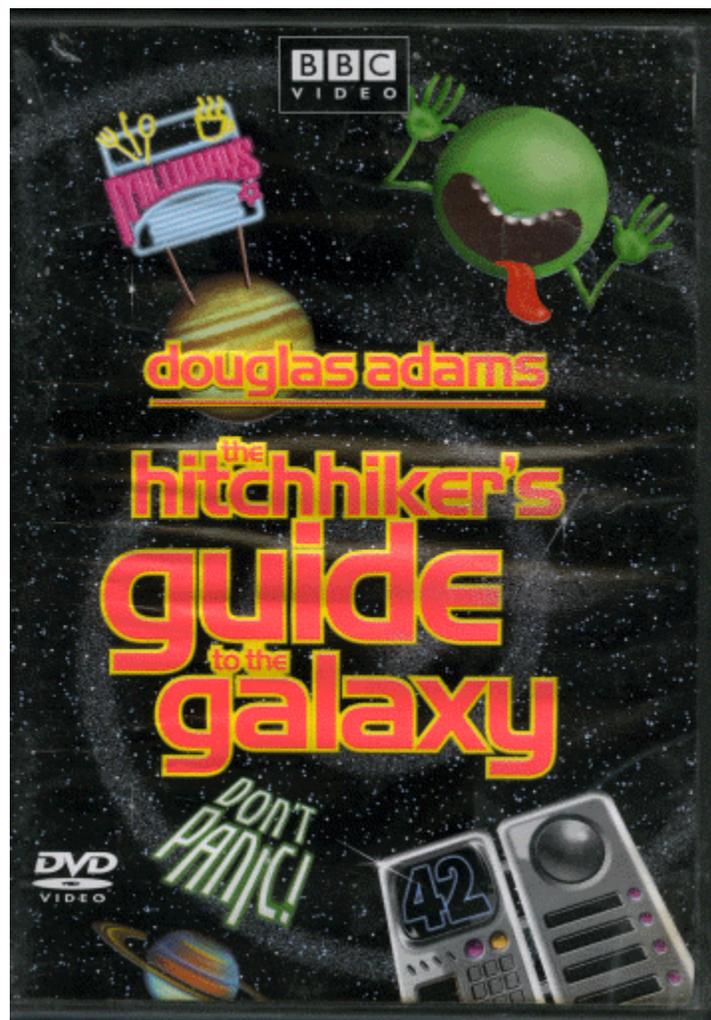


THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

directed and written by Douglas Adams
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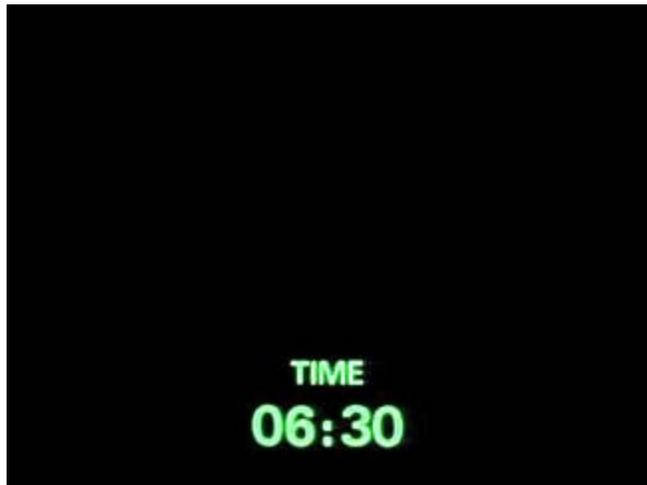


[Transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]

EPISODE 1:



[DON'T PANIC]



[TIME: 06:30]



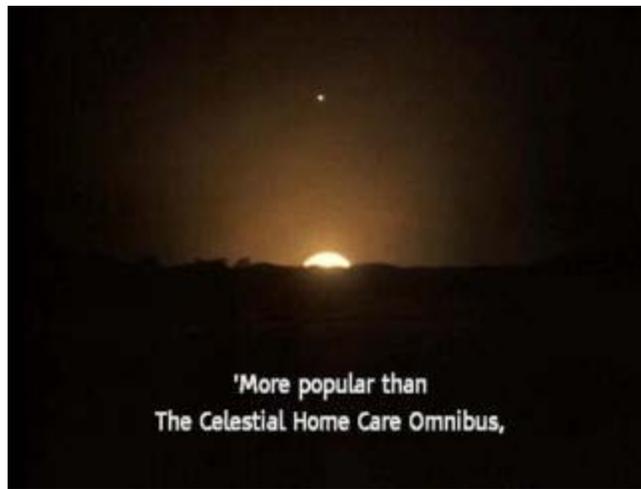
[DESTRUCTION OF EARTH DUE: 11:46:00]



[TIME TO ELAPSE BEFORE END OF THE WORLD: 05:16:48]



[Narrator] This is the story of the Hitchhiker's Guide To the Galaxy, perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most successful book ever to come out of the great publishing corporations of Ursa Minor.



More popular than The Celestial Home Care Omnibus, better selling than Fifty-three More Things To Do in Zero Gravity, and more controversial than Oolon Colluphid's trilogy of philosophical blockbusters, "Where God Went Wrong" ...



"Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes," and "Who is This God Person Anyway?" And in many of the more relaxed civilizations on the Outer Eastern Rim of the Galaxy, the Hitchhiker's Guide has already supplanted the great Encyclopaedia Galactica as the standard repository of all knowledge and wisdom, for though it has many omissions and contains much that is apocryphal, or at least warrantly inaccurate ...



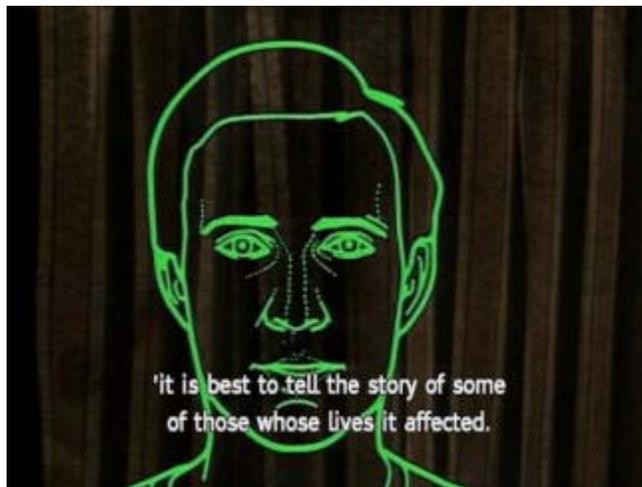
it scores over the older, more pedestrian work in two important respects.



First, it is slightly cheaper and, secondly, it has the words: DON'T PANIC inscribed in large, friendly letters on the cover.



To tell the story of the book, ...



it is best to tell the story of some of those whose lives it affected.



A human from the planet Earth was one of them ...



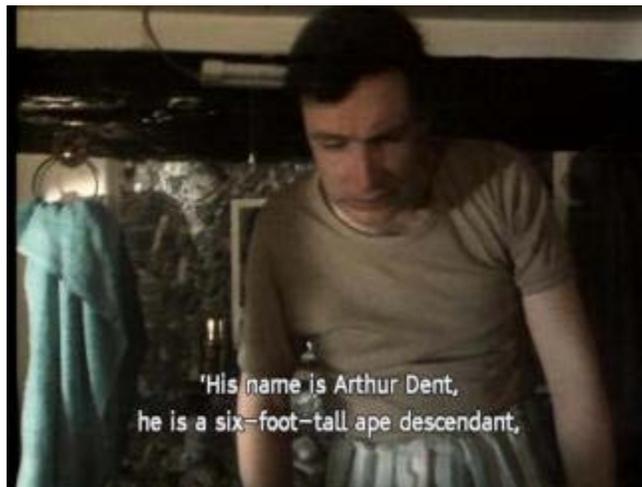
though, as our story opens ...



he no more knows his destiny ...



than a tea leaf knows the history of the East India Company.



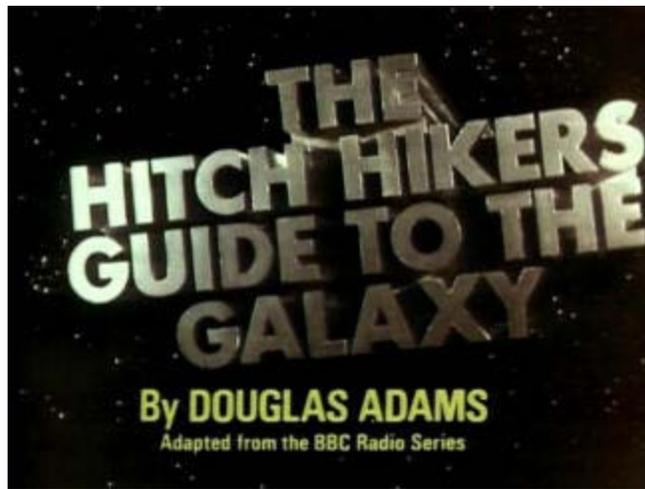
His name is Arthur Dent, he is a six-foot-tall ape descendant ...



and someone is trying to drive a bypass through his home.

(RUMBLING)





*[THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
By DOUGLAS ADAMS
Adapted from the BBC Radio Series]*



[BIRDS TWITTER]



[Construction Supervisor] Come off it, Mr. Dent -- you can't win, you know. You can't lie in front of the bulldozers indefinitely.



[Arthur Dent] I'm game. We'll see who rusts first!



[Construction Supervisor] You're going to have to accept it. This bypass has got to be built, and it's going to be built. Nothing you can say ...



[Arthur Dent] Why's it got to be built?



[Construction Supervisor] What do you mean -- "Why's it got to be built?" It's a bypass! You've got to build bypasses.



You were quite entitled to make any suggestions or protests at the appropriate time.

[Arthur Dent] Appropriate time?!

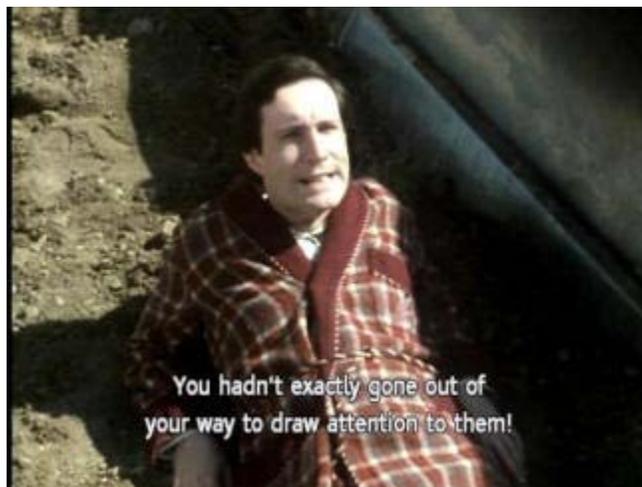


The first I heard about it was when a workman arrived at the door yesterday. I thought he'd come to clean the windows. And he told me he'd come to demolish the house! Oh, he didn't tell me straightaway, of course. No, first he wiped a couple of windows and charged me a fiver! Then he told me!



[Construction Supervisor] But, Mr. Dent, the plans have been available in the planning office for the last nine months!

[Arthur Dent] Oh, yes, of course. As soon as I heard, I went straight round to see them.



You hadn't exactly gone out of your way to call much attention to them, have you? Like telling anybody, or anything?



[Construction Supervisor] But the plans were on display!



[Arthur Dent] On display? I eventually had to go down to the cellar!

[Construction Supervisor] That's the display department!

[Arthur Dent] With a torch!

[Construction Supervisor] The lights are probably out.

[Arthur Dent] So had the stairs!



[Construction Supervisor] But you did see the notice, didn't you?

[Arthur Dent] Oh, yes. It was on display in the bottom of a locked filing cabinet, stuck in a disused lavatory with a sign outside the door saying, "Beware of the leopard!" Ever thought of going into advertising?

[ENGINE STARTS]



[Arthur Dent] And you don't get me like that either!



[Construction Supervisor] [Stops the machine] Mr. Dent, have you any idea how much damage this bulldozer would suffer ...



if I were to let it run over you?

if I were to let it run straight over you?



How much?

[Arthur Dent] How much?



None at all!

[Construction Supervisor] None at all!



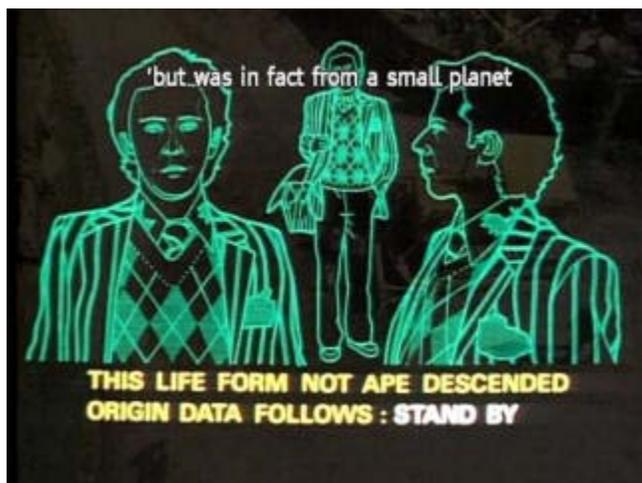
[Narrator] By a strange coincidence, "None at all" is exactly how much suspicion the ape descendant Arthur Dent ...

[NONE AT ALL]

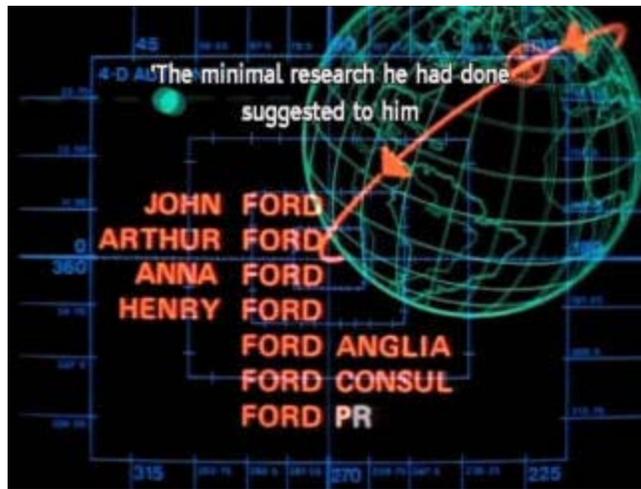


had that one of his closest friends was not descended from an ape ...

*[TRUTH SUSPICION COEFFICIENT: ZERO
APE DESCENDED LIFE FORMS:
GULLIBILITY RATING: NINE]*



but was in fact from a small planet ...



the minimal research he had done suggested to him that the name Ford Prefect ...

*[JOHN FORD
ARTHUR FORD
ANNA FORD
HENRY FORD
FORD ANGLIA
FORD CONSUL
FOR PR]*



would be nicely inconspicuous.

[FORD PREFECT]



He will enter our story in 30 seconds and say ...



"Hello, Arthur."



The ape descendant will greet him in return ...



but, in deference to a million years of human evolution, he will not attempt to pick fleas off him.



Earthmen are not proud of their ancestors. and never invite them round to dinner.





[THIS NEVER HAPPENS]



[Ford Prefect] Hello, Arthur.



[Arthur Dent] Ford, hi. How are you?

[Ford Prefect] Fine. Look, are you busy?



[Arthur Dent] Busy?! Well, I've just got this bulldozer to lie in front of, or it'll knock my house down, but otherwise ... no, not especially. Why?

[Ford Prefect] Good. Anywhere we can talk?

[Arthur Dent] What?

[Ford Prefect] We've got to talk.

[Arthur Dent] Fine! Talk.



[Ford Prefect] And drink. It's vitally important that we talk and drink. Now! We'll go to the pub in the village.

[Arthur Dent] Ford, you don't understand.



That man wants to knock my house down.



[Ford Prefect] Well, he can do that whilst you're away, can't he?

[Arthur Dent] I don't want him to!

[Ford Prefect] Ach!

[Arthur Dent] Ford? What's the matter?

[Ford Prefect] Nothing ... nothing's the matter. Listen to me. I've got to tell you the most important thing you've ever heard.



I've got to tell you NOW, and I've got to tell you in the saloon bar of the Red Lion.

[Arthur Dent] Why?

[Ford Prefect] Because you're going to need a very stiff drink!

[Arthur Dent] No! No! What about my house?

[Ford Prefect] He wants to knock your house down?

[Arthur Dent] Yes.



[Ford Prefect] And he can't because you're lying in the way of his bulldozer?

[Arthur Dent] Exactly!

[Ford Prefect] I think we can come to some arrangement.



[To Supervisor] Excuse me!

[Construction Supervisor] Hello? Yes? Has Mr. Dent come to his senses yet?

[Ford Prefect] Can we, for the moment, assume he hasn't?



[Construction Supervisor] Well?

[Ford Prefect] Can we also assume that he's going to be staying there all day?

[Construction Supervisor] So?



[Ford Prefect] So all your men are going to be standing around here all day, doing nothing.



[Construction Supervisor] Could be, could be ...



[Ford Prefect] Well, if you're resigned to that, you don't actually need him to lie there all the time, do you?



[Construction Supervisor] Not as such, no. Not exactly "need" ...

[Ford Prefect] Well, if you'd just like to take it that he's actually there, then he and I could slip off down to the pub for half an hour. How does that sound?

[Construction Supervisor] Sounds perfectly reasonable ... I suppose.

[Ford Prefect] And if you'd like to pop off for a quick one yourself later on, we can always cover for you in return.



[Construction Supervisor] Thanks. That you very much. That's very kind.



[Ford Prefect] So, if you'd just like to come here and lie down.



[Construction Supervisor] What?

[Ford Prefect] It's very simple. My client, Mr. Dent, says he will stop lying here in the mud on the sole condition that you take over for him.

[Construction Supervisor] What? Sorry?



You want me ... to come and lie down there?



[Ford Prefect] Yes.

[Construction Supervisor] In front of the bulldozer?

[Ford Prefect] Yes.

[Construction Supervisor] Instead of Mr. Dent?

[Ford Prefect] Yes.



[Construction Supervisor] In the mud?



[Ford Prefect] In, as you say, the mud.



[Construction Supervisor] In return for which, you will take Mr. Dent with you down to the pub?

[Ford Prefect] Yes.



[Construction Supervisor] Promise?

[Ford Prefect] Promise. [To Arthur] Get up and let the man lie down.



[Construction Supervisor] [Lays down in front of the bulldozer] Thank you.



[Workmen] [Laugh]

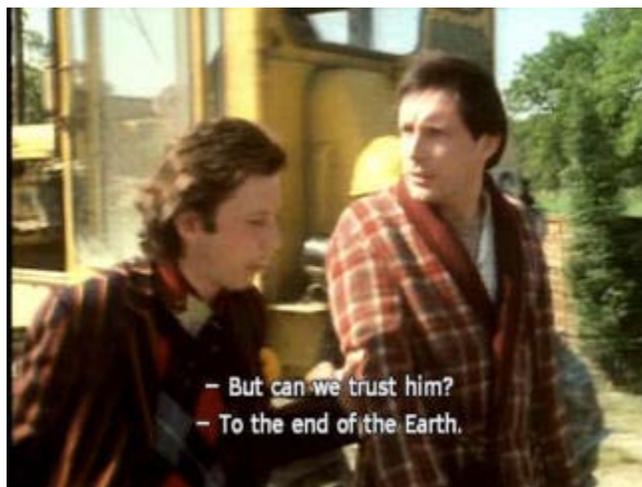


[Ford Prefect] And no sneaky knocking Mr. Dent's house down while he's away, alright?

[Construction Supervisor] The slightest thought hadn't even begun to speculate ...



about the merest possibility of crossing my mind.



[Arthur Dent] But can we trust him?

[Ford Prefect] Myself, I'd trust him to the end of the Earth.

[Arthur Dent] Yes, but how far's that?

[Ford Prefect] About 12 minutes away. Come on. We've got to go get some alcohol.



[Narrator] Here's what the Encyclopaedia Galactica has to say about alcohol. It says that alcohol is a colourless, volatile liquid formed by the fermentation of sugars, ...



and also notes its intoxicating effect on certain carbon-based lifeforms. The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy also mentions alcohol.



It says that the best drink in existence is the Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster ...



*[BEST DRINK IN EXISTENCE
Pan Galactic
Gargle Blaster]*





the effect of which ...



is like having your brain smashed out with a slice of lemon wrapped around a large gold brick.





The Guide also tells you on which planets the best Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters are mixed, how much you can expect to pay for one, and what voluntary organizations exist to help you rehabilitate.



*[JOLTRAST 3:
ZIGGIE'S DEN OF INIQUITY
- SECTOR HKF 58 P
\$ 104. MEDIC. INS. COMPULSORY.]*



The man who invented this mind-pummelling drink also invented the wisest remark ever made, which was this:

*[XAXRAX SIGMA:
THE EVILDROME BOOZARAMA*

- SECTOR XXXZ50ZX
\$ 75. KIDNEY DONORS 25% DISC.]



[FOGGRANTQUID ENTRAX:
SLIM'S THROAT EMPORIUM
- SECTOR GOYIRX 54.
\$ 80. TERMINALS ONLY.]



"Never drink more than two pan galactic gargle blasters unless you are a thirty ton mega elephant with bronchial pneumonia."



His name is Zaphod Beeblebrox, and we shall learn more of his wisdom later.



[ZAPHOD BEEBLEBROX]





[Ford Prefect][To Bartender] Six pints of bitter. And quickly, please, because the world's about to end.



[Bartender] Oh, yes, sir? Nice weather for it.



Going to the match today, sir?

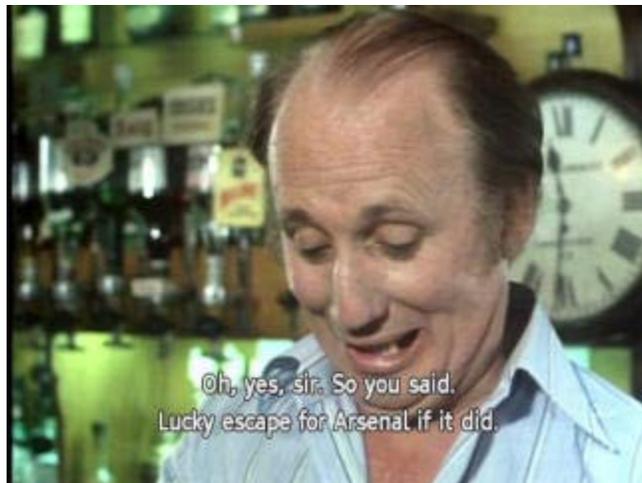
[Ford Prefect] No. No point.



[Bartender] Foregone conclusion then, eh? Arsenal, no chance?



[Ford Prefect] No, the world's about to end.



[Bartender] Oh, yes, sir. So you said. Lucky escape for Arsenal if it did.



[Ford Prefect] No, not really.

[Bartender] There you are, sir. Six pints.



[Ford Prefect] Keep the change.

[Bartender] What? From a fiver, sir? Oh thank you, sir!



[Ford Prefect] You've got ten minutes left to spend it!



[Arthur Dent] Ford, will you please tell me what the hell's going on? I think I'm beginning to lose my grip on the day.

[Ford Prefect] Drink up. You've got three pints to get through!

[Arthur Dent] Three pints? At lunchtime?



[Ford Prefect] Time is an illusion, lunchtime doubly so.

[Arthur Dent] Very deep. You should send that in to the Reader's Digest. They've got a page for people like you!

[Ford Prefect] Drink up.

[Arthur Dent] Why three pints?

[Ford Prefect] Muscle relaxant. You're going to need it.

[Arthur Dent] Did I do something wrong this morning ...



or has the world always been like this, and I've been too wrapped up in myself to notice?



[Ford Prefect] I'll try to explain.



How long have we known each other?

[Arthur Dent] Five years, maybe six. Most of it seemed to make some kind of sense at the time.

[Ford Prefect] Alright. How would you react if I told you I'm not from Guildford after all, but from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse?

[Arthur Dent] I don't know. Why -- do you think it's the sort of thing you're likely to say?



[Ford Prefect] Drink up. The world is about to end.



[Arthur Dent] This must be Thursday. I never could get the hang of Thursdays.



[Narrator] On this particular Thursday, things were moving through the ionosphere ...



many miles above the surface of the planet.



Several huge, yellow, slab-like somethings, huge as office blocks, silent as birds, they hung in the air exactly the same way that bricks don't.



The planet was almost totally oblivious of their presence.



They went unnoticed at Goonhilly, they passed over Cape Canaveral without a blip, and Woomera and Jodrell Bank looked straight through them, which was ...



a pity, because it was exactly the sort of thing they'd been looking for all these years. Arthur Dent, too, had other things on his mind.

[RUMBLING]

[Arthur Dent] What's that?



[Ford Prefect] They haven't started yet.

[Arthur Dent] Good.

[Ford Prefect] It's probably just your house being torn down.

[Arthur Dent] What?



[Ford Prefect] Five minutes to go.

[Arthur Dent] Damn you and your fairy stories. They're smashing up my home!



Stop, you vandals! You home wreckers! You half-crazed Visigoths. Stop!



[Ford Prefect] Arthur! Come back! It's pointless! Barman, quickly, can you just give me four packets of peanuts?

[Bartender] Just a minute, sir. I'm just serving this gentleman.

[Ford Prefect] Well, what's the point. He's going to be dead in a few minutes! Come on!



[Bartender] Yeah, just a minute, sir.



[Ford Prefect] [Jumps over the counter]

[Bartender] Do you mind, sir?

[Ford Prefect] Pork scratchings.



Peanuts! How much?

[Bartender] What?



[Ford Prefect] [Throws all his money at him] Have it. Have it. Keep it!

[Bartender] You serious, sir?



Do you really think the world is going to end this afternoon?



[Ford Prefect] Uh, yes, in just over 3 minutes and 5 seconds.

[Bartender] Well, isn't there anything we can do?

[Ford Prefect] No, nothing.

[Bartender] I always thought we were supposed to lie down, or put a paper bag over your head or something.

[Ford Prefect] Yes, if you like.



[Bartender] Will that help?

[Ford Prefect] No. Excuse me. I've got to go.

[Bartender] Oh, well, then ...



Last orders, please!

[Arthur Dent] You pin-striped barbarians! I'll sue the council for every penny you've got!



I'll have you hung, drawn, quartered, and whipped and boiled ... until ...



until you've had enough!

[Ford Prefect] Arthur, don't. There's no point. There's only a minute or so left.

[Arthur Dent] And then I'll do it some more!



And then I'll take all the little bits and jump on them, and I'll carry on until I get blisters, or I think of something worse to do.

[DRONING]



[Arthur Dent] What the hell's that?





[Ford Prefect] Arthur, quick! Over here!



[Arthur Dent] What the hell is it?

[Ford Prefect] It's a fleet of flying saucers. What do you think it is? Take hold of this.



[Arthur Dent] What do you mean, "a fleet of flying saucers"?

[Ford Prefect] A Vogon constructor fleet.

[Arthur Dent] A what?

[Ford Prefect] A Vogon constructor fleet.



I picked up news of their arrival a few hours ago on my sub-etha radio.

[Arthur Dent] Ford, I don't think I can cope with much more of this. I think I'm going to have a little lie-down somewhere.

[Ford Prefect] No, stay here. Stay calm.



And take hold of this.





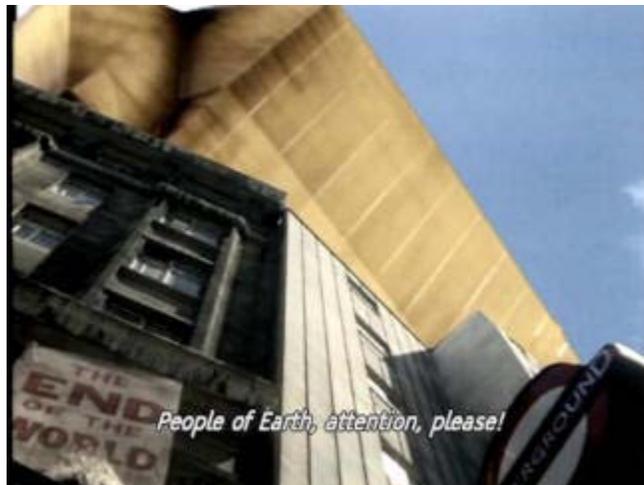


[THE END OF THE WORLD IS NIGH]



(HOOTER)

[HOOTER]



[Vogon Captain] People of Earth, attention, please! People of Earth, your attention please!



This is Prostetnic Vogon Jeltz of the Galactic Hyperspace Planning Council. As you are probably aware, the plans for the development of the outlying regions of the Western Spiral arm of the Galaxy require the building of a hyperspace express route through your star system ...



and, regrettably, your planet is one of those scheduled for demolition.





The process will take slightly less than two of your Earth minutes.



Thank you very much.



[ANGRY, CONFUSED SHOUTING]



[Man] Get out of it!

[Woman] No! No! No! Go away! Go away!



[Vogon Captain] All the planning charts and demolition orders have been on display in your local planning department in Alpha Centauri for 50 of your Earth years ...



and so you've had plenty of time to lodge any complaints, and it's far too late to make a fuss about it now!

[Man] [Pounds on his radio to fix it]



[ANGRY SHOUTING]

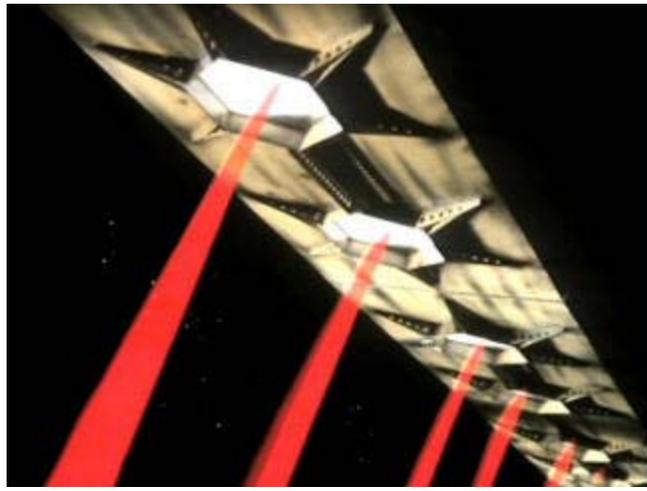


[Vogon Captain] What do you mean you've never been to Alpha Centauri? Oh, for heaven's sake, mankind! It's only four light years away, you know! I'm sorry, but if you can't be bothered to take an interest in local affairs, that's your own lookout!

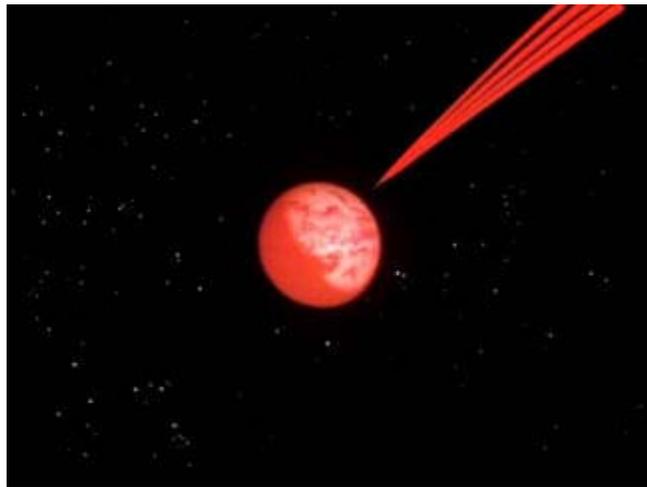
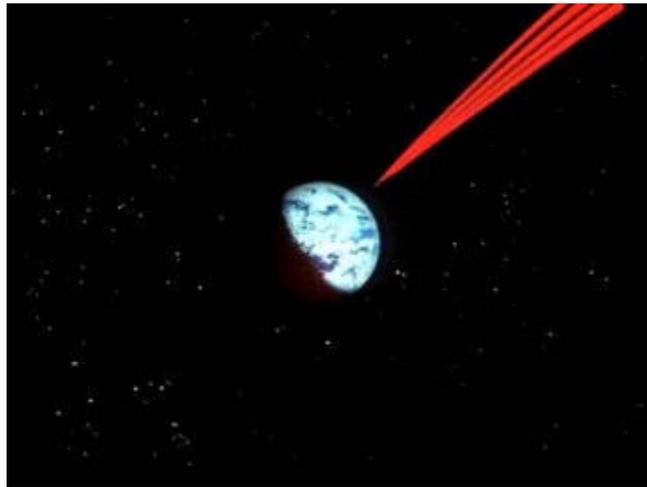
[To his Vogons] Energize the demolition beam!



God, I don't know! Apathetic bloody planet. I've no sympathy at all!



[Demolition beams destroy earth]







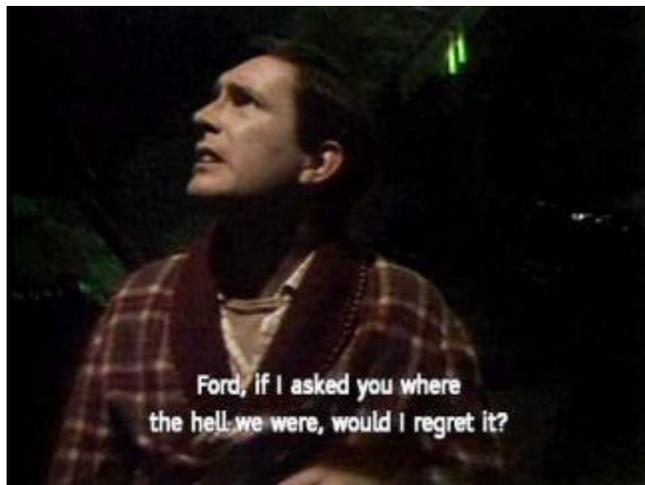
[Ford Prefect] I bought some peanuts.

[Arthur Dent] Uh?



[Ford Prefect] We've just been through a matter-transference beam. You've probably lost some salt and protein. The beer should have cushioned your system a bit. How are you feeling?

[Arthur Dent] Like a military academy. Bits of me keep passing out!



Ford, if I asked you where the hell we were, would I regret it?



[Ford Prefect] We're safe.

[Arthur Dent] Ah, good.

[Ford Prefect] We're in a cabin of one of the ships of the Vogon constructor fleet.

[Arthur Dent] Ah, this is obviously some strange usage of the word "safe" that I hadn't previously been aware of. What are you doing?

[Ford Prefect] Looking for the light.



[Arthur Dent] How did we get here?

[Ford Prefect] We hitched a lift.

[Arthur Dent] Excuse me! Are you telling me we just stuck our thumbs out and some green bug-eyed monster popped his head out and said, "Hi fellows. Hop right in! I can take you as far as the Basingstoke roundabout"?

[Ford Prefect] Well, the thumb's an electronic sub-etha device, and the roundabout's at Barnard's Star, but otherwise, that's more or less right.



[Arthur Dent] And the bug-eyed monster?

[Ford Prefect] Is green, yes!

[Arthur Dent] Fine.



When can I go home?

[Ford Prefect] You can't.

[Finds the light and turns it on] Ah!



[Arthur Dent] Good grief! Is this really the interior of a flying saucer?

[Ford Prefect] Yes. What do you think?



[Arthur Dent] Well, it's a bit squalid, isn't it?



[GROANING]

[Arthur Dent] What's that, Ford?



What the hell is it?

[Ford Prefect] Oh come on! Let's get out of here!

[Arthur Dent] But Ford, it's going to attack us!



[Ford Prefect] No, no, no, it just wants us to turn the lights out. Come on. Shh! Sleeping quarters. We woke them up.

[CLANG!]



[Arthur Dent] Ford, they were ...

[Ford Prefect] What?

[Arthur Dent] Aliens?

[Ford Prefect] Dentrassi.

[Arthur Dent] But, Ford. What's going on?

[Ford Prefect] Here, have a look at this.

[Arthur Dent] What is it?

[Ford Prefect] The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, a sort of electronic book. It'll tell you everything you've got to know.



[Arthur Dent] I like the cover. "Don't panic"!



That's the first helpful or intelligent thing anyone's said to me all day!

[Ford Prefect] Yes, that's why it sells so well. Shh!

[Arthur Dent] What?



[Ford Prefect] "Don't panic"! Look. Fast wind index ... V.



Vogon Constructor Fleets. Enter that code, and see what it says. I'll keep watch.



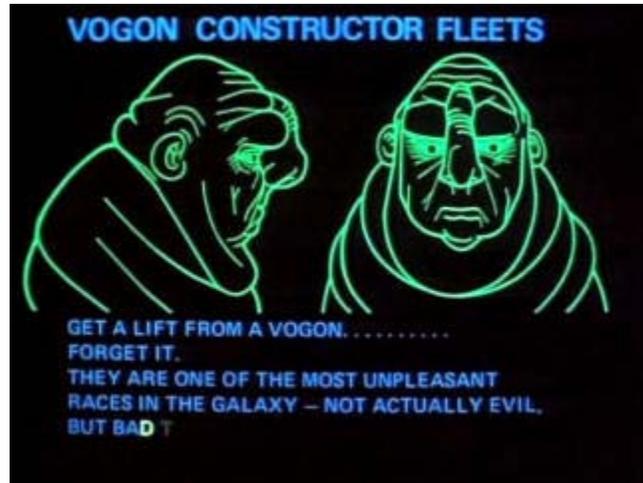
[BEEPING]

[Hitchhiker's Guide] "Vogon Constructor Fleets:

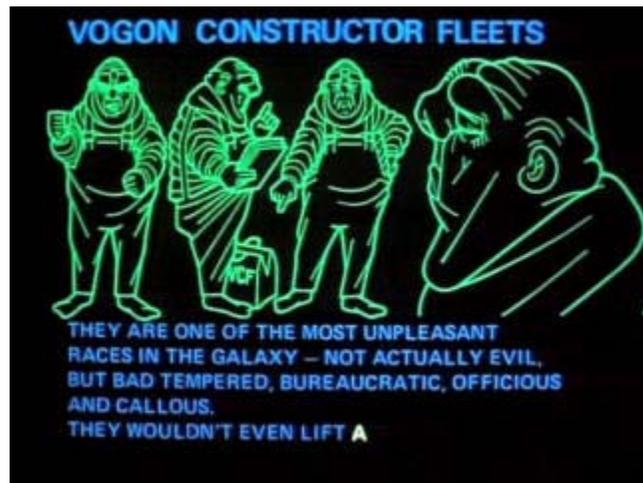


*[VOGON CONSTRUCTOR FLEETS
POWER MODULE
CONTROLLED ANTI-MATTER DISCHARGE
ANTI GRAV + ARTIFICIAL GRAV GENERATORS
TOP SPEED
UNLTD. LIGHT LOOP SPEED OF LIGHT - 1*

*MAIN HULL
ZERO WEIGHT HIGH IMPACT ALLOY – DOUBLE SHELL
GUIDANCE:
AUTONAV + GUIDANCE SYSTEMS COMPUTER
ETHERIC BEAM LOCATOR
WEAPONS
OMEGA RAY SPACE GROUND LONG RANGE
DEFENCE
CERENOV EMISSION DETECTIONS
HIGH DENSITY OMEGA
HERE IS WHAT TO DO IF YOU WANT TO
GET A LIFT FROM A VOGON
FORGET IT.]*



Here is what to do if you want to get a lift from a Vogon ... Forget it.



They are one of the most unpleasant races in the galaxy -- not actually evil, but bad tempered, bureaucratic, officious, and callous.

*[THEY ARE ONE OF THE MOST UNPLEASANT
RACES IN THE GALAXY – NOT ACTUALLY EVIL,
BUT BAD TEMPERED, BUREAUCRATIC, OFFICIOUS
AND CALLOUS.]*



They wouldn't even lift a finger to save their own grandmothers from the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal without orders signed in triplicate, sent in, sent back, queried, lost, found, subjected to public enquiry, and finally buried in soft peat for three months and recycled as fire lighters.

[VOGON CONSTRUCTOR FLEETS

REFERENCE 1:

VOGON GRANDMOTHERS

C.V. PAGE 5867493

FOR FULL ENTRY.

IN BRIEF - AVOID

REFERENCE 2:

RAVENOUS BUGBLATTER

BEAST OF TRAAAL

C.V. PAGE 465743

FOR FULL ENTRY.

IN BRIEF - AVOID

*RAVENOUS BUGBLATTER BEAST OF TRAAAL
WITHOUT ORDERS SIGNED IN TRIPPLICATE, SENT IN,
SENT BACK, QUERIED, LOST, FOUND, SUBJECTED
TO PUBLIC ENQUIRY, AND FINALLY BURIED IN
SOFT PEAT FOR THREE MONTHS AND RECYCLED
AS FIRE LIGHTERS.]*

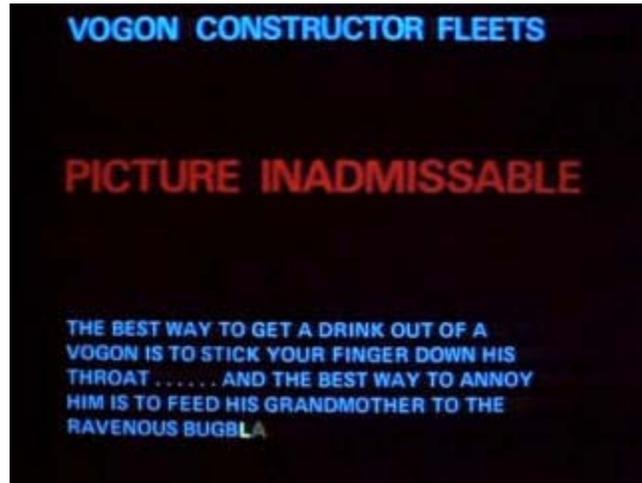


[VOGON CONSTRUCTOR FLEETS

VOGON EX-CIVIL SERVICE

FIRELIGHTERS

*BURN FOREVER
A MERE SNIP AT
\$50 PER PACK OF 100
ANOTHER MARKETING FIRST FOR
BEEBLEBROX ENTERPRISES]*



[PICTURE INADMISSIBLE]

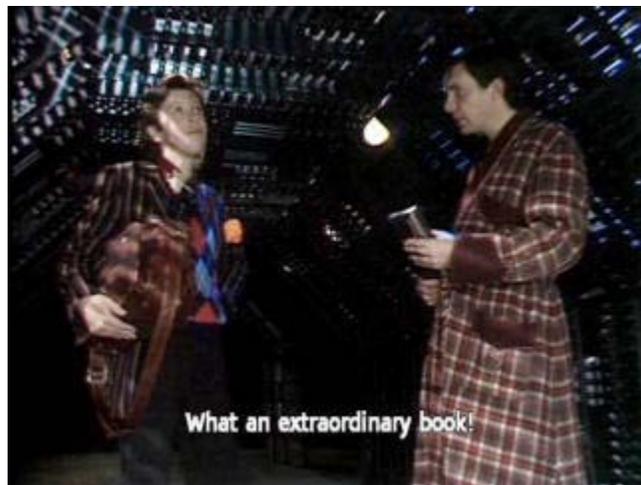


The best way to get a drink out of a Vogon is to stick your finger down his throat ... and the best way to annoy him is to feed his grandmother to the Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal.

[THE BEST WAY TO GET A DRINK OUT OF A VOGON IS TO STICK YOUR FINGER DOWN HIS THROAT AND THE BEST WAY TO ANNOY HIM IS TO FEED HIS GRANDMOTHER TO THE RAVENOUS BUGBLATTER BEAST OF TRAAAL.]



[BURP]



[Arthur Dent] What an extraordinary book! How did we get on board, then?

[Ford Prefect] The Dentrassi let us on board.



[Arthur Dent] I thought you said they were called Bogons.

[Ford Prefect] Vogons.

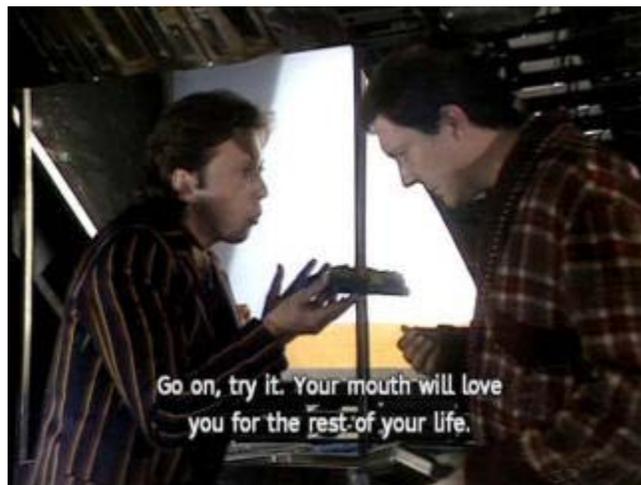
[Arthur Dent] Not Dentrassi?



[Ford Prefect] No. Dentrassi are the in-flight caterers.



Hey, Hagra biscuit! The greatest! You'll love these guys! They cook the hoopiest frood food in the whole of the West Galaxy! Go on. Have a bite.



Go on, go on, go on. Try it. Your mouth will love you for the rest of your life.



[Arthur Dent] [Taking a bite] Oh, it's revolting!
[Spits it out]



[Ford Prefect] Oh, come on! This stuff is the greatest.



[Eats a bite] Mmm!



I think those guys must really hate the Vogons.



Now, remember this -- Dentrassi hate Vogons. That's why they let us on board. Let's go!
[Arthur Dent] But if the Dentrassi let us on board, why doesn't the Guide mention them?



[Ford Prefect] It's not very accurate.

[Arthur Dent] Oh?

[Ford Prefect] I'm researching the new edition.



Ah, storeroom.



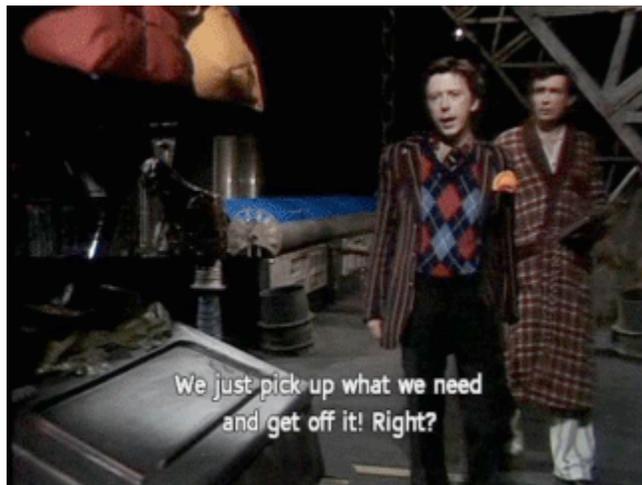
[Arthur Dent] Where are we going?



[Ford Prefect] Who knows? Off this ship, that's for sure!

[Arthur Dent] But we've only just arrived. Aren't we going to say hello, and thank you and things?

[Ford Prefect] Listen, this is a Vogon spaceship.



We just pick up what we need and get off it! Right?



[Arthur Dent] Right.



[Ford Prefect] Stun guns.

[Arthur Dent] Any good?

[Ford Prefect] No.



[Arthur Dent] Ford, who are you?

[Ford Prefect] I told you -- I'm a field researcher for the Guide.



Telecom systems.

[WHOOP]

[Ford Prefect] I got stuck on the Earth longer than I meant.



Went for a week, got stuck for 15 years.



Telepsychic helmets. Huh-huh!

[Arthur Dent] But how did you get here in the first place?



[Ford Prefect] Easy. I got a lift with a teaser ...
Hypno rays?

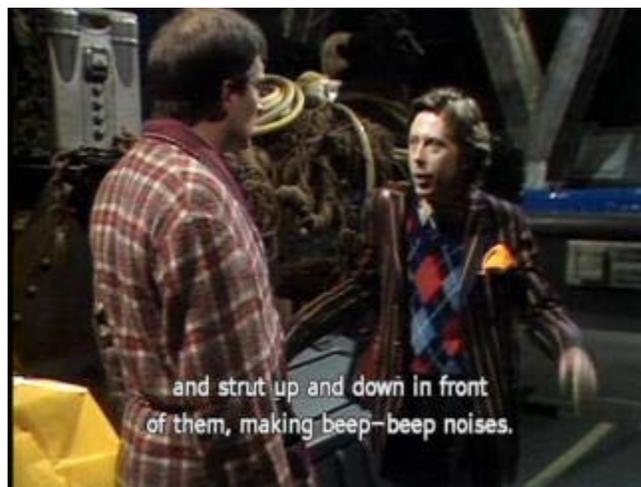
[Arthur Dent] Teasers?

[FP} Yeah, teasers are rich kids with nothing to do. They cruise around the Galaxy looking for planets that no one's made contact with yet and buzz them.

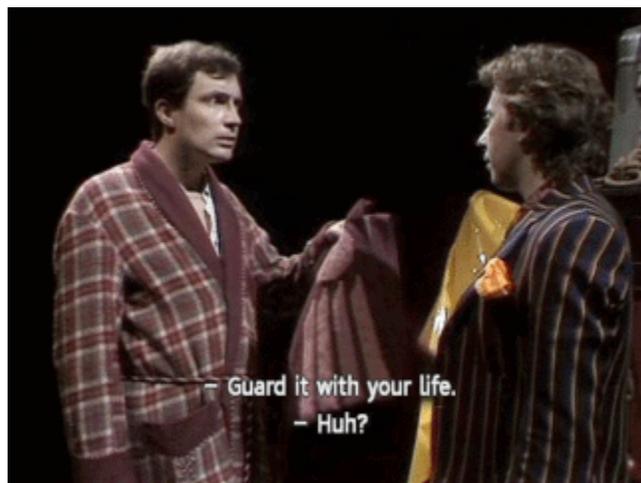


[Arthur Dent] Buzz them?

[Ford Prefect] Yeah. They find some isolated spot, and land right by some unsuspecting soul that no one's ever going to believe ...



and strut up and down in front of them, making beep-beep noises. Rather childish, really. Ah! A towel!



Keep this and guard it with your life.

[Arthur Dent] Huh?

[Ford Prefect] Listen, it's a tough universe



There's all sorts of people trying to do you, kill you, rip you off, everything. If you're going to survive out there

...



you've really got to know where your towel is.



Now, fish.

[Arthur Dent] Huh?

[Ford Prefect] Fish. Over here, I think.

[Arthur Dent] Fish?

(ELECTRONIC WHIRRING)



[Ford Prefect] Fish.



[Arthur Dent] Very nice.

[Ford Prefect] Very, very useful.

(BLEEPING)



[Arthur Dent] What do you expect me to do with that?

[Ford Prefect] Stick it in your ear.



[Arthur Dent] What?!



[Ford Prefect] It's only a little one!

[GURGLING]

Listen, it's important.



[Arthur Dent] What?

[Ford Prefect] The Vogon captain.

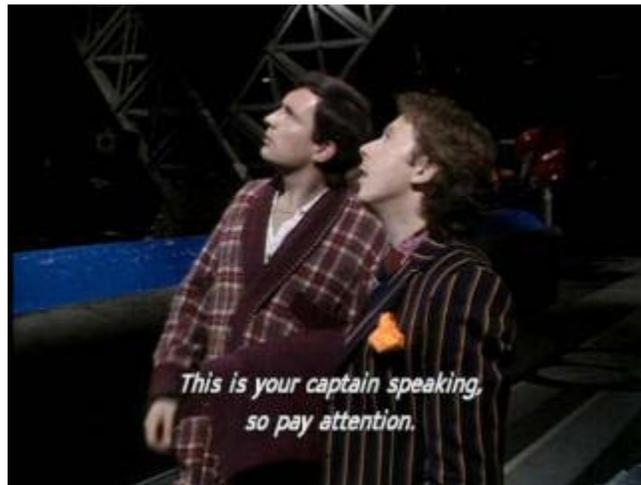


[Arthur Dent] But I can't speak Vogon.

[Ford Prefect] You don't have to. Just put this in your ear!

[Arthur Dent] Yecch!

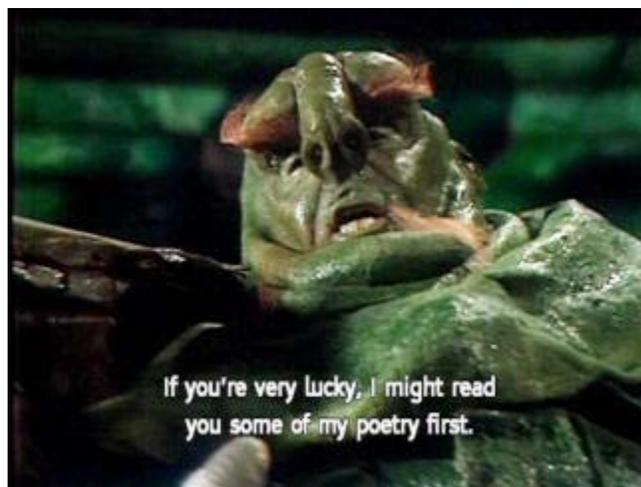
[Vogon Captain] ... should have a good time. Message repeat.



This is your captain speaking, so stop whatever you're doing and pay attention.



First of all, I see from our instruments that we have a couple of hitchhikers on board our ship. Hello, wherever you are! I just want to make it totally clear that you are not at all welcome. I worked hard to get where I am today, and I didn't become captain of a Vogon ship simply to turn it into a taxi service for a lot of degenerate freeloaders. I have sent out a search party and, as soon as they find you, I shall turn you off the ship.



If you're very lucky, I might read you some of my poetry first.

Now secondly, we are about to jump into hyperspace for the journey to Barnard's Star. On arrival, we will stay in dock for 72 hours, and all planet leave is cancelled.



I've just had an unhappy love affair, so I don't see why anybody else should have a good time.



Message ends.

[Arthur Dent] Poetry? What are you doing?

[Ford Prefect] Preparing for hyperspace. It's rather unpleasantly like being drunk.



[Arthur Dent] What's so wrong about being drunk?

[Ford Prefect] Ask a glass of water. Now lie down, on your back. Grip the towel between your ankles like this.



[Arthur Dent] What?



[Ford Prefect] Just do it!

[Arthur Dent] Like this?



[Ford Prefect] Right. Now wait.



[Arthur Dent] Excuse me, Ford, but what exactly am I doing with this fish in my ear?

[Ford Prefect] It's translating for you. Look in the book under Babel Fish.



[WHOOSHING]

[Arthur Dent] What's happening?

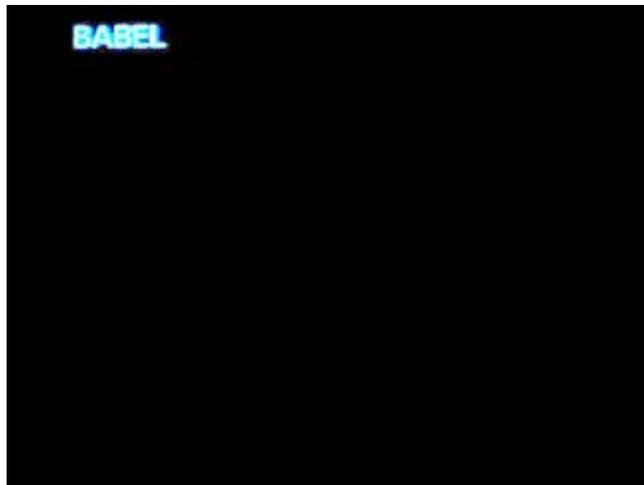




[Ford Prefect] We're going into hyperspace.



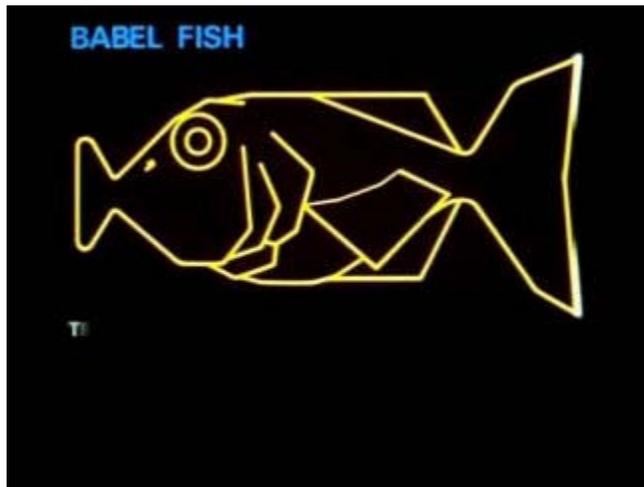
[Arthur Dent] I'll never be cruel to a gin and tonic again!



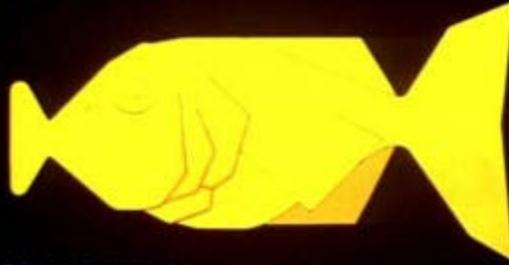
[BABEL]



[DON'T PANIC!]

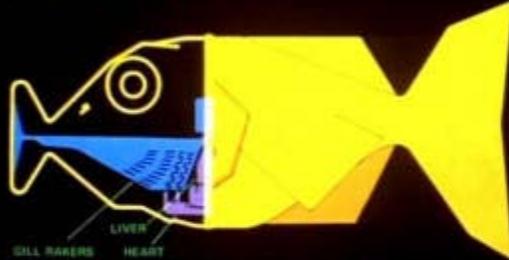


BABEL FISH



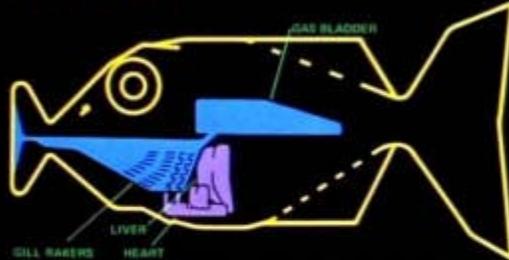
THE BABEL FISH IS SMALL, YELLOW, LEECHLIKE,
AND PROBABLY THE ODDEST

BABEL FISH

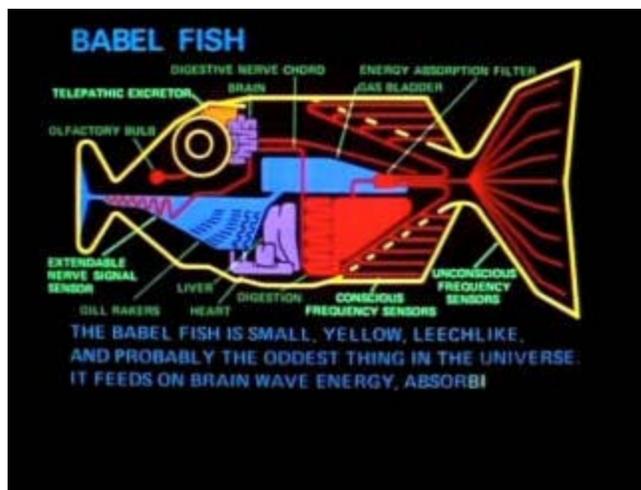


THE BABEL FISH IS SMALL, YELLOW, LEECHLIKE,
AND PROBABLY THE ODDEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE.

BABEL FISH



THE BABEL FISH IS SMALL, YELLOW, LEECHLIKE,
AND PROBABLY THE ODDEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE.

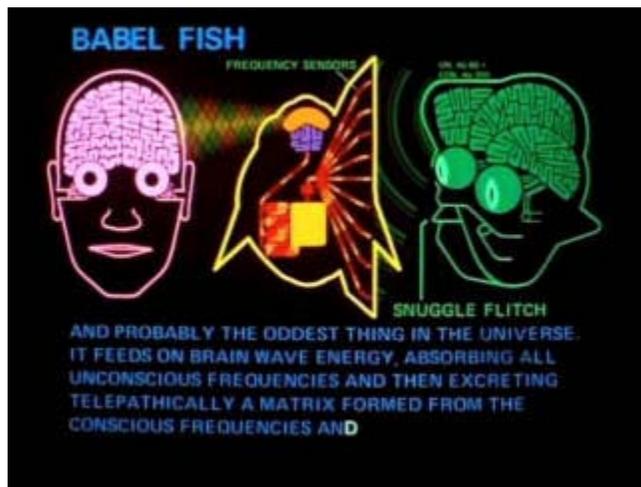


*[BABEL FISH
 TELEPATHIC EXCRETOR
 DIGESTIVE NERVE CHOR
 BRAIN
 ENERGY ABSORPTION FILTER
 GAS BLADDER
 UNCONSCIOUS FREQUENCY SENSORS
 CONSCIOUS FREQUENCY SENSORS
 DIGESTION
 HEART
 LIVER
 GILL RAKERS
 EXTENDABLE NERVE SIGNAL SENSOR
 OLFACTORY BULB]*



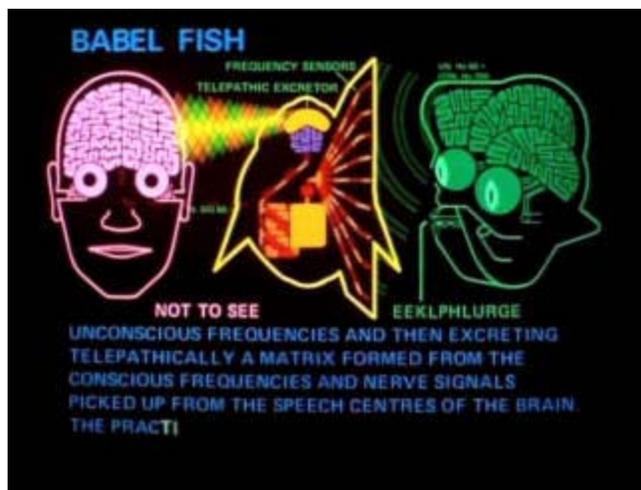


[Hitchhiker's Guide] The Babel Fish is small, yellow, leechlike ...

