

## **THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER**

Doubly Strange and Terrifying

Adapted by

John F. Barber

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International

Re-Imagined Radio

Season 12, Episode 01, January 15, 2024

Final draft

## **THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER**

Doubly Strange and Terrifying

Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 12, Episode 1  
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: January 15, 2024 (scheduled), January 22, 2024 (actual)

Written, produced, hosted by John F. Barber

Sound design, Music composition, Post-production by Marc Rose

Graphics by Holly Slocum

### **Synopsis**

Re-Imagined Radio adapts two episodes of *The Mysterious Traveler*, "The Man the Insects Hated" and "Behind the Locked Door." Each written and directed by David P. Kogan and Robert A. Arthur, Jr. A double feature. Double action and suspense. Double the fun. Doubly strange and terrifying.

### **Credits**

Samples from "The Man the Hated Insects." October 7, 1944, Episode #43, Not Available; July 27, 1947, Episode #114.

A scientist, John Hansen, working in the Louisiana swamps, is obsessed with the insects. He thinks they are trying to kill him. He invents the perfect insect killer, "Formula 397." The insects attack, and take away everything Hansen loves.

Samples from "Behind the Locked Door." May 24, 1949, Episode #205; November 6, 1951, Episode #329. Professor Stephens and his assistant, Martin, mount an archaeological expedition near Arizona's Vermilion Cliffs. There, they find a cave that may contain Aztec treasures. Instead, the cave provides a bizarre history and a deadly legacy. Parallels to H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine* and an unexpected twist ending add to the appeal of this masterpiece of horror.

### **Color Code**

**Yellow highlighted text** = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or created for episode. Pre-recorded audio is used as content in this episode.

~~**Magenta highlighted text with strike through**~~ = text deleted for episode timing

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

COLD OPEN

SFX: THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER  
OPENING, TRAIN SFX AND MAURICE  
TALPIN SPEAKING.

SFX: TRAIN SFX, ON SEPARATE "SFX"  
TRACK TO AUGMENT TRAIN AMBIENCE.  
DUCK UNDER TALPIN OPENING.

TRAVELER

This is The Mysterious Traveler,  
inviting you to join me on another  
journey into the strange and the  
terrifying. I hope you will enjoy the  
trip, that it will thrill you a little  
and chill you a little. So settle back,  
get a good grip on your nerves and be  
comfortable--if you can.

SFX: CROSSFADE TO . . .

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program  
about radio storytelling. I'm Jack  
Armstrong. With each episode we combine  
dialogue, sound effects, and music to  
engage your listening imagination. This  
episode is no different, and here to  
tell you about it is John Barber,  
producer and host.

HOST OPEN

HOST

Thank you Jack. Hello everyone. Thanks  
for joining us.

This episode celebrates a great radio storytelling series, *The Mysterious Traveler*.

Heard on the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1943 to 1952, *The Mysterious Traveler* shared an eclectic range of stories, fantasy, science fiction, crime, stories of mystery and suspense, and horror.

Of the 370 episodes produced, potentially 80 survive. We've selected two--"The Man the Insects Hated" and "Behind the Locked Door"--to provide an episode that is doubly strange and terrifying.

I hope you enjoy our *The Mysterious Traveler* double feature.

SFX: ORGAN SAMPLE, FROM "MAN THE INSECTS HATED" FOR TRANSITION

#### HOST INTRODUCTION

HOST

David P. Kogan and Robert A. Arthur, Jr., met in New York, during a radio writing class at Columbia University, in 1940.

Over the next decade, they wrote and produced episodes for several radio series. But their *magnus opus* was *The Mysterious Traveler*.

Depending on the story genre, one or the other would write the episode. Kogan favored science fiction, and handled most of the directing. Arthur, based on

his previous experience writing for the pulp magazine *Weird Tales*, took the horror episodes.

SFX: FADE IN TRAIN WHEELS RUNNING ON TRACKS . . . THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE IS HEARD UNDER, MEDIUM DISTANCE. KEEP DUCKED UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

HOST

Episodes of *The Mysterious Traveler* begin with sound effects of a steam locomotive pulling a string of passenger cars, its whistle forging a path through the darkness ahead.

You're aboard that train. The Mysterious Traveler takes the empty seat next to you and begins telling his story . . .

"THE MAN THE INSECTS HATED"

SFX: SAMPLES FROM "THE MAN THE INSECTS HATED"

SFX: TRAIN SOUNDS AND SWIRLING ORGAN EFFECTS UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

ANNOUNCER

Mutual presents the mysterious traveler

TRAVELER

This is The Mysterious Traveler inviting you to join me on another journey into the realm of the strange and the terrifying. I hope you will enjoy the trip, that it will thrill you a little and chill you a little. So settle back,

~~get a good grip on your nerves, and be comfortable--if you can.~~

TRAVELER

It's the end of July and rather warm, isn't it? There's probably an insect or two buzzing around in your living room right this moment, or banging against your screen trying to get in. Before we go any further, you better get rid of it. If you do, you'll breathe easier as you hear the unusual story I have for you today, the story I call . . .

MUSIC: DRAMATIC ORGAN STINGER

TRAVELER

. . . "The Man the Insects Hated."

MUSIC: ORGAN FOR A TRANSITION,

DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING

TRAVELER

My story begins in a homemade laboratory, in a crumbling mansion on the edge of a bayou deep in the heart of the Louisiana swamps. Outside the air is filled with the strident hum buzz of insects, uncounted swarms of them crawling and hopping and flying in the hot lush atmosphere. Inside the laboratory the air is filled with the same sound as a small man with graying hair lifts a wire insect trap to a table.

PROF. HANSEN

Listen to them Mary. How they hate me. Every one of them. The flies, the bees, the hornets, the beetles, the locusts, the spiders . . . they all hate me.

MARY Oh, John they don't hate you. They're just bugs. They can't hate you.

PROF. HANSEN Yes, but listen to them hum and buzz when I come near. They know me and the reason they're so upset is that they know that we're enemies and that I'm going to destroy them. Destroy them utterly.

MARY All right, John. (PAUSE) Ahh.

PROF. HANSEN Oh, Mary, you look tired. This life we've been leading the last few months, it's very dreary for you, isn't it?

MARY It's all right, John. It doesn't matter.

PROF. HANSEN But it does! These swamps, they must seem like the last outpost of creation to you. You always did love the city and the lights, the movement, the gaiety.

MARY I'm all right! You mustn't worry about me. It's only, it's such a struggle. If we had someone to help us it would be easier. But no one will come out here and work for us.

PROF. HANSEN Yes, I know my darling, believe me I do, but it's only for a little while. Soon we'll be rich. I promise it.

MARY All right, John. I'll be patient.

PROF. HANSEN You do believe me, Mary. You know that I'm on the verge of success now, don't you? That last formula, you saw how

quickly it killed every insect in the cage.

MARY Yes, I know. It was wonderful, John.

PROF. HANSEN You said you know yourself what it'll mean to the world. The perfect insect killer. Something much better than DDT. Why it will be tremendous! It will make the worst jungle livable. It'll cut down disease and increase the crops and . . .

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR

MARY There's someone at the door.

PROF. HANSEN Yes. It's very odd. I wonder who it could be.

MARY I'll see. Perhaps it's Dr. Guernsey or or Mr. Conway, the druggist. They promised to call.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

ANDREWS Good morning is Professor Hansen in?

MARY But, why yes he is. Come in quickly. There's so many flies.

ANDREWS Yeah, seems like the air is full of bugs outside. Never saw so many in my life.

PROF. HANSEN What is it, Mary?

MARY It's someone to see YOU, John. I don't know who.

ANDREWS                    Andrews is the name professor, Martin Andrews. Say, you really are out in the wilds here, aren't you? Thought I'd never find you.

PROF. HANSEN             Yes, we are rather isolated . . .But, ah . . .

