

THE FALL OF THE CITY

Adaptation by

John Barber

from

Great Day for a War

By Jack J. Ward

and

The Fall of the City

by

Archibald MacLeish

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Working Draft

Contact information

The Fall of the City

Script adaptations by
John F. Barber

From

"Great Day for a War" by Jack J. Ward

and

"The Fall of the City by Archibald MacLeish

Synopsis

Reporters provide coverage of the arrival of a conqueror at an unnamed foreign city. The entire series of events proves to be a scheme by a broadcasting company to increase its viewers during ratings week.

Background

This re-imagined "The Fall of the City" combines elements of "Great Day for a War" by Jack J. Ward with the entire "The Fall of the City" by Archibald MacLeish.

"Great Day for a War" focuses on the ramp up to war in an African country controlled by a dictator at odds with the United States government. The potential comparison to invasions of other countries by the United States are inevitable, but the real point here seems to be the power of mass media to fabricate spectacle and conflict to benefit its own standing. "Great Day for a War" was provided to Re-Imagined Radio for possible use by its author, Jack J. Ward. The radio drama is unpublished and unperformed, until now.

"The Fall of the City" was first broadcast 11 April 1937, as an episode of *The Columbia Workshop*. Written by MacLeish, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, writer, and Librarian of Congress, in the form of a radio broadcast, "The Fall of the City" was the first American verse play for radio.

The drama follows the collapse of a city under an unnamed dictator. MacLeish said he was inspired by the growing fascism in Germany and Italy just before the start of World War II. More specifically, the focus is on the ambiguous relationship humans have with freedom. We want freedom but we also like order and structure, even if that order and structure is imposed upon us. How much freedom and liberty are we willing to give up to enjoy order and structure? Because of this ambiguity, we both fear and welcome the conqueror.

"The Fall of the City" is often cited as the best example of the artistic potential of radio broadcasting in terms of both stylistic innovation and social power. This episode of Re-Imagined Radio is a tribute to this artistry of radio storytelling.

CHARACTERS

GLOBALWEB ANNOUNCER
GlobalWeb News Service

Anna-Marie HAMMOND
Female. Age 28.
Attractive and intelligent, more an actress than a reporter, she sacrifices journalistic ethics for a good story. She sees Daniel as too rigid and unable to appreciate the entertainment value of the media. She is a climber, building her reputation, and next job, on her appeal to a younger demographic.

Daniel STONE
Male. Age 45.
A relaxed, "old school" journalist with gravitas. When reporting he speaks with an verse speech style. He is less concerned with audience ratings, for himself or his company, than with describing the details of all that he can witness.

PRESIDENT
of The United States. A politician. In his speeches his audience is ratings and social media responses. His remarks sound good, but mean nothing. He strives for gravitas, but is transparent regarding his lack of sincerity.

MACDONALD
Female political activist, news consultant

DEAD WOMAN

MESSENGER 1

MESSENGER 2

ORATOR
True to his title, this character, male or female, should have command of voice, language, and presence.

PRIESTS
Talking heads, showpieces, they parrot platitudes and long traditions. Tone deaf to current situations.

VOICES
Eight, individually and together. People in the crowd.

GENERAL
One of the oldest of the Cabinet Ministers. Whether he is the wisest is uncertain.

CROWD
Thousands of voices, all outside, in the square, under a large sky.

Colonel Brachenswich

Military, political consultant. Armchair commander with questionable practical experience but brings a good presence to the newscast. This counts for ratings.

COLD OPEN

SAMPLED FROM RECORDING OF "THE FALL
OF THE CITY"

SFX: CHANTS FROM STREET PROTESTS,
LOW AND UNDER THE FOLLOWING

GLOBALWEB
ANNOUNCER

(OROTUND AND PROFESSIONAL)

Ladies and gentlemen:

This broadcast comes to you from the
city

~~Listeners over the curving air have
heard~~

~~From furthest off frontiers of foreign
hours --~~

~~Mountain Time: Ocean Time: of the
islands:~~

~~Of waters after the islands -- some of
them waking~~

~~Where noon here is the night there: some~~

~~Where noon is the first few stars they
see or the last one.~~

For three days the world has watched
this city --

Not for the common occasions of brutal
crime

Or the usual violence of one sort or
another

Or coronations of kings or popular
festivals:

No: for stranger and disturbing
reasons --

The resurrection from death and the tomb
of a dead woman.

Each day for three days there has come

To the door of her tomb at noon a woman
buried!

~~The terror that stands at the shoulder
of our time~~

~~Touches the cheek with this: the flesh
winces.~~

There have been other omens in other
cities

But never of this sort and never so
credible.

In a time like ours seemings and
portents signify.

Ours is a generation when dogs howl and
the

Skin crawls on the skull with its
beast's foreboding.

All men now alive with us have feared.

We have smelled the wind in the street
that changes weather.

~~We have seen the familiar room grow
unfamiliar.~~

~~The order of numbers alter: the
expectation~~

~~Cheat the expectant eye. The appearance
defaults with us.~~

Here in this city the wall of the time
cracks.

SFX: PROTEST SOUNDS, CHANTING UP,
CROSSFADE TO

MUSIC: RIR OPEN, ESTABLISH, THEN
FADE UNDER . . .

SFX: PRE-RECORDED

RIR ANNOUNCER

Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program
about radio storytelling. I'm Jack
Armstrong. With each episode we combine
dialogue, sound effects, and music to
engage your listening imagination. This
episode is no different, and here to
tell you about it is John Barber,
producer and host.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, FADE UP, BRIEFLY
SUSTAIN, THEN DUCK UNDER . . .

HOST

Thank you Jack . . . hello everyone . .
. . welcome to Re-Imagined Radio.

**MUSIC: FADE UP FULL, MAINTAIN, THEN
DUCK UNDER AND FADE OUT**

Each episode of Re-Imagined Radio we have offered this year has provided tribute to radio programs, producers, writers, or actors. THIS episode tips the microphone to *The Columbia Workshop*, perhaps the most important American anthology radio program and its mission to explore and present new forms of radio storytelling.

One of these experiments was the broadcast of "The Fall of the City," the first American verse play for radio. Written by Archibald MacLeish, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet and Librarian of Congress, this radio drama focuses on the collapse of a city under an approaching conquerer.

A radio drama written by a poet was unheard of at the time "The Fall of the City" was first broadcast, April 11, 1937. Our tribute to *The Columbia Workshop* acknowledges its mission of experimental radio storytelling, and MacLeish's use of the still new radio medium to explore its potential for sharing compelling stories with distant listeners.

