

DARK ADVENTURE RADIO THEATRE:  
HERBERT WEST – REANIMATOR

Written by

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Based on

"Herbert West – Reanimator" 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 "Herbert West -- Reanimator!"

THEME MUSIC DIMINISHES. The sound of MOANING, BUBBLING CHEMICALS, and FUNEREAL MUSIC underneath.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

A brilliant medical student dreams of bringing life to the dying, and to the dead. How far will he go to achieve his dream? Will his genius unlock the secrets of life and death, or will boundless ambition twist his noble purpose into something monstrous?

A few piano notes from the FORHAN'S TOOTHPASTE JINGLE.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

You know, folks, nothing says success quite like a bright radiant smile. And for truly gleaming teeth, there's no better toothpaste than Forhan's, now with new Radiol! It's the very latest thing: a safe extract of radium, scientifically developed in the finest medical laboratories of Europe. Use it twice a day, and your teeth will positively glow! Try Forhan's toothpaste with new Radiol, for a smile that shines from the inside out!

Dark Adventure LEAD-IN MUSIC.

And now Dark Adventure Radio  
Theatre presents: H.P. Lovecraft's  
"Herbert West - Reanimator!"  
Chapter One: From the Dark.

2

IMMUNITY

2

An interrogation room. Two attorneys.

SALAMON

Immunity.

TAFT

Immunity!?

SALAMON

Complete immunity.

TAFT

That's impossible.

SALAMON

Nonsense. It's well within your  
power, Mr. Taft. Grant my client  
immunity from prosecution, and  
he'll tell you the whole story.  
Everything you want to know.

TAFT

And if I don't?

SALAMON

Then you're unlikely to ever make a  
case against Herbert West. You know  
that.

TAFT

Now look---

SALAMON

We all know West was the killer  
here. My client was a victim in all  
this. He was with West for years  
and now he wants to cooperate. But  
he'll need immunity.

TAFT

(considering)

Hmmm. I want West. He'll tell  
everything?

SALAMON

He's promised to hold nothing back.

A CLOCK ticks in the pause while Taft considers.

TAFT

All right, Mr. Salamon. The Commonwealth agrees to grant Dr. Stuart full immunity. But his story better be good. Mrs. Ruha, the stenographer will record the transcript.

SALAMON

Very well. It's all right, Doctor Stuart. You can answer his questions now.

The soft CLACKING of the stenograph machine follows the conversation.

TAFT

This is Hiram Taft, District Attorney of Suffolk County. Deposition in the matter of Herbert West, M.D., September 29th, 1922. Please state your name and occupation for the record.

Stuart is apprehensive, traumatized, distant.

STUART

Dr. Gordon Stuart, M.D.

TAFT

Do you solemnly swear that the testimony you're about to give is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

STUART

God help me, I do.

TAFT

All right, doctor. Let's hear it. The whole story.

STUART

I hardly know where to begin.

TAFT

Well, where did you first meet him?

STUART

We met at the Miskatonic University  
Medical School in Arkham.

TAFT

And what year was this?

STUART

We met in 1904, but it was in our  
third year that we began working  
together. I was his closest  
companion, and the wonder and  
diabolism of his experiments  
fascinated me utterly.

TAFT

What were these "experiments"?

STUART

West had theories about the nature  
of death, and the possibility of  
overcoming it artificially.

TAFT

Excuse me. Overcoming death?

STUART

Yes. Our professors didn't believe  
it either. But life depends on  
chemical actions in the body and  
West developed chemical solutions  
that he hoped would reanimate  
tissue. It worked - not perfectly  
of course - on laboratory animals.  
But he needed better specimens to  
move forward. I was with him the  
day he went to the Dean, Dr. Allan  
Halsey, to plead his case....

3

THE GAME

3

Fade up the sound of a COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME. The stadium is  
filled with CHEERING CROWDS, who lustily SING the Miskatonic  
fight song:

M.U. STUDENTS

Onward Miskatonic! On to victory!  
Onward Miskatonic, and the men of  
the varsity!  
As faithful guards of the light we  
will always stand  
Against the darkness of night all  
across the land.

(MORE)

M.U. STUDENTS (CONT'D)  
 Arkham's Alma Mater, our shining  
 beacon ray:  
 Onward Miskatonic, and fearlessly  
 win the day!  
 Goooooooooooo team!

Young Stuart and Herbert West come in over the end of the  
 fight song.

STUART  
 Herbert, the game is no place to  
 try to corner Dean Halsey.

WEST  
 He can refuse me an appointment at  
 his office, but he can't get away  
 from me here.

Fighting their way past the cheering CROWD.

WEST (CONT'D)  
 Would you listen to these morons?

STUART  
 There he is, West! The faculty box!

WEST  
 Ah yes, Stuart. Well spotted. Out  
 of the way! Apes!

FRATERNITY GUY  
 Hey, watch it buddy!

They push their way down past other COMPLAINING STUDENTS.

WEST  
 Dr. Halsey! May I have a word?

HALSEY  
 (warm and affable)  
 Mr. West? I'm surprised to see you  
 here. Finally feeling some school  
 spirit?

WEST  
 No, Dr. Halsey. I'm here in the  
 name of science.

HALSEY  
 I should have expected no less.  
 You've got the makings of a fine  
 physician, West.

WEST

Not at this rate. I've been banned from the vivarium. How am I supposed to research...

HALSEY

I've been hearing reports about your "research". How many laboratory animals have you injected now with your various potions?

WEST

A handful of mice and rabbits, sir, is hardly---

HALSEY

And guinea pigs, and cats, and dogs, and monkeys.

WEST

But my reagents worked, sir!

STUART

It's true, Dr. Halsey. I've seen it myself!

HALSEY

No, Mr. Stuart. What you saw was the torture of helpless creatures. You saw galvanic nerve response in animals that were probably not actually dead to begin with.

WEST

(prickly)

Of course they were dead. My reagent doesn't work in living tissue. My experiments require the freshest possible specimens--

HALSEY

Mr. West, experiments require ethics!

WEST

Physical life can be restored to dead tissue, as long as actual decomposition has not advanced too far. I'm certain of it!

HALSEY

You're not the first young doctor with the fantasy of staving off death.

WEST

I can cure death, Dr. Halsey. Will you really stand in the way of such a medical achievement?

The other team has scored a point, and there is a BOO from the crowd. Down on the field, the sound of the CHEERLEADERS egging them on.

HALSEY

(struck by his sincerity)  
Your persistence is remarkable, West. So, you want a few more guinea pigs? Another monkey?

WEST

No, sir. In order to make real progress I must work with human specimens.

HALSEY

Human? You can't be serious.

WEST

I'm perfectly serious, sir. You're the only one who can authorize it.

HALSEY

West, you're our most gifted student, and I've made exceptions on your behalf. But this is beyond the pale. Under no circumstances will I authorize the use of human specimens.

WEST

Sir, you must--

The crowd CHEERS. The muffled sound of a SPORTS ANNOUNCER. The CHEERLEADERS.

FRATERNITY GUY

Down in front!

HALSEY

Look around you, West! You want life? You're surrounded by it! Spirited, healthy---



WEST  
 (bristling with contempt)  
 With all due respect, sir, that  
 view is childishly sentimental.

STUART  
 West, maybe--

WEST  
 Life is nothing but a chemical  
 process that answers to the laws of  
 physics. It can be controlled.  
 Manipulated.

HALSEY  
 (darker, sterner)  
 Human life is sacred West. Human  
 beings are...

WEST  
 Machines, sir. Terribly complex,  
 yes: but machines all the same.  
 They'll all break down and fail  
 eventually. And when that happens,  
 I can start them going again. Can  
 you?

The CROWD shouts out at some dire turn of events on the  
 field.

HALSEY  
 I can see I was wrong about you,  
 West. You're not ready to be a  
 physician. I should have stopped  
 you long ago. For your own good,  
 and for the good of the school,  
 consider yourself on formal  
 academic probation.

An enormous CHEER from the crowd fades back into the  
 interrogation room.

STUART  
 And that's what led to the first  
 horrible "incident."

TAFT  
 Mr. West didn't obey Dean Halsey's  
 restrictions?

STUART

Herbert was never one to take "no" for an answer.

TAFT

I see. And did you continue to assist him?

STUART

Yes. I found his determination quite... compelling. I helped find a suitable place for our work, the deserted Chapman farmhouse on the outskirts of Arkham. We fitted up on the ground floor an operating room and a laboratory, each with dark curtains to conceal our midnight doings. Gradually we equipped our lab with materials either purchased in Boston or quietly borrowed from the college, and acquired spades and picks for the many burials we should have to make in the cellar.

TAFT

I'm sorry, burials?

STUART

Bodies were always a nuisance, even the guinea pigs and rabbits.

TAFT

Did West get his hands on the human cadavers he was after?

STUART

You make it sound easy.

5 GRAVEDIGGING

5

Transition MUSIC. An OWL. West and Stuart walk through the woods at night.

STUART

I still say we should have gone to the city morgue.

WEST

There's a paper trail. Halsey would find out, there'd be legal entanglements.

STUART

What about those two negro fellows who procure for the college?

WEST

What, Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus? There's no telling what we'd get from the likes of them. If the specimen isn't of the highest quality, there's no point, Stuart.

STUART

Well then surely Christchurch cemetery is a better location. Those are quality people!

WEST

And sure to be embalmed! Use your brains. A body full of formaldehyde is useless!

STUART

Oh, of course.

WEST

Here we are: the potter's field. Look at it. Natural corpses. Shallow graves. No questions. I've been keeping an eye on it; the caretaker went home at midnight.

6 IMMUNITY 3

6

Transition back to the interrogation Room.

TAFT

You robbed graves?

Pause.

SALAMON

You can answer, Dr. Stuart.

