

WAR OF THE WORLDS

by

Mark Frank

Based on the novel by H.G. Wells

WAR OF THE WORLDS

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WAR OF THE WORLDS

War of the Worlds was originally produced at the PACE Studio Theatre in Tulsa, Oklahoma by the Tulsa Community College Theatre Department, in 2019 featuring the following cast:

Isabel Kennard.....Megan Mockerman
George Kennard..... Harrison Tapper
Anna-Jane Kennard..... Adalie Marler
Frank West..... Nick Torrico
The Curate..... Jim Runyan
The Artillery Man.....Quinton Hoagland
Dr. Ogilvie..... Tom Allen
Miss Elphinstone.....Stephanie Sixkiller
Miss Elphinstone Sister...Lenora Martin
Soldier/Lieutenant..... Noah Osborn
Police Officer..... Caleb Wilkins
Thief.....Tanner Daniels
Old Man.....Tom Allen
Little Girl.....Mya Smith
Newspaper Boy.....Jaxen Smith
Refugees.....Mallory Berry, Brynlee Smith, Joshua Pineda
Soldiers.....Joshua Pineda, Caleb Wilkins, Tanner Daniels
Townsppeople/Crowd.....Lauren Fletcher, Hannah Mackie, Hannah
Moore
Noah Osborn, Caleb Wilkins, Joshua Pineda
Breanna Crites
Puppeteers.....Breanna Crites, Hannah Moore
Violinists.....Michael Le Blanc, Bradley Hemphill

WAR OF THE WORLDS

CAST: 10 Men 8 Women 2 Boys 2 Girls 2 Puppeteers *2 Violinists
(Optional)

ISABEL KENNARD 30's, Scientist and wife to Colonel George Kennard and mother to Anna-Jane Kennard.

COLONEL GEORGE KENNARD 30's, Isabel's husband, and Colonel in the British military.

ANNA-JANE KENNARD 10 years old. Isabel's daughter.

FRANK WEST 30's, A medical student and Isabel's brother.

THE CURATE 60's-70's, A Catholic priest.

ARTILLERY MAN 20's, A military man that befriends Isabel.

DR. OGILVIE 60's-70's, Scientist, and lead astronomer

MISS. ELPHINSTONE 40's-50's

MISS ELPHINSTONE'S SISTER 40's-50's

SOLDIER 30's

OLD MAN 60's

LITTLE GIRL 10 years old

NEWSPAPER BOY 10 years old

NEWS REPORTER

POLICE OFFICER

REFUGEES

TOWNSPEOPLE/CROWD

SOLDIERS

MARTIAN TENTACLE PUPPETEERS

VIOLINISTS* (Optional)

TIME: 1894.

PLACE: London, England

SPECIAL NOTE

Projections for this production are optional but highly suggested. Violin music can be used if you do not have violinists. Violin music is played before and during the production where noted. Flashlights can be used in lieu of spotlights. Lighting effects can be used for the giant mechanical tripod at the end of the play for simplicity. The cast can be doubled if needed.

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SCENE 1

The stage is encompassed by two large sixteen-foot flats left and right of the stage and a huge drop upstage center that serve as the projection screen. Projection images appear on the blank white walls and the projection screen. Different projections appear throughout the play. Inside the box set left and right should be six openings, or coves, where moveable lights can be placed to serve as the Martian tripod searchlight effects. Upstage center stage should have a “fall away” drop to reveal the huge mechanical Martian tripod machine at the end of the play. As the play begins, lights come up on a seven-year-old little girl named ANNA-JANE in a spot of light downstage center. She is holding her teddy bear looking up at the sky. The projection is a constellation of stars that engulfs the entire set.

ANNA-JANE. *(Looking up to the stars singing in a spot of light. Violinists or violin music accompany her song.)*

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle, Twinkle little star.
(Very slow.)
How...I ...wonder...what ...you...are...
(Blackout.)

ISABEL. *(In a spot of light addressing the audience as the violin music plays in the background.)* At the dawn of the twentieth century, no one would have believed that creatures were watching Earth smaller than we are. No one would have thought humans were being studied the same way under a microscope. We were masters of our world, but they, perhaps tiny things under our microscope, thought they were masters of their world too.

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Who would have thought that the threat to humanity could come from another planet? Who would have thought there was even life on other planets? But creatures were watching us from across space and making their plans, and so we discovered that we were not alone; and we are not the masters of the universe. For years, from forty million miles away, the Martians were preparing their invasion. Mars was rapidly cooling and could no longer support life. Martians must either die or migrate to another planet. With their advanced intelligence, they built their spacecrafts and planned their invasion in great detail. At around midnight, on a clear, dark night, clouds of bright gas were seen on the planet's surface from our observatory. A huge jet flame projectile shot out of a super cannon, but we dismissed it. Little did we know it was a launch of missiles from Mars to Earth that would bring us to the War of the Worlds. (*Blackout.*)

SCENE 2

Lights come up with Anna-Jane looking through a telescope. ISABEL and DR. OGILVIE watch Anna Jane with admiration. They are both wearing white laboratory jackets. The projection is a constellation of stars that engulfs the entire set.

ANNA-JANE. Mummy, are there monsters on Mars?

ISABEL. You mean Martians, (*Laughing.*) no honey.

ANNA-JANE. How come?

OGILVIE. (*Speaking very scientifically.*) You see Anna, if there was life on Mars those monsters, as you call them, would have a hard time surviving on the planet. There's no water, the air is thin, and it would be very hard for any living creature to survive on. In fact, the chances are a million to one that there are human-like beings, or monsters, as you like to call them, on Mars.

ANNA-JANE. (*Looking into the telescope.*) What's that red lightning flash coming from the planet? Maybe the monsters are coming to our planet. There's another one, and another!

ISABEL. (*Laughing.*) Anna, stop.

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OGILVIE. Let me look. Oh, those are jets of gas from the planet's surface that are being shot into space. Or it could be volcanoes or meteorites creating explosions on the planet. That's the red flashing light you see, my dear. It's been going on for the last ten days on the red planet. Here, take a look again.

