

Horror Script 6: The Investigative Lead

One missing person leads to another, in this all so good forest. The saying “Beauty is vain” can for sure be applied to this demonic place. Last night had been restless for the girl who went “missing”, Veronica as she had pursued to take revenge for her friend’s death which did go well until she had got caught by some dark force. Now “The Streak” goes all out on uncovering this mysterious disappearance of two unfortunate victims.

Lighting a cigarette in the dark, a man in his mid thirties puts it up to his mouth and inhales as the butt of the cigarette burns. The smoke came out of his mouth forming a huge cloud-like shape. *Cough cough*, “dammit.. I knew I shouldn’t have worked out this late like this”. The man leaves the cigarette in his hand and starts climbing up the work ladder to fetch the wrench he had left on top.

Around the whole industrial area he was working in, nothing had felt right. Even with some work lights on it wasn’t enough for the area to not feel nerve wracking. “OH SH-” While climbing up the ladder he accidentally missed a step and tripped, but not falling off. “But how did I? I was being as careful as possible, there’s no way I could just miss a step like that..” Climbing up the ladder further he notices some weird glowing light not too far from where he is.

With a confused look on his face he tries to examine what the gleaming light could possibly be. So furthermore going up the ladder, the light slightly grows and almost looks closer. Reaching

the top of the ladder he chills out to try to figure out what he was even looking at in the first place. The glow disappeared into some fog that had come all so suddenly. The man didn't even know what to think, but still grabbing the wrench he headed his way back down. Slowly going down the ladder his heart skipped a beat as he got the worst feeling in his gut. "W-what was that?! That feeling.. gosh it's so awful."

Now hurrying down the ladder he trips again but it feels completely different this time as something had just grabbed his foot and yanked it. This time while tripping he falls twelve feet down hitting his head with a loud *thud* landing on the hard rocky ground. "O-oh God.. am I dead?" Trying to get up comes to no prevail as he's completely immobilized. "Who am I?"

His thoughts slowly drift away into him knowing nothing about himself. The same glow from earlier appears again in the woods. "Hey, I remember you." The man says happily in a hopeful way. The glow suddenly has a twin with two circular glowing eyes that appear in the dark.

"Heh, guess you had one eye closed." He nervously chuckled as the eyes went along the darkness into between two trees. Two arms come out holding onto the trees, the arms put force into making its whole body leap out of the dark. "W-who are you?" In the appearance of a young looking girl, she walks closer to him, her legs and arms bending with each walk as it's hard for the creature to control this form easily.

"G-get away from me! I-I have a gun on me!" He shouts but it doesn't do anything as the thing simply doesn't care. Attempting to move it comes out as hurting grunts, which only excites the

creature further as it grows closer to him. She starts crawling over him, the young girl's appearance turning into a sinister rough black skin and emptied eyes. "Help! Someone plea-" His final words cut off as the monster takes him.

The day after the incident, the police searched around the proximity of the small construction area only to find a small puddle of blood, and a burnt cigarette. At the police station, everyone is on edge and working hard to figure out what happened to the missing people. With a *creak*, the double doors open with an unfamiliar face. "And who are you?" Asked the new front desk officer. "Let me speak to your boss." She looked at him with a confused expression. "You're supposed to make an appointment first, ya know."

The masked man looked at her and headed his way to the chief's office anyway. "You can stop there. You think I'm going to just let some suspicious ass looking dude just barge right into the chief's office??" The man looked at her grinning under his mask. "Heh kind of. But listen, this is urgent. I think I might just have a good idea to try to figure out what's going on around here."

The girl looks at him eagerly, thinking about it.

"Hm, okay. You can speak to the Chief.. but I have to be in there with you to make sure you don't pull a quick one on us." After this response he thinks about it. "Yeah, that's fine." They both walk into the room as he holds the door for her, meeting up with the boss. "Yes.. yes. I know - I know, I did tell her I was going to try to find her but we've already checked everywhere but this wench is nowhere to be found!-" *Ahem!* The masked guy interrupts him on purpose seeing the conversation wasn't going anywhere.

“Uh, I’ll call you right back Shannon.” The Chief looks at the both of them questioning him but also questioning her decision to let him visit. “So? What’s so important that led you to rudely barge in on my conversation with my client?” The Chief spoke in an abrupt manner. “You know I was going to share my plans on how we could find out how those victims went missing but you don’t even seem like you cared about Veronica in the first place.”

The Chief and the girl went into shock, but then the Chief got infuriated. “Don’t care?! She was the only desk worker I’ve had who didn’t wimp out about taking on the night shifts.” The masked man calmed down a bit. “How come you called her a wench though.” The Chief looked at him with a more humorous expression now.

“Oh don’t worry about that. My client just never liked her so I just went with her.” The masked man gives off a disapproving look. “So what’s your name anyway?” The Chief reaches his hand in for a humble handshake. “I’m Michael. Chief Michael, nice to meet you.”

