

*Lights Out Everybody*

# "The Poltergeist"

*(original radio broadcast October 20, 1942)*

CAST:

Announcer	1+
Arch Oboler	1
Edna (sweet, timid-type)	1+
Kay (brassy)	1+
Florence (level-headed)	2+
Driver	2,3
Doctor	8+
Innkeeper	12+

SFX:

Gongs (2 different sounds)	1+
Sleigh bells	1,2
Hoof thuds	1,2
Horse snorts	1,2
Footsteps in snow (crunch)	3+
Door opens / closes	10
Door knob rattle	11
Body falls (2)	12
Grandfather clock ticking	14
Howling wind	16+

Announcer: Metacom presents . . . . Arch Oboler's . . . . "Lights Out, Everybody"!

**SFX: (4 slow rhythmic gongs . . . then pre-accenting following words)**

Announcer (low, almost menacing) It . . . is . . . later . . . than . . . you . . . think.

**SFX: (2 more gongs)**

Oboler: (conversational tone) This is Arch Oboler bringing you another in our series of stories of the unusual. And once again we caution you, these *Lights Out* stories are definitely not for the timid soul. So we tell you calmly and very sincerely, if you frighten easily, turn off your radio now.

**SFX: (1 deep, resonant gong)**

Oboler: If you're fascinated by the mysterious, the fantastic, the unearthly . . . . then anticipate chills in our story of . . . "Poltergeist".

**SFX: (1 deep, resonant gong)**

All 3 Ladies: (singing last of refrain) "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way, Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh". Hey? (laughter)

Kay: Swell. Now let's go to town. (starts singing) "St. Louie woman . . . with her diamond rings . . . . kicking that man around . . . ."

Florence: (interrupts nervously) Stop that, Kay.

Kay: What's the matter? Am I scarin' the horse?

**SFX: (very soft occasional sleigh bells, horse snorts and hoof thuds [NOT clops] among next lines)**

Florence: Seems like a sacrilege singing that song out here. This beautiful clean snow and blue sky . . . . .

Kay: Well, what's wrong with a hot song to keep us warm? If you think the "*St. Louie Blues*" is gonna dirty up the snow, you oughta hear "*Frankie and Johnny*" the way I sing it.

Florence: Oh, stop it, Kay. You're not funny at all. Why can't you enjoy the fresh air without that cabaret sort of thing.

Kay: Ho, ho. You're just an old fashioned gal, eh, Florence? How 'bout you, Edna? Don't you like my songs either? You haven't said anything for the last 5 minutes.

Edna: (sweet voice) Well, I – I haven't been listening to you to tell the truth. (dreamily) I love to watch the snow sort of . . . flow along under the sleigh.

Kay: When you say that, gal, smile! Gosh did ya ever see more snow in your life?

Florence: The man at the hotel said it had been snowing on and off up here for 2 weeks.

Edna: I think coming out here to the country is the best thing we three have done since we started rooming together. Walking in the snow is terribly healthy.

Kay: Yeah – that's what I'm afraid of. The healthier I get, the worse I feel.

Edna + Kay: (giggle)

Florence: Crazy idiot.

Edna: She does say the funniest things, doesn't she. I always say that Kay ought to . . . (is interrupted)

Driver: (stops horse) Who-o-a-ah!

Kay: Hallelujah, we're here!

Florence: Is this as far as we go, driver?

Driver: That's right, Miss. Can't go no further down this road on accounta the drifts.

Edna: My goodness. If the drifts are too deep for the horse, how can we walk through them?

Kay: I second the motion!

Driver: Well, you young ladies don't have to worry none so long as you keep going down the valley over there. Snow ain't piled up that way all the way to Ma Jenkins'.

Florence: Well, that's marvelous. C'mon, girls, let's get started.

Driver: So long. (calling out) Take care of yourselves, girls.

Florence: Come on, Edna.

Edna + Kay: (calling out) Goodbye / S'long / etc.

**SFX: (mushing footsteps in snow – continue under)**

**(NOTE: All next lines spoken w/occasional exhales, as if trudging through deep snow)**

Kay: Well listen to the snow talkin' to us.

Florence: It's a dry snow. Our feet rub particles of it together, and the friction makes the sound.

Edna: O-o-o. (exhale) It's kind of scary, isn't it?

Florence: Why?

Edna: Oh, I don't know. It – it's as if the snow was trying to talk to us. I mean . . . it's as if it was angry at our trespassing.