We also hope to pay tribute to MacLeish as an artist concerned with the human condition and using his talents as a writer, a poet, a librarian for the greater good. In this 1963 interview at Amherst College, MacLeish responds to a

question about the changing nature of the arts and the relationship between artist and audience . . .

SFX: SAMPLE FROM MACLEISH 1963

INTERVIEW AT AMHERST COLLEGE.

For this episode we combine "The Fall of the City" by MacLeish with samples from "Great Day for a War" by Jack J. Ward, founder and director of Mutual Audio Network and The Sonic Society, the two largest available online repositories and portals for radio dramas and podcasts.

On the surface, "Great Day for a War" seems to be a story about media coverage of an escalating military invasion. But in fact it's a story about the power of mass media to fabricate spectacle and conflict to benefit its own standing.

Let's listen now to a Re-Imagined Radio performance of "The Fall of the City" performed for you by The Willamette Radio Workshop and The Voices.

ACT 1: ON THE BRINK

SFX: FADE UP TYPING ON A COMPUTER
KEYBOARD.

SFX: DOUBLE-CLICKING MOUSE.

FEMALE AI VOICE Welcome to GlobalWeb News Coverage.
Please make a selection.

(PAUSE)

SFX: CLICKING OF A MOUSE.

FEMALE AI VOICE You've chosen

(BEAT, THEN IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT
VOICE)

The Fall of the City.

(BEAT, BACK TO ORIGINAL VOICE)

Click "Yes" to continue.

SFX: CLICKING OF A MOUSE

SFX: NEWS PROGRAM MUSIC OPENING,
ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER

GLOBALWEB
ANNOUNCER

Around the Globe. On the Web across all
boundaries. Transmitted simultaneously
in 128 languages to more than 200
countries. GlobalWeb Network News. The
News you can trust. With the people you
know . . . Daniel Stone and Anna-Marie
Hammond.

SFX: AMBIENCE OF LIVE, GLOBAL RADIO
NETWORK NEWS STUDIO

HAMMOND

Good evening, I'm Anna-Marie Hammond, Daniel Stone will join us shortly live from the central plaza of The City. But first, this general news . . .

MUSIC: NEWS STINGER, DUCKS UNDER
FOR BED

GLOBALWEB
ANNOUNCER

(AUTHORITATIVE, NOT BOOMING BUT WITH A
DEFINITE PRESENCE)

The environmental crises in Greenland continues. Finn Siggleruund, from the Green Freedom environmental movement, said the recent storms and flooding of Nuuk has displaced more than 100,000 of its inhabitants and plunged the country into chaos. The World Trade Organization flatly denied that the Greenland situation is considered unimportant by the world markets, and asserts that to date, there still is no definitive proof of global warming.

(BEAT)

Entertainment industries around the world are announcing the winners and losers of "Sweeps Week." The action-drama "Intent to Kill," a serial about terrorists in our time and the prime-time soap "Days of Songe," which portrays the trials of Jennifer Songe as she learns how to live the life of a single, yet sexy, soccer-mom, were the winners world-wide. Log on to our

website at globalwebnews.com to see the entire listing.

MUSIC: FADE UP NEWS STINGER, AND THEN CROSSFADE TO . . .

MUSIC: NEWS ROOM THEME, ESTABLISH, FADE OUT AND INTO LIVE NEWS STUDIO AMBIENCE

HAMMOND

This is GlobalWeb "Prime" News. I'm Anna-Marie Hammond. Joining me now from The City is Daniel Stone.

(BEAT)

Daniel can you hear me?

SFX: DANIEL'S VOICE IS ATTENUATED OVER A LONG DISTANCE SATELLITE PHONE. (THERE IS A DELAY AFTER HAMMOND SPEAKS FOR STONE'S VOICE TO GO THROUGH THE SATELLITE PHONE.)

STONE

I am here Anna-Marie.

HAMMOND

Can you describe what you see there for us, Daniel?

SFX: EXTERIOR. A LARGE CITY PLAZA SURROUNDED BY BUILDINGS. ROADS LEAD TO THE PLAZA FROM SEVERAL DIRECTIONS. THE SHUFFLE AND HUM OF A VAST PATIENT CROWD GRADUALLY RISES, SWELLS, FILLS THE BACKGROUND. STONE'S VOICE IS FILTERED TO SOUND DISTANT AND STRIPPED OF RESONANCE BY THE

SATELLITE TECHNOLOGY THROUGH WHICH
IT PASSES.

STONE

SFX: FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE

(MATTER-OF-FACT, SUBDUED TONE)

We are here on the central plaza, the
great square of The City.

We are well off to the eastward edge.

There is a kind of terrace over the
crowd here. It is precisely four minutes
to twelve.

The crowd is enormous: there might be
ten thousand:

There might be more: the whole square is
faces.

Opposite over the roofs are the
mountains.

It is quite clear: there are birds
circling.

We think they are kites by the look:
they are very high.

The tomb is off to the right somewhere

We can't see for the great crowd.

Close to us here are the cabinet ministers.

They stand on a raised platform with awnings.

The farmers' wives are squatting on the stones.

Their children have fallen asleep on their shoulders.

The heat is harsh: the light dazzles like metal.

It dazes the air as the clang of a gong does.

It is one minute to twelve now.

SFX: CROWD MURMURS GROW MORE INTENSE; HIGHER IN PITCH BUT NO LOUDER.

SFX: CROSS FADE TO NEWS ROOM AMBIENCE

HAMMOND

So Daniel, after six months of intense diplomacy, we're still waiting for an outcome. Do you have any sense of what will happen next?

SFX: CROSS FADE TO CITY PLAZA AMBIENCE, CROWD MORE INTENSE

SFX: FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE

STONE

There is still no sign. They are still waiting.

No one doubts that she will come.

No one doubts that she will speak too.

Three times she has not spoken.

SFX: CITY PLAZA AMBIENCE OUT,
NEWSROOM AMBIENCE IN

HAMMOND

Thank you Daniel. We want to shift now to the border where the President is addressing a coalition of troops . . .

SFX: MICROPHONE ADJUSTING AT A
PODIUM

SFX: SCATTERED LIGHT APPLAUSE AT
EMOTIONAL MOMENTS IN SPEECH.

PRESIDENT

(SPEAKING TO THE NEWS CAMERAS, NOT THE PEOPLE, A SLIGHT ECHO THROUGH THE MICROPHONE.)

My fellow citizens . . . We stand here today in the face of approaching tyranny. Six months of negotiations have failed. Ten years of sanctions have not deterred this regime from its destructive course.

We have worked through the United Nations and other channels of the world community to force The Conqueror to step down. We have met with intimidation, delays, and lies.

Meanwhile, thousands have died at the hands of this tyranny . . . and thousands more toil in poverty,

sickness, and fear under policies of intimidation, terror, and death.

