

The Autumn Ghost Radio Hour  
Presents  
“Oh, Horrors!”

A Radio/Play for the Stage  
By Brent Glenn

*Scene: The interior of a radio station broadcast booth. An On the Air sign radiates from above. A ghostlight is the only light onstage, illuminating the space with shadows. Scratchy music plays from a phonograph onstage. There is a table with four microphones downstage left, a mic on a stand stage right. Upstage center are chairs for four musicians, perhaps the instruments are present. There should be an open space on the up center wall flat and lightly painted for projections.*

*It is October 30<sup>th</sup>, 1938, and the performers are preparing for a live in-studio presentation of a Halloween presentation.*

*As houselights dim, we hear the beginning of Orson Welles broadcast of War of the Worlds. It plays for several minutes. As the newscast of the “alien invasion” begins, sound fades out until only the ghostlight remains.*

*Billy Vance enters the stage. Stage lights slowly rise. He turns off the ghostlight and rolls it away. Billy puts a record on the phonograph, Bing Crosby or the like. The On the Air sign is illuminated. Billy whistles while he works. He is a man in his mid-twenties beginning a career in radio. Happy go lucky.*

Billy

Big night, big night.

*Billy continues arranging items for the performance. Jimmy Cadence enters, an older man with a great radio voice. He has been doing this for a long time.*

Jimmy

Mr. Vance, good day to you sir. I trust all is well on the afternoon shift?

Billy

Why, yessir, moving right along.

Jimmy

Good to hear, Billy boy, Good to hear. Has the new copy arrived for the Gillette commercial?

Billy

Yessir, the courier brought it buy just a half hour ago. He left it at the wrong desk again.

Jimmy

Oh, that's not the wrong desk, Billy boy. Not with Helga sitting behind it.

Billy

Gosh, Mr. Cadence, you think the courier is sweet on Helga?

Jimmy

Who isn't? I don't know what part of Scandinavia she hails from, but men there are colder since she left.

*Sounds offstage, women talking. Two enter upstage, Janine Camp and Helen Scott.*

Jimmy

Evenin, Ladies. I hope that dinner was delightful.

Helen

As ever, Jimmy.

Janinie

I didn't eat. I was going over the script for the Evil Clergyman and lost my appetite. That's some dark stuff, Mr. Cadence.

Helen

Yeah, where'd you get the idea for it?

Jimmy

Not my work. It's by a fella name of Lovecraft. Died last year, I think. Billy actually gave me a magazine with the story in it, one of the pulps. I thought it was just crazy enough to be clever.

Billy

He was a visionary, Mr Cadence. Unknown, but brilliant.

Helen

And we're going to need all the help we can get tonight. I can't believe what Mercury Theatre is doing.

Janine

Yeah, it isn't right. There's no reason that their broadcast has to be on at the exact same time as ours.

Jimmy

Now, ladies, let's not be bitter about that. They have every right to perform at whatever time they see fit. It's Halloween night and a good many radio shows are doing tales of terror this evening.

Billy

Arch Oboler's Lights Out has been running all day on some stations.

Helen

But that still doesn't make it right. Especially after all you did for that Orson Welles.

Janine

Yeah, I'm startin to believe he isn't a very nice man.

Jimmy

He is a very driven man. And a talented man. And in the entertainment industry, sometimes that's more important than nice.

Helen

What's he doing tonight anyway.

Billy

Ooh, it's going to be great. HG Wells War of the Worlds. I heard them rehearsing the other day. I can't wait to hear it.

*The others stare at Billy.*

Billy

Some other day, of course. When they play it again. Next year, maybe.

Helen

Billy brings up a good point, Jimmy. With Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre being such a big deal, is anybody going to be listening to us tonight?

Jimmy

Helen, I guarantee it. You see, I've come up with a great idea that I think is going to make this evening great for us, even if no one listens to us at home.

Janine

I get paid anyway, right? No matter who listens?

Jimmy

Of course, Janine. But tonight is going to be very special, I can feel it. Everyone sit for a moment.

*They sit.*

Jimmy

I am pulling out all the stops. We can't compete with Orson Welles, of course not. So we offer something different. Hold on to your hats, Ladies and Billy: On the dinner break, I announced on the air that we were opening up our studio tonight for a live audience to attend our Halloween production! I am calling it The Autumn Ghost Radio Hour presents "Oh, Horrors!" So, what do you think?

*They stare at him.*

Helen

What is wrong with you?

Janine

What a bad idea!

Helen

The audience will be watching? What about my hair?

Janine

And how we've dressed? We are not presentable for a stage show?

Helen

I can't go onstage in front of people like this!

Jimmy

Ladies, ladies, please...

Helen

And why is that interesting? We sit here and read the stories! Who would want to watch that?

Jimmy

Well, tonight will be different. Tonight I've invited some special guests to brighten things up a bit.

Janine

What guests?

Helen

Yeah, who?

Jimmy

Well, the quartet from the symphony will be playing tonight instead of everything being recorded sound.

*Pause.*

Janine

Who cares?

Helen

Yeah, who cares? The listeners can't tell the difference.

Jimmy

No, but the audience in studio can. And we've already determined that no one is going to be listening at home, so they are all that matter.

Janine

It's crazy. You're crazy.

Helen

What else do you have up your sleeve?

Jimmy

Well, I ordered three FX guys to come down and do the sounds live for us. That way we won't have to worry with doing them ourselves. They should be here any minute. They are pros from the Panavision studio on Bleecker.

Helen

Three?

Janine

Okay, that is great. I can just focus on my acting.

Helen

Without worrying about smacking boards together at the right time, or ringing a bell, or... Wait a minute!!!

Jimmy

What is it, Helen?

Helen

What are we going to wear? Jimmy?!

Janine

Yeah, what are we going to wear? People can see us tonight!

Billy

People can see you every night Janine. I can.

Janine

I said People, Billy, not you. What are we going to do about this?

Helen

Yeah, Jimmy, this is a real problem. This is going to be one big flopperoo, let me tell ya.

Jimmy

Ladies, calm down, calm down, I've already arranged for you to get into the costume area of the theatre below the studio.

Janine

Oh, god, no. That place smells like a circus.

Helen

But all they do are plays from the 19<sup>th</sup> century. What are—

Jimmy

Ladies, please!! Please, go find yourselves something nice to wear. The show starts in ten minutes and we have a lot to do. We are on this road and, like it or not, it's the one we are on.

*Janine & Helen walk offstage, talking as they go.*

Billy

I think it's a grand idea, Mr. Cadence. We'll show Orson Welles a thing or two. He thinks he's so creative.

Jimmy

Yeah, Jimmy we will. But we have a lot to do, so if we can...

*Jimmy is interrupted by the appearance of the Bonny Sisters, poking their heads out from behind a curtain and singing. They are dressed alike.*

Margie

Helloooooo...

Gin

Helloooooooo...

Babe

Helloooooooo...

All

HELLOOOOOOO...!

Jimmy

Ladies, so glad you could make it. Come in, come in.

Billy

Mr. Cadence, is that who I think it is?

Jimmy

You bet your bottom dollar, Billy. William H. Vance, Esquire, meet the lovely Bonny sisters. Margie, Gin, and Babe.

*Each of the ladies says hello. Billy is struck silent.*

Jimmy

I suppose you are wondering why they are here, Billy.

Billy

I, I...

Margie

Mr. Cadence asked us to be.

Gin

To sing, you know?

All

Winston tastes good like a cigarette should,  
Winston tastes good like a cigarette should

*A musician has entered and immediately begins playing under them.*

Winston tastes good like a cigarette should  
Winston tastes good like a cigarette should.

Babe

And hoof it a bit.

*She does a soft shoe number for a bit.*

Billy

Wow, how great! But the folks at home aren't going to be able to see them.

Jimmy

Billy, my boy, tonight is about the people who are here. Those who can't get off their duffs long enough to go outside of their houses are going to miss out.

*To the Bonnys.*

But I thought you ladies were going to be here an hour ago? What was the holdup?

Babe

Something weird's going on outside.

Gin

Yeah, people were running around all crazy-like.

Margie

The subways were packed. Something's definitely going on. I heard one old kook talking about how it's the end of the world.

Billy

Oh, that's old Sam. Convinced that Roosevelt is the devil. Carries a big sign that he's written on in butter?

Babe

Maybe, but this guy was crying and carrying a baby, not butter.

Jimmy

That is strange. I'll check the news in a minute. That might be why the new sound guys are late tonight too. Thanks, ladies. Billy, a word?

Babe

Lets warm up on the keys.

*They cross away from the others.*

Jimmy

I didn't want to say anything in front of the others, but this has me worried. Something may have happened in Europe.

Billy

What, you mean Hitler?

Jimmy

Shhh! Yeah, Hitler. I mean, the guy just took over Czechoslovakia and England is almost at war with him. But keep this on the hush-hush. I don't want everyone to get panicked.

Billy

Yes, Mr. Cadence.

Jimmy

Let's set up a radio to catch a news signal from Orson Welles' broadcast. If anything is going on they will be the first to broadcast it.

Billy

Will do, Mr. Cadence.

