

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

"COLD CALL"

An Original Radio Drama

By

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ARCANE PRODUCTIONS

www.FrightmareTheatrePodcast.com

"COLD CALL" CHARACTERS

- KAREN*:** A young woman just getting by and longing for more excitement in life. (**also Voices CALLER*)
- CALLER*:** A young desperate woman calling in for help, only to realize the utter futility of her bazar situation. (**also Voices KAREN*)
- DEBORAH:** Karen's roommate. A young woman with a good head on her shoulders and a bright future ahead of her.
- DARK VOICE:** An evil entity that exists beyond our comprehension of time and space who feeds on the despair of humanity, known only as *The Night Traveler*.
- DISPATCH:** 911 Dispatcher on phone line with Karen.
- 1st SHIFTER:** Nerdy Burnout who works the first shift in Karen's Operator service.
- NOTES:** The time displacement element is important to the story and must be played up whenever possible. (*i.e. make sure to continue sentences as they are written without dropping words that could help hint at the time paradox*)

THIS SCRIPT CONTAINS ADULT LANGUAGE

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

PODCAST

"COLD CALL"

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

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

ANNOUNCER:

The hour has grown late and shadows lurk around every corner. A strange ethereal light from deep within the woods at the edge of town has begun beckoning the children. But for what purpose? And on the other side of town, a young couple parked on Harmony Hill stare longingly up at the bright full moon, not realizing, of course, that that very moon is staring right back at them in cold; twisted hatred. And now, loyal listeners... It is time once again, to turn down the lights and turn up the terror. For you are about to dive headfirst into the inky shark-infested abyss known as... FRIGHTMARE THEATRE.

*END MUSIC 1 "FTP THEME"

HOST:

Good evening, Boys and Ghouls, and welcome to another eerie episode of Frightmare Theatre. I am your hideous hair-raising host, Doctor Necropolis.

SOUND 1 MUSIC HIT "OMINOUS ORGAN CHORDS"

Tonight, my spooky spectators, our sickening story is certain to stupefy. A spine-tingling tale of telephonic terror!

AGNES:

Say THAT five times fast. *(chuckles hysterically)*

HOST:

Our music director, Agnes, ladies and gentlemen. Please forgive her unoriginal commentary. In her advanced years she seems to have forgotten who the *HOST* of this show is.

AGNES:

(under breath) Well I know who the host should be, I'll tell you that right--

HOST:

What was that, Agnes, dear?

MUSIC 2 (sudden/bold) "COLD CALL THEME" (then drops under lines)

HOST: Well I... *I* guess that means it's time to get on with tonight's creepy composition. Thanks for that, Agnes. Boys and ghouls, you are in for a treat this evening. So, grab onto each other and huddle in quaking terror as you listen to a terrifically terrifying tale of a phone call gone wrong in... *COLD CALL!* (*Laughs maniacally.*)

FTP SCRIPT #6**"COLD CALL"****SCENE 1**

***END MUSIC 2** **"COLD CALL THEME"** **(ABRUPTLY)**

SOUND 2 **DIAL TONE OF A LANDLINE PHONE.** **(CONTINUE UNDER-)**

SOUND 3 **CLICK-CLACKING OF A KEYBOARD.** **(End on next cue-)**

SOUND 4 **DIAL TONE CLICKS TO NUMBER BEING DIALED** **(End on next cue-)**

SOUND 5 **PHONE RINGS TWICE AND CLICKS** **(outgoing)**

DEBORAH: **(D-PHONE)** Hello?

MUSIC 2.1 **CREEPING BUILD** **(growing until...)**

SILENCE

DEBORAH: **(D-PHONE)** Hello?!

SOUND 6 **SHALLOW LOW BREATHING**

DEBORAH: **(D-PHONE)** um... he... Hello?

MUFFLED CHUCKLING

***END MUSIC 2.1** **CREEPING BUILD** **(snap out)**

DEBORAH: **(D-PHONE)** Damnit, Karen! What the hell?

