

Mors Purpurea!

misero statu mundi cum dictatoribus, cum bellis et rumoribus belli--atra pestis orbem terrarum visitabat.

Mors Purpurea!

Abite! Spatium mihi aperite!

Mors Purpurea!

Mors Purpurea quae tantum purpuream maculam in fronte victimae relinquit.

Inscrutabilis Mors Purpurea novas victimas cepit! Plus centum mortui sunt!

Physici [orbis terrarum] amplissimi se contulerunt ut hanc inscrutabilem pestem pugnent.

Turba [extra] nuntium poscunt, Professore [Gordon]. nihil novi

Nuntium accipio! Nuntium cepi! Hoc attende!

Nuntium cepi!

Hoc nuntium est bonum!

Mihi mingendum est!

Cives mundi. Primum nuntium radiophonice professoris Zarkoffis et mei filii Flasi Gordonis modo accepi.

Reportant omnia recta..

..et mox rem tenere exspectare.

Flase!

The Purple Death!

Following in the wake of the distressing position of the world with dictators, war and rumors of war-- a raving plague has visited the Earth.

Purple Death!

Stand back. Please give me some room.

Purple Death.

The Purple Death-that leaves only a purple spot on the forehead of its victims.

Mysterious Purple Death claims new victims. Hundreds Die!

The world's greatest scientists have assembled to combat this mysterious malady.

The crowd outside is demanding news, Professor Gordon. There is nothing new that I can tell them.

It's coming over! They got through! Here. Take over.

They got through to us.

Here is news I can tell them!

I'll notify the national networks.

Citizens of the world. I have just received the first radio message to come through from Professor Zarkoff and my son, Flash Gordon.

They report that all is well.

And that they expect to get results immediately.

Flash!

Quid est, Zarkoff?

Navem spatii vidi.
Una ex navibus Mingi e Mongone.
Veni huc! Statim!

Dalia, gubernate navem.
Ecce.
Profecto navis Mingi. Aliquem pulverem effundere videtur.

Illa navis delenda est!
Eam adibo!
Zarkoff, Orbem radiophonice voca!
Mingus solus istimodi consilium capere potest!

Effunde id lente! Particula singula Pulveris Mortis Mingi mortem
efficere debet.
Tene hunc cursum supra orbem!
Ah! Aliena navis ructeta!
Originem Mortis Purpureae repperiunt.
Illi delendi sunt!
Desine eum effundere!
Conamini supra eos movere!
Illa est navis Zarkoffis! Celerrime nobis aggreditur!

Cura, Flase! Pro impetu se advertunt!
Sed mingendum est!

Bonam positionem habemus, domine.
Cum eo istos peruram!

Nos non icerunt/tetigerunt. Tu autem istos icisiti!/tetigisti
State firmiter! Iterum impetum faciemus!

What is it, Zarkoff?

I've sighted a spaceship.
It's one of Ming's ships from Mongo.
Come here, quick.

Dale, take the controls.
Here, have a look.
It's a Ming ship all right. It seems to be discharging a sort of
dust that becomes invisible as it falls.
We must destroy that ship.
I'll drop down on it.
Zarkoff, radio the earth.
Only Ming could think of such a devilish scheme.

Pour it out slowly. Every particle of Ming's Death Dust must
have a disastrous effect.
Hold your course directly over the planet Earth.
Ah! A rocket ship!
They've discovered the source of the Purple Death.
We must destroy them!
Shut off the Death Dust!
Try and get above them!
It's Zarkoff's Earth ship. They're approaching rapidly.

Careful, Flash! They're turning to attack!
We'll get them first! [very hard to hear]

We're in firing position, sir.
This will burn them to a cinder.

They missed us with the heat ray. But I think you scored a hit!
Brace yourselves for another charge!

Ascende supra istos! Supra istos!
Debilitata est! Descendit!

Cum haec audiet gaudebit Mingus!

Zarkoff, patimini mihi gubernare.

Nos in mundum casuros putavi!
Hostes idem credant volebam!

Cannonem nostrum infractum est.

[Nos] istam navem adflictatam videtur. Ad Mongonem redeunt.
Bene. Navem [ruchetam] Zarkoffis interfectam esse Mingo
referent.

Mingus, autem, alias naves mittet quae pulverem illum effundant.
Orbis noster talem impetum defendere non poterit!

Intellego. Sola spes nobis est
ad Mongonem ire
et Regulum Baronem invenire
ut auxilium eius obsecremus.
Zarkoff, orbem radiophonice voca.
Dic eis quae facta sunt
et quod nos facturi sumus.
Sic. Eos conservare haec spes est sola!

Get above them! Get ABOVE them!
They're crippled! They're going down!

Ming will be pleased when he hears about this.

Zarkoff! Let me have the controls!

Why I felt sure we were crashing.
That's what I wanted the enemy to think.

Their ray [something] crippled our rocket gun.

We must have damaged their ship. They're heading back
toward Mongo.

Good. Then they'll report to Ming that they've knocked down
Professor Zarkoff's rocket ship.

But Ming will send other ships to scatter that feindish dust.
And the Earth will have no defense against such an attack.

Yes, I know. Our only chance is to get to Mongo--find Prince
Baron and solicit his aid.

Zarkoff, radio the Earth. Report what's happened. Tell them
what we're going to do.

Yes. It's our only chance to save them.