Point Pleasant The Legend of The Mothman

Point Pleasant is a musical, puppetry experience that tells the strange tale of a small town in West Virginia. On November 15, 1966, two young couples driving down a quiet road encountered; that they described as large man with glowing red eyes. This would be the first of many sightings of the creature that would be dubbed The Mothman by local papers, and ushered in a year of terror, confusion and tragedy for the small town.

VIDEO SAMPLE

Title:  Point Pleasant, opening night at Norway Visual Theater residency. May 13, 2016

Artists: Charlie Del Risco:  Lead Puppeteer & Puppet Captain
  Daniel Patrick Fay:  Puppeteer
  Jessica Lorence:  Shadow Puppetry Designer & Shadow Puppeteer
  Justin Perkins:  Live Feed Puppeteer
  Amy Rush:  Puppeteer
  Jessica Simon:  Puppeteer

Description: The video footage sample exhibits the production at The Norland Visual Theater. This was the last phase of our co-production residency and is the culmination of the work developed there.
*Point Pleasant, The Legend of The Mothman* is a sensory experience. Music, light, sound and puppetry create a theater experience that is as strange & disorienting as it is beautiful. It tells the “true” story of an ordinary small town where the extraordinary is ushered in on the wings of a creature with glowing red eyes, dubbed the “*Mothman*” by local papers. It terrorized the town for a year that would not only be marked by the arrival of the creature, but a rash of other strange occurrences that would bring mass hysteria and ultimately end in a historic tragedy that gripped the nation. A live ensemble of string musicians perform original scores by Andrew Livingston, that transport our audiences into the black and white world of 1960’s small town America. Point Pleasant is introduced through live-feed camera projections moving through a scale model. Thus we meet our “principal character” or in this case our principal collective. As we tour the town and its people via the camera we set the stage for a ballet-type work that communicates the overall sentiment of the time. Fear, confusion, paranoia and sadness along with some humor is transmitted through the elegant movement of the camera and miniatures or bunraku puppetry as this supernatural tale unfolds. A bunraku puppet represents Mary Hyre, a local reporter who sinks deeper into darkness and terror as she follows this story. She ties the narrative together as well as serves as counterpoint or adversary of the *Mothman*. She is caught between her role in the community as a tribal elder or matriarch and her duty as an investigative reporter. She loves and trusts her people but she must remain skeptical and impartial. As her turmoil increases she finds herself standing between her town and the outside forces that threaten her people. The *Mothman* is depicted by various forms of puppetry; primarily using light and shadow. Some witnesses describe the Mothman as a spirit or ghost, while others tell of a monstrous figure. One feature which is consistent in all the witnesses’ accounts are the creature’s glowing red eyes. Which is only color seen in the piece. These light and sound “hauntings” interact with miniature and bunraku characters of the town folk. We’ve used the actual witness reports as well as Mary’s reporting in crafting many scenes. It is our intention to honor the experiences of those who lived through this ordeal by incorporating actual letters, news articles, as well as radio and television excerpts. Adding this historical integrity into the drama endow our characters with a stronger “voice”. It is indeed a work of symphonic puppetry heavily influenced by late night black and white “creature features”. But it is also the story of real people who are in the grips of something powerful and transformative. Regardless of belief in the supernatural the collective experience of these individuals is quite real as is the tragic climax in this show which brought about the deaths of 47 friends, family and neighbors on a cold Christmas evening. Some believe the *Mothman* was a harbinger of great calamity while others feel it was a warning or dark omen. We make no argument for the creature’s intentions or motives but have woven a tale that is part historical documentary & to quote a reviewer; “An experience of worthy of David Lynch cinema.”
The Unitards Theater Company: (Point Pleasant producers)
is the weird synergy that happens when Daniel Patrick Fay and Andrew Livingston collaborate. Over the last 8 years The Unitards have produced some delightfully strange shows in which puppetry and music aim to be on equal footing. Both artists bring to the table their unique voices in their respective fields. The results range from, strange, silly, haunting and beautiful. They have produced and performed shows and puppet installations from here to Kalamazoo! Their shows have enjoyed tours from here to below the mythical Mason Dixon Line. They have appeared at The Bushwick Cabaret, Labapalooza, The Comic Book Theater festival and many other art and theater festivals throughout the NYC area where they perform experimental musical puppetry. They’ve recently returned from Norway where they developed their most recent production, Point Pleasant in residency at The Norland Visual Theater. They will return in 2018 where they will tour the work.

Company Ensemble (Cast & Crew) Point Pleasant

Daniel Patrick Fay: Writer, Director & Puppet Design
Daniel is a NYC-based artist and puppeteer. He attended The Pratt Institute where he studied fine arts and object-based theater. He has performed puppets on both stage and screen including such illustrious stages as The Metropolitan Opera, The Public Theater and St. Ann's Warehouse. He has traveled across the globe in his pursuit to study regional puppetry. In 2009 he received an FFT grant to study classical Wyang under Wayan Wija the Indonesian Wayang Master. He has designed and built puppets for commercials, film and stage productions and directs many of his own projects. He recently returned from Norway where he was in residency developing his most recent work. He currently is collaborating with The Curiosity Cabaret on a new work and serving as artistic director of Standard Toykraft the theater he co-founded.

