

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

“THE WENDIGO”

From the Story
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“THE WENDIGO”

CHARACTERS

- SIMPSON:** (20s) A young man and college student.
- DEFAGO:** (30s/40s) A French-Canadian Tracker and Guide.
- DR. CATHCART:** (50s/60s) Simpson's uncle. An avid hunter.
- HANK:** (30s) Defago's longtime friend and Canadian wilderness guide.

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

PODCAST

"THE WENDIGO"

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

MUSIC 1 **"FTP THEME"** *(CONTINUE UNDER)* *(LET FINISH)*

ANNOUNCER: The hour has grown late and shadows lurk around every corner. Did you know that when listening to each episode of "Frightmare Theatre" you have been subliminally tapping into top-secret instructions?! Too fine a frequency for that of the human ear, it is only audible to the highly attuned lobes of man's best friend. The message, as barked to me by our lovable mascot Alucard, reads as follows: "Bark bark. Bark woof woof bark. Bark woof bark woof. Bark bark bark woof. Woof. Woof. Yip." Roughly translated it reads, "Devour them all". In order to discover the launch date of this cannibalistic canine catastrophe we here at "Frightmare Theatre" tortured Alucard to the brink of breaking point. What we learned is too fantastic, too horrible, too gruesome to divulge. We can't wait! And now, you future dog-food you... It is time once again, to turn down the lights and turn up the sound.. For you are about to bark up the wrong tree and enter the doghouse of doom known as... FRIGHTMARE THEATRE.

END MUSIC 1 **"FTP THEME"** *(once music ends...)*

HOST: Good evening, my freakish followers. I am your odiously ominous host, Doctor Necropolis. Tonight our show takes a bit of a nasty detour.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Be nice.

HOST: Ok, fine. Boys and ghouls, tonight we turn the mic over to Frightmare Theatre's handyman, Greg the Hunchback, with his own original segment... our deepest sympathies...

SOUND 1 **(OFF) Loud crash** *(continue under)*

GREG: (off) Sorry!

HOST: Argh. ALRIGHT EVERYONE, PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR GREEEEEEEG!

MUSIC 2 "GREG SHOW" THEME (FADE UP / FADE DOWN)

SOUND 2 CANNED APPLAUSE (fade out)

ANNOUNCER: Tonight on Ghost Gabs with Greg, Station handyman Greg the Hunchback takes calls from listeners just like you, discussing a wide range of topics from ghosts to specters and everything in between. The lines are open. Greg?

GREG: Hey everybody! Welcome to Ghost Gabs with Greg, I'm Greg! Hi! If you have seen a ghost and you wanna gab about it, well call me right up! I'm Greg and I wanna gab with you about your ghost!

HOST: (OFF) argh. I'll be in the booth.

ANNOUNCER: Somehow, we have our first caller.

GREG: Hey Caller welcome to Ghost Gabs with Greg. I'm Greg. Let's gab about your ghost!

CALLER 1: (D-Phone) Hi, Greg. First time listener, first time caller, listen... I have a ghost.

GREG: OH, Hi! How'd you hear about the show?

CALLER 1: (D-Phone) You guys just announced it?

GREG: GREAT! Tell your friends. So what has you calling Ghost Gabs with Greg today?

CALLER 1: (D-Phone) Um... I have a ghost.

GREG: Great let's gab about it! This is Ghost Gabs with Greg after all.

CALLER 1: Yeah —

GREG: I'm Greg.

SOUND 3 DIAL TONE (SNAP OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well we seem to have lost Caller 1, though I can't imagine why. Let's see, Greg we have time for one more caller.

GREG: Let's do it!

SOUND 4 CLICK as Phone line is connected

GREG: Hi, welcome to Ghost Gabs with Greg, I'm Greg! Let's Gab about your ghost!

CALLER 2: (D-PHONE) HELP ME!