*Helen and Janine re-enter, made up and dressed for an audience. Three musicians follow them in.*

Janine

We found these bums skulking around downstairs. No offense.

Helen

Jimmy, musicians are weird. Why don't they talk to us?

Janine

And why do they have to dress in black all the time?

Jimmy

It's their way. That way the audience listens to the music but doesn't focus on the musician.

Helen

They are creepy!

Jimmy

It's Halloween! We like creepy.

Janine

Oh, nonononon. Jimmy!! Are those the Bonny's?

Billy

Yeah, that's Margie, Gin, and Babe.

Janine

Oh, no, I can't believe this! I used to be a Bonny! Before they were famous! I left and told them—

Babe

Hello, Janine. So good to see you?

Gin

Yes, Janine, how nice!

Janine

Hello.

Babe

I don't suppose you've met Margie? Margie, this is Janine.

Gin

She was a Bonny back in the early days.

Babe

Before we were hot.

Margie

*Offering her hand*

Charmed, I'm sure.

Janine

Likewise.

*The three sisters titter and move up to the piano. The musicians begin working.*

Janine

Oh, that was embarrassing. Did you do this just to embarrass me, Jimmy?

Jimmy

No, dear, I'd no idea you had been with them before or I never would have asked them here.

Billy

*walking over with a radio*

I didn't know you had been a Bonny! That's great.

Janine

Yeah, just dandy. She walks away.

Jimmy

Nice move, Billy Boy, nice move.

Billy

What did I do this time?

Jimmy

Don't worry about it. You have that radio tuned up?

Billy

Yes, Mr. Cadence, I do.

*He sets the radio on the dsl table and turns it on. It comes to life just as the first interruption segment of War of the Worlds is playing.*

Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our program of dance music to bring you a special bulletin from the Intercontinental Radio News. At twenty minutes before eight, central time, Professor Farrell of the Mount Jennings Observatory, Chicago, Illinois, reports observing several explosions of incandescent gas, occurring at regular intervals on the planet Mars. The spectroscope indicates the gas to be hydrogen and moving towards the earth with enormous velocity. Professor Pierson of the Observatory at Princeton confirms Farrell's observation, and describes the phenomenon as (quote) like a jet of blue flame shot from a gun (unquote). We now return you to the music of Ramón Raquello, playing for you in the Meridian Room of the Park Plaza Hotel, situated in downtown New York.

*Music plays.*

Billy

Wow! Do you suppose that's what all this hoopla is about, Mr. Cadence? I mean, the panic out there in the streets? It must be a pretty big deal to interrupt Mr. Welles' show.

Jimmy

I don't know, Billy, it doesn't seem too big a deal. Let's keep an eye on it through our broadcast, or perhaps an ear is a better idea.

Billy

Oh yeah, because we are listening to it.

Jimmy

That's right, Billy. Because we are listening. But for now, we have got to get started. I'm sure the news should be about over from Piper next door. Yelling over the warmup. Alright, folks, we can't wait for those blasted sound guys any longer. The audience is filling up and we've got people at home waiting to be scared. Let's get ready Everyone. We are going On The Air.

*Everyone takes their places, Helen, Janine, and Billy at the table and Jimmy at a stand mic dsl. The Bonny sisters are Stage Right and the musicians up center. Musicians play an intro.*

Jimmy

Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, and we are on the air! Welcome to The Autumn Ghost Radio Hour and our special Halloween night performance of “Oh, Horrors!,” a scintillating, titillating creep fest of the supernatural and unexplained.

**SFX: Actors moans and cries of anguish.**

Jimmy (cont.'d)

My Name is Jimmy Cadence and I'm here tonight with my usual cohorts, the lovely ladies Janine Camp

Janine

Good evening.

Jimmy

--and the dynamic Helen Scott—

Helen

Hello, everyone—

Jimmy

--and of course my able sidekick and sound effects maestro, the indomitable Mr. Billy Vance!

Billy

Hello.

Jimmy

Now as you all know, Billy is generally relegated to the area of sound fx, but tonight he is making his big debut as full-fledged vocal talent. How are you feeling about that Billy?

Billy

Good?

Jimmy

Ah, yes, good. Let me assure you folks he is a bit more commanding with a script in front of him. We are also blessed with the accursed tones of the Orcus Quartet.

**SFX: Musicians play Bach's Toccata and fugue in D Minor.**

Jimmy

Thank you, Ladies. And to get things started off tonight we have a very special surprise for both our audience in the studio and those of you at home, but perhaps particularly for those of you in studio, for you get to see the amazing talents of the lovely, the talented, Bonny Sisters! Take it away, ladies.

Bonny Sisters

(singing)

*Tonight is the night when dead leaves fly  
like witches on switches across the sky.  
When elf and sprite flit through the night upon a moony sheen.*

*Tonight is the night when leaves make a sound  
like a gnome in his home under the ground.  
When spooks and trolls creep out of their holes, all mossy and  
green.*

*Tonight is the night when pumpkins stare  
through sheaves and leaves everywhere.  
When ghoul and ghost and goblin host dance round their Queen.*

*Babe performs a dance routine to music while the others look on.*

*IT'S HALLOWEEN!!!*

Jimmy

Fantastic, ladies. You are radiant! Now, ladies and gentlemen, before we truly get down to business tonight, I am afraid that I must offer a preemptive apology. As you know, we've invited all of you here to learn a bit more about radio shows while we try to scare the socks off of you. And though we do have our wonderful Bonny Sisters and the melodious Orcus Quartet—

Billy

I believe that's melodic, Mr. Cadence.

Jimmy

Melodic? Then what's melodious?

Helen

I believe it's decidedly negative, Jimmy.

Janine

And I think it's mal-odious, or bad-smelling.

Jimmy

Well that certainly can't be right. I know nothing about the smell of these musicians, but they treat my ears just fine. Now, as I was saying, Ladies and Gentlemen, although we have such great stars with us tonight, we are remiss in the area of our sound effects. I had purchased the services of three of the finest Foley sound creators in all of New York City to join us tonight for this special Halloween edition, but they have apparently been held up. As you know, there's

been a bit of a disturbance in the city tonight, causing people to be late all over. I suppose it's a bit of early Halloween revelry, and who can blame them, really. But for us, it may be preventing our trio from arriving at a reasonable time, so we must begin without their services, alas. I hope they will be able to join us soon so, fellas, if you are listening out there, join us or give us a call. That being said, I am sure that Billy and myself will be able to handle a majority of the---

*A scream is heard offstage. Babe and Margie Bonny run over to the musicians.*

Jimmy

What the devil?

Billy

Are you alright.

*Gin Bonny enters.*

Gin

You gotta see this. Oh my gosh..

*She trails off as three strange figures enter. They seem to be wearing very intricate and realistic Halloween costumes. The costumes look like skeletons are worn on the outside of their body, white on black, and their faces sunken. They walk in almost mechanically.*

Helen

What are they Jimmy?

Janine

Goodness.

Jimmy

Hang on a minute. I know, I know... Ladies and gentlemen at home, we will take a brief break while we listen to the soothing piano of Franz Liszt.

*He crosses towards the three, cautiously.*

Jimmy

You guys are the sound guys, right? The fx guys?

*The three turn to each other and make strange sounds. They look back at Jimmy.*

Jimmy

Yeah, right, you guys really went all out on the Halloween costumes. Nice. To the rest. Everyone, I told them it was a Halloween show and that we would have a live audience, so they dressed up in costumes.

Billy

Wow, that's amazing.

Helen

Really incredible.

Janine

They look so real, like they're skin and bones.

Jimmy

Fantastic, you three. To the audience Don't they look great, ladies and gentlemen?

*Applause sign lights up.*

Jimmy

Billy, grab them the performance script so that they can look at it.

Billy

Right away, Mr. Cadence. He collects it.

Jimmy

So fellas, er, if you're all fellas, I hope you are quick studies, because we are live right now.

*Billy hands them a copy of the script.*

Jimmy

You can probably take about five minutes to look over that before we start with the Poe piece, and you can keep it in front of you while you perform, but there are a lot of fx so I hope you are up for it.

*While he has been speaking each of the three has flipped through the script. The third stranger then hands it back to Jimmy.*

Jimmy

Wow, really? You guys are quick studies. You may be out of a job, Billy.

Billy

Mr. Cadence, I—

Jimmy

Just kidding, just kidding. So you fellas are ready?

*Pause.*

Stranger 1  
Radio Waves.

Stranger 3  
Waves.

Stranger 2  
Yes.

*Pause.*

Jimmy

You guys must be part of that new method acting stuff down in the Village. Okay, I can go with that. But we are live in one minute, so Billy will show you the props and you set up quick. Alright everyone, let's get back to it.

*They settle and prepare. Liszt's final strains die away.*

Jimmy

And we are back. Isn't that Liszt just beautiful Janine?

Janine

Never met the guy.

Helen

He's high on my list.

Jimmy

Now that's just sad. But what isn't sad is that tonight our program is brought to you by our good friends at Lucky Strike.

Helen

I could use a Lucky right now, Jimmy.

Jimmy

I'll bet you could, Helen. And what about, Babe Bonny?

