

*Hee-Hee-Hee-Ha*  
*What are you?*  
*Ha-Hee-Hee-Ha*  
*Get away from me!*



*Universe* was adapted by George Lefferts for Dimension X from a novella by Robert Heinlein. The radio play first aired on November 26, 1950. Heinlein's novella was published in the May 1941 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*. It was followed up in the October 1941 issue with the novella *Common Sense*, a sequel to *Universe*. The two stories were combined in the book *Orphans of the Sky*, first published in 1963.

This is one of the first Science Fiction works to depict a "generation ship." In addition to the innovative storytelling devices, it also explores societal and religious concepts through analogy. The story is set in a stratified society in which a man in the "scientist class", Hugh, confronts doubts and meets a mutant who changes his worldview. Hugh tries to share his new insights, but his epiphany does not lead to the result he expects.

DIMENSION X  
Universe  
November 26, 1950

HOST NORMAN ROSE: (gong that reverberates throughout next line)  
Adventures in time and space transcribed in future tense.  
(cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...(trails off and  
blends with sound of repeated gong throughout monologue). In the  
beginning, there was Jordan, thinking his lonely thoughts. Out  
of the loneliness came a longing. Out of the longing came a  
vision. Out of the dream came a planning. And out of the  
planning came...decision. Jordan's hand was lifted, and the ship  
was born. (gong fades into theremin)

FX: running footsteps, whizzz

ALAN: Hugh! Look out!

FX: crash

ALAN: Are you all right?

HUGH: Yes, it missed me.

ALAN: What was it?

HUGH: A mutant with a slingshot. I think it dashed down that  
passageway.

ALAN: You want to go after it?

HUGH: We'd never catch it, Alan. It's probably twelve decks  
above us by now.

ALAN: I didn't think they ever came down this far. The trolls  
usually get them before they reach this level.

HUGH: They get more daring with each generation. This one looked  
like a female.

ALAN: Male or female, it might have killed us. I told you this  
trip was pure foolishness. Climbing twenty-four deck levels to  
hear a crazy old man rave.

FX: footsteps

HUGH: We're almost there now. Compartment X-15, level twenty-four. This is the place.

ALAN: Whew. This area smells as if it hadn't been visited by a sanitation crew for generations.

HUGH: This part of the ship is almost deserted.

FX: knock, knock, knock, door creaks open

OLD WOMAN: Yes?

HUGH: This is the compartment of John the Witness?

OLD WOMAN: Who are you?

HUGH: My name is Hugh Hoyland. I'm a cadet from the scientist barracks. This is my friend Alan Mahoney.

OLD WOMAN: What do you want of John the Witness?

HUGH: Only to talk.

OLD WOMAN: Are you a believer in Jordan?

HUGH: Naturally.

OLD WOMAN: I have heard that there are those among the younger scientists who doubt the word of Jordan.

HUGH: To doubt is death. We're not heretics.

OLD WOMAN: (SIGH OF RELIEF) Enter.

FX: footsteps, door creaks shut

HUGH: I have brought a gift of tobacco, grown on the richest level.

OLD WOMAN: (SNIFF SNIFF) It smells good.

HUGH: I assure you it's the best.

OLD WOMAN: Wait here.

FX: footsteps, door creaks open

ALAN: What a rat's nest.

HUGH: Shhhh.

ALAN: What the devil do you think he can tell you?

HUGH: I don't know. Now hush.

FX: door creaks and shuts, slow footsteps

JOHN THE WITNESS: Well?

HUGH: You are John the Witness?

JOHN THE WITNESS: I am.

HUGH: Good evening to you. I am Hugh Hoyland. This is my friend Alan Mahoney.

JOHN THE WITNESS: What brings a gentleman of the scientist class to my humble apartment?

HUGH: I have heard that you and your parents before you have long been keepers of the legend of the ship.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Since Jordan gave the word.

HUGH: I am anxious to hear the word as Jordan spoke it.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Why?

HUGH: You see, among the young scientists there have been some who talk against The Word.

JOHN THE WITNESS: There are regulations against such heresy.

