

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

Special Creature Double Feature

Halloween SHOW!

-FEATURING-

The Original Radio Dramas

“THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT”

By

NATHAN SHELTON

&

“FIRE LAWN”

By

Andrew McMurtrey

September 19, 2020

ARCANE PRODUCTIONS

www.FrightmareTheatrePodcast.com

"THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT" CHARACTERS

- VOICE OF REASON*:** The man warning you not to listen to this ridiculous piece of radio theatre.
(slight German Accent w/ hint of Trans-Atlantic)
- DOCTOR:** An egomaniacal madman, obsessed with his newest experiment, and desperate to see it succeed. Total dick. *(British IP or Trans-Atlantic)*
- FRITZ:** The Doctor's hunchback assistant. *(cockney)*
- ELIZABETH:** The Doctor's fiancé. *(British IP or Trans-Atlantic)*
- THE BURGOMASTER*:** Elizabeth's father and Bürgermeister "chief magistrate of the town"
(Thick German/British IP) (Old Stuffey Hufflepuff)

NOTES: This script is very fast paced and needs to clip. The dialogue needs to move at an almost breakneck speed. The characters are over-the-top incarnations of their 1931 counterparts and everything is slightly larger than life. It is important for this to build and the actors to try to top one another, all while keeping the immediacy throughout.

"FIRE LAWN" CHARACTERS

Father	(late 30's)
Mother	(mid 30's)
Son	(10)
Daughter	(13)
Actor	(40's)
Actress	(30's)
General	(60's)
News Anchor	(40's)
Ad Announcer	(40's)

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

PODCAST

"Special Creature Double Feature HALLOWEEN SHOW"

*****FRIGHTMARE THEATRE PRE-SHOW*****

est. July 2020

SOUND 001 THUNDER CRACK (long roll out under)

MUSIC 001 "PRE SHOW- FTP MUSIC BED" (CONTINUE UNDER)(LET FINISH)

FTP REPRESENTATIVE: Good evening loyal listeners and fresh new initiates alike. Producing a monthly horror radio drama is a *monstrous* undertaking. If you enjoy stalking the shadows with us every month, we urge you to join the Frightmare Theatre undead family and support us on Patreon, where you will receive members-only special content. Please consider rating & reviewing the show on iTunes as well.

SOUND 002 HORRIFYING SCREAMS (long roll out under)

Oh, that must mean its time! Thanks for listening, and enjoy tonight's terrifying episode!

***END-MUSIC 001 "PRE SHOW- FTP MUSIC BED" (CONTINUE UNDER)(LET FINISH)**

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

MUSIC 1 "FTP THEME" (CONTINUE UNDER) (LET FINISH)

ANNOUNCER: The hour has grown late and shadows lurk around every corner. Can you hear it, loyal listeners? The whispers carried on the cool breeze as it shuffles the fallen leaves under toe? Can you *feel* it? The electricity in the midnight air as the pale moon casts long shadows across the neighborhood streets. The smell of cold damp earth, smokey chimneys, and sweet deserts... (giggles darkly) it has already begun. The night we have all eagerly awaited has finally arrived. That special mystical night of the year when the veil between our world and yours shatters and the ghoulish ghastly ghosts and goblins are free to roam the shadows, spreading mischief and mayhem in their wake. The one night a year when darkness holds sway over the light, and ALL COWER IN BLOOD-CURDLING TERROR UNDER THE MIGHT AND MAGESTY OF THE ANCIENT AND ARCAN TRADITIONS OF THE OLD ONES!!!!!! (maniacal laugh)
(pause) **(CONTINUED)**

ANNOUNCER: (CONT.) Oh... and there's candy corns too! So... win win, right? ...And now, loyal listeners, it is time, once again, to turn down the lights and turn up the *terror*. For you are about to trick-r-treat your way into this very special Halloween episode of... *FRIGHTMARE THEATRE!*

***END-MUSIC 1 "FTP THEME"**

MUSIC 2 "HALLOWEEN PARTY MUSIC" (LOUD UNDER) (FADE IN)

HOST: (*YELLING OVER MUSIC*) Happy Halloween, boys and ghouls, and welcome to a very special Halloween episode of *Frightmare Theatre!* As you can tell, we here in the *Arcane studio* know how to celebrate All Hallows' Eve in style!

AGNES: I wouldn't call dressing up like Egon from *Ghostbusters* for the third year in a row, style.

AL: (*OFF*) (*FROM BOOTH*) Ooooooohhh sick burn.

HOST: Again, Agnes. When you drop that much money for a costume you have to get the most use out of it as possible!

AL: (*OFF*) (*FROM BOOTH*) We all warned you not to pay that much for that stupid proton pack on Ebay, Doc.

HOST: SCREEN USED, AL! SCREEN USED! *It was worth it.*

AGNES: Yeah, I'm sure all hundred and forty of those proton packs they peddle at *Crazy Harry's Hollywood Heyday store* are 100% authentic. Nice *investment* there, Doc.

HOST: Jealousy is a bitter fig, Agnes. And look at your costume?! I mean what the hell are you supposed to be anyway?

AGNES: I'm not wearing a costume. The doorbell was ringing off the wall because of all those little bastards asking for free handouts. I barely had time to throw on clothes and get over here for the show.

HOST: Wait... Are you telling me THAT isn't a costume?

AL: (*OFF*) (*FROM BOOTH*) Horrifying.

GREG: I thought she was Sasquatch.

HOST/AGNES/AL: QUIET, GREG!

SOUND 1 WHIP / GREG SCREAMING

HOST: If you are going to be lingering around, Greg, you might as well make yourself useful and turn down the music. We have a show to do after all.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* And do we need to have another conversation about appropriate costumes, Greg? What did we say?

AGNES: Seriously.

***ALT-MUSIC 2 "HALLOWEEN PARTY MUSIC" (FADE LOWER UNDER) (cont.)**

GREG: *(OFF)* I didn't do religious and I didn't do sexy.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Greg!

GREG: *(OFF)* I did BOTH religious AND sexy!

AL/AGNES/HOST: GREG!!!!

GREG: *(OFF) (PROUDLY)* I'm sacri-licious.

HOST: You're disrespecting yourself and the sanctity of this beautiful holiday tradition, is what you're doing.

POLLY: IIIIIIIII LLLLLIIIIIIIIIIKKKKKKEEEEE IIIIIIIIIITTTTTT.

HOST: Hm. You know, now that I am looking at it from here, it's kinda growing on me too... wait... What??!! POLLY?!! Who invited you to our staff Halloween party???

AGNES: Oh c'mon, Doc. We needed a little less testosterone around here. Plus, this party could use a little livening up.

HOST: SHE'S DEAD!

POLLY: *(floating away)* I keeeep teeellling yooouuuu, I'm a polterrrrrrrgeeeiisssst!!!!

SOUND 2 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Someone else is at the door!

HOST: OOOOOHHHHH, IT MUST BE MORE TRICK-R-TREATERS!!!

GREG: *(OFF)* OH! HOW EXCITING! I'LL GET IT!

AL/HOST/AGNES/POLLY: NO!

AGNES: Are you insane?!

HOST: Those poor kids must have already gone through enough just to get to our crypt door. The last thing those brave little beasties need is to have some deranged unholy leatherdaddy hunchback with a bowl full of Smarties smiling down at them when it opens.

AGNES: Smarties?

HOST: Talk to Al about that one.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Hey! Someone's gotta watch the budget around here! It ain't like Patreon is payin' the bills, ya know.

HOST: YET!

SOUND 2.1 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

HOST: Where's Mumford?

GREG: The groundskeeper?

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* I gave him the holiday off this year. He scares all the trick-R-treaters away.

HOST: FINE! I'll get the door, damnit. *(CLOSE)* In the meantime, boys and ghouls, it's time for our first story in tonight's SPECIAL HALLOWEEN CREATURE DOUBLE FEATURE; a nostalgic romp through the familiar frightening fields of a fiendish first-class fictional classic known as F... well... we wouldn't want to give it all away, now would we... why don't you just polish up those electrodes, dust off those abnormally large *brains* of yours, and get ready to hear for yourself the hilarity that ensues on "**THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT**". *(Laughs maniacally.)*

SOUND 2.2 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

(OFF) AGNES! Music, please. AL, let's get the screams a rollin'!

SOUND 2.3 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

(YELLING) (OFF) I'm coming, I'm coming! Jeez, they get more impatient every year.

***END-MUSIC 2 "HALLOWEEN PARTY MUSIC" (FADE OUT)**

MUSIC 3 Orchestra Tuning Theme Variant (Fade IN/ growing louder)

SOUND 12 slamming fist on metal table

DOCTOR: Damnit all. Late as usual. Where the hell is that deformed little bastard?

SOUND 13 (off below) Metal Door Swings open/closed**SOUND 14** Panting/ croaking/ Shuffling, labored footsteps up steps (OFF to CLOSE)**SOUND 15** LARGE Wooden Door Swings open

DOCTOR: Ah Fritz, it's about time. Finally decided to join the party, did we?

SOUND 16 Soaking wet coat thrown on rack/sloshing steps

FRITZ: I'm dreadfully sorry master. It's just my...

DOCTOR: You're pathetic. You really are.

