

The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, by Douglas Adams. Starring Peter Jones, as THE BOOK.

<intro music>

Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral arm of the galaxy, lies a small, unregarded yellow sun. Orbiting this at a distance of roughly 90 million miles is an utterly insignificant blue-green planet whose ape-descended lifeforms 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). Many were increasingly of the opinion that they 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 café in Rickmansworth, suddenly realized what it was that 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 unexpectedly demolished to make way for a new hyperspace bypass 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. His name is Ford Prefect—for reasons which are unlikely to become clear again at the moment. And they are both in dead trouble with the captain of a Vogon spaceship.

Vogon Captain: So Earthlings I present you with a simple choice. Think carefully for you hold your very lives in your hands. Now choose: either die in the vacuum of space, OR <tense music>... tell me how good you thought my poem was.

Ford: I liked it...

Vogon Captain: good

Arthur: Oh yes, I thought that some of the metaphysical imagery was particularly effective.

Vogon Captain: Yes?

Arthur: Oh.... and um, interesting rhythmic devices, too, which seemed to counterpoint the,... uh—

Ford: ...counterpoint the surrealism of the underlying metaphor of the,... umm—

Arthur: Humanity of the uh—

Ford: Vogonity.

Arthur: What?

Ford: Vogonity.

Arthur: Oh, Oh! Vogonity, sorry. Of the poets compassionate soul which contrived 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...
uhhhhh

Ford: into what ever it was ...

Ford: ...that the poem was about.

Arthur: that the poem was about!

Ford: Well done Arthur that was very good.

Captain: So what you're saying is that I write poetry because underneath my mean, callous, heartless exterior, I really just want to be loved. Is that right?

Ford: uh, well,.. I mean yes, YES, don't we all, deep down—you know--?

Vogon Captain: No, well, you're completely wrong. I just write poetry 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 three airlock and throw them out.

Guard: Okay Captain.

Ford: You can't throw us off into deep space we're trying to write a book!

Guard: *Resistance is useless!!*

Arthur: I don't want to die now, I've still got a headache. I don't want to go to heaven with a headache, I'll be all cross and wouldn't enjoy it.

Guard: Come on.

Ford: You can't do this!!!!

Vogon Captain: Why not you puny creature?

Ford: Why not!??? Why not???? Does there have to be a reason for everything? Why don't you just let us go on a mad impulse??? Go on, live a little, surprise yourself.

<Door opens, prisoners are removed>
<door closes and latches>

Vogon Captain: "...*counterpoint the surrealism of the underlying metaphor...*" hm-hm.
Death's too good for them.

Arthur: NO!... Uggh... Let go of me you brute!

Ford: Don't you worry, I'll think of something.

Guard: *Resistance is useless!!*

Arthur: I woke up this morning and thought...

Arthur: ... I'd have a ...

Ford: Okay

Arthur: ...nice, relaxed day...

Ford: Alright.

Arthur: ... do a bit of reading... brush the dog.

Ford: I know,...

Ford: ...I know.

Arthur: It's just now...

Arthur: ...four in the afternoon and I'm already being...

Arthur: ... thrown out...

Ford: yes

Arthur: ...of an...

Arthur: ...*alien* spaceship...

Ford: I know

Arthur: ... five light years...

Ford: yes, yes Arthur

Arthur: ...from the smoking remains of the Earth!!!

Ford: Alright, just stop panicking!!

Arthur: Who said anything about panicking?!?!? This is still just a culture shock.

Ford: ARTHUR, you're getting hysterical, SHUT UP!

Guard: *Resistance is useless!!*

Ford: You can shut up as well!!!

Guard: *Resistance is useless!!*

Ford: Oh, give it a rest! Do you really enjoy this sort of thing?

Guard: *Resistance is*.....what da ya mean?

Ford: I mean does it give you a full satisfying life? Stomping around, shouting, throwing people out of spaceships?

Guard: The hours are good.

Ford: They'd have to be.

