Class A security will be maintained upon landing. Until further notice, all hands will wear side-arms. That is all.

All have been fastening their safety belts.

Adams
Artificial gravity off.

Farman
Grav. off.

Adams (as both punch controls)
Half-flux.

Farman
Half-flux.

Adams
Cut primary coils.

Farman
Primaries cut.

DISSOLVE:

10-12 OUT

EXT. DAY - LONG SHOT - (MINIATURE PROCESS) 13
 THE SPACE CRUISER DESCENDING TO THE
 ALTAIRIAN DESERT

with a strange, piercing electrical sound.
 The sky behind is a startling but beautiful
 chartreuse color.

FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACE CRUISER 14

hovering a few yards above the desert sand,
 its landing-ring glowing incandescent, and
 with great hairy bolts of vari-colored
 electricity spraying down from it, so that
 dust rises, thicker and thicker. -- There
 is a change in the tearing sound. Landing
 feet swing downward. Just as they touch
 the sand, the sound of electrical power is
 cut abruptly, and the weight of the ship
 settles visibly. Then a hatch slides open --

MED. SHOT - THE GANGWAY 15

As the dust settles, two armed scouts emerge
 cautiously, warily, and survey the im-
 mediate area. Satisfied, they hand-signal
 the ship. The three officers come down
 alertly. All are now wearing their semi-
 dress uniforms, with sidearms. As they
 step to the sand, TRUCK IN.

Doc (gazing in admiration)
 Look at the color of that sky!

Farman (wistful for once)
 I'll take blue.

Doc
 No, I think a man could get used to this, and
 grow to love it.

Adams (calling over shoulder)
 Bosun, you can assemble the tractor.

Bosun (in background)
 Aye, aye, sir!

Farman
 Checked your command mike, Skipper?

Adams
 Good idea.

He activates a miniature two-way radio in his insignia. (As will be revealed later, its center is a tiny television camera which may be pulled out on a reeled cord.)

15
CONT'D
(2)

Chief. Adams

Sir? Quinn's Voice

You're in command, Quinn. And stay right at those instruments. Adams

Aye, aye, sir. Quinn's Voice

What's this dust coming? Doc (suddenly pointing o.s.)

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - THE DESERT 16

A column of dust is rolling rapidly nearer.

THREE SHOT - THE OFFICERS WATCHING 17

Looks like we're being met. Farman

Hold the tractor, bosun. Adams (over shoulder)
(peering o.s.)
That's quite a vehicle, hm?

And is that driver a wild man! Farman

What driver? Adams (after a pause)

As they stand staring blankly, there is a long shriek of brakes o.s., dust blows through, and a three-wheeled, streamlined vehicle of shining metal skids to a stop in f.g. Rising in front is a rather pointed dome, partly transparent, with active electronic machinery visible inside, and studded elsewhere with various lights, gauges, gadgets, etc. Behind this, enclosed in transparent plastic wind-shielding is baggage space, and two fore-and-aft passenger seats, arranged something like an Irish jaunting car, and at present unoccupied.

Doc (stupidly)

It's empty!

17
CONT'D
(2)

But at this moment, the dome stirs, the forward streamlining opens, and a ponderous figure of metal and plastic stands up into full view.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

18

The three officers in f.g. with their backs toward CAMERA. As the ponderous figure steps down, and faces CAMERA, there is a shock: he has no face -- only a complicated arrangement of electronic gadgets which crackle and light up at unexpected moments. In spite of his dis-proportioned arms and legs, he only very roughly suggests the human shape. Also he is able to rotate the upper part of his dome, and so seems to "face" the person addressing him. Now confronting the three officers, the robot bows slightly, like a dignified and elderly family servant.

Robot (a grating monotone)

Welcome to Altair-4, gentlemen. I am to transport you to the residence.

They all stare at him in speechless astonishment.

Robot (finally)

If you do not speak English, I am at your disposal with 187 other languages, along with their various dialects and sub-tongues.

Adams (getting hold of himself)

Colloquial English will do, thanks.

(clearing his throat)

No offense, but you're a robot, aren't you?

Robot

That is correct, sir. For your convenience, I am monitored to respond to the name "Robby."

The officers are still slightly awkward in this unfamiliar social situation.

Adams

Great climate you have here --

(big inhalation)

--that high oxygen content!

Robot

I rarely use it myself, sir. It promotes rust.

It's empty!

Doc (stupidly)

17
CONT'D
(2)

Adams

Bosun! Hold your fire.

Bosun (o.s.)

Aye-aye, Sir.

But at this moment, the dome stirs, the forward streamlining opens, and a ponderous figure of metal and plastic stands up into full view.

REVERSE ANGLE - MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

18

The three officers in f.g. with their backs toward CAMERA. As the ponderous figure steps down, and faces CAMERA, there is a shock: he has no face -- only a complicated arrangement of electronic gadgets which crackle and light up at unexpected moments. In spite of his dis-proportioned arms and legs, he only very roughly suggests the human shape. Also he is able to rotate the upper part of his dome, and so seems to "face" the person addressing him. Now confronting the three officers, the robot bows slightly, like a dignified and elderly family servant.

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The officers are still slightly awkward in this unfamiliar social situation.

Adams

Great climate you have here --

(big inhalation)

-- that high oxygen content!

18

CONT'D

(1)

Robot

I rarely use it myself, sir. It promotes rust.

The cook approaches, staring curiously.

18
CONT'D
(2)

Cook (aside to Farman)
Lieutenant -- is it a male or a female?

Robot (faintly chilly)
In my case, sir, the question is totally without meaning.

(holding jeep door)
Will you get in, gentlemen?

After a moment, they comply, and Robby goes round in front, sits down, engaging his rear end in the drive mechanism, and closes the streamlining about himself.

Adams (into command mike)
Track this, Quinn. And if I blink red --

Quinn's Voice (on command mike)
I'll bring the tractor in a hurry, sir.

Robot (as all sit)
Passengers will please fasten their seat belts.

Doc (complying, amused)
He looks after us like a mother.

The words end in a grunt, as the jeep takes off with a tremendous lurch, proving that the seat belts are absolutely essential.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - THE JEEP

19

Speeding madly along the brink of a horrifying chasm comparable to the Grand Canyon. Adams, Doc, and Farman are hanging on.

Adams (yelling)
Keep the speed down, Robby! Molto pericoloso!
Trop vite! Zu schnell!

Robby's entire dome rotates through 180 degrees, so that he now faces straight back at them.

Robot (courteously in German)
Have no apprehension, sir.
(in French)
My built-in reflexes are infallible.

As Adams and Farman fail to understand.

Doc (translating - rather awed)
He says to keep your shirt on, Skipper - his built-in reflexes are infallible.

19
CONT'D
(2)

Farman (to Robby)
Well, speak English for the love of Pete!
(almost a scream)
- and at least look where you're going!

Robot
Not necessary. I do everything by positronic trans-figuration.

He winks several lights rapidly to prove it.

LAP DISSOLVE:

NEWCOMB SHOT - MORBIUS HOUSE

19X1

DISSOLVE:

EXT. - ENTRANCE MORBIUS HOUSE

20

Not especially large, yet strange and impressive among its gardens of flowering trees and falling waters. All around it is a panorama of lush grandeur and beauty. TRUCK IN as jeep enters f.g., rolls to a stop.

Robot (holding the door)
If you gentlemen will go in, you're expected.

As the three get out, TRUCK them forward in silence through a marvellously planted patio. A calling of birds around them, and a tinkling of water. -- Suddenly, at the far side, they see a tall figure waiting for them at the head of three steps. He is about fifty years old, lean and wide-shouldered, and dressed in worn coveralls. His iron-gray hair is hacked off at the nape of his neck, and his face is impressively lined. The direct, dark eyes are daunting with intelligence. He watches the three young men sternly as they approach. TRUCK IN with them. Instinctively they come to a military halt, facing him.

Morbius (unexpectedly)

I am Morbius!

Adams (in acknowledgment)
Commander Adams.
(presenting others)
Lt. Farman, my Executive. Lt. Ostrow, our Ship's
Doctor.

20
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius regards them with a smile which is
at once playful, and strangely chilling.

Morbius
How ironic that a simple scholar, with no ambition
beyond a modest measure of seclusion, should, out
of a clear sky, find himself besieged by an army
of fellow-creatures, all grimly determined to be
of service to him!

Adams' jaw-muscles knot, but he controls it.

Adams
Sir, if we're not welcome, we're sorry, but we have
our orders.

Morbius (hastily)
But you must of course stay for lunch!

As they follow him indoors -

LAP DISSOLVE

INT. CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS' LIVING ROOM -
ROBBY'S HAND LIGHTING THE DOC'S CIGAR

21

by simply touching his fingertip to it. PULL
BACK into GROUP SHOT -- THE TABLE, set in the
dining area. A large, beautiful room, with a
big window overlooking the terrace, with the
lovely gardens dropping away below. Lunch is
just over.

Doc (puffing, content)
Finest cigar I've ever smoked.

Farman
And that lunch! -- whatever it was.

Morbius (quietly pleased)
Simply some of Robby's synthetics.

Adams
He's your cook too!?

Adams (in acknowledgment)
Commander Adams.
(presenting others)
Lt. Farman, my Executive. Lt. Ostrow, our Ship's
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Adams' jaw-muscles knot, but he controls it.

Adams
Sir, if we're not welcome, we're sorry, but we have
our orders.

Morbius (hastily)
But you must of course stay for lunch! And do for-
give the ill manners of an old recluse. Won't you
come in?

As they follow him indoors -

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS' LIVING ROOM -
GROUP SHOT - THE TABLE

21

in the dining area, where lunch is just over.

Farman
That lunch! --- whatever it was, was certainly good.

Morbius (quietly pleased)
Simply some of Robby's synthetics.

Adams
He's your cook too! ?

Morbius
Even manufactures the raw materials. Come around
here, Robby.

(to the men at table)
I'll show you how this works. One introduces a
sample of human food through this aperture.

(tapping Robby's metal abdomen)
Now down about in here there's a small, built-in
chemical laboratory where he analyzes it. Later
he's able to reproduce identical molecules in any
shape or quantity.

Morbius

Even manufactures the raw materials.

(demonstrating Robby)

One introduces a sample of human food through this aperture.

(tapping Robby's metal abdomen)

Now down about in here there's a small, built-in chemical laboratory where he analyzes it. Later he's able to reproduce identical molecules in any shape or quantity.

Adams

The housewife's dream!

Morbius (chuckling)

-- Plus absolute, selfless obedience.

(to Robby)

Activate the disposal unit.

Robby slides back a small panel in the wall, revealing a standing column of pale radiance, which seems to stir faintly. Morbius picks up one of the beautiful drinking glasses, and tosses it in, water and all -- it disappears soundlessly. They are impressed.

Doc (aside to Farman)

Household disintegrator beam!

Morbius (to Robby)

Put your arm in there.

As Robby moves to obey, the three officers gasp, grab the edge of the table.

Morbius (to Robby -- just in time)

Order cancelled.

(smiling at their relief)

Don't be misled by appearances, gentlemen. Robby is simply a tool - no feelings whatever.

(complacently leaning back)

Tremendously strong, of course -- he could quite easily topple this house off its foundations.

Doc (grave)

In the wrong hands, mightn't such a servant become a deadly weapon?

Morbius flashes a glance at him -- smiles.

Morbius

No, doctor, -- not even though I were "the mad scientist" of the tape-thrillers -- because, you see, there happens to be a built-in safety factor.

(amused that they seem dubious)

May I borrow that formidable-looking side-arm, Commander?

Morbius

Even manufactures the raw materials.
(demonstrating Robby)

One introduces a sample of human food through this
aperture.

(tapping Robby's metal abdomen)

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As Robby moves to obey, the three officers
gasp, grab the edge of the table.

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time)

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(smiling at their relief)

Don't attribute feelings to him, gentlemen.
Robby is simply a tool.

(complacently leaning back)

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Adams silently hands his blaster over to Morbius, who passes it to Robby. The other two officers do not like this very much.

Morbius

Robby, point this thing at that althaea frutex out on the terrace.

(as Robby obeys)

Pull the trigger.

Adams silently hands his blaster over to Morbius, who passes it to Robby. The other two officers do not like this very much.

21
CONT'D
(3)

Morbius

Robby, point this thing at that althaea frutex out on the terrace.

(as Robby obeys)

Pull the trigger.

There is a roar and a streak of light, and the flowering bush has vanished, vaporized.

Morbius (to Robby)

You now understand the mechanism?

Robby

Yes, Morbius. A simple blaster.

Morbius

Very well. Point it at the Commander.

As Robby obeys, Farman and the Doc involuntarily reach for their own weapons, but Adams checks them with a slight gesture. He sits looking steadily into the barrel of his own blaster. Morbius plainly respects this.

Morbius

Aim right between the eyes, Robby.

(as Robby obeys)

Fire!

Nothing happens. Robby stands rigid. Faint pops begin coming from inside him, electric shortings squirm over his whole body, and all his dials and gauges are violently agitated.

Morbius (chuckling)

You see? He's helpless -- locked in a sub-electronic dilemma between my direct order and his basic inhibition against harming a rational being. If I allow it to go on, he'll blow every circuit in his body.

(to Robby)

Cancelled.

Morbius returns Adams' blaster. Robby goes about his duties. All relax slowly.

Doc (deeply impressed)

How did you come by such a mechanism?

Morbius

Come by it? I tinkered Robby together during my first months here.

There is a roar and a streak of light, and
the flowering bush has vanished, vaporized.

21
CONT'D
(3)
(3)

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Morbius

Come by it? I tinkered Robby together during my first months here.

Robby (o.s.)

Coffee is ready, Sir.

Farman (as all stare)

You built this - er - gentleman?

Morbius (shrugging)

A useful enough toy, but nowadays I've no time for such things.

Adams (frowning faintly)

But Dr. Morbius! You're a philologist -- an expert in words and languages, their origins,

Farman (as all stare)
 You built this - er - gentleman?

21
 CONT'D
 (4)

Morbius (shrugging)
 A useful enough toy, but nowadays I've no time for such things.

Adams (frowning faintly)
 But Dr. Morbius! You're a philologist -- an expert in words and languages, their origins, derivations, meanings --
 (leaning toward him)
 -- yet this robot of yours is beyond the combined resources of all Earth's physical science!

Morbius has become guarded, like a man conscious of having made some sort of slip.

Morbius
 Possibly you over-estimate both Robby and myself, Commander.
 (rising, dismissing subject)
 In any case, our coffee seems to be ready.

They follow him into the living-room, where Robby has arranged a coffee service on a table at the garden window. Unexpectedly Morbius stops at a wall switch.

Morbius (playfully)
 Here -- let me show you another bit of parlor magic --
 (throwing switch)

Presto!

Instantly, heavy steel shutters clang down across all the doors and windows, leaving the room in darkness. When Morbius switches the lights on, all three officers have their blasters out, prepared for anything.

Morbius (ironically amused)
 Oh please! Forgive me! I didn't mean to alarm you!
 (reversing switch so that the shutters roll up into their recesses again)
 I had Robby install these steel shutters before I'd realized how altogether safe I am here.

They sit down at the window-table, and when Robby has poured their coffee, he leaves. Morbius, under a surface good humor, is now blandly determined to speed his parting guests.

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(leaning toward him)
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CONT'D
(4)

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He reverses switch so that the shutters
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sit down at the coffee-table. Morbius,
under a surface good humor, is now blandly
determined to speed his parting guests.

Morbius

Well, gentlemen, this has been very pleasant. You've seen how comfortable I am here -- no hardships, no special difficulties, no need at all for any military assistance.... Now I dare say you're impatient to report back to Base.

21
CONT'D
(5)

He is about to rise in polite dismissal.

Adams

Yes, sir - the moment we've interviewed the other members of the Belerephon party.

Morbius stares in sober astonishment.

Morbius

Others!? But there are no others!
(nodding, as they react to the shock)
Before the first year was out, they had all -- every man and woman -- succumbed to a..... a sort of planetary force here.

(haggard and haunted)

A dark, terrible, incomprehensible force, Commander! Only my wife and I were immune.

For a moment, the three officers exchange quick, suspicious glances.

Adams (carefully quiet)

And how do you account for your immunity, Dr. Morbius?

Morbius (troubledly)

I wish I could answer without sounding too fanciful and unscientific. But as far as we were ever able to determine, my wife and I differed from the rest only in our special love for this new world -- in our boundless longing to make a home here, far from the strife and scurry of humankind.

He turns, stares out the window, and they all watch, still dubious and suspicious.

Morbius

I remember how when the vote was taken to return to Earth, she and I were utterly heart-broken.....

(suddenly loud, agitated)

How could we have foreseen the extinction of so many co-workers and friends!

During this, Farman has produced the Belerephon rolls, and been quietly running through them.

Farman (suddenly)

Skipper, there's no record of any wife in the Belerephon rolls.

Morbius (wearily impatient)
 Look under bio-chemistry, Lieutenant.
 (pointing out name on list)

21
 CONT'D
 (6)

Here -- Julia Marsin.
 (turning away again)
 She and I were married by the skipper during our
 voyage here -- I have the certificate.

Now the three officers are uncertain again.
 The Doc relaxes, glances around the room.

Doc (smiling)
 I thought Robby had managed some charming feminine
 touches!

(to Morbius)
 Mrs. Morbius isn't at home today?

Morbius stiffens. His lips tremble -- set.

Morbius
 My dear wife died some months after the others --
 although in her case it was of natural causes.

Doc (wretchedly)
 I'm so very sorry!

Adams (startlingly brutal)
 And what exactly were the symptoms of all those
 other deaths? -- the unnatural ones I mean!

Morbius (somber dignity)
 The symptoms were striking, Commander: One by one
 -- in spite of every safeguard -- my co-workers
 were torn literally limb from limb.

Adams (snapping)
By what!?

Morbius
 By some devilish thing that never once showed
 itself.

Adams
 -- And the Belerephen?

Morbius
 -- Vaporized as the last three survivors tried to
 take her off.

It hits them hard, but they are still
 uncertain how much of it to believe.

Adams (openly incredulous)
 Yet in all these nineteen years you personally
 have never again been troubled by this -- "planetary
 force"?

Morbius (deep-voiced)
Only in nightmares of those days.
(murmuring to himself)

Yet always in my mind I feel the creature is still lurking somewhere close at hand, sly and irresistible, and only waiting to be reinvoked for murder...

Suddenly he breaks off, his eyes fixed startledly on the inner doorway behind them.

Morbius

Altaira!

As they wheel about, PAN TO INCLUDE THE DOORWAY. A girl stands there. She is about nineteen years old, dressed in a filmy and revealing sort of playsuit, with incredible gouts of rubies about her neck and wrists, and on her hair and sandals.

Morbius (frowning)

Alta, I specifically asked you not to join us at lunch!

She is uneasily conscious of the men looking at her, yet there is still considerable spoiled charm in her manner.

Alta

But father, lunch is over!

(CROSSING, ingratiating)

I'm sure you never said a word about my not coming in for coffee!

(taking his arm, looking up at him)

-- Well, did you? Or did you?

The three officers grin indulgently as Morbius, after a struggle, gives in to his own paternal affection, and puts his arm around her.

Morbius (resigned)

Altaira, this is Commander Adams -- Dr. Ostrow -- Lt. Farman.

