

"THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL"

by

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EXT. BEACH - PACIFIC ISLAND - MED. SHOT - DAY

Backgrounded by palm trees and rolling surf, an American army radar operator sits at his huge instrument, intently tracking a target. Without interrupting this, he speaks with tense excitement into a telephone transmitter strapped to his chest. (It is 8:00 a.m.)

(In this and the subsequent scenes, music and cutting build to an exciting crescendo).

EXT. FIELD - HONG KONG - MED. SHOT - DAY

A group of British soldiers, in shorts and tropical gear, are gathered tensely around a piece of radar equipment, which is tracking a target. The radar operator says something to another soldier, who turns and speaks excitedly into a field telephone. (It is 5:00 a.m.)

INT. INDIAN RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The microphone bears the word CALCUTTA. An Indian announcer, his expression one of excitement and terror, jabbars into the mike in a native tongue. A clock on the wall indicates that it is 2:26

EXT. RUSSIAN BOMBER IN FLIGHT - (STOCK) - NIGHT

The plane is identified by a red star on the fuselage.

INT. RUSSIAN BOMBER - NIGHT

The radioman is tracking an object on his radar scope. He points it out excitedly to the pilot. The pilot adjusts his microphone and starts making a report back to his base in Russian.

EXT. FRENCH VILLAGE - STREET CORNER - MED. CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

A group of French farmers is collected around a radio, listening wide-eyed to the keyed-up voice which is telling them, in French, of a strange object that has been seen in the sky. They exchange uneasy glances. One old man crosses himself.

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT

RIGHT SECTION OF SCREEN SHOWS INT. AMERICAN RADIO STATION - DAY

A breathless American radio reporter is speaking into his mike, but we can't hear what he's saying. On the wall behind him is a clock which reads 3:32.

LEFT SECTION OF SCREEN SHOWS INT. BRITISH RADIO STATION - NIGHT

A clock shows the time to be 8:32. The British announcer tries to maintain his traditional BBC calm, but finds it almost impossible to control his excitement.

BRITISH ANNOUNCER

Reports are coming in from all over the Empire -- from all over the world. The Government have not yet issued a statement, but there seems to be no question that there actually is a large, unidentified object circling the earth at incredible speed.

This announcer keeps talking, but his voice fades out, and now we hear the words the American announcer is saying...

AMERICAN ANNOUNCER

(staccato with excitement)

We still don't know what it is or where it's from -- but we do know there's something there. It's been tracked around the world by radar traveling at a rate of four thousand miles an hour.

INT. NEW YORK TAXI - DRIVER AND FARE - DAY

The driver and his fare are listening intently to the radio, as we hear the voice of another radio reporter.

2ND RADIO REPORTER

(voice off scene)

This is not another "flying saucer" scare. Scientists and military men have already agreed on that. Whatever this is -- it's something real.

EXT. SUBURBAN GAS STATION

The attendant, who is filling a car with gas, leans around to hear the car's radio, oblivious to the fact that the car's tank is overflowing.

3RD RADIO REPORTER

(voice off scene)

We interrupt this program to give you a bulletin just received from one of our naval units at sea. "A large object, traveling at supersonic speed, is headed over the North Atlantic toward the east coast of the United States."

Music builds to a climax and ends.

INT. WASHINGTON RADIO STATION

4TH RADIO REPORTER

(with deliberately controlled calm)

Here in the nation's capital, there is anxiety and concern, but no outward sign of panic. As a matter of fact, there are signs of normalcy that seem strangely out of place; the beautiful spring weather, the tourist crowds at the various monuments and public buildings...

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - LONG SHOT (STOCK)

A small crowd of tourists is climbing the steps to the columned entrance.

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - LONG SHOT (STOCK)

Under this shot a barely audible, distant hum is heard. It grows in volume so imperceptibly in this and the next two shots that we are unconscious of it.

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - LONG SHOT (STOCK)

EXT. THE MALL - LONG SHOT

Crowds are strolling on the Mall and across the well-kept lawns in front of the Smithsonian Institution with the leisurely, meandering quality that distinguishes sight-seers.

MED. SHOT

Including several small groups of people moving toward the Smithsonian. Their attention is attracted as the hum off scene becomes a roar. The sound is unearthly in its intensity and almost unbearable in its swiftly increasing volume. The people stop in their tracks and look up in the sky in terror.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Several people on the steps of the Smithsonian have turned to look. There is cold, frozen fear in their eyes. The awful sound keeps increasing in volume.

CLOSE SHOT

A man, following the progress of a huge object in the sky with his eyes. He is held terror-stricken.

LONG SHOT INTO SKY (SERSEN SHOT)

A giant shape, still at some distance, is approaching the earth at incredible speed.

LONG SHOT ON GROUND

A group of people run wildly across a large expanse of lawn. A huge shadow cast from above onto the grass seems to be pursuing them.

LONG SHOT INTO SKY (SERSEN SHOT)

The great shape is considerably nearer now.

CLOSE SHOT

Of a woman, thoroughly shaken, held immobile by what she sees and hears.

LONG SHOT

People scatter madly in all directions as the huge spaceship comes in for a landing on a smooth, grassy area. The tremendous roar of its motors is suddenly cut off and the great ship settles gently to a perfect landing.

MED. SHOT - THE SHIP

The gleaming surface of the ship shows no break of any kind -- no windows, no ports, not even the outline of a hatch. It is a fearsome, terrifying object, giving no evidence of its source or its intention.

LONG SHOT - (FROM PARALLEL)

Shooting down on a section of lawn, showing the varying reactions of people to the landing. Some are still running madly away; others, singly and in little groups, stand as though rooted, staring at the ship from a respectful distance.

CLOSE SHOT - MAN

As he stares at the ship with fascination and horror. He'd like to run but he can't. His mouth twitches and he emits a nervous little laugh.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

A woman is holding a two-year-old child by the hand as she watches the ship, awe-struck. Several people run past them. Suddenly the woman grabs up the child with a little sob, turns and runs away.

MED. SHOT

A middle-aged man runs up to a group of several people, pointing wildly toward the ship and yelling irrationally:

MAN

They're here! They're here!

He runs off toward another group as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

A series of short DISSOLVES showing:

1. A man dashing up to a crowded Washington street corner shouting wildly and gesticulating in the direction from which he came.
2. Policemen piling into squad cars, which roar out of their garage.
3. Soldiers rushing out of a barracks at Fort Myer, with rifles and side arms, to form up on their company street.
4. Newspaper presses rolling at high speed.
5. Newscasters chattering excitedly into their microphones.
6. A large telephone switchboard with the girls in a frenzy of activity as they try to handle the calls pouring in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - LONG SHOT

The players are standing on the field in the crowded stadium, but the game has been interrupted and everyone is listening to the voice on the loudspeaker system. (Actual stock shot would be coverage of some dedication or ceremonial.)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT

A Brigadier General speaks in clipped tones into the telephone. There are a couple of other officers in the room.

BRIGADIER GENERAL

(into phone)

Get me the Chief of Staff.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. U.S. SENATE OR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES (STOCK)

A shot, if one is available, of either House listening raptly as an announcement of great import is read by the Chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT

A distinguished-looking government official speaks into the phone with a sense of subdued urgency.

GOVERNMENTAL OFFICIAL

I want to speak to the President.

(listens for a moment)

I'm sorry -- you'll have to interrupt him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RADIO AND TELEVISION STUDIO - MED. SHOT

A nationally known news commentator -- for purposes of this script let's say Drew Pearson -- is seated before a radio mike. He is also being photographed by TV cameras. In a wall near him is a TV screen which shows what is going out on the air. During the ensuing speech, a man comes in and hands him a sheaf of news bulletins.

PEARSON

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, this is Drew Pearson. We bring you this special radio-television broadcast to give you the latest information on the landing of the "space ship" in Washington.

CLOSE SHOT - PEARSON

PEARSON

Government and Defense Department officials are concerned by reports of panic in several large Eastern cities. I am authorized to assure you that so far there is no reasonable cause for alarm. The rumors of invading armies and mass destruction are based on hysteria and are absolutely false. I repeat -- these rumors are absolutely false!

ANOTHER ANGLE

PEARSON

The ship, designed for travel outside the earth's atmosphere, landed in Washington today at 3:47 p.m., Eastern Standard Time. We still don't know where it came from, but I can reveal that military leaders are considering two possibilities; that it came from some unfriendly power here on earth -- or that it actually arrived from another planet.

CAMERA PANS to and DOLLIES IN on the TV screen in the wall. On the screen is a shot of the space ship.

PEARSON'S VOICE

(over scene)

The ship is resting exactly where it landed two hours ago, and there has been no sign of life from inside it.

OUR CAMERAS HOLD on the TV screen. The cuts that follow are inside the frame of the screen:

EXT. THE MALL - MED. SHOT

Two platoons of infantry soldiers surround the ship, their rifles at the ready.

PEARSON'S VOICE

(over scene)  
Troops have been rushed from Fort  
Myer and they have formed a cordon  
around the ship.

MED. SHOT

showing two machine guns, two Sherman tanks and two 75MM  
guns. The gun crews are posted for action and all weapons  
are trained on the space ship.

PEARSON'S VOICE  
(over scene)  
They are supported by machine guns,  
tanks and artillery.

MED. SHOT - POLICE CORDON

Cops are holding back a section of a large crowd, some  
distance away from the ship. The people are wide-eyed and  
tense with excitement.

PEARSON'S VOICE  
(over scene)  
Behind police lines, there is a large  
crowd of curiosity seekers.

SERIES OF INDIVIDUAL CUTS

1. Civilians in the crowd, their eyes and nerves taut with  
suspense.
2. A young soldier, who grips his rifle and moistens his  
lips nervously, his eyes never leaving the ship.
3. A tank commander blinks from the tension of staring at an  
unmoving object.
4. The last cut is of the ship itself.

PEARSON'S VOICE  
(over scene)  
As you can see for yourself, the  
Army has taken every precaution to  
meet whatever the situation may  
require. Every eye -- every weapon --  
is trained on the ship. It's been  
this way for two hours and the tension--

CLOSE SHOT - PEARSON

as he interrupts himself excitedly, his attention riveted on  
the TV screen.

PEARSON  
Just a minute, ladies and gentlemen!  
I think I see something moving!

EXT. THE MALL - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY

We are at the actual location now, not looking at TV. We see  
the ship surrounded by soldiers, two medium tanks, two  
artillery pieces, and a couple of machine guns. Some distance  
away is a suggestion of the crowd of civilians, held back by  
police. Prominent in the scene are newsreel and television  
cameras. OUR CAMERA MOVES IN to MED. SHOT. As it does so, we  
see a couple of metal objects rising slowly from the top of  
the ship. One, which is an oddly-designed coil of wire, slides  
up and revolves slowly. The other is a section of vented  
pipe with a convex cap on it.

REVERSE ANGLE

on the soldiers, their eyes glued to this first sign of  
activity from the ship. They shift uneasily, gripping their

rifles more firmly.

MED. SHOT - THE SHIP

After a long, tense moment, a ramp appears silently out of the side of the ship and slides down to the ground. There is an audible gasp as a man appears at the top of the ramp. He looks around at the crowd with cool and imperturbable dignity. This is KLAATU. He is completely human in appearance. The only unearthly thing about him is his clothing. He wears a tunic that is very good looking, but at the same time thoroughly comfortable and practical. On his head is a metal helmet that obscures most of his face. (It would be impossible to identify him later.) The design of this helmet gives the impression that it is more a formal headdress than for protection. Klaatu is above all an impressive man -- a man of tremendous dignity and presence. He has the tolerant superiority that comes with absolute knowledge.

INDIVIDUAL REACTION CUTS

of soldiers, people in the crowd, and policemen. The newsreel and TV men are busy at their cameras.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

After an impressive moment, he raises his arms in the universal gesture of neutrality. Then he speaks, in perfect English, his voice amplified as though through an enunciator.

KLAATU

We have come to visit you in peace --  
and with good will.

Klaatu walks slowly down the ramp toward the soldiers. As he does so, he draws from inside his tunic a strange looking object, longish and tubular. It might be a a telescope -- or it might be some strange kind of weapon.

MED. SHOT

shooting from the side, showing Klaatu advancing slowly toward the line of soldiers. He holds out the mysterious object in front of him in a gesture that is actually one of offering but could be misinterpreted as menacing. There is a growing, uneasy rumble of muttering among the soldiers as Klaatu advances. They are clearly frightened of what he may do.

CLOSE SHOT - PLATOON LEADER

A young second lieutenant, standing in front of his platoon. As Klaatu advances, the lieutenant unslings his carbine.

MED. SHOT

Klaatu starts toward the platoon leader, raising the object he holds toward the man, trying to make clear his intentions. Misinterpreting this as a menacing gesture, the platoon leader raises his carbine to his shoulder.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

of one of the tank commanders in the turret of his tank. He is watching Klaatu advancing toward the platoon leader and he has drawn his pistol. Convinced that the lieutenant is in jeopardy, the tank commander aims at Klaatu and fires.

MED. SHOT

as Klaatu falls to the ground wounded. The object he was holding has dropped from his hand and smashed. The soldiers start to gather around Klaatu excitedly when suddenly there appears in the entrance to the space ship a huge robot. There is a gasp of amazement from the crowd and the soldiers draw back at sight of him. The robot is ten feet tall, is made in

the almost-perfect image of a man. He is to be played by an actor and his flesh appears to be made of a greenish metal. His eyes flash as though lighted internally. His perfectly-fashioned, muscular body is covered only with a loincloth. This is GORT.

There are cries of amazement as Gort walks slowly ponderously, down the ramp to the ground. As he does so, the ramp closes behind him. Gort's face is, and always remains, utterly expressionless. He stops to look at Klaatu, lying on the ground. Then he looks around at the soldiers, the tanks and guns. All the guns have been traversing to follow him.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

From inside him there comes an ominous crackling sound, as though power were being generated within him. His eyes flash toward the tank from which Klaatu was shot.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - TANK

There is a great metallic clatter and the Sherman tank is suddenly reduced to a pile of junk metal, its parts completely disintegrated. Only a piece of tank track and twisted gun barrel emerge from the heap on the ground to identify what had been there. The tank's crew has remained unharmed.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

The crackling sound continues as his eyes start to sweep in a semicircle taking in all the troops.

MED. SHOT - THE TROOPS

SHOOTING FROM BEHIND Gort, with the back of his head in f.g., CAMERA PANS to follow Gort's sweeping gaze. In a growing crash and clatter of metal, every weapon in sight is destroyed. The two machine guns are little heaps of junk. The 75's are larger heaps. The second tank, like the first, is a three-foot pile of scrap. Rifles have dropped from the soldier's hands and lie on the ground as little mounds of wood and metal. None of the men has been harmed, but their faces show the utter terror of what they have experienced.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TROOPS

as they react to the full shock of what has happened. Most of them stand rooted to the ground. Several laugh hysterically. A few break and run wildly.

MED. SHOT - CROWD OF CIVILIANS

Sudden pandemonium breaks out. Utterly terrified by what they have witnessed, the crowd becomes a wild, milling, screaming mob, concerned only with escape.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GORT

He is walking slowly, deliberately, menacingly toward the tank commander who fired on Klaatu. Standing by the debris of his tank, the man is immobilized with terror. The robot starts to reach out to grab him.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

lying on the ground. He speaks to Gort sharply, in a strange language.

KLAATU

Gort! Deglet ovrosco!

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GORT

He pauses obediently in the act of reaching out for the tank commander. Dropping his arms, he stands motionless and remains



that way.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He has raised himself to a sitting position on the ground, his wounded shoulder giving him considerable pain. The two platoon leaders come into scene hesitantly, badly shaken by the awesome demonstration of power they have seen. They are uncertain as to what they should do. The platoon leader eyes the smashed object on the ground curiously and turns questioningly to Klaatu. With great dignity, Klaatu picks up the broken object, which we see well for the first time. It is a delicately-made tubular telescope, badly smashed. On it are indications of small electronic gadgets.

KLAATU

It was a gift. For your President.  
(glances at the broken  
object ruefully)  
With this he could have studied life  
on other planets.

Klaatu lets the object drop with a shrug of mild exasperation. The two lieutenants exchange a helpless look of bewilderment. Then Klaatu raises himself to his feet painfully, holding his wounded shoulder. As he does so, a colonel and a captain come into scene.

COLONEL

(to the lieutenants)  
Is he all right?

FIRST PLATOON LEADER

Got hit in the shoulder, sir.

The three junior officers exchange ineffectual glances and look to the colonel, who thinks for a moment before making his decision.

COLONEL

Send for an ambulance. Get him to  
Walter Reed Hospital right away.

CAPTAIN

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - WALTER REED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

There is a door to the corridor and a door to Klaatu's room. In the small sitting room, talking in tones of hushed concern, is a group of men. There's a Major General, a likable man with a chest full of ribbons. There are also a Colonel in command of the hospital, a high-ranking police officer, a couple of medical officers and two civilians. The conversation is interrupted by the entrance from Klaatu's room of a Medical Corps Major, followed by an Army Nurse.

GENERAL

(to Major)  
How is he?

MAJOR WHITE

He's all right, General... Blood  
pressure's a little high, but it  
could be aggravation.

GENERAL

(wryly)  
Can't blame him. I always get mad  
when somebody shoots me.

MAJOR WHITE

He still wants to see the President.

COLONEL  
(to General)  
We informed the White House over an  
hour ago.

GENERAL  
(to Major)  
Didn't drop any hints about where  
he's from, did he?

MAJOR WHITE  
No, sir, he didn't.

The door to the corridor opens and a worried young Captain  
enters.

CAPTAIN  
Excuse me.  
(to the Colonel)  
What about the reporters, Colonel?  
They're swarming all over the lobby.

The Colonel turns, in deference, to the General.

GENERAL  
(quietly)  
Tell them there won't be any statement  
tonight.

CAPTAIN  
Yes, sir.  
(glancing down the  
corridor)  
Mr. Harley's here from the White  
House.

Harley appears in the doorway, a brief case under his arm.  
He's a dignified, intelligent member of the White House  
secretariat. He proceeds uninterruptedly into the room,  
nodding cordially to the General.

HARLEY  
General --

GENERAL  
(indicating Klaatu's  
room)  
Right in there, Mr. Harley.