SOUND 4 (D-ON PHONE) (OFF) LOUD CRASHING AND THRASHING

CALLER 2: (D-PHONE) PLEASE, GOD, HELP ME!

GREG: Let's get gabbin'! You got a ghost?!

CALLER 2: (D-PHONE) I have a poltergeist or something!

GREG: That's awful, have you consulted another doctor?

CALLER 2: (D-PHONE) It hit threw a Gone with the Wind commemorative plate at my head and I just stepped on broken glass. Bleeding pretty bad. Getting kind of woozy. Please... please get help?

GREG: Oh I can relate, this one time I stubbed my toe. I couldn't walk on it for like thirty minutes. It was not a good day, lemme tell you.

CALLER 2: (D-PHONE) OH GOD! It has gotten into the cutlery drawer! NO! NOOOOOO!!!!

SOUND 5 DIAL TONE (SNAP OUT)

ANNOUNCER: And Caller 2 is no longer with us.

HOST: (D-FROM BOOTH MONITOR) Alright. Are we done here? Good.

SOUND 6 BOOTH DOOR OPENING

SOUND 7 WHIP WHIPPING

HOST: Out Greg. OUT!!

GREG: Heuuuuuuuuuu! Heuuuuuuuuuu!

SOUND 8 **DUNGEON DOOR OPENING/CLOSING**

HOST: Sorry for subjecting everyone to that. Unfortunately, we're contractually obligated to allow Greg a certain amount of airtime because this entire production is financed by Greg's inheritance from his Father. Okay. On with the show. Well, dreadful darlings... were you still planning on that hiking exertion in the great white north? Tonight's terrifying tale might cause you to have second thoughts. Gather around the campfire children for the chilling tale of "The Wendigo".

MUSIC 3 **"OMINOUS ORGAN MUSIC"**

FTP SCRIPT #2 **"THE WENDIGO"** **SCENE 1**

***END MUSIC 3** **"OMINOUS ORGAN MUSIC"** **(FADE OUT)**

SOUND 9 **(OFF) NATURE SOUNDS: BIRDS NESTING /**
LIGHT BREEZE THROUGH WINTER LEAVES

SOUND 10 **CRACKLING FIRE** **(FADE IN)(continuous under)**

***END SOUND 9** **(OFF) NATURE SOUNDS: BIRDS NESTING /**
LIGHT BREEZE THROUGH WINTER LEAVES **(FADE OUT)**

SIMPSON: Just in time, eh? The sun's really going down.

SOUND 11 **TWO MEN WALKING ON SNOW**

SOUND 12 **THUD OF BAG ON SNOWY GROUND**

DEFAGO: *(French-Canadian accent)* A little longer out there and we might not have found camp.

SIMPSON: You must have been right about the recent fires. There hasn't been sign of moose this entire trip.

DEFAGO: They're out there. There are subtle signs.

SIMPSON: You'd know, I guess. Hank said that you were the best guide to have in these woods. Did you say that you found any on the trip last season?

DEFAGO: It was the same as now Mr. Simpson.

SIMPSON: It's still a good time though. Being out here. I don't get to see much of the wilderness at the college.

SIMPSON: You're right. Any longer and we might have been wandering around out here for weeks. We need to have this fire going all the time.

SOUND 13 LOGS THROWN ON FIRE

SIMPSON: Maybe I should watch you do this. I may need to build a fire someday. On my own.

DEFAGO: It's very easy. Good wood, good fire.

SIMPSON: With matches of course. (PAUSE) You know, it's cold but it's not unbearable.

DEFAGO: This college teaches you a lot of things?

SIMPSON: Yes. I believe so. I hope so. Yes, I mean. If you can be taught religion, that is. It seems like such a strange thing to be taught in school. Either you have it or you don't.

DEFAGO: This is my religion.