The men murmur, "How do you do," and the girl beams at each of them.

Alta

I've always so terribly wanted to meet a young man -- and now three of them at once!

Doc (amused)

Nothing kinder has been said to me in a generation.

Alta (earnestly)
 But Doctor! You're lovely.
 (beaming again)
 -- Of course the two end ones are simply un-
 believable!

21
 CONT'D
 (8)

Farman (smoothly moving in)
 Can this end one bring you some coffee?

Alta (rather surprised)
 But I'm quite able to get it, thank you!

She moves briskly away o.s. toward the
 coffee table. Farman follows as though on
 a leash. The others look after Alta --
 especially Adams.

Morbius (proudly apologetic)
 You gentlemen must make allowances. My daughter
 has never known any human being except her father.

Doc
 Hope you'll make allowances too, sir.
 (watching Adams sidelong)
 We "young men" have been shut away in hyperspace
 for over a year now, and the view from here looks
 exactly like Heaven.

TWO SHOT - AT COFFEE TABLE - FARMAN AND
 ALTA

22

The Lieutenant is doing his silky best to
 make an impression.

Farman
 Sugar?

Alta (laughing)
 But you keep helping me! After all you're not
 Robby!

Farman (meaningly)
 Wouldn't mind being Robby in some ways -- that's
 just in some ways of course!

Alta (studying him sharply)
 I can see that was probably very clever, but I
 didn't seem to understand it.

Farman (a happy wolf)
 Well, there's no rush.

GROUP SHOT - THE OTHERS

23

Watching Alta o.s.

Morbius (troubled)

I suppose one day I shall be obliged to make the trip to Earth with her -- for the sake of her natural development.

Doc (drily)

I should say fairly soon too.

As Adams gives him an indignant glance --

TWO SHOT - FARMAN AND ALTA

24

He is doing all right -- she is laughing.

Farman

Your father didn't seem too pleased at first about your meeting us.

Alta

Naturally not! -- after all you're from Earth.

Farman (blank)

So what's wrong with Earth?

She laughs knowingly, as though his question could not be serious.

Alta

How lucky I am though! -- all three of you are such really nice exceptions!

(as Farman is still blank)

Well, you are exceptions, aren't you?

Farman (suddenly catching on)

Oh, sure! Sure! -- That is, I am anyway -- good old harmless Jerry.

(with some reluctance)

Guess you can trust the Doc too -- during the daytime.

Alta (after a pause)

And what about the Commander?

Farman

I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Alta --

(lowering his voice)

-- but that man is notorious throughout seven planetary systems!

Alta
Oh dear -- and he's so utterly beautiful!
(a large-eyed whisper)
What does he do?

Farman (righteously clearing
his throat)
Naturally I'm not free to discuss the shortcomings
of a brother officer --
(lowering voice still more)
-- but any girl or woman that ever lets him get
her alone anywhere -- !

He lets it hang there. Alta is now staring
o.s. at Adams in total fascination.

Alta (a bit breathless)
Oh yes -- I can see it now!
(flinching slightly)
There! When he looked over here at me! Why, his
eyes almost had fire in them!
(absently squeezing Farman's hand)
I'm so glad there isn't any fire in your eyes,
Lieutenant.

Farman realizes he has doublecrossed himself.

Farman
Hey! I'm not as harmless as all that!

Morbius (calling o.s.)
Alta!

Alta (as CAMERA PANS INTO
FULL SHOT)
Yes, father?

Morbius (smiling faintly)
These gentlemen have expressed a very kindly concern
for the amount of liberty you have here.

Alta (astonished)
Liberty?

Morbius (nodding)
I've just explained that you have my permission to
visit Earth whenever you choose.

Alta (half amused, half
distressed)
Earth!? I?

Morbius
Then my girl never feels lonely or confined?

Alta (reflectively)
Lonely - I don't know - I've got you -- and Robby,
and -- and all my friends!

Alta (a large-eyed whisper)
Oh dear! What does he do?

24
CONT'D
(2)

Farman (righteously clearing
his throat)
Naturally I'm not free to discuss the shortcomings
of a brother officer--
(lowering voice still more)
-- but any girl or woman that ever lets him get
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Lonely - I don't know - I've got you-- and Robby,
and-- and all my friends!-

Friends? Adams (as all react strongly) 24
CONT'D
(3)

Morbius (faintly mocking)
Perhaps you'd better call them, dear.

Alta (jumping up)
All right!

Naively eager, she walks away quickly outdoors and o.s. As the others start to follow, Morbius checks them with a gesture. They all stand looking o.s. after Alta. Suddenly the Doc gives a muffled exclamation.

Doc
I felt something go right through my head!

Morbius (nodding o.s.)
Alta's whistle is above the pitch of human hearing -- I often feel it too.

EXT. HIGH ANGLE FULL SHOT - GARDEN - ALTA 25

silently blowing a little golden whistle which she wears around her neck on a chain. Then, as she stands with her face and arms upraised, a flock of doves whirls in about her, settling on her hands and shoulders. Laughing, she feeds them out of a basket.
TRUCK UP INTO MED. SHOT.

MED. SHOT - THE DOORWAY - THE FOUR MEN 26

charmed as they watch her o.s. Adams' expression is especially fatuous.

MED. SHOT - THE GARDEN - ALTA 27

All the doves scatter as two deer enter, to be petted and fed in their turn. Unexpectedly, the deer raise their heads, listen, and suddenly bound away o.s.

MED. SHOT - DOORWAY 28

Adams
What's up?

Morbius (pointing o.s.)
Look.

EXT. CLOSE SHOT - A CLUMP OF FLOWERING SHRUBS 29

After a moment, a tiger slouches out into the sunlight, striped and gorgeous.

MED. SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY 30

As the three officers grab their blasters.

Morbius (a quick warning)
No-- don't shoot! Watch.

MED. SHOT - THE GARDEN - ALTA AND THE TIGER 31

It is rubbing against her knees, and when she scratches it behind its jaw, it closes its eyes, and purrs harshly.

MED. SHOT - TERRACE DOORWAY 32

The three officers watching, open-mouthed.

Farman (relaxing)
Tame as a kitten.

Morbius (gravely)
Outside the range of my daughter's influence, it's still a deadly wild beast.

Adams (almost in awe)
How does she do it?

Morbius (smiling, shrugging)
How would you explain it, Doctor?

Doc (chuckling)
The medieval myth of the Unicorn.

Adams
I'm afraid myths aren't my line.

Doc (as all still watch o.s.)
The Unicorn was like a snow-white horse, with the legs of an antelope, and the tail of a lion, and a single straight horn which grew out of the center of its forehead. He was the wisest and most savage of all beasts, yet more than a beast -

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - GARDEN - ALTA
AND THE TIGER

33

Doc (continuing o.s.)
-- because with all his soul the Unicorn worshipped
purity. And when he met a maiden in the forest, he
would go gently to her, and kneel before her--

GROUP SHOT - DOORWAY - THE THREE MEN

34

Doc (continuing)
-- and she would sit down, and take his fierce head
in her lap, and lull him to sleep.

At this moment Adams' insignia buzzes.

Adams (as Morbius starts)
Just a routine checkup from the ship.
(answering)
Yes, Chief?

Quinn's Voice
Everything okay, Commander?

Adams
No problems.

Quinn's Voice
Would you mind activating the viewer, sir?

Adams draws the miniature scope out on its
cord, and swings it slowly around the room.

Adams
There you are, Chief-- we're under no restraint at
all.

Just as the little scope reaches the outer
doorway, Alta re-enters, stands there, smiling.
Quinn's low, appreciative wolf-whistle comes
over the instrument from thirty miles away.

Adams (hastily disconnecting)
Knock it off, Quinn!

During this, Morbius has studied the three
officers as they stand admiring Altaira.
But the moment they glance at him, he is
smiling again.

Morbius
Well, Commander, if I can be of any sort of help in
your preparations for your homeward voyage--

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - GARDEN - ALTA
AND THE TIGER

33

Doc (continuing o.s.)
-- because with all his soul the Unicorn worshipped
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at all.

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doorway, Alta re-enters, stands there, smiling.

INT. MED. SHOT - SPACE SHIP

34X1

Quinn at scope, Cook peering over his shoulder.
As the scope picks up Alta, Cook gives a low,
appreciative wolf whistle + ducks o.s., as
Quinn flinches in horrified consternation.

INT. MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM

34X2

Adams (severe)
Knock that off, Quinn!

He disconnects. Morbius has been thought-
fully studying the three officers as they
look Alta over. But the moment they glance
at him, he is smiling again.

34X2
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius

Well, Commander, if I can be of any sort of
help in your preparations for your homeward
voyage--

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - GARDEN - ALTA
AND THE TIGER

33

Doc (continuing o.s.)

-- because with all his soul the Unicorn worshipped
purity. And when he met a maiden in the forest, he
would go gently to her, and kneel before her---

GROUP SHOT - DOORWAY - THE THREE MEN

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Doc (continuing)

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fully studying the three officers as they
look Alta over. But the moment they glance
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Morbius

Well, Commander, if I can be of any sort of help
in your preparations for your homeward voyage--

Adams

Thank you, sir-- but unfortunately circumstances may be keeping us here for a while.

34
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius (startled)

Circumstances!?

Adams (nodding, quiet)

My orders don't quite seem to cover the Belerephon fatalities. Now I'm forced to contact Base for new instructions.

Morbius (rising resentment)

And suppose these new "instructions" require my return for questioning?-- two years and more away from my work here-- !

But then he checks his own outburst. He suddenly seems to have grown anxious. He takes Adams by the arm, and walks him out alone onto the terrace. TRUCK THEM IN TWO SHOT.

Morbius

Commander, exactly what is involved in your making contact with Earth-Base?

Adams (happily technical)

Fundamentally it's a question of crude power-- how to short-circuit the continuum on a five or six parsec level. Now a transmitter of that sort isn't exactly standard equipment. To build one, we'll have to cannibalize about two thirds of our electronic gear-- then unship the main drive to juice it.

(pondering)

Just to construct a bunker to house the core could take us ten days.

Morbius (stopping, appalled)

Disabled here for ten days and nights?!

(very urgent)

Would two-inch lead shielding do as well?

Adams (laughing)

Better-- if we happened to be carrying 100 square yards of the stuff.

Morbius

I'll have Robby run it off-- you'll get it not later than noon tomorrow.

Adams (poker-faced)

That's very obliging of you, sir.

Morbius (staring)

Obliging!?

Adams

Thank you, sir-- but unfortunately circumstances may be keeping us here for a while.

34
CONT'D
(3)

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34.
CONT'D
(23)

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later than noon tomorrow.

Adams (poker-faced)
That's very obliging of you, sir.

Morbius (staring)
Obliging!?

He swings Adams about by the arm, points down
o.s. over the balustrade.

34
CONT'D
(3)

HIGH ANGLE - LONG SHOT - LOWER TERRACE

35

A little cemetery of a dozen or so headstones,
deeply overgrown with grass and flowers. One
larger, whiter stone stands apart by itself.

Morbius (o.s.)

The Belerephon party, Commander.

MED. SHOT - UPPER TERRACE

36

Adams is looking thoughtfully at the cemetery.

Morbius (deadly serious)

I dug those graves myself nineteen years ago, and I
have, believe me, no wish to repeat the labor.

(remembering, haunted)

Those many men and women whom I had known and worked
among -- they lay about me, festering in the sun-- !

Adams has been studying him closely. But at
this moment, the jeep draws up at the entrance
steps in b.g., with Robby in front as before.

Adams (shaking hands)

Thanks for your courtesy and concern, sir.

TRUCK them back to the steps, where they
meet the others emerging from the house.

Farman

Good-by, Alta-- see you soon.....I hope.

(effusively shaking Morbius' hand)

And thank you, sir.

Doc (also shaking hands)

Very pleasant lunch, Dr. Morbius.

Morbius (unexpectedly wistful)

To tell the truth, Doctor, I sometimes still miss
the conversation of such men as yourself.

The Doc starts to speak, but then simply gives
a smile and a friendly nod. Adams has been
looking steadily at Alta. As their eyes meet,
he turns, and leads the way down to the jeep.
As Morbius stands looking after them, Alta
comes up and takes his arm. In b.g. the
officers get into the jeep, fasten their seat
belts.

He swings Adams about by the arm, points down
o.s. over the balustrade. 34X2
CONT'D
(4)

HIGH ANGLE - LONG SHOT - LOWER TERRACE 35

A little cemetery of a dozen or so headstones,
deeply overgrown with grass and flowers. One
larger, whiter stone stands apart by itself.

Morbius (o.s.)
The Belerephon party, Commander.

MED. SHOT - UPPER TERRACE 36

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Morbius (deadly serious)
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belts.

He swings Adams about by the arm, points down
o.s. over the balustrade.

34
CONT'D
(3)
OUT

34X1-34X2

HIGH ANGLE - LONG SHOT - LOWER TERRACE

35

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deeply overgrown with grass and flowers. One
larger, whiter stone stands apart by itself.

Morbius (o.s.)

The Belerephon party, Commander.

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he turns, and leads the way down to the jeep.
As Morbius stands looking after them, Alta
comes up and takes his arm. In b.g. the
officers get into the jeep, fasten their seat
belts.

Farman (cheerfully)
Stand by to accelerate!

36
CONT'D.
(2)

As they take off with a lurch in b.g., TRUCK UP into CLOSE SHOT MORBIUS thoughtfully looking after them. After a moment he glances down o.s. at his daughter. His expression darkens slowly. PAN TO INCLUDE Alta's face as she too looks after the departing jeep. Without knowing it, she is smiling faintly. Morbius gravely studies her face.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - LONG SHOT (MINIATURE) - SPACE SHIP 37

standing on the desert, the stars behind it, and two spectacular moons. The stairway is lighted, and two motionless sentries are on guard-- and another pair of figures moving slowly in b.g.

38 OUT

TRUCK TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND THE DOC 38X1

strolling as they have a quiet goodnight pipe together.

Doc (after some moments)
You know, Skipper, there are still two or three questions I'd like to have answered.

Adams (pondering, puffing)
Yes-- that tiger of hers.

Doc looks startled for a moment, then hides a grin by pretending to relight his pipe.

Doc
Personally I still favor the medieval explanation.

Adams (faintly suspicious)
You mean it?

Doc (nodding)
Most old superstitions have their roots in real science.

Adams (dubious)
Of course-- alchemy, the transmutation of metals - that's elementary atomics nowadays.

Doc
And nowadays any schoolboy knows that the brain sends out electric impulses-- and the brain itself is monitored by the glandular system.

Adams (vividly interested)
 -- So you take an exceptionally fine human brain
 in a totally unawakened female body-- !

38X1
 CONT'D
 (2)

Doc

Sure!-- isn't it just conceivable that its quantron
 waves could set up some special and soothing
 resonance in the reflex patterns of a wild animal?

Adams (puffing, musing)

It will be quite a pity, won't it, when the time
 comes she has to lose a gift like that!

Doc (grave-- and moved)

Guess it will.

(glancing over)

But every now and then even a very fine thing can
 be replaced by.....something still finer.

Adams (stopping)

For instance?

Doc (reticent)

Love.

Adams stands thinking about it, his expression
 unprecedentedly gentle.

Adams (knocking his pipe out)

You're quite a heart specialist, Doc.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DAY - MED. SHOT - SPACE SHIP

39

The ponderous core is being removed, and
 dragged beyond the ship by the tractor.

Bosun (through diaphragm)

Easy with that core! Our M.G. coils aren't going
 to take us home with the unit out!

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Adams. Simultaneously
 the cook CROSSES diagonally through b.g.

Adams

Out of there, Cookie! Want to get run over!?

Cook (tremendously military)

Aye aye, sir, Commander! Sorry sir!

As he scuttles o.s., looking somehow furtive,
 Robby enters from o.s., carrying a huge stack
 of metal slabs which he balances one-handed
 like a waiter.

Adams (vividly interested)
 -- So you take an exceptionally fine human brain
 in a totally unawakened female body-- !

38X1
 CONT'D
 (2)

Doc

Sure!-- isn't it just conceivable that its quantron
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You're quite a heart specialist, Doc.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DAY - MED. SHOT - SPACE SHIP

39

The ponderous core is being removed, and
 dragged beyond the ship by the tractor,
 using the heavy magnet.

Bosun

Easy with that core! Our M.G. coils aren't going
 to take us home with the unit out!

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Adams, supervising.
 Still nearer the core, the Cook stands, also
 watching curiously, absently scouring a
 burned pot with a big wad of steel wool. As
 tractor completes operation, backs away--

Adams

Out of there, Cookie! Want to get run over!?

The Cook stuffs the steel wool into his hip
 pocket, and salutes convulsively.

Cook

Aye aye, sir, Commander! Sorry sir!

Forbidden Planet
Chgs - Already Shot

5-9-55

P.30

Adams (vividly interested)
-- So you take an exceptionally fine human brain
in a totally unawakened female body -- !

38X1
CONT'D
(2)

Doc

Sure!-- isn't it just conceivable that it's quantron
waves could set up some special and soothing
resonance in the reflex patterns of a wild animal?

Adams (puffing, musing)

It will be quite a pity, won't it, when the time
comes she has to lose a gift like that!

Doc (grave-- and moved)

Guess it will.

(glancing over)

But every now and then even a very fine thing can
be replaced by.....something still finer.

Adams (stopping)

For instance?

Doc (reticent)

Love.

Adams stands thinking about it, his expres-
sion unprecedentedly gentle.

Adams (knocking his pipe out)

You're quite a heart specialist, Doc.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DAY - MED. SHOT - SPACE SHIP

39

The ponderous core is being removed, and
dragged beyond the ship by the tractor, using
the heavy magnet. The Cook is standing around
watching curiously, and absently scouring a
burned pot with a large pad of steel wool.

Adams

All right, Cookie, out o' here.

Cook (backs away)

Oh yes, sir. Yes, yes, sir.

Bosun

Easy with that core! Our M.G. coils aren't going
to take us home with the unit out!

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Adams, supervising. As
tractor completes operation and backs away to
UNCOVER ROBBY, just as he enters from b.g.
carrying a huge stack of metal slabs which he
balances one-handed like a waiter.

As he starts to scuttle away o.s., Adams, with a faint twinkle, tips the wink to the tractor operator, who at once magnetically picks the Cook up by his loaded hip pocket, and swings him away, dangling, o.s. This same action UNCOVERS ROBBY just as he ENTIERS from o.s., carrying a huge stack of metal slabs which he balances one-handed like a waiter.

39
CONT'D
(1)

Robby
Where do you wish the shielding stacked, sir?

39
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Right by the core there, Thank you.

The Doc has been staring at Robby's load.

Doc
Wait a minute! That's solid lead he holding.

Robby (a bit smug)
Common lead would have crushed the jeep, sir. This
is my morning's run of Isotope 217 ---
(moving on o.s.)
the whole thing hardly comes to 10 tons.

On the point of speaking, the Doc notices that
Adams' eyes are fixed o.s. THE JEEP IS PARKED
IN B.G. Alta seated on SC. Farman hurries
toward her. Adams looks over, seeing this.
Doc notices the look, smiles, saunters out.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

40

Farman
Alta! Does your father know you're out here?

Alta (mischievous)
He did tell me not to go near the ship.. but of
course this isn't very near.

