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MOONBOUND!

Book and Lyrics by Frank Moher

Music by Antonio Gradanti and Frank Moher

Freely based on H.G. Wells' *First Men in the Moon*

SONG LIST

ACT ONE

"On the Moon" (Ensemble)

"Cavorite!" (Dr. Cavor, Bedford, Scraggs, Gibbs)

"On the Moon (Reprise)" (Cavor, Miss Dawson)

"Diggin'" (Wizlip)

"The Moon Plants Dance" (The Moon Plants)

"Ordinary" (Floormax, Doder, Yump, The Gribbet, Ensemble)

"Probably" (Shrinklie)

"Gold" (Gibbs)

"The Chase" (Cavor, Dawson, Shrinklie, Wizlip, Moon Soldiers)

"Carry On" (Cavor, Dawson, Shrinklie, Wizlip, Ensemble)

ACT TWO

"We Know Our Place" (Ensemble)

"I Used to be Me" (The Grand Lunar)

"Probably (Reprise)" (Cavor)

"The Earth!" (Antonio Gradanti, Ensemble)

"It Doesn't Take a Lot to Understand" (Cavor, Wizlip)

"Somewhere on the Moon" (Cavor)

"Enough" (Gibbs, Dawson)

"On the Moon/Cavorite (Finale)" (Ensemble)

ACT ONE

Scene 1:

(Three SCRUBWOMEN on their knees,
with pails and brushes.)

SONG: ON THE MOON

SCRUBWOMEN

THE SUN IS SLOWLY RISING
AND THE MILKMAN'S AT THE DOOR
AND THE MASTER WILL BE GETTIN' OUT OF BED, SOON
AND THE LOO'S WILL ALL NEED SCRUBBIN'
ONCE WE'RE FINISHED THIS 'ERE FLOOR
AND THE LAUNDRY WILL BE PILIN' UP ALL DAY
BUT THOUGH WE'RE VERY LOYAL
IN OUR 'ARDSHIP AND OUR TOIL
ON THE WHOLE WE'D RATHER BE ON THE MOON!

(THREE WORKMEN ENTER, WITH
SHOVELS.)

WORKMEN

WE'LL BUILD YOUR LOVELY MANSIONS
AND WE'LL SHOVEL UP YOUR COAL
AND TEND YOUR ROSES EVEN THOUGH WE'RE ROUGH-HEWN
AND YOU'LL NEVER 'EAR US QUIBBLE
THOUGH OUR FEET GET SORE AND SWOLL
AND WE'LL DO IT FOR YOUR SAD EXCUSE FOR PAY
BUT WHILE WE'RE GAILY SMILIN'
A MENTAL NOTE WE'RE FILIN'
ON THE WHOLE WE'D RATHER BE ON THE MOON!

SCRUB WOMEN & WORKMEN

ON THE MOON THERE AIN'T NO PAUPERS NOR NO RICH MEN
ON THE MOON YOUR NEIGHBOUR ALWAYS LENDS A HAND
AND THERE WON'T BE CAUSE TO SQUABBLE NOR TO SNITCH THEN
'CAUSE THE MOON DON'T HAVE NO BOBBIES NOR NO LAND --
LORDS!

(MUSIC BRIDGE. THE BANKERS ENTER.)

BANKERS

WE SEE TO THE ECONOMY
BY MOVING POUNDS AROUND
AND CRUNCHING NUMBERS TILL WE'RE NEARLY TIPSY
AND WE WORK IN TINY CUBICLES
AND NEVER MAKE A SOUND
AND WE'LL DO IT TILL OUR HAIR HAS TURNED TO GREY

BUT THOUGH WE'RE NOT COMPLAINING
 WE'RE REALLY JUST EXPLAINING
 ON THE MOON IS WHERE WE'D REALLY RATHER BE!

(MUSICAL BREAK AS NOW ALL SORTS OF
 CITIZENS OF LONDON ENTER, MINGLE,
 AND INTERACT UNHAPPILY, PICK-
 POCKETING ONE ANOTHER, GETTING
 SPLASHED BY PASSING CARRIAGES,
 HAVING SLOSH BUCKETS DUMPED ON
 THEIR HEADS, ETC.)

THEN, CROSSFADE TO ANOTHER PART OF
 THE STAGE. A LIGHT RISES ON WIZLIP,
 A LITTLE MOONGIRL. SHE'S ON THE
 MOON.)

WIZLIP

THEY SAY IT'S VERY PRETTY THERE
 THEY SAY IT'S NOT SO FAR
 THEY SAY THAT IF YOU LOOK SHARP YOU MIGHT FIND IT
 (SHE'S JOINED BY DODER, HER DAD.)
 AND THOUGH I KNOW IT'S SILLY TO BELIEVE IN MAKE-BELIEVE
 IT MIGHT JUST BE BELIEVING MAKES IT REAL
 SO ALTHOUGH YOU KNOW I'D NEVER
 LEAVE THE VERY BEST PLACE EVER
 STILL I HOPE SOMEDAY WE'LL SEE
 DOWN THERE . . .

(FADE ON WIZLIP AND DODER. BACK
 TO:)

ALL THE LONDONERS

ON THE MOON THERE AIN'T NO PAUPERS NOR NO RICH MEN
 ON THE MOON YOUR NEIGHBOUR ALWAYS LENDS A HAND
 AND THERE WON'T BE CAUSE TO SQUABBLE NOR TO SNITCH THEN
 'CAUSE THE MOON DON'T HAVE NO COPPERS NOR NO LAND --
 LORDS!

IT'S NOT THAT WE'RE UNHAPPY WITH
 OUR LOT DOWN HERE ON EARTH
 DODGING CARRIAGES AND GETTING STUCK IN MONSOONS
 AND IT MAKES US QUITE DELIRIOUS
 IT FILLS US UP WITH MIRTH
 T'WAKE UP HERE EVERY SINGLE BLEEDIN' DAY
 BUT THOUGH WE'RE 'APPY CAMPERS
 PLAYING POLO, DRINKING CHAMPERS
 ON THE WHOLE WE'D RATHER BE
 ON -- THE -- MOON!

Scene 2:

(The workshop/laboratory of Dr. Cavor, in Lympne, England. CAVOR, with fly-away grey hair and wearing a wrinkled white lab-coat, stands behind a workbench, holding a large piece of metal to which he applies grey-blue paint. Upstage, from behind a high and wide curtain, come sounds of hammering and sawing, rather loud.)

From off, DAWSON approaches, calling:)

DAWSON

Dr. Cavor? Dr. Cavor!

(CAVOR hurriedly places the metal piece on the workbench, and draws two straps over it, which he cinches into place.)

DAWSON enters. She is an attractive young woman, severely dressed.)

DAWSON

Dr. Cavor! May I have a word with you?

CAVOR

(Finishing.)

Oh. Yes. Certainly. Absolutely. Yes.

DAWSON

(Observing what he's up to.)

Are you expecting that piece of metal to go somewhere?

CAVOR

What? Oh! No, haha! Certainly not.

DAWSON

It's almost as if you expect it to go flying off into space.

CAVOR

Oh. A-HA! A-HA-HA! A-HA-HA-HA!

(Beat.)

No.

DAWSON

Dr. Cavor. As I mentioned to you at the market the other day, I am presently in Lympne on holiday. If you must know, I am attempting to recover from certain -- reversals in business. I require rest and relaxation, and --

(The noise from behind the curtain grows louder.)

-- I cannot have it with this infernal racket going on next door!

CAVOR

What? Oh, yes, so sorry, I'll just --

(He steps to the curtain, calls:)

Gibbs. Bedford. Scraggs. Could you step out here for a moment?

(GIBBS, BEDFORD, SCRAGGS, three working types, do.)

GIBBS

Yes, Dr. Cavor?

CAVOR

This is Miss Dawson, our new neighbour. She is complaining that we --

DAWSON

I say, what do you have going on back there?

(She steps towards the curtain, CAVOR moves to block her way.)

CAVOR

Nothing! Nothing, just a small -- renovation project.

DAWSON

I see. Well, if you could see your way to hammering a little less earnestly, I should be most grateful.

CAVOR

Absolutely. Absolutely, Miss Dawson, I am most terribly sorry. Now, may I show you to the parlour and offer you a cup of tea?

DAWSON

No, thankyou. I shall try to resume my nap.

CAVOR

Ah, splendid.

DAWSON
(With a last glance at the
curtain.)

Dr. Cavor. Gentlemen.

(She goes.)

GIBBS
I'm sorry, Doctor. We almost gave the game away.

CAVOR
No, no, it's all right, Gibbs. There is no progress without
risk. But do try to keep the noise down, will you?

GIBBS
Yes, sir.
(To BEDFORD and SCRAGGS.)
Do you 'ear that, you two? KEEP -- THE NOISE -- DOWN!

BEDFORD & SCRAGGS
Yes, Gibbs/ Sorry, Doctor/ Won't 'appen again.

CAVOR
But. If things work out as I rather think they will, our
project won't be a secret for much longer.

BEDFORD
Do you really think it can work, sir? This -- paint of
yours?

CAVOR
Do I think it can work, Bedford?
(He unstraps the piece of metal,
holds it before him. Lets go. It
rises into the air.)
Yes. I do.

GIBBS
Streuth!

SCRAGGS
You've done it, sir!

CAVOR
Yes, gentlemen. I've done it.
(He hoists a paint can.)
Cavorite! Gravity -- has met its match!

SONG: CAVORITE

(At certain points during the following CAVOR and the OTHERS paint objects and then let them float into the air.)

CAVOR

DAVINCI INVENTED THE SUB
AND NEWTON COULD PEER INTO SPACE
J. GUTENBERG SAID ROLL THE PRESS
THUS PROVING QUITE SIMPLY HE'S NOT SECOND BEST

MISS CURIE DISCOVERED X-RAYS
TOM EDISON TURNED ON THE LIGHTS
AND HERSHEY IS CERTAINLY SWEET
BUT NONE CAN COMPETE WITH A MAGICAL FEAT LIKE MY

CAVORITE!

IT MAKES OBJECTS MOST STRANGELY LIGHT
YOU CAN USE IT BOTH DAY AND NIGHT
ON WHATEVER YOU PLEASE

CAVORITE!

IT'S A THINKING MAN'S FAVOUR TE
JUST BE CERTAIN TO SAY IT RIGHT
WHEN AMONGST DEVOTEES

SCRAGGS

THE GRAMOPHONE'S QUITE A MACHINE

BEDFORD

AND CAMERAS CAUGHT ON IN A FLASH (FLASH!)

CAVOR

THE GYROSCOPE SETS MY HEART SPINNING
THOUGH FOUCAULT HIMSELF WAS NOT NEARLY SO WINNING

BUT TELEPHONES ANSWERED THE CALL

GIBBS

AND BATTERIES CAME AS A SHOCK (SHOCK!)

SCRAGGS

THE FOUNTAIN PEN COMES IN QUITE HANDY
THOUGH IT MAKES ME QUITE RANDY THAT NONE IS AS DANDY AS

ALL

CAVORITE!

MAKING OBJECTS INSANELY LIGHT

AND THE SCEPTICS DEMUR DESPITE
WHAT THEIR EYES PLAINLY SEE

CAVORITE!
AN INVENTION MOST PLAINLY BRIGHT
THEY'LL BE CERTAIN TO SAY IT RIGHT
WHEN THEY'RE GRANTING DEGREES!

CAVOR

Very good! Back to work now, gentlemen. Soon we shall start the painting process, and then -- the sky is *no longer* the limit!

(BEDFORD and SCRAGGS scurry behind the curtain. CAVOR goes back to work. GIBBS approaches him.)

GIBBS

Doctor? May I have a word with you?

CAVOR

What? Oh, yes, certainly Gibbs. Always.

GIBBS

You know, Doctor . . . a person could make quite a pretty fortune with such an invention.

CAVOR

A -- ?

GIBBS

Fortune, Doctor. Money. Oh I know that sort of thing is beneath you genius types, but -- say you and I kept this little development a secret between us.

CAVOR

But -- Bedford and Scraggs already know about it.

GIBBS

Yes, that is a problem. But I'm sure it can be taken care of, hmm? And then once we're able to secure a patent, we --

CAVOR

A patent? Oh no, ha ha, Gibbs, no. Cavorite shall be used for the common good.

GIBBS

Yes, well that sounds very lovely and all, but -

CAVOR

What's more, I should be ashamed to make a single penny from it. That is not why I invented it, you understand. That is not why any true inventor does what he does. One invents because it is what separates us from the monkeys. Now, if you will excuse me, it is time for my tea.

(CAVOR exits. GIBBS takes out a whiskey flask.)

GIBBS

The common good. The common good, my eye.

(He takes a swig. Paints something with Cavorite, lets it rise into the air. Considers it.)

That ain't common.

(Hammering, sawing from behind the curtain.)

Oh for pity's sake - I TOLD YOU TWO TO KEEP IT DOWN!

(He goes. Music.)

Scene 3:

(In the dark, a rumbling noise. Lights up as BEDFORD runs on from behind the curtain.)

BEDFORD

Dr. Cavor! Dr. Cavor!

(CAVOR hurries on.)

CAVOR

Yes, Bedford. What is it?

BEDFORD

The sphere. It's breaking free!