ANNA-JANE. *(Anna-Jane looks in the telescope again eagerly.)* There are so many of them.

ISABEL. Come on Anna-Jane, time to go home. It's way past your bedtime. Thank you, Dr. Ogilvie. She loves the telescope, as you can see. She can't get enough of it.

OGILVIE. Just like her mother.

ISABEL. Goodnight. Keep me updated on the Martians! *(Isabel and Anna Jane leave as Ogilvie looks back into the telescope. He pulls away with concern on his face as the projection changes to a shot of Mars with flashes of lights leaving the red planet. A huge explosion is heard and seen on the projection of the set. Blackout.)*

SCENE 3

The lights come up to a large hole in the ground with smoke coming out of it. A crowd appears on stage with the military guarding the hole. Ogilvie stands studying the site in front of an enormous crater. The projection changes to that of a burned field of bushes and trees with smoke from the site billowing. As Ogilvie studies the hole, a faint noise is heard from within the object. The CROWD of townspeople gasps.

CROWD. Did anyone see that shooting star last night? It was a meteorite! It's something more than a meteorite. It's a cylinder! An artificial cylinder man! A spaceship! There's something inside! Martians! *(Hearing a sound of someone tapping from inside he screams.)* Listen! There's a man in it! Half roasted to death! Trying to escape! *(Ogilvie tries to get closer.)* The man inside must be dead!

NEWS REPORTER. I'm going to the railway station to telegraph this news to London! "DEAD MAN FROM MARS!" *(He runs off. Just then*

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Isabel, with her husband GEORGE and Anna-Jane, arrive and are led over to the hole in the ground.)

OGILVIE. Colonel, you have to get the army, and get these people back and quarantine the area; we don't know what's inside of this thing. I definitely heard a noise coming from inside. Isabel why don't you two go down into the pit and investigate. Colonel, can you get some of your men with shovels and pickaxes to uncover the object, so we can explore inside? We speculate that this thing might be from outer space. Maybe from Mars. And for God's sake, someone needs to go speak to someone about getting a railing around the crater! *(George looks at Isabel who motions him to go. Two men enter putting up a railing around the site. A crowd of people are fighting with SOLDIER to see the crash site Isabel inspects the site.)*

SOLDIER. Ma'am, you must stay back!

ISABEL. I'm a scientist sent by Dr. Ogilvie. This is my daughter.

SOLDIER. Your business?

ISABEL. I was sent to study the cylinder to see maybe if it's some type of message from Mars.

SOLDIER. Go ahead. *(To crowd, pushing them back.)* Keep back! Keep back! We don't know what it is! We need to get these people farther back.

OGILVIE. I say, help keep these fools back, we don't know what's in this confounded thing!

ISABEL. Look, there is something coming out of the hole! *(The crowd exit screaming knocking down Isabel.)*

ANNA-JANE. Mummy, there's something looking at me. It's smiling. It's a big gray snake. *(A metallic tentacle wraps itself around the little girl and sucks her down into the hole as she screams and disappears.)*

ISABEL. Anna-Jane! *(Screaming. She grabs a shovel from a soldier while she crawls into the hole.)* ANNA-JANE! Run and get my husband, NOW! *(Blackout.)*

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SCENE 4

The lights change to the inside of the cylinder. The Martians tentacles have Anna-Jane wrapped up She is smiling, playing with the tentacle. ISABEL enters. Another tentacle enters and moves to the other side of Isabel ready to attack.

ANNA-JANE. Mummy! *(Anna-Jane does not seem scared of the tentacle that is wrapped around her.)*

ISABEL. You're going to give me my daughter back RIGHT NOW! *(She approaches the tentacle that has ANNA-JANE with her shovel as the other one attacks her. She whips around and smashes the tentacle with a fury of blows cutting it in half.)* Do you want that? YOU LET GO OF HER RIGHT NOW! *(A loud horrifying sound of screeching violins is heard as the creature wails. Isabel is able to destroy the second tentacle with her shovel. The tentacle pushes a button on the ship before it is destroyed. An alarm sounds in the ship. We now see in real time Isabel's face on the projection on the set with the flashing red word, "intruder" over her face. Isabel continues to tear the metallic tentacle apart with the shovel. She continues to scream madly. Anna-Jane stops her.)*

ANNA-JANE. Mummy STOP, please, it's dead, it let me go! STOP! PLEASE-stop! *(She looks at Anna-Jane, and they both start to cry as Isabel holds Anna-Jane tightly in her arms.)*

ISABEL. We have to get out of here. Move! *(As Isabel runs, she notices everything is on fire as laser heat-ray beams shoot out from many directions. Many Martian cylinders are seen on the projection falling from the sky and destroying everything with their laser beams. Isabel and Anna-Jane see people running all around them.)* RUN! *(Isabel and Anna-Jane run as other scurry past many people running all around her trying to escape the Martians. Explosions and sounds from the laser heat-ray beams engulf them. On the projection, trees burst into flames and buildings explode. A heat-ray tries to hit them while they're running. Anna-Jane stops and turns around to face the Martian tripod that appears on the projection of the set.)*

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ANNA-JANE. (*Screaming, moving to center stage putting her hands over her ears.*) GO AWAY! (*She lets out a loud horrific scream. Suddenly, the Martian tripod disappears in a flash. The projection changes back to the destruction of the town, Horsell Common, from the tripods.*)

ISABEL. (*Looking up where the Martian tripod left. Looking at ANNA-JANE horrified.*) Anna-Jane.....how did you make that sound? ANNA-JANE! (*More tripods appear.*) They're back. There are more coming! Come on, we've got to find Daddy. (*Anna-Jane stares at the sky.*) Come on! (*They grab hands. Isabel and Anna-Jane are running through a field, escaping the destruction behind them. They reach their neighborhood. They see residents on the street crying and screaming while running past them to escape the Martian's heat-rays. The projections still show the destruction of Horsell Common from the tripods.*) Have you heard what happened at Horsell Common?

