

EARTH ABIDES

Human civilization breaks down
Earth quietly continues

The November 5 and 12, 1950 performances
starring John Dehner
for *Escape*

Produced and Hosted by

John F. Barber

CC BY-NC-ND 4.0
(<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>)
Creative Commons Attribution-Non-Commercial-NoDerivs 4.0
International

Re-Imagined Radio
Season 14, Episode 01

Final draft

EARTH ABIDES

Human civilization breaks down. Earth quietly continues.

Re-Imagined Radio
Season 14, Episode 01
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: January 19, 2026

Produced, Hosted by John F. Barber

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

Graphics by Evan Leyden

Social Media Wrangling by Caitlyn Kruger-Lesperance

YouTube Strategies and Announcing by Rylan Eisenhauer

Synopsis

Earth Abides, a 1949 post-apocalyptic science fiction novel by George R. Stewart, examines nature's resilience following the collapse of human civilization wrought by a sudden and deadly pandemic virus. The efforts and artifacts of human civilization ebb and flow, but Earth Abides. Adapted for radio by David Ellis, and broadcast in two episodes of the *Escape* radio adventure series, November 1950. With minimal editing the two parts are combined for this episode of *Re-Imagined Radio*.

Credits

Adapted by David Ellis
Produced and Directed by Norman MacDonnell
John Dehner as Isherwood Williams
Peggy Weber as Emma
Lawrence Dobkin, Paul Frees, Harry Bartell, Michael Ann Barrett, Jeanette Nolan, John Hoyt, Parley Bear, Ron Brogan, Lou Krugman, Jeffry Silver (Part 2 only)
Music arrangement and conducting by Ivan Ditmars

Color Code

Yellow highlighted text = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or created for episode. Pre-recorded audio is used as content in this episode.

~~**Magenta highlighted text with strike through**~~ = text deleted for episode timing

MUSIC = pre-recorded

COLD OPEN

ESCAPE
ANNOUNCER 1 You! Finding life rather dull? Dreaming
again of exotic places? Wishing you were
somewhere else? We offer you ESCAPE?

MUSIC: THEME REPRISED FOR BRIDGE

ISHERWOOD
WILLIAMS If you should awake some morning ...
tomorrow morning, let's say, if you
should wake to a man-dead world where
virtually all of human life had been
dissolved from the face of the earth,
leaving behind only buildings, bridges,
machines. If you should awake to such a
world tomorrow morning, what would you
do? Where would you go?

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

RIR ANNOUNCER Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program
about sound-based storytelling. With
each episode we explore how dialogue,
sound effects, and music can engage your
listening imagination and promote
storytelling. Here to tell you about
THIS episode is John Barber, producer
and host.

HOST OPEN

RIR HOST Thank you Rylan. Hello everyone. Welcome
to Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is
called "Earth Abides."

The title is that of the post-
apocalyptic science fiction novel by

American author George R. Stewart. Published in 1949, and winner of the first International Fantasy Award, Stewart's novel examines nature's resilience after a deadly virus sweeps around the globe, killing almost all humans.

Sound improbable? W. M. Stanley, writing in 1947 for the *Chemical and Engineering News*, describes exactly how such a event could happen.

HOST OR SOME [QUOTE]If a killing type of virus strain
OTHER VOICE FOR should suddenly arise by mutation, it
W.M. STANLEY could, because of the rapid
transportation in which we indulge
nowadays, be carried to the far corners
of the earth and cause the death of
millions of people.[UNQUOTE]

(W. M. Stanley. *Chemical and Engineering News*, December 22, 1947.)

HOST And recall COVID-19. First detected in
Washington State in January 2020, COVID,
by May 2023, was a global pandemic
sickening and killing thousands.
Sometimes science fiction really CAN
give us a look at the future.

For more information, visit the episode
page at our website, reimaginedradio dot
fm.

Let's listen now to Part 1 of *Earth
Abides*, from the November 5, 1950
episode of *Escape*.

MUSIC: FOR INTRODUCTION

PART 1

ISHERWOOD (ISH) (NARRATING) My name is Isherwood
WILLIAMS Williams. I was a student of ecology. I
was in the Northern California
wilderness gathering specimens of rock,
plant, and animal life. I was alone and
had been for a month.

Climbing up to a sharp ledge one day, I
felt a sudden sharp pain in my extended
right hand. I withdrew it under reflex
and looked up and there, a foot above my
head I saw him, a rattler, coiled, ready
to strike again.

Slowly, carefully, I lowered myself and
began to suck the poison from the bite.
I wrapped a handkerchief about my wrist,
tourniquet style, and headed for my
cabin.

There I broke open my snakebite outfit,
cut a neat crisscross in my hand at the
point of the wound, and applied to the
rubber suction pump. Then I lay down on
my cot.

I felt sick. Sick because of the poison.
Sick because I was alone. I was weak. In
a few moments, deep warm blackness
closed in about me.

I don't know how long I was unconscious
but I was awakened by the door.

SFX: DOOR FORCED OPEN

MAN 1 Harry ... Harry look here this one's still alive I think

ISH (SPEAKING) Hello ... I'm glad you came ... I'm sick.

HARRY He's alive all right. Don't get near him. Come on, let's get out of here.

ISH (SPEAKING) No, wait, wait, wait. I'm sick. Come back.

(NARRATING) Why? Why why did they leave me when they knew I was sick? What were they afraid of?

I tried to stand. My knees were like sponge rubber. But finally, I was able to stumble to my chest of drawers, and then I saw the hammer, my rock hammer, resting on the top of the chest.

And it suddenly became the most important thing in the world to me. If I can lift this hammer, I told myself, I will live. I wrapped my fingers about its handle, and I lifted it. Slowly, then let it down. I breathed a sigh of relief. I would live.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) In the morning I felt better. I got up, packed the car, and headed for the nearest town, Hudsonville, about 10 miles to the south. They'd take care of me in Hudsonville.

SOTO VOCCE

Consider, if you will, the case of the rats that once inhabited Christmas Island, a small bit of tropical verdure some 200 miles south of Java. In 1903, a new disease sprang up. The rats proved universally susceptible and soon were dying by the thousands. In spite of great numbers, in spite of an abundant supply of food, in spite of a rapid breeding rate, the species is now extinct.

MUSIC: FOR DRAMATIC TRANSITION.

CROSSFADE TO ...

