

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

“PIPER’S PASSING”

An Original Audio Drama

By

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ARCANE PRODUCTIONS

www.FrightmareTheatrePodcast.com

"PIPER'S PASSING"

CHARACTERS

LOCATION: *Claiborne Memorial Medical Center
Homer, Louisiana*

TIME PERIOD: *Present Day*

Piper Landry:	(50s) A psychic, helping with the investigation
Sheriff Wycliff:	(60s) Claiborne Parish Sheriff
Agent Lang:	(40's) F.B.I. Agent in charge of the "Child Ripper" investigation
Ellie:	Murdered Girl.
Boyde:	Murdered Boy.
Emilio:	Murdered Boy.
THE DEAD:	Various bodies filling the morgue slabs and spirits of those that came before.

NOTES: *The setting of this story takes place in the small town of Homer, LA. The characters who would call this area home should be as true and honest as possible in their interpretation, without crossing into "southern caricature". If Wycliff comes off as a cartoon, his arch won't have the impact that it should by the end. A sense of solemnity is important throughout. Never lift that veil. Piper especially has a darkness from her past that informs every aspect of her life. She isn't a "showy" performer looking for headlines, but instead a sad and duty-bound individual who takes her charge very seriously.*

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

PODCAST

"PIPER'S PASSING"

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

MUSIC 1 "Piper's Theme" Dark & Melancholic southern piece *(Takes us into)*

FTP SCRIPT #2.10 "PIPER'S PASSING" SCENE 1

***END-MUSIC 1** "Piper's Theme" *(Fade Out to scene)*

SOUND 1 DOOR OPEN/Fluorescents flicker on & buzz *(under/continuous)*

WYCLIFF: *(off)* Well, here ya go, Agent Lang. This is where we're storin' the bodies. *(pause)* After you, ma'am.

PIPER: *(off)* Thank you.

LANG: *(off)* We appreciate you accommodating us at such a late hour, Sheriff Wycliff.

WYCLIFF: I gotta say, I've never been roused at midnight with an urgent request to come open up the morgue before.

LANG: We tried your coroner first. He's a deeper sleeper than yourself, I'm guessing.

WYCLIFF: *(chuckles)* Ol' Bill's the only fella' I know who can fall sound asleep standing straight up, holdin' a cup a damn coffee in his hand. *(chuckles)* Yer lucky though, agents. He's not as even tempered as I am. I was havin' a doozy of a dream too. But I won't have it said that the Claiborne Parish Sheriff's office doesn't play nice with the feds.

LANG: It's going above and beyond to meet us up here and let us poke around at this hour. And believe me, I've already noted your office's generous cooperation with my team over the past few days. I'm sure you're just as eager as your counterparts over the state line for our help... unorthodox as our methods may seem.

WYCLIFF: Well, I know you boys have been chasin' your tails for quite some time with these dead kids. That's some messy business up there in Missouri and Arkansas.

(CONTINUED)

WYCLIFF: (cont.) Still not quite sure what's bringin' your investigation down here to our neck of the woods, though. I mean these three were found just over that state line. Coulda' been dumped and floated over for all we know. Can't say for sure as if these are even homicides yet. Not 'til the forensics come back. These youngins coulda' been ripped up by any number a critters out there in the water, post mortem.

PIPER: No. It's him. It's the "child ripper".

WYCLIFF: And just what makes you so damn sure, agent...?

LANG: My apologies, Sheriff. When I introduced you earlier, I didn't mean to mislead. To be perfectly clear, Miss Landry here is not with the bureau, exactly.

WYCLIFF: Is that so?

LANG: Piper is merely... *aiding* in our investigation.

PIPER: I consult with law enforcement investigators from time to time... when necessary.

LANG: Miss Landry offers us her unique insights into certain sensitive cases when typical investigative practices have been exhausted. The bureau goes by the book across the board, but sometimes... uh... when that's not enough... *atypical* methods are called for.

WYCLIFF: "*Atypical methods*", huh? (*working it out*) Wait. Hold, up a minute. Nah. You're shittin' me? Are you? You aren't that psychic hoodoo lady from down in N'awlins are ya?

PIPER: I don't know as I've ever been called a "hoodoo lady" before.

LANG: Miss Landry has a gift, Sheriff. I can attest personally to that. I don't know how or why, but I've been thankful for Piper's gift on numerous occasions. In fact, her unique abilities have resulted in success with every single homicide investigation she's been brought in on.

