

DARK ADVENTURE RADIO THEATRE:
THE HORROR AT RED HOOK

Written by

Sean Branney & Andrew Leman

Based on
"The Horror at Red Hook"
By H. P. Lovecraft

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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 Horror at Red Hook".

THEME MUSIC DIMINISHES. A CREEPY AND MALIGN UNDERSCORING CASTING A VERY DARK TONE.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

In great cities of the world, humanity congregates, and commerce, culture, and cosmopolitan sophistication blossom in their gardens. But in the shadows that lie beyond the broad boulevards and glare of electric lights, great cities give birth to something else. In these shadows thrives a dim underworld, peopled by nefarious characters brought together from every godforsaken corner of the globe. And in this urban darkness the polyglot horde carries out unspeakable abominations unfit for the light of day. Can a lone policeman make a stand for decency against the godless denizens of New York's most loathsome slum, or will he find himself consumed by the filth and depravity of nameless cults?

MUSIC PUNCTUATION

ERSKINE BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

But first, a word from our sponsor.

A few piano notes from the BUB-L-PEP JINGLE.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL (CONT'D)
 Today I'm joined by Dr. Milton
 Peterson of the American Medicinal
 Institute. What brings you in, doc?

DR. PETERSON
 Mr. Blackwell, physicians across
 the country are seeing some
 alarming conditions among our
 patients. Lethargy, ennui and
 malaise are sapping many Americans'
 verve and zip.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL
 Sound serious. What are you doing
 about it?

DR. PETERSON
 For my patients, I'm recommending
 fresh air, exercise, and a daily
 bottle of Bub-L-Pep.

SODA CAP POP AND HISS. POURING.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL
 Bub-L-Pep?

DR. PETERSON
 Erskine, this invigorating tonic is
 fortified with a bracing splash of
 lithium, just the ticket to quench
 your nerves and put a spring in
 your step. Here, try a glass.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL
 Well, I'll be! I can almost taste
 the verve!

DR. PETERSON
 Order a case today - for your
 health.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL
 Take good care of yourself and your
 family - drink doctor recommended
 Bub-L-Pep. The L is for lithium!

BUB-L-PEP JINGLE.

BUB-L-PEP SINGERS
 (singing)
 Drink Bub-L-Pep!
 (MORE)

BUB-L-PEP SINGERS (CONT'D)

It'll fix you fast!
 Drink Bub-L-Pep! For a zip that
 lasts!
 That's Bub-L-Pep! Go and buy you
 some!
 The L is for lithium-yum-yum!

Dark Adventure LEAD-IN MUSIC.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

And now, Dark Adventure Radio
 Theatre presents H.P. Lovecraft's
 "The Horror at Red Hook".

"There are sacraments of evil as
 well as of good about us, and we
 live and move to my belief in an
 unknown world, a place where there
 are caves and shadows and dwellers
 in twilight. It is possible that
 man may sometimes return on the
 track of evolution, and it is my
 belief that an awful lore is not
 yet dead."
 -Arthur Machen.

THERAPY

In a doctor's office a test is underway. DR. LIEBER is a
 psychiatrist in his 50s. He speaks with a New York Jewish
 dialect with a smattering of Sigmund Freud. MALONE is middle
 aged and has a light Irish brogue. His answers come without
 hesitation.

DR. LIEBER

Sky.

MALONE

(promptly)

Blue.

DR. LIEBER

Night.

MALONE

Moon.

DR. LIEBER

Bird.

MALONE

Worm.

DR. LIEBER
Dog.

MALONE
Cat.

DR. LIEBER
Mother.

MALONE
Saint.

DR. LIEBER
Brick.

MALONE
(a pause)
I'm sorry, what?

DR. LIEBER
Brick.

MALONE
Brick. Brick? Such as buildings are
made of?

DR. LIEBER
Just say whatever comes into your
mind.

MALONE
Uh...

DR. LIEBER
It's all right. Go ahead. Brick.

MALONE
Nothing. Sorry, there's nothing
there. I'm afraid I don't quite see
the value of this childish
exercise. I fear you've come all
the way out here to the country for
nothing.

DR. LIEBER
Thomas, you've had a setback in
your treatments. We need to
understand what triggered this
latest episode.

MALONE
An episode, was it? I think you
might be making too much of all
this.

DR. LIEBER

Perhaps you'll let me be the judge of that, Thomas.

MALONE

Well, Doctor Lieber, I've told you I don't know what to tell you. I don't remember any of it.

DR. LIEBER

Maybe not right now, but...

MALONE

I don't. Not really. I... I went into town...

DR. LIEBER

Were you supposed to go into town?

MALONE

No. I'm supposed to stay here, a wee country mouse in little Chepachet. I know.

DR. LIEBER

Why did you go into town, Thomas?

MALONE

Simply to buy magazines, Doctor, some harmless diversion from all this therapeutic scenery.

DR. LIEBER

Hmmm. And what happened?

MALONE

(genuinely trying to recall)

I... I can't recall. I tore my trousers. Someone helped me up. I suppose I must have fainted or the like.

DR. LIEBER

What did you see in town?

MALONE

I don't know. Nothing out of the ordinary.

The doctor leafs through pages of Thomas' file. Faint echoes of the scene described by Dr. Lieber accompany his description.

DR. LIEBER

Hmmm. Let's see here. A witness says you stopped and stared at the tallest building. Do you remember that? No? This witness says you shrieked several times and then ran to the next crossing where you fell.

MALONE

I tore my trousers.

DR. LIEBER

Other witnesses say you then turned around and walked back up the Chepachet road the same way you'd come.

MALONE

A milkman...

DR. LIEBER

That's right. You met the milkman and he led you back home.

MALONE

Yes. That I remember.

DR. LIEBER

Thomas, this incident in town may be connected with your earlier troubles. The events which led to you being placed in my care in the first place.

MALONE

Nah, I don't see it.

DR. LIEBER

Sometimes the connections aren't so obvious. Let's go back. You were on the police force in New York, right?

MALONE

I was. You know I was. So I recognize an interrogation when I'm in the middle of one.

DR. LIEBER

And how to avoid one, perhaps? Thomas, I'm here only to help you.

MALONE

(rueful chuckle)

I used to say similar things, when
I was on your side of the table.

DR. LIEBER

You were present at a disaster,
weren't you. The collapse of a
building, right?

MALONE

I went over this before. It's all
in your files there.

DR. LIEBER

I want to see what comes to mind
for you today. Think back, that
building...

MALONE

(slowly being sucked
unwillingly back into his
own memories)

It wasn't just one. They all came
down. The buildings. We had men
inside. Our men. And prisoners too.
The whole thing came tumbling down
on them, and they were buried in
the rubble. Under a massive pile
of...

DR. LIEBER

Bricks.

MALONE

Yes, bricks.

DR. LIEBER

That must have been very
disturbing.

MALONE

You can't begin to imagine.

DR. LIEBER

And it made you very nervous to be
around tall brick buildings, didn't
it?

MALONE

Ah, you've cracked the case! That's
me cured, then. May I go now?

DR. LIEBER

And then the police surgeon suggested you come down here to Chepachet. Spend time in the country away from that kind of thing.

MALONE

They wanted me out of that nest of disorder and violence. Said I'd been working too hard.

DR. LIEBER

But there's more to it than that, isn't there? Something you haven't told before?

MALONE

(with a chuckle)

No offense, doctor, but I've never taken you to be a man of much imagination.

DR. LIEBER

So you've said. But why should I need imagination?

MALONE

Because without it, you could never accept the story I have to tell. To hint to an unimaginative man of a horror beyond all human conception - a horror of houses and blocks and cities diseased with evil dragged from elder worlds - well you'd just lock me away. I'd be pacing inside a padded cell instead strolling country lanes.

DR. LIEBER

Tell me about these horrors. Maybe I'm more imaginative than you think.

Malone scoffs.

MALONE

Well if you are, then God help you. Once you see that old brick slums and seas of dark, foreign faces are things of nightmare, and eldritch portent, then God's the only one who can help you.

DR. LIEBER

I'm not afraid - we'll get through
it together. Now, where was it,
this horror of yours? In Brooklyn?

MALONE

In Brooklyn, aye. In the western
point, due south of the Battery
across the Hudson. The horror...
was at Red Hook.

MUSICAL HIT, transition to FLASHBACK MUSIC

ROOKIE

MALONE

It's an old neighborhood, settled
by the first of the Dutch colonists
near the ancient waterfront
opposite Governor's Island. No
doubt it was pleasant enough once
upon a time, but now it's a maze of
hybrid squalor - dirty highways
climbing the hill from the wharves
to the higher ground. When I
started, I could scarcely believe
any place in the world could be
home to such foulness and
depravity. I was a rookie, and they
paired me up with an old-time beat
cop.

Fade up the sound of a noisy Brooklyn street. A younger
Malone meets his partner, MCKENNA, a Brooklyn beat cop with
an urban, Lynchian manner.

MCKENNA

Ah, look at you, you look like
you're fresh off the boat. What's
your name, boyo?

MALONE

Thomas Malone, Sergeant.

MCKENNA

Johnny McKenna - they call me
Sarge. Welcome to the Butler Street
station. Been working these streets
twenty-two years. Ya stick with me,
you'll learn a thing or two.