SFX: AUTOMOBILE MOTOR SLOWING TO A STOP

ISH

(NARRATING) Hudsonville. The familiar houses, stores, taverns. But no one on the streets. The hen scratched quietly in the dust. A lonely dog was howling somewhere.

I got out of the car and walked into a little restaurant. The place was empty.

SFX: DOG HOWLS IN BACKGROUND

ISH

(SPEAKING) Hey, is anybody here?

SFX: DOG HOWLS AGAIN

ISH

(SPEAKING LOUDER) Hey!

(NARRATING) Silence. (PAUSE) Deathly silence.

MUSIC: BEGINS FADING IN

ISH (NARRATING) On the counter, I saw a newspaper. Flipped it open. The headline ...

READING VOICE 1 "Crisis Acute."

ISH (NARRATING) I read the story. A dispatch from Washington.

READING VOICE 1 "The Federal government is herewith suspended as of the emergency. All officers, including those of the armed forces, will put themselves under the orders of any functioning local authority. By order of the acting president."

ISH (NARRATING) Front page. Column three.

READING VOICE 2 "The West Oakland Hospitalization Center has been abandoned. Its functions, including burials at sea are now concentrated at the Berkeley Center. Keep tuned to your radio."

MUSIC: ENDS

ISH (NARRATING) The radio. The radio in my car.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS. RUNNING. ON FLOORING, THEN OF PAVEMENT. CAR DOOR OPENS. THEN IS CLOSED.

ISH (NARRATING) I turned the dial to the most powerful station in the vicinity.

SFX: RADIO STATIC, DUCKS UNDER

ISH (NARRATING) It's static, nothing but static. Desperately, I twisted it from one end of the band to the other, praying for a human voice, a bar of music, anything. There wasn't a single radio station still in operation.

SFX: RADIO TURNED OFF. STATIC STOPS.

ISH (NARRATING) The horn. Someone will hear the horn.

SFX: AUTOMOBILE HORN, SINGLE

ISH (SPEAKING) Come on!

SFX: AUTOMOBILE HORN AGAIN

ISH (SPEAKING) Oh, come on!

SFX: AUTOMOBILE HORN, MULTIPLE

ISH (SPEAKING) No! No!

SFX: AUTOMOBILE HORN, SINGLE, LONG

ISH (SPEAKING) Come on! Oh. Oh come on.

SFX: AUTOMOBILE HORN, STOPS

ISH (NARRATING) Silence. silence and death.

MUSIC: FADES UP

ISH (NARRATING) I leaned back in the seat, exhausted. I sat that way for minutes before I looked at the paper again. The paper, the last sign of human life left

to me. It was dated a week before, and I read it through twice. Whole cities had perished, medical centers, bodies, doctors, nurses, burial crews hard at work ... hard at work, and then they, too, had fallen and died.

The United States, the world, a stagnant flesh pool of death. Suddenly, with terror, I thought of home. I started for San Francisco.

On the way, I helped myself to a tank full of gas at a station. Oddly enough, the pumps were still working. The electricity still flowed from the river-driven generators and the lights still blazed. I wondered how I had survived. Perhaps the snake venom had counteracted the virus, perhaps the clean wilderness we could save. But somewhere, someone else was alive. The men at the cabin door. There must be others, but where?

I passed some cows in the pasture, smiled at myself with the irony. The world belonged once again to the animals.

SOTTO VOCE

Ecological observation. Pedigree means nothing now. The prize, which is life itself, will go to the keenest brain, the staunchest limb, the strongest jaw. The champion boars will die in their well-kept pens, but the shoats will roam wild. In a few generations, their legs will grow slim, their bodies thin, their

tusks longer. Man? They need nothing from man.

ISH (NARRATING) I passed four or five cars in the highway, abandoned. But farther along, I spotted another car and there was a man inside.

I stopped and got out. He had fallen over the wheel. There was a bottle beside him and the strong smell of cheap liquor. I shook him. (SPEAKING) Come on, come on. Come on, wake up. ... Wake up, wake up.

BARLOW Oh, wait.

ISH (SPEAKING) Wake up, I said.

BARLOW Hey. Come on, now, come on. Now, leave me alone, now. You just leave me alone.

ISH (SPEAKING) I said wake up. What's your name? Your name.

BARLOW Oh, what difference does it make?

ISH (SPEAKING) Oh, come on, come on. Don't go back to sleep. What's your name?

BARLOW Barlow. Barlow's my name. Fifty eight Barlow's in the Seattle telephone directory and I'm the only one left. Me the dirtiest skunk of the lot. What am I doing alive? Answer me that.

ISH (SPEAKING) Go back to sleep Mr. Barlow

BARLOW Wait wait wait wait, here, it's free on the house Everything is on the house now. Have a drink.

ISH (SPEAKING) No, thanks.

BARLOW Hey, let me tell you why I'm still alive. Because I'm being punished. I'm not good enough to die.

ISH (SPEAKING) Well, goodbye, Mr. Barlow.

BARLOW No, hey, come on back. I'll buy you a drink. I'll buy you a drink. Look here, I got \$500. I took it from a bank yesterday. You want it? Here, \$500.
(MANIACAL LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION. CROSSFADE TO

SFX: WIND, BLOWING THROUGH EMPTY
STREETS.

ISH (NARRATING) San Francisco. The mute, dead city of San Francisco. A naked forest of concrete with its empty streets. Its ghosts of newspapers blowing across alleys.

I crossed the Bay Bridge, stretched over the blank water. A single car, coupe, parked in an emergency recess with its sole possessor now. The Bay Bridge, a final monument to the greatness that had been mankind.

I drove the familiar route toward home, turned right at San Lupo Drive, pulled up in front of the house. I walked up

the stairs, took out my key. Opened the door. Strange odor of must and stale food blew out at me. Mom? Dad? Mom? I fell into a chair and cried.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC FOR TRANSITION,
DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

SOTTO VOCE

Observation. The desert and the wilderness began a long time ago. Men came only in the latter centuries. They camped at the springs and wore faint trails through the mesquite bushes. They laid rails, strung wire, paved long straight roads. After a while, men were gone, leaving their small works behind them. In a thousand years, at a conservative estimate, man will be a forgotten stone in the jungle.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

ISH

(NARRATING) Where would I go? I had no I only knew I had to keep going. Change of place was my only comfort now. The only way I had to convincing myself that it was still life in the world.

The snake bite began to hurt again, but it felt good, some small sign of living flesh.

