



The Twilight Zine

23

Special Phoenix Issue

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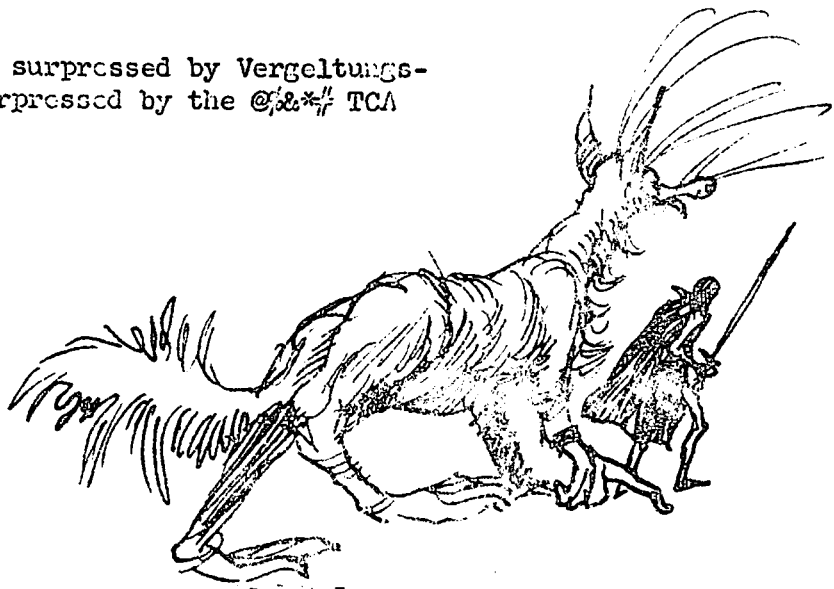
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Artwerk is either signed or the artist is unknown.

The Twilight Zine is published weekly by the Science Fiction Society of M.I.T. Copies are available for contributions, either art or prose, letters of comment, contributions, trade fazines, contributions, 25¢ in US coin, or Contributions. Free to MITSFS members.

Page numbers this issue surpressed by Vergeltungs-Flotte. Legibility surpressed by the @/2*/ TCA nimco.

illo by
Jack Gaughan--



What you hold in your hands is no fake; it is the real McCoy, namely TZ #23, finally out.

TZ was first inspired by Hugo Gersback in a talk he gave before the Society back in October 1950. The editor for the first issue was Jon Ravin. During the next six years twenty issues went to press under six editors. However, since Leslie Turek and Cory Seidman, the last of those, left for NESFA and Proper Boskonian nearly two years ago, TZ has become somewhat of a joke around here. I am sure, that even as I type this very few people actually believe that TZ #23 will actually come out.

Perhaps, it would have been for the best if I had left TZ for the past, but I wanted somewhere to publish an article on Larry Niven that I was then considering. Well, there were half a dozen typed stencils, a couple of electro-stencils of illos, and a few scripts left in the file. One thing led to another, and I became editor for TZ, and I never did write that article on Larry Niven.

The beginning work went smoothly enough, but I got bogged down in the typing of the stencils for the Lost In Space script. That might have been the end of TZ's second life but for The Activities Secretary here at MIT who finished the typing of those stencils. (You should notice where it gets better.)

I don't want to go rambling on for pages, but I would like to say that TZ will continue to come out if the response warrants it and if I can get the material. So sent all contributions and loc's to me in care of the Society.

Vobiscum,

Jon Ingersoll

Jon Ingersoll
Twilight Zine
c/o MIT Science Fiction
Society
Room W20-443, M. I. T.
77 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge, Mass., 02139



...AND THE NEW SON AROSE

--compiled by the MITSFS newsroom

Dec. 1967

Jourcom: TZ out "real soon now."

Minicult: Tuition riot led by Dean of Student Affairs in caroling

motion: that the society move 1-30-69+Sp.

Jan. 1968

(Secretary confessed to having lost minutes in a stack of the Techs ,
local school rag,

motion: to sandwich Onsec between the Techs.

Seldin: does entertainment of a motion include dancing girls?

Skinner: Obscene motions include girls.

Jourcom: TZ out "real soon now."

Feb. 1968

Minicult: New World's review, Tolkien, Heinlein are crypto-fascists.

???: Superman is krypto-fascists.

Moocom: wanted to show uncut "Ulysses" (starring Kirk Douglas), decided
on W. C. Fields instead.

Miniccom: dead.

motion; to dissolve the society and distribute the assets among the
members. 4-2-2+Sp.

motion: to set up Joe Ross as a committee, known as the Cornelia Otis,
to generate random noise. 5-6-3+Sp. (passed)

Mar. 1968

minutes accepted as read by non-existent entity (by vote of the Society,
D. Seldin does not, has not, will not exist, thus giving him an
equivalent status with Tablecom.)

Jourcom: TZ out "real soon now."

motion: that Cambridge, Mass. become part of Canada. tabled.

motion: to censure Treasurer I

motion: to treasure censurer. II

Y N C

Y 5 4 4 First motion passed and second chickened or

N 5 4 6 first chickened and second failed.

C 6 4 2+Sp.

Minocult: ARL getting married.

Apr. 1968

Jourcom: Electro-stenciling done, TZ out "real soon now."

Nasacom: There is a 151 page manual on getting into and out of the
Apollo capsule.

Cornelia Otis: 283 entropies at the last meeting.

motion: to censure Moocom for no "Batman of Africa," and 23 amendments
to censure all those concerned. 8-4-11+Sp.

motion: to censure Larry Niven for being curious about the nature of
"Batman of Africa." the movie was explained to the disgust of all.

Picniccon: foisted on Niven who went back to California the next week.
motion: to ask INSCOM to beat drums on Briggs Field to halt spirits
from devouring moon. Total eclipse that night.
Pumpkincon: pumpkins have no psychedelic properties.

May, 1968

Question was raised as to whether SFS was going off the gold standard
Phillies phille-bustered.
minicult: Phillies beaten by lets yesterday.
motion: to censure Treasurer: 13-4-6+Sp. amended to have him bring a
comic book to the meetins to avoid censuring under O. b. Algol.
Creation of new motion known as "Joe Ross" motion: to throw Joe Ross,
or whoever else it applied to out the window.
Elections: Phillies--Pres. & Skinner, Seitz--Vice, R. Wiener --Lord
high Embezzler, D. Wiener--Onseck. D. Wiener's campaign slogan was
"The minutes will seem like seconds with Wiener in motion."

From here on the minutes have been compiled by Daniel Wiener:

minicult (Phillies): Today was International Strike Day. Attendance
at classes rose noticeably.
motion: to censure the Skinner for allowing democracy to rule. Passed
5-0-3+Spehn, although the Skinner tried to repent by counting it
0-18-0+Spehn.
minicult: The window wouldn't close: therefore, he couldn't avoid the
draft. (Ross). The U. S. Government has sufficient capacity to in-
duct resisters. (Cochran). Only if not impeded. (Phillies).
Someone should write a coulomb about it. It should be kept current.
Let's put it to a volt. (Random).
motion: to censure New worlds for not dying. Passed 6-1+Cunningham-1.
microcult (Seitz): The winner of the weapons design competition has
been classified.

The Brother of The Bastard of the rape of
the Bride of the Son of the Ghost of NITSFS
--As personified by Daniel Wiener

- 9/20 It was brought to the shocked attention of the Society that the Greater
Plant was dead. The Least Plant will be appointed to fill the
vacancies.
- 9/27 minicult (Seitz): The True Origin of the word "SLAN" has been discovered.
It's from Latin, sine loco anno nomini (without place, date, or name.)
- 10/4 Seitz proposed that the Librarian receive remuneration for his time-con-
suming occupation, the amount to be 1 gram of assafoetida per year.
He also noted that Thionite causes the consumer to grow transparent
feathers, if it is the clear quill.
- 10/11 The Skinner reaffirmed the principle that the purpose of the Library is
to protect the books from the members.
The Vice announced that the Society is holding a solar eclipse, for the
benefit of the Harvard sola eclipse expedition.
- 10/18 God has loosed his wrath upon one Jon Ingersoll. One can only speculate
as to the particular pressures our Glorious Skinner employed to obtain
God's cooperation, but at the precise moment that Phillies uttered his
weekly request for a Jourcon Chairman, Ingersoll was struck with mad-
ness and volunteered. He immediately reported that TZ was coming
out "real soon now."

- 10/25 It was resolved to dissolve Inscorn, and vest all its former powers and functions (and money) in the MITSFS Star Chamber.
A proposal that Seitz's TANSTAAFL flag be nationalized by MITSFS was shouted down by chants of "There ain't no such thing as a free TANSTAAFL flag."
- 11/1 Members were reminded that the Society is a despotism, not a tyranny.
- 11/8 MS: "Resolved, that theftcorn only steal working models of perpetual motion machines. It may also steal a working model of a Dick Tracy magnetic space coup. This resolution shall not be clarified." 12-6-5+Spehn.
- 11/15 The matter of absorbong Wellesley into the Library, that womb of the Society, was discussed, and a new tertiary office was created Wellcorn.
Seitz reported the net worth of the Society as 0.0431 Talents of silver = 0.0024 Lakh of Rupees.
- 11/22 It was reported that a taxi driver swam in the Charles as late as 1937 and survived.
Jourcom: Symes will do illos for TZ if, beyond all hope, it should ever come out.
- 12/6 The complex question was raised as to whether counting entropy is a crime against nature. This immediately provoked a Ross motion.
MS to thank Miss Morrison for washing the TANSTAAFL flag, and for any other services that she might have preformed for the officers of the Society. 18-0-0+Spehn.
- 12/20 Seitz displayed a titanium Morgenstar. Attempts to gold plate it failed.
- 1/10 Monocult (Seitz): A generous offer to provide 8 hours of cloud chamber movies for the use of the society was reluctantly turned down.
- 1/17 Minicult(Phillies): A bill has been introduced in the New Hampshire Legislature which would require every male citizen over 21 years of age to own a fire arm and 500 rounds of ammunition for it.
minicult(Seitz): The 50'th annual meeting of the Boston Molasses Club passed without incident.
- 11/24 Libcom(Phillies): Roy Krupp will be given the Roy Krupp Mechanical Engineering Award for insisting that the green bookcase in the Library would fall down without the green metal plate as back support. It didn't.
- 2/14 Jourcom: The traditional shout of RSN was given.
- 2/28 Minicult (Slater): Room 1-241.1, the igloo in the Great Court now exists.
Moocorn: Steve Loeb is running for UAP as a serious candidate.
Seccorn: Dan Wiener is running for UAP as the Monarchist-Labor Candidate.
Jourcom: RSN.
- 3/7 Minicult: Dave Vanderwerf is now a Universal Life Church minister.
Jourcom: RSN.
- 3/14 Minicult(D. Wiener): Mike Albert, super-SDS type and all-around leftist, campaigning around the basis of his political views, was elected UAP. Let us all join in the Mourner's Kaddish:

The following was sent to New Worlds Magazine after our meeting in May of 1968:

May 24, 1968
Room W20-443
77 Mass. Ave.

New Worlds Magazine
11 Goodge Street
London, England

Dear Sirs:

Be you hereby notified that upon this day of May 24, 1968, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society, meeting in formal assembly, in full knowledge of its awesome power, and after most careful consideration, did pass a motion CENSURING "NEW WORLDS MAGAZINE" FOR NOT DYING. This decision may be appealed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society Star Chamber within 10 days following the postmark on this letter. Said Star Chamber, in anticipation of your desperate appeal, has met to consider it; and after most careful deliberation, acting in full knowledge of the terrible consequences, has affirmed the Motion of Censure to be correct.

Accordingly, you are CENSURED. Your magazine is CAST DOWN FROM the genre of Science Fiction. Your words and your writings are declared to be ~~NULL~~ AND VOID, and shall be TOTALLY IGNORED UNTO ALL ETERNITY. The new wave is BROKEN.

We would greatly appreciate it if you would send us a copy of your death certificate as soon as possible, as proof that the orders of this Society have been obeyed.

Sincerely yours,

(s) Daniel Wiener
Noble Secretary,
MIT Science Fiction Society



The Perchance Banquet

by Robert McNaught

To the foreign ear, the voice over the spaceship's intercommunicator was that of an infant jabbering into an echo chamber. To the beings who controlled the enormous craft; however, it was simply a signal to increase speed from five hundred and fifty million miles per hour to seven hundred and twenty million miles per hour. The big screen that one of the beings was apparently in charge of pictured planets as one big streak of multi-colored lights. These aliens were the same as the inhabitants of earth in only one respect--they had the same body structure. However, homely members of this species were unheard of, and mutants were not thought of. In all other respects, they were advanced earthlings by twenty thousand eons. Throughout the space ship, seraphic music, the kind which is never touched upon on earth, reverberated. The crew of this spaceship, unaffected by this music that is death to earth men, pressed invisible buttons and turned fluorescent knobs. The craft with all its beauty was so mechanized that it could veritably "stop on a dime." Another eruption of alien garble over the speaker system, and the operator of the speed control unit turned a diamond shaped knob. The craft immediately slowed to one million miles per hour and then to a few thousand. Destination: Central Park, New York City.

Walking through Central Park eating a five-and-dime store submarine sandwich, and clutching a copy of Mad, was a short, dumpy-haired, teenage boy, Fred Di Roisen. Finding himself a place to lie down on the bank of the pond, he began to munch his sandwich and read the magazine. His watch had stopped, but he noticed the clock atop the First National Bank which read, TIME: 12:50, TEMPERATURE: 78. "Oh well," he thought, "better be heading back." He finished the last bite of his sandwich and shoved the magazine into his back pocket. Before he could take a step, he felt a tingling sensation all over his body. When it ended he was on a spaceship hovering sixty thousand miles above the surface of the earth.

He started to utter an oath but checked himself. He knew that he was in someplace dark, and the ground felt solid. With cat-like instincts, he poked around with his feet and hands. Before he could feel anything, a spectrum of light appeared before him. Unfolding like a venetian blind, the rainbow turned into one of the beings who controlled the ship. By this time Fred had cleared his head a little, but surprisingly he wasn't as nervous as he felt he should be. The alien spoke some words of gibberish that were meaningless to Fred a disappointing development after the multi-lingo communicators of the late, late shows. The alien, also disappointed by the fact that he was not getting through to his guest, grasped him by the wrist in a firm, but friendly manner and led him to a screen that appeared on the wall.

He waved his hand over it and instantly a 3-D picture of the earth came into view. The being let go of Fred's wrist and pointed to the picture and then to Fred, an obvious simple attempt to communicate in sign language. He then pointed to the next 3-D picture which showed a rainbow colored planet and to himself. He then made some sort of sign that consisted of holding his hands in a horizontal position over his own and Fred's heads and disappeared from view.

The lights started to come on in the room. At first each part was lighted differently by a color of the spectrum. As the light increased in intensity, the whole room became flooded by a pure white light. The room was empty except

reclining chair made of a velvet material which he promptly put to good use as the experience had been quite exhausting. He knew that he was already in trouble with Mr. Finsch since he couldn't get back in time from his lunch break.

Just then, the spectrum appeared again and a different man "stepped out" of it. Fred started to get up, but the alien motioned him to remain seated. Fred was too exhausted to argue. The alien walked over toward Fred and placed the diamond shaped box he was carrying upon a glass table which appeared next to the chair as if by magic. Fred opened the box and took out the contents, a bowl with a jewel-like finish. Following another gesture command he inverted the bowl and placed it over his head so that it appeared like a space helmet. Suddenly the music which was being piped through the space ship was audible to Fred and he sat there spellbound by its effect. He came to twenty minutes later to find the alien gone. "Well, now what?" he thought, "Do I just sit here listening to music all day?" "I wish Fudge were here," Fred thought aloud. At that instant Fudge, part Terrier, part cocker spaniel the average mutt, was at his master's feet wagging his tail. Fred's mind moved as quickly as could be imagined and he put his helmet to another test wishing for a dining table full of food. A dining table full of his favorite foods appeared. Following other thoughts, a new motorcycle and jacket appeared. It was at this point that the thought-machine evidently got out of control for everything that Fred imagined he could immediately hear feel or see.

"What a life!" his thought echoed and re-echoed. The pulse of his brain was a loud and unmistakable rebounding sound. "All I have to do is stop thinking," he spoke out loud, and this thought came back to him only ten times louder than before. For a moment a woman screaming at the top of her lungs crossed his mind and an image of her was before him. Screaming louder and louder, and writhing like a woman possessed. Clutching at his helmet Fred yanked it off. "No dice," he thought, "I want out if these martian guys will let me."

