

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS
Different Perspectives

Adapted by
John Barber

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Re-Imagined Radio
Season 09, Episode 10, October 18, 2021

Final draft

The War of the Worlds

Different perspectives

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Season 09, Episode 10
Final draft

Premier broadcast: October 18, 2021

Written and produced by John F. Barber

Sound design, Music composition, Post-Production by Marc
Rose

Graphics by Holly Slocum

Characters in order of appearance

MARTIAN

Records his perspective on the invasion of "The Blue Planet"

HOST

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Bradley Richardson, real life executive director of Clark County Historical Museum, Vancouver, WA

PROFessor Rowenna PIERSON

Noted scientist and astronomer. Retired from Princeton University, now living in Vancouver, WA

WEATHER ANNOUNCER

Rod Hill, real life weather announcer for KGW TV, Portland, OR

Carl PHILLIPS

Reporter for radio station

Grover WILMUTH

Owner of Battle Ground farm, site of Martian landing

Captain Lance LANSING

Signal Corp, State Militia. Officious and arrogant.

HAM RADIO 1

Various Voices

for crowd wallah and global reports in Part 2

Sarmak Notes

BACKGROUND SLIDE #1.0 EARTH FROM
SPACE

COLD OPEN/TEASER

SFX: FILTERED AUDIO REPRESENTING
"VOICE" OF MARTIAN

MARTIAN

Many sols we studied humans across gulf
of space as we orbit around shared star.

Our linguists used electromagnetic
signals escaped from blue planet . . .
translate vocalizations of dominant
species . . . "humans" they call
themselves.

They are creatures caring only for self
. . . believe they dominate planet and
all its manifestations . . . unaware
actions make dangerous challenges beyond
abilities to address. We are cool and
unsympathetic to their mistakes. The
Ancient Ones gave us a mission. Slowly
and surely we make plans against these
humans.

BACKGROUND SLIDE 0.2: ON AIR

HOST INTRODUCTION

MUSIC: RIR OPENING THEME,
ESTABLISH, THE DUCK UNDER THE
FOLLOWING AND SLOWLY FADE OUT

HOST

Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program that explores radio storytelling. I'm John Barber.

In 1938, a radio drama used innovative narrative techniques and realistic sound to tell a story about the invasion of Earth by beings from Mars. Today, more than 80 years later, this story still resonates.

This episode of Re-Imagined Radio celebrates that radio drama, but also seeks to amplify its retelling. Our adaptation places the story in present day, centers the action and characters locally, and introduces many cinematic sound and storytelling techniques of our own design.

I hope you enjoy our adaptation of *The War of the Worlds* performed by The Voices. Oh, and by the way, I strongly recommend that you listen using headphones.

SFX: INTERIOR, CROWD CONVERSATIONS
AS GROUP AWAITS START OF PROGRAM,
FADE UP SLOWLY UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

SCENE 1: SETTING THE STAGE

Clark County Historical Museum Ambience Notes

BACKGROUND SLIDE ***: MUSEUM,
EXTERIOR

SFX: INTERIOR. MUSEUM INTERIOR
AMBIENCE. FADE UP CROWD
CONVERSATIONS. THEIR VOICES, ALONG
WITH THE CLINK OF GLASSWARE,
REVERBERATE OFF THE WOOD FLOORS AND
HIGH CEILINGS OF THE ROOM. THERE IS
A HINT OF BACKGROUND MUSIC . . .

SFX: SOMEONE THUMPS THE PA SYSTEM
MICROPHONE 3-4 TIMES SIGNALING FOR
ATTENTION. A SLIGHT SQUELCH OR
FEEDBACK AS THE PA SYSTEM COMES
ONLINE.

Museum Sound Reinforcement System

SFX: THE CROWD QUIETS. AS THE
MUSEUM DIRECTOR BEGINS TO SPEAK HIS
VOICE IS FILTERED BY THE PA SYSTEM.

SFX: INTERIOR. MUSEUM PA SYSTEM
FILTER

MUSEUM DIRECTOR Welcome everyone. I'm Bradley
Richardson, Museum Director. Thank you
for joining us.

The mission of the Clark County
Historical Museum is to "Gather,"
"Save," and "Share." The years 2020 and
2021 gave us a lot to work with.

The COVID-19 virus. Isolation. Businesses, entertainment and cultural venues shuttered. Jobs lost. Others conducted remotely. Contentious elections. Police shootings. Protests. The January 6 Insurrection. Brood X. Murder Hornets. Delta Variant. Drought. Flooding. Hurricanes. Wildfires.

And then, (pause) the Martians invaded.

SFX: INTERIOR, CROWD WALLAH OF AGREEMENT

Martians landed near Vancouver, and after wreaking havoc in their fighting machines, several died in our downtown public park. The exhibit we open today, "The Martian Invasion: Different Perspectives," gathers stories about the Martian invasion, saves them as collective memory, and shares them as part of our community history.

Our featured speaker is Professor Rowena Pierson. An eminent astronomer and scientist, Professor Pierson, retired from her academic position at Princeton University, and now lives in Vancouver. She witnessed first hand the events depicted in our new exhibition. She will provide both professional and personal perspective. Please welcome Professor Rowena Pierson.

SFX: INTERIOR, CROWD WALLAH AND APPLAUSE, SOME SHUFFLING AND FOOTSTEPS AS PROF. PIERSON APPROACHES THE MICROPHONE.

