

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

Screenplay  
by  
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SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN:

With appearance of first MAIN TITLE, a burst of flame erupts violently in background, and, as it swells, words crumble to ashes. As subsequent TITLES unfold, ashes pile up and flame flickers low. Biblical quotation appears on screen.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(O.s.; reading quotation)

"And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.

(Slight pause; then)

"And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth..."

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - SKY - (PAINTING) - (NIGHT)

The night offers millions of stars.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(O.s.)

-- Needles in a heavenly haystack! --  
There are more stars in the heavens than there are human beings on earth! This patch of sky above remote Mount Kenna Observatory in South Africa is but an infinitesimal part of our solar system.

CAMERA PANS as if searching.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(During search of sky)

Through telescopes, men of science, searching to find and understand the laws of this universe, make new discoveries!

Amid crescendo of music, CAMERA STOPS ABRUPTLY on two distant pinpoints! We will come to know these as BELLUS and ZYRA, the latter closer to our telescopic eye.

A-2 FULL SHOT - INT. MOUNT KENNA OBSERVATORY

Not so lavishly equipped as some of the world's more richly endowed observatories, it still is impressive to the lay eye. THREE MEN work in this high-ceilinged, domelike room. There is the telescope, smaller replicas, astronomical charts, etc.

DOCTOR EMERY BRONSON, in his early fifties, operating the telescope's camera attachments, is visibly disturbed. He glances at nearby illustrated chart, again peers through telescope.

BRONSON

(Worried tone)

They've traveled almost a million miles in two weeks.

The ROAR of an airplane motor intrudes from somewhere in the sky. Bronson and assistants, STANLEY and PAUL, look up and listen attentively.

STANLEY

Is that Randall?

BRONSON

I hope so.

(To second assistant)

Paul --

(Assistant turns)

-- I want Randall to leave as quickly as possible.

PAUL

(Nodding)

All the slides are ready, doctor -- catalogued and marked for identification.

BRONSON

Include tonight's photographs -- I told Professor Hendron I'd send as much detail as we have.

He watches Paul release photographic plates from the camera and starts for a side door ... The roar of the plane motor draws closer.

BRONSON

Paul -- Stanley --

(Assistants eye him)

-- It won't be necessary to tell Randall what he is carrying.

JH 2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-11-50 3.

A-3 MED. CLOSE - DAVE RANDALL - INT. PLANE - (PROCESS)  
(NIGHT)

DAVE RANDALL, at thirty, has been places ... Most of the time, with a pretty and amiable girl at his elbow. And tonight, as the cabin plane races through the sky, is no exception.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he grins at his companion in the seat close by. A brunette, whose name happens to be LEDA, responds happily to the grin with her eyes and fondling hand. She leans very close, waiting to be kissed.

DAVE

Hold it.

(Picks up transmitter, nods endorsement of pose to girl)

Just that way -- Don't move.

(Continues smiling at her while clicking on transmitter; into it)

ZS--MAP -- calling Mount Kenna Field -- Over.

(Clicks it off; to Leda)

Don't take it away, honey.

VOICE

(Through radio)

Come in, ZS--MAP -- Over.

DAVE

(Still holding her attention; into speaker)

ZS--MAP -- Dave Randall -- from Johannesburg - cabin monoplane -- Request permission to land -- Over.

He clicks off and takes Leda close in a long, long kiss.

VOICE

(Through radio; during kiss)

Hello, Randall -- This is Russ Curtis, Mount Kenna Field -- Visibility fine -- Take runway three -- approach from southwest at five hundred -- There's a car waiting here to take you up to Doctor Bronson at the Observatory -- Over.

(Continued)

A-3 (Cont'd)

Dave clicks on switch and draws back very slightly from girl. He holds transmitter between their lips.

DAVE

(Looking at girl; but  
into mike)

Thank you, Mount Kenna Field!

DISSOLVE TO:

A-4 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. MOUNT KENNA OBSERVATORY - (NIGHT)

Dave Randell, alone in the room, curiously inspects assortment of gadgets. Stanley enters from side room.

STANLEY

You must have been held up at  
Mount Kenna Field --

(As Dave looks at him)

We knew you got in two hours ago.

DAVE

(Smoothly)

I had a friend of mine's aunt for  
a passenger.

(Squints into telescope)

Had to get the old lady home first.

Door opens to admit Bronson.

BRONSON

(Hand extended; comes  
forward)

I'm Emery Bronson.

DAVE

(Shaking hands)

Hello, Doctor.

BRONSON

(Going behind desk)

You've been well recommended to  
us, Mister Randall.

DAVE

Shouldn't have taken much recom-  
mendation -- I understand all you  
want is a package delivered.

BRONSON

(Reaching in drawer)

Did you bring your passport to the  
United States?

(Continued)

A-4

(Cont'd)

DAVE

Yes -- Who gets delivery of what?

BRONSON

(Takes out envelope;  
then soberly)

Your recommendation said I could  
depend on a lack of curiosity.

DAVE

(He arouses quickly)

Doctor Bronson, I don't care what  
you're doing or why -- All I want to  
know is where do I go and how soon  
do I get paid?

BRONSON

(Quickly)

I didn't mean to be rude -- It's  
just that secrecy is very important  
now.

(Takes money and photos  
from envelope)

You'll fly your plane to Lisbon --  
Then take the trans-Atlantic clipper  
to New York. The delivery will be  
made to Doctor Hendron at the Cosmos  
Observatory.

(Pushing over photos)

Here are several poses of Doctor  
Hendron.

Dave picks up photos and spreads them fanwise for  
closer inspection.

A-5

INSERT - HENDRON PHOTOS

All show a man of about fifty-five with a forceful  
and interesting face and profile.

BRONSON'S VOICE

(O.s.)

The delivery must be made to him  
personally -- Remember that --  
To Doctor Hendron only.

A-6

MEDIUM SHOT - INT. OBSERVATORY

BRONSON

(Handing him money)

You'll require this for expenses.

A-6 (Cont'd)

Dave shuffles through bills in a quick count.

DAVE

I'm supposed to get paid fifteen hundred dollars plus the expenses.

BRONSON

Hendron will pay you on delivery.

(Looks toward astronomical chart; then heavily)

Time is all that counts -- The money doesn't matter at all.

DAVE

(Grinning)

With me, Doctor, money always matters.

BRONSON

(Slowly)

Perhaps - now. But the day may arrive when money won't mean anything -- not to you -- nor anyone.

DAVE

(Amused)

When that happens to me, I'll be six feet under.

The grin dies abruptly as he looks into Bronson's dead serious face.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-7 LONG SHOT - EXT. OCEAN - (DAY) - (STOCK)

The Constellation wings its way across the ocean.

A-8 CLOSE SHOT - DAVE - INT. CONSTELLATION - (PROCESS)  
(DAY)

Frowning hard, in puzzled thought, Dave stares through window at ocean vastness.

STEWARDESS' VOICE

(O.s.)

Another radiogram, Mister Randall.

CAMERA PULLS BACK with Dave's glance and reveals good-looking STEWARDESS.

DAVE

(Accepting message)

Thanks.

A-8 (Cont'd)

STEWARDESS  
(Willing to linger)  
Enjoying your trip?

But when Dave, only interested in message, pays no attention, she goes off. Dave reads radiogram.

A-9 INSERT - RADIOGRAM

Dated November 16, it states: "We will raise our bid to five thousand dollars for exclusive story on contents of black box. Cable acceptance collect." It is signed: "Donovan, New York Sentinel".

A-10 MEDIUM CLOSE - DAVE

He is definitely impressed, perhaps interested. As he eyes black box at his side, CAMERA PULLS BACK. Box, we discover, is handcuffed to his right wrist... His free hand fingers the lock. Dave obviously is tempted but then his hand comes away and he crumples radiogram in his fist. As his gaze returns to window,

DISSOLVE TO:

A-11 CLOSEUP - SIGN - INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE SHED - LAGUARDIA FIELD - (DAY) - (NOVEMBER)

The sign simply reads: "United States Customs Inspection". Over scene comes hubbub of people and luggage in movement. CAMERA PANS DOWN to discover Dave, square black box chained to wrist, impatiently waiting in line to confront seated Immigration Officer. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see this line is one of several under the long shed. At the far end, an office door is labeled, "Chief Inspector - Private".

AD LIBS

Honestly, the inspection takes longer than the trip across!

Fifty percent duty! I'd rather junk the stuff right here!

I bought Clara a few small things -- She's so appreciative.

A-12 SHOOTING TOWARD PRIVATE OFFICE - DAVE IN F.G.

Door opens and uniformed CHIEF INSPECTOR, holding a letter he probably just read, stands in opening and surveys lines. He turns his head and says something which brings JOYCE HENDRON to the door. About twenty-five, Joyce is that rarity, a combination of looks and intellect.

She searches among arrivals and there is a trace of excitement in her manner as she discovers the black box. She points out the bearer to the Chief and latter crosses to Dave.

CHIEF  
David Randall?

DAVE  
(Slightly surprised)  
That's right.

CHIEF  
(Holds out hand)  
May I see your passport, please?

Dave delivers it and Chief makes quick scrutiny.

CHIEF  
Fine -- this way --

CAMERA TRUCKS as they start for office.

A-13 GROUP SHOT - JOYCE, DAVE AND CHIEF

CHIEF  
Here's your man.

JOYCE  
(Extending hand to Dave)  
I'm Joyce Hendron -- Professor  
Hendron's daughter -- We're to go  
straight to the Observatory.

DAVE  
(Holding her hand and  
grinning)  
This is better than a motorcycle  
escort.

Joyce frees her hand. The Chief scribbles a pass and hands it, with passport, to Dave.

CHIEF  
You'll need the pass to get out  
of the building.

A-13 (Cont'd)

JOYCE

(To Chief)

Thank you.

(Starting off)

This way, Mister Randall.

As he falls into step, an alert newspaperman, DONOVAN, comes forward and intercepts them.

DONOVAN

Hello, Mister Randall -- I'm Donovan, of the Sentinel.

DAVE

Some other time.

Donovan, blocking path, takes envelope from pocket and extends it.

DONOVAN

We've raised our offer -- Seventy-five hundred! Right here, Mister Randall -- A check made out to your order!

Dave sees Joyce's alarmed features ... He gently but firmly moves Donovan from path.

DAVE

No, thanks.

(Grinning, looking at Joyce)

I'm working on a better offer.

He takes Joyce's arm and they exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-14 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. CAR - (PROCESS) - (DAY)

Joyce is driving and Dave at her side.

JOYCE

(Concerned)

I can't imagine how the Sentinel even had a hint about your errand -- But it's difficult to keep secrets from the newspapers.

(Turning to him)

I'm glad you turned them down. You know what it would mean if the public had this information prematurely.

A-17 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. OBSERVATORY ANTEROOM - (DAY)

ANTHONY DRAKE, a sober and serious young man, is the antithesis of Dave in everything but age. He, too, is about thirty.

Right now, in this comfortably plush anteroom, hemmed in by wall illustrations of things astronomical, he waits patiently without bothering the busy SECRETARY. But several stubbed cigarettes and an opened magazine indicate he has been waiting for some time.

Opposite the entrance is an oak-paneled door and its gilt letters spell out the single word, "Private."

As outer door opens, Tony smiles and rises. Joyce, genuinely glad to see him, quickly goes to him and, as Dave looks on:

JOYCE

I'm glad you waited for me.

TONY

(Kissing her; then,  
pointedly)

So am I.

JOYCE

(Stepping back slightly)

Tony, this is Mister Randall.

(To Dave)

Doctor Drake.

The men shake hands, Tony eyeing box curiously and Dave eyeing him.

JOYCE

(To secretary)

Alice, didn't my father know  
Doctor Drake was here?

TONY

(Quickly)

I told Alice not to bother -- He  
has some people with him.

ALICE

(As Joyce quizzes her)

It's a special meeting of the  
Observatory's trustees.

JOYCE

(Going to door; to  
Dave)

They'll want to see you right away.

A-17 (Cont'd)

She exits. There is a silence between the men ...  
It becomes awkward ... Tony finally offers cigarette  
pack.

TONY

Smoke?

DAVE

(Digging out own pack)  
Thanks - I'll try one.  
(Offers his)  
Have a South African one.

They both grin as Tony accepts and then lights up.

DAVE

(Finally)  
You part of this deal, Doctor?  
(As Tony eyes him  
quizzically)  
This star-gazing?

TONY

(Understanding now)  
Ch --  
(Smiles).  
-- No -- I confine my gazing to  
the eye, ear, nose and throat --  
I'm an M.D. -- I gather you're not  
an astronomer, either.

DAVE

(Amused)  
Me?  
(Tapping black box)  
I'm just a high-priced messenger  
boy who's beginning to have doubts  
about the sanity of astronomers.  
They ought to stick to making wrong  
predictions about the weather.

TONY

(As he might treat a  
patient)  
Astronomy is a very exact science.

DAVE

(The unbeliever)  
Maybe so -- But when they start  
telling me Doomsday's just around  
the corner, we part company!

A-17 (Cont'd)

TONY

(After long pause;  
eyeing him and box)  
Who's been telling you that?

But the door opens to reveal PROFESSOR ROBERT HENDRON. He exudes authority and, at this moment, a nervous impatience.

HENDRON

Come right this way, Mister Randall!  
(First notices Tony)  
Hello, Tony -- Come along if you  
want to.

Hendron is about to lead way when he notices Dave has not started. Instead, Dave is digging an envelope from his pocket.

HENDRON

(Impatiently)  
Please! I have some people waiting!

DAVE

(Taking out photos)  
One second.  
(Checking photos)  
I'm supposed to make sure.  
(Nodding)  
They check.

Carrying box, he follows. Tony falls in step.

TONY

(Quietly; to Dave)  
Who told you that -- about Doomsday?

DAVE

(Also quietly; grinning)  
Why, Doc, I thought you were  
practically a member of the family.

A-18 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. HENDRON'S OFFICE

It is surprisingly monastic, large enough but containing no real evidence of luxury. There are SIX MEN, all impressive looking, present in the room.

Although we do not know them at this time, they are: GLENN SPIRO, head of International Electric; FRANK PASMONICK, president of the National Bank; HUGO BARNSTABLE, chairman of the board of Western Rubber; HORACE FARNSWORTH, president of Farnsworth Motors; Dean GEORGE PRYDE, of the New England Institute of Technology and RUDOLPH MARSTON, a steel tycoon.

A-18 (Cont'd)

Dave reacts to their stares by nervously hugging closer the subject of their interest, the black box. Hendron quickly goes behind desk and impatiently yanks open drawers in search of something.

HENDRON

(During above; calling)

Joyce!

(More drawers)

Joyce! -- Where is she?

(To Dave, indicating box)

Put it on the desk, Randall.

Joyce, carrying a wire-cutter, hurries in through door marked "Laboratories".

HENDRON

(Hand out; to Joyce)

Let me have it.

CAMERA MOVES IN as others gather closer, all eyes on box.

DAVE

(Low-voiced; to Hendron)

Doctor Bronson said I was to get fifteen hundred dollars --

HENDRON

(Impatiently)

I'll take care of it.