Andrew Livingston: Musical Director & Sound Designer
Andrew Livingston is a New York based composer and multi-instrumentalist. His compositions range from chamber music to orchestral to electronic and electro-acoustic. Livingston has performed as a cellist, double bassist, guitarist and pianist all over the world from Carnegie Hall to small basement rock clubs in Japan. Livingston has toured and recorded and collaborated extensively with singer/songwriter Mike Doughty since 2004. He is also a founding member of Thing NY. An experimental chamber group of composer/performers. Andrew also is a partner in crime with Daniel Fay in their experimental theatre group Unitards. Together they have produced several shows in underground and not so underground markets in NYC and the greater US and Europe. Livingston has a Masters degree in Music Theory in Composition from CUNY.
**CAST:**
Charlie Del Risco: Lead Puppeteer & Puppet Captain  
Daniel Patrick Fay: Puppeteer  
Jessica Lorence: Shadow Puppetry Designer & Shadow Puppeteer  
Justin Perkins: Live Feed Puppeteer  
Amy Rush: Puppeteer  
Jessica Simon: Puppeteer  
Melanie Paterson: Puppeteer  
Evie Morrel-Samuels: Assistant Puppeteer  
Andrew Livingston: Sound Design, Cello, Upright Bass  
Jeff Young: Violin

**UPDATED POINT PLEASANT BUDGET:**
Updated budget based on post development stage. The following includes a budget for New York run of the show and not the subsequent tour. The figures in this budget reflect a 3 week period and 15 performances.

**Rehearsal Space Rental:**
$500.00 per week for a 3 weeks.

**Board Operator:**
$25.00 per performance  
$75.00 for tech rehearsal(s) x an estimated 3 week period: 15 shows.

Total Cost: $450.00

**Lighting Designer Fee:**
$400.00 Based on previously developed Tech Rider  
$250.00 Tech rehearsal compensation
**Producer/Production Manager Salary:**
$1,200.00 per week for 1 week

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**Puppeteers compensation for rehearsals:**
$600.00 a week x 6 puppeteers for 4 weeks.
$3,600.00

Total Costs: $14,400.00

**Puppeteers compensation per performance:**
$250 per show per puppeteer x 6 puppeteers
1,500.00 for puppeteer pay per show x 15 performances.

Total Costs: $22,500.00

**Musician Performance Salary:**
$150.00 per show with 4 each performance for 15 performances.

Total Costs: $9,000.00

**Director’s Salary:**
$5,000.00 (for rehearsals, development, design, puppet building and 3 performances weeks)

**Composer and Sound Designer Salary:**
$3,500.00 (based on project development, rehearsals & performances)

**Press Materials:** (posters, advertisements, press packets etc.)
$567.33

**Costume Costs:** (puppet blacks, puppet clothing and masks) N/A company has blacks for puppeteers

**Insurance Fees:**
$478.47 (Covers cast and crew when visiting theaters: 6 months)

**Contingencies:**
$1,000.00

**Taxes & Fees:**
$786.85 (based on an estimation of current shipping, travel, and materials)

Total Costs: $54,967.33
**Point Pleasant**

Written by Daniel Patrick Fay  
Compositions by Andrew Livingston  
copyright: 2013

**Scene 1:**  
**Supertext:**

“There was no mistake. The leathery wings, the little horns, the barbed tail—all were there. The most terrible of all legends had come to life, out of the unknown past. Yet now it stood smiling, in ebon majesty, the sunlight gleaming upon its tremendous body, and with a human child resting trustfully on either arm.”

- Arthur C. Clarke, *Childhood’s End*, 1953

**Scene 2:**  
**Prologue:**  
**Supertext:**

Audio of John Keel introduction, applause….

John Keel walks up to a podium. **Flash bulbs.**

Audio sequence of John giving a speech about the events of Point Pleasant and his role in the strange going ons during that time..

**JOHN KEEL:**

In November 1966 four young people in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, reported a chilling encounter with a seven-foot-tall monster with glowing red eyes and a ten-foot wingspan. The press labeled it Mothman, and during the next year more than 100 West Virginians would see it. If it had been just another ten-foot-tall hairy monster I would have ignored the report. After all, Bigfoot sightings were superabundant. But the West Virginia critter had wings, could take off straight up like a helicopter and was fond of pursuing automobiles at 90 miles an hour. In short, he was my kind of weirdie.

I drove some 800 miles that December, and found Point Pleasant was a quiet little town of
6,300 people, dozens of churches and no public bars. The Mothman sightings had taken place in a desolate World War II ammunition dump on the edge of town. More intriguing, there had been countless UFO sightings up and down the Ohio River all year. Eerie diamond-brilliant lights passed over Point Pleasant every night at 8:30 on a regular schedule. I decided to do something that the Air Force and the loud-mouthed UFO buffs had never thought of doing. I decided to investigate the situation instead of just holding conversations with the witnesses.

Within a few days a much bigger picture began to evolve. The region was not only haunted by strange aerial lights, the homes of the witnesses were plagued with poltergeists and other supernatural phenomena. Television sets were burning out at an alarming rate. Telephones were going crazy, ringing at all hours of the day and night with no one on the other end. Some people were getting calls from mysterious strangers speaking a cryptic language. Black Cadillacs bearing Oriental-looking gentlemen were cruising the black hills of West Virginia.