SOUND 17 quick sloshing steps across room (off to CLOSE)

FRITZ: But I--

DOCTOR: Nope.

FRITZ: I'm sorry, master.

DOCTOR: How many times have I heard that from you in the past week alone?

FRITZ: (optimistically) Only five last week.

DOCTOR: SHUT UP YOU IDIOT! (pause) Did you clock in?

FRITZ: Oh!

SOUND 18 Quick sloshing steps across room (close to off)**SOUND 19** Paper Time Card pulled/punched/replaced (off)

DOCTOR: Now plug in the electro amplifiers and get over here and help me, you fool!

FRITZ: (off) Yes, master!

SOUND 20 Quick sloshing steps across room (off to close)

FRITZ: What is it you would have me do?

DOCTOR: Simply place your finger *here* while I grab a suture.

FRITZ: Here?

DOCTOR: No, *HERE!!!*

SOUND 21 LOUD SQUISH

FRITZ: Ew!

SOUND 22 Hurried Footsteps Away

Sound 23 Cabinet Opened/ Bottles Clank (OFF)

SOUND 24 LOUD SQUISH (CLOSE)

FRITZ: EW!

DOCTOR: (*off*) What is it now, Fritz?

FRITZ: Funny how the brain is connected to everythin' in a body, eh?

DOCTOR: (*off*) Well not in your case, Fritz. But in most, yes, this is true. I got him all hooked up this afternoon. No thanks to you.

FRITZ: See if I push here, his little hand waves, "hi".

SOUND 24 b LOUD SQUISH (CLOSE)

FRITZ: Hi!

SOUND 24 c LOUD SQUISH (CLOSE)

FRITZ: Hi!

SOUND 24 d LOUD SQUISH (CLOSE)

FRITZ: Shit it's stuck.

SOUND 25 (OFF) CRASH / BRISK FOOTSTEPS (coming very CLOSE)

DOCTOR: DID I SAY PUSH YOU IDIOT?!!! NO! I did not! Now stop fooling around and hold! DON'T PUSH! ...*HOLD!*

SOUND 26 LONG SLOW DEFLATING SQUISH (VERY CLOSE)

(Fritz shudders)

SOUND 27 **FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY / CLATTERING IN BACKGROUND**

DOCTOR: *(speaking while walking away)* Honestly, I don't know why I keep you around anyway.

SOUND 28 **(DURING RANT) INTERMITTANT SQUISHES/SQUELCHES & GIGGLING**

I can't leave you here by yourself without screwing something up, so I inevitably spend all of my lunch breaks cooped up in this lab with an obnoxious, clumsy, smelly little fart! And Elizabeth wonders why I've been acting so *strange* lately. Honestly, you've got to be one of the most useless human beings I've ever met! You're always late with some idiotic excuse, and when you finally *DO* arrive, you sit on your ass and...

SOUND 29 **(off) HEELS turn on wet stone floor (across the room)**

(off) WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING, FRITZ????!!!

FRITZ: *(giggling uncontrollably)* Looky what happens when I push here.

SOUND 30 **Squish & Quick Slide Whistle Clime**

(Fritz bursts into laughter)

SOUND 31 **SLAM IN BACKGROUND/ QUICK FOOTSTEPS COMING CLOSE**

DOCTOR: It's only an erection, Fritz. I know you've never seen one before but their quite common. Now hurry, I need you to hoist up the lightening rod to-

FRITZ: Done and done.

SOUND 32 **Squish & Quick Slide Whistle Clime**

FRITZ: Ha!

SOUND 33 **SLAP ON BACK OF HEAD**

DOCTOR: KNOCK IT OFF, DAMNIT! Do you realize how long we would have to wait for a storm of this magnitude to pass this way again?? hmm?? Do you??? We haven't time for any more of your goofy bullshit.

SOUND 34 **Throwing Canvas Over Body**

SOUND 35 **Shuffling Footsteps Away/ Pull Of Crank**

DOCTOR: There. All is ready?

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) Ready, master.

DOCTOR: (*deep, overly dramatic inhale and exhale*) ...At last the moment I've been waiting for all my life has finally arrived. (*growing in intensity*) The night when the culmination of years of intense study and countless hours of work will finally bear fruit. (*out to the heavens*) From the beginning of time, man has strived to-

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) Striven.

DOCTOR: (pause) Excuse me?

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) The correct wording is striven... Man. Has. Striven.

DOCTOR: I-I know that... ASS! ...turn around. Don't look at me.

SOUND 36 **FRITZ LOUDLY SHUFFLES AROUND** (*off*)

(*ridiculously vocally & physically collects himself before...*) Fromthebeginningoftimemanhas *STRRRIIVVVEEN* to uncover the mysteries of life. (*broadly*) Tonight I have unraveled that mystery, and the entire world will marvel at my Genius! Tonight, I, Doctor Henry Fra...

SOUND 37 **LOUD KNOCKS On Metal Door Below** (*off*)

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) Someone's at the door, master?

DOCTOR: (*through gritted teeth*) I can hear that, Fritz.

FRITZ: Who do you suppose it is?

DOCTOR: How the hell should- You know what... No! Not tonight. Ignore them.

SOUND 38 **LOUD KNOCKS On Metal Door Below** (*off*)

ELIZABETH: (*off/ OUTSIDE*) HENRY?!!! HENRY, PLEASE, IT'S ELIZABETH, YOUR FIANCE!!! PLEASE OPEN UP!!! IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLE STORM!

FRITZ: (*yelling down*) We're IGNORING YOU!

DOCTOR: Oh, do shut up!

ELIZABETH: (*off/OUTSIDE*) WHAT WAS THAT?!!!

DOCTOR: um... NOTHING! NOTHING, MY SWEET! JUST A MOMENT! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

SOUND 39 **Rushing Footsteps / Putting on Coat/ Opening Wood Door**

FRITZ: I'll go, master.

DOCTOR: NO! You stay up here and sit on that stool and do nothing. Absolutely *nothing*. You hear me?

SOUND 40 **Loud screech as Fritz plops on stool**

FRITZ: You're the boss.

(Doctor laughs & mumbles to himself like a lunatic as...)

SOUND 41 **Wooden Door Slammed / Footsteps down stairs**

***ALT SOUND 8.5** **AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (FADE UP as steps approach door)**

SOUND 42 **LARGE METAL DOOR Unlatch & Swing OPEN**

***ALT SOUND 8.5** **AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (BRING UP LOUD)**

SOUND 43 **Quick High Heels walking on wet rock**

ELIZABETH: Oh, Henry. Oh, my love. Why did it take you so long?

DOCTOR: Elizabeth, my darling. You shouldn't have come. You must leave immediately.

ELIZABETH: Ooooh no you don't, mister. We were supposed to be getting married this morning, Henry. We had the date picked for months. And all of the sudden this massive storm blows in, and you postpone the whole thing to run off with your creepy little imp and play in your rickety old windmill clubhouse like some snot nosed child. You. With your *science*, and your *secrecy*, and well, I've had it!

DOCTOR: My darling, I think you must be working through something right now. I understand. I'm supportive. I'm here for it... Just not in this exact moment. I must go back to work while this storm is still-

ELIZABETH: OOOOHHHHH! So that's it, is it? You told me we had to postpone the wedding because the storm would cause our guests to cancel and ruin my pretty dress! You said it was for our safety!!!

DOCTOR: I did? I mean, I DID! It IS! Absolutely, my dear. But while we are in the thick of it, and having to postpone our nuptials, might as well get some much-needed work done-

ELIZABETH: Oh, you scoundrel! I'm telling daddy!

DOCTOR: Oh, no need to involve that pompous old windbag. Please, Elizabeth, let me finish my work and then we will be married. I promise.

ELIZABETH: The villagers cleaned and pressed their finest lederhosen and everyone who's anyone was going to be in attendance. Daddy had half the eateries baking through the night for the festivities. He was devastated when I told him you wouldn't let us wed because of a silly little rain storm.

SOUND 44 **THUNDER CRACK/ HEAVY RAIN**

DOCTOR: Little?

ELIZABETH: I have been fasting for months to fit into that fucking dress, Henry!

DOCTOR: I know, my love. And you looked so very beautiful in it too. That's exactly why we could not go through with the wedding today, and must postpone to -

ELIZABETH: Well, you can look my father in his big fat sad face and you tell him your reasons then!

DOCTOR: I will absolutely do that. I will make it a point, when I am done with my work to visit-

ELIZABETH: How about right now, *darling!*

SOUND 45 **METAL DOOR SWINGS FURTHER /Heavy Steps/Shaking Off Clothes**

DOCTOR: *(under breath)* Sweet Jesus. *(grandly)* Good evening, Heir Bürgermeister!

BURGOMASTER: *(coughing)* yes. What what. Indeed. A fine evening, if one is looking to build an ark, that is. *(laughs)* I say, if one is looking to build an ark, that is.

(Doctor forces a laugh)

DOCTOR: Listen, Elizabeth. Heir Bürgermeister. I am in the middle of something that demands my attention at the present, and-

ELIZABETH: Daaaaaddddyyyyyyy.

BURGOMASTER: Now listen here, Henry, my boy. My sweet Lizzy here has awoken me in the middle of the night and asked me to join her in tromping through a storm of biblical proportions to this dreadful place in the hopes of me talking some sense into you. And I aim to do it.