**SFX: Piano vamps. The Bonny sisters perform the Lucky Strike jingle.**

**SFX: Light change and dramatic overture. A slamming door and creepy footsteps.**

Jimmy

The wind whistles.

**SFX: Chilling winds.**

Jimmy

A voice beckons.

**SFX: Whispers added to the wind.**

Jimmy

Your heart races.

**SFX: Heartbeat added.**

Jimmy

Tonight, good friends, walk with us through the hidden corners of the mind to discover what evils lurk behind—The Black Door!

**SFX: Door creaks open and slams with a scream at the end.**

Jimmy

Ladies and Gentlemen, good evening both to you at home and those sitting in our studio. Tonight, The Autumn Ghost Radio Hour is proud to present “Oh, Horrors!”, an homage to the suspenseful, the sinister, and the secret. Dare you join us on a voyage to your darkest fears?

**SFX: Music swell and crash.**

Jimmy

Murder! And murder most foul. How many dream at night of the suffering of their enemies? How many would take a life at one who had given them affront? Come, now, into the mind of madness in the classic story of “The Cask of Amontillado”, by the American Master of the Macabre, Edgar Allan Poe.

**SFX: Spooky stings, discordant music.**

*Jimmy motions to the fx strangers to do their sounds. They hesitate, then set forth blood-curdling screams. Everyone is terrified.*

Billy

Hot damn!

Jimmy

Wow. Ladies and Gentlemen, I told you these were the finest in the business at creating sound effects to prick up the hairs on the back of your neck. You can expect more of this terrific trio all evening long. And now, we are pleased to present the strange case of *The Cask of Amontillado* by Edgar Allan Poe.

**SFX: Carnival sounds and light strings begin.**

Montresor

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. AT LENGTH I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled. It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile NOW was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point -- this Fortunato -- although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. In painting and gemmery, Fortunato, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

**SFX—Party sounds, voices, laughter, tinkling of glasses.**

Montresor

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival in beautiful Italy, that sumptuous feast for the senses, that I encountered my friend Fortunato. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much.

Fortunato

*laughs drunkenly*

Oh, M—montresor--!

Montresor

You look delightful, Fortunato, in your jesters garb and belled shoes!  
You are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day!

Fortunato

But it is carnival, of course, the celebration of earthly delights!

Montresor

But of course. A word with you, good friend.

Fortunato

Oh, but I am busy reveling, dear man! Can you not see?

Montresor

But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts.

Fortunato

How? Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible? That delightful liquor is rare enough.  
And in the middle of the carnival?

Montresor

I have my doubts, and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price  
without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful  
of losing a bargain.

Fortunato

Amontillado!

Montresor

I have my doubts.

Fortunato

Amontillado!

Montresor

And I must satisfy them.

Fortunato

Amontillado!

Montresor

As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it  
is he. He will tell me –

Fortunato

Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry.

Montresor

And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.

Fortunato

Come let us go.

Montresor

Whither?

Fortunato

To your vaults.

Montresor

My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi –

Fortunato

I have no engagement; come.

Montresor

My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted . The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre.

Fortunato

Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon; and as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado.

Montresor

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

**SFX: Carnival sounds fade away into the distance. Sounds of boots on cobblestones.**

Montresor

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning.

Fortunato

But it is so dark in this old place, my friend.

Montresor

I will take these torches from their sconces, see? And now the staircase is illuminated. Let us descend into the vaults. But be careful, dear friend, the stairs are steep and winding. Ahh, here we are! The catacombs of my family, the Montresors! But you are unsteady, good man! And how the bells of your jesters cap jingle!

**SFX: Shoes on stairs, descending.**

Fortunato

But how much further to the amontillado? Coughing. I can barely breathe due to the nitre in the air.

**SFX: Echoing the cough**

Montresor

Nitre. How long have you had that cough?

Fortunato

*Still coughing.*

It is nothing.

Montresor

Come, we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi –

Fortunato

Enough, the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.

Montresor

True – true, and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily -- but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this wine will defend us from the damp. Drink.

Fortunato

Yes, yes. I drink, to the buried that repose around us.

Montresor

And I to your long life. *They drink.* Take my arm and let us go on.

Fortunato

These vaults are extensive.

Montresor

The Montresors were a great numerous family.

Fortunato

But do remind me of your coat of arms.

Montresor

A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel.

Fortunato

And the motto?

Montresor

Nemo me impune lacessit. No one attacks me without impunity.

Fortunato

Good!

Montresor

How the wine sparkles in your eyes and those bells jingle. See how the shadows dance off of the piles of bones from my ancestors intermingled with those from ages past.

Fortunato

Coughing

Montresor

The nitre, see it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—

Fortunato

It is nothing, let us go on. But first, another draught of that heavy wine.

Montresor

Drink deeply, dear friend. I fear for your health in this damp tomb.

Fortunato

And to you, my good man. Are you of the brotherhood?

Montresor

Brotherhood?

Fortunato

Yes, the brotherhood of masons.

Montresor

yes! yes.

Fortunato

You? Impossible! A mason?

Montresor

A mason. Yes, a mason I will be. You see?

Fortunato

You have a trowel in your waistcoat? You are jesting, very good, very good indeed. But let us proceed to the Amontillado.

Montresor

Be it so. You see, Fortunato, we are deep into the catacombs now, the air is so thin that the torches are merely pinspots in the darkness, a mere glow rather than

flame.

Fortunato

Yes, my breath is—my breath is short. Hopefully it is not much further.

Montresor

Ah, but here we are, behind these few bones here. Let us brush them aside.

**SFX—Bones clattering to the ground.**

Montresor

And just through this opening good friend. I know it is small, barely large enough for a small man such as yourself, but I will follow you. Proceed, herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—

Fortunato

He is an ignoramous—

Montresor

As you say. Very good then, step through and find what is there.

Fortunato

But, what is this? This is barely a closet, the walls a mere four feet apart. And I see nothing of Amontillado!

**SFX: Manacles being put on.**

Fortunato

Why, what? But what are you doing? Why have you anchored me to the wall in these old manacles?

Montresor

Pass your hand, over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is VERY damp. And virtually impossible to breathe in such an enclosed space.

Fortunato

Yes, yes, my head, I cannot breathe.

Montresor

Once more let me IMPLORE you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power.

Fortunato

The Amontillado!

Montresor

True, the Amontillado.

Fortunato

But what is that you have there, dear friend.

Montresor

Oh, this? Just stone and mortar. For the masonry at hand. As I said, I am a member of the brotherhood. A practicing member.

**SFX: The scrape of trowel and mortar on stone.**

Fortunato

But what is this that you do? What is this that you do?

Montresor

My, your intoxication seems to have worn off, dear friend. I only honor you with the richness you deserve. The honor of being shielded from the world and bestowed amongst these honorable bones, the bones of the Montresors. I embrace you into the bosom of my family.

Fortunato

You intend to wall me in these catacombs? You intend that I die here alone and unattended?

Montresor

I intend nothing, dear friend.

Fortunato

*Screaming, crying.* But why?

Montresor

Nemo me impune lacessit. Now the fourth row of stones, onto the fifth. Gaze well upon the world my friend, upon these feeble lights. Darkness comes soon. It is the midnight hour and a new day must dawn.

Fortunato.

Ha! ha! ha! -- he! he! -- a very good joke indeed -- an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo -- he! he! he! -- over our wine -- he! he! he!

Montresor

The Amontillado!

Fortunato

He! he! he! -- he! he! he! -- yes, the Amontillado . But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be

gone.

Montresor

Yes, let us be gone.

Fortunato

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MONTRESOR!

Montresor

Yes, my friend, for the love of God! Fortunato! Fortunato!

**SFX: Echoing the voice calling Fortunato.**

Montresor

No answer. Fortunato! No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grows sick -- on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reerected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat!

**SFX: Musical flourish and ending. Applause sign on.**

Jimmy

And so be careful of what you say to friend and enemy alike. Some take offense too easily, and carry wounds for a long time.

Billy

That Edgar Poe could handle a pen, couldn't he?

Janine

Almost as well as he could handle his liquor.

Jimmy

Well, he was a writer. And now I'd like to again thank our wonderful sound performers! Truly remarkable job, you three.

*The strangers stand and stare.*

Helen

The strong, silent type. I like it.

Jimmy

Down girl. And now folks, let's take a break to hear from our good friends at Ovaltine! It's Halloween, but after all that candy it will be back to eating what's good for you.

**SFX: Ovaltine commercial.**

Billy

Alright, let's check on that news story again.

Janine

It's crazy, all of these explosions on Mars.

Helen

I wonder what Mars is like.

Janine

Just like Jersey, I bet. Cheap but too far away to be useful.

