

## **DISCLAIMER**

OLD MAN ALLEN: Warning. If you're a mamby-pamby wuss or sensitive sissy you may not want to listen to this recording. I don't know. Listen to something about elves... I don't really give a shit.

BGM: Theme music

## **EPISODE 1**

NARRATOR: Episode 1, The Driver, written by Mike Kooistra and Spring Break at Innsmouth Beach written by Reverend Bacon.

### **STORY 1 – The Driver by Mike Kooistra [0:53]**

#### **SCENE 1**

#### **INT. SMALL CAFÉ. EVENING**

WAITRESS: Can I top either of you off?

SAM: Thanks, doll. This'll be my last cup.

WAITRESS: Sure, Sam. Here's your ticket. Pay me whenever you're ready.

DRIVER: Oh, by the way, Sam. I have that twenty I owe you from last week.

SAM: Thanks, pal. I always appreciate it when I don't have to ask. You doing alright these days?

DRIVER: Yeah. Yeah, things are more stable now there's just a rough patch. Took some time off from the streets to straighten my head out.

SAM: I could already tell he was about to spill his problems out across the table. Just too many dark memories of this place. I'd seen it a hundred times before. He'd seen it all though. I wish I had it in me to tell...

DRIVER: Sam, Sam, you're thinking out loud.

SAM: Oh, I'm sorry.

DRIVER: I can hear everything you're saying.

SAM: I know, pal, I know. Hey, take it easy on me eh? I'm old. I've been in this place a little too long.

DRIVER: Well, I know how that goes.

SAM:                                 Maybe... maybe I think my time is about up in this city.

DRIVER:                            Is the weird finally getting to you?

SAM:                                 I don't know. I'm just mulling over ideas. I just had this fare before coming here. This kid shouting and talking in rhymes waving around his knife in the backseat going on about monsters and... and I just really didn't care. I'm just completely numb to it sometimes it just seems like I can't remember the last time I saw a sunny day around here.

DRIVER:                            Sam, I have to cut you short buddy my shift starting and I already see one looking for a ride right across the street.

SAM:                                 Okay, pal. Drive safe and we'll catch up later.

DRIVER:                            Same time tomorrow okay?

SAM:                                 I'll be around

**SCENE 2**  
**EXT. STREET. EVENING**

DRIVER:                            Hey, I can put that suitcase on the trunk if you want.

CINDY:                             No, that's fine. I've got enough room back here.

DRIVER:                            Suit yourself. So where you heading tonight?

CINDY:                             Well I had the address in my email but...

DRIVER:                            ...but your phone isn't getting a good signal. Right. That can happen around here.

CINDY:                             Right. No bars at all. Do you know how to get to the Madeline Grove building?

DRIVER:                            Madeline Grove? Sure.

FX:                                 Car shifts into drive and pulls away

DRIVER:                            You look kind of familiar, you know?

CINDY:                             Is that right?

DRIVER:                            Yeah, you really do. Hey, were you in the papers or something?

CINDY: No, not that I know of. I can't say that I've actually picked up a newspaper in years though. We're living in a digital age and all.

DRIVER: Guess I'm old-fashioned that way every night at the end of my shift I still picked up the Morning Edition before heading home.

CINDY: Do you always work the graveyard. (silence) What's wrong? Did I say something?

DRIVER: No no I was just wasn't expecting to say it like that graveyard shift you threw me off a little that's all someone pretty close to me went missing recently.

CINDY: I'm sorry I didn't mean to

DRIVER: No, it's not your fault. It's just that, they haven't figured out what happened to her exactly and and... hey you know, we need to take a detour. That okay? They're fixing the streets up there from that big wreck last week.

CINDY: Oh. I hadn't heard.

DRIVER: Hadn't heard? Yeah, it was a big mess. A lot of people didn't make it, you know. I'm just gonna go around it. you don't want to see that mess. Plane came right down on top of the street right on top of those cars.

CINDY: That's terrible.

DRIVER: I know, right? But you know what they say about the city.is

CINDY: As a matter of fact I don't.

DRIVER: Oh? Not from here originally?

CINDY: I moved here for a job about a month ago, back when it was only the ships coming in and out of town.

DRIVER: It didn't work out?

CINDY: It was contract work. I'm finished now.

DRIVER: I see. So it's on to the next job then?

CINDY: Something like that.

DRIVER: Mind if I ask what you do?

CINDY: I do actually.

DRIVER: Hey, fair enough. I'm not trying to pry, just making conversation.

CINDY: Sso what is it?

DRIVER: What's what?

CINDY: What they say. You'd said before you know what they say about this city so, what is it?

DRIVER: Oh that. I can tell you that in a minute. We're almost at Madeline Grove.

CINDY: This doesn't look like a hotel.

DRIVER: Madeline Grove isn't a hotel.

CINDY: I have a flight in the morning. I need to get to my hotel.

DRIVER: I know where I remember you from, Cindy Stone.

CINDY: How do you know my name?

FX: Car door opens.

CINDY: Okay, where are you going? I am NOT getting out here! This isn't my hotel. What the fuck is going on here?

FX: Car door opens.