DOCTOR: Yes, Bürgermeister. Much appreciated. We can have that chat very soon, but you see now is not a good time, and I really must be getting back up to-

BURGOMASTER: Nonsense, my boy.

SOUND 46 METAL DOOR SLAMS CLOSED

***ALT SOUND 8.5 AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (FADE TO BACKGROUND)**

ELIZABETH: Set him straight, daddy.

BURGOMASTER: Now now, little flower. Please. I didn't become Bürgermeister without learning how to reason with my fellow man. Eh, Henry? *(chuckles)* Now, I am sure that whatever precious work you are doing up here is undoubtedly for the betterment of all mankind, without a hint of selfish motivation. I'm sure that all your efforts over years and countless hours away from your betrothed for months on end is without a shred of malicious, nefarious, or blasphemous intent.

DOCTOR: ... um... Riiiiiggght.

BURGOMASTER: I know it! *(laughs)* Why, just the other day at Jägermeizer's, Hanz Neschler was going on and on about how terrible ol' Henry is, and how his devil work would bring a terrible ruin to the people of this village, and we would all rue the day we ever heard your name.

DOCTOR: *(gulps loudly)* He... He did?

BURGOMASTER: He did.

ELIZABETH: That Fucker.

BURGOMASTER: Lizzy.

ELIZABETH: Sorry, daddy.

BURGOMASTER: *(very close)* And do you know what I told him?

DOCTOR: I... You...

BURGOMASTER: *(backing away)* I TOLD THAT FLEA BAG TO SHOVE HIS TALL TAILS STRAIGHT UP HIS ARSCH! HA!

DOCTOR: You did?

BURGOMASTER: Damn right, I did. Then I bashed him over the head with my club and had the boys haul his ass up in the gibbet for all to see.

DOCTOR: Oh, well that seems a tad excessive.

BURGOMASTER: No fear mongering lazy streusel gargling ninny is going to talk that way about my son in law. *(laughs)* Not on my watch. **(LEANING IN VERY CLOSE)** Now, between you and me, Henry, my boy... I don't care what a man gets up to before his wedding day. Eh? You hear me? You have some lusty busty wenches up there, roasting your Frankfurt, I say live and let live. A few sheep looking for a good sheering, I say who hasn't broken out their Shepard's crook from time to time, in their youth.

DOCTOR: Please stop.

BURGOMASTER: **(VERY CLOSE)** But what I cannot stand by, is a man not fulfilling his marital obligations in the end. My little girl is a lot to handle. I know this. She beat on my door until I awoke and then held me down and plucked my mustache until I agreed to come up here and make you listen to reason. So, listen to reason, Henry. I like my fucking mustache. I worked hard to grow it. When people think, Heir Bürgermeister, they think of the jolly big fellow who maintains order in this grand little village, and wears a glorious god damned majestic beauty of a lip warmer. Do you understand me?

DOCTOR: I... I think so?

BURGOMASTER: *(laughs/ backs up)* Grand! Come, Elizabeth. Let the man have his night of work.

DOCTOR: There's no need to wink. I really am working.

BURGOMASTER: *(in on it... whatever it is)* Of course you are, my boy. Of course. When you're done with your *experimenting* then you and my Lizzy with be married, and we shall have a grand celebration. Tomorrow night!

ELIZABETH: Oh Henry, really?

DOCTOR: Well... um...

BURGOMASTER: Absolutely. What could possibly happen between tonight and tomorrow that could stop this wedding from happening?

(Tense Silence)

BURGOMASTER: NOTHING! That's Correct!

(Elizabeth and Henry laugh nervously)

BURGOMASTER: Elizabeth, come. Come. Let the man work in peace. Tomorrow he is yours.

SOUND 47 **LARGE METAL DOOR Unlatch & Swing OPEN**

***ALT SOUND 8.5** **AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind)** **(BRING UP LOUD)**

ELIZABETH: Oh, Henry! *(kissing him)* Oh, my love. I'm just so terribly happy. I know everything will be perfect for our wedding tomorrow and this bickering back and forth will seem as if it were all just a silly dream. Like your dream of changing the world with science.
(giggles)

HENRY: *(dryly)* Indeed.

ELIZABETH: You're cute.

SOUND 48 **Quick High Heels walking on wet rock**

BURGOMASTER: Oh, and Henry. After the wedding, I may request your aid in something. There've been numerous reports of grave robbings in the surrounding townships.
(shudders) A grisly affair. Anyway, my boys are at a loss. Methinks your keen medical eye could aid in the investigation.

DOCTOR: Oh, um. You can be sure of it.

BURGOMASTER: Bully. See you bright and early tomorrow morning, Henry. Until then, don't do anything I wouldn't do.

DOCTOR: Again, there is no need to wink. I really am just-

SOUND 49 **METAL DOOR SLAMS CLOSED**

DOCTOR: *-trying to work. (Sighs)* What the hell was that?

SOUND 50 **THUNDER CRASH**

DOCTOR: Shit!

ALT SOUND 8.5 AMBIENT STORM (rain/wind) (FADE down as steps move from door)*SOUND 51 RUNNING UP steps/Wooden Door opened /Slammed SHUT**

FRITZ: *(from far corner)* It sounded like that went well.

SOUND 52 Hopping off stool / labored steps coming closer

DOCTOR: Why can't everyone just leave me alone and let me continue my WORK! Tonight, of all nights.

FRITZ: Well, I thought you'd be in a mood again, so I told Lizzy to feel free to drop on by anytime an' check on ya. You're welcome by the way.

SOUND 53 Slapping DOCTOR On The Shoulder

(Doctor squeaks out a low growl.)

DOCTOR: *(steaming)* You... you... little...

FRITZ: *(taking no notice)* Whew. Well. Enough of that, then. We've got ourselves a monster to build.

DOCTOR: Wha- Don't call him that! He's not a monster.

FRITZ: You havin' a laugh? You see the size of his-

DOCTOR: HE'S NOT A MONSTER.

FRITZ: What's his name then, eh?

(Silence)

Hadn't thought of that, now have ya?

DOCTOR: I will call him... *(searching his mental rolodex)*
Aaaan...Gaarr...LLLuuu...Jasper!

FRITZ: Jasper?

DOCTOR: *(defensive)* Yes, Jasper. He's my creation and that's what I'm going to call him. *(pause)* Why? What's wrong with Jasper?

(Fritz holds back snickers)

DOCTOR: Oh, Fuck it, he's my creation and I'll call him any damn thing I want; IF I want! When YOU create something, you can name it whatever the hell YOU want, OKAY?! I'll come up with something better later!
...HE'S MY CREATION! Shut up!

SOUND 54 **THUNDER RUMBLE**

FRITZ: He won't be anyone's creation if this storm passes.

DOCTOR: I know that, you imbecile! Don't you think I know that?!! Turn the modulator and run up the electrodes!

FRITZ: Yes Master.

SOUND 55 **Footsteps / FRANTIC RUNNING AROUND THE LAB**

SOUND 56 **Cranking/Chains/Electrical Whirs/Hums/Clanking**

DOCTOR: Faster you fool!

FRITZ: (*exhausted*) Yes, Master.

DOCTOR: Damn it man! Can't you go any faster? I swear, if you ruin this night, you will curse the day your mother brought your crippled visage into this world!

FRITZ: Okay. That's it.

SOUND 57 **Click / Machines Winding Down**

DOCTOR: (*shocked*) What? What is going on here? What the hell do you think you're doing?!

FRITZ: You and I's got to have a little talk first.

DOCTOR: Excuse me?!

FRITZ: Yeah... I've been discussing things with my wife and well... you've got to start treating me with more respect. I'm a human being too, you know.

DOCTOR: We haven't the time for this, Fritz.

SOUND 58 **Click / Machines Winding Up**

SOUND 59 **Quick Click / Machines Winding Down**

FRITZ: No, I think we do. Five years I've been with you now. Five long years of, "Yes master," and, "Sorry master," with little pay and an onslaught of insults and well... I've had it.

DOCTOR: Fritz-

FRITZ: I could have had a very illustrious career as a sideshow performer, you know. I could have had it all! Fame! Fortune! But noooooo. I was lured into your loony schemes with promises of a partnership. Do you call this a partnership?!

DOCTOR: Silent... uh... silent partner... I believe was the agreement.

FRITZ: But a partnership nonetheless! I do *everything* around here. I cook. I clean. I do YOUR laundry! Every time something goes wrong, I fix it. And I do believe it was me who had to fetch all the parts we needed. Not a pretty job, mind you!

DOCTOR: Yes Fritz, and let's talk about that, shall we?

FRITZ: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Let's talk about... brains, Fritz.

FRITZ: Brains?

DOCTOR: Yes brains, Fritz. How many brains did we have to go through until you finally brought me the right one?

FRITZ: That's not fair...

DOCTOR: TWELVE!

FRITZ: You gave me directions to the wrong hospital.

DOCTOR: Twelve brains, Fritz! *TWELVE!*

FRITZ: What's your point?

DOCTOR: The point, my little misshapen friend, is this; you are incompetent.

FRITZ: (*gasps*) I am not *incompetent!* I... I just have to do all of the work around here. There is bound to be a few mistakes.

