

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

"THE LOST"

An Original Radio Drama

By
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"THE LOST"

CHARACTERS

- GLEN:** (30s) A seemingly successful television show-runner and co-creator of a popular paranormal reality tv show with his best friend, Ian. The show is gearing up for second half of its first season after a mid-season break... if only they can figure out a way to top their previous episodes and compete in the oversaturated paranormal show market.
- IAN:** (30s) A recently successful television show host and co-creator of a popular paranormal reality tv show with his best friend, Glen. As the "face" of the show he is very used to rabid fans and young ladies wanting his attention. And he doesn't mind it a bit. Success has made him a little too comfortable.
- MALCOM:** (50/60) Local laborer with a long family tie to the area. For reasons known only to himself, he has agreed to secretly sneak the television show location scout team into a restricted and mysterious area of land with a dark past.
- SANDRA:** (20s-30s) Malcom's take-no-nonsense daughter. She is highly protective of her father and has an agenda all her own. She is not a huge fan of outsiders and their judgements of small-town life.
- THING:** Some *thing* in the darkness of the mine.
- NOTES:** The long history between Ian and Glen as well as Malcom and Sandra should be evident in their banter. It all comes from a place of love and many years of life together and is not intended to turn mean spirited or spiteful in any way. In order for the horror of this story to play, we must feel the hearts of these two friends who are living their dream of running their own tv show together.

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE PODCAST

"THE LOST"

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

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

ANNOUNCER:

The hour has grown late and shadows lurk around every corner. Somewhere in the darkness yellow unsympathetic eyes watch as a hapless elderly woman shuttles her garbage to the curb. While across town, an eerie scraping at the window has a young boy desperately trying to forget the scary movie he snuck around to watch... Serves you right, little Timmy... But not to worry. It's only the tree branch outside. *(laughs to self)* Suuuure it is. And now, loyal listeners... It is time once again, to turn down the lights and turn up the terror. For you are about to come face to face with the horrifying visage of... FRIGHTMARE THEATRE.

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

HOST:

Good Evening Boys and Ghouls, and welcome to Frightmare Theatre. I am your spontaneously spooky host, Doctor Necropolis.

SOUND 1 **MUSIC HIT** **"OMINOUS ORGAN CHORDS"**

(OFF) Thank you, Agnes. *(back)* We have a very special story for you rotten little beasties this evening. But first... Agnes, if you would...

MUSIC 2 **"Sympathy PSA Music"** *(fade in/ continue under)*

(somber) We here at Frightmare Theatre want to take just a moment to discuss a topic near and dear to our little black hearts. I am of course referring to *Villain Shaming*.

AL:

Villain Shaming is the despicable practice of loudly rooting for the "hero" or more appropriately, "protagonist" while viewing one's favorite film or television program.

AGNES:

Shameful.

HOST: You said it, Agnes. What our lovable lycanthropic station manager, Al, is describing has been a disturbing practice since the dawn of the moving picture, but if I had a guess, I'd say it goes back even further. Perhaps even back to the beginning of mankind itself, when cave dwellers entertained one another, performing horrifying tales of the hunt for each other by firelight. Just as the story's misunderstood antagonist was about to pounce upon the protagonist, some entitled asshat would yell out—

AL: *"Rathrock the bold, get outta there!"*

AGNES: Dick move.

HOST: Right again, Agnes. Don't be that ghoul. No one needs to hear your hurtful and completely one-sided inner monologue, friend. Not the little beasties sitting next to you, and certainly not the antagonist who is on the receiving end of your spite-filled drivel.

AL: For instance, the audience falls all over themselves applauding as you are bludgeoned to death by your own father, all because you got bit by a rabid Bela Lugosi! Woossssssooofully inappropriate.

AGNES: Yeah! See, how would you feel if you were going about your business in your own castle and a horde of angry villagers stormed the gates and committed egregious acts of arson just as the credits roll, happy music kicks in, and everyone applauds your complete annihilation. Mmm?

HOST: So if you're going to spew your vial hate for the world to hear, and root for your "hero" to not only best, but literally KILL, the antagonist of a story... at least have the decency to hate on both sides and throw a few, *"go kill 'em tiger's"* in there for the other guy. They work just as hard—

AGNES: Harder.

HOST: Because they have no one on their side.

GREG: Except for maybe a lowly henchman or two—

HOST: Quite, Greg!

SOUND 1.2 **WHIP CRACK / Greg Moans / Door closes**

HOST: Who let him in here anyway.

AL: All we are saying is do the decent thing; the *right* thing... and hate indiscriminately.

HOST: Villain Shaming is *real*. And it hurts.