KAREN LAUGHS

DEBORAH: **(D-PHONE)** You know I hate when you do that!

KAREN: That's why I do it! **(LAUGHS)** Will you be up when I get off?

DEBORAH: **(D-PHONE)** Probably not. You're gonna get yourself fired if you keep pulling crap like this. I am NOT going to front your half of the rent again, so

please stop goofing around and take this job seriously. Please?!

KAREN: Alright, alright, alright. God. I'm just bored. I'm the only responder on shift again tonight. We lost another guy this week and apparently no one wants to work these overnights, though I can't *possibly* imagine why?

DEBORAH: *(D-PHONE)* Yeah well, you HAVE to. Robbie got you that opportunity and I have no more favors to call in if you screw it up. And it's an important job, Karen! People need you. It should be at least be a little fulfilling.

KAREN: I've Been here almost a month now and I've only had like three calls in total; one cry for help, one broken arm, and a lightbulb up the ass. That's it. I just... I long for an *intruder in the home*, ya know? Or a murder suicide or something... you know, something juicy. Something exciting.

DEBORAH: *(D-PHONE)* That's horrible. You don't wish that.

KAREN: I do too! Anything is better than sitting here in this hot-ass office mind numbingly filtering through online porn all night.

DEBORAH: *(D-PHONE)* Oh God, please tell me -

KAREN: Don't worry, Deb! Only kidding. I just thought this job was gonna be awesome, ya know. *"911 what's your emergency?" Oh, you got stabbed by your lover's wife? Stay right there, help is on the way!"* But, no! IF the phone rings at all, it's stupid boring crap that makes me feel more like a tele-counselor than an emergency operator. *"I just really need to talk to someone right now... I've taken all my dad's ED pills..."*
(SIGHS)

DEBORAH: *(D-PHONE)* People need to talk sometimes. To a live person. You could *actually* help them. Even if it is boring to you. Ya know if you ever got a *real* heavy call sometime, I bet you'd change your mind pretty damn fast. I've heard some of the stuff 911 ops in bigger cities have to deal with. Shit is brutal and it haunts them forever. You should be thankful it's pretty quiet here. AND, it's easy money! Get a book; write a poem; earn that money, and thank God you've got it easy with this one.

KAREN: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Thanks, Mom. So glad I called you.

DEBORAH: *(D-PHONE)* Karen, I'm not trying to sound like your mom. Seriously, though. You need this. WE need this. I'm not moving back in with my brother and his wife. So stop goofing around, pranking me all the time and stuff. I'm not answering next time if the caller ID is blocked. So you'll just have to deal on your own. Got it?

KAREN: Fine. Whatever. I'll holla at you when I get home.

DEBORAH: *(D-PHONE)* Oh God, please don't. I have a huge test tomorrow and –

KAREN: Loveyoubyyyyyyyyyeeee.

SOUND 7 **CLICK AS PHONE HANGS UP. DIAL TONE.**

KAREN: Well tonight's shaping up to be a real treat. Might as well get a nap in before all hell breaks loose. *Fingers crossed. (LAUGHS)*

MUSIC 3 **TRANSITION MUSIC** *(transitions us into)*

"COLD CALL"

SCENE 2

***END MUSIC 3** **TRANSITION MUSIC** *(FADES into)*

SOUND 8 **KAREN SNORING** *(ABRUPT END ON-)*

SOUND 9 **PHONE RINGS LOUDLY** *(incoming) (Continue under)*

KAREN: SHIT!

SOUND 10 **PAPERS SHUFFLE AND KEYBOARD CLICKS WILDLY**

SOUND 11 **SHE SLAPS SIDE OF PLASTIC MONITOR**

KAREN: What the hell is wrong with this computer?! Damnit! How the hell am I supposed to tell where the call's coming in from? Jesus, people... keep up with your equipment. Okay. Well. Here goes nothin'.

***END SOUND 9** **PHONE RING / CLICKS OVER WITH A SOFT "BEEP"** *(incoming)*

KAREN: 911, what is your emergency?