DOCTOR: You brought me the brain of a monkey, Fritz. A monkey for Christ's sake!

FRITZ: Well... monkeys are very intelligent. Besides, it was dark. How was I supposed to get the right one in the dark?! It's not like I could just flip on the lamps. The whole bloody building was crawling with guards. And *that's* a whole other thing all together! This job is too high risk. I should be getting triple what I make, for as much as I stick my neck out.

DOCTOR: What neck?

FRITZ: Aarrrrrggh!!!

DOCTOR: Oh, Fritz, calm down.

FRITZ: No! I will not! *(pause)* I quit.

DOCTOR: *(shocked)* Oh, Fritz, come on. This is ridiculous.

FRITZ: No Doctor, THIS is ridiculous. *(moving off to echo)* ALL OF THIS is ridiculous! You cannot tell me that a sane man would actually attempt to bring a dead body back to life! Have you ever thought of the ramifications of your actions? Look at this place! You are playing God! Don't you see, Doctor; you are not God! God is God, and from what I have read He does not appreciate imitation. You've gone absolutely MENTAL!!!

DOCTOR: *(crazed)* So what if I have! The work that I am doing is of the utmost importance. It will revolutionize science and change the world as we know it! Losing a little of one's sanity is an acceptable casualty in the pursuit of knowledge. I have embraced my destiny!! I laugh in the face of sanity!!!! HA!!!

FRITZ: That's it. I'm out of here.

SOUND 60 **Grabbing Wet Cloak & Walking / Brisk Steps Catch Up**

DOCTOR: No, Fritz! Stay! Please! I cannot do this without you! You know that, don't you? I need you. *(laying it on thick)* Oh Fritz, we always hurt the ones we love, don't we??

SOUND 61 **Forceful wet strong embrace**

FRITZ: *(face smooshed in Doctor's chest)* This isn't helping.

SOUND 62 **The Men Separate / Slapping Of Hump**

DOCTOR: I am very sorry. Please... don't go. Stay here and help me continue my work.

FRITZ: mmmmmmm... NO.

SOUND 63 **Wooden door starts open/ pushed closed suddenly**

DOCTOR: *(childish)* Oh c'mon. I said I was sorry!

FRITZ: (pause) All right, I'll stay.

DOCTOR: Great!

FRITZ: On one condition.

DOCTOR: Anything... just hurry. The storm!

FRITZ: You agree that I am a *full* partner-

DOCTOR: DONE!

FRITZ: -I'm not finished! You agree that I am a FULL partner *WITH* equal billing, *AND* you show me the respect that I deserve. This entails, but is not limited to, an increase in pay, a full cease on name-calling, slandering, and beatings. *AND*... letting me converse with you as an equal in public.

DOCTOR: (*disgusted*) In public?!

FRITZ: Yes, *especially* in public. Do you agree? (pause) Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I agree.

FRITZ: And I want a benefits package.

DOCTOR: What?!! A BENEFITS PACKAGE!?

FRITZ: All the other guys are getting 'em.

DOCTOR: NO WAY, FRITZ! NO WAY IN HELL! YOU ARE NEVER GOING TO GE... wait... did you... what *other* guys?

FRITZ: The other guys in the union.

DOCTOR: What *UNION*???

FRITZ: H.U.M.P.

DOCTOR: Excuse me?

FRITZ: Yeah, H.U.M.P. Hunchbacks Under Malicious Physicians. I joined last week.

DOCTOR: You... you did what?

FRITZ: I've paid my dues and everything, which was no easy task considering my income.

DOCTOR: Why would you do something like that?

FRITZ: To insure you uphold your end of the bargain.

DOCTOR: And what if I don't? hmm? What are you going to do, sue me? (*laughs wildly*)

FRITZ: Nope. (*darkly*) We have other means.

DOCTOR: You are being so mean!

FRITZ: Right. First off, I want paid vacations.

DOCTOR: Fine. I was, um, I was planning on that anyway.

FRITZ: A full medical package with vision *AND* dental. (*VERY CLOSE /opening wide*) Look at my teeth. Just look at them.

DOCTOR: No! Really Fritz, I don't want to. I-I've seen them.

FRITZ: (*back*) They're terrible.

DOCTOR: Horrible.

FRITZ: They must be fixed.

DOCTOR: I agree.

FRITZ: It'll take money.

DOCTOR: A *LOT* of money.

FRITZ: Yeah. Hey, what's that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR: Nothing Fritz, Nothing! Look, I'll do anything you ask, but please, we *must* hurry!

FRITZ: So, you agree?

DOCTOR: yes.

FRITZ: To everything?

DOCTOR: Yes!

FRITZ: To the vacations?

DOCTOR: YES!!

FRITZ: To the medical?

DOCTOR: YES, DAMNIT, YES!!!

FRITZ: And the dental plan included?

DOCTOR: *YES, FRITZ, ESPECIALLY THE DENTAL PLAN!!!*

SOUND 64 **Folded Papers Pulled From Pocket/ Pen Click**

FRITZ: Good. Then if you'll just sign here and here, we'll get back to work, and put this whole ugly incident behind us.

DOCTOR: What the hell is this?

FRITZ: It's a contract. Hilga made it for me. Now if you'll just read it over, and sign the bottom.

DOCTOR: Give me that!

SOUND 65 **Snatching Papers**

(reading) If I am found in breach of any of the above listed responsibilities, I hereby agree to turn all of my estate and all holdings therein over to my partner, Fritz Smith and his beautiful wife Hilga... Why you sneaky little bastard.

FRITZ: Ooh, it's a good thing you haven't signed it yet. That little comment right there was a breach of line seven; paragraph two.

DOCTOR: I am not signing this, Fritz.

FRITZ: Fine. Then I'm not staying.

SOUND 66 **Snatching Papers Back**

DOCTOR: No... wait! (pause) I'll do it. I'll sign the damn thing. Give it here.

SOUND 67 **Unfolding Papers**

FRITZ: Now, don't forget to sign here too, and date it.

SOUND 68 **SIGNING Papers / Ripping Carbon Copy / Folding**

Great, now here is your copy. There, that's all settled. Now shall we get back to work before the storm is totally past?

DOCTOR: YESSSSS, thank God! Get ready to throw the main switch on my command.

SOUND 72 **Labored Footsteps Rushing Across Room**

ELIZABETH: Whatever! *(to Henry)* So I go snooping, and find *THIS* in your nightstand!

DOCTOR: My Journal!

ELIZABETH: *(mocking)* my journal! If you call this smutty necrophiliac snuff pornography a journal!

FRITZ: *(selling the joke)* You know I used to be into necrophiliac bestiality until I realized I was just beating a dead horse. *(chuckles)*

ELIZABETH: *(PAUSE)* You're a sick little man.

FRITZ: Don't kink shame, Liz.

ELIZABETH: *(to Henry)* I guess I'm just too trusting. I assumed when you told me you were "working" on your "science" that were creating batteries out of lemons or making a very intricate model of the solar system or something! I never dreamed in a million years that you were cheating on me, you, YOU sexual deviant!

DOCTOR: Elizabeth, I am sure I don't know what on earth you are going on about, but you are being hysterical. Now please calm-

ELIZABETH: Don't tell me to calm down, you, you you you little.. Fuck!

FRITZ: It's Fritz.

ELIZABETH/DOCTOR: WHATEVER!!!!

DOCTOR: Elizabeth, please. I don't know what you think you read in my journal but I assure you, I-

ELIZABETH: I am fully capable of reading and comprehending smut when I see it, Henry. I went to college too, you know.

SOUND 73.3 Thunder Rumble / Wind Pick Up *(off)*

DOCTOR: My love, if you will just let me get back to work while the storm is still-

ELIZABETH: A MAN, Henry?! Your "work" is a MAN?! You go on and on and on; page after page, describing every inch of his body! How perrrrrfect he is. How beeeuuutiful he is. His brain, his skin, his hands, how he brings meaning to your life!

FRITZ: *(shocked)* Well. Doctor. I had no idea.

SOUND 73.4 Thunder Rumble / Wind Pick Up (off)

DOCTOR: Elizabeth this is just a massive misunderstanding. We can work through this later I promise, but right now, I simply must ask—

ELIZABETH: Daddy was furious.

DOCTOR: What?

SOUND 73.5 Door Bursts Open / Wet Heavy Stomping

BURGOMASTER: *(blustering/ out of breath)* What's all this about my soon-to-be son in law practicing devil magic and bugging corpses?!?! I tell you, my boy, I can stand a lot of things, *(ASIDE)* I went to college too you know, But no one breaks my little Lizzy's heart! Not no way, not no how! *(pause)* Who is this little hunchbacked freak?

FRITZ: It's Fri... oh, never mind.

DOCTOR: *(Finally blowing)* Alright. LOOK! I have had just about enough of this! I am NOT bugging corpses, falling in love, molesting sheep, signing any more collective bargaining documents, OR APPOLOGIZING FOR ANYTHING TO ANY OF YOU! All I have asked is to be left alone for this ONE NIGHT! This ONE SINGLE LITTLE NIGHT while this storm rages and my work can finally be completed, BUT NOOOOO! It's been nothing but one distraction after another! If it's not Fritz's incompetence, then it's Elizabeth's constant nagging and pushing, or YOUR blustering buffoonery!!! AND I'VE HAD IT! NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, ALL I WANT TO DO IS FINISH MY GODDAMN, GROUNDBREAKING, WORLD-CHANGING WORK! PLEASE?! I mean, for the love of all that is holy, why is this such an impossible task?!?!? Is the universe conspiring against me?!?! At this point, I wouldn't be surprised if the entire village showed up out of nowhere just to piss all over my plans!!!

