

DARK ADVENTURE RADIO THEATRE:

THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM

Written by

Sean Branney & Andrew Leman

Based on "The Horror in the Museum"
By Hazel Heald and H.P. Lovecraft

Read-along Script
August 13, 2021

©2021 by HPLHS Inc. All Rights Reserved.

NOTICE: This script is provided as a convenience only to DART listeners to follow along with the recorded show. It is not licensed for professional or amateur performance of any kind. Inquiries regarding performance rights should be sent to keeper@cthulhulives.org

INTRODUCTION

SFX: static, radio tuning, snippet of '30s song, more tuning, static dissolves to:

Dark Adventure Radio THEME MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER

Tales of intrigue, adventure, and the mysterious occult that will stir your imagination and make your very blood run cold.

MUSIC CRESCENDO.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This is Dark Adventure Radio Theatre, featuring your host, Lester Mayhew. Today's episode: "The Horror in the Museum" a tale by Hazel Heald and H.P. Lovecraft.

SCARY MUSIC, but with a slight theatrical overtone - maybe a hint of SIDE SHOW or HAUNTED HOUSE to it.

LESTER MAYHEW

No den of amusements casts a strange allure quite like that of the wax museum. Portraits of the great and famous, the hideous and infamous, uncannily rendered translucent and lifelike. Since ancient times men have created idols and worshipped them, but ever since the days of Moses it's been considered a mortal sin. Idolatry - a violation of the bible's second commandment. If those who make an image of god incur his wrath, then what shall become of the man who dares to turn a god into an image?

But first, a word from our sponsor.

SPONSOR JINGLE

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

We have all met her. She can be found everywhere in America. In the big cities, the little villages or out on the farm. She is the woman who has the gift for human relationships.

(MORE)

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

Money is not her mark of distinction, nor a brilliant position before the world. Yet she is rich - in the affection of her husband and children, her neighbors and friends; and she is beautiful with the beauty of genuineness. That is why she is always on the alert for the new thing - the best thing - that will contribute to the comfort and pleasure of all; and she knows that no material element in the home is as essential to good temper, cheerfulness and good health as an attractive table.

Dining with her is a lesson in the fitness of things - the flowers, the conversation, the food, all are parts of a harmonious whole. As she is the mistress of the art of life, each meal, however simple, is one of her masterpieces, because it is different.

These are the critical women for whom Bon Voyage Salad Dressing was developed. We are indebted to them for many ideas and suggestions that we can never repay and which have helped place Bon Voyage in over a million homes.

ANNOUNCER

Bon Voyage - set sail for your glamorous adventure in salad.

LESTER MAYHEW

And now, Dark Adventure Radio Theatre presents "The Horror in the Museum".

MUSIC.

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

A pair of American visitors made their way to a famous London tourist attraction, with an eye to business opportunities.

SCOUTING THE COMPETITION

Inside Madame Tussaud's wax museum in London, STEVEN JONES, an ambitious American impresario, speaks to ELEANOR PATTERSON, his calculating Chicago financier.

TOURISTS wander by enjoying themselves. CROWD NOISE throughout.

JONES

(apprehensive)

What do you think? I mean obviously it's not the Art Institute...

PATTERSON

No, but I must say I do like the line outside. Madame Tussaud was on to something.

JONES

Watch. Just watch 'em.

HAZEL and HUMPHREY are British tourists.

HAZEL

Oh! Here, love, snap a kodak of me with her majesty!

HUMPHREY

Looks a bit grumpy, don't she?

HAZEL

Just as I remember her from when I was a girl. Look at us now!

HUMPHREY

Hold still, Hazel.

CLICK.

HAZEL

Oh, it's Jack Dempsey!

(hurrying off)

Come on, Humphrey, I want a picture with him.

HUMPHREY

All right, keep your wig on!

They go.

JONES

See? They snap a photograph of themselves and run off to the next one. Imagining themselves hobnobbing with the powerful and famous.

PATTERSON

Did you see the line to get into the Chamber of Horrors?

JONES

Yes, of course, but that's just because it appeals to prurient interests. Putting murder weapons on display is not art.

PATTERSON

No, but no one ever went broke catering to the baser instincts of the public either.

JONES

True, but what I'm after is authentic artistry. It has to engage! I mean, it's hard to get excited by this Queen Victoria. There's no drama in that face. No life!

PATTERSON

She looks like a potato. Still, the crowds do come to admire don't they? If they can't be celebrities, they aspire to be near them.

JONES

Right, but imagine, a museum where the figures seem to be alive! Where you'd think they might reach out and touch you at any moment.

(he moves over to another sculpture)

Holy cow! Come here, take a look at this one. Now this is what I'm talking about. This is what I want for my museum!

PATTERSON

Yes. Certainly a higher caliber of work. Who is it supposed to be?

JONES

Dr. John Dee.

PATTERSON

Mmmm. Maybe he's only famous in England.

JONES

He was an astrologer and a kind of a wizard in the days of Elizabeth the first. Look at those eyes. Now they have the spark of life. It's like he's looking at us, not the other way around. And that knowing smile? This is a man who understands secrets.

PATTERSON

That gaze does make one feel uncomfortable, doesn't it. Who made it?

JONES

I don't know. None of them credit the artists.

They take A FEW STEPS toward another figure.

PATTERSON

Hold on, let's ask this guard. Pardon me, young man?

Some FOOTSTEPS as JENNINGS, a working-class museum guard, approaches.

JENNINGS

Yes, mum?

PATTERSON

Who actually sculpts all these waxworks, anyway?

JENNINGS

(with pride)

Ah, well the oldest ones were made by Madame Tussaud herself, almost an hundred years ago now. The museum has a staff of the finest sculptors in the world.

PATTERSON

What about this one? Dee. Do you know who sculpted it?

JENNINGS

(his tone darkens)

Oh. That's one of Rodgers'. He's no longer on our staff.

JONES

(very interested)

Really? Why is that? He would seem to be quite talented.

JENNINGS

I'm really not supposed to--

JONES

(sotto voce)

We'll make it worth your while.

JENNINGS

Oh, well I...

JONES

Allow me to introduce myself:
Steven Jones, exhibition
impresario, Chicago, Illinois!

JENNINGS

(a bit flummoxed)

Impresario?

JONES

A promoter of entertainments and
diversions. Mister...?

JENNINGS

Jennings, sir.

PATTERSON

Eleanor Patterson - I'm Mr. Jones'
principal investor and financier.

JENNINGS

(still flummoxed)

Oh, congratulations! When's the
happy day?

PATTERSON

No, I handle the finances. For your
troubles, sir.

The CRINKLE OF MONEY.

JENNINGS

Five pounds! Bless you, ma'am.

JONES

Tell us about this Rodgers.

JENNINGS

Well, he's a queer kind of genius, no doubt. Made some of our best figures. But they dismissed him all the same. There were... rumors.

JONES

Rumors? What do you mean?

JENNINGS

(quietly)

Some said he was barking mad. I heard tell he had some ideas about religion that... well, I don't know. He didn't get on, that's all. He started up his own place. Full of his own kind of pieces, they say. A bit... different to what we have here.

PATTERSON

How so?

JENNINGS

(delicately)

Eh, some of the works might not be suitable for the general public.

JONES

And where might that be, his place?

JENNINGS

Southwark, sir. It's not a respectable neighborhood for visitors.

PATTERSON

That's quite all right. We're not "respectable", we're Americans.

JENNINGS

Mind yourself if you go across the river, mum. His place, it's down in a basement. Not a proper museum at all if you ask me.

OMINOUS TRANSITION MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

By following the guard's reluctant directions, the two found their way to a rather grim edifice not far from Blackfriars Bridge. Soon they had their tickets and set about exploring the displays.

THE MUSEUM

Rodgers' museum is much quieter than Tussaud's with fewer people milling through. ECHOING AMBIANCE.

PATTERSON

I hope this isn't what you have in mind. It's dreary and... that smell. Hardly any customers about either.

Their STEPS ECHO as they move deeper into the basement.

JONES

(rapt)

We could fix that. But look at his work: classically inspired. Gorgons, chimeras, the Cyclops. Even his monstrosities look more lifelike than the human figures at Tussaud's.

PATTERSON

I can't deny there's something arresting about his work.

We hear a MUFFLED CRY OF ALARM coming from off to the side, and what might be someone FAINTING.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Sounds like there's something juicy in that curtained-off section over there.

They WALK OVER. Some mild HUBBUB behind the curtain as they approach. Suddenly the CURTAIN IS FLUNG ASIDE and ORABONA escorts two distressed patrons out. He has an East African dialect.

COMPLAINING MAN

...ought to be ashamed of yourselves. She'll be having nightmares for weeks!

ORABONA

I am sorry for your daughter's distress, sir, but as the sign very clearly says, admittance to this section is restricted to adults only.

COMPLAINING MAN

But that's just a bit of an old cod, innit? How was I to know you meant it?

ORABONA

We mean everything we say, sir. Do mind the steps on your way out.

A GIRL WAILS AND WEEPS as the man hurries her out.

COMPLAINING MAN

I'll be telling my friends, believe you me!

ORABONA

Please do.

They GO.

JONES

(after a pause)
Hello. Mr....?

ORABONA

I am Orabona, the manager of Rodgers Wax Museum. Please ignore that outburst, sir and madame. Have you seen our Hall of History? Come look upon Cleopatra and the asp. You'll swear they draw breath.

