

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

"Perfection"

An Original Radio Drama
Based on the stage play

By
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ARCANE PRODUCTIONS
WWW.FrightmareTheatrePodcast.com

"PERFECTION" CHARACTERS

JOHN: A broken man at the end of his rope; A rat trapped in a maze he may or may not have helped create.

MAN: A stern man who is quick to anger, like a violent pressure cooker.

ANNIE: A bright and happy young woman. Confident; and optimistic.

NOTES: The story is not melodramatic in any way. Hyper realistic as if recorded live in a darkened subterranean room. The tension of immediacy must be present at all times.

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

PODCAST

"PERFECTION"

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

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

ANNOUNCER:

The hour has grown late and shadows lurk around every corner. The ground behind old man Neilson's barn has opened up into a gaping black pit. Strange smells have been reported and some of the livestock have gone missing. Meanwhile the television sets in the window display of Abram's Discount Hardware store have suddenly turned on in unison. And in the constant black and white static of the screens, passersby swear they are being shown images of events yet to come. And now, steadfast spectators... It is time once again, to turn down the lights and turn up the *terror*. For you are about to unearth the rotting, shambling terror of... FRIGHTMARE THEATRE.

END MUSIC 1 "FTP THEME" (once music ends...)

HOST:

Good Evening Boys and Ghouls, and welcome to another grisly episode of Frightmare Theatre. I am your nightmarishly noxious host, Doctor Necropolis.

SOUND 1 MUSIC HIT "OMINOUS ORGAN CHORDS"

TONIGHT, my little beasties. We are in for a truly terrifying treat. A scrumptiously sinful soufflé of shuddering shocks to send shivers down your spines! BUT FIRST... it is time now on Frightmare Theatre for "*Letters From Beyond*". (D- ECHOING) (on last line)

MUSIC 2 "LETTERS FROM BEYOND" Theme

*FADE MUSIC 2 "LETTERS FROM BEYOND" Theme (fade down. Continue under until out)

Today's (D-Echo) *LETTER FROM BEYOND* comes to us from little Finnley Shelton in Springfield, MO. He writes... "*Dear Doctor Necropolis, I love the show!*" Well that's sickly sweet, little Finnley, we do too. "*I would kill to be on your show.*" Let's hope it doesn't have to come to *that*, little Finnley.

(CONTINUED)

HOST: Jesus F**king Christ, Agnes! He's a little boy for cryin' out loud!

AGNES: Whaaaaat??? "He's a bright bulb." "He's a little boy!" "He's an astute little beastie!" Pick one and stick with it! If he's old enough to listen to *this show* he's old enough to know the truth, damnit!
(CLOSE) NOW YOU LISTEN HERE, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE BASTARD, LIFE IS GONNA CHEW YOU UP AND SPIT YOU OUT AND ONE DAY WHEN YOUR NUMBER'S UP YOU'RE GONNA FIND YOURSELF PLAYIN' ORGAN IN A LATE-NIGHT RADIO SHOW FOR ALL ETERNITY WITH THESE ASS—

MUSIC 3 **"TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES"** *(Elevator music) (Continue Under)*

ANNOUNCER: *(soft and sweet)* Do not be alarmed, loyal listeners. We are either experiencing technical difficulties or the world has come to an end. In either case, we want to thank you for listening to our show and we hope you take comfort in the fact that we were here to frighten you right up to the very end. We at Frightmare Theatre take horror very seriously and are proud to have served our dark master's purpose with dignity and grace. If —

SOUND 2 **RECORD SCRATCH**

***END MUSIC 3** **"TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES"** *(Elevator music) (Sudden snap out)*

HOST: *(laughing)* That was *(D-Echo)* **LETTERS FROM BEYOND!** Sorry about that, boys and ghouls.

AGNES: *(OFF)* Let go of me, Al. I swear to the Dark One's, I'll — *(muffled grunts)*

SOUND 2.5 **Agness being dragged out against her will**

HOST: Agnes has been having one too many "flavor shots" in her coffee as of late. But she will be fine, my beasties. Cross my heart and hope to... well. Let's get to tonight's terrifying tale, shall we? Al, help me out here —

AL: *(OFF) (howls in pain)* You didn't tell me she was a biter.

HOST: My deepest sympathies. get well soon.

AL: Her damn dentures are still stuck in my forearm. I've already been bitten by a werewolf. Now I got old lady venom coursing through my veins.

