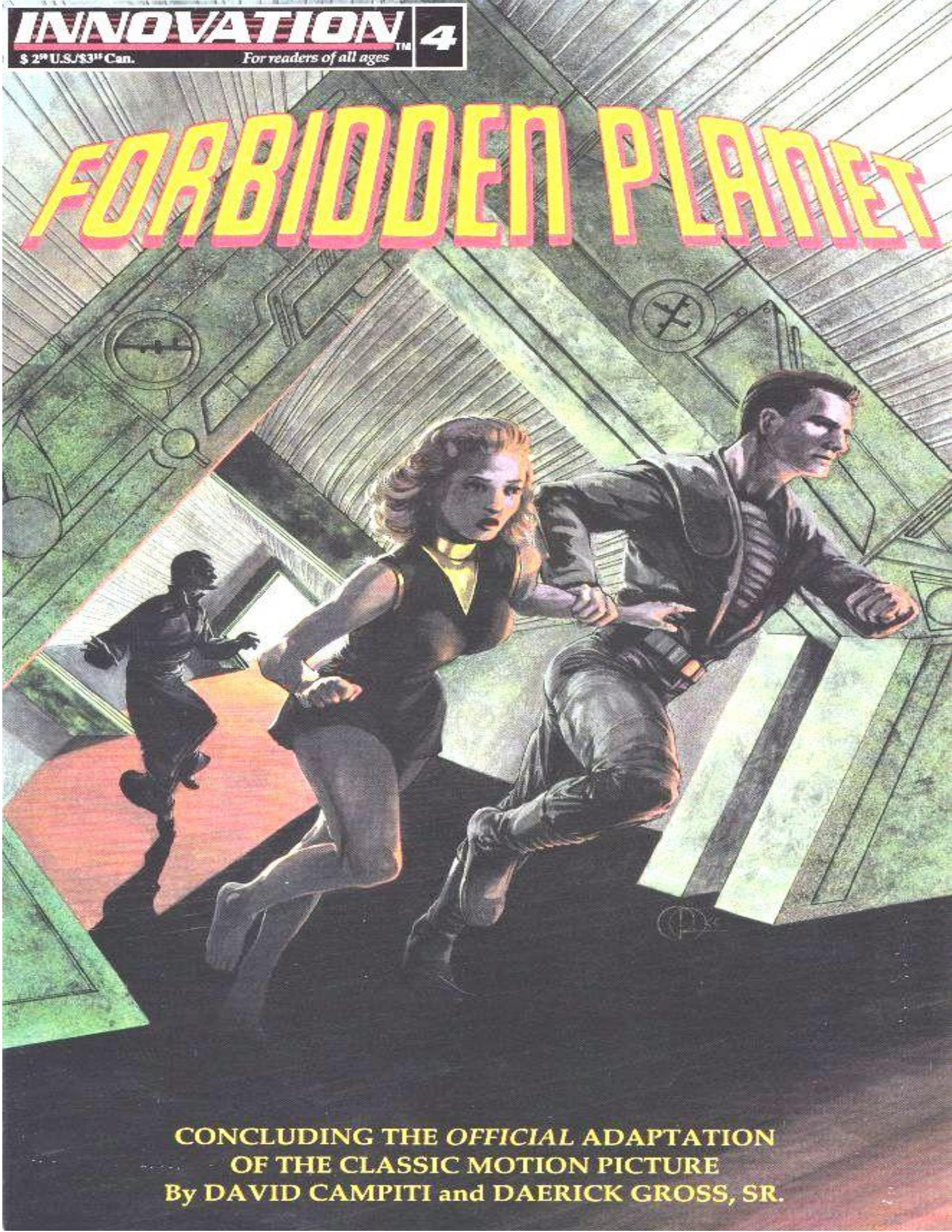


INNOVATION™ **4**

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For readers of all ages

FORBIDDEN PLANET



CONCLUDING THE OFFICIAL ADAPTATION
OF THE CLASSIC MOTION PICTURE
By DAVID CAMPITI and DAERICK GROSS, SR.

*Chapter
Four:*

**Monsters
From The
ID!**

FORBIDDEN PLANET™

*Adapted from the classic
MGM Motion Picture*

Screenplay by Cyril Hume

Based on a story by
**Irving Block
& Allen Adler**


Directed by
Fred McLeod Wilcox

**David Campiti -- Script
Daerick Gross -- Adaptation
& Illustration**

**Roxanne Starr & Vickie Williams
-- Lettering
Karen May -- Edits**

*Inspired by William Shakespeare's
THE TEMPEST*

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FATHER!

ALTAIRA,
MY CHILD--!

YOU KNOW
DREAMS CAN'T
HURT YOU...

BUT THERE WAS
BLOOD AND FIRE AND THUNDER,
AND SOMETHING AWFUL WAS
MOVING IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!
I COULD HEAR IT ROAR
AND BELLOW..!


THE THING I
SAW WAS TRYING TO BREAK
INTO CAMP, AND IT WAS
GOING TO KILL--

YOU'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM FOR ME, WON'T
YOU, FATHER? YOU'LL
PROTECT HIM--?!