ANDREWS                    You're wondering who I am and what I want here. The truth is I was in Conway's Drugstore back in town and he told me you might be able to use a handyman.

PROF. HANSEN             Oh, a handyman.

MARY                        Yes we can use a handyman. How much do you want?

ANDREWS                    Oh not very much. I guess 25 bucks a week could do me . . .

MARY                        We can manage that, I think.

ANDREWS                    But, on second thought, I don't know, I'm not crazy about these swamps, or all these bugs around and . . .

MARY                        Oh, please try it anyway, Mr. Andrews. My husband is engaged on some very important research and he needs help badly.

ANDREWS                    Ohhhh . . . well when you put it like that Mrs. Hansen . . .

PROF. HANSEN             Then you will stay?

ANDREWS                    Yeah, I'll stay. What have I got to lose? Maybe I'll like it better than I thought at first.

PROF. HANSEN              Excellent Mr. Andrews, excellent!

ANDREWS                    Oh just call me Martin, professor.

PROF. HANSEN              Aye, yes Martin, yes. Now there are a lot of details that you can help me with. Uh now take this watch and . . .

MARY                        Lunch will be ready in a minute.

PROF. HANSEN              Oh, yes my dear, yes. Take this watch Martin and, uh, you see this wire trap full of insects.

ANDREWS                    Yeah. There must be thousands of bugs in there.

PROF. HANSEN              There are. You see, I'm working to discover the perfect insect exterminator.

ANDREWS                    Oh yeah, I see.

PROF. HANSEN              . . . and in this spray gun I have my latest solution, Formula 312, and I'm going to spray it just once at this trap full of insects and you are to time how long it takes them all to die.

ANDREWS                    You're gonna kill all those bugs with just one squirt from that sprayer?

PROF. HANSEN              I hope so, and they know it too. Listen to them hum. How they hate me. They know

I'm going to kill them and they wish they could get free to kill me.

ANDREWS

Huh?

PROF. HANSEN

Oh yes, yes they know me. Insects hate me. All insects. Just as I hate them. They'd kill me if they could but instead I'm going to kill them. Have you put your eye on the watch?

ANDREWS

What? Oh yeah. Yeah sure.

PROF. HANSEN

Then start timing.

SFX: PUMP OF SPRAY BOTTLE

PROF. HANSEN

Now, watch and listen.

ANDREWS

Say, that stuff really mows 'em down professor.

PROF. HANSEN

Yes. They're dying now. A few of them are still trying to crawl around but, uh, there they go. Now, how long did it take?

ANDREWS

Uh, 29 seconds.

PROF. HANSEN

It's good, but not quite good enough. But I'm sure I'm on the right track.

MARY

Lunch is ready, John.

PROF. HANSEN

Oh yes my dear, yes. We're coming. Well uh, Martin do you think you're going to like working here, helping me develop my new insect killer?

ANDREWS

Yes sir, Professor. I've got an idea  
it's gonna be a lot more interesting  
here than I ever imagined.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION

SFX: STIRRING COFFEE IN CUP

MARY

Some more coffee John?

PROF. HANSEN

Thank you my dear. No I want to go back  
to the lab to try a new formula and, um,  
while I'm mixing it why don't you show  
Martin around the place.

MARY

Why . . . I . . . right

ANDREWS

That's a swell idea professor. I'd like  
to get wise to just what you're doing  
here.

MARY

But, I'm sure that John could show you  
around and explain everything better  
than I could.

PROF. HANSEN

No no no not at all, Mary , and besides  
you know how I feel about going  
outdoors.

MARY

Well all right John, if you want me to.

PROF. HANSEN

Fine. I'll get started on the new  
mixture right away and uh, when you're  
through I'll have something for you to  
do, Martin.

ANDREWS

Okay professor. Well Mrs. Hansen, I'll  
be obliged to you if you'll give me the  
lowdown on everything.

MARY Well, all right Martin. There are things that you really should know so . . .

MUSIC: ORGAN, SWIRLING, FOR  
TRANSITION

ANDREWS So that's how it is, huh?

MARY Um, huh.

ANDREWS The professor is hipped on the subject of bugs and wants to rid the world of them. (LAUGHS) And he thinks they all know it and hate him. (LAUGHS) Oh, that's a hot one. (LAUGHS) The bees and the mosquitoes and the flies they all got it in for him. (LAUGHS)

MARY You mustn't laugh. I know it's a strange quirk of his mind, but it's a harmless one, and you must pretend not to notice anything odd about it.

ANDREWS Okay, Mrs. Hansen. If you say so.

MARY You see, when he was a small boy, my husband was almost stung to death by a swarm of bees. That brought on his peculiar hatred of all insects and his belief that they hate him . . .

ANDREWS I'm sure I can see how that'd be.

MARY . . . and that's the reason why all his life he's been experimenting to find the perfect insect exterminator.

ANDREWS It's screwy but if he does find this perfect bug killer it'll pay off big.

MARY Oh, he WILL find it, I'm sure that . . . that's why I'm willing . . . I mean I'm sure he will.

ANDREWS You were gonna say that's why you're willing to stay here in this swamp because you think you'll find this bug killer and make a lot of money from it huh? Well, that's the truth ain't it Mrs. Hansen?

MARY You're being impertinent.

ANDREWS The first time I looked at you I could see you weren't meant for a life like this. You were meant for pretty clothes and soft music, dancing, fun. Not for rotting away in a swamp that's only fit for bugs.

MARY You mustn't talk like that. I've got to go back to the house.

ANDREWS No no, not yet. Listen, the minute I stepped inside that house I knew you were eating your heart out all for fun and people and pretty things.

MARY I don't know what you're talking about . . . let go of my wrist.

ANDREWS Not yet. Listen, I'm no handyman. I know how to make money when I want to. It's just good luck that brought me here. My good luck. There's meant to be something between us. I knew that the second you opened the door this morning.

MARY You're crazy. Let me go.

ANDREWS

Sure, I'll let you go. There. Well, why don't you run away from me now that you can?

MARY

You mustn't say things like that . . . you mustn't.

ANDREWS

But I already have and I will again. You weren't meant to be married to a doddy old dodo like the professor. You were meant to live and I'm gonna hang around here until I prove it to you

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

TRAVELER

And so Martin Andrews joined the strange household in the swamps, the household where Professor Hansen plotted death for the insect world. Mary suggested to him that it had been a mistake to hire Martin so hastily without investigating his background but her husband pooh-poohed her arguments and she was silent knowing she could not explain that she was both frightened and fascinated by a man whom she'd seen for the first time that day.

So Martin stayed, and in the days that followed professor Hansen found him invaluable. With his help the work went much more quickly, and daily, as the work progressed, the number of insects swarming about the house increased, buzzing and humming ominously as though news of the professor's success was spreading throughout the whole swamp. Then one morning in the laboratory . . .

SFX: MUSIC FADES OUT

PROF. HANSEN Time Martin.

ANDREWS Exactly 15 seconds professor.

PROF. HANSEN 15 seconds and every insect in the trap is dead. We've done it Martin! Mary, Mary!

MARY Yes John, what is it?

PROF. HANSEN Mary we've done it! At last. I found the formula that will kill any insect known almost instantly.

MARY Oh John. Oh I'm so glad!

PROF. HANSEN Yes, Formula 397! See, here it is, just a few marks on this piece of paper but it's man's final victory over the insect world.

ANDREWS Ah, listen to the bugs outside hum, professor. They sound almost like they know what you've done.

PROF. HANSEN Oh yes, they do know, but they're helpless. They're beaten and they know it. Yes. Now I've got to write a note to Dr. Guernsey and Mr. Conway. Martin, wait here for me.

ANDREWS Yeah, sure professor.

SFX: PAPER BEING FOLDED AND RUSTLED

MARY Martin, what are you doing with that formula?