SOUND 14 HAWK SCREECHES IN THE DISTANCE

SIMPSON: It is very beautiful out here. Peaceful. Like a church. No, not like a church. I don't feel this way when I'm in a church. Out here it's... a little lonely. (PAUSE) How well do you think the others are faring? Do you think they've found any game?

DEFAGO: We have a better chance here.

SIMPSON: You know, DeFago, my uncle mentioned to me something about the way you looked last night around the fire. He said that there was something in your eyes when Hank mentioned us coming up this way. Like something scared you about this place.

DEFAGO: Nothing scares Joseph DeFago!

(Beats his chest in defiance)

SIMPSON: Maybe it is getting a little colder now. I think I'll get some tea to—

SOUND 15 **FOOTSTEPS ON SNOW** *(continuous under)*

DEFAGO: I guess I'd just as soon take a turn through the Bush. Think I may have seen a trunk back there where they rubbed horns.

SOUND 16 **FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON SNOW** *(FADE DOWN THEN OUT)*

SIMPSON: Don't you need a lantern?

SOUND 17 **RUMMAGING THROUGH BAG / CLANKING OF TIN CUPS**

SOUND 18 **WALKING ON SNOW**

SOUND 19 **WATER POURED INTO POT** *(simultaneous with SQ 20)**

SOUND 20 **WIND HOWLING / HOOTING OF AN OWL**

SIMPSON: Brrr.

SOUND 21 **ANIMAL DARTING THROUGH BRUSH** *(intermittent) (continuous)*

SIMPSON: DeFago?

SOUND 22 **FOOTSTEPS ON SNOW** *(start off / end close)*

SIMPSON: *(Relieved)* Were you able to see anything in the dark? You should have taken the lantern.

DEFAGO: No, I didn't see anything.

SOUND 23 **DEFAGO takes a seat at the fire**

SIMPSON: I'm boiling water for tea. Are you hungry?

DEFAGO: No, the fish we cooked by the shore is still holding me over.

SIMPSON: Me too. I began to think what I might do if you didn't come back.

DEFAGO: Ha!

SIMPSON: I mean, these woods are a bit too big to feel quite at home in. To feel comfortable in. Eh?

DEFAGO: You've hit it right, Simpson. That's the truth. There's no end to them. No end at all. There's lots that found out that, and gone to pieces.

SIMPSON: I can remember uncle telling me of stories of men who were sometimes stricken with a strange fever of the wilderness, when the uninhabited lands caught them so fiercely that they went forth, half fascinated, half deluded, to their death.

SOUND 24 WATER BOILING

SOUND 25 SQUEEK AND CLANG OF METAL POT TAKEN FROM FIRE

DEFAGO: We must find moose tomorrow, some kind of sign, or the others might beat us at the game.

SIMPSON: *(laughing)* Right. I'd like to just see one. That'd win it for sure. I haven't seen anything out here.

SOUND 26 BOILING WATER POURING INTO CUP

DEFAGO: If they went due west there's nearly sixty miles between us now. Hank's probably stuffing his face full of fish and coffee.

(They Laugh)

SOUND 27 (CLOSE) SIPPING OF TEA

SIMPSON: Sing a song DeFago. If you're not too tired. One of those old voyager songs you sang the other night.

(DeFago sings a melancholy version of "V'la l'bon l'joli vent")

DEFAGO: *V'la joli vent
V'la l'bon vent
V'la joli vent M'amie m'appelle
Go good wind*

(CONTINUED)

Quick as lightning and bigger than anything else in the woods. And not too good to set eyes on, that's all.

SIMPSON: An old backwoods superstition!

SOUND 29 CREAKING LANTERN BEING PICKED UP

SOUND 30 WALKING ON SNOW

SIMPSON: Come on. It's time we were in bed and asleep if we're going to be up in the morning.

SOUND 31 CRASHING OF TIN THROWN ON GROUND

DEFAGO: I'm coming.

SOUND 32 QUICKLY WALKING ON SNOW

SOUND 33 CANVAS BRUSHED / RUSTLING OF SLEEPING BAGS

SIMPSON: (*CLOSE*) Goodnight.

