

*Listen, Charlie, that interference is being beamed from 240,000 miles away.
Oh, now, Jake, you know there ain't no such thing as 240,000 miles away.
Oh, yes there is, Charlie. Straight up.*



The radio play *The Man in the Moon* was written by George Lefferts specifically for Dimension X and it first aired on July 14, 1950. It was later aired on X Minus One, May 29, 1955. The college radio station of Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, WMUK, produced the show and aired it July of 1976 on their short series Future Tense.

George Lefferts was a writer, producer, director, Emmy award winner, and Golden Globe winner. He wrote for radio, Television and film as well as theatre. He was a skilled storyteller and I am always impressed at his ability to develop three dimensional characters in just a line or two.

In this story a non-confrontational low level file clerk at the Federal Bureau of Missing Persons gets embroiled in a potentially, and literally, Earth-shattering plot that he, and the audience, don't figure out until the ending.

DIMENSION X
The Man in the Moon
July 14, 1950

NBC ANNOUNCER: Wheaties present Dimension X.

FX: drum roll

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Adventures in time and space transcribed in future tense (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x... (trails off)

FX: cymbal crash blending in to theremin

NBC ANNOUNCER: On stage tonight, Dimension X, another in the Wheaties big parade of exciting half hour presentations.

FRANK MARTIN: I don't mean to be too personal, mind you, but, have you found out how Wheaties at seven can help at eleven? It's really very easy to find out, you know, and it's mighty worthwhile. Now what you do is this: come breakfast time some morning real soon fix yourself up a bowl of Wheaties, crisp golden flakes, 100% whole wheat. Add some fruit, add milk, and you'll be getting some real nourishment. And at eleven a.m. I think you'll begin to understand why. Because Wheaties have it: the whole wheat energy that makes such a difference come mid-morning. Wheaties have it, and it's for you. Now see if you don't look better, feel better, smile easier, every day that breakfast begins with Wheaties. I know. I do. See for yourself how Wheaties at seven can help at eleven. It's amazing, really.

FX: repeated gong throughout monologue

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Do you remember when you were young how your elders would tell you bedtime stories about the Man in the Moon? Well, tonight we have a different kind of story to tell about him. A story of suspense in the unknown world of the future where anything can happen.

musical transition with theremin

CHARLIE: Attention. Attention. This is the Federal Bureau of Missing Persons calling all local agencies. Attention. This is a coded report nationwide. Missing since 9 o'clock this morning

the following persons. Smidgley, Jonathan, 5 feet 8 inches tall, brown hair, brown eyes, mastoid...

OTTERBURN: Hello, hello, hello, hello, Earth.

CHARLIE: Hey, hey, get off this wavelength! This is a restricted band.

OTTERBURN: Hello, Earth. Hello, Earth.

CHARLIE: Look, whoever you are, you're on a coded wavelength. Now tune out. This frequency is reserved for the Federal Bureau of Missing Persons.

OTTERBURN: Hello, Earth. This is the Moon calling Earth. Hello, Earth.

CHARLIE: This guy's loony.

FX: intercom buzz

CHARLIE: Transmitting room.

JAKE: Jake in transmission.

CHARLIE: Jake, this is Charlie in the code room. Some crackpot's on our frequency.

JAKE: Yeah, I heard him, Charlie. I've got CQ trying to trace it now.

CHARLIE: Yeah, well, hurry it up, will you? Some ham's in for a good stiff fine by the FCC.

JAKE: They ought to take his license away. Oh, here comes Lenny with a directional fix.

LENNY: Here you are, Jake. I checked it four times.

JAKE: Wh-why, this is impossible and you know it.

LENNY: I can't help it...

CHARLIE: Hey, what's going on down there? How about it? Get that ham out of my kilocycle.

JAKE: Listen, Charlie, that interference is being beamed from 240,000 miles away.

CHARLIE: Oh, now, Jake, you know there ain't no such thing as 240,000 miles away.

JAKE: Oh, yes there is, Charlie. Straight up.

CHARLIE: Straight-- Hey, now, wait a minute.

JAKE: Charlie, that signal's coming from the Moon.

CHARLIE: The Moon...Are you nuts?

JAKE: Somebody might be bouncing it like a radar signal.

CHARLIE: Radar? On this frequency? Where did you study basic radio?

JAKE: Listen, flathead, you asked for a fix. I gave the best fix our instruments can find. Now take it or leave it. Somebody on the Moon is calling the Bureau of Missing Persons.

musical transition suspenseful

FX: metallic knocking

CHARLIE: Mr. Timpken, Mr. Timpken.

