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# When Worlds Collide

By Sydney Boehm

Needles in a heavenly haystack.  
There are more stars in the heavens  
than human beings on earth.  
Through telescopes,  
men of science constantly search  
the infinitesimal corners  
of our solar system  
seeking new discoveries,  
hoping to better understand  
the laws of the universe.  
observatories dedicated  
to the study of astronomy  
often are set in high and remote places.  
But there is none more remote  
than Mount Kenna observatory  
in this part of south Africa.  
If our calculations prove to be correct  
this will be the most frightening discovery  
of all time.  
These two bodies have travelled almost  
a million miles in two weeks.  
- Is that Randall?  
- I hope so.  
Stanley, I want Randall  
to leave as quickly as possible.  
The plates are ready, catalogued  
and marked for identification.  
- Here are tonight's plates.  
- Good! Include them.  
I told Professor Hendron  
I'd send as much detail as we have.  
Paul, Stanley, it won't be necessary  
to tell Randall what he's carrying.  
ZS, MAP, Dave Randall  
from Johannesburg.  
Cabin monoplane,  
request permission to land over.  
Hello, Randall. This is Russ Curtis,  
Mount Kenna Field.  
Visibility fine. Take runway three.  
Approach from southwest at 500.  
There's a car waiting to take you  
to the observatory. over...over.  
Thank you, Mount Kenna Field!

- Hello, Randall.  
- How are you, Stan?  
You must have been held up.  
We knew you arrived two hours ago.  
I had a friend's aunt  
for a passenger to get home.  
- I'm Emery Bronson.  
- Hello, doctor.  
- You've been well recommended.  
- It shouldn't have taken much.  
I understand all you want  
is a package delivered.  
Did you bring your passport  
to the United States?  
Yes. But who gets delivery of what?  
Your recommendation said I could depend  
on a lack of curiosity.  
I don't care what you're doing.  
Just tell me where do I go  
- and when I get paid.  
- I didn't mean to be rude.  
It's just that secrecy  
is very important now.  
Fly to Lisbon, then take  
the transatlantic clipper to New York.  
The delivery will be made to Dr Hendron  
at the Cosmos observatory.  
Here are several poses of Dr Hendron.  
The delivery must be made  
to him personally.  
- To Dr Hendron only.  
- Right.  
You'll require this for expenses.  
I'm supposed to get \$1,500 plus expenses.  
Hendron will pay on delivery.  
Time is all that counts.  
The money doesn't matter at all.  
With me, doctor, money always matters.  
Perhaps now.  
But the day may arrive  
when money won't mean anything.  
Not to you, nor anyone.  
When that happens to me,  
I'll be six feet under.

Good luck, Randall.

There was another radiogram  
for you at the last stop.

Thank you.

- I hope you're enjoying your trip.

- It's very nice, thanks.

Honestly, the inspection takes longer  
than the trip across.

I brought Clara a fewthings.

She's so appreciative.

I'd rather junk the stuff right here.

I think that's the man,  
carrying the black boX.

I'll see.

- David Randall?

- That's right.

May I see your passport, please?

Thank you.

Fine.

I'll handle this, Jim.

Give him his luggage.

That brown one over there.

Right this way, please.

- Here's your man.

- How do you do?

I'm Joyce Hendron,

Professor Hendron's daughter.

We're to go straight to the observatory.

This is better than a motorcycle escort.

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

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Right this way, Mr Randall.

Mr Randall. Mr Randall!

Mr Randall, I'm Donovan  
from..The Sentinel...

- Some other time.

- We've raised our offer. \$7,500.

Here's a cheque to your order.

No thanks.

I'm working on a better offer.

I can't imagine how..The Sentinel..  
even had a hint about your errand.

But it's difficult to keep  
secrets from the newspapers.  
I'm glad you turned them down.  
You know what it would mean if the public  
had this information prematurely?  
of course.  
We've been praying Dr Bronson is wrong -  
that these pictures will show  
some error in his calculations.  
Don't you find yourself wishing...  
Wouldn't you rather not know?  
No, it's better to know.  
I wish I had your courage.  
But I'm frightened.  
As frightened as all those people  
would be if they knew.  
I haven't the courage  
to face the end of the world.  
Joyce!  
- I'm glad you waited for me.  
- So am I.  
Tony, this is Mr Randall.  
- How are you?  
- How do you do?  
Alice, didn't my father know  
Dr Drake was here?  
I told Alice not to bother him.  
He's in a meeting  
of the observatory trustees.  
They'll want to see you right away.  
- You smoke?  
- Thanks, I'll try one.  
Have a south African one.  
You part of this deal, doctor?  
This stargazing?  
No, I confine my gazing  
to the eye, ear, nose and throat.  
I'm an MD.  
I gather you're not an astronomer either.  
I'm just a high-priced messenger boy  
who's beginning to doubt  
the sanity of astronomers.  
They should stick  
to wrong weather predictions.

