

DARK ADVENTURE RADIO THEATRE:
THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH HOUSE

Written by

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Based on

"The Dreams in the Witch House" by H.P. Lovecraft

Read-along Script
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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, with your host Erskine Blackwell. Today's episode: H.P. Lovecraft's "The Dreams in the Witch House"

THEME MUSIC DIMINISHES. The sound of COSMIC AWE, RAT SCRATCHING and MUTTERED PRAYERS underneath.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

A brilliant college student rents a room in an old house with a witch-haunted past. His obscure studies consume his mind as strange nighttime noises drive him to despair, and terrifying nightmares become waking visions. Is he going mad, or have his dreams somehow crossed over into reality?

A few piano notes and the HISS of a soda pop opening introduce BUB-L-PEP.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

My friends, radio broadcast is thirsty work. When my spirits sag, and my voice needs a boost, I always reach for a refreshing bottle of Bub-L-Pep! It's the nerve quencher! A bracing lithiated tonic, twelve ounces of Bub-L-Pep lifts you up without filling you up! People everywhere enjoy its fizzy flavor, so serve Bub-L-Pep to your guests. Keep a case on hand: they'll thank you for it!

BUB-L-PEP SINGERS

(singing)

Drink Bub-L-Pep! It'll quench your nerves!

Drink Bub-L-Pep! What a good host serves!

That's Bub-L-Pep! Let us pour you some!

The L is for lithium-yum-yum!

TRANSITION MUSIC.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

And now Dark Adventure Radio Theatre presents H.P. Lovecraft's "The Dreams in the Witch House."

2

CHURCH 1

2

CHURCH BELLS RING. Sunday Mass is over and the PARISHIONERS OF ST. STANISLAUS CHURCH ARE FILING OUT past FR. IVANICKI. OLGA, a Polish woman, stops to shake the priest's hand. Everyone speaks with at least a hint of a Polish accent. OLGA is a crotchety old parishioner.

IVANICKI

...thank you, Mrs. Krupski, I hope your mother feels better soon.

OLGA

Thank you, Father. It was a wonderful sermon.

IVANICKI

Bless you, Olga. You're very kind. I feared it might seem a little harsh.

OLGA

Harsh? Despair is a mortal sin! To despair is to give over to the Devil!

IVANICKI

But we must have compassion for those who suffer.

OLGA

I suppose....

IVANICKI

Go in peace, my child. I'll see you at the pancake breakfast?

OLGA

Oh yes, Father. Thank you.

Olga shuffles away, the last of the crowd. The DOOR CREAKS as the priest begins to shut it. But one straggler remains: FRANK ELWOOD. He speaks with a Midwestern accent.

IVANICKI

My apologies, my son. I thought everyone had gone.

ELWOOD

(hesitantly)

Father Ivanicki? May I speak with you?

IVANICKI

Certainly, my son.
(sensing Elwood's awkward hesitation)
I don't believe I've seen you here before.

ELWOOD

(with difficulty)

No. I'm... I'm not actually Catholic, Father. My neighbor, Joe Mazurewicz, he suggested that I talk to you.

IVANICKI

Ah yes, Joe's a good man.
(pause)
I'm sorry, what can I do for you, Mr.?

ELWOOD

My name's Elwood. Frank Elwood.
(beat)
I... I don't know where else to turn, Father. I've... seen... things. Horrible things that I can't explain. Things that no one would believe.

IVANICKI

Well, I...

ELWOOD

I don't want you to think I'm crazy, Father. But I must tell someone. I must try to understand.
(becoming upset)
(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

There's been a death. I... I need help Father.

IVANICKI

Here, sit down. You look pale.

ELWOOD

Thank you, Father. This is embarrassing. I'm not even religious.

IVANICKI

We're all God's children. Even if you don't believe in Him, God believes in you.

ELWOOD

He has a funny way of showing it.

IVANICKI

His ways are often mysterious.

Elwood rises and moves to go.

ELWOOD

Maybe this was a mistake.

IVANICKI

God doesn't make mistakes. What was it you saw, Mr. Elwood? You said someone died?

ELWOOD

(after a pause)

Do you believe in the supernatural, Father?

IVANICKI

Just tell me what happened.

ELWOOD

It was my friend Walter. Walter Gilman. I met him last year, in the first week of school. We had rented rooms in the same house....

TRANSITION MUSIC

takes us back to happier times. GILMAN is struggling to drag some HEAVY LUGGAGE UP A WOODEN STAIRCASE.

GILMAN

Hey buddy, lend a hand? This trunk is heavy and these old stairs are pretty steep.

ELWOOD

Yeah, sure.

GILMAN

I'm Gilman. Walter Gilman.

ELWOOD

Frank Elwood. Glad to meet you.

GILMAN

Glad to meet you too. You're the first person I've met in this neighborhood who didn't sound like he was fresh off the boat from Warsaw.

ELWOOD

(with a chuckle)

You're telling me!

They start to move the trunk. It is an effort.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

Holy moly, that's heavy! What's in here?

GILMAN

Books, mostly.

ELWOOD

Are you a Miskatonic student?

GILMAN

Yes. Mathematics. And folklore. I'll graduate next year.

ELWOOD

I'm at M. U. too! I'm just starting my master's degree. Engineering.

GILMAN

Ah, that's a good program. Although it lacks the beauty of higher mathematics...

ELWOOD

Hey, where are we taking this trunk?

GILMAN

All the way to the top. I have the attic room.

A MUSICAL STING. With the CREAK of a door and a final HEAVE they schlep the heavy trunk into Gilman's room. The wood GROANS under the weight and the boys catch their breath. Perhaps we begin to hear the FAINT SCURRYING of rats in the walls from time to time.

ELWOOD

Yikes! And I thought my room was bad! Look at the crazy angles of these walls, and your ceiling! This whole house is an architectural disaster. But at least it's cheap, right?

GILMAN

Are you mad? This house is a wonder! Don't you know where you are?

ELWOOD

What do you mean?

GILMAN

This was Keziah Mason's house!

ELWOOD

Who's Keziah Mason?

GILMAN

You're not from around here, are you?

ELWOOD

No. Rock Island, Illinois.

GILMAN

Welcome to Arkham, my friend. This town is haunted by legends. Keziah Mason was one of the most notorious accused witches of the 17th century. She lived in this house until they dragged her to jail in 1692.

ELWOOD

No wonder the rent is so low.

GILMAN

It was in this very room that she performed her rituals.

ELWOOD

Rituals? Really?

GILMAN

That ceiling isn't falling down. It was designed that way. Keziah knew secrets about the angles of space and time that even Einstein would have trouble with.

ELWOOD

Ah go on, you're pulling my leg.

GILMAN

It's true. When I learned that the house was still standing I knew I had to move in. Luckily for me the superstitious Poles in this neighborhood are all afraid of the place.

ELWOOD

I'm not sure I blame them. I mean, a real witch?

GILMAN

You should take Wilmarth's New England folklore class. "Witch" was the word they used to label any woman with advanced knowledge. If her neighbors didn't understand her, they accused her of witchcraft! But Keziah was a scientist, whether she knew it or not. She had insight into mathematical depths, perhaps beyond the modern delvings of Planck, Heisenberg, and de Sitter.

ELWOOD

You don't say!

GILMAN

It's all in the transcripts of her trial. She told the judge about lines and curves that could be made to point out directions leading through the walls of space to other places beyond.

ELWOOD

You mean like other dimensions?

GILMAN

Exactly! In 1692! Had she been a man she might have been ranked with Newton. Instead they threw her in jail.

ELWOOD

What happened to her?

GILMAN

She escaped. Do you know how?

ELWOOD

No, tell me.

GILMAN

When they went to her cell they found angles and curves drawn on the walls in a sticky red fluid. The door was still locked, but the jailer had gone mad, raving. Keziah vanished without a trace, and was never seen again. At least, not in the flesh....

ELWOOD

And you think she somehow managed to....

GILMAN

I don't know. But I intend to find out. This is where it all happened. Right here. And now it's my turn.

MUSIC TRANSITION

4

CHURCH 2

4

Back to Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

So your friend was captivated by the history of this witch?

ELWOOD

He was, yes. But it was more than that. It was the mathematics. I was in the graduate school, and had taken more higher level mathematics courses than he had. But Gilman's understanding went way beyond mine. He had some kind of special insight.

IVANICKI

God gives great abilities to some.
And sometimes it is a painful
burden.

ELWOOD

Maybe that was it. But he was more
than just intelligent. It was his
perception. He saw things no one
else could see. And he heard things
that no one else could hear....

5

SETTLING IN

5

Nighttime: we are inside Gilman's room. A SOUNDSCAPE builds
layer by layer. Outside, the soothing chirp of CRICKETS. A
LIGHT BREEZE. Inside, a DESK CLOCK TICKS. The RUSTLE of
bedclothes as Gilman tosses and turns in his sleep. The
CREAKS of the ancient house. From somewhere downstairs, the
MURMUR of MAZUREWICZ PRAYING. In another room, Jean-Paul
Desrochers turns on a RADIO PLAYING MUSIC. Outside, DOGS
BARK.

Then, neighbors across the street FIGHT IN POLISH.

POLISH NEIGHBOR WOMAN

(shouting in the distance)

I saw you with her! Don't try to
deny it!

POLISH NEIGHBOR MAN

That's ridiculous! You're imagining
things!

POLISH NEIGHBOR WOMAN

I'm not imagining anything! I know
what you do! I see what I see and I
know what I know! You're not as
smart as you think you are!

GILMAN

(muttering to himself)

Oh, can't you people keep quiet?

As if in answer, a WINDOW SLIDES OPEN and another neighbor
starts SHOUTING AT THE FIGHTING NEIGHBORS.

ANGRY NEIGHBOR

(in the distance)

Shut up! Don't you know people are
trying to sleep?!

POLISH NEIGHBOR MAN
Shut up face! Mind own business!

Windows SLAM SHUT. Gilman lies down again. The DOGS keeps barking, but the fighting neighbors are quieter. But the TICKING OF THE CLOCK seems louder, more aggressive than before. MAZUREWICZ continues to mutter his prayers, but more frantically. In the noise of the CRICKETS there is now the hint of a MUSICAL NOTE: A DISTANT FLUTE. The breeze transforms into the MUSIC OF COSMIC SPACE.

Now a NEW SOUND appears in the mix. It is a WHISPER, it has an echo, and it seems to come from somewhere BEYOND.

KEZIAH
(a whispered chant)
Nahab! Nahab! Nahab!

