

## **THE WAR OF THE WORLDS**

Re-situated in Vancouver, WA, for 80th anniversary

Adapted by

John F. Barber

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Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 06, Episode 03

Final draft

## **The War of the Worlds**

2018 live performance

Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 06, Episode 03  
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: October 30, 2018

Written, Produced, Hosted by  
John F. Barber

Sound design, Music composition, Post-production by  
Martin John Gallagher

Graphics by Holly Slocum

### **Synopsis**

Re-Imagined Radio re-situates the story in Vancouver, WA, to celebrate World Audio Drama Day and the 80th anniversary of this classic radio drama. Live performance by Metropolitan Performing Arts and other community volunteers at Kiggins Theatre, Vancouver, WA.

### **Credits**

PROGRAM ANNOUNCER: Barbara Richardson

STUDIO ANNOUNCER: John Barber

WEATHER ANNOUNCER: Calvin Lieurance

MERIDAN ANNOUNCER: Kristin Heller

CARL PHILLIPS (radio reporter): Greg Shilling

PROFESSOR Rowena PIERSON (female astronomer, retired):  
Rebecca Kramer

POLICEMAN: Nick D'ettore

MR. Grover WILMUTH (farmer): Ian Hanley

Montgomery SMITH (Brigadier General, State Militia):  
Brett Allred

Harry McDONALD (Vice President, Operations): Joe Clemmons

Captain LANSING (Signal Corp): Nick D'ettore

SECRETARY (of the Interior): Steve Becker

ARTILLERY OFFICER: Ian Hanley

ARTILLERY GUNNER: Calvin Lieurance

ARTILLERY OBSERVER: Arianna Dorenbosch

Lieutenant VOGHT: Kristin Heller

RADIO OPERATOR #1: Joe Clemonos

RADIO OPERATOR #2: Barbara Richardson

RADIO OPERATOR #3: Brett Allred

RADIO OPERATOR #4: Nick D'ettore

RADIO OPERATOR #5: Greg Shilling

ROOF TOP ANNOUNCER: Arianna Dorenbosch

MALE SURVIVOR 1: Calvin Lieurance

MALE SURVIVOR 2: Ian Hanley

MALE SURVIVOR 3: Steve Becker

FEMALE SURVIVOR 1: Kristin Heller

FEMALE SURVIVOR 2: Arianna Dorenbosch

FEMALE SURVIVOR 3: Barbara Richardson

INTRODUCTION

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE 0.2: ON AIR

HOST

Good evening everyone, and welcome to another performance by the Re-Imagined Radio Project. This is John Barber, out of character for a moment to talk with you about tonight's performance coming to you from the historic Kiggins Theatre in downtown Vancouver, Washington, USA.

It is a perfect night for our performance. The air is crisp, like the first bite from one of the apples for which the state is well known. The sky is clear, and off to the West, hanging just above the horizon like a solitary red lantern is the planet Mars.

Tonight we offer our re-imagined adaptation of The War of the Worlds radio drama.

Mr. H. G. Wells, an English author of some renown, wrote the novel, The War of the Worlds, in which he imagined the invasion of Earth by beings from the planet Mars. The novel was first published in 1898, and has remained in print ever since.

On this night, in 1938, The Mercury Theatre on the Air, directed by Mr. Orson Welles, shared their adaptation of the novel as a radio drama. By some accounts, the radio broadcast created a nation-wide panic. Certainly it created some confusion, even across the river in

the normally very staid town of Portland. And a lot of listeners enjoyed the ability of the then relatively new radio medium to prompt their imaginations with compelling and immersive sound-based narratives. Either way, The War of the Worlds is often said to be the most famous radio drama ever broadcast.

Our performance tonight celebrates the EIGHTIETH anniversary of the original broadcast. We have taken some liberties with the setting of story, but for all purposes this is what listeners eighty years ago, on this same night, heard. I hope you will enjoy our performance.

Beyond entertainment, the intent of Re-Imagined Radio is to share with you how radio dramas like The War of the Worlds were originally produced. You can watch the voice actors as they deliver their lines at these microphones . . . Or . . . you can close your eyes . . . and listen . . . and imagine.

Re-Imagined Radio is a partnership between Metropolitan Performing Arts, the Creative Media & Digital Culture Program at Washington State University, and the historic Kiggins Theatre, built in 1936, two years before the original broadcast of The War of the Worlds. We are a group of volunteers, seeking to provide arts and entertainment for our community. If you can help, either financially or in kind, please see us

after tonight's performance. Every donation is appreciated and used to provide future performances.

Once again, thank you for joining us tonight. Please enjoy our performance as we utterly destroy the world before your very ears.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SCENE 1: SETTING THE STAGE

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE #1.0 EARTH  
FROM SPACE

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

We know now that in the early years of the twenty-first century this world was being watched closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own. We know now that as human beings busied themselves about their various concerns they were scrutinized and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinize the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacence people went to and fro over the earth about their little affairs, serene in the assurance of their dominion over this small spinning fragment of solar driftwood which by chance or design humankind has inherited out of the dark mystery of Time and Space. Yet across an immense ethereal gulf, intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with

envious eyes and slowly and surely drew their plans against us.

In the thirty-ninth year of the twentieth century came the great disillusionment. It was near the end of October. Business was better. The war scare was not so present. More people were back at work. Sales were picking up. On this particular evening, October 30, the Crosley service estimated that thirty-two million people were listening in on radios . . .

SCENE 2: FIRST NEWS OF MARS

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE #2 MARS FROM EARTH

SFX: RADIO STATIC, TUNING

WEATHER  
ANNOUNCER

(fade in)

. . . for the next twenty-four hours not much change in temperature. A slight atmospheric disturbance of undetermined origin is reported over The Gulf of Alaska, causing a low pressure area to move down rather rapidly over the Pacific Northwest, bringing a forecast of rain, accompanied by winds of light gale force. Maximum temperature 66; minimum 48. This weather report comes to you from the Government Weather Bureau. . . . We now take you to the Meridian Room in the Hotel Columbia in downtown Vancouver, where you will be entertained

by the music of Figrin D'an and the  
Modal Nodes.

SFX: CANTINA BAND . . . BRIEF  
SEGMENT THEN ENDS.

MERIDIAN  
ANNOUNCER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. From  
the Meridian Room in the Columbia Hotel  
in Vancouver, we bring you the music of  
Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes. With a  
touch of jazz, Figrin D'an leads off  
with "The Cantina Song."