PATTERSON

I'd rather like to take a look behind the curtain.

ORABONA

Oh, madame. I must warn you - as you have seen, it is not for the faint of heart.

PATTERSON

Neither am I.

JONES

We'd very much like to see it. Lead on, sir.

The SLIDE OF CURTAIN RINGS as they step into the restricted section.

ORABONA

You have travelled far to be here,
I think?

JONES

Yes. You too, unless I'm much
mistaken.

ORABONA

Ah, yes. Mr. Rodgers' work is
most... compelling. As you have
seen, teratological marvels are his
specialty. In this section he
abandons the Greek monsters in
favor of... well, the sorts of
myths that are only whispered of.

They move on.

PATTERSON

Lord in heaven! What is that?

ORABONA

Formless Tsathoggua of Hyperborean
legend. This... the tentacled face
of Great Cthulhu's spawn. And here,
the dread proboscidian, Chaugnar
Faugn.

JONES

It's... it's horrific. Wonderfully
so. What mythologies conceive of
such hideous creatures?

ORABONA

They are written of in forbidden
books like the *Book of Eibon*, or
the *Black Tome* of von Junzt. Books
that have been shunned and
suppressed through the centuries.

JONES

Understandably. These figures,
they're genuinely disturbing.

ORABONA

(bemused)

And we have only begun. Steel
yourself as we round the corner.

They take a few steps and Jones GASPS!

JONES
 (gasping)
 Good God! What are these?

ORABONA
 The hybrid creations of his own...
 unique vision.

PATTERSON
 No wonder that child was crying.
 This Rodgers, is he some kind of
 opium fiend?

ORABONA
 His imagination knows no bounds.

JONES
 I'll say. The workmanship -
 astonishing. And the way you've
 done the lighting - very clever.
 Your presentation here is
 revolutionary.

ORABONA
 You are most kind.

JONES
 I have to meet him, this Rodgers.
 Is he in? I'd like to discuss a
 business proposition with him.

ORABONA
 Business?

JONES
 I'm making plans to open a museum
 of my own back in the States, and
 I'd very much like to come to an
 arrangement with him.

ORABONA
 I see. I'm afraid Mr. Rodgers is
 not available at this time, but I
 will be glad to give him your card,
 mister....?

JONES
 Jones, Steven Jones. My colleague
 Mrs. Patterson and I have rooms at
 the Savoy. We'll look forward to
 hearing from him.

Transition MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

As they waited for a response from Rodgers, Mrs. Patterson used her influence to reach out to a reporter at the Times.

THE TIMES OF LONDON

In the morgue at the Times, Jones and Patterson consult with Richard Carrey.

CARREY

So you write for the Chicago Tribune?

PATTERSON

I'm one of the owners actually. And the Daily News in New York. Ink practically runs through my veins. I wired our international editor for the name of the best reporter in London, and he wired back "Richard Carrey". Thank you for seeing us.

CARREY

(a bit dazzled)

Certainly, ma'am. The pleasure's all mine.

PATTERSON

Aren't you a dear? May I introduce my business partner, Steven Jones.

JONES

How do you do?

CARREY

And what business are you engaged in?

JONES

Attractions is the name of my game. I'm here scouting the world's finest acts and amusements to bring them to the good people of Chicago.

Pause.

PATTERSON

And I'm the money. My business interests are diverse.

CARREY

I see. Well, that would explain your interest in George Rodgers. He's a curious bloke, to be sure. He keeps well out of the public eye, considering who he is.

JONES

Why, who is he?

CARREY

Are you familiar with Rodgers & Carew?

JONES

Can't say I am.

CARREY

They're the builders who have constructed much of the Tube here in London. Quite a large firm. Well, your Rodgers inherited quite a sum when his father passed away.

PATTERSON

Curious. How does a man with that kind of capital end up running a low rent wax museum?

CARREY

Afraid I can't quite tell you. Young George Rodgers went to Paris to study art. Not much remarkable about him while he was there. One brush with the gendarmerie following an investigation of a dubious crackpot called Fulcanelli.

JONES

What was that about?

CARREY

Seems this Fulcanelli claimed he was an alchemist. The inquiry came about after the death of one of his followers. Rodgers was among those questioned.

JONES

Hmm.

CARREY

He seems to have made several lengthy trips overseas, but really, he keeps quite a low profile. I've heard he squandered a fair bit of his fortune, and isn't on good terms with the family. Black sheep, you know. I believe that they actually have an arrangement with Lord Rothermere to keep his name out of the papers.

PATTERSON

Hm, it wouldn't be the first such arrangement. It's like Jimmy Capone.

CARREY

Who? I've never heard of him.

PATTERSON

That's the point. He's a prohibition agent. The shame of his brother, Al.

JONES

Perhaps that's how Rodgers ended up at Tussaud's.

CARREY

Perhaps. I talked to a source who told me that although he was a profoundly gifted sculptor, he put rather a fright up the other employees. He would talk to himself, subtly at first, but at times it would rise to the pique of a raging argument.

JONES

Really?

CARREY

And that wasn't all. Sometimes Rodgers would work late into the night. One of the other sculptors, a fellow named Prentiss, arrived early to the workshop and found Rodgers had drawn a mad series of circles and triangles in chalk on the floor around one of pieces, and seemed to be engaging in some kind of crazed worship of the thing.

(MORE)

CARREY (CONT'D)

Shouting and leaping about,
apparently. They gave him the sack
then and there.

PATTERSON

I can't say he sounds like a
desirable employee.

JONES

Well, you know what artists are
like. Temperamental. Even
passionate. The best of them are
always at least a little insane.
I'd be disappointed if he weren't.
And anyway, who's to say this
Prentiss fellow didn't exaggerate?
He's an artist too.

PATTERSON

Artists.

JONES

(a declaration)

He doesn't frighten me, Eleanor.

TRANSITION MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

With his curiosity only increased,
Jones sent a telegram to Rodgers,
repeating his desire to discuss
business. The next day brought a
favorable response, and an
invitation to return to the strange
underground museum after hours. At
the designated time Jones and
Patterson knocked on the door.

MR. RODGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD

MUSIC. KNOCKING. The door CREAKS open.

JONES

Ah, Mr. Orabona, was it? May we
come in?

ORABONA

Of course. You are expected.

JONES

Wonderful. I'm looking forward to meeting Rodgers. He's here, I trust?

ORABONA

He is in his workshop. Let me take you there. Mrs. Patterson.

PATTERSON

Yes, thank you.

WALKING DOWN STONE STEPS.

ORABONA

I have worked closely with Mr. Rodgers for years now, and if I may be so forward, I urge you to approach your subject delicately.

JONES

Excuse me?

ORABONA

Mr. Rodgers is a sensitive man, a true artist. He does not possess an American sense of "business". He may be more receptive to your offer if it grows out of conversation naturally.

JONES

I see.

PATTERSON

(skeptical)

So you want him to work with us, Orabona?

ORABONA

(evasive)

You are perceptive, madame. I want what is best for his great work.

JONES

(breaking tension)

Well wonderful, that's what we all want. I'll tread lightly, Orabona, smooth as silk.

They reach the workroom door. Orabona KNOCKS.

ORABONA

(loudly)

Mr. Rodgers? Your visitors are here. Are you ready for them?

Some SCUFFLING and SHUFFLING through the door.

RODGERS

(through the door)

Yes, come in!

The door CREAKS OMINOUSLY OPEN. MUSIC.

Rodger's voice is raspy and does not reflect a posh upbringing in any way.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Mr. Jones. Do come in. Mrs. Patterson, you're welcome. Ain't you a pretty thing?

PATTERSON

(aghast)

Charmed, I'm sure.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

The stunned Americans found themselves in an evil-looking crypt lighted dimly by dusty horizontal windows in the brick wall on a level with a hidden courtyard. Waxen arms, legs, heads, and torsos lay in grotesque array on various benches, while on high tiers of shelves matted wigs, ravenous-looking teeth, and glassy, staring eyes were indiscriminately scattered.

MR. RODGER'S NEIGHBORHOOD 2

Rodgers leads them through the workshop.

PATTERSON

(sotto voce)

How ghastly.

RODGERS

What's that, madame?

PATTERSON

Your workshop... remarkable.

RODGERS

Eh, here you are, then. This here, this is just costume pieces I've collected.

JONES

Ha, yes, like the cast offs of a theatrical troupe.

RODGERS

Mmm. Over here, this is where I keep the brushes, paints and all that. This, this is the hair section - all different kinds. Wigs for the human forms, but samples of fur and other things... you get the gist.

JONES

I do, yes.

RODGERS

(flipping back a cloth)
Some people find my collection of arms and legs there disturbing.

JONES

(groans)

PATTERSON

No, no, I'm not squeamish in the least.

RODGERS

That there, that's the melting furnace. And them's is cakes of wax that have yet to be melted down. I melt 'em in that pot there and then I can pour out the hot wax through that spout. Mind yourself, mum. It's hotter than Hades!

PATTERSON

I can feel it from here.

RODGERS

I rigged this up balanced so I can do a pour with just one hand.

JONES

Ingenious.

PATTERSON

What do you keep in there?

RODGERS

Where?

PATTERSON

The door, with the big padlock?

RODGERS

Storerroom.