A new sound: a high-pitched CHITTERING. Is it the crickets? It doesn't seem to be coming from outside. The chittering deepens into a quiet but MALEVOLENT CHUCKLE. Suddenly there is a noise that is unmistakably HERE IN THE ROOM: a dry SCURRYING sound, like RATS IN THE WALLS.

KEZIAH (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Nahab! Azathoth! Nyarlathotep!
Gilman!

The RUSTLE of blankets as Gilman sits up again.

GILMAN
(nervously)
Hello? Who's there?

No answer but MAZUREWICZ, the SCURRYING, the COSMIC MUSIC, the grim CHUCKLE, and the TICKING CLOCK. Perhaps a subtle HEARTBEAT as well.

KEZIAH
Nahab! Nahab! Nahab!

GILMAN
(bolder)
I can hear you!

Gilman gets out of bed. The CREAK of floorboards taking his weight. RATS SCURRY: are they fleeing, or following him? He strides to his desk and grabs the CLOCK. A DESK DRAWER OPENS and he shoves the clock inside: it is muffled. We can now hear MAZUREWICZ more clearly, and his prayers are growing more fervent.

GILMAN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Knock it off down there with that
mumbo jumbo!

Gilman POUNDS ON THE FLOOR.

GILMAN (CONT'D)
It's after midnight! Save it for
church!

Mazurewicz is suddenly silent. After a moment, Desrochers' RADIO TURNS OFF. For a few seconds, we hear only the COSMIC MUSIC, but then we hear again a SCURRY and the MALEVOLENT CHUCKLE. MAZUREWICZ RESUMES MUTTERED PRAYING.

GILMAN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Superstitious imbecile....

MORE SCURRYING in the walls, followed by a NEW VOICE. It is high, chittering, sinister.

BROWN JENKIN
(whispering)
Tu Nahab vides. Magister vocit.
Gilman...

SCURRYING.

GILMAN
What **is** that?

Gilman walks around the room, trying to find the source of the sound. It keeps moving.

TRANSITION MUSIC

6 CHURCH 3

6

To Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI
So he had no respect for his
neighbor's prayers?

ELWOOD
Well, Father, I think it was more
than the prayers that prevented him
from sleeping.
(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

I went up early one morning to invite him to join me at the student union, and found him standing on top of his desk, examining the line where the wall met the ceiling....

7

RATS IN THE WALLS

7

Morning in Gilman's Room.

ELWOOD

Gilman, what are you doing? You'll break your neck!

GILMAN

(a bit manic)
Elwood! Can you hear it?

ELWOOD

Hear what?

GILMAN

That skittering, scurrying sound! It's coming from inside the walls.

ELWOOD

Come down, Gilman.

GILMAN

There must be a space on the other side. See here, along the ceiling? How it slants downward away from the outside?

ELWOOD

Yes, but you---

GILMAN

There's a loft space above. See that planking in the ceiling? There used to be a passage but it's boarded over. I've been trying to pull it down all night but those old pegs are wedged in tight.

ELWOOD

Walter, have you gone mad? Look what you've done to all your books and papers! What a mess....

GILMAN

And see how that wall slants inward? The outer wall runs at a different angle.

ELWOOD

What?

GILMAN

I checked. The outer wall runs twelve degrees from true north. And there should be a window! On the outside of this wall you can see where one has been boarded up. But not on this side. There's a space behind that wall and above this ceiling. And something's in there.

ELWOOD

It's rats. That's what you're hearing. You can see where they've chewed through the baseboard right there.

GILMAN

(stepping down to the floor)

No, it's not just rats! I knew Keziah planned these angles deliberately, but I never stopped to consider the space between. The space **between!**

ELWOOD

Did you peel down all that wallpaper?

GILMAN

I thought there might be traces of diagrams or symbols Keziah left behind on the original walls.

ELWOOD

Were there?

GILMAN

No.

ELWOOD

The landlord will blow his stack when he sees this mess.

GILMAN

Dombrowski? He should worry more about that idiot on the first floor who prays all night long! How can anyone stand it?

ELWOOD

Old Joe Mazurewicz? He doesn't mean any harm....

There is a KNOCK at the door and DOMBROWSKI enters. He speaks with a thick Polish accent.

DOMBROWSKI

Mr. Gilman, I hear you awake so I--- my god! What have you done to wall?

GILMAN

Mr. Dombrowski. We were just talking about you. I would like to get access to the loft space above this room. May I cut through the old passageway in the ceiling?

DOMBROWSKI

The wallpaper! You have torn all down!

GILMAN

That moth eaten paper was terrible. It practically fell off. It would all have to be replaced anyway. I did you a favor.

DOMBROWSKI

This is no favor! You will not be get back damage deposit!

GILMAN

Oh really? What about the rat holes, Mr. Dombrowski? I'm sure the health inspector would be very interested to see how many there are. And how fresh.

DOMBROWSKI

(taken aback)
Is old building.

GILMAN

Exactly. An old building. I suppose I can overlook the rats if you can overlook the wallpaper.

DOMBROWSKI

(with a sigh)

I knew I should not have rent this room.

GILMAN

Listen, what about getting access to the loft space above? I'll provide my own tools.

DOMBROWSKI

No. Is dangerous. Is more rats for you.

GILMAN

I'll take that chance.

DOMBROWSKI

I say no! Bad for good tenants. No changes. No more peeling of wallpapers!

GILMAN

Mr. Dombrowski, this house is historical. It has special qualities. This house is---

DOMBROWSKI

Mine! This house is mine! You are tenant. Leave walls alone! Leave ceiling alone! I know old history, and I am telling you, leave it alone too.

GILMAN

But Mr. Dombrowski---

DOMBROWSKI

Why are Miskatonic peoples seeking always trouble? Looking always **into** things? Better you to think of future. Past is done.

He turns to go, muttering to himself.

DOMBROWSKI (CONT'D)

Never should have rent room. Never to student.

FOOTSTEPS as Dombrowski leaves.

ELWOOD

Sorry, Walter. Listen, let's go
grab a cup of joe at the Student
Union. On me!

TRANSITION MUSIC

8 CHURCH 4

8

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

Mr. Dombrowski eyed us both with
suspicion after that. I still don't
know if he really understood the
history of the house, but whatever
he knew, he wouldn't tell.

IVANICKI

God bids us not to speak lightly of
such things.

ELWOOD

It bonded me and Gilman, in a way.
Being the only two students living
in the house....

IVANICKI

In *that* house. Did Gilman find his
way into the space above his room?

ELWOOD

(after a pause, ominously)
Not by cutting a hole through the
ceiling.

IVANICKI

Hmmm. That must have been
disturbing.

ELWOOD

Gilman, the house, it was all
disturbing. I remember one evening
I went up to ask for help with a
calculus problem....

TRANSITION MUSIC

9 THE SOUNDS

9

To Gilman's room.

Elwood KNOCKS on Gilman's door, then opens it without waiting for an answer.

ELWOOD

Hey Gilman, will you help me review for my mid-term? This modified Liebniz notation has got me---

GILMAN

(agitated)
Quiet! Do you hear that?

ELWOOD

Hear what?

GILMAN

Listen!

They pause to take in the many sounds of the house on an ordinary evening. The TICKING of Gilman's desk clock is most present, but there is also the muffled sound of MAZUREWICZ praying downstairs, the furtive SCURRYING of rats, CREAKING timbers, and a DOG barking outside.

ELWOOD

(baffled)
Do you mean your clock?

GILMAN

That accursed thing! I swear it's mocking me. It's like the thunder of artillery!

Gilman seizes the clock and SMASHES IT AGAINST THE WALL. Pieces fly.

ELWOOD

Gilman! Steady, man!

GILMAN

Listen! Don't you hear it?

ELWOOD

You destroyed it!

GILMAN

Not the clock! That incessant cacophony! That superstitious idiot downstairs. That scurrying within the walls. I'd swear they're following me.

ELWOOD

Gilman, you're worrying me.

There is a CREAK of the old wood, and a SCURRYING. We begin to hear it THE WAY GILMAN HEARS IT. A touch of the insane COSMIC PIPING comes in underneath.

GILMAN

Do you hear that creaking? I swear there's someone walking around.

ELWOOD

It's just an old house.

GILMAN

There's something underneath it. I can't quite pick it out, but I feel it's there. A sound within the sound.

ELWOOD

Gilman, you've got to let it go. Look, you've barely begun to prepare for your exams. Anderson told me you haven't shown up for your study group for a couple of weeks.

GILMAN

I can't concentrate! I can barely think! There's something hovering over me. Biding its time before it descends to engulf me completely!

As Elwood makes this next long speech, his voice becomes increasingly MUFFLED and DISTORTED, while the many other sounds SWELL, and we get a sense of what the world sounds like to Gilman.

ELWOOD

Gilman, listen, maybe you should take a break. I think all the reading you've been doing about Keziah Mason has had an unhealthy influence on you. It's put these mad ideas into your head, and with the added stress of all your mathematical work, it's got you all turned upside down. You need to get out of here and get a change of scenery. Maybe go back to Haverhill for a few days. Your professors would understand. I'm not the only one who's noticed that your school work is suffering. No one would begrudge you some time away. Don't you think, Gilman? Gilman? Gilman?

The atmospheric noise has reached a CRESCENDO, and with it Gilman snaps.

GILMAN

Shut up! Shut up! You've got to be quiet! Aaaah!

Gilman collapses on the floor with a THUD, and with it the atmospheric noise STOPS and we hear things the way Elwood does.

ELWOOD

(crystal clear)
Gilman!

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

10

CHURCH 5

10

To Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

The poor man! And you yourself never heard these noises that so troubled your friend?

ELWOOD

I heard lots of noises, Father. There were undoubtedly rats in the walls, and Joe Mazurewicz did pray out loud night after night. But I never heard them the way Gilman did. His ears were sensitive to a preternatural degree.

IVANICKI

Another blessing and another curse.

ELWOOD

I suspected maybe he was ill, some kind of brain fever. But whether the fever brought on the dreams or the dreams brought on the fever I couldn't say.

IVANICKI

Dreams can be a battlefield, where the holy and unholy wage war for the soul.

ELWOOD
He first told me about them early
in February.....

TRANSITION MUSIC

11 THROW ME A LIFE PRESERVER

11

To Arkham Diner. The CLINK of cutlery and dishware and the MURMUR of a small crowd. Gilman is sitting at the counter.

COOK
(shouting)
Adam and Eve on a raft, wrecked!