SFX: PIECE STARTS PLAYING, BUT  
AFTER A FEW SECONDS IS INTERRUPTED  
BY FOLLOWING

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our  
program of dance music to bring you a  
special bulletin from the  
Intercontinental Radio News. At twenty  
minutes before eight, pacific time,  
Professor Farrell of the Mount Jennings  
Observatory, Chicago, Illinois, reports  
observing several explosions of  
incandescent gas, occurring at regular  
intervals on the planet Mars. The  
spectroscope indicates the gas to be  
hydrogen and moving towards the earth  
with enormous velocity. Professor  
Pierson, retired from the Observatory at  
Princeton and now living in Vancouver,  
confirms Farrell's observation, and  
describes the phenomenon as (quote) like  
a jet of blue flame shot from a gun  
(unquote). We now return you to the  
music of Figrin D'an and the Modal  
Nodes, playing for you in the Meridian

Room of the Columbia Hotel, situated in downtown Vancouver.

SFX: MUSIC PLAYS FOR A FEW MOMENTS UNTIL PIECE ENDS . . .

FOLEY (PROVIDED BY ALL MEMBERS OF CAST): SOUND OF APPLAUSE

MERIDIAN  
ANNOUNCER

Now a tune that never loses favor, the ever-popular "Gypsy Cantina." Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes . . .

SFX: MUSIC BEGINS, FADES FOR FOLLOWING

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, following on the news given in our bulletin a moment ago, the Government Meteorological Bureau has requested the large observatories of the country to keep an astronomical watch on any further disturbances occurring on the planet Mars. Due to the unusual nature of this occurrence, we have arranged an interview with noted astronomer Professor Rowena Pierson here in Vancouver, who will give us her views on the event. In a few moments we will take you to her private observatory atop the Smith Tower in downtown Vancouver. We return you until then to the music of Figrin D'an and the Modal Nodes.

SFX: MUSIC, SUSTAIN FOR A MOMENT, THEN FADE OUT

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

We are now ready to take you to the top of the Smith Tower, one of the tallest

buildings in Vancouver, where Carl Phillips, our commentator, will interview Professor Rowena Pierson, famous astronomer, retired and now living here in Vancouver. We take you now to Carl Phillips.

SCENE 3: INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR PIERSON

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE #3: VIEW OF SPACE FROM OBSERVATORY

SFX AND FOLEY: TICKING IN ECHO CHAMBER (LARGE WINDUP ALARM CLOCK)

PHILLIPS

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Carl Phillips, speaking to you from the observatory of Professor Rowena Pierson, retired from Princeton University and now living in Vancouver. Professor Pierson maintains this private observatory atop the Smith Tower in downtown Vancouver. I am standing in a large semi-circular room, pitch black except for an oblong split in the ceiling. Through this opening I can see a sprinkling of stars that cast a kind of frosty glow over the intricate mechanism of the huge telescope. The ticking sound you hear is the vibration of the clockwork. Professor Pierson stands directly above me on a small platform, peering through a giant lens. I ask you to be patient, ladies and gentlemen, during any delay that may arise during our interview. Besides her ceaseless watch of the heavens, Professor Pierson may be interrupted by

telephone or other communications.  
During this period she is in constant touch with the astronomical centers of the world . . . Professor, may I begin our questions?

PIERSON At any time, Mr. Phillips.

PHILLIPS Professor, would you please tell our radio audience exactly what you see as you observe the planet Mars through your telescope?

PIERSON Nothing unusual at the moment, Mr. Phillips. A red disk swimming in a blue sea. Transverse stripes across the disk. Quite distinct now because Mars happens to be the point nearest the earth . . . in opposition, as we call it.

PHILLIPS In your opinion, what do these transverse stripes signify, Professor Pierson?

PIERSON Not canals, I can assure you, Mr. Phillips, although that's the popular conjecture of those who imagine Mars to be inhabited. From a scientific viewpoint the stripes are merely the result of atmospheric conditions peculiar to the planet.

PHILLIPS Then you're quite convinced as a scientist that living intelligence as we know it does not exist on Mars?

PIERSON I'd say the chances against that are a thousand to one.

PHILLIPS                   And yet how do you account for those gas eruptions occurring on the surface of the planet at regular intervals?

PIERSON                   Mr. Phillips, I cannot account for it.

PHILLIPS                   By the way, Professor, for the benefit of our listeners, how far is Mars from earth?

PIERSON                   Approximately forty million miles.

PHILLIPS                   Well, that seems a safe enough distance.  
(OFF MIKE) Thank you.

(PAUSE)

PHILLIPS                   Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, someone has just handed Professor Pierson a message. While she reads it, let me remind you that we are speaking to you from the observatory in Vancouver, Washington, where we are interviewing the world-famous astronomer, Professor Rowena Pierson . . . One moment, please. Professor Pierson has passed me a message which she has just received . . . Professor, may I read the message to the listening audience?

PIERSON                   Certainly, Mr. Phillips

PHILLIPS                   Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read you a wire addressed to Professor Pierson from Dr. Gray of the National History Museum, New York. "9:15 P. M. Pacific time. Seismograph registered shock of almost

earthquake intensity occurring within a radius of twenty miles of Vancouver. Please investigate. Signed, Lloyd Gray, Chief of Astronomical Division" . . . Professor Pierson, could this occurrence possibly have something to do with the disturbances observed on the planet Mars?

PIERSON

Hardly, Mr. Phillips. This is probably a meteorite of unusual size and its arrival at this particular time is merely a coincidence. However, we shall conduct a search, as soon as daylight permits.

PHILLIPS

Thank you, Professor. Ladies and gentlemen, for the past ten minutes we've been speaking to you from the observatory at Vancouver, bringing you a special interview with Professor Rowena Pierson, noted astronomer. This is Carl Phillips speaking. We are returning you now to our Vancouver studio.

SCENE 4: WILMUTH FARM

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE #4: WILMUTH FARM

MUSIC: FADE IN PIANO PLAYING

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, here is the latest bulletin from the Intercontinental Radio News. Montreal, Canada: Professor Morse of McGill University reports observing several explosions on the planet Mars, between the hours of 7:45 P. M. and 8:20

P. M., Pacific time. This confirms earlier reports received from American observatories.

Now, nearer home, comes this special announcement. It is reported that at 8:50 P. M. a huge, flaming object, believed to be a meteorite, fell on a farm in the neighborhood of Elkton, Washington, twenty-two miles from Vancouver. The flash in the sky was visible within a radius of several hundred miles and the noise of the impact was heard as far north as Ariel. We have dispatched a special mobile unit to the scene, and will have our commentator, Carl Phillips, give you a word description as soon as he can reach the location. In the meantime, we take you to the Hotel Martinet in Camas, where Bobby Millette and his orchestra are offering a program of dance music.

SFX: SWING BAND FOR TWENTY SECONDS  
. . . THEN CUT

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

We take you now to Elkton, Washington, north of Vancouver.