TOWNSPERSON. Eh? Ain't you just been there? People seem pretty silly from the Common, what's it all about?

ISABEL. Haven't you heard of the men from Mars? The creatures from Mars?

TOWNSPERSON #2. Quite enough. Thanks! We don't hear much out here in the country. We don't care neither! (*The group of disinterested, unaffected, TOWNSPEOPLE laugh.*)

ISABEL. You all need to listen! That Martian cylinder that fell from the sky last night is causing the destruction of Horsell Common, and there's more than one cylinder. You need to go back to your houses and grab what you can and get out of here. There's more than one, and they're coming!

TOWNSPERSON. Who is coming? The Martians? (*They laugh some more.*)

ISABEL. YES! Creatures, aliens, Martians, whatever they are, they're coming. I saw people vaporized into dust by their heat-rays before my very eyes. I saw forty others charred and distorted beyond recognition. You must believe me. They will kill you too! (*The townspeople continue to laugh.*)

TOWNSPERSON #3. Nothing in today's paper about it.

ANNA-JANE. She's not lying. I saw them. They have long octopus metallic tentacles. My Mummy killed two of them with a shovel.

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TOWNSPERSON #2. (*Laughing harder.*) She killed octopuses with metallic tentacles you say, sweetie? What an imagination!

ISABEL. Half-wits! Come on Anna-Jane.

ANNA-JANE. Halfwits! (*They both race into their house and run into George, in full British military uniform. She hugs and kisses him as Anna-Jane yells "Daddy" and runs to him. Isabel is rambling in a panic.*)

ISABEL. George, oh my God, they grabbed Anna, and I couldn't find you, and then they sounded an alarm; and we came under attack inside of that Martian cylinder. They were vaporizing people all around us with their heat-rays. A beam of heat so intense it disintegrates people and... (*GEORGE grabs and interrupts her by kissing her.*)

GEORGE. Isabel listen! Anna-Jane is fine, right? They didn't hurt her. You're both fine. Now calm down and listen to me very carefully. I have to go as they are calling up all active military and volunteers to fight these things. You and Anna-Jane need to take whatever you can pack up and leave for London, now! You don't have much time before they arrive here.

ISABEL. I killed two of them, George, with a shovel! I was so close to them! Horrible creatures and I killed them, they attacked Anna-Jane! (*She starts to cry.*)

GEORGE. Isabel...

ISABEL. (*Holding George tightly.*) Poor Ogilvy, to think he could have been killed by those things when he was trying to help them. I saw, many people were killed right in front of me! How are you going to approach those giant machines with the military and fight those heat-rays?

GEORGE. It seems the Martians move very slowly and can't keep up with the speed of our tanks. The military takes this threat very seriously, so we'll be out in full force. Trust me, they are outnumbered.

ISABEL. George, you must be careful! Their heat-rays could vaporize the entire military in a split second. Anyone that was near or went near that pit was vaporized. You must be careful; I can't lose you! (*The phone rings. George answers.*)

GEORGE. Yes, I understand. I will be right there!

ISABEL. What is it?

GEORGE. More green lighting streaks falling from the skies. There are more Martian cylinders descending all over the planet. Horsell Common is

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not an isolated incident. The whole planet is under attack. They need you at the planetarium to see if you can figure out a way to stop these things. What about Anna-Jane?

ISABEL. She'll be safe with me. Promise me you'll be careful.

GEORGE. *(He kisses Isabel and Anna-Jane.)*

I will. The Martians have done a foolish thing. They're dangerous because, no doubt, they're mad with terror. Perhaps they expected not to find living things on Earth, certainly no intelligent living things. But a shell from our tanks will kill them all!

ISABEL. Let's hope so.

GEORGE. *(Picks up Anna-Jane and kisses her all over.)* You take care of Mummy. Promise?

ANNA-JANE. I promise. *(She salutes him. He salutes back. Soldiers are seen surrounding the pit with the original Martian cylinder as green-white smoke and the sound of hammering emerges from the pit. Violin music. Blackout.)*

SCENE 5

The lights come up and the projection on the set shows the British military battling the Martian tripod machines. It's the middle of the night, and Isabel and Anna-Jane are sleeping on the couch. Isabel wakes from a loud strike of thunder. She takes Anna-Jane outside and runs into an
ARTILLERY MAN.

ISABEL. What's happening?

ARTILLERY MAN. We've surrounded the Martians during the night. More artillery is on its way. I'm sure the military will capture and destroy those things; they seem to have everything under control. It's too bad though, it would have been interesting to see how they live and study them.

ISABEL. As a scientist, I understand that more than anyone. Wait, shhhhh, I hear another thunder sound. More of them have arrived.

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ARTILLERY MAN. All over the planet. Thousands of them. Ma'am, you, and your daughter need to leave Horsell Common as soon as possible. They'll return to the original mother ship cylinder that crashed.

ISABEL. I had a dream last night that we defeated the Martians.

ANNA-JANE. My Mummy killed one of those tentacles inside their ship!

ISABEL. I'm Dr. Kennard from the planetarium. I assist Dr. Ogilvy. They want me to go to London and help to figure out what these things are.

ARTILLERY MAN. You better get going before the war breaks out and you're caught in the crossfire. *(A huge explosion knocks the Artillery Man over. The projection shows a large brick building collapsing and buildings exploding.)* It's their heat-rays, ma'am. You've got to move now. You can't stay here. They'll disintegrate you all! *(The Artillery Man runs off for a moment to see how close the Martians are to them.)*

ANNA-JANE. Where are we going to go, Mummy?

ISABEL. To my cousins in Leatherhead. There's an inn on the way called the Spotted Dog. *(Isabel and Anna-Jane run home and grab essentials and then run into the street. Projections of the Martian tripods destroying London are behind them. The Artillery Man runs past her.)* Now what's happening?

