



Time and Time Again was H. Beam Piper's first published short story, appearing in the April 1947 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*. It was adapted for *Dimension X* by Ernest Kinoy and aired on July 12, 1951, then later produced for *X Minus One* January 11, 1956. *Time and Time Again* was also adapted to a *Twilight Zone* TV show.

H. Beam Piper wrote short stories, novellas, and full length novels, primarily in the Science Fiction genre, but he also published a murder mystery *Murder in the Gunroom*. He published under the name H. Beam Piper, and occasionally Henry Beam Piper and Herbert Beam Piper, Herbert being the name of his father.

In many of Piper's stories he toys with the idea of time as non-linear. He wrote a series of stories under the heading "Paratime" that dealt with parallel universes and alternate timelines, and another longer series, "Terro-Human Future History", which included numerous books, short stories, and novellas.

In this radio play we see a dying soldier shift to another time and puzzle through the possibilities of changing the future.

[episode 39 of 50]

DIMENSION X
Time And Time Again
July 24, 1951

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Adventures in time and space told in future tense (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...(trails off) (repeated gong continuing throughout announcement) The National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with Street and Smith, publishers of Astounding Science Fiction, bring you Dimension X.

theremin transition

HOST NORMAN ROSE: It happened during a routine skirmish in the Great War. Patrols advanced from the defense perimeter under jet cover and proceeded by napalm throwers. The enemy defended in depth and mopped up with guided 98s fired from 40 miles to the rear. The blast area was 10 miles in circumference and the medics didn't find much to pick up over 500 yards in.

FX: engine clatter, distant shouting

TRAVIS: Pack it in here.

OPERATOR: Where?

TRAVIS: Look out it's lousy with mud.

OPERATOR: Okay Travis, I'm in.

TRAVIS: More. More.

OPERATOR: I got it.

TRAVIS: A little left.

OPERATOR: Okay.

TRAVIS: More.

OPERATOR: Okay.

TRAVIS: Hold it.

OPERATOR: Okay.

FX: engine slows

TRAVIS: Stretchers.

FX: vehicle doors opening and shutting, muffled mixed voices

MEDICS: Let's go boys. (overlapping voices)

MAJOR: C'mon, Travis, get those men out.

TRAVIS: (TO OFFICER) Yes sir. (TO MEDICS) Get a move on, line 'em up. C'mon! (pause) Easy, easy. You want to kill 'em?

FX: door slams, muffled mixed voices

TRAVIS: Okay, take it away.

FX: engine accelerates

TRAVIS: They might have left these joes where they was. Half of them won't last till the plane comes.

MAJOR: As long as they're alive, they'll be treated. Get out the tags, Travis. Start taking names.

TRAVIS: Yes, sir. This one must have been a thousand yards in.

MAJOR: Get his dog tag out.

TRAVIS: What a mess. Here. Hartley, Alan, Captain G5, Chem Research, AN-73D, number S0-238-69-403J.

MAJOR: Alan Hartley?

TRAVIS: Alan Hartley.

MAJOR: I wonder if that could be the Hartley that wrote *Children of the Mist* and *Conqueror's Road*.

TRAVIS: Never heard of him.

ALAN: (GROAN) (GASP)

TRAVIS: Major, I think maybe he's part conscious. Maybe I should give him another shot?

MAJOR: Go ahead, Sergeant. There isn't much else we can do for him. It's a rotten shame.

TRAVIS: (TO MAJOR) Ain't it always? (TO ALAN) Okay, Captain, give me your arm. (pause) There.

musical transition

FX: alarm clock bell

ALAN: (SLEEPY MOAN)

HARTLEY DAD: Alan. Alan.

ALAN: Look out! Down! Down!

HARTLEY DAD: Get up, Alan. You can't stay in bed all day.

ALAN: I remember that. Clear as if it were real.

FX: knock, knock, knock, knock, knock

HARTLEY DAD: Up and Adam. Hit the deck.

FX: knock, knock, knock

ALAN: Remarkably vivid. Strange.

HARTLEY DAD: Alan, are you all right?

ALAN: (TO DAD) I'm all right. (TO HIMSELF) What's wrong with my voice? It's too high. Ahhh, Ahhh, Ahhh.

FX: door opens

HARTLEY DAD: Hey, What are you doing? Practicing singing?

