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First Men in the Moon

By Nigel Kneale

- Well, we're here, Nevsky.

- I see, colonel.

Rice to crew. Transmit touchdown time
and position to mother ship.

Let's look at the environment telemetry.

Only Child to UN One.

Touchdown at 7 hours, 2 minutes,
9 seconds sidereal time.

Latitude 3-7 degrees, 8 minutes,
10 seconds...

- What's it like, Stuart?

- Readings are coming.

UN One to Only Child on H.F.

UN One to Only Child.

How do you read? How do you read?

- Rice on U.H.F. High. Do you read me?

- Loud and clear.

- How was the landing?

- We made it in one piece.

We're putting

the survey team down, colonel.

Sgt. Martin's entering

the escape hatch. Here's Nevsky.

- Set?

- Go, sir.

Roger, Only Child.

Your impact point is right on.

- Read you loud and clear.

- Secure escape hatch.

Your systems look good.

How does it look out the window?

Decontaminate.

The lapse time is 13 plus 10.

This is it, Rice.

- The big event.

- Release outer lock.

Sgt. Andrew Martin,

the farm boy from Indiana...

is the first man

to set foot on the moon.

Congratulations are coming

from all over.

Martin! Stuart!

Well, I didn't put it there.

Hey, colonel, we found something.
You'd better take a look.
And here's something else.
"Claimed for her
Majesty Queen Victoria...
in the year of our Lord, 1899."
- How do we explain it?
- The Kremlin will never believe it.
It's like a summons of some kind.
"Katherine Callender," whoever she is.
They'll never believe it. Never.
Dymchurch.
Get it on the scanner to Earth
before it falls apart.
How am I gonna tell them this?
Queen Victoria.
They'll think I'm nuts.
Rice to Mother ship.
Rice to Mother ship. Urgently request...
UN Space Agency Investigation Team...
proceed at once to Dymchurch, England.
Sgt. Martin is the first man...
You'll see there never was
a Katherine Callender.
You coming, Dr. Tok?
England's a land of eccentrics.
On the moon, for the first time.
I hope.
Dr. Tok from the U. N. Space Agency?
I'm from the Express. Tell me...
1899?
That's a bit before my time, yes.
We keep the records over there.
Katherine Callender, you say?
Is it a birth, a wedding...
or a death?
We just want to know
if she once lived here.
Come this way.
- So some crackpot faked it.
- Why?
To take the frosting off the UN cake.
Mother Empire, still waving the flag.
We'd better start with the births.

Oh, bless my soul, these are the deaths.
Well, you know, it's weddings.
They always affect me.
They do, even now. Look at this stuff.
They never affected me.
Much to my regret.
Here we are, C-A...
Callaghan, Calder...
You did say "Callender"?
- Yes, Katherine Callender.
- There's no record...
of any Katherine Callender
among the births.
- She never existed.
- Address is Cherry Cottage.
Bedford, Bedford... I remember now.
I married her.
From Boston, Massachusetts.
- So there is a Katherine Callender?
- Was. She died some 10 years ago.
- Is Mr. Bedford alive?
- If he wasn't, he'd be in the book.
Over here. Has this
to do with the moon...
Hold it! You were saying, sir?
Mr. Bedford has been in a nursing home
for a long time.
Where is it?
The Limes, outside Dymchurch.
Along Folkstone Road.
Should I let them know you're coming?
- Let's have a picture or something.
- Oh, come on.
- I don't know. Go to Folkstone Road.
- The Limes, the nursing home.
The UN Space Agency?
Well, I hope you're
not wasting your time.
You see, we've had trouble before
with Mr. Bedford's obsessions.
But if you'll follow me,
I'll take you up to his room.
Obsessions?
Sending letters abroad to officials.

