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The First Men in the Moon

By Mark Gatiss

She came, she came to meet a man
She found an angel
Goo goo, goo goo
Barabajagal was his name now
Goo goo, goo goo
Barabajagal was his name now... #
I don't want the shot
to go on too long,
just long enough to say
Diana Dors has lost her drawers.
Won't you lend her some of yours?
Jim?
Can you believe they're up there
now, Dad? Isn't it amazing?
It certainly is.
Where's your mother?
Right, you stay there.
I'll fetch her. Don't wander off.
Dad?
"I Can't Give You
Anything But Love"
Hello?
Come to mock, have you?
Come to gawp?
I beg your pardon?
You have some manners, at least.
That's something.
They didn't send you, then?
Who? Those dreadful
children...from before.
They said they wanted
to see my kinematograph films.
But then they only laughed at me.
What are your films?
Hm?
You said you had some films.
Are they cartoons? Can I see them?
I won't laugh at you, I promise.
You seem like a very well brought-up
young man.
I think I might be in trouble.
I can't find my mum and dad.
No?
Dad says we have to get back home,

you see, to watch the telly.
It's such a special day.
He says we'll remember today
for the rest of our lives.
What's so special about today?
They're going to land on the moon!
Oh.
Don't you think that's exciting?
The first men on the moon!
Why are you laughing?
You wouldn't believe me,
even if I showed you the evidence.
Nobody ever has...
..in all these years.
My name's Jim.
Pleased to meet you, Jim.
I'll believe you, I promise I will,
whatever it is.
Now then, you mustn't believe people
just because they ask you nicely.
Very well.
You make yourself comfortable in
this chair, and I'll attend to
everything.
But you must prepare yourself for
a shock, young man.
Oh? Oh, yes indeed.
You see, those chaps
in the Apollo
what-d'you-ma-call-it...
..they won't be
the first men on the moon.
They won't? No.
I was the first man on the moon.
You were?
More than that...
..I was the first man IN the moon.
It was such a long, long time ago,
back when old King Edward
was on the throne.
'I was a young man, an ambitious
man, and I put my faith
and my savings
'into a company I was assured

that simply could not fail.'

Bugger.

'My creditors pressed me hard,
so I decided to take a break
from it all,

'and it seemed to me at last
that there was nothing for it
'but to write a play.

'And in any case, everyone
was writing plays in those days.

'It was better than working
for a living.'

'It was whilst waiting for the
elusive muse to put in an appearance
'that I first clapped eyes
on Professor Cavor.'

I say, do you mind awfully
not doing that?

Beg pardon?

Do you mind not making that row?

I'm trying to work.

My dear sir,

I really am most awfully sorry.

Was I making a noise?

Yes. Yes, you were.

Was I? How queer.

I do get a little distracted.

This, you see,

is my time for exercise.

I come here to enjoy the sunset.

But you weren't even looking at it.

No.

You're working, do you say?

Yes. Yes, I'm, er... I'm a writer.

A writer? Really?

How fascinating.

You're doing it again. What?

Nn-z-z-nn-zzz-gh!

Really? Was I?

My mind is much occupied.

I shan't trouble you again.

Oh, really, but it was only
a trifling inconvenience.

No, no, I shall take

my perambulations elsewhere.
Very sorry to have bothered you.
Good night, sir. Good night.
Um...
I saw nothing of him for two days...
and then he came again.
I don't blame you in the least,
but you've destroyed a routine,
you see, and it has
disorganised my days.
I've walked past here for years.
Years.
No doubt I've hummed, buzzed,
what have you. Probably.
You've made all that impossible.
My dear sir,
if the thing is so important to
you... It's vital.
You see, I am an investigator,
a scientific investigator,
and I am on the point of completing
one of the most important
demonstrations -
I can assure you, one of the most
important demonstrations -
in history.
It requires constant thought,
constant mental ease and activity,
and the late afternoon
is my brightest time.
I effervesce with new ideas.
Well, you can still come by.
Impossible.
It will all be different.
I shall feel self-conscious.
I shall think of you,
writing your play.
Yes, my play...
No, there's only one thing for it.
I must have the cottage.
Have the cottage?
Hmm, yes, I must buy it from you,
lock, stock and...what have you.
'But there was one tiny

complication.

'It wasn't mine to sell.

'I could see this would require careful handling.'

Do you know, we haven't even introduced ourselves.

My name is Julius Bedford.

Well, no doubt I should have heard of you, but I never go to the theatre, you see.

I'm Cavor. Professor Arthur Cavor.

How do you do?

Tell me more about this demonstration of yours.

Oh, no, no.

Oh? Is it a secret?

No! Yes.

No, it's not that.

Well, I suppose no-one else does know about it.

Are you interested, then?

Oh, very much so.

Then you must come over to the house!

Yes! At once! Come over to the house.

I have no doubt there will be tea, cakes, what have you. Probably.

Come along.

