

Horror Script 5: First Victim

Something that people should hate a lot in the Redwoods is midnight. Not even just because it's pitch black but it gives off a dreadful tone. A female police officer named Veronica sits at the front office chair waiting for someone to come in but of course, it's so late that there shouldn't be any expectation of company. "God, I can't handle this. Nobody would even risk breaking into a police station this late at night."

Veronica says, giving off a pissed-off sigh. Takes a drink of her coffee, it only tastes bitter from being left out for so long. "It'd be nice if there was at least one damn microwave in here! Just one." Staying up for a night shift with bad coffee is the worst.

Many unfortunate residents go missing each night, leaving the police to deal with it. Sadly enough, there's a 1/10 chance someone gets found. Most leading people believe that they're dead so it's already too late. Veronica texts away on her phone to get through the tedious night, text reading "Hey Jess, I was wondering if you had any more coffee I could borrow from you for tomorrow's night because I ran out and I'm running a little short on money so I'd appreciate it." The text is sent out waiting to be read.

A few hours passed, now being 6 am. Veronica gets all of her stuff but notices that she had slept on the job hoping nothing happened last night. “No - no - no. I must’ve dozed off, please tell me no one broke in. Please.” She opened the door behind her and walked into the storage room analyzing the room to notice anything out of the ordinary. She checked through the boxes, evidence folders, and weapons.

“So nothing is stolen, *phew*”. Looking behind her now she notices something off. “Why’s the backdoor open?? I could’ve sworn that I had locked that last night. Nobody would’ve been able to open it so effortlessly.” Shocked, Veronica comes to the idea of notifying the chief. “Wait.. he’d be so upset with me.”

After checking for more things out of the ordinary she leaves the office building and sets her way off to the supermarket. While Veronica walks she just gets lost in thoughts of what could have happened last night. “I swear I locked that door. I swear that I locked that stupid door!” She starts walking at a faster pace, a little aggressively too. Bumping right into another person. “Oh! I’m so sorry.”

The lady looks at her and says “Quite in the rush I see.” Veronica gives the mysterious woman a little glare. “No, not exactly. Just had a bad night I guess.” The lady looks at her with a strange glint in her eye. “You guess? You didn’t seem to be enjoying it to me”. My mind kind of blank took me at

almost a minute to process what she said. “Wait.. what do you mean, I didn’t seem to be enjoying myself? Were you spying on me?!” The lady gives off a deep laugh, and then looks right back at her. “No, not at all. I just happened to pass by before midnight and you didn’t seem very

delighted”. Veronica gets more angered by this stranger bothering her. “Yeah, you think? Get lost, you wretch.” The lady now with a mere smirk on her face turns into an uneasy smile, and then

she just walks off. “What the hell?? God I hate this town.”

Finally continuing her walk, still walking to the supermarket. Determined to get groceries, even with the sky becoming more blackened. Clouds look like they’re disappearing and just reappearing with the darkness of the sky. “Well, here I am.. where all my money goes down the drain, once again.” She mutters to herself.

Walking into the supermarket ignoring all the “Welcome” and “Hellos’.” The workers are used to her acting stingy considering she’s in pretty much a sour puss mood every day.

Walking into the ingredients aisle she thinks to herself, “Jeez, do I even have enough money to pay to make food? I might have to just have a microwavable pizza again..” Angrily yanking a small pizza box, she goes up to the counter. “Found everything all right today, miss?”

Veronica looked at the guy running the register, tired but still angry. “Mhm.” The cashier just ignored her since that’s how she always is. Looking in her wallet she realizes she only has about

a hundred dollars left to spend. “You know V. I could set you up at this place down the street. A buddy of-

mine owns it, and the store is small but he’s more likely to pay you more than how much Michael pays for taking the night shifts.” The cashier says with hopefulness. Veronica thinks about it for a second but decides not to take the offer. “Thanks, Frank, but in a few more nights worth working I’ll get paid pretty well. Maybe I’ll take that offer by then but I feel like I’m the only one who’s putting in work efficiency at the office.”

Frank gives a disappointed look on his face but tries to lighten up. “I do believe that you can put up with these harsh nights.” Veronica lets out a small smile. They stare at each other for what feels like three minutes of silence. “V?” Frank says her nickname with still hope for them. “Yes, Frank?” Veronica responds.

“Why couldn’t we have worked out? You never really told me V.” The question catches her off guard as her smile fades and she’s back to being more of her normal self. “You know why Frank?”. Frank tries to hide the sadness behind his face.