SOUND 73.6 LOUD BOOM Below /Faint Angry Mob Sounds (OFF/ CONT.)

FRITZ: um... Doctor?

Doctor: *(sigh)* When it rains it pours.

FRITZ: Actually, the storm seems to be letting up.

DOCTOR: DAMNIT! Quickly, Fritz! Run up the funneling rods! We are out of time!

SOUND 73.7 Cranks/ Buzzing/ Steam Hissing / Zaps/ Frantic Steps

ELIZABETH: Oh no you don't! You don't get to ignore me, you-

DOCTOR: That's exactly what I'm going to do! Now make yourself useful and flip those glowing switches!

ELIZABETH: Daddddyyyy!

BURGOMASTER: Now listen here, my boy -

DOCTOR: Shut up and get ready to push that button on my command!

BURGOMASTER: *(shocked)* whawhawhawhat? Why I Ne... this button?

DOCTOR: YES, DAMNIT! YES!

SOUND 73.8 LOUD BOOM / SPLINTERING WOOD Below

FRITZ: We must hurry, Doctor! The villagers are almost through the door!

DOCTOR: Soon none of that will matter! HAHAHAAAAH!! ONCE THEY SEE MY CREATION-

FRITZ: HEY!

DOCTOR: -OUR! ...OUR CREATION, THEY WILL FINALLY UNDERSTAND!

ELIZABETH: Daddy, I'm scared! Look at his eyes!

BURGOMASTER: Better do as he says, my love! Quickly!

DOCTOR: WE HAVE ONE LAST CHANCE TO CATCH THE LIGHTNING!!!!
Fritz, on my command, throw lever for the electro amplifiers! THIS IS IT! THE CULMINATION OF AN ENTIRE LIFE'S WORK!!! HAHAHAAAAHAAAAH!!!!

SOUND 73.9 LOUD CRACK OF THUNDER

NOOOOOW!!! THROW IT, FRITZ! THROW THE LEVER!!!

SOUND 74 Sparks/ Explosions/ Electrical Zaps Galore

(WILD INSANE LAUGHTER) LIIIIIFE! MY CREATION SHALL HAVE LIIIIIIIIIIIIIFE!!!

ALL: *(Scream in amazement/ horror/ excitement)*

***END-SOUND 74 Sparks/Explosions/Electrical Zaps Galore (putters out to nothing)**

***END-SOUND 10 Intermittent THUNDER rolling away (Fade)**

(Long pause)

SOUND 75 Electrical Lights Start To Flicker/ Low Power

ELIZABETH: What happened? Was something supposed to happen?

BURGOMASTER: Yes, Henry. It did seem like quite a big lead up for a pretty measly ending, my boy.

ELIZABETH: *(under breath)* Pretty much par for the course.

DOCTOR: *(pause)* Um... Fritz?

FRITZ: *(noticeably guilty)* Y... Yes, master?

DOCTOR: Did you by any chance forget to plug in the electro amplifiers like I asked, before we started?

***END-SOUND 8.5 AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (slow fade across and out)**

***END-SOUND 9 Electrical Buzzing of Equipment (fade down incrementally)**

FRITZ: Oops.

SOUND 76 Lights Completely Power Down/Water Drips /Storm In Far Distance

DOCTOR: *(broken but resigned)* well... at least no one got hurt.

SOUND 77 CRASH OF SPLINTERING WOOD BELOW/ Angry mob rushing up steps

MOB: *(OFF) KILL THEM!/BURN THE PLACE TO THE GROUND!/DESTROY THE MONSTER!*

DOCTOR: *Shit.*

SOUND 78 ANGRY MOB SOUNDS GROW LOUDER as...

MUSIC 5 THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT Theme (Swells Grandly, taking us to...)

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTERLUDE***END MUSIC 5 THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT Theme (Fade under/out)**

SOUND 79 CRASHING /Wailing in Spanish (off) (continuous under)

HOST: Well, boys and ghouls, I hope that side-splitting little story got your Halloween juices flowing. We--

SOUND 80 LOUD Wailing (in Spanish) / Crashing & Commotion (OFF)

HOST: argh. **(CLOSE)** As you can tell, my lurking lovelies, our Halloween Party is having a bit of trouble getting off the ground. **(OFF)** NO! GREG! DON'T LET HER GO IN THERE! **(CLOSE)** Earlier when the doorbell rang, we thought surely it was more terrifically terrible trick-r-treaters--

SOUND 81 LOUD Wailing (in Spanish) / Greg & Al Yelling (OFF)

...But instead it was just our landlady, La Llorona, who lives in the old haunted mansion above our studio crypt. Apparently, we were being a little too loud. And now that she's down here, we can't get her to leave.

LA LLORONA: **(OFF)** Ay MIS HIJOS!!!!!!! **DONDE ESTAN MIS HIJOS?!?!?! (Oh my Children. Where's myyyy Chilllldren)**

GREG: **(OFF)** Now I'm no expert in Spanish, guys... but I think she just wants some of my famous Greg's Gruesome Party Punch!

AL: **(OFF)** Greg! No one wants any of your damn home brew!

GREG: **(OFF)** It's got raisins in it!

AL: **(OFF)** Exactly.

GREG: **(OFF)** You like raisins!

AL: **(OFF)** I also like cheezwiz! Doesn't mean I want it in my punch.

GREG: **(OFF)** Well, I wish someone would have told me that before I spent all that money on six cans of cheezwiz. It's not cheap, ya know!

LA LLORONA: **(CLOSER)** Ay MIS HIJOS!!!!!!!

AGNES: We gotta get her outta here, doc. She's killing the vibe!

LA LLORONA: **(LOUD)** **DONDE ESTAN MIS HIJOS?!?!?!!**

AL: I think she's looking for her kids again, doc!

GREG: **(OFF)** I was close!

HOST: Argh. Yeah. She does this... it's a whole thing.

LA LLORONA: *(LOUD)* **Ay MIS HIJOS!!!!!!! DONDE ESTAN MIS HIJOS?!?!?!?**

HOST: Ok, ok. We will help you find your little ones.

AL: *(CLOSE)* *(whisper)* How are we gonna do that, doc? She's over three hundred years old. Her kiddos have long since bit the big one.

HOST: When there's a will, there's a way, and we must get on with the second story. Wait! I know. *(OFF)* GREG! Stop slurping down that noxious concoction you created, and take our dear landlord on one of your special tours of the studio! Start in the lower dungeons.

GREG: Oh WOW! Really?!? You guys never let me give tours anymore. Not since those potential show advertisers.

HOST: May they rest in peace. *(CLOSE)* Not that we are confirming they were ever here, my little beasties.

(LA LLORONA wails)

GREG: *(TRAILING OUT)* Now, now, nice landlady ghost. No need for tears. I'll show every single nook and cranny of the studio! Most visitors never get to see beyond the recording booth and front hall, but lucky you! Ol' Greg is gonna show you the dungeons, the green room, the infernal portal lounge, the summoning chamber, all nine bathrooms of course; the closet, the mop worship room, the pit of despair...

AGNES: Good thinkin', Doc.

AL: Yeah, Greg's tours last at least six hours.

HOST: Exactly! Now, get those lights back down, and the music bumpin' Agnes! Al, we have a Halloween to save! *(CLOSE)* AND YOU, MY MONSTROUS MINIONS... sit back and enjoy tonight's SECOND treat in our SPECIAL HALLOWEEN CREATURE DOUBLE FEATURE; a disturbing little tale entitled FIRE LAWN...

MUSIC 6 **SOOTHING 1950'S THEME (JACKIE GLEASON-LIKE)** **(FADE UP)**

FTP SCRIPT #12B "FIRE LAWN"

SOUND 82 **SPRINKLER MISTING GRASS**

SOUND 83 BIRDS CHIRPING

SOUND 84 DISTANT LAWN MOWER

FATHER: *(Deep inhale followed by satisfactory exhale)*

SOUND 85 WATER FAUCET TURNED OFF

SOUND 86 SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

END-MUSIC 6 SOOTHING 1950'S THEME *(FADE OUT)

SOUND 87 TV PLAYS CLASSIC WESTERN PROGRAM *(CONTINUE UNDER)*

FATHER: It's another radiantly sunny day outside.

SOUND 88 WHISKING OF BATTER IN BOWL

MOTHER: Is it sunny outside?

FATHER: Yes. Very sunny. Mmmm. Hey good lookin'. What you got cookin'?

MOTHER: I'm making your favorite dear.

FATHER: Pineapple upside down cake dear?

MOTHER: You devil! You were peeking.

FATHER: It's just because I know you so well dear.

MOTHER: *(OFF)* Is beef wellington alright for dinner dear?

FATHER: Sounds swell dear. Phew. I think I need to get me one of those heavy-duty hoses I saw advertised on TV.

MOTHER: Well, maybe Santa will bring you one for Christmas.