PATTERSON

(unconvinced)

Really. The symbol, there on the door - like one of those alchemist's--

RODGERS

My, ain't you curious? That's what's known as an eld--

ORABONA

(interceding)

It is a tribal symbol, from Africa. I drew it myself. It means "store room, keep out".

Awkward pause.

JONES

Ah. And this other door must lead up to--

RODGERS

Goes up to the courtyard in the back, that does.

JONES

Well, Mr. Rodgers, I really must thank you for taking the time to show us your workshop. Your creations... truly they are the very zenith of the macabre. I am a true admirer of your artistry. Your imagination... Some of your pieces, they simply leave me speechless. I'm surprised you don't have lines stretching down the block.

RODGERS

Very kind of you. Not everyone has an appreciation for works that are more... challenging.

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

Tall, lean, and rather unkempt, Rodgers examined his visitors through large black eyes which gazed combustively from a pallid and stubble-covered face. As they listened patiently, the artist began to reveal more of his secrets.

Transition MUSIC.

MR. RODGER'S NEIGHBORHOOD 3

We fade in on them mid-conversation. They've struck up a friendly rapport.

RODGERS

.... and so I says to him, with a god like that, you're gonna need a bigger monastery!

Rodgers LAUGHS with vigor. Jones does not.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Just a joke, sir.

JONES

No, no, I get it. Amusing. Now this was in India?

RODGERS

Thibet, high up in the Himalaya mountains.

JONES

Good heavens. What brought you there?

RODGERS

I went to a monastery where... they do unusual things with the dead.
(he chuckles unpleasantly)
If you don't mind my saying, ma'am.

PATTERSON

No, no. Do go on.

RODGERS

But that weren't all. I had a jaunt out to the lost city of pillars in the deserts of Arabia. Took a boat up the Amazon through the darkest jungles of Brazil. I drove sled dogs to the foot of great frozen mountains in Alaska. I been to the south seas and seen the great stone ruins of Nan-Madol.

JONES

My God, man, the tales you could tell of such places. We should put you on a lecture tour. You should write a book!

RODGERS

(amused)

A book! I think not, sir. My sculptures, they're the only book I care to write. Now the books I've read, that's another story altogether.

PATTERSON

What do you mean?

RODGERS

There's certain very rare books which hold certain very rare knowledge.

JONES

You mean... grimoires, books of ceremonial magick?

RODGERS

That, and more. A friend showed me such a book when I lived in Paris. It's in a restricted collection at the Biblioteque Nationale. One of only three known copies in the world.

ORABONA

Perhaps this is a bit--

RODGERS

There's worse. Monstrous pre-human writings like the Pnakotic fragments. The Dhol chants...

(shudders)

...they come from non-human Leng.

(MORE)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

And of course there's the terrors
revealed in... no, no, Orabona's
right - I've said enough.

JONES

No, go on, man!

ORABONA

It grows late, friends. Allow me to
summon a taxi to return you to your
hotel.

JONES

Oh, but I--

PATTERSON

Steven, we mustn't wear out our
welcome.

RODGERS

Yes, Orabona's right. I really must
return to my work.

JONES

Perhaps we could continue our--

RODGERS

We'll speak more another time. Go.
Orabona, you were going to summon
something for them?

ORABONA

Yes, sir. Please, come with me.

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

Jones was eager for an opportunity
to continue the conversation,
hopefully without Orabona or Mrs.
Patterson. Two days later, he
returned alone to the museum just
before closing time.

Transition MUSIC.

TETE A TETE

Jones RAPS on the door to Rodgers' workroom. It OPENS.

RODGERS

Ah, Mr. Jones? I... wasn't expecting you.

JONES

Yes, Orabona seems to be out?

RODGERS

Yeh.

JONES

I'm not catching you at a bad time, am I?

RODGERS

Eh, well, not exactly. What can I do for you?

JONES

Well you see, I have a cousin up in Scotland kind enough to send me a bottle of whiskey and I thought I'd see if you might enjoy a nip.

RODGERS

Glen Lloigor? Well, that's most considerate of you, Mr. Jones. Do come in.

The door shuts behind him. MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

The artist and the would-be impresario sat together, and the talk began to flow as freely as the Scotch.

TETE A TETE 2

MUSIC.

RODGERS

...there's things in nature that no man had ever seen before. And it was me, I brought them back.

JONES

How is it possible that you could find these "things" when no one else could?

RODGERS

(lively)

'Cause I knew where to look! The books held the secrets. They pointed the way. We think that mankind is some kind of ultimate dominant species, but we're just the current one! But there's been others here before us. Whole cycles of life here before mankind, before the dinosaurs, before any of it.

JONES

How could that be? Surely we'd--

RODGERS

Time, my friend. Vast swaths of time that beggar human comprehension. We think of life bound by the so-called laws of physics and biology we know. But there's more, much more! Beings what came before us, they existed through other dimensions and fully other worlds.

JONES

Other worlds? You don't mean other planets or anything like that, do you? Some kind of alien--

RODGERS

(revealing a bit more
crazy)

Different worlds overlap all the time. Take my family. We live on the same planet, but I'll be damned if we live in the same world. Don't yet know what world you live in. You've been through my Restricted Section - you've seen what's on display there. You look at them and think, "ah what a crazy thing ol' Rodgers has dreamed up," but I didn't dream 'em. Not one bit. There's nothing artificial about them - they're just things that exist outside the time and space known to you. If you'd dared to...

JONES

...not artificial? But they're... I mean you... I don't know what you mean.

RODGERS
Come with me.

He strides out of the workroom into the Restricted Section.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
This way. Here, look at this.

JONES
It's horrid, yet magnificent.
Tsath...Tsath...

RODGERS
Tsathoggua! Look, man, look at the
details! You think I could conceive
such things, eh? Look at the cilia,
look in the mouth, those ain't
teeth! They're all prehensile-

JONES
And damned remarkable they are.

RODGERS
(getting very intense)
To see such things requires...
devotion. Faith. And sacrifice.
Unspeakable sacrifice.

JONES
(with a nervous chuckle)
Come now, Rodgers, it's only us two
here. You don't have to put on a
show for me. I--

RODGERS
Get out!

JONES
What?

RODGERS
Damn you and your whiskey!
(he throws the bottle)
I'll not have you profane things
you cannot understand. GO!

JONES
I didn't mean to--

RODGERS
GO!

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

Mortified and confused, Jones returned to the Savoy hotel, where he met with Mrs. Patterson in the glamorous American Bar.

AT THE SAVOY

In the bar at the Savoy hotel. Light WALLA and CLINKING GLASSWARE. JAZZ PIANO in the background.

JONES

I made an ass of myself. What must he think of me?

PATTERSON

He had a few drinks in him. He probably won't even remember. And if he does, well, he seems terribly temperamental anyway. There are other artists.

JONES

No, no, there aren't! Not like him. I don't know how to explain it. Any man who can imagine and construct the incredibly life-like things that he's produced has achieved a kind of greatness. He has the fancy of Sidney Sime or Gustave Doré, joined to the minute scientific craftsmanship of the Blaschkas. You know the Blaschkas, don't you?

PATTERSON

Ah yes, the Germans who did all those amazing plants and flowers made entirely out of glass.

JONES

Exactly, at the Harvard Museum of Natural History. They're so biologically accurate that no one else has ever been able to reproduce them, or even figure out how they did it! They're a major tourist attraction in Boston. Can you imagine what a sensation we could make with Rodgers? We could open a Museum of Unnatural History!

PATTERSON

Let's not get carried away. I have no interest in competing with Stanley Field. The only thing worse than an artist is an egghead. We need to please the crowds. What about roller coasters? I hear they're taking out the old Gravity Pleasure Road at Coney Island and replacing it with a new one they call The Cyclone. Something like that in Chicago--

JONES

No, no, no, no. With Rodgers we could make a museum like no other! Forget the Field, it would be a specialty art museum to rival anything in Boston or New York. Think of it! Why should Gardner and Guggenheim and Nicholas Roerich have all the fun?

PATTERSON

(coming around)

Well... I suppose....

JONES

Rodgers could be just the beginning! Arg, and I impugned his integrity. I've got to try to make things right.

PATTERSON

Oh, Steven, are you sure?

JONES

I could learn from him. I've got to act like I understand him even if I don't. I've got to get him back. Help me, won't you? He liked you.

Transition MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

The next afternoon Jones and Patterson returned to Rodgers' basement exhibition. They were greeted by the enigmatic Orabona.

YELP

Feet echo through the galleries of the wax works.

ORABONA

(a little chilly)

Mrs. Patterson. Mr. Jones. I understand you were here last night to speak with my employer?

JONES

Yes, and I'm afraid it didn't go terribly well.

ORABONA

I know. He seemed very agitated this morning.

JONES

I was afraid of that. I didn't mean to cause any trouble.

PATTERSON

Mr. Orabona, we truly believe we could provide an opportunity that could be tremendously beneficial to Mr. Rodgers. And you as well. No offense, but I haven't seen a lot of paying customers in here.

ORABONA

I will do what I can, but the situation is... complicated. Strictly between us, Mr. Rodgers has stretched his resources to their uttermost in the pursuit of his work. He is under tremendous pressure.

PATTERSON

We might be able to put more "resources" at his disposal.

ORABONA

You are most kind. I too wish to help him. You must understand, to the casual visitor off the street, this place may seem to be a museum, but to Mr. Rodgers it is a temple. To maintain it requires money, yes, but it requires more than money.