HUGH: Some of them say the ship has no purpose. They say -- they say that we are here accidentally. That--that we have no more grace in Jordan's eyes than the most deformed mutant who dwells in the highest level of the ship.

JOHN THE WITNESS: What shall I say to you?

HUGH: I wish to hear the word from the mouth of one who knows.  
That I may become more convinced.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Sit.

FX: scrape of chair on tile

JOHN THE WITNESS: you have gifts for The Witness?

HUGH: The finest tobacco.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Good. I will dim the light.

FX: click

JOHN THE WITNESS: Now pay close attention. For these are the words as my father's father's father gave them to his son's son's son. This is how the ship came into being. How our people were created. (ethereal music plays throughout the rest of the dialog) In the beginning there was only Jordan thinking his lonely thoughts. In the beginning there was darkness, formless, and dead. Out of the loneliness came a longing. Out of the longing came a vision. Out of the dream came a planning. And out of the planning came decision. Jordan's hand was lifted and the ship was born. Mile after mile of good compartments, tank after tank for golden corn, ladder and passage, door and locker, fit for the needs of the yet unborn. He looked on his work and found it pleasing. Meet for a race that was yet to be. He thought of man, and man came into being. Then Jordan checked his thoughts and searched for the keys. Men untamed would shame his maker. Men unrul'd would spoil the plan. So Jordan made the regulations. Some to speak and some to listen. Order came to the ranks of men. Crew he created to work at their stations. Scientists to guide the plan. Over them all he created Captain made him judge of the race of man. Thus it was in the Golden Age. (music culminates and stops)

HUGH: These are the true words?

JOHN THE WITNESS: As my father's father taught them.

HUGH: But what of the strange beast-like people on the upper levels of the ship? Surely Jordan did not create them.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Jordan is perfect. All below him lack perfection. You have heard of the Legend of Huff?

HUGH: I have heard that he mutinied against Jordan.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Darkness swallowed the ways of virtue. Sin prevailed upon the ship. And before wisdom prevailed and the bodies of Huff and his followers were fed into the converter, some of the rebels escaped and lived to father the mutants. They are tainted with the sins of their fathers.

HUGH: One more question, Witness.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Speak.

HUGH: What is the ship?

JOHN THE WITNESS: The ship is a great sphere. Twenty-five kilometers wide and one hundred levels deep.

HUGH: I know that, but what about the upper levels?

JOHN THE WITNESS: The regulations forbid us to venture into the upper levels, but it is said that beyond the levels of the mutants lies the forbidden place where Jordan's spirit prevailed.

HUGH: So I've heard. But something troubles me. Something which prompted my coming here.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Yes, my son.

HUGH: What lies beyond the ship?

JOHN THE WITNESS: What?

HUGH: What lies beyond the ship?

JOHN THE WITNESS: This is heresy.

HUGH: Answer me.

JOHN THE WITNESS: I will not permit such talk. The ship is complete. The ship is universal. The ship is everywhere. The ship is everything.

HUGH: Ah, your mutterings are those of a frightened old man. They answer nothing.

JOHN THE WITNESS: You question The Word?

HUGH: I think you lie!

JOHN THE WITNESS: Hear me, Mr. Hoyland. For what you have already said, I can have your body fed to the converter. Your soul launched on The Endless Trip.

HUGH: You threaten me.

ALAN: Hugh, for Jordan's sake!

HUGH: You think I fear this dried fig of a man?

ALAN: (TO HUGH) Hugh! (TO JOHN THE WITNESS) Sir, my friend is impetuous. He doesn't understand.

JOHN THE WITNESS: I might be persuaded to forget. A substantial gift?

HUGH: You pig.

ALAN: Hugh!

HUGH: Come on, Alan. The sight of this so-called holy man offends me.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Now, you shall not leave.

HUGH: Look, don't try to frighten me with a gun, old man.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Remain where you are, heretic.

HUGH: I warn you, put down the gun.

JOHN THE WITNESS: No. No closer.

HUGH: Drop it.

JOHN THE WITNESS: Very well then. Get to the heretic.

