

Dark Adventure Radio Theatre:
The Dunwich Horror

by
Sean Branney
With Andrew Leman

Based on "The Dunwich Horror" by H.P. Lovecraft

Read-along Script

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

This is Dark Adventure Radio Theatre, with your host Chester Langfield. Today's episode: H.P. Lovecraft's "The Dunwich Horror".

Music diminishes.

CHESTER LANGFIELD

The hills of Western Massachusetts contain dark and terrible secrets. Strange families keep to themselves and practice rites of ancient and unspeakable black magic. These dreadful and unholy rituals give birth to a monstrosity beyond imagination, a monstrosity that threatens mankind itself! Can a brave handful of intrepid scholars hope to confront the otherworldly destruction of "The Dunwich Horror"? But first a word from our sponsor.

A few piano notes from the Fleur de Lys jingle.

CHESTER LANGFIELD

When I sit down to enjoy a meal, the first thing I do is light up a Fleur de Lys cigarette. Not only do they enhance the taste of food, Fleur de Lys aid in the digestive process. Our cigarettes are made from finer costlier tobaccos than other brands, providing you with the very best in freshness and flavor. So, for the sake of digestion, during and after meals be sure to smoke Fleur de Lys!

Dark Adventure lead-in music.

CHESTER LANGFIELD

And now Dark Adventure Radio
Theatre presents: H.P. Lovecraft's
"The Dunwich Horror".

HOWARD

When a traveller in north central Massachusetts takes the wrong fork at the junction of Aylesbury pike just beyond Dean's Corners he comes upon a lonely and curious country. The ground gets higher, and the brier-bordered stone walls press closer and closer against the ruts of the dusty, curving road. At the same time the planted fields appear singularly few and barren; while the sparsely scattered houses wear a surprisingly uniform aspect of age, squalor, and dilapidation. Without knowing why, one hesitates to ask directions from the gnarled solitary figures spied now and then on crumbling doorsteps. Those figures are so silent and furtive that one feels somehow confronted by forbidden things. When a rise in the road brings the mountains in view above the deep woods, the feeling of strange uneasiness is increased. The summits are too rounded and symmetrical to give a sense of naturalness, and sometimes the sky silhouettes the queer circles of tall stone pillars with which most of them are crowned. Across a covered bridge one sees a small village huddled between the stream and the vertical slope of Round Mountain, and wonders at the cluster of rotting gambrel roofs bespeaking an earlier architectural period than that of the neighboring region. One dreads to trust the tenebrous tunnel of the bridge, yet there is no way to avoid it. Once across, it is hard to prevent the impression of a faint, malign odour about the village street, as of the massed mould and decay of centuries.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

It is always a relief to get clear of the place, and to follow the narrow road around the base of the hills till it rejoins the Aylesbury pike. Afterwards one sometimes learns that one has been through Dunwich.

Ominous music.

HOWARD

Outsiders visit Dunwich as seldom as possible, sometimes without really knowing why. Old legends speak of unhallowed rites and conclaves of the Indians, amidst which they called forbidden shapes of shadow out of the great rounded hills, and made wild orgiastic prayers that were answered by loud crackings and rumblings from the ground below. Other traditions tell of foul odors near the hill-crowning circles of stone pillars; while still others try to explain the Devil's Hop Yard - a bleak, blasted hillside where no tree, shrub, or grass-blade will grow.

Chapter transition music.

HOWARD

It was in the township of Dunwich, in a large and partly inhabited farmhouse set against a hillside four miles from the village, that Wilbur Whateley was born at 5 a.m. on Sunday, the second of February, 1913. He was an unusual child and his birth brought on much gossip at Osborn's general store.

Cross-fade to store interior.

GEORGE COREY

Mornin' Zebulon. What's the news?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

George, Mrs. Corey. I hear tell that Lavinia, Whateley's albino girl, done birthed her child.

MRS. COREY

She did. Mamie Bishop told me.
Delivered it all alone, without a
doctor or a midwife, the poor
creature.

GEORGE COREY

"Creature" is right. Pink eyes,
that crinkly hair... I seen that
Lavinia babbling to herself and
running about the hills at night
without a stitch of clothes on. The
woman's half monster and half
lunatic. No offense, Zeb, I know
she's your kin.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

She's of the decayed side of the
Whateley family. Breeding 'mongst
themselves. Say what you like -
they ain't hardly my kin at all.

MRS. COREY

Mamie says the child's a strange
one: a dark, goat-ish looking
thing. Big too. There's no father
around. Lord only knows who it was.

GEORGE COREY

You can bet he ain't from round
here.

MRS. COREY

It's scandalous.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Hush, here comes old Wizard
Whateley now!

The door bangs open and Wizard Whateley comes in.

GEORGE COREY

Well, speak of the devil... We was
just talking, Whateley, we heard
your Lavinia birthed her child.

WIZARD WHATELEY

That she done.

MRS. COREY

Well, congratulations.

(pause)

(MORE)

MRS. COREY (cont'd)
Are they well? The mother and
child?

WIZARD WHATELEY
They be fine.

MRS. COREY
A boy, is it?

WIZARD WHATELEY
Aye.

MRS. COREY
Oh good. Does the, um, child take
after Lavinia or the father?

WIZARD WHATELEY
If Lavinny's boy looked like his
pa, he wouldn't look nothing you'd
expect. You needn't think the only
folks is the folks hereabouts. I
calculate her man is as good a
husband as you can find this side
of Aylesbury; and if you knowed as
much about the hills as I do, you
wouldn't ask no better church
wedding. Let me tell you something -
some day you folks'll hear a child
of Lavinny's a-callin' its father's
name on the top o' Sentinel Hill!

ZEBULON WHATELEY
That's a curious prophecy,
Whateley.

WIZARD WHATELEY
You'll see. You'll see alright!

He is wracked with a coughing spasm.

MRS. COREY
Are you alright, Mr. Whateley? You
need a drink of water?

WIZARD WHATELEY
I need to buy more cattle. If you
or other folks got 'em to sell,
bring them up to the farm.

The door bangs shut as he exits.

GEORGE COREY
What came over him?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

And what's he need more cattle for?
My boy Curtis just sold him two.
He's already got a herd of cows,
skinny, bloodless-looking things.

MRS. COREY

That old man always frightened me,
but I'd say something's got him
frightened.

Musical segue.

HOWARD

In the spring after Wilbur's birth
Lavinia resumed her customary
rambles in the hills, bearing the
swarthy child in her pale arms.
Public interest in the Whateleys
subsided after most of the country
folk had seen the baby, and no one
bothered to comment on the swift
development which that newcomer
seemed every day to exhibit.
Wilbur's growth was indeed
phenomenal, for within three months
of his birth he had attained a size
and muscular power not usually
found in infants under a full year
of age. His motions and even his
vocal sounds showed a restraint and
deliberateness highly peculiar in
an infant, and no one was really
surprised when, at seven months, he
began to walk unassisted, with
falterings which another month was
sufficient to remove. Naturally,
the gossip continued.

Cross fade back to store interior. Bell on door rings as
people come and go.

GEORGE COREY

Quite a blaze last night up on
Sentinel Hill.

MRS. COREY

And on Hallowe'en too. I bet those
Whateleys were behind it. Morning,
Silas.

SILAS BISHOP

I seen that Lavinia and her boy
heading up there about an hour
before the fires started.

MRS. COREY

Going up the hill, at night?

SILAS BISHOP

I was looking for a stray heifer
and I seen them with my lantern
running up the hill.

MRS. COREY

Running? That boy's not even a year
old yet!

SILAS BISHOP

She was buck naked. They both were!

GEORGE COREY

Hmph! Whenever I see that boy he's
always buttoned up tight. He gets
downright cantankerous if he thinks
someone might muss up his clothes.

SILAS BISHOP

Well, I suppose the little fellow
might have had on some kind of a
fringed belt and a pair of dark
trunks or trousers on. Twas a queer
sight.

GEORGE COREY

That's the ugliest child I ever
seen.

SILAS BISHOP

And you seen how the dogs hate him?
They can't stand that boy. Don't
blame 'em. That boy don't look like
no child I ever saw.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

You get the feeling he's watching
you, taking everything in with them
big eyes.

GEORGE COREY

Looks like a goat with those long
ears.

MRS. COREY

Oh he's a Whateley. He's hardly got a chin at all and he's got his mother's horrid crinkly hair.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

And the way he talks. He doesn't sound like any child I ever heard. He talks like a man.

MRS. COREY

There's something wrong about him, and that's a fact.

GEORGE COREY

I'll tell you what's wrong. It's the grandfather, Old Whateley, doing his black magic up on Sentinel Hill. I seen him up there with his old books, shrieking about "Yog-Sothoth" and such devil-talk. That boy's the lord's punishment for that family's evil ways. No offense, Zeb.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

None taken.

Chapter transition music.

HOWARD

Months passed, and Earl Sawyer paid a visit to the Whateley Place.

A sound of nearby hammering wafts over quiet farm noises.

EARL SAWYER

(hollering)
Whateley?

More carpentry noises.

EARL SAWYER

(calling out)
Whateley? Are you in there?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Earl Sawyer. What brings ye here?

EARL SAWYER

I came to collect the money for the cattle.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Oh aye, follow me.

EARL SAWYER

You must be doing a fair bit of slaughtering.

WIZARD WHATELEY

What makes ye ask a thing like that?

EARL SAWYER

You keep buying cows, but I'd swear your herd never gets any bigger.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Seems like that, eh? Best not to trouble yourself about it, Sawyer.