CAVOR

What? How?

BEDFORD

The burners went out, sir. And, well, you know . . .

CAVOR

Oh good heavens. Show me!

(SCRAGGS has also emerged from behind the curtain, and now the

three of them draw it aside to
 reveal . . .

The sphere. Enormous, floating in
 mid-air, built from metal painted
 Cavorite grey-blue. We can see that
 it was anchored by four great
 chains, but three have now snapped
 and fallen away, leaving it tugging
 lopsidedly at the remaining one.)

CAVOR

It works! Ha ha! By god, it works!

SCRAGGS

Yes, lovely Doctor, but what are we going to *do*?

CAVOR

Do? Oh, yes, quite right. Do. Ask Gibbs. He'll know.

BEDFORD

I don't know where he is!

CAVOR

Oh. No Gibbs. I see. Well --

(DAWSON comes charging in.)

DAWSON

Now see here, this is too much! I asked you quite nicely to
 keep the noise down and --

(Sees the sphere.)

What is that?

CAVOR

That, Miss Dawson, is the world's first, fully functional,
 interspatial aircraft!

DAWSON

Inter -- ?

CAVOR

Spatial. Designed to travel from here --

(He inscribes an arc in the sky.)

-- to there!

DAWSON

There?

CAVOR

Anywhere! Provided, that is, it's not down here!
(BEDFORD and SCRAGGS have lassoed
the sphere with ropes, but to
little avail.)

SCRAGGS

(Exasperated.)

Dr. Cavor!

CAVOR

What? Oh, yes, yes . . .

(Moving to the sphere.)

Unfortunately, my timeline appears to have been unexpectedly advanced. You see, the sphere is painted in Cavorite, a substance with gravity defying properties. However, the Cavorite must at all times be maintained at a temperature of 61 degrees farenheit. The moment it cools to below 61 degrees farenheit, it becomes active, and the sphere becomes airborne. As you can see.

DAWSON

Astonishing.

CAVOR

Have you tried reigniting the burners, Bedford?

BEDFORD

Yes sir. No luck.

CAVOR

Hm. Well then, there is only one thing for me to do. PREPARE TO LAUNCH!

SCRAGGS

Launch, sir?

CAVOR

Fate visits necessity upon one, gentlemen, and fate shall not be denied. Get the ladder, would you Scraggs? And where in the world is Gibbs?!

DAWSON

Wait! I want to go with you.

CAVOR

What? Oh. HAHAAHAHA! Good one, Miss Dawson.

DAWSON

Are you laughing at me, Doctor?

CAVOR

What? No.

DAWSON

I take it is your intention to be the first person in space.

CAVOR

Something like that, yes.

DAWSON

If you think I am going to allow you to reserve that honour for your gender only, you are sadly mistaken. Besides, I expect there are some good business opportunities in space.
(She helps SCRAGGS with the ladder, starts up it.)

CAVOR

But Miss Dawson --

DAWSON

Are you coming or aren't you?

CAVOR

Yes, I suppose I am.

(He starts up.)

Bedford, Scraggs. You'll hold down the fort while I'm gone, will you?

BEDFORD & SCRAGGS

Oh yes sir. Absolutely, Doc.

CAVOR

And please tell Gibbs -- wherever he is -- I said goodbye.
(DAWSON has already disappeared into the sphere. CAVOR stands at the top of the ladder, looks about.)

CAVOR (Cont.)

Farewell, dear Earth. Parting is such . . . well, rather jolly actually.

(He climbs into the sphere, which lights up from within, as the stage around it goes dark.)

Anchors aweigh!

BEDFORD & SCRAGGS
(From the dark.)

Anchors aweigh!

(A groan of metal, the clank of the chain falling. CAVOR and DAWSON now stand in a comfortably appointed Victorian-era room at the center of the sphere.)

DAWSON

By the way, Doctor, do we have any particular destination?

CAVOR

Well, uh . . . first things first, I suppose. How about -- the moon!

SONG: ON THE MOON (REPRISE)

CAVOR

I KNOW IT'S VERY SILLY
YES IT'S REALLY QUITE INSANE
TO GO CASTING OFF LIKE PIRATES SEEKING FORT NE

DAWSON

AND I REALLY SHOULD BE TENDING
TO MY BUSINESS HERE AT HOME
AND LEAVE DIVERSIONS TO ANOTHER DAY

BOTH

BUT MY HEART IS IN A RIOT
AND I REALLY CAN'T DENY IT
ON THE WHOLE I'D RATHER BE
ON - THE - MOON!

Scene 4:

(Ethereal, moon-y music. The Moon looks pretty much as you'd expect. Chalky. Craters. Bright stars against a dark sky.

WIZLIP, a little moongirl, runs on, carrying some kind of small sack. She looks like an upright aphid, but with longer arms and impressive claws. She calls:)

WIZLIP

Large one. Laaaaaarge one!

(DODER, her Father, enters. He carries a mooncalf poker.)

DODER

Wizlip! What in Frum's name are you doing out here?

(She gives him the moonsack.)

WIZLIP

You forgot your mibbet. First One told me to bring it to you.

DODER

So I did. I'd forget me own grogger if it weren't screwed on.

(He calls off.)

This way, lad. Bring `er over here.

(FLIPPID, a moonworker, backs on, tugging on a rope that extends up and out of sight. We hear the bellow of a mooncalf [or perhaps we see it?]. Like Wizlip and Doder, FLIPPID resembles an insect.

WIZLIP looks up at the mooncalf.)

WIZLIP

The Roomblap seems awfully grumpy today.

DODER

Mm. Must be the full Bloom.

(He moves to help.)

WIZLIP

Anyway, I came here to work on my dig!

(She kneels at a hole in the ground, takes a small moonshovel from it.)

FLIPPID

Your what, Wizzy?

WIZLIP

My dig. To Down There! I think I've almost reached it.

(FLIPPID runs over to see, abandoning DODER.)

FLIPPID

Really?

DODER

'Ey!

WIZLIP

I think so!

DODER

Get back 'ere and take care of business! And Wizzy, quit makin' things up.

(FLIPPID takes over the rope again, leads the Roomblap away. DODER moves to WIZLIP.)

Wizzy. I don't mean to spoil your fun. I just don't want you to be disappointed when you don't get there.

WIZLIP

But what if I do?

DODER

Well that's not likely.

WIZLIP

But what if it is?

DODER

Well if it is, it's not something we need to know!

(Pause. WIZLIP is deflated.)

And even if there was a Down There . . . it wouldn't be for the likes of us.

(He rises.)

Thanks for me mibbet.

(He goes off. Pause.)

WIZLIP

Oh what's he know?

SONG: DIGGIN'

WIZLIP

I DON'T ASK MUCH
JUST GLEE AND GLITZ AND GLAMOUR
AND BLOOMSHINE EVERY DAY

THERE'S NOT A LOT
I NEED TO KEEP ME HAPPY

(GRABS UP A MOON FLOWER)

JUST JUMBWHALS COME WHAT MAY!

(SHE PUTS THE JUMBWHAL IN HER HAIR)

I'M NOT UNREALISTIC
 JUST SLIGHTLY OPTIMISTIC
 THAT'S WHY I HOLD MY SHOVEL AND I SAY

I'M DIGGIN'
 I'M DIGGIN'!
 I'M DIGGIN' EVERYWHERE
 STOP FRIGGIN'
 START DIGGIN'
 YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING RARE

I KNOW THERE'S GOOD TIMES WAITIN'
 A ROOTLESOME AFFAIR

SO DIGGIN'
 JUST DIGGIN'S
 THE BEST WAY TO GET THERE!

(A DANCE BREAK ON THE THEME OF
 DIGGING. THEN:)

I'M NOT UNREALISTIC
 JUST SLIGHTLY OPTIMISTIC
 THAT'S WHY I HOLD MY SHOVEL AND I SAY

I'M DIGGIN'
 I'M DIGGIN'!
 IT'S HAPPY DIGGIN' DAY
 I'M FIGGRIN'
 THAT DIGGIN'
 WILL SET ME ON MY WAY

AND IF I NEVER GET THERE
 IF DOWN THERE'S JUST A LIE

(MUSIC PEAKS; END DIMINUENDO)

I GUESS I'LL
 STOP DIGGIN'
 AND DREAMIN' BY-AND-BY . . .

(After a moment, WIZLIP resumes
 digging, though a little less
 enthusiastically than before.)

FLIPPID runs on, points to the
 air.)

FLIPPID

Watch out!

WIZLIP
 What? Woh!
 (She ducks, as something zips by overhead.)

What was that?

FLIPPID
 A nardvarkle?

WIZLIP
 Not that low. Let's go see where it lands!
 (They run off, as DODER enters from behind.)

DODER
 Flippid? Wizlip! Don't go getting into trouble!
 (They're gone. Exasperated, DODER sits, sighs, opens his mibbet. Regards the hole. Looks around to make sure no one is watching. Kneels to the hole. Starts digging.)

Scene 5:

(Elsewhere on the moon. The sphere has just landed, and rests on the surface lopsidedly. Some of its exterior panels have now been drawn back to reveal panes of glass.

Voices from within.)

CAVOR
 Miss Dawson! Miss Dawson? Are you all right?

DAWSON
 A bit mussed, Dr. Cavor. But otherwise quite all right.

CAVOR
 My apologies. The landing was rather bumpier than I expected. Still, we're here, I believe. Shall we get out and have a look around?

DAWSON
 There's only one problem, Doctor.

CAVOR

Yes?

DAWSON

We don't know if there's oxygen to breathe.

CAVOR

Ahh, you underestimate me, Madame. I've brought along an instrument to test that very thing. Now let me see, where did I put it . . . ?

(We hear rummaging from within. Meantime, WIZLIP and FLIPPID enter, gazing at the sphere. They gingerly approach it, touch it.)

CAVOR

Ah, yes, here we go!

(They zip away and behind some boulders to observe.

From the top of the sphere emerges a burning candle atop a broomstick.)

DAWSON

Is that a broomstick, Doctor?

CAVOR

Quite right.

DAWSON

With a candle tied to it?

CAVOR

Precisely!

DAWSON

Very scientific.

CAVOR

But it does the trick, doesn't it? There, you see? Still burning. We shall have all the oxygen we need.

(The candle and broomstick disappear, and CAVOR's head emerges from the sphere, followed by DAWSON's.)

CAVOR

Oh! My! But it's q-q-q-quite a bit colder than I expected.

DAWSON

And uglier.

CAVOR

Well, Miss Dawson, I dare say ugliness is all in the eye of the beholder. To the residents, if there are any, this might be one of the most beautiful spots around.

(GIBBS pops up through the hatch behind them.)

GIBBS

Where?

CAVOR

Good heavens!

DAWSON

Oh good gracious!

CAVOR

Gibbs! What are you doing here?

GIBBS

Well I fell asleep, didn't I?

CAVOR

In the sphere?

GIBBS

S'right.

CAVOR

And the journey didn't wake you?

GIBBS

Guess not.

DAWSON

You were drunk, weren't you?

GIBBS

Maybe.

CAVOR

Give me strength. Well, you're here now. For better or -- almost certainly -- for worse. We might as well all disembark.

GIBBS

Do what?

DAWSON

Get out of the sphere.

(CAVOR throws a rope ladder to the ground. They start down.)

GIBBS

Don't know what you're mad at me for. You're the ones who brought me to bleedin' --

(He realizes.)

-- Leeds?!

CAVOR

No, not Leeds, Gibbs. Though not a bad guess, now that you mention it.

(Leading them towards a field of boulders.)

No, we are on the moon. Put aside everything you know, friends, for I think it shall not apply here.

(Regarding the boulders.)

These rocks, for example, are most interesting.

DAWSON

(Pointing to the horizon.)

Look!

CAVOR

What?

DAWSON

Coming over the mountains. The sun!

(Glissando. Sunlight slides over the landscape, dazzling them. They turn away.)

DAWSON

Oh!

CAVOR & GIBBS

Oh!

CAVOR

Don't look back, Miss Dawson. The air is very thin. It increases the intensity of the sunlight tenfold!

(The boulders stir, and begin to unfurl.)

Though that doesn't explain why these rocks are moving.

GIBBS

Did you say -- ?

CAVOR

Moving. They appear to be alive.

(The boulders start to grow.)

DAWSON

What is happening?

CAVOR

From the looks of it -- Life! Life is happening, that's what!

(The boulders have extended into a forest of waving plants. The MOON PLANTS DANCE ensues. When it is done.)

GIBBS

I'm going back to the sphere.

CAVOR

No, no, there's no need to be frightened, Gibbs. What we took to be boulders are, in fact, *seeds*. And the light of the sun causes them to germinate, apparently on some sort of diurnal cycle, which means --

GIBBS

-- Which *means*, this place is bloomin' crazy!

CAVOR

Well, uh -- *blooming*, yes.

(WIZLIP runs out from her hiding place.)

WIZLIP

You're aliens, aren't you?

(DAWSON and GIBBS see her, scream.)

DAWSON & GIBBS

Ahh!

(They run from her, and straight towards FLIPPID, who has emerged now too.)

DAWSON & GIBBS

Ahhhh!

CAVOR

Just a moment, you two, I believe it's trying to communicate with us.

(To WIZLIP.)