WHAT
IS IT?

WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

I JUST HAD
A TERRIBLE
DREAM...!

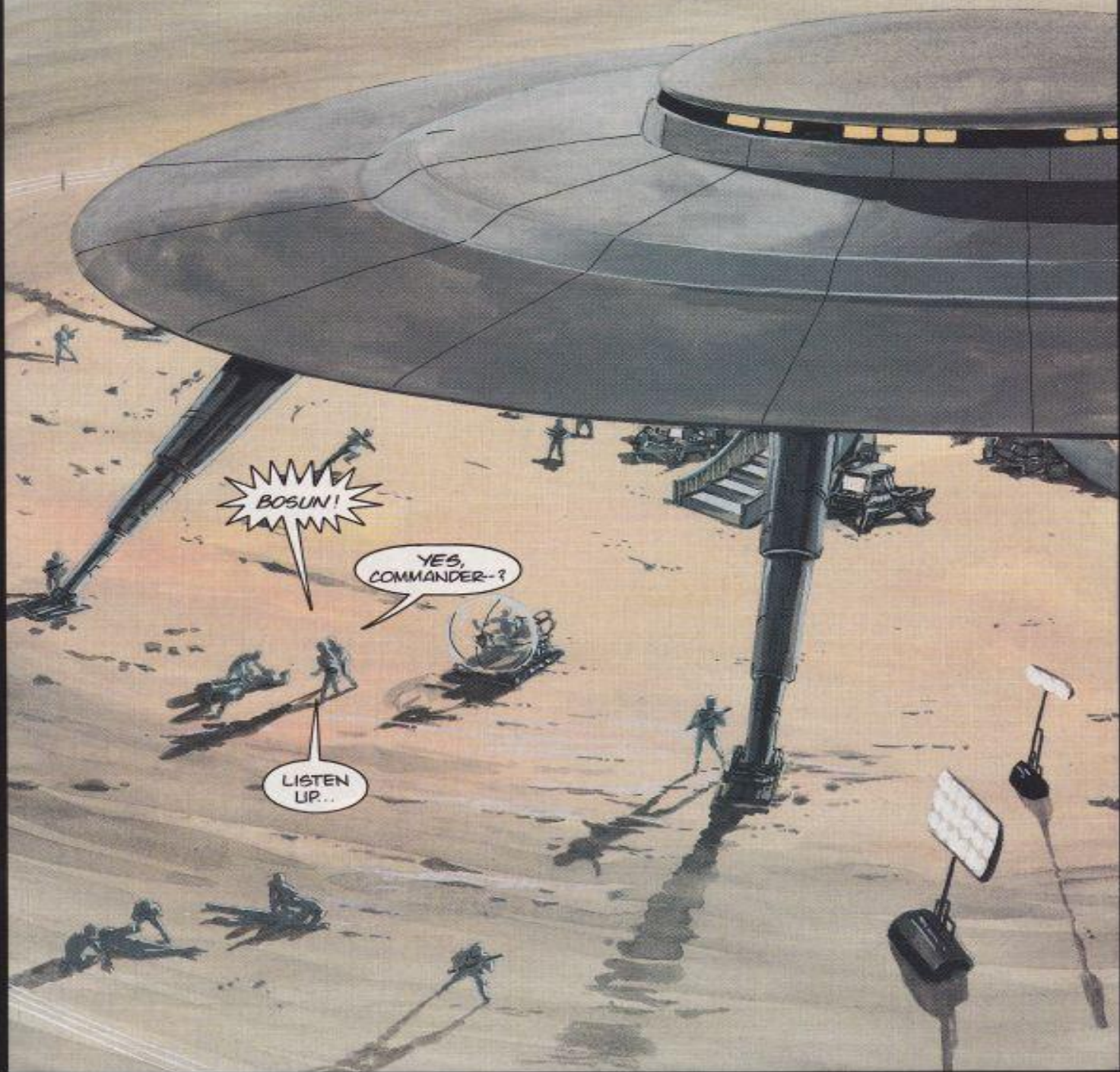


MY DARLING,
I'M COMPLETELY
HELPLESS AS LONG AS
COMMANDER ADAMS
REMAINS HERE SO
WILLFULLY.

COME, NOW...

"...SEE FOR YOURSELF,
DEAR DAUGHTER--"

"--THEIR LIGHT IS
STILL THERE."



BOSUN!

YES,
COMMANDER-?

LISTEN
UP...



-GET THOSE GRAVES DUG, BOSUN. KEEP THE MEN BUSY.

AYE AYE, SIR. THE BUSIER THE BETTER.



WELL, MEN-- WHATEVER IT WAS, OUR MAIN BATTERIES STOPPED IT.

NO. IT JUST WENT AWAY FOR SOME REASON. IT'LL BE BACK.

DOC, AN INVISIBLE BEING THAT CANNOT BE DISINTEGRATED BY ATOMIC FISSION...



YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT, SKIPPER?

NO, SKIPPER. THAT'S A SCIENTIFIC IMPOSSIBILITY!


DOCTOR OSTROW, HYPNOTIC ILLUSIONS DON'T TEAR PEOPLE TO PIECES !!

