

INNOVATION™

FORBIDDEN PLANET

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CONTINUING THE OFFICIAL ADAPTATION OF
THE CLASSIC MOTION PICTURE

By DAVID CAMPTTI and DARRICK GROSS, SR.

Chapter Two:

**The
Innocence
of Altaira**

FORBIDDEN PLANET™

*Adapted from the classic
MGM Motion Picture*

Screenplay by Cyril Hume

Based on a story by
**Irving Block
& Allen Adler**

Directed by
Fred McLeod Wilcox

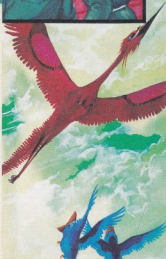
David Campiti -- Script
Daerick Gross -- Adaptation
& Illustration

Roxanne Starr -- Lettering
Diana Light -- Edits

Casey Bernay -- Alien Input

*Inspired by William Shakespeare's
THE TEMPEST*

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THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU...



YOU'RE LOVELY, DOCTOR--
--AND THE TWO END ONES ARE UNRELIABLE.



COULD THIS "END ONE" GET YOU SOME COFFEE?

OH, I'M QUITE ABLE TO GET IT, THANK YOU.

YOU MUST MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR MY DAUGHTER, GENTLEMEN. SHE'S NEVER KNOWN ANY HUMAN BEING EXCEPT FOR HER FATHER.

I HOPE YOU'LL MAKE ALLOWANCES TOO, SIR. WE "YOUNG MEN" HAVE BEEN SHUT AWAY IN HYPERSPACE FOR MORE THAN A YEAR NOW--

"...AND THE VIEW RIGHT FROM HERE LOOKS JUST LIKE HEAVEN."

SURARP... I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVE IT...

ROBBY MAKES IT FROM SAMPLES FATHER GAVE HIM-- JUST LIKE THE COFFEE.

BUT YOU KEEP HELPING ME! YOU'RE NOT ROBBY!

I WOULD MIND BEING ROBBY IN CERTAIN WAYS--BUT ONLY IN CERTAIN WAYS, OF COURSE.

I CAN SEE THAT WAS PROBABLY QUITE CLEVER, BUT I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

I HAVEN'T THE NERVE TO EXPLAIN IT.



OH, I COULD SEE THAT MUCH!



I SUPPOSE ONE DAY I SHALL BE OBLIGED TO MAKE THE TRIP TO EARTH WITH HER--FOR THE SAKE OF HER NATURAL DEVELOPMENT.

I SHOULD SAY FAIRLY SOON, TOO...



YOUR FATHER WASN'T TOO HAPPY AT FIRST ABOUT YOUR MEETING US, WAS HE?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH EARTH?

NATURALLY NOT, YOU'RE FROM EARTH.

HOW LUCKY I AM, THOUGH-- ALL THREE OF YOU SO VERY FINE EXCEPTIONS, YOU ARE EXCEPTIONS, AREN'T YOU?



OH, SURE, SURE-- I AM, ANYWAY, OLD, DEPENDABLE JERRY.

OF COURSE, THE DOC CAN BE TRUSTED, TOO-- IN THE DAYTIME.

WHAT ABOUT THE COMMANDER?

WELL, I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, ALTA, BUT THAT MAN IS NOTORIOUS THROUGHOUT SEVEN PLANETARY SYSTEMS.

OH, DEAR--AND HE'S SO TERRIBLY BEAUTIFUL.

WHAT'S HE DONE?...

I DON'T FEEL FREE TO DISCUSS THE SHORTCOMINGS OF A BROTHER OFFICER--

--BUT ANY GIRL OR WOMAN WHO LETS HIM GET HER ALONE, ANYWHERE--!



YES, YES--I CAN SEE IT NOW, THERE! / JUST THEN, WHEN HE LOOKED AT ME, HIS EYES ALMOST HAD FIRE IN THEM!

I'M SO GLAD YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FIRE IN YOUR EYES, LIEUTENANT.