How do you do, I am --

DAWSON

(Tugging him away.)

Oh don't be ridiculous, Doctor, it's a monster. What could it possibly have to say?

GIBBS

(Pointing at FLIPPID, who happens to be standing in front of the sphere.)

It's trying to keep us from getting back to the sphere!

FLIPPID

Excuse me?

GIBBS

They're probably armed!

DAWSON

They're probably -- *ANARCHISTS!!!*

GIBBS

I'm sorry to have to do this, Doctor, but it's for your own good.

(He picks up CAVOR and bodily hauls him away.)

CAVOR

(Calling back to WIZLIP.)

Don't go anywhere! I'll be back! I'll be baaaaaaack!!
(They are off.)

FLIPPID

What are they afraid of us for? They're the ugly ones.

WIZLIP

That was exciting. I gotta go tell someone!

(She runs off. FLIPPID moves to inspect the sphere, then starts to climb the rope ladder.)

Music under as we move to . . .)

Scene 6:

(WIZLIP's moon home. Her mother, FLOORMAX, appears in light, eyes cast upwards.)

SONG: ORDINARY

FLOORMAX

FRUM UP IN BUMBLE
MADE US QUITE PERFECT-
LY UNIMPORTANT
BORING AND SMALL

PIOUS AND HUMBLE
NEVER COMPLAINING
MODEST AND KINDLY
BUT MOST OF ALL . . .

WE ARE
ORDINARY
VERY VERY
ORDINARY
JUST US

(YUMP, HER TEENAGE SON, AND DODER JOIN HER. FLOORMAX AND DODER RUB ELBOWS, WHICH IS HOW THEY KISS.)

NOT SO
AIRY-FAIRY
ORDINARY
NEVER MAKING
A FUSS

(FLOORMAX TRIES TO RUB ELBOWS WITH YUMP, BUT HE FINDS IT YICKY. SHE GIVES DODER A SURREPTITIOUS SHIN RUB WITH HER FOOT - WHICH, GIVEN HIS REACTION, IS A BIT MORE RACY THAN JUST A KISS.)

MEEK AND MILD COME WHAT MAY
AND NEVER ONES TO BOAST

CAUSE BEIN' HUMDRUM EVERYDAY
IS WHAT WE DO UTMOST!

FLOORMAX, DODER, YUMP

WE ARE
ORDINARY
VERY VERY
ORDINARY
THAT'S US

(THE GRIBBET ENTERS.)

OUR PET IS
ORDINARY
NEVER VARIES
ORDINARY
AS US!

(MUSICAL BREAK. MOON NEIGHBOURS
ARRIVE, EACH STRANGER LOOKING THAN
THE ONE BEFORE. ONE CARRIES A LARGE
EGG WHICH SHE LAYS ON THE GROUND. A
BABY MOON BEING IS BORN, DANCES.
THEY ALL APPLAUD, DANCE TOO. IT
BECOMES A PARTY. A WORM LIKE CREA-
TURE BREAKS INTO PIECES AND THE
PIECES DANCE TOGETHER. ANOTHER
JUGGLES WITH ALL SIX HANDS. LARGE
MOON FLOWERS ARE DISTRIBUTED FROM
WHICH THEY DRINK WITH MOON STRAWS.
THEN THEY PLUCK THE PETALS OFF AND
THROW THEM INTO THE AIR LIKE
CONFETTI, WHILE YET MORE PETALS
DROP DOWN, WHILE THEY ALL HOP ON
BOARD WHAT'S LEFT OF THE FLOWERS
AND RIDE THEM AROUND LIKE SCOOTERS.

OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. WHATEVER
HAPPENS, IT SHOULD BE VERY NOT
ORDINARY, AT LEAST TO US.

EVENTUALLY, THEY ALL SING:)

ALL

WE ARE
ORDINARY
VERY VERY
ORDINARY
NO TRIPE

NOT SO
AIRY-FAIRY

ORDINARY
JUST A
STEREOTYPE

DON'T TRY TO MAKE A SCENE
NO STUFF, NO NONSENSE, NO MUSS
HAPPY TO BE ROUTINE
AND

FLOORMAX

ORDINARY

DODER

ORDINARY

THE GRIBBET

ORDINARY

ALL

AS US!

(As the party disperses, WIZLIP
approaches.)

WIZLIP

Hey everybody! Guess what I saw?

FLOORMAX

Wizlip! There you are. You missed flimmer.

WIZLIP

(Entering.)

First One! I saw aliens! Just over the gloomblats. Three of
em! They were amazing!

DODER

(Approaching.)

You saw what?

WIZLIP

Aliens!

YUMP

Really. Maybe they was just your *friends*.

(They sneer at each other.

SHRINKLIE enters, using a moon
cane.)

SHRINKLIE

Maybe the three of you should listen to what she has to say.

WIZLIP

Shrinklie! I did see some aliens! Just over there!

SHRINKLIE

I believe you darlin. And even if I didn't, I'd want to.

(Moving to sit, with a glance to
the others.)

Be nice to have *some* sort of intelligent life around 'ere.

FLOORMAX

Shrinklie, don't go putting strange ideas in her head. And
Wizlip, I have told you before: if Frum wanted there to be
aliens, He wouldn't have made us in his own image. Now go
eat your flimmer.

(She goes. WIZLIP and SHRINKLIE
are left alone.)

WIZLIP

That doesn't even make any sense. Does it, Shrinklie?

SHRINKLIE

No. But then again. Your First One hasn't made any sense to
me since she was about your age.

(WIZLIP sits at her feet,
despondent.)

Oh now Wizzie. You have to give your humbutts a break.
They're doing their best.

WIZLIP

But I know I saw some aliens! One tall one and two short.
The tall one seemed quite friendly. I wonder if they come
from Down There!

SHRINKLIE

Oh now, I know *that's* not true.

WIZLIP

I suppose you don't believe in Down There either.

SHRINKLIE

No. I just know you wouldn't find one of 'em up 'ere. They
ain't allowed.

(Looks about.)

Y'see . . . I don't tell this to many people. I'm not
supposed to. But I know there's a Down There. I've been
there.

WIZLIP

What?

SHRINKLIE

Mm-hm. Long time ago. It all happened kind of . . . accidental-like. I even had a friend there. A very special friend, if you know what I mean.

WIZLIP
(Amazed.)

No.

SHRINKLIE

Oh yes.

WIZLIP

What happened?

SHRINKLIE

Well, I was just down there for a visit. Then I come back up 'ere, din't I?

WIZLIP

No, I mean . . . to your very special friend.

SHRINKLIE

Oh. Well that. That was just . . . not meant to be.

SONG: PROBABLY

SHRINKLIE

HE WAS
PROBABLY TOO OLD
PROBABLY TOO DIFFERENT
AND WE'D NEVER HAVE BEEN HAPPY, I GUESS

I WAS
PROBABLY TOO YOUNG
PROBABLY NOT THINKING
AND I TELL MYSELF THINGS WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST

WE CAME FROM TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS, YOU SEE
DOWN THERE FOR HIM, UP HERE FOR ME

IT WAS
POSSIBLY ALL WRONG
POSSIBLY TOO SILLY
AND MY LARGE ONE WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, I BET

WE WERE
 POSSIBLY NAÏVE
 POSSIBLY DELUDED
 AND THERE'S NOTHING QUITE SO FOOLISH AS REGRET

WE CAME FROM TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS, YOU SEE
 DOWN THERE FOR HIM AND UP HERE FOR ME
 AND THOUGH I LOVED HIM QUITE PERFECTLY

IT NEVER WOULD HAVE WORKED
 PROBABLY

WIZLIP

You still miss him, right?

SHRINKLIE

You think so?

WIZLIP

I think so.

(They share a smile.)

SHRINKLIE

Let's go see these aliens of yours.

(She starts out. Music as we
 transition to . . .)

Scene 7:

(Another part of the moon. CAVOR
 and DAWSON run on, breathless.)

CAVOR

Miss Dawson! I do think we can slow down now.

DAWSON

Are you quite sure?

CAVOR

Frankly, I'm quite sure of nothing just at the moment. But I
 fear if we don't we shall leave Mr. Gibbs behind.

(GIBBS trudges on, out of breath.)

GIBBS

Streuth! And to think I could be back 'ome right now,
 enjoying a nice soak.

DAWSON

Look here, you ill-mannered stowaway: I do not intend to be eaten by moon creatures simply because you cannot keep up!

GIBBS

'Ere now, don't be yellin' at me. I didn't bring us up 'ere, did I? Besides. I thought we was supposed to be able to -- 'op around or something.

DAWSON

Hop around?

GIBBS

Yeah, I read that in Mr. Julius Fern's book. According to him -

CAVOR

I believe you are referring to Jules Verne, Gibbs, and you're quite right: given the moon's much smaller mass, the force of gravity should be reduced in proportion. However, it is entirely possible that -

DAWSON

Oh you do go on, Doctor. Personally, I'd be happy if the moon had more places to sit.

(She sits on the edge of a crater, surrounded by coral-like growths.)

What are these anyways?

(She breaks off a piece, sniffs it.)

Smells all right.

(She takes a bite.)

Tastes all right too.

CAVOR

Miss Dawson!

GIBBS

'Cor, I am famished!

(He breaks off a piece, devours it.)

CAVOR

Miss Dawson! Mr. Gibbs! You have no idea what that is!

DAWSON

Very tasty, that's what.

(GIBBS and DAWSON agree.)

CAVOR

Really?

(DAWSON breaks off a piece, hands it to him. He eats.)

Not bad.

DAWSON

Tastes like shicken.

CAVOR

You mean chicken.

DAWSON

That's what I said. Shicken.

CAVOR

Oh.

(They eat. CAVOR looks to the sky.)

Does the earth suddenly seem larger to you?

(Pause. They look to each other. Start to giggle.)

DAWSON

Shicken!

CAVOR

Shicken!

GIBBS

Shicken!

DAWSON, GIBBS, CAVOR

SHICKEN!

(They laugh uproariously.)

CAVOR

Miss Dawson, I must say this moon mission is working out even better than I expected!

DAWSON

Oh yes?

CAVOR

Oh yes! I mean to have arrived here and in mere minutes to have discovered that the moon is verdant with life! Not to mention these quite tasty . . . whatever they are.

(He nibbles on whatever they are
some more. Looks to the sky again.)

And to look up in that black sky and see our little
planet . . . our little planet . . . suddenly grown even
larger . . . well it makes one . . . it makes one . . .
rather sentimental, doesn't it?

(He starts to cry.)

Very . . . very . . . sentimental . . .

(They all cry profusely.)

DAWSON

It's so beautiful!

CAVOR

Beautiful!

GIBBS

Beautiful!

DAWSON

And round!

CAVOR

Round!

GIBBS

Round!

(They sob. Meantime, they are
slowly surrounded by MOON SOLDIERS,
carrying moon weapons. They do not
see them. Until, from the corner of
his eye, GIBBS does. He abruptly
stops crying.)

GIBBS

(A hoarse whisper.)

Doctor Cavor. Miss Dawson!

CAVOR

(Still weeping and repeating.)

Doctor Cavor!

DAWSON

Miss Dawson!

GIBBS

We have been joined.

CAVOR

Indeed we have been. Joined by fate!

GIBBS

No no, I mean -- we have been *joined*. We are no longer alone.

(CAVOR suddenly sees the MOON SOLDIERS. He is very still.)

CAVOR

Miss Dawson.

DAWSON

Mmm?

CAVOR

A word to the wise. I believe these fungal growths, delicious as they are, may have had some discombooboo - discombubble - discombobulating effect upon our senses. They may cause us to see things which are not really there.

GIBBS

I see moon men!

CAVOR

(Crossing to one of the MOON SOLDIERS.)

Yes, you *think* you see moon men, but, unlike our previous encounter, these are mere figments of your misfiring nervous fibres.

(He grabs the MOON SOLDIER's beak.)

You see? No one there.

(Beat. He realizes someone's there.)

Ahhh!

GIBBS

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

(He runs off. CAVOR becomes immediately aggressive, hopping about, boxing the air in 19th-century pugilistic fashion.)

CAVOR

Here! Here! Come along, you strange creatures! Let's see what you're made of!

DAWSON

Doctor, I think it might be unwise to aggravate them.

CAVOR

Keep up the side, Miss Dawson! Don't let them see the white of your eyes!

DAWSON

Right. Right then.

(She boxes the air too. More MOON SOLDIERS arrive. Soon they are surrounded. They give up their boxing.)

CAVOR

Courage, Miss Dawson. Remember. We are Englishmen!

(She looks to him.)

Well you . . . know what I mean.

(They are led off. WIZLIP and SHRINKLIE run on.)

SHRINKLIE

Was that them?

WIZLIP

I think so. What are we gonna do?

SHRINKLIE

Well. We'll just have to save 'em, won't we?

(SHRINKLIE starts off after CAVOR et al. After she's done being surprised, WIZLIP follows.)

Scene 8:

(Elsewhere on the moon. GIBBS enters running. Stops, breathless.)

GIBBS

'Cor! If I never see another moon monster, I'll be a 'appy man.

(Looks about. Calling:)

Dr. Cavor? Miss Dawson?

(Pause.)

Thought they was right behind me.