Guard: But now that you've come to mention it, I suppose much of the actual minutes are pretty lousy. Uhh, uhh. Except some of the shouting I quite like. *Resistance is use—!!*

Ford: Yeah, sure, yes,... You're good at that I can tell... but if it's mostly lousy, then why do you do it? What is it? The Girls? The Leather? The Makizmo?

Guard: I-I-I- I dunno...I-I-I... I think I, just sort of, do it really. He-ugggh.

Ford: There Arthur, you think you've got problems.

Arthur: Yes, this guy's still half throttling me!

Ford: Yeah!, but try an' understand his problem.

Guard: Right, so, what's the alternative?

Ford: Well, stop doing it, of course.

Guard: Hmmmm.... Hmm.... Uhhh, well, doesn't sound that great to me.

Ford: Well, wait a minute, that's just the start! There's more to it than that, you see??

Guard: Uhhhh.... no. I, I think that if it's all the same to you, I better just get you both shoved into this airlock and then go and get on with some other bits of shoutin' I've got to do.

Ford: I mean c'mon, I mean now look... uhhhahhhhhhh.

<struggle>

Guard: Thanks for takin' an interest. Bye now.

Arthur: Stop! Don't do it!

Ford: No, listen, listen! There's a, there's a whole world you don't know anything about. I mean here,.. how about this? *Da da da dum!* I mean, doesn't that *stir* anything in you???

< vmmmmmmmh (airtight door opening)>

Guard: Bye.

<door noise>

Guard: I'll mention what you said to my aunt.

<vmmmmmmmh (airtight door closing and latching)>

Ford: Potentially bright lad, I thought.

Arthur: We're trapped now, aren't we?

Ford: uhhhh,... Yes, we're trapped.

Arthur: Well didn't you think of anything???

Ford: Oh Yes.

Arthur: Yes?

Ford: But, unfortunately, it rather involved being on the other side of the airtight hatchway they've just sealed behind us.

Arthur: So, what happens next?

Ford: The hatchway in front of us will open automatically in a moment and we'll shoot out into deep space and asphyxiate in about... thirty seconds.

Arthur: So this is it?!? We're going to die!

Ford: Yes.... except.. NO. Wait a minute! What's this switch?

Arthur: What!?!???? Where?????

Ford: No I was only foolin'. We are going to die after all.

Arthur: You know it's at times like this, when I'm trapped in a Vogon airlock, with a man from Betelgeuse, and 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: Why, what did she tell you?

Arthur: *I don't know I didn't listen!!!*

Ford: huh, Terrrr-ific!

<clunk, clunk (hatchway opens)>
<pfsssssssssssssssssst (air leaks out)>

Arthur: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
Ford: AHHHHHHHaHHHHHaaaaaHHHHHHH!

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy is truly a 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..." 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, Bethsillamin, is now so worried about the cumulative erosion caused by ten million 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 bodyweight when you leave. 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 thirty seconds after being thrown out of a spaceship, it goes on to say, that with what space being the size it is, the chances of being picked up by another craft within those seconds are $2^{267,709}$ to one against. Which, by a staggering coincidence, was also the telephone number of an Islington flat, where Arthur once went to a very good party and met a very nice girl, whom he entirely failed to get off with. Though the planet Earth, the Islington flat, and telephone have all now been demolished, it is comforting to reflect that they are, in some small way, commemorated by the fact that twenty-nine seconds later, Ford and Arthur were, in fact, rescued.

Arthur: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ford: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

<hatchway opens>

<hatchway closes and locks>

Electronic Voice: Infinity minus two seconds...Infinity minus for... everybody... . Improbability factor high

Ford: There you are..... I (breath) told you (breath) I'd (breath) think of something.

Arthur: (heavy breathing) *Oh sure.*

Ford: Bright (breath) idea (breath) of mine; (breath) to find a (breath) passing spaceship (breath) and (breath) get rescued by it.