FATHER: But summer will be over with by then and---

SON: Bang! Bang!

FATHER: Oh! You got me!

SOUND 89 DAUGHTER RUNNING IN

DAUGHTER: Sissy. Sissy. I can't find Sissy!

SON: I shot that bobcat. It was spookin' the horses.

DAUGHTER: Dad. Help me find Sissy.

FATHER: Now hold it. Sissy probably just hid under the bed.

DAUGHTER: Because she's afraid of being shot.

MOTHER: I'll tell you what. Let's play Chutes and Ladders. That family on TV looked ever so happy playing it. Milton-Bradley says it's a game for the whole family, ages 3 and up!

SILENCE

MOTHER: Do you want a Manhattan dear?

SOUND 90 SON CHASING DAUGHTER W/ TOY PISTOL (CONTINUE UNDER)

SON: Bang! Bang!

DAUGHTER: Stop it!

FATHER: Boy, do I need one.

SOUND 91 TV KNOB CLICK

***END-SOUND 87 CLASSIC WESTERN PROGRAM (OUT)**

SOUND 92 OPENING OF NEWSPAPER

FATHER: Stock went up today.

MOTHER: Short or a tall?

SON: Bang! I got her!

DAUGHTER: Stop it!

FATHER: Ha! I think I'm going to need a tall one. Alright. I was saving this for when you were good, but...

SON: What is it dad?

FATHER: Now hold on. Let me get it.

SON: What could it be? What could it be? A new sister?

DAUGHTER: A new brother?

MOTHER: Maybe some day.

FATHER: Here you go.

SON: Oh, boy! A bull's-eye stand!

FATHER: Now why don't you go outside and shoot that instead of your sister.

SOUND 93 CHILDREN SCURRYING

SOUND 94 SCREEN DOOR OPENING AND SLAMMING

SOUND 95 CLINKING OF ICE-CUBES IN GLASS

MOTHER: Here you are dear.

FATHER: Thank you dear.

MOTHER: The flowers outside are so beautiful. Don't you think so?

FATHER: Yes. Very beautiful.

SOUND 96 FLIPPING OF NEWSPAPER PAGE

MOTHER: *(Satisfactory inhale/exhale)* I'll do the dishes.

MUSIC 7 ENTR'ACTE SOOTHING 1950'S THEME (FADE UP/FADE OUT)

MOTHER: Dinner's almost ready.

SOUND 97 DOG PANTING

SOUND 98 JANGLING OF DOG COLLAR

DAUGHTER: Mom. He let Spot in.

MOTHER: It's alright. There's always room for one more.

SOUND 99 PLAYFUL GROWLING (CONTINUE UNDER)

SON: Good dog. Ha, ha!

SOUND 100 (ON TV) GENERIC SCI-FI MOVIE ala "THEM" (CONTINUE UNDER)

SOUND 101 (ON TV) GIANT INSECTS CLICKING

ACTOR: *(ON TV)* Don't go near them Kathy! Those abominations of nature are stronger than you think!

ACTRESS: *(ON TV)* But if we can only capture one for the sake of science then---- AAAAAAAH!

ACTOR: *(ON TV)* Kathy!

GENERAL: (ON TV) Fire, men!

SOUND 102 (ON TV) **MACHINE GUN FIRE**

SOUND 103 (ON TV) **SCREAMING OF BUG CREATURES**

ACTOR: (ON TV) What hath God wrought?

SOUND 104 **TV DIAL CLICKS**

NEWS ANCHOR: (ON TV) As early as ten o'clock this morning suspicions of a nuclear attack were flooding the nation after a message was intercepted from---

SOUND 105 **SPOT BARKS LOUDLY**

NEWS ANCHOR: (CONT) (ON TV) ---which described a plan to bomb undisclosed cities around the United States. The president spoke with the nation's leader and released a statement at 4:35 this afternoon that the report was in fact merely an aborted attempt at further straining relations between the two countries. Again, there is no such plan in the works. Despite this reassurance, the report has, of course, caused much panic around the nation and the world and it's still unclear as to where and from whom this false report began. The pentagon also released a statement saying--

NEWS ANCHOR CONTINUES UNDER

MOTHER: Dinner's ready. Come to the table.

SON: Can Spot sit with us?

SOUND 106 **DOG BARKING**

MOTHER: Dinner's ready. Come to the table.

SOUND 107 **TV KNOB CLICK**

MUSIC 8 (ON TV) **TV COMMERCIAL JINGLE** (CONTINUES UNDER)

SOUND 109 **DINNER PLATES SHIFTING/SILVERWARE CLINKING**

SOUND 110 **CHAIRS SCOOTING**

MOTHER: Honey?

FATHER: Ha! Don't worry. I'm coming.

SOUND 111 CHAIR SCOTED

FATHER: So, tell me what you two are studying in school?

DAUGHTER: Today we learned that there are red cells and white cells in blood and each one serves a purpose. The red one's supply oxygen while the white ones protect the body against infections. They're essential for sustaining life, or at least that's what Mrs. Kendrick says.

MOTHER: Well that's wonderful. Isn't that wonderful?

FATHER: That's wonderful!

MOTHER: Our daughter is so smart.

DAUGHTER: We also talked about radiation and how it---

SOUND 112 CLICKING OF TOY PISTOL

SON: Bang! Bang!

MOTHER: Don't point guns at your sister.

SON: Yes mother.

SOUND 113 QUIET EATING

MOTHER: It sure was hot outside today.

FATHER: Yes. It was. Very hot.

SOUND 114 QUIET EATING

SOUND 115 DRINK Poured INTO ICE-FILLED GLASS

FATHER: I saw that our neighbors got a new crystal punch bowl set delivered today.

MOTHER: Oh, I just love crystal!

FATHER: I'll make a note of that.

FATHER/MOTHER: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

FATHER: The weatherman said it's supposed to rain tonight.

MOTHER: Mmm. I'd better bring in my rugs.

SOUND 116 CHAIR SCOTED OUT

SOUND 117 **HEELS WALKING ON LINOLIUM**

SOUND 118 **SLIDING PATIO DOOR**

SOUND 119 **DISTANT WIND OF COMING RAIN**

SOUND 120 **DRAGGING OF RUG**

SOUND 121 **SHUTTING OF PATIO DOOR**

MOTHER: Ughh. It is blowing out there.

FATHER: It's a good thing that I painted the house in that
Shield Tone lead paint. It will last through anything.

SOUND 122 **DOG BARKING**

SON: Here you go Spot.

SOUND 123 **DOG EATING**

MUSIC 9 **ENTRE' ACTE SOOTHING 1950'S THEME (FAD IN/OUT)**

SOUND 124 **DISHES BEING WASHED**

SOUND 125 **TV NOISES IN BACKGROUND** **(CONTINUE UNDER)**

MOTHER: Time for you to go to bed.

SON: Ah. But I don't want to.

FATHER: Now get to bed.

SON: Okay. Goodnight.

MOTHER: Goodnight.

FATHER: Goodnight son.

SOUND 126 **DOG BARKING**

DAUGHTER: Mother, is Sissy ever going to back?

MOTHER: She'll probably come home tomorrow. Right now she's
having too much fun keeping the nasty mice away from
my spotless kitchen. (gasp) You're wearing those cute
pajamas I bought you! All the girls in that commercial
say that "they're the comfiest sleeping wear with the
darlingest of teddy bear designs."

DAUGHTER: I love them.

SOUND 127 KISS

DAUGHTER: Goodnight.

MOTHER: Good night.

DAUGHTER: Goodnight Father.

FATHER: Goodnight Daughter.

MOTHER: *(Sigh)* We have such good kids. Goodnight dear.

FATHER: Goodnight dear.

MOTHER: And don't stay up too late watching that TV.
Especially in the dark.

SOUND 128 LIGHT SWITCH CLICK

MOTHER: It's bad for your eyes. Nitey-nite.

SOUND 129 (ON TV) NEWS ANCHOR (FADE UP)

ANCHOR: *(ON TV)* Tonight, more on that false scare story. US Secretary of State said in a press conference held earlier this evening that increased provocation from--

SOUND 130 TV SWITCH CLICK

MUSIC 10 TV COMMERCIAL JINGLE

AD ANNOUNCER: *(ON TV)* --It's what all the kids are screaming for! The *(echoed)* "Atomic Rocket!" Just add simple kitchen ingredients to the secret cylinder---

SOUND 131 (ON TV) CHIME

AD ANNOUNCER: *(ON TV)* ---seal on the rocket cap---

SOUND 132 (ON TV) CHIME

AD ANNOUNCER: *(ON TV)* --- and press the ignition button. *(echoed)* "3... 2...1..."

SOUND 133 (ON TV) ROCKET BLAST

AD ANNOUNCER: *(ON TV)* --- Blast off!" The *(echoed)* "Atomic Rocket". Sold at stores near you!

SOUND 134 TV SWITCH CLICK/ TV SOUNDS OUT

LONG SILENCE

SOUND 135 FADE UP BUZZING HUM (SIMILAR TO SWARM OF BEES)

SOUND 136 FAINT ROARING FIRE

SOUND 137 CREAKING OF EMPTY FAUCET BEING TURNED OFF

SOUND 138 ABRUPT FADE DOWN OF BUZZING AND FIRE

SOUND 139 DOOR OPENING

***ALT-S 135/136 BUZZING / FIRE (FADE UP)**

SOUND 140 DOOR CLOSING

***ALT-S 135/136 BUZZING / FIRE (FADE DOWN)**

SOUND 141 SCRUBBING OF KITCHEN LINOLEUM

MOTHER: Is it hot outside?

