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# Necronomicon: Book of Dead

By Brent V. Friedman

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It was in the fall of 1932...  
when I discovered that a copy  
of the fabled Necronomicon...  
was here in America...  
being guarded by a clandestine  
order of Om Yati monks.  
Obtaining this legendary  
tome was vital...  
not only to my writings...  
but to the fate of all mankind.

- Wait for me.

- As you wish, sir.

For within the pages  
of the Necronomicon...  
lie the very secrets of the universe.  
Both past, and future.

- Yes?

- Yes, I have an appointment.

Howard P. Lovecraft.

Mr. Lovecraft...

always a treat.

And how can we indulge you this time?

Mr. Lovecraft!

Actually, I'm here because a new story  
of mine demands a bit of fact checking.

Fact checking?

We were under the impression  
you dealt in fiction.

My work is wrongly construed as  
fiction by the lesser minded.

In fact I take great pride in  
presenting fictional possibilities.

It's my duty, after all,  
as a human being...

to enlighten the darkest  
depths of experience...

to expose certain secrets...  
unjustly hoarded by others.

We shall see.

Oh, yes.

Ah, no no. It's the, uh...

Alchemical Encyclopedia.

You didn't say which volume.

Oh, which volume?  
It's volume three, of course.  
Please try to remember...  
that if you leave this area unattended,  
for any reason whatsoever...  
we will be forced  
to revoke your privileges.  
Yes. Yes, of course.  
The Necronomicon!  
"The Drowned"  
Today...  
the last descendant of the  
De Lapoer line returned from Sweden.  
Not only to claim title to the crumbling  
remains of the family estate...  
but also to escape his own  
haunted memories.  
As soon as I read the will  
I had to come.  
Have a look-see. This is  
really a very strange place.  
Interesting.  
The hotel is not in  
very good condition.  
The uncle died about 60 years ago,  
and since then, it stayed empty.  
Sixty years?  
Yes! I wasn't in charge of  
the original inheritance.  
Well, things apparently dragged on and...  
and I inherited this case along with...  
my father's practice.  
Thanks.  
Your welcome.  
Anyway, the important thing  
is that we found you.  
I tell you, it was a real bitch tracking  
you down over in Sweden.  
But then, we were looking for a Delapoer,  
not a De Lapoer.  
I didn't change my name.  
De Lapoer is the original spelling  
and pronunciation.  
Good lord!

You know, you could have  
broken your neck!  
Yes, how tragic.  
I told you, the wallpaper's the only  
thing holding this old place together.  
You're better off just having  
the whole place demolished.  
We made it.  
When we were here before...  
I mean, my clerk and me,  
he's a law student...  
we didn't have any  
trouble with the stairs.  
I don't think this hotel likes you.  
You came here with your clerk?  
Well, it isn't the kind of place  
a girl likes to be alone in.  
Besides, he was dying to  
have a look at the hotel...  
after hearing all the stories  
from the old folk in the village.  
Kevin, that's his name, Kevin.  
He's from these parts, and...  
Well, the hotel has one hell of a reputation.  
That's the sound of water.  
The ground under the hotel  
is honeycombed with caves...  
hollowed out by water  
flowing in from the sea.  
One day the whole place is going to  
crumble right down into them.  
I tell you, Edward...  
you really should sell.  
This land is going to be worthless.  
That's quite a bed, isn't it?  
So, ah...  
what were we talking about?  
We were talking about  
the effect that this hotel...  
had on your young clerk.  
Right.  
Well, it's like something out of  
a gothic romance isn't it?  
Who's that?

Hmm, you wouldn't know.  
That's Emma De Lapoer, your aunt.  
She died quite young, quite tragically.  
Drowned in a shipwreck.  
And all gossip about the hotel  
started at that time.  
Jethro De Lapoer was never  
the same afterward.  
He followed her to the grave  
just a few days after the tragedy.  
How did he die?  
They found him below their balcony  
from what I heard.  
Clara!  
No one knows if he...  
if he fell, or what happened.  
It's too bad crabs can't talk.  
Just a minute, I have  
something for you.  
It came with the will.  
I think it's from  
Jethro De Lapoer himself.  
Would you at least think about  
what I told you, Edward?  
Sell the property, or turn it  
into something more upbeat.  
The only thing living in the hotel  
is a lot of ugly memories.  
Goodbye, Miss Gelmore.  
Sixty years.  
I am writing under an  
appreciable strain...  
since by tonight I shall be no more.  
I can bear my pain no longer...  
and shall cast myself  
from this window...  
onto the razor-like reefs below...  
sharpened by thousands of storms.  
If I can't find redemption...  
at least there'll be oblivion.  
It all happened when I returned  
from a long tiring voyage.  
My wife Emma...  
my 8 year old son, Yon came with me.