MALONE

Right, Sarge.

They walk their beat. Dreadful SOUNDS OF URBAN DECAY waft past them as they go.

MCKENNA

You a Dublin man?

MALONE

Yeah. Good ear. Reared in Dublin, just off Phoenix Park.

MCKENNA

You sound just like my grandda. He was a Dublin fella. Came over to fight in Lincoln's war. Got shot full of holes at Antietam. They hit him five times and all he lost was a foot and part of an ear.

MALONE

Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

MCKENNA

Ha, listen to you! I'll have to bring you home for supper, my granma's gonna love you. We Irish have got to stick together. You'd be surprised at the racists in this town. Especially the Wops. You stick close to me and pay attention. There's toughs in Red Hook would do you a lot worse than just shootin' you a few times.

MALONE

Right.

From a dark alley, a fearsome foreign musician plucks a few UNSETTLING NOTES from a bouzouki.

MCKENNA

Now, what side of the street are we walkin' on?

MALONE

Ah, this'd be west, right?

MCKENNA

We're walkin' in shadow. You want to see what's going on in Red Hook, stick to the shadow. If it gets too ugly, bolt for the light.

MALONE

Got it.

MCKENNA

You see that choice bit of calico over there on that stoop? Quite the hotsy-totsy.

MALONE

She's got the look all right. She on the game?

MCKENNA

You tell me.

He looks around.

MALONE

Yeah. I think she is.

MCKENNA

How can you tell?

MALONE

She's making eyes at that bloke down yonder. And looks like them fellas back by the alley - they might be keepin' watch on her.

MCKENNA

Good man, yerself.

MALONE

Should we go give her a stern word?

MCKENNA

(laughing)

Ah now, you do what you think is best, boyo. I'll stay here.

Firm steps stride down the city street. Cars pass. Ne'er-do-well foreigners mutter furtively in foul alleys.

MALONE

Excuse me, miss, I'd like a word with you.

JOHN

(very foreign dialect,
maybe Syrian)

Hey, me talk with lady. Find your own.

MALONE

None of that now. Police! You, sir, go on about your business.

He goes.

MALONE (CONT'D)
As for you, miss...

MYRNA
(also very foreign, maybe
Tagalog?)
You go now. You bad business - you
stink!

She whacks him with a handbag.

MALONE
Here now - stop it! You want me to
take you in?

She SHOUTS off in her vile native tongue.

MALONE (CONT'D)
Enough of the shouting. You want a
night in the pokey?

The dull rumble of muttering foreign voices increases.

VILE FOREIGNER
You clear off, copper.

MALONE
Oh, so you called for help, eh? Now
look, you fellows need to step
back.

VILE FOREIGNER
New guy, eh? Mister tough police,
eh?

LOATHSOME IMMIGRANT
You leave girl.

MALONE
It's against the law to solicit
prostitution. As long as I'm on
patrol here.

The goons GRUMBLE in their evil non-English language. One of
them throws a bottle which smashes nearby.

MALONE (CONT'D)
Hey now, you could have hit me with
that. You lads need to disperse.
Go. Go home.

VILE FOREIGNER

You make us go? Huh? We is live here!

There's shoving. It's getting uglier.

LOATHSOME IMMIGRANT

Me say YOU go.

MALONE

Don't come any closer. Get back.

LOATHSOME IMMIGRANT

(quietly)

For you, we come in the night. Cut off your face.

The foreigners close in and speak in an unnerving sort of chant.

VILE FOREIGNER

Ong d'acta linka Neblod zin Yog-Sothoth...

Malone is on verge of panic as the violent horde closes in. A POLICE WHISTLE squeals in the distance. The chant stops abruptly and the thugs vanish. We hear distant Policemen.

MCKENNA

Clear off the lot of yous.
Y'allright there, boyo?

MALONE

They were so many.... They came from nowhere.

MCKENNA

Let that be today's lesson. In Red Hook, you make sure you've got superiority in numbers.

MUSIC transition.

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER

A tough neighborhood. Did working in Red Hook frighten you?

MALONE

Frighten? No, but it fascinated me. Daily life was a phantasmagoria of macabre shadow-studies;

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

glittering and leering with
concealed rottenness, now hinting
terrors behind the commonest shapes
and objects.

DR. LIEBER

It sounds frightening to me.

MALONE

Does it? Sometimes I think it's
merciful that most persons of high
intelligence jeer at the inmost
mysteries.

DR. LIEBER

I don't understand.

MALONE

If a superior mind, like yours,
were ever placed in fullest contact
with the secrets preserved by
ancient and lowly cults, the
resultant abnormalities would soon
not only wreck the world, but
threaten the very integrity of the
universe.

DR. LIEBER

That's a disturbing sentiment.

MALONE

(chuckling)

It's not so bad as long as you keep
a sense of humor about it all. I
did all right until the job flung
me into a hell of revelation too
sudden and insidious to escape.

DR. LIEBER

And what exactly was this hell?

MALONE

Red Hook itself, I suppose. It was
a babel of sound and filth. A
hopeless tangle and an enigma. A
jumble of Syrian, Spanish, Italian
and Negro elements whose strange
cries were answered by the lapping
of oily waves at grimy piers, and
the monstrous organ litanies of the
harbour whistles. From this tangle
of material and spiritual poverty
the blasphemies of an hundred
dialects assail the sky.

DR. LIEBER

There's a touch of the poet in you,
Thomas.

MALONE

I'm Irish.

DR. LIEBER

Clearly Red Hook is a lawless,
dreadful place.

MALONE

That it is. I'm of the opinion that
people under lawless conditions
tend to repeat the darkest
instinctive patterns of primitive
savagery in their daily life and
ritual observances. I'd see them:
chanting, cursing processions of
blear-eyed and pockmarked young men
which wound their way along in the
dark small hours of morning. They
were everywhere; sometimes in
leering vigils on street corners,
sometimes in doorways playing eerie
music, sometimes in stupefied dozes
or indecent dialogues around
cafeteria tables, and sometimes
whispering around dingy taxicabs
drawn up at the high stoops of
crumbling old houses. They chilled
and fascinated me.

DR. LIEBER

Why was that?

MALONE

I saw in them some monstrous thread
of secret continuity; some
fiendish, cryptical, and ancient
pattern utterly beyond and below
the sordid crimes we tried to stop.
They were heirs of some shocking
and primordial tradition; the
sharers of debased and broken
scraps from cults and ceremonies
older than mankind.

DR. LIEBER

Secrets, hmmm. Do you have secrets
Thomas?

MALONE

No more than any decent man. Tell me, have you read Margaret Murray's Witch Cult in Western Europe?

DR. LIEBER

I've heard of it - she puts forward some unpleasant ideas about the origin of the church, doesn't she?

MALONE

Her book proves that up to recent years there has survived among peasants and furtive types a frightful and clandestine system of assemblies and orgies descended from dark religions.

DR. LIEBER

Orgies? Good heavens!

MALONE

Their rites appear in popular legends as Black Masses and Witches' Sabbaths.

DR. LIEBER

Thomas, I think we're getting off track here with these cults and rites. Let's talk about what happened in Red Hook.

MALONE

Off track? We'll see.

Transition MUSIC.

NEW CASE

Fade into background sound of NOISY POLICE STATION. Suspects holler in an unholy patois of scary foreign dialects. White policemen smack them with nightsticks to maintain good order.

MCKENNA

Ah, nice work there, me boyo. They may have promoted you to detective, but it's good to see you can still swing a billy club like a real cop.

MALONE

I learned from the best, Sarge.

MCKENNA

Ah, now, you'll make me blush.

MALONE

You going to join the lads over at
Murphy's for a little giggle water?

MCKENNA

I wouldn't say no, but you, me
boyo, need to go have word with the
captain.

MALONE

What for?

MCKENNA

Something special, I reckon. He's
got folks in there and some Fed
agent. Off you go now...

Footsteps. Knocking.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

(from within)

Who is it?

MALONE

Detective Malone, sir.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Enter.

The door closes.

CAPTAIN O'HARA (CONT'D)

This is the detective I was telling
you about. Malone, meet Augusta
Corlear and Maurice van Brunt.

MALONE

How do you do, sir.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

Nice to meet you, Detective.

MALONE

Ma'am.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

A pleasure to make your
acquaintance, Detective Malone.

MALONE

Say, I didn't catch your name.

Brief pause. Sutter is very white bread - a by-the-book Federal agent.

AGENT SUTTER

Agent Sutter, Federal Bureau of Immigration.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Malone, do you know a Mr. Robert Suydam?

MALONE

(taken slightly aback)
Lives up in Flatbush off Martense Street?

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Yes, that's right.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

What's he like?

MALONE

I hear he's 60ish, portly, shock of white hair, a bit scruffy 'round the edges. Goes about with a gold headed cane. Neighborhood folks see him as a queer old duck, a shut-in with a house full of books.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

You've never met him?

MALONE

No, sir.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

What brought him to your attention?

MALONE

I was working a case, sir, a colleague told me he was quite the authority on medieval superstition. Told me he might have an out-of-print pamphlet on the Kabbalah and the Faustus legend.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Did he?

MALONE

Never followed up on it, sir. My suspect "confessed". Suydam in some kind of trouble?