ALAN: My voice has changed.

HARTLEY DAD: (LAUGH) Is that all? You're growing up. Happy birthday, son.

ALAN: Happy birthday?

HARTLEY DAD: Hey, wake up, son. Wake up.

ALAN: I am awake.

HARTLEY DAD: Come on. Out of bed.

ALAN: I don't understand.

HARTLEY DAD: Breakfast waiting. Out of bed or I'll turn it over.

ALAN: All right, all right. (pause) It's a dream.

HARTLEY DAD: Maybe, but you're wide awake now.

ALAN: I am awake now.

HARTLEY DAD: Well, half-awake anyway.

FX: church bells ringing

ALAN: That's the Bell of St. Boniface, isn't it? What day is it?

HARTLEY DAD: Are you kidding? You forget today's your birthday?

ALAN: No. No, I didn't forget.

HARTLEY DAD: Neither did I. Here, son. Happy 13th birthday. You won't guess what's in here.

FX: shuffle

ALAN: A rifle. A light .22 rifle.

HARTLEY DAD: How'd you know that?

ALAN: I remembered.

HARTLEY DAD: Did I spill the beans sometime? I could have sworn it'd be a surprise. Well, go on. Open it.

FX: paper shuffling and ripping

HARTLEY DAD: Like it?

ALAN: Yes. Yeah. It's perfect, Dad.

HARTLEY DAD: I'll be shaving, Alan. Come down to breakfast when you're ready. It's a big day today. You're almost a man.

ALAN: Almost?

HARTLEY DAD: You're still groggy. Snap out of it, Alan.

ALAN: I will. There's a dream in it somewhere. But I'm not sure which.

HARTLEY DAD: What?

ALAN: Never mind, Dad. I'll be right down for breakfast.

musical transition bright and fresh

FX: clink of silverware and glasses

HARTLEY DAD: Now for coffee. Mrs. Stauber makes the best in town.

ALAN: Black for me.

HARTLEY DAD: Uh. What?

ALAN: I mean--

HARTLEY DAD: You may be 13, Alan, but that's still a little young for coffee, especially black.

ALAN: Oh, I wasn't thinkin'.

HARTLEY DAD: What are you going to do today, son?

ALAN: I want to do some readin' this morning, I guess.

HARTLEY DAD: That's always a good thing to do. After breakfast, suppose you take a walk down to the station and get me a Times.

ALAN: Didn't it come?

HARTLEY DAD: What, the Times? They don't deliver. Be a good idea, though. Maybe I'll talk to Sam Ashburn about it. Here's a half dollar, Alan. Get anything you want for yourself out of the change.

ALAN: Thanks, Dad.

HARTLEY DAD: Finish your milk before you go.

ALAN: Oh, sure, Dad.

HARTLEY DAD: And hurry back. I like to finish the crossword puzzle before lunch.

musical transition bright

FX: train bell rings

ASHBURN: Here you are, Alan. One Times. Tell your father the puzzle's a stinker.

ALAN: Thanks, Mr. Ashburn.

ASHBURN: Look out for the trucks when you cross the highway.

ALAN: Oh, I'll go cross Elton's lot shortcut.

ASHBURN: Elton's? You'll have a hard time crossing there, son. There's four buildings on that block.

ALAN: I thought they burned down.

ASHBURN: Seen them this morning. Big as life.

ALAN: Oh, I guess that didn't happen yet.

ASHBURN: What'd you say?

ALAN: Oh, nothing, Mr. Ashburn. I was just muttering.

ASHBURN: Hm. In my days youngsters talked up.

ALAN: Yes, sir. Bye, Mr. Ashburn.

FX: running footsteps slow to a walk, rustling paper

ALAN: (reading) "Monday, August 6, 1945. Okina-One bombing Japan."

LARRY: Hey! Hey, Alan, wait up!

ALAN: (TO HIMSELF) Larry Morton. (TO LARRY) Hiya Larry!

LARRY: Hi, Al. Hey, you want to have a catch or something?

ALAN: No, I have some things I want to do at home.

LARRY: Wow, get him. Fancy pants talk. "Things I want to do at home."

ALAN: Oh, go chase yourself around the block.

LARRY: Go jump in a garbage can, will you?

ALAN: Go take a flying jet to the moon.