PROF. PIERSON Thank you so much for the welcome and the opportunity to speak with you tonight.

My comments may trigger painful memories, and for that I apologize. It is not my intention to upset you, but rather, as promised in the title of this exhibition, provide you with "Different Perspectives."

In the twenty-first year of the twenty first century, near the end of October, we were confronted by a surging global pandemic, more business closures, and job losses.

On the night of October 30 perhaps you were listening to your radio and heard . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE CROSSFADES TO . . .

SCENE 2: FIRST NEWS OF MARS

BACKGROUND SLIDE: MARS FROM EARTH

SFX: RADIO STATIC, TUNING, FADE IN

WEATHER
ANNOUNCER

(voice fading in) . . . for the next
twenty-four hours not much change in
temperature. A low pressure system is
reported over The Gulf of Alaska, moving
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 KGW Weather Center. I'm Rob
Hill and I'll be back later this evening
for another update. . . . Right now we
now take you to the Meridian Room in the
Hotel Columbia in downtown Vancouver,
where you will be entertained by a
program of music already in progress.

MUSIC: BRIEF SEGMENT THEN ENDS

SFX: INTERIOR, MERIDIAN ROOM
AMBIENCE, CROWD CONVERSATIONS, ETC.

MUSIC: STARTS PLAYING, BUT IS
INTERRUPTED BY THE FOLLOWING

Radio station/studio sound ambience

SFX: INTERIOR, STUDIO AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our
program of dance music to bring you a
special bulletin from the Pacific
Northwest Broadcasting System. This is

Carl Phillips reporting. At twenty minutes before eight, pacific time, Professor Rowena Pierson, retired from the Observatory at Princeton and now living in Vancouver, 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 describes the phenomenon as "quote" like a jet of blue flame shot from a gun "unquote." We now return you to the Meridian Room of the Columbia Hotel, and a program of music.

SFX: INTERIOR, STUDIO AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: INTERIOR, MERIDIAN ROOM
AMBIENCE UP. CROWD UNDERTONES.

MUSIC: NODAL MODES PERFORMANCE IN
PROGRESS, SUSTAIN BRIEFLY THEN FADE
AS PROF. PIERSON BEGINS TO SPEAK

SFX: INTERIOR. MUSEUM INTERIOR AND
PA SYSTEM AMBIENCES

PROF. PIERSON Those regular explosions of hydrogen gas on the planet Mars were our first indication of what lay ahead. Sadly, we did not know this at the time.

We have learned a great deal about the Martians since they arrived. For example, we learned the Martians made

recordings chronicling their invasion of Earth.

SFX: INTERIOR, CROWD WALLAH,
SURPRISE WITH THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

PROF. PIERSON Yes, recordings of Martian vocalizations are a significant scientific and historical discovery as they provide another perspective through which to understand their invasion of Earth.

We found recordings in one of the Martian fighting machines recovered from Ester Short Park and now on display here at the Historical Museum.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is an honor to play for you the first ever recording of communication by a living species alien to planet Earth.

Martian recordings sound ambience

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE.

SFX: IN BACKGROUND, AS PART OF
RECORDING, LOW RUMBLING OF ROCKET
ENGINE AND OTHER MECHANICAL SOUNDS.
ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER

MARTIAN Our interplanetary space vehicles launched from underground hiding places near planet's South Pole. We are hundreds strong, riding flames of bright blue hydrogen, rising above the gravity of our planet and falling toward the blue planet.

We travel quickly, confident in mission.

SFX: FADE OUT MARTIAN RECORDING
AMBIENCE.

SFX: CROSSFADE CROWD WALLAH,
EXPRESSIONS OF AWE

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE

PROF. PIERSON Yes, amazing isn't it? That we can decipher and understand the communication of Martians is nothing short of miraculous. Thanks and kudos to Marc Rose of Fuse Audio Design who used a suite of exotic vocal recognition programs and a 1949 Russian wire recorder he found in a local pawn shop to translate these recordings and make them available for us to hear.

Now, knowing that the Martians had a reason for coming here, indeed, as the recording states, were on a "mission," we continue our story as it unfolded on the radio . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE FADES OUT

SFX: RADIO STATIC, TUNING, FADE IN

SFX: INTERIOR, STUDIO AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS Ladies and gentlemen, due to the unusual nature of the news given in our bulletin a moment ago, we have arranged an interview with noted astronomer

Professor Rowena Pierson here in Vancouver. Professor Pierson first reported the event and will give us her views. 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 a program of music already in progress.

SFX: STUDIO AMBIENCE, OUT

SFX: INTERIOR, FADE IN MERIDIAN ROOM AMBIENCE, MUSIC IN PROGRESS, SOME CROWD UNDERTONES

MUSIC: ALREADY IN PROGRESS, FADE UP, SUSTAIN BRIEFLY, THEN SLOWLY FADE OUT

SCENE 3: INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR
PIERSON

BACKGROUND SLIDE #3: VIEW OF SPACE
FROM OBSERVATORY

Prof. Pierson Observatory Ambience

SFX: INTERIOR, FADE UP OBSERVATORY
AMBIENCE.

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. This is the same building in which our radio studio is located, so coming here for this interview took only a moment. 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 mechanisms that drive this large telescope Professor Pierson uses to scan the heavens. She stands directly above me now on a small platform, peering through a giant lens. Professor, may I begin our questions?