Unpleasant pause.

EARL SAWYER

Making some repairs to the old place, eh? Seems like you've been working away up here since young Wilbur was born.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Aye. Got to make preparations.

EARL SAWYER

You used to keep that old tool-house locked up tight. You emptied it out, huh?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Ye could say that.

EARL SAWYER

And you boarded the upstairs windows up?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Aye, that I did.

EARL SAWYER

Is that some kind of ramp you've put in there, leading to the upstairs?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Aye.

EARL SAWYER

What for?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Come in, Sawyer. Don't be a stranger.

The front door creaks as they enter the house.

WIZARD WHATELEY

You know my girl, Lavinia.

LAVINIA

Aye, we be acquainted.

WIZARD WHATELEY

(viciously)

Don't jest stand there - get our guest some tea!

(warmly)

And this be my grandson, Willy. Willy, this be Earl Sawyer, he owns the next farm over.

EARL SAWYER

Hello, Willy.

WIZARD WHATELEY

I'll get ye the money.

EARL SAWYER

(softly and gently)

That sure is a big old book you have there. What are you reading?

WILBUR

(his voice deep, mature and frightening)

It's Petrus Apanius' *Astronomicum Caesareum*.

EARL SAWYER

Oh.

WILBUR

It's a 'stronomy treatise.

Whateley returns.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Here's your money, Sawyer.

Gold coins CLINK into his hand.

EARL SAWYER

I always meant to ask you, where do you get these old gold coins?

WIZARD WHATELEY

It's an abundance of questions ye are having.

Lavinia returns with the tea.

LAVINIA

Your tea.

Horrible pause.

EARL SAWYER

Looks like a regular library in here with all these nice shelves you've put in.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Aye. The books is for the boy. I made some use of them, but the boy's fitting to make better use of them. He ought to have them as well so as he can, for they're going to be all of his learning.

EARL SAWYER

I see.

Sawyer sniffs.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Something wrong?

EARL SAWYER

No, I just... do you smell something strange?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Lavinny makes her own tea.

EARL SAWYER

No, I think it's coming from behind this door.

WIZARD WHATELEY

(violently)

Don't you mind that door. It be locked for a reason!

A noise, like hooves on a wooden floor followed by a wet splashing sound comes from the ceiling.

EARL SAWYER

(alarmed)

What was that?

WIZARD WHATELEY

You got yer gold, Sawyer, I reckon
it's time for ye to go.

Music segue.

HOWARD

The following months seemed quiet,
save for a slow but steady increase
in the mysterious hill noises.

Wilbur was growing up uncannily, so
that he looked like a boy of ten as
he entered his fourth year. He read
avidly by himself now; but talked
much less than formerly. A settled
taciturnity was absorbing him, and
for the first time people began to
speak specifically of the dawning
look of evil in his goatish face.
He would sometimes mutter an
unfamiliar jargon, and chant in
bizarre rhythms which chilled the
listener with a sense of
unexplainable terror. The aversion
displayed towards him by dogs had
now become a matter of wide remark,
and he was obliged to carry a
pistol in order to traverse the
countryside in safety.

Chapter Four transition music.

HOWARD

For a decade the annals of the
Whateleys sank indistinguishably
into the general life of a morbid
community used to their queer ways
and hardened to their May Eve and
All-Hallows orgies. Twice a year
they would light fires on the top
of Sentinel Hill, at which times
the mountain rumblings would recur
with greater and greater violence;

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

while at all seasons there were strange and portentous doings at the lonely farm-house. When the need for men to fight the Great War of 1917 brought new attention to the country folk, the Boston Globe and Arkham Advertiser printed flamboyant Sunday stories of young Wilbur's precociousness, Old Whateley's black magic and the shelves of strange books, the sealed second story of the ancient farmhouse, and the weirdness of the whole region and its hill noises. About 1923, when Wilbur was a boy of ten whose mind, voice, stature and bearded face gave all the impressions of maturity, a second great siege of carpentry went on at the old house.

Cross fade to the store interior as the door to the Osborn store bangs shut.

MRS. COREY

Good afternoon, Mr. Whateley.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Mrs. Corey. Mr. Corey.

MRS. COREY

Hello Wilbur.

WILBUR

(a rumbly bass)

Ma'am.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Fetch our vittles, boy.

GEORGE COREY

Earl Sawyer tells me you've been working up a storm at your place, Whateley. What are you doing to it now?

WIZARD WHATELEY

Making room.

GEORGE COREY

An addition? Earl Sawyer said it looked like you were gutting the inside. Taking some of the walls out.

WIZARD WHATELEY
Aye, that we did.

GEORGE COREY
(tentatively)
And the upstairs floor?

WIZARD WHATELEY
We cleared it out too.

GEORGE COREY
Oh. And you pulled the chimney
down?

WIZARD WHATELEY
Demolished. Me and Willy. Aye.

GEORGE COREY
So now you've just got plenty of
open space on the inside?

MRS. COREY
George!

WIZARD WHATELEY
Aye, plenty.

GEORGE COREY
What for?

Whateley chuckles and his laugh turns into a nasty cough.

WIZARD WHATELEY
I'm dying.

MRS. COREY
Oh, don't say such a thing.

WIZARD WHATELEY
The whippoorwills, they come up out
of Cold Spring Glen to chirp under
my window at night. They lie in
wait for the souls of the dying. If
they can catch the fleeing soul as
it leaves the body, they flutter
away and laugh to beat the Devil.
They whistle just in tune with my
breathing now, and I guess they're
getting ready to catch my soul.
They know it's a-goin' out, and
don't calculate to miss it.

(MORE)

WIZARD WHATELEY (cont'd)

I expect them and the souls they
hunts fer have some pretty tough
tussles sometimes.

Ominous music.

HOWARD

Old Whateley had prophecied before,
and he saw his end coming. On
Lammas Night, 1924, Wilbur urgently
summoned a physician from
Aylesbury.

Knocking. The door of the Whateley place opens.

DR. HOUGHTON

Mr. Whateley? I'm Dr. Houghton. I
came as quickly as I could.

WILBUR

Enter. He's over here. He fell
unconscious earlier tonight.

DR. HOUGHTON

How long ago?

WILBUR

Maybe four hours now.

DR. HOUGHTON

I see. And who are you?

LAVINIA

Lavinia. His daughter.

Wizard Whateley's stertorous breathing cuts through the
silence as the doctor inspects him. A disquieting suggestion
of rhythmical surging or lapping, as of the waves on a lake,
comes from the dark void above them.

DR. HOUGHTON

What's that sound?

WILBUR

(too quickly)

The water.

A seemingly limitless legion of whippoorwills cries their
endless message in repetitions timed diabolically to the
wheezing gasps of the dying man.

DR. HOUGHTON

It's not good, I'm afraid. Sounds
like pneumonia.

Lavinia snivels, Wizard gasps, whippoorwills sing and something sloshes in the darkness.

LAVINIA

Pa? Look! He's waking up!

WIZARD WHATELEY

More space, Willy, more space soon.
You grow - and that grows faster.
It'll be ready to serve ye soon,
boy. Open up the gates to Yog-
Sothoth with the long chant that
you'll find on page 751 of the
complete edition, an' then put a
match to the prison. Fire from
earth can't burn it nohow.

DR. HOUGHTON

(whispers)

He's delusional. The fever.

The flock of whippoorwills outside cry weirdly while the strange hill noises rumble from far off.

WIZARD WHATELEY

Feed it regular, Willy, and mind
the quantity; but don't let it
grow too fast for the place, for if
it busts quarters or gets out afore
ye opens to Yog-Sothoth, it's all
over and no use. Only them from
beyond can make it multiply and
work... Only them, the old ones as
wants to come back...

He gasps again.

DR. HOUGHTON

We should let him...

Old Whateley heaves a final throaty rattle as he expires.

DR. HOUGHTON

He's gone. My condolences.

The hills rumble faintly. Lavinia sobs. The whippoorwills quiet down. Wilbur chuckles.

WILBUR

They didn't get him.

DR. HOUGHTON

I'm sorry?

WILBUR

The whippoorwills, they didn't
catch his soul.

Music segue.

HOWARD

Wilbur was by this time a scholar of tremendous erudition, and was quietly known by correspondence to many librarians in distant places where rare and forbidden books of old are kept. He was more and more hated and dreaded around Dunwich because of certain disappearances which suspicion laid vaguely at his door; but was always able to silence inquiry through fear or through use of that fund of old-time gold which still went forth regularly for cattle-buying. He was now tremendously mature of aspect. In 1925, when Professor Henry Armitage, a scholarly correspondent from Miskatonic University, called upon him one day and departed pale and puzzled, he was fully six and three-quarters feet tall.

Through all the years Wilbur had treated his half-deformed albino mother with a growing contempt, finally forbidding her from going to the hills with him on May Eve and Hallowmass; and in 1926 Lavinia herself turned up in Osborn's store...

Cross fade to store interior.

MRS. COREY

So I says to him, that ain't no
ordinary chicken...

Door bangs shut.

MAMIE BISHOP

Well, Lavinia Whateley! What brings
you to town? Are you alright?

LAVINIA

Mrs. Corey, Miss Bishop. He ain't
here, is he?

MRS. COREY

Who? You mean Wilbur? He hasn't been here today.

MAMIE BISHOP

What's wrong?

LAVINIA

The boy's turned 'gainst me. I don't understand him no more.