Our thoughts and prayers go out to those in their suffering.

(BEAT)

The time has come for us to cleave to the things that created this great City. Honor. Justice. And an unswerving eye towards freedom. We want a land free of suffering . . . and hunger . . . and the hatred that brings war. We want most of all Freedom. That, which is the right of all people, everywhere!

How will we build the peace? I have set aside resources for humanitarian relief. The City will belong to its citizens once again!

(BEAT, RESOLUTE)

This is not an empty threat. We do not threaten. We promise. The Conquerer should stop its advance on The City, and leave within 48 hours . . . Or be forced to withdraw and pay for its crimes.

Thank you, and God Bless.

**SFX: SWITCH SOUND PERSPECTIVE FROM
SATELLITE BROADCAST TO GLOBALWEB
NEWS STUDIO.**

HAMMOND

That was The President, speaking from the border, seeking to appear resolute in the face of the advancing Conquerer.

I'm joined now in the studio by Sheila MacDonald for the Conservative Alliance. Sheila . . . with the imposed deadline fast approaching, what are the President's plans when time runs out?

MACDONALD

Anna-Marie, in the past six months, the President worked very hard to send resources and aid workers into The City. The regime has cracked down on foreign nationals and aid workers have fled.

HAMMOND

Does this mean that we're headed into another war that could send that region of the world into a descent from which it might never recover?

MACDONALD

I think that's the least of our worries. A coalition is at the border, seemingly ready to deploy its forces, but neighboring city-states will see this as an attack by foreign . . .

HAMMOND

(INTERRUPTING MCDONALD)

I'm sorry Sheila . . . Daniel Stone is live in The City and has a report for us. Daniel . . . What are you seeing now?

STONE

(FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE)

SFX: LOW, BUT WITH INCREASING
EXCITEMENT, STONE'S VOICE FILTERED
THROUGH SATELLITE TRANSMISSION

Now it is twelve: now they are rising:

(PAUSE THREE SECONDS)

Now the whole plaza is rising:

(PAUSE THREE SECONDS)

Fathers are lifting their small
children:

(PAUSE THREE SECONDS)

The plumed fans on the platform are
motionless.

(PAUSE THREE SECONDS)

There is no sound but the shuffle of
shoe leather.

(PAUSE THREE SECONDS)

SFX: CROWD SHUFFLING OUT.

Now even the shoes are still.

SFX: HAWKS CRY IN THE SKY ABOVE

We can hear the hawks: it is quiet as
that now. It is strange to see such
throng so silent. Nothing yet: nothing
has happened.

(PAUSE)

Wait! There's a stir here to the right
of us:

They're turning their heads: the crowd turns:

The cabinet ministers lean from their balcony:

There's no sound: only the turning. . .

SFX: A WOMAN'S VOICE COMES OVER THE SILENCE OF THE CROWD: IT IS A WEAK VOICE BUT PENETRATING. IT SPEAKS SLOWLY AND AS THOUGH WITH DIFFICULTY

DEAD WOMAN

First the waters rose with no wind.

STONE

(WHISPERING)

Listen: that is she! She's speaking!

DEAD WOMAN

SFX: HER VOICE NOW CLOSER, MORE DISTINCT, MORE FULL

Then the stones of the temple kindled

Without flame or under of maize-leaves . . .

STONE

(WHISPERING)

They see her beyond us: the crowd sees her.

DEAD WOMAN

SFX: HER VOICE NOW FULLY DISTINCT.
SHE IS AMONG THE CROWD. EVERYONE
CAN HEAR.

Then there were cries in the night haze:

Words in a once-heard tongue: the air

Rustling above us as at dawn with
herons.

Now it is I who must bring fear:

I who am four days dead: the tears

Still unshed for me--all of them: I

For whom a child still calls at
nightfall.

Death is young in me to fear!

My dress is kept still in the press in
my bedchamber:

No one has broken the dish of the dead
woman.

Nevertheless I must speak painfully:

I am to stand here in the sun and speak:

(THERE IS A PAUSE. THEN HER VOICE COMES
AGAIN LOUD, MECHANICAL, SPEAKING AS BY
ROTE)

The city of masterless men

Will take a master.

There will be shouting then:

Blood after!

CROWD

(REPEATS)

"Blood after." . . . "Blood after."

DEAD WOMAN

(WEAK AND SLOW AS BEFORE)

Do not ask what it means: I do not know:

Only sorrow and no hope for it.

STONE

She has gone . . . No, they are still
looking.

DEAD WOMAN

It is hard to return from the time past.
I have come

In the dream we must learn to dream
where the crumbling of

Time like the ash from a burnt string
has

Stopped for me.

SFX: MOVEMENT IN CROWD

For you the thread still burns:

You take the feathery ash upon your
fingers.

You bring yourselves from the time past
as it pleases you.

It is hard to return to the old nearness

Harder to go again . . .

SFX: CROWD MURMUR RISES, SHUFFLE OF
FEET ON STONE, STONE'S VOICE
FILTERED THROUGH SATELLITE
TRANSMISSION.

STONE

(FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE)

She is gone.

We know because the crowd is closing.

All we can see is the crowd closing.

SFX: SOUND AMBIENCE OF CITY CHANGES
TO THAT OF GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO

HAMMOND

That was Daniel Stone reporting live from the central plaza of The City. Thank you for that update Daniel.

For those of you just joining us, this is GlobalWeb's "Prime" News. I'm Anna-Marie Hammond. Time is running out for the ultimatum delivered to The Conquerer who is now approaching The City. "Prime" News coverage continues . . . after this.

MUSIC: RIR THEME BEGINS, FADES
UNDER THE FOLLOWING AND OUT

HOST

You are listening to Re-Imagined Radio and our performance of "The Fall of the City" by Archibald MacLeish. First broadcast April 11, 1937 as an episode of *The Columbia Workshop* radio series,

the unique verse style of this story
still resonates.

Included in our performance are samples
from *Great Day for a War* by Jack J. Ward
which work well to provide a
contemporary context.

We'll return to our story in just a
moment . . .

MUSIC: BREAK THEME?

BREAK 1--THE FUSEBOX BREAK

HOST

(INTRODUCING THE FUSEBOX BREAK)

Re-Imagined Radio partners with other
radio programs, producers, and actors to
bring you a variety of radio
storytelling. One example is The Fusebox
Show. Freeform, but focused, appropriate
for all age groups and audiences,
Fusebox shares observations and
reactions to world and cultural events
we cannot ignore. It's a different kind
of radio storytelling, but one we are
proud to support. Here's a sample . . .

SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER

HOST

Learn more at *The Fusebox Show* website,
www dot thefuseboxshow dot com.

