

*"There was only one way out. The few survivors went underground, burrowing their way deep into the Earth like hunted moles, hiding from death in huge underground caverns."*



*Hello Tomorrow*, an original radio play written by George Lefferts for Dimension X, first aired on September 15, 1950 and was later produced for X Minus One, airing "leap day", February 29, 1956. It tells of a world in which humans must survive after nuclear destruction, and to do so society prioritizes genetic perfection and emotional stability. But after 2000 years they find that what once was the solution may have turned into the problem.

DIMENSION X  
Hello Tomorrow  
September 15, 1950

NBC ANNOUNCER: The National Broadcasting Company delays the start of this program to bring you a special news bulletin. (pause) From the NBC newsroom in New York, United Nations troops have begun a breakthrough from their beachhead in South Korea, launching an attack from positions north of Taegu for a drive towards Seoul. The new offensive is timed with the big amphibious assault at Incheon, which is progressing on schedule. Keep tuned to your NBC station for the later news.

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Adventures in time and space transcribed in future tense (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...

FX: repeated gong throughout monologue

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Tonight, a story of the future and a star of the future. The story Hello Tomorrow and the star Miss Nancy Olson, the talented young actress who is currently winning critical acclaim for her performance in one of the outstanding pictures of the year, Sunset Boulevard. Tonight, Miss Olson becomes the first of a group of the stage and screen's most promising young stars of tomorrow to be invited to appear on the program of tomorrow, Dimension X.

musical transition with theremin

HOST NORMAN ROSE: It was in the year 1991 that man disappeared from the face of the earth. The third atomic war had ended at last, leaving the land a mass of red radioactive dust, filling the air with gamma rays so deadly that life on the surface was no longer possible. There was only one way out. The few survivors went underground, burrowing their way deep into the Earth like hunted moles, hiding from death in huge underground caverns. And it was there in the next 2,000 years that they built the new civilization, a civilization in which the genetic survival of the race came first. And every life and every law was shaped to serve that end. It is to this civilization, in the Year of Our Lord 4195 AD, that we take you now.

musical transition

FX: wheeeeeouooooowh, wheeeeeouooooowh, click

LOIS BURTON: Yes?

OPERATOR: I have a call from the Director of Emotional Stability for the Third Oblong for Professor Lois Burton at the Institute of Genetics.

LOIS BURTON: This is Professor Burton.

OPERATOR: One moment.

FX: click, click

OPERATOR: Go ahead, sir.

WALTER: Lois? Listen, darling, good news.

LOIS BURTON: What?

WALTER: The genetic board has approved our application for marriage.

LOIS BURTON: Oh, so soon?

WALTER: The tests found our chromosomes perfect. We can marry any time we want. Our offspring should be genetically in the 19th percentile of perfection. (pause) What's the matter dear?

LOIS BURTON: Oh, nothing. I-I'm just sort of breathless.

WALTER: You are happy about it, aren't you, darling?

LOIS BURTON: Oh, of course, terribly happy.

WALTER: I'm coming right over to the lab. I have a surprise.

LOIS BURTON: Oh, not now, Walter.

WALTER: What?

LOIS BURTON: Well, I-I mean you'll have to give me some time.

WALTER: Time? What's the trouble?

LOIS BURTON: No trouble. It's that genetic survey I've been working on.

WALTER: What about it?

LOIS BURTON: Well, I've finally gotten permission to study an actual living case, a specimen of imperfect genetic transmission.

WALTER: Really?

LOIS BURTON: Yes, they're bringing him up from the condemned cages on the lower level.

WALTER: You will be careful, darling.

LOIS BURTON: The supervisor says there's nothing to be afraid of. The specimen they're bringing is, uh, XJ-12. It's been studied before many times and is quite well trained.

WALTER: Well, I don't like it.

LOIS BURTON: Nonsense, darling. I've been waiting for this opportunity for years.

FX: long buzz

LOIS BURTON: Oh, there's my door signal. I'll have to hang up, darling. See you later.

FX: quiet click-click, footsteps, door opens

LOIS BURTON: Yes?

XJ-12/ORIN: Professor Lois Burton?

LOIS BURTON: Yes?

XJ-12/ORIN: I'm from the Phylogenic Institute, lower level.

LOIS BURTON: Oh, uh, then you brought me specimen XJ-12.