DEFAGO: (*CLOSE*) We will find your mates in the morning, rise at dawn and take a rendezvous.

SIMPSON: (*CLOSE*) And perhaps see some tomorrow, eh?

DEFAGO: (*CLOSE*) Yes. Perhaps.

SOUND 34 (*CLOSE*) LANTERN FIRE BLOWN OUT

SOUND 35 WINTER CHILL SOUNDS: wind howling / frost (*fade in*)

***END SOUND 35 WINTER CHILL SOUNDS (*FADE OUT*)**

(silence)

SOUND 36 STRONG WINTER WIND BLOWING (*FADE UP*)

SOUND 37 (*CLOSE*) DeFago Shivering

SIMPSON: (*Sleepily*) DeFago? What's the matter? Are you awake? Are you cold? My God, your feet are outside the tent.

SOUND 45**WALKING ON SNOW**

DR. CATHCART: I'm sure it was my rifle. I've used this for every hunting trip and for target practice. Must be getting rusty. The rifle.

HANK: Sure, sure. *(Singing)*
Pull on the oars as we glide along together,
Pull on the oars as we glide along.

(Singing while sticking pipe in his mouth)

By chance I chose the one who was the beauty,
Lifted her up so she could ride beside me.
 - Smoke?

DR. CATHCART: Thank you. Or maybe it's the cold. I'm not used to hunting in this frigid of weather.

SOUND 46**STRIKING OF MATCH**

DR. CATHCART: I hope young Simpson and his guide have some tobacco. Cures everything. Not much of a smoker though. Perhaps when we meet back up with them he'll be a cigar fiend after dealing with this weather.

HANK: Ah, now it's not that bad. Good for the circulation. Good for the blood! Good for getting away from the women. Eh?!

(Singing)

With never a word we rode along together,
After a while, she said, "I'd like a drink,
sir."--

SOUND 47**FAINT RUSTLING AND STUMBLING WALKING ON SNOW**

(Simpson gasping and moaning)

SOUND 48**RIFLE DROPPING AND BODY COLLAPSING IN SNOW**

DR. CATHCART: My God!

HANK: Simpson!

SOUND 49**FEET RUNNING OFF IN SNOW/ GRUNTING**

SOUND 50**THREE PAIRS OF FEET STUMBLING CLOSER IN SNOW**

DR. CATHCART: Here, take a seat by the fire. I'll get a blanket.

SIMPSON: *(Shaking.)* Thank God! Thank God! Thank God you kept the fire going, otherwise I would have been lost forever. Out there.

DR. CATHCART: What's happened. Where's DeFago?

(Simpson mumbles incoherently)

HANK: Here, take my canteen.

SOUND 51**SIMPSON GULPING OF WATER**

SOUND 52**FOOTSTEPS (CATHCART) RUNNING CLOSER IN SNOW**

DR. CATHCART: My boy, what has happened?

SIMPSON: DeFago... is gone.

DR. CATHCART: Why? What has happened to him?

(Simpson Mumbles)

HANK: Was there an accident?

SIMPSON: It was last night.

HANK: Just how long have you been traveling?

SIMPSON: Last night.

DR. CATHCART: My God! You mean you've been trying to find us since yesterday?

SIMPSON: I found the canoe at the bank. Oh God! But before!

DR. CATHCART: Before what, my boy?

SIMPSON: I had to walk in the dark.

DR. CATHCART: You had your lantern with you, didn't you? It looks like it lasted you alright.

SIMPSON: He was taken.

DR. CATHCART: Who? DeFago? By whom?

(Simpson Mumbles)

HANK: I bet that crazy canuck got drunk and headed out into the woods. I've seen him do it before. It's foolish.

SIMPSON: He didn't drink anything! Neither of us did!

HANK: Still I've seen him be foolish like that, drink or no drink. Here, this will pick you up.