(He takes out his flask, takes a swig but it's empty. Disgusted, he throws it down.)

Something catches his eye where
it lands. He moves to it.)

GIBBS

What's this?

(Picks up a rock, dusts it off.
It's shiny and yellow.)

Nah, couldn't be.

(Picks up another, dusts it off.)

It is! That's . . . gold!

(Starts kicking at the ground,
exposing more yellow rock.)

Gold! It's all over the place!

(He laughs, delighted. Stops.)

Hold on now, Gibbsie. Think. *Think*. Don't blow this . . .
like you blew that chance to invest in land mines. This
could be very good for you. Very, very *good*.

SONG: GOLD

GIBBS

GOOOOOOOOOOLD
GOOOOOOOOOOLD
OH LOVELY GOLD
OH SWEETUMS GOLD

NOTHIN MAKES A FELLA'S DAY
LIKE GO-O-O-OLD
MAKES HIM THINK HE'S ON HIS WAY
LIKE GO-O-OLD
FIRST YA FIND IT
THEN REFINE IT
THEN YA FIND YA CAN'T DENY
THAT EVERYTHING ACQUIRES A SHINE
WITH GOLD
LOVELY GOLD

NATIONS FALL AND EMPIRES GROW
WITH GO-O-O-OLD
HISTORY'S WRITTEN BY THE BLOKES
WHAT'S BO-O-OLD!
MAKE YOUR MARK
TO FATE EMBARK
INFAMY IS SUCH A LARK
'CAUSE NOTHING GLISTENS IN THE DARK
LIKE GOLD
LOVELY GOLD

DO IT FOR THE QUEEN!

AND PROFIT IN-BETWEEN
 GOD IS ON YOUR SIDE!
 DESTINY CAN'T BE DENIED

OH

MAKE YOUR WAY TO PARADISE
 WITH GO-O-O-OLD
 EXHILIRATION IN A THRICE
 WITH GO-O-OLD
 SMART'S THE MAN
 WHO UNDERSTANDS
 THAT POVERTY IS FOR THE DAMNED
 AND EVERYTHING WILL GO TO PLAN
 WITH GOLD!
 LOVELY
 GOLD!

(Blackout.)

Scene 9:

(An underground cell. Roots from vegetation above have grown through the ceiling. Earthlight shines in through a hole. CAVOR and DAWSON are asleep on the ground. CAVOR awakens, groans.)

CAVOR

Ohh.

(He presses his palm to his temple.)

Oh, my head.

(Looks about.)

Where are we?

(Again with the head.)

Ohhhhhh. I feel as if I landed on the moon head first.

DAWSON

(Awakens, startled.)

What? Who? Where?

CAVOR

Miss Dawson.

DAWSON

I heard a noise.

CAVOR
That was me. Groaning.

DAWSON
Oh.
(Palm to temple. She groans.)
Ohhhhhhhhh.

CAVOR
Precisely. Where's Gibbs?

DAWSON
He ran away, remember?

CAVOR
(Thinks for a moment.)
No. I wonder. Perhaps we have picked up some strange sort of moon virus that is playing with our memory.

DAWSON
Doctor. We are crapulent.

CAVOR
I beg your pardon?

DAWSON
Dissolute. Worse for wear. *Hungover*. Whatever that was we ate has left us in a sorrier state than Oxford schoolboys on the day after final exams.

CAVOR
Hungover? Really? I've never been hungover before. What a curious sensation.

DAWSON
Yes, well if you hadn't got started eating that -- whatever it was --

CAVOR
I?

DAWSON
-- We wouldn't be in this humiliating condition. Nor this predicament.

CAVOR
Miss Dawson, I distinctly remember that it was you who took the first bite. Or rather, *bites*.

DAWSON
You do, do you?

CAVOR
Yes!

DAWSON
Well perhaps some virus *is* playing havoc with your memory, because mine has always been razor-sharp. And what's more, if you hadn't got it into your head to come to the moon in the first place, we might be safely at home.

CAVOR
Oh and that would be better would it?

DAWSON
Are you out of your blinking mind?

CAVOR
Better than exploring the universe? Better than meeting these moon beings?

DAWSON
YES!!!

CAVOR
Oh well fine then. Be a wet rag then.

DAWSON
Better than blasting off half-cocked without a --

CAVOR
That was not my fault!

DAWSON
Oh no, I'm sure not. I'm sure it was the fault of the *garden faeries*.

CAVOR
Perhaps.

DAWSON
Pah!

CAVOR
And what *should* one do with an anti-gravity sphere anyway? Use it as a lawn ornament?

DAWSON

No, but you didn't have to go flouncing about in space. You could have - taken it to an amusement park.

CAVOR

An amusement park!

DAWSON

Yes. Taken it to Brighton. Given rides to kiddies.

CAVOR

Oh for pity's --

DAWSON

There's good money to be had in amusement parks!

CAVOR

This is insufferable. You are insufferable! And if you ever speak to me again I'll -

(The cell door opens and a MOONGUARD enters, pushing a moon cart. Two moon bowls rest on it. The MOONGUARD leaves.)

CAVOR and DAWSON regard the bowls. Pause.)

CAVOR

What do you suppose it is?

DAWSON

Some sort of food, possibly.

CAVOR

Do you think we should eat it?

(They regard each other.)

DAWSON & CAVOR

No. I rather think not. Best not. No.

(From out the back of the cart clamber SHRINKLIE AND WIZLIP.)

SHRINKLIE

Phew! I've rid in better style I'll tell ya. Now. Where are they?

(She peers around. CAVOR and DAWSON are frozen in place.)

Can't see nothing in here. Darker than a --

Shrinklie.

WIZLIP

(She points to CAVOR and DAWSON.
SHRINKLIE peers.)

Zat them?

SHRINKLIE

Uh-huh.

WIZLIP

SHRINKLIE

You're right. They are ugly.

CAVOR

Oh look. It's that little one from before.

(He moves to WIZLIP.)

How do you do? We are most pleased to make your acquaintance.

SHRINKLIE

Sound funny too.

WIZLIP

Shrinklie, sssshhh!

(To CAVOR, speaking loudly and
distinctly.)

I can't understand you, but you seem like a very nice alien.

CAVOR

Yes, well I can't understand a thing you're saying but
uh ditto!

WIZLIP

We've come to rescue you.

CAVOR

Yes, well, that's all very good, but I wonder if you could
help us out of a spot of trouble.

WIZLIP

You are in very great danger, you see.

CAVOR

Yes, well I'm sure that's true, but we're in rather a bit of
danger, you see, and -

SHRINKLIE

Oh for Frum's sake, let me take care of this!

(To CAVOR.)

We're here to save your sorry behinds.

CAVOR

What?

SHRINKLIE

What?

CAVOR

(To DAWSON.)

You know, I think this is going rather well!

SHRINKLIE

Stand back and hold onto your frambles!

(WIZLIP grabs her antennae.

SHRINKLIE hocks a big loogie at the base of the cell door which, amazingly enough, causes a large explosion. The door swings open.)

WIZLIP

Wow.

DAWSON

Nicely done!

WIZLIP

I can't wait till I can do that.

(A MOONGUARD approaches.)

MOONGUARD

'Ey! 'Ey! What's going on?!

SHRINKLIE

I hope you things can move fast.

(They run. MOONGUARDS TWO and THREE race on. Chase MUSIC, a variation of "On the Moon." CAVOR, DAWSON, WIZLIP, and SHRINKLIE run off. THE MOONGUARDS look to one another. In succession, each rips off one of his numerous arms and holds it into the air like a sword.)

MOONGUARDS

Charge!

(They give chase.)

CAVOR, DAWSON, WIZLIP, and
SHRINKLIE now reappear, running
in place.)

CAVOR

Miss Dawson. I take it back. I don't think things are going
well at all.

DAWSON

You just noticed?

WIZLIP

They're gaining on us!

DAWSON

Leave this to me.

(She turns back to the MOONGUARDS,
as the others again race off. She
extends her hand as if to shake.)

Greetings. We come in --

(She delivers the MOONGUARDS three
stiff upper-cuts to their mandibles.
One, two, three! Their heads fly up
and away.)

. . . peace.

(The MOONGUARDS stumble about
headless. CAVOR reappears, running.
DAWSON catches up with him.)

CAVOR

Miss Dawson! That was completely uncalled for!

DAWSON

Yes. But oddly satisfying.

(WIZLIP reappears, running.)

WIZLIP

Where's Shrinklie? I don't know where Shrinklie went!

DAWSON

Here come some more!

CAVOR

There's no end to them.

WIZLIP

SHRINKLIE?

CAVOR
 I fear we are doomed.
 (Beat. He looks up and off.)
 Wait. What's that up there?

DAWSON
 Oh. My. Lord.
 (SHRINKLIE flies on high above them, shooting a strange red mist down upon them from her pointy rear end. They lurch about, disoriented.)

CAVOR
 Absolutely amazing!

DAWSON
 Or disgusting. Oh!
 (She holds her nose. Meanwhile, one of the MOONGUARDS who lost his head is still stumbling about. SHRINKLIE lands beside his head, picks it up, takes it to him.)

SHRINKLIE
 Here. I think you lost this.
 (The MOONGUARD puts his head back on.)

MOONGUARD
 Thanks!
 (He runs off after his colleagues.)

WIZLIP
 Shrinklie! That was great!

SHRINKLIE
 Didn't think I still had it in me.
 (She squirts some more red stuff.)
 Guess I do.
 (WIZLIP reacts to the smell. Meanwhile, CAVOR is staring down at the ground. A faint light is cast up on his face.)

DAWSON
 Dr. Cavor, what are you looking at?

That.

CAVOR

DAWSON
(Approaching him.)
That what? I don't see anything. Perhaps you're --

CAVOR
Miss Dawson, careful!
(He holds her back. She looks down too.)

DAWSON
Oh my.

WIZLIP
What is it?

SHRINKLIE
The Hole.

WIZLIP
The hole?

SHRINKLIE
The Hole . . . to Down There.
(They all stand on its lip, looking down.)

CAVOR
I do believe I hear sounds coming from below.

DAWSON
Dr. Cavor. There is only one thing for us to do.

CAVOR
I agree, Miss Dawson. We must go find out what those sounds are.

DAWSON
What? No!

CAVOR
No?

DAWSON
No, we must go back! And find the sphere! Or meet our fate, whichever comes first.

CAVOR

But --

DAWSON

We have no choice! We can't go down there! We don't know what we'll find!

CAVOR

Exactly, Miss Dawson. We don't know.

(MUSIC under: "Carry On".)

CAVOR

We have a choice. We may go back to what we know is certain. And I have to say, I don't think that will be a pleasant eventuality. Or, we may go on. Towards the unknown. Towards the uncertain. Just as we did when we first left the earth!

SONG: CARRY ON

CAVOR

CARRY ON
WHEN THE DARKNESS IS ABORNING
CARRY ON!
EVEN THOUGH YOUR HOPES ARE FAILING
WHEN YOU THINK THE LIGHT IS FADING
AND YOUR SPIRITS ARE ABATING
AND DEFEAT YOU'RE CONTEMPLATING
CARRY ON!

(DAWSON JOINS CAVOR. AT FIRST SHE'S A BIT TENTATIVE:)

CAVOR AND DAWSON

CARRY ON
WHEN UNCERTAINTY IS CERTAIN
CARRY ON!

(NOW SHE'S GETTING INTO IT.)

WHEN YOU HEAR THE DOUBTERS CALLING
IF THEY SAY YOU SHOULDN'T DO IT
'CAUSE THE SITUATION'S FLUID

THAT'S THE TIME TO HOP RIGHT TO AND
CARRY ON!

CAVOR, DAWSON, SHRINKLIE, WIZLIP

CARRY ON!
THERE'S A PLACE THAT'S CALLED TOMORROW
CARRY ON!
WHERE DISCOVERIES ARE WAITING
THOUGH YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HEADED

AND UPON YOUR FATE YOU'RE MEDI-
TATING, DON'T GIVE FAILURE CREDIT --

(MUSICAL CHANGE. A PAPERBOY RUNS
ON.)

PAPERBOY

Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Earthlings trapped on the
Moon! Earthllngs trapped on the Moon!

(LONDONERS AND OTHER EARTHLINGS
GATHER, CONCERNED, LOOK UP TO THE
MOON. ELSEWHERE, WE SEE DODER,
FLOORMAX, YUMP AND THE GRIBBET
SINGING TOO.)

ALL

CARRY ON!
THERE'S A PLACE THAT'S CALLED TOMORROW
CARRY ON!
WHERE DISCOVERIES ARE WAITING
THOUGH YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HEADED
AND UPON YOUR FATE YOU'RE MEDI-
TATING, DON'T GIVE FAILURE CREDIT
CARRY ON!

CARRY ON!
CARRY -

CAVOR

Jump!

(WITH ARMS LINKED, CAVOR, DAWSON,
SHRINKLIE AND WIZLIP STEP FORWARD
AND JUMP.)

ALL EXCEPT OUR HEROES

ON!

(THE MUSIC POUNDS TO A GRAND
CONCLUSION AS WE --

End Act One

ACT TWO

Scene 1:

(CAVOR, DAWSON, SHRINKLIE, WIZLIP, arms extended in the air as if on a roller-coaster. They are "falling.")