PATTERSON

More than money?

JONES

We want to help him in any way we can. I think he's--

Suddenly a HORRENDOUS CRY reverberates through the vaulted basement. It seems like the yelp or cry of a dog in great fear or agony.

PATTERSON

Good lord, what is that!?

JONES

It sounds like it came from the workroom! Was that Rodgers? He might be--

Jones RUNS toward the door to the workroom. FOOTSTEPS as PATTERSON and Orabona follow.

ORABONA

(very firmly)

No, Mr. Jones, Mr. Rodgers is out. I have strict orders to admit no one into the workroom in his absence.

JONES

But that cry, you must have heard it! It came from this way.

ORABONA

Stray dogs, they fight in the courtyard above. You heard the cry of the loser. It is often so.

PATTERSON

(incredulous)

Stray dogs?

ORABONA

Yes. I will speak to Mr. Rodgers, when he returns, on your behalf. Perhaps together we can salve his pride. You might return at the closing time. He may be available to see you then. For now, I must attend to other business.

JONES

Very well. Thank you, Orabona.

ORABONA

You can see yourselves out?

JONES
Of course. Until this evening.

PATTERSON
Good day, sir.

ORABONA
Madame.

FOOTSTEPS as PATTERSON and Jones leave. STREET NOISE as they emerge.

PATTERSON
A "stray dog"? I think not.

JONES
I don't know...

PATTERSON
I think Rodgers is in that workroom. God only knows what he's up to.

JONES
I hope he isn't hurt in some way.

PATTERSON
Let's have a look at this courtyard. I'll wager there won't be a dog anywhere.

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW
Outside the museum they stepped through a low archway into a dark cobbled alley. They found the courtyard: dim in the late afternoon light, hemmed in by rear walls even uglier and more intangibly menacing than the crumbling street facades of the evil old houses.

COURTYARD

MUFFLED STREET SOUNDS.

PATTERSON
What a horrid odor.

JONES

These buildings look like they've
been standing here since
Shakespeare's day....

PATTERSON

But I'm not seeing any dogs, are
you?

JONES

(sour)
No.

PATTERSON

No blood, no fur, no sign of
anything.

JONES

You're right. But why would Orabona
lie?

PATTERSON

They're hiding something. I don't
trust this Rodgers one bit.

JONES

Those must be the windows to his
workroom. Shall we have a look?

He WALKS OVER.

PATTERSON

Can you see him?

MUSIC.

JONES

They're filthy.

He RUBS them.

JONES (CONT'D)

I think something's moving. Here,
take a look.

She WALKS OVER.

PATTERSON

I feel like one of my investigative
journalists. Wait, see that light?

JONES

In the far wall?

PATTERSON

Yes. What is that?

JONES

That door, with the weird symbol,
it must be open.

PATTERSON

The alleged "storeroom"? With the
suspiciously large padlock? There's
something fishy going on here.

JONES

(very conflicted)

There's not... he's just... he's an
artist.

PATTERSON

Well, I for one am not going to
skulk around this miserable
courtyard. I'm going back to the
Savoy for a stiff drink.

(pause)

Are you coming, Steven?

JONES

No, I'm staying. I want to try
again with Rodgers.

PATTERSON

Suit yourself, but don't push him
too hard.

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

After escorting Mrs. Patterson to a
taxi, Jones loitered in Mr.
Rodgers' dismal neighborhood until
just before six o'clock, when he
returned to the museum entrance.

AFTER HOURS

A DOOR CREAKS. Jones walks through the deserted galleries.

ORABONA

Aha! Mr. Jones, you have returned.
And without your shadow.

JONES
My sh... oh, yes. Did you speak to
Rodgers? Is he--

ORABONA
Come.

They WALK. Orabona KNOCKS at the workroom door. It OPENS.

ORABONA (CONT'D)
Mr. Jones to see you, sir.

RODGERS
Jones! Yes, come in, come in.
That'll be all, Orabona - you can
lock up for the night.

ORABONA
Very good, sir. Good night.

The door CLOSES.

JONES
Thank you for admitting me. After
our last--

RODGERS
It's forgotten. Nothing in the
grand scheme of things is it?

JONES
No, certainly not.

RODGERS
I am a passionate man, I'll admit
that. I can't abide those who
discount the profound metaphysical
origins that lie behind my work.

JONES
I meant no disrespect.

RODGERS
Of course not!

JONES
You seem in good spirits today?

RODGERS
I am. Yes, I am! Working on
something new. Something quite
extraordinary.

JONES

Is it there? Under that burlap?

RODGERS

(slightly alarmed)

What? No. Why should you ask?

JONES

You keep glancing at it. I thought--

RODGERS

Did I tell you of my travels to Indo-China? It was among the Tcho-Tchos that I first saw the Pnakotic Fragments. Do you know of them?

JONES

No, I can't say--

RODGERS

A visionary monk called Sukrutrasama left his order and went off and lived in a cave. He built a great fire in the cave with certain herbs and plants that grew in the jungle. By chanting and breathing the smoke, he achieved a heightened state of consciousness. It's said that the gods themselves dictated the text of the Pnakotic Fragments to him. It tells of the land of Lomar and life aeons before the advent of mankind in the world. The revelations made to him were many and shocking.

JONES

Fascinating. And you... you saw these fragments of his?

RODGERS

Indeed I did.

JONES

Where? How did you--

RODGERS

Well it wasn't easy, I can tell you that. And it cost me, in more ways than one. Still, the revelations from the ninth book intrigued me.

(MORE)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

A monk, living his whole life within a hundred miles of the Mekong River, writing about the great gods imprisoned in the ice. Curious, don't you think?

JONES

Perhaps folklore, tales of the Himalaya handed down over the centuries?

RODGERS

That's a possibility. But there are others - more exciting ones than that. The monk described the stars and planets in very specific ways. My own series of astronomical calculations revealed the location of the temple of this frozen god. But of course, that's all just an intellectual exercise, isn't it?

JONES

Yes, but... No, no you set out to find it didn't you?

RODGERS

Indeed, sir!

JONES

And where was this place?

RODGERS

Alaska! Up the Noatak from Fort Morton!

JONES

You jest.

RODGERS

Do I sound like a man who's jesting? Me and Orabona set sail for Anchorage. There we hired some hearty American miners, acquired provisions, and chartered a boat to take us around the western coast. In Kotzebue the natives would have nothing to do with us, so we hired a pair of washed-out Klondike prospectors to serve as guides. These Canadians, they were to lead our team up the frozen River using sledges pulled by dogs.

Flashback MUSIC.

ALASKAN FLASHBACK

WIND. SNOW. The PITTERPAT OF SLEDDOG FEET.

RODGERS

(narrating)

Orabona and I rode as passengers with the prospectors, and the sleds moved swiftly over the snow of the frozen river. But as we neared our destination, the guides lost their nerve.

The SLEDS SKID TO A STOP, dogs PANTING IN THE WIND. HUBBUB OF CONFUSED MEN.

CAMERON

(a drunk Canadian)

Ostman, this is bullshit. We shouldn't go any further.

OSTMAN

(a bit more drunk)

Right! You gotta tell him - the crazy one.

RODGERS

Cameron, why have you stopped? Aren't we nearly there?

CAMERON

This is as far as we go. They say the ground beyond is cursed. We've heard things... seen things.

RODGERS

Hardly surprising the way you two drink. What of it?

CAMERON

We go no further. If you want to go on to a cursed place, we ain't going with you.

Two American miners, KELSO and BROPHY, walk up. Barking. HOWLING.

BROPHY

What's the problem? Everything okay?

ORABONA

These drunkards won't go any further.

KELSO

Why the hell not?

CAMERON

There's a... whatdya call it, a curse.

BROPHY

A curse, right. Look, if you knew there was some goddamned curse why didn't you say something sooner? You dragged us out here - now finish the job.

CAMERON

Look, we've been in this territory a long time - years now.

OSTMAN

There's legends...

CAMERON

Why do you think none of the Inupiat or other local natives would help you?

RODGERS

I suppose you're going to tell me.

OSTMAN

I can tell you a couple of reasons....

CAMERON

This place you're going to is...

A DOG HOWLS.

OSTMAN

(a drunken outburst)
Fucking doomed.

CAMERON

Ostman and me, we turn back here.

ORABONA

(more to himself)

If they had the slightest idea what this place really is, they'd have run off into the snow an hundred miles ago!

RODGERS

Damn you! I've hired you to guide us and you'll bloody well guide us!

CAMERON

I've seen you looking at your creepy little notes. You'll find your way. But we go no further.

RODGERS

It's mutiny then? Very well, you'll stay here and freeze to death! Get off that sled! Get off I say!

OSTMAN

Take off, limey bastard!

A TUSSELE as the exchange turns physical. MEN AD-LIB argument. DOGS AGITATED.

RODGERS

These sleds and everything on them is mine! Now get off!

The RING of a KNIFE BEING PULLED from a sheath.

OSTMAN

You think you can make me, eh?

A PISTOL SHOT rings out as Brophy restores order. MUTTERING.

BROPHY

That's enough! All right, Rodgers. It's your party. You know how to get where we're going?

RODGERS

Yes, Mr. Brophy, I do. It's not much farther.

BROPHY

Right. Then you two worthless cowards can beat it.

CAMERON

Come on, Ostman.

Ostman moves towards the sled.