SOUND 53

POURING OF WHISKEY INTO CUP

DR. CATHCART: Obviously something has shaken him. There's something more to the story. Go on my boy, what happened?

SIMPSON: *(Calmed slightly now)* DeFago kept saying he heard things.

DR. CATHCART: What kind of things?

SIMPSON: He was acting odd. He kept looking out into the brush but never said what it was that had caught his attention. He kept smelling strange smells. He started to talk about ancient Indian legends but I said that we'd better get some sleep so we both got in the tent and went to sleep. Later in the night, I don't know what time it was, I woke up and he was shivering. I noticed that his feet were outside the tent, as if someone had tried to pull him outside. I thought that he had maybe gotten sick with his feet being out in the cold so I pulled them back in. That's when—He started screaming. He jumped up in the tent and took off into the dark. I called his name but he never answered. I was so scared I didn't know what to do so I stayed in the tent until the sun started to come up. And thank God it came up when it did. I nearly... So I grabbed the gun and lantern and tried to find his tracks. I didn't want to be alone out there. I did leave a letter for him if he returned.

DR. CATHCART: Maybe he's there now. Waiting for you.

HANK: Let him continue.

DR. CATHCART: Did you find his tracks?

SIMPSON: Mm-hmm.

DR. CATHCART: Where did they lead?

SIMPSON: I followed them the entire morning. They started nearby the campsite and continued in through the woods. I followed them for hours before I noticed another pair of tracks right next to them.

HANK: Another pair of tracks?

SIMPSON: But they were of some animal.

HANK: Maybe he finally came across one of the moose.

SIMPSON: No. They weren't moose tracks but they were definitely some kind of animal. I followed the tracks for maybe another hour and a half when they changed. The stride became longer. I tried myself but couldn't even jump to the length that the tracks took. And then--

DR. CATHCART: What?

SIMPSON: They disappeared. As if they had just taken off into the air.

DR. CATHCART: The spell of these terrible solitudes cannot leave any mind untouched. I know because I felt the same way when I was out in similar woods when I was about your age. But such a trauma like yours can, I think, ... blur your vision. It is entirely possible that in your state things may have twisted themselves in such a way that you are not yourself able to differentiate from reality. I'm not saying that hallucinations are to blame here, something did happen, but I am saying that it is possible that they became altered. And we won't be sure until we set out tomorrow and have a look around the camp ourselves to decipher what might have happened. But I also have to say that you have acted with courage, for the terror of feeling oneself lost in this wilderness is nothing short of... awful.

Had I been in your place I don't believe for a moment that I could have behaved as you.

HANK: It looks to me like the panic of the wilderness though got a hold of Mr. DeFago. You mentioned that he had started to talk about ancient legends of the woods. Was there anything in particular that he was talking about?

SIMPSON: Yes. The Wendigo.

DR. CATHCART: What was that?

HANK: It's an old Indian superstition. That story runs all over this section of the country. I was talking to some of the Indian guides back at the village who said that several of their friends had seen the Wendigo along the shores of Fifty Island Water in the fall of last year. When an Indian's "gone crazy" it's always said that he's seen the Wendigo. And poor old DeFago was superstitious down to his toes.

SIMPSON: But I heard a voice!

DR. CATHCART: What? A voice?

SIMPSON: Before DeFago took off into the night screaming. I heard a...voice call out his name. Oh, my God! And he was screaming... *"my feet are burning. My feet are on fire!" (Crying)*

DR. CATHCART: There, there. There, there.

HANK: DeFago probably put these thoughts into your mind and you created the rest.

SIMPSON: I don't know.

HANK: You see, the voice, they say,...once the victim hears that, he's off for good. The eyes and the feet are taken. According to the story the feet are for the lust of wandering and the eyes, the lust of beauty. The creature takes the victim at such a high speed that he bleeds beneath the eyes and his feet burn off.