In a small, rather well-furnished apartment on thirty-second street, stretched out on the floor under the coffee table lay Fred Di Roisen. In the background three phonographs blared a jazz record, a classical piece, and Oriental music. Several ashtrays contained burning incense. Sitting on the sofa, strumming his guitar, was Fred's guide, a fellow student at N.Y.U. Fred was slowly regaining consciousness though he was still "spaced-out."

The guide walked to the phonographs and turned each off, much to the relief of the people across the street. "How was it, Fred?"

"Except for a headache, it was beautiful, out of this," Fred replied rubbing his head.

"See I told you, nothing to it. Come on let's go down to apartment 7-A, there's a band going on."

They doused the burning incense with some Gallo wine and left for the bash. The next day, Fred was taken to Bellevue State Hospital in for Psychiatric treatment after having stood atop a skyscraper in search of his space ship.

If any of you see it, be sure to let Fred know.

BOSTON 71

THE PILGRIMAGE OF ALDON COTTER

by E. V. Cunningham

The grey sun shone listily through the round pieces of colored glass, leaded together to form a sorry excuse for a window, the only window in the room. In one corner stood an antique four-poster bed with a canopy of spider webs and mattress of straw. Cotter used to have a feather one, but it got funny after a while.

The sun rose higher, and he could see (or, rather, almost see--since he was only almost awake) the wax spots on the floor where he had been careless with his candle holder last night. Outside a crow sought purchase on the window ledge, and on the roof the swallows began their usual noisy chatter. Aldon Cotter rolled over, praying that he could turn them off.

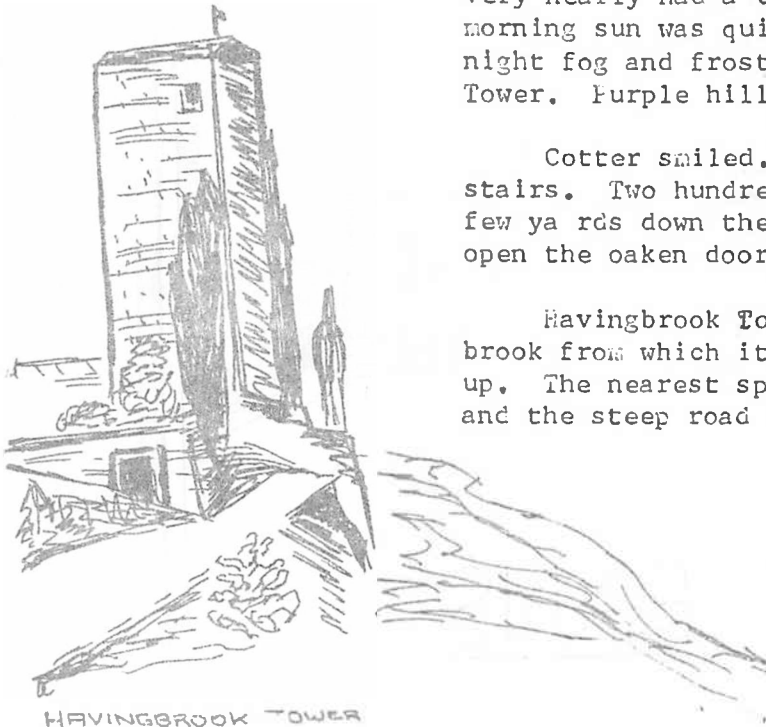
Alas, they had decided the day had begun, and Cotter had no choice; he slithered out of bed onto the frigid floor. In his years of living at Havingbrook Tower he had discovered no better way to wake up. He stumbled over to his wash bowl and plunged his hands through the thin layer of ice. Quickly withdrawing them he splattered the water over his face.

Cotter opened the window, swinging it inward and very nearly had a crow as a guest in his room. The morning sun was quickly burning away the patches of night fog and frost from the wasteland of Havingbrook Tower. Purple hills glimmered faintly in the distance.

Cotter smiled. He put on his boots and headed downstairs. Two hundred and forty-two steps below and a few yards down the ancient, damp hallway, he pulled open the oaken door and peered outside.

Havingbrook Tower stood atop a barren hill. The brook from which it took its name had long since dried up. The nearest spring was at the bottom of the hill, and the steep road down was almost overgrown with brush.

Cotter strode down the road, his feet carefully avoiding the thousand holes between the rocks and the knotty roots of the few hardy trees alongside the road. He started whistling--the world seemed large enough for him. It always had been.



HAVINGBROOK TOWER

He stooped to pick up the rotting branch that had caught his fancy. Though well-weathered and almost falling apart, it still appeared smooth in places like an oiled walking stick. His shillelegh recalled to mind the legends of leprechauns and hidden treasures out of place in his world. Or the Neanderthal man facing a wild cat.

Clouds gently wafted overhead, and the sun was midway in its journey toward oblivion. Cotter found a bush teeming with ripe wild berries a short distance off the road. Not too bad after a frost. He rested a short while in the shade of a rock overhang.

No longer could he see Lavingbrook. Over, off in the distance the hills interceded. Before him was only the road, and Aldon Cotter continued his trek. The barrenness was not as apparent now, thick forests crowded and sought to displace the road, now a path.

Now the road ran through some fields of corn, birds eagerly flying about seeking food in this early winter. He pulled a tuft and tucked it under his belt. On the fields he could see the writing of the gods, and he could read their blessing and their warnings.

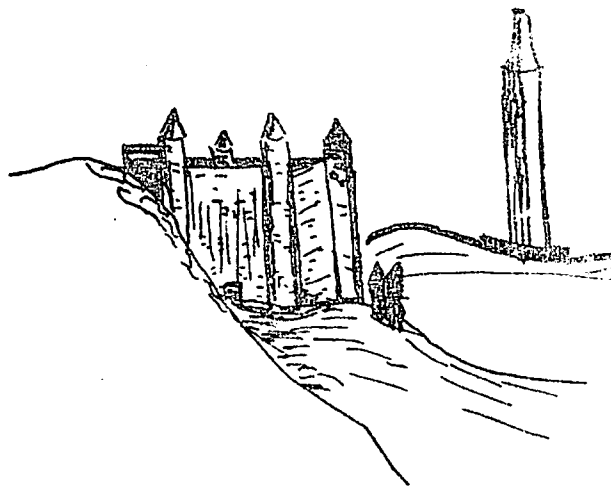
Darkness was falling, and he felt the urge for shelter. A sharp rise loomed before him, and as he climbed the slope, he saw a grey fortress perched on the side of the hill. He ran toward it. The portcullis was down, the drawbridge was raised, and rotten holes showed through. The side door through the stable was open. Darkness pervaded the stone. He walked through to the courtyard, there was no life. He dashed to the inner keep--up the stairs, so similar to the ones he had gone down just that morning, and into a large room. On a large table lay a closed book and an old candle. He went to the corner and fell asleep.

But as it will, the sun rose again from the east. The road still went on. Cotter took one look at the closed book and shuddered. The light of the candle showed him the way out of the castle past the armor. He raised the glowing wick to the sun and gently snuffed the flame.

Now he could see in the distance a giant tower, gleaming in the sun. He ran down the widening avenue and there were no hills to bar his way. The ramp up to the tower pulled him forward.

The elevator took him up to a room of lights and buttons. He pressed one of them and the countdown began.

And the road continued.



WE AREN'T FANS

WE JUST READ

THE STUFF

DONATIONS

Don Cochran

Be it known to all that these writings are given this day, April 29, 1968 A. D.

Once upon a time a long time ago, three weeks and forty-seven minutes to be exact, a plaintive cry rose in the hollow walls of the MITSFS. "Material! We need material!" Rising to the occasion, I present this sterling column to ~~will~~ help the Twilight Zine in its ~~year~~ ~~year~~ ~~year~~ year of desperation.

What shall I write? Shall I present a conglomeration of discongruous data replete with unintelligible abstractions? I shall.

Several weeks ago MIT's physics department presented a colloquim with the most interesting title of "Mysterium, Masers and the Interstellar OH." The speaker described the detection of radio emission from OH radicals in space. It seems that the Lincoln Lab interferometer was unable to resolve the source; that is, define its exact size and shape. So interferometers were set up between the Lincoln radio telescope and, progressively, Harvard, Green Bank in Virginia, Caltech, and Jodrell Bank in England. Somewhere between California and England, the source resolved into four different point signals. However, as the size of the radio emitter grew smaller, the temperature needed to explain the amount of energy grew larger rapidly. The final temperature, ten to the thirteenth degrees Kelvin, was considered somewhat excessive. The postulated hypothesis is that we're listening to a cosmic maser. Nature beat us to that, too.

* * * * *

The Leprechaun played a Melody in F.

* * * * *

At a bull session one morning in the House on Leonard Avenue, Heinlein's lunar catapult came up. One of the other ~~residents~~ residents asserted that the idea was even less practical than chemical rockets. Unable to let this slur upon RAH's science go unchallenged, I began to cogitate and calculate. Plugging the escape velocity into $v=at$ gave a time of 83 seconds needed by a 3 g catapult to give an object the necessary speed. The launcher would have to be about 100 km. long. Ten g's would take 25 seconds and about 30 km. Of course, toward the end, the projectile would be traveling about 8700 km/hr, a velocity difficult to handle even in a vacuum, if the projectile has to be supported. Surface plays havoc at such speeds. This problem is lessened somewhat since no support would be needed once lunar orbital velocity at the moon's surface is reached. However, the six thousand km/hr required is still much too large. Wheels, rails, slick surfaces still have too much friction. Gas for ground effect disapates or freezes. Electrostatic and magnetic fields would have to be enormous to support an appreciable load and would have to be very carefully balanced (and also synchronized with the magnetic launching field). Any suggestions

* * * * *

The drummer played a Barcarolle.

* * * * *

Having no further esoterica to impress, astound, and/or confuse those afflicted with this zine, I pass on.



Several books have come into my ken lately. The major one is Dune* by Frank Herbert (Ace 1965) which certainly deserved the Hugo it got. Although tedious in a few spots and a little pat with the use of the Missionaria Protectiva, characterization and the Dune world background are superb. I map reproduce the map of Dune in more detail than the book does in a future TZ. Others are

The Alien Way by Gordon R. Dickson (Bantam 1965). A bait ship is set adrift to plant a telepathy transmitter in the brain of any alien that happens across it. The plot alternates between the alien's effort to "found a kingdom" and the search of the earthman who is receiving the thoughts for the key to the alien motivation. The alien culture is well drawn. The personality of the contacted alien is more consistent and better developed than the human being.

The Long Fesult by John Brunner (Ballantine 1966). An optimistic book, it has an average plot, but is well written. The ending is understated and rather anticlimactic.

Colossus by D. F. Jones (Putnam 1966). The two computers controlling defenses for the Western and Soviet blocs link up and use the nuclear warheads to blackmail the world. In spite of the fact that Jones uses two very unlikely events to get into this situation, the science is otherwise very bad. I can think of three ways to isolate the computers.

Lord of Light by Roger Zelazny (Doubleday 1967). Confusing but well written, with excellent background. Quite enjoyable.

The conductor directed Carmen.

ACROSS

1. tz, nfff, tapa, tricon, etc.
6. froster
10. emotion in the presence of the good doctor
13. crop of lightbulb farm
14. the great ____
15. hannes ____
16. limbed ____
18. letter
20. obstruser
22. hellenic national democratic army
23. psycoactive drug
26. positive
27. as i was going to st. ____ (sing)
28. woe is me
30. super girl friend (initials)
31. dined
32. opposite of is
34. one of a corolla
36. man and ____
39. astronauts
41. mangles
42. short and so forth
43. josh
44. behold
46. affection
47. mit
48. sfs
50. seine
51. fen's 36 across
53. putrid
55. tastier
57. seas
61. cockney extremity
62. give territory
64. off limits
65. highways (abbrev.)

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9		10	11	12	
13						14					15			
16						17		18			19			
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28			29		30			31				32	33	
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42			43				44	45			46			
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51	52				53						54			
55				56				57				58	59	60
61				62			63			64				
65				66						67				

66. otherwise
67. mulligans

*I know, but I just got around to it. I don't subscribe to Analog and I usually ignore the Hugos since I usually disagree with the selections I don't ignore.

DOWN

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. translight (abbrev.) | 31. newsservice |
| 2. exist | 32. ointment |
| 3. swayback horse | 33. insect |
| 4. valhalla:vala::asgard: _____ | 34. wreaths |
| 5. chirp | 35. not lighted |
| 6. instinct | 36. particle |
| 7. approaches | 37. dr. |
| 8. arab chief | 45. palindrome name |
| 9. reserve (abbrev.) | 47. fixes |
| 10. earths _____ | 48. henry's cars |
| 11. interlaced | 49. denominations |
| 12. lives by makeshifts | 51. sun |
| 13. hill and _____ | 52. set down |
| 19. a few | 53. stagger |
| 21. beat | 54. tidy |
| 23. slip | 56. hard water |
| 24. slumbered | 58. honest _____ |
| 25. facts | 59. present _____ |
| 27. article | 60. mayday |
| 29. firing | 63. electron pusher (abbrev.) |

BASIS OF MATHEMATICS

Now, in the beginnings, everything is self-evident; and it is very hard to see whether one self-evident proposition follows from another or not. Obviousness is always the enemy to correctness. Hence we invent some new and difficult symbolism, in which nothing seems obvious.

-Russell

BASIS OF PHYSICS

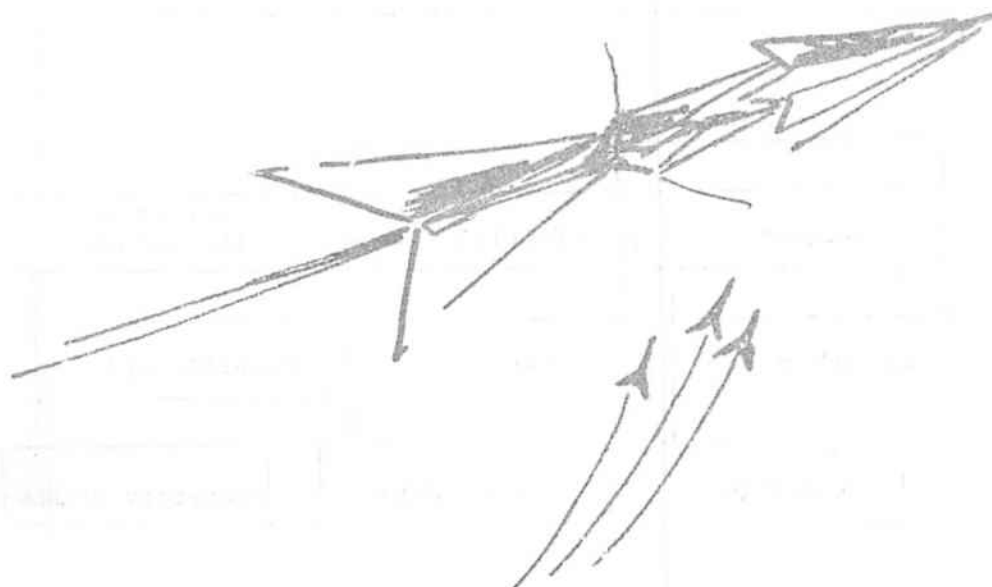
Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "let Newton be!" and all was light.
It did not last: the Devil howling "Ho!
Let Einstein be!" restored the status quo.