LARRY: Hey, that's a new one. "A flying jet to the moon." Hey, you thought up a new one, Al.

ALAN: Yeah.

LARRY: Hey, how about us going swimming at the canoe clubs, after?

ALAN: Gee, I wish I could. I got to stay home. I hafta.

LARRY: You see the football movie at the Grand? Boy, what a team. Notre Dame.

ALAN: I thought you liked Cornell?

LARRY: Cornell? Ha, they couldn't even beat Vassar.

ALAN: You're going to Cornell, aren't you?

LARRY: Me? Cornell? Fat chance.

ALAN: I'll bet you do.

LARRY: I wouldn't take your money.

ALAN: I know you wouldn't. You'll go to Cornell, all right?

LARRY: Ha-ha, Cornell. (singing) "Far above Cayuga's water, there's an awful smell."

ALAN: Just the same. You'll go to Cornell. I've got to hurry, Larry.

LARRY: Well, so long, Al. See you.

ALAN: So long, Larry. See ya!

musical transition light

FX: light thumping

HARTLEY DAD: Ahhh, I'm stuck in this corner. A seven-letter word to mix in proportion.

ALAN: Titrate.

HARTLEY DAD: Huh? T. I. ... It fits. How'd you know that, Alan?

ALAN: What? Oh, I read it somewhere, I guess.

HARTLEY DAD: Oh. What are you reading now? Tarzan again?

ALAN: No, not Tarzan.

HARTLEY DAD: It's refreshing to see you with a book. Sometimes I think I ought to forbid comic books in the house.

FX: newspaper rustling

HARTLEY DAD: They must be raising the devil with those bombing raids in Japan.

ALAN: How long do you think the war in Japan will last, Dad?

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, I'd say the middle of 1946. We'll have to invade those islands foot by foot.

ALAN: I wouldn't be surprised if the war was over very suddenly.

HARTLEY DAD: Ha. How, by magic? There isn't a thing on Earth that'll make those Japanese surrender. You expect somebody to make a pass and it'll be all over by this afternoon?

ALAN: That's just about it.

GOTTSCHALL: Mr. Hartley, excuse me. Could I see you for a minute?

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, hello, Mr. Gottschall. Sure.

ALAN: That's Frank Gottschall, Dad?

HARTLEY DAD: That's right.

GOTTSCHALL: Excuse me. Didn't mean to disturb you, Mr. Hartley.

HARTLEY DAD: That's quite all right. It's a lovely day, isn't it, Mr. Gottschall?

GOTTSCHALL: The Lord's world is always beautiful.

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, of course, Mr. Gottschall.

GOTTSCHALL: Ah. Mr. Hartley, I wonder if you could lend me a gun and some bullets. My little dog's been hurt and it's been suffering something terrible.

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, that's too bad.

GOTTSCHALL: I want a gun to put the poor thing out of its pain.

HARTLEY DAD: Of course. How would a 20-gage shotgun do? You wouldn't want anything heavy.

GOTTSCHALL: I was hoping you'd let me have a little gun, maybe so big.

HARTLEY DAD: A pistol?

GOTTSCHALL: So I could put it in my pocket. Wouldn't look right for a godly man to carry a hunting gun through town. I don't hold with killing innocent creatures. People wouldn't understand that it was for a work of mercy.

HARTLEY DAD: Of course I understand. You're a very religious man.

GOTTSCHALL: The whole world is evil, Mr. Hartley.

HARTLEY DAD: Sometimes it certainly looks like it. Well, I have a Colt .38 Special from the auxiliary police out there.

GOTTSCHALL: That's fine. Fine.

HARTLEY DAD: You'll have to bring it right back, Mr. Gottschall. I might be called out.

ALAN: Dad, Dad, wait a minute. I just remembered.

HARTLEY DAD: Remembered what, son?

ALAN: Aren't there some cartridges left for the Luger? Then you wouldn't be without the Colt.

HARTLEY DAD: Hey, that's right. I've got a German automatic, Mr. Gottschall, I could let you have. That way I wouldn't get stuck.

ALAN: Wait, Dad, I'll get it. I know where the cartridges are.

HARTLEY DAD: Be careful, son.

FX: footsteps, door opening and closing

HARTLEY DAD: Well, Mr. Gottschall, it sure turned out nice after all that rain.

