

Brynner the Winner! Yul be sorry if you draw against him!

time of your life? you bet your life at—



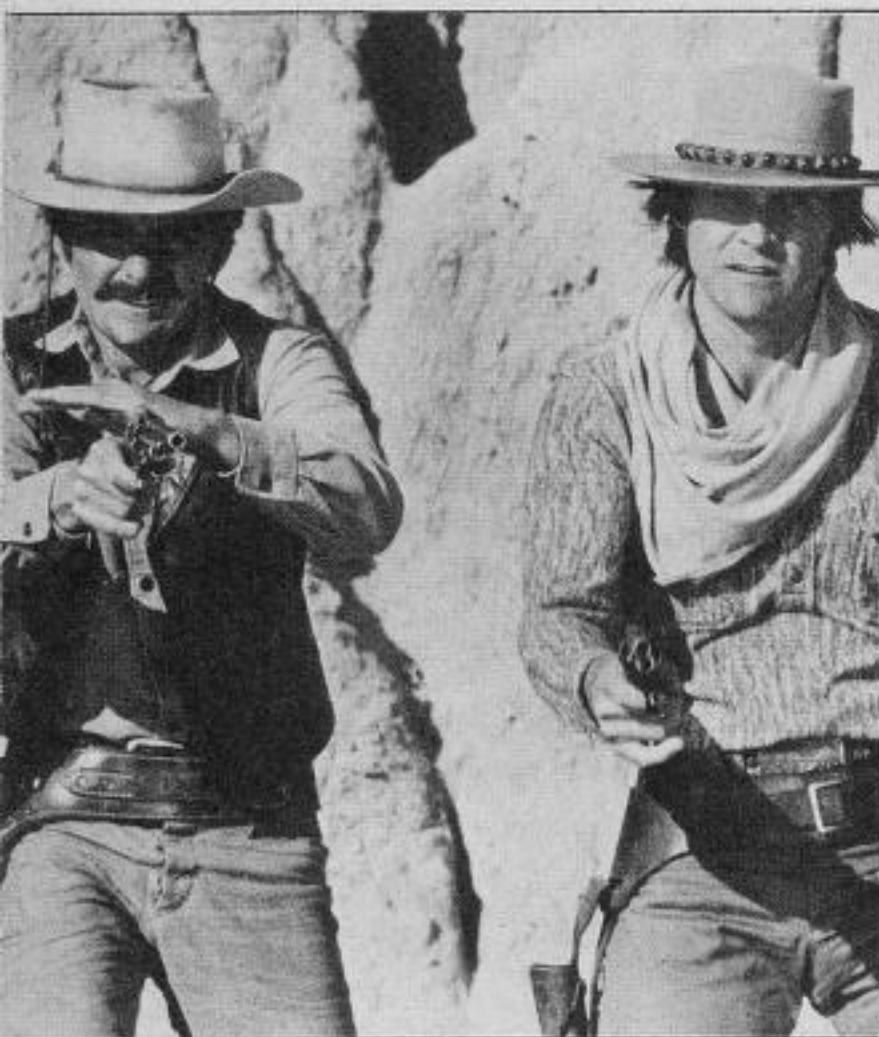
destination: delos

DELOS: tomorrow, the world's greatest amusement park. Situated 500 miles deep in the Sahara Desert this highly sophisticated excitement center is a technological triumph, an Ozland that dramatically demonstrates man's science-oriented mastery over his environment.

Delos, a playland for adults, consists of 3 individual resort areas, each with a special appeal all its own. In each resort advance technology has been employed to recreate past eras in human history, the slaylands of Imperial Rome, Medieval Europe and... the Old West.



Best wear your bulletproof vest or you'll "go west" for real if you meet up with this mechman!



The bullets they're shooting are made of lead. But what they're shooting at may be made of steel!

Delos is a wonderworld where one does not see a movie or watch TV but actively *participates* in living scripts. The creators believe that modern man, living in a civilized world where the average individual has little opportunity to engage in swordplay or gunfighting, needs the vicarious escape of fantasy—hence Delos, the greatest amusement park in history with the greatest potential for action, adventure & excitement thanks to the miracles of robototechnology.

arrival at marvel land

A hovercraft is heading for Delos. Among the passengers aboard, 2 bored men (Richard Benjamin & James Brolin) are seeking adventure, even if ersatz. Brolin has been to Westworld once before and is very enthusiastic at the prospect of sharing shootouts with his friend.

The intercom system on the aircraft crackles to life and the voice of a stewardess is heard. "Ladies & Gentlemen, please put on your earphones and direct your attention to the screen before you for briefing. Thank you."

The miniscreen snaps alive with breathtaking images of Roman temples, medieval castles & an old western town complete with horses, saloons, stagecoaches & an entire population of . . . humanoids.