Mothman assumed minor importance as I uncovered all these other things. I had been investigating psychic manifestations all over the world for years and I recognized the pattern here. Some UFOs were directly related to the human consciousness, just as ghostly apparitions are often the product of the percipient’s mind. There are deeply rooted psychic and psychological factors in the UFO phenomenon, and the sudden appearance of a light in the sky triggers and releases the human energy that stimulated seemingly supernatural events. We cannot define the exact nature of those lights, but we can catalog the many manifestations that accompany them and we can demonstrated how identical manifestations occur in many different frames of reference. Religious apparitions are kissin’ kin with the tall, stately Michael Rennie types that claim to come from Ganymede, Uranus, Clarion (an unknown planet on the other side of the sun) and a dozen other absurd places. The “miracle” at Fatima, Portugal, in 1917 was undoubtedly the best-documented UFO sighting of all time (70,000 witnesses) and certainly the most thoroughly investigated.

**Scene 3:**

**Supertext:**

“Beelzebub Visits West Virginia”
Supertext:  November 12, 1966  Point Pleasant, West Virginia.

Reveal modal, a small camera provides a live feed of the town, begins on sign:
Welcome to Point Pleasant, A Nice Place to Live…. We scroll through the the Main Street of Point Pleasant, taking in the charming quaint features.  Music is playing all is nice and serene. Suddenly a thunderous noise grows out of the music, and gets louder, and louder.  A shadow begins to ascend over the town, creeping along as the darkness consumes shops, homes, and trees.  All turns to darkness.

   In a dark Point Pleasant in the velvety blackness of the night, all is quiet, and still. Out of the shadows we hear footsteps of the kind only made by dress shoes on a concrete surface. Click, clop, click, clop, click, clop.  A long shadow precedes a shadowy figure, all dressed in black.  He wears a long cloak, and a hat.  He slowly makes his way down the Main Street, and stops in front of a house.  He hammers on the door, a light comes on from inside, the door opens merely a crack, light spills out onto the street.  Some words are exchanged, and the door slams shut. The man stands there a moment, turns, and slowly walks to the next house...........

   On Main Street a 57 Chevy pulls out of the gas station and makes its way through town and up into the hills.

Scene 4:
Supertext:

   “A Flutter Black Wings”

(A beat and then the next)

November 15, 1966

Bunraku
Roger, Linda, Steve and Mary are gathered in the darkness.  Roger is holding a flashlight to his face.  Teens around Campfire telling scary stories and (joking about UFO and Woodrow??)

Roger:  This town is cursed.  The land here runs red with the blood of Indians.  The old timers call these woods a haunted place.  You can feel it in the trees. The ghosts of thousands of slaughtered Indians wiped out by our forefathers. The mighty Chief Cornstalk came to Point Pleasant under a banner of peace and was murdered in cold blood.  After the muskets tore
through his flesh and filled the room with smoke he uttered the curse that has plagued our town. The curse of Chief Cornstalk has finally come to Point Pleasant. “*May the curse of the Great Spirit rest upon this land. May it be blighted by nature. May it even be blighted in its hopes. May the strength of its peoples be paralyzed by the stain of our blood.*”

*Steve:* hahaha

*Linda:* Quit it Roger. You’re not scaring us.

*Roger:* That’s because you don’t know about Indian curses. They can cause terrible things to happen. Accidents, death

*Steve:* Dismemberment

*Roger:* Shut up Steve. They can even manifest into monsters. Great beasts whose savagery… What was that?

*Mary:* Oh yea Roger like we’re going to fall for that.

*Roger:* No seriously, you didn’t hear that?

*Linda:* What?

*Steve:* Shhh.

*Noise*

*Roger:* That!

*Steve:* Yeah, I heard that. It's probably a deer or something.

*Mary:* Let’s go home Steve. This old place is creeping me out.

*Linda:* Are there bears out here?

*Noise*  

*Mary:* Something’s out there!

*Screech*

*Roger:* What the Hell was that?!

*Linda:* Don’t cuss Roger.

*Steve:* Ok, Rog let’s go.

*Roger:* Let’s get to the car.

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**Scene 5:**

**Live Feed Model Sequence:** A car comes careening down a desolate road, a large Buick with Rock and roll music.

*swoosh*

A car comes careening down a desolate road, a large Buick with Rock and roll music.

Two couples occupy the car.

**Scene 6:**

**We flash to the interior of the car.**

The girl sitting in the back seat. Notices something strange. 2 red lights off in the distance. Suddenly the lights rush at them, and we hear a horrible screech. Its shrill and deafening. The car breaks hard, spins around, fishtailing, and burns off in the other direction. The red eyes, and screech pursue. In catches up with them and flies aside the window peering
in screeching. Kids are freaking out, screaming, Mothman keeping pace. Screaming in the window. He flies ahead of the car, and vanishes. Kids continue to drive fast, checking in with one another. Suddenly, it’s in the road in front of them. It flies towards the front of the car. Screeching. Red spotlight shines on the kids, getting brighter and brighter.

Black out:

Scene 7:
Enter Mary.

Ringing phone...

