



War of the Worlds

Director: Steven Spielberg

©/Presented by: Paramount Pictures,
DreamWorks Pictures

Production Companies: Amblin Entertainment,
Cruise/Wagner Productions

Executive Producer: Paula Wagner

Produced by: Kathleen Kennedy, Colin Wilson

Unit Production Managers: David Witz,
Jonathan Filley

Production Supervisor: Jason McGatlin

Production Co-ordinator: Candice Campos

Location Manager: Colleen Hilary Gibbons

Post-production Executives: Martin Cohen,
Stephanie Ito

Post-production Co-ordinator: Samantha Becker

1st Assistant Director: Adam Somner

Script Supervisor: Ana Maria Quintana

Casting: Debra Zane, Terri Taylor

Screenplay: Josh Friedman, David Koepp

Based on the novel by: H.G. Wells

Director of Photography: Janusz Kaminski

Camera Operators: Mitch Dubin, George Billinger

Still Photographers: Andrew Cooper, Frank Masi

Senior Visual Effects Supervisor: Dennis Muren

Visual Effects Supervisor: Pablo Helman

Special Visual Effects: Industrial Light & Magic

Special Effects Model Maker Forepersons:

Damacio Cortez Jr, Jeff Frost

Model Makers: Ron Mendell, Gregory Jein

Animation: Industrial Light & Magic

Edited by: Michael Kahn

1st Assistant Editor: Patrick Crane

Assistant Editors: Sam Seig, Mike Cuevas,

Mike Wilson, Mark Gillard, Craig Hayes

Production Designer: Rick Carter

Supervising Art Director: Tony Fanning

Art Directors: Douglas Meerdink, Andrew Menzies,

Norman Newberry, Tom Warren

Set Designers: Kevin Cross, Billy Hunter,

Aric Cheng, Scott Herbertson, Roy Barnes

Set Decorator: Anne Kuljian

Concept Illustrators: James Clyne,

Christopher Baker

Concept Design: Doug Chiang, IceBlink Studios

Storyboard Artist: David Lowery

Property Masters: Doug Harlocker, Peter Gelfman

Construction Co-ordinator: John V. Villarino

Costume Designer: Joanna Johnston

Assistant Costume Designer: Robert Wojewodski

Make-up Department Head: Lois Burwell

Key Make-up: Kenneth R. Myers

Make-up Artists: Leo Corey Castellano,

Tina Harrelson

Prosthetics Fabrication: Joel Harlow,

Rob Hinderstein

Hair Department Head: Kathryn Blondell

Key Hairstylist: Audrey L. Anzures

Main/End Title Design: The Picture Mill

Music: John Williams

Chorus: The Hollywood Film Chorale

Orchestrations: Conrad Pope, Eddie Karam

Sound Design: Richard King, Michael Babcock,

Aaron Glascock

Additional Sound Design/Editing:

Hamilton Sterling, Randy Thom

Sound Mixer: Ronald Judkins

Boom Operators: Robert Jackson, Dan Rosenblum

Re-recording Mixers: Andy Nelson, Anna Behlmer

Recordists: Craig 'Pup' Heath, Matt Patterson,

Denis St. Amand

Supervising Sound Editor: Richard King

Sound Editor: Richard Hymns

Tom Cruise

War of the Worlds

Dock worker and divorced dad Ray has custody of his children for the weekend when a tumultuous thunderstorm brings with it more than inclement weather. In Cruise's second collaboration with Spielberg, a dark and richly rewarding adaptation of H. G. Wells' novel, he grippingly conveys the confusion of a flawed but determined everyman, attempting to reconnect with his children in the most terrifying conditions.

SPOILER WARNING The following notes give away some of the plot.

A contemporary review

In 1976 Philip Strick wrote: '*War of the Worlds* deserves to be remade, many times.' And so far HG Wells' 1898 novel has inspired Orson Welles' 1938 Halloween radio broadcast, the George Pal/Byron Haskin 1953 film (which, Strick observed, 'deserves to be remembered with affection'), Jeff Wayne's 1977 concept album, Howard Waldrop's short story 'Night of the Cooters' and various depictions of the Martians and their war machines, ranging from the original illustrations accompanying Wells' text in *Pearson's Magazine* to a commemorative statue in Woking – the scene of the alien landings in the novel. Surprisingly, Spielberg's version is only the second film adaptation, though directors as diverse as Cecil B. DeMille, Sergei Eisenstein and Alfred Hitchcock were tempted by the material. It seems that one reason it has taken so long for any new *War of the Worlds* film to get made is that Wells' material has so completely been absorbed into the SF genre that there hardly seemed any point. *Independence Day* and *Mars Attacks!* are already modernised, American takes, and they both have an oddly retro feel, looking back not to 1898 but 1953 as if Pal's film, with its manta-ray-like floating machines, had completely overwritten the still vivid, still pertinent book.

Given that Spielberg was responsible for *Hook* (1991) and made a film called *The Lost World* (1997) as if he'd never heard of Arthur Conan Doyle, there was some trepidation from Wellsians who really want a faithful big-budget adaptation in period and set in England. As Strick indicated 30 years ago, that film still needs to be made. But while Spielberg's version, scripted by David Koepp, would be hard-pressed to stir anyone to misty affection in the way the 1953 film does (you can tell Spielberg feels that tug himself because Gene Barry and Ann Robinson, Pal's stars, have wordless cameos), it is nevertheless excellent, thoughtful, often sobering and terrifying.