HOLD ON, NOW-- I'M NOT THAT HARMLESS--!

ALTA...



YES, FATHER?

THESE GENTLEMEN HAVE EXPRESSED A VERY KINDLY CONCERN FOR THE AMOUNT OF LIBERTY YOU HAVE HERE.

ARE THEY SERIOUS?

ENTIRELY. AND I'VE EXPLAINED TO THEM THAT YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO VISIT EARTH WHENEVER YOU CHOOSE.

BUT WHY WOULD ANY SANE PERSON WANT TO VISIT SUCH A DREADFUL, NASTY LITTLE PLACE LIKE EARTH? I MEAN, AFTER ALL--!

UH, THEN MY LITTLE GIRL NEVER FEELS LONELY OR CONFINED?

HOW COULD I? I'VE GOT YOU, AND ROBBY, AND ALL MY FRIENDS!

...FRIENDS--?

UH, YES--PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER CALL THEM, DEAR.

ALL RIGHT!

OW--I FELT SOMETHING GO RIGHT THROUGH MY HEAD--!

ALTA'S WHISTLE IS ABOVE THE PITCH OF HUMAN HEARING.

I OFTEN FEEL IT, MYSELF.



"OH--TAVE AS A KYTTEH."



DON'T SHOOT, GENTLEMEN
--WATCH!

PURRRRRR

"YET OUTSIDE THE RANGE OF MY DAUGHTER'S
INFLUENCE, IT'S STILL A DEADLY, WILD BEAST."


"BUT HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT
FOR A POWER LIKE THAT?"




HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN
IT, DOCTOR?

EASY, DOCTOR MORBIUS.
IT'S THE MEDIEVAL MYTH
OF THE UNICORN.

I'M AFRAID MYTHS AREN'T
MY "STOCK-IN-TRADE."



THE UNICORN WAS LIKE A SNOW-
WHITE HORSE, WITH THE LEGS OF AN
ANTELOPE, THE TAIL OF A LION, AND
A SINGLE STRAIGHT HORN WHICH
GREW OUT OF THE CENTER
OF ITS FOREHEAD.



HE WAS THE WISEST AND MOST
SAVAGE OF ALL BEASTS, SO THAT
HE COULD NEVER BE CAPTURED. BUT
HE HAD ONE GREAT WEAKNESS.
WITH ALL HIS SOUL, THE UNICORN
WORSHIPED PURITY.

AND WHEN HE MET A MAIDEN IN THE
FOREST, HE WOULD GO GENTLY TO HER,
AND KNEEL BEFORE HER--AND THEN
SHE WOULD SIT DOWN, AND TAKE
HIS PIERCE HEAD IN HER LAP,
AND LULL HIM TO SLEEP.



"AND THEN THE HUNTSMAN
WOULD COME, AND TRAP
HIM THERE."

DOCTOR MORBIUS, I DON'T
BELIEVE YOUR DAUGHTER COULD
BETRAY EVEN A UNICORN!

SORRY--JUST A ROUTINE CHECKUP FROM THE SHIP.

YES, CHIEF?

EVERYTHING'S OKAY, COMMANDER?

NO PROBLEMS.

WOULD YOU MIND ACTIVATING THE VIEWER, SIR?

AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE UNDER NO RESTRAINT WHATSOEVER.

... WOW!

"KNOCK THAT OFF, GUINN!"

WELL, GENTLEMEN, IF I CAN BE OF ANY HELP TO YOU IN YOUR PREPARATIONS FOR THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE--

"THANK YOU, SIR--BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, CIRCUMSTANCES MAY KEEP US HERE FOR AWHILE."

OF COURSE, A TRANSMITTER OF THAT SORT ISN'T EXACTLY STANDARD EQUIPMENT. TO BUILD ONE, WE'D HAVE TO CANNIBALIZE ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE SHIP'S ELECTRONIC GEAR--AND THEN UNSHIP THE MAIN DRIVE TO JACE IT.