ARTILLERY MAN. There are more of them, hundreds, and hundreds as far as the eye can see descending from the heavens. They're crawling out of their cylinders attacking. We're outnumbered...RUN!

ISABEL. RUN! ANNA-JANE, RUN! *(Anna-Jane and Isabel run but are seen by a large Martian tripod on the projection. They run as it knocks down trees and fires its heat-ray at them both. The Martian tripod makes a deafening howl, "Aloo! Aloo!" which is played by violin sounds. Searchlights from the Martian tripod search for Isabel and Anna-Jane as they run through the heat-ray explosions. They run inside the Inn and both collapse on the floor. Blackout.)*

SCENE 6

Lights come up. Isabel walks outside the Inn and views the destruction with Anna-Jane. The Martian tripods are gone. The projection shows most of Horsell Common destroyed. They walk through the rubble. They notice

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the Artillery Man once again running. He hides when he spots Isabel and Anna-Jane.

ISABEL. Hello again, where are you going?

ARTILLERY MAN. I don't know, trying to hide? That's it, yes trying to hide!

ISABEL. Come over here. It's safe. You're in shock. Trust me, you're okay.

ARTILLERY MAN. My God!

ISABEL. What happened?

ARTILLERY MAN. What hasn't? They wiped us out, simply wiped us out. *(He repeats it many times to himself.)*

ISABEL. I forgot to ask you before, but have you seen this man, Colonel George Kennard? He's, my husband. He's a commander.

ARTILLERY MAN. No Ma'am. Most of my men are dead from those Martian alien things. Vaporized into dust by their heat-rays.

ISABEL. Here, come inside, please. Anna-Jane help me. *(They help him inside, and ANNA-JANE gets him a glass of water.)* What happened?

ARTILLERY MAN. They wiped us out. Just wiped us all out. Too many of them. *(He starts to break down and cry.)* So many men dead from those things, my buddies...dead. We blew up the first Martian cylinder, but they had some sort of metal shields to protect the other tripods from our weapons. These Martian tripods rose up on three legs and walked across the field, raised their heat-rays, and killed everyone. I was the only one to survive. I laid still, scared out of my wits, with a badly wounded horse on top of me, hiding. We'd been wiped out, and the smell of blood, good Lord!

ISABEL. Take some whisky, go on...breathe. *(She gives the Artillery Man some whiskey. He takes a big drink and calms down.)*

ARTILLERY MAN. I was hurt by the fall of the horse, and I just laid there until I felt better. Wiped out!

ISABEL. Everyone...?

ARTILLERY MAN. I'm sorry ma'am, I'm the only one left.

ISABEL. *(Falls to the ground crying.)* George!

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ANNA-JANE. (*Goes over to the Artillery Man.*) Not Daddy, not my daddy! (*She screams at him, hitting the Artillery Man who grabs her and holds her as she screams and cries.*)

ARTILLERY MAN. I saw those giant Martian tripod machines turn their heat-rays on the town of Woking and destroy everyone in it. They were burning buildings, and vaporizing people everywhere. They stood guard around the first cylinder in the pit keeping watch over the two dead alien bodies inside. Almost looking for something or someone.

ISABEL. Oh my God, I killed those Martians inside the first cylinder because they attacked my daughter. I think they might be looking for me. Maybe I'm the cause of their attack, maybe they came in peace, and I caused this war! Oh God, what have I done, what have I done?

ARTILLERY MAN. It's not safe to stay here, Ma'am. I suggest you leave the country. I need to get to London to get my new orders.

ISABEL. Maybe I can go to Leatherhead and look for my husband, just in case he survived, and then go with you to London. I'm so mad. If he's dead, part of me wants to stay here just to see the Martians defeated!

ANNA-JANE. I want my Daddy.

ISABEL. I know honey.

ARTILLERY MAN. The landlord of this Inn was killed last night. I suggest you come with me to be safe, and I can take you as far north as possible towards Leatherhead. But I suggest you skip Leatherhead and just head to London with me straight away. We better grab provisions for the trip.

ISABEL. If there's a chance my husband is alive at Leatherhead, I need to go there first before London. Come on, Anna, come help Mummy grab food and water from the Inn with the nice man. (*The three of them gather food and water and travel through the streets. The projection shows the streets littered with destruction. A LIEUTENANT comes upon the Artillery Man, Isabel, and Anna-Jane.*)

LIEUTENANT. Stop! Where are you going, Soldier?

ARTILLERY MAN. My gun was destroyed last night, Sir, we've been hiding ever since. I'm taking this young lady to Leatherhead, and I'm heading to London to rejoin a new military company for new orders. You'll see the Martians if you follow the road for a half mile.

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LIEUTENANT. What in the dickens are they like?

ARTILLERY MAN. Giants in armor, a hundred feet tall. Three legs and a metal body with mighty great head in a hood on top.

ANNA-JANE. They have octopus tentacles. I've seen them!

ISABEL. Anna-Jane, quiet. They move like milking stools, tilted, and bowled violently on the ground.

LIEUTENANT. What nonsense!

ARTILLERY MAN. And they carry some kind of box that shoots fire. A heat-ray!

ISABEL. I've seen it. It disintegrated people right before my eyes. Simply terrifying!

LIEUTENANT. Well, we'll see for ourselves. Look here, we're clearing people out of their houses. You'd better go along and report to Brigadier General Marvin in Weybridge. Tell him everything you know. He's in Weybridge on your way to London. *(The Lieutenant starts to exit carrying a huge cannon on his shoulder.)*

ISABEL. That's good! At least they'll get one good shot in.

ARTILLERY MAN. They're like bows and arrows against lightning. Cannons are of no use against heat-rays! *(The Lieutenant exits as Isabel, the Artillery Man, Isabel and Anna-Jane continue to travel amongst the destruction which is seen on the projection. The projection on the set now shows hundreds of people loading up wagons, fleeing, and gathering at the railway station. The projection turns to a river that the three come to with hundreds of other people with luggage waiting for boats.)*

ANNA-JANE. WAIT! I hear something. *(Isabel, the Artillery Man, and Anna-Jane notice they are now alone, and it is dead silent. All of a sudden, a gunshot is heard.)*

What was that?