After a long moment:)

WIZLIP

Are we there yet?

CAVOR

I do believe we've been falling for about half an hour now.

DAWSON

Why aren't we moving faster?

CAVOR

It appears our descent is being inhibited by some sort of hydraulically stimulated pneumatic air system.

DAWSON

A *what?*

CAVOR

A - never mind.

DAWSON

Fine.

(Another long moment:)

SHRINKLIE

That's it. I'm outta here.

(She starts to fly away.)

WIZLIP

Wait Shrinklie! I see something below us.

(Music. Lights fade on the four of them, rise on Down There.

DOWN THERERS assemble from all sides. They are not insect-like; instead, they come in all shapes-and-sizes and are highly colourful,

with a luminescent glow, like the
sort of creatures who inhabit the
deepest parts of our ocean.

They sing as they work.)

SONG: WE KNOW OUR PLACE

DOWN THERERS

WE'RE HAPPY EVERY DAY
WE'RE HAPPY COME WHAT MAY
WE'LL NEVER GO ASTRAY
BECAUSE WE KNOW OUR PLACE

UNTO OUR JOB WE HEW
IT'S WHAT WE'RE RAISED TO DO
WE'RE LOYAL THROUGH AND THROUGH
BECAUSE WE KNOW OUR PLACE

THINKER

(WITH A BIG HEAD)

I'VE COME UP WITH A BRILLIANT NEW INVENTION
I'D WRITE IT DOWN BUT WRITING'S NOT FOR ME

WRITER

(WITH A BIG HAND)

CONVENIENTLY I SEEM TO HAVE A PENCHANT
FOR WRITING DOWN THE THOUGHTS THAT YOU SET FREE!

DOWN THERERS

WE'RE HAPPY EVERY DAY
WE'RE HAPPY COME WHAT MAY
WE'LL NEVER GO ASTRAY
BECAUSE WE KNOW OUR PLACE

UNTO OUR JOB WE HEW
IT'S WHAT WE'RE RAISED TO DO
WE'RE LOYAL THROUGH AND THROUGH
BECAUSE WE KNOW OUR PLACE

DRAFTER

(HIS NOSE IS A BIG PENCIL. TO
THE WRITER:)

THE NOTES YOU'VE WROTE ARE TYPICALLY INSIGHTFUL
I'LL DRAW UP PLANS, BUT FIRST I NEED SOME AID

SHARPENER

(WITH KNIVES FOR HANDS)

STAND BACK, THIS OPERATION CAN BE FRIGHTFUL!

(MUSIC VAMPS, AS HE SHARPENS THE
DRAFTER'S NOSE WITH A SERIES OF
KARATE-STYLE HAND MOVES. THEN:)

DRAFTER

(FEELING HIS SHARPENED NOSE.)

DELIGHTFUL BOB

I'M ON THE JOB

THINKER & WRITER

WE'LL SOON UNLEASH

OUR MASTERPIECE

A HAMMERER AND SAWYER

STAND BACK, YOU'LL SEE

WE'RE MEANT TO BE

ALL

THE ULTIMATE

MACHINE!

(THE HAMMERER AND SAWYER NOW BUILD
SOMETHING, THOUGH WE CAN'T SEE WHAT
IT IS.)

ALL

WE'RE HAPPY EVERY DAY

WE'RE HAPPY COME WHAT MAY

WE'LL NEVER GO ASTRAY

BECAUSE WE KNOW OUR PLACE

UNTO OUR JOB WE HEW

IT'S WHAT WE'RE RAISED TO DO

WE'RE LOYAL THROUGH AND THROUGH . . .

(A GIANT TUBE-LIKE CONSTRUCTION
IS HOISTED INTO THE AIR. THEY ALL
GASP IN WONDER.)

ALL

AND STILL MASTER RACE!

HAMMERER AND SAWYER

(BASSOS PROFUNDO.)

THE MASTER RACE.

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Excellent job! Excellent job, everybody! Another triumph for the team!

(The other DOWN-THERERS are subsiding into postures of recline.)

Give yourselves a pat on the back and . . . keep up the good . . .

(The other DOWN-THERERS seem to have gone to sleep.)

. . . sleeping. Right.

(He prepares to go to sleep himself as CAVOR, DAWSON, WIZLIP and SHRINKLIE approach.)

WIZLIP

Excuse me?

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Yes? Why haven't you gone to sleep like everyone else? Oh wait. You're not from around these parts, are you?

(He sees CAVOR and DAWSON.)

Oh my Great Grand Lunar!

(They are apparently so hideous he can barely look at them.)

SHRINKLIE

Not to worry. You'll get used to them. Speaking of the Grand Lunar . . . he around?

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Well, yes, somewhere, I suppose. It's not really my job to see him. Except on special occasions, of course. No, you see I am the Happy-Upper! My job is to keep everyone enthusiastic and delighted about their work for the team. Until, that is, they're done, and then they . . . well, as you can see.

SHRINKLIE

You see, Wizzie, the way these fools got things set up, everybody has one and just one job to do in life.

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Quite so.

SHINKLIE

And they're raised from birth to do it.

THE HAPPY-UPPER

(Moving to the sleeping SAWYER and lifting his serrated arm.)

For example, this fellow's job is to cut things. And this fellow's job is to put them together. And this one's job is to think up things for the other two to cut and put together.

SHRINKLIE

Recipe for misery, if y'ask me.

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Well yes, it might be, if they didn't have me. The Happy-Upper! But now that they've all gone to sleep until the next task, I think I'll do the same.

(Suddenly a moon alarm sounds, and lights flash.)

Oh dear. Intruders have been spotted. Oh wait. That would be you, wouldn't it?

(A WRAPPER runs on and wraps WIZLIP, SHRINKLIE, CAVOR and DAWSON in a shiny material that looks amazingly like Saran-Wrap.)

Oh yes! Of course! That's why we were ordered to build a new Dumwilliger! They must have seen you coming!

(To the sleeping DOWN-THERERS.)

All right, up! Up everybody! It's time for an evacuation! My goodness, we haven't had one of those in a long time!

CAVOR

(To DAWSON, as they are dragged in a bundle to beneath the tube-like object.)

I do believe this is some kind of welcoming ceremony!

DAWSON

I do believe they mean to suck us up that thing.

CAVOR

Oh nonsense, Miss Dawson. Must you always be so pessimistic? (THE PROCLAIMER appears. Megaphone for a mouth.)

PROCLAIMER

By the power invested in me . . .

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Oh goodie, it's the Proclaimer. It's the Proclaimer everybody!!!

PROCLAIMER

I do hereby proclaim that the visitors are to be ejected into the void, there to -

SHRINKLIE

Hold on, hold on a mible! Does The Grand Lunar even know we're here?

PROCLAIMER

Well I don't know. He might do.

SHRINKLIE

Yeah? Well you might want to tell him that Zarra has come back for a visit.

WIZLIP

Zarra?

THE HAPPY-UPPER

You *know* the Grand Lunar?

SHRINKLIE

Know him? Yeah, I guess you could say that. If by "know" him you mean -

THE HAPPY-UPPER

Yes, well perhaps we should put off the evacuation until we've had a chance to advise His Grandness. Wrapper, would you mind taking them to one of the caves?

(The WRAPPER doesn't move.)

Oh for -

(To the PROCLAIMER.)

Do you mind?

PROCLAIMER

I proclaim that the visitors should be taken to the caves!

THE HAPPY-UPPER

There. Now will you take them?

(The WRAPPER starts to lead WIZLIP, SHRINKLIE, CAVOR and DAWSON away, still in a bundle.)

SHRINKLIE

And tell him I'm here!

HAPPY-UPPER

Yes, yes, we heard you.

(They are off. To the other
DOWN THERERS:)

Well now! Wasn't that exciting? Say, while you're all awake, what do you say we have another song? Wouldn't that be fun? Sing-a-long? Anyone?

(But the other DOWN THERERS have gone back to sleep.)

Yes. Well. In any event. Super job on the Dumwilliger! Just . . . super . . .

(He sits, and immediately nods off too. We transition to . . .)

Scene 2:

(THE GRAND LUNAR's cavern. Dark, suffused with a glowing blue fog. A DIMBULB with a square head lounges on the ground. THE PROCLAIMER hurries on.)

THE PROCLAIMER

(To the DIMBULB.)

He's coming.

(No response.)

He's coming!

(No response. He awakens him.)

Get up, you Dimbulb.

(The DIMBULB scurries to his feet and stands at attention. He pulls a chain attached to his head, which begins to glow, illuminating the chamber.)

Awesome music. THE GRAND LUNAR rolls on, atop his pallet. He is a great bulging accumulation of blobs, about twenty feet long by ten wide by eight high. Atop his bulk rests his tiny head, and atop that is an

enormous, glowing brain, supported
on stilts.

AN ATTENDANT sprays his brain and
body with a fine mist.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

No, I don't want another massage. Stay away from me with
that thing. Get off me, you little gnat!

(THE ATTENDANT scrambles away.)

I am in danger of being irritated to death.

PROCLAIMER

ATTEND THE GRAND LUNAR!

ALL

ATTEND!

(They ALL lie on the ground and
wiggle their legs in the air, in
some sort of salute.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

(To the PROCLAIMER.)

Why . . . are you yelling?

PROCLAIMER

I am proclaiming you, Your Grandness.

THE GRAND LUNAR

They *know* who I *am*. Where is the Happy-Upper?

HAPPY-UPPER

Here Your Grandness! And may I say, you look absolutely -

THE GRAND LUNAR

No, you may not. The rest of you may leave.

(The PROCLAIMER and ATTENDANTS go.)

You say someone is here to see me?

HAPPY-UPPER

Yes, Your Grandness. From Up There.

THE GRAND LUNAR

And you say her name is . . . ?

HAPPY-UPPER

Zarra. She seemed to indicate she'd been down here before.

We wanted to evacuate her along with the rest of them, but when she mentioned that -

THE GRAND LUNAR

Yes, I understand. You're sure she said Zarra? Not . . . Flarra or . . . Shmarra or something like that?

HAPPY-UPPER

No, Your Grandness. Zarra.

(Pause.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

Thankyou. You may go.

(The HAPPY-UPPER starts off, turns as if he's had a thought.)

Not -- a -- word.

(Deflated, the HAPPY-UPPER exits.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

Zarra? Zarra! What is she doing here now? I can't have her see me like this. I'm a mess!

SONG: I USED TO BE ME

THE GRAND LUNAR

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD
ATOP THIS PILE OF CRAP
MY BODY'S A DISASTER
MY LIFE'S ONE LONG MISHAP

ALL DAY I DO THE THINKING
THAT A GRAND LUNAR OUGHT TO
BUT IT MAKES ME MELANCHOLY
WHEN I'M THINKING, AS I DO:

I USED TO BE ME!
NOT A GIANT PILE OF FLAB
I USED TO BE ME!
EVERY DAY

I USED TO BE FREE!
NOT A DUTY TO MY NAME
INDUBITABLY!
I COULD PLAY

AND NOW MY PAST COMES CALLING

IT'S AN IRRITATING FACT
 THAT THE LIFE YOU THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT BEHIND
 HAS A WAY OF SNEAKING BACK

WHAT DOES SHE WANT?
 WHAT DOES SHE NEED?
 WHY HAS SHE COME THIS WAY?
 STILL, IT MIGHT BE GOOD
 IT MIGHT BE FINE
 TO HAVE HER NEAR AND SAY:

(NOW THE GRAND LUNAR RISES OUT OF
 HIS BODY AND WE SEE THE REAL LUNAR
 TRAPPED INSIDE.)

I WANT TO BE FREE!
 LIKE I WAS IN DAYS GONE BY
 I WANT TO BE FREE!
 EVER MORE

AND NEVER TO BE
 TRAPPED INSIDE MYSELF AGAIN
 AND NEVER TO FEEL
 LIFE'S A BORE

HUGGING THE DAY TO ME
 SO MANY WAYS TO BE
 HAPPILY YOUNG AND ALIVE!

(DANCE BREAKOUT. THE REAL LUNAR
 DANCES HAPPILY AND FREE. THEN:)

I WANT TO BE FREE!
 NOT A GIANT PILE OF FLAB
 I WANT TO BE FREE!
 EVERY DAY!

IMPETUOUSLY!
 NOT A DUTY TO MY NAME
 INDUBITABLY!
 I WILL PLAY!

(HE DANCES BACK UP TO THE TOP OF
 THE GRAND LUNAR'S BODY.)

NAUGHTY AND CRAZY
 AND AWFULLY LAZY
 OUTRAGEOUS AND NUTTY
 AND JUST A BIT SMUTTY
 BEIN' A JAG OFF

AND ZIGGIN' MY ZAG OFF
AND LAUGHING WHENEVER I CAN!

(MUSIC STOPS. SLOWER, SADDER:)

I WANT TO BE ME
LIKE BEFORE . . .

(HE SINKS BACK INTO THE BODY, AND
IS THE GRAND LUNAR ONCE MORE.
BLACKOUT.)

Scene 3:

(A cozy cave, which has been carved
out of the moon's white rock and
equipped as a moon apartment.

SHRINKLIE and WIZLIP sit on the
edge of moon couch.)