Er, radiant energy, that's what all this was about, light waves and radio waves and so forth.

All these things radiate out and act on bodies at a distance.

Do you follow?

Um, yes...

Now, all substances are opaque to some form or other of radiant energy.

Opaque...

Er, yes. Um...

Er, glass, for example.

Transparent to light,

much less so to heat, so that
it's useful as a fire-screen.

You see?

Yes. Yes, I see.

But where is all this leading?

Patience, patience. Now,
all known substances
are transparent to gravity,
are they not?

Gravity, obviously.

You can use screens of various kinds
to cut off light or heat.

You can shield things from Marconi's
radio waves using sheets of metal.

But nothing, nothing will cut off
the gravitational attraction
of the sun or of the Earth.

Of course not.

Hmm!

Nothing until now.

Come along.

Cavorite!

Cavorite?

Well, yes, I suppose so.

Isn't that the usual form?

One invents a thing and then...

It's not merely a theory, then?

Not at all! Not a bit of it!

Out of the way, Faraday!

Ohhh.

Couldn't be more perfect.

One in the eye for Newton, eh?

Gravity, you see.

The force that pulls everything,
including you and me,
down to the ground.

Without gravity,
we would be weightless.

And over Cavorite,
air itself is weightless.

Is it safe?

Oh, the stuff is completely inert
as long as it's kept at the right
temperature.

Once it's cooled...

Yes...?

..all the air above the apple
will cease to have any weight.
There were one or two alarming
moments in the manufacturing
process.

Oh? Yes.

I made a thin sheet of Cavorite,
you see,

and all the air above it
had nothing to pull it to Earth,
so it rushed upwards.

More air poured in to replace it,
and the same thing happened.

Ah! You begin to see.

It formed a sort of
atmospheric chimney.

And if the sheet of Cavorite
hadn't been loose, the air would
have...

fountained into space,
on and on and on.

It would have whipped the air
off the world as one peels a banana.

It would have been the end
of all life on this planet.

And that would have been awful.

Really?

Really.

At any rate, I've worked through
all those little problems.

It's not bananas we're concerned
with now, though, it's apples.

Look here, Cavor, are you serious?

Sir Isaac Newton taught us why

An apple falls down from the sky

And from that fact it's very plain

All other objects do the same

A brick, a bar, a boat, a cup

Invariably fall down, not up.

My dear Cavor...

This is incredible!

It's fantastic!

You really think so?
Well, of course it is.
Think of the practical applications.
Oh, practical applications.
Are there such things?
My God, don't you see?
It's a miracle. A revolution!
If you wanted to lift a weight,
however enormous,
you'd only have to put
a sheet of your Cavorite under it
and you could lift it with a straw.
A child could lift a dreadnought.
Heavens! I-I hadn't thought.
The possibilities are boundless.
Ironclads and weapons
and shipping and architecture.
One stupendous Cavorite company...
Oh, my dear Cavor,
you...we...are on to the biggest
thing that has ever been invented.
We are? Yes!
Yes! Well, I suppose we are!
Oh!
What about your play?
My play? My play.
Ugh, it's vanished.
Good heavens,
don't you see what we've got?
I hadn't thought beyond pure
research. Perhaps a fellowship
of the Royal Society.
How can you think so small?
Here is a substance that
no...no home,
no factory, no fortress, no ship
can dare to be without.
It's more universally applicable
than a patent medicine.
There isn't one solitary aspect
of it, not one of its
that will not make us rich, Cavor,
beyond the dreams of avarice.
Yes, I begin to see.

It's extraordinary how one gets new points of view from talking things over.

And as it happens, you have talked to the right man.

I have very considerable business experience.

You do?

Oh, yes.

'I did not, of course, tell him that I was an undischarged bankrupt at the time.'

That's it!

That settles it.

A sort of roller blind.

A sort of what? Space. Anywhere.

The moon.

The moon? What do you mean?

Mean? Why, it must be a sphere, that's what I mean.

Cavor, I don't know... Imagine a sphere, or a sort of polygon, large enough to hold two people and their luggage, what have you. It would be made of metal, lined with thick glass. Probably.

A sphere?

To carry us to the moon.

But how would we breathe?

Oh, that's the least of it.

A simple filtration system.

I worked out something years ago for a submersible.

Then the exterior of the sphere would be enamelled.

With Cavorite?

With Cavorite.

One could screw oneself in while the stuff was warm.

And as soon as it was cooled...

It'd become impervious to gravity and... Whoosh!

Yes, whoosh!

Off one would go in a straight line.

Ah, but what's to stop one going off
in a straight line into space for
ever?

Roller blinds.

Roller blinds?

Mm. The inner sphere would be
airtight and continuous,
except for a manhole.

To get in and out.

Yes. But the exterior
could be made in sections,
each section capable of rolling up
after the fashion of a blind.

When they're all shut -
no light, no heat, no gravitation,
no radiant energy of any kind
would get inside the sphere.