Astronomy is a very exact science.  
But when they say Doomsday is around  
the corner, we part company.  
Who's been telling you that?  
Mr Randall, come right this way.  
Hello, Tony, come along if you want to.  
- Please...  
- one second.  
I have people waiting.  
- I'm supposed to make sure.  
- Yes, of course.  
They check.  
Who told you that, about Doomsday?  
Why doc, I thought  
you were practically family.  
Put it on the desk, Randall, please.  
Thank you, dear.  
Dr Bronson said I would get \$1,500...  
- I'll take care of it.  
- But this is supposed to be COD.  
Hold still, please.  
oh, thank you.  
Would you mind waiting in the anteroom?  
He knows all the details, Dad.  
Dr Bronson and I have no secrets.  
Has Bronson been at this study long?  
Two years. But I first heard  
from him ten days ago...  
He wanted me to check his findings.  
Give this data to DA.  
D for differential. A for analyser.  
Differential analyser - DA.  
Naturally.  
We'll check these through the viewer.  
- Dr Hendron, the key.  
- Later, Randall, later...  
Sometimes I wish I didn't know  
Bronson's capabilities so well.  
He rarely leaves any margin for error.  
This was Bronson's first discovery.  
Bellus, a star, a dozen times  
larger than earth,  
has been approaching earth  
at tremendous speed.

Bronson's second discovery -  
a new planet.

Bronson named it Zyra  
and his measurements show  
it revolves around Bellus more rapidly  
than earth revolves around the sun.  
This is in the constellation of scorpio.  
Dr Frye, notice the position  
of these new bodies.

Yes, I see.

But here again, Bellus and Zyra  
have changed position.

Just how fast they've been moving  
and their eventual destination  
are among the mathematical problems  
being determined

by our differential analyser.

We'll have the results in a few hours.

Zyra is about the same size as our earth.

Both these bodies are coming  
into our solar system.

If Bronson's readings are correct,  
they will destroy the earth.

How far away are they?

The calculator will be precise.

I estimate 3 billion miles.

Billion? Let people start worrying  
in a hundred years.

You've flown ships faster than sound.

These bodies

are thousands oftimes faster  
and could be here within one year.

All this depends on Bronson being correct.

The planet Zyra will pass close enough  
to influence the tides.

Oceans will be torn from their depths.

Tidal waves will sweep in from the coasts.

There will be giant earthquakes.

Handfuls of people may survive  
if provisions are made.

We'll make them.

Every possible effort.

Whatever help my factories can give,  
we'll give gladly.

It will be useless. Soon after,  
Bellus will collide with the earth.  
our world will end.

There is no error.

I always wanted to do this.

Want to try?

It's funny. I keep thinking about  
a Mr Simmons.

He was a patient of mine  
when I was interning.

one of those incurable cases.

I used to wonder how he felt  
the day he asked me

how much longer he had to live.

Now I think I know.

- Joyce?

- Yes?

Let's not put off getting married.

There isn't any reason to wait,  
is there?

I promised Dad I'd wait.

There'll be so much to do.

Your father will be the first to agree.

The time that's left should be ours.

We're entitled to be selfish  
when we know what's coming.

I'd feel better if I talked to Dad first.

He'll be home the day after tomorrow.

- Dr Drake?

- Yes?

There is a call for you from the hospital.

Thank you.

EXCuse me, I'll be right back.

I never used to believe my mother's stories  
about Americans

being the most progressive people.

I thought she was boasting

because she was born here.

But this is proof of progress.

They charge for drinks...by the inch.

Look, stargazer,

arithmetic is your department.

How much is seven times \$2.50?

Real progress, \$17.50 per bottle.



- Tell me something, stargazer.

- What is it?

You and the doctor going to get married?

I don't know.

Maybe you could tell me

where I could find out.

Why?

I'd like to stop being  
an interested bystander.

Bronson gets in tomorrow.

I'll tell him he was right to say  
the day was coming when money  
wouldn't mean a thing to me.