PROF. 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?

PROF. PIERSON Certainly, Mr. Phillips. I see a red disk swimming in a black sea. Markings on the disk represent geological features like canyons and dry lake beds as confirmed by our roving craft on the surface and satellites orbiting the planet. Mars is quite distinct now because it is at the point nearest Earth in its orbit around the sun. . . in opposition, as we call it.

SFX: OBSERVATORY AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE.

DUCK UNDER

SFX: INCIDENTAL SOUNDS FROM SPACE CRAFT. ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER

MARTIAN Blue planet, seen with long range viewscopes, is disk colored as lazulite found in lowest levels of former river courses and bodies of water on my world. Swimming in black space, a beautiful but treacherous view as we approach at tremendous speed.

SFX: CROSSFADE TO OBSERVATORY AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS Any sign of the mysterious blue eruptions, Professor?

PROF. PIERSON There is no evidence at this time of the eruptions of blue flames I reported earlier.

PHILLIPS In your opinion as a scientist Professor Pierson, what are the chances that living intelligence as we know it exists on Mars?

PROF. PIERSON I'd say the chances against that are a thousand to one, Mr. Phillips.

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

PROF. PIERSON I cannot account for them. Their appearance is an uncharacteristic deviation from centuries of observations of the planet Mars. Perhaps it is the result of sudden volcanic eruptions, caused by the earthquakes our remote-controlled rovers can hear below the surface. I do not know. More studies must be conducted.

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

PROF. PIERSON Approximately forty million miles.

PHILLIPS Well, that seems a safe enough distance, right? Far enough to preclude any visits from Martians?

(PAUSE)

Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, an assistant 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.

PHILLIPS One moment, please . . . Professor Pierson has passed me the message which she has just received . . . Professor, may I read the message to the listening audience?

PROF. PIERSON Certainly, Mr. Phillips.

PHILLIPS Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read you a message addressed to Professor Pierson from Dr. Gray of the National History Museum, New York. The message reads, "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 seismic shock possibly have something to do with the eruptions of hydrogen gas you recently observed on the planet Mars?

PROF. 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 we can travel to the location.

PHILLIPS

Thank you, Professor. Ladies and gentlemen, 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 return you now to a musical program in the Meridian Room of the Columbia Hotel, situated in downtown Vancouver.

SFX: INTERIOR, MERIDIAN ROOM
AMBIENCE

MUSIC: IN PROGRESS, SUSTAIN BRIEFLY
BEFORE ENDING.

MUSIC: CROSS FADE TO, RIR MUSIC
LOOP, DUCK UNDER

HOST

(Break #1 Intro) You are listening to "The War of the Worlds," performed by "The Voices," a dynamic group of voice actors, for Re-Imagined Radio. We'll continue with our story in just a moment.

SPONSOR BREAK #1

MUSIC: BREAK RETURN, RIR LOOP, DUCK
UNDER

HOST

(Break #1 Return) This is Re-Imagined Radio with our adaptation of "The War of the Worlds." I'm John Barber. Mysterious hydrogen gas explosions are reported on the surface of Mars. Noted astronomer Professor Rowena Pierson suggested there

is no cause for concern. Let's continue
now with our story.

SCENE 4: WILMUTH FARM

BACKGROUND SLIDE #4: WILMUTH FARM

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE

SFX: LOW RUMBLING OF ROCKET ENGINE
AND OTHER MECHANICAL SOUNDS. GIVES
WAY TO A HISSING SOUND AS THE
CAPSULE ENTERS EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE
AND DESCENDS, ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK
UNDER

MARTIAN

Approaching blue planet tremendous speed. This side faces away from system star. Dark. Atmosphere thicker than my planet. Rocket capsule skips briefly, like flat stone on water, before gravity pulls it to surface. Gravity on this planet stronger than my planet. Body heavy. Difficult to control. No matter. Fighting machine provides exoskeleton. Easy to move on surface, carry out mission. Landing soon.

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE,
DUCK UNDER

SFX: EXTERIOR HISSING NOISES,
RISING, RUSHING WHINES, ETC, CROSS
FADE TO . . .

SFX: SOUNDS OF A ROUGH LANDING AS
HEARD FROM OUTSIDE THE CAPSULE, THE
WHINE OF AIR RUSHING PAST THE
CAPSULE, CREAKING AND BUCKLING OF
METAL HEATED BY FRICTION, CRASHING
THROUGH TREES, HITTING THE GROUND,

SLIDING AND BURROWING ALONG THE
SURFACE, DUCK UNDER

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE

MARTIAN

Landing rough. Capsule pushes away planet surface materials. Viewscope retracted. Cannot see what happens. Capsule stops.

SFX: LANDING SOUNDS STOP, HISSING
IS INTERMITTENT, ALONG WITH UNEVEN
TICKING OF COOLING METAL

(LABORED SPEECH) All quiet except uneven cooling of metal capsule . . . Gravity much stronger than my world . . . Feel very heavy . . . can barely move. Must wait, gather strength. Have arrived . . . alive . . . eager to carry out plans.

SFX: DUCK UP COOLING NOISES, ETC,
TICKING SOUNDS CROSS FADE TO . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, MERIDIAN ROOM
AMBIENCE

MUSIC: SEGMENT FROM THE MODAL NODES

SFX: AFTER SEVERAL SECONDS, CUT THE
MODAL NODES FOR . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE

PROF. PIERSON

I rode with the reporter, Carl Phillips to Battle Ground. He told me that a

large flaming object, believed to be a meteorite had landed on a nearby farm.