Light comes up on the model of City Hall, phone ringing, zoom in on the window, on stage, fade out projection. **Lights up:** on a minimal set of Mary Hyre’s office a rotary phone rings on a desk filled with papers, books, pens, and a general debris. Mary picks up the phone. **Mary Hyre: Athens Messenger** etched on the frosted glass, Newspaper articles are hung up on the walls, a rotary phone rings on a desk filled with papers, a typewriter, books, pens, and a general debris. Mary picks up the phone. A voice on the other end is somewhat audible. Mary grabs a pen and takes a few notes on a pad. Mary hangs up phone, puts the pad and places it in her purse.

Lights Out……

Police lights flash stage left, lights come up, siren

Scene 8:

Police Chief Halstead taking a statement from the kids from the car. The kids are visibly distressed, gesticulating wildly as the silently disclose, recounting it in pantomime their experience to the Police Chief. The Chief is responding to their fear looking in the direction of the sighting and imitating the gestures with a questioning aire and taking notes. He notices Mary Hyre walking on the scene, they greet each other and he begins explaining the story. Mary writes down things, nodding, writing. She walks away and we see a shadowy figure in a long cloak and a hat following her. She removes a flashlight from her purse and shines it around the ground and up in the sky, not noticing the creeping figure behind her.

Scene 9:

On the projection screen we see a montage of newspaper articles written by Mary Hyre. As we watch the newspapers and photographs we hear Mary Hyre’s voice over a typewriter.

Lights Up

Scene 10:

She returns to her office the Phone is ringing: (Warning:, Flutter, flutter) She shrugs off the
call shaken but resolute her notes and begins typing: We see the silhouette of a man in the window wearing a hat. She notices the sinister figure. Pounding on Door, ENTER JOHN KEEL. He’s holding her article they “converse” and get acquainted.

Black Out
Supertext:

"Mothman!!"

Scene 11:
Model:
Mothman swoops around the model

Camera zooms through Main street pouring a red light on the buildings and street. It takes a high arch and zooms through the mountains and descends on a small house.

Scene 12:
Lights come up on a living room set, There is a portly bald man watching T.V. The glow of the television illuminates his face. A red flash moves past his window. He’s lounging in an easy chair. There is a dog by his side. Suddenly the T.V. makes an ear splitting whirring sound, it changes pitch and flashes flight. The man stands up and moves close to the T.V. The Dog begins to whimper. The sound increases to a deafening volume and explodes. He jumps back and cautious peers into the smoking hole of the T.V. There is a crash from outside and the dogs attention is peaked. He begins to bark madly at the “door”. He growls and barks until the confused man lets him out. He bolts out. We hear is barking and growling become more distant. Suddenly we hear a high pitched whimper and a sudden thud.

Merle startled grabs a flashlight and runs outside. We see a silhouette of him in the window. He freezes. A red light grows in intensity until his shadow is completely obscured. Screeeeeeeceeeeeeacccchhhhh!!!!!!!!

Black Out

Scene 13:
Supertext:

“Visitors from Lanuos”

Woodrow Derenberger meets Indrid Cold

Town Lights Buzzing,
Phone off the hook making noise,
Mailbox,
Windmill,
Cows,
Woodrow’s truck stopping in the road before a brilliant light, light takes him and his truck

Scene 14:
The TNT AREA
Mary and John go hunting around the TNT area. A large bright light slowly passes over them. They slowly turn towards one another and stare at each other for a few beats. They both take out notebooks and jot down notes.
Returning to the job at hand they look around the first attack sight.

Mary Mallettes Tour:

Mary Mallette: So it was right over there Mr. Keel. Linda saw it first, but we may have heard it. Before we got in the car and left. I swear I had the most awful feeling that we were, you know like being watched. Like when a rabbit senses a fox. I never felt so.. Well you know.

So, right, after we were in the car Linda was the first to see it. I couldn’t see on account of Steve’s big ol’ head in my way. It caught up to us and flew right up over the car. Roger was driving like a bat atta hell. We were speeding down the road so fast we nearly drove off the road. and then it, it just, just disappeared… For like a minute, maybe less. Then it was in front of us it screamed like nothin I’ve ever heard. I thought my ears would bust. And those eyes, (whispering) those eyes, his eyes They burnt through me. I felt like it was looking right through me to my center. My soul.

I’ll show ya’ll where we were hanging out. Up there near the TNT area. That’s what we call it. The old munitions factory. Been closed down since the end of the war. Lots of folks round here used to work there makin bombs to drop on the Japs and Nazis and stuff. Were you in the war Mr. Keel? My Daddy was. Steve’s Daddy still in the air force he works over there at the Wright-Patterson Base. He doesn’t fly no more but works on makin the planes, ya know designin them. He’s got this collection of Nazi guns and Japanese, huh? Oh right sorry. When I’m nervous I become a Chatty Cathy my Mama calls me Ms. Motor Mouth. Oh, I’m doin it again aren’t I?

So, that’s where we were spookin ourselves before…..

Mary spots the glowing red eyes and staggers backwards covering her eyes. The thing screeches and John covers his ears in extreme pain.

Oh dear lord! Its here. SCREAM! My Ears. It HURRRRTTTSSSS. Ms. Hyre. Please, Please help me. I need to get out of here.

(((((((((((((((((DREAM SEQUENCE))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))))

Video/sound: The sounds of xmas carols as if heard from underwater. Presents rising to the
surface of water. Grinding metal, screams. Mary jolts awake!