TRUE ENOUGH. BUT ANY ORGANISM DENSE ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THREE BILLION ELECTRON VOLTS WOULD HAVE TO BE MADE OF SOLID NUCLEAR MATERIAL.

THAT'S ENOUGH TO SINK ITS OWN WEIGHT TO THE CENTER OF THE PLANET!




WELL, YOU SAW IT YOURSELF, DOC--STANDING RIGHT THERE IN THOSE NEUTRON BEAMS!




WELL, THERE'S YOUR ANSWER: IT MUST BE RENEWING ITS MOLECULAR STRUCTURE FROM ONE MICRO-SECOND TO THE NEXT!

I SEE.



BOSLIN- I WANT THE TRACTOR!

YES, SIR!




...AND NOW WE JUST PICK UP THE GIRL AND HER FATHER WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT...?

SECTION 66-A: "EVACUATE ALL CIVILIANS FROM DISASTER AREAS."

YOU LEFT OUT TWO VERY IMPORTANT WORDS: "WHERE FEASIBLE." IF YOU REMEMBER THE BELEREPHON EXPEDITION, THEIR SHIP VAPORIZED TRYING TO LIFT OFF.

WHICH MAKES IT A GILT-EDGED PRIORITY, DOC, THAT ONE OF US GETS INTO THAT KRELL LAB-- AND TAKES THAT BRAIN BOOST!

MEANTIME, BOSLIN, I'M LEAVING YOU IN COMMAND. GET THE SHIP OPERATIONAL, AND DO YOUR BEST TO WAIT IT OUT FOR ME AND THE DOCTOR.



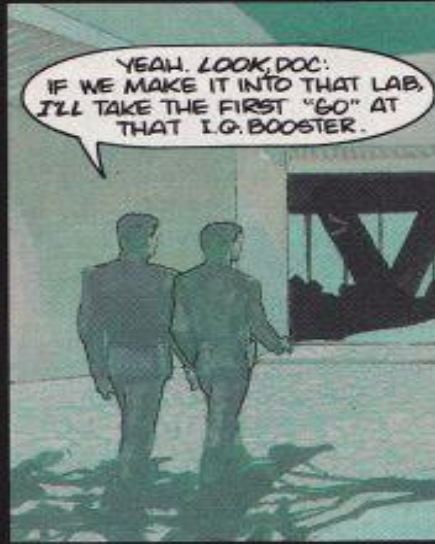
BUT THE SECOND THAT FENCE STARTS SHORTING AGAIN, YOU LIFT OFF. AND REPORT BACK TO EARTH BASE ABOUT CONDITIONS IN THIS SECTOR.

RIGHT, SKIPPER!

"ALL RIGHT, GET EVERYTHING ABOARD SHIP-- WE'RE PULLING OUT!"



-OKAY.
NO LIGHTS
SHOWING.



YEAH. LOOK, DOC:
IF WE MAKE IT INTO THAT LAB,
I'LL TAKE THE FIRST "GO" AT
THAT I.G. BOOSTER.



YOU
HEAR
ME?

I HEAR
YOU.

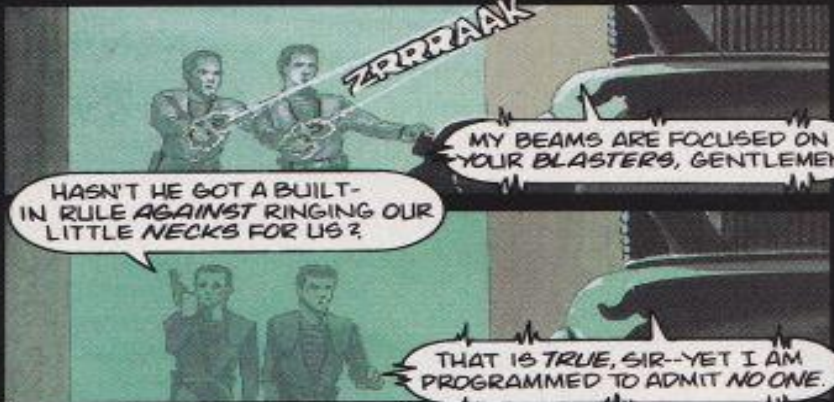


I AM PROGRAMMED
TO ADMIT NO ONE AT
THIS HOUR.

THAT
SOUNDED
FINAL



MAYBE WE
CAN REASON
WITH HIM.



ZAPPAK

MY BEAMS ARE FOCUSED ON
YOUR BLASTERS, GENTLEMEN.

HASN'T HE GOT A BUILT-
IN RULE AGAINST RINGING OUR
LITTLE NECKS FOR US?

THAT IS TRUE, SIR--YET I AM
PROGRAMMED TO ADMIT NO ONE



ROBBY, LET THEM IN!
EMERGENCY CANCELLATION:
"ARCHIMEDES."

NOW: WHAT'S
HAPPENED--?

WE WERE
ATTACKED--THREE
MEN, INCLUDING JERRY
FARMAN. IT WAS... SOME
SORT OF OUTLINE IN
OUR DISINTEGRATOR
BEAMS.