HOST: Just wrap it up, ya big baby!

SOUND 2.6 Al growling as he exits studio/ enters booth

LONG pause as Al makes his way to the booth.

HOST: Are we all set?!!

AL: *(OFF) (IN BOOTH)* GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.

HOST: *(under) okay. I guess that's a go. (close)* AND NOW, my little beasties, prepare for a perfectly petrifying parable of prodigiously polluted passion in... *PERFECTION.*

MUSIC 4 "IN THE PINES" (instrumental) (takes us out)

FTP SCRIPT #9 "PERFECTION" **SCENE 1**

***END MUSIC 4** "IN THE PINES" (instrumental) (FADE OUT)

SOUND 3 FAINT DRIPPING (off) (continuous)

SILENCE.

JOHN: Do we have to do this?

MAN: You tell me, John. *(beat)* I just wanna know how it all happened... what went down.

JOHN: I already told you. *(swallows)* I told you all of this.

MAN: Tell me again.

(pause. no reply.)

John, this isn't looking good for ya. Ya know that, don't ya?

JOHN: *(softly)* I didn't do anything wrong.

MAN: Well then, you have nothing to worry about, do ya? Lets just hear your story from the beginning one last time. Okay, John?

JOHN: I already told you over and o...

SOUND 4 Fist Slams on Table

MAN: *(CLOSE)* I WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN, JOHN!

(long pause)

Now... start from the beginning.

JOHN: *(whimpering)* I didn't do it.

MAN: John.

JOHN: She was my wife.

MAN: We know that.

JOHN: How could you *think* that I had anything to do with this?!!

MAN: John, who else--

JOHN: I LOVED HER!

MAN: **(CLOSE)** Damnit, boy, you're makin' me lose my pleasant demeanor. Now answer the goddamn question!

JOHN: *(sobbing)* What do you want me to say?

MAN: **(CLOSE)** What happened that night, *John*? How did you two get into the woods, **JOHN?! HOW DID IT ALL GO DOWN, JOHN?!! HOW DID THAT BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL DIE, JOHN?!!!!**

JOHN: *(muffled weeping)* I. Can't... do... I. I... can't do ...this.

MAN: C'mon John. This is your only chance now. Tell me!

JOHN: *(Deep breathe)* We. We were going away for the weekend.

MAN: Who's we again?

JOHN: Me... and... me and Annie, and--

MAN: Who else, *John*?!

JOHN: Who else? *(pause)* um...

MAN: Think *real* hard before you speak, boy.

(long pause)

JOHN: It was only my wife and me. There were others that were planning on going, but Annie and I wound up going alone.

MAN: Why?

JOHN: Why... I don't know! They canceled. The point is it was only the two of us out there, for all I knew.

MAN: Just the two of you?

JOHN: For all I know.

MAN: Then what happened?

JOHN: *(huffs)* Like I said earlier, we drove up to go camping and sort some stuff out.

MAN: What stuff?

JOHN: Just personal stuff! It doesn't matter.

MAN: We'll see about that. Elaborate.

JOHN: She was doing real well at her work and had this promotion offered to her and--

MAN: Promotion, huh?

JOHN: Yeah. And--

MAN: And what, John?!

JOHN: How the hell am I supposed to tell you anything if you keep interrupting me?!

MAN: Wrong answer John.

SOUND 5 MAN PUNCHES JOHN / Chair screech.

(CLOSE) Now look what ya made me do. John? Johnny-boy, you are makin' this harder than it oughtta be. I want you to tell me *again* how you came to find her. I want you to answer *any* question I feel like askin'. And I want you to do it with a smile. Do ya understand? *(silence)* John?

JOHN: Yes, sir.

MAN: That's better. *(OFF)* Now, tell me everything you remember about that night.

JOHN: *(deep breath)* I... I got up to leave the tent and get something out of the truck.

MAN: What?

JOHN: My bag.

MAN: *That* bag.

MUSIC 5 **TENSE MUSIC TONE** *(Fading up slowly)*

JOHN: *(terrified)* N-No. No, I told you I never saw that before.

MAN: And you never saw what's *inside* that bag before either?

***END MUSIC 5** **TENSE MUSIC TONE** *(reaches a climax/ SNAPS OUT)*

JOHN: NO. No, not until tonight. Not until you showed me.

MAN: Are ya sure? D'ya wanna see it again?

JOHN: NO! No. I don't ever want to see *that* again.