MEDIUM SHOT - WORK AREA

40X1

Adams is directing the crew. Cook again is in
the way. Adams comes between tractor and crew
pushing core on rails, pushes Cook out of way.

Adams
All right, Cookie. Out of the way.

Cook stuffs steel wool into hip pocket and
salutes.

Cook
Yes, sir.

As he starts to scuttle away, he turns back
to Adams. Adams with a faint twinkle, tips
a wink to the tractor operator, who at once
picks the cook up magnetically by his loaded
hip pocket and swings him away dangling.

Robby
Where do you wish the shielding stacked, sir?

39
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Right by the core there. Thank you.

The Doc has been staring at Robby's load.

Doc
Wait a minute! That's solid lead he's holding.

Robby (a bit smug)
Common lead would have crushed the jeep, sir.
This is my morning's run of isotope 217--
(moving o.s.)
-- the whole thing hardly comes to thirty tons.

On the point of speaking, the Doc notices that Adams' eyes are fixed o.s. PAN INTO LONG SHOT THE JEEP parked in b.g. Alta is rather hesitantly getting out as Farman hurries toward her.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE JEEP

40

Farman
Alta! Does your father know you're here?

Alta (mischievous)
He did tell me not to go near the ship-- but of course this isn't very near.

MEDIUM SHOT - ADAMS AND DOC

41

Adams is openly glowering. In b.g. Farman has Alta by the arm, and is firmly leading her off toward the sand dunes. The Doc represses a grin, and prudently withdraws. Just as Adams starts after Farman and Alta, Quinn enters.

Quinn
Excuse me, Commander--

Adams (reluctantly stopping)
What is it, Chief?

Quinn (nodding o.s.)
Sir, if you'd like to check my first assembly for the monitoring unit of the klystron transmitter--

MEDIUM SHOT - ADAMS AND DOC

41

In b.g. Farman has Alta by the arm, and is firmly leading her off toward the sand dunes. Doc represses a grin. Just as Adams starts after Farman and Alta, Quinn enters.

Quinn

Excuse me, Commander ---

Adams (reluctantly stopping)

What is it, Chief?

Quinn (nodding o.s.)

Sir, if you'd like to check my first assembly for the monitoring unit of the klystron transmitter ---

Adams (eyes on Alta in b.g.)
 Already? That's excellent.

41
 CONT'D
 (2)

PAN him reluctantly after Quinn in the opposite direction. They begin to pass a considerable assortment of electronic equipment, which a small crew is lining up in b.g.

Adams (wincing slightly)
 Aren't those condensers out of my accelerator circuits?

Quinn (proud)
 Yes, sir. And I borrowed these solenoids from your gyro-stabilizers.

They finally stop before a small but impressive assembly of tubes etc., fastened to an aluminum chassis.

Quinn (beaming)
 Here's the big deal, sir. I bet any quantum mechanic in the service would give the rest of his life for the chance to fool around with this gadget!

Adams (a bit glum)
 Better bring it into the ship by dark. Wouldn't do for some fool to fall into it before we transmit tomorrow.

As Quinn shudders at the mere thought--

LAP DISSOLVE:

42-44
 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - THE COOK

45

lurking behind a clump of scrub growth on the sand dunes.

Cook (cautiously beckoning)
 Pssst! Over here! Just a second-- Will you?

PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT as Robby enters.

Robby (halting)
 Can I be of service, sir?

The cook hastily draws him in out of sight.

Cook (patronizing the "native")
 Never mind the "sir", Mister. But I'm a stranger on this so-called planet.

(lowering his voice)
 I was just wonderin' if you could tip me off to where a guy can get hold of some of the real stuff.

Robby
Real stuff?

45
CONT'D
(2)

Cook (righteous)
Strickly for cookin' purposes, y'understand--I
take a big pride in my dooties.

Robby
Pardon me, sir--stuff?

Cook (producing a small flask)
Oh. Here--just about one jolt left-- genuine Kansas
City bourbon!

Robby takes the flask, removes the top-- and
tilts the whiskey into himself.

Cook (pop-eyed)
Why, you low-livin' contraption! I ought to take a
can-opener to you !

Robby (severely)
Quiet please. I am analyzing.
(a loud, chemical burp)
Hm. Relatively simple alcohol molecules, with traces
of fusel oil.
(to cook)
Would sixty gallons be sufficient?

Cook (dazed with glory)
Gallons!?
(sudden deep emotion)
Mister, I've been from here to there in this galaxy,
and I want to say you're the most understandin' soul
I ever met up with!
(extending his hand)
Press flesh!

He is disconcerted to find himself grasping
cold metal.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - A DENSE CLUMP OF PALM TREES
overhanging a little gulley.

46

Alta's Voice (clear and
reasonable)
But why should people want to kiss each other?

TRUCK in through trees, to REVEAL Farman and
Alta facing each other.

Farman (a bit breathless)
Just an old custom! All really high civilizations
go in for it.

Robby
Real stuff?

45
CONT'D
(2)

Cook (righteous)
Strickly for cookin' purposes, y'understand--I
take a big pride in my dooties.

Robby
Pardon me, sir--stuff?

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Gallons!?
(sudden deep emotion)
Mister, I've been from here to there in this galaxy,
and I want to say you're the most understandin' soul
I ever met up with!

(extending his hand)
Press flesh!

He is disconcerted to find himself grasping
cold metal.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - A DENSE CLUMP OF PALM TREES
overhanging a little gully.

46

Alta's Voice (clear and
reasonable)
But why should people want to kiss each other?

TRUCK in through trees, to REVEAL Farman and
Alta facing each other.

Farman (a bit breathless)
Just an old custom! All really high civilizations
go in for it.

Robby
Real stuff?

45
CONT'D
(2)

Cook (righteous)
Strickly for cookin' purposes, y'understand-- I
take a big pride in my dooties.

Robby
Pardon me, sir-- stuff?

Cook (producing a small flask)
Oh. Here-- just about one jolt left-- genuine
Ancient Rocket bourbon!

Robby takes the flask, removes the top-- and
tilts the whiskey into himself.

Cook (pop-eyed)
Why, you low-livin' contraption! I ought to take
a can-opener to you!

Robby (severely)
Quiet please. I am analyzing.
(a loud, chemical burp)
Hm. Relatively simple alcohol molecules, with
traces of fusel oil.

(to Cook)
Would sixty gallons be sufficient?

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Gallons!?

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Mister, I've been from here to there in this galaxy,
and I want to say you're the most understandin'
soul I ever met up with!
(extending his hand)

Press flesh!

He is disconcerted to find himself grasping
cold metal.

DISSOLVE:

FULL SHOT - A DENSE CLUMP OF PALM TREES

46

overhanging a little gulley.

Alta's Voice (clear and
reasonable)
But why should people want to kiss each other?

TRUCK IN through trees, to REVEAL Farman
and Alta facing each other.

Farman (a bit breathless)
Just an old custom! All really high civilizations
go in for it.

Alta
But it's silly!

46
CONT'D
(2)

Farman
Good for a person though-- stimulates the whole system. Nobody can be in tip-top health without.

Alta (impressed)
Really? I didn't know that!

Farman (clearing his throat)
I-- I'd be happy to show you--

Alta
Well, thank you very much, Lieutenant.

Farman
Please don't mention it.

He kisses her firmly. When it is over, Alta stands looking up at him blankly.

Alta
Is that all there is to it?

Farman (kissing her again)
You have to sort of stick with it.
(leaning back to observe the effect)
Hm?

Alta (still dubious)
Just one more-- do you mind?

Farman (hoarsely)
Not at all.

He kisses her again -- very firmly indeed.

Alta (beginning to worry)
Well, Lieutenant, there must be something serious the matter with me, because honestly I haven't noticed the least bit of stimu--

Farman's jaw has set. Rather grimly he tosses his hat down on the sand.

Farman (taking her in his arms)
Let's do this right, honey.

He gives her a long, earnest, and expert kiss. At the end of it there is still no reaction.

Farman (plaintive)
Look! Am I getting the same treatment you gave that dumb unicorn?

Suddenly Alta starts slightly, with her eyes fixed o.s. PAN TO INCLUDE Adams, standing two or three yards away, with his hands clasped behind him, his chin down, and a hint of blood in his eye.

46
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (with great quiet)
Lieutenant Farman.

Farman (resigned)
Don't bother telling me, Commander!-- I know:
(resuming his hat)
All sorts of pressing duties are waiting for me
back at the ship.
(buttoning up blouse)
And besides, rank hath its little privileges-- hm?
(coming to attention-- a big salute)
-- sir!

Adams' eyes twinkle faintly-- grow grave.

Adams (returning salute)
And depend on it, Lieutenant!-- none of those privileges are going to be stretched into taking your kind of advantages..... Dismissed!

Farman about faces, and Adams and Alta watch him march o.s. toward the ship.

Alta (a bit ruffled)
What's the matter with him? What did he leave for? What did you both act so funny about!?

Adams (exploding)
What did you expect!?

But at once he controls himself, puts on what he hopes is a fatherly air.

Adams
Don't you understand, Alta?-- look at yourself!
(examining her costume in bug-eyed detail)
You can't walk around like that in front of a drooling space-wolf like Farman! For Pete's sake, girl, get home, and put on something decent!

Alta is stunned for a moment. She looks down incredulously at her own loveliness-- and is simply furious.

Alta
What's the matter with my clothes! I designed them myself! And stop looking at me like that--I don't think I like it!

Adams (cynically)
Ha.

46
CONT'D
(4)

Alta
What do you mean by "ha"?
(placating)

After all, Commander, the Lieutenant and I were simply trying to get a little healthy stimulation from hugging and kissing each other.

Adams stiffens, closes his eyes for a moment. Then he clasps his hands behind him, and begins pacing up and down before her, burning-eyed. Now instinctively Alta begins clutching at herself wherever his eyes tend to light.

Adams
That all? So easy for you, isn't it! No emotions--no feelings--nothing really human would ever even enter your mind. But I happen to be--
(stopping so close that she flinches)
-- in command of a bunch of eighteen competitively selected, super-perfect physical specimens, with an average age of 26.4, that have been locked up in hyper-space for three hundred and seventy-eight days! Why it would serve you right if I--
(breaking off with a rasp)

Go on-- take off before I run you out of the area under guard. --And then I'll put some more guards on the guards!

Alta stamps furiously with both feet, bursts into tears, and runs sobbing o.s. Adams stands scowling sulkily after her. He now hates himself.

DISSOLVE:

INT. NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS LIVING ROOM

47

Morbius sits in the arm chair, very much the bewildered father, as his daughter paces up and down in a becoming temper.

Alta
I hate him! I just hate him! The way he kept looking at me! He -- he shouted!

Morbius
What about?

Alta
I -- I don't know really -- It was awful. I was only trying to be polite about kissing the Lieutenant.

Ha. Adams (cynically)

46
CONT'D
(4)

Alta
What do you mean by "ha"?
(placating)

After all, Commander, the Lieutenant and I were simply trying to get a little healthy stimulation from hugging and kissing each other.

Adams stiffens, closes his eyes for a moment. Then he clasps his hands behind him, and begins pacing up and down before her, burning-eyed. Now instinctively Alta begins clutching at herself wherever his eyes tend to light.

Adams
That all? So easy for you, isn't it! No emotions-- no feelings-- nothing really human would ever even enter your mind. But I happen to be--

(stopping so close that she flinches)
-- in command of a bunch of eighteen competitively selected, super-perfect physical specimens, with an average age of 26.4, that have been locked up in hyper-space for three hundred and seventy-eight days! Why it would serve you right if I--
(breaking off with a rasp)

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DISSOLVE:

INT. NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS LIVING ROOM 47

Morbius sits in the arm chair, very much the bewildered father, as his daughter paces up and down in a becoming temper.

Alta
I don't like him. Oh, I just don't! They way he kept looking at me! He-- he shouted!

Morbius
What about?

Alta
I-- I don't know really-- It was awful. I was only trying to be polite about kissing the Lieutenant.

Morbius (sitting up)
Oh? How did the Commander react?

47
CONT'D
(2)

Alta
Well, he was simply furious. He seemed to think that all that about biology had something to do with me! -- personally I mean! I've never been so nervous in my life!

(nervous explosion)
And I never want to see him again if I live to be four hundred million!

Morbius (secretly relieved)
I dare say you won't need to.
(rising)
Best thing you can do is go to bed.
(kissing her forehead)
I still have a little work in my study. Good night, my dear.

Alta
Good night, Father.

Morbius CROSSES to his study door, and opens it. There is a glimpse inside of unpretentious bookshelves, filing cabinets, etc. No windows, and no other door. As he enters, Alta crosses, and waves violently at an electric eye. After several moments Robby comes quietly in.

Alta
Where have you been!? I've beamed and beamed!

Robby
Sorry, Miss. I was filling a prescription for 60 gallons of Kansas City bourbon. And what is it you require this time, Miss Altaira?

Alta
Robby, I've got to have a new dress right away!

Robby
Again?

Alta
But this one must be different -- absolutely nothing must show above, below, or through.

Robby
Radiation-proof?

Alta
Just eye-proof will do.

Robby
Thick and heavy.

Morbius (sitting up)
Oh? How did the Commander react?

47
CONT'D
(2)

Alta
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Alta
Where have you been!? I've beamed and beamed!

Robby
Sorry, Miss. I was giving myself an oil job. -- And what is it you require this time, Miss Altaira?

Alta
Robby, I've got to have a new dress right away!

Robby
Again?

Alta
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Robby
Thick and heavy.

Morbius (sitting up)
Oh? How did the Commander react?

47
CONT'D
(2)

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(nervous explosion)
And I never want to see him again if I live to be four hundred million!

Morbius (secretly relieved)
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(rising)
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(kissing her forehead)
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Robby
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Alta
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Robby
Again?

Alta
But this one has to be different -- absolutely nothing must show above, below, or through.

Robby
Radiation-proof?

Alta
Just eye-proof will do.

Robby
Thick and heavy.

Alta

Oh no no! It has to be the loveliest, softest thing you've ever made me!

(illustrating excitedly)

I want it to hang just so to about here, and fit perfectly in all the right places--

(happily)

-- with lots and lots of star-sapphires!

Robby

Star-sapphires take a week to crystalize properly. Would diamonds and emeralds do?

Alta (martyred tones)

Well, if they're large enough.

Robby

Five, ten, and fifteen carats - and on hand. I'll run the dress up for you in time for breakfast.

He patiently endures Alta's impulsive hug.

Robby (leaving)

Sleep well, Miss.

Alta (calling after him)

Thanks! -- but I don't really care now whether I do or not!

TRUCK IN as she CROSSES to the open terrace doorway, stands smiling, looking out across the desert, the breeze gently stirring her hair and clothing.

LAP DISSOLVE:

48 OUT

EXT. FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - THE SPACE SHIP

49

Recognition lights on. In b.g. sky, the two moons shine in different relationship. Two sentries flank the foot of the flood-lighted stair. On one side, the core is now enclosed with the lead shielding. Presently (not exactly o.s.) there is a SOUND OF MEASURED BREATHING, quiet, and deep, and massive. As CAMERA unhurriedly TRUCKS IN, the breathing accompanies it, almost as though the CAMERA were the Breather itself. As ADVANCING CAMERA nears the sentries to a strange, thematic musical accompaniment -

Crewman Strong (quietly)

Funny to see two moons in the sky.

Crewman Grey

Funnier how quick a guy gets used to it.

47
CONT'D.
(3)

Yeah. Crewman Strong
 Crewman Grey has begun turning his head slowly from side to side as CAMERA approaches.

49
 CONT'D
 (2)

Joe. Crewman Grey

Yeah? Crewman Strong

Do you hear something? Crewman Grey

Like what? Crewman Strong

Crewman Grey (puzzledly, as CAMERA and breathing PASS BETWEEN them)
 Like a sort of big - breathing.

No. Crewman Strong

Crewman Grey (o.s. as CAMERA LEAVES them behind)
 Funny. I did.

CAMERA and breathing TRUCK FORWARD up the stair, which rings and vibrates slightly as though under some great weight. As the breathing ENTERS the ship --

INT. CLOSE SHOT - MAIN DECK

50

It also rings and vibrates softly. The baggage hatch opens, and softly latches itself back. Then the hoist arm above is pushed aside with a faint creak. As CAMERA PANS with the breathing past the silent sleepers in their bunks -

Crewman Youngerford
 (foggy, sitting up)
Who's there!?

No answer. As he falls back, grunts, and at once sleeps again --

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MAIN DECK
COMMUNICATIONS AREA - THE NEW MONITOR

completely smashed, as though great hooks have been dragged through it. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Quinn, staring gloomily at the wreckage. PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT -- Adams and the Doc, now wearing tropical shorts, are seated at the chart table. The two guards of last night stand rigidly facing them. Youngerford is now with them.

Adams (grimly to guards)

Strong and Grey: During your watch this ship was entered, the heavy-duty hatch was raised and latched back, and valuable government property was sabotaged. You two men claim to have been at your posts, and awake. Neither of you saw anything, but you, Grey --

(sarcastic)

-- heard "breathing".

(to third crewman)

Now you, Youngerford -- let's see: You were in your hammock, but --

(very caustic)

-- you "think you had a dream".

(dropping his head between his hands)

A dream!

The men wait, almost breathless. Suddenly Adams looks up, steely.

Adams

Pending further evidence, you are deprived of space pay, and all privileges.

Crewman Youngerford (quavering)

Me too, sir?

Adams (savage)

"Me-Too-Sir" will stand twenty extra watches. I'll have less dreaming aboard this ship!

(rasping)

Dismissed!

As the crewmen salute, about-face -- and disappear o.s. -

Adams (snapping)

Well, Quinn?

INT. DAY - MAIN DECK - GROUP SHOT AT TABLE

50X1

Adams and the Doc, now wearing tropical outfits, are seated at the table. The two guards of the night before stand rigidly facing them. Youngerford is now with them.

INT. DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MAIN DECK COMMUNICATIONS AREA - THE NEW MONITOR 51

completely smashed as though great hooks have been dragged through it. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE Quinn staring gloomily at the wreckage. PULL BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT -- Adams and the Doc now wearing tropical outfits, are seated at the chart table. The two guards of last night stand rigidly facing them. Youngerford is now with them.

Adams (grimly to guards)

Strong and Grey: During your watch last night this ship was entered, and valuable Government property was sabotaged. You two men claim to have been at your posts, and awake. Yet the ship was entered, the heavy duty hatch was raised and latched back, and neither of you saw or heard anything, but you, Grey ---

(sarcastic)

--- heard "breathing".

(to Youngerford)

Now, you, Youngerford -- let's see: You were in your bunk, but ---

(very caustic)

--- you "think you had a dream".

(an exasperating sigh)

A dream!

The men wait, breathlessly. Suddenly Adams reaches a decision, steely.

Adams

Pending further evidence, you are deprived of space pay, and all privileges.

Crewman Youngerford (quavering)

Me too, Sir?

Adams (savage)

"Me-Too-Sir" will stand twenty extra watches. I'll have less dreaming aboard this ship!

(rasping)

Dismissed!

As the crewmen salute, about-face --- and disappear o.s.

Adams (snapping)

Well, Quinn?