Harley proceeds in businesslike fashion to the door. He knocks  
and then enters.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FULL SHOT

as Harley enters, closing the door behind him. Klaatu no  
longer wears his helmet and we see his face clearly for the  
first time. Even sitting up in bed, with his shoulder strapped  
in bandages, he is a figure of great authority. His face  
reflects inner dignity and assurance. Harley, who is a  
hardened diplomatist, can't help being impressed by his  
present assignment and a little awed by Klaatu. Harley  
obviously has been sent by the President to find out what he  
can. Klaatu's eyes study him, cool, penetrating, reserved.

HARLEY  
My name is Harley -- Secretary to  
the President  
(Klaatu continues to  
study him silently)  
I've been told that you speak our  
language -- that your name is Mr.  
Klaatu.

KLAATU

(coolly)  
Just Klaatu.

HARLEY  
The President asked me to convey his  
deepest apologies for what has  
happened. We all feel--

KLAATU  
(evenly)  
Sit down, Mr. Harley.

Somewhat relieved, Harley seats himself. He speaks with a  
half smile, hoping to ease the tension.

HARLEY  
I'm sure I don't have to point out  
that your arrival was something of a  
surprise.

(getting a little  
smile from Klaatu,  
he is encouraged to  
do some fishing)  
Had you been traveling long?

KLAATU  
About five months -- your months.

HARLEY  
You must have come a long way.

KLAATU  
About 250 million of your miles.

Harley glances at him quickly to be sure he's not joking.  
He's not.

HARLEY  
Naturally we're very curious to know  
where it is you come from.

KLAATU  
(easily; he's a  
diplomat, too)  
From another planet. Let's just say  
that we're neighbors.

Harley reacts, as his wildest assumptions are so blandly  
corroborated.

HARLEY  
It's rather difficult for us to think  
of another planet as a neighbor.

KLAATU  
I'm afraid, in the present situation  
you'll have to learn to think that  
way.

HARLEY  
(eyebrows raised)  
The present situation?

KLAATU  
I mean the reasons for my coming  
here.

HARLEY  
(his eagerness apparent)  
We're very curious about that, too.  
Would you care to talk about it?

KLAATU  
I'd be glad to.  
(noticing that Harley

is settling himself  
expectantly)  
Not now, of course -- with you alone.

HARLEY  
Perhaps you'd rather discuss it  
personally with the President--

KLAATU  
(somewhat sharply)  
This is not a personal matter, Mr.  
Harley. It concerns all the people  
on your planet.

HARLEY  
(Startled by the scope  
of this statement)  
I -- I'm not sure I understand--

KLAATU  
I want to meet with representatives  
from all the nations of the Earth.

HARLEY  
(shocked and perturbed  
by this notion)  
I'm afraid that would be a little  
awkward. It's -- it's completely  
without precedent. And there are  
practical considerations -- the time  
involved -- the enormous distances.

KLAATU  
(coolly)  
I traveled 250 million miles. What  
about your United Nations?

HARLEY  
(Surprised and a little  
puzzled)  
You know about the United Nations?

KLAATU  
We've been monitoring your radio  
broadcasts for a good many years.  
That's how we learned your languages.  
Lately, we've been getting your  
television also.

HARLEY  
(wryly)  
You must have a rather strange  
impression of us.

KLAATU  
(smiling)  
The first two years of television we  
were convinced that all you did was  
wrestle.

Harley smiles. Then his mind reverts to the seriousness of  
the situation and he speaks gravely.

HARLEY  
I'm sure you recognize from our broad-  
casts the evil forces that have  
produced the tension in our world.  
Surely you would agree--

KLAATU  
(evenly)  
I am not concerned, Mr. Harley, with  
the internal affairs of your planet.  
I consider that to be your business --  
not mine.

HARLEY

I was only hoping to make you understand.

KLAATU

(sternly, impressively)  
My mission here is not to solve your petty squabbles. It concerns the existence of every last creature who lives on Earth.

HARLEY

(uncomfortably)  
Perhaps if you could explain a little--

KLAATU

I intend to explain. To all the nations -- simultaneously.

(his manner precludes opposition)

How do we proceed, Mr. Harley?

Harley is thoroughly shaken. The tremendous force and power implicit in Klaatus's manner preclude the possibility of argument.

HARLEY

(after a long thoughtful moment)

We could call a special meeting of the General Assembly... But of course the UN doesn't represent all of the nations.

KLAATU

Then why not a meeting of all the Chiefs of State?

HARLEY

(helplessly, but patiently)

Believe me, you don't understand. They wouldn't sit down at the same table.

Growing a little impatient with such nonsense, Klaatu eyes him evenly, speaks with Jovian authority.

KLAATU

I don't want to resort to threats, Mr. Harley. I simply tell you bluntly that the future of your planet is at stake... I suggest you transmit that message to the nations of the Earth.

The eyes of the two men meet for a long, silent moment. Then Harley rises quietly.

HARLEY

I will make that recommendation to the President.

(he picks up his brief case and hat)

I must tell you in all honesty that I'm extremely dubious about the results.

KLAATU

(with a half-smile)

Apparently I'm not as cynical about Earth's people as you are.

HARLEY

I've been dealing in Earth's politics

a good deal longer than you have.  
(he bows)  
Goodnight, sir.

He turns and goes out.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He stares after Harley for a moment, puzzled by this strange and apparently unreasoning world he has come to. He shakes his head in thoughtful, tolerant bewilderment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPACE SHIP - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Searchlights have lighted up up the eerie shapes of the space ship and Gort. A circle of soldiers guard the area, while a crew of men can be seen working around the ship.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT SHIP

A Master Sergeant of Engineers, dressed in fatigues, is inspecting the side of the ship carefully. He has an acetylene torch in his hand and a welding helmet over his face. The Major General, previously seen in the hospital sitting room, enters and speaks to the Sergeant.

GENERAL  
Getting any place, Sergeant?

SERGEANT  
(raising his helmet)  
No, sir.  
(shaking his head in annoyance)  
Beats me, General. I saw that ramp come out of the side of the ship -- right here. Now I can't even find a crack!

A man named Carlson, a civilian metallurgical expert, comes into scene. The General nods to him.

GENERAL  
What's the report, Carlson?

CARLSON  
(discouraged)  
We've tried everything from a blowtorch to a diamond drill.

GENERAL  
(nodding toward Gort)  
What about him?

CARLSON  
He's made out of the same stuff.

THREE SHOT - GENERAL, CARLSON AND SERGEANT

GENERAL  
Has he moved?

SERGEANT  
No sir. Not an inch

CARLSON  
This is the toughest material I ever saw, General. For hardness and strength, it's out of this world.

GENERAL  
(with a wry half-smile)  
I can tell you officially -- that's

where it came from.

The two men exchange an uneasy glance, then turn to look at the ship.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - WALTER REED HOSPITAL

Two Medical Corps officers, a Captain and a Major are interestedly studying a series of X-ray films.

MAJOR

The skeletal structure is completely normal.

(pointing)

Same for the major organs -- heart, liver, spleen, kidneys.

CAPTAIN

And the lungs are the same as ours. Must mean a similar atmosphere -- similar pressure.

(nodding, toward  
Klaatu's room)

How old do you think he is?

MAJOR

Oh, I'd say forty-five.

CAPTAIN

(smiling)

He told me this morning when I examined him. He's seventy-eight.

MAJOR

I don't believe it.

CAPTAIN

Their life expectancy is a hundred and thirty.

MAJOR

How does he explain that?

CAPTAIN

He says their medicine is that much more advanced.

(the major stares at  
him blankly)

He was very nice about it. But he made me feel like a third-class witch doctor.

The door to Klaatu's rooms opens and Major White appears. He's the man who attended Klaatu the day before. He closes the door behind him and stands motionless facing the other two, his face wearing a blank expression.

MAJOR WHITE

I took a bullet out of that man's arm yesterday.

FIRST MAJOR

What about it?

MAJOR WHITE

(utterly bewildered)

I just examined the wound and it's all healed.

FIRST MAJOR

What does he say about it?

MAJOR WHITE

Said he put some salve on it -- some  
stuff he had with him.

(shows them a small,  
odd-looking tube in  
his hand)

CAPTAIN

What are you going to do with it?

MAJOR WHITE

Take it downstairs and have it  
analyzed.

(on his way to the  
door, shaking his  
head)

Then I don't know whether I'll just  
get drunk or give up the practice of  
medicine.

As he starts out the door to the corridor, he passes Mr.  
Harley, who is on his way in, carrying his ever-present brief  
case. Harley is accompanied by an enlisted M.P.

FIRST MAJOR

Afternoon, Mr. Harley.

HARLEY

Afternoon, gentlemen.

Harley goes to the door of Klaatu's room, a businesslike  
expression on his face. He knocks on the door, then enters.  
The M.P. remains in the sitting room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

as Harley enters. Klaatu is up out of bed, walking around in  
a Medical Corps robe and pajamas. He appears to be completely  
recovered.

HARLEY

Good afternoon.

(surprised not to  
find him in bed)

I'm glad to see you up and around.

KLAATU

Thank you... Have you any news?

HARLEY

Not very good news, I'm afraid.

(digs into his  
briefcase for some  
papers)

The President accepted your suggestion  
and cabled the invitations for a  
meeting last night.

(grimly)

Let me read you some of the replies.

(he selects a cable  
and reads)

"The Premier wishes to inform the  
Government of the United States that  
it will be impossible for him to  
attend the meeting suggested by the  
President unless the meeting is held  
in Moscow."

(with a grimly-pointed  
glance at Klaatu,  
Harley reads another  
cable)

"The suggestion of the President  
regarding the possibility of a meeting  
in Moscow would be unacceptable to  
Her Majesty's Government at the  
present time. Representation could



be sent only if the meeting were held in Washington."

(he looks up at Klaatu and shrugs)

Well -- there you have it.

Harley extends a sheaf of cables for Klaatu's inspection, but he ignores them. Klaatu has listened to this recital, first incredulously, then with mounting indignation. Conscious of his quiet, Olympian wrath, Harley continues uncomfortably.

HARLEY

I tried to make you understand. The suspicions -- the jealousies -- the mistrust--

(uneasily, under Klaatu's level gaze)

Surely you realize that my government has done everything in its power--

KLAATU

It's not your government I'm thinking about. It's your world.

HARLEY

Now that you understand the situation more clearly, perhaps you'd like to discuss the matter with the President

KLAATU

(sternly)

I will not speak to any one nation or group of nations.

(sharply, bitterly)

I don't intend to add my contribution to your childish jealousies and suspicions.

HARLEY

Our problems are very complex, Mr. Klaatu. You mustn't judge us too harshly.

KLAATU

I can judge only by what I see.

HARLEY

Your impatience is quite understandable.

KLAATU

(sharply)

I am impatient with stupidity. My people have learned to live without it.

HARLEY

(ruefully)

I'm afraid my people haven't.

(with real sincerity)

I'm very sorry -- I wish it were otherwise.

Reluctantly Harley has picked up his hat and brief case. He finds Klaatu staring out the window.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

As he looks out the window thoughtfully. What he sees has given him an idea.

MED. SHOT - HOSPITAL GROUNDS

shooting down, from Klaatu's viewpoint, at people strolling about the hospital grounds. Most of them are civilian

visitors, but there is a sprinkling of nurses and ambulatory patients.

FULL SHOT - HOSPITAL ROOM

As Klaatu turns back to Harley, he speaks thoughtfully, incisively.

KLAATU

Before making any decisions, I think I should get out among your people -- become familiar with the basis for these strange, unreasoning attitudes.

HARLEY

Under the circumstances I'm afraid that will be impossible.

Harley has paused near the door, a little embarrassed by Klaatu's level gaze.

HARLEY

I must ask that you don't attempt to leave the hospital. Our military people have insisted on this. I'm sure you'll understand.

With a polite nod, he goes out. Klaatu stares after him as he realizes that he is in effect a prisoner. He shakes his head slowly, thoughtfully. The ways of this planet are strange indeed.

INT. SITTING ROOM - MED CLOSE SHOT - AT DOOR

Harley has paused to watch as the M.P. takes out a key and inserts it in the lock of Klaatu's door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

As he hears the click of the lock, he turns toward the door. Realizing they've locked him in, he smiles with tolerant amusement.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL SITTING ROOM - MED CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

In the dim light of one lamp, the door to the corridor opens and a nurse enters carrying a tray of medication. She is accompanied by the same M.P. as previously seen. The nurse pauses as the M.P. takes out a key and inserts it in the lock of Klaatu's door. To his surprise he finds that the door is not locked. He exchanges a glance with the nurse, then pulls the door open and hurries inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

as the M.P. crosses the unlighted room toward the bed. The only light cones from the open door to the sitting room. The M.P.'s eyes go wide as he looks at the bed. It is unmade and unoccupied. Terrified, the M.P. turns to the nurse, who is standing in the doorway.

M.P. He's gone!

The M.P. dashes out of the room, through the doorway past the nurse. She turns to follow him as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - NIGHT

A series of short DISSOLVES, showing:

1. The M.P. excitedly reporting Klaatu's disappearance to

the Officer of the Day.

2. The hospital guard detail hurrying out of the guardhouse to form up in front of the Sergeant of the guard.

3. A high-level military conference gathered at a table, discussing the matter with great concern.

4. A street corner newsstand, with people eagerly grabbing papers. The headline reads: "MAN FROM MARS" ESCAPES FROM ARMY HOSPITAL!

5. Radio announcers chattering excitedly into their microphones

6. A series of close-ups of people listening to the radio. Their faces reveal their awestruck terror.

7. A terrified mother drags her two children in from the street through the front door, slams the door and bolts it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

CAMERA is on the back of a man dressed in a business suit, who is walking along the sidewalk of a dimly lighted, almost deserted, middle-class street. He carries a suitcase and he glances idly at the drab-looking stone facades of the old two-story houses. As he passes, from the open windows of the houses come the voices of radio announcers. We get a sentence or two from one house and then, as the man and our CAMERA pass on, this voice fades and another is picked up. We get the impression that everyone is glued to his radio.

RADIO VOICES

(over scene)

--authorities at Walter Reed Hospital refused to comment on how he managed to escape, or what measures might be taken to apprehend him.

--these fantastic descriptions of the creature are denounced as rumor by police Chief Walter Baxter. He is not eight feet tall, as reported -- nor does he have tentacles in place of arms--

--there's no denying that there is a monster at large -- that we are dealing with forces beyond our knowledge and power. The public is urged to take ordinary precautions and to remain calm, as we await further developments--

--three separate reports of people who claim to have seen the "space man" in the past hour. One from Des Moines, Iowa; one from a village in northern Florida; and one from Chicago.

CAMERA OVERTAKES the man as he pauses under the light of a street lamp, and reveals that it is Klaatu. He has stopped to look at something out of scene.

CLOSE SHOT

from Klaatu's viewpoint, of a sign on one of the houses, reading: ROOM FOR RENT

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He seems to hesitate, debating a plan he has in mind. He raises his right arm to scratch his head thoughtfully, and notices for the first time a small tag, or ticket, attached to the inside of the right forearm of the coat he is wearing. Puzzled, he pulls off the ticket and looks at it.

INSERT - TICKET

It is the sort of tag a cleaning establishment attaches to clothing. Printed on it is the legend: CAPITOL DRY CLEANING SERVICE. Scrawled in a penciled hand is the notation: Dr. Carpenter, Bldg. A - Walter Reed Hospital. Cl. & pr. \$1.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He smiles wryly at this reminder of where he got the suit, and he destroys the ticket. He glances down at the suitcase beside him.

CLOSE SHOT - SUITCASE

It bears the initials L.M.C. Klaatu's hand comes into scene and lifts up the suitcase. CAMERA HOLDS as Klaatu carries the bag toward the house and mounts the stone steps to the entrance.

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There 's no light in the room except what splashes in from the hall. Gathered around a television set are five adults and a little boy, their faces eerie in the reflected light from the screen. The room is done in average boardinghouse style -- antimacassars and all. The attention of the people is riveted on the television screen, where a newscaster is reading a bulletin.

TELEVISION COMMENTATOR

--while the President made no effort to minimize the crisis, he urged people all over the country to remain calm. He said the entire facilities of FBI and other federal agencies are being bought to bear. He pointed out, however, that this is no ordinary man hunt. He warned we may be up against powers that are beyond our control.

FULL SHOT

The landlady, a stern-faced woman of middle age, named MRS. CROCKETT, rises nervously and crosses to the television set.

MRS. CROCKETT

(tensely)

I can't stand any more of this. It's enough to drive a person crazy.

She snaps off the set sharply.

TWO SHOT

BOBBY BENSON, a bright-eyed, eleven-year-old, is seated beside his mother, HELEN BENSON, an attractive girl of thirty. Disappointed that the set has been turned off, Bobby's roving eye has fallen on something in the doorway to the hall... Wide-eyed, he nudges his mother and points.

BOBBY

Hey, Mom -- who's that?

FULL SHOT

including the doorway to the hall. Silhouetted motionless against the light from the hall is the figure of a man. All eyes follow Hobby's pointed finger, and there is a stifled gasp as they are startled out of their preoccupation. One of the men turns on the lights and Klaatu is revealed standing calmly in the doorway. There is a shocked silence for a moment, then Mrs. Crockett speaks.

MRS. CROCKETT

(apologizing nervously

for the tension in  
the room)  
I -- I'm sorry. What is it you want?

KLAATU  
My name is Carpenter. I'm looking  
for a room.

There is a noticeable letdown in the general tension, during  
which Booby has been studying Klaatu, his imagination working  
overtime.

BOBBY  
Are you an FBI man?

KLAATU  
No -- I'm afraid not.

Helen has stepped forward to make Bobby desist.

BOBBY  
Bet he is, Mom. Bet he's out looking  
for that space man.

HELEN  
(with an apologetic  
smile at Klaatu)  
I think we've all been hearing too  
much about "space men."

Mrs. Crockett reverts to her role as landlady. She likes to  
think of her house as a home.

MRS. CROCKETT  
(starting the  
introductions with  
Helen)  
This is Mrs. Benson, Mr. Carpenter.  
(with a smile that  
would split a brick)  
And little Bobby.  
(indicating a middle-  
aged couple and a  
younger but more  
wizened man)  
Mr. and Mrs. Barley -- and Mr.  
Krull... I'm Mrs. Crockett.

There are polite noddings and how-do-you-do's. Mrs. Crockett  
is satisfied that she's established a cozy atmosphere.

MRS. CROCKETT  
(pleased to the point  
of challenge)  
Well -- this is our little family.  
(then, getting down  
to business)  
I have a very nice room on the second  
floor.