But open the blind
and any heavenly body which
happened to be in the vicinity
would attract us.

Oh, I see!

Then it would be possible to tack
about in space like a little boat.

Tack, tack, tack.

The blinds would roll in upon
themselves, thus counteracting
the Cavorite effect
when not required.

HUMS:

I shall begin the calculations
at once.

But hang it all, Cavor, the moon?
Shouldn't we start with something
smaller?

You were the one who told me
to think bigger, Bedford.

Why not go into space?

It's not much worse
than a polar expedition.

Shackleton is on one now. Probably.

Men go on polar expeditions.

Not businessmen.

We would be just firing ourselves
off the world for nothing.
Think of what we would find there.
What? Knowledge!
Well, er, call it prospecting, then.
I have no doubt
there will be minerals.
Oh? Mm. Sulphur, ores,
possibly new elements. Diamonds.
Diamonds?
I see no reason why not.
Is there air up there?
There... There may be.
But the moon! It's hundreds
of thousands of miles away!
A quarter of a million, actually.
Cavorite liners.
Fleets of them.
And prospecting rights.
Planetary prospecting rights.
What did you say?
Er, nothing, nothing.
Oh, but this is the thing, Cavor.
This is...
..imperial.
Yes!
But there isn't any air on the moon.
Everyone knows that.
Do pay attention,
there's a good lad.
The summer passed,
then autumn,
and all the while,
we worked like Trojans.
It was like labouring in Hades.
Why? Because to keep
the Cavorite inactive,
we had to maintain the room
at a constant temperature.
A very warm temperature.
Will you take that with you? Hm?
The, er, kinematograph.
Um, yes, yes, I suppose so.
We'll have to have proof

of our journey.
Everything all right, old man?
I say, Cavor, we shall be able
to get back, shan't we?
Yes, of course! I don't see why not.
Probably.
How's the, er, furnace?
Oh. Er, yes, yes, fine.
Hm. We're very close, Bedford.
Exceedingly.
We have almost enough Cavorite.
Look here, Cavor...
After all, what's it all for?
For?
For?! The thing now is to go! Yes.
But the moon! I thought...
I thought it was a dead world.
What do you expect to find?
Well, we're going to see, aren't we?
Are we? Are we really?
You're tired, Bedford.
Why don't you go for a stroll?
It's a lovely evening.
The thing's too mad! What?
I'm not going with you.
It's... It's too mad.
But you must! We've planned
the whole thing together.
I can't. I'm sorry.
It's nothing, merely jumping
off the world. Remember the apple?
Yes, I do remember. It was
smashed to bits against the ceiling.
Bedford!
Who'd want to leave the world
on a night like this?
Can I get you something, dear?
You look parched!
Oh, um...
Ah...
A drop of cider on the house?
Oh, thank you very much.
You're very kind.
You come far?

Oh, just from Apuldram.
I, um, needed some air.
You going far?
That's rather a moot point.
I suppose I might go back to London.
Hmm, London.
You know it?
No, don't hold with it. No?
No. All them folk pressed together
like barrels on a dray?
Chichester's furthest I ever got.
My late husband and me,
we went to see one of them shows.
Oh, yes? In a theatre!
And what did you make of it?
Well, there was a fella and a girl,
just the two of 'em, yarning.
Weren't even a true story,
it were just made up.
Didn't see the point of it myself.
Not been anywhere else?
No. I'm not the gadabout sort.
What would you say
to a trip to the moon?
Oh, never did hold with them
balloonies.
Ooh, no. You wouldn't get me up in
one of them, not for ever so.
Cavor? Cavor!
Cavor, I'm coming with you.
Of course I am.
I'm sorry about before. I got myself
into a blue funk. I'm fine now.
Splendid!
You could not have returned
at a better time.
Shall we?
How are we doing?
Er, shutter temperature's
cooling...fast.
Capital! Storage hatches?
Er, luggage in and locked.
This is it, old man.
Strap yourself in.

What have you got there?
Well, haven't you brought
anything to read?
Good Lord, no!
But the voyage may take an age.
It doesn't matter.
Surely the grandeur of the journey...
Have you never been to sea?
The sight of the ocean
soon palls, believe me.
Space doesn't even
have fish to look at.
My dear Bedford, you will be
bored to tears. Quickly, quickly.
Good Lord! Bedford! Hurry!
Air filtration system working
splendidly. Check.
Any luck?
Um, a copy of Tit-Bits.
Ah, well. Outside temperature?
Hmm - superlative.
Quick test of the shutters.
Excellent.
All right, then, Bedford, old man,
cabin lights should be dimmed
for takeoff, don't you think?
Er, yes, I suppose so, yes.
There. Any, um...
Any... Last requests?
No.
Anything you'd like to say?
We should say something.
Don't you think?
A momentous occasion,
the first time in history...
Christ, what was that?
I'm a fool. I'm a ruddy fool.
I want to get out. You can't.
What do you mean?
It's too risky. I'm not coming.
Didn't you feel that?
We're off.
Ah, well, we're committed.
Uh...yes, we're committed.