AGNES: It's not just the villains you're shaming... it's *yourself*.

HOST: Now you are in the know.

AL: And being in the know is half the battle.

AGNES: The other half is *killing* those who Villain Shame-

AL: Yes, and rooting for *yourself* loudly as you do it-

AGNES: Give 'em a taste of their own medicine-

HOST: Well, this took a bit of a dark turn. But you get the point.

AL: And getting the point is part of the plan.

HOST: *I don't even know what that means.*

ALL THREE: VILLAIN SHAMING IS WRONG. BE PART OF THE SOLUTION...

HOST: ...or else.

SOUND 1.3 GUN COCKS

ALL THREE laugh hysterically.

***END MUSIC 2 "Sympathy PSA Music" (fade out)**

HOST: And, now boys and ghouls, it is time to sit back and enjoy tonight's terrifying tale of two big city friends in search of terror in the backwoods of Missouri with... *"THE LOST"*. (*Laughs maniacally.*)

MUSIC 3 "SHADOWSIRED" (takes us out)

FTP SCRIPT #1 "THE LOST" SCENE 1

***ALT MUSIC 3* (morphs to on car radio) "SHADOWSIRED" (CONTINUE UNDER)**

GLEN: DUDE, turn that down. I'm trying to navigate here.

SOUND 2 **Folding & Refolding Map** **(under)**

***END MUSIC 3** **"SHADOWSIRED"** **(SNAP OUT)**

SOUND 3* **Ambient Traffic Noises** **(under/intermittent)**

IAN: It's not my fault you didn't want to put it into maps like I said.

GLEN: I already told you, man. You CAN'T find this place by any satellite driven map. It only exists on a very few old maps. Like this... *thing*.

SOUND 4 **Refolding Map**

IAN: Yeah. That may as well be a wadded-up paper hat for all the good it's doing us.

SOUND 5 **Slamming Map Down**

GLEN: Dude. This is what we have, okay? Get over it. We have to make this first episode back from the season break a big one. THIS is how we do it.

SOUND 6 **Crinkles Map**

IAN: Well if I'd known what a grumpy-ass trying to follow a freakin' map would make you, I'd have said, screw the mine, let's hit up that abandoned orphanage outside St. Louis. At least it's easy to find.

GLEN: Yeah. And that's exactly why we *couldn't* do the orphanage. Every paranormal team and their spinoff have "been there done that". Its tired. Overdone.

IAN: -like that freakin' map. (*laughs*)

GLEN: Dude, this map is gonna lead us to the best damn show of our career! Are you kiddin' me? Don't laugh this off. I had to go through hell for this thing.

IAN: Yeah, yeah, yeah. We all know the lengths Glen McMurtry will go to for the show.

GLEN: It's aaaaaaalllllll for the show.

IAN: *It's aaaaallll for the show.*

(they laugh)

IAN: I'm sure whatever dehumanizing sexually confusing measure you had resort to in order to get that map, it'll all be worth it. Let's just hope you can still sleep at night.

GLEN: When we find this cave and get some actual real shit on camera, I'll be sleeping like a baby. Don't you worry your pretty little head about me.

(BEAT)

IAN: I do, though. Worry about ya, man. We should both be living high on the hog right now, ya know? Hit new show. Streaming deal in the works. I mean, this is *it*, man! We made it! This is what we always wanted. This is what we... what you worked so damn hard for. And you seem more stressed than ever. (Silence) Hey, Glen.

GLEN: (miles away) Yeah. No. I hear you.

IAN: Is everything good at home? You and Alicia-

GLEN: We are "*taking some time apart*" right now. It's fine. I have to focus on the show anyway. She never really understood that. But... she'll come around, man. All good.

IAN: Yeah? Yeah. She's been by your side every step of the way. Dude. Relationships are hard, I get it.

GLEN: Yeah. You are the world's most noted authority on relationships. Thanks for the advice, Dr. Drew.

IAN: Ok. Be an ass. (pause) It's a nice sunset at least. Woods are cool. Spooky. (pause) Glen?

GLEN: Hm? Yeah. Sure, man.

IAN: Small town America. This is gonna be perfect for the show. You were right. 'Locals friendly?

GLEN: Not at all.

IAN: Really?

GLEN: Jesus, I mean... People around here won't even talk about this place. They get outright hostile about it. This one guy hit me when I didn't back down from asking him questions about those missing kids.

IAN: He *HIT* you?