TIMPKEN: What's the sweat, Charlie? Shouldn't you be broadcasting?

CHARLIE: Now, listen, Mr. Timpken, you know I'm a sober citizen, right? Never once have I broadcast with the smell of alcohol on my breath, right? In all your 12 years here at the Bureau, did I once--

TIMPKEN: What's the matter, Charlie?

CHARLIE: We're picking up a message on our wavelength.

TIMPKEN: What? Did you report to the FCC?

CHARLIE: I ain't got the nerve.

TIMPKEN: But what's wrong?

CHARLIE: You'll scream when you hear this, Mr. Timpken. You'll jump right out the window, but, we are getting an SOS from the Moon.

musical transition

MORSE CODE: -. .- -. / -. -- --- .- / -. . .- -. /
-- . .- -- . /- .- .- .- / --- - - . .-
-. .- .- .- .- .- / .- . .- .- .- / -. .- --- .- - .-
-. .- - / .-- / - / -- --- --- . / / ..
-. / .--- .- .- .- (continues over CHARLIE'S dialog)

CHARLIE: And that's -- got it. Started on voice and switched to Morse.

FX: click

TIMPKEN: What did he say?

CHARLIE: Ah, let's see now. Um. (reading) "Can you read me? Help. Otterburn. Will contact when the Moon is in phase."

TIMPKEN: Otterburn.

CHARLIE: Sounds like a name.

TIMPKEN: Otterburn. Otterburn! Holy jumping Jehoshaphat.

CHARLIE: Hey, where are you going?

TIMPKEN: To talk to the chief.

CHARLIE: Hey, now, wait a minute. What are you going to tell him? We just got a CQ from the Man in the Moon?

TIMPKEN: That's exactly what I'm going to tell him, Charlie.

CHARLIE: What?

FX: footsteps, door shuts forcefully

CHARLIE: Oh, no. This is too much for me.

FX: click, rotary dial, ringing, click

OPERATOR: Washington Star Ledger.

CHARLIE: Let me have O'Brien on the city desk.

OPERATOR: One moment.

O'BRIEN: O'Brien speaking.

CHARLIE: Shamus?

O'BRIEN: Yeah.

CHARLIE: This is Charlie Starbuck down at the missing persons bureau. You want a hot one? No kidding. This will cost you a beer, okay?

O'BRIEN: Shoot, Buck. I'll stay in your wavelength for 30 seconds.

CHARLIE: Okay. We just got a radio message from the Moon.

O'BRIEN: From-- What?

CHARLIE: From the Moon.

O'BRIEN: Call me back when you're sober.

CHARLIE: Okay, Shamus. If you don't know a story, when you see one.

O'BRIEN: I'll send you the name of a good psychiatrist.

CHARLIE: Dagh!

O'BRIEN: So long, Orson Welles.

CHARLIE: Well--

FX: click

CHARLIE: Orson Welles? Hmph. Heh. How do you like that? He don't believe me.

musical transition

TIMPKEN: Otterburn, Mr. Wade. Does that name ring a bell?

WADE: You're the man with the photographic memory, Henry. What about Otterburn?

TIMPKEN: Cornelius Otterburn, atomic physicist, reported missing from his home in Baltimore on June 5th, 1945, just five years ago. Vanished completely.

WADE: Are you trying to tell me you really think there's something to this Man in the Moon business? Henry, I'm surprised at you. This is some crackpot trying to jam the airwaves.

TIMPKEN: But the name Otterburn is so unusual.

WADE: So are a lot of names.

TIMPKEN: But, Mr. Wade, I have a theory.

WADE: Henry, you always have a theory.

TIMPKEN: But Mr. Wade.

WADE: Out, Henry.

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade.

WADE: Out. I'm busy.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

WADE: I'm sorry, Henry. Oh, uh, here, take this folder of reports for the death file.

TIMPKEN: Oh, yes, sir.

WADE: And no more nonsense, eh, Henry? I appreciate that you have a very dull job filing old missing person reports, and I appreciate that you take an active interest in the affairs of the Bureau. But, uh, no more nonsense. Hnnm?

TIMPKEN: No, sir, chief. No more nonsense.

FX: footsteps, door opens

TIMPKEN: Oh.

FIL0: Oh.

FX: door closes

FIL0: Pardon me.

TIMPKEN: Hmm?

FIL0: Are you Mr. Henry Timpken?

TIMPKEN: That's my name.

FIL0: Permit me, Jefferson Filo, scientific feature writer. May I have a moment of your time?