SFX: LOCATION AMBIENCE, POLICE  
SIRENS, CROWD NOISES, FADE DOWN AND  
CONTINUE UNDER FOLLOWING

FOLEY (PROVIDED BY ALL CAST  
MEMBERS): CROWD WALLAH

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Carl Phillips again, at the Wilmuth farm,

Elkton, Washington. Professor Pierson and myself made the twenty-two miles from Vancouver in ten minutes to investigate a report of a meteor impact. We have just now arrived. I haven't had a chance to look around yet, but I guess that's it. Yes, I guess that's the . . . thing, directly in front of me, half buried in a vast pit. I . . . I hardly know where to begin, or how to paint for you a word picture of the strange scene before my eyes. It is like something out of a modern "Arabian Nights." The object must have struck with terrific force. The ground is covered with splinters of a tree it must have struck on its way down, and the bodies of three elk killed at impact lie outside the crater. What I can see of the . . . object itself doesn't look very much like a meteor, at least not the meteors I've seen. It looks more like a huge cylinder. It has a diameter of . . . what would you say, Professor Pierson?

PIERSON (OFF-MIC) What's that?

PHILLIPS What would you say . . . what is the diameter?

PIERSON About thirty yards.

PHILLIPS About thirty yards . . . The metal of the cylinder is . . . well, I've never seen anything like it. The color is sort of yellowish-white. A reddish-glow lingers where the metal is still hot. Curious spectators now are pressing

close to the object in spite of the efforts of the police to keep them back. They're getting in front of my line of vision. Would you mind standing to one side, please?

FOLEY (PROVIDED BY ALL CAST MEMBERS): CROWD WALLAH

SFX: CROWD WALLAH CONTINUES UNDERNEATH

POLICEMAN

One side, there, one side.

PHILLIPS

While the policemen are pushing the crowd back, here's Mr. Grover Wilmuth, owner of the farm here. He may have some interesting facts to add . . . Mr. Wilmuth, would you please tell the radio audience as much as you remember of this rather unusual visitor that dropped in your backyard? Step closer, please. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Wilmuth.

WILMUTH

Well, I was listenin' to the radio.

PHILLIPS

Closer and louder please.

WILMUTH

Pardon me?

PHILLIPS

Louder, please, and closer.

WILMUTH

Yes, yes, while I was listening to the radio and kinda drowsin', that Professor was talkin' about Mars, so I was half dozin' and half . . .

PHILLIPS (EAGERLY) Yes, yes, Mr. Wilmuth. Then what happened?

WILMUTH As I was sayin', I was listenin' to the radio kinda halfway . . .

PHILLIPS (COACHING) Yes, Mr. Wilmuth, and then you saw something?

WILMUTH Not first off. I heard something.

PHILLIPS And what did you hear?

WILMUTH A hissing sound. Like this: ssssss . . . kinda like a fourth of July rocket.

PHILLIPS Then what?

WILMUTH Turned my head out the window and would have swore I was to sleep and dreamin.'

PHILLIPS Yes?

WILMUTH I seen a kinda greenish streak and then ZINGO! Somethin' smacked the ground. Knocked me clear out of my chair!

PHILLIPS Well, were you frightened, Mr. Wilmuth?

WILMUTH Well, I . . . I ain't quite sure. I reckon I . . . I was kinda riled.

PHILLIPS Thank you, Mr. Wilmuth. Thank you.

WILMUTH Want me to tell you some more?

PHILLIPS No . . . That's quite all right, that's plenty.

PHILLIPS Ladies and gentlemen, you've just heard Mr. Grover Wilmuth, owner of the farm where this thing has fallen. I wish I could convey the atmosphere . . . the background of this . . . fantastic scene. Hundreds of cars are parked in a field in back of us. Police are trying to rope off the roadway leading to the farm. But it's no use. They're breaking right through. Cars' headlights throw an enormous spot on the pit where the object's half buried. Some of the more daring souls are now venturing near the edge. Their silhouettes stand out against the metal sheen.

FOLEY: CROWD WALLAH OUT

FOLEY: FAINT SCRAPING SOUND

PHILLIPS One man wants to touch the thing . . . he's having an argument with a policeman. The policeman wins. . . . Now, ladies and gentlemen, there's something I haven't mentioned in all this excitement, but now it's becoming more distinct. Perhaps you've caught it already on your radio. Listen:

(LONG PAUSE) . . .

FOLEY: FAINT SCRAPING SOUND

PHILLIPS Do you hear it? It's a curious scraping sound that seems to come from inside the object. I'll move the microphone nearer.

(PAUSE)

FOLEY: SCRAPING SOUND CLOSER

PHILLIPS Now we're not more than twenty-five feet away. Can you hear it now? Oh, Professor Pierson!

PIERSON Yes, Mr. Phillips?

PHILLIPS Can you tell us the meaning of that scraping noise inside the thing?

PIERSON Possibly the unequal cooling of its surface.

PHILLIPS I see, do you still think it's a meteor, Professor?

PIERSON I don't know what to think. The metal casing is definitely extraterrestrial . . . not found on this earth. Friction with the earth's atmosphere usually tears holes in a meteorite. This thing is smooth and, as you can see, of cylindrical shape.

PHILLIPS Just a minute! Something's happening! Ladies and gentlemen, this is terrific! This end of the thing is beginning to flake off! The top is beginning to rotate like a screw! The thing must be hollow!

FOLEY VOICES #1: It's movin'!  
(PROVIDED BY  
CAST MEMBERS #2: Look, the darn thing's unscrewing!  
ALONG WITH #3: Keep back, there! Keep back, I tell  
WALLAH) you!

#4: Maybe there's men in it trying to escape! We could use some new men around here.

#5: It's red hot, they'll burn to a cinder!

#6: Keep back there.

#7: Keep those idiots back!

FOLEY: CLANKING SOUND OF A HUGE  
PIECE OF FALLING METAL

VOICES #8: It's off!  
(PROVIDED BY  
CAST MEMBERS #9: The top's loose!  
ALONG WITH  
WALLAH) #10: Look out there!  
  
#11: Stand back!

PHILLIPS  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most terrifying thing I have ever witnessed . . . Wait a minute! Someone's crawling out of the hollow top. Someone or . . . something. I can see peering out of that black hole two luminous disks . . . are they eyes? It might be a face. It might be . . .

FOLEY (WALLAH PROVIDED BY ALL CAST  
MEMBERS): SHOUT OF AWE FROM THE  
CROWD

PHILLIPS  
Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadow like a gray snake. Now it's another one, and another. They look like tentacles to me. There, I can see the thing's body. It's large, large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather. But that face, it . . . Ladies and

gentlemen, it's indescribable. I can hardly force myself to keep looking at it. The eyes are black and gleam like a serpent. The mouth is V-shaped with saliva dripping from its rimless lips that seem to quiver and pulsate. The monster or whatever it is can hardly move. It seems weighed down by . . . possibly gravity or something. The thing's raising up. The crowd falls back now. They've seen plenty. This is the most extraordinary experience. I can't find words . . . I'll pull this microphone with me as I talk. I'll have to stop the description until I can take a new position. Hold on, will you please, I'll be right back in a minute.

