

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

FINAL WHITE  
Barré Lyndon  
December 18, 1951

FADE IN:

1. H. G. WELLS' BOOK

We see the colorful cover, then the first page. A VOICE with a Wells-like accent quotes the opening words:

VOICE

No one would have believed, in the  
first decades of the twentieth century...

DISSOLVE:

2. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY FULL OF STARS

The planet Mars shows just above the spires and rooftops of a city on the horizon.

VOICE

(Continuing)

...that human affairs were being  
watched keenly and closely by  
intelligences greater than man's.

Mars is picked out of the sky and brought to the screen as if by some enormous telescope with an infinite field. It becomes a small ball. Enlarges to a pallid disk. Comes to moon size.

VOICE

No one gave a thought to the older  
worlds as a source of human danger.  
Yet across the gulf of space, on the  
planet Mars...

Now Mars has grown big and ruddy-colored. Mysterious canals revealed. Vegetation patches shadowy. One thin polar cap shimmering.

VOICE

Intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic regarded our earth with envious eyes, slowly and surely drawing their plans against us.

3. SPECIAL EFFECT - OUR WORLD - MOVING SHOT

seen in space with its halo of atmosphere, beautiful.

VOICE

Few voices were ever raised in warning as, with infinite complacency, men went to and fro over this globe, busy about their affairs.

DISSOLVE:

4. SERIES OF THUMBNAIL FLASHES (STOCK)

designed to get over the enjoyment of life on this earth today.

- a. Gay, seven-piece Dixieland band, whapping out a fast tempo in a night club.
- b. Grand National at Aintree.
- c. Parade at the Carnival de Nice.
- d. Gambling in a casino.
- e. Trooping the Colors, London.
- f. Packed stadium and a smashing football game.
- g. Geisha party in Tokyo.

VOICE

(Over f. and g.)

It did not occur to mankind that a swift fate might be hanging over us. Or that, from the blackness of outer space, we were being scrutinized and studied.

During this, CAMERA MOVES IN on the Geisha girls. We are CLOSE on the round casing of one of their strange-sounding instruments as we -

DISSOLVE:

5. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARS

The planet as we saw it before. CAMERA MOVES IN until the planet is huge on the screen. Strange and baleful.

VOICE

Mars is more than one hundred and

forty million miles from the sun, and for centuries it has been in the last stages of exhaustion. Its rocks have absorbed almost all oxygen from its air, turning them red.

A-5a. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN LANDSCAPE

A geometric pattern of great canals joins in the far distance to center on a Martian metropolis. High atop a tower a light pulsates rhythmically.

VOICE

Most of its water has gone. At night, temperatures drop to more than one hundred and twenty degrees below zero, even at the equator.

A-6 SERIES OF DISSOLVES - SPECIAL EFFECT (MOVING SHOTS)

CAMERA FLOATS through the blackness of space, picking up each succeeding spectacle.

- a. Our solar system, as seen from Mars. The sun golden. Mercury ruddy and hot. Venus beautiful, bright. Saturn with its tinted rings and moons. Jupiter big, cloudy, with four moons. Uranus and Neptune both greenish-yellow, toxic. And Pluto far away.

VOICE

The inhabitants of this dying planet looked across space with instruments and intelligences of which we have scarcely dreamed...

CAMERA MOVES IN on Pluto, dim in outer space.

VOICE (Cont'd)

...searching for another World to which they could migrate. They could not go to Pluto, outermost of all the planets, and so cold that its atmosphere lies frozen on its surface.

CAMERA PICKS UP Neptune and Uranus, clouded giants with poison-colored atmospheres.

VOICE (Cont'd)

They couldn't go to Neptune or Uranus - twin worlds in eternal night and perpetual cold. Each surrounded by an unbreathable atmosphere full of methane gas and ammonia vapor. The Martians considered Saturn.

- b. Saturnian landscape. Midnight-blue space-sky crossed by merging rings of cosmic dust. Bright-edged, full of color and marvelous to see.

VOICE

An attractive world with its many

moons and beautiful rings of cosmic dust. But its temperature is close to two hundred and seventy degrees below zero, and ice lies fifteen thousand miles deep on its surface. Their nearest world was giant Jupiter...

- c. Effect Pan Shot - Landscape of Jupiter  
An incredible world. Cliffs flaming at the tops and spilling into fuming lakes. Everywhere the same process repeating itself.

VOICE

Where there are titanic cliffs of lava and ice, with hydrogen flaming at the tops. Where the atmospheric pressure is terrible - thousands of pounds to the square inch. On Mars it is only four pounds. They couldn't go there. Nor to Venus, which has no oxygen and no water. Nor could they go to Mercury nearest planet to the sun.

- d. Effect - Mercurian Landscape. A glaring sun is enormous in a dark sky, stars visible near it. The land is heat-hazed, waterless, fissured. Volcanic cones and lava pools.

VOICE

It has no air. And the temperature at its equator is that of molten lead. Of all the worlds that the intelligences on Mars could see and study .....

- e. North American continent, seen from a great height, showing clouds, forests, glistening lakes and rivers.

VOICE

...only our own warm earth was green with vegetation, bright with water, and possessed a cloudy atmosphere eloquent of fertility.

- f. Sky full of stars above a small town and hills....Mars low in the sky.

VOICE

At the time of our nearest approach to the orbit of Mars, during a pleasant summer season....

Far away in the sky we see a falling star.

VOICE

...in the late hours of a Friday evening...

DISSOLVE:

7. INT. FORESTRY LOOKOUT POST (NIGHT)

A fire LOOKOUT and his deputy, FIDDLER HAWKINS - round-faced, hearty - are seated at a small table

by a big window, playing cards. Behind them is an Osborne fire-finder. On a shelf are cans of tobacco, fruit, coffee, a pipe, magazines. The lookout's glance goes upward to the sky and is held there.

8. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & METEOR (1)

The meteor leaves a thin, luminous streak.

9. EXT. FISHING CAMP (NIGHT)

Near a stream, beyond which, through trees, is a broad meadow. Small tent. A lantern hangs from a branch. Waders hang on another limb. Beyond, in the meadow, rests a small Stinson cabin plane. Near the tent, a convertible is parked.

A small, round, bald man - BILDERBECK - is frying trout in a pan over the fire, his hatband decorated with pretty flies. A younger man - PRYOR - is coming from the direction of the stream, with cleaned trout strung on a stick. A third man - CLAYTON FORRESTER - butch haircut and hornrims - is sitting on a log, working over his tackle, looking skyward. He calls. The others look with him.

10. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & METEOR (2)

It is large. Its bright trail is thicker.

11. EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MAIN STREET LINDA ROSA (NIGHT)

The small-town, California audience is breaking after the last show. Among them are two young parents, the father carrying a sleeping baby. Teen-agers head for the ice-cream parlor next door. A lost kid is bawling on the sidewalk. A man on a ladder is adding "Held Over" to the marquee which features "Samson and Delilah." Like most the others, he is looking at the sky. The CAMERA PICKS UP SYLVIA VAN BUREN - twenty-six, normal, nice, admiring the sleeping baby. Near her is PASTOR COLLINS - white-haired. He is gazing at the sky as he touches Sylvia's arm. She looks and stands staring.

12. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY AND METEOR (3)

Altogether larger now, rushing aslant down the sky.

13. GROUP - AT LINDA ROSA

A group has formed on the sidewalk by Sylvia and the Pastor - WASH PERRY, big teeth, no hat, shirt-sleeves. 'ZIPPY', a clumsy youth. SALVADOR, a swarthy, good-natured Mexican. ALONZO HOGUE, local realtor, chews tobacco.

GROUP - ad libs  
Is that a fireball or somep'n?  
Boy, that's big ! - Maybe it's  
a comet - looks like it's coming  
right at us!

14. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY AND METEOR (4)

Huge, brilliant, fusing and frightening. Its tail  
seems to spurt more brilliantly as the meteor  
vanishes beyond buildings and dark trees.

15. GROUP - AT FISHING CAMP

looking o.s. at the meteor. Pryor slaps a mosquito.

BILDERBECK  
That was a meteorite -  
(Returning to fire)  
- burning itself out.

PRYOR  
(Unstringing fish)  
There's never much left of 'em  
when they hit the ground.

Clayton turns after them, then pauses, looking again  
toward where the meteor landed.

16. GROUP - AT LINDA ROSA

Everyone staring o.s. Fascinated. A little alarmed.

GROUP - AD LIBS  
That had me scared! - Wonder where  
it lit? - Miles away, I betcha.

ZIPPY  
Let's go find it, huh?

PASTOR COLLINS  
That probably dropped half way  
to Pomona!...What do you think?

SYLVIA  
It was nearer than that.

ZIPPY  
I'm gonna see. Who's coming?

He starts out. Other teen-agers follow him.

17. FORESTRY LOOKOUT POST

Lookout at the phone. Fiddler, crouched, sighting  
the firefinder, still holding his cards.

LOOKOUT  
(At phone)  
This is Pine Summit. I've got a smoke.

FIDDLER  
(Reading firefinder)  
One sixty... thirty.

LOOKOUT  
(At phone)  
Azimuth reading - one hundred sixty  
degrees thirty minutes.  
(Gazing out window)  
About ten miles. It must-a hit red  
hot!

Fiddler straightens, sneaks a glance at the Lookout's  
cards, then studies his own.

LOOKOUT  
(At phone)  
You better get somepin out there -  
it's started a blaze already!

DISSOLVE:

18. EXT. SECONDARY HIGHWAY - (NIGHT)

CAMERA PANS FAST on a small forestry service tanker  
coming down the road, red light blinking. Scattered  
trees and scrub in b.g.

DISSOLVE:

19. EXT. DIRT ROAD & GULLY - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The road curves near low, sharp little hills. The  
ground is rough, scattered with prickly pear, yucca,  
small bushes, stunted trees. At the foot of the  
hills is a fairly deep gully. Bushes, grass, small  
trees are burning all around this. The tanker is on  
the scene. The fire-crew is being helped by teen-  
agers from Linda Rosa and men from nearby farms.

20. QUICK CUTS - AROUND THE GULLY AREA

- a. Men dipping sacks into a tub of water,  
running to fire in b.g. Zippy and others  
slapping out flames with wet gunny sacks.
- b. Uniformed Ranger attacking burning bushes  
with a spray extinguisher. Two men hacking  
furiously with brush hooks. The tanker  
moving along an edge of the fire. Two men  
riding it, spraying flames. The ranger  
surveys the fire, then turns to a small  
Forestry pickup truck in f.g.

21. EXT. GULLY AT PICKUP TRUCK - CLOSE SHOT

The ranger puts his extinguisher in the truck, picks  
up the radio transmitter, pushes the switch.

RANGER

(Into mike)

Number three to. D.O....Number three  
to D.O.

RADIO VOICE

D.O. to number three..come in.

RANGER

We're getting this under control.  
Won't need any more help. Over.

RADIO VOICE

Okay. Send the tanker in, but you  
stand by until that thing cools off.  
Over.

RANGER

I think somebody ought to check on it.  
Over.

RADIO VOICE

Well, there's some fellows fishing at  
Pine Summit might be interested. They  
probably saw it come down. I'll let  
'em know...What's it look like?

The Ranger glances in the direction of the meteor.

21a. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - METEOR

At one end of the gully. Mostly buried, but a thick,  
blunt, rounded end shows out of the loose sand and  
rock. Massive. On its surface are red-hot blurs,  
like fire under ashes.

RANGERS VOICE (o.s.)

Can't get near enough to see it very  
well - it's too hot -- but it's a  
whale of a size!

DISSOLVE:

22. EXT. FISHING CAMP - GROUP

Clayton Forrester, Pryor, Bilderbeck, sitting by the  
fire, eating. All the makings of a meal are on a  
nearby box: coffee, rolls, butter, honey, canned  
fruit, fried tomatoes. Extra helpings of fish simmer  
in the pan. A beat-up station wagon lurches out of  
the darkness in b.g. The three look up, surprised.  
Fiddler, the deputy ranger from the lookout post, alights.

FIDDLER

(Calling)

I got a message for you.

(Moving in)

You're the guys from Pacific-Tech,  
ain't you?

CLAYTON

Right.

FIDDLER

(Eyeing pan)

Looks like the fishing was good.

BILDERBECK

Have some?

FIDDLER

(Eagerly - hitching  
over a box)

Well...I might just do that...!

23. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Fiddler reaches for a plate, then helps himself liberally to everything in sight - most of the remaining fish, two rolls, a hunk of butter, coffee. The others stop eating and watch him.

FIDDLER

(Talking between grabs)

It's about that meteor. They say it's a whopper. The District Officer phoned us at the lookout up on the summit. Thought you might be interested... It's ten or twelve miles from here - over by Linda Rosa.

CLAYTON

Are they sure it's a meteor? It didn't come down like one.

FIDDLER

(Gesturing with fish  
on his fork)

That's right - came down in kinda spurts, didn't it?

(Gobbles fish)

You fellers'll have to figure it out. You're scientists

(Puts down fork- plucks  
cigarette from Bilderbeck's  
shirt pocket)

All I know - they say it's as big as a house and practically red hot.

CLAYTON

(To Bilderbeck)

I'd like to borrow your car and take a look at it in the morning.

Bilderbeck nods. Pryor looks toward the plane in the meadow in b.g.

PRYOR

We ought to get back to Pasadena.

(Gesturing)

I can fly Bilderbeck down in your plane.

CLAYTON

Okay, if he's willing.  
(Grinning)  
The insurance is paid up.

Bilderbeck takes a stick from the fire and holds it out to Fiddler, who is eating again, holding the cigarette.

BILDERBECK  
Want a light?

FIDDLER  
(Glancing)  
No. I'll smoke it later.

He tucks the cigarette behind his ear and goes on eating.

DISSOLVE:

24. EXT. GULLY & DIRT ROAD - (EARLY MORNING)

The meteor still lies in the gully, heat-hazed, a little thin smoke rising, burned grass and bushes in b.g. On the bank of the gully, a woman is kodaking two kids against the b.g. of the meteor. Beyond, a few old cars and a station wagon have pulled off the dirt road; nearby is Pastor Collins' three-year-old Plymouth.

25. EXT. GULLY & DIRT ROAD - MED. SHOT - GROUP

Sylvia is sitting behind the wheel in Pastor Collins' car. The Pastor is talking to the uniformed Ranger. With them are Wash Perry, Alonzo Hogue, Salvador, Fiddler. A handful of people is scattered in b.g., eyeing the meteor, talking about it.

RANGER  
(Pointing)  
It must have hit way up there, and then skidded along the gully. When it stopped, all that loose earth and stuff shook down over it.

SYLVIA  
It's probably a stray from a swarm of meteors.

ALONZO HOGUE  
(To Pastor)  
I reckon most of it's buried.

FIDDLER  
That's twelve feet thick, easy.  
Maybe more.

ALONZO HOGUE  
Meteors always run heavy. They won't be able to haul this one away to no museum!

(Speculatively)  
It'll be a real good attraction for  
Sunday drivers.

WASH PERRY  
Better'n a lion farm or a snake pit.  
We won't have to feed it!

SALVADOR  
We sell the tamales, enchiladas -  
hot dogs!

FIDDLER  
Ice cream, cold drinks, souvenirs!

PASTOR COLLINS  
I think we should put up a few  
picnic tables...

ALONZO HOGUE  
(Quickly)  
Naw, naw -- then they'd bring their  
own lunches!

26. GROUP - OUTSIDE THE GULLY

'BUCK' MONAHAN - in service station overalls - passes  
the group, carrying a shovel, headed for the meteor.  
In b.g. a convertible pulls off the dirt road.

FIDDLER  
What's the idea, Buck? Gonna dig  
for gold?

BUCK  
(Indicating meteor)  
This is gonna be like having a gold  
mine in our own back yard!

PASTOR COLLINS  
(To Sylvia)  
I'm going to get a closer look at it.

The men come forward, PAST CAMERA. Sylvia pulls out  
the car keys, reaches for her purse. The convertible  
bumps up, stops. The back is loaded with camping  
gear and clustered fishing rods. Clayton Forrester  
gets out, looking toward the gully. Sylvia glances  
at him as she starts after the others, opening her  
purse. A faint ticking SOUND comes overscene.

CLAYTON  
Is that it over there?

SYLVIA  
(Searching purse)  
Yes...ugly looking, isn't it.

27. GROUP - FROM THE GULLY

as Buck comes on toward the meteor with his shovel.

Pastor Collins and the others pause to watch him.

BUCK

(Calling back)

It's still pretty darned hot!

28. MED. CLOSE SHOT - BUCK AND METEOR

He shields his face, reaching out, probing with his shovel trying to determine the size of the meteor.

29. TWO SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA - HIS CAR IN B.G.

He is looking toward the gully. She now has a cigarette. They pause as she begins looking for matches.

SYLVIA

(Rummaging in purse)

Did you see it come down?

CLAYTON

(Absently, studying  
gully and meteor)

Yes...I was fishing up in the hills.

SYLVIA

(Glancing back at car)

You must have caught plenty with  
all that tackle!

CLAYTON

(Glancing, smiling)

Oh - there were three of us.

(Starting forward)

The others flew back in my plane.

(Pausing again - looking o.s.)

I don't understand why a meteor this  
size didn't make a bigger crater.

SYLVIA

(Definite)

It hit sideways and skidded in.

He glances at her, a little amused. She catches his eye.

SYLVIA (Cont'd)

(Easily)

At least, that's what I think. I  
don't really know.

(At purse)

But the Ranger says a scientist is  
coming from Pacific-Tech. He'll  
tell us.

(And then)

Clayton Forrester. Ever hear of him?

CLAYTON

(Looking o.s. - changing  
the subject)

What's that fellow over there trying

to do - dig it out?

SYLVIA

(Over him, not hearing)

He's top man in astro and nuclear physics. He knows all about meteors!

30. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING

FAVORING Clayton, as they move on. Clayton is secretly amused, and a little flattered.

CLAYTON

You seem to know a lot about him.

SYLVIA

Well, I did a thesis on modern scientists - working for my Masters degree.

CLAYTON

Did it do you any good?

SYLVIA

Why, sure -- I got it! Do you have a match?

CLAYTON

I'm sorry. I don't smoke.

SYLVIA

(Going on, enthusiastic)

Forrester's the man behind the new atomic engines. They had him on the cover of 'Time'. You've got to rate to get that!

CLAYTON

Aw, he isn't that good...!

SYLVIA

(Protesting, stopping)

How can you say that when you don't know him!

31. TWO SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

CLAYTON

I do know him...slightly.

SYLVIA

(Interested at once)

What's he like?

CLAYTON

Like...ah...

Clayton hesitates, points to himself. She stares, then gets it. For a moment she is provoked, then she bursts naturally into laughter. He laughs with her.

SYLVIA

Well, you certainly don't look like yourself in that get-up!

(Laughing still,  
offering hand)

But I am happy to meet you anyway.  
I'm Sylvia Van Buren. I teach  
Library Science over at USC.

CLAYTON

I didn't know how to stop you...!

SYLVIA

I might have recognized you without the beard. And you didn't wear glasses on the 'Time' cover!

CLAYTON

They're really for long distance. When I want to look at something close...

(Removing glasses,  
bending to her)

I take them off.

32. GROUP - FROM THE GULLY

Buck is backing off, blowing running with sweat.  
Clayton and Sylvia approach from b.g.

GROUP - AD LIBS

(Kidding)

You gonna quit? -- Roll up your sleeves, Buck! -- We thought you were gonna dig it out by yourself.

Buck joins the group, wiping sweat. CAMERA MOVES IN as Clayton comes up with Sylvia.

BUCK

Boy - you could fry eggs on it!

CLAYTON

All that sand will keep the heat in for a long time.