Scene 15:  
Supertext:  

“The Night of the Bleeding Ear”

Model:  
Phone Ringing On the town. Light comes Camera moves focuses on house as we hear the click of a pick up. VOICE/WARNING Screech, Whir, Whine, Voices? Static. BEEP, BEEP, click.  
Again: Ring, Ring, Ring Different house similar.  
Again: Ring, Ring, Ring Different house similar.  
Rings, across town, rings, louder, more of them, more, more the whole town is ringing. lights come on across the town.

Everything gets quieter, rings reduce then disappear. The camera pans to a street. Mary is walking somewhere with John. They pass a ringing payphone. They stop in front of it and slowly move towards it. On the line is a terrible electronic voice with a warning about the bridge.

Lights up on the Mary Hyre set. She’s on the phone taking notes (or is the Merle in the office with her. Mary’s taking notes. Her office has changed. We see a map of the area with pins on it and some more newspaper articles. Mothman! She has a conversation, takes some notes. She places her pad down and looks out the window. She gets up and looks at the map drawing her finger across the face of it and places a pinned piece of paper up there. A black shadow moves across her window and she jumps. She walks slowly to the window and peers out of the blinds. The phone rings!! And makes her jump. She walks over to the desk and answers it. NOISE!! inaudible voices, screech, whir, then off the hook sound. Startled she slowly hangs up the phone. 

(FLASH ARTICLE)  
Black Out

Scene 16:  
Supertext:  

“Paranoiacs are not Born”

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Dear Mary,
Well, there's never a dull moment. Things seem to be getting more weird. I've a friend who waitresses in a bar I frequent and she told me a story of an oddball character who wandered into the restaurant. She said he was tall and awkward, dressed in an ill-fitting black suit that seemed out of style. His chin came to a sharp point and his eyes bulged slightly like 'thyroid eyes.' He sat down in a booth and gestured to the waitress with his long, tapering fingers.

"'Something to eat,' he mumbled. The waitress handed him a menu. He stared at it uncomprehendingly, apparently unable to read. 'Food,' he said almost pleadingly.

"'How about a steak?' she offered.

"'Good.'

"She brought him a steak with all the trimmings. He stared at it for a long moment and then picked up his knife and fork, glancing around at the other diners. It was obvious he did not know how to handle the implements! The waitress watched him as he fumbled helplessly. Finally she showed him how to cut the steak and spear it with the fork. He sawed away at the meat. Clearly he really was hungry.

"'Where are you from?' she asked gently.

"'Not from here.'

"'Where?'

"'Another world.'

"Boy, another put-on artist, she thought to herself. The other waitresses gathered in a corner and watched him as he fumbled with his food, a stranger in a strange land. He started asking strange questions about me and said he was a friend of yours.

"'I'm a--a friend of Mary Hyre's.'

"I don't know a Mary Hyre," she told him

"'What do you think--if--what would Mary Hyre do--if someone told her to stop writing about UFOs?' 'Ask John Keel to make her stop" He told him to drop dead.
Be careful Mary. I'll never tell you to stop being a reporter but keep your eyes peeled for creeps.

John

Dear Mary,

Always wonderful to get your letters. Thanks for the update on the goings on in Mason County. I've been following the situation down there and I have to say that this is one of the strangest cases I've come across. As if The Mothman wasn't strange enough. The concentration of UFO activity over the area is the largest on record in recent years. I've been grilling the authorities at Wright-Patterson Air Base because I KNOW they are monitoring the UFO sightings. I've got good information about a secret government project to document and study the “UFO problem”. I dare not write more about it here.

- John

Post Script: You should burn this letter.

Dear Mary,

I'm sorry I've not been able to write for a while. I attended the UFO symposium in Washington DC. Several Congressmen and other government officials attended who seem at least a little open minded about the subject. It has been keeping me pretty busy but that's not why I haven't written. I'm being followed. I'm sure of it. They are tragically inept at blending in and they're attempts only draw attention to themselves. The FBI or some other clandestine agency seems to have taken an interest in yours truly. They were creeping around the symposium in their black hats and dark glasses. I'm also sure that my phone is tapped and for all I know they are intercepting my mail. Whoever they are they seem to have an almost omniscient quality to them. They are always near. I know this probably sounds paranoid but I'm not the only one who has encountered these “Men in Black”. They are known amongst my associates in the Ufology community and have an uncanny ability to show up when the unusual occurs. I've enclosed a recent article that lists several ways you can find out if they are keeping an eye on you. Pay special attention to the section on phone taps. It may be why the phones down there are so crazy.
Keep an eye out for these spooks Mary and warn the community that they may pay a visit. If they tell you they are associated with me you can be sure that they are most certainly not! Take care. Please send my best to Roger, Linda and Merle and all my other friends in Point Pleasant. Keep an eye out for my next article in “Saucer Times”

- John

Scene 17:
Merle Interview:
Mary interviews Merle about his experience (pre recorded interview)

Scene 18:
Supertext:
“UFO’s! Flying Saucers and Strange Lights in the Sky oh My!”
A Video Montage of the Newspaper and news footage covering the reports during this time.