He clumsily inserts wire-cutter at chain close to Dave's wrist.

DAVE

(Low-voiced)

This is supposed to be C.O.D.

At this instant, Hendron misses with clipping and Dave pulls back.

HENDRON

(Irritably)

Hold still, please!

But Dave, with manacled hand, picks up box and with free hand, takes out key ... Eyeing Hendron, Dave simply hands over key and Hendron quickly unlocks box and lifts lid. As Joyce and men crowd forward, Hendron examines mathematical markings on backs of few plates.

A-19 INSERT - PLATES

The markings might, to the lay mind, be those for an

A-20 GROUP SHOT

All the faces, but Dave's, reflect the gravity of the situation. Dave's betrays an uneasy bewilderment as his gaze goes from the plates to the various faces.

HENDRON

(Finding Dave)

Do you mind waiting in the ante-room, Mr. Randall?

JOYCE

(Immediately)

He knows all the details, Dad.

DAVE

(After double-take;  
smiling; easily)

Doctor Bronson and I have no secrets from each other.

Hendron, satisfied, nods and returns to study of plates.

FRYE

(Examining some plates)

Bronson been at this study a long time?

HENDRON

Two years -- But I first heard from him ten days ago -- He wanted me to check his findings.

(To Joyce)

Give this data to D.A.

Dave looks around to discover the identity of "D.A." and encounters Tony's grin.

TONY

(Low-voiced)

D for differential -- A for analyzer -- The Differential Analyzer -- D.A.

DAVE

(Bewildered grin)

Naturally.

Joyce starts out with written material. Hendron picks up slides.

HENDRON

We'll run these through the viewer.

(Continued)

Mc 2nd Change

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

12-11-50 15A

A-20 (Cont'd)

Hendron starts for far corner of room, trustees following.

DAVE

(Calling)

Doctor Hendron --

HENDRON

(Continuing on)

Later, Randall -- Later.

(To Trustees)

I wish I didn't know Bronson's capabilities so well -- He rarely leaves any margin for error.

CAMERA TRUCKS, EXCLUDING DAVE FROM SHOT.

(Continued)

A-20 (Cont'd)

DAVE'S VOICE  
(O.s.; urgently)  
Hey, Doc! -- Doctor Drake!

Tony pauses and turns.

A-21 FEATURING DAVE AND TONY

Dave looks his appeal ... Lifting hand, he shows opened box dangling from wrist, demonstrates inability to clip chain with left hand.

TONY  
(Grinning)  
Later, Randall -- Later.

He starts away, pauses, turns and comes back, and grinning broadly, uses clippers to free Dave.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-22 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - VIEWING BOX - INT. HENDRON'S OFFICE -(DAY)

Slide reveals night study of sky. Hendron's hand enters scene and he points out an isolated star.

HENDRON'S VOICE  
(O.s.; during above)  
-- This was Bronson's first discovery -- Bellus, a star, a dozen times larger than our earth.

A-23 REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARD AUDIENCE

Tony and six trustees pay strict attention. Dave appears somewhat bored. Frye operates the small box-like projector on desk. This type is used by scientists for its convenient size and because it operates well in ordinary daylight. Frye inserts another slide.

A-24 TOWARD SCREEN AND HENDRON

HENDRON  
Bellus has been approaching earth at tremendous speed.

New slide features Bellus and a second, small pinpoint of light.

(Continued)

A-24 (Cont'd)

HENDRON

Bronson's second discovery!

(After tense pause)

A new planet! -- Zyra, Bronson named it -- His measurements show this new body revolves around Bellus more rapidly than Earth revolves around the sun!

Another slide shows Bellus, Zyra and Scorpio.

HENDRON

(Pointing)

This is the constellation of Scorpio -- Notice the position here of these two new bodies in relation to Scorpio.

Further slides show that Bellus and Zyra have moved.

HENDRON

(During above)

But here, again, Bellus and Zyra have changed position.

(After pause)

Just how fast they have been moving --

(Difficulty saying this)

-- and their eventual destination, are among the mathematical problems being determined by our electric calculator --

(Checks his watch)

-- We'll have the results in a few hours.

A-25 CLOSE SHOT - ELECTRIC CALCULATOR - INT. ANOTHER LABORATORY - (STOCK)

The giant Calculator, "D.A.", a layman's fascinating jigsaw, is an impressive and noisy operation.

A-26 CLOSE SHOT - JOYCE

Joyce, a study in worried concentration, works at desk facing machine. As she looks up and stares hard at some results:

DISSOLVE TO:

A-27 MEDIUM SHOT - TOWARD SCREEN AND HENDRON - INT. LABORATORY

A new slide features Bellus and Zyra.

(Continued)

A-27 (Cont'd)

HENDRON

(Pointing out smaller)

Zyra is about the same size as our earth -- Both these bodies are coming into our solar system!

(Heavily)

If Bronson's readings are correct --

(Another pause)

-- These two bodies will destroy the earth!

A-28 REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARD AUDIENCE GROUP

CAMERA PANS stunned faces. In Dave's face, disbelief struggles against the impressiveness of Hendron and the photographic slides.

DAVE

(Suddenly breaking heavy silence)

How far away from us are they?

HENDRON

The Calculator will be precise -- But I would estimate about three billion miles.

DAVE

(Staring as at a crazy man)

Billion?

(Hendron nods; Dave exhales in relief; then)

Let people start worrying a hundred years from now!

HENDRON

(Shaking head)

Mister Randall, you've flown ships faster than sound, haven't you?

(As Dave, sobering, nods)

These bodies are moving a thousand times faster!

(Eyeing him)

They can be upon us in less than one year!

Frye nods soberly. Others appear frozen, stunned.

HENDRON

(Continuing)

I repeat all this depends on Bronson's findings being correct --

A-28 (Cont'd)

HENDRON (Cont'd)

(Snaps off projector)

-- The planet Zyra will pass very close to us --

(Pacing floor)

-- Close enough to influence the tides -- oceans will be torn from their depths -- Tidal waves, hundreds of feet high, will sweep in from the coasts -- There will be giant earthquakes --

(Tragically)

Handfuls of people may survive if provisions are made --

MARSTON

(Suddenly)

We'll make them! Every possible effort!

SPIRO

Whatever help my factories can give, we will give gladly!

HENDRON

(Heavily)

It will be useless --

(As frightened eyes stare)

Soon after, Bellus will come into direct collision with our Earth! Our world will end!

Only the breathing of these men can be heard ... Then door opens and Joyce, visibly shaken, enters quickly, avoids all eyes in the deathlike stillness, and hands batch of findings to her father. Latter, hands trembling, glances at first ... at second paper ... Agitation increasing at third, etc.

Finally, he faces men!

HENDRON

(Under strain)

There -- There is no error!

DISSOLVE TO:

A-29 MEDIUM CLOSE - DAVE - INT. HOTEL SUPPER CLUB - (NIGHT)

Over scene comes rhythmic dance music ... Dave, at a table for three, a bottle of whiskey before him, pours a liberal drink. Not yet drunk, he is on the

(Continued)

A-29 (Cont'd)

way. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, he somberly takes in fun-making, then digs into his pocket and produces large roll of money.

Middle-aged MATRON, at next table, watches him curiously as, with great deliberation, he selects a bill and uses it to light his cigarette.

Dave catches Matron's startled look. Obviously, she considers him very drunk or crazy.

DAVE

(Grinning sheepishly; to Matron)

I always wanted to do that.  
(Leans across, proffers cigarettes and a second bill)

Want to try one?

She turns away indignantly ... Dave shrugs and returns to his drink.

A-30 CLOSE TWO SHOT - JOYCE AND TONY

They dance slowly.

TONY

It's funny how I keep thinking about a Mister Simmons -- He was a patient of mine when I was interning -- One of those incurable cases.

(After pause)

I used to wonder how he felt the day he asked me how much longer he would live.

(Heavier pause)

Now I think I know.

Joyce nods understandingly. They continue dancing. Joyce's attention, over Tony's shoulder, is drawn to sidelines.

A-31 ANOTHER ANGLE - HOLDING JOYCE AND DAVE AT EXTREMES OF SHOT

Tony's back is TO CAMERA. Joyce can see Dave somberly pouring and drinking.

TONY

(Suddenly)

Joyce?

A-31 (Cont'd)

JOYCE  
(Watching Dave)

Yes?

TONY  
Let's not put off getting married!

Joyce reacts as Dave, looking up over his drink, catches her stare. He grins, contagiously for her.

TONY  
(Continuing)

There isn't any reason to wait now!

Dave pours another drink and solemnly drinks a toast to Joyce. She grins.

TONY  
Is there, Joyce?

JOYCE  
I promised Dad I'd wait -- There will be so much to do.

They dance on ... Joyce watches Dave.

TONY  
Darling, your father will be the first to agree with me! The time that is left should be ours!

The music ends amid applause. Tony reluctantly relinquishes her.

TONY  
We're entitled to be that selfish when we know what's coming!

CAMERA TRUCKS THEM across dance floor.

JOYCE  
I'll feel better if I talk to Dad first -- He'll be home day after tomorrow.

At the table, Dave, amiably drunk, rises and waits for Joyce to sit down. A waiter deposits two cocktails and a Captain of waiters stops at table.

CAPTAIN  
(Looking from Dave to Tony)  
Doctor Drake?

(Continued)

A-31 (Cont'd)

TONY

Yes?

CAPTAIN

(Pointing to rear)

There is a call for you -- They said it was the hospital.

TONY

(Rising)

Thank you.

(To Joyce and Dave)

Be right back.

Dave watches Joyce sip her drink, pours another for himself and continues to hold bottle.

DAVE

I never used to believe my Mother's stories about Americans being the most progressive people --

(Grins over bottle)

-- I thought she was boasting because she was born here.

(Gestures with bottle)

But this is proof of progress!

(Using his half-thumb to measure bottle)

They charge for drinks by the inch!

He completes measurements and appears puzzled.

DAVE

Look, Star-Gazer, arithmetic is your department -- How much is seven times two and a half dollars?

It is Joyce's first genuine laugh.

JOYCE

Real progress -- seventeen-fifty per bottle!

DAVE

(Delighted)

Bronson gets in tomorrow --

I'll tell him how right he was!

He said the day was coming when money wouldn't mean a thing to me.

(Picks up roll of money)

This is the day!

(Peels off bill)

Money to burn!

(Continued)

A-31 (Cont'd)

He leans toward next table, then pulls back to face Joyce.

DAVE

Went to tell me something, Star-Gazer?

JOYCE

What is it?

DAVE

You and the doctor going to get married?

Almost angrily, she looks away ... But he sits there, looking and waiting ... Joyce, hand trembling, sips drink.

JOYCE

(Finally, hesitantly)

I don't know.

DAVE

(Grinning amiably)

Well, maybe you can tell me where I can find out?

She surrenders to the compulsion to look at him.

JOYCE

(Low-voiced)

Why?

He eyes her somberly for an instant.

DAVE

(Finally)

I'd like to stop being just an interested bystander.

Again, she takes refuge in the cocktail, reaches for a cigarette. Dave leans across to next table.

DAVE

(To Matron)

May I trouble you for a light?

He waits for no reply ... Sticks money into flame beneath casserole as people stare and giggle.

DAVE

(Retiring with flame;  
solemnly to Matron)

Thank you, Madame.

(Continued)

A-31 (Cont'd)

He seriously offers light to Joyce. For an instant, she stares at him and then suddenly capitulates in a burst of belly laughter, accepting the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-32 FULL SHOT - EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - (STOCK)  
(DAY)

Flags of member nations fly en masse.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-33 INT. COMMITTEE ROOM - (DAY)

All races, nations and emblems are represented. Members, wearing customary headphone sets, face dais and microphone.

A-34 TOWARD DAIS

Sharing dais with the CHAIRMAN, delegate from India, are Hendron, Frye, Doctor Bronson and an array of astronomy charts and maps; on other side of Chairman are three distinguished scientists, Doctors WILSON, OTTINGER AND ZENTA. Their expressions reflect annoyance.

That the delegates already have been told the gist of the news is evident in their shocked, incredulous faces!

(NOTE! If it is mechanically possible, as actually happens in all sessions, the delegates will speak in their native tongues and we will hear the translations through Hendron's headset.

CHAIRMAN

(In Indian language)

There can be no error? -- You are satisfied that your facts are correct?

HENDRON

(Firmly; into tenseness)

Yes!

(After pause)

The first effects of Zyra's passing should be felt about one o'clock on the afternoon of July twenty-fourth!

(Continued)

A-34 (Cont'd)

CAMERA PANS DELEGATES. One man doodles, jabbing pencil viciously into paper...Another is frozen and sweating his fear...Here is a nail-biter... There, a head bowed in prayer...Among opposition scientists, scorn.

A-35 MEDIUM SHOT - FEATURING DAIS

FRENCHMAN

And the second body?

HENDRON

Nineteen days later! -- Bellus will crush the earth on the morning of August twelfth!

Scientists Ottinger and Zenta, showing their indignation, start to rise. Chairman signals them to wait until Hendron has finished theory.

HENDRON

(Seeing this)

This is not a publicity-seeking campaign -- We are completely aware that most of our colleagues --

(Indicating array of scientists)

--ridicule our findings. But believing what we do, we had no choice but to ask for this hearing!

BRAZILIAN

With complete certainty, you tell us that the world will end on next August twelfth?

HENDRON

Precisely that, sir!

ITALIAN

(Hoarsely)

And all human life will be destroyed?

Hendron visibly hesitates...His gaze consults Frye and Bronson...They nod encouragement.

HENDRON

(Finally)

There is a possibility -- a very remote one -- that a few people might be saved!

(Continued)

ENGLISHMAN

(Pouncing)

The world will be destroyed but a few people will be saved?

HENDRON

The world -- our world -- will end on August twelfth! In slightly more than eight months! There is no margin for error in that, sir!

(Turns slightly; eyes  
opposition scientists)

But we believe that the planet, Zyra, once contained living matter! We believe -- and this is theory, not certainty -- that some form of vegetation may exist on Zyra!

DELEGATE

(Sarcastically)

You're proposing that we all pack our trunks and move to Zyra?

CAMERA PANS DELEGATES. Some laughter is genuine, others, nervous.

HENDRON

(Wearily.)

No, sir -- But we are hoping that with the help and guidance of Almighty God a few people may be able to do exactly that!

ANOTHER DELEGATE

(Calling out)

A Twentieth Century Noah's Ark!

HENDRON

Yes! -- One or more of them! As many as can be built in this short time!

(Pauses; very earnestly  
appealing)

Eventually, as Zyra and Bollus speed closer toward us, any layman will be able to see the danger!

(After pause)

Much like a train looms up in the distance! In an instant, it is upon you!

(Indicating Frye)

With enough funds, labor and material, Doctor Frye believes rocket ships can be built to fly to Zyra which will be closest to us! But remember, eight

(Continued)

A-35 (Cont'd)

HENDRON (Cont'd)

months is very little time for construction. Only if work starts immediately, can it be done!