They were my pride.  
After weeks at sea we were finally back.  
The New England coast was in sight  
when the storm took us by surprise.  
In less time than it takes  
to write these words...  
our ship was driven onto the  
rocks at the foot of the cliffs...  
we'd been watching for days.  
It took hours for the  
help to reach us.  
By God, this one's alive!  
He's alive!  
My God!  
There, there.  
My wife.  
My-my wife, my son.  
Calm down, Jethro.  
You have a high fever.  
That's right.  
What are you doing?  
Don't move, we have to  
let all the poor blood out.  
Oh, no!  
Why?  
Why!?  
Let it be known by all,  
from here forth...  
let any God who takes from me...  
my only love and progeny...  
is no longer welcome in my home!  
Get out!  
Be gone!  
Leave!  
God save your soul!  
Who are you? What do you want?  
I don't wanna see anyone. Go away!  
In this time of need...  
you are...  
not alone.  
Wait...  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait.  
Wait!

"Towards the Remedy of Untimely Loss"

That is not dead  
which can eternal lie.  
And with strange aeons  
even death may die.  
In his lair Cthulhu waits dreaming.  
That which is not dead  
can eternal lie.  
And with strange aeons  
even death may die.  
In his lair Cthulhu waits dreaming.  
That is not dead  
which can eternal lie.  
And with strange aeons...  
even death may die.  
In his lair Cthulhu waits dreaming.  
Daddy...  
Yon!  
My son.  
Jethro?  
Emma!  
You've come back!  
How you could leave us down there?  
Jethro?  
Please help, mommy.  
My son!  
- I'm cold.  
- Come here, my son.  
Help me, papa.  
I don't know who will  
read these words.  
You should only know that there  
is no magic cure for guilt.  
Except forgiveness.  
At last I can rest peacefully...  
knowing that my beloved...  
guards the book.  
Oh! Damn it!  
Damn!  
My...  
beloved...  
guards...  
the book.  
My beloved...  
cursed the book.

That is not dead  
which can eternal lie.  
And with strange aeons  
even death may die.  
In his lair Cthulhu...  
waits...  
dreaming.  
Who's there?  
Eddie...  
May I come in,  
Eddie?  
- It's not possible.  
- Please.  
Say I can come in.  
Come in, Clara.  
I have so many things to tell you.  
The accident...  
It was all my fault...  
My fault.  
I should have been looking  
where I was driving.  
I'm so sorry, Clara.  
Please forgive me.  
I'm so sorry, Clara.  
Clara, listen to me.  
Clara.  
I'm tired of blowing bubbles, Eddie.  
Don't push me away!  
Come back to us, Eddie!  
Will he truly be brainless  
enough to try?  
Of course, he's human.  
In the midst of this  
cruel heat wave...  
the inhabitants of Boston  
curse their unbearable lot...  
while one man alone remains cool.  
Cool but imprisoned by his own...  
desperate devices.  
Amy Osterman, right?  
May I help you?  
Sure you can help me. But I think  
this more about helping yourself.  
I don't understand.



Yeah, well, I didn't understand  
either how 11 bodies...  
could turn up over the last 40  
years in this neighborhood...  
all with the same M.O.  
and go on unsolved.

- Are you a police man?

- Shit...

Do I look like a cop?

Porkel. Dale Porkel. I'm a reporter  
for the Boston Journal.

Mother, we have a guest for tea.

What are you storing in here, meat?

I have a rare disease, Mr. Porkel.

I'm acutely sensitive to  
heat and sunlight.

Great. I hope it's not contagious.

Hardly.

So listen, Miss Osterman,

I did some digging, and...

the deed on this place is executed  
under Dr. Richard Madden's name.

And that was some 80 years ago.

Thank you, mother.

According to ah, state files...

there is no record of

Dr. Richard Madden's death...

which would mean that

he is still alive.

Sugar?

Yeah.