Arthur: Oh come on! The chances against it were astronomical.

Ford: Don't knock it, it worked. Now, where are we?

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

Ford: God, I'm relieved to hear you say that.

Arthur: Why?

Ford: Because I thought I must be going mad.

Arthur: Perhaps we weren't rescued after all... Perhaps we... died.

Ford: What's that meant to mean?

Arthur: When I was young I used to have this nightmare about dying. I used to lie awake at nights screaming. All my school friends went to heaven or hell and I was sent to Southend!

Ford: Perhaps we'd better ask somebody what's going on... How about that man over there?

Arthur: The one with the five heads crawling up the wall?

Ford: Uh, yes.

Arthur: Uh, sir? Excuse me.

Man with five heads: <sort of elephant noise>

Arthur: uh excuse me. ... You know if this is Southend there's something very odd about it.

Ford: You mean they way the sea stays steady as a rock and the buildings keep washing up and down? Yes / thought that was odd.

Trillian: (over general intercom): $2^{100,000}$ to 1 against and falling

Arthur: What was that?

Ford: Sounds like a measurement of probability.... Hey! that couldn't mean...no!...

Arthur: What?

Ford: I'm--- well I'm not sure, but it means we definitely **are** on some kind of spaceship.

Arthur: (in a "phased" voice) Southend seems to be melting away... stars are swirling... the dust bowl... snow.... My legs-- are drifting off into the sunset. Hell! My left arms come off too. How am I going to operate my digital watch now!? Ford You're turning into a penguin, stop it!

Trillian: (over general intercom): Two to the power of 75,000 to one against and falling.

Ford: (in a high-pitched penguin voice): Hey, who are you? Where are you? What's going on, and is there anyway of stopping it?

Trillian: (over general intercom): Please relax. You are perfectly safe.

Ford: (in a penguin voice): That's not the point! The point is that I am now a perfectly safe *penguin* and my colleague here is rapidly running out of limbs!

Arthur: (normal voice) It's alright, I've got them back now...

Trillian: (over general intercom): 2 to the power of 50,000 to one against and falling....

Arthur: Admittedly they're longer than I usually like them but uh...

Ford: (in a penguin voice): Isn't there anything you feel you ought to be telling us?

Trillian: (over general intercom): 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've been rescued from certain death at an improbability level of two to the power of two hundred and seventy-six thousand, seven-hundred and nine to one against - possibly much higher. We are now cruising at a level of two to the power of twenty-five thousand to one against and falling, and we will be restoring normality as soon as we are sure what is normal anyway. Thank you. Two to the power of twenty thousand to one against and falling.

Ford: Arthur this is fantastic! We've been picked up by a ship with the new Infinite Improbability Drive! This is really incredible Arthur!

<monkey chatter>

Ford: What's happening?

Arthur: Ford, there's an infinite number of monkeys outside who want to talk to us about this script for *Hamlet* they've worked out.

<stunning chord>

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 probability by simply hooking the logic circuits of a Bambleweeny 57 Sub-Meson Brain to an atomic vector plotter suspended in a strong Brownian Motion producer (say a nice hot cup of tea), were, of course, well 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 that they weren't going to stand for that sort of thing, partly because it was a debasement of science, but **mostly** because they didn't get invited to those sorts of parties. Another thing they couldn't stand was the perpetual failure they encountered in trying to construct a machine that 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.*

*Then, one day, 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, then feed that figure into the finite improbability generator, give it a fresh cup of really hot tea... and then turn it on." He did this and was rather startled to discover that he 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 smart-arse.

Trillian: (over general intercom): Five to one against and falling. Four to one against and falling... Three to one, two, one. Probability factor of one to one. We have normality. I repeat, we have normality. Anything you still can't cope with is therefore your own problem. Please relax, you will be sent for soon.

<on bridge>

Zaphod: Who are they Trillian?

Trillian: Oh, Just a couple of guys we picked up in open space: Sector Zed, Zed nine, plural Zed Alpha.