STUART

Yes. We had to. You see, not just any corpse would do. Accident victims were our best hope. We followed the local death notices like ghouls, and finally we heard of an almost ideal case.

(MORE)

STUART (CONT'D)

A brawny young workman drowned only the morning before, and buried at the town's expense without delay or embalming. We began our work soon after midnight.

7 GRAVEDIGGING 2

7

An OWL hoots. A cold night WIND. The sound of DIGGING. Stuart is exhausted.

WEST

Keep it up, Stuart. Can't be much deeper now.

STUART

This is brutal. How do you do it, West? You're half my size and have twice the energy.

WEST

You eat too much. I've always said it. No discipline. Come on now, quit complaining. Every minute he's in the ground reduces our chance of success.

STUART

We might be too late already.

WEST

Death by drowning might actually have bought us some time. The deprivation of oxygen to the brain might work in our favor.

The sound of a SHOVEL HITTING WOOD.

WEST (CONT'D)

Ah! There it is! Come on!

A flurry of final DIGGING as they clear off the lid of the coffin.

WEST (CONT'D)

Perfect. A plain pine box. Get the crowbars.

A CLUNK of metal.

STUART

Here they are.

WEST

Well don't stand there, let's get  
this thing open!

METAL HITTING WOOD and the SQUEAL of nails being pried out.  
The box opens. The owl HOOTS and FLIES AWAY. Musical STING. A  
distant CHURCH BELL rings four times.

STUART

(awestruck)

West, he's... I didn't think he'd  
be so---

WEST

"It," Stuart. Not "he." It's a  
specimen, nothing more. Help me get  
him out. We've got to fill all this  
dirt back in and get out of here  
before dawn!

8 IMMUNITY 4

8

The sound of the body being heaved out yields to the calm  
quiet of the interrogation room.

STUART

We took the specimen and removed  
all traces of our visit. When we  
had patted down the last shovelful  
of earth we put the specimen in a  
canvas sack and set out for the  
Chapman place.

TAFT

A canvas sack. And what did you do  
then?

STUART

We examined the specimen on our  
dissecting table. At last West had  
what he'd always longed for: a real  
dead man of the ideal kind. Now  
time was our enemy.

9 REANIMATION

9

MUSIC TRANSITION. The TICKING of a mantel clock. We are  
inside the old farmhouse. The HISS of a lamp. The delicate  
CLINK of medical instruments.

WEST

Rigor mortis is almost completely dissipated. Damn this weather. Rectal temperature... 18.6 degrees Celsius. Obvious post-mortem lividity. Eyes... milky. Unquestionably dead.

STUART

Look at his hands.

WEST

Yes, cataleptic rigidity. You see that in drownings, when the victim clutches at something in his final moments. Good luck for us, actually. It means he went quickly.

STUART

Do you suppose he suffered?

WEST

Gordon, please. Don't go soft on me. Putrefaction will commence within the hour.

STUART

Right.

WEST

Syringe number one.

STUART

Here it is.

WEST

All right. Note the time. I'm injecting him now. First the heart.

MUSIC.

WEST (CONT'D)

Now under the jaw.

MUSIC!

WEST (CONT'D)

And finally the solar plexus.

MUSIC!!!

WEST (CONT'D)

There. It's done.

STUART

Now what?

WEST

Now we wait. Hand me a cigarette.

West strikes a MATCH and lights a cigarette. The clock TICKS.

STUART

Do you think we made it in time?

WEST

We've cut it close, no doubt. I suppose it's unrealistic to expect anything like complete success....

STUART

What if he ends up like monkey number seven? Only partially animated? Flailing around?

WEST

Keep that shovel handy.  
(he takes a drag on his cigarette)  
I'll be curious to see how his mental faculties recover. If they recover. The cerebral cells are so delicate....

STUART

Imagine it, West. If he could tell us what it's like on the other side. The things he might have seen there....

WEST

(taking another deep drag on the cigarette)  
Yeah. Don't get your hopes up. Hand me that stethoscope, will you?

STUART

Here you go. Hear anything?

WEST

Nothing. Move the head from side to side while I do chest compressions. See if we can help work the solution into the tissues.

STUART

He's so big!

WEST

Exactly. I should have anticipated that.

A very slight CRUNCHING sound.

WEST (CONT'D)

Damn it, the solution is crystallizing. We'll never get adenosine transfer that way! I'm going to try open heart massage. Hand me those bone shears!

STUART

But what if---

WEST

Every second counts now, Stuart. Hurry up!

STUART

Right.

Horrible CUTTING and SNAPPING sounds. BONE SHEARS hit the floor.

WEST

Here, grab this. Hold it back!

A sound like a VERY LARGE CHICKEN BEING MANGLED.

WEST (CONT'D)

If I can just stimulate the sinoatrial node... Mmm. I can't see. Can you reach the lamp?

STUART

(struggling)  
It's just...

WEST

Careful, don't knock it over! Just go get it!

STUART

Right. Sorry.

FOOTSTEPS. The HISS of the lamp increases.

STUART (CONT'D)

Here. Is that better?



WEST

All right. There it is. Pull back the sternum.

More HORRIBLE ANATOMICAL SOUNDS.

STUART

Far enough?

WEST

Further. If I can just get to it....

Something SLOPPY and SNAPPING.

WEST (CONT'D)

It's no good. We need more solution. Hurry. Set that down and help me mix it.

The CLUNK of the lamp on the table. FOOTSTEPS and the busy CLINK of laboratory glassware.

STUART

Should I start with the interstitial fluid?

WEST

Yes. Make it two liters. Light that alcohol burner.

And suddenly there is a GASP from the specimen. The boys stop still.

STUART

West! Did you hear that?

WEST

Yes. I was right. Halsey will eat his words. I was right all along....

The specimen EXHALES a long breath, and then breathes in with a terrible RASPING MOAN.

STUART

It worked! My god, West, it worked!

WEST

Yes.

And then the specimen SCREAMS A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM. It begins to THRASH WILDLY on the table.

STUART

Oh my god!

WEST

Get back!

MUSIC! TOTAL CHAOS!! MINDLESS SCREAMING. BREAKING GLASS.  
FURNITURE OVERTURNING. THE WHOOSH OF FLAME.

STUART

The lamp! Look out!

WEST

Run, Stuart! Hold still, you.

A SHOVEL HITTING FLESH. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING. A BREAKING WINDOW.

STUART

West! Leave him! Come on!

The pathetic specimen SCREAMS AND GURGLES. MUSIC TRANSITION.

10

IMMUNITY 5

10

STUART

Shall I continue, Mr. Taft? Do you  
need some water?

TAFT

(rattled)

No, no. Continue, please.

STUART

West and I leaped from the burning  
building and vaulted madly into the  
night. We stumbled frantically  
toward town, pretending to be  
belated revellers staggering home  
from a debauch. We went straight to  
West's room, where we whispered  
with the gas up until dawn.

TAFT

Hmph. I take it neither you nor Dr.  
West were ever charged for these  
crimes?

STUART

No...

TAFT

And what became of... the body?

STUART

Ah, the "body". Well I can tell you that from that time on, West always looked over his shoulder.

TAFT

Guilty conscience?

STUART

(with a rueful chuckle)  
West had no conscience, guilty or otherwise. No, it was because of what we read the next morning....

11 READ ALL ABOUT IT

11

Fade up on a NEWSBOY on the corner hawking the evening paper.

NEWSBOY

Arkham Advertiser! Read all about it! President Roosevelt okays new digging at the Panama Canal! Chapman Farmhouse burns! Read all about it!

WEST

Boy! I'll take one of those!

NEWSBOY

Two cents, sir.

WEST

Here.

STREET NOISE. The Newsboy wanders off, still shouting. The RUSTLE of newsprint.

STUART

What does it say?

WEST

"Farmhouse Burns. The volunteer fire brigade says nothing remains of the old structure..." All of our equipment...

STUART

West, look here!

WEST

What?

STUART

On the back page! "Vandalism at  
Potter's Field!"

More newspaper RUSTLING.

WEST

It can't be! That grave looked  
perfect when we left.

STUART

"Caretaker Marvin Corey says an  
attempt was made to disturb a new  
grave in the potter's field. The  
ground appears as though clawed...  
by bare hands...."

MUSICAL STING.

12 BLACKWELL 2 12

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

Chapter Two. The Plague-Demon.

13 IMMUNITY 6 13

OMINOUS MUSIC transitions into the interrogation room.

TAFT

Did you and Dr. West continue this  
research after the event at the  
farmhouse?

STUART

I urged Herbert to drop it, but I  
was no match for his scientific  
zeal. It was the following summer,  
1908, when typhoid stalked through  
Arkham.

SALAMON

Good heavens, I remember that.

STUART

Herbert's probation was eventually  
lifted, and we were doing post-  
graduate work in summer classes at  
the medical school when the fever  
descended with full fury upon the  
town. Dr. Halsey summoned us to his  
office at St. Mary's Hospital...

The sounds of a HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. Quiet FOOTSTEPS. Soothing but indistinct VOICES. The occasional CHIME of a bell. Muffled WEeping. Dr. Halsey and NURSE RITZ stride down the hall, mid-conversation.

NURSE RITZ

...but Dr. Cassidy says that the corridors downstairs can't hold another bed!

HALSEY

(tired)

I'm not surprised. We'll try to find more room at the field house. Most of the students have fled campus anyway.

NURSE RITZ

I'm afraid you'll have to attend to the patient in room twenty-seven.

HALSEY

Call Dr. Sterling. I'm sure it will require a bowel resection and he's our best man.

NURSE RITZ

Sir... Dr. Sterling has the fever himself.

HALSEY

No!

NURSE RITZ

Bedridden since yesterday.

They open a door and go inside.

HALSEY

(with a sigh)

I suppose Doctor Waldron won't go near it?