(After deliberate pause)

If you wait until the danger is visible to the naked eye, it will be too late to escape! Zyra and Bellus will be upon us and destroy the earth!

Hendron retires to seat amid hubbub of sound from delegates. Chairman pounds for order, gets it and signals toward opposition scientists.

CHAIRMAN

(Nodding)

Doctor Ottinger.

(As latter rises; to delegates)

Doctor Arnold Ottinger, of the Estabrook Observatory.

Ottinger, an impressive-looking elder, carrying a sheaf of notes, comes to the center and faces the quiet audience.

OTTINGER

(Slowly, calmly)

Gentlemen, my colleagues --

(Indicating two)

-- Doctor Fred Zausner, Professor of astronomy at Cornwall University, Doctor Jonathan Wilson, President of the International Planetary Research Institute, and I have examined the photographs and data submitted by Doctors Hendron and Bronson.

(After pause)

Our findings show there is no cause for alarm! No reason to spend billions of dollars to build space ships which never will be needed!

(Turns to Hendron and

Frye; deliberately)

And suppose they were built -- Do either of you believe that space ships can fly to any planet?

HENDRON

It is a theoretical possibility.

A-35 (Cont'd)

OTTINGER

(Firmly)

I, too, deal in theories, Doctor!  
 But when you tell me flying to  
 another planet is a possibility,  
 you're out of the realm of theory!  
 You're in a dream-world of the im-  
 possible!

DELEGATE (Loudly)

Even if the world were to end, would  
 it be less unpleasant to die out in  
 space than here on firm ground?

OTTINGER

(Positively)

The world will not end! -- Certainly  
 these new bodies will pass our planet!  
 Heavenly bodies frequently do -- Mars  
 does every fifteen to seventeen years.

(Smiles confidently)

But we are still here.

(After pause)

Predicting the end of the world is  
 an annual crackpot event in our  
 society! An attempt to corner the  
 newspaper headlines!

(Pauses; soberly)

But I did not expect a man of Doctor  
 Hendron's background to join this  
 headline-hunting parade!

Delegates applaud Ottinger ... Hendron, Frye and  
 Bronson, gathering up exhibits, start to exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-36 CLOSEUP - NEWSDEALER - EXT. STREET - (DAY)

He grins from ear to ear and shakes head, CAMERA  
 PANS TO NEWS HEADLINE he is reading. Date is Novem-  
 ber 24. Headline blares: "Doomsday Around Corner,  
 Astronomers Claim." Subhead continues: "Suggest We  
 Fly To Another World." Grinning newsdealer reminds  
 himself about business and turns to crowded street.

NEWSDEALER

(Hawking)

Awright! -- The end of the world!  
 It's around the corner! Get your  
 evenin' papers!

A-36 (Cont'd)

CAMERA PANS OTHER HEADLINES -- all dates are November 24th -- which read: "World's End Prediction Hoax"... "Star-Gazers Predict Doomsday"... "Stocks Climb After Doomsday Scare."

NEWSDEALER'S VOICE

(O.s.; continuing)

It's around the corner! -- Read about Doomsday!

DISSOLVE TO:

A-37

A-38

OUT

A-39 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. CHORUS GIRLS' DRESSING ROOM - (NIGHT)

Girls prepare for stage...Orchestra music comes from radio...Music ends.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(O.s.; deep voice)

Are you prepared for Doomsday?

(Girls abruptly face radio;

then, after long pause)

No? -- Then don't miss Bauman's Doomsday clearance sale -- Ladies' prints, featuring the solar system in all its radiance --

DISSOLVE TO:

A-40 EXT. CAPITOL - (STOCK) - (DAY)

A-40-A GROUP SHOT - EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE  
Hendron, Frye and Trustees Rudolph Marston and Glenn Spiro come out and CAMERA TRUCKS them to

(Continued)

A-40-A (Cont'd)

parked limousine. A second car, an ordinary sedan, is parked nearby.

FRYE

(Philosophically)

Let's be thankful for small favors.  
The sub-committee didn't believe a  
word we told them, but at least they  
didn't ridicule us.

HENDRON

(Disconsolately)

No one believes us.

(Heavily)

How will we ever interest enough  
private capital?

(He starts toward  
small sedan)

It's hopeless!

MARSTON

(Stopping him)

Bob!

(Hendron turns)

I believe you!

(Grins)

I'll buy you a start on your  
rocket ship!

(Grin widens)

At my age, I'll settle for the  
satisfaction that I contributed  
toward salvaging something out of  
our old world!

CAMERA MOVES IN as Hendron emotionally grips his hand.  
Close to them, Glenn Spiro's face reveals emotional  
struggle! And suddenly, his hand makes it a three-  
some!

SPIRO

(Managing grin; to  
Marston)

I'm older and richer than you!  
I'll arrange the lease of a large  
enough camp -- one of the govern-  
ment's old proving grounds sites --  
(To beaming Hendron  
and Fryo)

Between Marston and me, you'll  
have enough to start construction!

DISSOLVE TO:

A-41

MEDIUM SHOT - INT.OFFICE - (DAY)

Charts and books are spread on desk. Hendron is absorbed. But he looks up at SOUND of door opening and smiles as Joyce enters.

JOYCE

(Crossing)

Got a minute, Dad?

HENDRON

(Fondly)

I'm marking time -- Doctor Frye and I have an appointment with Sydney Stanton.

JOYCE

(Kissing his cheek)

Is he going to give you the rest of the money you need?

HENDRON

(Holding her at his side)

I hope -- He phoned for an appointment.

JOYCE

Tony's outside.

HENDRON

(Teasing)

I'm sure he didn't come to see me.

JOYCE

(Soberly)

He wants to marry me - now.

HENDRON

(Chuckles)

Don't blame him.

(Notices she is disturbed;  
draws her closer)

Isn't marriage what you want, honey?

JOYCE

(Uncertainly)

I've liked Tony -- more than any other man -- I was always sure we would get married one of these days.

HENDRON

(Low-voiced)

Joyce, dear, there isn't time for uncertainty.

(As she looks at him)

You have to answer this question -- Do you want to spend the time left with Tony -- as his wife?

(Continued)

A-41 (Cont'd)

JOYCE

(Unhappily)

I wish I could answer it!

(Pauses; shrugs; then)

I suppose it really doesn't matter --  
And it is what Tony wants.

HENDRON

(Watching)

Not what you want?

JOYCE

A few weeks ago I would have said,  
"Why hurry? There's a whole lifetime  
ahead." -- Tony would have accepted  
it. He was interested in his medicine  
and I had my work -- But it isn't a  
valid excuse now!

HENDRON

(Softly)

No, it isn't.

JOYCE

(Appealing)

You answer for me, Dad. What  
should I do?

HENDRON

(After long silence)

-- Tony's a good sound man -- He  
loves you -- You like him --

(Pauses; then)

-- With time as short as it is,  
since there is no one else you  
like more --

(Her slight reaction gives

him pause; he eyes her; then)

Or is there?

Joyce walks away from desk ... The answer is evident.

JOYCE

(Turned away)

I don't know that either!

(Turns; appealing)

Oh, Dad, I'm so mixed up, I can't  
think straight!

Hendron rises and comes to her.

HENDRON

(Arms around her; tenderly)

-- Do I know this subject of your  
confusion?

A-41 (Cont'd)

JOYCE

(Nodding; head on his  
shoulder)

Dave Randall.

(Pulling back slightly  
to face him)I don't know why, when or where,  
Dad! I've told myself I like being  
with him only because he's someone  
new, someone different!

(Angry with herself)

He makes me angry - very angry!

(In retrospect; mellow  
tone)But he makes me laugh and want to  
do idiotic things!

(Pauses; then sadly)

Well, soon he'll be going back to  
South Africa and I can go back to  
logic and reason!Inter-communication buzzer SOUNDS. Hendron, still  
watching Joyce, flips key.

HENDRON

(Into monitor)

Yes?

ALICE'S VOICE

(O.s.)

Mister Stanton is here.

HENDRON

(Into monitor)

Tell Doctor Frye and send in  
Mister Stanton.

(Flips off key; to Joyce)

You told me to answer the question  
for you, Joyce --(Taking hold of her chin,  
turns her face to his)

Remember?

(As she smiles)

Let Tony wait a while longer --

And you --

(Grinning at her)

-- You give me two minutes after  
Stanton leaves to figure out a good  
reason to detain Dave Randall right  
here!She slowly smiles her gratitude, nods and goes to  
door. As she opens it and exits, Frye and Stanton

A-41 (Cont'd)

enter. STANTON, an unlikeable "Lionel Barrymore" in a wheelchair, is brought in by a large, broad-shouldered man, HAROLD FERRIS.

STANTON  
(Greeting Hendron)  
Doctor Hendron.

HENDRON  
This is Doctor Frye -- Mister Stanton.

STANTON  
(Immediately)  
Doctor of what?

HENDRON  
Doctor Frye is the dean of the Eastern School of Technology.

STANTON  
(Abruptly; to Ferris)  
All right, I'm in here safe and sound! Go outside and read the magazines!

Ferris exits without replying.

STANTON  
(No waster of time)  
What about this Noah's Ark? Will it get to that new planet?

FRYE  
On theory -- on the calculations of some engineers, such a flight is possible.

STANTON  
(After frowning thought)  
Two of your planetarium trustees -- Marston and Spiro - tell me you have an equipped camp site but you need money to finish building the ship.

HENDRON  
(Nodding)  
A great deal of money -- Millions!

Stanton wheels himself about as a man in thought might pace.

(Continued)

A-41 (Cont'd)

STANTON

(Finally)

Amounts don't stagger me -- I'm just weighing the percentages - your word against the word of other astronomers, Wilson, Ottinger, Zental  
(Stops; eyeing Hendron)  
I've talked to them! They say you're a crackpot!

HENDRON

(Calmly)

I know.

Stanton begins "pacing" once more.

STANTON

(During above)

It will mean liquidating some of my business interests.

HENDRON

It may mean the salvation of a civilization!

STANTON

(Snapping)

Their salvation doesn't interest me! Mine does!

(Eyes them angrily)

I'm no humanitarian like your friends, Marston and Spiro! I just don't relish dying!

(After pause)

What are the chances of existence on this new planet?

HENDRON

(Openly)

We don't know -- We can only hope they are good.

STANTON

("Pacing" and muttering)

Millions for theories!

HENDRON

(Slightly aroused)

The end of the world is no theory to us, Mister Stanton!

STANTON

(Stopping; snapping)

If I thought it was, I wouldn't be here!

(Continued)

A-41 (Cont'd)

STANTON (Cont'd)

(Pauses; then)

All right, I'll pay for the rest  
of your ark!

(As they react)

One thing -- I select the people  
who'll go with us!

HENDRON

(Shaking head; tightly)

This won't be a commercial liner!  
There may be space for fifty human  
beings, some machinery and livestock --  
the minimum needs to begin a new life!

(Very firmly)

You're not qualified to select those  
people!

STANTON

(Angrily)

Nevertheless, I reserve that privilege!  
Make up your mind!

He waits an instant, then wheels chair for door.

HENDRON

It is made up!

(As Stanton turns)

You admit you don't relish dying --  
You're willing to put up the money  
as life insurance -- the guarantee  
that if the world ends, you'll be  
among the few with a chance to reach  
this new world! -- That makes my  
proposition a simple one --

(Pauses for effect)

-- Your money for your life!

In the tense stillness, Stanton glares at Hendron.

STANTON

(Grudgingly; bargaining)

We'll do the picking together --  
half and half.

HENDRON

(Firmly)

No!

Stanton's fingers bite into the wooden arm rests.

A-41 (Cont'd)

STANTON

(Finally; shouting  
angrily)

Why not? -- Why should you set  
yourself up as the only one to  
give life or take it away? You  
want to be the one to play God!

HENDRON

(Slowly)

Maybe -- maybe that's so -- I  
sincerely hope not.

(Eyeing Stanton)

But the proposition still stands! --  
Your money for your life!

STANTON

(Low-voiced; beaten)

You know I can't refuse --

(Wheeling for door)

-- Build it!

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 CLOSE SHOT - BLACKBOARD DESIGN - INT. COLLEGE LECTURE ROOM - (DAY)

Blackboard features drawing of huge rocket ship.

FRYE'S VOICE

(O.s.; calling)

Fred Herzog ---

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: Dr. Frye, near blackboard and desk, facing room of serious male students. Dave Randall is seated in chair at desk. Frye, searching out each student he calls, continues selections.

FRYE

-- Howard Mason -- George Fitzsimmons --

Dave glances at opened newspaper on desk... He leans closer.

B-2 SHOOTING OVER DAVE'S SHOULDER ON NEWSPAPER

"Scientists Leave Government Mountain Top," it states.  
"Building Stanton's Folly -- Rocket Ship Labor Recruited from Colleges, Farms and Factories."

FRYE'S VOICE

(O.s.; during above)

-- Justin Brown -- Stanley Parsons--  
Albert Grossman -- Harry Stone --  
Frederick Ising-- David Mattisse --

B-3 MEDIUM SHOT - TOWARD FRYE

FRYE

(Soberly)

Thank you, gentlemen. Those I  
have called will please remain --  
The others may leave.

The exodus starts.

B-4 ANOTHER ANGLE - DAVE AND FRYE IN F.G.

DRYE

(Pointing to blackboard)

This is a rough design of our ship --  
Instead of taking off in the customary  
manner -- straight up -- we will con-  
serve fuel by using a mile-long slide  
to give us impetus -- (Continued)

B-4 (Cont'd)

PRYE (Continued)

Similar rocket ships are now being constructed in a few countries, but our take-off will be different -- Now, about our camp -- about its working conditions-- Dave Randall, who is assisting Doctor Hendron, will talk to you about that.

DAVE

(Taking over)

First, I want to say you men were selected because you are the top engineering students here -- The agricultural students -- our mechanics-- all our men and women were picked this way --

B-5 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. WOMEN'S COLLEGE CLASSROOM - (DAY)

Joyce, standing next to Dean of Women, faces EIGHT women students. She is making a similar speech.

JOYCE

-- The project needs you because you are fine technicians -- You are healthy --free to make your own decisions--

B-6 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. FIRST CLASSROOM

Dave is continuing with his talk.

DAVE

(Very bluntly; seriously)

There is no guarantee that the ship will reach Zyra -- But those who will make the flight will be chosen by lot sometime before the worlds collide. Only about forty-odd persons can be taken -- And, already, there are more than six hundred people working on this project!

(Waits for them to digest this; then)

I have a plane waiting at the airport-- Be there in an hour with your luggage -- rough working clothes only.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

B-7 LONG SHOT - PLANE CIRCLING- EXT. AIRSTRIP-(STOCK)DAY

Plane circles and gets set for landing.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-8 MEDIUM SHOT - EXT. PLATEAU - (DAY)

Bus passes through opening in fence toward main camp.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-9 MEDIUM SHOT - TOWARD BUS - EXT. PLATEAU - (DAY)

Recruits, carrying baggage, follow Joyce and Dave out of bus which has been stopped close to series of humps in ground, much like those in Maginot Line. New arrivals gaze toward activities.