WYCLIFF: Is that so?

LANG: Well, you remember the Springwood Slasher case last year? We nailed that sonuvabitch in record time. All thanks to Miss Landry here. **(CONTINUOUS)**

LANG: (cont.) My team and I have grown quite fond of our collaborations over the past few years. Saved my ass on more than one occasion... of course, officially, the bureau doesn't like to publicize her involvement in our --

WYCLIFF: Well, I would think not. So called federal law men needing the help of some self-titled snake charmer to do their police work for them. Look, I don't have time for this bullshit tonight. Pardon my French, ma'am. But we do just fine on our own without readin' fuckin' tea leaves and casting bones here in Claiborne Parish. If the FBI is seriously--

PIPER: It's going to happen again tonight, Sheriff Wycliff. ...Or tomorrow at the latest. *Someone else is going to die.*

WYCLIFF: *(stunned)* What...?

LANG: We weren't scheduled to arrive until Monday, but, we have it on good authority that the killer will strike again very soon. Right here. In Homer.

WYCLIFF: Good authority? You mean miss voodoo queen herself, here?! What, her crystal ball got her tinglin', so you both hopped in a car and sped on down here from Arkansas just to rip me out of bed and play Scooby Doo. This is horseshit, Lang. C'mon.

PIPER: That's not how it works.

WYCLIFF: Oh, and just how does it work, "Miss Cleo"?

PIPER: The murdered children told me themselves.

(pause)

LANG: We... We just need a little time to examine the remains of the three victims here in your morgue. Time is imperative, Sheriff. Give us a little space and then, I assure you, you and I'll have time to sit down and--

SOUND 2 TEXT MESSAGE ALERT

LANG: Damn. Excuse us for a moment, Sheriff.

SOUND 3 QUICK FOOTSTEPS / SHUFFLING

WYCLIFF: Oh sure. *(off)* It ain't like I got anythin' better to do at one in the goddamn morning.

LANG: (close) Piper, we got a hit on that van up in Emerson.

PIPER: (close) But. I can't leave. Not without talking to them first. I know it's gonna happen here tonight or... tomorrow, maybe. I dunno exactly... But soon. I feel it. That last girl... when I touched her... she led us here for a reason, Lang. She showed me this place. It... I can't see the victim's face this time. It's... I dunno know why... Something is *different* with this one. It's *fuzzy* somehow. I need... *more*.

LANG: (close) I understand. But the Field Director still thinks we're up in Arkansas until Monday. If she found out I let you talk me into driving down here and dragging the local sheriff out of bed like this, it's my ass.

PIPER: (close) Have I ever led you astray? Hm? Right. You gotta trust me again here, Lang. He is *close*. The "Child Ripper" is here. And another poor soul *will* die horribly if we don't do somethin' about it. Please, Lang. Please.

LANG: (close) Okay. Okay, Piper. You stay here with the Sheriff. I'll run up and check in with the team and be back in a few hours. Good?

PIPER: (close) Yeah. Good.

LANG: (close) You sure?

PIPER: (close) Yes. Go on now. I'll be fine here with "John Wayne Jr." Bark's worse than his bite, I'm sure. I've dealt with worse.

LANG: (close) If you get anything... Anything *at all*, call me. Wycliff'll make sure you're safe here until I can get back.

PIPER: (close) Or maybe I'll make sure he's safe. I'm not some helpless damsel ya know.

LANG: Yeah, yeah. Don't do anything stupid, Piper.

SOUND 4 QUICK FOOTSTEPS

LANG: (*continued*) Sheriff, I can't thank you enough for indulging us. I have to run out for a few hours back up north. We got a lead that needs checking out. (CONTINUED)

LANG: *(cont.)*

I'm leaving Miss Landry here with you to continue with what needs to be done. I know you don't see eye to eye with me on this, but please stay out of her way and let her do her thing. *(pause)* Sheriff, I hope I don't have to emphasize this, but Piper Landry is a valued member of my team and I expect the same curtesy shown her as you've shown our office. It's a funny way of doing things, I know. But we're at our wits end on this one. The "Child Ripper" killings haven't shown any sign of slowing down, and if your bodies here are indeed new victims, this monster has moved his playground again. Now, that woman over there is our best chance of catching him before he finds another innocent kid to butcher. So, can I count on you, Wycliff?