I left San Francisco and started across what had once been the United States, Route 66 to the giant southwest, the towns, the empty, dead towns, the dust-blown silent towns passed me by, one

after another. Kingman, Flagstaff,
Albuquerque, Oklahoma City.

Just outside Guthrie, I saw a Negro
tending his garden as if nothing had
happened. He was afraid. He waved me on
with a shotgun.

In Tulsa, the sprinklers were still
going in the park.

SFX: EXTERIOR. LANDSCAPE SPRINKLERS
SHOOTING WATER OVER A LAWN.

ISH (NARRATING) I stopped in Fayetteville,
Arkansas. I heard music.

MUSIC: FADE UP FROM BACKGROUND.
DUCK UNDER.

ISH (NARRATING) It came from a little bar.
Neon lit, spitting its bright invitation
to the empty street. I took my hammer
and went inside.

SFX: EXTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS ON
PAVEMENT.

MUSIC: INTERIOR. INCREASES IN
VOLUME.

ISH (NARRATING) Bottles were stacked neatly,
bar rag over the rack and a broken
jukebox, blazing in blues and red,
singing its song to the vacant varnished
tables.

MUSIC: UP

ISH (SPEAKING) "Oh, shut up. Shut up. Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

SFX: INTERIOR. HAMMER POUNDING
JUKEBOX.

ISH (SPEAKING) "Shut up! I said shut up!"

SFX: NOW DISTORTED, THE JUKEBOX
SLOWS TO A STOP

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) I slept in the best auto courts of the most luxurious hotels. I slept and ate from the leavings of 150 million people. All the wealth of America had been bequeathed to me, all its wealth, and its death.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, DUCK UNDER
AND CONTINUE.

ISH (NARRATING) Three days later, I pulled up at Pulaski Skyway, crossed George Washington Bridge, and came to Manhattan. The splendid, slow-decaying corpse of Fifth Avenue, the sable mink in the windows, the silly traffic lights changing color at naked intersections. Manhattan, soulless and dead.

SOTTO VOCE Stretched out between its rivers, the city will remain for a long time. Stone and brick, concrete and asphalt, glass, time deals gently with them. A window pane loosens, vibrates, breaks in a gusty wind. Lightning strikes, loosens the tiles of a cornice. The shade trees

on the avenues die in their shallow pockets. Bats fly from the 59th floor. City dies slowly.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

ISH (NARRATING) In the afternoon, I saw smoke from a chimney in the Bronx. I drove to the house, small house, and knocked on the door. I heard footsteps. When the door opened, I saw a little bald man with a broad smile, holding a handful of playing cards.

CARSON Milt Carson. How do you do? Come on in. You're in time for supper.

ISH (SPEAKING) Well, thanks. I just ate.

CARSON This is ahh ... Mrs. Carson.

ISH How are you?

MRS. CARSON Won't you sit down?

ISH (SPEAKING) Thanks.

MRS. CARSON Where are you from?

ISH (SPEAKING) California.

MRS. CARSON I had a relative there.

CARSON We're just finishing a hand of gin. Say, look here. Isn't that a beauty?

ISH (SPEAKING) The television set? Yes. It's beautiful.

MRS. CARSON It's a combination radio-television-set-radio-player. I'll bet it even does the washing. It took us two days to get it up the steps from the radio store.

CARSON I always wanted a set like that.

ISH (SPEAKING) Yes, but there's nothing on the air.

CARSON Yes sir, always wanted a set like that. Gin, there you are.

MRS. CARSON I owe you \$10,000.

CARSON Oh, give it to me tomorrow. There's a busted window at the Chase National. All the money you want. I carry \$50,000 with me all the time just to be on the safe side.

MRS. CARSON Of course, you can't buy anything with it now, but it sure feels nice to carry around.

CARSON How about some salami?

ISH (SPEAKING) No, thanks. I just ate.

CARSON Oh, yeah. Say, do you like canasta?

ISH (SPEAKING) Not much at cards.

CARSON Oh, canasta, I could teach you. It's simple, like rummy, but a little different. What I was wondering was... Why don't you stay here? I got everything you'd want right here in the Bronx. Need a coat for the lady, break a

window at I.J. Fox. You should see some of the diamonds I got, uh, Mrs. Carson at Tiffany's yesterday. Beauties. Hey, where are you going?

ISH (SPEAKING) I've got to get started.

CARSON Where? There ain't no place to go.

ISH (SPEAKING) Lots of luck.

CARSON Well, thanks, but I wish you could stay with us.

ISH (SPEAKING) No, thanks. Good-bye.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

MUSIC: DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ISH (NARRATING) Oh, the scavengers. How long would they last? Through the winter? It was doubtful. There'd be no central heating, even breaking furniture in the fireplace wouldn't keep them alive. They were like highly-bred Spaniels or Pekingese who walked the city's streets at the end of their leashes. They would die with the city a season or two later. pneumonia, or accident. The Negro in Oklahoma with his heart to the land, he would survive. Milt Carson and his new wife, they were waiting for death at the card table.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY, THEN DUCK UNDER

ISH (NARRATING) Two weeks later I was in San Francisco again. The streets were just as bare as when I left. The lights were still on, but dimmer now. Water flowed still from the faucets.

But San Francisco had a new population, the dogs. They hunted in packs, all breeds, bound together in the common search for food. Danes, Dalmatians, Scotties, Toys, all of them. The dogs had taken over the city.

I decided to move back into the house because of the familiar things.

SFX: EXTERIOR. MANY DOGS BARKING
FADES UP FROM BACKGROUND. INCREASES
UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

ISH (NARRATING) Late one afternoon, I went out to look around the neighborhood. I heard the yelping too late. As I looked around me, I saw myself being surrounded by dogs. They were hungry, ravenously hungry, and I started to close in.

The car was on the street some fifty feet away ... if I could make the car. The little dog made a lunge for me. I kicked violently and started to run. They were after me, some of them running at my legs.

I reached the car, opened the door and slammed it.

SFX: EXTERIOR. CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT

ISH (NARRATING) They climbed to the window, bearing their fangs, their red tongues, wet with hunger. But I was safe.

MUSIC: UP FOR TRANSITION, THEN
DUCKS UNDER.

ISH (NARRATING) Then the night, and that night, the lights went out.

ISH The lights. The lights.

SFX: INTERIOR. RAPID FLICKING OF
LIGHT SWITCH ON AND OFF.