JUST TO CONSTRUCT THE BUNKER TO HOUSE THE CORE WOULD TAKE ABOUT 10 DAYS!

"CIRCUMSTANCES?"

BUT COMMANDER! SUPPOSE THESE "INSTRUCTIONS" OF YOURS REQUIRE MY RETURN TO BASE FOR QUESTIONING? TWO YEARS AND MORE AWAY FROM MY WORK-HERE!

YES, YOU SEE, MY ORDERS DON'T QUITE SEEM TO COVER THESE UNEXPLAINED BELLEROPHON FATALITIES.

I'M FORCED NOW TO CONTACT BASE FOR NEW INSTRUCTIONS.

I SUPPOSE OUR EARTH-SIDE BUREAUCRATS WOULD CONTEMPLATE A USE OF FORCE?

LET'S HOPE THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SIR.

TELL ME, JUST WHAT IS INVOLVED IN MAKING CONTACT WITH EARTH BASE?

FUNDAMENTALLY, IT'S A QUESTION OF POWER--
15 X 365 X 24 X 60² X 1885,000 IS THE CRUDE MATHEMATICS OF IT. HOW TO SHORT-CIRCUIT THE CONTINUUM ON A FIVE OR SIX PARSEC LEVEL.

DISABLED HERE FOR TEN DAYS AND NIGHTS?? TELL ME, WOULD TWO-INCH LEAD SHIELDING DO AS WELL?

"BITTER--IF WE HAPPENED TO BE CARRYING FIVE HUNDRED SQUARE METERS OF THE STUFF."

"THAT'S VERY OBLISING OF YOU, SIR."

"OBLISING," COMMANDER?? SEE FOR YOURSELF: THE BELLEROPHON PARTY."

"I'LL HAVE BOBBY RUN IT OFF FOR YOU--IT WILL BE DELIVERED NO LATER THAN NOON TOMORROW."

NINETEEN YEARS AGO, I DUG THOSE GRAVES WITH MY OWN HANDS--

--AND I HAVE, BELIEVE ME, NO WISH TO REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE.



WELL, SIR, THERE'S YOUR BOY ...

SO LONG, ALTA--SEE YOU AGAIN, MAYBE.

AND THANK YOU, SIR.

VERY PLEASANT LUNCH, DOCTOR MORBIUS.

"THANK YOU FOR YOUR COURTESY AND CONCERN, SIR."

TO TELL THE TRUTH, DOCTOR, I SOMETIMES STILL MISS THE CONVERSATION OF SUCH MEN AS YOURSELF.

STAND BY--

H200W2



--TO--

--ACCELERATE!



...YOU KNOW, SKIPPER, THERE ARE STILL TWO OR THREE QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO HAVE ANSWERED.

YES--HER TISER, FOR INSTANCE...?

PERSONALLY, I STILL PREFER THE MEDIEVAL EXPLANATION.

YOU MEAN IT?

"CERTAINLY. PLENTY OF OLD SUPERSTITIONS HAVE THEIR ROOTS IN REAL SCIENCE. TAKE ALCHEMY--THE 'MAGICAL' TRANSMUTATION OF BASE METALS INTO GOLD."

"JUST ONE OF THE BY-PRODUCTS OF ATOMIC FISSION NOWADAYS, DOC."

"AND NOWADAYS EVERY SCHOOLBOY CAN TELL YOU THAT THE BRAIN SENDS OUT TINY ELECTRICAL IMPULSES--AND OF COURSE, THE BRAIN ITSELF IS MONITORED BY THE GLANDULAR SYSTEM."

"SO?"

"SO, COMMANDER, YOU TAKE AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE HUMAN BRAIN IN A TOTALLY UNHARMENED FEMALE BODY--ISNT IT CONCEIVABLE THAT ITS QUANTRON WAVES COULD SET UP SOME SPECIAL AND SOOTHING RESONANCE IN THE REFLEX PATTERN OF A WILD ANIMAL?"