RODGERS

Not with my tackle they don't!

BROPHY

Right. Kelso, Sterling, unload the supplies from that sled into this one.

Men start reloading the sleds.

OSTMAN

And who's going to drive it, eh?

ORABONA

I will drive it, though the dogs bite my hands and the frost bites my feet.

BROPHY

He can ride in the empty sled with you. Put four of your dogs on this sled. Do it! You'll have to manage with four.

RODGERS

And consider yourselves lucky!
Thank you, Brophy.

Ostman speaks quietly as he moves dogs between the sleds.

OSTMAN

(quietly to the lead dog)
Come on, Jocko. You don't have to go with them, you come back with us...

CAMERON

You know we won't come back for you. No one will come for you here.

RODGERS

We don't need you any more,
Cameron. Be off.

OSTMAN

(sarcastically)
Good luck.

CAMERON

(sincerely)
You'll need it.

He pulls the ice brake and the sled WHISHES off across the snow to the mad BARKING of the remaining dogs.

RODGERS

Good riddance. It's not far now,
men. Let's move on.

Ominous MUSIC.

INTO THE RUINS

COLD WIND. SNOWY FOOSTEPS.

RODGERS

(shouting over his
shoulder)

Come on, men, it'll be just over
this ridge!

(then quietly)

Buck up, Orabona, this is what
we've been waiting for.

ORABONA

Yes. It's only the cold...

They trudge on. Kelso and Brophy walk up.

KELSO

Just over the ridge, the boss says.

BROPHY

Fat bloody chance.

KELSO

Right, so if we find what they're
looking for, it's five dollars to
me.

BROPHY

Yeah, and five for me if it's
nothing but snow and ice and--

A strange ULULATION sounds from over the rise.

KELSO

That's Orabona. Come on, men!

They RUN to meet Rodgers and Orabona. The RHUBARB of the men.

BROPHY

Bloody hell.

KELSO
Looks like you owe me a fiver, pal.

MUSIC.

RODGERS
(narrating)
Just as I knew we would, we
discovered the great Cyclopean
ruins, acres of them. There was
less left than we had hoped for,
but after three million years what
could one expect?

BROPHY
Boss, are those... I mean, they
look like foundations for
buildings.

RODGERS
(thrilled beyond measure)
Yes! Yes they are! They were.

BROPHY
But how...? Who?

KELSO
And those huge steps, they just go
down into the ice?

BROPHY
What... do they go down to, boss?

RODGERS
That's what we come to see.

ORABONA
(approaches and blowing on
his hands to warm them)
The ice, it completely blocks the
opening.

RODGERS
That's where Mr. Brophy and his men
come in. You miners should be able
to make short work of some ice,
shouldn't you?

BROPHY
Wally, two sticks of dynamite ought
to do it, don't you think?

KELSO
Yes, sir.

Segue of WIND or perhaps WIND and MUSIC mixed. BOOM!

RODGERS

(narrating)

When we got the ice blasted out of the pylons of the central ruin, the stairway was just as we knew it would be, with some carvings still in place.

Feet scrambling over ICE.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Ha, ha! We can fit through there. Orabona, give me a torch, let's go in and have a look.

ORABONA

Here.

RODGERS

Brophy, you and your men stay up here while we see what's what. Too many men might spoil things.

BROPHY

Suits me. Ain't none of us want to go down there anyhow.

RODGERS

(with a mad chuckle)

No. No, of course not. Have Kelso stay nearby in case of difficulty. The rest of you go back to camp and tend to the dogs. Come on, Orabona.

He clammers down into the hole in the ice.

WIND and MUSIC transition.

THE THRONE ROOM

We hear Orabona and Rodgers making their way through the frozen passage.

RODGERS

(narrating)

You see, it was all true. Every last word I'd read in those Pnakotic fragments. The monk had seen it in his visions.

(MORE)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

The passage, it was littered with bones, bones from those who had been there before us, and creatures we couldn't imagine - huge things. And beyond, the throne room.

MUSIC STING!

ORABONA

P'hntatha aklath Rhan-Tegoth!

Rodgers LAUGHS wildly. Orabona is cloaked in fear and awe.

RODGERS

(narrating)

It was foretold that in the heart of the temple was a great throne room, and there it was before us - a throne carved of mammoth ivory. And even more astonishing, It was still seated upon the throne.

ORABONA

It has waited - throughout all time. Not in death, but in eternal dream.

RODGERS

It's unbelievable.

ORABONA

But exactly as it was said to be.

RODGERS

I shall slake its thirst. Give me your knife.

ORABONA

(whispering)

No. Without nourishment, it cannot move. It will be much easier for us to move it if it cannot move itself.

RODGERS

Yes, yes, we'll wait. Once we're back in London...

Rodgers LAUGHS again, more horribly.

THE BIG BOX

RODGERS

(narrating)

We brought supplies from camp and built a box for the thing. Once it had been carefully crated, Orabona and I attempted to remove it from the temple, but were unable to get it up the ice-choked steps on our own. It was heavy, and they were huge: not built for mere men. A promise of bonus pay brought the miners down below to help us get it out. They were suitably stunned by the litter of bones and the throne room itself.

ORABONA

Come throw me the rope.

The men work to lash ropes on the big wooden crate.

KELSO

Rodgers, what the hell is this place?

RODGERS

A lost civilization from a forgotten time.

KELSO

Here? In Alaska?

RODGERS

The earth has had many lives. What is now frozen was once warm, what is now desert was once lush.

BROPHY

Yeah, well what about these bones?
(kicks some)
I mean what the hell kind of thing had a jaw like this?

RODGERS

Many types of beings have lived upon the earth, most in long-forgotten epochs aeons before mankind.

KELSO

Yeah but men built this throne room, right?

(MORE)

KELSO (CONT'D)

(pause)
Right?

ORABONA

Come, together we lift the box.

BROPHY

Yeah, let's get out of here.

EFFORTS and MUSIC leads us out of the Alaskan flashback.

THROWING THE GAUNTLET

RODGERS

(narrating in his
workroom)

We made our way back, with our
treasure safely intact.

JONES

(on edge)

But what was the treasure? What did
you bring back? Is that what's
under the burlap there?

RODGERS

(chuckling)

You want to see, don't you? That's
the only way your sort can believe.

A DESK DRAWER SLIDES OPEN. The RUSTLE OF PAPERS.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

All right then. What do you make of
these photographs, eh? Orabona with
the sled dogs? There, those are the
steps just after we'd blasted the
opening.

JONES

Well... hmmm. These certainly do
look real enough.

RODGERS

You still doubt me?

JONES

No, I.... it's just in my business,
I've seen some very convincing
theatrical sets in my day, and one
does meet some charlatans who--

RODGERS

Here, here's a kodak of the throne room. Ever seen anything like it? Look at this one! Look at the scale of the walls - look at the vaulting! Ever seen anything like that? Look at the carving! Look familiar?

JONES

My god, it's the same symbol as on your door there. But Orabona said--

RODGERS

Yes, Orabona has been a faithful servant to me, but he fears the truth.

JONES

What happened when you brought the crate back to London?

RODGERS

Hmph! I'll admit I was nervous. Frightfully nervous. Orabona, he was nearly terrified.

JONES

Why was that?

RODGERS

I've brought many things back from my travels, but this was the first time I'd ever brought anything back alive.

JONES

Uh...

RODGERS

I intended to nourish it with sacrifice for it is a god.

JONES

Alive. And a god.

RODGERS

Well now, that makes you uneasy, don't it?

(chuckling)

I've been trying different rites and sacrifices. Orabona has been no help whatever.

JONES
 (feigning nonchalance)
 No? Why's that?

RODGERS
 He was always against the idea of
 waking it. He hates it. He's afraid
 what It will come to mean. He took
 to carrying a pistol - as if that
 was protection against It!

JONES
 I see...

RODGERS
 No, you don't. He wanted me to kill
 It and make an effigy of It. But
 that's not what's going to happen.
 I'm coming out on top in spite of
 cowards like Orabona and sniggering
 skeptics like you.

JONES
 I don't mean to...

RODGERS
 Yes you do. You still don't
 understand. But I've chanted the
 rites and made my sacrifices, and
 last week the transition came. The
 sacrifice was received and enjoyed.

The CHAIR SLIDES as Rodgers gets up and goes to the burlap.

JONES
 All right, Rodgers, I--

RODGERS
 You want to see what's under the
 burlap? Don't you? Orabona told me
 you heard a dog screaming around
 here this afternoon.

JONES
 Yes, well... I heard something.

RODGERS
 Do you know what it meant?

JONES
 I...

RODGERS
 Have a look at this.

The WHISK of cloth. MUSIC STING!

JONES

Oh my god! What... what is...

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

Jones' mind could barely make sense of what lay before him on the table. It seemed to have been a once-living thing, somehow flattened and wrung into a limp, broken-boned heap of grotesqueness.

After a moment Jones realized what it must be. It was what was left of a dog – perhaps of considerable size and whitish colour. Most of the hair was burned off as if by some pungent acid, and the exposed, bloodless skin was riddled with innumerable circular wounds or incisions. The form of torture necessary to cause such results was past imagining.

THROWING THE GAUNTLET 2

JONES

You damned sadist – you do a thing like this and dare to speak to a decent man!