A BELL rings and FOOTSTEPS as Elwood enters.

ELWOOD
Ah, Gilman, I thought I'd find you
here. Mind if I join you?

GILMAN
(subdued)
Go ahead.

ELWOOD
What are you having?

GILMAN
Just coffee and donuts.

A WAITRESS steps up.

WAITRESS
Hey hon, what'll it be?

ELWOOD
I'll have the hash please, and some
toast.

WAITRESS
(shouting to the cook)
We have a gambler in the house! And
burn me a shingle!

ELWOOD
And a cup of coffee if you don't
mind.

WAITRESS
Coming right up. You want a refill,
hon? You downed that java pretty
quick.

GILMAN

Yes, thank you.

With the CLINK of a cup and saucer, the waitress POURS coffee for two.

WAITRESS

Big test coming up? You boys pull an all-nighter or something?

GILMAN

Something like that.

WAITRESS

Well, I'll keep it hot.

The waitress steps away.

ELWOOD

Are you all right, Gilman? Another sleepless night?

GILMAN

No, I slept. In fact, I had the most fantastical dream.

ELWOOD

So did I! I dreamed that girl from the library was locked in a tower made of Eskimo Pies. I tried to scale the walls to get to her but the bricks kept melting, and when I finally did get to the top, somehow she was my aunt Helen.

GILMAN

Hmmm.

ELWOOD

How about yours? What did you dream?

Elwood SLURPS some coffee before Gilman answers.

GILMAN

I was in my room, at my desk, when the walls began to fold in on themselves. The space turned itself inside out, and I was suddenly plunging through a limitless abyss of inexplicably colored twilight and bafflingly disordered sound.

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

I was in a hiatus of space and time with material and gravitational properties I can't explain, or even relate to my own entity.

ELWOOD

Gee....

GILMAN

I could clearly sense that I was moving through this domain, but I wasn't walking or climbing, or flying or swimming, or falling or crawling or wriggling. It was a very strange sensation, and I **wanted** to keep moving forward, but neither could I have stopped myself. I was being pulled, or pushed.

MUSICAL UNDERSCORE starts. It includes the COSMIC FLUTE.

GILMAN (CONT'D)

I tried to look around to find the source of this compulsion, and realized I could not see my own body, except out of the corner of my eye. Whenever I tried to look at myself, some odd disarrangement of perspective cut off any clear view of my arms or legs or torso. I know I had some kind of definite physical presence, but it was somehow marvelously transmuted and projected obliquely to my own faculties. But I could see many other beings, for the abyss was by no means vacant. It was crowded with angled masses of alien-hued substance. Some of them seemed like architecture, and others of them seemed to be organic, living things. But they all had structure. I felt certain that the structure was there, even if I couldn't directly perceive it. Some of the organic ones tickled at my memory, and seemed to correspond with something in the back of my mind, although I could never tell what it was. It was a very eerie sensation of *presque vu*.

ELWOOD

Presque vu?

GILMAN

Yes, you know, that feeling that you **almost** know what something is. It's on the tip of your tongue, and you know that you should know it, but it just... barely... eludes you. I had no sense of scale to relate to, but I confronted things that seemed monumentally huge, and others that must have been all but microscopic. The inorganic masses were like clusters of cubes and planes, or like prisms that split, not light, but reality itself into a labyrinthine spectrum beyond comprehension. Other things seemed organic I guess because they had a certain roundness, like groups of... bubbles, or.... And because... they moved. They seethed and roiled, roused in a kind of snake-like animation that sometimes seemed utterly random, and sometimes showed signs of purpose, and motivation.

ELWOOD

(rapt)

It sounds amazing.

GILMAN

(suddenly upset)

No. It was horrible. Because not only could I see all these things, but they could see me. And I was surrounded by a shrieking, roaring, menacing confusion that I felt at any moment might rise to some unbearable degree of intensity and crush me, or rip me to pieces.

COOK

(shouting)

Sweepings up with a shingle!

The MUSICAL UNDERSCORE ENDS. FOOTSTEPS as the waitress returns.

WAITRESS

Here you go, hon. Hash and toast.

ELWOOD

Thanks.

WAITRESS

(to Gilman)

Can I throw you a life preserver,
hon?

GILMAN

(taken aback)

What?

WAITRESS

A donut. You want another?

GILMAN

No. I'm not hungry anymore.

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

12

CHURCH 6

12

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

It was the first of the dreams that
began to consume him.

IVANICKI

"For a dream cometh through a
multitude of cares," the Bible
tells us. It's only natural that
your friend dreamed of the same
worries that troubled him by day.

ELWOOD

Perhaps... In some ways the dreams
seemed to clear his mind, at least
as far as his mathematical studies
went. He was getting an intuitive
knack for solving Riemannian
equations, and astonished Professor
Upham by his comprehension of
higher-dimensional problems.

IVANICKI

Riemannian equations? I've never
heard of that.

ELWOOD

It's based on the work of Bernhard
Riemann, a German mathematician.

(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

In his youth he studied theology, and he was going to become a pastor, but he amazed his teachers with his mathematical abilities and his parents sent him to study in Berlin. He discovered an entirely new kind of geometry that was named after him.

IVANICKI

A new kind of geometry?

ELWOOD

Yes, a non-Euclidean geometry of curved spaces and higher dimensions. It's the foundation on which Einstein has built his theories.

IVANICKI

My goodness.

ELWOOD

Gilman seemed to have an innate understanding of it all, and one afternoon in class he took some of these ideas rather far....

TRANSITION MUSIC

13

AHEAD OF HIS CLASS

13

To Miskatonic Classroom (perhaps a few notes from "Onward Miskatonic"?) PROFESSOR UPHAM is wrapping up a lecture.

PROF. UPHAM

...mathematicians are the scouts of science, always on the frontier of knowledge. Urbain LeVerrier in 1846 had nothing to go on but a mathematical prediction that there should be a planet beyond Uranus. He did his calculations, and when he told them where to point the telescope, they found Neptune right where he said it would be. If pure mathematics can lead to the discovery of a new planet, why not to a new dimension, or even a new universe?

GILMAN

Exactly! There's no reason!

The other students GROAN and SHIFT IN THEIR SEATS at this interjection.

PROF. UPHAM

Oh yes, Mr. Gilman? It was a rhetorical question, but no doubt you have something to add.

GILMAN

Yes, Professor Upham. You've clearly demonstrated the existence and the nature of the fourth dimension. Each dimension is a cross-section of the next higher one. A point is a cross-section of a line: a line is a cross-section of a plane: a plane is a cross-section of a cube. To get to any next higher dimension, you simply have to move in a new direction, one not contained within the dimension you currently inhabit. In three-dimensional space, the new direction we move in is the one we perceive as time. Time is the fourth dimension.

PROF. UPHAM

Yes, full marks, but--

GILMAN

But Kaluza and Klein have shown that there is a fifth dimension, and that motion in that dimension is what accounts for the force of electromagnetism.

PROF. UPHAM

The Kaluza-Klein equations are interesting, Mr. Gilman, and while they may be mathematically true they're a bit beyond the scope of this--

GILMAN

(on a roll)

No, no, no, but if we follow those equations out, Professor, we find that there must be even more dimensions. In fact, I believe there to be ten.

Students CHUCKLE and GROAN.

PROF. UPHAM

Ten dimensions! That's quite a claim.

GILMAN

It's just a matter of perception. To understand how you can observe extra dimensions consider the following two laws. Here, look.

Gilman steps to the blackboard and we hear the SCRATCHING OF CHALK as he writes out insanely complicated equations.

GILMAN (CONT'D)

(with blazing speed)

The gravitational force between two massive bodies is $G M_1 m_2$ over R squared, where G is the gravitational constant, M_1 and m_2 are the masses of the two bodies and R is the distance between them. And the electrostatic force between two charges is $K_{sub E} Q_1 Q_2$ over R squared, where $K_{sub E}$ is Coulomb's constant, Q_1 and Q_2 are the charges and R is the distance between them. Now as you can see, both of these forces follow the inverse square law: the magnitude of the force is proportional to 1 over R squared, the inverse of the distance squared. But this relationship is predicated on three spatial dimensions. Do you see?

PROF. UPHAM

Well... I suppose....

More SCRATCHING OF CHALK.

GILMAN

Because really it's 1 over R to the D minus 1 , where D is the number of dimensions. Three minus one is two, so for ordinary three-dimensional space it comes out to R squared, but if there were more spatial dimensions, let's say five, then it would be R to the fourth. If there were nine, it would be R to the eighth, and so on.

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

Minkowski space and Maxwell's equations can be embedded in a Riemann curvature tensor, and when you solve that tensor for D , it comes out to eleven, as you can see. Which suggests there are ten dimensions.

A less clever student, ROBERTSON, raises his hand.

ROBERTSON

Professor, this isn't going to be on the test, is it?

PROF. UPHAM

Don't worry about that, Mr. Robertson.

ROBERTSON

Because it looks to me like complete nonsense.

PROF. UPHAM

Oh really?

ROBERTSON

It's theoretical mumbo-jumbo. You could never prove it actually exists. It's all just a figment of Gilman's loony imagination!

PROF. UPHAM

Well, Mr. Gilman, what do you say to Robertson's objection? Ten-dimensional space is something you might be able to think about, but could you ever experience it physically?

GILMAN

I believe you could, sir. We could physically travel beyond the fourth dimension.

The students REACT.

PROF. UPHAM

And how would that be achieved, Gilman?

GILMAN

By folding the dimensions, sir.

PROF. UPHAM
(equally fascinated and
befuddled)

What?

GILMAN

Imagine an ant walking on a newspaper spread out on a table. He walks across from one edge of the paper to the other, and can go no further. He only perceives two dimensions. But if we here in the third dimension fold that paper over, the ant can suddenly find himself back where he started. From his point of view, it's like instantly transporting from one edge of space to the other. Just so, if a man possessed sufficient knowledge to fold three dimensions, he could step deliberately and instantly from the earth to any other celestial body he chose. Such a step would require only two stages; first, a passage out of the three-dimensional domain we know, and second, a passage back to the three-dimensional domain at another point, perhaps one of infinite remoteness.

PROF. UPHAM

And how could one hope to survive such a journey, Mr. Gilman?

GILMAN

The journey itself would be harmless sir, although one would need to choose his destination with care. Denizens of some planets might be able to live on certain others, even planets belonging to other galaxies. You understand?

PROF. UPHAM

(fascinated)

Perhaps. Of course there must be vast numbers of mutually uninhabitable zones, even if they were mathematically juxtaposed....