TIMPKEN: Certainly. Uh. Just sit down at my desk right over here.

FX: footsteps

FIL0: Thank you.

FX: footstep, chair creak, shuffle

FIL0: My, that's quite a stack of papers.

TIMPKEN: Filing. Filing. I'm the records custodian of the Bureau. Twelve years and never misplaced a record.

FIL0: Magnificent. Now, Mr. Timpken.

TIMPKEN: (CLEARS THROAT) Yes?

FIL0: Mr. O'Brien, the editor of the Star Ledger, said I might drop by and investigate a rumor. (pause) Only a rumor, mind you...but a message from the, uh, Moon.

TIMPKEN: Well, we aren't certain it's from the Moon. It may be a bounce. They have bounced radar waves off the Moon, you know.

FIL0: Yes, I know. I wrote the first newspaper article on it.

TIMPKEN: Oh, really? Well, I'd be interested to read it.

FIL0: I must have a copy in my briefcase.

TIMPKEN: Well, don't bother.

FIL0: Oh, but I insist.

FX: click, shuffling papers

FIL0: There you are. I'll leave it on your desk.

TIMPKEN: Thank you very much.

FIL0: Now, about this message from the Moon, Mr. Timpken.

TIMPKEN: Well, we don't know for sure, as I said, but I believe that this message, wherever it originates, is from Cornelius Otterburn.

FIL0: The physicist?

TIMPKEN: Oh, you know him?

FIL0: I once wrote an article on his contribution to nuclear mechanics. A brilliant man Otterburn, years ahead of his contemporaries.

TIMPKEN: Whoever is sending those signals, if he isn't on the Moon, he's at least using the Moon as a sounding board, uh, bouncing the signal.

FIL0: But why, Mr. Timpkin? Why?

TIMPKEN: Well, look here, Mr. Filo, if you will come here tomorrow night at eight, we may learn the answer to that question. I have arranged with Charlie our radio man to let me use the equipment.

FIL0: May I consider this an invitation?

TIMPKEN: You certainly may.

FIL0: Very well, sir.

FX: chair sliding on floor, footsteps

FIL0: Until tomorrow night, then. Goodbye, sir.

FX: door opens

TIMPKEN: Goodbye, Mr. Filo. Goodbye.

FX: door shuts

TIMPKEN: Ah, ah, ah, ha, lackaday.

FX: clunk of filing cabinet opening, shuffling paper

TIMPKEN: Ah, let me see now. Ah. Huh, that's funny, where did this list of names come from? Paul Aarons, astro mathematician; Robert Simons, electronic engineer; Carl Parker, mining specialist-- Oh, this must have gotten mixed up with the papers on my desk by accident. That's a peculiar list of names. Most peculiar.

musical transition

FX: door opens

TIMPKEN: Good morning, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Oh, hi, Mr. Timpkin. I see we made the papers.

TIMPKEN: Oh?

CHARLIE: And how! (CHUCKLE) And is the Chief steamed up about it.

TIMPKEN: What did the papers say?

CHARLIE: Mostly, "ha-ha". Here's the Herald.

TIMPKEN: Oh?

FX: rattling newspaper

CHARLIE: Oh, brother, what a panny.

TIMPKEN: Uh-huh. That's-- Oh, dear. Oh, my. Huh. No wonder Mr. Wade is hopping.

CHARLIE: Uh, oh, about tonight, Mr. Timpkin, I don't know.

TIMPKEN: Now, you promised you'd give me a key to the radio room, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Yeah, but I didn't expect this.

TIMPKEN: Listen, Charlie, we've got to find out if there's something to that message. If Otterburn is alive somewhere and radioing for help, it is our--

FX: high pitched beep

CHARLIE: Oh, hold it, hold it. It's time for the morning broadcast, we got quite a list today.

TIMPKEN: Would you mind if I listen a while? We may hear Otterburn.

CHARLIE: Oh, I ain't self-conscious. Stick around.

FX: click

CHARLIE: Attention. Attention. This is the Federal Bureau of Missing Persons calling all local agencies nationwide. This is a coded broadcast. The following persons are missing. Aarons, Dr. Paul, five-feet-five, brown hair, brown eyes, scar on left side of chin.

TIMPKEN: Aarons?

CHARLIE: Thick glasses, occupation astro-mathematician. Missing since 6 o'clock this morning.

TIMPKEN: Wha--? Missing?

CHARLIE: Being sought by Bel Air police.

TIMPKEN: Ah Charlie...

CHARLIE: Repeat, Dr. Paul Aarons...