GLEN: Yeah. Hit me right in the ear. But his buddy felt so bad about the whole thing he found me outside and gave me some info. Which led to more info... and so on and so on. *This* is where I was for the past two weeks, Ian! While you and the rest of the crew were taking in sun on vacation, I was digging up shit we can actually use to bump up viewers for the second half of the season! You know... *working*. It was one wild goose chase after another, man. But it paid off with this baby right here. *(pause)* Did I tell ya that it took almost the entire budget for the last half of the season to secure this map? Yeah. Deena almost had my ass.

IAN: Almost? By my estimate she's been having your ass all season. *(chuckles)*

GLEN: Whatever. This little treasure map is going to pay off big time. It has to.

IAN: Even if it doesn't, we're fine, right? I mean the show is a huge success, right?

GLEN: Yeah. Of course, man. But the network's wanting bigger and badder. Denna's wanting cheaper and easier. This *has* to be the scariest episode yet or I'm telling you... we're going be dead men. OH, turn right up there. We should be getting close.

MUSIC 4 **SCENE TRANSITION MUSIC** **(FADE IN)**

FTP SCRIPT #1 **"THE LOST"** **SCENE 2**

***END MUSIC 4** **SCENE TRANSITION MUSIC** **(FADE OUT)**

SOUND 7 **Crickets Chirping "night sounds" (continuous under)**

IAN: C'mon, man. Let's hit that diner we passed on the way down. This's a joke. They aren't coming. I'm starving.

GLEN: No way. He told me to park up there at the entrance to the access road and walk down the trail to the "NO TRESPASSING" sign. He said he'd meet us here and take us the rest of the way.

IAN: Well, here we are. It's dark. The crickets are getting freaky with each other. And something keeps biting me all over. We've been waiting for more than

an hour. Something tells me maybe the locals were just having more fun with the big city tv boy. Let's get out of here before they get a posse together to hit you in your other ear.

GLEN: What?

IAN: Jesus, they did more damage than I thought. LETS GOOOO. This is a huge waste of time, man. They aren't coming. We can't find this mine by ourselves in the dark. Nor should we try. Lets just go get some food in us, get some sleep at that crappy little motel, and tomorrow we can talk to the orphanage people. I'm sure we can make a killer show out of it.

GLEN: No. We wait a little longer. He wasn't messing with me. He'll be here. This is too good of a scoop to pass up; trust me. We need this.

IAN: So, what? A haunted mine? Some disappearances in the woods? A local legend? This is us every week, Glen. Nothing new; and the network is just fine with nothing new. We don't have to reinvent the wheel here, man. I bet we can get into the orphanage next week to shoot prelims and —

GLEN: I SAID NO, Ian. That's it. Sorry to pull rank on you but... as the show's host... you don't get to make these calls. I do.

IAN: *"Ladies and gentleman, Glen McMurtry, Show Runner Extraordinaire has finally grown some balls."* Ok, man. We wait. But it better be worth it. I'm wasting away from lack of deep-fried diner food right now.

GLEN: Did you not read the location reports I sent?
(PAUSE) (They laugh)

GLEN: You asshole. Why do I even work so hard on those? You just show up on set and expect everyone to fill you in. Jesus, you really are the laziest bast-

IAN: So fill me in, boss man. Seriously. Why is this haunted mine so imperative to us?

GLEN: First of all. It's not just *any* mine. This was THE mining town back in early nineteen hundreds. At its height, the mine here was the largest lead producer in the country. It supported hundreds of families over the years. Until —

IAN: *(deep trailer voice) "Until a tragic accident forced the mine to close, causing the town to dwindle into the mere shadow of its former glory that we see today."*

GLEN: So you *did* read my report!

IAN: NO!!! It's obvious! Dude! It's a classic American trope. This story wasn't even fresh when Scooby and the gang were investigating it back in the seventies. Why the hell are we wasting our time out here on this when we could easily –

GLEN: *You don't understand. This place is the REAL DEAL, Ian. The things people report in these woods would keep you up at night. I'm serious, I haven't slept in almost a week. Haunted mines and disappearances don't even scratch the surface here. Try sixty-four confirmed disappearances in this exact area over the last fifty years. That's just since the mine closed in sixty-nine.*

IAN: *(playfully) Awwww.*

GLEN: Shut up. There've been reports of strange sightings in these woods dating back to the early settlers. *Before the mine. Hell, before the town!*

IAN: Here we go.

SOUND 8 **RIFLING PAPERS** *(intermittent under)*

GLEN: When the mine first opened an entire dig crew disappeared overnight without a trace. No word to their families or friends. To this day all nine of those men are unaccounted for. That's the thing, man. Here in the Ozarks there's limestone caves everywhere. The system beneath us right now is so vast that they're still mapping new sections of it every year.