MAMIE BISHOP

(delicately)

Wilbur's always been an unusual young man.

LAVINIA

They's more about him as I knows than I can tell ye, Mamie, and nowadays there's more nor what I know myself. I vow afore God, I don't know what he wants nor what he's a-trying to do.

MAMIE BISHOP

You're safe in here with us, dear.

LAVINIA

I'm not safe. None of us is.

The door bangs shut as Lavinia flees.

MAMIE BISHOP

The poor woman, she looked scared half to death.

MRS. COREY

Whateleys...

Music segue, underscored with sound effects.

HOWARD

That Hallowe'en the hill noises sounded louder than ever, and fire burned on Sentinel Hill as usual; but people paid more attention to the rhythmical screaming of vast flocks of unnaturally belated whippoorwills which seemed to be assembled near the unlighted Whateley farmhouse.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

After midnight their shrill notes burst into a kind of pandemoniac cachinnation which filled all the countryside, and not until dawn did they finally quiet down. Then they vanished. What this meant, no one could quite be certain till later. None of the countryfolk seemed to have died - but poor Lavinia Whateley, the twisted albino, was never seen again.

Chapter Five transition music.

HOWARD

The following winter brought Wilbur's first trip outside the Dunwich region. Correspondence with the Widener Library at Harvard, the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the British Museum, the University of Buenos Ayres, and the Library of Miskatonic University at Arkham had failed to get him the loan of a book he desperately wanted; so at length he set out in person, shabby, dirty, bearded, and uncouth of dialect, to consult the copy at Miskatonic, which was the nearest to him. Almost eight feet tall, and carrying a cheap new valise from Osborn's general store, this dark and goatish gargoyle appeared one day in Arkham in quest of the dreaded volume kept under lock and key at the college library - the hideous *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred in Olaus Wormius' Latin version, as printed in Spain in the seventeenth century. He had never seen a city before, but had no thought save to find his way to the university grounds.

A dog barks in the background.

WILBUR

Do you attend school here?

TERRIFIED FRESHMAN

Yes.

WILBUR
Where is your library?

TERRIFIED FRESHMAN
Orne Library, it's that building
over there.

The barking gets louder as Wilbur approaches. The dog pulls
frantically at its chain.

WILBUR
Stay back, dog.

The library door opens and Wilbur enters. The barking
diminishes as the door closes.

JUNIOR LIBRARIAN
(with due trepidation)
May I help you?

WILBUR
I've come to consult a book.

JUNIOR LIBRARIAN
Did you check the card...

WILBUR
It's a rare book. The *Necronomicon*.

JUNIOR LIBRARIAN
You'd have to make an arrangement
with Professor Armitage first...

WILBUR
It is very important - I have
traveled...

ARMITAGE
(amiably)
Is there a problem here?

JUNIOR LIBRARIAN
Professor, this man...

ARMITAGE
Mr. Whateley, I presume?

WILBUR
Aye. How do you know my name?

ARMITAGE
I've received your letters. I'm Dr.
Henry Armitage.

(MORE)

ARMITAGE (cont'd)

We met a few years ago at your farm in Dunwich. You're not a person one soon forgets.

WILBUR

Aye, ye came a-calling.

ARMITAGE

Why don't you come with me to the Special Collections room. Did you take the bus from Dunwich?

WILBUR

Aye, and I brung along Dr. Dee's version of the *Necronomicon* that my grandfather bequeathed me.

ARMITAGE

You're carrying a copy of the *Necronomicon* with you? Now?

WILBUR

Aye, it's in my valise.

Keys rattle as Armitage unlocks the door.

ARMITAGE

We can work in here. Mind your head.

Armitage locks the door and Wilbur opens his valise and removes the *Necronomicon* from the old newspaper in which it's wrapped.

ARMITAGE

You wrap it in newspaper?

WILBUR

Didn't want no pages to fall out. You have the Wormius translation in Latin, yes?

ARMITAGE

We keep it locked in here.

Armitage opens up the locked shelf and removes Miskatonic's *Necronomicon*.

WILBUR

(significantly)
You keep the keys?

ARMITAGE
(with matched
significance)

I do.

WILBUR
My copy's in English but like I
wrote you, I reckon the
translation's bad or missing in
places. See here on page 751...

ARMITAGE
What exactly are you looking for,
Mr. Whateley?

WILBUR
Ye can call me Wilbur. Let me see
this one.

Wilbur quickly thumbs through the Latin edition.

ARMITAGE
You were saying?

WILBUR
There be a formula, appertaining to
Yog-Sothoth. I'm figuring there's
some ambiguities in the way Dr.
Dee's rendered it into English.

ARMITAGE
Shall I read from the Wormius while
you compare it to the Dee version?

WILBUR
Ye have proficiency in the Latin?

ARMITAGE
Certe.

Wilbur snorts his approval then scribbles away as Armitage
dictates.

ARMITAGE
"Nor is it to be thought that man
is either the oldest or the last of
earth's masters, or that the common
bulk of life and substance walks
alone. The Old Ones were, the Old
Ones are, and the Old Ones shall
be.

(MORE)

ARMITAGE (cont'd)

Not in the spaces we know, but
between them, they walk serene and
primal, undimensioned and to us
unseen. Yog-Sothoth knows the gate.
Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-
Sothoth is the key and guardian of
the gate. Past, present, future,
all are one in Yog-Sothoth. He
knows where the Old Ones broke
through of old, and where They
shall break through again. He knows
where They had trod earth's fields,
and where They still tread them,
and why no one can behold Them as
They tread. By Their smell can men
sometimes know Them near, but of
Their semblance can no man know,
saving only in the features of
those They have begotten on
mankind; and of those are there
many sorts, differing in likeness
from man's truest eidolon to that
shape without sight or substance
which is Them. They walk unseen and
foul in lonely places where the
Words have been spoken and the
Rites howled through at their
Seasons. The wind gibbers with
Their voices, and the earth mutters
with Their consciousness. They bend
the forest and crush the city, yet
may not forest or city behold the
hand that smites. Kadath in the
cold waste hath known Them, and
what man knows Kadath? The ice
desert of the South and the sunken
isles of Ocean hold stones whereon
Their seal is engraven, but who
hath seen the deep frozen city or
the sealed tower long garlanded
with seaweed and barnacles? Great
Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet can he
spy Them only dimly. Ia! Sh..."

WILBUR

(interrupting)

Needn't read that name aloud.

ARMITAGE

No, of course.

(clears throat)

"As a foulness shall ye know Them.
Their hand is at your throats, yet
ye see Them not;

(MORE)

ARMITAGE (cont'd)

and Their habitation is even one with your guarded threshold. Yog-Sothoth is the key to the gate, whereby the spheres meet. Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now. After summer is winter, after winter summer. They wait patient and potent, for here shall They reign again."

HOWARD

Dr. Armitage, associating the text with what he had heard of Dunwich and its brooding presences, and of Wilbur Whateley and his dim, hideous aura, felt a wave of fright as tangible as a draught of the tomb's cold clamminess. The bent, goatish giant before him seemed like the spawn of another planet or dimension; like something only partly of mankind, and linked to black gulfs of essence and entity that stretch like titan phantasms beyond all spheres of force and matter, space and time.

WILBUR

Mr. Armitage, I calculate I've got to take that book home. There's things in it I've got to try under certain conditions that I can't get here, and it would be a mortal sin to let a red-tape rule hold me up.

ARMITAGE

Wilbur, there are only three known copies of this book in the world. I couldn't possibly let you take it away from here.

WILBUR

Let me take it along, sir, and I'll swear there wouldn't nobody know the difference. I don't need to tell ye I'll take good care of it. It weren't me that put this Dee copy in the shape it is...

ARMITAGE

No, I'm sorry, absolutely not. It's simply not possible.

WILBUR

I can make it worth yer while.

Gold coins clink onto the table.

ARMITAGE

There are things that cannot be bought, Wilbur.

WILBUR

(menacing)

I'll have to get that book one way or another, Mr. Armitage.

ARMITAGE

(defiant)

No, Mr. Whateley. No you won't.

WILBUR

Well, all right, if ye feel that way about it. Maybe Harvard won't be so fussy as yew be.

Wilbur exits. A few moments later the watchdog barks savagely.

HOWARD

Armitage studied Whateley's gorilla-like lope as he crossed the bit of campus visible from the window. He thought of the wild tales he had heard, and recalled the old stories in the Advertiser; these things, and the lore he had picked up from Dunwich rustics and villagers during his one visit there. Unseen things not of earth rushed foetid and horrible through New England's glens, and brooded obscenely on the mountain tops. Of this he had long felt certain. Now he seemed to sense the close presence of some terrible part of the intruding horror, and to glimpse a hellish advance in the black dominion of the ancient and once passive nightmare. He locked away the *Necronomicon* with a shudder of disgust, but the room still reeked with an unholy and unidentifiable stench.

ARMITAGE

"As a foulness shall ye know
them."

Music segue.

HOWARD

During the ensuing weeks Dr. Armitage set about to collect all possible data on Wilbur Whateley and the formless presences around Dunwich. He got in communication with Dr. Houghton of Aylesbury and found much to ponder over in the grandfather's last words as quoted by the physician. A visit to Dunwich Village failed to bring out much that was new; but a close survey of the *Necronomicon*, in those parts which Wilbur had sought so avidly, seemed to supply new and terrible clues to the nature, methods, and desires of the strange evil so vaguely threatening this planet. Talks with several students of archaic lore in Boston, and letters to many others elsewhere, gave him a growing amazement which passed slowly through varied degrees of alarm to a state of really acute spiritual fear. As the summer drew on he felt dimly that something ought to be done about the lurking terrors of the upper Miskatonic valley, and about the monstrous being known to the human world as Wilbur Whateley.