ANDREWS                    Just putting it in my pocket where it will be safe. You know how the professor is always losing things.

MARY                        Give it to me, please. I'll take care of it.

ANDREWS                    Nah, I think I'd better hold on to it. But I have something else for you . . .

MARY                        No, let me go. No . . . Don't hold on to me.

ANDREWS                    Ever since that first day and I've been waiting till you know as well as I do that we were meant for each other.

MARY                        You mustn't say such things . . .

ANDREWS                    You do know it don't you?

MARY                        No. No . . .

MARTIN                     Maybe this will convince ya. [KISSES MARY]

MARY                        Oh Martin! Oh Martin.

ANDREWS                    Now you know it, don't ya?

MARY                        Yes. Oh, I'm crazy, I suppose but I can't help it. You've got to go away Martin, now, today.

ANDREWS                    You ARE crazy if you think I'm going without you. Oh, here comes the professor. We'll talk about it later.

PROF. HANSEN            Martin . . . Here's a note for Mr. Conway, the druggist. I've asked him to come out with Dr. Guernsey tomorrow night. Will you drive into town and deliver it to him please?

ANDREWS                Sure professor. I'd be glad to, right away.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION

SFX: DOOR OPENS

~~PROF. HANSEN            Come in Martin, quickly. Um my, your clothes are covered with insects. Here stand still a minute. I'll get rid of them.~~

~~SFX: SPRAY BOTTLE~~

~~PROF. HANSEN            There, it takes care of that. How in the world did so many get on you?~~

~~ANDREWS                When I got out to open the garage door they were crawling all over it. They dropped onto me and I couldn't knock them off.~~

~~MARY                    John. Oh John!~~

~~PROF. HANSEN            Yes Mary.~~

~~MARY                    John! John, there are ants in the kitchen, a whole swarm of giant black ants. They're monsters.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN            Giant ants in the kitchen. How did they get in?~~

MARY I don't know but they're there and more coming all the time.

PROF. HANSEN Well never mind. We'll take care of them. Come on, Martin bring the spray gun.

ANDREWS Right!

PROF. HANSEN They mustn't get into the house. I won't let them. They want to get at me but they're not going to.

MARY There they are John. All over the floor.

PROF. HANSEN These giant ants. The floor's black with them and look at them come this way toward me. They know who I am. Quick Martin, use the spray.

ANDREWS Yes professor. Yeah, this'll fix them. Look at them turn up their toes. Yeah that finishes them.

PROF. HANSEN But how in the world did they get in? I thought I'd made this house insect proof.

MARY Here are some more coming through this hole in the woodwork.

ANDREWS I'll take care of them.

SFX: SPAY GUN

ANDREWS Now plug up the hole, no more'll come in that way.

MARY

~~They're such big ants! I've never seen any that big before.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN~~

~~And they were after me but we've taught them a lesson.~~

ANDREWS

Professor, you've almost convinced me you're right, about the bugs hating you, I mean.

MARY

What are you saying?

ANDREWS

It's the truth! You never saw so many bugs in your life as there are outside right now. When I got back from town I could hardly see the house for the beetles and the flies and the hornets that are buzzing around it. A couple of times the car ran over columns of ants so thick I thought they were going to clog the wheels. Columns heading this way.

PROF. HANSEN

Is that so? I must go over to the window and see for myself. Yes, good heavens the screen is so covered with insects I can't see out.

ANDREWS

I'll give them a dose of your bug killer. That'll make 'em move on.

SFX: SPRAY BOTTLE

ANDREWS

Yeah that cleared 'em off. Now, take a look outside professor. Did you ever see anything like that in your life?

MARY

Oh!

PROF. HANSEN            Good lord! The sky is black with insects. Look at that swarm over the trees. Flying beetles wasps bees locusts. I can't identify them all.

ANDREWS                Yeah, and just listen to them . . . listen to that song of hate.

MARY                    Don't say that . . . It, it's just a natural phenomenon these swamps breed insects by the millions.

ANDREWS                Yeah, yeah I know and every one of those millions is headed right for this spot.

MARY                    But that's ridiculous!

ANDREWS                No it's not! All the way to town I didn't see a single bug because they're all gathered right around here, right around this house.

MARY                    You mustn't say that!

PROF. HANSEN           He's right. They know what's happening here and they want to stop me.

MARY                    No John, no.

ANDREWS                If you want my advice the thing to do is make up all the Formula 397 we can. If those bugs ever get into this house we're gonna need it.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

TRAVELER                As the day wore on the clouds of insects surrounding the old mansion and the

swamps grew steadily bigger. At times the house was almost hidden by the black swarms of tiny creatures flying and crawling over it as if they really were trying to force their way inside. But only a few did get into the house through unnoticed cracks. But as night came on . . .

SFX: SWARMING INSECTS, LIGHT SWITCH

MARY John!

PROF. HANSEN Yes.

MARY John, the lights won't go on!

PROF. HANSEN They won't?

MARY No look.

SFX: LIGHT SWITCH

MARY A fuse must have blown out.

~~ANDREWS I'll go take a look professor. I have the flashlight.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN Thank you, Martin.~~

~~ANDREWS I'll only be a minute.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN Listen to them, Mary, listen to them swarming about the house beating against the screens trying to get in at me.~~

~~MARY Oh John, they're just insects. They don't hate you.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN~~      ~~They don't, aye? Well then where do they come from? Why are they surrounding this house? Answer me that.~~

~~MARY~~      ~~Oh I don't know.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN~~      ~~Martin agrees with me. He said so this afternoon.~~

~~MARY~~      ~~You mustn't pay any attention to Martin.~~

~~PROF. HANSEN~~      ~~Listen to them. If they could get in we'd be dead in 15 minutes. There's death we hear humming and buzzing out there, Mary.~~

ANDREWS      Professor, professor.

PROF. HANSEN      Yes, what is it? Did you find the trouble?

ANDREWS      Yes, it's in the switchbox all right, all the fuses have blown out.

PROF. HANSEN      All of them! But how?

ANDREWS      The switch box is full of little beetles. I don't know where they came from but they caused a short circuit that blew out all the fuses.

PROF. HANSEN      They did it on purpose.

MARY      Oh John!

ANDREWS      Well anyway, we'll be using candles tonight. And there's another thing.

PROF. HANSEN      What, Martin.



ANDREWS                    Ah, don't let your imagination get you.  
I didn't feel anything.

PROF. HANSEN             No no no you must keep control of your  
nerves.

MARY                        I suppose I imagined it then. Oh John  
it's almost midnight. Are they ever  
going to go away?

ANDREWS                    Maybe not. If the professor's right and  
they're after him they'll just hang  
around until we starve to death or until  
they get in and finish us off.

MARY                        Oh Martin stop it.

PROF. HANSEN             Martin is right. We've used up all the  
Formula 397 and if they ever do get into  
the house we're doomed.

ANDREWS                    I was just thinking that myself.

PROF. HANSEN             We have got to get help.

MARY                        Go out of the house?

PROF. HANSEN             Yes.

MARY                        Oh . . . oh no, John!

PROF. HANSEN             Not all of us, but maybe if I were to  
take the car and make a dash for town  
they might follow me.

MARY                        John that's madness!

PROF. HANSEN In the sedan with all the windows shut they couldn't get at me and in town I could get help.

ANDREWS Yeah yeah, you could!

PROF. HANSEN I could make up more Formula 397 at Conway's Drugstore and he and Dr. Guernsey can come back with me. And if we used a big pumper spray we could destroy every insect that's outside.

MARY No! You mustn't try it!

ANDREWS It sounds like a good idea to me. I'd go only I couldn't mix the formula.

MARY No John, you mustn't go out.

PROF. HANSEN Yes, I'm going to do it. If those ants ever get at the car they'd cut the tires to shreds and then we would be at their mercy. I've got to go for help while I can.