IAN: And if we produced a show for the Science Channel this would be fascinating to our viewers.

GLEN: *BUT.* Due to the area of land that the mine sits on being private property, no one's been allowed to explore since the closure. No one's even allowed past this access road. And those that go beyond this gate, don't always come back.

IAN: Dun Dun Duuuuuuunnnnnnnnn. Commercial break!

GLEN: Those who've come back report seeing things. *Hearing* things. Having a sense of being watched; followed... *hunted*. The majority of disappearances are children. Some of whom disappeared in plain sight! One minute they were there, playing. And the next; GONE! Most were only a few feet away from their parents. When the reports start piling up, the local authorities persuade the land owner to restrict access to the area. This is where we are today. Paranormal enthusiasts have been sneaking in her for years and documenting some pretty terrifying experiences.

IAN: Okay. So these trespassers upload nightcam shots of themselves creeping each other out online. Cool. Not buyin' it.

GLEN: This one couple had been camping out just a few acres north of the mine entrance, where almost half of the area's disappearances had happened. Now keep in mind most of those children disappeared in broad daylight. So. These two idiot thrill seekers are out here in the woods snuggled up in a tent one night, when they hear this strange sound out in the woods.

MUSIC 5 OMINOUS AMBIENT MUSIC (*CREEPS IN*) (*BUILDS THROUGHOUT*)

(growing more intense) It's coming from the direction of the mine. At first its far off in the woods. But then a twig *SNAPS*. Almost right up on them. They get spooked. They were there, holding their breath. Listening. *Waiting*. At that moment, right on the other side of the thin wall of their tent... they hear this tiny –

MALCOM: *NONESENSE!*

***END MUSIC 5 OMINOUS AMBIENT MUSIC (*SNAPS OUT*)**

IAN: Shit!

GLEN: Malcom. Jesus, man, you–

MALCOM: Now I told ya, mister. I'm willin' to help ya get to where yer goin', but you gotta tell the truth... such as it is. This is *real*. These people are gone. My... My brother. Gone. An' no one wants ta talk about it. No one comes in here lookin' for answers. Bad things happen here. An' its gonna keep on happenin' until someone tells the goddamn *truth!*

IAN: *(pause)* uh... If you want an autograph I can just get up to the car and nab–

GLEN: Ian, this is Malcom Tennison. Our guide.

SANDRA: *(off)* Quiet, ya'll. Damn. We're gonna have a state trouper on our ass if ya'll keep up. *(closer)* They park just over that ridge and wait on dumbasses like you to sneak in here.

IAN: Well, hello there.

GLEN: Who's this?

MALCOM: This here's my daughter, Sandra.

GLEN: I thought we had to meet alone. You made a huge deal about just me and Ian--

SANDRA: Aw, hell. If I didn't come down here, Mal here would lead you both straight off a cliff. He's blinder 'an a bat when the suns up.

MALCOM: Sandra knows this land better'n anyone. Almost as good as me.

SANDRA: Well, pick those jaws up off the ground and let's get goin'. We don't wanna be out here too late.

IAN: And why is that?

MALCOM: Better safe n' sorry. Let's move.

SOUND 9 RUSTLING LEAVES as they walk away

IAN: Well what the hell does that mean? Glen? C'mon Glen. This is...

SOUND 10 RUSTLING LEAVES/ROCKS as GLEN walks away

Great. *(sighs)* This better be good...

MUSIC 6 SCENE TRANSITION MUSIC *(FADE IN)*

FTP SCRIPT #1 "THE LOST" SCENE 3

END MUSIC 6 SCENE TRANSITION MUSIC *(FADE OUT)

SOUND 11 Footsteps on DIRT/ROCKS as they walk up

ALL talk in hushed whispers

GLEN: Huh. No more crickets.

IAN: Yeah. Wow, it did get quiet.

SANDRA: Here it is.

IAN: Hmph. I thought it'd be... different. I don't know. Like more imposing. Ya know, old abandoned haunted mine. (*imitating a ghost*) Oooooooooohhhhhhhh.

GLEN: Sorry about him. He's got a Scooby Doo complex.

IAN: Daphne was hot.

MALCOM: Don't let the unassuming nature of it fool ya. This place has a dark history.

GLEN: Well, let's do this.

MALCOM: Woah!

SANDRA: What the hell you doin'?

GLEN: Goin' in. We have to make sure its going to be right for the show.

MALCOM: The hell you say.

SANDRA: No way. You got yer heads so far up yer ass, ya need caving gear just to find your way around.

IAN: Ya know, Glen, caving gear would be a plus right now if we're seriously gonna do this thing.