ARTILLERY MAN. Gun fire! RUN! They're here!

ISABEL. *(The Martian tripods appear on the projection.)* There they are, do you see them? *(The Martian tripod's heat-rays and searchlights cross stage left and right as people are running on both sides of Isabel, Anna-Jane, and the Artillery Man. People are being disintegrated by the heat-rays on the projection. The Martian machines wail as screeching sound from violins are heard.)*

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ARTILLERY MAN. Get under the water! Dive! (*Lights turn blue, and the scene changes to underwater. The Artillery Man, Isabel, and Anna-Jane swim between the heat-rays and try to avoid the Martian searchlights hitting the water. Isabel comes up for air and witnesses a military shell hitting a Martian tripod and exploding it. The projection shows the heat-rays destroying buildings and disintegrating people. Violin music plays in the background.*)

ISABEL. (*Shouting.*) Hide! Back in the water quick! (*Another Martian tripod sees Isabel and sends its long metallic tentacles in the water. The metallic tentacles grab Isabel and Anna-Jane underwater as they both struggle to break free. The Artillery Man swims toward them and takes a large rock and hits the metallic tentacle that has Isabel and Anna-Jane. The tentacle releases them both and attacks the Artillery Man with a heat-ray that burns his face. The tripod's tentacles wrap the Artillery Man's entire body as he tries to fight it off, but it knocks him out. Isabel and Anna-Jane reach the shore and crawl out into explosions of heat-rays and more bodies being disintegrated. They crawl quietly into a bunch of bushes. Searchlights from the Martian tripods spot Anna-Jane and Isabel and shine their lights on them leaving them in a pool of light. Isabel grabs Anna-Jane and puts her behind her, but Anna-Jane breaks free and steps forward facing the Martian tripods seen on the projection screens. They make a loud disturbing wail sound as Anna-Jane screams back at them. They disappear. Isabel drops to Anna-Jane's level and stares at her bewilderedly as the lights fade to black. After a moment, the lights come back up with Isabel and Anna-Jane waking up at the riverbank.*) Anna-Jane, honey, how do you make the monsters go away? Tell me! NOW!!! How do you make that sound!

ANNA-JANE. They like me. They told me I was their friend.

ISABEL. When?

ANNA-JANE. When I fell into their spaceship. (*A SOLDIER arrives.*)

SOLDIER. Ma'am, you, and your little girl need to get a move on. After we destroyed a few of the Martians' ships they've retreated to Horsell Common instead of invading London. They returned to the mothership where the first cylinder fell. They're building something.

ISABEL. Can we defeat them? There are so many of them now.

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SOLDIER. With them returning to the pit with the first cylinder mothership it gave the army time to put more guns in place, dig in, and prepare their defenses. We have artillery behind every hill and forest in the Martians' path. The halt in the war also let us take up positions from which we could watch more closely. From what I heard, the Martians crawled from their tripod machines and went into the first cylinder. I'm not sure what they're doing in there, but there are clouds of green smoke rising up into the sky. They're up to something.

ISABEL. Have you seen this man? (*Shows the soldier a picture of George.*)

His name is Colonel George Kennard, he's, my husband.

SOLDIER. No, ma'am, I'm sorry. You better get going, not sure how long those Martians will be camped out at the pit. They could return here anytime. It's not safe here! (*He leaves.*)

ISABEL. Come on, Anna-Jane, let's go finish our nap under this shaded area by this hedge. It looks safe here. (*As they nearly fall asleep, a disheveled, old man, The CURATE, approaches them.*) Do you have any water?

CURATE. (*Shaking his head not looking at Isabel.*) No, you've been asking for water for the last hour in your sleep. (*His clothes are covered in soot. He stares off into the distance.*) What happened? Why has this happened, this morning everything was normal. And now everything is wiped out! Why?

ISABEL. (*Not knowing what to say.*) I wish I could help you.

CURATE. I'm a priest. I've come to work at the local church. Until THIS!

ISABEL. You must keep your head. There's still hope.

CURATE. (*He continues to stare off into the distance.*) It's the beginning of the end. How can we escape? They can't be defeated. Why are these things permitted here? What sins have we done? The morning service was over. I was walking through the roads to clear my brain for the afternoon, and then fire, and death! As if it were Sodom and Gomorrah! All our work undone, all the work. All the Sunday schools, everything gone, everything destroyed. The church! We rebuilt it three years ago! Gone! Swat out of existence! Why? Who are these Martians?

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ISABEL. Who are we? I saw one killed this afternoon! (*The booming of far-off guns, followed by a strange crying sound, is heard in the distance.*) Listen, (*She points to the Southwest.*) the Martians are in that direction. (*She points to London.*) And in that direction the army is putting guns in place. We're right in the middle. It won't be long before the fighting machines come this way. We better go! I'm heading to London regardless of the danger to find my husband. I feel he still could be alive.

CURATE. The smoke of her burning soul forever and ever! What are we to do? Are these creatures everywhere? Has the earth been given over to them? Are we far from Sunbury? Only this morning I officiated a wedding.

ISABEL. Things have changed. You must keep your head. There is always hope.

CURATE. Hope! Yes. Plentiful hope for all destruction!

ISABEL. Listen...

CURATE. (*Paranoid and a little mad.*) This must be the beginning of the end. The end! The great and terrible day of the Lord! When men shall call upon the mountains and the rocks to fall upon them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne!

ISABEL. Be a man! You're scared out of your wits! What good is religion if it collapses under calamity? Think of what earthquakes and floods, wars, and volcanoes, have done before to men! Did you think God had exempted Weybridge!

CURATE. But how can we escape? They are invulnerable, they are pitiless!

ISABEL. One of them was killed not three hours ago. They can be defeated.

