

# Excerpt terms and conditions

This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

---

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

---

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest you read the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

# The First Men in the Moon

An Alien Voices Production

Adapted by  
NAT SEGALOFF and JOHN de LANCIE

– Manuscript Version –

Original story by  
H.G. WELLS



**Dramatic Publishing**

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

\*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\*

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our Web site: [www.dramaticpublishing.com](http://www.dramaticpublishing.com), or we may be contacted by mail at: DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, P.O. Box 129, Woodstock IL 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

©MCMXCIX by  
ALIEN VOICES, INC.

Printed in the United States of America  
*All Rights Reserved*  
(THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON—  
Radio Play Manuscript)

ISBN: 0-87129-966-6

## IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author(s) of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author(s) *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author(s), if included in this book, may be used on all programs. *On all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

# The First Men in the Moon

A Radio Play

For a flexible cast

(playing multiple roles, if desired)

VOICES (in order of speaking)

Announcer  
Bedford  
Wendigee  
Silas  
Simon  
Cavor  
Edgar  
Henry  
Tripplehorn  
Tsi-Puff  
Phi-oo  
Grand Lunar

# The First Men in the Moon

Adapted by Nat Segaloff and John de Lancie  
An Alien Voices Production  
Original story by H.G. Wells

**MUSIC: Accompany when appropriate.**

ANNOUNCER

There is, today, on the moon, an American flag— placed there by the astronauts of Apollo 11. A plaque beside it has these words: “Here men from the planet earth first set foot on the moon, July, 1969. We came in peace for all mankind.” But readers of literature know that H.G. Wells traveled to that “pale-faced orb” long before Neil Armstrong arrived. Come, now, as we take one small step for men— and one giant leap for science fiction.

INT. WENDIGEE RADIO SHOP— NIGHT

1

**SOUND: Loud banging on wooden door.**

BEDFORD

Is anybody there?

WENDIGEE

I’m coming, I’m coming!

BEDFORD

Open up! Open up!

**SOUND: Banging continues, more insistently.**

WENDIGEE

I said I was coming. Making a racket— ought to call the—

**SOUND: Opens the door.**

BEDFORD  
Are you Julius Wendigee?

WENDIGEE  
What...?

BEDFORD  
I said, are you Wendigee?

WENDIGEE  
Yes, but who are you...

BEDFORD  
Then I must use your wireless  
immediately!

WENDIGEE  
Who do you think you are, barging into  
my shop...

BEDFORD  
Do you or do you not have a wireless  
transmitter on the premises?

WENDIGEE  
Well...yes, I do, but it's just  
experimental...

BEDFORD  
Damn it, Wendigee! It's a message for  
the entire world!

WENDIGEE  
The entire world, indeed, Mr., um, Mr.—  
whatever your name is...

BEDFORD  
They're coming!

WENDIGEE  
Who's coming?

BEDFORD  
(as if to a child)  
They're coming from the moon!

WENDIGEE

What did you say?

BEDFORD

The moon! I wouldn't have believed it myself, except—

WENDIGEE

Good God, man! Why didn't you say that in the first place? Follow me— in here! To the transmitter! As quickly as you can—

**SOUND: Walking to radio room.**

(To Silas, o.s.)

Silas! We have a witness—

**SOUND: Morse code oscillator and static.**

SILAS

I think I'm getting the signal now.

BEDFORD

A signal?

WENDIGEE

Yes! Whatever your name is, stranger, your timing is astonishing. Last night we had the most unusual message from a man who purports to be— of all places— on the moon!

BEDFORD

What? Receiving a signal from the moon?

WENDIGEE

Yes! That's what I said! The moon!

BEDFORD

That can't be!

WENDIGEE

He says his name is Cavor, James Cavor.

BEDFORD  
But that's impossible! I left James  
Cavor for dead!

***SOUND: Code continues; gets louder.***

SILAS  
It's the same message as last night.  
This Cavor fellow insists that a friend  
of his abandoned him on the moon. A man  
named Bedford.

BEDFORD  
Bedford? I am Bedford! And I abandoned  
no one!

SILAS  
(translating)  
He says, "That coward, Bedford. He  
abandoned me—"

***NOTE: Actors overlap and interrupt.***

BEDFORD  
Slander! I tried to save him!

SILAS  
We're losing the signal— he's fading.

***SOUND: Morse code stops— we hear static.***

BEDFORD  
He can't! He can't be! I must speak with him.

SILAS  
He's gone.

BEDFORD  
Get him back.

SILAS  
I'll do what I can, but—

BEDFORD  
Get him back, I tell you!

WENDIGEE

Calm yourself—

BEDFORD

Alive? How could he be alive?

***SOUND: Decanter; drink being poured.***

WENDIGEE

In the meantime, I think you'd better explain yourself, Mr. Bedford. After all, you're talking about men on the moon! Here. Have this drink and start your story— at the beginning.

BEDFORD

That I will— gladly!

***SOUND: He drinks.***

***MUSIC: Throughout narration.***

BEDFORD (N)

My adventures with James Cavor began two months ago. Some of my business dealings in town had gone sour and I'd borrowed a friend's country house to relax. As I sat on my porch late one afternoon—

EXT. COUNTRY HOME— SUNSET

2

***SOUND: Cross-fade to birds chirping.***

***SOUND: Bicycle bell.***

SIMON

Here's your paper, Mr. Bedford.