Zaphod: Yeah, yeah, well that's a very sweet thought Trillian, but do you really think it's wise under the circumstances? 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. Okay, so, ten out of ten for style, but minus several million for good thinking, okay?

Trillian: Zaphod, they were floating unprotected in open space. You didn't want them to die did you?

Zaphod: No, not as such, no, but...

Trillian: Anyway, I didn't pick them up, the ship did it all by itself.

Zaphod: What?

Trillian: Whilst we were in Improbability Drive

Zaphod: Hunh, that's incredible.

Trillian: No, just very, very improbable. Look, don't worry about the aliens, they're just a couple of guys I expect. I'll send the robot down to check them out. Hey, Marvin...

<pppppppppppppppppp>

<pppppppppppppppppp>

<pppppppppppppppppp>

<pppppppppppppppppp>

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

Zaphod: God!

Trillian: Well, here's something to occupy you and keep your minds off things.

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

Trillian: Marvin.!

Marvin: Alright, what do you want me to do?

Trillian: Go down to number two 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?

<pppppppppppp>

<pppppppppppp>

Marvin: Alright, I'll do it.

<pppppppppppp>

Zaphod: Yeah, *good, great, thank you.*

<pppppppppppp>

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 worry about that. You just act as come naturally and everything will be fine.

Marvin: You're sure you don't mind?

Zaphod: No, no, it's all just part of life.

Marvin: Life. Don't talk to me about life.

<pffffffffffffffffft>

<pffffffffffffffffft>

<pffffffffffffffffft>

Door: Hmmyummmmmmm

<latches>

Trillian: I don't think I can stand that robot much longer Zaphod.

The Encyclopedia Galactica defines a robot as being a mechanical apparatus designed to do the work of a man. The Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation defines a robot as, "your plastic pal who's fun to be with." The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy 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 from anyone interested in taking over the post of Robotics Correspondent.

Curiously enough, an edition of The Encyclopedia Galactica that fell through a time warp from a thousand years in the future, defined 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: I think this ship is brand new Arthur.

Arthur: How can you tell? Have you got some exotic device for measuring the age of metal?

Ford: No, I just found this sales brochure lying on the floor. "The Universe can be yours." Ah, and look, I was right, "Sensational new break through in improbability physics. As the ship's drive reaches infinite improbability, it passes through every conceivable point in every conceivable universe almost simultaneously. You select your own reentry point. Be the envy of other major governments." This is big-league stuff.

Arthur: It looks a hell of a lot better than that dingy Vagon ship. This is my idea of a spaceship! All gleaming white, flashing lights, everything. What happens if I press this button?

Ford: I wouldn't!

Arthur: <bingggggg! (presses button)> Oh!

Ford: What happened?

Arthur: A sign lit up saying "please do not press this button again."

Ford: They make a big thing of the ship's cybernetics. "A new generation of Sirius Cybernetics robots and computers, with the new GPP feature."

Arthur: GPP? What's that?

Ford: Uhhh... It says Genuine People Personalities.

Arthur: Sounds ghastly.

Door: <click> hmmAhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Marvin: It is.

Arthur: What?

Marvin: Ghastly. It all is. <pffffffffffffffffft><pa-tffffffffffffffffft> Absolutely Ghastly <pa-tffffffffffffffffft> 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: HmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmYummm <latches>

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: 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... Come on.

Door: <unlatches> Hmmmmm. Glad to be of service.

Marvin: Thank you the Marketing Division of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation.

Door: You're welcome. Hmmmmm <latches>

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: Hummmm.

Marvin: I hate that door. I'm not getting you down am I?

Ford: Which government owns this ship?

Marvin: No government owns this ship. It's been stolen.

Arthur: Stolen?

Ford: Stolen?

Marvin: *Stolen.*

Ford: Who by?

Marvin: Zaphod Beeblebrox.

Ford: Zaphod Beeblebrox?!!!