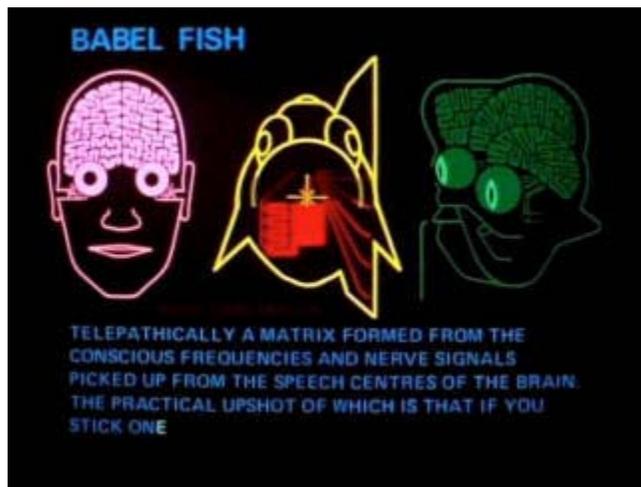


and probably the oddest thing in the universe. It feeds on brain wave energy ...

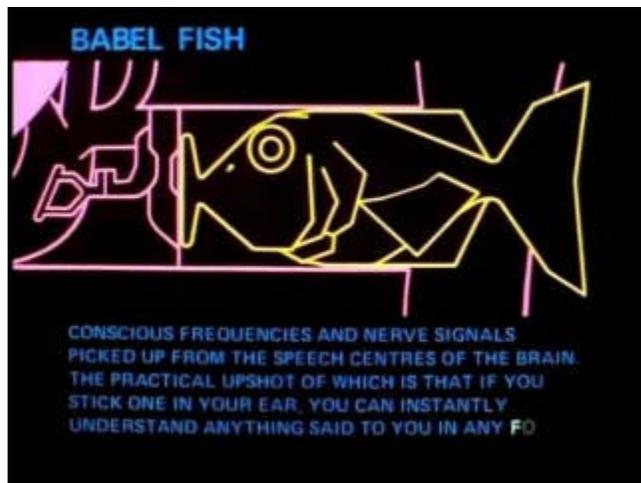
[SLURPGLURG
 SNUGGLE FLITCH
 THE BABEL FISH IS SMALL, YELLOW, LEECHLIKE,
 AND PROBABLY THE ODDEST THING IN THE UNIVERSE.
 IT FEEDS ON BRAIN WAVE ENERGY, ABSORBING ALL
 UNCONSCIOUS FREQUENCIES AND THEN EXCRETING
 TELEPATHICALLY A MATRIX FORMED FROM THE
 CONSCIOUS FREQUENCIES AND NERVE SIGNALS PICKED UP FROM THE SPEECH CENTRES OF
 THE BRAIN]



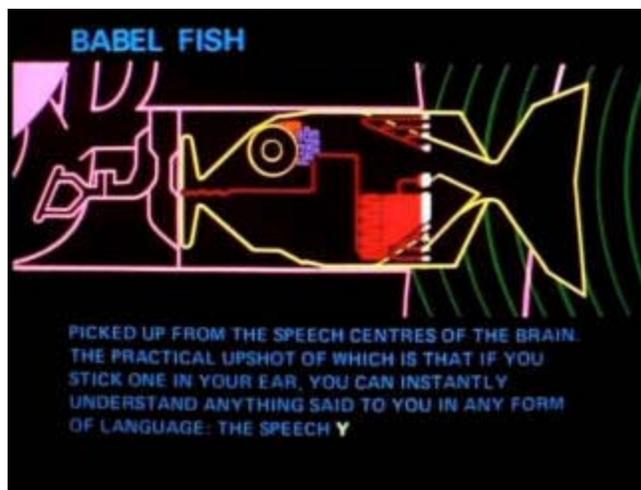
absorbing all unconscious frequencies and then excreting ...



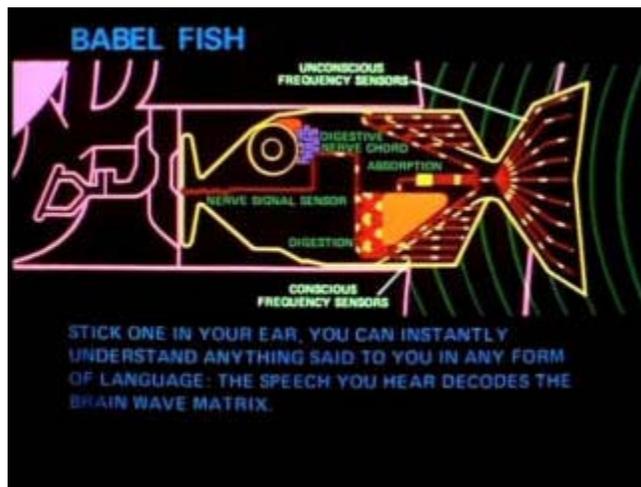
telepathically a matrix formed from the ...



conscious frequencies and nerve signals ...



picked up from the speech centers of the brain, the practical upshot of which is that if you ...



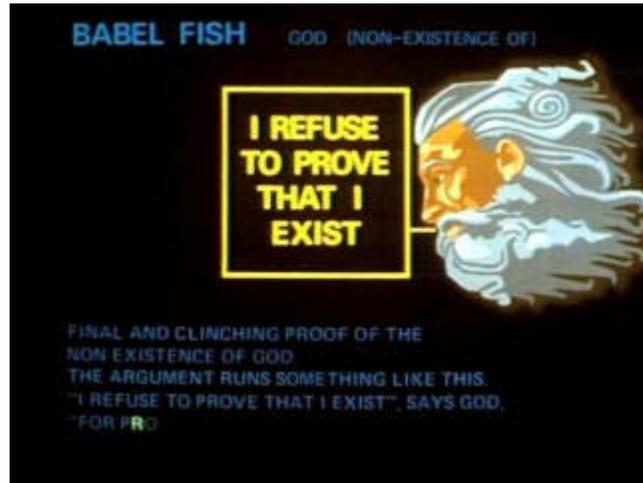
stick one in your ear, you can instantly understand anything said to you in any form of language: The speech you hear decodes the brain wave matrix.

[THE PRACTICAL UPSHOT OF WHICH IS THAT IF YOU STICK ONE IN YOUR EAR, YOU CAN INSTANTLY UNDERSTAND ANYTHING SAID TO YOU IN ANY FORM OF LANGUAGE: THE SPEECH YOU HEAR DECODES THE BRAIN WAVE MATRIX]

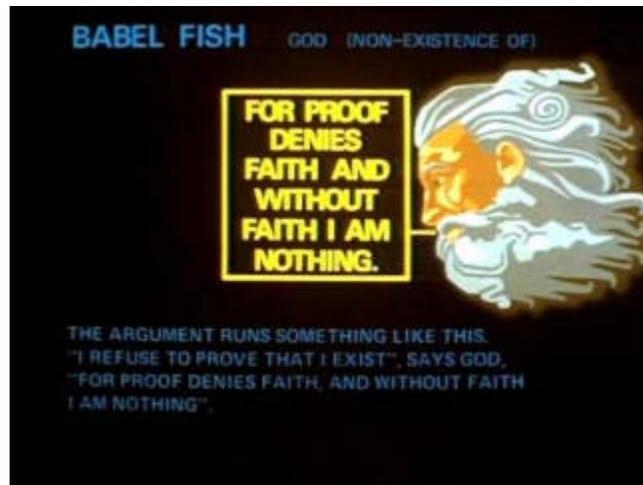


Now it is such a bizarrely improbable coincidence that anything so mind-bogglingly useful could evolve purely by chance, that many thinkers have chosen to see it as a ...

*[GOD (NON-EXISTENCE OF)
NOW IT IS SUCH A BIZARRELY IMPROBABLE
COINCIDENCE THAT ANYTHING SO MIND-BOGGLINGLY
USEFUL COULD EVOLVE PURELY BY CHANCE, THAT
MANY THINKERS HAVE CHOSEN TO SEE IT AS A
FINAL AND CLINCHING PROOF OF THE
NON-EXISTENCE OF GOD]*



final and clinching proof of the non existence of God.



The argument runs something like this. "I refuse to prove that I exist," says God. "For proof denies faith, and without faith I am nothing."



[“BUT,” SAYS MAN, “THE BABEL FISH IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY, ISN’T IT? IT PROVES YOU EXIST, AND SO THEREFORE YOU DON’T. QED.”]



"But," says man, "the babel fish is a dead giveaway, isn't it? It proves you exist and so therefore you don't. QED."

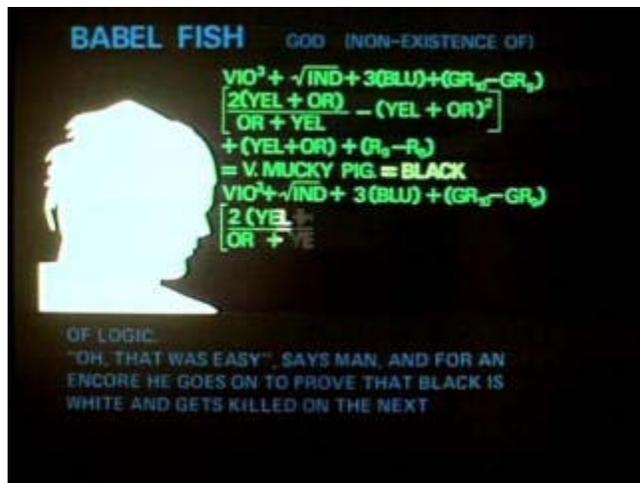
[“OH DEAR,” SAYS GOD. “I HADN’T THOUGHT OF THAT,” AND PROMPTLY VANISHES IN A PUFF OF LOGIC.]

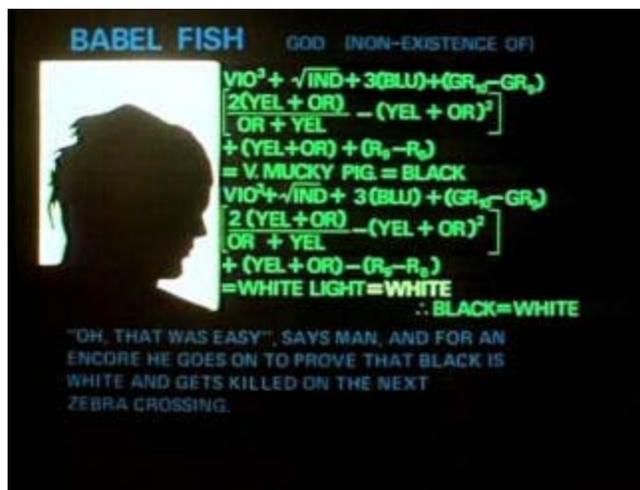


"Oh dear," says God, "I hadn't thought ...



of that," and promptly vanishes in a puff of logic.

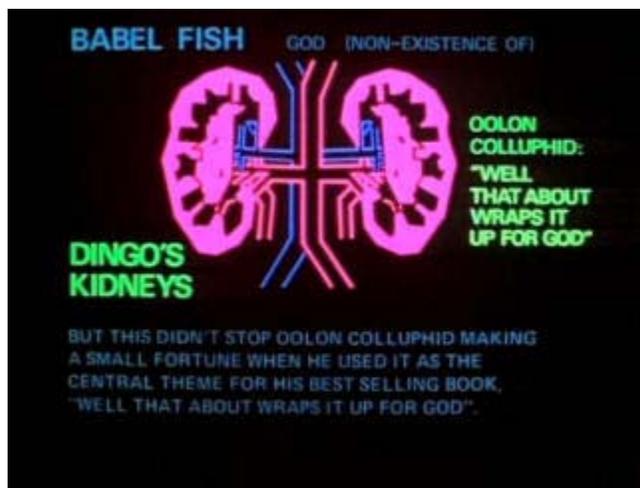




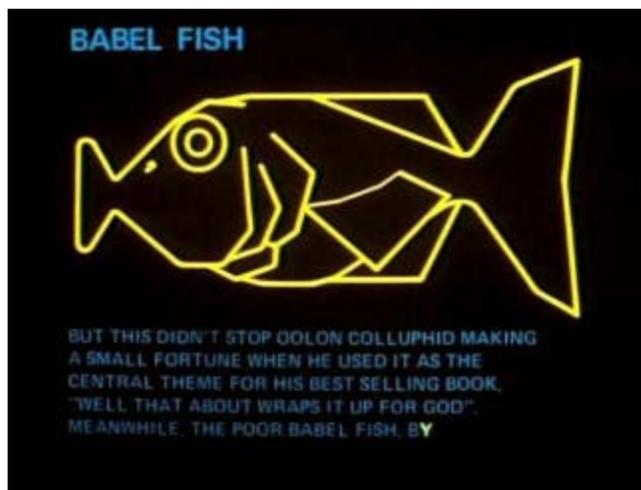
"Oh, that was easy," says man, and for an encore he goes on to prove that black is white and gets killed on the next zebra crossing.

$$\begin{aligned}
 & [VIO3 + \sqrt{IND + 3(BLU) + (GR10-GR9)} \\
 & \quad [2 (YEL + OR) - (YEL + OR)2] \\
 & \quad \quad OR + YEL \\
 & \quad \quad + (YEL + OR) + (R9-R5) \\
 & = V. MUCKY PIG = BLACK \\
 & VIO3 + \sqrt{IND + 3 (BLU) + (GRX-GR0)} \\
 & \quad [2 (YEL * OR) - (YEL + OR)2] \\
 & \quad \quad OR + YEL \\
 & \quad \quad + (YEL + OR) - (R9-R8) \\
 & = WHITE LIGHT = WHITE \\
 & \quad \dots BLACK = WHITE
 \end{aligned}$$

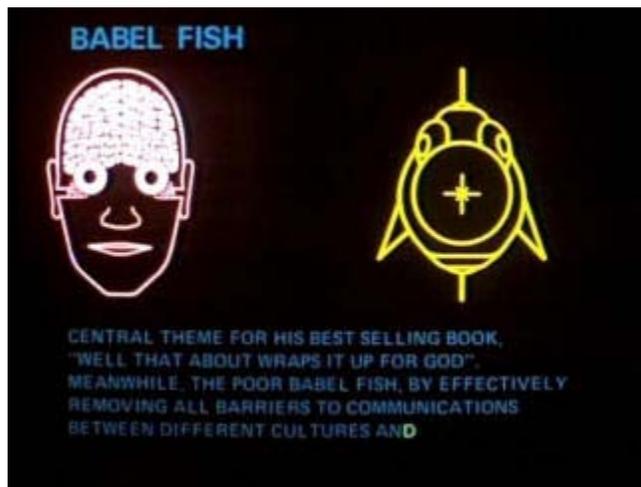
"OH, THAT WAS EASY," SAYS MAN. AND FOR AN ENCORE HE GOES ON TO PROVE THAT BLACK IS WHITE AND GETS KILLED ON THE NEXT ZEBRA CROSSING.]



Most leading theologians claim that this argument is a load of dingo's kidneys.



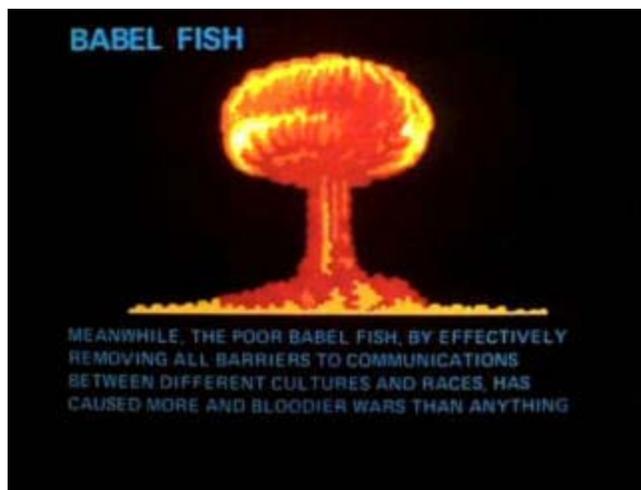
But this didn't stop Oolon Colluphid making a small fortune when he used it as the ...



central theme for his best selling book ...



"Well That About Wraps It Up for God."



Meanwhile, the poor babel fish, by effectively removing all barriers to communications between different cultures and races, has caused more and bloodier wars than anything else in the history of creation.

[Arthur Dent] Hey Ford, this towel has moved.



[Ford Prefect] Yes. That's a six-light-year jump. Good. That means we're near Barnard's Star.



We can jump a ship there.

[Arthur Dent] Can we? Look, I hate to ask this Ford, but what exactly am I doing here?

[Ford Prefect] Simple. I rescued you from the Earth.



[Arthur Dent] Well, what happened to the Earth?

[Ford Prefect] It's been disintegrated.

[Arthur Dent] Has it?

[Ford Prefect] Yes. It just boiled away into space.

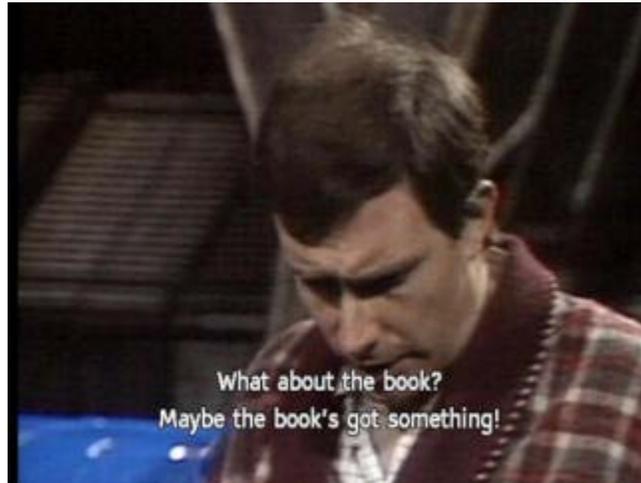
[Arthur Dent] Listen, I'm a bit upset about that.



[Ford Prefect] Oh, well.



[Arthur Dent] All gone? Nothing left?



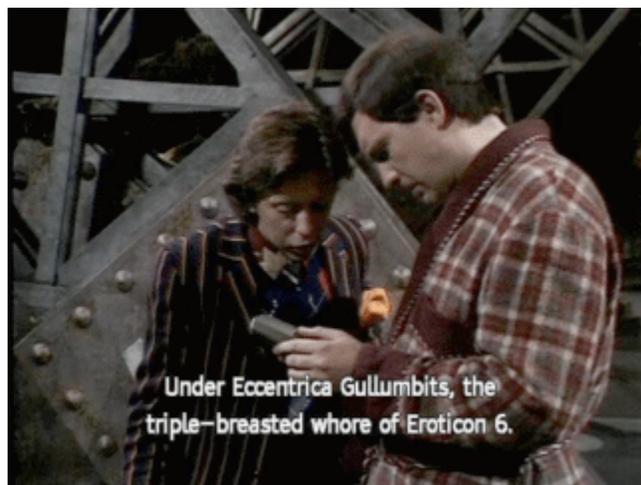
What about the book? Maybe the book's got something!

[WHIRRING]



[Arthur Dent] It doesn't seem to have an entry.

[Ford Prefect] Yes, it does -- at the bottom of the screen.



Under Eccentrica Cullumbits, the triple-breasted whore of Eroticon 6.

[Arthur Dent] Oh, yes. What does it say?



"Harmless." Just one word? Harmless?

[Ford Prefect] Well, it's the old edition. Listen, there are 100 billion stars in the Galaxy, and not much space in the book. No one knew much about Earth then, of course!

[Arthur Dent] Well, I hope you managed to rectify that a bit!

[Ford Prefect] Well, yes. I transmitted a new entry off to the editor. It's not much, but it's still an improvement.

[Arthur Dent] What does it say now?



[Ford Prefect] "Mostly harmless."

[Arthur Dent] "Mostly harmless"?

[Ford Prefect] Oh, come. I think that's pretty good coverage for a disintegrated pile of rubble!



That's meant to make me feel better?

[Arthur Dent] I see. And that's supposed to make me feel better, is it?



[Ford Prefect] Come on! Let's get down to the teleport.



(ROARING)

[ROARING]

[Arthur Dent] What the hell's that?



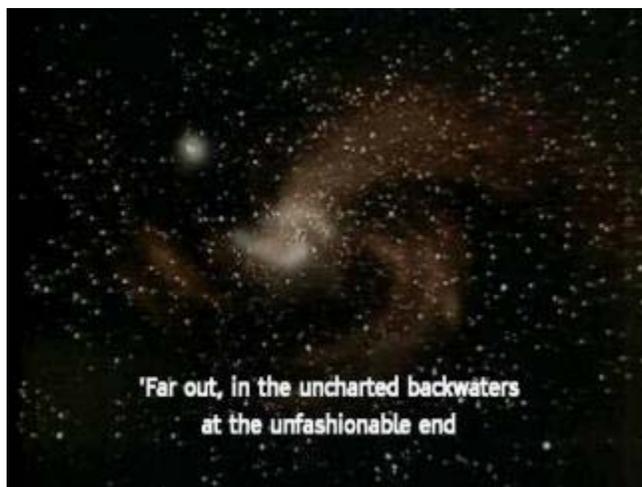
[Ford Prefect] If we're lucky, it's a Vogon guard come to throw us into space.

[Arthur Dent] And if we're unlucky?



[Ford Prefect] The Vogon captain might want to read us some of his poetry first.

EPISODE 2:



[Narrator] Far out, in the uncharted backwaters at the unfashionable end ...



of the Western Spiral arm of the Galaxy ...



lies a small, unregarded, yellow sun.



Orbiting this at a distance of roughly 92 million miles ...



is an utterly insignificant, little, blue-green planet ...



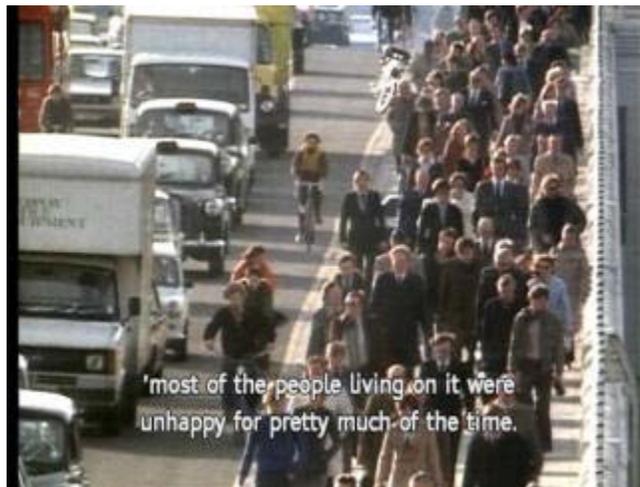
whose ape-descended life-forms are so amazingly primitive ...



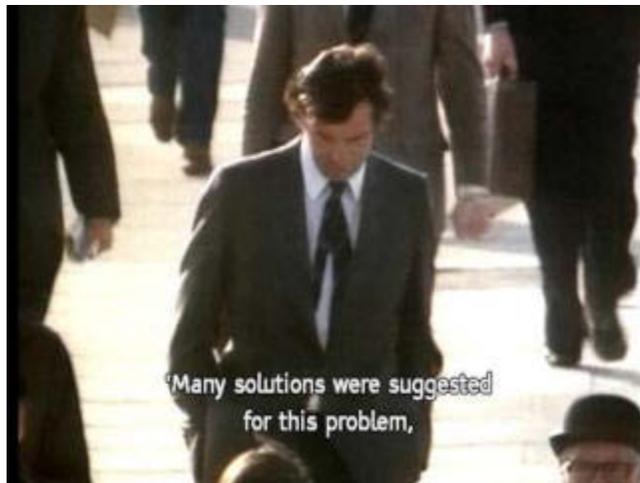
that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea.



This planet has -- or had -- a problem, which was this --



most of the people living on it were unhappy for pretty much of the time.



Many solutions were suggested for this problem ...



but most of these were largely concerned with the movements of small green pieces of paper, which is odd, because, on the whole ...



it wasn't the small green pieces of paper that were unhappy.



And so the problem remained, and lots of the people were mean. And most of them were miserable, even the ones with digital watches.



[HORNS BLARE]



Many were increasingly of the opinion that they'd all made a big mistake in coming down from the trees in the first place.





And some said that even the trees had been a bad move, ...



and that no one should ever have left the oceans.



And then, one day ...



nearly 2,000 years after one man had been nailed to a tree for saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change, a girl sitting on her own in a small cafe in Rickmansworth suddenly realized what it was had been going wrong all this time, and she finally knew how the world could be made a good and happy place.



This time it was right, it would work, and no one would have to get nailed to anything.



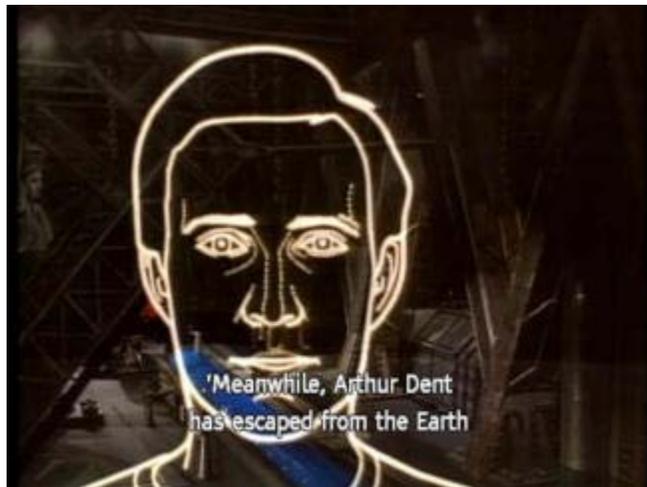
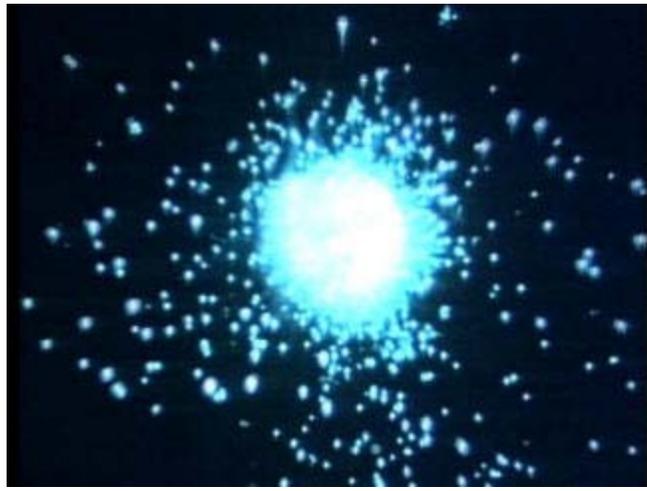
Sadly, however, before she could get to a phone to tell anyone ...



the Earth was demolished to make way for a hyperspace by-pass ...



and so the idea was lost forever.



Meanwhile, Arthur Dent has escaped from the Earth ...



in the company of a friend of his, who has unexpectedly turned out to be from a small planet somewhere in the vicinity of Betelgeuse, and not from Guildford after all.



His name is Ford Prefect, for reasons which are unlikely to become clear again at the moment, and they are currently hiding in the storeroom of a Vogon spaceship.



[Arthur Dent] What the hell is that?

[Ford Prefect] If we're lucky, it's a Vogon guard come to throw us out into space.

[Arthur Dent] And if we're unlucky?

[Ford Prefect] The Vogon captain might want to read us some of his poetry first.



(ROARING)



[Vogon Captain] Oh, freddled gruntbuggly!



Thy micturitions are to me ...



As plurdled gabbleblotchits
on a lurgid bee

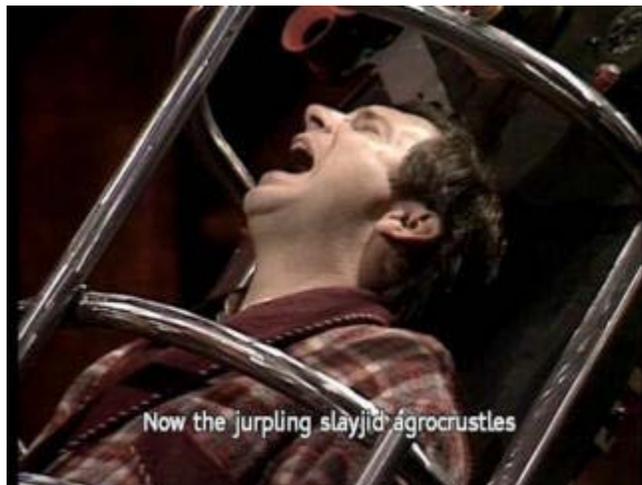
As plurdled gabbleblotchits on a lurgid bee ...



That mordiously hath bitled out
its earted jurtles...

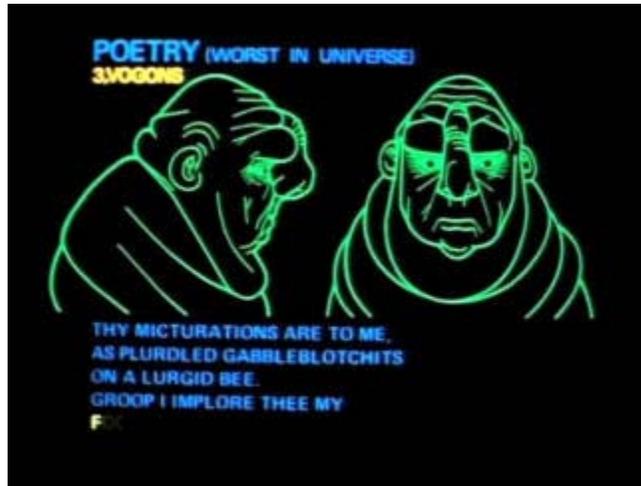
That mordiously hath bitled out its earted jurtles.

[MOANING AND SCREAMING]



Now the jurpling slayjid agrocrustles

Now the jurpling slayjid agrocrustles
Are slurping hagrilly up the axlegruts ...



[Narrator] Vogon poetry is, of course, the third worst in the Universe.

*[POETRY (WORST IN UNIVERSE)
3. VOGONS*

(WORST IN UNIVERSE) Thy micturations are to me as plurdled gabbleblotchits on a lurgid bee. Groop I implore thee my footning turling dromes, and hooptiously dra --]



The second worst is that of the Azgoths of Kria.



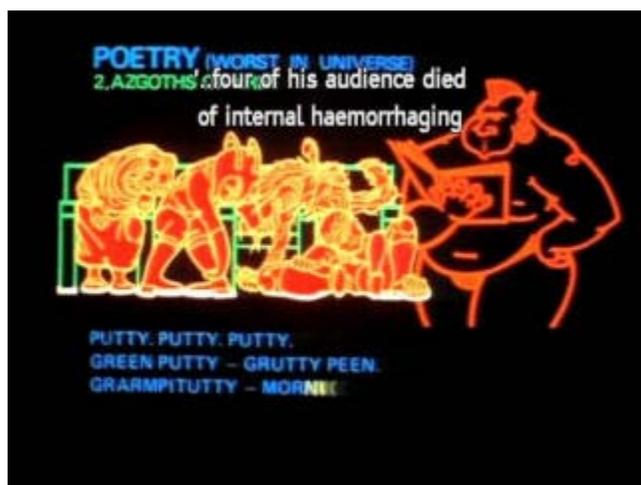
During a recitation by their poetmaster Grunthos the Flatulent of his poem:

*[PUTTY PUTTY PUTTY
GREEN PUTTY GRUTTY PEEN.]*



Ode to a Small Lump of Green Putty I found in my Armpit One Midsummer Morning ...

*[ODE TO A SMALL LUMP OF GREEN PUTTY I FOUND IN MY ARMPIT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING.
GRUNTHOS
(THE FLATULENT)]*

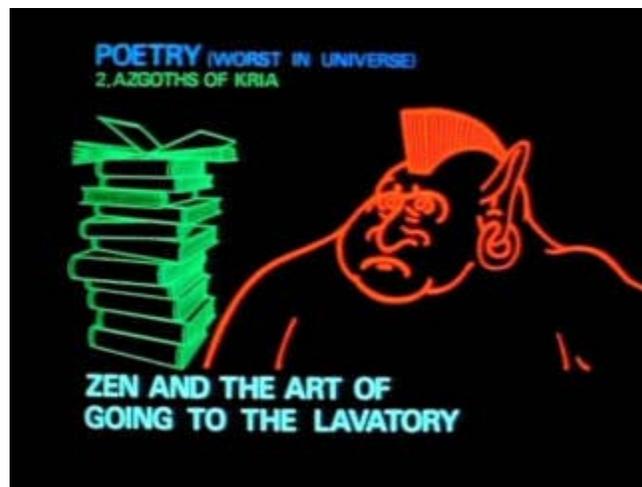


four of his audience died of internal haemorrhaging, and the president of the Mid-Galactic Arts Nobbling Council only survived by gnawing one of his own legs off.



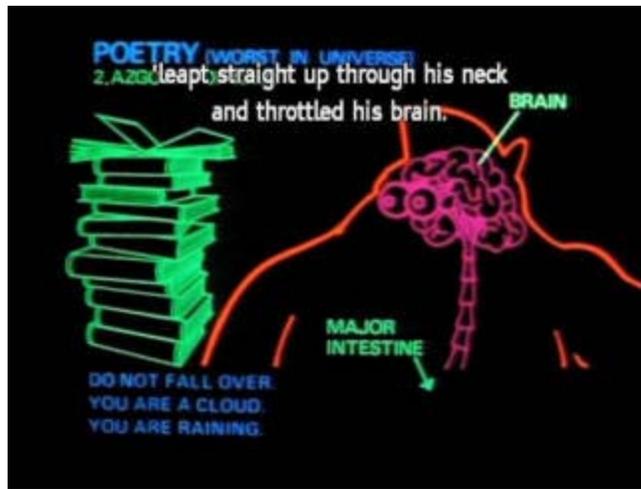
Grunthos is reported to have been disappointed by the poem's reception ...

*[GRARMPITUTTY - MORNING!
PRIDSUMMER - GRORNING UTTY!
DISCOVERY OH!
PUTTY? ... ARMPIT?
ARMPIT ... PUTTY
NOT EVEN A PARTICULARLY
NICE SHADE OF GREEN]*



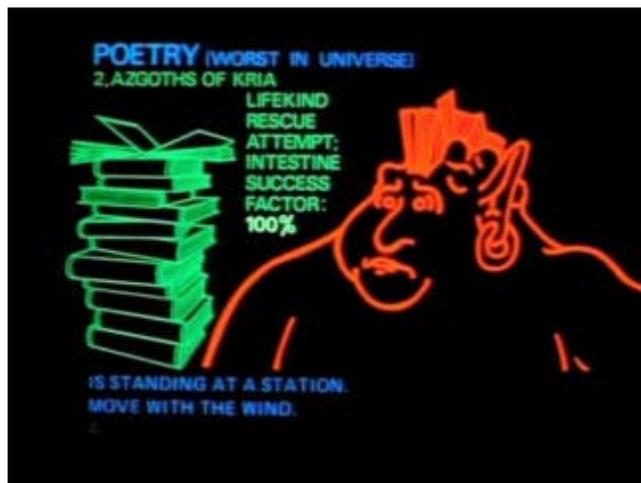
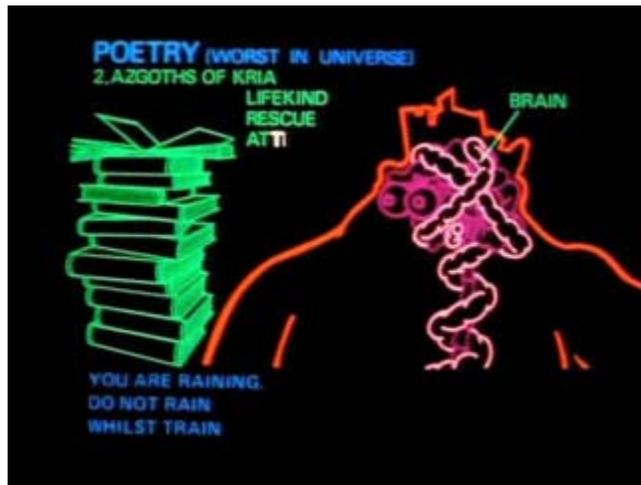
and was about to embark on a reading of his 12-book epic entitled "Zen and the Art of Going to the Lavatory" ...

*[ZEN AND THE ART OF GOING TO THE LAVATORY
MAJOR INTESTINE
RELAX BODY
RELAX BOWELS
RELAX]*

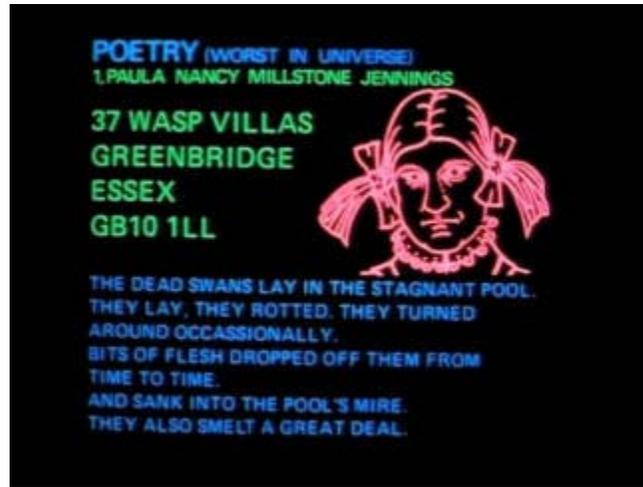


when his own major intestine, in a desperate attempt to save life-kind, leapt straight up through his neck and throttled his brain.

*[DO NOT FALL OVER
YOU ARE A CLOUD
YOU ARE RAINING
DO NOT RAIN
WHILST TRAIN
IS STANDING AT A STATION
MOVE WITH THE WIND]*



*[LIFEKIND
RESCUE
ATTEMPT:
INTESTINE
SUCCESS
FACTOR:
100%]*



The very worst poetry of all, and its creator, Paula Nancy Millstone Jennings, of Greenbridge, Essex, England, perished in the destruction of the planet Earth. Vogon poetry is mild by comparison.

*[THE DEAD SWANS LAY IN THE STAGNANT POOL
THEY LAY, THEY ROTTED. THEY TURNED
AROUND OCCASIONALLY.
BITS OF FLESH DROPPED OFF THEM FROM
TIME TO TIME.
AND SANK INTO THE POOL'S MIRE.
THEY ALSO SMELT A GREAT DEAL]*



[AGONISED MOANING]



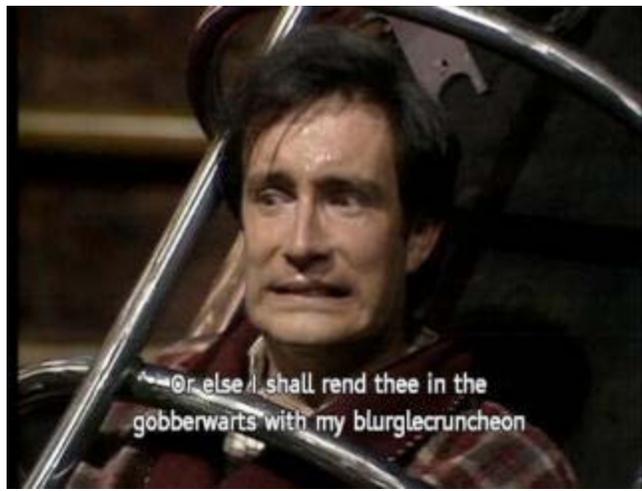
*[Vogon Captain] Now the jurpling slayjid agrocrustles
Are slurping hagrilly up the axlegrurts
And living glupules frart and slipulate
Like jowling meated liverslime.*



Groop I implore thee ...



*My footing turling dromes
And hooptiously drangle me with crinkly bindlewurdles ...*



Or else I shall rend thee in the gobberwarts with my blurglecruncheon



See if I don't!
So, Earthlings ...



[Ford Prefect] I'm not an Earthling.



[Vogon Captain] Quiet! I present you with a simple choice. Think very carefully, for your very lives lie in your hands.



Now choose! Either die in the vacuum of space or tell me how good you thought my poem was.

[Arthur Dent] I liked it.

[Ford Prefect] Huh?



[Arthur Dent] Oh, yes. I thought some of the metaphysical imagery was really particularly effective.

[Vogon Captain] Yes?

[Arthur Dent] Oh, and interesting ... rhythmic devices ... which seemed to counterpoint the, er ...



[Ford Prefect] Counterpoint the surrealism of the underlying metaphor of the, er ...

[Arthur Dent] The Humanity ...

[Ford Prefect] Vogonity ...

[Arthur Dent] Vogonity, sorry! Of the poet's compassionate soul, which strives through the medium of the verse structure to sublimate this, transcend that, and come to terms with the fundamental dichotomies of the other ...



and one is left with a profound and vivid insight into ... into ...

[Ford Prefect] Into whatever the poem was about. That was very good.

[Vogon Captain] So, what you are saying is that I just write poetry ...



because underneath my mean and callous, heartless exterior, I just want to be loved, is that it?



[Ford Prefect] Well, I mean, yes, don't we all, deep down, underneath, you know?

[Vogon Captain] No! You're completely wrong.



I write poetry just to throw my mean, callous, heartless exterior into sharp relief. I'm going to throw you off the ship anyway. Guard! Take the prisoners to number 3 airlock and throw them out.



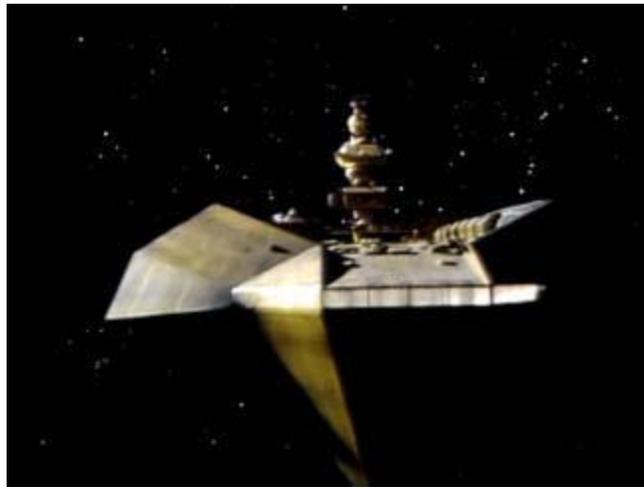
[Ford Prefect] This is great! This is really terrific!

[Arthur Dent] Ow! Let go of me, you brute!



[Ford Prefect] Don't worry -- I'll think of something.

[Vogon Guard] Resistance is useless!



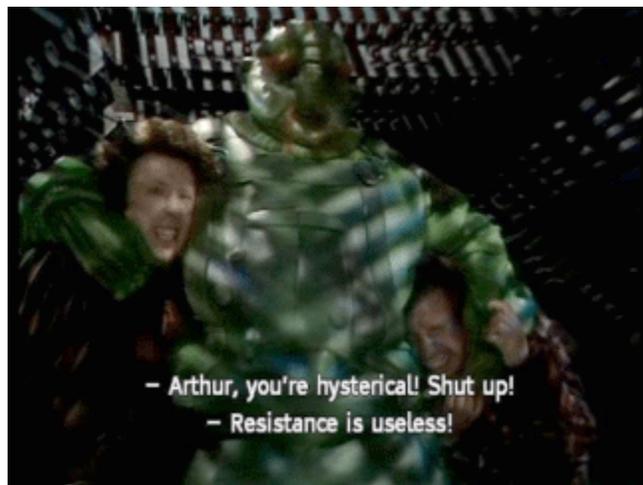
[Arthur Dent] What is all this, Ford? I woke up this morning, thought I'd have a nice, relaxed day, do a bit of reading, brush the dog. It's just now after 4:00 in the afternoon, and I'm already being thrown out of an alien spaceship five light years from the smoking remains of the Earth.

[Ford Prefect] Alright, just stop panicking!

[Arthur Dent] Who said anything about panicking?



This is just culture shock! Wait till I've settled down and found my bearings! Then I'll start panicking!



[Ford Prefect] Arthur, you're getting hysterical! Shut up!

[Vogon Guard] Resistance is useless!

[Ford Prefect] And you!

[Vogon Guard] Resistance is useless!

[Ford Prefect] Aw, give it a rest! Do you enjoy this sort of thing?

[Vogon Guard] What? What do you mean?



[Ford Prefect] I mean, does it give you a full, satisfying life?

[Vogon Guard] Full, satisfying life?

[Ford Prefect] Yeah, stomping around, shouting, pushing people off spaceships.

[Vogon Guard] Well, the hours are good!

[Ford Prefect] They'd have to be!



[Arthur Dent] Ford, what are you doing?

[Ford Prefect] [To Arthur] Shh! [To Vogon Guard] So, the hours are good, are they?

[Vogon Guard] Yeah. But now you come to mention it, most of the actual minutes are pretty lousy. Except some of the shouting I quite like. RESISTANCE ... !



[Ford Prefect] Sure, yes, you're good at that, I can tell. But if the rest of it is so lousy, why do you do it? The girls?



The rubber? The machismo?

[Vogon Guard] Oh, I don't know, really. I think I just sort of ... do it. You see, my aunt said that spaceship guard was a good career for a young Vogon, you know: the uniform, the low-slung stun-ray holster, mindless tedium.



[Arthur Dent] Ford, this guy's half-throttling me!



[Ford Prefect] Yeah, but try and understand his problem. Here he is, poor guy, his entire life is spent stamping around, pushing people off spaceships ...

[Vogon Guard] And shouting ...

[Ford Prefect] Yeah, and shouting! Yeah! And he doesn't even know why he's doing it.



[Arthur Dent] Oh, poignant, very poignant!

[Vogon Guard] Oh, put it like that ...

[Ford Prefect] Good lad.



[Vogon Guard] All right, but what's the alternative?

[Ford Prefect] Well, stop doing it of course! Tell them you're not going to do it any more. Stand up to them!



[Vogon Guard] Doesn't sound that great to me!



[Ford Prefect] Oh, but that's just the start. There's more to it than that, you see ...

[Vogon Guard] No, if it's all the same to you, I think I'll just get you two shoved out ...



and then get on with some other piece of shouting I've got to do. RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

[Ford Prefect] But come on now, look!



[Arthur Dent] Ow! Stop that!

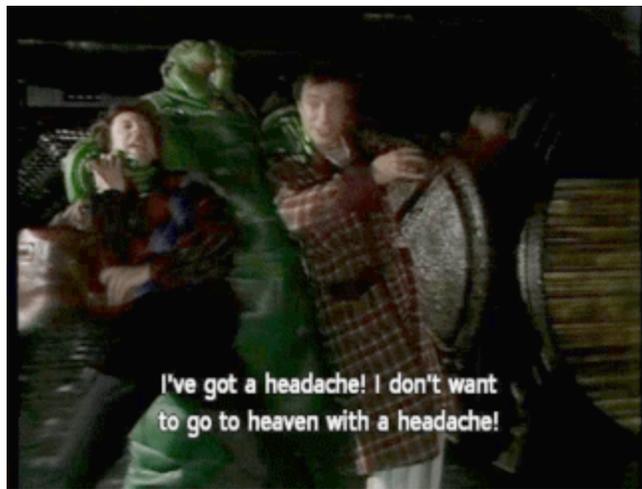


[Ford Prefect] Hang on! There's music and art and things to tell you about yet!

[Vogon Guard] I think I better just stick to what I know, thanks ...



but thanks for taking an interest.



[Arthur Dent] I've got a headache! I don't want to go to heaven with a headache! I'll be all cross, and I won't enjoy it.

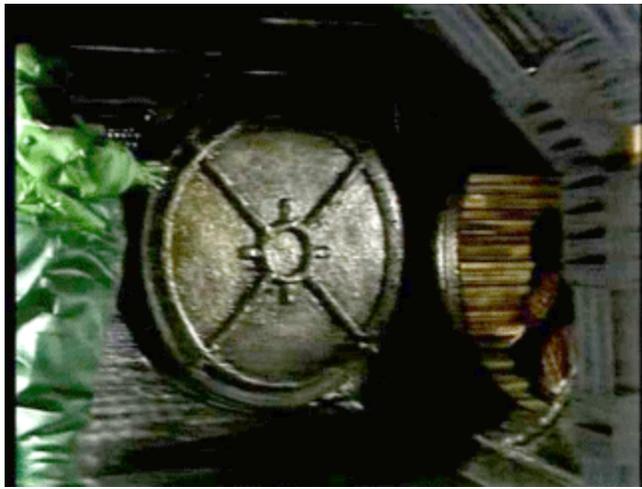
[Ford Prefect] Look. There's a whole world you know nothing about. Now listen. How about this ...?



(he hums Beethoven's Fifth) Doesn't that stir anything in you?



[Vogon Guard] No. Bye.



I'll tell my aunt what you said.



[CLANG!]



Potentially bright lad, I thought.

[Ford Prefect] Potentially bright lad, I thought.



[Vagon Guard] (He hums Beethoven's Fifth) Nah!



[Arthur Dent] We're trapped now, aren't we?

[Ford Prefect] Yeah, we're trapped.

[Arthur Dent] Well, didn't you think of anything?

[Ford Prefect] Yeah.

[Arthur Dent] What?

[Ford Prefect] Unfortunately, it involved being on the other side of this hatchway.

[Arthur Dent] So that's it? We're going to die?

[Ford Prefect] Yeah. Except ... no! Wait a minute! What's this switch?



[Arthur Dent] What? Where?

[Ford Prefect] No, I was only fooling. We're going to die after all.



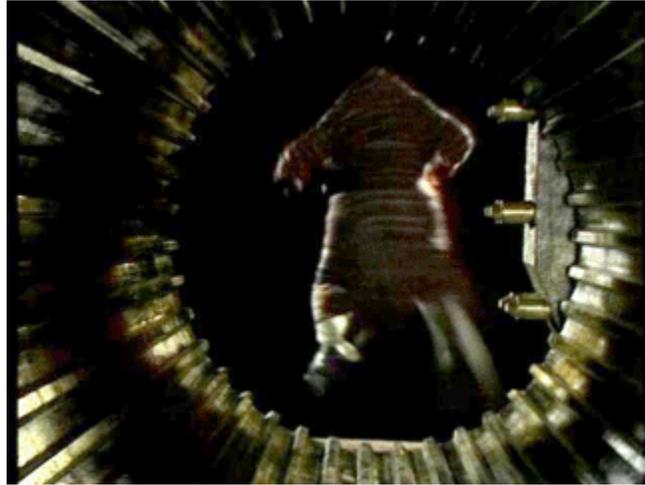
[Arthur Dent] You know, it's at times like this, when I'm stuck in a Vogon airlock with a man from Betelgeuse about to die of asphyxiation in deep space, that I really wish I'd listened to what my mother told me when I was young.

[Ford Prefect] Why? What did she tell you?



[Arthur Dent] I don't know ... I didn't listen.

[Ford Prefect] Terrific.



[WHOOSH!]

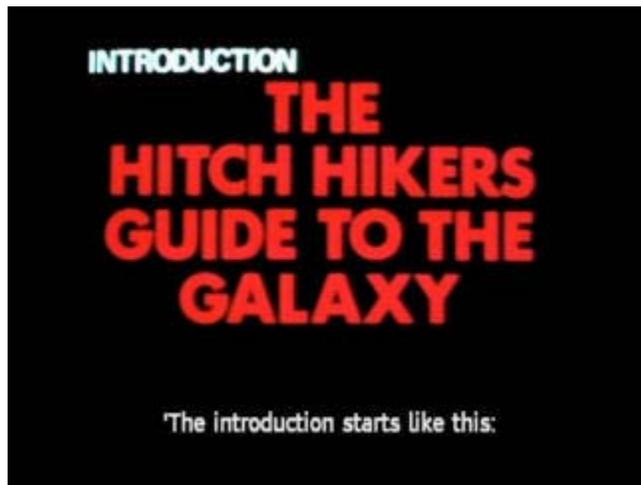


[Vogon Captain] "Counterpoint the surrealism of the underlying metaphor"! Huh! Death's too good for them!

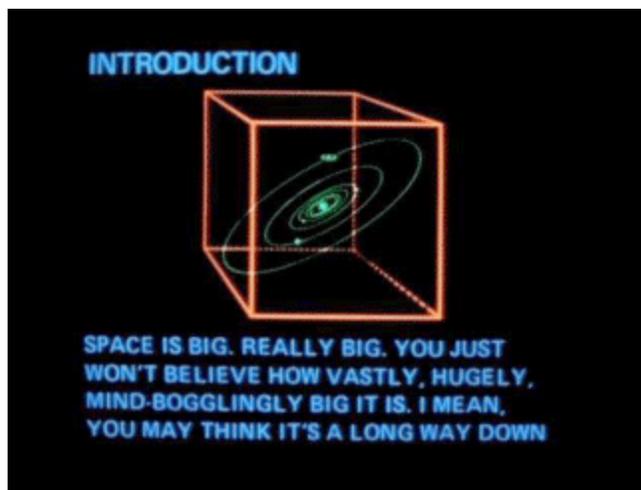




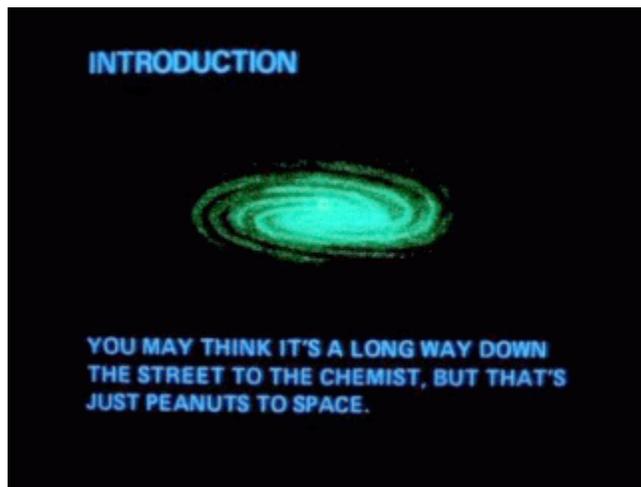
[Narrator] The Hitchhiker's Guide To the Galaxy is a wholly remarkable book.



The introduction starts like this:



Space, it says, is big. Really big. You just won't believe how vastly, hugely, mind-bogglingly big it is.

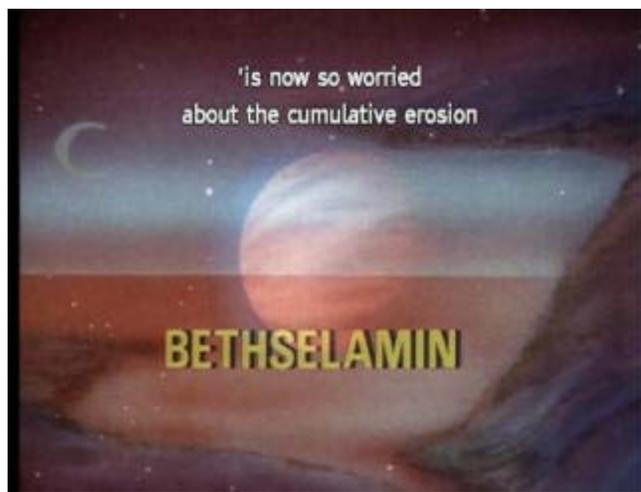


I mean, you may think it's a long way down the street to the chemist, but that's just peanuts to space. Listen ... it's just so big that by comparison, bigness itself looks ... and so on.

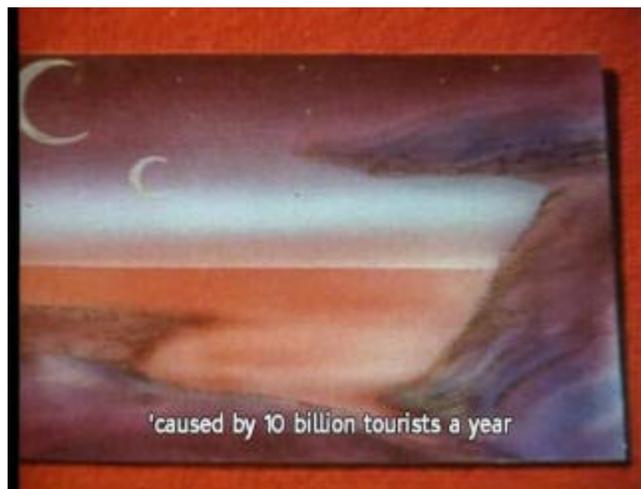
After a while, the style settles down a bit, and it starts telling you things you actually need to know ...



like the fact that the fabulously beautiful planet of Bethselamin ...



is now so worried about the cumulative erosion ...



caused by over 10 billion visiting tourists a year ...



that any net imbalance between the amount you eat and the amount you excrete whilst on the planet is surgically removed from your body weight when you leave.



[SCREAMING]

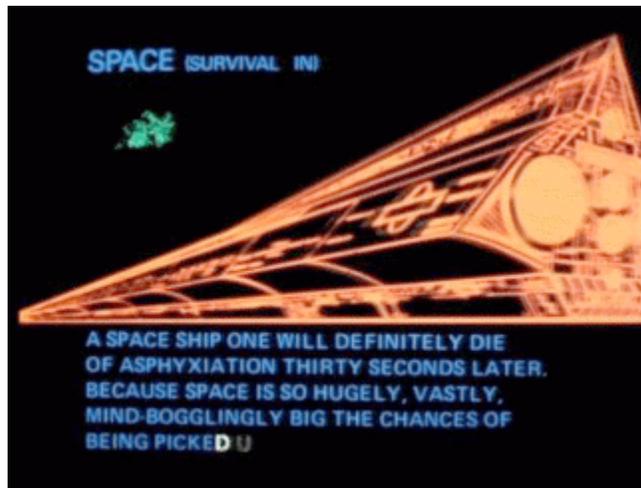
So every time you go to the lavatory there ...



it's vitally important to get a receipt.

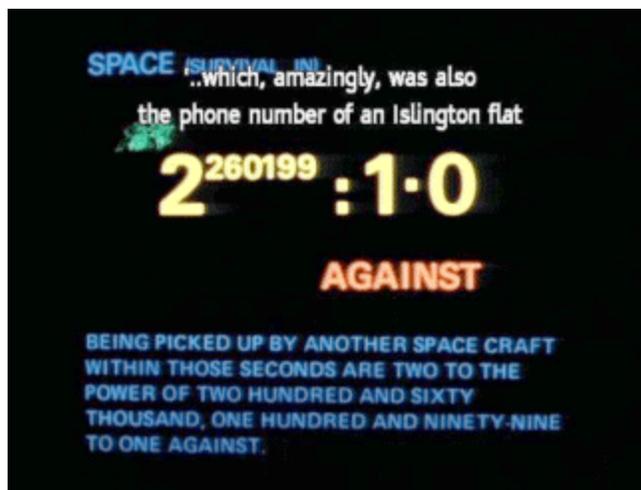


In the entry in which it talks about dying of asphyxiation 30 seconds after being thrown out of a spaceship ...



it goes on to say that space being the size it is, the chances of being picked up by another craft within those seconds are two to the power of two hundred and sixty thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine to one against ...

*[SPACE (SURVIVAL IN)
IF ONE HAPPENS TO BE THROWN OUT OF
A SPACE SHIP ONE WILL DEFINITELY DIE
OF ASPHYXIATION THIRTY SECONDS LATER
BECAUSE SPACE IS SO HUGELY, VASTLY,
MIND-BOGGLINGLY BIG THE CHANCES OF
BEING PICKED UP BY ANOTHER SPACE CRAFT
WITHIN THOSE SECONDS ARE TWO TO THE
POWER OF TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY
THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY NINE
TO ONE AGAINST
2260199 : 1-0]*



which, by a staggering coincidence, was also the phone number of an Islington flat ...



where Arthur once went to a a very good party, where he ate some very good food, had some very good drinks with some very good friends ...



and met a very nice girl whom he totally failed to get off with.



[Zaphod] Is this guy bothering you?



[Narrator] Though the planet Earth, the Islington flat, and the telephone have all now been demolished ...



it's comforting to reflect that they are all in some small way commemorated by the fact ...



that some 29 seconds later Arthur and Ford were, in fact, rescued.



[Ford Prefect] See, I told you I'd think of something.

[Arthur Dent] Oh, sure!

[Ford Prefect] Bright idea of mine to find a passing spaceship and get rescued by it.



Come on! The chances against it
were astronomical.