B-10 FROM THEIR ANGLE - (MINIATURE)

A small version of a boom town ... Bulldozers, trucks, and jeeps hustle about ... Amid SOUNDS of riveting, etc., we identify cranes and skeleton of rocket ship!

B-11 TOWARD BUS

Joyce and Dave lead way toward underground, CAMERA TRUCKING. They go down bunker steps.

B-12 INT. UNDERGROUND - TOWARD STEPS

They come into artificial light. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. This is a corridor braced by concrete ... Offices, dormitories, etc., occupy spaces off corridor. Dave leads way.

In all offices there is an atmosphere of intense haste. As CAMERA TRUCKS, we visit underground and see it through eyes of recruits such as JULIE CUMMINGS AND EDDIE GARSON, a young couple in love.

During this entire scene, we will hear, through various amplifiers, at spaced intervals, the following:

VOICE THROUGH AMPLIFIER

(O.s.)

Doctor Frye, please! -- Doctor Frye! --  
You are wanted at the north end of  
the ramp.

(Continued)

BB 2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-11-50 40A

B-12 (Cont'd)

VOICE THROUGH AMPLIFIER (Cont'd)  
Attention, men's quarters! Mohaney  
and Williams -- Report to the tool shed.

Attention, main garage! -- Two jeeps  
are needed immediately at the foot  
of the ramp approach.

On door of first office hangs a double calendar. It  
bluntly warns: "79 Days until Zyra -- 98 Days Until  
Bellus." Further signs state: "Waste Anything Except  
Time - Time Is Our Shortest Material."

CAMERA PANS faces of Julie, Eddie, etc., at this first  
vivid reminder of approaching Doomsday!

(Note: In all underground scenes we will see these  
double calendars and other warning signs).

DG 1st change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-7-50 41.  
B-12 (Cont'd) 42.

CAMERA TRUCKING, group "visits" ...

- (a) MICROFILM LABORATORY ... Three young women expertly photograph pages of Bible, Shakespeare, United States Constitution, etc.
- (b) LIVESTOCK CHAMBER ... Here are fine-looking specimens of poultry, cattle, lambs, rabbits, etc. A large sign warns: "Weight Will Be A Problem - Do Not Overfeed." In front of stalls and cages are weight markings for specimens.
- (c) MEN'S DORMITORY - A series of double-deckers, many occupied by sleeping men. Dave leads men inside.
- (d) WOMEN'S DORMITORY ... Closed door is labeled. Joyce opens it, gestures women inside and leaves.

B-13 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. CLINIC

Joyce enters ... Tony Drake presides here. Patients are undergoing physical check-ups, dental exams, etc. Blood plasma is being stored in labeled freezer.

TONY

(Coming forward; smiling)  
Good trip?

JOYCE

(Nods; then)  
Seventeen new people.

Without making a point of it, Joyce avoids Tony's offered embrace by stepping to side of table, idly picking up plasma container and moving it toward assembled heap. But he is aware of this.

JOYCE

Where's Dad?

TONY

Doctor Ottinger asked him to come to New York for a conference with Wilson and Zenta.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-14,  
B-15 OUT

B-14

LONG SHOT - SKY - SHOOTING THROUGH TELESCOPE -  
INT. OBSERVATORY - (NIGHT)

CAMERA PANS SKY, passes familiar constellation of Scorpio, *STOPS ABRUPTLY* on Bellus and Zyra. Both bodies, closer and more luminous, appear to be very brilliant.

HENDRON'S VOICE

(O.s.; heavily)

They are moving precisely on schedule!

B-15

MEDIUM SHOT - INT. OBSERVATORY

The five men, Ottinger, Zausner, Wilson, Hendron and Bronson, near the giant telescope and the numerous astronomical gadgets, appear dwarfed by size of room. Zausner has been peering through telescope.

ZAUSNER

(Heavily)

Is there no way we can repair the damage we caused?

OTTINGER

(Turning; to Hendron and Bronson)

What can I say to you both? How can I even try to apologize?

HENDRON

That isn't important -- All that matters is that every nation be told we now agree.

WILSON

What will it accomplish? How do you prepare people to meet Judgment Day?

HENDRON

They will have to face it eventually.  
(After pause)

They can be evacuated to mountainous places before the effects of Zyra's passing strikes us.

ZAUSNER

(Bitterly)

For what? -- To live another nineteen days!

DISSOLVE TO:

B-16. CLOSEUP - CALENDAR - INT. UNDERGROUND OFFICE- (NIGHT)

"73 Days Until Zyra - 97 Days Until Bellus," the calendar reads."

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a sober Hendron behind desk littered with charts, etc. Frye occupies high stool and has been working on draftsman's sketch. Both look up as door opens. Stanton, dismissing Ferris with a curt nod, wheels himself in.

STANTON

Bronson tells me Ottinger and the other doubting Thomases jumped over to our side of the fence.

(As Hendron nods)

That will put an end to newspapers calling me a lunatic!

(Muttering)

Stanton's folly! -- With time running out on them, they'll wish they had a fleet of Stanton's follies!

HENDRON

No -- They admit our calculations on Zyra and Bellus are correct, but they insist out flight is an impossibility... Even in other countries where ships are being built, most scientists say the flight isn't possible.

STANTON

(Quickly, to Frye)

And you?

FRYE

(Dryly)

I believe as I did before -- On theory, it should --

STANTON

(Caustically)

Always theories!

(Pointing toward drawing)

Jigsaw puzzles on paper! Aren't you fellows ever positive?

FRYE

(Deliberately)

Only about Doomsday!

Stanton shows his displeasure.

HENDRON

A representative of the Government will warn the people tomorrow. Arrangements will be made to evacuate them to mountainous locations.

STANTON

What provisions have you made to protect us when the panic starts?

(Continued)

B-16 (Cont'd)

HENDRON

(Curtly)

I haven't thought about it.

STANTON

(Glaring)

I have! I don't deal in theories!

I deal in realities!

(Shouting toward door)

Ferris!

(Ferris looks in)

Bring those boxes in!

(As Ferris departs)

I brought enough rifles to stop a small army!

HENDRON

(Angrily)

There won't be any panic at this camp!

STANTON

Stop theorizing! After the havoc is over, every mother's son who remains alive will try to get here and climb aboard our ship!

HENDRON

People are more civilized than that! They know only a handful can make the flight!

STANTON

(Sarcastically)

You've spent too much time with the stars! You don't know anything about living -- the law of the jungle! The human jungle! But I do! I've spent my life at it!

(Breathing heavily)

You don't know what your civilized people will do to cling to life! I do! Because I know what I would do! I'd cling if I had to kill to do it!

(Levels an accusing finger)

And so will you!

(Now includes all)

We're the lucky ones! The handful with a chance to reach another world! And we'll use those guns -- You'll use them, Doctor -- to keep your only chance to stay alive!

(Continued)

B-16 (Cont'd)

In the silence, he glares triumphantly at group.  
DISSOLVE TO:

B-17 CLOSE SHOT - TELEVISION SCREEN - INT. RURAL STORE -  
(DAY)

All radio and television networks are represented in this battery of microphones.

As CAMERA MOVES BACK, we are looking at a TELEVISION SCREEN. Seated in b.g. in straight-backed chairs, are many dignitaries. All faces reflect gravity of situation.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(O.s.)

Many of the nation's elder statesmen are gathered here.

Our CAMERA CONTINUES TO REVEAL rural spectators in this general store. They seem bored rather than impressed.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(Continuing)

Every indication points up the importance of this moment. There can be no question that some crisis impends --

There is a slight stirring of interest in the television audience. On the screen itself, heads turn toward open door.

B-18 MED. SHOT - INT. LIVING ROOM

A WOMAN sits close to radio and listens attentively. Her bored SON, about sixteen, hovers close to radio.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

The Secretary is on his way from the committee room --

Boy reaches for dial ... Mother pushes his hand aside.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(Continuing)

We will have his message in a moment or two --

(Continued)

B-18 (Cont'd)

BOY  
(Reaching again; pleading)  
Aw, Mom!

She surrenders. He turns knob and from radio comes  
roar of baseball crowd.

ANOTHER ANNOUNCER  
Brodsky takes a called strike on the  
outside --

A pleased expression appears on Boy's face and  
Mother heads for kitchen.

B-19 MED. SHOT - INT. RURAL STORE

Audience we have seen before pays close attention.

SECRETARY'S VOICE  
My friends, it is imperative for you  
to listen closely! For this is a  
matter of life or death! Your lives!  
The entire world's lives!

People exchange frightened looks. Woman draws her  
child close.

SECRETARY'S VOICE  
On July twenty-fourth a new planet  
will pass so close to the earth, it  
will cause vast destruction!

B-20 FULL SHOT - INT. TEXTILE MANUFACTURING LOFT

The rows of machines are ominously quiet. Men and  
women operators gaze numbly toward radio set.

SECRETARY'S VOICE  
There is no doubt about the coming of  
this planet! Remember -- For your  
very lives, remember that there is no  
doubt!

B-21 CLOSEUP - DAVE - INT. PLANE - (PROCESS)

Dave stares into space. From somewhere behind him,  
the radio voice continues.

SECRETARY'S VOICE  
It will be essential to evacuate  
whole populations from coastal areas --

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Joyce coming to a quiet  
stop in open doorway behind Dave. In deeper b.g.,

(Continued)

B-21 (Cont'd)

we see the attentive faces of a dozen young men and women being transported to the camp. (These are persons not seen before.)

SECRETARY'S VOICE

(Continuing)

Plans have been made and all that can be done will be done. All armed forces; assisted by police of coastal cities, will take over during this crisis.

Joyce watches Dave, the latter unaware of her presence.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

The greatest danger to all is panic! If we permit panic to replace reason, destruction will be tenfold!

As Joyce shuts door and closes out radio voice, Dave turns, sees her and smiles a somber welcome. She sits down in co-pilot's seat.

B-22 TWO SHOT

DAVE

(After long silence)

When I was a kid, I read a book about the world coming to an end -- I remember being so scared, I didn't dare go to sleep.

He looks out into the sunlight and smiles.

DAVE (Cont'd)

(Pointing to sun)

Then, in the morning, the sun came out and everything looked so wonderful I forgot the story -- Life was beautiful all over again.

Instinctively, she reaches out and takes his hand.

JOYCE

(Softly)

The same sun will be shining on the new world.

Aware of her touch, he withdraws hand to unnecessarily finger a gadget on panel.

DAVE

(Smiling)

Look, Star-Gazer, I don't figure in this new world -- For the past couple of months, you and I have been telling recruits we want only the best -- we've picked people because the few who will

(Continued)

B-22 (Cont'd)

DAVE (Cont'd)

make the flight will be needed in  
the new world --- People like you,  
your father, Tony, the farmers and  
the mechanics, you have things to  
offer -- you won't be needing aerial  
taxi-drivers for another hundred years!

JOYCE

(Quickly, unthinking)  
Dad promised me that --  
(Realizing implication)  
-- Dad said we need you!

DAVE

(Gratefully)  
Thanks -- But Nosh would have turned  
down my application fast.  
(Another pause; directly  
to her)  
I'm not applying for this trip.  
(At misery in her face,  
takes her hand)  
Use a little arithmetic -- The  
ship's cargo is limited -- Every  
pound will count --  
(Grins)  
-- I weigh as much as a couple of  
lambs -- three dozen chickens or  
one healthy farmer!  
(Abruptly)  
We're coming in!  
(Gesturing to rear)  
Better see that they're strapped  
down.

Joyce would linger and say more but he stymies this  
by switching on transmitter. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

DAVE

(Into mike)  
Randall, calling Plateau! Come in,  
please -- Over!

Miserably, Joyce opens door and exits as we hear...

SECRETARY'S VOICE

(Radio address)  
-- Schedules of train, bus and plane  
departures will be made available  
in all countries --

DISSOLVE TO:

B-23 SERIES OF DISSOLVES - (DAY)

(NOTE: In all following shots, paintings will show approach of Zyra and Bellus).

- (a) AMERICAN AIRPORT - (PROCESS) ... Men, women and children being herded toward row of waiting planes by armed soldiers. Latter's bayonets restrain those who would push past to head of line.
- (b) EXT. VATICAN - (STOCK) ... Hundreds of thousands kneel in prayer in square below balcony.
- (c) EXT. ROME STREET - (STOCK) ... Endless rows of cars and people on foot head out of city as in b.g. we see Rome buildings, etc.
- (d) EXT. MOSQUE - (STOCK) ... Moslems in prayer.
- (e) EXT. TRAIN - (STOCK) ... People in Indian (or China, etc.) being shepherded toward already over-loaded train.
- (f) EXT. HARBOR - (MINIATURE) ... Deserted ships ride at anchor in deserted harbor. CAMERA EMPHASIZES water is at normal level.
- (g) EXT. ROCKET SHIP - (MATTE) ... Dave, Tony, Hendron, Joyce, etc., along with dozens of male and female students, farmers, etc., work feverishly to place tee-irons around ship. Latter, poised above long mountain slide, is held in check by a series of cables attached to winches which are imbedded in concrete.
- (h) EXT. BANK ... Armed soldiers and policemen load bank treasure into armored cars in deserted financial district.
- (i) EXT. PARIS STREET - (STOCK) ... Long line of cars heads up mountain.
- (j) EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE ... High Sierras in b.g. Busloads of evacuees are discharged.
- (k) EXT. BUNKERS ... It is a beehive of workers as they come and go.

VOICE THROUGH AMPLIFIER

(During above)

Attention, loading platform --  
Please clear some space -- several  
crates are being delivered to your  
area.

DISSOLVE TO:

DG 1st change      WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE      12-7-50      49A

B-24      CLOSEUP - HAND AND CALENDAR - INT. UNDERGROUND  
LABORATORY - (DAY)

The hand rips away old calendar leaf and reveals  
date:

"ZYRA! - 19 Days Until Bellus!"

(Continued).

B-24 (Cont'd)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Stanton crumpling old calendar leaf.

STANTON

(Into tense stillness)

Well, we'll soon see if my investment pays off!

CAMERA CONTINUES BACK. Tony, Joyce, Dave, Hendron, Bronson, etc., are staring hard at calendar.

STANTON

(Staring toward wall)

It's almost one o'clock!

CAMERA PANS INTENT FACES, STOPS ABRUPTLY ON WALL CLOCK. It lacks one minute to one! And then the minute hand moves! It is one o'clock!

B-24A FEATURING STANTON

His ear is cocked as he listens and braces himself in wheel chair.

STANTON

(Finally; to Hendron)

According to your figures, by now we were supposed to feel the effects of Zyra's passing --

(After pause; scornfully)

-- Tidal waves -- oceans torn from their beds --

CAMERA PANS FACES as they eye him distastefully. CAMERA SINGLES OUT CLOCK. It is two minutes past one. Stanton starts "pacing" in wheel chair.

STANTON

(Petulantly)

Millions of dollars for a false alarm! Ottinger called you a crackpot ... I think all you scientists are crackpots!