May I trouble you for another light?

Thank you, Madam.

This is the day. Money to burn!

I must ask one question  
that all the delegates want answered.

I hope I have your confidence.

You are satisfied there is no error  
and that all the facts are correct?

Yes, sir.

The effect of Zyra's passing  
should be felt about one o'clock  
on the afternoon of July 24th.

What about the giant star, Bellus?

Can the doctor tell us  
when this second body will threaten?

Bellus will crush the earth  
on the morning of August 12th.

This is not a publicity seeking campaign.

We are aware that most of our  
colleagues ridicule our findings.

But believing what we do,  
we have to ask for this hearing.

Therefore, I ask you, Dr Hendron,  
if it is with complete certainty  
that you say the world will end  
next August 12th?

Precisely that, sir.

There is a very remote possibility,  
that a few people may be saved.

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

our world will end on August 12th,  
in eight months.  
There is no margin for error in that.  
But we believe that Zyra  
once contained living matter.  
We believe,  
and this is theory not certainty,  
that some form of vegetation  
may exist on Zyra.  
You are proposing  
that we all pack our trunks  
and move to...Zyra?  
No, but we hope that with God's guidance,  
a few may do exactly that.  
A 20th century Noah's ark.  
As many as can be built  
in this short time.  
Eventually, as Zyra and Bellus  
speed toward us,  
even a layman will see the danger.  
As a train looms in the distance,  
in an instant it is upon you.  
With enough funds, labour and material,  
Dr Frye believes rockets can be built  
to fly to Zyra.  
But eight months is very little time.  
only if work begins immediately  
can this be done.  
If you wait until the danger is visible,  
it will be too late.  
Bellus and Zyra  
will be upon us and crush the earth!  
Dr Ottinger,  
of the Estabrook observatory.  
Gentlemen, my colleagues,  
Dr Felix Zenta,  
Professor of astronomy at Cornwall  
University and Dr Jonathan Wilson,  
President of the International  
Planetary Research Institute, and I  
have examined  
the photographs and data  
submitted by Drs Hendron and Bronson.  
Our findings show

there is no cause for alarm.  
No reason to spend billions of dollars  
to build spaceships  
which never will be needed.  
Suppose they were built.  
Do either of you believe spaceships  
can fly to any planet?  
It is theoretically possible.  
I believe in theories. But when you say  
flying to another planet is possible  
you are out of the realm of theory  
and dreaming of the impossible.  
Even if the world were to end,  
would it be less unpleasant to die in space  
than here, on firm ground?  
The world will not end.  
Certainly, these new bodies  
will pass our planet.  
Heavenly bodies frequently do.  
But we are still here.  
Predicting the end of the world  
is an annual crackpot event in our society.  
An attempt to corner  
the newspaper headlines.  
But I did not expect a man  
of Dr Hendron's background  
to join this headline-hunting parade.  
Read all about it!  
End of the world just around the corner.  
Read all about it!  
Let's be thankful for small favours.  
The subcommittee didn't believe us.  
At least they didn't ridicule us.  
No one believes us.  
How will we interest  
enough private capital?  
I'll buy you a start on your ship!  
I'll settle for the satisfaction  
that I contributed to salvaging  
something from our old world.  
I'm older and richer than you are.  
I'll arrange the lease on a large camp -  
an old government site.  
Between us,

you'll have enough to start.

Wonderful, Spiro!

I'll arrange the details

for our next meeting.

Gentlemen.

- Have you got a minute, Dad?

- I'm marking time.

We have an appointment

with Sydney Stanton.

Will he give you the money you need?

I hope so.

He made the appointment.

Tony's outside.

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

- He wants to marry me, now.

I don't blame him.

Isn't marriage what you want?

I've liked Tony more than any other man.

I was always sure

we would get married one of these days.

There isn't time for uncertainty.

You have to answer this question.

Do you want to spend

what time is left as Tony's wife?

I wish I could answer.

I suppose it really doesn't matter...

and it is what Tony wants.

- Not what you want?

- I don't know that either.

Dad, I'm so mixed up.

I can't think straight.

Do I know this subject of your confusion?

Dave Randall.

I don't know why, when or where.

I told myself I like being with him

only because he's someone different.

- Yes?

- Mr Stanton is here.

Tell Dr Frye and send in Mr Stanton.

You told me to answer the question.

Let Tony wait a while longer.

And give me two minutes

after Stanton leaves

to figure out an eXcuse

to keep Dave Randall right here.