So, what the hell happened to Madden?

I really don't know what

happened to Dr. Madden.

You know, maybe you don't

understand me here lady.

Either you cough up the truth now...

or I print my story as is.

And you get to deal with the cops.

Are you threatening me, Mr. Porkel?

If that's what it takes, yeah.

22 years ago...

my mother came to Boston

to study the flute.

Had she not rented  
a room in this building...  
all our lives would  
be very different.  
What do you want?  
Are you alone?  
Yes. I just moved to Boston.  
I don't know anyone.  
My mother rented a  
room in this house...  
from a woman named Lena Kamen.  
Apparently, Lena lived here alone...  
except for a mysterious tenant,  
upstairs on the third floor.  
Who's upstairs?  
You must never disturb Dr. Madden.  
Is that quite clear?  
All right.  
Well if it isn't little Miss runaway.  
I do believe it's time for you to  
get your little butt back home.  
I'm not coming home ever again.  
Really? Well I think father knows  
better in these matters.  
You're not my father, Sam.  
But I love you like  
your my own, Emily.  
And I believe I'm entitled to a  
little affection when your...  
mother's passed out and bloated.  
I will die before I let  
you touch me again!  
Who said anything about  
touching? Me, I...  
just came by to watch you  
practice your flute playing. Only...  
your gonna practice on my instrument.  
You little bitch! Come back here!  
Please, please...  
Be careful.  
Sudden movements  
will impair your equilibrium.  
Sam? Where's Sam?  
He's gone.

He's my stepfather.  
I have a strong feeling that Sam  
won't be bothering you any more.  
I'm doctor Madden.  
I saw some ammonia or something  
leaking from my ceiling.  
I apologize for that.  
And as for that cold your getting...  
I've asked Lena to  
give you some vitamin C...  
with your medication tonight.  
Trust me that this frigid  
temperature is not by choice.  
I'm afflicted by a  
rare skin condition...  
which requires an unreasonably  
cold environment.  
Well, we better get you out of here  
and in bed before you die of cold.  
How can I ever thank you, doctor?  
For taking care of me, and...  
Just... Do just one thing.  
Don't be a stranger.  
These pills...  
Doctor knows best.  
He's moving too much.  
I'm trying to hold him still.  
Is his temperature holding?  
Temperature is steady at 34.  
Put another syringe in, Clara.  
I heard drilling noises last night.  
You were probably dreaming.  
It's one of the side effects  
of the medication.  
Now your going to have  
a little scar...  
but it's going to be covered  
by your lovely hair.  
Are you alright, doctor?  
Best to get some rest, Emily.  
It's a very good idea.  
My mother went to look for a job  
at Al's diner across the street.  
But when she mentioned she was

living with Lena and Dr. Madden...  
Al seemed surprised.  
Is that old coot still alive?  
I'm no good with math...  
but I would have guessed him  
at more than a 100 by now.  
I don't think so.  
Listen, Emily?  
If you can get a good tip  
out of those cops...  
you've got yourself a job.  
May I help you?  
Yeah. I'll take the BLT.  
Extra mayo and a soda.  
I'll have the same.  
Make mine a malt please.  
What happened to him?  
Is there a problem?  
I don't know.  
What happened to Sam?  
You did something to him, didn't you?  
What makes you think that?  
I heard terrible noises last night.  
You said I was dreaming, but I wasn't!  
Was I? Was I!?  
Emily, please, I'm not a rich man.  
My researches have drained my  
funds to the point of poverty...  
and when a specimen  
can be obtained freely...  
- No!  
- I make no excuses for my actions.  
I'm not asking for forgiveness.  
Your stepfather...  
Emily!  
Emily.  
Emily, even if Sam  
did survive the fall...  
I would have killed him  
for what he did to you.  
So if you must go to the police  
you do have every right.  
I don't care what you did to Sam.  
But you lied to me.