SILENCE.

KAREN: Hello? 911, what is the nature of your emergency, please?

(D-PHONE) SOFT LABORED BREATHING. A WOMAN CRYING SOFTLY.

KAREN: Hello? Ma'am? Can you hear me? What is the nature of your emergency?

CALLER: **(D-PHONE)** *(WEEPING SOFTLY)* I... I... need... Help.

KAREN: That's what I am trying to do, ma'am. Now please tell me your location. My system is kinda malfunctioning and I can't see-

CALLER: **(D-PHONE)** *(WEEPING)* Ohhhhhh my God. No no no no. This can't be happening. How -

KAREN: Please tell me where you're calling -

CALLER: **(D- PHONE)** home... IT'S IN THE HOUSE!

MUSIC 3.5 CREEPING TERRIFYING UNDER MUSIC (creeps in under/low)

CALLER: (CONT) Listen to me; It was here waiting for us... in the dark. Downstairs. There was so much blood. Oh, Jesus...

KAREN: ... what? *What* is in the house? Is there an intruder, ma'am? I'll send some officers right away if you can just tell me where -

CALLER: **(D-PHONE)** Shhhhhh. *(PAUSE)* Oh, god. *(SOBBING)* I can hear it coming up the steps in the hall... It killed her. Ate her up. That's what it does. I didn't listen... didn't realize... *(PAUSE)* oh noooooo... No no no. Please? Please *listen* to me... YOU can stop this... help...

KAREN: I WANT to help you! But I need to know where to send the officers. Is there a wild dog or some other animal loose in the house?

CALLER: **(D-PHONE)** YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! Not yet... oh god, not yet. Not now...

SOUND 12 (D-PHONE) (OFF) LOUD "THUD"**(D-PHONE) CALLER SCREAMS**

KAREN: Jesus. Ma'am! Please?! Please tell me what address you are at! My computer isn't working. I can't see

where you are calling from. But I can have someone there as soon as –

CALLER: *(D-PHONE) (SOBBING)* It's too late. It's going to... to eat me.

KAREN: WHAT?! What is it?

CALLER: *(D-PHONE)* The... Traveler...

***END MUSIC 3.5** **CREEPING TERRIFYING UNDER MUSIC** *(vanishes before...)*

CALLER: (CONT) *The Night Traveler.*

KAREN: WHAT?! Ma'am have you taken any medication this evening?

CALLER: *(D-PHONE) (giggles through tears)* I... I knew you'd ask me that. *(WEEPS SOFTLY)*

SOUND 13 *(D-PHONE) (OFF)* **ANOTHER LOUD "THUD"/ Wood Splintering**

KAREN: Ma'am. Are you...? Is this a joke?

CALLER: *(D-PHONE) (LAUGHING THROUGH TEARS)* It is a little funny now that I think about it.

KAREN: I don't think this is funny. At all. And I –

SOUND 14 *(D-PHONE) (OFF)* **DEEP MONSTROUS ROAR/ Wood Splintering**

What is going on?!

CALLER: *(D-PHONE)* When the Night Traveler calls you answer –

KAREN: Why do you keep calling *it* the Night Traveler?

CALLER: *(D-PHONE) (SUDDENLY CALM)* Because that's what *he* told me he was.

MUSIC 4 **"MUSIC HIT"** *(End after hit)*

CALLER: *(D-PHONE) (CLOSE)* Now you listen to me very carefully, Karen.