NURSE RITZ

No sir. Says it's too risky.

HALSEY

All right, Nurse Ritz. I'll go up there myself as soon as I can.

NURSE RITZ

Yes, Doctor Halsey. And those two medical students are here to see you.

HALSEY

So I see. Go on now. And wash your hands!

Nurse Ritz HURRIES OFF down the hallway.

HALSEY (CONT'D)

Ah, Mr. West, Mr. Stuart, just the men I was looking for. Close the door, please.

A DOOR closes, and the sounds of the corridor grow muffled but continue underneath.

HALSEY (CONT'D)

As you know, we're stretched to the limit by this typhoid plague.

WEST

Is there any progress in finding the source?

HALSEY

We're still looking into it.

STUART

I heard folks at the five and dime actually whispering about witchcraft.

HALSEY

(groaning)

That's all we need. Arkham... No, it seems the mayor's own daughter was among the first cases. Shortly after those visiting dignitaries from New York left town. Apparently they had some Irish cook that behaved strangely....

WEST

Hmph, the Irish!

HALSEY

Gentlemen, your education is about to take a very practical turn.

WEST

Sir?

HALSEY

We're going to have to suspend classes, until this thing is under control. Every member of the faculty is working around the clock. Four of my physicians are now ill, a quarter of the nursing staff...

WEST

Oh, so now you turn to us?

HALSEY

Although you and I haven't seen eye to eye, West, and even though neither of you is a licensed physician yet, you have your degrees and you have laboratory experience.

STUART

What do you want us to do, sir?

HALSEY

Practice medicine. Manage some of the new and less severe cases directly. Try to prevent them from growing worse, while Dr. Cassidy and I attend to advanced cases.

WEST

It's interesting, isn't it? When I came to you for help in pursuing vital research, you and your colleagues hindered, scorned and mocked me. Now death surrounds you, and you need my help.

HALSEY

Desperate times, Mr. West. Frankly, your bedside manner is not entirely comforting. But if it's research you want to do, if it's life you want to preserve, now's your chance. You can help patients and follow up on the work of Dr. Wright in developing a vaccine.

WEST

I could have helped you a year ago, but you thwarted my work! Probation! You and your pathetic puritanism! Your precious bedside manner masks your narrow--

HALSEY  
Mr. West! The real work--

Halsey succumbs to a painful COUGHING FIT.

STUART  
Dr. Halsey?

HALSEY  
(recovering)  
I'm too tired to argue with you,  
Mr. West, and too busy. This  
community needs you both, and I  
expect you to do your duty.

WEST  
Your nose is bleeding.

HALSEY  
What?

WEST  
Epistaxis. Your nose. It's  
bleeding.

HALSEY  
(with a sniff)  
So it is. Can I count on you? Both  
of you?

STUART  
Yes sir. We won't let you down.

HALSEY  
Report to the main nurses' station  
and review the first floor charts  
immediately. Gentlemen...

WEST  
You'll understand if I decline to  
shake your hand, Doctor.

HALSEY  
I do. Good luck, doctors.

Halsey GOES, WHEEZING.

STUART  
Yikes. He doesn't look good.

WEST  
His infection's rampant. I'd give  
him ten days, tops. Well, shall we,  
**Dr. Stuart?**



STUART  
Indeed, **Dr. West.**

OMINOUS MUSIC.

15 IMMUNITY 7

15

STUART  
The situation at the hospital was almost past management, and deaths ensued too frequently for the local undertakers fully to handle. Burials without embalming were made in rapid succession, and even the Christchurch Cemetery receiving tomb was crammed with coffins of the unembalmed dead. West brooded on the irony of the situation -- so many fresh specimens, yet none for his own research! The peak of the epidemic was reached in August. West was right about Dr. Halsey: he died on the 14th. The mayor himself spoke at the hastily arranged memorial service the following day...

16 MEMORIAL

16

CHURCH BELLS. BIRDS.

MAYOR PEABODY  
...we have had a champion defending us, and we mourn his loss. Dr. Allan Halsey was nothing less than a hero, who sacrificed himself to save this town in its darkest hour. He applied his noble skill with whole-hearted energy to cases which many others shunned because of danger or apparent hopelessness. He did it without fear, and without a thought for himself. A gentle man, a wise teacher, and an angel of mercy to the afflicted. Arkham has lost one of her greatest fathers, one of her dearest sons.

A CHOIR begins to sing "Rock of Ages" as PHIL and DARRELL speak softly under the music.

PHIL

Gordon, Herbert, good to see you boys. Did you see the wreath? It's from all of us medical students. It's that one there.

STUART

Yes, it's very nice. Well done, Phil.

DARRELL

I hear the Ladies' Auxiliary is raising funds for a statue.

WEST

(with a snort)

Yes, yes, but where's the coffin? Isn't our little memorial rather missing its main figure?

DARRELL

(sotto voce)

His body's still in the morgue. It's total chaos down there, and besides, I heard the last coffin in town was taken a week ago. Every funeral home in town is back-ordered for weeks.

WEST

You don't say....

DARRELL

Offerman's furniture store has started making pine boxes.

STUART

Gee, Halsey still in the morgue? That doesn't seem right.

PHIL

It's the only cold room in town. With this heat, it's the best place for him.

DARRELL

Listen, some of the med students are going over to toast his memory at the Commercial House later. Want to join us?

STUART

I don't know, Darrell. West and Halsey never really--

WEST  
We'll be there.

17 RAISE A GLASS

17

MUSICAL TRANSITION. The CLINK of glassware and the low MURMUR of a bar. Everyone has already had a few drinks.

DARRELL  
...and so he turned it over and said to me, "if you think that's bad, you should see his medulla oblongata!"

Everyone LAUGHS.

PHIL  
Let's raise one final glass of embalming fluid to our old mentor. A great man. May he rest in peace!

DARRELL  
To Dr. Halsey!

STUART  
The good doctor!

WEST  
To Doctor Halsey. His life was too long. May his death be brief!

The laughing stops and the bar grows silent.

PHIL  
What was that, West?

WEST  
A toast to Doctor Halsey. And his imminent contributions to medicine.

DARRELL  
"Imminent"? You mean eminent.

WEST  
Sure. That works too.

PHIL  
You know, West, even when you're trying to be nice you seem like a creep.

WEST  
Redefining the very forces of life and death has nothing to do with being nice, Phil--

Stuart SLAPS some coins on the bar.

STUART

All right, fellows, it's been a long, sad day. No doubt we've all got patients to see tomorrow.

DARRELL

Yeah, you're right. Good night, Stuart. West.

More MONEY on the bar. The SCRAPE of chairs as the men get up and leave. The ring of the BELL on the door.

STUART

Good night, West. It must be strange for you now, with your foe Halsey gone. I know you two didn't care for each other, but I think you'll miss him.

WEST

No, I know exactly where he is.

STUART

(aghast)  
Oh, Herbert, no....

WEST

I'm not actually the least bit tired. It's time for an experiment. Come with me: we'll make a night of it.

18

RUDE AWAKENING

18

MUSICAL TRANSITION. CRICKETS. The church bell chimes THREE. From another room, the muffled THUMPS and SHOUTS of some kind of struggle.

West's landlady, HARRIET, rouses her husband PHINEAS.

HARRIET

Phineas! Wake up! Something's going on in Dr. West's room.

PHINEAS

(groggy)  
What? Let me sleep, woman.

HARRIET

They're doing something in there.

PHINEAS

It's probably just one of his experiments. That egghead works all night. Go back to bed, Harriet.

HARRIET

He came in about an hour ago with his friend Dr. Stuart. They had another man with them. I heard them fumbling to get in. And now they're...

PHINEAS

Mmmmmm...

HARRIET

Phineas, wake up! I said they had another man with them! They were carrying him. They all seemed drunk.

PHINEAS

None of our business....

HARRIET

Imagine drinking at a time like this.

VERY LOUD THUMPS from the other room.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Phineas! There's something going on in there!

PHINEAS

Harriet, it's three in the morning, just leave them be - they'll be fine...

BREAKING GLASS. SPLINTERING WOOD. HORRIBLE SCREAMS.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

(wide awake)

Jesus Mary and Joseph! What is that?

MUFFLED SHOUTING. A WINDOW BREAKS.

HARRIET

Phineas!

PHINEAS

Stay here!

19

PANDEMONIUM

19

Phineas jumps out of bed. MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS running down a hallway. Other residents of the building coming out of their rooms, including JEFFREY.

JEFFREY

What's going on, Mr. Bacon?

PHINEAS

Down the hall - West's room!

They arrive at West's door. There is CHAOS behind it. Phineas POUNDS on it.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

Dr. West! Open up! Are you all right? What's going on in there?

WEST

(through door)

Stay out!

Phineas POUNDS.

PHINEAS

Open up! Or I'll break it down!  
Jeffrey, help me!

Phineas and Jeffrey begin to BREAK DOWN THE DOOR, while inside the room there is more STRUGGLING.

STUART

(through door)

West! Let him go! Let him--

A PUNCH. SOMETHING FALLS TO THE FLOOR. A MUFFLED CRY from inside fades away quickly: something has jumped out the window. Jeffrey and Phineas continue their assault on the door.

PHINEAS

Dr. West!

SPLINTERING WOOD as the door gives way.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

Good lord!

JEFFREY

Stay back, Mrs. Bacon. I'll go for the police!

HARRIET

(screams)

Dr. West, I want you out of here!

PHINEAS

Harriet! Stop screaming! He's unconscious! Looks like Dr. Stuart's out cold too.

HARRIET

Oh the blood!

PHINEAS

I don't think it's his.

HARRIET

Where'd the other one get to?

PHINEAS

Out the window, I expect. Must have landed in the bushes. He's gone now.

From out in the street, the WHISTLE of a policeman.

HARRIET

Here come the police. Thank goodness!