SYLVIA

(To Pastor Collins)

Uncle Matthew...this is Dr. Clayton Forrester.

(To Clayton)

My uncle - Dr. Matthew Collins, pastor of the Community Church.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Offering hand, pleased)

Well-l...how do you do, Dr. Forrester!

CLAYTON

(Courteous - warm)

How d'you do, sir?

SHERIFF'S VOICE (O.s.)

(Excitedly calling)  
Hey - you!

All look quickly.

33. EXT. CLAYTON'S CAR - CLOSE SHOT - MOVING SHOT

CAMERA is CLOSE and ANGLED DOWN in the back of the car. Tucked along fishing and camping gear alongside a box of iced trout is an impressive Geiger counter, chattering furiously. A signal light is flashing rapidly. The Sheriff's hands reach for it. CAMERA MOVES BACK and his face comes into SCENE, looking down at the counter.

SHERIFF  
(Yelling off)  
What you got in here, feller?...It's  
ticking like a bomb!

The SHOT WIDENS as Clayton enter with Pastor Collins, Sylvia, the Ranger and others. Clayton reaches into the car and picks up a short pole-meter attached to the counter. He swings it around. The clicking slows. He lifts the counter out, points the pole-meter at the gully. The light flashes become a rapid blur, brilliant. The chattering increases to a high-pitched buzz.

CLAYTON  
(To Sheriff)  
This is a Geiger counter for detecting  
radio-activity. We did a little sur-  
veying while we were up in the hills.  
(Above SOUND of the counter -  
looking o.s.)  
It's that meteor.

PASTOR COLLINS  
It's radio-active?

SHERIFF  
Look at this thing -- goin' crazy!

He reaches for the Geiger. Clayton lets him have it and remains looking toward the gully. The SOUND of the Geiger counter continues over SCENE.

CLAYTON  
(Puzzled)  
It's difficult to account for a  
reaction like that!

RANGER  
(Moving in)  
Maybe we ought to keep people away  
from it, huh?

CLAYTON  
(Quietly - thinking)  
Might be a good idea.

SHERIFF

I'll post two-three deputies. They  
can watch it don't start any more fires.

34. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON, PASTOR & SYLVIA

CLAYTON

You know, that meteor's either very  
light - which is unheard of! - or  
else it's hollow somehow. If it were  
solid and heavy it would have made a  
tremendous crater when it landed.

(Suddenly)

I think I'll stay around until it  
cools off.

(To Sylvia)

If you could tell me of a place in  
town --

(Strokes his chin)

-- I'd like to clean up.

PASTOR COLLINS

I'd be delighted if you'd stay at  
my house, Doctor Forrester.

CLAYTON

Thank you.

(Looks toward meteor)

It probably won't be cool for another  
twenty-four hours.

(To Sylvia)

What do people do around here on a  
Saturday?

SYLVIA

(Returning his smile)

They don't do much of anything...!

PASTOR COLLINS

There's a square dance at the social  
hall this evening.

DISSOLVE:

35. OUT

36. INT. SOCIAL HALL, LINDA ROSA - (NIGHT)

Very CLOSE on Fiddler Hawkins, sweating, calling the  
dance, holding violin.

FIDDLER

(Raucous)

A hickory limp and an ole burned stump -  
Go meet your honey and everybody jump!

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Fiddler wears Levis, embroidered  
shirt. With him is a guitar player in a dress-up  
Western outfit. Everybody's stomping. Girls in  
tight bodices, swirling skirts, bows in their hair,

Men in T-shirts, suits and shirtsleeves, Levis, frontier pants and cowboy boots.

FIDDLER (Cont'd)

Now promenade two and promenade four -  
Promenade that pretty gal all around  
the floor.

CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton and Sylvia promenading arm in arm in a SET which includes the Sheriff. Clayton wears tan gabardine slacks, fresh shirt, tie with a Western motif. He is clean-shaven. Sylvia wears a forget-me-not cotton print, with style to it. Clayton is not an accomplished square dancer, but he isn't bad. Sylvia checks his wrong move in response to the next rollicking call. He laughs. They both enjoy this.

FIDDLER'S VOICE

Now face your lady and make a bow,  
She's a pretty one you'll allow!  
Point the heel and point the toe -  
Now you're makin' a do-si-do.  
Mom - there's a chicken in the bread-bin  
A-peckin' at the dough!  
One more change and on we go.

DISSOLVE:

37. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - METEOR - (NIGHT)

No smoke now. Its appearance is otherwise unchanged.

38. EXT. GULLY - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT)

Wash Perry, Alonzo Hogue, Salvador. Behind them, two old cars are parked not far from the gully. A small fire burns on the open ground. The three men step forward toward the gully, peering through the darkness. Salvador switches on a flashlight.

39. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - CLOSE SHOT - METEOR

Still, ominous, as the flashlight hits it.

40. CLOSE SHOT - WASH, SALVADOR, ALONZO

They MOVE toward the gully, Salvador playing the flashlight ahead. As they pause on the edge of the gully, he cuts the light.

ALONZO HOGUE

Looks almost cold now, don't it?

WASH PERRY

That won't start no more fires. We  
might's well go home.

ALONZO HOGUE

(Spitting - starting away)  
Yeah. No sense stayin' out here.

WASH PERRY  
(Following him)  
Let's go.

As they start away, CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on Salvador.  
He raises the flashlight for a last look at the  
meteor and pops it on directly into the LENSE.

SALVADOR  
(In alarm)  
Hey - it's movin'!

41. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - MED. SHOT - REVERSE SHOT -  
THE THREE

Alonzo Hogue and Wash Perry, f.g., whirl and go back  
to Salvador. Beyond them in the gully, the meteor  
is lit by Salvador's flashlight. Something is moving  
on top of it.

41a. CLOSE THREE SHOT

Eyes popping as they stare off at the meter.

41b. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR

Thin gray clinker is dropping off in flakes. The  
rounded top is turning. A thread of bright metal  
appears between the moving top and the body.

42. MED. CLOSE THREE SHOT - (MOVING SHOT)

They start to back off.

ALONZO HOGUE  
It's a bomb!

SALVADOR  
It don't go off last night --  
it's going off now!

WASH PERRY  
It's an enemy sneak attack. Let's  
get outta here!

ALONZO HOGUE  
(Stopping them)  
Wait a minute - wait a minute!....  
Bombs don't unscrew.

WASH PERRY  
(Backing away again)  
It's no meteor, that's for sure!

ALONZO HOGUE  
(Backing away too)  
Darnedest thing I ever saw - the way  
that's unscrewing!

Salvador only stares as they all retreat.

43. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR - (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY BACK. The top segment of the meteor is turning steadily. The band of bright metal is rapidly growing wider, serrated, greenish-white.

DISSOLVE:

44. INT. SOCIAL HALL - SIDE LINES - (NIGHT)

Favoring Sylvia, sitting on a bench against the wall, fanning herself with a lace handkerchief. Clayton comes to her between guys, wiping sweat. Girls fixing shaken hair-do's. People arguing about who ruined the square. Clayton has two soft drinks with straws, hands one bottle to Sylvia, drops on the bench beside her. Fiddler's VOICE comes over SCENE.

SYLVIA

(Taking bottle)

Thank you, Doctor Forrester...

(Glancing)

You having fun?

45. DANCE FLOOR

SHOOTING past Clayton and Sylvia. He is sweating. Beyond them, hearty dancers are going to town.

CLAYTON

Yes. And you know what I was thinking?

(Wiping sweat - eyeing  
dancers)

If we could gather all the energy expended in just one square dance, we could send that meteor back to where it came from.

DISSOLVE:

46. OUT

47. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - METEOR (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA MOVES IN slowly. The bright band of metal is now almost two feet wide. Suddenly the rotating section falls away like a shell, uncovering bright metal within the opening.

48. MED. CLOSE SHOT - WASH, SALVADOR & ALONZO

CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they inch forward toward the gully. A faint, reddish light catches their faces. Salvador flicks the spotlight on.

49. SPECIAL EFFECT - MED. SHOT - METEOR OPENING

The metal sheath within the opening parts, shutter-like, allowing vivid, reddish light to glow upward from the interior. A HISSING SOUND comes from the meteor.

50. CLOSE THREE SHOT

They stare, fascinated. The SOUND dies away.

51. SPECIAL EFFECT - MED. FULL SHOT - METEOR

The light in the opening dims. Something begins to appear from inside, revolving about, making a WHINING SOUND. Dimly seen, it emerges. It is flattened, hooded, with faintly-luminous openings -- almost cobra-like. It turns as if scanning the area -- snout glittering.

52. OUT

53. THREE SHOT

Wash, Alonzo and Salvador move forward cautiously, warily watching the meteor.

WASH PERRY

Must be somebody in there.

SALVADOR

Who? Where d'you think they come from!

WASH PERRY

How would I know...!

ALONZO HOGUE

(Significantly)

I read someplace - Mars is near the earth right now.

They look at him - all getting the same idea.

ALONZO HOGUE (Cont'd)

Happens every eighteen or twenty years, they say.

(Softly)

Men from Mars - whaddya think?

SALVADOR

(Uneasily)

Maybe these are not men - not like us.

WASH PERRY

Everything human don't have to look like you and me....

ALONZO HOGUE

If it's men from Mars, we ought to

let 'em know we're friendly!

SALVADOR

(Quick - warning)

Don't fool around with something  
when we don't know what it is!

WASH PERRY

We'd be the first to make contact  
with 'em -- see?

ALONZO HOGUE

(Sharp - suggesting)

We'd be in all the papers!

WASH PERRY

(Eagerly)

Hey, how about that!

ALONZO HOGUE

We could show 'em we're friendly,  
huh? Walk out there with a white  
flag!

(Turning)

Here - I got an old sugar sack in  
my car!

He leaves the two and runs back to his car and gets  
the sack and rips it open. He picks up the shovel  
discarded earlier by Buck, starts to tie the sack  
to it.

SALVADOR

(In f.g. - to Wash.)

What'll we say to 'em?

WASH PERRY

Welcome to California!

Alonzo Hogue rejoins them, swinging his white flag  
from side to side as they look off toward the meteor.

54. SPECIAL EFFECT - METEOR OPENING

Now the shape is extended on a flexible, glistening  
shaft, revolving about.

55. CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE (MOVING SHOT)

They begin to smile as they move forward over the  
rough ground. Salvador doesn't like it too well,  
but he comes along.

SALVADOR

How they gonna understand us?

ALONZO HOGUE

We'll talk in sign language.

WASH PERRY

(Bolstering his own  
feelings)

They'll understand us, all right!

SALVADOR

(Reassuring himself)

Sure, sure! Everybody understands  
you wave the white flag, you wanna  
be friends.

56. OUT.

57. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE ON HOODED SHAPE ON SHAFT

Revolving around. Then it seems to zero in the  
direction of the approaching group. A light begins  
to flicker within the head mechanism.

58. MED. FULL SHOT - GROUP & COBRA-HEADED SHAPE

CAMERA FRAMED over the mechanism in f.g. Beyond, on  
the edge of the gully, the three men spread out.  
Alonzo holds the flag high. Wash lifts his Panama hat.  
Salvador waves a handkerchief.

WASH PERRY

Hey, there - open up!

ALONZO HOGUE

Come on out! We're friends!

SALVADOR

(Nervous - open-armed)

That's right! We welcome you.

59. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE SHOT - COBRA HEAD

The glittering light within the hood brightens and  
begins to glow red and yellow.

WASH PERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)

We're friends!

SALVADOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah - all friends here!

A blinding flash - red, orange, yellow, spits from the  
hooded shape, obliterating everything. An unearthly  
SCREAM accompanies it.

60. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - THREE MEN & METEOR

A REVERSE ANGLE across Wash Perry, Salvador and  
Alonzo Hogue to the hooded shape beyond. The blast of  
the heat-ray - pulsating, glaring - outlines them  
momentarily as stark silhouettes, then engulfs them  
in searing flames. As the horrible SCREAMING reaches  
a crescendo, the men become incandescent, glowing,  
then crumpling.

DISSOLVE:

60a. INT. SOCIAL HALL

Favoring Clayton and Sylvia, near the climax of a set.

FIDDLER'S VOICE

Here we come with the old mess wagon,  
The hind wheel off and the axle draggin'...

Every light cuts off. The music FADES OUT. The sets  
break up. People bump into one another.

SQUARE DANCERS

(Ad lib)

What's the big idea? - Who's monkey-  
ing with the lights? - Get your hand  
outa my pocket! - Where's the fuse  
box?

A girl titters shrilly as a boy hugs her.

FIDDLER'S VOICE

No smoochin' in the dark, folks!

61. NEAR REFRESHMENT COUNTER

Someone lights a candle and puts it in a bottle.  
Dancers are milling, laughing, kidding. Zippy is at  
a pay phone on the wall, between the counter and the  
door to the street. Clayton and Sylvia move into  
scene. The Sheriff pushes past them.

FIDDLER

(At a window)

Hey, look! - look! Every light in  
the town's gone out.

SHERIFF

(To Zippy)

Call the electric company. See what  
happened.

ZIPPY

(Jogging receiver)

The phone's gone dead!

CLAYTON

(To Sylvia, glancing)

The phone's not on the same circuit  
as the lights.

62. GROUP

Shooting out from the refreshment counter, favoring  
an elderly man and his wife.

ELDERLY MAN

What they sayin', honey?

(Removing ear-plug)

Somep'n's gone wrong with my hear-  
ing aid!

PASTOR COLLINS

Well, we always play 'Goodnight, Ladies'  
at twelve o'clock, anyway.

(Reaching for pocket watch)

It must be nearly that now - My watch  
has stopped.

SHERIFF

I got the time.

(At wrist-watch)

No - mine's stopped, too!

ZIPPY

So's mine!

CROWD - AD LIBS

(Looking at watches,  
shaking them)

Jeepers, mine ain't workin', either!  
What is this? - Hey, look, the clock's  
stopped - My watch isn't going - How  
could this happen!

63. GROUP - CLAYTON, SYLVIA, SHERIFF, PASTOR COLLINS IN F.G.

Clayton looks at his watch, then at Sylvia's. He  
slips off his own.

SYLVIA

They've all stopped at the same  
time.

CLAYTON

There's only about one explanation  
for a thing like this..Got a pin?

She reaches under the lapel of the Pastor's jacket,  
hands a pin to Clayton. He puts it on the counter,  
then brings the case of his watch near it.

64. INSERT: WRIST-WATCH AND PIN

The pin leaps at the watch-case, drawn magnetically.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

See that? My watch is magnetized.

Sylvia's hands come INTO SHOT as she slips off her  
wrist-watch to try it against the pin.

65. GROUP - FAVORING CLAYTON

Everyone starts to test watch cases against bobby-  
pins, hairpins, exclaiming.

CLAYTON

That's what knocked the phones  
out, too.

SHERIFF

How could it happen to everybody's  
watch together?

CLAYTON

(Over him)

Have you got a pocket compass?

The Sheriff produces one in a case. Clayton sets it  
on the counter. They bend to watch the needle.

SHERIFF

(Sharply)

That needle ain't pointing north!

CLAYTON

It's pointing out to the gully -  
where that meteor came down.

The thin SCREAM OF A SIREN sounds O.S. Everyone starts  
for the doors.

66. EXT. MAIN STREET, LINDA ROSA

Shooting from the entrance of the social hall, as  
people pile out, Clayton, Sylvia and Pastor Collins  
with them. The town is completely blacked out. The  
only visible light is from a police car, using hand  
siren and red blinker. Its headlights silver the  
dark streets as it races up.

SYLVIA

How does it happen cars are  
running?

CLAYTON

Automobile ignitions are  
insulated.

Brakes screech. The car pulls over, stops. A COP -  
middle-aged, solid - tumbles out.

COP

Sheriff! What's goin' on?

SHERIFF

(Hurrying to him)

I don't know no more'n you, Joe.

CLAYTON

(To Sylvia and Pastor  
Collins, moving away)

Excuse me...

COP

(Pointing)

Look at the fire out there!

67. SPECIAL EFFECT - THEIR VIEW

Beyond houses and hilltops, the glow of a fire, four  
miles away.

68. EXT. SOCIAL HALL - BY THE COP'S CAR

The COP and the Sheriff gazing out as Clayton joins them. Everyone staring with them.

SHERIFF  
(To Clayton)  
Let's go see!

They get into the car. Sylvia watches it go. SOUND of motor and siren over SCENE. The group breaks up as people run to their cars.

DISSOLVE:

69. EXT. OUTSIDE GULLY - DIRT ROAD - (NIGHT)

The police car bumps toward us, blinker working. The SIREN DIES.

70. SPECIAL EFFECT - DIRT ROAD - MED. SHOT

CROSS ANGLE. As the Police car comes to a stop, Clayton and the Sheriff hop out downstage, the Cop gets out on the driver's side. Behind the car, bushes are blazing. Above, on the hilltop, the Martian heat-ray has left a line of fire which stretches straight into the night. In its path, some way off, a transmission tower has fallen, partly melted, high-tension wires trailing, still sparking.

CLAYTON  
(Looking toward fallen tower)  
That explains why the lights went out!

The Cop, standing beside the spotlight, looks off.

COP  
(Pointing)  
What the bejeepers went on here?  
Look at their cars...!

71. EXT. DIRT ROAD - REMAINS OF CARS

The cars belonging to Fiddler and the others are gray, ashy shapes, collapsed. Hardly recognizable except for their tires, which leave a darker residue. Bushes and grass are still burning around.

72. CLOSEUP - COP

Jittery, he reaches for the spotlight and snaps it on toward the gully.

COP  
And look there!

73. EXT. ROAD & GULLY - GROUP & METEOR

A REVERSE ANGLE over the men to the meteor in the gully. The beam of the Cop's spotlight sweeps over the smoldering bushes and rough ground, striking the bottom of the meteor and then returning to something on the edge above the gully.

73a. CLOSE TWO SHOT - CLAYTON & SHERIFF

The Sheriff wets his suddenly dry lips, gazing PAST CAMERA. Clayton looks with him.

74. WHAT THEY SEE ON THE EDGE OF THE GULLY - CLOSEUP

Three shallow piles of gray ash, man-shaped, lie on the bare and blackened earth, held in the spotlight.

75. MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON, SHERIFF & COP

Looking PAST CAMERA.

CLAYTON

(To Cop)

People in town started to follow us out.

(Looking toward gully)

Don't let them come anywhere near here.

(Suddenly authoritative -  
loud)

Get going!

76. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE SHOT - METEOR

The hooded shape on its flexible shaft now rears twelve or fifteen feet above the meteor. The cobra-head is turning, zero-ing toward the road. It begins to glitter inside the hood.

77. EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT

The Cop is diving into the car in panic.

CLAYTON

Kill that spotlight. Turn off your headlights!

The cop cuts all the lights, backs around and takes off the way he came, CAMERA PANNING with him.

77a. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SHERIFF

The SOUND of the SCREAMING of the heat-ray whirls them about as the reddish light glows on their faces.

CLAYTON

(Sharp - to Sheriff)

Jump! Get under cover!!

They dash off in the direction taken by the car.

78. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. DIRT ROAD - MED. FULL SHOT

A REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING along the road toward the gully. The meteor is concealed behind a knoll. Clayton and the Sheriff, b.g. race down the road to f.g. and dive into a ditch as the superheated glare of the heat-ray swings from the gully toward them. The SCREAM is ear-splitting in intensity.

79. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SHERIFF

The ray SCREAMS over their heads. It holds above the ditch. Throbbing. Its reddish glare blinding.

80. SPECIAL EFFECT - HEAT-RAY - COP'S CAR - FULL SHOT

The car turns incandescent as the ray envelopes it, still going forward. It turns ashy gray. Hits a boulder on the shoulder of the road and breaks up into a spray of ashes.