SFX: INTERIOR, CROWD WALLAH OF APPROVAL

SFX: MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM AMBIENCE, CROSSFADE TO

SFX: EXTERIOR, WILMUTH FARM LOCATION AMBIENCE, POLICE SIRENS, CARS RUNNING, CROWD WALLAH, DUCK UNDER FOLLOWING . . .

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE

Wilmuth Farm Exterior Location Ambience

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Carl Phillips again, at the Wilmuth farm, outside Battle Ground, Washington. Professor Pierson and myself are here to investigate a report of a meteor impact. We have just now arrived. I have started my mobile transmitter and will describe all that I can see here as I walk about the scene.

It is night here . . . no moon . . . very dark. As others arrive they arrange their vehicles in a circle, their headlights illuminating the crater.

(PAUSE)

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, creating a long trench as it slid along the ground, ending in a terrific crater. The ground is covered with splinters of a tree it must have struck on its way down. What I can see of the . . . object . . . itself appears to be a smooth cylinder, pointed at one end, much like a bullet from a very large gun. It has a diameter of . . . what would you say, Professor Pierson?

PROF. PIERSON (OFF-MIKE) What's that?

PHILLIPS What is the diameter of the cylinder?

PROF. PIERSON (ON-MIC) About thirty yards.

PHILLIPS About thirty yards . . . The cylinder is . . . well, I've never seen anything like it. The color is sort of yellowish-white and flakes away from the surface like the ash from a burning cigarette. A reddish-glow pulsates along the surface, perhaps indicating heat from the interior.

SFX: EXCITED CROWD WALLAH.
ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER

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.

(Speaking to crowd) Would you mind standing to one side, please? Yes, excuse me. Thank you.

SFX: WILMUTH FARM LOCATION AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE

SFX: CROWD WALLAH CONTINUES UNDERNEATH, AS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE THE CAPSULE, DISTORTED, SOUNDING ALIEN

MARTIAN

Humans around my capsule, like dust storms on the surface of my planet. I watch them through viewscope, now extended. They arrive in wheeled vehicles like those sent to roam and explore my planet, looking for life signs. I see them, gathering, gesturing, unaware of what awaits them.

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE, CROSS FADE TO

SFX: EXTERIOR, WILMUTH FARM AMBIENCE, CROWD WALLAH AND OTHER SOUNDS, ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS

While we wait for the police to push the crowd back, here's Mr. Grover Wilmuth, owner of the farm where this object has landed. He may have some interesting facts to add . . .

(Speaking to Wilmuth) 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 (partially off mic axis) Well, I was listenin' to the radio . . .

PHILLIPS Closer and louder please.

WILMUTH (partially off mic axis) Pardon me?

PHILLIPS (Frustrated) Speak louder, please, and closer to the microphone.

WILMUTH (On mic axis now) Yes, yes, well I was listenin' 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 halfways . . .

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

WILMUTH Not first off. I HEARD something.

PHILLIPS (Excited) And what did you hear?

WILMUTH A hissing sound. Like this: ssssss . . .
. kinda like a bottle rocket.

SFX: OVERLAY HISSING SOUND USED FOR
MARTIAN CAPSULE APPROACH?

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 (Leading) Well, were you frightened, Mr.
Wilmuth?

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

PHILLIPS (Disappointed) Thank you, Mr. Wilmuth.
(Now concluding the interview) Thank
you.

WILMUTH Want me to tell you more? I seen Big
Foot out there in the woods last month!

PHILLIPS (Clearly not interested) No . . . No,
thank you.

WILMUTH Well . . . how about D. B. Cooper? I
seen him land his parachute . . .
Watched him bury it too. He paid me from
a big bundle of money to keep quiet.
Reckon enough time has passed now to
tell what I saw.

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

SFX: PHILLIPS WALKING BACK TO
LANDING SITE. CROWD WALLAH
INCREASES

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen, you've just heard Mr. Grover Wilmuth, owner of the farm where this thing has fallen. As I walk closer to the impact site, I wish I could convey the atmosphere of this fantastic scene. Hundreds of cars are parked in the field surrounding the object. Police are trying to block off the roadway leading to the farm. But it's no use. They're breaking right through. Vehicle headlights light the pit where the object is half buried. Some daring souls venture near the edge of the pit. Their silhouettes stand out against the metal sheen of the cylinder.

SFX: CROWD WALLAH OUT

SFX: FAINT SCRAPING SOUND SEEMINGLY
FROM INSIDE THE CYLINDER BEGINS TO
BE DISCERNIBLE. IT INCREASES IN
VOLUME UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

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:

(PAUSE)

SFX: FAINT SCRAPING SOUND INCREASES

Do you hear it? It's a curious scraping sound that seems to come from inside the object. I'll move closer so you can hear better.

(PAUSE)

SFX: SCRAPING SOUND CLOSER

Now I'm not more than twenty-five feet away. Can you hear it now?

Oh, Professor Pierson!

PROF. PIERSON Yes, Mr. Phillips?

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

PROF. PIERSON Possibly it results from the unequal cooling of the cylinder's metal surface which would have heated up unevenly as the object descended through the atmosphere before landing here.