WYCLIFF:

Fine. But if she does anything to compromise the evidence, I'll—

LANG:

Don't worry. It's not her first rodeo, Sheriff. *(walking away)* Thanks again. *(CLOSE)* Oh, and Wycliff... Whatever happens... *Don't let her out of your site.*

WYCLIFF:

(serious) Don't you worry about that.

LANG:

(OFF/BY DOOR) And, not a word to the press.

SOUND 5 DOOR SLAM CLOSED

WYCLIFF:

(snort) Like I'd let word get out that my office is playing X-Files with--

PIPER:

--With some "psychic hoodoo lady".

WYCLIFF:

Exactly.

PIPER:

It's okay, Sheriff. You don't have to believe. I didn't myself until dead people started talking my ear off. Show me the bodies, and I'll get this done as quickly as possible and be outta your hair.

SOUND 6 FOOTSTEPS/FREEZER OPENED/TRAY PULLED

WYCLIFF:

John Doe numero uno.

SOUND 7 STEPS/FREEZER OPENED/TRAY PULLED

WYCLIFF:

John Doe number two.

SOUND 8 FREEZER OPENED/TRAY PULLED

WYCLIFF: And of course, our faceless little lady here.

SOUND 9 BODY BAG QUICKLY UNZIPPED & RIPPED OPEN

(PAUSE)

PIPER: What? You expect me to wilt or somethin'?

WYCLIFF: Well, shit. A wince at least.

PIPER: Been doing this a long time, Sheriff. Wish I could say this is the worst I've seen.

WYCLIFF: Hell, we get our share of boatin' accidents; the occasional gator attack, but when I got a look at what was left of these little ones, even I had to hold back my beans. ...Never seen a gator do anything like *this* before.

SOUND 10 BAG RUFFLED/PORTABLE RADIO SET ON METAL TRAY

PIPER: That's because a gator didn't do this. A man did. Nature is cruel, Sheriff. But this... this is pure evil.

SOUND 11 RADIO CLICKED ON TO STATIC

WYCLIFF: What is that?

PIPER: That's a portable radio. I need it to help communicate with them.

WYCLIFF: What, these dead kids are gonna just start talking on your little Walkman there? Like a call-in radio show?

SOUND 12 RADIO CHANNELS TUNING TO MORE STATIC

PIPER: Somethin' like that. We'll start with the girl here.

SOUND 13 RADIO STATIC BUILDS *(closer & closer along with MUSIC 2)*

MUSIC 2 CREEPING TONE *(Builds dramatically, until snapping out at...)*

WYCLIFF: *(VERY CLOSE)* I don't hear anythin'.

PIPER: *(startled)* Shhhh. Sheriff, please. Just... Go stand over there, for a bit and lemme do what I need to here. She may be shy.

WYCLIFF: *(chuckles/to self)* Shy, my ass.

SOUND 14 JANGLING KEYS/ BOOTS WALKING AWAY *(across room)*

WYCLIFF: *(OFF/under breath)* I didn't hear a goddamned thing.

PIPER: Doesn't matter if you're right here or over there. You won't hear anything but static, anyway. And you should count your blessings for that. Lang called this thing I got a gift... but it's anything but, Sheriff. ...It's a curse.

SOUND 15 RADIO TUNING THROUGH SOFT STATIC *(continuous under)*

WYCLIFF: A curse?

PIPER: *(while focusing on tuning the dial)* Yes, Sheriff. A curse. Don't go lookin' at me like that. I didn't ask for this. I didn't want it. I don't go around flauntin' it, either. Those headlines you read aint my doin'. Hell, I'd just assume no one knew my name. But it's my curse. My burden to bear in this life. Sometimes... I wish... *(sighs)* It's different for everyone who carries the burden. Some see things or smell things. Some can read minds. Others have a way of just knowin' stuff... Some people get combinations of these things. For me... well... The dead speak to me. They call out for me to help them, to save them, to... *avenge* them. Sometimes... they show me things too. *Terrible things*. Like flash bulbs going off behind my eyes. Those hurt like hell when they come. It's a never-ending barrage of pain and despair. So ya see... hardly what I call a "gift". But like I said... it's my cross. My way of makin' it right. And I'll do what I have to do to balance the scales.

WYCLIFF: And just how'd you come upon this uh, curse. You born with it?