FX: footsteps through light musical transition, receiver click, rotary dial

ALAN: (deepening his voice) Hello, police headquarters. Um. This is Blake Hartley. Frank Gottschall, who lives on Campbell Street has just borrowed a gun from me ostensibly to shoot a dog (pause) What? (pause) No, he has no dog. He intends shooting his wife. (pause) Yes, I'll take out the firing pin. (pause) He'll walk home. If you hurry you can get a man there in time. (pause) Right.

FX: click of receiver

musical transition

FX: drawer opens, click of gun loading through light musical transition, footsteps, door opens

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, there you are. What kept you, Alan?

ALAN: (TO HARTLEY DAD) I couldn't find the cartridges at first. I'll show Mr. Gottschall how it works. (TO GOTTSCHALL) It's all loaded, ready to shoot. This is the safety. Just push it forward and up. There are eight shots in it.

HARTLEY DAD: Did you load the chamber, Alan?

ALAN: Oh, sure. It's on safe now. You understand how it works, Mr. Gottschall?

GOTTSCHALL: Yes, yes, I understand. Thank you, Mr. Hartley. Thank you, sonny. Good-bye.

HARTLEY DAD: Good-bye, Mr. Gottschall. Return the gun when you're done.

GOTTSCHALL: Yes, I'll be done with it soon. Goodbye.

HARTLEY DAD: Alan, you shouldn't have loaded that gun.

ALAN: (SIGH) I guess it's all over now. I had to keep you from fooling with it. Didn't want you to see I took out the firing pin.

HARTLEY DAD: You what?

ALAN: Gottschall didn't want that gun to shoot a dog. He's a fanatic. He sees visions, hears voices. The voices probably put him up to this. I'll submit that any man who holds intimate conversations with disembodied spirits isn't to be trusted with a gun. He wants to shoot his wife.

HARTLEY DAD: What are you talking about?

ALAN: While I was upstairs I called the police. I put a handkerchief over my mouth and told them I was you.

HARTLEY DAD: You-- Why'd you have to do that?

ALAN: I couldn't have told them, "This is little Alan Hartley, 13 years old."

HARTLEY DAD: And suppose he really wants to shoot a dog, what kind of a mess will I be in then?

ALAN: No mess, because I'm right. But you'll have to front for me. They'd give me a lot of cheap "boy hero" publicity, which I don't want.

HARTLEY DAD: This is crazy, Alan. This is absolutely crazy.

ALAN: We'll have the complete returns in 20 minutes.

musical transition

SGT. KIBORSKY: Mr. Hartley, Mr. Blake Hartley?

HARTLEY DAD: That's right.

SGT. KIBORSKY: I'm Detective Sergeant Kiborsky from Homicide. Here's your luger.

HARTLEY DAD: Ah, thank you.

SGT. KIBORSKY: I don't know how you spotted that guy, but when we busted in, he was pointing that gun at his wife, swearing a blue streak 'cause it wouldn't go off.

HARTLEY DAD: Well, I'm, uh, glad I was able to help.

SGT. KIBORSKY: They may have some kind of citation, Mr. Hartley.

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, I-I don't think that's necessary.

SGT. KIBORSKY: Well, in the department, we figure a little publicity never hurt nobody. Even a lawyer, huh?

HARTLEY DAD: I, uh, I really'd prefer to have it kept quiet.

ST. KIBORSKY: Well, whatever you say. We'll want you to drop around in the morning for a statement.

HARTLEY DAD: I'll be glad to.

SGT. KIBORSKY: Well, thanks, Mr. Hartley. Good-bye.

HARTLEY DAD: Good-bye.

SGT. KIBORSKY: Bye, sonny.

ALAN: Good-bye, Sergeant.

FX: door opens, footsteps, door shuts

ALAN: Why don't you take the citation, Dad?

HARTLEY DAD: Well, you were right. You saved that woman's life.
(pause) Let's, uh, see you put back the firing pin.

ALAN: Sure.

FX: click, click

ALAN: There.

HARTLEY DAD: Suppose we have a little talk.

ALAN: But I explained everything.

HARTLEY DAD: You did not. Yesterday, you wouldn't even have known how to take this pistol apart. Today, you've been using language and expressing ideas that are outside of everything you've ever known before. Now, I want to know.