81. EXT. DITCH - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SHERIFF

A REVERSE ANGLE on them huddled low as the ray cuts off. They whirl about toward the meteor.

SHERIFF

(Wild)

What is that gizmo?!

CLAYTON

(Controlled)

I think that - gizmo - is a machine from another planet.

SHERIFF

(Shaken)

We better get word to the authorities and --

(Gazing up)

Look!

82. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY & SECOND METEOR - FULL SHOT

Beyond the burning grass, another meteor is spurting down the sky, bright and burning green.

83. CLOSEUP - CLAYTON & SHERIFF

CLAYTON

Sheriff - you'd better get word to the military. You're going to need them out here!

83a. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - CLOSE SHOT

The hooded shape revolves about, searching. Its snout glitters and glows alternately as it searches for a target.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

84. QUICK CUTS - MARINE TRUCKS & JEEPS - (NIGHT)

- a. Main Street, Linda Rosa. No lights. No neon signs. Three trucks smash through the town. Loaded with Marines.
- b. Low CAMERA - jeeps. A Machine-gun jeep is charging over the crest of a low hill, dropping to lower ground. Another follows. Guns and helmeted men are silhouetted against the sky.
- c. Two personnel trucks rolling fast, parting where dirt roads cross.

DISSOLVE:

85. EXT. BLACK-TOP ROAD & T-CROSSING - (NIGHT)

Beyond is a windbreak of eucalyptus trees and a low earth bank. Parked on the side road is a remote-control truck from the KGEB radio station. A few reporters and cameramen are on the black-top road, gazing out over open ground toward the gully.

CAMERA favors the KGEB REPORTER - ex-newsman, high-wire and alert, sharkskin suit and Panama hat. He has a portable mike, is interviewing PROFESSOR OGILVY - a youngish, half-bald intellectual. Clayton stands by. Near them is the Sheriff and Marine COLONEL HEFFNER - easy-mannered, tough.

KGEB REPORTER

(At mike)

...The area is under control of the Marines from El Toro Base, and the gully is under close observation...And now -- here is Professor Ogilvy from the Canadian Meteorological Research Council!

(To Prof. Ogilvy -  
extending mike)

Is it true you've had reports about landings in other places, Professor?

PROF. OGILVY

Yes. In Bordeaux, France. Some from Spain. There's supposed to be one down near the Gulf of Taranto, Italy. We're still trying to locate the second meteor that dropped in this vicinity just about midnight.

KGEB REPORTER  
D'you think they come from Mars?

PROF. OGILVY  
(Deferring)  
What do you think, Doctor Forrester?

86. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

KGEB man and his mike f.g., catching the faces of Colonel Heffner, the Sheriff, Prof. Ogilvy, Clayton and reporters who are listening.

CLAYTON  
It's possible. At least, it seems certain they're from some other planet than our own.

PROF. OGILVY  
Recently Mars and our earth were in conjunction --  
(Adds)  
-- in line. This could account for the extended radio interference lately.

DISSOLVE:

87. EXT. CORNER RADIO STORE, LOS ANGELES - (NIGHT)

A cheesy, sleazy store. They sell radios, TV and musical instruments. Big signs in the windows. A console in the doorway. A bunch of bums hanging around, listening.

CLAYTON'S VOICE  
(Over radio)  
In fact -- if they are from Mars -- it is possible they first made landings on the moon and used it as an observation post!

A bum with an unlighted stub of a cigar takes it out, backs off, looking up at the sky. Others look with him, then at one another.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE  
(Over radio)  
That makes the old moon appear a lot less friendly, sir.

FIRST BUM  
(Half-whispering)  
This a gag?

SECOND BUM  
(Listening)  
Shaddap...!

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE  
Suppose they are Martians, Professor. What would they look like?

DISSOLVE:

88. INT. WELL-TO-DO HOUSE - (NIGHT)

SHOOTING past a group of well-dressed people eating a supper snack from a big coffee table by a picture window. Through this we can see Los Angeles spread out below, neons glowing like jewels. The group is listening attentively to a radio.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE  
(Continuing his questioning)  
Bigger than us? Smaller?

PROFESSOR OGILVY'S VOICE  
Well, as to Martians -- our gravitational pull would weigh them down. Our heavier air would oppress them....

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE  
But d'you think they'd be breathing creatures like us? What about hearts and blood and all that?

A bird-brained blonde moves into SCENE, staring.

PROF. OGILVY'S VOICE  
My field is limited. Doctor Forrester could tell you much more.

BLONDE  
(Over Prof. Ogilvy)  
Oh, how dull - everybody listening to the radio!

BIG GUY  
(Grabbing her)  
Qui-et! Sid-down!

PROF. OGILVY'S VOICE  
But if they are Martians, and if they do have hearts, they'd almost certainly beat at a slower rate. Their veins might be distended....

DISSOLVE:

89. EXT. CONVERTIBLE - CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS - NIGHT)

San Francisco, with the Golden Gate Bridge and City behind. A BOY driving, smooching a GIRL.

CLAYTON'S VOICE  
(Over car radio)  
Their senses could be quite different from ours, of course. They may, for instance, be able to smell colors. There is precedent in our own evolution to make it possible that they have more than one brain...

The boy reaches to cut off the radio - he wants to smooch. The girl stops him. He is annoyed.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE

You mean two? Three? More, maybe?

CLAYTON'S VOICE

It's only speculation.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE

Think of that, folks! Now, Doctor Forrester - what about these meteor machines?

CLAYTON'S VOICE

They're probably controlled by jets after they enter our atmosphere... And navigated by some form of gyroscope mechanism.

DISSOLVE:

90. INT. SIDEWALK LUNCH COUNTER, SAN DIEGO - (NIGHT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on a picture of a battleship, then PULLS BACK revealing a poster: SAN DIEGO ARENA - BOXING. The SHOT WIDENS to show local fishermen, a couple of Navy sailors, a few girls - grouped by a small portable radio on the counter.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE

Is it true that all the phones went out and everybody's watch stopped around here?

CLAYTON'S VOICE

That was, I imagine, the effect from some electro-magnetic force in the heat-ray they used.

DISSOLVE:

91. T-CROSSING - GROUP

The KGEB Reporter, Clayton, Prof. Ogilvy, Colonel Heffner. Newspaper men have moved closer, listening.

KGEB. REPORTER

Can you tell us anything about this plane that's coming over, Colonel?

COLONEL HEFFNER

It'll drop a flare -- that's the only way we dare put a light on them. Then Air Force cameramen will get pictures.

KGEB REPORTER

That was Marine Colonel Ralph Heffner...

(In a confidential tone)

There's been a lot of mysterious activity around the machine. Lights and dust, as

if they are digging themselves out.  
(Shimmering light  
hits his face)  
There it comes again!

92. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - FULL SHOT

A shuddering, blue-green light shows in the distance,  
tinting nearby hills.

KGEB REPORTER'S VOICE  
If this keeps up, it'll be a guide  
for the plane when it comes over.

93. FLASHES - FOXHOLES & OBSERVATION POSTS

Groups dispersed under cover, relaxed but alert, all  
watching the gully.

- a. Two mortar teams in a dry riverbed.
- b. Marine lieutenant and a sergeant with binoculars, behind a low revetment.
- c. Machine-gun unit in a foxhole.
- d. Infantrymen, alert and watchful.

94. EXT. T-CROSSING - MED. SHOT - GROUP

KGEB Reporter f.g., Clayton, Colonel Heffner and  
Sheriff just beyond him. Reporters and cameramen  
line out along the road, waiting. The SOUND of  
the plane OVERSCENE. Its motor cuts off and on  
again.

KGEB REPORTER  
(In a sharp whisper)  
Is that the plane now?

COLONEL HEFFNER  
(Looking up, quietly)  
Yes! He's signalling.

KGEB REPORTER  
(Into mike)  
The pilot has just blipped his motor.  
That means he's dropped the flare.  
He's flying high, and it'll take a  
few seconds to come down. When it  
does burst, we shall be the first men  
on earth to get a real look at these  
invaders from space - whoever they  
are! And there's the flare!

95. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - FULL SHOT

The flare throws a cone of high-visibility light.  
The Martian meteor has been cleared of dirt, stripped  
of its oxydized shell. It is an oblong cylinder.

from the center of it, the hooded shape on the flexible shaft has been pushed high, like a guarding sentinel.

96. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The hooded shape rears back on its flexible shaft, angling up. The snout glitters, begins to glow, brilliant, reddish. Then the heat-ray SCREAMS as it lashes up into the sky.

97. EXT. T-CROSSING - MED. SHOT - GROUP

Clayton, the KGEB reporter and other watching the sky tensely. The reporter has stopped gabbing, his microphone forgotten. The blue-white glare of the flare, mingled with the reddish glow of the heat-ray, alternate in flickers over SCENE.

KGEB REPORTER

(Suddenly remembering mike)

They're after the plane with their rays!

98. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT

The SCREAMING heat-ray lashes across the sky. Writhing, seeking its target. It licks the flare into oblivion, then whips downward toward the ears and swings at us.

99. EXT. BLACK-TOP ROAD & T-CROSSING

Everybody dives for cover. The glare of the ray turns everything fiery red.

100. EXT. FOOT OF EUCALYPTUS TREES - GROUP

The Colonel and the KGEB reporter flatten out together behind the low earth bank. Burning twigs and leaves fall about them. Clayton cranes to look out with the Colonel. The reporter yaks into his mike.

KGEB REPORTER

Well, here we are in ---

(Pulls at charred end of  
mike cable - looks out)

Hey! They cut me off. They got  
my truck!

COLONEL

It looks like they're going to come  
out of that gully pretty soon ...!  
We'd better build a shelter and be  
ready when they do.

CLAYTON

You're going to need plenty of  
reinforcements.

COLONEL  
We'll get 'em.  
(Calling off)  
Lieutenant.

DISSOLVE:

101. QUICK CUTS & FLASHES - (NIGHT)

Troops and armament racing into the Linda Rosa district: Trucks -- tanks -- weapons carriers -- half-tracks jeeps -- rocket launchers.

102. EXT. COMMAND POST REVETMENT - (NIGHT)

A huge truck loaded with troops thunders past CAMERA. Its passing uncovers the hastily erected sandbag revetment for the command post. Nearby is an ambulance, a Red Cross canteen truck with two women in uniform working, several jeeps waiting with motors running. Two jeeps start away in different directions. A jeep rolls into SCENE, laying wire.

103. CLOSER ANGLE

Sylvia is at the rear corner of the revetment, holding a tray of coffee mugs and doughnuts. She pauses to watch more vehicles move past. She has changed out of her dance frock into a tailored dress. She has a Red Cross armband. CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton coming from within the revetment inclosure.

CLAYTON  
(Pausing beside Sylvia)  
The troops are certainly moving in here!

SYLVIA  
Didn't you have something to do with this? I know you sent word to the Sixth Army Command!

CLAYTON  
(Taking coffee tray -  
turning back with it)  
I just told them the local situation.  
Colonel Heffner's in full charge now.

SYLVIA  
(Pausing - looking around)  
You never know where you're going to wind up when you go to a square dance!

104. INT. COMMAND POST REVETMENT - (NIGHT)

An opening in the sandbag breastwork for observation high in the forward end. Storm lanterns provide light. A huge tarpaulin is stretched over the revetment as a roof and pulled down to cover the opening, which overlooks the Martians in the gully beyond.

A field telephone switchboard and field telegraph have been set up. On some boxes is an enlarged contour map of the immediate territory, showing Linda Rosa, surrounding roads, the site of the Martian pit. A LIEUTENANT and a sergeant work on this map, placing units as they report in position. A CAPTAIN is on the phone. Communications men at other phones constantly pass messages. A sergeant operates a telegraph key. All are in full battle dress. The atmosphere is alive, tense. There is constant b.g. action of dispatch bearers coming and going.

As Sylvia and Clayton come in, the Colonel is briefing officers at the map.

COLONEL

Locate your observation post on this hill. Position your recoilless 75's back here - Caroon Canyon.

(To another officer)

I want your battery here. You may find at daylight that you're too exposed -- so keep your prime movers ready to pull you out fast.

(Smiling)

But you'll get first crack at 'em.

A CAPTAIN

That'll suit me! That all, sir?

COLONEL

Yes.

(As the lieutenant  
hands a phone)

Report when you're set up.

Sylvia passes around coffee and doughnuts. Clayton takes two mugs, bringing one across to the Colonel.

COLONEL

(At phone)

Half-tracks?...Okay. Get in back of hill Thuh-ree. Follow up from there if it's a moving target...  
Roger!

He takes coffee from Clayton with one hand and a Signal Corps message with the other.

COLONEL

(To Clayton)

They've located that second meteor.

(Passing message to  
Lieutenant)

Mark it up.

105. BY THE MAP

As Pastor Collins comes in, wearing a Civil Defense armband. The Sheriff follows, pausing to reach for doughnuts and coffee. The lieutenant marks another

Martian pit about five miles west, toward Whittier. He draws a line linking it with the Martians in the gully.

COLONEL

(To Clayton, pointing  
to map)

There's one - there's the other,  
and we're right between them!

PASTOR COLLINS

(Moving in)

So is the town, I notice!

COLONEL

I warned you Civil Defense people  
to be ready if you have to evacuate.

PASTOR COLLINS

I just came to tell you - everyone  
has been alerted.

The Colonel's glance is caught by something o.s. He stiffens to attention.

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE (o.s.)

As you were...

106. INT. REVETMENT

SHOOTING toward the rear as GENERAL MANN comes in -- fiftyish, clipped mustache, wearing neat khaki. Carries field glasses. His aide, a young MAJOR, follows him.

COLONEL

(Moving to meet him)

General Mann -- I was told to expect  
you, sir. I'm Colonel Heffner.

GENERAL MANN

(Smiling briefly)

I'm here to make up a report, not to  
interfere with the operations you've  
set up. You're still in command.

(Suddenly - warmly)

Clayton Forrester!

(Shaking hands)

I haven't seen you since Oak Ridge.

CLAYTON

Good to see you, General.

(Introducing)

This is Pastor Collins, director of  
Civil Defense. Sheriff Bogany, head  
of the local forces ... Miss Van Buren.

SYLVIA

Would you like some coffee, General?

GENERAL MANN

Thank you.

She starts out as his aide hands him some messages.

CLAYTON

(To Pastor)

General Mann's in charge of Intelligence for the Pacific area.

107. GROUP - BY THE MAP

Favoring General Mann as he turns to scan the map, continuing to glance at the messages. The lieutenant is marking up more positions.

GENERAL MANN

That's their position?

(Grimly amused)

You've certainly got them surrounded.

(And then)

I suppose they've neutralized all communications here.

COLONEL

Not all. Radio is out. But our field phones are okay so far.

GENERAL MANN

And they'll go out the minute there's another ray.

(Reading)

A cylinder reported down by Huntington Beach. That's a job for the Navy.

CLAYTON

Do you have any news from abroad?

CAMERA ANGLES to favor him as he glances at messages, sorting them, handing some to his aide.

GENERAL MANN (Cont'd)

They're coming down all over. South America - Santiago has two cylinders. They're outside London. And they're in Naples.

(Going on)

We've got them between here and Fresno. Outside Sacramento. Two on Long Island...

CLAYTON

Are they just coming down at random?

GENERAL MANN

No, they're working to some kind of a plan.

(After a moment)

But here's the most dangerous thing... Once they begin to move -- no more news comes out of that area!

108. INT. REVETMENT

SHOOTING past the General. Everyone is listening, fascinated. The communications men have stopped work. The morse key keeps repeating a call.

GENERAL MANN

We've been getting reports of destruction, massacre ... Here's an instance!

(reading a message)

'Town of St. Julien, south of Bordeaux, wiped out by ray of undetermined nature. Local reports say nothing remains.'

(Looks around)

Nothing remains! What d'you make of that?

CLAYTON

We'll have to see what they do here.

GENERAL MANN

A lot of our newest weapons are in here. Washington wants to be sure we stop them.

COLONEL

(Confident - smiling)

We will, sir!

GENERAL MANN

From the data - and from that picture the Air Force took earlier tonight ...

(Thumbing toward the gully)

... what we've got in the gully out there is a guide ship. One lands ... Others follow later.

(To Clayton)

They appear to clear an area, then drop in groups of threes, joined magnetically. Is that possible?

CLAYTON

(Wryly)

If they do it, it is.

Sylvia brings coffee. The General takes it automatically.

COLONEL

My orders are not to go into action unless they make a move out of there.

GENERAL MANN

That's because we want a chance to observe them.

(Gesturing to gully)

This is the only place we've had time to surround them with sufficient force to contain them. What happens here will be a guide to all other operations. The minute action begins and a pattern of defense develops, I'll get my report to Washington.

(Glances at map)  
You've deployed your forces well.

COLONEL  
Thank you, sir. If they start anything,  
we can blast them right off the earth!

GENERAL MANN  
(Checks watch, sips coffee)  
They'll probably move at dawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 SPECIAL EFFECT - HIGH CAMERA - LONG SHOT - GULLY - DAWN

Silence. No movement anywhere. We see the burned grass and blackened earth. The little gray ash-heaps are still there. In the gully are dim, shining shapes. Beyond the hills the sky is lightening. As the sun comes up, one of the shining shapes begins to rise. There is a SOUND of CRACKLING, HIGH-FREQUENCY ELECTRIC SPARKS.

110. EXT. OBSERVATION POST

CAMERA is on an infantry lieutenant and a sergeant. Their foxhole is camouflaged with burned grass and bushes.

LIEUTENANT  
(At field phone)  
There's something moving in the  
gully -- something's coming out!

111. FLASHES - TROOPS ALERTING

Men have been resting, dozing, waiting for dawn. A signal reaches them.

- a. Recoilless 75 men running to positions.
- b. Crew racing to half-track rocket-launcher.
- c. Machine-gunners readying for action.
- d. Bazooka team alerting.

112 INT. REVETMENT

Lamps and candles being hurriedly extinguished. The tarpaulin is yanked from the observation opening. Everyone cranes to get a glimpse of the gully.

113. SPECIAL EFFECT - GULLY - (DAWN)

Burned-over ground runs straight to the gully, with blackened scrub trees and bushes at either side. Something is visible in the gully. Shining. Moving.

114. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY - MED. SHOT

Now, for the first time, we see a Martian machine clearly. A metal shape is rising. The SOUND of high-frequency sparks increases. It is a built-up section of the cylinder. Domed in the center. Three vibrant beams are projected like rods from below - stiff, jointless, incandescent. Effortlessly, the body of the machine rises on the pulsating beams to a height of thirty feet in the air, and hovers motionless. Then a hooded shape extends above the body on a flexible shaft.

115. INT. REVETMENT

Favoring Clayton, Pastor Collins, General Mann and the Colonel. All crowded to the opening in the sandbags. The General and the Colonel use field glasses.

GENERAL MANN

(Softly - handing his  
glasses to Clayton)

Look at it, will you?

PASTOR COLLINS

(Awed - half to himself)

Beings from another world ...

The Colonel signs to the Captain, who backs to the field telephone switchboard.

COLONEL

(Quietly)

Stand by to fire.

CAPTAIN

(Into phone -  
repeating)

All command posts stand by to fire.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Suddenly realizing -  
protesting)

Colonel - shooting's no good!

COLONEL

It's always been a good persuader.

PASTOR COLLINS

Couldn't you try to communicate  
with them first - and shoot later  
if you have to?

The Colonel glances, then ignores him, using his glasses. The uniformed men are all tense, watching the gully, waiting for the order. Clayton is gazing out with the Sheriff. Pastor Collins moves uncertainly toward the open rear of the revetment. Sylvia sees him, starts after him.

CAPTAIN'S VOICE (O.s.)

All command posts - target as indicated.