AND YOU
CAN'T EXPLAIN
IT--?

NO.



WELL, ANYWAY, WE
FOUGHT IT, AND WE LOST. I
FIGURE IT'LL BE BACK.

THEN
YOU MUST
LEAVE...
NOW!



DARLING, I'M NOT GOING WITHOUT YOU.

BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE HIM ALONE--I JUST CAN'T!

THEN WE'LL TAKE HIM WITH US!

BY FORCE? I CAN'T AGREE TO THAT, EITHER!



CAN'T YOU, ALTA? YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT'S LOOSE ON THIS PLANET!

BUT I'M IMMUNE, LIKE BOTH MY PARENTS--!



THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS. I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

NOTHING COULD BE IMMUNE TO THAT THING...

ALTA...

DARLING, DARLING...

PLEASE, PLEASE-- IF YOU LOVE ME, GO!



DOC, WILL YOU TALK SOME SENSE TO THIS GIRL?

I'M IN OVER MY HEAD. DOC?

DOC...?



"OH, NO..."



PUT HIM ON THE SOFA, ROBBY.



SO, YOU TOOK THE BRAIN BOOST, EH?

YOU OUGHT TO SEE MY NEW MIND...UP THERE IN LIGHTS--

--BIGGER THAN HIS, NOW.



EASY NOW, DOC.

MORBILUS WAS TOO CLOSE TO THE PROBLEM. THE KRELL COMPLETED THEIR PROJECT!

BIG MACHINE. NO INSTRUMENTALITIES. TRUE CREATION! UNNNNNGHE

C'MON, DOC-- LET'S HAVE IT!

BUT THE KRELL FORGOT ONE THING: MONSTERS, JOHN.

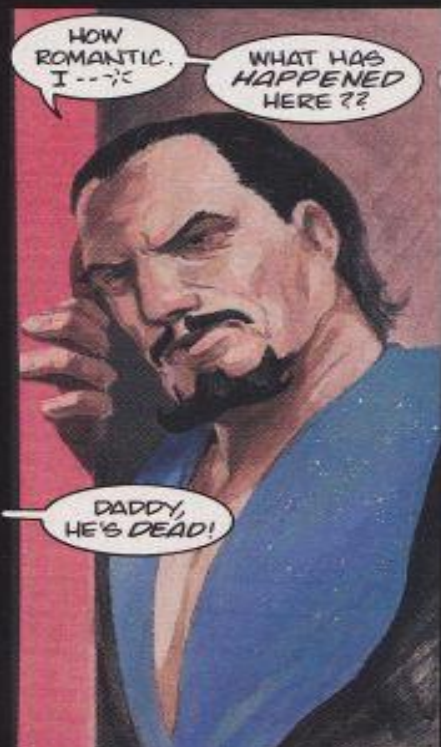
MONSTERS FROM THE ID!



THE "ID"? WHAT'S THAT? TALK, DOC!

...DOC--?

OH, DOC--



HOW ROMANTIC. I -->

WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE??

DADDY, HE'S DEAD!

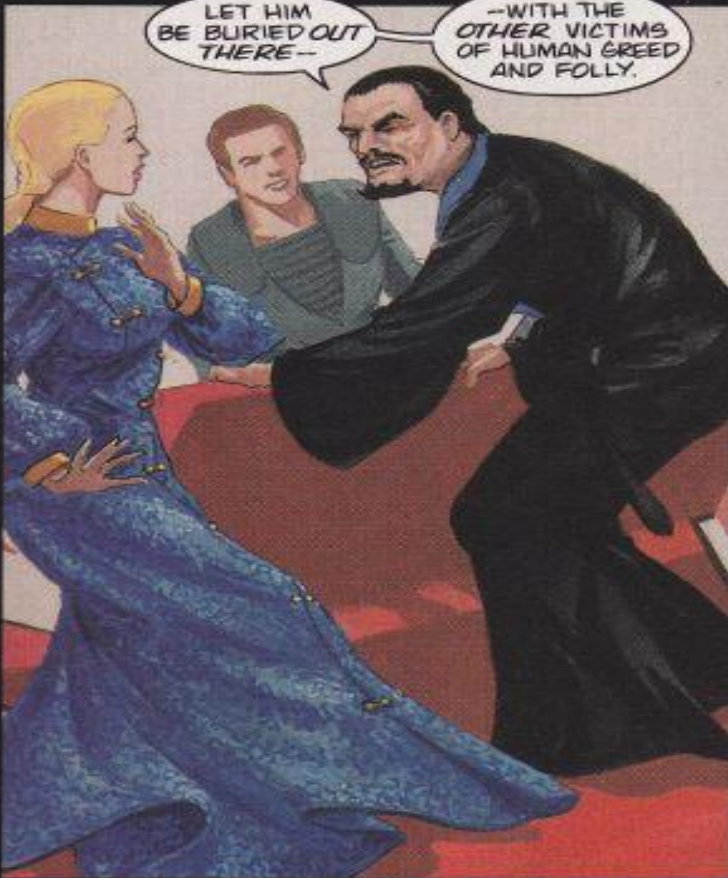


THE FOOL!