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Mr. Van Brunt and Mrs. Corlear are Mr. Suydam's closest direct relatives. Last year they brought a case to the courts in an attempt to have him declared mentally incompetent.

MALONE

I see.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't like that. It wasn't like that at all. We didn't want to do it.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

We debated the issue for months. But, well, it's clear, he's just not in his right mind.

MALONE

Why? What'd he do?

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

He changed, detective. His whole personality.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

It was gradual, but he let himself become shabbier and shabbier, like some kind of mendicant.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

We'd see him down in the worst neighborhoods. Imagine, by the Borough Hall, talking with the worst kind of swarthy, evil-looking strangers.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

He'd babble about "unlimited powers almost in my grasp".

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

He'd leer and say names to me.

MALONE

What names?

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Like bible names or something:
"Sephiroth", "Ashmodai", and
"Samaël".

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

We showed the court he's wasting a
fortune importing weird books from
London and Paris.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Tell him about the flat.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

Cousin Robert rented this horrid
basement flat, in Red Hook. He'd be
down there almost every night
receiving delegations of foreigners
and other despicable characters.
Apparently they were conducting
some kind of religious ceremonies
down there. Can you imagine?

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

We hired private eyes to follow
him. They heard cries and chants,
maybe dancing. They said it was
weird, even for Red Hook.

MALONE

So what'd he have to say for
himself? Did he answer to a judge?

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

He did. And then suddenly he was
all slick and reasonable. Like
there was nothing wrong in the
world!

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

He said he was investigating a folk
tradition which required very close
contact with foreign groups and
their songs and folk dances.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

(genuinely upset)

He said our case was absurd. That
we just didn't understand him or
his work.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

The judged ruled in Suydam's favor
and their case was dismissed.

MALONE

Begging your pardon, sir, I'm not sure what this has to do with me.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Mr. Van Brunt, Mrs. Corlear, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to step out.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Anything you can say about cousin Robert in front of this man, you can say in front of me!

CAPTAIN O'HARA

(he's good at this)

Please, madam. There are elements involved in the criminal underworld, so terrible, depraved and foul, I would never speak them before the fairer sex. But rest assured, as far as we are concerned, the matter of Robert Suydam is far from resolved and we'll do our utmost to bring justice and closure to your family's concerns.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Thank you, Captain...
(she weeps)

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

Here, Augusta. Take my handkerchief.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Thank you.

Malone opens the door.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

Thank you, officers, truly, thank you.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

The desk sergeant will have someone escort you home.

The door closes behind them.

CAPTAIN O'HARA (CONT'D)

Well?

MALONE

They seem earnest enough. Sorry,
who are you again?

AGENT SUTTER

Agent Sutter. I'm with Immigration,
up from Washington.

MALONE

A Fed, huh? So what's the rest of
the story?

CAPTAIN O'HARA

We took a look at Suydam on this
thing with the relatives and didn't
like what we saw. Still don't.
Suydam's rubbing elbows with some
of the most vicious thugs Red Hook
has to offer. Look at this list.

Slides him the file.

CAPTAIN O'HARA (CONT'D)

Repeat offenders: thievery, murder
and --

MALONE

-- Importation of illegal
immigrants. That explains you then.

AGENT SUTTER

Detective, your shabby old book
collector runs with a circle that
coincides almost perfectly with the
worst of the smugglers who bring
ashore Asian dregs turned back by
our boys on Ellis Island.

MALONE

Yeah, I've seen 'em. Down by Parker
Place, where Suydam's flat is.
Where are they from?

AGENT SUTTER

We don't know. They're nameless,
unclassified. They use the Arabic
alphabet, but even the Syrians
won't traffic with them. We could
deport them for lack of
credentials, but a raid in Red Hook
can be...

MALONE

Sure, sure. You Federal boys
wouldn't want to get your hands
dirty.

AGENT SUTTER

We're keeping an eye on them. See
what they're up to, where they come
from.

MALONE

What've you got so far?

AGENT SUTTER

They seem to loiter around the
wharves near Van Dyke and Halleck,
but we don't know where they meet.
There are a lot of apparently empty
warehouses around there, and along
the canal. And of course down
around Parker Place. Near Suydam's.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Did you fellas question Suydam
about them, Sutter?

AGENT SUTTER

He was useless. Said they were, let
me see here...

(leafs through notes)

"a remnant of Nestorian
Christianity tinctured with the
Shamanism of Tibet."

CAPTAIN O'HARA

What the devil's that mean?

MALONE

The Nestorians were an early
Christian sect. They were declared
heretics and moved east to Persia,
then India.

AGENT SUTTER

Suydam said he thought the people
were of Mongoloid stock,
originating somewhere in or near
Kurdistan.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Kurdistan? Never heard of it.

AGENT SUTTER

Mountainous region between eastern Turkey and northern Persia.

MALONE

Kurdistan is the land of the Yezidis, the last survivors of the Persian devil-worshippers.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

How do you know all this?

MALONE

I read books, sir.

AGENT SUTTER

Captain, these immigrants are flooding into the country here at Red Hook. The Bureau can't sit idly by while this foreign menace washes ashore.

MALONE

(thinking through it)

The local gangs must be tolerating it. We'd have heard about it if they weren't.

AGENT SUTTER

Would you have? They do more than tolerate it. It's almost as if they welcome them.

MALONE

Hmmm.

AGENT SUTTER

Detective, the Bureau of Immigration suspects some kind of marine conspiracy that's getting them in. We've made it a priority to compute their numbers, ascertain their sources and occupations, and find a way to get rid of them.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Malone, I'm ordering you to work with Agent Sutter and his people to get this done. They need someone with more local knowledge.

AGENT SUTTER

Hold on, Captain. Your man here seems to know a thing or two, I'll admit, but I need someone I can rely on.

MALONE

Begging your pardon, sir, I'm not clear what you're inferring.

AGENT SUTTER

No offense, Malone, but you're...

CAPTAIN O'HARA

A bog-trotting, potato-eating Mick. Aren't you, Malone?

MALONE

Aye, that I am.

AGENT SUTTER

I wouldn't have put it that way. It's just the Bureau prefers to work with, um, Americans.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Sutter, I've chosen the right man for the job. You're lucky to get him.

AGENT SUTTER

If you say so, Captain.

CAPTAIN O'HARA

Show him about, Malone. Let's find where these foreign devils are meeting.

MALONE

(emphasizing the name)

I won't let you down, Captain O'Hara.

Transition MUSIC.

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER

Did you have a problem working with Agent Sutter?

MALONE

No.

DR. LIEBER

Was he prejudiced? Because you're Irish?

MALONE

Never crossed my mind. The Federal agencies are full of small minds. I figured Sutter could round up his dirty foreigners. For me, I was looking forward to it. I felt we were probing the edges of some vast dark secret.

DR. LIEBER

(writing down the word
"secret")

I see...

MALONE

And in shabby old Robert Suydam I'd found some kind of arch-fiend and nemesis.

DR. LIEBER

My! So, what did you do?

MALONE

I quietly showed Agent Sutter the neighborhood, talking to the handful of informants who might tell me something for a greenback or a quart of whiskey...

SNITCH

The sounds of a working port fill the air. Heavy machinery, tug boats and lapping water. We hear running feet approaching JIMMY, a 23 year old Red Hook burnout with a wheezy voice.

MALONE

Jimmy, a word if you please.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

Back off - I don't got nothing to say to you, copper.

MALONE

Now, now, I was just going to check up on your health.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

My health? Oh yeah, my lumbago. It's terrible. Real sore.

MALONE

I'll bet.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

Who's your friend? Nice suit.

MALONE

Yeah, this is Dr. Sutter. You know, he probably has a bottle of medicinal tonic he could give you. Don't you, doctor?

AGENT SUTTER

I don't--

MALONE

Sure you do.

AGENT SUTTER

(catching on)

Yeah, sure.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

Oh yeah? 'Cause the pain's...

MALONE

But, we'd want to have a wee chat before he'd hand it over.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

All right, over here, where they won't see us.

FOOTSTEPS. The background sound dies down a bit.

JIMMY THE SNITCH (CONT'D)

The bottle please, doc.

MALONE

Ah now, you know the rules. Questions first. There's a lot of new faces in town. Foreigners.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

Yeah, so what else is new?

AGENT SUTTER

Come on. Squat bodies, slanty eyes, you know the ones we mean. Wearing flashy American clothes as if they belong here.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

I ain't seen nobody like that.

Malone twists his arm savagely.

JIMMY THE SNITCH (CONT'D)
Watch it, Malone! My arm! Criminy!

MALONE
You know 'em?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
All right, yeah, a little. Let go!

He does.

MALONE
Where do they come from?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
I don't know.
(Malone moves on him
again)
No, wait, wait, wait. I don't know
where it is. Some place called
Birdyland or Kurdyland or
something.

AGENT SUTTER
They're Kurds! What are they doing
here?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
I seen one or two peddlin' stuff on
the docks. One guards a news stand
on Clinton. That Greek joint,
Papadapoulos - they got a couple in
the kitchen. Most of them though,
ain't got no jobs. Dunno how they
get by.

MALONE
How are they getting in? Boats?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
Yeah. That's what I hear.