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

PROF. PIERSON (Objectively) I don't know what to think. I have seen meteorites, both in person and documentary photographs. They are generally like big rocks, either iron or stone. Friction from the atmosphere usually tears holes in a meteorite during its descent to the surface.

This object appears to present a metal casing the nature of which I have never seen before. Strangely, there is no damage to the surface of the object. Instead there is a light wispy coating, perhaps the remains of the surface ablated by the intense temperature of the object's passage through the atmosphere before landing here.

As I have said, the object is about thirty yards in diameter. Perhaps it is an experimental Blue Origin or SpaceX craft used by billionaires racing each other to be the first space tourists. This seems unlikely however, given the extensive media coverage of these efforts.

Given the object's unique nature and unknown composition it is perhaps not too out of line to suggest it is extraterrestrial in origin . . . not found on this planet.

The object is smooth and, as you can see, of cylindrical . . .

PHILLIPS

(Interrupting) Just a minute! Something's happening! Ladies and gentlemen, this is terrific! The pointed top is beginning to rotate like the lid of a Mason jar! Metal is flaking off like whispery ash. The thing must be hollow!

SFX: EXTERIOR, WILMUTH FARM
AMBIENCE, CROWD WALLAH AND THESE
SPECIFIC EXCLAMATIONS

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE

SFX: CLANKING SOUND OF A LARGE
PIECE OF FALLING METAL

SFX: CROWD WALLAH, FADE UNDER AND
OUT

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen . . . the pointed top of the cylinder has detached itself from the body and fallen to the ground. The inside of the cylinder appears to be hollow. I can see peering out of that black hole two luminous disks the size of dinner plates . . . are they eyes? It might be a face. It might be . . .

SFX: CROWD WALLAH, SHOUTS OF AWE,
SHOUTS OF FEAR, ETC.

MUSIC: RISING, OMINOUS TONE UNDER
THE FOLLOWING

PHILLIPS

Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the darkness like a gray snake. Now there's another one, and another. They look like tentacles to me. There, I can see the thing's head. It's large, nearly four feet across, large as a bear and it glistens like old, wet leather. But that face, it . . . Ladies and gentlemen, it's indescribable. This is the most terrifying thing I have ever witnessed. I can hardly force myself to keep looking at it. The eyes gleam like a serpent. The mouth is V-shaped like the beak of a giant bird with saliva dripping from its rimless lips that seem to quiver and pulsate. The tentacles are

grouped around this horrific mouth. There is no sign of a body. Whatever this thing is, it can hardly move. It seems weighed down by . . . possibly by gravity.

SFX: EXTERIOR, WILMUTH FARM
AMBIENCE, JUMP CUT TO

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE,
CROWD NOISES ARE HEARD IN THE
RECORDING'S BACKGROUND, SOUNDING
ALIEN

MARTIAN

I remove top of spacecraft. Great effort. More difficult than expected with heavier planet gravity.

Looked outside using viewscope. Many humans surround spacecraft. Curious creatures but meek like Wapphog of my planet. Easy to scare. Inside spacecraft began preparations.

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: EXTERIOR, WILMUTH FARM, LIVE
RADIO BROADCAST AMBIENCE

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS

A single pole is raising up, out of the cylinder and toward the top of the crater! Atop the pole is a ball with many lenses encircling its circumference. Like a Google street view

camera. The crowd falls back now.
They've seen plenty. This is the most
extraordinary experience. I can't find
words . . . I'll have to take a new
position. Hold on, will you please, just
one moment.

SFX: STATIC SIZZLES AS MICROPHONE
LINE IS CUT OFF.

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE OUT

SCENE 5: HEAT RAY ATTACK

BACKGROUND SLIDE #5: HEAT RAY
ATTACK

SFX: LOCATION AMBIENCE, CROWD
NOISES IN

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE

SFX: CROWD WALLAH, DUCK UNDER
FOLLOWING . . .

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen (Am I on?). Our live connection was briefly cut but we are once again connected.

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. I can't quite see who it is. Oh, there, now . . . yes, I believe it's Professor Pierson. Yes, it is.

PHILLIPS

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/ELECTRICAL WARBLING THAT
INCREASES IN INTENSITY UNTIL IT
TURNS INTO A ULULATING CRY, THE
BATTLE CRY OF THE MARTIANS.

PHILLIPS

A humped shape is rising out of the pit,
up into the air above astride a towering
metal tripod featuring articulated legs
and atop them a sort of cockpit where
sits the "thing" I reported earlier, the
head with no body. Below this shape are
tentacles, several of them, like an
octopus. They appear to be holding
something . . . an old-fashioned lamp. 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!

SFX: SCREAMS AND UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS

SFX: THOSE SAME SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS
NOW HEARD FROM THE MARTIAN'S
PERSPECTIVE, INSIDE HIS FIGHTING
MACHINE

Martian Fighting Machine

SFX: MARTIAN FIGHTING MACHINE
AMBIENCE

MARTIAN

Heat ray . . . most advanced weapon.
Disintegrates organic matter instantly.

May promote insolvency in physical objects. I paint humans and machines with heat ray. They swirl from view like the dust before wind across surface of my planet.

SFX: MARTIAN FIGHTING MACHINE
AMBIENCE, CUT TO . . .

SFX: LIVE BROADCAST AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS

The flame dances across the field, igniting everything in its path . . . vehicles, people . . . everything is engulfed in fire.

