

Dick Smith and Leah Zeldes Smith present

FAANS II

starring

Roger Sims

as

John Q. Mundane

and

Uncle Albert

as

The Con Fan

directed by
Larry Tucker

written by
Leah Zeldes Smith

and

Larry Tucker

loosely adapted from
The BNF of Oz

by

Cy Chauvin

(PAN past door with sign reading Muehlebach Hotel Sales and Catering Office and into room where John Q. Mundane and other hotel employees around conference table at briefing session. Mundane wears a pin-striped dark suit with a red carnation on his lapel. FADE UP sound as...)

Sales manager: ...And on September 1st we've booked the 46th Annual World Speculative Fiction Confab--

Mundane: You've booked what?! Not again! I won't have it. I won't have another sci-fi convention in this hotel!

Asst. Sales Manager: Calm yourself. This isn't a regular science fiction convention. It's a much more intellectual crowd. (Hands Mundane a fanzine depicting Uncle Albert standing in front of a blackboard with the legend "Physics is Phun.")

(CLOSE UP on Mundane, startled and horrified.)

Mundane: Oh no, not him! (Then wildly, shaking the fanzine) Are you people telling me I don't know what a science fiction fan looks like? I'm telling you, and I'm telling everyone at this table that that's a science fiction convention and I know what a sci-fi con looks like because I've seen one up close. And you better do something about this one because I don't intend to go through that hell again.

(PAN to follow as Mundane stalks out of room. CUT TO conference table.)

Sales Manager: Excitable little twerp, isn't he?

Asst. Sales Manager: Must come from wearing those shoes.

(CUT TO shot of Mundane's shoes, then PAN up and follow him down hall and into office past sign on door, "Muehlebach Hotel Security, John Q. Mundane, Director." Mundane sits at desk and buries his head in his hands. DISSOLVE to MEDIUM LONG SHOT of Mundane in hallway. FADE UP Ominous Propeller Beanie [OPB] theme from FAANS I.

(PAN to follow as Mundane walks down hall. Ominous Propeller Beanie [OPB] drifts into view in lower foreground. Mundane glances over his shoulder and sees he is being followed. He quickens his pace. OPB continues to follow. Mundane moves faster, glancing fearfully over his shoulder from time to time, until at last he is running headlong down the hall. Music builds until finally, Mundane runs into an open elevator and slams into its back wall. He turns to face the open doors, looking panic stricken. Mundane screams as the music reaches a peak and OPB closes on him. The doors close.

(CUT TO inside of elevator. CLOSE UP of electronic panel with numbers flashing quickly. FAANS theme soft in the background getting faster and louder as numbers increase. KEY IN credits and CUT BACK AND FORTH between panel and Mundane's astonished face as numbers get higher and higher, until finally the panel reads 770. Trumpet blares. CUT TO elevator doors opening, as seen from inside elevator.

(Still looking out from elevator, PAN across lobby-like area. In one corner, a motley crew of Neos is hanging out by a bunch of cardboard cartons, piles of paper and strange equipment. Throughout the room fans are coming and going. Many signs and posters are about, with such sayings as "MatildaCon 7 in 2011," "GRINCH XIX in MMIX," "There's always Zagreb," "The Midwest is Best," etc. Finally stop at CLOSE UP of large sign reading:

DETENTION II
49th World Speculative Fiction Confab
Detroit, 1991
Now in progress

(PAN back toward Neos pointing and looking wide-eyed toward elevator. CUT to Mundane outside closing elevator doors, looking bewildered and pulling a small mimeograph on wheels, labelled Typo. He is wearing OPB, which has somehow become better, brighter, wonderful.)

Mundane: (staring at sign) Wow. I don't believe it! This must all be a dream.

(He hears giggling and looks toward Neos. CUT TO Neos assembling in a rag-tag line. They are dressed in a random collection of fannish and drobish attire: buttons, Spock ears, Who scarves, brass brassieres, etc. A few are wearing t-shirts that read "N3F." Most of them are very short, but one, standing in the rear is very large. His t-shirt is several sizes too small, and he is holding a basketball. Another one of them, Roger, looks remarkably like Mundane. One more is very hairy.

(CUT TO Mundane staring. CUT TO Neos, as they struggle into line.)

Roger: Are we all ready? Where's Harlan?

Hairy Neo: Oh, he's off having dangerous visions again.