GILMAN

It's also possible that the inhabitants of a given dimensional realm could survive entry to unknown realms of additional dimensions, even ones outside the given space-time continuum, and that the converse would be likewise true.

ROBERTSON

Other planets?! Ants and newspapers and other dimensions?! This is all crazy talk!

GILMAN

Not at all. Robertson, imagine you're the ant. You're in the third dimension all along, you just can't see it. We can travel to these other dimensions, Robertson, and survive because in fact we're already there. We just have to learn how to perceive it.

PROF. UPHAM

I don't know if you're talking about mathematics any more, Mr. Gilman.

GILMAN

There are other ways to see things, sir. Ancient civilizations may not have developed the Keziah-- I mean Kaluza-- equations, but they still perceived worlds beyond their own. There's a rich tradition of lore handed down to us from antiquity as magic. Our forbears had knowledge of the cosmos that may have been greater than our own.

ROBERTSON

Would you give me a break? This is MATH class!

GILMAN

Shamans, alchemists, witches... they all perceived things outside of normal experience. They may not have gotten there by mathematics, but rather by rituals, by the contemplation of metaphor, by...

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)
dreaming. If only you could see it!
The *Necronomicon* tells of --

ROBERTSON
Professor Upham!

PROF. UPHAM
Yes, I think we're drifting into
Professor Wilmarth's territory
here. All right, class. That's more
than enough for today. Thank you,
Mr. Gilman, for that very
interesting diversion. On Thursday
we'll be discussing Bragdon chapter
nine. Sharpen your pencils!

A BELL rings. The STUDENTS GET UP TO LEAVE. There is some
MUTTERING about Gilman. Robertson takes him aside.

ROBERTSON
You think you're so smart, Gilman?

GILMAN
No, Robertson, it's just--

ROBERTSON
Well I think you're a spooky, apple-
polishing bookworm. That crazy
stuff of yours better not end up on
the mid-term.

TRANSITION MUSIC

14 CHURCH 7

14

To Ivanicki's Office.

ELWOOD
There was quite a bit of gossip
about Gilman on campus. Some of our
fellow students envied his
brilliance, but most dismissed him
as an eccentric, or worse.

IVANICKI
He sounds troubled, like he needed
help.

ELWOOD
Some faculty members felt the same
thing.

(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

Finally he was summoned to the office of Dr. Bell, the Dean of Sciences....

TRANSITION MUSIC

15 INTERVENTION

15

To Dean Bell's office. DR. NORWOOD BELL, the Dean of the School of Science, is joined by chief librarian HENRY ARMITAGE and Professor Upham.

DEAN BELL

Hello, Gilman. Take a seat.

GILMAN

Yes, Dr. Bell. Thank you sir. Professor Armitage, Professor Upham. Am I in some kind of trouble?

DEAN BELL

Well that's the question on everyone's mind, young man. Professor Upham tells me that you delivered quite a lecture in his class the other day.

GILMAN

I didn't mean to offend...

PROF. UPHAM

You didn't give any offense, Gilman. I thought it was fascinating. But it was far beyond the scope of the curriculum.

ARMITAGE

Professor Upham tells me you referenced the *Necronomicon* during this lecture?

GILMAN

Yes, Professor Armitage.

ARMITAGE

I was not aware that you had visited the library's restricted section. That particular book is not supposed to be accessible to undergraduates.

GILMAN

I didn't know. I just signed in to the room.

ARMITAGE

Yes, I checked. It seems you've been doing quite a bit of esoteric reading. *The Book of Eibon? Von Unaussprechlichen Kulten?* Those seem like strange choices for a mathematics major.

GILMAN

I find them interesting.

ARMITAGE

Do you indeed...

GILMAN

Is that wrong?

DEAN BELL

It's not just the reading, Gilman. The word is you're stretched pretty tight. There have been incidents with other students? And Miss Brewster tells me you've missed several sessions of her psychology class, and that she's caught you sleeping at your desk on more than one occasion.

GILMAN

I'll put in more time, sir.

DEAN BELL

That's not what I'm getting at. It seems you're putting in too much time as it is.

PROF. UPHAM

Look, Gilman, non-Euclidean calculus and quantum physics are hard enough to stretch any brain. When you mix them with folklore, and the kind of extra reading you've been doing, well it's...

DEAN BELL

We're urging you to reduce your workload. There will be no penalty if you take advanced general psychology next semester.

ARMITAGE

And you will not be admitted to the restricted section without checking with me personally.

GILMAN

But Professor, those books are vital to my studies! I believe I'm close to synthesizing differential geometry with western hermetic traditions!

ARMITAGE

I know. That's what concerns me.

DEAN BELL

Mr. Gilman, it's our judgment that you need to take it easy. We've seen other promising students' careers fall apart from over-exertion.

PROF. UPHAM

We're only concerned for your welfare.

DEAN BELL

We'd also like you to pay a visit to Dr. Waldron at the campus infirmary. If you're having trouble sleeping, he can prescribe a sedative.

GILMAN

Very well, sir. Is that all?

DEAN BELL

For now. Your diligence is commendable, Gilman, but for your own good perhaps you ought not to study quite so hard.

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

To Ivanicki's Office.

IVANICKI

Hmm. Did anyone else try to help him? Family? A pastor?

ELWOOD

He really didn't have anyone else.
Well, me, I guess...

IVANICKI

Would he listen to you?

ELWOOD

I tried. I walked home with him
after his meeting....

TRANSITION MUSIC

17

THAT OLD WOMAN

17

To ARKHAM STREETS. Gilman and Elwood are walking down alleys
towards the Polish neighborhood.

GILMAN

It's so unfair! I'm so close to
great results, and they try to stop
me!

ELWOOD

I don't know, maybe they've seen
this kind of thing before, Gilman.

GILMAN

They're threatened by me. Armitage
is jealous.

ELWOOD

You should go to Doc Waldron,
Gilman. You look terrible.

GILMAN

That old quack? He'll order me to
stay in the infirmary, right when--

He stops short with a GASP.

GILMAN (CONT'D)

Do you see her?

ELWOOD

See who?

GILMAN

(hushed)
Look, down that alley. She's
standing right there.

ELWOOD

I don't see anyone.

GILMAN

That old woman. There in the shadows under that door. It's... her.

ELWOOD

Her who?

GILMAN

From my dreams. I've seen her in a dream, I'm sure of it.

ELWOOD

You're imagining things.

GILMAN

See that thing crawling at her feet?

ELWOOD

I don't know. I can't.... Maybe there is something there.

GILMAN

It's not a cat. But it's too big to be a... rat.

ELWOOD

(spooked)

No. No, it's nothing. Come on.

GILMAN

It's her.

ELWOOD

You need rest. Let's go.

GILMAN

Elwood, it's her.

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

Back to Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

Did you see this woman?

ELWOOD

I don't really know, Father. Maybe I did. Or maybe it was just Gilman's suggestion. You know Arkham, there's a lot of... history in that part of town. I really don't know. But Gilman was as disturbed as I was. I wanted to help him, but sometimes he avoided me. And sometimes, to tell the truth, I avoided him. His intensity was hard to take, and something was hanging over him. One evening a few weeks later, when I came home from studying at the library, Joe Mazurewicz called to me from his room at the foot of the stairs....

TRANSITION MUSIC

19

DARK DAYS AHEAD

19

To the front hall of the Witch House. The DOOR CLOSES and we hear FOOTSTEPS as Elwood heads toward his room. JOE MAZUREWICZ, a middle-aged Polish working class man, speaks in hushed tones. He has the quiet intensity of a man deeply terrified.

MAZUREWICZ

You there, college boy.

ELWOOD

Hello Mr. Mazurewicz. How are you this evening?

MAZUREWICZ

I pray to God for deliverance. There are dark days ahead.

ELWOOD

Okay, well, have a good night.

MAZUREWICZ

You have crucifix? You pray?

ELWOOD

Oh, I... no, I'm---

MAZUREWICZ

You must pray. The witch is here. I have seen Brown Jenkin.

ELWOOD

Brown Jenkin?

MAZUREWICZ

The witch's familiar. Is called Brown Jenkin. It is in house again. You will see it.

ELWOOD

Gilman mentioned something...

MAZUREWICZ

Your friend is in great danger. May Eve is coming. The witch has returned! Brown Jenkin makes the way. They make plan. I pray to keep them from my door. Your friend, he does not pray. He sleeps in witch's room. He mocks God and all things holy. On May Eve, Walpurgis night, Hell's door opens, evil walks the earth and all the slaves of Satan will gather for terrible doing. Is the witches' sabbath. Everyone knows this.

ELWOOD

Well now, I didn't---

MAZUREWICZ

Oh yes, you are from the Miskatonic. Science man, in tower of ivy! You know nothing. But we here know. There will be bad doings. A child, or two, will disappear. You will see as we have see many times. My grandmother. Her grandmother. You will see.

ELWOOD

Well, I'll keep my eyes open.

MAZUREWICZ

You will know this Brown Jenkin when you see it. Is like rat creature, long hair, and sharp-tooth and beard face. But this thing have hands like a man's, and face too like a man, with eyes that are black and see many things. You will hear in walls. Is messenger between witch and the Devil. It knows secrets of darkness, and speaks every language.

(MORE)

MAZUREWICZ (CONT'D)

Yes, you will hear too: it laugh to mock man and god. Pray it does not come to your room. I will pray for you.

ELWOOD

That's... thank you.

MAZUREWICZ

It will whisper when it comes. When you sleep, it crawl into bed. Then it drink your blood for the witch! Is the Devil's baptism! She walk again, here, this house! Only the crucifix and strength of God keeps her away. You pray!

ELWOOD

I'll do that.

MAZUREWICZ

Stay away from your friend. For him, is too late.

TRANSITION MUSIC

20

CHURCH 10

20

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

Have you heard of it? This Brown Jenkin?

IVANICKI

(uncomfortable)

I have. It's been reported in local folklore for centuries.

ELWOOD

Do you believe he exists, Father?

IVANICKI

(hesitant)

I believe the Devil can assume many shapes.

ELWOOD

Gilman was sure he saw Brown Jenkin in his room. I heard him arguing about it with our landlord.

TRANSITION MUSIC

21 MESSAGE AND MESSENGER

21

To Gilman's room. An argument is ongoing.

GILMAN

I'm telling you it's the rats! The pieces of tin that you nail everywhere are completely useless! The things just gnaw through somewhere else!