SFX: EXPLOSIONS, CROWD WALLAH IN
DISTANCE, AT LEAST ONE WILHEIM
SCREAM

PHILLIPS

The woods . . . the barns . . . fire spreads everywhere following the flame. Vehicles are exploding. The fire is coming this way. About twenty yards to my right (cut off suddenly) . . .

SFX: CROWD WALLAH, SCREAMING,
EXPLOSIONS . . . ALL CLOSER . . .
ELECTRICAL WARBLING PHASES BACK AND
FORTH ACROSS THE SOUND STAGE WHILE
RISING TO A CRESCENDO AND TURNS
INTO FEEDBACK . . . BURSTS OF
ELECTRICAL STATIC . . . THEN
SILENCE

SCENE 6: AFTERMATH

BACKGROUND SLIDE #6: AFTERMATH

SFX: STUDIO AMBIENCE

MUSIC: FADE UP MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SFX: STUDIO AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: DIALING DOPPLER, CLICKS,
FEEDBACK BEFORE CONNECTION IS
ESTABLISHED.

SFX: FILTER PHILLIPS' VOICE TO
SOUND AS IF HE IS TALKING VIA
TELEPHONE

Wilmuth Farmhouse Interior Ambience

SFX: INTERIOR, WILMUTH FARMHOUSE
AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS Ladies and gentlemen, this is Carl Phillips. I am standing in the kitchen of the farmhouse owned by Grover Wilmuth. Mr. Wilmuth is nowhere to be found.

PHILLIPS I narrowly escaped death by dropping to the ground behind a stone wall enclosing Mrs. Wilmuth's garden. When I thought it safe to do so, I ran here to the farmhouse and called the radio station using the Wilmuth's land line telephone. Luckily, my call went through as all my broadcasting equipment and mobile telephone was destroyed by the massive electromagnetic pulse that accompanied

the heat ray. I will carry the telephone with me as I move to a window and observe the scene outside.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR, AS THEY APPROACH A WINDOW FADE IN OUTSIDE CROWD WALLAH

SFX: THE TENOR OF PHILLIP'S VOICE CHANGES AS HE ENTERS A DIFFERENT ROOM

From the kitchen window I can survey the scene of what I can only describe as a mass killing using technology too incredible to accurately describe at this time.

With me here is Professor Rowena Pierson, recently retired from Princeton University and now living in Vancouver. Professor Pierson, as a scientist, can you give us an explanation of the calamity?

SFX: HANDING OVER, FUMBLING WITH TELEPHONE

SFX: PIERSON'S VOICE IS FILTERED BY THE TELEPHONE CONNECTION

PROF. PIERSON

This is Professor Pierson speaking. Of the creatures in the cylinder at Battle Ground, 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. [Slight pause] That is my conjecture of the origin of the heat ray . . .

SFX: INTERIOR, WILMUTH FARMHOUSE
AMBIENCE CUTS TO

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE

MARTIAN

Pathetic humans. Run toward me, curious to see. But confused because I am so different. Easy to kill with heat ray. My comrades must have similar experiences, thoughts.

SFX: AT A DISTANCE, FROM OUTSIDE
THE CAPSULE, MUFFLED, WILD MARTIAN
UULATING

I hear them screaming their joy of battle, the mission for which we trained and waited so long. Ancient Ones will be pleased.

SFX: MARTIAN CAPSULE AMBIENCE CUTS
TO

SFX: INTERIOR, WILMUTH FARMHOUSE
AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS Fire personnel are battling flames in the field and surrounding woods. Scouts report all quiet in the pit, and no sign of life appearing from the mouth of the cylinder although clanging and hammering sounds are heard . . .

I am joined now by Captain Lance Lansing of the Signal Corps attached to the State Militia. Captain Lansing, what can you tell us about this situation?

LANSING (Overly confident to the point of arrogance.) This is Captain Lance Lansing of the Signal Corps, attached to the State Militia now engaged in military operations in the vicinity of Battle Ground, Washington. Situation arising from the reported presence of certain individuals of unidentified nature is now under complete control.

PHILLIPS Thank you Captain Lansing. The State Militia arrived and quickly established a perimeter around the capsule in its impact crater. Are they ready for whatever comes next?

LANSING (Arrogance continues) The cylindrical object which lies in a pit directly below our position is surrounded on all sides by eight battalions of infantry. They are without heavy field pieces, but

adequately armed with rifles and machine guns. All cause for alarm, if such cause ever existed, is entirely unjustified. I can see the hiding place of these creatures plainly in the glare of the searchlights. With all their reported resources, they 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. One of the companies is deploying on the left flank. A quick thrust and it will all be over.

SFX: INTERIOR, WILMUTH FARMHOUSE
AMBIENCE CUTS TO

SFX: MARTIAN CAPSULE AMBIENCE

MARTIAN

With viewscope I see humans surrounding my capsule. Watching humans for many sols we know them to fight constantly among themselves. Dressed in light armor and with hand weapons they insult any fighter from my world. They unsure what to do. They not realize our plans for them.