FX: shuffle, shuffle, grunt, muttering,

JOHN THE WITNESS: Get him.

FX: shuffle, cries of pain

HUGH: Is he dead?

ALAN: I don't know. Come on, Hugh. We've got to get out of here.

FX: door opens, scuffling footsteps, door closes

ALAN: Now where? We can't go back. They'd feed us into the converter.

FX: alarm bells repeated

ALAN: What's that?

HUGH: The old woman must have turned in an alarm. Come on, the patrol will be here in no time.

ALAN: Where can we go?

HUGH: The upper levels.

ALAN: But the mutants.

HUGH: We'll have to take our chances.

FX: running footsteps, harsh whistle repeated

HUGH: Listen, that's the patrol. We've got to climb.

FX: thumping running footsteps

HUGH: Quickly, down the corridor.

ALAN: Okay

POLICE: Halt! Halt! Or we fire!

HUGH: The ladder.

FX: bang, scuffling, bang, running footsteps

musical transition

FX: running footsteps

ALAN: Hugh, wait. How far are we from the outside wall?

HUGH: Judging by the slope of the deck, about two miles. Mutant territory. Come on, we'll try this passageway.

FX: fast walking footsteps

ALAN: Hugh.

HUGH: What?

ALAN: I don't know. I feel as if we're being watched.

HUGH: It's your imagination.

ALAN: Perhaps.

FX: howl

ALAN: OH!

HUGH: It's only a ship's rat. Get a grip on yourself.

ALAN: It was as big as a dog. Come on. I can't drag myself much further.

HUGH: We've got to find a compartment with water.

ALAN: If only you hadn't asked him that stupid question.

HUGH: There's no use going over that.

ALAN: Why did you do it?

HUGH: Why? Alan, I've been thinking about it for a long time. And when he began to give me those stupid pat answers, well, I just saw red, I guess.

ALAN: But who are you to question the ways of Jordan? When you asked me to go with you to visit The Witness, I thought you wanted spiritual help. I never dreamed that--

HUGH: I'm sorry, Alan. I couldn't foresee this. I didn't know--

ALAN: Wait. Wait a minute.

HUGH: Now what? Another ship rat?

ALAN: No. I thought I saw something move. Near that bulkhead.

HUGH: I didn't see anything.

ALAN: Maybe my eyes are going bad...but still...

BOBO: (SHRIEK) (pause) Hoo-man!

HUGH: Alan, look out!

FX: pow, pow, thump

musical transition

HUGH: (GROAN) Where -- where am I?

BOBO: Hee-Hee-Hee-Ha

HUGH: What are you?

BOBO: Ha-Hee-Hee-Ha

HUGH: (TO BOBO) Get away from me! (TO ALAN) Alan! Alan! (TO BOBO) Look out with that knife! Stay away from me! (TO ALAN) Alan! Alan!

GREGORY: Don't kill him, Bobo. Not yet.

BOBO: Yee-ee-Ah

HUGH: Who are you?

GREGORY: Forgive my friend Bobo. Like so many of my people, he's rather impetuous where members of the so-called super race are concerned.

HUGH: Who are you? What place is this?

FX: footstep, dragging, footstep, dragging

GREGORY: As you can guess from my leg, I'm a mutant.

HUGH: Where is Alan?

GREGORY: Your friend is dead. I was not able to restrain my people in time to save him.

HUGH: Why don't you destroy me and get it over with?

GREGORY: We do not kill for pleasure, Mr. Hoyland. Only when necessary.

HUGH: You know my name?

GREGORY: I read your identification tag.

HUGH: Who are you? Mutants can't read.

GREGORY: My name is Gregory. I'm a leader of my people. Although we are unfortunate in our heredity, Mr. Hoyland, many of us are quite intelligent.

HUGH: Why do you live like animals?

GREGORY: We would rather live like free animals than like regimented slaves, as you do.

HUGH: I've heard that you practice cannibalism.

GREGORY: Undoubtedly you hear many things about us. We raise our own cattle on the upper levels and those of our people who choose to farm raise enough crops for our small population. You turn your head. Why?