*Billy turns on the radio.*

Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, here is the latest bulletin from the Intercontinental Radio News. Toronto, Canada: Professor Morse of McGill University reports observing a total of three explosions on the planet Mars, between the hours of 7:45 P. M. and 9:20 P. M., eastern standard time. This confirms earlier reports received from American observatories. Now, nearer home, comes a special announcement from Trenton, New Jersey. It is reported that at 8:50 P. M. a huge, flaming object, believed to be a meteorite, fell on a farm in the neighborhood of Grovers Mill, New Jersey, twenty-two miles from Trenton. The flash in the sky was visible within a radius of several hundred miles and the noise of the impact was heard as far north as Elizabeth. We have dispatched a special mobile unit to the scene, and will have our commentator, Carl Phillips, give you a word description as soon as he can reach there from Princeton. In the meantime, we take you to the Hotel Martinet in Brooklyn, where Bobby Millette and his orchestra are offering a program of dance music. (music begins)

Jimmy

And let's lighten the mood a bit with another rendition of Tonight is the Night by Henry Behn!

Babe

But what's going on here, Jimmy? What's happening out there?

Margie

Yeah, Jimmy, this is getting creepy. Maybe we should—

Jimmy

--continue on the air since we are still on the air and our audience at home and in the studio might be getting a bit antsy with all of this commotion going on! So, ladies, please, may we have the number?

*The Bonny Sisters begin singing again but this time the song is slower, creepier, more forlorn. They are obviously scared by the recent radio reports.*

Bonny Sisters  
(singing)

*Tonight is the night when dead leaves fly  
like witches on switches across the sky.  
When elf and sprite flit through the night upon a moony sheen.*

*Tonight is the night when leaves make a sound  
like a gnome in his home under the ground.  
When spooks and trolls creep out of their holes, all mossy and  
green.*

*Tonight is the night when pumpkins stare  
through sheaves and leaves everywhere.  
When ghoul and ghost and goblin host dance round their Queen.*

*IT'S HALLOWEEN!!!*

Jimmy

And let us continue with The Last Door on the Left, your radio repository of tales designed to thrill you with wall to wall creeps and hot and cold running chills. Now we invite you to open the door for “The Evil Clergyman”, adapted from the story by H. P. Lovecraft. So dim the lights, clutch that which brings you comfort, and by all means...after you.

The Evil Clergyman

**SFX doorknob turning and creaking door opening; chimes & eerie tones fade into sound of steamship and rolling waves in the background as we hear Lilly begin to speak ---**

LILLY: If you want a really great story, you must be willing to sacrifice. I just didn't think it would end like this. I so wish I would have stayed in New York, but then, I suppose it was just not in my nature. I did get what I wanted. My story. But, I'm afraid you will be the only one to hear it. I remember the first time I stood before that place. I had never felt as unwelcome a feeling as I did looking up at that old crooked structure, but we had come too far to come away with just another picture of some lunatic's idea of

a church. That was how all this started. With a picture. It had only been two weeks since I had been in New York pleading my case to the editor-in-chief about giving me a better opportunity for what I knew could be my big break.

**SFX fade in to newsroom, typing, journalist hubbub**

CARTER: I'm trying to tell you Lilly, you want a story---that's all I got to give you.

LILLY: Oh come on chief! You're killing me here! You've got nothing else but another Spiritualist meeting with homemakers from Queens? I just did them a month ago.

CARTER: You did the Bronx homemakers not Queens.

LILLY: Same fad, different borough. Two years I've been doing this fluff. Enough with the séances and orchid growers!

CARTER: Lilly, that is all I have for you.

LILLY: For goodness' sake chief, Howard Hughes just set a new round the world record! Less than four days! And he's in town!

CARTER: Lilly, you know darn well nobody, but nobody interviews Howard Hughes.

LILLY: Let a lady try! I might come back with a book deal!

CARTER: No, Lilly! Look, you are an excellent writer, but there is a little thing around here called seniority and if you want to be a legit journalist here or anywhere, it is a game that you have to play.

LILLY: A game, huh? How is a gal supposed to move around the board if you won't even give her the dice?

SFX door opening & noise raises

JOHN: Sorry chief, but you told me to-

CARTER: Smitty! Is this about a picture?

JOHN: Well sort of, but it's the a story that I was thinking-

CARTER: What is it today? I've got photographers wanting to write. I've got -

LILLY: A lot of nerve if you finish that sentence chief.

CARTER: Alright! Alright! Listen to me the both of you!

JOHN: I'll just get the door.

CARTER: Leave it! I'm going to say this once. You want a great story, you want anything worth doing, you have got to be willing to sacrifice! Now, Smitty, I want those pictures of the Yankees pronto, and Lilly, I want the spiritualism article on my desk first thing in the morning! Get cracking or this editor-in-chief will be sacrificing you both to the unemployment line.

**SFX Door slamming, noise continues**

LILLY: Editor in chief my eye.

JOHN: He's a pill. A real pill that's for sure.

LILLY: A game. It's a game alright, and it's rigged. Excuse me Johnny-boy, I'm headed out.

JOHN: Hey, wait! What if I were to tell you I might have something that could really lead somewhere-

LILLY: John, I really-

JOHN: Miss Wright, I promise you it'll be worth your time. I know you're a great writer.

LILLY: That's sweet of you, John, but-

JOHN: No, seriously. I knew the chief wouldn't give me the time of day. But I was hoping you would. Come with me to the research room.

LILLY: Seriously?

JOHN: Hey if you want to play their game, I've got the dice.

SFX music fade into research room, fairly quiet with the occasional file cabinet drawer noise and paper rustling, they speak in softer tones

LILLY: Please tell me this is a joke, John.

JOHN: I'm telling you Miss Wright, this picture, this is your dice. Your ticket to the front page.

LILLY: A ghost story, John? Some picture of a planetarium in East Bumble, New England?

JOHN: It's a church, not a planetarium and it's England, not New England.

LILLY: Is this the chief's bright idea? Send me on some wild goose chase across the pond to get me out of his hair for good? He gets his spiritualism article, I play babysitter for a shutterbug and drown from sheer irony.

JOHN: Please Miss Wright, hear me out. I may be young but I'm not an idiot. I mean look at that picture would you? Really closely. Have you ever seen a building like that in your life?

LILLY: So you were on holiday and took a picture of a haunted house and now you need a story to go with it.

JOHN: Miss Wright, I didn't take that picture, it was sent to me. First class envelope from some place in the countryside of England called Wickenham. Even the envelope gave me the willies, see?

LILLY: No name, no addressee. No return address, just Wickenham.

JOHN: A place by the way I can't find on any map.

LILLY: Maybe it's a mistake.

JOHN: I don't think so. And it gets weirder. Look at the picture again. The church itself. Look at the structure of it.

LILLY: Yes. I see what you mean. The architecture seems...sort of ... agonized, like it shouldn't even be standing. The angles seem all wrong. And this circular room-

JOHN: With the tiny round windows?

LILLY: Yes, leaning right into the steeple.

JOHN: Almost like a bug trying to eat a building or something. I'm telling you Miss Wright, the more I look at the picture the stranger it gets. Even now, I always catch a new detail. Something I missed.

LILLY: Like a puzzle.

JOHN: Yes! Now, turn it over, look at the back.

LILLY: Did you write these?

JOHN: Are you kidding? I couldn't even spell those words.

LILLY: They're not words John. They're a list of names. Paracelsus, Magnus, Trithemius, Al-Hazred, Borellus...

JOHN: Who are they?

LILLY: Well, I'm not positive, but some of them are authors on various treaties of magic and such.

JOHN: Oh, I knew you were the right person to see this.

LILLY: Yeah, I remember some of them being tossed about in those spiritualists papers I researched.

JOHN: But here's the kicker, and it's a doozy. Look at the name in the bottom right corner.

LILLY: Morgan. R. Morgan?

JOHN: That's the one. The R. is for Robert.

LILLY: Hold on. The Robert Morgan? The missing photographer from the New York Post? But that happened over 10 years ago. And his specialty was photographing people and portraits not buildings.

JOHN: I know, but I looked into his last known whereabouts and guess which photographer happened to be last seen somewhere in the countryside of England before he vanished into thin air?

LILLY: Maybe somebody sent it as a hoax.

JOHN: To a nobody like me? I barely even got you to listen to me. And think on this--- what if the photo is recent?

LILLY: You think Morgan's alive?

JOHN: Either way, you can't tell me that's not front page news.

LILLY: If it's legitimate.

JOHN: Even if it isn't, it all spells the same thing.

LILLY: A promising story.

JOHN: A great story! And an exclusive! We could get some pictures inside that old place-

LILLY: If its still standing.

JOHN: Oh, it is! It's got to be! I just know it! With my pictures and your words we could go to any paper in town!

LILLY: But England, John?

JOHN: Come on Miss Wright, like the chief said sacrifice! And if you have to sacrifice anything, make it the society page and let's head to the old country! Whattaya say, Miss Wright?

### **SFX Chimes & music fade-in**

LILLY: (voice-over) What could I say? Be remembered for writing about Madame Bigbucks latest tea party, or get a crack at solving the mystery of Robert Morgan. It was no contest. Of course I had no way of knowing that we would wind up stowing away on a tramp steamer just to get to England. Or, that my sleep would be wracked with dreams. And one evening when John saw me wake with a start, he confessed that he had been having dreams as well, but more to the point, dreams with the same types of images as mine. It had happened every night after looking at that photograph of the church. And though I had never dreamt of a face, when John told me that his dream would always end when a tall man with a high collar and wire-rimmed spectacles would come at him with a hemp rope fashioned into a noose, a grin on his mouth and eyes like teeth... I knew exactly to whom he was referring. But, we had come to England for a story and we were going to get it. After a stop in Hillfordshire, we hired the only man who would take us to Wickenham in the terrible weather, and the one accessible road that was not completely washed out was apparently traversable only by horse and carriage. But we wound up stopping well short of our destination.