TIMPKEN: Charlie, shut it off a second.

CHARLIE: Oh, now listen, Mr. Timpkin, it's okay to stay, but you can't interrupt.

TIMPKEN: This is important. Now, what time was Dr. Aarons reported missing?

CHARLIE: Uh, 6 a.m. We got the report from Bel Air less than an hour ago.

TIMPKEN: Are you certain, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Yeah, positive. What is this?

TIMPKEN: Charlie, what's the next name on the list?

CHARLIE: Let's see. Uh. Simons, Robert.

TIMPKEN: What?

CHARLIE: Engineer, came in less than 20 minutes ago.

TIMPKEN: Twenty?

CHARLIE: What's the matter with you? You look like you've seen a ghost.

TIMPKEN: Uh-hm. Nothing, Charlie. Except that last night, quite by accident, someone left a list of names on my desk, and that list included the names of those two men who weren't reported missing until an hour ago.

CHARLIE: What? Yeah, that don't sound right to me.

TIMPKEN: It isn't right, Charlie. Which raises a question. Who would make up a list of missing persons before they were missing...not after.

cymbal crash transition to musical conclusion

ANNOUNCER: Dimension X will continue in just a moment.

FRANK MARTIN: You know, friends, when I talk about Wheaties breakfast of champions, I mean something like this. Champions do eat Wheaties because they feel Wheaties give them energy they need and because they just plain like the way Wheaties taste. And even though they are champions, that isn't unusual. Sort of the way you and I look at it, isn't it? Here's Ed Prentiss with a perfect illustration of my meaning.

PRENTISS: Now, young man, will you tell us what you do for a living?

BOB FELLER: I pitch.

ED PRENTICE: You what?

BOB FELLER: Pitch, pitch. You know, baseball. When you have a baseball team, you have to have a pitcher. I'm a pitcher. I pitch.

PRENTISS: Oh, yes. Yes, I see. And are you on a team?

BOB FELLER: Yes, sir. I'm on the Cleveland Indians.

PRENTISS: Cleveland Indians, hmm? What is your name, young man?

BOB FELLER: I'm Bob Feller. And you know it as well as I do, Ed.

ED PRENTICE: Sure I do, Bob. It's good to see you. This makes your fourteenth season playing with the Indians, doesn't it?

BOB FELLER: Yup, Ed. Fourteen years.

PRENTISS: Well, tell me, Bob, how long you been eating Wheaties?

BOB FELLER: Oh, about 20 years, give or take a couple.

PRENTISS: You mean you started eating Wheaties before you started playing ball?

BOB FELLER: Why, of course. What's so strange about that? Most people start eating Wheaties before they get to playing ball. In fact, most people never start playing baseball. You don't have to be a ball player to enjoy the lift you get from Wheaties with milk and fruit.

PRENTISS: You're right as rain, Bob. No champ ever said a truer word about Wheaties. Breakfast of champions.

musical transition

WADE: And you say this list of names was left on your desk...accidentally?

TIMPKEN: I believe so, Mr. Wade.

WADE: Do you have any ideas?

TIMPKEN: Well, it's hard to say. Mr. Filo left some papers from his briefcase.

WADE: Mr. Filo?

TIMPKEN: A science feature writer.

WADE: I see. You were the leak on the story then.

TIMPKEN: Oh, oh yes sir, I'm afraid I was. I didn't think it would be treated as a laughingstock. We'll deal with that later.

WADE: What's this Filo like?

TIMPKEN: Well, he's strange. Bald, thick glasses, tall. Uh. Seems to know a great deal about scientific data, but being a science writer--

WADE: Is there any other possibility?

TIMPKEN: I don't know. But I do believe that this is all hooked up with the broadcast from Otterburn, sir.

WADE: That seems like a very remote possibility.

TIMPKEN: A missing persons bureau deals in remote possibilities, Mr. Wade.

WADE: Henry, I do not require a statement of policy. What's the theory?

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade, (CLEARS THROAT) I have discovered that each year literally thousands of persons vanish. Leaving no trace. They are never located. Where do they go? Nobody knows.

WADE: And?

TIMPKEN: And they disappear in interesting cycles.

WADE: What sort of cycles?

TIMPKEN: Occupations, for example. One year we'll have a run on, uh well, say coal miners. Next year the proportions of engineers increases, then scientists--

WADE: What do you think happens, Henry?

TIMPKEN: I don't know, Mr. Wade. But I'm beginning to suspect that somebody else has discovered the same phenomenon. (pause) Even to the point, perhaps, of being able to predict who will turn up among the missing next.