IT WILL BE QUITE A PITY, WHEN THE TIME COMES, SHE HAS TO LOSE A GIFT LIKE THAT!

--LIKE LOVE.

I GUESS IT WILL, BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN EVEN A VERY FINE THING--CAN BE REPLACED BY SOMETHING STILL FINER--

MORNING...

EASY WITH THAT PILE! OUR MEGNATRON COILS ARENT GOING TO TAKE US HOME WITHOUT A CORE UNIT!

SKIPPER--
ROBBY'S HERE--
WITH ALTARIA!



WHERE DO YOU WISH THE SHIELDING STACKED, SIR?



RIGHT BY THE CORE.

WAIT A MINUTE-- THAT'S SOLID LEAD HE'S CARRYING!

COMMON LEAD WOULD HAVE CRUSHED THE JEEP, SIR.

THIS IS MY MORNIN'S RUN OF ISOTOPE 217--



"THE WHOLE THING HARDLY COMES TO TEN TONS."

HELLO, ALTA! DOES YOUR FATHER KNOW YOURS OUT HERE?

HE DID TELL ME NOT TO GO NEAR THE SHIP-- BUT THIS ISN'T VERY NEAR.

"WELL, LET'S STAY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW, ALTA-- THERE'S THE PRETTIEST CLUMP OF PALM TREES RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER OF THAT SAND DUNE."

"BUT, LIEUTENANT, I'VE SEEN PALM TREES."

"NOT MY PALM TREES, YOU HAVEN'T."



EXCUSE ME, COMMANDER--



WHAT IS IT, CHEFF?

IF YOU'D LIKE TO CHECK MY FIRST ASSEMBLY OF THE MONITORING UNIT FOR THE TRANSMITTER...?



QUINN, AREN'T THOSE THE CONDENSERS OUT OF MY ACCELERATOR CIRCUITS?

YES SIR, AND I BORROWED THE SOLOMONIDS FROM THE GYRO-STABILIZERS.

SHH!

ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL, SIR? ANY QUANTUM MECHANIC IN THE SERVICE WOULD GIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE FOR A CHANCE TO PLAY WITH THIS GADGET!



ALREADY? THAT'S GREAT...

WELL, ROBBY--
SCANNING FOR YOUR
YOUNG LADY?

**BLIP
BLIP
BLIP**

JUST
LOCATED
HER, SIR.

PARDON
ME.

OVER HERE--
JUST A SECOND,
WILL YOU?

CAN I BE
OF SERVICE,
SIR?

COMMANDER ADAMS BRIEFED
US ON YOUR CAPABILITIES, ROBBY.
AND SINCE I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR
FEEDING AND WATERING OUR ENTIRE
CREW WITH LIMITED RESOURCES--

--I'M HOPING YOU CAN HELP
ME AND MY FELLOW CREWMEN
GET SOME OF "THE STUFF."

JUST FOR COOKING AND
OFF-DUTY RELAXATION PUR-
POSES, YOU UNDERSTAND--
GENUINE AGED ROCKET
BOURBON!

"THE STUFF?"

**MURBLE
MURBLE
MURBLE
MURBLE**

I AM ANALYZING...
RELATIVELY SIMPLE ALCOHOL
MOLECULES--WITH TRACES
OF FLESH OIL.

WOULD TWO-HUNDRED-
AND-FORTY LITERS BE
SUFFICIENT?

TWO HUNDRED
AND...?

--TWO HUNDRED AND
FIFTY OR SO LITERS OUGHT
TO DO...FOR NOW.

CERTAINLY,
ROBBY--

WHA--?



...BUT WHY SHOULD PEOPLE WANT TO KISS EACH OTHER, LIEUTENANT?

AN OLD CUSTOM! ALL THE REALLY HIGH CIVILIZATIONS ALWAYS GO IN FOR IT.