MARY Then let's all go. We can all get in the car.

ANDREWS It'd be safer to stay here. This house will hold them off for a good while yet. I think the professor's scheme is the best.

PROF. HANSEN All right, Martin. Now I'll get ready and then you come downstairs and help me with the garage doors. And you're going to have to open and shut them awfully fast when I take the car out.

MUSIC: ORGAN, STINGER FOR  
TRANSITION, DUCKS UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING . . .

**TRAVELER** Despite Mary's protests, professor Hansen carried out his plan. With the car tightly closed, the motor racing, Martin flung open the garage doors. The car shot out into the night, the headlights showing great swarms of flying insects in its path. Then Martin swiftly closed and bolted the door again and hurried upstairs.

MUSIC: FADE OUT

SFX: INSECTS, DUCK UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING . . .

**ANDREWS** Well, he's gone.

**MARY** Oh why did you let him go?

**ANDREWS** That ought to be obvious.

**MARY** What do you mean?

**ANDREWS** I didn't let him go, I made him go. I put the whole idea in his mind so he'd go off and leave us alone here.

**MARY** Oh no.

**ANDREWS** Sure I did. I'm a bright boy. From now on it's going to be just you and me and fun.

**MARY** What are you saying?

ANDREWS

John isn't going to come back from his little trip to town.

MARY

I don't understand.

ANDREWS

Then I'll make it simple. In the first place all those bugs outside don't mean a thing. When I was in town this morning Conway the druggist told me it happens out here every seven years or so. There's something about the way the wind blows that makes millions of bugs come out of the swamp to swarm around this house in certain years.

MARY

Oh, but then why did you pretend to believe John when he said it was because they were after him?

ANDREWS

Just so as he'd go to town for help. Those bugs are harmless. Soon as the wind shifts they'll be gone.

MARY

But then . . .

ANDREWS

Right this minute John's driving to town as fast as he can go. And any second now the steering gear is gonna bust.

MARY

Martin. . . . No!

ANDREWS

Yes baby, because I fixed it to. And when that steering wheel goes it'll be curtains for John. The car will hit a tree and you'll be free to marry me. We'll have Formula 397 and all the dough it'll bring in.

MARY

That's murder.

ANDREWS

It isn't murder. It's being smart.

MARY

You've murdered John. I'm guilty too because I didn't make him send you away.

ANDREWS

Ah, you never really wanted me to go.

MARY

I, oughta loath you, and myself too, but . . . but I . . .

ANDREWS

But you don't.

MARY

No Martin. I don't.

ANDREWS

That's more like it baby. We'll always be together, always.

MARY

Forever, Martin, we . . .

SFX: HOUSE BEGINS TO SHAKE

MARY

Martin!?

ANDREWS

Huh?

MARY

Something's happening . . .

ANDREWS

What . . . ?

MARY

The house . . . it's, it's shaking!

ANDREWS

Gotta get out of here. The house is caving in. It's barely clear. Grab hold of me. Come on now before . . . Look out!

MARY

[Screams as house collapses]  
Maaartinnnn!

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, CROSS  
FADE TO . . .

SFX: AUTOMOBILE RUNNING ON ROADWAY

PROF. HANSEN            Mr. Conway, can't you drive faster? We must get back to the house.

CONWAY                    I'm driving as fast as I can professor.

DR. GUERNSEY            Professor, you must control yourself. That was a serious accident you were in. It's a miracle you weren't killed.

CONWAY                    Sure was. Where your car hit that tree, well, I'm just glad it wasn't me.

PROF. HANSEN            Yes yes but please drive faster.

DR. GUERNSEY            No, I should never have allowed you to return to your home with us. You should be in a hospital.

PROF. HANSEN            But, Doctor, my wife and Martin . . . I've got to save them from those insects. . . they hate me they're out to destroy all of us. They'll kill my wife and Martin if we don't get there in time.

DR. GUERNSEY            Professor, you must calm yourself. I'm sure it isn't as serious as all that.

PROF. HANSEN            Oh, doctor, you're like everyone else. You don't know how dangerous the insect world is. But I know, and that's why they hate me and that's why they're out to destroy me and my wife and Martin.

CONWAY Ah, we're almost there. The house is just around this bend in the road.

PROF. HANSEN Yes, but please hurry. You mustn't slow down.

CONWAY Professor, I gotta take this curve slow. After all we don't want no . . . good lord . . .

DR. GUERNSEY Ahhh . . . The house it's collapsed.

PROF. HANSEN They've wrecked it. The insects have wrecked it. I told you they were out to get me.

SFX: AUTOMOBILE STOPS. ENGINE  
TURNED OFF. DOORS OPEN.

PROF. HANSEN Now come quickly, we must find my wife and Martin.

DR. GUERNSEY Come along Conway this looks bad.

CONWAY Yes, doctor.

PROF. HANSEN Mary? Mary, where are you. Mary answer me . . .

DR. GUERNSEY Conway, you'd better start looking through the wreckage.

CONWAY Okay, doctor.

PROF. HANSEN Mary? Mary where are you?

DR. GUERNSEY Oh lord, I've never seen so many bugs in all my life.

PROF. HANSEN            If we only had more of my Formula 397 we could kill all of them. All of them! But they won't get the better of me. They won't . . .

SFX: SPRAY GUN

DR. GUERNSEY            Oh professor what are you doing? There isn't any spray in that gun. It's empty.

PROF. HANSEN            I'll show them. I'll show them.

CONWAY                    Doctor, I found them . . . they're under the wreckage of the house.

DR. GUERNSEY            Oh, oh you better take me to them, Conway. Perhaps we can . . .

CONWAY                    It's too late doc, they're both dead.

PROF. HANSEN            Dead? They're dead?

CONWAY                    Yes professor. They were killed by falling timbers when the house collapsed.

PROF. HANSEN            No. No. It wasn't the falling timbers that killed them. It was the insect world that killed them. They tried to destroy me. And instead they murdered Mary. And now they're trying to break me down. But I won't let them!

SFX: SPRAY GUN

PROF. HANSEN            I won't let them. My formula, Formula 397, this spray will destroy them all. Yes, yes they're dying left and right. They're dying . . . you see . . .

CONWAY

Doc, what, what's wrong with him? That spray gun's empty.

DR. GUERNSEY

Yes, Conway I know. I'm afraid he's completely mad. The insect world has destroyed his mind.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, CROSS  
FADE TO . . . RAILROAD TRAIN SOUNDS

MUSIC: SWIRLING ORGAN MIMICS INSECT  
SOUNDS, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

TRAVELER

This is The Mysterious Traveler again. And how did you enjoy our visit with the man the insects hated? Too bad about poor Professor Hansen wasn't it? Yes, they found he'd gone completely mad and in his madness had completely forgotten his newly discovered Formula 397 which would destroy all insects.

Oh, what happened to the copy of the formula which Martin had stolen? Well strangely enough when Martin's body was removed from the wreckage the formula was not in his pockets. Some people say that the insects . . . oh, you have to get off here, I'm sorry. But I'm sure we'll meet again. I take this same train every week at the same time.

SFX: TRAIN WHISTLE, CROSS FADE TO.

ANNOUNCER

~~You have just heard The Mysterious Traveler, a series of dramas of the strange and terrifying. In today's story the cast included Maurice Toplin, Eric Dressler, Helen Shields, and Robert~~

~~Dryden. Original music was played by  
Gene Terazzo. The Mysterious Traveler is  
written produced and directed by Bob  
Arthur and David Kogan. The Mysterious  
Traveler has come to you from our New  
York studios. Carl Caruso speaking. This  
is the Mutual Broadcasting System.~~

~~MUSIC: TO ENDING~~

~~MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK~~

~~THE FUSEBOX BREAK~~

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. We'll return to The Mysterious Traveler in just a moment. But first, let me introduce you to The Fusebox Show. Produced by Marc Rose, it's a different kind of radio storytelling, full of quirky conversation, quick wit, and commentary about current day events and news. It's a radio show that'll withstand any bug spray you throw at it. Here's a sample.