She leads the way toward the hall and Klaatu starts to follow,  
picking up his suitcase, when he is intercepted by Bobby.

BOBBY  
Can I help you look for the space  
man? Can I?  
(excitedly)  
I know what he looks like! He's got  
a square head -- and, three great  
big eyes!

HELEN  
(good-naturedly,  
calming him down)  
That's enough, Bobby. I think it's

time you went to bed.

MRS. CROCKETT  
(to Bobby, with a  
prop smile)

We mustn't annoy Mr. Carpenter -- or  
he won't want to stay here. She goes  
on into the hall, followed by Klaatu,  
who has exchanged a polite smile  
with Helen.

INT. HALLWAY

as Mrs. Crockett leads the way up the stairs.

MRS. CROCKETT  
He's really a dear little boy -- and  
quiet as a mouse.  
(with a shrewd, chatty  
smile)  
You're a long way from home, aren't  
you, Mr. Carpenter?

KLAATU  
How did you know?

MRS. CROCKETT  
(pleased with her  
cleverness)  
Oh, I can tell a New England accent  
a mile away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Five of the boarders -- Mr. and Mrs. Barley, Mr. Krull, Helen Benson and Klaatu - are finishing their Sunday morning breakfast. Mrs. Barley is a middle-class Helen Hokinson lady, form and unrelenting. Her husband is a born complainer. Mr. Krull is a shriveled little accountant, precise and finicky. As they finish their coffee, all except Helen are immersed in the Sunday papers. Helen seems preoccupied with her own thoughts. From a portable radio on the table comes Gabriel Heater's voice.

GABRIEL HEATER'S VOICE  
--and so, this Sunday morning, we  
ask the question that's been plaguing;  
the entire nation for two days now:  
"Where is this creature and what is  
he up to?" If he can build a space  
ship that can fly to Earth -- and a  
robot that can destroy our tanks and  
guns -- what other terrors can he  
unleash at will? ...Obviously we  
must find this monster. We must track  
him down like a wild animal and  
destroy him.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER PAGE IN MRS. BARLEY'S HANDS

It is a full page layout, in the style of the American Weekly, showing a demented artist's conception of a mass invasion of space ships. Weird-looking creatures are slaughtering Earth people with ray guns. The caption at the top of the image reads: "Are We Long For This World?" (Gabriel Heater's voice continues uninterruptedly over this and the next two scenes.)

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He is reading his paper with considerable interest.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER STORY

The third-page story reads: SAVANT CALLS MEETING TO STUDY SPACE SHIP. Professor Jacob Barnhardt, world-famous scientist and Nobel Prize winner, has invited fellow scientists from all over the world to meet with him in Washington and study the recently landed "Space Ship."

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

His face is thoughtful as he finishes reading. This story seems to impress and interest him. Then suddenly he finds his attention caught at what the Radio Voice is saying.

GABRIEL HEATER'S VOICE

But where would such a creature hide himself? Would he disappear into the north woods? Or would he slither off into the sewers of some great city?

Klaatu has a reaction of affronted dignity at this monstrously distasteful idea.

GROUP SHOT

AS THE RADIO VOICE CONTINUES:

GABRIEL HEATER'S VOICE

There is grave danger -- everyone agrees to that. The question is what can we do to protect ourselves? What measures can we take that will--

During the above, Mrs. Barley has turned to her husband in sharp annoyance.

MRS. BARLEY

George, I wish you'd turn that radio off. I'm trying to concentrate.

Mr. Barley reaches out and snaps off the radio.

MR. BARLEY

(snorting, he tosses his paper down)

Why doesn't the Government do something -- that's what I want to know.

MR. KRULL

(mildly)

What can they do? They're only people -- Just like us.

MR. BARLEY

People my foot! They're Democrats!

MR. KRULL

It's enough to give you the shakes. He's got that robot standing there -- ten-foot tall -- just waiting for orders to destroy us.

HELEN

(thoughtfully)

This space man -- or whatever he is. We automatically assume he's a menace... Maybe he isn't at all.

MR. BARLEY

(glaring at her for this silly notion)

Then what's he hiding for? Why doesn't he come out in the open?

MR. KRULL

Yeah.

(indicating the radio)  
Like the fella says: "What's he up  
to?"

HELEN  
Maybe he's afraid.

MRS. BARLEY  
(with a derisive snort)  
He's afraid!

HELEN  
After all, he was shot the moment he  
landed here.  
(she pauses for a  
moment thoughtfully)  
I was just wondering what I would  
do.

KLAATU  
(to Helen, helpfully)  
Perhaps before deciding on a course  
of action, you'd want to know more  
about the people here -- to orient  
yourself in a strange environment.

MRS. BARLEY  
(sharply)  
There's nothing strange about  
Washington, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU  
(quietly, tongue in  
cheek)  
A person from another planet might  
disagree with you.

MRS. BARLEY  
If you want my opinion, he came from  
right here on Earth.  
(with significant  
emphasis)  
And you know where I mean.

MR. KRULL  
They wouldn't come in a space ship.  
They'd come in airplanes.

MRS. BARLEY  
(as though with  
superior knowledge)  
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

MR. BARLEY  
(delivering the final  
word)  
Stands to reason that fella wants  
some thing or he wouldn't be here.  
(facing Klaatu)  
That make sense, Carpenter?

Klaatu pauses for a moment, then recites pleasantly.

KLAATU  
I must admit I'm a little confused.

Mrs. Crockett enters and speaks to Helen.

MRS. CROCKETT  
Mrs. Benson -- Mr. Stevens is here  
to see you.

HELEN  
Oh -- thank you.



She rises and goes out.

MRS. BARLEY

Finish your coffee, George. I told  
the Carsons we'd be there at eleven.

INT. BOARDINGHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Helen crosses the room to greet TOM STEVENS. He's a personable young man with a breezy manner and considerable charm. There is between them an easy air of Intimacy.

HELEN

(smiling warmly)  
Good morning.

Tom kisses her.

TOM

We're all set. I picked up some sandwiches and put gas in the car. And the radio's still busted, so we can forget about the space man for today.

HELEN

(a little disturbed)  
There's only one thing -- I haven't been able to arrange for anyone to stay with Bobby.  
(tentatively)  
I don't suppose we could take him with us?

TOM

(understandably  
unenthusiastically)  
Well, we could--

HELEN

There's always somebody here, but today of course they've all got plans.

KLAATU'S VOICE

I haven't any plans.

Helen and Tom turn in surprise.

THREE SHOT

including Klaatu, who has wandered in from the dining room, unnoticed by Tom and Helen. Klaatu continues, with an air of wanting to be helpful without wanting to interfere.

KLAATU

I'd be glad to spend the day with him -- if you'd let me.

TOM

(impulsively)  
Say, that'll be great! Wouldn't it, Helen.

HELEN

(hesitating, a little  
confused, by the  
offer)  
It's awfully nice of you to suggest it.  
(remembering the two  
men haven't met)  
I'm sorry Mr. Carpenter -- this is Tom Stevens.

The two men shake hands and exchange how-do-you-do's. Then

Klaatu turns back to Helen.

KLAATU

Bobby and I had a fine time yesterday  
afternoon. We talked -- and listened  
to the radio.

(smiling at Helen)

I thought today he might show me  
around the city.

Helen is debating the matter in her mind, concerned about  
leaving Bobby with a comparative stranger, but tempted because  
of her favorable impression of Klaatu.

KLAATU

(easily)

Suppose I ask Bobby how he feels  
about it.

He turns, with a little smile, and starts out of the room.  
Helen, still not quite decided, turns to Tom with a  
questioning look. Tom nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - FULL SHOT - DAY (STOCK)

The great seated, brooding figure of Lincoln is at the far  
end of the impressive main hall. A few tourists are moving  
about the place.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

They are in the south hall, on the wall of which is inscribed  
the Gettysburg Address. They stand silently, side by side,  
reading the inscription.

INSERT - GETTYSBURG ADDRESS (STOCK)

Featuring the last part of the Address. It reads: "--and  
that government of the people, by the people, for the people,  
shall not perish from the earth."

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

KLAATU

(visibly impressed)

Those are great words.

(with an air of  
discovery)

He must have been a great man.

Bobby is impressed by the depth and sincerity of Klaatu's  
tribute, but a little confused by his air of having discovered  
Lincoln. Bobby watches Klaatu with a puzzled expression,  
then follows as Klaatu moves off slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DAY

shooting against one of the huge fluted columns as Klaatu  
and Bobby come out of the building. Deeply preoccupied, Klaatu  
speaks with impatient urgency.

KLAATU

That's the kind of man I'd like to  
talk to.

Bobby looks up at him in bewilderment. After a moment Klaatu  
speaks slowly, thoughtfully.

KLAATU

Bobby -- who's the greatest man in  
America today?

BOBBY  
(puzzling it over)  
Gee -- I don't know... The space  
man, I guess.

KLAATU  
(secretly amused)  
I was speaking of earth men. I meant  
the greatest philosopher -- the  
greatest thinker.

BOBBY  
You mean the smartest man in the  
whole world?

KLAATU  
Yes -- that would do nicely.

BOBBY  
(after a moments  
thought)  
Well -- Professor Barnhardt, I guess.  
He's the greatest scientist in the  
world.

KLAATU  
(he pauses  
thoughtfully, speaks  
slowly, as he recalls  
the newspaper story  
he read)  
He lives here in Washington, doesn't  
he?

BOBBY  
Sure. Right near where my mother  
works.

KLAATU  
Where is that?

BOBBY  
Department of Commerce. She's a  
secretary.  
(Klaatu nods)  
They have a man they call the  
Secretary, but he isn't at all. My  
mother's a real secretary.  
(after a moment;  
eagerly)  
Mr. Carpenter -- now can we go see  
the space ship?

EXT. THE MALL - LONG SHOT - SPACE SHIP AND GORT - DAY

A crew of Army engineers is in process of erecting a temporary structure such as a large Quonset hut or B29 hanger to enclose the space ship and Gort. The walls are partially up and already have concealed part of the ship. The area is roped off and there are Army guards to keep the sightseers back. There is a crowd of people behind the ropes, watching. CAMERA MOVES IN to reveal the backs of Bobby and Klaatu.

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

Bobby is studying the ship and Gort eagerly, his imagination thoroughly aroused. Klaatu is watching the men at work with mild, quiet amusement.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GORT

from Bobby's viewpoint.

TWO SHOT - BOBBY AND KLAATU

Bobby's eyes are wide with awe as he watches the giant robot.

BOBBY

Boy, I'll bet he's strong. I bet he could knock down a whole building.

KLAATU

(with a quizzical smile)

I shouldn't be at all surprised.

Bobby's attention shifts to the ship.

MED. SHOT - SPACE SHIP

From Bobby's viewpoint.

TWO SHOT - BOBBY AND KLAATU

BOBBY

(excitedly, indicating the ship)

Gee, I'd like to get inside and see how it works. What do you think makes it go?

KLAATU

(quietly, after a glance around)

Well -- atomic power, I would imagine.

BOBBY

(looking at Klaatu incredulously)

I thought that was only for bombs.

KLAATU

No. It's for a lot of other things, too.

BOBBY

You think it can go faster than an F-36?

KLAATU

Yes -- I think so.

MED. CLOSE SHOT KLAATU AND BOBBY

shooting from a side angle to include a couple of men who are listening to Klaatu's conversation. They are nudging each other, amused at the way this man is pretending to explain things to the little boy.

BOBBY

About a thousand miles an hour?

Klaatu has noticed the two men, who have edged a little closer to listen. He is not perturbed by them, but he lowers his voice a bit.

KLAATU

Maybe four thousand miles an hour. And outside the Earth's atmosphere a good deal faster.

BOBBY

(excitedly)

Gee! How could they make a landing?

KLAATU

Well -- there are several ways to reduce landing speed. You see, the velocity--

Klaatu interrupts himself as he realizes that he may be going too far. The two men have moved closer, listening and grinning. One of them whispers to the other behind the back of his hand. Then the man realizes that Klaatu has stopped speaking and is looking at him.

MAN  
(grinning)  
Keep goin', Mister. He was fallin'  
for it.

The two men burst out laughing and move off together. Bobby, who has missed the point of this by-play, looks at Klaatu, then after the men. As they move out of scene they laugh loudly at the little boy's confusion. Klaatu takes Bobby's hand to lead him away from the roped-off area.

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they move away through the crowd.

As they do so, several newsboys are working their way through the crowd with newly arrived extras. The boys are calling out the extras: "Police under fire!" "Army put in charge!" "Space man still at large!" etc. People are eagerly buying the papers. Klaatu and Booby watch this as they pass through the crowd.

CLOSE SHOT - EXTRA

In newsboy's hand. The headline reads: SPACE MAN ELUDES POLICE ARMY PUT IN CHARGE.

CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER EXTRA

In another newsboy's hand. This headline reads: DISTRICT UNDER MARTIAL LAW. CONGRESS ACTS AS POLICE CHIEF REIGNS.

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

as they move on away from the excited crowd of people. Klaatu's reaction has been one of mild curiosity. Bobby looks up at him.

BOBBY  
You think they'll ever find him?

KLAATU  
(alter a moment's  
pause)  
I don't know, Bobby. I'm inclined to  
doubt it.

BOBBY  
(as they continue  
walking)  
Mr. Carpenter -- what does velocity  
mean?

KLAATU  
(preoccupied)  
Velocity is the time rate of change  
of position.

This explanation misses Bobby by several light years. He glances up at Klaatu blankly.

BOBBY  
I'll bet that's the way Professor  
Barnhardt talks.

Pulled out of his reverie, Klaatu glances down at Bobby and smiles apologetically. Bobby grins back at him. Then, as they walk on a few more steps, Klaatu stops and speaks

thoughtfully.

KLAATU

Bobby -- I have an idea. Let's go see Professor Barnhardt and find out how he talks.

BOBBY

(with a half-smile of accusation)  
You're just kidding, aren't you?

KLAATU

Wouldn't you like to meet him?

BOBBY

Well, sure I would, but --  
(he's to be not going taken in)  
Aw, I'll bet you'd be scared.

KLAATU

(with a private smile)  
We can scare him more than he can scare us.

Bobby stares up at him and his face breaks into a broad admiring grin.

BOBBY

I like you, Mr. Carpenter. You're a real screwball.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARNHARDT'S HOUSE - MED. SHOT - DAY

The house is an unimposing old-fashioned structure, shouldered on either side by similar one-family dwellings. There is a flight of stone steps leading up to the entrance and a large porch across the front of the house. Klaatu and Bobby walk into scene and pause, Klaatu glances at Bobby and Bobby nods toward the house. They move on up the steps to the entrance.

MED. CHOOSE SHOT - AT FRONT DOOR

Bobby, all eagerness and excitement, presses the bell. They wait a moment and there is no answer.

BOBBY

(disappointed at the thought)  
Gee -- maybe he isn't home.

Bobby wanders down the porch and looks into a window. Fascinated by what he sees, he gestures to Klaatu.

BOBBY

Betcha this is where he works--

After a glance at the front door, Klaatu joins Bobby at the window and looks in.

FULL SHOT - BARNHARDT'S STUDY

SHOOTING through the window, over the heads of Klaatu and Bobby. The room is more of a workroom than a study. It is in comfortably shabby disarray, with papers and books everywhere. There's a battered old desk and a day bed. One wall is solid bookshelves and on the other two are blackboards covered with a fantastic array of complex equations, graphs and diagrams.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

His attention has been caught by one of the blackboards and he studies it with great interest and curiosity.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - SECTION OF BLACKBOARD

It is covered with a particularly complicated series of equations in a chalky scrawl, involving angles of vector, Keplerian ellipses, etc. The final equations are unsolved; they have no answers after the "equals" sign. Across are little printed signs tacked to the blackboard reading: "Don't erase!" and "Don't touch!"

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

Bewildered, Bobby looks from the blackboard up at Klaatu. Still studying the blackboard, Klaatu is shaking his head and clucking his tonsure as one might at the attempts of a child to solve a problem in arithmetic.

BOBBY  
(indicating the  
equations)  
What does that mean?

KLAATU  
It's a problem in celestial mechanics.

BOBBY  
Bet he's the only one in the world  
knows the answer.

KLAATU  
(he shakes his head,  
smiling)  
He doesn't know the answer. And he'll  
never get it that way.

Bobby moves over to a pair of French doors beyond the window and tries to peer in through the curtained doors. He absently tries the doors and finds them locked. Then he turns away with a disappointed but philosophical shrug.

BOBBY  
We probably couldn't get to see him  
even if he was home.

As Bobby moves away from the doors dejectedly, Klaatu puts his hand on the knob.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

He's watching Klaatu and his eyes widen at what he sees.

BOBBY  
(in complete surprise)  
Hey -- where you going?

CHOOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He has opened the door and is standing in the doorway, his hand, still on the knob. He is smiling at Bobby with secret amusement. He's got an idea.

KLAATU  
If he's that difficult to see, perhaps  
we ought to leave a calling card.

Klaatu disappears into the study. Amazed, Bobby follows.

INT. BARNHARDT'S STUDY

Bobby watches as Klaatu walks to the blackboard and picks up a piece of chalk. As though correcting a schoolboy's work, he makes large check marks at several points in each equation.

EXT. PORCH - BARNHARDT'S HOUSE

An efficient-looking middle-aged woman is mounting the steps to the entrance, getting her front door key out of her purse, when her eye falls on the French doors, which are standing ajar. Puzzled, she starts down the porch toward the doors. This woman is Barnhardt's secretary and her name is HILDA.

Bobby is watching as Klaatu writes across the blackboard in a bold hand: Differentiate the equation ( ).

Klaatu underlines this comment with a sharp stroke, when a stern voice is heard off screen.

HILDA'S VOICE

What are you doing in here?

FULL SHOT

as Klaatu and Bobby turn in surprise. Standing in the open French doors is Hilda, eyeing them with stern suspicion.

HILDA

(outraged by Klaatu's  
desecration of the  
sacred blackboard)

How dare you write on that blackboard!

(Klaatu eyes her mildly)

Do you realize the Professor has  
been working on that problem for  
weeks?

KLAATU

(pleasantly)

He'll catch on to it in no time now.

HILDA

(controlling herself  
with an effort)

How did you get in here? And what do  
you want?

KLAATU

We came to see Professor Barnhardt.