116. EXT. REVETMENT

Pastor Collins comes out, stands staring toward the gully. Sylvia joins him. Behind them we glimpse the tension of the men inside.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Looking o.s.)

I think we should try to make them understand we mean them no harm.

Sylvia looks at him, not sure of what he means.

COLONEL'S VOICE (O.s.)

(Quietly - from inside)

There's another machine coming out.

117. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

The Martian machines. The first machine is now catching the early sunbeams. Turning golden, glistening. In the shadows another machine is rising from the gully. It, also, is armed with a hooded shape.

118. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA AND PASTOR COLLINS

Both gazing toward the gully.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Meditative)

They are living creatures out there.

SYLVIA

But they're not human! Dr. Forrester says they're some kind of an advanced civilization --

PASTOR COLLINS

(Cutting in, smiling)

If they're more advanced than us, they should be nearer the Creator for that reason!

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

(Tensely, from inside)

Attention all batteries! Prepare for volley fire! Repeat -- prepare for volley fire!

PASTOR COLLINS

(Meditative again)

No real attempt has been made to communicate with them, you know...

Sylvia looks at him uneasily. She takes his arm.

SYLVIA

Let's go back inside, Uncle Matthew.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Shakes head, smiling)  
I've done about all I can do here.  
You go back in.  
(Low - turning her  
toward the inside)  
Sylvia - I like that Doctor Forrester.  
(Hand to her cheek)  
He's a good man.

Sylvia presses his hand, smiling. As she leaves him,  
the CAMERA PANS with her, losing Pastor Collins  
momentarily.

119. HEAD CLOSEUP - PASTOR COLLINS

Looking in the direction of the gully, thoughtful.

120. FLASHES - PREPARATIONS FOR FIRING

- a. Grouped bazookas bearing on the target.
- b. Tanks waiting orders, at the ready.
- c. Rocket launcher, loaded and ready.

121. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

The Martian machine in f.g. is motionless. The second  
one has paused half out of the gully. Its hooded arm  
swings around on its shaft, as if under test.

122. EXTREME HEAD CLOSEUP - PASTOR COLLINS

Eyes serene. Smiles a little. Moves forward.

123. INT. REVETMENT

No sound except the telegraph key repeating a signal  
over and over. No movement save for Sylvia, f.g.,  
refilling coffee cups. General Mann, the Colonel,  
Clayton and the Sheriff crouched by the opening.

COLONEL  
(Suddenly)  
Who's that?!

124. FLASH CLOSEUP - GROUP AT WINDOW

They stare out, disbelieving.

125. FLASH CLOSEUP - SYLVIA

She whirls, starts toward the opening.

126. SPECIAL EFFECT - INT. REVETMENT & VISTA

SHOOTING over the group at the opening to the VISTA

outside the revetment. In b.g. Pastor Collins is walking away from the revetment, a solitary figure moving over the burned-off earth. The Martian machines beyond him are motionless, as if awaiting him.

COLONEL

(Choked voice)

What's he think he's doing?

127. CLOSE SHOT - CROSS ANGLE - FEATURING SYLVIA

SYLVIA

(Calling)

Uncle!

(Half screaming)

Uncle Matthew!!

She whirls to go after him. General Mann catches her arm.

GENERAL MANN

Too late now -- he's too far away.

SYLVIA

(Lunges - appealing)

Stop him!

CLAYTON

(Holding her - looking out)

It's seen him.

128. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE

It begins slowly to sink down as its glittering beam-legs pulsate and grow shorter.

129. MOVING SHOT - EXT. BURNED-OFF FIELD

Pastor Collins brings out a cross, gazing ahead, reciting the Twenty-third Psalm.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Softly)

Though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death, I will fear  
no evil ...

130. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

SHOOTING past the first Martian machine, still sinking down. The second machine has risen higher in the gully.

131. MOVING SHOT - EXT. BURNED-OFF FIELD

CLOSE on Pastor Collins, walking past more debris.

PASTOR COLLINS

(Whispering)

Thou anointest my head with oil.

My cup runneth over ...

132. INT. REVETMENT - GROUP

Featuring Sylvia and Clayton. All are crowded to the opening. Sylvia is petrified with horror.

133. MOVING SHOT - EXT. BURNED-OFF FIELD - HEAD CLOSEUP

Pastor Collins moves ahead, eyes fixed on the machines. He won't permit himself to be afraid.

PASTOR COLLINS

And I will dwell ... in the house  
of the Lord .. forever.

He lifts the cross to shoulder height as CAMERA HOLDS and PANS him on.

PASTOR COLLINS (Cont'd)

Amen.

(Murmuring)

May the grace of the Father and of  
the Son ...

Beyond him we now see the Martian machine.

134. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

Favoring the first machine, filling the SCREEN. Squatting on its incandescent beam-legs, the hooded shaft tilted forward. There is a moment -- then a magenta-tinted heat-ray SCREAMS from it.

135. INT. REVETMENT - EXTREME HEAD CLOSEUP - SYLVIA

She SCREAMS, but her voice is drowned in the unearthly SOUND of the Martian machine. We know, without seeing, what has happened to the Pastor.

136. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY

VIEWPOINT from the command post revetment. The first machine rises swiftly to full height, gliding forward. The second clears the gully. The top of a third machine appears.

137. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. GULLY & ROAD

The base of the Martian machine's locomotor beam-leg. Featuring, in f.g., the Pastor's cross, partly melted. The glittering foot of the beam moves into SCENE, leaving behind it molten rock and smoke. As it passes, the intense heat it gives off acts like a blowtorch on the terrain.

138. INT. REVETMENT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

SHOOTING from outside the observation opening. Sylvia is CLOSE in f.g., horrified, unbelieving, supported by Clayton. The Colonel whirls toward the switchboard.

COLONEL

Let 'em have it!

139. EXT. HILLSIDE - TANKS

The big guns of the tanks slam shells toward the gully.

140. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE & SHELL BURSTS

Shells burst close to the Martian machine. Instantly a beam -- different from the heat-ray -- strikes out with a vicious, high-pitched DRUMMING SOUND. The beam is electric-blue with a greenish tinge. Edges soft, powdery. Fast, projectile-like discharges race down its core, like a succession of balls, a deeper blue-green. Beam and impulses are transparent.

141. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. HILLSIDE - TANK

The beam hits a tank. The tank changes color instantaneously. It turns bone yellow, then thins into an oyster-white skeleton shape that is an echo of death itself. The beam cuts off and the tank dissolves into fine dust, the color of the beam, and blows away on the breeze. Making pallid streamers in the early morning light.

142. GROUP - AT OPENING

SHOOTING IN on the men - staring, transfixed. The General lowers his glasses, looks at Clayton in stupefaction, then uses the glasses again.

143. QUICK CUTS - INSERTS OF MUZZLES - AS WEAPONS FIRE

CLOSE on the muzzles. Individual SOUND blasting.

- a. Rocket-launcher muzzles as rockets fly.
- b. Machine-gun muzzles shuddering.
- c. Anti-tank gun muzzles explode and recoil.

144. QUICK CUTS & FLASHES - BATTLE (1)

The initial phase between man's weapons and the Martian machines. The first Martian is out of the gully on the burned-off field. The second is just clear of the gully. The third has started to follow.

- a. Special Effect - Full Shot - Gully. Increasing shell and rocket fire bursting viciously about the Martians. Short, blue jets are flashing out around the turret heads of the machines.

These merge to form an impalpable, electro-magnetic envelope which drops all around to the ground.

- b. Special Effect - Close Shot - First Machine. Rays SCREAM from it, lashing in every direction.
- c. Recoilless 75's - Close Shot. Muzzles Flash.
- d. Rocket-launcher - Close Shot. In rapid succession, rockets roar toward the Martians.
- e. Tank - Med. Shot. It's gun bucks violently slamming an armor-piercing shell at the Martians.
- f. Machine-gun Nest - Close Shot. 50 cal. machine-gun chatters furiously, spitting a stream of tracer shells.
- g. Bazookas - Close Shot. In a sharp volley, a group of bazookas let go with HE charges.
- h. Mortars - Close Shot. In rapid succession, Marines drop Napalm charges into the big muzzles of the mortars. Instantly the charges fly high in the air in the direction of the enemy.
- i. Special Effect - Martian Machines. Projectiles burst against their almost invisible protective envelopes. Others ricochet off, exploding harmlessly in the air beyond. Napalm charges burst around them, obscuring the machines in huge balls of searing, orange fire and black smoke.
- j. Special Effect - First Machine - Close Shot. The flame of the Napalm clears. The machine is undamaged. Rays slash from it, SCREAMING.
- k. Special Effect - Second & Third Machines - Close Shot. Flames and smoke clear. They lash rays in every direction.
- l. Special Effect - Rocket-launcher - Close Shot. Hit by a heat-ray. The launcher and crew glow white hot. Become a pile of ashes.
- m. Special Effect - First Machine - Close Shot. DRUMMING horribly, the blue-green disintegrating beam darts forth.
- n. Special Effect - Mortars - Med. Close Shot. Hit by the skeletonizing beam. They literally disintegrate - cease to exist. Men and machines become a vapor of blue-green dust.

144-A. INT. REVETMENT - GROUP

Clayton, Sylvia and others duck below the shelter of the sandbags as a heat-ray HOWLS close past the command post. CAMERA MOVES IN on Clayton and General

Mann, shouting above the uproar.

GENERAL MANN

(Fast, looking out)

What's that skeleton beam they're using?

CLAYTON

It must neutralize mesons somehow. They're the atomic glue that holds matter together.

(Grimly)

Cut across their lines of magnetic force and any object will simply cease to exist.

145. SPECIAL EFFECT - FLASH CUTS - BATTLE (2)

The destruction of man's weapons by the Martians, and the beginning of man's retreat.

- a. Special Effect - Ext. Gully & Command Post Revetment - Full Shot. A COMPOSITE SHOT of the entire battle. One Martian machine on a hill slope. The two others below. Rays and beams lashing out. Shells and rockets and Napalm exploding about them. Tanks scuttling about. Rays hit them. Machine-gunners and troops abandon their stations, leaving their weapons. Half-tracks, trucks, weapons-carriers, jeeps pull out. Pandemonium.
- b. Special Effect - Martian Machines - Med. Shot. Smoke and fire clearing. Explosions about them diminish. They redouble the activity of their rays and beams.
- c. Special Effect - Battlefield - Med. Full Shot. Gray ash on a blackened road - the residue of tanks. Men, jeeps, equipment flee past, escaping. Rays and beams reach after them.
- d. Ext. Hillside - Med. Close Shot. Infantrymen crash through burning bushes in headlong retreat, looking back in panic.
- e. Special Effect - Martian Machine - Close Shot. On skyline. Moving forward. Rays SCREAMING, beams DRUMMING. No counter fire from our forces.

146. EXT. REVETMENT - MED FULL SHOT

Parked jeeps, General Mann's car, a few Marines, the Red Cross truck. The heat-ray slashes through them, hits the revetment and swings away. Men fall in ashes, jeeps glow and burn, the Red Cross truck and General Mann's car are singed and blazing. The huge tarp stretched over the revetment blazes.

147. INT. REVETMENT - MED. FULL SHOT

The inclosure is a madhouse - men trying to extinguish burning switchboards - the lieutenant gathering up the scorched maps - the captain shouting uselessly into the field phone - Clayton up by the opening using the field glasses, Sylvia and the Sheriff crouched near him. General Mann and his aide rush out.

LIEUTENANT

(At the opening)

There's a Martian machine headed  
straight for us!

COLONEL

(Shouting to Captain)

Order all command posts - everything  
pull back north of Highway Sixty  
tunnel bunker!

148. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Moving along the burned-off swathe from the gully,  
rays slashing.

149. INT. REVETMENT - MED. SHOT

COLONEL

(At observation  
opening - yelling)

They're going to roll right through  
here. Sheriff - get into Linda Rosa.  
Tell Civil Defense - evacuate everybody!

Clayton, at the opening, watches the approaching machines, absorbed by them. A heat-ray slashes near, casting its ruddy glare. Shreds of the burning tarpaulin fall. Sylvia grabs him, pulling him down.

COLONEL

Doctor Forrester - get out of here!

He literally jerks Clayton and Sylvia to their feet,  
shoving them toward the rear.

COLONEL (Cont'd)

Everybody out! The Air Force'll  
take care of these babies now!

(Runs toward CAMERA)

Everybody out --- Everybody ----

He is in EXTREME CLOSEUP, shouting. The red heat-ray seems to envelope him in a blaze of color, SCREAMING. Suddenly the SCREEN explodes into deadly blue-green - the disintegrating beam! The Colonel's shout is frozen on his lips. The skeletal structure of his head glows incandescent -- greenish-white -- through the flesh of his face. In an instant he vanishes into a shred of blue-green vapor which swirls and is lost in the ruddy flames of the ray.

DISSOLVE:

150. EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT - (STOCK)

A huge formation of fighter bombers flashes across the sky, the chorus of their jets pulsating like thunder.

DISSOLVE:

151. EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT

A weapons carrier clatters past at breakneck speed. Men from mixed units jump from behind scrub trees, running. A crowded jeep flashes past as Clayton and Sylvia appear. The two run after the men. Clayton pulls her to a stop, looks o.s., then runs across the road with her.

152. EXT. FIELD - MED. SHOT

A Piper Cub - battery observation plane - is just taking off. Another is on the ground, no one near it. Clayton and Sylvia enter, running. Beyond one wing of the machine we see smoke, explosions and rays and beams ripping against the sky.

CLAYTON

We can't go into town - everybody's getting out of there!

(Steering her toward plane)

I'll fly you over to Pasadena.

SYLVIA

Can you handle one of these?

CLAYTON

Sure...get in!

He shoves Sylvia up into the plane and climbs in at the wheel.

DISSOLVE:

153. EXT. SKY - MED. SHOT

The Piper Cub in flight, hedge-hopping.

154. INT. PIPER CUT - CLOSE SHOT (PROCESS)

SHOOTING PAST Clayton to Sylvia. The tops of utility poles and trees skim past, almost at their level. The plane wobbles. Clayton is unconcerned.

SYLVIA

(Hanging on)

You'll hit something! Can't you go higher?

CLAYTON

(Looking up)

No. The air's going to be full of  
Jets in a minute...And there they  
are!

155. EXT. SKY - QUICK CUTS OF JETS - (STOCK)
- Jet fighter-bombers in formation, colorful against the sky, peeling off to dive.
156. INT. PIPER CUB - CLOSE SHOT - (PROCESS)
- Clayton looking o.s. as he banks sharply. Sylvia looking after him.
157. EXT. SKY - QUICK CLOSE SHOT (STOCK)
- Jet fighter-bombers diving, firing, launching rockets, dropping bombs. SOUNDS of explosions.
158. EXT. SKY - MED. CLOSE SHOT
- The piper cub porpoising over the treetops, banking and turning.
159. QUICK CUTS - WRECK OF PIPER CUB
- a. Int. Piper Cub - Close Shot (Process). Clayton looking up. Sylvia turns and looks ahead, SCREAMS.
  - b. Special Effect - Piper Cub - Full Shot. SHOOTING AHEAD. It rises over a low hilltop - flying directly toward a Martian machine on the flat fields beyond. Plane banks sharply to change course.
  - c. Special Effect - Piper Cub - Med. Shot. The wing snags a tree. The plane cartwheels toward the ground.
160. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. BEAN FIELD - MED. SHOT
- The Cub lands on one wheel, bounces, goes into a ground loop, a slashing skid and stops, tilted on a torn wing. Propeller shattered.
161. EXT. BEANFIELD - CLOSE SHOT - (MOVING SHOT)
- Clayton half-falls out of the wrecked plane, looking o.s., as he helps Sylvia. She looks with him, gasps. They run and dive into an irrigation ditch, CAMERA FOLLOWING.
162. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT BEANFIELD & DITCH - FULL SHOT

SHOOTING over the torn wing of the Piper Cup among the tangled bean plants. Across the field is a low, wooded hill. Coming into sight at the foot of the hill is the Martian machine, its cobra-like weapon turning on its shaft, swinging toward the plane.

163. EXT. DITCH - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Ducked low, taut, terrified. He sneaks a look over the edge, then flings himself down with Sylvia again. There is the SOUND of the horrible DRUMMING of the disintegrating beam, which quickly flickers out, marking the destruction of the Piper Cub. Their faces are lit blue-green. Then, down into the ditch, the eerie vapor of unglued atom flows, incandescent, swirling in the breeze.

Clayton and Sylvia begin to stir. The CRACKLING of HIGH FREQUENCY ELECTRICITY from the machine's locomotor mechanism grows louder - it's coming for them! Clayton grabs Sylvia, half-dragging, half-carrying her back along the ditch. He pushes her behind a pile of broken irrigation pipe, falls across her. The CRACKLING swells to a ROAR of SPARKS. Where they had just lain, the glittering, flickering base of a beam-leg dips down into the ditch, moves across and up the other bank, leaving a smoking path of fused rock and debris.

163a. EXTREME CLOSEUP - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Smoke swirling about them. Heads thrust into the dirt. Frozen with terror. Faces crushed together. The machine's ROAR diminishes. They begin to breathe again. The tension of Clayton's grip on Sylvia's shoulders lessens. The suspended functions of her mind resume. Her eyes turn to him. He looks at her. Shock overwhelms her. She faints.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

164. EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET, LOS ANGELES - (DAY)

CAMERA is on a CORNER NEWSSTAND. Tip-sheets and papers are clipped around the front, sides and to a wire between uprights. Headlines: MEN FROM MARS - Europe Cities Blasted - KILLER RAYS; MARS MACHINES IN CALIFORNIA - Fighting Near L.A. - U.S. INVADED - MARTIAN THREAT. A little crowd on the sidewalk reads papers avidly. Cars stop at the curb to buy others. An elderly woman sits behind the newsstand, knitting, hawking her sensations.

165. CLOSEUP - ELDERLY WOMAN

ELDERLY WOMAN

(Thin - piping)  
All about the Martian Invasion - They're  
in New York and Miami - Fighting outside  
Los Angeles - All about it! - Radio black-  
out - Killers from Mars - World-wide  
Crisis - United States invaded - all  
about the Martians!  
(Sells a paper)  
Thank you, mister.

The SOUND of approaching sirens comes over SCENE.  
She and her customers look o.s.

166. EXT. STREET - (Location)

Traffic is slowing, stopping. The SOUND of massed  
sirens comes to a peak. Two motorcycle cops race  
past, blinkers working. Four more follow. Then  
comes General Mann's dirty, fire-blackened car.  
CAMERA PANS the car, going fast, then ANGLES UP  
the front of the stately Federal Building.

DISSOLVE:

167. MOVING SHOT - INT. ARMED FORCES INFORMATION, MAIN  
OFFICE - (DAY)

Five desks. Walls covered with maps and thumb-tacked  
notices. The doors of three private offices across  
from the entrance. The place is crowded with Army,  
Navy, Marine and Air Force personnel, police of-  
ficials, CD directors, reporters, photographers. Two  
cops shoulder in from the corridor by a door marked:  
ARMED FORCES - Public Information Office - Entrance.  
General Mann follows with his aide. Reporters and  
cameramen crowd around the unshaven, grimy General,  
impeding him on his way toward a private office out-  
side which sits a WAC secretary. Naval and military  
men come to attention, then press toward him. The  
General looks past them all, calling to CD directors  
and civic authorities.

GENERAL MANN  
(Beckoning)  
You're the gentlemen I asked to  
come here.  
(To his aide)  
Get Washington.

The aide pushes ahead while flashbulbs blink and repor-  
ters surround the General. He keeps moving. A FAT  
REPORTER - thin-nosed, sweating - tries to buttonhole  
him.

FAT REPORTER  
General Mann, what d'you think of  
this situation --

GENERAL MANN  
Sorry. I've no time!

