

**Series: Lux Radio Theater**

**Show: The Day the Earth Stood Still**

**Date: Jan 04 1954**

*Transcript courtesy of Mikeplays*

CAST:

The Lux Team:

ANNOUNCER, Ken Carpenter

HOST, Irving Cummings

FRANCES SCULLY, publicist

GLORIA GORDON, intermission guest

ART LINKLETTER

The Pepsodent Team:

CHILD

SINGERS

2ND ANNCR

MAN

Dramatis Personae:

KLAATU / MICHAEL RENNIE

HELEN BENSON / JEAN PETERS

NARRATOR

BOBBY BENSON, Helen's son

TOM STEVENS, Helen's jerk boyfriend

MRS. CROCKETT

PROFESSOR BARNHARDT

HARLEY

COMMENTATOR

HILDA

BRADY

GENERAL CUTLER

COLONEL RYDER

VOICE (1 line)

RADIO VOICE (2 lines)

ARMY (2 lines)

The Landing Team:

1ST BRITISH (2 lines)

2ND BRITISH (1 line)

RUSSIAN (1 line)

INDIAN (1 line)

3RD BRITISH (1 line)  
AMERICAN (1 line)  
VOICE (1 line)  
NEWSCASTER (1 line)  
OFFICER  
SOLDIER

ANNOUNCER: Lux presents Hollywood!

MUSIC: LUX THEME

ANNOUNCER: Lever Brothers Company, the makers of Lux Toilet Soap, brings you the Lux Radio Theatre, starring Michael Rennie and Jean Peters in "The Day the Earth Stood Still." Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. Irving Cummings.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

HOST: Greetings from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. There is an ever-present question that has puzzled and intrigued our world for centuries. Is there life on any of the other planets? So in tonight's play, we will tell you of a possible momentous event in our future -- the arrival on this planet of a man from outer space, "The Day the Earth Stood Still." And as our stars of this provocative drama from Twentieth Century-Fox, we have one of their fastest-rising stars, Michael Rennie, co-starring with that outstanding actress Jean Peters. Now, before raising the curtain on "The Day the Earth Stood Still" starring Michael Rennie and Jean Peters, here is Ken Carpenter.

ANNOUNCER: I don't know about you, but exhausted as I am from the holidays, I still hate to admit that they're really over. But, er, maybe some of the ladies don't feel quite the same way. You probably never want to see another dish or glass that needs to be washed. On the other hand, perhaps you were as lucky as the Carpenters. We had plenty of new Lux Liquid Detergent on hand. Yes, ma'am, with Lux Liquid, you really get rid of messy dishes fast and easy. Put one teaspoonful of Lux Liquid into the dishpan and the dishes literally soak clean.

Just rinse, stack, and you're done. Lux Liquid's special formula actually dissolves the grease right off plates. And yet it's mild on your hands -- Lux mild. And the can it comes in is something out of the ordinary, too. It's unbreakable -- and it has a wonderful new dripless spout that ends messy handling. Added to all this, Lux Liquid is really thrifty. Just one teaspoonful will do a "dishpanful." And it's been proven one can outlasts several boxes of the leading laundry powder. Yes, Lux Liquid is truly the next best thing to a dishwashing machine -- as good for dishes as Lux Flakes are for nylons. And there just isn't any other care like Lux Flakes care for nylons. It really can double the wear you get from every pair. No matter what anyone else says, remember-- Ninety-six percent of stocking manufacturers recommend Lux Flakes care. And, like all Lever Brothers products, Lux Liquid and Lux Flakes are unconditionally guaranteed to be all they're promised or your money back.

HOST: Now, Act One of "The Day the Earth Stood Still," starring Michael Rennie as Klaatu and Jean Peters as Helen Benson.

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: It was a pleasant spring day -- an ideal day for a walk in the park, a day to push the baby buggy and be glad you were alive. There'd been at least twenty such sparkling days that spring and perhaps a billion or more of them since the Earth began, and nothing had ever happened to spoil them but a few small fires or a slight head cold in the evening, or a rain squall. This spring day, in the middle of the marvelous twentieth century, was different. It was the most different day that had happened to mankind since the first Christmas.

SOUND: BEEP-BEEP OF RADAR ... CONTINUES IN BG

NARRATOR: The thing was noticed in Hong Kong first on the British radar.

1ST BRITISH: But that's impossible! That thing must be doing about four thousand.

2ND BRITISH: That can't be aircraft, sir. Must be a buzz bomb.

1ST BRITISH: Better give an alarm. Keep it steady, though. May be faulty equipment.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: If the British radar in Hong Kong was faulty, so was the radar all over the Orient, and Asia, and Europe. So were the announcers on the radio.

MUSIC: ACCENT

RUSSIAN: This is Moscow!

MUSIC: ACCENT

INDIAN: This is Kalkipur, India.

MUSIC: TWO ACCENTS

3RD BRITISH: This is Radio Luxembourg!

MUSIC: BIG ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: The American radar screen quickly confirmed the fact that there was nothing wrong with the British radar and that there was something very gravely wrong forty miles out in space, far above the earth.

AMERICAN: Luckton at Ferris to Baker, Ferris to Baker. I have an object at two zero zero thousand feet, four zero zero zero miles an hour.

SOUND: ALIEN SPACECRAFT APPROACHING ... GROWING LOUDER DURING FOLLOWING--

NARRATOR: Then it was here. Incredibly, it was here! Burning down through the sky over Washington, D. C., hovering over the Mall. Descending.

VOICE: They're here! They've come! They're here, they're here!

SOUND: ALIEN SPACECRAFT LANDS NOISILY AND GROWS SILENT ...  
BIRDS CHIRP QUIETLY

NARRATOR: Not a sound. Stillness. Not a move from the cordon of tanks and armored cars and troops in full battle dress.

Not a sound or gesture from the monstrous domed disk resting on the grass.

SOUND: TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

NEWSCASTER: The ship, designed for travel outside the earth's atmosphere, landed in Washington today at three forty-seven p.m. Eastern Standard Time. We still do not know where it came from. The ship is now resting exactly where it landed two hours ago. So far there is no sign of life from inside the ship. Behind the cordon of troops, tanks, and artillery is a huge crowd of curiosity seekers. Every eye, every weapon, is trained on the ship. The atmosphere is one of terrific tension rather than of fear. It's been that way for-- Just a minute, ladies and gentlemen! I think something's happening! The spaceship is opening up! Someone is coming out!

MUSIC: STIRRING, MAJESTIC ACCENT .. THEN OUT BEHIND--

SOUND: CROWD REACTS WITH MURMURS AND GROWING UNEASE ... THEN IN BG

OFFICER: Keep calm, everybody! Don't get excited! Keep calm! Quiet!

SOUND: CROWD GROWS SILENT BEHIND--

NARRATOR: A wedge is opened in the smooth unbroken metal skin of the spaceship. A ramp slithers out on the grass. Against an eerie glow of unearthly light from inside the spaceship stands the Spaceman. He is a man, entirely like ourselves. He wears a close-fitting suit like a deep-sea diver's armor, but of alien material. A spherical helmet entirely conceals his head. He holds up his hand. He is going to speak.

KLAATU: We have come to visit you in peace and with good will. Receive me as a friend.

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS UNCERTAINLY

MUSIC: UNEASY, IN BG

OFFICER: (GUARDED) Here he comes, men. Watch it. Keep that BAR

trained on him.

SOLDIER: (VERY NERVOUS) He - he's going for something in his tunic, sir.

OFFICER: Quiet.

SOLDIER: (PANICS) It's a ray gun or something! I'm gonna let him have it!

OFFICER: No! No! Wait!

SOUND: GUNFIRE! ... CROWD REACTS, THEN MURMURS IN BG

OFFICER: You fool, he's down! Hold back that crowd! (TO ALL) Everybody -- back!

KLAATU: (HEAVY BREATHING)

OFFICER: Your wound doesn't look too bad. I'm sorry, but you shouldn't have gone for that ray gun.

KLAATU: (WEAKLY) It - it was not a weapon.

OFFICER: (ASTONISHED) He understands us.