DR. CATHCART: Really!

HANK: It's alright though. He gets new ones. Just like those of the creature that took them. And it don't keep to the ground neither. Sometimes it takes great leaps and run along the tops of the trees, carrying its partner with it and then drops him just like prey from a hawk's talons.

DR. CATHCART: Would you like a smoke my boy?

SIMPSON: No. I'd take another shot of whiskey though.

HANK: That a'boy.

SOUND 54 POURING OF WHISKEY IN TIN CUP

HANK: Doctor?

DR. CATHCART: Sure. It will warm me up.

SOUND 55 POURING OF WHISKEY IN TIN CUP

HANK: It really was a helluva thing that you did Simpson. I know men, like the doc here said, that would have cowered behind a tree in your situation.

DR. CATHCART: We'll head out tomorrow morning to see what we can find. And like I said, ol' DeFago may be waiting for us with a fire going and fish cooking, ready to eat.

(Hank and Dr. Cathcart laugh)

HANK: *(Singing the English version of "C'est l'aviron")*
Riding along the road to Rochelle City,
I met three girls, and all of them were pretty

With never a word we rode along together,
After a while, she said, "I'd like a drink, sir."

Many a toast she drank to her dear mother,
When she had drunk to sister and to brother,
Turning to me, she toasted her own lover.

(Full of jest and liquor he lets out a drunken howl and punctuates the end of his song by smacking his mouth with his hand, making the sound of the stereotypical Indian war-cry.)

(CONTINUED)

HANK: *(CONT.)*

That's for DeFago! Ha! Burrrrrr! I have a feeling we may be seeing Defago soon enough. Ha!

SOUND 56 **HOWLING WIND.** **(FADE UP)**

SOUND 57 **(FAR OFF) RUSTLING OF LEAVES/BREAKING OF BRANCHES**

SOUND 58 **LOUD ECHOED SWEEPING NOISES/RAVAGING WIND (FADE UP)**

DR. CATHCART: My God! What is that noise?

SIMPSON: No. NO!

HANK: It's coming from all over.

DEFAGO: *(OFF) (echoed from a distance, then louder)* Oh! My feet of fire! My burning feet of fire!

SOUND 59 **FLICKERING OF FIRE** **(SNAP OUT)**

(SILENCE)

SOUND 60 **GREAT THUD ON GROUND**

SIMPSON: DeFago! DeFago! Come down here to us! Come down!

DR. CATHCART: For God's sake get the fire going again!

HANK: I'm trying!

SOUND 61 **INCREASING FIRE FLICKERING**

DEFAGO: *(in a dried-up wheezy voice)* Here I am Simpson. I heard someone calling me.

DR. CATHCART: *(unsure)* Well... where have you been?

DEFAGO: Ha, ha, ha, ha.

DR. CATHCART: Hand me the blanket Hank.

SIMPSON: It is you, isn't it DeFago?

DR. CATHCART: Of course, it is! Of course, it is! Only... can't you see... He's nearly dead with exhaustion and cold. Well, you know him better than either of us Hank. That's him alright. Isn't it.

HANK: I don't know.

DR. CATHCART: Why, whatever do you mean?

SIMPSON: He looks pretty pale. Like wax.

DR. CATHCART: Do you think there's any chance of frostbite Defago?

HANK: I don't think his skin's on right.

DR. CATHCART: Ha! Doesn't that change a man beyond all recognition?

SIMPSON: Defago? Where have you been? C-c-can't you speak?

DR. CATHCART: Why, he's probably just as scared as you were my boy. Wandering out here in the darkness, alone, and scared. Would you like something to d-drink DeFa---

HANK: That ain't DeFago! You ain't DeFago at all! I don't give a damn but that ain't you, my pal of twenty years! That ain't DeFago!

DR. CATHCART: What are you doing?!

HANK: If you two aren't going to do anything then I will.