Oh, thanks, Dad! Thanks!

- Dr Hendron.

- Mr stanton.

- This is Dr Frye.

- Doctor ofwhat?

Dr Frye is the dean

ofthe Eastern School of Technology.

All right, I'm here safe and sound.

Go outside and read the magazines!

Will this Noah's ark

get to that new planet?

In theory. on some engineers.

calculations it is possible.

Your observatory trustees,

Marston and Spiro,

tell me you have an equipped camp

but need money to finish the ship.

- Millions!

- Amounts don't stagger me.

I'm just weighing the percentages.

Your word against other astronomers.

Wilson, Ottinger, Zenta.

- They think you're a crackpot.

- I know.

- It will mean liquidating some interests.

- It may save a civilisation!

Their salvation doesn't interest me.

Mine does!

I'm no humanitarian like Marston

and Spiro. I just don't relish dying.

What are the chances of existence

on this new planet?

We don't know.

We can only hope they're good.

- Millions for theories!

- The end of the world is no theory to us.

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

All right. I'll pay for your ark.

- But I select who goes with us.

- This won't be a commercial liner.

There may be space for 40 human beings,

some machinery and livestock.

The minimum for a new life.

You're not qualified to select those people.  
I reserve that privilege.  
Make up your mind.  
You admit you don't relish dying.  
You're willing to put up the money  
as life insurance, that if the world ends,  
you'll be among the few  
to reach this new world.  
That makes my proposition simple.  
Your money for your life.  
We'll do the picking together.  
Half and half.  
Why not? Why should you be the one  
to give life or take it away?  
The proposition still stands.  
Your money or your life.  
You know I can't refuse. Build it.  
You are the men selected.  
Gentlemen,  
this is a rough design of our ship.  
Instead of taking off  
in a customary manner, straight up,  
we will conserve fuel by using a mile-long  
slide to give us impetus.  
The ship will be cradled  
on a rocket-propelled undercarriage  
which will be automatically released.  
At this point,  
the wing engines will be turned on.  
The power of all engines  
will be used to carry us  
out of earth's gravitational pull.  
We will then be in free ascent,  
until we reach  
the gravitational pull of Zyra,  
when the ship will be operated  
as a normal aircraft.  
Similar rocket ships are also being  
constructed in other countries.  
Now about our camp  
and its working conditions.  
Dave Randall, who is assisting  
Dr Hendron, will talk to you about that.  
Thanks, Dr Frye.

First, you were selected because you are  
the top engineering students here.  
Agricultural students and mechanics,  
all were picked in this way.  
The project needs you  
because you are fine technicians  
who are healthy and free  
to make your own decision.  
There is no guarantee  
that the ship will reach Zyra.  
But those to make the flight  
will be chosen by lots,  
sometime before the worlds collide.  
only about 40 persons can be taken  
and already more than 600 people  
are working on this project.  
Go down to the bunker first.  
Joyce Hendron, please.  
Take your new arrivals to dormitory C.  
- Got the cards for this group?  
- Yes, sir.  
- Are my cards ready?  
- Right here, Miss Hendron.  
All right, fellas, this way.  
Thanks. I'll leave these at the clinic.  
Follow me, girls.  
Dr Frye, please, Dr Frye.  
There is a call for you  
from the microfilm laboratory.  
Julie!  
See you later.  
Check in at the medical clinic  
within 30 minutes.  
Attention, new arrivals.  
Check in at the medical clinic  
within 30 minutes.  
Dr Bronson, please,  
go to the chart room.  
Attention, main garage.  
Two jeeps are needed immediately  
at the foot of the ramp approach.  
Animals now waiting  
for unloading on east end siding.  
- Hello, Tony.

- Joyce!  
- Did you have a nice trip?  
- 17 new people. Where's Dad?  
Dr Ottinger asked me  
to come to New York  
for a conference  
with Wilson and Zenta.  
I'll put these new cards in the file.  
- Is this the new design?  
- That's right.  
The drawings came while you were away.  
Bronson tells me Ottinger  
and the other doubting Thomases  
have jumped over  
to our side of the fence.  
That will end the newspapers  
calling me a lunatic.  
Stanton's folly!  
With time running out,  
they'll wish they had  
a fleet of Stanton's follies.  
They admit our calculations are correct  
but insist our flight is impossible.  
Even in other countries where ships  
are being built, most say it isn't possible.  
- And you?  
- I believe as I did before. In theory...  
Always theories.  
Jigsaw puzzles on paper.  
- Aren't you ever positive?  
- only about Doomsday.  
A government representative  
will warn people tomorrow.  
They will be evacuated  
to mountain locations.  
What provisions have you made  
to protect us when the panic starts?  
- I haven't thought about it.  
- I have.  
I don't deal in theories.  
I deal in realities.  
Ferris! Bring in those boxes.  
I brought enough rifles  
to stop a small army.