Quinn (pondering monitor)
 Sir, about half of this gear we're able to replace
 out of stores. The rest can be patched up one
 way or another --

(holding out a shattered tube)
 -- except the special Klystron frequency modulator.
 (taking a big breath)

Now with every facility in the ship, I think I may
 be able to rebuild it -- but frankly the book says
 no. It came packed in liquid boron in a suspended
 gray field. It --

Adams
 So it's impossible. How long will it take?

Quinn (brightening)
 Well, if I don't stop for breakfast -- !

Adams (rising)
 Get on it.

Quinn (beaming)
 Thank you, sir.

Adams nods to the Doc, and they start down
 the hatch.

52 OUT

EXT. MED. SHOT - THE COMMAND TRACTOR

52X1

The bosun completes fueling it as Adams and
 Doc enter from ship.

Bosun
 Ready and fueled, sir.

As they get in, Farman enters hurriedly.

Farman
 Half a minute, while I change to a clean uniform.

Adams (stiff)
 Better stay in fatigues. I'm leaving you in
 command here.

Farman (significantly)
 I see.

Adams
 Establish a standard perimeter, and set up a
 Class A alert -- and I want them in force before
 sundown.

Farman (saluting)
 Aye aye, sir!

Quinn (pondering monitor)
Sir, about half of this gear we're able to replace
out of stores. The rest can be patched up one way
or another--

51
CONT'D
(2)

(holding out a shattered tube)
-- except the special Klystron frequency modulator.
(taking a big breath)

Now with every facility in the ship, I think I may
be able to rebuild it-- but frankly the book says
no. It came packed in liquid boron in a suspended
gray field. It--

Adams
So it's impossible. How long will it take?

Quinn (brightening)
Well, if I don't stop for breakfast-- !

Adams (rising)
Get on it.

Quinn (beaming)
Thank you, sir.

Adams nods to the Doc, and they start down
the hatch.

52 OUT

EXT. MED. SHOT - THE COMMAND TRACTOR

52X1

The bosun completes fueling it as Adams and
Doc enter from ship.

Bosun
Ready and fueled, sir.

As they get in, Farman enters hurriedly.

Farman
Half a minute, while I change to a clean uniform.

Adams (stiff)
Better stay as you are. I'm leaving you in com-
mand here.

Farman (significantly)
I see.

Adams
Establish a standard perimeter, and set up a
Class A alert-- and I want them in force before
sundown.

Farman (saluting)
Aye aye, sir!

Quinn (pondering monitor)
Sir, about half of this gear we're able to replace
out of stores. The rest can be patched up one way
or another--

51
CONT 'D
(2)

(holding out a shattered tube)
-- except the special Klystron frequency modulator.
(taking a big breath)
Now with every facility in the ship, I think I may
be able to rebuild it-- but frankly the book says
no. It came packed in liquid boron in a suspended
grav field. It--

Adams
So it's impossible. How long will it take?

Quinn (brightening)
Well, if I don't stop for breakfast-- !

Adams (rising)
Get on it.

Quinn (beaming)
Thank you, sir.

Adams nods to the Doc, and they start down
the hatch.

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Doc enter from ship.

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mand here.

Farman (significantly)
I see.

Adams
Establish a standard perimeter, and set up a
Class A alert-- and I want them in force before
sundown.

Farman (saluting)
Aye Aye, Sir!

Adams snaps it right back at him, nods to the
Doc. As the tractor drives off --

52X1
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE:

53 OUT

INT. FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM - ROBBY

54

Standing on a floor-polishing attachment. As he moves solemnly up and down in a sort of jiggling waltz, his antenna begins to scan urgently. After a moment Robby switches off the polisher, and puts it away in a closet. TRUCK him out to the front door -- which he opens just as Adams is about to knock. Both officers start slightly.

Robby (admitting them)
Good morning, gentlemen.

Adams (entering)
We'd like to see Dr. Morbius.

TRUCK them into the living room.

Adams snaps it right back at him, nods to
the Doc. As the tractor drives off --

52X1
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE:

53 OUT

INT. FULL SHOT - LIVING ROOM - ROBBY

54

Standing on a floor-polishing attachment.
As he moves solemnly up and down in a sort
of jigging waltz, his antenna begins to scan
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TRUCK him out to the front door -- which he
opens just as Adams is about to knock. Both
officers start slightly.

Robby (admitting them)
Good morning, gentlemen.

Adams (entering)
We'd like to see Dr. Morbius.

TRUCK them into the living room.

Robby
Morbius is in his study, sir -- never to be
disturbed while that door is closed.

Adams (sitting down)
We'll wait.
(glancing at study door)
Is there any other way out of there?

Robby
This is the only door.
(setting an electric eye on table)
In case you require anything, gentlemen.

As he exits o.s. on well-oiled joints --

Doc (looking after him)
How could he have slipped by two sentries!

Adams (starting slightly)
Huh?

The Doc sees that Adams is preoccupied with
trying to see out the garden window.

Doc (grinning slyly)
Nothing important, Skipper.

Adams crosses and uncrosses his legs
several times -- rises determinedly.

Adams snaps it right back at him, nods to the
Doc. As the tractor drives off--

DISSOLVE:

52X1
CONT'D
(2)

53 OUT

INT. FULL SHOT - LIVING-ROOM - ROBBY

54

watering the indoor planting with his spray attachment. After several moments, a wicked little monkey peers in around the corner of the terrace door behind Robby's back. Then, seemingly unbeknown to Robby, it enters with infinite stealth, CROSSES to the center table, and climbs up with the object of burglarizing an attractively arranged bowl of tropical fruit. But just as its greedy little hand grasps the luscious prize, a sudden beam shoots clear across the room from the back of Robby's preoccupied dome, touching up the monkey with a loud, wasp-like buzz. Then, as the monkey takes flight, Robby stands scanning. As he turns off the spray, TRUCK him out to the front door-- which he opens just as Adams is about to knock. Both officers start slightly.

Robby (admitting them)

Good morning, gentlemen.

Adams (entering)

We'd like to see Dr. Morbius.

TRUCK them into the living-room.

Robby

Morbius is in his study, sir-- never to be disturbed while that door is closed.

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We'll wait.

(glancing at study door)

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How could he have slipped by two sentries!

Adams (starting slightly)

Huh?

The Doc sees that Adams is preoccupied with trying to see out the garden window.

54
CONT'D
(1)

Doc (grinning slyly)
Nothing important, Skipper.

Adams crosses and uncrosses his legs several times-- rises determinedly.

Adams
You stay right there where you are, and watch
that door.

54
CONT'D
(2)

Doc (secretly amused)
Okay, Skipper. When Morbius comes out, we'll
call you -- from right here.

TRUCK Adams eagerly but tensely out onto
the terrace. After a moment, he stops
suddenly, eyes fixed o. s.

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - A NATURAL
SWIMMING POOL

55

Alta's capped head and bare shoulders
visible as she swims. TRUCK FORWARD INTO
MEDIUM SHOT. Presently Adams ENTERS, stands
on the bank.

Adams (hailing)
Good morning!

Alta looks up, startled but not displeased.

Adams (resolutely pleasant)
That looks cool! I'll have a dip myself -- if
you don't mind.

Alta (starting to smile)
Come on -- at least you can't criticise my costume
this morning!

Adams has already shucked his shirt, kicked
off his shoes, and now stands only in his
tropical shorts.

Adams
Sorry the way I spoke yesterday. I --

Still speaking, he dives in.

MED. SHOT - WATER - ALTA

56

As Adams fetches up beside her, tossing the
hair out of his eyes. Both laugh.

Adams
This is really nice!
(then more solemn)
Gosh, you look wonderful.

Adams
You stay right there where you are, and watch that door.

54
CONT'D
(2)

Doc (secretly amused)
O. K., Skipper. When Morbius comes out, we'll call you-- from right here.

TRUCK Adams eagerly but tensely out onto the terrace. Suddenly he stops, eyes fixed o.s.

REV. ANG. - FULL SHOT - A NATURAL SWIMMING POOL 55

Alta's capped head, and shining shoulders visible as she swims. TRUCK FORWARD INTO MED. SHOT. Adams enters from o.s., stands on the bank.

Adams (hailing)
Good morning!

Alta looks up, startled, but not displeased.

Alta
Good morning!
(after a pause)
Won't you come in?

Adams
Didn't bring my bathing suit.

Alta
What's a bathing suit?

Adams (softly to himself)
Oh murder!

Alta (swimming TOWARD CAMERA)
Never mind-- I'm getting out.

CLOSE SHOT - ADAMS 56

staring o.s. in fascinated panic.

Adams
No no, Alta-- you can't! You musn't! You--
(as his jaw drops)
.....oh.

PAN TO INCLUDE ALTA, as she climbs out of the pool. She is wet, and attractive, but entirely decent in one of her ordinary short tunics. Still Adams stares.

But just as Alta starts to look pleased, he stops in mid-phrase, with his mouth open, staring down at her under-water portions in utter horror and incredulity.

56
CONT'D
(2)

Adams

Alta! Where's your bathing suit!?

Alta (recoiling nervously)

What's a bathing-suit!?

Adams does not hear this because he is already heading for the bank at a racing-stroke. PAN. He scrambles out, stands with his back rigidly turned. TRUCK IN.

Adams (over his shoulder)

Come on! Hurry! Get out of there!

Alta (o.s.)

I will not! You're shouting again.

Nevertheless he hears her getting out behind him o.s., struggles with an impulse to glance over his shoulder.

Adams

Do you always go swimming like that?

Alta (continued dressing o.s.)

Like what?

Adams moans softly. The dressing continues o.s., and he listens to it.

Alta (o.s. - grieved)

I thought it was just my clothes you didn't like, but I guess it's me personally.

Adams

You don't really believe that!

Alta (o.s.)

Then turn around and look at me!

Adams (softly to himself)

Oh murder!

He turns about slowly, not knowing what to expect. As he reacts strongly to something o.s. PULL BACK to INCLUDE Alta, just removing her bathing cap, and shaking her hair down. Robby's new dress is not in the least transparent -- nor does it need to be, for it clings like the scales of a tropical fish. There are lots and lots of emeralds on it. Adams stares weakly.

Alta (eagerly)
Wait right there till I get dry.

56
CONT'D
(2)

As she steps into the sketchy shelter of some shrubs--

Adams
I-- I'll just turn my back.

Alta (sadly)
Well, if that's really the way you feel--

TRUCK UP INTO CLOSE SHOT - ADAMS, as he turns away. During the following, there are hurried SOUNDS of dressing among the bushes just o.s.

Alta (o.s.)
Don't worry-- you won't have to look at me any more now.

Adams
Huh?

Alta (o.s.)
Wait till you see!

Adams (increasingly uneasy)
See what?

Alta
You'll see what!

Adams (listening to SOUNDS o.s.)
Now wait a minute, Alta-- if you're planning to--

Alta (interrupting o.s.)
I certainly didn't expect to see you today, after the way you spoke to me yesterday.

Adams
Alta, I'm terribly sorry for the way I spoke to you yesterday. I was sort of bothered.

Alta (more cheerful, o.s.)
All right-- now you can look.

Adams turns slowly in frank apprehension. Again his jaw drops as he stares o.s. PULL BACK TO INCLUDE ALTA. She has just stepped out from behind the shrubs, removes her bathing cap, and shakes down her hair. Incidentally she is wearing Robby's new dress, which charmingly fulfils her specifications of scene 47. For several moments Adams cannot speak.

Alta (growing anxious)
Nothing shows through now, does it?

Alta (growing anxious)
Nothing shows through now, does it?
(as he simply goes on staring)
Oh dear! I had it made just specially for you.

56
CONT'D
(3)

Adams (stepping toward her)
Alta!

Alta (expectant)
Yes?

Adams (stopping short)
Hasn't your father taught you anything at all?

Alta (dubious)
Well, he says I'm terribly ignorant, but I have had
poetry, and mathematics, and logic, and physics, and
chemistry, and geology, and bi--

She breaks off, glances sidelong at him.

Adams (wanly smiling)
-- ology?
(as she nods)
But mostly on the theoretical side?

Alta
Well-- so far.

Adams
Oh.

Alta
So what's wrong with theory?

Adams hesitates only for a moment.

Adams (taking her in his arms)
-- This!

He kisses her long and hard. After several
moments Alta's arms encircle his neck in
response. As the kiss ends, and they remain
looking wordlessly into each other's faces -

57 OUT

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT (PROCESS) - ADAMS, ALTA

58

Just as they look up startledly toward b.g.
On an overhanging rock ledge, the tiger is
stretching himself. At the same moment,
he sees them, crouches, glaring.

Adams (grabbing her)
Alta!

Alta (laughing)
It's all right - he's my friend!

Adams

Uh-uh.

56
CONT'D
(3)

Alta (as he continues staring)
Oh dear! I had it made just especially for you.

Adams

Thought you didn't expect me today.

Alta

Well, I didn't.

As Adams tries to figure this one, she looks down at her new dress, heaves a big sigh.

Alta

I don't know-- it must be something about me personally you don't like.

Adams (weakly)

Alta, you always look just beautiful.

Alta (beaming)

Honestly?

He nods helpless, and she sees he really means it.

Alta (impatient)

Then why can't you ever kiss me like everybody else does!?

Adams (glaring)

Everybody--!

(controlling it, gently taking her hand)

Hasn't your father taught you anything at all?

Alta (dubious)

Well, he says I'm terribly ignorant, but I have had poetry, and mathematics, and logic, and physics, and chemistry, and geology, and bi--

She breaks off, glances sidelong at him.

Adams (wanly smiling)

-- ology?

(as she nods)

But mostly on the theoretical side?

Alta

Well-- so far.

Adams

Oh.

Alta

So what's wrong with theory?

Adams hesitates only for a moment.

-- This! Adams (taking her in his arms)

56
CONT'D
(4)

He kisses her long and hard. After several moments Alta's arms encircle his neck in response. As the kiss ends, and they remain looking wordlessly into each other's faces -

57 OUT

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT (PROCESS) - ADAMS, ALTA

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Just as they look up startledly toward b.g. On an overhanging rock ledge, the tiger is stretching himself. At the same moment, he sees them, crouches, glaring.

Alta! Adams (grabbing her)

Alta (laughing)
It's all right - he's my friend!

As the tiger launches himself, Adams snatches out his blaster, and disintegrates the beast in mid-air. Alta hides her face against Adams' shoulder.

58
CONT'D
(2) -

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

59

Adams
I'm sorry. I had to do it.

Alta (clinging to him)
But he didn't recognize me! He'd have killed me!
(frantically)
Why? Why!

Adams
You really don't know?

Alta
No! No I don't!

He draws her to him, kisses her again.

Adams
Know now?

Alta
Yes.....I know now.

As they go on kissing each other -

DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM - DOC

60

in an armchair, blowing smoke rings at ceiling. Adams enters purposefully.

Adams (indicating closed door)
Is he still in there?

Doc (shrugging)
Hasn't come out.
(as Adams CROSSES to door)
Now wait a minute, Skipper! After all, it's his house--!

(noticing Adams' face)
What's wrong!?

Adams (quiet)
Something very wonderful has just been added.

As the tiger launches himself, Adams snatches out his blaster, and disintegrates the beast in mid-air. Alta hides her face against Adams' shoulder.

58
CONT'D
(2)

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

59

Adams
I'm sorry. I had to do it.

Alta (clinging to him)
But he didn't recognize me! He'd have killed me!
(frantically)
Why? Why!

Adams
You really don't know?

Alta
No! No I don't!

He draws her to him, tenderly kisses her again.

Adams
I'm sure you do know, Alta.

She stares at him for a moment, then drops her forehead against his shoulder. As he holds her comfortingly -

DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - LIVING ROOM - DOC

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Is he still in there?

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CONT'D
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Adams
I'm sure you do now, Alta.

She stares at him for a moment, then drops her forehead against his shoulder. As he holds her comfortingly -

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Adams (indicating closed door)
Is he still in there?

Doc (shrugging)
Hasn't come out.
(as Adams CROSSES to door)
Now wait a minute, Skipper! After all, it's his house--!
(noticing Adams' face)
What's wrong!?

Adams (quiet)
Something very wonderful has just been added.

The Doc does not get it for a moment--
then follows Adams' eyes toward the garden.

60
CONT'D
(2)

Doc (grave)

Oh. That's going to complicate things.

Adams does not answer, but after a moment his jaw sets, and he knocks on the closed door. There is no answer. Adams knocks more loudly. Still no answer. They glance at each other. Adams tries the door, finds it unlocked, pushes it open. TRUCK them into the study together. The room is empty. Adams and the Doc are dumb-founded.

Doc

Not even a window!

Adams

The robot lied! Morbius hasn't been in here.
(thinking about it)
Doc, he's up to something!

He starts to leave, but the Doc has just discovered a sheet of paper on the desk.

Doc

Look at this, Skipper.

INSERT CLOSE SHOT - THE SHEET OF PAPER

60X1

It is covered with an unknown script.

Adams (puzzled)

Hieroglyphics?

Doc (bothered)

Maybe. But it doesn't look like Egyptian, or cuneiform, or Chinese, or--

At this moment there is a quiet SOUND o.s. as Adams and Doc wheel about, PAN TO INCLUDE the inner wall of the study, just sliding back, to REVEAL the mouth of a tunnel-- a low arch about five and a half feet high by twelve wide. Dr. Morbius is emerging from it. He sees them as he straightens, stands glaring in astonishment.

Morbius (advancing slowly)

You will find the household silver in the dining room-- and my daughter's jewelry is on her dressing-table.

Adams

Last night our clystron monitor was sabotaged.

Morbius (astonished)

You suspect me?

(more quietly)

Then the time has come for clarification.

(glancing toward the tunnel-mouth)

Since you have penetrated so far--

He gestures them to be seated, and they obey quietly, with their eyes fixed on his face. Morbius begins measuredly walking up and down. There is a special sort of dignity about him now.

Morbius

In times long past, this planet was the home of a mighty and noble race of beings which called themselves The Krell.

(as the officers slowly sit up)

Ethically as well as technologically, they were a million years in advance of humankind, for in unlocking the mysteries of nature, they had conquered even their baser selves.

(as Doc nods, smiling slightly)

And when, in the course of eons, they had abolished sickness, and insanity, and crime, and all injustice, they turned-- still with high benevolence-- outward toward space. Before the dawn of Man's history, they walked our earth, and brought back many biological specimens--

Adams (beginning to see light)

Of course! That tiger-- the deer-- those birds from Asia and Africa!

Doc

What about our own primitive ancestors?-- Cro-Magnon?-- Pithicanthropus?

Morbius (gravely ironical)

Evidently such creatures were beneath the notice of The Krell.

His face darkens. He sits down.

Morbius

The heights they had reached!-- But then, seemingly on the threshold of some supreme accomplishment, which was to have crowned their entire history, this all but divine race perished in a single night!

(as the others react)

In the 2000 centuries since that unexplained catastrophe, even their cloud-piercing towers of glass, and porcelain, and adamantine steel have crumbled back into the soil of Altair-4. Nothing remains above ground.

Doc (in awe)

What were they like?

60X1
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius (sadly)

No record of their physical nature has survived--
 (nodding toward tunnel-mouth)
 -- except perhaps in the form of that character-
 istic arch. I suggest you consider it in compari-
 son to one of our functionally-designed human
 doorways.