-Pope

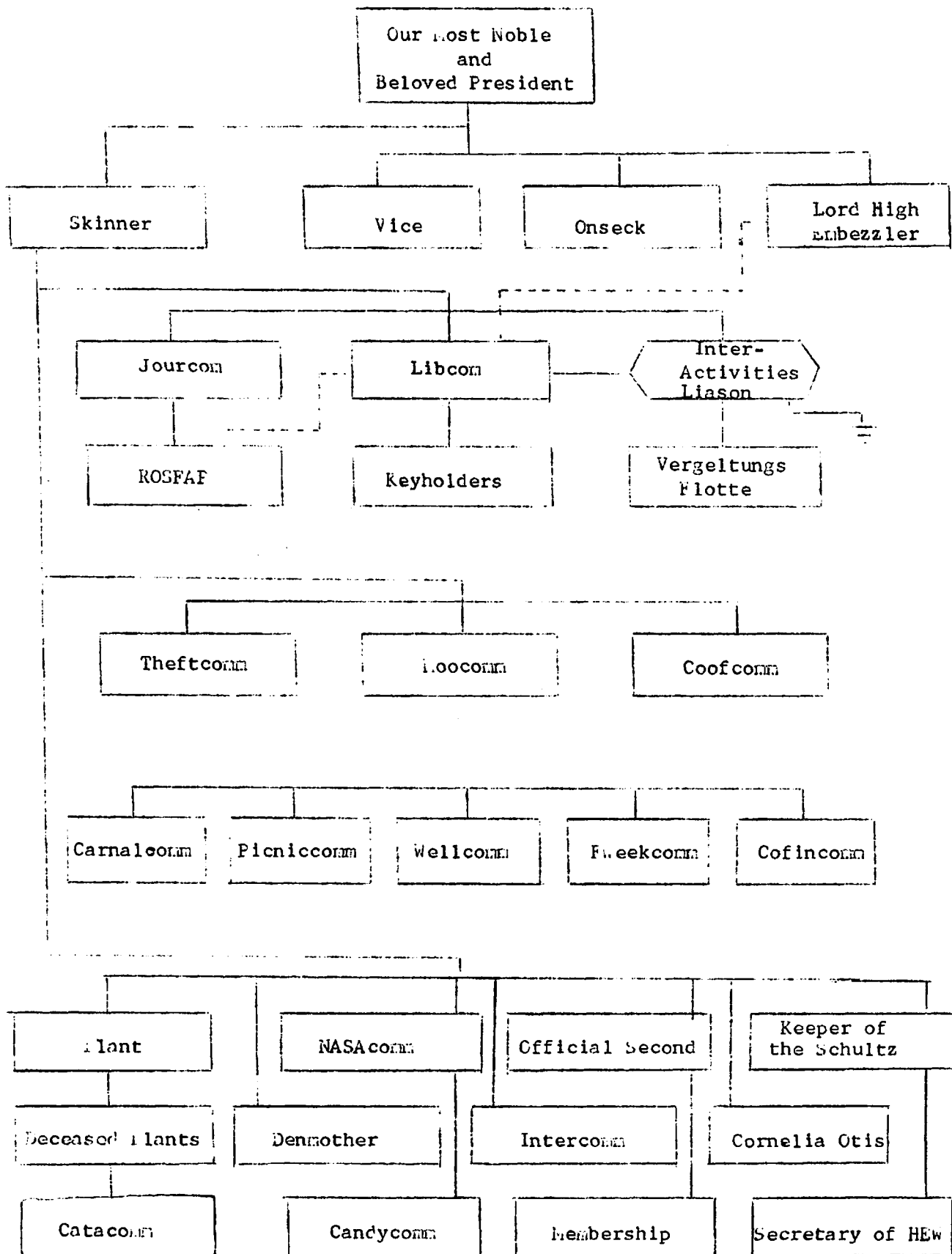
-Squire

BASES OF CHEMISTRY

NaOH, NH₄OH, KOH, Ca(OH)₂, LiOH, Ba(OH)₂



ORGANIZED SF



THE SOUNDS OF SCIENCE circa 1906.

Ions line
(Clementine)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 In the dusty lab'ratory
 'id the coils and wax and twine,
 There the atoms in their glory
 Ionize and recombine.</p> | <p>4 In the weird magnetic circuit
 See how lovingly they twine,
 As each ion describes a spiral
 Round its own magnetic line.</p> |
| <p>Chorus Oh my darlings! Oh my darlings!
 Oh my darling ions mine!
 You are lost and gone forever
 When just once you recombine.</p> | <p>5 Ultraviolet radiation
 From the arc or glowing line,
 Soon discharges a conductor
 If it's charged with minus sign.</p> |
| <p>2 In a tube quite electrodeless,
 They discharge around a line,
 And the glow they leave behind them
 Is quite corking for a time.</p> | <p>6 Alpha rays from radium bromide
 Cause a zinc blende screen to shine,
 Set it glowing, clearly showing
 Scintillations all the time.</p> |
| <p>3 And with quite a small expansion,
 1.8 or 1.9
 You can get a cloud delightful,
 Which explains both snow and rain.</p> | <p>7 Radium bromide emanation,
 Rutherford did first divine
 Turns to helium, then Sir William
 Got the spectrum, every line.</p> |

The Revolution of the Corpuscle (The Interfering Parrot--The Geisha)

The 'corpuscle' is the early name of what
we moderns call the electron.

- 1 A corpuscle once did oscillate so quickly to and fro,
 He always raised disturbances wherever he did go.
 He struggled hard for freedom against a powerful foe--
 An atom--who would not let him go.
 The ether trembled at his agitations
 In a manner so familiar that I only need to say,
 In accordance with Clerk Maxwell's six equations,
 It tickled people's optics far away.
 You can feel the way it's done,
 You may trace the way they run.

$$\nabla \times \mathbf{E} = -\frac{d\mathbf{B}}{dt}$$

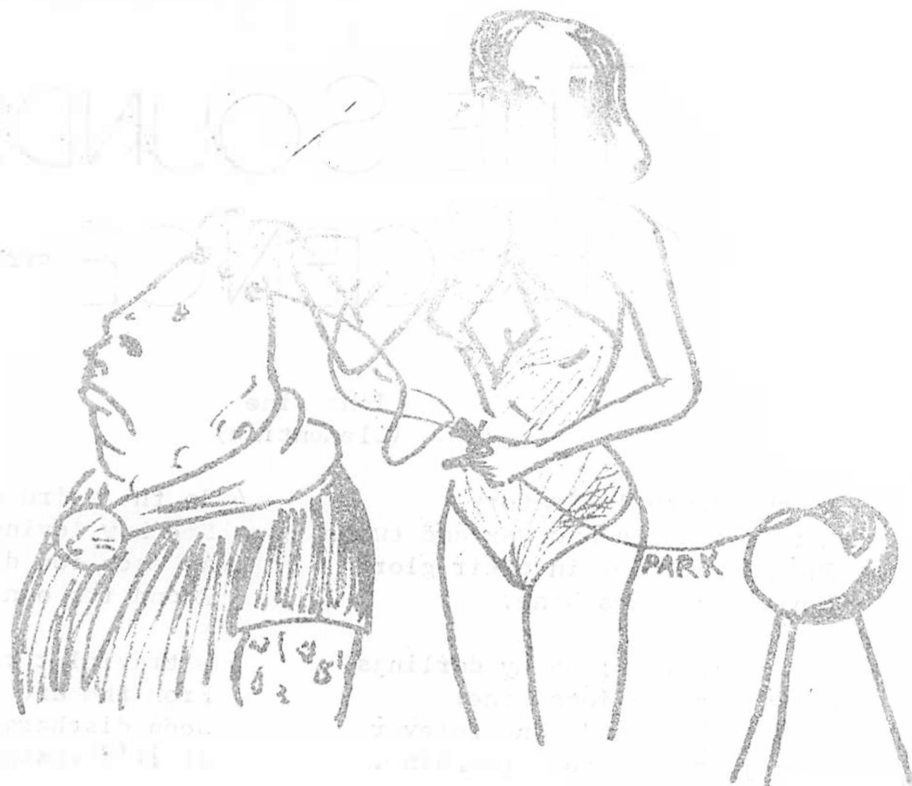
$$\nabla \times \mathbf{B} = \frac{d\mathbf{E}}{dt} + \mathbf{j}$$

$$\nabla \cdot \mathbf{E} = \rho$$

$$\nabla \cdot \mathbf{B} = 0$$

$$\mathbf{E} = -\nabla \phi$$

$$\mathbf{B} = \nabla \times \mathbf{A}$$
 while the curl of (A, Y, Z) is the minus d/dt of the
 vector (a, b, c) .
- 2 Some professional agitators only holler till they're hoarse,
 But this plucky little corpuscle pursued another course,
 And finally resorted to electromotive force,
 Resorted to electromotive force.



The medium quaked in dread anticipation,
 It feared that its equations might be somewhat too abstruse,
 And not admit of finite integration
 In case the little corpuscle got loose.

For there was a lot of gas.
 Through which he had to pass,
 And in case he was too rash,
 There was sure to be a smash,
 Resulting in a flash.

When $d\gamma$ by dy less $d\beta$ by dz would equal $k'd\alpha/dt$

.....
 While the curl of (X, Y, Z) would be minus d/dt of the
 vector (a, b, c) .

3 The corpuscle radiated until he had conceived
 A play by which his freedom might be easily achieved;
 I'll not go into details for I might not be believed.
 However, there was one decisive action;
 The atom and the corpuscle each made a single charge,
 But the atom could not hold him in subjection,
 Though something like a thousand times as large.

The corpuscle won the day,
 And in freedom went away,
 And became a cathode ray.

But his life was rather gay,
 And he went at such a rate
 That he ran against a plate;
 When the ether saw his fate
 Its pulse did palpitate.

And $d\gamma$ by dy less $d\beta$ by dz was equal $k'd\alpha/dt$

.....
 while the curl of (X, Y, Z) was the minus d/dt of the
 vector (a, b, c) .

PLANET OF DOOM

Script for 1st Episode

By John D. Davis and George Willies

THE FOLLOWING SCENES TAKE PLACE AT THE END OF THE PREVIOUS EPISODE. START WITH STOCK SCENES OF THE CHARIOT MOVING THROUGH ROUGH TERRAIN (EXTERNAL VIEW). SWITCH TO INTERNAL VIEW OF CHARIOT FROM FRONT; PROFESSOR ROBINSON IS FRONT-LEFT; MAJOR WEST IS FRONT RIGHT; WILL IS BACK LEFT; THE ROBOT IS BACK RIGHT.

WILL: Dad, do you think we'll find fuel this time?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON (TO WILL): I hope so. Those outcroppings we spotted on the last trip looked promising.

MAJOR WEST: The sooner we get off this planet, the better. I can do without the man-eating plants and...

ROBOT (INTERRUPTS): Danger! Danger! There is danger! MAJOR WEST STOPS THE CHARIOT. SCENE SHIFTS TO EXTERIOR VIEW OF CHARIOT; EVERYTHING IS NORMAL IN THE SURROUNDING AREA. SHIFT AGAIN TO INTERIOR OF CHARIOT (FRONT VIEW). MAJOR WEST TURNS TO PROFESSOR ROBINSON.

MAJOR WEST: I don't see anything.

LOUD RUMBLING BEGINS. THE CHARIOT STARTS TO ROCK VIOLENTLY. CUT TO SHOT OF OUTSIDE OF CHARIOT AMID A ROCKY LANDSCAPE. GROUND IS SHAKING; ROCKS ARE ROLLING DOWN A NEARBY HILLSIDE. GEYSERS APPEAR NEARBY AND BEGIN TO SHOOT SMOKE AND BURNING ROCKS INTO THE AIR; THE ROCKS LAND ON AND NEAR THE CHARIOT. THE SMOKE IN THE AIR BEGINS TO THICKEN. CUT TO INTERIOR FRONT VIEW OF CHARIOT AND OCCUPANTS.

MAJOR WEST: John, we've got to get out of here!

MAJOR WEST, PROFESSOR ROBINSON, AND WILL BEGIN TO COUGH.

ROBOT: Warning! Warning! Poison gas alert! The atmospheric concentration of sulfur dioxide is approaching a fatal level. Immediate evacuation is advised.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Don! (COUGHS) Start the chariot. We've got to get out of here. (COUGHS MORE) MAJOR WEST ATTEMPTS TO START THE CHARIOT. THE CHARIOT JERKS FORWARD SLIGHTLY, THEN STOPS. GRINDING SOUNDS ARE HEARD.

MAJOR WEST: Something's wrong. I think the treads are jammed.

MAJOR WEST CONTINUES TO TRY TO START THE CHARIOT, BUT ONLY CAUSES GRINDING SOUNDS TO COME FROM THE MOTOR. RUMBLING OUTSIDE GETS LOUDER; EXPLOSIONS ARE HEARD. SMOKE GETS THICKER INSIDE THE CHARIOT; ALL ARE COUGHING. FREEZE AND FLASH THE USUAL "CONTINUED NEXT WEEK" ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE FOLLOWING ACTION TAKES PLACE IN THE MAIN PROGRAM. DURING THE INITIAL, EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE CHARIOT, NARRATOR MAKES STATEMENT:

NARRATOR: As we remember from last week, Professor Robinson, Major West, and Will had gone out in search of fuel for the Jupiter Two.

CUT TO INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHARIOT FROM THE FRONT AND CONTINUE AS ON FIRST TWO PAGES UNTIL FREEZE. AT THAT POINT, CONTINUE WITH THE SCRIPT BELOW:

WILL TURNS, PUSHES A WINDOW PART-WAY OPEN, AND STARTS TO LEAN OUT TO SEE WHAT IS JAMMING THE TREADS. MAJOR WEST GLANCES TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE CHARIOT AND SEES WILL AT THE PART-OPEN WINDOW.

MAJOR WEST(SHOUTING): Will! Get back in here!

PROFESSOR ROBINSON TURNS TO SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING. WILL JERKS BACK INSIDE THE CHARIOT AND THE WINDOW FALLS SHUT.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Will! What were you trying to do?

WILL: Dad, I saw what's wrong. There's a rock jammed between the treads.

MAJOR WEST STARTS TO STAND TO GO OUTSIDE.

MAJOR WEST: We've got to get it out of there.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON GRABS MAJOR WEST BY THE ARM, STOPPING HIM.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Don, you can't go out there. You'd be killed.

MAJOR WEST: I've got to. We can't stay here!

WILL: Dad(COUGH), the robot can (COUGH) take care of it.

WILL TURNS TOWARDS THE ROBOT. MAJOR WEST AND PROFESSOR ROBINSON TURN TOWARD THE REAR OF THE CHARIOT.

WILL(TO ROBOT) Robot, arm laser circuits. Go outside and destroy the rock jamming the treads. Fire on command, but don't use enough power to damage the treads.

ROBOT: Affirmative.

CUT TO REAR SIDE VIEW OF CHARIOT. ROBOT PROCEEDS FROM THE CHARIOT; IT TURNS TO FACE GLOWING OBJECT VISIBLE IN THE CHARIOT TREADS. ROBOT RAISES ARMS TO POINT AT TREADS. CUT TO SIDE VIEW OF CHARIOT AND ROBOT, FROM NEAR THE SIDE FRONT OF THE CHARIOT. WILL OPENS WINDOW NEAR THE ROBOT BUT DOES NOT LEAN OUT.

WILL (TO ROBOT. COUGHING VIOLENTLY) Robot. (COUGHS) Fire!

ROBOT USES ITS LASER CIRCUITS. THE ROCK EXPLODES. SHORT DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR OF CHARIOT WITH ROBOT INSIDE.

ROBOT: Mission accomplished.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Don, start the engines again.

MAJOR WEST STARTS THE ENGINE. THE CHARIOT BEGINS TO MOVE.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Let's get back to the Jupiter Two.

FADE-OUT. FADE IN TO EXTERNAL VIEW NEAR THE JUPITER TWO. MRS. ROBINSON, JUDY, AND PENNY ARE WORKING IN THE GARDEN. COLONEL SMITH IS LOUNGING NEAR A TABLE EATING SOME FRUIT. CHARIOT DRIVES UP; MRS. ROBINSON, JUDY, PENNY LOOK UP FROM THEIR WORK. THE CHARIOT COMES TO A HALT; ITS FOUR OCCUPANTS GET OUT. MRS ROBINSON, JUDY, AND PENNY WALK TOWARDS THE CHARIOT.

MRS ROBINSON: John. You're back so soon. What happened?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: We were caught in a volcanic eruption, and had to turn back.

MRS ROBINSON: Thank heavens you're all right.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: We're safe now. (PAUSE) But I want to know what caused that eruption. This area is supposed to be geologically stable. Colonel Smith, if you would reprogram the robot? (PAUSES)

COLONEL SMITH: My dear Professor, that will not be necessary. (TURNS TO ROBOT) Robot, make your report.

ROBOT: The planetary core is entering a period of extreme instability. There is a high probability of severe volcanic disturbances. There is insufficient data to determine the exact cause of the instability. An immediate evacuation of all personnel and equipment is advisable. Eight to ten hours will be needed for a completion of the analysis. I shall begin immediately.

THE ROBOT TURNS AND BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY.

COLONEL SMITH: We're doomed. We're doomed. Oh, such a melancholy fate.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Calm down, Colonel Smith. The robot only said that there might be some danger, not that we were doomed. (TO EVERYONE) We probably have nothing to worry about.