Supertext:
“The Creep Who Came Out of The Cold”

Scene 19:
Mary’s Office:
Woodrow Derenberger appears on the playboard after a bright light and sound. We then flash to a sequence where he is baggered by unseen reporters, flashbulbs and taunts. He makes his way into Mary’s office and begins to retell his tale.

Woody: I was driving down route 77 in my truck, I drive a truck and when I was on my way home from a long sales trip. As I was about to enter Mason County I saw this light up a head. At first I thought it was a truck or a wreck but the light was so bright that it couldn’t be a truck or any car for that matter. When I was about 50 yards from the light I began to break when I realized the light was hovering above the road and people would call a UFO.

Transitions from Mary’s Office

Indrid Cold: Do not be frightened. My name Cold. Will you please roll your window down? May we speak? You can speak or think your responses. Nice to meet you Mr. Derenberger. I am Cold.

I am Cold What are the lights in the distance. Ah yes. Point Pleasant. A City, no, a town? A Place of trade. We call such a place a gathering. Mr. Derenberger, Look at me I am like you. I sleep and breath and bleed. Do you have to work for a living? What is your work
position? A salesman. I am a searcher Mr. Derenberger. Do not think of me as an alien. Please don't be frightened. Why are you frightened. Have no fear we mean you no harm. We are not as powerful as you. You must tell your people of all you have experienced here and what you are about to experience. Yes what you are about to experience. We will speak again soon.

Scene 20:

Linda calls about Roger:

“Linda’s Story”:

Linda:
Hi Mary,
I need to talk with you. (pause)
It's Roger. He's gone. Missing. I reported it but they seemed to think that he may have run off on me. He didn't! He wouldn't (sniff)

See, he's just not been the same since, you know... We saw him. He's been having nightmares. He wakes up screamin and cryin. They're all dead. They're all dead. He yells. He won't talk about it. After the nightmares he'll get out of bed and pace around and that's when the phone calls started comin. Late at night, ungodly hours. He'll get these calls. At first we thought the lines were crossed or somthin but he started listenen real close like it was long distance, ya know, with a bad connection. It was weird but he got obsessed with him. Started carryin around this notebook and writt-en things when the calls came. I didn't know what to do. (snif, snif...) He was goin crazy so when he was at work I got the line changed. When he came home he went CRAZY. He was yellin at me like hells fury and then the phone started ringing. I picked it up... The voice.. It... It wasn’t... I mean I don’t think it was..... (whispers) Human. It asked for Roger and when he took the phone he listened for a while and handed the phone back to me. I hung it up and when I went back to Roger he was, I don’t know, like catatonic-like. He would just look at me when I asked him things, like through me, like I wasn’t there.

He disappeared after that. He got in his car and left. I hollered at him to come back but he left. That was last week. They found his car over there in Athens but the police say there’s
no evidence of foul play. The Athens police I mean. Chief Halstead is taken me seriously but it's out of his jurisdiction or somethin. He can't do nothin.

(crying) I know he's in trouble Mary. Those phone calls. They were like.. Monstrous. Like Hell was callin up for him. Its somethin to do with that thing. It took him. I don't know what to do. I'm sick with worry. I can't sleep and now... Now... the calls. They started up again cept they askin for me. It says my name. Tells me terrible things. (whispering) I can see them. Ya know, like in my mind, like I was dreamin but when I'm awake. Its not clear but I hear screams, a grinding noise like, like metal or... I don't know and water. I can feel. Like my whole body is in freezeen water. My ears, my ears press and I can still hear the screams but like its somewhere else. I feel them but my ears, they aren't workin. My eyes burn and then the phone brings me back. This terrible noise. I can't describe it. I try not to answer it, try and hang up but its like I can't help myself. I don't want to answer the phone but I do anyway and it all starts up again. All that stuff I told ya starts up again. I've even taken the phone off the hook and it rings anyway. One night I cut the cord but it still... I'm stayin with my Mama now and it was good for a while but they started comin for me there now. Mama's hangin up on them but they'll get to me.

(Weeping) I can't take it Mary. I don't know what to do. Do you think Mr. Keel can do somethin? Think maybe.... (loses control again) What the hell is going on Mary? I gotta go.. Daddy's driving me to my uncle's in Salem. I'll call you when I get there. Please tell Mr. Keel we need him back. He knows stuff.

Bye Mary. Thanks for, ya know, always bein there.

(pause)

Hey Mary! Do you think other people, folks who saw it.. Are they, I mean you saw it right? have you, or I mean have you heard of others havin these nightmares or whatever? Naw, I guess not. I'll see ya Mary.

**Lights up. Outside Darkness, Blue.**

*Exterior, Darkness Mary is looking around for clues. She's holding a flashlight. She is looking on the ground for tracks, evidence. Something. Something. As she looks into the sky with her light. She hear a noise. She turns around and looks, nothing. She returns to what she's doing. NOISE. louder than before. Closer. She turns pointing the flashlight behind her, which then flickers and dies. She shakes it. Smacks it, it flickers for a brief moment and dies again. In the blackness we see a shadow emerge black, cloaked and wearing a hat. We can't see any of his features. Mary peers at the stranger then we hear “his noise” and slow and deliberate footsteps moving closer. She turns and begins to walk faster. The Stranger begins to walk faster. She begins to trot. He begins to trot. She turns behind her and breaks into an old lady run and SMACK into a woman, BIG SCARE. Moment of relief. Mary looks expectantly into the dark, clutching at the woman in a warning gesture. Looking, looking...... Nothing. Marcelle looks quizzically in the direction that Mary is looking, then looks at Mary. The flashlight suddenly flickers into life. Mary jumps and they both look at it. Mary is curious and then looks into the darkness. Marcelle imitates Mary. Then they look at each other. Mary breathes a sigh of relief. Marcelle looks solicitously at Mary. A hand on her shoulder and a*
gaze. “Are you alright?” gesture. Mary Shrugs, shakes her head in a laugh, then changes the subject. She gestures towards the baby. Marcelle nods and extends the child the better for Mary to see. Mary places her hand on her chest and shakes her head in a “Isn’t he precious kind of way”. They bid each other goodnight and cross.