Or we should be, to an asylum.
Don't move.
Try and keep your muscles quite lax,
as if you were in bed.
That's it.
We are in a little universe
of our own.
Look at that!
Marvellous, isn't it?
Marvellous...
Magnetised, you see?
Same principle as
lead weights for divers.
Should keep our feet on the ground,
so to speak.
What's our direction, then?
How are we pointing?
We're flying away from the Earth
at a tangent.
It's all worked out,
barring accidents. Probably.
Do you think...?
Might we have a peek?
Why not?
What a sight.
We're the first, Cavor.
The very first to see it.
Apart from God, I suppose.
What?
Oh.
Oh, yes.
'Days passed.
'I began to think I had known no
other life than that inside
the sphere.'
That's it. Blinds three,
four, seven.
Moon's gravitational pull, you see.
That will begin to affect us.
"Gentleman of private means is
willing to lend money..."
What's that?
"A cutaway bicycle.
Quite new and cost 15.

"Yours for a fiver."

"A lady in distress wishes to dispose of some fish knives and forks."

Hmm?

"A wedding present let go with great regret."

What is it?

Just...it seems incredible, that's all, people down there living their little lives, and here's us.

Are we visible, Cavor, from the Earth?

Why?

I knew someone once who was interested in astronomy. It'd be rather odd if he chanced to be looking through his telescope.

There it is!

Look here, Cavor, do you think...?

I mean...

Might there be...people?

Oh, good heavens, no.

Out of the question.

Look at it.

It's dead, Bedford. Dead.

We must think of ourselves as sort of ultra-Arctic voyagers... exploring the desolate places of space.

Men have watched this planet systematically for over 200 years and seen no change.

Not a jot.

But the moon people's handiwork might be hidden.

One could see a fair-sized church through a telescope, I should say.

Probably.

Certainly any towns or buildings.

No, no, whatever life there might be would have to hibernate through

a day that lasts 14
of our Earthly days
and then through
a night of equal length,
growing colder and colder
under those cold, sharp stars.
One could imagine
something worm-like burrowing.
Did we bring a gun?
No.
But, sir, we could name them,
be the first. What do you think?
Um...
Lunite worms.
Lunite... Oh, no, I don't like that.
Lunarites?
Selenites! Selenites?
Yes, yes. In Greek myth, Selene
was a Titan, goddess of the moon.
I recall it from my school days.
Rather fitting!
But I doubt if we shall find
so much as an ant.
Well, this is it, Bedford, old man.
There may be some discomfort.
Hold tight.
For God's sake, Cavor, the light!
Can't be helped.
I'm using the sun as a brake!
What the hell's that?
Er, it's an alarm. Quickly,
what do the instruments read? What?
The number! Read the number! Er...
What?! What does it mean?
Just ignore it.
Agh!
Cavor?
Cavor, are you all right?
Am I alive?
Yes, you're alive, Cavor.
Oh, Cavor!
My God!
We've done it.
The moon.

Uh...lights.
Ah!
Hm!
I can see...
I can see snow!
Snow! Impossible!
Probably.
Hang it all.
Can't see a thing now.
Ah, well, we must wait, old man.
Wait?
For the beginning of the lunar day.
Can you reach the electric heaters?
Hurry, or we'll freeze.
Yes, the atmosphere suits
are all prepared.
We shall be all set
when the time comes.
What are you doing?
What does it look like?
I have almost finished *The Tempest*.
Can't wait to find out
what happens at the end.
But... Patience, Bedford, old man.
The moon has been here
for millions of years.
I'm sure it will wait a little
longer.
But confound it, Cavor, at this rate,
we might as well have stayed at home.
Cavor?
Cavor!
Hm? What is it? What's happening?
Incredible.
It's absolutely incredible.
It's air.
It must be, or it wouldn't rise like
that at the mere touch of a sunbeam.
Air?
It wasn't snow you saw, Bedford.
It was mounds and masses
of frozen air.
Look, already,
in the sky, a little touch of blue.

There is an atmosphere.
Then we might be able to
breathe out there...
without the suits.
We shall soon see.
It's all right.
Bedford, it's all right.
A bit rarefied, like mountain air.
We must be careful.
O wonder
How beauteous mankind is
O brave new world!
I see the Bard's rubbed off on you.
Isn't it astonishing?
Imperial.
Well, then?
Well, what?
The honour must be yours.
Oh, no, Bedford, old man, I insist.
Oh, nonsense, Cavor.
This whole fantastic enterprise
was your doing. It has to be you.
Arthur Cavor,
the first man on the... Ohhh!
Of course!
Our weight is only a sixth
of what it is back home.
We have cut
Mother Earth's apron strings now.
Wey!
Whoo-hoo!
Pre-stiffened, you see.
I wasn't anticipating an atmosphere.
I claim this satellite in the name
of King Edward VII,
Emperor of India,
King of the British Dominions,
and for all mankind.
What is this for us
but a tiny footfall...
Cavor!
What is it? I think it's...
It is.
It's gold.