~~SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER~~

HOST Learn more, and subscribe to the podcast at *The Fusebox Show* website, thefuseboxshow dot com.

~~MUSIC: RIR THEME~~

~~HOST INTER-EPISODE TRANSITION~~

HOST You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our *Mysterious Traveler* double feature.

We just heard "The Man the Insects Hated." Episode #114, broadcast July 27, 1947.

Eric Dressler voiced the part of Professor John Hanson. Helen Shields was Mary Hanson. And Robert Dryden was Martin Andrews. For lots more information and backstories about this episode, visit our website: reimaged radio DOT net.

HOST

Time now for our second feature from *The Mysterious Traveler*. With its genre crossing story lines, parallels to H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine*, Wylis Cooper's "The Thing on the Fourable Board," and an unexpected twist ending, it might be called the series "signature episode." Let's listen to "Behind the Locked Door."

"BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR"

SFX: SAMPLES FROM "BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR"

SFX: EERIE ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, DUCKS UNDER AND OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING . . .

TRAVELER

Our story begins in the beautiful mountain region of Lake Mead, Arizona. A convertible car is speeding along a deserted road, which winds through the mountains. The car slows down, turns into a dirt road. A few minutes later, it comes to a stop before a small

mountain lodge. Kathy Evans, an attractive girl in her early twenties gets out of the car and runs up the steps of the lodge to the front door. She knocks impatiently looking about anxiously.

SFX: KNOCKING ON DOOR. BIRDS IN BACKGROUND, KNOCKING REPEATS, HEAVY WOODEN DOOR OPENS SLOWLY WITH A LONG CREAK.

MARTIN

Yes?

KATHY

Martin.

MARTIN

Kathy.

KATHY

I thought I'd find you here. Aren't you going to ask me in?

MARTIN

Go way, Kathy.

KATHY

Martin, what's wrong?

MARTIN

Go away. Go away.

KATHY

Not until I find out what this is all about. Well, let me in.

SFX: KATHY ENTERS THE CABIN, BIRDS

~~KATHY~~

~~Are you alone?~~

~~MARTIN~~

~~Alone? . . . Yes . . .~~

KATHY

Darling, look at yourself. You haven't shaved in days. Martin, those deep

gashes on your neck and face! How did you get them?

MARTIN It doesn't matter.

KATHY Darling, you must have lost a great deal of blood, and you're feverish.

MARTIN Yes, I know.

KATHY Is it true about Professor Stephens?

MARTIN Yes.

~~KATHY Why did you leave town so suddenly last night? The authorities are looking for you.~~

~~MARTIN Good, they don't know I'm here.~~

~~KATHY I know. How could they? It was intuition that brought me here.~~

~~MARTIN They mustn't find me.~~

KATHY Martin, nothing makes sense. You return from an expedition last night alone unexpected. You stay in town one hour and then vanish. Not even phoning me.

MARTIN It's . . . It's best that way. Believe me, Kathy.

KATHY You've got to tell me everything that's happened.

MARTIN I can't, Kathy. I can't.

KATHY I'm your fiance! I've got a right to know.

MARTIN Kathy, go away. Please.

KATHY I won't go away until you tell me what's happened.

MARTIN If . . . If I do . . . then will you go?

KATHY Yes.

MARTIN I, I don't know where to begin. I suppose if you CAN say it had a beginning it . . . it was that day a little over two weeks ago in Professor Steven's office . . .

MUSIC: ORGAN, STINGER FOR  
TRANSITION

PROF. STEPHENS Come in, Martin. Come in. Have a seat.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

MARTIN Thank you, Professor.

PROF. STEPHENS Martin, how'd you like to go exploring with me for, say, 10 days, two weeks at the outside?

MARTIN Exploring where?

PROF. STEPHENS The Vermilion Cliffs along the Colorado River. I found some wonderful Aztec pieces there last summer. One large cave I stumbled on proved to be a veritable treasure trove.

MARTIN Yes, yes, I've seen those Aztec pieces in the University Museum.

PROF. STEPHENS Now the Vermilion Cliffs still remain largely unexplored. I'm sure that we could turn up many more objects of interest.

MARTIN It certainly sounds intriguingly. The only reason I hesitate professor is because of Kathy.

PROF. STEPHENS I'm sure she'd give you a two-week leave of absence.

MARTIN Yes, I suppose so. ~~How many of us would go?~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Well, it would just be you, myself, and an Indian guide, and three burros. I find that the fewer there are on an expedition, the better.~~

MARTIN Um hum. When would we leave?

PROF. STEPHENS Eh, what about the day after tomorrow?

MARTIN All right, Professor, I'm with you.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION

SFX: HOOF BEATS AS THE EXPLORERS  
RIDE ALONG

MARTIN So these are the Vermilion Cliffs professor?

PROF. STEPHENS Yes . . . an awe-inspiring sight, aren't they?

MARTIN They're as breathtaking as The Grand Canyon itself. I had no idea they towered so high.

PROF. STEPHENS Yes, they make you realize just how insignificant man really is.

MARTIN Yeah.

PROF. STEPHENS This region is so desolate, Martin, that it's all but unexplored. That's why I'm drawn to it time and time again.

MARTIN Yes, I can understand that. It represents the challenge of the unknown.

PROF. STEPHENS (LAUGHS) Careful, Martin, you'll get the exploring bug.

MARTIN Oh, I've already been bitten, Professor.

~~PROF. STEPHENS Well, if you're going to be an explorer and an archaeologist, I'll have to start teaching you the fundamentals of the profession. (CALLS OUT) Sam . . . seems like a good spot we'll camp here for the night.~~

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION

~~MARTIN Whew! Well, it certainly is hot, professor. Exploring isn't as easy as I thought.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Ehhh.~~

MARTIN All right, Professor, what is it? For 20 minutes now, you've been sitting on that rock staring at that cliff.

PROF. STEPHENS Ehhh. Note the boulders strewn over the face of that cliff.

MARTIN What about it?

PROF. STEPHENS And that's a very peculiar landslide. If you carefully study the formation of it.

MARTIN What's peculiar about it?

PROF. STEPHENS Many of the rocks look as though they'd been placed there by human hands.

MARTIN But why, and by whom?

PROF. STEPHENS Ehh, one of the ancient Aztec forms a punishment was to seal a person in a cave by means of a landslide, or just piling heavy rocks in front of the mouth of the cave.

MARTIN That landslide . . . There must be hundreds of tons of rock there.

PROF. STEPHENS Yesss. Well fortunately, we're prepared for it.

MARTIN Is that why you brought the dynamite along?

PROF. STEPHENS Yes. ~~Probably all we'll find will be a skeleton. In that case, it'll have been a waste of dynamite. However, we'll chance it. Oh, Sam.~~

~~SAM What you want?~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Get the case of dynamite, Sam. We're gonna blast that landslide.~~

~~SAM~~ ~~Professor. Better leave it, same way it be.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~Why?~~

~~SAM~~ ~~Evil spirit sleep in cave. Better not wake him up.~~

~~MARTIN~~ ~~(LAUGHS) You really believe that?~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~Martin, I wouldn't laugh. Sam may be uneducated. But he senses things that you and I can't even begin to comprehend.~~

~~MARTIN~~ ~~Now wait a minute. You mean you believe what he said about evil being asleep in that cave?~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~I wouldn't say that I believe it. But nevertheless, I respect Sam's opinion. But Sam, I still want to blast that landslide.~~

~~SAM~~ ~~Hey, get dynamite.~~

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION

PROF. STEPHENS Keep your head down, Martin. When I set that dynamite off, there are going to be a great many rocks flying around.