Chapter Six transition music.

HOWARD

The Dunwich horror itself came between Lammas and the equinox in 1928, and Dr. Armitage was among those who witnessed its monstrous prologue. He had heard of Whateley's grotesque trip to Cambridge, and of his frantic efforts to borrow or copy from the *Necronomicon* at the Widener Library at Harvard.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Those efforts had been in vain, since Armitage had issued warnings of the keenest intensity to all librarians having charge of the dreaded volume. In the small hours of August third Armitage's half-expected fear came to pass at the Orne Library...

Cross fade to Miskatonic campus at night. The university watchdog begins barking and it quickly escalates into wild, fierce cries. Deep and terrible, the snarling, half-mad growls and barks continue; always in mounting volume, but with hideously significant pauses.

A scream erupts from a wholly different throat - such a scream as could rouse half the sleepers of Arkham and haunt their dreams ever afterwards. A burglar alarm sounds in the distance. There's a police siren in the distance as the sounds of three sets of footsteps rush together from different places.

RICE

Armitage!

ARMITAGE

What's happened, Professor Rice?

RICE

Somebody's broken into the library. They must be hurt. Look over there, it's professor Morgan.

MORGAN

Henry, someone's broken a window there.

ARMITAGE

It's Whateley. He's going for the Special Collection.

RICE

The Dunwich fellow? The one who wanted the...

ARMITAGE

He's going for the *Necronomicon*.

Sound of spectators gathering.

MORGAN

Here comes old Joe, the night watchman.

ARMITAGE
Joe, what's happened?

WATCHMAN
A break-in, Professor. Shep, my
guard dog, has someone cornered in
there!

Keys jangling, Armitage opens the door.

ARMITAGE
Joe, keep these people back.
Professor Rice, Professor Morgan,
come with me.

The door crashes shut behind them and locks from within.
Sounds of spectators and sirens muffled.

WATCHMAN
(muffled)
Look out for Shep!

ARMITAGE
The alarm switch is over here.

Click. The alarm goes silent.

RICE
Shh, listen.

Outside, a loud chorus of whippoorwills synchronizes its
damnably rhythmical piping to nearby dying gasps.

ARMITAGE
This way!

They hurry through the library.

ARMITAGE
In here.

Morgan sniffs.

MORGAN
What's that stench?

RICE
Henry, switch on the lights.

Click. Morgan screams. Rice stumbles against the furniture.

ARMITAGE
Good God in heaven...

It is silent apart from desperate gasps for air and the whimpering dog, underscored by the mad song of the whippoorwills.

HOWARD

Bits of shoe-leather and fragments of apparel were scattered about the room, and just inside the window an empty canvas sack lay where it had evidently been thrown. A revolver with a dented, misfired cartridge lay on the floor near the central desk. The thing that lay half-bent on its side in a foetid pool of greenish-yellow ichor and tarry stickiness was almost nine feet tall, and the dog had torn off all the clothing and some of the skin.

MORGAN

What on earth is it?

ARMITAGE

It's not of this earth, Morgan. Or not wholly of this earth, anyway.

RICE

Is that Wilbur Whateley?

ARMITAGE

What's left of him.

RICE

I recognize the face, but the rest of it...

MORGAN

The chest... it's like the hide of crocodile. And the rest...it's not human...

HOWARD

It was partly human, beyond a doubt, with very manlike hands and head, and a goatish, chinless face. Above the waist it was semi-anthropomorphic; though its back was piebald with yellow and black, squamous and snakelike.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Below the waist, though the skin was thickly covered with coarse black fur, and from the abdomen a score of long greenish-grey tentacles with red sucking mouths protruded limply.

On each of the hips, deep set in a kind of pinkish, ciliated orbit, was what seemed to be a rudimentary eye; there descended a kind of trunk or feeler with purple annular markings, and with many evidences of being an undeveloped mouth or throat. The limbs, save for their black fur, roughly resembled the hind legs of prehistoric earth's giant saurians, and terminated in ridgy-veined pads that were neither hooves nor claws. Of genuine blood there was none; only the foetid greenish-yellow ichor which trickled along the painted floor. When the thing breathed, its tail and tentacles rhythmically changed colour, as if from some circulatory cause normal to the non-human greenish tinge, whilst in the tail it was manifest as a yellowish appearance which alternated with a sickly grayish-white in the spaces between the purple rings.

RICE

How could this monstrosity have walked the streets unchallenged?

MORGAN

It's moving!

ARMITAGE

It's trying to speak. Wilbur?

At first the syllables defies all correlation with any speech of earth, but towards the last it utters some disjointed fragments evidently taken from the *Necronomicon*.

WILBUR

(weakly)

N'gai, n'gha'ghaa, bugg-shoggog,
y'hah: Yog-Sothoth, Yog-Sothoth ...

As his voice trails off into nothingness, the whippoorwills shriek in rhythmical crescendos of unholy anticipation.

The gasping suddenly stops and the watchdog lets out a long, lugubrious howl. The whippoorwills fall silent and then there is a mad rush of wings as they fly off. The dog barks and suddenly leaps out the window. A murmur of surprise comes from the crowd.

RICE

Henry, people are coming towards the window.

MORGAN

No one should see this.

ARMITAGE

(shouting out the window)
Joe, keep these people back. No one is to enter the library except the police and the medical examiner.

(to Rice)

Draw the curtains.

MORGAN

Henry, Rice, look at this! It's... disintegrating!

HOWARD

Frightful changes were taking place on the floor. Aside from the external appearance of face and hands, the really human element in Wilbur Whateley must have been very small. When the medical examiner came, there was only a sticky whitish mass on the painted boards, and the monstrous odor had nearly disappeared. Apparently Whateley had had no skull or bony skeleton. He had taken somewhat after his unknown father.

Chapter Seven transition music.

HOWARD

Yet all this was only prologue.

The sound of low rumbles from the hills and barking dogs fades in.

HOWARD

It was in the dark of September ninth that the real Dunwich Horror broke loose. Mrs. Corey, rising early at her farm on the tenth noticed something had changed.

Mrs. Corey sniffs the air.

MRS. COREY

What is that god awful smell?

The sound of frightened cattle is interrupted by Luther, a hired boy, stumbling in.

MRS. COREY

Luther? Luther, what's the matter?

LUTHER

(breathless)

Up there in the road beyond the glen, Mrs. Corey - there's something's been there!

MRS. COREY

Luther Brown, what are you talking about?

LUTHER

All the bushes and little trees is pushed back from the road like a whole house had moved along it. And that ain't the worst, neither. They's prints in the road, Mrs. Corey - great round prints as big as barrel-heads, all sunk down deep like a elephant had been along, only they's a sight more nor four feet could make! I looked at one or two before I run. An' the smell was awful, like what it is around Wizard Whateley's old house...It smells like thunder.

MRS. COREY

Here, you sit down right here. Wrap this around you. I'll call the Bishops.

She picks up the receiver and clicks hurriedly.

OPERATOR

Central.

MRS. COREY

Cora, patch me through to the Bishops right away.

The phone rings and is picked up.

MRS. COREY

Silas?

SALLY

No, it's Sally, the housekeeper.
Mr. Bishop's out bringing in the
herd.

MRS. COREY

Luther says he's seen something up
above the glen. Like giant
footprints.

SALLY

Oh lord, Mrs. Corey, my son
Chauncey just come galloping in,
and couldn't half talk for what
he'd seen!

MRS. COREY

What was it?

SALLY

He says Old Whateley's house is all
blowed up, with timbers scattered
round like there'd been dynamite
inside; the bottom floor is all
covered with a stuff a kind o' like
tar. He said there's awful marks in
the yard, too - great round marks
bigger round than a hogshead, an'
all sticky with stuff like is on
the blowed-up house. Chauncey says
they leads off into the meadows,
where a great swath wider than a
barn is matted down.

And he says he sought to look fer
Mr. Bishop's cows and found 'em in
the upper pasture nigh the Devil's
Hop Yard in an awful shape. Half of
them's clean gone, and nigh half of
them that's left is sucked most dry
of blood, with sores on them like
Whateleys cattle used to get. Mr.
Bishop's gone out now to look at
'em, though I'll vow he won't care
to get very near Wizard Whateley's!
Chauncey didn't look careful to see
where the big matted-down swath led
after it left the pasturage, but he
says he thinks it went towards the
glen road to the village.

MRS. COREY

What could have made it?

SALLY

I don't know, but I figure it's something to do with them Whateleys. Maybe that Wilbur was keeping some thing in side that house. Did your Luther take account of where them big tracks led to?

MRS. COREY

(off phone)

Luther, did you see where those tracks went?

LUTHER

Not sure, towards the glen maybe.

MRS. COREY

(into phone)

He can't be sure. Maybe to the glen?

SALLY

Well, if they was on the glen road this side of the glen, and ain't got to your house yet, I calculate whatever it is must have gone into the glen itself. I always says Cold Spring Glen ain't no healthy nor decent place.

MRS. COREY

Dear Lord, what do we do?

SALLY

I think as all the men-folks ought to get up a party and do something.