They both have a firm and nice handshake. “You can just call me The Streak for now.. as saying my real name would cause trouble.” Michael gives him an understanding nod. “Oh and Streak? This is Sarah, the newest member of our police team. But of course you already had met her from the entrance but I thought it ya’ll should have a proper introduction.”

Sarah looked into The Streak’s eyes, some hidden intentions that were hard to read. “Sarah, I must say those purple eye contacts or whatever you got going on looks very pretty on you.”

Sarah forms up a smile on her lips. “Hehe, thank you.” The Streak looks around the room to make things less awkward. “Woah cool trophies!” Michael gets thrilled with the acknowledgment of his accomplishments.

“Oh! I see you noticed my trophies aye? Well these right here are all from whenever I played football in high school, and these ones to the right are all my medals of honor which lead up to my promotion board showing how I went from a simple officer to where I am now!” Streak gives him a smile. “Very nice, you seem like you’ve lived a very good life.” Michael’s smile fades a little bit. “Yep.”

“Michael! Help please! Don’t leave us here!” The war rages on with shots firing everywhere, dead bystanders/civilians. Michael rushes throughout the field avoiding the land mines, just like he trained for. The leader was right, he was not ready for this one bit. As darkness rose across the sky, there was no light to shine upon a battlefield of death.

“Michael? Michael!” Michael’s eyes open back up to reality after day dreaming. “What happened?! Where was I?!” Michael yelling only made him seem crazed to Streak, and Sarah. “Chief, what are you talking about?? You just started staring into the abyss yapping about not being able to save the fallen.” Michael’s face just went into straight confusion as what he heard made no amount of sense.

“I’m sorry for the random distraction of mine, but we’re getting too off topic from what we need to be focusing on at this current predicament we’ve been facing.” Streak and Sarah look at him

and give an agreeing nod. “My plan of mine is for us to create a dummy to look just like one of your officers, even capturing the officer’s scent to smell just like them, which will lure whatever thing is taking these people right to the dummy.” Michael thinks about it, giving it a lot of thought. “Problem about this idea. How would this killer fall for a trick like that?” The Streak having a dark thought about that statement. “You see.. that’s the thing. This isn’t a man nor woman committing these violent acts.”

Michael and Sarah both give a befuddled look about the words that had come out of his mouth.

“I know - I know, it sounds crazy but listen okay-” Michael shuts him up to make a statement.

“No! I’m sick and tired of people strolling in here and spearing out nonsense all the time! Because if you’re implying that something out of the ordinary, something paranormal is going on in this forest then you better leave this office this instant!” The Streak lets out a disappointed sigh, to his response.

“Sometimes in life you have to believe in the things that seem unbelievable but I see you aren’t ready for that.” Leaving it at that, The Streak walks to the door but before exiting he makes one more message. “When you’re ready.. find me.” Going out through the Chief’s door, Michael has an interesting thought in his head about what he had said. “Interesting...”

The day elapses into midnight again. For two nights in a row, there had already been two losses since The Streak and his team sneaked into Redwood Forest. This night already seemed darker than the previous two, as a man and a woman were on a date at the restaurant “Good Food, Great Food” which was a cheesy name for a restaurant but the food makes up for it. “So, you’re rich I

see?” The lady in a rose red dress says. “You could say that but just spend it at a nice place like this for you.” The man says with the girl giving off a little chuckle. “You don’t know me yet, Mr. Charming.” He smirks after hearing her delightful words.

“Charming... heh, I am trying for you.” Everything about this date was perfect for them; the dim lit candles, the somewhat chatter from other tables but mostly replaced by soothing jazz music, and lastly the best food in town. “Are you two ready to order?” A waitress walks over to the table for their wants. “Yes, I’d like the sirloin steak, 12 ounce, and cooked medium rare please.”

The man in the suit says while the waitress writes it down. “Good choice, and you miss?” The lady looks at the waitress waiting to tell her order. “May I also get the sirloin steak, but 6 ounces, and cooked medium.” The man looks at her confusedly.

“You know you can get a 12 ounce too, right?” He looks at her offering not minding to spend more money on her. “It’s alright, I don’t eat a lot.” She responds to him, and then looks at the waitress. “Okay then, the food will be done shortly.”

The waitress states, walking off with some sort of note sticking out from her back pocket, catching the lady’s attention. “I’m sorry but I don’t feel safe here, uh Fred was it?” She speaks to him fearfully of something about the place seeming off. “Yes, Diane my name is Fred. But why don’t you feel safe here?” Fred asks, being concerned of why she feels this way.

“I don’t know. It’s probably nothing anyways.” Diane tries to shrug it off as it is just some annoying thought of hers. “Are you sure, Diane?” Fred questions in to see how she really feels.

“I’m sorry, I must’ve just been overthinking.”

Diane tries not to ruin this date between them from her seeing shadows move in dark corners of the restaurant and the chandelier’s lights flickering every so often. “He wants you dead. He wants you dead. He wants you dead. He wants you dead. HE WANTS YOU DEAD.” A voice mutters throughout her head driving her nuts. “Shut up!!” Diane screams in annoyance and fear. Everyone in the restaurant stops talking, staring at Diane. “No, what is this...” Diane whispers to herself as it reminded her of this vivid dream she had about a week ago of this same situation but just a different place but the whole scenario still felt like *deja vu*.