PHINEAS

Dr. West? Dr. Stuart? Can you hear me?

STUART

(groaning)

What? Where is...?

PHINEAS

Dr. Stuart! Are you all right? What happened?

STUART

Not again... West! West!

PHINEAS

Looks like he took quite a lickin'.

STUART

West, wake up, dammit!

OFFICER CALLAHAN, an Irish cop bursts into the room.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

All right, all right! What's going on... sure and begorra!

HARRIET

There was screaming and fighting. That's Dr. West, our tenant.

PHINEAS

He's out cold!

Stuart SLAPS him a bit and WEST groans.

STUART

West, can you hear me?

WEST

(moans)

Stuart, did you stop him? If anyone sees...

STUART

He's gone.

HARRIET

Look at these bloody rags! Officer, do something!

OFFICER CALLAHAN

All right, you, what's your story?

WEST

Get out of here. I don't need your help.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

You have some questions to answer, me boyo. What happened here?

STUART

My apologies officer. Dr. West and I went out for a drink after our rounds last night. I'm afraid we overdid it.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

I'll say! And who are you, sir?

STUART

Dr. Gordon Stuart. We're at Miskatonic.



HARRIET

What about that strange man? Ask them, officer! Who was that man I saw you with? Night time visitors are not allowed!

OFFICER CALLAHAN

Well? Let's have it.

WEST

Ah, yes. He was just some fellow we met at the bar. Isn't that right, Dr. Stuart?

STUART

Yes, that's right.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

What bar?

WEST

Ah...

STUART

The ah...

WEST

I don't actually remember. We went to a few. We were toasting the memory of our old teacher, Dr. Halsey, you see.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

Oh, Dr. Halsey. Shame. Great man.

WEST

Yes. I'm afraid we drowned our sorrows quite thoroughly.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

Hmph! But what about this stranger? He beat you up? Steal anything?

WEST

No, oh no. I'm fine. You're fine, aren't you, Stuart?

STUART

Yes, fine.

HARRIET

Fine? There's blood on these clothes! What kind of carrying on...

STUART

Mrs. Bacon, please. These clothes are here for... they weren't his, I...

WEST

We were analyzing them. We're working on a vaccine for the typhoid. The hospital is overwhelmed, so I was doing some of the work here. Hence all these beakers. We're scientists.

STUART

That's right.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

I see. And this...?

WEST

I wouldn't touch that if I were you. Typhoid.

HARRIET

Mercy! Typhoid! Phineas, let's get out of here. No nighttime visitors, Dr. West, and no more science. This is a respectable house!

WEST

Yes, yes indeed. Dr. Stuart will clean it up. We know how.

They go.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

And neither of you got this fellow's name?

WEST

Umm, no...

STUART

He was in no shape to go anywhere, so we brought him back here to sleep it off. I guess he woke up in a strange room, got frightened and ran. Probably not entirely sober yet.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

I wouldn't want to wake up here, I'll give you that.

WEST

No real harm done, officer. But with the typhoid germs it would be safer for everyone to leave at once.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

Well, we'll put out a bulletin and look for him.

WEST

Oh no, that poor man's been through enough already. If you don't mind, Dr. Stuart and I really should clean up.

OFFICER CALLAHAN

Right. Go easy on the drink now, right lads?

WEST

Certainly, of course. Thank you so much.

The onlookers leave. MUSICAL BUILDUP.

STUART

My god, West. That was close. What'll we do?

WEST

I don't know. Lay low.

STUART

But he's out there!

WEST

Yes. That should be interesting....

STUART

What went wrong?

WEST

It's this heat, damn it. It wasn't quite fresh enough!

MUSICAL STING. More CRICKETS. More POLICE WHISTLES. The MURMUR of shocked crowds under the narration.

STUART

That night saw the beginning of the second Arkham horror -- the horror that to me eclipsed the plague itself. You probably read about it, Mr. Taft. Christchurch Cemetery was the scene of a terrible killing: a watchman was clawed to death in a manner which raised a doubt as to whether a human being had been responsible. The manager of a circus nearby in Bolton was questioned, but he swore that no beast had escaped from its cage. Those who found the body noted a trail of blood leading to the receiving tomb, where a small pool of red lay on the concrete just outside the gate. A fainter trail led away toward the woods, but it soon gave out.

MUSIC easing back to the interrogation.

TAFT

(rapt)

Well? Go on Dr. Stuart.

STUART

The next night devils danced on the roofs of Arkham, and unnatural madness howled in the wind. Through the fevered town had crept a curse which some said was greater than the plague, and which some whispered was the embodied demon-soul of the plague itself. Eight houses were entered by a nameless thing which strewed red death in its wake -- in all, seventeen maimed remnants of bodies were left behind by the voiceless, sadistic monster. A few persons had half seen it in the dark, and said it was white and like a malformed ape. It had not left behind quite all that it had attacked, for sometimes it had been hungry.

SALAMON

Good lord, Gordon!

STUART

On the third night the police captured it in a house on Crane Street near Miskatonic. The thing was finally stopped by a bullet, and was rushed to the hospital.

TAFT

Are you suggesting that this "thing" was...

STUART

It had been a man. Our colleagues dressed its wound and carted it to the asylum at Sefton, where it beat its head against the walls of a padded cell for sixteen years, until---

TAFT

And he wasn't identified?

STUART

No one would believe it if he had been, but those who saw it, after its face had been cleaned, noted its mocking resemblance to the learned and self-sacrificing martyr who had been eulogized but three days before: the late Dr. Allan Halsey.

MUSICAL STING. TRANSITION.

21 BLACKWELL 2 21

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

Chapter Three. Six Shots by Midnight.

22 IMMUNITY 9 22

TAFT

Dr. Stuart, these ghoulish tales of yours strain credulity...

SALAMON

My client is under oath, Mr. Taft. He's telling the truth. What you choose to believe is up to you.

TAFT

I can see why you wanted immunity. Now, did you continue your association with Dr. West after those events in the summer of 1908?

STUART

I'm not proud of it, Mr. Taft, but I was young, and frightened. Our history of shared experiences made it seem best to stick together.

TAFT

I assume there were more "incidents"?

STUART

I tried to steer him toward more normal pursuits, but it was not easy to find a good opening for two doctors in company. We finally secured a practice in Bolton, a factory town near Arkham. The mills there are the largest in the Miskatonic Valley, and their polyglot employees were never popular with the local physicians. Our practice was surprisingly large from the very first -- large enough to please most young doctors, and large enough to prove a bore and a burden to a man whose real interest lay elsewhere....

23 NEW PATIENTS

23

West listens to a VICTROLA RECORDING. AN URGENT KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

WEST

What, again?

STUART

I'll get it.

FOOTSTEPS. The DOOR OPENS. There are men with thick Polish accents.

STUART (CONT'D)

Yes?

WOJOCHOWSKI  
(quietly)  
Doctor West?

STUART  
I'm Dr. Stuart. What is it?

WOJOCHOWSKI  
You and Dr. West please to come. Is  
hurt man.

STUART  
Hurt man? Speak up!

KAMINSKI  
Very bad hurt. Please you come now.  
Is help please.

West turns OFF VICTROLA.

WEST  
What's going on? Who is it?

STUART  
A couple of Polack mill workers by  
the looks of them. Say there's an  
injury.

WEST  
Naturally. It's almost eleven  
o'clock at night. Bring the injured  
man here in the morning!

KAMINSKI  
No tomorrow. Please to come now.

WEST  
Look, the hospital is the best--

WOJOCHOWSKI  
No! No hospital. At hospital is  
police.

WEST  
Oh, it's like that, is it?

KAMINSKI  
Please to come now. Is very bad.

WEST  
Has someone been shot? Stabbed?

KAMINSKI  
 (stammering, nervous)  
 Is man... is...

WEST  
 Speak up! Out with it!

KAMINSKI  
 Is fighting. How to say...

WEST  
 What, a bar fight? Broken glass?

KAMINSKI  
 ...zawodowe bokser.

WOJCHOWSKI  
 Professional boxer.

STUART  
 Another boxing match! These people!

KAMINSKI  
 No is get up. Please to come now!  
 Is going for to die!

WEST  
 (changing his tune)  
 To die? All right, we'll come. Dr.  
 Stuart, let's collect our  
 equipment.

STUART  
 Right.

WEST  
 All of our equipment.

STUART  
 Right.

24 NO IS BREATHE

24

MUSICAL STING. CRICKETS. A NERVOUS COW. FOOTSTEPS.

KAMINSKI  
 Is here, doctors. Please you to  
 hurry.

WEST  
 What, in this old barn?



STUART

Since the city outlawed boxing, the locals arrange secret improvised matches. It's only made it worse.

WEST

Puritan idiots! I suppose next they'll prohibit alcohol and cigarettes!

A huge BARN DOOR SLIDES OPEN. A small crowd MURMURING IN POLISH, with the occasional cluck of CHICKENS. The crowd goes silent.

KAMINSKI

(to the crowd)

Wszyscy relaks. Lekarz jest tutaj.

WEST

All right, what do we have here?

WOJCHOWSKI

Here is man. You look at.

STUART

Yes, yes, step aside and let us examine him. My god. He's black as coal.

KAMINSKI

Is too late. No is breathe.

WEST

Look at this brute!

STUART

(disgusted)

Good god. Is it a man or a gorilla?

WEST

Look at this reach! No wonder he was a professional boxer.

STUART

Those aren't arms, they're forelegs!

WEST

No pulse.

STUART

No respiration.

WEST

No pupillary response. Well it's little wonder. Look at his head.

STUART

Acute subdural hemorrhage, no doubt.

(whispered to Herbert)

It'll be terribly brain damaged.

WEST

(hushed)

But otherwise glorious. And he's only been dead a matter of minutes!

STUART

Oh, Herbert.