Large Neo: He shouldn't do so much of that stuff -- it'll stunt his growth.

Roger: (shaking his head) Then he'll just have to wear shoes like him. (To Mundane) Hi, welcome to the special neofan area at Detention II. This is where all us youngfen are detained...er, go to have fun.

(Roger pulls out a pitch pipe, blows into it, and Neos hum and then begin to sing, not necessarily in tune.)

Neos: (to the tune of "I'm a Little Teapot")
We are little neos
Short (CUT TO Hairy Neo)
And stout (CUT TO Large Neo, then back to group)
And these are the crudzines we put out.
(Neos gesture to piles of paper)
We are all assembled here to shout
Welcome to the neofans' hangout.

(Neos execute sweeping but clumsy bows. During the following exchanges, CUT BACK AND FORTH between Mundane and Roger as each speaks.)

Roger: (goshwow) Say, those are some shoes. Did you get them in the hucksters' room? I always wanted elevator shoes. I'm Roger. Who're you?

Mundane: What elevator shoes? I just have very thick feet. (CUT TO shot of Mundane's shoes, which have changed into brightly colored platforms. CUT TO Mundane's bewildered face, looking down.) I...I'm Mundane...

(CUT TO Roger. Ominous music (something like Darth Vader's theme?) begins softly in background.)

Roger: (with a knowing glance at Hairy Neo) Oh. Well, that's too bad, but I'm sure you'll be a trufan soon, especially with repro like that. (Gestures at Typo. Is this your first confab? Where do you come from?)

Mundane: I came from a hotel in Kansas. I don't know how I got here. (Gestures at mimeo) I don't know where this came from. I--

(Suddenly the music swells and a very large person comes on the scene laughing maniacally. He wears nothing but a red bath towel. Over his head is a paper bag with a devilish face cut out and drawn on it. In one hand he carries a briefcase, and in the other a paddle-ball. Neos shrink back.)

Large Neo: Oh no, it's the Wicked SMOF from the West Coast!

Wicked SMOF: How now, my pretties. (He chucks Roger under the chin, pokes the Large Neo in the stomach, pulls the Hairy Neo's beard and then turns to Mundane.) What have we here?

Mundane: I'm Mundane.

Wicked SMOF: I can see that. Where did you come from? And why did you kill my brother? (Points to elevator, from which protrudes part of a white shirt and a large bow tie.)

Mundane: I came from a hotel in Kansas. I just want to go home. I...I didn't kill anybody.

Wicked SMOF: You must have -- otherwise he never would have parted from the Magic Beanie. It should be mine, now! Give it to me! (Lunges at Mundane.)

(Suddenly action freezes and a tinkling music ("Tubular Bells"?) plays in background as a bubble appears overhead, growing larger as it approaches. Neos ooh and aah. The bubble lands and a gray-haired woman clad in a caftan appears, arms raised as if to say, "I'm here, the party can start now.")

Neos: It's Martha, the Good Witch of the Midwest!

Martha: (To SMOF, shaking an admonishing finger) Stop that! That's not nice.

Wicked SMOF: Curses! Foiled again. (Stalks off.)

Martha: (To Mundane) I'm Martha. Who are you?

Mundane: I'm Mundane.

Martha: (looking at him critically) Well, yes, I suppose you are. But we'll make a trufan out of you in no time.

Mundane: (plaintively) But I don't want to be a trufan, whatever that is. I just want to go home. Tell me how I can go home!

Martha: Well, I really can't help you there. Most people want to know how to avoid going home. Perhaps you should ask the BNF of OZ. He lives in the Emerald Ballroom. Take your mimeo with you. The BNF likes reproduction. And besides, you'll have to do the trip report.

Mundane: Trip report? Why?

Martha: You've been elected as the latest TOFF delegate.

Mundane: Elected? TOFF?

Martha: Why the Trans-Oz Fan Fund, of course.

Mundane: How could I have been elected to this TOFF, whatever it is, or anything else? I just got here. Don't you have to submit platforms, be nominated, meet deadlines?

Martha: Oh, pish tosh. The administrators have always been very lenient about things like that. (Pause, while Martha turns with a wry look to the camera, CLOSE UP, then OUT as she turns back to Mundane.) Now be on your way. The Magic Beanie will guide and protect you en route. (She gives propeller a twirl, and it begins to glow.)

Mundane: But how do I get there?

Martha: (FADING OUT) Just follow the golden carpet. Follow the golden carpet...