WADE: Filo?

TIMPKEN: I don't know. But I would like to find out.

WADE: And you think Otterburn may be a part of this picture?

TIMPKEN: I definitely do, Mr. Wade.

WADE: Henry, do you honestly expect me to buy an idea like that?

TIMPKEN: It's more than an idea. The two top men on this list are missing.

WADE: Maybe so. But the rest of them aren't. Parker. Watson. Gibbs.

TIMPKEN: Well--

WADE: Why, I saw Parker in the restaurant where I had lunch today.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir. But--

WADE: You think I'm going to make myself a laughingstock by putting any belief in such a crack-brained theory?

FX: ringing phone

WADE: Excuse me.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

WADE: (INTO PHONE) Hello? Wade speaking. (pause) Yes? (pause) Yes, I see. (pause) What name? Just a moment. (TO TIMPKEN) Henry, let me see that list again.

TIMPKEN: Oh, yes, sir.

FX: papers rustle

TIMPKEN: Here you are, sir.

WADE: Go ahead. (pause) I see. (pause) I'll get back to you.

FX: click of phone hanging up

WADE: I, uh, guess I owe you an apology, Henry.

TIMPKEN: Uh. Sir?

WADE: Carl Parker was just reported missing.

TIMPKEN: Parker?

WADE: The third man on your list.

TIMPKEN: Holy mackerel.

WADE: Exactly. Henry, perhaps I've underestimated you. Maybe this time you really stumbled onto something.

TIMPKEN: What do you intend to do, Mr. Wade?

WADE: I don't know. I haven't thought it out yet.

TIMPKEN: I was planning to listen for another broadcast tonight in the hope that Otterburn might try to contact us again.

WADE: I'll, uh, join you.

TIMPKEN: (CLEARS THROAT) I also invited Mr. Filo, the science feature writer.

WADE: Oh. I'll be glad to meet him. I'm beginning to get interested in your Mr. Filo.

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade, you don't think...?

WADE: That he's mixed up in this? I don't know, Henry.

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade, let's—let's contact the police.

WADE: No, Henry, I think we're better off keeping this between ourselves for the moment. I don't want the police laughing at the Bureau if you're wrong.

TIMPKEN: I don't know, Mr. Wade.

WADE: Besides, there may be more danger than you realize. Let's keep it quiet. Shall we, Henry?

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir. I didn't realize there was any danger.

musical transition suspenseful blends into clock chiming 8pm

FX: door unlocks and opens, light footsteps, clock continues to chime until 8 chimes have been completed

WADE: 8 o'clock. Mr. Filo is late.

TIMPKEN: He said he'd be here, sir.

WADE: The Moon is almost in direct phase. You can't wait much longer. You'd better switch on the set.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

FX: click, white noise static

WADE: I left a light in the hall for Mr. Filo when he comes.

FX: white noise static

WADE: Are you getting anything?

TIMPKEN: No. Just some foreign stuff.

FX: static mixed with voices

RADIO ANNOUNCER: Tonight's programming from Johannesburg, South Africa. We continue in Afrikaans.

TIMPKEN: Oh, no, dear me.

FX: radio whine raising in pitch

TIMPKEN: That's a very peculiar transmission sound.

OTTERBURN: Earth? Earth?

TIMPKEN: That sounds like something. See if I can work the selector here.

WADE: The Moon is in phase.

TIMPKEN: Yes sir.

OTTERBURN: Hello. Earth, can you hear me?

TIMPKEN: (TO WADE) I'll try to return. (INTO RADIO) Hello?
Hello?

OTTERBURN: Hello, Earth.

TIMPKEN: Hello, do you hear me?

OTTERBURN: I get you now. Thank God.

TIMPKEN: Who are you? Can you hear me? Who are you?

OTTERBURN: This is Professor Cornelius Otterburn. Hello?

TIMPKEN: Go on, go on. I hear you.

OTTERBURN: Not much time. They're on to me. They've located my
sending point. Do you hear me?

TIMPKEN: Go ahead, keep talking.

OTTERBURN: I've only enough oxygen for a few minutes more.

TIMPKEN: Where are you?

OTTERBURN: I'm on the Earth side of the Moon. Did you get that?
The Earth side of the Moon. A volcanic crater.

WADE: Good Lord.

TIMPKEN: (TO WADE) Start that recorder, Mr. Wade. (TO OTTERBURN)
Go on, explain please. Explain please.