FAT REPORTER

(Wily, fast)

Is it your opinion the Army can  
hold 'em?

POLICE CHIEF

(Moving in, sharp)

All right, boys - let it go!

SECOND REPORTER

(Jumping in, over him)

You had guns and equipment going out  
there all night! Weren't they enough to --

GENERAL MANN

(Tired, exasperated)

I said I've no time!

POLICE CHIEF

C'mon, now - break it up!

During this, General Mann has pushed to the door of  
the private office. With a concerted effort, the  
General and the civic officials push inside. The  
door closes. A big Marine bars further entry. CAMERA  
HOLDS on the reporters and photographers.

FAT REPORTER

The way he's hedging, maybe the  
Army didn't hold 'em!

(Significant)

Because from the news that's coming  
through, nobody's stopped 'em yet!

(Looking toward door)

We'll wait.

168. INT. PRIVATE OFFICE

It belongs to the Chief of Army Information. General  
Mann's aide is talking into a phone in b.g. The  
General faces the civilian group which includes police  
and fire chiefs, Pacific Electric and other trans-  
portation officials, Air Raid wardens, Red Cross.

GENERAL MANN

Who's the General Director for  
Civil Defense?

C.D. DIRECTOR

Here, sir. We're all ready for action!

GENERAL MANN

I want to know if the city must be  
evacuated...?

C.D. DIRECTOR

(Smiling)

Lots of people got scared and moved  
out as it is!

P.E. OFFICIAL

We're holding emergency cars and

buses ready in the yard, sir!

RED CROSS LEADER  
Red Cross is standing by.

C.D. DIRECTOR  
I believe, sir, I can speak for everyone. We've got the whole city on the ready!

GENERAL MANN  
That's what I wanted! For your information - they're twenty-five or thirty miles outside Los Angeles. They're not down in force yet, but that can happen any minute. We've got a developing situation. It'll come to a crisis if they move into the metropolitan area and --

AIDE  
(Cutting in, quick)  
Washington on the wire, sir.

GENERAL MANN  
(Taking phone, turning away)  
General Mann...

169. CLOSE ON GENERAL MANN

listening at phone, keyed-up.

GENERAL MAN  
(After a pause, low, fast)  
I'd say our effective losses were nearly sixty percent men and ninety percent materiel!  
(Grimly)  
The new delta-wing jets went in, but not one of them came out. I watched high-level bombers drop everything they carried. They were knocked out of the sky and the bombs did nothing.

170. GROUP - CIVILIAN LEADERS

straining to catch what he is saying, glancing at one another, alarmed.

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE  
Nothing was effective against them!...  
Yes, they have some sort of electronic umbrella. It's quite impenetrable. And Doctor Forrester believes they generate atomic force without the heavy screening we use -- That's where they get the power for their rays!

171. INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

General Mann at phone, his aide in b.g.

GENERAL MANN

Very well, sir.

(Hanging up - to aide)

Call Victorville. Tell them I want the fastest plane they've got!

SHOT WIDENS as he turns to the nearby group.

GENERAL MANN (Cont'd)

You'll get all further instructions from Sixth Army Command.

(To Police Chief)

Now I'll make a statement to those reporters.

The Police Chief opens the door. Hubbub comes from the outside as reporters and photographers crowd in. The civic authorities leave.

FAT REPORTER

(Barging forward)

General, we heard Doctor Clayton Forrester was out there with you. What's he think about this?

GENERAL MANN

Ask him. He's back at Pacific-Tech.

FAT REPORTER

No, he's not! We tried to get him. He hasn't shown up there.

DISSOLVE:

172. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARM & BEANFIELD - (NIGHT)

Peaceful. Crickets chirruping. A mocking-bird SOUNDING off. Low ground mist. Out of the distance comes the MUTTER of gunfire and remote EXPLOSIONS.

CAMERA SHOOTING across the edge of the dry irrigation ditch toward the farmhouse in the middle distance. A farm cat appears over the edge of the ditch, carrying something in its mouth. It hurries down into the ditch, CAMERA PANNING.

172a. EXT. IRRIGATION DITCH - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clayton is sitting alongside Sylvia who is stretched out asleep. Clayton's jacket is covering her. His attention has been attracted by the cat.

172b. EXT. DITCH - CLOSE SHOT

The cat stops in the bottom of the ditch and puts her burden down on some grass. It is a tiny puppy. She lies down. It snuggles to her, whining weakly.

172c. CLOSEUP CLAYTON (PAN SHOT)

He smiles a little wryly, looks down toward Sylvia.  
CAMERA PANS to CLOSEUP of Sylvia. She is breathing softly, regularly.

172d. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He bends over, looking at her for a long moment, then his hand touches her shoulder, shaking it to waken her.

CLAYTON

(Softly)

Wake up....

Her eyes open, close, then open again.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)

(Gently)

Let's get moving, huh?

She doesn't move, only looks at him.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)

(Concealing his anxiety - smiling)

Are you all right?

SYLVIA

(Still half-awake)

I never noticed before - that's a cowboy tie....

CLAYTON

I bought it for the square dance.  
I thought I ought to wear something Western.

She laughs dreamily, looking up at him. Her smile goes suddenly. She glances out over the edge of the ditch.

SYLVIA

Is that... machine...?

CLAYTON

It's gone now.

SYLVIA

Where are we?

CLAYTON

Southwest of Corona, somewhere.  
There must have been another cylinder down here. They've been through this whole area and cleared everybody out.

(Peering from the ditch)

There's a farmhouse. Let's see if we can find something to eat...!

As they prepare to leave,

DISSOLVE:

173. INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - (NIGHT)

CLOSE on a skillet loaded with bacon and eggs.  
CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. The kitchen is not modern.  
Old gas refrigerator. High-oven stove, its flaming  
gas-jets make an eerie glow. Coffee percolates.  
Sylvia has tidied her hair, renewed her make-up.  
Clayton is taking a jug of orange juice from the  
refrigerator. He uses it to indicate the farmhouse  
as he glances around.

CLAYTON

We're doing all right.

He puts it on the table, which he has set, then looks  
warily out the window. He goes to the stove as  
Sylvia begins dishing up. She is pensive. They keep  
their voices down.

CLAYTON

I almost forget when I ate last.

(Genuine)

It looks so good.... You know,  
mostly I get my meals in coffee  
shops and restaurants.

SYLVIA

(Astonished)

Don't you live at home?

CLAYTON

No, on the campus. I haven't  
any family.

SYLVIA

I come from a big one. Nine of us.  
All in Minnesota, except me.

CLAYTON

I have no close folks. My parents  
died when I was a kid.

174. ANOTHER ANGLE - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

Shooting across the table to the stove. Sylvia  
comes toward CAMERA, bringing bacon and eggs. He  
follows with the coffee.

CLAYTON

A big family must be fun...I  
imagine it makes you feel you  
belong to something.

SYLVIA

It does...Maybe that's why I feel  
kind of lost right now.

CLAYTON

(Reassuring, pouring coffee)  
We'll get safely out of here, don't  
worry.

SYLVIA

(Pouring orange juice)  
But they seem to murder everything  
that moves...!

CLAYTON

If they're mortal, they must have  
mortal weaknesses. They'll be  
stopped -- somehow!

175. CLOSE SHOT

They begin to eat.

CLAYTON

I've been as close to them as anyone.  
But not close enough for real observation...

SYLVIA

(Over him - not listening)  
I feel like I did one time when  
I was small.  
(Not sorry for herself,  
merely telling him)  
Awful scared and lonesome...I'd  
wandered off - I've forgotten why -  
but the family and whole crowds of  
neighbors were hunting for me.  
(And then)  
They found me in a church. I was  
afraid to go in any place else.

116. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA

Half smiling at the memory.

SYLVIA

I stayed right by the door - praying  
for the one who loved me best to  
come and find me.  
(And then)  
It was Uncle Matthew who found me.

CLAYTON

(Quietly)  
I liked him.

177. AT THE TABLE

Sylvia touches away a tear, keeps her voice con-  
trolled.

SYLVIA

He liked you ... I could bawl my

head off!

CLAYTON

But you're not going to. You're not the kind.

(Encouraging, gentle)

You're tired, anyway. You've been up all night. You cracked up in a plane. Slept in a ditch. But you want to know something?

(Removing glasses  
looking, smiling)

It doesn't show on you at all.

As she smiles, holding his gaze, a greenish glow begins to spread through the kitchen. Clayton rises, startled. The light becomes a glare that limns everything sharply - emerald and black. A smashing and roaring SOUNDS outside, approaching like an avalanche. Clayton grabs Sylvia as the house shakes. Part of the ceiling crashes down. The floor rocks under them. They fall, Clayton shielding Sylvia, as the walls smash in.

178. HIGH CAMERA - SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE AND MULTIPLE METEOR

A multiple meteor has fallen. Through the ground mist we see that one cylinder has gouged up earth and is hitting the farmhouse in f.g. Two other cylinders land in the far distance and are obscured in the mist. All movement ends. Silence follows.

DISSOLVE:

179. INT. WRECKED FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT)

CLOSE on a broken pipe, gushing water. Sylvia's hand comes into SCENE, soaking a cloth. CAMERA PANS as she draws the cloth away. Clayton is sprawled near the living room doorway, hunched, holding his head. She crouches by him - shaken, anxious - pressing the cloth against his temple. He sits up slowly, holding the cloth against his head, then pressing it over his face and eyes. He is hurt. Finally, he drags the cloth down his face and sucks in his breath. She holds him while his brain steadies.

CLAYTON

How long was I out?

SYLVIA

(Small, whispering)

Hours. I've been so scared...!

He starts to get up. She holds him down.

SYLVIA (Cont'd)

(Whispering)

They're right outside! Several of them came down together!

Clayton is immediately alert. He rises quietly, CAMERA PANS as he tiptoes to the wall and peers out a vertical break.

180. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. WRECKED FARMHOUSE

Clayton's VIEWPOINT. Everything is seen through or above low ground mist. In b.g. is fencing, trees, sheds. Visible above the mist is a Martian machine, gliding slowly. It stops. CLOSE in f.g., is part of a glittering leg that rises to the underside of another machine standing sentinel, straddling the house.

181. INT. KITCHEN - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Clayton's eyes reflect his excitement. He leaves the opening, looks up, starts quickly toward the living room.

CLAYTON

(Whispering)

There's a machine standing right over us!

182. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

The attic has been crushed down in a mess of beams and plaster. The roof has spilled over at one side. Clayton reaches up, pulling at beams and plaster, trying to get a better look. He peers out through an opening to the farmyard again. Sylvia, by the door to the patio, regards him fearfully.

183. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE

Clayton's VIEWPOINT from the living room. The Martian machine in b.g. is now slowly submerging into the mist. From this vantage point, a third machine is now visible, still on the ground in the farmyard. Now this machine begins to rise on its glowing beam-legs.

184. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Clayton is peering through the opening in b.g. Sylvia, f.g., standing beside the broken door to the outside patio, turns and looks out. She suppresses a scream, starting away. CAMERA MOVES IN fast, SHOOTING past her to the EXTERIOR. The patio is blocked with debris, fallen fuchsias, potted cacti in bloom. A form is just disappearing beyond the debris. Smooth, reddish, indefinite.

185. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA & CLAYTON

Clayton jumps to her side.

SYLVIA

Something moved outside!

Clayton brings out a flashlight, starts to move out to the patio. Sylvia clings to him as he looks.

CLAYTON

(Whispering, tense)

Nothing there now.

SYLVIA

It was...

(Indicating Martians)

...one of them!

CLAYTON

What was it like?

SYLVIA

(Drawing him back  
toward kitchen)

I couldn't see much in the dark -  
but it was one!

CLAYTON

We're right in a nest of 'em! ...  
I've got to get a look at them.

He pulls away from Sylvia and works quickly at a shattered wall, making an opening. From the other side of the room comes the SOUND of shifting debris. Sylvia calls a warning. Clayton spins, backing to join her. They shelter in the kitchen doorway, watching cautiously. The thrusting and RATTLING of displaced wood and plaster continues.

186. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Their VIEWPOINT. Through the debris appears a long, slender mechanism in the shape of a flexible metallic tubing. At the head of it is an enlarged section which splits and slides back, disclosing a bright lens - like an eye, but larger. It begins to quest about the room, glittering in the deep shadow.

187. CLOSE - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

He is fascinated. She is frozen with fear.

CLAYTON

(Bated)

It's looking for us!

She pulls him down behind the upset dinette table, jammed in a corner with other debris.

188. CLOSEUP - MARTIAN SCANNING EYE

It is divided into three striated lenses, each faintly colored with one of the optical primaries - red, blue or green. It comes through the doorway. It turns ceaselessly around and back again on a sheathed universal joint, making a faint CLICKING SOUND on

each movement. Questing. Suspicious. Reflected in each lens is a tinted, peculiarly distorted view of the wrecked kitchen.

189. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Huddled behind the table, watching through a crack.

190. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE & MARTIAN MACHINE

CAMERA PICKS UP the plastic-covered nose of the machine, within which the honeycombed circle has now become a luminous screen. On this translucent surface, projected from inside, is a curiously twisted picture of the kitchen - as transmitted by the scanning eye in the house below.

191. INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

Clayton has picked up a pebble of broken plaster. He flips it against the ceiling of the living room beyond. He grabs Sylvia, pulling her down.

191a. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT - SCANNING EYE

The eye is turning around and back as Clayton's pebble and a little broken plaster dribble from the ceiling. The eye snakes upward to look. It comes down again. Slowly, suspiciously, it lowers to the floor.

192. CLOSEUP - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

She is clutching him. He comes up a little, pokes cautiously where plaster is broken from the wall and peers into the living room.

193. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. FULL SHOT

Clayton's VIEWPOINT. The mechanical eye is in the middle of the floor, turning around and back. Watching. Waiting.

194. INT. KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He covers the peephole with his hand.

CLAYTON

Maybe they aren't too sure we're here.

SYLVIA

(Bated)

They could be as curious about us  
as we are about them.

CLAYTON

Maybe ...

(Looks up)

Maybe they want to take us alive.

195. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. FARMHOUSE - MED. FULL SHOT

A Martian machine is moving through the mist in b.g. The one in the farmyard has moved nearer. The honey-combed circle is alight, showing the picture of the kitchen in the house. Suddenly this goes off.

196. INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He is using the peephole to the living room again.

CLAYTON  
(Whispering - sharp)  
It's pulling out!

197. INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. FULL SHOT

VIEWPOINT from kitchen. The sheath is closing over the eye. The flexible tubing is withdrawing. It disappears.

198. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON & SYLVIA

He gets up, comes cautiously from the kitchen, with Sylvia following. She grasps his arm.

SYLVIA  
(Gasping)  
Let's get out of here!

He gestures her to silence, moves toward the wall and the opening he had made. She peers fearfully out through the broken patio door.

SYLVIA  
(At the door, shocked)  
They've blocked it!

CLAYTON  
(At opening in wall)  
It's blocked here, too!  
(Furiously clawing at  
the hole)  
They've pushed up earth or something  
all around outside.  
(Moving to fireplace)  
Here, this way...!

He snatches an axe from the woodbox by the fireplace, jabbing between fallen ceiling beams. Sylvia looks fearfully around.

199. CLOSEUP - SYLVIA & CLAYTON - PAN SHOT

CAMERA WHIPS UP from them. The Martian eye is hanging in the dimness above their heads, through a split in the ceiling.

SYLVIA

Look out!!

Clayton sees it, leaps, slashing with the axe. A loose beam is dislodged in a shower of dust and fragments, falling across the tubing and the eye, pinning it to the floor.

200. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON

As he holds a foot on the tubing behind the eye, hacking with the axe. He cuts the lens clear. The rest of the mechanism is withdrawn fast, snaking up into the debris.

CLAYTON

We've got to get out now - fast!

(Grabs up metal shape  
containing the eye)

This is something tangible to  
work on....

(Excited, exultant)

It'll tell us a lot about them...

He jumps to where he was working, hacking furiously with the axe, careless of noise now.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)

I've got to get to Pacific-Tech -  
quick!

201. CLOSE SHOT - SYLVIA

SHOOTING past Clayton. She comes into SCENE behind him, pulling on a loose beam to give him room, using a piece of cloth to protect her hands. Behind her is a door leading to the den. It is broken, sprung from its hinges.

CAMERA MOVES IN past Clayton as out of the dark cavity behind Sylvia comes a hand that is more than a hand, on an arm that is thin, lean, with degenerate musculature. Thick veins cross it, pulsating. Back of it is a dim form. The hand-shape has three fingerlike suckers. They fasten on Sylvia's shoulder, spreading, huge. Her eyes and mouth open in horror. She tries to scream but her vocal cords are paralyzed, shocked. She is drawn back, drops the loose beam. Then she forces a SOUND between her lips. Clayton hears and leaps to help her, sending the beam of his flashlight at the figure behind her.

202. FLASH - CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN

We see a head, hairless, reddish like the planet itself, crossed by protruding veins which pulsate. Dominant is a single multi-lensed eye with colored pupils. The Martian is staggered by the light. He lifts his strange, suckered hands to ward it off.

203. LIVING ROOM - CLAYTON, SYLVIA AND MARTIAN

Clayton turns with Sylvia to escape. The Martian lunges after them. Clayton turns the flashlight on the figure again. It stops, staggered. Clayton flings the axe and the Martian reels back as the axe hits. An unhuman SCREAMING sounds as it disappears back into the cavity. This continues overscene as Clayton swings Sylvia to the opening in the ceiling. He snatches up the piece of cloth Sylvia dropped, then follows.

204. INT. WRECKED FARMHOUSE - ATTIC

Sylvia comes up through the sloping floor, slides toward a broken window, its frame sprung half out of the wall. Clayton slides after her, through the dormer window. They drop out between frame and wall. The SCREAMING continues.

205. SPECIAL EFFECT - WRECKED FARMHOUSE AND MARTIANS

The unhuman SCREAMING comes overscene, wild. We see the red leg of the sentinel Martian, which is moving. In b.g. a machine is on the ground, misted. From an opening comes a yellowish, strange-colored beam. Visible in this are three moving creatures. Squat. Thick through. Everything about them sags downward under air weight and the pull of gravity. In f.g., Clayton and Sylvia flee wildly from the house.

206. EXT. FARMYARD - (NIGHT) - FEATURING CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

The two run from the direction of the house, smashing through a burned hedge, their feet stirring hot ashes and bright sparks in the darkness. The SCREAMING trails away.

207. SPECIAL EFFECT - LONG SHOT - EXT. WRECKED HOUSE AND MARTIAN MACHINE

The sentinel Martian has moved back from the house and is hitting it with a heat-ray. Beyond, in the night sky, the green streak of a multiple meteor suddenly slants down. Glowing, sinister. Another slows, falling at the same angle. Both loom big before they hit the dark earth in turn and disappear behind the curtain of the ground mist.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

208. EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - FULL SHOT - (DAY - STOCK)

An establishing shot.

DISSOLVE:

209. INSERT - EXT. GOVERNMENT BLDG. - (DAY)

CAMERA on wall lettering: DEPT. OF DEFENSE.

DISSOLVE:

210. INT. MESSAGE CENTER - MED. CLOSE SHOT - (DAY)

CAMERA SHOOTING DOWN on an enormous table map of the world, scattered with black patches, indicating dead areas cleaned out by the Martians. Attack arrows extend from these. Metal - each with a bright, miniature Martian machine. Around the edge of the map are WACs and special personnel constantly enlarging the blacked-out areas, pushing arrows forward as the Martians advance. The map indicates that the world is fighting for its existence. Spain is dead from Valencia to Seville. Martians occupy the west of France up to Nantes. They're thick from Cherbourg across Belgium, Holland. The Italian boot is blacked out near Rome. Dark patches are in Greece, Yugoslavia. In the southeast corner of England; in South Wales, Scotland and in Ireland from Tralee to Cork. They're in Sweden, Lithuania, Marrakesh, Tripoli, Egypt, South Africa and strategic places in the U.S.S.R. In the Levant and India, Malaya and Australia. Some dead areas are large. Some small. But the small ones grow larger all the time.