Kay: Hey! Don't tell me we're trespassin'. I don't want any country squire takin' any pot shots at my . . . uh . . . constitutional amendment with rock salt. N-o-o-o thank you!!!

Florence: Oh, don't talk nonsense, Kay. We're not trespassing. Why this pass through the valley here over to Mrs. Jenkins' house is the favorite hike of everyone who comes up this way during the winter.

Kay: What's Mrs. Jenkins got anyway that makes people walk their feet off?

Florence: (chuckle) Wait'll you taste her cooking.

Kay: Oh, boy! Let's go.

Edna: (a little worried) It's awfully quite out here, isn't it.

Florence: (content) Aw-w, that's the glory of it. (sigh) I've had the roar of the subway in my ears so-o-o long. (puffing) Hey, Kay, don't walk so fast.

Kay: (from distance, calling out) C'mon. Look what I found!

Edna: Oh?

Florence: Come on, Edna.

Edna: (winded) Oh, please . . . . let me take your arm. I'm getting out of breath.

Florence: Well, take it easy; there's no hurry. (several breaths) Well, what is it, Kay?

Kay: Look! Through the circle of trees here. Look what I discovered!!!

Florence: (after pause) Well, isn't that interesting! It's a sort of a natural amphitheater.

Kay: Sure! Sa-a-ay, who was this guy, Daniel Boone?

Edna: Wh-what's an amphitheater?

Florence: Well, th-that means an oval circling place with rising tiers of seats. It . . . well, you know, like that place we went to for the horse show.

Edna: Oh.

Florence: Back in the times of the Greeks, they had outdoor theaters, and they . . . (interrupted, but continues)

Kay: (sarcastic) Listen to the professor.

Florence: . . . used the places just like this where the ground sloped up and made a sort of a natural arena or stage below.

Kay: (enthused) Theater!!! That's an idea! Sit down, gals, and I'll give you a special performance of the Kay Follies!

Edna: It's awful snowy here, isn't it?

Kay: I'll trample it down with my spring dance. (starts singing Rubinstein's Melody in F)  
"Wel-come, sweet spring-time, we greet thee in so-o-o-ng . . . dah, dah, dah, da-a-ah,  
d-a-a-h . . ."

Florence: (giggles – starts speaking while Kay is singing) Isn't she a nut dancing in the snow. If  
I had that girl's energy . . . .

Edna: She's really graceful, isn't she? I'll bet if she went on the stage, she . . .

Kay: (singing turns to yelp) OW! Ow-w-w.

Florence: Kay!

Edna: She fell!

Florence: Kay! Kay! Did you hurt yourself?

Kay: O-o-o-o . . . . did I land on my dignity. Here . . . give me a hand.

Florence: Here, I'll help you. (exhale) There you are.

Kay: (in pain) O-o-o-oh, did I take a flop.

Edna: Did you hurt yourself badly?

Kay: Uh, I'll live. What in the world did I trip over? (pause) Aw-w, no wonder!!! Look at  
that rock under the snow. No wonder I did a nosedive. Ow, gee!

Edna: My goodness! There are rocks like that all over.

Kay: (moan)

Edna: A person could break their neck if they . . . (interrupted)

Florence: Girls!!!

Kay: What's the matter?

Edna: What is it?

Florence: Kay, that rock you tripped over. It . . . . . it's not a rock.

Kay: (annoyed) What are ya talkin' about! Of course it's a rock!

Florence: Well yes, but it's something more than that. . . . . It's a tombstone.

Edna: (high gasp) Oh!

Kay: Tombstone!!! Oh, no. It-it can't be. It . . . (interrupted)

Florence: Look for yourself. It says: "Here lies buried the remains of one who restless in life.. ." (interrupted)

Edna: (frightened) Stop! Don't read any more. Stop!

Kay: And . . . and all these other stones layin' flat on the ground . . . they're tombstones, too?

Florence: (puzzled, suspicious) Yes.

Kay: Whew! What a place to pick to dance!

Edna: (short scream)

Florence: What's the matter, Edna?

Kay: What did you scream for?

Edna: (very distressed) Kay . . . . you – you danced on the grave.

Kay: Wh-a-a-t???

Edna: (getting hysterical) You danced on the grave; I saw you. I saw you do it. You danced on the grave. Oh, Kay, Kay (interrupted)

Florence: Edna, stop it!

Edna: (continues to whimper / sob)

**(NOTE: Next 2 lines spoken over each other)**

Kay: (angry) Oh, what's come into her. Now stop acting like that.