MALCOM: You boys would need more than a few flashlights and some rope if ya went down in there.

GLEN: You agreed-

MALCOM: I agreed to take you here. We've done that. Now, lets go. The moon is out full and we don't have much time.

IAN: What are we worrying about werewolves now?

MALCOM: There aint no such thing as werewolves.

SANDRA: We ain't goin' any further. God, you damn tv people are all the same.

GLEN: Wait, what?!

IAN: Maybe this place *aint* so secret after all.

GLEN: Have there been other shows interested in this place?

MALCOM: Well a course. Everyone and their brother knows about the disappearances. You actually think you two are the first ones comin' round tryin' to make a buck off of it?

IAN: *(under breath)* Damnit.

GLEN: No. Wait. I checked. No one's done an episode on this place. No one.

SANDRA: Don't mean they haven't tried. Most of em don't even make it out this far. But those that did, outstayed their welcome.

GLEN: What the hell does that mean?

MALCOM: Ya know that show, uh... Monsters and... uh...

SANDRA: Monsters and Madmen.

GLEN/ IAN: Of course.

GLEN: They never did a segment on this.

IAN: Didn't they get cancelled last year?

SANDRA: Right. Why is that?

GLEN: I don't know. They were a popular show. I didn't care honestly. Just glad to have less competition.

MALCOM: That show's idiot host who always antagonized the ghosts and whatnot... he came out here with some buddies lookin' to explore the mine. I warned 'em.

GLEN: They came *here*?

SANDRA: Sure did. Paid us a hell of a lot of money to get 'em here too. But they wouldn't go back with us and...

MALCOM: Four men went through that gate, down into the mine. Only one came back out.

SANDRA: Guess that dumbass cussed out the wrong ghost.

GLEN: That's a load of bull. We would've heard all about it. Everyone would've known.

SANDRA: Nope. The producers shut the story up, but quick. Cost em a pretty penny too, I bet. And that poor bastard was taken outta here on his back, ranting and crying for his mamma.

MALCOM: Yeah. He's still up at the hospital down the road last we heard. Got him under lock and key.

SANDRA: 'say he's a danger to himself and others.

MALCOM: So ya see, this is as far as we go. Hell, it's dangerous enough just bein' this close to an opening. Stories are one thing. We can give ya plenty of those. Anything more an' yer askin' for trouble.

SANDRA: We best be getting' back. You got what you came for-

GLEN: No way.

SOUND 12 Clicking of GUN being cocked

SANDRA/MALCOM: Woah!

IAN: What the hell, Glen! You have a gun?!!!

GLEN: I wasn't going to come all the way out here and not be prepared.

IAN: Dude!

GLEN: Shut up, Ian. There's too much riding on this to let it all go now.

IAN: Glen, what the hell are you talking about? You are acting crazy. We're fine. The show's fine. We have options here, man. *Put the f- gun down.*

GLEN: What show?! If we don't get something spectacular before the season's up there won't be any goddamned show!

IAN: What?!

GLEN: The almighty network has spoken. We're just not unique enough. Audiences are starting to decline-

IAN: NO! Our viewership was up-

GLEN: WAS up. It's a dog eat dog world and they have plenty of shows just like us chomping at the bit for our spot. WE NEED THIS! Or it's all over. I've sunk *everything* I have into making this work for us. And

I'm not about to let these two hillbillies take that away.

MALCOM: Now, watch it, mister. No one wants to hurt anyone. We showed you what you paid us to show you. And now we're just gonna be on our way. You don't need Sandra and me. You're here. You can head back in the mornin' to the car whenever you boys are done doin' whatever you came here to do. Easier to find yer way in daylight anyhow. At least let Sandra go and—

SOUND 13 GUNSHOT

(Sandra & Ian SCREAM)

MALCOM: *(grimacing)* You sunovabitch. You shot me.

GLEN: I'm sorry. You need to know how serious this is.

IAN: What the hell, GLEN! You shot someone?!

GLEN: His leg will be fine.

SANDRA: *(fighting tears)* Dad. Oh, Daddy.

MALCOM: I'm fine, baby.

GLEN: Let's go, Sandra.

SOUND 14 GLEN DRAGGING SANDRA AWAY FROM MALCOM

(Sandra shrieks and grunts as she struggles)

IAN: C'mon man, this has gone too far. This isn't you. Let her get him out of here. We can still go down into—

SOUND 15 (OFF) Snapping of limbs / Strange animal Noise

MALCOM: No.

SANDRA: We have to get outta here now.

IAN: What was that?

MALCOM: It's too late.

SOUND 16 (OFF) Strange Animal Screech

GLEN: Something's out there in the trees.