WEST

(to the crowd)

All right, what happened here?

MURMURING.

WEST (CONT'D)

Come on, speak up! We can't help you if you don't tell us.

WOJCHOWSKI

Is boxing match.

WEST

Yes, yes. Who was the other fighter? Is he injured?

O'BRIEN

(with thick Polish accent)

Is me. Kid O'Brien.

WEST

You? You're named O'Brien?

O'BRIEN

Yah, Kid O'Brien.

WEST

Right, and I'm Emperor Yoshihito.

O'BRIEN

Is name for fighting.

WEST

All right. And who is he?

O'BRIEN  
Name Buck Robinson, Harlem Smoke.  
Professional. New York City.

STUART  
So what happened?

O'BRIEN  
I knock him out! Him not get up! Is  
okay?

STUART  
No. He's dead.

WEST  
(hedging)  
Well, he *might* be dead.

The crowd MURMURS.

STUART  
Look, you people are in serious  
trouble. This is an illegal fight  
and this man has been killed. The  
police have to be notified.

O'BRIEN  
Is accident!

WOJCHOWSKI  
Is bad mistake! Please you help us!

STUART  
There's nothing we can do.

WEST  
Not necessarily, Dr. Stuart.

O'BRIEN  
Please, mister doctors!

STUART  
Dr. West...

WEST  
(sotto)  
Look, he's from out of town. He'll  
never be missed, and these people  
won't say a word. Apart from the  
head trauma he's a perfect  
specimen. And he's still warm!

STUART  
Damn you, West.

WEST

Oh, never mind about that.

(to the crowd)

Look, it's true you people could be in terrible trouble. But Dr. Stuart and I will take care of him. There's no need for the police to become involved.

WOJOCHOWSKI

No police? You fix him?

WEST

Yes, I fix. But we have to do it now. All of you, leave this barn now and keep your mouths shut. We'll do the rest.

WOJOCHOWSKI

Thank you! Very much!

O'BRIEN

You are like hero!

WEST

Forget about it. And tell all of them to forget about it. This never happened. Understand?

WOJOCHOWSKI

Yes! We go now! Go home.

The crowd shuffles out MURMURING in Polish.

KAMINSKI

Ta lekarka wydaje sie niewlasciwy do mnie....

MUSIC TRANSITION. SOUNDS OF EFFORT AS THEY DRAG THE HUGE CADAVER.

STUART

(narrating)

There was bright moonlight that night, but we dressed the thing and carried it home between us through the deserted streets. We approached the house from the field in the rear, took the specimen in the back door and down the cellar stairs...

26 WAKE UP, DAMN YOU

26

As he injects the reagent.

WEST

...and now the third injection.  
That should be plenty considering  
the size of this great black beast.

STUART

Anything?

Listens with stethoscope.

WEST

Nothing.

SLAPPING.

WEST (CONT'D)

Wake up, damn you!

PAPERS and INSTRUMENTS THROWN in frustration.

WEST (CONT'D)

Nothing! That's four different  
formulations we've tried, and no  
response! I thought surely this  
time we'd have it. What's gone  
wrong?

STUART

It is a negro specimen. Maybe  
they're different?

WEST

Hmm, maybe one of my older formulas  
is called for.

STUART

Maybe, but then again they never  
really worked on the monkeys  
either.

WEST

There's no need to be insulting,  
Gordon.

STUART

We've been at this for hours, West.  
Even with the right formula right  
now, his brain would still be mush.  
It'll be dawn soon. We should get  
rid of it while we can.

WEST  
 (with a sigh)  
 Well, I suppose you're right.

The sounds of HEAVY LIFTING and DIGGING underneath.

27 IMMUNITY 11

27

STUART  
 (narrating)  
 We dragged the thing to the woods near the potter's field, and buried it there in the best sort of grave the frozen ground would furnish. In the light of our lanterns we carefully covered it with leaves and dead vines, then returned to our patients and tried to forget it....

28 MRS. KELLY

28

MUSIC TRANSITION. The RATTLE of a bottle of pills.

STUART  
 There you go, Mrs. Kelly, take two of these tablets each evening and try to get some rest.

MRS. KELLY  
 (with an Irish accent)  
 Oh thank you, Doctor. Sure and I'm hoping you get some rest yourself. You look as though you haven't had a wink of sleep at all!

STUART  
 Oh, don't you worry about me.

MRS. KELLY  
 You weren't troubled by those terrible Polacks, were you?

STUART  
 Excuse me?

MRS. KELLY  
 I heard they're holding those fights again over on the Polish side of town. I heard a man was beaten to death? Shameful!

STUART

I have no idea what you're talking about, but if someone had died I'm sure I'd have heard about it. Someone probably exaggerated what happened to make for a good story.

MRS. KELLY

I don't know. You know what those Polish are like....

STUART

Well I--

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN.

WEST

(agitated)

Stuart, I've just been--

STUART

Dr. West, you remember Mrs. Kelly.

WEST

(regaining composure)

Not perfectly. Heart murmurs?

MRS. KELLY

No, I have these terrible headaches, Doctor West. I--

WEST

Right. Well, Dr. Stuart has you taken care of there. Run right home and go to bed, that's my advice.

MRS. KELLY

Sure I--

FOOTSTEPS as West ushers her out.

WEST

No no! No talking. Straight to bed. No visitors. Doctor's orders. Do you need a note? No? Very good. Bye now.

THE DOOR CLOSES.

STUART

Subtle.

WEST

Listen, I--

STUART  
She knew about the fight.

WEST  
What?

STUART  
People are talking. She'd heard  
someone died.

WEST  
I nearly died myself! I was just  
attacked by Mr. Alfonso!

STUART  
What?! Why?

WEST  
Mrs. Alfonso's dead, and he blames  
me!

STUART  
What did you do? I thought you went  
over there because she was having  
hysterics!

WEST  
I did. Her five-year-old wandered  
off this morning and no one has  
seen him all day. Mrs. Alfonso was  
getting terribly worked up,  
remember her weak heart? So they  
called me. I told her she was  
ridiculous to be so worried -- the  
boy has wandered off before -- but  
you know what those Italians are  
like, superstitious peasants. I'm  
about to sedate her and some cousin  
or someone shows up and says they  
still haven't found him, and she up  
and has a heart attack right in  
front of me and the husband!

STUART  
(aghast)  
Oh, Herbert. You didn't...

WEST  
I didn't touch her! Stupid cow  
worried herself to death! Then Mr.  
Alfonso starts screaming at me in  
Italian, cursing me because I  
didn't save her! He drew a knife!

(MORE)



WEST (CONT'D)

He would have stabbed me if the mob  
of cousins hadn't held him back!

STUART

Great Scott! First your damned  
negro, and now this!

WEST

Lunatic. I got out of there. And  
that kid is still missing.

STUART

Good lord, if the police get  
involved... If they start searching  
those woods...

WEST

You don't have to tell me!

STUART

And you thought they wouldn't say a  
word! They'll never talk, you said!

WEST

All right, all right!

STUART

We'll be chased out of town,  
assuming we don't both land in  
prison...

WEST

Oh, calm down. I'm the one who  
should be worried. That crazed  
Italian could come here to cut my  
throat! Where's my revolver?

He starts RUMMAGING THROUGH DRAWERS.

STUART

We should shut off the lights and  
act like nothing's happened. Behave  
normally. Mrs. Kelly's probably  
telling all her friends about you  
right now! The way you rushed her  
out of here...

The CLICK as he checks the cylinder.

WEST

Aha! Loaded. I feel better already.

STUART

Let's batten down the hatches and  
let it blow over. We'll know more  
tomorrow.

WEST

All right, you get the lights and  
I'll get the doors.

MUSICAL TRANSITION.

29

IMMUNITY 12

29

STUART

(narrating)

Everything was quiet, but I slept  
fitfully.

TAFT

Can I presume that something  
unpleasant happened?

STUART

You could say.

30

NIGHT VISITOR

30

A DISTANT CHURCH BELL CHIMES THREE. CRICKETS, then the  
crickets OMINOUSLY STOP. The back DOOR RATTLES in the  
distance.

STUART

(quietly panicked)

West? Is that you out there?

MORE RATTLING at the back door.

STUART (CONT'D)

West? West!

FOOTSTEPS IN THE HALL. THE RUSTLE OF BEDCLOTHES. FLOORBOARDS  
CREAK in the hall.

STUART (CONT'D)

West!

Gordon's bedroom DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

WEST

(quietly)

There's someone at the back door!

STUART

Oh god. Pretend we're not here.

WEST

No. We'd better both go. It may be a patient. It would be like one of those morons to try the back door.

STUART

What if it's the police? Put away that gun!

WEST

What if it's the mad Italian? I'm keeping it!

OMINOUS MUSIC. QUIET FOOTSTEPS GO DOWN THE STAIRS. THE RATTLING GROWS LOUDER.

31 IMMUNITY 13

31

STUART

(narrating)

We both went down the stairs on tiptoe, with a fear partly justified by the recent events, and partly that which comes only from the soul of the weird small hours.

The rattling continues as West and Stuart approach the door. MUSIC builds tension.

STUART (CONT'D)

When we reached the door I cautiously unbolted it and threw it open. As the moon streamed revealingly down on the form silhouetted there, West did a peculiar thing.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

STUART (CONT'D)

Looming hideously against the spectral moon was a gigantic misshapen thing not to be imagined save in nightmares -- a glassy-eyed, ink-black apparition, covered with bits of mold, leaves, and vines, foul with caked blood, and having between its glistening teeth a snow-white, terrible, cylindrical object terminating in a tiny hand.

MUSICAL STING.

32 BLACKWELL 3 32

ERSKINE BLACKWELL  
Chapter Four. The Scream of the  
Dead.

TRANSITION MUSIC.