BUT IT'S SILLY!

GOOD FOR A PERSON, THOUGH-- STIMULATES THE WHOLE SYSTEM. NOBODY CAN BE IN TIP-TOP HEALTH WITHOUT IT.



REALLY--? I DIDN'T KNOW THAT.

AHEM... I'D BE HAPPY TO SHOW YOU...

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, LIEUTENANT.



PLEASE DON'T MENTION IT.

IS THAT ALL THERE IS TO IT?

WELL, YOU HAVE TO SORT OF STICK WITH IT.



JUST ONE MORE-- WOULD YOU MIND?

WELL, MAYBE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH ME, BECAUSE, HONESTLY, I DON'T NOTICE THE LEAST BIT OF STIMULA--

NOT AT ALL!



OH, YOU'VE JUST BEEN TEASING ME ABOUT THE WHOLE THING--!



NO, LET'S DO THIS THING RIGHT!

NOW HERE...





ARE YOU GIVING ME THE TREATMENT ARE YOU--

LIEUTENANT FARMAN...

DONT SAY A WORD, SIR. I KNOW THERE ARE A LOT OF "PRESSING DUTIES" WAITING FOR ME BACK AT THE SHIP--

--AND I KNOW THAT RANK DOES HAVE ITS LITTLE PRIVILEGES--HMM, SIR?



DISMISSED!



AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT, LIEUTENANT, THAT THOSE PRIVILEGES WON'T BE STRETCHED TO TAKING YOUR KIND OF ADVANTAGES.

BUT-- I--

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? WHY DID HE LEAVE? WHY DID YOU BOTH ACT SO FUNNY?

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

DONT YOU UNDERSTAND, ALTA? LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU CANT RUN AROUND LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF MEN--PARTICULARLY NOT A SPACE-WOLF LIKE FARMAN!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, GO HOME AND PUT ON SOMETHING DECENT... ANYTHING!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY CLOTHES? I DESIGNED THEM MYSELF!

AND STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT-- I DONT THINK I LIKE IT.



THE LIEUTENANT AND I WERE JUST TRYING TO GET A LITTLE HEALTHY STIMULATION FROM HUGGING AND KISSING. THAT'S ALL!

IT WOULD'VE SERVED YOU RIGHT IF--IF--



OH, "THAT'S ALL" SO EASY FOR YOU, ISNT IT? NO FEELINGS, NO EMOTIONS--NOTHING HUMAN WOULD EVER ENTER YOUR MIND.

OH, GO ON--GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I HAVE YOU RUN OUT OF THE AREA UNDER GUARD--

I'M IN COMMAND OF COMPETITIVELY-SELECTED SUPER-PERFECT PHYSICAL SPECIMENS WITH AN AVERAGE AGE OF 24.6 WHO HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP IN HYPER-SPACE FOR 378 DAYS!



--"AND THEN I'LL PUT MORE GUARDS ON THE GUARDS!" I DON'T LIKE HIM... I JUST DON'T LIKE HIM.

THE WAY HE KEPT LOOKING AT ME-- AND SHOUTING!

WHAT ABOUT?

I DON'T KNOW, REALLY. IT WAS AWFUL! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO BE NICE BY KISSING THE LIEUTENANT...

...Oh--?

HOW DID THE COMMANDER REACT TO THAT?

HE WAS FURIOUS! HE SEEMED TO THINK ALL THAT ABOUT BIOLOGY TO DO WITH ME. I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO NERVOUS IN ALL MY LIFE.

I DARE SAY YOU WON'T HAVE TO.

I NEVER WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN IF I LIVE TO BE FOUR MILLION!

I THINK THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TO GO TO BED.

I STILL HAVE SOME WORK TO DO IN MY STUDY. GOOD NIGHT, MY DEAR.

GOOD NIGHT.

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO--

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING.

--IF I CAN MANAGE TO GET TO SLEEP, THAT IS...



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEAVED AND BEAMED.