“I-I’m not crazy okay?!” The people were still staring her down like she was some lunatic causing a ruckus. “Stop looking at me like that!” Diane got up debating on leaving as this was getting too weird for her. “Fred, can you please do something? Please.” Fred just looks at her the same way as everyone else, not even a word leaving his mouth or blinks from his eyes.

Everyone in the restaurant, even the waiters/waitresses, and cooks look at her like she just murdered somebody in cold blood. Slowly backing up, the eyes follow hers all the way as she walks past the tables and onto the entrance carpet. “Okay guys, this isn’t funny... So you all can just stop now!” Backing up further, her back bumping into the entrance door she reaches her arm behind her and slowly opens it. The eyes of all the people widen slightly and they deeply stare into her eyes like they’re looking into her soul. She grasps the door wide open and bolts straight

out of the restaurant not even looking back to see if the people were still staring at her. “W-what the hell even was that back there...” Diane was completely shocked, still not even bothering to look back and only focused to get somewhere safe. “If I go home, they might follow me home.

So I must get somewhere safe.”

Huff huff, running and running not wanting to look back one bit. She feels disturbed having the feeling of thousands of eyes peering at her at once watching her ever watchfully. Diane started wondering if she may have just been dreaming because of this situation. “Wait... shelter!”

Amidst running she finds herself in front of a ginormous shelter in the woods completely cut off by tall electric fences surrounding the building. No time to think of a reasonable plan she just went for it by touching the fence realizing there was no electricity emitting from it. “Good... good.” Diane climbs up the fence hearing eerie whispering and many footsteps from in the woods behind her. Getting to the top she makes a quick glance behind her seeing her date. Fred with his suit completely normal still but now with a sinister smile starting to form on his face. He takes out the knife he used to cut his steak and starts putting up slowly to his throat. Fred brings the knife to his left and then starts slowly cutting into his throat, making lots of blood gush out from the outcome. He falls down after the process, still smiling even while dead. “What the fu-”

Many people from the restaurant start coming out from the woods, their skin peeling off showing off some weird, rough dark skin having many imperfections. All of their smiles were even worse than the one her date had while he died. “AHHHHH” The creatures screech an unholy roar ready to rush towards her. Finally feeling the need to go inside the building she jumps onto the ground

now on the other side of the fence.

Diane rushes straight towards the front entrance to the facility hearing the demonic screeches get closer and closer as the things start climbing up the fence. Tripping over a dead body, she gets caught off guard but tries to brush it off considering the predicament she's in. Finally getting to the door she opens it and gets inside quickly. Diane trying to close the door, the demons barge against the door pursuing to get inside as their arms reach into the room she's in. Diane pushes all her weight into the door barely being able to close it, dismantling one of their arms. The arm falls to the floor, with a disgusting smack against the hard flooring. "I can't do this anymore! I can't freaking do this anymore! What do you want from me?!" She screams in pursuit of getting an answer, but to no avail nothing comes from it but silence now. Diane now turns behind her walking to a new room that's decently more lit up than the one she's in. Now entering that room, seeing many vehicles from the past, and numerous mechanical parts lying on the ground.

A sharp click could be heard right against her ear as she looked and to her very eyes, an old man was holding a shotgun right against her head. "Make one wrong move and I won't hesitate to shoot your ass." Diane gave off a sigh of relief instead of being fearful. "Oh thank God! Please sir, help me. There's these things outside... hundreds, maybe thousands of them. I don't know exactly but they're trying to kill me." The old man gave her an uncaring face. "So? They're after you now hm? I might as well just feed you to them like giving deer meat to a pack of hungry filled wolves." Diane froze to the words the man spoke. "That's right, you get it now don't ya. Everyone that goes missing in this forest. They never come back. You see the police, they know what's going on but they won't do ANYTHING about ANYONE, and do you know why? Because they don't give a single shit about anyone in this town as long as they don't go missing themselves they're fine. Everyone who goes missing in this forest gets devoured by those

monsters and the reason the police can't ever find evidence about their whereabouts even if they try is because those creatures are way smarter than us. We cannot defeat them, we can only join them. And whenever it comes, we will all hail to Smile, and he will free us of our worries. If you don't do the same then you will be forgotten just like the rest of them."

Diane is lost in all of these thoughts of monsters, and this thing he's talking about that will save them. "None of this makes sense to me." The old man gives off a disappointed sigh to her response. Pointing the gun towards her more now. "A Owl tells me that you aren't cut out for this anyway... better off as food for them just as I thought." Now with the exterior of the facility showing there are no demons to be seen but a loud gunshot emits, unheard to anyone.

Missing Report: Diane Williams. Occupation: Post office worker. All of these missings are now making everyone wonder if the police care enough to find any of these people. Published by
Daren Dark.