60X1
 CONT'D
 (3)

The officers turn, and stare at the tunnel-
 mouth. Abstractedly, the Doc picks up a
 pencil.

HIGH ANGLE CLOSE SHOT - OVER DOC'S SHOULDER

60X2

as his hand swiftly sketches-- first, the
 outline of a common doorway, with a one-line
 diagram of a man standing in it-- then the
 Krell arch, with a suggestion of a large-
 headed, crab-like or spider-like creature
 framed in it. But before the sketch is half
 complete, the Doc's hand impulsively crumples
 the paper in revulsion.

MED. SHOT - MORBIUS' STUDY

61

Morbius opens his desk drawer a little reluct-
 antly, takes out a small, compact gadget. With
 a flip of his thumb, he seems to inject a pel-
 let, with another flip starts the mechanism
 going - sets the whole thing on his desk

Morbius

This recording was made half a million years ago by
 Krell musicians.

Strange and mighty music. When Doc and Adams
 have listened, looking at each other in awe,
 for perhaps twenty seconds --

Morbius (grave, rising)

If you will follow me, I will show you some of their
 other remaining art, facts.

As they rise, follow him into the tunnel --

LONG SHOT - KRELL TUNNEL

61X1

The three men advancing toward camera, their
 footsteps echoing, the music following eerily.
 As they ARRIVE IN CLOSE SHOT, PAN them to a
 great metal lock.

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(nodding toward tunnel-mouth)

-- except perhaps in the form of that character-
istic arch. I suggest you consider it in comparison
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60X1
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sets the whole thing on his desk.

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other remaining artifacts.

As they rise, follow him into the tunnel --

LONG SHOT - KRELL TUNNEL

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The three men advancing TOWARD CAMERA, their
footsteps echoing, the music following eerily.
As they ARRIVE IN CLOSE SHOT, PAN them to a
great metal lock.

Morbius (rapping it)
Krell metal. Try your blaster here, Commander.

61X1
CONT'D
(2)

Rather gingerly, Adams complies. As he stops--

Adams
That spot ought to be molten!

Morbius (hand on it)
Scarcely warm. And no trace of radio-activity. The molecules are many times more densely interlocked than in any earthly steel, and yet it drinks up energy like a sponge.

He operates the combination. Automatically the ponderous door swings open. As the strange music comes to an end o.s., TRUCK them on in utter silence into an electro-physics laboratory, neither especially large, nor fantastically equipped. Rather it is practical-looking. However, all the seats are exceptionally low and wide, and oddly shaped. The only source of light is the luminous ceiling.

Morbius
This was one of their laboratories. You will notice that much of the equipment is familiar--
(indicating seats, etc.)
-- although designed for non-human technicians.

ADVANCING CAMERA has now OPENED OUT an area with two fairly bulky fixtures in it. (These as now designed.)

Adams
What are these two devices?

With a look of peculiar happiness, Morbius lays his hand gravely on the desk-like object.

Morbius
On this screen may be projected the total scientific knowledge of the Krell race, from its primitive beginnings to the day of its annihilation - a sheer bulk surpassing many million earthly libraries.

He begins manipulating the massive keyboard. Successive pages of hieroglyphics are projected from inside upon the ground-glass panel.

Doc (eagerly)
You're able to read this?

Morbius
A little. It's my profession.

He presses new buttons. A page of geometrical diagrams appears, with hieroglyphic annotations.

Morbius
Twenty years ago I began here with this page of geometrical theorems. Eventually I was able to deduce most of their huge logical alphabet. I began to learn.

(smiling)

The first practical result was that robot of mine which you gentlemen appear to find so remarkable.

(then serious again)

Child's play! I have come here every day now for two decades, painfully picking up a few of the least difficult fragments of their knowledge-- but still I am like an illiterate savage,, wandering at random through some stupendous scientific institute, and comprehending not a thousandth part of all the piled-up wonders.

Adams (deeply stirred)

This is too big to evaluate! Think what a discovery of this kind is going to mean to--

The Doc glances at Morbius, hastily interrupts.

Doc (indicating a second machine)

What's this other thing, Doctor Morbius?

Morbius (smiling, shrugging)

I call it their "plastic educator". As far as I can make out, they used it to condition and test their young-- much as we once employed finger-painting among our kindergarten children. Sometimes I play with it myself for relaxation.

(smiling, sitting down)

And, working here, I sometimes wish I had been blessed with multiple arms and legs.

(adjusting electrodes to his own head)

This head-set was of course designed for something bulkier than my human cranium.

He throws one of the two switches. Part of the wall panel lights up.

Morbius

There you see the electro-magnetic waves of my brain activating about a third of those lights. I gather that one of their own young, comparable to a seven-year-old child, was normally expected to light up this entire panel.

(wryly ironical)

Which, by Krell standards, classifies me as a low-grade moron-- and I have an officially recorded I.Q. rating of 183.

(releasing a safety lock, and throwing a second switch)

Now for the primary function-- actually to operate it--

(beginning to manipulate rheostats)

I'll choose a familiar subject in order to save time.

As he starts to concentrate, there is a faint sparking of the electrical devices at the table corners. Presently (split screen process) a shadowy disturbance appears at the common focus of all six. It clouds, and whirls, and seems to coagulate.

Adams (watching, intent)

What's that? What's happening there!

(as the whirling suddenly clears)

Look-- it's a doll!-- a little statue!

-- It's Altaira!

Standing on the table now, as though enclosed in a block of clear plastic, there is a thirty-inch color replica of Altaira.

Morbius (manipulating)

Simply a three-dimensional image, Commander.

Doc

It's alive!

Morbius

Because my daughter lives in my brain from micro-second to micro-second as I manipulate.

Suddenly he sweeps his hand across the console. The image disappears, and Morbius leans back, removing the head set.

Morbius (shaking his head)

There. Something of a strain.

Both officers have been deeply impressed.

Doc

Aladdin's lamp in a physics laboratory!

Morbius (blandly)
Would you gentlemen care to take the Krell test
of your intelligence?

Adams

Very much!

Morbius (repressing a twinkle)
You may be a trifle disappointed, Commander.
Suppose we begin with the good Doctor.

Doc (not too eager)

What do I do?

Morbius (closing safety catch)

Just sit down.

(adjusting electrodes to Doc's head)
There-- now throw the first switch.

The Doc obeys. His face falls comically as
the currents of his brain light up less than
half as many lights as Morbius had done.

Doc (as Adams grins)

Something's wrong here! My I.Q. is 161-- yet I
don't light up a third the area that you did!

Morbius (enigmatically smiling)

Now the Commander--

Adams replaces the Doc at the machine, and
Morbius adjusts the electrodes.

Morbius

Now.

Adams throws the switch, and stares stupefied.
His brain has activated about the same number
of lights as the Doc's.

Morbius (chuckling)

Never mind, sir! A commanding officer doesn't
need brains-- just a good loud voice!

Adams (ignoring this)

What do I do to make an image?
(fumbling at safety catch)
Throw this one?

Morbius (catching Adams' hand)

Stop! You'd never survive.
(indicating panel)

Our Belerephon commander tried this machine, and
it was instantly fatal to him.

Adams (rising, cold)

You're "immune" to this too?

Morbius (unruffled)

In my own first attempt at creating an image here, my brain pattern on that panel was hardly larger than yours, gentlemen-- and afterwards I lay unconscious for a day and a night.

61X1
CONT'D
(6)

Doc (amused respect)

Yet you came back for a second go at it?

Morbius (brooding)

It was a question of science, Doctor.

(hastily recovering)

You may imagine my joy when I discovered that the shock had permanently doubled my intellectual capacity.

(CROSSING to library projector)

Otherwise my researches here-- poor as they've been-- must have come to almost nothing.

As he lays his hand on the projector, his deep, quiet enthusiasm returns.

Morbius

This wonderful, tantalizing box of secrets! Recently I've turned up some puzzling indications that in those final days before their annihilation, the Krell had been applying their entire racial energies to a new project--one which they actually seemed to hope might somehow free them once for all from any dependence upon physical instrumentalities.

Doc (his forehead puckered)

A civilization without instrumentalities? Afraid I don't follow.

Morbius (troubled)

Grantedly, the concept as stated appears to have little allowable meaning.

(brightening again)

But by next year I ought to have more completely mastered their indexing system. Then perhaps matters will progress more rapidly.

During the last interchange, Adams has been watching Morbius more and more skeptically.

Adams

Why, everything here is absolutely brand-new! Look-- not a sign of age or wear on any of it.

Morbius (dignified)

Young man, these devices, self-serviced and self-maintained, have stood exactly as you see them for 200,000 years.

Morbius (unruffled)

In my own first attempt at creating an image here, my brain pattern on that panel was hardly larger than yours, gentlemen-- and afterwards I lay unconscious for a day and a night.

61X1
CONT 'D
(6)

Doc (amused respect)

Yet you came back for a second go at it?

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Morbius (dignified)

Young man, these devices, self-serviced and self-maintained, have stood exactly as you see them for 200,000 years.

Adams

And during all that time, what was the power source?

61X1
CONT'D
(7)

Morbis

A very good question.

As though half reluctant, he turns slowly, points o.s. PAN TO REVEAL the hitherto disregarded inner wall of the laboratory. A row of oddly-shaped electric gauges, and at the center, a second low arch, sealed off with a plastic hemisphere.

Morbis (continuing)

Let me draw your attention to these gauges. Their calibrations appear to indicate that they are set in decimal series--each division recording exactly ten times as many amperes as the one preceding it.

(impressive, as they stare)

Ten times ten, times ten, times ten, and on and on--gauge after gauge!

(switching library projector)

There is no direct wiring here that I can discover. Yet when I activate this machine, that dial at the lower left-hand corner registers infinitesimally with a little purple glow.

INSERT CLOSE SHOT - THE GAUGE

62

barely quivering.

Morbis (o.s.)

When I use the plastic educator, now it registers a little more.

The marker advances very slightly.

MED. SHOT - BEFORE GAUGES

63

Morbis switches off both machines. TRUCK IN.

Doc (deeply excited)

But that much is negligible. The total potential here must be nothing less than astronomical!

Morbis

Nothing less. The number ten raised almost literally to the power of infinity!

(indicating arch)

And now if you'll step into this little shuttle car--

As he swings open the plastic hemisphere,
and they enter--

63
CONT'D
(2)

INT. MED. SHOT (PROCESS) -- THE CAR

63X1

A plastic cartridge with seats. They sit down,
and as soon as the cartridge closes, they
shoot off down a sealed, lighted tunnel, with
a smooth acceleration, CAMERA SHOOTING FORWARD.

Morbius

How often the krell technicians have ridden in this
little vehicle.....better than 14 miles in thirty
seconds.

As the cartridge stops, and they get out--

MED. SHOT - THE TUBE STATION

63X2

A little featureless alcove, which ends in
a railing, overlooking a vast emptiness.
As the three men emerge from the car, PAN.

64-64X1
OUT

HIGH ANGLE FULL SHOT (NEWCOMBE) A GREAT
BRIDGE

64X2

which spans a 20 mile deep chasm. It is packed
with metal electronic units on both sides, so
that the effect is something like seeing a
modern automatic telephone exchange in opposed
mirrors. The three men are walking across the
bridge. When they speak even very quietly,
every word echoes uncannily.

Morbius (pointing o.s. with a
sweep of his arm)
Twenty miles!
(pointing again at right-angles)
Twenty miles!

As Adams and Doc stare at each other in silence,
they begin to hear faint mechanical clicks on all
sides.

Adams (a whisper)
Listen!--circuits opening and closing.

Morbius
They never rest.

He leads them to the railing of the bridge.
Now their hair and clothing is stirred by
a steady up-draft.

64X2
CONT'D
(2)

Morbius

One of the ventilator shafts. You can feel the
warm air rising. Look down.

(as they draw back)

Look down, gentlemen! Are you afraid?

Against every instinct in their bodies, they
grip the hand-rail, and look down. Sweat
comes out on their faces.

HIGH ANGLE VERTICAL LONG SHOT DOWN THE
STUPENDOUS VENTILATOR SHAFT

65

Morbius (o.s.)

7800 levels straight down! -- and 400 other shafts
like this one!

HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT (NEWCOMBE) - THE BRIDGE

65X1

an empty abyss below and behind the three tiny
figures slowly returning to the original
alcove.

Morbius (vastly echoing)

Yes! A single machine, a cube twenty miles on each
side! For two thousand centuries it has waited
patiently here, tuning and lubricating itself,
replacing worn parts. I have reason to believe
that sixteen years ago it performed a minor alteration
throughout the entire 8000 cubic miles of its own
fabric.

Adams

But -- what's it for?

MED. SHOT - END OF BRIDGE

65X2

as they return to alcove.

Morbius (oddly evasive)

Sometimes the gauges register a little when the
buck deer fight in the autumn, or when the birds
pass over in the spring. And nearly an entire
dial became active when your ship first approached
from deep space.

(breaking off)

(continued)

Morbius (continued)

I shall show you the power units -- sunk into the body of the planet, fifty miles below our feet.

65X2
CONT'D
(2)

They have stopped before a covered scope which directly faces a dully-gleaming mirror on the opposite wall.

Morbius

Take care to look only in the mirror, gentlemen.

(smiling gravely)

Man does not behold the face of the gorgon, and live.

As they stare into the mirror, PAN AWAY INTO CLOSE SHOT - THE SCOPE, iris opening. A perspective view of hell, glaring blue-white.

Morbius (o.s.)

9200 thermo-nuclear reactors in tandem -- the harnessed power of an exploding planetary system.

As the scope irises close, PAN BACK INTO MEDIUM SHOT. Adams and Doc stare at each other -- then Adams turns to Morbius.

Adams

Dr. Morbius, I asked you -- what's it for!?

Morbius gives him a sullen look, turns away, and stands gripping the railing, staring down into the abyss.

Morbius

After twenty years of unremitting labor, I have found no answer to that awful question.

DISSOLVE:

66
OUT

EXT. NIGHT - FULL SHOT - THE CAMP

67

An electro-magnetic fence has been set up all around the spaceship, and armed crewmen are patrolling inside. Farman and Bosun stand in f.g. looking everything over.

Farman
Very good, Bosun. Is the juice on in the fence?

67
CONT'D
(2)

The Bosun picks up a dry branch, tosses it into the fence. It flares and disappears.

Bosun
There you are, sir.

Farman
Thank you, Bosun.

The Bosun salutes, about-faces, and walks o.s. As Farman turns, he finds himself face to face with the cook, who salutes magnificently.

Farman
What is it, Cookie?

Cook (the perfect space-man)
Havin' completed my washin'-up dooties from after chow, I request the Lootennant's permission to take a little walk outside the perimeter.

Farman (glancing blankly o.s.)
But there's nothing out there.

Cook
Oh, yes, there is, sir!
(hastily covering slip)
I -- I mean if I could just find some wild radishes or something --
(sneaking glance at wristwatch)
-- it might brighten the boys' mess up a little.

Farman (shrugging)
I don't know what you're lying about, Cook, but be back before the Skipper checks in or we'll both get skinned.

Cook (the big salute)
Aye aye, sir! And thank you very much, sir, Lootennant, sir!

PAN HIM to the electrified gate. The guard on duty lets him out. TRUCK the Cook away over the sand. He makes a great show of searching for radishes, pulling up various weeds, and throwing them away with elaborate disappointment. At last, with a cautious back-glance, he sneaks around the corner of

Farman

Very good, Bosun. Are the fields in sync?

67
CONT'D
(2)

The Bosun picks up a dry branch, tosses it into the fence. It flares and disappears.

Bosun

There you are, sir.

Farman

Thank you, Bosun.

The Bosun salutes, about-faces, and walks o.s. As Farman turns, he finds himself face to face with the cook, who salutes magnificently.

Farman

What is it, Cookie?

-- Cook (the perfect space-man)

Havin' completed my washin'-up dooties from after chow, I request the Lootenant's permission to take a little walk outside the perimeter.

Farman (glancing blankly o.s.)

But there's nothing out there.

Cook

Oh, yes, there is, sir!

(hastily covering slip) --

I -- I mean if I could just find some wild radishes or something --

(sneaking glance over shoulder)

-- it might brighten the boys' mess up a little.

Farman (shrugging)

I don't know what you're lying about, Cook, but be back before the Skipper checks in or we'll both get skinned.

Cook (the big salute)

Aye, aye, sir! And thank you very much, sir, Lootenant, sir!

PAN HIM to the electrified gate. The guard on duty lets him out. TRUCK the Cook away over the sand. He makes a great show of searching for radishes, pulling up various weeds, and throwing them away with elaborate disappointment. At last, with a cautious back-glance, he sneaks around the corner of

Bosun
All hands stand clear of fence area. All right,
Quinn, turn it on.

67
CONT'D
(2)

Farman (entering)
Have you tested it yet, Bosun?

Bosun
Right away, sir.

The Bosun picks up a dry branch, tosses it
into fence. It flares and disappears.

Bosun
There you are, sir.

Farman
Very good, Bosun.

The Bosun salutes, about faces, and walks
o.s. As Farman turns, he finds himself face
to face with the cook, who salutes magnifi-
cently.

Farman
What is it, Cookie?

Cook (the perfect space-man)
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take a little walk outside the perimeter.

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Oh, yes, there is, sir!
(hastily covering slip)
I -- I mean if I could just find some wild radishes
or something --
(sneaking glance over shoulder)
-- it might brighten the boys' mess up a little.

Farman (shrugging)
I don't know what you're lying about, Cook, but
be back before the Skipper checks in or we'll
both get skinned.

Cook (the big salute)
Aye, aye sir! And thank you very much, sir.
Lootennant, sir.

PAN HIM to the electrified gate. The fence
lights are turned out long enough for him to
exit. With a cautious back-glance, he sneaks
around the corner of

the first dune. Instantly, he bursts into a wild sprint. PAN HIM rapidly through several sandy gullies. All at once he trips over a hummock of grass, and plows forward on his chin. Rising painfully to his hands and knees, he suddenly freezes. PAN TO INCLUDE a stacked-up mountain of half-pint bottles, all exactly like Cook's original flask of "Old Rocket."

67
CONT'D
(3)

Robot (counting)
--nine hundred and fifty-eight--nine hundred and fifty-nine -- nine hundred and sixty.
(as computers click)
Total sixty gallons.

Without a word of greeting or thanks, Cook scrambles forward on all fours, grabs one of the flasks, and unscrews the top.

Cook (ecstatically sniffing)
Genuine Kansas City!
(strangling after big drink)
Ugh! -- smooth too!
(then warmly)
I'll never forget this! Any time you're hard up for a couple gallons of lube oil -

Glancing over, he notices that the Robot now stands motionless, scanning o.s.

Cook (anxious)
What's up in camp? Somebody comin' out this way?

Robot (after several seconds)
No, sir. Nothing is coming this way.

CLOSE SHOT - FENCE ARCING

68

Excited SHOUTS o.s. PULL BACK INTO FULL SHOT -- THE CAMP.

Crewman Lindstrom (calling in b.g.)
Over here, Lieutenant! The fence is shorting!

TRUCK IN as Farman and the Bosun run over. One section of the fence is crackling with electrical arcs.