DOMBROWSKI

No! Is not so many rats in all of city! Is no rat so big! Is you, trying to get into my walls!

GILMAN

(loud)

Along the floorboards? That's absurd! I'll prove it to you! I'll spread flour out along the floor and you'll see the footprints!

DOMBROWSKI

(louder)

No spreading of flour! Is enough mess already!

Some FOOTSTEPS as Elwood enters as the peacemaker.

ELWOOD

Gentlemen...

GILMAN

See here, they chewed through this dictionary I used to block the hole. I suppose you think I chewed up my own dictionary?

DOMBROWSKI

No more damaging of room, Mr. Gilman! You are terrible tenant!

Dombrowski STORMS OUT.

ELWOOD

What was that all about?

GILMAN

It was here last night, Elwood. It actually entered the room!

ELWOOD

You mean that rat thing? Brown---

GILMAN

I was just dozing off, when I noticed a faint glowing light. It seemed to shimmer all around the room, and showed in a kind of violet mist the convergence of various angled planes.

ELWOOD

You mean these crazy walls?

GILMAN

The walls were part of it, yes, but there were other planes that intersected, extrapolated out into the room, here. Just here they formed an angle, and the little horror appeared to pop out of it, just like a rat coming out of a hole. I was frozen. It pattered toward me with this gloating look of expectancy.

ELWOOD

What did you do?

GILMAN

I couldn't do anything. But I didn't have to. Just before it got close enough to touch me, the violet light faded, and it vanished.

ELWOOD

You mean you woke up.

GILMAN

This was no dream. Look.

A LIGHT MUSICAL THRILL and a rustle of CLOTH as Gilman takes something from out of his pocket.

ELWOOD

Is that...

GILMAN

A fragment of bone, yes. From a human finger, I'll wager.

ELWOOD

Where did it come from?

GILMAN

He dropped it. Brown Jenkin. I believe it's meant as a message.

ELWOOD

Oh, Gilman....

GILMAN

I feel certain that he's actually spoken to me, in dreams that I cannot now recall. I know I've gone through much more than I can remember, that I've experienced things beyond the waking world. Brown Jenkin, and the old woman, they're trying to communicate with me.

ELWOOD

No, Gilman. It was just a rat, dragging some piece of detritus from its lair. You have a brain fever, and when it's gone you'll be free of these fantasies.

GILMAN

No. I'm sure I've spoken to them, Elwood, and they want me to join them somehow. They want me to go with them, and meet someone, something else. There are secrets they have yet to reveal. Amazing secrets.

TRANSITION MUSIC

22

CHURCH 11

22

To Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

You understand this is the work of Satan? Tempting him, luring him...

ELWOOD

I don't know. He was so convinced these experiences were real.

IVANICKI

Of course. That's how it works.

ELWOOD

It was all just dreams - I didn't think there was any real danger. And then one afternoon he wanted to show me some new evidence....

TRANSITION MUSIC

23

GET YOUR COAT

23

To Elwood's room. There is a KNOCK and then the DOOR OPENS.

GILMAN

Elwood. Get your coat. I need your help.

ELWOOD

What is it?

GILMAN

Come with me and I'll show you. Hurry, before it gets dark.

ELWOOD

What, are we taking the stairs up to your room again?

GILMAN

No. We're taking a boat. To an island in the river.

MUSICAL STING

24

THE ISLAND

24

The LAPPING OF WATER against a SMALL WOODEN BOAT. The boys ROW toward the mysterious island.

ELWOOD

Don't the Lambda Phis use this island for hazing during hell week?

GILMAN

I don't know. Probably. They are idiots.

ELWOOD

It has a terrible reputation.

GILMAN

Yes, and has done for centuries. It's mentioned in Keziah Mason's trial transcripts. She conducted rituals there. Secret meetings. That's why people avoid it.

ELWOOD

Except us. And idiots.

GILMAN

To port, Elwood. There's a clear spot along the shore just there.

MUSIC. The boat SCRAPES along rocks as it reaches the island and the boys clamber out. MUDDY FOOTSTEPS, ETC. as the boys make their way through foliage and the like.

ELWOOD

Whatever possessed you to come out here in the first place, Gilman?

GILMAN

Visions. In my dream last night I found myself on a rocky hillside bathed in intense, diffused green light. I was surrounded by a swirling vapor. Suddenly I saw two shapes laboriously crawling toward me out of the mist. It was the old woman and her familiar.

ELWOOD

Brown Jenkin?

GILMAN

The woman stared at me and crossed her arms, Elwood, in a way that I swear wasn't entirely human. It was as if her elbows and wrists could turn backwards upon themselves. And the little creature raised one of its hands and pointed, not **at** me, but **past** me, to something I couldn't see. I found myself moving by an impulse I couldn't control, along a course determined by the angle of the old woman's arms. And before I had shuffled three steps I plunged through a twilight abyss and woke up in my room.

ELWOOD
(dismaying)
Gilman...

A LIGHT MUSIC BED underscores Gilman's vision.

GILMAN
I felt strange afterwards. I found myself staring at a certain vacant spot on the floor of my room. I don't know why, I simply couldn't tear my eyes away from it. I knew it meant something, but I didn't know what. I tried to go to class, Elwood, I really tried, but it was no use. As I was walking toward campus I found myself being pulled to the southeast, and staring at the ground as I walked along. I plodded down Garrison street, and by the time I reached the bridge over the Miskatonic I was in a cold sweat. You can see the bridge from here, can't you?

ELWOOD
Yes.

GILMAN
Do you see that iron railing?

ELWOOD
Yes, of course.

GILMAN
I clutched at that railing, Elwood, trying to steady myself, and found myself gazing upstream to this island. And that's when I saw her.

ELWOOD
Her? Do you mean--

GILMAN
She had her back to me, standing near the shore. But I could tell it was her, the same old woman I have seen in my dreams. I was wide awake, Elwood, in broad daylight. She was moving about, and seemed to be gathering something up.

ELWOOD
Keziah....

GILMAN

She suddenly stopped, and stood erect, and slowly began to turn toward me. I panicked, Elwood. She was far away but I didn't want her to see me. I was afraid something terrible would happen if she saw me. I ran as fast as I could to make it back to the house.

ELWOOD

Oh, Gilman.

GILMAN

I saw her here, Elwood, on this island. When I calmed down, I knew I had to come and get a closer look. I hired this boat and rowed out here early this afternoon. Let me show you what I found. It's just up ahead!

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

25

CHURCH 12

25

To Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

My son, you and your friend are on a dangerous path. These are not forces to be meddled with.

ELWOOD

I know that. Now.

IVANICKI

What did you see on the island?

ELWOOD

They were rows of standing stones, like rough-hewn pillars of granite. They were covered with moss, and there was an unmistakable aura of tremendous age surrounding them. There was no sign that any human being had disturbed them in living memory. They stood in a kind of low clearing, encircled by the remains of some kind of shallow ditch. The tallest of them stood over eight feet in height.

(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

There was nothing natural about them, Father. They were quarried from the ground and arranged in some kind of geometrical pattern....

TRANSITION MUSIC

26 ISLAND 2

26

Back to the island.

GILMAN

This stone circle is older even than Keziah Mason, Elwood. It predates Arkham itself. There's no telling who erected it.

ELWOOD

Gilman, it's... amazing.

GILMAN

But Keziah studied it, I'm certain. I think it forms a map that points the way to dimensions beyond the ones we know. Here, take this end of the measuring tape and help me plot it out!

The gentle WHIR of a cloth measuring tape and FOOTSTEPS as the boys begin to map out the stones.

TRANSITION MUSIC

27 CHURCH 13

27

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

We measured it and mapped it. Gilman drew a number of sketches. It was a feat of ancient engineering, Father.

IVANICKI

(quietly)

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil.

ELWOOD

I didn't think we were doing anything wrong. I thought I was helping him.

IVANICKI

Oh, my son....

TRANSITION MUSIC

28

ISLAND 3

28

Back to the island.

GILMAN

These standing stones form a part of Keziah's magic. But I need to do further research to put it together. Armitage has put me on the black list for the library's restricted section. But you could get in.

ELWOOD

Oh, Gilman, I don't know...

GILMAN

No one would think twice about it. I need access to books that are held nowhere else.

ELWOOD

What books do you need?

GILMAN

There's one in particular: the *Necronomicon*.

ELWOOD

What is it?

GILMAN

The original was written by an Arab called Abdul Al Hazred in Damascus in the 8th century. It's been suppressed over the ages, and our library has one of the only English copies that exist anywhere. It's a book of magical lore and philosophy, and it's instrumental in my work.

ELWOOD

Why?

GILMAN

It combines occult studies with mathematics. Western mathematics was founded by the Babylonians, and Al Hazred was the heir to that tradition. He understood how they intersect.

ELWOOD

How they intersect?

GILMAN

Yes, Elwood. And that's the key! Mathematical knowledge is unlike any other kind. The occult, religion, science, history... they're all subject to interpretation. And revision. But mathematical truth is objective, and timeless. The theorems of Pythagoras and Algoritmi mean exactly the same thing to everyone today as they meant two thousand years ago, and they will mean the same thing to everyone two thousand years from now. Their truths are intrinsic, and immutable.

ELWOOD

That's because they follow a made-up set of logical rules. Mathematics is a system invented by the human mind, Gilman. It's no more real than your dreams!

GILMAN

Now you're beginning to understand! Dreams, like mathematics, are **beyond** real. They exist in the spaces **between**. But both reveal fundamental truths about ourselves and the universe. You know that. I'm on the verge of understanding and revealing amazing hidden mathematical structures of reality itself. My dreams, the house, this stone circle, Keziah: they're tied together by a pattern. I can't break out of it until I can understand it.

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

That book, the *Necronomicon*, is the key. Will you get it?

TRANSITION MUSIC

29 CHURCH 14

29

To Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

Well?

ELWOOD

I... he was on to something, Father. I could see for myself that there was some kind of pattern here, and I wanted to understand it too. Then there was another incident a couple of nights later....

TRANSITION MUSIC

30 THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS HOUSE

30

To the stairwell leading up to Gilman's room. DOMBROWSKI POUNDS on the door. It is nighttime, and we can hear, among other things, the MUFFLED SOUND OF MAZUREWICZ PRAYING in another room.

DOMBROWSKI

C'mon you. Open up in there.

He POUNDS again.

ELWOOD

What's the matter, Mr. Dombrowski?

DOMBROWSKI

Your friend. I bring poison for rats. He no open door. He is go out?