HILDA

Well, he's not here. And he won't be  
back till this evening.

(sternly)

I think you'd better leave now.

Unruffled, Klaatu turns to the desk  
and scribbles something on a scratch  
pad. He tears off the piece of paper  
and hands it to Hilda.

KLAATU

You might keep this.

(with easy assurance)

I think the professor will want to  
get in touch with me.

With a polite nod he goes out the French doors, followed by Bobby. Hilda eyes the door for a moment, then glances down at the paper in her hand, disturbed and puzzled by this stranger. Her glance wanders to the blackboard and she picks up an eraser, debating whether to erase Klaatu's corrections. At that moment the French door opens and Klaatu sticks his head in. Startled, Hilda drops the eraser.

KLAATU

(pointing to the  
blackboard)

I wouldn't erase that. The Professor  
needs it very badly.



And he disappears, leaving Hilda to glare after him in impotent rage. Deciding that this man is either a crackpot or a menace, she goes to the telephone on the desk and starts dialing a number.

EXT. BARNHARDT'S HOUSE - MED. SHOT

as Klaatu and Bobby come down the steps and turn into the sidewalk. They are talking and laughing together, but we can't hear their conversation. CAMERA PANS with them as they move on up the sidewalk, revealing two kids playing hopscotch. Klaatu watches, fascinated, as he walks by. Then, having passed the kids, he tries the one-footed, then two-footed hop that characterizes the game.

INT. BARNHARDT'S STUDY

Hilda is talking on the phone.

HILDA

--no, Sergeant, there was no classified material around, but I have instructions to report anything unusual to the police... Yes -- I'm Professor Barnhardt's secretary.  
(consulting the paper in her hand)  
The man's name is Carpenter -- and he lives at 1615 St. Street, N.W...  
Yes, that's right--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - LONG SHOT - DAY

Bobby and Klaatu come out of a wooded path into a section of the cemetery where the myriad crosses seem to reach into infinity. They pause for a moment, then Bobby leads the way through one of the rows.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - CLOSE SHOT

in one of the many rows are crosses that extend beyond CAMERA RANGE. CAMERA MOVES IN on one of the crosses. It bears the name LT. ROBERT BENSON.

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

as they come into scene and look down at the grave.

BOBBY

That's my father.  
(Klaatu glances at the boy, then nods understandingly)  
He was killed at a place called Anzio.

Klaatu's glance roves out thoughtfully to the infinite rows of crosses, and his eyes are sad as they return to Bobby.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - MED. SHOT - DAY

Klaatu and Bobby are approaching a bench beside a pathway overhung with trees. Bobby leads the way to the bench and they sit down. Klaatu's eyes stray out to the myriad crosses.

KLAATU

(Reflectively)  
Did all these people die in wars?

BOBBY

(somewhat surprised)  
Sure. Didn't you ever hear of

Arlington Cemetery?

KLAATU

No -- I'm afraid not.

BOBBY

(very serious)

Mr. Carpenter" -- you don't seem to know about anything.

KLAATU

(Amused)

I'll tell you, Bobby -- I've been away for a long time. Very far away.

BOBBY

Is it different where you've been?

(indicating the cemetery)

Don't they have places like this?

KLAATU

(slowly)

They have cemeteries. But not like this one... You see, they don't have any wars.

Bobby looks at him, puzzled and impressed by this incomprehensible notion.

BOBBY

Gee -- that's a good idea.

His eyes are drawn subconsciously out to the rows of crosses. Then he turns back to Klaatu with a slow-dawning look of curiosity, and Klaatu deliberately changes the subject.

KLAATU

What would you like to do this afternoon?

After a moment Bobby's expression changes and he breaks into a broad grin.

BOBBY

Go to the movies.

KLAATU

All right.

BOBBY

(he didn't dare hope for this)

No foolin'? Will you?

KLAATU

Certainly.

(then he hesitates)

Tell me, Bobby -- do you have to have money to go there?

Bobby gives him a look of amazement, then grins, assuming Klaatu was kidding and simply hasn't any money.

BOBBY

(eagerly)

I've got some money. My mother gave me two dollars.

KLAATU

No -- I want to take you to the movies.

(he takes some objects out of his pocket)

Do you think they'd accept these?

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU'S HAND

Sparkling in his palm are eight or ten cut diamonds of various sizes.

TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND BOBBY

The boy is staring at the stones in wide-eyed amazement.

BOBBY

Gee -- those look like diamonds!

KLAATU

Some places that's what people use for money. They're easy to carry -- and they don't wear out.

BOBBY

(staring at them  
fascinated)

Bet they're worth about a million dollars.

KLAATU

Would you give me your two dollars for a couple of them?

BOBBY

(with a nervous, unsure  
smile)

Well, sure, but--

The boy studies Klaatu's face to see if he's kidding. Realizing that he's not, Bobby's face takes on a childish shrewd expression -- as though he were about to trade a jackknife for an ocean liner.

BOBBY

(slowly)

Okay.

The boy takes out two dollar bills and offers them almost challengingly. Klaatu takes the bills and hands Bobby two good-sized Diamonds. They study their new acquisitions with interest. Bobby looks up from his diamonds to steal a guilty glance at Klaatu.

BOBBY

Let's not say anything to my mother about this, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU

(mildly curious)

Why not, Bobby?

BOBBY

(gravely)

She doesn't like me to steal from people.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOARDINGHOUSE STREET - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Shooting toward the curb as a police prowl car drives up and stops in front of the boardinghouse. A Detective in plainclothes gets out and gestures to the uniformed Driver to pull up the street a way and wait. The Driver nods and the car moves off as the Detective crosses the sidewalk to the boardinghouse.

EXT. BOARDINGHOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As the Detective mounts the steps he glances through a window

into the living room. Klaatu can be seen reading to Bobby, who is perched happily on the arm of Klaatu's chair. The Detective moves to the front door and rings the bell. There is the sound of running feet and in a moment the door is opened and Bobby appears.

DETECTIVE

Mr. Carpenter come home yet?

BOBBY

(studying the man  
curiously)

Yeah -- he's right inside.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - BOARDINGHOUSE

DETECTIVE

Tell him I'd like to see him.

BOBBY

(calling out)

Mr. Carpenter--!

(to the Detective)

Come on in.

The Detective steps inside and Bobby closes the door, as Klaatu appears from the living room.

DETECTIVE

Your name Carpenter?

KLAATU

(puzzled that anyone  
should know him)

Yes.

(then recalling, with  
a smile of  
satisfaction)

Oh -- I suppose Professor Barnhardt's  
looking for me.

DETECTIVE

(dryly, with grim  
emphasis)

I been looking for you all afternoon.

EXT. BOARDINGHOUSE STREET - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

An inexpensive convertible -- a 1948 Ford, or Chevrolet -- drives up and stops in front of the house. Helen and Tom are in it.

INT. CONVERTABLE - TWO SHOT - HELEN AND TOM

You get the feeling that Helen and Tom have spent a very enjoyable day together and are reluctant to say goodnight. Tom puts his arm around her and kisses her.

HELEN

(fondly)

It was a wonderful day.

TOM

You still haven't answered my  
question.

HELEN

(warmly sincere)

You know how I feel, Tom. I just  
want to think it over.

TOM

The boss is leaving for Chicago  
tomorrow. If I could tell him I was  
getting married -- with two dependents--

HELEN  
(smiling)  
You're a good salesman -- but I've  
got to think about it.

TOM  
A good insurance salesman wouldn't  
give you time to think.

With a smile and, a quick kiss, Helen gets out of the car.

HELEN  
'Night.

MED. SHOT

as Helen turns and hurries across the sidewalk to the house.  
In the entrance she turns and waves to Tom. He waves back  
and drives off slowly. Helen lets herself in with her key.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - BOARDINGHOUSE

The Detective is putting on his hat and preparing to leave  
with Klaatu as Helen enters. There is a moment of awkwardness  
and confusion as she glances, puzzled, at the Detective.  
Bobby runs to her and greets her excitedly.

BOBBY  
Hi Mom!

HELEN  
Hello, darling.  
(she kisses Bobby,  
then turns  
questioningly to  
Klaatu and the  
Detective)  
Good evening, Mr. Carpenter.

Klaatu is uneasy but tries not to show it as he smiles in  
greeting and introduces the Detective.

KLAATU  
Mrs. Benson -- this is Mr. Brady.

BOBBY  
(Impressively)  
Mr. Brady's a cop.

Helen glances quickly at the Detective, then at Klaatu,  
surprised and troubled. She turns to Bobby to cover her  
confusion.

HELEN  
(to Bobby)  
Did you have a nice day, dear?

BOBBY  
(enthusiastically)  
Boy, we had a swell time. Didn't we,  
Mr. Carpenter?

KLAATU  
We certainly did.

BOBBY  
We went to the movies -- and we had  
ice cream cones -- and we went to  
see Daddy--

HELEN  
(moved and grateful,  
she's uneasy and  
concerned as she

turns to Klaatu)  
I don't know how to thank you.

KLAATU  
I enjoyed every minute of it.

DETECTIVE  
(with quiet insistence)  
We better get goin', Mr. Carpenter.

As Klaatu nods and prepares to follow him, Bobby speaks to Klaatu.

BOBBY  
Aw, gee -- we didn't finish our story.

KLAATU  
We'll finish it tomorrow... Goodnight,  
Bobby.

BOBBY  
(reluctantly)  
Goodnight.

Klaatu and the Detective nod to Helen and they go out. Helen watches the door close with real concern, wondering why the police want Klaatu and hoping he hasn't done anything wrong. Still disturbed, she turns to lead Bobby upstairs.

HELEN  
Come on, Bobby. Time to go to bed.

BOBBY  
(he follows her,  
then hesitates)  
Mom -- why does Mr. Carpenter have  
to go down to the police station?

HELEN  
I -- I don't know, dear... Perhaps  
there's some mistake.

This satisfies him for the moment -- even though it doesn't satisfy Helen. He is climbing the stairs beside her.

BOBBY  
We sure had fun today. We saw the  
space ship and we went to see  
Professor Barnhardt -- and--

HELEN  
(flashing him a  
puzzled, incredulous  
look)  
Professor Barnhardt.

BOBBY  
(almost ignoring the  
interruption)  
Yeah, sure. Mom, do I have to go to  
school tomorrow?

HELEN  
Of course, dear.

BOBBY  
Aw, gee, Mom -- I had plans to play  
with Mr. Carpenter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The place is crowded and there is a feeling of feverish but well-ordered activity. Unidentified people who have been

picked up in the search for the space man are being screened by the police. They are all men -- all between forty and sixty years old -- and they are from all walks of life. A series of desks have been arranged in a row, with signs over them reading IDENTIFICATION. At each desk is a team of cops and before each desk is a line of men waiting to be screened. At the far end of the room Klaatu can be seen at the desk of a Police Lieutenant, with the detective who picked him up.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

Shooting over the shoulders of two cops at one of the desks, toward the line of people they are screening. A nondescript, middle-aged vagrant stands before the desk as one of the cops flips through a card file.

FIRST COP

(to the cop beside  
him)

B.M. Alberts -- no prior arrests.

SECOND COP

(to the vagrant)

No identification?

(the man shakes his  
head dully)

Send him over to G-2.

The man is taken out of the line as CAMERA MOVES ON to the next desk, with another pair of cops and another line. A rather distinguished-looking business man is placing a sheaf of identification cards and papers on the desk.

BUSINESSMAN

My wife just arrived with my  
identification.

One of the cops at the desk glances over the papers and nods to the man.

THIRD COP

That'll be all, Mr. Baxter. Sorry to  
bother you... Next.

CAMERA MOVES ON to a third desk where a small, rat-faced man is standing uneasily before the two cops, one of whom is flipping through a card file.

FOURTH COP

Cappo, John C?

(the man nods)

Two priors -- one for petty theft --  
one for shoplifting.

FIFTH COP

(waving the man away)

Okay, Jonny -- you can go.

MAN

(with a nervous grin)

Sometimes a record comes in handy.  
(and he moves off)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT LIEUTENANT'S DESK

A Detective Lieutenant in plain clothes is questioning Klaatu, who stands beside the Detective who brought him in. The Lieutenant is a rugged but dignified man about fifty, intelligent and businesslike.

LIEUTENANT

The Professor's secretary says she  
found you in Barnhardt's room, making  
marks on his blackboard.

KLAATU  
I was only trying to be helpful. He  
was having difficulty with a problem.

The Lieutenant exchanges a look with the Detective.

LIEUTENANT  
(sardonically)  
Oh, I see. He was having trouble and  
you were helping him out.

KLAATU  
(pleasantly)  
That's right.

LIEUTENANT  
(quietly sharp and  
accusing)  
I suppose you know that Barnhardt  
does a lot of secret work for the  
Army.

KLAATU  
In this case the secret wouldn't be  
worth much. He doesn't know the answer  
himself.

LIEUTENANT  
(growing impatient)  
But I suppose you know the answer.

KLAATU  
(with a deprecating  
shrug)  
It's really quite simple... The three-  
body problem, you know.

The lieutenant shifts in his chair, annoyed that he has to  
deal with this madman. He glances at a report on his desk,  
trying to control his impatience.

LIEUTENANT  
Your name's Carpenter -- that right?  
(Klaatu nods)  
Any identification, Mr. Carpenter?  
Driver's license -- social security  
number?

KLAATU  
No -- I'm afraid not.

LIEUTENANT  
Well, how do I know who you are?

KLAATU  
(secretly amused)  
You don't.

The Lieutenant is turning away in exasperation as a uniformed  
cop comes into the scene.

COP  
Excuse me, Lieutenant --  
(pointing offscene)  
The Doc says this man needs treatment  
right away.

MED. SHOT

A man about forty-five, bloodied and badly beaten, is being  
supported and half-carried by two policemen. A police doctor  
is guiding them to a doorway, near which is a sign INFIRMARY.  
The man is almost unconscious, incapable even of holding up  
his head.



LIEUTENANT

What's the story?

COP

Some fella caught him lookin' in a window and figured he was the space man. The whole neighborhood went crazy and they ganged up on him. Would have killed him if we hadn't come along... Turns out he was just a prowler.

The Lieutenant grimaces his disgust and impatience with mob violence.

LIEUTENANT

Okay -- book him and get him fixed up.

(the cops nods and goes, and the Lieutenant growls as he turns back to Klaatu and the Detective)

Looks like everybody's goin' nuts.

KLAATU

(appalled by what he has seen and heard)

They would have killed this man?

LIEUTENANT

(gruffly)

People get hysterical enough, they do anything.

(impatiently)

Look, Mr. Carpenter -- if you can't identify yourself, I got to send you over to the Army.

KLAATU

(pretending impatience, but actually growing concerned)

How long will that take?

LIEUTENANT

They can tell right away. They've got a couple of doctors who saw this man in the hospital.

(to the Detective)

Take him over to G2.

Really concerned now, Klaatu tries to find a way out. He attempts an authoritative air.

KLAATU

It's very important, Lieutenant, that I see Professor Barnhardt.

DETECTIVE

Come on, Mr. Carpenter--

Shaking off the Detective's hand, Klaatu speaks to the Lieutenant.

KLAATU

May I suggest that you call the Professor?

LIEUTENANT

(all patience gone)

Get going, will you, Brady -- before

I get mad!

The Detective takes Klaatu's arm and leads him toward the door. As they go they pass a Military Police Captain, who makes his way straight to the Lieutenant's desk.

EXT. POLICE STATION - TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND DETECTIVE

as they come out of the station. Klaatu hesitates a moment, looks around. His face reveals nothing, but he seems to be momentarily considering the idea of making a break. The Detective, sensitive to such a possibility, hooks his arm under Klaatu's and nods his head toward the sidewalk in silent command. Klaatu allows himself to be led off.

MED. SHOT

as the Detective leads Klaatu across the sidewalk to the curb, where a police car is standing. Parked just behind it is an Army staff car.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - ENTRANCE TO POLICE STATION

as the M.P. Captain appears in the entrance, accompanied by the Police Lieutenant. They see Klaatu and the Detective approaching the police car and hurry out of scene after them.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - AT POLICE CAR

LIEUTENANT  
(to the Detective)  
Wait a minute, Brady--  
(indicating orders in  
his hand)  
The Captain here's got orders from  
General Cutler to take this man over  
to Professor Barnhardt.

M.P. CAPTAIN  
(to Klaatu firmly but  
respectfully)  
Will you come with me, Sir?

MED. SHOT

as Klaatu gets out of the police car and the Captain escorts him toward the staff car. Passing the Lieutenant, Klaatu speaks with a polite smile, a smile that might be one of mild triumph.

KLAATU  
Sorry to trouble you, Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant reacts with impatient exasperation as the Captain holds the staff car door open for Klaatu, who steps into the Army vehicle, as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BARNHARDT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

as the M.P. Captain and Klaatu enter the front door, which is held open for them by Hilda. She gestures them toward the half-open door of Barnhardt's study, where Barnhardt can be seen puzzling over the problem on the blackboard. The Captain knocks on the open door to attract his attention and enters with Klaatu.

INT. BARNHARDT'S STUDY

Barnhardt turns from his deep preoccupation at the blackboard, chalk in hand.

M.P. CAPTAIN  
This is the man you wanted to see,

Professor.

BARNHARDT  
(studying Klaatu  
curiously)  
Thank you, Captain.

M.P. CAPTAIN  
I'll wait outside.

He steps out into the hall, closing the door. Barnhardt continues to study Klaatu for a moment, then points to the notations he made on the blackboard. There is a controlled but anxious excitement in Barnhardt's attitude.

BARNHARDT  
You wrote this?

KLAATU  
(nodding easily)  
It was a clumsy way to introduce myself -- but I understand you're a difficult man to see.  
(glancing at the  
blackboard  
reproachfully)  
I thought you'd have the solution by this time.

BARNHARDT  
Not yet. That's why I wanted to see you.

Klaatu glances at the work Barnhardt has been doing on the board. Then he points to one of the expressions in an equation.

KLAATU  
All you have to do now is substitute this expression--  
(pointing to a specific  
place)  
--at this point.

Impressed and interested, Barnhardt tugs at his chin as he studies and weighs the results.

BARNHARDT  
(slowly, thoughtfully)  
Yes -- that will reproduce the first-order terms. But what about the effect of the other terms?

KLAATU  
Almost negligible... With variation of parameters, this is the answer.

BARNHARDT  
How can you be so sure? Have you tested this theory?