Bosun
Shall I shut down the current, sir?

the first dune. Instantly, he bursts into a wild sprint. PAN HIM rapidly through several sandy gullies. All at once he trips over a hummock of grass, and plows forward on his chin. Rising painfully to his hands and knees, he suddenly freezes. PAN TO INCLUDE a stacked-up mountain of pint bottles, all exactly like Cook's original flask of "Old Rocket."

67
CONT'D
(3)

Robot (counting)
--four hundred and seventy-eight--four hundred and seventy-nine--four hundred and eighty--
(as computers click)
Total sixty gallons.

Without a word of greeting or thanks, Cook scrambles forward on all fours, grabs one of the flasks, and unscrews the top.

Cook (ecstatically sniffing)
Genuine Kansas City!
--(strangling after big drink)
Ugh! -- smooth too!
(then warmly)
I'll never forget this! Any time you're hard up for a couple gallons of lube oil --

Glancing over, he notices that the Robot now stands motionless, scanning o.s.

-- Cook (anxious)
What's up in camp? Somebody comin' out this way?

Robot (after several seconds)
No, sir. Nothing is coming this way.

CLOSE SHOT - FENCE ARCHING

68

Excited SHOUTS o.s. PULL BACK INTO FULL SHOT -- THE CAMP.

Crewman Lindstrom (calling in
b.g.)
Over here, Lieutenant! The fence is shorting!

TRUCK IN as Farman and the Bosun run over. One section of the fence is crackling with electrical arcs.

Bosun
Shall I shut down the current, sir?

Farman (as arcing stops)
It's stopped now. We'll check over the whole
system in the morning.

68
CONT'D
(2)

During his speech, PAN DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT --
THE GROUND below their range of vision. Just
inside the fence, a patch of sand stirs. It
is a huge footprint, perhaps a yard long.
Another footprint appears two yards in advance
of it. PAN WITH the footprints as they make
their way directly toward the ship. In the
b.g. human legs are continually visible, as
guards pass without noticing the footprints.

Crewman Randall (o.s.)
That was queer the way the fence shorted!

Crewman Silvers (o.s.)
Yeah -- then all of a sudden it stopped.

The great footsteps reach the gangway, which
now rings and vibrates slightly as the unseen
weight again moves up it. Crewmen visible in
the b.g., unaware of what is happening. The
huge, bestial breathing enters the ship.....
After several moments, from inside, there
comes the long, dreadful SCREAM of a man.

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. CLOSE SHOT - THE MORBIUS LIVING ROOM -
DR. MORBIUS

69

his face set in anger. As CAMERA PULLS BACK -

Morbius

You are too arbitrary, Commander!' Perhaps I do
not choose to be dictated to in my own world - !

CAMERA STOPS IN MED. SHOT. The inevitable
clash has now come. Adams sits facing Morbius
in bull-like obstinacy. Alta stands frozen in
the open terrace doorway in b.g. As the two
men speak in turn, she keeps glancing from one
to the other, tense and scared. The Doc, with
the corners of his eyes thoughtfully crinkled,
sits studying Morbius through the smoke of a
cigarette.

Farman (as arcing stops)
It's stopped now. We'll check over the whole
system in the morning.

68
CONT'D
(2)

During his speech, PAN DOWN INTO CLOSE SHOT --
THE GROUND below their range of vision. Just
inside the fence, a patch of sand stirs. It
is a huge footprint, perhaps a yard long.
Another footprint appears two yards in advance
of it. PAN WITH the footprints as they make
their way directly toward the ship. In the
b.g. human legs are continually visible, as
guards pass without noticing the footprints.

Crewman Strong (o.s.)
That was queer the way the fence shorted!

Crewman Grey (o.s.)
Yeah -- then all of a sudden it stopped!

The great footsteps reach the gangway, which
now rings and vibrates slightly as the unseen
weight again moves up it. Crewmen visible in
the b.g., unaware of what is happening. The
huge, bestial breathing enters the ship.....
After several moments, from inside, there
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DR. MORBIUS

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men speak in turn, she keeps glancing from one
to the other, tense and scared. The Doc, with
the corners of his eyes thoughtfully crinkled,
sits studying Morbius through the smoke of a
cigarette.

Adams (still controlled)
 Sir, a scientific find on this scale has got to be
 taken under United Planets supervision.
 (as Doc nods agreement)

69
 CONT'D
 (2)

No one man can be allowed to monopolize it.

Morbius

For the past two hours I have been expecting you
 to make exactly that assinine statement!

(checking Adams with a gesture)

One moment, Commander. For close upon twenty
 years now I have constantly and, I hope, dis-
 passionately considered this very problem. And
 I have come to the unalterable conclusion that Man
 is unfit as yet to receive such knowledge -- such
 almost limitless power.

Doc (gently)

Whereas Morbius, with his artificially expanded
 intellect, is now ideally suited to administer
 that power for the whole human race.

Morbius

Precisely, Doctor.

(increasingly arbitrary)

Such portions then of Krell science as I may from
 time to time deem safe and suitable, I shall dis-
 pense to earth. Other portions I shall withhold.
 And in this I will be answerable exclusively to my
 own conscience and judgment.

Adams (coldly angry)

In the absence of special instructions, you put me
 in a very awkward position --

At this moment his insignia walkie-talkie
 buzzes. Adams activates it.

Farman's Voice (excited)

Commander! Commander Adams!

Adams

Speaking, Lieutenant.

Farman's Voice

Skipper! The Chief's been murdered!

Adams

Quinn - murdered!?

As Morbius and the Doc rise slowly --

Farman's Voice (breathless)

He was alone -- working on the monitor. The rest
 of us were all outside on guard duty! I --

Since the word "murder", Adams' eyes have
 remained fixed, deadly, on Morbius' face.

Adams
How was it done?

69
CONT'D
(3)

Farman's Voice (jumping)
Done!? Skipper, his body is plastered all over
the Communications Room!

Adams (rising)
Leave everything like it is. We're on our way.

Still eyeing Morbius, he jerks his head at the
Doc. As the two men walk rapidly out o.s.,
Alta comes into the room, looking after them
in terror. All at once Morbius sinks back into
his archair, looking ill and old.

Morbius (a shuddering whisper)
It has started again!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
INT. MED. SHOT - DAY - SHIP'S BRIDGE - ADAMS

70

wearing his dress uniform, sits examining
Quinn's shattered wrist-watch. He starts writ-
ing on a manila envelope as the Doc, also in
dress uniform, enters lugging a big chunk of
muddy plaster over his shoulder on a loop of
rope.

Adams (as he writes)
Next of kin: His mother.
(slipping watch into envelope)
Nothing else left for her.
(peering at plaster)
What's that?

Doc sets the chunk of plaster on the table.

Doc (unusually grave)
Plaster-cast of the footprint we found near the
water-cooler..... Thirty-seven inches by nineteen.

A monstrous animal foot, shagged with coarse
hair, and armed with huge curved claws.

Adams (examining it)
Whatever walks on this would be quite an opponent
for a man with a club - but with our kind of weapons -

Doc (uneasy and evasive)
Skipper, this thing runs counter to every known
law of adaptive evolution!

How was it done?

Adams

69
CONT'D
(3)

Farman's Voice (jumping)
Done!? Skipper, his body is plastered all over
the Communications Room!

Adams (rising)
Leave everything like it is. We're on our way.

Still eyeing Morbius, he jerks his head at the
Doc. As the two men walk rapidly out o.s.,
Alta comes into the room, looking after them
in terror. All at once Morbius sinks back into
his armchair, looking ill and old.

Morbius (a shuddering whisper)
It has started again!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MED. SHOT - DAY - SHIP'S BRIDGE - ADAMS

70

wearing his dress uniform, sits examining
Quinn's remaining personal property, part of
which already he's put into a small manila
envelope. The Bosun is nearby.

Adams
Next of kin: his mother.

Bosun (handing smashed glasses)
Here, sir.

Adams (puts glasses in envelope)
Well, that's all that's left of him.
(hands envelope to Bosun)

Bosun
I'll take care of it for you personally, John.

Adams
Thank you, Steve.

Bosun leaves. Doc enters, lugging a big chunk
of plaster (mold) over his shoulder. It is
wrapped in a large sheet which at first dis-
guises it. Doc sets the mold on the table.

Adams
Oh, is that it?

Doc (uncovering mold)
I tried to make a plaster cast from the footprints
we found..... Thirty-seven inches by nineteen.

Adams
Could you break that down for me?

70
CONT'D
(2)

Doc
Notice the structure here -- characteristic of a four-footed animal, yet our visitor last night left the tracks of a biped.

(as Adams grunts, attentive)
Specifically a ground animal too -- but these claws could only belong to an arboreal creature, like some impossible tree-sloth. -- It just doesn't fit into normal nature. Anywhere in the galaxy, it's - a nightmare!

As Adams thinks this over, Farman enters.

Farman
Excuse me, Commander -- are you ready to hold discipline on the Cook?

Adams (snapping)
Let's have him.

Farman beckons o.s., and the Cook enters shaved, and with his hair slick. His military correctness is almost galvanic.

Farman
I'm obliged to remind you, sir -- he had my permission to go out last night.

Adams (eyeing Cook)
Did he have your permission to get falling-down drunk?

The Cook is staggered by such injustice.

Cook
Drunk, sir!? Me, sir?
(sinister tones)
Commander, sir, I been the innocent victim of a cold-blooded poison plot!

Adams (groaning)
And I have to listeh to this!

Cook
Ask Doctor Ostrow, sir!
(darkly wagging his head)
Seven half-pints of 120 proof bourbon without a trace of natural hangover in it. And besides, why did that Robert argue me into drinkin' all that whiskey in the first place!

Adams and the Doc look blankly at each other.

Adams (to Cook)
You were with the robot last night?

A monstrous animal-foot, with a huge claw is revealed.

70
CONT'D
(2)

Adams (examining it)
Wow! I don't understand -- whatever walks on this would be quite an opponent for a man with a club - but with our kind of weapons I can't see why Quinn couldn't have ----

Doc (uneasy)
Skipper, this thing runs counter to every known law of adaptive evolution!

Adams
What do you mean?

Doc (illustrative)
Well, notice the structure here --- characteristic of a four-footed animal, yet our visitor last night left the tracks of a biped. Specifically a ground animal too --- but this claw could only belong to an arboreal creature, like some impossible tree-sloth. --- It just doesn't fit into normal nature. Anywhere in the galaxy, it's - a nightmare!

As Adams thinks this over, Farman enters.

Farman
Is that what you made out of that footprint, Doc?

Doc
I think it's fairly close.

Farman
Pardon me, Commander -- are you ready to hold discipline on the Cook?

Adams (snapping)
Let's have him.

Farman beckons o.s., and the Cook enters shaved, and with his hair slick. His military correctitude is almost galvanic.

Farman
I'm obliged to remind you, sir -- he had my permission to go out last night.

Adams (eyeing Cook)
Did he have your permission to get falling-down drunk?

The Cook is staggered by such injustice.

Cook

Drunk, sir!? Me, sir?
(sinister tones)

Commander, sir, I been the innocent victim of a
cold-blooded poison plot!

Adams (groaning)

And I have to listen to this!

Cook

Ask Doc Ostrow, sir!

(wagging his head)

Four pints of 120 proof bourbon without a trace of
hangover. Now that ain't natural, sir. And besides,
why did that Robert argue me into drinkin' all that
whisky in the first place!

Adams and the Doc look blankly at each other.

Adams (to Cook)

You were with the robot last night?

70

CONT'D

(2a)

Cook

Yes, sir. Him and me, we kind of got to toastin' each other's good health - just for cordial inter-planetary relations y'understand.

70
CONT'D
(3)

Adams

The whole time? While the Chief was being killed?

Cook (offended)

Why certainly, sir. I hope you don't think I could have got that stiff in five minutes!

Adams (his face set)

Dismissed.

As the Cook and Farman exit down the stair -

Adams (glum)

That sort of washes the Robot up.

Doc

And where does that leave us for suspects!?

Adams

Maybe it leaves us with the same one!

(starting to grin wryly)

--but maybe the so-called "high command" of this outfit ought to drop up to the Krell laboratory and have their I.Q.'s boosted a couple of hundred percent.

Bosun (entering, saluting)

Sir, the burial detail is formed.

As Adams rises, picks up his cap, and the Space Manual --

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE OPEN GRAVE

71

The whole ship's company is drawn up. The body is already out of sight in the grave.

Adams (reading from manual)

We commit the body of our comrade to the soil of this world in the name of God.

(throwing in sand)

Earth to earth -- ashes to ashes -- dust to dust.

(when all have stood at salute)

Dismissed!

PAN Adams and Doc slowly away in TWO SHOT.

Cook

Yes, sir. Him and me, we kind of got to toastin' each other's good health - just for cordial inter-planetary relations y'understand.

70
CONT'D
(3)

Adams

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(throwing in sand)

Earth to earth... ashes to ashes -- dust to dust.

(when all have stood at salute)

All right, Bosun.

Bosun

Company, dismissed.

PAN Adams and Doc slowly away in TWO SHOT.

Adams

He was a real technician, and a good shipmate.

Adams

He was a real technician, and a good shipmate.

71
CONT'D
(2)

Doc

And that's enough epitaph for any spaceman.

Suddenly they stop short, eyes fixed o.s.
PAN TO INCLUDE the jeep, standing outside
the gate, with Robby holding the door.
Morbis and Alta have just alighted. TRUCK
IN as Adams and Doc advance to meet them.

Adams (to Morbius)

Good day, sir.

He meets Alta's eyes, says nothing.

Morbis (eyes on grave o.s.)

I dare say neither of us slept last night, Commander.

Adams (watching him)

That's a close guess.

Morbis (agitated)

I warned you while your ship was still in space! I
begged you not to land on this planet!

(gesturing toward grave)

Believe me, Commander, that is only a foretaste --
the Belerephon pattern is being woven again.

(As Adams does not answer)

Once more, young man! Let me urge you -- and my
daughter joins me in urging you -- leave while there
is still time! Save yourselves!

Adams glances at Alta. Large-eyed, she nods
slowly. Adams looks back at Morbius.

Adams

I'll lift off the second we're operational again --
if you and your daughter are aboard my ship.

Morbis

Is it possible you still don't understand? Alta and
I are safe here -- completely immune!

Suddenly Alta takes an arm of each, and tries
to draw them closer to each other.

Alta

Father, don't you feel the change here? Death is
all around us now! We must leave, as the Commander
says.

Morbis (appalled)

Altaira! What do you mean!?

Alta

I mean trust him as I do! Oh please! We could all
be so happy together.

Doc
That's a good epitaph for any man.

71
CONT'D
(2)

Suddenly they stop short, eyes fixed o.s.
PAN TO INCLUDE the jeep, standing outside
the gate, with Robby holding the door.
Morbis and Alta have just alighted. TRUCK
IN as Adams and Doc advance to meet them.

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begged you not to land on this planet!
(gesturing toward grave)

Believe me, Commander, that is only a foretaste --
the Belerephon pattern is being woven again.
(as Adams does not answer)

Once more, young man! Let me urge you -- and my
daughter joins me in urging you -- leave while there
is still time! Save yourselves!

Adams glances at Alta. Large-eyed, she nods
slowly. Adams looks back at Morbis.

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I'll lift off the second we're operational again --
if you and your daughter are aboard my ship.

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I are safe here -- completely immune!

Suddenly Alta takes an arm of each, and tries
to draw them closer to each other.

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all around us now! We must leave, as the Commander
says.

Morbis (appalled)
Alta! What do you mean!?

Alta
I mean trust him as I do! Oh, please! We could all
be so happy together.

Morbius (still staring at her)
Together! ? My dear child, what have I done? Tell
me what crime I've committed, that all at once you
should trust this -- this stranger before me! ?

71
CONT'D
(3)

Alta
Oh, father, don't!

Morbius (unscrupulous)
Very well, my dear -- you're of age -- go then! Go
back with this young man to that unhappy world your
mother and I left behind!

Adams
Yes, Alta -- come with me! Come home!

Morbius ignores this, goes on looking sternly
at Alta.

Morbius
And when this infatuation has failed you, then per-
haps you will discover for yourself that your life
here was kindlier than you knew.

Alta (turning from them both)
Kindly!? What do either of you care for kindness!
Forcing me to choose between you -- !

Suddenly she turns, and runs o.s. in tears.
They look after her -- then their eyes meet.

Morbius (savagely mocking)
What a victory for your vanity, Commander!

Suddenly his fury leaps out into the open.

Morbius
- Remain here then! And you may be sure that the
next attack on your party will be more deadly and
general.

Adams (catching his sleeve)
How do you know that!?

The question has the crack of a whip, and for
a moment Morbius seems oddly at a loss.

Morbius
Know? I -- I simply seem to visualize it. I --
(angrily freeing his arm)
If you wish, you may call it a premonition!

He walks away quickly to the jeep. Adams and
the Doc watch very soberly as it drives o.s.

Doc
What did you make of that, Skipper?

3-15-55

P.68

I'd say it sounded like an ultimatum.

Adams (very thoughtful)

LAP DISSOLVE

71

CONT'D
(4)

NIGHT CLOSE SHOT - CAMP - A GUN EMPLACEMENT

72

containing one of the heavy atomic disintegrators from the ship. A crewman in the operator's saddle. PAN INTO FULL SHOT. Another disintegrator emplacement in b.g. The whole crew is armed and on duty inside the fence, each man alertly watching the area on his own front. Adams and the Doc stand in f.g. near the stair, watching a work-squad carrying the last of Quinn's heavy electrical gear back into the ship.

Adams (to work party)
Get along with that gear! I want a clear field of fire here.

(activating command mike)

Bosun.

Bosun's Voice

Sir?

Adams

How soon will radar be operational?

Bosun's Voice

Operating right now, sir.

Adams glances up at the revolving antenna.

Adams (disconnecting)

Stay on it yourself.

(on loud-speaker)

Test main battery!

FULL SHOT (PROCESS) THE DISINTEGRATORS

72X1

thundering into action, casting dazzling atomic pellets far across the desert. As the burst ends --

PAN CLOSE SHOT - ADAMS CROSSING

72X2

to where Farman stands alert, cradling a machine-blaster. Both men are a little constrained.

I'd say it sounded like an ultimatum.

Adams (very thoughtful)
LAP DISSOLVE: 71
CONT'D (4)

THE CAMP - NIGHT - GUN EMPLACEMENT AREA

72

The whole crew is armed and on duty near the two heavy atomic disintegrator guns. Operators are in the saddles, each man there is alertly watching his own front. Nearby, with the tractor, several crewmen are busy getting the coil back into the core of the ship. Adams and the Doc are standing in f.g. near the stair, watching the operation.

Adams (to Bosun)
Bosun, I want a clear field of fire.

Bosun
Aye, aye sir. Get along with that gear.

Adams activates his command mike by pulling it out on the cord attached to his belt.

Adams (into mike)
Randall?

Randall's Voice
Sir?

During this CAMERA DOLLIES IN as Adams walks to Gun emplacements.

Adams
How soon will radar be operational?

Randall's Voice
Operating right now, sir.

Adams
Then A alert is complete?

Randall's Voice
Aye, aye Sir.

Adams
Good. Stay right on it.
(speaking on mike to men)
Activate main battery!

He looks at guns scanning area.

Adams (continuing on mike)
Alarm for test!

Adams
Well, Lieutenant, is your trouble-squad in hand?