33 IMMUNITY 14 33

TAFT  
(stunned)  
Good lord, Dr. Stuart.

SALAMON  
Gordon, that's terrible.

STUART  
It was terrible. Terrible indeed.  
But I fear it was not the worst of  
my experiences with Herbert West.

TAFT  
It gets worse? Is that possible?

STUART  
Oh yes. The scream of a dead man  
gave me the acute horror of West  
which colored the latter years of  
our companionship.

TAFT  
I should have thought you'd be used  
to that.

SALAMON  
Please, continue, Dr. Stuart

STUART  
Yes, well, I had been on a long  
visit to my parents in Illinois,  
you see, and upon my return....

34 HOMECOMING 34

Transition MUSIC. The THUNK of luggage being dropped on the  
floor. FOOTSTEPS.

WEST

Stuart! Come with me, I've made extraordinary progress in your absence. I believe I have finally solved the problem of freshness.

STUART

Well hello to you too, West. Let me just put my--

WEST

Later! We haven't succeeded in restoring a specimen to rational, sensible life because even the least decay hopelessly damages the brain structure. They're never fresh enough!

STUART

Right.

WEST

Well I've come at it from an entirely new angle: artificial preservation!

STUART

Ah, that embalming fluid you've been working on?

WEST

Exactly! I believe I've perfected it.

STUART

But West, you can't put embalming fluid into a body until it's already dead, and that's always the hold-up that sinks us.

WEST

Yes, until now. Come with me!

MUSICAL STING.

STUART

(narrating)

I followed West to the secret laboratory we had fitted up in the cellar, with a long table under electric lights.

CLICK of a light switch. HUM of a powerful electric light.

STUART (CONT'D)

Stretched out on that table I now  
saw a disturbing shape concealed by  
a white shroud.

36

TRAVELING SALESMAN

36

WEST

My newest embalming agent preserves  
tissues just as they are at the  
moment it hits the bloodstream. If  
we inject it at the precise moment  
of death, we can prevent  
decomposition even from beginning.

STUART

(genuinely alarmed)  
West, what have you done?

WEST

Fate has finally been kind to us.  
Look!

FLAPPING CLOTH as West dramatically pulls off the shroud.

STUART

Oh, West! Where did he come from?

WEST

A travelling salesman. Got off the  
train and was walking through town  
looking for the worsted mills.

STUART

How did he end up here?

WEST

He got lost. He'd been wandering  
around for hours. Knocked on the  
door and asked for directions.

STUART

I meant how did he end up on the  
slab.

WEST

(a tad too innocent)  
All the walking in this July sun  
had drained him. I could see he was  
on the verge of collapse -  
dehydration - so I invited him in.

(MORE)

WEST (CONT'D)

Told him I was a doctor, offered him a stimulant but he wouldn't have it. I went to get him some water and he dropped dead right in front of me. Heat stroke. Tragic. He was absurdly overdressed in a wool suit.

STUART

Really?

WEST

See for yourself. There are his things.

RUSTLING as Stuart looks them over.

STUART

St. Louis driver's permit. Name of Robert Leavitt.

MORE RUSTLING.

WEST

No family photos in that wallet, and no wedding ring on his finger. He never made it to the mills. No one knows he's here.

STUART

I'm sure you'd like to think that.

WEST

It's been two weeks, Stuart. No one's come looking for him. Believe me, I've been keeping my ears open.

STUART

Two weeks! And you think you can bring him back after waiting that long?

WEST

That's what I've been trying to tell you! It's my new embalming fluid. I injected him within seconds after he hit the floor. He's perfectly preserved. Look at him!

STUART

It is uncanny. He looks as though he might just be asleep.

WEST

And that's with no refrigeration.

STUART

Well... what do you propose?

WEST

I've prepared the reanimating solution, and saved him so we could bring him back together. If we fail, no one will be the wiser. We'll bury him out in the woods with the others. But if my embalming fluid has worked, our fame will be brilliantly and perpetually established. What do you say? Shall we?

STUART

Of course. Now, you're sure he's dead?

WEST

Really now, Stuart...

STUART

Yes, it's just that--

WEST

No! Don't touch it!

STUART

Why?

WEST

I fear the embalming solution may make the specimen very delicate. I'll do the injections - will you document the process?

STUART

Right. Good luck, Dr. West.

WEST

Thank you Dr. Stuart. I'm inserting nine CCs of serum into the first cephalic vein, approximately two centimeters above the point of injection of the embalming compound.

STUART

Noted.



OMINOUS MUSIC begins to build underneath.

WEST

This serum neutralizes the embalming solution, returning the subject to a normal state of relaxation prior to introduction of the reagent.

MOVEMENT.

STUART

He moved! West, the specimen moved!

WEST

It's just an ion response to the serum. Hand me that pillow.

STUART

What are you doing? You'll smother him.

WEST

Smother? He's dead, Stuart. I just don't like to see the facial twitching. There. That's better. He's still. Check for a pulse.

STUART

No pulse.

WEST

Perfect. Hand me the reagent. Good. I'm now injecting twenty-two CCs of reagent. There. And now, we wait.

STUART

My god, West. If it works... This one could be capable of thought! Of speech, perhaps to tell of what it had seen beyond the unfathomable abyss....

WEST

Stay calm, Stuart. Don't expect too much.

STUART

Yes, but imagine it, West. If he has been beyond...

WEST

You know I don't believe in any of that nonsense, Stuart.

(MORE)

WEST (CONT'D)

There is nothing beyond. If he speaks at all, it's likely he'll speak whatever was on his mind at the last moment of his natural life.

STUART

Look! There's a lividity in his cheeks!

WEST

That was fast....

STUART

Can you hear me? Mr. Leavitt?

WEST

I'm getting a pulse.

Suddenly an EXHALATION OF BREATH from the corpse.

Tense MUSIC.

STUART

West! He's breathing!

WEST

Stay calm, Stuart.

Light BREATHING and a slight MOAN from the man.

STUART

Look at his eyes! They're moving!

WEST

Yes...

MUSICAL STING.

STUART

They're opening!

WEST

Stuart...

STUART

Mr. Leavitt? Can you hear me? Speak to me! What have you seen? Can you tell me?

WEST

Stuart, back off - just observe.

STUART

He might be able to tell us what lies beyond death, West. He may not last, this may be our only chance.

WEST

I tell you Stuart--

More BREATHY MOANING from the body. Not words, but perhaps the attempt to speak.

STUART

Mr. Leavitt? Can you hear me? Where have you been?

WEST

He hasn't been anywhere but on this table! He hasn't seen any god but me!

LEAVITT

(very quietly)  
Only now...

STUART

He's speaking!

WEST

What's he saying?

STUART

Listen! Mr. Leavitt, where have you been?

LEAVITT

(in a whisper)  
Only now...

STUART

"Only now"? What can it mean?

WEST

Nothing. If his mind comes back at all, it will pick up from the moment I-- from the moment he died.

MUSIC transition to a tense interrogation room.

TAFT

Well? Did you, I mean, was he reanimated?

STUART

In the next moment there was no doubt that the solution had worked. But in that triumph there came to me the greatest of all horrors -- not horror of the thing that spoke, but of the depths to which I now realized West would sink.

MUSIC BUILDS. WRITHING, FLAILING, PANICKY BREATHING.

STUART (CONT'D)

For that very fresh body threw out its frantic hands in a life and death struggle with the air while West stood passively by and watched with clinical detachment. Then, before suddenly collapsing into a second and final dissolution, Mr. Leavitt cried out:

38 TRAVELING SALESMAN 2

38

LEAVITT

(wildly frightened)

No! What are you doing? I don't need a stimulant! Stop it! Keep off, you maniac! Keep that damned needle away from me! Noooo!

MUSICAL CRESCENDO AND TRANSITION.

39 BLACKWELL 4

39

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

Chapter Five. The Horror from the Shadows.

40 IMMUNITY 16

40

TAFT

You're insane! You and West. You should both be locked up.

SALAMON

My client is immune from criminal prosecution, Mr. Taft.

TAFT

He doesn't belong in prison, he should be in a madhouse.

SALAMON

This isn't about my client,  
counselor. It's about Herbert West.

STUART

This was a turning point for him.

TAFT

What do you mean?

STUART

West's success in the revival of  
life by first killing an innocent  
victim changed him. His soul was  
calloused and seared, and he  
sometimes glanced at people with  
hideous and calculating appraisal.  
I came to find Herbert West himself  
more horrible than anything he did.

TAFT

Why would you continue to work with  
him?

STUART

I was held to him by sheer force of  
fear. His scientific obsession had  
degenerated into a hellish and  
perverse addiction to the abnormal;  
he gloated calmly over  
monstrosities which would make most  
men drop dead from fright. Dangers  
he met unflinchingly; crimes he  
committed unmoved. That's when  
Clapham-Lee entered the picture.  
Just before the war.

Taft SHUFFLES through papers.

TAFT

This is the late Dr. Eric Clapham-  
Lee? Of Canada? The surgeon?

STUART

(with bitterness)

Yes. Unknown to me, West had been  
corresponding with him for some  
time. He shared in West's interests  
and conducted experiments of his  
own, on which they had... compared  
notes.

(MORE)

STUART (CONT'D)

Clapham-Lee proposed the three of us join together in a medical practice in Boston where we could carry on the research without drawing attention to ourselves.

TAFT

And you and West agreed?

STUART

West loved the idea. Bolton was growing uncomfortable for us, and Eric had real enthusiasm for the work. We treated a well-heeled clientele by day, but by night... who could have dreamed of what took place in our laboratory! West went further than ever, researching the reanimation of detached parts of bodies. He had wild ideas on the vital properties of living tissue; and achieved some hideous preliminary results...

41 THREE'S A CROWD

41

MUSICAL TRANSITION. The BUBBLE of laboratory equipment. A door OPENS as Stuart enters.