Russian Space Agency...
National Aeronautic and Space
Administration about the moon.
When I saw your credentials, I wondered.
- What sort of letters?
- Warnings. Absurd warnings.
- Does he know of the expedition?
- We don't let him watch television.
It excites him needlessly.
- Now, must you see him?
- It is necessary.
Just the UN party, then.
No, you newspaper men
are not allowed through.
Mr. Bedford.
Visitors.
Mr. Arnold Bedford?
I'm Richard Challis, UN Space Agency.
Margaret Hoy, Mr. Glushkov and Dr. Tok.
Please, sir, won't you sit down?
I hope you don't mind...
- ...but I just want to ask you...
- We can save time.
Have you ever seen these before?
My glass.
How did you...
How did you find...
You found them on the moon, didn't you?
There's been an expedition?
- It's there now.
- There now?
They're in great danger.
- I know. You must stop them.
- Please. Matron?
- You must go.
- Stop them. They must know.
It's very dangerous for all of them.
Are you seriously telling us
you've been on the moon and returned?
Oh, it's so long...
Thank you.
I'd been...
I'd been engaged in an
unsuccessful business speculation.

My creditors were pressing me hard.

I'd always had the idea

I could write a play.

Wonderful financial possibilities
in a successful play.

I looked for somewhere
secluded where I could write.

In the end I rented a cottage,
out near Dymchurch.

I remember it was along
an abandoned canal.

- Just one today, Mr. Bedford.

- Thank you.

- Hi.

- Infernal contraption!

Hello.

- Hello, darling.

- Kate.

- Was it all right with your relations?

- No trouble.

They think I'm at Worthing
rehearsing a play.

Cherry Cottage.

Arnold, it's lovely.

And with a real cherry tree.

The moat to my castle. Come on.

Watch your step.

- All right?

- Thank you.

Oh, it's so beautiful.

Careful.

- It's like a postcard.

- It's the best time of year.

How's the work?

- Oh, fine. Fine.

- Good.

Arnold...

it's charming.

- It's the perfect place to write.

- It's comfortable, quiet.

Act 1, scene 1.

Is that as much as you've written?

You know how difficult it is to start.

Yes, darling, I know.

The basic idea is the
important thing. Then it's...
a matter of slugging away.
There's a producer...
clamoring for the manuscript.
Probably something from him. Excuse me.
"Rent in arrears, 20."
He'll just have to be patient.
It's perfect. Just my idea
of an old English cottage.
It really belongs to you?
An old aunt of mine retired here.
I was her favorite.
- She left it to me.
- Then what's to stop us?
We can get married now.
A producer's clamoring for your play...
Or are you too set
in your bachelor ways?
Kate, I'm as impatient as you, but...
There's something you ought to know.
You see...
all my money's in Army boots
from the Boer War.
It will pay off eventually.
But I'll have to sell
the cottage to pay my creditors.
Oh, no, Arnold.
We'll think of something.
Now, I'd like to freshen up.
The stairs are here, dear.
I can manage quite well alone, darling.
That's strange.
That's very strange.
Excuse me, excuse me.
On my way to the village, I saw smoke.
I thought the place was empty...
I'll explain, I'll explain.
My name is Joseph Cavor. How do you do?
Let me help.
- Hello.
- Hello. I live across the fields.
- Well, I'm Kate.
- Hello. How do you do?

Are you the owner of the cottage?

No, Mr. Bedford's gone to the village.

- Mr. Bedford? Right.

- Won't you come in?

- That's very nice of you. Thank you.

- He won't be long.

- I hope I'm not intruding.

- No, not at all.

A nice place. Known it
since I was a boy. After you.

- Please sit down, Mr. Cavor.

- Thank you.

- I'll bring some tea.

- That would be nice.

You see, I'm a research scientist.

I'm about to complete an
important scientific demonstration.

Probably one of the
most important of all time.

I'd like to say how pleased I am...
to have you

and Mr. Bedford as neighbors.

The point is, I moved here
for the isolation.

Mr. Cavor, we won't trouble you.

That's just what attracts Arnold.

- He needs quiet to write his play.

- I understand that.

- Then, what is it?

- I must tell you...

there's risk, even danger...
in my experiment.

It could damage your property.

If Mr. Bedford would sell,
I'd pay anything within reason.

- You want to buy Cherry Cottage?

- Yes, I do. Yes.

- How much were you figuring?

- Well, I'm not very good at this.

I thought perhaps 1000, maybe more.

Well, that's \$5000.

The cottage has been in
Mr. Bedford's family for years.
He has a deep attachment to it.