SORRY, MISS. I WAS GIVING MYSELF AN OIL JOB.

OH, DEAR-- THE SAME OLD TROUBLE?

THAT UNFORTUNATE CLOUDBURST LAST AUTUMN.

"DEAR OLD ROBBY--YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND AND PATIENT EVER SINCE I WAS A BABY."

AND WHAT IS IT YOU REQUIRE THIS TIME, ALTA?



ROBBY, I MUST HAVE A NEW DRESS --RIGHT AWAY!

ANOTHER?



BUT THIS ONE MUST BE DIFFERENT! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING MUST SHOW BELOW, ABOVE, OR THROUGH.

RADIATION-PROOF?

JUST EYE-PROOF WILL DO.

THICK AND HEAVY?

OH NO--IT MUST BE THE SOFTEST LOVELIEST THING YOU'VE EVER MADE FOR ME...AND FIT IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES, WITH LOTS AND LOTS OF STAR SAPPHIRES!



STAR SAPPHIRES TAKE A WEEK TO CRYSTALLIZE PROPERLY. WOULD DIAMONDS OR EMERALDS DO?

IF THEY'RE LARGE ENOUGH...

FIVE, TEN AND FIFTEEN CARATS ARE ON HAND. I WILL RUN THE DRESS OFF FOR YOU BEFORE BREAKFAST.

OH, GOOD!



THANK YOU, ROBBY--

SLEEP WELL, MISS.



--BUT I DON'T CARE NOW WHETHER I DO OR NOT!



...SPACEMEN NEWTON AND BERNARDO: DURING YOUR WATCH THIS SHIP WAS ENTERED, THE HEAVY-DUTY WATCH WAS RAISED AND LATCHED BACK, AND VALUABLE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY WAS SABOTAGED.

YOU TWO MEN CLAIM TO HAVE BEEN AT YOUR POSTS, AND AWAKE. NEITHER OF YOU SAW ANYTHING--BUT YOU, NEWTON, HEARD "BREATHING."

NOW YOU, OKAMOTO-- LET'S SEE: YOU WERE IN YOUR BUNK, BUT--

--YOU THINK YOU "HAD A DREAM." A DREAM!!

PENDING FURTHER EVIDENCE, YOU ARE DEPRIVED OF SPACE PAY AND ALL PRIVILEGES.

ME TOO, SIR--?

NO--"ME TOO, SIR" WILL STAND TWENTY EXTRA WATCHES!

I'LL HAVE LESS DREAMING ABOARD THIS SHIP!

DISMISSED!

WELL, GUINN--?

SIR, ABOUT HALF THIS GEAR WE'RE ABLE TO REPLACE OUT OF STORES. THE REST CAN BE PATCHED UP IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER--

--EXCEPT FOR THIS CLYSTRON FREQUENCY MODULATOR.

"NOW WITH EVERY FACILITY IN THE SHIP, I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO REBUILD IT--BUT, FRANKLY, THE BOOK SAYS NO. IT CAME PACKED IN LIQUID BORON IN A 'SUSPENDED GRAV FIELD.'"

"SO IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE?"

"WELL, IF I DON'T STOP FOR BREAKFAST...!"

"ALL RIGHT, GET ON IT, GUINN..."

... I FIGURE HIS MOTIVE IS CLEAR ENOUGH.

LET'S GO, DOC--WE'LL DROP UP TO HIS HOUSE FOR A LITTLE SNOOP.

HALF A MINUTE, WHILE I CHANGE INTO A CLEAN UNIFORM--!

BETTER STAY AS YOU ARE, FARMAN, I'M LEAVING YOU IN COMMAND HERE.

SURE--HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE BEING JERKED BACK TO BASE.

MAYBE HE DOESN'T EVEN FEEL LIKE FACING A FULL-CRESS INVESTIGATION RIGHT HERE.

QUESTION IS: HOW DID HE DO IT?