KLAATU: It was a gift for your President. With it, you might have studied life on other planets.

SOUND: CROWD REACTS IN HORROR

OFFICER: What's bothering the crowd, Lieutenant? Tell 'em to-- (QUIETLY STUNNED) Oh, no! Oh, no.

MUSIC: FOR A GIANT ROBOT ... OMINOUS ... THEN IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

NARRATOR: A nightmare stands on the ramp leading out of the spaceship. A mechanical giant -- monstrous -- all metal and menace -- with a visor in his helmet lifting slowly, revealing a dreadful light, boiling within that metal head. And suddenly out of that incandescence, a narrow ray.

SOUND: BZZZZ! BZZZZ! AS RAY BEAM IS REPEATEDLY FIRED, DISINTEGRATING VARIOUS WEAPONS AS CROWD PANICS ... THEN OUT BEHIND--

NARRATOR: Rifles, tanks, artillery glow with that terrible incandescence and become vapor and a mush of [huddled?] steel. And in the deathly silence that follows, the robot strides down the ramp -- the Avenger -- from where?

MUSIC: DURING ABOVE ... EXTREMELY OMINOUS ... TO PAINT A PICTURE OF THE MENACING, ADVANCING ROBOT

KLAATU: (URGENT, TO ROBOT) Gort! Deglet ovrosco!

MUSIC: ABRUPTLY OUT

KLAATU: (TO OFFICER) He won't hurt you now.

OFFICER: Let's get you to a hospital.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

HARLEY: Good afternoon, sir.

KLAATU: Good afternoon.

HARLEY: The doctors here tell me your wound is not serious.

KLAATU: No. It amazes them that it's almost healed already.

HARLEY: I'm very glad.

KLAATU: It should serve as some sort of indication of our powers.

HARLEY: My name is Harley, secretary to the President. I've been told you speak our language fluently, that your name is Mr. Klaatu.

KLAATU: Just Klaatu.

HARLEY: The President has asked me to convey our deepest apologies for what has happened.

KLAATU: Sit down, Mr. Harley.

SOUND: HARLEY SITS

HARLEY: I'm sure I don't have to point out that your arrival was something of a surprise. Er, had you been traveling long?

KLAATU: About five months. Your months.

HARLEY: You must have come a long way.

KLAATU: About two hundred and fifty million of your miles.

HARLEY: Er, naturally we're very curious to know where you come from.

KLAATU: From another planet. Let's just say that we're neighbors.

HARLEY: Huh. 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: The -- present situation?

KLAATU: I mean the reasons for my coming here.

HARLEY: Would you care to talk about it?

KLAATU: Not now, nor with you alone.

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

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

HARLEY: I'm afraid that would be a little awkward.

KLAATU: Why?

HARLEY: In view of the tensions and suspicions in our world today, such a meeting would be impossible.

KLAATU: Mr. Harley, my mission here concerns the existence of every last creature who lives on Earth. It must not be complicated by the childish jealousies, intrigues, suspicions of your planet.

HARLEY: Our problems are very complex. You mustn't judge us too harshly.

KLAATU: I'm impatient with stupidity. My people have learned to

live without it.

HARLEY: The President will, of course, do his best to bring about the meeting you desire. I know it will be quite useless. I wish it were otherwise.

SOUND: SCRAPE OF CHAIR AS HARLEY RISES

HARLEY: I'm very sorry, Mr. Klaatu.

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

HARLEY: Our military people insist that you do not attempt to leave the hospital. The door will be locked. I'm sure you understand. Good day, Mr. Klaatu.

SOUND: HARLEY'S FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR WHICH OPENS AND SHUTS AS HE EXITS ... DOOR IS THEN LOCKED

KLAATU: (AMUSED, TO HIMSELF) The door will be locked. (CHUCKLES) Will it now?

MUSIC: BRIDGE ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: Klaatu escaped. Nor could the embarrassing news of his disappearance long be suppressed. It was read about in the papers and described in excited tones over the radio.

COMMENTATOR:(FILTER) The authorities at Walter Reed Hospital still refuse to comment on how he managed to escape except to say that he broke into a hospital locker and stole clothing belonging to a staff doctor. While the government does not minimize the crisis, (CONTINUES UNDER NARRATOR BELOW) it urges people all over the world to remain calm, and further advises that the facilities of all federal agencies are being brought to bear.--

MRS. CROCKETT:(OVER THE COMMENTATOR) Calm, he says?! Just terrible.

NARRATOR: (OVERLAPS COMMENTATOR AND MRS. CROCKETT) This was the latest and the only news, and among the countless millions listening, were two women and a boy in an ordinary home on an ordinary street in Washington --

Mrs. Crockett's roominghouse. There was Mrs. Crockett and Helen Benson and little Bobby Benson.

COMMENTATOR:(CONTINUED FROM ABOVE, FILTER) --We are warned, however, that this is no ordinary manhunt and we may be up against powers that are beyond our control or understanding, and that we--

SOUND: CLICK! AS RADIO IS SWITCHED OFF WITH--

MRS. CROCKETT:Oh, I just can't stand any more of this.

HELEN: Oh, I wanted to hear more, Mrs. Crockett.

BOBBY: It's exciting, isn't it, Mother?

HELEN: Hush, Bobby.

MRS. CROCKETT:Exciting?! It's enough to drive a person-- (STARTLED)  
Ohh! Who are you?

KLAATU: I'm sorry. I saw your sign outside and the door was open. My name is Carpenter.

MRS. CROCKETT:Yes?

KLAATU: I'm looking for a room.

MRS. CROCKETT:(RELIEVED, STAMMERS) Oh. Oh, yes, I do have a nice room.

BOBBY: Are you a G-man?

KLAATU: (AMUSED) No, I'm afraid I'm not.

BOBBY: I bet he is, Mom. I bet he's looking for that space man!

HELEN: (LIGHTLY) I think we've all been hearing too much about space men, Mr. Carpenter.

MRS. CROCKETT:This is Mrs. Benson, Mr. Carpenter.

HELEN: How do you do?

MRS. CROCKETT:And this is little Bobby, my youngest guest.

BOBBY: Hi.

MRS. CROCKETT:I'm Mrs. Crockett. You're a long way from home, aren't

you, Mr. Carpenter?

KLAATU: How did you know?

MRS. CROCKETT:(PLEASED WITH HERSELF) Ho ho! I can tell a New England accent every time. ... (MOVING OFF) This way, please, Mr. Carpenter.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BREAKFAST TABLE BACKGROUND ... RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPER

MRS. CROCKETT:(READS) --"and so, this Sunday morning, we ask the question that has been plaguing the entire world for two days now -- 'Where is the creature and what is he up to?'"

HELEN: Eat your cereal, Bobby.

BOBBY: Aw, Mom, I'm almost full as it is.

KLAATU: (GENTLY CHIDES) Bobby.

BOBBY: Okay, Mr. Carpenter.

HELEN: I'm sorry, Mrs. Crockett. Please go on reading.

MRS. CROCKETT:(TO HERSELF, FINDS HER PLACE) Ummm, "creature and what is he up to?" (READS) Uh, "If he could 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?"

BOBBY: What a man.

MRS. CROCKETT:(READS) "Obviously we must track down this monster and destroy him -- before he destroys us." (SOUND: RATTLES PAPER) Correct! Then why don't they do it?

HELEN: (THOUGHTFUL) This space man -- or whatever he is. We automatically assume he's a menace. Maybe he isn't after all.

MRS. CROCKETT:Well, then, where is he, Mrs. Benson? What's he up to?

HELEN: Maybe he's afraid.

MRS. CROCKETT:(HEAVY IRONY) Ah, he's afraid!

HELEN: Well, after all, he was shot the minute he landed here.  
I just was wondering what I'd do.

KLAATU: Perhaps before deciding upon a course of action, you'd  
want to know more about the people here.

MRS. CROCKETT: Nothing strange about Washington.

KLAATU: A person from another planet might disagree with you.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS

MRS. CROCKETT: (STARTLED GASP) Oh!