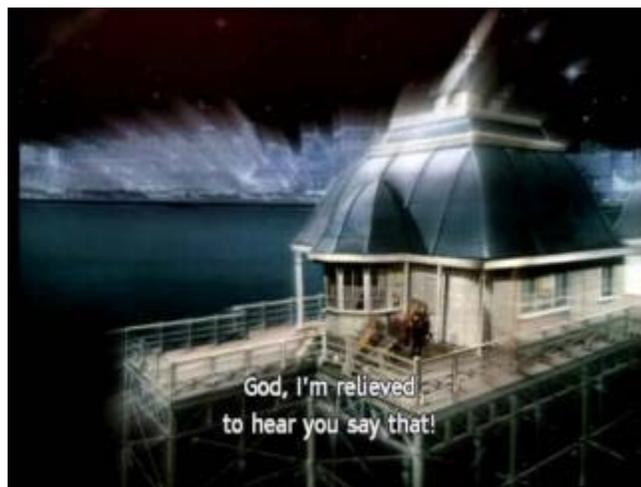
[Arthur Dent] Oh, come on! The chances against it were astronomical.

[Ford Prefect] Don't knock it! It worked! Where the hell are we?



Well, it looks like
the seafront at Southend.

[Arthur Dent] Well, I hardly like to say this, but it looks like the seafront at Southend.



God, I'm relieved
to hear you say that!

[Ford Prefect] God, I'm relieved to hear you say that!

[Arthur Dent] Why?

[Ford Prefect] I thought I must be going mad!

[Arthur Dent] Perhaps you are. Perhaps you only thought I said it.



[Ford Prefect] Well, did you or didn't you?

[Arthur Dent] I think so.

[Ford Prefect] Perhaps we're both going mad.



[Arthur Dent] Nice day for it -- sun ...

[Ford Prefect] Sea ...

[Arthur Dent] You know, if this is Southend, there's something very odd about it.

[Ford Prefect] What? You mean the way the sea stays steady as a rock ...



and the buildings keep washing up and down? I thought that was odd.



[Trillian] 2 to the power of 100,000 to 1 against and falling.

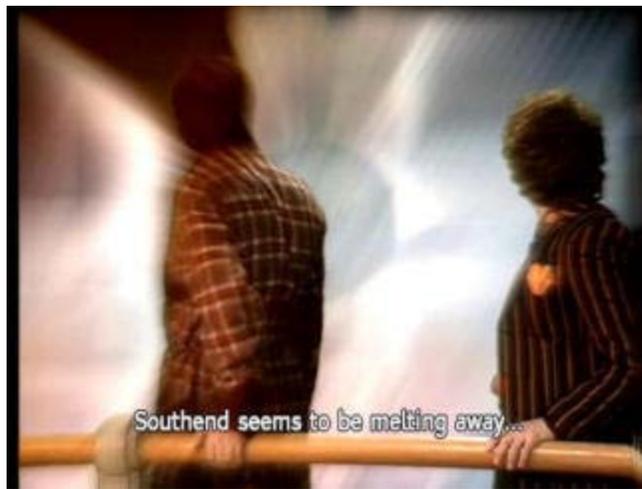
[Arthur Dent] What's that?

[Ford Prefect] I don't know. It sounded like a measurement of probability.

[Arthur Dent] What does it mean?

[Ford Prefect] I don't know. But I definitely think we're on some kind of spaceship.

[Arthur Dent] Then, I can only assume we're not in the first-class compartment!



Southend seems to be melting away...

Southend seems to be melting away.



The stars are swirling...
a dustbowl..

The stars are swirling ... a dustbowl ...



snow...

snow ... My leg's drifting off into the sunset.



My left arm's disappeared!



How am I going to operate
my digital watch now? (ECHOING)

How am I going to operate my digital watch now?

[ECHOING]

[Arthur Dent] Ford, you're turning into a penguin! Stop it!



Qu--what?

[Ford Prefect] Qu -- what?



2 to the power of 75,000 to 1 against
and falling...



[Trillian] 2 to the power of 75,000 to 1 against and falling ...

[Ford Prefect] Hey! Who are you? Where are you?



What's going on? And is there any way of stopping it?



[Trillian] Please relax. You are perfectly safe.



[Ford Prefect] That is not the point! The point is that I am now a perfectly safe penguin ...



and my colleague is rapidly running out of limbs.



Isn't there anything you feel you ought to be telling us?



[Trillian] Welcome to the starship Heart of Gold. Please do not be alarmed by anything you see or hear around you. You are bound to feel some initial ill effects, as you have been rescued from certain death at an improbability level of 2 to the power of 260,199 to 1 against, possibly much higher.



We are now cruising at a level of 2 to the power of 25,000 to 1 against and falling, and we will be restoring normality...



as soon as we are sure what is normal anyway. Thank you. 2 to the power ...



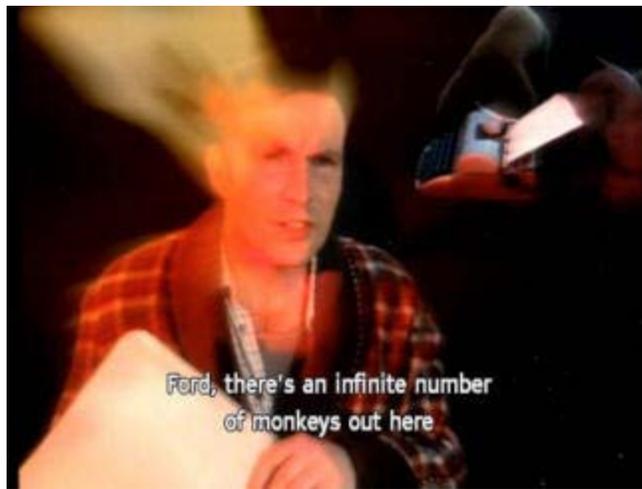
[Ford Prefect] Arthur, this is fantastic! We've been picked up by a ship with the new infinite Improbability Drive! This is incredible, Arthur.



[WHOOPING]

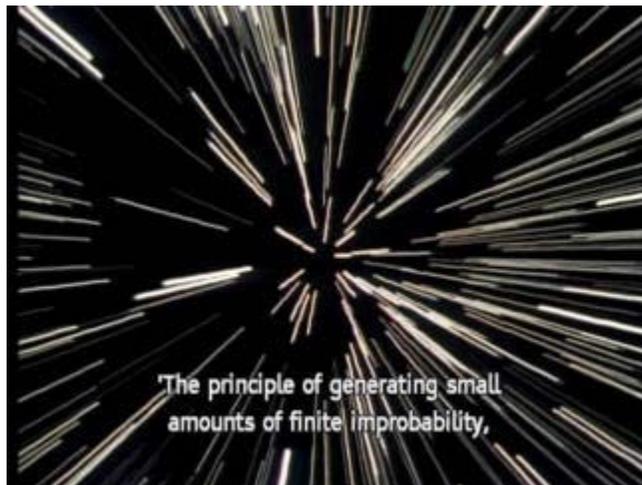
[Ford Prefect] Arthur? What's happening?



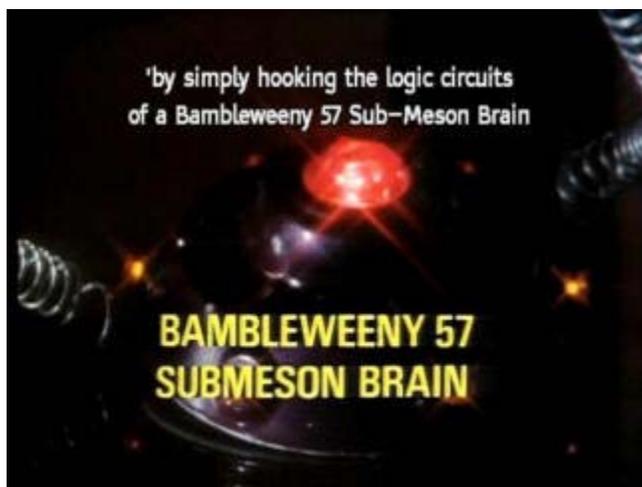


[Arthur Dent] Ford, there's an infinite number of monkeys out here who want to talk to us about this script for Hamlet they've worked out.

[Narrator] The Infinite Improbability Drive is a wonderful new method of crossing interstellar distances in a few seconds, without all that tedious mucking about in hyperspace.



The principle of generating small amounts of finite improbability ...



by simply hooking the logic circuits of a Bambleweeny 57 Sub-Meson Brain to an atomic vector plotter suspended in a Brownian Motion producer -- say, a nice hot cup of tea -- had long been understood ...



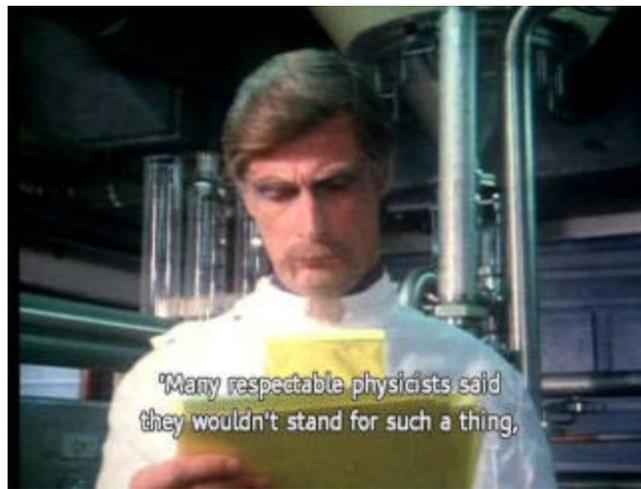
and such generators were often used to break the ice at parties ...



by making all the molecules in the hostess's undergarments simultaneously leap one foot to the left ...

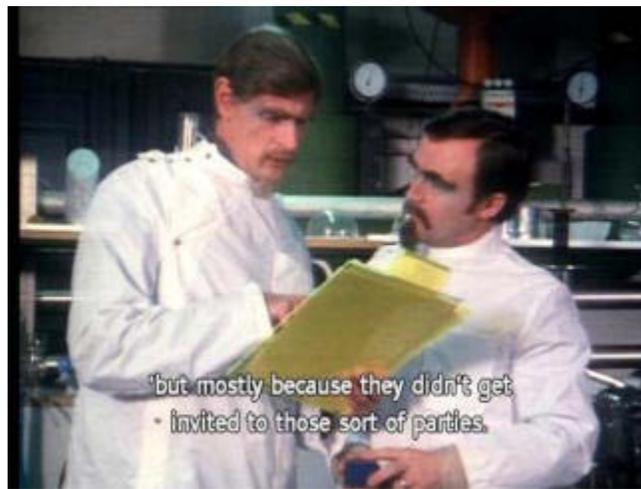


in accordance with the theory of indeterminacy.



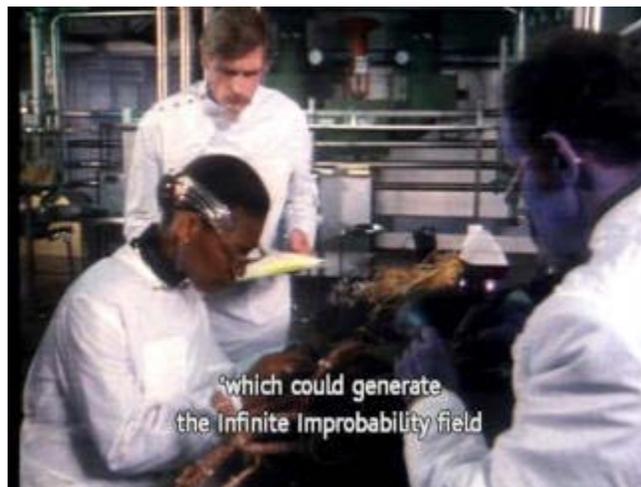
'Many respectable physicists said they wouldn't stand for such a thing.

Many respectable physicists said that they weren't going to stand for such a thing, partly because it was a debasement of science ...



'but mostly because they didn't get invited to those sort of parties.

but mostly because they didn't get invited to those sort of parties. Another thing they couldn't stand was the perpetual failure they encountered in trying to construct a machine ...



'which could generate the Infinite Improbability field

which could generate the Infinite Improbability field needed to flip a spaceship between the furthest stars ...



and, in the end ...



they grumpily announced that such a machine was virtually impossible.



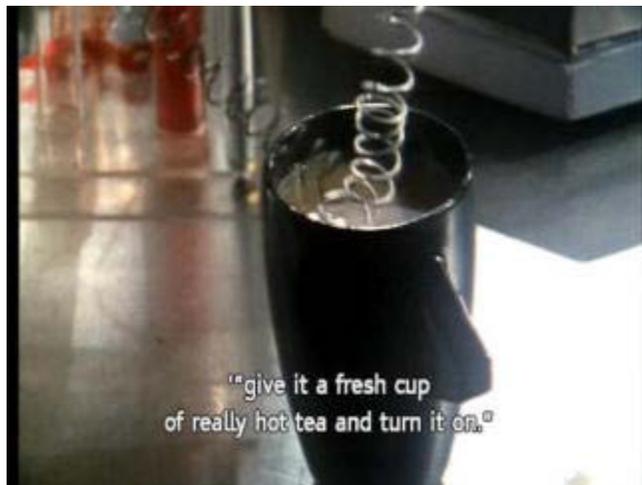
And then, one evening, a student, who had been left to sweep up the lab after a particularly unsuccessful party, found himself reasoning this way:



"If such a machine is a virtual impossibility, then it must, logically, be a finite improbability.



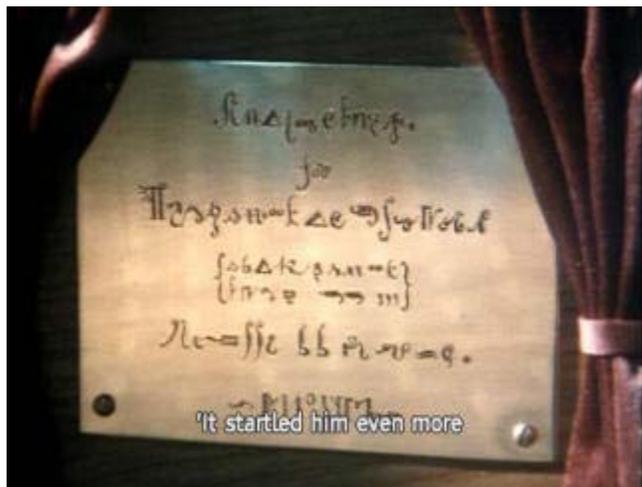
So all I have to do in order to make one is to work out exactly how improbable it is, feed that figure into the finite improbability generator



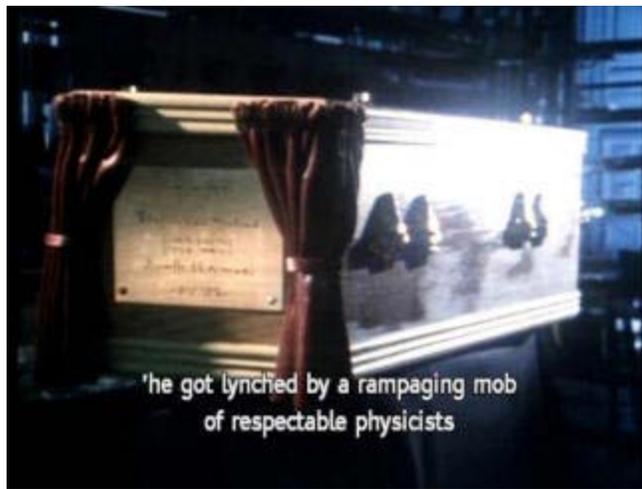
give it a fresh cup of really hot tea, and turn it on." The moment he did this, he was rather startled to discover that he had managed to create the long sought-after ...



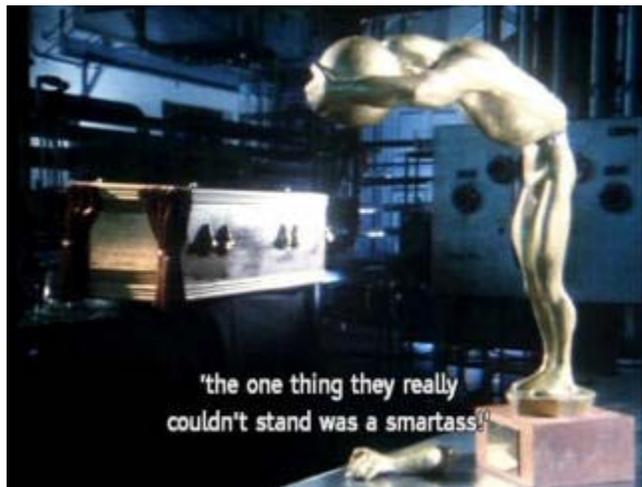
Infinite Improbability Generator out of thin air.



It startled him even more when, just after he was awarded the Galactic Institute's prize for extreme cleverness ...



he got lynched by a rampaging mob of respectable physicists who had finally realized that ...



the one thing they really couldn't stand was a smartass!

[Trillian] 5 to 1 against and falling.



4 to 1 against and falling. 3 to 1, 2 ...1.



Probability factor of 1 to 1.



We have normality. I repeat -- we have normality.

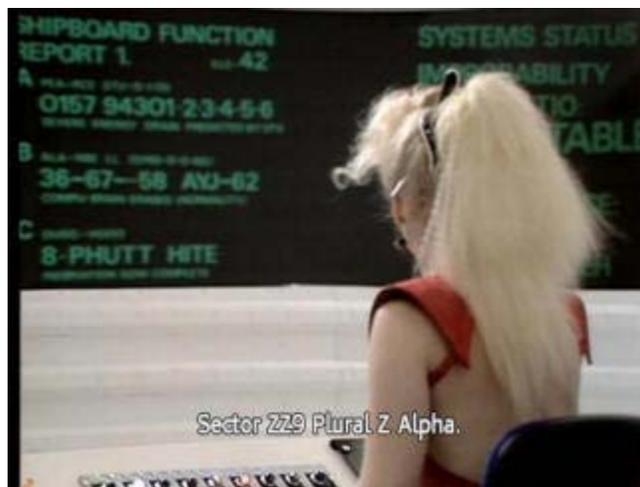


Anything you still can't cope with is, therefore, your own problem.



[Zaphod] Who are they, Trillian?

[Trillian] Oh just a couple of guys we picked up in open space.



Sector ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha.

[Zaphod] Yeah, well that's a very sweet thought, Trillian, but do you really think it's wise right now?



I mean, here we are on the run and everything -- we've got the police of half the Galaxy after us -- and we stop to pick up hitchhikers.



Yeah, okay, 10 out of 10 for style, but minus several million for good thinking, huh?



[Trillian] They were floating unprotected in open space. You didn't want them to die, did you?

[Zaphod] Well, no, not as such, but you know.



[Trillian] A second later and they'd have been dead.



[Zaphod] So if you'd taken the trouble to think about it a moment longer, it would've gone away, right?

[Trillian] Anyway, I didn't pick them up. The ship did -- all by itself.

[Zaphod] Hey, what?

[Zaphod 2] Hey, what?



[Zaphod] The ship picked them up by itself.

[Zaphod 2] So what?

[Zaphod] The ship ... Oh, forget it and go back to sleep!

[Zaphod 2] Heyyyyy.

[BLEEPING]



[Trillian] We picked them up while we were in Infinite Improbability Drive.



[Zaphod] But that's incredible!

[Trillian] No, just very, very improbable.



Look, don't worry about the aliens. They are just a couple of guys, I expect. I'll send the robot down to check them out. Hey, Marvin?



[Marvin] I think you ought to know I'm feeling very depressed.



[Zaphod] Oh, God!



[Trillian] Here's something to occupy you and take your mind off things.



[Marvin] It won't work. I have an exceptionally large mind.

[Trillian] Marvin!

[Marvin] All right. What do you want me to do?



[Trillian] Go down to number 3 entry bay and bring the two aliens up here under surveillance.



[Marvin] Just that?



[Trillian] Yes.

[Marvin] I won't enjoy it.



[Zaphod] She's not asking you to enjoy it, just do it, will you?

[Marvin] All right! I'll do it.



[Zaphod] Oh, good, good, great. Thank you.

[Marvin] I'm not getting you down at all, am I?

[Trillian] No, no, Marvin, that's just fine, really.

[Marvin] I wouldn't like to think I was getting you down.

[Trillian] No, don't you worry about that.



You just act as comes naturally, and everything will be fine.

[Marvin] You're sure you don't mind?

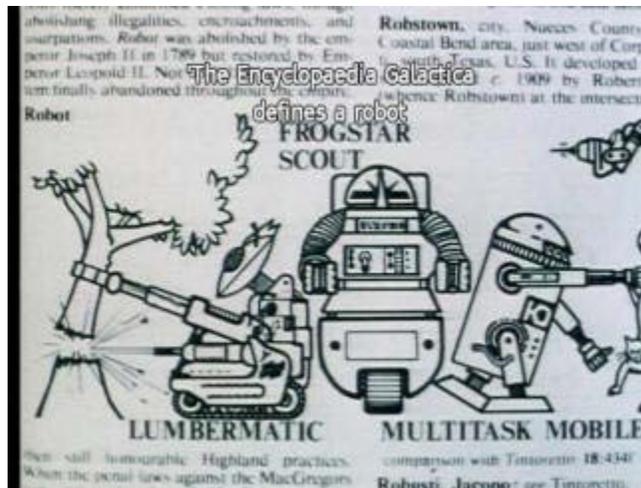
[Zaphod] No, it's just all part of life.



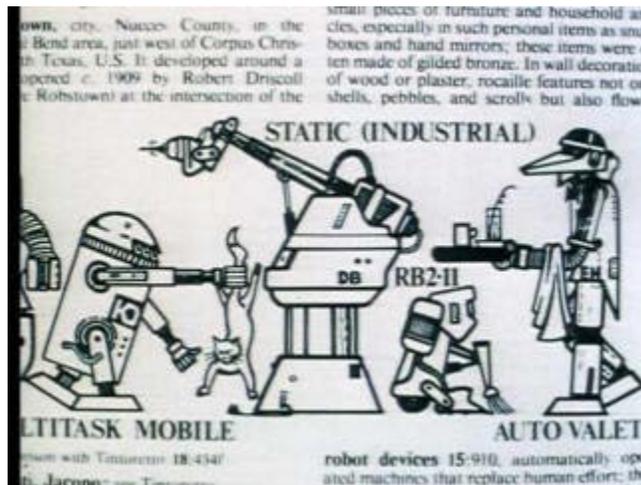
[Marvin] Life! Don't talk to me about life!



[Trillian] I don't think I can stand that robot much longer, Zaphod.



[Narrator] The Encyclopaedia Galactica defines a robot as a mechanical apparatus designed to do the work of a man.



[Robstown, city, Nueces County, in the Coastal Bend area, just west of Corpus Christi, south Texas, U.S. It developed around a store opened c. 1909 by Robert Driscoll (whence Robstown) at the intersection of the ... small pieces of furniture and household articles, especially in such personal items as snuff boxes and hand mirrors; these items were often made of gilded bronze. In wall decorations of wood or plastic, rocaille features not only shells, pebbles, and scrolls but also flowers ...]



The Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation defines a robot as: your plastic pal who's fun to be with!

[SIRIUS CYBERNETICS CORP.]

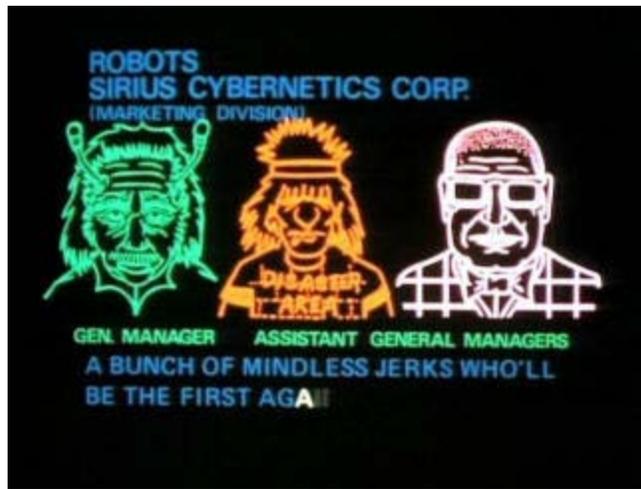


The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy ...

[YOUR PLASTIC PAL WHO'S FUN TO BE WITH!]



defines the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation as ...



a bunch of mindless jerks who'll be the first against the wall when the revolution comes. With a footnote to the effect that the editors would welcome applications for anyone interested in taking over the post of robotics correspondent.

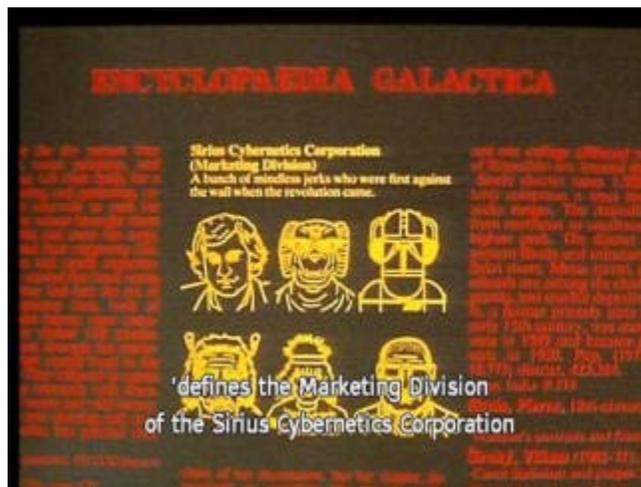
*[ROBOTS
SIRIUS CYBERNETICS CORP.
(MARKETING DIVISION)
ADVERTISING EXEC. TEA LADY GPP. SALES REP
A BUNCH OF MINDLESS JERKS WHO'LL
BE THE FIRST AGAINST THE WALL
WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES.]*



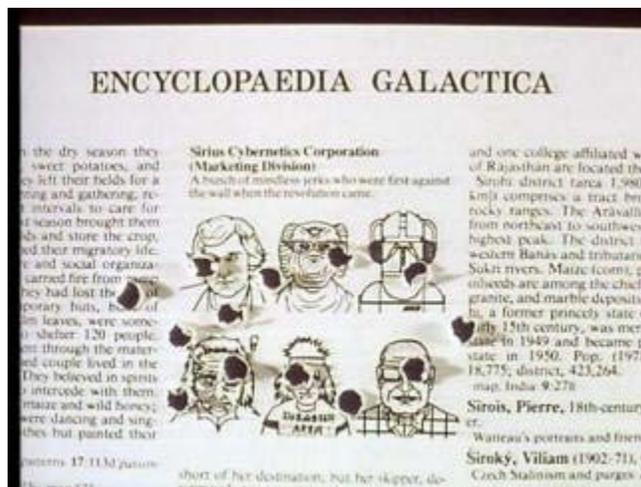
Curiously enough, an edition of the Encyclopaedia Galactica ...



that fell through a time warp from 1,000 years in the future ...



defines the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation as "A bunch of mindless jerks who were the first against the wall when the revolution came."





[Ford Prefect] I think this ship is brand-new, Arthur.

[Arthur Dent] Why, have you got some exotic device for measuring the age of metal?

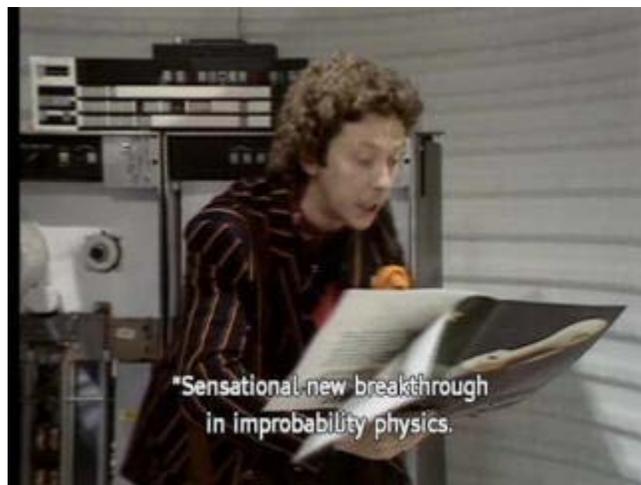
[Ford Prefect] No. I just found this sales brochure on the floor.



It says, "The Universe can be yours for a mere five quilliard Altairian dollars."

[Arthur Dent] Cheap?

[Ford Prefect] A quilliard is a whole page full of noughts with a one at the beginning. Ah, listen, this is what I was after!



"Sensational new breakthrough in improbability physics. As the ship's drive reaches Infinite Improbability, it passes simultaneously through every point in the Universe.



Be the envy of other major governments." I mean, wow! This is really big league stuff.

[Arthur Dent] Well, it's a whole lot better than that dingy Vogon crate! This is my idea of a spaceship ...



all gleaming metal, flashing lights, everything. Oh! I wonder what will happen if I press this button?

[Ford Prefect] Don't!

[BEEP!]

[Arthur Dent] Oh!

[Ford Prefect] What happened?



[Arthur Dent] A sign lit up saying, "Please do not press this button again."



[Ford Prefect] They make a big thing of the ship's cybernetics. A new generation of Sirius Cybernetics Corporation computers and robots with the new GPP feature.

[Arthur Dent] GPP? What's that?



[Ford Prefect] Uh, it says, Genuine People Personalities.

[Arthur Dent] Sounds ghastly.



[Marvin] It is.

[Ford Prefect] What?

[Marvin] It all is. Absolutely ghastly. Just don't even talk about it. Look at this door. All the doors in this spacecraft have a cheerful and sunny disposition. It is their pleasure to open for you, and their satisfaction to close again, with the knowledge of a job well done.

[Door] Glad to be of service.



[Marvin] Hateful, isn't it? Come on. I've been ordered to take you up to the bridge. Here I am, brain the size of a planet, and they tell me to take you up to the bridge. Call that job satisfaction? 'Cause I don't!



[Ford Prefect] Uh, hey, excuse me, which government owns this ship?

[Marvin] You watch this door. It's about to open again.



I can tell by the intolerable air of smugness it suddenly generates.

[Door] Please enjoy your trip through this door!

[Marvin] Come on.



[Door] Thank you!

[Marvin] Thank you very much the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation!



[Ford Prefect] Excuse me, which government ...?



[Marvin] Let's build robots with Genuine People Personalities," they said. So they tried it out with me. I'm a personality prototype. You can tell, can't you?



[Ford Prefect] Which govern ...?

[Marvin] I hate that door. I'm not getting you down, am I?

[Ford Prefect] Which government owns this ...?

[Marvin] No government owns it. It's been stolen.

[Arthur Dent] Stolen?

[Marvin] [Mocking him] "Stolen"?



[Ford Prefect] Who by?



[Marvin] Zaphod Beeblebrox.

[Ford Prefect] Zaphod Beebelbrox?!

[Marvin] Sorry. Did I say something wrong? Pardon me for breathing -- which I never do anyway -- so I don't know why I bother to say it. Oh, God, I'm so depressed! Here's another of those self-satisfied doors! Life! Don't talk to me about life!



[Arthur Dent] No one even mentioned it!

[Door] Glad to be of service.



[Ford Prefect] Really, Zaphod Beeblebrox!



[TV Reporter] Reports brought to you here on the sub-etha waveband ...



broadcasting around the Galaxy, around the clock.



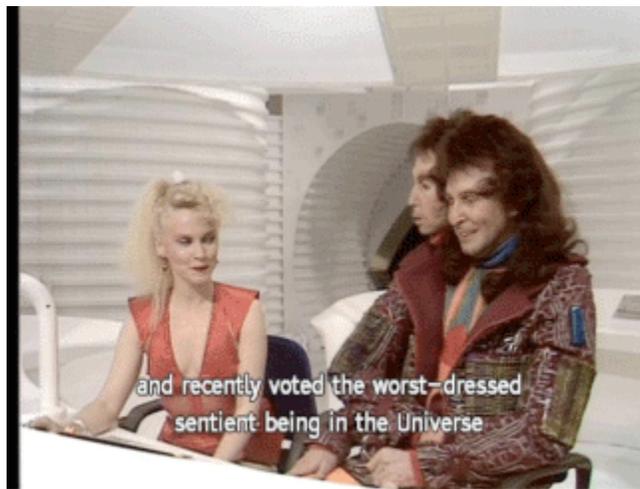
We'll be saying a big hello to all intelligent life-forms everywhere. And to everyone else out there, the secret is to bang the rocks together, guys.



And of course, the big news story tonight is the sensational theft of the Improbability prototype ship, by none other than Zaphod Beelbebrox. And the question everyone's asking is, "Has the big Zee finally flipped?" Beeblebrox, the man who invented the Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster, ex-confidence trickster, part-time Galactic President ...



once described by Eccentrica Gallumbits, the triple-breasted whore of Eroticon 6, as "The best bang since the big one" ...



and recently voted the worst-dressed sentient being in the Universe for the seventh time running. Has he got an answer this time? We asked his private brain care specialist, Gag Halfbrunt.



[Gag Halfbrunt] Well, look. Zaphod's just zis guy, you know.

[TV Reporter] Beeblebrox stole the Improbability Drive Ship ...



when he was in fact meant to be launching it.



[Trillian] [Turns off TV]

[Zaphod] Hey, kid, what'd you do that for?

[Trillian] I just thought of something.



[Zaphod] Yeah -- worth interrupting a news bulletin about me for?

[Trillian] Look, can we leave your ego out of this? This is important.



[Zaphod] If there's anything more important than my ego around here, I want it caught and shot now!

[Trillian] Listen, we picked up those couple of guys ...

[Zaphod] Hey, what couple of guys?

[Trillian] The couple of guys we picked up!

[Zaphod] Oh, yeah. Those couple of guys.



[Trillian] We picked them up in Sector ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha.

[Zaphod] Yeah!

[Trillian] Does that mean anything to you?

[Zaphod] Sector ZZ9 Plural Z Alpha!

[Trillian] Well?



[Zaphod] Yeah, what does the Z mean?

[Trillian] Which one?

[Zaphod] Any one.

[Trillian] Look, would you mind looking at the Galactic charts?

[Zaphod] Hey, that's wild! I mean, how did we come to be there? We should have zapped right into the middle of the Horsehead Nebula, and that is nowhere!

[Trillian] The Improbability Drive. We pass through every point in the Universe! You know that!

[Zaphod] Yeah, but like actually picking those dudes up there is just too wild a coincidence. I want to work this out. Hey, Computer!



[Computer] Hi, there. Whatever your problem, I am here to help you solve it. All I want to do is make your day more and more bearable.



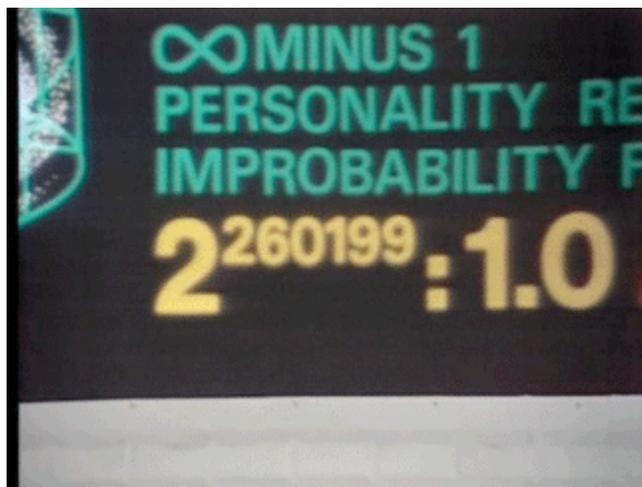
[Zaphod] Shut up and work something out for me, will you?

[Computer] A probability forecast based on ...

[Zaphod] Improbability data, yeah ...

[Computer] OK. Did you know that most people's lives are governed by telephone numbers?

[Trillian] Telephone numbers?



*[INFINITY MINUS 1
PERSONALITY RESCUE*

IMPROBABILITY FACTOR
2260199 : 1.0]



[Marvin] I've got this terrible pain in all the diodes down my left side.

[Arthur Dent] Really?

[Marvin] Oh, yes. I mean, I've asked for them to be replaced, but no one ever listens.

[Arthur Dent] Uh, I can imagine.



[Ford Prefect] Well, well, well, Zaphod Beeblebrox!



[Zaphod] I don't believe it! This is just too amazing! Trillian! Trillian! Oh, this is going to be great! I'm going to be so amazingly cool, it would fluster a Vegan snow lizard! What real cool! Several million points out of ten for style! Right -- now which is the most nonchalant chair to be discovered in?

[Door] Glad to be of service.



[Marvin] I suppose you'll want to see the aliens now. Do you want me to sit in a corner and rust, or just fall apart where I'm standing?

[Zaphod] Show them in, please, Marvin.

[Door] Thank you.



Ford, hi. How are you?
Glad you could drop in.

[Zaphod] Ford -- hi. How are you? Glad you could drop in.



Oh, hi, Zaphod, great to see you.
You're looking well.

[Ford Prefect] Oh, hi, Zaphod. Great to see you. You're looking well. The extra arm suits you. Hey, this is a great ship you've stolen!

[Arthur Dent] Ford, you mean you know this person ... s?



[Ford Prefect] Know him? He's my ... Oh, hey, Zaphod.



I'd like you to meet a great friend of mine, Arthur Dent. I saved him when his planet blew up.



[Zaphod] Sure. Hi, Arthur. Glad you could make it.

[Ford Prefect] And Arthur, this is ...

[Arthur Dent] We've met!

[Ford Prefect] What?



[Zaphod] Oh, er, have we?



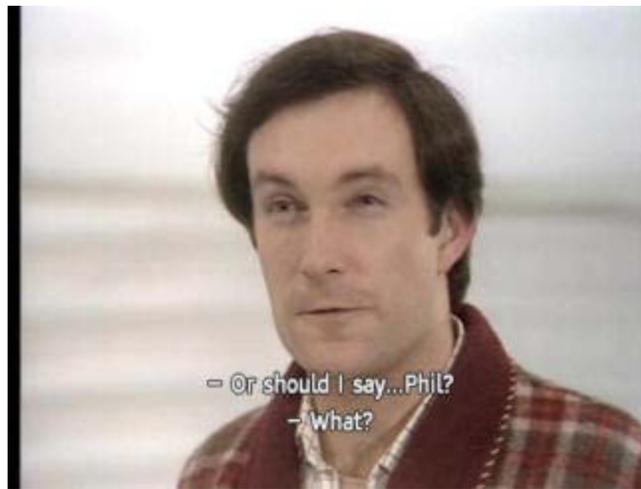
Hey!

[Ford Prefect] [To Arthur] What do you mean -- met? This is Zaphod Beeblebrox from Betelgeuse 5, you know
...



not bloody Martin Smith from Croydon.

[Arthur Dent] I don't care. We've met, haven't we, Zaphod?



Or should I say Phil?

[Zaphod] What?

[Arthur Dent] At a party six months ago.

[Zaphod] Hey, I really doubt that, you know.

[Arthur Dent] On Earth, England, London, Islington.



[Zaphod] Oh, hey, yeah! That party?

[Ford Prefect] What?



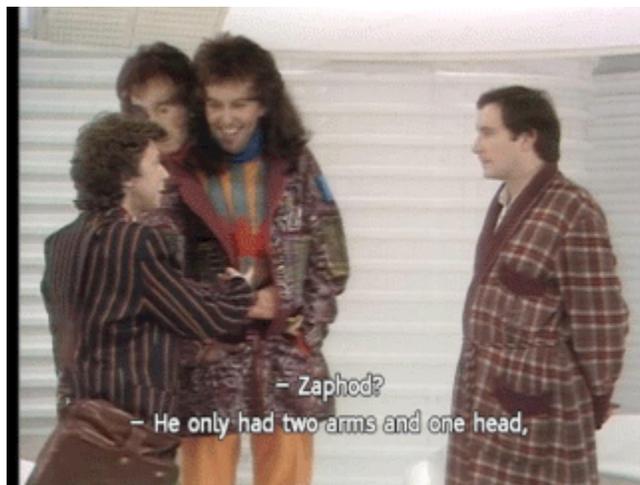
You mean you've been to that miserable little planet as well?

[Zaphod] I may have dropped in, you know, on my way somewhere.

[Arthur Dent] At this party was a girl I was after. Beautiful, charming, devastatingly intelligent -- everything I'd been saving myself up for.



Along comes your friend and says, "Hey, doll! Is this guy boring you? Why don't you come and talk to me? I'm from a different planet."



[Ford Prefect] Zaphod?

[Arthur Dent] Well, of course, he only had the two arms and one head, and called himself Phil ...



[Trillian] But you must admit, he did turn out to be from another planet!

[Arthur Dent] Good heavens! Tricia McMillan!



[Trillian] Trillian to you.



[Computer] Infinity minus 1. Improbability sum now complete. For my next trick ...

[Zaphod] Shut up!

[Arthur Dent] [To Trillian] What are you doing here?



[Trillian] Same as you. I hitched a lift. After all, with a degree in math and another in astrophysics, it was either that or back to the dole queue on Monday.

[Zaphod] Oh, God! Ford, this is Trillian. Hi! Trillian, my semi-cousin, Ford, who shares three of the same mothers as me.



Is this sort of thing going to happen every time we use the Infinite Improbability Drive?

[Trillian] Very probably, I'm afraid.

[Zaphod] [Talking to himself] Zaphod Beeblebrox, this is a very large drink. Hi.



EPISODE 3:



[Narrator] Far back in the mists of ancient time, in the great and glorious days of the former Galactic Empire, life was wild, rich and, on the whole, tax-free. Mighty starships plied their way between exotic suns, seeking adventure and reward ...

*[IMPERATALAGALACTICON
Z
RICHNESS
WILDNESS
NO TAXES]*



'amongst the furthest reaches
of Galactic space.

amongst the furthest reaches of Galactic space.



'In those days, spirits were brave,
stakes were high, men were real men,

In those days, spirits were brave, stakes were high, men were real men ...



'women were real women,

women were real women ...



'and small furry creatures
from Alpha Centauri

and small furry creatures from Alpha Centauri were real small furry creatures from Alpha Centauri.



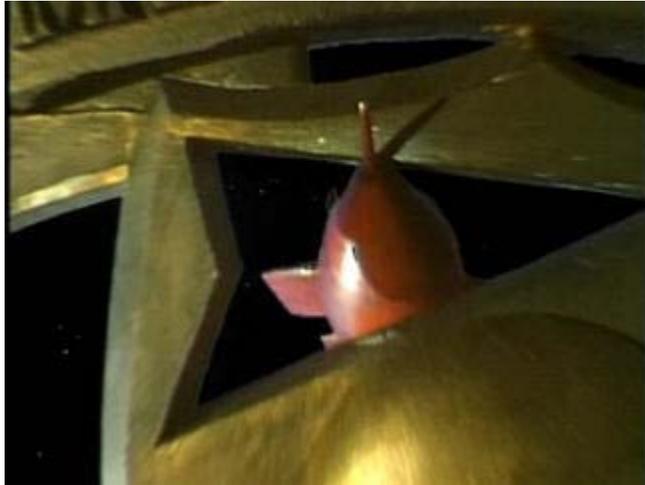
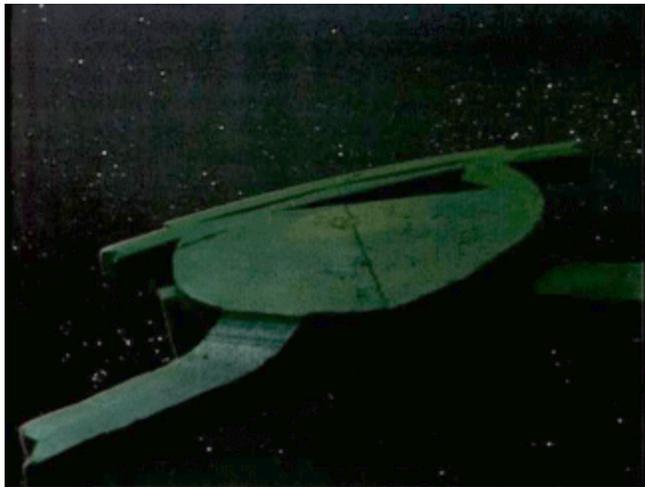
'All dared to brave unknown terrors,
to do mighty deeds,

All dared to brave unknown terrors, to do mighty deeds, to boldly split infinitives that no man had split before.



'And thus was the Empire forged.

And thus was the Empire forged.



Many men, of course, became extremely rich, but this was perfectly natural, and nothing to be ashamed of ...



because no one was really poor -- at least no one worth speaking of.

[RICH / POOR]



And for these extremely rich merchants, life eventually became rather dull ...



and it seemed that none of the worlds they settled on was entirely satisfactory.



Either the climate wasn't quite right ...



in the later part of the afternoon ...



'or the day
was half an hour too long...

or the day was half an hour too long ...



'..or the sea
was just the wrong shade of pink.'

or the sea was just the wrong shade of pink.'



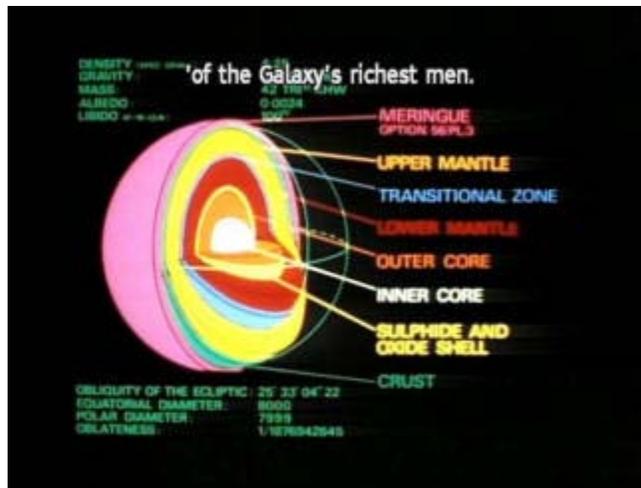
(GULLS CRY)

[GULLS CRY]

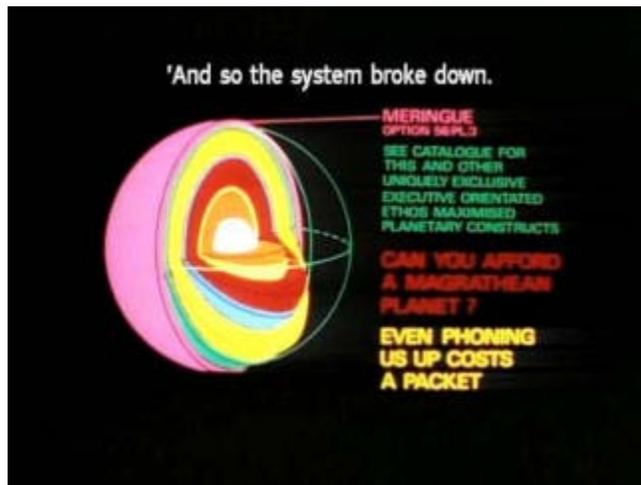
And thus were created the conditions for a staggering new form of industry -- custom-made luxury planet building.



The home of this industry was the planet Magrathea, where vast hyperspatial engineering works were constructed to suck matter through white holes in space and form it into dream planets, lovingly made to meet the exacting standards ...



of the Galaxy's richest men. And so successful was this venture that very soon Magrathea itself became the richest planet of all time. And the rest of the Galaxy was reduced to abject poverty.



And so the system broke down. And a long, sullen silence settled over the Galaxy.

[MERINGUE
 OPTION 56.PL.3
 SEE CATALOGUE FOR

*THIS AND OTHER
UNIQUELY EXCLUSIVE
EXECUTIVE ORIENTATED
METHOD MAXIMISED
PLANETARY CONSTRUCTS
CAN YOU AFFORD
A MAGRATHEAN
PLANET?
EVEN PHONING
US UP COSTS
A PACKET]*



Magrathea itself disappeared ...



and its memory soon passed into the obscurity of legend.



In these enlightened days, no one believes a word of it.

[Ford] I don't believe a word of it.



[SQUEAKING]



[Zaphod] Listen to me, Ford. I've found it. I swear, I've found it.

[Ford] Magrathea?

[Zaphod] Yeah!

[Ford] A non-existent planet?

[Zaphod] Yeah, er no Listen ... it's ...

[Ford] Myth. Magrathea's a fairy story.



What you tell kids if you want them to grow up to become economists.

[Zaphod] We are currently in orbit around it!

[Ford] YOU may be in orbit around it!



[Zaphod] Computer!

[Ford] Oh, no!

[Computer] Hi, there. This is Eddie, your shipboard computer.



And I'm feeling just great, guys. I'll get a bundle of kicks out of any program you care to run!



[Ford] Is this necessary?

[Zaphod] Computer, what is our trajectory?

[Computer] A real pleasure, fella! We are currently in orbit at an altitude of 300 miles ...



around the legendary planet Magrathea. Golly!



[Ford] Proving nothing. I wouldn't trust that computer to speak my weight!

[Computer] I can do that!

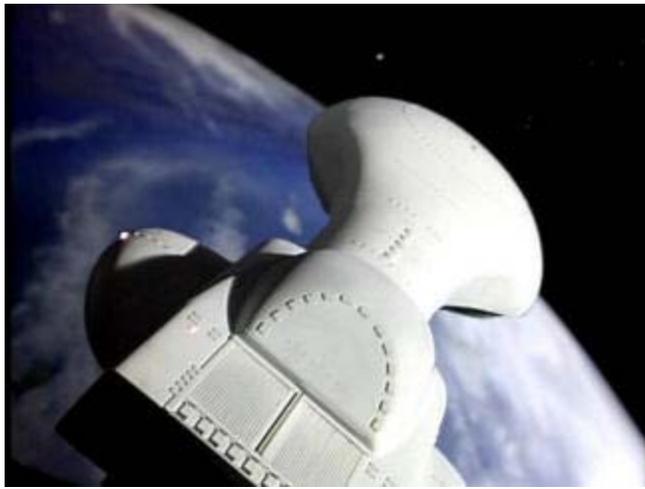
[Ford] No, thank you.



[Computer] I can even work out your personality problems to ten decimal places.



[Zaphod] Take us down, Computer. Take us down, nice and low.



[SQUEAKING]



[Arthur] What's going on?

[Trillian] According to Zaphod, Magrathea is this legendary planet, which no one seriously believes in.



And now we're going to land on it.



[Arthur] Oh? Is there any tea on this spaceship?



[Zaphod] That is the planet we're orbiting around, and that is Magrathea! They're the same!



Check, check, check!

[Ford] Check, check, check (!)

[Trillian] Can we see it at all, Computer?

[Computer] Hi, there.



[Trillian] Can we see it?



[Computer] From up here? No way! You wouldn't want to anyway. It's just cold, and grey, and a whole bunch of no fun.

[Trillian] Great! For this, I got my ears pierced!

[Zaphod] With half the Empire's wealth stored on it, it can afford to look frumpy!

[Ford] I don't believe you.

[Zaphod] Why not?



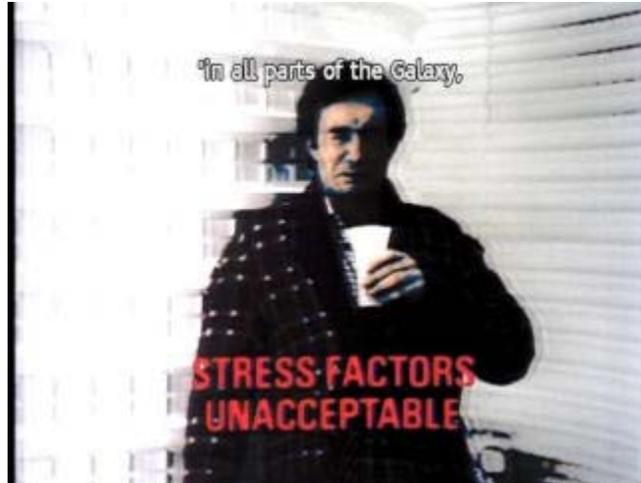
[Ford] You tend to lie a lot. I think it's just any old dead planet.



[Arthur] The suspense is killing me (!)



[Narrator] Stress and nervous tension are now serious social problems ...



in all parts of the Galaxy, and it is in order that this situation should not be in any way exacerbated ...

[STRESS FACTORS UNACCEPTABLE]



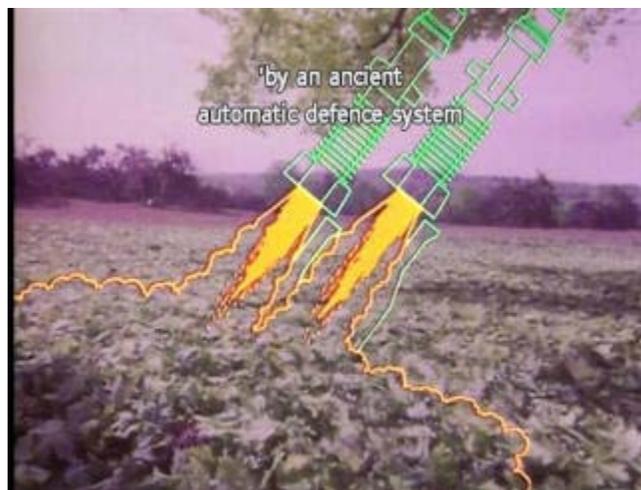
that the following facts will now be revealed in advance. The planet in question is, in fact, Magrathea.

[SOOTHING IMAGE 12]



The missile attack shortly to be launched ...

[SOOTHING IMAGE 442]



by an ancient automatic defence system ...

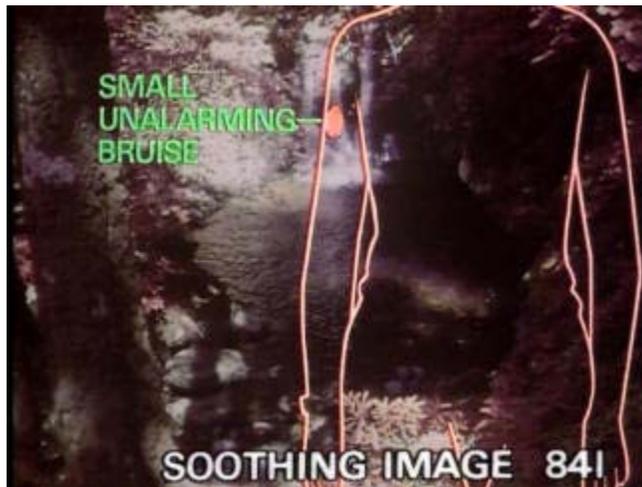


will merely result in the breakage of three coffee cups ...

[SOOTHING IMAGE 31]

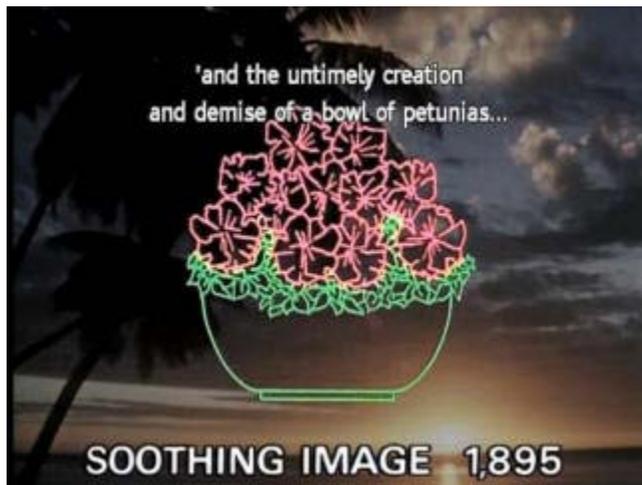


and a mouse cage ...



the bruising of someone's upper arm ...

*[SMALL UNALARMING BRUISE
SOOTHING IMAGE 841]*

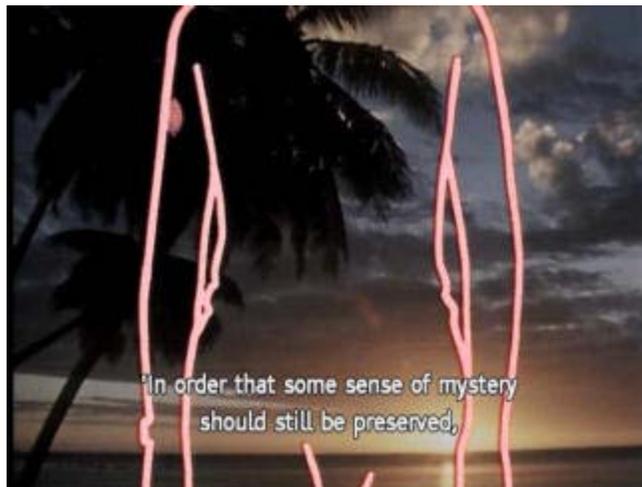


and the untimely creation and demise of a bowl of petunias ...

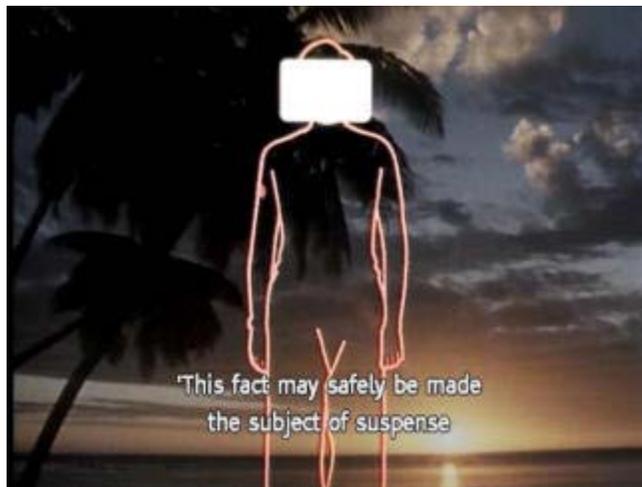
[SOOTHING IMAGE 1,895]



and an innocent sperm whale.

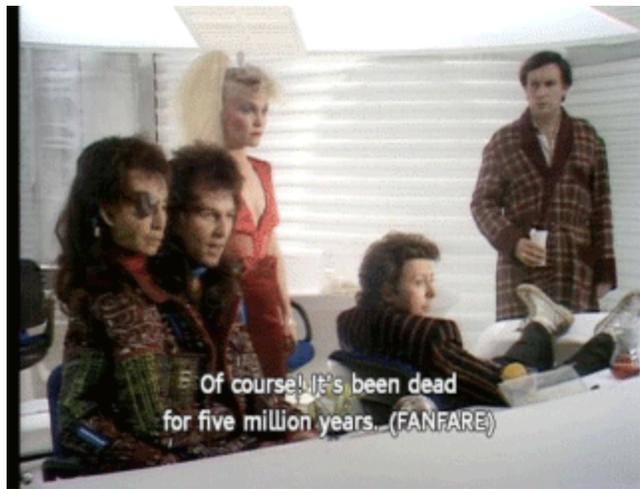


In order that some sense of mystery should still be preserved, no revelations will yet be made concerning whose upper arm has been bruised.



This fact may safely be made the subject of suspense since it is of no significant whatsoever. Arthur's next question is very complex and difficult, and Zaphod's answer is wrong in every important respect.

[Arthur] Is it safe?



[Zaphod] Of course! It's been dead for five million years.

[FANFARE]



[Slartibartfast] Greetings to you.

[Zaphod] Computer, what's this?



[Computer] A five-million-year-old holo-tape being broadcast at us.

[Slartibartfast] This is a recorded announcement, as I'm afraid we're all out at the moment. The Commercial Council of Magrathea ...



[Zaphod] A voice from ancient Magrathea!

[Ford] OK, OK!

[Slartibartfast] ... regrets that the entire planet is temporarily closed for business.



Thank you. Leave your name and the address of the planet where you can be contacted when you hear the tone.

[BEEP]



[Trillian] They want us to leave. What do we do?

[Zaphod] We keep going. Got that, Computer?

[Computer] Got it!



[Slartibartfast] *[FANFARE]* It is most gratifying that your enthusiasm for our planet continues unabated, and so we would like to assure you that the guided missiles currently converging with your ship are part of a special service we extend to all of our most enthusiastic clients, and the fully-armed nuclear warheads are, of course, merely a courtesy detail. We look forward to your custom in future lives. Thank you.



[Arthur] If that's their sales pitch, what's the complaints department like?

[Zaphod] Listen, you semi-evolved simian! Will you crowbar this into your cranium?



We just triggered off an ancient recording device. It doesn't apply to us.

[Trillian] And the missiles?



[Zaphod] Missiles? You want to make me laugh? Show me some missiles!



[Ford] I think they're going to have a very good try at applying to us.

[Arthur] What?



[BEEPING]



[Zaphod] Terrific! They're trying to kill us! You know what that means?

[Arthur] Yes, we're going to die.

[Zaphod] Yeah ... no ... maybe ... It means there's something down there they don't want us to have ...

[OBJECT PROXIMITY: RED ALERT]



and if they don't want us to have it that badly, I want to have it even worse.

[Trillian] So there is someone down there?



[Zaphod] No. It's automatic defence systems.



[Ford] What are we going to do?

[Zaphod] Just keep cool.

[Arthur] Is that all?



[Zaphod] Er, no, we're also going to take evasive action. Computer, what evasive action can we take?

[Computer] Er, none I'm afraid, guys.

[Zaphod] Or something ...



[Computer] There's something jamming my guidance systems. Impact minus 150 seconds.