CURATE. Killed? How can God's ministers be killed?

ISABEL. I saw it happen.

ANNA-JANE. Me too!

CURATE. What's that flicker in the sky?

ISABEL. We're now in the middle of the war. The Martians will be coming this way again, we have to go, now!

CURATE. Listen! (*Sounds of guns and distant crying is heard.*)

ANNA-JANE. (*Anna-Jane grabs the Curate and Isabel's hands, and she has them all kneel and prayer with her teddy bear. They all do the sign of*

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the cross before and after the prayer. Behind them sounds of gun fire and Martian's cry.) For the soldiers, for my daddy, and even for the monsters. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. *(Isabel and the Curate look at each other and join in.)*

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.

Amen.

CURATE. RUN! They're coming our way!

ISABEL. Quick, behind the bush! *(The Curate and Isabel go behind a bush and hide.)* Wait, where's Anna-Jane? *(Anna-Jane looks at the projection screen as two Martian tripods approach her while signaling loudly to each other. Anna-Jane raises her arms, and the machines stop their advances and fall silent. They retreat and return to the line facing the army. Isabel grabs Anna-Jane and brings her behind the bush.)* Don't breathe, hold your breath. *(A large explosion is heard, and black smoke is seen on the projection.)*

CURATE. What's happening, can you see anything?

ISABEL. The Martians are leaving. I can't see through all the black smoke. It looks like they used those black tubes to fire large shells. When they hit the ground, I think they released that heavy black gas. That's what that large explosion was.

ANNA-JANE. *(Staring off to herself rocking her teddy bear with a huge grin on her face.)* Poison. *(Isabel and the Curate look at each other in horror She covers Anna-Jane's mouth and her own.)*

ISABEL. Cover your face! IT'S POISON! Oh my God!

CURATE. *(Coming from behind the bush, his face is covered with his handkerchief.)* That gas killed the entire army. So many dead bodies. It's killing anyone who breathes it in!

ISABEL. Nothing but silence.

CURATE. They launched those shells of black smoke before our guns had a chance to fire. Look, they're disintegrating the soldiers' bodies with their heat-rays.

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ISABEL. (*Looking at the sky at the green lighting.*) More are coming. The military had better evacuate fast, get to London, and protect her or thousands more will die!

ANNA-JANE. A...bright...red...glow. Pretty. (*The Curate and Isabel stare at ANNA-JANE who stares into the sky and smiles. Blackout.*)

SCENE 7

Lights fade up and FRANK enters his room cautiously as he hears a noise offstage. Frank is Isabel's brother and a medical student. He pulls out a gun and holds it in front of him. He looks around and hears a noise. When he turns around, he is face-to-face with George, his brother-in-law. Both are pointing a gun at each other. The projection shows the city of London.

FRANK. George? (*Hugs him.*) What the hell are you doing here?

GEORGE. Looking for Isabel and Anna-Jane. Aren't they with you? I left my post to come look for them.

FRANK. Why would they be?

GEORGE. They were supposed to come stay with you a few days ago. You mean you haven't heard?

FRANK. You mean the invasion from Mars? I was looking to travel to see the invasion up-close. I'm not seeing patients today just so I can go to get a closer look at these things.

GEORGE. Are you mad? Listen to me, you don't want to go near them if you want to live! On Friday, I saw the first Martians crawl from their cylinders and unleash their heat-rays. On Saturday, I saw those fighting machines cross the fields for the first time; and on Sunday, I saw their attack on Weybridge with their tubes of poisonous gas and watched their march towards London wiping out most of our military. I was hoping Isabel and Anna-Jane had made it this far.

FRANK. I mean, I read about it in the newspaper and heard stories from people who have flooded the city, but I wasn't sure what to believe. I didn't hear about that first Martian cylinder falling on Horsell Common until the day after it happened. It's life as usual here in London. Nothing is happening here. We can hear the blasts from far away, but that's about it.

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GEORGE. The Martians are very real in Horsell Common and Woking. They've have killed hundreds of people. They stay in those machines because of Earth's gravity.

FRANK. I was going to take a train to Maybury to see the Martians that were killed in that first Martian cylinder, but the trains aren't running in that part of the country because of some accident in Woking.

GEORGE. I heard a few of the Martians left their cylinders under protection of a metal shield. What if Isabel and Anna-Jane didn't make it out of Horsell Common?

(He falls to the ground. Finding it hard to breathe.)

FRANK. *(Helping George back to his feet.)* Easy brother don't say that! They made it out. They could be caught up with the massive number of people trying to get into the city. One can barely move down there. Look out the window, see all the crowds of people! I'm sure they're trying to get here. It's very safe here.

GEORGE. What if they...

FRANK. Listen to me! *(Grabbing George.)* Look, the trains have stopped running; the telegraph lines are dead as well. People are pouring into London after leaving their homes. They're out there, have faith! *(A siren sounds.)*

GEORGE. Come with me, NOW! *(They run out of Frank's house and run into a woman fleeing with her luggage.)*

FRANK. What's going on?

WOMAN. More soldiers with cannons have arrived by train telling everyone to leave the city. The Martians are coming! The Martians are coming!

GEORGE. I'm in charge of some of those soldiers. Who told you this?

WOMAN. The police ordered everyone to leave after the soldiers arrived. *(She runs away. A NEWSPAPER BOY runs on selling newspapers to people running past.)*

PAPERBOY. Fighting at Weybridge! Attack of the Martians! London's in danger!

GEORGE. Let me see one of those papers, boy. *(The paperboy gives George a newspaper and runs off.)*

FRANK. What does it say?

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GEORGE. (*Reading the paper.*) These invaders aren't so slow after all. It says they're moving swiftly along the countryside in their machines and using their heat-rays to destroy our guns. They're spiderlike machines a hundred feet high that move as fast as an express train at times and shoot beams of heat. Many soldiers' dead, and our guns and tanks destroyed. There's now some kind of brown scum floating on the surface of the Thames by the Waterloo Bridge. They infected the water.