COLONEL SMITH (SLIGHTLY ABASHED) Very well then, Professor Robinson. If you have such complete confidence in our safety, I am willing to wait for the robot's analysis of the situation.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: That's an excellent idea, Colonel Smith. (TO EVERYONE) Let's all get back to work until then.

MRS ROBINSON, JUDY, WILL AND COLONEL SMITH LEAVE. PROFESSOR ROBINSON GESTURES TO MAJOR WEST TO STOP.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON (SLIGHTLY WORRIED) Don, I'm still worried. The robot did advise that we evacuate immediately. Do you think that we can do anything with our available power systems?

MAJOR WEST (HESITANTLY) I'm not sure. I doubt it -- unless we can find more fuel. Those radioactives we found last week should help, but... (SHAKES HEAD)

FADE-OUT. FADE IN TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. MAJOR WEST IS SITTING AT A DESK AND IS FACING THE ROBOT NEXT TO HIM. PROFESSOR ROBINSON ENTERS BY LADDER AS MAJOR WEST QUESTIONS ROBOT.

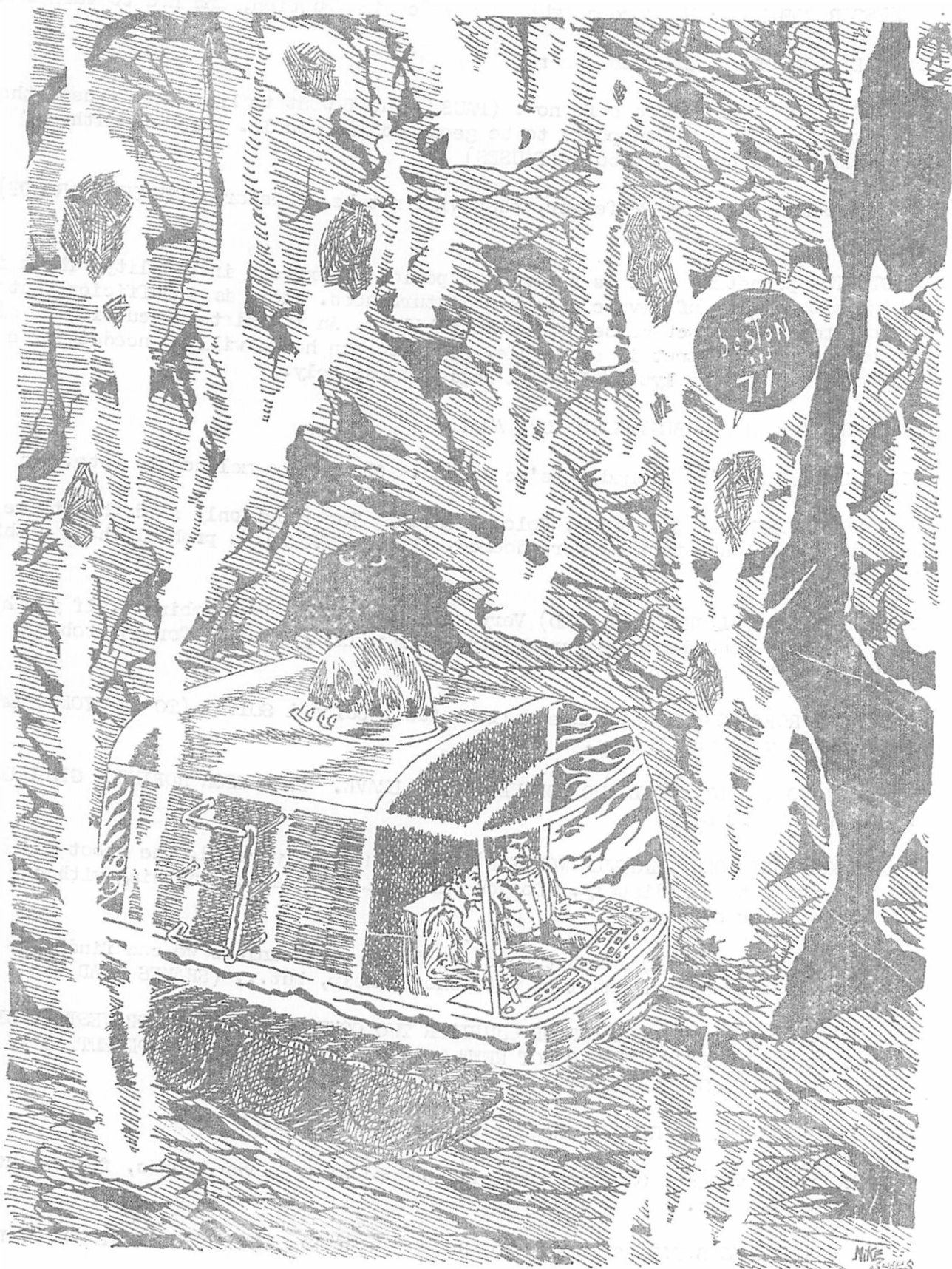
MAJOR WEST (TIRED, TO ROBOT) Recompute weight situation.

ROBOT: Excess weight: One thousand six hundred sixty-seven pounds, four point three seven ounces.

MAJOR WEST SLAMS STYLUS ON DESK AND SHAKES HIS HEAD. PROFESSOR ROBINSON APPROACHES.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: What's the trouble, Don?

MAJOR WEST TURNS TO FACE PROFESSOR ROBINSON.



MAJOR WEST(SLIGHTLY STARTLED) Oh! Hi, John. (PAUSE) You remember when we tried using the reaction chamber as a spaceship and sending that back to Earth?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Yes. But we didn't have enough power. It was so heavy that it just went into a long orbit.

MAJOR WEST:(IRRITATED) That's just it. The plasma engines just won't give enough power. (SLAMS HAND DOWN ON DESK) A little more power...(PAUSE--REGAINS COMPLETE COMPOSURE AND CONTINUES, NO LONGER IRRITATED.) But anyway, I thought that if we were able to trim enough weight from it, the plasma engines could supply enough power to break orbit and go to earth. Unless we can break orbit, we can't get far enough out to use the hyper-drive. But no matter what I do, we can't make it light enough. There just isn't enough power.

MAJOR WEST TURNS TO DESK AND STARES AT THE PAPERS IN FRONT OF HIM. PROFESSOR ROBINSON PEERS OVER HIS SHOULDER.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON (SHOWING SURPRISE): You're not using the reaction chamber as a hull?

MAJOR WEST (LOOKING UP AT PROFESSOR ROBINSON) No. It's too heavy. But we could rig a hull from the metal we processed a few weeks ago.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: But you'd never get it airtight.

MAJOR WEST: I know. But it wouldn't need to be. (Professor Robinson shows surprise) If everyone inside wore a spacesuit, they'd manage just as well. The hull only has to give micro-meteorite protection. (PROFESSOR ROBINSON STILL SEEMS DOUBTFUL) Sure. That's no problem. (Emphatically) Back on Earth we tried living in space-suits that long. (PROFESSOR ROBINSON NODS) It's the only way. The reaction chamber weighs too much. This way, we'll save hundreds of pounds in hull weight alone. (PAUSES)

ROBOT: Eight hundred forty-seven pounds, six ounces.

MAJOR WEST: (SIGHS) But it still doesn't matter. It's still too heavy.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON(ATTEMPTING TO BE HELPFUL) Have you considered cutting out the IGS? There'd be a slightly greater risk, but from Procyon, you'd still be able to return to Earth by optical navigation.

MAJOR WEST(SHOWS MILD HOPE) Maybe. (TURNS TO ROBOT) Recompute the weight situation in light of new data.

ROBOT: Excess weight: One thousand two hundred eighty pounds, six point two five ounces.

MRS. ROBINSON ENTERS CARRYING TRAY WITH COFFEE AND DONUTS. WILL FOLLOWS HER IN.

MRS ROBINSON: If you're going to be up so late working, you should at least have something to eat.

WILL(CURIOUS) What are you doing, Dad? Can I help?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON:(DISPIRITED) No, Will. There's no way that we can get a space capsule back to Earth with the power we have.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON GESTURES TO WILL TO COME OVER TO THE DESK. COLONEL SMITH ENTERS. HE PROCEEDS TO THE DONUTS AND HELPS HIMSELF.

COLONEL SMITH: These are excellent. Dear Lady, you excell yourself as a cook.
HE BOWS SLIGHTLY TOWARDS MRS. WEST.

WILL IS STANDING AT THE DESK NOW, HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER. MAJOR WEST AND PROFESSOR ROBINSON HELP THEMSELVES TO DOORS.

WILL: Dad, couldn't Major West go as a messenger, like we planned last time?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: It might work. (TURNS TO MAJOR WEST) Don?

MAJOR WEST. (AUTHORITATIVELY) Yes. One person would easily fit within the weight requirements. I had planned on sending everybody, but there's no...

LOUD RUMBLING SOUNDS. THERE IS A MILD EARTHQUAKE.

ROBOT: Danger! Danger! There is extreme danger. (ROBOT FLAILS ARMS)

THE EARTHQUAKE SUBSIDES.

COLONEL SMITH: Well, don't just sit there, you bumble-headed bucket of bolts. Make your report!

ROBOT: The computations you requested earlier have been completed. There is a growing instability in the planetary core, which will culminate in a general collapse of the inter-electronic structure. The symptomatic seismic disturbances and volcanic activity will continue to increase in magnitude until the planetary surface is effectively destroyed. This will occur in approximately eleven days, twenty-two hours, sixteen minutes, fifteen point three seven seconds.

COLONEL SMITH: (ALMOST IN TEARS) We're doomed. You see, I told you. We're doomed! Oh, woe, what a miserable fate! Here I have come through the eternal depths of space to this alien planet, only to die here. We are all...

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (INTERRUPTING) Calm down, Colonel Smith! We still have eleven days.

ALL SHOW WORRY. PROFESSOR ROBINSON TURNS TO MAJOR WEST.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Don, could we get a messenger back to Earth in time?

MAJOR WEST (DEFEATEDLY) No. Not a chance! It will take a week just to build an emergency space-ship.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON. How many of us could an emergency spaceship carry, with the fuel we have now?

MAJOR WEST: I'm not sure. (TURNS TO ROBOT) Robot?

ROBOT: By reducing hull size to a minimum, the maximum available mass for personnel and spacesuits is three hundred seventy-five pounds, four point one ounces. It is therefore possible to send a minimum of two and a maximum of three persons, depending on the persons involved.

COLONEL SMITH: Ah, thank you, my mechanical friend. (TURNS TO MAJOR WEST) Major west, how long will it be before we can leave?

MAJOR WEST: What do you mean "we", Colonel Smith?

COLONEL SMITH: It is obvious that you must go as our only pilot. And after that,

we must evacuate the most important of our party first--namely myself. Besides, I didn't volunteer for this mission. In the interests of fairness, it should be I who returns to Earth.

JUDY(EMPHATICALLY) I think that Colonel Smith is right. We did volunteer for this mission.

MAJOR WEST (TO COLONEL SMITH, IRRITATEDLY) Absolutely not! If I take anyone out of here, it won't be you.

PAUSE. JUDY GLARES AT MAJOR WEST. PROFESSOR ROBINSON GLANCES TOWARDS MRS ROBINSON THEN TURNS BACK TO MAJOR WEST.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Don, Take Will and Penny.

MRS ROBINSON: Yes, we must save the children. But what about Judy?

ROBOT: Negative. Both possibilities are impossible. Current power supplies preclude sending more than one child with Major West.

SHOCKED SILENCE. SHIFT TO FOCUS ON WILL.

WILL(TO PARENTS SLIGHTLY HESITANT AT FIRST.) I'll stay behind. Let Major West take Penny.

PENNY:(RAPIDLY) No! Mom, Dad, you two should go! I don't mind staying behind.

WILL: Penny's right.

PROFESSOR AND MRS ROBINSON SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

MRS ROBINSON: No, Will. No, Penny. We can't leave you two behind. I know how you feel, but (TURNS TO PROFESSOR ROBINSON) oh, there must be a better way! Oh, John! (SHE LEANS ON HIS SHOULDER, AS IF ABOUT TO START CRYING) There must be a solution. Isn't there? (SHE SLUMPS SLIGHTLY) PAUSE.

ROBOT: Affirmative.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: What?(ALL TURN TO FACE ROBOT) Robot, explain yourself.

ROBOT: Your premises are incorrect. There are three individuals capable of piloting the emergency spaceship.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON (SURPRISED) Three? Major West, myself, and...? (He STARES AT THE ROBOT QUESTIONINGLY)

ROBOT: You have forgotten your son, William Robinson.

ALL STARE AT WILL, WHO IN TURN LOOKS AT THE ROBOT.

MRS ROBINSON: Will?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Will, can you explain this?

WILL: I thought you knew, Dad. (HESITATES) Major West taught me.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON (TO MAJOR WEST) Could he fly the ship, Don?

MAJOR WEST: (HESITATES) Yes, I thought him to fly in my spare time. He knows the navigational techniques. And he has made one landing.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Will, are you sure that you could fly a spaceship?

WILL: If (HESITATES, THEN PROCEEDS) If I had to, Dad.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (TO ROBOT) Robot, could we send Will, Penny, and Judy?

ROBOT: It is possible to do so, in terms of present power limitations.

COLONEL SMITH (POETICALLY) But what of me? Am I doomed to perish here? I must most strongly protest this miscarriage of justice. Here I am, present only by a whim of fate, while you, who volunteered for this mission, knowing full-well its dangers, are being saved.

JUDY: Colonel Smith, you can go in my place.

MAJOR WEST: Absolutely Not!

JUDY (ANGRY) Don!

MAJOR WEST. No. (TRYING TO SOUND APOLOGETIC) We couldn't send Colonel Smith if we wanted to.

COLONEL SMITH: What do you mean? Of course you could send me.

MAJOR WEST: No. You don't have a spacesuit, Smith. And it's as simple as that.

COLONEL SMITH: Surely I could...

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: No, Don is right. You know the special fittings you need as well as I do. Or the problems they had designing space suits for Will and Penny.

COLONEL SMITH: Very well, then. If you have need of me, you may find me in my quarters. (HE LEAVES IN A HUFF)

FADE-OUT. FADE IN TO SCENE OF THE JUPITER TWO EXTERIOR. TO THE RIGHT IS THE EMERGENCY SPACESHIP, WITH A CLEAR SPACE AROUND IT. ENTER PROFESSOR ROBINSON, MRS ROBINSON, AND MAJOR WEST IN NORMAL DRESS, AND WILL, PENNY, AND JUDY IN SPACESUITS, CARRYING HELMETS. ALL ARE TRYING TO SMILE. MOVE IN ON MAJOR WEST AND PENNY.

PENNY: (ALMOST IN TEARS) Good-bye, Major West.

MAJOR WEST: Good-bye, Penny. (HE SMILES AT HER.)

PENNY SMILES BACK AND BACKS AWAY.

JUDY: Don! (HE TURNS TO HER) Oh, Don. (THEY EMBRACE EACH OTHER BRIEFLY, THEN PART.) Oh, Don, I'm just sorry that...

MAJOR WEST. No, Judy, it's better that you go.

WILL: Good-bye Major West.

MAJOR WEST: Good-bye, Will. Take care of yourself, and watch your sisters.

WILL: I shall, Sir.

MAJOR WEST: And watch the internal power system. It's just a little touchy.

WILL: I will, sir.

ENTER COLONEL SMITH. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM. HE WALKS TO THREE CHILDREN.

COLONEL SMITH: (TO JUDY) Ah! You are launching yourself into the trackless seas of space. How I admire your courage. I only wish that I might take your place to face the dangers that may befall you. (PAUSE) But such is not to be. None-the-less, I wish you the best of luck, and, as a token of our acquaintance, I present you with this small memento.

(HE GIVES HER A LARGE COLOR PICTURE OF HIMSELF)

JUDY: (SMILES POLITELY) Thank you, Colonel Smith. Good-by.

COLONEL SMITH: (TO PENNY) Ah yes, and you, my little miss. I need not tell you that you could be in no more capable hands than those of your brother, (PAUSE) (AS A SIDE COMMENT:) except mine, of course. (TO PENNY AND WILL) For your enjoyment and instruction I present you both with the only existing copy of the epitome of my literary works, my book, Galactic Castaways. When you reach Earth, please see that it reaches the proper hands. In this work, at least, I shall live on. (SIGHS) Good luck to you both.