HUGH: This one. I've never seen a creature like him.

GREGORY: Bobo is an unfortunate. He was born without the power of speech.

HUGH: How can you tolerate a monstrosity?

GREGORY: We have learned to live with difference. If we began to destroy our imperfects as you do on the lower levels, there would soon be no one left.

HUGH: It violates the regulations. The word of Jordan—

GREGORY: You know, Mr. Hoyland, your people are really primitive and barbaric.

HUGH: You dare say that to me.

GREGORY: I dare say a good deal more. Let us go to my compartment and speak further. I'm always interested in information of the lower levels.

HUGH: I won't give you any information.

GREGORY: Bobo, I want Mr. Hoyland in my cabin, please.

BOBO: Eee-ooo

FX: thump, scrape

BOBO: Ah-oo-wh

GREGORY: I advise you to go quietly, Mr. Hoyland. Bobo has a hatred of superior beings, which is unfortunate, but quite understandable. Proceed.

musical transition

FX: knock, scrape, door opens

GREGORY: Enter, Mr. Hoyland.

FX: door thuds closed

HUGH: This -- is where you live?

GREGORY: Yes.

HUGH: But you have books!

GREGORY: Stolen from your libraries, Mr. Hoyland.

HUGH: Compton's Astrophysics. The Philosophy of Interstellar Navigation. Celestial Mechanics. You have read these?

GREGORY: Um, most of them.

HUGH: Why did you bring me here? What do you intend to do?

GREGORY: Do you believe in Jordan, Mr. Hoyland?

HUGH: There is no other belief.

GREGORY: And The Trip? I suppose you believe in The Trip too.

HUGH: What else is there to believe? When you die, your remains are fed to the converter and your soul makes The Trip.

GREGORY: And where does The Trip take you?

HUGH: Why, to Centaurus, of course.

GREGORY: Ah? Well, what is Centaurus?

HUGH: Why, Centaurus -- mind you I'm just telling you the orthodox answer -- Centaurus is where you arrive when you've made The Trip. A place where everything is happy and everybody's happy and there's always good eating. It's mythological, of course.

GREGORY: And you believe this?

HUGH: The peasants believe it, literally. But many of the younger scientists like myself know that it's figurative, symbolic. Why do you ask?

GREGORY: Didn't it ever occur to you, Mr. Hoyland that The Trip is exactly what your peasants believe it is? That the ship and all the crew are actually going someplace? Moving?

HUGH: The ship can't go anywhere. It already is everywhere.

GREGORY: Imagine a place bigger than the ship, much bigger, with the ship inside, moving inside.

HUGH: But there can't be any place bigger than the ship. There wouldn't be any place for it to be.

GREGORY: Oh, for Huff's sake. Listen, you know the lowest level?

HUGH: Yes.

GREGORY: If you started digging a hole in the lowest level where would that hole go?

HUGH: Where would that hole...oh, no, it's forbidden to think such a thought.

GREGORY: Where would it go?

HUGH: No, no, I can't think about it.

GREGORY: Bobo!

FX: door opens

GREGORY: Bobo, we're going to take Mr. Hoyland to The Place.

HUGH: Where are we going?

GREGORY: To the top level.

HUGH: But it's certain death.

GREGORY: Nonsense. I've been there a thousand times. Come along.

HUGH: No, I won't. You can't make me.

GREGORY: I think we can. (pause) Now shall we proceed peacefully or shall I have Bobo persuade you?

musical transition with cymbal crash

FX: footsteps

GREGORY: Open the door, Bobo.

BOBO: Eee-ah

FX: metallic door slides open

GREGORY: Inside.

FX: footsteps, metallic door slides closed

HUGH: What place is this?

GREGORY: This, Mr. Hoyland, is the main control room. Why, Mr. Hoyland, you're trembling.

HUGH: It isn't true. There is no such place except in mythology.

GREGORY: Huh. You younger men are so wise, Mr. Hoyland, except for one thing. This happens to be the main control room of the ship.

HUGH: But it's—it's—it's nothing but a huge room with an instrument panel.

GREGORY: What did you expect?

