

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: (CONT) *(reading)* “My mother says that watching scary movies and growing up to host a horror radio show is the asinine dream of a diseased mind.” Well that’s a bit of a backhanded com--

(OFF) (AGNES GIGGLES SOFTLY)

HOST: Got the giggles, do we Agnes, dear? *(silence)* That’s what I thought. *(clears throat)* He goes on to say, “But I know my mom’s just jealous. I want to grow up to be a Doctor just like you and have an old lady forced to play the organ for me--”

AGNES: Old?!

HOST: *(laughing uncontrollably)* Well played, little Finnley. *(Pause)* Oh, don’t look at me like that Agnes, he’s just a little boy... *(low)* a brilliant, astute, articulate little boy.

AGNES: Well, that cancels his chances of ever hosting *this* show?

HOST: Watch it, Agnes. *(Pause)* “Please read my letter on the show. And let me know how I can grow up to host Frightmare Theatre when you die.”

AGNES: And they just keep comin’.

HOST: Well. Funny thing there, Finnley. Unfortunately for you, my little beastie, you’re ol’ pal Doctor Necropolis cannot die. You see, I am already dead. Well. Technically UN-dead.

AGNES: Like not dead.

HOST: Exactly! But not alive either.

AGNES: It’s a little confusing.

HOST: Don’t talk down to the boy, Agnes. He’s obviously one of the brighter bulbs in the box. Little Finnley, we are neither dead OR alive. UN-Dead. We exist *between* the worlds here at Frightmare Theatre. We will not die, nor can we live, and to be honest it’s not a position a bright little beastie like you wants to find yourself in one--

AGNESS: We’re in Hell, Kid.

AL: *(OFF)* *(from booth)* HEY!

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?