OTTERBURN: Listen closely. There is an Earth Colony on the Moon.
There is an Earth Colony on the far side of the Moon. Made up of
renegade scientists and criminals. Professor Ernst Holtzman--

TIMPKEN: Holtzman? He died in an insane asylum in 1938.

WADE: Yes.

OTTERBURN: Professor Ernst Holtzman discovered nuclear rocket power in 1935. Turned his plans over to escaped inmates of the asylum. They took off and set up a colony on the far side of the Moon in 1938.

WADE: Go ahead, we're recording you.

OTTERBURN: Each year they recruit new colonists from Earth. Slave labor mostly, some women, scientists. The oxygen problem is a big one. I was kidnapped in 1945.

TIMPKEN: Yes, we know. Keep talking.

OTTERBURN: They wanted me to work on atomic drive on their flying ships. Hello?

TIMPKEN: We're still getting you. Go on, go on.

OTTERBURN: Six others and I escaped.

TIMPKEN: Speak louder.

OTTERBURN: Not much oxygen left...getting weaker. We've pooled what little oxygen we had. The others, dead now. Thank God I reached you. You've got to stop them. Stop them.

TIMPKEN: Stop who?

OTTERBURN: The Moon Colony. Planning to take over the Earth. Listen, they have agents on Earth. Hear me?

TIMPKEN: Agents on Earth? Where? Who? Hello? Hello?

OTTERBURN: Agents in...

FX: bang, crashing glass

WADE: Henry, look out.

TIMPKEN: The light!

WADE: Someone at the window. Get down.

FX: bang, bang

WADE: Henry, are you all right?

TIMPKEN: I -- I think so. Oh, his shot smashed the transmitter.

WADE: Strike a match. Careful.

FX: match strike

TIMPKEN: Phew, that was close.

WADE: I got a look at him. From the description, it was your Mr. Filo.

TIMPKEN: Well, we got a recording anyway. But not the most important part of the message.

WADE: Henry, we've got to get you out of here. He said they have agents. Filo's probably one of them. He'd be looking for you now, trying to kill you.

TIMPKEN: The police—

WADE: The police would believe a fantastic story like this. People being kidnapped to the Moon as slave labor? Moon Colony planning an invasion of the Earth? Henry, believe me, they'd clap us into strait jackets before we could finish.

TIMPKEN: We've got to do something.

WADE: We need time. Time to get proof.

TIMPKEN: But we can't walk out of here. Filo's probably waiting.

WADE: If we could only figure some way. Wait, I know.

TIMPKEN: How?

WADE: Listen, there's a service elevator that leads to the basement garage. My car is there.

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade, let us call the police.

WADE: By the time the police get here, we'll be dead. You think Filo will wait outside all night? Come on.

musical transition

FX: sliding door, footsteps

WADE: This is the basement. Come on. Keep to the side.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

WADE: Shh. Here's the car.

FX: car door opens

WADE: All right, Henry. You open the garage door, then jump into the car. We'll make a dash for it.

TIMPKEN: Where can we go?

WADE: I have a farm outside Chevy Chase. It's private, miles from the nearest neighbor and completely hidden by trees. We'll run for that. Go ahead, start the door.

TIMPKEN: All right, Mr. Wade.

FX: footsteps, grinding garage door opening

WADE: Quick, jump in.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

FX: footsteps, car door open and shuts, engine whirrs

WADE: All right, here we go. Cross your fingers, Henry.

musical transition

FX: low sound of car engine

TIMPKEN: We made it out all right. Anything doing?

WADE: There's a blue coupé behind us. It, uh, seems to be following.

TIMPKEN: I'll cut off Pennsylvania Avenue and out Route 1 toward Baltimore.

TIMPKEN: It—It is following! He turned with us. Can you go faster?

WADE: Not much faster.

TIMPKEN: He-he's gaining on us.

WADE: I've got an idea. Hang on, Henry.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

FX: squealing tires, engine stops

TIMPKEN: Why did you stop?

WADE: Turn off the lights, quick.

FX: click, car engine whirrs past

WADE: (SIGH) It worked. He shot right past us. Now we'll double back and go out another route. I think everything is going to be all right now. We can be at my farm in less than an hour.

musical transition

FX: low sound of car engine, crickets

TIMPKEN: Eh. This place is really out in the wilderness, Mr. Wade.

WADE: You can stay here indefinitely, till we figure out the next move.

FX: light tire squealing and grinding on dirt

WADE: Just up this dirt road now, there's a big abandoned wheat silo on my grounds. It's down in a hollow where it can't be seen except from the air. And even then the oak trees shield it. We'll hide you out there. Now we can leave the car here.