72X2
CONT'D
(2)

Farman
In hand, sir, but maybe a trifle trigger-happy.
(thoughtful)
The men are getting sort of edgy for a look at
whatever we're up against.

Adams
Yeah.

He starts to turn away, then - with a big
effort - remains.

Adams
Look, Jerry! This could be a big deal coming up.
I'm sorry if I leaned on you at all. You see, I --

He breaks off -- Farman is grinning at him.

Farman (amused, affectionate)
Quit knocking yourself out, Skipper! We both know
the girl picked herself the top man.

Adams is moved, starts to speak -- but at this
moment the walkie-talkie buzzes.

Adams
Yes, Bosun?

Bosun's Voice
Sir, the radar just picked up something.

Adams (quietly tensing)
Where away?

Bosun's Voice
At the head of the arroyo.

Adams
Moving?

Bosun's Voice
This way, Sir -- slowly.

Adams reflects for a moment.

Adams
On automatic control -- fire at will.

MED. SHOT (PROCESS) THE DISINTEGRATORS

72X3

firing a burst through the desert night. The
streams of pellets converge far up the pass
in b.g.

We HEAR the alarm BEEPER SOUND 5 times. Grey and Strong run in from guard posts to get behind guns.

72
CONT'D
(2)

Adams
Batteries: Fire!

FULL SHOT - THE DISINTEGRATORS

72X1

thundering into action, casting dazzling atomic pellets far across the desert. As the burst ends ---

MED. SHOT - ADAMS

72X2

watching effect of the firing.

Adams
Batteries: Cease Fire!

CLOSER PAN SHOT as Adams crosses to where Farman stands alert, cradling a machine blaster. Both men are a little constrained.

Adams
Well, Lieutenant, is your squad in hand?

Farman
Yes, sir, they're in hand, but they may be a trifle trigger-happy.

(thoughtful)
The men are getting sort of edgy for a look at whatever's out there.

Adams
Yeah.

Farman starts to turn away. Adams stops him, takes him a little apart from the men.

Adams
Look, Jerry. This could be a big deal coming up. I'm sorry if I leaned on you at all. You see, I ---

Farman
Stop knocking yourself out, Skipper. She picked the right man.

Adams is moved. He starts to speak... but at this moment the walkie-talkie buzzes.

Adams (pulling out mike-cord)
Yes, Randall?

MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF GANGWAY - ADAMS

74

The Doc drifts up beside him. Both peer o.s. through binoculars.

Adams

You see anything out there?

Doc

No.

REVERSE ANGLE (PROCESS) - LONG SHOT - THE ARROYO 75

Nothing animate is visible. Another burst is fired, the convergence of the beams advancing slowly.

MEDIUM SHOT - AT GANGWAY - DOC AND ADAMS

76

still peering. The burst ends, and they glance at each other.

Adams (over loud-speaker)

Attention. This may be a ruse to divert us from some other part of the perimeter. You men will continue watching on your own immediate fronts. That is all.

He lays the loud-speaker aside, buzzes Bosun.

Adams

Well, Bosun?

Bosun's Voice

It just stopped at the foot of the pass.

Adams (to Bosun)

Sure you've got a real blip there?

INT. CLOSE SHOT - SHIP - BOSUN

76X1

at main radar scope -- a large blip showing in arroyo.

Bosun (answering)

Big as a house, sir -- and we were dead on target with both bursts.

(suddenly)

It's coming on again!

MEDIUM SHOT - FOOT OF GANGWAY - ADAMS

74

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through binoculars.

Adams

You see anything out there?

Doc

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Bosun's Voice

Big as a house, sir -- and we were dead on target
with both bursts.

(suddenly)

It's coming on again!

Adams

Straight across.

Bosun's Voice

It says here!

Forbidden Planet
Chgs - Already Shot

5-9-55

P.70

Sir, the Radar just picked up something.

72X2
CONT'D
(2)

Where away?
Adams (quietly tensing)

At the head of the canyon.
Randall's Voice

Moving?
Adams

This way, Sir ---- slowly.
Randall's Voice

Adams walks back to gun emplacement.

Automatic control! Batteries: Fire!
Adams

MED. SHOT - THE DISINTEGRATORS

72X3

firing a burst through the desert night. The streams of pellets converge far up the pass in b.g.

73-73X5
OUT

MED. SHOT - FOOT OF GANGWAY - ADAMS

74

The Doc drifts up beside him. Both peer o.s.

Batteries: Cease Fire!
(to Doc)
Adams
You see anything out there?

Nothing.
Doc

Batteries: Fire!
Adams

REVERSE ANGLE - LONG SHOT - THE ARROYO

75

It's still coming!
Crewman (o.s.)

But nothing animate is visible. Another burst is fired, the convergence of the beams advancing slowly.

Straight across? Adams' Voice

76X1
CONT'D
(2)

It says here! Bosun

As he presses the firing stud --

EXT. FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - ADAMS AND DOC

76X2

their backs TOWARD CAMERA, and looking beyond fence in b.g. where the two roaring, blinding disintegrator beams converge, and slowly advance.

Bosun's Voice (as burst ends)
Still coming, Commander! It's at the fence!

Instantly a section of the fence flares and crackles with electric arcings.

Farman (entering SHOT)
There, Skipper!

Adams (over loud-speaker)
Steady all hands.

Suddenly, the Doc grips Adams' arm, his face drawn with horror.

Doc (a loud, shaken whisper)
Skipper! The blasted thing's invisible!

Adams (on inter-com)
Fire!

As the beams of the disintegrators again converge with a deafening sound (this time directly on the fence), a fiery outline is gradually taking shape. It towers vaguely and monstrously upward, now hugely bellowing, as though bewildered. And presently it advances again, bent slightly forward against the disintegrator beams, as though breasting the streams from two fire-hoses. Its deep, raging roars dominate everything. Then it is through the fence, still visible but fading. Two of Farman's machine-blaster-men, stand right in its path, staring up at it, helpless.

Adams (on walkie-talkie)
Hold your fire!

As the beams are cut, the fiery outline disappears, though the vast, world-shaking bellows still advance. Suddenly the two crewmen are struck to the ground -- a momentary suggestion

EXT. FULL SHOT (PROCESS) - ADAMS AND DOC

76X2

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Adams (on walkie-talkie)
Hold your fire!

As the beams are cut, the fiery outline disappears, though the vast, world-shaking bellows still advance. Suddenly the two crewmen are struck to the ground -- a momentary suggestion of great wounds. Swinging his automatic weapon through an arc, Farman fires a long burst, the shower of tracers bouncing off the invisible thing which steadily advances.

MED. SHOT - GANGWAY - DOC AND ADAMS

76

are still peering.

Adams
Batteries: Cease Fire!

The burst ends and they glance at each other.

Adams (over his command mike)
Randall?

Randall's Voice
Dead on target, sir.

Adams
Good. Give me audio com.

Randall's Voice
Aye, aye, sir.

Adams (on audio mike)
Attention! This may be a ruse to divert us from
some other part of the perimeter. You men will
continue watching on your own immediate fronts.
That is all.

He hooks up mike to belt. There is a
silence as all look off, watching. Presently,
the BUZZER SOUNDS.

Adams (into mike from belt)
What?

Randall's Voice
It just stopped at the foot of the pass.

Adams
Sure you got a real blip there?

Randall's Voice
Big as a house, sir --- and we were dead on target
with both bursts.
(suddenly)
It's coming on again!

Adams
Straight across?

Randall's Voice
It says here.
(Pause: In a moment)
It's still coming!!

76X1 OUT

3-15-55 P.72

of great wounds. Swinging his automatic weapon through an arc, Farman fires a long burst, the shower of tracers bouncing off the invisible thing which steadily advances.

76X2
CONT'D
(2)

77-83 OUT

TWO SHOT - AT STAIR - ADAMS AND DOC

84

Adams (yelling o.s.)

Jerry! Fall back!

MEDIUM SHOT (PROCESS) - FARMAN SNARLING

85

as he fires burst after burst at close range. All at once his weapon is batted out of his hand. A moment later, Farman's six-foot body is swung fifteen feet into the air, with nothing visible supporting it.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT - CREWMEN STARING

86

up o.s. in horror, holding their fire.

87 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - FARMAN'S LIMP BODY

88

thudding to earth, dead.

TWO SHOT AT GANGWAY - ADAMS AND DOC

88X1

Adams (into walkie-talkie)

Fire! Fire!

As the disintegrator beams again converge on the bellowing beast, now just o.s., Adams and Doc draw their hand-blasters, and fire perfunctorily together, looking steadily upward o.s.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE

TWO SHOT - AT STAIR - ADAMS AND DOC

84

Adams (yelling o.s.)
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thudding to earth, dead.

TWO SHOT AT GANGWAY - ADAMS AND DOC

88X1

Adams (into walkie-talkie)
Fire! Fire all batteries!

As the disintegrator beams again converge on the bellowing beast, now just o.s., Adams and Doc draw their hand-blasters, and fire perfunctorily together, looking steadily upward o.s.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE

FULL SHOT - GUN AREA

76X2

The men are all looking beyond the fence in b.g.

Farman

Strong and Grey: Set up a cross-fire on those rocks!

Grey and Strong run across to rocks o.s. Farman runs around emplacement to join Adams and Doc. All then look off and react to fence starting to crackle.

Farman

It's at the fence!

Adams

Fire!

Suddenly, the Doc shouts; his face drawn with horror:

Doc

Skipper! The blasted thing's invisible!!

Adams

Fire!

As the beams of the disintegrators again converge with a deafening SOUND (this time directly on fence) a fiery outline is gradually taking shape. It towers vaguely and monstrosly upward, now hugely bellowing, as though bewildered. And presently it advances again, bent slightly forward against the disintegrator beams, as though breasting the streams from two fire-hoses. Its deep, raging roars, dominate everything. Then it bursts through the fence, still visible. Grey and Strong run in from rocks and fire up at monster. Adams, Doc and Farman react. Suddenly, the two crewmen are struck to the ground, as if they have been shoved violently aside with a suggestion of great wounds.

Then Farman runs in and swinging his automatic weapon in a great arc, fires up a long burst, the shower of tracers bouncing off the invisible thing which steadily advances.

77-83
OUT

TWO SHOT - GUN AREA - ADAMS AND DOC

84

Adams (yelling)

Jerry!

(to guns)

Hold fire!

MEDIUM SHOT - FARMAN SNARLING

85

as he fires burst after burst at close range. All at once his weapon is batted out of his hand. A moment later, Farman's six-foot body is swung fifteen feet into the air, with nothing visible supporting it.

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thudding to earth, dead.

TWO SHOT AT GANGWAY - ADAMS AND DOC

88X1

Adams (into walkie-talkie)

Fire!

As the disintegrator beams again converge on the bellowing beast, now just o.s., Adams and Doc draw their hand-blasters, and fire perfunctorily together, looking steadily upward o.s.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE

INT. CLOSE SHOT - KRELL LABORATORY - WALL

93

Three entire gauges are now registering. The silence is disturbed by faint sounds o.s. -- like the mouthings of the invisible monster in miniature. PAN INTO CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS, uneasily asleep in the seat of the library projector. His head has fallen back, and his mouth is open. Soft moans and snoring sounds are being torn out of him.

Alta's Voice (very faint o.s.)

Father! Where are you?-- Father!

As Morbius begins to waken heavily, PAN BACK to the row of gauges. In reverse sequence, they are falling swiftly back to zero.

Morbius (suddenly, o.s.)

Altaira!

MEDIUM SHOT - MORBIUS

94

Staggering to his feet, as he awakens.

Morbius

Yes! Yes, Alta-- here!

PAN HIM HURRIEDLY out of the laboratory, leaving the door wide open after him. TRUCK HIM along the tunnel, out through his study.

Morbius

Where are you?

As he hurries into the living-room, he sees her standing there in her night-dress, frightenedly calling. She bursts into relieved sobs as he crosses to her.

Morbius (embracing her)

My dear child! What's the matter? What is it?

Alta (indistinct with weeping)

I had a frightful dream!

(as he strokes her hair)

There was blood, and fire, and thunder, and some awful thing was moving in it. I heard it roar and bellow-- !

Morbius

You know a dream can't hurt you!

Alta

Oh no!-- not me-- not us! The thing I saw had
broken into the camp-- it was going to kill-- !
(clinging to him)

Oh Father! Please, you'll keep him safe for me,
won't you!!-- you'll protect him?

94
CONT'D
(2)

Morbis (gently)

My darling, I'm completely helpless as long as the
young man remains here so wilfully.

As he coldly releases himself--

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE CAMP

95

Crewmen talking to each other in undertones.
Three bodies covered with a tarpaulin in b.g.
PAN INTO MEDIUM SHOT Adams, the Doc, and the
Bosun in f.g. All are sweated and haggard.

Adams (low tones)

Get those graves dug, Bosun. Keep the men busy.

Bosun

Aye Aye, sir.

Adams (over loud-speaker)

Well, men, whatever it was, our main battery sure
stopped it cold!

The men in the b.g. stop talking, and glance
over sullenly sidelong. During the following,
PAN Adams, and Doc quietly aside together.

Doc (in low tones)

You believe that?

Adams (negative)

It just went away for some reason. It'll be back.
(sitting tiredly on gangway)

An invisible being that can't be disintegrated by
atomic fission!

Doc (puzzled but positive)

No, Skipper. That's a scientific impossibility.

Adams

Hypnotic illusions don't tear people apart.

Doc

True enough-- but any organism dense enough to survive three billion electron volts would have to be made of solid nuclear material. It would sink of its own weight to the center of this planet.

Adams

You saw it yourself!-- standing right there in the neutron beams!

Doc

That's the answer! It must have been renewing its molecular structure from one micro-second to the next.

Adams thinks this over-- shrugs.

Adams (calling o.s.)

Bosun, I want the tractor.

Bosun (o.s.)

Ready and fueled, sir!

During the following, PAN Adams and Doc over to waiting tractor.

Doc

So now we just grab the girl and her father whether they like it or not?

Adams (nodding)

Section 86-A in The Space Manual: Evacuate all civilians from disaster areas.

Doc

You left out two little words, Skipper: where feasible. -- If you remember, the Belerephon expedition, their ship was vaporized, trying to lift off.

Adams (as they reach tractor)

Which makes it a gilt-edge priority for one of us to get into the Krell lab for that brain-boost.

(getting into tractor)

I leave you in command, Bosun. Get the ship operational, then do your best to wait it out for me and the Doctor-- but the second that fence starts shorting again, lift off, and report back to Earth Base on conditions in this sector.

Bosun (saluting)

Aye aye, sir!

Then, as the tractor drives away o.s., he turns back toward the crew.

Bosun (yelling)
All right, guys! Start tearing that shielding
down!-- We're pulling out!

95
CONT'D
(3)

On a sudden, joyful hubbub--

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. NIGHT - FULL SHOT - MORBIUS' HOUSE

96

The windows are dark. PAN DOWN into MEDIUM
SHOT-- THE TRACTOR parked among flowering
shrubs. Adams and the Doc are getting out.

Doc (quiet-- peering)

No lights showing.

PAN as they move stealthily along house-front.

Adams (after some distance)

Doc.

Doc

Sir?

Adams

In case we make it into the lab, I'll take first
go at that I.Q. booster.

(as he gets no reply)

Hear me?

Doc (equivocal)

I hear you, sir.

PAN THEM IN across the shadowy patio to the
front door. They stop suddenly. The door
stands slightly ajar. They glance at each
other, and then, very cautiously, Adams
pushes the door open. Robby stands just in-
side. His polished body glimmers in the
shadows. The glow of his luminous gadgets
faintly illuminates their startled expressions.

Robby

I am monitored to admit no one at this hour.

They exchange glances.

Doc

That sounded final.

Adams (significant)

Maybe we can reason with him.

His hand starts drifting toward his blaster.

96
CONT'D
(2)

Robby

My beams are focused on your blasters, gentlemen.

Both together, they snatch their blasters out, but as they squeeze off, two thin beams from Robby's dome focus on the weapons, and no discharge follows.

Doc (disgusted)

Neutralized.

They holster their blasters, exchange a nod, and slowly advance with their empty hands. Robby spreads his arms across the doorway.

Doc (drily to Adams)

If you and I still qualify as rational-- which I now doubt-- this chromium-plated bouncer has a built-in rule against wringing our little necks for us.

Robby (ominous tones)

That is true, sir. Yet I am monitored to admit no one.

Just as they are about to grapple with him, a pale glimmer appears in the darkness behind, and suddenly Altaira comes up into view. She is wearing her nightdress, with a white shawl about her shoulders.

Alta (whispering)

Let them in, Robby.

Robby does not seem to hear her, though his gadgets become agitated.

Adams

Your father's orders. Move aside, Alta.

Alta

Quiet.

(to Robby-- enunciating carefully)

Emergency cancellation Archemedes. Clear relays D-12,000 to D-18,500.

Robby's gadgets dim for a moment, then come on again. Robby moves aside. TRUCK Adams and the Doc in quickly.

Alta (embracing Adams)

Why are you here?

TRUCK them into the dimly moonlit living-room in TWO-SHOT.

His hand starts drifting toward his blaster.

Robby

My beams are focused on your blasters, gentlemen.

Both together, they snatch their blasters out, but as they squeeze off, two thin beams from Robby's dome focus on the weapons, and no discharge follows.

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(to Robby-- enunciating carefully)

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Alta (embracing Adams)

Why are you here?

TRUCK them into the dimly moonlit living-room in TWO-SHOT.

Adams
We were attacked. Three more men dead.
(stopping)
One of them was Jerry Farman.

96
CONT'D
(3)

Alta gives a wordless exclamation of horror.

Alta (clinging to him)
What attacked you?

Adams (shrugging)
Just a big outline in the disintegrator beam's.
(then smiling-- but gripping her wrist)
Can you explain it?

Alta (gravely meeting his eyes)
No.

He smiles more gently-- the answer satisfies
him.

Adams
Anyway we fought it-- and lost. I figure it'll
be back.

Alta is more and more deeply frightened.

Alta
Then you must leave-- now!

Adams (eagerly)
With you.

She starts to weep quietly.

Alta
I can't leave him here by himself! I can't pos-
sibly!

Adams
We'll take him.

Alta
By force? I can't agree to that either!

Adams stands looking bitterly at her.

Adams
Can't you? You haven't seen what's loose on
this planet.

Alta
But I'm immune-- like both my parents.

Adams
That's what he says, but I don't believe it!
Nothing could--

Alta locks at him desperately. Suddenly, with both arms she draws his head down, and kisses him long and hard on the mouth.

96
CONT'D
(4)

Alta (releasing him)

Just go, darling!

(trying to start him)

Please! Please, if you love me-- !

Adams (resisting, desperate)

Doc, try to talk some sense to this girl! I'm over my head.

(turning, as he gets no answer)

Doc!

PAN INTO FULL SHOT the dark, empty room.

Adams (blankly)

He's gone.....the Robot too.

Alta (calling softly)

Robby!

They begin peering about into shadowy corners.

Adams (calling guardedly)

Doc! Doc Ostrow! Where are you, Lieutenant?

Then he notices the study door standing open.

Adams

He's gone to the Lab!

(furiously CROSSING)

I'll court-martial him for this one! I'll--

But before he gets there, Robby emerges, carrying the Doc limp in his arms. TRUCK IN with Adams and Alta. The marks of the electrodes are on the Doc's head.