210a. INT. MESSAGE CENTER - MED. SHOT

A reception area occupies the floor around the map on the table. In this area, and in rooms off it, are batteries of teletypes, phones, wirephoto machines. Present are high Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps brass, with a colorful scattering of worried foreign attaches - phoning, conferring, arguing. Seated personnel receive messages and use phones to direct the workers at the map.

CAMERA MOVES IN on a big group near a wall covered with pull-down maps, listening to General Mann. His aide stands near, holding colored chalks. There is a control-bank of TV screens close by, lifeless.

211. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Shooting past General Mann. We see high brass, all stars and staff insignia. The only civilian is the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE - neat, without fat, distinguished, badger-gray hair, cool. He stands beside the CHIEF OF STAFF - balding, seven rows of decorations and five stars; a tight-lipped man with calculating eyes.

The rest are mature tacticians and fighters. They include the FRENCH ATTACHE - rugged, tough. The ITALIAN ATTACHE - fat, suave. The BRITISH ATTACHE has a trim mustache, three rows of ribbons, graying

hair. The incessant SOUNDS of phone calls, teletypes, quick orders come over SCENE.

GENERAL MANN'S VOICE

And this much is certain -- it is vital to prevent the Martian machines linking up. Once they do, they adopt an extraordinary military tactic.

(Forceful - indicating map)

You can see from those blacked-out areas that they're using it very effectively. They form a crescent...

212. CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL MANN

He uses colored chalk to draw a thick, crescent-shaped line on the blackboard. He continues drawing, illustrating his words.

GENERAL MANN

They anchor it at one end, and sweep on until they've cleared a quadrant...

He draws three crescent-shaped lines to a quadrant, showing the movement of the Martians.

GENERAL MANN

...Then they anchor the opposite end-- and reverse direction!

As the strange diagram progresses across the blackboard, it takes on an unearthly, centipedular aspect.

GENERAL MANN

They slash across country like scythes, wiping out everything that's trying to get away from them!

213. GROUP - FAVORING GENERAL MANN, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE AND CHIEF OF STAFF

As Staff Colonel hands messages to the Chief.

SECRETARY

That explains why communication is cut the moment their machines begin to move.

CHIEF OF STAFF

(Reading a message)

Madrid has just blacked out!!  
Nothing more coming through.

SECRETARY

The same thing that happened on our Pacific Coast.

(Calling)

Anything from them yet?

STAFF COLONEL

No, Mr. Secretary. We've had nothing

from San Francisco for over five hours.

STAFF MAJOR  
(Moving in, urgent)  
Those pictures are ready now, sir!

All turn at once to follow him.

STAFF MAJOR  
I've included that wirephoto from  
Paris, Mr. Secretary.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
(Glancing toward map)  
Are we still in touch with Paris?

WAC  
(After a moment)  
No, sir.

214. ALCOVE

as the group files in. No seats in the alcove. No  
lights. CAMERA FAVORS the foreign attaches.

ITALIAN ATTACHE  
(Gesturing - in French)  
We set cannon wheel to wheel above  
Napoli. They melted them like candles.

FRENCH ATTACHE  
(To Italian attache - in  
French - with gestures)  
Our planes dived at them. All  
that happened --  
(A sweep of the hands)  
-- They crumple like papier-mache!

During this, the Staff Major snaps his fingers. A  
pictures hits the screen.

STAFF MAJOR  
This film clip was flown in from  
the West Coast... Golden Gate  
Bridge.

A Martian machine is coming off the bridge, moving  
out from under one of the 750-foot towers.

STAFF MAJOR (Cont'd)  
This other is from New York. One  
of them crossed from the New Jersey  
side...

We see a Martian machine on the waterfront, caught  
against the New York skyline, using a ray against  
a skyscraper.

STAFF MAJOR (Cont'd)  
(As film cuts off)  
And here are the wirephotos.

215. GROUP - AT VIEWING BOX

Everyone turns from the screen to a tall box with a tilted glass top.

STAFF MAJOR

(Going on)

This is the Paris wirephoto. It must be the last thing out of there!

CAMERA MOVES IN on the glass. In a still picture transparency, we see the Eiffel Tower collapsing. There is a Martian machine in a lower corner. A ray has blasted three of the tower's legs and is just hitting a fourth.

FRENCH ATTACHE'S VOICE

(In French)

My God!

STAFF MAJOR'S VOICE

And this is another - from Rio de Janeiro.

Day. Seen from the harbor, with the Corcovado Peak and huge Christus statue against the sky. A Martian machine shows among the ruins at the waterfront.

STAFF MAJOR'S VOICE (Cont'd)

Outside London. The River Thames, near Windsor Castle.

Windsor Castle in b.g. A Martian machine wading the river, half-hidden by misty steam. A heat-ray hitting the water. In f.g., an overturned rowboat and people in the water.

BRITISH ATTACHE'S VOICE

The water's boiling from the Martian heat-ray!

STAFF MAJOR'S VOICE

...And here's that Los Angeles picture!

216. ALCOVE - GROUP - FAVORING STAFF MAJOR

The light from the viewbox tints their faces blue.

STAFF MAJOR

This is a sonic-radar picture, taken from extreme altitude. It shows details of the Martian nest outside Los Angeles.

CAMERA MOVES IN on the viewing glass.

STAFF MAJOR'S VOICE

Their machines show as round blobs. Newly fallen cylinders are elongated.

We see an odd, blue-tinted photo. It shows a clear

pattern of small, shining shapes. Sentinel Martians make the outer points of a triangle. Inside these are smaller triangles, formed where multiple cylinders have come down.

CHIEF OF STAFF'S VOICE

We know there are three cylinders to each group. Three machines to every cylinder...

(Appalled)

That's over fifty machines right here!

217. CLOSE SHOT - SECRETARY AND GROUP - (MOVING SHOT)

CHIEF OF STAFF

(To Secretary)

Mister Secretary - if they link up with those others near Fresno...

SECRETARY

All right - I've seen enough!

He strides from the alcove - CAMERA FOLLOWING - and moves to the big map on the table and looks down at it. The others follow and gather around.

218. INSERT - OPERATIONS MAP

Blacked-out areas increasing. Arrows being moved. Activity all along the map.

219. MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

The Secretary looks up to the others.

SECRETARY

There's only one thing that will stop the Martians! We've held back previously because of the danger of radiation to civilians. Now there's no choice.

(To Chief of Staff)

The United Nations has voted authority to the United States. The White House will confirm an order to use the Atom bomb.

CHIEF OF STAFF

(Nodding - decisive)

Then our first target will be the initial landing place outside Los Angeles.

SECRETARY

I'll request the scientists from Pacific-Tech to monitor the drop.

(Toward General Mann)

We'll clear the area all around. After that we'll hit them all over the world. I'll have long-range bombers alerted,

loaded and standing by.

DISSOLVE:

220. EXT. CAMPUS, PACIFIC-TECH, HIGH POTENTIAL BLDG. (DAY)

Shooting from the portale, past an iron railing and a pillar with a framed plan of the campus, marked: PACIFIC INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

DISSOLVE:

221. INT. ROOM IN HIGH POTENTIAL BLDG. - (DAY)

A group of Pacific-Tech doctors and assistants are sorting out anti-radiation suits, rubber gloves, Geiger counters, masks and special equipment. They are modern scientists, natural in manner, alert. Dr. Pryor - high man in aerodynamics - turns sharply as Clayton comes in with Sylvia. A gray-haired man faces around with him - DR. DuBROCK, Nobel prize-winner in physics.

DR. PRYOR

Forrester - everybody's been looking for you!

CLAYTON

I know. We've walked halfway from Corona! Finally found an abandoned truck. Miss Van Buren - this is Dr. Pryor ... Dr. DuBrock...

(Talking right on, bringing out Martian 'eye' and stained cloth)

What's this I hear about the A-bomb?

DR. PRYOR

We're going in right afterwards! Study its effect.

DR. DuBROCK

We leave in half an hour.

(Looking)

What's that?

DR. PRYOR

A king-size fish eye?

CLAYTON

We took this off the Martians.

All move in sharply as he sets the eye on a table.

DR. PENNINGTON - astro-physics and optics - examines it closely.

CLAYTON

(Going on, quick)

It'll tell us a lot about their metals and alloys.

DR. PENNINGTON

(Roused)

If this is a lens, we can find out something about their optics.

DR. PRYOR

Interesting...very interesting...

CLAYTON

(Showing cloth,  
pointing to stain)

And this is the blood of a Martian!

DISSOLVE:

222. INSERT - SLIDE SEEN THROUGH MICROSCOPE - MARTIAN BLOOD

Pallid pink. Full of tiny crystals.

DR. GRATZMAN'S VOICE

I've never seen blood as anaemic as this!

223. INT. LABORATORY - HIGH POTENTIAL BUILDING - (DAY)

CLOSE ON a big microscope with twin eye-pieces. DR. GRATZMAN is looking up from it - biochemist and research man, alert, red-haired. CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK as he speaks.

DR. GRATZMAN

They may be mental giants, but by our standards, they're physically degenerate.

Most of the Pacific-Tech scientists are grouped with him at a bench where the stained cloth is under examination; Clayton and Sylvia with them. In a corner is an epidiascope; Dr. Pennington is rigging the Martian 'eye' to this. The instrument has a big screen.

There is a wall-board chalked with notes and formulae. High-pressure cylinders - one red, one green - in a wheeled carrier. Benches with asbestos tops and discarded apparatus - mercury jars, holders, switches. Big, gay-colored electronic tubes.

DR. DuBROCK

(To Sylvia, commenting)

That hand - fingers like suckers!

(Amused)

It sounds as though they may have evolved from fish.

SYLVIA

They're cold-blooded enough!

224. GROUP - FAVORING DR. BILDERBECK

'Baldy' Bilderbeck, mathematician and top-drawer man in nuclear physics.

DR. BILDERBECK

(Commenting mildly)

Isn't it curious how everything about them seems to be in threes?

CLAYTON

Their eyes have three lenses and three distinct pupils. And strong light shocks them.

DR. PENNINGTON

They're not accustomed to it! Sunlight on Mars is about half as strong as we get it. Add their clouds and dust and it amounts to no more than twilight.

(To Clayton)

We've rigged this epidiascope to reflect whatever your Martian lense picks up.

(Clicks switch)

Move in a little ... Thank you.

CAMERA ANGLES to favor Clayton, Dr. Pryor and Dr. Bilderbeck as they ease nearer. Light from the epidiascope screen shows on their faces. Its density changes. Suddenly, everyone gasps, horrified.

DR. PENNINGTON'S VOICE

That's how the Martians see us...!

225. SPECIAL EFFECT - GROUP - AND EPIDIASCOPE SCREEN

Shooting CLOSE PAST the three to a terrifying image of themselves on the big glass screen. Colors hideously changed. Eyes enormous and peculiar. Green faces. Hands elongated. Fingers like bony talons with blue claws. Proportions gone crazy, and all movement exaggerated. There is a moment of horrified silence.

DR. DuBROCK'S VOICE

If that's how they see us, no wonder they want to kill us on sight!

DR. BILDERBECK'S VOICE

If I saw creatures like that I'd want to kill them myself.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

Evidently there's a shift in the spectrum. And color absorption of the Martian retina is completely different from our own.

(Amused)

But maybe they look good to each other!

DR. PENNINGTON'S VOICE

Let's find out why they were so curious about you, Miss Van Buren.

The others move back and Sylvia seems to surge on to the glass screen. Her face is a nightmare mask, violently colored. She recoils in a little shocked movement.

CLAYTON'S VOICE

(Lightly)

Well, well -- a Martian's idea of beauty!

DR. DuBROCK'S VOICE

(Calling)

Time we got started, gentlemen!

The glass screen picks up a distorted image of Clayton's face as he moves to Sylvia and turns with her to go out.

225A INT. LABORATORY - MED. SHOT

They are all moving toward the door. Clayton pauses by the microscope, glancing toward Gratzman.

CLAYTON

(Touching cloth - thoughtfully)

This Martian blood...

(Suddenly suggesting)

Let's make a quick analysis and see what we've got!

GRATZMAN

(Looking at him - thinking)

It might give us something.

Sylvia glances at them in turn, not understanding, but sensing the importance of what they are saying. Pennington pauses behind them.

CLAYTON

(Nodding - glancing from cloth to Gratzman)

Something we could use...

PENNINGTON

Let it go. If you're interested in Martian blood, you'll be able to get all you want right after the plane drops the bomb!

They all start toward the door.

DISSOLVE:

225B. EXT. AIR FIELD - FULL SHOT - (STOCK)

A great six-jet flying wing bomber races down the runway and takes to the sky.

DISSOLVE:

226. EXT. HIGHWAY TUNNEL - MOVING SHOT - (DUSK - OVERCAST)

CAMERA is CLOSE on the lips and mouth of a RADIO REPORTER for the Pacific Broadcasting Company as he speaks rapidly and dramatically into a microphone.

REPORTER

The target for the A-bomb drop is this nest of Martian machines in the Puente Hills - where more of these meteors came down early last evening.

The SHOT WIDENS to show the Reporter -- dishevelled, tired, dirty -- with a portable tape-recorder slung over his shoulder. He moves forward, CAMERA FOLLOWING, to disclose Sylvia, gazing through field glasses. The Reporter exits, still talking rapidly. Sylvia lowers the glasses momentarily, then looks through them again. CAMERA leaves her, PANNING.

The mouth of the vehicular tunnel is on the slope of a high ridge, about halfway up to the summit, so that a view from the tunnel itself is one of sky only. Right at the mouth of the tunnel, the highway makes an abrupt turn to enter, and the outer side of the roadway is protected by the usual concrete buffer wall. This has been augmented by the military with massive sandbag breastworks to protect those in the tunnel and the necessary observers in forward positions from enemy action from the valley below. Within the tunnel proper, CAMERA PICKS UP the scientists from Pacific-Tech, who are gathered in a cul-de-sac in the tunnel wall. Doctors DuBrock, Pennington and Bilderbeck have already got into their colored anti-radiation suits. Doctors Pryor and Gratzman are present with sundry assistants. Gloves, masks, and special equipment are being laid out. Clayton is putting on a suit. A jeep stands by. During this:

REPORTER'S VOICE

A plane will pinpoint the target for the drop from six miles up. Conditions are perfect. The bomb will be about ten times more powerful than the one used at Hiroshima. Nothing like it has ever been exploded before, and we're going to be pretty darn close -- but there are observers down in the valley in a forward bunker and they'll be a lot nearer than us!

CAMERA MOVES to PICK UP, near the outer breastworks, Army, Navy and Air Force brass, with special observers from the Atomic Energy Commission, and a First-Aid unit. To one side is a group of high officers and officials, for liaison and observation from Allied Nations within the roster of the United Nations. Everyone is equipped with field glasses. Observing officers use them constantly and talk quietly, tensely. There is a BUZZ of comment in foreign tongues from the United Nations Group. A spread of loud-speakers is mounted on a jeep. Other vehicles include a Radar Scanning truck with antenna cocked skyward,

constantly scanning.

REPORTER'S VOICE (Cont'd)

There must be a couple of million people back of us in the shelter of the San Gabriel hills -- waiting to find out whether they can go home again! This will decide the fate of civilization and all humanity -- whether we live or die may depend on what happens here!

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

(ECHOING in the tunnel)

Attention, please...Thuh-ree minutes to bomb time!

CAMERA PICKS UP General Mann with a group of officers and staff of Sixth Army Command, behind a big breast-work. Nearby is a field telephone unit. Beyond are cameramen in battle dress. The Radio Reporter moves into SCENE, talking in to his mike.

REPORTER

Direct cable communication is being maintained with Washington, and from there to key centers around the world, but there's no radio communication at all - even with the bombing plane that's coming over. All radio is dead. Which means that these tape-recordings I'm making are for the sake of history -- if any!

226A. EXT. SKY - FULL SHOT - (STOCK)

The big delta-wing bomber takes off and speeds toward the clouds, heading for the target.

227. EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH - GROUP

Clayton, Drs. DuBrock, Bilderbeck. All are helping each other with their anti-radiation suits. Sylvia moves into SCENE and assists Clayton.

CLAYTON

General Mann says Washington is certain the Martians are aiming at complete saturation. They intend to take over the entire earth.

DR. DuBROCK

And Bilderbeck has calculated exactly how long we've got before they do it!

All look at Bilderbeck.

DR. BILDERBECK

(Mildly)

If the A-bomb fails, that is.

DR. PENNINGTON

It won't.

DR. BILDERBECK

(Evenly)

If it should fail, the Martians can  
conquer the earth in six days.

There is a moment's pause.

SYLVIA

(Quietly)

The same number of days it took  
to create it.

All look at her.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Attention, please...two minutes  
to bomb time!

228. TWO SHOT - CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

She helps adjust the cuffs at his wrist, and his  
belt. Then, after a moment, making it casual:

SYLVIA

Is it possible to go in right  
after the explosion?

CLAYTON

Yes, with these suits. We've used  
them before on atomic tests... Odd-  
looking, aren't they?

SYLVIA

Very futuristic.  
(Smiling)  
Yours doesn't really go with that  
butch haircut!

CLAYTON

(Hand through hair)

I could wear it longer -- but it's  
less trouble this way.

SYLVIA

My kid brother has one. You know  
why?

CLAYTON

Yes ... Fits better in a football  
helmet.

SYLVIA

(Amazed, staring)

How'd you guess?

CLAYTON

(Smiling)

That's the kind of a kid brother  
you'd have!

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Attention, please! One minute to  
bomb time. Take shelter!

229. EXT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - FULL SHOT

All move into position behind the barriers. Staff officers consult watches. Some try to sight the plane.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Fifty seconds to zero. Stand by! If  
you have no goggles, turn away. Remember,  
the heat flash and afterblast are danger-  
ous!

229A. EXT. SKY - MED. SHOT - (STOCK)

The A-bomb plane circles above the clouds, heading for the Martians.

230. EXT. TUNNEL - FEATURING RADAR SCANNING TRUCK

The antenna scans the sky ceaselessly.

231. INT. RADAR TRUCK - MED. CLOSE SHOT

An officer and a sergeant are tensely watching the radar screen. The pip suddenly resolves into a dot.

OFFICER  
There's the plane!

The sergeant runs out.

232. EXT. TUNNEL - PAN SHOT

CAMERA is on the Radar truck. The sergeant bolts out the rear door, runs toward General Mann and the scientists, CAMERA PANNING with him. All are standing tensely, looking OFF toward the Martian nest.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Forty seconds to zero.

233. GROUP & YELLOW-BREASTED ORIOLE

SHOOTING in toward the tunnel. Perched on a scrub tree, f.g., is an oriole, singing. Clayton and Sylvia, the scientists, General Mann and others. The sergeant reaches General Mann.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Thirty seconds to zero.

From here on, every second is marked by a CLICKING metronome-like beat. Every fifth second is emphasized by the VOICE over the loudspeaker.

SERGEANT  
(To General Mann)  
We've sighted the bomber, sir!

General Mann and the others look toward the sky.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Twenty-five seconds to zero.

DR. DuBROCK  
(Glancing o.s. - suddenly)  
Look... look!

Field glasses swing quickly in the direction of the Martian nest.