(DISSOLVE to Mundane at one end of a hallway with yellow carpet stretching in front of him. Fade up "Washington and Lee Swing" as he plods down hall and suddenly comes across a strange figure apparently stuffed with paper. It has a large plastic nose and fake glasses and is wearing a gray lab coat, decorated with numerous buttons and badges. Atop its head is an engineer's cap. In short, Uncle Albert. Uncle Albert appears to be perched, scarecrow-like, atop a pole. Mundane starts and stares in disbelief.)

Mundane: What the--? I know I've seen that somewhere before. If I could just remember.... It's sure ugly.

Uncle Albert: You wouldn't look so pretty, yourself, if you had a pole sticking into you where I've got a pole sticking into me.

Mundane: Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't know you were a living creature.

Uncle Albert: You call this living? How 'bout helpin' me off this thing?

(Mundane tries lifting, pulling, pushing. After considerable wrestling, the pole finally topples, sending Uncle Albert and Mundane tumbling to the ground. Crumpled papers fall everywhere.)

Mundane: What were you doing up there?

Uncle Albert: Just hanging out. (Laughs) Get it? Actually a buncha fen thought it would be a good idea to have me here, scaring away the mundanes.

Mundane: I don't understand. I'm Mundane, but...

Uncle Albert: Yes, I guess you are, after all. Are you scared?

Mundane: (Standing up very straight) Of course not! I'm a chief of security -- I'm never afraid.

Uncle Albert: Well, I guess it didn't work.

Mundane: The whole thing sounds pretty pointless to me.

Uncle Albert: Whew! What a load off. I thought it was just me.

Mundane: But if you thought it was pointless, why did you let them do it?

Uncle Albert: I'm glad you asked me that. It's Tradition!

Mundane: Tradition?

Uncle Albert: Tradition. Y'see, someone had done something like this once before. That made it a fannish tradition. And we have to keep up our fannish traditions. Why, without our traditions, we would be as shaky as...as...

Mundane: A fiddler on a roof?

Uncle Albert: No, sorry, wrong movie. Without fannish tradition, why, what would happen? Faneds would desert mimeo for photocopying, Hugos would be won by ballot stuffing, Worldcons would be held for profit...

Mundane: (Gesturing at papers lying around) What's this stuff?

Uncle Albert: Convention flyers. I guess you could say it's my curse. I'm hooked on a con fanac.

Mundane: You go to a lot of these conventions?

Uncle Albert: Oh, I not only go to them -- I run them. I've chaired them, gofered at them and done just about everything else in between. What a pain! I wouldn't wish that sort of life on a drobe.

Mundane: Then why do it? Tradition?

Uncle Albert: Could be. But mostly people say it's 'cause I haven't got any brains. Boy, what I wouldn't give to have some smarts. (Begins to dance and sing, to the tune of "If I were a rich man")

If I was a smart fan
Deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle dee
All day long I'd sit around and read
If I was a sercon fan.
I wouldn't have to haul ice --
Deedle deedle deedle deedle deedle dee
If I had a little bit of smarts
Eedle diddle didle idle fan.

I'd sit around all day
and just write fan fiction
instead of brown-nosing pros.
I'd never be on a con committee again!
I'd spend my nights in snogging with all the femmefen
Who wouldn't comment on my nose
And never go to bed 'til the a.m.
If I were bright I'd have the time that I lack
To have some kind of social life.
And maybe pub a fanzine or two.
And I'd read and discuss all the new science fiction
For seven hours every day
And that would be the sweetest thing of all.

Faugh!
If I was a smart fan, etc....

(shaking arms at the sky)
Ghu, who made the mundane and the fan,
You decreed I should be as I am.
Would it spoil some vast Gernsbackian plan,
If I was a smarter fan?

(He dances around some more and finally falls in a heap.)

Mundane: Uh, yeah, I see your problem. Well, I've got to be going now. I'm on my way to see the BNF of Oz.

Uncle Albert: (getting up) The BNF of Oz? Why he's the smartest man in fandom. He could probably help me! Why didn't I think of that before?

Mundane: Because you're stupid?

Uncle Albert: That's right! May I tag along with you to see the BNF?

Mundane: Uh, well...

Uncle Albert: (looks meltingly at Mundane) Pretty please?

Mundane: (disgusted) Oh, I suppose so. Maybe the BNF can get you a brain. He certainly can't make you any worse. Come along. Just -- stay where I don't have to look at you.