HELEN: (REASSURING) It's all right, Mrs. Crockett. That's Mr.  
Stevens calling for me. I'll go to the door.

MRS. CROCKETT: (FADES AS HELEN GOES TO DOOR) That awful robot  
standing there like an ugly iron statue-- It gives me  
the shivers.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR OPENS

HELEN: Morning, Tom.

TOM: Hello, Helen.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR CLOSES

TOM: (LOW) Hey, can anybody see us?

HELEN: No. (GIGGLES AS HE KISSES HER)

TOM: (HUNGRILY) Mmmmm. So, all right, we're all set. I picked  
up some sandwiches and put gas in the car, and the radio  
is busted so we can forget about this space man for a  
day, huh?

HELEN: (APOLOGETIC) I haven't been able to arrange for anyone  
to stay with Bobby. Mrs. Crockett's going out and, uh, I  
don't suppose we could take him with us.

TOM: (UNHAPPY) Oh. Erm, we could.

HELEN: Just today. Mrs. Crockett has plans and I don't know who  
else to ask.

KLAATU: (APPROACHES) I haven't any plans.

HELEN: Oh, Mr. Carpenter!

KLAATU: I'd be glad to spend the day with Bobby, if you'd let me.

TOM: Great, thanks!

HELEN: Well, it's very nice of you to offer. Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Carpenter, this is Tom Stevens.

TOM: Hi.

KLAATU: How do you do? Bobby and I had a fine time yesterday afternoon. I thought he might show me around the city today.

HELEN: Well--

KLAATU: Please, I'd enjoy it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOR A SPRING DAY ... BIRDS TWITTER IN BACKGROUND

BOBBY: And this is where my father is buried. (READS) "Robert Benson, Virginia, First Lieutenant, Forty-Fifth Infantry. April tenth, Nineteen Sixteen - January twenty-ninth, Nineteen Forty-Four."

KLAATU: Your father was very young, wasn't he, Bobby?

BOBBY: He was killed at Anzio.

KLAATU: Did - did all these people here die in wars?

BOBBY: Oh, most of 'em. Didn't you ever hear of Arlington Cemetery?

KLAATU: I'm afraid not.

BOBBY: You don't seem to know much about anything, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU: I've been far away, Bobby.

BOBBY: Don't they have places like this where you've been?

KLAATU: Not like this one. You see, they - they don't have any

wars. Let's walk.

BOBBY: All right.

KLAATU: What would you like to do now?

BOBBY: Go to the movies.

KLAATU: All right.

BOBBY: No foolin'?

KLAATU: No fooling. Uh, do you have to have money to go there?

BOBBY: Well, I've got two dollars. I'll treat you, okay?

KLAATU: No, I want to take you. Look, do you think they'd accept these?

BOBBY: Gee! What are they? Diamonds?

KLAATU: Well, in some places these are what people use for money. They're easy to carry and they don't wear out.

BOBBY: I'll bet they're worth a million dollars.

KLAATU: Would you give me your two dollars for two of these?

BOBBY: Sure, okay.

KLAATU: There you are.

BOBBY: Um, let's not say anything to Mom about this, huh?

KLAATU: Why not?

BOBBY: Well, she doesn't like me to take advantage of people. ... Hey, before we go to the movies, would you like to see the Abraham Lincoln Memorial?

KLAATU: Thank you, yes, I would.

MUSIC: WARMLY PATRIOTIC BRIDGE ... WITH A TOUCH OF "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC" ... THEN IN BG

BOBBY: Well, this is it. That's the Gettysburg speech up there.

KLAATU: (READS) "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by

the people, and for the people,

shall not perish from the earth." Those are great words.

BOBBY: That's some statue.

MUSIC: OUT BEHIND--

KLAATU: That's the kind of man I'd like to talk to. (BEAT)  
Bobby, who is the greatest man in America today?

BOBBY: Gee, I don't know. The space man, I guess.

KLAATU: (AMUSED) I was speaking of earth men.

BOBBY: Oh, I don't know. The President?

KLAATU: I mean the greatest philosopher -- the greatest thinker,  
scholar.

BOBBY: Oh. Well, that's Professor Barnhardt, I guess.

KLAATU: Yes? Professor Barnhardt?

BOBBY: He's the greatest scientist in the world. He lives right  
here in Washington. Right near where my mother works.

KLAATU: Where is that?

BOBBY: Department of Commerce. She's a secretary. Why?

KLAATU: I have an idea, Bobby. Let's go see Professor Barnhardt.

BOBBY: What for?

KLAATU: You just said he's the greatest man in America.

BOBBY: (AMUSED) You're kiddin', aren't you?

KLAATU: Wouldn't you like to meet him?

BOBBY: Well, sure I would. Aw, go on. I bet you'd be scared.

KLAATU: Maybe we can scare him more than he can scare us.

BOBBY: (WITH A CHUCKLE) I like you, Mr. Carpenter. You're a  
real screwball.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS

BOBBY: (BEAT) Gee, maybe the professor isn't at home.

KLAATU: Let's take a look through that window.

SOUND: KLAATU AND BOBBY'S FOOTSTEPS TO WINDOW

BOBBY: I'll bet this is where he works. Look in there. Books all over. Blackboard's full of stuff.

SOUND: LOCKED DOOR RATTLES

BOBBY: (DISAPPOINTED) Aw, door's locked, too.

KLAATU: Is it?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

KLAATU: Why, no, it isn't, Bobby.

BOBBY: (MYSTIFIED) Well, that's funny.

KLAATU: We'll go in and wait for him. I'm sure he won't mind.

BOBBY: Gee, just think -- all the brains that goes on in here. What's all that stuff on the blackboard?

KLAATU: It's a problem in celestial mechanics. (CLICKS HIS TONGUE DISAPPROVINGLY)

BOBBY: What's the matter?

KLAATU: He'll never get the answer that way. Let's see.

BOBBY: (URGENT) Hey, it says, "Don't erase, don't touch"!

SOUND: MARKS ON BLACKBOARD BEHIND--

KLAATU: This is right. (MARK) Check. (BEAT) Correct. (MARK) Correct. (MARK) And here's where he gets off the track. Well, we'll fix that. (SCRIBBLES) So-- So.

BOBBY: (IMPRESSED) You must be an arithmetic teacher, I bet.

KLAATU: (READS ALOUD AS HE SCRIBBLES) "Differentiate - the - equation." There.

SOUND: KLAATU DROPS CHALK, WIPES HANDS

HILDA: (APPROACHES, INDIGNANT) Who are you?

BOBBY: Uh-oh.

HILDA: How dare you come in like this? How dare you write on that blackboard? Do you realize the professor's been working on that problem for weeks?

KLAATU: He'll solve it in no time now.

HILDA: What do you want?

KLAATU: We came to see Professor Barnhardt.

HILDA: Well, he's not here. And he won't be back until evening. I think you'd better leave.

KLAATU: Will you tell him that Mr. Carpenter was here? Sixteen Fifteen M Street, Northwest. I think he'll want to talk to me.

HILDA: Indeed?

KLAATU: Thank you. (SLIGHTLY OFF) Oh, it may have entered your mind to erase what I've written on the blackboard.

HILDA: It certainly has!

KLAATU: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I wouldn't do that. The Professor needs it very badly. Come on, Bobby.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

HILDA: (REPEATS TO HERSELF) Carpenter! Sixteen Fifteen M Street, Northwest, Carpenter, M Street.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN BEHIND--

SOUND: PHONE RECEIVER UP ... OPERATOR DIALED

HILDA: Operator, give me the police!

MUSIC: UP, FOR CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: Act Two of "The Day the Earth Stood Still" in a few moments, after we see if Frances Scully has any big news for us tonight.

SCULLY: Oh, I do, Ken -- about a big man in a big picture. The picture is Warner Brothers' Wayne-Fellows production "Hondo" in 3-D.

ANNOUNCER: And the big man must be John Wayne -- even bigger in 3-D.

SCULLY: Oh, and better than ever, too. For his leading lady, John drew one of last year's most talked-about and talented Broadway actresses, Geraldine Page.