KAREN: What the f-

CALLER: *(D-PHONE) (CLOSE)* Shut up and listen, Karen, and... pay attention, you got it? You don't have to go... she's gone anyway... The Night Traveler is coming; it's only a matter of time. It told me to call you. I KNEW... impossible. But... It's almost he--

SOUND 15 HEAVY STATIC ON THE LINE (DISTORTS HER WORDS)

MUSIC 4.5 "TERRIFYING UNCOMFORTABLE MUSIC" (building but never overtaking the action)

KAREN: I didn't get that? Damn it! Is this a fucking prank?!
How do you know my name? Look, all I want to do is
help-

***END SOUND 15** HEAVY STATIC ON THE LINE (STATIC CLEARS)

SOUND 16 (D-PHONE) (OFF) WOOD SHATTERS / LOW GROWLING

(D-PHONE) (OFF) CALLER SCREAMS

CALLER: (D- PHONE W/ STATIC) (OFF) NOOOO! I did it. I made
the call... (VERY CLOSE) I'm so sorry. Don't make the
same mistake... you don't have to make that call... I'm
sorry! (OFF) I know the truth now... Please!!!
PLEEAASSEE!!!

SOUND 17 (D-PHONE) (OFF) VICIOUS STUGGLE: SCREAMS / GROWLING /
SHATTERING GLASS / THUDS / RIPPING CLOTH

***END MUSIC 4.5** "TERRIFYING UNCOMFORTABLE MUSIC" (building but never overtaking the action)

SOUND 18 (D-PHONE) (OFF) WET SPLATTERS / GURGLING.

KAREN: He... hello? Ma'am? Is everything... alright?

SOUND 19 (D-PHONE) (OFF) SOFT FEEDING NOISES: WET SLURPING /
ANIMALISTIC GRUNTING, ETC.

KAREN: (OFF) No. No. Oh, god.

***END SOUND 19** (D-PHONE) (OFF) SOFT FEEDING NOISES

SOUND 20 (D-PHONE) (OFF) LOUD SNIFFING. LOW GUTTERAL CHUCKLE

KAREN: Is... Is someone there?

DARK VOICE: (D- PHONE W/ STATIC) (CLOSE) Ohhhhhh, yes. I'm here.

SOUND 21 CLACK OF KEYBOARD. PHONE CLICKS TO DIAL TONE (Abrupt off)

KAREN: Fuck. Fuck that. What the fuck was that?

SOUND 22 PHONE RINGS (incoming) (Continuous until next cue)

KAREN: You gotta be kidding me? Two calls in one night.
Screw it.

SOUND 23 CLACK OF KEYBOARD. PHONE CLICKS TO CONNECT (Abrupt off)

DARK VOICE: (D- PHONE W/ STATIC) Hello, again.

SOUND 24 CLACK OF KEYBOARD. PHONE CLICKS TO DIAL TONE (continuous)

KAREN: No. Nope. Nu-uh. This isn't happening. Uhm... okay.
Okay. I'll just... I'll just call Deb, and she can talk
me through this.

***END SOUND 24** DIAL TONE (abrupt stop before next cue)

SOUND 25 CLACKING OF A KEYBOARD. (End on next cue)

SOUND 26 DIAL TONE CLICKS TO NUMBER BEING DIALED (End on next cue)

SOUND 27 PHONE RINGS (outgoing) (continuous)

PHONE RINGS. AND RINGS. AND RINGS. (SQ27 Cont.)

KAREN: C'mon, Deb. Pickup, Pickup. PICKUP.

PHONE RINGS. (SQ27 Cont.)

KAREN: Fuck!

SOUND 28 LOUD CLACK OF KEYBOARD. CLICKS TO DIAL TONE (continuous)

KAREN: Ok, one more time. C'mon, please pickup, Deb?
Please?

SOUND 29 CLICK-CLACKING OF A KEYBOARD. (End on next cue-)

SOUND 30 DIAL TONE CLICKS TO NUMBER BEING DIALED (End on next cue-)

SOUND 31 PHONE RINGS TWICE AND CLICKS (outgoing)

KAREN: Oh, Deb! Thank God. Listen you won't believe
what just -

DARK VOICE: (D- PHONE W/ STATIC) Actually. I would believe.

MUSIC 5 "MUSIC HIT" (End after hit)

KAREN: What? How did...

DARK VOICE: (D- PHONE W/ STATIC) Do YOU believe... Karen?