Florence: (firmly) For heaven's sake, control yourself.

Edna: (in tears) Kay, oh Kay. I'm so sorry for you. You danced on a grave.

Kay: (quite angry) For heaven's sake, stop talkin' like that! Sure, I danced on a grave.

Florence: Yes, of course, she did. It was perfectly accidental.

Kay: And what if it wasn't. What of it!!!

Edna: (after pause) (with continued sobbing) The poltergeist.

Kay: The WHAT?

Florence: Edna Hanson – what are you talking about! What's that word you just used?

Edna: (still in tears) Poltergeist. Oh, Kay, what have you done?

Kay: (angry) You superstitious little fool! If ya don't stop talkin' that way, I'm gonna slap your face. What's the matter with you. I didn't do anything.

Edna: (frightened / sobs) You walked on the grave; you danced on the grave.

Florence: Edna, be sensible. We all walked on graves. But it was purely accidental. We had no intention of desecrating them.

Edna: It doesn't matter, I tell you; it doesn't matter. The poltergeist. He'll come; I know he will.

Kay: (nasty) Oh, what's the use. She's crazy.

Florence: Edna, what are you talking about. What's a poltergeist? What are you so frightened about?

Edna: (between sobs) My father. He told me. If you walk on a grave, if you dance on a grave . . . . (more agitated) . . . the poltergeist.



Florence: (frustrated) Poltergeist what? What is a poltergeist?

Edna: An evil spirit. It comes out of the grave; it kills, it destroys. (voice rises). It'll kill us.  
It'll kill us all.

Kay: STOP IT!

**(NOTE: Next 3 lines shouted over each other)**

Edna: Believe me. It's coming. I know it. It'll kill us.

Florence: Edna, please, stop.

Kay: Oh, please!! Lay off it, will you, Edna?

Edna: (continues hysterically) But it won't get me. I'll run away.

Florence: Edna, come back here.

Kay: She's gone insane. I'll get her. Edna! Edna!

Florence: Kay, catch her. Edna! Edna, don't run away. Nothing will hurt you. Nothing.  
(pause) Oh, Edna, look out!!!

Edna: (long scream from distance)

Florence: Kay, Kay, what happened? (pause) That stone . . . . . it hit Edna!

Kay: Edna! Edna! Open your eyes!

Florence: Blood! Blood all over her face! Kay, who threw that stone? Who threw it?

Kay: (suddenly quiet, with dread) I don't know. It came from the . . . . graveyard.

**SFX: 1 deep resonant gong**

Florence/Kay: (both sobbing --- then continue crying and snerking throughout)

Doctor: (gently) Now, girls. Take it easy; take it easy.

Kay: Oh, doctor. She won't die . . . . tell me she won't die.

Doctor: Oh, no. Of course not.

Kay: And you're sure that her skull isn't fractured.

Doctor: Oh, absolutely not. Maybe a little concussion, that's all.

**(NOTE: both girls a little more in control now – still teary)**

Florence: Well, it's almost five. Our train. Can we get someone to help us carry her down to the station so we can get her on board?

Doctor: Board?! I'm telling you that little friend of yours shouldn't be moved out of bed for a week. If you do, well . . . it might be just too bad.

Kay: Oh, Flo. What'll we do?

Florence: You go home, Kay. I'll stay with her.

Kay: Oh, no you won't. I'm not leavin' you here alone in this God-forsaken place. If you stay, I stay too.

Florence: Kay, please be sensible. Why should we all lose our jobs when you . . . (interrupted)

Doctor: Well, if you'll excuse me, ladies, I've got to be on my way.

Florence: Yes, of course, Doctor.

Kay: Is there anything more you can do for Edna, Doctor? Any medicine or something?

Doctor: No. I've done all I can do. She's sleeping comfortable now. Uh, Miss . . . ?

Florence: Yes, Doctor?

Doctor: The constable is sick, too, you know, and he's sort of dependent on me to keep things straight. Now, uh, just how did you say that little friend of yours got hurt?

Kay: Well, uh, it was just the way we explained, Doctor. That rock came flying . . . (interrupted)

Doctor: Yes, yes, I know, but . . . who threw the rock?

Kay: We . . . . we don't know.

Doctor: Wh-a-a-t?

Florence: That's true, Doctor. We don't know.

Doctor: But somebody threw it. You can't change facts. Somebody threw the rock that cracked her head.