**SFX: ELECTRICAL SHORT CIRCUIT,
BUZZING**

MUSIC: RIR THEME, FADE OUT UNDER
THE FOLLOWING

ACT 2: LEGACY

HOST

(Returning from Break)

This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. Welcome back. The episode is "The Fall of the City," performed by The Willamette Radio Workshop and The Voices.

Archibald MacLeish claimed two historical events as inspiration for "The Fall of the City." The first was the unopposed 1521 conquest of the Aztec city Tenochtitlan (tā-nóch-tēt-län, now Mexico City) by Hernán Cortéz of Spain. The second was Nazi Germany's uncontested annexation of Austria just before the start of World War II.

"The Fall of the City," MacLeish said, was not about the conqueror, but rather about the way people lose or sustain the burden of freedom. It takes effort to maintain freedom. People may not be willing to devote the effort, thinking someone else will protect freedom for them.

Daniel Stone has reported the appearance of the Dead Woman in the City Plaza. Let's continue listening to "The Fall of the City."

MUSIC: FADE UP NEWSROOM MUSIC THEME

GLOBALWEB
ANNOUNCER

Around the Globe. On the Web.
Transmitted simultaneously in 128
languages around the world to more than

200 countries. GlobalWeb Network News.
The News you can trust. With the people
you know . . . Daniel Stone and Anna-
Marie Hammond.

SFX: AMBIENCE OF LIVE, GLOBAL RADIO
NETWORK NEWS STUDIO

HAMMOND

Good evening. I'm Anna-Marie Hammond. To
recap our story, after years of failed
sanctions and negotiations, The
President has issued an ultimatum
calling for The Conquerer to stop its
advance on The City. Speaking live from
the border, The President addressed a
coalition of troops gathered there but
did not say unequivocally what would
happen if The Conquerer failed to heed
his ultimatum.

Daniel Stone is on location where he has
been providing live reports from The
City's central plaza. Daniel, what can
you tell us about the situation there?

SFX: CROWD MEMBERS NEAR STONE'S
MICROPHONE ARE HEARD SIGHING

STONE

(FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE)

We hear the releasing of held breath,

The weight shifting: the lifting of shoe
leather.

The stillness is broken as surface of
water is broken,

The sound circling from within outward.

SFX: CROWD MURMURS INCREASE,
STONE'S VOICE FILTERED THROUGH
SATELLITE TRANSMISSION

STONE

Small wonder they feel fear.

Before the murders of the famous kings,

Before imperial cities burned and fell,

The dead were said to show themselves
and speak.

When dead men came disaster came.
Presentiments

That let the living on their beds sleep
on

Woke dead men out of death and gave them
voices.

SFX: CROWD NOISES RISE IN VOLUME,
VOICES ARE HEARD OVER THE CROWD

VOICE 1

Masterless men . . .

VOICE 2

When shall it be . . .

VOICE 3

Masterless men . . .

Will take a master . . .

VOICE 4

What has she said to us . . .

VOICE 5

When shall it be . . .

VOICE 6

Masterless men

Will take a master . . .

Blood after . . .

VOICES TOGETHER

Blood after! Blood after!

SFX: THE VOICES RUN TOGETHER INTO THE EXCITED, FRIGHTENED ROAR OF THE CROWD. CROSSFADE TO GLOBALWEB NEWS ROOM AMBIENCE.

HAMMOND

That was Daniel Stone with a live report from the central plaza in The City. Other reports coming in to the GlobalWeb "Prime" News studio report tanks and troops moving into positions along the border. A specially-trained guerilla warfare unit is also reported preparing for action.

Daniel, The President said in his speech from the border that "the people are waiting for the opportunity of freedom." What is the mood there in the central plaza of The City? What are the crowds gathered there doing?

SFX: CROSSFADE NEWS ROOM AMBIENCE TO CROWD MURMURS AND LOCATION NOISES, STONE'S VOICE FILTERED THROUGH SATELLITE TRANSMISSION

STONE

(FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE)

They are milling around us like cattle that smell death.

The whole square is whirling and turning and shouting.

One of the [cabinet] ministers raises his arms on the platform.

No one is listening: now they are sounding drums:

SFX: DISTANT DRUMS

Trying to quiet them likely: No! No!

SFX: CROWD NOISES BEGIN TO DIMINISH

Something is happening: there in the far corner:

A runner: a messenger: staggering: people are helping him:

SFX: CUT FROM CROWD AMBIENCE TO GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO AMBIENCE

HAMMOND

Daniel . . . We're hearing the crowd going quiet. What is happening?

SFX: CUT FROM GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO AMBIENCE TO LOCATION SOUNDS. CROWD MURMURS DECREASE, BEGINNING NEAR AT HAND AND SUBSIDING GRADUALLY FURTHER AWAY. PEOPLE ARE CALLING: THE MESSENGER COMES THROUGH THE CROWD: THE CROWD BECOMES QUIETER.

STONE

(FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE)

The Messenger is here. He is by the
[Cabinet] Ministers now. Listen! He is
speaking.

MESSENGER 1

There has come the conqueror!

I am to tell you.

I have raced over sea land:

I have run over cane land:

I have climbed over cone land:

I have crossed over mountains.

It was laid on my shoulders

By shall and by shan't

That standing by day

And staying by night

Were not for my lot

Till I came to the sight of you.

Now I have come.

Be warned of this conqueror!

This one is dangerous!

Word has out-oared him.

East over sea-cross has

All taken . . .

Every country.

No men are free there.

Ears overhear them.

Their words are their murderers

Judged before judgment

Tried after trial

They die as do animals –

Offer their throats

As the goat to her slaughter.

Terror has taught them this!

Now he is here!

I tell you beware of him!

All doors are dangers.

The warders of wealth

Will admit him by stealth.

The lovers of men

Will invite him as friend.

The drinkers of blood

Will drum him in suddenly.

Hope will unlatch to him:

Hopelessness open.

I say and say truly

To all men in honesty

Such is this conqueror!

Shame is his people.

Lickers of spittle

Their lives are unspeakable:

Their dying indecent.

Watch! I have said to you!

SFX: WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE SILENT

CENTRAL PLAZA

STONE

They are leading him out: his legs give:

Now he is gone in the crowd: they are
silent:

No one has spoken since his speaking:

They stand still circling the [cabinet]
ministers.

No one has spoken or called out:

There is no stir at all nor movement:

Even the farthest have stood patiently:

They wait, trusting the old men:

They wait faithfully, trusting the
answer.

Now the huddle on the platform opens:

A minister turns to them raising his two
arms. . . .

ORATOR

Freemen of this nation!