PENNY: Good-by Colonel Smith. Thank you. (COLONEL SMITH GIVES PENNY SEVERAL REELS OF TAPE. SHE TAKES THEM, TURNS, AND WALKS OFF CAMERA TOWARDS PARENTS.)

WILL: Good-by Colonel Smith.

COLONEL SMITH: (TO WILL) Will, so that one day you might reach a mastery of the game of Chess only exceeded by mine, may I present you this miniature Chess set and my private collection of Chess problems in two, three, and four dimensions. (HE HANDS WILL A CHEST AND A NOTEBOOK.) Good luck, my lad. Be brave. Your parents are depending on you.

WILL: (HESITANT) Yes Colonel Smith. Thank you and good-by. (CUT TO PARENTS, JUDY, AND PENNY.)

JUDY: Good-by Mom. Good-by Dad. I'll take care of Will and Penny for you, (PAUSE. TIGHTENS FACE TO KEEP COMPOSURE) until you get back to Earth. JUDY KISSES BOTH PARENTS AND STEPS BACK OFF CAMERA.

PENNY: Good-by Mom. (PAUSE) Goodby Dad. (PAUSE. PENNY BREAKS INTO TEARS AND FALLS INTO HER MOTHER'S ARMS.) I don't want to go! Oh, Mom! Oh Dad!

MRS. ROBINSON: (COMPASSIONATELY) Penny. (MRS. ROBINSON COMFORTS PENNY)

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (COMFORTINGLY) Penny.

COLONEL SMITH: Now, now dear. Calm yourself. Be brave. I (EMPHASIS OF "I") am depending on you.

WILL ENTERS CAMERA FIELD.

WILL: (DOUBTFUL, BUT TRYING TO SOUND CONFIDENT) Come on, Penny. We'll see Mom and Dad again in a week or two.

JUDY LEADS PENNY INTO THE EMERGENCY SPACESHIP. WILL TURNS AND STARES AFTER PENNY, TEARS IN HIS EYES. HE WIPES HIS FACE WITH ONE ARM AND TURNS TO HIS PARENTS. HIS EYES ARE CLEAR AGAIN.

WILL: 'Bye Mom. (HE KISSES HER) 'Bye Dad. (THEY HUG EACH OTHER.)

MRS. ROBINSON: Good-by Will. Take care of your sisters for me.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Will, these are the microfilmed records of the expedition and instructions for the authorities on Earth. You know what to do with them. Don't worry about us; even if you can't get rescue, we'll find a way out of here.

WILL: Sure, Dad. Good-by.

WILL TURNS AND ENTERS THE EMERGENCY SPACESHIP. CAMERA FOLLOWS. HE CLOSES THE HATCH. PROFESSOR ROBINSON, MAJOR WEST, AND COLONEL SMITH TURN AND MOVE TOWARDS THE JUPITER TWO. CAMERA FOLLOWS MOVEMENT FROM MODERATE DISTANCE. FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN TO JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON, MAJOR WEST, AND COLONEL SMITH NEAR CONTROL BOARD. MAJOR WEST IS HOLDING A MICROPHONE.

MAJOR WEST: Jupiter Two to Spaceship B, begin take-off sequence.

(FROM LOUDSPEAKER) Beginning count-down sequence.

MAJOR WEST: (INTO MIKE) Ten...Nine...Eight...Seven...Six...

CUT TO INTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B (EMERGENCY SPACESHIP). WILL, PENNY, AND JUDY ON ACCELERATION COUCHES. HELMETS OF SPACESUITS ARE SEALED. WILL IS IN THE CENTER WITH A CONTROL PANEL IN FRONT OF HIM.

MAJOR WEST: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER) ...Five...Four...Three...Two...One... Fire!

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF WILL'S FINGER PRESSING FIRING BUTTON. CUT TO DISTANCE SHOT OF EXTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B TAKING OFF AND STARTING TO CLIMB. FLAMES ARE COMING FROM TAIL. (SEVERAL SECONDS) CUT TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. ALL ARE WATCHING TAKE-OFF THROUGH WINDOW.

MRS. ROBINSON: (PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON PUT ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER'S BACKS AS THEY STARE OUT WINDOW AT ASCENDING SPACESHIP. MRS. ROBINSON PUTS HER HEAD ON PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S SHOULDER.) Oh, John!

CUT TO INTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B. WILL, PENNY, AND JUDY ARE PRESSED TO THEIR ACCELERATION COUCHES.

JUDY: (INTO MIKE INSIDE HELMET) Altitude: One thousand feet; (PAUSE) Five thousand feet.

WILL: (INTO MIKE INSIDE HELMET) Speed: One thousand miles per hour; (PAUSE) Two thousand miles per hour.

JUDY: (INTO MIKE INSIDE HELMET) Altitude: Four miles; (PAUSE)...(THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO CLOSE UP OF UNNOTICED METER AT SIDE OF CHAMBER MARKED "LATTICE COIL POWER DEMAND." NEEDLE IS SLOWLY RISING TOWARD CLEARLY MARKED DANGER AREA. CAMERA REMAINS ON METER AS JUDY SPEAKS.) ...Eight miles; (PAUSE) Twelve miles; (PAUSE) Sixteen miles; (PAUSE) ... (CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO SHOW ENTIRE GROUP AGAIN)...Twenty miles.

WILL: (INTO MIKE INSIDE HELMET) Speed: Eight thousand miles per hour; (PAUSE) Nine thousand miles per hour. (PAUSE) All systems operating properly.

ZOOM TO LATTICE COIL METER: METAL AROUND IT IS BEGINNING TO GLOW. NEEDLE IS IN DANGER AREA. FOLLOW WITH IMMEDIATE DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. PARENTS ARE LISTENING AT RADIO; MAJOR WEST IS WATCHING RADAR SCOPE.

WILL: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER) Speed: Twelve thousand miles per hour.

MAJOR WEST: (INTO MIKE) Altitude and velocity check.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (TAKES MIKE FROM MAJOR WEST AND SPEAKS) You're right on course, Will. A couple more minutes and you can enter hyper-drive.

ROBOT: Time to hyper-drive entry: Thirty-two point one six seconds. (PAUSE) Good-by Will.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON JOIN HANDS ON SIDE BETWEEN THEM. SHORT DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER) Your altitude is forty thousand miles. Your speed is eight miles per second. You're free of this planet's gravitic distortion region. We'll probably lose contact with you when you enter hyper-drive (PAUSE; THEN HESITANTLY SAYS:) so...good-by.

MRS. ROBINSON: (FROM SPEAKER; EMPHATIC AND ANXIOUS) And good luck!

ROBOT: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER) Hyper-drive count-down: Ten...Nine...Eight... (SLOWLY, WILL REACHES UP AND PLACES HIS HAND ON SWITCH ABOVE HIM.)... Seven...Six...Five...Four...Three...Two...One...Power!

WILL THROWS THE SWITCH. CAMERA CENTERS ON METER WHICH BEGINS TO SPARK AND FLAME VIOLENTLY. ZOOM BACK TO SHOW ENTIRE CABIN. BITS OF FLAME AND SMOKE ARE STARTING TO COME FROM OTHER PARTS OF CABIN. OCCUPANTS ARE PRESSED VERY HARD IN SEATS DUE TO INCREASED ACCELERATION. CUT TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. MRS. ROBINSON IS

WATCHING A MOVING SPOT ON THE RADAR SCOPE. SCOPE SUDDENLY BEGINS TO GLOW BRIGHTLY ON-AND-OFF AND THE SPOT BEGINS TO MOVE IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION WITH A GREATLY INCREASED SPEED.

MRS. ROBINSON: (ALARMED) John! What's wrong?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON LOOKS DOWN AT RADAR SCOPE, PAUSES, BECOMES ALARMED ALSO, AND IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP MICROPHONE.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (ANXIOUS; INTO MICROPHONE) Jupiter Two to Spaceship B! Jupiter Two to Spaceship B! Come in Will! What's wrong?

WILL: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER; GASPS FOR BREATH DUE TO INTENSE ACCELERATION) We're out of control! One of the lattice coils (GASPS) short-circuited. I'm trying to (GASP) cut (GASP) power, but...(STATIC OVERWHELMS HIS VOICE)

MAJOR WEST: They're leaving radar range at thirty degrees off course!

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (INTO MIKE) Jupiter Two to Spaceship B! Jupiter Two to Spaceship B. (MORE DESPERATE) Come in Will! Come in! (PAUSE; ONLY STATIC IS HEARD FROM LOUDSPEAKER)

MRS. ROBINSON: (VERY EMOTIONAL) Oh! John! No!

PROFESSOR ROBINSON TRIES TO COMFORT HER.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Maureen. Maureen.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B. FLAMES AND SPARKS COME FROM REAR AND SIDE OF SHIP. IT APPEARS TO HAVE A VERY HIGH VELOCITY. CUT TO INTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B. ALL ARE PINNED TO ACCELERATION COUCHES. WILL IS STRAINING TO REACH THE SWITCH ABOVE HIM.

PENNY: (TERRIFIED) Will! Do something! (PENNY PASSES OUT)

WILL, AFTER MUCH STRAINING, MANAGES TO THROW THE SWITCH. ACCELERATION CEASES; SPACESHIP B IS IN FREE FALL.

WILL: (ANXIOUS) Judy! Penny! Are you all right?

JUDY: (SOMEWHAT WEAK) I'm all right Will, but something happened to Penny. (JUDY LEANS OVER TO CHECK PENNY--LEANS BACK LOOKING SOMEWHAT RELIEVED.) It's all right; she only fainted. Are we still on course?

WILL THROWS SEVERAL SWITCHES AND LOOKS INTO AN INSTRUMENT.

WILL: (SURPRISED AND ALARMED) No! That's impossible. We must be thirty degrees off course!

JUDY: See if you can contact the Jupiter Two. Maybe Dad can help.

WILL: We lost radio contact when we entered hyper-drive. We're too far away.

JUDY: Can we get back on course?

WILL ADJUSTS MORE CONTROLS AND LOOKS INTO EYEPieces. HE APPEARS SAD.

WILL: (DESPONDENTLY) No. Even if I can repair the lattice coil, we just don't have enough fuel. There might be a way...(PAUSE), but no. Forget it. It's too dangerous; we'll have to think of something else. (DOUBTFUL)

JUDY: (WITH SOME HOPE) What is it, Will? Do you have an idea?

WILL: Yes, but (PAUSE); is Penny still unconscious?

JUDY: She'll be out for a few more minutes; you remember the acceleration tests back on Earth.

WILL: I didn't want to frighten her. (PAUSE) I don't want to do this, but it's our only hope. See that star out there? (WILL POINTS AT BRIGHT STAR OUTSIDE PORTHOLE. JUDY FOLLOWS HIS GESTURE AND NODS.)

JUDY: Yes.

WILL: (HOPEFUL BUT UNSURE) I think that with minor course corrections, we can pass within about ten million miles of it. If I figure it right, a close pass will put us back on course. (PAUSE) But first I have to fix the lattice coil. (PAUSE) Here. I'm setting the controls to automatic. (WILL THROWS SWITCHES, UNFASTENS SEAT BELT, AND PUSHES HIMSELF UPWARDS TOWARD HATCH FROM SEAT (ZERO GRAVITY)

JUDY: What is it Will? Where are you going?

WILL: (TURNS TO FACE JUDY) Hand me the space tools and a safety line, and fasten yourself down. I'm going to open the hatch.

JUDY: (FIRMLY) William Robinson! Where do you think you're going? You can't go out there. It's too dangerous.

WILL: (AS THOUGH HE HADN'T HEARD HER) Hand me the spare lattice coil parts and the reaction gun. If we ever want to see Earth again, I have to fix that lattice coil.

JUDY: (RESIGNED) I told Mom and Dad that I'd look after you and Penny. I can't let you go out there.

WILL: (BRAVADO AND DESPERATION) Judy, I have to do this. Give me those tools and strap down. (PAUSE; WEAKLY:) Oh yes, (PAUSE) in case something happens, under the control board there's a notebook Major West wrote. It explains how to control the ship. Maybe it will help. (PAUSES, THEN JUDY NODS AND PASSES HIM THE TOOLS. WILL TURNS AND FLOATS SLOWLY TOWARD THE HATCH. FADE-OUT.)

FADE-IN TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO--LOWER DECK. MRS. ROBINSON IS SETTING THE TABLE FOR DINNER. PROFESSOR ROBINSON AND MAJOR WEST ARE SITTING TO ONE SIDE. COLONEL SMITH AND THE ROBOT ENTER. COLONEL

SMITH CARRIES PAPERS.

COLONEL SMITH: (ATTEMPTING TO COMFORT THE ROBINSONS) Now, Now. Don't despair. They died for a noble cause. But let it not be said that they died in vain. (MAJOR WEST RISES AND MOVES TOWARD COLONEL SMITH; HE APPEARS READY TO STRANGLE COLONEL SMITH. THIS FRIGHTENS COLONEL SMITH AND HE BEGINS TO SPEAK MORE QUICKLY.) But wait, I have good news! Through my unceasing labors, my innate brilliance has enabled me to reprogram the robot to analyze the engine situation. Robot! (ROBOT WHEELS FORWARD) Robot, tell the people what we have discovered.

ROBOT: We have discovered nothing. I have calculated that by making certain modifications on the trigonal phase system and the magneto-hydrodynamic field generators we could increase the power output enough so that with current fuel reserves we can escape this planet's gravitational field.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: We tried that already! There wasn't enough power.

ROBOT: The mass reduction caused by the removal of personnel and equipment from the spaceship has reduced the mass of the Jupiter Two to within allowable limits, as defined by the current power situation.

MAJOR WEST STRIDES TO COLONEL SMITH AND GRABS THE PAPERS FROM HIS HAND. HE GLANCES AT THE PAPERS AND SUDDENLY BECOMES VERY ANGRY.

MAJOR WEST: (FURIOUS) Hey! These calculations are dated three days ago! Smith, this time you've gone too far! We sent out those kids while you knew we had enough power to get out of this place. (HE MOVES AND STARTS TO THROTTLE COLONEL SMITH, WHO TRIES TO PULL AWAY.)

COLONEL SMITH: (SCARED) The...The original calculations were made three days ago. Then we were still too heavy. Only today did I realize--alas, after they had left--that without the extra weight, the Jupiter Two could take off. Truly, my heart bleeds for them in their plight. May I offer my most sincere condolences to you. Their lives will not go unremembered.

MAJOR WEST: (TO SMITH; SHOWING ANGER AND DETERMINATION) No! They aren't dead. Will could have handled the situation better than that. They are probably well on their way to Earth by now.

COLONEL SMITH: We must not let emotion cloud our sense of judgement. Despite Will's talents, he is merely a boy. When we last saw it, their ship was undergoing such intense acceleration, that even a full grown man, such as myself, would find it impossible to correct the course. Despite our feelings, we must face the fact that they are most certainly dead. And now we must make preparations to insure our own survival. We must prepare to depart for Earth immediately.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Colonel Smith, we'll leave--but not for Earth. (DETERMINED) We're going to track down those children.

COLONEL SMITH: (TURNS SLIGHTLY TO FACE MRS. ROBINSON WHO BY NOW

IS SOMEWHAT UPSET.) This is utter folly. Even now we have barely enough fuel to return to Earth. Should we embark upon such a fool-hardy venture, we will only succeed in destroying ourselves.

MRS. ROBINSON: (DISTRAUGHT AND DISGUSTED WITH COLONEL SMITH) Whatever you say, Will, Penny, and Judy may be alive, and we're going to go after them and find them--and find them alive--even if it takes another ten years!

FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN TO INTERIOR OF SPACESHIP B. WILL IS FLOATING BACK INTO THE HATCH, CARRYING TOOLS. PENNY HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS. JUDY TURNS TO WILL.

JUDY: (SLIGHTLY WORRIED) Is everything all right?

WILL: (TRIES TO SOUND RELAXED) I repaired the lattice coil; it wasn't too hard. A faulty transistor caused the lattice coil to overload. I retuned the circuit - it shouldn't give us any more trouble.

PENNY: (SLIGHTLY WEAK) Are we going back to Earth, Will?

WILL: Yes, Penny. We'll need to make a close pass at that star ahead of us--but don't worry; we'll be going so fast that we'll be in no danger.

WILL DRIFTS INTO HIS ACCELERATION COUCH AND TURNS TO LOOK AT PENNY.

PENNY: (SLIGHTLY WORRIED) But how close, Will?

WILL: (SLIGHTLY HESITANT) About ten million miles. I haven't finished the computations yet so it may turn out to be further than that.