THE MEDDLING IDIOT!

AS THOUGH HIS APE'S BRAIN COULD CONTAIN THE SECRETS OF THE KRELL--!

HE WAS FAIRLY WARNED AND NOW HE'S PAID FAIRLY!



LET HIM BE BURIED OUT THERE--

--WITH THE OTHER VICTIMS OF HUMAN GREED AND FOLLY.



FATHER, YOU WANTED ME TO MAKE A CHOICE--

--NOW YOU'VE CHOSEN FOR ME.



I'M READY TO GO WITH YOU NOW, DARLING--



--FOREVER AND FOR GOOD.

ALTAIRA-- NO!

LET ME GET SOME THINGS--



--I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

I'LL LAY DOCTOR OSTROW IN THE TRACTOR, SIR.

...THANK YOU, ROBBY.

SHE MUST NOT DO THIS.

SHE MUST BE STOPPED!

ALTA--!

YOUNG MAN,
MY DAUGHTER IS
PLANNING A
VERY FOOLISH
ACTION--

--AND SHE'LL
BE TERRIBLY
PUNISHED!

DOCTOR
MORBIUS, WHAT IS
"THE ID"?

WHAT
IS
THE
ID??



ID, ID, ID, ID!



MONSTERS FROM
THE ID!

MONSTERS
FROM THE SUB-
CONSCIOUS--
OF COURSE!
THAT'S WHAT
DOC MEANT!

MORBIUS, THE
BIG MACHINE: EIGHT
THOUSAND CUBIC MILES OF
CLYSTRON RELAYS--



--ENOUGH POWER FOR
A WHOLE POPULATION OF
CREATIVE GENIUSES!

OPERATED BY
REMOTE CONTROL,
MORBIUS... THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC IMPULSES
OF INDIVIDUAL KRELL
BRAINS!

IT'S...AN
OBSOLETE TERM,
I'M AFRAID--
--ONCE USED TO
DESCRIBE THE MOST PRIMITIVE
AND ELEMENTARY BASIS OF THE
SUBCONSCIOUS MIND.

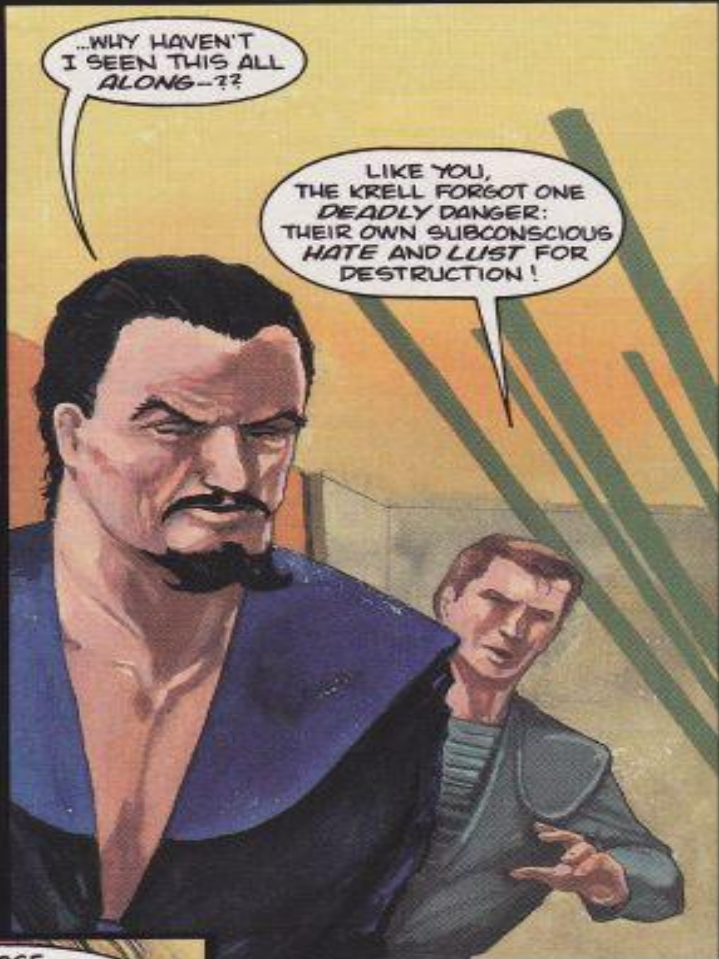
FOR WHAT
PURPOSE..?





IN RETURN, THAT ULTIMATE MACHINE WOULD PROJECT SOLID MATTER TO ANY POINT ON THE PLANET-- IN ANY SHAPE OR COLOR THEY MIGHT IMAGINE!

FOR ANY PURPOSE, MORBIUS! CREATION, MANIPULATION BY MERE THOUGHT!



...WHY HAVEN'T I SEEN THIS ALL ALONG--??

LIKE YOU, THE KRELL FORGOT ONE DEADLY DANGER: THEIR OWN SUBCONSCIOUS HATE AND LUST FOR DESTRUCTION!

AHH, THE MINDLESS, PRIMITIVE BEAST.

EVEN THE KRELL MUST HAVE EVOLVED FROM THAT BEGINNING.