Look at it!
It's everywhere!
There's gold everywhere!
So there is.
You don't seem in the least
excited by it.
I had hoped...
No, it doesn't matter. What?
Oh, don't worry, old man. We'll
share it all, everything we find.
It's not that.
It's just...once we discovered
a lunar atmosphere...
..I had hoped we might find...
..life.
How does the rest of
that Shakespeare go?
A brave new world...
That has such people in it.
Good Lord!
Burrowing worms, you said. Ants.
Cavor!
What is it?
Oh, no!
Oh, Lord, my head.
Where are we?
I'm tied. Why have you tied me up?
I haven't! They did.
They?! The, um, Selenites.
Oh, God... Oh, Lord, I remember now.
What are we going to do?
Hmm...no idea.
Will you stop that infernal noise!
Very sorry, I'm sure.
Just trying to, you know, think(!)
Shhh!
Um...
Um...
How do you do?
How do you do(?) Well, one of us
had to say something!
And they're clearly intelligent,
Bedford.
I suppose that anywhere

there's an intelligent animal...
...it will carry the brain case
upward and have hands
and walk erect.
Damn it, Cavor,
what do they want with us?
Well, I imagine they're curious.
Curious?
Curious the way the African savage
is curious?
Curious enough to boil us in a pot?
Now you're being alarmist.
Alarmist?!
I think we must be some way in.
What?!
Inside the moon. It's cooler,
and we're heavier. Haven't you
noticed?
Must be some depth, a mile or so,
maybe, inside. Probably.
Oh! I suppose you never thought
of a world inside the moon.
No! And now it seems
such an obvious thing.
Well, I wish you'd taken the trouble
to find out before we came.
Well, how could I?
Oh, what a damn pickle this is!
What the hell did we come for,
Cavor?
What was the moon to us,
or us to the moon?
We should have started smaller.
Now, look here, Bedford,
you came on this expedition
of your own free will.
You said to me,
"Call it prospecting!"
There are always risks
in prospecting.
Besides, I was so taken up
with the sphere.
The thing rushed up on us
and carried us away.

Rushed up on me, you mean.
Rushed up on me just as much.
All I wanted was to be
a Fellow of the Royal Society.
It was you who confounded me with
your talk of schemes and riches.
Well, you've got your wish now,
Bedford.
Look at the chains that bind you.
Solid gold.
Much good may it do you!
Oh, Lord, Cavor, what now?
Cavor, what are you doing?
Oh, Lord.
It's horrible. It's horrible!
Just try to think of them
as butterflies or...moths.
Oh, I hate moths.
Filthy, dusty, ghastly things.
Oh, God, it's making my skin crawl!
Keep calm, old man.
These, er, Selenites, or whatever
we choose to call them,
have got us now.
We must try and keep a cool head.
The problem is
one of communication.
Communication?! These things
are different, Cavor. Look at them.
They're more different to us
than the strangest animals on Earth.
They're of a different clay.
What's the use in talking like this?
No, no, I don't see that.
They have minds, we have minds.
They are ants on their hind legs,
Cavor,
and whoever got to any sort of
understanding with ruddy ants?
But think of that great iris
on the surface.
The difference is wide, yes.
It's insurmountable!
But is it?

We could begin with the things
which must be common to both races.
The great principles of geometry,
for example.

Oh! Oh, yes, why not(?)

"Oh, good morning, Mr Selenite.

"The sum of the hypotenuse is equal
to the sum of the square
of the other two sides!"

Why are you being so difficult?

It's a perfectly sound idea.

Besides, it's the sum of
the square on the hypotenuse.

Oh, shut up!

Why didn't I stick to my play?

That was what I was equal to.

That was my world,
and the life I was made for.

Could have finished it.

I'm certain of it.

What do I do? I leap to the moon.

I've thrown my life away.

The old woman in the inn
had better sense.

It is clear they are intelligent.

One can hypotheticate certain
things.

As they have not killed us at once,
they must have ideas of mercy.

At any rate, of restraint.

Oh, shut up.

Well?

Smells like mushrooms.

It's mushroom soup.

Food. They're giving us food.

The fundamentals of life,
you see, Bedford?

They do understand.

Mm!

Are you going to try
that geometry of yours, then?

If I get a chance. Of course,
they may make an advance first.