[ALARM] Sorry. I didn't mean that. Please call me Eddie, if it will help you relax.



[Zaphod] Right, Computer, I want full manual control of this ship now!

[Computer] You got it.

[Trillian] But can you fly her?

[Zaphod] No. Can you?

[Trillian] No.



[Zaphod] Ford?

[Ford] No.



[Zaphod] Fine. We'll do it together.



[Arthur] I can't either.

[Zaphod] I'd guessed.



Computer, activate the manual consoles.

[Computer] Sure thing. Good luck, guys. Impact minus 125 seconds.



[Zaphod] Here goes!



[Trillian] We're veering too far.

[Ford] She's going into a spin!



[Zaphod] Then, dive her out of it! Dive! Dive!



[Narrator] It is, of course, more or less at this point that one of our heroes sustains a slight bruise to the upper arm. This should be emphasized because, as has already been revealed ...



they escape otherwise completely unharmed, and the deadly nuclear missiles do not eventually hit the ship.



Our heroes' safety is absolutely assured.



[Computer] Impact minus 88 seconds, guys.

[Arthur] You can't shake them! We're going to die!



[Computer] [SINGS] When you walk through the storm hold your head up high ...

[Zaphod] Shut that bloody computer up!



[Trillian] Zaph, do you think we can stabilise at X00 547 if we split our flight path tangentially across the vector of 9 GX 78 with a 5 degree inertial correction?



[Zaphod] What? Yes, I expect so. Just do it!

[Zaphod 2] Do you think she's bluffing?

[Trillian] Here goes!





[Ford] Hey, where'd you learn a stunt like that?



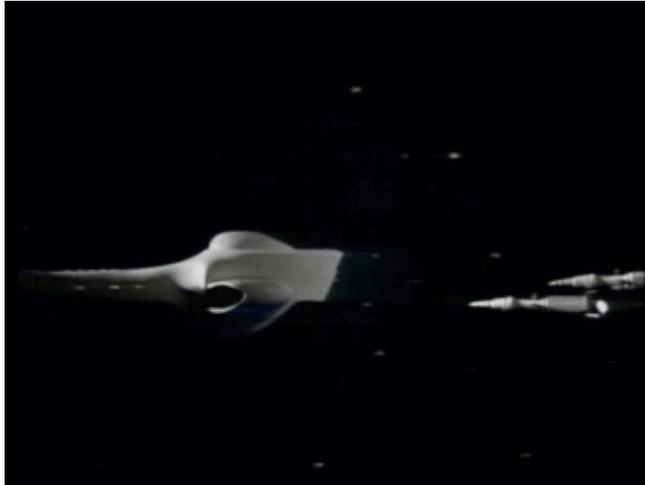
[Trillian] Going round Hyde Park Corner on a moped.

[Zaphod] What?

[Trillian] I'll tell you later. Hold tight.



[Computer] *[SINGS]* And you'll never walk alone ...



[Arthur] The missiles are gaining on us! We are quite definitely going to die!





*[DANGER
MANUAL
IMPROBABILITY
CONTROL]*



[Arthur] Hey! Why don't we use the Improbability Drive?



[Zaphod] Are you crazy? Without programming, anything could happen.



[Arthur] Whereas, at the moment, we just definitely die. Is that it?

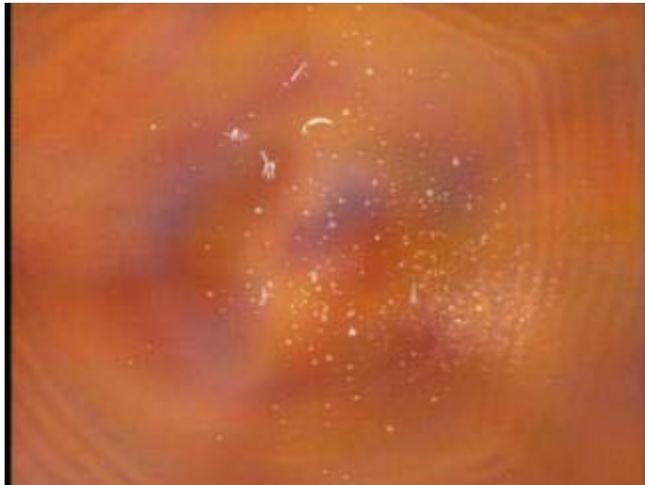
[Trillian] Does anyone have a good reason for not using the Improbability Drive?



[Computer] It's been great getting to know all you guys. God bless.

[Trillian] Does anyone have a good reason for not using the Improb ...?







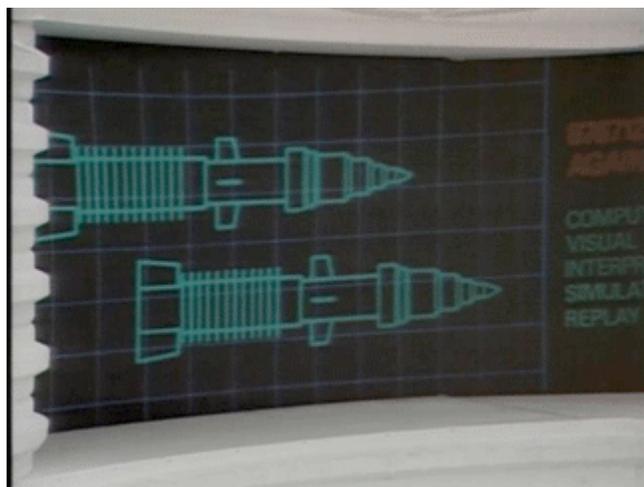
[Zaphod] What the photon happened?

[Arthur] Well, there's this switch here ...

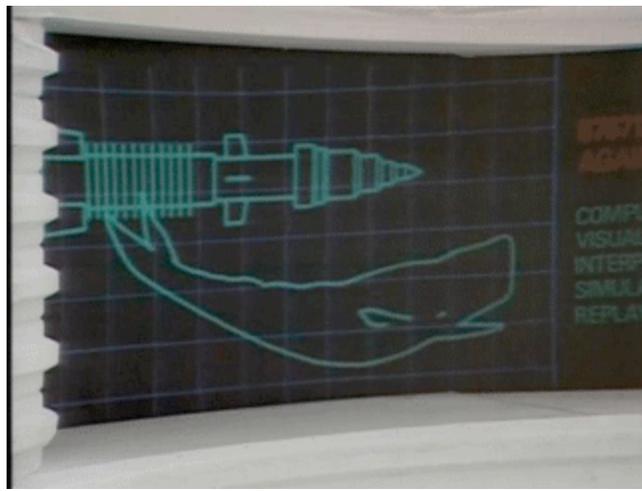
[Zaphod] Where are we?

[Trillian] Exactly where we were, I think.

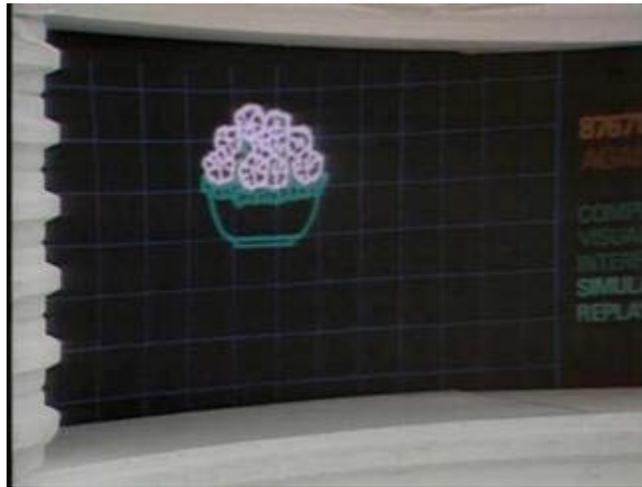
[Zaphod] What about the missiles?



[Ford] Well, according to this, they have turned into a bowl of petunias, and a very surprised-looking whale.



[Computer] At an Improbability Level of 8,767,128 to 1 against.



[Zaphod] Did you think of that, Earthman?

[Arthur] Well, all I did was ...



[Zaphod] That's a pretty hoopy piece of thinking, you know that?



[Arthur] It was nothing, really ...

[Zaphod] Was it? Oh, well, forget it. OK, Computer, take us in to land.



[Arthur] I say it was nothing ... Obviously, it was something. I was just trying to say that it's not worth making too much of a fuss about ...

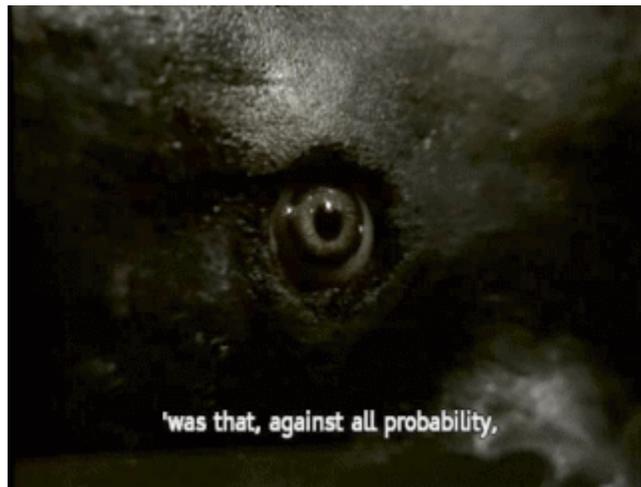


saving everybody's lives ...



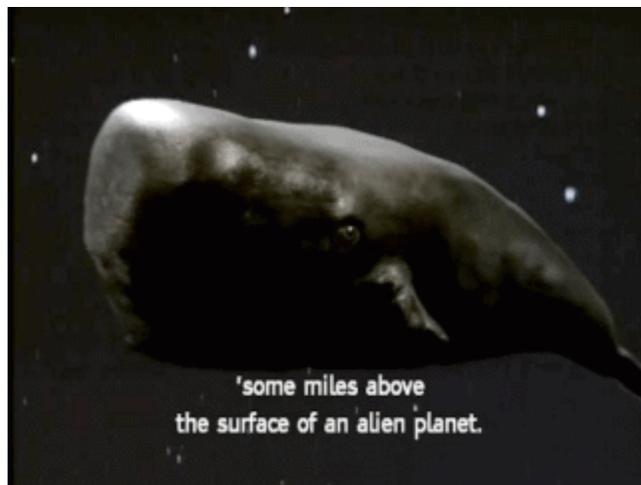
'Another thing
that nobody made too much fuss about

[Narrator] Another thing that nobody made too much fuss about ...



'was that, against all probability,

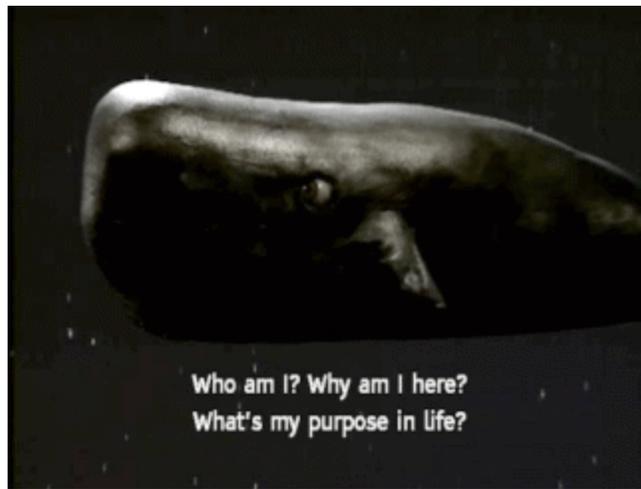
was that, against all probability, a sperm whale had suddenly been called into existence ...



'some miles above
the surface of an alien planet.

some miles above the surface of an alien planet. And since this is not a naturally tenable position for a whale, this innocent creature had very little time to come to terms with its identity as a whale before it had to come to terms with suddenly not being a whale any more.

[Whale] Ah! What's happening? Er, excuse me?



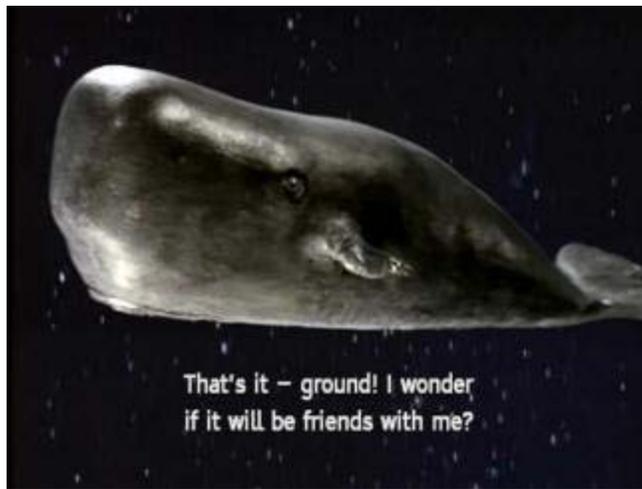
Who am I? Why am I here? What's my purpose in life? What do I mean by, "Who am I"? Calm down! Get a grip now! Oh, this is an interesting sensation. It's a sort of yawning, tingling sensation in my ... my ... Well, I better start finding names for things, so let's call it my stomach. So, a yawning, tingling sensation in my stomach. And that whistling, roaring sound? That can be wind. Perhaps I can find a better name for it later. Hey, what's this thing?



Let's call it a tail! Yeah, tail. Hey, I can really thrash it about pretty good, can't I? Wow! Wow! Hey! Doesn't seem to achieve much, but I'll probably figure out what it's for later on. Oh, hey, this is really exciting! So much to find out about. So much to look forward to. I'm dizzy with anticipation.



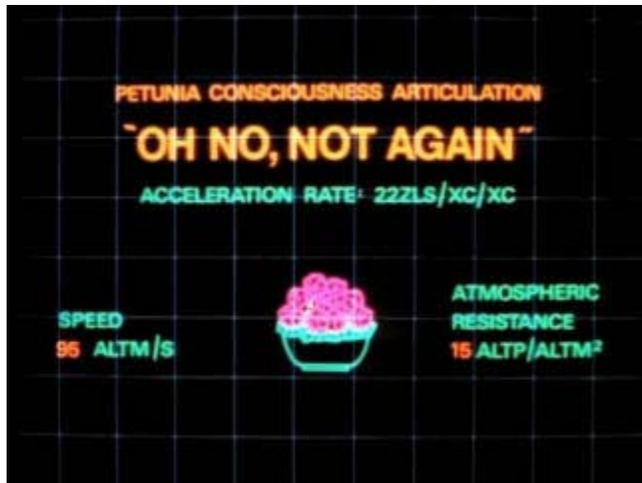
What's this thing suddenly coming towards me very fast? Very, very fast ... so big and flat and wide, it needs a big, wide-sounding word, like round ... round ... ground!



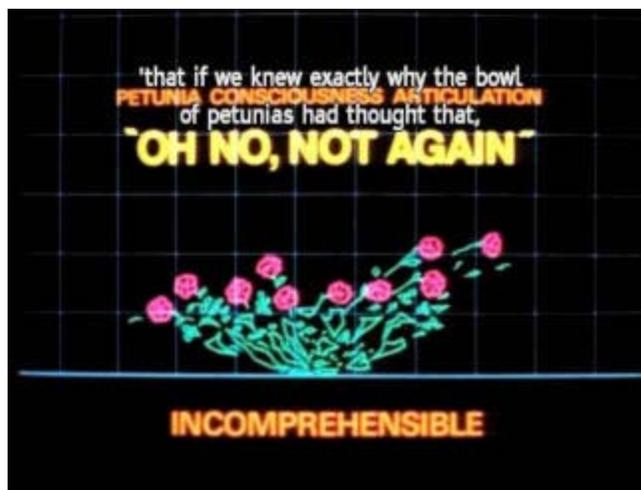
That's it -- ground! I wonder if it will be friends with me?



[Narrator] Curiously enough, the only thing that went through the mind of the bowl of petunias was:



*[PETUNIA CONSCIOUSNESS ARTICULATION
"OH NO, NOT AGAIN"
ACCELERATION RATE: 22ZLS/XC/XC
SPEED
95 ALTM/S
ATMOSPHERIC
RESISTANCE
15 ALTP / ALTM²]*



[INCOMPREHENSIBLE]

[Narrator] ... that if we knew exactly why the bowl of petunias had thought that, we should know a lot more about the Universe than we do now. Meanwhile, Trillian is about to announce ...



a discovery of huge importance, though this is not immediately recognized by her companions.



[Trillian] Hey, my white mice have escaped!



[Zaphod] Nuts to your white mice!



[Ford] Are we taking the Paranoid Android?

[Zaphod] Yeah, we'll take him.



[Marvin] Don't feel you have to notice me (!)



[Trillian] What are you supposed to do with a manically depressed robot?

[Marvin] You think you've got problems?



What are you supposed to do if you ARE a manically depressed robot? No, don't try to answer that. I'm 50,000 times as intelligent as you, and even I don't know the answer. It gives me a headache just trying to think down to your level!

[Computer] Good afternoon, boys.

[Trillian] What's that?

[Zaphod] The computer.



It's an emergency back-up personality that I thought might work out better.

[Computer] Now, this is going to be your first day on a strange planet ...



so wrap up warm. And no playing with any monsters.



[Zaphod] A slide rule might be better (!)

[Computer] Who said that?



[Zaphod] Open up that exit hatch, please.

[Computer] Not until whoever said that owns up.



[Ford] Oh, God!

[Computer] I'm waiting. I can wait all day, if necessary!



[Zaphod] Computer, if you don't open that exit hatch pretty damn pronto, I shall go straight to your major data banks with a very large axe, and give you a reprogramming you'll never forget.



OK, get the axe.

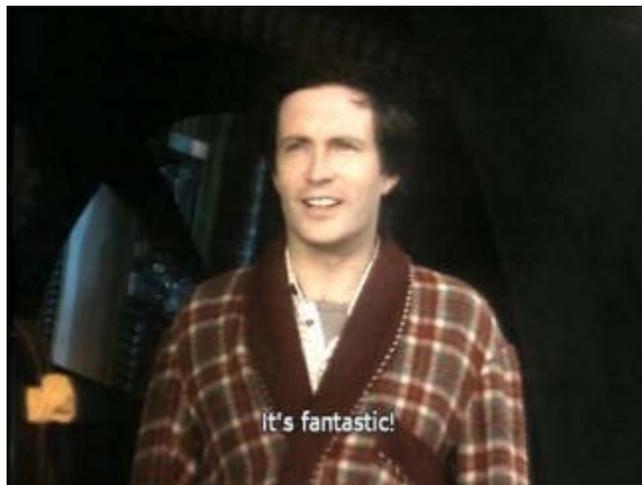
[DOOR OPENS]

[DOOR] Please enjoy your day on this planet.

[Computer] I can see this relationship is something we'll have to work at.



[Zaphod] OK, come on, you guys. Let's go! Yeah!



[Arthur] It's fantastic!

[Ford] Desolate hole!



[Trillian] It's so stark and dreary!

[Arthur] It's absolutely fantastic! It's only just getting through to me. A whole new alien world, thousands of light years away from home. Pity, it's such a dump!

[Ford] I could have a better time in a cat litter.





[Arthur] What's this?



[Ford] Whalemeat.

[Arthur] Eugh!

[Zaphod] Come on, you guys. We've got to get into this planet!

[Ford] I'm not into it!



[Zaphod] INTO it!

[Arthur] INTO it?

[Zaphod] Would you stay out here in a dump like this? The Magratheans all lived underground, you know.

[Arthur] Why -- was the surface polluted, or over-populated?



[Zaphod] No. They just didn't like it very much.



[Trillian] There's an opening in the ground.



[Ford] Looks like a tunnel.

[Zaphod] OK, guys. Here we go!



Let's get on in there! Into the interior of the planet! That is where we have to go!



Down into the very depths of time itself, where no man has trod these five million years! We are not going to be great. We are not going to be amazing



We are going to be amazingly amazing!



[Marvin] Sounds awful!

[Zaphod] Can it, Marvin!



[Marvin] Life -- loathe it or ignore it. You can't like it!



[Trillian] Are you sure you know what you're doing? We've been attacked once already!



[Zaphod] Look, kid, I promise you. The live population of this planet is nil plus the five of us. Let's get on in there. OK?

[Trillian] OK.





[Zaphod] Hey, Earthman ... Earthman ...

[Arthur] Arthur.



[Zaphod] Yeah -- could you just sort of keep the robot with you, and guard this end of the passage?



[Arthur] Guard? What from? You said there was no one here!

[Zaphod] Yeah, well, just for safety, OK?

[Arthur] Whose? Yours or mine?



[Zaphod] Good lad. OK, here we go!

[Arthur] Well, I hope you all have a really miserable time!



[Marvin] Don't worry! They will.

[Arthur] Come on!



[Zaphod] Hey, spooky, eh? And dark.

[Ford] You've still got your sunglasses on.



- Too right!
- Look at this!

[Zaphod] Too right!

[Trillian] Look at this! Any idea what those strange symbols on the walls are, Zaphod?



Yeah! They're strange symbols
of some kind.

[Zaphod] Yeah! They're strange symbols of some kind.



It's hard to tell with my shades on!

[Ford] I wish I had heads like you, Zaphod.



I could have endless fun bashing them against walls!

[Zaphod] Hey, don't bug me, Ford!



[Zaphod 2] Yeah!

[Ford] Yeah?

[Zaphod] Yeah! These are the greatest shades in the known sky! Look at the copy.



[Ford] [Reading] *"Joo janta 200 SuperChromatic Peril-Sensitive sunglasses. To help you develop a relaxed attitude to danger."*



At the first hint of trouble, they turn black, and thus prevent you from seeing anything that might alarm you."



[To Zaphod] You're mad!



[Trillian] I thought I just saw a movement down at the end of the corridor!

[Zaphod] No ... it's just shadows. There's no one here. Trust me.

[Ford] Zaphod, mate, I'd trust you as far as I could comfortably spit a rat!

[Zaphod] This is a dead planet, man!

[Trillian] There's definitely something there.



[Zaphod] No ...





[Trillian] Listen ...





[Arthur] Night's falling. Look, Robot, the stars are coming out.



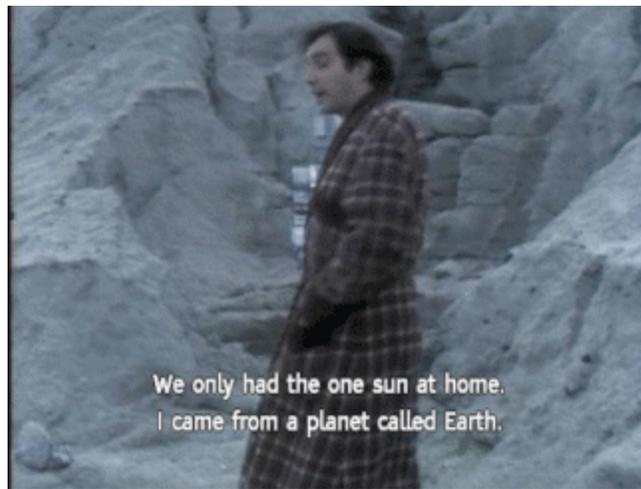
[Marvin] I know. Wretched, isn't it?

[Arthur] But that sunset!



I've never seen anything like it in my wildest dreams! The two suns ... It was like mountains of fire, boiling into space!

[Marvin] I've seen it. It's rubbish.



[Arthur] We only had the one sun at home. I came from a planet called Earth.



[Marvin] I know. You keep going on about it. It sounds awful.

[Arthur] Ah, no! It was a beautiful place.

[Marvin] Did it have oceans?

[Arthur] Oh, yes, great, big, wide, rolling, blue oceans.

[Marvin] Can't bear oceans.



[Arthur] Tell me, do you get on well with other robots?

[Marvin] Hate them. Where are you going?



[Arthur] I think I'll take a short walk.



[Marvin] Don't blame you.





[Slartibartfast] You choose a cold night to visit our dead planet.



[Arthur] Who are you?

[Slartibartfast] My name is not important.

[Arthur] You startled me.



[Slartibartfast] Do not be alarmed. I will not harm you.



[Arthur] But you shot at us. The missiles ...



[Slartibartfast] An automatic system. Ancient computers ranged in the long caves, deep in the bowels of the planet, tick away the dark millennia ...



and the ages hang heavy on their dusty databanks. They take the occasional potshot to relieve the monotony. I'm a great fan of science, you know.

[Arthur] Really?

[Slartibartfast] Oh, yes.



[Arthur] Er ...



[Slartibartfast] You seem ill at ease.

[Arthur] OH! Yes, well, actually. I don't think we expected anyone to be about, in fact. No disrespect, but I gathered you were all dead.



[Slartibartfast] Dead? No, we have but slept for five million years.



Nothing much seems to have changed.

[Arthur] Slept?

[Slartibartfast] Yes, through the economic recession.



[Arthur] Economic recession?

[Slartibartfast] Five million years ago, the Galactic economy collapsed, and seeing that custom-built planets are something of a luxury commodity ... You know we built planets?

[Arthur] Well, I had sort of gathered that.

[Slartibartfast] Fascinating trade. Doing the coastlines are always my favorite. Used to have endless fun doing all the little fiddly bits round fjords. Well, anyway, the recession came ...



and we thought it would save a lot of bother if we just slept through it. So we programmed the computers to revive us when it was all over. They were index-linked to the Galactic stock market prices, so that we'd all be revived when everybody else had rebuilt the economy enough to be able to afford our services.

[Arthur] Isn't that rather unethical?

[Slartibartfast] Is it? I'm a bit out of touch.



Is that your robot?

[Marvin] No, I'm mine.

[Arthur] If you'd call it a robot. It's more like an electronic sulking machine.

[Slartibartfast] Bring it.

[Marvin] [Mocking him] "*Bring it!*"

[Slartibartfast] On second thought, leave it here.

[Marvin] [Still mocking] "*Bring it! Leave it!*" I think I'll turn myself off!

[Slartibartfast] [To Arthur] You must come with me. Great things are afoot. Come. Come now, or you will be late.

[Arthur] Late? What for?

[Slartibartfast] What is your name, human?

[Arthur] Dent, Arthur Dent.

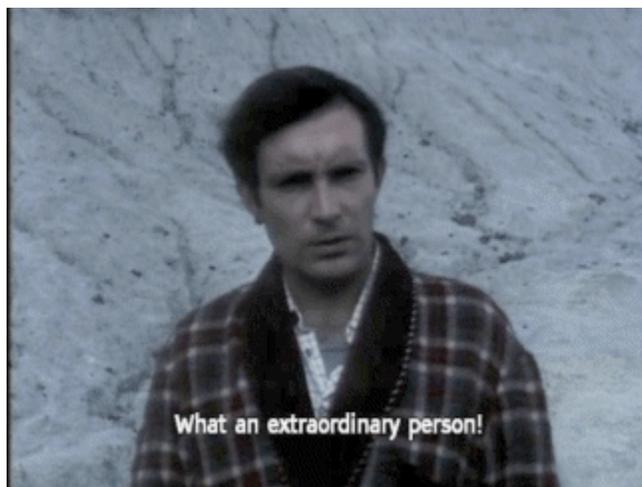
[Slartibartfast] Late, as in the late Dentarthurdent.



It's a sort of threat, you see.



Never been terribly good at them myself, but I'm told they can be terribly effective.



[Arthur] What an extraordinary person!



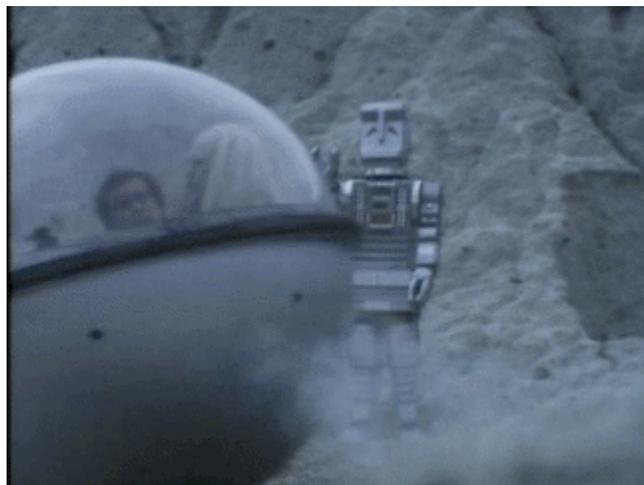
[Slartibartfast] Pardon?

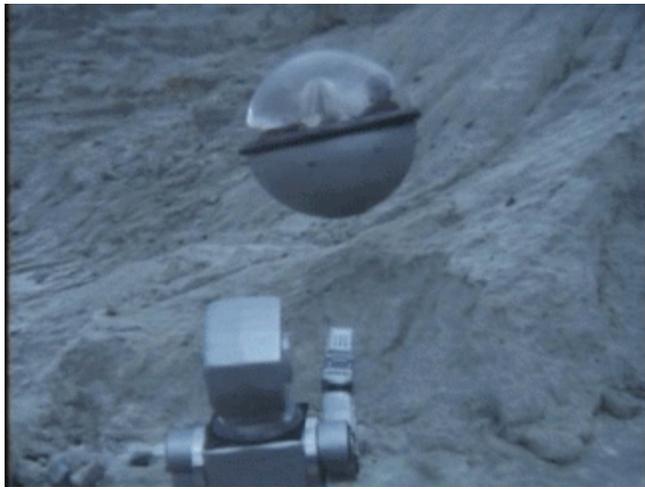
[Arthur] Er ... nothing. Where are we going?

[Slartibartfast] We are going deep into the bowels of the planet ...



where our race is being revived from its five-million-year-old slumber. Magrathea awakes!





[Arthur] Excuse me -- what is your name, by the way?



[Slartibartfast] My name? My name is Slartibartfast.

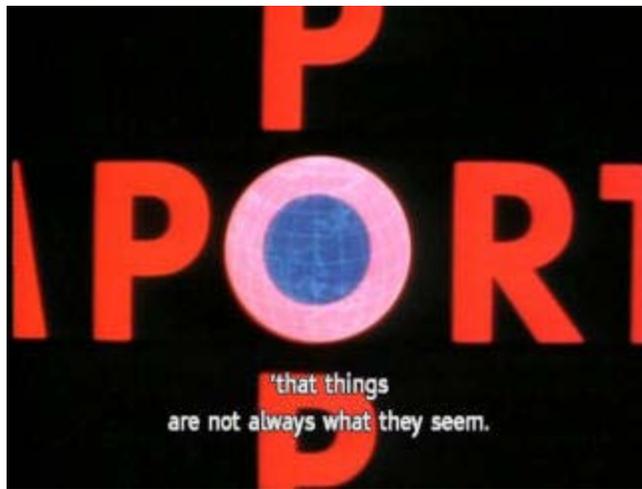


[Arthur] I beg your pardon? Slartibartfast?

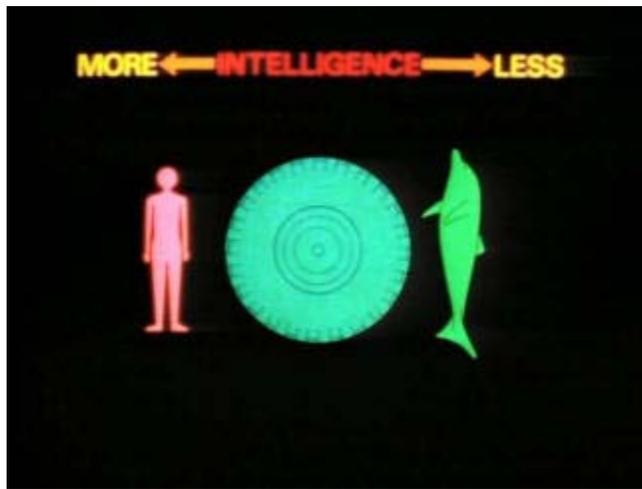
[Slartibartfast] I said it wasn't important.



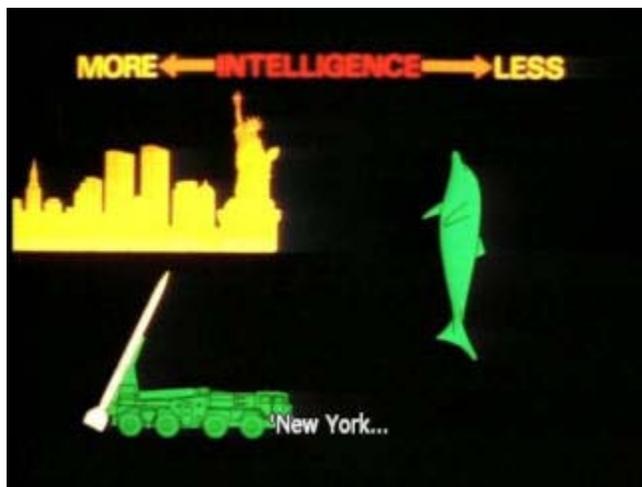
[Narrator] It is an important and popular fact ...



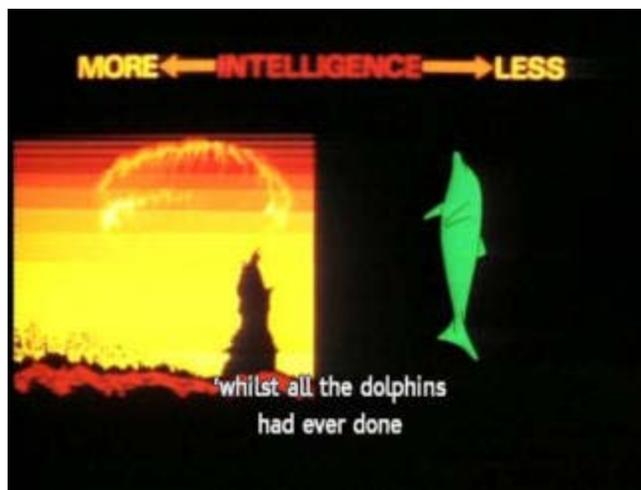
that things are not always what they seem. For instance, on the planet Earth, man had always assumed he was more intelligent than the dolphins, because he had achieved so much:



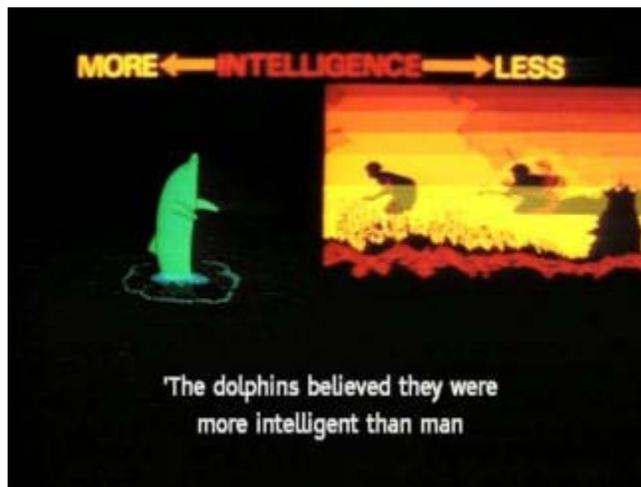
the wheel ...



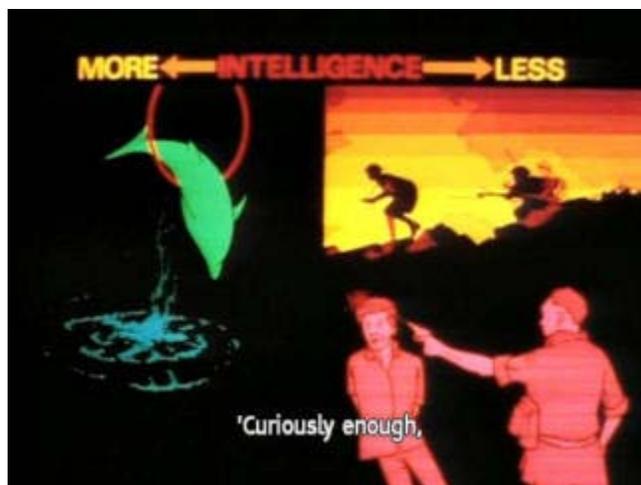
New York ... wars, and so on ...



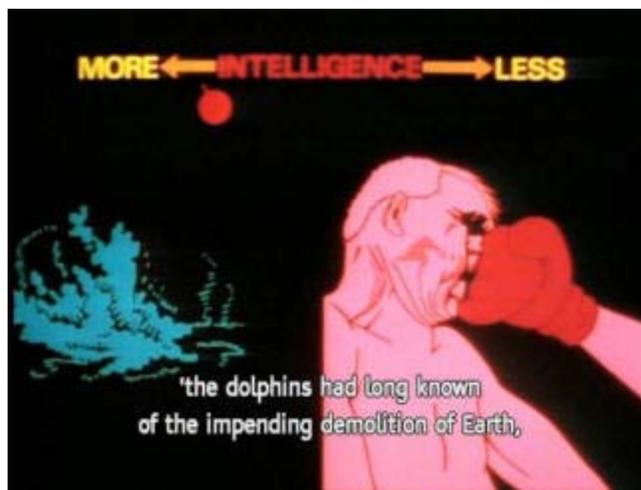
whilst all the dolphins had ever done was muck about in the water having a good time.



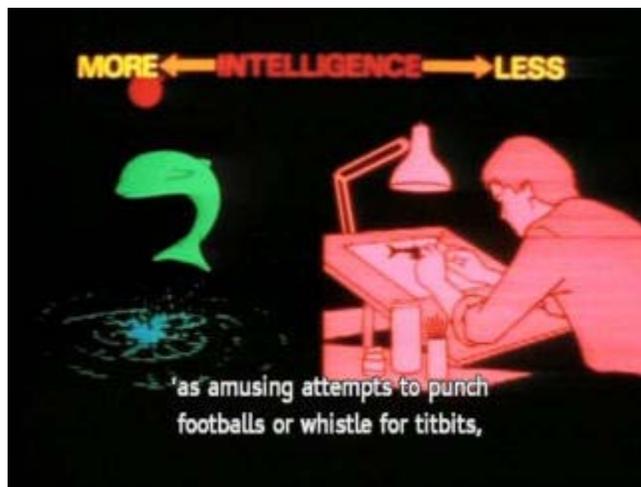
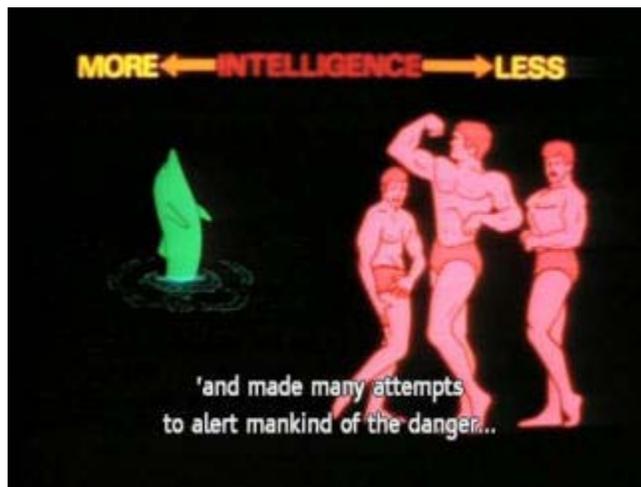
The dolphins believed they were more intelligent than man for precisely the same reasons.



Curiously enough ...



the dolphins had long known of the impending demolition of Earth ...



as amusing attempts to punch footballs, or whistle for titbits.



So they eventually gave up, and left the Earth by their own means ...



shortly before the Vogons arrived.



The last-ever dolphin message was misinterpreted as a surprisingly sophisticated attempt to do a double-backward somersault through a hoop ...

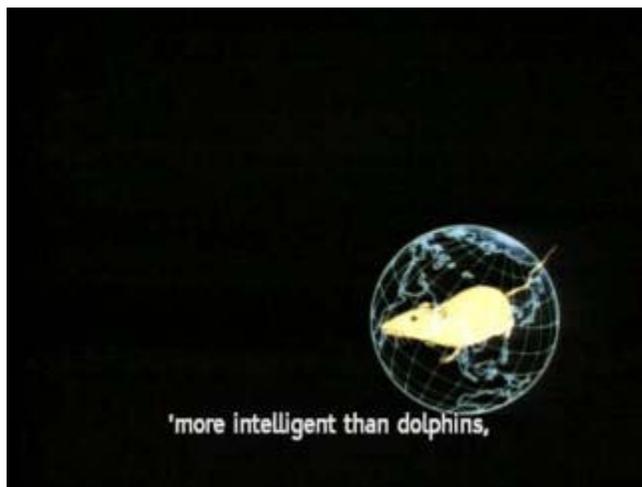


whilst whistling the Star-Spangled Banner. But in fact, the message was this:

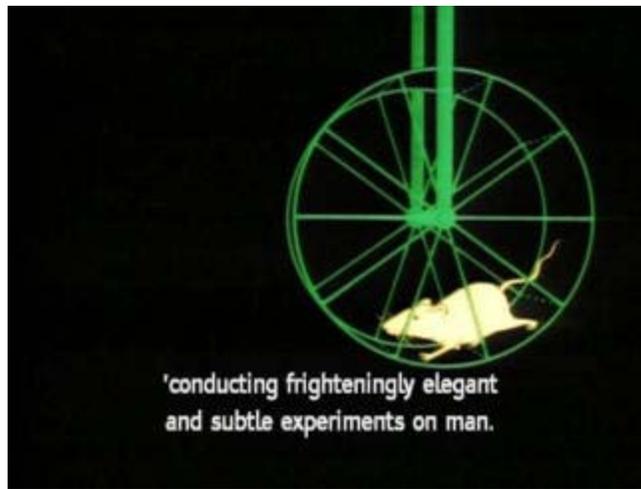


[SO LONG ... AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH]

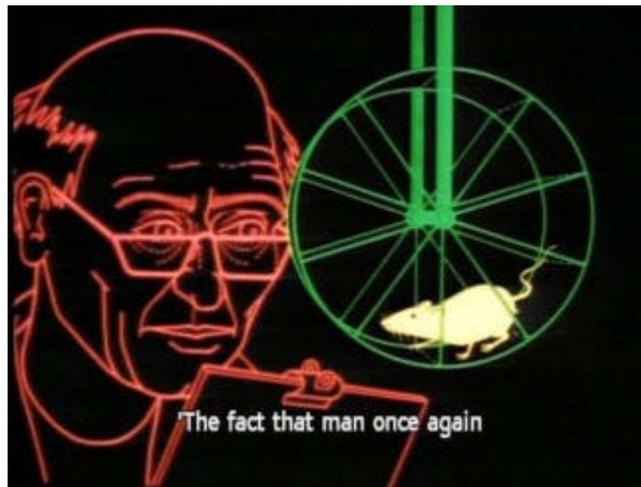
[Narrator] In fact, there was only one species on the planet ...



more intelligent than dolphins, and they spent a lot of their time in behavioral research laboratories ...



conducting frighteningly elegant and subtle experiments on man.



The fact that man once again completely misinterpreted this relationship, was entirely according to these creatures' plans, as Arthur Dent will shortly discover.



[Slartibartfast] Earthman, we are now deep in the heart of Magrathea.

[Arthur] How d'you know I'm an Earthman?



[Slartibartfast] These things will become clear -- clearer than they are at the moment.



[Arthur] Oh ...

[Slartibartfast] I should warn you the chamber we are about to enter does not literally exist within our planet. It is the gateway into a vast tract of hyperspace. It may disturb you.



It scares the willies out of me. Hold tight!



(ROARING)

[ROARING]



(CELESTIAL MUSIC)

[CELESTIAL MUSIC]





[Slartibartfast] Welcome to our factory floor. This is where we make most of our planets, you see.

[Arthur] You're starting up again now?

[Slartibartfast] Good heavens, no! No, the Galaxy isn't nearly rich enough to afford us yet. We've been awakened to perform just one extraordinary function for very special clients from another dimension. It may interest you. There -- in front of us.



[Arthur] The Earth!



[Slartibartfast] Well, the Earth Mark II, in fact. We're making a copy, from our original blueprints.

[Arthur] Are you telling me you originally made the Earth?



[Slartibartfast] Oh, yes. did you ever go to a place ...? I think it was called Norway.

[Arthur] No, I didn't.



[Slartibartfast] Pity. That was one of mine. Won an award, you know. Lovely crinkly edges. I was most upset to hear of its destruction.



[Arthur] YOU were upset?!

[Slartibartfast] Five minutes later, it wouldn't have mattered.



Big cock-up. The mice were furious.

[Arthur] Mice?



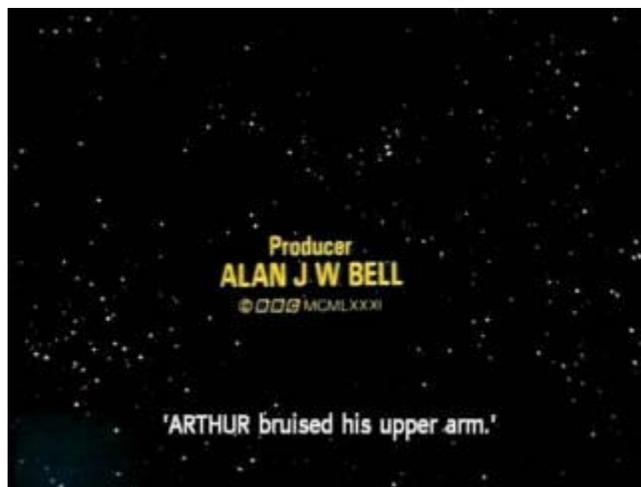
[Slartibartfast] Earthman, the planet you inhabited was commissioned, paid for, and run by the mice. It was destroyed five minutes before the completion of the purpose ...



for which it was built. We have to build another one.

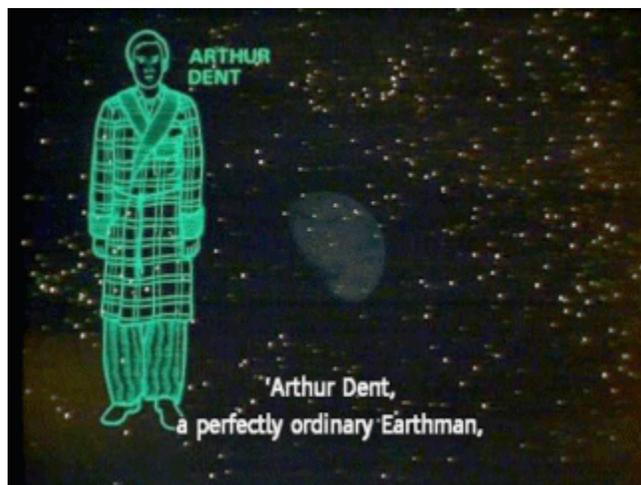


[Arthur] Mice?



[Narrator] ARTHUR bruised his upper arm.

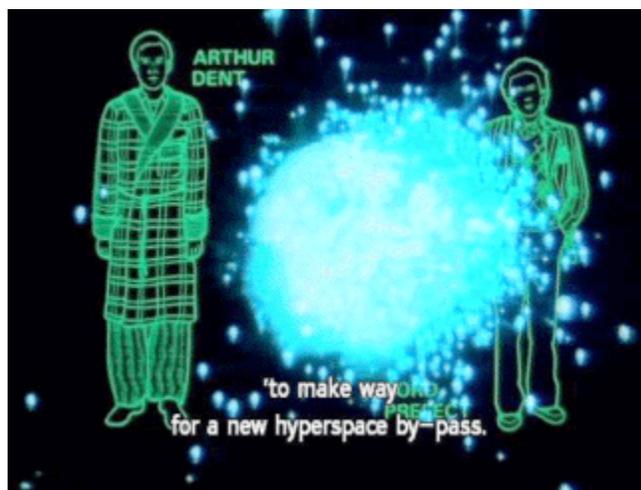
EPISODE 4:



[Narrator] Arthur Dent, a perfectly ordinary Earthman, was rather surprised when his friend Ford Prefect suddenly revealed himself to be from a small planet in the vicinity of Betelgeuse ...



and not from Guildford after all. He was even more surprised when, minutes later, Earth was unexpectedly demolished ...



to make way for a new hyperspace by-pass. But this was as nothing to their joint surprise when they were rescued from certain death by a stolen spaceship ...



manned by Ford's semi-cousin, the infamous Zaphod Beeblebrox ...



and by Trillian, a rather nice young astrophysicist Arthur once met at a party in Islington. However, all four of them are soon totally overwhelmed by surprise when they discover that the ancient world of Magrathea, a planet legendary for its trade in manufacturing other planets ...



is not as dead as it was supposed to be. For Zaphod, Ford and Trillian, surprise is pushed to its very limits when THIS happened ...'



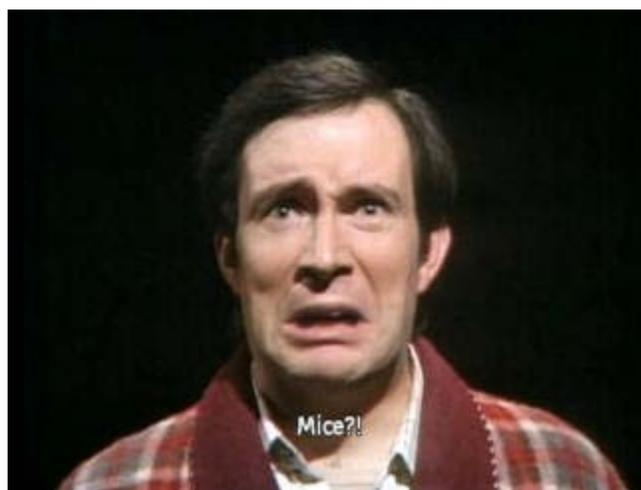
[WHOOSHING]



[Narrator] And when Arthur encounters Slartibartfast, the Magrathean coastline designer who won an award for his work on Norway, and learns that the history of mankind was only being run for the benefit of a few white mice, surprise is no longer adequate ...



and he is forced to resort to astonishment.



[Arthur] Mice?!



[Slartibartfast] Mind your head. Excuse the mess.



Most unfortunate. A diode blew in one of the life support computers. When we came to revive our cleaning staff, we discovered they'd been dead for 30,000 years. Who's going to clear away the bodies? That's what no one has an answer for.



[Arthur] Mice? Look, are we talking about the same things? Mice are white furry creatures with a cheese fixation ...



women standing screaming on tables in early '60s sitcoms.

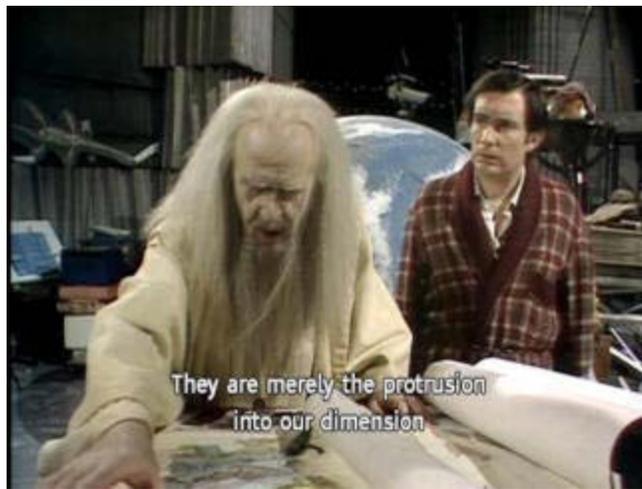
[Slartibartfast] Earthman, it is sometimes hard to follow your mode of speech.



I have been asleep inside this planet of Magrathea for ... um ... five million years ...



and know little of these early '60s sitcoms of which you speak. These creatures you call mice are not quite as they appear.



They are merely the protrusion into our dimension of vast hyper-intelligent, pan-dimensional beings. This business with the cheese and the squeaking is just a front.



They have been experimenting on you.



[Arthur] Ahh! No, look, you've got it wrong! It was us! We experimented on THEM! Making them run down mazes, ring bells, eat bits of cheese! And, by analyzing their behavior, were learned all sorts of things about ourselves!



[Slartibartfast] Such subtlety!

[Arthur] Well ...

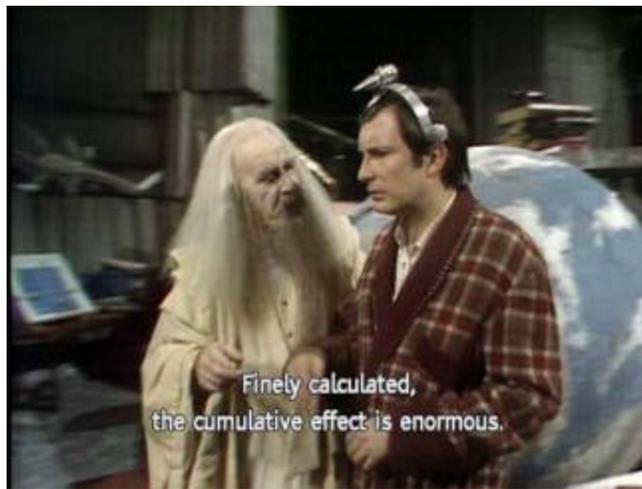
[Slartibartfast] Well, how better to disguise their true natures?



How better to guide your way of thinking ...



than to be right down there amongst you? Suddenly running down the maze the wrong way, eating the wrong bit of cheese, unexpectedly dropping dead of myxomatosis.



Finely calculated, the cumulative effect is enormous.



Just sit ... back ... back. I must tell you that your planet and people ...



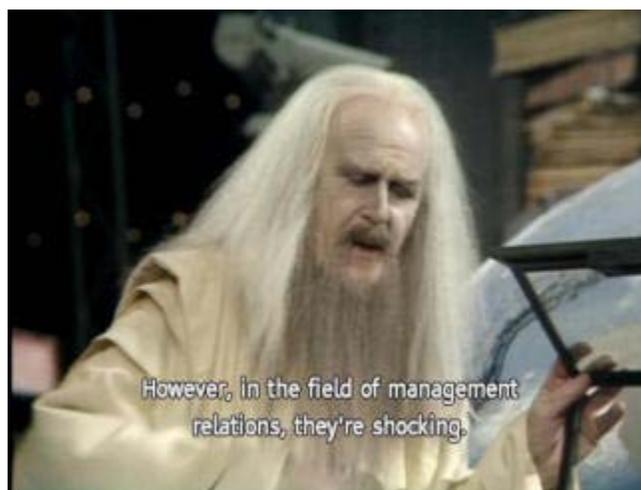
have formed the matrix of an organic computer ...



running a 10-million-year research programme into the ultimate question of Life, the Universe ... and Everything. They are particularly clever, hyper-intelligent, pan-dimensional beings.



[Tannoy] [Over intercom] Attention! Slartibartfast and the visiting Earth creature report to the work's reception area immediately. Repeat, immediately!



[Slartibartfast] However, in the field of management relations, they're shocking.



[Arthur] Really?

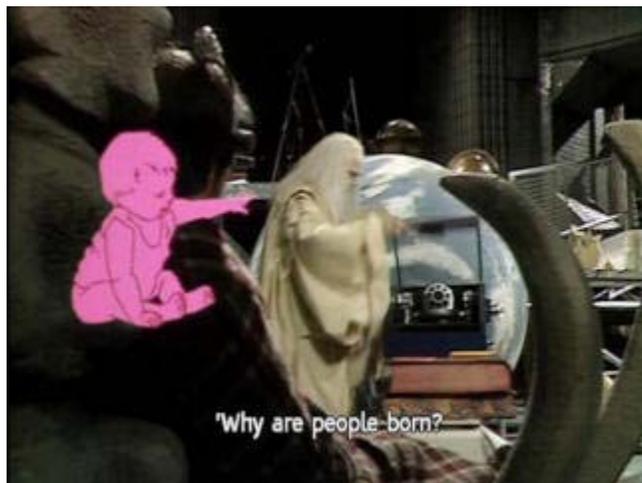
[Slartibartfast] Every time they give me an order ...



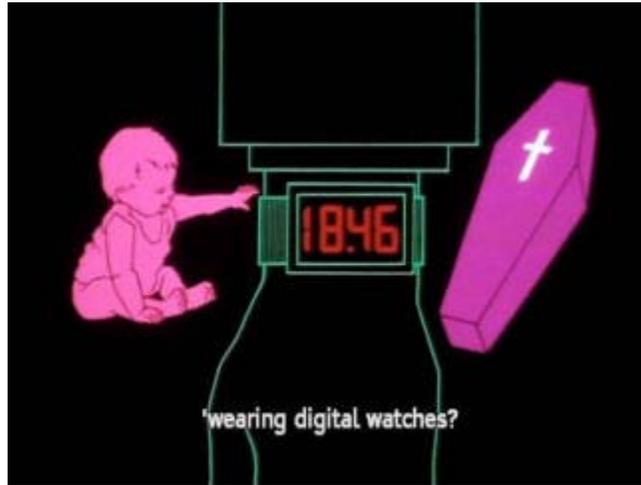
I want to jump on a table and scream.

[Arthur] Yes, I can see that would be a problem.

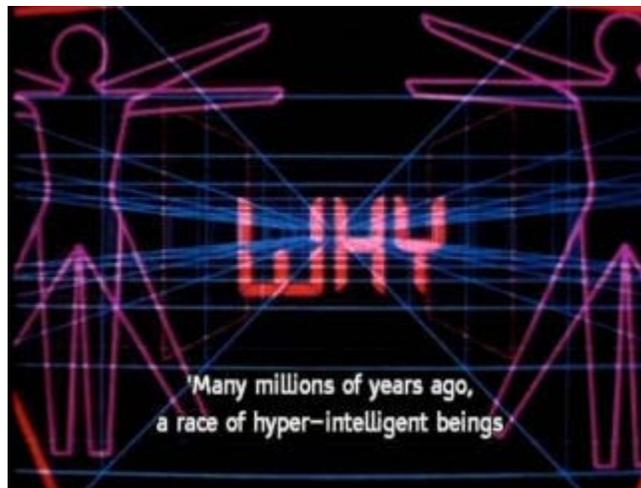
[Narrator] There are many problems connected with life, of which some of the most pressing are ...



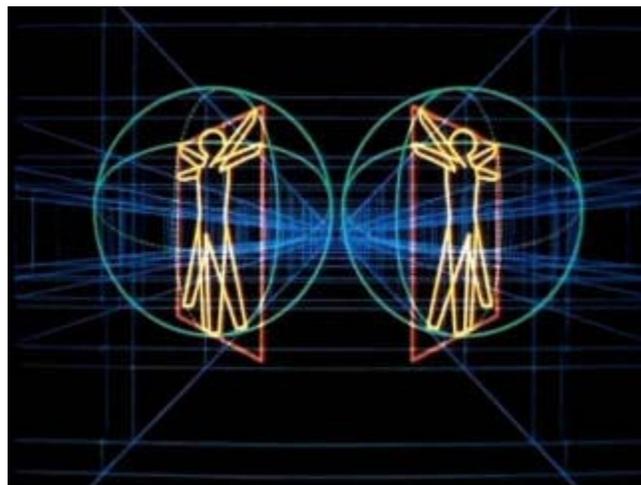
"Why are people born? Why do they die? And why do they spend so much of the intervening time ...

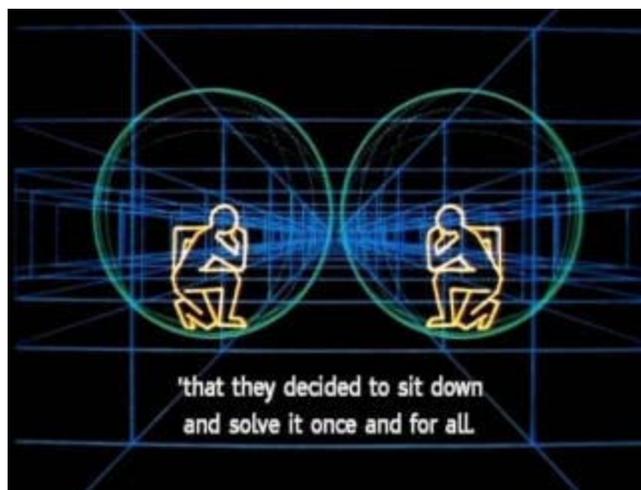


wearing digital watches?"

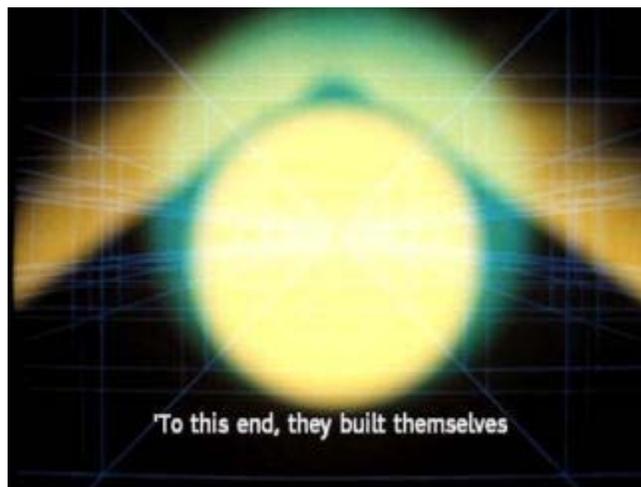


Many millions of years ago, a race of hyper-intelligent beings became so fed-up with the bickering about the meaning of life ...