I see. The trouble is, my experiments
have cost me so much...
Of course, I might be able to double it.
Good Lord. I forgot.
The furnace! The furnace!
Gibbs!
Gibbs!
- Mr. Cavor!
- Nearly fell. Gibbs!
- You forgot your bicycle!
- Yes, I have a bicycle.
Quite right.
The most wonderful news.
I've sold the cottage.
- You what?
- I've sold the cottage to Mr. Cavor.
That crackpot?
Gibbs, the furnace!
Here.
Better take this. He forgot it.
- Mr. Cavor, I've come about...
- Left the bicycle again?
- Where's Cavor?
- Inside.
Door's open.
Someone to see you.
- My name's Bedford.
- There's a gentleman here.
Stand by, Gibbs. Any moment!
Now!
Quick, fix that! The weight's come off!
I've come about the house.
- Fix that!
- I must get this straight.
Gibbs, get the doors. Quick!
- You must realize...
- A little patience.
- Please.
- But you...
- Getting on, see.
- I'm trying...
- You must listen to what I'm saying!
- Just a minute.
- Mr. Cavor, my...

- Open the door!
Get out of the way, man. Very hot.
- Cavor!
- Go on, get out. Get out.
Mr. Cavor, I simply must
get this straight.
I...
I'm not in a position to...
This... You see...
Kate...
Kate couldn't possibly sell you
Cherry Cottage because...
What is this stuff?
- What?
- What is this stuff?
That's cavorite.
It's cavorite.
Oh, nicely on temperature.
Nicely on temperature.
Mr. Cavor...
if you would...
kindly tell me what it is you're
trying to do, in a simple language...
because I'm not a scientist.
Unless, of course, it's a secret.
- It is a secret. It is a secret.
- Would you...
Would you tell me?
Yes, I will tell you.
I will tell you. I'll explain.
I'll explain.
Now, you know that you can
use screens, like this...
to cut off light and heat.
By the same token, you can...
cut off Marconi's wireless rays
with sheets of lead.
- Nothing, till now, cuts off gravity.
- Gravity. The pull of the earth.
- What holds us on the ground.
- Yes, that's right.
Now, what I'm experimenting with is...
a sort of coating, a metallic paste...
which will, in fact,

cut off the force of gravity.

- Paste?

- Paste.

You mean you paint it on things?

Yes, in a way. Yes.

- Like this chair, for example.

- You could use that chair.

- May I?

- Please. Yes, I'll show you.

Takes effect...

when...

it hardens.

- That's all?

- That's all.

I see.

Are you...

Are you telling me this chair
will lose its weight?

Yes. In fact, we'll have a job
to stop it from rising.

- Really?

- Yes.

- Then, I'd better sit in it.

- I'd be careful...

- About the cottage...

- It will go.

- As I was saying, Katherine...

- Be careful!

Gibbs, the ladder!

This is fantastic!

It's the most incredible thing!

- Can't you see what this will do?

- I warned you!

It will revolutionize
shipping, locomotion...

Think of the ways
we could exploit this product!

Gibbs! I'll get you down.

We have the chance of a thousand
years. We can be rich beyond belief.

Just think of it.

The cartels, the trusts.

Cavorite could rule the world.

I'm certain we could make a fortune.

Your invention, my brains, my methods...

- What's wrong?

- It's nothing to do with you.

Give me that!

- Never mind the ladder!

- What?

Gibbs, you're an idiot.

- I did warn you.

- Never mind. Listen to me.

About the cottage. It's yours.

Provided you allow me to invest
the money in your invention.

What do you say?

- Do you think you should?

- Of course!

I'm a businessman. I can handle
patents, process secrets...

It's settled. Come on, help me down.

Oh, by the way...

How had you thought of using cavorite?

Well, nothing very practical,
I'm afraid.

- Something like a trip to the moon.

- Yes, well...

My dear sir!

Sign there. That's the deed assigning
Cherry Cottage to you.

- Why bring me into it?

- I've explained.

It's got to be done in the proper way.

Cavor's solicitors need papers
and documents. I can't sign them.

If my creditors know that
I've come into money, that's it.

- You're sure it's not dishonest?

- No, it's just a legal device.

Now, this is the agreement
with Cavor. Sign there.

On the proceeds of cavorite,
I'll be able to pay off my debts.

Arnold, with this money, we'll be able
to get married now. Right away.

We could, if I wasn't putting it
into the experiments.

What?

- \$10,000 with that madman?
- It will make our future, I'm sure.
- What about your play?
- The play's a gamble.
- But...
- I'm doing this for you.