A gigantic dome surrounds all Delos. The hovercraft enters it and prepares to land.

colorful choices

All the passengers are given colored tags, each different color representing one of the 3 "worlds" of Delos.

Yellow: Roman.

Red: Medieval.

Blue: Western.

The aircraft lands and the passengers disembark.

They step into a large elevator which quickly takes them to the indoor tram station. There they make their appropriate choice of 1 of 3 small trams, each painted the color signifying its destination. Little do they dream that at each of the destinations Death waits for someone . . .

Brolin & Benjamin proceed to the blue tram. They are helped aboard by an attractive young lady dressed in blue.

The tram begins to move.

Benjamin whispers to Brolin, "That girl who greeted us—was she a . . .?"

"A robot! Very likely."

Shades of Maria of Metropolis, the original robotrix!

"How can you tell?"

"Their hands—look at their hands: they haven't been quite perfected yet. Ridges on the fingers."

Another telltale sign, Benjamin learns later, is the metallic pupils in the eyes.



Brolin & Benjamin eye the new guy at the bar. Is he man or automaton?

The 2 adventurers are driven to a locker room where they choose their authentic western costumes—complete with specially designed guns that only shoot robots & objects, not living beings. The guns are foolproof because body heat inhibits their function.

the fun begins

Brolin & Benjamin, completely decked out in their western apparel, walk down the main street of Westworld.

Deciding to rest up a bit before venturing out for activity, they enter the hotel and are shown to a room. Brolin tips the old man who is the owner and as the oldster accepts the coin Benjamin observes that the wrinkles on his fingers protrude peculiarly rather than sinking into the skin as normal.

Already a robot!

Benjamin plops himself down on the bed but immediately reacts, "Hey, this isn't very comfortable!" The price of realism. "It may not be comfortable but it's authentic," Brolin observes.

Later that afternoon, rested, the friends saunter into the local saloon for a drink. The robot bartender asks as natural as you please, "What'll it be, gents?"

"Whiskey for me."—Brolin. "What'll you have?" he asks Benjamin.

Benjamin's reply is a bit startling for a cowboy in a 19th century barroom. "I'll have a vodka on the rocks with a twist of lemon."

The bartender looks like he's going to blow a fuse. Benjamin thoughtfully amends his order. "Make that a whiskey, on second thought."

The barkeep pours the drinks. Benjamin, not knowing it's pure rotgut, drops his glass after a large gulp, splattering whiskey all over his outfit.

A slimy, sinister-looking robot (Yul Brynner), all in black, sidles up to the bar and slowly & methodically pours himself a shot. He addresses himself contemptuously to Benjamin: "A little sloppy there with your drink."

"Kill him!" whispers Brolin.

death of a robot

"Bartender, get this boy a bib," says the surly robot gunslinger. "He needs his mama!"

"Kill him!"

Benjamin, mustering all his courage, turns toward the belligerent killer and says, "You talk too much."

"You say something, boy?"

This time more loudly: "Yes—you talk too



Into the Repair Shop to fix the old transistor, mister!

much."

"Why don't you shut my mouth?"

The room clears like magic, leaving Benjamin standing alone facing the angry gunslinger. Eyes never leaving the gunman, he quickly draws his gun.

So does the gunslinger.

But not fast enough.

The modern business man has the cards stacked in his favor.

Several shots penetrate the humanoid's body. It bleeds robot blood.

The mechanical gunman staggers back as programmed and falls to the sawdust-covered wooden floor in an attitude of death. Metal & plastic inanimate.

Benjamin stares strangely at the body. Something isn't quite right. Maybe it's the blood or perhaps the nearly expressionless face with yet a hint of a smile so subtle it might be nothing after all but imagination.

Something is unnatural about the fallen gunslinger but what?

Blood?

Face?

Smile?

Eyes?

Yes—that's it! The eyes. Wide open but not staring blankly—instead, tiny mirrors with no color of their own, no real pigmentation, only reflecting the color around them.

To Benjamin it seems that the "dead" eyes hold a strange phosphorescence, look as it they could read one's thought, see down deep to the core of one's being. "Are you *sure* he is a robot?"

"Of course," Brolin assures him.

delos after midnight

After the activity of the day & night, when Brolin, Benjamin & other guests at Westworld are fast asleep, a strange machine followed by a



Losing Face . . . the Westworld Way. But soon good as new.

truck moves slowly, silently down the main street. Technicians emerge from the truck and, like ambulance attendants, use stretchers to pick up dead bodies of outlaws, bystanders, horses, dogs & other once-living things—except these are not dead bodies for they never really were alive.

The robots are taken away and placed on a conveyor belt which transports them to Robot Repair. Robot Repair is a long white room like a hospital with broken bodies lying on tables. Computers & other machinery line the walls.