MUSIC: CONTINUES UNDER.

ISH (NARRATING) Gee, the lights. What's happened to the lights? I looked out over the city. It was black. Black as Death. The age of electricity was over. Finished.

MUSIC: CHANGES FOR A TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) There were candles. Mom kept them for ceremonial occasions in the buffet, and I found myself hoarding matches and flashlights, candles, piling them up in the corners.

There was only night and day, time had lost its meaning. I had food and clothing. Then I had books to read. The Bible. And I read the Bible.

FEMALE SOTTO VOCE Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, BUILDS FOR
DRAMATIC EFFECT.

ISH (NARRATING) There was a faint but unmistakable light burning that night a mile away in Nob Hill. I got into the car and drove to the light. I parked the car. I reached for my hammer. In the window a shadow moved. As I approached the door, a flashlight caught me in its glare.

MUSIC: OUT

ISH (NARRATING) I stopped, dead still. I waited for someone to say, "Put your hands up," Or "who are you?" There was a breath of perfume.

EMMA That's a nice car.

ISH (SPEAKING) I can pick up a better one on any street corner.

EMMA Come on in.

ISH (SPEAKING) Thanks.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON FLOORBOARDS

EMMA How about some coffee?

ISH (SPEAKING) Sounds good.

EMMA How come you didn't find me before this?

ISH (SPEAKING) I just saw the light tonight. I decided to investigate.

EMMA I saw your light lots of times.

ISH (SPEAKING) Oh?

EMMA You live down on San Lupo Drive.

ISH (SPEAKING) Well, why didn't you come in?

EMMA Woman's pride. Man's supposed to come after the woman.

ISH (SPEAKING) Uh-huh. That was before. No rules now.

EMMA No, but they're habits. Want yours black?

ISH (SPEAKING) Yeah. Black's fine. Fine.

EMMA I don't want you to think you're the first one I've met. There were five or six others. They saw the light and they came in. They had coffee, and I sent them on.

ISH (SPEAKING) What about me

EMMA I don't know you.

ISH (SPEAKING) I'm clean, well-educated, healthy, young.

EMMA Those are the good things.

ISH (SPEAKING) I dislike turnips, canned beans, stupid people.

EMMA What's your name?

ISH (SPEAKING) You'll laugh.

EMMA I won't laugh. What's your name?

ISH (SPEAKING) Isherwood, my mother's maiden name. Everybody calls me Ish.

EMMA Well, mine's Emma. Emma and Ish. Nobody's going to write any love songs with that combination.

ISH (SPEAKING) No. I don't imagine they will.

EMMA I like you. (PAUSE) Coffee will be ready in a minute.

ISH (SPEAKING) Emma. Will you come and live with me?

EMMA I don't know you.

ISH (SPEAKING) What is there to know? I like you. You like me. But we're both alone. Emma.

EMMA What?

ISH (SPEAKING) Emma.

EMMA Yes.

ISH (SPEAKING, DRAWING OUT THE WORD) Good.

EMMA Ceremony. Ought to be some kind of ceremony.

ISH (SPEAKING) Have you a Bible?

EMMA Bible? On the mantle. I've never used it. I just had it.

SFX: INTERIOR. FOOTSTEPS BACK AND FORTH.

EMMA Here.

ISH (SPEAKING) Give me your hand. Now, we shall be together always.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) Emma was warm and understanding, a good woman, a healthy woman. Soon there was a baby to be born. I had read some books, but I couldn't read enough. I stood by her during the night and tried to help. When the morning came, we had a son, the first born since the great disaster.

Then there was the matter of time.

EMMA We won't need to know the exact hour.

ISH (SPEAKING) No that's true the clocks have stopped but what's the difference we eat when we're hungry and when we're tired we go to bed.

EMMA But the months and the years. It's important to know when the year ends.

ISH (SPEAKING) That's what I've been doing out on the porch.

EMMA What is that thing out there.

ISH (SPEAKING) It's a transit. I set it towards the sun, and when the sun reaches the winter solstice, I know that to be the shortest day of the year, and that will be our new year.

EMMA The New Year's Day isn't the shortest day of the year.

ISH (SPEAKING) No, December 21st is, and we'll make that our new year. Man's always been trying to get close to that date for the new year, but calendar makers always went off.

EMMA How long will it be?

ISH (SPEAKING) A few days.

EMMA And then it'll be 1950 what?

ISH (SPEAKING) Oh, no, that was the old calendar. This will be our year one.

EMMA The year one. We must call it something. I know. We'll call it the Year of the Baby.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) The new life began around the simple problems of Emma, myself, and the baby. The day came when the sun reversed its path. I took my hammer and my chisel. Emma and I had found a tall, smooth rock in what had once been a small public park. In the rock, I carved the figure one. "The new beginning," I said to her. "The rebirth of man."

MUSIC: STINGER. CROSSFADE TO

SFX: CHITTERING OF RATS FADES UP
FROM BACKGROUND

ISH (NARRATING) In the year two, the rats came. San Francisco was overrun with them. They'd broken into most of the grocery stores, torn open the cartons, gorged themselves, and gave birth to more rats. They multiplied by the hundreds, and then the thousands. Rats, the carriers of deadly bubonic plague.

EMMA Come quick! They're getting in!

ISH (SPEAKING) Where?

EMMA Here. They chewed through the door!

ISH (SPEAKING) Get me that kitchen chair! Hurry now, hurry!

SFX: RATS CONTINUE UNDER EMMA'S
FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS.

EMMA Here. Here. They're going to the bedroom. Towards the baby!

ISH (SPEAKING) Now hold it against the opening. I'll nail it later.

EMMA (FRANTIC) The baby! The baby!

MUSIC: TENSE

SFX: RATS CONTINUE

ISH (NARRATING) I rushed into the bedroom, taking my hammer with me. There were two of them. Tremendous rats. I stationed myself at the crib. One came toward me, unafraid for the fear of man had been bred out of them. And I flung the hammer at him.

SFX: INTERIOR. HAMMER STRIKES FLOOR. IT CLATTERS AWAY. RATS CONTINUE.

ISH (NARRATING) AAHHA! I'd missed! The rat leaped up into the crib. I threw a blanket over him and flung him to death on the floor. Then I picked up the hammer and threw it at the other one.

SFX: INTERIOR. HAMMER HITS FLOOR. RATS CONTINUE.