Soon the experiments will be completed.

If you waste your money on that experiment, the wedding's off!

I'm packing up and going home to Boston!

Your move.

- Look at this. I've got him now.
- Hang on.
- You must keep an eye on that furnace.
- Yes, all right.

Bedford, come in. Got the deeds?

Go to the kitchen.

Watch that temperature.

Any drop could be disastrous.

Talk about disaster.

What's he want to interfere for?

- Take over for me.
- Let him do it. I'm having tea.
- I'm a metal worker, not a stoker.
- When's a gardener's job stoking?

Come on, matey. It'll be just like working with your petunias.

I'm fed up with this lark.

- Let's settle it over a pint.
- Now you're talking.

Don't know why he wants it so hot anyhow.

Let them see it for themselves, use it.

For instance...

cavorite trays and boots.

Boots! Yes, of course! Simply enamel the soles and a man would just...

Just like that.

That's right.

I thought of boots last night.

Army surplus boots.

- It's a basic idea...
- Only way to do it.

Perhaps not the only way,
but for a start.
We can do it together. Room enough
in the sphere for two people.
You're not serious about going to
the moon, are you? Wasn't it a joke?
We'd be firing ourselves off
the globe for nothing.
If there was anything on the moon
worth discovering, there...
It's exceptionally high in minerals.
- Minerals?
- Minerals.
- Including gold?
- Including gold.
There's a theory that the minerals on
the moon are not in a molten magma...
but dotted about...
in nuggets.
Rather like raisins in a fruitcake.
Better than weightless boots, isn't it?
Come on, I've got something to show you.
How far would it be?
What, to the moon?
About a quarter of a million miles.
About quarter of a million... Come on.
You'll have to forgive this
confusion, untidiness.
I'll get it cleared up one day.
Oh, my goodness! That's much too high.
It's to carry the hot gases
from the furnace. I'll explain later.
It's all right! He's a friend!
My guards. Better than dogs.
They're harmless.
There's Gwendoline, Aristotle.
- It's hot!
- 123 degrees!
- No?
- Yes! Come on!
Out of the way, out the way!
The sphere.
- You've actually built it.
- Yes.

It's taken time, mind you. Years, years.
Well, here it is. The sphere.
It's double-walled.
The shell inside is complete.
This outer frame is covered with
roller blinds and old railway buffers.
The blinds will be covered
with cavorite.
When they're extended, they'll cut
off the force of gravity.
Yes, that's right. That's very good.
You open and shut the blinds to cut
off gravity from the Earth...
- ...moon or any other bodies in space.
- Space.
You really mean it.
I'll tell you something.
If the last batch of cavorite
is successful...
we start coating the sphere
tonight. It's in the furnace now.
It's exciting, isn't it?
I really must say, I'm...
- Opening all right?
- Yes, perfectly.
Good!
Oh, my little kingdom.
- What happened?
- I don't know!
The furnace.
Come on, Bedford old man, hurry up!
Bedford, hurry!
I'll be back. I'll be back!
I thought something happened to you.
Something happened all right.
I told Gibbs to watch the furnace!
Bedford, from now on, you stoke it.
- But it exploded!
- No, it worked!
It worked! It really worked!
- I'll say!
- It's enough power to lift the sphere!
What's he talking about?
What does he mean?

Those diving suits.

- You're not going deep-sea diving!

- I'll explain.

You see, what keeps water out,
keeps air in. You see?

- Walking in a vacuum might be fun.

- Cavor, don't...

There's no atmosphere on the moon.

I've got a book on it!

I'll go and check! Excuse me!

The moon?

You see, Kate, we were planning...

a little expedition to test cavorite.

On the moon?

You're both raving mad!

It's throwing your lives away!

- The moon?

- I was going to tell you all about it.

You never spoke of your plans to go
on this lunatic expedition...

- Darling, I...

- "Lunatic" is just the word!

Go, blow yourself to bits.

I don't care if I ever see you again!

Oh, Kate, you... Oh, Cavor.

Well done! Pour on more coal!

Keep up the steam!

Well done! Get out of the way!

Well done, Bedford, old man! Keep it up!

Bald-headed old...

Madam!

You must keep the doors closed
or you'll ruin the experiment!

Look, it's down to 110 degrees!

What on earth have you got there?