AND SO THOSE MINDLESS BEASTS OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS HAD ACCESS TO A MACHINE THAT COULD NEVER BE SHUT DOWN!

THE SECRET DEVIL OF EVERY SOUL ON THE PLANET, ALL SET FREE AT ONCE TO LOOT AND MAME.

AND TAKE REVENGE, MORBIUS-- AND KILL!



MY... POOR KRELL--!

AFTER A MILLION YEARS OF SHINING SANITY--

--THEY COULD HARDLY HAVE UNDERSTOOD WHAT POWER WAS DESTROYING THEM.



YES, YOUNG MAN--ALL VERY CONVINCING...EXCEPT FOR ONE OBVIOUS FALLACY.

THE LAST KRELL DIED TWO THOUSAND CENTURIES AGO--

YOUR MIND REFUSES TO FACE THE CONCLUSION...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--?

-- BUT TODAY, AS WE ALL KNOW, A LIVING MONSTER IS STILL AT LARGE ON THIS PLANET.

M M MORBIUS--

...YES?

SOMETHING IS APPROACHING FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

IT IS NOW QUITE CLOSE.

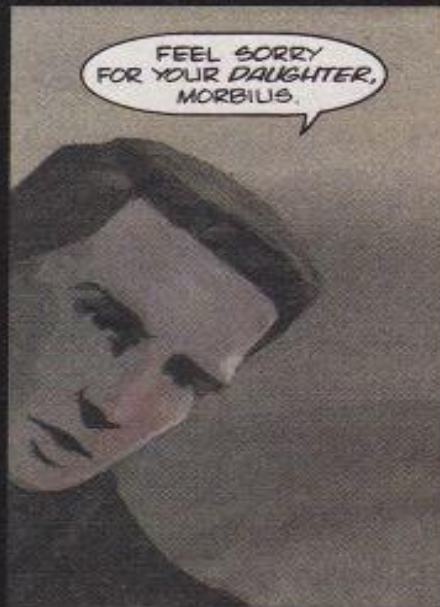
OH, NO...

COULD ROBBY BE WRONG ABOUT IT?

NEVER!

THERE IT COMES!

ROBBY





--THAT THING
OUT THERE, MORBIUS...
IT'S YOU!



YOU'RE *INSANE*! HOW ELSE
WOULD YOU COME HERE WHERE ALTA
MUST BE FORCED TO WITNESS YOUR
DISMEMBERMENT!

YOU DON'T THINK
SHE'S *STILL* IMMUNE, DO YOU?
SHE'S JOINED HERSELF TO ME,
BODY AND SOUL!

YES--AND
WHATEVER COMES,
FOREVER!



SAY IT'S A LIE!
SHOUT! LET IT HEAR
YOU OUT THERE!

TELL IT
YOU DON'T LOVE
THIS MAN!

NOT
EVEN IF I
COULD--!



NO USE,
MORBIUS. HE
KNOWS IT'S
YOUR OTHER
SELF!

WVZZZT



STOP IT,
ROBBY!

DON'T LET
IT IN!

**KILL IT,
ROBBY!**



IT'S BROKEN THROUGH--

--RUN!

KROOON



THE LABORATORY!

HURRY!



THERE. WE'RE SAFE.

MMMM



WHY DID YOU JUMBLE THE COMBINATION--?

WHATEVER YOU KNOW AND HEAR--

WHRRR



--YOUR TWIN SELF OUT THERE IN THE TUNNEL KNOWS, TOO.

I'M NOT A MONSTER, YOU--

WE'RE ALL PART MONSTERS IN OUR SUBCONSCIOUS -- THAT'S WHY WE HAVE LAWS AND RELIGION!



YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN. WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME.

I WON'T HEAR YOU!

HERE'S WHERE YOUR MIND WAS ARTIFICIALLY ENLARGED. CONSCIOUSLY IT STILL LACKED THE POWER TO OPERATE THE GREAT MACHINE, BUT YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS HAD BEEN MADE STRONG ENOUGH!



"THEN HELP US, FATHER--
I'VE KNOWN YOU... I'VE
KNOWN YOU'RE GREAT AND
NOBLE, LIKE THE KRELL..."



KILL ME!
KILL ME!

I AM GUILTY,
AND NOW MY PUNISHMENT
IS THAT I CANNOT EVEN
SAVE MY OWN CHILD--!

MY EVIL SELF IS AT THAT
DOOR, AND I HAVE NO POWER
TO STOP IT!

AND YET I
MUST TRY--!



STOP--
NO FURTHER!



I COMMAND
YOU TO GO BACK!

I
DENY
YOU!

I
GIVE YOU
UP!!

I--



OH,
FATHER--!





NINETY-NINE MILLIONS, POINT SIX. WE'RE CLEAR NOW.

WHAT AN ASTROGATOR!



A GENUINE PRIVILEGE, COMMANDER.

ACTIVATE MAIN VIEW PLATE.