The persuasion of your wills against
your wisdom is not dreamed of.

We offer themes for your consideration.

What is the surest defender of liberty?

Is it not liberty?

A free people resists by freedom:

Not locks! Not blockhouses!

The future is a mirror where the past

Marches to meet itself. Go armed towards
arms!

Peaceful towards peace! Free and with
music towards freedom!

Face tomorrow with knives and tomorrow's
a knife-blade.

Murder your foe and your foe will be
murder!

Even your friends suspected of false
speaking:

Hands on the door at night and the floor boards squeaking.

Those who win by the spear are the spear toters.

And what do they win? Spears! What else is there?

If their hands let go they have nothing to hold by.

They are no more free than a paralytic propped against a tree is.

With the armored man the arm is upheld by the weapon:

The man is worn by the knife . . .

SFX: THE ORATOR'S VOICE FADES INTO THE BACKGROUND, HIS WORDS UNINTELLIGIBLE.

STONE

I wish you could all see this as we do.

(HIS WORDS ARE CAREFULLY CHOSEN TO DESCRIBE WHAT HE SEES)

The whole plaza full of these people,

Their colorful garments, the harsh sunlight,

The water sellers swinging enormous gourds,

The orator there on the stone platform,

The temple behind him: the high pyramid;

The hawks overhead in the sky teetering

Slow to the windward: swift to the down-
wind;

SFX: HAWKS CRY OVERHEAD, A LONG
SHARP WHISTLE AS THEY CIRCLE

The houses blind with the blank sun on
them . . .

SFX: THE ORATOR'S WORDS FADE UP
FROM THE BACKGROUND, THEY ARE ONCE
AGAIN INTELLIGIBLE

ORATOR

Once depend on iron for your freedom and
your

Freedom's iron!

Once overcome your resisters with force
and your

Force will resist you!

You will never be free of force.

Never of arms unarmed

Will the father return home:

The lover to her loved:

The mature man to his fruit orchard

Walking at peace in that beauty –

The years of his trees to assure him.

Force is a greater enemy than this
conqueror,

A treacherous weapon.

But nevertheless my friends there is a
weapon!

Weakness conquers!

Against chainlessness who breaks?

Against wall-lessness who vaults?

Against forcelessness who forces?

Against the feather of the thistle

Is blunted sharpest metal.

No edge cuts seed fluff.

This conqueror unresisted

Will conquer no longer: a posturer

Beating his blows upon burdocks

Shifting his guard against shadows.

Snickers will sound among road menders:

Titters be stifled by laundresses:

Coarse guffaws among chambermaids.

Reddened with rage he will roar.

He will sweat in his uniform foolishly.

He will disappear: no one will hear of him!

For there is a weapon!

Reason and truth are that weapon!

Let this conqueror come!

Show him no hindrance!

Suffer his flag and his drum!

Words . . . win!

SFX: ABRUPT CUT FROM SOUNDS OF
CENTRAL PLAZA TO THOSE OF THE
GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO

HAMMOND

Thank you Daniel for the first hand report, and apologies for interrupting but we have just learned The President will speak momentarily. We go live now to The President's press briefing.

SFX: SOUNDS OF NETWORK SWITCHING,
BRIEF MICROPHONE SQUELCH AND
FEEDBACK

PRESIDENT

My fellow citizens . . . A great crises is upon us. And a time of great faith is tasked of all of us. I ask for your faith. I ask for your belief that we are doing all we can to end this struggle and bring truth and justice back to The City and the world.

SFX: GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO AMBIENCE

HAMMOND That was The President speaking to a press conference just now. With me in the studio is Colonel Jeffrey Brachenswich. Welcome Colonel.

BRACHENSWICH Miss Hammond.

HAMMOND Colonel, what is your assessment of the situation in The City?

BRACHENSWICH In any conflagration of this type, you've got three major phases . . . open actions, control and security, and the rebuilding of the infrastructure.

(BEAT)

I didn't think that the first phase would be as particularly troubling . . . that being said, we've overcome that hurdle. The trick now is finding our way into phase two and making sure the area remains pacified from further outbursts.

HAMMOND Thank you, Colonel, for your insight. I hope you will stay close as I'll want to call on you again. But right now, let's return to Daniel Stone who is live in The City. Daniel, what is the situation there in the central plaza?

STONE (**FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE**)

The orator is climbing down: a great speech:

They're all smiling and pressing around him:

The women are squatting in full sunlight:

They're opening packages: bread we'd say by the look.

SFX: LOW, SUSTAINED MURMUR OF WOMEN.

STONE

Yes: bread: bread wrapped between corn leaves:

They're squatting to eat: they're quite contented and happy.

MUSIC: DRUM AND FLUTE FADING IN.

Women are calling their men from the sunny stones:

There are flutes sounding away off:

We can't see for the shifting and moving. . . .

SFX: SHUFFLING OF FEET.

Yes: there are flutes in the cool shadow:

Children are dancing in intricate figures.

Even a few old men are dancing.

You'd say they'd never feared to see
them dancing.

MUSIC STOPS

That's odd! The music has stopped.
There's something . . .

It's a man there on the far side: he's
pointing:

He seems to be pointing back through the
farthest street:

The people are twisting and rising:
bread in their fists.

We can't see what it is. . . . Wait! . .
. it's a messenger.

It must be a messenger. Yes. It's a
messenger . . . another.

Here he is at the turn of the street,
trotting:

His neck's back at the nape: he looks
tired:

He winds through the crowd with his
mouth open: laboring:

People are offering water: he pushes
away from them:

Now he has come to the stone steps: to
the [cabinet] ministers:

Stand by: we're edging in. . . .

SFX: SOUNDS OF PEOPLE CLOSE BY,
COUGHS, MURMURS. THE ANNOUNCER'S
VOICE IS LOWERED

STONE Listen: he's leaning on the stone: he's
speaking.

MESSENGER 2 There has come . . . The Conqueror . . .

I am to tell you.

I have run over corn land:

I have climbed over cone land:

I have crossed over mountains.

It was laid on my shoulders

By shall and by shan't

That standing by day

And staying by night

Were not for my lot

Till I came to the sight of you.

Now I have come.

I bear word:

Beware of this Conqueror!

The fame of his story

Like flame in the winter grass

Widens before him.

Beached on our shore

With the dawn over shoulder

The lawns were still cold

When he came to the sheep meadows:

Sun could not keep with him

So was he forward.

Fame is his sword.

No man opposing him

Still grows his glory.

He needs neither foeman nor

Thickest of blows to

Gather his victories . . .

Nor a foe's match

To earn him his battles.

He brings his own enemy!

He baggages with him

His closest antagonist,

His private opposer.