ALAN: Well, I hope you're not toying with the medieval notion of obsession.

HARTLEY DAD: What?

ALAN: You say I'm changed. When did you first notice this?

HARTLEY DAD: Last night you were still my little boy. This morning I don't know. You—you've been strange all day. Alan, what's happened to you?

ALAN: I wish I could be sure myself, Dad. You see, when I woke up this morning, all I could remember was lying on a stretcher injured by a bomb explosion. I was 43 years old, and the year was 1975.

HARTLEY DAD: 1975? That's right, you'll be 43 in 1975. But, but, a bomb?

ALAN: Yes, during the Siege of Buffalo in the Third World War. I was a Captain in G5 Scientific Warfare, General Staff.

HARTLEY DAD: Buffalo? You mean Buffalo, New York?

ALAN: Yes, there had been a transpolar invasion of Canada. I was sent to the front to check on service failures of a new lubricating oil. I got hit by a bomb blast. I remember being picked up and getting a narcotic injection. The next thing I

knew, I was in bed upstairs, and it was 1945 again. And I was back in my own 13-year-old body.

HARTLEY DAD: (LAUGH) Alan, you just had a nightmare to end all nightmares, that's all.

ALAN: I thought it might be that at first, but I rejected it. It wouldn't fit the facts.

HARTLEY DAD: But it's ridiculous, all this Battle of Buffalo stuff. You picked it up listening to the radio. All the commentators have been going on about another war after this one. You've just got an undigested chunk of H.V. Kaltenborn in your subconscious.

ALAN: But that isn't everything. I remember four years of high school, four years at Cornell, seven years as a reporter on the Philadelphia Record, three novels, *Children of the Mist*, *Rolls of Death*, and *Conqueror's Road*. I wrote detective stories under a phony name. I worked in chemistry. You think a 13-year-old can dream up all that stuff?

HARTLEY DAD: But it's the only possible explanation.

ALAN: Maybe, but I can speak five languages today that I couldn't yesterday. French, German, Chinese, Russian, and Spanish. Although I've got a Mexican accent you could cut with a knife.

HARTLEY DAD: But, but how'd it happen? I-I can't believe it.

ALAN: All I know is here I am. I've been reading up on time theories. Nobody seems to know much about them. Evidently time exists parallel as another dimension. And I've got kicked backwards somehow.

HARTLEY DAD: But how?

ALAN: It may have been the radiation from the bomb, or the narcotic injection, or both together. But the fact remains I'm here with full knowledge of, of my future identity.

HARTLEY DAD: This, this is quite a shock, Alan.

ALAN: But you do believe me, don't you?

HARTLEY DAD: Yes, I suppose I must. You seem so strange as, as if you weren't my son.

ALAN: I'm your son, all right. The same body as yesterday. I've just had an educational shortcut.

HARTLEY DAD: Wait a minute. If you can remember the next 30 years, suppose you tell me when the war is going to end. This one against the Japs, I mean.

ALAN: Sure, the Japanese surrender will be announced at exactly 7:01 p.m. on August 14th, the week from Tuesday. Better make sure we have plenty of grub in the house by then. Everything will be closed up tight till Thursday morning. Even the restaurants. I remember we had nothing to eat in the house but some scraps.

HARTLEY DAD: Tuesday week? That's pretty sudden, isn't it?

ALAN: Not after today.

HARTLEY DAD: What do you mean, what happened today?

ALAN: Plenty. What time is it, Dad?

HARTLEY DAD: Uh, 11:16.

ALAN: Is your watch right?

HARTLEY DAD: To the second, why?

ALAN: It'll come at exactly 11:17:40.

HARTLEY DAD: What'll come?

ALAN: The radio announcement.

HARTLEY DAD: What are you getting at? Something important on the radio? We'll see.

ALAN: Don't bother, Dad. It won't work. I remember we had a tube burned out.

FX: high pitched whine, static

HARTLEY DAD: There is something wrong.

FX: click

HARTLEY DAD: What is this announcement of yours?

ALAN: I memorized it in journalism school at Columbia in 1954. What time is it?

HARTLEY DAD: Uh, 11:18.

ALAN: They're breaking into the programs now. "President Truman has just announced that an atomic bomb has been dropped on the Japanese industrial city of Hiroshima. The bomb was dropped 16 hours ago and the announcement was delayed to ascertain the results of the explosion." A man named John Howard Peterson read the announcement from the Washington newsroom of NBC.