SHRINKLIE

. . . So you see, darlin', he come up to where we live, as
part of his trainin' to be the Grand Lunar or whatever. An'
we met, an' he asked me to come back down here, just for a
visit. But of course, soon as they found out I was down
'ere . . . well, I didn't exactly fit in, did I? And that
was that.

WIZLIP

They made you leave?

SHRINKLIE

Uh-huh.

WIZLIP

Up that tube thing?

SHRINKLIE

Oh no, no. Get sent up that thing and you get turned into
Bloom dust. No, I was allowed to leave on my own.

(Confidentially:)

I think the Grand Lunar put in a good word for me.

(They share a smile. CAVOR enters
from the other room.)

CAVOR

I wonder if either of you have seen Miss Dawson's jacket.
She finds the damp down here a bit -

(He realizes they can't
understand.)

Oh. Sorry. Never mind me I'm just - babbling.

WIZLIP

If you're looking for your friend's - whatever it is, it's
over here.

(She brings DAWSON's jacket to
him.)

CAVOR

Oh! Oh, well thankyou. I guess we understand each other
better than we think!

(There's a rattling at the window.)

What was that?

(Someone's tugging at the window
from outside.)

Good heavens! Who's there?

(The window disappears, a pair of
hands appear, and then GIBBS
tumbles through the hole and into
the room.)

SHRNKLIE

My Frum! It's another one!

CAVOR

(Rushing to him.)

Gibbs! What are you doing here?

GIBBS

Trying to avoid all them blinkin' moon beings, that's wot.

(Dusting himself off.)

Cripes! What a hike!

CAVOR

I take it you found The Hole.

GIBBS

Oh I found it all right. But if you think I was about to
jump into some gigantic cavity, with no bottom in sight and
no soft landing at the bottom, then you got an even bigger
cavity in your 'ead. No, I walked down. There's a bunch of
trails along the side.

(DAWSON enters from the other room.)

DAWSON

What is all the racket out here?

(Sees him.)

Gibbs! So you haven't abandoned us after all.

GIBBS

Abandoned you? I should say not. In fact, I 'ave a little business proposition for you.

(He goes to a table, flips up the cloth draped over it to reveal the legs.)

Lookit that.

(Upends a stool.)

An' that!

(Upends the entire couch, causing SHRINKLIE and WIZLIP to scurry away.)

An' *that!*

CAVOR

What are you doing?!

GIBBS

It's gold! Don't you see? Gold! They use it like some common building material around 'ere!

CAVOR

(Examining the stool.)

So it is.

GIBBS

The stuff's lying all over the place!

(He takes gold boulders from his pockets.)

I been pickin it up all the way down 'ere!

DAWSON

Gold?

GIBBS

Yes *gold*, Miss Dawson. One hundred percent, bob's yer uncle, sink your teeth into it, gold!

(DAWSON has joined CAVOR to examine the stool in wonder.)

Now listen to me. 'Ere's my idea. We go back to earth -- provided we can find the sphere -- an' we show 'em what we got. Then we come back 'ere with an army -- an' we take the place over. Whaddaya think?

CAVOR

An army?

GIBBS

That's right. A few thousand of Er Majesty's finest.

CAVOR

The Queen isn't going to give us an army!

GIBBS

Oh no? Not once she realizes what a nice little perk this could be for the national treasury? An' of course, we'll 'ave a finders' fee comin' to us, won't we? But 'ere's the real point, Doctor. The only way they can get 'ere is in your ship. Or should I say, *ships*. 'Undreds and 'undreds of them. All manufactured by -

(Inscribes it in the air:)

-- "Cavor Industries! Invadin' the Moon since 1899!"

CAVOR

I can't imagine anything more -

GIBBS

Only I don't know 'ow to run the spaceship even if I could find it. That's why I need you two. Now c'mon, let's gather up some of these knick-knacks and get going.

(Regards the couch.)

I wonder if there's any way we could get this chesterfield back with us . . .

DAWSON

He's right, you know.

CAVOR

Well he may well be right, but it's still the ravings of a lunatic!

(Moving to GIBBS.)

Now see here, Gibbs, put those things down!

(He knocks the knick-knacks GIBBS has gathered from his hands.)

We're not taking anything that isn't ours, and we're certainly not coming back here with an army!

(GIBBS stands there, stunned.)

I told you before. My invention is intended for the common good. It certainly isn't intended so that one civilization can go about invading another. Granted, we've had our differences with these moon beings -

GIBBS

Differences?!

CAVOR

But that doesn't mean we can't overcome them with a little cooperation and common sense. I'm sure once I have a chance to reason with this - Grand Lunar - we can come to some perfectly acceptable accommodation of our need to live and their need to - get rid of us. Isn't that right Miss Dawson? Thankyou. You see?

GIBBS

I don't believe she answered you.

CAVOR

What? I said isn't that right, Miss Dawson? Miss Dawson? Isn't that right?

DAWSON

Well actually, Doctor . . . I'm not entirely sure that it is.

CAVOR

Oh.

(Pause.)

DAWSON

Dear Doctor . . . I find your optimism quite inspiring. But I'm afraid I don't have quite your faith in the power of reason. Especially when one's reasoning with moon beings. And besides, Gibbs is right. This represents an extraordinary opportunity. Oh I don't mean to come back here with an army, nothing of that sort. But if we could come back here with -- even just a few lorries -

CAVOR

I can't believe I am hearing this!

DAWSON

Doctor Cavor . . . you are a dreamer . . . you must follow your path . . . I am a business person. I must follow mine.

(Pause.)

Are you certain I can't persuade you to come with us?

CAVOR

Certainly not.

DAWSON

You don't mind us borrowing your space ship, do you?

CAVOR

Please. Feel free!

DAWSON

Then we shall be back just as quickly as we can.

(To GIBBS.)

Provided, that is, we can find the silly thing. Do you think we can find our way back to the top?

GIBBS

Not a problem. Do you think you can fly the ship?

DAWSON

I suppose we'll find out.

(They start towards the window.)

CAVOR

But Miss Dawson, I thought --

(He stops.)

DAWSON

Yes, Doctor? You thought what?

CAVOR

Well I thought . . . that perhaps you and I were . . . that perhaps you and I would . . .

DAWSON

Would what, Doctor?

(Pause.)

CAVOR

Nothing. Good luck to you. Here is your jacket.

DAWSON

Oh! Ta.

(She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek, then she and GIBBS clamber out the window. Pause.)

SHRINKLIE

Aw. Poor alien. C'mon now, Wizzie, it looks like this one wants to be alone.

(She crosses to CAVOR, touches a tentacle to him.)

Sorry you lost your friend.

(CAVOR acknowledges the gesture with a nod. SHRINKLIE and WIZLIP exit into the other room.)

CAVOR sits on the edge of the upturned couch.)

CAVOR

Goodbye, Miss Dawson. And godspeed.

SONG: PROBABLY (REPRISE)

CAVOR

IT WAS
PROBABLY UNWISE
PROBABLY FANTASTIC
TO SUPPOSE WE MIGHT BE MORE THAN MERELY FRIENDS

I WAS
POSSIBLY TOO BOLD
POSSIBLY DELUDED
IN A HURRY TO BELIEVE IN HAPPY ENDS

WE CAME FROM TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS YOU SEE
SHE'D NEVER WANT A MAN LIKE ME
AND THOUGH I'LL MISS HER EXQUISITELY

IT NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN
PROBABLY

(Fade.)

Scene 4:

(A FANFARE, moon-style. THE PROCLAIMER appears.)

THE PROCLAIMER

THE GRAND LUNAR AWAITS!

(Music - a strange sort of moon processional. DOWN THERERS gather into a march, playing along on moon percussion instruments.)

In his apartment, CAVOR is awoken by some CARRIERS, who place him atop an ornate palette. They carry him into the march, SHRINKLIE and WIZLIP falling in behind.

The procession wends its way to a large open area into which rolls THE GRAND LUNAR, accompanied by his ATTENDANT and a TRANSLATOR.)

SHRINKLIE

What in Frum's name is that?

WIZLIP

Shrinklie, shh!

(The procession arrives before THE GRAND LUNAR as the music comes to a stirring close.)

PROCLAIMER

ATTEND THE GRAND LUNAR!

DOWN THERERS

ATTEND!

(The DOWN THERERS all lie on their backs and wiggle their legs in the air.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

I hate that stupid custom. BRING THE ALIEN BEFORE ME!

ATTENDANT

It . . . is, Your Grandness.

(A CARRIER pushes CAVOR forward.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

This is the alien?

ATTENDANT

Yes, Your Grandness.

THE GRAND LUNAR

I was expecting something a bit . . . larger.

SHRINKLIE

An' I was expecting something a whole lot smaller. Holy smoot, what happened to you?

PROCLAIMER

Please, you musn't -

SHRINKLIE

Talk about letting yourself go.

THE GRAND LUNAR

SILENCE! Tell the Up Therer I have no idea what she's talking about.

TRANSLATOR

He says -

SHRINKLIE

I heard him. Tell yer buddy I was expectin' a warmer welcome back.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Tell this rude being I have no idea who she is.

SHRINKLIE

Oh, so that's how you want to play it, huh? Tell this loser he should slim down and get a life.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Tell this disgusting creature she apparently mistakes me *FOR SOMEONE WHO CARES!*

(General consternation among the
DOWN THERERS.)

What's more, tell her this isn't my *body*, but a sophisticated mechanism allowing me never to leave my place. For were I to detach myself from my very large brain, our entire civilization would collapse.

SHRINKLIE

And that'd be a bad thing?

PROCLAIMER

Your Grandness, the Alien is waiting.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Quite right. I have more important things to do than argue with you.

(To CAVOR.)

ALIEN!

(ANOTHER TRANSLATOR rushes up to CAVOR, whispers in his ear.)

CAVOR

Hm? Oh! That's me . . . sire.

THE GRAND LUNAR

While you were in captivity, our Othertalkers have been secretly studying your language, which they have now mastered. Your remarks shall be conveyed to me, and then what you say shall be transmitted from my very large brain into the lesser brains of my subjects. In that way, everyone shall understand.

CAVOR

Extraordinary! You know, were I to hazard a guess, I'd say it has something to do with the electro-magnetic qualities of the brain, which in turn can -

THE GRAND LUNAR

Please.

(Music. THE TRANSLATOR continues to whisper to CAVOR.)

I wish you to tell me about The Bloom.

CAVOR

The Bloom? Oh! You mean -- where we come from. You see, we don't call it the Bloom, your Honour, but by any other name -- it's quite a remarkable place!

SONG: THE EARTH!

CAVOR

THE EARTH!

I COME FROM A WONDROUS PLANET CALLED
THE EARTH!

IT'S REALLY QUITE A SPECIAL PLACE
YOU SEE, YOU'VE GOT THE HUMAN RACE
FROM WAY UP IN THE ARCTIC DOWN TO PERTH

ON EARTH!

THEY BIRTH!
 THE PEOPLE LIKE TO MULTIPLY
 ON EARTH!
 THAT'S WHY IT'S GETTING CROWDED
 AND THE SKIES ARE GETTING CLOUDED
 BUT ON THE WHOLE IT'S GOT A LOT OF WORTH
 THE EARTH!

THE GRAND LUNAR
 (Music continues under.)

Wait a moment. Do you mean to tell me the Bloomers are
 allowed to breed at will?

CAVOR

Well, yes, pretty much. You see --

THE GRAND LUNAR

Ridiculous!

CAVOR

Well, as I say, it's a popular activity.

(Sings:)

IT'S A HAPPY SORT OF PLACE
 WITH A SNAPPY SORT OF PACE
 AND ALTHOUGH THE TRAFFIC'S DEAFENING AND THE WEATHER CAN BE
 THREATENING
 AND THE CRIME IS HARDLY LESSENING, STILL IT'S PRETTY AS A
 PEARL

MY WORLD!

THINGS WORK A LITTLE ODDLY IN
 MY WORLD!
 EACH PERSON'S COUNTED EQUALLY
 NO GRAND LUNAR TO PLEASE, YOU SEE
 DEMOCRACY'S A CONCEPT YOU SHOULD TRY
 NO LIE!

WE VIE

TO DO THE JOBS WE WANT TO DO
 THAT'S WHY
 THERE'S SMIDDYS, SMITHS AND SCRIBES GALORE
 NOT ONE OR TWO BUT MANY MORE
 YOU'RE FREE TO BE WHATEVER YOU CAN BE
 SIMPLY!

THE GRAND LUNAR

Let me understand this. You have no one telling everyone else what to do?

CAVOR

Well no, not really. I mean, we have the Queen, but she largely keeps to herself.

THE GRAND LUNAR

So everyone just runs about doing whatever they want? How do you get anything done?

WIZLIP

I know!

ATTENDANT

See here -

WIZLIP

(To THE CROWD generally.)

Because if you don't have to do what you're told, you do do what you do do that much better!

SHRINKLIE

Exactly!

CAVOR

I don't know what she said, but it sounded rather good.

CAVOR & WIZLIP

(Getting the CROWD going.)

IT'S A HAPPY SORT OF PLACE
WITH A SNAPPY SORT OF PACE

CAVOR

AND DESPITE SOME CONSTERNATION WITH POLITICAL VEXATIONS
AND THE GLOBAL SITUATION, STILL IT'S -- WHAT'S THE WORD I
SEEK?