ELWOOD

I don't think so. He told me earlier he felt feverish and was going to go to bed early.

DOMBROWSKI

I think he go out.

ELWOOD
He's probably just asleep.

KNOCKING.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)
Gilman? It's me, Elwood.

More KNOCKING.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)
Are you in there?

FOOTSTEPS as JEAN-PAUL DESROCHERS, another boarder, comes up the stairs behind them. He has a French-Canadian accent.

DESROCHERS
More trouble with this guy?

DOMBROWSKI
Is Gilman no answer door.

ELWOOD
Hello Mr. Desrochers. Did you see Gilman go out?

DESROCHERS
No. I heard him walking around in there a while ago.

ELWOOD
Are you sure?

DESROCHERS
(annoyed)
Of course I'm sure: I am in the room right below! I heard the floorboards creaking, and I heard the sound of clicking shoes on wood.

ELWOOD
When was that?

DESROCHERS
Maybe forty five minutes. Then it was quiet.

ELWOOD
And you didn't see him leave?

DESROCHERS
No.

DOMBROWSKI

I was by front door, he no go out.

ELWOOD

Maybe he needs a doctor. We should go in.

DOMBROWSKI

I have key.

KNOCKING.

ELWOOD

Gilman, we're coming in!

The RATTLE of keys and the door opens.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

Gilman?

DESROCHERS

Turn on the light.

The CLICK of a light switch.

ELWOOD

He's not here!

MUSICAL STING

DOMBROWSKI

Is what I am telling you. Agh, he put flour on floor! I tell him no flour...

ELWOOD

Stop. Look at the footprints!

We can hear the SCUTTling of rats behind the walls.

DESROCHERS

Bare feet walking to the middle of the room, but not walking back to bed.

ELWOOD

The footprints... But how can that be?

DESROCHERS

It's like he vanished halfway across the floor.... That's weird.

ELWOOD

His bed has been slept in, and look, his shoes are right there by the side of the bed and there's his clothes. Where could he go barefoot and wearing only his nightclothes?

DOMBROWSKI

This door was locked from inside. Did he go out window?

DESROCHERS

He's a strange kid, but that would be dangerous.

ELWOOD

Mr. Desrochers, was there anything else?

DESROCHERS

I heard muttering voices....

ELWOOD

Voices? There was someone else in here?

DESROCHERS

I don't know. Maybe it was Gilman talking to himself. He is an oddball.

DOMBROWSKI

Is terrible tenant. Look at mess he leaves.

ELWOOD

I'm going to go out and look for him. Mr. Dombrowski, would you mind leaving the door unlocked?

DOMBROWSKI

No. Here, you take key for room. Give back tomorrow.

ELWOOD

Yes, of course.

DOMBROWSKI

Here. Rat poison. You give him.

ELWOOD

Thank you.

FOOTSTEPS as Elwood starts to go.

DESROCHERS

Now sleepwalking. Some days I think there's something wrong with this house.

TRANSITION MUSIC

31 CHURCH 15

31

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

I searched everywhere... the neighborhood, all the way over to campus. No trace of him. By the time I got back, it was near four in the morning. I went back up to Gilman's room and unlocked the door. He was there.

TRANSITION MUSIC

32 SLEEPWALKER

32

The door CREAKS open. Gilman shivers slightly.

ELWOOD

Gilman, where have you been?

GILMAN

Elwood! How did you...

ELWOOD

I've been looking for you for hours! Where did you go?

GILMAN

I was dreaming, Elwood.

ELWOOD

But before, you weren't here. Dombrowski had rat poison for you. We were in this room looking for you and you were gone. Where did you go?

GILMAN

I was in the space between, Elwood. With her. And her familiar.

We hear CRICKETS and the SCUTTLING of rats and the occasional mysterious CREAK of the house as Gilman tells of his dream.

Other COSMIC NOISES come in as well, like the PIPING OF FLUTES, along with the shrill LAUGHTER of Brown Jenkin, and other echoes of Gilman's dream experience.

GILMAN (CONT'D)

She now appears to me so distinctly: her eyes are unmistakable. The expression on her face is hideous, some kind of exultation. She spoke to me, but I can't remember exactly what she said.

KEZIAH

(in a dreamy echo)
Nahab!

GILMAN

She wants me to go with her somewhere specific.

KEZIAH

Nahab! Gilman!

GILMAN

To do something.

ELWOOD

Do what?

GILMAN

Something terrible.

KEZIAH

Azathoth!

GILMAN

She appears out of thin air near the corner there, where the downward slant meets the inward slant.

KEZIAH

Nahab!

GILMAN

She gestures to me, beckoning. Brown Jenkin, too, seems a little nearer each time he appears.

BROWN JENKIN

Iura! Iura! Scribeto!

GILMAN

He has these fangs - they glisten
in that violet mist - and he
commands me to swear an oath, to
sign something.

ELWOOD

What does he want you to sign?

BROWN JENKIN

Scribeto! Liber Nyarlathotep!

GILMAN

The book. The book of the Black Man
of the witch cult. I must sign his
book in my own blood, and go with
them all to the throne of Azathoth
at the center of ultimate Chaos.

KEZIAH

Azathoth!

ELWOOD

Azathoth?

BROWN JENKIN

Nyarlathotep! Scribeto!

ELWOOD

Oh my god, Gilman...

GILMAN

I must take a new secret name, and
join them. She is called "Nahab." I
feel the pull so strongly.

ELWOOD

Is that where you went?

GILMAN

I feel so drawn to it, Elwood.

BROWN JENKIN

Veni! Veni! Ad urbis antiquorum!

ELWOOD

You have to fight it, Gilman. It's
a dream.

GILMAN

It's more than that! Yes! I can see
it more clearly now. I'm surrounded
by a violet twilight, moving
through dimensions beyond number.

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

I'm being watched. Followed. I feel it's them, but they are different. She is a pulsing mass of iridescent spheres, swarming and blinking in and out of existence, and her familiar is a small polyhedron of kaleidoscopic color and rapidly-shifting surface angles.

ELWOOD

What?

The cosmic sounds of dreaming now morph into a full-on MUSICAL UNDERSCORE as Gilman describes his dream.

GILMAN

Now a shift, a folding, as vast converging planes of a slippery-looking substance loom above and below me, and there's a flash of delirium and a blaze of unknown, alien light. I am on a high, railed terrace above a boundless jungle of outlandish, incredible peaks, with domes, minarets, and numberless forms, some of stone and some of metal, glittering in the blistering glare of a polychromatic sky. Above me I see three stupendous discs of flame, each of a different hue, and at a different height above an distant curving horizon of low mountains. The pavement below my feet is of a veined, polished stone, and the rail surrounding the terrace is delicate and fantastically wrought, with little figures of grotesque design and exquisite workmanship. They represent some ridged, barrel-shaped object with thin horizontal arms radiating spoke-like from a central ring, and with protrusions at each end like the arms of a starfish. The tiles beneath my feet are so hot, Elwood, I must keep moving. I walk along the balustrade and look down at the endless, Cyclopean city two thousand feet below. If only you could hear the sounds welling up from the narrow streets beneath me! What mystifying denizens must reside there!

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

The sight makes me dizzy, and I clutch at the balustrade. My right hand falls on one of the projecting figures, but my grip is too much for the exotic delicacy of the metal-work, and the spiky figure snaps off in my hand. I hear something behind me, and I look back across the terrace. Five figures approach me. They're coming for me, Elwood. They want me to go with them!

ELWOOD

Who are the figures? Keziah? Is it Brown Jenkin?

KEZIAH

Azathoth!

GILMAN

Yes!

BROWN JENKIN

Aspici antiquus!

GILMAN

They're beckoning to me. Her face is a twisted smile, and the horrible creature points to the three other figures with them.

ELWOOD

Who are they?

GILMAN

I don't know, Elwood. I just barely glimpsed them. They were living entities about eight feet high, shaped precisely like the spiky images on the balustrade, and propelling themselves by a spider-like wriggling of their lower set of starfish-arms! The sight of them shocked me awake, and brought me back to this room. That's when you found me.

ELWOOD

Are you saying you actually, physically went to this dream place?

GILMAN

Yes.

ELWOOD

No, Gilman. It's not possible!

GILMAN

Yes, Elwood. Look here. When I jolted awake a few moments ago, I discovered this thing in the bed. Look at it. What do you see?

MUSICAL THRILL.

ELWOOD

Oh my god, is that... it can't be!

GILMAN

It is. No detail is missing. The ridged, barrel-shaped center, the thin, radiating arms, the knobs at each end, and the flat, slightly outward-curving starfish-arms spreading from those knobs. That's what I saw, Elwood. That is the figure which in my dream I broke off that fantastic balustrade, and was still clutching in my hand.

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

33

CHURCH 16

33

To Ivanicki's office.

IVANICKI

This must have been some kind of trick. He might have made it himself. He could have...

ELWOOD

No, Father. Gilman was completely sincere.

IVANICKI

Maybe he found it sleepwalking. There are other explanations.

ELWOOD

The next day we took the strange figure to the campus museum on College Street.

(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

Dr. Brinkman, the curator, couldn't identify it and sent us to Professor Ellery in the Chem lab. He was baffled by it. Said it was some kind of alloy he'd never seen before. He said we should show it to Professor Nathaniel Ward, in the archeology department.

TRANSITION MUSIC

34

THE ARCHEOLOGIST

34

To Nate Ward's office.

GILMAN

Here it is. Can you make anything of it professor?

ELWOOD

We heard that you know a lot about...

WARD

Yes?

ELWOOD

Um, strange things.

WARD

Strange things, eh? Hmmmm.

GILMAN

I think it's some kind of metal, but...

WARD

Where did you say you found it?

GILMAN

(hesitant)

A trash can near City Hall.

WARD

Really? I find that hard to believe.

ELWOOD

We--

GILMAN

Do you recognize it, Professor Ward?

WARD

(with great hesitancy)

I might. Who did you say sent you here?

ELWOOD

Professor Ellery. He couldn't even determine what it was made from, let alone what it is.

WARD

Ellery... hmmm, no, I don't suppose a chemist would be able to determine either.

ELWOOD

Why not?

GILMAN

You know what it is, don't you?

WARD

I wouldn't go that far.

GILMAN

I need to know. Please tell me.

WARD

I'll admit it bears some resemblance to certain mythical creatures I've seen, though this version is disturbingly detailed. Why don't you leave it with me? I'll look into it further. In the meantime, I seriously urge you to steer clear of those "trash cans". You might not like what you find in there.