(Looks toward clock;

then at Hendron)

Nothing is going --

But it comes! The first ROAR from below the earth is ear-splitting! Chunks of concrete fall and furnishings, including clock, shimmy violently as earthquake strikes! And Stanton's expression suddenly is transformed into one of stark, naked fear!

Another violent tremor strikes and lights go out! A flashlight comes on! It probes the room and we can make out Tony as the possessor of the light.

B-29 HIGH SHOT - TIMES SQUARE - (STOCK AND MATTE)

It is deserted ... Water floods streets and enters buildings.

As another tremor strikes, buildings sway dangerously. Ground splits open, exposes watermains ... With another tremor, mains split wide and geysers spout into air!

B-30 ANOTHER ANGLE - WALL STREET - (STOCK AND MINIATURE)

Buildings start to topple and street cracks everywhere! Fire erupts quickly, whipped into huge proportions by wind!

B-31 FULL SHOT - BRIDGE - (STOCK)

Fire rages as bridge collapses!

B-32 FULL SHOT - FOREST - (STOCK)

As far as we can see, forest is a sea of flames.

B-33 LONG SHOT - EXT. FOREST - (STOCK)

Amid frightening background of SOUND, trees are uprooted, ground splits wide while forest burns!

B-34 FULL SHOT - BURNING TOWN - (STOCK)

Burning houses collapse. High tension wires explode. Cars fly high.

B-35 STOCK SHOT - OIL FIELDS

Oil wells explode. Derricks collapse. Tanks blow up.

B-36 LONG SHOT - TIDAL WAVE IN VALLEY - (STOCK)

Tremendous waves rush through canyon. Houses swept over. Hillside collapses. Heavy rain sets in.

B-37 FULL SHOT - TIDAL WAVE IN FOREST - (STOCK)

In rainstorm, the tidal wave drowns out forest fire and rushes on.

B-38 CLOSE SHOT - STANTON - INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY

The dim auxiliary lights have not been burning too long.

STANTON

(Reading; frightened)

-- And the Lord said unto Satan,  
From whence comest thou?

CAMERA PANS, discovers it is 1:15.

STANTON

(Continuing)

-- And Satan answered the Lord, and  
said, From going to and fro in the  
earth, and from walking up and down  
in it.

Frye paces ... Tony, patching cuts on Bronson, is un-  
comfortably aware of Dave and Joyce being together.

STANTON

-- And the Lord said unto Satan,  
Hast thou considered my servant  
Job, that there is none like him in  
the earth, a perfect and upright  
man, one that feareth God and  
escheweth evil?

Hendron paces near desk ... Stanton, in his wheel-  
chair, in a protected corner, holds opened Bible  
and continues frightened reading.

STANTON

-- And still he holdeth fast his  
integrity, although thou movedst  
me against him, to destroy him  
without cause.

Hendron looks annoyance at hypocritical Stanton.

STANTON

(Continuing)

And Satan answered the Lord, and  
said --

HENDRON

(Pointedly; chiming in; as  
Stanton looks up at him)

-- And Satan said: "Skin for skin,  
yea, all that a man hath will he  
give for his life."

B-39 ANOTHER ANGLE

After significant pause, there is frightening SOUND of siren! All eyes go to amplifier!

VOICE THROUGH AMPLIFIER

(O.s.; tersely)

Attention! Everyone! -- The ship's brakes are not holding!

Dave is first to rush for door! In an instant, all except Stanton, are following!

B-40 FULL SHOT - INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

DAVE

(Running; shouting into offices and dormitories)

Outside! Everyone! Outside! The ship is slipping loose!

Hendron, etc., are following as Dave runs up steps! From all rooms, men and women, getting into clothing, etc., pile down corridor!

B-41 MEDIUM SHOT - EXT. BUNKERS

Dave, followed by others, emerges! CAMERA PULLS BACK. Nearby, oil tank is afire! Entire group runs past fire toward ship!

B-41A TOWARD ROCKET SHIP

As group runs toward ship, we see overturned gasoline truck on fire ... Asbestos-suited men fight flames ... An emergency fire truck has been pressed into service ... Group runs past a broken 12"-pipe line as geysers of water erupt in air ... Group piles past and up ramp to ship!

B-41B AT ROCKET SHIP

Dave and Frye direct activities.

FRYE

(To others)

Get the brakes on tight before the ship rolls down the slide!

Bronson leads one group away ... Hendron, another:

(Continued)

B-41B (Cont'd)

DAVE

(To his group)

Let's get the T-irons in front of  
the under-carriage!

Dave and others are lifting T-irons into position.

B-41C TOWARD FIRE

The oil tank and truck fire still flames high as men  
work frantically to keep blaze from spreading.

B-41D TOWARD ROCKET SHIP - FEATURING BRONSON AND CREW

They are below huge crane where they strive to fasten  
giant hook to rear of under-carriage of ship! One man  
begins to operate electrical starting gadget which  
controls crane's movements.

B-42 TOWARD DAVE AND GROUP

They are getting T-irons and rails beneath under-  
carriage.

B-42A TOWARD BRONSON AND GROUP

The crane is being manipulated into proper position  
to enable Bronson and men to reach giant hook.

B-42B TOWARD DAVE

Dave looks in direction of Bronson and men and reacts  
with alarm.

B-43 FROM HIS ANGLE

Giant crane swings dangerously.

B-43A CLOSE - DAVE

DAVE

(Shouting alarm)

Look out! The crane is falling!

He rushes forward!

B-43B TOWARD CRANE - (MINIATURE)

It is crashing down!

B-43C TOWARD BRONSON AND GROUP

The crane has smashed everything and everybody! Dave runs into scene, starts pulling debris aside, suddenly pauses in realization that all are dead! Hendron enters scene.

DAVE

(Staring numbly into wreckage)

All of them!

(Looking away; half to self)

All of them!

DISSOLVE TO:

B-44 CLOSEUP - RADIO SET SPEAKER - INT. UNDERGROUND  
CLINIC - (DAY)

(NOTE: All underground sets, from here on, will bear evidence of damage such as cracked walls, from Zyra's passing)

Electric lights have been restored .. The radio voice sounds hopelessly beaten and tired.

RADIO VOICE

Repeating, repeating -- This is Emergency Camp Nine again -- We are located eleven miles due north of Middletown -- Is anyone left -- can anyone hear us? --

CAMERA PANS AND FINDS Tony, Dave and one assistant. They are gathering supplies, packing them in square boxes, adjusting hooks in ropes binding boxes.

RADIO VOICE

Emergency Camp Nine -- repeating -- repeating -- There is a desperate need here for drinking water and medical supplies -- We are eleven miles due north of Middletown --

ASSISTANT

About a hundred miles from here.

A young student enters room.

YOUNG STUDENT

(To Tony)

Anything else for the helicopter, Doctor?

TONY

(Pointing)

These boxes.

(As student takes them)

I'll bring the rest.

As student departs, assistant turns down radio volume.

RADIO VOICE

(Softer, but urgent)

-- We are remaining on the air -- repeating -- repeating -- Can anyone hear us? -- we need drinking water and medical supplies -- plasma, penicillin and sulfas -- This is Emergency Camp Nine -- eleven miles due north of Middletown.

TONY

(Fixing his last package;  
to Dave)

You needn't come along, Randall --  
I can fly a helicopter.

B-44 Cont'd)

DAVE

(Matter-of-fact)

I did a lot of this parcel dropping during the war.

TONY

(Abruptly)

I can handle it without you!

Puzzled, Dave eyes him. Tony continues to tie box without looking up.

DAVE

(Finally; curiously)

You sound like somebody rubbed you the wrong way.

TONY

(Meeting look;  
deliberately)

That's an excellent diagnosis!

(Challenging)

Want to prescribe a cure?

Assistant, near radio, is aware of impending crisis.

DAVE

(Trying to hold self)

You're the doctor!

(Moving closer)

Now or later! You name it!

Assistant twists dial.

RADIO VOICE

(Booming out)

-- Repeating -- repeating -- We need drinking water and medical supplies desperately -- plasma, penicillin and suflas.

Both men are reminded by plea.

TONY

(Grabbing up package;  
brusquely)

Later! -- Come on!

Dave, taking final package, follows him toward exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-45 TWO SHOT - DAVE AND TONY - INT. HELICOPTER -  
(PROCESS) - (DAY)

They have not spoken and do not intend speaking. .  
Dave covertly watches Tony handle ship, obviously  
does not approve. But, as Tony snaps a corrective  
gadget on panel board, Dave instinctively nods  
approval.

After a moment, Dave glances out ... He leans  
closer ... Face reveals horror of sight! .

B-46 AIR VIEW - NEW YORK - (PAINTING)

Except for tops of Empire State, Chrysler Buildings,  
Statue of Liberty, etc., the city is completely in-  
undated.

B-47 TWO SHOT - DAVE AND TONY

Numbed at sight, they both stare from window. .

B-48 AIR VIEW - GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - (PAINTING)

The bridge, clinging to its spans, with water high  
as the bridge roadway, has been split in two. .  
Capsized ships float near break.

B-49 TWO SHOT - DAVE AND TONY

Dave, wanting the comfort of speech, turns from  
window, with Tony doing the same. As a result,  
neither speaks.

DISSOLVE TO:

B-52 FULL SHOT - EXT. RED CROSS CAMP - (DAY)

Roof of Red Cross shelter is plainly marked ... Few tents nearby ... Stretcher cases in plain view ... Workers move about ... We hear o.s. NOISE of helicopter. People look, are excited ... Helicopter enters scene, drops many parcels ... Helicopter hovers briefly, then departs, CAMERA PANNING.

B-53 DAVE AND TONY - (PROCESS)

Standing in rear of helicopter, Dave continues to stare back at camp.

TONY  
(Suddenly; sharply)  
What's that?

Quickly, Dave joins him and searches area below.

B-54 FROM THEIR ANGLE - (PAINTING)

Whatever it is Tony sees, is not immediately visible. CAMERA MOVES IN with motion of helicopter.

B-55 CLOSE - DAVE AND TONY - (PROCESS)

They react to sight below.

B-56 MEDIUM SHOT - TOWARD ROOF AND FLOODED RIVER

We see boy, MIKE, about seven, has been loosely tied to chimney by bedsheet. Nearby, a bundle has been stacked. Mike is past crying. Cold and starved, he does not seem to have the will to look up toward the possible rescuers.

B-57 HELICOPTER MOVING TOWARD ROOF

It descends carefully toward boy ... As it hovers few feet above him, Dave very carefully descends, landing on all fours ... He reaches boy, unties him and lifts him high into hovering helicopter ... Dave then stoops to retrieve bundle ... Helicopter, meanwhile, with boy safe inside, moves off.

B-58 ANOTHER ANGLE

Helicopter is rising above roof and Dave.

B-59 CLOSE - DAVE

Clinging desperately to roof, he watches helicopter.

B-60 HELICOPTER

It continues away.

B-61 DAVE

He realizes he is to be abandoned!

B-61A TOWARD HELICOPTER

It suddenly turns and starts back toward Dave ....  
Helicopter dips, hovers close to roof and Dave,  
tossing bundle inside, climbs in.

B-62 INT. HELICOPTER

Mike sits on floor as Dave enters.

DAVE

(Grinning; then exaggerated sigh, to Tony)  
For a minute, Doc, I thought now  
was that later you mentioned.

B-62 (Cont'd)

TONY

(Grinning back)

I gave it a passing thought --

(Grin broadens; then)

Better take over -- I'll have a  
look at my new patient.

As they start to exchange places,

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

C-1 CLOSEUP - CALENDAR - INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR -  
(NIGHT)

It is August 1st - 11 Days Until Bellus! Electric lights have been restored.

HENDRON'S VOICE

(C.s.)

We cannot postpone the inevitable --  
This meeting was called to choose  
those who will make the attempt to  
reach Zyra.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY UNTIL ENTIRE CORRIDOR IS REVEALED. Hendron and Frye face mass of men and women. Nearby is an open box.

HENDRON

(Gravely)

As most of you already know, our  
human cargo must be restricted to  
seven thousand pounds -- forty-four  
persons.

C-2 REVERSE ANGLE - PANNING TENSE FACES

In front row are Tony, Joyce and Dave. Between latter two sits an unconcerned Mike. Off to one side, in wheelchair, is Stanton. Hendron is receiving very close attention from all ... Tongues lick dry lips; heads strain forward to catch every word.

HENDRON

-- Every pound consumes fuel, a commodity we cannot spare if the flight is to have any chance.

(Pauses; then)

About nine hundred pounds already are spoken for --

(Pointing out individuals)

-- Mister Stanton -- Doctor Frye --  
My daughter -- Myself -- Doctor  
Drake -- and Mister Randall.

C-3 GROUP SHOT - DAVE, TONY, MIKE AND JOYCE

Dave would protest but Joyce's hand on his arm and her pleading expression restrain him ... Tony,

(Continued)

C-3 (Cont'd)

aware of byplay, eyes Joyce without bitterness but with understanding.

C-4 TOWARD HENDRON

He, too, is aware of byplay.

HENDRON

(Indicating Mike)

Unless there is some objection, we intend including another forty pounds - our latest addition to the camp.

CAMERA PANS as Hendron waits. There is nothing but kindly glances for the little boy.

C-5 TOWARD HENDRON

HENDRON

(Continuing)

You all realize that most of our fuel will be consumed in getting out of earth's gravitational pull -- Motors will be turned off until we encounter the gravitational pull of the new world -- But then we will need every ounce of fuel to prevent our crashing!

He holds out his hand and Frye gives him envelope sealed with heavy wax.

HENDRON

Doctor Frye and I hope we have worked out a sound plan --

(Eyes audience)

-- For the sake of efficiency, it would be unwise for one man to know he is not to go but that the man working at his side is among the fortunate few.

C-6 REVERSE ANGLE - PANNING FACES

They covertly eye each other.

HENDRON

In this envelope are a list of numbers - the numbers of those who will go.

C-6 (Cont'd)

HENDRON (Cont'd)

(Points out nearby box)

In that box, we have placed numbered discs -- The partition on your left for the women, the other, the men --

(As all eyes find box)

-- Each of you will select and keep one disc --

(Holds out envelope)

-- This list will be placed on the dormitory bulletin boards shortly before the takeoff!

(Waits; then)

Is this plan satisfactory?

The silence is eerie ... CAMERA PANS FACES.

C-7 TOWARD HENDRON

HENDRON

(Finally)

If there is no objection -- please start the drawing.

C-8 REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARD GROUP

They shuffle forward very slowly, fearfully, loathe to draw.

C-9 TOWARD BOX

The husky 21-year-old BOY who first reaches box, hesitates, looks up to encounter Hendron's somber face, then grins sheepishly and quickly takes a disc.

The second person is a GIRL. She selects disc, fearfully glances at number, then stares hard at sealed envelope as if hoping to see within!

C-10 CLOSE - STANTON

He is an avid witness at a public hanging ... His breath comes in excited gasps as he stares in rapt fascination!

C-11 TOWARD BOX

Eddie Garson and Julie Cummings arrive at box ... Hands dip in together.

C-11 (Cont'd)

EDDIE

(Low-voiced; to her)

You pick both numbers!