HOWARD

By that noon fully three-quarters of the men and boys of Dunwich were trooping over the roads and meadows between the ruins of the Whateley place and Cold Spring Glen, examining in terror the vast, monstrous prints, the maimed cattle, the strange wreck of the farmhouse, and the bruised, matted vegetation.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Whatever had burst loose upon the world had assuredly gone down into the great sinister ravine; for all the trees on the banks were bent and broken, and a great avenue had been gouged in the underbrush. From below no sound came, but only a distant, undefinable foetor. It's hardly surprising that the men preferred to stay on the edge and argue, rather than descend and confront the unknown Cyclopean horror in its lair.

That night everyone went home, and every house and barn was barricaded as stoutly as possible. Needless to say, no cattle were allowed to remain in open pasturage. About two in the morning the household at Elmer Frye's awoke.

Dogs bark furiously outside.

SELINA FRYE

(in a loud whisper)

Elmer! Elmer, wake up, the dogs are barking. Get up. Do you smell that?

ELMER FRYE

Yeah, Selina, I smell it.

SELINA FRYE

Sally Sawyer said her boy Chauncey..

ELMER FRYE

Hush woman! Listen.

SELINA FRYE

All I hear is the dog...

The dog yelps and all is silent for a moment, except for a low swishing or lapping sound comes from outside.

ELMER FRYE

You hear that? Sounds like water, or waves. I'll light the lantern.

He strikes a match.

SELINA FRYE

I hear it. Elmer, something's wrong. I'm calling the Coreys for help.

She stumbles in the dark for the telephone. Suddenly an explosion of wood shakes their house, followed quickly by the hideous screaming and stamping of terrified cattle.

SELINA FRYE

What is it?

ELMER FRYE

It's in the barn.

The bedroom door opens and two children and two dogs pour into the room. Women, children and dogs whimper.

SMALL FRYE

Mommy, we're scared.

SELINA FRYE

Come here darlings. Shhh now. Ain't nothing to be...

Outside the cattle moan pitifully, and a great snapping, crashing, and crackling ensues.

SELINA FRYE

(frantic whisper)

Put that light out. Quiet everyone!

The destructive noises of the horror follow it into the distance, leaving behind a wake of dismal bovine moans and the daemoniac piping of the whippoorwills.

HOWARD

The Fryes, huddled together in the sitting-room, did not dare to move until the last echoes died away far down in Cold Spring Glen. As the sun rose, Selina Frye telephoned to spread what news she could of the second phase of the horror. The next day all the countryside was in a panic; cowed, uncommunicative groups came and went where the fiendish thing had occurred.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Two titan swaths of destruction stretched from the glen to the Frye farmyard, monstrous prints covered the bare patches of ground, and one side of the old red barn had completely caved in.

EARL SAWYER

(shouting from a distance
then approaching)

Zebulon, I found another piece over here. Reckon is was a hindquarter. Bones are all busted up.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

That's still only a quarter of the herd accounted for, Earl.

A gunshot rings out.

EARL SAWYER

Who's shooting?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Elmer. His cows that survived got to be put down. Mad with fear.

EARL SAWYER

Hell of a thing.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Aye.

Bang!

EARL SAWYER

Maybe we should phone outside for help. Aylesbury or Arkham?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Ain't no use. Who's going to believe this? Outsiders never want to believe what Dunwich really is.

EARL SAWYER

What do we do?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

There's a reason our people once chanted in the great stone circles on the hill tops.

EARL SAWYER

What'd we chant?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Damned if I know.

Music segue.

HOWARD

Explorers noted a set of the monstrous tracks in the road skirting Sentinel Hill. As before, the sides of the road showed a bruising indicative of the blasphemously stupendous bulk of the horror.

The tracks seemed to suggest a passage in two directions, as if the moving mountain had come from Cold Spring Glen and returned to it along the same path. At the base of the hill a thirty-foot swath of crushed shrubbery saplings led steeply upwards, and the seekers gasped when they saw that not even the most perpendicular places provide any impediment. Whatever the horror was, it could scale a sheer stony cliff. As the investigators climbed round to the hill's summit by safer routes they saw that the trail ended - or rather, reversed - there.

EARL SAWYER

(breathless from the hike)

You reckoned the thing climbed up here and then just turned around and went back to the glen where it came from?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Aye, looks that way to me. See that table-like stone? On May Eve and Hallomass, that's where the Whateleys would come up to chant their hellish rituals.

GEORGE COREY

(a little ways away)

Earl, come see. The altar stone here's got that tarry stuff on it.

CHAUNCEY SAWYER

That's the same stuff I seen all
around the Whateley place after it
was blowed up.

GEORGE COREY

Sure stinks.

EARL SAWYER

Any idea what it is?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

I wouldn't touch it if I was you.

EARL SAWYER

Why do you reckon such a thing
would come up here?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

I wouldn't ask questions like that,
neither.

Zebulon walks off.

EARL SAWYER

What's he mean by that?

GEORGE COREY

God only knows. You know, he's a
Whateley himself, of course from
the undecayed side of the family.

Music segue then whippoorwills.

HOWARD

Darkness fell upon a stricken
countryside too passive to organize
for real defence. When night came
again families would watch in the
gloom, with a futile gesture of
loading muskets and setting
pitchforks handily about. On
Thursday night the whippoorwills in
the glen had screamed with such
unusual persistence that many could
not sleep, and about 3 A.M. all the
party telephones rang.

Phone rings.

EARL SAWYER

Hello?

There's static and chaos on the other end of the phone.

ELMER FRYE
(through the phone)
Dear sweet Jesus!

EARL SAWYER
Elmer, is that you? What's hap...

ELMER FRYE
Help, oh my God!

A dreadful crashing and crunching is followed by silence.

EARL SAWYER
Elmer? Are you there? Can you hear
me?
(to Mamie)
Mamie, something's happened up at
the Fryes. I've got to go see if
they're alright.

MAMIE BISHOP
Earl Sawyer, you're not going up
there in the dark!

EARL SAWYER
I'll call some of the other men.
We'll go together at sun up. With
guns.

A rooster crows. A group of men walk towards the Frye place.

EARL SAWYER
It's been here. Look at the prints,
they're everywhere.

GEORGE COREY
C'mon men, hurry.

They run towards the farm.

EARL SAWYER
My god...

CHAUNCEY SAWYER
I don't understand. What happened
to the house?

ZEBULON WHATELEY
It's crushed. Flat as a flounder.

CHAUNCEY SAWYER

But where are the...

EARL SAWYER

Yeah. Let's see if we can find them.

HOWARD

Amongst the ruins nothing living or dead could be discovered. Only a stench and a tarry stickiness. The Frye family had been erased from Dunwich.

Chapter Eight transition music.

HOWARD

Meanwhile, behind the closed door of a shelf-lined room in Arkham, a quieter phase of the horror had been blackly unwinding itself. Police investigating the remains of the Whateley house after Wilbur's death had found, among the many cryptic books, a manuscript in strange characters written in a huge ledger. It was a baffling puzzle to all who saw it. It had been delivered to Miskatonic University for study and possible translation by experts in language both ancient and modern; its very alphabet being unknown to any available authority. The final conclusion of the linguists was that the text represented an artificial alphabet or cipher; though none of the usual methods of cryptographic solution seemed to furnish any clue. The ancient books taken from Whateley's quarters, while absorbingly interesting, were of no assistance whatever in this matter. The old ledger was at length given wholly into the charge of Dr Armitage, both because of his peculiar interest in the Whateley matter, and because of his wide linguistic learning and skill in the mystical formulae of antiquity and the middle ages.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Armitage had an idea that the alphabet might have originated with forbidden cults in ancient times and was now being used as a cipher in a modern language. Considering the great amount of text involved, he assumed the writer would scarcely have wished the trouble of using another language than his own, save perhaps in certain special formulae and incantations. Accordingly he attacked the manuscript with the preliminary assumption that the bulk of it was in English.

The riddle was a deep and complex one. All through late August he drew upon the fullest resources of his own library, wading night after night amidst the arcana of Trithemius' *Poligraphia*, Giambattista Porta's *De Furtivis Literarum Notis*, and others. The older authorities seemed rather more helpful than the newer ones, and Armitage concluded that the code of the manuscript was one of great antiquity, no doubt handed down through a long line of mystical experimenters. Several times he seemed near daylight, only to be set back by some unforeseen obstacle. Then, as September approached, the clouds began to clear. On the evening of September 2nd the last major barrier gave way.

Cross fade to Armitage office.

RICE

Henry, you look exhausted. Still working on the Whateley code?

ARMITAGE

(hoarse)

I was right, Warren. It was an occult cipher, but the text is in English.

RICE

What did he write?

ARMITAGE

It's Wilbur Whateley's diary. The first entry is from November 26, 1916.

RICE

What does it say?

ARMITAGE

"Today learned the Aklo for the Sabaoth, which did not like, it being answerable from the hill and not from the air. That upstairs more ahead of me than I had thought it would be, and is not like to have much earth brain. Shot Elam Hutchins's collie Jack when he went to bite me, and Elam says he would kill me if he dast.

RICE

"Earth brain"? I think the world's better off with Whateley dead.

ARMITAGE

Warren, this was written by a child of three and a half who looked like a lad of twelve or thirteen.

RICE

I'm going home. Don't stay here all night, Henry.

ARMITAGE

Mmm. Good night, Warren.

The door shuts.

ARMITAGE

Now let's see. What does it say here? "Grandfather kept me saying the Dho formula last night, and I think I saw the inner city at the 2 magnetic poles. I shall go to those poles when the earth is cleared off, if I can't break through with the Dho-Hna formula when I commit it.