ISH (NARRATING) Dead. Dead. But that was just two of them. Outside, I could hear hundreds squealing. Their tiny feet scratching at the walls. How long would it be before they destroyed us? Man was gone now. This was the Age of the Rats.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC FINISH

SFX: RATS FADE OUT

MUSIC: FUSEBOX THEME FOR BREAK

THE FUSEBOX BREAK

HOST You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. We just finished Part 1 of "Earth Abides." A dramatization for the *Escape*

radio adventure series by David Ellis,
adapted from the novel by George R.
Stewart.

This is John Barber. While we're
resetting the studio for Part 2, I'd
like to take a moment and tell you about
The Fusebox Show.

Produced by Marc Rose, Milt Kanen, and
Jeff Pollard, each episode features what
they call "Ear Food," with slathered
conversation and commentary about
current events and contemporary culture.
Here's a sample.

SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER

**MUSIC: FUSEBOX THEME, FADE UNDER
AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING**

HOST

Episodes of The Fusebox Show are
available for on demand streaming and
download. Visit their website,
thefuseboxshow dot com. And, if you're a
podcast person, Fusebox podcasts are
available at all major distribution
platforms.

**MUSIC: FUSEBOX THEME, FADE UNDER
AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING**

PART 2, "EARTH ABIDES"

HOST

THIS is Re-Imagined Radio. We're
listening to "Earth Abides," adapted
from the original novel by George R.
Stewart. ~~The theme is familiar for~~

~~Stewart, who wrote about the effects of decreasing numbers. In this case it's humans. A mysterious but deadly virus has killed off all but a few humans. The marks of humankind upon the Earth are quickly subsumed by trees and other vegetation. The great cities disappear more slowly. Only Earth Abides.~~

Let's continue now with Part 2 of "Earth Abides," from the February 12, 1950 episode of the radio adventure series, *Escape*.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, DUCK AND CONTINUE UNDERNEATH

ISH

(NARRATING) This is the year three. My name is Isherwood Williams. It's three years since I returned from the lonely mountain country of Northern California to find that mankind had virtually vanished from the earth. Some unknown virus had scourged him from his high place among animals. His great cities were tombs. His entire civilization was crumbling.

I toured the emptiness that had once been called "America." From the silent towers of Manhattan to the Golden Gate Bridge, I saw in all, ten human beings still alive.

In the fourth month after my return to San Francisco I saw a light on Knob Hill. It was there I found Em, who became my wife.

Year one the baby. Year two we called the year of the rats. Now it was year three. Em, the baby and I were struggling for existence amid the fast-decaying wealth of San Francisco.

SFX: BREAKING GLASS

EMMA Oh!

ISH All right now, be careful. Be careful, Em.

EMMA It's a bit funny. Always makes me feel like I'm doing something wrong.

ISH What?

EMMA I'm breaking into the biggest food store on Market Street.

ISH It's not wrong, Em. There's no private property anymore, this city, this grocery store, it's all ours now.

EMMA But Ish. Look. Look at this place.

ISH The rats left their mark here, all right. There's the answer to their death. They ate all the food they could get at, then they ate each other.

EMMA Oh, it's so horrible.

ISH It's a familiar pattern, Em. The species grows, dominates the earth for a short time, then dies. Now, come on. We'll take a look at the bottles and the canned goods.

EMMA Ish, look the labels are gone. They're eaten off.

ISH Yeah. Well, we'll just have to try to guess at the contents by the shape of the can.

EMMA Bottles are easy. Hey, look! Bottles of real lemon juice.

ISH Fine. This should be corned beef.

EMMA Look at it all. Tons of it we could live on just this forever.

ISH Oh, no, and we can't be scavengers forever. That's why the rats died. Em, we've got to grow things. We've got to bring something new into the world. Come on, let's get some of this stuff home.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) During that year, Em and I found whatever we needed for ourselves and the baby in the empty, silent stores of San Francisco. We lived on the spoiling supplies of a million people. One evening, just after dusk, I suddenly noticed a strange, wavering glow in the sky over the downtown area of the city. I called Em to the window. There was a smell of smoke in the air.

(SPEAKING) Fire Em!

EMMA Yes.

ISH San Francisco's on fire!

EMMA Isn't there something we can do?

ISH No. There were. Must be three square miles of flame.

EMMA What started it, do you suppose?

ISH We'll never know. Oily rags in the basement. Some gasoline explosion. Could be any one of a thousand causes.

EMMA Will it reach the house?

ISH No, I don't think so. Wind's blowing it away from us. It'll burn itself out in a day or two.

EMMA Well, come away from the window.

ISH Em.

EMMA Hmm?

ISH Em, do you smell gas?

EMMA I don't know.

ISH Smells like it to me.

EMMA Open the door to the hall.

ISH Yeah. Hey. Hey. Hey, the hall is filled with it. We've got to get out of here. Gas line must have burst. One spark and this place will blow up like a bomb.

EMMA Baby, I'll get the baby.

ISH All right. We'll be safe on the fire escape. Hurry, Em, here. Here, I'll take the baby.

EMMA Be careful.

ISH Just hang onto the rail. Now walk slowly. Come on.

MUSIC: UP AND THEN FADE UNDER

ISH (NARRATING) We started down the fire escape. In the distance, the flames were gutting the heart of the city. Parts of Chinatown are already gone. Kept going down to the street level and then we started running. Any second the spark could blow the building to dust and we ran. Our breaths tearing in our throats.

SFX: EXPLOSION

ISH Back against the wall Em, the shock wave.

SFX: SHOCK WAVE FROM EXPLOSION
PASSES THEM.

ISH Em ... You all right?

EMMA Hold me. Hold me.

ISH It's all over, Em. We're going to be all right.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) We moved to another section of town that had been spared by the

fire. The days passed, the days and the weeks. Em and I were growing tired of canned foods, and wanted some fresh vegetables and fruit. But, we needed a car. One day, Em and I found a Jeep in a garage. In the storeroom, I found new tires to replace the rotted ones the Jeep had been standing on.

SFX: TAPPING ON METAL, SCRAPPING

EMMA Will it work?

ISH Well, after two years, it's hard to say, I'm no mechanic.

EMMA All the cars to choose from and we picked something like this. I always wanted a convertible, maybe a Cadillac or a Packard.

ISH It's more useful and more durable besides, it's all we need. Alright Em, let's try it. Step on the starter.