CLAPHAM-LEE

Ah, Gordon, there you are. You're just in time.

STUART

(coldly)

Eric. Herbert, the tea is on upst---

The strange HISS of a couple of large reptiles.

STUART (CONT'D)

Good god, what is that thing on your arm?

WEST

Meet *Sphenodon punctatus*. Commonly called a tuatara.

STUART

A lizard? Why on earth do you need a---

WEST

They look like lizards, but they're actually far more primitive. I had them imported from New Zealand. Delivered today.

CLAPHAM-LEE

Beautiful, eh? An evolutionary and biological blank slate.

STUART

How's that?

WEST

Their embryonic tissue is the perfect medium for my work.

CLAPHAM-LEE

Pluripotent precursor cells, Dr. Stuart. We can culture independent organic cells and nerve tissue from their eggs.

WEST

Isolated from the blastocysts, you see. We can use it to determine whether any amount of consciousness or rational action exists without the brain itself.

STUART

Could that be possible?

CLAPHAM-LEE

That and more! We could surgically separate the different parts of a single living organism, and use Dr. West's culture to establish whether there exists any kind of ethereal, intangible relation distinct from the material cells to link them together.

WEST

Like an extension of the morphogenetic field.

STUART

(disturbed yet fascinated)  
And what test subject do you propose to dismember?

WEST

Never mind him, Eric. I'm sure we can figure---

CLAPHAM-LEE

Actually, I've given some thought to that myself and have a solution I'd like to discuss. Ever since the battle of Ypres, I've been thinking that I should join the war effort in Flanders. Both as a Canadian and as a surgeon, it's my duty.

STUART

To enlist? And go to the trenches in Europe?

CLAPHAM-LEE

Yes. Since the Huns gassed our boys over there, I feel it's time for me to take action.

WEST

Are you mad, Eric?

CLAPHAM-LEE

I think it's the right thing to do... and I think you should come with me, both of you. Your skills as surgeons could save lives on the battlefield. And, West, those that can't be saved... well, they could further our work, eh?

STUART

America's not at war.

CLAPHAM-LEE

Not yet, but I can use my father's influence to have you attached to the Second Canadian Division. They won't turn down skilled volunteer physicians.

WEST

I don't know... being at the front?

CLAPHAM-LEE

Think of it, West: an unlimited supply of freshly killed specimens, in every stage of dismemberment.



WEST

When you put it that way it does sound tempting. What do you think, Stuart? You're always saying that America should take up arms and put the Kaiser in his place.

STUART

Yes, for the good of mankind, not for easy access to cadavers!

WEST

Stuart, think of the advances our research could lead to. Stitching up a few soldiers is a small price to pay.

WEST (CONT'D)

All right, we're in.

STUART

We? You're unbelievable!

WEST

How can you complain? You get to save civilization, and I get the most prodigious supply of freshly slaughtered human flesh the world has ever seen!

West's LAUGHTER crossfades to the WHISTLE of a MORTAR. EXPLOSION! MUSICAL TRANSITION. Sounds of TRENCH WARFARE underneath. The SCREAMING and MOANING of a field hospital.

42

IMMUNITY 17

42

STUART

(narrating)

And so in 1915 we entered the Great War with a Canadian regiment in Flanders. Clapham-Lee himself was assigned elsewhere, and I was glad to be rid of him.

West and I ended up in a field hospital behind the lines at St. Eloi. West rigged up a private laboratory in a barn-like structure where he claimed to be devising new and radical methods for the treatment of the hopelessly maimed.

(MORE)

STUART (CONT'D)

To be fair, there was an ungodly amount of maiming, and he did occasionally save a wounded soldier. But mostly he worked like a butcher, ankle-deep in gore. Besides parts harvested from the casualties, West continued working with the formula he'd developed from the reptile embryos.

TAFT

You helped him conduct experiments on wounded soldiers?

STUART

They made him a Major, Mr. Taft. He outranked me. I was at his mercy like never before.

TAFT

So you were just following orders?

STUART

I lost the ability to feel shame long ago, Mr. Taft. West's embryonic reptile tissue was highly effective at maintaining life in organless fragments. In a dark corner of the laboratory he kept a large incubator full of this reptilian cell-matter; which multiplied and grew puffily and hideously.

TAFT

And no one objected to this? Your commanding officer...?

STUART

We were accomplished surgeons. We saved the men we could. And hoped the others... well, their sacrifices might someday be instrumental in conquering death.

TAFT

I... don't know what to say.

STUART

We heard Clapham-Lee was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his bravery in the field, and when the fighting grew heavy in our sector he was assigned to return to St. Eloi...

43 FAREWELL TO ARMS ETC.

43

MACHINE GUN FIRE. An airplane CRASHES. Men SHOUTING.

SOLDIER

Dr. West! Dr. Stuart! A plane's been shot down! They're bringing them in!

WEST

How bad is it, soldier?

SOLDIER

Fell like a stone, sir. It was Lieutenant Hill's plane!

STUART

Ronald Hill? He's our best pilot.

SOLDIER

Sir, yes sir. There was a passen---

MEN SHOUTING from outside. Numerous SLOSHING MUDDY FOOTSTEPS and RUCKUS as medics rush in bearing wounded men.

MEDIC

Dr. West! We need your help sir!

WEST

Bring them in. Here, put him on this table. Stuart, get the other one!

STUART

Right! Over here boys! Quickly!

RACKET as the stretchers are placed on tables. HUBBUB.

WEST

This man is past help. There's not even enough here for the scrap bucket. Let me see his identity disc... farewell Lieutenant Hill.

STUART  
West! Get over here!

WEST  
What is it?

STUART  
It's Clapham-Lee.

MUSICAL STING.

WEST  
Eric!

MEDIC  
He was the passenger in the plane,  
sir.

STUART  
He's gone, West. His spine's been  
severed. Propeller's nearly clean  
through his neck...

WEST  
Yes, a terrible loss...

STUART  
West--

SAD MUSIC RESOLVE.

WEST  
Everyone out!

MEDIC  
But sir--

WEST  
There's nothing more you can do for  
these men. Leave them to us. Out!  
Out!

MUTTERING as the men leave.

STUART  
I'm sorry, West. It's a shame.

WEST  
What are you talking about?

STUART  
I know you considered him a friend.

WEST

Don't be ridiculous. Hand me that scalpel.

STUART

What?

WEST

Eric wouldn't have wanted us to waste this opportunity, Stuart. His head's been quite cleanly severed, it's all but perfect!

STUART

West, have you no--

WEST

I said hand me the knife, lieutenant!

STUART

You're a monster.

WEST

Yes yes, I know. The knife, man!

The sound of EFFORT and SLOPPY CUTTING, BUBBLING VATS and DISTANT GUNFIRE and SCREAMING. MUSIC builds underneath.

44

IMMUNITY 18

44

STUART

(narrating)

West seized what was once his friend and finished severing the head. He placed it in his vat of pulpy reptile-tissue to preserve it, and proceeded to treat the decapitated body on the operating table. He injected new blood, joined certain veins, arteries, and nerves at the headless neck, and closed the ghastly aperture with a spare patch of skin. Could this headless body could exhibit any of the signs of mental life which had distinguished Sir Eric Moreland Clapham-Lee?

45 CLAPHAM-LEE 1 45

WEST

Don't look so stricken, Stuart.  
Eric of all people would have  
appreciated this.

A distant EXPLOSION. Sounds of FIGHTING increase.

46 IMMUNITY 19 46

STUART

(narrating)

West injected his reanimating  
solution into the arm of the  
headless body, and as a few  
twitching motions began to appear,  
I could see the feverish interest  
on West's face.

47 CLAPHAM-LEE 2 47

Men SCREAM in the background. MACHINE GUNS.

WEST

Eric won't let me down. Come on,  
dammit! Look!

The RUSTLE of the writhing body and the BUBBLING of the vats.  
Distant MORTARS get closer. The sounds of BATTLE approach.  
MUSIC ramps up.

48 IMMUNITY 20 48

STUART

(narrating)

The body twitched and heaved. The  
arms and legs stirred in a  
repulsive kind of writhing. Then  
the headless thing threw out its  
arms in a gesture which was  
unmistakably one of desperation: an  
intelligent desperation.

49 CLAPHAM-LEE 3 49

WEST

Yes! The nerves are recalling their  
last act in life: the struggle to  
get free of the falling aëroplane!

The sound of SCREAMING MEN outside and BUBBLING VATS make it very difficult to hear distinctly the following line:

CLAPHAM-LEE  
 (breathy and weird, like a  
 body with no lungs)  
 Jump, Ronald!

STUART  
 Did you hear that?

WEST  
 Hear what?

STUART  
 That voice!

CLAPHAM-LEE  
 (slightly more distinct)  
 Jump, Ronald! For god's sake, jump!

STUART  
 It's Clapham-Lee! But how....

CLAPHAM-LEE  
 (even more distinct)  
 Jump!

WEST  
 (laughing maniacally)  
 That's right, Eric! We were right!

STUART  
 Oh my god, it's coming from your  
 accursed incubator! The vat in the  
 corner! Where you put his--

THE WHISTLE OF AN INCOMING MORTAR and a HUGE EXPLOSION!!

TAFT  
 Well?

STUART  
 It was chaos. German shell-fire  
 destroyed the building and St. Eloi  
 was lost. It's a miracle we got out  
 alive.

TAFT

Never thought I'd find myself rooting for the Germans, but in this case I wish they'd had better aim.

STUART

Did you serve in the war, Mr. Taft?

TAFT

Not overseas, no. Too old.

STUART

Then let me tell you, you don't know what horror is.

51 BLACKWELL 5

51

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

Chapter Six. The Tomb-Legions.