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. <pa-tffffffffffffffffft> <pa-tffffffffffffffffft> Here's another of those self-satisfied doors.

Door: Hmmyummmmmmm

Marvin: Life, don't talk to me about life.

Arthur: No one even mentioned it.

Ford: Really? Zaphod Beeblebrox!

Radio Announcer: And the news reports brought to you here on the Sub-ether waveband, broadcasting around the galaxy around the clock. And we'll be saying a big "Hello" to all intelligent lifeforms 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 new Improbability Drive prototype ship, by none other than Zaphod Beeblebrox. And the question everyone's asking is, has the big Z finally flipped? Beeblebrox, the man who invented the Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster, ex-confidence trickster, part-time Galactic President, once described by Eccentrica Gallumbits, 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 Halfrunt.

Gag Halfrunt: Vell look, Zaphod's just zis guy, you know.

<click>

Zaphod: Hey, what'd you turn it off for Trillian?

Trillian: Zaphod, I've just thought of something.

Zaphod: Yeah.?

Trillian: We picked those couple of guys up in sec—Zaphod! Please take your hand off me. And the other one. Thank you. And the other one.

Zaphod: I grew that one specially for you Trillian, you know that. Took me six months but it was worth every minute.

Trillian: We picked them up in sector Zed, Zed, nine, plural Zed, Alpha. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

Zaphod: Uhh, on the whole... no.

Trillian: Well, it's where you originally picked me up. Let me show it to you on the screen. Right there.

Zaphod: Hey Right! I don't believe it. How the hell did we come to be there?

Trillian: Improbability Drive. We past through every point in the universe, you know that.

Zaphod: Yeah, but, but, picking them up there's just too strange a coincidence. I wanna work this out. Computer.

Eddie: Hi there! <tick, tick, tick>

Zaphod: uh God!

Eddie: I want you to know that whatever your problem, I am here to help you solve it. <tick, tick, tick>

Zaphod: Uh, Look, I think I'll just use a piece of paper.

Eddie: Sure thing. I understand. If you ever need—

Zaphod: Shut Up!

Eddie: Okay, Okaaay.

Zaphod: Trillian, the ship picked them up all by itself right?

Trillian: Right.

Zaphod: Right. So, that already gives us a high improbability factor. It picked them up in that particular space sector, which gives us another high improbability factor. Plus they were not wearing spacesuits so we picked them up during a crucial thirty second period.

Trillian: I've got a note for that factor, here.

Zaphod: Yeah, put it all together and we have a total improbability offfff—yeah, well it's pretty vast, but it's not infinite. At what point did we actually pick them up?

Trillian: At infinite Improbability level.

Zaphod: Which leaves a very large improbability gap still to be filled. Look, they're on their way up here now, aren't they?

Trillian: Uh-huh

Zaphod: With that bloody robot. Can we pick them up on any monitor cameras?

Trillian: I should think so.

<beeps of activation of cameras>

Marvin: ...and then of course I've got this terrible pain in all the diodes down my left side.

Arthur: *Is that so?*

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

Arthur: *I can imagine.*

Trillian: Oh, god, I don't *believe* it!

Ford: Well, well, well. Zaphod Beeblebrox.

Zaphod: ffhhaaaaa!
<beeps of deactivation of camera>

Zaphod: I don't believe it! This is just toooo amazing. Look Trillian, I'll just, uh, handle this.—Is anything wrong?

Trillian: I think I'll just wait in the cabin. I'll be back in a minute.

Zaphod: Oh this is gonna be great! I'm going to be so unbelievably cool about it, it would flummox a Vagan snow lizard. This is *ter-rific!* What will you call? Several out of ten million points for style!

Trillian: Well you enjoy yourself Zaphod. I don't see what's so great meself. I'll go and listen for the police on the Sub-Ether Waveband.

Zaphod: Right. Which is the- most- nonchalant chair to be discovered working in it? Yeah... ok.