SFX: RELUCTANT CAR STARTER, AGAIN

ISH No.

SFX: LIGHT TAPPING AND SCRAPPING

ISH Alright, now try it.

SFX: STARTER ALMOST ENGAGES

ISH (ENCOURAGING THE ENGINE) Come on. Come on, start, start, start.

SFX: STARTER DOES NOT ENGAGE

SFX: MORE MECHANICAL SOUNDS

SFX: ENGINE STARTED FOR THIRD TIME,
ENGAGES, RUNS ROUGHLY UNDERNEATH,
THEN CATCHES WELL AND CONTINUES
RUNNING.

ISH Good, come on, come on. Good. Come on.

EMMA Ish, you did it.

SFX: CROSS FADE TO MUSIC FOR
TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) One night, several months later ... Em shook me awake.

EMMA Ish.

ISH (SPEAKING) Huh?

EMMA Ish, wake up. There's something outside moving around.

ISH Huh?

EMMA Right by the window.

ISH Give me the hammer.

EMMA Be careful, Ish.

ISH I'll be all right.

EMMA I'll come with you.

ISH Stay here. I'll be right back.

SFX: DOOR OPENING. GIRL CRYING.

ISH Who's there? Who's there?

SFX: GIRL CRYING, CONTINUES UNDER

ISH A girl! Come here. I won't hurt you.
Come here. What are you doing?

EILEEN Eileen. My name is ... Eileen?

ISH Where are you from?

EILEEN Eileen ... hungry.

ISH Come on, come on inside.

EZRA (OUTSIDE and DISTANT) Eileen. Eileen.
I've been looking all over for you.
Eileen, where have you been? (STOPS,
SEES ISH) Okay, mister. You can put that
hammer down. I ain't gonna hurt you.

ISH Oh, sure. Well, come on inside. Em! Em,
somebody's here!

EZRA Just Eileen and me. She's my adopted
daughter. About a year ago, I found her
on Main Street in Los Angeles. She was
starving. Can't forage for herself,
Eileen can't, so I gotta take care of
her. She can't think so good.

ISH How long you been here?

EZRA About two days. Wandering around the
city. Nice city, this San Francisco.
Wish I had to visit here when it had

people. Reckon I really coulda had myself a time.

EMMA I'll get you two something to eat.

MAN Well, that's mighty nice. By the way, I sure am an impolite cuss. Eh, my name's Ezra, I don't believe I caught yours.

ISH Isherwood. This is Em.

EMMA Hello.

EZRA Well, I'm happy to know you. Eileen ... looks like we've met up with some real nice people.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) Ezra and his new daughter Eileen stayed with us. Made their home in the house next door.

Now the year three has passed. We called it "Year of Ezra."

MUSIC: UP, THEN DUCK UNDER

ISH November, the year four. A woman came a week ago. She had dark hair, dark eyes. She was alone. Ezra has taken her for his wife.

MUSIC: UP, THEN DUCK UNDER

ISH (NARRATING) June 9th, Year 5, our second son was born this day. We named him Joey.

MUSIC: UP, THEN FADE UNDER

ISH (NARRATING) April Year 6, two men and a woman have come. George says he's a carpenter. Harry works in a bank. He'll have to learn a trade. The woman is called Mabel.

MUSIC: CONCLUDES. KNOCKING ON DOOR.

EZRA Ish, Ish, you better come with me.

ISH (SPEAKING) Oh, what's the matter?

EZRA The water, it stopped running in the faucets.

ISH Maybe it's just a broken pipe in your place.

EZRA No, I checked and it ain't just my place. I've checked all the houses around and there ain't any water running in any of 'em.

ISH Maybe it's a water main under the street.

EZRA I don't think so. You know what I think?

ISH What?

EZRA I think the water stopped way up in the mountain someplace. Ish, San Francisco's going dry.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH Two weeks and not a drop of rain. Ezra, we can't go on boiling the water forever. If we're going to live we've gotta get out of here.

EZRA Yeah, but there's still all them canned goods.

ISH That's what's wrong, Ezra. We've been living off the old instead of building something new. Look, we've got to forget that water ran out of faucets and vegetables come in cans. We've got to start growing things ourselves.

EZRA We will, when the time comes, I reckon.

EMMA Ish ... You better come quick.

ISH What is it, Em?

EMMA Eileen.

ISH What's the matter with her?

EMMA She must have been drinking polluted water.

ISH Typhoid!

MUSIC: TRANSITION, AND PUNCTUATES
THE DANGER

EZRA What does the book say Ish? What are we gonna to do?

ISH Isolate the others. Mabel can nurse Eileen.

EZRA What'a we do for her? What's the treatment.

ISH Ahh, you can't shorten the disease. It says all you can do is help make it less severe. Now don't worry, Ezra, we'll do our best.

EZRA Eileen, she's so helpless. She don't understand.

ISH But you move in with us. If this thing spreads, it can wipe out all of us.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION

EZRA Well, Ish ... another case.

ISH Who is it?

EZRA George.

ISH Move him in with Eileen. Get another bed in there.

EZRA You won't have to.

ISH What'a you mean?

EZRA Eileen's dead.

MUSIC: TRANSITION, DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ISH (NARRATING) This is the year six year of disease and death. I went to the drugstores walking the misty dark streets of the city armed with my medical text, my hammer.

I raided the dusty shelves in the long, warm refrigerators of the pharmaceutical departments. The wonder drugs had long since rotted in their vials. Some sulfur was still potent, and I used it liberally. Yet case after case of typhoid broke out. Some lived. Most died. Including our firstborn.

Our little community upon which I had pinned the hopes of a new birth of mankind that dwindled from twelve persons to seven. Five adults, only two children.

EMMA You've got to get some sleep, Ish.

ISH (SPEAKING) How many of us are left, Em? Count 'em for me.

EMMA Ezra, George, Mabel, our second son, Joey, and Ezra's boy.

ISH Oh, Em. Em, what's the good of starting again? We're being exterminated from the earth. Every small being of us, so things can become green again.

EMMA There are seven of us, Ish. Once there was only me and once there was only you. Alone and separated. There are still seven.

ISH Oh, Em. Em, what would I do without you?

Go to sleep. You won't make the mistake a second time. Won't be any looking back. You'll forget the trains that used to run, and the tall buildings, and the

soft food to the earth. Back to the earth Em. Back to the earth.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) We left San Francisco, we few survivors. We packed only the essentials. The machines, the conveniences, we left to the sun and the wind. From this time on we'd work in the soil. The decay of the old times was behind us now.