(MORE)

ARMITAGE (cont'd)

They from the air told me at Sabbat that it will be years before I can clear off the earth, and I guess grandfather will be dead then, so I shall have to learn all the angles of the planes and all the formulas between the Yr and the Nhhngr. They from outside will help, but they cannot take body without human blood. That upstairs looks it will have the right cast. I can see it a little when I make the Voorish sign or blow the powder of Ibn Ghazi at it, and it is near like them at May Eve on the Hill. The other face may wear off some. I wonder how I shall look when the earth is cleared and there are no earth beings on it. He that came with the Aklo Sabaoth said I may be transfigured there being much of outside to work on."

Fade out on Armitage muttering.

HOWARD

Morning found Dr Armitage in a cold sweat of terror and a frenzy of wakeful concentration. He had not left the manuscript all night, but sat at his table under the electric light turning page after page with shaking hands as fast as he could decipher the cryptic text. All that day he read on, now and then halted maddeningly as a reapplication of the complex key became necessary. Toward the middle of the next night he drowsed off in his chair, but soon woke out of a tangle of nightmares almost as hideous as the truths and menaces to man's existence that he had uncovered.

Loud knocks rattle Armitage's office door.

RICE

Henry, are you in there?

ARMITAGE

Go away.

MORGAN

Henry, it's me, Morgan, and Professor Rice. Open the door.

The door opens.

RICE

Henry, you look horrible.

MORGAN

How long have you been in here,
man?

ARMITAGE

I need more time. It's the Whateley
diary. It's more dreadful that I
could have imagined.

RICE

Henry, you need to go home and get
some sleep.

ARMITAGE

(loud and frantic)

No, you don't understand what this
means. We have to know what this
says! All of it! Now, if you'll
excuse me.

The door shuts firmly and locks.

HOWARD

That evening Armitage went to bed,
but slept only fitfully. Wednesday -
the next day - he was back at the
manuscript, and began to take
copious notes both from the current
sections and from those he had
already deciphered. Some time
before noon his physician called to
see him.

DR. HARTWELL

Henry, you have to stop this.
Marion's worried sick.

ARMITAGE

Dr. Hartwell, if it wasn't
important I would. Believe me.

DR. HARTWELL

Henry, I'm afraid I have to insist.
You're working yourself right into
the grave. Do I need to give you a
sedative?

ARMITAGE

I promise, I can explain all, once I'm done. It's vital that I finish reading this manuscript as quickly as possible.

DR. HARTWELL

It's killing you.

ARMITAGE

I know.

Music segue.

HOWARD

That evening, just as twilight fell, he finished his terrible perusal and sank back exhausted.

MARION ARMITAGE

Henry, I've brought you your supper. Henry?

Armitage mumbles in his sleep, snoring slightly. She sets down the plate.

MARION ARMITAGE

Oh Henry. Here let me move these.

She starts to move the papers and he wakes with a start, uttering a weak gasp of fear.

ARMITAGE

No!

He yanks the papers away from her.

ARMITAGE

You mustn't, mustn't see...

MARION ARMITAGE

(frightened)

Henry? You need to lie...

He falls to the ground with a groan and a thud.

MARION ARMITAGE

(calling out)

Prudence, call for Dr. Hartwell. Your father's collapsed!

(to Henry)

Henry, can you hear me? Let's get you to bed.

ARMITAGE

But what, in God's name, can we do?

HOWARD

Dr Armitage slept, but was partly delirious the next day.

ARMITAGE

(delirious)

Marion, I need a conference with Rice and Morgan immediately... The thing inside has to be destroyed, we can't let it get out... Great old ones extirpating mankind, animals, plants, all life on earth... It's not the same in their dimension, don't you understand? Elder Things wish to strip it and drag it away from the solar system and cosmos of matter into the plane, the phase of entity from which it had once fallen, vigintillions of aeons ago... Bring me *The Necronomicon*! Not the Latin, the Greek! The Whateleys meant to let them in, and the worst of all is left! Tell Rice and Morgan we must do something - it's a blind business, but I know how to make the powder... It hasn't been fed since the second of August, when Wilbur came here, died here...

HOWARD

But Armitage had a sound physique despite his seventy-three years, and slept off his disorder that night. He woke late Friday, clear of head, though sober with a gnawing fear and tremendous sense of responsibility. Saturday afternoon he felt able to go over to the library and summon Rice and Morgan for a conference, and the rest of that day and evening the three men tortured their brains in the wildest speculation and the most desperate debate. Strange and terrible books were drawn voluminously from the stack shelves and from secure places of storage;

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

and diagrams and formulae were copied with feverish haste and in bewildering abundance. Of scepticism there was none. All three had seen the body of Wilbur Whateley as it lay on the floor in a room of that very building, and after that not one of them could feel even slightly inclined to treat the diary as a madman's raving.

RICE

Do we call the Massachusetts State Police?

MORGAN

Good question.

ARMITAGE

And what would you tell them?

RICE

Well...I mean, people are in danger. We just tell them...

MORGAN

Anyone who didn't see Wilbur Whateley's body on the floor of this very building will treat the diary as a madman's raving.

RICE

I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it.

ARMITAGE

We need to prepare ourselves to take a trip to Dunwich and confront it.

RICE

What can we do?

ARMITAGE

What choice do we have?

HOWARD

All day Sunday Armitage was busy comparing formulae and mixing chemicals obtained from the college laboratory.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

The more he reflected on the hellish diary, the more he was inclined to doubt the efficacy of any material agent in stamping out the entity which Wilbur Whateley had left behind him - the earth threatening entity which, unknown to him, was to burst forth in a few hours and become the memorable Dunwich horror.

Armitage continued his experiments Monday, for the task in hand required an infinity of research and experiment. By Tuesday he had a definite line of action mapped out. Then, on Wednesday, the great shock came.

RICE

I guess for the rest we'll have to see what happens when we get there. When do we leave?

ARMITAGE

Within a week. Maybe Tuesday?

Morgan hurries into the room, newspaper in hand.

ARMITAGE

What is it, Frank?

MORGAN

Have you seen today's paper? Page nine.

ARMITAGE

(taking the paper)

"It seems the bootleg whiskey of Dunwich has raised up a record-breaking "monster". A renegade still exploded, destroying the abandoned Whateley farmhouse. The bootleggers haven't been caught but their latest batch of moonshine was reduced to a sticky mess in the explosion..."

RICE

It's out. It's on the loose. It's begun.

ARMITAGE

We have to prepare to leave at once.

HOWARD

Armitage knew he would be meddling with terrible powers, yet saw that there was no other way to annul the deeper and more malign meddling which others had done before him.

Chapter Nine transition music.

HOWARD

Friday morning Armitage, Rice, and Morgan set out by motor for Dunwich. The day was pleasant, but even in the brightest sunlight a kind of quiet dread and portent seemed to hover about the strangely domed hills and the deep, shadowy ravines of the stricken region. Now and then on some mountain top a gaunt circle of stones could be glimpsed against the sky. They soon found themselves at the center of information: Osborn's store.

Cross fade to Osborn store interior.

MRS. COREY

...the hills were talking again last night, and when the men got to the Frye's there was nothing left at all. The house were smashed flat and there was no trace of the family. Not even the dogs.

GEORGE COREY

The same sticky stuff Chauncey seen at Whateleys was all around. I was there. I seen it.

ARMITAGE

And you saw these impressions in the ground? They're large? And deep?

GEORGE COREY

Yep. We've all seen the prints. They lead from the glen straight up Sentinel Hill and back.

(MORE)

GEORGE COREY (cont'd)
Another set led out of the glen
straight to the Frye's.

MRS. COREY
The police are up there now.

RICE
The police?

GEORGE COREY
A group of State Police from
Aylesbury heard what happened at
the Frye place and came out today
to have a look. They may still be
up there.

MORGAN
Henry?

ARMITAGE
We should go. Right now. Thank you
both.

Music segue.

Their Model-T bounces along the rough road.

MORGAN
It should just be up around this
bend.

RICE
Looks like some of the local
fellows up there.

The car comes to a stop and Armitage cuts the engine. Doors
shut as the professors get out.

FRED FARR
Help you?

ARMITAGE
I'm Dr. Armitage from Miskatonic
University. We're looking into the
troubles up at the Frye place.

ZEBULON WHATELEY
(sharply)
This ain't no place for tourists.
You should go on back home.

FRED FARR
Zeb!

ARMITAGE

I assure you, sir, we're not here to see the destruction. We know what's *really* happened here. We know about the Whateleys.

RICE

They told us the State Police came up to have a look?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Aye.

RICE

Are they still around?

FRED FARR

Their auto's parked down yonder by the Frye place, but I ain't seen them.

(calling off to Sam)

Sam, you seen those policemen about?

SAM HUTCHINS

(probably drunk)

God, I telled 'em not to go down into the glen, an' I never thought nobody'd do it with them tracks an' that smell an' the whippoorwills a-screechin' down there in the dark o' noontday...

A hush falls over the group and the hellish piping of the distant whippoorwills wafts up from the glen.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Whippoorwills....

ARMITAGE

(quietly to himself)

Negotium perambulans in tenebris...

SAM HUTCHINS

What's he saying?

RICE

He's getting ready.

Morgan opens the boot of the auto and starts handing equipment to Rice. Armitage reviews the incantations he's written out for himself.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Just what are ye fixing to do?