DRIVER: Look at it.

CINDY: You're crazy! I am NOT spending another minute here!

DRIVER: I said look at it!

FX: Newspaper flipping.

CINDY: No... no.

DRIVER: (aggressive) Get out of my car. You're home now.

FX: Car door closes.

DRIVER: (crying) This isn't this can't be real.

DRIVER: You're not the first. You won't be the last I drop off here either.

FX: Lightning and high wind

CINDY: This is a cemetery.

DRIVER: Madeline Grove is a cemetery. Look at your phone. You're not getting a signal because it's been shattered to pieces.

CINDY: (starts hyperventilating)

DRIVER: Cindy, your flight didn't make it. None of them do.

CINDY: No!

DRIVER: Because that's what they say about this city.

CINDY: No...

DRIVER: No one knows how they got here. Everyone's dying to get out. Though what do I know about all that? I just work the graveyard shift.

FX: The driver sighs and walks back to his cab. The door opens and closes then the car drives off through the rain.

**COMMERCIAL 1 [7:07]**

FX: Car driving in the rain, honking its horn

NARRATOR: Need to dispose of a large load? Would it fit in a trunk? Call Harbor City Yellow Cab 5-5-5-2-2-2-7, that's 5-5-5-C-A-B-S. We're discrete.

**COMMERCIAL 2 [7:24]**

BGM: Aggressive country-rock riff

TEXAS TED: Yeeehah! Howdy y'all! I'm the one and only Texaaaaaas Ted!

FX: Whip crack

TEXAS TED: Here at my restaurant, I have all the meat you crave 24 hours a day.

COOK: Let's grind them up, boys!

TEXAS TED: We take only the juiciest, tastiest parts of the animal and hand-grind them into pure ground patties, then we cook them as well done or as rare as you can stand them. Ask one of our happy staff members for what you want.

DRUNK: Oh, like, I'll take one burger, rare, extra special sauce.

CASHIER: I'll get that for you right away sir! I need to see if they're finished making the next batch of special sauce!

FX: Cashier walks into the kitchen, man screams in the background

CASHIER: Great news! Looks like you're getting the first helping of our new batch!

TEXAS TED: We here at Texas Ted's like to keep our customers' tastebuds happy and on their toes.

FX: Whipcrack, man screaming

CUSTOMER: Meat?

TEXAS TED: Because of that I can assure you, you will never have the same burger twice in our restaurant. Each meat patty is handcrafted and run through our process to ensure unique eating experience every time.

CHILD: Pardon me, Mr. Texas Ted but my burger doesn't taste as good as last time.

TEXAS TED: That's no problem, little bit. As part of our Ted's satisfaction guarantee, we'll remake your order and even add one of our a special mystery meat pies, free of charge.

CUSTOMER: Meat?

TEXAS TED: Go ahead, youngin', and dig into the bottom of that pie and see what the mystery is.

CHILD: Wow, a diver's watch! It even has today's date set in it! Thanks Texas Ted!

TEXAS TED: You're welcome little buckaroo. Every one of our mystery meat pies has a little treat, just for you. It's always fun to find out what it is. Remember: Everyone ends up here sooner or later, so ya might as well get it over with. Yeehah!

### **COMMERCIAL 3 [9:20]**

NARRATOR: Don't you deserve a treat today? Come on down to Porky's doughnut hole for the freshest baked goods in the city!

CUSTOMER: I'll take a dozen glazed doughnuts, please.

CLERK: (perky voice) Oooh yeaaaah suure thing young lady. I'll just step into the back and get you some fresh glaze right now.

FX: Footsteps

CLERK: (between splattering sounds) Uuh oh yeah, uuh heh, oh yeah, uhh uhh yeah, got some glaze for ya. Yeah.

FX: Splattering

CLERK: Here ya are. I made em juuuust for you.

CUSTOMER: (awkwardly) Yeaaaah thanks. I think I'll just... give these to my boss.

NARRATOR: Everyone here is just waiting to serve you a special treat and remember here at Porky's Donut Hole our secret ingredient isn't lard, it's love

CLERK: Oooh yeah, love.

## **STORY 2 – Spring Break at Innsmouth Beach by Reverend Bacon [10:17]**

### **SCENE 1**

#### **INT. CAR. AFTERNOON**

BGM: Surf rock music plays momentarily

FX: Vehicle stopping, radio turns off, the sounds of a beach are heard in the background

RYAN: Well, alright Ms Dana Agnes, were finally here, all the way from Harbor City.

HOWIE: Yeah, man, it took us days to get here. The waves better be worth it.

PHIL: Don't be so simple-minded, Howie. Girls are important too. I came here for New England strange and you better deliver, Dana.

DANA: Oh stop, guys. The beach is great. I haven't been home in a while but the waves are untouched and Phil, the girls are always looking for a hot west coast boy to make time with.

RYAN: Hey. why don't you two and start unloading the car? I need to talk to Dana for a bit.

FX: Car doors open

HOWIE: Yeah, man. I feel ya'.

PHIL: (sarcastic) Yeah, we know when we're not wanted.

FX: Car doors close

RYAN: So... here we are in your hometown...