We went south and east until we came to a watered land, green, with growing things. This would be our Eden. Here, without the memories of a dead people about us, we would begin mankind again.

MUSIC: UP AND TO END

ISH (SPEAKING) Come here, Joey.

JOEY Yes, Daddy?

ISH Joey, here. Sit down here next to me. I want to ask you some questions.

JOEY Sure.

ISH Now, first of all, what year is this?

JOEY Oh, that's an easy question. The year fifteen.

ISH Joey, did you do your reading today?

JOEY Yeah.

ISH Joey ... something I wanna tell you. You know, there were once a lot of people like us on Earth. Millions. You know that, don't you?

JOEY Yeah. I've read about them. They could fly.

ISH That's right. Someday there'll be millions of people again, and they'll fly again. Years and years from now. But after I'm gone, there won't be anybody to show them the way. That's why I'm depending on you.

JOEY What am I supposed to do?

ISH Learn, read, study. You're going to lead them someday, Joey, after I'm gone. Don't let them go back. (RESIGNED) You don't understand.

JOEY I think I do.

ISH Oh, you will. Oh look, I want to show you what I made this morning.

JOEY What is it?

ISH It's called a bow. Guns won't be good much longer. The powder will get rotten. Guns will get rusty. You can hunt with this. Kill animals for food. Here, look here, see? I carved it out of willow. Then I strung strips of calf hide from one end of the bow to the other. And now watch this. See here, this is the arrow.

SFX: ARROW LOOSED FROM THE BOW AND STRIKING A TARGET

JOEY (LAUGHS) That's fast. Let me try.

ISH Alright, here.

JOEY Like this?

ISH That's right.

ISH Now, pull back. Hard. No, no, no, no. Hard, hard. There. Now, let go.

SFX: ARROW LOOSED FROM THE BOW AND STRIKING A TARGET

JOEY Boy, that's well. Can I take it outside and play with it?

ISH Sure. But be careful with it.

JOEY Hey, Billy, look what I got. Hey, Billy.

ISH (SIGHS, NARRATING) It took thousands of years for man to pass from the spear to the bow and arrow. I've just done it in five minutes.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, DUCK AND CONTINUE UNDER

ISH (NARRATING) This is the year nineteen. I have gray hair. It's odd to think of myself as an old man, well, I'm not really fifty-one. There are nineteen numbers in a smooth piece of rock in the meadow that I chipped in with my hammer

and chisel. My hammer. What would I do without my hammer?

Everything is going along well, quite a farmer now. Community is growing; there are forty-five of us. Strangers have drifted in, babies born. Maybe man is something you can't quite kill off.

A stranger named Charlie came in today. I don't like him. He's gruff and hard, and his eyes, I don't like his eyes.

CHARLIE (LAUGHING) Sure, three men at a time.

JOEY Gee, Charlie, how'd you do it?

CHARLIE Well ... with my bare hands. Came at me all at once. I grabbed two of 'em and banged their heads together. They cracked like coconuts. Then the other one I knocked down and stepped on his face. Wasn't much left of him after I got through.

JOEY Gee.

ISH It's time for bed, Joey.

JOEY Aw, can't he tell one more, Dad?

ISH Maybe some other night.

JOEY Okay. Good night, Dad. Good night, Charlie.

CHARLIE Good night, Joey.

JOEY Will you come tomorrow night?

JOEY Maybe.

CHARLIE Heh. Good kid you got there.

ISH What did you do in the old times,
Charlie?

CHARLIE Oh, a lot of things. For a while I was a
stick man in Las Vegas. Used to be a
fighter, too. A lot of things, you name
it.

ISH You intend to stay?

CHARLIE Sure I intend to stay, why not? No other
place to go. This is the only good sized
group of human beings I've seen, and
believe me, I've been around. Sure, I'll
stay.

~~ISH Everybody works. That's the only way we
can live.~~

~~SFX: CHAIR PUSHED BACK ON WOODEN
FLOOR~~

~~CHARLIE Listen, you. If I want to stay, I'll
stay, and I'll stay on my own terms. I
don't ask anything from anybody. I live
my own way. You better understand that
right now.~~

~~ISH And you better understand something
before we go any further, Charlie. I've
been elected to leadership in this town,
and we aren't a bunch of independent
individuals doing what we please. We're~~

~~a community working together. Either you accept that or get out.~~

~~CHARLIE We ain't gonna get along, Mr. Isherwood Williams, and I'm staying. Good night.~~

~~MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, ABRUPT CUT TO~~

~~SFX: GUNSHOTS, ROUGH LAUGHTER~~

~~EMMA Gunshots! Ish, what is it?~~

~~ISH I don't know.~~

~~EMMA Don't go out there yet.~~

~~SFX: MORE GUNSHOTS, LOUD LAUGHTER~~

~~EZRA Ish, he's roaring drunk.~~

~~ISH Where is he?~~

~~EZRA Right outside.~~

~~SFX: THREE RAPID GUNSHOTS~~

~~CHARLIE What the matter? Are you afraid? Come on out!~~

~~EMMA Ish! Ish, don't go.~~

~~SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR, DOOR OPENS~~

~~CHARLIE (DRUNK) Well, well, well. The great Isherwood. Howdy Isherwood.~~

~~SFX: GUNSHOT, LAUGH~~

~~ISH Put down that gun, you crazy fool.~~

~~SFX: Charlie and Ish struggle for the gun.~~

~~CHARLIE Let go ...~~

~~ISH Put it down ...~~

~~CHARLIE Let go of me you ...~~

~~SFX: FINAL STRUGGLE AS ISH CONTROLS~~

~~CHARLIE~~

~~EZRA Are you all right?~~

~~ISH Never mind me. Take that gun away from him. Where's George?~~

~~CHARLIE Yeah. Where's George? Bring George!
Let's see George take this gun away from me. Hey, George! Come on and try to take this thing away from me.~~

~~GEORGE Hey, what's going on here? (SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING AND CHANGES TONE) Charlie. Give me that gun.~~