PIPER: No, sir. I don't think that's how it works for anyone. Not really. That's movie stuff. Real curses are passed on to those who... ..those who've sinned against nature... in one form or another. The severity of the curse, always proportional to that of the sin.

WYCLIFF: And you—

PIPER: It was a long time ago, Sheriff... when this *thing* was passed on to me. 'Been payin' for it every day since...

(CONTINUED)

PIPER: *(cont.)* As it should be. *(Straitening)* But I don't talk about my sin, Sheriff. It is mine and mine alone.

WYCLIFF: Doesn't seem like it's all that bad if you only hear—

SOUND 16 **RADIO STATIC CRACKLES LOUDLY**

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* Mommy ...Mommy...

PIPER: SHHHH. QUIET DOWN!

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* Mommy? ...Mommy... help

PIPER: Hello? Hello there, little one. Can you hear me.

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* Yes... yes... I hear you. Where is mommy?

PIPER: Awe, honey. I'm not sure. But we will help find her. What's your name?

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* Ellie... Ellie Lopez, ma'amm. *(screams)*

PIPER: What? What is it?

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* The bad man. He's... he's hurting me.

PIPER: Stay calm now, Ellie. Can you see his face? Ellie?! Do you know him? Where are you, child?!

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* No! Stop!!! PLEASE!!!! ...He's biting me! He's... eating me... *(SCREAMS/GURGLES)*

SOUND 16 **RADIO STATIC CRACKLES LOUDLY**

WYCLIFF: *(off)* What the hell was that?

PIPER: The little girl with no face is Ellie Lopez.

WYCLIFF: *(off)* You got all that from yelling at your Walkman?

PIPER: Just like the others... she was torn to pieces and partially eaten alive by our killer. He... he started with her face.

WYCLIFF: That's it. This is *bullshit*. Come on, lady.

SOUND 17 KEYS JANGLING/ QUICK BOOT STEPS (coming closer)

PIPER: Get your hands off me, Sheriff. Now this may be your turf, but Agent Lang is in charge of this investigation. He told you what you are to do, and you best damn well do it. Or else.

WYCLIFF: Or else what?

PIPER: Your name will be in the papers when all is said and done, Sheriff Wycliff. You get to decide in what manner that name appears. Think real hard on it.

WYCLIFF: Fine. (*forced into submission*) So... Ellie Lopez, you say? What else did she, uh, *tell* you?

PIPER: Nothing. She was too scared. Sometimes the dead are trapped in the event itself. As if it's happening on repeat. These young ones, especially. Can't get much out of them when that happens. But she saw his face. I heard it in her voice. Perhaps the "child ripper"--

WYCLIFF: Why do you all keep referring to the murderer as the "child ripper"?

PIPER: When the bodies first started droppin' there was nothin' really to connect them. Those first few were initially thought to have been animal attacks, what with the vicious mutilation of the bodies and the fact that parts of the victims were missing and showed large fang and claw marks in the surrounding tissues. As you said... critters getting at them, post mortem. Nothing connecting the bodies. But, there were... similarities however. Not that many could see. But they existed. When Lang's team was called in and hit a wall up in Arkansas, he turned to me again. Three months ago, when we found what was left of Thomas Doyle outside Chillicothe, I was finally able to get a flash. He was the key. Forensics came back showing human bite marks *inside* the fang marks. When I spoke with the boy's corpse, Tommy not only told me how the killer was replicating the animalistic rending of these murders... he *showed* me. ...Our killer wears a homemade steel apparatus on his face, mimicking a bear's jaws... as well as makeshift gloves with sharpened claws affixed to the fingers. Through a dead boy's eyes, I witnessed him being literally ripped to pieces. I couldn't see the murder's face, but it's only a matter of time bef--

WYCLIFF: STOP! Stop. Just... fucking... *stop right there.* You can't possibly know any of that. You are making all this shit up, lady. How can the FBI take any of this seriously, anyway? A crazy cannibal cosplayer runnin' around, rippin' up little kids for some—

PIPER: He likes to be close, Sheriff. He likes to taste the fear in the blood and—

WYCLIFF: That's insane. Those bodies could've just as easily been ripped apart by animals after they were dumped. I mean, how can you all know that any of them are connected at *all!* This is the sloppiest investigative work I've ever--

SOUND 18 RADIO STATIC CRACKLES LOUDLY

PIPER: Quiet.