PENNY: (VERY WORRIED) Ten million miles! That's closer than even Mercury, and it's the hottest planet in the Solar System!

WILL: (TRYING TO SOUND REASSURING) We'll only be that close for a short time. There won't be any danger.

PENNY: (TRUSTINGLY) If you say so, Will.

WILL MOVES TO CONTROLS. CUT TO JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. MAJOR WEST IS AT THE CONTROLS; PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON ARE BEHIND HIM, LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER.

MAJOR WEST: All systems are functioning properly. The Jupiter Two is ready to take-off.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: All right. (GLANCES AT MRS. ROBINSON. TURNS BACK TO MAJOR WEST AS MRS. ROBINSON NODS.) Let's go, Don.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO TAKING-OFF. CAMERA FOLLOWS JUPITER

TWO AS IT CLIMBS INTO SKY. SKY FADES INTO STARRY BACKGROUND. CUT AGAIN TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO. PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON TOGETHER, ALONE, STARING OUR OF VIEWPORT. (REAR SHOT) ONLY LIGHTING IS FROM CONTROL BOARDS.

MRS. ROBINSON: (WORRIED) John, do you think they're all right?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (REASSURING) I don't know, but you know Will. If he had even the slightest chance of saving them, they're all right.

MRS. ROBINSON: (STILL WORRIED) But even if they are out there, how will we ever find them?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (REASSURING) We have the bearing they were on when they left the radarscope. Since they were heading for Earth, we know what kind of course corrections they would make. And if we get anywhere near them, we should be able to detect them.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF THE SPACESHIP B. WILL IS FITTING SHIELDING OVER THE VIEWPORTS.

WILL: (SPEAKING WHILE HE IS WORKING) I think that this should protect us, even though we're going to be a bit closer than I thought that we were going to be. (WILL DRIFTS BACK TO HIS ACCELERATION COUCH AND TURNS TO THE CONTROLS. HE THROWS A FEW SWITCHES AND TURNS TO FACE JUDY AND PENNY) Are you both ready? (THEY NOD ASSENT) O.K. I'm going to fire the rockets in twelve seconds. We'll need just a few seconds burst to adjust our course. (PAUSE) Firing. WILL PRESSES A BUTTON. CUT TO THE EXTERIOR OF THE SPACESHIP B, (SIDE SHOT). WITH STARS DRIFTING BEHIND IT. FLAMES COME OUT OF THE TAIL AND THE STARS CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THEIR DRIFT.

CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM, MRS. ROBINSON AT A VIEWPOINT. ENTER PROFESSOR ROBINSON.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Are you still worrying about the children, Maureen?

MRS. ROBINSON: (TURNING TOWARDS HIM. SHE IS DESPONDENT) They could be anywhere out there? How can we ever hope to find them?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (REASSURING HER) Don't worry. Will can handle the situation. We know their approximate course, and even if we can't establish radio contact, we're bound to find them with radar.

MRS. ROBINSON: (STILL WORRIED) But will we find them in time? Will may be talented, but he can't work miracles.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (TRYING TO REASSURE HER) We can only hope, dear.

PAUSE. THEY LOOK OUT THE VIEWPOINT. ENTER COLONEL SMITH, FROM BEHIND THEM. HE CLEARS HIS THROAT AND WAITS FOR THEM TO NOTICE HIM.

COLONEL SMITH: (ACCUSING) Can you seriously intend to continue with this

mad venture? Surely you must have realized by now that this search through the vast and trackless regions of outer space can come to no end save our own destruction. (PAUSE) I must implore you to cease this folly at once. Let us abandon this hopeless venture and return to Earth, while we still have the fuel to do so.

PAUSE. ENTER MAJOR WEST FROM OFF-CAMERA, CARRYING PAPERS.

MAJOR WEST: John, may I speak to you for a moment, please?

MAJOR WEST BECKONS TO PROFESSOR ROBINSON TO FOLLOW HIM.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: I'll be back in a moment, honey.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON AND MAJOR WEST DISAPPEAR OFF-CAMERA, LEAVING MRS. ROBINSON FACING COLONEL SMITH.

COLONEL SMITH: (UNCTUOUSLY) My dear lady, surely you must realize that there can be no further hope for them. (COLONEL SMITH TAKES OUT A HANDKERCHIEF AND DABS AT HIS EYES) If you would only listen to your reason rather than your emotions, you would see that we should abandon this fruitless search and return to Earth at once. Even if we were to find your children, our supply of fuel would be exhausted. We would be trapped forever in the infinite void. All of us, not only your children, would perish. (STRONGER) I feel sure that if your children were given the choice between being abandoned, and left to their fate, (PAUSES VERY BRIEFLY) or dragging their parents down to destruction with them, they would most assuredly beg you to return to Earth without them. Let us not... RE-ENTER PROFESSOR ROBINSON, WITH PAPERS

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (INTERRUPTING. IRRITATED WITH COLONEL SMITH) Colonel Smith, under no circumstances will we be returning to Earth. (STRONGLY) When we find the children, we will proceed with our mission. Then, and only then, will you be returned to Earth. (VERY STRONGLY) And that is final!

COLONEL SMITH: I see that it is useless to reason with you.

HE BOWS SLIGHTLY TO MRS. ROBINSON AND WITHDRAWS OFF CAMERA.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (HESITANTLY) I have some bad news for you. (PAUSE. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, VERY WORRIED) Major West has just calculated the position of the Spaceship B. Unless they can manage to change course, they will fall into that star ahead of us.

MRS. ROBINSON: (HORRIFIED) Oh, John, No! They can't! They (SHE REGAINS PART OF HER COMPOSURE) Can we possibly reach them in time?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: No. (PAUSE. MRS. ROBINSON APPEARS HORRIFIED) But if Will managed to make any sort of a course change, (MRS. ROBINSON LOOKS MORE HOPEFUL) they'll be safe.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON AND MRS. ROBINSON TURN TOWARDS THE VIEWPORT. CUT TO AN EXTERIOR SHOT OF THE SPACESHIP B. STARS GLEAMING AROUND IT. ABOVE IT AND TO ONE SIDE IS A GIGANTIC SUN. CAMERA SHIFTS TO THE

STAR, WHICH FILLS MOST OF THE SCREEN. CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF THE SPACESHIP B. THE CHILDREN ARE LYING ON THEIR ACCELERATION COUCHES.

PENNY: Will, it's so hot. Can't you turn up the cooling system?

WILL: (SLIGHTLY ANXIOUS) The cabin system can't supply any more power. (PAUSE) Just a second, though. (WILL REACHES FORWARD TO THE CONTROLS. ZOOM IN TO CLOSE-UP OF THREE METERS, GIVING THE AIR TEMPERATURES FOR THE THREE SPACE-SUITS, WITH A DIAL BELOW EACH METER, LABELED "AIR COOLING". WILL TURNS DOWN HIS POWER CONTROL AND RAISES PENNY'S.) Is that better, Penny? (ZOOM OUT TO SHOW THE THREE OF THEM AGAIN.) Try to sleep.

PENNY: Yes, thank you.

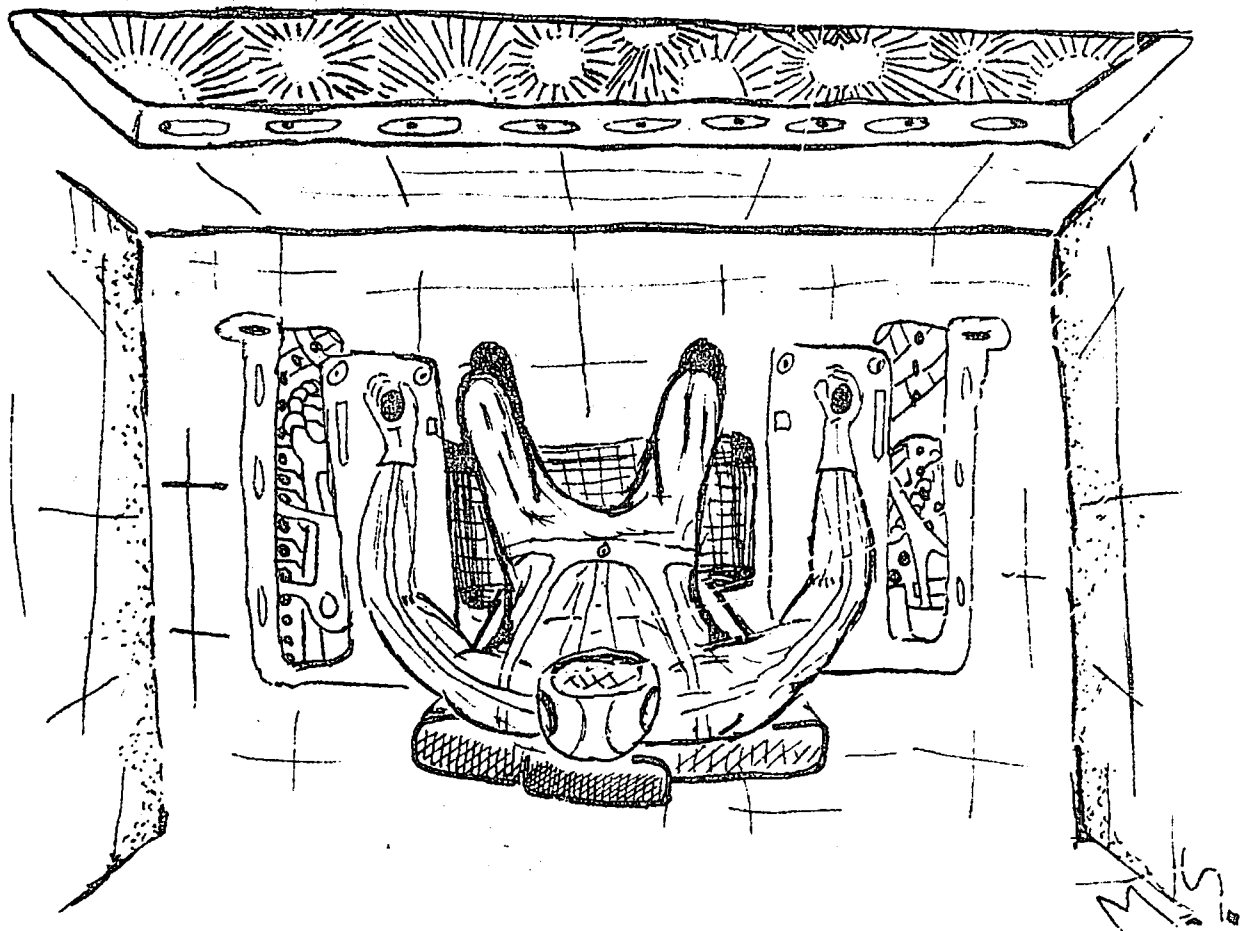
SHE CLOSSES HER EYES. HER HEAD FLOPS TO ONE SIDE.

JUDY: (SLIGHTLY WORRIED) Penny? Penny?

WILL GLANCES BACK AT PENNY, THEN TURNS TO JUDY.

WILL: I think she's asleep, Judy.

JUDY: (TRYING TO SOUND FIRM) Will. I saw what you did with your temperature control.



WILL: (DEFENSIVELY) It's going to get hotter, and she needs it more than I do. Besides, I don't feel that warm yet. How do you feel?

JUDY: (BRAVELY) I'm all right. What's the air temperature?

WILL GLANCES FORWARD.

WILL: It's a hundred twenty. (SLIGHT PAUSE) It's still climbing, though.

ZOOM IN ON THE THREE METERS. ALL ARE CLIMBING, SLOWLY. WILL'S IS SOMEWHAT HIGHER THAN PENNY'S. HOLD FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN SHIFT TO CLOSE-UP OF JUDY. SHE CLOSSES HER EYES. SHIFT TO WILL. HE REACHES FORWARD, LOWERS HIS COOLING CONTROL, AND RAISES THOSE OF HIS SISTERS. WILL LIES BACK. ZOOM IN TO SHOT OF THE THREE TEMPERATURE DIALS, STILL CLIMBING, WILL'S IS HIGHER THAN EITHER OF HIS SISTERS. ZOOM OUT TO SHOT OF THE ENTIRE CABIN. A SUNSHIELD OVER ONE OF THE WINDOWS STARTS TO SLIP. WILL REACHES UP, FIXES IT, AND SLIPS BACK INTO HIS ACCELERATION COUCH. HE CLOSSES HIS EYES AND SLUMPS FORWARD. CUT TO SHOT OF THE STAR, FILLING MOST OF THE SCREEN. CUT TO STOCK SHOT OF A SOLAR PROMINENCE. HOLD FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEN DISSOLVE TO A CLOSE-UP OF THE THREE TEMPERATURE METERS, VERY HIGH. DISSOLVE TO CLOSE-UP OF THE SAME METERS, SOMEWHAT HIGHER. DISSOLVE TO SHOT OF STAR, FILLING SCREEN. HOLD BRIEFLY. DISSOLVE TO CLOSE-UP OF THE SAME METERS, MUCH LOWER.

DISSOLVE TO CLOSE-UP OF SAME METERS, ALMOST NORMAL TEMPERATURES.

ZOOM OUT TO SHOT OF THE ENTIRE CABIN. WILL STIRS SLIGHTLY. ZOOM IN TO WILL, WHO SLOWLY RISES AND LOOKS AT THE CONTROLS. HE TURNS AND GLANCES AT HIS SISTERS.

WILL: (SLOWLY AND WEAKLY) Judy? Penny?

JUDY STIRS SLIGHTLY.

PENNY: (VERY WEAKLY) Will? (MORE LOUDLY) Will?

WILL: (TIRED) Don't worry, Penny. Everything's all right. We made it. (PAUSE) You have an emergency water supply inside your helmet.

JUDY: (RISING FROM HER COUCH) Will. We're safe. (PAUSE) Are we back on course?

WILL: (NO LONGER WEAK) I think so. Just let me check. (PAUSE. HE TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE CONTROLS, ADJUSTS A FEW DIALS, AND THROWS A SWITCH.) Yes. (HE TURNS TO FACE JUDY) We're back on course again.

JUDY: (ALMOST ENTHUSIASTIC) We'll get back to Earth then?

WILL: (AS IF HE DIDN'T WANT TO ANSWER) I hope so, Judy. We're on the course Dad said we should be. (HE PAUSES AS IF HE WERE ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT DOESN'T)

PENNY: (SCARED) What's wrong, Will?

JUDY: (DISTURBED) Will Robinson, you're hiding something.

WILL: (UNCOMFORTABLE) All right. I guess I have to tell you. You know how the instruments were damaged when the Jupiter Two crash-landed? (PAUSE) Well, anyhow, Dad warned me before we left that he couldn't be sure that that star was Procyon. And if it isn't... (PAUSE) well, we have two weeks. (PAUSE) Judy, hand me the tool kit, please. (SHE DOES SO)

JUDY: (CURIOUS) Will, what are you going to do?

WILL: I'm going to try to contact the Jupiter Two. We're probably out of range, but I'm going to try to soup up the broadcast circuits. (WILL TAKES TOOL OUT OF KIT, REACHES UNDER THE CONTROL PANEL, MAKES ADJUSTMENTS. HE PUTS THE TOOL BACK AND RETURNS THE KIT TO JUDY. HE THROWS A SWITCH. SPEAKING INTO MICROPHONE IN HELMET.) Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Come in, Jupiter Two. Come in, Jupiter Two. Over.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO CONTROL ROOM. MAJOR WEST AT CONTROLS, PROFESSOR ROBINSON AT RADIO. SOUND OF STATIC COMES FROM LOUD-SPEAKER.

WILL: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER. MUCH STATIC) Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Come in. Over.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (OVERJOYED) Will! Do you read me? Jupiter Two to Spaceship B. (ENTER MRS. ROBINSON. SHE RUSHES TO THE RADIO) Jupiter Two to Spaceship B. Over.

WILL: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER. HASN'T HEARS HIS FATHER. STILL MUCH STATIC) Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Come in if you hear me. Over.

MRS. ROBINSON: (INTO MICROPHONE. DESPERATE) Will. Can you hear me? Jupiter Two to Spaceship B. Come in, Will. Please, come in.

PAUSE

WILL: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER. MUCH STATIC. STILL HASN'T HEARD HIS FATHER.) Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Do you read me? Come in if you read me. Over.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON TURNS TO HIS WIFE.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: It's no use. The receiver Will has isn't powerful enough. (TURNS TO MAJOR WEST) Don, can you get a bearing on that signal?