### **SFX Driver halting horses**

DRIVER: Whoah! Whoah girls. Right then. This is as far as I go. Best ye to be getting on and start walkin' if you be wantin' to get there before nightfall.

LILLY: He's got to be kidding.

JOHN: But sir, it's just after two in the afternoon. How far a walk is it?

DRIVER: Can't say. But here's where I turn around. It's the only place wide enough and the trail gets to be little more than a footpath just a bit further from here. The carriage wouldn't fit even if I wanted it to, lad, and I'm none too bothered that it don't. Now, if you'll both kindly exit the carriage, I've already been here longer than I'd like. Out you go.

### **SFX exiting carriage and we hear the carriage turning around**

LILLY: Alright, alright. We're going.. I thought the British were supposed to be gentlemanly.

DRIVER: Only to a point, miss. Yah girls!

JOHN: But how are we supposed to get back?

DRIVER: (in the distance) You'd best take the first offer you get!

**SFX carriage out**

LILLY: Unbelievable. Not unsurprising though. Why does the one person who will take you to the one place that no one wants to go to always have money, hunger and courage starved.

JOHN: Not bad, Lilly. You should be a writer.

LILLY: All right, shutterbug, let's get walking.

JOHN: Well, if there's no ghosts, you will have a heck of a nature piece for the paper.

The discussion begins to fade as they move up the hill

SFX fade out of hike into chimes & town arrival

LILLY: (voice-over) After a never ending succession of steep hills and low valleys, it was about five when we finally reached the town if you could call it that. It may have had the makings at one time, but there was a sense of emptiness that seemed to permeate the store fronts right through to the few people we passed on the street. Everything about the place felt ignored or lost. And even though we were strangers in town, we might as well have been dead leaves blowing about the street as no one seemed to give us any mind at all beyond a cursory glance. We were a bit discouraged having seen no sign of the church and recalling how, in the picture it was on a rise with nothing behind it but sky and we were clearly in a valley with trees almost bending over the little hamlet like a canopy. But when we saw the muddied carriage parked in an alley beside an old inn on the street corner, we knew things had taken a turn. And whether we were conned by the driver and he was laughing at us in his ale or something had actually happened to him, suddenly the town looked a little less sad, and a bit more sinister. Either way, it looked like going inside was our only choice if we wanted some answers.

**SFX entering inn w/ bell at door**

LILLY: Hello? Anyone here? Hello?

PATRICE: Hullo yes! Yes! Coming, coming. I ... was in the back. Were you two looking for a room for the night or...just passing through?

LILLY: Just passing through.

PATRICE: On foot? In the rainy season?

JOHN: Well about that, our driver has played a bit of a prank on us --

LILLY: Sorry about our appearance, I'm sure we look a fright but we really just want to know if we might clean up and perhaps get some coffee.

PATRICE: No coffee. Sorry. Some tea, though. Spot of that might warm you up. Let you be on your way, then.

LILLY: That would be marvelous. We don't want to be any trouble.

PATRICE: No. No trouble. But you'd have to rent a room to use the baths and there are none available.

JOHN: You don't say?

PATRICE: Renovations.

JOHN: I'm sure. Say, you wouldn't happen to know if the driver of that carriage outside might be here would you? We'd love to have a word with him. Just to see if we might inquire about his services for a lift back to Hillfordshire?

PATRICE: Oh that. Sorry, there's no driver. That there's a coach me brother and his son found abandoned in a gulley not more than a couple of miles from here.

JOHN: Two miles?

PATRICE: That's what they said. And you say your driver was funning about was he?

LILLY: Frankly we thought the driver might be having a little joke at our expense, but if there was an accident, after he left us on the road-

PATRICE: He left you?

LILLY: Well, he didn't seem too keen on accompanying us to town.

SFX of SIMON entering from behind the bar

SIMON: (entering) I don't doubt it. Miss-

LILLY: Wright. Lilly Wright and this is John Smith. Are you the owner?

SIMON: Name's Simon. I'm Patrice's uncle.

LILLY: You say you don't doubt it?

SIMON: Well, the few folks that know about Wickenham tend to steer clear because of some superstitious whatnot. And, forgive me for sayin' but I don't imagine anybody would come this way, save for someone who was actually intendin' to come here in the first place.

LILLY: What might you be inferring, Mr. Simon?

SIMON: Nothin' really. Just observin'. But to be honest, I'm just finding it a tad peculiar that you two Yanks show up all dirty n' bedraggled, sayin' you're just passin' through, not too long after Patrice's brother finds an abandoned carriage and no driver to speak of.

PATRICE: Are you thinking something untoward happened to that driver, uncle?

JOHN: Hold on a minute! You think we are the ones up to no good?

SIMON: Now, lad, I just find it curious is all, no worries. Right Patrice?

PATRICE: No worries. And as for bein' an unwed couple rentin' carriages to nowhere in the middle of a rainstorm, askin' for baths, well ...I suppose that shouldn't trouble us in the least.

SIMON: After all, we're just simple folk not accustomed to strangers.

LILLY: You know Mr. Simon, I actually find one of the most enjoyable parts of traveling is getting the opportunity to get acquainted with strangers.

SIMON: Do you now?

LILLY: I do. Strangers like Robert Morgan.

SIMON: W-what was that?

LILLY: Yes, surely you met him, although its been sometime I imagine. He's the reason we are here.

PATRICE: Morgan?

LILLY: Why yes. Although we look a mess, I assure you, we're not idiots and we are not on a joyride.

SIMON: No?

LILLY: Oh no. We've come for the church.

**A slight gasp from SIMON and PATRICE**

PATRICE: Good afternoon to you both. Excuse me.

LILLY: Leaving? But I thought we were just beginning to hit it off.

SIMON: Forgive us, miss. We did not know any Mr. Morgan. Good afternoon.

LILLY: But the room?

SIMON: We've no room.

LILLY: No tea?

**SFX door slam**

LILLY: Welcome to Wickenham.

JOHN: Wow Lilly, that was impressive. Remind me if I'm ever in a dark alley, I want you with me. I really thought they just might cook us up for supper.

LILLY: Well, I know that Uncle Creepy and Miss Manners got my hackles up, and they obviously know something but what?

BRAND: (from a slight distance) Oh, they were just trying to scare you.

LILLY: Oh! I'm sorry. We didn't see you over there.

BRAND: Apologies. I was just having a brandy.

JOHN: Hey, that sounds like a lot better warm-up than tea

LILLY: John-

BRAND: Oh, no, it's quite alright. You are both welcome to some and I would welcome the company. (SFX of glasses and pouring) You really must forgive Simon and his niece. They merely wanted to scare you on your way and disincline your consideration to return. Most inhospitable for innkeepers, but they are quite harmless I assure you.

LILLY: Well, you are most kind, Mister-

BRAND: Ah, forgive me. Nicolas Brand. I own the shop across the way.

JOHN: That antiques store?

BRAND: Pointless really. Especially in a town that is the very essence of antiquity itself. But I could offer you both the use of the room above my shop. It has a bath that you are welcome to use to clean up if you like. You must be a bit spent.

LILLY: Oh we wouldn't want to-

BRAND: Impose? Oh, it's hardly an imposition and as I said I would welcome the company. Everyone around here has too much time on their hands and will do anything for a diversion, even our reticent hosts. And yet, when something finally does happen, they wish it all away. Terribly uncivilized, but as you said, welcome to Wickenham and thank the stars for brandy. Cheers!

JOHN: Cheers!

LILLY: Cheers!

BRAND: Oh my, and we better get moving ourselves.

JOHN: Why? This brandy is really hitting the spot.

BRAND: Well, because it will be dark soon and I'm probably the only person who will take you.

JOHN: Take us? Where?

BRAND: Why to see what it is you've come for. The church, of course. Shall we?

**SFX leaving the inn -- we fade in on the trio walking outside on the path to the church, perhaps the sounds of crickets and such, though once they get to the area of the church, all is silent**

LILLY: (fading in) I'm guessing the building is close and is still standing? The picture we have from Mr. Morgan made me believe the wind might take the whole thing down.

BRAND: Yes, it is just up this rise around that thicket of trees and yes, inexplicably, it still stands. You can't see it from town, a blessing I suppose. Mr. Morgan probably took the photo just around this bend.

JOHN: Did you know Mr. Morgan?

BRAND: Only briefly. He passed through quite a while back. He seemed to find the town rather quaint. But I believe he had a rather unhealthy fascination with that old church.

LILLY: Do you know where he might have gone from here?

BRAND: Oh, my no. But I do know curiosity makes people irresponsible. And the last I saw of Mr. Morgan he was headed up here well after sundown. And no one comes up here after dark. Not even me.