EMILIO: *(through distorted radio static) ¡CORRER! ...!Tienes que correr ahora! ¡Sal! ¡iiiPeligro!!!!*

PIPER: What?! Yo no hablo español. Son, what—

EMILIO: *(through distorted radio static) ¡CORRER! ¡SAL AHORA! ¡iiiEl monstruo está aquí !!!*

SOUND 19 RADIO STATIC CRACKLES LOUDLY

SOUND 20 FRANTIC TUNING THROUGH VARIOUS RADIO STATIC

WYCLIFF: You're telling me you heard one of these other kids in that radio static?

PIPER: *(frantically working the radio dial)* Yes, I did! But he was speaking in Spanish. I couldn't understand him.

WYCLIFF: Well, too bad he couldn't just send you another "flash". Maybe then you'd be able to see a fa—

SOUND 21 RADIO STATIC CRACKLES LOUDLY

MUSIC 3 CREEPING HORROR BUILD *(building in intensity under)*

BOYDE: *(through distorted radio static)* Run! You have to run away!

PIPER: Hello? Can you hear me?

BOYDE: *(through distorted radio static) ...Don't believe the monster...*

PIPER: What? What are you talking about—

BOYDE: *(through distorted radio static) IT'S HIM! THE MONSTER MAN! YOU HAVE TO GET OUT NOW!!!*

PIPER: What do you mean?! Who?! Who is the monster man?! Show me his face?!

BOYDE: *(through distorted radio static) HIM! HE KILLED ME! THE BAD POLICE MAN!!!*

SOUND 22 SHOCK REALIZATION FLASH

***END-MUSIC 3 CREEPING HORROR BUILD (ends in dramatic climax)**

PIPER: *(gasp) Wycliff. No.*

SOUND 23 SPINNING AROUND/ KNOCKING RADIO TO FLOOR

SOUND 24 SUDDEN ATTACK/GRASPING THROAT/ STRUGGLE

PIPER: *(struggling/choking) YOU! ...you...*

WYCLIFF: *(squeezing/struggling) Well, I'll say this, miss Landry. You've definitely made a believer outta me.*

PIPER: *(struggling/choking) ...please... please, don't...*

WYCLIFF: *(squeezing/struggling) (amused) Don't? Don't what? (CLOSE/INTENSE) EAT you? (laughs) Don't worry. You're a bit long in the tooth for my taste. And besides, my ritual takes time. Time, we don't have.*

SOUND 25 STRUGGLING TO FLOOR/CLANKING TRAY ITEMS FALLING TO GROUND

PIPER: *(choking/growing weaker) ...you ...you'll pay for what you've done...*

WYCLIFF: *(squeezing) Oh, my dear. I've done plenty. And my work is far from over. I knew when these popped up so close to home it would bite me in the ass. But I just couldn't help myself, Miss Landry. I have impulse control issues from time to time, you see. Normally I plan my meals quite carefully, well in advance.*

PIPER: *(weaker) ... Lang... he'll... he'll stop you...*

WYCLIFF: *(squeezing) (chuckles)* No, sugar. He won't. Because you won't be around to tell him.

PIPER: *(fading) ...curse ...you... Wycl...*

WYCLIFF: **(CLOSE)** How's that, Miss Landry? I couldn't quite get that.

PIPER: *(mustering all her strength) (CLOSE) I... curse... you... (final breath)*

***END-SOUND 24/25 STRUGGLING SOUNDS** **(stops)**

SOUND 26 **PIPER'S HAND SLAPS DEAD ON FLOOR / WYCLIFF STANDS**

WYCLIFF: Didn't see that comin' did ya? Some psychic. *(chuckle)*

SOUND 27 **PIPER'S PHONE RINGING/SHUFFLING THROUGH JACKET**

WYCLIFF: (cont.) Oh, let's see who this could be. *(pause)* Agent Lang.

SOUND 28 **PHONE BEEP/ CALL DECLINED**

WYCLIFF: (cont.) *(to self)* Not now, Lang. Can't ya see we're busy here.

SOUND 29 **PHONE TOSSED ON METAL SLAB**

WYCLIFF: (cont.) Now, what to do with you, little missy? Dump you in the swamp? Mmmm. That's takin' quite a risk. If you're a floater, Lang may get suspicious. May not buy whatever I have to come up with to explain you cuttin' and runnin' out on us. *(tongue click)* welp... Incinerator it is.