SFX: FADE INTO PIANO

SCENE 5: HEAT RAY ATTACK

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE #5: HEAT RAY  
ATTACK

FOLEY: TELETYPE MACHINE IN  
BACKGROUND, UNDER AND OUT

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

We are bringing you an eyewitness account of what's happening on the Wilmuth farm, Elkton, Washington. We now return you to Carl Phillips at Elkton.

SFX: LOCATION AMBIENCE, CROWD  
NOISES IN BACKGROUND

FOLEY: CROWD WALLAH, PROVIDED BY  
CAST MEMBERS, UNDER FOLLOWING

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen (Am I on?). Ladies and gentlemen, here I am, back of a stone wall that adjoins Mrs. Wilmuth's garden. From here I get a sweep of the whole scene. I'll give you every detail as long as I can talk. As long as I can see. More state police have arrived. They're drawing up a cordon in front of the pit, about thirty of them. No need to push the crowd back now. They're willing to keep their distance. The captain is conferring with someone. We can't quite see who. Oh yes, I believe it's Professor Pierson. Yes, it is. Now they've parted. The Professor moves around one side, studying the object, while the captain and two policemen advance with something in their hands. I can see it now. It's a white handkerchief tied to a pole . . . a flag of truce. If those creatures know what that means . . . what anything means! . . . Wait! Something's happening!

SFX: HISSING SOUND FOLLOWED BY A HUMMING THAT INCREASES IN INTENSITY

PHILLIPS

A humped shape is rising out of the pit. I can make out a small beam of light against a mirror. What's that? There's a jet of flame springing from the mirror, and it leaps right at the advancing men. It strikes them head on! Good Lord, they're turning into flame!

FOLEY (PROVIDED BY CAST MEMBERS): SCREAMS AND UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS

PHILLIPS

Now the whole field's caught fire.



in earthquake activity under the mountain. No reports on whether an eruption is likely.

We now continue with our piano interlude.

FOLEY: TELETYPE BACKGROUND OUT

MUSIC: PIANO . . . THEN CUT

FOLEY: TELETYPE FADE IN, CONTINUE UNDER FOLLOWING

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been handed a message that came in from Elkton by telephone. Just one moment, please. At least forty people, including six state troopers lie dead in a field east of the village of Elkton, their bodies burned and distorted beyond all possible recognition. The next voice you hear will be that of Brigadier General Montgomery Smith, commander of the state militia at Olympia, Washington.

FOLEY: TELETYPE OUT

SFX: RADIO STATIC AS CONNECTION IS ESTABLISHED

SMITH

I have been requested by the governor of Washington to place the counties of Clark, Cowlitz, and Skamania as far west as Vancouver, and east to Carson, under martial law. No one will be permitted to enter this area except by special pass issued by state or military authorities.

Four companies of state militia are proceeding from Olympia to Vancouver, and will aid in the evacuation of homes within the range of military operations. Thank you.

FOLEY: TELETYPE FADE IN, CONTINUE UNDER FOLLOWING

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

You have just been listening to General Montgomery Smith commanding the state militia at Olympia. In the meantime, further details of the catastrophe at Elton are coming in. The strange creatures after unleashing their deadly assault, crawled back into their pit and made no attempt to prevent the efforts of the firemen to recover the bodies and extinguish the fire. Combined fire departments of Clark County are fighting the flames which menace the entire countryside. We have been unable to establish any contact with our mobile unit at Elkton, but we hope to be able to return you there at the earliest possible moment. In the meantime we take you . . . just one moment please.

(LONG PAUSE)

FOLEY: TELETYPE CONTINUES UNDER

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been informed that we have finally established communication with an eyewitness of the tragedy. Professor Pierson has been located at a farmhouse near Elkton, Washington, where she has

established an emergency observation post. As a scientist, she will give you her explanation of the calamity. The next voice you hear will be that of Professor Rowena Pierson, brought to you by direct wire. Professor Pierson.

FOLEY: TELETYPE OUT

SFX: FEEDBACK

PIERSON

(FILTERED VOICE) Of the creatures in the rocket cylinder at Elkton, I can give you no authoritative information—either as to their nature, their origin, or their purposes here on earth. Of their destructive instrument I might venture some conjectural explanation. For want of a better term, I shall refer to the mysterious weapon as a heat ray. It's all too evident that these creatures have scientific knowledge far in advance of our own. It is my guess that in some way they are able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute non-conductivity. This intense heat they project in a parallel beam against any object they choose, by means of a polished parabolic mirror of unknown composition, much as the mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light. That is my conjecture of the origin of the heat ray . . .

FOLEY: TELETYPE FADES IN, CONTINUE UNDER

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Thank you, Professor Pierson. Ladies and gentlemen, here is a bulletin from Elkton, Washington. It is a brief statement informing us that the charred remains of Carl Phillips have been identified in a local hospital. He was killed during the heat ray attack. Here's another bulletin from Washington, D.C., the Office of the director of the National Red Cross reports ten units of Red Cross emergency workers have been assigned to the headquarters of the state militia stationed outside Elkton. Here's a bulletin from state police, Vancouver: The fires at Elkton and vicinity are now under control. Scouts report all quiet in the pit, and no sign of life appearing from the mouth of the cylinder . . . And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have a special statement from Mr. Harry McDonald, vice-president in charge of operations.

FOLEY: TELETYPE OUT

MCDONALD

We have received a request from the militia at Olympia to place at their disposal our entire broadcasting facilities. In view of the gravity of the situation, and believing that radio has a responsibility to serve in the public interest at all times, we are turning over our facilities to the state militia at Olympia.

FOLEY: TELETYPE, FADE IN, UNDER

STUDIO We take you now to the field  
ANNOUNCER headquarters of the state militia near  
Elkton, Washington.

FOLEY: TELETYPE OUT

SFX: LOCATION AMBIENCE

LANSING This is Captain Lansing of the signal corps, attached to the state militia now engaged in military operations in the vicinity of Elkton, Washington. Situation arising from the reported presence of certain individuals of unidentified nature is now under complete control. The cylindrical object which lies in a pit directly below our position is surrounded on all sides by eight battalions of infantry. Without heavy field pieces, but adequately armed with rifles and machine guns. All cause for alarm, if such cause ever existed, is now entirely unjustified. The things, whatever they are, do not even venture to poke their heads above the pit. I can see their hiding place plainly in the glare of the searchlights here. With all their reported resources, these creatures can scarcely stand up against heavy machine-gun fire. Anyway, it's an interesting outing for the troops. I can make out their khaki uniforms, crossing back and forth in front of the lights. It looks almost like a real war. There appears to be some slight smoke in the woods bordering the Weaver Creek. Probably fire started by campers. Well, we ought to see some action soon. One of the companies is deploying on the left

flank. A quick thrust and it will all be over. Now wait a minute! I see something on top of the cylinder. No, it's nothing but a shadow. Now the troops are on the edge of the Wilmuth farm. Seven thousand armed men closing in on an old metal tube. Wait, that wasn't a shadow! It's something moving . . . solid metal . . . kind of shield like affair rising up out of the cylinder . . . It's going higher and higher. Why, it's standing on legs . . . actually rearing up on a sort of metal framework. Now it's reaching above the trees and the searchlights are on it. Hold on!