FX: engine stops, car door opens and closes, crickets chirping, footsteps

WADE: Come on.

FX: soft footsteps

TIMPKEN: How did you ever find this place, Mr. Wade?

WADE: I've always liked seclusion. Came up here to get away from it all. There's the silo.

TIMPKEN: Well, it's certainly well hidden.

WADE: There's a small door around the side. Come on.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

TIMPKEN: Oh!

WADE: Careful of those bushes. It's hard to see 'em in the dark.

TIMPKEN: Do you suppose Filo will find us?

WADE: I assure you, Henry, that Mr. Filo will never find us here. Not in a million years. Here's the door.

FX: door opens and closes

TIMPKEN: It's pitch dark.

WADE: Hold my arm. I know the way. Just a few steps up, then another door.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

FX: footsteps, whirring, sliding door, loud clank opened

TIMPKEN: Steel? This is an unusual silo. Double walls, wood outside, steel inside.

WADE: Completely fine. An army couldn't break it. We're inside the inner shell. Careful.

FX: echoing footsteps

WADE: You're in a circular room. Stay here a moment. I'll go outside and see if the coast is clear. In a moment, your eyes will become accustomed to the darkness. I'll bring back some food and water.

TIMPKEN: Well, uh, don't be long, Mr. Wade. This place gives me the willies.

WADE: I'll just be a moment.

TIMPKEN: Yes, sir.

FX: footsteps, whirring, sliding door slams

TIMPKEN: Uh, Mr. Wade.

FX: loud clank of doors closing

TIMPKEN: Uh. Uh. Mr. Wade. I swear I hear something. Mr. Wade.

FX: screech of theremin

TIMPKEN: What's that? There is something. Good Lord.

FX: running footsteps

TIMPKEN: There's someone in here.

FX: tryin to open steel door

TIMPKEN: It's locked! Oh, no!

FX: pounding and knocking on steel door

TIMPKEN: This must be a light switch. Oh, thank God.

FX: click

TIMPKEN: (GASPING SCREAM) Oh, no! People! Ten, fifteen, twenty of them.

FX: pounding and knocking on steel door

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade! Help! Help!

WADE: (over loudspeaker) It'll do you no good to shout, Henry.

TIMPKEN: M-m-mr. Wade. Where are you?

WADE: Outside, speaking over the intercom.

TIMPKEN: Mr. Wade, there are people in here. Fifteen or twenty of them. They're-they're sitting like statues just staring at me.

WADE: They won't hurt you, Henry. They've all been drugged. They're even more helpless than you.

TIMPKEN: Yes, but who are they?

WADE: Permit me to introduce them, Henry, since they are currently unable to introduce themselves. The gentleman seated before you is Dr. Paul Aarons, the astro-mathematician.

TIMPKEN: Aarons?

WADE: Next to him is Mr. Robert Simons, electronic engineer.

TIMPKEN: Names on the list?

WADE: Yes. They've all been recruited for work with Professor Holtzman's group on the Moon.

TIMPKEN: On the Moon? Then you-you-you-you're one of them?

WADE: Of course. You'll turn around, Henry. You'll recognize the drugged form of your old friend, Mr. Filo.

TIMPKEN: Filo? But I-I thought -- uh...

WADE: That he was part of the conspiracy? No, on the contrary. His snooping made it necessary for me to include him.

TIMPKEN: Yes, but the man in the window, the one who fired the shots.

WADE: An agent of mine, the pilot of this ship.

TIMPKEN: Ship? Wha-wha-what ship?

WADE: This silo is a camouflage for a rocket launching platform. In a moment, the roof will slide back for the rocket's take-off.

TIMPKEN: A rocket ship?

WADE: In exactly 70 hours, you and your companions will join Professor Otterburn on the Moon.

TIMPKEN: But you-you-you-you-you can't do this to me!

WADE: We have done it, Henry.

FX: banging on metallic doors

TIMPKEN: No!

WADE: You see, there was another name omitted from that list which I carelessly mixed up with your papers. That of Henry Timpken.

TIMPKEN: No!

WADE: Bon voyage.

TIMPKEN: I-I-I won't let you do this!

FX: banging on metallic doors

TIMPKEN: You can't! Please let me out! Let me out, please! This can't happen! Let me out!