HARTLEY DAD: I -- I don't believe it.

ALAN: No? Listen.

FX: whistle blows, bells ring

ALAN: That's the Burr Plate Factory whistle and the bells at St. Boniface. Next, the whistle at the volunteer firehouse.

FX: whistle

HARTLEY DAD: Then it's true. It is true.

ALAN: Sure. Then Larry Morton came by on his bicycle.

LARRY MORTON: Hey, hey Al, you hear? You hear about the bomb? An atomic bomb.

ALAN: Yeah, we heard.

LARRY MORTON: Boy, atomic bomb. Oh boy. I gotta go find my pop. He's on the golf course. Bye Al. Bye Mr. Hartley.

HARTLEY DAD: You knew. You knew about it.

ALAN: The next bomb hits Nagasaki.

HARTLEY DAD: I thought that stuff about atomic energy was so much fantasy. Wa--was that the kind of bomb that got you?

ALAN: That was a firecracker compared to the one that got me. It was a guided 98 exploded 10 miles away.

HARTLEY DAD: And that's going to happen in 30 years?

ALAN: I remember it.

HARTLEY DAD: How about, well, how about me? Wait, never mind. I don't think I better know when I'm going to die.

ALAN: I couldn't tell you anyway. I had a letter from you just before I left for the front. You were 78 then and you were still hunting and fishing and flying your own plane.

HARTLEY DAD: But another war and fought on American soil. Alan, I wish this hadn't happened to you.

ALAN: It happened. I remember it. But if I can help it, I'm not gonna to get killed in any Battle of Buffalo.

HARTLEY DAD: But if you remember it, if time exists as a parallel dimension, then every tick we're getting closer to that third world war.

ALAN: Dad, you know what I remember when Gottschall came to borrow that gun?

HARTLEY DAD: I suppose that you suspected him and warned me.

ALAN: No, no, that wasn't it. The other time, the first time when I was really 13. I wasn't home. I'd been swimming at the canoe club with Larry Morton. When I got home about half an hour from now I found the house full of cops.

HARTLEY DAD: But if the gun didn't fire--.

ALAN: What makes you think it didn't? Gottschall took the .38 outa you, went home, shot his wife four times in the body, once behind the ear, and used the sixth shot to blow his own brains out.

HARTLEY DAD: That's what you remember?

ALAN: Yes, but now it hasn't happened because I warned you. Dad, I found out the future can be changed.

HARTLEY DAD: One man can't change the whole future.

ALAN: I stopped the murder and the suicide.

HARTLEY DAD: I know son, but--

ALAN: With 30 years to work, I can stop a world war. I'll have the means.

HARTLEY DAD: The means?

ALAN: Unlimited wealth and influence. I've got a good memory, Dad. Wrote a list out this afternoon. Look at this.

HARTLEY DAD: Assault, Jet Pilot, Citation, Ponder, Middle Ground, Counter-- What is this code?

ALAN: Horses. That's a list of Kentucky Derby winners from 1946 to 1970.

HARTLEY DAD: You sure?

ALAN: I learned that list on a bet at the Officers Club in Cincinnati in 1971. Assault paid 8 to 1. You figure out what we can take in.

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, but gambling, son.

ALAN: This isn't gambling. It's a sure thing. When we get rolling, we'll make the Rockefellers look like pikers.

HARTLEY DAD: Hmh. Assault at 8 to 1. I suppose I could scrape up \$5,000. In 10 years, that'll make a (pause) a lot of money. Any other, uh, little thing you have in mind, Alan?

ALAN: By 1952, we start building a political organization here in Pennsylvania. In 1960, I think we can elect you president.

HARTLEY DAD: Of course, I-- President? Isn't--isn't that going a little too far?

ALAN: Why not? Who wouldn't vote for a politician who was always right? Besides, that's one thing we've got to change. In 1960, we had a man in the White House who was good to his wife and sang a nice tenor. And that's about all. He fouled up so

completely, we ended up at war. I think President Hartley might be a little more trusted to take a strong line.

HARTLEY DAD: Well, I don't know anything about international decisions.

ALAN: I do. I know all the wrong ones. If we can stop a murder, with time we can stop a war.