XJ-12/ORIN: May I come in?

LOIS BURTON: By all means.

FX: door closes, footstep, dragging, footstep, dragging

LOIS BURTON: Oh, how...

XJ-12/ORIN: Horrible? It all depends on your viewpoint. I happen to have a twisted leg. My parents were genetically unsound.

LOIS BURTON: But then you...

XJ-12/ORIN: Yes. I am specimen XJ-12.

LOIS BURTON: I see.

XJ-12/ORIN: I hope you aren't shocked.

LOIS BURTON: No stable person permits feelings to enter into his work. I will admit to surprise. I was expecting something a little more, uh, abnormal.

XJ-12/ORIN: Sorry, I try to be as abnormal as possible. If I am, the Phylogenic Institute allows me out of the genetic cages every so often, so I can breathe the pure air of the upper levels and mingle with the genetically perfect.

LOIS BURTON: You seem quite well educated.

XJ-12/ORIN: I spent the first years of my life here in the upper levels.

LOIS BURTON: How is that possible? They segregate imperfects.

XJ-12/ORIN: As a small child, my mother concealed me from the director of selective heredity. I was brought up in secret. My mother actually -- dreadful word -- loved me.

LOIS BURTON: I see. That would explain your obviously low threshold of emotional control.

XJ-12/ORIN: If you choose to call it that. At first you, uh, seemed to be struggling to repress a few feelings yourself.

FX: footsteps

LOIS BURTON: We will confine ourselves to the impersonal aspects of our work.

XJ-12/ORIN: As you please.

LOIS BURTON: I shall require you as a demonstration for a lecture I'm delivering to one of my classes tomorrow.

XJ-12/ORIN: At your service, Professor.

LOIS BURTON: Sit here, please.

FX: sliding door opens, sliding door shuts

LOIS BURTON: Grip these electrodes tightly.

FX: click, click

LOIS BURTON: I'm going to calibrate your electrochemical tension.

XJ-12/ORIN: I'm quite familiar with the procedure.

FX: whooshing buzz

XJ-12/ORIN: (GASP, GRUNT) I realize that as an imperfect. I'm expendable. But I should hate to be electrocuted.

LOIS BURTON: (TO XJ-12/ORIN) The charge is not lethal. (TO HERSELF) Plus 15 surface tension.

XJ-12/ORIN: You know, you have beautiful hair. (GASP, GRUNT)

LOIS BURTON: Plus 12 at a depth of 4 centimeters.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lovely blue eyes, crystal clear. (GASP, GRUNT)

LOIS BURTON: Plus 10, 7 centimeters.

XJ-12/ORIN: Pretty. A perfect woman. Lovely, expressive hands. (GASP, GRUNT) And a heart of stone. Like all the rest of you, perfect survival types.

LOIS BURTON: Try not to jump, sir, when the current strikes.

XJ-12/ORIN: No feelings, under control, passed by the Director of Emotional Stability.

LOIS BURTON: Shut up!

FX: slap, very slight gasp

XJ-12/ORIN: Maybe I was wrong. Maybe you -- you have feelings.

FX: door opens

WALTER: That will be quite enough. I seem to sense an air of emotional tension.

LOIS BURTON: Nothing, dear. This is the specimen XJ-12.

WALTER: Oh, I see. An inferior type.

LOIS BURTON: Quite.

WALTER: You, specimen. Can you understand me?

XJ-12/ORIN: Yes.

WALTER: (TO XJ-12/ORIN) Yes what? (TO LOIS BURTON) Tell this dolt who I am, Lois.

LOIS BURTON: This is the Director of Emotional Stability for the Third Oblong. He also happens to be my selected genetic partner. You will address him as sir.

XJ-12/ORIN/ORIN: Yes, sir.

WALTER: This creature seems quite impertinent.

LOIS BURTON: He's only a specimen, darling.

WALTER: (TO LOIS BURTON) I suppose. Well, use him and ship him back to the cages at the institute. He's probably radioactive. (TO XJ-12/ORIN) You, specimen.

XJ-12/ORIN: Mr. Director.

WALTER: You will confine your speech to answering only those questions addressed to you. Understand?

XJ-12/ORIN: Yes, sir. Perfectly.

musical transition

FX: low murmuring of crowd

LOUDSPEAKER: Attention. Attention. The next demonstration will be conducted by Professor Lois Burton of the Institute of Genetics. Her topic, the probability of radioactive damage in the chromosome heredity of imperfect non-survival types. Professor Burton.