RODGERS

(unruffled)

I didn't do this, you fool. Ah, I suppose it looks awful from your limited human standpoint, but I'm beyond that now. It's a sacrifice – I gave the dog to It. This is the result of Its work, not mine. It needed nourishment and took it in Its own way.

(pause)

Now do you want to see it?

JONES

(panicked)

What do you--

RODGERS

Relax, man, it's just the last photograph. Look at it. Look closely.

A WHIFF OF PAPER as Rodgers turns over the photo. MUSIC.

JONES

(after a moment)

You've outdone yourself. It's... a nightmare. Truly, this is infernal genius. The sensation this would cause – the public would run screaming.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

The thing in the picture appeared to be squatting on the monstrosly carved throne seen in the other curious photograph, and even so it towered to almost twice the height of Orabona, who was visible beside it.

It had an almost globular torso, with six long, sinuous limbs terminating in crab-like claws. From the upper end a subsidiary globe bulged forward bubble-like; its triangle of three staring, fishy eyes, its foot-long proboscis, and a distended lateral system like gills, suggesting that it was a head. Most of the body was covered with what at first appeared to be fur, but which on closer examination proved to be a dense growth of dark, slender tentacles or sucking filaments, each tipped with a mouth suggesting the head of an asp. On the head and below the proboscis the tentacles tended to be longer and thicker, and marked with spiral stripes.

In what passed for its face, in that triangle of bulging fish-eyes, Jones felt a blend of hate, greed, and sheer cruelty incomprehensible to mankind.

THROWING THE GAUNTLET 3

RODGERS

(with comfortable pride)

Now you know what crushed the dog
and sucked it dry with a million
mouths. It needed nourishment...

(pause)

It will need more. It is a god,
Jones, and I am the first priest of
Its latter-day hierarchy. Iä! Rhan
Tegoth!

JONES

(almost kindly)

See here, Rogers... There are
limits, you know. It's a great
piece of work, truly extraordinary,
but I fear it's getting the better
of you. No more – let Orabona break
it up, and try to forget about it.
And let me tear this beastly
picture up, too.

RODGERS

You will not!

(he snatches the photo
away)

Idiot! You still think it's all a
fraud! You still think I made It,
eh? Sat down with some tools and
brushes and rendered *that*? You
think my greatest figures are
nothing but lifeless wax?

JONES

Rodgers...

RODGERS

You'll know. I've got proof, you
clod!

JONES

Proof? Show me!

RODGERS

(finally backing off)

Mmm, no. Not just now, for It is
resting after the sacrifice. Later.
Oh, yes – then you'll understand
Its power.

The SCRAPE OF WOOD and FOOTSTEPS as Jones makes to leave.

JONES

Very well, Rogers, another time then. I must be going now, but I'll call around tomorrow afternoon. Think my advice over and see if it doesn't sound sensible. Ask Orabona what he thinks, too.

RODGERS

Must be going now, eh? Afraid, after all! Afraid, for all your bold talk! You say they're only wax, and yet you run away when I begin to prove that they aren't. You're just another of these brave fellows who take my standing bet that they daren't spend the night in the museum - they come boldly enough, but after an hour they shriek and hammer to get out! Want me to ask Orabona, eh? You two - and your little chippie, all scheming together behind my back! Imagining you can sell tickets and make a profit! You won't stand in the way of Its earthly reign!

JONES

Rogers, there's nobody against you. All I've wanted to do is help you. I'm not afraid of your figures, and I admire your skill. But--

RODGERS

Not afraid, eh? Then why are you so anxious to go? Do you dare stay alone here in the dark? What's your hurry if you don't believe in It?

JONES

What would be gained by my staying here alone? What would it prove? My only objection is that it isn't very comfortable for sleeping. What good would it do either of us?

RODGERS

You'd come to understand. Truly understand.

JONES

See here, Rodgers... Suppose I do stay.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

If I stick it out until morning
will you agree to take some time
away - let's say three months - and
let Orabona destroy this new
creation of yours? What do you say?

Pause.

RODGERS

(creepy)

Fair enough! If you do stick it
out, I'll take your advice. But
stick you must. I'll lock you in
the display room and go home. In
the morning I'll come down ahead of
Orabona - he comes half an hour
before the rest - and see how you
are.

JONES

Very well.

RODGERS

You're sure about this? Others have
backed out - as you may yet do. I
suppose you could pound on the
outer door and bring a constable.

JONES

I'm certain that won't be
necessary.

RODGERS

Are you then? You may not like it
so well after a while. You'll be in
the same building - though not in
the same room - with It.

JONES

That's fine.

RODGERS

Then come with me.

MUSIC. The workroom DOOR CLOSES. The JINGLE OF KEYS and the
TURN OF THE LOCK. They WALK into the display room.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Well... here you are.

JONES

What, here? You don't want me to
carry out my vigil in the
Restricted Section?

RODGERS

That won't be necessary. No last
moment change of heart? Right then,
I'll just switch off the lights.

They CLUNK off ominously.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Right. I'll be back in the morning.
Good luck, Jones.

JONES

Good night, Rodgers.

The DOOR SHUTS WITH A RESOUNDING ECHO and we hear Rodgers
locking it up from the outside. Jones sighs and steels
himself.

ATMOSPHERIC SOUNDSCAPE of the empty museum. SHUFFLING FEET as
Jones walks around. A DISTANT DOG.

JONES (CONT'D)

(laughing at the irony)

Hah.

His laugh ECHOES in the space.

JONES (CONT'D)

(loudly testing acoustics)

Ha!

BIG BEN CHIMES SEVEN in the distance. JONES SIGHS. He sings
but is interrupted by CREEPY NOISES.

JONES (CONT'D)

(singing hesitantly)

This old man, he played one.
He played knick-knack on my drum.
With a knick-knack paddywhack
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.
This old man, he played two.
He played knick-knack on my shoe.
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.
This old man, he played three.
Creepy Rodgers can't scare me....
(he stops singing)
Knick-knack. What is that, anyway?
God, what am I doing?

MUSIC.

NARRATION

Ongoing SFX underneath. Jones sings "I am the very model of a modern major general".

LESTER MAYHEW

For hours Jones was oppressed by the darkness. He tried to engage his mind and break up the unrelenting silence. He contemplated the darkness itself and the floating specks of light that his eyes insisted on seeing in the pitch. He felt strangely cold in the air that tasted of brine mixed with subterrene waters, with the barest hint of ineffable mustiness. All the while his mind went back to Rodgers' photo from Alaska. Perhaps the man had really been there, but the carved chamber and throne, that must have been some kind of stage scenery. And his sculpture, that flight of diseased fancy, it must be what he kept in that padlocked room. He tried to sleep, and succeeded at least in dozing, but every time he nodded off his ears played tricks on him.

Quick, furtive FOOTSTEPS.

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

He thought he heard movement.

A guillotine CREAKS.

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

The creak of a guillotine.

BIG BEN strikes one. MUSIC. We hear the SOUNDS he describes.

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

Now wide awake, he could hear them: stealthy, plodding footsteps in the workroom beyond the closed and locked door. A key turned in the workroom door. He knew it couldn't be true, but the workroom door opened and there were soft shuffling footsteps.

DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER

JONES

Who goes there? Who are you? What do you want?

The shuffling approaches.

JONES (CONT'D)

Halt! Who goes there? Aaaaaah!

MUSIC!

NARRATION

SFX underneath.

LESTER MAYHEW

Shuffling toward him in the darkness was the gigantic, blasphemous form of a black thing not wholly ape and not wholly insect. Its hide hung loosely upon its frame, and its rugose, dead-eyed rudiment of a head swayed drunkenly from side to side. Its fore paws were extended, with talons spread wide, and its whole body was taut with murderous malignity despite its utter lack of facial expression.

DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER 2

JONES

(screams in terror)

THUD as Jones faints and falls. KERFUFFLE as Rodgers begins to drag Jones across the floor.

RODGERS

(in weird monster suit)

Iä! Iä! I am coming, O Rhan-Tegoth, coming with the nourishment. Crush and drain him, drink his doubts, and grow strong. Rhan-Tegoth, infinite and invincible, I am your slave and high-priest. You are hungry, and I provide. I read the signs and have led you forth.

(MORE)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

I shall feed you with blood, and
you shall feed me with power. Iä!
Shub-Niggurath! The Goat with--

NARRATION

SFX underneath.

LESTER MAYHEW

Jones recovered consciousness, and in an instant all the terrors of the night dropped from him like a discarded cloak, and he knew the very earthly and material peril he had to deal with. This was no monster of fable, but a dangerous madman. It was Rogers, dressed in some nightmare covering of his own insane designing, and about to make a frightful sacrifice to the devil-god he had fashioned out of wax. He must have entered the workroom from the rear courtyard, donned his disguise, and then advanced to seize his neatly trapped and fear-broken victim.

With the strength of mortal fear
Jones lunged at Rodger's throat.

They FIGHT furiously!

JONES STRIKES BACK

JONES

That's quite enough, Rodgers!

Jones flings himself upon the costumed man and the two fight fiercely, crashing into things and stumbling about.

RODGERS

It shall not be denied.

JONES

You're mad, Rodgers!

WHACK, BAM, PUNCH, SCUFFLE!

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW
Rodgers came at Jones savagely.

SMASH, BANG!

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)
In the tussle, Jones managed to
pull the head off the bizarre
costume Rodgers was wearing.

JONES STRIKES BACK SOME MORE

JONES
Take that!