Kay: (angry, surly) For heaven's sake, old man. You don't think we did it.

**(NOTE: almost together)**

Doctor: Now, Miss, I didn't . . . .

Florence: Kay, now don't get excited. (continues) Now, Doctor, you've got to believe us. It happened just the way we said. All at once, that rock came flying through the air from the direction of the graveyard. It struck Edna, and, and we just didn't see who threw it.

Doctor: All right . . . if that's your story. Well you better stay in your room here. I mean, you better not be leavin' 'til the Constable's on his feet and has a chance to talk with you. I'll be back in a few hours and see how the girl is.

**SFX: Door opens and closes**

Florence: (dejected, quietly) He doesn't believe us.

Kay: (defiant) What difference does it make. We know what we saw.

Florence: But what did we see?

Kay: She was runnin'. She - she fell.

Florence: Kay?

Kay: Well?

Florence: Let's not fool ourselves. There was no one there to through that rock.

Kay: (vehement) There must've been.

Florence: But there wasn't.

Kay: (angry) Stop sayin' that!

Florence: Aren't you brave enough to face facts? There wasn't any place for anyone to hide. I saw that stone. It seemed to come down out of the air. So slowly . . . . .

Kay: Florence . . . . if you don't stop talkin' like that . . . (interrupted)

Florence: You remember what . . . . what Edna said? It throws things.

Kay: Stop lookin' at me like that. You're givin' me the jitters.

Florence: She said the poltergeist throws things. Spirit of evil.

Kay: Florence Robb, have you gone crazy too?

Florence: Why should we laugh at things like that? What right have we got to laugh? How do we know there aren't powers we can't see or understand? Powers of evil that revenge and insult just like an evil man. Kay, how do we know?

Kay: (angry) What are ya talkin' like that for? What are ya tryin' to scare me for? You . . . you're supposed to be the most intelligent one of us all. You with your college degree. Sure, sure, I danced on the grave, but the dead are dead; and they can't revenge a thing. I'm not afraid. I'm not afraid of anything. I tell ya if . . . (interrupted)

Edna: (scream from distance)

Florence: It's Edna!

Kay: Come on!

**SFX: *running footsteps***

Florence: Edna . . . . we're coming to you. Don't be afraid. We're coming.

**SFX: *locked door rattle - under***

Kay: Open the door, Florence, it's not locked!

Florence: It's stuck. It won't . . .

Kay: Here, let me.

**SFX: *door opens after one last rattle***

Kay: Edna. What is it? What ? (shrieks)

**SFX: body fall**

Edna: (continues with gagging screams -- then moans after body fall)

Florence: (horrified) Edna. What? (gasps) On your head . . . . . O-o-o-oh-h-h (faints)

**SFX: 2<sup>nd</sup> body fall**

Edna: (one last, long exhaling moan)

Innkeeper: (fading in) Hey, what's going on here! I run a decent place, and I don't want you (gasps – deep breath and exhale) Oo-o-h-h. (horrified, slowly) The . . . girl . . . on the . . . bed . . . her head . . . it's crushed flat in . . . by a rock. God in heaven! It's not a rock . . . . . it's a tombstone!

**SFX: 1 deep resonant gong**

Florence: (sobbing, sobbing, sobbing)

Kay: (grief-stricken) I – I wish I could cry, but I haven't got any more tears.

Florence: (barely understandable) Oh, Edna . . . . . Edna.

Kay: Florence, darling, please. You'll kill yourself if you keep on like that. Oh, if this horrible night would only end.

Florence: It was my fault. Mine. I was the one who got her out here. She didn't want to go. She hates the country, but I made her come. I made her. (ends in soft wail).

Kay: No, you're not the one to blame. I am. I danced on that grave.

Florence: But she was so good, so sweet. Oh, why did it have to be Edna? Wh-y-y-y?

Kay: You're right. It wasn't right for it to be her, was it.

Florence: (more sobs) No-o-o-o.

Kay: I did it; not her. I did it. I danced on the grave. (fade out) I danced on the grave.

Doctor: (fade in) You can't deny what you saw with your own eyes.

Innkeeper: But I tell ya, Doc, nobody could've carried that tombstone up the steps without me seein' him, could they?

Doctor: But there it is, ain't it?

Innkeeper: (hushed) Yes, there it is.

Doctor: Either somebody's playing a terrible joke or . . . . . (whispered) or . . .

Innkeeper: You don't have to say it, Doc, I know.