He's setting him up

At every road corner

A figure of horror

With blood for his color:

Fist for his hand:

Reek where he stands:

Hate for his heart:

Sneers for his mouth:

Clouts for his clothes:

Oaths if he speak:

And he's knocking him down

In every town square

Till hair's on his blade

And blood's all about

Like dust in a drought

And the people are shouting

Flowers him flinging

Music him singing

And bringing him gold

And holding his heels

And feeling his thighs

Till their eyes start

And their hearts swell

And they're telling his praises

Like lays of the heroes

And chiefs of antiquity.

Such are his victories!

So does he come:

So he approaches . . .

SFX: A WHISPER RUNS THROUGH THE
CROWD

CROWD No man to conquer.

(THE MESSENGER'S WORDS QUICKEN)

MESSENGER 2 Yet as a conqueror

Marches he forward . . .

(CROWD WHISPERS LOUDER)

CROWD Stands in your mountains. . . .

(A MURMUR OF CROWD VOICES)

CROWD Soon to descend on you!

(CROWD ROARS)

STONE That touched them! That frightened them!

Some of them point to the east hills:

Some of them mock at the [cabinet] ministers:

VOICE 1 "Freedom!"

VOICE 2 "Freedom for what? To die in a rat trap?"

STONE They're frantic with anger and plain fear.

They're sold out they say. You can hear them.

VOICE 3 "Down with the government! Down with the orators!"

VOICE 4 "Down with liberal learned minds!"

VOICE 5 "Down with the mouths and the loose tongues in them!"

VOICE 6 "Down with the lazy lot! They've sold us!"

VOICE 7 "We're sold out! Talking has done for us!"

STONE They're boiling around us like mullet that smell shark.

We can't move for the mob: they're crazy with terror . . .

SFX: VOICE HEARD FROM A DISTANCE

DISTANT VOICE God lovers!

Think of your gods!

Earth masters!

Taste your disasters!

Men!

Remember!

STONE

There's a voice over the crowd
somewhere.

They hear it: they're quieting down. . .
. It's the priests!

We see them now: it's the priests on the
pyramid!

There might be ten of them: black with
their hair tangled.

The smoke of their fire is flat in the
quick wind:

They stand in the thick of the smoke by
the stone of the victims:

Their knives catch in the steep sun:

SFX: MULTIPLE VOICES FROM MULTIPLE
PRIESTS

PRIESTS

Turn to your gods rememberers!

STONE

They are shouting:

Listen!

VOICE 1 Let the world be saved by surrendering
the world:

Not otherwise shall it be saved.

PRIESTS Turn to your gods, rememberers!

VOICE 2 Let evil be overcome by the coming over
of evil:

Your hearts shall be elsewhere.

PRIESTS Turn to your gods, rememberers!

VOICE 3 Turn to your gods!

The Conqueror cannot take you!

PRIESTS Turn to your gods!

VOICE 4 The narrow dark will keep you!

PRIESTS Turn to your gods!

VOICE 5 In god's house is no breaking!

PRIESTS Turn to your gods!

VOICE 6 In god's silences sleep is!

PRIESTS Lay up your will with the gods!

VOICE 7 Stones cannot still you!

PRIESTS Lay up your mind with the gods!

VOICE 8 Blade cannot blind you!

PRIESTS Lay up your heart with the gods!

VOICE 9

Danger departs from you!

STONE

It's a wonderful thing to see this crowd responding.

Even the simplest citizens feel the emotion.

There's hardly a sound now in the square. It's wonderful:

Really impressive: the priests there on the pyramid:

The smoke blowing: the bright sun: the faces . . .

SFX: CUT FROM CROWD AMBIENCE TO
GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO AMBIENCE

HAMMOND

Thank you, Daniel. We'll be back to you in a moment but right now I want to bring Colonel Brachenswich back into the conversation. Colonel . . . Do we have a timetable for stability in The City?

BRACHENSWICH

It's too soon to tell. As you know, there's a lot of action still going on in The City and we're going to need to make certain we have the full country under control before we can guarantee that the infrastructure can be rebuilt, and a government reinstituted.

HAMMOND

So that's a "no."

(BEAT)

We'll be back in a moment with Daniel Stone, live from The City. Daniel can hopefully shed a little light on this situation. Hard won? Or hardly won? Back in a moment . . .

MUSIC: NEWSROOM MUSIC. CROSSFADE TO

MUSIC: RIR BREAK THEME, FADE OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING.

BREAK 2 -- THE RE-IMAGINED RADIO BREAK

HOST

You are listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is "The Fall of the City," a re-imagined combination of the original by Archibald MacLeish and "Great Day for a War" by Jack J. Ward.

Excellent radio storytelling like "The Fall of the City" showcase skilled use of voice, sound effects, and music, combined in proportions to spark your imagination. Here is an example . . .

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO BILLBOARD

~~Upcoming episodes of Re-Imagined Radio will follow this lead. For example, we plan a look at four radio stories that may have inspired "The War of the Worlds," the most famous broadcast ever. Please join us as we share these interesting stories.~~

Let's return now to "The Fall of the City," performed by The Willamette Radio Workshop and The Voices.

ACT 3: THERE'S NO ONE!

MUSIC: NEWSROOM MUSIC THEME

HAMMOND This is GlobalWeb "Prime" News. I'm Anna-Marie Hammond with live coverage of the unfolding situation in The City. Daniel Stone is there and has been providing reports. Daniel, what is the situation there now?

STONE Thank you Anna-Marie. A confrontation between the crowd and the priests continues. Perhaps you can hear as I hold up the microphone . . .

VOICE 1 (FROM RECORDED PERFORMANCE)

In the day of confusion of reason when
all is delusion:

In the day of the tyrants of tongues
when the truth is for hire:

In the day of deceit when ends meet:

PRIESTS Turn to your gods!

VOICE 2 In the day of division of nations when
hope is derision:

In the day of the supping of hate when
the soul is corrupted:

In the day of despair when the heart's
bare:

PRIESTS Turn to your gods!

MUSIC: A SLOW DRUM BEAT.

STONE

A kind of dance is beginning: a serpent
of people:

A current of people coiling and curling
through people:

A circling of people through people like
water through water . . .

CHANTING VOICES

(TO THE DRUM)

Out of the stir of the sun

Out of the shout of the thunder Out of
the hush of the star . . . Withdraw the
heart.

**MUSIC: CHANT AND DRUMS UNDER FOR A
MOMENT.**

STONE

A very young girl is leading them:

They have torn the shawl from her bare
breast:

They are giving her flowers: her mouth
laughs:

Her eyes are not laughing.

CHANTING VOICES

Leave now the lovely air

To the sword and the sword-wearer.