234. SPECIAL EFFECT - FIELD GLASS VIEWPOINT - MARTIAN NEST

It is a hell of a scene. Sentinel Martian machines are darting back and forth on the perimeter of the massed group. All the machines glitter and glow in the waning daylight, suddenly imbued with a furious activity. Cobalt jets are stabbing upward from every machine.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Twenty seconds to zero.

235. EXT. TUNNEL - MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Favoring Dr. DuBrock and the scientists.

DR. DuBROCK  
They must have sighted it, too!

236. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARIAN NEST

The individual electro-magnetic envelopes expand, merge and grow rapidly to form blue-tinged bubbles clinging to the ground, still expanding. Racing up from each machine to form part of an over-all canopy.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Fifteen seconds to zero.

Thin blue-colored jets stand like rods above the trees, pulsating furiously, lifting the envelopes until they are enormous billows in the sky. Everything inside them takes on a different color.

237. FLASH CUTS - ABOUT THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL

Everyone sheltering behind the breastworks and in the cul-de-sacs and behind vehicles in the tunnel. Clayton, Sylvia, the scientists - Navy, Army, Air Force brass, Foreign representatives, cameramen, tense and goggled. The yellow-breasted oriole, still singing.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

(Measured - clear)  
Ten seconds to zero.

238. EXT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - FULL SHOT

Pacific-Tech men in f.g. Everybody without goggles turns away, head bent. All duck behind sandbags.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Nine - eight - seven - six - five -  
four - three - two - one - ZERO!

A blinding flash of light murders all color.

239. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST

A blunted spear of light has lanced out of the sky. It explodes into a gigantic, reddish heat-flash. An elephantine swirl of dust and smoke, shot with orange and peach and pink, engulfs the Martian Machines. Then comes the SOUND of a cataclysmic explosion and the SCREAM of a great wind.

240. FLASH CUTS - EFFECT OF THE BOMB

- a. Brass ducked behind sandbags. Dust, branches, papers, debris slashing through the air.
- b. A Signal Corps corporal, incautiously exposed, being blown end-over-end.
- c. The Radar Truck almost topples over under the concussion of the blast, antenna torn loose and falling.
- d. Clayton, hanging onto sandbags with one hand, clings to Sylvia with the other.
- e. A FULL SHOT inside the tunnel. Every object is limned sharply and brutally in the white-hot glare of atomic fission. The deafening ROAR of the explosion ECHOES and RE-ECHOES along the tunnel.
- f. Special Effect - the glare outlines a cowering group inside a highway gas station as the plate glass windows shatter over them.
- g. A Series of CUTS - EARTHQUAKE EFFECT (STOCK). A bus overturns - a car is wrecked - a house and sheds collapse - utility poles sway, wires snapping and sparking - buildings shudder and shower masonry - bridges and oil derricks sway and collapse - people flee, panic-stricken.
- h. A hillside - families cower in the shelter of rocks, stark faces to the glaring sky.
- i. Special Effect (Matte painting). The San Gabriel Hills, showing thousands upon thousands of families massed in the barrancas and gul-

lies - a scene reminiscent of Mount Rubidoux of an Easter morning. As the bomb glares, a GASP of human terror and agony joins with the ROAR of the great concussion wave.

j. The titanic mushrooming pillar of smoke and dust obscures the Martian nest.

241. EXT. TUNNEL - MED. SHOT - GEN. MANN & OFFICERS

The General is at the field telephone. The blast is swirling all around.

GEN. MANN

(At phone - shouting)

Hello! Hello, there! What can you see?

242. INT. FORWARD BUNKER - CLOSE SHOT

Two military observers - in concussion helmets and anti-radiation suits - peering through periscope slits in a heavily sandbagged bunker. Wind blows dust in through the slits.

OBSERVER

(Gasping - into phone)

It's beginning to clear out there, sir!

243. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST - PERISCOPE VIEW

The blue envelopes are shrinking upon themselves, going down, color deepening. They are unpunctured.

244. INT. FORWARD BUNKER - CLOSE SHOT

The observer yells into his field telephone.

OBSERVER

There's something moving...!

245. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN NEST - MED. FULL SHOT

Out of the coiling dust and smoke a Martian machine is gliding. Another follows. A third shows.

OBSERVER'S VOICE

(Yelling)

They haven't even been touched!

246. GROUP - GENERAL MANN, SCIENTISTS, CLAYTON AND SYLVIA

The Pacific-Tech men run into the breastwork, Clayton and Sylvia with them. The suction blast whips and swirls, dust filling the air. CAMERA FAVORS the General, using field glasses.

GENERAL MANN

(Shaken)

It didn't stop them...

DR. PRYOR  
They knew what to expect!

DR. DuBROCK  
(Excited)  
They're way ahead of us electronically.  
They've had the atom bomb and forgotten  
it!

GENERAL MANN  
(Desperate)  
Guns - tanks - bombs - they're like  
toys against them. We can't go on  
ordering men to attack...!

247. WIDER ANGLE - GROUP - SYLVIA IN F.G.

Army, Navy and Air Force Brass coming over, listen-  
ing, anxious. The wind fades.

DR. PRYOR  
They'll exterminate every living  
thing!

DR. PENNINGTON  
So what do we do -- run about like  
ants until they hunt us down?

GENERAL MANN  
We'll establish a line and fight them  
all the way back to the mountains!

DR. BILDERBECK  
(Mildly again)  
But it can end only one way ...  
We're beaten.

Sylvia looks at him, moves away. Clayton follows.  
CAMERA MOVES IN on Dr. DuBrock and Dr. Bilderbeck.

DR. DuBROCK  
(Quietly, looking out)  
Six days, you said ... six days.

248. EXT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - NEAR BREASTWORK

Featuring Sylvia, as Clayton comes to her. Dr.  
DuBrock is approaching from b.g. Sylvia looks up  
at the empty branch where the oriole was perched.

SYLVIA  
Maybe they won't kill all the birds.

DR. DuBROCK  
Washington issued orders - in event the  
A-bomb failed - immediately evacuate  
all cities under attack!  
(Looking out toward Martians)  
And they're moving in on Los Angeles

now!

CLAYTON

They'll stamp the city flat!

DR. DuBROCK

(To Clayton)

If we take all the instruments we can  
establish a base in the Rocky Mountains...

CLAYTON

(Nodding - looking o.s.)

A forlorn hope - but there is a chance.

GRATZMAN

It might give us time to search out  
some weakness in the Martians.

CLAYTON

I believe we can get a lead from their  
anaemic blood.

DR. DuBROCK

(Glancing at Clayton)

You mean some biological approach...?

CLAYTON

(Forcefully)

We know now that we can't beat their  
machines -- but we can beat them!

(Looking o.s. again)

They are mortal beings...The only  
question is whether we have time enough  
to do anything!

GRATZMAN

(To DuBrock)

If we get what transportation we can,  
and pick up instruments and books  
from Pacific-Tech...

DuBROCK

(To Sylvia)

Could you help us? Drive for us?

SYLVIA

Of course.

DR. DuBROCK

(Hurrying o.s.)

Thank you!

CLAYTON

(Quietly, watching Sylvia)

The Rockies...! You'd rather get  
back to that big family of yours  
in Minnesota, wouldn't you?

SYLVIA

I wonder if they're going through  
this too...?

Clayton looks at her sympathetically, not speaking.

SYLVIA

(Going on)

I probably wouldn't be able to get  
to them if I tried...

CLAYTON

You'll be all right with us....

(Looking out again)

...for as long as anybody's got!

SYLVIA

(Touching his arm)

Don't let's lose each other.

He tucks a hand under her arm, reassuring, turning  
away with her.

SYLVIA

(Wryly, smiling)

Because then I really would feel lost!

DISSOLVE:

249. FLASHES AND QUICK CUTS - SIRENS - (DAY)

- a. CLOSE SHOT - Siren - City Hall in b.g. It begins to blast, full-throated, screaming its warning.
- b. MEDIUM SHOT - Ext. Street Corner. Traffic light in f.g. with air raid siren on top. It starts to howl. ANGLE showing traffic in b.g. Pedestrians turn quickly. Cars drive erratically, pulling toward the curb.
- c. Ext. Cornice of Office Bldg. A nest of sirens on the rim of the roof, wailing.
- d. MEDIUM SHOT - Ext. Cahuenga Pass at Freeway Entrance. Sirens on a light pole take up the warning. Cars head toward curbs, then speed away, turning against traffic. Confusion.
- e. MEDIUM SHOT - Ext. Firehouse. Sirens wail. A red Underwriters sedan crashes out into the street.

250. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, LOS ANGELES

A police car coming slowly down the street. Red blinker working. Siren going furiously. It has a windshield sticker: Civil Defense.

Following the police car is a pick-up, with a loud-speaker horn. A man with a Civil Defense armband stands in the truck, shouting into mike.

LOUDSPEAKER

Now listen carefully. This is a military evacuation order. All populated areas are to be abandoned. It is imperative that

you leave the city.

251. MOVING SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING LOUDSPEAKER TRUCK AND WARDENS

CAMERA MOVES with loudspeaker trucker. C.D. wardens, wearing old-style steel helmets, shouting to pedestrians and cars. Some run to the houses. In b.g. people dash from their homes, gathering up kids, piling possessions on cars, yelling at one another. A few cars spurt out of driveways and barrel off. A chorus of wailing sirens overscene.

C.D. OFFICIALS - AD LIBS

(Over loudspeaker)

The Martians are coming - Take what you can carry and get out - Take food and water with you - Get away from all populated areas - Go to the desert or the mountains - The City's being evacuated - Get going for your lives!

252. EXT. FLASHES AND QUICK CUTS - STREET AND PLANT SCENES ALARM

Giant rubber, aircraft and cracking plants caught as shifts break. Thousands of men racing for their cars. Sirens SCREAMING o.s. (Second Unit with concealed 16 mm camera. Stunt men beefing it up.)

253. FLASHES AND QUICK CUTS - EVACUATION EFFECT (1)

Everything moving from right to left on the screen - all going one way, merged with FAST DISSOLVES. Haste and urgency.

- a. Low angle, cars flooding a highway. Bundles on fenders, roofs. Rolling bumper to bumper, fast.
- b. People piling onto buses as they pull out, toting suit cases and bundles.
- c. Deserted ice-cream wagon, wheel broken, tipped over against a wall. Kid on the back step, stuffing himself with ice cream.
- d. Sweating C.D. officials and cops waving traffic past, urging it faster - faster.
- e. Refugees cramming aboard a pullman.
- f. Man crowding last bundle onto a car roof; woman yelling at him from the car. As he starts away, he sees he has a flat tire.
- g. Ext. General Hospital. Nurses, internes, evacuating stretcher and ambulatory cases to ambulances in f.g.

h. A single line of refugees trudging over a firebreak in the hills.

DISSOLVE:

254. EXT. YARD BEHIND PACIFIC-TECH - (DAY)

Overscene is the distant SOUND of the Martian approach - roaring explosions, the thunder of destruction and gunfire. The scene itself is desperate with urgency and activity. Scientists working frantically to load books, heavy instruments, papers, files - even a blackboard from which there is no time to copy the formulae it bears. For transportation they have a small moving van, a school bus, stake truck, two light pick-ups and four cars.

As we come into scene, the moving van roars past us to the street. Beyond this, the last baggage is being slammed aboard the yellow school bus. Dr. DuBrock waves it away. It comes PAST CAMERA - Sylvia driving - as Clayton climbs up behind the wheel of the stake truck.

255. BY THE STAKE TRUCK

Clayton reaches for the starter button as Gratzman hurries past.

CLAYTON

(Calling)

Gratzman! -- Gratzman! Did you get those biotics?

GRATZMAN

No. I thought you had them.

CLAYTON

All right. I'll get them!

(Drops off truck)

(Shouts to DuBrock)

Go ahead - go ahead! I'll catch up with you.

He runs o.s. Other vehicles start to move out as their frantic loading is completed.

256. INT. LABORATORY - HIGH POTENTIAL BUILDING - (DAY)

The room is in a state of abandonment and disorder. Clayton runs in. He grabs two big cartons, throws out their contents and hurriedly loads them with glass and packed plastic vials which have been left on one of the benches. He starts out again.

256-A YARD BEHIND PACIFIC-TECH

It is littered with discarded material. All the other vehicles have gone when Clayton runs to the stake truck. He is a lonely, desperate figure in the empty

yard, as he clambers aboard pushing his load across to the passenger seat. He starts the motor. The truck screams away.

257. INT. TRUCK CAB - EXIT FROM YARD AND STREET

Motor roaring as Clayton steps on the gas. He shifts gear, peering ahead, anxious to overtake Sylvia.

DISSOLVE:

258. EXT. CITY STREET - (DAY)

The stake truck turning a corner onto a wide street, rolling fast, tires squealing. Clayton's brakes go on.

259. INT. TRUCK CAB - FEATURING CLAYTON

Braking hard. Standing on everything. Staring ahead.

260. WHAT HE SEES - EXT. CITY STREET - AND MOB

A mob has attacked and piled aboard a P.E. bus. Others are swarming all over a couple of taxis. These vehicles begin to move on, with men on roofs and bumpers. The mob rushes the stake truck.

261. STAKE TRUCK AND MOB

Men jump up at both sides of the cab, wrenching open the doors before Clayton can back up.

262. INT. TRUCK - CLAYTON AND MEN

SHOOTING through the windshield. Men attacking Clayton from both sides of the cab.

263. STAKE TRUCK AND MOB - STREET

It is a strange mob. Men and women. Desperate. Piling over the open sides of the now halted truck, while Clayton fights behind the wheel. He is thrown out. A man slides into his place. CAMERA PANS the mob, fighting to get aboard - emptying the truck to make room. Scientific instruments crash to the road. Books and papers shower down. The truck gets under way. People hanging on outside are shoved off.

264. MOVING SHOT - BACK OF TRUCK

A well-dressed man is clinging to a rear corner, perched precariously, holding a bag. Another man is struggling, elbowing him to make his own hold secure.

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
(Desperate)

Let me up there!

MAN

(Shoving)

Get off!

WELL-DRESSED MAN

(Hanging on, gasping)

I'll give you five hundred dollars  
for your place!

(Wild)

I'll make it a thousand! Two!

MAN

(Shoving him off)

Money's no good no more, bud!

265. ROADWAY - FEATURING WELL-DRESSED MAN

His bag bursts open as he falls. Bills, gold coins,  
jewelry spills out. He scrambles to pick up his money.  
Running feet trample on it. Trample on him.

266. EXT. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT - CLAYTON

He gets to his feet, winded, holding his ribs,  
gazing after the truck. Stragglers run past him.  
Only the well-dressed man is left behind, still  
grabbing for his valuables. Clayton gets his  
breath, looks around.

267. MED. SHOT - WELL-DRESSED MAN

Strewn on the pavement is the precious debris the  
mob left. The shattered barrel of an electron micro-  
scope - biochemical vials, spilled and shattered -  
electric induction furnace - laboratory cameras -  
electronic tubes - microscopes - books - the jars  
and containers of organic chemistry. The well-  
dressed man is scrabbling among this wreckage as  
Clayton comes into SCENE.

CLAYTON

(Still gasping)

Did that mob grab the truck ahead  
of me?

The man glances at him but doesn't answer. Clayton  
moves nearer.

CLAYTON (Cont'd)

(Desperate)

Hey - there were a lot of Pacific-Tech  
men with those trucks! Did you see them?

MAN

I don't know. There was fighting  
up the street.

CLAYTON

(Still moving in)  
Did the mob get a school bus? A  
girl was driving it.

The man is on his knees, grabbing, panting.

MAN  
If they saw it, they took it! They  
take anything on wheels. You can't  
buy transportation for love or money...  
(Pausing)  
Money...!

268. ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING WELL-DRESSED MAN

He sits back on his haunches, looking at the bills  
and coins in his hand. He looks from the bag to  
Clayton and back again, suddenly shaken and terribly  
shocked.

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
My whole life's savings...Now it  
won't even buy a ride on a truck!

Slowly he stands up. Suddenly he grabs a big fistful  
of bills and jewels from the bag.

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
(Twisted)  
You want five thousand dollars...  
ten...twenty?  
(Tosses bills toward Clayton,  
throws down the bag)  
Help yourself -- there's a hundred  
thousand in there!

He turns and starts after the mob. Clayton eyes the  
ruin around him. He picks up a shattered microscope,  
looking from it to the way he has come. Again he  
looks at the debris of the instruments, hopeless. He  
turns to the way he was traveling and lets the micro-  
scope fall from his hand as he starts away, beginning  
to run. CAMERA ANGLES to PICK UP the money and broken  
instruments. It MOVES CLOSE on the shattered micro-  
scope as we

DISSOLVE:

269. EXT. FARTHER ALONG THE STREET (1) - (DAY)

Deserted. Late afternoon shadows. Littered with  
dropped garments. Doors stand open. Curtains flap  
at windows. Clayton is running, glancing back as an  
old, open car rattles into scene. Loaded with three  
families, their kids and two barking dogs. Bundles  
and baggage tied all over it. Clayton thumbs for a  
ride. Sprints and tries to leap on the running board.  
Hands shove him off. He falls. The car clatters on.  
Clayton gets up off the road and begins to run again.  
Two more cars come past CAMERA and race by him, over-  
loaded, driven recklessly.

DISSOLVE:

270. EXT. FARTHER ALONG THE STREET (2) - (EVENING)

Clayton dog-trots into scene. It is beginning to get dark. We see debris from a hasty road-block placed by a mob - chairs, settee, furniture dragged out of a nearby store. To the side of the road is one of the pickups from Pacific-Tech, distinguished by its color, overturned, its load spilled, wheels buckled, jammed between a telephone pole and shop front. Strwn on the road are piles of papers, books, files and instruments thrown off the other Pacific-Tech vehicles. Clayton stares around, sees something and hurries to pick up a yellow board: SCHOOL BUS - Southridge. He holds it, looking around. The road is scattered with baggage thrown off the little bus. A car streaks past, heavily laden and going fast. Three bicyclists follow, pedaling hard, possessions tied all over themselves and their machines. One wobbles, but recovers. Clayton starts forward, hesitates, still holding the yellow board.

CLAYTON

(Suddenly shouting)

DuBrock!

(And then - wilder)

Bilderbeck -- DuBrock! SYLVIA!

No answer. He looks up at the sky and the unearthly flicker of the Martian rays. He glances at the board again. The first drops of rain hit it, drizzling down. He drops it across the curb, moves away toward the broken barrier, turning up his coat collar.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the school bus sign, lying in the gutter.

DISSOLVE:

273. FLASHES & QUICK CUTS - EVACUATION (2) - (NIGHT)

The rain has stopped. The streets are wet and glistening.

- a. Rooftops and utility poles silhouetted against the smoky sky. Local explosions. Flashes of Martian rays and beams.
- b. Traffic thin, fast and frightened on a highway out of the city.
- c. Moving cars in CLOSER ANGLE. All overloaded. Carrying extra riders wherever they can perch - on fenders, bumpers, roofs.
- d. Refugees running down the cloverleaf off a freeway.

DISSOLVE:

274. EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - FAVORING CLAYTON - (NIGHT)

A traffic light, not working. A mailbox overturned. There is a broken suitcase at one end of a rain-washed bus bench. Clayton enters, pausing by the bench. He is sweating, irresolute, as he looks around, breathing hard. He's worn out, walking on his heels. An MP Jeep - two MPs in it - rolls into SHOT, coming past the intersection. The driver sees Clayton, brakes hard.

M.P. DRIVER

Hey, you! Better get outa here!

CLAYTON

I'm looking for some Pacific-Tech professors...

M.P. DRIVER

There's nobody left around here now.

CLAYTON

(Half to himself, desperately)

We had a chance...We could have stopped them!

(To the staring M.P.'s)

The mob stole the trucks and smashed everything up. The fools! They cut their own throats!

OTHER M.P.