FRANK. These Martians have so much power. What else? Keep reading.

GEORGE. (*Continues reading.*) They returned to the original cylinder as a home base. But our forces are advancing from all sides, and our guns are moving into position to defend London. The army is going to try to destroy the cylinders before any more open. There're more than twenty of them in London. (*A POLICE OFFICER enters blowing a whistle directing people to leave.*) Officer, I'm Colonel Kennard. What do you know?

POLICE OFFICER. You have some nerve to show your face in London. In Trafalgar Square I saw more people fleeing the countryside for the safety of the city. Families with carts full of furniture, hay wagons with dozens of people with bundles. People are mad at you, the military, and I can't say I don't blame them. They say you're not doing enough to destroy the Martians. Police are out in full force doing all we can with this mass chaos! Why don't you do us all a favor and do your job and destroy those damn things before more people are killed!

FRANK. What about Woking? My sister, his wife, is there.

POLICE OFFICER. Woking has been destroyed. No survivors. I saw a family who wasn't far from there. When they fled, all they could see was smoke when they looked back. Total destruction.

(Suddenly an explosion knocks the three men down with an eerie cry from the Martians approaching the city.) I got to warn others, get out of here, they're coming! The Martians are coming! (*He runs off shouting at others. More explosions.*)

FRANK. More people are fleeing into the street. (*A soldier enters.*)

SOLDIER. Colonel, London's in danger and under attack! Kingston and Richmond defenses defeated! Martians are attacking along the river. They're using rockets to spread large clouds of poisonous smoke. They're using these deadly clouds to defeat our artillery and soldiers. They're now

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making their way into the city from the countryside. It's impossible to stop them with their heat-rays. They're destroying everything!

GEORGE. We have to get thousands of people out of London as fast as we can. If they didn't believe before, I bet they believe now we're under attack. Here, take my orders. (*Writing it down for the Soldier.*) Have our unit move the civilians Northward and Eastward away from the smoke and the machines. Frank, go home and quickly pack what you can fit in a bag; we're leaving right now, and maybe, just maybe, we'll find Isabel and Anna-Jane alive. GO! (*Lights fade. Lights come back up on a huge crowd of people trying to board a train and fighting with each other while police are trying to separate the crowd. Fights break out as people are trying to flee. George and Frank arrive, and George fires his gun in the air, and everyone hits the ground.*) STOP! The next person who strikes a police officer will be shot and killed. Listen to me. Those things out there, those Martians you're running from, are unleashing a cloud of poisonous black smoke at the outskirts of the city which this train will need to pass through. It has to cross the bridge out of the city. You'll all be dead in seconds if you get on this train! (*A MAN steps forward and throws the injured police officer near George.*)

MAN. You mind your own business! If we want to go on that train, you can't stop us. This is the last train running. The military has failed us all, so you're the last person we're going to take advice from. Take your law and get out of here since you don't have enough bullets for all of us! (*The crowd reacts and agrees with the Man. They continue to shove onto the train.*)

GEORGE. I'm telling you; you're all going to die from the gas if you get on that train. Please, listen to me! You must listen! (*Frank grabs George as the mob starts to throw things.*)

FRANK. You can't save everyone, George. Go and find my sister and Anna-Jane. Get them to safety. They still may be hiding in Woking.

GEORGE. Where are you heading?

FRANK. I'm going to help people move North. Tend to the injured. This is where we say goodbye to my brother.

GEORGE. I prefer to say, "See you later..."

FRANK. Give Isabel this for me (*Kisses George on the cheek.*)

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and Anna-Jane this. (*Kisses him on his other cheek.*) Tell them both I'll see them soon!

GEORGE. Be safe! (*They hug as George runs off. Frank helps an injured policeman. Frank quietly approaches three THIEFS trying to rob a dark-haired woman. The third man pulls out a knife on Frank as the other two attack the woman. She fights and gets away from the two men. She pulls out a gun and shoots at the two men, almost shooting Frank. Frank goes to help the woman, and one of the men turn towards him; but Frank knocks the man to the ground with one punch. He tries to grab the second man, but he runs off. A rather large third man invites Frank to hit him. Frank punches him in the face but the man laughs it off. Frank punches him in the face again but the man recovers. Frank punches him in the stomach but hurts his hand. The woman takes her gun and knocks the man out with the butt of the gun. He comes to and the woman scares him with a growl that he runs off.*)

MISS ELPHINSTONE. Thank you, Mr...?

FRANK. Frank Kennard. May I have your gun please? You nearly killed me.

MISS ELPHINSTONE. Oh. Of course, yes, always have it for protection. Sorry about that. My name is Miss Elphinstone. Pleased to meet you, believe me! (*Miss Elphinstone crosses around sniffing him and having her hands all over him. Another woman hiding behind her comes out.*) This is my sister-in-law, Mrs. Elphinstone, married to my brother, a doctor. (*Both women on each side of Frank are both interested and rub his chest and run their fingers through his hair.*)

FRANK. I'm also a doctor, well, more of a medical student.

MISS ELPHINSTONE. Oh my. (*They both smile and fawn over him more. Long pause.*) Hank woke us all up last night all crazy and out of sorts and packed us into the carriage and wanted us to go to the train station and wait for him. The crowd was too big at the train station and becoming dangerous, so we left and were attacked by these three men trying to steal our carriage.

FRANK. Thank God you didn't get on that train because you would be dead by the poisonous smoke. I barely escaped London with my life.

MISS ELPHINSTONE. Where should we go?

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FRANK. We need to go North towards the coast and leave the country altogether. We better get a move on before the aliens get us.

MISS ELPHINSTONE. Oh my, aliens you say. Glad we have a strong strapping young doctor to protect us! *(The two women each grab Frank's arm. They travel for a while passing people and families with all their belongings. Stroking the barrel of his gun Frank is holding.)* Do you know how to handle that gun young man?

FRANK. *(Nervous. He holds it out and the gun falls as it separates from the barrel.)* Of course!