I've brought a few useful things
for Arnold. Don't tell him.

Just a few personal things.

- Personal things. Like a gun!

- It's a sensible precaution.

- You never know.

- What about these animals?

I brought fresh food too.

Tinned supplies aren't healthy.

You have thought about feeding them?
There's a sack of chickenfeed...
No, I'm sorry. There's no room.
You'll have to leave the lot. You'll...
The temperature!
Oh, my goodness!
Chickens, gin and bitters, guns...
I don't know.
Should you run out like that
when you're so overheated?
You'll catch cold!
Will you close those blasted doors!
Give me that. The greenhouse
temperature is down by 15 degrees.
- It's not possible.
- Kate keeps mooning around!
- She won't leave those doors alone!
- Kate's still here?
Of course she is!
Tell her to go home! Just tell her!
And Bedford, don't be too long!
We're leaving within an hour.
- I thought you'd gone.
- I brought some things for your trip.
Thanks.
Why did you have to
get mixed up in this?
Oh, don't go. Change your mind.
It's not too late. Please.
But it's only for a few weeks.
It's not as if it were forever.
If you go, it may as well be forever.
And I won't be here when you return.
I mean it this time.
So make a decision here and now.
It's Cavor or me.
When you decide, I'll be at the cottage.
I've banked the fires.
We haven't got much time. Come on.
Those doors! That woman
will be the death of me.
Thank the Lord I never got married.
My mother warned me. She was right.
My goodness, she was right.

- Oh, Arnold, I'm so glad...

- Evening.

Katherine Callender?

"This summons is served on behalf
of the landlord of Cherry Cottage."

- Summons?

- Just a minute, please.

"There's been an illegal attempt to
transfer the title to a third party."

And your signature is on this paper.

But Mr. Bedford

inherited it from his aunt.

Cherry Cottage is the sole property
of our clients...

Bascombe G. Osgood,

and we'll see you in court, madam.

Goodnight.

Come along, Bassie.

Lies.

Lies from beginning to end.

- That's everything.

- No.

- What?

- I've forgotten something.

Oxygen cylinders?

- Glasses?

- I got those.

- You left the gas on?

- No.

I've got it. It's very important,
very important.

Ladies and gentlemen,

liberty is at hand.

Goodbye, Gwendoline, Victoria.

I'll always be grateful for everything.

Come on, man. The time's running short.

Liberty, my friends! Liberty!

Be back as soon as I can.

Oh, my goodness.

Come on, Cavor, hurry.

- All right?

- Yes. Thank you.

Well, we're nicely on temperature.

Oh, this is a solemn moment

in the history of mankind.
Man into space. Future generations
will long remember us.
If we're not blown to smithereens.
Please, please.
Put your hands and arms
through the net like this.
There might be a violent shock coming.
Arnold, you come out of there!
You can't leave this...
Any moment now, I can feel it.
- We're off!
- Open up.
- Open up! Mr. Bedford, open up!
- What's that?
- It's Kate.
- That woman!
She's impossible.
She'll be blasted to death.
- Open up!
- Get her inside! Get her inside!
- Hurry, for heaven's sake!
- Quickly!
I'm stuck. I can't move.
You'll be okay. We'll stop
accelerating at any moment now.
Where are we? What's happening?
Shot into space
with the speed of a bullet.
- I'll put magnets in your shoes.
- Space?
- I'm gonna be sick.
- Hold on to the handgrips!
You had no right to take me.
I came for Mr. Bedford.
- We had no choice, Mrs. Bedford.
- Stop calling me that!
- We're not married.
- We're not likely to be. Ever!
Not married?
Kindly leave the room.
Kindly leave the room.
For what we are to receive,
may the Lord make us thankful.

Amen.

There's the Pole star.

We're nicely on trajectory.

Can you see, Kate?

- Close that blind!

- I was trying to see.

- Can't you steady this thing?

- Ruined. All my calculations, ruined.

- I'm sorry.

- Sorry? We're heading toward the sun!

Poor darling. He must be exhausted.

This is the first time

he's slept since we left.

Who knows how long that's been?

No days or nights.

Well, I know it's breakfast time,

and I'm sick of sardines.

Chickens.

That means fresh eggs.

- You're an angel.

- Not that you deserve it.

- Katie...

- Don't you Katie me.

Leaving me with a summons.