BEDFORD

Thank you, Simon. Beautiful sunset, eh?

SIMON

That it is, sir.

***SOUND: Cavor comes in.***

CAVOR  
(makes buzzing with mouth)

SIMON  
Oh-oh.

BEDFORD  
What's the matter, lad?

SIMON  
Here comes Mr. Cavor. He's got his head  
on the clouds. Gotta run.

**SOUND: Bicycle bell rings.**

CAVOR  
(louder buzzing noise)

BEDFORD  
(to himself)  
Oh, that sound again!

CAVOR  
(buzzing continues)

BEDFORD  
Good evening, sir.  
(No response)  
I say, good evening—  
(No response)  
Hello? Hello, there? Excuse me, sir—

CAVOR  
Hmm? Yes? Me?

BEDFORD  
Yes. You have walked by my house every  
evening at this time for the past two  
weeks, and I can't help but notice that  
you are so preoccupied, you never even  
look at the sunset.

CAVOR  
(breaking reverie)  
I what?

BEDFORD  
I say you never look at the sunset.

CAVOR  
Do I? I mean, I don't?

BEDFORD  
No. And you are always making that noise.

CAVOR  
What noise?

BEDFORD  
That buzzing.  
(Imitates the buzzing)  
Listen to yourself.

CAVOR  
I do that?

BEDFORD  
Yes.

CAVOR  
Oh, well, it's just a habit. Nothing to it.

BEDFORD  
Yes, well— in any case— allow me to introduce myself— I'm Jeremiah Bedford.

CAVOR  
And I am James Cavor.

BEDFORD  
And what do you do, Mr. Cavor— besides imitate bees?

CAVOR  
I invent things.

BEDFORD  
Oh? Would I know of any of them?

CAVOR  
Have you ever heard of the motor car?

BEDFORD  
(impressed)  
Why yes! Did you invent that!?

CAVOR  
No.  
(Pause)  
But I happen to be on the verge of a discovery even more important. I had no idea I was making such an annoying sound. Now you've made me quite self-conscious—

BEDFORD  
I'm sorry. That wasn't my intention. Uh— what is this “most important discovery” you're working on?

CAVOR  
You wouldn't understand it.

BEDFORD  
Perhaps I would.

CAVOR  
No one does. It has to do with the photochemical reaction of elements on the activity levels of particulates. Or as you might call it, radiant energy.

BEDFORD  
You're quite right. I don't understand.

CAVOR  
Let me simplify it, then: I am developing a way to neutralize gravity. And there you have it. Nice meeting you.

**SOUND: Cavor walks off, buzzing.**

**MUSIC: Playful (used as transition).**

BEDFORD (N)

And he walked away, resuming that infernal buzzing. HMMMMMMM— an anti-gravity machine! If nothing else, it seemed quite fantastic— and, possibly, quite profitable. The next day I decided to pay a visit to Mr. Cavor's workshop—

INT. CAVOR'S WORKSHOP— DAY

3

**MUSIC: Concludes.**

**SOUND: Hammers on metal; sawing; workshop.**

CAVOR

(preoccupied)

Oh, Bedford! What a— surprise— seeing you here.

BEDFORD

I've come to see your anti-gravity machine, Cavor, but you seem to be in the middle of something.

CAVOR

Not at all. This is the perfect time.

EDGAR

Excuse me, Mr. Cavor, we've reached 270 degrees.

CAVOR

Excellent, Edgar! Now mix in the helium and increase it to 450.

BEDFORD

If I'm in the way—

CAVOR

Nonsense. But it's not a machine, it's a material. We're about to make a sheet of it. Here, take these goggles.

BEDFORD  
I'm afraid I'm confused.

CAVOR  
It is a substance that will block the effects of gravity.

BEDFORD  
But that's impossible!

CAVOR  
Not at all. Think of light, and the way it passes through glass. If you put a piece of metal in the way, the light is blocked. This substance will do the same thing to the force of gravity. Cover an object with it, and gravity has no effect: the object becomes weightless. I've decided to call my discovery "Cavorite."

EDGAR  
We're ready to pour, sir.

CAVOR  
(buzzing)

EDGAR  
(more urgently)  
We'll need your attention here, Mr. Cavor.

**SOUND: Loud bubbling, blast furnace; winch.**

CAVOR  
Right. Hoist the cauldron— careful, it's molten hot— stand back. Put your goggles on, Bedford!

EDGAR  
Ready with the winch—

HENRY  
— it's in position—

CAVOR

Go ahead and pour— mind the splatter—

HENRY

It's filling the mold. Watch the level.  
Almost— almost—

ALL

(ad lib)

Ahhhhhhh! Wonderful, Oooo, etc.

CAVOR

There it is, Bedford! A sheet of pure  
Cavorite—

BEDFORD

It's beautiful! It's like looking into  
a pool of twilight.

CAVOR

Yes, optical displacement is a by-  
product of the process. And as it  
cools, it will start to exhibit its  
anti-gravitational properties—

***SOUND: Strong wind increasing. The men will have to  
shout over debris crashing, etc.***

BEDFORD

(shouting over wind)

What's happening?

CAVOR

(shouting)

Nothing to worry about.

(To workmen)

Close all the windows, and shut the  
chimney, men—

EDGAR

(shouting)

They are closed, Mr. Cavor.

HENRY

(shouting)

Storm's inside the workshop, sir.