Jones PUNCHES him hard.

RODGERS
Rhan-Tegoth shall not be--

MORE SCUFFLING as Jones wrestles Rodgers over toward the
melting furnace. A horrible SIZZLE as Rodgers' cheek is
burned.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
(screams in horrible pain)

NARRATION

SFX underneath.

LESTER MAYHEW
Rodgers fell against the melting
furnace, his face burned by the hot
steel. Molten wax splashed out and
spattered his head, matting the
hair to his scalp and steaming into
his left eye. Jones quickly pressed
his advantage, pulling the howling
artist away from the furnace and
restraining him with belts and
cords that were around the place.
Despite the disquieting nature of
his bizarre costume, Jones searched
through it until he found the key
ring Rodgers carried.

(MORE)

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

With the keys secured, Jones staggered around the walls until he found the switch-box that turned on the lights. His own clothes had been torn to bits in the fight and he grabbed wildly at odds and ends from the artist's costume pieces to make himself presentable so he could seek aid. He hurried to the door...

MUSIC.

CONFRONTATION

RODGERS

Fool! Spawn of Noth-Yidik and effluvium of K'thun! Son of the dogs that howl in the maelstrom of Azathoth! You would have been sacred and immortal, and now you are betraying It and Its priest! Beware - for It is hungry! It would have been Orabona - that damned treacherous dog ready to turn against me and It - but I give you the first honour instead. Now you must both beware, for It is not gentle without Its priest.

JONES

Now see here--

RODGERS

Iä! Iä! Vengeance is at hand! Do you know you would have been immortal? Look at the furnace! Why do you think I had the fire ready and burning! I would have done with you as I have done with other once-living forms. Hei! You, who believed all my effigies are waxen, would have become a waxen effigy yourself! The furnace was all ready! When It had had Its fill, and you were like that dog I shewed you, I would have made your flattened, punctured fragments immortal! Wax would have done it. Haven't you said I'm a great artist? Wax in every pore - wax over every square inch of you - Iä! Iä!

(MORE)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

And ever after the world would have looked at your mangled carcass and wondered how I ever imagined and made such a thing! Hei! And Orabona would have come next, and others after him – and thus would my waxen family have grown!

JONES

Look, man, these things you've made, they're--

RODGERS

Dog – I made effigies once, but now I've gone beyond that! My medium now is reality itself! I've told you of the strange places I've been to, and the strange things I've brought back. Coward – you could never face the dimensional shambler. That's whose hide I put on to scare you – the mere sight of it alive would kill you instantly with fright! Iä! Iä! It waits hungry for the blood that is the life!

Pause.

JONES

(sad and tired)

You need help, Rodgers.

FOOTSTEPS and THE JINGLE OF KEYS as Jones begins to leave.

RODGERS

See here, Jones – if I let you go will you let me go? It must be taken care of by Its high-priest. Orabona will be enough to keep It alive – and when he is finished I will make his fragments immortal in wax for the world to see. It could have been you, but you have rejected the honour. I won't bother you again. Let me go, and I can share with you the power that It will bring me. Iä! Iä! Great is Rhan-Tegoth! Let me go! Let me go! It is starving down there beyond that door, and if It dies the Old Ones can never come back. Hei! Hei! Let me go!

Rodgers thumps his head against the brick wall.

JONES

Good God, man, you'll dash your
brains out against that door.

RODGERS

Let me go!

Jones attempts to lash him so he won't hurt himself.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

(making frenetic
ululations whose utter,
monstrous unhumanness is
appalling, and whose
sheer volume is almost
incredible)

Wza-y'ei! Wza-y'ei! Y'kaa haa
bho-ii, Rhan-Tegoth-Cthulhu
fhtagn-Ei! Ei! Ei! Ei!-Rhan-Tegoth,
Rhan-Tegoth, Rhan-Tegoth!

Rodgers suddenly stops, listening intently.

JONES

What? What are you--

RODGERS

Listen! Listen hard! It has heard
me, and is coming.

(now disturbingly rational
and sincere)

It's coming out of its tank. I dug
it deep. It is amphibious, you know
- you saw the gills in the picture,
right? It can't stand up in there -
too tall - has to sit or crouch.
Give me the keys - we must let It
out and kneel down before It. Then
we will go out and find a dog or
cat or... someone else... to
nourish it.

JONES

Rodgers, it's just a sculpture...
it's a wax--

A distant SPLASHING SOUND comes from behind the door.

JONES (CONT'D)

What's that?

RODGERS

I told you.

JONES

But, surely... it can't be.

RODGERS

(gloating as only a
lunatic can)

At last, fool, you believe! At last
you know! You hear It and It comes!
Get me my keys, fool - we must do
homage and serve It!

SCARY MUSIC, SPLASHING, then the PADDING FOOTSTEPS AS OF
GREAT WET PAWS on a solid surface.

JONES

Good lord, that stench...

There's a SNIFFING or SNORTING from behind the door, followed
by a hellish baying or TRUMPETING NOISE. Scary!

JONES (CONT'D)

No. No, no, no... it can't be...

There's PUSHING on the planked door. The wood GROANS as
something very big and strong pushes against it. It grows to
a POUNDING like a battering ram. The door begins to CRACK and
SPLINTER. A board CLATTERS to the ground.

Jones SCREAMS and makes a run for it out the side door as the
MUSIC reaches a thrilling crescendo!

AFTERMATH

A KNOCK on a hotel room door.

PATTERSON

(very anxious)

Yes? Who is it?

BROADHURST

(through the door)

It's Mrs. Broadhurst, ma'am, the
hotel manager.

She UNCHAINS and OPENS THE DOOR.

PATTERSON

Oh thank god, have you found him?
 (reacting to sight of
 policeman)
 Oh no! Is he--

BROADHURST

He's all right, ma'am. Well... this
 is Detective Inspector Brunk. He
 has some... information for you.

BRUNK

Mrs. Patterson. I understand Mr.
 Steven Jones was your employer?

PATTERSON

He's my business partner! What's
 happened?

BRUNK

Yes, of course. We seem to have
 found him, mum. At any rate the man
 we found has been asking for you.
 Can you come with me please to
 identify him?

PATTERSON

Oh my god. Where did you find him?
 Where is he?

BRUNK

He's at Bedlam Hospital, mum.

PATTERSON

Oh no! Is he hurt? Is he--

BRUNK

He's expected to recover, but at
 the moment he's not making much
 sense. An American visitor here in
 London, it's... complicated. We
 would appreciate your assistance.

PATTERSON

Yes, let me just get my coat.

MUSIC.

BEDLAM

The hushed SOUNDS OF MISERY in the halls of Bedlam.

BRUNK

He's just in this room here. Brace yourself, mum. He's taken rather a beating.

PATTERSON

I'll be fine, Inspector. I'm not disturbed by such things.

BRUNK

Very well.

The DOOR OPENS. PATTERSON GASPS. JONES MUTTERS INCOHERENTLY.

PATTERSON

Oh my god!

BRUNK

That's him then, is it? Mr. Steven Jones?

PATTERSON

Yes. Steven? Can you hear me?

JONES

(rambling)

Eleanor.... The statue was... alive. I ran... Tegoth. It came... You were... right...

PATTERSON

Where did you find him?

BRUNK

He was wandering in Regent's Park. Dressed in a very strange getup, and speaking, well, much as he is now. The alienists have interviewed him and don't know what to make of it. Does he have a history of--

JONES

(agitated)

Would have killed me. Sacrifice! I burned his cheek. His eye is... black goat...

PATTERSON

What's that, Steven?

JONES

His cheek, burned... eye burned. Rhan Tegoth!

PATTERSON

Rodgers. I knew he was dangerous.

BRUNK

Rodgers, mum?

PATTERSON

Yes, George Rodgers. He runs a basement wax "museum". Mr. Jones was hoping to... go into business with him.

BRUNK

Ah. Rodgers.

PATTERSON

You know him?

BRUNK

The name rings a bell. His family is.... We'll look into it, never you fear.

PATTERSON

But he--

BRUNK

You've been very helpful. I'm sure the doctors will have paperwork for you to attend to. I'll get someone for you. I'll leave you to sit with him for a moment. Don't worry. He can't get past those restraints.

JONES

Eleanor! Not a sculptor at all... All lies. All real! Aaaaaah!

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

Jones remained in Bedlam for several days, and although his physical injuries began to heal, his mind showed no sign of recovering. The police gave Mrs. Patterson little additional information, and she turned again to Richard Carrey at the Times for help.

TIMES AND TIMES AGAIN

NEWSPAPER OFFICE soundscape.

PATTERSON

They won't tell me anything! Is it because I'm not family? Or just because I'm an American, or--

CARREY

They think your man is making it all up.

PATTERSON

What?

CARREY

I have a source at Scotland Yard who says they paid a visit to Rodgers' museum and nothing seemed amiss.

PATTERSON

And you believed him?

CARREY

He said they've just put some new statue on display. More horrible than the rest, apparently. But otherwise it's business as usual over there.

PATTERSON

Did they talk to Rodgers?

CARREY

I don't think it would matter if they had. Since your man's story was both incoherent and uncorroborated, they're inclined to think, given the state they found him in...

PATTERSON

So there's nothing to be done?

CARREY

I did a little searching on my own, but I'm afraid it doesn't amount to much more. Some witnesses in the area of the museum reported something like pistol shots--

PATTERSON
Pistol shots?