FATHER: Yes. Very hot.

MOTHER: That's nice. Ugh. I'm having to clean up after that boy. He was feeding the dog under the kitchen table the entire night at dinner. There's some iced tea on the counter dear.

SOUND 142 POURING OF TEA INTO GLASS

FATHER: It's the darnedest thing; hose won't start. Christmas can't come too soon.

SOUND 143 SON RUNS IN

SON: I'm going to go outside and shoot the fence posts for target practice!

SOUND 144 OPENING OF SLIDING PATIO DOOR

SOUND 145 WHOOSH OF BUZZING AND FIRE

MOTHER: NO! Don't go outside (pause) It's too hot out there.

SON: But Mom...

MOTHER: You and I will play Shoots and Ladders later. How does that sound? Remember what Milton-Bradley said? Hmmm?

SOUND 146 SLIDING GLASS DOOR SHUTTING

***ALT-SOUND 145 WHOOSH OF BUZZING AND FIRE (FADE DOWN)**

SOUND 147 DAUGHTER, STOMPING FEET

DAUGHTER: Did you see Sissy this morning?

MOTHER: Well, I didn't hear her meowing at the door flap last night.

DAUGHTER: Check Mother. Please.

SOUND 148 WALKING OF HEELS

SOUND 149 FRONT DOOR OPENING

***ALT-SOUND 145 WHOOSH OF BUZZING AND FIRE (FADE UP)**

MOTHER: Sissy! Sissy! Hmm. Here's her collar on the door mat. Yuk. It's filthy. I thought cats were supposed to be such clean animals, but I'm not so sure.

SOUND 150 FRONT DOOR CLOSING

***ALT-SOUND 145 BUZZING AND FIRE (FADE DOWN)**

MOTHER: I'm sorry. I don't think she's out there. Here you are dear.

SOUND 151 HANDING OFF OF JINGLING COLLAR

DAUGHTER: Eew. What is this all over it?

MOTHER: I don't know hon'. It was just sitting in a pile of dust.

DAUGHTER: She's never coming back.

MOTHER: Ahhh. We'll look tomorrow honey. I'll go make breakfast.

SOUND 152 TV KNOB CLICK

SOUND 153 (ON TV) STATIC AND WEIRD TONAL HUM (CONTINUE UNDER)

SOUND 154 TOY PISTOL CLICKING

SOUND 155 DOG BARKING

FATHER: Don't do that. You're getting him all riled up. Go shoot your sister.

MOTHER: Breakfast is ready!

SOUND 156 TV KNOB CLICK

REPEAT S 153 STATIC AND WEIRD TONAL HUM

SOUND 157 TV KNOB CLICK

REPEAT S 153 STATIC AND WEIRD TONAL HUM

FATHER: Darn TV.

SOUND 158 SMACKING SIDE OF TV

FATHER: I'll have to adjust the antennae again.

MOTHER: Well come to the table dear and eat first.

SOUND 159 TV KNOB CLICK

***END-SOUND 153 STATIC AND WEIRD TONAL HUM (OUT)**

MOTHER: It certainly is bright out there.

SOUND 160 SHUTTING OF DRAPES

SOUND 161 SCOOTING OF CHAIRS AT TABLE

FATHER: So, what are you studying in school?

DAUGHTER: *(Confused, hypnotized robotic voice)* Today we learned that there are red cells and white cells in the blood and each one serves a purpose. The red ones supply oxygen while the white ones protect the body against infections. They're essential for sustaining life, or at least that's what Mrs. Kendrick says.

MOTHER: Well that's wonderful. Isn't that wonderful?

FATHER: That's wonderful!

MOTHER: Our daughter is so smart.

SOUND 170 CLINKING OF SILVERWARE (CONTINUE UNDER)

***END-s168/169/170 SIZZLING/ EATING SOUNDS (FADE OUT)**

SOUND 171 TV STATIC/ WEIRD TONAL HUM (FADE UP) (CONT. under)

FATHER: *(Calling out)* Honey, where's my pipe?

MOTHER: *(Calling out)* It's in your mouth dear.

FATHER: *(Calling out)* Oh.

SOUND 172 SON RUNNING INTO ROOM

SON: Mom! Mom!

MOTHER: Shh. Quiet now. Father's smoking his pipe.

SON: My nose is bleeding!

MOTHER: Oh. You go into the bathroom. I'll be there in a minute, right after I finish sorting the dishtowels. But then you have to go to bed.

SOUND 173 SON WALKING AWAY TO BATHROOM

MOTHER: *(calling out)* Did you find what you were looking for dear?

FATHER: *(Calling out)* Ha. Yes. *(To himself)* I think so.

SOUND 174 DRAPES OPENING

SOUND 175 BUZZING AND FIRE (SLIGHT FADE UP)

MOTHER: Mmm, mmm, mmm. The neighbors really are letting their lawn go.

SOUND 176 DRAPES CLOSING

***ALT-SOUND 175 BUZZING AND FIRE (SLIGHT FADE OUT)**

MOTHER: *(Calling out)* Are you hungry?

FATHER: *(Calling out)* No.

MOTHER: *(Calling out)* I'll fix breakfast.

FATHER: *(Calling out)* It's almost bedtime dear.

MOTHER: *(Calling out)* I'll fix breakfast.

SOUND 177 HEELS ON LINOLEUM

SOUND 178 RUMMAGING AND BANGING OF POT & PANS IN BACKGROUND

FATHER: *(Calling out)* Honey, where's my pipe?

SOUND 179 GLASS BREAKING ON FLOOR

***END-s171/175/178 TV, POTS & PANS, AND BURNING NOISES (FADE OUT)**

***ALT-SOUND 171/175 TV/ BURNING NOISES (FADE UP/SLIGHTLY LOUDER) (CONTINUE UNDER)**

MOTHER: *(Whispered)* Darling?

FATHER: *(startled)* Huh!!!

MOTHER: Have you been awake all night?

FATHER: No. I was asleep.

MOTHER: But your eyes were open. Tisk. I swear. You sit in front of that TV all day. It's going to be the death of you.

SOUND 180 SHUFFLING FEET ON CARPET

DAUGHTER: *(Sickly)* Mother?

MOTHER: Yes?

DAUGHTER: My head doesn't feel so good. It's all itchy.

MOTHER: Let me see. *(gasp)* You're hair's coming out in chunks! I'm going to call your school right now and let them know there's a lice outbreak. I would think they'd be more diligent about that sort of thing.

SOUND 181 SHUFFLING FEET ON CARPET

MOTHER: Hello son.

SON: *(fatigued)* Hi mom.

MOTHER: Is that any kind of morning hello?

SON: Hi mom. My nose is still bleeding.

MOTHER: Hahahaha. Boys. And where's your little toy gun? Maybe you'd like to play some Chutes and Ladders.

SON: Okay.

MOTHER: You would?! Oh boy! You and your sister take a seat at the kitchen table. I'll get it set up.

SOUND 182 RUNNING OF HEELS

SOUND 183 SCOOTING OF CHAIRS

SOUND 184 DOG PANTING AND WHEEZING

SON: Hi Spot.

SOUND 185 DOG HACKING

SON: I think Spot is sick.

FATHER: *(mumbling)* I'll take him to the vet right now. After I finish my show.

TV STATIC AND HUM

SON: Oh. Hi, Father. I didn't know you were there.

SOUND 186 RUNNING OF HIGH HEELS ON CARPET THEN LINOLEUM

SOUND 187 FRENZIED RUMMAGING OF BOARD GAME PIECES

MOTHER: Alright. Who wants to go first?

DAUGHTER: What are we doing?

SOUND 188 SHOVING AWAY OF GAME BOX AND PIECES

SOUND 189 PIECES SPILLING TO THE FLOOR

MOTHER: Set the table! Time for dinner!

SOUND 190 RANDOMLY PACED HEELS ON LINOLEUM

SOUND 191 RUMMAGING OF POTS AND PANS

SOUND 192 THINGS FALLING TO THE FLOOR

SOUND 193 FRENZIED WHISKING IN BOWL

MOTHER: Alright. Tonight, we're having beef wellington! I saw them make it on my favorite cooking show "Cooking with Confidence" starring Candy Cooke! The main course will be followed by a delicious summer salad. And for dessert, Father's favorite...

MOTHER/DAUGHTER/SON: Pineapple upside down cake.

DAUGHTER: I don't see anything on my plate.

MOTHER: What? Its right there. Can't you smell it?

SOUND 194 REPETITIVE DIGGING INTO PLATE WITH FORK

SON: Where's Spot?

MOTHER: He's probably taking a nap. He's been acting so strange lately.

SOUND 195 SUDDEN SOUND OF FLIES BUZZING

MOTHER: *(yelling into living room)* How was work today?

FATHER: *(in background, still sitting at TV)* Fine.

MOTHER: That's good.

SON: I'm tired.

MOTHER: Well then go to bed.