JOHN: You don't strike me as the superstitious type, Mr. Brand.

BRAND: I'm not, my boy. But wandering around that old place at night poking about is only asking for injury. The very land around it is rocky and uneven. Every step is an invitation for a fall both in and around it. I've fallen myself in the light of day.

LILLY: Do you think Robert Morgan fell and perhaps wandered off?

BRAND: I think the only thing Mr. Morgan fell from, or rather under, was the spell of that place. But see for yourselves. Here we are.

JOHN and LILLY let out a collective gasp

**SFX stop and it is eerily, quickly silent save for a low, hollow wind blowing in the background**

LILLY: Oh.

JOHN: Wow.

BRAND: Yes, the only building I know that seems to actually sneak up on you and say hello.

JOHN: If it's saying anything I don't think it's hello.

LILLY: Oh, it certainly seems rather sinister.

JOHN: This does look like this is the same spot Mr. Morgan took the picture.

BRAND: Ah, you have it there do you? Well, no wonder you've been drawn to it. Evil old place.

LILLY: Evil? I though you weren't the superstitious kind, Mr. Brand.

BRAND: Oh, you don't have to be considering what that abominable society was rumored to have had going on in there.

JOHN: Right, well, I'm going to get some shots out here while we still have some light.

BRAND: It's going fast. Don't wander off.

JOHN: (distancing) Oh, I won't, don't worry.

LILLY: What about that society, Mr. Brand?

BRAND: Horrible. And that terrible clergyman. He lived there, you know. Probably buried about here, too. But no one knows where.

LILLY: Did Robert come here because of the clergyman?

BRAND: Oh, certainly not. That clergyman was gone far before Mr. Morgan was even born.

LILLY: What kinds of things happened there?

BRAND: The kinds of things one doesn't talk about at dusk with fading light, now, I will be most happy to entertain you both with some frightful anecdotes back at the store. We should all be getting back now before-

JOHN: (running up) Lilly! Lilly!

LILLY: What John? Are you alright?

JOHN: I'm fine, but Lilly, there's something in there! I saw it in the attic window! I swear to you, I saw it! I may have even gotten a picture of it!

BRAND: You see, this is what I mean. Mr. Smith, this is the very reason no one comes here at night. People see things. Things that most assuredly are not there.

JOHN: Mr. Brand, all due respect. But I know what I saw!

BRAND: A light in the window?

JOHN: No, a face! I saw a face in one of those circular windows in the attic!

LILLY: What did the face look like, John?

JOHN: You know Lilly. It was him.

BRAND: Please, both of you. You are talking nonsense. Look up there right now. Both of you. Look up at the windows.

LILLY: Oh, I- I see it. In the window!

BRAND: Do you? Look carefully.

LILLY: Wait, John. It-it's just a curtain. Moving against the pane.

BRAND: Exactly. That place is drafty, it's still furnished and full of dust and rotten wood. Look about you now. The sun's practically gone. You're eyes are not to be trusted. Now, I'm heading back and you'd be wise to follow.

JOHN: (whispering) Lilly, I know what I saw. A curtain does not have a high forehead and spectacles. I saw a face. Maybe it wasn't him, but it was something. And it was at that window.

BRAND: You are going on just like that Morgan fellow.

LILLY: I believe you, John. We are going inside.

BRAND: No! Please! We'll come back here at first light, I promise. You can go over the place with a fine tooth comb. I'll join you. But, please, not now. Just come back with me.

LILLY: Mr. Brand, it's just a building.

BRAND: I'm only thinking of your safety.

LILLY: And I'm beginning to think something may have happened to Robert Morgan. Something people either mysteriously don't know or ominously won't say and I have had about enough of it. We are going in. Are you coming?

BRAND: No... but, wait- you'll need the key.

LILLY: You have a key? It's locked?

BRAND: Thieves are everywhere, Miss Wright, even in Wickenham. And take this electric torch. I'll be fine getting back and you can't very well feel your way about in there.

JOHN: Hey this light is kind of violet. Is this a home-made flashlight?

BRAND: I made it, Mr. Smith because I'm none too fond of the dark. It'll be too dark in there for pictures anyway. Do you want it or no?

JOHN: We'll take it.

LILLY: Thank you Mr. Brand. You're sure you won't come?

BRAND: Positive.

LILLY: We'll see you back at your store, if the offer's still open.

BRAND: Of course. Please do be cautious on the circular stairs that lead up to the trap door for the attic. I'm sure Mr. Smith will want to check for his floating head. Oh, and mind the box in the attic.

JOHN: Box? Like a Coffin?

BRAND: Certainly not. It's sitting on a table up there. About the size of a matchbox. Or rather don't mind it. Best leave it alone.

LILLY: What is it?

BRAND: I don't know. But it was "his" no doubt and nothing good ever came from his activities or this place. Good night.

**SFX Brand walking away**

LILLY: (calling out) We won't disturb a thing.

JOHN: Yeah, this place is already disturbed enough.

LILLY: Moment of truth, Johnny-boy. You ready?

JOHN: Ladies first.

**SFX of going up stairs & door unlock fading into chimes & tones**

**Fade in on voices that are on the other side of the trap door**

JOHN: (muffled) I don't know. It's hard to see with this crazy purple light.

LILLY (muffled) Once we get into the attic the windows might light the room up a bit. If we can just get in.

JOHN: (muffled) It's an old rusty latch.

SFX of open latch

JOHN (muffled) Got it.

SFX of opening trap and we hear them climb inside

JOHN: (coughing) Whoa! So much for housekeeping. Holy cow! Would you look at that ! It's like a whole library up here.

LILLY: Stay with me John. You're the one with the light remember.

JOHN: Oh, sorry. Look at all the stuff.

LILLY: Yeah, it's a library alright. And then some. The dust up here is as thick as carpet.

JOHN: He's right about the draft. Hey! There's the window!

LILLY: I hate to disappoint you, John, But nobody's been up here in quite a while. No footprints, no shifts of dust, nothing.

JOHN: Just an old rotting curtain. I could've sworn that I saw a face. I was so sure-

LILLY: I believe you saw something and your mind took care of the rest.

JOHN: You mean the dreams.

LILLY: Frock coat and all.

JOHN: You think the man in the dreams is the clergyman?

LILLY: Maybe. I don't know. Let's check out some of the parson's reading material.

SFX of papers, books being moved

LILLY: I don't believe it. This is an actual Gutenberg Bible! And here is an old copy of Homer's Odyssey in Greek no less. These two alone could put us in a penthouse on the Upper West side. No wonder it's under lock and key.

JOHN: Hey Lilly, come here.

LILLY: What did you find?

JOHN: The names. Any of those authors ring a bell?

LILLY: Oh my. Paracelsus, Magnus, Trithemius- it's the names on the back of the photo. They are all here. Books of magic. John, he was here. Robert had to have been in this attic. The names are in the same order on the shelf as he had noted them on the photo.

JOHN: And check this out. I've never seen these symbols before. Is that a foreign language?

LILLY: Yes, probably some ancient alphabet or something. Hold on.

JOHN: What?

LILLY: On top of these parchments. Look at the title on the spine.

JOHN: “Codex Maleficium”?

LILLY: John, do you know why I remember this one? This book shouldn’t even be here. It’s supposed to be locked up in Italy at the Vatican.

JOHN: So the clergyman was a book thief.

LILLY: I don’t think he ever intended to sell any of this. He was collecting them.

JOHN: For what? Hey, look on this parchment. Isn’t that the Al-Hazred guy’s name?

LILLY: Sure is. The mad Arab they called him. He supposedly wrote down something called “The Necronomicon” The Book of the Dead. These could be original pages.

JOHN: They feel funny.

LILLY: Well, rumor has it, that the pages were made from human flesh.

JOHN: Yuck! Thanks for the warning. You learned all this from those crazy spiritualists?

LILLY: No, mainly from some visiting crackpot named Whateley that I interviewed for the article. All the society gals told me to steer clear of him so naturally I had to meet him. Didn’t get anything useful at the time and I never thought about it again. Maybe Whateley wasn’t a crackpot after all.

**SFX sliding crash from a closet**

JOHN: (gasping) Tell me you heard that?

LILLY I heard that. It came from behind that door over there.

JOHN: I knew somebody was up here.

LILLY: Shhhh! No, John wait! You’ve got the only light!

JOHN: Come on out wise guy.

**SFX opening door with sliding crash.**

JOHN: Auuugh!

LILLY: John!

JOHN: I'm fine. I'm okay. It's just a closet with some kind of close rack. It must have just shifted.

LILLY: Let me see.

JOHN: Look here. It's some kind of robe. Hey check me out Lilly. I'm your evil clergyman.

LILLY: Cut it out, now, take that old thing off. It stinks.

JOHN: Takes the chill off though. I'm still pretty damp, how about you?

LILLY: John. That's not a clothes rack.

JOHN: Huh?

LILLY: See those clamps. This rack was meant for a person, not a robe.

JOHN: Maybe we should be heading back to Mr. Brand's store.

**SFX scooting chair**

LILLY: What was that?

JOHN: I don't know. Was that chair there when we came in?