MALONE
From who?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
Look. I don't know. No, wait,
really, I don't. But I know a guy.
And he's got a brother who's seen
'em. He was there.

AGENT SUTTER
I want to talk to this guy.

MALONE
How about that, Jimmy?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
That's not gonna work so good,
Malone. The brother don't speak no
English. No, wait, wait, wait, the
guy does. He can translate.

MALONE
Bring 'em here. Eleven tonight.

JIMMY THE SNITCH
Ah, my back. The lumbago, remember?

MALONE
I remember. Here.

Tosses him a bottle which Jimmy quickly opens.

JIMMY THE SNITCH
Nice "doctor", your friend with the
suit. Maybe he can fix my broken
arm.

MALONE
Yeah, maybe. But I wouldn't hold
out too much hope for your face.

JIMMY THE SNITCH
Ha ha. There's nothing wrong with
my face, Malone.

MALONE
Well be here with your friends at
eleven, Jimmy, and just maybe we
can keep it that way.

Transition MUSIC.

WILD BILL

The CLANG of jail doors and shoes on concrete floors.

OFFICER PERKINS
Detective Malone, how are you
keeping?

MALONE

Can't complain, Perkins. This here is Agent Sutter, from the Bureau of Immigration. We need a word with one of your murderers.

OFFICER PERKINS

Yeah, sure. Which one? I got loads of 'em.

MALONE

Bill Lovett.

OFFICER PERKINS

Wild Bill? Whooey, good luck getting anything off one of those White Hand gangsters.

Prison cell door CLANGS.

WILD BILL LOVETT

You're wasting your breath, copper. I don't know a thing.

MALONE

Ah, but you do, Bill. There's nothing meaningful happens in Red Hook but the White Hand gang know about it. Right?

WILD BILL LOVETT

We try and keep abreast of things.

MALONE

You've seen 'em, this new lot of foreigners. We've all seen 'em. But the funny thing is, we don't know where to look for 'em. Maybe you can help us?

WILD BILL LOVETT

Since when am I in the business of helping the Feds?

MALONE

Well now, Agent Sutter here is in a position to have a word with his good friends over in the justice department. Aren't you?

AGENT SUTTER

I could make a few calls.

MALONE

Maybe you two can help each other.
That is unless the White Hand is in
cahoots with these...

WILD BILL LOVETT

Hey, I can't stand them foreigners
no better than the next guy. I'm a
good church-going man!

MALONE

Sure you are, Bill. You know, I'd
swear I've heard strange church
music in Red Hook. Like an old
organ, but not from any church I
know. Never could place it.

WILD BILL LOVETT

I don't care what they get up to in
their tents or basements or
wherever they go, but I can't abide
that kind of carrying on in a
church!

MALONE

Carrying on?

AGENT SUTTER

Church? What church?

WILD BILL LOVETT

I hear some kinda god or priests
promised them incredible powers,
and some weird glory rule in some
strange land.

MALONE

Where'd you hear that?

WILD BILL LOVETT

I got nothin' to say to you. You
want to know where to look for 'em?
Try St. Appolonia.

MALONE

That old tumble-down stone church
on Conover?

AGENT SUTTER

You know it, Malone?

MALONE

Sure. Wednesday nights it's a dance
hall.

AGENT SUTTER
(with a derisive snort)
Of course.

MALONE
Maybe it was once Catholic, but
every priest I've talked to says
the diocese dropped it decades ago.

WILD BILL LOVETT
You go by and you'll hear shrieking
and drumming coming out of it, even
when it looks empty and dark.
Heathens!

MALONE
That's near where I've heard that
strange organ music. Thanks for
your help, Bill.

WILD BILL LOVETT
I can't abide the godless. I know
my commandments: "I am the lord
God, you shall have no other gods
before me."

MALONE
Yeah, well you might want to take a
fresh look at the fifth one.

WILD BILL LOVETT
Hm?

MALONE
Thou shalt not kill.

The prison door CLANGS shut.

Transition MUSIC.

WHISPERER IN DARKNESS

Night down by the docks.

MALONE
You're almost on time, Jimmy.
You're going to ruin your
reputation.

JIMMY THE SNITCH
Ha-ha. Lucky you brought your
doctor in case I laugh myself to
death.

MALONE
 (ominously)
 That can be arranged.

JIMMY THE SNITCH
 Right, so, eh, Malone, this is the
 fella I told you about. Burgos.

MALONE
 And who's this one?

JIMMY THE SNITCH
 That's his brother. He's like a
 translationer. Burgos don't speak
 no English.

MALONE
 So, these foreigners, how are they
 getting ashore?

The brothers whisper in an indeterminate foreign language.

BURGOS' BROTHER
 Big ships. They unload on nights
 with no moon.

MALONE
 Unload to what?

Whispering.

BURGOS' BROTHER
 Row boat. It go under wharf.

JIMMY THE SNITCH
 See, Malone? I told you he knew. I
 told you! That should be worth
 somethin'.

MALONE
 Sure, sure. Ask him which wharf.

Whispering with consternation and fear.

BURGOS' BROTHER
 He say is secret river go
 underground to lake under house.

MALONE
 What house? Where's this house?

BURGOS' BROTHER
 He don't know. Red Hook?

AGENT SUTTER

We know it's Red Hook. Which wharf did they take the row boat to?

Disturbed, frightened whispering.

BURGOS' BROTHER

He don't know. He say "the stars they move cross ways and they begin from where it is finish".

MALONE

(thinking out loud)
A secret river....

AGENT SUTTER

What's that supposed to mean?

BURGOS' BROTHER

Me don't know. Is what he say. Him confusion.

MALONE

His confusion isn't much help.

AGENT SUTTER

This guy's useless, Malone. I should check these two for immigration papers.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

No, that's good stuff. I told you he'd been there. I mean it's worth a few greenbacks?

AGENT SUTTER

Not out of my pocket.

JIMMY THE SNITCH

That's pretty good, right Malone? C'mon...

MALONE

Here you go Jimmy. Don't spend it all in the one place.

Transition Music.

THERAPY

MALONE

(in conversation with Dr. Lieber)

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

Poor old Sutter didn't approve of my methods, I guess, so while he and his Federal agents kept watch on the church, I followed Suydam's movements. In addition to the basement in Parker Place, he'd leased additional flats and three houses to harbor these strange immigrants. Every now and then he'd go to the old house in Flatbush, apparently to obtain and return books. He looked scruffier than ever and I decided it was time to have a talk with the old coot.

A CONVERSATION

Malone knocks on the door of Suydam's house in Flatbush. He has the charm and poise of crabby vagrant.

ROBERT SUYDAM

Heh? Whatcha want?

MALONE

Detective Malone, New York City Police - I just have a few questions for you.

ROBERT SUYDAM

Police? Well? What do ya want?

MALONE

I was hoping we might have a word about some of your business transactions. May I come in?

ROBERT SUYDAM

No. The stoop will do. What? What do you want? I have nothing to hide.

MALONE

I understand you've rented several properties in Red Hook.

(silence)

We've seen people coming and going from your properties. Can you tell me who these people are?

ROBERT SUYDAM

No.

MALONE

You don't know?

ROBERT SUYDAM

I've rented real estate. I don't work directly with any tenants.

MALONE

We've heard accounts of strange noises late at night coming from your property at Parker Place. Any idea what that might be about?

ROBERT SUYDAM

No.

MALONE

We've seen large number of Kurdish immigrants congregating at a house leased in your name.

ROBERT SUYDAM

So?

MALONE

We're wondering what they want, how they got in the country.

ROBERT SUYDAM

No idea. You should ask them.

MALONE

I notice you've been spending a lot of time down in Red Hook, sir. May I ask what your business is there?

ROBERT SUYDAM

I am a scholar. I study the folklore of immigrants. Red Hook has a lot of immigrants. And a policeman can have no legitimate concern with my studies.

MALONE

I had heard that your library here has an old volume on the Kabbalah and other myths - it's quite rare.

ROBERT SUYDAM

Yes, it is. Now good day to ye.

The door closes.

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER

You didn't arrest him?

MALONE

Arrest him? For what exactly? Dr. Lieber, sure I'm hoping you don't throw people in the asylum before you've determined they're insane.

DR. LIEBER

Not usually. So what happened next?

MALONE

Would you believe the case was dropped? There was some issue with budgets between the city and the federal authority, or maybe Sutter'd had enough of working with Irish cops. Anyway, I went back to my regular duties as a Red Hook detective.

DR. LIEBER

(feeling ingenious)

Ah... but it wasn't over, was it?

MALONE

I didn't see Suydam for some time after that. I guess it was around the time we had this wave of kidnappings and disappearances. Everyone was tense. That's when I saw him. I could scarcely believe it.

DR. LIEBER

What was he doing?

MALONE

At first I didn't realize it was him. Clean-shaved face, well-trimmed hair, and tastefully immaculate attire. And each time I saw him after that, he was a little improved.

DR. LIEBER

How so?

MALONE

He took on a sort of sparkle in his eye and a spring in his step.

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

He was losing weight and he just seemed more youthful. I'd swear even his hair darkened.

DR. LIEBER

Hmm.