SFX: LOCATION AMBIENCE OUT

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, I have a grave announcement to make. Incredible as it may seem, both the observations of science and the evidence of our eyes lead to the inescapable assumption that those strange beings who landed in the Washington farmlands and forests tonight are the vanguard of an invading army from the planet Mars. The battle which took place tonight at Elkton, Washington, has ended in one of the most startling defeats ever suffered by any army in modern times; seven thousand men armed with rifles and machine guns pitted against a single fighting machine of the invaders from Mars. One hundred and twenty known survivors. The rest strewn over the battle area from Elkton to Barber's Corner, crushed and trampled to death under the metal feet of the

monster, or burned to cinders by its heat ray. The monster is now in control of the middle section of Washington and has effectively cut the state through its center. Communication lines are down. Railroad tracks are destroyed and service is discontinued except routing some of the trains through Longview and St. John's. Highways to the north, south, and east are clogged with frantic human traffic. Police and army reserves are unable to control the mad flight. By morning the fugitives will have swelled Portland, Spokane, and Seattle, it is estimated, to twice their normal population. At this time martial law prevails throughout Southeast Washington and Northwest Oregon. In the nation's capital, the President and his cabinet have been moved to secure, undisclosed locations near golf courses. The designated soul survivor is the Secretary of the Interior. We take you now to Washington, D.C. for a special broadcast on this National Emergency . . . ladies and gentlemen, the Secretary of the Interior . . .

SFX: RADIO STATIC

SECRETARY

Citizens of the nation: I shall not try to conceal the gravity of the situation that confronts the country, nor the concern of your government in protecting the lives and property of its people. However, I wish to impress upon you, private citizens and public officials, all of you, the urgent need of calm and

resourceful action. Fortunately, this formidable enemy is still confined to a comparatively small area, and we may place our faith in the military forces to keep them there. In the meantime placing our faith in God we must continue the performance of our duties each and every one of us, so that we may confront this destructive adversary with a nation united, courageous, and consecrated to the preservation of human supremacy on this earth. I thank you.

FOLEY: TELETYPE, FADE IN, CONTINUE  
UNDER

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

You have just heard the Secretary of the Interior speaking from Washington, D.C. Bulletins too numerous to read are piling up in the studio here. We are informed the central portion of Washington is blacked out from radio communication due to the effect of the heat ray upon power lines and electrical equipment. Cables received from English, French, German scientific bodies offering assistance. Astronomers report continued gas outbursts at regular intervals on planet Mars. The majority voice the opinion that enemy will be reinforced by additional rocket machines. Attempts made to locate Professor Pierson of Vancouver, who has observed Martians at close range. It is feared she was lost in recent battle. Pearson Field, Vancouver: Scouting planes report three Martian machines visible above treetops, moving south

towards the Columbia River with population fleeing ahead of them. Heat ray not in use; although advancing at express-train speed, invaders pick their way carefully. They seem to be making conscious effort to avoid destruction of cities and countryside. However, they stop to uproot power lines, bridges, and railroad tracks. Their apparent objective is to crush resistance, paralyze communication, and disorganize human society.

Here is a bulletin from Prune Hill, Washington: Hunters have stumbled on a second cylinder embedded in the forest above the Columbia River. Army field pieces are proceeding from Fort Vancouver to blow up this second invading unit before the cylinder can be opened and the fighting machine rigged. They are taking up position in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. Another bulletin from Pearson Field, Vancouver: Scouting planes report enemy machines increasing speed southward kicking over houses and trees in their evident haste to form a conjunction with their allies south of Portland. Machines also sighted by telephone operator east of Stevenson within ten miles of White Salmon. Here's another bulletin from Pearson Field, Vancouver: Fleet of army bombers carrying heavy explosives flying north in pursuit of enemy. Scouting planes act as guides. They keep speeding enemy in sight. Just a moment please. Ladies and gentlemen, we've run special

wires to the artillery line in adjacent areas to give you direct reports in the zone of the advancing enemy. First we take you to the battery of the 22nd Field Artillery, located in the Cascade Mountains.

FOLEY: TELETYPE OUT

OFFICER Range, thirty-two meters.

GUNNER Thirty-two meters.

OFFICER Projection, thirty-nine degrees.

GUNNER Thirty-nine degrees.

OFFICER Fire!

SFX: BOOM OF HEAVY GUN

(PAUSE)

OBSERVER One hundred and forty yards to the right, sir.

OFFICER Shift range . . . thirty-one meters.

GUNNER Thirty-one meters

OFFICER Projection . . . thirty-seven degrees.

GUNNER Thirty-seven degrees.

OFFICER Fire!

SFX: BOOM OF HEAVY GUN

(PAUSE)

OBSERVER A hit, sir! We got the tripod of one of them. They've stopped. The others are trying to repair it.

OFFICER Quick, get the range! Shift thirty meters.

GUNNER Thirty meters.

OFFICER Projection . . . twenty-seven degrees.

GUNNER Twenty-seven degrees.

OFFICER Fire!

SFX: BOOM OF HEAVY GUN

(PAUSE)

OBSERVER Can't see the shell land, sir. They're letting off a smoke.

OFFICER What is it?

OBSERVER A black smoke, sir. Moving this way. Lying close to the ground. It's moving fast.

OFFICER Put on gas masks.

(PAUSE. VOICES NOW MUFFLED)

Get ready to fire. Shift twenty-four meters.

GUNNER Twenty-four meters.

OFFICER Projection, twenty-four degrees.

GUNNER Twenty-four degrees.

OFFICER Fire!

SFX: BOOM OF HEAVY GUN

OBSERVER Still can't see, sir. The smoke's coming nearer.