~~CHARLIE Nobody's taking my gun away. It's mine.~~

~~GEORGE Charlie.~~

~~CHARLIE The gun is mine. Stay away.~~

~~GEORGE (WITH SLOW EMPHASIS) Give me that gun.~~

~~CHARLIE Stay away, George. Stay away.~~

~~SFX: GUNSHOT, GEORGE GASPS, SINKS
TO FLOOR~~

~~GEORGE I told him to stay away.~~

~~ISH George. George!~~

~~EZRA He's dead. (TO CHARLIE) Alright you,
you've done enough damage with that
thing. Hand it over.~~

~~MUSIC: FOR DRAMATIC TRANSITION~~

~~ISH There's only one answer, death.~~

~~EMMA Death? You mean kill him? Murder him?~~

~~ISH No, it's not murder, Em. You, Mabel,
Ezra, and I, we're the government now.
We've been elected Council of Four.
There isn't any government but us. It's
not a matter of punishment. It's
protecting the community from a menace,
and that's what Charlie is.~~

~~EMMA But he was drunk.~~

~~ISH All the more reason he might do it
again.~~

~~EZRA Afraid so, Em. We can't take the chance.~~

~~EMMA We're like a jury.~~

~~EZRA Let's vote. We've got all the facts.~~

~~ISH The vote's been called. Any questions?~~

~~EMMA Ish. Is it right? Is it right to take a human life?~~

~~ISH To save many lives, yes, Em. It's got to be right. We'll take a voice vote. You first, Mabel. What do you say?~~

~~MABEL Death.~~

~~ISH Ezra?~~

~~EZRA Death.~~

~~ISH Em? Well, how do you vote, Em?~~

~~EMMA Death.~~

~~ISH It's unanimous. We'll carry out the sentence tomorrow morning.~~

MUSIC: FOR DRAMATIC TRANSITION

~~(NARRATING) The Council of Four had made its decision. This was not killing in passion or rage or hatred. This was a deliberate and sane elimination of an enemy.~~

~~Early in the morning, we tied Charlie to an oak tree. Ezra took Charlie's revolver. Charlie stared at him with childish disbelief.~~

SFX: GUNSHOT

~~ISH He gasped, slumped into his ropes, his mouth red with blood. His eyes swollen in death. The power of the new state was born.~~

MUSIC: DRAMATIC TRANSITION,
CROSSFADE TO

SFX: HAMMER AND CHISEL WORKING ON
STONE

CARL Grandfather ... Is that the New Year now?

ISH (SOUNDING MUCH OLDER) Yes, Carl. New Year. Here, carry my hammer for me.

CARL No.

ISH It won't hurt you. My hammer, here.

CARL No, I don't wanna.

ISH Why not?

CARL It's magic.

ISH Magic? My hammer?

CARL Aunt Flora says your hammer's magic. She says you're magic.

ISH Carl, that is just a plain, ordinary hammer, Carl, don't be afraid.

CARL No, it's magic. You're magic.

JOEY (NOW GROWN) Dad?

ISH Ah, hello, Joey.

JOEY Carl, go and play.

CARL Sure, Dad. Goodbye, Grandfather.

ISH Joey, what's the matter with them? They say I'm magic. My hammer is magic.

JOEY You're a legend, Dad. You're the only one left out of them all. Ezra, George, Mabel, Mother Em. All gone now. Only you. The hammer's a symbol. Symbol of leadership

ISH Yes, that's the way things happen, when you're the only one that's lived through from the old times. The only one. The only one. ... Joey.

JOEY Yes, Dad?

ISH I'm old. Very old, and I can't see very well. So, did I make the numbers clearly?

JOEY Yes, Dad. Forty eight. The year forty eight.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ISH (NARRATING) It's all begun again. Life. Generations and generations. Oh Em ...

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ISH ... if only you could have lived to see your faith come true. And once there were only the two of us, alone and separated. I want to see the old once more before I die. Just once more. The bridge. The Golden Gate Bridge.

SFX: WIND IN THE DISTANCE,
CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

JOEY We're here, Dad.

ISH How ... how does it look, Joey? Tell me.
How does the Golden Gate Bridge look?

JOEY It's old and rusty, but it's it's
wonderful. It's beautiful.

ISH Is there a car? Small car on the bridge?

JOEY Yes dad it's still there.

ISH Can you still see buildings across the
water?

JOEY Only a few, Dad. It's mostly overgrown
but the hills behind the city are
beautiful today.

ISH Good. Joey, here ... here's the hammer.

JOEY Yes, Dad.

ISH You're the new leader now, and the
hammer has always been the symbol. Pass
it on to the best of them, and, uh,
Joey, don't let them make a god of you.
Let knowledge be the watchword. Oh, you
understand, Joey.

JOEY I understand, Dad.

ISH Know the earth, Joey. Know the earth.
(SIGHS, AND DIES).

JOEY Dad! (REALIZES HIS FATHER IS DEAD) Oh.
Men go. And come, but the ... the earth
abides.

MUSIC: FOR CONCLUSION

MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK

THE RIR BREAK

MUSIC: RIR THEME. ESTABLISH, THEN
FADE OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling. With each episode we experiment with dialogue, music, and sound effects to create storytelling for your ears and imaginations. Here are some examples.

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO
TRAILER

HOST More information about listening opportunities, including our YouTube channel, is available at our website ... reimagedradio DOT fm.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, ESTABLISH, THEN
DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST CREDITS

HOST Thank you for listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode was "Earth Abides," by George R. Stewart.

Re-Imagined Radio is produced in collaboration with The Electronic Literature Lab at Washington State University Vancouver.

THANKS to Marc Rose for sound design,
and post-production.

Evan Leyden and Holly Slocum for graphic
designs.

Rylan Eisenhauer for announcing and
YouTube strategies.

Caitlyn Kruger-Lesperance for social
media strategies.

FOLLOW Re-Imagined Radio on Instagram,
TikTok, Facebook, X, Blue Sky,
LinkedIn -- and our YouTube channel . .
. [at sign] reimagedradio.

VISIT our website, reimagedradio DOT
FM, for scripts and information about
our episodes.

SUBSCRIBE to the Re-Imagined Radio
podcast and never miss an episode.

Re-Imagined Radio acknowledges the debt
we owe to previous and contemporary
radio artists and we hope our curation
and stewardship of their artifacts and
efforts demonstrates our sincerity.

I'm John Barber. Thank you for
listening.

**MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK
UNDER THE FOLLOWING**

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

This is a production of Re-Imagined Radio. To learn more, visit our website, reimagedradio (all one word, no punctuation) DOT fm.

Please join us for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio as we continue our exploration of sound-based storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.