No, no, never. I would  
never hurt you, Emily.  
- Doctor! Doctor what's wrong?  
- Get Lena.  
She went out. She's gone.  
Come on, doctor,  
tell me what's wrong?  
It's cooler upstairs.  
What I can do?  
Ice. I need ice.  
Give me your hand.  
I can feel now.  
I owe you an explanation.  
Within these pages is the  
secret of preserving life.  
Are you familiar with the water bear?  
It's a microorganism which can be dried  
under certain conditions then...  
brought back to life with water.  
A process called "criptobiosis".  
You see the...  
decreased body temperature  
results in a secession of aging.  
Make it possible to actually...  
cheat death, as it were.  
How old are you, Dr. Madden?  
I don't come out here much anymore.  
Lena, bless her heart,  
simply won't allow it.  
Lena's very protective over you.  
Are you in love with her?  
My heart has been given over  
to my work unconditionally.  
I don't know why Lena stays on.  
I can never return the  
feelings she has for me.  
Like all children of nature...  
this rose was destined  
to wither and parish.  
And yet that process is not irrevocable.  
As it turns out, the trick is  
not preserving life.  
The trick is maintaining the quality  
to which one is accustomed.

As long as you keep  
this from the sun...  
this flower will never die.  
So let it always be a  
reminder of the doctor...  
whose heart you brought into bloom.  
You're so cold.  
I can either use this on you...  
or on myself.  
All I ever wanted was  
his love, Emily.  
If you're not willing to die for him...  
or kill for him...  
you will kill him.  
Obviously their relationship  
wasn't meant to be...  
but that didn't make any easier.  
You see, Dr. Madden  
was the first man...  
my mother ever loved.  
So what? She left him?  
Yes.  
But months later...  
she had to go back.  
- Let me out of here!  
- We have to kill him!  
No.  
What the hell do you want from me!?  
Your both crazy!  
No!  
Get her away from me!  
I know, I know. Come on Al!  
I just came over to see...  
whatever happened to you...  
and somebody knocked  
me over the head.  
We gotta get out of here! Come on!  
- Al!  
- She knows too much!  
She can't be trusted, Richard.  
She ran away once,  
and she'll run away again.  
- She'll go to the police!  
- No!

We can't let her go. Ever!

- No!

- It's the only way, Richard!

No!

No, there is no other way.  
Without fresh spinal fluid...  
I lose my senses.  
I smell nothing.  
I taste nothing.  
I can't even feel you.

No.

Richard!

Em... i... ly.

I'm pregnant...  
with his baby.  
Lena saved my mother...  
but only because she knew  
the baby was Richard's.  
His last legacy.  
The baby born was me.  
So your telling me that  
Richard Madden, and Lena Kamen...  
killed all those people...  
for their spinal fluid?  
Then how come 3 more bodies...  
turned up all with the same M.O....

- after Madden melted?

- I cannot answer that.

You know, you tell this story  
pretty well Miss Osterman.  
Almost like it happened to you.  
My mother and I were very close.  
Well I have this sick hunch...  
that you and your mother  
are the same person.  
That would be impossible,  
Mr. Porkel, now wouldn't it?  
Not if you picked up  
this strange disease...  
when you slept with Madden.  
I mean, you said it yourself:  
He didn't seem to age.  
Your right, Mr. Porkel.  
I am Emily.

The disease which  
afflicted Dr. Madden...  
and now afflicts me...  
is nothing more than death itself.  
I did not survive that gunshot.  
But life goes on.  
You, you fucking drugged me!  
Unfortunately, the air  
conditioning unit...  
in this building is old  
and prone to break down...  
on hot days such as this one.  
So rather than wait  
for an emergency...  
I prefer to keep well stocked.  
You see, I need spinal fluid  
to feel his baby inside me!  
You see, for years this  
baby lay inside me...  
kicking, but never born.  
All we can do is hope.  
Isn't that right, Lena.  
That's right, Emily  
The inner city wasteland.  
Once home to Philadelphia's  
finest, and most God fearing...  
is now lorded over  
by a self-styled god.  
A miscreate known as "The Butcher".  
Goddamnit Sarah, slow down!  
What the hell you trying  
to prove anyway?  
I'm not trying to prove anything.  
I'm pursuing a suspect.  
This is bullshit! Now pull over!  
Look, don't bring  
the burglar into this.  
We both got too much at stake here.  
This is 2-Carl-9 heading  
east on Seventh Street...  
in pursuit of a gray Nova,  
license plate YVU169.  
Damnit!  
Suspect is driving reckless