Doctor: That's just the trouble. You don't know. And I don't know. Nobody knows.

Innkeeper: Yeah . . . . . and . . . that tombstone.

Doctor: Well? What about the tombstone?

Innkeeper: I – I ain't quite sure, but that's a tombstone out of the old buryin' grounds up at the bend.

Doctor: You're crazy!

Innkeeper: No, I ain't either.

Doctor: Why, that place is a good three miles from here.

Innkeeper: Yeah . . . . . I know.

Doctor: Who could've carted a heavy stone like that for three miles?

Innkeeper: Yeah. Who?

Doctor: Stop lookin' like that, you flap-eared old fool. Human hands carried that stone in here and killed that girl?

Innkeeper: Sure.

Doctor: Eh-h-h, the Constable'll find out who did it the minute he's on his feet again. You wait and see.

Innkeeper: No, he won't, Doc. You're smarter 'n me and all that, but, naw, this time you're wrong. There ain't nobody that takes in breath and leaves out breath like you 'n' me, and the Constable's not gonna find out who killed that girl. You know that, Doc.

Doctor: (annoyed) Oh, stop talkin'. . . . . I wish the Constable was here, and this night was over. It's been a terrible night . . . . . (fade out) terrible.

**SFX: (grandfather clock ticking slowly – under)**

Florence: That terrible clock . . . . . ticking . . . . . ticking.

Kay: (quiet desperation) Yeah, I know. I've been sittin' here, listenin' to it.

Florence: I can't stand anymore. I'll stop it.

Kay: Why bother with it.

Florence: Come on to bed, Kay. Please. It's no use sitting there. It won't help her.

Kay: Yeah. Nothin' can help her. But maybe I can help . . . . you.

Florence: Me?

Kay: It was my fault. Mine. I was the reason it happened. It killed her, and it'll kill you and me, too, unless I stop . . . . . (interrupted)

Florence: No, don't say that.

Kay: It's true. But why should you be hurt. I'm to blame, not you. Listen, Flo. I'll go out there.

Florence: Where?

Kay: Out there in the graveyard.

Florence: What?

Kay: I'll talk to it.

Florence: Kay!

Kay: I'll tell it I didn't mean to do it.

Florence: (spoken over Kay's line) N-o-o-o, please.

Kay: I didn't know where I was dancin'. Maybe, somehow it'll hear, listen to me, and then it won't hurt you.

Florence: Oh, no, no. I won't let you go out there. It'll kill you.

Kay: But Florence . . .

Florence: It'll kill you, too.

Kay: But Florence . . .

Florence: No, no. I'll hold you. You can't go; you can't.

Kay: (suddenly quiets down) All right.

Florence: (pleading) Come on to bed, Kay, please. In the morning . . . in the morning things will be different.

Kay: But it won't . . . (interrupted)

Florence: Nothing will hurt us, and then they're right outside the door. They won't let anything get at us. Oh, please, Kay, please. Come to bed.

Kay: (weary) Yeah.

Florence: We'll . . . we'll pray.

Kay: Pray? I . . . I don't exactly know how.



Florence: Just say anything. Anything. Like this. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
(pause) Now you.

Kay: (hesitatingly) If I should . . . die . . . before I wake, I . . . pray the Lord . . . my soul . . . to take.

**SFX: 1 deep resonant gong**

Florence: (hushed) Kay? Kay, are you asleep?

Kay: (weary) I can't sleep anymore.

Florence: Kay, tomorrow, I mean when it gets light and everything, do you think people will believe us? Do you think so, Kay?

Kay: I-I'm not quite sure what happened. I always used to be so sure about things, and now I . . . . (gasp)

Florence: (alarmed) Kay? Kay, where are you? Kay . . . . where . . . ? The window! She went out the window!

**SFX: wind starts to howl**

Florence: She's gone out there . . . . to the graveyard . . . . to talk . . . to it. Oh, Kay, why did you go? Why did you go? (to herself) I'll go out there, too. She'll be so frightened out there alone. I'll go too. (fade out) I'll go too.

**SFX: wind up, then down and under**

Florence: (shivering) Oh-h-h, ho-ho, s-so c-cold. H-h-hands. S-snow so sharp. Cutting my legs. (inhale) Oh, why did you go out there, Kay? Why did you? (near tears) I've got to find you. (**SFX: wind up, then under**) That wind. Oh, why doesn't that wind stop? "Blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou are not so unkind as . . ." (breaks down sobbing tears) Oh, I've got to find you, Kay. I've got to find you. It's snowing. I love snow. Edna didn't like snow. Where are you, Kay? Where are you?