Do you think they want us

to imitate those sounds?
I don't think so.
I can't make anything
of their gestures.
This one is worrying with his head,
like a man with an uncomfortable
collar.
Um...delicious.
Yum, yum!
Great heavens!
It's stupendous.
What is it?
A machine?
Hard to say.
Perhaps more like a vast...brain.
What do you think it does?
Haven't the faintest idea.
Ow!
Yes, yes!
Can't we show them we're
interested in it?
Oh, they may think
we're mere dumb animals.
It would be a good idea to show
an intelligent interest
from the outset.
Um...we look at this. Yes?
We think machine jolly good.
Good machine. Clever machine.
Well done.
Ow! It pricked me with a sword!
We're not going to stand for that.
What on earth do they take us for?
Cavor... Hmm?
The shackles.
Gold! Well, yes, I told you that.
No, I mean it's...soft.
It's a very soft metal.
Well, it may be
it's much heavier for them,
evolving, as they must,
in the much lower specific gravity.
I think I can get loose.
Get loose? Where would we go?

Back to the sphere, of course.

But don't...

This is a whole new world, Bedford.

There's so much to learn.

I'm old-fashioned, Cavor.

I like to do my learning
from a position of strength,

not shackled like a beast.

Surely they don't expect
us...

No! No, we can't cross
that. Not at any price.

I couldn't get three steps across
it, even with my hands free.

They can't know what it is to be
giddy, you see.

Um, bridge no good.

Um, make man dizzy.

I don't think they understand.

No! Stop that!

Wait a minute. I've got an idea.

I am not some sausage
to be pricked at!

I say, Bedford, I think I know a way
to...

Right, if you do that again...

Oh, no, no, no, no, no!

Cavor, quickly, your chains.

Oh, you've ruined everything!

Your chains, man!

What? We have to make a run for it.

Come on, man. Come on!

Come on!

You spoilt it all!

Nonsense. It was that or death.

This way. You seem very sure.

We must find a way
back to the surface.

It's our only chance.

Come on!

Rest. Can we rest?

No time.

Those things will be after us.

I've lost all sense of direction.

Are we going up, do you think?
It's all your fault.
My fault? I had an idea.
Oh, hang your ideas.
If we had refused to budge,
they'd have carried us.
Over the bridge?
Yes! Balderdash. Now get up.
Get up, or I'll ruddy well
leave you here!
It's daylight.
Er, well... It must be.
We're saved, Cavor. Come on.
Come on! Just a minute, old man.
Ohhhh, bugger!
I thought it was daylight.
We should eat again. Might as well
eat while we have the chance.
What a rotten piece of luck this is.
Here we are, burrowing in this
beastly world that isn't a world,
and those things chasing us.
I don't think we can judge the
Selenites from what we have
seen of them so far.
This area of the crust could be some
desolate, outlying district,
like...Wales.
Wales?
If we could hold out
for a week or so, perhaps,
then news of our arrival might
spread and we could try proper
communication.
What, with clever Selenites?
Yes. Selenites like you, you mean?
Yes, if you like.
Oh, don't be absurd.
Why is it absurd?
Oh, good God, man,
just think about it.
Suppose a Selenite had dropped onto
the Earth when you were at Apuldram.
You'd have been the last person

to hear about it. You never see
anybody,
you never read a newspaper. Now,
I'm telling you, we are in a fix!
We have shown ourselves
to be strange,
strong, dangerous animals.
You have!
And unless they're perfect fools,
they will hunt us and kill us,
end of the matter.
Maybe after we're dead and gone,
they might discuss us,
pickle us in jars, but we shan't
get much fun out of that.
Then what do you suggest? The gold!
It's lying around, like cast iron at
home. If only we could get some
back to Earth,
we might be able to put things
onto a sounder footing.
A sounder footing?
Come back in a bigger sphere.
With guns.
What?
I should have come to the moon
alone. I knew I should!
Now listen, Cavor, I've got half
the voting rights in this affair,
and this is the time for a practical
man. A practical man...like me.
It's water!
Come on, come on.
What is it?
Shame.
What is?
That the moon isn't made
of green cheese.
I quite fancy a bit of cheese
right now.
Pull yourself together, man.
You're hysterical.
Indubitably.
You can have all the cheese you like

once you get us back to Earth.
If I can get us back.
What do you mean?
How long do you think we've been
here...on the moon?
What? How long?
Two days, perhaps.
Two Earthly days.
More like ten. Ten?
Yes. But we've hardly eaten.
I know.
Everything is different here.
Everything.
The sun will be past its zenith
and sinking in the west...
and soon the night will come.
Think what we might have done,
what might be down here.
Caverns beneath caverns.
It must open out and become greater,
and wider, and more populous.
Probably.
There might even be a sea.
A sea? Yes.
Washing around the core of the moon.
Think of the strange tides
upon its inky surface, Bedford.
Perhaps there are mighty cities
and swarming ways,
wisdom and order
passing the wit of man.
And we might die here
and never know its true masters.
We can come back.
But if I take the secret of Cavorite
back to Earth,
what will happen?
Sooner or later, it must come out,
and then governments and powers
will struggle to get here.
They will fight against one another,
and against these moon people,
and in a little while...
..in a very little while...