and refuses to listen to reason.  
Request air support. Over.  
Okay, goddamnit.  
Alright! You wanna hurt me!?  
Slam on your breaks. Smash my  
head into the fuckin' dashboard!  
But don't play with me, Sarah.  
I know we shouldn't have  
slept together, okay.  
You want me to quit? I'll quit.  
You want me to leave? I will leave!  
But I'm not gonna let  
you hurt yourself!  
I'm scared, Paul.  
I'm scared to be a mother.  
Sarah!  
Sarah!  
Paul? Paul?  
Paul?  
This is 2-Carl-9.  
I'm at Seventh and Crimson...  
requesting back-up and  
medical ASAP. Over.  
Repeat, requesting back-up and  
medical ASAP, do you copy?  
Shit!  
Stop!  
Help, Sarah!  
No!  
- Oh, boy!  
- I'm a police officer!  
Now get over here, now!  
What the hell have you  
done with my partner?  
You followed the gray Nova  
down here. Am I right?  
That's how he usually does it. Yeah.  
Never seen him catch a  
cop before though.  
You telling me that wasn't you  
driving that gray Nova?  
Well, ah... I'm a Cadillac man myself.  
Don't fuck with me!  
The man your probably

looking for is the Butcher.  
Where can I find this Butcher?  
Well technically he's supposed to pay me rent  
'cause I own this building top to bottom.  
If you own this building  
open the door. Now!  
Lost all the keys.  
Strangest thing.  
This building has a bad habit of swallowing  
things up just like they never existed.  
I wanna get down below!  
I wanna get down now!  
Well, why didn't you say so?  
Move it.  
Darling, hold your fire!  
Harold? That you, Harold?  
Oh, Harold what's goin' on?  
"What" is you just about  
shot a police officer!  
I'm sorry, dear, but I  
thought it was him.  
Somehow that skunk's  
gettin' out, Harold.  
The Butcher? Where's he getting out?  
Don't you worry, Daisy.  
I called the cops.  
We got a fine officer on the case,  
although she doesn't have a badge.  
Fine officer indeed.  
Smells very pretty.  
Pretty is fine.  
- Let's go.  
- Okay, okay.  
Now be careful with this floor girl. Looks like  
the missus just mopped up around here.  
Don't want you slippin' and  
slappin' a law suit on us too.  
Show me where he's getting out.  
Over here.  
There's a tunnel in there.  
Harold locked it up.  
Good lord! What's happenin', girl?  
Lily, I think she's hurt herself.  
No, it's okay, it's okay.

You sit right down here, dear.  
Right here, that's fine.  
Are you pregnant, young lady?  
I always wanted to have kids.  
You got a million reasons against it:  
- "I'm too young," or "I'm too old."  
- I wasn't too young, and I'm not too old.  
Shut up! Just shut up.  
All I wanna do is find my partner.  
You just get me in the tunnel.  
You can't go down there by  
yourself. The Butcher!  
You're comin' with me.  
Alrighty. Um... I'll go clear it out.  
Your partner, he's the father isn't he?  
Well, you're not wrong to be scared.  
The thought of bringing a new life  
into this world is a scary notion.  
What's takin' your husband  
so goddamn long?  
Almost got it cleared out.  
He's not my husband. I just  
met him up on the streets...  
a couple of weeks ago.  
He told me he owns this building.  
Did he tell you that?  
What else did he tell ya?  
I don't have time for this crap!  
I'll bet he didn't tell ya...  
the Butcher's an alien.  
- A what?  
- Oh, yeah.  
He's been down here since  
before the dinosaurs...  
- if you can believe it.  
- Aliens, huh?  
Ready, if you are.  
What in the hell is this place?  
You believe in heaven?  
What about hell?  
I don't believe in anything.  
This whole place harks back to a  
time when things were simpler.  
A time when you could put your

faith in something real.  
Would ya look at these stones?  
People used to pass through this  
tunnel just like we're doin' now.  
But they didn't believe in no God neither.  
Only they weren't huntin' some butcher.  
They were the butchers.  
I came down here once...  
Forgot to light these.  
Without 'em, we'd have a heck  
of a time findin' our way back.  
Do you know where we're going?  
Yeah I--I thought that we were  
looking for your partner's trail.  
Wait a minute. It looks like there's  
two sets of tracks here.  
Well, you don't think your partner's  
the first one down here, do ya?  
They don't call him the  
Butcher for nothin'.  
Your wife said that she thinks that...  
that the Butcher's an alien.  
Well that's... that's ridiculous.  
Truth is, the Butcher's  
workin' for aliens...  
but he isn't one himself.  
See, my guess is,  
he's bettin' God's a goner.  
Puttin' all his chips on another horse.  
Just like in all these pictures here.  
We're here.  
Down there.  
Ya know, one thing I  
have always maintained:  
If a man's shoe is dirty...  
you've got to wonder about his soul.  
You son of a bitch!  
I saw you pull Paul out of the car!  
I was just tryin' to--  
Daisy?  
Is that you?  
What happened to the lights?  
How well do you know this blind woman?  
Rose? Well, she's my wife.