MALONE

He cleaned up his person, then he renovated and redecorated his place up in Flatbush. Threw a series of receptions there and invited all the friends he'd shunned before, even his relatives who'd tried to have him committed.

Transition MUSIC.

RENOVATED

Gay party MUSIC wafts through the urbane conversation of guests. Suydam himself is bright and urbane.

ROBERT SUYDAM

...so I said to him, "That may be your custom, sir, but you'll still need to put some trousers on."

LAUGHTER.

ROBERT SUYDAM (CONT'D)

Oh, if you'll excuse me.

(greeting Augusta and Maurice)

Ah, my dear Augusta. So pleased you could make it. Cousin Maurice, always a pleasure.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Robert, you look... well you look like a new man.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

You'll have to tell me your secret, old chap!

ROBERT SUYDAM

(laughing)

No secret, just clean living. I'm so pleased you could come tonight.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

And the house, it looks beautiful.
Are those rugs new?

ROBERT SUYDAM

They are! Shipped over from Bagdad.
Care for a cocktail?

He SNAPS his fingers.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

Oh, thank you. But Robert, this is
such a change.

ROBERT SUYDAM

It is, isn't it? A change for the
better I think!

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

(awkwardly)

I want you to know, we feel
terrible, old boy, about that whole
business with the courts.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

We were only trying to look out for
you.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

You seemed... a bit off your
rocker.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR

We were so worried.

ROBERT SUYDAM

Water under the bridge. I'd become
so engrossed in my work, I fear I
let a lot of things go. Including
myself. But I'm back now!

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

I'll say. Robert, the renovation
here, it must have cost a fortune.

ROBERT SUYDAM

Truth be told, I inherited a bit of
money from an old European friend
and decided I'd spend my remaining
years enjoying what I can from
life.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT

Hear, hear.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR
 Your attitude does you credit,
 Robert.
 (joyously conspiratorial)
 Now, if it's not too presumptuous,
 I'd like to pry and see if a
 certain rumor I've heard is true?

ROBERT SUYDAM
 (with delight)
 Ho-ho, how word does travel! Well
 yes, it's not in the papers yet,
 but it is true. I'm engaged to be
 married.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT
 Congratulations, old bean.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR
 And who is she?

ROBERT SUYDAM
 Miss Cornelia Gerritsen of Bayside.

AUGUSTA CORLEAR
 Gerritsen? Is she related to...

ROBERT SUYDAM
 Yes, our Great Aunt Mimi. She's her
 daughter-in-law's second cousin.

MAURICE VAN BRUNT
 Well, let's have a toast to the
 happy bridegroom.

ALL
 Cheers!

CLINK.

THERAPY

MALONE
 (to his doctor)
 I learned of the engagement about
 the time of we raided the church.

DR. LIEBER
 The dance-hall church?

MALONE

That's the one. There'd been all these kidnappings and we had a report one of the missing children had been seen through the church window.

SOUNDS of the raid underscore his description.

MALONE (CONT'D)

We battered in the door and scattered through the place. It was empty - no kids, no foreigners. My old partner, Sgt. McKenna, stayed on with me to have a closer look.

RAID

Their FOOSTEPS echo through the space.

MCKENNA

I tell ya, I've spent a lot of hours in church, me boy, but this one... I mean, did you ever see a paintin' of Jesus look like that?

MALONE

Can't say that I have.

MCKENNA

Makes my skin crawl. And look at this one, ol' St. Peter looks like he's smirkin' or something.

MALONE

I wonder if they did it this way on purpose.

Sarge crosses to the altar. Malone wanders to the wall behind the altar.

MCKENNA

I don't much like the looks of this. What's this big metal basin on the altar for? Rusty.

MALONE

Hey Sarge, come take a look at this.

MCKENNA

Whatcha got there?

MALONE
Here, on the wall.

MCKENNA
What're those letters? That
Russian?

MALONE
It's Greek.

MCKENNA
Dirty lot, them Greeks. Can you
read it?

MALONE
I studied back at Trinity. I'd need
a dictionary for this though. I'll
copy it down.

MCKENNA
(sniffs)
C'mon, let's get out of here. This
place stinks.

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER
Did you translate it?

MALONE
"O friend and companion of night,
thou who rejoicest in the baying of
dogs and spilt blood, who wanderest
in the midst of shades among the
tombs, who longest for blood and
bringest terror to mortals, Gorgo,
Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look
favourably on our sacrifices!"

DR. LIEBER
What... what does it mean?

MALONE
You tell me.
(pause)
By the time of Suydam's wedding the
kidnapping epidemic had become a
popular newspaper scandal. Most of
the victims were young children of
the lowest classes, but the
increasing number of disappearances
had worked up a sentiment of the
strongest fury.

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

The papers clamored for police action, and once more the Butler Street station sent me and some of the boys on a raid on one of Suydam's Parker Place houses.

MUSIC transition.

HOUSE RAID

MCKENNA

All right, you people - get back. Get back, this is police business. You understand me?

Horrid foreigners mutter under their collective breath.

MALONE

Right and one, two, three.

The policemen break down the door and charge into the house.

MALONE (CONT'D)

It's clear in here.

POLICEMAN

All clear.

MCKENNA

There's no kid. There's nobody. Dammit! Jaysus would you look at the walls! They painted 'em all. What they hell are those pictures supposed to be?

MALONE

Demons. Monsters. That's a... I don't know what that is.

MCKENNA

And all this writing on the walls. Hmm, red paint. Flaking off - it's been here a while. This writing, is this more Greek?

MALONE

Yeah, that's Greek alright. This is Arabic. Roman, of course. And this is Hebrew.

MCKENNA

Hebrew? Don't tell me the Jews have been in here too.

MALONE

The letters are Hebrew, but the words... it all says the same thing in different alphabets. "HEL * HELOYM * SOTHER * EMMANVEL * SABAOOTH * AGLA * TETRAGRAMMATON * AGYROS * OTHEOS * ISCHYROS * ATHANATOS * IEHOVA * VA * ADONAI * SADAY * HOMOVSION * MESSIAS * ESCHEREHEYE."

MCKENNA

Saints preserve us. What's it mean?

MALONE

It's like a Kabbalistic chant - some kind of demon worship.

MCKENNA

Jesus, how do you know this stuff?

MALONE

I told you, I read books.

MCKENNA

It's some lousy books you read.

FOOTSTEPS as a cop enters.

POLICEMAN

Detective, upstairs, it's like some kind of science laboratory. Beakers and tubes and stuff.

MALONE

Hmmmm.

POLICEMAN

And lots of those pentacles and symbols and stuff. I'm figuring it's devil worship.

MALONE

Any trouble from the crowd outside?

POLICEMAN

Nah, they're just kind of milling around.

MALONE

Keep an eye on it.

MCKENNA
(yelling off)
Malone, get down here. You're gonna
love the cellar.

He goes down the stairs.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Take a look. Under the burlap bag.

Malone lifts up the bag.

MALONE
Is it...?

We hear a dull metallic clank.

MCKENNA
Gold ingots. Must be a hundred of
'em.

MALONE
Look, they're stamped with the same
characters from the walls upstairs.

MCKENNA
Do we take it? You know, as
evidence.

MALONE
Evidence of what? There's nothing
to do with the kidnappings here.
There's no crime here. Not yet.

MCKENNA
But we'll take it all the same,
won't we?

MALONE
It would be a shame to let such a
fine burlap bag go to waste.

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER
That must have been frustrating.

MALONE
For some of the men, no doubt. All
my commander could do was write a
letter to Suydam advising him to
keep a closer eye on his tenants.
(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)
Frustrating for the outraged
public, certainly.

DR. LIEBER
But not for you?

MALONE
I found it fascinating. Until the
wedding.

DR. LIEBER
The wedding?

MALONE
I guess you could say it was the
wedding that really...
(grasping for the right
word)
Transformed events in Red Hook.

DR. LIEBER
Why? What happened?

MALONE
It took place in June and was a
great sensation. I wasn't a guest,
of course, but I saw all the decked-
out motor cars thronged about the
old Dutch church. The neighborhood
had never seen anything like it.
After, the party of guests escorted
the bride and groom down to the
Cunard pier was something straight
out of the Social Register.

DR. LIEBER
Were you ever married, Thomas?

MALONE
Me? Jaysus, no. Why?

DR. LIEBER
Just wondering. Go on.

MALONE
By five everyone waved adieu and
that great liner set out to sea and
the old world beyond.

DR. LIEBER
Sounds rather picturesque.

MALONE

Hmm. Now keep in mind, the next part of the story, I never saw for myself. I learned it after-the-fact from Dr. Alexander Colson. He had been the ship's doctor on the liner Aquitania. I learned his story well after the fact, but it profoundly shaped my understanding of the events at Red Hook. He reached out to me offering information, and I went to see him at his home one Sunday afternoon...

MUSIC transition.

SHIP'S DOCTOR

The door to Dr. Colson's study closes behind Malone.

DR. COLSON

Detective Malone, thank you for making the trip up.

MALONE

After reading your letters, I hardly see how I could have refused.

DR. COLSON

Please sit down. May I offer you a drink?

MALONE

With pleasure.

DR. COLSON

I feel I could use one myself.

He pours.

MALONE

Are you all right, Doctor Colson?