52 IMMUNITY 22

52

TAFT

(incensed)

I don't need you to lecture me, Dr. Stuart. Mr. Salamon, I'm not listening to any...

STUART

Wait, Mr. Taft. We're getting to the part of the story you're interested in. After the war we returned to Boston, and resumed our medical practice. Our old offices were no longer available, but West found new quarters that were uniquely suitable....

53 NEW QUARTERS

53

MUSIC TRANSITION.

WEST

It's a beautiful house, isn't it Stuart? And with a lovely view of one of the oldest burying grounds in the city.



STUART

Charming. But a bit too well exposed to be of much use, don't you think?

WEST

We're not going to pilfer it. No, I just find the aesthetics of it appealing.

STUART

Hmmmm. This main floor will make for excellent consulting rooms, but where will you put your laboratory?

WEST

I've engaged discreet workmen from New York to dig out a sub-cellar. We'll finally have an incinerator, Stuart. It will be better than anything we had in our student days. No more digging for us!

54 IMMUNITY 23

54

STUART

(narrating)

While making their excavations, West's imported workmen made a rather surprising discovery...

55 VERY OLD MASONRY

55

DRIPS ECHO in a cavernous space. CONROY, a work foreman from Brooklyn CHIPS against stone.

CONROY

You see, Dr. West, we've hit a wall of very old masonry. We can't go any further in this direction or we risk caving it in.

WEST

I see. We're at least thirty feet under ground here, aren't we?

CONROY

Yeah, just about. And about forty feet west from the center line.

STUART

Wait, we're actually under the graveyard here?

CONROY

Yeah, that's about how we figure it. But this seems awful deep for a grave. Maybe it's part of the old chapel or something, but this brickwork ain't that good.

WEST

All right, Mr. Conroy, leave it alone and plaster it over. We'll put the incinerator somewhere else.

CONROY

Well now that's gonna cost extra. More digging, plus covering all this--

WEST

I don't care! Turn it into a wall for the laboratory. Just cover it!

MUSICAL STING.

56

IMMUNITY 24

56

STUART

(narrating)

West was unhappy, and I'll confess I enjoyed it. He hated surprises, and flinched with dread of every shadow.

TAFT

So West is afraid of being caught?

STUART

Not exactly. West liked to control things, and the years had left too many loose ends. Those specimens that had gotten away from him, you see.

TAFT

All right, go on.

STUART

You'll be glad to know he finally had a chance to confront his fears.

(MORE)

STUART (CONT'D)

It began one night as we sat  
listening to the wireless....

57 BREAKOUT

57

MUSICAL TRANSITION.

A faint broadcast comes in over the wireless. The broadcast is amateurish and we hear news journalism in its infancy.

NEWSREADER

...de Lys, the smoke doctors recommend. Now it's, sorry yes, it's two minutes after six and you're listening to WGI's news reading from *The Boston Evening American*. Headline: Riot at Arkham's Sefton Asylum - Four Killed as Inmates Escape.

WEST

(interrupting in a panic)  
Turn that up!

The volume INCREASES.

NEWSREADER

A small band of unknown individuals entered the asylum grounds some time after nine o'clock last night. The group, led by a person in military attire, asked for access to the patient known as the Arkham Cannibal. When the request was refused, the men went on a violent rampage, leaving four asylum attendants dead. The group went on to free the infamous patient before fleeing into the night.

STUART

(over)  
Dear god...

NEWSREADER

A survivor at the scene described the group's leader as "wearing a mask, like someone who had been disfigured in the war". A larger, dark skinned man guided his steps. Anyone seeing persons fitting this description should notify the Arkham Police at once.

WEST  
They broke him out...

NEWSREADER  
In sports news, pitcher Mule Watson  
threw for the Braves in this  
afternoon's game against the  
Brooklyn Robins...

WEST  
Turn the accursed thing off.

CLICK.

STUART  
Last night. That was last night!

WEST  
They broke him out. Halsey's out.

MUSIC.

58 IMMUNITY 25

58

STUART  
(narrating)  
For hours West sat almost  
paralysed. At midnight there was  
another shock.

59 VISITORS

59

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

WEST  
(terrified)  
Ahhh!

STUART  
Relax, West.

WEST  
Who would ring the bell at this  
hour? See who it is.

Tentative FOOTSTEPS.

STUART  
(loudly, to be heard  
through the door)  
Who is it?

Clumsy SHUFFLING on the other side of the door.

STUART (CONT'D)  
I say, who's there?

More SHUFFLING, then a very strange voice.

STRANGE VOICE  
(through the door)  
Express package. Prepaid.

STUART  
All right, just leave it on the  
stoop.

SHUFFLING. The THUNK of a package outside. Clumsy RETREATING  
FOOTSTEPS.

WEST  
Is he gone?

STUART  
Quiet! I think there's more than  
one. Whoever it is, they've moved  
off now.

The CREAK of the front door.

WEST  
What is it?

STUART  
It's a crate. About two feet  
square. It's addressed to you.

FOOTSTEPS.

WEST  
Who is it from?

STUART  
"From Eric Moreland Clapham-Lee,  
St. Eloi, Flanders."

MUSICAL STING.

WEST  
(eerily calm)  
It's the finish, Stuart. They've  
come for me.

STUART  
Why, do you know what it is?

WEST

I think so. Here, help me take it  
downstairs.

MUSIC. The BUZZ of an electric light. ECHOING FOOTSTEPS and  
the sounds of EFFORT.

WEST (CONT'D)

Open the incinerator.

STUART

But don't you--

WEST

Open it!

STUART

Right.

FOOTSTEPS. A HEAVY METAL DOOR OPENS.

WEST

Ignite it!

The KERCHUNK of a big metal switch, and the WHOOSH of gas  
jets belching fire.

WEST (CONT'D)

Give me the package.

STUART

Here...

WEST

I should have made sure of you,  
Eric, back in Flanders!

West HURLS the crate into the flames with a CRASH!

WEST (CONT'D)

We'll see who finishes who! Burn.  
Burn!

The wood CRACKLES as it begins to burn. There is a faint  
MURMURING sound, almost as if a disembodied head inside the  
crate were trying to speak. West begins to chuckle. Stuart  
starts to mount the stairs.

WEST (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

STUART

Upstairs, to lock all the...

Faint SCRATCHING sound, perhaps some MOANING.

WEST  
(quietly)  
It's too late, Stuart. They're  
already here.

STUART  
Where?

WEST  
There, where we plastered over the  
masonry of that old tomb.

STUART  
It's crumbling! Oh my god.

The sound of bits of PLASTER AND BRICKS CRUMBLING AND FALLING  
DOWN echo in the space. FOOTSTEPS as Stuart tries to flee.

WEST  
Don't move!

STUART  
Damn you, West, let me go!

They STRUGGLE. More BRICKS FALL.

WEST  
We're in this together.

STUART  
This is your doing. They're not  
coming for me! Let go!

MORE STRUGGLE. MORE BRICKS.

WEST  
Stuart -- oh my god!

MUSIC.

STUART  
(narrating)  
Then, in the wall, I saw a small  
black aperture appear behind the  
crumbling plaster. We felt a  
ghoulish wind of ice, and smelled  
the charnel bowels of a putrescent  
earth.

61 VISITORS 2 61

WEST

Aaaaahhh!

An ELECTRICAL POP as the lights go out.

STUART

The lights! They've killed the lights!

CRUMBLING bricks.

WEST

They're here!

MUSIC.

62 IMMUNITY 27 62

STUART

(narrating)

The room was plunged into blackness, and I saw outlined against some phosphorescence of the nether world a horde of toiling things which only insanity – or worse – could create. Their outlines were human, semi-human, and not human at all. They were removing the stones, one by one, from the centuried wall.

63 VISITORS 3 63

WEST

Don't let them take me! Please, Stuart!

MUSIC BUILDS.

64 IMMUNITY 28 64

STUART

(narrating)

I scurried desperately away as they came into the laboratory, led by a stalking thing with a beautiful mask made of wax.

(MORE)



STUART (CONT'D)

A mad-eyed monstrosity behind the leader seized on Herbert West, and gripped him in powerful hands.

65 VISITORS 4

65

WEST

Dr. Halsey, my old friend. You see, I was right!

HALSEY

(unintelligibly)

West....aaaahhhwwrrrraaarrrgggghhh!

CRESCENDO! The sounds of STRUGGLE and CHICKEN MANGLING echo underneath.

66 IMMUNITY 29

66

STUART

(narrating)

And then they tore him to pieces before my eyes, bearing the fragments away into that subterranean vault of fabulous abominations. West's head was carried off by the waxen-masked leader. As it disappeared back into the tomb, I saw in the dim blue glow of the incinerator's flames that it was wearing a Canadian officer's uniform.

MUSIC.

TAFT

That's the end? Clever, Mr. Salamon, getting me to grant your client immunity, knowing all along that West was already dead!

SALAMON

I didn't--- Gordon, you never told me West was dead!

STUART

No! My god, haven't you heard a word I've told you? I said they tore him to pieces. I never said they killed him!

STING. END TITLE MUSIC.

## ERSKINE BLACKWELL

You've been listening to H.P. Lovecraft's "Herbert West - Reanimator," brought to you by our sponsor, Forhan's Toothpaste. Do you have a problem with freshness? You needn't if you use Forhan's! Now with Radiol, for a smile that's white from the inside out! 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

"Herbert West - Reanimator" was adapted for radio and produced by Sean Branney and Andrew Leman. Original music by Troy Sterling Nies. The Dark Adventure Ensemble featured: blah, blah, blah and blah. Tune in next week for "The Thirteenth Constellation," featuring Nate Ward and Charlie Tower. Dark Adventure Radio Theatre is a production of the HPLHS Broadcasting Group, a subsidiary of HPLHS, Inc., copyright 1931...plus eighty-two.

Radio STATIC and fade out.