SOUND 32 **LOUD CLACK OF KEYBOARD. CLICKS TO DIAL TONE** *(continuous)*

KAREN: I just misdialed.

***STOP SOUND 32** **DIAL TONE** *(abrupt)*

It's an accident. The computer somehow connected me to -

SOUND 34 **PHONE RINGS** *(Incoming)***MUSIC 5.5** **"CREEPING MUSIC"** *(building)*

KAREN: This is crazy. A prank. This has to be Deb. It has to be.

SOUND 35 **CLICK-CLACKING OF A KEYBOARD.** *(End on next cue-)***SOUND 36** **DIAL TONE CLICKS TO NUMBER BEING DIALED** *(End on next cue-)***SOUND 37** **PHONE RINGS ONCE AND CLICKS** *(outgoing)*

KAREN: Fuck you, Deb! I know you're messing with me, ok?! Great voice but still sounded too familiar, so Ha Ha, very funny. I've learned my lesson. You done *Scrooged* me and I'll never wish for fun or excitement again! Okay?

END MUSIC 5.5** **"CREEPING MUSIC"** *(dissolves with anticipation)SOUND 38** **(D- PHONE) FUZZY STATTIC** *(continuous)*

KAREN: Deb? ...Okay?

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC)* Deb is no longer here. Or is it... not yet here. Maybe I'm not even here. But, oh, would you like to give a message? You can give it to her yourself... soon.

KAREN: Fuck you.

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC)* Such a foul mouth young maidens have these days.

KAREN: What have you done with Deb?

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC) Nothing yet... But soon. Soon you and Deb will both be together. Alone. In the dark. Then I come a-knocking. You won't see me coming. No, you won't. Those who call me **never** see me coming, for I am the Night Traveler.*

KAREN: You sick son of a bitch. This isn't funny.

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC) It's not?*

KAREN: No. It isn't. I'm calling the cops right now. All I have to do is hit this button and they'll go wherever I send them.

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC) Do just that, Karen. They won't find me. Not now. Not then. Not ever. And when I am finished with my little visit... they won't find **you**, either.*

KAREN: ..What are you going to do?

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC) Why, I'm going to **eat** you. Eat you all up. Mmmmmmm. I'll swallow you from head to toe; body and soul. And I can do it too, for I am the Night Traveler.*

KAREN: Why are you doing this?

DARK VOICE: *(D- PHONE W/ STATIC) (boiling intensity) It is what I do. It is what I am. The discontented venture off into the dark in search of adventure... where I await them. Once their eyes are truly opened... they weep, and they beg as they remember... and they **bleed**. And I feed... Ohhhhh, how I feed. In the dark. Always in the dark... where I wait... I wait for you, Karen... now. And then. And all within... you and I meet in the dark; in the shadows. For I am the Night Traveler.*

KAREN: *(SOFTLY) Please don't hurt, Deb.*

DARK VOICE: *(D-PHONE W/ STATIC) Oh, it's too early to ask that, my pet.*

KAREN: You said you haven't touched her!

DARK VOICE: *(D-PHONE W/STATIC) You called out into the darkness, Karen. Beyond time and space... to me. Nothing can stop that which has already been set in motion. Soon, your eyes will peel and you will truly **see**. See the truth. You won't want to... but then again, you make that call... **you**, Kare--*

SOUND 39 **LOUD CLACK OF KEYBOARD. CLICKS TO DIAL TONE** *(continuous)*

KAREN: Oh, you asked for it, you sick asshole.

SOUND 40 **CLICK-CLACKING OF A KEYBOARD.** *(End on next cue-)*

SOUND 41 **DIAL TONE CLICKS TO NUMBER BEING DIALED** *(End on next cue-)*

SOUND 42 **PHONE RINGS TWICE AND CLICKS** *(outgoing)*

DISPATCH: Yeah, this is Dispatch. We got somethin'?

KAREN: Yeah. Yes. There is a suspected intruder at 713 Pickwick Ave. The call came in just now. Please hurry. There's a woman inside the home who may be in danger.