BLACK OUT

Scene 21:
Musical Change:

Exterior House Set, Lights up on Marcelle. She walks up to her front door and fumbles for the keys and a darkness slowly rises, she notices the shadow rising up the wall of the house and she jumps and turns around. A brilliant red light shines on her face and she shields her eyes letting go of the child. It falls, (slo mo) The darkness approaches, wings expand
She collapses on the floor, on top of the child. She scrambles up, with the child, and runs towards the door, slamming it behind her.
(Set spins Revealing the interior of the house)
Her back is to the door, and we hear the creature outside walking on the deck towards the door. Shadow puppet jumps up in the window, sound que!

BLACK OUT

Scene 22:
Supertext:

“The Men in Black”

Model:

Hysteria Scene: Feverish Music Play in the darkness as the live feed camera cuts a wide arch to a building with townies in front of it. M.I.B. SHADOW. Flash through nervous people. M.I.B. Shadow!! A Black Car pulls up. SHADOWS!! 3, 4, 5, SHADOWS of Black clad strangers with hats. Townies flee. We zoom to City Hall, a single light is on. A Shadow creeps up the side of the building. We zoom closer and closer to the window.

FADE OUT..

Scene 23:

LIGHTS UP ON:

Mary Hyre is in her office. There is a pile of papers on her desk. The room has countless newspaper reports written by her and others tacked everywhere on her wall. The
map is littered with pins and notes. She’s typing away. She reaches for a mug of coffee and slugs some down, consults her notes and begins typing again. She doesn’t notice that there is a shadow on her window, it slinks away and after a moment and appears outside the frosted glass on her door. Her office door slowly opens without her noticing, and in glides a strange figure. He moves swiftly across the gap, between the door and the desk, without making a sound and leans closely to Mary. Startled. She jumps up out of her seat, stands and moves back a pace. The “man”, nonplussed extends closer.

He begins to speak in a peculiar way. A pre recording of dialogue and sound of their conversation plays.

M.I.B: Evenings are lovely, yes?
Mary: nods curtly.
M.I.B: takes in his surroundings, looks curiously around at the details of the office. He seems to forget Mary altogether. He turns and looks intently at Mary. A long silence passes.
Mary: Clears her throat
M.I.B: (Jumps a bit and makes a queer noise. Could be a laugh)
I am a friend of John Keel. You are also intimate with man......John Keel......... yes?
Occurrences of late arrrrrrrrrrr....... peculiar, yes? Very Disturbing...... A man...... John Keel reports stories. Stories travel far, and wide. Other towns. Government, listens..... Will respond... Stories disturb, frighten, alarm, attention is payed, attention is not welcome. Causing hysteria, yes? Hysteria in Mary Hyre’s town is not welcome. yessssssssssss?? (The man places his long fingered hands on the desk, and leans in inexorably closer as he says:) A Mary Hyre should not tell the stories of the phenomena. Unpleasantries, can be payed to the man John Keel, and the woman Mary Hyre.... Mary Hyre has a family.... yessssssss?? A family... Mary must stop the spreading of the falsehoods, misinterpretations. It is a bird, people are seeing... yessss... Birds in the sky. Common.........

Phone rings suddenly, and loudly, making Mary jump, and the man's neck swivels slowly in the direction of the noise, he is unperturbed, the phone rings a second time, a third, fourth, and Mary slowly picks it up while not taking her eyes off the man. He stares right back offensively close to her now. She answers, the voice on the phone begins speaking frantically, loudly, there is a squeal in the phone she pulls it away, as the man's long fingers find a pen in a mug. Mary continues to listen to the voice on the other end while watching the man studies the pen, clearly confused. He clicks it, and jumps back. He recovers throws his head back, and laughs, as he glides out the door. It slams shut behind him.

FADE OUT...

Scene 24:
Supertext:

“Message From the Stars”

(“pre recorded interview”) As Mary listens to his tale it unfolds on the model and moves
through space to Planet Lanuos.

   **Woody:** Came home from work 11 pm I was met my Indrid. We sat in my backyard for a while and talked about our different religions. When it was time for Indrid to leave I walked him back to his ship. Getting ready to leave, I was standing at the exit and the door suddenly closed with a thud. I thought “uh oh” they are going to take me up in the ship no matter what.” I was frightened and Indrid Cold said in my mind with a laugh “Not if you don’t want to”

   “If you don’t intended to take me why did the door shut.

   “I didn’t shut the door Woody, you did. The same mental powers you use so that we can speak can be used to move objects. It was your mind that shut the door.”