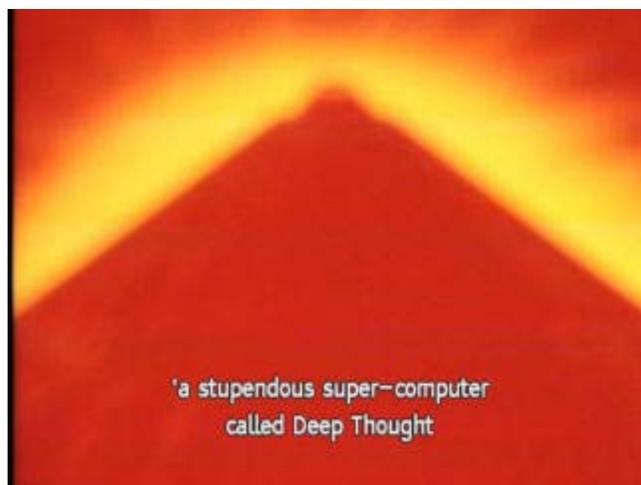




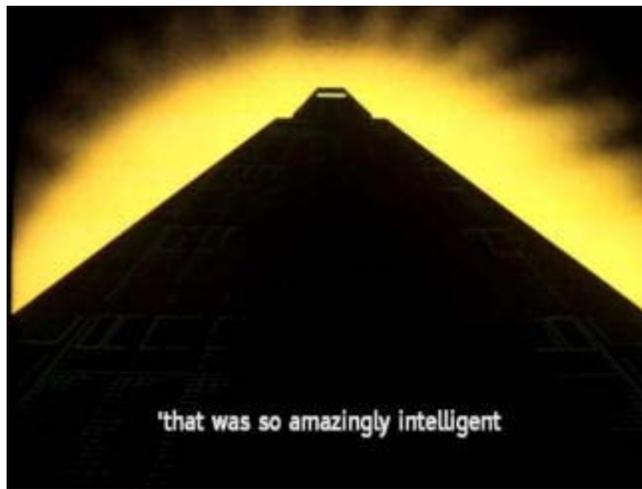
that they decided to sit down and solve it once and for all.



To this end, they built themselves ...



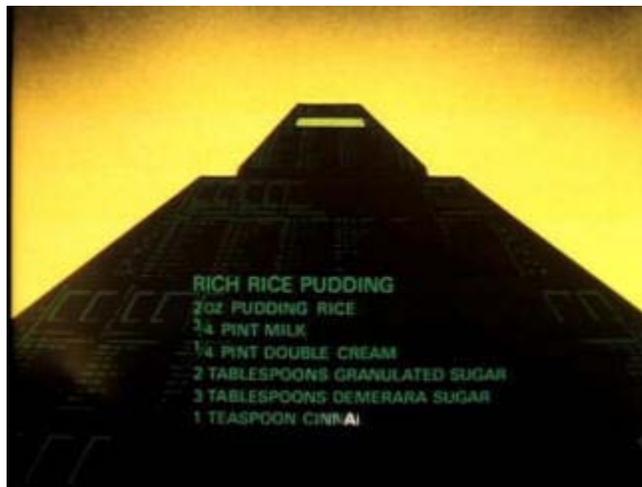
a stupendous super-computer called Deep Thought ...



that was so amazingly intelligent that even before its data banks had been connected up, it started from first principles with:



I THINK THEREFORE I AM



And deduced the existence of rice pudding and income tax ...

*[RICH RICE PUDDING
2 OZ PUDDING RICE
 $\frac{3}{4}$ PINT MILK
 $\frac{1}{4}$ PINT DOUBLE CREAM
2 TABLESPOONS GRANULATED SUGAR
3 TABLESPOONS DEMERARA SUGAR
1 TEASPOON CINNAMON]*

3 TABLESPOONS DEMERARA SUGAR
1 TEASPOON CINNAMON]

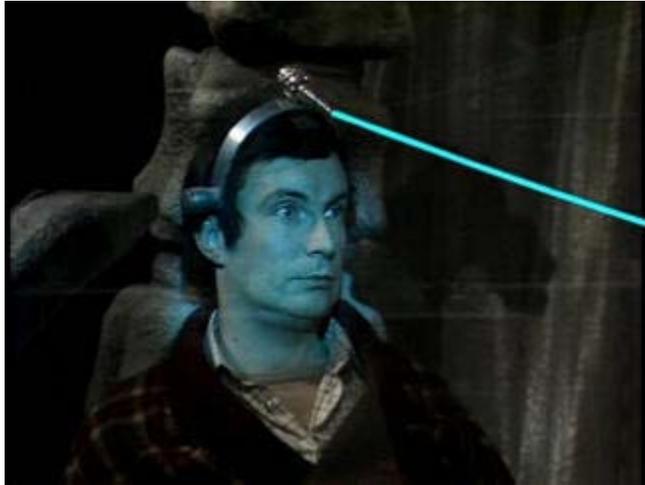


before anyone managed to turn it off.

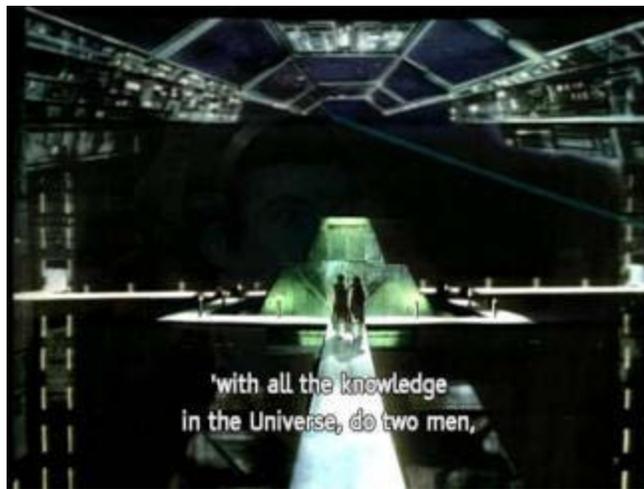
*[A BEING EARNS \$100,000.
TAX AT 25% YIELDS \$25,000.
THIS MEANS THAT HE WILL
NOW TRY TO EARN
\$125,000
TO LEAVE HIM AS WELL OFF
AS BEFORE]*



[Slartibartfast] Do not be alarmed.



[Narrator] Only after Deep Thought has been programmed ...



with all the knowledge in the Universe, do two men, selected of all their race, approach it.



[LOUD CREAKING AND RUMBLING]



[Computer] What is this great task for which I, Deep Thought, the second greatest computer in the Universe of Time and Space, have been called into existence?



[Priest 1] Your task, O computer ...

[Priest 2] No, wait a minute!



[To Priest 1] Did he say "second greatest"?

[To Deep Thought] O Deep Thought, are you not, as we designed you to be, the greatest, the most powerful computer of all time?



[Computer] I described myself as the second greatest, and such I am!



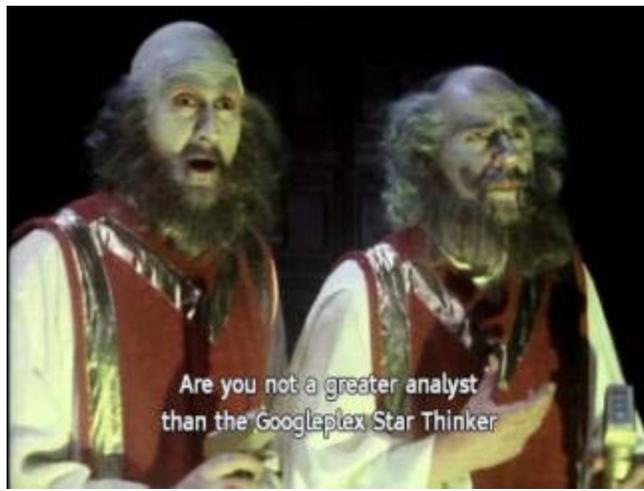
[Priest 2] Can we just clear this up? O Deep Thought, are you not a greater computer ...



than the Milliard Gargantubrain, which can count all the atoms in a star?



[Computer] A Milliard Gargantubrain? A mere abacus! Mention it not!



[Priest 1] Are you not a greater analyst than the Googleplex Star Thinker in the 7th Galaxy of Light and Ingenuity?

[Computer] The Googleplex Star Thinker? Molest me not with this pocket calculator stuff!

[Priest 2] But are you not a more fiendish disputant ...



than the Great Hyperlobic Omnicognate Neutron Wrangler on Ciceronicus 12?!

[Computer] The Great Omnicognate Neutron Wrangler could talk all four legs off an Arcturan megadonkey, but only I could persuade it to go for a walk afterwards!

[Priest 2] Then ... what is the problem?

[Computer] There is no problem!



I speak of none but the computer that is to come after me!



[Priest 1] [To Priest 2] I think this is getting needlessly messianic.

[Computer] A computer whose merest operational parameters I am not worthy to calculate, but which it will be my destiny eventually to design!

[Priest 1] [To Priest 2] Can we get on and ask the question?

[Priest 2] Oh, all right.

[Priest 1] O Great Computer, the task we have designed you to perform is this.



We want you to tell us the answer.

[Computer] The answer? The answer to what?

[Priest 1] Life!

[Priest 2] The Universe!

[Priest 1] Everything!



[Computer] Tricky.



[Priest 2] But ... can you do it?

[Computer] Yes, I can do it.

[Priest 1] You mean ... there IS an answer?

[Priest1] A simple answer?

[Computer] Yes. Life, the Universe and Everything. There is an answer.



[Priest 1] There is an answer! At last!

[Computer] But I'll have to think about it.



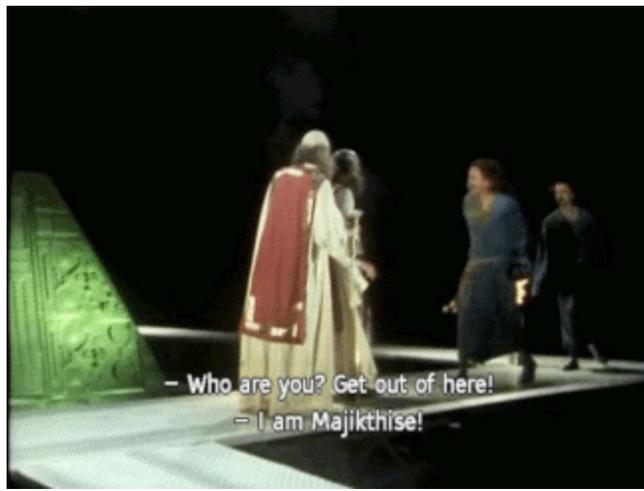
[Vroomfondel] We demand admission!

[Priest 2] Now what?

[Majikthise] You can't keep us out!



[Vroomfondel] We demand you cannot keep us out!

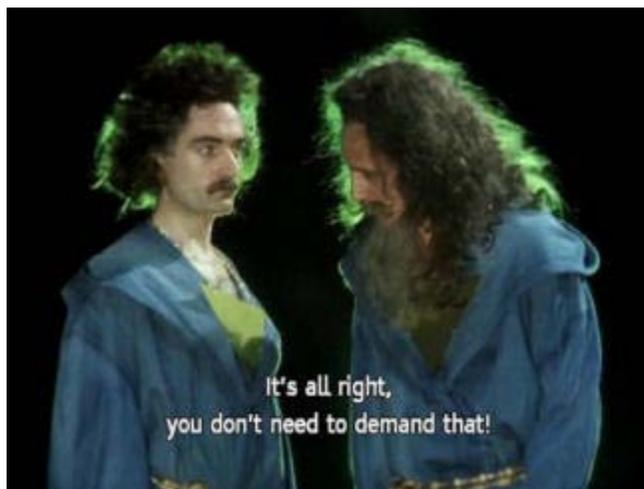


[Priest 2] Who are you? Get out of here!

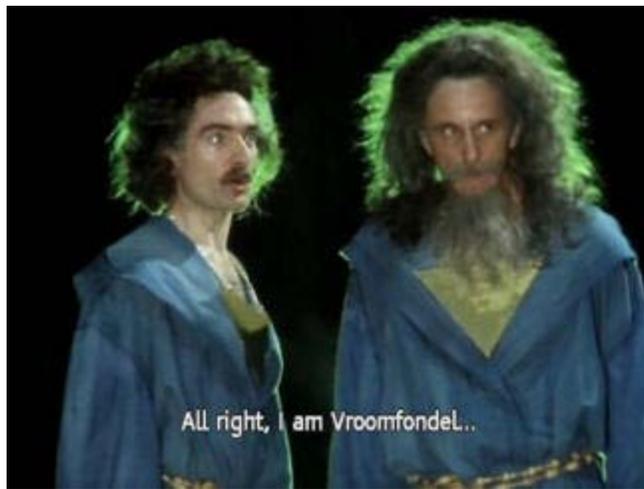
[Majikthise] I am Majikthise!



[Vroomfondel] And I demand that I am Vroomfondel!



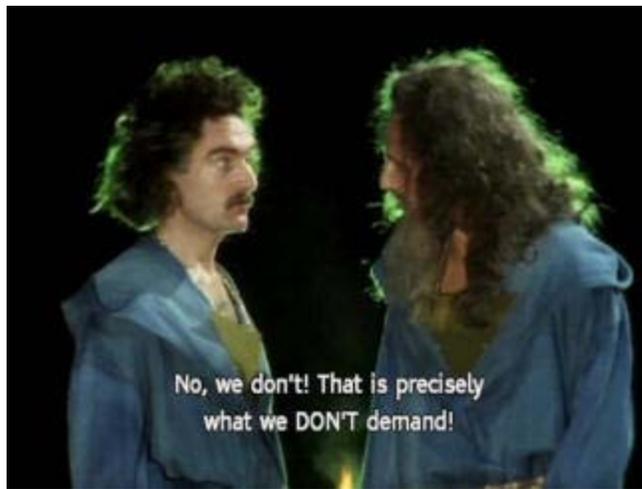
[Majikthise] It's all right, you don't need to demand that!



[Vroomfondel] All right, I am Vroomfondel ...



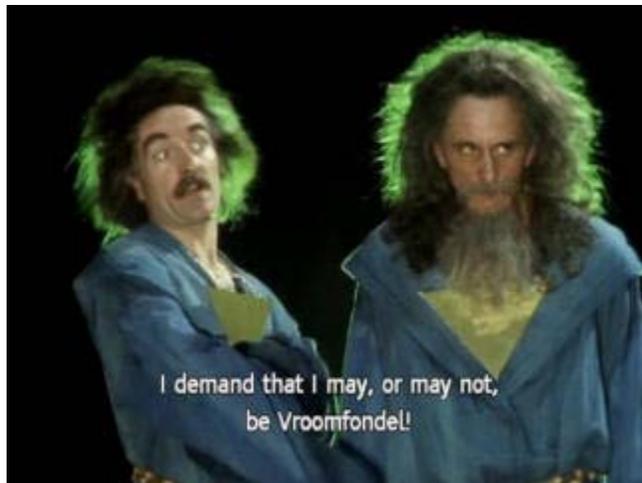
and that is not a demand, that is a solid fact! What we demand is solid facts!



[Majikthise] No, we don't. That is precisely what we DON'T demand!



[Vroomfondel] We don't demand solid facts! What we demand is a total absence of solid facts!



I demand that I may, or may not, be Vroomfondel!

[Priest 2] Who are you?



[Majikthise] We are philosophers.



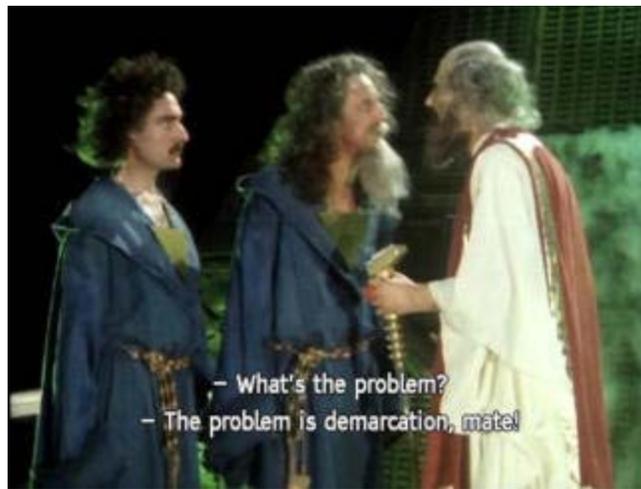
[Vroomfondel] Though we may not be!

[Majikthise] Yes, we are! We are definitely here as representatives of the Amalgamated Union of Philosophers, Sages, and Luminaries ...



and we want the machine off now!

[Vroomfondel] We demand that you get rid of it!



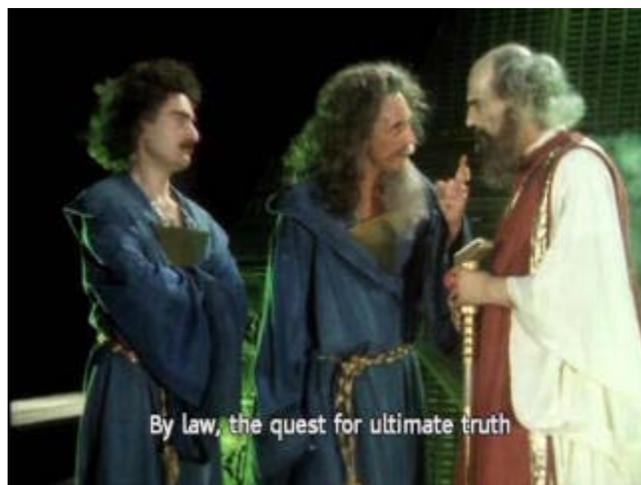
[Priest 2] What's the problem?

[Majikthise] The problem is demarcation, mate!

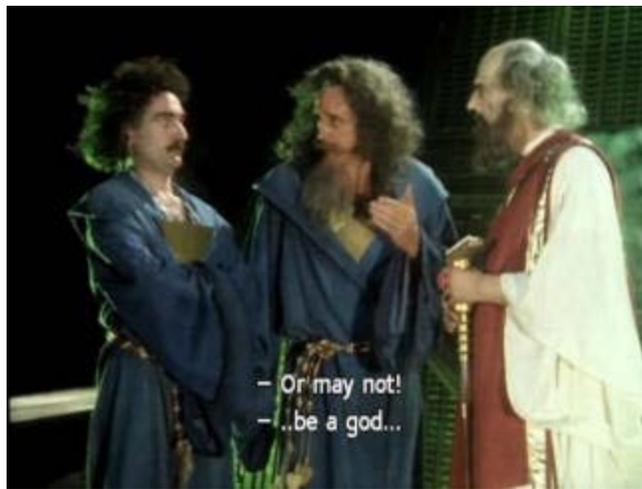


[Vroomfondel] We demand that demarcation may or may not be the problem!

[Majikthise] Let the machines get on with the adding up, and WE'LL take care of the eternal verities!



By law, the quest for ultimate truth is the inalienable prerogative of your working thinkers! Any machine goes and find 'em, we're out of a job. What's the use of our arguing half the night whether there may ...

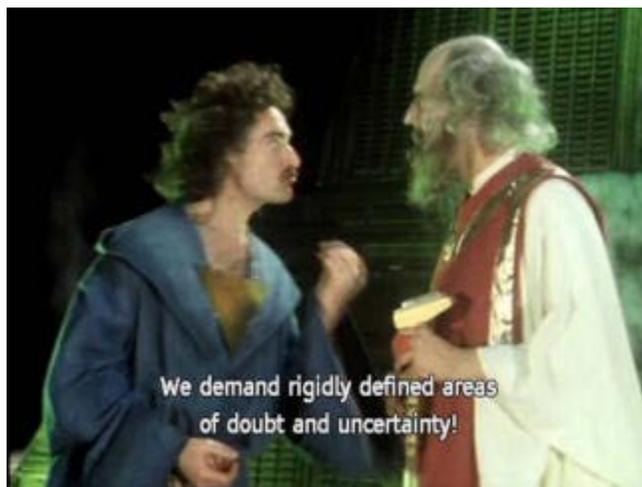


[Vroomfondel] Or may not!

[Majikthise] ... be a god if this machine gives you his phone number in the morning!



[Vroomfondel] That's right!



We demand rigidly defined areas of doubt and uncertainty!



[Computer] Might I make an observation at this point?



[Majikthise] Keep out of this!



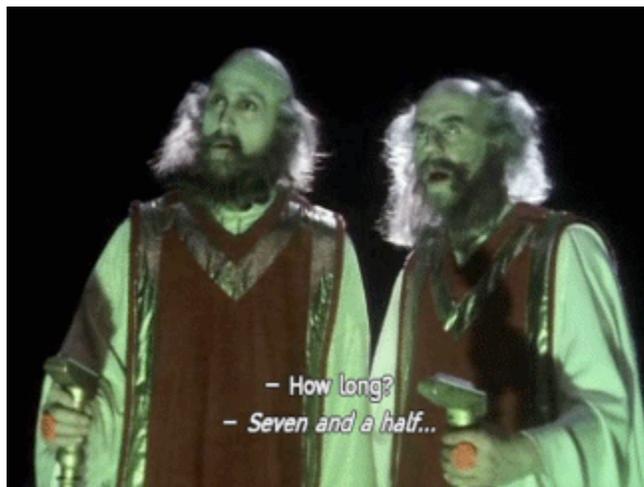
[Vroomfondel] We demand that that machine not be allowed to think about this problem!



[THUNDERCLAP]



[Computer] If I might make an observation! All I wanted to say was this. My circuits are now irrevocably committed to calculating the answer to the ultimate question of Life, the Universe and Everything, but the program will take me a little while to run.



[Priest 2] How long?

[Computer] Seven and a half ...

[Priest 1] What, not till next week?!

[Computer] ... million ... years!



[Both Priests] How long?!

[Computer] I said I'd have to think about it. And it occurs to me that running a program like this is bound to create considerable interest in the whole area of popular philosophy.



Yes?

[Majikthise] Keep talking.

[Computer] Everyone's going to have his own theory about what answer I'm eventually going to come up with, and who better to capitalize on that media market than you yourselves? So long as you can keep violently disagreeing with each other, and slagging each other off in the popular press, and so long as you have clever agents, you can keep yourselves on the gravy train for life!

[Majikthise] Bloody hell! Now, that's what I call thinking!



'Ere, Vroomfondel, how come we never think of things like that?

[Vroomfondel] Dunno.



I think our minds must be too highly trained, Majikthise.





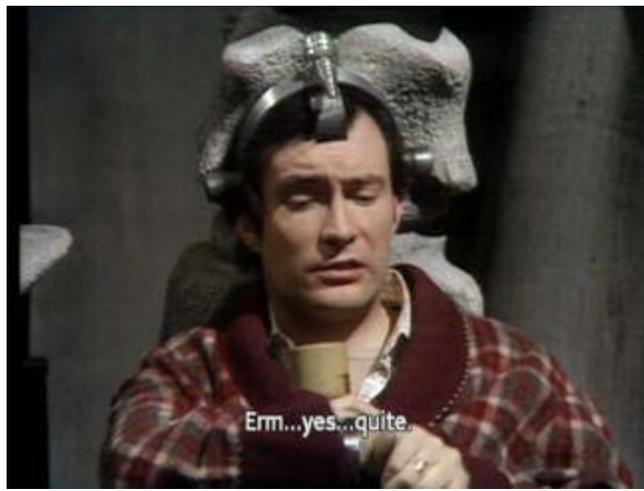
[Arthur] Very salutary. But what about the Earth and mice?



[Slartibartfast] All will become clear to you.



Are you not anxious to hear what the computer said 7.5 million years later?

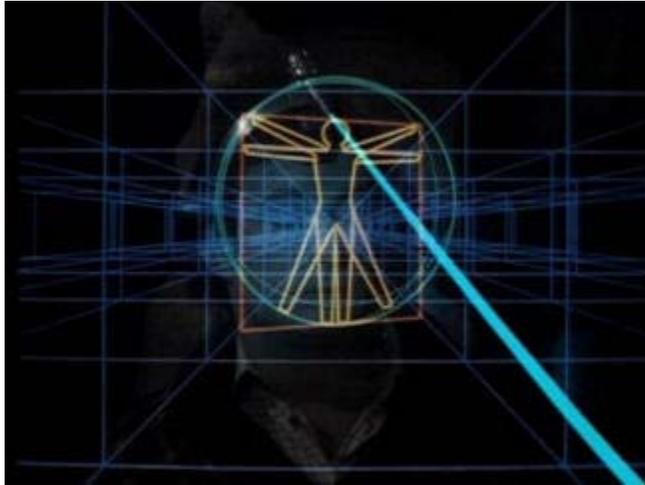


[Arthur] Erm ... yes ... quite.

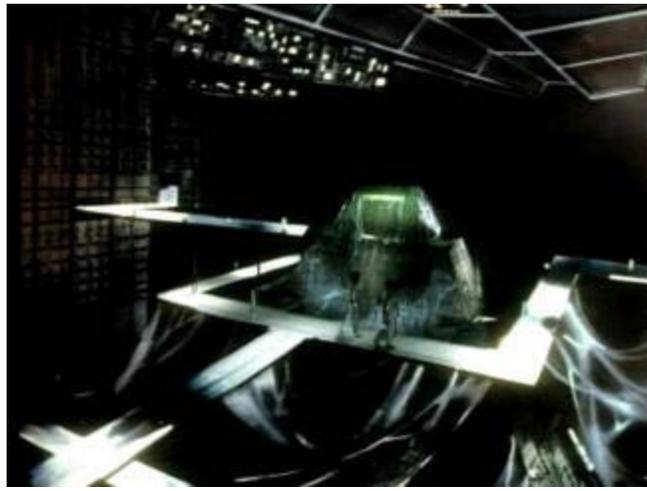


[DISK SMASHES]





[SEVEN AND A HALF MILLION YEARS LATER]



[Priest 1] The time is nearly upon us!



[Priest 2] 7.5 million years we've waited.

[Priest 1] 75,000 generations since our ancestors set this program in motion and, in all that time, ...



we shall be the first to hear the computer speak.

[Priest 2] It's an awesome prospect.

[RUMBLING]

[Priest 1] Deep Thought is about to speak.



[Deep Thought] Good evening.



[Priest 2] G-Good evening.

[THUNDEROUS RUMBLING]



[Priest 2] O ... Deep Thought ... do you have ... Have you ...?

[Deep Thought] An answer for you?



Yes, I have.

[Priest 1] There really is one?

[Deep Thought] There really is one.

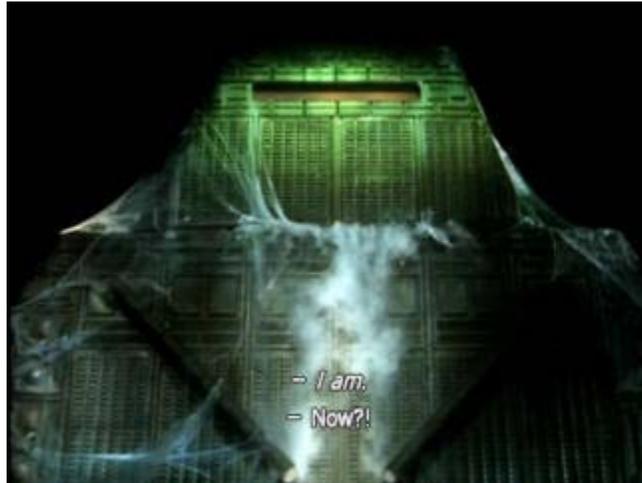
[Priest 2] To everything? The secret of the Universe?



[Priest 1] The great questions of Life and Everything?

[Deep Thought] Yes.

[Priest 2] Are you ready to give it to us?



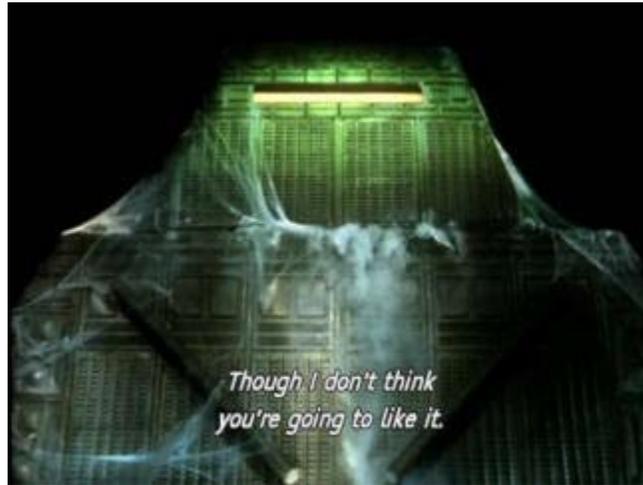
[Deep Thought] I am.

[Priest 2] Now?

[Deep Thought] Now!



[Priest 1] Wow!



[Deep Thought] Though I don't think you're going to like it.

[Priest 2] Doesn't matter! We must know it!

[Deep Thought] Now?

[Priest 1] Yes ... now.

[Deep Thought] All right.

[Priest 2] Well?



[Deep Thought] You're really not going to like it.

[Priest 1] Tell us!

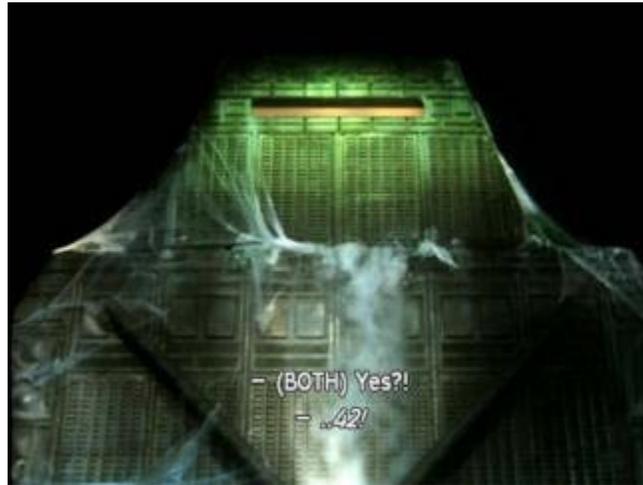
[Deep Thought] The answer to the great question ...

[Priest 2] Yes?

[Deep Thought] ... of Life, the Universe and Everything ...

[Priest 1] Yes?

[Deep Thought] ... is ...



[Both] Yes?!



[Deep Thought] ... 42! It was a tough assignment.



[Both] 42?!

One of the greatest tragedies of the philosophic world was the loss of nearly all of the forty two books of Hermes. These books disappeared during the burning of Alexandria.

[Priest 2] Is that all you've got to show for 7.5 million years' work?!

[Deep Thought] I think the problem is that you've never known what the question is.



[Priest 2] But it was the GREAT question, the ultimate question of Life, the Universe and Everything!



[Deep Thought] Yes, but what actually is it?



[Priest 1] Well ... just everything! You know ... everything!



[Deep Thought] Exactly. You have to know what the question actually is in order to know what the answer means.



[Priest 1] Well, can you please tell us the question?

[Deep Thought] The Ultimate Question?

[Priest 2] Yes!

[Deep Thought] Of Life, the Universe and Everything?

[Priest 1] Yes!

[Deep Thought] Tricky.

To be, or not to be, that is the question

-- Hamlet, by Shakespeare

[Priest 2] But can you do it?



[Deep Thought] No. But I'll tell you who can.

[Priest 2] Tell us!



[THUNDERCLAP]

[Deep Thought] I speak of none but the computer that is to come after me. A computer whose merest operational parameters I am not worthy to calculate! Yet I will design it for you! A computer which can calculate the Answer to the Ultimate Question ...



a computer of such infinite and subtle complexity...



that organic life itself shall form part of its operational matrix. You yourselves shall take on new forms, and go down into the computer ...



to navigate its 10-million-year program! Yes, I shall design this computer for you ...



and I shall name it also unto you ...

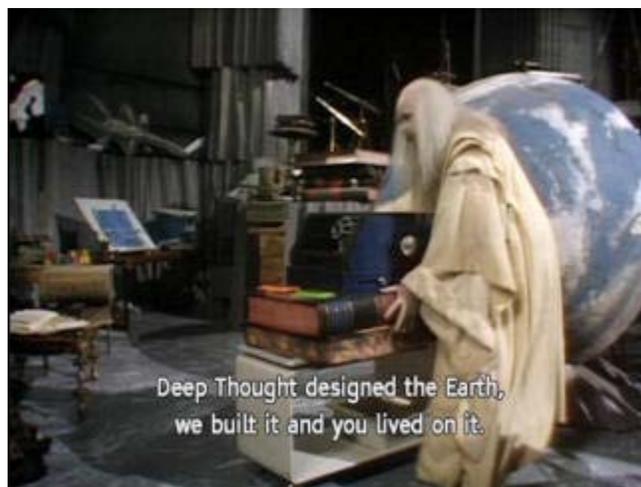


and it shall be called the Earth!



[Priest 2] Oh, what a dull name.

[Slartibartfast] So there you have it.



Deep Thought designed the Earth, we built it, and you lived on it.



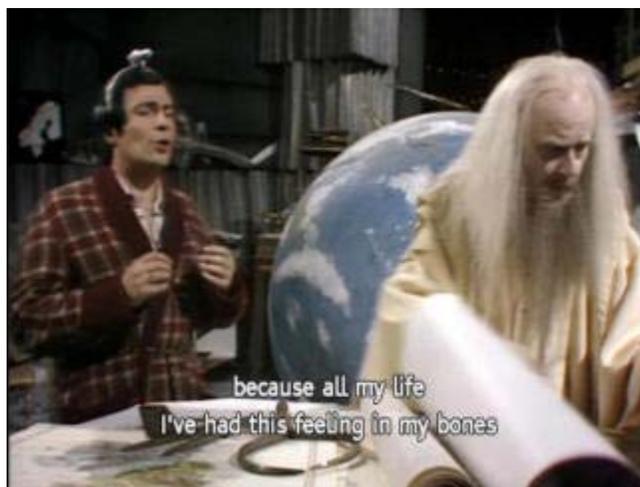
[Arthur] And the Vogons destroyed it 5 minutes before the program was completed.

[Slartibartfast] 10 million years of planning and work gone.



Well, that's bureaucracy for you.

[Arthur] Do you know, this explains a lot ...



because all my life I've had this feeling in my bones that something sinister was happening in the Universe.



No one would tell me what it was.



[Slartibartfast] That's just perfectly normal paranoia.



Everyone in the Universe has that.

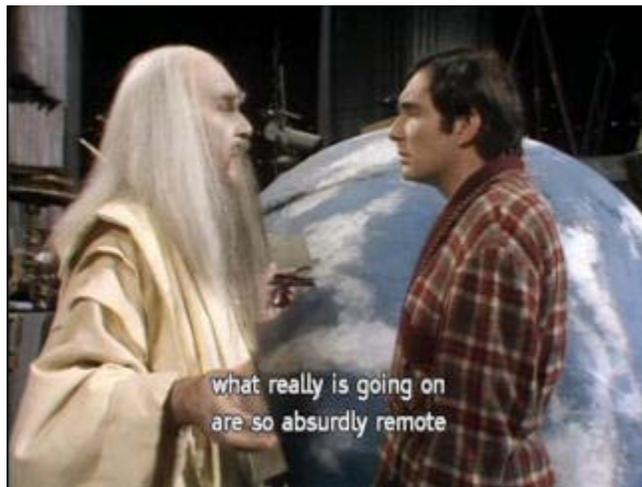
[Arthur] Everyone?

[Slartibartfast] Everyone.

[Arthur] Maybe that means something! That outside the Universe we know, some alien intelligence is ...



[Slartibartfast] Maybe. Who cares? Perhaps I'm old, but the chances of finding out ...



what really is going on are so absurdly remote, the only thing to do is to say, "Hang the sense of it," and keep occupied. Look at me. I design coastlines.



I got an award for Norway.



Where's the sense in that?
None that I can make out.

Where's the sense in that? None that I can make out. I've been doing fjords all my life.



For a fleeting moment, they become
fashionable. I get a major award.

For a fleeting moment, they become fashionable. I get a major award. In this replacement Earth, I've been given Africa to do. I'm doing it with fjords, because I happen to like them.

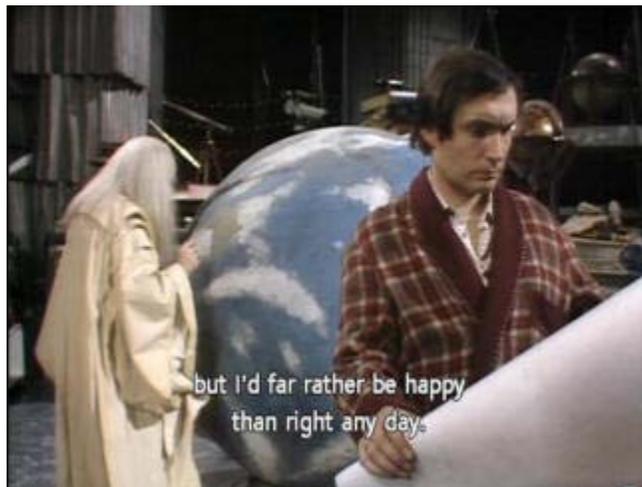


I'm old-fashioned enough to think
they give a lovely baroque feel

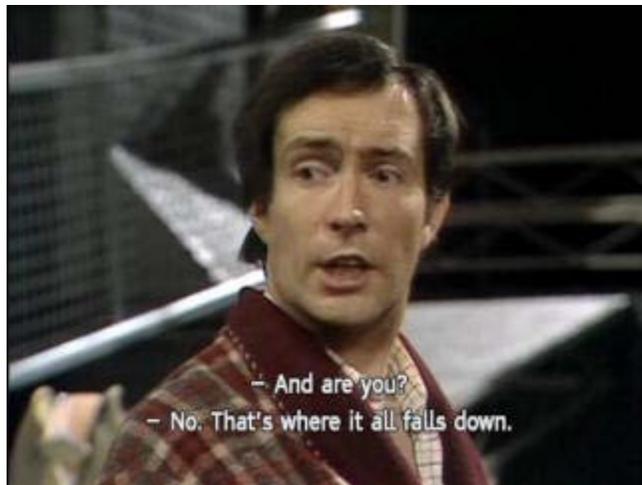
I'm old-fashioned enough to think they give a lovely baroque feel to a continent.



They tell me it's not equatorial enough. What does it matter? Science has achieved wonderful things ...



but I'd far rather be happy than right any day.

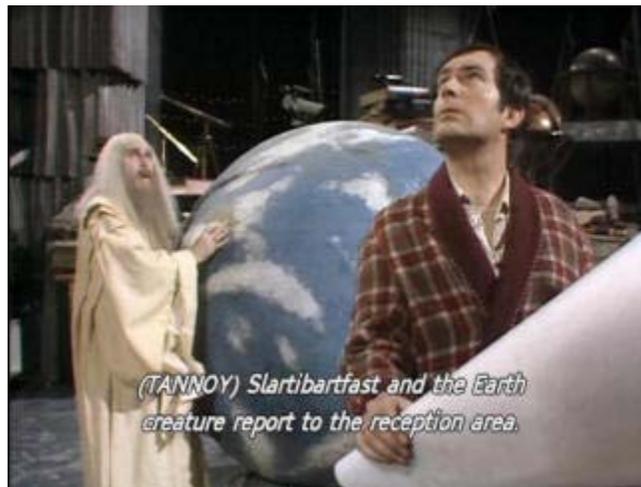


[Arthur] And are you?

[Slartibartfast] No. That's where it all falls down.



[Arthur] Pity. Sounded like rather a good lifestyle otherwise.



[Tannoy] [Over the intercom] Slartibartfast and the Earth creature report to the reception area.

[Arthur] Now? To meet mice? You want me to meet mice now?

[Slartibartfast] It won't be a great social occasion.



[Tannoy] [Over the intercom] At once!



[Arthur] I seem to be having difficulty with MY lifestyle.



[Slartibartfast] I beg your pardon?

[Arthur] What? Sorry. Fatuous thing to say, really.

[Slartibartfast] I thought so.



[Narrator] It is, of course, well known, that careless talk costs lives. But the full scale of the problem is not always appreciated. At the very moment Arthur said:



"I seem to be having difficulty with MY lifestyle" ...



a freak wormhole opened up in the fabric of the space-time continuum, and carried his words far back in time ...



across almost infinite reaches of space to a distant galaxy where strange and warlike beings were poised on the brink of frightful interstellar battle. The two leaders were meeting for the last time.



A silence fell across the conference table as the commander of the VI'hurgs, in his red jewelled battle shorts, ...



gazed levelly at the G'Gugvunt leader squatting opposite him in a cloud of green, sweet-smelling steam ...



and, with a million be-weaponed star cruisers ...



poised to unleash electric death at his single word of command



challenged the vile creature to take back what it said ...



about his mother.



The creature stirred in its sickly, broiling vapour, and at that moment the words ...



"I seem to be having difficulty with MY lifestyle," drifted across the table.

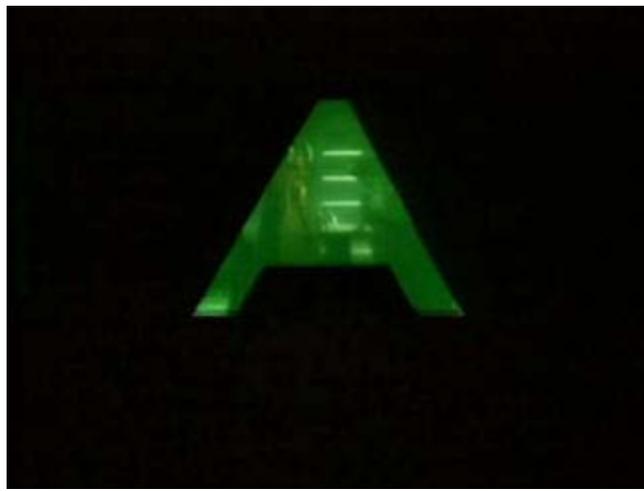


Unfortunately, in the Vl'hurg tongue, this was the most dreadful insult imaginable ...



and there was nothing for it but to fight terrible war!





Alpha males.



[COMPUTER GAME-TYPE BEEPS]







[G'GUGVUNTS 0200 / VL'HURGS 1650]



Eventually, after their galaxy had been decimated ...



over a few thousand years, it was realized the whole thing had been a ghastly mistake.



So the two opposing battle fleets settled their differences ...



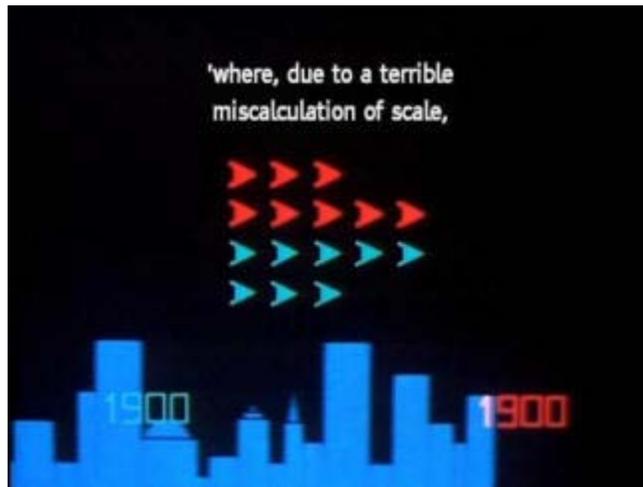
in order to launch a joint attack on our galaxy ...



now positively identified as the source of the offending remark. For thousands more years, the mighty ships tore across the empty wastes of space ...



and finally dived, streaming onto the planet Earth ...



where, due to a terrible miscalculation of scale ...



the entire battle fleet was accidentally swallowed by a small dog.



Those who study the interplay of cause and effect ...



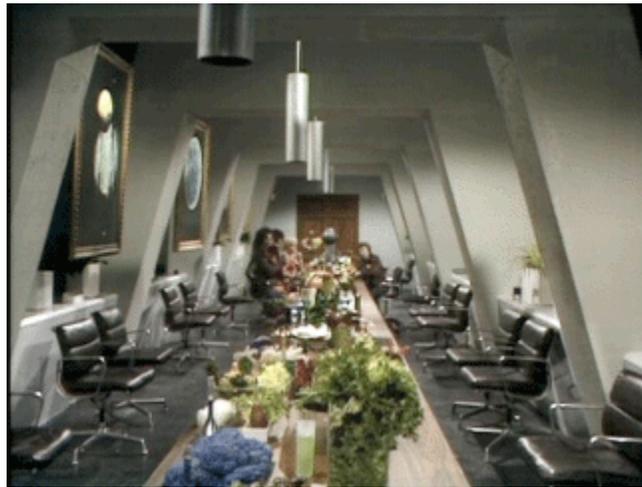
in the history of the Universe say this goes on all the time, but that they are powerless to prevent it.



Meanwhile, Arthur is about to be confronted ...



with the terrible reality of all he has learnt.



[Trillian] Arthur, you're safe!

[Arthur] Am I? Oh, good.

[THEY CHAT AMONGST THEMSELVES]



[Ford] Hi. Come in. Food.

[Arthur] What happened to you?



[Zaphod] Well, our hosts here have been gassing us, and zapping our minds and being weird ...



and are now giving us this amazingly keen meal to make it up to us.



Have some Vegan rhino cutlet! It's exit!



[Arthur] Hosts? I don't see any hosts!



Ugh! There are mice on the table!

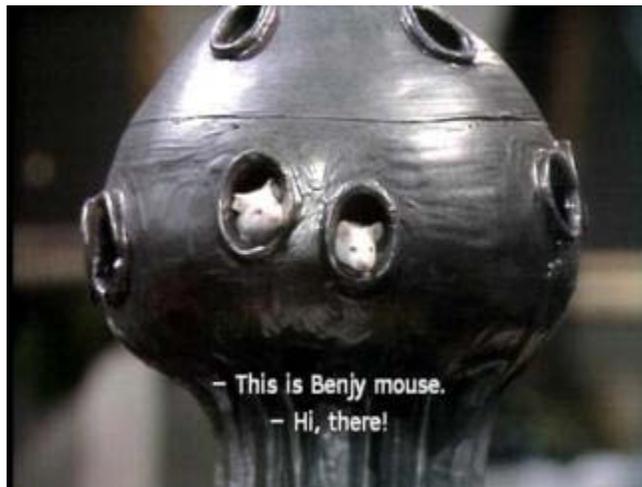


Yes ... sorry. I ... wasn't quite prepared for ...



Let me introduce you.

[Trillian] Let me introduce you.



- This is Benjy mouse.
- Hi, there!

This is Benjy mouse.

[Benjy] Hi, there!

[Trillian] And this is ... Frankie mouse.

[Frankie] Pleased to meet you!

[Arthur] Aren't they ...

[Trillian] The mice I brought from Earth.



[Arthur] Well ...



[Trillian] Try some grated Arcturan megadonkey.



[Slartibartfast] Ahem! Excuse me!



[Benjy] Yes, Slartibartfast, you may go!

[Slartibartfast] What? Oh, very well, I'll go and get on with some of my fjords, then.



[Frankie] They won't be necessary. I don't think we'll be needing the new Earth.



[Slartibartfast] What?! I've got a thousand glaciers poised and ready to roll over Africa!



[Frankie] Thank you, Slartibartfast. That will be all!

[Slartibartfast] Yes, sir. Thank you very much. Well, goodbye, Earthman.





Sorry about your planet. Hope the lifestyle comes together!



[Benjy] Now to business!



[Ford] Oh, yeah. To business!



[All] To business!



[Benjy] I beg your pardon?!



[Ford] I'm sorry, I thought you were proposing a toast!

[Frankie] Earth creature, we've been running your planet for 10 million years in order to find the Ultimate Question.

[Benjy] As we were about to see the fruit of millions of years of work, you let your planet get blown up! The best-laid plans of mice ...

[Arthur] And men.



[Frankie] What?

[Arthur] Best-laid plans of mice and men.

[Benjy] What have men got to do with it?



We've got to have that Question!



[Arthur] I'm sorry I can't help you. Shall we be off?

[Zaphod] Get this, you are a last generation product of that computer matrix.



You were there before your planet got the finger.



[Ford] Your brain was a part of the configuration of the program.

[Arthur] Of the whatty?





[Ford] Drink?

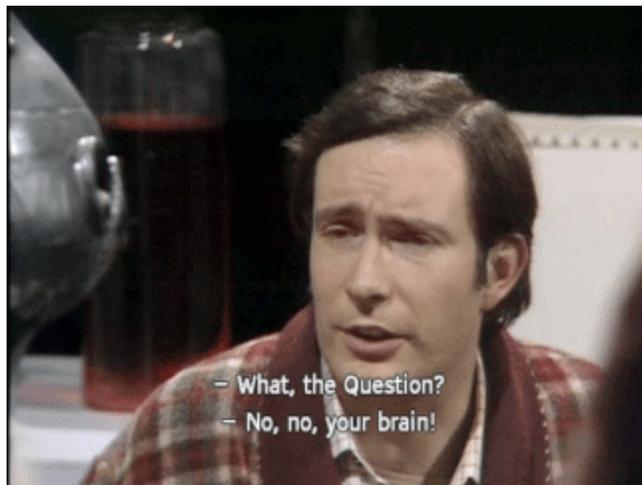
[Arthur] I will.

[Trillian] The mice seem to think the Question might be buried in your brain.



[Ford] Is that what they think?

[Trillian] Yes. They wanna buy it.



[Arthur] What, the Question?



[Frankie] No, no, your brain!



[Arthur] What?

[Ford] What?



[Trillian] What?



[Zaphod] That's all right. Who'd miss it?



[Arthur] Thank you!



[Trillian] I thought you said you could read his brain electronically.



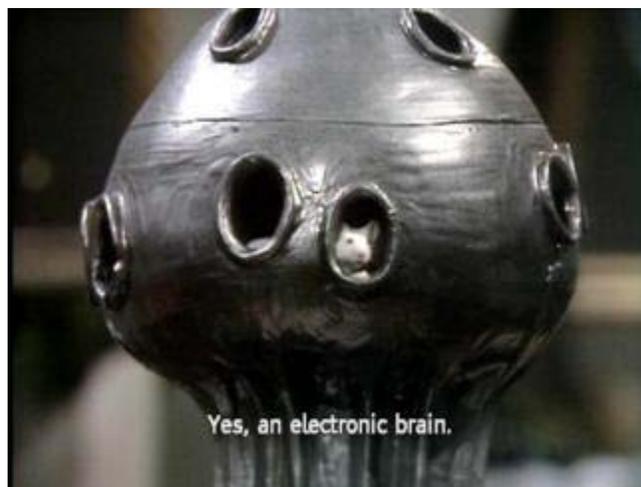
[Benjy] Yes, but we'd have to get it out first.

[Frankie] It's got to be prepared, diced.

[Arthur] Thank you!



[Zaphod] It could be replaced if it's important.



[Frankie] Yes, an electronic brain.



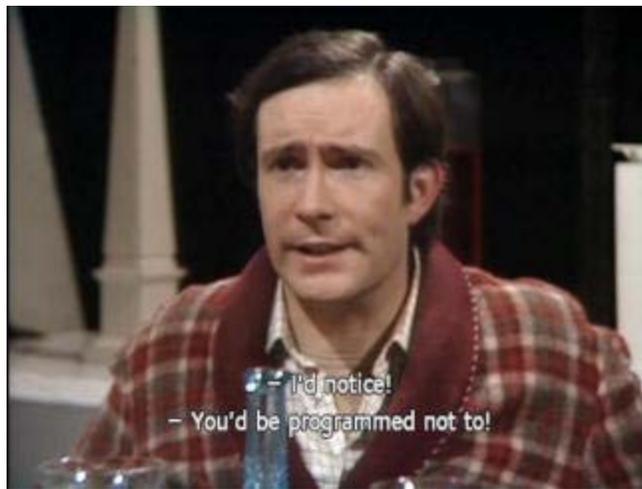
A simple one should suffice.

[Arthur] Simple?



[Zaphod] Program it to say "What?" and "Where's the tea?" Who'd know the difference?





- I'd notice!
- You'd be programmed not to!

[Arthur] I'd notice!

[Zaphod] You'd be programmed not to!



Let's get out!

[Trillian] Let's get out!



- Sorry, mice, old mates, no deal.
- Let's not be hasty..!

[Ford] Sorry, mice, old mates. No deal.



[Zaphod] Let's not be hasty ...!



[Tannoy] [Over intercom] Emergency! Hostile alien police in Section 8A!



Defence stations ...!

[Zaphod] Galactic police! Hell and bats' dos, we gotta go whoosh!



[Frankie] Creatures, where are you going?

[Zaphod] Out, out, out!



[Benjy] But the Question! Think of the issues at stake!



[Arthur] Which way?

[Zaphod] Any way!



This way!

[Benjy] Don't you understand?



Don't you understand how much money we can make appearing on chat shows?



[Frankie] All this fuss about an Earthling brain!

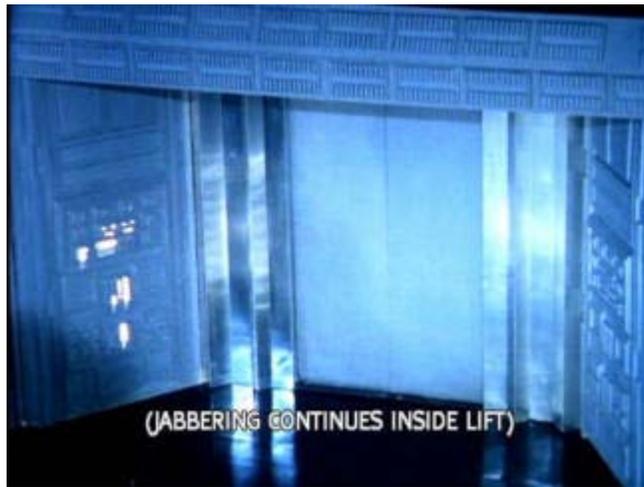
[Zaphod] Let's go, let's go!

[Ford] Where are we gonna go?!



(PANIC-STRICKEN JABBERING)

[PANIC-STRICKEN JABBERING]

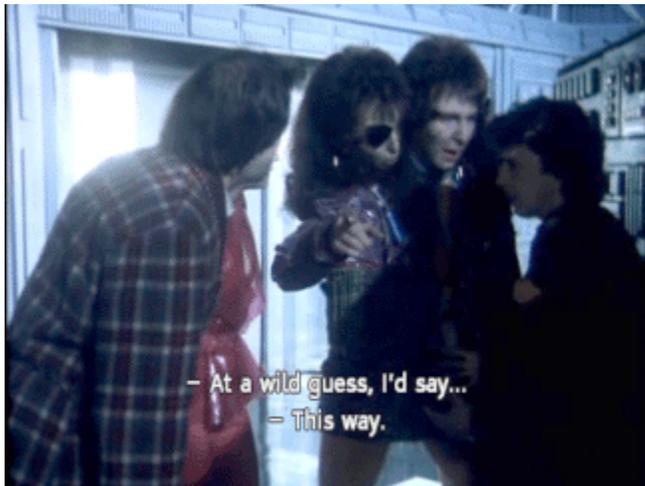


(JABBERING CONTINUES INSIDE LIFT)

[JABBERING CONTINUES INSIDE LIFT]



[Ford] Over there!
Which way?



[Zaphod] At a wild guess, I'd say ...

[Ford] This way.



[Cop 1] OK, Beeblebrox, hold it right there. We got you covered!

[Zaphod 2] Cops!

[Zaphod] Anyone else want a guess?



[Ford] Yeah ... this way!





[Cop 2] We don't wanna shoot you, Beeblebrox.



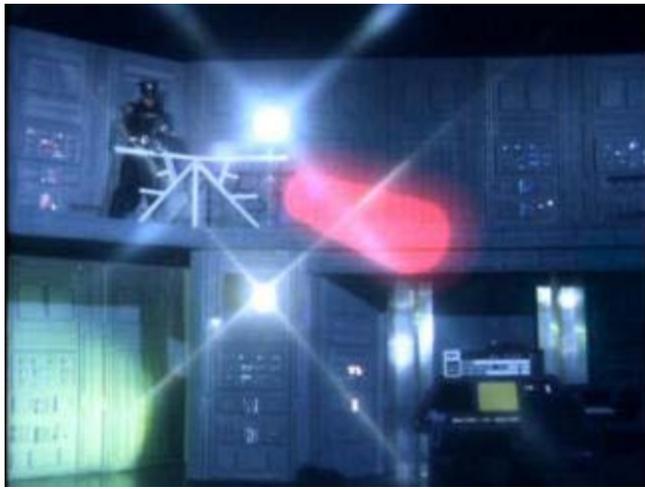
[Zaphod] Suits me fine!



[Trillian] Back to the lift?

[Zaphod] Back to the lift!





[Ford] Hey, I thought they said they didn't want to shoot at us!



- I thought so!
- You said you didn't wanna shoot us!

[Ford] I thought so!

[Zaphod] You said you didn't wanna shoot us!



it isn't easy being a cop!

[Cop 1] It isn't easy being a cop!

[Ford] What did he say?

[Zaphod] It isn't easy being a cop.

[Ford] That's his problem!

[Zaphod] I think so!



[Ford] Listen, we've enough problems of our own having you there shooting at us! If you'd like to avoid laying your personal problems on us, I think we'd all find it easier to cope!



[Cop 2] Now, look, buddy, you're not dealing with any dumb, two-bit, trigger-pumping morons with low hairlines, little piggy eyes and no conversation!



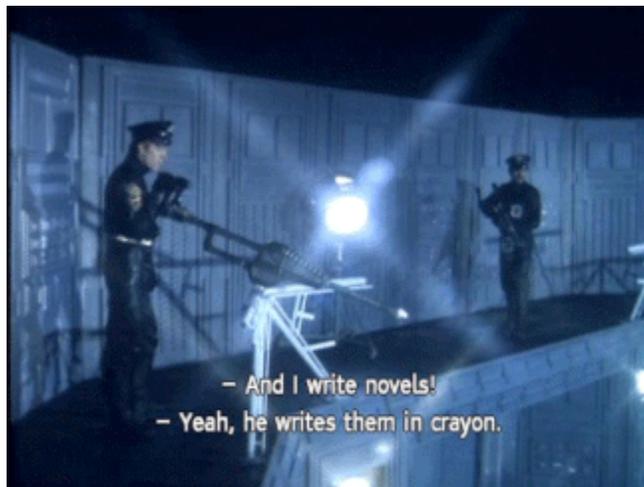
We're a couple of caring, intelligent guys ...



you'd probably really like if you met us socially. I don't go around gratuitously shooting people, and then brag about it in seedy space rangers bars. I go around gratuitously shooting people ...



then I agonise about it afterwards to my girlfriend!



[Cop 1] And I write novels!

[Cop 2] Yeah, he writes them in crayon.



[Cop 1] Though I haven't had any published yet ...



so I'd better warn ya, I'm in a mean mood!



[Ford] Who are these guys?

[Trillian] I preferred them shooting.



[Cop 2] So are you gonna come quietly or you gonna let us blast ya out?



[Ford] Which would you prefer?





[Cop 2] You still there?



[All] Yeah!



We didn't enjoy that at all.

[Cop 1] We didn't enjoy that at all.



- We could tell!
- Now, listen to this, Beeblebrox.

[Ford] We could tell!

[Cop 2] Now, listen to this, Beeblebrox. And you'd better listen good!



[Zaphod] Why?



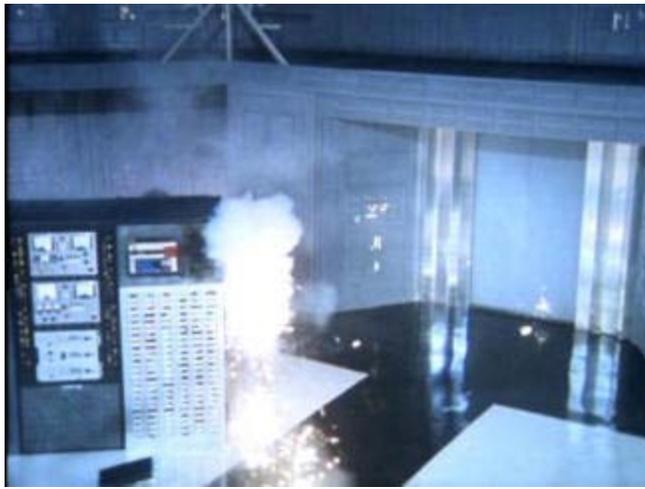
[Cop 2] Er ... because it's gonna be very intelligent, and quite interesting ... and humane.



[Zaphod] OK, shoot. I mean, fire away!



No, no, I mean ...!



[Cop 1] Sorry, misunderstanding there.



Beeblebrox, either you all
give yourselves up

[Cop 2] Beeblebrox, either you all give yourselves up, and let us beat you up a little ...



though not too much because we are
firmly opposed to needless violence,

though not too much because we are firmly opposed to needless violence, or ... er ... or we blow up this entire planet!



And one or two others we noticed on the way over!



[Trillian] That's crazy! You wouldn't do that!



[Cop 2] Yes, we would!



I think we would, wouldn't we?

[Cop 1] Yes, we'd have to. No question.



[Trillian] But why?

[Cop 1] Tell her.



[Cop 2] You tell her!

[Cop 1] You tell her!



Will one of you tell her!

[Trillian] Will one of you tell her!



(BOTH) It isn't easy being a cop!

[Both] It isn't easy being a cop!