DISPATCH: Roger. We have a unit only a few blocks from there. We'll send 'em right over.

KAREN: Can you follow up with me when –

SOUND 43 **CLICKS TO DIAL TONE/ CLICKS OFF** *(abruptly)*

KAREN: Nice. *(LONG PAUSE)* I didn't ask for this. I didn't want anything bad to happen... not really. This is so... God! Someone *has* to be messing with me.

SOUND 44 **PHONE RINGS** *(incoming)* *(Continuous until end of CUE 45)*

MUSIC 5.6 **SCARY BUILD until ...** *(Abrupt off on Deb's line)*

SOUND 45 **CLACK OF KEYBOARD. PHONE CLICKS TO CONNECT** *(Abrupt off)*

KAREN: Hello?

SILENCE.

***END MUSIC 5.6** **SCARY BUILD until ...** *(Abrupt off)*

DEBORAH: *(D- PHONE)* *(CLOSE)* WHAT THE FUCK, KAREN?!!!

KAREN: Jesus, Deb! You scared me to death!

DEBORAH: *(D- PHONE)* I scared you?! Want to tell me why two cops just woke me up and have me standing here in my Tigger onesie, asking about an intruder in the fucking house?

KAREN: Deb, I'm sorry. I got this freaky call and...

DEBORAH: (D- PHONE) No. Not playing this time. (OFF) Thanks, Officers. Yeah, it was just a mistake. The power went out earlier so the place is dark but that's all the excitement I've seen tonight. You guys can head on your way. Yeah. Thanks...

KAREN: Deb? Deb, did you call earlier? Didn't sound like you, but still kinda familiar -

DEBORAH: (D- PHONE) Karen, look. I am done with this. Really done. No more. Deal with your own shit. If you drag me into one more of your fucking messes, I swear to god...

KAREN: Did you say the power is out?

DEBORAH: (D- PHONE) What? Yeah. It happened last week too. No big deal.

KAREN: But... If it's dark, then -

DEBORAH: (D- PHONE) Knock it off! I'm not gonna get all scared of the dark and come hang out with you. Jesus, girl.

SOUND 46 (D-PHONE) (OFF) **LOUD CRASH** (faint in background)

DEBORAH: (D-PHONE) (OFF) Damnit, what now...

SOUND 47 **CLICKS TO DIAL TONE / CLICKS OFF** (Abruptly)

KAREN: Hello? Deb? *bitch*. Well, only a few hours left to go. She's dead when I get home.

MUSIC 6 **TRANSITION MUSIC** (transitions us into)

"COLD CALL"

SCENE 3

***END MUSIC 6** **TRANSITION MUSIC** (FADES into)

SOUND 48 **CLICK CLACK OF KEYBOARD.** (SHORT)

KAREN: It's all you. I just finished the shift report. Gonna head home.

1st SHIFTER: Woah, you actually got some action tonight? Looks to be multiple outbound calls to one Location!

KAREN: (PAUSE) What? Uhm, no... Just one call, but it was nothing. Slow as always. Called home a few times. The computer freaked out and only recorded my calls there, I guess.

1st SHIFTER: No but this is weird. It's never done this before. Twilight Zone shit... These crazy time stamps don't make any sense. System must have fucked up REAL bad. Whoa, some of the stamps are actually for later on to-

KAREN: Yeah. Whatever, dude. They'll fix it. Gotta get home. Later.

MUSIC 7 **TRANSITION MUSIC** *(transitions us into)*

"COLD CALL"

SCENE 4

***END MUSIC 7** **TRANSITION MUSIC** *(FADES into)*

SOUND 49 **KEYS IN DOOR LOCK / DEADBOLT TURNS / DOOR SWINGS OPEN**

KAREN: Jesus, it is fucking dark in here. Of course they won't get the power on until the sun's up already. (SIGHS) We got a few hours at least.