FX: engine grinding, whoosh, clank, theremin

musical transition

CHARLIE: Attention. Attention. Missing since 8 o'clock last night the following persons. Timpken, Henry. Age 45. Height five-feet-eight. Brown eyes. Slightly balding. Occupation...

musical conclusion blending into repeated gong

NBC ANNOUNCER: Tonight Dimension X has presented The Man in the Moon. An original story by George Lefferts. Featured players were Louie Van Rooten as Henry Timpken and Santos Ortega as Wade. Your narrator was Norman Rose. Music by Albert Buhrman. Engineer Bill Chambers. Dimension X is produced by Van Woodward and directed by Edward King. In a moment we'll tell you about next week's show. And now here is your Wheaties Man, Frank Martin.

FRANK MARTIN: Everybody knows whole wheat has vitamins and minerals in quantities. Sure, no great trouble figuring that out. The trick is in making the whole wheat into crisp, toasty flakes like Wheaties. With all the good whole wheat things still in 'em. And with all the good natural whole wheat taste. Well do you know how the Wheaties people do it? Well I'll tell you. It's

simple. They use a whole kernel of wheat to make one Wheaties flake. You see? No wonder Wheaties are good for you. And you know how good they taste, crisp, sweet as a nut, simply wonderful. How can you stand missing them, if you are missing them, when they're all that good and all that good for you? Why don't you breakfast up to Wheaties tomorrow morning, huh? And see for yourself how Wheaties at seven can help at eleven. Breakfast of champions. Yes, yes.

theremin plays throughout

HOST NORMAN ROSE: Next week, a strange and thrilling story of the foreign underground. Of a brilliant young scientist and his wife whose only chance for escape from the secret police lay in a world that is beyond infinity, the word of (cymbal crash) Dimension X - x - x - x - x...(trails off)

FRANK MARTIN: And this is the Wheaties man, Frank Martin, inviting you to listen tomorrow night to Joel McCray in Tales of the Texas Rangers on the Wheaties Big Parade. See you then.

single gong

NBC ANNOUNCER: This program was transcribed. Jack Blake tells the story of the underworld next on NBC.

FX: three chimes

Historical Glossary

Regarding this exchange:

CHARLIE: ... Some **ham**'s in for a good stiff fine by the **FCC**.

JAKE: They ought to take his **license** away.

"Ham" radio, is another word for amateur radio, a hobby in which non-professional radio operators used radio frequencies that were controlled by the FCC (Federal Communications Commission). Ham operators had to be licensed by the FCC in order to use air frequencies, thus ensuring the legitimacy and safety of transmissions by police, missing person bureau, etc. Today we may wonder why this was a fun hobby, talking to strangers over radio frequencies and saying little more than hello. It was the thrill of gauging the radio waves and seeing how far away you could communicate. It wasn't until 1962 that the first communications satellite was launched into space. A ham radio operator was using a radio, often constructed or altered by his own skill, and using his knowledge of radio waves, weather patterns, and terrain features, to reach someone at a far distance, something that even telephone wires could not always do, especially if they were talking to someone in a remote country or a secluded mountain.

Jake calls Charlie a "**flathead**" when Charlie won't accept the information that the transmission comes from the Moon. The term flathead refers to an unsophisticated person. Maybe "doofus" or "dork" would be a modern day equivalent. There was a haircut style in the 1950s called a "flattop". The hair was cut in such a way that it could be styled to stand strait up on top looking exactly like the name describes, flat on top. It was popular among laborers and the working class, so had the connotation of being a hairstyle of an unsophisticated person. So Jake calling Charlie a "flathead" was not a rude insult, more like a playful jab.

When Charlie gets on the phone with O'Brian he calls him "**Shamus**". That is not a name, but rather a designation for someone who does detective work, and a reporter often acts like a detective by researching and investigating. My most reliable etymological sources say the term has an "unknown origin". Bandied about the internet are origin stories that connect the word to Irish roots as well as Yiddish, but there are no academic sources for any of those claims. It could also have come from a famous detective, now long forgotten, whose surname was Shamus.

When Charlie tells O'Brian about the transmission from the Moon, O'Brian calls Charlie "**Orson Welles**" and Charlie responds, "Orson Welles? Hmph. Heh. How do you like that? He don't believe me." Orson Welles was a radio personality who broadcast the fictional story The War of The Worlds as though it were really happening. It is said that some people believed it was true and later discovered it was just a radio show, not a news broadcast. With this reference O'Brian is saying he is not going to be fooled by Charlie's story, and doesn't believe it, no matter how real it sounds.

Charlie shows Timpken the newspaper and says, "Oh, brother, what a **panny**." This is a noun version for the slang verb "panned", as in criticized, or more relevant to the 1950's, "made fun of". So a "panny" is something that is panned, as in mocked or made fun of.