MAN: So. Ya went to the truck and got your bag. Then what?

JOHN: I was digging around in the back seat and my sleeve got caught on the lever. I had to rip it.

MAN: So, it was the mischievous car seat lever that attacked you and produced that tear in your sleeve? That's what you're tellin' me?

JOHN: Yes, that's what I'm telling you.

MAN: And *that's* when you say you heard it?

MUSIC 6 **TENSE MUSIC TONE** *(Fading up slowly)*

JOHN: *(starting in a daze) (growing more and more intense)* Yes. I just got my sleeve free when I heard her... *scream. (pause)* I dropped my bag and ran into the woods... It was dark. Surprisingly dark. The light in the tent must have gone out. It took me... ten minutes to find it. What was left of it. I opened the tent and... and she was gone. I couldn't see anything, but I could *feel. (pause)* The ground... the ground was all wet and sticky. I remember thinking that she must have been looking for the other flashlight in the dark and spilt the syrup bottle from the crate. *(small laugh)* For a second, I thought it was syrup. I yelled for her... nothing. There was no sound. Not even crickets. It was like a vacuum. A cold, black vacuum. *(pause)* I stumbled out around the tent feeling my way along the ground. Dead leaves. **(CONTINUED)**

JOHN (CONT.)

I... I stood up and started to walk around the back, when I tripped over a log or something. I hit my head pretty hard. I... I was very disoriented but as I felt along the ground for the log I'd tripped over, I realized...

***END MUSIC 6**

TENSE MUSIC TONE

(SNAP OUT)

...it was *her*. (pause) It was Annie. (overcome) Oh, god. It was my wife. She... She was just lying there in the dead leaves. She was covered in blood. She was...

MAN:

John. We found you thirty feet from that camp-sight. We found that bag with that *thing* in it not five feet away from you! Now you expect me to believe that someone else was out there in the middle of the woods?!! And that this mysterious attacker not only performed the most savage murder that I've ever seen, but that he actually took the time to plant the weapon in a bag only a few feet away from you?!!! A weapon smeared in your bloody prints, John! Is that what you expect me to believe, *JOHN*?!!!

JOHN:

I DIDN'T KILL MY WIFE! I don't give a damn what you believe! I told you how it happened.

MAN:

That you were at the truck?

JOHN:

Yes!

MAN:

That you found her ten minutes later?

JOHN:

YES!!

MAN:

(VERY CLOSE) What was done to her took at least an hour, John.

SOUND 6

MUSIC TONE HIT

(fades out)

(silence)

JOHN:

I... I just know what I remember.

MAN:

Ya killed your wife didn't ya, John?

JOHN:

no. *(crying)* no. no no nononono. I loved her.

MAN:

You planned to take her out there and you killed her. You took your time. You made it hurt. You settled whatever score you had with that *thing* in the bag.

JOHN: NO! I never wanted to kill her! Things between us weren't perfect... but... But I *loved* her!

MAN: And did she love you?

JOHN: She... she was so beautiful. It didn't have to happen.

MAN: You two only knew each other a few months before you eloped. Ya said it yourself; "*things weren't perfect.*"

JOHN: I never wanted to *kill* her! *He* said she was... He... that she didn't love me.

MAN: (*growling*) WHAT?!

JOHN: (*sobbing/partially muffled*) He told me that it would be better. He said I had to.

MAN: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SAYING, BOY?!!!

JOHN: When we planned to go camping... *he* said it was *time*.

MAN: Are you saying there was somebody else on the trip with you?!

JOHN: (*suddenly stops sobbing*) (*close*) My *dad*... Dad told me to--

MUSIC 7 **MUSIC HIT** (*Fade out after hit*)

SOUND 7 **MAN SLAMS JOHN TO FLOOR / Chair TOPPLES.**

MAN: How dare you implicate your own FATHER!!!

JOHN: (*weeping*) I...I didn't mean...it's just... (*pause*)
 (*softly.*) *I'm sorry. I'm sorry, dad.*

MUSIC 7.5 **BIG REALIZATION MUSIC HIT** (**FADE OUT AFTER**)

MAN: You little sonuva bitch. It didn't take long, did it?!

JOHN: Dad, I'm sorry. It just slipped. I can't do it. What if they do ask?...