SOUND 30 **WYCLIFF STRUGGLING TO LIFT & DRAG PIPER'S BODY**

SOUND 31 **RADIO STATIC (SUDDENLY SNAPS ON) (OFF/across room)**

WYCLIFF: (cont.) What the hell?

SOUND 32 **WYCLIFF DROPS BODY / KEYS & BOOT STEPS ACROSS ROOM**

***ALT-SOUND 31** **RADIO STATIC (CLOSER/LOUDER - as he approaches)**

SOUND 33 **PICKING PORTABLE RADIO UP OFF FLOOR**

***ALT-SOUND 31** **RADIO STATIC (VERY CLOSE/LOUD)**

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static) ...Murderer...*

WYCLIFF: *(gasps)*

SOUND 34 RADIO DROPS ONTO FLOOR

***ALT-SOUND 31 RADIO STATIC (OFF/ FROM FLOOR)**

WYCLIFF: Wha... What's goin' on?

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static) ...I told you, Wycliff... curses are passed on to those who sin against nature...*

WYCLIFF: This... this is a trick. This can't be—

SOUND 35 BANG FROM COLD STORAGE LOCKER (OFF/ACROSS ROOM)

WYCLIFF: (CONT.) Agh. What?!

SOUND 36 BANG FROM ANOTHER LOCKER (OFF/OTHER SIDE OF ROOM)

SOUND 37 FAINT MOANING/WHISPERS (FADE IN) (OFF/around room)

THE DEAD: *(through distorted radio static) ...murderer... killer... monster... wicked... get you... stop you... make you paaaaayyyy...*

SOUND 38 MORE BANGS FROM STORAGE LOCKERS (OFF/around room)

WYCLIFF: Stop. Stop it!

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static) ...Oh, it will never stop... never... each curse proportional to the sin, sheriff... and oh, my... how you've sinned...*

WYCLIFF: *(terrified)* This can't be happening! No! Stop! All of you!

SOUND 39 LOCKER SLAMS OPEN/TRAY SLIDES OUT/BODY BAG UNZIPS

WYCLIFF: (CONT.) *(whimpering)* NO! Nononononono! This can't be happening.

SOUND 40 LOCKER SLAMS OPEN/TRAY SLIDES OUT/BODY BAG UNZIPS

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static) ...The dead have something for you, sheriff... they want to give it to you personally...*

SOUND 41 **BODY BAGS OPENING/COLD FEET SLAPPING ON FLOOR/SHUFFLING**

WYCLIFF: *(hysterically terrified)* Noooooo! Get back. All of you. STOP! I'm... I'm warning you...

BOYDE: *(through distorted radio static)* ...you can't hurt us anymore, sheriff...

ELLIE: *(through distorted radio static)* ...we're already dead...

SOUND 42 **UNSNAPPING HOLSTER/DRAWING GUN/COCKING HAMMER**

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static)* ...Never stop... it will never ever stop... never, sheriff... not for you...

WYCLIFF: *(sobbing/terrified)* No... please... please...

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static)* ...never stop... never ever... never...

ALT-SOUNDS **STATIC/MOANS/WHISPERS/BARE FOOTSTEPS** *(CLOSER/LOUDER/SURROUNDING)*

PIPER: *(through distorted radio static)* never ever... never...

SOUND 44 **GUN THRUST INTO MOUTH/ GUNSHOT/ BODY COLLAPSE*****END-ALL SOUNDS*** **MOANS/WHISPERS/BARE FOOTSTEPS** *(end all except static)****ALT-SOUND 31** **RADIO STATIC** *(GROWS IN INTENSITY CLOSER/LOUDER until...)*

WYCLIFF: *(through distorted radio static)* h...hello? ...where... where am I...

THE DEAD: *(through distorted radio static)* ...welcome... forever... nightmare... endless... we have you now... no escape... never... murderer... killer... revenge... monster... no escape... never...

WYCLIFF: *(through distorted radio static)* ...NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!...

MUSIC 4 **"PIPER'S THEME"** *(FADE IN/ Takes us out)****END-SOUND 31** **RADIO STATIC** *(slow fade as music comes in/out)****END-MUSIC 4** **"PIPER'S THEME"** *(FADE OUT)***END**