She's not your goddamn wife!  
And if you're not the  
Butcher then she is...  
because somebody sure  
the fuck is lying to me!  
Some nerve you got callin'  
my Daisy a butcher!  
I heard you two talkin'. You're pregnant.  
Least ways you were  
before that accident.  
Imagine that. A pretty young  
lady like yourself...  
killing your own flesh and blood.  
You're the real butcher.  
Oh, my God!  
- My God!  
- Shut up sweetie.  
There is no God!  
Why are you doing this to me!?  
No, no!  
Oh, no.  
Nooo!  
No, no, no!  
I'll do anything!  
Please!  
Please!  
I'll have the baby!  
Please!  
Sarah!  
Paul?  
Oh, my God!  
My God!  
No!  
No! No!  
No!  
No!  
Sarah!  
Sarah!  
Can you hear me?  
It's me...  
Paul.  
I'm here, alive.  
They took my mind!  
It can't be! No, Paul!

They need us to breed!  
Sarah, the walls!  
Watch the walls!  
Two birds with one stone.  
Just think of this as a womb.  
It's the belly of the beast.  
A chance to be reborn  
into a better world.  
And it's free.  
Soon all the pain and frustration  
of being human...  
will be no more than a bad old dream.  
It's time for you think  
about things differently.  
It's time for you to see things  
the way they really are.  
It's the craziest thing...  
They got this real sweet  
tooth for bone marrow.  
Oh, my goodness!  
We thought we lost you!  
What happened? Where I am?  
It was a bad accident, Sarah.  
You've been unconscious  
for several days now.  
I had the most horrible nightmare.  
Well, that's quite normal with  
near death experiences...  
such as yours.  
Your mind tries to rationalize  
your traumas...  
to help you make sense  
of an irrational world.  
Sarah, is there something you'd like  
to tell me about the accident?  
Something you wanna  
get off your chest?  
I didn't tell you mother because  
I knew what you would say.  
It's my body, it's my choice.  
It's that simple.  
Of course it is dear. But there was  
another life inside your body.  
A tiny little life with only

you to protect it.  
That's a mother's responsibility.  
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.  
If God can forgive you,  
and if I can forgive you...  
then it's up to you to  
forgive yourself.  
I know that Paul would  
forgive you too.  
Oh, my God, Paul!  
What happened to Paul?  
Paul, is brain dead.  
What?  
He's in the next bed over.  
I thought you'd want it  
that way with him close by.  
Oh, no!  
Right here, Sarah.  
No.  
Nooo!  
Don't scream dear, please.  
You'll upset the baby.  
What? You said my baby's dead!  
Oh, heavens, no!  
You simply weren't fit to be a mother.  
Were you, Sarah?  
I know it seems inhumane,  
but we need it...  
for our self preservation  
and it's all because of...  
No! You can't do this to me!  
Go easy, sweetie!  
You're almost there.  
This ain't gonna take long, I promise ya.  
It won't be too long.  
Hold still.  
Immortality! I'm on  
my way to immortality.  
Lily, what the hell did I do  
with the keys to the Nova?  
Mr. Lovecraft.  
Everything is going to be fine.  
All you have to do is open this door.  
- Impossible.

- What?

I dropped the keys down there.

You impetuous little fool!

Do you know what you've done?

- Put it back!

- What?

Put the book back!

It's coming!

The secrets of the Necronomicon

do not come cheap!

This is going to cost you your life!

Consider your privileges

revoked, Mr. Lovecraft.

Lovecraft, you don't know

what you've done!

You'll pay!

Ah, him. He's a strange one alright.

Here you are, sir.

We can go now.

Alright.

Take care of yourself, mate.

Have a good night.

So, ah, you find what your  
looking for, Mr. Lovecraft?

You might say it found me.