(PAN from behind to follow as they walk off down the golden carpet: Mundane pulling Typo with Uncle Albert following single file behind, dropping convention flyers as he goes.

(DISSOLVE to yellow carpet, covered with feet, among them Mundane's and Uncle Albert's. PAN UP to see room party. Yellow carpet weaves through the room. Mundane keeps pulling Uncle Albert along carpet and elbowing through the crowd and Uncle Albert keeps dawdling along, stopping to eat munchies and talk with people. Finally the press of the crowd separates them.

(Mundane looks around, shrugs and continues elbowing through crowds. CUT TO Uncle Albert standing in group by munchies. He speaks to the person next to him, a bearded man holding a ukulele.)

Uncle Albert: Great party, huh?

Party Fan: (Sighs) Yes, I guess it is. I wonder if I'm having a good time.

Uncle Albert: Don't you know?

Party Fan: Well, yes, I think I'm having a good time, but I'm sure they're having a better time somewhere else without me. If only I could find out the room number of the secret pro party.

Uncle Albert: Oh, I don't know about that. I was at one of those once, and there were just a bunch of boring old farts standing around talking about their royalties. There weren't even any good munchies. Just warm booze and no ice.

Party Fan: No, that was just the SFWA party. I meant the real secret pro party. But I suppose if I found it I'd only wonder if I'd be having a better time at some fannish closed door party I didn't have the room number for. Or if I was at some other convention. I'm always sure there are fans somewhere having a better time than I am, no matter where I am. When I go to cons in far off places, then I wish I were back here.

(He plays ukulele and sings, to the tune of "California Girls." [Note: although Party Fan strums ukulele, music seems to come from a loud, rock and roll band -- complete with back-up vocals -- nowhere to be seen.])

Well, East Coast fen are hip
I really dig those styles they wear
(CUT TO shot of Ben Yalow)
And the Southern fans with the way they swill
(CUT TO shot of Ken Moore and L&N fans swilling)
They knock me out when I'm down there
The Britifen are snobbish
(CUT TO shot of Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen)
But the Aussies are all right
(CUT TO shot of Eric Lindsay)
And the West Coast fans with the way they SMOF
(CUT TO shot of Craig Miller, Bruce Pelz, et al,
holding forth)
They keep the con suite warm all night

But I wish they all could be Midwestern fans
(CUT TO shot of Party Fan)
I wish they all could be Midwestern fans
I wish they all could be Midwestern fans

The Midwest has great parties
And the fans are all so smooth
(CUT TO shot of Tucker and group of fans smoothing)
I'll take a night in Cincinnati with the All Night Fans
Over any Smofcon -- that's the truth.
(CUT back and forth between shots of Party Fan singing
and various Midwestern fans doing Midwestern con things.)

I been all 'round this great big world
And I seen all kinda fans
Yeah, but I couldn't wait to get back to the Midwest
Back to the best fans in the world

I wish they all could be Midwestern fans
I wish they all could be Midwestern fans
I wish they all could be Midwestern fans
repeat and fade

(Speaks) Of course, now that I'm here at a Midwestern
convention, I keep thinking I'd be having a better time if
I'd gone to one in New Orleans or somewhere.

Uncle Albert: Uh, yeah, I see your problem. Maybe I can help
you.

Party Fan: Oh, yeah? How?

Uncle Albert: Well, this other guy and I are going off to see
the BNF of Oz, and if he can help our problems, he can help
anybody. Oh, here comes Mundane now.

Party Fan: A mundane?

Uncle Albert: Yeah. He's pretty strange, but I guess he's OK.

(He grabs Party Fan by the arm and pulls him over to door. Camera backs up to wide angle shot and we see that yellow carpet actually goes all around room and doubles back to go out same door it came in. PAN to Mundane following carpet out, looking down at his feet.)

Uncle Albert: Boo!

Mundane: (looks up, startled) Oh! (Resigned) It's you. I thought I'd lost you.

Uncle Albert: (cheerfully) No such luck. I found another fellow to come along to the BNF (indicates Party Fan).

Mundane: (shaking his head) Oh? What's his trouble?

Uncle Albert: He wants to find the perfect party.

Mundane: (Rolls his eyes) Oh, why not. Come along. (They exit.)

(DISSOLVE to hallway with Uncle Albert and Party Fan standing by Typo on yellow carpet in front of door marked "Men.")