MORGAN

Something that comes from beyond this world can only be fought with forces from beyond this world.

SAM HUTCHINS

That looks like a bug sprayer. That an electric flashlight?

RICE

It'll be dark before too long.

Morgan unzips a rifle case.

FRED FARR

That is one big rifle you got there, sir.

MORGAN

It's a .577 Nitro Express. Made to take down an elephant in a single shot.

FRED FARR

Reckon a gun like that'll take down something like this thing?

ARMITAGE

No. But it makes him feel better.

FRED FARR

What exactly is this thing professor?

ARMITAGE

It's...hard to say.

FRED FARR

Well what are you going to do?

ARMITAGE

We'll wait here and see if it comes out of the glen, and then confront it.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

It's a getting dark. We'd best be going on home.

FRED FARR

You be careful, professors.

RICE

You too.

The men walk off down the road, speaking quietly among themselves.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Don't reckon we'll ever see them again.

FRED FARR

How are they gonna fight some thing nobody can even see?

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Let them do what they want. Let's get ourselves home and lock up.

SAM HUTCHINS

What good's that do when it can smash the whole damned house?

HOWARD

There were rumblings under the hills that night, and the whippoorwills piped threateningly. Once in a while a wind, sweeping up out of Cold Spring Glen, would bring a touch of ineffable foetor to the heavy night air; such a foetor as all three of the watchers had smelled once before, when they stood above a dying thing in the Orne Library. But the looked-for terror did not appear. Whatever was down there in the glen was biding its time.

Music segue.

Morning came wanly. It was a grey, bleak day, with a drizzle of rain. The men from Arkham sought shelter from the rainfall beneath one of the few remaining structures of the Frye farm.

Cross fade to rain on a steel roof.

MORGAN

We should go down in the glen after it now, while we have light, before the weather gets any worse.

RICE

I don't know. What do you think, Henry?

A distant peal of thunder sounds and rain pelts down on the tin roof.

ARMITAGE

It's going to come out again. I'm sure of it. The sky's getting darker.

A loud crack of thunder blasts.

MORGAN

Well, we can wait a while...

The rain comes down harder on the roof. Sound of men running, ad libs of fear and hysteria.

ZEBULON WHATELEY

(at a distance)

There they are!

SAM HUTCHINS

(running up)

Oh, my God, my God. It's a-goin' again, and this time by day! It's out - it's out and a-movin' this very minute, and only the Lord knows when it'll be on us all!

ARMITAGE

Tell us everything.

Out of a hubbub of explanations the voice of Fred Farr takes command.

FRED FARR

Nigh on a hour ago Zeb Whateley here heard the phone a-ringin', an' it was Mrs. Corey, George's wife.

(MORE)

FRED FARR (cont'd)

She says the hired boy Luther was out driving in the cows from the storm after the big bolt, when he see all the trees a-bendin' at the mouth o' the glen - opposite side to this - and smelt the same awful smell. An' she says he says they was a swishing lapping sound, more than what the bending trees and bushes could make, and all of the sudden the trees along the road begun to get pushed one side, an' they was a awful stomping and splashing in the mud.

ARMITAGE

What did he see?

FRED FARR

He didn't see nothing at all, only just the bending trees and underbrush. Then ahead where the Brook goes under the road he heard a awful creaking and straining on the bridge like the wood a-starting to crack and split. And all the whiles he never see a thing, only them trees an' bushes a-bending. And when the swishing sound went off - on the road towards Wizard Whateley's and Sentinel Hill - Luther looked where he'd heard it first. It was all mud and water, and the sky was dark, but beginning at the glen mouth, where the trees had moved, they was still some of them awful prints big as barrels like he seen Monday.

SAM HUTCHINS

But that ain't the trouble now - that was only the start. Zeb here was calling folks up an' everybody was a-listenin' in when a call from Silas Bishop's cut in. His house-keeper Sally was carrying on fit to kill - she'd jest seen the trees a-bendin' beside the road, an' says they was a kind o' mushy sound, like a elephant puffing and treading, a-heading fer the house.

(MORE)

SAM HUTCHINS (cont'd)

Then she up and spoke suddenly of a fearful smell, and says her boy Chauncey was a-screamin' as how it was jest like what he smelt up to the Whateley ruins Monday morning. And the dogs was barking and whining awful...

Sam breaks down. Ad libs of support from the men.

RICE

What happened?

SAM HUTCHINS

An' then she let out a terrible yell, an' says the shed down the road had jest caved in like the storm bed blowed it over, only the wind wasn't strong enough to do that. Everybody was a-listenin', and we could hear lots of folks on the wire a-gaspin'. All at once Sally yelled again, and says the front yard picket fence just crumbled up, though they wasn't no sign of what done it. Then everybody on the line could hear Chauncey and old Silas Bishop a-yelling too, and Sally was shrieking out that something heavy struck the house and kept a-launching itself again and again, though ye couldn't see nothing. And then...

ARMITAGE

Go on!

SAM HUTCHINS

And then.... Sally she yelled out, "Help, the house is a-cavin' in!" and on the wire we could hear a terrible crashing and a flock of screaming... just like when Elmer Frye's place was took, only worse.

EARL SAWYER

That's all - not a sound nor squeak over the 'phone after that. Just still-like.

(MORE)

EARL SAWYER (cont'd)

We that heard it got our Fords and wagons and rounded up as many able-bodied men-folks as we could get, at Corey's place, an' come up here to see what you thought best to do. Not but what I think it's the Lord's judgment for our iniquities.

The men murmur among themselves, terrified. Armitage clears his throat in a moment of professorial heroism.

ARMITAGE

(reassuring)

We must follow it, boys. I believe there's a chance of putting it out of business. You men know that those Whateleys were wizards - well, this thing is a thing of wizardry, and must be put down by the same means. I've seen Wilbur Whateley's diary and read some of the strange old books he used to read; and I think I know the right kind of spell to recite to make the thing fade away.

Of course, one can't be sure, but we can always take a chance. It's invisible - I knew it would be - but there's powder in Professor Rice's long-distance sprayer that might make it show up for a second. Later on we'll try it. It's a frightful thing to have alive, but it isn't as bad as what Wilbur would have let in if he'd lived longer. You'll never know what the world escaped. Now we've only this one thing to fight, and it can't multiply. We must follow it! Can somebody lead the way to the place that has just been wrecked?

Feet shuffle in the mud as none rise to the challenge.

ARMITAGE

I don't know your roads very well, but there's got to be a short cut over there. How about it?

EARL SAWYER

(meekly)

I guess ye can get to Silas Bishop's quickest by cutting across the lower meadow here, wading the brook at the low place, and climbing through Carrier's field and the bit of forest beyond. That comes out on the upper road mighty near Bishop's - a little t'other side.

ARMITAGE

Professors, shall we?

HOWARD

Armitage, with Rice and Morgan, started to walk in the direction indicated; and most of the natives followed slowly. The sky was growing lighter, and there were signs that the storm had worn itself away. Courage and confidence were mounting, though the steep wooded hill which lay towards the end of their short cut put these qualities to a severe test.

At length they emerged on a muddy road to find the sun coming out. They were a little beyond the Silas Bishop place, but bent trees and hideously unmistakable tracks showed what had passed by. Only a few moments were consumed in surveying the ruins of the Bishop farm. It was the Frye incident all over again, and nothing dead or living was found in either of the collapsed shells which had been the house and barn. No one cared to remain there amidst the stench and tarry stickiness, but all turned instinctively to the line of horrible prints leading on towards the wrecked Whateley farmhouse and the altar-crowned slopes of Sentinel Hill.

As the men passed the site of Wilbur Whateley's abode they shuddered visibly, and many of the Dunwich men fell back.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Opposite the base of Sentinel Hill the tracks left the road, and there was a fresh bending and matting visible along the broad swath marking the monster's former route to and from the summit. Armitage produced a pocket telescope of considerable power and scanned the steep green side of the hill.

MORGAN

See anything, Henry?

ARMITAGE

Mmm. Your eyes are keener than mine. Take a look.

Morgan scans the hill through the scope. Suddenly he breathes deeply.

MORGAN

(teeth clenched)
It's there alright.

EARL SAWYER

Reckon I can take a gander?

MORGAN

Sure, here you are. Just pull here to adjust the focus.

EARL SAWYER

I don't see nothing.

MORGAN

See the three big rocks? Look above it to your...

EARL SAWYER

God almighty, the grass and bushes is a'moving! It's a-goin' up - slow-like - creeping - up to the top!

The Dunwich men ad lib in panic and despair.

FRED FARR

This is madness. We can't hunt something you can't even see.

Murmur of assent.

SAM HUTCHINS

You brung us here, now what?

ARMITAGE

You men stay here. Professors Rice, Morgan and I are going up that hill.

SAM HUTCHINS

What are we supposed to do?

ARMITAGE

Pray.

Chapter Ten transition music.

HOWARD

In the end the three men from Arkham - old, white-bearded Dr. Armitage, stocky, iron-grey Professor Rice, and lean, youngish Dr. Morgan, ascended the mountain alone. They left the telescope with the frightened group that remained in the road; and as they climbed they were watched closely by those among whom the glass was passed round. It was hard going, and Armitage had to be helped more than once. High above the toiling group the great swath trembled as its hellish maker repassed with snail-like deliberateness. The pursuers were gaining, watched by the men below.

Cross fade to the base of Sentinel Hill. Light rain.