FX: applause

LOIS BURTON: We are very fortunate today in having obtained a specimen of an imperfect genetic type through the good graces of the phylogenic institute. Moreover, this specimen has been trained to tell in his own words about the factors in his upbringing. Specimen XJ-12.

FX: footstep, dragging, footstep, dragging, low murmuring of crowd

XJ-12/ORIN: Thank you. My mother was a psycho-technician in the Fifth Oblong. My father was a historian specializing in the records of pre-atomic surface culture. In the earthquake of twenty-one hundred and seventy, apparently some hard radiation filtered down through the tunnels and penetrated the Fifth Oblong. The effect on my hereditary factors is quite apparent in this twisted leg.

FX: low murmuring of crowd

XJ-12/ORIN: I appreciate that you do not laugh. Most audiences seem compelled to laugh. Perhaps you are different. If so, perhaps you can be made to understand somehow what it means to be labeled an imperfect. Perhaps in some way I can penetrate the insulation with which the psycho-technicians, the drugs and the glandular experts have surrounded your emotions.

WALTER: Wait. As Director of Emotional Stability for this Oblong, I order you to confine yourself to the subject.

XJ-12/ORIN: My father taught me in the last days before he was executed that every human personality is born with certain inalienable natural rights. The right of free expression. The right to have feelings. And the right to mature. And above all, the right to be different from every other living organism. Because every organism is different. I submit to you distinguished students that the attempt by this society to abridge these rights is a violation of nature. I say that the imperfects, the mutants, those who are different have as much

right to exist and be free as you. I say break open the cages.  
Free my people.

WALTER: Stop him.

XJ-12/ORIN: Give us back the right to be individuals.

WALTER: Stop him.

XJ-12/ORIN: I say--

FX: pow, smack, thump, grunt

WALTER: Professor Burton, take the specimen back to your  
laboratory and confine him.

LOIS BURTON: Yes, Mr. Director.

WALTER:: You specimen, go quietly. I warn you.

XJ-12/ORIN: I have nothing but contempt for your warnings.

WALTER: I'll have you destroyed for this.

LOIS BURTON: The specimen is unstable. He doesn't know what he's  
saying.

WALTER: Then get him out of here, quickly. He's an affront to  
our genetic type.

musical transition

XJ-12/ORIN: (GROAN)

LOIS BURTON: Hold still while I bandage your head.

XJ-12/ORIN: (GRUNT)

LOIS BURTON: You'll be all right.

XJ-12/ORIN: I-I suppose you detest me for getting you into  
trouble.

LOIS BURTON: Don't squirm.

XJ-12/ORIN: Not that I blame you.

LOIS BURTON: I don't detest you.

XJ-12/ORIN: Oh, ouw

LOIS BURTON: In fact, I thought you quite magnificent.

XJ-12/ORIN: You...what?

LOIS BURTON: As you spoke, something began to stir in me.

XJ-12/ORIN: You don't hate me?

LOIS BURTON: I've never felt so strange.

XJ-12/ORIN: Tell me what you feel. If I moved you, then I must have moved the others, some of them at least.

LOIS BURTON: I don't know quite how to explain it. A strange sympathy?

XJ-12/ORIN: Compassion.

LOIS BURTON: For some reason I took pride in what you were doing, seeing you stand up against them. Why do you look at me like that?

XJ-12/ORIN: Because I can't help it.

LOIS BURTON: I wish you wouldn't. You're only an imperfect, you know. You have no rights. Please, XJ-12.

XJ-12/ORIN: My name is Orin.

LOIS BURTON: Please.

XJ-12/ORIN: Say it. Orin.

LOIS BURTON: Orin?

XJ-12/ORIN: Again.

LOIS BURTON: Orin.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois.

LOIS BURTON: Orin.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois, Lois, Lois.

LOIS BURTON: What is it? Why do I feel this way?

XJ-12/ORIN: In the cages they call it love.

LOIS BURTON: Love? We have no such concept in the upper level.

XJ-12/ORIN: You've destroyed it.

LOIS BURTON: Would it be correct to say, I feel love for you?

XJ-12/ORIN: It would be correct.

LOIS BURTON: I feel love for you.

XJ-12/ORIN: Darling, darling.