- There'll be no panic.

- Stop theorising.

Once the havoc is over, every mother's  
son will try to climb aboard our ship.

People know only a handful  
can make the flight.

You've spent too much time with the stars.  
You don't know about the law of  
the human jungle. I've spent my life at it.

You don't know what your civilised people  
will do to cling to life.

I do, because I'd cling if I had to kill  
to do it. And so will you.

We're the lucky ones  
with a chance to reach another world.

And we'll use those guns  
to keep your only chance to stay alive.

Ferris! Ferris!

There's no question that crisis impends.

The secretary is on his way.

We will have his message in a moment.

My friends, it is imperative  
that you listen closely.

This is a matter of life or death.

Your lives  
and those of everyone on earth.

At one o'clock on July 24th,  
Zyra, a new planet, will pass  
so close to the Earth,  
it will cause mass destruction.

There is no doubt about  
the coming of Zyra.

Remember, there is no doubt.

By one o'clock on that day,  
whole populations must have been  
evacuated from coastal areas.

Plans have been made  
and all that can be done will be done.

When I was a kid, I read a book  
about the world ending.

I was so scared, I didn't dare sleep.

Then in the morning,  
the sun came out,  
everything looked so wonderful,

I forgot the story.  
Life was beautiful all over again.  
The same sun will be shining  
on the new world.  
Look, stargazer,  
I don't figure in this new world.  
The past couple of months,  
you and I have been telling recruits  
the few to make the trip  
will be needed in the new world.  
Scientists like you or your father,  
Tony, farmers and mechanics.  
You'll have things to offer.  
But you won't be needing aerial taxi  
drivers for another hundred years.  
Dad promised me that...  
Dad said we'd need you.  
Thanks, but Noah would have turned  
down my application fast.  
I'm not applying for this trip.  
Use a little arithmetic.  
The ship's cargo is limited.  
Every pound will count.  
I weigh as much as a couple of lambs,  
three dozen chickens,  
one healthy farmer.  
We're coming in.  
Better see that they're strapped down.  
Randall, calling Plateau Tower.  
Come in, please, over.  
Schedules of train,  
bus and plane departures  
will be made available in all countries.  
Attention, please.  
The commanding general  
will speak to you. Stand by.  
This is an official order.  
The evacuation will now proceed  
in an orderly manner.  
There will be planes enough for all.  
Women and children will go first.  
Families will not be separated for long.  
I repeat this.  
Families will only be separated

for the duration of the evacuation flight.  
Women and children will now proceed  
to the designated planes.  
Never before  
in the history of the world  
has humanity felt so close to God.  
As Zyra inexorably rushes toward us  
perhaps to destroy the earth,  
men and women of all races and creeds  
pause to think, to pray and to atone.  
As evacuation of coastal cities  
progressed,  
tales of acts of heroism and sacrifice  
poured into newspaper offices.  
With few exceptions,  
transportation and utility workers  
volunteered to remain at their posts  
until the evacuation is completed.  
Overnight, populations of inland cities  
were more than doubled.  
Deserted, the once great city of New York  
is a ghost town.  
Ten million mighty roaring machines  
suddenly shut off,  
waiting for the approach of Zyra.  
The silence, an eerie foretelling  
of the destruction to come  
at one o'clock, the hour of doom!  
According to your figures,  
by now we were supposed to feel  
the effects of Zyra's passing.  
Tidal waves, oceans torn from their beds...  
Millions of dollars for a false alarm.  
Ottinger called you a crackpot.  
All you scientists are crackpots.  
Nothing is going to happen.  
Ferris!  
- Are you all right?  
- Yes, Dad. I'm over here.  
Attention! The ship is breaking  
loose. Emergency crews to ramp!  
Move those l-beams to the ship!  
Come on!  
Go to the crane and use the hook