OH I ...
... SEE.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE TO PULL RANK FOR IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF INSUBORDINATION, LIEUTENANT.

ESTABLISH A STANDARD PERIMETER AND SET UP A CLASS A ALERT, I WANT THEM ENFORCED BY SUNDOWN.

AYE, AYE, 'SIR.'





"FINE."

"MORNING!"

"MORNING, COMMANDER!"

I SURE DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU TODAY, AFTER THE WAY YOU SPOKE TO ME YESTERDAY.

I'M, UH...

...I'M VERY SORRY ABOUT THE WAY I SPOKE TO YOU YESTERDAY, ALTA.

I FOUND IT A BIT IMPROPER TO FIND ONE OF MY CREW WITH YOU AND, WELL--

YESTERDAY'S OVER, COMMANDER.

COME ON IN!

I, UH... DIDN'T BRING MY BATHING SUIT.

WHAT'S A "BATHING SUIT"?

OH, MURDER...



I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST MY CLOTHES YOU DIDN'T LIKE.

BUT I GUESS IT'S JUST ME PERSONALLY.



OH, NOW ALTA... YOU KNOW BETTER--!

DO I--?



NEVER MIND.

I'M COMING OUT!



ALTAIRA, YOU'RE A SWEET GIRL-- BUT I DON'T THINK YOU COMPREHEND THE EFFECT YOU HAVE ON M--

...ON MY CREW, EVEN THE BEST OF MODERN MANKIND HAS INSTINCTS, URGES, DESIRES, AND THE WAY YOU BEHAVE, THE WAY YOU LOOK--

--WELL, I'LL JUST KEEP MY BACK TURNED, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT.

IT'LL JUST TAKE ME A SECOND TO GET DRY.



IT'S... THE RIGHT WAY FOR A LEADER TO BE.

DON'T WORRY--



--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK AT ME ANY MORE, FROM NOW ON!



MMH--?

TURN AROUND... PLEASE.

NOTHING SHOWS THROUGH NOW, DOES IT?



ALTA...

DON'T YOU LIKE IT...?

I HAD IT MADE FOR YOU SPECIALLY.

...YOU LOOK... BEAUTIFUL!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU KISS ME--

--LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE DOES?

"EVERYBODY"? HAVEN'T YOUR FATHER TAUGHT YOU ANYTHING AT ALL?

WELL, HE SAYS I'M TERRIBLY IGNORANT--

--BUT I HAVE HAD POETRY, MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, GEOLOGY, AND BI--

--GEOLOGY?

UH-HUH.

OF COURSE, THAT'S MOSTLY ON THE THEORETICAL SIDE.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEORY, COMMANDER?

EVER TRY TO SWIM BY THEORY?

OH, DEAR-- IS IT THAT COMPLICATED?

NO, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS... DROWNING.

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE DONE QUITE A GOOD DEAL OF THAT KIND OF SWIMMING.

IN MY JOB--? I'VE SPENT A QUARTER OF MY LIFE IN HYPER-SPACE--

--DREAMING ABOUT IT.

ROAAAAAAR



ROAAAAAP

HA-HA! IT'S ALL RIGHT--HE'S MY FRIEND!



"CAREFUL, ALTA--IT DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW YOU."

"BUT COMMANDER--!"



I'M... SORRY, ALTA. I HAD TO DO THAT.

YOU WERE RIGHT-- HE DIDN'T KNOW ME. ANYMORE. HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME. WHY?

YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW. DO YOU?

NO. I DON'T. I--

KNOW NOW?

YES... I KNOW.

NOW.



WELL, DOC --
IS MORBIUS STILL
IN THERE?

HE HAIN'T
COME OUT.



I'M
GOING
IN.

NOW WAIT A MINUTE,
SKIPPER. AFTER ALL,
THIS IS HIS HOUSE!

LOOKS LIKE
SOMETHING NEW
HAS BEEN ADDED.



OH THAT'S GOING
TO COMPLICATE
THINGS A BIT.