MAN: WHAT *IF*? *WHAT IF*?! Of course, they'll ask! You just stick to the goddamn story and everything'll be fine. Ya can't lose your head, boy! (*pause*) Son... ah... I'm sorry. (**CONTINUED**)

SOUND 9 **MAN LIFTS CHAIR / PLACES JOHN IN IT**

MAN: (CONT.) I didn't wanna hurt ya. (*very close*) You made me do it. Don't ya see? Ya got me so... mad. (*laughs*) We've gone over and over this, Johnny boy. *What If's* the name of the game! If ya can't handle *What If*, then how could ya hold up if it did go south. You wanna drag me down with ya?

JOHN: Of course not, dad... I'm just *scared*. If we get caught...?

MAN: That's why we do this. We haven't gotten caught yet, right? RIGHT?!

JOHN: (*softly*) no sir.

MAN: And why is that John? (*pause*) JOHN?!

SOUND 10 MAN SLAMS PALM ON TABLE

Answer me, *damnit!*

JOHN: (*bitterly*) We follow the rules and stick to the story.

MAN: Now ya see, ya made me lose my temper again, John. It's not polite not to answer a person when they ask you a question. Ya hear me, boy?

JOHN: Yes, sir.

MAN: Damn right, *yessir*. That's the same kinda shit that got Annie in the place she's in now.

JOHN: What is that supposed to mean?

MAN: Oh son, don't look at me like that. You're family. You're my own flesh and blood. I'd never hurt you. Not really. Everything I've ever done has always been *for* you.

JOHN: (*in a daze*) It didn't have to be this way. She was different...

MAN: NO.

JOHN: She loved me...

MAN: NO!!! *I love you! I'm your father! You are my son! She's just like all the others. Just a little bi...*

JOHN: PLEEEAASSSSEE!!!! (*crying; muffled into table.*)

SOUND 11 **MAN SLIDES CHAIR NEXT TO JOHN / SITS**

MAN: (*close*) John? I know you felt... *something* for her. But that'll change, John. You'll find another--

JOHN: (*still crying in arms*) NO, dad... no.

MAN: Someday you'll find the right one. That special someone who'll be... *worthy*. She'll make Annie, and all the others fade away. Shhhh. They'll fade; fade away. It's like your mother and me. (*long pause*) John, we told ya how your mom and I met, right?

JOHN: Yes da--

MAN: (*lost in memory*) She was singing in the church choir. I was sittin' in the back pew, and for some reason... something made her look... through that sea a people, and lock eyes with me. Even from the back I could see how green her eyes were. You remember her eyes, right?

JOHN: Yes, dad...I do.

MAN: I used to get so lost in those eyes... But that first time I saw 'em... the whole room faded away. Even the voices of the choir went away; 'cept hers. Her voice soared through the air and *pierced* me. It pierced right through me. She always said she never believed in love at first sight... not until *that* day. (*swallows hard*) Soon as I looked into those deep green eyes, I knew. I knew she'd be my wife. And I'd be lost forever... No more me. Just us. And I didn't care. Because, John, I'd found *perfection*.

JOHN: Dad are you... are you alright?

MAN: I miss her. (*sniffs*) I miss her so damn much sometimes. But, John, it was *worth* losing her. I'd lose her again and again as long as it meant that we got to feel... what we felt. That level of harmony. It's worth everything. (*pause*) That's all I want for you, my boy. *Perfection*. It's not too much to ask. Hell, that's why any of us do what we do. Sure, we make mistakes on the way. But in this life, John my boy, we must always *strive* for perfection.

JOHN: I know, dad.

Long pause.

Dad... are we going to Hell?

MAN: (beat) No. No son... God understands. God is love.

JOHN: (sniffing) But, dad, she *did* love me. She said so. How could God ever forgive me for destroying that?

MAN: She could never give you the kind of love you deserve, boy. Not her. We tried to give her a chance. I thought maybe she was different too, but in the end we both were shown differently. Just more of the same. In the end, we both knew what had to be done.

JOHN: Yes, dad... You're right. (sighs) I'm just so tired.

MAN: John, ya always get like this. Worrying about everything. *What if someone finds out? What if you're goin' to hell? What if they find out about the others? What if, what if, WHAT IF?!* Worrying makes you weak. Dulls your senses. Look at me, boy. I don't worry. I don't ponder the "what ifs". I have the courage of my convictions, and I'm able to see every angle because of it. We've been through this time and time again. All those disgusting leaches who tried to mold you into what they wanted you to be. Those sluts who used their womanly ways to cloud the purity of your mind. Those pigs who wanted to take you away from me; from the life your mother and I built for you. Annie is no different. Don't ya see? Stop with the *what ifs*, John. We planned it out perfectly. No one will find her body just like no one will find the others.