TRANSITION MUSIC

35

CHURCH 17

35

Back to Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

Professor Ward kept it, Father, but he never did give us any more information on the subject. He gave the piece back to Dr. Brinkman, who put it on exhibit at the museum. It's there now. An actual relic from a dream universe.

IVANICKI

My son, this object doesn't mean--

ELWOOD

There was other evidence, Father. I didn't want to mention it in front of the landlord or Desrochers, but remember the footprints in the flour on the floor of Gilman's room?

IVANICKI

Yes, what about them?

ELWOOD

There were two other sets, besides Gilman's bare feet. One made by an old-fashioned pair of woman's shoes, and another that looked like it was made by tiny human hands.

MUSICAL STING.

IVANICKI

(under his breath)

Lord protect us...

ELWOOD

I was convinced that Gilman's experiences were somehow real. So I agreed to help him gain access to the *Necronomicon*.

IVANICKI

These are grave transgressions, my son, with grave consequences.

ELWOOD

I never should have done it! I'm so sorry, Father. It was the beginning of the end.

IVANICKI

How did get Gilman in to see it?

ELWOOD

I used my graduate student pass to enter the rare book room, and lingered in the stacks until just before closing time. While the clerk was distracted helping another student, I smuggled the book out in a bundle of other volumes I had with me.

IVANICKI

Another commandment broken.

ELWOOD

I didn't steal it! We just wanted to borrow it, Father, to read it. We had no intention of keeping it! I hurried back to the house with it and ran into Joe Mazurewicz downstairs....

TRANSITION MUSIC

36

THIS BOY IS DOOMED

36

To the Witch House. Mazurewicz seems a little panicky, possibly slightly drunk.

MAZUREWICZ

College boy! Where you go?

ELWOOD

Hello, Mr. Mazurewicz. I can't talk right now. Very busy studying.

MAZUREWICZ

You go to your friend?

ELWOOD

Yes, that's right. We're working.

MAZUREWICZ

Better you to leave. This boy is doomed. I have seen the witch light in his room! For him now there is no escape.

ELWOOD

The witch light?

MAZUREWICZ

Yes. Everyone knows of this. Outside of house, last night I see light from his window. Light is...

Joe fumbles for the word for violet. There is a CREAK on the stairs as Desrochers joins in.

DESROCHERS

Violet light. It's true, Elwood. I saw it too.

ELWOOD

Desrochers! I didn't see you there.

DESROCHERS

There was a faint glowing light
around the cracks of Gilman's door.
I put my eye to the keyhole to see
what it might be.

ELWOOD

Well, aren't you a good neighbor.

DESROCHERS

There have been strange goings-on.
I hear mysterious footsteps from
his room. Muttering voices. I need
to know if I'm in danger here.

MAZUREWICZ

We are all in danger! Walpurgis
Night is near! There will be blood.
Your friend has stirred great
misery. This witch come back to
claim him, and Brown Jenkin.

ELWOOD

Well, I'm trying to help him.

MAZUREWICZ

To help, give to him this crucifix.
Blessed by Father Ivanicki. Is last
hope.

ELWOOD

That's not---

MAZUREWICZ

You take! Is last hope for us all!

ELWOOD

I'll give it to him.

MAZUREWICZ

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et
Spiritus Sancti!

FOOTSTEPS and a DOOR CLOSES as Mazurewicz hides in his room.
We hear him PRAYING through the door.

ELWOOD

Does he seem drunk to you?

DESROCHERS

He's frightened, man! Gilman should get out of the house for a while. At least stay out of that room until after May Eve.

ELWOOD

I'll tell him. Now if you'll---

DESROCHERS

Elwood, something's coming. I don't know what, but I can feel it. You fellows need to be careful.

ELWOOD

Okay, thanks. Good night.

37 THE BOOK

37

FOOTSTEPS as Elwood climbs the stairs. He KNOCKS on Gilman's door. From downstairs, we can still hear MAZUREWICZ PRAYING.

ELWOOD

Gilman! It's me. Let me in!

A CREAK as Gilman opens the door.

GILMAN

Did you get it?

ELWOOD

Yes. It's here!

GILMAN

The *Necronomicon*! Well done. Let me see!

The THUNK of a heavy book and the TURNING of numerous pages.

ELWOOD

Listen, Gilman. I ran into Mazurewicz downstairs, and---

GILMAN

Religious nut job...

ELWOOD

Yeah, well he---

GILMAN

Elwood, this is fiendishly difficult reading. I need to concentrate. Look here!

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

The name Azathoth! And these diagrams! This is it! Now we'll see!

ELWOOD

He gave you a crucifix. I'll just put it here on the dresser...

GILMAN

This is the lore that Keziah herself read, over two hundred years ago.

ELWOOD

I know you see her in your dreams, Gilman, but how could she still be alive?

GILMAN

Time is just a dimension, Elwood. If one can travel through dimensions at will, one might preserve one's life and age indefinitely; never suffering organic metabolism or deterioration. One might even pass through time itself and emerge at some remote period of the earth's history, as young as before.

ELWOOD

I see...

GILMAN

Nyarlathep! That's the name that I've heard in dreams! Look, Elwood, it's all here!

TRANSITION MUSIC

38

CHURCH 18

38

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

We read and discussed the book late into the night, Father. It all seemed to confirm Gilman's ideas that his mathematical studies were linked with ancient magic and folklore.

IVANICKI

Of course it did.

ELWOOD

The hidden witch cults often guarded and handed down secrets from forgotten ancient times; Keziah might have actually mastered the art of passing through dimensional gates. In historic times all attempts at crossing forbidden gaps seem complicated by strange and terrible alliances with beings and messengers from outside.

IVANICKI

The immemorial figure of the emissary of hidden and terrible powers. The "Black Man" of the witch-cult, and the "Nyarlathotep" of your Necronomicon. Satan has a thousand names.

ELWOOD

I see that now! I wish I had stopped him.

IVANICKI

This is dangerous territory. Speak of the devil and he will appear!

ELWOOD

And he did, Father. I must have fallen asleep while Gilman was still reading, because I awoke on the couch...

TRANSITION MUSIC

39

I CAN'T CONTROL IT

39

To Gilman's room.

GILMAN

Aaaah!

ELWOOD

Gilman! Are you all right?

GILMAN

Elwood, it's happening!

ELWOOD

My god, you're bleeding! Your pants are covered in mud! Have you been sleepwalking again?

GILMAN

I can't control it!

ELWOOD

Muddy footprints starting in the middle of the floor....

GILMAN

They came again, more vividly than ever!

ELWOOD

What happened?

GILMAN

I felt her clutching at my arm. She pulled me from the bed, and suddenly I found myself in a crude, windowless space with rough beams and planks rising to a peak just above my head, and with a slanting floor underfoot. I think I was in the hidden space above this room! On the left the floor fell abruptly away, leaving a black triangular gulf out of which Brown Jenkin emerged. There was a table, with books and magical implements, and beyond it stood a figure I never saw before: a tall, lean man of dead black coloration.

ELWOOD

The Black Man!

MUSICAL UNDERSCORE begins.

GILMAN

I could feel his power, Elwood. He had expressionless black eyes. He didn't speak, but only pointed to an enormous book which lay open on the table, while Keziah thrust a huge grey quill into my right hand.

(MORE)

GILMAN (CONT'D)

I knew what they wanted, but was paralyzed with fear, and then Brown Jenkin ran up my clothing and down my arm, finally biting me sharply in the wrist. Blood spurted from the wound.

ELWOOD

Gilman, my god!

SOUNDS from Gilman's dream fold in.

GILMAN

I grew dizzy, and the room spun around me. The next thing I knew I was in a dark, muddy, unfamiliar alleyway. The smell was atrocious. Ahead of me was the Black Man, who pointed silently to an open doorway, while Brown Jenkin writhed in the mud near his feet. The old woman grabbed me and dragged me through this doorway, pulling me up crooked stairs to another door. She opened it, and went inside. She... I....

ELWOOD

What happened?

The CRY OF AN INFANT. MUSICAL STING.

GILMAN

I heard a cry, Elwood! A hideous strangled cry, and then she returned bearing a small, senseless form which she thrust into my hands. So frightened! His little face!

ELWOOD

What? What do you mean? Whose little face? Gilman!

GILMAN

I staggered down the stairs and back into the alleyway. The Black Man was waiting for me. He clutched me by the throat. I can still feel it!

The MALEVOLENT LAUGHTER of Brown Jenkin and the CHANTING of cultists.

ELWOOD
Gilman! Whose face?

GILMAN
It was... it was....

40 KIDNAPPED

40

MUSIC CRESCENDO and the sound of chanting morphs into the sound of COMMOTION coming from downstairs. A WOMAN SCREAMS and SOBS. RUNNING FEET.

ELWOOD
My god, what's that? Now what's happening?

GILMAN
It was...

FOOTSTEPS as Elwood runs to the door and throws it open. The sounds of DISTRESS come more clearly from downstairs as all the neighbors come out of their rooms. A woman is WEeping. Voices MUMBLING IN POLISH.

DESROCHERS
(from below)
What is it?

MAZUREWICZ
(further downstairs)
God deliver us from evil! In nomine
Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus
Sancti!

ELWOOD
Mr. Desrochers, what's going on?

DESROCHERS
I don't know. Something bad has happened.

ELWOOD
Gilman, stay here.

Footsteps go down the stairs.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)
Mr. Dombrowski! What's going on?

DOMBROWSKI
Is Anastasia Wolejko's boy. Is kidnapped!

ELWOOD

Kidnapped?

DESROCHERS

Oh no!

DOMBROWSKI

Ladislav. Is only two years old!
Taken from his bed!

ELWOOD

Where? Where do they live?

DOMBROWSKI

Orne's Gangway.

DESROCHERS

That's just a few blocks over.

ELWOOD

My god.

MAZUREWICZ

I tell you this would happen. In
March we see Brown Jenkin. Is
Walpurgis Night coming! Boy is to
be sacrifice!

DESROCHERS

Has anyone called the police?

MAZUREWICZ

Police not coming! Police are for
Miskatonic people! For us is only
prayer!

DOMBROWSKI

She asked her neighbor for to help
protect child, but she is afraid.
Is with my wife now.

MAZUREWICZ

Is every year children taken.
Police are never coming.

Mazurewicz goes off and begins to pray in Latin. His prayer
should end simultaneous with the dialogue below.

ELWOOD

Mr. Dombrowski, did anyone see the
kidnapper?