HARTLEY DAD: How do I start?

ALAN: Well, as I remember, just after that bomb announcement, you got a phone call from the City Fusion Party about the next election.

HARTLEY DAD: Well, there is a lot of talk about a reform ticket.

ALAN: That call is going to be important, Dad. It's the turning point. You've got to--

FX: phone rings

ALAN: There it is.

HARTLEY DAD: What -- what do I do?

ALAN: Answer it. Go ahead.

HARTLEY DAD: But, Alan--

ALAN: Don't worry. I'll tell you what to say. Go ahead.

HARTLEY DAD: (INTO PHONE RECEIVER) Hello. (pause) Yes, this is Blake Hartley. (pause) Judge Crimmons? (pause) Well, ah-uh, just a moment. (TO ALAN) Alan, he's asking me to run.

FX: theremin

ALAN: Oh, oh, my head.

HARTLEY DAD: Alan. Alan, what's the matter? Alan.

ALAN: (MOAN)

HARTLEY DAD: He passed out. Alan, what do I do now? Alan, listen to me. Alan. Alan, what's the matter? Alan!

musical transition

DOCTOR: Captain Hartley. Captain Hartley. Captain Hartley.

SERGEANT: It's all right, Doctor. I gave him a shot and he was all right.

DOCTOR: He's dead. (pause) Alright, Sergeant, make out the tag.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: Hartley, Alan, Captain. Dead August 8, 1975.

musical transition

HARTLEY DAD: Alan, Alan, what happened? Alan, Alan.

ALAN: Huh?

HARTLEY DAD: Alan, are you all right?

ALAN: Hi, Dad.

HARTLEY DAD: I've got Judge Crimmons on the phone. What do I tell him?

ALAN: What?

HARTLEY DAD: Alan, are you all right? You passed out.

ALAN: Sure, I'm all right. Hey, today's my birthday, isn't it? What did you get me, Dad? Huh, what did you get me?

HARTLEY DAD: Alan, are you all right?

ALAN: Sure, I'm okay. What did you get for my birthday, huh?

HARTLEY DAD: Don't you remember the Third World War?

ALAN: What Third World War? Gee, Dad, what's the matter? You're looking at me funny.

HARTLEY DAD: Ah, Judge Crimmons, I'll, um, I'll have to call you back. Good-bye.

FX: click of receiver

HARTLEY DAD: You don't remember. You're back again, aren't you? Back to 13 years old.

ALAN: Sure, I'm 13 today. For corn sakes, Dad.

HARTLEY DAD: You must have died out there. It was only a mind transfer. That means now I'm on my own. I have to do it myself without your help.

ALAN: Help for what? Oh, if it's the grass, I-I said I'd cut it tomorrow.

HARTLEY DAD: Oh, no, it isn't the grass. I've got to save your life, Alan. I can't let you die that way in 1975.

ALAN: What are you talking about, Dad? You sound goofy.

HARTLEY DAD: I've got to change it all by myself.

ALAN: Change what?

HARTLEY DAD: Never mind, Alan, you don't know yet. Come on, let's have lunch.

ALAN: Sure, Dad. Hey, how about my present now? What did you get me for my birthday?

HARTLEY DAD: In a minute, son. Go on in.

ALAN: Hurry up, Dad.

HARTLEY DAD: All right. Huh. Now where'd I put that list of horses?

musical conclusion

HOST NORMAN ROSE: You have just heard another adventure into the unknown world of the future. The world of (whooshing cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...(trails off and blends with sound of repeated gong throughout announcement) Homecoming is a joyous word. But when the home you're returning to is a burned-out, radioactive planet, and when you cannot even imagine what terrible changes you will find there, the word then takes on a

very different meaning. Next week Dimension X brings you a strange story called Dwellers in Silence.

theremin throughout announcement

NBC ANNOUNCER: Dimension X is brought to you each week by the National Broadcasting Company in cooperation with Street and Smith, publishers of the magazine Astounding Science Fiction. Today, Dimension X has presented Time and Time Again, written for radio by Ernest Kinoy from the story by H. Beam Piper. Featured in the cast were David Anderson as Alan and Joseph Curtin as his dad. Your host was Norman Rose, music by Albert Buhrman. Dimension X is produced by William Welch and directed by Fred Way

repeated gong