JOHN: Yes. Okay, dad.

MAN: They haven't found the others yet, have they? No. And if they get too close for comfort again, we'll just move on. The plan works. The plan has kept us safe thus far. And one day... the plan will pay off. You'll find the right person to share this life with. Someone who won't pressure you or try to change you. Who'll understand that your needs are just as important as hers. And we'll be able to finally rest... to settle... to put the plan aside and just *live*. Really *live*. Doesn't that sound nice, John?

JOHN: Yeah. Stop planning and... and *rest*.

MAN: Hey. Ya remember what your mom and I'd sing to ya when we'd rock ya to sleep?

JOHN: Yeah. Put me out every time.

MAN: (sings "In The Pines")
My girl, my girl, where will you go

I'm going where the cold wind blows

John Joins.

MAN/JOHN: In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

SOUND 12 TWO MEN STRONGLY EMBRACE

JOHN: *(CLOSE) (still in embrace)* I love you dad.

MAN: *(Pause)* John... well... I ...

JOHN: It's okay. I know how you feel about me.

SOUND 13 DOOR SWINGS OPEN (off)

ANNIE: *(off)* Oh hi, guys. John, honey, you didn't tell me your dad was going to be over so early before the trip.

MUSIC 8 RIALIZATION MUSIC HIT (quickly fade out)

(closer) I could've made it home earlier and fixed lunch before we headed out. I just got all sorts of camping goodies from the store.

JOHN: Sounds great, Hun. We're just finishing up.

ANNIE: Plotting and scheming, huh?

JOHN: um. Yeah.

MAN: Best to get a head start anyway. Long road ahead. I'll take these to the truck for ya, Annie.

ANNIE: Oh...well, thanks. Such a gentleman. You know, you could learn a lot from him, John. The apple sure does fall far from the tree when it wants to. *(giggles)*

MAN: Yes. Well. Nobody's perfect. I'll get the truck started. You two be out soon. John? *(pause)* JOHN?

JOHN: Uh...yeah? Yeah, dad?

MAN: Don't forget your bag. *(silence)* Ya hear me, boy?

JOHN: Yeah... yes. I hear you. We'll be right out.

SOUND 14 GRABBING GROCERY BAGS & DOOR SWINGS CLOSED

SOUND 15 **ANNIE HUGS JOHN / THEY KISS**

ANNIE: Hon? You okay?

JOHN: Of course.

ANNIE: I swear that man hates me.

JOHN: *(huffs)* No. No, honey. He doesn't hate you. He's just... intense like that sometimes--

ANNIE: Sometimes?

JOHN: --Since mom died. Hey. C'mere, sexy lady.

ANNIE: *(embracing and kissing him)* I love you. Even if your father is a perpetual grump.

John: *(laughing)* Stop it. He's really not that bad.

ANNIE: Well. I know he didn't exactly get along with your past girlfriends.

JOHN: *(suddenly serious)* How do you know that? Who told you that?

ANNIE: *(close) (comforting)* You did, babe. You told me. What's wrong, hun? You can tell me. Every time I bring up your past--

JOHN: Nothing. Nothing's wrong. I'm perfect. You're perfect. This camping trip is going to be perfect. I just have a headache.

ANNIE: *(playfully)* I don't understand what the big deal is. I've told you about my past *love affairs*. You know I don't care.

SOUND 16 **JOHN plops down in chair**

JOHN: Yeah. I know, hun. It's... I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of. I wasn't always y'know... a good guy. And... I'm tryin' to change that with you. Because... I love you, Annie. I really love you. And I don't want to hurt you.

ANNIE: Well that's good, babe. Cause I don't want to hurt you either. I don't know who you were back then... but I know who you are today. You are the man I am going to spend the rest of my life with.

JOHN: Yeah.

SHE KISSE HIM.

ANNIE: I'm so excited for our new life together. Did you tell your dad already? Is that why you guys were being all secretive down here in the basement? Cause I thought we agreed to tell him together when we went camping--

JOHN: No. No, Hon. I didn't mention it yet.

ANNIE: That's good, Honey. It's best if we tell him together.

JOHN: Either way... He's going to take it how he's going to take it.