SFX: MARTIAN CAPSULE AMBIENCE CUTS
TO

SFX: INTERIOR, WILMUTH FARMHOUSE
AMBIENCE TRANSITIONS TO EXTERIOR SO
AUDIENCE IS "IN" HE ACTION RATHER
THAN JUST LISTENING TO A
DISCRIPTION

LANSING

Now, wait a minute! I see something on top of the cylinder. No, it's nothing but a shadow. Now the troops are on surrounding the impact crater. 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 . . . taller than a house. Now it's reaching above the trees and the searchlights are on it. Hold on!

SFX: (WILHELM) SCREAMS AND
UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS, EXPLOSIONS

SFX: BRIEF SILENCE

SFX: SLOWLY FADE UP INTERIOR,
WILMUTH FARMHOUSE AMBIENCE

PHILLIPS

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 and ears lead to the inescapable assumption that those strange beings are the vanguard of an invading army from the planet Mars.

A confrontation has just taken place at Battle Ground, Washington, and 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 burned to cinders by the Martian's heat ray.

Professor Pierson and I will return to Vancouver. I will continue my reports from there.

SFX: INTERIOR, WILMUTH FARMHOUSE
AMBIENCE, CROSS FADE TO

SCENE 7: RETURN TO VANCOUVER

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM

AMBIENCE

PROF. PIERSON Carl Phillips arrived in Vancouver before I. He returned to his radio station where he single-handedly announced the news and coordinated communication across the region for the next three days.

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM

AMBIENCE OUT

SFX: AMBIENCE FOR FIELD NEWS

REPORTS AND/OR ACTUALITIES

WOW news reports and/or actualities

Pittsburgh

Woman Tries Suicide

A man returned home in the midst of the broadcast and found his wife, with a bottle of poison in her hand, screaming "I'd rather die this way than like that."

San Francisco

Man Wants to Fight Mars

An offer to volunteer in stopping an invasion from Mars came among hundreds of telephone inquiries to police and newspapers. One excited man shouted: "My God! Where can I volunteer my services? We've got to stop this awful thing!"

Indianapolis

Church Lets Out

A woman ran into the Methodist Church screaming: "New York is destroyed; it's the end of the world. You might as well go home and die. I just heard it on the radio."

Brevard, NC

College Boys Faint

Five Brevard College students fainted and panic gripped the campus for a half hour with many students fighting for telephones to inform their parents to come and get them.

Providence, RI

It's a Massacre

Weeping and hysterical people swamped the switchboard of the Providence Journal for details of the "massacre." The electric company received scores of calls urging it to turn off all the lights so that the city would be safe from the enemy.

Boston

She Sees "the Fire"

One woman declared she could "see the fire" and told the Boston Globe she and many others in her neighborhood were "getting out of here."

Kansas City

Where is it Safe?

One telephone caller said she had loaded all his children in the car, and filled it up with gasoline, and was going somewhere. "Where is it safe?" he wanted to know.

Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Beaumont, TX, and St. Joseph, MO report meteors landing nearby.

Richmond, VA

Prayers

Telephone callers report they are praying.

Atlanta

Atlanta's "Monsters"

Callers throughout the Southeast are reporting "a planet struck in New Jersey, with monsters, and anywhere from 40 to 7,000 people were killed.

Reno, NV

Rushes Home from Reno

Marion Thoragaard, here to divorce Hilsce Thoragaard, collapsed, fearing his wife and children in New York had been killed. Upon reviving, he immediately started East in hope of aiding the wife he was here to divorce.

Concrete, WA

Lights Out

The Lights went out in more than 1,000 homes due to electrical failure. Many thought, however, Martians had reached Washington State. Men and women prepared to take their families into the mountains.

Milwaukee, WI

Thrilling

The newspaper switchboard received several calls from someone saying, "It was thrilling! There ought to be more programs like that." Reportedly, most callers in favor were men. Women did not like the program.

SFX: AMBIENCE FOR FIELD NEWS

REPORTS AND/OR ACTUALITIES, OUT

SCENE 8: FINAL BATTLE

SFX: EXTERIOR, LIVE BROADCAST
AMBIENCE, REPORT ALREADY IN
PROGRESS

PHILLIPS

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Carl Phillips. I'm speaking from the roof of the Smith Tower, in downtown Vancouver, Washington. From here I can see five Martian fighting machines walking in the mighty Columbia River as easily as a human might wade a small brook.

Overhead circle eight Air Force airplanes each loaded with high explosive bombs.

The machines are close together now. Planes circling, ready to strike. A thousand yards away . . . they start to dive . . . eight hundred yards . . . six hundred . . . four hundred . . . two hundred . . . The Martians raise their giant arms.

SFX: EXTERIOR, IN DISTANCE, SOUND
OF HEAT RAY, HISSING SOUND FOLLOWED
BY A HUMMING/ELECTRICAL WARBLING
THAT INCREASES IN INTENSITY

Green flashes! They're spraying the bombers with their heat rays!

SFX: STRAINING, FAILING ENGINES

Engines are giving out. No chance to release bombs. Now the engines are gone!

The pilots guide their airplanes toward
the Martians . . .

(SILENCE)

SFX: SLOWLY FADE UP BELLS RINGING
OVER CITY, DUCK UNDER

PHILLIPS This is Carl Phillips, still atop the
Smith Tower in downtown Vancouver.

The bells you hear are warning people to
evacuate the city as the Martians
approach. No more defenses. Our army
wiped out . . . artillery, air force,
everything wiped out. People are holding
service below . . . in the cathedral.

SFX: VOICES SINGING HYMN IN
DISTANCE.