FX: quiet kiss

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois, what about Walter? You're going to marry him.

LOIS BURTON: No.

XJ-12/ORIN: You're genetically suited to each other.

LOIS BURTON: I don't care, I won't marry him. There must be some other way.

XJ-12/ORIN: But--

FX: door opens

LOIS BURTON: (GASP) Walter!

FX: footsteps

WALTER: Very touching. Very tender.

LOIS BURTON: Walter, how could you spy?

WALTER: In my capacity as Director of Emotional Stability, it is my duty to spy. Specimen XJ-12 will be disposed of quite systematically by the state. For the good of the state. For the

good of the genetic code. And in the name of emotional stability.

musical transition tense

FX: door opens

WALTER: Come in, Lois.

FX: door closes

WALTER: I wondered how long it would be before you came to my office.

LOIS BURTON: Walter, I have to talk to you.

WALTER: Go right ahead.

FX: light footsteps

LOIS BURTON: Walter, you mustn't destroy him. Send him back to the cages, but don't kill him.

WALTER: You speak of destroying an inferior creature as if it were something unethical.

LOIS BURTON: Walter, Walter, please, for my sake.

WALTER: Lois, I understand that you've entered a plea for postponement of our marriage at the records bureau.

LOIS BURTON: Yes, I -- I was too upset to go through with it.

WALTER: It came as a great disappointment to me. If you were married to me, you would be safe from influences such as this XJ-12, in which case, I might even be persuaded to send him back to the cages. Instead of having him -- destroyed. You see?

LOIS BURTON: Yes. (pause) I see.

WALTER: Think it over. (pause) Well, my dear?

LOIS BURTON: When can we be married?

WALTER: Soon. Tomorrow, if you like.

LOIS BURTON: The sooner the better.

WALTER: Lois. Lois, you make me very--

LOIS BURTON: What about XJ-12?

WALTER: Oh, I see. A bargain is a bargain.

FX: click of receiver, dial of rotary phone

WALTER: Let me talk to the custodian, please.

FX: quiet click-click

WALTER: Hello. (pause) This is the Director of Emotional Stability for the Third Oblong. I would like you to cancel the execution of specimen XJ-12 (pause) Yes. (pause) Yes, that's right. Turn him over to the security guard. He's to be remanded permanently to the genetic cages.

LOIS BURTON: Let me talk to him, Walter.

WALTER: My dear, I don't think that--

LOIS BURTON: Please, I-I, I want to be sure he's all right.

WALTER: Very well. (pause) Hello. Connect a circuit in the cell block. I want to talk to XJ-12.

FX: quiet click-click

WALTER: Here you are, my dear.

LOIS BURTON: Hello? (pause) Orin? (pause) Yes. (pause) No, I-I'm all right. H-how are you? (pause) Fine. (pause) Orin, I-I've been talking to Walter. He's going to send you back to the cages. (pause) Yes. (pause) Yes. (pause) No, no, I'm going to marry him. Because I-I want to. (pause) I'm not lying to you. I-I'm very happy. (pause) Yes. Yes, I've-I've got to hang up now. (pause) Goodbye...Goodbye.

FX: heavy click of phone hanging up

WALTER: And now, Lois?

LOIS BURTON: Walter, please. I've got to get back to the lab.

WALTER: Of course. I'll pick you up in, say, an hour, and we'll make plans for the wedding. All right?

LOIS BURTON: Yes, yes, of course. Goodbye, Walter.

FX: footsteps, door opens, door closes

WALTER: (LONG SIGH)

FX: click-click, dial of rotary phone.

WALTER: Hello. (pause) This is the Director of Emotional Stability again. I want you to cancel that last order. Proceed with the execution, but under conditions of absolute secrecy. (pause) No. Don't use the lethal chamber. Take him to the tunnels on the upper level. (pause) That's correct. (pause) Fine.

musical transition

FX: sliding door, clank

CUSTODIAN: This way.

XJ-12/ORIN: Where are you taking me?

CUSTODIAN: You're being returned to the Phylogenic Institute. Orders from the Director of Emotional Stability.

FX: sliding door

CUSTODIAN: Into the elevator.

XJ-12/ORIN: Very well.

FX: sliding door, hissing

XJ-12/ORIN: Why are we going toward the surface? The cages are on the lower levels.