ANNOUNCER: Oh, yes, "Hondo" is her first Hollywood picture, isn't it?

SCULLY: That's right.

ANNOUNCER: And isn't that the one that was filmed in a really wild part of Mexico?

SCULLY: Camargo, Mexico, Ken -- where it's hot as well as wild. In the picture, John plays a part-Indian dispatch rider for the U.S. Cavalry around Eighteen Seventy. Geraldine is lovely as the woman he falls in love with.

ANNOUNCER: Ah, she's a fine actress. Knows a good thing when she sees it, too, because she's a real Lux girl. You'll be getting in on a good thing, too, once you use mild and gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Nine out of ten Hollywood stars, like Geraldine Page, have found that, really, there's no soap quite like Lux. And now our producer, Mr. Cummings.

HOST: Act Two of "The Day the Earth Stood Still," starring Michael Rennie as Klaatu and Jean Peters as Helen Benson.

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: It is early evening of the same day. Tom Stevens and Helen Benson drive up to the boardinghouse after their picnic, quite unaware of the dark squad car parked at the curb a few feet ahead.

SOUND: TOM'S CAR PULLS TO A STOP ... ENGINE OUT

TOM: (SLIGHTLY DEJECTED) Well, here we are.

HELEN: Thank you, Tom. It was a wonderful day.

TOM: You, um, still haven't answered my question.

HELEN: Oh, you know how I feel, Tom. But I still want time to think it over.

TOM: (LIGHTLY) If I could only tell the boss I was getting married and acquiring two dependents.

HELEN: (AMUSED) You're a good salesman.

TOM: A good salesman wouldn't give you time to think about it.

HELEN: (CHUCKLES) Good night.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

TOM: Uh, didn't you forget something? (PAUSE AS THEY KISS)  
Mm. Now good night.

HELEN: (CHUCKLES) Good night.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SHUTS ... HELEN'S FOOTSTEPS TO FRONT DOOR WHICH OPENS

TOM: (OFF) 'Night!

SOUND: FRONT DOOR SHUTS

HELEN: (STARTLED) Oh, Mr. Carpenter!

BOBBY: Hi, Mom.

HELEN: Hello, darling.

KLAATU: Uh, Mrs. Benson -- this is Mr. Brady.

HELEN: How do you do?

BRADY: (STERN) How do you do?

BOBBY: Mr. Brady's a government agent.

HELEN: (SURPRISED) Oh? Did you have a nice day, Bobby?

BOBBY: We had a swell time. Didn't we, Mr. Carpenter?

KLAATU: Yes, we did.

BOBBY: We went to the movies -- and had a banana split -- and went to see Daddy.

HELEN: (MOVED AND GRATEFUL) Oh, I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU: I enjoyed every minute of it.

BRADY: We better get going.

KLAATU: Yes. Good night, Bobby.

BOBBY: Good night.

KLAATU: I'll tell you the rest of that story tomorrow. Good night, Mrs. Benson.

HELEN: (PUZZLED) Good night.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR OPENS

BRADY: Nice meeting you, Mrs. Benson.

HELEN: Thank you.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR SHUTS

BOBBY: (BEAT) Why did Mr. Carpenter have to go with Mr. Brady?

HELEN: I don't know. (WITH A SHRUG) Maybe it was a mistake. (MOCK STERN) Upstairs with you.

BOBBY: Yeah. We sure had fun today. We went all over Washington and went to see Professor Barnhardt.

HELEN: (SURPRISED) Professor Barnhardt?

BOBBY: Oh, sure.

HELEN: (TO HERSELF) Barnhardt? (TO BOBBY) Up to bed now. Pronto!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BRADY: Is this the man you wanted to see, Professor Barnhardt?

BARNHARDT: Oh, thank you, Mr. Brady. If I may speak to Mr. Carpenter alone, please?

BRADY: I'll wait outside, Professor.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BARNHARDT: You are Mr. Carpenter--?

KLAATU: Yes, Professor.

BARNHARDT: --who wrote those equations on my blackboard?

KLAATU: My clumsy way of introducing myself.

BARNHARDT: Forgive the manner in which you were picked up. Hilda called the police before I saw your annotations on the board.

KLAATU: I appreciate the need for security, Professor.

BARNHARDT: I have not quite fathomed the problem, even with your remarkable assistance, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU: Let's look at it, sir. All you have to do now is substitute this expression at this point.

BARNHARDT: Yes. That will reproduce the first order term, but what about the effect of the other terms?

KLAATU: Negligible. With variation of parameters, this is the answer.

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

KLAATU: I find it works well enough to get me from one planet to another.

BARNHARDT: (BEAT, REALIZES, QUIETLY) Klaatu!

KLAATU: I spent two days at your Walter Reed Hospital. I was interviewed--

BARNHARDT: (DISMISSIVE) I need no proof. This blackboard is proof.

KLAATU: If you're not interested, or if you intend to turn me over to the Army, we needn't waste any more time.

BARNHARDT: (ARE YOU KIDDING?) Interested?! Will you excuse me one moment, please?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BARNHARDT: Mr. Brady, you may go now. Please thank General Cutler and tell him-- Tell him that I know this gentleman.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BARNHARDT: So much for that, Klaatu. Now, please sit down.

KLAATU: You have faith, Professor.

BARNHARDT: Faith and, uh-- Uh, curiosity. Do sit down. I have several thousand questions to ask you.

KLAATU: I would like to explain my mission here.

BARNHARDT: That is my first question.

KLAATU: It was my hope to discuss this officially with all the nations of the world. I was not allowed the opportunity. Now, we know from scientific observation that your planet has discovered a rudimentary kind of atomic energy. We also know that you're experimenting with rockets.

BARNHARDT: Yes -- that is true. What exactly is the nature of your mission?

KLAATU: To warn you that your planet faces danger. What I have to say must be said to all concerned. I come to you as a last resort. Must I take drastic action in order to get a hearing?

BARNHARDT: (UNEASY) What sort of action do you mean?

KLAATU: Violent action? Perhaps leveling the island of Manhattan -- or toppling the Rock of Gibraltar into the sea?  
(BEAT) Well?

BARNHARDT: Would you, for example, be willing to meet with a group of scientists I am calling together? We're having our first meeting tonight. Perhaps you could explain your mission to them, and they in turn could present it to their various peoples.

KLAATU: That is what I came to see you about.

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

KLAATU: There is no alternative, Professor. In such a case, the planet Earth would have to be eliminated.

BARNHARDT: Such power exists?

KLAATU: I assure you, such power exists.

BARNHARDT: The scientists who are attending these meetings have come here from all over the world. This power you speak of-- They must be made to realize that it exists. Now, you mentioned a demonstration of force--

KLAATU: Yes.

BARNHARDT: Something that would affect the entire planet?

KLAATU: That can be arranged.

BARNHARDT: (NERVOUS, STAMMERS) Perhaps a little demonstration.

KLAATU: (CHUCKLES) Something dramatic -- but not destructive. (INTELLECTUALLY AMUSED) It's quite an interesting problem. Would tomorrow be all right?

BARNHARDT: If you say so.

KLAATU: Say about noon?

BARNHARDT: Then -- tomorrow at noon? Good.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

KLAATU: Going out tonight, Mrs. Benson?

HELEN: (STARTLED) Oh! Oh, it's you, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU: I'm afraid I startled you.

HELEN: Yes, I am going out. Mr. Stevens is calling for me.

KLAATU: Everyone seems so-- so--

HELEN: Jittery is the word.

KLAATU: (CHUCKLES) Bobby's the only person I know who isn't -- "jittery." He's a fine boy, Mrs. Benson.

HELEN: Naturally I think so.

KLAATU: Warm, friendly, intelligent. He's the only real friend I've made since I've been here.

HELEN: Mr. Carpenter -- this is none of my business, but -- why did that detective come here last night? That Mr. Brady?

KLAATU: (WITH EASY FRANKNESS) 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.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS

HELEN: Oh, that must be Tom now.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR OPENS, OFF

MRS. CROCKETT:(OFF) Oh, Mr. Stevens. Do come in. Helen is in the sitting-room.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR CLOSES, OFF

HELEN: (LOW AND DRY, TO KLAATU) Alert Mrs. Crockett -- she has a romantic mind.