UNIQUE!

IT'S ALWAYS ENTERTAINING, IS
MY EARTH!

EACH DAY'S A NEW ADVENTURE 'CAUSE
NO TUESDAY'S QUITE LIKE MONDAY WAS
AND WEEKENDS ARE A CONSTANT SOURCE OF MIRTH
ON EARTH!

ALL THE DOWN THERERS

(Except for the GRAND LUNAR)

IT'S A HAPPY SORT OF PLACE
WITH A SNAPPY SORT OF PACE!

CAVOR

AND IF I COULD I'D TAKE YOU THERE AND SHOW YOU THINGS BOTH
STRANGE AND RARE
AND KNOCK YOU ON YOUR DERRIERES
DELIGHT IS DE RIGUER!

(BIG DANCE NUMBER: CAVOR, WIZLIP,
SHRINKLIE, AND THE DOWN THERERS
BREAK IT OUT. THE ATTENDANT AND
TRANSLATORS ARE DRAWN INTO IT.
EVERYBODY EXCEPT THE GRAND LUNAR,
WHO LOOKS ON GLUMLY.)

EVENTUALLY:)

ALL THE DOWN THERERS

(Except for the Grand Lunar)

IT'S A HAPPY SORT OF PLACE
WITH A SNAPPY SORT OF PACE!

SOME DOWN THERERS

THOUGH WE'VE LITTLE UNDERSTANDING WE'RE IMPRESSED BY YOUR
GRANDSTANDING

OTHER DOWN THERERS

IT REALLY SOUNDS QUITE FETCHING, YOUR ENTHUSIASM'S CATCHING

ALL THE DOWN THERERS

(Except for the Grand Lunar)

YOU NEVER KNOW
JUST WHO WILL SHOW
WHEN STRANGERS JUMP DOWN
THROUGH THE HOLE
OR WHAT THEY'LL SAY
ABOUT THE CRAZY
DOINGS ON A PLACE
LIKE EAR-RR-RR-RR-RRTH
THE EARTH!

(After the Big Finish.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

I see.

CAVOR

Tell you what, Your Grandness. You let us go and I'll arrange for you to come visit. We'll need a larger space ship, mind you, but I'm sure I can -

THE GRAND LUNAR

No, I don't think so.

(To THE DOWN THERERS, who are still twittering amongst themselves.)

QUIET! And listen while I learn more of this . . . "Earth."
(Back to CAVOR.)

You speak of the skies on your planet, Alien. Do you mean to say you live on the outer surface?

CAVOR

Yes, actually.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Would it not make more sense to live inside, where, for example, strangers wouldn't come crashing down upon you?

CAVOR

Well, I suppose it might, but -

THE GRAND LUNAR

And you say these skies are "clouded." What do you mean by that?

CAVOR

Well, that is an unfortunate side-effect of our industry. You see, our factories emit a quantity of smoke into the air, quite a quantity, actually, and so the air becomes . . . fouled.

THE GRAND LUNAR

"Fouled."

CAVOR

Yes. And the . . . rivers and lakes don't do so well either.

THE GRAND LUNAR

In other words, you dirty your own world.

CAVOR

Well I suppose you could put it like that.

THE GRAND LUNAR

How would you put it?

CAVOR

Exactly like that, come to think of it.

THE GRAND LUNAR

And is this what you mean by the "global situation"?

CAVOR

Oh, no, no, that is something entirely different. You see, there's always a certain amount of tension between nations, between the various . . . groups of population. And sometimes they -- we -- get together in large armies and all dress up alike and then go off and fight one another.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Excuse me?

CAVOR

We, you know . . . do battle.

THE GRAND LUNAR

With yourselves?

CAVOR

Er . . . yes.

THE GRAND LUNAR

All dressed alike?

CAVOR

No, one side wears one colour and the other side wears . . . another.

THE GRAND LUNAR

And what is the purpose of all this?

CAVOR

Well, it thins the population, I suppose.

THE GRAND LUNAR

I see. And you think this is admirable, do you?

CAVOR

Well, some do. I've never been too keen on it myself, but -

THE GRAND LUNAR

Enough. I have heard enough.

(Pause.)

Tell me, Alien. This vehicle that you came in. Do others use them as well?

CAVOR

(Proudly.)

Oh, no, your Grandness, mine is the only one!

THE GRAND LUNAR

So if, say, you were unable to return to the Bloom, no other of your peoples could come here. Is that right?

CAVOR

Well yes, I suppose so. Though two of my colleagues are at this very moment attempting to --

(He catches himself.)

-- Uh, no, Your Grandness. No one.

THE GRAND LUNAR

I am most glad to hear it.

(Dark chord. He sings:)

SONG: THE GRAND LUNAR'S SENTENCE

BY THE POWER INVESTED IN ME

BY ME

I DO HEREBY SENTENCE THE ALIEN

AND ALL HIS SYMPATHIZERS

TO BE SENT UP THE DUMWILLIGER

INTO

THE VOID!!!!!!

(THE GRAND LUNAR is wheeled off.)

WIZLIP

Wait! No! You can't do that! You can't -

(WIZLIP is picked up by a CARRIER and carried off, kicking and screaming. Then SHRINKLIE.)

SHRINKLIE

Hey! Get your jumfrigs off me, ya dit!

(The ATTENDANT moves to take CAVOR by the arms.)

CAVOR

There is no need to manhandle me, my friend. I shall meet my fate - *like an Earthling!*

(CAVOR strides off to DRAMATIC MUSIC as we

Fade.)

Scene 5:

(The moon apartment. SHRINKLIE sits alone, thoughtful. WIZLIP enters, sees her.)

WIZLIP

You okay, Shrinklie?

SHRINKLIE

Hm? Oh yes, I'm fine, darlin'.

WIZLIP

You know, I don't think your friend meant all those things he said. I think he really did remember you.

SHRINKLIE

Ohh, I'm sure of it, dear. But it don't matter what he said. I expect I could have been a bit better spoken myself.

(CAVOR enters, also looking a bit glum.)

WIZLIP

Hello, Bloomer!

CAVOR

Hello, Wizzie.

SHRINKLIE

You two understand each other now?

WIZLIP

Well, not really. But he knows my name for him is Bloomer, and he's figured out my name is Wizzie. Isn't that right, Bloomer?

CAVOR

Whatever you say, Wizzie.

(They share a smile.)

SHRINKLIE

Well I'll leave you two to your scintillating conversation.
Think I'll go have a lie-down. Before . . . well, you know.
(She exits to the bedroom.)

CAVOR

(Indicating to WIZLIP, re
SHRINKLIE:)

Sad.

WIZLIP

Yes, she's sad. I think she thought her Grand Lunar would be
nicer to her.

(CAVOR pats her on the head, starts
away again.)

Bloomer.

(CAVOR stops, turns.)

I know you can't really understand what I'm saying, but . . .
I want to say that I've enjoyed very much meeting you. I
always wondered what it would be like to meet an Alien, and
now I know: it's not so much different from meeting anyone
else for the first time. And perhaps you do understand what
I'm saying. I mean, it's not that complicated, is it?

SONG: IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND

WIZLIP

IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND
IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO FEEL A FEELING
YOU ONLY HAVE TO WANT TO MAKE A START
YOU ONLY HAVE TO LISTEN WITH YOUR HEART
THEN ANSWERING WON'T BE SO VERY HARD, 'CAUSE
IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND

CAVOR

IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND
SOMETIMES IT SEEMS TO HAPPEN IN A HEARTBEAT
WITHOUT A WORD, WITHOUT A REASON WHY
YOU MEET SOMEONE WHO'LL ALWAYS BE YOUR ALLY
AND KNOWS THERE'S MORE TO YOU THAN MEETS THE EYE
'CAUSE IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND

WIZLIP AND CAVOR

NO WAY OF KNOWING WHEN IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN
NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO IT'S GOING TO BE

YOU'LL MEET A BEST FRIEND
 BETTER THAN THE REST FRIEND
 WHO'LL SEE THE YOU
 THAT YOU SEE TOO

IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND
 IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO FEEL A FEELING
 YOU ONLY HAVE TO WANT TO MAKE A START
 YOU ONLY HAVE TO LISTEN WITH YOUR HEART
 LET SLEEP WHATEVER KEEPS YOUR SOULS APART
 'CAUSE IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT TO UNDERSTAND
 (They embrace.)

WIZLIP

Well. I guess I better check on Shrinklie. Good night,
 Bloomer.

CAVOR

Good night, Wizzie.

(They smile. WIZLIP exits.)

CAVOR looks about.)

CAVOR

Oh, Earth. Earth! Perhaps I was wrong ever to want to leave
 you. Well, too late now.

(He switches off a moon-switch on
 the wall to turn off the lights.
 The room is bathed in a blue glow.)

Hm. That's interesting. Where -- ?

(He looks up to the ceiling.)

Oh, I see! It's a sort of skylight. You know, I do believe
 they've created an assembly of mirrors, which in turn are
 aimed in such a way as to -

(He realizes he is alone.)

Oh never mind.

(He sits, still staring up.)

And all so that they may see you. The "Bloom." I guess
 they're not so happy living underground after all, are they?

(Pause.)

Aren't you lovely? Still, I can't say I'm sorry I left you.
 I'm not sure I had any choice.

SONG: SOMEWHERE ON THE MOON

CAVOR

SOMEWHERE ON THE MOON
 FLOATING THROUGH THE SKY
 SUDDENLY YOU FIND YOURSELF ALONE
 AND DARKNESS NIGH

SOMEWHERE ON THE MOON
 A MAN KNOWS WHERE HE STANDS
 NEAR TO THE UNKNOWN, FAR AWAY FROM HOME
 SOMEWHERE ON THE MOON

I'D DO IT ALL AGAIN!
 WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT!
 I'D FIND IT IN MYSELF TO SEIZE THE DAY
 AND ALL I'VE SOUGHT!

AND IF MY TIME HAS COME
 TO BID THIS LIFE GOODBYE
 I'LL DO IT WITH NO GRIEF, AND FEAR WILL HAVE NO BRIEF
 FOR MY SPIRIT THRIVES!
 FOR WHAT'S A MAN TO DO
 AND WHO'S A MAN TO BE
 WHEN DESTINY COMES CALLING
 AND FEARLESSNESS IS KEY

AND WHO'LL SAY I WAS WRONG
 TO JOURNEY THROUGH THE NIGHT
 WHEN ALL THE STARS WERE WAITING
 AND THE FUTURE STILL BURNED BRIGHT?

A MAN HAS GOT TO DREAM!
 TO HOLD DREAMS IN HIS HEART!
 I'M GLAD FOR WHAT I'VE GOT, AND EVERYTHING I'VE SOUGHT
 AND THE WORLDS I'VE SEEN

AND IF MY TIME HAS COME
 TO BID THIS LIFE GOODBYE
 I'LL DO IT WITH NO GRIEF, AND FEAR WILL HAVE NO BRIEF
 FOR MY SPIRIT THRIVES!

SOMEWHERE ON THE MOON!

Scene 6:

(On the surface. WIZLIP's home.
DODER looks out the window with a
moon telescope. YUMP sits petting
the GRIBBET, asleep on the floor.

FLOORMAX enters.)

FLOORMAX

Anything?

DODER

No. Nothing.

(FLOORMAX cries.)

Now Florrie. You know they've probably just gone -- to climb
the gloomblats.

FLOORMAX

I know they're gone. That's all. They're gone!

(DODER comforts her. He looks
to YUMP.)

DODER

Yump, maybe you should take the Gribbet for a walk.

YUMP

Yes, Large One.

(He tugs on the GRIBBET's
leash and they exit. Almost
immediately they return, backing
into the room.)

Large One?

DODER

Please, Yump, I need you to --

(He stops, as DAWSON follows YUMP
and the GRIBBET in.)

DAWSON

Please. Don't be afraid.

(GIBBS enters, with a drawn gun.)

GIBBS

Just be 'ospitable, an' everything will be fine.

DAWSON

Gibbs! Where did you get a gun?

GIBBS

Keep it 'andy, don't I? Case I find myself, I dunno, on the moon!

(To the FAMILY.)

Now look. I'm going to speak nice and slow so you can understand me. There's a large space vehicle around 'ere someplace, and we need you to 'elp us find it.

DODER

Pardon?

GIBBS

I SAID -

DAWSON

Gibbs. Allow me.

(To the FAMILY.)

Hello.

(General incomprehension.)

Um . . . This gentleman and I are hoping to get home. We have rather a good plan to . . . make things better here, you see. But first we have to get home, so then we can . . . come back here and, um . . . improve your lives. So if you could just --

GIBBS

Oh fer cripes sake.

(He grabs YUMP, holds the gun to his "head.")

Look. Either you 'elp us, or this one gets it!

DAWSON

Gibbs! Put down that gun!

GIBBS

Right. "Put down that gun." As if that's gonna get us anywhere.

(The GRIBBET lunges at GIBBS, who yells. It chases him.)

FLOORMAX

Oh my Frum!

Zazzer!

DODER

Get 'im Zazzer!

YUMP

(Between the four of them, the FAMILY manages to corner GIBBS. He pulls a boulder from his pocket.)

Gold, anyone?