Party Fan: I'll go in and check on him. (Goes through door.)

(Uncle Albert fidgets in front of door. He taps his foot and looks at his wrist watch, hums "Robert and Lee Swing." Finally, he turns his back to the camera, removes his hat, scratches his head and leans sideways against the wall with one hand on his hip in a suggestive sort of pose, still with back to camera and hat off. OPB theme from FAANS I begins in background, increases in volume as a nerdy looking fan comes down hallway toward Uncle Albert. Camera watches from side as he sees Uncle Albert. He does a double take and then leers toward camera in Snidely Whiplash fashion. Camera moves to follow him from behind as he advances purposefully toward Uncle Albert. He comes up behind Uncle Albert and speaks, as he puts an arm around him, grabbing at Uncle Albert's chest.)

Desperate Fan: Hey, baby, how about a little---

(CLOSE UP on Uncle Albert's face as he turns around, putting hat back on as he does so.)

Uncle Albert: Say what?

Desperate Fan: (Backing away) Omighod. I'm terribly sorry. I-I thought you were a... That is, I didn't know you were a... (slumps) Oh, hell. The first time I get up enough nerve to make a pass at a femmefan, she turns out to be a... Say, what are you, anyway?

Uncle Albert: (Very dignified) I beg your pardon. I am a convention fan. What are you?

Desperate Fan: (sighs) I'm desperate.

Uncle Albert: I'll say.

Desperate Fan: I can't meet any girls. The only ones who'll talk to me are married, and no matter how much I try, I never seem to meet any nice unattached women.

Uncle Albert: Oh? I thought the ratio had improved since Star Trek. And Dr. Who. I know several guys who've had good luck among the fringe fans.

Desperate Fan: Trekkies and Whosits and drobes. Oh, my.

Uncle Albert: Well, beggars can't be choosers. How do you look for girls? What do you do on Saturday nights, f'r instance?

Desperate Fan: I go to my war gaming club.

Uncle Albert: That's a femmefan hangout?

Desperate Fan: Well, no. In fact, we don't have any female members at all.

Uncle Albert: And what do you usually do at cons?

Desperate Fan: Well, when I'm not playing war games, I hang out with some guys I know and talk about computers.

Uncle Albert: You are a desperate case.

(Party Fan comes out of men's room followed by Mundane, who is looking a little pale and holding his stomach.)

Mundane: Must be the water. (He looks over at the slumped Desperate Fan) He having trouble too?

(Uncle Albert leans over and whispers in Mundane's ear. Mundane looks incredulous and then disgusted.)

Mundane: He what?! You what?! No! What do you think this is, some kind of lunatics league? I'm trying to get home, and you keep finding these bozos--

Party Fan: Hey, we're all bozos on this bus.

Mundane: What bus? (To Party Fan) You keep out of this! (To Uncle Albert) No more! I tell you, no--

(A strange clackety noise is suddenly heard. All look down in amazement at Typo, which is cranking by itself. A sheet of twiltone emerges. Mundane reaches down and picks it up. In sparkly letters, it says:

TAKE HIM

Love,
Martha, GMMW)

Uncle Albert: Well, I guess that's that. Come along.

Desperate Fan: Where are we going?

Uncle Albert: We're off to see the BNF.

Party Fan: The BNF of Oz.

(Mundane groans, and rolls his eyes. He picks up Typo's handle and walks off down hall. Uncle Albert gives Desperate Fan a shove and Desperate Fan follows Mundane. Uncle Albert and Party Fan bring up rear walking side by side.)

Party Fan: Say, what's his trouble, anyway?

Uncle Albert: Beats me. I never drink water.

Party Fan: Not him. Him.

Uncle Albert: Oh. (whispers in Party Fan's ear)

Party Fan: (looks at Desperate Fan) Oh. Now I really do wish I was in New Orleans.

(Camera watches from behind as they walk down hall, while Party Fan hums and picks out "Wish I was in Dixie" on the ukulele.

(DISSOLVE to Our Group as they wander through a hucksters' room. Behind one table is a largish man wrapped in aluminum foil. They look at him as they continue walking.)

Mundane: What on earth was that?

Uncle Albert: That's the Tin Postman. They say the BNF gave him a heart.

Party Fan: Maybe I can get him to take mine out.

Uncle Albert: I think your problem is somewhat lower down.