to stop the undercarriage.  
Lower the block!  
Look out! The crane is falling.  
Bronson!  
This is Emergency Camp 9 again.  
Is anyone left?  
Can anyone hear us?  
We are located 11 miles  
due north of Middletown.  
That's about 100 miles from here.  
There is desperate need here  
for drinking water...  
Anything else for the helicopter, doctor?  
Those boxes. I'll bring the rest.  
Repeating - we are remaining on the air.  
Can anyone hear us?  
We need drinking water  
and medical supplies -  
plasma and penicillin.  
You needn't come, Randall.  
I can fly a helicopter.  
- I've done a lot of parcel dropping.  
- I can handle it.  
Sounds like somebody rubbed  
you the wrong way.  
That's an excellent diagnosis.  
Would you like to prescribe a cure?  
You're the doctor, you name it.  
Now or later?  
We need drinking water  
and medical supplies desperately -  
plasma and penicillin.  
Later. Come on.  
Can anyone help?  
Can anyone hear us?  
What's that?  
For a minute, I thought maybe now  
was that later you mentioned.  
I gave it a passing thought.  
We cannot postpone the inevitable.  
This meeting is to choose those  
to make the attempt to reach Zyra.  
As you know, human cargo must be  
restricted to 7,000 lbs, 44 persons.

Every pound consumes fuel,  
which we cannot waste  
if we are to have any chance.  
About 900 lbs  
already have been spoken for -  
Mr Stanton, Dr Frye, my daughter,  
myself, Dr Drake and Mr Randall.  
Unless there is some objection we intend  
to include another 40 lbs,  
our latest addition to the camp.  
To again emphasise our fuel problem,  
most of it will be consumed  
in overcoming earth's gravitational pull.  
once this has been accomplished,  
engines will be turned off  
until we come into the gravitational pull  
of the new world.  
In turning the ship completely around  
every ounce of fuel  
will be needed to avoid crashing.  
Dr Frye and I hope  
we have worked out a sound plan.  
It would be unwise for a man  
to know he is not to go  
while a man working at his side  
is among the fortunate few.  
In this envelope is a list of numbers  
of those who will go.  
In these boxes  
we have placed numbered discs.  
The one on the left for the women,  
the other for the men.  
Each of you will select and keep one disc.  
This list will be posted  
on the dormitory bulletin boards  
shortly before the take off.  
Is this plan satisfactory?  
If there are no objections,  
please start the drawing.  
This is the men's box.  
Your box is here.  
You pick both numbers.  
This is the women's box.  
You're already listed.

Hello, Dave.  
I've been looking for you.  
Not to quarrel about your sense of ethics -  
just to ask why?  
I haven't any more right  
than any other man in this camp.  
I'll grant you that.  
I'll even admit my motive was selfish.  
I want to do things according to Hoyle.  
But Joyce is pretty important to me.  
- And to me.  
- I'm glad.  
I'd do anything to ensure her chances.  
Wouldn't you?  
It isn't a free ride for Joyce.  
She's qualified to go.  
No more than some others.  
We're stretching the point  
because she's important to both of us.  
Why not for her sake,  
stretch the point further to include you?  
Look, doctor. I've wrestled  
with this thing for weeks.  
I can give you a dozen reasons  
why I shouldn't go.  
Give me one good reason to include me.  
She wants you, Dave.  
That'll change. Tony will be there.  
She's used to having him around.  
They would have been married  
if I hadn't come into the picture.  
Anyhow, why worry?  
Maybe I drew a lucky number.  
You didn't take any number from that box.  
I had the exact number of discs in it.  
one for every man and woman  
except the six people I named.  
If you had taken a number,  
we would have been one short.  
Look, doctor. The drawing is over.  
You can't issue new numbers  
without starting a revolution  
among the lucky winners.  
It's about time I donated something

to this setup.  
I won't be needed. I never have been.  
I didn't give up much by not drawing.  
What's one chance in 600?  
Leaving me will save fuel.  
Let it stay that way.  
And I hope you won't say anything  
to Joyce. Good night.  
Attention, everyone!  
Bellus growing larger.  
Getting closer every hour.  
And with every hour  
the time left gets shorter. So hurry!  
More welders are needed  
by Construction Crew 3.  
Please rush!  
Seven days left.  
We're falling behind schedule.  
Trucks are waiting to load plasma  
and medical supplies. Hurry!  
Less than six days left.  
We're still behind schedule.  
Construction Crew 5,  
report to the main bunker.  
This engine's all right.  
Let's try this one.  
I'll take it.  
It will work out all right, Joyce.  
Please.  
only 79 hours to the collision with Bellus.  
We're still more than three hours  
behind schedule. Hurry!  
- Worried?  
- No.  
This ship is really well put together.  
If anything can make it to the new world,  
this one will do it.  
- Dave?  
- Yeah?  
How long would it take  
to learn this flight panel board?  
A few weeks, maybe.  
But Dr Frye knows  
every knob on the panel.