Julie nods fearfully and they move out of scene.  
Next MAN fervently crosses himself, then picks.

Quickly, unexpectedly, Dave enters scene, dips hand  
inside box.

HENDRON

(Quickly; low-voiced)

You're already listed!

C-12 CLOSE SHOT - DAVE AND HENDRON

Their glances lock ... Hendron surrenders, averts  
gaze. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Dave, disc hidden in  
clenched fist, strides out!

Drawing continues as Hendron helplessly looks toward  
Joyce.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-13 MEDIUM SHOT - EXT. ROCKET SHIP PLATFORM - (NIGHT)

Dave, leaning against bulk, stares into night. We  
see lighted activities at rocket ship and hear  
machinery noises.

HENDRON'S VOICE

(O.s.)

Hello, Dave.

Dave turns ... Hendron joins him.

HENDRON

I've been looking for you -- not  
to quarrel about your sense of  
ethics -- just to ask you, why?

DAVE

(Bristling slightly)

I haven't any more right to a ride  
on that ship than any other man in  
this camp!

HENDRON

(Finally)

I'll grant you that -- I'll even  
admit my motive was a selfish one.

They start to walk, CAMERA TRUCKING PAST ship workers.

(Continued)

C-13

(Cont'd)

HENDRON

(Smiles somberly)

I want to do things according to  
Hoyle, but unfortunately --

(Shrugs helplessly)

--Well, Joyce is pretty important  
to me.

DAVE

(Softly earnest)

And to me!

HENDRON

(Nodding)

I'm glad.

(Pauses: then)

I'd do anything to insure her  
chances -- Wouldn't you?

DAVE

(Quickly)

It isn't a free ride for Joyce!  
She's qualified to go!

HENDRON

(Shaking head)

No more than some others -- We're  
stretching the point because she's  
important -- to both of us.

Dave stops, stares into night, refusing to  
make any admission.

HENDRON

(Softly)

Why not, for her sake, stretch  
the point a bit more? -- To include  
you?

DAVE

(Abruptly)

No!

(Then, reasonably)

Look, Doctor, I've wrestled with  
this thing for weeks! I can give  
you a dozen reasons why I shouldn't go.

(Eyes him deliberately)

Can you give me one good reason  
to include me?

HENDRON

(Averting gaze)

She wants you, Dave

(Continued)

C-13 (Cont'd)

DAVE

That will change -- Tony will be there -- She's used to having him around -- They would have been married if I hadn't come into the picture.

(After pause; grins)

Anyhow, why worry? Maybe I drew a lucky number.

He turns as if to return to bunker.

HENDRON

(Clearly)

You didn't draw any number!

(As Dave stops but does not turn)

I had the exact number of discs in that box -- one for every man and woman except the six I named -- If you had taken a number, we would have been one short.

Dave turns slowly.

DAVE

(Levelly)

Look, doctor, the drawing is over -- You can't open a new one or issue new numbers without starting a revolution among the lucky winners.

(After deliberate pause)

It's about time I donated something to this setup -- I won't be needed -- I never have been! Anyhow, I didn't give up much by not drawing -- What's one chance in six hundred? One chance to get nowhere!

(Another pause)

Leaving me will save fuel!

(After longer pause)

Let it stay that way! And, doctor, I hope you won't say anything to Joyce -- Good night!

He exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-14 SERIES OF DISSOLVES - SUPERIMPOSED ON ALL SHOTS IS FAMILIAR CALENDAR

Pages "fall away" in rotation so that we continue to be aware of the approach of Doomsday!

C-15 GROUP SHOT - EXT. ROCKET - (DAY)

It is August 2nd ... 10 Days Until Bellus!

Dave and Tony, side by side, are among men working at bracing outer edges of long take-off slide down mountainside. All men, stripped to waist, labor without pause.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-16 MEDIUM CLOSE - RAMP - EXT. ROCKET - (NIGHT)

August 3rd - 9 Days Until Bellus!

Bags of seed, machinery, etc. are wheeled up ramp into ship. CAMERA PANS SKYWARD to huge Bellus and Zyra!

DISSOLVE TO:

C-17 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. UNDERGROUND FILMING LABORATORY

It is August 4th - 8 Days Until Bellus!

Microfilming of classics, Voltaire, etc., continues. Finished material is being carefully packed.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-18 INT. CLINIC

It is August 5th - 7 Days Until Bellus!

Plasma, etc., is being packed and carefully weighed.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-19 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. ROCKET - (DAY)

It is August 6th - 6 Days Until Bellus!

Under watchful eyes of Frye and Dave, one huge engine is turned over. The ROAR is tremendously powerful. Dave is among few who make mechanical adjustments.

C-19A EXT. ROCKET SHIP - (MINIATURE)

We see and HEAR one engine being tuned.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-20 VIEW OF SKY - (PAINTING)

It is August 7th - 5 Days Until Bellus! (Continued)

C-20 (Cont'd)

Bellus appears very close and very large! Zyra appears in b.g.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-21 FULL SHOT - CHOW LINE - EXT. CAMP - (DAY)

It is August 8th - 4 Days Until Bellus!

Using a big jeep for a chuck wagon, a dozen workers, most of them women, tend the wants of a long line of men and women.

CAMERA MOVES IN. Joyce ladles out food. She becomes aware of Dave's approach, eyes him worriedly but he averts his gaze...As he comes abreast of Joyce, he continues to avoid her pleading expression...Tony, a bit farther back, watches with deep sympathy... Dave moves on, Joyce looking after him.

TONY

(Trying; to Joyce)

Lots of calories, please!

(As she continues to

look after Dave; low-voiced)

It will work out all right, Joyce.

She notices him, miserably shakes head...he moves on.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-22 MEDIUM CLOSE - PANEL BOARD - INT. ROCKET SHIP - (DAY)

The calendar above panel states: August 9th - 3 Days Until Bellus!

To the lay eye, the panel board offers a hundred mysterious buttons, switches, meters and tiny crystal globes which light up. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY. Sleeping accommodations are cramped. Straps dangle from all chairs. Two steel ladders make passage through room more difficult. One ladder leads to outlet above and other, below. They must give impression that ship has depth. A door at each end of room indicates ship has length and further passenger room.

CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING. There is a 20-inch television screen and series of buttons labeled, "Port," "Bow," "Stern" and "Starboard." Screen is dark.

(Continued)

Jrw 2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12/11/50 68.

C-22 (Cont'd)

CAMERA PANS AND FINDS Dave as he wrestles oxygen tank into position to attach it to floor bolts with others. He gets it started, pauses, then presses "Starboard" button.

C-23 TOWARD "STARBOARD" SIDE

Men are using welding machines. Dave flips off scene and switches on another.

C-24 TOWARD "PORT" SIDE

Outside the ship, Joyce is part of group working at platform scale with equipment. Her task is recording weights.

C-25 FEATURING DAVE WATCHING SCREEN

Hands balled into agitated fists, he stares at Joyce's image.

C-26 FEATURING SCREEN

Another worker, coming away from platform, scans Joyce's list, quickly points out an error, then a second one ... Joyce appears to be a bad case of nerves as she looks up from recording, nods an admission to co-worker and starts making erasures.

C-27 TOWARD DAVE

Behind him, a door is opened! Guiltily, Dave flicks off picture and turns.

C-28 ANOTHER ANGLE

Tony, rolling another oxygen tank inside, does not appear aware of the television screen.

TONY

(As Dave helps)

Thanks.

Dave kneels and starts adjusting bolts with wrench.. Tony strolls to one side, seems troubled as he browses along panel board.

DAVE

(Seeing this)

Worried?

(Continued)

C-28

(Cont'd)

TONY  
(Without turning)

No.

He continues examining board as Dave watches.

DAVE  
(Pep talk)  
This ship is really put together --  
If anything can get to the new world,  
this one will do it.

TONY  
(Finally)  
How long would it take to know  
this panel board?

DAVE  
A few weeks, maybe.

There is no response...Dave can see Tony's disturbance,  
sees him approach calendar and stare discouragingly  
at date.

DAVE  
Doctor Frye knows the inside and  
outside of every knob on the panel.  
(As no response)  
He can operate it almost in his sleep.

TONY  
(Without enthusiasm)  
I guess so.  
(Suddenly)  
What will happen when he blacks out?

DAVE  
(Rising; cheerfully)  
Everyone will black out in the  
fast climb.  
(Joins him at board)  
But the direction will be set ---  
(Snaps two gadgets)  
--These will hold you on course.

TONY  
All the way to Zyra?

DAVE  
No, but far enough.  
(Flips back gadget)  
The blackout won't last too long --  
a few minutes, tops.

C-28

(Cont'd)

Tony, very troubled, moves away. A puzzled Dave eyes him.

DAVE

This is no time to start  
doubting the ship, Doc.

TONY

I'm not -- I know how well it's  
been put together.

(After hesitation)

The trouble is I just learned how  
Doctor Frye is put together!

(Dave's gaze demands  
explanation)

His chance of coming out of the  
blackout isn't good.

DAVE

I've seen older men make it!

TONY

(Flatly)

At the speed we'll climb? Fifteen  
hundred miles in a few minutes? --  
His heart won't hold together! No  
coronary condition like his could  
stand that pressure!

DAVE

(Eyeing him)

When did you discover that?

TONY

(Returns gaze levelly)

He asked me to make some cardiograph  
tests yesterday.

(Going toward panel)

I haven't told anyone yet -- not  
even Frye.

DAVE

(Quickly)

Well, don't!

(As Tony quizzes)

It won't help to scare everyone!

TONY

(Reaching for tele-  
vision button)

Like Doomsday, it can't be avoided --  
We can't let Frye handle the ship.

C-29 TOWARD SCREEN

Joyce continues at her task...Tony's glance is idle; Dave's in sharp contrast. Tony takes wrench from Dave's limp grasp and kneels to tighten tank bolts. As he works, he covertly watches Dave.

DAVE

(Under strain; watching screen)  
Look, doc -- maybe -- well, maybe --

TONY

(Shaking head)  
Doctor Hendron and Frye have to be told -- I can't take the responsibility --

DAVE

(Interrupting)  
That isn't what I wanted to say --  
(As Tony eyes him; stumbling)  
--No -- I mean, you're right...You'll have to tell them, I guess.

TONY

(Working)  
There isn't any choice -- if anything happens to Frye after we get out into space --  
(Shrugging)  
-- I suppose it doesn't make much difference -- crashing from fifteen hundred miles up, or dying right here on earth when Bellus hits -- No matter which way, you're just plain dead!

Tony pointedly glances at television image of Joyce, then resumes work...Dave kneels, picks up another wrench and works at Tony's side...There is long silence.

DAVE

(Finally)  
After the blackout, one of the technology students -- Eddie Cummings, maybe -- can take over if Frye tells him what to do.

TONY

(Pointedly)  
If Frye is able to tell him after the blackout!  
(After another long silence)  
You're hedging, Dave ---Why?  
(Pauses; then)  
We both know who else can handle this flight -- Maybe not as good as Frye, but good enough!

C-29. (Cont'd)

He watches Dave rise and walk to panel board ...  
Watches Dave stare at image of Joyce.

TONY

(Deliberately)

You haven't any doubts about  
being able to fly the ship?

DAVE

(Staring at screen)

No -- I can fly her.

TONY

(Rising)

There isn't anyone else!

(Joining him)

You're our life insurance!  
If Frye doesn't make it, you'll  
be able to land the ship!

DAVE

(Not boastfully; as if  
talking to image on  
screen; low-voiced)

If there's a place to sit her  
down --

(More confidently as if  
decision close)

-- If there's a place to sit this  
big crate down, I can do it!

(Turns to Tony)

For months, I've tried to find a  
legitimate reason to go along --  
I never could.

(After pause, as if asking)

Maybe things were meant to happen  
this way --

TONY

(Quickly - smiling)

Diagnose it anyway you want, Dave --  
All I know is I feel easier not having  
to tell Frye the news about himself.

Dave looks back to screen, comes to a decision and  
snaps off picture.

DAVE

(Moving for doorway; excitedly)

Be right back!

(Continued)

YL Name Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-18-50 72-A  
3rd Change

C-29 (Cont'd)

He exits ... For long seconds, Tony stares at closed door, then shakes his head, amazed at himself, and grins ... Now he flips on "Port" screen and we see Joyce at same old stand.

C-30 TOWARD SCREEN

Joyce, apparently hailed by someone out of scene, looks up ... She is puzzled, suddenly smiles a welcome ... Dave excitedly runs into scene ... He sweeps her off her feet and kisses her hard!

C-31 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING TONY AND SCREEN

His grin, for an instant, is forced ... He compels himself to look away to his bolting task ... Slowly, he begins to WHISTLE. Latter sound gathers a forced momentum as,

DISSOLVE TO:

C-32 MEDIUM CLOSE - GROUP CHLOROFORM BOTTLES - INT.  
CLINIC - (DAY)

All bottles are plainly marked ... Woman's hand enters scene and picks up one bottle... CAMERA PULLS BACK. Calendar states: August 10th - 2 Days Until Bellus! Joyce, appearing less harassed, carefully packs bottle in cotton and stows it in large carton. An already sealed carton is nearby. She looks up as Tony and a student enter.

TONY

(Pointing to sealed carton)

This one ready to go?

JOYCE

(Nods)

Yes -- the other will be packed in a few minutes.

TONY

(To student)

I'll bring it.

(As student picks up carton)

Put it somewhere handy to the animal pens.

(Continued)

C-32      1st Change  
             (Cont'd)

STUDENT

(Grinning)

You going to give a mickey finn  
 to the animals, Doc?

## TONY

If we don't, the pressure will  
 drive them mad! This way they'll  
 stay strapped down.

(Grins)

Wouldn't want to see them kick the  
 ship apart, would you?

Bob exits ... Joyce, facing Tony, takes his arm.

## JOYCE

(Sincerely)

I'll never forget what you did  
 for Dave and me, Tony.

## TONY

(Smiles gently)

I told you the doctor would fix  
 everything.

As she impulsively pulls his face down and kisses  
 him, a dog BARKS, startling them!

C-33      ANOTHER ANGLE

This small specimen, a "guess-what-breed-I-am"  
 fellow, continues to bark and wag his stub of a tail.

## TONY

(Stooping)

Hey whatsis! -- Come here.

The dog stops barking ... Tail still wagging, he  
 comes over. Joyce joins Tony in petting dog.

## TONY (Cont'd)

(To dog)

Where you from, boy?

## MIKE'S VOICE

(Suddenly; o.s.)

He's mine!

C-34      ANOTHER ANGLE

Mike, the five-year-old, enters the room and drops  
 down at side of dog.

(Continued)

C-34 (Cont'd)

JOYCE  
(Gently)  
Where did you get him, Mike?

MIKE  
(Busy petting)  
Downtown.

Answer mystifies Tony.

JOYCE  
You mean down below at the airfield?

MIKE  
(Nods; then)  
Uh huh -- He was walking around.

Joyce and Tony exchange looks over this problem of boy and dog ... Suddenly Joyce giggles.