I never dreamt

they'd be on to it so soon.

Who else do you know that would

go to the moon for you?

You're impossible.

- What was that?

- Nothing.

- You all right?

- I was just doing some impersonations.

- I was reared on a farm.

- Really?

Just a minute.

Excuse me. Excuse me.

You didn't dare. You didn't dare!

Geese, I adore. Chickens, I detest.

I've a good mind to make you

fly home. All of you.

My calculations!

How I hate chickens!

- We're getting our weight back.

- It's the pull of the moon.
We've got to control it, you see.
It mustn't be too fast.
Mare Imbrium. Ideal for landing.
Nicely on target.
Now, we use the Earth...
to slow down our rate of descent.
- Anything I can do?
- Things need lashing down. Take these.
- Put that away.
- All right.
Landing positions.
Hold on tight.
What?
Are you all right?
I think so.
Where's Cavor?
I think I've gone blind in one eye.
Thank you. What a relief.
I'll get a new pair when I get back.
Just a broken glass.
It's incredible.
We're down.
We're down.
We did it! We did it!
- I never thought we would.
- Me either. At least, I wasn't sure.
- Well, what now?
- I suppose explore!
Explore.
Here, your suit.
There's your suit.
Boot. Here's your other boot.
Now wait a minute.
There's no pressure outside, meaning...
when the hatch opens,
the sphere is a vacuum...
which will be fatal for Kate.
That's it, nobody goes outside.
She'll be safe
in the airtight compartment.
- In there? It's out of the question.
- I'll be all right.
You sure?

Don't worry about me.
All right. Let's make some room. Here.
Just a minute.
Would you bring those things here?
Madam, the chances of bagging
an elephant on the moon are remote.
We won't need this.
Told you before.
Now, give me the flag. A claim.
Yes, we've got to stake a claim.
Take a letter. Sit down.
There's some paper in my coat pocket.
Claimed for Her Royal...
No, not royal, not royal.
Claimed for Her Majesty Queen Victoria
in the year of our Lord...
- What is the year of our Lord?
- 1899.
Now, I'm leaving the oxygen full on.
Now, Kate, get in.
- Wait for my signal to open the hatch.
- All right.
Here's your helmet.

Don't forget:

touch helmets.
Otherwise, we won't
hear each other clearly.
What's wrong with the blessed thing?
It worked perfectly in England.
I asked for a seven-and-three-eighths.
They said it was.
Six-and-a-quarter. I'll have
to put it down to shrinkage.
Hello, moon.
My goodness.
Amazing sensation! Light as a feather!
Look! Top of that rock!
Look! Top of that rock!
You all right?
No discipline, this moon.
We'll be smashed to pieces.
Bedford, old man, isn't it
magnificent? It's empyreal.

An empire Caesar never dreamed of.
We'll be in all the newspapers.
Cavorland. Bedfordshire.
That's for you! That's for you!
We'll be famous, knighted by the queen!
The queen! Give me that, give me that!
I claim the moon in the name
of our Sovereign Lady...
Queen Victoria.
You're getting too much oxygen.
You're actually drunk.
- Let's check your gauge.
- That's wonderful.
I feel like an eagle!
Geronimo!
Cavor, come down!
Help.
S.O.S.
Help!
Thank you.
- You need a lead, old chap.
- Yes, I think I probably do.
You hear that?
Hold on! I'll get you down.
Your helmet!
It must have... But I can breathe.
There's air down here.
Take this off.
That's better.
There's a subterranean
atmosphere here. Listen.
- We must get Kate.
- Without a helmet, you won't get far.
We'll just have to find it.
There's a way down.
What?
Now keep it tight, all right? All right?
I've got it, go on. You're all right.
Go on, that's it.
Throw me your helmet.
All right.
Look at that prism assembly.
Only thing I want to look at
is that helmet.