MARTIN Don't worry, Professor. I've got cover.

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~Sam, you ready?~~

~~SAM~~ ~~Yes Professor.~~

PROF. STEPHENS All right. Here goes.

SFX: DYNAMITE EXPLODES, ROCKS FALL

PROF. STEPHENS Keep your heads down.

SFX: EXPLOSION ENDS

PROF. STEPHENS All right. It's safe now.

SFX: MARTIN CLIMBING ON ROCKS

MARTIN Professor, I think you did it. I can see a small opening. It looks like the mouth of a cave.

PROF. STEPHENS Yes, it is. ~~Sam, let me have one of the flashlights. Martin, let me take the other.~~ I'll lead the way in.

MARTIN Just as you say, professor.

SFX: BOOTS CLAMBER OVER THE ROCK DEBRIS AND INTO THE CAVE.

PROF. STEPHENS The air doesn't seem too bad in here. Yes, it's all right.

MARTIN What's that noise?

PROF. STEPHENS It's just rats, scurrying around.

MARTIN Oh.

PROF. STEPHENS Certainly a huge cavern. Look at that ceiling. Must be 200 feet high.

MARTIN Look at the bats up there.

PROF. STEPHENS Yes, huge ones.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS INSIDE CAVERN, WITH BATS SCREECHING OVERHEAD, RATS UNDERFOOT. ALL THESE CONTINUE UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

PROF. STEPHENS I have a feeling that this cavern and others extend for miles underground.

MARTIN Yeah, I . . . professor, look!

PROF. STEPHENS . . . Skeleton.

MARTIN Yes . . . There's . . . There's another one over there.

PROF. STEPHENS Yeah. See what else there is . . .

SFX: FOOTSTEPS SCRAMBLING ON THE CAVERN FLOOR.

~~SAM Wagon train!~~

PROF. STEPHENS ~~What?~~ Good lord. ~~Sam's right.~~ It's a wagon train.

MARTIN A wagon train?

PROF. STEPHENS Yes.

SFX: MORE BOOTS SCRAMBLING OVER ROCKS IN THE CAVERN.

PROF. STEPHENS There's at least 30 or 40 wagons in this cavern. Look, skeletons of horses.

MARTIN Here's a skeleton with an arrow beside it.

PROF. STEPHENS Let me see it. Ehh. Appears to be a Navajo arrow. ~~What do you think, Sam?~~

~~SAM Navajo.~~

MARTIN Professor, this wagon train. What's it all mean?

PROF. STEPHENS Hhhmm, many years ago, this wagon train was attacked by Indians. Wagon train retreated into this cavern, hoping to save themselves that way.

MARTIN Then the Indian's caused the landslide, sealing them in.

PROF. STEPHENS Yesss . . .

MARTIN Poor devils.

PROF. STEPHENS Notice that old gun lying there. A flintlock. Seems to suggest this wagon train must be at least a hundred years old.

MARTIN Probably headed for the California Gold Rush of 1848.

PROF. STEPHENS Yesss. ~~Well, we'll come back tomorrow, search this wagon train, thoroughly. I'm sure we'll find many things of great interest.~~

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION, DUCK UNDER  
AND CONTINUE

~~MARTIN Next morning, after an early breakfast, Sam and I followed Professor Stevens back into the cavern. We spent the~~

~~morning investigating the trunks and boxes we found on the wagons, and among the moldy clothing and 101 household articles, we found faded letters and newspapers which showed the wagon train and crossed the Mississippi in the summer of 1849. Headed west, for California, and gold.~~

MARTIN

(NARRATING) We finished rummaging among the effects of the wagons, and the professor suggested we explore the cavern. We followed ~~him from~~ one cavern to another. Now, and then the professor would stop to mark our trail for the caverns were honeycombed with countless passage ways.

SFX: FADE IN BOOTS ON THE CAVERN FLOOR

MARTIN

How far do you think we've come, Professor?

PROF. STEPHENS

I should say we're about a mile from the wagon train.

MARTIN

Uh-huh.

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~

~~We'll go back a few more minutes.~~

~~SAM~~

~~We go back now. This place evil.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~

~~Ahh, Sam, if there are ghosts here, they're only the ghosts of the people of the wagon train. They wouldn't harm us.~~

~~SAM~~ ~~I tell you, evil. Feel it. All around.~~  
~~We go back.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~We'll go just a little further, then~~  
~~turn back.~~

SFX: SOUND OF RUNNING WATER FADES

IN

MARTIN Professor, wait a minute.

PROF. STEPHENS What is it Martin?

MARTIN I think I hear running water.

PROF. STEPHENS Yes, you're right. Come along.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, WATER SOUNDS

GETTING CLOSER, CONTINUES UNDER THE

FOLLOWING . . .

MARTIN We seem to be getting closer.

PROF. MARTIN Yes, eh.

~~SAM~~ ~~Evil, all around us.~~

SFX: RUNNING WATER

PROF. STEPHENS It can't be much further.

SFX: FLOWING WATER NOW VERY CLOSE

MARTIN Well, there it is. It's a small river.  
Look how swiftly it's flowing.

PROF. STEPHENS Yes. It's probably flows for miles  
underground, and it empties into the  
Colorado River.

MARTIN Say, Professor, here, all along the bank. It's a tremendous pile of fish bones.

PROF. STEPHENS Yes, so there is.

MARTIN Look, and there are even more on the other side of the river.

PROF. STEPHENS Hmmmm.

MARTIN What do these huge piles of fish bones mean?

PROF. STEPHENS Hmmmm. . . It's very strange.

MARTIN How do you account for it?

~~PROF. STEPHENS I'm afraid that at the moment I can't. Sam, you have any ideas about it?~~

~~SAM Evil all around us. Feel him strong.~~

~~MARTIN Professor, he's trembling.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Sam, there's nothing to be afraid of. Look, I'll shine my flashlight around.~~

~~SAM We've been watched.~~

~~MARTIN Watched? What are you talking about?~~

~~SAM One stay here. I go!~~

~~SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Sam. Come back. You haven't even got a flashlight. Sam! Come on, Martin, we've got to catch him.~~

~~MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL~~

~~SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ECHO IN THE  
CAVERN~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Sam! Wait for us.~~

~~MARTIN I can still hear his footsteps.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS We've got to catch him. He'll do himself  
serious injury running in the dark like  
that. Sam! Wait for us! Wait . . .~~

~~SAM [SCREAMS IN DISTANCE]~~

~~MARTIN Professor! It's Sam, screaming.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS This way. That fool has probably broken  
his leg!~~

~~MARTIN No, that sounds more like a fight.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Fight? Who could he possibly be fighting  
with?~~

~~MARTIN I don't know.~~

~~MARTIN He stopped.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Sam! Where are you? Keep shining the  
flashlight around. Can't be much  
further. Sam!~~

~~MARTIN There he is!~~

~~SFX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS STOP. HEAVY  
BREATHING.~~

~~MARTIN~~ ~~Heh . . . . Just, just sitting at that boulder with his head down.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~Sam. Sam. Give me a hand with him.~~

~~MARTIN~~ ~~Good lord!~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~Augh! [BREATHES HEAVILY]~~

~~MARTIN~~ ~~His face . . . Neck . . . Who could have done this to him?~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS~~ ~~[OUT OF BREATH] I don't know.~~

~~MARTIN~~ ~~There has to be an explanation. There has to be.~~

SFX: RUNNING WATER DUCKS AND  
CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

PROF. STEPHENS Martin, I have a theory. But it's so incredible. I can't bring myself to voice it . . .

MARTIN Tell me!

PROF. STEPHENS Why, you'll think I'm insane . . .

MARTIN Tell me!

PROF. STEPHENS What if the people of the wagon train, or rather descendants, are alive, here, in these huge caverns . . .

MARTIN That's impossible!