DOMBROWSKI

Pete Stowacki see three strange
people in gangway just past
midnight. Leader is big negro man.

ELWOOD

What?

DESROCHERS

I saw those three myself from my
window! There was noise from
Gilman's room that woke me up, and
I happened to glance outside.

ELWOOD

Who did you see?

DESROCHERS

I only saw them from behind as they
were walking away, but there was a
huge black fellow, and a young
white man, and an old woman.

DOMBROWSKI

Yes, Pete is after drinking, but he
see same thing.

DESROCHERS

And I couldn't quite make it out,
but I'd swear there was also some
kind of little animal with them.

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

41 CHURCH 19

41

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD

What does it all mean, Father?
Gilman's horrifying dreams were
becoming real around us! Had he
actually traveled through other
dimensions? Was he being
manipulated by forces beyond his
control, or was he summoning them
to our world? Doesn't the Bible
tell us that God speaks to men in
their dreams?

IVANICKI

Yes, my son, Jacob and Solomon, and Daniel and Job and Joseph all had dreams in which God appeared to them.

ELWOOD

And if God can influence our dreams, couldn't there be other supernatural beings who could do so as well?

IVANICKI

God demands we abjure witchcraft and magic for a reason, my son. It's to protect us from the Prince of Darkness. The Deceiver!

ELWOOD

If only I had stopped him when I had the chance!

IVANICKI

Stopped him from what, my son?

TRANSITION MUSIC

42

THE FINAL DREAM

42

To the final dream.

ELWOOD

Walpurgis Night had finally arrived! The witches' sabbath that Joe Mazurewicz feared so deeply. I insisted that Gilman stay the night in my room, and I promised I'd stay awake all night to keep watch over him. We heard Mr. Mazurewicz praying from downstairs, and I even made Gilman put on the silver crucifix that Joe had provided.

We hear the sound of MAZUREWICZ PRAYING, and it begins to merge into the sounds of CULTIST CHANTING. MUSICAL UNDERSCORE begins, with COSMIC and ATMOSPHERIC noise included. As Elwood relates the dream, the soundscape builds in layers and intensity.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

We sat up together, and tried to distract ourselves with talk of other things, but the constant murmur from down the stairs was oddly hypnotic. Gilman listened as he nodded, and I could tell his preternaturally sharpened hearing strained for some subtle sound beyond the noises in the ancient house. I realized what he was listening for: it was the hellish chant of the celebrants in the ancient stone circle on the forbidden island. How did he know they would be there? Had he signed the Black Man's book after all? I could almost swear I heard them myself, Father. Maybe I was dreaming too. Over miles of river and hill and alley they came. The fires must be lit, and the worshippers must be starting in. And now he saw that there was a fresh rat-hole in the wall. There appeared the fanged, bearded little face. The screaming twilight abysses flashed before him, and he felt himself helpless in the formless grasp of the churning void of violet light. In a second he was again in the cramped space with the slanting floor. On the table lay a small white figure -- an infant boy, unclothed and unconscious -- while on the other side stood the monstrous old woman with a knife in her right hand, and a strange metal bowl in her left.

KEZIAH

(a ghostly echo)

Alsì ku nushi ilani mushiti
Itti kunu alsì mushitum kallatum
kuttum Azathoth!
Alsì bararitum qablitum u namaritum
Ashshu kashshaptu u kashshipanni
Eli nitum ubirani Nyarlathotep!

ELWOOD

She was intoning some ritual in a language which Gilman could not understand, like something from the *Necronomicon*.

(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

As the scene grew clear she bent forward to extend the empty bowl across the table, and Gilman was unable to stop himself from reaching out and taking it. The crone motioned him to hold the bowl in a certain position while she raised the huge knife above her tiny victim as high as her right hand could reach. At the same moment the form of Brown Jenkin scrambled up over the brink of the triangular black gulf.

BROWN JENKIN

Eli li nubu, si-ipdi Azatthoh ilani rabuti. Dini dina alakti, limda Epu-ush, salam kashshapi-ia!

KEZIAH

Ia Azathoth!

BROWN JENKIN

Ia Yog-Sothoth!

KEZIAH

Ia Yog-Sothoth!

ELWOOD

As they chanted together the black ritual, Gilman felt a gnawing abhorrence shoot through his mental and emotional paralysis, and the metal bowl shook in his grasp. A second later the downward motion of the knife broke the spell completely, and he dropped the bowl while his hands darted out to stop the monstrous deed.

The CLANG of the bowl hitting the floor, and the sound of mortal struggle.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

He wrenched the knife from the old woman's claws; sending it clattering over the brink of the narrow triangular gulf. In an instant, her murderous claws locked tightly around his own throat.

(MORE)

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

He felt the chain of the silver crucifix grinding into his neck, and as she continued her choking he reached feebly into his shirt and drew out the metal symbol, snapping the chain and pulling it free. At the sight of it the witch seemed struck with panic, and her grip relaxed long enough to give Gilman a chance to break it. Before she saw what he was doing he had the chain of the crucifix twisted about her neck, and a moment later he had tightened it enough to cut off her breath. During her last struggle he felt something bite at his ankle, and saw that Brown Jenkin had come to her aid. With one savage kick he sent the creature over the edge of the gulf. Whether he had killed the ancient crone he did not know. Then he saw on the table a sight which nearly snapped the last thread of his reason. His efforts had been in vain. While he had fought Keziah, Brown Jenkin had attacked the little boy, and the bowl now stood full beside the small lifeless body.

The CULTIST CHANTING and COSMIC MUSIC have now completely drowned out Mazurewicz.

ELWOOD (CONT'D)

In his dream-delirium Gilman heard the hellish chant of the Sabbath coming from an infinite distance, and knew the Black Man must be there. Confused memories mixed themselves with his mathematics, and he believed his subconscious mind held the angles which he needed to guide him back to the normal world, alone and unaided for the first time. Just before he made the plunge the violet light went out and left him in utter blackness.

MUSIC AND SOUNDSCAPE CRESCENDO.

43 CHURCH 20

43

IVANICKI

Did he find his way back?

ELWOOD

We found him on the floor of his room before dawn. I failed him, Father. I had fallen asleep and never saw him leave. On his throat were the marks of murderous hands, and on his legs there were rat bites. The crucifix was missing.

IVANICKI

He was alive?

ELWOOD

In a way, but he was unresponsive, with open, staring eyes. We brought him down to my room, sent for Doctor Waldron. The doctor told us that both of Gilman's ear-drums were ruptured, as if by the impact of some stupendous sound. Gilman, whose acute hearing had so long tormented him, was now stone deaf.

IVANICKI

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth forever.

ELWOOD

I sat with him, and after a few hours he regained consciousness at times and whispered to me what he had experienced.

IVANICKI

Heaven help him.

ELWOOD

No, Father, there was no help for him. The final horror came that very night....

TRANSITION MUSIC

44 THIS HOUSE IS CURSED

44

To Gilman's room, at night.

GILMAN

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!!

As Gilman continues to SCREAM in agony and terror, all the occupants of the house come BURSTING through the door.

ELWOOD

My god, Gilman! What is it?

DESROCHERS

What is happening?

ELWOOD

Gilman!

DOMBROWSKI

What is screaming?

MAZUREWICZ

Look! Is blood on blanket!

ELWOOD

Send for a doctor! Hurry!

DESROCHERS

It's spreading! My god, what's wrong with him?

DOMBROWSKI

Agnes, go for doctor!

MAZUREWICZ

Look at blood! God have mercy!

ELWOOD

Gilman! Gilman!

MUSICAL STING. Everyone SHRIEKS.

MAZUREWICZ

God in heaven! Is Brown Jenkin!

BROWN JENKIN

Ia! Azathoth!

Horrid footsteps SCUTTLE across the floor.

DOMBROWSKI

Stop it! Kill it!

DESROCHERS

It's too late! It ran into that rat hole!

DOMBROWSKI
This house is cursed!

MUSICAL STING
AND TRANSITION

45 CHURCH 21

45

To Ivanicki's office.

ELWOOD
By the time the doctor came, my
friend was dead, Father.

IVANICKI
Brown Jenkin?

ELWOOD
You tell me, Father. I don't know
what to think anymore. There had
been virtually a tunnel through his
body. Something had eaten his heart
out! I've tried so hard to
understand. It was so much more
than a dream, but it can't be real,
can it? I feel I don't know what
reality is anymore! I know there
are dimensions we can't hope to
understand. Please help me, Father!

IVANICKI
I don't have the answers, my son.
Not the ones you seek. There may be
multiple dimensions, I don't know,
and maybe one can travel from one
to another and back again. Maybe
your clever friend could indeed
pass from world to world, defy time
itself, and maybe he persists even
now in some fantastic outer sphere.
But this I can tell you with
certainty: the path to knowledge
only goes one way, and there is no
turning back. What you have known,
you cannot un-know. That's why the
church has worked so hard to
protect the world from the books
you and your friend were so proud
to read. That's why holy men from
the beginning of time have hunted
down witches and executed them.
It's too late for you. There's
nothing to be done now.

ELWOOD

My god, Father, I came to you for understanding, for comfort, and what are you telling me? Is there no hope? Do you mean to say that your God will send me to Hell?

IVANICKI

My God doesn't send people to Hell, Mr. Elwood. It's like your clever friend Gilman said: you're already there. It's just that now you can see it!

MUSICAL STING, and the MALEVOLENT CHUCKLE OF BROWN JENKIN.

TRANSITION MUSIC.

46

CONCLUSION

46

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

You've been listening to H.P. Lovecraft's "The Dreams in the Witch House", brought to you by our sponsor, Bub-L-Pep! It's the nerve quencher!

BUB-L-PEP SINGERS

(singing)

*That's Bub-L-Pep! Let us pour you some!
The L is for lithium-yum-yum!*

Dark Adventure closing THEME.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

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

ANNOUNCER

"The Dreams in the Witch House" was adapted for radio and produced by Sean Branney and Andrew Leman. Original music by Troy Sterling Nies. The Dark Adventure Ensemble featured: Sean Branney, Dan Conroy, Mike Dalager, Chad Fifer, Alaine Kashian, Andrew Leman, Barry Lynch, Jacob Lyle, David Pavao, Josh Thoenke and Time Winters.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Tune in next week for "The Phantoms of Kalakmul" - a new Digby Dolmen story. Dark Adventure Radio Theatre is a production of the HPLHS Broadcasting Group, a subsidiary of HPLHS, Inc., copyright 1931...plus eighty-three.

Radio STATIC and fade out.