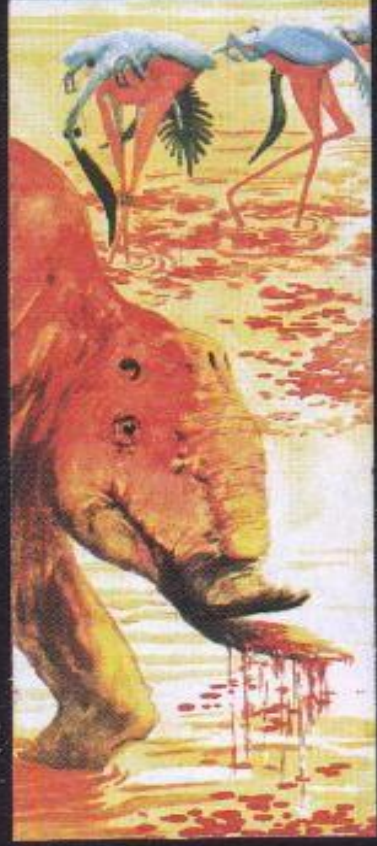
WHAT--



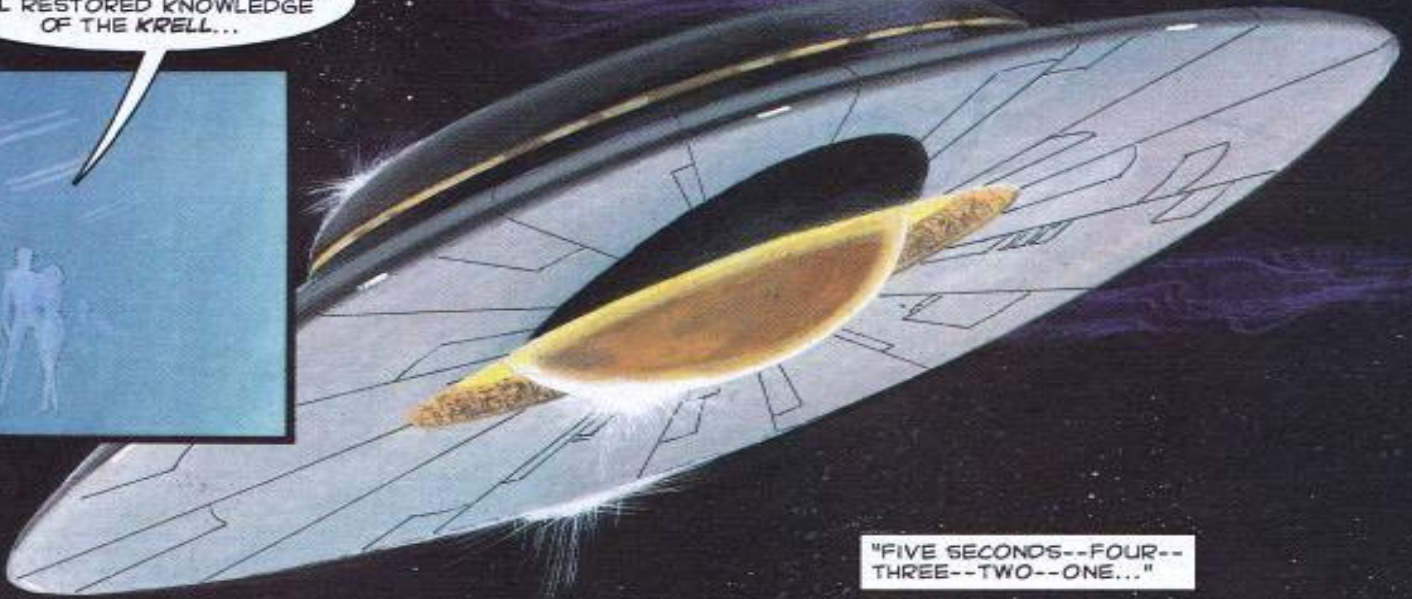
AYE, AYE, SIR.

ALTAIR-4 IS THAT BRIGHT SPECK BELOW THE STAR.

HMM... FIFTEEN SECONDS TO GO.



YES, ALTA--
YOUR FATHER, MY SHIPMATES,
ALL RESTORED KNOWLEDGE
OF THE KRELL...




"FIVE SECONDS--FOUR--
THREE--TWO--ONE..."



"... VAPORIZED! THE ASTRONOMERS
WILL BE RECORDING GRAVITATIONAL
SHIFTS FOR A LONG, LONG TIME."

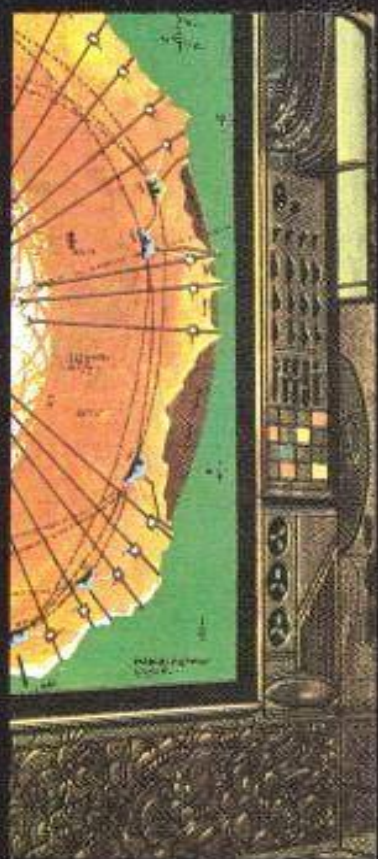
"BUT MY...MY FATHER--!
AND ALL HIS WORK...!"