TOM: (APPROACHES) Hello there, Helen. Not a minute to spare. You ready? (UNHAPPY TO SEE HIM) Hello, Carpenter. (IMPATIENT, TO HELEN) Picture starts at eight-fifty on the dot, Helen.

HELEN: I'll be ready in a minute. I was just talking to Mr. Carpenter.

TOM: (SARCASTIC) Oh, I hope Mr. Carpenter won't think I'm intruding.

KLAATU: (UNPERTURBED) Excuse me. I was just going up to my room. Good night.

HELEN: (EMBARRASSED) Good night, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU: (MOVING OFF) Have a good time, both of you.

HELEN: Thank you. (QUIETLY) Tom, that was awful.

TOM: (NOT SORRY) I'm sorry. I guess I'm just tired of hearing about "Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Carpenter."

HELEN: Ssh!

TOM: I don't like the way he's attached himself to you and Bobby. After all, what do you know about him?

HELEN: Very little, it's true. Well, let's not stand and talk about it any more. I'll go up and get my things.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

BOBBY: Gee, Mr. Carpenter. Thanks a lot for helping me with my homework.

KLAATU: That's all there is to it, Bobby, my boy. All you have to remember is first find the common denominator, then subtract.

BOBBY: I gotcha. Thanks, Mr. Carpenter.

SOUND: BEDROOM DOOR OPENS

HELEN: I'm leaving with Tom, Bobby. You'll go to bed on time now, won't you?

KLAATU: I'll say good night again, Mrs. Benson.

HELEN: (WANTS TO APOLOGIZE ABOUT TOM) Mr. Carpenter--?

KLAATU: Yes?

HELEN: (BUT IT'S TOO COMPLICATED) Nothing. Good night.

KLAATU: Good night. 'Night, Bobby.

SOUND: BEDROOM DOOR CLOSES AS KLAATU EXITS

HELEN: Bobby -- I think it would be better if you didn't see quite so much of Mr. Carpenter.

BOBBY: Well, gee, why, Mom? He's swell. I like him. And he's awful good at arithmetic. He even helped Professor Barnhardt.

HELEN: I - I'm sure he's a very nice man. I just think he might prefer to be left alone. Now go to bed, darling.

BOBBY: Why would he want to be left alone?

HELEN: Don't forget to brush your teeth.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

SOUND: KNOCK ON BEDROOM DOOR

BOBBY: Come in.

SOUND: BEDROOM DOOR OPENS

KLAATU: Bobby, do you have a flashlight I might borrow for tonight?

BOBBY: Oh, sure, Mr. Carpenter.

SOUND: DRAWER SLIDES OPEN

BOBBY: It's a real Boy Scout one.

KLAATU: Thank you, Bobby.

SOUND: DRAWER SLIDES SHUT

BOBBY: Why do you want it?

KLAATU: The light in my room went out. See you tomorrow. Better get into bed now.

SOUND: BEDROOM DOOR CLOSES

BOBBY: (BEAT, TO HIMSELF) Gee, I wonder if the batteries are any good. (CALLS) Mr. Carpenter?!

SOUND: BOBBY STEPS TO BEDROOM DOOR WHICH OPENS

MUSIC: QUICK TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

NARRATOR: Bobby went to the door and opened it. What he saw down the hallway puzzled him. Mr. Carpenter's door was ajar and light was pouring out of his room.

BOBBY: (TO HIMSELF) Funny -- he said his light went out.

NARRATOR: (WITH MACABRE DELIGHT) Then Mr. Carpenter came out carrying the flashlight and stealing down the steps like a thief. This was peculiar. But this was adventure.

Bobby followed Mr. Carpenter and what he saw couldn't have been a dream; it was too real. But it couldn't have been true, either; it was too deliciously frightful.

Dream or not, it was filled with darkness, stung by staccato flashes from a genuine Boy Scout flashlight -- flashes that activated a giant robot into knocking out his guards so that Mr. Carpenter from the boardinghouse could get into the shed the Army had built around the spaceship.

And dream or not, Bobby saw this Mr. Carpenter go in to the spaceship. And then a wave of sheer terror swept over Bobby at last and he turned and ran wildly away -- the way little boys always run in nightmares, trying so hard and moving so slowly, and all the time falling down. It was awful.

It was swell.

When his mother came home around midnight, Bobby was curled up on the sofa. Instantly, he jumped up and ran to her and to Tom Stevens as they came into the hallway.

MUSIC: OUT

BOBBY: (EXCITED) Mom! Mom! Listen!

HELEN: Bobby! What are you doing down here at this hour fully dressed?

BOBBY: Hello, Mr. Stevens. Mom, I had to tell ya!

HELEN: Tell me what?

TOM: What's the matter, Bobby?

BOBBY: (RAPIDLY) I followed Mr. Carpenter tonight -- right after you left -- and, gee, where do you think he went? Right into the spaceship!

HELEN: Now, Bobby, just one minute--

BOBBY: Honest, Mom, I saw him. They got a shed built around the spaceship so nobody can get to it. But Mr. Carpenter flashed a signal to that iron man up there and what do

you think?!

HELEN: Bobby, have you've been dreaming again?

TOM: (CHUCKLES) Why, sure.

BOBBY: (DESPERATE) No, Mom, honest, I haven't. I promise you. I saw it!

TOM: Where did you see all of this?

BOBBY: Well, I'm telling ya. On the lawn, down at the mall. In that place where the soldiers are all out in front.

TOM: Oh? And where were the soldiers all this time?

BOBBY: Well, that robot fella grabbed 'em and knocked 'em out!

HELEN: (CHIDES) Oh, Bobby--

BOBBY: (RAPIDLY) Yeah, and then Mr. Carpenter walked into the shed and the spaceship opened up, and he walked right inside and it closed again. Gee, I like Mr. Carpenter, but -- I'm scared, Mom.

HELEN: Darling, it was just a bad dream. We'll prove it to you. Tom, will you see if Mr. Carpenter's still up? Ask him to come down here a minute.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

TOM: Helen?

HELEN: Yes, Tom?

TOM: Helen, he's not there. But look what I found on the carpet.

HELEN: (BEAT) It can't be a diamond -- can it?

TOM: I don't know.

HELEN: It's much too big.

TOM: It looks real to me.

BOBBY: Aw, Mr. Carpenter's got lots of 'em. He gave a couple of 'em to me. Here.

HELEN: (AMAZED) He gave you these?

BOBBY: Well, not exactly. I gave him two dollars.

TOM: I don't know, but this whole thing-- It just doesn't make sense. Look, Helen, do you think it's all right for you to stay here?

HELEN: There's a strong lock on my door. And Bobby's going to sleep in my room tonight.

BOBBY: (RELUCTANT) Okay.

HELEN: Upstairs, nightmare boy.

BOBBY: (MOVING OFF) It wasn't a nightmare.

HELEN: Bobby?

BOBBY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yeah, Mom?

HELEN: Bobby, your shoes are soaking wet!

BOBBY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yeah -- grass on the mall was kind of wet. Good night, all!

HELEN: (BEAT, REALIZES) Oh, Tom! I wonder--

MUSIC: BRIDGE

NARRATOR: Klaatu had promised what Professor Barnhardt termed "a little demonstration" -- promised it for the following day at noon. It is now two minutes to twelve. In the Department of Commerce building, Helen Benson has left her office on her way to lunch. She stands in the corridor waiting for an elevator.

SOUND: BUZZ OF CROWD NEAR ELEVATORS, IN BG

KLAATU: (APPROACHES) Mrs. Benson?

HELEN: (SURPRISED) Mr. Carpenter -- what are you doing here?

KLAATU: I came to see you.

HELEN: Well, I was just going to lunch. What is it?

KLAATU: I saw Bobby this morning before he went to school.

HELEN: Yes--?

KLAATU: I want to know what he told you.

HELEN: (NERVOUS LAUGH) Oh, Bobby has such an active imagination.