PROF. STEPHENS Why? Picture what happened the day the hundred and fifty people or so were sealed in this mountain by the Indians.

What would have been the first thing they'd have done?

MARTIN Try to dig their way out.

PROF. STEPHENS Exactly. They start digging and find that a hundred ton boulder's blocking the entrance and they have no dynamite. They're forced to give up.

MARTIN Yes . . .

PROF. STEPHENS They spend days looking for another way out. Fail to find one. The day comes when all their food is gone. Starvation sets in.

MARTIN All right. All right. Then that would mean they would all die.

PROF. STEPHENS Not necessarily. The strongest of them stumble along in the darkness and find the underground river. They catch an abundance of fish and are able to survive.

MARTIN The huge fish bone piles along the river!

PROF. STEPHENS Right. The river was an everlasting supply of food. They continued to live by the river in the dark. Some, probably went insane, died. Others adjusted themselves to their new environment.

MARTIN Professor, you . . . you think those hand-full of survivors had descendants

who are alive today inside this mountain?

PROF. STEPHENS Yes, Martin, ~~and it was one of them who clawed Sam to death.~~

MARTIN What can those descendants be like, being born and . . . and living in darkness?

PROF. STEPHENS I can only guess. I should imagine they'd be blind, or near to it. But their other senses would be remarkably developed.

MARTIN Their physical appearance?

PROF. STEPHENS I don't know.

MARTIN It's all like a nightmare. The nightmare you can't awaken from. What's . . . What's to prevent them from attacking us.

PROF. STEPHENS Our flashlights for one thing. [Drops out at 43:18 I'm sure light frightens them.] Just as fire frightens animals. Fortunately, I have a revolver.

MARTIN Well, we better move on. ~~Wait a minute, what about Sam?~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Sam . . . nothing we can do for him now. Come along, Martin, we must find the trail I marked, so that we can get out of here.~~

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

~~SFX: BOOTS ON THE CAVE FLOOR,  
WALKING, TIRED~~

~~MARTIN Ah, seems we've been searching days for  
the markings you left.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Yes. Actually, been 10 hours. Listen.~~

~~MARTIN The river.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Yes, come along.~~

~~SFX: BOOTS, NOW RUNNING~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Once we reach the river, we'll be able  
to pick up the trail I marked.~~

~~MARTIN Well, we're getting closer . . .~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS There . . .~~

~~MARTIN There it is.~~

~~SFX: SUPPLEMENTAL SFX OF RUNNING  
WATER FADES OUT UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Here we are. Look, Martin, that's my  
marking on a passage way. We found the  
trail. Martin. It's 2:00 AM. We better  
rest a few hours. We're both too  
exhausted to go on right now. One of us  
stands guard while the other sleeps.~~

~~MARTIN All right. I'll sit up the first hour.~~

~~PROF. STEPHENS Thank you, Martin. Keep your flashlight  
on.~~

MARTIN

~~Don't worry. I will.~~

MUSIC: ORGAN, SUSPENSEFUL STINGER,

DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

MARTIN

(NARRATING) In a matter of minutes, the professor fell asleep. I sat . . . sat ~~on guard,~~ flashing my light slowly around the huge cavern. I looked at my watch and the seconds seemed like minutes and the minutes like hours. My eyes grew heavy and I finally dozed off.

MUSIC: UP FOR EMPHASIS, THEN OUT

MARTIN

(NARRATING) Suddenly I awakened in the darkness to hear the professor screaming.

PROF. STEPHENS

(SHOUTING) Martin . . . Help me . . . Turn on the bright light . . .

MARTIN

(NARRATING) I looked frantically for my flashlight in the darkness but I couldn't find it. Then suddenly I heard shots.

SFX: SHOTS FROM A REVOLVER,

PROFESSOR STRUGGLING

MARTIN

(NARRATING) From the flashes of the gun I could see the professor struggling with a huge dark, figure. Then suddenly, all was quiet. Except the professor's moans. As I crawled toward him in the darkness my hand suddenly struck the flashlight. I turned it on and there was the professor.

PROF. STEPHENS (GROANS IN PAIN) Ahhhhh . . .Martin . . .  
. I think I'm wounded . . .

MARTIN You're bleeding badly. Let me stanch  
your wounds.

PROF. STEPHENS Too late. Leave. At once. At once.

MARTIN But what about you? Professor?  
Professor?

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR A TRANSITION,  
DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

MARTIN (NARRATING) I felt his heart, but there  
was no beat. (CRYING) I staggered to my  
feet, shined my flashlight around until  
I found the professor's markings. I  
stumbled, wearily, along the marked  
passageway, trying not to remember my  
last glimpse of the professor's face. I  
hadn't gone more than a hundred yards,  
when suddenly my flashlight flickered,  
and went out. As I stood alone in the  
darkness, rats scampering past, I fought  
to keep from screaming. The darkness  
seemed to become heavier and more  
oppressive with each passing moment and  
I had the feeling something was silently  
approaching. I backed up against the  
passage wall, waited, my eyes straining  
in the dark, and then suddenly I was  
leaped upon by a wild fury.

SFX: SOUNDS OF A WILD CREATURE  
ATTACKING

MARTIN (NARRATING) I threw my arms up as well  
as I could to protect my face and neck.

Again and again I did what I could to protect myself but I could feel blood streaming down my face and neck. Then suddenly, the deathly clawing ceased and my attacker turned to ward off something in the dark. As I sank to my knees I was dimly aware of a fierce fight taking place and then consciousness left me.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

SFX: SOUNDS OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

MARTIN

(NARRATING) Later, how much later I have no way of knowing, I became aware of a heavy, calloused hand washing my face and neck with water. I winced in pain as the water flowed into the deep cuts and then, suddenly I remembered it all. And remembering it all, became aware of the calloused hand washing my face and the presence of someone beside me in the darkness.

(SPEAKING, in cave) "Who . . . Who are you?" For a moment the hand hesitated, then resumed washing my neck.

"Well, can't you speak? Say something!"

SFX: HUMAN GUTTURAL VOCALIZATION, SOUNDS ANIMAL-LIKE.

MARTIN

(NARRATING) The noise . . . that came from the throat . . . it was more the noise of an animal's than a human being.

"If I could only see you. Do you have a name?"

SFX: VOCALIZATION

MARTIN

(NARRATING) It spoke . . . Seemed to repeated the word "name" although I couldn't be sure. Faint from the loss of blood, I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

MUSIC: ORGAN, FOR TRANSITION, DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

SFX: UNDERGROUND RIVER SOUNDS CONTINUE, UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

MARTIN

(NARRATING) When I awoke, my face and neck . . . felt stiff and painful. It . . . seemed to sense I was awake for as I opened my eyes and stared into the darkness, it came to my side.

(SPEAKING, IN CAVE) "Can't, can't you understand anything at all? Don't my words make any sense to you? Why did you save my life?"

(NARRATING) My hand brushed against it's hand and I could feel sharp, claw-like fingers on it. I reached out into the darkness as I touched its face it bit my hand.

(EXCLAIMS) Aughh!

(NARRATING) I tried to get to my feet . . . but . . . it placed a strong hand on my shoulder and held me down.

At that moment I realized that not only was it my savior, but my jailer as well.

MUSIC: ORGAN, STINGER FOR SUSPENSE,  
DUCKS UNDER THE FOLLOWING . . .

MARTIN

(NARRATING) I lost all track of time. Now and then, it would leave me. I would cautiously get to my feet to steal off, but no sooner had taken more than a few steps and it would be there at my side forcing me to return to the bank of the river. I spent my every waking moment trying to think of a way to escape.

Then, when my despair was greatest an idea came to me. The professor had said that the underground river I lay beside emptied into the Colorado River. Although the odds were 100 to 1 against my surviving, I knew it was the only possible way of escape.