Leave to the marksman the mark.

Withdraw the heart.

**MUSIC: THE CHANT AND DRUMS GROW
LOUDER.**

STONE

She's coming. . . . The drums pound. . .
. The crowd

Shrieks. . . . She's reaching the
temple. . . . she's climbing

in. . . .

Others are following: five: ten . . .

Hundreds are following . . . crowding
the stairway. . . .

She's almost there. . . . Her flowers
have fallen.

She looks back. . . . The priests are
surrounding her.

**MUSIC: THE DRUMS SUDDENLY STOP:
THERE IS AN INSTANT'S SILENCE.**

SFX: CROWD, AN ANGRY SHOUT.

STONE

Wait! Wait! Something has happened!

One of the [Cabinet] Ministers: one of
the oldest:

The General: the one in the feathered
coat:

He's driving them down with the staff of
a banner:

He's climbed after them driving them
down:

There's shouting and yelling enough but
they're going:

He's telling them off too: you can hear
him . . .

SFX: CROWD: CHATTERS ANGRILY.

GENERAL

Men! Old men! Listen!

Twist your necks on your nape bones!

The knife will wait in the fist for you!

There is a time for everything . . .

Time to be thinking of heaven:

Time of your own skins!

Cock your eyes to the wind windward!

SFX: CROWD: FALLS SILENT.

Do you see smoke on those mountains?

The smoke is the smoke of towns.

And who makes it? The Conqueror!

And where will he march now? Onward!

The heel of the future descends on you!

STONE

He has them now: even the priests have
seen it:

They're all looking away here to the east.

There's smoke too: filling the valleys: like thunderheads!

GENERAL

You are foolish old men.

You ought to be flogged for your foolishness.

Your grandfathers died to be free

And you . . . you juggle with freedom!

Do you think you're free by a law

Like the falling of apples in autumn?

You thought you were safe in your liberties!

You thought you could always quibble!

You can't! You take my word for it.

Freedom's the rarest bird!

You risk your neck to snare it . . .

It's gone while your eyeballs stare!

Those who'd lodge with a tyrant

Thinking to feed at his fire

And leave him again when they're fed are

Plain fools or were bred to it.

Brood of the servile races

Born with the hang-dog face.

SFX: CROWD: LOW MURMUR: UNEASY
STIRRING.

STONE

They're all pointing and pushing
together:

The women are shouldering baskets:
bread: children.

They smell smoke in the air: they smell
terror . . .

SFX: CROWD: A RISING TONE OF
EXCITEMENT.

GENERAL

(LOUDER OVER THE INCREASING SOUND)

There's nothing in this world worse,

Empty belly or purse or the

Pitiful hunger of children,

Than doing the Strong Man's will!

The free will fight for their freedom.

They're free men first. They feed

Meager of fat but as free men.

Everything else comes after:

Food: roof: craft . . .

Even the sky and the light of it!

CROWD: THE VOICES RISE TO A TUMULT
OF SHOUTS.

MUSIC: HEAVY DRUMS.

STONE

The sun is yellow with smoke. . . . the
town's burning. . . .

The war's at the broken bridge.

GENERAL

(SHOUTING)

You! Are you free? Will you fight?

There are still inches for fighting!

There is still a niche in the streets!

You can stand on the stairs and meet
him!

You can hold in the dark of a hall!

You can die!

. . . or your children will crawl for
it!

STONE

(OVER THE TUMULT)

They won't listen. They're shouting and
screaming and circling.

The square is full of deserters with
more coming.

Every street from the bridge is full of
deserters.

They're rolling in with the smoke
blowing behind them.

The plaza's choked with the smoke and
the struggling of stragglers. They're
climbing the platform: driving the
[Cabinet] Ministers: shouting . . . One
speaks and another . . .

VOICES OF
CITIZENS

The city is doomed!

There's no holding it!

Let The Conqueror have it! It's his!

The age is his! It's his century!

He's one man: we are but thousands!

Who can defend us from one man?

Bury your arms! Break your standards!

Give him the town while the town stands!

STONE

They're throwing their arms away: their
bows are in bonfires.

The plaza is littered with torn plumes:
spear-handles.

VOICES OF
CITIZENS

Masterless men!

Masterless men

Must take a master!

Order must master us!

Freedom's for fools:

Force is the certainty!

Freedom has eaten our strength and
corrupted our virtues!

Men must be ruled!

Fools must be mastered!

Rigor and fast

Will restore us our dignity!

Chains will be liberty!

SFX: CROWD DISPERSES.

STONE

The last defenders are coming: they
whirl from the streets like

Wild leaves on a wind: the square
scatters them.

Now they are fewer . . . ten together or
five:

They come with their heads turned: their
eyes back.

Now there are none. The street's empty .
. . in shadow.

The crowd is retreating . . . watching
the empty street:

The shouts die.

The voices are silent.

They're watching.

They stand in the slant of the sunlight
silent and watching.

The silence after the drums echoes the
drum beat.

SFX: HOLLOW CLANK OF METAL IN
BACKGROUND.

Now there's a sound. They see him. They
must see him!

They're shading their eyes from the sun:
there's a rustle of

whispering:

We can't see for the glare of it. . . .
Yes! . . . Yes! . . .

He's there in the end of the street in
the shadow. We see him!

He looks huge . . . a head taller than
anyone:

Broad as a brass door: a hard hero:

Heavy of heel on the brick: clanking
with metal:

The helm closed on his head: the eye
holes hollow.

SFX: CLANKING METAL COMES NEARER.

He's coming! . . .

He's clear of the shadow! . . .

The sun takes him.

They cover their faces with fingers.
They cower before him.

They fall: they sprawl on the stone.
He's alone where he's walking.

He marches with rattle of metal. He
tramples his shadow.

He mounts by the pyramid . . .stamps on
the stairway . . . turns . . .

SFX: CLANKING OUT.

His arm rises. . . . His visor is
opening. . . .

SFX: THERE IS AN INSTANT'S SHARP
SILENCE. THEN STONE'S VOICE LOW,
ALMOST A WHISPER.

There's no one!

There's no one at all!

No one! . . .

The helmet is hollow!

The metal is empty! The armor is empty!
I tell you

There's no one at all there: there's
only the metal!

The barrel of metal: the bundle of
armor. It's empty!

They don't see. They lie in the
sunlight. They lie in the

Burnt spears: the ashes of arrows. They
lie there.

They don't see or they won't see. They
are silent.

The people invent their oppressors: they
wish to believe in them.

They wish to be free of their freedom:
released from their liberty:

The long labor of liberty ended!

They lie there!

SFX: A SUDDEN RUSTLE.