LILLY: C'mon. Maybe Brand wasn't giving us the run-around after all. Help me with the trap.

JOHN: (slowly) Lilly?

LILLY: Let's go. I think I could use a brandy.

JOHN: (whispering) Lilly?

LILLY: C'mon and help me. The trap door is stuck. (tugs twice) It feels like it's latched. Give me a hand.

JOHN: (loud whisper) Lilly!

LILLY: Stop moving the light. We'll come back in the morning.

JOHN: Look Lilly!

LILLY: What is it?

JOHN: On the table. It's the box Lilly.

LILLY: Well, grab it and let's get out of here.

JOHN: Lilly would you wait a minute. Look at it. Just look at it would you?

LILLY: What- oh, my - the box is it-

JOHN: It looks like it's moving, swirling. Is it moving?

LILLY: No its just the purple light.

JOHN: It's sparking.

LILLY: It's the light John. Turn it off.

JOHN: Something's lighting up the box from inside-

LILLY: It's sparking up John. Turn that light off!

JOHN: Wait it looks like-

LILLY: Turn it off!

**SFX of Lilly knocking the light away, it breaks -- John's tone is slightly different**

JOHN: You broke the light Lilly.

LILLY: John. Shhh. Give me your hand.

JOHN: What?

LILLY: (whispering) Your hand. Give it to me. We are not alone up here.

JOHN: What? I- (whispering) Who's that?

LILLY: Shhhhh. Look at him. He's the man from the dream John.

JOHN: The clergyman. What's he doing?

LILLY: I don't think he's really here, John. We're seeing a memory. An imprint of something that has already happened.

JOHN: He doesn't see us. It looks like---he's burning the books in the fireplace. But the books are still here.

LILLY: It's not really happening John.

JOHN: Why do I smell smoke, Lilly?

LILLY: He's moving something over the trap. Barricading himself in. Something's trying to get in.

JOHN: They've come through. Other spirits. They are trying to get him.

LILLY: He's gestured toward the box. They have stopped. He's scared them. They're all afraid of him.

JOHN: That one looks like a bishop. He's turning to go. They are all leaving.

LILLY: Not the clergyman. He's getting something from the drawer. It's ... It's a rope.

JOHN: He's throwing it over the crossbeams.

LILLY: Oh, John you were right. You did see him before.

JOHN: He's threading a noose, Lilly.

LILLY: He must have hung himself up here.

JOHN: He's getting on the table Lilly, he's really going to do it.

LILLY: It's not real John.

JOHN: We've got to stop him.

LILLY: No we don't, John. He was a bad man.

JOHN: The box. It was the box.

LILLY: Don't John! Don't let go of my hand.

JOHN: He's looking at us Lilly.

LILLY: No. He's not.

JOHN: He sees us Lilly. He knows we're here.

LILLY: John, no! Don't let go of me. Don't!

JOHN: He's not bad Lilly. He's grinning at us, see?

LILLY: Don't go to him John. There's no one there. Don't let go of my hand!

JOHN: Lilly, I'm not holding your hand.

LILLY: (SCREAMS)

**SFX faint, chimes, tones, fade into the following**

BRAND: Miss Wright? Miss Wright? Can you hear me? Miss Wright?

LILLY: Wha- what. What happened? John, John, Mr. Brand?

BRAND: Shhhh. Shhhh. It's alright now. You must have fainted. The air is rather thin up here and quite musty.

LILLY: Fainted? Oh, I'm such a fool Mr. Brand. You were right. We should have waited. How long was I out. Where is-

BRAND: Everything's fine, now. I'm not sure how long you were out. But it's almost three am.

LILLY: In the morning? I must have- I saw the clergyman, and the box, and the noose-

BRAND: Another bad dream, I'm sure.

LILLY: No, John was right. This time we both saw it. John can tell you.

BRAND: Who's John, Miss Wright?

LILLY: Don't be silly, Mr. Brand. He's standing over there in that old robe. John, tell him what we saw. John?

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: There's no John here, Miss Wright. I am afraid you are mistaken.

LILLY: What are you -- John, you don't wear spectacles, and your face... what's happened to your face.

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: Oh I assure you I am fine, Miss. As right as rain.

LILLY: John, no...no

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: You are correct in a sense Miss Wright. There is no John. Not anymore. Thankfully some people have the deadliest sense of curiosity. You see this happened once before with your Mr. Morgan, but he couldn't quite handle his newfound skin, much less the task set before him. So he shot himself.

LILLY: Robert Morgan shot-

BRAND: Well, he was always a bit unstable Miss Wright. An artist's temperament, to be sure. But, I think John here is going to do rather well.

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: It's the adventure John had been waiting for. And it only cost him his soul.

SFX trap door opening

DRIVER/BERTRAM: All is prepared below and it's nigh on three. Everyone has gathered in the sanctuary.

BRAND: Thank you Bertram.

LILLY: Bertram? Our driver?

DRIVER/BERTRAM: Yes, miss. It's me. Yer oft to be disappointed when ye put yer trust in strangers. But as you say, getting acquainted can be a fine thing. And may I say, welcome back sir. You've never looked better.

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: Thank you Bertram. Light the candles. We'll be down in a moment.

DRIVER/BERTRAM: Yes sir.

**SFX of Bertram leaving**

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: A bit speechless Miss Wright? Well, don't worry. Bertram has not spent a pound of your money.

BRAND: Not that you'll need it.

LILLY: Oh, no. Please. Please help me up. Please. You don't have to kill me. I'll never tell. Who'd believe me? I can help you. Please, just let me go.

BRAND: Another interesting turn of phrase. But, yes, in a very real sense we will be letting you go.

LILLY: John. Please. I wont tell. I can get you help. You need help.

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: Oh, I don't think I need help Miss Wright. I think I can secure you in these clamps all by myself.

**SFX Clamps clinking, shutting**

LILLY: What are you- no John! Stop it! Stop! I can help you.

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: But my dear, you are going to help me. All of us, in fact. Even yourself. Mr. Carter, your editor, would be most proud of you. You are finally sacrificing everything for your story.

LILLY: No John, no.

JOHN/CLERGYMAN: Not that anyone will ever read it. But after tonight, you will finally be appreciated, Miss Wright. And considering how the Great Old Ones intend to show their appreciation, I promise you, you will be glad you left the party early.

**SFX clock striking three, the witching hour**

**SFX fade- in on steamship sounds**

LILLY: (voice over) I didn't have it in me to scream at that moment, even though I was certain it to be the end of me then and there. And if you believe nothing else I've told you, believe this--I would have given anything to have died that night back at that terrible old place. I am quite sure, that in the process of my unmentionable preparation, I lost what was left of my mind. Had I the will, I would jump over this railing headfirst into the dark waves below if I thought that it's embrace would release me from all of this. Death would be a gift, but that has to wait, for you see, they needed me. Someone strong, someone willful. It was the only way to open the gate for the Great Old Ones. Beings who have been cut off for a millennia and intend to reclaim what is theirs and they cannot do it without a door. But it won't be through a rip in space, an ancient structure, or some subterranean cave. It will be through me. I am the gate from which all this madness will make its exodus. My ultimate sacrifice will put an end to everything we know...unless...you do what's right and help me. Save yourself, save the world, take this gun and kill me now. Before its too late. Please. Take it. No, don't pull away from me. You have to do what I cannot. Wait! You're just running from the truth! Don't you understand! You are killing yourself and everyone you know! Help me close the Gate! Help me close the Gate!

**SFX waves grow stronger as the steamship horn bellows and we leave the boat to the expanse of the ocean followed by SFX of the creaking door closing and locking**

Jimmy

Thank you for stepping through "The Last Door on the Left", radio's repository for tales designed to thrill you with wall to wall creeps and hot and cold running

chills. You have been listening to “The Evil Clergyman” adapted from a story by H. P. Lovecraft. And if you should find yourself this Halloween night to be the recipient of a strange envelope with even stranger contents, don’t panic. Just bring it to “The Last Door on the Left.” Good night and don’t forget to leave the light on.

Babe

Excuse me, Jimmy, but should we check the news again?

Gin

Yeah, maybe we should.

Jimmy

No, no, I think that last story unsettled all of us quite enough. Let’s keep running with the show, knowing in our hearts that we are safe and content and that the most frightening of forces exist purely in our imagination.

Margie

But Jimmy, real crazy stuff is going on, we--

Jimmy

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a fabulous surprise for you this evening. One of the finest harbingers of the daguerotype, Italian photographer Ian Curcio, has unleashed the magic of modern photography into the storytelling industry. For those of you at home, prepare to delight at the sounds of the Orcus Quartet and their performance of the Robert Browning Overture by Charles Ives. For those in the studio, the music will be accompanied by Ian Curcio’s photographic depiction of the story of Carmilla, the vampires. As always, enjoy!

**Photographs telling the story of Carmilla by J. Sheridan Le Fanu are projected onto the rear wall of the studio while the Quartet plays the Robert Browning Overture.**

Jimmy

And thank you, Orcus Quartet, for that fabulous rendition of the Robert Browning Overture.

Janine

Chills down my spine, Jimmy.