HUGH: How do you know this is the main control room?

GREGORY: See these instruments? Using them, the navigator, many hundreds of years ago, actually steered the ship on its voyage.

HUGH: I don't understand.

GREGORY: I didn't suppose you would. Your people have been so steeped in superstition and ignorance that the whole concept has lost its meaning. Sit in that chair. Don't be frightened. Sit down.

HUGH: Very well.

GREGORY: Look up. What do you see?

HUGH: Nothing but a huge shield.

GREGORY: Watch it for one moment, Mr. Hoyland. You are going to see something that few of us have ever been privileged to witness. Something so dazzling that you may find it hard to accept at first. But it is there. It is a reality. And ultimately you must accept it.

FX: light tapping click

HUGH: What are you doing?

GREGORY: I'm dimming the lights. Don't be frightened. Keep your eyes focused on the shield above us. Ready? Watch.

FX: scrape, clatter

HUGH: The shield! It's sliding back!

FX: clatter, tinkle-tinkle

HUGH: Ghost of Jordon!

GREGORY: Well?

HUGH: What am I seeing?

GREGORY: The Universe, Mr. Hoyland. The Universe in all its beauty. The stars, the planets, the suns, the moons, and the constellations. This is your heritage, Mr. Hoyland. The heritage you've been too stupid to see.

HUGH: But it can't be. The ship is the Universe. There is nothing but the ship.

GREGORY: Ah, but there it is. You see it before your eyes, spread out like a canopy of glory. You still deny it? Answer me, Mr. Hoyland. Do you deny it?

HUGH: No...No I can't...they lied...they lied to us.

FX: clatter, scrape, clunk

GREGORY: Good.

HUGH: Why did you close the shield?

GREGORY: You will see it again if you're not afraid.

HUGH: I am not afraid.

GREGORY: Many times I've shown this to others of your people whom we captured, and though they saw it before their very eyes, they would not believe it.

HUGH: Tell me about it. Tell me about the ship, about the Universe. What are these things? How did this come about?

GREGORY: Many thousands of years ago, on a planet like those you've just seen, a planet called Earth, a scientist named Jordan decided to build a ship that would carry men from one planet to another. For many years, Jordan and thousands of others studied and planned, and when they were finished, they built the ship, a ship so large that it had to be assembled in its own orbit beyond the place called the Moon. Sixty years it took them to construct, and when it was finished, a whole new science had been conceived. Then the trip was begun. The trip

that was to land a colony of Earthmen on a far-off planet called Centaurus, millions of light-years beyond the furthest planet ever reached before.

HUGH: How do you know these things?

GREGORY: Among my books are the log which Jordan himself kept, and the records of the journey for the first forty years.

HUGH: What happened?

GREGORY: There was a mutiny. A man named Huff led a rebellion of those who wanted to turn back. In the struggle, the navigators were killed, and the crew fell into a state of anarchy. In the years to follow, small groups of men tried to organize the ship for navigation, and each time they failed. Finally, the whole idea was abandoned. And so for centuries we have swung in space, unmanned, undirected, living in a lost world of our own making, without purpose, without direction.

HUGH: Why have you told me this? Why have you brought me here? You could have killed me.

GREGORY: Can you guess?

HUGH: No. No, I can't. Unless...(SIGH) But it would be too fantastic.

GREGORY: Well?

HUGH: You want to finish the trip. Yes, that's it. (pause) What would it take to do it?

GREGORY: A miracle, almost. The crew would have to be trained, many people, each skilled in a certain duty.

HUGH: Couldn't you train your own people?

GREGORY: We are too few. Besides, the main drive is in the lower levels where my people are forbidden to go. No. It would mean that both our peoples would have to work together. Our differences encouraged rather than denied.

HUGH: It can be done. You showed me, you can show others, I can show them.

GREGORY: Can you?

HUGH: I'll see captain himself, I have an uncle on the central board, I'll tell him what I've seen here.

GREGORY: And do you think he'll believe you?

HUGH: Send one of your people with me.

GREGORY: That's asking a good deal.