DR. COLSON

Oh, yes, of course, it's just...

(pause)

I've never told anyone the full story. Who could believe it? I don't even know where to...

MALONE

Your letter said you'd seen
literally unbelievable things on
the ship. I hope my replies made it
clear that I have some
understanding of the kinds of
forces at work in the Suydam
affair. Just tell me what you saw.
You'll find me very open minded.

DR. COLSON

It was about ten o'clock. The ship
had separated from the tugs and we
were moving into deep water at the
edge of the harbor. I was up on the
bridge - I always liked the view of
the city lights at night from up
there....

THE BRIDGE

Transition MUSIC into sounds of sailors moving on the bridge,
ship's radio, telegraph, etc...

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

...adjust course to heading 135,
Mr. Pimm. Telegraph engine room,
increase throttle to fifteen knots.

FIRST MATE PIMM

Aye, captain.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

Beautiful night, eh, Dr. Colson?

DR. COLSON

Indeed, sir.

An ALARM BELL RINGS.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

What the dickens's that? We're
barely under way!

Running feet approach fast.

SECOND MATE MORGAN

Captain! Captain!

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

What is it, Morgan?

SECOND MATE MORGAN

We need - oh there you are, sir.
You're needed right away, doctor!

DR. COLSON

What's happened?

SECOND MATE MORGAN

Passengers reported screams coming
from a cabin. The purser dispatched
seaman Ballard - he went and broke
in the door.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

What?

SECOND MATE MORGAN

Then he went mad, running through
the Promenade deck screaming.

DR. COLSON

Good lord.

SECOND MATE MORGAN

It took three men to subdue him.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

Where is he now?

SECOND MATE MORGAN

They hauled him down to the engine
room - you know, keep him away from
the passengers. He's still
thrashing about in a panic!

The CLINK of metal.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH

Morgan, here, take these irons and
secure Mr. Ballard. Doctor Colson,
you go to the stateroom.

DR. COLSON

Of course. Promenade deck, what
number?

SECOND MATE MORGAN

109, sir.

DR. COLSON

The honeymoon suite?

SECOND MATE MORGAN
Yes, sir, that'd be Mr. & Mrs.
Suydam. Just married today, I hear.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
Sounds like it's more than a case
of wedding night jitters.

DR. COLSON
Let's hope that's all it is. I'll
go and see.

He goes.

FIRST MATE PIMM
Captain!

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
What?

FIRST MATE PIMM
We've got a tramp steamer dead
ahead. She's coming right at us...

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
Adjust heading to starboard, Pimm,
steer clear of her! What are they
thinking?

FIRST MATE PIMM
Adjusting course: hard starboard...

FADE OUT

SHIP'S DOCTOR

DR. COLSON
Perhaps I heard the first mate's
warning, but at the time my only
concern was the welfare of the
passengers. When I got to the
stateroom, the door had indeed been
broken, but there was only darkness
and silence within.

STATEROOM

The slight creak of the broken door as Dr. Colson approaches.

DR. COLSON
Hello? Anyone there? It's the
ship's doctor. We heard noises. Is
everyone alright?

A STRANGE TITTING NOISE within the stateroom.

DR. COLSON (CONT'D)
Mrs. Suydam? Is that you?

An EERIE WHOOSH is the only answer.

DR. COLSON (CONT'D)
(now frightened)
I'm coming in.

The CREAK of the broken door, and the doctor's FOOTSTEPS.

DR. COLSON (CONT'D)
I'm turning on the light now.

CLICK. GASP! MUSICAL STING.

DR. COLSON (CONT'D)
(to Malone)
Mrs. Suydam was dead. She'd been
strangled, as I wrote you. But the
claw-mark on her throat could not
have come from her husband's or any
other human hand.

MALONE
I'm guessing there were no animals
on board, or the like?

DR. COLSON
No, nothing like that.

MALONE
So what do you think made it?

DR. COLSON
I can't imagine. But just before I
turned on the lights, the open port-
hole was clouded for a second with
an odd phosphorescence. For a
moment I thought I heard outside
the suggestion of a faint and
hellish tittering.

He GULPS down his drink.

MALONE

Good god, man. Here, let me pour
you another.

He pours the doctor another drink.

DR. COLSON

I didn't really see anything. It
was so indistinct.

MALONE

Maybe that's lucky.

DR. COLSON

I've often thought that. Especially
later, when I tried to treat poor
Ballard. He never recovered from
what he saw.

MALONE

What about Mr. Suydam?

DR. COLSON

He was dead too. I was just
stooping to examine him, but then
in the flickering light I saw...
letters. On the wall. In red. I'll
never forget it.

MALONE

What did they say?

DR. COLSON

Oh, I don't know what they meant,
the characters were...

MALONE

Could you draw them for me?

DR. COLSON

I suppose so.

MALONE

Here, use my notebook.

The SCRATCHING of a pencil.

DR. COLSON

It's not perfect, but it was
something like that.

MUSICAL THRILL.

DR. COLSON (CONT'D)
Do you recognize it?

MALONE
It's Chaldee, old Aramaic. It says
"Lilith". That's the name of a
female demon in Hebraic folklore.

DR. COLSON
My god.

MALONE
What happened next?

DR. COLSON
The second mate arrived and I left
him with strict orders not to allow
anyone but me access to the
stateroom. I hurried to the bridge
to inform the captain of what had
happened.

We hear the doctor hurrying along the deck where a band of
insolent ruffians has commandeered the deck. AD LIBS of
ruffians and Cunard crewmen.

DR. COLSON (CONT'D)
(still with Malone)
A tramp steamer had pulled
alongside the Aquitania and a horde
of dark-skinned, insolent ruffians
in officer's dress had swarmed
aboard our ship....

RUFFIANS

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
Your demand is completely
irregular, sir, in violation of
maritime law! This is a passenger--

ASIF
He must come with us. We take him!
Stop this man.

A swart ruffian seizes Dr. Colson.

DR. COLSON
(on the bridge)
Unhand me, sir.

ASIF
Who is this man?

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
Dr. Colson, the ship's doctor.

DR. COLSON
What's going on here?

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
These men wish to take away Robert
Suydam. They claim he's going to
die.

DR. COLSON
I've just come from the Suydam's
stateroom. I regret to say both Mr.
& Mrs. Suydam are already dead.

A MURMUR of pleased assent rolls though the ruffians.

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
What?

ASIF
I have told you his death is
foretold. Come, we take body - you
take us him.

DR. COLSON
See here, sir, we have no authority
to turn Mr. Suydam's remains over
to such...

CAPTAIN FALMOUTH
I simply forbid it.

ASIF
Silence him!

The sound of a brutal PUNCH and a scuffle, and Captain
Falmouth drops to the floor. SHOUTED AD LIBS from other
officers on the bridge, but the fight is over very quickly.

DR. COLSON
Captain! Are you all right? Mr.
Pimm!

ASIF
They will be fine. Maybe now you
are captain.

DR. COLSON
You savage. What do you want?

Asif reaches into his uniform and removes a dirty, crumpled
paper.

ASIF

Here you, read this.

DR. COLSON

"In case of sudden or unexplained accident or death on my part, please deliver me or my body unquestioningly into the hands of the bearer and his associates. Everything, for me, and perhaps for you, depends on absolute compliance. Explanations can come later-do not fail me now. ROBERT SUYDAM." And I'm supposed to believe this is his signature?

ASIF

It is true. He sign. Believe it.

DR. COLSON

And this is all you want? His body?

ASIF

We must have it.

DR. COLSON

What for?

ASIF

You must give it.

DR. COLSON

(after a pause)

And you'll leave this ship?

ASIF

We... must go to another place at once.

DR. COLSON

Very well. Mr. Morgan, will you come with me and these men to the Suydams' stateroom?

SECOND MATE MORGAN

Yes, sir.

SHIP'S DOCTOR

DR. COLSON

I led them to the stateroom and, at their request, remained outside as they prepared the body. I didn't really have much choice.

MALONE

Of course.

DR. COLSON

After quite some time, they emerged with Suydam's body. It was wrapped thickly in bedding from the berths. Second Mate Morgan and I watched with a sense of dread as the swarthy crew got the thing over the side and away to their tramp steamer without uncovering it. I rushed back to the bridge, and revived the Captain.

MALONE

He was all right?

DR. COLSON

A bad bump on the head, but yes. We radioed the Coast Guard, of course, but we had to think of the rest of the passengers. It wouldn't do for them to find out about what had happened, so the Captain ordered that we resume our course.

MALONE

And these ruffians had no interest in Mrs. Suydam?

Dr. Colson GULPS another drink. He is getting shakier as he recalls the events.

DR. COLSON

Once we were underway again, I returned to the Suydam stateroom to perform what last services I could. The second mate was with me. After we moved her body, he asked me why I had drained off all of Mrs. Suydam's blood.

A MUSICAL THRILL.

MALONE

What on earth do you mean?

DR. COLSON

Yes, Detective. Not a drop of blood was left to her. I didn't have the heart to tell Morgan that I hadn't done it. He'd have panicked like Ballard.

MALONE

You mean it was...

DR. COLSON

I saw the vacant bottle-spaces on the bar and smelled the remnants of the liquor which had clearly been poured down the sink.

MALONE

What kind of godless monsters would do such a...