“Right.. Well, have a good night. Since this is the only night that you can sleep haha”. Frank lets out a nervous chuckle and she tries to laugh but just leaves awkwardly, yet still saying “Thanks, I’ll try to.”

As Veronica walks out the two doors of the entrance to the grocery store something hits in her gut. A disturbing ticking sound erupts sounding like it's coming from all directions, in the shadows of the corners there appear to be eight-foot-tall figures and they all have-grotesque faces. The stars turn into eyes, the trees around her all blackened with the leaves being dark red. The full moon that had appeared at seven was now as red as fresh blood. Fully emerged into a now-dark world where no human life is seen to be found. Veronica was now shell-shocked to the point where no sound could escape her lips and paralyzed out of fear.

Whispers go all out around her going all throughout the air. Shadows spin in the air like a tornado starting to slowly form a shadowy body. Veronica, still trying to make desperate attempts to move, only comes out as tears forming in her eyes. The shadows after some time materialize into a ginormous dark creature. Veronica finally gets capable of moving and dashes right back into the store behind her until realizing that she's still in this place.

"Please what have I done?! Just stay away from me!" Veronica slowly backs up while in the store as a monstrous arm coming from the creature viciously attempts to grasp her. She tries going around the aisles to avoid the arm but it comes in quick so she tries moving out of the way. The action worked but this monster isn't giving up in its tracks as it thrashes its arm around knocking down all the shelves in the aisles.

"Don't do this..please." She backs up and bumps right into the wall behind her. The creature pulls its arm out of the store. *Phew*, she catches her breath and sits down on the ground. A horrible chuckle can be heard from outside as it extends its arm back trying to reach her.

“Hey! Hey! Please talk to me!” A blurry figure wakes her from the dark reality she was in.

Veronica’s vision starts to unblur seeing the figure that it is Frank.

“Frank, thank you!!” Frank looks at her confused as he helps her up. “I saw that you started freaking out outside and then ran in here, and your mouth was all bubbly like you were having a seizure”. Veronica is bewildered about seeing what she saw in that place. Without a second thought, she all of a sudden grabs Frank’s cheeks and goes in for a deep and passionate kiss making Frank shocked but going with it. They kiss simultaneously for so long it feels like an hour but in reality, it was 10 minutes. As they take their faces away from each other they look into each other’s eyes in pure passion.

“Thank you for everything, Francis.” He smiled at her for the enjoyment of hearing her say his real name. Staring at each other longer they give one more kiss and then Veronica starts her way off. “I need to go, so I’ll see you tomorrow.” She winks playfully to him and he smiles. “See you tomorrow V.”

Veronica makes her way back home, finally content with her day as things start to cheer up for her. “Hey Jess, I don’t mean to be annoying but I saw that you didn’t respond to my text last night and I need that coffee for tomorrow night because it’s going to be my MOST stressful night.” She sends the texts worryingly about how her friendship with her close friend may be falling apart. “C'mon Jess, we’re good friends, why ghost me like this..” She says to herself.

The worst thing is to overthink things and Veronica is good at doing exactly that. Veronica starts getting lost in her thoughts; how stressful work will be tomorrow, how her friendship with Jess may come to an end, and how she might be going insane with what she believes are illusions. “Damn it all, damn it all!” Veronica starts getting enraged by the thoughts and goes up to Jess’ house. Banging on the door she screams at the top of her lungs. “Jess!! Open this door now!!!” Banging furiously enough the door chips a little. “Jess, please..open the door.” She plants her head against the door, as tears start dripping down from her eyes.

The door creaks open a small amount letting air into the oddly empty house. “J-Jess?” Veronica takes a few steps forward into the home only to realize none of this makes any sense. The house is dimly lit, and the furniture has been replaced with just papers of weird imagery. “What happened here Jess.. what happened to you..”

Taking further steps into the house Veronica uncovers horrific news. Jess’ lifeless body hanging from the ceiling as she had hung herself. Veronica starts having tears go down her face again. “Jess.. no..” She picks up a paper on the ground that explains the reasoning behind Jess’ actions.

“Dear. V, if you see this just know I am now gone. I’m sorry I couldn’t have been a better friend to you, my reason for doing this is so that no one would have to endure the utter terror of what I saw. Remember when we’d always used to watch scary movies with each other? Well, this doesn’t even compare, it’s the worst thing I have ever seen. If there is a god, then I pray that you don’t have to witness what I saw. Lastly V, I love you. Remember that.”