On one table a robot's eyes are being repaired via laser beam.

On another a robot's gyro-balance mechanism is being worked on.

In the main Delos control room men sit alertly before computers, looking at small color monitoring screens.

One robot, one operator.

The voice of a technician is heard saying, "Sunrise in 3 minutes. Stand by for resort activation."

An artificial sunrise, Delos style, is in progress. Machines whirr & click & flash. In this place Man & Technology work together in Harmony.—But how long will this harmony last? Nothing lasts forever.

the robot returns

Benjamin awakes bright & early. He's taking a hot bath in a crude iron tub, singing "Home on the Range," when Brolin receives an unexpected visitor.

Brolin's shaving is interrupted by a knock on the door. Opening it, he comes face to muzzle with the barrel of a Colt 45! Brolin's impolite early morning visitor is the gunslinger his friend "killed" the night before.

Benjamin, having finished his bath, walks down the hall toward his room, wrapped in a bath towel and swinging his gun & holster. When he reaches his door he hears the unpleasantly fa-



The Moment of Truth approaches. When bullets fly, who will live—who will die?

miliar voice of the gunman. With an excess of enthusiasm & a rush of courage, he kicks down the door and, grabbing his gun, empties the barrel pointblank at Brynner.

The black-clothed body crashes out the window and impacts on the dirt street below with a thud & a tinkling of broken glass.

Benjamin eases over to the smashed pane, looks down curiously on the crumpled form and, turning to Brolin, asks nonchalantly, "Was he bothering you?"

welcome to the cactus county jail

Benjamin sits gloomily in a drafty jail cell and complains, "But Sheriff, I didn't do anything wrong."

"You shot a man. That's something."

But Benjamin is not in jail long when his friend sends over a pretty Indian mechano-maiden with a nice wholesome breakfast of bacon, eggs, coffee, rolls &, in place of a doughnut or some other sweet, a sweet stick of dynamite.

After breakfast Benjamin breaks fast, surprising the sheriff as the wall of the prisoner's cell explodes out into the street.

Benjamin runs to the horse Brolin has waiting for him and the pair are about to gallop out of town when the sheriff comes bursting out of the smoking jailhouse, gun in hand, determined to apprehend badman Benjamin. Benjamin, without giving it a second thought, pumps lead into the lawman and he & his friend hightail it out of town for the hills.

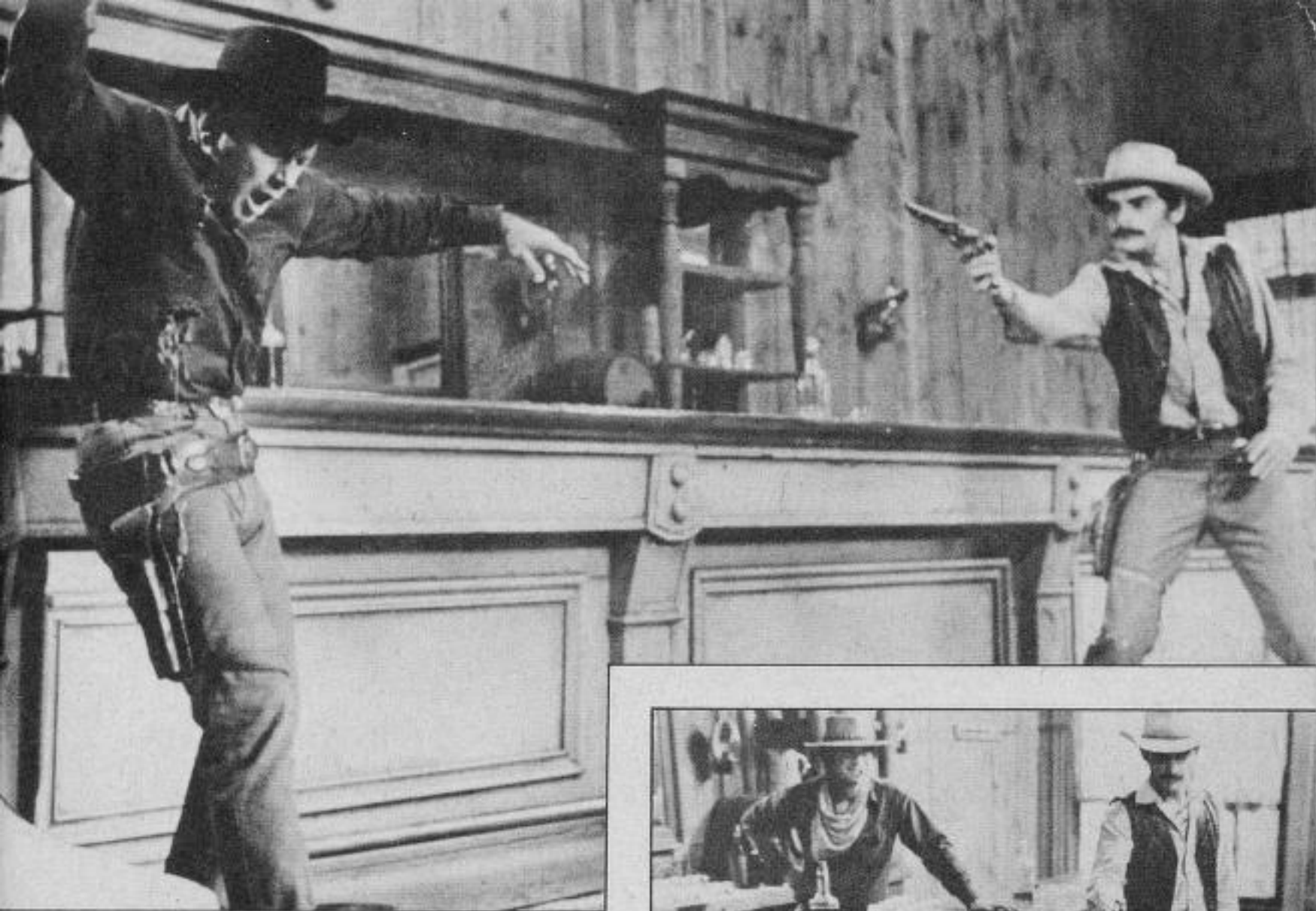
"I guess this sorta makes us desperadoes," Benjamin observes.