   I opened the door and got into my truck and headed home. When I was halfway there I got message from Indrid, take a ride on ship? We are parked off the highway on your route home in a well hidden place. Sure enough ship was there. I pulled off the road and came aboard.

   We left Earth in an astoundingly short amount of time and made contact with what Indrid called the “mother ship”. It was as big as a football field. When we entered I was shown From there we began to travel towards Ganymede.

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**TITLE CARD**

**Supertext:**

“Something Terrible is About to Happen……”

**Scene 25:**

John Calls Mary with Video Support

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**John Keel calls Mary from a pay phone in NYC. He cautions her about men in black coats and hats who have been following him and tapping his phone. “They may try and silence you” he says. He also believes he has figured out what the Mothman may be. He talks about mythical winged creatures who foretold disaster and calamity and sites many contemporary examples of “thunderbird” sightings just before huge disasters with many deaths. They enter our realm and try to warn against the impending doom. They do not bring disaster but try to help avoid it with prophecies.**

**PHONE CALL:**

**JOHN KEEL:**
Mary Hi, I'm glad I got you the phones have been acting crazy and I've not been able to get through. I've been researching our winged specter up here and have come across something interesting.

"North American Indians have extensive legends about the Thunderbird, a huge bird said to carry off children and old people. It was accompanied by loud noises, hums, buzzes and, apparently rumbles from the infrasonic and ultrasonic levels. Known as PIASA to the Indians of the Dakotas, it was supposed to have terrifying red eyes and a long tail... a monstrous demon with... bat's wings, and a body closely in human form.

Here’s the interesting thing. Throughout history these bird creatures are always seem to appear just before a great disaster or calamity. I’ve spoken with a man up here in New York who has done a great deal of study on these winged apparitions.

In 1903 The Iroquois Theater Fire of Chicago killed 602 people. The weeks leading up to the fire people reported a large bird flying around the area.

Dec 6, 1917 In Nova Scotia some 2000 people were killed and thousands wounded following an explosion in Halifax harbor when a Norwegian freighter, had collided with the French munitions ship. In 1919 a volcano erupted in Indonesia. 5,110 people were killed. 1926 A hurricane hit South Florida killing about 400 people.1932 Some 70,000 were killed in a massive earthquake in Kansu, China. India 1942 a cyclone devastated Bengal and about 40,000 lives were lost.

In all of these cases people reported seeing a giant bird creature just before the event. When I showed him the drawings the witnesses made of Mothman he nearly dropped dead. The color went right out of his face. He asked me “where did they see it?” it so I told them about you folks down there.

He grabs me and says “Don’t return there!, You must not return to that town” If they’ve seen this thing then something terrible is about to happen. A great disaster is bearing down on that town. Has there been anyone who has been getting messages or warnings…..

Mary? Mary? Are you there?

Mary suddenly remembers her dreams and all the phone calls being reported. The phone falls from her hand and she runs out of the office.

Scene 26:
Supertext: “The Silver Bridge”

December 15, 1967

Scene opens over the town model. It is night. Christmas music (silent night) can be heard in streets. Townsfolk are milling about, as the live feed cuts a wide arch through the Main Street. People are carrying packages. The shops are bright and congested. The Silver
Bridge is backed up with holiday traffic, horns beep somewhat rhythmically. The sound travels to Mary Hyre's window which has a great view of the bridge. She is working away at her typewriter.

Suddenly a loud crack cuts the air. Mary jumps up in surprise and looks towards the source of the noise. It is followed by a loud groan of metal buckling. Then a snap, several screams and the sound of metal wire cutting the air as it flies through space. More screams. The bridge groans and then, more wires snap, and fly through the air. A crack begins to form. Frantic horns and yelling come from the bridge as it begins to split in half and tip downwards. Mary watches from her office in horror. The towns folk on Main Street are crowded in together staring in disbelief. Fear and incomprehension etched on their frozen faces.

Another groan of metal and cars begin to slide towards the crack in the middle. Screams as one plummets into the river with a splash. Another, and another. The gap widens and on half of the bridge begins to tip further towards the water. Suddenly a large crack cuts the air and the center section falls into the water. The section behind it tips into the water spilling cars and people into the icy water. The support structures groan and tip and begin to fall making huge splashes. Then, A quiet horror grips the town. The sudden silence after the screams and the crashing and the splashes are almost deafening and startling. From beneath the water headlights beam their lights up though the surface, as Xmas packages of various shapes and sizes slowly float to the surface. Silent night becomes audible again. A wide pan through the townsfolk paralyzed in their collective shock and grief.

Mary just stares out her window clutching her heart, stares and stares. And then she sees it. Perched on the last standing support structure of what was the Silver Bridge, eyes ablaze staring it's red stare directly into her, the creature. She stares back. They see each other clearly and an understanding is reached. He spreads his wings and ascends into the sky and vanishes. Mary turns from the window and lowers her head.

-or………

Mary stares out the window in horror in a daze she turns, steadies herself on the desk and falls back into her chair. A moth slowly flutters its way through the window and perches itself onto the typewriter. Wings flapping gently, slowly. Mary looks up and notices the moth. She looks back out the window at the twisted wreck and back at the moth.

FADE TO BLACK

We hear the sound of fluttering wings............

LIGHTS UP.