Alta

The sofa, Robby.

The Robot lays the Doc gently on the sofa.

Adams (kneeling beside him)

So you took the brain-boost!

Doc (weakly smiling)

You should see my new mind-- up there in lights-- bigger than his now!

His eyes close. He seems to stop breathing.

Adams

Easy, Doc.

Suddenly the Doc struggles to his elbow.

Doc
Morbius was too close to the problem! The Krell
had completed their project! The big machine--
no instrumentalities-- true creation!

Adams (as Doc falters)
Come on! Let's have it!

Doc (gasping)
But the Krell forgot one thing--

Adams
Yes! What?

Doc (a loud hollow whisper)
Monsters, Skipper! Monsters from the Id-- !

Adams (as Doc collapses)
Id? What's that!-- Talk, Doc!

He stops, stares at the Doc frightenedly.
Tears gather slowly in his eyes.

Adams
Oh Doc-- Doc!

Suddenly all the lights come on. As Adams
rises, turns, PAN BACK INTO FULL SHOT TO
INCLUDE Morbius standing in inner doorway.
He is looking from Adams to Alta, his face
set in a frigid smile of mockery.

Morbius (entering slowly)
How very romantic! Elopement at midnight.

He breaks off with a furious start, as he
catches sight of the Doc's body on the sofa,
the dark burns of the electrodes on the head.

Morbius
The fool! The meddling idiot!
(advancing, venomous)
As though his ape's brain could contain the se-
crets of the Krell-- !

Alta (gently)
Father-- he's dead.

Morbius (thick with anger)
He was warned, and now he's paid!
(nodding o.s.)
Let him be buried with the other victims of human
greed and folly!

Alta stares at him wonderingly for several
moments, and slowly her face becomes mature.

Alta (softly)
You wanted me to choose, Morbius-- now you've chosen
for me.

96
CONT'D
(6)

(turning to Adams)
I'm ready to go with you, darling.

Morbius

Alta!

Alta (still to Adams)
I'll get some things--

Adams nods, scarcely hearing her as he stands,
still looking down at the Doc's dead face, but
Morbius takes a step or two after her.

Morbius (scared now)

Altaira!

She goes out quickly. Adams continues to
stand motionless, frowning in vehement con-
centration. Robby enters, quietly picks up
the Doc's body.

Robby

I'll lay him in the tractor, sir.

Adams (abstracted)

Thank you.

As Robby carries the Doc's body o.s. TRUCK IN.
Adams' eyes now are darting from side to side
in excitement, as his brain fits its puzzle
swiftly together.

Morbius (a shaky mutter)

She must not do this. She must be prevented.

Adams pours a little glass of brandy, hands
it to him, and watches him absently drink it.

Adams (taking glass back)

Dr. Morbius, what is "the Id"?

Morbius (feebly irritated)

Young man, my daughter is planning a foolish
action. She will be terribly punished--

Adams (gripping him)

What is the Id?

Morbius is daunted-- but tries to recapture
some of his mocking dignity.

Morbius

The Id? An obsolete term, I'm afraid-- once used to describe the most elementary basis of the subconscious mind.

96
CONT'D
(7)

Adams releases him, his eyes flaring slowly, with comprehension.

Adams

Of course! That's what the Doc meant: Monsters from the subconscious!

(impulsively catching Morbius' hands)
Dr. Morbius! The big machine-- 8,000 cubic miles of Klystron relays-- enough power for a whole population of creative geniuses! Operated by remote control-- the electro-magnetic impulses of individual Krell brains!

Morbius petulantly jerks his hands free.

Morbius (frightened and

confused)

To what purpose?

Adams

In return, that ultimate machine would instantaneously project solid matter to any point on the planet-- for any purpose, and in any shape or color they might imagine! Dynamic telekinesis! Creation by mere thought! The Krell had become gods!

Slowly, understanding comes into Morbius' face.

Morbius (deeply troubled)

Oh yes-- yes! Why haven't I seen this all along? Why?-- tell me!

Adams (watching him)

Like you, the Krell forgot one deadly danger-- their own subconscious Ids.

Morbius takes this in-- and it appalls him.

Morbius

Ah! The beast! The mindless primitive! Yes, even the Krell must have evolved from that beginning!

Adams

And now those mindless beasts of the subconscious had access to a machine that could never be shut down!

(a shudder in his voice)

A delirious, endless fountain! The secret devil of every soul on the planet-- all set free at once to loot, and maim, and take revenge, and kill!

Morbius

The Id? An obsolete term, I'm afraid-- once used to describe the most elementary basis of the subconscious mind.

96
CONT'D
(7)

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Adams (watching him)

Like you, the Krell forgot one deadly danger-- their own subconscious hate and lust for destruction.

Morbius takes this in-- and it appalls him.

Morbius

Ah! The beast! The mindless primitive! Yes, even the Krell must have evolved from that beginning!

Adams

And now those mindless beasts of the subconscious had access to a machine that could never be shut down!

(a shudder in his voice)

A delirious, endless fountain! The secret devil of every soul on the planet-- all set free at once to loot, and maim, and take revenge, and kill!

Morbius (brokenly)
My poor Krell! After a million years of shining
sanity, they could hardly have understood what
power was destroying them.

96
CONT'D
(8)

He stands brooding-- but suddenly he glances
at Adams again with sly malice.

Morbius
Yes, young man. All very convincing-- except
for one obvious fallacy.

(softly finger-tapping Adams' chest)
The last Krell died 2,000 centuries ago, but today,
as we all know, there is still a living monster at
large on this planet.

As Adams stares at him in utter incredulity,
Alta re-enters, carrying a bundle-- stops.

Adams (to Morbius)
Your mind refuses to face the conclusion!

Morbius (impatient)
What do you mean?

Robby's Voice (unexpectedly o.s.)
Morbius---

As he gets no answer, PAN SLIGHTLY, TO INCLUDE
ROBBY, standing motionless in semi-shadow.
His radar antenna is scanning steadily.

Robby
Morbius.

Morbius
Yes?

Robby
Something is approaching from the south-west. It
is already quite close.

Instantly Morbius puts out the lights. Then
they stand perfectly motionless in the moon-
lit shadows, looking into each other's blood-
less faces. PAN as they move with a common
impulse to the main window. As they peer out
over the garden, their eyes searching--

Adams
Could Robby be wrong?

Morbius
No.

They go on peering out fearfully.

Adams (finally pointing)
There it comes.

REVERSE ANGLE - EXT. LONG SHOT - THE GARDEN 97

In deep b.g. there is a great thrashing among the moonlit shrubs. Then, unhurriedly, a broad path is beaten out directly toward CAMERA. Suddenly, o.s., Alta screams.

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - LIVING ROOM 98

Alta still wildly screaming. Morbius flips the wall-switch, and the steel shutters clang down across the doors and windows. Darkness, except for a faint light from the half open study door. Alta stops screaming. They wait, hardly breathing. After perhaps twenty seconds there is a SOUND of great claws crossing the flagged terrace outside. Something massive brushes against the shutter, and sniffs loudly at the crack along the bottom. A sound of slobbering-- then silence.

Morbius (sadly)
I'm sorry for you, young man.

Adams
Be sorry for your daughter, Morbius.

Alta's eyes remain fixed sidelong on the shutter.

Alta (a shuddering whisper)
It's listening.

Morbius
Alta, you must go into my study.

She does not even hear him. Through it all, Adams has attentively watched Morbius.

Adams
Won't you face the truth even now!?

Morbius (tiredly)
What truth?

Adams (eery and gentle)
Dr. Morbius, that thing out there is-- you!

For a moment Morbius does not even take in his meaning.

Morbius
You're insame! How else could you have led it here where Alta must see you torn to pieces!?

Adams (softly)
You still think she's immune? Alta has joined
herself with me, soul and body.

98
CONT'D
(2)

Alta
Yes-- and whatever comes forever!

Instantly the beast outside bays aloud. It
begins raining terrible blows on the shutter,
so that the solid steel shudders and thunders.
Morbius stands almost mindless with terror.

Morbius (pawing at Alta)
Say it's a lie! Shout! Let it hear you out
there! Tell it you don't love this man!

Alta (entering Adams' arms)
Not even if I could!

Under continued great blows, the shutter is
now bulging inward. Suddenly it tears like
cardboard from top to bottom, letting in the
moonlight. The beast's bellowings are right
in the room.

Morbius (shrieking)
Robby! Keep it out! Stop it! Kill it, Robby!

The Robot stands motionless like a suit of
armor. His gadget lights have all gone out.

Adams
No use! Robby knows it's your other self!

As he speaks, huge invisible shoulders
begin forcing their way through the torn
shutter. Adams grabs Alta and Morbius
each by an arm. PAN them, running, into
the study. As they slam and lock the door,
it is scored outside from top to bottom
by great claws.

Morbius (panting)
This door is heavier steel!

Adams
Look!

Outside, the beast is moaning with eagerness,
working its claws like a terrier at a rat-hole.
Already long vertical slits have appeared in
the door, with bright steel shavings curling
down under the unseen talons.

Morbius (leading the way)
The laboratory!

As they plunge into the tunnel, the study door is crashed through behind them. TRUCK swiftly, the roars echoing close behind. The great steel lock swings shut only just in time. It's closing completely cuts off every sound outside. Adams spins the gadget inside, and the three stand panting in the silence of the laboratory.

Morbius

We're safe!-- Why did you jumble the combination?

Adams

Whatever you know in here, your twin self knows in the tunnel.

Morbius (striking at him)

I'm not a monster!

Adams (catching his wrists)

All men are monsters in their subconscious -- so we have laws and religions.

Morbius

Let me go!

Adams

You've got to listen!-- because we haven't much time left.

He forces Morbius down into the seat of the plastic educator.

Adams

Here is where your mind was artificially enlarged. Consciously, it still lacked the power to work the great machine, but your subconscious had been made strong enough.

Morbius (resisting)

I won't hear you!

Adams (remorseless)

Twenty years ago, when your comrades voted to go back to Earth, you sent out your secret Id to murder them--

(releasing Morbius)

-- not quite knowing it of course, except maybe in your dreams.

Morbius (too shaken to rise)

What man can remember his own dreams!?

Adams

At least when our ship approached from space, you remembered enough to warn us off. But when you thought we were threatening your little egomaniac empire, your subconscious sent the Id monster out again. More deaths. More murder.

Slowly Morbius' scornful smile comes back.

98
CONT'D
(4)

Morbius
And now this, too? Harm my own child?
(confident and serene)
All her life I have loved Altaira beyond my
soul!

Adams (pitying him)
I think you have.-- But hiding within the loving
father, there's still the jealous Neanderthaler--
more raging and inflamed with each frustration!
And now he's whistled up his monster again, to
punish your daughter for her disloyalty and dis-
obedience.

(turning, looking o.s. toward gauges)
And unless you do something about it very soon,
Dr. Morbius, it will be coming right through
that door.

Morbius (starting to his feet)
Solid Krell metal, 26 inches thick!

He rushes to the door, strikes the inner
face of it with his open palm-- draws back.

Morbius (nursing his hand)
It's hot!

Adams (pointing o.s.)
Of course-- look at the gauges!

PAN TO INCLUDE THE GAUGES. Six entire
frames are activated now. At this moment,
another three flicker into action.

Adams (continuing)
That machine will eventually supply your monster
with whatever amount of power it requires to reach
us.

(pointing at door again)
-- Look now!

PAN back, and TRUCK them in. The center of
the door has begun to glow dark red. It
brightens steadily during the following.

Adams
Cherry red. It will be white hot soon, Morbius.
It will soften and run--

For a moment, Morbius' eyes glaze with panic.
Then with a great effort he controls himself.

Morbius (pleading)
Alta, say you don't believe this of me!

Slowly Morbius' scornful smile comes back.

98
CONT'D
(4)

Morbius

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(confident and serene)

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I think you have.-- But hiding within the loving father, there's still the jealous Neanderthaler-- more raging and inflamed with each frustration! And now you've whistled up your monster again, to punish your daughter for her disloyalty and disobedience.

(turning, looking o.s. toward gauges)

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Adams (continuing)

That machine will eventually supply your monster with whatever amount of power it requires to reach us.

(pointing at door again)

-- Look now!

PAN back, and TRUCK them in. The center of the door has begun to glow dark red. It brightens steadily during the following.

Adams

Red hot. It will be white hot soon, Morbius. It will soften and run--

For a moment, Morbius' eyes glaze with panic. Then with a great effort he controls himself.

Morbius (pleading)

Alta, say you don't believe this of me!

She stares at him for a moment accusingly, then turns away to Adams. Morbius sags incredulously, as though she had struck him.

98
CONT'D
(5)

Morbius (brokenly)

Then it must be true!

As he sits down heavily in the seat of the library recorder, more and more gauges flicker into action in b.g., the steel door is entirely white-hot now, its surface starting melt-- Adams and Alta tensely watching Morbius.

Morbius

Yes-- I cannot deny it any longer: I am guilty.

Alta (moving toward him)

No darling! I've known you! - like the Krell, great and noble -!

Morbius (shaking his head)

Guilty! Guilty! My evil self is at that door, and I have no power to keep it out.

Just as he says this, a hole is punched through the putty-like white-hot metal. Lumps and flakes of it begin to be flung inward as the beast gouges the hole larger, and now the bellows and brayings are deafening again. Very quietly, Adams draws his blaster. Suddenly the whole crouching and monstrous outline is punched through the door, as the unseen beast forces its way in at them with grunts and roars.

99 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS) - MORBIUS

100

rising. TRUCK him IN toward the door. In the f.g. of the SHOT Adams' blaster accompanies him, pointing steadily at the back of his skull. Morbius stops, stands facing the door with his arms outspread.

HIGH ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS

101

arms outspread, looking up into the CAMERA as though into the monster's face, and recognizing himself there with loathing.

She stares at him for a moment accusingly, then turns away to Adams. Morbius sags incredulously, as though she had struck him.

98
CONT'D
(5)

Morbius (brokenly)

Then it must be true!

As he sits down heavily in the seat of the library recorder, more and more gauges flicker into action in b.g., the steel door is entirely white-hot now, its surface starting to melt-- Adams and Alta tensely watching Morbius.

Morbius

Yes-- I see it now: I must be guilty.

Alta (moving toward him)

Then help us, darling! I've known you!-- like the Krell, great and noble--!

Morbius (shaking his head)

Guilty! Guilty! My evil self is at that door, and I have no power to keep it out.

Just as he says this, a hole is punched through the putty-like white-hot metal. Lumps and flakes of it begin to be flung inward as the beast gouges the hole larger, and now the bellows and brayings are deafening again. Very quietly, Adams draws his blaster. Suddenly the whole crouching and monstrous outline is punched through the door, as the unseen beast forces its way in at them with grunts and roars.

99 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS) - MORBIUS

100

rising. TRUCK him IN toward the door. In the f.g. of the SHOT Adam's blaster accompanies him, pointing steadily at the back of his skull. Morbius stops, stands facing the door with his arms outspread.

HIGH ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - MORBIUS

101

arms outspread, looking up into the CAMERA as though into the monster's face, and recognizing himself there with loathing.

LOW ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS)
A BESTIAL OUTLINE

102

swiftly taking shape, until the monster,
at last fully visible, towers above CAMERA
in all its horror. As it reaches for
Morbius with its claws--

TWO SHOT - ADAMS AND ALTA

103

forgetting even each other as they stare up
insanely o.s. All at once, the bellowings
gurgle away into silence. As Alta cries out,
darts forward, PAN to Morbius slumping to the
floor. He is dying, but physically unmarked--
and the monster is gone for good. As they
kneel beside Morbius--

CLOSE SHOT - THE WALL GAUGES

104

flickering in reverse sequence back to zero.

CLOSE GROUP SHOT

105

Alta has Morbius' head in her lap now. Adams
is trying to feel his pulse. As Alta's tears
begin falling on her father's face--

Morbius (smiling weakly)

Love one another.

(closing his eyes)

Love all men, all creatures.

He lies for a moment as though dead. Then
suddenly his eyes flash wide again in fear.

Morbius (desperate, pointing)

Son! Break that seal!, Throw the switch!

A small switch-box beside the archway in the
wall of gauges. Adams crosses unquestioning,
quickly smashes the little plastic switch-box,
and throws the switch inside. Unutterable
relief comes into Morbius' face.

Morbius (faint and dying)

In twenty-four hours you must be a hundred million
miles out in space. The Krell furnaces-- chain-
reaction--

(suddenly loud and clear)

It cannot be reversed!

As he falls back, lies still -

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACESHIP
IN FLIGHT AMONG THE STARS

106

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - MAIN DECK

107

Adams at the controls, Alta beside him.

Adams (checking meters, etc.)
Ninety-eight million, point six. We're clear now.
(glancing o.s.)
What an astrogator!

PAN slightly to INCLUDE Robby at the computers.

Robby (modestly)
A genuine privilege, Commander.

Adams
Activate main scope.

Robby (obeying)
Aye-aye, Skipper.

The scope comes on, with a single star
blazing at the center of it.

Adams (to Alta)
Altair-4 is that bright speck below the star.
(consulting chronometer)

Fifteen seconds to go.
(as her hand flies to her mouth)

Yes, Alta-- your father, my shipmates, all the
stored knowledge of the Krell.

(counting the chronometer)
Five seconds-- four-- three-- two-- one.

A blinding white dot blossoms out on the
scope. It grows swiftly until it blots
out the star, and all the visible sky.

Adams (quietly)
Vaporized. Astronomers at home will be recording
another nova.

Suddenly Alta turns to him, starts to weep.
He puts his arms around her, strokes her
hair as her father had done.

Adams
Alta, nothing is ever really lost. In about a
million years the human race will have climbed
up to where the Krell stood in their great mo-
ment of triumph and disaster. And then your
father's name will shine like a beacon in the
galaxy-- warning Man to remember that is after
all not God.

EXT. FULL SHOT (MINIATURE) - THE SPACESHIP IN FLIGHT AMONG THE STARS 106

LAP DISSOLVE:

INT. MED. SHOT - MAIN DECK 107

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Slowly, she looks up at him, starts to smile.

107
CONT'D
(2)

Robby

A-C point to enter hyperdrive in precisely twelve minutes, sir.

Adams (releasing Alta)

Bosun, front and center.

Bosun (stepping up)

Aye aye, sir.

Adams (speaking rapidly)

As Commander here, I am authorized under Section 12-F to delegate any portion or portions of my authority to another officer in an emergency. I pronounce this an emergency, and provisionally commission you Acting Captain of this ship.

(handing Bosun open space manual--

indicating place with his thumb)

Start reading aloud right there, Captain.

Bosun (dazzled but obedient)

Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the presence of this company--

As Adams takes Altaira's hand--

LAP DISSOLVE:

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE STARRY UNIVERSE

108

FADE OUT.

THE END

SUMMARY

FORBIDDEN PLANET

No. 1

(Script dated: 3-10-55)

Due to the excessive expense of re-running entire script merely in order to obtain consecutive page numbers, the script with its changes will not be re-run, but herewith in front and back of the script you will find a summary of the total number of pages in the script.

	Total number of pages in script including revisions to date, and based on 63 lines per page.	90
3-17-55		

(Script completed: 3-17-55)

THE END