**Kay: Eerie echoing moaning under**

Florence: I've lost my way. I lost the road. Where are you, Kay? Kay, where are (stops abruptly)

**SFX:** ***moans between dialog – very muffled “I’m sorry” – “Here I am, Florence”***

Florence: Oh, Kay. (moan) I heard you, Kay. I heard you. I'm coming to you, Kay. We'll talk to it; we'll talk to it together. We'll tell it we didn't mean any harm, won't we, Kay? Won't we? (moan) Poor Edna, we can't help her, Kay, we can't help Edna. But I'm coming to help you, Kay. I'm coming (moan) I'm coming. (moans) Yes, I hear you. I hear you, darling. I'm coming to help you. (moans) I'm coming; I'm coming.

**Edna:** ***(add Edna's phrases under: “This way, Florence – Here we are, Florence” – continuing under)***

Florence: Yes, I hear you. I hear you calling my name; I hear you. Where are you? Where are you? (moans “This way”) No! (long shrieking scream) NO-O-O-O!!!

**SFX:** ***1 deep resonant gong***

**SFX:** ***Wind howling***

Doctor: This way, Hooper; they must've come this way.

Innkeeper: Ugh, climbin' out that window that way in the middle of the night. They must've gone crazy, the both of 'em.

Doctor: Uh, let's not worry about that now. We've got to find 'em. (excited) H-here, give me that lantern.

Innkeeper: What is it, doc? What have you found?

Doctor: A shoe. One of the girls' shoes.

Innkeeper: My gosh! Stuck in the snow. We're goin' the right way.

Doctor: C'mon, move fast. We've got to get to them.

Innkeeper: (suddenly) Doc . . . . look at this!

Doctor: What is it?

Innkeeper: Over there! Ain't these footprints?

Doctor: Yes, yes . . . yes that's right. Footprints. (calls out) Hull-I-o-o-o up ahead!!! Hull-I-o-o-o-o!

Innkeeper: (nervous) Doc, we're – we're gettin' pretty close to the old b-buryin' grounds.

Doctor: Well . . . . .

Innkeeper: Maybe . . . . oh, look here, Doc. Let's not be fools. Let's wait'll morning.

Doctor: Wha'? And let those frightened girls freeze to death? Get along.

Innkeeper: But, Doc, I uh . . uh . . . (interrupted)

Doctor: You come with me, or the whole town'll know what a yellow-livered, no-good ya are.

Innkeeper: Oh, all right. All right. You don't have to get so sore, Doc.

Doctor: (calling out again) Hull-I-o-o-o. Hull-I-o-o-o. Anybody up there? (pause) Hull-I-o-o.

Innkeeper: Doc! Doc, look!!! There they are. Up ahead.

Doctor: Glory be, they're alive. The both of 'em. C'mon!

Innkeeper: Doc, Doc . . . . . look at 'em. That's the buryin' ground up there. And they're dancin'. They're dancin' on the graves!

Doctor: (disbelief) They must be outta their heads. C'mon. We've got to stop 'em.

**SFX: *howling wind up and under -- faster crunching footsteps under***

Innkeeper: (out of breath) . . . . . Doc. . . . . Doc, wait for me. Oh, Doc, it's – it's dark again. (huffing/puffing) Wh-where are they, Doc? Where are the girls? Have they . . . . . have they stopped dancin'?

Doctor: (quietly, grimly) Yes.

Innkeeper: Huh?

Doctor: (slowly) They've stopped dancin'. Did (pause) did they ever dance?

Innkeeper: What are ya talkin' about, Doc? We saw 'em. We saw 'em dancin' in this place with our own eyes!

Doctor: (still grimly) Did we? The moonlight. . . . Here it comes again. . . . See with your eyes again.

Innkeeper: (large gasp) O-o-oh, n-n-o-o-o. (ending in one sob)

Doctor: Both of the girls . . . . . froze stiff to the ground. (ending almost in whisper) Each with her head crushed by a . . . . . tombstone.

**SFX: 1 deep resonant gong**

**SFX: (4 slow rhythmic gongs . . . then continuing same rhythm to pre-accent each of the following words)**

Announcer (low, almost menacing) It . . . is . . . later . . . than . . . you . . . think.

**SFX: (2 more gongs)**