JOYCE  
(To Tony)  
I hate to remind you --  
(After pause)  
-- But you said the doctor can  
fix everything.

TONY  
(Laughing; then)  
I did, didn't I?

He straightens, picks up dog and puts latter on the scale.

TONY  
Incidentally, he is a she!  
(Reads scale)  
Seven pounds, two ounces.

He returns dog to Mike, frowns thoughtfully, then snaps his fingers.

TONY (Cont'd)  
Sure!  
(Rubs dog)  
Whatsis, you're going to pinch-  
hit for two plump chickens!

As Joyce happily gathers boy and dog to herself,

DISSOLVE TO:

C-35 CLOSEUP - FARM STUDENT - INT. UNDERGROUND MEN'S DORMITORY - (NIGHT)

His eyes betray the sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach ... He blinks hard, struggling to hold back tell-tale tears ... CAMERA PANS DOWN AND FINDS his hand as it opens and shuts, over and over again, on the numbered disc! Suddenly, he lets the disc fall to the floor ... CAMERA PANS WITH RINGING OF disc on floor, and PANNING FURTHER, discovers additional cast-off discs between the feet of many men!

C-36 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD BULLETIN BOARD

Next to the calendar, which reveals date, August 11th, 1 Day Until Bellus, is the list of numbers of those to be taken on flight!

A fearful group of men face board ... Most of them are afraid to step closer and check discs against list ... Others, who already have made check, loiter, watching co-workers ... It is easy to identify the fortunate ... One man carefully threads lucky disc, adding it to his neck-chain which carries a religious medal! Another fellow, watching, picks up some left-over string, and carefully threads a makeshift "necklace" of his own.

C-37 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD BUNKS

The verdict on these two men we now see is very apparent ... The one sits numbly on the edge of his bunk and stares into nothing; the second lies face deep in the pillow.

C-38 TOWARD BOARD

The familiar Eddie Garson (Whose girl picked both her own and his disc), steps out of group to the list! For an instant, he is speechless! Then his face splits in a crazy grin!

EDDIE

(Shouting and pointing)

Mine! -- It's on!

(Turning to others;  
hardly coherent)

My number! -- I'm on the list!

(Running for exit;  
shouting)

Julie! -- I'm on! -- Julie!

C-39 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

He runs into corridor and heads toward women's dormitory!

EDDIE

(Still shouting crazily)

Julie! -- Julie!

(Running)

I'm on! My number!

(Yanking open door)

Julie!

C-40 SHOOTING THROUGH OPEN DOOR - INT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY

Julie is one of group of women near second bulletin board. In b.g., two women have taken to their bunks and are sobbing!

As Julie turns toward door, her face and the disc held so limply tell the story of her fate! The "crazy-glad" expression on Eddie's face evaporates, is supplanted by a look of horror as he realizes what has happened.

EDDIE

(Shouting)

No! --

(Going to her)

-- No, Julie! No!

As he folds her in his arms, she begins to sob.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-41 CLOSEUP - PHOTOGRAPH - (PAINTING) - INT. UNDERGROUND OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Zyra and Bellus are huge in photograph ... A man's hand, holding a compass and using it as a kind of pointer, enters scene, traces a course across sky to Zyra.

HENDRON'S VOICE

(O.s.; during above)

If we delay the take-off as long as possible, Zyra's position will form a perfect orbit with ours.

CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING series of photographs and charts on desk. Hendron, as Frye stands beside him, wields the compass as a pointer. Across the way, peering at them and the charts, is Stanton in his wheelchair... Blanket covers his legs and lap.

C-41 (Cont'd)

FRYE

We have to retain enough fuel  
to keep us flying over Zyra while  
we look for landing room.

Hendron uses several instruments to make measurements  
and check against photographs ... Frye and Stanton,  
latter with some fear, watch closely.

HENDRON

(Tracing distance on  
photo)

-- Zyra will be about here in  
relation to Earth --

(More measuring)

-- If you can hold the ship to this  
curve, we will be able to meet her  
arc and run on a parallel.

STANTON

(Immediately)

The fuel would last much longer  
with less cargo!

(As they pay no heed)

Why risk our necks by taking so  
many people?

HENDRON

(Looking up to eye him)

You and that chair weigh one hundred  
and eighty-six pounds -- That's worth  
a lot of fuel, Mister Stanton!

(Deliberate pause; then)

Would you like to donate that time?

STANTON

(Voice rising)

No more than you want to donate  
your life! Or your daughter's!  
(Meeting challenge of

Hendron's eye)

I paid for finishing this ship!

(Hendron deliberately  
returns to charts)

Without me, you would have been  
wiped out with the rest of the  
world!

HENDRON

(Trying to control  
temper)

Before you opened your pocketbook,  
you tried to make this your personal  
enterprise! A private rocket ship  
for your special use! -- This project

C-41 (Cont'd)

HENDRON (Cont'd)

was started by real humanitarians!  
By Marston and Spiro! They gave  
their money with no strings  
attached!

(Deliberate pause)

You're not here under any special  
license!

(After another pause)

You're always shouting for facts,  
not theories! Well, remember these  
facts! -- Our chance of reaching the  
new world is as thin as your chance  
of ever becoming a humanitarian!

(Another pause)

If we do make it, will there be a  
place to land? -- Will the air be  
fit to breathe? -- Will there be  
water? Vegetable life?

(Pauses)

Men and women here have been praying  
for God's help -- Not your kind of  
hypocritical praying! But the kind  
that comes from deep inside a man!

A KNOCK sounds at door ... It opens and Eddie stands  
in opening ... In b.g., in corridor, we catch  
glimpse of Ferris, Stanton's man.

EDDIE

(Somewhat agitated)

I'm sorry -- I'll come back later.

FRYE

(Immediately smiling; to  
relieve other tension)

No, come in, Eddie -- We can't put  
off things until later.

C-42 ANOTHER ANGLE

Eddie enters ... Door remains open with Ferris in  
view ... He is an interested spectator.

Eddie goes directly to desk and puts down disc.

EDDIE

(Unnatural voice)

I just wanted to leave this for  
someone else to use.

As they stare at disc, Eddie turns sharply and  
strides out past Ferris. Latter keeps door open.  
Hendron, deeply puzzled, eyes Frye.

C-12 (Cont'd)

FRYE

(Quietly)

He has a girl -- Julie Cummings.

(Picks up disc; eyes it)

I guess he doesn't want to leave her.

STANTON

(Pointing to disc)

There's that extra fuel -- He  
must weigh close to one-eighty!

Hendron and Frye eye him with contempt. Ferris' gaze is held by disc as Frye deposits it on desk.

STANTON

(Wheeling chair closer)

You heard him volunteer to stay  
behind!(Notices Ferris; to  
latter)

Shut the door!

(Earnestly, to Hendron  
and Frye)You're not taking it from him! He  
turned it back of his own free will!(Sees Ferris shut door  
and enter)Get out, Ferris! The other side  
of the door for you!

FERRIS

(Suddenly)

Shut up!

He is a man of fixed intention ... Gets to desk,  
picks up disc and examines it.

FERRIS

(Unnaturally, to Hendron)

This one of the good ones?

HENDRON

(Trying to placate)

I'm sorry --

(Extends hand)

-- The people have been selected --

FERRIS

(Shaking head; taking gun  
from pocket; then strangely)

I'm going, too!

STANTON

Put that gun down!

C-42 (Cont'd)

Ferris, putting disc in his pocket, appears to again become aware of Stanton.

FERRIS

(Softly; still strangely)  
I'd almost rather kill you than  
go along!

(Coming closer)

For seven years -- ever since I  
started pushing this chair around --

(Shoving chair away)

-- I've hated your insides! -- You're  
a very easy man to hate!

(To Hendron and Frye)

I used to dream about killing him!  
I'd tell myself that when the day  
came to meet my Maker, I could con-  
vince even the Good Lord Himself  
of the sense for such a killing!

HENDRON

(Breaking the tense  
silence)

I'd like to reason out things with  
you, Ferris -- You see --

FERRIS

(Shaking head; waving gun)

No -- You three are running things  
here -- You're going to tell every-  
body I'm going!

(Pats pocket with disc)

This is my number! That's all the  
reasoning I want to know! And if  
I don't go, you --

Ferris never completes the threat! Three bullets  
fired in rapid succession crash into his body as  
Stanton shoots from beneath blanket! The gun falls  
from lifeless fingers ... Hendron and Frye quickly  
move around desk ... Door bursts open to admit Dave  
and Tony!

Others, men and women, can be seen in corridor ...  
As Tony drops to examine Ferris, Dave closes door ...  
Picking up gun from floor, Dave eyes Stanton and  
latter's gun.

STANTON

(Shrilly)

He was going to kill us!

Dave quizzes Hendron and Frye ... They nod.

DAVE  
(Holding out hand for  
Stanton's gun)  
Better give it to me.

STANTON  
(Unwilling; excitedly  
to Hendron  
I told you this would happen --  
Not just Ferris!  
(Submits as Dave  
takes gun)  
There'll be others! All of them!  
They won't sit still and wait here  
to die!  
Dave puts the one gun on desk.

DAVE  
(Slowly)  
He may be right.

Hendron frowns, looks at Tony.

TONY  
(Nods; points to door)  
There's a lot of bad feeling --  
One man was stabbed after the list  
was posted -- And there have been  
a couple of fist fights.

Hendron and Frye react to this news.

STANTON  
(Excitedly)  
I told you! Dog eat dog! -- It's  
the law of the jungle!

HENDRON  
(Finally; reluctantly)  
I guess we can't risk his being right.  
(To Dave)  
What do we do?

DAVE  
Move the women on board -- Lock the  
ramp gates -- the men can wait out-  
side the ship until we take off.

STANTON  
(Immediately)  
The guns are in my room! Boxes  
of them!

(Continued)

HENDRON  
(Firmly)  
That's out!

DAVE  
(To Tony)  
We'll have to move people and  
animals as quietly as possible.

Dave and Tony start for door.

HENDRON  
Dave!  
(As they stop)  
There's a girl --

FRYE  
(As Hendron eyes him;  
filling in)  
Julia Cummings.

HENDRON  
(Nodding)  
Tell her there was a mixup in the  
listing -- She and Eddie --

FRYE  
(Again filling in)  
Eddie Garson.

HENDRON  
(Concluding)  
She and Eddie Garson are going.  
(To Frye)  
We'll gamble on less flying time  
over the new world.

Dave and Tony exit as Stanton starts to protest.

FRYE  
(Picking up gun; quietly)  
Don't say it, Mister Stanton!  
(Toying with gun)  
Don't say anything!

DISSOLVE TO:

C-42A EXT. ROCKET SHIP - (NIGHT)

Light of sky has taken on yellow, reddish tint...It  
is getting unbearably hot, people perspiring freely...  
Animals are being loaded...Women are sent aboard.

(Continued)

jrw 2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12/12/50 82A

C-42A (Cont'd)

(NOTE: A storm prevails until ship leaves Earth).

DISSOLVE TO:

C-43 FULL SHOT - INT. ROCKET SHIP - (NIGHT)

Tenseness is in the very air, certainly in the faces of the young women trying to sit and lounge in the narrow confines of the room. One of the women is Julie Cummings.

(Continued)

C-43 (Cont'd)

Joyce, at the panel board, hovers close to Dave as he makes final adjustments on a gadget labeled, "Balance Brakes". Now Dave checks television screen, presses "Starboard" button.

C-44 TOWARD SCREEN - STARBOARD SIDE

Eddie and another man, watching and waiting the night through before boarding ship for takeoff, peer into darkness from behind locked gate. They are alert to every unusual sound. Another man, face betraying fright, stares up at sky and Bellus! Men finally exit to "Port" side.

C-45 DAVE AND JOYCE

Dave presses "Port" button.

C-46 TOWARD SCREEN - PORT SIDE

Eddie and others enter scene and join Frye, Hendron, Stanton and two or three minor characters set for the flight. Stanton, frightened, "paces" in wheel chair. He gazes skyward, is frightened at sight of Bellus.

C-46A DAVE AND JOYCE

He presses "Bow" button.

C-47 TOWARD SCREEN - (PAINTING)

Beyond huge, fiery Bellus, there is a hint of approaching dawn.

BB Name Change  
2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-18-50 84.

C-50 GROUP SHOT

Hendron looks around and CAMERA PANS. Worn, unshaven men are where we last saw them.

C-51 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP IN F.G.

HENDRON  
(Quietly, to Frye)  
I think we can start boarding.

Frye nervously checks his timepiece, then nods.

FRYE  
(Shouting)  
All right! Everybody inside the ship!

Men start forward.

HENDRON  
(To Frye)  
I'll bring Mister Stanton.

Frye nods, follows men up ramp.

C-52 CLOSEUP - STUDENT IN BUNK - INT. MEN'S DORMITORY

His face remains buried in pillow. Clock on wall reads: 4:02.

VOICE  
(Strident; o.s.)  
Why should our lives be decided by a raffle?

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. The speaker, a Student, a big fellow, faces the crowded room of hapless men.

STUDENT  
(Continuing)  
How do we know the drawing wasn't rigged?

CAMERA PANS.

SECOND STUDENT  
(Desperately hopeful)  
It should have been done by voting!

C-53 TOWARD STUDENT AND STUDENT IN BUNK

STUDENT  
(Shouting)  
Let's take the ship away from them!  
(Continued)

C-53 (Cont'd)  
C-54

Student in bunk looks up out of tear-swollen eyes.

STUDENT

(Continuing)

Old man Stanton left an arsenal  
in his room!

AD LIBS

(Shouted)

Let's go!  
Get the guns!  
We'll take the ship!

The exodus is about to start!

STUDENT

(In bunk - shouting)

Wait! -- Fellows! Wait! -- Please!

(They turn)

There's no sense in this! We all  
agreed to the drawing!

(As they turn away;  
pleading)

Listen to me!

(He regains some  
attention)

You can take the ship! -- Sure! --  
Then what? Only forty of you can  
go!

(After pause)

Don't you see? Then the rest of  
us will get rid of that forty! And  
the next forty! Until we kill each  
other or we all get caught when the  
worlds crash!

STUDENT

(Shouting wildly)

All right! You stick around  
until the collision puts you out  
of your misery!

(To crowd)

Coming?

They pile after him into corridor!

C-55 FULL SHOT - INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

Armed men, led by student, are joined by women as they wildly run down corridor and up steps!

C-56 MEDIUM SHOT - EXP. ROCKET

Hendron wheels Stanton up ramp toward gangplank.

HENDRON

(Stopping; quietly)

You were right, Mister Stanton!

(Stanton, puzzled,  
eyes him)

You're a better judge of people  
than I am.

He turns wheelchair and points. Stanton's panic comes fast!

C-57 FROM THEIR ANGLE

Mob is pouring from bunkers toward locked gate!

C-58 HENDRON AND STANTON

STANTON

(Shouting wildly)

Get me on board!

CAMERA TRUCKS as Hendron, unusually calm, continues to wheel Stanton away from gangplank toward brake device.

STANTON

(Continuing)

Stop! -- Stop him!

C-58A TOWARD MOB

They are at locked gate!