DR. COLSON

So yes, they were interested in Mrs. Suydam all right. And they took more than Robert Suydam's body with them.

(pause)

Are you alright, detective?

MALONE

I am. I will be. I hope. But thank you, doctor for your story.

DR. COLSON

You believe it, don't you?

MALONE

Sir, a man would have to be crazy to believe what you've told me.

Transition MUSIC.

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER

That's a horrifying tale. Why wasn't this in your original case report, Detective?

MALONE

As I mentioned, I only found out about all this much later, when Doctor Colson wrote to me. It was a piece from some bizarre, otherworldly puzzle. But it fit so perfectly with the rest of it.

DR. LIEBER

I don't follow you. How does the doctor's story fit in?

MALONE

The ship was at sea, and all that was going on the very same night when I was back in the alleys of Red Hook. A sudden stir seemed to permeate the place, and as if apprised by "grapevine telegraph" of something singular, the denizens clustered expectantly around the dance-hall church and the houses in Parker Place. We got word that three children had just disappeared - blue-eyed Norwegians from the streets toward Gowanus - and there were rumours of a Viking mob forming in the neighborhood.

For weeks I'd been urging the captain to attempt a general cleanup; finally he was ready for action. The unrest and menace of this evening had been the deciding factor, and just about midnight we got the order to hit Parker Place and its environs. We raided one of Suydam's houses first.

As Malone narrates, we hear the sound of a police raid against the degenerate foreigners of Parker Place. Battering rams SHATTER doors, as SHOUTING, RUNNING, ARRESTS fill the air.

MALONE (CONT'D)

We battered in the door, and inside the rooms were lit with candles. There were throngs of the foreigners, wearing robes, mitres and other religious garb. We grabbed them up, right and left, and they hurried to throw objects down shafts that were sunk into the floors.

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

There was smoke from some kind of incense. They'd set up braziers and altars... the were spatterings of blood everywhere.

RAIDERS

Out of the BEDLAM OF SOUND, McKenna's voice cuts through.

MCKENNA

You boys seen Malone?

COP

He's over there, Sarge.

MCKENNA

Whatcha got here, boyo? Seen them Norwegian kids?

MALONE

No sign of the kids, just more of *this*. You?

MCKENNA

Captain sent my squad up to the dance-hall church. Nothing on there.

MALONE

Well, c'mon then.

MCKENNA

Where're we going?

MALONE

Let's go hit Suydam's basement flat. I still think he's in charge of this cult.

MCKENNA

Right. Come on boys!

We hear the police BREAKING DOWN another door and ransacking the flat. SHOUTS and COMMOTION.

MALONE

(to his doctor)

I knew we had to find something more here.

DR. LIEBER

Did you?

MALONE

(the recollection becomes
increasingly difficult
for him as he goes)

There was a smell - like something
dead, but the flat was more of the
same: strange books, scientific
instruments, gold ingots and glass
stoppered bottles...

DR. LIEBER

Go on.

MALONE

There was a cat.

DR. LIEBER

You've never mentioned that.

MALONE

Black and white. It got between my
feet. I stumbled. Knocked over a
beaker of red liquid. It was very
peculiar.

DR. LIEBER

The beaker?

MALONE

(reliving a profound
horror)

No, the cat. Then I saw the cellar
door. Locked. There was a heavy
stool. I broke it down.

We hear the door BREAK open followed by a HOWLING TUMULT of
ice-cold wind with all the stench of the bottomless pit
followed by WHISPERS, WAILS and GUSTS OF MOCKING LAUGHTER.

MALONE (CONT'D)

There was an icy wind - it wrapped
itself around me like it was alive.
It pulled me down into unmeasured
spaces filled with whispers and
wails, and gusts of mocking
laughter.

DR. LIEBER

(gently)

Yes. And then what?

MALONE

Well, after that it was just a
dream. The other doctors told me.

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

You've told me. Just a dream. I've certainly got nothing to prove the contrary. Oh, how I wish it was only a dream! Then the sight of old brick slums and dark foreign faces would not eat into my soul.

DR. LIEBER

Dreams can be very powerful. Tell me about it.

Dreamy echoes of HALF-EATEN SCREAMING THINGS waft through his memory, over the sounds of LAPPING BLACK WATER, RAUCOUS LITTLE BELLS, and INSANE TITTING. A bed of horrid MUSIC underscores the horrendous imagery.

MALONE

(coming unhinged)

It was real, and nothing can ever efface the memory of those nighted crypts, those titan arcades, and those half-formed shapes of hell that strode gigantically in silence, holding half-eaten things whose still-surviving portions screamed for mercy, or laughed with madness. Odors of incense and corruption joined in sickening concert, and the black air was alive with the cloudy, semi-visible bulk of shapeless elemental things with eyes. Somewhere dark sticky water was lapping at onyx piers, and once the shivery tinkle of raucous little bells pealed out to greet the insane titter of a naked phosphorescent thing which swam into sight, scrambled ashore, and climbed up to squat leeringly on a carved golden pedestal in the background.

Pause.

DR. LIEBER

Thomas?

MALONE

(quietly)

Avenues of limitless night radiated
in every direction, till one might
fancy that here lay the root of a
contagion destined to sicken and
swallow cities, and engulf nations
in the foetor of hybrid pestilence.
Here cosmic sin had entered, and
festered by unhallowed rites had
commenced the grinning march of
death that was to rot us all to
fungous abnormalities too hideous
for the grave's holding. Satan here
held his Babylonish court, and in
the blood of stainless childhood
the leprous limbs of phosphorescent
Lilith were laved.

The horrible NIGHTMARE MUSIC swells. Incubi and succubae HOWL
praise to Hecate. Headless moon-calves BLEAT. Goats LEAP to
thin accursed FLUTES.

MALONE (CONT'D)

Incubi and succubae howled praise
to Hecate, and headless moon-calves
bleated to the Magna Mater. Goats
leaped to the sound of thin
accursed flutes, and aegipans
chased endlessly after misshapen
fauns over rocks twisted like
swollen toads. Moloch and Ashtaroth
were not absent; for in this
quintessence of all damnation the
bounds of consciousness were let
down, and man's fancy lay open to
vistas of every realm of horror and
every forbidden dimension that evil
had power to mould. The world and
Nature were helpless against such
assaults from unsealed wells of
night, nor could any sign or prayer
check the Walpurgis-riot of horror
which had come when a sage with the
hateful key had stumbled on a horde
with the locked and brimming coffer
of transmitted daemon-lore.

DR. LIEBER

Thomas, your...

The MUSIC swiftly cuts out as we hear OARS pulling through
the black water. Water LAPS against a rowboat pulling up to a
slimy stone pier.

MALONE

Suddenly I head oars and saw a ray of physical light. A boat with a lantern in its prow darted into sight and made fast to an iron ring in the slimy stone pier. There were dark men carrying a long form swathed in... bedding. They took it to the naked phosphorescent thing on the carved golden pedestal, and the thing tittered and pawed at the wrappings. Then they unswathed it, and propped upright before the pedestal the gangrenous corpse of a corpulent old man with stubbly beard and unkempt white hair. The phosphorescent thing tittered again, and the men produced bottles from their pockets and anointed its feet with red then gave the bottles to the thing to drink from.

From an arcaded avenue leading endlessly away comes a daemonic RATTLE AND WHEEZE OF A BLASPHEMOUS ORGAN, choking and rumbling out the mockeries of hell in a cracked, sardonic bass.

MALONE (CONT'D)

In an instant every moving entity was electrified and formed into a ceremonial procession. The nightmare horde slithered away in quest of the sound - goat and satyr, incubus, succuba, twisted toad and shapeless elemental, dog-faced howler and silent strutter in darkness - all led by the abominable naked phosphorescent thing that had squatted on the carved golden throne, and that now strode bearing in its arms the glassy-eyed corpse of the corpulent old man. The strange dark men danced in the rear, and the whole column skipped and leaped with Dionysiac fury.

The sound of the PROCESSION moves away as the hellish ORGAN plays on. Pause.

DR. LIEBER

What did you do then, Thomas?

MALONE

I staggered after them. But I
faltered. I couldn't go on. I sank
down. I don't remember...

DR. LIEBER

Think back, Thomas.

CHANTED HORRORS and SHOCKING CROAKINGS echo from far off.

MALONE

It was the chant. I saw it in the
church. Written in Greek.

A dreadful HIGH PRIEST leads the congregation from far off.

HIGH PRIEST

O friend and companion of night,
thou who rejoicest in the baying of
dogs

A hideous HOWL bursts forth

HIGH PRIEST (CONT'D)

and spilt blood

NAMELESS SOUNDS vie with MORBID SHRIEKINGS.

HIGH PRIEST (CONT'D)

who wanderest in the midst of
shades among the tombs

A whistling SIGH.

HIGH PRIEST (CONT'D)

who longest for blood and bringest
terror to mortals

SHORT, SHARP CRIES from myriad throats.

HIGH PRIEST (CONT'D)

Gorgo

CONGREGATION

Gorgo!

HIGH PRIEST

Mormo

CONGREGATION

(ecstatic)

Mormo!

HIGH PRIEST
thousand-faced moon

SIGHS and FLUTE NOTES.