CUSTODIAN: Radiation check.

XJ-12/ORIN: They've never done that before.

CUSTODIAN: New procedure.

FX: sliding door

CUSTODIAN: All right. Walk.

FX: footsteps

GUARD: Halt. State your business.

CUSTODIAN: I'm the custodian for the Third Oblong. This imperfect is my prisoner.

GUARD: You can't go beyond this checkpoint. There's radioactivity in the tunnels.

CUSTODIAN: This is...a...special mission...if you know what I mean.

GUARD: Oh, I see. Just a moment, I'll open the airlock.

FX: door slides opens

GUARD: Go ahead. You'll find two radiation suits in the chamber.

CUSTODIAN: We will need only one.

XJ-12/ORIN: So this is how they get rid of imperfects.

CUSTODIAN: March inside.

FX: echoing footsteps, door slides open and closed

GUARD: All right. Turn around.

XJ-12/ORIN: Suppose I refuse.

CUSTODIAN: It'll be less painful if you cooperate.

XJ-12/ORIN: Before you dispose of me, could I give you a message for a friend?

CUSTODIAN: That depends. What is the message?

XJ-12/ORIN: This!

FX: punch, scuffle, grunt, grunt, running footsteps, sliding door

CUSTODIAN: Security! Help! Security!

GUARD: What is it? What happened?

CUSTODIAN: The prisoner, he struck me. Before I could recover, he escaped into the tunnels.

GUARD: Well, he won't last long. If the radiation doesn't get him, he'll starve to death.

CUSTODIAN: Can you go after him?

GUARD: I could send a robot, but it isn't worth the trouble. There's no way back from the tunnels, except through here. Only other direction he can go is toward the surface. The closer he gets, the hotter the radiation. No, I think you can consider your prisoner dead.

musical transition

FX: glasses tinkling, faint glug-glug, tinkle

WALTER: More wine, my dear?

LOIS BURTON: No, thank you, Walter.

WALTER: You look very beautiful, my dear. Very beautiful.

LOIS BURTON: Thank you.

WALTER: These hydroponic fruits are delicious, aren't they? Oh, uh, the wedding will just be a small affair. I've arranged for a few friends. The Director of Endocrine Control, the Chief of the Security Guards, one or two assistants to high council members.

LOIS BURTON: Walter, did--

WALTER: Yes?

LOIS BURTON: Was he returned to the cages?

WALTER: Now why must you spoil this lovely dinner by bringing that up?

LOIS BURTON: Was he, Walter?

WALTER: Well...

LOIS BURTON: Was he?

WALTER: Well, as a matter of fact, there was a little difficulty.

LOIS BURTON: Difficulty?

WALTER: Yes, you see. He escaped.

LOIS BURTON: Escaped?

WALTER: He struck a guard and ran off into the tunnels.

LOIS BURTON: The tunnels? But that's death.

WALTER: He's free to return any time he chooses.

LOIS BURTON: When did it happen?

WALTER: Just a few hours ago, as a matter of fact.

LOIS BURTON: Walter...

WALTER: Now don't-don't become upset again, darling.

LOIS BURTON: You planned it, didn't you, Walter?

WALTER: Stability, darling. Stability.

LOIS BURTON: Stability! Stability! Is that all I'm to hear from you for the rest of my life?

WALTER: Darling.

LOIS BURTON: Here's what I think of stability.

FX: shattering of glass

WALTER: Were we not to be married, I'd be compelled to turn you over to the endocrine surgeons for doing that.

LOIS BURTON: Well you can go right ahead, because we aren't going to be married.

musical transition

FX: intercom buzz, click

GUARD: Checkpoint.

WALTER: This is the Director of Emotional Stability.

GUARD: Yes, sir.

WALTER: If Professor Burton tries to pass the checkpoint, I want her taken into custody.

GUARD: Well, Professor Burton just passed, sir. She said--

WALTER: You idiot!

GUARD: But she said--

WALTER: I don't care what she said. Stop her. Send robots after her. Get her back. I'll have you destroyed as incompetent if you fail.

GUARD: Yes, sir. At once, sir.