MAJOR WEST: (TURNING TO FACE PROFESSOR ROBINSON) I've got a bearing on it, but (PAUSE) here, look. (HE GESTURES TO PROFESSOR ROBINSON, WHO WALKS OVER TO HIM) This would put them back on course. They didn't have enough fuel to make that big a course change. They couldn't have... (HE PAUSES) Oh, of course. (PAUSE. PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON LOOK ON

EXPECTANTLY) Here. Will must have adjusted course to pass a very short distance from that star. The gravity would have pulled him back on course. But the heat must have been tremendous. And the aim involved. (PAUSE) It's amazing that he was able to perform such a maneuver.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY ARE BOTH SMILING.

MRS. ROBINSON: (TO MAJOR WEST) How long will it be, before we (SHE HESITATES)

MAJOR WEST: We should catch up with them in about three hours. I'll make the course corrections now.

MRS. ROBINSON: (DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY) Oh, John. They're safe.

HE SMILES. FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN. CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF THE SPACESHIP B. PENNY IS LYING BACK ON HER COUCH. JUDY IS STARING OUT A VIEWPORT. WILL IS WORKING ON A CHESS PROBLEM. ALL ARE IN SEALED SPACE-SUITS. JUDY TURNS TO WILL.

JUDY: Will, don't you think that you should try the radio again?

WILL: Okay. (HE MOVES TO CONTROLS, THROWS A SWITCH, AND SPEAKS INTO MICROPHONE IN HELMET.) Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Spaceship B to Jupiter Two. Come in, Jupiter Two. Over.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (FROM RADIO) Spaceship B, this is the Jupiter Two. Do you read us, Will? Over.

WILL: (JUBILANT. ALMOST SHOUTING) Dad. I read you. How did you get off the planet? (TURNING TO HIS SISTERS.) Penny. Judy. Wake up. Dad's on the radio.

PENNY AND JUDY JUMP UP IN THEIR COUCHES.

MRS. ROBINSON: (FROM RADIO) Will, how are you? Are your sisters all right?

WILL: We're all right.

PENNY: (STILL TIRED) Mom?

MRS. ROBINSON: (HAPPY) Penny! You're safe!

JUDY: Mom? Dad? Don? (PAUSE) We're fine. Are all of you all right?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER) We're fine. We'll pick you up in about an hour.

WILL: (INTO MIKE INSIDE HELMET) Do you want me to make any course changes, Dad?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (FROM LOUDSPEAKER) No. We'll catch up with you; we'll rendezvous with you on your present course.

WILL: (INTO MIKE INSIDE HELMET) Yes, Dad.

FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN TO OUTER SPACE VIEW OF TWO SPACESHIPS FLOATING NEAR EACH OTHER. PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON FLOAT OUT OF JUPITER TWO ON SAFETY LINES. WILL FLOATS OUT OF SPACESHIP B ON SAFETY LINE. THEY MEET.

WILL: (HAPPY) Mom! Dad!

MRS. ROBINSON: (VERY HAPPY) Will! You're back!

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (HAPPY) Will! (PAUSE) Where are Judy and Penny?

WILL GLANCES TOWARD SPACESHIP B. PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON FOLLOW HIS GAZE. JUDY AND PENNY ARE EMERGING FROM THE SHIP.

WILL: They're coming out now.

CAMERA FOLLOWS JUDY AND PENNY AS THEY DRIFT TO PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBINSON. JOYFUL EMBRACING.

PENNY: (ALMOST IN TEARS OF JOY) Oh Mom! We were so worried! (EMBRACES MOTHER)

MRS. ROBINSON: (EQUALLY EMOTIONAL) We were worried too, dear, but everything's all right now.

JUDY, PENNY, AND PARENTS CONTINUE TO EMBRACE FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. WILL HOLDS ON TO PROFESSOR ROBINSON. AFTER THIS BREAKS UP, WILL SPEAKS.

WILL: Will we recover the equipment from Spaceship B, Dad?

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Yes. We'll need the instruments and spare parts.

DISSOLVE TO INTERIOR OF JUPITER TWO. VIEWING INNER AIRLOCK DOOR. DOOR OPENS; WILL AND PROFESSOR ROBINSON CARRYING ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT. THEY OPEN THE FACE-PLATES OF THEIR HELMETS AND PUT DOWN THEIR EQUIPMENT.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Well, that's the last of it.

MRS. ROBINSON, PENNY, AND JUDY ENTER FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP. COLONEL SMITH ENTERS FROM OPPOSITE SIDE.

COLONEL SMITH: (VERY "PURE-HEARTED" SMILE) After long consideration, I have decided that my opposition to the primary goal of your expedition was both ill-thought and unnecessary. I have decided that we should indeed set

forth for Alpha Centauri. Furthermore, in celebration of this glorious reunion, I am preparing a special dinner for us all. No, don't thank me. It's the least I can do.

EVERYONE IS IMMENSELY SURPRISED.

MAJOR WEST: (ASTONISHED) Colonel Smith, I can only say that you never cease to astound me!

DISSOLVE TO SCENE OF COLONEL SMITH SETTING TABLE. PLATES, GLASSES, AND BOWLS OF SOUP ARE IN POSITION. HE LIGHTS A CANDLE IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE, AND TAKES A BOTTLE FROM HIS POCKET. HE SPRINKLES POWDER IN THREE BOWLS OF SOUP; PLACARDS BY BOWLS (SETTING IS FANCY) READ "COLONEL SMITH," "PENNY" AND "WILL".

COLONEL SMITH: (HAS SELF-SATISFIED SMILE. ASIDE:) So much for the antidote; now to the air system.

DISSOLVE TO AIR PURIFYING SYSTEM AREA. COLONEL SMITH AND ROBOT ARE STANDING BEFORE MAIN AIR DUCT. COLONEL SMITH HOLDS A GAS CYLINDER MARKED, "CAUTION--ANESTHETIC GAS".

COLONEL SMITH: Robot! Listen carefully. At six-ten P.M., you will release the contents of this gas cartridge into the air circulation system. You will then erase from your memory banks all records of these orders.

ROBOT: Negative. Such action would have deleterious effects upon ship personnel.

COLONEL SMITH: (ANGRY) You mis-begotten pile of junk. You dare to question my orders!? This won't hurt them; it will only put them to sleep. We must return to Earth. (COLONEL SMITH STEPS TO FRONT OF ROBOT AND PRESSES BUTTONS IN ITS MASTER CONTROL UNIT. HE STEPS BACK.) Now, repeat your orders.

ROBOT: At six hours, ten minutes, Post Meridian, Terran Standard Time, I will release the anesthetic gas in this tank into the air circulation system. I will then erase all memory of these orders.

COLONEL SMITH: (SATISFIED) Excellent! And now, it's dinner time. (HE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, ASIDE:) We'll see if they're going to Alpha Centauri.

FADE-OUT

FADE-IN TO SCENE OF ROBINSONS, MAJOR WEST, AND COLONEL SMITH AT DINNER TABLE. CUT TO CLOCK--TIME IS ALMOST SIX-TEN. CUT BACK TO GROUP, STILL EATING.

WILL: Gee Colonel Smith, this is really good.

COLONEL SMITH: (PLEASED) Thank you, my boy. Thank you.

JUDY: Yes. The crepes suzettes were delicious.

COLONEL SMITH: (ANGRY) You mis-begotten pile of junk. You dare to question my orders!? This won't hurt them; it will only put them to sleep. We must return to Earth. (COLONEL SMITH STEPS TO FRONT OF ROBOT AND PRESSES BUTTONS IN ITS MASTER CONTROL UNIT. HE STEPS BACK.) Now, repeat your orders.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: Yes indeed.

PAUSE IN CONVERSATION. CUT TO CLOCK SHOWING TIME TO BE SIX-TEN. CUT TO ROBOT OPENING GAS CARTRIDGE. CUT BACK TO DINNER TABLE.

MAJOR WEST: (SOMEWHAT FRIENDLY) Colonel Smith, I can only congratulate you. That was an excellent meal.

ALL RISE TO LEAVE. MRS. ROBINSON LEANS TOWARD COLONEL SMITH.

MRS. ROBINSON: Yes, Colonel Smith. You must really show me the recipes before you leave for Earth.

COLONEL SMITH: Thank you. (MAGNANIMOUSLY) Of course I shall.

JUDY STARTS TO SWAY DIZZILY. SHE FALLS INTO HER FATHER'S ARMS.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (ALARMED) Judy! What's wrong?

THE OTHERS MOVE OVER TO LOOK AT HER. COLONEL SMITH FAKES ALARM. PROFESSOR ROBINSON SETS JUDY INTO A CHAIR.

MRS. ROBINSON: (SOMEWHAT WEAKLY) John, I feel dizzy. (SHE STARTS TO SLUMP. PROFESSOR ROBINSON ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO CATCH HER AND, LOOKING MORE ALARMED, SETS HER IN A CHAIR. HE KNEELS BY HER.

COLONEL SMITH: Radiation sickness. We must have passed through a radiation belt while you were outside.

MAJOR WEST SLUMPS AND FALLS.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (RISES UNSTEADILY) Don wasn't outside. Colonel Smith, I think that you... PROFESSOR ROBINSON PASSES OUT.

PENNY: (VERY ALARMED) Mom! Dad! (SHE RUSHES TO MOTHER, GRABS HER SHOULDERS AND SHAKES THEM) Mother, wake up! Please wake up!

WILL APPEARS WORRIED AND INDECISIVE.

COLONEL SMITH: As much as I hate to confess it, I am unable to explain this phenomenon. We should put them into suspended animation until we can return to Earth. They will have hospital facilities there.

WILL STILL APPEARS INDECISIVE.

WILL: (UNCERTAIN) But Colonel Smith...

COLONEL SMITH: (INTERRUPTING TO OVERCOME ANY OBJECTIONS WILL MAY HAVE) To the controls, my boy. I'll take care of them. We must set out for Earth at once.

WILL LEAVES FOR CONTROL ROOM.

WILL STARTS FOR THE LADDER TO RETURN TO THE UPPER DECK. FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN TO CONTROL ROOM. WILL IS AT CONTROLS. COLONEL SMITH IS SEATED NEARBY.

WILL: Colonel Smith, we're approaching a planet. Would you check the radar, please?

COLONEL SMITH: (WHILE PEERING INTO EYEPiece.) The astroanalyzer shows the planet to be quite Earthlike, but don't worry about it -- it's to one side of our course. Continue to Earth.

WILL: Yes, Colonel Smith. (LOOKS TO ONE SIDE AND BECKONS PENNY FROM OFF-CAMERA.) Penny, would you get me a sandwich, please? With the meteorite density as high as it is, I'll have to pilot this for a few hours yet.

COLONEL SMITH: Ah, yes. And while you're there you might make me a few sandwiches, too. My labours have left me famished.

PENNY: Yes, Colonel Smith. Will you want some coffee, too?

COLONEL SMITH: Thank you, my dear.

WILL: Milk for me, Penny.

PENNY LEAVES. WILL LOOKS RELIEVED. HE CHANGES COURSE, CAUSING TEMPORARY TILTING OF CABIN, HEADING FOR THE PLANET.

COLONEL SMITH: Will, what are you doing? Why are you changing course?

WILL: I'm going to land on that planet.

COLONEL SMITH: But we must return to Earth immediately. Your parents are in desperate need of medical attention.

WILL: (ACCUSING) I found that gas cartridge, Colonel Smith. I'm going to revive my parents.

COLONEL SMITH: (SOMEWHAT TAKEN BACK) What are you talking about? The strain of the situation must have unbalanced you. I implore, we must head for Earth at once.

WILL: (DETERMINED) Don't try to stop me, Colonel Smith. I'm going to land.

COLONEL SMITH: (STRIDING TO CONTROL BOARD) Stand aside, my boy. I'm taking command here. We are going to Earth. (HE REACHES AROUND WILL AND STARTS TO OPERATE CONTROLS.)

WILL: (ALARMED) Colonel Smith! You can't fly this ship! We'll Crash! Get away. (ATTEMPTS TO PUSH HIM BACK.)

COLONEL SMITH: Nonsense, Will. I've been watching you. (SHOVES WILL

FADE-OUT.

FADE-IN TO CONTROL ROOM. COLONEL SMITH, THE ROBOT, AND WILL ARE PRESENT. WILL IS AT A BANK OF METERS, FROWNING.

WILL: There's something wrong with the power readings. I'll have to fix it below. (PAUSE) Don't worry, Colonel Smith. I'll leave the controls on automatic. (TURNS TO ROBOT) Robot! Follow me!

VERY FAST TO DISSOLVE TO POWER CONTROLS ON OTHER DECK. THE POWER CONTROLS ARE NEAR THE MAIN AIR DUCT. WILL ADJUSTS SOME CONTROLS AND GLANCES TOWARDS THE MAIN AIR DUCT, WHERE HE SEES THE EMPTY GAS CARTRIDGE. HE WALKS OVER AND PICKS IT UP.

WILL: Robot, what's this?

ROBOT: It is a gas cartridge.

WILL: But what's it doing in the air system?

ROBOT: It does not compute.

WILL: What do you mean? What happened?

ROBOT: The gas cartridge was placed in the air purification system for the purpose of anaesthetizing the crew members of the Jupiter Two.

WILL: (QUESTIONING) Why didn't it affect me?

ROBOT: My sensors reveal that you have been administered an antidote.

WILL: But why?

ROBOT: I do not know. My memory circuits have been erased.

WILL: But who could have done it?

ROBOT: (REPLYING IMMEDIATELY) Colonel Smith is the only suspect.

WILL: Why? Why did Colonel Smith contaminate the air supply?

ROBOT: An analysis of the psychology of Colonel Smith -- an essentially simple matter -- reveals that this was probably done with the intent of necessitating the return of this spaceship to Earth.

WILL: (FACE TAKES ON LOOK OF DETERMINATION) How can I revive my parents?

ROBOT: It will be necessary to land on a planet with an oxygen atmosphere to replace the contaminated air in the ship with a pure supply of air. The ship's filtering system cannot remove the anaesthetic from the atmosphere.

WILL: (PAUSES TO THINK; MAKES DECISION.) I'm going to stop Colonel Smith.

ASIDE) All I have to do is turn these... (TURNS KNOBS) Or was it these... (TURNS MORE KNOBS. WILDLY MODULATING HUM IS HEARD. COLONEL SMITH BEGINS WORKING KNOBS MORE WILDLY.) ENTER PENNY, CARRYING FOOD.

PENNY: Will! Colonel Smith! What's happening?

COLONEL SMITH: (VICTORIOUSLY) Ah, yes. I know. (REACHES TO PULL TWO LARGE LEVERS)

WILL: (SEES WHAT COLONEL SMITH IS ABOUT TO DO AND BECOMES EXTREMELY ALARMED. Colonel Smith! No!

STARTS BACK ACROSS THE CONTROL ROOM TO STOP COLONEL SMITH. COLONEL SMITH PULLS THE LEVERS. THE SHIP LURCHES; HUM BECOMES MUCH LOUDER, WILDER. COLONEL SMITH STUMBLES BACK OFF CAMERA. IMPRESSIVE ELECTRICAL FIRES START ON ALL CONTROL BOARDS. WILL IS HURLED AGAINST A BURNING CONTROL BOARD. PENNY RUSHES TO HIM.

PENNY: Will! Will! You've been hurt!

PLANET IS LOOMING IN THE VIEWPORT. WILL STUMBLES TO THE CONTROLS.

WILL: I'm all right. (HE CLEARLY ISN'T) I've got to land this ship.

PENNY: Can I help?

WILL: No. Strap down. (TURNS TO ROBOT) Robot. When we land, check the atmosphere. If it's safe, exchange air reserves and revive my parents.

ROBOT: Affirmative.

PENNY MAKES NO MOVE TO STRAP DOWN. WILL IGNORES THIS. HE ADJUSTS CONTROLS.

WILL: (WHILE ADJUSTING CONTROLS. WEAKLY) Firing retro-rockets.

PENNY: (WORRIES) Will. What's wrong?

WILL: (WEAKLY) Nothing. Don't worry about (PAUSE) me.

WILL FINISHES ADJUSTING SOME CONTROLS. HE SLUMPS FORWARD.

PENNY: (WORRIED AND SCARED) Will. (SHAKING HIM) We're entering the atmosphere! (PANICING. SHE PAUSES TO LOOK AT THE CONTROLS, THEN BACK AT WILL) Will! We're going to crash! (ATMOSPHERIC WHISTLE STARTS TO BUILD UP) You've got to do something!