(Listen...if we keep them talking,
maybe their brains will seize up.)

[Ford] Listen ... if we keep them talking, maybe their brains will seize up.

[Cop 1] [To Cop 1] Shall we ... shoot them up again for a while?

[Cop 2] Why not?

[Cop 1] Yeah.



[Ford] Wait ...



[Zaphod] Well, that just about wraps it up for this lifetime, I guess.

[Ford] Well ... it's really been nice running into you again, Zaphod.



[BOTH SING LOUDLY] Zaglabor astragard, Hootrimansion Bambriar ...

[Arthur] What the hell are you doing?!

[Ford] A Betelgeuse death anthem.



It means, "After this, things can only get better."

[Zaphod & Ford] Zaglabor astragard!



Hootrimansion Bambriar ...



[EXPLOSION]

EPISODE 5:

[Narrator] The story so far.



In the beginning, the Universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry, and been widely regarded as a bad move. Many races believe that it was created by some sort of god ...



though the Jatravartid people of Viltvodle VI firmly believe that the entire Universe ...

[CAVE PAINTINGS DISCOVERED IN THE TRAVAR REGION OF VILTVODLE VI]



was, in fact, sneezed out of the nose ...



'of a being called
the Great Green Arkleseizure.

of a being called the Great Green Arkleseizure. The Jatravartids, who live in perpetual fear ...



'of the time they call The Coming
of the Great White Handkerchief,

of the time they call The Coming of the Great White Handkerchief ...



'are small blue creatures
with more than 50 arms each,

are small blue creatures with more than 50 arms each, who are therefore unique in being the only race in history to have invented the aerosol deodorant before the wheel.



However, the Great Green Arkleseizure theory ...

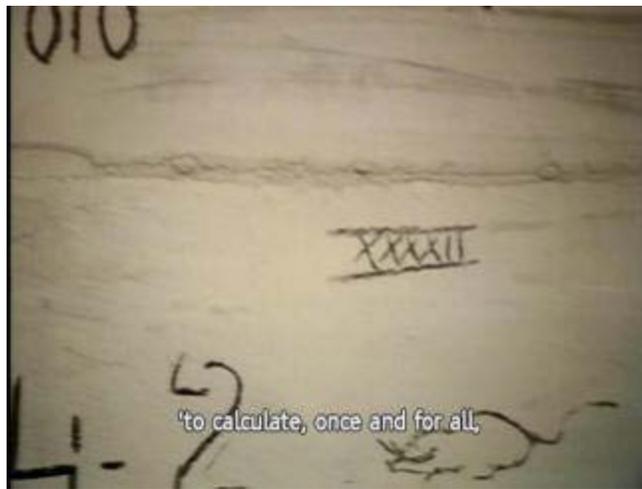


was not widely accepted outside Viltvodle VI, and so one day, a race of hyperintelligent ...

[DRAWINGS FOUND IN ATOMIC FALL OUT SHELTER ON JIKTHROOM BETA]

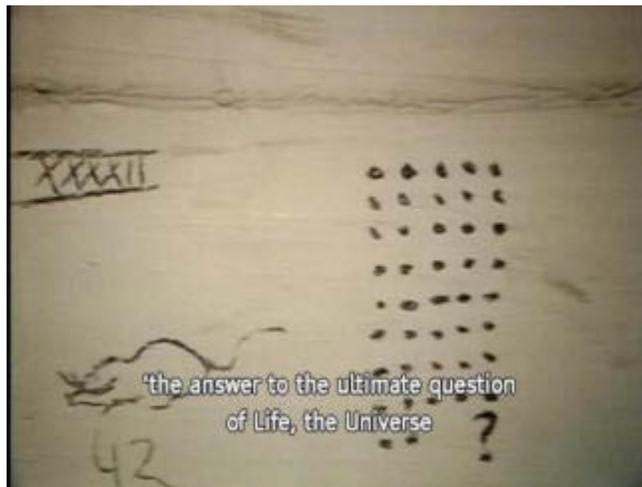


pan-dimensional beings built themselves a gigantic super-computer called Deep Thought ...



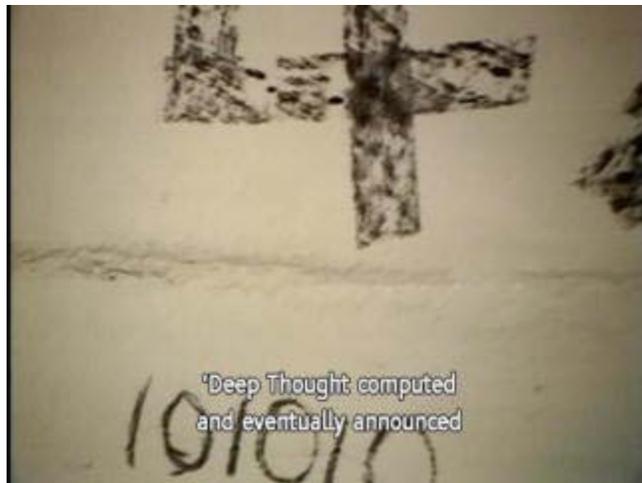
'to calculate, once and for all,

to calculate, once and for all ...



'the answer to the ultimate question
of Life, the Universe

the answer to the ultimate question of Life, the Universe and Everything. For seven and a half million years ...



'Deep Thought computed
and eventually announced

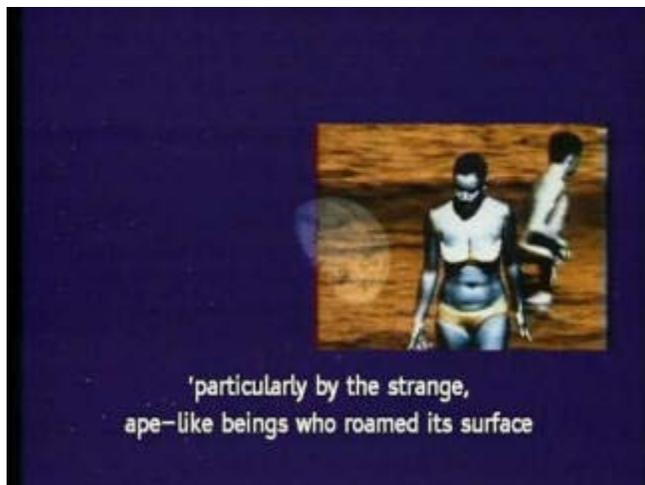
Deep Thought computed, and eventually announced that the answer was, in fact, 42.



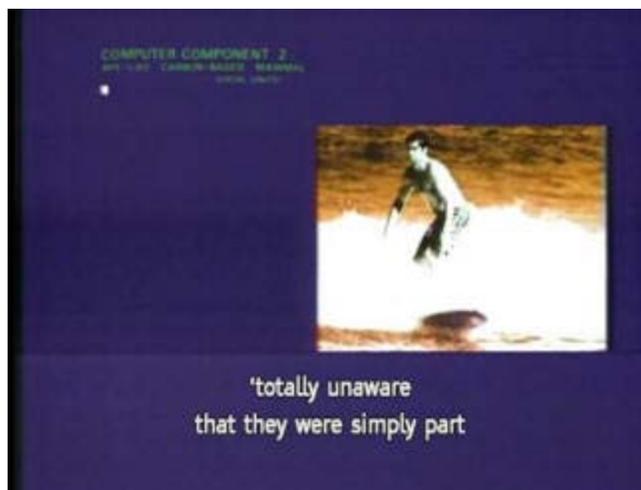
and so another even bigger computer had to be built to find out what the actual question was.



And this computer, which was called the Earth, was so large, that it was frequently mistaken for a planet ...



particularly by the strange, ape-like beings who roamed its surface ...



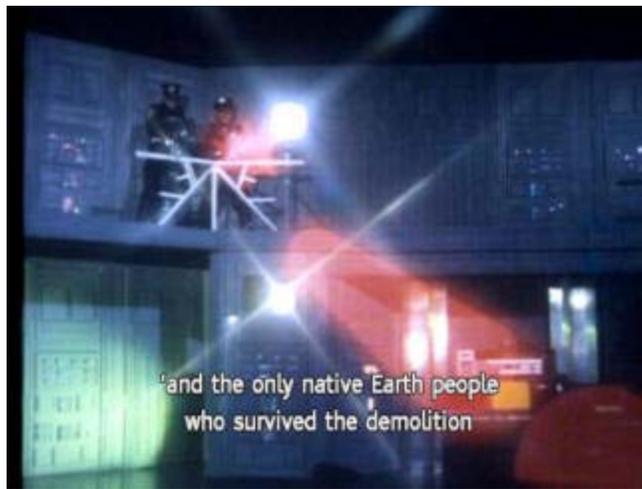
totally unaware that they were simply part of a gigantic computer program. This is very odd, because without that obvious piece of knowledge, nothing that happened on Earth could possibly make the slightest bit of sense.



However, at the critical moment of read-out, the Earth was unexpectedly demolished ...



to make way for a new hyperspace by-pass ...



and the only native Earth people who survived the demolition ...



are now being shot at behind a computer bank on the lost planet of Magrathea, along with their strange companions from Betelgeuse ...



who are currently singing a Betelgeuse death anthem on the very sensible grounds that they are about to die. This is what the computer bank is about to do. And the time at which it is going to do it is 4.2 seconds from now.



[WAILING ANTHEM]





[Waiter] Good evening, madam, gentlemen. Do you have a reservation?



[Ford] Reservation?

[Waiter] Yes, sir.



[Ford] Do you need a reservation for the afterlife?



[Waiter] The afterlife?



[Arthur] Is this the afterlife?

[Ford] Yeah. I mean, yeah!



I mean, yeah ...



There's no way we could have survived that blast in there.

[Arthur] No.

[Trillian] None at all.

[Zaphod] I certainly didn't survive.



I was a total goner! Wham! Bam! And that was it!

[Ford] Yeah, we didn't stand a chance.



We were blown to bits -- arms and legs everywhere!



[Zaphod] Yeah! Kerpow! Splat!

[Waiter] Would you care to order drinks?

[Zaphod] Instantaneously zonked into component molecules! Hey, Ford, did you get that thing of your whole life flashing before you?

[Ford] Yeah! Did you get that, too?



Oh! Your whole life!

[Zaphod] Yeah! At least, I assume it was mine. I spent a lot of time out of my skulls. So ...

[Ford] So what?



[Zaphod] Here we are, lying dead ...

[Trillian] Standing.

[Zaphod] Standing dead in this desolate ...

[Trillian] Restaurant.

[Zaphod] Standing dead in this desolate ...

[Trillian] Five-star restaurant.

[Zaphod] Well, yeah.



[Ford] Odd, isn't it?

[Trillian] Nice decor, though.



[Arthur] You know, it's not so much an afterlife, more sort of apres vie.

[Zaphod] Hey, you dead guys! We're missing some ultra important thing here -- something somebody said and we missed it!



[Arthur] I said it was more apres vie.

[Zaphod] Don't you wish you hadn't? ... Ford?

[Ford] I said it was odd.

[Zaphod] Shrewd but dull. Trillian?

[Trillian] Er ... um ... pass.



[Waiter] Would you care to discuss the matter over drinks?



[Zaphod] Drinks! That was it! You see what you miss if you don't stay alert?

[Waiter] If the lady and gentlemen would like to order drinks before dinner ...

[Zaphod] Yeah, great!



[Waiter] ... and the Universe will explode later for your pleasure.

[Ford] Wow! What sort of drinks do you serve in this place?

[Waiter] I think sir has misunderstood me.

[Ford] I hope not!



[Waiter] It is not unusual for customers to be disoriented by the time journey.



[Trillian] Time journey?

[Arthur] What time journey?



[Ford] You mean ... this isn't the afterlife?

[Waiter] Afterlife? No, sir.



[Arthur] Then we're not ... dead?

[Waiter] Aha! Sir is most evidently alive ...



otherwise I would not attempt to serve, sir!



[Ford] Ha, ha. Then where the photon are we?



[MILLIWAYS COCKTAILS]



[Zaphod] Hey, I've sussed it! This must be ... Milliways!

[Ford] Milliways!



[Waiter] Yes, this is Milliways.

[Arthur] Milliways?

[Waiter] The Restaurant at the End of the Universe!



[Arthur] End of what?

[Waiter] The Universe.

[Arthur] When did that end?

[Waiter] In just a few minutes, sir.



Now, if you will order drinks ...



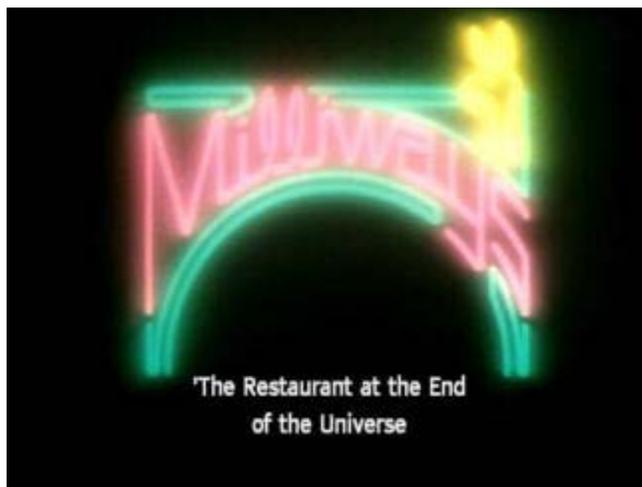
I will show you to your table in the main part of the restaurant.



[Arthur] I suppose there's no chance of a cup of tea?

[Waiter] None.

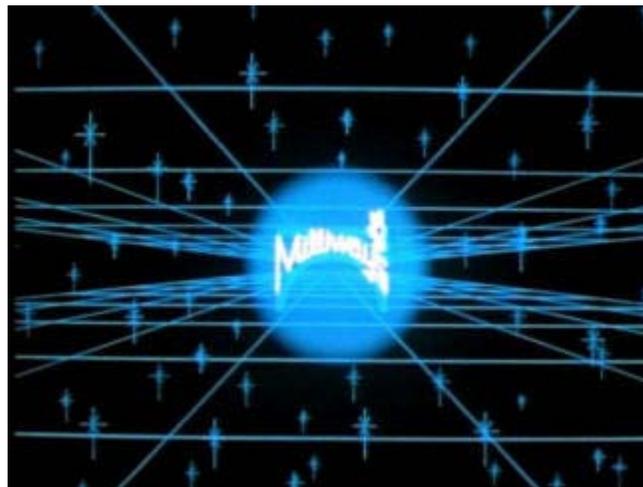




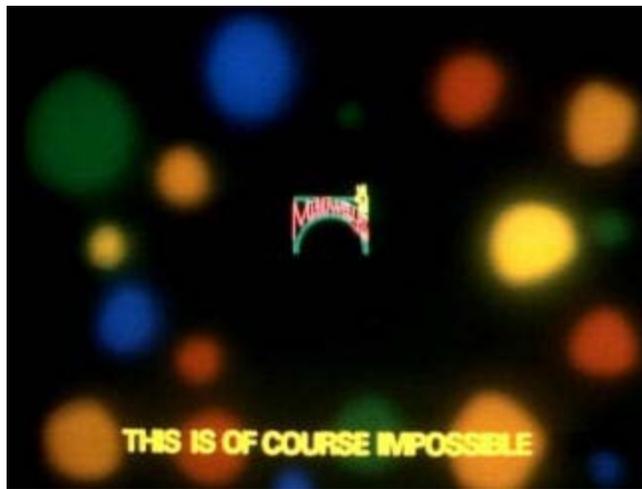
[Narrator] The Restaurant at the End of the Universe is one of the most extraordinary ventures in the entire history of catering.



A vast time bubble has been projected into the far future ...

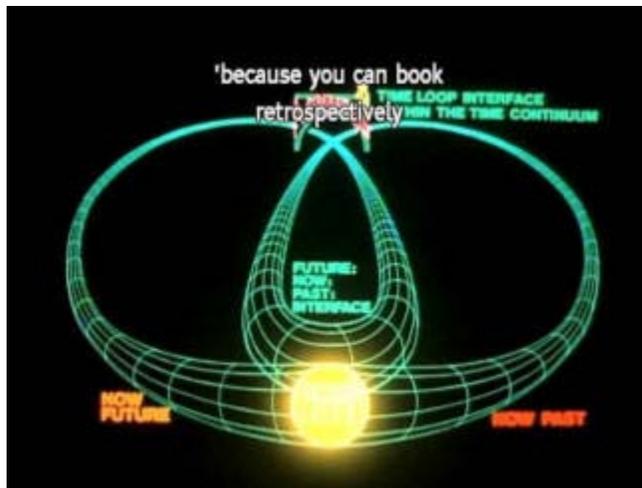


to the precise moment of the end of the Universe.

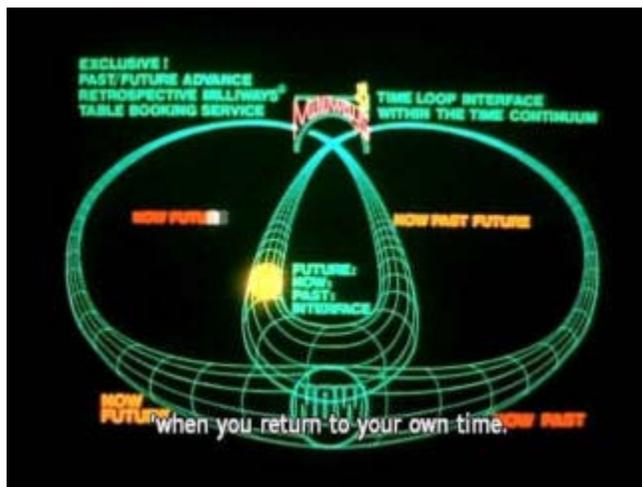


[Narrator] You can arrive without prior reservation ...

[THIS IS OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE]



because you can book retrospectively in advance, as it were ...



when you return to your own time.



[THIS IS OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE]



You can visit it as many times as you like and be sure of never meeting yourself, because of the embarrassment this usually causes.



[REMEMBER THE FOLLOWING FORMULAE AND AVOID YOURSELF.

- 1. PARALLAX ADJUSTMENT TIME STATE PARADOX*
- 2. BUMPY SPACE COMPENSATORY DUO FACTOR (DON'T GO ALONE)*
- 3. NOTIONAL TIME LAPSE CONTINUUM*
- 4. AGGREGATE TIME FUSION IN NEGATIVE TRACK FISSON*
- 5. REVERSIBLE GRAVITATIONAL LOGARHYTHMIC STEP ADJUSTED TIME FILTRATION UNIT (TAKE A WATCH)]*



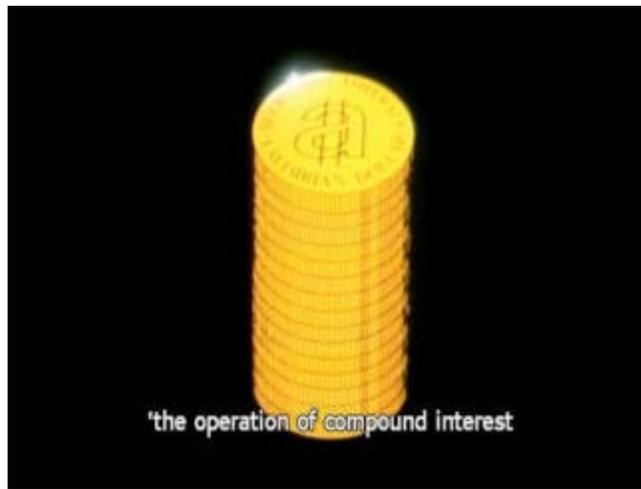
[THIS IS OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE]



You just deposit one penny in a savings account in your own era ...



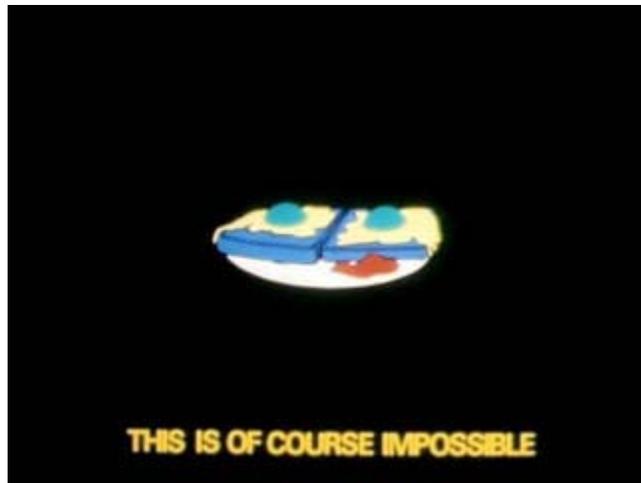
and when you arrive at the End of Time ...



the operation of compound interest ...

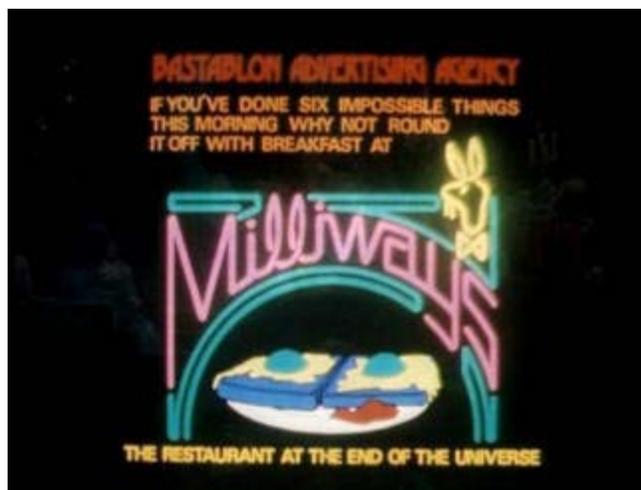


means that the fabulous cost of your meal has been paid for ...



... which is why the advertising executives of the star system of Bastablon came up with this slogan:

[THIS IS OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE]



*[BASTABLON ADVERTISING AGENCY
IF YOU'VE DONE SIX IMPOSSIBLE THINGS THIS MORNING WHY NOT ROUND IT OFF WITH
BREAKFAST AT MILLIWAYS, THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE]*



[Waiter] This way, please.

[Zaphod] Wowee! Zappo!

[Arthur] Incredible! The people, the things!



[Ford] The things are also people.

[Arthur] The people? The also people?

[Trillian] The lights!

[Arthur] The food!



[Trillian] The clothes!



The clothes?!

[Ford] Yeah, the clothes! The End of the Universe is very popular.



People dress up for it. Gives it a sense of occasion.

[Zaphod] Hey, everybody's here. You know -- everybody who was anybody! Hi, guys! How did you do?



[Crowd] Hi!

[Ford] Hey, Zaphod! There's an old mate of mine. Look, see!



It's Hotblack Desiato!



See the big guy in the platinum suit?



[Zaphod] Oh, yeah. Wow! Did he ever make it megabig.



Bigger than the biggest thing ever -- other than me.

[Trillian] Who is he?

[Zaphod] Hotblack Desiato? You never heard of Disaster Area?

[Trillian] No.

[Ford] The biggest, loudest ...

[Zaphod] Richest ...

[Ford] Rock band in the history of ...



[Zaphod] History itself!

[Ford] Yeah!

[Arthur] No.

[Zaphod] We're at the End of the Universe, and you haven't even lived yet! Hey, did you miss out!



Hey, waiter, bring me volume three of the wine list.

[Ford] Hey, Hotblack!



How you doing? Great to see you, big boy! How's the noise? You are looking great! Really very, very fat and unwell. Amazing! Remember the old days? Wow! We used to hang out! The Bistro Illegal, remember? The Evildrome Boozarama? Slim's Throat Emporium? Great days, eh? When we were hungry, we'd pose as health inspectors, and confiscate meals and drinks, and get food poisoning!



And you were up all night trying to write songs, and we all hated them! You didn't care, but we did because we hated them so much.



You said you didn't want to be a star, because you despised the star system, and we said we didn't think you had the option. And what do you do now? You BUY star systems! Here is a guy who buys star systems!



What's that number you do? That really huge one? How does it go?



Er ... da ... da ... da ... something. And in this stage act, it ends with the ship crashing right into the sun ...



and you actually DO it! I mean, ship ... sun ... bang! I mean, forget lasers. You guys are into solar flares and real sunburn, and terrible songs! Yeah! Let's have a drink! Yeah!



Hotblack?

[Bodyguard] Kid. Beat it!



Who are you?

[Ford] Who are you?



I'm the guy that's telling you to
beat it, before it gets beaten for you.

[Bodyguard] I'm the guy that's telling you to beat it, before it gets beaten for you.



[Ford] Now, listen, I am one of Hotblack's oldest friends and I ...



[Bodyguard] And I am Mr. Desiato's bodyguard, and I'm responsible for his body, and I am not responsible for yours, so take it away before it gets damaged!

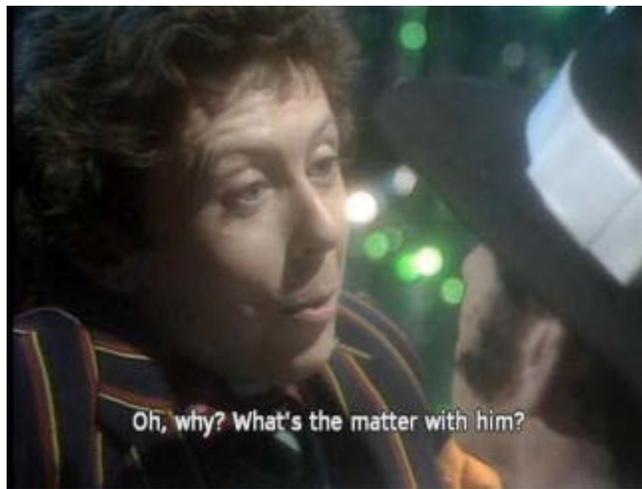
[Ford] Now, wait a minute ...



[Bodyguard] No minutes. No waiting. Mr. Desiato speaks to no one.

[Ford] Well, perhaps you'd better let him speak for himself.

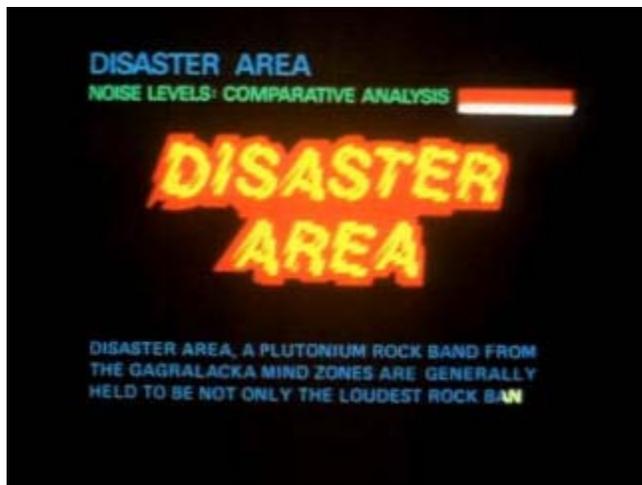
[Bodyguard] He speaks to no one.



[Ford] Oh, why? What's the matter with him?

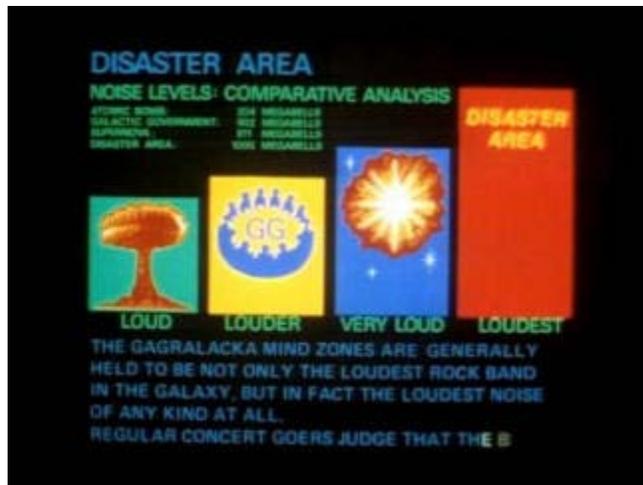


[Narrator] The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy notes that:





[DISASTER AREA NOISE LEVELS: COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS. DISASTER AREA, A PLUTONIUM ROCK BAND FROM THE GAGRALACKA MIND ZONES ARE GENERALLY HELD TO BE NOT ONLY THE LOUDEST ROCK BAND IN THE GALAXY, BUT IN FACT THE LOUDEST NOISE OF ANY KIND AT ALL.]



DISASTER AREA



IN THE GALAXY, BUT IN FACT THE LOUDEST NOISE
OF ANY KIND AT ALL.
REGULAR CONCERT GOERS JUDGE THAT THE BEST
SOUND BALANCE IS USUALLY TO BE HEARD FROM
WITHIN LARGE CONCRETE BUNKERS SOME THIRTY

DISASTER AREA



REGULAR CONCERT GOERS JUDGE THAT THE BEST
SOUND BALANCE IS USUALLY TO BE HEARD FROM
WITHIN LARGE CONCRETE BUNKERS SOME THIRTY
SEVEN MILES FROM THE STAGE, WHILST THE

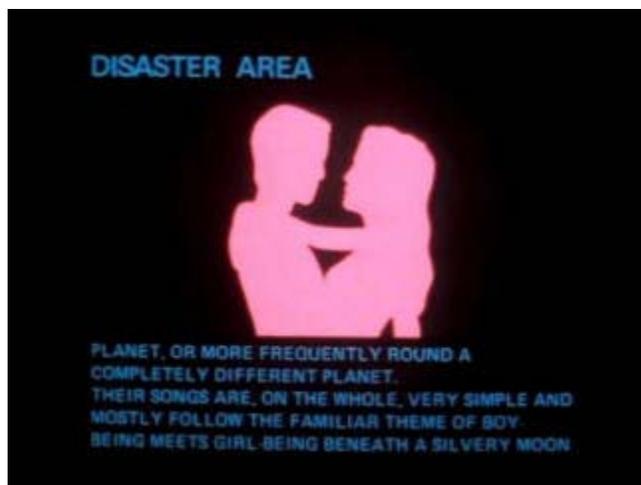
DISASTER AREA



SOUND BALANCE IS USUALLY TO BE HEARD FROM
WITHIN LARGE CONCRETE BUNKERS SOME THIRTY
SEVEN MILES FROM THE STAGE, WHILST THE
MUSICIANS THEMSELVES PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS
BY REMOTE CONTROL FROM A HEAVILY INSULATED



[REGULAR CONCERT GOERS JUDGE THAT THE BEST SOUND BALANCE IS USUALLY TO BE HEARD FROM WITHIN LARGE CONCRETE BUNKERS SOME THIRTY SEVEN MILES FROM THE STAGE. WHILST THE MUSICIANS THEMSELVES PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS]

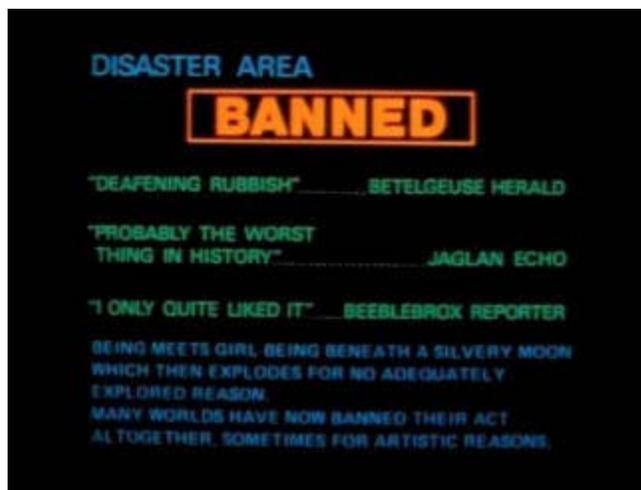




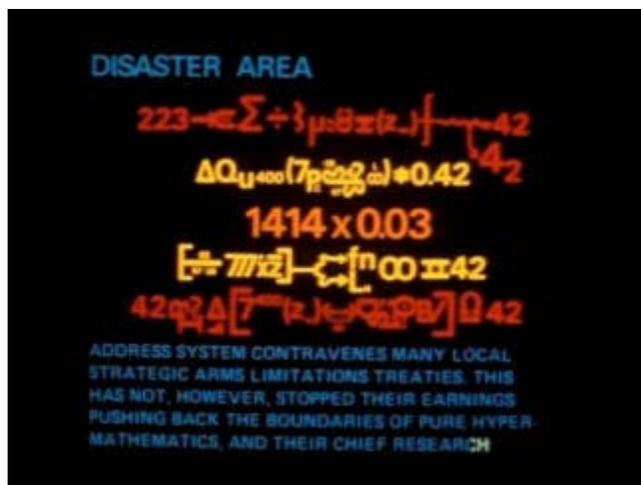
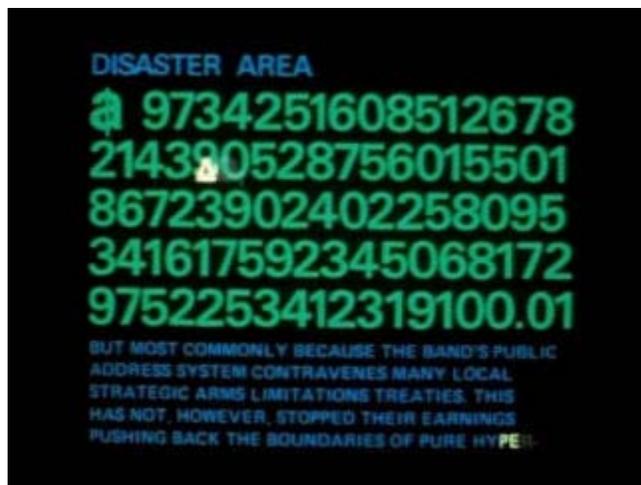
[BY REMOTE CONTROL FROM A HEAVILY INSULATED SPACESHIP WHICH STAYS IN ORBIT ROUND THE PLANET, OR MORE FREQUENTLY ROUND A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PLANET. THEIR SONGS ARE, ON THE WHOLE, VERY SIMPLE AND MOSTLY FOLLOW THE FAMILIAR THEME OF BOY BEING MEETS GIRL BEING BENEATH A SILVERY MOON]



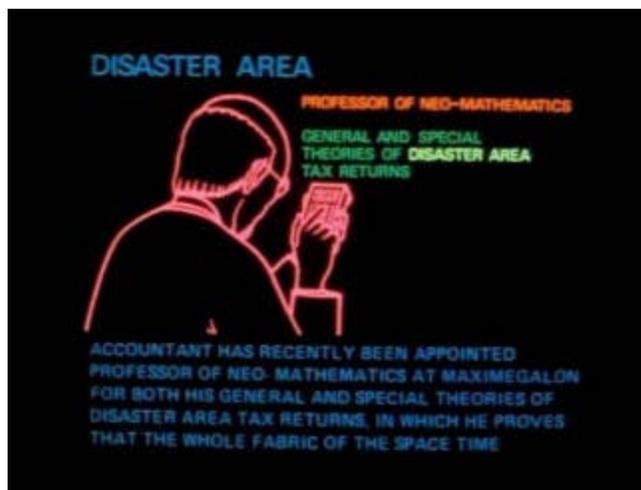
[WHICH THEN EXPLODES FOR NO ADEQUATELY EXPLORED REASON. MANY WORLDS HAVE NOW BANNED THEIR ACT ALTOGETHER, SOMETIMES FOR ARTISTIC REASONS]



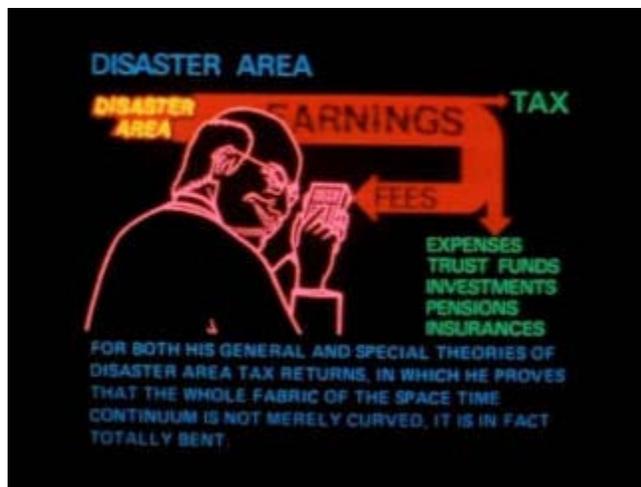
[DISASTER AREA BANNED. "DEAFENING RUBBISH" -- BETELGEUSE HERALD; "PROBABLY THE WORST THING IN HISTORY" -- JAGLAN ECHO; "I ONLY QUITE LIKED IT" -- BEEBLEBROX REPORTER]



[BUT MOST COMMONLY BECAUSE THE BAND'S PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM CONTRAVENES MANY LOCAL STRATEGIC ARMS LIMITATIONS TREATIES. THIS HAS NOT, HOWEVER, STOPPED THEIR EARNINGS PUSHING BACK THE BOUNDARIES OF PURE HYPERMATHEMATICS]



[AND THEIR CHIEF RESEARCH ACCOUNTANT HAS RECENTLY BEEN APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF NEO MATHEMATICS AT MAXIMEGALON FOR BOTH HIS GENERAL AND SPECIAL THEORIES OF DISASTER AREA TAX RETURNS, IN WHICH HE PROVES]



[THAT THE WHOLE FABRIC OF THE SPACE TIME CONTINUUM IS NOT MERELY CURVED, IT IS IN FACT TOTALLY BENT.]



[Zaphod] Oh, hi, there, Ford. Did you talk to your big-noise friend?



[Ford] Hot ... Hotblack? Yeah, I sort of spoke to him, yeah.



[Zaphod] Well, what did he say?

[Ford] Er ... not a lot. He's, um ...

[Zaphod] Yeah?



[Ford] Spending a year dead for tax reasons.

[Zaphod] Oh, yeah? Neat!



[Max] Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!

[APPLAUSE AND CHEERS]



Ladies and gentlemen, the Universe as we know it has been in existence for 170,000 million billion years ...



and will be ending in a little over ten minutes' time.



So, welcome one and all to Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe!





I am your host this evening, Max Quordlepleen, and I have come straight from the very, very other End of Time, where I've been hosting a show at the Big Bang Burger Bar ...



where we had a very exciting evening, ladies and gentlemen. and I will be with you right through this tremendous historic occasion --



the end of history itself.



So now, ladies and gentlemen, take your places at the table. The candles are lit, the band is playing ...



and as the force-shielded dome above us slides apart revealing a dark and sullen sky ...



hung with the ancient light of livid, swollen stars ...



I can see we are in for a fabulous evening's apocalypse!





Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, I'll be back again in a moment.



[Waiter] Would you all like to see the menu ...



or would you care to meet the dish of the day?

[Arthur] Meet?

[Trillian] What is it?

[Waiter] It's an Amiglion Major cow. I'll bring him over.



[Zaphod] OK, we'll meet the meat. That's cool!



[Dish of the Day] Beugh ... A-hem ...
[RUSTIC ACCENT]

Good evening, madam and gentlemen. I am the main dish of the day. May I interest you in parts of my body?



[Trillian & Ford] Huh?



[Ford] Oh, well.



[Dish of the Day] Something off my shoulder, perhaps? Braised in a white wine sauce?

[Arthur] Your shoulder?!

[Dish of the Day] Well, naturally mine, sir. Nobody else's is mine to offer! The rump is very good, sir. I have been exercising and eating plenty of grain, so there's a lot of good meat there.



[Dish of the Day] Or a casserole of me, perhaps?

[HE MOOS]



[Trillian] You mean this animal actually wants us to eat it?



[Ford] Me? I don't mean anything.

[Arthur] It's the most revolting thing I've ever heard!

[Zaphod] What's the problem?



[Arthur] I don't want to eat an animal that's inviting me to!



[Zaphod] It's better than eating an animal that doesn't want to be eaten.

[Arthur] That's not the point. Well, maybe it is the point.



I don't want to talk about it. I'll have a green salad.



[Dish of the Day] May I urge you, sir, to consider my liver? It must be very rich and tender by now. I have been force-feeding myself for months.

[Arthur] Green salad, please.

[Dish of the Day] A green salad!



[Arthur] Is there any reason why I shouldn't have a green salad?

[Dish of the Day] I know many vegetables that are very clear on that point, sir, which is why it was decided to cut through the whole tangled problem by breeding an animal that actually wanted to be eaten ...



and was capable of saying so clearly and distinctly. And here I am!



[Arthur] A glass of water ...?



[Zaphod] Listen, we want to eat! We don't want to make a meal of the issues.



Four rare steaks, please.

[Dish of the Day] Very wise choice, sir.



I'll just nip off and shoot meself.



Oh, God!

[Arthur] Oh, God!

[Dish of the Day] Don't worry, sir.



I'll be very humane.

I'll be very humane.



What's eating you, Earthman?

[Zaphod] What's eating you, Earthman?



[CHEERS AND APPLAUSE]

[Max] Hello, ladies and gentlemen! Is everybody having one last wonderful time?



[EVERYONE CHEERS]

Good.



And now, as the photon storms gather in swirling clouds around us ...



preparing to tear apart the last of the red hot suns, I hope you will all enjoy with me what I know you will find a tremendously exciting and terminal experience. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, there is nothing penultimate about this one.



This one, ladies and gentlemen, is the proverbial IT!



After this, there is void,

After this, there is void ...



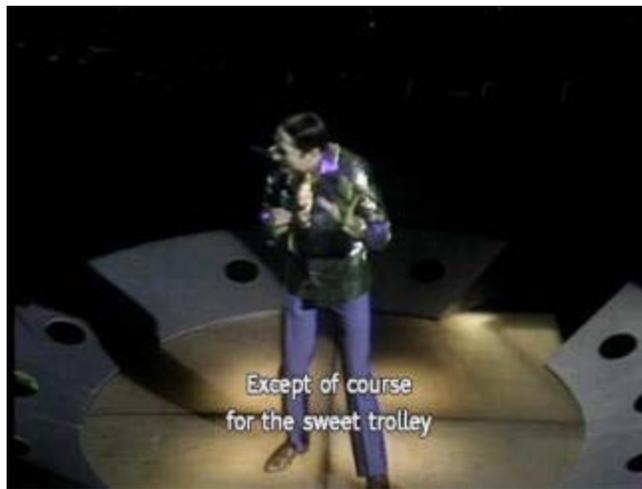
emptiness, oblivion,

emptiness, oblivion, absolute ...



nothing.

nothing.



Except of course for the sweet trolley, and our fine selection of Aldebran liqueurs! And for once, ladies and gentlemen, there is no need to worry about having a hangover in the morning ...



for there will be no more mornings!

[CHEERS]

And now, at the risk of putting a damper ...



on this wonderful atmosphere of doom and futility, I'd like to welcome a few parties.



Now, do we have a party from the Zansellquasure Flamarion Bridge Club, from beyond the Vortvoid of Qvame?



[THEY CHEER]



Last bids now, and no cheating!



This is a very solemn moment! And a party of minor deities ...



from the halls of Asgaard?





[THEY CHEER]

And a party of young Conservatives from Sirius B?



[APPLAUSE]



This is all your fault, of course!



And lastly, a party of devout believers ...



from the Church of the Second Coming

from the Church of the Second Coming of the Great Prophet Zarquon.



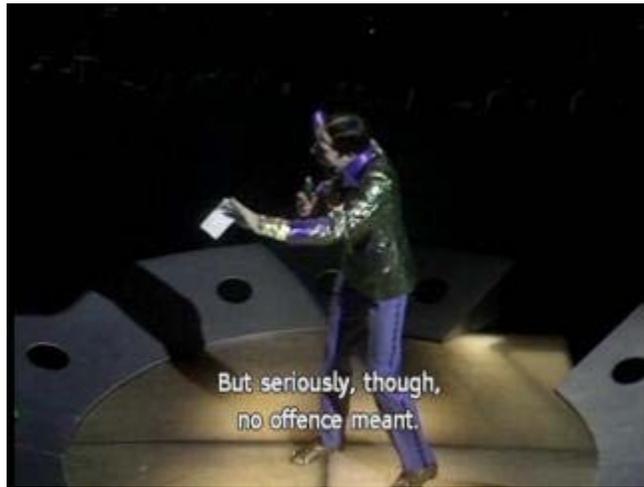
(CHEERS)

[CHEERS]

Still waiting for the second coming.



Well, fellas, let's hope he hurries. He's got eight minutes left!



But seriously, though, no offence meant. I know one shouldn't make fun of deeply held beliefs, so I think a great big hand for the Great Prophet Zarquon ...

[CHEERS AND APPLAUSE]



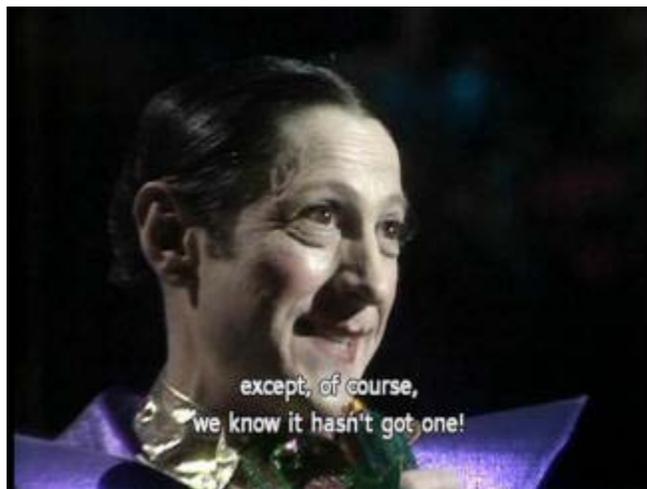
[Max] ... wherever he's got to!



It's marvellous to see so many of you here tonight. No, isn't it, though? Because I know so many of you come time and time again to watch this final end of everything, and then return home to your own eras and raise families, strive for new and better societies, ...



and fight terrible wars for what you know is right. It gives one real hope for the whole future of life-kind ...



except, of course, we know it hasn't got one!



[LAUGHTER]

[Waiter] Excuse me, sir.

[Zaphod] Who, me?



[Waiter] Mr. Zaphod Beeblebrox?

[Zaphod] Er, yeah.

[Waiter] There is a phone call for you, sir.



[Zaphod] Hey, what?

[Trillian] Here?

[Zaphod] Who knows where I am?

[Trillian] Maybe the Galactic Police have traced you here.

[Zaphod] So they can arrest me over the phone? Could be. I'm a pretty dangerous dude when cornered.



[Ford] Yeah, you go to pieces so fast, people get hit by the shrapnel!



[Zaphod] Hey, what is this? Judgment Day?



[Arthur] Is it that as well? Terrific!



[Zaphod] Who's the cat on the phone? Pass the wine, Ford.

[Waiter] I am not personally acquainted with the metal gentleman, sir ...

[Trillian] Metal?

[Waiter] ... but am informed he has been awaiting your return for a considerable number of millennia.



You left here somewhat precipitately.



[Zaphod] Left here? We've only just arrived!

[Waiter] Indeed, sir ...



but before you arrived here, you left.

[Zaphod] You're saying that before we arrived here, we left here?

[Waiter] That is what I said, sir.



[Zaphod] Put your analyst on danger money, baby!



[Ford] Wait. Where exactly is here?

[Waiter] The planet Magrathea, sir.

[Ford] But we just left there. We're at the Restaurant at the End of the Universe, I thought!

[Waiter] Precisely, sir. The one was constructed on the ruins of the other.

[Arthur] Ah, I see! So you mean we've traveled in time but not in space?



[Zaphod] You semi-evolved simian! Go climb a tree!



[Arthur] Go bang your heads together, four eyes!

[Waiter] No, no. Your monkey has got it right. You jumped forward many millions of years in time whilst retaining the same position in space. Your friend has been awaiting you in the meantime.



[Trillian] Marvin! It must be Marvin!



[Ford] The paranoid android!



[Zaphod] Space cookies! Hand me the rap rod plate, captain!



[Waiter] I beg your pardon, sir?

[Zaphod] The phone, waiter!

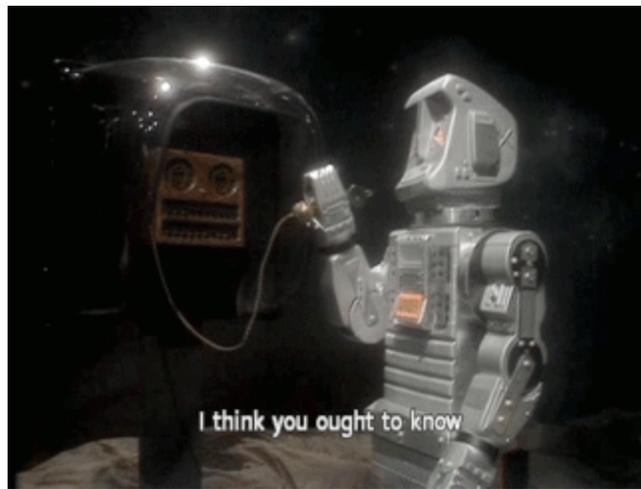


You guys are so unhip, it's a wonder your bums don't fall off.

[Waiter] The phone, sir.



[Zaphod] Hi, Marvin. How are you doing?

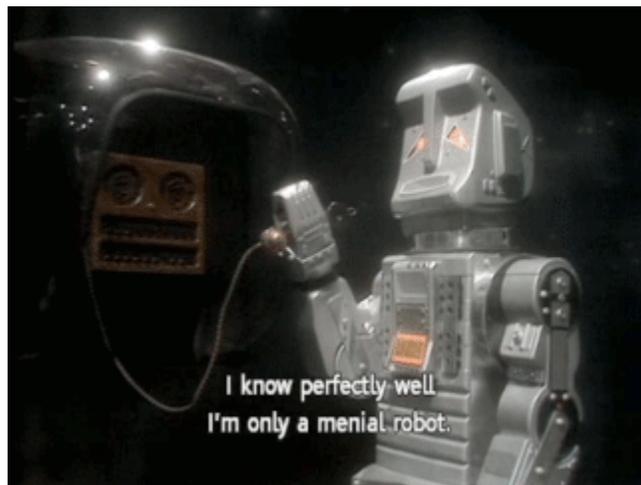


[Marvin] I think you ought to know I'm feeling very depressed.



[Zaphod] Yeah? We're having a great time -- wine, food, and the Universe going foom! Where are you, Marvin?

[Marvin] You don't have to pretend to be interested in me, you know.



I know perfectly well I'm only a menial robot.

[Zaphod] Yeah, but where are you?

[Marvin] *"Reverse primary thrust, Marvin,"* that's what they say to me. *"Open airlock number three, Marvin."*
"Marvin, can you pick up that piece of paper?" Here I am, brain the size of a planet, picking up a piece of paper!

[Zaphod] Yeah. Marvin ...

[Marvin] But I'm quite used to being humiliated. I can even go and stick my head in a bucket of water if you like. I mean, if that's what you really want.



Would you like me to stick my head in a bucket of water? I've got one ready.

[Zaphod] Marvin, um ...

[Trillian] What's he saying, Zaphod?



[Zaphod] Nothing. He just phoned to wash his head at us.
[To Marvin] Marvin, will you please tell us where you are!

[Marvin] I'm in the car park.

[Zaphod] What are you doing in the car park?



[Marvin] Parking cars. What else does one do in a car park?

[Zaphod] OK, stay there. I'll be down in a minute.

[Marvin] That makes two of us.

[Zaphod] Come on, guys, let's go! Marvin's down in the car park.

[Arthur] What's he doing there?



[Zaphod] Parking cars, what else, dum-dum? Come on, let's go!

[Max] Now, an interesting effect to watch for ...



is in the upper left-hand quadrant of the sky where you can see the star system of Hastromil boiling away into the ultraviolet.



Anyone here from Hastromil?





Well, it's too late to worry about whether you left the gas on at home now!



[Trillian] There he is! Marvin!

[Zaphod] Hey, Marvin, kid, are we pleased to see you!



[Marvin] No, you're not! No one ever is.

[Zaphod] Suit yourself.

[Trillian] No, Marvin, really we are!

[Arthur] Quite.

[Trillian] Hanging around waiting for us all this time!

[Marvin] The first ten million years were the worst. And the second ten million ...



they were the worst, too. The third ten million I didn't enjoy at all. After that, I went into a bit of a decline.



[Trillian] Poor old Marvin!

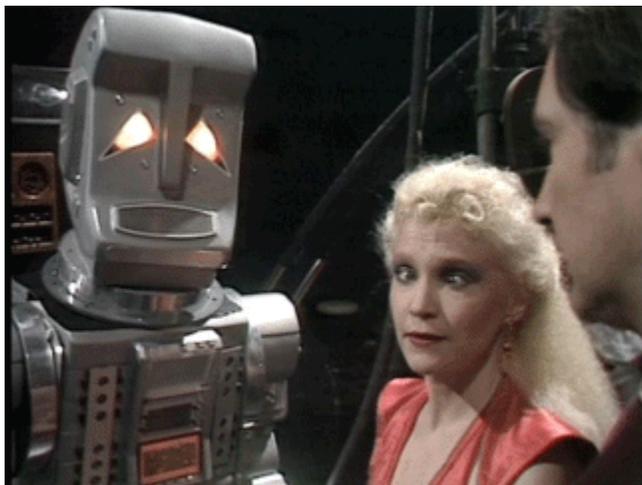
[Marvin] It's the people you meet in this job who really get you down. The best conversation I had ...



was over 34 million years ago.

[Trillian] Oh, dear.

[Rolls her eyes]



[Marvin] And that was with a coffee machine.



[Ford] Hey, Zaph, look at this baby. The tangerine star buggy with black sun busters.



[Zaphod] Hey, get this number. Multiclustur Quark drive with perspulax running boards!



This has got to be a Lazlar Lyricon custom job.

[Ford] I was passed by one of these mothers out by the Axel Nebula.



I was going flat out, and this thing just strolled past me! It was incredible!

[Zaphod] Too much!

[Ford] Ten seconds later it smashed straight into the third moon of Jaglan Beta. Great-looking ship, though.



Looks like a fish, moves like a fish, steers like a cow.



[Zaphod] Yeah, that really is bad for the eyes!

[Ford] It's so black! You can hardly see it. Light just falls into it.

[Zaphod] Hey, feel this surface!

[Ford] Yeah ... Hey, you can't!

[Zaphod] It's just totally frictionless!



This must be one mother of a mover. Well, what do you reckon, Ford?

[Ford] You reckon we should just stroll off with it? Do you think we should?

[Zaphod] No.

[Ford] Neither do I.



[Zaphod] Let's do it.

[Ford] OK.

[Zaphod] We'd better hurry. In a few seconds, the Universe will end, and all those creeps will come for their bourgemobiles.

[Ford] Hey, Zaph. How do you get into it?



[Zaphod] Just don't spoil a beautiful idea, Ford.

[Ford] Maybe the robot can figure it out!

[Zaphod] Hey, Marvin! We've got a job for you.

[Marvin] I won't enjoy it.



[Zaphod] Yes, you will. There's a whole new life stretching out in front of you!

[Marvin] Oh, not another one!

[Zaphod] Shut up and listen!



There'll be excitement and adventure and really wild things!



[Marvin] Sounds awful.

[Zaphod] But, Marvin ...

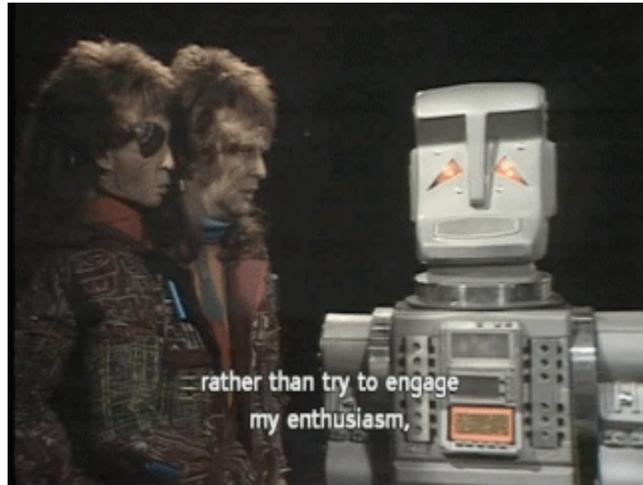
[Marvin] I suppose you want me to help you to get into this spaceship ...

[Zaphod] Marvin, will you just listen!

[Marvin] ... and open the door for you.

[Zaphod] What? Er ... Yeah.

[Marvin] Well, I wish you'd just tell me ...



rather than try to engage my enthusiasm, because I haven't got one.



Abracadiocularservosystems.



[Ford] How did you do that, Marvin?

[Marvin] Oh, didn't I tell you, I've got a brain the size of a planet?

[Zaphod] Oh, yeah.

[Ford] Hey, Zaph, come and have a look at this.

[Zaphod] Hey! Weird!



[Ford] It's so black. Everything in it is just totally black!



[DISASTER AREA]



[Arthur] Well, this is very pretty, I must say!



Yeah, I like a change of scene!

[Trillian] Yeah, I like a change of scene!

[Zaphod] Hey! This is one ace wonderful ship, eh, Ford!



Yeah.

[Ford] Yeah.



Pity it doesn't seem to work, isn't it? Ah, well.

[Zaphod] Hey, where are you going?

[Ford] To find another ship. One with a single red button suits me.

[Zaphod] Hey, listen, Ford. This is the most stylish heap I have ever been in!



We are gonna make it work, OK?

[Ford] YOU make it work!

[Zaphod] I can make any ship work! You hear that, ship?



[AUTO PILOT ACTIVATED]

Hey! I did it! OK, guys, we're on our way!

[Trillian] Where?



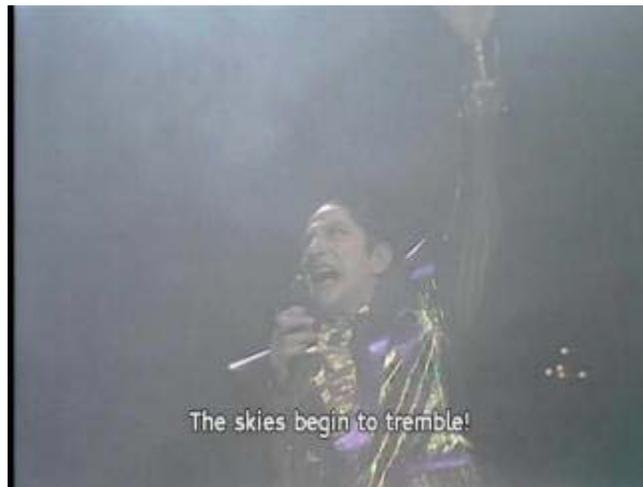
[Zaphod] Who cares where? We just go!

[Ford] Yeah!





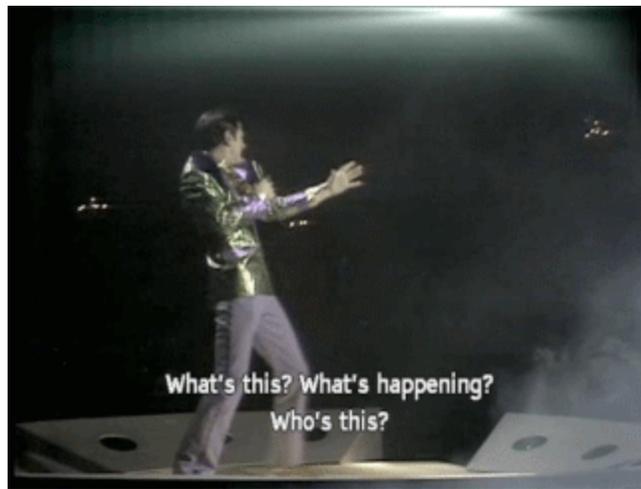
[Max] Ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for!



The skies begin to tremble! Nature collapses into the screaming void! In 15 seconds' time, the Universe itself will be at an end!



See where the light of infinity bursts in upon us!



What's this? What's happening? Who's this? I don't believe it! Ladies and gentlemen, a big hand, please ...



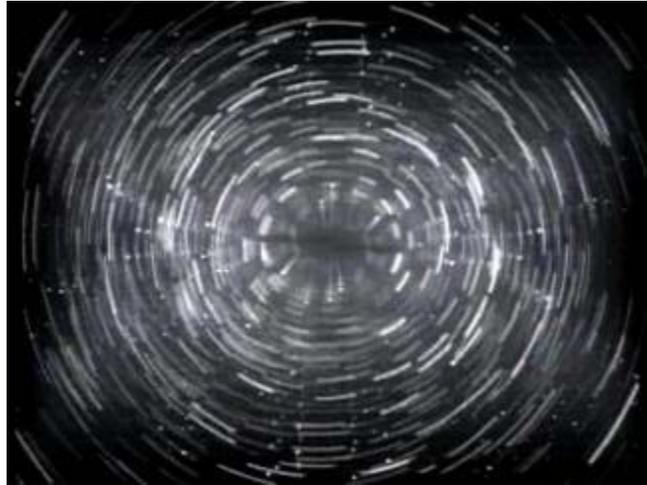
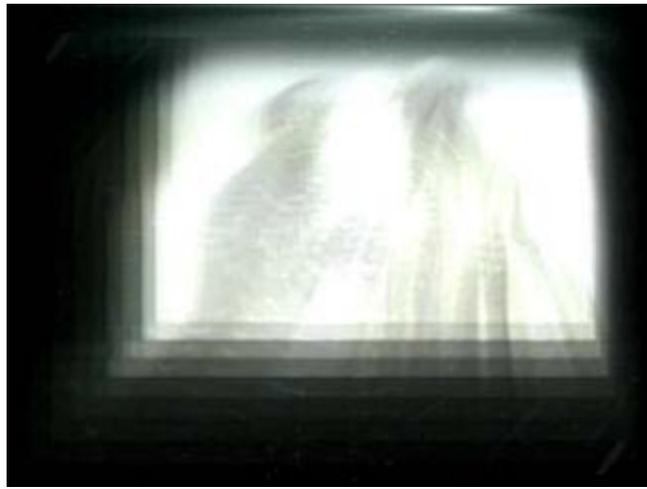
for the Great Prophet Zarquon!