CARREY
But that was the day after your man
went missing, so I don't see how it
can be related.

PATTERSON
Steven was injured! What about
that?

CARREY
A tourist, wandering alone, late at
night where he didn't belong. It
barely makes the blotter.

MUSIC.

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW
Nearly a week later, Mrs. Patterson
had made arrangements to take Jones
back to America. But before they
headed to the ship at Southampton,
she returned alone to pay one last
visit to Rodgers' wax museum. As
she approached, she noticed a
policeman posted outside the door.

HOMECOMING

SFX Southwark street exterior.

BOBBY
Sorry, mum, museum's closed.

PATTERSON
Really? Why's that?

BOBBY
Complaints from the public. Gross
indecent.

PATTERSON
I'm not here to see the exhibits.
I'm here to meet with the owner.

BOBBY
Good luck, we haven't--

Orabona steps out of the doors.

ORABONA

Mrs. Patterson! It's alright,
officer, I'll take it from here.

(to PATTERSON)

Please, madame, step inside.

They go inside. The place is eerily silent.

ORABONA (CONT'D)

It is some time since we have seen
you here.

PATTERSON

Indeed.

(steeling herself)

Might I have a word with Mr.
Rodgers?

ORABONA

Ah, I am so sorry, but he is away.
Another of his collecting trips on
the continent. Very sudden. He has
left me in charge until his return.

PATTERSON

(flustered)

Ah... well. Mr.. Jones visited two
weeks ago. It seems Mr. Rodgers
invited him to experience the
collection after hours and--

ORABONA

(cagey and bemused)

Oh, yes, madame - the twenty-eighth
of last month. I remember it for
many reasons. I trust Mr. Jones is
well?

PATTERSON

(after a pause)

Why wouldn't he be?

ORABONA

That morning - before Mr. Rogers
got here, you understand - I found
the workroom in quite a mess. There
was a great deal of cleaning up to
do. There had been - late work, you
see. An important new piece given
its secondary baking process. I
took complete charge when I came.

PATTERSON
(terror rising)
A new piece?

ORABONA
A very difficult specimen to
prepare - but Mr. Rogers has taught
me a great deal. When he came he
helped me complete the specimen,
helped as only he could - but then
left soon after without a word. As
I tell you, he was called away
suddenly. That night, the chemicals
were mixed and the reaction made
some loud noises - in fact, some
teamsters in the court outside
fancied they heard several pistol
shots - very amusing idea!

PATTERSON
I'm afraid I don't get the joke.

ORABONA
Ah. As for the new specimen - that
matter is very unfortunate. I wish
Mr. Rodgers was here to deal with
the authorities.

PATTERSON
Yes, that officer out front said
something about indecency.

ORABONA
(smiling)
The new work went on display a week
ago, and there have been...
(delighted)
two or three faintings. One poor
fellow had an epileptic fit in
front of it. It is a trifle
stronger than the rest. Larger, for
one thing. Offended guests
complained to the authorities. The
constabulary too found it
overwhelming and closed us down. I
fear I may never be able to give it
the exhibition it truly deserves.

PATTERSON
Is it... from behind the door? From
your "storeroom"?

ORABONA

(loving this)

You understand me well, Mrs. Patterson. You are no ordinary customer. In light of our effort to seek collaboration, I would be pleased to offer you a private view. Would you like to see it?

PATTERSON

(after a brief hesitation)

Very well.

ORABONA

This way...

They WALK.

PATTERSON

Is it... behind the curtain?

ORABONA

Indeed. The title of this piece is 'The Sacrifice to Rhan-Tegoth'.

PATTERSON

Rhan-Tegoth? Mr. Jones said....

ORABONA

Yes? What did he say?

PATTERSON

No, nothing. I misheard.

ORABONA

I think not. It is a name not readily forgotten. Rhan-Tegoth is said to have come from outer space, and to have lived in the Arctic three million years ago, when it was not so cold as it is now. It treated its sacrifices rather peculiarly... and horribly, as you shall see. Mr. Rogers read of it in ancient books and, I fear, became obsessed with it. Here we are, Mrs. Patterson. I pulled back this curtain for you once before. Are you sure you wish me to do so again?

PATTERSON

(after a pause)

As I told you before, I am not
squeamish.

ORABONA

Then behold!

CURTAIN WHOOSH. MUSIC!

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

To her credit, Eleanor Patterson did not faint. What Orabona showed her was fully ten feet high despite a shambling, crouching attitude, perched diabolically on a vast ivory throne covered with grotesque carvings. Every detail was there: the globular torso, the bubble-like suggestion of a head with its three fishy eyes and bulging gills, the monstrous capillation of asp-like suckers. In the central pair of its sinuous limbs with their crab-like claws, it bore a crushed, distorted, bloodless thing, riddled with a million punctures, and in places apparently seared as with acid. Only the mangled head of the victim, lolling upside down at one side, revealed that it represented something once human.

HOMECOMING 2

Various FOOTSTEPS as they play cat and mouse.

PATTERSON

(shocked but brave)

God in heaven!

ORABONA

No, not in heaven, madame.

PATTERSON

You're as crazy as him.

ORABONA

I am impressed. You have a stronger
stomach than most.

PATTERSON

I'm from Chicago.

ORABONA

Indeed. I do hope your Mister Jones enjoys a complete recovery. He would be welcome to contact me, but I am confident he and Mister Rodgers will not be going into business together.

PATTERSON

Where is Rodgers, Orabona? I mean really.

ORABONA

(with a chuckle)

He was a great artist. Truly. But in the end he was not satisfied with creating mere effigies, however cunning. He wanted the real thing. My employer, like your Mr. Jones, meddled with things he did not truly understand.

PATTERSON

(increasingly nervous)

Where is he?

ORABONA

I helped him for many years, and did the best I could, but my skill is not in sculpture.

PATTERSON

No? What is your skill?

ORABONA

(a little menacing)

Something more akin to... taxidermy.

PATTERSON

Look, Orabona, tonight I'm taking Jones back to the States. You'll never see us again, and I can assure you I will never mention this trip to anyone. So please, tell me, where is Rodgers?

ORABONA

(after a pause)

The piece is overwhelming, I realize. So many details.

(MORE)

ORABONA (CONT'D)

But you struck me as someone who misses nothing. You really should take a closer look.

PATTERSON

Why can't you just... Wait a minute. What are you saying?

ORABONA

(chuckles evilly)

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

She reluctantly returned her gaze to the monstrous figure towering in front of her. The more she looked at it, the more mysteriously it horrified her - until, suddenly, she realized exactly what it was. She recognized something in the mangled face of the human victim hanging limply from those dreadful claws. And then she remembered what the poor delirious would-be impresario had said from his hospital bed.

HOMECOMING 3

PATTERSON

My god. That cheek... the burn... that eye! It's... him!

Orabona CHUCKLES.

Thrilling MUSICAL SWELL!

ORABONA

(delighted)

Now you understand.

(pause)

Are you alright, madame?

PATTERSON

(composing herself with some difficulty)

Mr. Orabona... I have a proposition for you--

ORABONA

Oh, madame!

NARRATION

LESTER MAYHEW

The following autumn, on a bright sunny day, a crowd gathered on Chicago's Navy Pier for the opening of a new attraction.

GRAND OPENING

MUSIC transitions into A CALLIOPE. A busy boardwalk. DISTANT BOATS on the left and AUTO TRAFFIC on the right. A barker with a broad midwestern dialect hawks tickets to an excited crowd.

BARKER

Step right up ladies and gentlemen! Get your tickets for Orabona's Emporium of Waxen Wonders. World's Greatest museum! See the effigies of presidents and poobahs! Saints and sinners! Stars of stage, screen and sport so lifelike they'll take your breath away! An extra nickel will get you admittance to Nightmare Alley, featuring monsters so terrifying they were outlawed in London England. Do YOU dare to enter? No refunds will be given to those who faint or flee! Step right this way!

SCREAMS from inside, like from people riding a rollercoaster.

CONCLUSION

LESTER MAYHEW

You've been listening to "The Horror in the Museum", brought to you by our sponsor, Bon Voyage Salad Dressing. Fine ingredients make a fine salad, but the true artist is she who creates a tasty dish with odds and ends which otherwise would go to waste. Use Bon Voyage, the bottle reached for first by women who make salad an adventure in art.

I'm Lester Mayhew.
(MORE)

LESTER MAYHEW (CONT'D)

Until next week, this is Dark Adventure Radio Theatre reminding you to never go anywhere alone; if it looks bad, don't look; and save the last bullet for yourself.

ANNOUNCER

"The Horror in the Museum" was adapted for radio and produced by Sean Branney and Andrew Leman. Based on the story by Hazel Heald and H.P. Lovecraft. Original music by Reber Clark. The Dark Adventure Ensemble featured Amir Abdullah, Sean Branney, Ken Clement, Matt Foyer, Bernadette Halpin, McKerrin Kelly, Andrew Leman, Dick Lizzardo, Barry Lynch, David Pavao, Kevin Stidham, Josh Thoemke and Time Winters. Tune in next week for "The Web of Living Death", a sensational eight-legged detective mystery.

Dark Adventure Radio Theatre is a production of the HPLHS Broadcasting Group, a subsidiary of HPLHS, Inc., copyright 1931...plus ninety.

Radio STATIC and fade out.