He can operate it in his sleep.  
I hope so.  
What'll happen when he blacks out?  
Everyone will black out in the fast climb.  
The direction will be set.  
This will hold you on course.  
- All the way to Zyra?  
- No, but far enough.  
The blackout won't last  
too long...a few minutes, tops.  
This is no time  
to start doubting the ship, doc.  
I'm not. I know how well  
it's been put together.  
The trouble is I just learned  
how Dr Frye's put together.  
His chance of coming out  
of the blackout isn't good.  
- I've seen older men make it.  
- At the speed we'll climb?  
His heart won't stand that pressure.  
When did you discover that?  
Yesterday. When I made  
his cardiograph test.  
I haven't told anyone yet -  
not even Frye.  
Well, don't!  
It won't help to scare everyone.  
Like Doomsday, that can't be avoided.  
We can't let Frye handle this flight.  
Look, doc...  
maybe...well...  
Dr Hendron and Frye must be told.  
I can't take that responsibility.  
That isn't what I wanted to say.  
No...you're right.  
You'll have to tell them, I guess.  
There's no other choice.  
If anything happens to Frye  
after we get out into space...  
I don't suppose it makes any difference,  
crashing from 1,500 miles up,  
or dying on earth.  
Either way, you're just plain dead.



After the blackout,  
one of the technology students,  
Eddie Cummings could take over,  
if Frye tells him what to do.  
If Frye is able to tell him  
after the blackout.  
Dave, you're hedging!  
We both know who can handle this flight.  
Maybe not as good as Frye,  
but good enough.  
Do you doubt being able to fly this ship?  
I can fly her.  
There isn't anyone else.  
You're our life insurance.  
If Frye doesn't make it,  
you can land the ship.  
For months, I've tried to find  
a legitimate reason to go.  
I never could. Maybe things  
were meant to happen this way.  
Diagnose it any way you want.  
All I know is, I'd feel a lot easier,  
not having to tell Frye the news.  
Be right back!  
This is the last of the chloroform.  
Put it somewhere handy  
to the animal pens.  
You going to give the animals  
a mickey finn?  
If we don't,  
the pressure will drive them mad.  
We wouldn't want to see them  
kick the ship apart.  
I'll never forget what you did  
for Dave and me, Tony.  
I told you the doctor would fix everything.  
Come here, Whatsis.  
- Come on.  
- Where are you from, boy?  
- He's mine.  
- Where did you get him, Mike?  
- Downtown.  
- You mean down at the airfield?  
He was walking around.

I hate to remind you, but you said  
the doctor can fix everything.  
That's right, I did, didn't I?  
Let's weigh him.  
Incidentally, he's a she.  
Nine lbs, two ounces.  
Sure, Whatsis is gonna pinch it  
for a couple of plump chickens.  
Urgent! We are still  
Those making the attempt to reach Zyra,  
report without delay to Dr Drake.  
- I knew it would be like this!  
- What did you expect?  
My number - it's on! I'm on the list!  
Julie! I'm on the list!  
Julie! My number!  
I'm on the list!  
Remember, if we delay the take off  
as long as possible,  
Zyra's position will form  
a perfect orbit with ours.  
I hope we can retain that eXtra fuel  
to keep us flying over Zyra,  
while we look for landing room.  
Zyra will be about here  
in relation to earth.  
If you hold the ship to this curve,  
we can meet her orbit and run parallel.  
The fuel will last longer with less cargo!  
Why risk taking so many people?  
You and that chair weigh 186 lbs.  
That's a lot of fuel.  
Do you want to donate that weight?  
No more than you want to donate your life!  
or your daughter's.  
I paid for this ship. You would have been  
wiped out with the rest of the world!  
Before you paid, you tried to make this  
a personal enterprise.  
A private rocket ship  
for your own special use.  
This project was started by real  
humanitarians. By Marston and Spiro.  
They gave their money