FX: click, click

GUARD: Robot control. Checkpoint to robot control. Order out all tele-vocal robots into the tunnels. Have them bring back any humans. This is a first priority order.

musical transition

LOIS BURTON: Orin? (echo) Orin? (echo) Orin, where are you?  
Orin? (echo)

XJ-12/ORIN: Hello? (echo)

LOIS BURTON: Orin, it's Lois. (echo)

XJ-12/ORIN: This way. Behind the rocks. (echo)

FX: running footsteps

XJ-12/ORIN: Over here.

LOIS BURTON: Oh, darling, darling.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois, Lois, why did you come here? It's suicide.

LOIS BURTON: I had to. Darling, are you all right?

XJ-12/ORIN: So far.

LOIS BURTON: You've got to turn back. Give yourself up.

XJ-12/ORIN: They'll kill me.

LOIS BURTON: You can't stay here. The radiation is plus four at this point. It gets worse as you approach the surface.

XJ-12/ORIN: Go back, darling.

LOIS BURTON: What will you do?

XJ-12/ORIN: I'm going ahead.

LOIS BURTON: But you can't!

XJ-12/ORIN: I can. I'm going to the surface.

LOIS BURTON: Not even the robots can survive it.

XJ-12/ORIN: At least I'll be the first human in eleven hundred years to see what the surface of the Earth looks like.

LOIS BURTON: Come back with me.

XJ-12/ORIN: No, darling.

LOIS BURTON: Then I'm going with you.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois.

LOIS BURTON: Don't try to stop me, darling. There's nothing to go back to now. Nothing but Walter and emotional stability.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois you -- you really want to come with me?

LOIS BURTON: Yes.

XJ-12/ORIN: You know what it means.

LOIS BURTON: I don't care.

XJ-12/ORIN: Oh, darling, I can't let you go.

LOIS BURTON: Orin, I -- I love you. See, I -- I know how to say it now.

XJ-12/ORIN: Say it again.

LOIS BURTON: Orin, I love you.

FX: steady thumping footsteps

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois. Lois, what's that?

LOIS BURTON: It sounds-- (GASP) Orin, it's the robot control. It's looking for us.

XJ-12/ORIN: Come on. We've got to hurry. This way. Hurry.

musical transition

FX: steady thumping footsteps, rushing scuffling footsteps

LOIS BURTON: Oh, Orin, wait.

XJ-12/ORIN: It can't be much further, darling.

LOIS BURTON: The robot is gaining.

XJ-12/ORIN: Here, here, let me help you.

LOIS BURTON: I can't. I just can't.

XJ-12/ORIN: All right, darling. We'll stop here. We may as well wait for it.

FX: steady thumping footstep

LOIS BURTON: Oh, Orin. It's coming, I-I can see its light now.

XJ-12/ORIN: (whispering) Darling, listen. It stopped.

LOIS BURTON: (whispering) The lights are swinging around.  
(pause) Orin, it sees us.

FX: steady thumping footsteps

XJ-12/ORIN: Come on, darling. One last effort. Come on, run.

FX: steady thumping footsteps, rushing scuffling footsteps

XJ-12/ORIN: Look. Look ahead. You can see the light's reflecting from something.

LOIS BURTON: It looks like a door.

XJ-12/ORIN: It is. Lois, it's...it's a heavy lead door.

LOIS BURTON: There's a lever. Hurry.

FX: clunk, slide

XJ-12/ORIN: Come on through. Lois, there must be some way to close it. Here.

LOIS BURTON: Let me help you.

FX: clunk, slide

XJ-12/ORIN: It won't get through that. It's solid lead.

LOIS BURTON: Orin, where are we?

XJ-12/ORIN: I -- I don't know.

FX: light wind

LOIS BURTON: Look. Up there. A huge round light.

XJ-12/ORIN: Lois.

LOIS BURTON: Yes, Orin?

XJ-12/ORIN: That's -- that's Luna. The Moon. We're on the surface.

LOIS BURTON: How red everything looks. How it glows.

XJ-12/ORIN: It's the radioactivity.

LOIS BURTON: Quiet. Peaceful. Deadly.

XJ-12/ORIN: Oh, darling. Sit here and rest awhile.

FX: light wind

LOIS BURTON: Put your arm around me. Orin, I'm afraid. Orin, we're going to die.

XJ-12/ORIN: Don't think about it. Just think about us alone. The first humans to stand on the surface of Earth in 2,000 years. Lois, that door must have been placed there by the last handful of survivors who went underground after the atomic wars. Those are the lights. The small ones. They must be -- stars.