STONE

(VOICE RISING)

Look! It's his arm! It is rising! His
arm's rising!

They're watching his arm as it rises.
They stir. They cry.

They cry out. They are shouting. They're shouting with happiness. Listen! They're shouting like troops in a victory. Listen! . . . "The city of masterless men has found a master!"

You'd say it was they [who] were the conquerors: they that had conquered.

SFX: CROWD, A SWELLING ROAR OF VOICES.

STONE

The City has fallen!

SFX: CROWD NOISE, CUT TO GLOBALWEB NEWS STUDIO AMBIENCE.

HAMMOND

Thank you for that report Daniel. What do you think happens next?

SFX: CROWD NOISE

STONE

I don't know Anna-Marie. The crowd is beginning to disperse. People are drifting away. The empty suit of armor remains where it stopped, one arm raised. But here is something interesting . . . Someone in the crowd has just handed me a thick envelop with no explanation and walked away.

SFX: CUT TO GLOBALWEB NEWS ROOM AMBIENCE

HAMMOND

What is it Daniel?

SFX: CUT TO CITY CENTRAL PLAZA, CROWD NOISES STILL, BUT MORE

DISTANT, LAG AND ECHO FROM
SATELLITE TRANSMISSION

STONE Documents, Anna-Marie. Hard copy, faxes, copies of email messages . . . all showing that events leading up to today's events here in The City were engineered by the GlobalWeb Corporation. All to provide prime viewing during "Sweeps Weeks."

SFX: CUT TO GLOBALWEB NEWS ROOM
AMBIENCE

HAMMOND (INCREDULOUS)

You can't be serious.

SFX: CUT TO CITY CENTRAL PLAZA, LAG
AND ECHO FROM SATELLITE
TRANSMISSION

STONE I wish that were the case Anna-Marie It's a grotesque use of the media, and of the newsroom specifically . . . I have memos showing dates and times. Apparently, someone was given access to highlight certain stories, pay off various agencies to edit reports, even plant incriminating evidence.

SFX: CUT TO GLOBALWEB NEWS ROOM
AMBIENCE

HAMMOND Certainly "Sweeps Week" represents internationally billions of dollars in commercial revenues, and traditionally

viewership always goes up in times of crisis.

(BEAT)

And according to our own records...

STONE

(FINISHING THE THOUGHT)

Our viewership has gone up.

HAMMOND

SFX: SOUND NOTICEABLY BEGINS
FADING, BECOMING NOT LOWER IN
VOLUME BUT DISTANT IN ITS SOURCE,
CORRUPTED, GLITCHY

Nearly 15 points. Daniel . . .

(PAUSE)

what shall we do with this information
... ?

SFX: CENTRAL PLAZA, CITY AMBIENCE,
WITH PERHAPS AN OMINOUS HUM
BEGINNING TO BUILD IN THE
BACKGROUND

STONE

I'm uploading it to our private
webserver now . . . Let me know when you
can see it . . .

SFX: COLLAGE OF STATIC, DIAL TONES,
MODEM ECHOES, PHONES RINGING

SFX: VOICE NOW OF POOR QUALITY,
NEARLY DISTORTED BEYOND
RECOGNITION, RESULT FROM JAMMING OF
SATELLITE TRANSMISSION

HAMMOND Yes . . . It's here, Daniel. I can see
it!

STONE How quickly can you get it hooked up to
search engines?

(BEAT)

SFX: HEAVY BOOTS ON THE STONES OF
CENTRAL PLAZA, RADIO TRAFFIC FROM
INDIVIDUAL RECEIVERS

They're here . . . All around me. Police
officers . . . Military . . . It's them.
Get the word out. Put this information
on every mirror server you can.

(LOUDER)

Don't worry about me. I'll destroy this
computer. It will buy you time.

SFX: SOUNDS OF APPROACHING OFFICERS
INCREASES

(PANICKED AND LOUDLY)

Get the information out! Get it out!

SFX: SMASHING THE COMPUTER.
SPARKING, STATIC, THEN SILENCE

(PAUSE)

SFX: COMPUTER MOUSE CLICKING

(PAUSE)

FEMALE AI VOICE "The Fall of the City" story is completed. Do you wish to view another clip? Click "Yes" to continue.

SFX: COMPUTER MOUSE CLICKING

FEMALE AI VOICE You've selected "No." Proceeding to electronic checkout.

SFX: COMPUTER BEEPS

FEMALE AI VOICE Thank you. Your total will be nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. Please select electronic payment type.

(BEAT)

SFX: NEWS PROGRAM MUSIC CLOSING, ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER

GLOBALWEB ANNOUNCER Thank you for watching GlobalWeb News Coverage. Around the Globe. On the Web across all boundaries. Transmitted simultaneously in 128 languages to more than 200 countries. GlobalWeb Network News.

(BEAT)

News you can trust.

SFX: MOUSE CLICKING SOUND.

MUSIC: FADE UP NEWS PROGRAM CLOSING MUSIC, HOLD, THEN FADE OUT.

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MUSIC: TRANSITION, THEME?

HOST

For this episode of Re-Imagined Radio we combined "The Fall of the City" by Archibald MacLeish and samples from "Great Day for a War" by Jack J. Ward.

"Great Day for a War" focuses on the power of mass media to fabricate spectacle and conflict to benefit its own standing. Our thanks to Jack Ward for allowing us to sample from his unpublished script.

"The Fall of the City" was first broadcast April 11, 1937 as an episode of The Columbia Workshop. Written by MacLeish, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, writer, and Librarian of Congress, in the form of a radio broadcast, "The Fall of the City" was the first American verse play for radio.

~~The drama follows the collapse of a city under an unnamed dictator. More specifically, the story considers the ambiguous relationship humans have with freedom. Freedom requires time and effort, which we may not be willing to give. Because of this ambiguity, we both fear and welcome the conqueror.~~

"The Fall of the City" is often cited as the best example of the artistic potential of radio broadcasting in terms of both stylistic innovation and social power. This episode of Re-Imagined Radio is a tribute to this artistry of radio storytelling.

HOST

Script adaptations for this episode by John Barber.

Music composition, sound design, and post-production by Marc Rose of Fuse.

Our presence on Twitter, Facebook, and Instagram is provided by Regina Carol Social Media Management.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum Design.

Our announcer is Jack Armstrong.

This is John Barber, producer and host. In addition to social media, look for Re-Imagined Radio on SoundCloud, and the Internet Archive. Thank you for listening.

ANNOUNCER

SFX: PRE-RECORDED

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(all one word, no punctuation) DOT net.
While there, subscribe to our snappy
email Program Guide.

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

**MUSIC: RIR THEME. FADE UP AND
CONTINUE TO CLOSE.**