HUGH: I'm risking a good deal by going back.

GREGORY: Very well. Bobo will go with you.

HUGH: He can't talk.

GREGORY: There will be no need for talk. I will write a message guaranteeing safe conduct for a group of unarmed scientists to visit the main control room. Bobo will take you safely through our territory. What happens when you reach your own level is up to you.

musical transition

FX: tapping on a metallic door

UNCLE: One moment.

FX: door opens

UNCLE: Yes, what is-- Hugh!

HUGH: Quick, Uncle, let us in.

UNCLE: But -- this mutant.

HUGH: He's harmless, please.

FX: door shuts

UNCLE: Now, what is this? You're wanted for--

HUGH: I know all about that. Listen, Uncle, I must see the Captain.

UNCLE: The Captain? Are you mad?

HUGH: You're a council member, you can get me to see him.

UNCLE: They'll kill you, you're wanted for heresy.

HUGH: I don't care. I must speak with the Captain. You're close to him, you can arrange it.

UNCLE: I don't understand why--

HUGH: Uncle, listen to me. The ship is moving. I can prove it. Do you understand there is a purpose in the ship.

UNCLE: I don't understand what you're babbling about.

HUGH: Never mind. Just talk to the Captain. Tell him I have information of tremendous importance. Tell him I've arranged a truce with the mutants.

UNCLE: A truce?

HUGH: Here, show him this paper signed by their leader.

FX: rustling paper

HUGH: Do it, Uncle, for my sake.

UNCLE: I don't know why..

HUGH: Please, Uncle. If I'm to die, let this be my last request to you.

UNCLE: Very well. I'll speak to the captain. I'll try.

musical transition

CAPTAIN: And you say, Mr. Hoylan, that you saw this with your own eyes?

HUGH: I swear it, Captain. I swear it on the word of Jordan.

CAPTAIN: Let me see that paper again.

FX: rustling paper

CAPTAIN: Hmm. What do you think, Commander Erst?

COMMANDER: I don't know, sir. It might be a trick.

HUGH: I guarantee you safe conduct.

CAPTAIN: If these things are as Mr. Hoylan reports them, it would pay to risk a few lives.

COMMANDER: The man is a convicted heretic.

CAPTAIN: Still, we mustn't discount his word entirely. He has a safe conduct. The mutant risked its life coming with him. I think we might investigate.

HUGH: You'll do it.

CAPTAIN: I'll have an expedition outfitted. Dismissed, Mr. Hoylan.

HUGH: Thank you, sir. Thank you.

FX: footsteps, door shuts

COMMANDER: Captain, do you--

CAPTAIN: Commander Erst.

COMMANDER: Sir.

CAPTAIN: You'll make the necessary arrangements for an expedition. I trust you understand.

COMMANDER: Perfectly, sir. Perfectly.

musical transition

FX: multiple footsteps

HUGH: Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT: Mr. Hoylan.

HUGH: You'd better halt your men here. This is the spot.

FX: shuffle, shuffle

LIEUTENANT: Patrol, halt. I see no welcoming party of mutants.

HUGH: There will be none. Their leader will meet you inside the main control room.

LIEUTENANT: You don't say. And just where is this main control room?

HUGH: Beyond that door.

LIEUTENANT: I see. All right, men. Ready arms.

FX: click, click, click

HUGH: Why do you ready arms?

LIEUTENANT: In case of ambush.

HUGH: Ambush? Don't you think they could have ambushed you on the way up here a good deal more easily?

LIEUTENANT: You know, Mr. Hoylan, I think you're a mutie lover. They have a place in the converter for that kind.

HUGH: Lieutenant, are you mad?

LIEUTENANT: No, Mr. Hoylan. But most certainly you are. To think that we could be lured up here to be slaughtered with a fantastic story about some mythical control room.

SOLDIER 1: (from a distance) Guns ready, sir.

HUGH: Lieutenant, I warn you, these people have acted in good faith. If you break the—

LIEUTENANT: Call your mutant to open the control room, Mr. Hoylan.

HUGH: No, not until those guns are dismounted.