C-59 FEATURING HENDRON AND STANTON

Unloosens portion of brake device!

STANTON

(Wildly)

No! -- Help! -- Stop him!

(Toward ship; screaming)

Wait!

(Continued)

BB 3rd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-12-50 86A

C-59 (Cont'd)

Several rifle shots spatter close to them! Stanton looks! Hendron releases final portion of brake device!

HENDRON

(Mildly)

We're the extra fuel they might need, Stanton --

(Continued)

BB 2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-12-50 87.

C-59 (Cont'd)

HENDRON (Cont'd)

(As wild-eyed Stanton  
looks back at him)

-- The new world isn't for us --  
It's for the young!

C-60 TOWARD MOB

While some shoot guns, others vainly try to climb  
gate or to batter it down!

C-60A REVERSE ANGLE

Ship starts to move very, very slowly! Rifle shots  
ricochet from the big body! The gangplank, moving  
with ship, is being hauled in by a frantic Eddie who  
tries to shout to Hendron but he cannot be heard as  
earth starts to rumble!

EDDIE

(He cannot be heard)

Hurry! -- Get on!-- Get on!

C-60B INT. SHIP.

FRYE

(Shouting to Dave)

We're moving! Start all engines!

Dave works panel board.

C-60C TOWARD MOB

They look up and faces reveal knowledge that end is  
coming! There are tremendous lightning flashes!

C-61 FROM THEIR ANGLE - SKY - ( PAINTING STOCK)

We see heavens in all their fury!

C-62 FULL SHOT - EXT. ROCKET - (MINIATURE)

It is in movement, heading down slide!

C-63 CLOSE - STANTON

Eyes bulging, he sees ship moving! CAMERA MOVES BACK.  
Stanton, hands gripping armrests, is a man demented!  
As he body strains mightily toward ship,  
he actually rises! No longer crippled, he stumbles.

(Continued)

C-63 (Cont'd)

forward toward moving ship! And then the miracle strikes him! He stares down at his legs, then looks up, as if seeking an explanation from the Heavens! The earthquake begins! Gasses hiss forth from ground ...Stanton pays no heed.

C-64 TOWARD ROCKET - (MINIATURE)

The ship gathers fierce momentum down the slide! It rushes upward along connecting chute! Now, slowly, it turns and, nose pointed up, it heads skyward!

BB 3rd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-12-50 88.

C-65 MEDIUM CLOSE - INT. ROCKET SHIP

Joyce is strapped in seat as are others.

JOYCE

(A sob)

Dad!

Mike is next to Joyce. Tony nearby... The dog occupies a basket at foot of Mike's seat but out of way.

C-66 ANOTHER ANGLE

Frye and Dave are at panel board, operating gadgets. Dave turns and unscrews oxygen caps; vapor hisses out.

FRYE

(Calling out)

Breathe through your mouths as long as you can -- The blackout will last a few minutes!

CAMERA PANS frightened faces. Only Mike, not understanding, appears calm. He fondly looks down at "Whatsis" in basket.

CAMERA PANS room...Gauges show rate of climb... Eerie hissing noises escape from oxygen tanks.

C-67 TOWARD TELEVISION SCREEN- (STOCK AND PAINTING)

Towering bursts of flame light sky as Bellus comes into crushing contact with Earth!

DISSOLVE TO:

C-68 LONG SHOT - ROCKET IN FLIGHT - (PAINTING)

Heavenly bodies appear oddly shaped, unlike view from Earth.

C-69 MEDIUM CLOSE - ALTITUDE AND SPEED METERS - INT.  
ROCKET SHIP

Climb continues rapidly ... CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. Oxygen tank noises continue ... All passengers have blacked out ... Scene offers a deathlike quality.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-70 MEDIUM CLOSE - DAVE - INT. ROCKET SHIP

He struggles desperately for consciousness ... Finally, eyes open, seek nearby meters, become aware of rapid rate of climb ... He tries but cannot achieve necessary coordination to rise ... Hands refuse to do bidding as they struggle toward strap and buckle.

FRYE'S VOICE

(Suddenly; o.s.)

We're out of the pressure zone --  
The engines are off.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SWIFTLY. Frye, strapped to chair at panel board, nods at Dave, then looks up at television screen where we see Zyra somewhere below ship!

FRYE

We're on course.

(As Dave stares at him)

Some of our people may need Tony --  
See if you can bring him to.

TONY'S VOICE

(O.s.)

I'm okay.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SWIFTLY. Tony is only other passenger out of blackout.

DAVE

(To Tony)

You invented those cardiographs  
for my benefit.

TONY

(Nods; quietly)

Yours and Joyco's!

He grins companionably, and finally, Dave relents, responding.

TONY

(Pointing toward fuel  
gauge.)

How does it look?

DG 2nd change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-9-50 90.

C-71 FEATURING FUEL GAUGE

It registers quarter full.

C-72 TOWARD DAVE, TONY AND FRYE

DAVE

Quarter full -- better than  
we expected --

FRYE

We'll need it or we'll hit the  
new world head-on at ten miles  
a second!

DISSOLVE TO:

C-73 CLOSE TWO SHOT - AT PANEL BOARD - INT. ROCKET SHIP  
C-74

Dave and Frye, strapped to seats, watch television  
screen which reveals closeness of Zyra. CAMERA  
MOVES BACK SLOWLY, reveals Joyce and others strapped  
in ... All watch screen.

C-75 LONG SHOT - ROCKET IN FLIGHT - (PAINTING)

It moves steadily toward Zyra.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-76 CLOSEUP - DAVE - INT. ROCKET SHIP

Every muscle in his face, appears taut. Eyes stare toward television screen.

DAVE  
(Low-voiced; suddenly)  
We're getting close!

CAMERA STARTS BACK SLOWLY, CONTINUES FAR BACK.  
Frye, next to Dave, nods.

FRYE  
(Pointing to gauge)  
In a minute or two we'll feel  
the pull!

C-77 TOWARD ALTITUDE GAUGE

The needle is stationary...CAMERA PANS frightened faces, RETURNS to gauge as needle suddenly swings downward at crazy speed! CAMERA PULLS BACK SWIFTLY.

FRYE  
(Voice rising)  
Start the engines!  
Dave's fingers move expertly.

FRYE  
Turn the ship!  
Dave presses gadgets.

C-78 EXT. SHIP - (MINIATURE)

Ship turns, tail toward planet!

C-79 TOWARD ALTITUDE GAUGE - INT. SHIP

Needle continues crazy descent! Rumble of engines fills room. Again CAMERA PANS fright...Mike, looking from one terrified face to another, suddenly starts to cry... Quickly, Joyce reaches out to pet and calm him.

C-80 TOWARD DAVE AND FRYE

Dave, guiding ship, watches television screen...  
Frye keeps worried gaze on altitude meter!

FRYE  
(Sharply)  
We're slowing!

Dave looks to altitude gauge.

jrw 2nd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12/12/50 92.

C-81 FEATURING ALTITUDE GAUGE

Needle's descent is steady now, fast but not out of control.

C-82 TOWARD DAVE AND FRYE

Dave surveys fuel gauge.

DAVE

(Low-voiced)

Can I cut one engine?

FRYE

(Quickly)

Not yet! -- Keep them all going!

DAVE

(Indicating fuel gauge)

It's being used up too fast!

C-83 TOWARD FUEL GAUGE

Needle has dipped far below quarter mark, hovers close to empty!

C-84 TOWARD DAVE AND FRYE - JOYCE, ETC. IN B.G.

FRYE

(Grimly)

There's no choice! Keep all engines going!

As CAMERA PANS faces in b.g.,

DISSOLVE TO:

C-85 MEDIUM CLOSE - INT. ROCKET SHIP

CAMERA PANS AND STOPS on fuel gauge ... Needle wavers closer to "empty." CAMERA PANS to altitude gauge, reveals steady descent at 35,000 mark.

FRYE'S VOICE

(O.s.; calling out tensely)

Thirty-five thousand --

CAMERA PULLS FAR BACK in stillness. Dave manipulates board...Joyce holds Mike's hand...Julie and Eddie hold hands.

c-85 (Cont'd)

FRYE

(During above)

-- Thirty -- twenty-five --  
(Hand touches Dave; then)  
-- Cut number one engine --  
(As Dave obeys)  
-- Twenty-two -- twenty --

Thick, impenetrable clouds on television screen ...  
CAMERA PANS with Dave as he again seeks fuel gauge!

FRYE

-- Nineteen --  
(Gazes at unchanging  
clouds on screen)  
-- Eighteen -- seventeen --  
(Pointing to screen)  
Dave!

c-86 TOWARD SCREEN

Light appears to be trying to get through cloud  
bank.

EDDIE'S VOICE

(Shouting)

Julie! Look!

AD LIBS

It's the sun!  
The sun is breaking through!

FRYE'S VOICE

(Over these shouts)

-- Sixteen -- fifteen --

The light is growing but still is not too bright.

c-87 ANOTHER ANGLE

Excitement is becoming deliriously high ... Sobbing,  
hugging, kissing, back-pounding! Mike is affected  
by excitement.

MIKE

(To Joyce)

See it! See it!

Dave, very tense, eyes fuel gauge ... The movement  
in needle is very, very slight.

(Continued)

C-87 (Cont'd)

DAVE

(Low-voiced; to Frye)

I'm going to level off!

(To others)

Brace yourselves! We're leveling  
the ship!

C-88 LONG SHOT - EXT. ROCKET SHIP -(MINIATURE)

In cloud density, ship slowly comes around to  
horizontal position!

C-89 MEDIUM CLOSE - DAVE - INT. ROCKET SHIP

He is all pilot now! Hands expertly find gadgets...  
Eyes hold to television screen... Lips tighten at  
sight of "empty" on fuel gauge!

C-90 ANOTHER ANGLE

Again terror is here... All eyes are glued to  
screen.

C-91 REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARD SCREEN

Clouds break open... The terrain, dashing past, is  
an endless chain of mountains (much like Rockies)  
and offers no break for landing!

C-92 FEATURING DAVE AND FRYE

FRYE

(Frightened; pointing  
to gauge)

Anywhere! Land anywhere!

(As Dave shakes head)

We've got to!

(Continued)

C-92 (Cont'd)

CAMERA MOVES BACK. The fright has returned. It is in all their faces and the trembling hands which hasten to fix straps.

FRYE  
(Calling out; during above)  
Tighten belts!

Dave stares intently at screen...There is no break in mountain chain...He eyes gauge...Needle no longer wavers but rests below "empty".

DAVE  
(To Frye)  
Cut tail engine!

Frye obeys. Meters register reduced speed! Altitude meter shows reduction to 11,000 feet! ROAR of remaining motors abruptly dies! CAMERA PANS as faces reflect knowledge of certain disaster!

C-93 TOWARD SCREEN

A sudden break in mountain chain shows for an instant, then is gone!

DAVE'S VOICE  
(O.s.; suppressed excitement)  
There's an opening!

C-94 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. ROCKET SHIP

DAVE  
(Tersely)  
All engines off!  
(As Frye fearfully obeys)  
We'll try to come around and glide in!

C-95 TOWARD TELEVISION SCREEN

The break appears again! It is a square white patch!

DAVE  
It looks frozen!

FRYE  
(Fervently)  
I hope so!

(Continued)

BB 3rd Change WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 12-12-50 96.

C-95 (Cont'd)

DAVE  
(Grimly; low-voiced)  
We're going to find out!

C-96 LONG SHOT - EXT. ROCKET SHIP - (MINIATURE)

The huge ship makes approach between "backdrop" of mountains toward small level patch!

C-96A MED. SHOT - INT. SHIP

Frightened, passengers cling desperately as they anticipate rough landing! (Inter-cut effect of actual rough landing.)

C-96B EXT. SHIP - (MINIATURE)

The ship hits hard, bounces up, hits again and then skids crazily toward mountain ahead! Within a breath of destruction, ship piles sidewise and to a stand-still!

C-97 ANOTHER ANGLE - (MINIATURE)

For a full moment, ship remains in view in this strange new world!

C-98 FULL SHOT - INT. ROCKET SHIP

All is crazy, relieved excitement. Dave, on way to join Joyce, is pounded enthusiastically by men and women!

AD LIPS

We made it!  
We're here!

Dave's arm goes around Joyce and he draws her close.

TONY

(Interrupting jubilation)  
Dave! -- Doctor Frye!  
(They eye him)  
Don't open the door until we test  
the atmosphere!

The exhilaration in room dies abruptly! CAMERA PANS  
FACES.

(Continued)

C-98 (Cont'd)

TONY  
(Getting up)  
We'll try to get a sample through  
an airlock!

DAVE  
(Suddenly)  
Never mind!  
(Leads Joyce toward door)  
Good or bad air, there's no place  
else we can go!

Together, as others hold breath, Dave and Joyce yank  
open door! Deliberately, both inhale deeply.

DAVE  
(Exhaling)  
Best air I ever tasted!  
(Grins back at others)  
Break out the gangplank!

C-99 MEDIUM SHOT - EXT. ROCKET SHIP

Dawn has come as gangplank is lowered. Dave, Joyce  
with him, starts down. Others gather to follow.

C-100 MEDIUM CLOSE - DAVE AND JOYCE - SUNRISE IN B.G.

They pause on gangplank.

DAVE  
(Pointing toward sunrise;  
softly)  
There it is -- Remember, you once  
told me the same sun would be  
shining on the new world!

CAMERA PANS NEW WORLD, THEN PULLS BACK as others  
pour down gangplank and gaze toward rising sun.  
Behind Tony, pairs of animals are led to terra firma  
and permitted to roam.

C-101 ANOTHER ANGLE - DAVE, JOYCE AND TONY IN F.G.

Everyone appears to be accounted for.

JOYCE  
(Looking around; suddenly)  
Mike!  
(Anxiously)  
He isn't here!

She runs for gangplank, Dave and Tony right after  
her.

C-102 MEDIUM SHOT - INT. ROCKET SHIP

They enter. Joyce subsides as she spots Mike in his bunk.

TONY  
(Going forward)  
Hey, Mike! Don't you and Whatsis  
want to see the sunrise?

He gets to bunk ... Sight startles him, then he bursts into laughter!

TONY  
(Pointing)  
Our first new citizens!

C-103 TOWARD BUNK

"Whatsis" is the center of hungry attention for four puppies!

C-104 ANOTHER ANGLE

Laughter of Tony, Dave and Joyce rings out pleasantly.

MIKE  
(Grinning; during above)  
They're all mine!

TONY  
(Nodding; to boy)  
Every one of them! Now let the puppies nap while we go look at the first sunrise.

He fondly lifts boy and all go toward exit.

NARRATOR'S VOICE  
(O.s.; Biblical quotation)  
"--And God spake unto Noah, saying,  
Go forth of the ark, thou and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee."

C-105 SHOOTING TOWARD SUNRISE - FOURSOME IN F.G.

They gaze outside. CAMERA PANS to people and animals, etc., CONTINUES PANNING new world.

NARRATOR'S VOICE  
(During above)  
"Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh--"

FADE OUT.

THE END