DR. CATHCART: Calm down Hank. Put the knife back. Put it away and have a seat. It's alright. Now, DeFago. Tell us what's happened. Just a little so we can know how best to help you. (PAUSE) Out with it! None of us can stand this much longer!

DEFAGO: I seen the Wendigo! I been with it!

DR. CATHCART: There now. He's alright. Alright enough to stand. Let's get you something to eat.

HANK: His feet! Oh, God, look at his feet!

SOUND 62 **DEVILISH GROWLING** *(simultaneous)*

SOUND 63 **SUPERNATURAL WIND/COMMOTION/SCREAMING** *(simultaneous)*

SOUND 64 MONSTEROUS LAUGHTER *(simultaneous)*

(Defago screams in pain)

SOUND 65 LOUD SNAPPING AND THRASHING OF BRANCHES

***END SOUND 62-65 ALL SOUNDS FADE OUT INTO DISTANCE**

HANK: But I want to know! *(Sobbing)* I want to see you!
That ain't him at all but some... devil that's
crawled into him! The devil took his legs!

SIMPSON: What's he talking about?

DR. CATHCART: Nothing.

SIMPSON: Can't you tell me what they were like?

DR. CATHCART: It is far better you should not.

(Hank sobs)

DR. CATHCART: Come now. Come into the tent. We'll get you warm.

SOUND 66 HESITANT WALKING (CATHCART AND HANK) ON SNOW

SOUND 67 FIRE CRACKLING (FADE UP)

MUSIC 4 DRONING BASE *(fade in)* SIMILAR TO THE ALBUM "MIRROR REAPER" BY BELL WITCH

SIMPSON: *(Quietly)* But I want to know. I want to know too.

SOUND 68 LIGHT NATURE SOUNDS: WINDS IN TREES/DISTANT BIRDS (FADE IN)

END MUSIC 4 DRONING BASE *(fade to only hear nature sounds)

END SOUND 68 LIGHT NATURE SOUNDS *(slowly fade out)

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE CLOSER

MUSIC 5 FRIGHTMARE "Transition theme" *(continuous/fade out under)*

HOST: Poor DeFago. I guess it just goes to show you
that going out for a run in the wilderness...

(CONTINUED)

HOST: (CONT.)

...doesn't always have the health benefits that you hope for. Unfortunately for him he contracted a burning case of athlete's foot. You might say that it really got *under his skin*. (laughs maniacally)

MUSIC 6 "FTP CLOSE OUT THEME" (FADE DOWN & CONTINUE UNDER)

ANNOUNCER:

The Frightmare Theatre Podcast is brought to you by ARCANÉ, where nightmares become reality. Tonight's radio theatre presentation entitled, "THE WENDIGO", written, directed, and starring Andy McMurtrey, featured the voice talents of Heath Hillhouse, Spencer Tilley, and Nathan Shelton; with sound engineering by Steven Weishaar. The Frightmare Theatre Theme and supplemental music is created by the terrifyingly talented, Chris Porcelli and can be found along with other haunting scores at chrisporcellipiano.com.

Be sure to stalk Frightmare theatre on social media and subscribe to The Frightmare Theatre Podcast via I-tunes, Spotify, Stitcher or your favorite listening app.

Producing a monthly horror radio drama is a monstrous undertaking. If you enjoyed stalking the night with us in this episode, we invite you to join the Frightmare Theatre undead family and support us on Patreon, where you will receive members-only special insights, information, and content.

All previous petrifying episodes of FRIGHTMARE THEATRE have been unearthed and are proudly displayed for the shock and horror of the masses at Frightmaretheatrepodcast.com. We so deeply wish to thank you for listening and hope you journey into darkness with us again next month for an all new episode. Until then... I am *the Announcer*, wishing you... pleeeeeaaaasaaaaant dreeeeeeeaaaaaams.

***END MUSIC 6 "FTP CLOSE OUT THEME" (Fade out)**

END