OFFICER Get the range. (COUGHS)

OBSERVER Twenty-three meters. (COUGHS)

OFFICER Twenty-three meters. (COUGHS)

GUNNER Twenty-three meters (COUGHS)

OBSERVER Projection, twenty-two degrees.  
(COUGHING)

OFFICER Twenty-two degrees

FOLEY: ALL COUGHING

SFX: CUT TO SOUND OF AIRPLANE MOTOR

LIEUTENANT  
VOGHT Army bombing plane, V-8-43, over  
Woodland, Washington, Lieutenant Voght,  
commanding eight bombers. This is Voght,  
reporting to Commander Fairfax, Pearson  
Field . . . Enemy tripod machines now in  
sight. Reinforced by three machines from  
the Scappose, Oregon, cylinder . . . Six  
altogether. One machine already  
crippled. Believed hit by shell from  
army gun in Cascade Mountains. Guns now  
appear silent. A heavy black fog hanging

close to the earth . . . of extreme density, nature unknown. No sign of heat ray. Enemy now crossing Columbia River into the Vanport marshes. Another straddles the Interstate Bridge. Evident objective is Portland. They're pushing down a high tension power station. The machines are close together now, and we're ready to attack. Planes circling, ready to strike. A thousand yards and we'll be over the first . . . eight hundred yards . . . six hundred . . . four hundred . . . two hundred . . . There they go! The giant arm raised . . .

SFX: SOUND OF HEAT RAY

LIEUTENANT  
VOGHT

Green flash! They're spraying us with flame! Two thousand feet. Engines are giving out. No chance to release bombs. Only one thing left . . . drop on them, plane and all. We're diving on the first one. Now the engine's gone! Eight . . .

(PAUSE. SILENCE.)

OPERATOR ONE

This is Souvie Island, Oregon, calling Pearson Field, Vancouver . . . This is Souvie Island, calling Pearson Field . . . Come in, please . . .

OPERATOR TWO

This is Pearson Field . . . Go ahead . . .

OPERATOR ONE

Eight army bombers in engagement with enemy tripod machines over Vanport flats. Engines incapacitated by heat

ray. All crashed. One enemy machine destroyed. Enemy now discharging heavy black smoke in direction of . . .

OPERATOR THREE This is Vanport, Oregon . . . This is Vanport, Oregon . . . Warning! Poisonous black smoke pouring in from surrounding marshes. Reaches South Street. Gas masks useless. Urge population to move into open spaces . . . automobiles use Routes 7, 23, 24 . . . Avoid Interstate Bridge. Smoke now spreading up Washington Street . . .

OPERATOR FOUR 2X2L . . . calling CQ . . . 2X2L . . . calling CQ . . . 2X2L . . . calling 8X3R . . . Come in, please . . .

OPERATOR FIVE This is 8X3R . . . coming back at 2X2L.

OPERATOR FOUR How's reception? How's reception?

(PAUSE)

OPERATOR FOUR Where are you, 8X3R? What's the matter? Where are you?

SFX: BELLS RINGING OVER CITY

GRADUALLY DIMINISHING

ROOF TOP ANNOUNCER I'm speaking from the roof of the Smith Tower, in downtown Vancouver, Washington. I am the only one left. A studio assistant. Not a program announcer.

The bells you hear are ringing to warn the people to evacuate the city as the

Martians approach. The rest of the station staff fled more than an hour ago. I estimate in last two hours thirty thousand people have moved out along the roads to the north. Pacific Highway is still open for motor traffic. To the south, avoid bridges to Hayden Island . . . hopelessly jammed. All communication with Oregon shore closed ten minutes ago. No more defenses. Our army wiped out . . . artillery, air force, everything wiped out. This may be the last broadcast. I'll stay here to the end . . . People are holding service below . . . in the cathedral.

FOLEY: VOICES SINGING HYMN (CAST MEMBERS IN BACKGROUND)

ROOF TOP  
ANNOUNCER

Now I look along the waterfront. All manner of boats, overloaded with fleeing population, pulling out from docks and the shore.

SFX: SOUND OF BOAT WHISTLES (IN BACKGROUND)

ROOF TOP  
ANNOUNCER

Streets are all jammed. Noise in crowds like New Year's Eve in city. Wait a minute . . . Enemy now in sight on the heights above Fort Vancouver. Five, five great machines. First one is crossing river. I can see it from here, wading the Columbia like a man wading through a brook . . . A bulletin's handed me . . . Martian cylinders are falling all over the country. One outside Buffalo, one in Chicago, St.

Louis . . . seem to be timed and spaced  
. . . Now the first machine reaches the  
shore. He stands watching, looking over  
the city. His steel, cowlish head is  
even with the buildings along the  
waterfront. He waits for the others.  
They rise like a line of new towers on  
the city's southern shore . . . Now  
they're lifting their metal hands . . .

SFX: SMOKE AND HISSING SOUNDS

ROOF TOP  
ANNOUNCER

Vancouver! Vancouver! This is it! This  
is the end now. Smoke comes out . . .  
black smoke, drifting over the city.  
People in the streets see it now.  
They're running away from the river . .  
. . thousands of them, but the smoke is  
faster. Spreading . . . People trying to  
run away from it, but it's no use.  
They're falling like flies. Now the  
smoke's surrounding the base of Smith  
Tower . . . rising . . . one hundred  
yards away . . . it's fifty feet . . .

SFX: BODY FALLS, ALL PAUSE FOR  
BACKGROUND SFX: BOAT WHISTLES,  
WIND, ETC.

OPERATOR FOUR

2X2L calling CQ . . . 2X2L calling CQ .  
. . 2X2L calling CQ . . . Vancouver.  
Isn't there anyone on the air? (PAUSE)  
Isn't there anyone on the air? (PAUSE)  
Isn't there anyone . . . 2X2L . . .

(PAUSE)

ANNOUNCER                    You are listening to a Re-Imagined Radio dramatization of The War of the Worlds by H. G. Wells. The performance will continue after a brief interlude. This is Re-Imagined Radio.

SFX: MUSIC BED TO TRANSITION BACK TO PERFORMANCE, FADE UNDER FOLLOWING

SCENE 7: RECONNECTION

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE #7: RECONNECTION

ANNOUNCER                    You are listening to The War of the Worlds, a radio drama performed by Re-Imagined Radio. We continue now with our performance . . .

MUSIC: UP, SUSTAIN, THEN FADE OUT.

PIERSON                      As I set down these notes on paper, I'm obsessed by the thought that I may be the last living person on earth. I have been hiding in this empty house near Elkton, Washington, a small island of daylight cut off by the black smoke from the rest of the world. All that happened before the arrival of these monstrous creatures in the world now seems part of another life. . . a life that has no continuity with the present, furtive existence of the lonely derelict who pencils these words on the back of some astronomical notes bearing the signature of Rowena Pierson. I look down at my blackened hands, my torn shoes, my tattered clothes, and I try to connect

them with a professor who lives in Vancouver, and who on the night of October 30, glimpsed through her telescope an orange splash of light on a distant planet. My colleagues, my students, my books, my observatory, my. . . my world. . . where are they? Did they ever exist? Am I Rowena Pierson? What day is it? Do days exist without calendars? Does time pass when there are no human hands left to wind the clocks? . . .In writing down my daily life I tell myself I shall preserve human history between the dark covers of this little book that was meant to record the movements of the stars. . . But to write I must live, and to live, I must eat . . . I find moldy bread in the kitchen, and an orange not too spoiled to swallow. I keep watch at the window. From time to time I catch sight of a Martian above the black smoke. The smoke still holds the house in its black coil. . . but at length there is a hissing sound and suddenly I see a Martian mounted on his machine, spraying the air with a jet of steam, as if to dissipate the smoke. I watch in a corner as his huge metal legs nearly brush against the house. Exhausted by terror, I fall asleep. . . it's morning. . .