KLAATU  
(with a slight smile)  
I find it works well enough to get me from one planet to another.  
(Barnhardt stares at  
him blankly)  
I understand you've called a meeting to study our space ship.

BARNHARDT  
As though unsure of what he's heard)  
Yes -- yes, I have.

KLAATU

My name is Klaatu.  
(noting that  
Barnhardt's expression  
is changing from  
amazement to  
incredulity)

I spent two days at your Walter Reed  
Hospital. Room 309. My doctor's name  
was Major White -- and I had a very  
attractive nurse called Ruth, who's  
getting married next Wednesday.

(Klaatu waits for  
this to sink in,  
then speaks with  
quiet authority)

If you are not interested -- or if  
you intend to turn me over to your  
Army -- we needn't waste any more  
time.

Barnhardt hesitates for a long, thoughtful moment. Then he  
goes to the door, opens it and speaks to the Captain outside.

BARNHARDT

(to the Captain, his  
voice a little  
unsteady)

You can go now, Captain. Please thank  
General Cutler and tell him -- tell  
him that I know this gentleman.

Barnhardt closes the door and turns to find Klaatu watching  
him with a faint smile. Barnhardt sinks into a chair, trying  
to adjust his mind.

KLAATU

(dryly)

You have faith, Professor Barnhardt

BARNHARDT

It isn't faith that makes good  
science, Mr. Klaatu. Its curiosity.

(unable to conceal  
his interest)

Sit down, please. I have several  
thousand questions to ask you.

KLAATU

(ignoring the  
invitation)

I would like to explain something of  
my mission here.

BARNHARDT

That was my first question.

KLAATU

(with some bitterness)

It was my intention to discuss this  
officially -- with all the nations  
of the Earth -- but I was not allowed  
the Opportunity. I have come to  
realize since that your mutual fears  
and suspicions are merely the normal  
reactions of a primitive society.

(gathering his thoughts)

We know from scientific observation  
that you have discovered a rudimentary  
kind of atomic energy. We also know  
that you are experimenting with  
rockets.

BARNHARDT

Yes -- that is true.

KLAATU

In the hands of a mature civilization,  
these would not be considered weapons  
of aggression. But in the hands of  
your people--

(he shrugs and shakes  
his head)

We've observed your aggressive  
tendencies, and we don't trust you  
with such power.

BARNHARDT

(puzzled)

If you mean that you are afraid of  
us--

KLAATU

(with cool impressive  
emphasis)

We want to be sure you don't make --  
let us say -- an unfortunate mistake.  
We know the potentiality of these  
developments and we are disturbed to  
find them in the hands of children...  
You see, we've had atomic energy for  
five thousand of your years.

(indicating the  
telephone)

We discarded instruments like this  
many centuries ago.

(he paces thoughtfully)

So long as you were limited to  
fighting among yourselves -- with  
your primitive tanks and planes --  
we were unconcerned. But soon you  
will apply atomic energy to space  
ships -- and then you become a threat  
to the peace and security of other  
planets. That, of course, we cannot  
tolerate.

BARNHARDT

(thoughtful and  
impressed)

These other planets -- do they have  
peace and security?

KLAATU

We had our atomic wars -- thousands  
of years ago.

(he smiles wryly)

After that we fought with bows and  
arrows. Then, slowly, we learned  
that fighting is no solution -- that  
aggression leads to chaos.

BARNHARDT

(with deep conviction)

We scientists understand this. Even  
we primitive scientists.

(Straightforwardly)

What exactly is the nature of your  
mission, Mr. Klaatu?

KLAATU

I came here to warn you that, by  
threatening danger, your planet faces  
danger -- very grave danger. I am  
prepared, however, to offer a  
solution.

BARNHARDT

Would you care to be more specific?

KLAATU

(evenly)  
What I have to say must be said to  
all concerned.

(with a suggestion of  
deference to Barnhardt)  
It is too important to be entrusted  
to any individual.

Barnhardt is forced reluctantly to accept Klaatu's refusal  
to go any further. After a moment's thought, he speaks  
seriously, but with a twinkle in his eye.

BARNHARDT

I gather that your efforts on the  
official level were not entirely  
successful.

KLAATU

(sternly, as this  
unpleasant episode  
is recalled)  
I come to you as a last resort --  
and I confess that my patience is  
wearing thin.  
(with Jovian annoyance)  
Must I take drastic action in order  
to get a hearing?

BARNHARDT

(uneasily)  
What -- what sort of action do you  
mean?

KLAATU

Violent action -- since that seems  
to be the only thing you people  
understand.  
(quietly)  
Leveling the island of Manhattan,  
perhaps -- or dropping the Rock of  
Gibraltar into the sea.

Barnhardt stands staring at him for a moment, passes his  
hand across his brow. Then, as Klaatu watches, Barnhardt  
paces the floor, trying to digest what he has heard. After a  
moment, he turns to Klaatu.

BARNHARDT

Would you be willing to meet with  
the group of scientists I am calling  
together?. Perhaps you could explain  
your mission to them, and they in  
turn could present it to their various  
peoples.

KLAATU

(quietly, evenly)  
That's what I came to see you about.

Barnhardt flings him a glance, then looks momentarily  
sheepish. But his own eagerness carries him on. He paces the  
floor thoughtfully.

BARNHARDT

It is not enough to have men of  
science. We scientists are too easily  
ignored -- or misunderstood. We must  
get important men from every field.  
Educators -- philosophers -- church  
leaders -- men of vision and  
imagination -- the finest minds in  
the world.

KLAATU

I leave that in your hands.

BARNHARDT

You'd have no objection to revealing yourself at this meeting?

KLAATU

No -- not at all.

BARNHARDT

What about your personal safety in the meantime? What about the Army -- and the police?

KLAATU

My name is Carpenter and I'm a very earthy character living in a respectable boarding house.

BARNHARDT

(smiling, but a little concerned)

I'm afraid I can't offer you any real protection. I have no influence in cases of inter-planetary conspiracy.

KLAATU

I'm sure I'll be quite safe until the meeting.

BARNHARDT

(he suddenly pauses, thoughtfully)

One thing, Mr. Klaatu. Suppose this group should reject your proposals. What is the alternative?

KLAATU

(with a sense of quiet, inescapable power)

I'm afraid you have no alternative. In such, a case the planet Earth would have to be--

(he looks for the right word)

--eliminated.

The implications of this statement leave Barnhardt speechless, his keen mind reeling.

BARNHARDT

Such power exists?

KLAATU

I assure you such power exists.

Barnhardt stands silent for a moment, trying to collect his shattered thoughts. Klaatu watches him as he starts pacing again.

BARNHARDT

The people who came to the meeting must be made to realize this. They must understand what is at stake.

(after a thoughtful moment, he looks up)

You mentioned a demonstration of force--

KLAATU

Yes.

BARNHARDT

Would such, a demonstration be possible before the meeting?

KLAATU  
Yes -- of course.

BARNHARDT  
Something that would dramatize for  
them and for their people the  
seriousness of the situation.  
Something that would affect the entire  
planet.

KLAATU  
(with a nod)  
That can easily be arranged.

BARNHARDT  
(frightened by his  
easy assumption of  
infinite power)  
I wouldn't want you to harm anybody --  
or destroy anything.

KLAATU  
(easily)  
Why don't you leave it to me? I'll  
think of something.

BARNHARDT  
(with a nervous half-  
smile)  
Maybe a little demonstration.

KLAATU  
(thinking about it)  
Something dramatic -- but not  
destructive.  
(intellectually amused)  
It's quite an interesting problem.  
(Barnhardt nods vaguely)  
Would day after tomorrow be all right?  
Say about noon?

Klaatu's bland manner leaves Barnhardt shaken, almost wishing  
he'd never started this business.

FADE OUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - BOARDINGHOUSE - NIGHT

It is about 3:30 the following evening. Helen is sitting in  
a chair leafing through a magazine. She is dressed to go  
out. A corner of the dining room can be seen, where Mr. and  
Mrs. Barley are playing cards with Mr. Krull. Mrs. Crockett,  
the landlady, enters from the hall on her way to the dining  
room and notices Helen.

MRS. CROCKETT  
Going out, dear?

HELEN  
Yes, I'm waiting for Tom to pick me  
up.

MRS. CROCKETT  
(with a shudder)  
Personally, I won't go out after  
dark these days.  
(with an attempt at  
slyness)  
But then -- I'm not courting, am I?

She turns to go on into the dining room and as she does so  
almost bumps into Klaatu who is coming out, having been  
kibitzing the card game.



MRS. CROCKETT  
(thoroughly startled)  
Oh -- Mr. Carpenter--!

Klaatu steps aside as she hurries nervously into the dining room. He turns, puzzled, to find Helen watching with a slight smile.

KLAATU  
Everyone seems so--  
(he shakes his hands  
to indicate  
nervousness)

HELEN  
Jittery is the word.

Helen watches him, a little uneasy in his presence. She is fond of him, and she can't help being curious and concerned about his brush with the police.

KLAATU  
(with a contemplative  
smile)  
Bobby's the only person I know who  
isn't -- Jittery.

HELEN  
He has his homework to keep him  
occupied.

KLAATU  
(fondly, sincerely)  
He's a fine boy, Mrs. Benson.

HELEN  
Naturally I think so.

KLAATU  
Warm and friendly and intelligent--  
(thoughtfully)  
You know -- he's the only real friend  
I've made since I've been here.

Helen is deeply moved by Klaatu's affection for the boy, She tried to dismiss her curiosity about him, but she can't. She decides to face it.

HELEN  
(hesitantly and with  
some difficulty)  
Mr. Carpenter -- this is none of my  
business, but -- why did that  
detective come here last night?

KLAATU  
(with easy frankness)  
Oh -- they just wanted to ask me a  
few questions. Bobby and I tried to  
see Professor Barnhardt in the  
afternoon, but he wasn't in.  
Apparently they thought I was looking  
for secrets of some kind.

Helen has reacted in puzzlement at this second mention of Barnhardt. They are interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. Helen goes to answer it.

INT. HALLWAY

as Helen opens the front door to admit Tom. He appears impatient, anxious to get going.

HELEN  
Hello--

TOM  
You ready?

HELEN  
I will be in just a minute.

TOM  
(a little annoyed  
that she hasn't her  
coat on, he consults  
his watch)  
The picture starts at eight-fifty.

HELEN  
(in explanation)  
I was talking to Mr. Carpenter.

TOM  
(lightly, but with  
real sarcasm  
underneath)  
I hope Mr. Carpenter won't think I'm  
intruding.

Helen tries to shush him, to indicate Klaatu is in the next room, when Klaatu appears in the doorway. He must have heard Tom's remark, and there is an awkward moment. Klaatu is completely unperturbed, but Helen is embarrassed.

KLAATU  
Excuse me. I was just going up to my  
room.

HELEN  
(guiltily)  
Goodnight, Mr. Carpenter.

Klaatu stops and turns to face them pleasantly.

KLAATU  
Have a good time -- both of you.

He goes on up the stairs. Helen steers Tom toward the living room.

HELEN  
Why don't you wait in here while I  
get my things?

INT. LIVING ROOM

As they enter from the hall, Helen turns to Tom reproachfully.

HELEN  
(quietly)  
Oh, Tom, that was awful.

TOM  
(momentary apologetic)  
I'm sorry. I guess I'm just tired of  
hearing about Mr. Carpenter.  
(Helen shushes him)  
I don't like the way he's attached  
himself to you and Bobby. After all,  
what do you know about him?

This touches on Helen's own private doubts, and she cannot answer.

HELEN  
I'll go get my things.

She turns quickly and goes into the hall and hurries up the stairs. Tom looks after her, dismissing the matter with a

shake of the head and a philosophical sigh. Of such stuff are women made.

INT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Helen reaches the top of the stairs, crosses to her room and grabs a coat off the bed. She's putting it on as she moves down the hall to Bobby's room, the door of which is open.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM

Bobby is at a table doing his homework and Klaatu has just finished explaining an arithmetic problem to him, as Helen enters, still putting on her coat.

KLAATU  
(about to leave)  
All you have to remember is, first  
find the common denominator -- then  
subtract.

BOBBY  
Thanks, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU  
(to Helen, pleasantly)  
I'll say goodnight again.

Helen is embarrassed. She would like to apologize for the awkwardness downstairs but she doesn't quite know how to go about it.

HELEN  
Mr. Carpenter, I--  
(it's too complicated;  
she can't do it)  
Goodnight.

KLAATU  
(with a warm smile of  
complete understanding  
and appreciation)  
Goodnight, my dear.

He turns and goes out, closing the door. A little distracted, Helen turns to Bobby.

HELEN  
Go to bed, darling. You can finish  
that in the morning.

BOBBY  
Okay.

Helen watches as he starts to put away his work. She wants to tell him something, but finds it difficult to say.

HELEN  
(hesitantly, almost  
guiltily)  
Bobby -- I think it would be better  
if we didn't see quite so much of  
Mr. Carpenter

BOBBY  
(shocked, and  
bewildered)  
Gee, why, Mom? He's my best friend...  
And he's awful good in arithmetic.  
He even helps Professor Barnhardt.

HELEN  
Did you and Mr. Carpenter really go  
to see Professor Barnhardt?

BOBBY  
Sure we did! He wasn't there but we  
went to see him. And Mr. Carpenter  
showed him how to do his arithmetic.

Helen is surprised to get this corroboration for Klaatu's  
story. Sensing his mother's uneasiness, the boy looks for  
something intriguing -- some deep, dark secret.

BOBBY  
(shrewdly)  
Mom -- is there something wrong with  
Mr. Carpenter?

HELEN  
What do you mean, dear?

BOBBY  
I mean -- on account of that policeman  
last night.  
(his eyes light up  
hopefully)  
You think he's a bank robber, maybe?  
Or a gangster?

HELEN  
No, dear, of course not. He's a very  
nice man. I just think he might prefer  
to be left alone. Now you get to bed  
and forget about it.  
(she kisses him)  
'Night, darling.

With a reassuring smile, she starts for the door.

BOBBY  
Goodnight.  
(stopping her in the  
doorway, his  
imaginative suspicions  
mounting)  
Hey Mom -- why would he want to be  
alone?

Not wanting to go into this any further, Helen blows him a  
kiss and backs out, closing the door. Bobby stands thinking  
for a moment, his mind still speculating on all sorts of  
wonderful possibilities. Still preoccupied, he drifts over  
to his bed and sits down to take off his shoes. He drops the  
first one to the floor and is starting on the other, when  
there is a light rap on his door. The door opens and Klaatu  
appears.

KLAATU  
Bobby -- have you a flashlight?

BOBBY  
(surprised by his  
appearance and his  
request)  
Yeah -- sure.  
(he goes to a drawer  
and gets a large  
hand flashlight)  
It's a real Boy Scout flashlight.

Bobby hands him the light, studying his face with eager  
curiosity.

BOBBY  
What do you want it for, Mr.  
Carpenter?

KLAATU  
(evasively)

Why -- the light in my room went  
out.

(cutting off further  
questions)

Thank you, Bobby. Goodnight.

Klaatu goes out, closing the door behind him. Bobby hesitates a moment, puzzled and curious. Then he goes over to the door, flips off the lights, and slowly, noiselessly opens the door a crack so he can peer out into the hall.

MED. SHOT

shooting down the hall through the crack in Bobby's door.

Klaatu's door is ajar and through it the lights in his room can be seen burning brightly. Klaatu goes to his door, reaches in and flips off the lights and closes the door. He then scans the hall in both directions. Satisfied he isn't seen, he moves surreptitiously down the hall toward the stairs, still carrying the flashlight.

MED CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

as he closes his door carefully, an expression of intense excitement on his face. What he has seen is certainly, unmistakably suspicious. Why did Mr. Carpenter lie to him? What does he want the flashlight for and where is he going? Bobby decides he's got to find out. Hurriedly he laces on the shoe he had taken off, and peers out the door to find the hall clear. He slips out the door, closing it behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

Klaatu is walking down the dark, semi-deserted street with the determined stride of a man with a definite objective.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

Half a block behind, he's following Klaatu, eagerly, flushed with a sense of excitement and adventure.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Walking along the sidewalk, Klaatu turns into a side street, disappearing from view around the corner. In a moment, Bobby hurries into scene breathlessly. He pulls up for a moment to rest. Then, getting his breath, he dashes on around the corner after Klaatu.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LARGE TEMPORARY BUILDING - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

This is a temporary structure that has been erected to enclose the space ship and Gort. In front of the one small door are two soldiers, standing guard. Concealed in some foreground foliage, studying the layout, is Klaatu. Nearby 's a sign reading: KEEP OUT! This area OFF LIMITS to the public. U.S. ARMY.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

He is a short distance away, watching Klaatu eagerly.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

as he studies the situation.

MED. SHOT

shooting over Klaatu's shoulder. As he watches, a Jeep filled with armed soldiers -- apparently regular patrol -- drives up to the entrance of the building. They stop for a moment while their Sergeant checks with the guards. Assured that everything is under control, the Sergeant signals his driver and the Jeep moves off.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

Scanning the side of the building, he sees what he's looking for. Waiting until the Jeep disappears, he starts toward one side of the building, keeping himself concealed in the foliage.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

puzzled and interested, as he watches Klaatu.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

The two sentries standing in front of the building.

MED. SHOT

as Klaatu maneuvers around the side of the building, where there is a window. It has no glass in it but is heavily barred.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

as he leaves the concealing foliage and crosses the clear, grassy area surrounding the building. He stops and tries to see through the window.

MED. SHOT - GORT

shooting through the barred window into the building. The huge robot looms large and eerie in the shadows cast by a couple of naked work-lights. His head is angled, away from the window.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Klaatu approaches the window. Aiming his flashlight at Gort, he flashes the light intermittently, as though signaling. (This should not approximate any known code.)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GORT

As we watch, the intermittent flashes of Klaatu's light appear on the wall ahead of Gort. Slowly, evenly, the robot's head turns to face the window.

MED. SHOT

from Gort's viewpoint, of the window, with Klaatu's light flashing its signals.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

shooting on his back, as he finishes signaling and cuts off the flashlight. He turns and starts back for the concealment of the foliage.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

craning his neck to look for Klaatu, who has eluded his view. Suddenly he sees Klaatu again.