LIEUTENANT: As leader of this expedition, I order you to call him.

HUGH: I refuse. You cannot do this thing. This is no way to keep a truce.

LIEUTENANT: Very well if you refuse. Ho, there! Mutant, come out.

HUGH: For Jordan's sake, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT: Too quiet for comfort. Mutant, open the door.

HUGH: (whispering) Please, Jordan, don't let anything happen. Please don't.

FX: metallic door slides open

LIEUTENANT: It's opening. Ready, men. Someone's coming out.

FX: footstep, dragging, footstep, dragging

SOLDIER 1: Look at his leg.

SOLDIER 2: Horrible.

LIEUTENANT: Steady.

SOLDIER 1: He's walking toward us.

SOLDIER 2: I can't stand this.

HUGH: Look out!

FX: bang, bang

GREGORY: (GASP)

HUGH: Gregory! No! You fools, you've killed him!

LIEUTENANT: Here come the rest of them. Fire!

FX: bang, bang, bang, bang blends into musical transition

musical transition

LIEUTENANT: That should teach them a lesson they won't forget. All right, men, inside the room.

FX: clank, shuffle, footsteps

LIEUTENANT: Hoylan, you're under arrest as a conspirator in this ambush.

HUGH: Ambush? You fool, you blind, stupid fool!

LIEUTENANT: That'll be enough. Have you been inside this place before?

HUGH: Yes.

LIEUTENANT: What's all this machinery?

HUGH: These are the controls he would have used to steer the ship.

SOLDIER 2: He's gone out of his mind, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT: Steer the ship? Who?

HUGH: The leader, the one you killed.

LIEUTENANT: This ugly mutant?

HUGH: This ugly mutant happened to be a man of true greatness.

LIEUTENANT: You're mad.

HUGH: Am I? This man had a vision which could have saved you, but you chose to kill him because you couldn't stand the sight of his difference from you.

FX: murmurs

LIEUTENANT: I'll not listen to these ravings.

HUGH: Close your ears! Shut your minds against the conscience that tells you it's wrong to kill, that tells you that your need to be arrogant only proves your inadequacy to yourself.

LIEUTENANT: Shut him up! Don't listen to him, men!

HUGH: You can't shut your ears! My words sting you! You cannot shut your mind! And you cannot shut your eyes!

LIEUTENANT: Shoot him!

FX: bang

HUGH: Oh. Device!

SOLDIER 1: The roof! It's moving back!

FX: scrape, clatter

HUGH: Look, let the vision of this confound your ignorance and blind your eyes. This is the heritage you tried to stifle in your own breasts. This is the heritage of stars and open skies for which men have yearned for centuries. Try to destroy this and you will only destroy yourselves.

SOLDIER 2: Death to the heretic!

HUGH: Kill me if you choose, but I say to you that this you cannot keep from our people, that they will seek it out and the ship will be manned and the ship will be steered and there will be freedom and purpose and respect for ourselves. This is your heritage. Look upon the Universe!

MULTIPLE SOLDIERS VOICES: Kill him! Kill him!

FX: shuffle, shuffle, bang, bang, bang, thump, thump thump

musical conclusion

HOST NORMAN ROSE: You have just heard another adventure into the unknown world of the future, the world of (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...(trails off and blends with sound of repeated gong throughout announcement) This has been the concluding broadcast in the current series of Dimension X. If you are interested in the continuation of this series, please write and tell us so. Your ideas and suggestions will be given the most thoughtful consideration in determining the future of this program. Just drop a letter or postcard to Dimension X. Care of NBC, Radio City, New York.

theremin

NBC ANNOUNCER: Today Dimension X has transcribed, Universe, written for radio by George Lefferts and based on a story by Robert Heinlein. Featured in the cast were Mason Adams as Hugh and Peter Capell as Gregory. Your host was Norman Rose. Music by Burt Buhrman. Engineer Bill Chambers. Sound created by Manny

Segal, Max Russell and Wes Conant. Dimension X is produced by William Welch and directed by Edward King. Ed Archie Gardner tangles with Tallulah Bankhead on the Big Show.

FX: three chimes