(QUIETLY) Morning! Sun streams in the window. The black cloud of gas has lifted, and the scorched meadows to the north look as though a black snowstorm has passed over them. I venture from the house. I make my way to a road. No

traffic. Here and there a wrecked car, baggage overturned, a blackened skeleton. I push on south and west. For some reason I feel safer trailing these monsters than running away from them. And I keep a careful watch. I have seen the Martians. . . feed. Should one of their machines appear over the top of trees, I am ready to fling myself flat on the earth. I come to an apple tree. October apples are ripe. I fill my pockets. I must keep alive. Two days I wander in a vague southerly direction through a desolate world. Finally I notice a living creature. . . a small gray squirrel in a maple tree. I stare at him, and wonder. He stares back at me. I believe at that moment the animal and I shared the same emotion. . .the joy of finding another living being. I push on south. I find dead cows in a brackish field. Beyond, the charred ruins of a dairy. The silo remains standing guard over the waste land like a lighthouse deserted by the sea. Astride the silo perches a weathercock. The arrow points south.

Next day I came to a large complex vaguely familiar in its contours, yet its buildings strangely dwarfed and leveled off, as if a giant hand sliced them with a capricious sweep of his hand. I reached the outskirts of Ridgefield, undemolished, but humbled by some whim of the advancing Martians. Presently, with an odd feeling of being watched, I caught sight of something

crouching in a doorway. I made a step towards it, and it rose up and became a man! A man, armed with a large knife. And others, too. Survivors!

MALE SURVIVOR 1 (OFF MIC) Stop. . . (CLOSER) where did you come from?

PIERSON I come from . . . many places. A long time ago from Vancouver.

FEMALE SURVIVOR 1 Vancouver, huh? But you are coming from Elkton!

PIERSON Yes.

MALE SURVIVOR 2 Elkton. . . (LAUGHS AS AT A GREAT JOKE) There's no food here. This is our country. . . all this end of town and on to the river. There's only food for us. . . Which way are you going?

PIERSON I don't know. I guess I'm looking for . . . for people.

FEMALE SURVIVOR 2 (NERVOUSLY) What was that? Did you hear something just then?

PIERSON Only a bird . . . (AMAZED) A live bird!

MALE SURVIVOR 3 You get to know that birds have shadows these days. . . Say, we're in the open here. Let's crawl into this doorway and talk.

PIERSON Have you seen any . . . Martians?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 3 Naah. They've gone toward Vancouver. At night the sky is alive with their lights. Just as if people were still livin' there. By daylight you can't see them. Five days ago a couple of them carried somethin' big in that direction. I believe they're learning how to fly.

PIERSON Fly!

MALE SURVIVOR 1 Yeah, fly.

PIERSON Then it's all over with humanity. There's just us left.

FEMALE SURVIVOR 1 They got themselves in solid; they wrecked the greatest country in the world. Those green stars, they're probably falling somewhere every night. They've only lost one machine. There isn't anything to do. We're done. We're licked.

PIERSON Where were you? You're in a uniform.

MALE SURVIVOR 2 Yeah, what's left of it. I was in the militia, part of a gunnery squad. We wounded one of their machines before they let loose with black smoke. Killed my squad. I escaped. Wasn't any war any more than there's war between humans and ants.

PIERSON And we're eat-able ants. I found that out. . . Watched them feed. What will they do with us?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 2 We've thought it all out. Right now we're caught as we're wanted. The

Martians only have to go a few miles to get a crowd on the run. But they won't keep doing that. They'll begin catching us systematic-like, keeping the best and storing us in cages and things. They haven't begun on us yet!

PIERSON Not begun?

MALE SURVIVOR 3 Not begun! All that's happened so far is because we don't have sense enough to keep quiet. . . botherin' them with guns and such stuff and losing our heads and rushing off in crowds. Now instead of our rushing around blind we've got to fix ourselves up, fix ourselves up according to the way things are NOW. Cities, nations, civilization, progress. . . all that's done.

PIERSON But if that's so, what is there to live for?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 3 Well, there won't be any more Christmas Boat Parades for a million years or so, and no nice little dinners at restaurants. No bridge across the river. No craft beers, or regional wines. No more of that special popcorn at Kiggins Theatre. If it's amusement you're after, I guess the game's up.

PIERSON And what is there left?

MALE SURVIVOR 1 Life. . . that's what! We want to live. Yeah, and so do you. We're not going to be exterminated. And we don't mean to be

caught, either, and tamed, and fattened,  
and bred, like an ox.

PIERSON What are you going to do?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 1 We're going on. . . right under their  
feet. We got a plan. We humans as  
humankind are finished. We don't know  
enough. We gotta learn plenty before  
we've got a chance. And we've got to  
live and keep free while we learn, see?  
We've thought it all out, see.

PIERSON Tell me the rest.

MALE SURVIVOR 2 Well, it isn't all of us that were made  
for wild beasts, and that's what it's  
got to be. All these little office  
workers that used to live in these  
houses. They'd be no good. They haven't  
any stuff to 'em. They just used to run  
off to work. We've seen hundreds of 'em,  
running wild to catch their commuter  
train in the morning for fear they'd get  
canned if they didn't; running back at  
night afraid they won't be in time for  
dinner. Lives insured and a little  
invested in case of accidents. And on  
Sundays, worried about the hereafter.  
The Martians will be a godsend for those  
guys. Nice roomy cages, good food,  
careful breeding, no worries. After a  
week or so chasing about the fields on  
empty stomachs they'll come and be glad  
to be caught.

PIERSON You've thought it all out, haven't you?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 2 You bet we have! And that isn't all. These Martians will make pets of some of 'em, train 'em to do tricks. Who knows? Get sentimental over the pet boy who grew up and had to be killed. . . And some, maybe, they'll train to hunt us.

PIERSON No, that's impossible. No human being. . .

MALE SURVIVOR 3 Yes they will. There's humans who'll do it gladly. If one of them ever comes after me, why. . .

PIERSON In the meantime, you and I and others like us. . . where are we to live when the Martians own the earth?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 3 We've got it all figured out. We'll live underground. We've been thinking about the sewers. The main ones are big enough for anybody. Then there's cellars, vaults, underground storerooms, railway tunnels. You begin to see, eh? And we'll get a bunch of strong people together. No weak ones; that rubbish . . . out.