Helen

You and me both, sister.

Jimmy

Now let’s lighten the mood a bit with a marvelous Halloween tale by our very own Janine Camp and Helen Scott. The tale of The English Drunkard!

**SFX: Should be elaborate and creepy, wind and cries of pain. While Janine narrates, Helen makes appropriate drunken sounds.**

Janine

One dark, windy night, just outside Doncaster in Yorkshire, England, Nigel, the town drunk was meandering his way home after the pub had closed. Somehow Neil got turned around—

Helen

Where am I?

Janine

and ended up walking through the graveyard in St Mary's church instead of taking the Tadcaster road home. The wind howled louder

**SFX: Wind and owls and crickets.**

Helen

Oh, no, oh no, the missus is going to stick it to me. If I make it home!

Janine

and Neil thought he could hear a voice calling his name.

**SFX: Neils name called on the wind.**

Janine

Suddenly, the ground opened up in front of him, and he fell down, down into an open grave. He could still hear the voice clearer and louder now, calling to him. Neil knew it was Satan,

**SFX: Satanic laughter.**

Janine

--coming for him just like the vicar had said, on account of him being the town drunk.

Helen

Oh, please god, I'll never drink again if you let me live! What about me wife an family? Well, I know I don't have a family, but I promise to purchase one if you let me out.

Janine

The hole was very deep and inside it was pitch black. His eyes adjusted to the darkness and after a few moments he made out a form sitting in the darkness with him. It called his name,

**SFX: Whispered Neil**

Janine

and he scrambled away in fear, trying to climb out of that terrible grave. Then the figure spoke to him,

Billy

You can't get out!

Janine

--it moaned. Neil gave a shout of pure terror --

Helen

*Screaming*

Janine

--and leapt straight up in the air, caught the edge of the hole in his hands, and scrambling out for his very life, he ran for home as fast as he could go. Inside the open grave, his neighbour Tony sighed in resignation.

Billy

Come back, Nigel, it's me, Tony! Ahhh. I was hopin' he'd help me out. I'm dead drunk. I'll have to wait til morning, I suppose, for the gravedigger to bring me a ladder!

**SFX: Applause.**

Jimmy

And that about does it for tonight folks. We hope we have given you creeps and frights galore and thank you for traveling with us through The Last Door on the Left!

**SFX: Door creaks open and slams, more screams.**

Jimmy

So on behalf of Billy, Janine, and Helen, The Bonny Sisters, the Orcus Quartet, and our remarkable sound fx men, we wish you good night, and safe travels! We will close with one final ghostly tune, the beautiful poetry of the haunting Danse Macabre!

DANSE MACABRE

Zig, zig, zig, Death in cadence,  
Striking a tomb with his heel,

Death at midnight plays a dance-tune,  
Zig, zig, zag, on his violin.  
The winter wind blows, and the night is dark;  
Moans are heard in the linden trees.  
White skeletons pass through the gloom,  
Running and leaping in their shrouds.  
Zig, zig, zag, each one is frisking,  
You can hear the cracking of the bones of the dancers.  
A lustful couple sits on the moss  
So as to taste long lost delights.  
Zig zig, zag, Death continues  
The unending scraping on his instrument.  
A veil has fallen! The dancer is naked.  
Her partner grasps her amorously.  
The lady, it's said, is a marchioness or baroness  
And her green gallant, a poor cartwright.  
Horror! Look how she gives herself to him,  
Like the rustic was a baron.  
Zig, zig, zag. What a saraband!  
They all hold hands and dance in circles.  
Zig, zig, zag. You can see in the crowd  
The king dancing among the peasants.  
But hist! All of a sudden, they leave the dance,  
They push forward, they fly; the cock has crowed.  
Oh what a beautiful night for the poor world!  
Long live death and equality!

Jimmy

*To the audience*

And thank you to all of you folks, for helping us with this unique venture. Before you leave, let's check on those radio reports one more time and see what is happening out in the world. This panic has me in a bit of a tizzy.

Billy

Here we are, Mr. Cadence.

Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most terrifying thing I have ever witnessed . . .  
Wait a minute! Someone's crawling out of the hollow top. Someone or . . .  
something. I can see peering out of that black hole two luminous disks . . . are they  
eyes? It might be a face. It might be . . . (SHOUT OF AWE FROM THE  
CROWD) Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadow like a gray  
snake. Now it's another one, and another. They look like tentacles to me. There, I  
can see the thing's body. It's large, large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather.  
But that face, it . . . Ladies and gentlemen, it's indescribable. I can hardly force  
myself to keep looking at it. The eyes are black and gleam like a serpent. The

mouth is V-shaped with saliva dripping from its rimless lips that seem to quiver and pulsate. The monster or whatever it is can hardly move. It seems weighed down by . . . possibly gravity or something. The thing's raising up. The crowd falls back now. They've seen plenty. This is the most extraordinary experience. I can't find words . . . I'll pull this microphone with me as I talk. I'll have to stop the description until I can take a new position. Hold on, will you please--.

*Bonny Sisters and musicians scream and run offstage.*

Helen

What is going on, Jimmy? What is this?

Janine

This is too weird. Is it real?

Billy

I'm not sure I want to go out there, Mr. Cadence.

Jimmy

Me too, Billy, me too. But it's got to be an act, right? That Orson Welles is a genius and he's just come up with another brilliant idea to spook us out, that's all. He and his friends are goofing around and pulling one over on all of us. Let's turn the radio back on and you'll see what I mean.

Reporter

A humped shape is rising out of the pit. I can make out a small beam of light against a mirror. What's that? There's a jet of flame springing from the mirror, and it leaps right at the advancing men. It strikes them head on! Good Lord, they're turning into flame! (SCREAMS AND UNEARTHLY SHRIEKS) Now the whole field's caught fire. (EXPLOSION) The woods . . . the barns . . . the gas tanks of automobiles . . . it's spreading everywhere. It's coming this way. About twenty yards to my right . . . (CRASH OF MICROPHONE ... THEN DEAD SILENCE)

Announcer

Ladies and gentlemen, due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to continue the broadcast from Grovers Mill. Evidently there's some difficulty with our field transmission. However, we will return to that point at the earliest opportunity. In the meantime—

*Jimmy turns off the radio. A moment of stunned silence. Then Janine and Helen scream and run.*

Billy

Janine!

Jimmy

Ladies, please, it's got to be a show or something!

Helen

I'm not taking any chances!

Janine

I'm crawling into bed and pulling the covers over my head until all this is over!!

Helen

Halloween isn't supposed to be this scary!

*They exit.*

Billy

What do you really think, Mr. Cadence?

Jimmy

Billy, I hope it's a show, but I still think it's Hitler. I think the world might be changing around us tonight, and not for the better.

Billy

But what if it's aliens?

Jimmy

I don't believe in aliens, Billy. I believe in German dictators. I've seen 'em.

Billy

I believe in aliens.

Jimmy

*Kindly*

I believe that you believe, Billy. Let's get out of here.

They notice the three strangers are still here.

Jimmy

You fellas still here? I'll have the check sent over to the studio tomorrow. Great job by the way.

Billy

Yeah, really good.

*They stand quietly.*

Jimmy

You need cab fare back? I've got it here if you—

*A phone rings. Billy goes over to answer it.*

Billy

I've got it, Mr. Cadence. He answers the phone. Hello? Yes, yes it is.

*He continues talking on the phone while Jimmy speaks.*

Jimmy

And if you guys ever get tired of film, I'd love to have you here. Your talents are almost impossible to come by today, what with all of the competition. We're a small show, but we've got heart and we are growing.

Billy

Okay, okay. Goodbye.

*He turns to Jimmy, a look of fear on his face.*

Billy

Mr. Cadence? A word?

Jimmy

Shoot, Billy.

Billy

Privately?

Jimmy

Excuse me, gentlemen.

*Crosses to Billy*

Jimmy

What is it Billy?

Billy

Ummm, well, I don't think that---I'm not quite sure how to say this, but...

Jimmy

Spit it out, man!

Billy

Umm, that was one of the sound fx guys on the phone.

Jimmy

Fx guys? But I only ordered three and they are all here.

Billy

He was calling to apologize for not being able to be here tonight. Because of the panic in the streets, the subway got shut down and they are stuck on the Upper West Side. He's been trying to get through but since we were on the air the phone was off.

Jimmy

But the other three showed up, so it doesn't---

Billy

Mr. Cadence! Jimmy! He is with the other two. All three of them were stuck and couldn't come.

Jimmy

But that's ridiculous! They're right over--!

*They look at the three strangers who stand staring at them.*

Jimmy

Ohhhhh...

Billy

Boy.....

Stranger 1

Radio waves.

Stranger 2

Yes.

Stranger 3

Radio.

*The three strangers begin singing Tonight is the Night in an eerie, dirge-like fashion. Jimmy and Billy scream and run offstage. The three strangers walk to the center of the stage. A low hum is heard which begins to vibrate powerfully. The lights dim except for a harsh bright light that pulses rhythmically faster and faster. Sound and lights become unbearably bright and loud and then darkness and the strangers are gone.*

***End of Play***