HIGH PRIEST (CONT'D)
look favourably on our sacrifices!

The hellish congregants SHOUT in orgiastic glee as the ritual concludes. A terrible HISS rises in volume, followed by GASP from the congregation.

CONGREGATION
(overlapped bleating)
Lilith, Great Lilith, behold the
bridegroom!

The congregation breaks into a FURIOUS CLAMOR followed by the footfalls of RUNNING FEET.

MALONE
(narrating)
Someone was coming back my way. I
raised myself to my elbow to look.

DR. LIEBER
(thrilled)
Who was it?

MALONE
I could hardly see. The luminosity
of the crypt, lately diminished,
now slightly increased; and in that
devil-light I saw the fleeing form
of that which should not flee or
feel or breathe: the glassy-eyed,
gangrenous corpse of the corpulent
old man, now needing no support,
but animated by some infernal
sorcery. After it raced the naked,
tittering, phosphorescent thing
that belonged on the carven
pedestal. Still farther behind
panted the dark crew of the
rowboat. The corpse was straining
with every rotting muscle toward
the carved golden pedestal.

DR. LIEBER
Why?

MALONE

I didn't know - but in a moment it had reached its goal, whilst the trailing throng chased it. But they were too late, for one final spurt of strength which ripped tendon from tendon and sent its noisome bulk floundering to the floor in a state of jellyish dissolution.

The corpse of Suydam BURSTS into horrid gelatinous goo.

DR. LIEBER

Oh my god!

As he describes it, the pedestal CRASHES into the oily waters.

MALONE

The corpse's push had been tremendous, and as it collapsed to a muddy blotch of corruption the pedestal he had pushed tottered, tipped, and finally careened from its onyx base into the thick waters below, sending up a parting gleam of carven gold as it sank heavily to undreamable gulfs of lower Tartarus.

The crash ECHOES loudly in his mind.

MALONE (CONT'D)

And that's all I remember. Perhaps I fainted.

Transition MUSIC returns us to:

THERAPY

DR. LIEBER

Well, Thomas, that is indeed a terrifying dream. Anyone would be shaken by it.

MALONE

You're the one who tells me it was only a dream.

DR. LIEBER

You believe it happened in real life?

MALONE

It was more than a year after these events that I spoke with the ship's doctor and heard his tale.

DR. LIEBER

You understand that's not proof, right?

MALONE

Proof? Of course it's not proof. There is no proof. What I know is that night all three of Suydam's houses came crashing down with no visible cause. Half my men and scores of prisoners were in them, crushed as they came down. My god! Poor McKenna!

DR. LIEBER

But not you.

MALONE

No.

DR. LIEBER

The report says they found you in a tunnel far under the house, at the edge of a pool with, and I quote, "a grotesquely horrible jumble of decay and bone, subsequently identified through dental work as the body of Suydam".

MALONE

Yes! Suydam was there. Yes, men spirited his body off the ship and used a canal to return him to his home. Yes, the police concluded he'd been using the canals to smuggle in foreigners and participate in terrible cult rituals. Yes, they followed the tunnel and discovered it led back to the dance-hall church where they found a secret chapel. The croaking organ was there, as well as a vast arched chapel with wooden benches and a strangely figured altar.

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

The walls were lined with small cells, in seventeen of which solitary prisoners in a state of complete idiocy were found chained, including four mothers with infants of disturbingly strange appearance. I heard these infants died soon after exposure to the light; probably the most merciful end.

DR. LIEBER

It's all over now, Thomas. Two of the foreigners were convicted for their roles in the kidnappings and are now in prison. Agent Sutter and the Immigration authorities rounded up the illegal Yezidi immigrants and shipped them off somewhere. Suydam's properties were demolished. The canals beneath were dredged and filled. I hear they've already put up new houses on the lots. Suydam and his young bride were buried at Greenwood Cemetery. He was dead before a case could be brought against him and his family was grateful for it. He was laid to rest. The whole matter has been laid to rest.

MALONE

Laid to rest. Hmm. Sometimes I think about parts of those canals that were too deep to dredge, you know. What might be down there? And the crew of the tramp steamer that took Suydam's body? They're still out there.

DR. LIEBER

It's not your job anymore, Thomas. Leave it to others.

MALONE

Others like you? You're a shrewd man, Doctor, your type usually are, but for all your intelligence I see a sadly limited perspective in your lack of wonder at the myriad unexplainable details, and the suggestive obscurity of the whole case;

(MORE)

MALONE (CONT'D)

you, the papers, Sutter, everyone
just saw a morbid sensation and
wondered over a minor sadist cult.

DR. LIEBER

What should we have seen?

MALONE

God, man, you should have
proclaimed a horror from the
universe's very heart!

DR. LIEBER

Is that what you feel?

MALONE

(just an inarticulate yell
of frustration)
Aaaaaaaah!

DR. LIEBER

(disapproving of the
outburst)

Hmm. The situation in Red Hook is
over now, Thomas. The neighborhood
is being much improved. I believe
they're building a new--

MALONE

Ha! Red Hook's always the same.
Suydam came and went; a terror
gathered and faded; but the evil
spirit of darkness and squalor
broods on amidst the old brick
houses, and prowling bands still
parade on unknown errands past
windows where lights and twisted
faces unaccountably appear and
disappear. Age-old horror is a
hydra with a thousand heads, and
the cults of darkness are rooted in
blasphemies deeper than the well of
Democritus.

DR. LIEBER

There's no more horror, Thomas.

MALONE

The soul of the beast is omnipresent and triumphant, and Red Hook's legions of blear-eyed, pockmarked youths still chant and curse and howl as they file from abyss to abyss, none knows whence or whither, pushed on by blind laws of biology which they may never understand.

DR. LIEBER

Your time in Red Hook has certainly changed you, Thomas. And not for the better. I think the horror you see is the one you brought with you.

MALONE

(hardly listening)

I hear the dance-hall church is now mostly a dance-hall, and queer faces have appeared at night at the windows. Poor McKenna's wife writes me that the filled-up crypt has been dug out again, and for no simply explainable purpose.

DR. LIEBER

You know you're not supposed to be writing to your former colleagues, or their families.

MALONE

Of course! Who are we to combat poisons older than history and mankind? Apes danced in Asia to those horrors, and the cancer lurks secure and spreading where furtiveness hides in rows of decaying brick.

DR. LIEBER

Do you think you feel this way because so many died? Your partner--

MALONE

No, for the love of god, it's not about them!

DR. LIEBER

Do you feel guilty because you were spared?

MALONE

(with a sharp and
mirthless laugh)

Spared! I wasn't spared any more
than you were spared! The horror is
still out there, thriving in the
dark. It can bide its time til
doomsday, silent and stealthy,
creeping along just at the
boundaries of perception. No one
gets spared - we're just left
waiting for the end.

DR. LIEBER

Hmm. I see.

Lieber SCRIBBLES in his notes. Malone CHUCKLES.

DR. LIEBER (CONT'D)

Something amusing, Thomas?

MALONE

Our conversation. "Tell me about
the horrors" you said. "I'm more
imaginative than you might think"
you said. Just another
interrogation.

DR. LIEBER

I wanted you to share your
feelings, Thomas.

MALONE

My feelings are not fit for
"sharing," with you or with anyone
else.

DR. LIEBER

You're right. They're not. Well, I
think, Thomas, we should continue
to keep you here in Chapachet, away
from cities and brick buildings.
And let's increase your dose to
four tablets a day...

MUSIC transition.

CONCLUSION

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

Detective Malone is still
 convalescing in the countryside,
 and new policemen are patrolling
 the streets of Red Hook. Only the
 other day, one of these eager young
 men, a new detective, in fact,
 overheard a stooped old woman
 teaching a small child some
 whispered words in the shadow of an
 archway....

OLD WOMAN

"O friend and companion of night,
 thou who rejoicest in the baying of
 dogs and spilt blood, who wanderest
 in the midst of shades among the
 tombs, who longest for blood and
 bringest terror to mortals, Gorgo,
 Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look
 favourably on our sacrifices!"

HORRIBLE FOREIGN CHILD

Gorgo! Mormo! Look favorably upon
 our sacrifices!

Musical STING.

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

You've been listening to H.P.
 Lovecraft's "The Horror at Red
 Hook," brought to you by our
 sponsor, Bub-L-Pep.

BUB-L-PEP SINGERS

(singing)

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

ERSKINE BLACKWELL

Remember, for good health, doctors
 recommend you drink nerve quenching
 Bub-L-Pep with every meal. 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 Horror at Red Hook" was adapted for radio and produced by Sean Branney and Andrew Leman. Original music by Troy Sterling Nies. The Dark Adventure Ensemble featured: Leslie Baldwin, Aidan Branney, Sean Branney, Dan Conroy, Chad Fifer, Alaine Kashian, Jacob Lyle, Andrew Leman, Barry Lynch, David Pavao, Josh Thoemke, Eddy Will and Time Winters. Tune in next week for "The Prisoner of Saturn's Rings" a spectral tale of science by Eduardo McPhee. Dark Adventure Radio Theatre is a production of the HPLHS Broadcasting Group, a subsidiary of HPLHS, Inc., copyright 1931...plus eighty-four.

Radio STATIC and fade out.