LOIS BURTON: Orin, I...I'm so tired.

XJ-12/ORIN: Go to sleep, darling. Put your head on my shoulder and sleep.

LOIS BURTON: Hold me, Orin. Hold me very close.

musical transition

FX: chirping birds

LOIS BURTON: Orin.

XJ-12/ORIN: Hmm?

LOIS BURTON: Orin, wake up.

XJ-12/ORIN: What is it?

LOIS BURTON: Look, it's light.

XJ-12/ORIN: What?

LOIS BURTON: The whole universe is light. Oh, Orin, how beautiful. Look.

XJ-12/ORIN: By all the laws of nature, we should be dead. Lois, no life could survive this.

LOIS BURTON: By all the laws of nature -- Orin!

XJ-12/ORIN: What is it?

LOIS BURTON: We're not dead. This is Earth and we're alive.  
We're not going to die.

XJ-12/ORIN: But the radiation. It's present. You-you can see its effects.

LOIS BURTON: Orin, did you ever hear of adaptation?

XJ-12/ORIN: Of what?

LOIS BURTON: There is a natural law of adaptation by which an organism will try to adjust itself to its environment by changing. It's called a geotropism.

XJ-12/ORIN: I don't see what that has to do with it.

LOIS BURTON: All these generations, we've been bombarded by radiation filtering down through the Earth. Each successive generation must have inherited some degree of immunity to the effects of radiation.

XJ-12/ORIN: And you think that--

LOIS BURTON: Orin, it can't hurt us. Don't you see? We're immune. We're probably the first generation to inherit sufficient immunity.

XJ-12/ORIN: But if that's true, then -- then we can transmit that immunity. We can pass it along to our children.

LOIS BURTON: Come on, darling. We'll have to find food and water.

XJ-12/ORIN: The practical wife. Oh, wait a minute, darling.

LOIS BURTON: What are you doing with that rock?

XJ-12/ORIN: I want to scratch something on the outside of this lead door.

FX: scratching

LOIS BURTON: (reading) Lois and Orin.

XJ-12/ORIN: Forty-one Ninety-five A.D.

LOIS BURTON: (reading) Hello, tomorrow.

musical conclusion

repeated gong continuing throughout announcement

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Tonight, Dimension X, the program of the future, has introduced a new star of the future, Miss Nancy Olson. Miss Olson appeared by courtesy of Paramount Pictures and may currently be seen in their production, Sunset Boulevard. Next week on Dimension X, the strange and sinister story of Dr. Grimshaw's Sanitarium.

theremin

NBC ANNOUNCER: Tonight, Dimension X has transcribed Hello Tomorrow, written by George Lefferts. Appearing with Nancy Olson were Santos Ortega as Walter and Donald Buka as Orin. Your narrator was Norman Rose. Music by Albert Buhrman, engineer Bill Chambers. Dimension X is produced by Van Woodward and directed by Edward King.

NBC ANNOUNCER: Enjoy Bob Hope and Baby Snooks when they return this fall on NBC.

FX: three chimes

## Historical Glossary

The story is set "in the **Year of Our Lord** 4195 AD". AD is an abbreviation for Anno Domini, which translates from Latin to "the Year of Our Lord" and preceded the currently popular designation CE (Common Era). They both mean the years after the year 1. The year 1 is the year Jesus Christ was born, and to those who developed the western calendar, Jesus Christ is Lord, so anything after his birth happens in the "Year of Our Lord." Though to include the phrase, "in the Year of Our Lord" along with "AD" is in reality a redundancy, it was a formal way of stating a year in the 1950s.

There is a **Phylogenic Institute** in the story. Phylogenetics is a branch of biology that studies the evolutionary history of organisms within the context of their interdependence with other organisms and their environment.

They have rotary phones and clicking receivers thousands of years in the future. So no one saw cell phones coming!

Beyond this there isn't much to put in the historical glossary, besides an observation that the NBC Announcer describes the progress of the Korean War immediately before we begin listening to a story which is set against the backdrop of a world destroying war. It is a positive commentary on humanity that we haven't destroyed the Earth yet, not with the Korean War, nor with a war in 1991 as the story predicts. Wait! The Gulf War, that was 1990 to 1991. So Lefferts was right. A war ended in 1991, but, fortunately, it didn't end with the eradication of humanity from the face of the Earth.