with no strings attached.  
You're not here under any special licence.  
You're always shouting for facts.  
Remember these facts.  
our chance of reaching the new world  
is as thin as you becoming a humanitarian!  
If we make it, will we be able to land?  
Will the air be fit to breathe?  
Will there be water? Vegetable life?  
Men and women here  
have been praying for God's help.  
Not your kind of hypocritical praying,  
but the kind that comes  
from deep inside a man.  
- Sorry. I'll come back later.  
- No. We can't put things off till later.  
I just wanted to leave this  
for someone else to use.  
He has a girl, Julie Cummings.  
I guess he doesn't want to leave her.  
There's that extra fuel.  
He must weigh close to 180.  
You heard him volunteer to stay behind.  
Shut the door.  
You're not taking it from him!  
He turned it back of his own free will.  
Get out. Ferris!  
The other side of the door for you.  
Shut up!  
This is one of the good ones, isn't it?  
I'm sorry.  
The people have all been selected.  
- I'm going too.  
- Put that gun down.  
I'd almost rather kill you than go along.  
For seven years, ever since I started  
pushing this chair around,  
I've hated your insides.  
You're a very easy man to hate.  
I'd like to reason things out.  
You see...  
No! You three are running things.  
You'll tell everybody I'm going!  
This is my number.

That's all the reasoning I want to know.

And if I don't go...

- He was going to kill us.

- Better give it to me.

I said this would happen.

And not just Ferris!

There'll be others. All of them.

They won't wait to die here.

- He may be right.

- There's a lot of bad feeling.

one boy was stabbed after the list was posted. There've been fist fights.

It's dog eat dog.

The law of the jungle.

We can't risk it.

What do we do now?

Move the women on board  
and lock the gates.

The men can wait outside until take off!

- The guns are in my room.

- That's out!

We'll have to move people and animals  
as quietly as possible.

- There's a girl...

- Julie Cummings.

Tell her there's been a mix-up.

She and Eddie Garson are going.

We'll gamble on less flying time  
over the new world.

- Let me tell you...

- Don't say it Stanton!

Don't say anything.

The last dawn!

I think we can start boarding.

All right, everyone, inside the ship!

I'll bring Mr Stanton.

Why should our lives be decided by  
a raffle? How do we know it wasn't fixed?

- It should have been by voting!

- Let's take the ship!

Gangway, boys.

- Here are the guns Stanton left.

- That's all we need!

- Let's go. Grab a gun.

- There's no sense in this.  
- We agreed to the drawing.  
- Listen to him.  
Take the ship. Then what?  
only 40 can get away.  
The rest of us will get rid of that 40,  
and the next 40  
until we kill each other or get caught  
when the worlds collide!  
Stick around until the collision  
puts you out of your misery.  
Get me on board.  
You were right. You're a better judge  
of people than I am.  
Get me aboard. No, Hendron.  
What are you doing? Stop him!  
Hendron, what are you doing?  
No. Wait. Help!  
Dr Hendron.  
Get on board, hurry.  
Hold the gangplank.  
Hold the ramp, wait!  
We're the extra fuel they might need.  
The new world isn't for us.  
It's for the young.  
Dave! The ship is moving. stand by.  
We're out of the pressure zone.  
The engines are off.  
We're on course.  
You invented those cardiographs  
for my benefit.  
Yours and Joyce's.  
- How does it look?  
- Better than we expected.  
We'll need every bit,  
or we'll hit the new world head-on,  
at ten miles a second.  
- We're getting close.  
- In a minute we'll feel the pull.  
Turn the ship.  
Start all engines.  
We're slowing.  
- Can I cut one engine?  
- Not yet. Keep them all going.

- We're using fuel too fast.  
- We have no choice.  
The ship has turned for landing.  
Take over.  
Cut wing engines one and six.  
I'm going to level off.  
Brace yourselves.  
We're levelling the ship.  
Land anywhere! We've got to.  
- Not yet.  
- Check your belts.  
The fuel's gone.  
There's an opening!  
- There go the engines!  
- I'll bring it around and glide in.  
- It looks frozen!  
- I hope so!  
We're going to find out.  
- We made it!  
- We're here!  
- We're on Zyra.  
- Let's get out!  
Dave, wait until we've tested  
the atmosphere.  
We'll get a sample through the airlock.  
Never mind. Good air or bad,  
it's the only place we can go!  
Best air I ever tasted.  
Break out the gangplank.  
Mike! Where is he?  
Hey, Mike!  
Don't you want to see the sunrise?  
- Our first citizens.  
- And they're all mine!  
- They sure are.  
- Every one.  
Well, let's leave Whatsis  
and the puppies here.  
Now, let's go look at the first sunrise.