WILL BLINKS AND LOOKS UP.

WILL: (STILL WEAK) Firing braking rockets. (HE THROWS SWITCHES). Landing gear -- deployed.

THE PLANET IS SEEN TO BE RUSHING UP FROM BELOW. WILL WATCHES AND THROWS ANOTHER SWITCH. THE JUPITER TWO IS VERY CLOSE TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE. THE SHIP SHAKES SHARPLY. SCENE OUTSIDE THE VIEWPORT SHOWS THAT THE JUPITER TWO HAS LANDED. WILL SLUMPS FORWARD. DISSOLVE TO SCENE OF WILL IN BED, PARENTS, PENNY, JUDY, MAJOR WEST AROUND HIM. COLONEL SMITH HAS HIS MEDICAL BAG WITH HIM. WILL BLINKS HIS EYES AND LOOKS UP.

WILL: (TIRED) Mom. Dad. What happened?

MRS. ROBINSON: (SOFTLY) Be quiet, Will. You've got to rest.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (SOFTLY) Your mother's right, Will. You've been through a lot.

WILL: (STARTING TO RISE) But Colonel Smith. He...

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: It's all right. (HE PUSHES WILL BACK DOWN, GENTLY) Colonel Smith explained how the robot went beserk and released the gas into the air system. We're all very lucky that you remained conscious.

WILL: But, Dad...

PROFESSOR ROBINSON: (INTERRUPTING) Penny told us how you landed the ship, Will.

MAJOR WEST: It was a beautiful landing.

WILL: But Dad, Colonel Smith released the gas, not the robot!

COLONEL SMITH: Come now, Will. The robot told you that to protect itself. Would I, as just and true an individual as you might ever know, lower myself to such barbarous methods?

WILL: (VERY SLEEPY) Oh. (TRAILING OFF) I see.

MRS. ROBINSON: You're just tired, Will. You need some rest.

WILL: (ALMOST ASLEEP) But...

MRS. ROBINSON: Go to sleep, Will. (SHE KISSES HIM GENTLY) Sleep.

WILL LIES BACK AND CLOSES HIS EYES. THE OTHERS START TO LEAVE. CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF WILL, LYING IN BED, EYES CLOSED, SMILING SLIGHTLY. FADE-OUT.

GRAPHHEMICS

{Editorial retaliations like this (). Coolie Comments like this ()}

R. G. Law, Jr. Dear Massachusetts:
Wolman Hall, 4I I just got TZ22 and was so pleased at seeing my name in print
3339 N. Charles St. that I thought I'd try again. I hope the enclosed isn't too
Baltimore serious a parody for your zine.
Maryland 21218 A few questions. Don't tell me Phillies hasn't flunked out
yet? (No, I got a 4.5 last term.) (Good show, George!) Is SF an actual Techman?
{I don't think Stephen Fabian is at MIT.} I always thought Keith Paterson's
'Supertool' represented the pinnacle of drawing ability among the student body. SF
is good. Where's Filthy Pierre these days? (He disappeared into the army and by last
report was still flunking basic training. May Divine Providence save the US Army if
he gets out {of basic}.) Finally, was that the inner belt I saw, when I saw a large
hole in Broadway during my brother's migration to Harvard in September, or was it the
work of the Monster That Devoured Broadway? (It wasn't the inner belt. It may have
been a collapsed sewer (with wooden walls) like the one which made an 18x5' hole 20'
deep in Mass. Ave.)

Jerry Kaufman Dear Editrices,
2769 Hampshire Rd. Stephen Fabian's art is quite good - page eleven looks right
Cleveland Hts. out of Terry and the Pirates.
Ohio 44106 A friend of mine was looking through TZ22 when his eye fell
on the phone number quoted in the Bastard of the Rape of the Bride of the Son of the
Ghost of Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society. {Thanks for
the plug} He replaced the eye and decided to call the number. He went down to his
neighborhood church during a Boy Scout meeting (he wasn't in the meeting, only sim-
ultaneous to it) to throw suspicion to a likely group and called it. (Suspicion had
to be thrown, you know, because it's long distance to Boston). (Yes, a very long
distance) Audubon Society he got! "We saw three furry-faced fusiliers and a crank-
cased corkscrew," if he quoted to me.

I have a spy in the CIA MITSFS, Bill Bruml (who must be dazzling you all with
his musical virtuoso.) {Who he?} Get him to tell you about his last year in his
high school music department. Humm, was he out of it two or three times? The
department head was a little hard to get along with.

Margaret D. Dear Leslie and Cory:
55 Plum Street Thanks for thinking of me and sending your
New Brunswick, N.J. delightful fanzine "The Twilight Zine", I have enjoyed the
Purple Zangs over Axoptlornis...What a capture...and the lively arts which went with
it. You have very good art works.
Sorry if am late for comments and art-works. Can't produce lately much because am
very busy, however am sending some old ones which I have around the house in case you
will be interested. The Spock picture was made for your zine in the hope you will
print it nex issue...I try to do as many drawings of Spock and others from Star Trek
for ad {?}...for a good show. Behind this picture you could print as many varied
news about Star Trek bit parts from here and there as you like. Am sure some of your
readers will send you information or some might write an article about it. So keep
up the good work and try to write something about my favorite show
Nex time, as soon as I have little more time on my hand I will send you a bunch
of fillers.

{Few Misfits are fannishly inclined. However, we (except George) think ST is
the best sf ever dramatized. After all what does it have to compete against.}

with NMR, ESR, Ir, & UV spectroscopy, and a taste test, shows that this year's TZ tastes exactly like last year's TZ, at least between two pieces of damp pumpernickel. However, Cory and Leslie are gone forever.}

Doug Lovenstein
425 Coolville Ridge
Athens
Ohio 45701

Dear Cool Ed,

Bastard of Son of Rape of Bride of Ghost was confusing - funny? - and, right to roars, obscure. Being so, it of course gave a good picture of what goes on at the MITSFS orgies.

Bill's piece I found ridiculous. (I found Bill's piece ridiculous?)

I didn't read "Purple Zangs...etc." But I'm sure I could give an accurate summary of the story just by looking at the illos. Batman? Capt. Zoom? Corn. (But the hero didn't get the girl. GP)

I found the quotes from the Devil's Dictionary quite nice, amusing. Especially liked the definition of 'ocean'.

The cover by Fabian was just too trite for my liking. (Perhaps we improved.) This kind of thing is quite predominant in fanzines nowadays - it's all the same. Liked Joe Staton's on p.3, the illustrations to the Captain Aoom adventure (mainly 'cause they're straight from the pulps of the old day) and, of course, Gaughan was superb, but why so little? (Gaughan today; gone tomorrow.)

Lord of Light at Baycon.

Lighthouse,

Chambers,

and Gaughan too, for that matter. (and the Twilight Zine)

Rick Brooks
R. R. #1, Box 167
Fremont
Ind. 46737

Dear Leslie:

Sweetheart, I'm writing you because I ~~love you with a bright~~ ~~burning purple passion~~ think that Cory would suppress my descriptions of her radioactive bikini and the engineering details of her minimum skirt. Yes her red and blue bikini is radioactive. I took several pics of it (and filler) at the Midwestcon and they all turned out very foggy. What more proof do you need?

As for that mini-skirt she wore at NYCon, I carefully observed her in it - being interested in the engineering details as I'm an engineer or will be Real Soon Now (like just before the Baycon). Anyway, I noticed that the skirt was a perfect example of minimum engineering, i.e. when she sat down it rode up to within a fraction of an inch of the minimum coverage point (MCP). It almost ruined me as I sat there absent-minded pawing the young lady I was with and talking to myself. It wasn't so bad until she began answering.

I'm sorry to take so long in replying to TZ #22, but first work before class took up and then classes (three electrical engineering courses this quarter) took up my time. I've finally caught up with my mail, but it's tore large holes in the last three weekends.

I know that it is a little naive of me to ask, but how did that pic on the contents page showing you with a change thingy hanging between your...um...your...well ah...milk glands (?) slip by? Isn't this supposed to be a family mag? After all, refined people like the Good Doctor Asimov read it. So do I.

Would you only settle for a semi-passionate love letter tonight? For one thing, it is already tomorrow morning (I live in my own time flow) and besides I think I'm falling in love with a girl from Connecticut. I suppose that one should compose poems in love letters. The only one I can come up with goes Leslie of Boston, Mass./ Was standing in water up to her ankles./ It doesn't rime now/ But wait until the tide rolls in. A pity you aren't from Virginia.

I've finally figured out what to do with the minutes. (Don't jump to Conclusions. You've been around those vulgar MIT types too long) Namely decode them. They are obviously part of a coded message from MIT to LA. Incidentally, are large collections of nuts in both Boston and LA necessary to balance the US? (The US is gyroscopically stablized by Washington bureaucrats running around in circles.) And what happens to those of us in the middle?

Speaking of Tech coeds as we were in Captain Zoom (I prefer Spacehawk Carse, myself) and the filk songs, Tri-State has undoubtedly gone over its 1 in a 100 ratio this fall. TWO nice pairs of legs crossed in front of me and I had to have my

eyeballs re-aligned. It'll take some getting used to to have a source of supply closer than Hillsdale College about thirty miles of twisted hilly Michigan roads. And none of them fans. Please send me Cory by return mail (plain wrapper, please) as I'm seriously considering miscegenation. The plain wrapper is necessary since the postal authorities have kept a close eye on my mail ever since I started receiving TZ.

On Filk songs again: Was the "song", "The Three Belles" taken from the Old bawdy English ballad, "For Whom the Belles Toil"?

As for the junk on page 21, I never thought any one could draw poetry out of my electromagnetic fields book. Or is really a clever crib for test time? (No, but the prof in charge of the Sophomore E&M course allowed people to take the midterm while wearing Maxwell's equations sweatshirts. (with all 4 in 2" letters.))

Gaughan on bacover was good.

Give Cory my love and also photo I took of her. The legs are in better focus than the head for obvious reasons, i.e. I'm low minded. I had very good luck with my photos at the con. All turned out and about as good or better than Cory's.

Love to both of you and the Tech coeds. After all, they need it worse than you do.

OCCUPANT

631 Copley Road
Upper Darby
Penn. 19082

My Darling Leslie &/or Cory,

Thank you for the Proper Boskonian, and TZ22. I notice the professional-quality artwork of Messers. Kuhfeld, Staton, and Fabian in TZ22. That is why this letter is this color. (green)

Since so little of my work makes it into print, I can only surmise that:

(a) you are sewing my sketches into your beddy-boo, or:

(b) you are heartlessly selling them to the highest bidder so that you (plural) can continue to disport yourselves in wanton luxury, idleness, and dissolution. Wanton l., i., & d. at my expense is fine, but I would appreciate a photo(s) of you two (fully clothed please!) in return. (you must be kidding. GP)

Close inspection of Mr. Fabian's illustrations for Purple etc. has shown me why I was never able to get past a co-ed's thigh - they have no navels; a sure sign of an extraterrestrial insinuating him/her/it self into the terran power elite (myself included). So that's it!

Household hint: 9-punched IBM cards make a cheap substitute for "Filedex"® (trademark)(patented)(etc.) index cards.

- Waive consecutive translation.

Harry Warner, Jr. Dear LT/C:

423 Summit Ave.

Hagerstown, Md.

21740

Mersey, we have something in common despite the generation gap between us. Yoeren of the guard entered my life this year, too. However, it came in the form of records, I found for 25¢ at an AAUW sale, the old 78 rpm set. This brings to five my collection of 78 rpm G&S complete sets. There are instructivw little changes in the emphasis and even in the music to prove that the Carte company really does depart from the scriptures.

In any event it is unsettling to find fannish references in mundane life. The moststartling in my experience was the first time I went to Phillicon, and beheld on my way to the hotel that enormous lettering on a tall building: PSFS, identical with the fannish name of the sponzoring ogganization. I think that I impressed Rich Brown when I admitted to him that I thought of him every time I dined at Newberry's lunch counter where the menu invariably has Rich Brown Gravy whenever hot roast beef sandwiches are available. Come to think of it the NFFF or some other fan organization might like to sponsor an effort to keep such things reserved to fandom. The Coca-Cola people will write to any newspaper or magazine that uses lowerecase coke, and a refrigeration corporation takes the same action when something is mentioned in print about a deep-freeze situation. Why shouldn't fans make a similar effort to retain their identity, threatening legal action if a restaurant risks the individuality and uniqueness of Rich Brown by careless use of adjectives on its menu? I'm pretty sure that the first NYCon preceded the introduction of Nikon cameras by several yaers, and there might be grounds for an effort to destroy the authenticity of that trade name because the similar pronunciation could be harmful to the next worldcon bid for New York City. & between Thursday programming

and non-existent elevator service, I would be glad to let NY have the worldcon on the second labor Day of any year.†

I don't want to take sides in this abbreviated matter. But honestly I must remind that, in fandom, abbreviations are strongest and most readily adopted when they produce a pronounceable word, gafia or FAPA, for instance. On the other hand, Buck Coulson overlooks the fact that there is a modern trend to make abbreviations longer to pronounce than the words they abbreviate. Witness the way VW has been taken on as the smart way to refer to the little automobile, possessing four syllables compared with three for the complete name.

R. Gwillim Law Jr. just skims the surface in respect to Baltimore. For instance, it's one of the two good-sized cities in the United States that has no educational TV station. (Indianapolis is the other.) And it's the only city in my experience where you cannot find the treasures in old science fiction books at Goodwill Industries stores by looking in the phone book. Only the office address is listed, and one day I called the office to ask for the location of the stores, and the clerks at the office had a terrible time finding the address. They'd filed them somewhere. They warned me that it wasn't safe to go into any of those neighborhoods, after they finally learned where the stores were situated.

Purple Zangs Over Axoptlornis was amusing and its illustrations were superlative. (-Thank you.) I had been thinking of purchasing that boxed set of paperback Lensmen stories, but now I guess it's not necessary.

"The banquet instead of having speakers or anything ordinary like that, had a fan feud." was one of the two perfect lines in this issue. The other involved the speculation over how much the Elvish selectric ball would cost. I suppose that the latter wins as the grand champion, because of the built-in evidence it possesses involving the relative importance of things in fandom: Elvish gets capitalized and selectric doesn't, and so much for the delusion about the real place of capitalistic trappings in today's dynamically changing society.

Joanne Lurger
55 Blue Bonnet Ct.

Dear Leslie and Cory,
I read your Twilight Zine #22 with interest. Captain Lake Jackson, Tex. Zoom was interesting. I have read several published SF stories 77566 that sounded like that, and I can remember the serials. Oh, for the good old days. The poetry was good. I still don't understand Maxwell's equations, but that's not your fault.

One complaint. The staple on your bag attacked me, and if you see any blood on this note, that's why. † There wasn't†

Sherma L. C. Er--yes, I know my spelling is bad and my handwriting is kind of /??/ rough. I write out of pity. I sent a typewritten letter once, and the person who got it was last seen roller-skating down the N.J. turnpike at 60 mph wearing a Red Baron for President button and singing "High Fly the Nazgul-o" in Fortran. (Come to think of it maybe he knows something I don't. If the Red Baron is a Nazgul, what does that make Snoopy?)

All this is by the way of editin that you will just edit next time instead of putting sick after all my goffs. [sick]

Fuel-to-the-Fire Dept: here is a bit of fannish doggerel

A Loc is a Loc is a Loc,
A single line holds three.
It jars at the rhythm of reading
To call it an L-o-c.

Since I am physically incapable of writing a letter without fefering to Star Trek at least once, † ly sympathées.† I'll leave you with this final thought: Spock for TOFF (trans-outer-space fan fund.)

BOSTON

You are getting this issue because:

- ☐ Just to let you know that we're alive
- ☐ You contributed __artwork__ prose
- ☐ You sent \$\$
- ☐ We used to trade or would like to
- ☐ This is a sample
- ☐ You are mentioned this
- ☐ You are slandered this
- ☐ You are a friend of the editor
- ☐ You are a secret master of Tablecomm
- ☐ You're for Boston in '71
- ☐ You won it in an poker game
- ☐ You believe in the Great Pumpkin
- ☐ You live on the San Andreas fault
- ☐ The mailman delivered it to the wrong address
- ☐ You don't know how to read
- ☐ Actually, you aren't
- ☐ You asked for it
- ☐ We sent it anyways
- ☐ Check your own, you probably know better than us
- ☐ None of the above