GIBBS

(They look to one another, puzzled. GIBBS bolts, runs out of the house.)

Good job, Zazzer!

YUMP

Nobody messes around with my Yump.

FLOORMAX

Excuse me. I'm terribly sorry to have bothered you. I -

DAWSON

(To the FAMILY.)

(Overwhelmed, she exits.)

Outside, GIBBS has stopped to collect more gold moon rocks.)

Gibbs!

DAWSON (Cont.)

(He looks.)

What has gotten into you?

GIBBS

What's gotten into me? What's the matter with you?! "Ohh, do excuse me, but I wonder terribly if you wouldn't mind h-h-helping us." 'Cor. Nuff to make me ill.

Oh really?

DAWSON

GIBBS

Yes, really. And if you think that's any way to get us home with all this gold -

Oh sod the gold!
DAWSON

Sod the what?
GIBBS

DAWSON
If it means acting like a bully and pulling guns on innocent families -

GIBBS
Families. Pah!

DAWSON
I want nothing more to do with it!

SONG: ENOUGH

DAWSON
ENOUGH!

GIBBS
I DON'T GIVE A FIDDLE WHAT YOU SAY

DAWSON
ENOUGH!

GIBBS
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME ANYWAY

DAWSON
ENOUGH!

GIBBS
I'LL BE LIVIN LIKE THE PRINCE OF WALES

DAWSON
ENOUGH!

GIBBS
YOU'LL BE ROTTIN IN A DEBTOR'S JAIL

DAWSON
DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR KIND BEFORE

GIBBS
YOU'RE LOOPY

DAWSON
KIND YOU SEE THROUGH LIKE AN OPEN DOOR

GIBBS
QUITE KOOKY

DAWSON
TICKLE YOUR FANCY AND THEN STEAL YOUR PURSE

GIBBS
PERVERSE!

DAWSON
NEED YOUR RUBBISH LIKE I NEED THE CURSE
SO

(GIBBS STARTS TO GO.)

DAWSON (Cont.)
DON'T LINGER
DON'T DAWDLE
PLEASE HURRY
OFF YOU TODDLE

GO!

(HE DOES. MUSIC TRANSITIONS. DAWSON
PICKS UP A PIECE OF GOLD. LOOKS AT
IT FOR A MOMENT, THEN LETS IT
DROP.)

DAWSON
WHAT DO YOU DO
WHEN YOUR PLANS STOP WORKING?
WHAT DO YOU DO
WHEN THE MAP IS LOST?
WHAT DO YOU DO
WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH?

WHAT DO YOU DO?
WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH ATTEMPTING
SOMETHING YOU FIGURED
MUST MATTER SO MUCH
WHAT'S A GIRL DO
WHEN SHE THINKS SHE'S HAD ENOUGH?

ENOUGH WITH THE GREED AND THE GUILLE
ENOUGH WITH THE TRYING TOO HARD

NO GUFF WOULD BE NICE FOR A WHILE
 AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY
 WHEN LETTING GO WOULD BE OKAY

WHAT DO YOU DO
 WHEN THERE'S NO MORE PRETENDING
 EVERYTHING'S FINE
 WHEN YOU KNOW IT'S NOT?
 NOTHING TO DO
 BUT TO SAY YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH

THAT'S WHEN YOU KNOW
 IT'S TIME TO SAY
 ENOUGH!

She runs off, back towards Down
 There.

After a moment, DODER enters,
 looking off after DAWSON. He
 looks back to his house. Exits
 after DAWSON.)

Scene 7:

(The site of the Dumwilliger.
 THE GRAND LUNAR and a TRANSLATOR
 await. THE PROCLAIMER appears atop
 a high platform.)

PROCLAIMER

ATTEND THE DUMWILLIGER!

(To DRAMATIC MUSIC, the Dumwilliger
 descends from above the platform.
 Meanwhile, CAVOR, WIZLIP, and
 SHRINKLIE are led on by A
 WRAPPER, who unwraps them. THE
 PROCLAIMER unrolls a moon-scroll.)

IN ORDER THAT ORDER SHALL BE MAINTAINED IN AN ORDERLY ORDER,
 HIS GRANDNESS DECREES THAT THE INTRUDERS - BE EVACUATED!
 Bring them up here.

(The WRAPPER directs CAVOR, WIZLIP,
 and SHRINKLIE up onto the platform
 and directly beneath the
 Dumwilliger.)

PROCLAIMER (Cont.)

They're all yours, Your Grandness.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Excellent. Now Alien. Do you have anything final to say?

CAVOR

Well, no, not really. I - think I said it all before.
Unfortunately.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Fine then. Start the Dumwilliger.

(A SWITCHER, with large hands,
throws a large switch. The
Dumwilliger begins to vibrate and
hum.)

THE GRAND LUNAR (Cont.)

Um, wait. What say we don't evacuate the Little One?

PROCLAIMER

REMOVE THE LITTLE ONE!

(WIZLIP is directed back down.)

PREPARE TO EVACUATE THE -

THE GRAND LUNAR

Um . . . wait. Get rid of the old one, too. Too . . . not
worth it.

(Scowling, SHRINKLIE is also
directed back down.)

THE GRAND LUNAR (Cont.)

PROCEED WITH THE EVACUATION!

(DAWSON calls from off.)

DAWSON

Oh no you don't!

(She marches on, followed by
DODER.)

Release that Earthling immediately!

(General consternation.)

What do you think you're doing? Get that thing away from
him!

(She heads for the stairs, as
DODER spots WIZLIP.)

Wizlip!

DODER

Large One?

WIZLIP

(DODER runs to her. Meantime, DAWSON is attempting to march up to the platform, but is restrained by THE WRAPPER.)

CAVOR

Er, Miss Dawson -

DAWSON

Let - me - go!

(She wriggles away.)

What is the matter with you? All of you! Do you know what you are about to do? You are about to turn into space dust one of the most extraordinary men I have ever known! Do you know what he did? He invented a sphere, a wonderful sphere painted with a magical substance that brought us here. To your wonderful moon. And if you were to let him go, he could do it again!

CAVOR

Yes, Miss Dawson, they know about the sphere, but -

DAWSON

He could make more spheres! Hundreds and hundreds of them! And then more of us could come visit. Thousands upon thousands! And you could visit us! Wouldn't that be fun?!

(CAVOR has sunk his face in his hands. DAWSON looks about, not getting quite the rousing reaction she'd hoped for.)

Well?

THE GRAND LUNAR

(To the TRANSLATOR.)

Do you suppose she's finished?

(The TRANSLATOR nods.)

EVACUATE HER TOO!

DAWSON

Wait! What?

(THE WRAPPER leads DAWSON towards the platform.)

THE PROCLAIMER

(Reading from the scroll.)

THE ALIEN, HAVING DISTURBED OUR ORDERLY EXISTENCE -

SHRINKLIE

Oh fer - turn that thing off!

(Intimidated, THE SWITCHER turns off the Dumwilliger.

SHRINKLIE climbs the stairs to the platform. To the CROWD:)

Now look! This poor thing come all the way up here with his friends, and what do you do? Ya wrap 'em up in that shiny stuff and then prepare to send them up this Frumawful contraption, like they was just so many nardvarkles! And for what? Because they scare you? Well guess what? You scare *them!* You scare *me* even, and I'm your upstairs neighbor!

THE WRAPPER

Actually, you rather scare me too.

SHRINKLIE

I know! I know! That's all right, you can say it! But that's no reason for us to go around evacuating each other! I mean, look at him! Poor beastie, all up 'ere on its lonesome. Obviously, it's as crazy as they come, but at least it knows how to think for itself! Unlike you. Unlike all of you! And who do you rely on to tell you what to do?

(She points to THE GRAND LUNAR.)

This big pile of pomp here!

(Consternation. She looks to THE GRAND LUNAR.)

Well I tell you what. You want to shoot our visitor here up into the void, yer gonna have ta shoot me up there too. 'Cause I know you know exactly who I am! And you know I know exactly who you are! And it ain't this ridiculous Grand Lunatic yer pretendin' to be. Yer the same idiot I met back when you come up top ta visit. The same lovely, charming, funny idiot. Who woulda never thought of doing something so cruel! So go ahead. Show me you don't know who I am. Show me you don't know who you are either. Least I won't have to hang about anymore with a buncha brainless, do-what-yer-told, don't-know-who-you are, frimblenumjarblewiggits!

(More consternation. She stands ready to go.)

Get down from there.

THE GRAND LUNAR

Nope.

SHRINKLIE

TURN THE DUMWILLIGER ON!

THE GRAND LUNAR

You go right ahead.

SHRINKLIE

(THE SWITCHER throws the switch again. The Dumwilliger starts up, louder this time. THE WRAPPER marches DAWSON up to the platform.)

THE GRAND LUNAR

You really should get down from there.

SHRINKLIE

Talk to the claw.

(The Dumwilliger begins to make a loud suctioning sound. CAVOR, SHRINKLIE, and DAWSON hold onto the railings and to one another.)

WIZLIP

Shrinklie!

DODER

(Holding WIZLIP back.)

Stay here, my little one.

THE GRAND LUNAR

(Yelling over the now very loud sound of the Dumwilliger.)

YOU REALLY ARE A MOST STUBBORN CREATURE!

SHRINKLIE

AND YOU -- WILL ALWAYS BE -- MY VERY SPECIAL FRIEND!

(The whine of the Dumwilliger becomes piercing. CAVOR, SHRINKLIE, and DAWSON start to lose their grips on the railings. Then:)

THE GRAND LUNAR

TURN THAT THING OFF!

(The SWITCHER runs to turn off the switch. The Dumwilliger subsides. To the DOWN THERERS:)

And start thinking for yourselves for once. I'm outta here.

(He climbs out of his body and leaps across the platform to embrace SHRINKLIE.)

CAVOR

Oh my. Oh my! Oh my oh my oh my!

(THE DOWN THERERS are disoriented, as if released from a spell.

Meantime:)

DAWSON

Dr. Cavor!

CAVOR

Miss Dawson! You've come back!

DAWSON

I have! I was a fool ever to leave. You are . . . I mean, there are . . . are all sorts of good business opportunities in a place like this! And may I say, Doctor . . . I rather fancy exploring them with you.

(She kisses him. The DOWN THERERS "Aahhh" and waggle their elbows.)

DODER

Lovely.

WIZLIP

Now do you believe in Down There, Large One?

DODER

(Looking about.)

I guess I'll have to, won't I?

(He lifts her in his arms. The DOWN THERERS applaud.)

CAVOR

But, Miss Dawson. One moment. Did you find the sphere?

DAWSON

No, I'm afraid not. In fact, I fear at this very moment Gibbs is probably halfway back to earth.

(Lights fade . . .)

And rise elsewhere on GIBBS,
staggering towards the sphere with
an armload of gold.)

GIBBS

A-hah! There you are, my lovely. My sweet ticket home!
(He starts towards it. FLIPPID
appears from out its hatch.)

FLIPPID

Someone say something?

GIBBS

Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!

(He runs away, dropping his gold,
and is immediately surrounded by
MOON SOLDIERS.)

When I get to be King of the Moon, you freaks are all in
biiiiiig trouble!

(He is marched off.)

Back to CAVOR, DAWSON, WIZLIP,
DODER, SHRINKLIE, THE GRAND LUNAR,
and ALL THE DOWN THERERS, for
the . . .)

"FINALE"

ALL

SO REACH OUT FOR THE HEAVENS
EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE FAR AWAY
AND YOU THINK THAT NOTHING GOOD CAN COME OF DREAMS, SOON
'CAUSE DREAMS TAKE FLIGHT WHENEVER DREAMERS
LET THEM FROM THEIR CAGE
AND THEY MIGHT DECIDE TO LET YOU RIDE ALONG!

SO PUT PASSION WHERE YOUR HEART'S AT
AND SHOUT IT WIDE AND FAR THAT

CAVOR & DAWSON

ON THE WHOLE WE'RE GLAD WE CAME

THE OTHERS
 ON THE WHOLE WE'RE GLAD YOU CAME
 (SEGUE INTO:)

ALL
 CAVORITE!
 MAKING OBJECTS INSANELY LIGHT
 AND THE SCEPTICS DEMUR DESPITE
 WHAT THEIR EYES PLAINLY SEE

CAVORITE!
 WE'RE DELIGHTED YOU GOT IT RIGHT
 AND DECIDED TO TAKE A FLIGHT
 ALL THE WAY TO THE

MOO-OOO-OOO-OOO
 OOO-OOO-OOO-OOO-OOON
 THE MOON!

THE END

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please see the *Moonbound!* information page (click on your browser's Back button, or visit <http://proplay.ws/moonbound.html>)

PRODUCTION NOTES

Many of the stage directions and descriptions of musical numbers in the script are based on the original production. A few are things we would have done if we'd been working in a different theatre – one with flies, for example.

But none of them are written in stone. Your production can be simpler, or more elaborate, as your theatre, budget, and tastes allow. The important thing is that the three worlds of the play – the earth, the outer surface of the moon, and Down There – all be very different, visually and in their customs. But what those differences are is in large part up to you, and your imagination.

Imagination. And fun. Those are the key ingredients for a successful production of *Moonbound!* I wish you lots of both.

- Frank Moher