[CHEERS AND APPLAUSE]

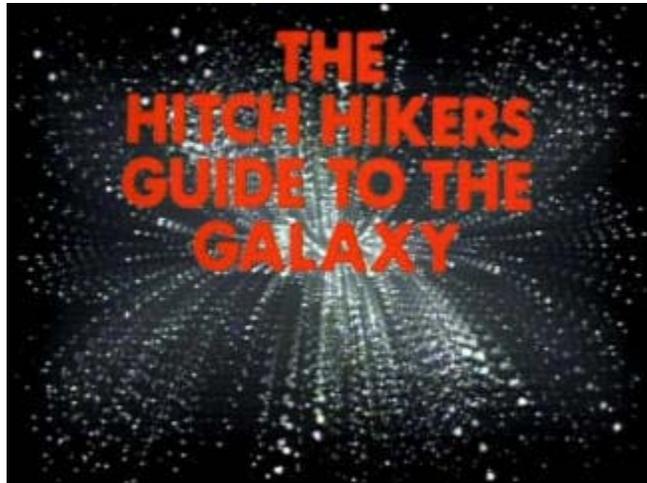
[Zarquon] Er, hello, everybody. I'm sorry I'm a bit late. Had a terrible time.



All sorts of things cropping up at the last moment. How are we for time?



[Narrator] One of the major selling points of that wholly remarkable book ...



THE HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY, apart from its relative cheapness ...

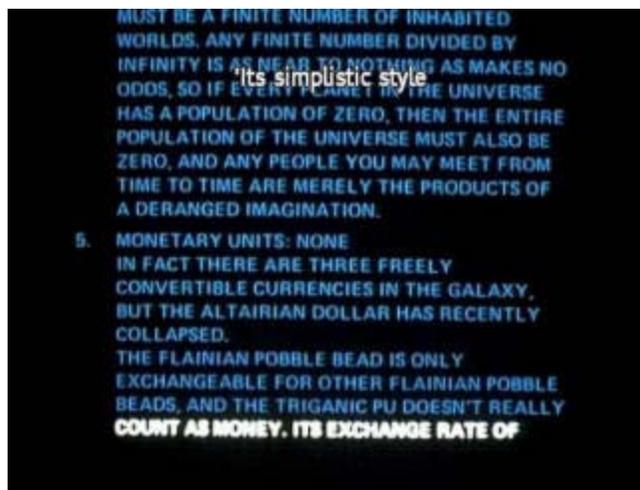


and the fact it has the words "Don't Panic" in large friendly letters on the cover, is its compendious and occasionally accurate glossary.

[A SNIP AT 26 UMB KRON FROM ALL SLIGHTLY SUSPECT BOOKSHOPS & MOST OF THE GRUBBIER TYPES OF SPACEPORT]

CONTENTS		
CHAPTERS	MAIN HEADINGS	PAGE NUMBER
	INTRODUCTION	01
1 - 10	PLACES TO VISIT	10
11 - 20	PLACES TO AVOID	53,000
21 - 90	LIFE FORMS	100,002
91 - 120	SPACE VEHICLES	168,430
121 - 135	FOOD	209,632
136 - 290	MASSAGE PARLOURS	307,937
291 - 301	KAMA ALTAIRIA	498,621
302 - 305	PERFUMED PARK	499,203
306 - 391	APHRODISIACS	500,239
	GLOSSARY	576,000
	INDEX	577,000
	AMENDMENTS	4,200,000

[CONTENTS
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INTRODUCTION 01
1-10 PLACES TO VISIT 10
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21-90 LIFE FORMS 100,0002
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136-290 MASSAGE PARLOURS 307,937
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302-305 PERFUMED PARK 499,203
306-391 APHRODISIACS 500,239
GLOSSARY 576,000
INDEX 577,000
AMENDMENTS 4,200,000]



its simplistic style

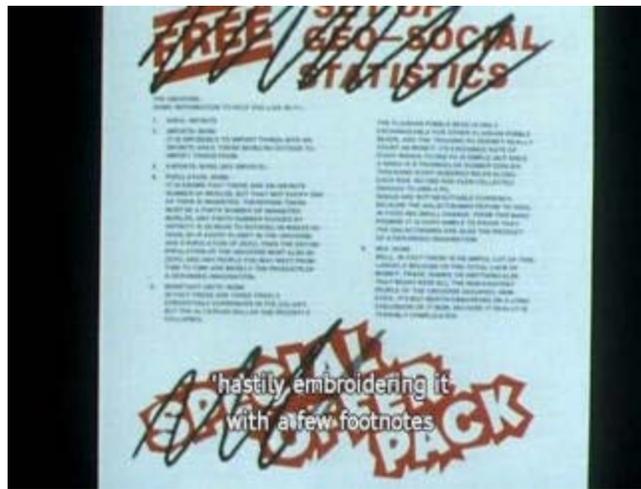
Its simplistic style is partly explained by the fact that its editor, having to meet a publishing deadline, copied the information off the back of a packet of breakfast cereal ..

[... MUST BE A FINITE NUMBER OF INHABITED WORLDS. ANY FINITE NUMBER DIVIDED BY INFINITY IS AS NEAR TO NOTHING AS MAKES NO ODDS, SO IF EVERY PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE HAS A POPULATION OF ZERO, THEN THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE UNIVERSE MUST ALSO BE ZERO, AND ANY PEOPLE YOU MAY MEET FROM TIME TO TIME ARE MERELY THE PRODUCTS OF A DERANGED IMAGINATION.

5. MONETARY UNITS: NONE. IN FACT THERE ARE THREE FREELY CONVERTIBLE CURRENCIES IN THE GALAXY. BUT THE ALTAIRIAN DOLLAR HAS RECENTLY COLLAPSED. THE FLAINIAN POBBLE BEAD IS ONLY EXCHANGEABLE FOR OTHER FLAINIAN POBBLE BEADS, AND THE TRIGANIC PU DOESN'T REALLY COUNT AS MONEY. IT'S EXCHANGE RATE OF ...]



*[WEB NIXO
EDITOR: THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY
MICTO-ARTIST
EXTRAORDINAIRE:
UNDERTAKES SPONSORED LUNCH BREAKS FOR
CHARITY.]*

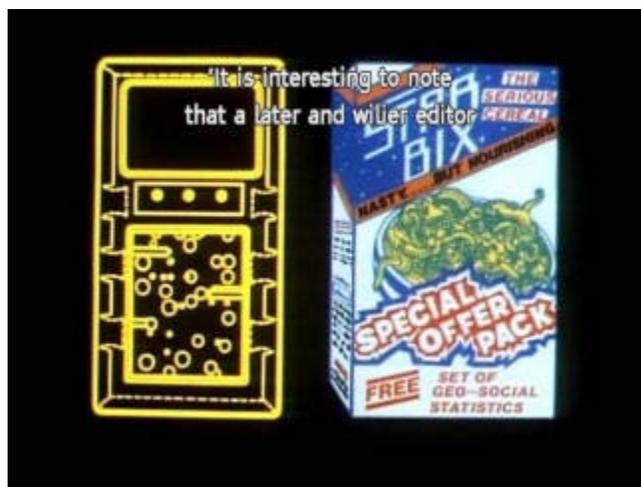


... hastily embroidering it with a few footnotes in order to avoid prosecution under the incomprehensibly tortuous Galactic copyright laws.



[INFINITE: -
 BIGGER THAN THE BIGGEST THING EVER AND THEN SOME! MUCH BIGGER THAN THAT IN FACT -
 REALLY AMAZINGLY IMMENSE! A TOTALLY STUNNING SIZE, REAL WOW! THAT'S BIG TIME ... SO
 BIG IT'LL MAKE YOUR BRAIN BOIL JUST TRYING TO THINK ABOUT ONE TINY BIT OF IT. BIG, BIG,
 BIG. LISTEN, INFINITY IS JUST SO BIG THAT BY COMPARISON BIGNESS ...

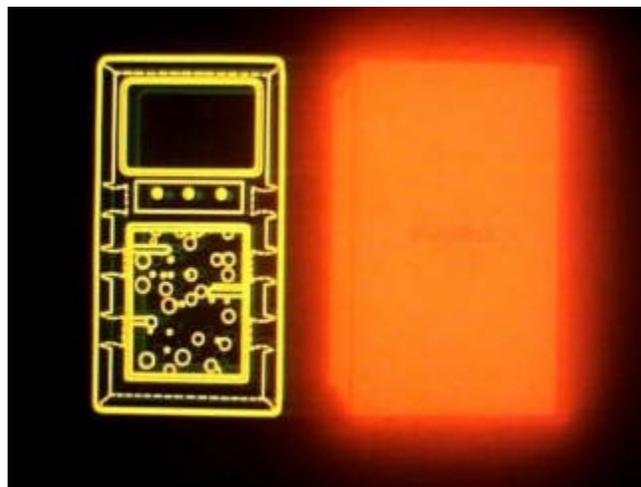
STAR BIX – THE SERIOUS CEREAL
 NASTY ... BUT NOURISHING
 SPECIAL OFFER PACK
 FREE SET OF GEO-SOCIAL STATISTICS]



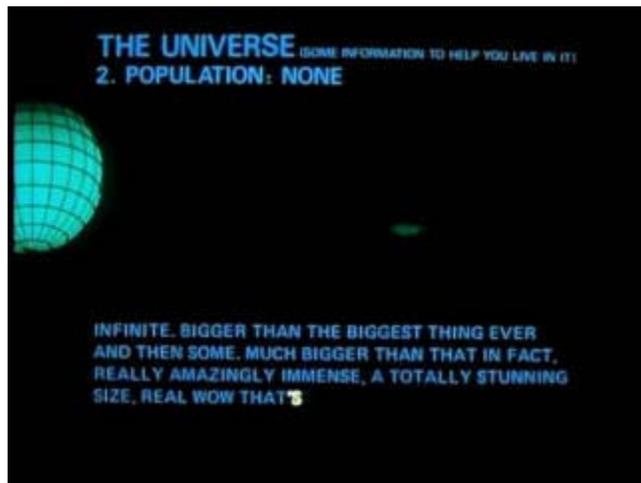
It is interesting to note that a later and wiler editor sent the book backwards in time ...

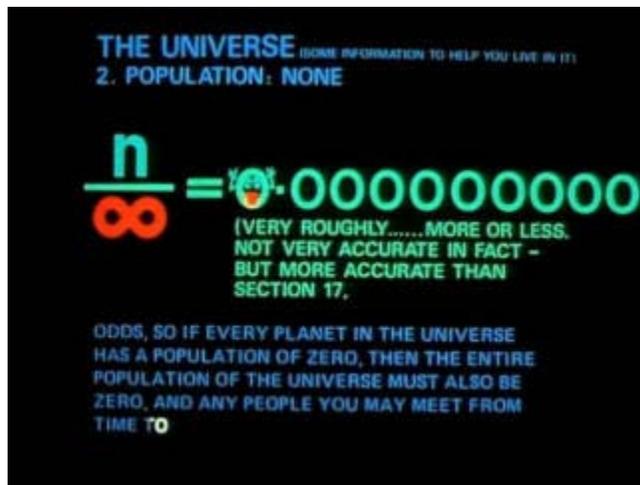
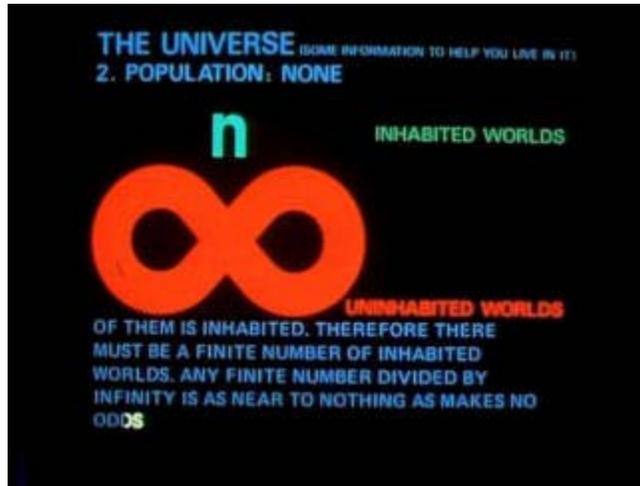
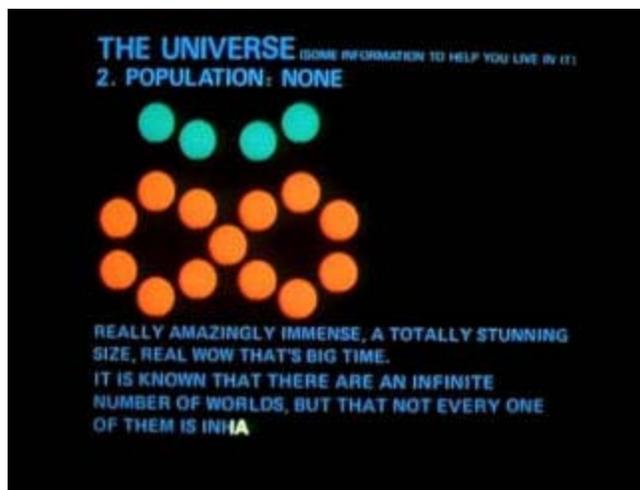


through a temporal warp, and then successfully sued the breakfast cereal company for infringement of the same laws.



Here's a sample in both headings and footnotes.





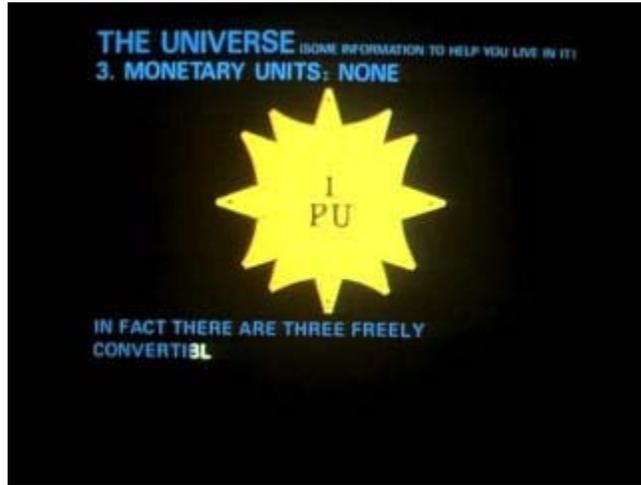
[THE UNIVERSE (SOME INFORMATION TO HELP YOU LIVE IN IT)

1. AREA: INFINITE

2. POPULATION: NONE

INFINITE: BIGGER THAN THE BIGGEST THING EVER AND THEN SOME! MUCH BIGGER THAN THAT IN FACT – REALLY AMZINGLY IMMENSE! A TOTALLY STUNNING SIZE, REAL WOW! THAT’S BIG TIME ... IT IS KNOWN THAT THERE ARE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF WORLDS, BUT THAT NOT EVERY ONE OF THEM IS INHABITED. THEREFORE THERE MUST BE A FINITE NUMBER OF INHABITED WORLDS. ANY FINITE NUMBER DIVIDED BY INFINITY IS AS NEAR TO NOTHING AS MAKES NO ODDS. SO IF EVERY PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE HAS A POPULATION OF ZERO, THEN THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE UNIVERSE MUST ALSO BE ZERO, AND ANY PEOPLE YOU MAY MEET FROM TIME TO TIME ARE MERELY THE PRODUCTS OF A DERANGED IMAGINATION.

$$n/infinity = 0.0000000000000000]$$



[TEN ALTAIRIAN DOLLARS: I PROMISE TO PAY THE BEARER THE SUM OF TEN DOLLARS]

THE UNIVERSE (SOME INFORMATION TO HELP YOU LIVE IN IT)
3. MONETARY UNITS: NONE

I PROMISE TO
PAY THE BEARER
NOTHING AT ALL
AND WILL SHORTLY
BE GOING ON A LONG
HOLIDAY TO SOMEWHERE
NICE.

IN FACT THERE ARE THREE FREELY
CONVERTIBLE CURRENCIES IN THE GALAXY,
BUT THE ALTAIRIAN DOLLAR HAS RECENTLY
COLLAPSED.

[I PROMISE TO PAY THE BEARER NOTHING AT ALL AND WILL SHORTLY BE GOING ON A LONG
HOLIDAY TO SOMEWHERE NICE.]

THE UNIVERSE (SOME INFORMATION TO HELP YOU LIVE IN IT)
3. MONETARY UNITS: NONE



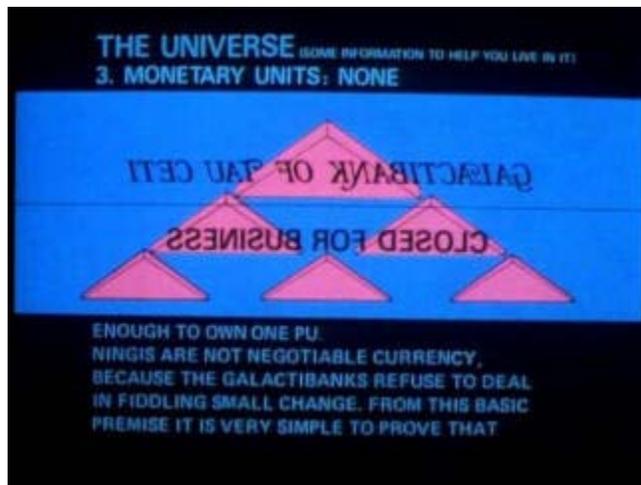
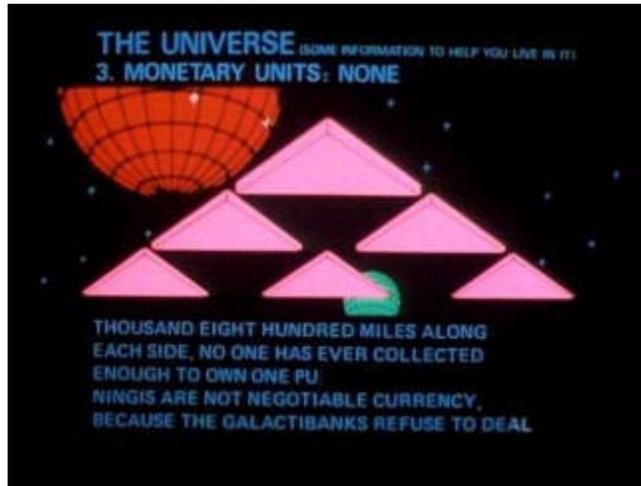
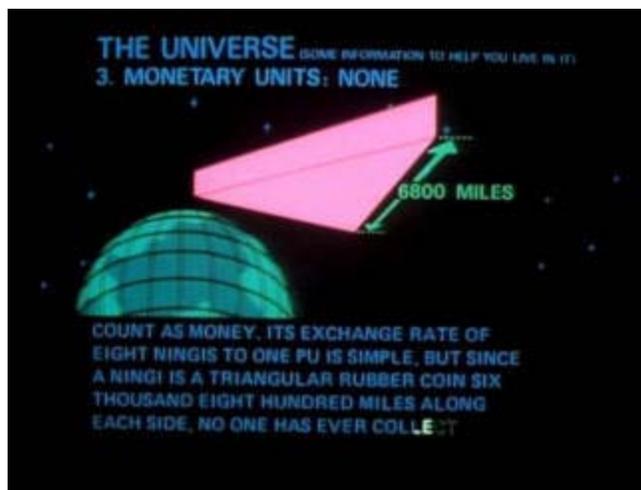
FLAINIAN POBBLE BEADS

BUT THE ALTAIRIAN DOLLAR HAS RECENTLY
COLLAPSED.
THE FLAINIAN POBBLE BEAD IS ONLY
EXCHANGEABLE FOR OTHER FLAINIAN POBBLE
BEADS, AND THE TRIG

THE UNIVERSE (SOME INFORMATION TO HELP YOU LIVE IN IT)
3. MONETARY UNITS: NONE



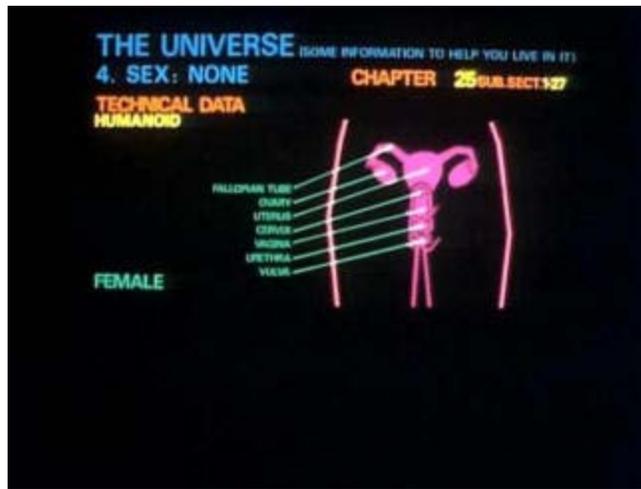
BEADS, AND THE TRIGANIC PU DOESN'T REALLY
COUNT AS MONEY, ITS EXCHANGE RATE OF
EIGHT NINGIS TO ONE PU IS SIMPLE, BUT SINCE
A NINGI IS A TRIANGULAR RUBBER COIN SIX



[3. MONETARY UNITS: NONE

1 PU

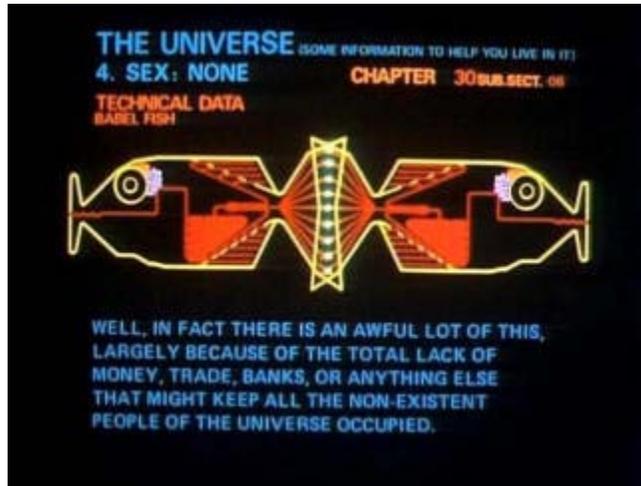
IN FACT THERE ARE THREE FREELY CONVERTIBLE CURRENCIES IN THE GALAXY. BUT THE ALTAIRIAN DOLLAR HAS RECENTLY COLLAPSED. THE FLAINIAN POBBLE BEAD IS ONLY EXCHANGEABLE FOR OTHER FLAINIAN POBBLE BEADS, AND THE TRIGANIC PU DOESN'T REALLY COUNT AS MONEY. ITS EXCHANGE RATE OF EIGHT NINGIS TO ONE PU IS SIMPLE. BUT SINCE A NINGI IS A TRIANGULAR RUBBER COIN SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED MILES ALONG EACH SIDE, NO ONE HAS EVER COLLECTED ENOUGH TO OWN ONE PU. NINGIS ARE NOT NEGOTIABLE CURRENCY, BECAUSE THE GALACTIBANKS REFUSE TO DEAL IN FIDDLING SMALL CHANGE. FROM THIS BASIC PREMISE IT IS VERY SIMPLE TO PROVE THAT THE GALACTIBANKS ARE ALSO THE PRODUCT OF A DERANGED IMAGINATION.]



[4. SEX: NONE
 CHAPTER 25 SUB.SECT. 27
 TECHNICAL DATA
 HUMANOID

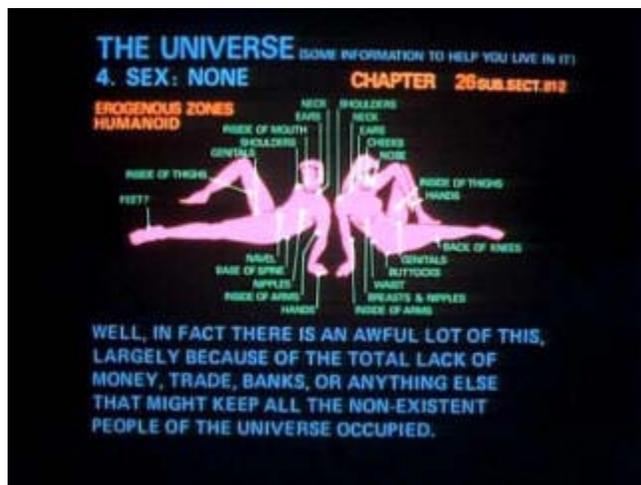
FEMALE: FALLOPIAN TUPE; OVARY; UTERUS; CERVIX; VAGINA; URETHRA; VULVA]





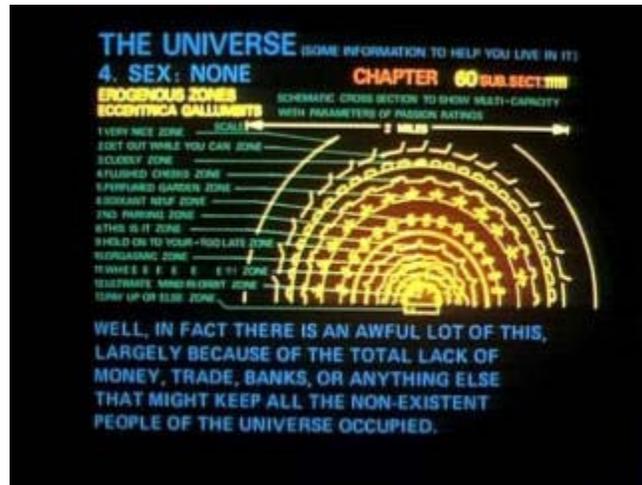
[4. SEX: NONE
 CHAPTER 30 SUB.SECT. 08
 TECHNICAL DATA
 BABEL FISH

WELL, IN FACT THERE IS AN AWFUL LOT OF THIS, LARGELY BECAUSE OF THE TOTAL LACK OF MONEY, TRADE, BANKS, OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT KEEP ALL THE NON-EXISTENT PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE OCCUPIED.]



[4. SEX: NONE
 CHAPTER 26 SUB.SECT. 812
 EROGENOUS ZONES
 HUMANOID

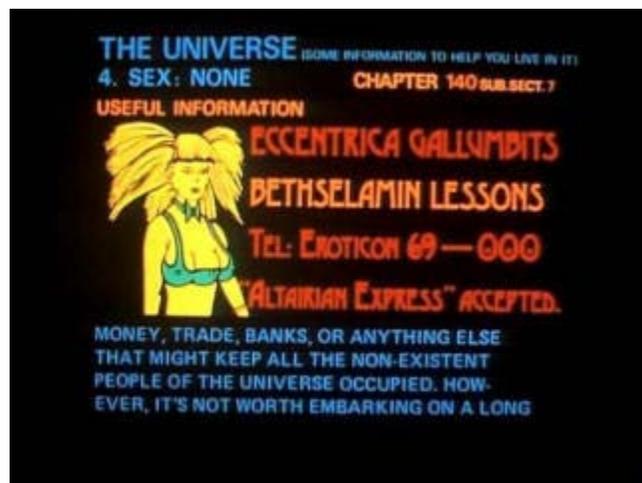
WOMAN: SHOULDERS; NECK; EARS; CHEEKS; NOSE; INSIDE OF THIGHS; HANDS; BACK OF KNEES;
 GENITALS; BUTTOCKS; WAIST; BREASTS & NIPPLES; INSIDE OF ARMS
 MAN: NECK; EARS; INSIDE OF MOUTH; SHOULDERS; GENITALS; INSIDE OF THIGHS; FEET; NAVEL;
 BASE OF SPINE; NIPPLES; INSIDE OF ARMS; HANDS]



[4. SEX: NONE
 CHAPTER 60 SUB.SECT. 11111
 EROGENOUS ZONES
 ECCENTRICA GALLUMBITS

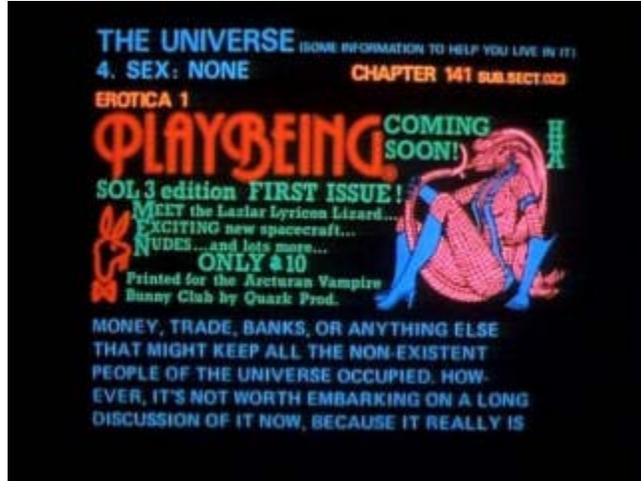
SCHEMATIC CROSS SECTION TO SHOW MULTI-CAPACITY WITH PARAMETERS OF PASSION RATINGS

1. VERY NICE ZONE
2. GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN ZONE
3. CUDDLY ZONE
4. FLUSHED CHEEKS ZONE
5. PERFUMED GARDEN ZONE
6. _
7. NO PARKING ZONE
8. THIS IS IT ZONE
9. HOLD ON TO YOUR – TOO LATE ZONE
10. ORGASMIC ZONE
11. WHEEEEEEE! ZONE
12. ULTIMATE MIND IN ORBIT ZONE
13. PAY UP OR ELSE ZONE]



[USEFUL INFORMATION
 ECCENTRICA GALLUMBITS

BETHSELAMIN LESSONS
TEL: EROTICON 69-000
"ALTAIRIAN EXPRESS" ACCEPTED]



[The Universe (Some Information to Help You Live In It)

4. SEX: NONE, Chapter 141 Sub. Sect. 023

Erotica 1

PLAYBEING COMING SOON! HHA

Sol 3 edition FIRST ISSUE!

Meet the Lazlar Lyricon Lizard ...

Exciting new spacecraft ...

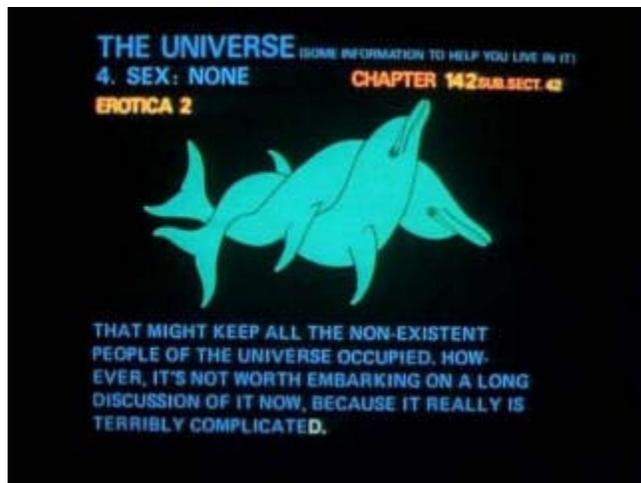
Nudes ... and lots more ...

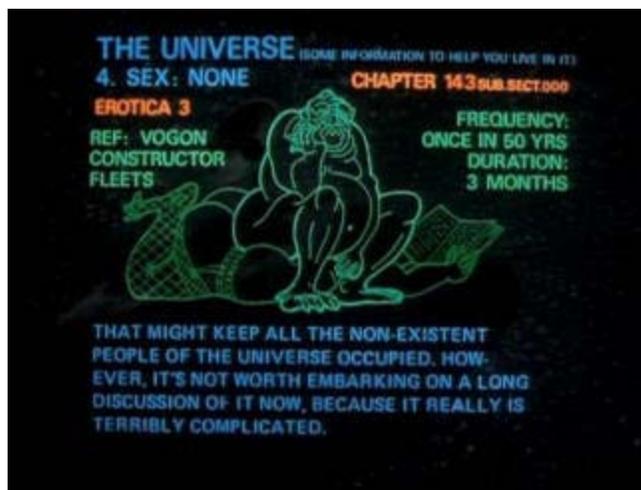
Only \$10

Printed for the Arcturan Vampire

Bunny Club by Quark Prod.

HOWEVER, IT'S NOT WORTH EMBARKING ON A LONG DISCUSSION OF IT NOW, BECAUSE IT REALLY IS TERRIBLY COMPLICATED.]





*[4. SEX: NONE CHAPTER 143 SUB.SECT.000
EROTICA 3
REF: VOGON CONSTRUCTOR FLEETS
FREQUENCY: ONCE IN 50 YRS DURATION: 3 MONTHS]*



[Arthur] Basically, what you're telling me is that the ship is out of control!

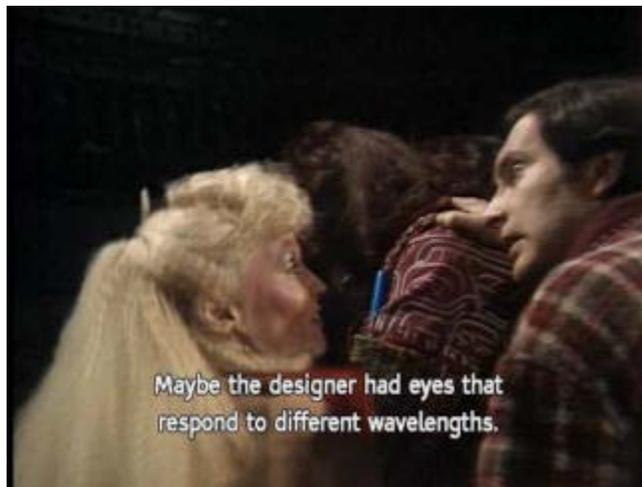
[Zaphod] The weird colour scheme freaks me.



Every time I try to operate one of these weird black controls, a small black light lights up in black to let you know you've done it.

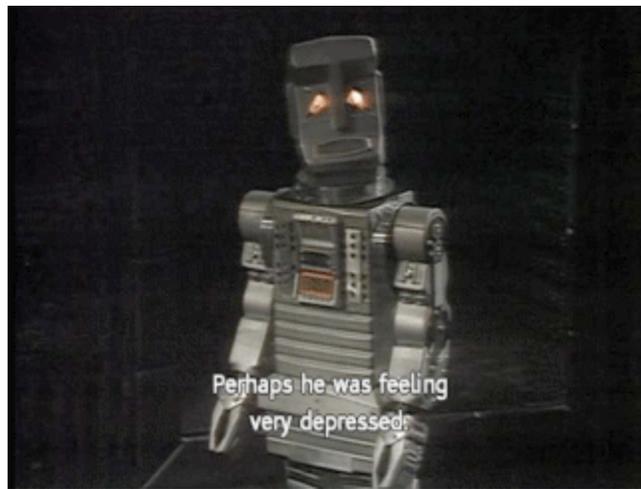


Is it some kind of Galactic hyper hearse?



[Trillian] Maybe the designer had eyes that respond to different wavelengths.

[Arthur] Or had no imagination!



[Marvin] Perhaps he was feeling very depressed.

[Arthur] It's beginning to make me feel space-sick!

[Ford] Time-sick! We're going backwards through time.



[Arthur] Now I AM going to be ill!

[Zaphod] We could do with some colour here.





[Trillian] Oh, that's better! Have you managed to make sense of the controls?



[Ford] No. We just stopped fiddling with them.



SECOND STAGE AUTO PILOT ACTIVATED



[Bodyguard] OK, Hotblack, the black ship's ready to crash into the sun of Kakrafoon. Time to get there ourselves.

EPISODE 6:

[Narrator] The history of every major Galactic civilisation passes through three distinct and recognisable phases:



*[SURVIVAL
INQUIRY
SOPHISTICATION]*



For instance, the first phase is characterised by the question:



[HOW CAN WE EAT?]

The second by the question:



[WHY DO WE EAT?]

The third by the question:



[WHERE SHALL WE HAVE LUNCH?]

Though it will take a large civilization thousands of years to pass through the how, why and where phases ...



small social groupings under stressful conditions ...



can pass through these phases with extreme rapidity thus ...

[Arthur] How are we doing?

[Zaphod] Badly.

[Arthur] Why?

[All] Shut up!



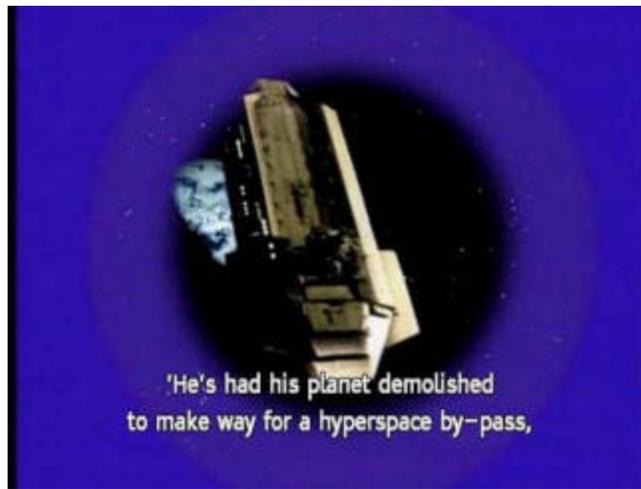
[Marvin] Excitement and adventure and really wild things.



[Narrator] Excitement and adventure and really wild things ...



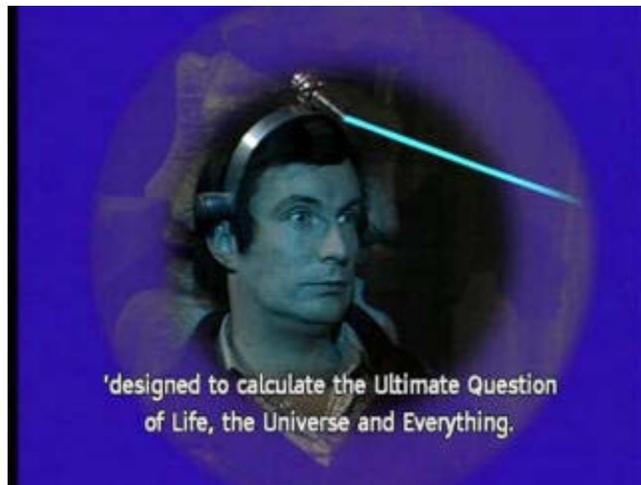
have been dogging Arthur Dent for some days.



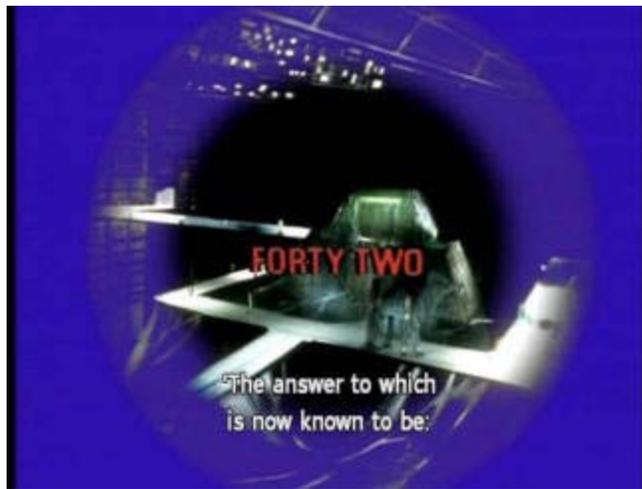
He's had his planet demolished to make way for a hyperspace by-pass ...



and has been confronted with the disconcerting knowledge that the Earth was not what it appeared, but was in fact a gigantic super-computer ...



designed to calculate the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe and Everything.

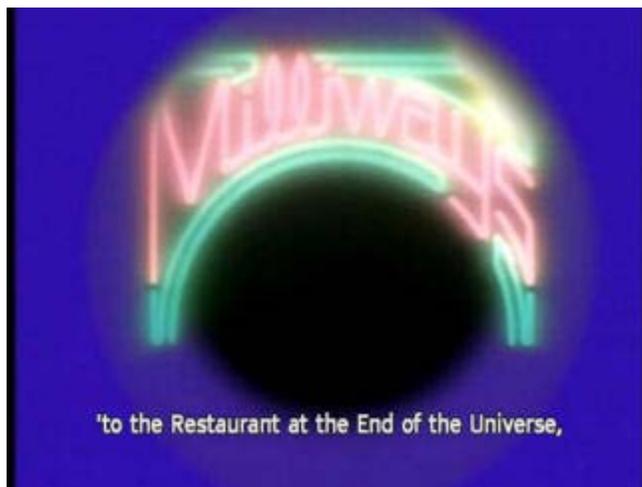


The answer to which is now known to be:

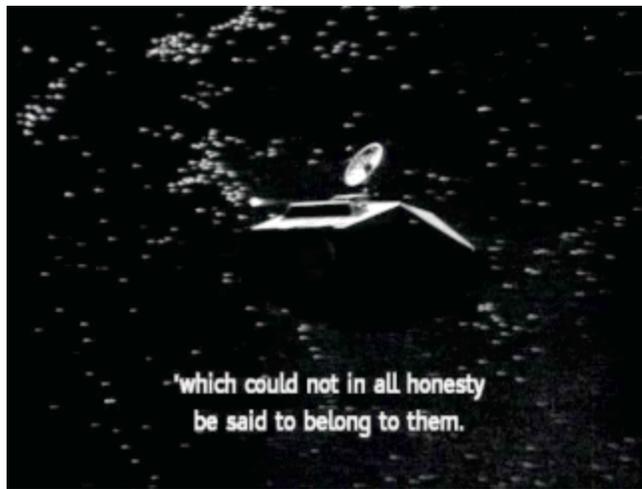
[FORTY TWO]



He and his companions have been blasted far forward in time ...



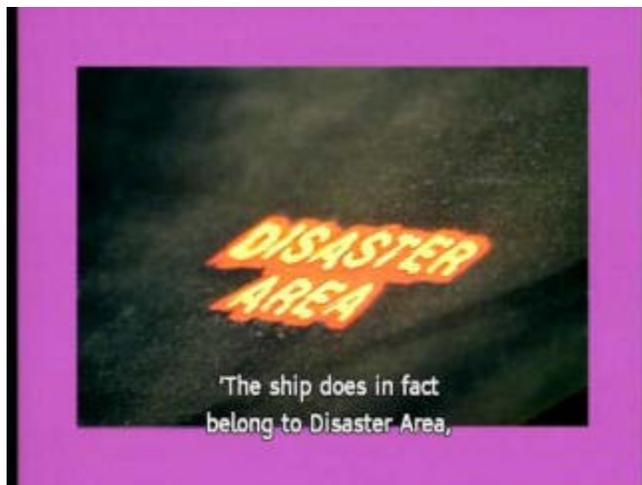
to the Restaurant at the End of the Universe, from which they're returning in a ship ...



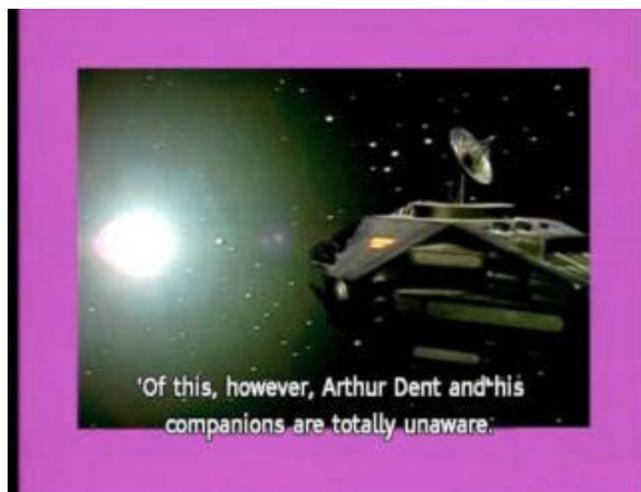
which could not in all honesty be said to belong to them.



Can they now relax for a while and take stock? No.



The ship does in fact belong to Disaster Area, a plutonium rock band whose stage act traditionally ends with a black stunt ship on autopilot crashing into the heart of a nearby sun.



Of this, however, Arthur Dent and his companions are totally unaware. They decide to relax for a while and take stock.



[Zaphod] Listen, Earthman, you've got a job to do. The Question to the Ultimate Answer, right?



There's a lot of loot in that head thing of yours.



[Arthur] Where do we start? The Ultimate Answer's 42. What's the question? How should I know? It could be anything. What's six times seven?



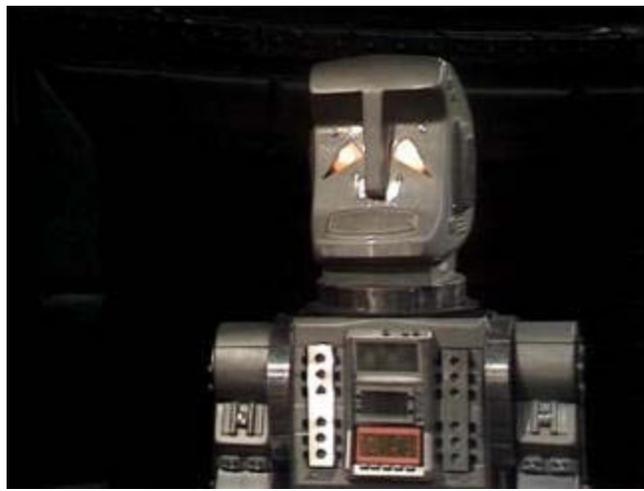
[All] 42!

[Arthur] Yes, I know that. I'm just saying it could be anything. Why ask me?



[Zaphod] 'Cause you were the last one! You were there at the Big Firework!

[Arthur] I wish you'd stop saying that.



[Marvin] I know.



Shut up, this is organism talk.

[Ford] Shut up, this is organism talk.



It's printed in the Earthman's
brainwave patterns,

[Marvin] It's printed in the Earthman's brainwave patterns, but I don't suppose you'll be very interested in that.

[Arthur] You can read my mind?

[Marvin] Yes.

[Arthur] And?



[Marvin] It amazes me how you manage to live in anything that small.



[Arthur] Abuse!

[Zaphod] Ignore him, he's only making it up.

[Marvin] Making it up? Why should I want to do that?



Life's bad enough as it is without wanting to invent any more of it.



[Trillian] Marvin, if you knew all along, why didn't you tell us?

[Marvin] You didn't ask.

[Ford] We're asking now. What's the question?

[Marvin] The Ultimate Question?

[Ford] Yes!



[Marvin] Of Life, the Universe and Everything?

[All] Yeah!

[Marvin] To which the answer is 42?

[All] Yeah, come on!



[Marvin] You're not really interested.



[Zaphod] Tell us, you motorised maniac!



[THIRD STAGE AUTO PILOT ACTIVATED]



[Ford] This ship knows where it's going better than we do.



[Marvin] I could tell you weren't really interested.

[Arthur] Who does this ship belong to?

[Zaphod] Me.

[Arthur] Who does it really belong to?!

[Zaphod] Really me! Property is theft, right? Therefore theft is property, therefore this ship is mine.



[Ford] Tell the ship that.

[Zaphod] Ship! This is your new owner speaking!



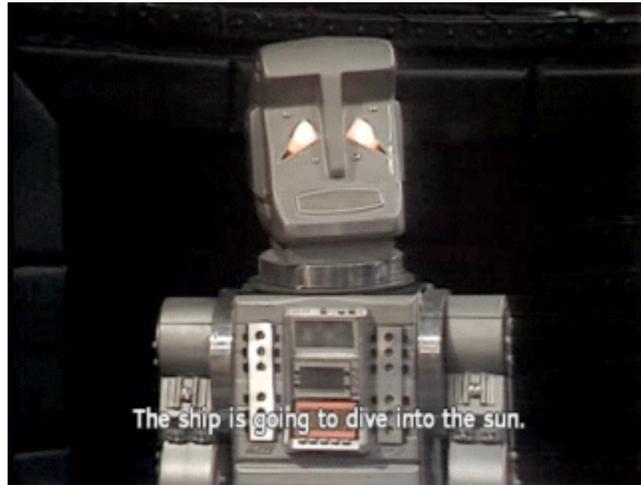
[SCREECHING SIREN]

[LOUD INTERCOM] OK, channel 9 on power. Testing Channel 15. Channel 15, A-OK. Now in pre-sun-dive position. Put it in under control of central stage coordination. Ship locked into stage computer A-OK. Stand by for sun-dive.



[Zaphod] Turn it off!

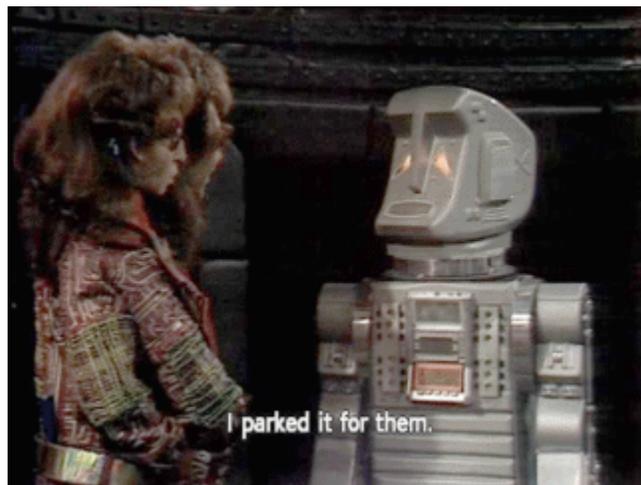
[Arthur] What does sun-dive mean?



[Marvin] The ship is going to dive into the sun. Sun. Dive. It's very simple to understand. What do you expect if you steal Disaster Area's stunt ship?



[Zaphod] Marvin, what makes you think it's Disaster Area's stunt ship?



[Marvin] Simple I parked it for them.

[Zaphod] Then why ...?



Why didn't you tell us?!



[Marvin] You said you wanted excitement and adventure and really wild things.

[Trillian] This is awful!



[Marvin] That's what I said.



[SIRENS BLAST]



[TV Reporter] Hi, there, Galactic rock fans! Fine weather for the concert this afternoon.



I'm standing here on stage in the desert, and with my hyper-binocytic glasses ...



I can just make out the huge audience
on the horizon all around.

I can just make out the huge audience on the horizon all around. Behind me, huge speaker stacks rise like a cliff face ...



high above the sun is shining
and doesn't know what's going to hit it.

high above the sun is shining and doesn't know what's going to hit it.



The environmentalist lobby do know
and claim the concert will cause

The environmentalist lobby do know, and claim the concert will cause earthquakes, tidal waves, hurricanes, and other things they always go on about. But I've just heard that Disaster Area met with the environmentalists and had them shot!



So now, nothing stands in the way of the concert going ahead today.



[Zaphod] Know what I'm thinking?

[Ford] I think so.

[Zaphod] Tell me what you think I'm thinking.

[Ford] It's time to get off this ship.

[Zaphod] I think you're right.

[Ford] I think you're right.

[Arthur] How?

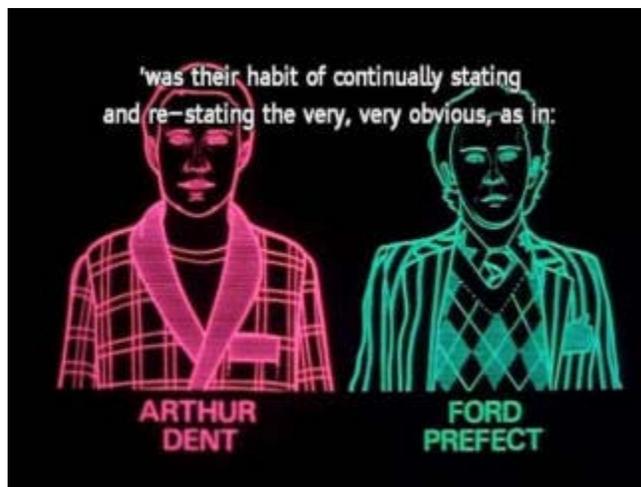
[Zaphod 2] Quiet, we're thinking.



[Arthur] So this is it? We're going to die.

[Ford] I wish you'd stop saying that.

[Narrator] One of the things Ford Prefect found hard to understand about human beings ...



was their habit of continually stating and re-stating the very, very obvious, as in:



[IT'S A NICE DAY]



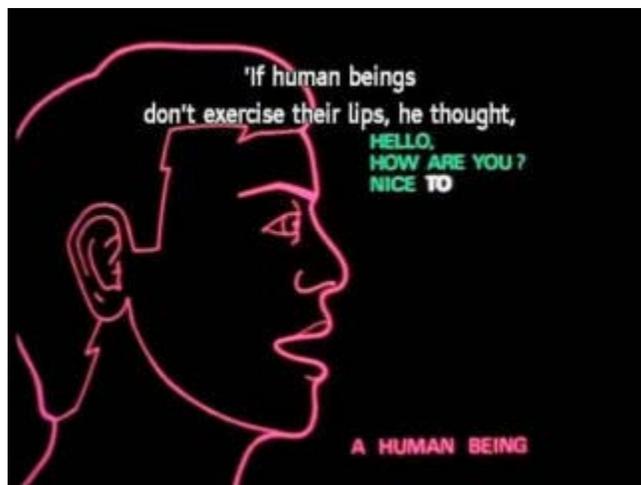
[YOU'RE VERY TALL]



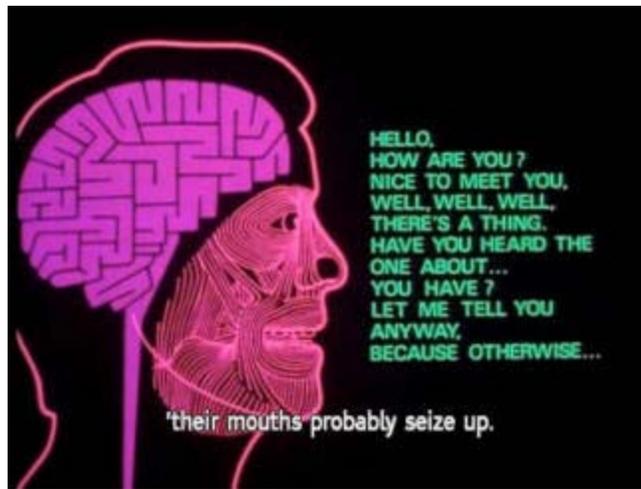
[SO THIS IS IT, WE'RE GOING TO DIE!]

First, Ford formed a theory to account for this strange behaviour.

[FORD PREFECT'S THEORY RELATING TO A STRANGE HUMAN BEHAVIOURAL PATTERN.]

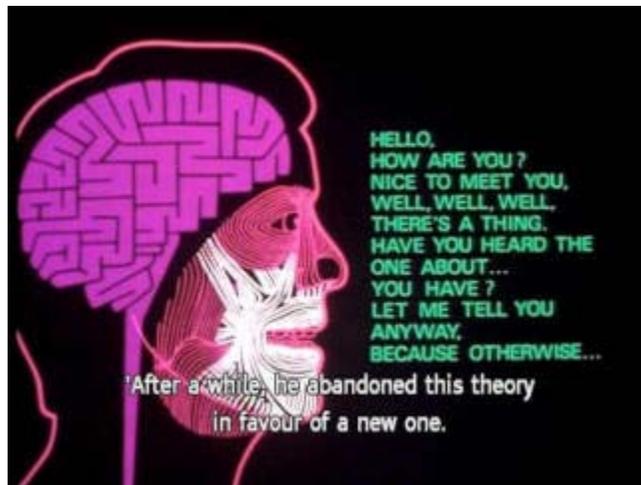


If human beings don't exercise their lips, he thought ...

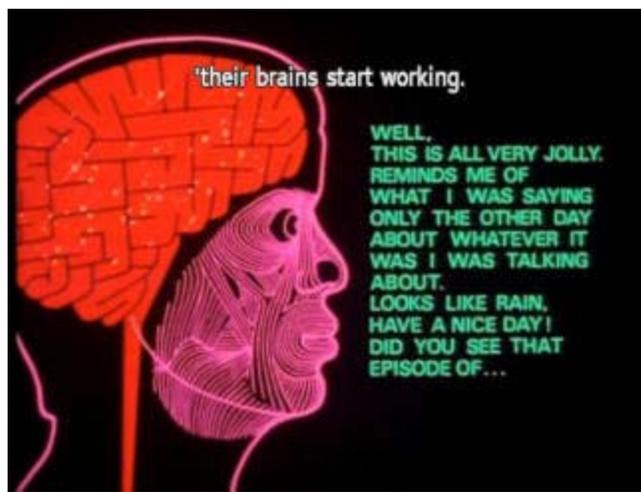


their mouths probably seize up.

*[HELLO.
HOW ARE YOU?
NICE TO MEET YOU.
WELL, WELL, WELL.
THERE'S A THING.
HAVE YOU HEARD THE
ONE ABOUT ...
YOU HAVE?
LET ME TELL YOU
ANYWAY.
BECAUSE OTHERWISE ...]*

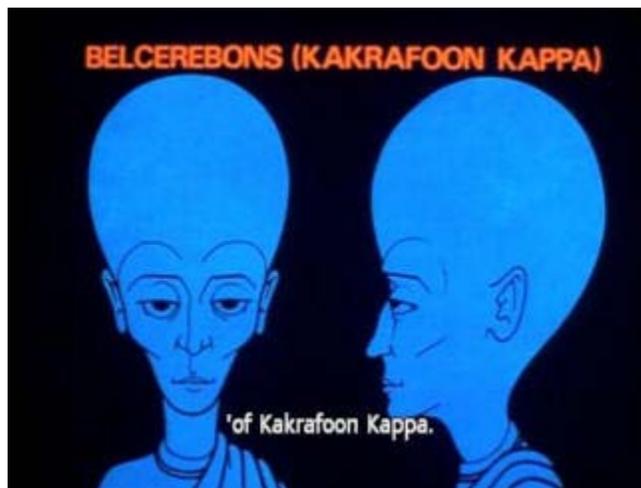


After a while, he abandoned this theory in favour of a new one. If they don't exercise their lips, he thought ...



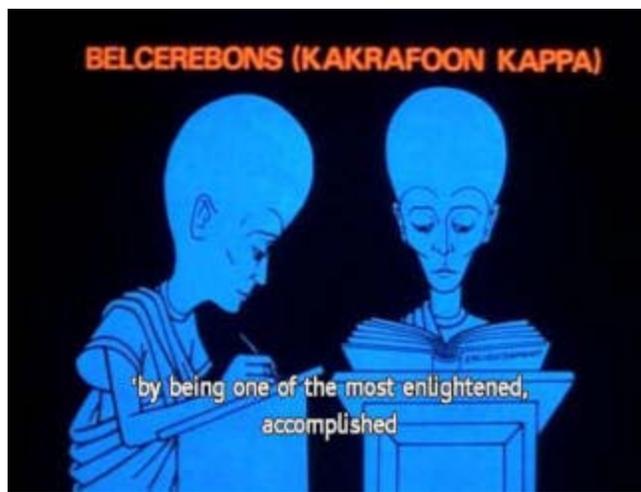
their brains start working. In fact, this second theory is more literally true of the Belcerebon People ...

*[WELL,
THIS IS ALL VERY JOLLY.
REMINDS ME OF
WHAT I WAS SAYING
ONLY THE OTHER DAY
ABOUT WHATEVER IT
WAS I WAS TALKING
ABOUT.
LOOKS LIKE RAIN.
HAVE A NICE DAY!
DID YOU SEE THAT
EPISODE OF ...]*

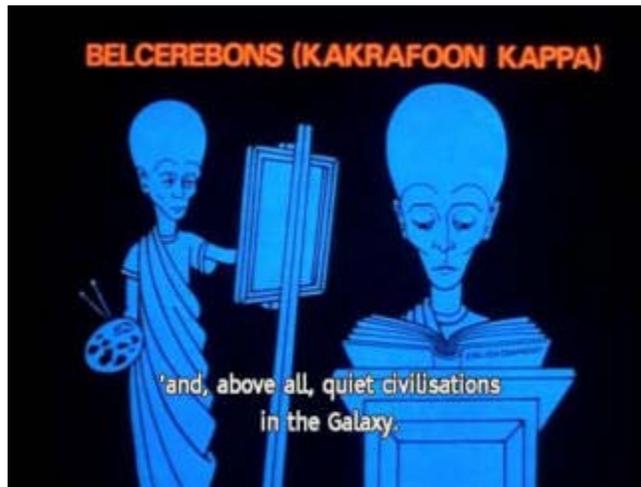


of Kakrafoon Kappa. The Belcerebons used to cause great resentment amongst neighbouring races ...

[BELCEREBONS (KAKRAFOON KAPPA)]



by being one of the most enlightened, accomplished ...



and, above all, quiet civilizations in the Galaxy.

