

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*) Damn it, 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: Loveyoubyyyyyyyyyyyyeee.

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?! Damn it! 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?