Slowly, I crawled the few remaining feet to the edge of the river, and leaning over, started to wash my face. I could sense that it was watching me. I leaned forward a few inches more and fell into the river.

SFX: SPLASH AND WATER SOUNDS

MARTIN

As I came up for air in the swift flowing water, I heard a splash beside me. A moment later I felt its arms around me.

The current swept us along at breath-taking speed and as we clung to each

other I discovered that it couldn't swim.

For what seemed hours, the river swept us along in the darkness, and I felt myself loosing conscious as I attempted to keep the two of us above water.

MUSIC: UP FOR A SUSPENSEFUL STINGER

MARTIN When I regained consciousness, Kathy, we were both lying on a sand bar in the Colorado River, and the sun was beating down on us.

KATHY Darling, you're delirious from your wounds. You need a doctor.

MARTIN I wish . . . I wish it were simple as all that.

KATHY You're feverish. You need care.

MARTIN Go, go away, Kathy. Go away.

KATHY How can I? Leaving you alone like that?

MARTIN Don't you understand? I'm NOT alone. SHE's here.

KATHY She's here?

MARTIN Yes! Didn't I tell you? Turned out to be a she.

KATHY You're out of your mind. You don't know what you're saying.

**MARTIN** When I first saw her . . . the first time . . . lying unconscious on that sandbar, my first instinct was to leave her there. But how could I? She'd saved my life in the cavern, and then jumped into the river when she thought I was drowning even when she couldn't swim herself.

**KATHY** Martin, I want you to get a grip on yourself . . .

**MARTIN** Just as I was dependent on her in the dark, she's dependent on me in the light. She's blind. She can't speak yet. She . . .

SFX: KATHY SLAPS MARTIN'S FACE.

**KATHY** Stop talking like that!

**MARTIN** You can't believe it's true, can you, Kathy? Neither could I at first.

**KATHY** What are you staring at? Is there anyone in that bedroom? Well I'll soon find out.

SFX: KATHY'S FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE WOODEN FLOOR OF THE CABIN.

SFX: KATHY RATTLES THE LOCKED DOOR.

**KATHY** Why is the door locked?

**MARTIN** (DEEPLY ANGUISHED) She's in there!

SFX: KATHY'S FOOTSTEPS RETURN ACROSS ROOM.

KATHY                   Martin you're sick! You don't know what you are saying.

MARTIN                 (LAUGHS)

KATHY                   I'll prove to you there's no one in that room. It's just your imagination. Gimme the key to the door.

MARTIN                 Kathy, Kathy, you're too late.

KATHY                   Give it to me.

SFX: KEY PICKED UP FROM A WOODEN TABLE.

KATHY                   Thank you.

SFX: KATHY WALKS BACK TO LOCKED DOOR, PUTS KEY IN LOCK.

KATHY                   Perhaps when you see the room is empty you'll be willing to return to town for medical treatment.

SFX: KATHY UNLOCKS AND OPENS DOOR.

KATHY                   There! I told you. (PAUSE, THEN BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM).

SFX: SCREAM, CROSS FADE TO . . .

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL CLOSE

SFX: RAILROAD LOCOMOTIVE SOUNDS, ESPECIALLY STEAM WHISTLE, DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

TRAVELER

~~This is The Mysterious Traveler again. Did you enjoy our trip? What's that madame? You want a description of what Kathy saw when she opened that bedroom door?~~

~~Well, you might ask Kathy. The only trouble is the poor girl gets hysterical when you question her about the occupant of that bedroom. I suggest you write a letter to the Museum of Horrors for a full description. They consider "The Woman of the Mountain" as their star exhibit because when she . . . (PAUSE) Oh, you have to get off here, I'm sorry. I'm sure we'll meet again. I take the same train every week at this same time.~~

SFX: TRAIN WHISTLE, SUSTAIN, THEN FADES OUT. CROSS FADE TO

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ANNOUNCER

~~You have just heard The Mysterious Traveler. You may now enjoy other exciting adventures of The Mysterious Traveler in the current issues of The Mysterious Traveler magazine. Our cast, Laos Tuto, Anne Shepherd, and Robert Sudlow, with Maurice Talpin in the title role. Bill Tarkin speaking, this program came to you from New York.~~

MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK

THE RIR BREAK

MUSIC: RIR THEME. ESTABLISH, THEN FADE OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. With each episode we explore radio storytelling using voice, sound effects, and music. Here are some examples . . .

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO

TRAILER

HOST More information and listening opportunities are available at our website--reimaginedradio DOT net

Re-Imagined Radio is also available as podcasts. Subscribe, listen, like, and review wherever you get your podcasts, or, from our website.

MUSIC: RIR THEME, RETURN. FADES OUT AT ENDING.

SFX: RUMBLY BIT. ESTABLISH, THEN DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING.

HOST CONCLUSION

HOST You just heard "Behind the Locked Door," Episode #329 of *The Mysterious Traveler*, broadcast November 6, 1951. And that concludes our Mysterious Traveler double feature episode.

*The Mysterious Traveler* radio series was written and directed by Robert Arthur and David Kogan. Heard on the Mutual Broadcasting System, 1943 to 1953, it's important for its unique storytelling across an eclectic range of genres.

Fantasy, science fiction, crime, stories of mystery and suspense, and horror.

SFX: RUMBLY BIT FADES OUT

HOST

Each episode is narrated by the one consistent character in the series, The Mysterious Traveler himself, voiced by Maurice Talpin.

SFX: THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

OPENING. TRAIN SFX AT BEGINNING AND  
END.

TRAVELER

This is The Mysterious Traveler,  
inviting you to join me on another  
journey into the strange and the  
terrifying. I hope you will enjoy the  
trip, that it will thrill you a little  
and chill you a little. So settle back,  
get a good grip on your nerves and be  
comfortable--if you can.

SFX: ENDS WITH TRAIN WHISTLE FADING  
OUT.

HOST

The unusual timbre of Talpin's voice, along with its urgency, both challenges us to listen, and introduces the story world.

There, stories unfold along their skillfully written narrative arcs, just as the train follows its carefully engineered tracks.

The sound effects are top notch. The train whistle . . .

SFX: TRAIN WHISTLE, SUSTAIN, THEN  
FADES OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST . . . the buzz and hum of thousands of insects . . .

SFX: INSECTS BUZZING. DUCK UNDER  
THE FOLLOWING . . .

They're the work of Jack Amrhein (AM rhine) and other sound artists who worked on the series.

SFX: FADE OUT

HOST The music, original compositions for the organ by Gene Terazzo and others, is like another character, and heightens our immersive experience.

SFX: ORGAN SAMPLE TO PROVE THE  
POINT, DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING AND  
THEN FADE OUT

HOST For lots more information and backstories about this episode and others, visit our website: [reimaginedradio DOT net](http://reimaginedradio.net).

HOST CREDITS/CLOSE

MUSIC: RIR THEME, DUCKS UNDER THE  
FOLLOWING.

HOST This episode of Re-Imagined Radio was written by John Barber.

Sound Design, music composition, and post-production by Marc Rose.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum and Sydney Nguyen.

Social media by Ben Peterson.

Our announcer is Jack Armstrong.

We produce Re-Imagined Radio with support from community radio stations KXRW-FM (Vancouver, Washington) and KXRY-FM (Portland, Oregon). Your contributions to either are tax deductible, and much appreciated.

We archive episodes of Re-Imagined Radio as podcasts at our website, reimagedradio DOT net. You can listen or subscribe there. Podcasts are also available at the major distribution platforms.

This is John Barber, producer and host. Thank you for listening.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK  
UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

This is a production of Re-Imagined Radio. Our radio broadcasts are heard on local, regional, and international community radio stations.

For on demand streaming, point your browsers to our website, reimagedradio (that's all one word, no punctuation) DOT net.

Thank you so much for listening, and please join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.