We should've brought the gun.
It's fantastic.
What is it?
- It's a moon creature, a Selenite.
- But the size.
It's the low gravity.
Leave them!
Help me!
No, you're making a mistake.
Leave them. Leave them!
You've certainly given them
a taste of human violence.
Thousands will be chasing us around.
- We can't just stand here.
- I knew I should have come on my own.
Are you staying here or coming with me?
If only we'd communicated with them.
It was such an opportunity.
The meeting of two worlds.
Come on!
I knew I should have come on my own.
The sphere's gone!
The flag's right where we put it.
She must have touched the controls.
Selenites, thousands of them.
They dragged it.
This time!
Now!
Block it! Block it!
All this clutter.
The place is an absolute honeycomb.
Can you see a trail?
Leave me alone!
Stay away or I'll shoot. I will!
Get away from there.
I said stay away or I'll shoot!
Down there!
What is it?
I don't know.
Probably a harmless vegetarian.
Bred for food, rather like a cow.
A cow? I wouldn't like to meet a bull.
Come on!
- "Harmless vegetarian"?

- Well, I thought I...
Give me your hand!
Run!
Run, Cavor, run!
What do you want me to do?
No, please, no.
What do you want me to do?
Let me out of here! Can you hear me?
Let me alone, can't you? Staring
at me like an animal in the zoo.
You! You there, with my shoe.
Give it back, or I'll let you
have the other one.
Give it back, or I'll let you
have the other one.
Give it back, or I'll let you
have the other one.
Imitating me now. You think
it's funny, do you? Very funny.
Very funny. You think it's funny,
do you? Very funny.
Miss Callender.
Just a minute.
Mr. Cavor, I'm so glad to see you.
Is Arnold safe?
We got separated.
Give me my shoe. Very funny.
They're trying to communicate.
Analyzing what we say.
I wish they'd stay off
the words with E's.
Man.
We come from Earth, many hundreds
of thousands of miles away.
No, it doesn't mean a thing.
Man.
Man!
They're trying to communicate with us.
That's imperial!
It's absolutely... Man, man!
From thousands of miles away.
Man...
from Earth.
They understand, but they're

not repeating what I say.
That's splendid! It's splendid!
It's absolutely imperial.
Yes, my dear fellow, it is!
It's absolutely imperial!
It's some sort of apparatus
for generating oxygen on a vast scale.
That's why we're able to breathe here.
That's fantastic. It's fantastic.
It's perpetual motion.
But that's impossible.
It makes all other forms
of power obsolete.
That's where they get
their power from. Sunlight.
Come. Come quickly. Quick.
- They're taking the sphere apart.
- We must stop them.
Hold my hand. Carefully.
You've no right to do this. Leave it.
It doesn't belong to you.
Now we'll never get home.
It's cavorite.
We have tried to duplicate...
the substance coated
on your sphere, but unable.
- Well, it's called cavorite.
- Cavorite.
It's a compound of elements.
It's based on the use of helium.
- Ought you to tell them that?
- Helium?
It's a light, inert gas
found in the atmosphere on Earth.
Well, you must know helium.
- No more questions for now.
- For now?
For now? What do you mean, "For now"?
- What's happening?
- Chemical workers...
put to sleep...
until needed again.
You will return...
to the examination chamber.

It's a unique way of dealing
with unemployment.
Entirely reasonable, I guess.
They'll treat us the same
if they have no further use for us.
What a ghastly thought.
Ghastly thought.
Is he dead?
He's not dead.
He's asleep.
It's a sort of suspended animation.
This is interesting.
There's a lunar eclipse on the 12th.
You know, when the Earth
passes between the sun and moon.
That's obviously a resting time
for the Selenites.
Yes. Time you rested too,
Miss Callender.
- It's a long time since we landed.
- An eternity.
Mr. Cavor, I'm so worried about Arnold.
Yes, Arnold.
- Will we see our world again?
- Of course we will.
- I'd even welcome a London fog.
- Would you, now?
Come on, try to get some sleep.
Lie down.
I wish I could and wake up to find
it's all been a bad dream.
You quite comfortable?
- Thank you.
- Right.
- Put that away. You don't need a gun.
- I don't have your confidence.
Try to understand them. They're...
- We're wasting time. I must find Kate.
- She's all right.
You know where she is?
Tell me, so we can get going.
- Not yet.
- What do you mean?
I want time...