ALTA, DEAR
ALTA--NOTHING
IS EVER REALLY
LOST.

YOU SEE, THERE'S
A LADDER THAT REACHES
FROM THE PRIMEVAL BEGIN-
NINGS UP TO THE STARS,
AND BEYOND.



ABOUT A MILLION YEARS FROM NOW,
THE HUMAN RACE WILL HAVE CRAWLED UP TO THAT
RING WHERE THE K'RELL STOOD IN THEIR GREAT
MOMENT OF TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY!


AND THEN YOUR FATHER'S
NAME WILL SHINE AGAIN, LIKE A BEACON
IN THE GALAXY. IT'S TRUE.





IT WILL WARN
MANKIND TO REMEMBER THAT
HE IS NOT GOD--

--AFTER ALL.

A dramatic space scene featuring a large, swirling explosion of purple and pink energy in the upper half. A small, sleek yellow spaceship is positioned in the lower right quadrant, appearing to fly away from the viewer. The background is a dark, star-filled space.

"ONE QUESTION,
COMMANDER..."

"YES?"

"WHY WOULD THE KRELL HAVE BUILT
IN A SELF-DESTRUCT MECHANISM TO
OBLITERATE THEIR ENTIRE PLANET...?"

The End?

INNOVATION™

Lost In The Stars

On its initial theatrical release in 1956, *Forbidden Planet* was hailed as a science-fiction milestone. Long before its eventual cult status, it was praised for its lavish-yet-believable production values, its Oscar-nominated visual effects and, most significantly, its surprisingly literate script.

What makes this especially ironic is that, despite its high level of sophistication, *Forbidden Planet* was marketed by MGM as a typical '50s space opera -- with an advertising campaign that was clearly targeted for 10-year-old baby-boomers who were addicted to TV shows like *Tom Corbett: Space Cadet*; *Rocky Jones, Space Ranger*; and *Space Patrol*.

By using the ominous (and totally misleading) image of Robby the Robot, presumably menacing Anne Francis, as the key element in their poster and print ad campaigns, MGM hoped (incorrectly, as it turned out) to lure space cadets of all ages into their local theatre, with expectations of nothing more than another colorful and basically mindless interplanetary shoot-'em-up, along the lines of *This Island Earth*. Released the previous year to generally decent reviews and a good box-office reception, *This Island Earth's* ad campaign had made no attempt to minimize the more lurid and exciting elements of the plot -- including bug-eyed mutants and exploding spaceships.



To the powers-that-be at MGM, that approach seemed ideal for their first real science-fiction film since *The Mysterious Island*, back in 1929, let alone the first one to feature color, CineScope, and a completely original script written directly for the screen. But while critics and hard-core SF addicts thought they'd died and gone to heaven, *Forbidden Planet's* subtleties were lost on the younger members of the audience whose word-of-mouth was just as all-important in the making of a hit then as it is today.

The posters, print ads, and TV spots for *Forbidden Planet* promised intergalactic action and adventure...but while the film, itself, pandered to its young audience on occasion -- with the low comedy of its anachronistic cook and Robby's deadpan delivery -- its main objective was to stress a different sort of adventure, encompassing the limitless possibilities and the inherent dangers lurking within the human mind.

Ultimately, of course, a victim of its own sophistication in an era of simplicity, *Forbidden Planet* failed to find its audience.

But, box office aside, in the minds of countless star-struck SF aficionados, the film had ignited a spark with its refusal to write "down" to the lowest common denominator.

To MGM's surprise, their expensive science-fiction "experiment" became a film that simply refused to die. Ten years later, its revolutionary concepts would be reincarnated in the form of TV's *Star Trek* series; eventually, as the legions of Trekkers became aware of its cinematic origins, *Forbidden Planet* began to take on the legendary status that it enjoys today, with fellow baby-boomers like George Lucas and Stephen Spielberg helping to raise it into the rarified space usually reserved for more mainstream classics like *Citizen Kane* and *Casablanca*.

Forbidden Planet was by no means regarded as a perfect film when it was released back in 1956. But, like all true classics, time only served to diminish its failure and enhance its virtues.

More than three-and-a-half decades after it was originally considered to be lost in the stars, it has emerged as the most beloved and imitated SF film of all time. With its purity of concept, its truly otherworldly production design, its revolutionary electronic score and, especially, its genuine sense of wonder, *Forbidden Planet* continues to remind us that imagination is still the most powerful force in the universe.

-- Steve Friedman
"Mr. Movie"

Pictured at left:

"Mr. Movie" himself,
STEVE FRIEDMAN,
in his den with
ROBBY THE ROBOT!



J.I. ADAMS



"DOC" OSTROW



JERRY FARMAN



BRIAN QUINN



DOCTOR MORBIUS



ALTAIRA