DAUGHTER: I am too.

MOTHER: Go to bed.

SOUND 196 CHAIRS SCOOTING

MOTHER: I guess it's just you and me dear.

***Alt-SOUND 171 TV STATIC AND WEIRD TONAL HUM (FADE UP)**

FATHER: *(mumbling)* Honey, where's my pipe?

***END-SOUND 171 TV STATIC/WEIRD HUM (FADE OUT)**

***ALT-SOUND 175 FAINT BUZZING AND FIRE (FADE UP) (CONTINUE UNDER)**

MOTHER: *(Whispered)* Honey? Honey. Wake up.

DAUGHTER: *(Sleepily)* Huh? What is it Mother?

MOTHER: Ha! You three. What we need is some music.

SOUND 204 RECORD TAKEN OUT OF SLEEVE

SOUND 205 RECORD PLACED ON PLAYER

SOUND 206 RECORD SCRATCHING

MUSIC 11 SLOW WARBLING OF USUALLY CHEERFUL RUMBA SONG (CONTINUE UNDER)

MOTHER: Get ready for dinner.

SOUND 207 SLOW SHUFFLING OF FEET

SOUND 208 POT BOILING

SOUND 209 CLINKING OF PLATES AND SILVERWARE

SOUND 210 KITCHEN TIMER DINGING

MOTHER: Nothing like a Mother's home cooking. Am I right family?

SOUND 211 PLATTER SET ON TABLE

SOUND 212 POT COVER TAKEN OFF

FATHER: *(distant in background, mumbled)* Mmm. What's that you're cooking dear?

MOTHER: Well you'd know if you stepped away from that fucking TV.

SOUND 213 TV KNOB CLICK

***END-SOUND 171 TV STATIC AND WEIRD TONAL HUM (OUT)**

MOTHER: Here you are son.

SOUND 214 DISGUSTING SPLATTER ON PLATE

MOTHER: Daughter.

SOUND 215 DISGUSTING SPLATTER ON PLATE

MOTHER: Father.

SOUND 216 DISGUSTING SPLATTER ON PLATE

MOTHER: And Mother.

SOUND 217 DISGUSTING SPLATTER ON PLATE

SOUND 218 SLOPPY CHEWING

MOTHER: Ow! Mmmm. What's this? Well, how did Spot's collar get in there?

SOUND 219 DISTURBING SOUND EFFECT

MOTHER: Such a bad dog; crawling into the oven. I'm so glad we get to have these family meals.

SOUND 220 SCOOTING OF CHAIR

SOUND 221 HEELS WALKING ON LINOLEUM

SOUND 222 DRAPES OPENING

***ALT-SOUND 175 BUZZING AND BURNING (FAINTLY FADES UP)**

MOTHER: Look at that sky outside. Look at this family. I'm so content.

SOUND 223 TWO SPLAT SOUNDS ON FLOOR

MOTHER: What was that? Ha! Ears? Ears. I can't hear myself say "ears". Hello. Hello! Is anyone out there? (sigh) Such a beautiful day.

SOUND 224 RECORD SCRATCH

***END-MUSIC 11 WARBLER RUMBA (OUT)**

SOUND 225 RECORD PLAYER AUTOMATIC ARM RETURNING TO POSITION

***ALT-SOUND 175 BUZZING AND BURNING (SLOW FADE UP TO LOUD)**

***END SOUND 175 BUZZING AND BURNING (FADE OUT after five count)**

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE CLOSER

MUSIC 12 AMBIENT PARTY MUSIC (FADE IN) (LOW IN BACKGROUND)

HOST: Well, boys and ghouls, wasn't that... um... a nice little slice of mid-century Americana, served with a heaping hair-raising side of nuclear nervousness? *(nervously laughs)* Simply lovely. Gonna need a long gulp of Greg's punch to shake that one off. Wow.

SOUND 226 **Woosh of Greg rushing up**

GREG: Here ya go, boss!

HOST: Thanks, Greg. GREG! What the hell?

GREG: You said you wanted some of Greg's Gruesome Party Punch.

HOST: It was a figure of speech!

SOUND 227 **THROWING CUP OF PUNCH ON FLOOR**

GREG: Oh.

HOST: Where is landlady, La Llorona? You were supposed to keep her busy!

GREG: Oh, don't worry! She's fine. She was just lookin' for her kids.

HOST: I know that, Greg. We all know that. Hell, everyone in the entire cemetery can hear her wailing for them. You were supposed to kee—

GREG: So, I just found her some.

AL: You did what, now?

GREG: I found her some kids.

HOST: *(pause)* 'kaaayyyy. Do explain, please.

GREG: We were almost through the lower catacombs and she just wouldn't stop crying and carrying on. You know I have a high tolerance for the dramatic types...

HOST/AL/AGNES: *(“get to the point”)* Yeaahhhhhh????

GREG: But this lady was somethin' else! So, I ditched her for a few minutes, and rustled up some lost trick-R-treaters out by the front gates. Problem solved.

AGNES: So, lemme me get this straight. You kidnapped some poor helpless defenseless frightened children lost in a graveyard... and brought them back here to our crypt to give them over to an unhinged malevolent specter?!!

GREG: Yup.

HOST/AL/AGNES: *Wow! / Well Done! / That Works.*

GREG: I also ran into this guy up there!

SOUND 228 VAULT DOOR SCREACHES OPEN

ANNOUNCER: *(intense)* Hello, fellow workplace associates. It appears I must have misplaced my invitation to the Halloween Festivities this year.

(SILENCE)

HOST/AL/AGNES: *Well, I sent it personally myself! / That's weird! / How Strange!!!*

ANNOUNCER: I'm sure the error was indeed on my part. My apologies for my tardiness.

HOST: Well... at least you can admit it. We... um. We accept your apology.

ANNOUNCER: *(intense)* Excellent. *(suddenly light and fluffy)* -And to make amends, I took the liberty of bringing along a few others I encountered stalking the grounds down for the Halloween Bash! Greg said it was getting a little *DEAD* around here. *(evil snorting laugh)*

SOUND 229 DOOR SCREACHES OPEN / GHOULS,GHOSTS,GOBLINS POUR IN-LAUGHING

SOUND 230 Monster's laughing/party sounds (growing under) (cont.)

HOST: I can't believe I'm saying this, but well done, Greg!

GREG: Hey thanks, friends.

HOST: Let's not go that far, Greg.

GREG: Sorry.

AGNES: Well, let's get this party thumpin'!

SOUND 231 RECORD SCRATCH

***END-MUSIC 12 AMBIENT PARTY MUSIC (snap out)**

MUSIC 13 AWESOME MONSTER BASH MUSIC (over party sounds/CONTINUE UNDER)

ALL: *(cheers/laughter)*

AL: (close) You actually saved Halloween, kiddo.

GREG: Yeah?

AL: Yeah.

ANNOUNCER: (OFF) GREG! Get over here and tell me what is in this delectable punch!

HOST: Well there you have it, boys and ghouls! Another Halloween saved by teamwork.

GREG: (OFF) Teamwork makes dreamwork!

HOST: QUIET, GREG!

SOUND 232 WHIP / GREG SCREAMING

HOST: We here at Frightmare Theatre want to thank you for allowing us to be a part of your Halloween festivities. And we hope you've enjoyed these fiendish frights as much as we have this evening. Sleep tight and don't let the *things* under your bed bite. ...Until next time, my spooky little beasties... *Happy Halloween! (evil laugh)*

SOUND 233 Wolf Howl

***END-ALL SOUNDS/MUSIC Party sounds/ Monster Bash Music (FADE OUT)**

MUSIC 14 "FTP CLOSE OUT" - CREEPY ORGAN VARIANT (FADE DOWN/CONTINUE UNDER)

ANNOUNCER: The Frightmare Theatre Podcast is brought to you by ARCANE, where nightmares become reality. The first story in tonight's special Halloween radio theatre presentation entitled, "*That Dark and Stormy Night*" written and directed by Nathan Shelton, featured the voice talents of Heath Hillhouse, Nathan Shelton, Lillie Young, Drew Dively, and Spencer Tilley. The second story in tonight's episode entitled, "*Fire Lawn*", was written and directed by Andrew McMurtrey, and featured the voice talents of Annie Crumbaugh, Andrew McMurtrey, Layna Shelton, Finnley Shelton, Shawn Young, Heath Hillhouse, Sean Spyres, and Melissa Young. The Frightmare Theatre Theme and supplemental music is created by the terrifyingly talented, Chris Porcelli and Allison Johnston, and can be found along with other haunting scores at chrisporcellipiano.com. (CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER: (CONT.) All previous petrifying episodes of FRIGHTMARE THEATRE are proudly displayed for the shock and horror of the masses at *Frightmaretheatre.com*.

Be sure to stalk Frightmare theatre on social media and subscribe to The Frightmare Theatre Podcast via itunes, Spotify, Youtube or your favorite listening app.

We so deeply wish to thank you for listening, and beckon you back to the spectral shadows again next month for our *final episode of the season*. Until then... I am The Announcer, wishing you... pleeeeeaaaasaaaaant dreeeeeeeeaaaaaams.

***END MUSIC 7** "FTP CLOSE OUT" – CREEPY ORGAN VARIANT (Fade out)

END