KLAATU: Did you believe what he told you?

HELEN: Really, Mr. Carpenter -- this is where I work and I only have a short time for lunch today. If you'll excuse me--

KLAATU: I'll go down with you.

HELEN: (BEAT) If you like. The service elevator's open.

SOUND: THEY WALK INTO ELEVATOR, THEN STOP

HELEN: (BEAT) You'll have to press the button, Mr. Carpenter.

KLAATU: Oh, yes. Yes.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE ... ELEVATOR WHIRS

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: It was just five seconds before noon of that fateful day when Helen Benson and Mr. Carpenter stepped into that electric elevator. At that same moment, the enormous commerce of our briskly modern world roared and thundered in the streets.

SOUND: TRAFFIC BACKGROUND

NARRATOR: Five seconds to noon.

Four seconds, three seconds, two seconds.

One.

Zero.

SOUND: TRAFFIC SLOWS TO A HALT

MUSIC: AN EERIE, QUIET BACKGROUND BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: High noon, and silence. All over the world, traffic stopped dead in a million streets. Here and there, a horse-drawn vehicle clopped its melancholy way among the

motionless motors. Bicycles moved, before awe and the common desolation made the riders stop of their own free will. Electric clocks stopped on the dot of noon. All across the powered world, the machines stood still. Toasters failed to pop and battle fleets on maneuvers drifted aimlessly on their dead propellers. Joe Smith's milkshake didn't spin. And the humming turbines deep in Hoover Dam didn't produce current. Mrs. Housewife's washer stopped in the middle of its cycle. And electric lights went out all over the world. At a conference table in Washington, a hasty council of the armed services was held.

SOUND: COUNCIL MURMURS .. THEN QUIETS BEHIND--

GEN. CUTLER:As far as we can tell, gentlemen, all electric power has been cut off, all over, with few exceptions. And even these exceptions are remarkable -- hospitals, planes in flight, that sort of thing. I wish I could be more specific, but all communications are out. I can tell you that we are preparing to declare a state of national emergency, but before we start discussing plans, I want a report from Colonel Ryder.

COL. RYDER:All I can report, General, is that the robot at the spaceship was discovered to have moved last night. It knocked unconscious the two soldiers guarding the entrance to the shed the Army Engineers had built around the spaceship, indicating that someone, presumably the space man, had wanted to get into the ship for one reason or another.

GEN. CUTLER:In all likelihood to signal for this demonstration of his planet's power. Go on, Colonel.

COL. RYDER:Well, that's all, sir.

SOUND: COUNCIL MURMURS ("Well, I don't know what to make of that." ET CETERA) ... THEN QUIETS BEHIND--

GEN. CUTLER:Now, gentleman-- Until now we've agreed on the desirability of capturing this "man" alive. We can no longer afford to be soft in this matter. We will get him alive if possible, but we must get him! Is that clear,

gentlemen? Dead or alive. Get him.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

SOUND: APPLAUSE

HOST: Before we continue with Act Three of "The Day the Earth Stood Still," I want to say hello again to a very pretty, very young lady who still attends high school -- on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, when she's not making pictures, that is -- Gloria Gordon.

GORDON: Good evening, Mr. Cummings.

HOST: Gloria, I want to congratulate you on your splendid performance in Twentieth Century-Fox's Cinemascope thriller "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef."

GORDON: It was a break for me, getting to work with Terry Moore, Robert Wagner, and Gilbert Roland. I'm Bob's sister in the picture, you know. It's my first Cinemascope appearance, too.

HOST: Those Technicolor deep-sea diving scenes are beautiful as well as exciting. A fine picture like "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef" can start a career zooming, Gloria. I'm sure it will yours.

ANNOUNCER: And that peaches-and-cream complexion won't hurt a bit, either, Gloria.

GORDON: Thanks, Mr. Carpenter. You can call mine a Lux complexion if you like, because I use Lux all the time to keep my skin looking just right. I think there's nothing like it.

ANNOUNCER: You know, it's hard to find a movie star who doesn't depend on Lux complexion care. In the bath, too, Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle, so refreshing. And, like all Lever Brothers products, Lux Toilet Soap is unconditionally guaranteed. If it isn't all we say it is, your money will be returned. We pause now for station identification. This is the CBS Radio Network.

MUSIC: FILLS THE PAUSE ... THEN OUT

HOST: The curtain rises on Act Three of "The Day the Earth Stood Still," starring Michael Rennie as Klaatu and Jean Peters as Helen Benson.

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR--

NARRATOR: All over the world, electric power has been neutralized on the stroke of noon -- as a token of the space man's power and as a warning to the Earth. While they've been trapped between floors in an elevator, the space man has told Helen his identity and purpose here.

KLAATU: (FADES IN) I've already told you more than I told Professor Barnhardt, because my life, in a sense, is in your hands. But if I die, a world -- your world -- may die, too.

HELEN: Yes, I - I understand.

KLAATU: I thought if you knew the facts you'd appreciate the importance of my not being caught before the meeting tonight with the world's scientists.

HELEN: Yes, of course. Of course I do. You hold great hope for this meeting, don't you?

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

SOUND: ELEVATOR WHIRS TO LIFE

HELEN: (STARTLED) Oh! The lights. And we've started again.

KLAATU: It must be twelve-thirty.

HELEN: (ASTONISHED) Yes -- exactly.

SOUND: ELEVATOR STOPS ... DOORS SLIDE OPEN ... THEIR FOOTSTEPS

HELEN: Where are you going now?

KLAATU: Back to the boardinghouse. I'll be safe there for the afternoon. I'll be able to keep an eye on Bobby. He's the only other person who knows about me.

HELEN: No. Wait a minute. There is someone else.

KLAATU: How? There can't be.

HELEN: Tom. He was with me last night when Bobby told me what he saw.

KLAATU: (EXHALES UNHAPPILY)

HELEN: Well, of course, he doesn't know anything definite and-- Well, he'd talk to me first before-- But then we can't take a chance, can we?

KLAATU: Can you get in touch with him?

HELEN: I think so.

KLAATU: I mean, at once -- now.

HELEN: I'll try.

KLAATU: You will. You must.

MUSIC: NERVOUS BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG

HELEN: (FADES IN) Hello? Hello?!

SOUND: RATTLES CRADLE

HELEN: (INTO PHONE, DESPERATE) Operator, I was connected with my party! Please-- Hello? Oh. Is this Mr. Tom Stevens' office again? We were disconn-- Well, I must speak to Mr. S-- No, Mr. Stevens. Yes, this is Mrs. Benson. Benson. ... Well, when do you expect him in, then? ... Well, will you tell him I called and please not to leave his office. I'm coming down to see him. ... Yes! Yes, it's very important! To you, too!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: OFFICE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AS TOM HURRIEDLY ENTERS ... LIFTS INTERCOM RECEIVER

TOM: (INTO INTERCOM, BREATHLESS) Margaret, this is is Mr. Stevens; I just got in. Now, listen, call the Pentagon-- ... Who? ... Mrs. Benson? When? ... Yeah, well, never mind. This is more important. Listen. Now, call the Pentagon and find out who's in charge of this space man business. Whoever it is, I want to talk to him.

SOUND: OFFICE DOOR OPENS ... HELEN ENTERS

HELEN: (URGENT) Tom!

TOM: (INTO INTERCOM) Call me back right away and don't take any other calls. Brush 'em off fast!

SOUND: INTERCOM RECEIVER DOWN

HELEN: Tom, I've been trying to get you all afternoon.

TOM: I have got some pretty terrific news about your good friend, Mr. Carpenter.

HELEN: (BEAT) What about him?

TOM: He's the man from the spaceship! I had that diamond, or whatever it is, checked at three different places. Nobody on earth's ever seen a stone like that! And after what Bobby's told us, that's enough for me! Why is it nobody knows about this Mr. Carpenter? Why hasn't he got any money?

HELEN: All right, Tom -- it's true.

TOM: (TAKEN ABACK) It--? How do you know?

HELEN: You've just got to promise me you won't say a word to anybody.