MED. SHOT - KLAATU

making his way behind the foliage toward the front of the building. Arriving at a point opposite the entrance, Klaatu waits and watches.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - ENTRANCE TO BUILDING

The two guards are standing in the doorway in positions of relaxed alertness. Suddenly, inside the building behind them, the giant figure of Gort looms silently in the doorway. His two great arms reach out, grab the two guards and drag them back inside the building.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

He lets out an inaudible gasp as he sees this. Bug-eyed, he glances quickly to the point where he last saw Klaatu. He is amazed at what he sees.

MED. SHOT

from Bobby's viewpoint. Klaatu has emerged from the concealment of the tree-lined path and is making his way calmly toward the entrance of the building.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

As he watches Klaatu enter the building, his curiosity conquers his fear and he starts tremblingly toward the structure.

INT. BUILDING - FULL SHOT

as Klaatu enters. The huge shapes of the space ship and Gort loom large and eerie. Klaatu starts across the barren enclosure toward the ship.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO BUILDING - MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Bobby approaches the door, fearful but fascinated. He peers cautiously inside and his eyes grow wide as saucers.

EXT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT

In \*f.g., near the door, the two guards lie unconscious. As Klaatu walks toward the ship Gort slowly turns his head to follow him with his eyes. Klaatu touches a point on the unbroken surface of the ship and the ramp silently swings out and down to the ground. Klaatu mounts the ramp and disappears inside the ship, whereupon the ramp silently closes.

CLOSE SHOT - BOBBY

as he watches this; his eyes bulging. He can scarcely believe what he has seen. Suddenly a wave of sheer terror sweeps over him. Scrambling to his feet, he turns and runs wildly away.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SPACE SHIP

CAMERA FOLLOWS Klaatu as he moves down the tiny, dimly lighted entrance corridor. He steps into the main cabin of the ship and flips a switch which bathes the cabin in a diffused, shadowless light. The walls are lined with a complex of mysterious gadgetry -- knobs, dials, indicators, etc. All of this should be as imaginative and unorthodox as possible, while still retaining a feeling of sound but highly advanced engineering.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Klaatu moves to the communications panel, flipping switches and turning dials. Indicators light up. There are crackling, whirring and buzzing sounds. Klaatu starts speaking into a built-in microphone in his own strange language. He speaks in rapid-fire explanation, continuing to talk, as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

as Klaatu walks calmly away from the ship, past the two unconscious guards and disappears out of the door.

MED. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO GUARDS

as one of them slowly regains consciousness. Looking around, he sees the great figure of Gort and is terror-stricken. He shakes his companion frantically in an effort to bring him to.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM BOARDINGHOUSE NIGHT

Bobby is curled up in a chair waiting for his mother to come home. He's sleepy, but the excitement of what he has seen precluded any such possibility. From the hall we hear the front door opening as Helen and Tom come in.

HELEN'S VOICE

(off scene)

Why don't you come on in for a minute?

Helen and Tom appear in the doorway, Helen is startled to see Bobby, who has jumped up and run toward her.

HELEN

Bobby--! What are you doing up at this hour?

BOBBY

(excitedly)

I couldn't go to sleep, Mom. I had to tell you!

HELEN

Tell me what?

BOBBY

(the words tadpole  
out breathlessly)

I followed Mr. Carpenter -- right after you left -- and, gee, Mom, where do you think he went? Right into the space ship!

HELEN

(patiently disbelieving)

Now, Bobby, just a minute--

BOBBY

Honest, Mom, I saw him. It just opened up and he walked right in. And that great big iron man was moving around!

HELEN

Bobby, you've been dreaming again.

BOBBY

(desperately)

No, I haven't, Mom. I promise you... I saw it!

Helen and Tom exchange a glance of tolerant amusement.

TOM

Where did you see all this, Bobby?

BOBBY

On the lawn down at the mall -- in that place with the soldiers out front.



TOM  
(trying to trap him)  
Where were the soldiers all this  
time?

BOBBY  
That robot fella grabbed 'em and  
dragged 'em inside!  
(his lips trembling)  
I like Mr. Carpenter -- but I'm  
scared, Mom.

He rushes into Helen's arms, clutching her desperately, trying  
to hold back his tears.

HELEN  
(holding him close to  
her sympathetically)  
Mustn't be frightened, darling -- It  
was just a bad dream. Here -- we'll  
prove it to you.  
(with a look and a  
nod to Tom)  
Tom, will you ask Mr. Carpenter if  
he'll come down for a minute.  
(Tom turns to go)  
The room right opposite mine.

Nodding, Tom disappears into the hall and up the stairs.  
Still holding Bobby, Helen tries to dispel his fears by an  
appeal to logic.

HELEN  
Now think back hard. You didn't follow  
Mr. Carpenter at all, did you? You  
haven't even been out of the house.

BOBBY  
Yes, I have!

HELEN  
(determinedly)  
You didn't really see the space ship.  
You just thought you did.

Bitterly hurt, Bobby faces his mother gravely, accusingly.

BOBBY  
I'd never call you a liar.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Tom is knocking softly at Klaatu's door. Getting no answer,  
he tries the door, pushes it open and peers in. Then he steps  
into the darkened room.

INT. KLAATU'S ROOM - FULL SHOT

Tom snaps on the light and looks around the empty room. The  
bed is still made. Glancing around, Tom's eye is caught by a  
flash of something bright on the floor below the dresser. He  
stoops down and picks up a fair-sized diamond. Tom studies  
the stone curiously, holding it up to the light. Thoroughly  
puzzled, he keeps the stone in his hand, switches off the  
light and goes out.

UPSTAIRS HALL - MED. SHOT

Closing the door, Tom hurries along the hall and down the  
stairs

INT. LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT

Through the hall door Tom can be seen coming down the stairs.

Helen and Bobby watch expectantly as he enters.

TOM

He's not there.  
(crossing to Helen)  
But look what I found in his room

HELEN

(takes the stone and  
studies it, amazed  
by its size)  
Is it real?

TOM

(with the shrug of an  
amateur)  
Looks real to me.

BOBBY

Mr. Carpenter's got a lot of diamonds.  
(he digs into his  
pocket)  
He gave me a couple of them.

Helen takes the two diamonds Bobby holds out in his hand,  
looking at them in amazement.

HELEN

He gave these to you?

BOBBY

(guilty for his own  
sharp dealing)  
Well, not exactly. I gave him two  
dollars.

TOM

This doesn't make sense... I think  
the guy's a crook. I never did trust  
him.

Helen tries to shush Tom, not wanting to re-stimulate Bobby's  
imagination, but it's too late.

BOBBY

Gee, Mom, do you think maybe he's a  
diamond smuggler?

HELEN

(firmly)  
Come on, darling -- we're going up  
to bed.

TOM

I wonder if we ought to--

HELEN

(cutting him off with  
a look)  
Bobby and I have had enough excitement  
for tonight.

TOM

(seriously concerned)  
You think it's all right for you to  
stay here?

HELEN

(nods reassuringly)  
I've got a good lock on my door.  
(smiling at Bobby)  
And Bobby's going to sleep in my  
room tonight.

BOBBY

Oh, boy -- can I, Mom?

HELEN

Yes, dear. Come on now.  
(she happens to look  
down at his feet.  
Puzzled, and  
concerned, she feels  
his shoes)  
Bobby, your shoes are soaking!

BOBBY

(reluctantly, with  
childish guilt)  
Yeah -- the grass was kind of wet.

As the impact of this sinks in, Helen and Tom turn to stare at each other in questioning consternation.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DEPT. OF COMMERCE BLDG. - MED. CLOSE SHOT DAY

It is a typical government office, with lots of desks in it. Helen is at her desk, straightening it up to go to lunch. This done, she moves briskly to get her coat. CAMERA PANS to follow her and suddenly, startlingly reveals Klaatu standing near the clothes rack, as though he had materialized out of thin air. Helen is thoroughly startled.

HELEN

(unnerved)  
Oh -- hello--

KLAATU

May I see you for a minute?

HELEN

I -- I was Just going to lunch.

KLAATU

(quietly insistent)  
May I walk out with you?

She is nervous and uneasy but obviously can't refuse. The telephone on her desk rings and Helen turns to answer it.

HELEN

(into phone)  
Mrs. Benson speaking.  
(recognizing the voice,  
she glances nervously  
at Klaatu)  
Oh, hello...

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - MED. CLOSE SHOT

It's a rather swank shop. Tom is standing at the counter phoning. The Jeweler is behind the counter examining a stone through his eyepiece.

TOM

(into phone, cheerily)  
I'm at Bleeker's getting an appraisal  
on that diamond. I thought we might  
have lunch together.

INT. OFFICE - DEPT. OF COMMERCE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

HELEN

(with a nervous glance  
at Klaatu)  
I -- I'm afraid I can't -- not right

now. Can I talk to you later?. Yes,  
that'll be fine. 'Bye.

She hangs up and smiles uneasily as she rejoins Klaatu and leads the way out into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - TWO SHOT

CAMERA MOVES with Helen and Klaatu as they go down the corridor. Klaatu's mood is one of quiet tension.

KLAATU  
(watching Helen's  
reaction)  
I saw Bobby this morning before he  
went to school--

HELEN  
(glancing at him  
apprehensively)  
Yes--?

KLAATU  
I want to know what he told you last  
night.

HELEN  
(nervous and evasive)  
I -- I didn't really pay much  
attention--  
(with a nervous little  
laugh)  
Bobby has such an active imagination.

KLAATU  
(refusing to be put  
off)  
Did you believe what he told you?  
(Helen hesitates,  
trapped by uncertainty)  
I have a reason for asking this -- a  
very important reason.

MED. SHOT

They are approaching the elevator at the end of the corridor. There is a large crowd of lunch-goers milling around the elevator, which is quickly filled. Half the crowd is left as the elevator doors close and it descends.

TWO SHOT - HELEN AND KLAATU

Nervous and distracted, Helen doesn't want to get caught up in this jam.

HELEN  
There's another elevator we can use--

She nods toward a side corridor and starts for it, Klaatu following.

MED. SHOT

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they turn into the side corridor. Helen leads the way to a small, automatic elevator. She presses the button and the doors open. Klaatu follows her in.

INT. ELEVATOR

As Helen presses the first floor button, the doors close and the elevator starts down. She turns to face Klaatu.

HELEN  
(her nerves raw and

edgy)  
What is it you want?

KLAATU  
Before I ask you to be honest with  
me, perhaps I should be completely  
honest with you--

Without warning the elevator comes to a jolting, jarring  
stop as the power is cut off and the lights go out. The car  
is illuminated faintly and eerily by light that seeps through  
the ventilating grills from a skylight in the shaft. Helen  
is terrified.

HELEN  
(gasping with fright)  
What happened?

KLAATU  
(a moment's hesitation;  
then he remembers)  
What time is it?

Helen fumbles to get her wrist watch into a faint beam of  
light.

HELEN  
Just twelve.

KLAATU  
We'll be stuck here for a little  
while -- about thirty minutes.

HELEN  
(preoccupied with her  
own thinking)  
We could try pushing the other  
buttons.  
(digging in her purse)  
I have a flashlight in my purse.

KLAATU  
It won't work.

Helen has the flashlight out and is snapping it on, but it  
doesn't work. She looks up at him blankly.

HELEN  
Why not?

KLAATU  
(after a moment,  
quietly)  
You see -- the electricity's been  
neutralized -- all over the world.

The impact of this calm, quiet statement is shattering. Helen  
stares at him awe-struck. Then she speaks numbly, almost  
inaudibly.

HELEN  
Bobby was telling the truth -- wasn't  
he?

Klaatu stares at her evenly, as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - STREET

All vehicular traffic in the street is at a dead stop.  
Automobiles, busses, trolley cars -- all are stalled. Drivers  
and passengers are climbing out of the vehicles in utter  
bewilderment. Except for the people, it is as though the  
street had been frozen in motion.

INT. CITY POWER PLANT

The great generators and dynamos are silent and motionless in the dim, unlighted plant.

INT. FACTORY

A huge automobile or airplane assembly line, with nothing moving, no machinery going.

INT. PRESSROOM - METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER

The giant presses are threaded with newsprint, but they are silent and motionless.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - RADIO STATION

A couple of engineers are working feverishly over a huge and complicated control panel. They are working by the light of two incongruous and ineffectual candles.

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY KIOSK

People came pouring up the stairs wildly, feverishly anxious to escape the darkness below. Their eyes blink weakly in the unaccustomed sunlight.

EXT. SHOT - NEW YORK STREET

Cars, taxis and busses are stalled, their frenzied drivers unable to figure out what's happened. A junk peddler with a broken-down horse and wagon moves grandly and leisurely through the stalled vehicles. The peddler bears a happy grin of superiority. This is his moment of triumph over modern civilization.

LONG SHOT - TIMES SQUARE

with all traffic stalled.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - TIMES SQUARE

of two cab drivers whose taxis have stalled beside each other in traffic. One has gotten out of his cab. The other is seated at his wheel, looking around in awe and terror, his tough Manhattan heart shaken.

CAB DRIVER

My ol' lady was right. We shoulda got a place in the country.

LONG SHOT - PICCADILLY CIRCUS - DAY

with all traffic stalled. (It is about 5:00 P.M.)

TWO SHOT - TWO COCKNEYS

standing on the sidewalk, awe-struck at the weird sight before them. One of them speaks in terror, hardly daring to articulate his thoughts.

COCKNEY

It's that space man -- that's wot it is.

LONG SHOT - MOSCOW STREET - DUSK

with all traffic stalled. (It is about 8:00 P.M.)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - TWO RUSSIANS

They are an elderly couple. Staring bug-eyed at the strange street scene, the woman mutters some terror-stricken comment in Russian.

LONG SHOT - PLAZA. DE LA CONCORDE - DAY

with traffic stalled. (It is about 5:00 P.M.)

CLOSE SHOT - FRENCH WOMAN

She is middle-aged and there are tears of fright in her eyes. She is mumbling a prayer in French.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARNHARDT'S STUDY - DAY

Barnhardt is seated comfortably at his desk with a book on his lap. He has been interrupted by the entrance of Hilda, his secretary. At the moment she's beside herself with excitement. Barnhardt watches her with a half-smile of secret amusement. He has already deduced the cause of what's happening.

HILDA

You should see it, Professor Barnhardt! You should go out and see it for yourself!

BARNHARDT

Thanks -- I'm enjoying it right here.

HILDA

The whole city has stopped. People are running around like ants!

BARNHARDT

(musing admiringly on Klaatu's cleverness)  
What a brilliant idea. I never would have thought of it.

Hilda flings him a questioning look, annoyed that he won't share her excitement.

BARNHARDT

What about the people who are coming to the meeting tonight? Have they all arrived?

HILDA

(nodding)  
I talked to most of them this morning... They were all very curious about the meeting.

BARNHARDT

Good. Did you speak to our friend Mr. Carpenter?

HILDA

(nodding)  
He'll be there at 8:30.

BARNHARDT

(studying her for a moment)  
Tell me, Hilda -- does all this frighten you -- does it make you feel insecure?

HILDA

Yes, sir -- it certainly does!

BARNHARDT

(nodding with a bland little smile)  
That's good, Hilda. I'm glad.

The poor woman flings him a look of shocked amazement as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PENTAGON BLDG. - DAY

Seated at a conference table are high-ranking officers of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps. There is the uneasy tension of people dealing with unknown forces. An Army Major General, who's Chairman of the meeting, is speaking.

GENERAL

--as far as we can tell, all power's been cut off everywhere -- with a few exceptions: hospitals, planes in flight -- that sort of thing. I wish I could be more specific but, as you now, all communications are out telephone, radio, cable -- everything.

(gravely)

I can tell you that the President is prepared to declare a state of national emergency.

(pausing to let this sink in)

Before we start discussing plans, I want a report from Colonel Ryder. What about the robot, Colonel?

Ryder is a Colonel of engineers, a man about forty-five.

COLONEL RYDER

When it was discovered last night that the robot had moved, I was directed by the Joint Chiefs to find a means of immobilizing him. We accomplished that this morning by encasing him in a block of KL 93.

(he hands a small block of plastic to the General)

It's a new plastic material -- stronger than steel.

GENERAL

Is it possible that he's broken out of this stuff?

COLONEL

No, sir. I've Just checked on that. He's locked up tight as a drum.

GENERAL

All right -- that means we concentrate on the man.

(to the group with force and authority)

Up till now we've agreed on the desirability of capturing this man alive. We can no longer afford to be so particular. We'll get him alive, if possible -- but we must get him!

(eyes the group sternly)

Is that clear?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - MED. CLOSE SHOT - TOM AND JEWELER

The shop and its glittering display cases, which were brilliantly lighted in the previous scene, are now gloomy and dim. All artificial light is off. The Jeweler is a bright-eyed old man of seventy with a middle European accent. He is



completely fascinated as he examines the diamond Tom has given him, and is annoyed by the lack of light. He speaks impatiently to one of the girls in the shop who happens to pass by.

JEWELER

Eleanor, did you call the electrician?

GIRL

(she's not too bright)  
I tried, Mr. Bleeker. But the phone doesn't work, either.

JEWELER

(absently, as he studies the stone)  
Well, call the phone company.

GIRL

(plaintively)  
But the phone doesn't work.

The Jeweler gives her a preoccupied glance of annoyance and turns back to the stone.

TOM

Is it worth anything?

JEWELER

I have never seen such a stone. Will you please tell me where it came from?

TOM

That's what I wanted you to tell me.

JEWELER

(overwhelmed and absorbed by the stone, he shakes his head, bewildered)  
There are no diamonds like this -- any place in the world.

Impressed by the import of what the man is saying, Tom's mind is racing wildly.

TOM

You sure about that?

JEWELER

(eagerly, shrewdly)  
Would you like to sell it?

TOM

(picking up the stone)  
No -- no, thanks.

JEWELER

I'd give you a very good price.

Preoccupied with his own excited thoughts, Tom has already started for the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND HELEN

In the dim light of the stalled elevator, Klaatu is finishing explaining to Helen the story of his mission. Overwhelmed by the staggering import of what he has told her, Helen is listening with great interest and concern.

KLAATU

(speaking gravely)

--I've already told you more than I told Professor Barnhardt, because my life, in a sense, is in your hands. I thought if you knew the facts you'd appreciate the importance of my not being -- apprehended, -- before the meeting tonight.

Helen is staring at him in awe, but also in complete admiration and sympathy.

HELEN

Yes, of course. Of course I do.

Klaatu smiles at her warmly and she manages to return the smile. Their relationship is further cemented by the sharing of this vital secret.