PIERSON And you meant me to go?

MALE SURVIVOR 1 Well, we gave you a chance, didn't we?

PIERSON We won't quarrel about that. Go on.

MALE SURVIVOR 2 And we've got to make safe places for us to stay in, see, and get all the books we can, like science books. That's where people like you come in, see? We'll raid the Historical Museum and Library, we'll even spy on the Martians. It may not be

so much we have to learn. Just imagine this: four or five of their own fighting machines suddenly start off, heat rays right and left and not a Martian in 'em. Not a Martian in 'em! But HUMANS! Humans who have learned the way how. It may even be in our time. Gee! Imagine having one of them lovely things with its heat ray wide and free! We'd turn it on Martians, we'd turn it on humans. We'd bring everybody down to their knees.

PIERSON That's your plan?

FEMALE SURVIVOR 1 You, and us, and a few more of us we'd own the world.

PIERSON I see. . .

FEMALE SURVIVOR 2 Say, what's the matter? . . . Where are you going?

PIERSON (MOVING AWAY) Not to your world. . . Goodbye, strangers . . .

(PAUSE)

PIERSON After parting with the survivors, I came at last to Vancouver. I was anxious to know the fate of the city. Cautiously I made my way down the highway to where it turned into Main Street. I reached Fourteenth Street, and there again were black powder and several bodies, and an evil ominous smell from the gratings of the cellars of some of the houses. I wandered through the Lincoln and Hough neighborhoods; I stood alone overlooking

the railroad yard. I caught sight of a lean dog running down Seventh Avenue with a piece of dark brown meat in his jaws, and a pack of starving mongrels at his heels. He made a wide circle around me, as though he feared I might prove a fresh competitor. I walked up Main in the direction of that strange powder, past silent shop windows, displaying their mute wares to empty sidewalks, past the Kiggins Theatre, silent, dark, past a shooting gallery, where a row of empty guns faced an arrested line of wooden ducks. I watched a flock of black birds circling in the sky, near Fort Vancouver. I hurried there. I caught sight of the hood of a Martian machine, standing next to the bandstand on the parade ground, gleaming in the late afternoon sun. I rushed recklessly toward the location. From there I could see, standing in a silent row down toward the river, nineteen of those great metal Titans, their cowls empty, their great steel arms hanging listlessly by their sides. I looked in vain for the monsters that inhabit those machines.

Suddenly, my eyes were attracted to the immense flock of black birds that circled to the ground, and there before my eyes, stark and silent, lay the Martians, with the hungry birds pecking and tearing brown shreds of flesh from their dead bodies. Later when their bodies were examined in the laboratories, it was found that they

were killed by the putrefactive and disease bacteria against which their systems were unprepared. . . slain, after all man's defenses had failed, by the humblest thing that God in His wisdom put upon this earth.

Before the cylinder fell there was a general persuasion that through all the deep of space no life existed beyond the petty surface of our minute sphere. Now we see further. Dim and wonderful is the vision I have conjured up in my mind of life spreading slowly from this little seedbed of the solar system throughout the inanimate vastness of sidereal space. But that is a remote dream. It may be that the destruction of the Martians is only a reprieve. To them, and not to us, is the future ordained perhaps.

Strange it now seems to sit in my peaceful study in Vancouver writing down this last chapter of the record begun at a destroyed farm in Elkton. Strange to see from my window the cathedral spires dim and blue through an April haze. Strange to watch children playing in the streets. Strange to see young people strolling on the green, where the new spring grass heals the last black scars of a bruised earth. Strange to watch the sightseers enter the Historical Museum where the dissembled parts of a Martian machine are kept on public view. Strange when I recall the time when I first saw it, bright and clean-cut, hard, and

silent, under the dawn of that last great day.

STUDIO  
ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, eighty years ago, on this same night, The War of the Worlds radio drama was first broadcast live across the country, including to Portland, just across the Columbia River from us tonight.

As was the case then, eighty years ago, our performance of this radio drama tonight was intended as a holiday offering. A Re-Imagined Radio version of dressing up in a sheet, jumping out of a bush, and saying Boo!

Starting now, we couldn't soap all your windows and steal all your garden gates by tomorrow night. . . so we did the best next thing. We annihilated the world before your very ears, and utterly destroyed the surrounding area. You will be relieved, I hope, to learn that everything happened in your imagination, and that Battle Ground, Ridgefield, and Vancouver are unscathed and open for business. Vanport, however, is gone and Portland will forever be weird. So goodbye everybody, and remember the terrible lesson you learned tonight. If your doorbell rings and nobody's there, it's not Halloween, but it could be a Martian.

SFX: MUSIC UP FULL, THEN DOWN,  
UNDER

ANNOUNCER                    Tonight, through a partnership between the Creative Media & Digital Culture Program at Washington State University Vancouver, Kiggins Theatre, and Metropolitan Performing Arts, the Re-Imagined Radio project and its affiliated stations coast-to-coast have brought you The War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells, featuring members of our community's performing arts scene.

VFX: BACKGROUND SLIDE: CREDITS

STUDIO                            Tonight's voice actors included . . .

ANNOUNCER

PROGRAM ANNOUNCER: Barbara Richardson

STUDIO ANNOUNCER: John Barber

WEATHER ANNOUNCER, ARTILLERY GUNNER,  
MALE SURVIVOR 1: Calvin Lieurance

MERIDAN ANNOUNCER, Lieutenant VOGHT,  
FEMALE SURVIVOR 1: Kristin Heller

CARL PHILLIPS, RADIO OPERATOR #5: Greg  
Shilling

PROFESSOR Rowena PIERSON: Rebecca Kramer

POLICEMAN, Captain LANSING, RADIO  
OPERATOR #4: Nick D'ettore

MR. Grover WILMUTH, ARTILLERY OFFICER,  
MALE SURVIVOR 2: Ian Hanley

Montgomery SMITH, RADIO OPERATOR #3:  
Brett Allred

Harry McDONALD, RADIO OPERATOR #1: Joe  
Clemons

SECRETARY (of the Interior), MALE  
SURVIVOR 3: Steve Becker

ARTILLERY OBSERVER, ROOF TOP ANNOUNCER,  
FEMALE SURVIVOR 2: Arianna Dorenbosch

RADIO OPERATOR #2, FEMALE SURVIVOR 3:  
Barbara Richardson.

Special thanks to sound artist Matt  
Brizlawn for his contributions to  
tonight's performance.

If you enjoyed The War of the Worlds,  
please join us next month when we  
present a dramatization of local legend  
D. B. Cooper. In December, join us for  
our holiday performance of A Radio  
Christmas Carol. This is Re-Imagined  
Radio.

SFX: MUSIC UP FOR FINALE AND EXIT