TOM: Oh, nobody but the Pentagon.

HELEN: Please, Tom--!

TOM: Are you crazy? After what happened today? He's a menace!

HELEN: You don't understand. You don't realize how important this is.

TOM: Important? Of course it's important. And we can do something about it.

HELEN: We mustn't do anything about it, Tom. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about.

TOM: I say he is dangerous. It is our duty to turn him in.

HELEN: He isn't dangerous! He isn't a menace! He - he told me

what he came here for.

TOM: (CONDESCENDING) Oh, honey, don't be silly because you happen to like the guy. Do you realize what this'll mean for us? I'll be the biggest man in the country. I'll write my own ticket.

HELEN: (COLD) Is that what you're thinking about?

TOM: Listen, somebody's got to get rid of him.

SOUND: BUZZ! OF INTERCOM

HELEN: Tom, I'm not gonna let you do it!

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

HELEN: Tom, don't do it!

TOM: (INTO PHONE) Hello, Margaret? ... Yeah? General Cutler? Good. I'll hold on.

HELEN: You don't know what you're doing! It isn't just you and Mr. Carpenter.

TOM: (DERISIVE) Mister Carpenter.

HELEN: It's everybody! The rest of the world is involved!

TOM: I don't give a hang about the rest of the world! I'm in this for me.

HELEN: Tom--!

TOM: Now, you'll feel different when you see my picture in the papers. (CHUCKLES)

HELEN: (DEFLATED) I feel different right now.

TOM: Well, you'll see. You're gonna marry a hero.

HELEN: I'm not going to marry anybody. (MOVING OFF) Not even a hero.

SOUND: OFFICE DOOR OPENS AS HELEN EXITS

TOM: (CALLS) Hey, Helen--

SOUND: OFFICE DOOR SLAMS SHUT

TOM: (INTO PHONE) Uh, hello? ... General Cutler? Uh--  
(PLEASED AND PROUD OF HIMSELF, ENUNCIATES POMPOUSLY)  
General, my name is Tom Stevens. With a "v." ... I - I  
have positive information about the space man and where  
he's staying. ... Right. Yeah. ... Yeah, of course I'm  
sure. He's living at a boardinghouse at Sixteen Fifteen  
M Street, Northwest. ... That is correct, General.

SOUND: TOM FADES OUT AS GENERAL CUTLER FADES IN

GEN. CUTLER: Yes, I have all of it now, Mr. Stevens. And thank you  
very much, indeed. I'll want to talk to you further but  
I haven't time now. We want to act on this.

SOUND: SLAMS RECEIVER DOWN ... CLICK! OF INTERCOM

VOICE: (FILTER) Yes, sir?

GEN. CUTLER: Have Colonel Ryder deploy all Zone Five units according  
to Plan B immediately. Investigate One-six-one-five M  
Street, Northwest, for presence of space man. Repeat--

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: HELEN'S FOOTSTEPS TO FRONT DOOR WHICH OPENS

HELEN: Mr. Carpenter?

KLAATU: (APPROACHES) Right here. Did you see Tom? What does he  
say?

HELEN: It's no good. It's too late. I've got a taxi outside.  
Hurry.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

RADIO VOICE: (FILTER) Attention, Zone Five! Attention, Zone Five! Man  
and woman observed entering taxi at One-six-one-five M  
Street, Northwest. Man is probably Klaatu, alias  
Carpenter. Establish roadblocks according to Plan Baker  
and maintain station. Remain on radio alert until  
further orders. (FADE OUT)

SOUND: FADE IN TAXI ENGINE ... CONTINUES IN BG

KLAATU: I don't know. I think we may have been seen getting into  
the taxi.

HELEN: Where can you go?

KLAATU: I'm sure Barnhardt can arrange to hide me until the meeting tonight.

HELEN: Where is it going to be?

KLAATU: At the ship. Now, look there -- army cars.

HELEN: Full troops in full gear.

KLAATU: The alarm is out all right.

HELEN: It's only a few more blocks to Professor Barnhardt's.

KLAATU: I'm worried about Gort. I'm afraid of what he might do if anything should happen to me.

HELEN: Gort? But he's a robot.

KLAATU: He's a product of centuries of refinement.

HELEN: But what could he do without you?

KLAATU: There's no limit to what he could do. He could destroy the earth.

HELEN: And the city is swarming with patrol cars -- hunting you. How can we tell them?

KLAATU: They won't listen. You must listen! If anything happens to me, you must go to Gort. You must give him this message. "Klaatu barada nikto." "Gort, Klaatu barada nikto." Say it!

HELEN: (UNCERTAIN) "Gort, Klaatu barada--"

KLAATU: "--nikto"!

HELEN: "Gort, Klaatu barada nikto." (TO HERSELF) "Klaatu barada nikto."

KLAATU: Remember those words.

HELEN: (TO HERSELF) "Klaatu barada nikto."

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG

RADIO VOICE:(FILTER) Attention, Zone Five! Taxicab moving north on

Fourteenth street from Harvard Street, man and woman in back seat. License number H-oh-oh-one-two. H-oh-oh-one-two! Section Two, close in! This is your target vehicle!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SOUND: TAXI ENGINE ... CONTINUES IN BG

KLAATU: We're hemmed in. (UP) Driver, we'll get out here.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER MONEY ... TAXI PULLS TO A STOP BEHIND--

KLAATU: I'm gonna try to run for it. If they get me, you get to Gort! Now!

SOUND: TAXI DOOR OPENS ... RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

ARMY: There he is! Stop or we'll shoot! Stop or we'll fire!

SOUND: GUNFIRE!

HELEN: Mr. Carpenter!

SOUND: CROWD GATHERS, REACTS, MURMURS

KLAATU: (DYING, TO HELEN) Gort! Run!

HELEN: (HORRIFIED EXCLAMATION)

SOUND: HELEN'S FOOTSTEPS AWAY

ARMY: Never mind her! Check the guy.

SOUND: CROWD MURMUR UP

MUSIC: FOR A DESPERATE RUN ... IN BG

SOUND: HELEN'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

HELEN: (BREATHING HARD, TO HERSELF) Klaatu barada nikto. Klaatu barada nikto. Klaatu--

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

NARRATOR: Centuries, ages of superhuman, superplanetary skill had bred intuition and a dim power of reason into the enormously complex intelligence inside of Gort's metal brain case. When Helen Benson stumbled up to the shed that housed the space machine, the guards were not

there. Then she saw them. They were lying inside, their rifles fused and bent. Gort somehow knew that Klaatu was dead. Gort was already on the move. He was on the move toward Helen.

HELEN: (TERRIFIED, SLOWLY) No! No! Gort, no!

MUSIC: FOR VISOR OPENING ... THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: The visor of his helmet was opening on that cosmic incandescence within, seething with world ruin, aiming impassively at Helen.

HELEN: (DESPERATE, SLOW, BREATHLESS) Gort! Gort! Klaatu--  
Klaatu barada -- barada nikto.

MUSIC: UP, THEN DIES OUT

NARRATOR: Helen Benson fainted.

SOUND: EERIE ELECTRONIC HUM ... CONTINUES IN BG

NARRATOR: When she returned to consciousness, she was lying on a dais bathed in a soft, shadowless light, in a chamber vaguely circular, of completely unfamiliar build.

SOUND: ELECTRONIC HUM RISES IN PITCH AND WILDNESS, IN BG

NARRATOR: She was in the space machine. Across the room stood Gort, with his back to her, and lying in front of him on a platform was Klaatu.

HELEN: (QUIETLY SURPRISED) Mr. Carpenter--

SOUND: ELECTRONIC HUM HITS A PEAK BEHIND--

NARRATOR: Gort the machine, the automaton, was applying electrodes to his master and a piercing, whining, maddening sound filled the ship.

SOUND: ELECTRONIC HUM UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: (BEAT, IN AWE) Klaatu moved. He sat up. Stood up.

HELEN: (STUNNED) Mr. Carpenter--!

KLAATU: (WEAKLY) Hello.