He's nuts. C'm on - jump in!

The MP's look up.

275. SPECIAL EFFECT - SKY - ABOVE INTERSECTION

An overshot ray from some Martian machine slashes the air, high overhead. Squealing, pulsating. Vicious. Seen beyond the power and phone wires.

276. SPECIAL EFFECT - QUICK CUTS AND FLASHES - LOS ANGELES CIVIC CENTER AND MARTIAN MACHINES

- a. Civic Center. Streets empty. Martian machines active in distant b.g.
- b. Martian machines, belly-deep in flame, rays and beams working.
- c. CLOSE ON a Martian machine among collapsing, burning buildings. It sends a beam slanting upward.
- d. CLOSE ON City Hall. Its top section is hit by the beam it falls, disintegrating into colored dust.

277. INTERSECTION WITH SIGN - FAVORING CLAYTON

The MP's are half-ducking from the menace of the overshoot ray.

M.P. DRIVER  
Hurry up! Jump in!

CLAYTON  
(Appealing)  
There was a girl with them...If I  
could find her....

OTHER M.P.  
Jump in here, will you?

CLAYTON  
She's kind of lost.

M.P. DRIVER  
You look kinda lost yourself.

CLAYTON  
(Looking o.s. - suddenly  
remembering)  
But I think I know where she'll be....

OTHER M.P.  
C'm on, c'm on! It's your last chance  
to get outta here!

Clayton waves the jeep away and it roars off. He starts in the direction from which the jeep came, beginning to run.

DISSOLVE:

276. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET (Same as 270) - (NIGHT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on a muddy puddle of rainwater in the gutter. Floating in the muck is the yellow sign: SCHOOL BUS - SOUTHRIDGE. Angrily reflected on the surface of the water is the glaring sky, rays slashing, flames and explosions towering. Silent, except for the b.g. ROAR of destruction. No light except the glare from the sky. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the long, wavering shadow of a man moves across the sidewalk, looming larger and closer. His FOOTSTEPS ECHO in the deserted street. Then his feet enter the SHOT and pause by the puddle and the yellow board. CAMERA MOVES UP to disclose Clayton in CLOSE figure, looking down at the sign. Slowly he looks OFF. CAMERA PANS away from him to show the street beyond. Smashed windows and looted shops. Cracked-up, abandoned vehicles. Discarded bundles. A jalopy has overturned against a fire hydrant and water geysers high in the air. Clayton re-enters the SHOT, running a little way, walking a little, then running again. He looks around as he goes, seeking a clue.

279. OUT

280. EXT. STREET - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - CLAYTON

Breathing hard, sweating. No life anywhere. Sprat from the broken hydrant drips from him. He trots toward a nearby corner.

281. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET CORNER - FULL SHOT

A REVERSE ANGLE, SHOOTING along a side street from the corner. Clayton enters, f.g., stops by a lamp post, looking ahead. Along the dimly lit street is a church. Faint light shows at the windows. Above and beyond it is a burning ray-shot sky. As Clayton starts toward it, the distant SOUND OF VOICES SINGING is heard.

281a. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. CHURCH & STREET - FULL SHOT

A DOWN SHOT from high alongside the church steeple and belfry. The dark, Gothic outline of the tower looms huge in f.g. Below in the distance, the tiny figure of Clayton uncertainly approaches the church over the glistening pavement. The MUSIC of the VOICES GROWS LOUDER, but muffled and ECHOING through the structure of the steeple.

282. EXT. CHURCH - MED. FULL SHOT (MOVING SHOT)

Clayton stumbles from f.g. toward the steps and doors of the church, CAMERA FOLLOWING. The MUSIC of the HYMN SWELLS, but is still muffled and indistinct. He climbs the steps, pushes open the doors. The MUSIC SWELLS to full volume, VOICES joined in supplication to God. No one is seen but Clayton.

282a. INT. CHURCH (MOVING SHOT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on Clayton as he opens the doors and pauses, looking off. The SINGING reaches a CRESCENDO and dies away. The SHOT WIDENS and CAMERA PANS with Clayton to people standing near the door. Light in the church comes from kerosene lamps and candles placed wherever they will stand - on pew-ends, window-ledges. CAMERA FOLLOWS Clayton, as he looks anxiously about. The congregation is a scattered gathering of distressed humanity. Those who couldn't run - children, cripples, the sick, aged - and those who felt it was useless to run. They make groups and clusters in the aisles and benches and pews. The church is full of quiet movement - first-aid for the injured, water for the faint, comforting children, soothing babies. The VOICE OF the MINISTER is lifted in prayer. Mumbled 'Amens' join, above the RUMBLE of destruction, growing with the Martian advance.

MINISTER'S VOICE (O.s.)

We humbly beseech Thy divine guidance,  
O Lord. Deliver us from the fear which  
has come upon us - the evil that draws  
ever nearer - from the terror that will  
soon knock at the very door of this, Thy  
house. We pray Thee, Lord - grant us  
the miracle of Thy divine intervention....

Clayton begins to back out. A Deacon catches  
his arm.

DEACON

(Pale, calm - whispering)

It's useless to run, brother. Stay  
with us.

CLAYTON

(Whispering in reply)

I'm looking for someone...She'll be  
in a church, near the door.

DISSOLVE:

283. SPECIAL EFFECT - STREET SHOTS & MARTIAN MACHINES

a. Clayton running down a street toward  
flaming sky.

DISSOLVE:

b. Ext. Boulevard & Martian machine. Looking  
along the boulevard. A machine visible a  
block away, flames and falling buildings be-  
hind and around it. Clayton cuts across,  
running.

DISSOLVE:

283a. INT. SECOND CHURCH - MOVING SHOT - (NIGHT)

CAMERA is CLOSE on a statue of St. Anthony with the  
Infant Jesus, dimly lit by flickering candles. CAMERA  
MOVES BACK, showing scores of votive candles all banked  
around the statue. The congregation is saying the  
Rosary. Clayton enters shot, looking around. CAMERA  
MOVING, he passes through the crowded room. Two el-  
derly women with Red Cross armbands are helping dis-  
tressed and injured people. As Clayton goes past them,  
CAMERA PAUSES and MOVES IN on a particular group. The  
Red Cross woman steps away, disclosing Bilderbeck,  
looking off after Clayton. He is lying on the floor  
near a rack of hymn books and prayerbooks. He is  
pale, clutching a stained, bloody bandage against his  
side.

BILERBECK

Clayton...!

Clayton moves sharply into SCENE, bending over him.

CLAYTON

Bilderbeck! Are you all right...?  
(Bilderbeck shrugs  
weakly)  
Where are the others?

Clayton tries to make him comfortable.

BILDERBECK  
A mob swarmed all over us. I don't  
know what happened to the others.  
I got knocked under our truck.  
(Whispering as Clayton  
pillows his head)  
There's nothing you can do for me....

CLAYTON  
What about Sylvia?

BILDERBECK  
I didn't see her, Clayton....

Both look o.s. as a Martian ray SCREAMS outside, its  
light catching their faces.

284. SPECIAL EFFECT - CITY SECTION & MARTIANS

Martian machines loom through the smoke. A heat-ray  
hits a row of buildings, turning them white-hot.  
They flare and change to gray ash. The ray reaches  
out beyond them, SCREAMING.

284a. EXT. STREET - CLOSE MOVING SHOT - CLAYTON

Amidst an inferno of flashing light and the THUNDER  
of a city being destroyed, Clayton proceeds along  
the street toward the Martians.

285. SPECIAL EFFECT - ANOTHER STREET

As Clayton runs into it, checks. The sky is red and  
lurid. The night is filled with CRASHINGS and ROAR-  
ING. A ray fires the tip of a tall building. A  
skeleton beam hits another. It collapses, falls. A  
Martian machine comes into sight, ray slashing. The  
ray swings toward Clayton, in f.g. He jumps frantic-  
ally. Flames envelope the SCENE. Huge falling blocks  
of building stone blank out the SCREEN.

285a. SPECIAL EFFECT - CLOSEUP CLAYTON

In the lurid glare of the heat-ray, falling masonry  
is blocking off the SHOT. Then, as Clayton is dis-  
closed, cowering in a doorway, the REFLECTION of the  
street shows in the plate glass window behind him.  
Choking dust and debris almost obscure everything.  
The ROAR and RUMBLING is overpowering. Clayton looks  
around frantically. He sees:

286. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. COMMUNITY CHURCH - FULL SHOT

From Clayton's VIEWPOINT. Up the street is a church with a white cross on the outside, lit by pot-flares. Buildings beyond it are aflame and falling. It stands in the very path of the Martian advance, as their machines race nearer.

DISSOLVE:

287. INT. COMMUNITY CHURCH

The CRASH and growing ROAR of falling buildings and explosions sounds over scene, drawing always nearer. The windows are full of crimson glare, almost drowning the light of storm lantern and lamps. A mixed congregation kneels wherever there is space to kneel. Bums with nothing. Gray-haired women in bedraggled fur coats. Young. Old. Lame. Blind. Weary people, some still clinging to bags and bundles. The VOICE of the REV. BETHANY comes over scene.

REV. BETHANY'S VOICE

(Vibrant, not loud)

God never leaves us, no matter how  
dark the hour - how deep our despair.  
we are told - have faith and ye shall  
be saved!

288. ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING REV. BETHANY

A strong-faced man, a leader, seen in the glow of a kerosene lamp, wearing surplice. Beyond him is the space for the choir, sparsely occupied, a boy in the f.g. The SCREAM of a ray comes from overhead. Its light makes an added glare. The Rev. Bethany raises his arms. Not ranting. Sure in his faith. Under great stress.

REV. BETHANY

(Supplicating)

In our peril we plead! Succor and  
comfort us in this hour.

(Almost whispering)

Please God....

He lowers his arms. A terrifying, rattling explosion sounds nearby. We hear the vicious screech of a skeleton ray and the chuting roar of falling masonry. Rev. Bethany signs toward the choir.

289. CLOSE SHOT - CHOIR BOY

Tears on his cheeks. Scared to death. Lips trembling. But his clear soprano sounds.

CHOIR BOY

(Singing)

Abide with me ....

The congregation picks up the hymn, the Rev. Bethany's voice coming strongly. CAMERA TRUCKS the congregation. Sudden flashes burn at the windows. Crackings and roarings increase overscene, racing closer. Some people glance from the corners of their eyes. Some cling to one another, shuddering at the high-pitched sounds of Martian rays. They know any moment may be the last. CAMERA PICKS UP:

- a. Elderly couple holding hands, singing the hymn, and waiting patiently for the end.
- b. Rev. Bethany, out of his pulpit, putting a comforting arm around the choir boy.
- c. Stained-glass windows, aflame and brilliant from the glare of a ray passing outside.
- d. Young husband and wife with two kids, seven and four years old. The parents have their arms about them. The little girl has an arm around her brother. She is praying: "Set four angels round my bed...one to watch...and one to pray... and two to carry my soul away." The mother bites her lip. Her husband kisses her. They cling to each other.

CAMERA PICKS UP Clayton searching frantically, trying to push in past people, beginning to lose hope. CAMERA MOVES ON. We see a doctor doing what he can for sick and injured. As CAMERA MOVEMENT CONTINUES the overscene noises begin almost imperceptibly to diminish, as though the Martian advance is mysteriously slowing. Finally, CAMERA PICKS UP Sylvia. Kneeling a little way in from the church porch. Beyond her is a stained-glass window of St. Peter. The SOUND from outside is lessening all the time.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on Sylvia. Praying softly. As she prayed when she was small. We don't need to hear the words. We know what she is asking when we see the light that comes in her face as she hears:

CLAYTON'S VOICE

Sylvia.....!

She whirls around and comes upright. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS. Clayton takes her in his arms, just as the stained glass window is momentarily lit by an orange glare. Loud in the strange and sudden quiet comes a tremendous explosion. Colored glass showers in from the window, but the haloed head of St. Peter remains intact. So do his keys. Woodwork, masonry and dust spill down from the roof. People scatter from it, moving out of SCENE PAST CAMERA with Clayton and Sylvia. CAMERA PANS and HOLDS on the

congregation as the hymn dies out. Now it is almost completely quiet. People begin to rise. Listening, turning to gaze o.s. Some begin to move to the doorway and steps outside.

291. EXT. CHURCH STEPS - MED. SHOT

Sylvia and Clayton are standing on the steps. Still. Listening with everyone else. The Doctor comes forward to look out. Sylvia gasps suddenly, holding tightly to Clayton. A woman near her points o.s., SCREAMING wildly.

292. SPECIAL EFFECT - CHURCH & STREET - FULL SHOT

A Martian machine is coming from the corner of the block. Rolling toward the church, filthy with dust, tangled with every sort of debris. Ugly and enormous, rays flickering into the air. It blunders into a building. Comes on.

293. EXT. CHURCH - MED. SHOT

Everyone still, staring fearfully off at the machine. Faces lit by the shuddering glare of nearby flames. The Rev. Bethany shows in b.g., coming forward, gazing out.

294. SPECIAL EFFECT - MARTIAN MACHINE (2)

Its colors dimmed, muddy. Foul with earth and oil streaks. Dribbling debris. Rays lick weakly, fading. It blunders into and breaks overhead wires and cables. A telephone pole smashes down under it. Fallen wires are entangled underneath, burning and smoking in the sputtering high-frequency beam-legs. The beams flicker, off and on. The machine rocks as its supports falter. It crashes to the street.

294a. EXT. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN MACHINE

An aperture slowly splits open. The hand and arm of a Martian struggle partly out, reaching and clawing.

295. EXT. CHURCH - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Everyone staring, full of fear and wonder. The Rev. Bethany joins Clayton and Sylvia.

296. EXT. STREET - CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN

The triple-suckered hand is reaching out, trying to find a grip. We see the protruding veins, their pulsation weakening, slowing.

297. EXT. CHURCH - MED. CLOSE MOVING SHOT

Clayton moves out. The Doctor follows with Sylvia.  
The Rev. Bethany moves out. Others follow. Clayton  
pauses, looking o.s. Others look with him.

298. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT

F.g. is the machine on the pavement. Beyond at a corner, is another, heat-ray flicking wildly. It lurches against a building, caroms off, blunders into another and moves out of sight.

299. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - FULL SHOT

A REVERSE ANGLE, with the downed Martian machine in f.g. People from the church begin to approach the machine, but they are wary and keep their distance. Clayton leads the way with the Doctor. Suddenly Clayton gestures and they all stop and look off past the f.g. machine.

300. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. DEVASTATED STREET - MED. SHOT

A Martian machine almost enveloped in flames, moving slowly. Its beam-legs flicker. It sinks down.

301. EXT. STREET & MARTIAN MACHINE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clayton steps forward again.

CLAYTON

(Looking off - exclaiming)

Something's happening to them!

He looks down at the veined arm extending from the opening in the machine.

302. CLOSE SHOT - MARTIAN & GROUP

SHOOTING across the Martian's arm in f.g. The skin of the arm is losing its ruddy color. The pulsation of the veins has slowed. The clutching of the hand lessens. The arm becomes brownish-yellow. The hand stills. Clayton and the Doctor, b.g. move closer. The Doctor kneels by the Martian, touches the yellow flesh.

303. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - MED. FULL SHOT

People streaming from the church and the street beyond. Staring. Inching forward.

304. EXT. STREET & MACHINE - GROUP - (MOVING SHOT)

The Doctor straightens up from his examination of the Martian. There is a strained look of awe on his face as he looks off toward the now silent city.

DOCTOR

(Low-voiced)

We were all praying for a miracle...

The SHOT WIDENS to include the forefront of the crowd. Reverend Bethany, the choir boy, Clayton, Sylvia, all waiting on his words. They, too, look off, listening.

304a. SERIES OF CUTS - COLLAPSE OF THE MARTIANS

- a. Special Effect - Ext. Viaduct (as previously). Flames of the burning oil reservoir previously destroyed. The Martian machine sinks to the ground.
- b. Special Effect - Ext. City Hall District (as previously). Rays and beams in the smoke-filled sky grow weak, flicker and stop. There is silence.
- c. Special Effect - Ext. Street (as previously). Wreckage everywhere. Smoke-laden sky. Devastated buildings. Flames. Two Martian machines prone on the street, color fading. A jeep races through down the street, dodging obstacles.
- d. Special Effect - San Gabriel Hills (as previously). The thousands of families huddled in the barrancas and gullies are turned, facing the holocaust in the distant city. A last few rays streak the sky, then cease. A BABBLE of VOICES grows into an inarticulate hosanna.

304b. EXT. STREET - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The Doctor is center of the group.

DOCTOR

After everything men could do has failed - the Martians are being killed by the littlest things that God, in His wisdom, has put upon the earth.

People are looking at him. At one another.

DOCTOR

(Quietly)

The Martians come from a sterilized world. They have no resistance to diseases from which we are immune.

(To Reverend Bethany)

This one died of septicemia. Anaerobic bacilli.

(To Clayton - grim, glad)

An embolism of his overdeveloped brain has burst an artery - killed him and saved us! They're doomed - all of them. Germ are killing them!

CAMERA MOVES IN on the faces of the crowd. Hardly believing what has happened. Beginning to hope. Wonder and gladness growing.

REVEREND BETHANY

Saved by the littlest things God made...!

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Once they are infected, it's quick -- twenty-four hours. It's hit all these at about the same time.

304c. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - MED. SHOT - (PAN SHOT)

Near the church, the MP jeep speeds in, braking as it nears the people. They jump aside, leaving a lane to the fallen Martian machine. CAMERA PANS with the jeep. Half-standing, the MP Driver and his PFC aide yell orders, gesticulating, faces grim.

MP DRIVER

Keep to your shelters - stay in your shelters! Everybody back!

OTHER MP

There's still danger - wait for orders!

MP DRIVER

You'll get orders!

The jeep stops beside the main group. The two MPs jump out, guns at the ready, and advance to the dead Martian.

304d. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Clayton, Sylvia, Rev. Bethany, Doctor. Breathless, eyes questioning mutely.

304e. CLOSEUP MP DRIVER

He rises and turns toward the group.

MP DRIVER

(Understanding their tension)

Nothing official yet -- but it looks like it's over. First reports are they're folding up in droves all over the world!

He grins and wipes his brow.

304f. CLOSEUP CHOIR BOY

He draws a breath, eyes shining.

CHOIR BOY

(Singing - clear)

Now thank we all our God...

305. SPECIAL EFFECT - BELFRY & CITY - FULL SHOT

As the words of the ancient hymn swell OVERSCENE from a myriad throats, bells begin to peal through the smoke and ruin of the devastated city.

VOICES

(Singing)

...With heart and hand and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done...

306. EXT. STREET & CHURCH - CROWD (MOVING SHOT)

Some singing. Some in silent prayer. Some in silent ecstasy. The young husband hugging his kids. An old woman all alone, singing softly with the others, eyes turned to heaven. They start to move toward the church. CAMERA PICKS UP IN CLOSE SHOT, Clayton and Sylvia. She is radiant. He smiles, holding her gaze as he takes off his glasses, folds them and puts them in his pocket, bending to her. She takes his arm, smiling up at him. They move after the crowd. She starts to sing as they go.

307. SPECIAL EFFECT - EXT. STREET & CITY BEYOND

CAMERA SHOOTING DOWN into the street as the crowd moves toward the church. Almost unconsciously, people have formed a lane, along which the small figures of Clayton and Sylvia walk. CAMERA PANS UP the facade of the church to the belfry, where bells begin to ring out, joining the chorus of SOUND from the VOICES and other belfrys. CAMERA PANS ACROSS burned, smoking buildings to an untouched sector of the city - CROSSING other belfrys with their ringing BELLS. A dawn sun is rising beyond rooftops as the SINGING VOICES end in a great "AMEN."

FADE OUT.

T H E E N D