CURTIS WHATELEY

They're changing course. Looks like the professors are going to go 'round it, onto that wee peak there to the right. I think they're trying to get above it.

SAM HUTCHINS

(brusque)

Give me that spyglass. Uh-huh. That one fellow's got the sprayer, it looks like Armitage is adjusting it. I think they're getting ready to do something.

FRED FARR

The sprayer's got stuff to make it visible.

The Dunwich men murmur uneasily.

FRED FARR
That's what they said.

HOWARD
Those without the telescope saw only an instant's flash of grey cloud - a cloud about the size of a moderately large building - near the top of the mountain.

Curtis shrieks in terror.

SAM HUTCHINS
Look out!

FRED FARR
Curtis's dropped the spyglass in the mud!

HENRY WHEELER
Find it, quick!

SAM HUTCHINS
Hold on there, Curtis! Catch him! He's a goin' to faint!

CURTIS WHATELEY
Oh, oh, great God... that... that...

The men fire a storm of questions at him.

CURTIS WHATELEY
Bigger'n a barn... all made of squirming ropes... whole thing sort o' shaped like a hen's egg bigger than anything with dozens of legs like hogs-heads that half shut up when they step... nothing solid about it - all like jelly, and made of separate wriggling ropes pushed close together... great bulging eyes all over it... ten or twenty mouths or trunks a-stickin' out all along the sides, big as stove-pipes an all a-tossin' an opening and shutting... all grey, with kinder blue or purple rings... and God in Heaven - that half face on top...

Curtis faints.

SAM HUTCHINS

Curtis!

FRED FARR

He's fainted dead away!

SAM HUTCHINS

Here, lay him down here on the grass.

HENRY WHEELER

I found the telescope! Let me just wipe it off... I can see 'em! All three of them are running towards the summit.

The sound of the piping of unnumbered whippoorwills creeps out of the valley, a note of tense and evil expectancy in their shrill song.

EARL SAWYER

Here, let me see. Yep. All three of 'em are up on the top ridge, about even with the altar-stone. One of 'em is raising his hands up above his head.

A faint, half-musical sound carries from a distance, as if a loud chant were accompanying the gestures.

HENRY WHEELER

(quietly)

Let me see again. I guess he's sayin' the spell.

The whippoorwills pipe wildly, in a singularly curious irregular rhythm quite unlike that of the distant ritual. The sky and hills begin to rumble. Thunder and lightning underscore the ritual.

EARL SAWYER

Is it just me, or is it suddenly getting darker?

SAM HUTCHINS

It is darker. But the clouds is busting up.

HENRY WHEELER

Quiet!

HOWARD

A rumbling sound seemed brewing beneath the hills, mixed strangely with a concordant rumbling which clearly came from the sky.

HENRY WHEELER

Yeah, all three of 'em is chanting now. They all are putting their arms up and down together.

From some farmhouse far away comes the frantic barking of dogs.

HOWARD

The change in the quality of the daylight increased, and the crowd gazed about the horizon in wonder. A purplish darkness, born of nothing more than a spectral deepening of the sky's blue, pressed down upon the rumbling hills. Then the lightning flashed again, somewhat brighter than before, and the crowd fancied that it had showed a certain mistiness around the altar-stone on the distant height. The men of Dunwich braced themselves tensely against some imponderable menace with which the atmosphere seemed surcharged.

Without warning, deep, cracked, raucous vocal sounds emanate from the altar-stone on the peak, hardly sounds at all, since so much of their ghastly, infra-bass timbre speaks to dim seats of consciousness and terror far subtler than the ear; yet one must do so, since their form is indisputably that of half-articulate words.

YOG WHATELEY

'Ygnailh... ygnaiih...
thflthkh'ngaha.... Yog-Sothoth.
'Y'bthnk... h'ehye - n'grkdl'lh...

FRED FARR

Do you hear that?

SAM HUTCHINS

Sounds like something talkin'!

HENRY WHEELER

It's that... thing!

HOWARD

The speaking impulse of the bizarre sound seemed to falter here, as if some frightful psychic struggle were going on. Henry Wheeler strained his eye at the telescope, but saw only the three grotesquely silhouetted human figures on the peak, all moving their arms furiously in strange gestures as their incantation drew near its culmination. From what black wells of Acherontic fear or feeling, from what unplumbed gulfs of extra-cosmic consciousness or obscure, long-latent heredity, were those half-articulate thunder-croakings drawn? Presently they began to gather renewed force and coherence as they grew in stark, utter, ultimate frenzy.

YOG WHATELEY

'Eh-y-ya-ya-yahaah - e'yayayaaaa...
ngh'aaaaa... ngh'aaa... h'yuh...
h'yuh... HELP! HELP! ...ff - ff -
ff - FATHER! FATHER! YOG-
SOTHOTH!...'

A cataclysmic peal rocks the hills. A light wind and silence. Moments later dogs howl in the distance.

HOWARD

But that was all. The pallid group in the road, still reeling at the indisputably English syllables that had poured thickly and thunderously down from the frantic vacancy beside that shocking altar-stone, were never to hear such syllables again. Instead, they jumped violently at the terrific report which seemed to rend the hills; the deafening, cataclysmic peal whose source, be it inner earth or sky, no hearer was ever able to place. A single lightning bolt shot from the purple zenith to the altar-stone, and a great tidal wave of viewless force and indescribable stench swept down from the hill to all the countryside.

(MORE)

HOWARD (cont'd)

Trees, grass, and under-brush were whipped into a fury; and the frightened crowd at the mountain's base, weakened by the lethal foetor that seemed about to asphyxiate them, were almost hurled off their feet. Green grass and foliage wilted to a curious, sickly yellow-grey, and over field and forest were scattered the bodies of dead whippoorwills.

The stench left quickly, but the vegetation never came right again. To this day there is something queer and unholy about the growths on and around that fearsome hill. Curtis Whateley was only just regaining consciousness when the Arkham men came slowly down the mountain in the beams of a sunlight once more brilliant and untainted. They were grave and quiet, and seemed shaken by memories and reflections even more terrible than those which had reduced the group of locals to a state of cowed quivering.

SAM HUTCHINS

Curtis! Look, men, he's a-wakin' up!

CURTIS WHATELEY

Dr. Armitage? Is it....?

ARMITAGE

The thing has gone for ever. It has been split up into what it was originally made of, and can never exist again. It was an impossibility in a normal world. Only the least fraction was really matter in any sense we know. It was like its father - and most of it has gone back to him in some vague realm or dimension outside our material universe; some vague abyss out of which only the most accursed rites of human blasphemy could ever have called him for a moment on the hills.

CURTIS WHATELEY

Oh, oh, my God, that half face -
that half face on top of it... that
face with the red eyes and crinkly
albino hair, and no chin, like the
Whateleys... It was a octopus,
centipede, spider kind of thing,
but there was a half-shaped man's
face on top of it, and it looked
like Wizard Whateley's, only it was
yards and yards across...

ZEBULON WHATELEY

Fifteen year' gone, I heard Old
Whateley say as how some day we'd
hear a child o' Lavinny's a-calling
its father's name on the top o'
Sentinel Hill...'

GEORGE COREY

What was it, anyhow, an' however
did young Wizard Whateley call it
out o' the air it come from?

Music builds slowly beneath Armitage's last speech.

ARMITAGE

(choosing words carefully)

It was - well, it was mostly a kind
of force that doesn't belong in our
part of space; a kind of force that
acts and grows and shapes itself by
other laws than those of our sort
of Nature. We have no business
calling in such things from
outside, and only very wicked
people and very wicked cults ever
try to. There was some of it in
Wilbur Whateley himself - enough to
make a devil and a precocious
monster of him, and to make his
passing out a pretty terrible
sight. I'm going to burn his
accursed diary, and if you men are
wise you'll dynamite that altar-
stone up there, and pull down all
the rings of standing stones on the
other hills.

(MORE)

ARMITAGE (cont'd)

Things like that brought down the beings those Whateleys were so fond of - the beings they were going to let in tangibly to wipe out the human race and drag the earth off to some nameless place for some nameless purpose.

But as to this thing we've just sent back - the Whateleys raised it for a terrible part in the doings that were to come. It grew fast and big from the same reason that Wilbur grew fast and big - but it beat him because it had a greater share of the outsideness in it. You needn't ask how Wilbur called it out of the air. He didn't call it out. It was his twin brother, but it looked more like the father than he did.

Dark Adventure closing THEME.

CHESTER LANGFIELD

You've been listening to H.P. Lovecraft's "The Dunwich Horror", brought to you by our sponsor, Fleur de Lys, - the cigarette made from costlier tobacco. Fleur de Lys -- for the sake of digestion. Until next week, this is Chester Langfield reminding you to never go anywhere alone; if it looks bad, don't look; and save the last bullet for yourself.

ANNOUNCER

"The Dunwich Horror" was adapted for radio and produced by Sean Branney and Andrew Leman. Original music by Troy Sterling Nies. The Dark Adventure Ensemble features Leslie Baldwin, Gary Ballard, Aidan Branney, Sean Branney, Kacey Camp, Mark Colson, David Q. Combs, Seth Compton, Steve Coombs, McKerrin Kelly, Casey Kramer, Andrew Leman, Barry Lynch, John A. McKenna, David Pavao, Josh Thoemke, Darrell Tutchton, and Noah Wagner. Tune in next week for Some Words with a Mummy -- a startling tale by Edgar Allan Poe.

(MORE)

DART: The Dunwich Horror 69.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

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Radio STATIC and fade out.