"Yep," says Brolin.

synthetic serpent

Brolin & Benjamin haven't been talking long, as they lie on their backs on a hillside looking at the sky and relaxing, when they are frightened by the sound of a rattler. Drawing their guns, they take aim at the snake.

So, however, does the snake! It takes aim at Brolin and springs toward him. It sinks its fangs



The Badnik in Black reacts badly to the lead sandwich just served to him hot.

in his arm and won't let go! This isn't according to Hoyle! Or Asimov!

Brolin shakes his arm frantically till the rattler is flung off. Hitting the rock, the snake slithers away. The men fire wildly at the mechanical reptile, hitting it in the middle.

Back in the computer room, his eyes bulging, a technician exclaims, "The snakes are all programmed to miss on a strike!"

"What happened?" asks a fellow technician.

"2 guests shot at a snake, missed—and the damn thing bit one of them!"

"That's inexcusable for a snake to injure a guest! Also impossible!" The speaker grabs a phone, waits for someone to answer.

But the phone is ominously silent.

the chase

Brolin & Benjamin return to Cactus county in time for a gigantic saloon brawl in which they participate with relish.

They awake with their heads aching from hangovers and also a few bottles & chairs being broken over them.

They get to their feet unsteadily and stumble out into the harsh glare of day where they are



Blood of a Robot. Death comes daily to those who dally with the customers.



The flaming end of the flamboyant Black Gunslinger.

confronted by their old "friend" the mechanical bad guy.

"Hold it!" Brynner says.

The carefree pair pay no attention.

"Draw!"

Brolin, annoyed, says, "Alright; let me do it this time."

Incredibly, the gunslinger draws fight! A smoking moment later Brolin is gazing dazed & unbelieving at a bloody bullet hole in his chest. As he drops in his tracks, Benjamin exclaims, "Oh my god!"

The gunslinger, an evil glint in his artificial eye, repeats: "Draw!"

Benjamin turns in horror and runs for his life.

In Control Center, a horrified technician screams, "Shut down! Shut down!" Not realizing the cutoff of power will leave the control room doors unopenable—and all the technicians suffocate to death.

Meanwhile Benjamin is being pursued relentlessly thru Westworld into Romanworld and into the subterranean complex beneath Delos.

In the Robot Repair room Benjamin hurls a

vial of nitric acid in the gunslinger's face and it begins to melt, smoke & sputter. And still he smiles. And still he pursues.

Brynner catches up again with Benjamin in Medievalworld. Benjamin sets the robot on fire with a torch, then flees to a dark dungeon where he discovers the traditional beautiful damsel in distress. He gives her some water to drink and the results are *shocking*: her eyes turn silver and sparks shoot out of her delicate mouth! She short-circuits!

But Benjamin has not seen the last of the ghoulish gunslinger: a charred black synthetic hand touches his shoulder and the human turns in horror to confront the remains of the humanoid: smoking, burned all bubbly black, still smiling evilly, reaching out to *kill*...

Will Benjamin survive to fight another day? Or to escape on the next hovercraft back to civilization? Will the *robots* take over the aircraft and invade the cities?

Don't miss WESTWORLD!

Don't mess WISTWORLD!

Don't west MISTWORLD!