..this planet, to its deepest
galleries...
..will be strewn with the dead.
Look, Cavor, if the night is coming,
then that great corkscrew affair
on the surface will be closing.
Well, then, we've got to get out of
here, or we'll be trapped!
They've found us.
We can't stay and fight them.
We must split up.
What?
Run for it. I'll lead them away.
No, no,
we can make a decent fist of it.
It's like hitting cinder toffee.
Haven't we done enough?
I can't leave you.
We must split up. You get back
to the surface, find the sphere.
But, Cavor...
I shall be perfectly all right!
Au revoir.
Go! Go!
'I ran on and on,
'desperate to show the Selenites
a clean pair of heels.
'I didn't have a clue
where I was heading.
'A long lunar night was approaching,
'and the moon would soon
close over me,
'like the lid of a tomb.'
The sphere...
The sphere!
'It was incredible.
'But there it was,
'hiding almost in plain sight.'
'And then I heard it.'
'The iris.
'The iris was closing...
'...and with it all my hopes.
'My whole being shrank from this.
'I must get away from the moon,

even if I died in the attempt.'
Cavor!
Cavor!
The sphere! I've found it!
Cavor!
Cavor!
Cavor!
Cavor!
I'll come back!
I promise I'll come back.
Ohhh.
Oh, please!
Sorry, old man.
Wah!
Ohh.
Hello.
Um...good.
Very good.
Good.
What was that?
Very...good.
Yes!
Capital! Wonderful!
No, no. Don't be afraid. Please.
Um...
I'm Cavor. No, no.
Um...um...
I'm man.
I'm a man. Er, hu-man.
Hu-man.
Yes! Wonderful! Ha-ha!
Moon.
Moan.
Yes. Well, almost. Um...I, hu-man,
come from Earth. Harth.
Earth.
Earth.
Oh, God.
Tack about, Cavor said.
Like a sailing boat.
Au revoir.
How do you do?
If I may said...
Er, "say". "If I may say..."

Yes. Hmm. If I may say, draw.
Eat little. Drink little.
Like draw. An artist.
Love draw. Love no other thing.
He like you. New thing to draw.
If you understand me, old man.
Striking. Ugly. Eh?
Yes. Yes, I see...
Another, for instance,
love remember words.
Remember wonderful, more than any.
Think? No.
Draw? No.
Remember? Yes.
Histories. All things.
Hear once, remember ever.
Yes, yes.
Astonishing. You're all fitted
to only one purpose,
an absolute specificity of function,
to think, to draw, to teach,
to remember.
Yes. Good show. Probably.
And only those attributes that will
help that skill along flourish, yes?
The rest of the body atrophies.
Don't quite follow you, old man.
Not know.
Er...shrivels, dies away.
Hmm! On moon, all know place.
Born to that place.
And you have no idea of anything
other than the function
for which you were bred?
Why should we?
But who decides this?
Decides? Yes.
There must be some administrator,
a power, a prime minister.
Er, a president?
A king!
The Grand Lunar.
Oh!
What happens now?

See Grand Lunar.
Yes, I got that.
An audience.
But how shall we communicate?
Hmm! The Grand Lunar
take learning from me.
Can he do that?
Yes, old man, most certainly.
Man.
Er, yes, sir.
Man.
Man. From Earth.
That's right.
Extraordinary! Wonderful!
I wish to know
the state of your world
and why you have come to this.
Yes, of course.
A perfectly reasonable request.
The Earth is to the moon
what the sun is to the Earth.
Our astronomical observations
had led us to believe
your world was uninhabitable.
As did ours
with regard to the moon.
And what do you know
of the interior of your world?
The...interior?
Well, nothing.
But does not your ruler,
your Grand Earthly,
desire to know such things?
We have no...Grand Earthly.
We have democracy.
Well, mostly.
All men rule.
All?!
Gentleman of private means
is willing to lend money.
Gentleman of private means...
Derby hat.
Nice. Sane. Normal.
Sane. Normal.

Lady in distress wishes to
dispose of some fish knives...
Lady in distress wishes to
dispose of some fish knives
and forks.
Could have done with those
fish knives on the moon.
Fish knives on the moon!
Could have seen off one of those
Selenites with a fish knife.
Yes, the moon! I went there.
It was charming. It was charming.
Charming! It was charming.
A cottage for rent.
Excellent terms, summer's lease.
A cottage. Excellent terms,
summer's lease. Cottage.
Bricks, mortar, slates...
Sunshine.
Sunshine, rain... Oh, God!
Hello.
An ironclad can fire shot for 12
miles and go through 20 foot
of metal.
And torpedoes.
We can steer torpedoes underwater.
You mean to say that you run about
over the surface of your world,
this world whose riches you have
scarcely begun to scrape,
killing one another?
Well...
Yes.
Why?
Well, for profit, or territory.
For, you know...
..stuff.
But surely man does not like war?
I'm afraid men of my race
consider battle
the most glorious experience
of life.
But we are not all alike!
I came here purely in a spirit