THE ROBOT LIEB/
MORBIUS HAIN'T
BEEN IN HERE.

DOC, HE'S UP TO
SOMETHING!

NOT EVEN A
WINDOW N
HERE!



LOOK AT THIS,
SKIPPER.

HEROGLYPHS...?

MAYBE, BUT
IT DOESN'T LOOK
EGYPTIAN--



SWISSH

--OR CUNEFORM,
OR CHINESE...



GENTLEMEN--!

INNOVATION™

From One Micro-Second To The Next...

Mention the term "science-fiction" to almost any die-hard film aficionado -- from George Lucas and Steven Spielberg to the average hardcore "Trokker" -- and chances are that the first film that comes to mind will be *Forbidden Planet*.

But way back in 1954, it probably never occurred to low-budget special effects expert Irving Block and his writing partner, Allen Adler, that their futuristic script -- based loosely on the dynamics of William Shakespeare's "The Tempest" and entitled *Fatal Planet* -- would eventually become the most influential and imitated science-fiction film of all time.

They could also never have envisioned the extraordinary series of coincidences and fortunate accidents that contributed to its eventual cult status.

If Block and Adler had followed their original plan to present their script to B-movie studio Allied Artists, who were churning out low-budget titles like *Target Earth* on a regular basis, *Fatal Planet* might easily have ended up as an interesting programmer on the bottom half of a double bill, despite its better-than-average script. It would also almost certainly have featured the usual bug-eyed monster that was a film requisite in the "sci-fi '50s."

If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the pre-eminent film studio in the world at the time, had not been actively looking for the right property to allow them to enter the phenomenally successful science-fiction boom with some degree of sophistication...

If producer Nicholas Nayfack had not been fascinated by Block and Adler's concept of an invisible monster that could not only conjure up a feeling of abject terror but also cost the studio absolutely nothing...

If studio chief Dore Schary had not fallen in love with Arthur Lonergan's magnificent production designs and decided to quadruple the film's original half-million-dollar production budget...

If New York-based musicians Louis and Bebe Barron had not sought out Dore Schary at a Greenwich Village art gallery opening, he might never have invited them to come out to Hollywood, and *Forbidden Planet* might never have become the first sound film to totally dispense with a conventional music score in favor of the Barrons' brilliantly original and uniquely appropriate "Electronic Tonalties"...

If Ferris Webster had been allowed to do a final edit of the finished film, after a series of audience previews, *Forbidden Planet* might not have retained its strange, haunting quality -- with scenes that seem to drift into each other, instead of ending...

...Add to this the fact that *Forbidden Planet* was the first widescreen color science-fiction film, as well as the first major sci-fi film to be written directly for the screen, and its box-office success would seem to have been assured. Yet, despite major critical acclaim in every country on earth, *Forbidden Planet* barely made back its investment during its original theatrical release.

But fortunately for us, like the indelible images in *Morbius*' mind that flourished with life of their own "from one microsecond to the next," *Forbidden Planet* has also continued to thrive in the minds of countless fans...Altair 4 may have been vaporized back in 1956 but, for millions of us, Robby, Altaira, Adams, Doc, Morbius and his Id live on, "sly and irresistible," and only waiting to be re-invoked by the fantastic colors of our imaginations and, of course, the book you hold in your hands.

-- Steve Friedman
"Mr. Movie"

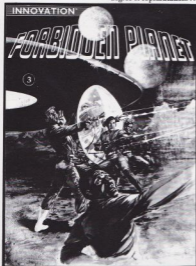
Steve Friedman earned the nickname "Mr. Movie" from movie lovers throughout 38 states hosting a live, two-way all-movie radio talk show for seven years on CBS. He is resident film critic at WCAU-TV in Philadelphia. He has seen *Forbidden Planet* more than 200 times.

When he grows up, he hopes to be just like Robby the Robot -- who, incidentally, is alive and well and living in his den.

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