I wanna know where Kate is.
Tell me where she is!
Don't spoil it. I want to communicate!
- Where's Kate?
- Give me time!
You'd better get away.
Here, here.
Lift.
Get right back!
Come on!
Hurry!
First of Earthmen, welcome on the moon.
I am here before you.
Your earth is the center
of our orbit. Tell us of its life...
how it differs from ours.
Well, I don't know where to begin.
I don't know whether you
can understand me or hear me.
Well, I'll try.
Man. Man lives on the surface...
of Earth in protective structures.
Not protective. That's the wrong word.
Buildings!
Houses, cottages.
We call them cities, towns.
It's like your tunnels,
but on the outside.
That would explain the dark areas
we have observed.
Does not the sun blind you,
living on the surface?
You see...
we have an iris,
which protects the eyes.
Come closer.
I wish to see.
Yes, sir, certainly.
There, you see?
Please, the light.
That's hurting. Please.
Drop the cylinder and help me.
Hand me that wrench.
- Is there much left?

- Only the oxygen cylinders.
I hope Cavor can keep the Selenites
occupied a little longer.
You say men cling to different
tongues and beliefs.
Is there no one ruler?
Every century, some despot tries,
but no one's succeeded.
Like Hannibal, Julius Caesar,
Napoleon...
Does this not lead to confusion?
Yes, it does, and worse.
Starvation, hostility...
even war.
Tell me of war.
Tell you of war?
Oh, my goodness.
Well...
it usually starts
with a great explosion.
Now try the one over the porthole.
It's still not working.
I bolted it back like the others.
Nothing else to do. I'll get Cavor.
- I'll go with you.
- No, pack the rest.
I know where to find him.
And yet to fight in a war
is considered an honor.
It's difficult to explain,
but men killed in battle are heroes.
Odd, isn't it?
Men enjoy to make war?
No, they detest it.
Then if they make war,
they are defective.
Well, we're not perfect.
Mankind is still developing.
We're not perfect.
There are men of peace!
My concern is with the men
of violence, the men who kill.
Soon others will come from Earth.
Our galleries will be strewn with dead.

There needn't be any others!
There needn't be!
I alone hold the secrets of cavorite.
Then you and your secret
will remain here, on the moon.
This is not an audience.
You're on trial! Can't you see?
You've just been convicted!
To the sphere!
- This way.
- What?
- Through there.
- All right.
- Why didn't you leave me?
- I didn't risk my neck to save you.
Go on.
- You've put it together.
- But the blinds won't work.
The blinds won't work.
You've destroyed everything
I've set out to accomplish.
- Now you turn to me.
- Who else?
Please, please, Mr. Cavor.
I've no right to keep you here.
All right, come on.
Give me your hand. Come on.
Come on, the cylinders.
Take the other end.
Bedford, it's working, old man.
Come on, hurry.
Come on, I got it working.
Get inside, quick!
- Go on. Go on.
- Come on. Good.
Come on.
Right, up you go. Quickly, quickly.
The cylinder!
Hurry, Cavor.
Your hand! Give me your hand!
You know how to man the controls.
- You don't need me.
- Don't be a fool!
I'm staying, Bedford, old man.

There's a lot to learn.
- Mr. Cavor!
- Cavor, come back!
I'll explain. One day, I'll explain.
We were hurled into space.
Well, one way or another, I managed
to guide the sphere back to Earth.
We plunged into the sea
off the coast of Zanzibar.
The sphere disappeared without a trace.
But Kate and I managed to swim ashore.
No one ever believed our story.
There was no evidence, nothing.
- Until now.
- I still can't believe it.
Our own Mr. Bedford, a real astronaut.
- First astronaut.
- Mr. Bedford, I must tell the others.
There he is.
Okay, it's gone through to them.
Red alert for lens pits
or other accesses and Selenites.
Maybe they're not dangerous.
He got away.
- They've had years to get ready.
- Get out of here!
Please, ma'am. Hold it there.
They've broken through the lens pit.
Here they are, deep below
the surface of the moon.
They light flares to see.
We were there.
More evidence of civilization.
It looks like a city.
But who built it? It's starting
to crumble before our eyes.
The astronauts must come to the surface
and are being hauled up.
It's like an abandoned mine caving in.
They're through!
It's crumbling beneath them!
Corrosion and decay.
Everywhere, the same story.
There's evidence of some contamination.

- Some germ from Earth.
- To creatures without immunity.

Under those conditions
microorganisms could run wild.
Multiply. Kill a whole population.
Did they go to another planet,
or were they wiped out by a virus?

Poor Cavor.

As deadly as a plague or as infectious
as a common head cold.

And what happened?

He did have such a terrible cold.