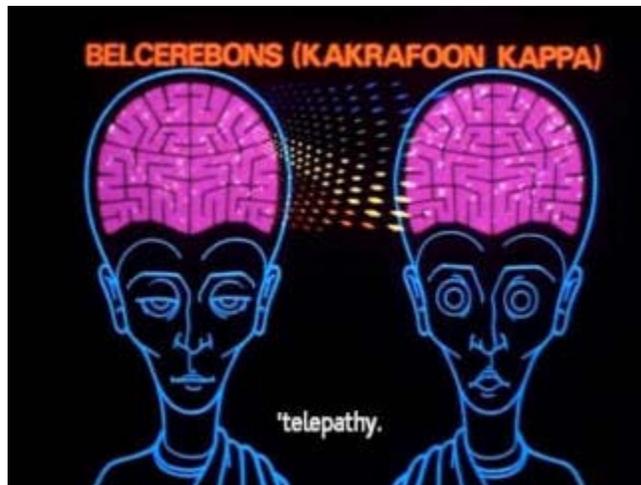


As a punishment for this behavior, which was held to be offensively self-righteous and provocative ...

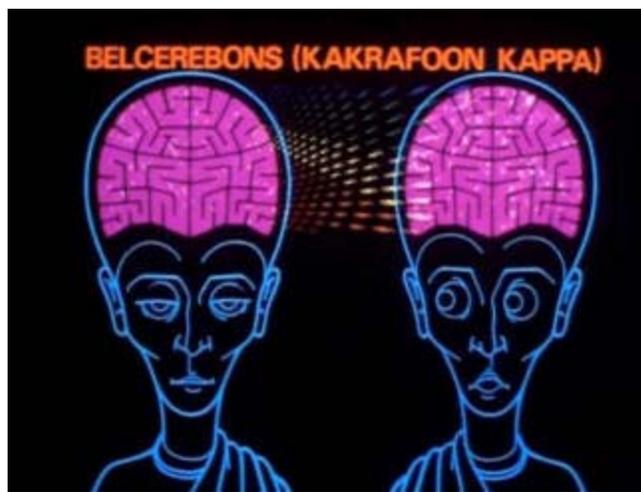


a Galactic tribunal inflicted on them that most cruel of all social diseases:

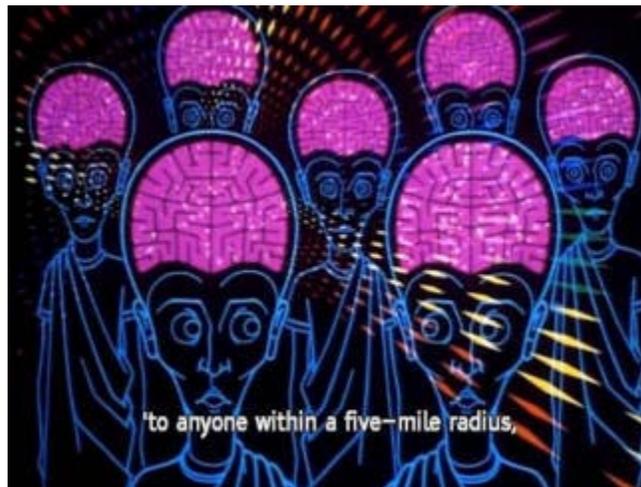
*[BFI CEREBONS (KAKRAFOON KAPPA)
OFFICIAL VERDICT
ARROGANT BASTARDS
GALACTIC TRIBUNAL
GIVE 'EM HELL
OFFICIAL ORDER
WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?
43-9-4242
BELGIUM!
THEY'RE SO UNHOOPY!
PRESIDENTIAL DECLARATION]*



telepathy.



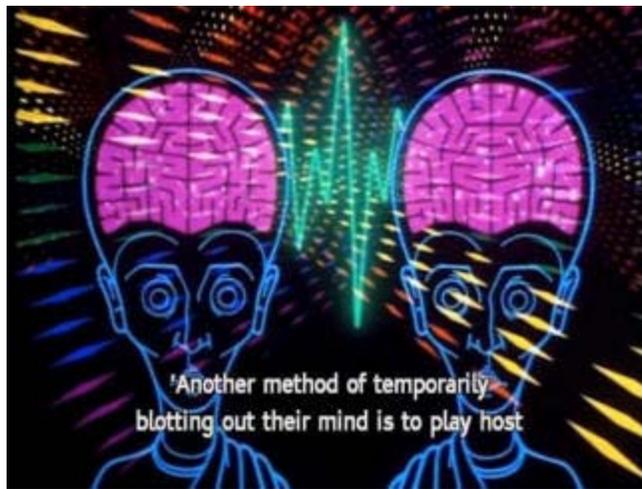
Now, in order to prevent themselves broadcasting every slightest thought to anyone within a five-mile radius ...



they have to talk loudly and continuously about the weather, their little aches and pains ...

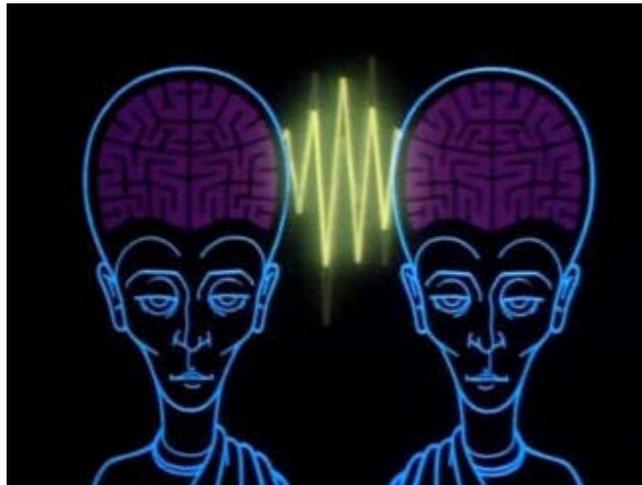


the match this afternoon, and what a noisy place Kakrafoon has suddenly become.



'Another method of temporarily blotting out their mind is to play host

Another method of temporarily blotting out their mind is to play host to a Disaster Area concert.



[LOUD ROCK MUSIC]



This is it! We're starting to dive!

[Trillian] This is it! We're starting to dive!

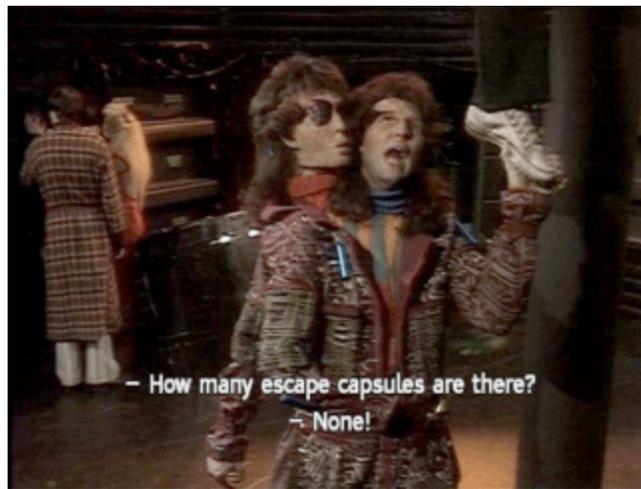


We're heading straight into the sun!



[ROCK MUSIC CRESCENDO]





[Zaphod] How many escape capsules are there?

[Ford] None!

[Zaphod] You counted them?

[Ford] Twice! Did you raise the crew on the radio?

[Zaphod] I said there were people on board.

[Ford] And they said?

[Zaphod] "Hi, there!"

[Ford] You told them who you were?

[Zaphod] Yeah. They said it was a great honour.



[Arthur] What does "teleport" mean?

[Zaphod] What did you say?

[FORD SCREAMS AND FALLS]



[Arthur] Probably the wrong moment.

[Zaphod] Where's the teleport?



[Arthur] Under this sign that says "Out of order." There.



[Zaphod] Hell's donkey!



[Ford] It seems OK. Just the automatic where-we're-going system is cocked up.

[Zaphod] Who cares? Let's just go!

[Ford] Someone has to operate it manually.



Whoever it was would ... would ...

[Trillian] Wouldn't ...



[Ford] ... Escape.



[Zaphod] Hey, Marvin, kid! How you doing?

[Marvin] Very badly, I suspect.



[Zaphod] How would you like to ...

[Marvin] ... lay down my life selflessly for you? Make the ultimate sacrifice?

[Zaphod] Yeah.

[Marvin] Consign my brain, which is the size of a planet, to death in a blazing sun, so that you can all pursue your futile little lives?



[Zaphod] Yeah. Nothing personal.

[Marvin] All right.



[Zaphod] Come on, guys!

[Marvin] Better all get into the teleport.

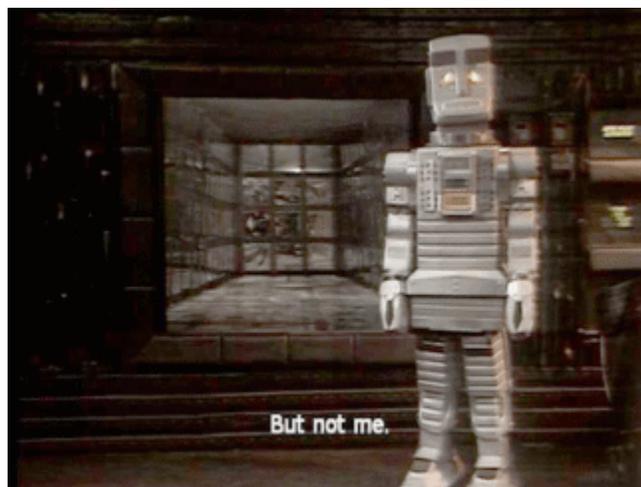




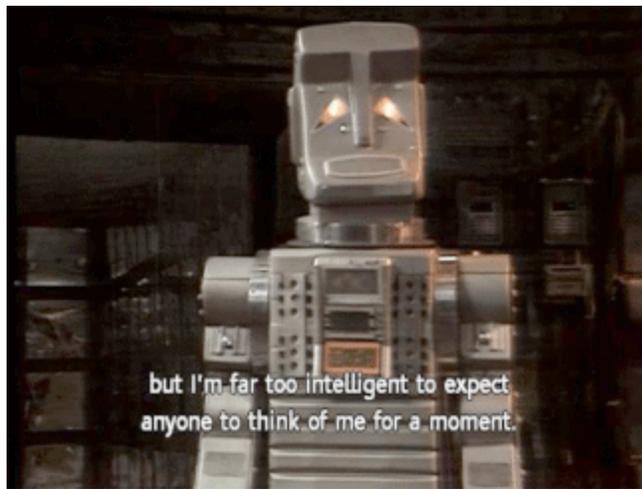
We really appreciate this.



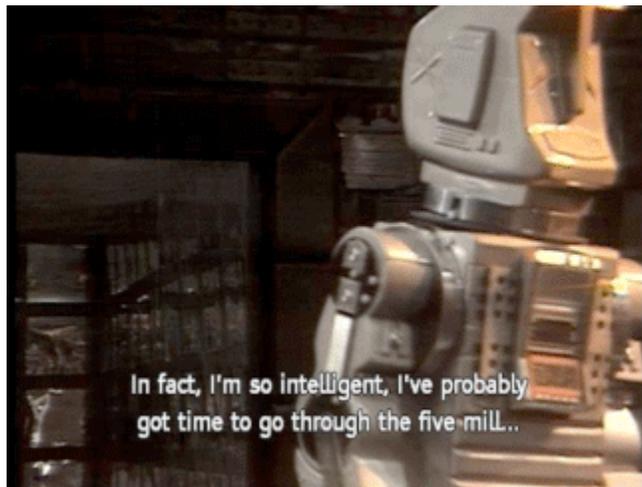
[Marvin] I suppose some people might expect better treatment after having waited 576,000 million years in a car park.



But not me. I may just be a menial robot ...



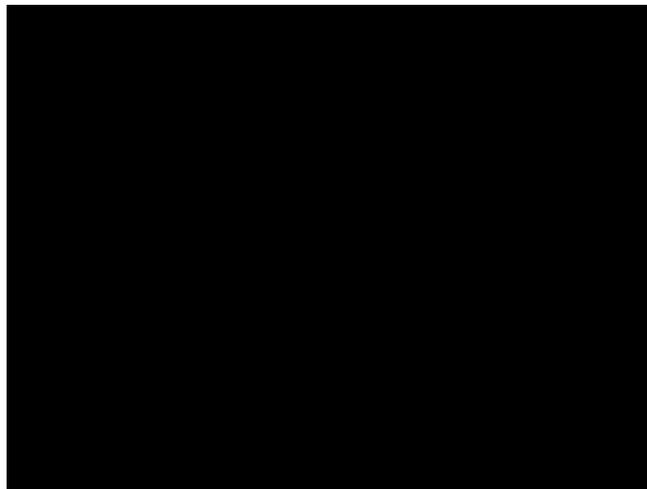
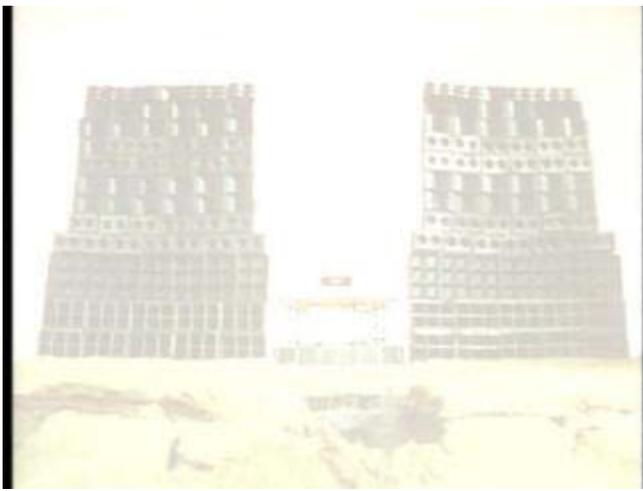
but I'm far too intelligent to expect anyone to think of me for a moment.



In fact, I'm so intelligent, I've probably got time to go through the five-mill ...



[ROCK MUSIC CRESCENDO]





[Arthur] Ford?



Ford? Ford?



[Ford] Arthur! Arthur!

[Arthur] Ford!



[Ford] Zaph?

[Arthur] Trillian? Where've they got to?



[Ford] There's no reason why we should all end up in the same place. Ah, well.

[Arthur] Trillian?

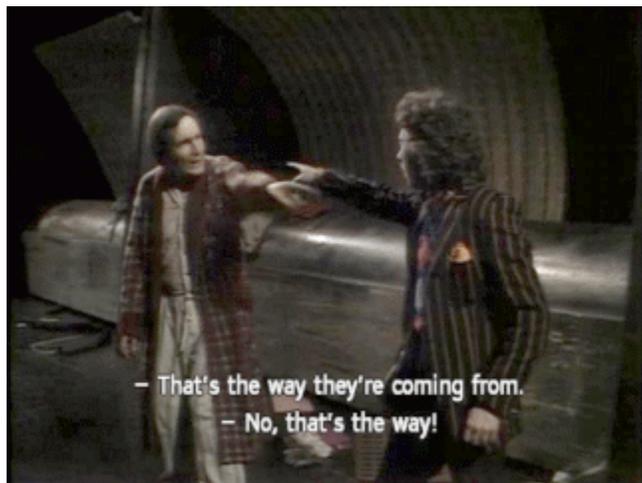
[Ford] They could be anywhere. So could we, for that matter.

[Arthur] Zaphod?



[FOOTSTEPS]

[Ford] What's that? Feet! Let's move!



That's the way they're coming from.

[Arthur] No, that's the way!

[Both] You're right!



[Ford] This way!



[FOOTSTEPS GETTING LOUDER]





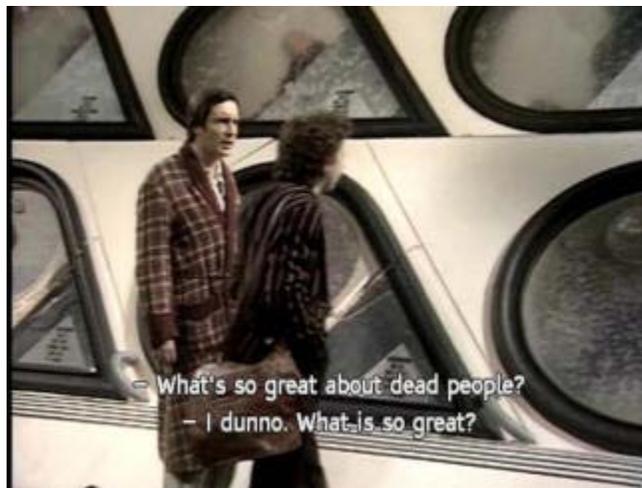
[Ford] Joggers!





[Arthur] A funeral parlour?

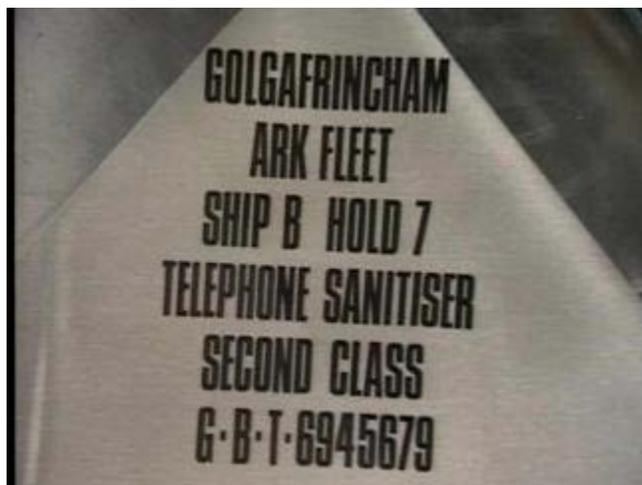
[Ford] Wild!



[Arthur] What's so great about dead people?

[Ford] I dunno. What is so great?

[Ford] Look, a plaque.



*[GOLGAFRINCHAM
ARK FLEET*

*SHIP B HOLD 7
TELEPHONE SANITISER
SECOND CLASS
G.B.T.6945679]*



And a serial number.



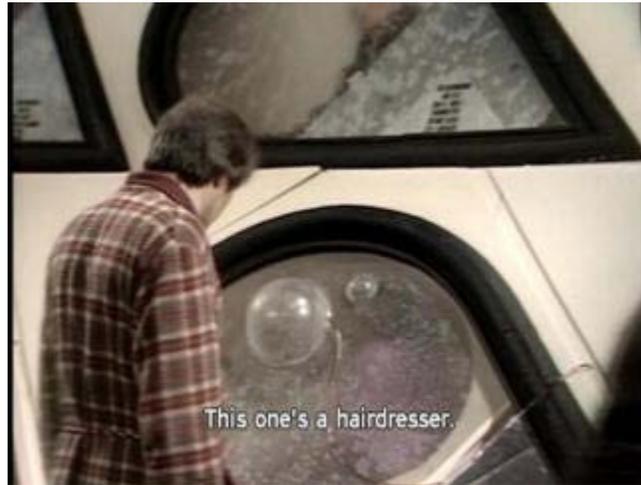
[Arthur] A dead telephone sanitizer?

[Ford] Best kind.



[Arthur] What's he doing here?

[Ford] Not a lot!



[Arthur] This one's a hairdresser.



[Ford] This one's an advertising account executive.

[Arthur] A second-hand car salesman, third class. Are you sure these are coffins? They're terribly cold.



[Number One] All right! Put your hands up and turn around slowly.



[Arthur] Why isn't anyone ever pleased to see us?

[Number One] You're my prisoners.

[Ford] All right.

[Number One] Move! Move!



[Ford] Move?

[Number One] Move! Left, right, left, right! Keep in line! Left, right, left, right! Left, right, one, two, three!







[Number Three] Captain?

[Captain] Yes, Number Three?

[Number Three] I've had a sort of report-thingy from Number One.



- Oh, dear...
- Something about finding prisoners.

[Captain] Oh, dear ...

[Number Three] Something about finding prisoners.



Perhaps it'll keep him happy for a bit.
He's always wanted some.

[Captain] Perhaps it'll keep him happy for a bit. He's always wanted some.



[Number One] Captain, Sir!

[Captain] Hello, Number One. Having a nice day?



I've brought the prisoners
from Freezer Base 7, sir.

[Number One] I've brought the prisoners from Freezer Base 7, sir.



Hello! Excuse me not getting up,
just having a quick bath.

[Captain] Hello! Excuse me not getting up, just having a quick bath. Well, gin and tonics all round, then! Look in the fridge, Number Three!



Certainly, sir!

[Number Three] Certainly, sir!



[Number One] Don't you want to interrogate the prisoners, sir?



[Captain] Why on Golgafrincham should I do that?



[Number One] To get information out of them, sir. Find out why they came here.



[Captain] No, no. I expect they just dropped in for a quick gin and tonic, don't you?

[Number One] But, sir ... they're my prisoners. Can't I interrogate them a little bit?

[Captain] Oh, very well. Ask them what they want to drink.

[Number One] Thank you, sir. All right. You scum! You vermin!

[Captain] Steady on, Number One!



[Number One] What do you want to drink?

[Ford] Gin and tonic sounds very nice to me. Arthur?



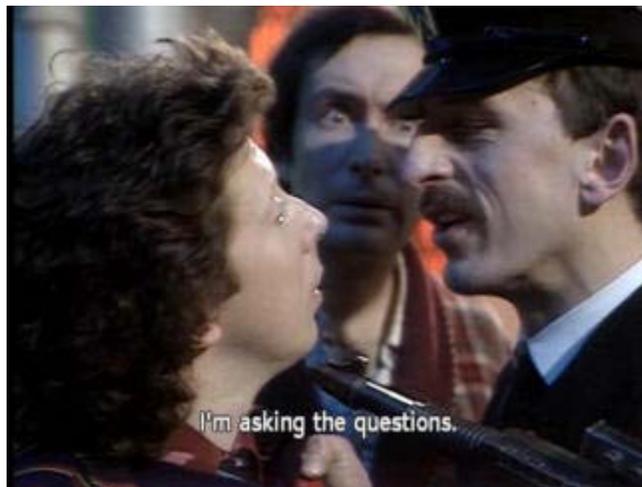
[Arthur] Yes!

[Number One] With ice or without?

[Ford] With, please.

[Number One] Lemon?

[Ford] Yeah. Do you have any of those little biscuits, the cheesy ones?



[Number One] I'm asking the questions.



[Captain] Number One, push off, will you? I'm trying to take a relaxing bath.



[Number One] May I respectfully remind you that you've been in that bath for over three years?

[Captain] Well, one needs to relax a lot in a job like mine.



[Ford] Can I just ...? Could I just ask you what your job is?



[Number Three] Your drinks.

[Ford] Thanks. I couldn't help noticing the bodies.

[Captain] Bodies?

[Ford] Dead telephone sanitizers and account executives.



[Captain] They're not dead, no! They're just frozen. They'll be revived.



[Arthur] You've a hold full of frozen hairdressers?

[Captain] Millions of them.



Hairdressers, retired TV producers, insurance salesmen, personnel officers.



[Number Three] Security guards, public relations executives.

[Captain] Management consultants. We're going to colonize another planet.



[Ford] What?

[Captain] Exciting, isn't it?



[Arthur] With that lot?!

[Captain] Don't misunderstand me. We're just one of the ships of the Ark Fleet. We're the B Ark.



Excuse me, could you run
a little more hot water for me?

Excuse me, could you run a little more hot water for me?

[Ford] Yes, sure.

[Captain] Thanks.



- What's a B Ark?
- Well, our planet was doomed.

[Arthur] What's a B Ark?

[Captain] Well, our planet was doomed.



[Arthur] Doomed?

[Captain] Yes, so everybody said ...



"Let's pack the whole population into giant spaceships and settle on another planet."



[Arthur] A less doomed one?

[Captain] Precisely. So it was decided to build three gigantic ships. Three gigantic Arks in space. The idea was that into the first ship would go all the brilliant leaders, scientists, the great artists, you know, all the achievers. Into the third ship would go all the people who do the actual work, who make things and do things.



Then into the B ship -- that's us -- would go everyone else, the middlemen. Of course, we were sent off first.



[Ford] [Spitting out his drink]





[Arthur] What was wrong with your planet?

[Captain] It was doomed. Apparently it was going to blow up, or crash into the sun or something.

[Number One] That's not what I was told.



My commander swore that the entire planet was about to be eaten by a mutant star goat.



[Ford] Really?

[Number One] Yes.



He said how lucky I was
to be going off in the first ship.

He said how lucky I was to be going off in the first ship.



But they made sure
they sent all you lot off first, anyway.

[Arthur] But they made sure they sent all you lot off first, anyway.

[Captain] Oh, yes! And everyone said -- very nice I thought -- how important for morale to feel that they were arriving on another planet ...



where you could get a good haircut
and where the phones were clean.

where you could get a good haircut, and where the phones were clean.



[Ford] Yes. I can see that'd be very important.



[Arthur] Can you?

[Ford] Sh! And the rest of the ships followed on after you?

[Captain] Funny you should mention that, 'cause curiously enough we haven't heard a peep out of them since we left five years ago, yet they must be behind us somewhere.

[Ford] Yes ... Unless they're all eaten by the goat?



[Captain] [*CHORTLES*] The goat!



Funny ... Now that I come to tell the story to someone else ... Don't you find it a bit odd, Number Three?



[Number Three] Well ...

[Captain] It is a bit odd, isn't it? It's odd.

[Ford] Yes, well ...



I can see you've a lot to talk about. So thanks for the drink.



Could you drop us off at the nearest convenient planet?

[Captain] That's a little difficult, you see.



Our trajectory thingy was pre-set before we left Golgafrincham. I think it was partly due to the fact I'm not really very good at figures.

[Ford] You mean we're stuck here on this ship?



When are you going to arrive at this planet?

[Captain] We're nearly there. Nearly there.



I should be out of this bath, in fact...

I should be out of this bath, in fact ...



Oh, why stop just when I'm enjoying it?

Oh, why stop just when I'm enjoying it?



- We are about to land, then?
- Not exactly land, no.

[Arthur] We are about to land, then?

[Captain] Not exactly land, no.



As far as I remember, we were programmed to crash on it.



[Ford & Arthur] Crash?!



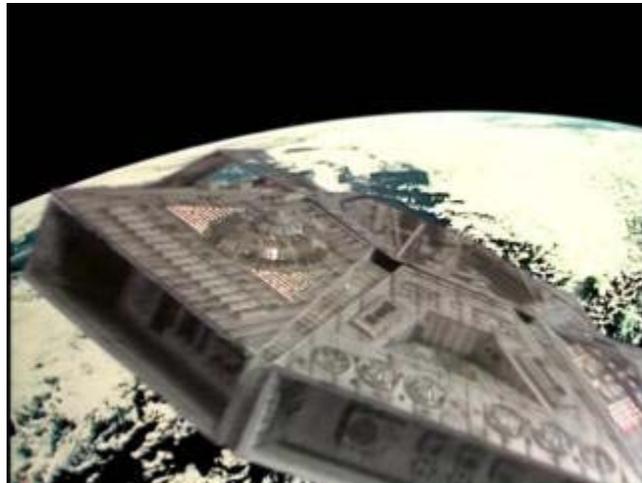
[Captain] Some reason for it, but for the life of me I can't remember what it was.



[Ford] You're all a load of useless bloody loonies!

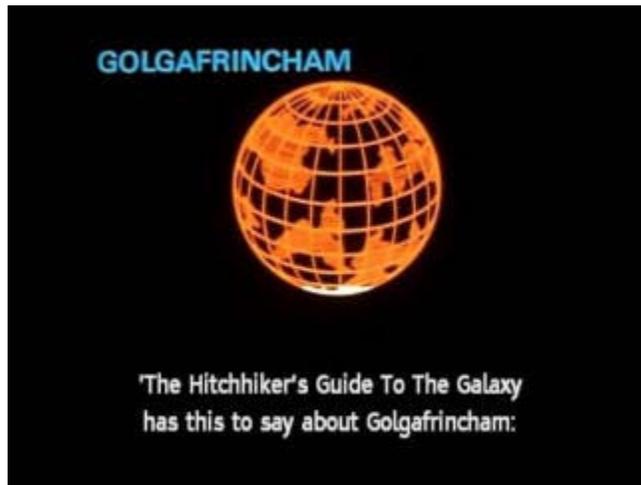


[Captain] Yes, that was it! That was the reason!

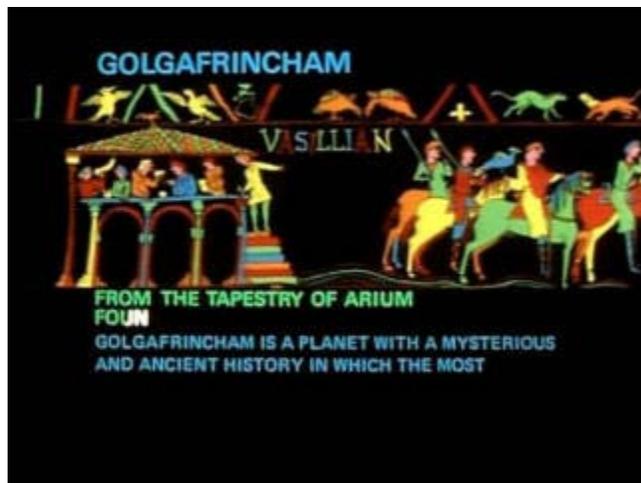




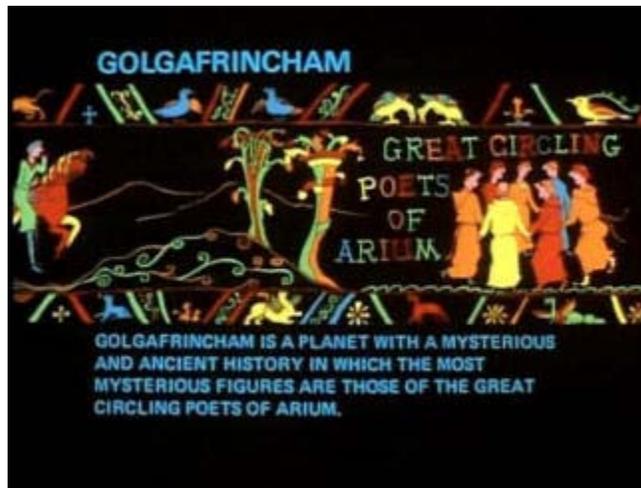
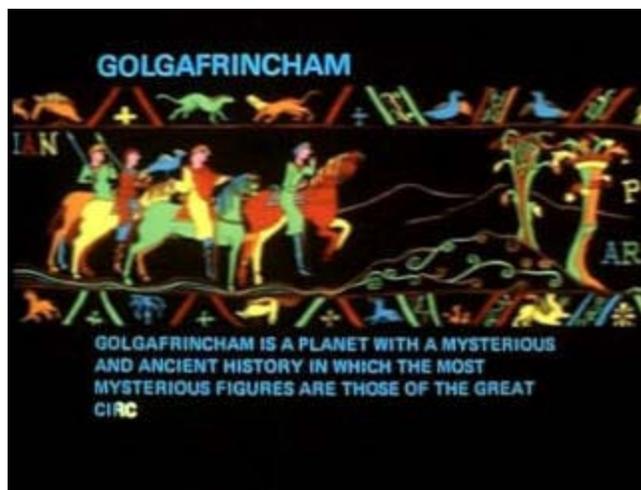
[DON'T PANIC!]



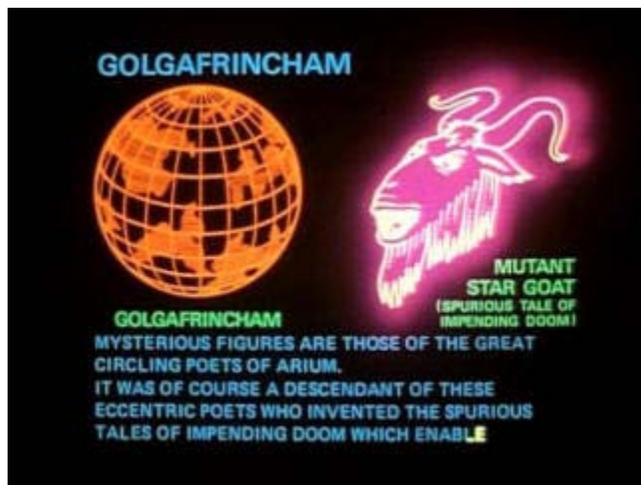
[Narrator] The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy has this to say about Golgafrincham:



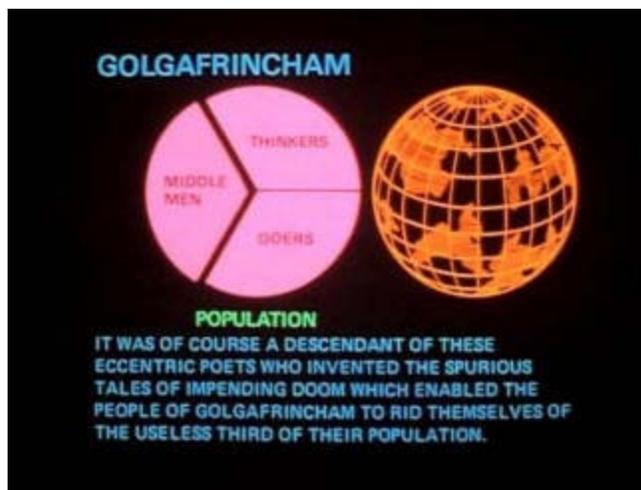
It is a planet with an ancient and mysterious history in which the most mysterious figures are those of the great circling poets of Arium.



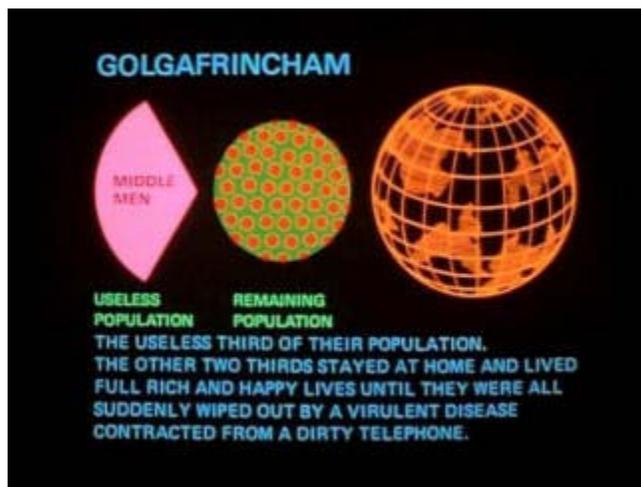
*[FROM THE TAPESTRY OF ARIUM
FOUND IN THE RUINS OF VASILLIAN
GOLGAFRINCHAM IS A PLANET WITH A MYSTERIOUS
AND ANCIENT HISTORY IN WHICH THE MOST]*



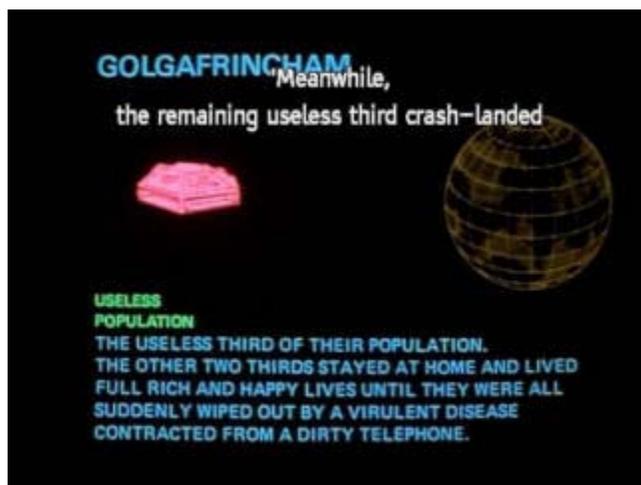
*[MYSTERIOUS FIGURES ARE THOSE OF THE GREAT
CIRCLING POETS OF ARIUM.]*



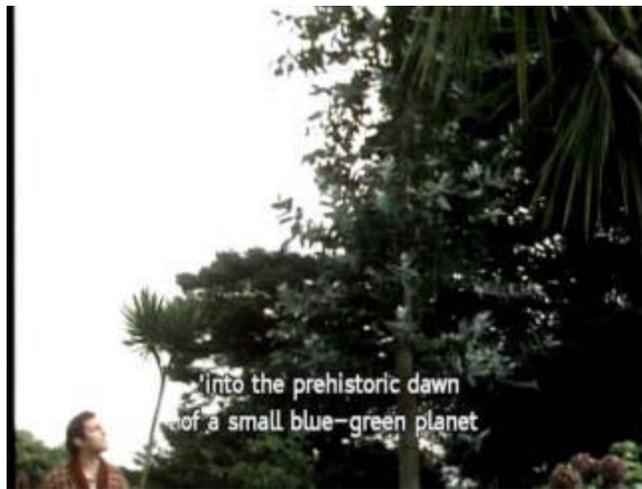
[IT WAS OF COURSE A DESCENDANT OF THESE ECCENTRIC POETS WHO INVENTED THE SPURIOUS TALES OF IMPENDING DOOM WHICH ENABLED THE PEOPLE OF GOLGAFRINCHAM TO RID THEMSELVES OF THE USELESS THIRD OF THEIR POPULATION.]



[THE OTHER TWO THIRDS STAYED AT HOME AND LIVED FULL RICH AND HAPPY LIVES UNTIL THEY WERE ALL SUDDENLY WIPED OUT BY A VIRULENT DISEASE CONTRACTED FROM A DIRTY TELEPHONE]



Meanwhile, the remaining useless third crash-landed ...



into the prehistoric dawn of a small blue-green planet at the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral arm of the Galaxy.



[Ford] It's odd, isn't it?

[Narrator] With them are Arthur Dent and Ford Prefect. They, too, have been traveling widely in distant lands.



Something is bothering them.



(FORD) It's very, very odd.

[Ford] It's very, very odd.



There is one way to find out, of course.



- What, you mean by going to...?
- Yes.

[Arthur] What, you mean by going to ...?

[Ford] Yes.



[A YEAR AND A BIT LATER]



[Ford] I said it was odd.

[Arthur] Yes, I remember you saying.



I can hardly believe it.

[Ford] I find it very easy to believe things.

[Arthur] I wonder how the Golgafrinchans are doing?



[Ford] Do you?



[IDLE CHATTERING]





[Captain] All right! I'd like to call this meeting to some sort of order, if possible.



[Hairdresser] Fancy a light trim, sir?

[Captain] Not now, I'm in the bath!



[Hairdresser] Anyone else like one?



[Manager] Please, we're trying to have a meeting.



If you'd all care to look at the agenda.



[Ford] Hello! Hello!



[Captain] Who's that?

[Ford] Remember me?



I ... I made a discovery I'd like to tell you about.



[Manager] Is it on the agenda?

[Ford] Agenda?



Sorry, but speaking
as a management consultant,

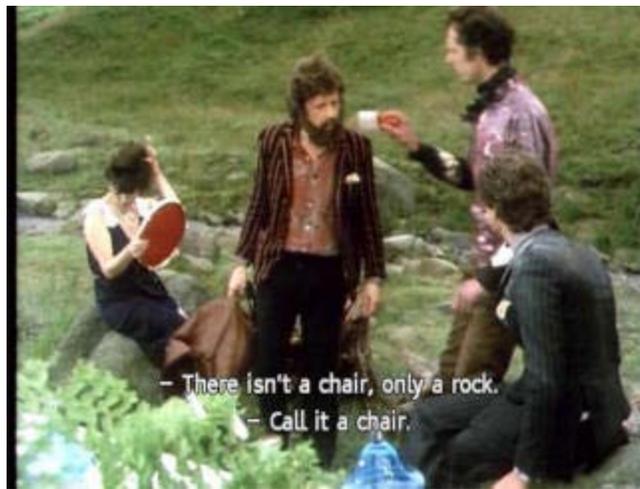
[Manager] Sorry, but speaking as a management consultant, I must insist on the importance of the committee structure.



= On a prehistoric planet?
= Address the chair!

[Ford] On a prehistoric planet?

[Manager] Address the chair!



[Ford] There isn't a chair, only a rock.

[Manager] Call it a chair.

[Ford] Why not call it a rock?



[Marketing Girl] Will you two shut up?!



I want to table a motion.

[Hairdresser] Boulder a motion, you mean!



[Ford] Thank you, I made that point.

[Manager] Order, order!

[Ford] If I could just say ...



[Manager] Order, order!





[Captain] I would like to call to order the 573rd meeting ...



of the colonization committee of the planet of Fintlewoodlewix.



[Ford] This is futile! 573 meetings, and you haven't even discovered fire yet!



[Manager] If you care to look at the agenda, we are having a report from the Hairdressers' Fire Development Sub-committee.



[Hairdresser] That's me.

[Ford] That's you?

[Ford] What have you done?



[Hairdresser] Well ... they gave me a couple of sticks.

[Ford] Yes. And?



Curling tongs? You're going to die out, you know that?

[Marketing Girl] You are obviously being totally naive!



When you've been in marketing as long as I have ...



you know that before any new product can be developed, it has to be properly researched.



We've got to find out what people want from fire, how they relate to its image ...

[Ford] Stick it up your nose!

[Marketing Girl] Precisely what we need to know.



Do people want fire that can be fitted nasally?



[Captain] And the wheel! What about this wheel thing? They say it's a fascinating project.



[Marketing Girl] We're having a little difficulty there.

[Ford] Difficulty? It's the single simplest machine in the entire Universe!



[Marketing Girl] All right, Mr. Wiseguy! You're so clever, you tell us what colour it should be!



[Ford] O Mighty Zarquon! Has no one done anything yet?



[Number Two] Yes! I have declared war on the next continent.

[Ford] Declared war? There's no one living there.



[Number Two] Yes. But there will be one day. So we've left an open-ended ultimatum.

[Ford] What?

[Number Two] And blown up a few military installations.



[Captain] Military installations, Number Two?

[Number Two] Yes, sir. Well, potential military installations.



All right, trees. And we interrogated a gazelle.



[Marketing Girl] And one of our surviving film producers rescued a camera from the wreckage.



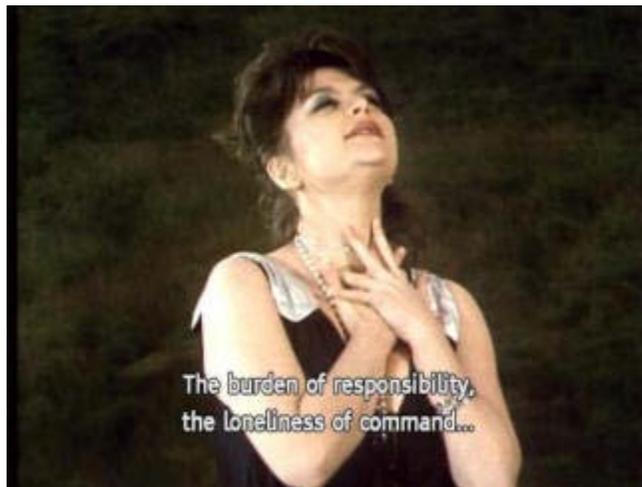
He wants to make a documentary about you, Captain.



[Captain] That's awfully nice.



[Marketing Girl] Yes, he's got a really strong angle on it.



The burden of responsibility, the loneliness of command ...



[Captain] I wouldn't overstress that angle. After all, one's never alone with a rubber duck.



[Manager] If we could move on to the subject of fiscal policy?

[Ford] Fiscal policy?



How can you have money, if none of you produces anything? It doesn't grow on trees.

[Manager] But since we decided to adopt the leaf as legal tender, we have all, of course, become immensely rich.



But we have run into a small inflation problem, owing to high leaf availability. That means the current rate is something like ...



three major deciduous forests buy one ship's peanut. In order to obviate this problem and revalue the leaf ...



we've decided on an extensive campaign of defoliation, and burn down all the forests.



I think that's a sensible move, don't you?

[Everyone] Fiscally shrewd! Fiscally shrewd!



[Ford] You're mad. You know that, don't you?

[Marketing Girl] Is it appropriate to inquire what you've been doing all this time?



You and that other interloper, missing for months?

[Ford] We've been traveling. We've ... We've been trying to find out something about this world.



[Marketing Girl] That does not sound very productive to me. No.

[Ford] Well, have I got news for you! It doesn't matter a pair of fetid dingos' kidneys what you do. Burn down the forests. It won't make a scrap of difference. You see, I've seen the future.



Two million years you've got, and that's it! At the end of that time, your race will be dead. Gone. And good riddance. Remember that. Two million years.





[Manager] Strange chap. What about those documentary things?



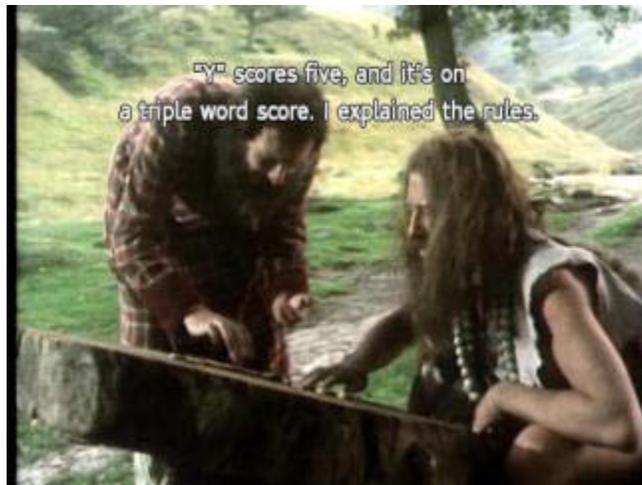
[Captain] Just time for another bath!



Sponge, somebody!



[Arthur] No, no, no! Honestly!



"Y" scores five, and it's on a triple word score. I explained the rules.



No, no, please! Put down the jawbone. All right, we'll start again. Please try and concentrate this time.



[Ford] Hi, Arthur, what are you doing?

[Arthur] I'm trying to teach them Scrabble. It's uphill work. The only word they know is "Ugh," and they can't spell it.



[Ford] What's the point in that?

[Arthur] To make them evolve. Imagine a world descended from those cretins over there!



[Ford] We don't have to, we've seen it.

[Arthur] But honestly!

[Ford] We've seen it. There's no escape.

[Arthur] Did you tell them what we discovered?

[Ford] What?



[Arthur] Norway. Slartibartfast's signature on the glacier.

[Ford] What'll that mean to them?

[Arthur] It means this is the Earth! My home. Where I was born.

[Ford] Was?

[Arthur] Will be.

[Ford] In two million years' time. Tell them that, and see what they say. They'll chase you up a tree! Face it, those zebs over there are your ancestors. Your Scrabble board won't save your race.



The human race is currently standing around a bath making documentaries!

[Arthur] Surely we can do something?

[Ford] It's all been done. We've seen it. You know the history of the Earth, and its demolition by the Vogons. You can't change anything.



[Arthur] And all because the Golgafrinchans arrived here on their B Ark!

[Ford] Ah, well.

[CAVEMEN GRUNTING]

[Arthur] Poor bloody cavemen!



It's all been a waste of time for you, hasn't it? Out-evolved by a telephone sanitizer!

[Ford] He's pointing at the Scrabble board.

[Arthur] Probably spelt "library" with one R.

[Ford] No, he hasn't.



No, look!



[Arthur] The experiment! 42! Deep Thought's answer to the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe and whatever!



[Ford] Everything! 42!

[Arthur] Of course! The experiment to find the question to that answer. It's going on all around us, here. The Earth. The ground. The trees.



The water. The rocks. The cavemen.

[Ford] Terrific! We've cocked it up. The Golgafrinchans, us, just by arriving here.

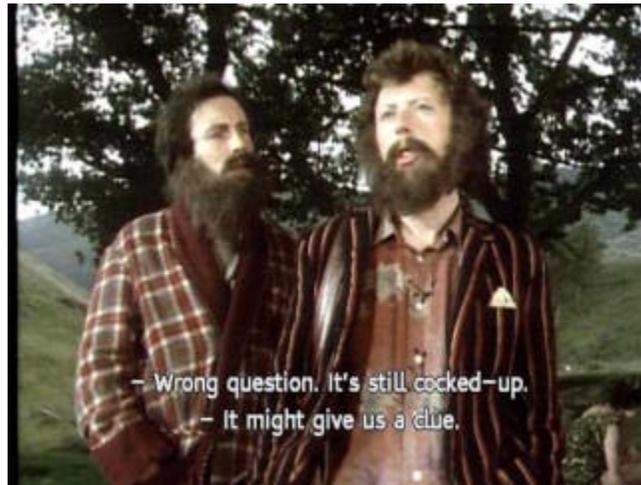


The caveman is part of the program, and they're dying out because of us. Therefore, no question.

[Arthur] What about my brain?

[Ford] What about your brain?

[Arthur] Marvin said the question was printed in my brainwave patterns.



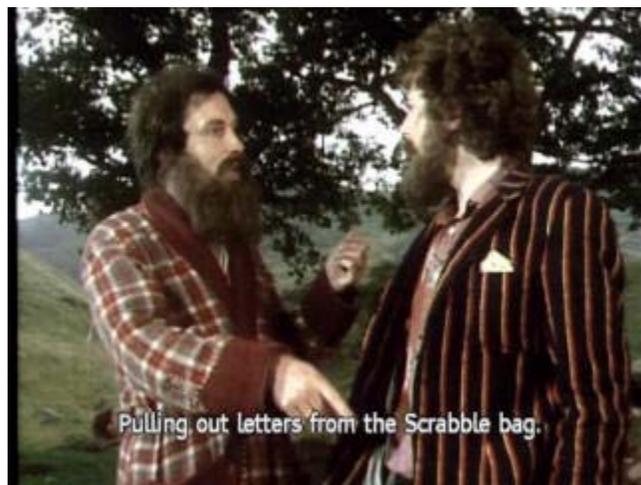
[Ford] Wrong question. It's still cocked-up.

[Arthur] It might give us a clue.

[Ford] If it's in your brain, how are we going to get at it?

[Arthur] How about ... if it's in my brain, and I can't reach it, suppose we introduce some random element shaped by the brainwave patterns?

[Ford] Such as?



[Arthur] Pulling out letters from the Scrabble bag.

[Ford] Brilliant!



[Arthur] Right! Right. First four letters.



[Ford] W ... H ... A ... T. What. Great. It's working. D ... O ... Y ... Doy. Doyo! U ... G. Doyoug? Ah! E ... T ...
Do you get. What do you get ... If ... Y ... O ... U ... M ... U ...



Multi ... P ... Multiply! Six ... by ... Six ... by ... nine.



Is that it?

[Arthur] That's it.

[Ford] Six by nine? 42 ...?



[Arthur] I always said there was something fundamentally wrong with the Universe. All for that!

[Ford] Yep!



[Arthur] It's very sad, you know. Just at the moment, it's a very beautiful planet.

[Ford] It is. It is indeed. The rich primal greens.



The river snaking off into the distance. The burning forests.

[Arthur] And then in two million years, BANG! it gets destroyed by the Vogons.



What a life for a young planet to look forward to! What a waste!

[Ford] Well, better than some. I read of one planet up in the 7th Dimension got used as a ball in inter-Galactic bar billiards ...



got potted straight into a black hole. Killed 10 billion people.

[Arthur] Madness, total madness!

[Ford] Only scored thirty points, too.



[Arthur] Where did you read that?

[Ford] Hm? A book.

[Arthur] What book?

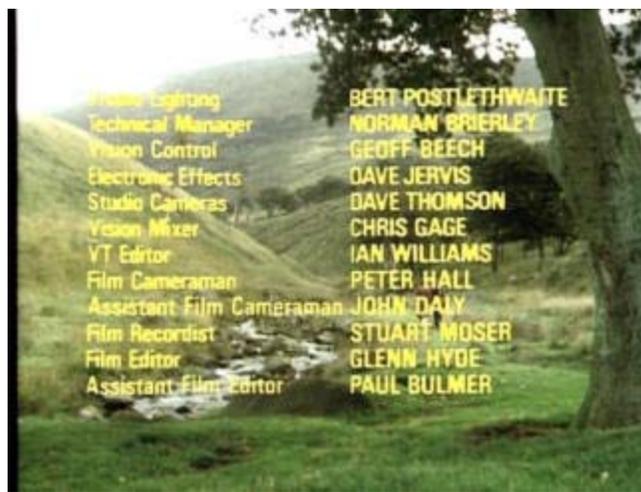
[Ford] The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy.



[Arthur] That thing!



[LOUIS ARMSTRONG SINGS "WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD"]



Series Directed by

Alan J.W. Bell: (unknown episodes) Series Writing Credits
 Douglas Adams: (6 episodes, 1981)
 John Lloyd: (1 episode, 1981) Series Cast verified as complete
 Peter Jones: The Book (6 episodes, 1981)
 Simon Jones: Arthur Dent (6 episodes, 1981)
 David Dixon: Ford Prefect (6 episodes, 1981)
 Sandra Dickinson: Trillian (5 episodes, 1981)
 Mark Wing-Davey: Zaphod Beeblebrox (5 episodes, 1981)
 Stephen Moore: Marvin / ... (5 episodes, 1981)
 David Learner: Marvin (4 episodes, 1981)
 David Tate: Eddie / ... (3 episodes, 1981)
 Martin Benson: Vogon Captain (2 episodes, 1981)
 Richard Vernon: Slartibartfast (2 episodes, 1981)
 Rayner Bourton: Newscaster (2 episodes, 1981)
 Joe Melia: Mr. Prosser (1 episode, 1981)
 Steve Conway: Barman (1 episode, 1981)
 Jack May: Garkbit (Head Waiter) (1 episode, 1981)
 Anthony Carrick: Lunkwill (1 episode, 1981)
 Michael Cule: Vogon Guard (1 episode, 1981)
 Colin Jeavons: Max Quordlepleen (1 episode, 1981)
 Aubrey Morris: Captain (1 episode, 1981)
 Cleo Rocos: Alien (1 episode, 1981)
 Timothy Davies: Fook (1 episode, 1981)
 Andrew Mussell: Alien (1 episode, 1981)
 Matthew Scurfield: Number One (1 episode, 1981)
 Barry Frank Warren: Hotblack Desiato (1 episode, 1981)
 David Leland: Majikthise (1 episode, 1981)
 Gil Morris: Gag Halfbrunt (1 episode, 1981)
 David Neville: Number Two (1 episode, 1981)
 David Prowse: Bodyguard (1 episode, 1981)
 Geoffrey Beevers: Number Three (1 episode, 1981)
 Colin Bennett: Zarquon (1 episode, 1981)
 Charles McKeown: Vroomfondel (1 episode, 1981)
 Beth Porter: Marketing Girl (1 episode, 1981)
 Matt Zimmerman: Shooty (1 episode, 1981)
 David Rowlands: Hairdresser (1 episode, 1981)
 Marc Smith: Bang Bang (1 episode, 1981)
 Peter Davison: Dish of the Day (1 episode, 1981)
 Valentine Dyall: Deep Thought (1 episode, 1981)

Jon Glover: Management Consultant (1 episode, 1981)
Douglas Adams: Man in Ocean / ... (uncredited) (2 episodes, 1981)
Bill Barnsley: Man Listening to Radio (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Nicola Critcher: Handmaiden (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
John Dair: Rich Merchant (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Terry Duran: Workman (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Mary Eveleigh: Woman on Stairs at Milliway's (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Eric French: G'Gugvunt Leader (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Antony Gilding: Businessman (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Laurie Goode: Jogger (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
David Grahame: Sandwich-Board Man (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Zoe Hendry: Co-Pilot (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Ralph Morse: Young Scientist (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
James Muir: V'Hurg Leader (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Lorraine Paul: Handmaiden (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Peter Roy: Limousine Chauffeur (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Susie Silvey: Handmaiden (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Eddie Sommer: Magrathean (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Adam Tandy: Young Conservative (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)
Steve Trainer: Man in Pub (uncredited) (1 episode, 1981)

Series Produced by

Alan J.W. Bell: producer (6 episodes, 1981)

John Lloyd: associate producer (6 episodes, 1981)

Series Film Editing by

Glenn Hyde: (4 episodes, 1981)

Mike Robotham: (1 episode, 1981)

Series Production Design by

Andrew Howe-Davies: (6 episodes, 1981)

Tom Yardley-Jones:(2 episodes, 1981)

Series Costume Design by

Dee Robson: (6 episodes, 1981)

Series Makeup Department

Joan Stribling: makeup artist (6 episodes, 1981)

Series Production Management

Michael Cager: production manager (6 episodes, 1981)

Series Art Department

Douglas Burd: graphic designer (6 episodes, 1981)

Brenda Barker: property buyer (1 episode, 1981)

Chris Hull: assistant designer (1 episode, 1981)

Series Sound Department

Paddy Kingsland: radiophonic effects (6 episodes, 1981)

Michael McCarthy: sound director (6 episodes, 1981)

Paul Roberts: dubbing mixer (6 episodes, 1981)

Stuart Moser: film recordist (3 episodes, 1981)

Ron Blight: film recordist (1 episode, 1981)

Series Visual Effects by

Graham Brown: visual effects assistant (6 episodes, 1981)

Jim Francis: visual effects designer (6 episodes, 1981)

Dave Jervis: electronic effects (6 episodes, 1981)

Dave Chapman: electronic effects (2 episodes, 1981)

Perry Brahan: visual effects assistant (1 episode, 1981)

Mike Kelt: visual effects assistant (1 episode, 1981)

Stuart Murdoch: visual effects assistant (1 episode, 1981)

Series Camera and Electrical Department

Bert Postlethwaite: studio lighting (6 episodes, 1981)
 Peter Hall: camera operator: film camera (4 episodes, 1981)
 Dave Thomson: camera operator: studio cameras (4 episodes, 1981)
 Godfrey Johnson: camera operator: film camera (2 episodes, 1981)
 Jeff Oliver: camera operator: studio cameras (2 episodes, 1981)
 Geoff Beech: vision controller (1 episode, 1981)
 John Daly: assistant camera: film camera (1 episode, 1981)
 Ken Willicombe: camera operator: film camera (1 episode, 1981)

Series Animation Department

Rod Lord: animator (6 episodes, 1981)
 Kevin Davies: animator (3 episodes, 1981)

Series Editorial Department

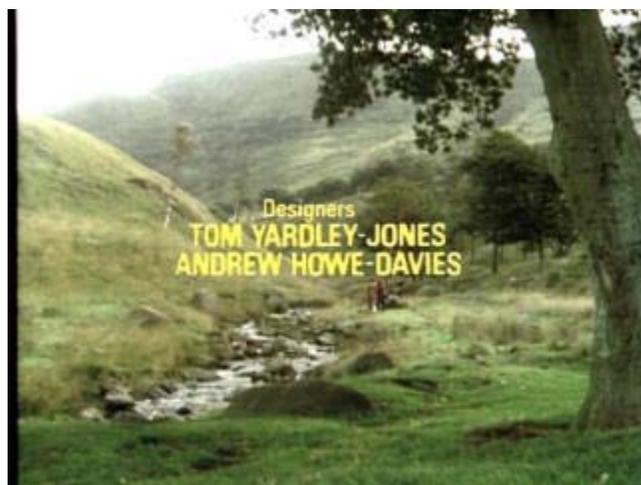
Ian Williams: editor: video tape (6 episodes, 1981)
 Chris Gage: vision mixer (3 episodes, 1981)
 Angela Wilson: vision mixer (2 episodes, 1981)
 Paul Bulmer: assistant film editor (1 episode, 1981)
 Joan Duncan: vision mixer (1 episode, 1981)

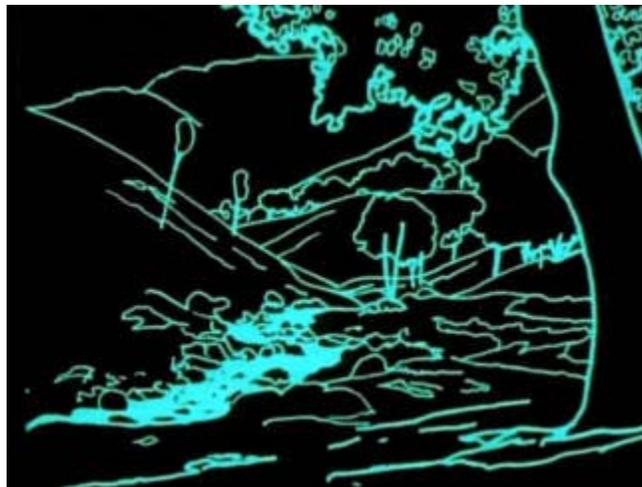
Series Music Department

Paddy Kingsland: radiophonic music (6 episodes, 1981)
 Bernie Leadon: composer: title music (6 episodes, 1981)
 Tim Souster: arranger: title music (6 episodes, 1981)

Series Other crew

Norman Brierley: technical manager (6 episodes, 1981)
 Jean Peyre: design effects (6 episodes, 1981)
 Cliff Pinnock: assistant floor manager (6 episodes, 1981)
 Vicky Pugh: production assistant (6 episodes, 1981)







[EARTH: MOSTLY HARMLESS]



[DON'T PANIC!]