Koepp wrote and directed *The Trigger Effect* (1996), an underrated film about the collapse of suburban society after a power breakdown, and draws on that material here, with people milling about after the shock of the aliens' violent intervention wondering what's going on ('Is it terrorists?') and swiftly turning into a self-destructive mob. Casting around widely for influences, the filmmakers have tipped in adapted elements from *Shaun of the Dead* (news broadcasts ignored), *28 Days Later* (the wall of messages, snapshots and pleas) and even Michael Haneke's *Time of the Wolf* (though here the last train after the end of civilisation arrives on fire). However, Spielberg and Koepp wisely go back to the source and seize with gratitude on scenes and images Wells left as a gift to an art form that was barely-born when he was writing: at last, the tripods walk in credible fashion and the disintegrating ray strikes crowds like a blast of insecticide (empty clothes flutter like leaves), tentacles drag screaming victims

Dialogue Editors: Hugo Weng, Michael Magill
Sound Effects Recordists: John Paul Fasal,
Eric Potter

Sound Effects Editors: Michael W. Mitchell,
Piero Mura

ADR Supervisor: R.J. Kizer

Foley Supervisor: Christopher Flick

Stunt Co-ordinator: Vic Armstrong,
Captain Troy Waters

Military Technical Advisers:

Major Joseph Todd Breasseale

Senior Researcher: Jessica Biggins

Researcher: Stephen Christensen

Dolby Sound Consultant: Jim Wright

Cast:

Tom Cruise (*Ray Ferrier*)

Dakota Fanning (*Rachel*)

Miranda Otto (*Mary Ann*)

Justin Chatwin (*Robbie*)

Tim Robbins (*Harlan Ogilvy*)

Rick Gonzalez (*Vincent*)

Yul Vázquez (*Julio*)

Lenny Venito (*Manny the mechanic*)

Lisa Ann Walter (*bartender*)

Ann Robinson (*grandmother*)

Gene Barry (*grandfather*)

David Alan Basche (*Tim*)

Roz Abrams (*herself*)

Michael Brownlee (*TV reporter, Osaka*)

Camillia Sanes (*news producer*)

Marlon Young (*news cameraman*)

John Eddins (*news van driver*)

Peter Gerety (*hatch boss, load manager*)

David Harbour (*dock worker*)

Miguel Antonio Ferrer (*Brazilian neighbour*)

January Lavoy (*Brazilian neighbour's wife*)

Stephen Gevedon (*neighbour with lawnmower*)

Julie White (*woman*)

Marianni Ebert (*hysterical woman*)

Rafael Sardina (*mechanic's assistant*)

Amy Ryan (*neighbour with toddler*)

Ed Vassallo, Michael Arthur (*intersection guys*)

Danny Hoch (*intersection guy cop*)

Sharrieff Pugh (*man studying street*)

Erika Lavonn, Christopher Evan Welch
(*photographers*)

John Michael Bolger, Omar Jermaine
(*men holding women*)

Morgan Freeman (*narration*)

USA 2005©

116 mins

35mm

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**SIGHT
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up to the ship for exsanguination, and the red weed grows over the
countryside to make it into an unhealthy alien landscape.

The Wells novel is a difficult adapt in that it is like a compilation of personal
experiences and second-hand news items, with a nameless narrator whose
only plot function is to be there. Spielberg allows Tom Cruise's everyguy leading
man to be part of a late group effort that shows the invaders (not, apparently,
from Mars) are vulnerable, but is otherwise at a loss for a course of action in a
way that's peculiarly disturbing for such a punch-the-air movie star. This is a
return to the Spielbergian hero of the 1970s: Dennis Weaver in *Duel*, Roy
Scheider in *Jaws* or Richard Dreyfuss in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* –
men who are uncomfortable in credibly fractured families and as drawn to
unknowable monsters as they are terrified of them. Ray loses his son Robbie
because the boy is compelled to rush over a ridge to see a battle, while he –
responsible to his daughter, but understanding the temptation – rushes to hide
in a cellar with Tim Robbins' unstable survivalist, Ogilvy.

The film delivers on spectacle, from the jarring initial appearance of an alien
tripod breaking up through tarmac to the collapse of the war machines in post-
holocaust Boston. But it is also as prone to duck and hide with the hero, who
is nagged by his panicky daughter to pay attention close to home. The big
story takes place where we don't see it, as if other alien invasion movies have
shown us enough presidents, generals and scientific advisers to suffice. Only
towards the end does the mandatory uplift creep in, with Robbie's illogical
survival and hugs all round that seem to negate the indication that Ray's
traumatic experiences, which include becoming a murderer, have permanently
affected him.

Of course, this is an invasion informed by 9/11, especially when Ray wakes up
to find an airliner crashed in the street outside. However, Wells was not, like his
predecessor Sir George Tomkyns Chesney in *The Battle of Dorking*, trying to
rouse a complacent British military establishment and the general public
against the dangers of, say, Prussian militarism. For Wells, the Martians aren't
alien to the British empire but an epitome of it, treating humanity just as
westerners treated the Tasmanians or the Aztecs. This is why the invaders are
undone by the equivalent of the tropical fevers that led many a white imperialist
to a foreign grave. Remarkably, in the current political climate, Spielberg adopts
an equivalent approach: the only patriotic statements about the invaders'
trespass on 'the greatest country on earth' come from the crazed Ogilvy; and
the US army trundles past doomed civilians taking barely any interest in them.
If Wells' Martians echo European imperialists in far-flung corners of the globe,
then Spielberg's invaders – in their carapace-like machines, ignoring the native
peoples except to imprison them and subject them to meaningless privations,
so incapable of understanding the climate of the land they have conquered that
a plan brewing for 'a million years' is undone because they didn't take
elementary precautions against disease – stand less for al-Qaeda or Saddam
Hussein than for George W. Bush's America at work in Iraq, Afghanistan or
Guantanamo Bay. In this light, a teaser tagline is especially telling: 'They're here
already.'

Kim Newman, *Sight and Sound*, September 2005