SOUND 50 **DOOR CLOSSES AND LATCHES**

KAREN: I never thought I'd say this, but I've had enough excitement for one -

SOUND 51 **SHOE SLIPS ON WET FLOOR / LOUD THUD/ KEYS HIT FLOOR**

KAREN: Ow... What the hell? Why is the floor all wet? Did Deb -

MUSIC 8 **"MUSIC HIT and creeping build"** *(slowly building)*

KAREN: Oh, my god... no. no no no. It can't be... Blood?

SOUND 52 **SLURPING / FEEDING SOUNDS** *(fades in under)*

Oh god... Deb?!!!

***END SOUND 52** **SLURPING / FEEDING SOUNDS** *(abruptly)*

DARK VOICE: (VERY CLOSE) Welcome to the dark, Karen.

KAREN: NO! No. Where's Deb?! What have you done with Deb?

DARK VOICE: *You already know the answer to that, Karen. She is one with the dark now.*

KAREN: You... you ate her? (*SOFTLY*) Ate her up... b-because that's what you do... you're the the n... nigh-

DARK VOICE: *...Night Traveler.*

MUSIC 8.5 MUSIC MORPHS to "COLD CALL THEME MUSIC" (fade in and up)

DARK VOICE: *Now if you don't mind, I'm almost finished. Run along upstairs and I'll be with you shortly. Go on now. Run along upstairs... you make that call.*

MUSIC 9 "MUSIC HIT" & SWELL (WITHIN THEME) (fades into...)

KAREN (ECHO): *(echoes of the past/future) Now you listen to me very carefully, Karen. / You don't understand! / Too late.../ I know the truth now. / Please! / PLEAAAASSSEEEEE!!!*

MUSIC 10 FRIGHTMARE "AMBIENT MUSIC" (continuous/takes us into...)

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE CLOSER

MUSIC 10 CONTINUES UNDER & Finishes

HOST: Lesson to be learned here, my little beasties. Never EVER pick up the phone. All of this could have been avoided if young Karen had communicated primarily through letters as God intended.

AGNES: Or email.

HOST: Or even email!

AGNES: As God intended.

HOST: You see, even Agnes gets it. Well that's our show for tonight, boys and ghouls. I am your terrifying yet titillating host, Doctor Necropolis, and you've been listening to FRIGHTMARE THEATRE. Join us next time... It'll be a scream! muahahahahahAHAHAHAHAHA!

MUSIC 11 "FTP CLOSE OUT THEME" (FADE DOWN & CONTINUE UNDER)

ANNOUNCER: The Frightmare Theatre Podcast is brought to you by ARCANE, where nightmares become reality. Tonight's radio theatre presentation entitled, "COLD CALL" was written and directed by Nathan Shelton - **(CONTINUED)**

ANNOUNCER: (CONT)

- and featured the voice talents of Fee Basanavicious, Christina Gardner, Spencer Tilley, Nathan Shelton, and Heath Hillhouse as *The Night Traveler*; with sound engineering by Nathan Shelton. The Frightmare Theatre Theme and supplemental music is created by the terrifyingly talented, Chris Porcelli & Allison Johnston and can be found, along with other haunting scores, at ChrisPorcelliPiano.com.

Be sure to stalk Frightmare theatre on social media and subscribe to The Frightmare Theatre Podcast via I-tunes, Spotify, Google Podcast or your favorite listening app.

Producing a monthly horror radio drama is a monstrous undertaking. If you enjoyed taking a little trip down nightmare lane with us this evening, we invite you to join the Frightmare Theatre undead family and support us on Patreon, where you will receive members-only content such as interviews, script downloads, and even special secret mini episodes!

All previous petrifying episodes of FRIGHTMARE THEATRE are proudly displayed for the shock and horror of the masses at Frightmaretheatrepodcast.com. We so deeply wish to thank you for listening and hope you descend into murderous madness with us again next month for an all new episode. Until then... I am The Announcer, wishing you... pleeeeeaaaaasaaaaant dreeeeeeeaaaaaams.

***END MUSIC 11 "FTP CLOSE OUT THEME" (Fade out)**

END