HELEN

(studying his face  
anxiously)

You hold great hope for this meeting.

KLAATU

I can see no other hope for your planet. If the meeting should fail, then I'm afraid there is no hope.

Suddenly and without warning, the elevator starts moving and the lights go on. Startled, Helen looks at him.

KLAATU

(calmly)

It must be twelve-thirty.

HELEN

(looks at her watch,  
then back at him,  
awe-struck)

Yes -- Just exactly.

STREET - MED. SHOT - DAY

Showing a section of street traffic as it comes back to life. From everywhere comes the sound of self-starters. Trolley bells start clanging. Then automobile horns. People climb back into their vehicles and traffic starts to move.

SERIES OF CUTS

of other streets, as the strident sounds of traffic build up and normalcy is regained.

INT. LOBBY - DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE BLDG - MED. SHOT - DAY

as Helen and Klaatu come out of the elevator and start across the lobby, CAMERA HOLDING ON THEM. Helen is preoccupied with concern for Klaatu's safety.

HELEN

Where are you going now?

KLAATU

Back to the boardinghouse. I'll be safe there for the afternoon -- and I can keep an eye on Bobby. He's the only other person who knows anything about--

This recalls to Helen something she had forgotten and she stops in sudden concern.

HELEN

No, wait a minute -- there's someone else.

KLAATU

Who?

HELEN

Tom... He was there last night when Bobby told me what he saw.

The look of concern on Klaatu's face heightens Helen's overwhelming fear and uncertainty.

HELEN

(worriedly)

Of course, he doesn't know anything definite. He'd talk to me first, anyway, before--

(interrupting herself  
in sudden decision)

We can't take that chance. I'll get in touch with him right away and make sure.

Helen turns and starts determinedly for the lobby door, followed by Klaatu, as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

Helen is nervous and worried as she speaks into the phone.

HELEN

(into phone)

--But I've got to talk to him. It's terribly important. When is he coming back?

INT. TOM'S OUTER OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - SECRETARY

Tom's secretary has not yet recovered from the shock of what has happened to the world.

SECRETARY

I don't know, Mrs. Benson. He left before noon -- before that awful electric business. I'm scared to death, Mrs. Benson. I -- No, he wouldn't tell me where he was going. Said it was something personal.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

HELEN

Tell him I want to see him the minute he gets in... No, I'll call back.

Helen hangs up, thoroughly worried and distraught now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

The headline reads: WORLD-WIDE POWER JAMMED PRESIDENT DECLARES EMERGENCY STEP UP HUNT FOR SPACE MAN.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - MED. SHOT - DAY

at passenger loading gate. A group of passengers is held back as soldiers close the gate to the runway, preventing their boarding their plane. The passengers mill about in consternation as a voice is heard over a p.a. system.

VOICE

Attention, please.... All flights  
from National Airport have been  
canceled until further notice.. All  
flights from this airport have been  
canceled.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RAILROAD STATION - MED. SHOT AT TRAIN GATE - DAY

M.P.'s are blocking the gates leading to trains and ticket  
takers are busy explaining matters and remonstrating with  
irate ticket holders.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUS DEPOT - MED. SHOT - DAY

Passengers are being herded off a loaded bus that was  
preparing to leave the depot.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK ON HIGHWAY - MED. SHOT

The Army has thrown a roadblock across a main highway on the  
outskirts of the city and is permitting no one to leave.  
From the line of halted cars we see and the insistent honking  
of horns we hear, we get the impression of hundreds of cars  
stacked up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOM'S OUTER OFFICE - FULL SHOT - DUSK

It is 6:00 P.M. and growing dark outside, but the lights are  
not on. The office is small and unpretentious, the business  
habitat of a man who works in a big insurance agency. Tom's  
secretary is on the phone, reflecting the world-wide terror  
of the moment.

SECRETARY

(into phone, nervous  
and jittery)

--Honest, Mary, I'm so scared I can't  
sit still. I'd like to run some place,  
but I don't know where to go--

(hearing the door  
open, she cuts off)

'Bye now.

The corridor door opens and Tom enters with an air of urgency.

TOM

Call the Pentagon and find out who's  
in charge of this space man business.  
Whoever it is I want to talk to him.

The secretary has a reaction of surprise, but she manages to  
stop Tom at his door. He has flipped on the lights in passing.

SECRETARY

Mrs. Benson's been trying to get you  
all afternoon. She says it's  
important.

TOM

Get this other call first.

Tom disappears into his office, closing the door. The  
secretary is getting out a telephone directory when the  
corridor door opens and Helen enters, tense and nervous.

SECRETARY

Oh, Mrs. Benson -- He just walked

in.  
(misery loves company)  
Are you nervous, too?

HELEN  
Yes, I am, Margaret.

The secretary buzzes the intercom and speaks into it.

SECRETARY  
Mrs. Benson is here.  
(turning to Helen)  
Go on in.

Helen is starting for the door when it opens and Tom appears.

HELEN  
Tom -- I've been trying to get you  
all afternoon--

TOM  
(preoccupied with his  
own excitement)  
Come on in.

INT. TOM'S PRIVATE OFFICE - FULL SHOT

as Tom follows Helen inside and closes the door. He turns to  
her, his voice tense with excitement.

TOM  
I've got some terrific news about  
your friend, Mr. Carpenter.

HELEN  
(trying to appear  
calm)  
What about him?

TOM  
Helen, he's the man from the space  
ship!  
(she eyes him evenly,  
apprehensively, as  
he hurries on)  
I had that diamond checked at three  
different places. Nobody on earth's  
ever seen a stone like that! After  
what Bobby told us, that's enough  
for me. Why is it nobody knows  
anything about him? Why hasn't he  
got any money?

HELEN  
(evenly, with quiet  
tension)  
All right, Tom -- it's true. I know  
it's true.

TOM  
How do you know?

HELEN  
Never mind about that.  
(urgently, with great  
concern)  
You've got to promise me you won't  
say a word to anybody.

TOM  
Are you crazy? After what happened  
today?

HELEN  
You don't understand. You don't

realize how important it is.

TOM  
(impatiently)  
Important? Of course it's important.  
The point is we can do something  
about it.

HELEN  
That's what I'm trying to tell you.  
We mustn't do anything about it.  
Believe me, Tom, I know what I'm  
talking about.

TOM  
(irritated by her  
opposition)  
He's a menace to the whole world!  
It's our duty to turn him in.

HELEN  
(desperately)  
But he isn't a menace! He told me  
what he came here for.

TOM  
(dismissing this with  
annoyed contempt)  
He told you... Don't be silly, honey --  
just because you like the guy.  
(busy with his own  
thoughts)  
You realize what this'd mean for us?  
I'd be the biggest man in the country.  
I could write my own ticket.

HELEN  
(eyeing him coldly)  
Is that what you're thinking about?

TOM  
(guiltily, defensive)  
Why not? Somebody's got to get rid  
of him.

They are interrupted by the sharp sound of the interoffice  
buzzer.

HELEN  
I'm not going to let you do it, Tom.  
(with deep personal  
urgency)  
Believe me, this is literally the  
most important thing in the world.

Tom picks up the phone and answers it.

TOM  
(into phone)  
Yes?... What's his name, Margaret?  
General Cutler?  
(disappointed that  
the connection isn't  
completed)  
All right, I'll hold on.

Realizing what he's doing, Helen crosses to him, pleading  
wildly, desperately.

HELEN  
Tom, you mustn't -- ! You don't know  
what you're doing! It isn't just you  
and Mr. Carpenter. The rest of the  
world, is involved!

TOM  
(exasperated)  
I don't care about the rest of the  
world!

It is as though he had slapped her across the face. Suddenly he has revealed himself, naked and distasteful. Feeling guilty as he sees the contempt and revulsion in her eyes, he tries the old charm, holding his hand over the phone.

TOM  
You'll feel different when you see  
my picture in the papers.

HELEN  
(staring at him starkly)  
I feel different right now.

TOM  
(uneasily)  
You wait and see. You're going to  
marry a big hero!

HELEN  
I'm not going to marry anybody.

She turns and runs quickly out of the room. Tom's inclination is to follow her, when his connection is completed.

TOM  
(into phone)  
Hello, General Cutler?  
(irritated)  
No, I don't want to speak to his  
aide. I want to speak to the General.  
Tell him it's about the space man...  
My name is Tom Stevens. S-t-e-v-e-n-  
s.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MED. SHOT - DUSK

Helen hurries out of the building, hails a cab, gets into it and the cab drives off.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - TOM

Tom now has General Cutler on the phone.

TOM  
(into phone)  
That's right, General. That's where  
he's staying... Yes, of course I'm  
sure.

INT. GENERAL CUTLER'S OFFICE - PENTAGON BLDG.

The General is on the phone and is making notes. There are a couple of officers standing near his desk, a Colonel and a Lieutenant Colonel.

GENERAL CUTLER  
(after listening for  
a moment)  
Thank you very much, Mr. Stevens.  
I'll want to talk to you further but  
I haven't time now.  
(hangs up and turns  
to Colonel)  
Deploy all Zone 5 units according to  
Plan B -- immediately.

The Colonel nods and starts out of the room, as we--

INT. TAXI - MED. CLOSE SHOT - HELEN - NIGHT

The cab is traveling through city traffic. Nervous and edgy, Helen glances at her watch impatiently.

EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT

A jeep filled with armed soldiers is moving down the street at a fast clip. Behind the jeep is an Army staff car.

MED. CLOSE- SHOT - STAFF CAR

shooting from outside into the car. In the front seat beside the driver is a full Colonel, wearing helmet and side-arms. The car is moving swiftly through traffic as the Colonel speaks into the transmitter of a radio.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - COMMAND AND RECONNAISSANCE CAR

It is filled with soldiers wearing helmets and carrying rifles and Tommy guns. It is traveling quite fast. A soldier with a handy-talkie transmits an order to the driver.

MED. LONG SHOT - STREET

The C. and R. car is seen to be at the head of a convoy of eight Army vehicles which are moving swiftly down the street. The trucks are filled with armed soldiers.

MED. LONG SHOT - ANOTHER STREET

On this street also an armed convoy is racing by, headed by a Jeep mounting a .30 caliber machine gun.

MED. LONG SHOT - ANOTHER STREET

On this street also a convoy rolls by.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MED. SHOT

Helen's cab rounds the corner into the boardinghouse street. CAMERA PANS with cab as it draws up in front of the boardinghouse. The cab waits as Helen jumps out and runs up the steps to the front door. A couple of children are playing jump-rope in the light of a street lamp.

EXT. MOVING - STAFF CAR - MED. CLOSE SHOT

shooting in at the Colonel as he issues an order into the radio.

MED. SHOT - ARMY CONVOY

CAMERA FOLLOWS the rear of the convoy as it races down a main thoroughfare. As the convoy reaches each intersection, the last vehicle peels off the column and, turns into the side street.

MED. SHOT ANOTHER CONVOY

racing down another street, the rear vehicles peeling off at the intersections as in previous scene.

MED. SHOT - INTERSECTION

Following one of the vehicles after it has peeled off into a side street. It turns around in the side street and draws up facing the intersection, its motor still running. We get the impression of a methodical plan to block off each street.)

EXT. BOARDINGHOUSE - MED. SHOT

as Klaatu and Helen come hurrying down the steps and pile



into the waiting taxi. The kids playing Jump-rope stop and watch as the door is closed and the cab pulls out, disappearing as it makes a right turn at the end of the street.

EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR BOARDINGHOUSE - MED. SHOT

(This is opposite end of street from last shot.) Barreling across the intersection into the boardinghouse street is the jeep followed by the Colonel's staff car.

EXT. BOARDINGHOUSE STREET - MED. SHOT

As the Jeep and staff car pull up in front of the boarding house, the soldiers in the jeep pile out and cover the entrance to the house. Meanwhile the Colonel, still in the staff car, is talking to the two kids playing out front. They chatter excitedly, pointing in the direction taken by the cab.

INT. STAFF CAB - CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL

He speaks into his radio in tones of clipped and quiet efficiency. The car remains standing at the curb.

COLONEL  
(into radio)  
Attention, Zone 5... Yellow cab,  
moving north on B from Ninth Street.  
Man and woman in back seat. Get the  
license number and report.

INT. TAXI - FULL SHOT

The cab 's moving through traffic at a normal speed. Klaatu and Helen are tense and nervous.

INT. TAXI - FULL SHOT

The cab's moving through traffic at a normal speed. Klaatu and Helen are tense and nervous.

KLAATU  
I'm sure Barnhardt can arrange to  
hide me until the meeting.

HELEN  
Where is the meeting going to be?

KLAATU  
At the ship.

CLOSE SHOT - CAB DRIVER

as he looks out to his left, approaching an intersection.

From driver's viewpoint. A C. and R. car is parked in the side street, facing the intersection, its occupants armed and helmeted.

CLOSE SHOT - CAB DRIVER

Abreast of the intersection now, he looks to his right.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - MED. SHOT

shooting over the rear of a jeep which is halted in a side street facing the intersection. The cab crosses the intersection and the jeep driver squints to catch its number. Then he picks up his radio and speaks into the transmitter.

INT. STAFF CAR - CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL

(The car is still in front of the boardinghouse.) The Colonel listens to his radio for a moment, then speaks into his

transmitter.

COLONEL  
(into radio)  
Attention, Zone 5... license number  
of target vehicle is W 4936... All  
vehicles maintain your positions --  
and hold your fire.

INT. TAXI - MED. CLOSE SHOT

shooting at the driver, over the shoulders of Klaatu and Helen, as he turns and points out the Army vehicles to them with a shrug of bewilderment. They look ahead at the intersection they are approaching.

CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

looking ahead out of her side of the cab, at the intersection.

MED. SHOT - INTERSECTION

from Helen's viewpoint. There is an Army vehicle waiting in the side street.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

as he looks out of his side of the cab.

MED. SHOT - INTERSECTION

In this side street, too, an Army vehicle is standing.

TWO SHOT - HELEN AND KLAATU

Their eyes meet for a moment, neither willing to conjecture what this might mean. The very quietness of the operation is ominous and menacing. Their faces show grave concern.

INT. STAFF CAR - CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL

COLONEL  
(into radio)  
Attention, Zone 5 -- report when  
target vehicle passes your position.

EXT. TAXI MED. CLOSE SHOT

shooting through the window at Helen and Klaatu, who are growing more tense and nervous.

MED. SHOT - INTERSECTION

shooting over the back of a jeep mounting a machine gun as the cab passes the intersection. The driver picks up his radio and reports into it.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - WEAPONS CARRIER

shooting through the windshield as the driver reports by radio, his eyes shifting to follow the moving cab.

INT. TAXI - TWO SHOT - HELEN AND KLAATU

Helen is biting her lips nervously. She steals a sidelong glance at Klaatu to find him staring ahead, deeply preoccupied and concerned.

HELEN  
(trying to give him  
encouragement)  
It's only a few blocks to Barnhardt's.

KLAATU  
I'm worried about Gort. I'm afraid

of what he might do -- if anything  
should happen to me.

HELEN

Gort?

(puzzled)

But he's a robot. I mean -- without  
you, what could he do?

KLAATU

(slowly)

There's no limit to what he could  
do. He could destroy the Earth.

(with great urgency)

If anything should happen to me, you  
must go to Gort. You must give him  
this message: "Klaatu barada nikto."  
Please repeat that.

HELEN

(shocked and  
bewildered, she  
repeats nervously)

"Klaatu barada nikto."

KLAATU

(gravely)

Remember those words.

Helen nods, repeating the words soundlessly.

SERIES OF CUTS

of vehicle drivers reporting by radio as their eyes follow  
the progress of the taxi. (These should be shot so we don't  
hear what is said.)

CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL IN STAFF CAR

listening to these reports. Then he speaks into his  
transmitter with quiet tension.

COLONEL

(into radio)

Attention, Zone 5... Section number  
2 -- block off Tenth Street at  
Massachusetts. All vehicles close  
in.

The Colonel motions to his driver and the staff car pulls  
out.

EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT

as a convoy of eight vehicles moves down the street going  
very fast and swings around a corner.

SERIES OF CUTS

of individual vehicles that have been waiting at  
intersections, as they pull out and down the main streets to  
converge on the taxi.

MED. SHOT

at a major intersection, as the convoy of eight vehicles  
previously seen dashes through the intersection and stops.  
The cars quickly arrange themselves so that they form a  
roadblock, completely sealing off the street.

INT. TAXI

shooting over the driver's shoulder. The cab is proceeding  
down the street. When the road block comes into range of its  
headlights. The driver, who has been getting uneasy, turns

to face his fares accusingly.

DRIVER

Hey, what's this all about?

As he slows his cab down, Helen leans forward into scene. Frenzied, she is about to urge the driver on when Klaatu puts a restraining hand on her shoulder.

EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT

shooting down the street from the barricade, as the taxi stops. Army cars are closing in behind the taxi, so it is trapped. The cab door opens and Klaatu steps out, making a run for the entrance to a pedestrian underpass.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JEEP

It is one of the lead vehicles in the group coming up behind the taxi. It mounts a .30 caliber machine gun and, with the Jeep still moving, the gunner fires a burst at Klaatu.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - RIFLEMAN

He's on one of the vehicles that form the barricade. He takes a bead on the running figure of Klaatu and fires.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He has almost reached the underpass. His hand is on the railing when he slumps to the ground, badly hit. In a moment, Helen rushes into scene, dropping down to hold Klaatu's head in her arms. He looks up at her with a feeble smile. Then his face takes on an expression of urgency.

KLAATU

(weakly, insistently)

Get that message to Gort. Right away--

Klaatu is unable to say any more. He is dead. Helen looks around wildly, helplessly, with tears and terror in her eyes.

MED. SHOT

as the soldiers pile out of their vehicles and close in on the place where Klaatu lies. He is their first and all-important concern, and Helen finds herself pushed out of the way, toward the edge of the growing crowd of soldiers.

CLOSE SHOT

Shocked and, staggered by what's happened, she realizes she must get to Gort. Taking advantage of the milling confusion in the dark, she edges toward the pedestrian underpass until she can slip into its entrance without being noticed. And she disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUILDING ENCLOSING SPACE SHIP - MED. SHOT - GORT - NIGHT

In the eerie light of the huge building, the great robot stands encased in a solid block of clear, transparent plastic. As CAMERA MOVES IN slowly, we hear a low whirring sound, as of power being generated. A faint glow, visible through the plastic, emanates from Gort's body. His eyes, which seem to express rage, shifts as though he were straining to break out. As the whirring sound and the glow of Gort's body increase in intensity, the sharp edges at the top of the ice-like block melt into roundness and the plastic starts to drip away. (About 150 folding chairs are arranged on the floor near the space ship for the meeting tonight.)