(Mundane groans and rolls his eyes. CUT to Our Group outside another room party. The hallway is plastered with bidding posters: "VOTE FOR LANORECON -- OR ELSE," with a picture of a lobster eating a rat. SMOFs wearing white short-sleeved shirts and bow ties made from black construction paper are grabbing people in the hall, sticking large bid stickers on their foreheads and shoving them into the room. Before Our Group can get away they're grabbed, stickered and shoved in, too. Immediately they are cornered by SMOFs holding large maps labelled "SACRED HOTEL PLANS," who advance on them until they are backed into a row of chairs. SMOFs all speak at once.)

SMOF 1: Our bid is best because our hotel has .879 percent more function space than the competition. We have 5.37 more rooms....et cetera...et cetera...et cetera....

SMOF 2: Vote for us because our convention center is 3.69 feet closer to hotel facilities than....blah...blah...blah....

SMOF 3: Our committee has 6.9573 years more experience than the competition and...so on and so forth and so on....

SMOF 4: We have the most fiscal responsibility. We guarantee not to lose any money because we'll keep all the money...money...money....

(CUT to Wicked SMOF laughing evilly and whapping his paddle ball.)

Wicked SMOF: Now I have them! (Laughs)

(CUT to SMOFs and Our Group. The latter are noticeably yawning as SMOFs continue shaking their maps and talking at them.)

SMOFs: Blah...blah...blah...blah...
Et cetera...et cetera...et cetera...et cetera....
Yak...yak....yak...yak....
And so on...and so forth...and so on...and so forth...
Money...money...money...money...

(Faced with this barrage, Our Group falls asleep, one after another, dropping their heads on each other's shoulders, like dominoes. Wicked SMOF enters and stands over them, still laughing evilly and playing with paddle ball.)

Wicked SMOF: (softly) How now, my pretties. Now I have you.
(He looms over them.)

(Suddenly there's a loud clackety noise. Our Group awakes and stares in terror at Wicked SMOF as Typo cranks out a message:

"Stop that!
That's not nice!

Martha, GWMW")

Wicked SMOF: (To the air, shaking his paddle ball and briefcase)
What're you gonna do about it, you old witch?!

(Suddenly Martha's tinkly music is heard and Our Group disappears. DISSOLVE to Our Group standing in a hotel room. In front of them is a carafe of coffee, cups and a sign reading:

"Drink this.

Love,
Martha, GWMW"

They drink the stimulating beverage and begin to feel better.)

Uncle Albert: Boy, that was a close one!

Mundane: What happened?

Party Fan: I'm not sure, but I think we were almost turned into SMOFs.

Desperate Fan: Oh, no!

Uncle Albert: Say, what is this stuff we're drinking?

Party Fan: I don't know, I've never had it before.

Desperate Fan: It's pretty good, though. Some magic healing potion, maybe.

Mundane: (staring at them quizzically) I don't know what you call it here, but at home we call it coffee. Anyway, let's go. We have to find the BNF.

SYNOPSIS OF CONCLUSION

Without too much further ado, Our Group find the Emerald Ballroom and the BNF, who is imposing and terrifying. They tell him their problems and he says he only helps trufans. In order to prove they are trufans, they must go on a mission: to steal the Wicked SMOF's briefcase.

They are terrified, but see they have no choice, and go off to do it. They come across the Wicked SMOF at a business meeting and though they have various difficulties, they eventually make off with the briefcase.

Returning to the BNF, they present the briefcase, and he blusters and storms at them, until Typo prints out a message telling them to look in the closet. They find a gray haired man with an old manual typewriter with wires attached to it and a bottle of Beam's Choice. He tells them that he's the BNF, but he had become so tired of the trappings of fandom that he'd invented the machine to handle them for him.

He gives Uncle Albert a legal document saying he's prohibited from ever working on a con again and a bottle of Beam's ("This'll help you to get over the habit"), the Party Fan the room number of the secret pro party and a bottle of Beam's ("This'll make any party the best party"), and the Desperate Fan a piece of candy and a bottle of Beam's ("Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker. Just remember, use your imagination, not your hands!"), but he's stumped over Mundane's problem. He tries getting him to drink Beam's, but it doesn't help.

Martha then appears, and tells Mundane that he always had the power to go home if he really wanted to, but Mundane discovers that he's a trufan after all and really wants to stay. We close with Mundane happily cranking out his trip report.