HELEN: I - I thought you were--

KLAATU: I was. They took me to an emergency hospital at the city jail. Gort broke in and took me back here. This technique can restore life, in some cases, only for a limited time.

HELEN: How long?

KLAATU: No one can tell. Time enough and more for me to go outside and speak to Professor Barnhardt's scientists. I must speak to them. It's what I came for. Gort will put out the ramp.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS ... OUT WITH--

KLAATU: (SLIGHT ECHO, A SPEECH) You people of Earth! You men of science. You are here from all over your world -- Europe, Asia -- representing many nations, many ideas. I am leaving soon. You will forgive me if I speak bluntly. The universe grows smaller every day. Where I come from, we believe 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. This is the message that I ask you to take back when you return to your native lands. Tell your people and your governments that we have created a race of robots whose function it is to patrol the planets in spaceships and preserve the peace. At the first sign of treachery, they will act automatically. Nothing you have here on Earth can stop them. The penalty for provoking their action is too terrible to risk.

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS ... OUT WITH--

KLAATU: Your choice is simple. Live in peace or perish in violence. We shall be waiting for your answer. The decision rests with you. (BEAT, TO GORT) Gort -- berengo.

MUSIC: TAG ... FOR PUNCTUATION ... THEN OUT

KLAATU: (ECHO) Remember.

HELEN: I'll remember --- Mr. Carpenter.

SOUND: OMINOUS RUMBLE AS SPACESHIP SLOWLY LIFTS OFF AND FLIES AWAY ... CROWD REACTS ... RUMBLE HITS A PEAK, THEN FADES OUT BEHIND--

NARRATOR: And, as they had seen him come, so did they see him depart. And the people of the Earth pondered upon the warning.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

SOUND: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: In a moment, our stars will return.

CHILD: (SINGSONG) Pep-so-dent's new flav-or!

MUSIC: FOR JINGLE

SINGERS: Pepsodent's new flavor!

Pepsodent's new flavor!

CHILD: Wow!

SINGERS: Pepsodent's new flavor!

And a clean-mouth taste for hours!

MUSIC: OUT

2ND ANNCR: Yes, the big news is Pepsodent has a brand-new wonderful flavor. Grown-ups prefer it, but kids-- Well, kids go crazy for it. And that's not all.

MAN: I've seen the research that proves Pepsodent gives you the cleanest teeth of all leading toothpastes. That's because Pepsodent's gentle oral detergent cleans not just the surfaces of your teeth, but around and between them. Even where your brush can't reach.

2ND ANNCR: Your own personal proof of this is Pepsodent's clean-mouth taste for hours. So try new Pepsodent White, or if you prefer chlorophyll, Pepsodent Chlorophyll. You'll like--

MUSIC: FOR JINGLE

SINGERS: --Pepsodent's new flavor!  
Pepsodent's new flavor!

CHILD: Wow!

SINGERS: Pepsodent's new flavor!  
And a clean-mouth taste for hours!

MUSIC: OUT

ANNOUNCER: And now, here's Mr. Cummings with our stars.

HOST: And here they are, after two out-of-this-world performances, Michael Rennie and Jean Peters.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

HOST: Mike, have you ever seen any U.M.O.'s?

PETERS: What's a U.M.O.?

RENNIE: An Unidentifiable Moving Object. (CHUCKLES) Yes, I saw several years ago in London.

HOST: You mean during the war?

RENNIE: No, when I was a very young actor. But the flying objects were later identified as ripe tomatoes and eggs and cauliflower. ...

HOST: Well, how about you, Jean? Seen any flying saucers?

PETERS: Oh, actresses aren't interested in such things, Irving. We prefer "King of the Khyber Rifles." After all, who cares about spacemen when you can see Tyrone Power and Michael Rennie in their latest picture? Co-starring with Terry Moore.

RENNIE: Or Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall in "How to Marry a Millionaire"?

PETERS: And both these Twentieth Century-Fox pictures are in Technicolor and Cinemascope. And these exciting new mediums are especially interesting to actresses.

HOST: Then you stars must be especially interested in Lux Soap

for your complexions.

PETERS: We certainly are. I, for one, started using Lux Soap for my complexion years ago, and I'm certainly glad I did.

RENNIE: Now, Irving, what's in store for next week?

HOST: Well, Mike, we're going from life in the future back to the charming era of the Roaring Twenties. It's a delightful, amusing story of a multimillionaire who, for sentimental reasons, presents an average happy family with a hundred thousand dollars -- and almost ruins their lives. It's "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" And as the stars of this highly entertaining comedy-romance from Universal-International Studios, we have two of their most popular young stars, Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie, co-starring with that fine actor, Gene Lockhart.

PETERS: Oh, the whole family will love it. Good night.

RENNIE: Good night.

HOST: Good night and happy landings.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

LINKLETTER: Hello, there. I'm Art Linkletter. You know, it's pretty hard to improve on a good product, but Lever Brothers has done it. Now, all-purpose Surf is better than ever -- even better than the Surf you may have used last year. You see, today's Surf is made from a new, improved formula that gets your clothes so clean, they smell clean. When you wash your clothes with Surf, you don't need to worry about a stale, sour smell, or that unpleasant medicinal odor that some detergents leave, because Surf-washed clothes have a clean, sunshine freshness -- like they've been swinging in the breeze on a sunny day. And they have that same clean freshness whether you dry them indoors or out. Today's Surf gets white things really clean without bluing or water softener, and you never need a bleach except for stubborn stains. So if you haven't tried all-purpose Surf lately, try it soon. Take it from your old friend Art Linkletter, you'll like Surf for everything you wash, 'cause when you wash them with Surf, they smell

like sunshine.

ANNOUNCER: Thanks, Art Linkletter. And I'd like to say again that when you wash things with Surf, they smell like sunshine. And that's important, because things aren't really clean unless they smell clean. It's true that all good detergents these days get clothes clean-looking, but Surf does more. Yes, Surf gets clothes so clean, they smell like sunshine. And that means they're clean clear through. So, ladies, why don't you prove it to yourselves? Get Surf tomorrow and discover what a really clean wash is.

MUSIC: LUX THEME ... THEN IN BG, UNTIL END

HOST: Lever Brothers Company, makers of Lux Toilet Soap and Lux Liquid Detergent, invite you to be with us again next Monday evening when the Lux Radio Theatre presents "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" starring Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, and Gene Lockhart. This is Irving Cummings saying good night to you from Hollywood.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Knowing how to save regularly is sometimes the only difference between success and failure. The Savings Bond way is the sure way to save. Every year, United States Savings Bonds grow in value; interest increases year by year. As your bond investment grows, so does your security. Save for the future by investing in United States Savings Bonds today. Join the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Every payday, the amount you name will be set aside automatically, systematically, and invested for you in Savings Bonds. And remember, Savings Bonds are better than ever because they return three percent interest compounded semi-annually when held to maturity. What's more, they're fully guaranteed by Uncle Sam against loss, theft, or destruction. There's no safer investment in the world than United States Savings Bonds. If you're self-employed, save regularly to the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank.

Heard in our cast tonight were Paul Frees as the Narrator, Lamont Johnson as Tom, Herb Butterfield as

Professor Barnhardt, Tudor Owen as Mr. Harley, Billy Gray as Bobby, Edith Evanson as Mrs. Crockett, and Tyler McVey, Bill Conrad, Robert Griffin, Tom Brown, Fred Shields, Marvin Bryan, Shep Menken, Alastair Duncan, Steven Roberts, Ottola Nesmith, and Eddie Marr.

"The Day the Earth Stood Still" was based on Harry Bates' story "Farewell to the Master," which appeared in Astounding Science Fiction Magazine. Our radio play was adapted by Milton Geiger and our music was composed and directed by Rudy Schrager.

Lever Brothers Company guarantees you'll be glad you bought the products you heard about on this program or you can have your money back.

This is your announcer Ken Carpenter reminding you to join us again next Monday night to hear "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" starring Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, and Gene Lockhart.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER: Every Thursday evening, Lever Brothers Company brings you "The Lux Video Theatre." Consult your local newspaper for time and station.

This is the CBS Radio Network.