EXT. BUILDING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - TWO SOLDIERS

The whirring sound can be heard faintly from inside. The two soldiers standing guard at the door hear the sound and listen apprehensively. The two men exchange an uneasy glance. After hesitating a moment, one of them decides to investigate. He turns and goes inside the door.

INT. BUILDING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE SOLDIER

As he stops and looks up at the robot, his eyes go wide with terror.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

Gort is an awesome and terrifying sight. His head is free now and he seems to be straining against the plastic, which is dripping down the sides of the block.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLDIER

He glances around nervously to see that his companion has entered the building and is staring up at the robot, bug-eyed. Slowly the second soldier moves up beside the first. Wordlessly, they bring their rifles up to the ready and click them off safety. In spite of their terror, they advance slowly toward the robot.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

The whirring sound is ominous and his body glows brightly. And his eyes are fixed on the two advancing figures.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - TWO SOLDIERS

as they move toward Gort.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

From inside him comes a new and terribly sharp crackling sound. And from his eyes two pencils of light dart out. After a moment the crackling sound stops and the light goes off.

REVERSE SHOT

from same angle as scene before last. But the two soldiers have utterly disappeared.

FULL SHOT

as Gort resumes breaking out of the plastic. There is no sign of the two soldiers.

EXT. MALL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - HELEN - NIGHT

Hurrying along a footpath, nervous and distraught, she pauses for a moment, looking at the entrance of the building. Then she starts determinedly across the grass toward the entrance.

MED. SHOT

PANNING with Helen as she approaches the entrance fearfully. Rallying all her courage and determination, she forces herself to step inside.

INT. BUILDING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

as she enters the huge, weirdly lighted building. She stops short as her glance falls on the awesome figure of Gort. Loneliness and terror grip her and she wants to run -- but she realizes she can't.

MED. CLOSE SHOT -GORT

He has seen Helen and his flashing eyes bore into her. His upper body and arms are free now, and the plastic is rapidly

melting away.

CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

She is held fascinated by the robot's staring eyes. For another moment it looks as if she would, break and run. But she summons all her courage, and moves slowly toward Gort, whose legs are still held captive.

MED. SHOT - HELEN AND GORT

as she moves slowly, fearfully toward him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GORT

The plastic is dripping off his legs now. With great effort, he pulls his legs free and steps out of the stuff. A huge figure in the heavy shadows, he moves slowly and menacingly toward Helen.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

as she stops advancing, rooted to the spot in fear. Then she starts backing away, keeping her eyes on him.

MED. SHOT - HELEN AND GORT

As the great, hulking figure approaches, Helen can't stand her ground. She turns and runs wildly toward the far end of the building. Gort follows her with unhurried, inescapable strides. Unwittingly, Helen has run into a corner, and the robot is closing in on her.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

Her eyes go wide with terror as she realizes she's trapped. In a wild effort to run around him, she stumbles and falls to the floor. Immobilized with fright, she lies breathless, looking up at him. Then she gives a piercing scream.

TWO SHOT - HELEN AND GORT

as the great robot bends over her menacingly, arms outstretched as though to grab or smash her.

CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

All hope gone, she is blessed with a moment of lucidity, and she remembers the message Klaatu told her to deliver.

HELEN

Gort--!

(with desperate clarity)

Klaatu -- barada -- nikto.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

He pauses as he hears the words. His face doesn't change expression, but the words obviously have an effect on him. He hesitates thoughtfully for a moment.

TWO SHOT - HELEN AND GORT

Helen watches him in an agony of suspense. Then the robot slowly bends down, picks her up in his arms and starts walking toward the space ship.

MED. SHOT

PANNING with Gort as he carries Helen, speechless with fright, to the side of the ship. He touches the side, and the ramp moves slightly out. He mounts the ramp, still carrying Helen, and disappears into the ship with her. And the ramp closes silently behind them.

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - SPACE SHIP

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Gort carries Helen through the dimly lighted corridor into the main cabin, where he flips a switch that lights up the cabin. The robot proceeds to a small door leading off the main cabin and disappears with Helen inside it.

INT. SMALL CABIN - FULL SHOT

This is revealed as a weirdly equipped laboratory, the walls of which are lined with the most complex array of mechanical and electronic apparatus. Gort sets Helen down on a stool and indicates for her to stay there. Too terrified to move, Helen watches as he busies himself with the apparatus. He starts flipping switches and turning dials. As a result, lights begin to flash and there's a strange series of mechanical noises.

CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

Unable to guess the reason for these preparations, she is gripped with a terrible fear.

FULL SHOT

Ignoring Helen completely, Gort finishes his work. Then he moves to the door and goes out, closing the door behind him. Helen rushes to the door and searches frantically for the knob -- only to find, to her terror, that there is none. Frenziedly she beats on the solid metal door.

EXT. SPACE SHIP - MED. SHOT

as the ramp comes down and Gort steps out. With grim, determined strides he starts toward the entrance of the building as the ramp silently closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

The Colonel who was in charge of Klaatu's apprehension is speaking into a phone at the desk of the Police Sergeant. Standing by are three or four Army officers, among them a Captain and a Lieutenant.

COLONEL

(into phone)

Yes, sir, we've got the body here now. Downstairs in a cell... No question about it, General -- he's dead all right... Yes, sir. Yes -- I understand.

The General has apparently hung up and the Colonel does likewise, turning to the officers in the room.

COLONEL

General Cutler's coming down here right away.

(to the Lieutenant)

Take a squad of men, Lieutenant, and post a guard around that cell.

(to Captain)

Captain, don't let anyone in or out of the building.

The two officers mutter their "yes, sirs" and start off about their business.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A squad of armed soldiers, led by the lieutenant, is admitted to the corridor by a Police guard and they start marching down the corridor toward a cell at the far end.

INT. CELL - POLICE STATION

This is a cell on the ground floor. In the far wall is a heavily barred window, beyond which is an alley. In f.g. are Klaatu's feet, stretched out on a crude table. As CAMERA HOLDS, the huge figure of Gort appears outside the barred window, Seeing Klaatu, he reaches up and yanks out the steel bars as though they were chicken wire. With a crushing blow of his knee he crumbles the brick and mortar below the window and steps inside the cell. He moves without interruption toward the body of Klaatu.

INT. JAIL CORRIDOR

Hearing the sounds of clattering metal and mortar, the soldiers race down the corridor toward the cell.

MED. SHOT

shooting over the backs of the soldiers as they reach the cell and look inside. There they see the giant robot picking up the body of Klaatu and starting deliberately toward the gaping hole in the side of the building. They raise their weapons and fire at Gort, but the bullets have no effect on him. Continuing uninterruptedly, he steps over the debris and disappears, carrying Klaatu in his arms.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP BUILDING - MED. SHOT

as Gort enters the empty building, still carrying the body of Klaatu. CAMERA PANS with him as he strides over to the ship. The ramp opens and Gort goes inside. Then the ramp closes after him.

INT. LABORATORY CABIN IN SPACE SHIP

Alone in the cabin, Helen is still terrified. She looks up, startled as the door opens and Gort enters, carrying Klaatu's body over to a long counter. Once again he starts fiddling with knobs, switches and dials. As Helen watches, speechless, he starts to fasten strange-looking electrodes to Klaatu's wrist and ankle.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

shooting from the outside, near the front entrance to the building, through a window into the main room where the Police Sergeant's desk is. The Lieutenant who was ordered to guard Klaatu's cell is excitedly reporting to the Colonel how Gort broke in and took Klaatu's body. Considerably agitated, the Colonel snaps orders to the other officers, glances at his watch and motions for the Lieutenant to follow him. He and the Lieutenant cross to the door and CAMERA PANS with them as they come outside the building, hurry down the steps and get into a staff car. Several other Army vehicles join the staff car as it roars away from the curb.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACE SHIP BUILDING - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

A good many of the 150 chairs are filled, and more guests are still arriving. There is no one to greet them at the door, so they wander in and seat themselves.

INT. LABORATORY IN SPACE SHIP

Gort is still working over the body of Klaatu. From a socket in the wall he pulls a strange-looking hypodermic needle on



the end of a cord or tube and gives Klaatu a shot in the arm.

CLOSE SHOT - HELEN

as she watches, fascinated in spite of her terror.

FULL SHOT

Gort fiddles with the dials again and there are electrical cracklings and sputterings. Suddenly he flips a switch and all sound ceases. Gort removes the electrodes and watches Klaatu. CAMERA MOVES IN on Klaatu and we see him start to breathe. In a moment his eyelids flutter. Then his eyes open and he looks around.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

as Klaatu slowly lifts himself to a sitting position. Helen watches breathlessly as he glances around the room, as though to orient himself. Then he lowers his feet to the floor and stands up. He blinks uncertainly, then smiles at them.

KLAATU

(with a grateful glance  
at Gort, he turns to  
Helen)

Hello.

HELEN

(staring at him)

I -- I thought you were--

KLAATU

(nodding, with a smile)

I was.

HELEN

(looking at Gort in  
awe)

You mean he has the power of life  
and death?

KLAATU

No -- that is a power reserved to  
the Almighty Spirit.

KLAATU

(indicating the  
equipment Gort used)

This technique, in certain cases,  
can re-stimulate life for a limited  
period. It's a refinement of  
scientific principles known to your  
own people.

HELEN

(concerned for him)

But how -- how long--?

KLAATU

How long will I live?

(he shrugs)

That no one can say.

Klaatu moves one of the sliding panels and reaches for a suit of his "other world" clothing from behind the panel. With a nod of apology, he steps behind the panel to change.

EXT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

shooting from the door. In f.g. Barnhardt, who has just arrived, is greeting several friends outside the door. In b.g. a staff car and three or four other Army vehicles are driving up.

MED. SHOT - ARMY VEHICLES

As the convoy pulls up to a halt in front of the building, the Colonel hurries out of the staff car and moves over to Barnhardt. Barnhardt is motioning his friends into the building as the Colonel comes up to him.

TWO SHOT - COLONEL AND BARNHARDT

The Colonel speaks to Barnhardt with deference but with unyielding authority.

COLONEL

I'm sorry, Professor Barnhardt -- I have to ask you to call off this meeting.

BARNHARDT

Call it off? I... But I had permission from the Army--

COLONEL

I know you did. But the robots on the loose now and it isn't safe around here. You'll have to get your friends out of that building.

INT. SPACE SHIP - TWO SHOT - KLAATU AND HELEN

as Klaatu steps out from behind the sliding panel where he has changed into his "other world" tunic.

KLAATU

Gort and I will be leaving soon.

Helen is genuinely upset at the thought of his leaving and the knowledge that he is to die. There is a compelling warmth of feeling between these two.

HELEN

(simply, sincerely)  
We'll miss you very much -- Bobby and I.

(smiling to conceal her real feelings)  
He won't have anyone to play with.

KLAATU

He'll have you -- and Tom.

HELEN

(quietly -- definitely)  
No. That's all finished.

KLAATU

I'm sorry.

HELEN

(she is sensible and objective, but not unfeeling)  
I think I'm very lucky. You don't always get a chance to recognize a mistake before you make it.

Klaatu looks at her in warm, considered admiration. Then he moves to one side of the cabin and flips a switch. Suddenly an entire section of the side wall is made transparent. Through it, as through a screen, we can see out into the building. Most of the chairs are already occupied, and latecomers are still moving in through the door. Facing the group, on a little dais, is Barnhardt. As Klaatu and Helen watch, Barnhardt raps for order and begins to speak. His voice comes in the ship through a speaker.

BARNHARDT  
Ladies and Gentlemen--

INT. BUILDING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - BARNHARDT

He addresses them gravely, with a note of terrible disappointment in his voice.

BARNHARDT  
I called you from your work and from  
your homes all over the world because  
we were to meet here tonight with a  
man from another planet -- the man  
who came here in this ship.  
(there are audible  
exclamations of  
surprise and  
disappointment)  
As you all know, this is no longer  
possible. I can only say that I share  
the bitterness of your disappointment.

INTERCUT with the above are group and individual shots of the people in the meeting. They are the cream of Earth's intellectuals -- scientists, churchmen, educators, leaders of social and political thought. There are several women among them. There are turbaned Indians, Chinese, Japanese, several Negroes. All religions are represented. Every important world power is represented.

INT. MAIN CABIN - SPACE SHIP

Klaatu and Helen are watching and listening, as the last sentence of Barnhardt's speech above comes over the speaker. Klaatu flips off the switch, which cuts off the view of the meeting and also Barnhardt's voice. At this moment Gort moves across the cabin and Klaatu speaks to him.

KLAATU  
Gort -- berengo.

Gort moves off obediently.

INT. BUILDING - MED. CLOSE SHOT - BARNHARDT

Full of chagrin, he continues addressing the meeting.

BARNHARDT  
--under the circumstances, the Army  
people have asked us to leave the  
building. And, since their concern  
is for our safety, I can do nothing  
but suggest that we comply--

Barnhardt is interrupted by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the ramp, silently opening out of the side of the space ship.

MED. SHOT - BARNHARDT'S AUDIENCE

as they react in startled amazement to the mysterious appearance of the ramp. Then, as they watch, there is a sudden gasp of terror.

MED. SHOT - AT SHIP

as Gort appears on the ramp and walks slowly down to the ground. In a moment, Klaatu and Helen appear at the entrance of the ship. Helen comes down the ramp to join Barnhardt, while Klaatu remains at the head of the ramp.

MED. CLOSE SHOT COLONEL AND SOLDIERS

The Colonel stands near the door, flanked by a group of

soldiers, their rifles at the ready. The Colonel is startled by what he sees. His eyes are on the revered figure of Klaatu and he's debating what he should do.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He is a figure of intense dignity in his impressive otherworld tunic. He stares with even defiance at the armed soldiers, as though holding them off by sheer weight of his personality. He turns to look out at the audience, which is held spellbound. Then, after a breathless moment, he speaks.

KLAATU

(straightforwardly,  
with almost stern  
authority)

I am leaving soon and you will forgive  
me if I speak bluntly.

(he pauses, studying  
the faces)

The Universe grows smaller every day --  
and the threat of aggression by any  
group -- anywhere -- can no longer  
be tolerated.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - IN AUDIENCE

of three of the delegates, listening intently. (These three  
are from Russia, India and France.)

KLAATU'S VOICE

(over scene)

There must be security for all -- or  
no one is secure... This does not  
mean giving up any freedom except  
the freedom to act irresponsibly.

CLOSE SHOT - A DELEGATE

He is an American.

KLAATU'S VOICE

(over scene)

Your ancestors knew this when they  
made laws to govern themselves --  
and hired policemen to enforce them.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

KLAATU

We of the other planets have long  
accepted this principle. We have an  
organization for the mutual protection  
of all planets -- and for the complete  
elimination of aggression. A sort of  
United Nations on the Planetary  
level... The test of any such higher  
authority, of course, is the police  
force that supports it. For our  
policemen, we created a race of robots--

(indicating Gort)

Their function is to patrol the  
planets -- in space ships like this  
one -- and preserve the peace. In  
matters of aggression we have given  
them absolute power over us.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GORT

emphasizing his great size and inscrutable expression. The  
normal blinking of his piercing eyes as he gazes imperturbably  
at the audience is his only movement.

KLAATU'S VOICE

(over scene)

At the first sign of violence they act automatically against the aggressor. And the penalty for provoking their action is too terrible to risk.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

KLAATU

The result is that we live in peace, without arms or armies, secure in the knowledge that we are free from aggression and war -- free to pursue more profitable enterprises.

(after a pause)

We do not pretend to have achieved perfection -- but we do have a system -- and it works.

(with straightforward candor)

I came here to give you the facts. It is no concern of ours how you run your own planet -- but if you threaten to extend your violence, this Earth of yours will be reduced to a burned-out cinder.

QUICK REACTION CUTS

of four delegates, reflecting their stark terror and bewilderment. And a cut of the Colonel and the soldiers, impressed and held by what Klaatu is saying.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY as he concludes quietly, incisively.

KLAATU

Your choice is simple. Join us and live in peace. Or pursue your present course -- and face obliteration.

(after a pause)

We will be waiting for your answer. decision rests with you.

By the time he reads the last line, the CAMERA HAS MOVED INTO a BIG HEAD CLOSEUP.

MED. SHOT - THE DELEGATES

CAMERA MOVES along a row of their faces, stunned and silent, their minds unable to cope with the enormity of what they have heard.

MED. SHOT

CAMERA MOVES IN on Klaatu as he is saying goodbye to Barnhardt and Helen. He turns then and speaks to Gort, glancing up at the building as he does so.

KLAATU

Gort -- veracto.

CLOSE SHOT - GORT

He looks up at the roof of the building, and once again we hear the peculiar generating sound from within him.

MED. LONG SHOT

including the delegates, the space ship, everything that is inside the building. As we watch, the roof and walls of the temporary structure suddenly disintegrate as the tanks did in the opening. The entire layout -- delegates, space ship and all -- remain exactly as they were except that instead

of being under a roof they are out in the open Mall under a starry sky. The area is ringed with the debris of the building.

MED. SHOT AT SHIP

Klaatu is standing at the head of the ramp as Gort comes up the ramp and disappears inside the ship. Klaatu is nodding goodbye to Barnhardt and Helen.

TWO SHOT - BARNHARDT AND HELEN

as they wave to Klaatu. Barnhardt is moved and impressed, and Helen's face shows her emotions at this strange parting.

CLOSE SHOT - KLAATU

He nods and smiles at them with warm affection. Then he turns and disappears into the ship, and the ramp closes behind him.

MED. SHOT - THE SPACE SHIP

From inside the ship comes the muffled roar of great power generating -- not the sound of earthly motors, but of a tremendous dynamo.

MED. SHOT - THE DELEGATES

watching breathless, stunned by what they have heard and seen.

MED. LONG SHOT - THE SHIP

As the sound from inside it builds to a climax, the great ship takes off with a tremendous roar.

REACTION CUTS OF DELEGATES

All are deeply moved and impressed. In the mind of each is the burning question that Klaatu has posed for them.

LONG SHOT - THE SHIP

as it soars away into the inky blackness of the outer spaces from which it came.

FADE OUT:

THE END