Door: <click> Hmmyummmmm Glad to be of Service.

<pa-tffffffft>
<pa-tffffffft>
<pa-tffffffft>

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!

<pa-tffffffft>
<pa-tffffffft>

Zaphod: *Ford. Hi. How are you? Glad you could drop in.*

Ford: *Zaphod, great to see you. You're looking well... the extra arm suits you. Nice ship you've stolen.*

Arthur: You mean you know this guy!

Ford: Know him?? He's...! Oh Zaphod, this is a friend of mine Arthur Dent I saved him when his planet blew up.

Zaphod: Oh sure. Hi Arthur. Glad you could make it.

Ford: And Arthur this is my—

Arthur: We've met.

Ford: What????!?

Zaphod: Oh, uh... have we? Hey—

Ford: What do you mean you've met????? This is *Zaphod Beeblebrox* from Betelgeuse five you know, not, not bloody Martin Smith from Croydon!

Arthur: I don't care; we've met. Haven't we Zaphod? ...Or should I say *Phil*?

Ford: WHAT!????

Zaphod: Uh...yo—you'll have to remind me, I have a terrible memory for species.

Arthur: It was at a party.

Zaphod: I rather doubt it.

Ford: *Cool it* will you Arthur.

Arthur: A party six months ago... on Earth... England.... *London*...

Zaphod: Uhhhhhh

Arthur: *Islington!*

Zaphod: O-hah, that party...

Ford: Zaphod, you don't mean to say you've been on that miserable little planet as well.!

Zaphod: No, of course not.... Wa—Well, I may have just dropped in briefly,... on my way somewhere...

Ford: What is all this Arthur?

Arthur: At this party there was a girl. I had my eye on her for weeks. Beautiful, charming, devastatingly intelligent, everything I'd been saving myself up for. And just when I'd finally managed to get her for myself for a few tender moments, this friend of yours barges up and says, "Hey doll, is this guy boring you? Come an' talk to me. I'm from a different planet." I never saw her again.

Ford: Zaphod.?!

Arthur: Yes. He only had the two arms and the one head and he called himself Phil, but—

Trillian: BUT, you must admit that he did actually turn out to be from a different planet Arthur.

Arthur: Good God it's her! Tricia McMillan! What are you doing here?

Trillian: Same as you Arthur. I hitched a ride. After all, with a degree in math and another in astrophysics, it was either that or back to the dole queue on Monday. Ohh, I'm sorry I missed that Wednesday lunch date—but I was in a black hole all morning.

Zaphod: Oh God! Ford this is Trillian. Hi, Trillian, this is my semi-cousin Ford who shares three of the same mothers as me, Hhhiiiiii. Trillian, is this sort of thing gonna happen every time we use the Infinite Improbability Drive?

Trillian: Very Probably, I'm afraid.

Zaphod: Zaphod Beeblebrox, this is a very large drink.... Hi. <gulp>

Will our heroes be able to enjoy a nice, relaxed evening at last? How will they cope with their new social roles? Will they survive the deadly missile attack which is launched on

them three minutes into the next episode? Find out in next week's exciting installment of The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy.

In that episode of The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Peter Jones was THE BOOK, Simon Jones played Arthur Dent, and Geoffrey McGivern, Ford Prefect. Stephen Moore was Marvin; Mark Wing-Davey, Zaphod Beeblebrox; Susan Sheridan, Trillian; Bill Wallis, the Vagon Captain; and David Tate, the Vagon Guard, and Computer. The program was written by Douglas Adams and produced by Geoffrey Perkins, with the assistance of BBC Radio-Phonic Workshop. And it'll be repeated through a time warp, on the home service, in 1951.

Eddie, the shipboard Computer: Hi there, this Eddie, your shipboard computer. <tick, tick, tick> And I just want to mention here that we are now moving in to orbit around the legendary planet of Magrathea. <tick, tick, tick, tick, tick> Sorry to interrupt your social evening. Have a good time!