SOUND 17 **ANNIE slides onto John's lap in chair**

ANNIE: Look baby, if you don't want to do this that's fine. Just tell me. We don't have to go. Ever since I brought up this promotion and the move you've been acting so weird. It's just a huge opportunity for me. And California is something new and exciting. I think that's what we need, don't you? A change to jumpstart our new life together.

JOHN: Yes honey... It's wonderful for you.

ANNIE: For both of us, John. And your dad will understand that. I bet he's gonna be happy for us. I mean, it's not like I'm taking you away from him or anything. He's always welcome to visit us. With what they're paying me, we can get a place with plenty of room. We will be so happy there. I know it. I feel it. It's just too perfect.

SOUND 18 **ANNIE rises from chair / footsteps / keys jangle**

JOHN: *(in a daze) Perfect.*

SOUND 19 **ANNIE kisses John's cheek**

ANNIE: *(close)* C'mon, John. Your dad's waiting.

JOHN: Yes.

ANNIE: I'm so excited to go camping! Eeeh! This is going be just what the three of us need. *(moving away)* A great way to say goodbye and look to the future. Big things!

BEAT

ANNIE: *(CONT)* **(OFF)** Oh, don't forget your bag, hun.

MUSIC 9 **MUSIC HIT** *(hit and fade into...)*

MUSIC 10 **"IN THE PINES"** *(INSTRUMENTAL) (start under with creeping build)*

SOUND 20 **ANNIE ascends steps /opens & closes door**

***FADE UP MUSIC 10 "IN THE PINES"** *(INSTRUMENTAL) (BUILD TO END OF SONG)*

SOUND 21 **JOHN grabs bag/ ascends steps /opens & closes door**

MUSIC 11 **"IN THE PINES"** *(vocal recording) (x fade in OVER MUSIC 10 to end)*

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE CLOSER

***END MUSIC 11** **"IN THE PINES"** *(vocal recording)*

HOST: You see, Agnes, this is precisely why I never got married.

AGNES: Because you were afraid your lover would secretly plot your gruesome murder with their deranged father?

AL: *(OFF) (From Booth)* Tale as old as time.

HOST: Thank you, Al. Love is for suckers, Agnes, my darling. And the sooner you understand that the sooner you can get on with your un-life.

AGNES: Really?

HOST: Well, such as it is. You get the point. Don't be so damned literal. AND LET THIS BE A LESSON FOR YOU TOO, little Finnley! Life's a long hard road as it is. No use complicating things more with fanciful flighty feelings of *infatuation*. *(shudders)* Who needs it?! Give me my cold crypt, a hot cup of Dorean Grey--

AL: Earl's Brother?

HOST: You know it. And of course, simply give me the ability to binge Night Gallery episodes for eternity and this Doctor is one happy camper.

AL: Ha! Camper. Nice.

HOST: Ya see what I did there?

AGNES: *(under breath) Tacky.*

HOST: WHO'S TACK?!... Um. *(clears throat)* Well that's all the time we have for tonight's episode, boys and ghouls. We hope you enjoyed this perfectly putrescent Parable. I am your hysterically humorous host, Doctor Necropolis, and this has been FRIGHTMARE THEATRE. We shall see you again next time... but until then... goodnight, sleep tight, and don't let the lovebugs bite! muahahahahahAHAAAAAAAAHA!

MUSIC 12 "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, "PERFECTION" was written and directed by Nathan Shelton and featured the voice talents of Drew Dively, George Cron, with Kirsten Overholt as *Annie*; with sound engineering by Steven Weishaar. The song, "In the Pines", featured in tonight's episode originated in the Southern Appalachian area of the United States and has had many hit recordings since the late eighteen hundreds. The Frightmare Theatre Theme Music is created by the terrifyingly talented, Chris Porcelli 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, Stitcher or your favorite listening app.

Producing a monthly horror radio drama is a monstrous undertaking. If you enjoyed shrieking in terror with us this episode, we invite you to join the Frightmare Theatre undead family and support us on Patreon, where you will receive members-only special insights, information, and content.

All previous petrifying episodes of FRIGHTMARE THEATRE have been unearthed and 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 journey into the inky black abyss with us again next month for an all new episode. Until then... I am *the Announcer*, wishing you... pleeeeeaaaasaaaaant dreeeeeeeaaaaaams.

***END MUSIC 12** "FTP CLOSE OUT THEME" **(Fade out)**

END