of exploration, to learn.
Your moon is a miracle to me.
Beautiful.
Astounding.
You have told me of your cities,
your ships, your guns.
But how did you come to be here? Ah!
Well, I'm afraid I might have to
blow my own trumpet a little there.
Trum...pet?
Yes, er, a little invention of mine.
I call it Cavorite.
Tell me of...Cavorite.
Hello there!
Hello?
England? Is this England?
Well, of course it is.
Oh, God!
Oh, Lord! I made it! I got back!
I say, what on earth is that thing?
Can you tell me where we are?
West Wittering.
West...? It's incredible.
It's almost back where we started.
Have you been wrecked or something?
Er, yes.
By Jove, you must have had a time
of it. Is that a sort of life raft?
Er, something of the kind.
Look, I need help. Well, yes, yes!
And food. Bacon. Eggs. Anything.
Yes, well, I'll help you up
to the hotel. Wait. I have...
(I have some things
I can't leave lying about.)
Oh? Gold.
Ah! There's more of it
in the sphere.
I have to get it out.
No, no.
Y-You stay here and rest.
I'll get them for you.
Oh, thanks. You're a pal.
By all means.

It's the least I can do.
You just get your puff back.
Oh, for pity's sake, don't touch...
..anything.
'And so ended my lunar adventure.
'I had some gold, of course,
'and that got me started, though
I didn't do very well, I'm afraid.'
I never was much of a businessman.
But you never went back?
How could I?
The sphere was lost for ever,
and I knew no more of the secret
of Cavorite than...
..than the man in the moon.
I had my precious kinematograph
reels, of course,
but no-one's ever taken them
seriously.
They say I must have faked it all
in a film studio.
What about Professor Cavor?
Did he ever come back?
No.
No, he never did.
But I heard from him.
How? By wireless.
Huh?
'About six months later, I read
of a Dutchman called Wendigee.
'He had been experimenting
with a certain apparatus
'akin to that used by Tesla.
'His hope was to discover some method
of communication with Mars.
'What he received instead
was a series of garbled messages
'that seemed to come from the moon.'
'I have been given
a great deal of freedom -
'perhaps more than they realise,
'or I would not have been able
to construct this machine.
'I was a fool to tell the Grand

Lunar so much about Cavorite,
'for now mankind's troubles
are only beginning.
'Bedford and I showed them violence,
gave them a taste of our quality,
'and I, idiot that I am,
did my best to finish the job
'with my tales of battles
and conquest and empire.
'Now the Selenites
are plotting, planning.
'To preserve their way of life
they can see only one recourse...
'a pre-emptive strike
against the Earth.
'But there is yet a chance of
saving humanity.
'God knows, I blame myself
'for bringing both the Earth
and the moon to this sorry pass.'
What have you done, old man?
Something very like almost happened
during its first creation,
you see, my friend.
I told Bedford.
All the air above the Cavorite
ceases to have any weight
and is forced up violently.
The air that rushes in to replace it
immediately loses weight,
and so on and so on.
And now there is nothing
to stop the process.
The Cavorite has soaked
into the ground.
As soon as it's cooled,
all of the moon's air
will squirt out into space.
I'm... I'm so very sorry.
That's my story.
Believe it if you like, or don't.
It doesn't matter to me.
Jim?
Jim, where on earth have you been?

No, no, I don't want to go!
I'm ever so sorry.
Has he been a nuisance?
Always asking questions, is Jim.
Not at all, sir. Not at all.
Go on, Jim, you have to get home.
It's a special day.
Didn't I tell you not to wander off?
Thanks for looking after him.
Mr Bedford? Hm?
Thanks.
Thank you.
Come on, then, we have to hurry.
It doesn't start for ages, does it?
It doesn't matter! I want to get
settled! The build-up.
'Houston, this is Neil. Radio check.'
'Neil, this is Houston.
Loud and clear. Break. Break.
'Buzz, this is Houston.'
Can't keep my eyes open.
Come on, woman, it's historic,
is this.
Oh, my tea's gone cold.
'Roger, TV circuit breaker's in.'
Would anyone like a pikelet?
I'd like a pikelet.
Shut up, we're missing it!
'We're getting a picture on the TV!'
They're taking their time.
'Got a good picture?'
Are you not sleepy, Jim?
'There's a great deal
of contrast in it...'
I might go up.
You're kidding, aren't you?
'..but we can make out
a fair amount of detail.'
This is it.
'I'm going to step off the LM now.
'That's one small step for man...
'..one giant leap for mankind.'
Yes!
Have I missed it?

Good on you! Bloody hell!
Oh, stop swearing, Norman.
To hell with it. This is
amazing, isn't it, Jim? Yeah!
You'll always remember today,
won't you?
Yeah. Yeah, I will.
'The surface is fine and powdery.'
'I can kick it up loosely
with my toe.'