Veronica looked down and stared at the letter after reading it. “Jess..” Standing up, she’s eager to stop this unknowing force. “Jess, I don’t know how but I’m going to avenge you.. I promise.”

Leaving the house, she rushes through the neighborhood on her way to the police station.

Running past many houses she swears she sees shadows in the windows staring her down, but this time she’s too determined to care. Getting to the police station at last, she’s almost completely out of breath. *Huff - huff*, “I got this, I got this.” Searching through her pockets she’s unable to find the presence of her keys anywhere. She gets an idea that may be stupid but she’ll do anything to redeem her friend’s death.

She pulls out the gun the job had provided her and shoots the door handle of the front entrance in desperation. *Bang!* The alarm starts blaring to notify the police of a “break-in”. So she charges inside and scans her desk drawers. She finds an empty form in one of them and starts filling it out quickly. She tried her best not to write angrily as all these thoughts were just going through her mind but she resisted and continued to write normally.

Finishing the form, it read, “Jessica Williams, Status: Deceased. Cause of death: Suicide, from possible hallucinations. Parents: Anonymous.” Veronica sat back in relief. “I never thought about it till now, how I never got to know her parents. Especially since their identity is kept secretive.” She turned off the alarm system and had the sudden urge that she needed to go to the bathroom. Walking through the office building at night never was a good feeling to begin with, but now is the worst it has ever felt to her.

Now it could be because of the long stressful night she's had to deal with. Or she must've missed out on something of great importance during the day shift. Veronica got into the storage room and opened the door leading to outside. She never truly understood why you had to go into the outside area just to use the restroom, considering that it is a necessity for everyone. Walking the narrow path, she gets to the entrance of the bathroom and opens the door. Walking into the room she realizes they had at least improved it in one day surprisingly by making it more clean. Relieving herself, she exits the stall and starts washing all the dirt and dismay of the day off her hands. She stares at herself in the mirror and gets an uneasy feeling in her gut all of a sudden. "Hello, Veronica."

Veronica pauses the cleansing and gets shivers sent down her spine. "Uh - uh. Who said that?" In fear, she doesn't know what to do but tries to communicate with this unknown entity. "Me. Down here silly." The voice says in a playful kiddush-sounding voice. "You mean.. the drain??"

A slight gurgling sound emitted from the drain. "Yes, can you help me please?" The voice sounded genuine, and pleading for help. "How the hell did you get down there anyways?!" Veronica says in a worried and scared tone. "Please.. help."

Veronica starts freaking out not knowing what to do. "Okay, okay. Let me think.. umm." Veronica walks around the room trying to think of something, while more gurgling noises come out from the drain. "Let's see, I could.. No - no. That wouldn't work." Even more gurgling comes out from the drain, but this time black ooze spurts out from the drain.

“What the hell?!” Veronica runs up to the sink trying to pull toilet paper down it to stop the weird substance from coming out. “No - no - no!” She tries desperately as a demonic but still child-sounding chuckle comes from the pipes of the sink. “Oh God - Oh God - Oh God!” The ooze spurs out violently as a huge amount of power from the ooze splashes up into the air knocking her with extreme force and knocking her into the stall door. “Ugh..” The dark substance spreads throughout the room darkening the walls and floor making it all abnormal. Veronica runs to the bathroom door and attempts to open the door but it won’t budge. Someone must’ve had to lock the door from the outside.

She pounds on the door and tries bashing into it but it’s no good. “This can’t be happening right now..” The puddles start to reflect something of a human-like figure. The reflection starts to become a reality as the figure emerges from the puddles taking the form of a masculine body covered in black liquid. “You” The organism points its pointer finger at her.

“W-what?” Veronica speaks in fear, and some confusion. “Je--ss--i--caa” Veronica looks at it in horror. “No... you killed her. You killed my best friend! You damn monster!!” Veronica pulls out her gun and points it at the monster’s forehead.

Pulling the trigger multiple times gives off no effect. Showing that this creature’s liquefied form is tanking all the bullets. “No..” Veronica kneels to the ground in defeat. The monster approaches her standing right in front of her seven feet tall, with deformed eyes but no mouth. Jessica was right all along, the absolute worst thing to see. Truthfully, Veronica’s last thought was her regrets

about not getting with Frank. She thought of how she and Frank really would've been good for each other. "I love you...Frank."

Missing Report: Veronica Windervill. Occupation: Desk Officer. If anyone finds her please notify the police department immediately. Published by: Redwood police department.