PHILLIPS As I look along the waterfront I see all
manner of boats, overloaded with fleeing
population, pulling out from docks and
the shore.

SFX: SOUND OF BOAT WHISTLES (IN
BACKGROUND, AND BELOW), CROWD NOISE
IN STREETS BELOW

PHILLIPS The streets are full of people like New
Year's Eve.

Now a fighting machine approaches the
waterfront. It straddles the Interstate
Bridge, watching, looking over the city.
Its steel, cowlish head is even with the
buildings along the waterfront. It waits

for the others. They rise like a line of
new towers along the city's waterfront.

SFX: UULATING FROM FIVE MARTIAN
FIGHTING MACHINES

PHILLIPS They cry out wildly . . . what . . .
 celebrating victory?

MARTIAN We cry . . . each other. Comrades.
 Victory success. Mission complete.
 Humans destroyed.

We die also. Unknown cause. Bodies pain.
Hot . . . Cold . . . Weak . . . Movement
heavy . . . Slow. Unable continue. Find
place . . . rest. Recover . . .

PHILLIPS Now they're lifting their metal hands .
 . . .

SFX: SMOKE AND HISSING SOUNDS

PHILLIPS 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. 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 . . .

(having difficulty breathing)

one hundred yards away . . .

(struggling to breathe)

an ensemble of spoken voice
afficienados. We'll conclude our story
in just a moment.

(Sponsor Break #2)

HOST

(Break #2 Return) You are listening to
Re-Imagined Radio and our adaptation of
The War of the Worlds performed by The
Voices. Professor Pierson, while opening
a new exhibition at the Clark County
Historical Museum has told us how the
Martians terrorized Battle Ground and
Vancouver, Washington. Let's listen now
to her concluding remarks.

SCENE 9: CONCLUSION

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE

PROF. PIERSON When I returned to Vancouver I saw a flock of black birds circling in the sky, near Ester Short Park. I hurried there and saw the hood of a Martian machine, standing next to the bandstand, gleaming in the late afternoon sun. Scattered about the park where three more of those great metal Titans, their cowls empty, their great steel arms hanging listlessly by their sides.

The Martians themselves lay on the ground nearby. Hungry birds pecked and tore brown shreds of flesh from their dead bodies. Later when their bodies were examined in the laboratories, it was found that the Martians were killed by common Earth bacteria against which their systems were unprepared . . . slain, after all humankind's defenses had failed, by a small but deadly foe.

Their death left unanswered the question of WHY Martians invaded Earth. Another recording, discovered while preparing this exhibit, provides an answer.

SFX: MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM AMBIENCE
CROSS FADES TO . . .

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE

Ancient Ones chose blue planet to breed different life forms. Large bodies of

water, stable atmosphere, varied environments promising for their experiments. New life evolved. Ancient Ones turned attentions elsewhere.

They left us, Sarmaks on closest planet, hidden from view, with mission to destroy blue planet's dominant species if it became destructive.

Humans seek immediate gain. Not consider long term consequences. Constantly warring against each other. Destroy air and water and other life forms. Make planet unable to support life. Will move to other planets, escape the death of their own. This cannot happen.

Must destroy these humans. Prevent continued destruction of themselves, their planet. Our fighting machines will overcome resistance.

SFX: MARTIAN RECORDING AMBIENCE,
OUT

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE

PROF. PIERSON

Ladies and gentlemen, in conclusion, please consider these points.

First, we were scrutinized and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a person with a microscope might scrutinize the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. We were

watched closely by intelligences greater than yet as mortal as our own.

With infinite complacence, across an immense ethereal gulf, the Sarmaks, cool and unsympathetic, regarded our activities and slowly and surely drew their plans against us.

The destruction of the Martians may be only a reprieve. To them, and not to us, the future is perhaps ordained . . . Unless we can change our destructive ways.

SFX: INTERIOR, MUSEUM AND PA SYSTEM
AMBIENCE, CROSS FADE TO

MUSIC: DRAMATIC, SWELLS AND BUILDS
TO CONCLUSION, DUCK UNDER THE
FOLLOWING

MUSIC: CONCLUDES, SLOW DECAY

CREDITS

HOST

That concludes our Re-Imagined Radio adaptation of The War of the Worlds by H. G. Wells, performed for you by The Voices. You heard . . .

Marc Rose as The Martian

Bradley Richardson as Museum Director

Patricia Blem as Professor Rowena Pierson

Rod Hill as Weather Announcer

Laurence Overmire as Carl Phillips

Jeff Pollard as Grover Wilmuth

Bruce Miles as Captain Lance Lansing

Stephanie Crowley as Ham Radio Operator

News montage segments by Erin Buckley, Laura Duyn (DINE), Devin James, Billy Bryan, Jeff Pollard, and Stephanie Crowley.

Our performance was written by John Barber.

Sound design, music, and post-production by Marc Rose of Fuse Audio Design.

Social media by Regina Carol Social Media Management.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum Design.

This is a production of Re-Imagined Radio. Our radio broadcasts are heard on local, regional, and international community radio stations.

For streaming, point your browsers to The Sonic Society and Mutual Audio Network websites. You can also stream from our own website, and subscribe to our snappy email Program Guide, at reimagedradio DOT net. That's reimagedradio (all one word, no punctuation) DOT net.

This is John Barber, producer and host. Thank you so much for listening, and please, join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.