MISS ELPHINSTONE. Good heavens, what have you gotten us into? We're at a crossroads with hundreds of people blocking the road. Look, will you, horses, wagons, workmen, soldiers, railway porters, farmers...children! *(Yelling at the people.)* Clear the way! Clear the way! The Martians are coming! *(Frank exits the carriage to help a little girl who is crying.)*

FRANK. ANNA-JANE! *(He picks her up and discovers the LITTLE GIRL who looks like Anna-Jane, but it's not her. Her MOTHER comes running towards Frank.)*

MOTHER. Ellen? Ellen!

LITTLE GIRL. *(The Little Girl springs from Frank's arm into the arms of her mother.)* Mother! *(An OLD MAN walks by clutching a small violin case. The case splits open, and coins pour all over the road. The Old Man in horror, yelling, "Eternity!" "Eternity!" throws himself on his knees stuffing handfuls of coins in his pocket. A mob of people trample the Old Man trying to get the coins. Frank leaps into action trying to save the Old Man by grabbing him by the collar. The man fights back trying to get his coins and is trampled almost to death in the process. Frank helps the Old Man. The two ladies look at Frank and then at the coins they picked up and grab him as they run off with him. Blackout.)*

SCENE 8

Lights up on Isabel, Anna-Jane, and the Curate hiding in an abandoned house. They're surrounded by Martian tripod machines outside. The noise of the heat-rays vaporizing people screaming and destroying the town can

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be heard outside. The Curate clutches a rifle while looking out the window. The projections show the destroyed town.

CURATE. I'm hungry. Why can't we eat?

ISABEL. *(Losing patience with him.)* Stop whining. We need to ration our food. I'm not sure how long we'll be trapped in this house!

CURATE. *(Starting to lose his sanity.)* We're trapped by that gas that's cut off from the rest of the world. Looks like you better start reading the Good Book my dear, *(Gives Anna-Jane his Bible.)* We're not long for this world!

ISABEL. Your fearfulness and lack of hope are tiring and not helpful. Come on Anna-Jane, come sit over here with me. Let's pray for Daddy.

CURATE. They're coming! They're coming! Get down!

(Black smoke appears along with an explosion and the sound of a window smashing. The wailing of the Martians are heard. Anna-Jane stands up and screams covering her ears as the Martians leave. It turns silent. The Curate looks out the window.) They're gone...for now, but they'll will be back. Would you look at that? The countryside looks like a black snowstorm has passed over it. Everything outside is covered with a layer of black dust. I guess it's not poisonous once it falls to the ground or else, we'd be dead already.

ISABEL. Let's go, Anna-Jane. We're leaving!

CURATE. But we're safe here, for now! We're safe! Sit down!

ISABEL. Look, we're leaving with or without you. Decide. You said it yourself; they'll be back. It's not safe here.

CURATE. *(Muttering to himself confused.)* But...

ISABEL. *(She takes the rifle and hands him his Bible.)* I'll take the rifle, and you can have your Bible. Come on Anna-Jane! *(They leave.)*

CURATE. Wait! *(The Curate goes with them. They travel down a road passing smashed wagons and deserted bicycles on the street.)*

There's no one around. Where are all the people?

ISABEL. Take a guess.

ANNA-JANE. Mummy, what are those red clumps floating in the river?

ISABEL. Um...never mind just keep moving.

CURATE. Martians over on that rooftop. I don't think they saw us.

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ISABEL. They would have killed us already if they had. Come on, let's run into that shed. (*They run into a shed and hide as Martian tripod machines search with their searchlights.*)

CURATE. How long before they find us?

ISABEL. We stay until twilight, and then we move in the dark. (*They're spotted by a Martian tripod machine that wails.*)

Or not...RUN! (*They run as heat-rays blast at them. The Curate falls as the Martians have the three in a spotlight. The Curate holds up the Bible towards them as Isabel fires the rifle and empties it while placing Anna-Jane behind her.*) You go to hell! (*The rifle is out of bullets as Isabel holds Anna-Jane.*)

CURATE. The tripods are picking up people and chucking them into a carrier attached to the machine's back! It's grinding them up and spraying the blood out. Oh, sweet Lord!

ISABEL. Shells! Get me the shells in my bag! SHELLS!

CURATE. Shells? (*Anna-Jane struggles to get away and stands and faces the tripod machines on the projection.*)

ANNA-JANE. GO AWAY! DO NOT HURT MY MUMMY AND THIS MAN. GO AWAY! (*She screams, which sounds a lot like the Martians' wail as the sound of violins screeching is heard. The Martians leave. Isabel is in shock, grabs Anna-Jane. Isabel is on her knees and faces Anna-Jane.*)

ISABEL. Anna-Jane, how did you do that? You did that twice now and made them leave. (*Anna-Jane just stares at her mom.*) ANNA-JANE! (*Shakes her.*) HOW DID YOU DO THAT? TELL ME! NOW! (*Anna-Jane starts to cry.*)

ANNA-JANE. I don't know. They're my friends.

ISABEL. (*Shaking Anna-Jane.*) THEY are NOT your friends! Do you understand? NOT your friends! Don't ever say that!

ANNA-JANE. Yes, Mummy.

CURATE. (*Loading the rifle with shells from Isabel's bag and pointing it at Anna-Jane.*) She's one of those damn things. We have to kill her!

ISABEL. (*Grabs Anna-Jane behind her.*) You're going to have to kill me first. Put the gun down. She is not one of those...things!

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CURATE. *(Still pointing the gun at Anna-Jane.)* How did she do that then? How did she make them go away?

ISABEL. I don't know but what I DO know is you're a man of the cloth; and your job is to save lives, not take them. You're scared and confused and a little crazy right now, and I'm telling you to PUT THE GUN DOWN! NOW! Oh, or help me I will kill you with my bare hands! *(There is a huge explosion on the projection and a quick blackout.)*

THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—ORDER A COPY AT WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.COM