DANA: Beautiful isn't it? It feels like you could just float away here...

RYAN: Dana... I know you didn't come here for the scenery. The beach is rad, but the town leaves something to be desired.

DANA: Hey! This is my home, bub! It may not be much but it's still warm and wet. Just like a proper home should be...

RYAN: Dana?

DANA: Someday... Someday I want to settle down here... And, I hope you'll be with me, Ryan. It may not look like much but the schools are proper and the people are swell once you get to know them.

RYAN: Oh baby, wherever you go I'll be right behind you...

FX: Door opens

HOWIE: Hey, come on guys. We gotta get to the beach if we're gonna hit the waves before the end of the day.

(Ryan and Dana laugh as they leave the car)

PHIL: Let's hit that beach. Unless the lovebirds need some alone time.

DANA: No, we took care of that this morning.

RYAN: Three times if you really want to know!

HOWIE & PHIL: We don't...

DANA: Oh Howie, don't tell me your jealous of Ryan!

HOWIE: No way, babe. There's only room for one lady in my life and she's out there waiting for me...

FX: Surfer music and waves crashing at a low volume

OLD MAN ALLEN: Hey! You kids be careful!!

PHIL: Buzz off, old man!

DANA: Yeah! We know what we're doing!

Interlude: Surfer music crescendos and plays for a few minutes to show the passage of time then fades out.

OLD MAN ALLEN: Alright kids! The sun's going down. Time to go home.

(The group complains as they splash out of the water.)

OLD MAN ALLEN: Hey, I don't want to hear it! This is for your own good. You don't want to see how this place gets after dark... You can come back tomorrow morning. I'll be here bright and early.

## **SCENE 2**

### **INT. CABIN. EVENING**

(The group is heard entering their apartment and opening bottles and turning on the radio.)

RADIO DJ: -and in other news local fishermen have been reporting strange activity-

FX: The radio changes to surfer music

HOWIE: Hey bro, toss me one of those brewskis!

FX: A bottle is heard thrown and opened.

PHIL: Nothing like a nice beer after a day at the beach... You know... A man could just die out here...

HOWIE: Speak for yourself, bro!

PHIL: You know what I mean. The beach... the sun... the girls... This is paradise...

DANA: Hey Ryan, can I talk to you outside for a minute?

RYAN: Sure, babe.

FX: They can be heard leaving. Outside crickets are chirping.

RYAN: What did you want to talk about?

DANA: Not here, honey. At the beach

FX: They can be heard walking and soon the waves are audibly crashing.

RYAN: (whispering) We need to be careful in case Old Man Allen is around.

DANA: (also whispering obviously) Let's go into the water. We'll be harder to spot.

FX: Light splashing is heard.

RYAN: So what is it, babe? You've been acting kind of weird lately... I'm worried about you... You've put on a few pounds too...

DANA: Nothing's wrong... It's just...Do you love me Ryan?

RYAN: Of course, babe. You know that.

DANA: No matter what?

RYAN: Yeah.

DANA: Say it.

RYAN: What?

DANA: I want to hear you say it.

RYAN: Okay. I love you Dana Agnus. No matter what, I will always love you.

DANA: Ryan... I'm pregnant... You're going to be a father...

RYAN: Dana... Will you marry me?...

DANA: Of course, Ryan. I love you... and I want to raise a family with you... here... in Innsmouth...

OLD MAN ALLEN: Hey! Who is that out there!! You get out of that water right now!!!

DANA: (sighs) Just like Old Man Allen to ruin a perfectly romantic moment.

RYAN: Hey, I got a swell idea. Let's teach that old man a lesson by tossing him in the water.

DANA: Now there's an idea!

FX: Splashing can be heard then a light scuffle.

OLD MAN ALLEN: (terrified) What are you kids doing!? STOP!! Not in there!!!

FX: A loud splash is heard.

DANA: (laughs) That'll teach you old man

FX: Splashing noises increase and soon Old Man Allen is screaming. Sickening screeching can be heard as he is torn apart

RYAN: Oh my god what is that!?

DANA: They look like... fish people! Baby, we need to get out of here!

RYAN: Let's get back to the apartment!

FX: They are heard running. The screeching turns into a sick gurgling and fades but does not stop.

DANA: There's so many of them! They're chasing us!

RYAN: Quick! Inside!

FX: The door is slammed shut and locked.

HOWIE: What's wrong, bro?

RYAN: There's something coming out of the water. They're some kind of... fish people!!

DANA: They tore Old Man Allen apart!!! They chased us here! What are we going to do!?

RYAN: We have to hide! Turn out the lights and hide!

FX: The gurgling grows louder as we can just barely hear Dana whimpering. Soon there is scratching at the walls and windows.

FISH PERSON #1: (in a gurgling voice. Perhaps start with a growl of frustration.) She's not here! They're gone!

FISH PERSON #2: She's in there somewhere...

FISH PERSON #3: We need her!!! The birthing ritual must be done!!!

FISH PERSON #2: She can run, but she can't hide... Dana... Dana... Dana...

FX: They all begin to moan her name over and over. Her whimpering grows louder until it breaks into a terrified scream. A window shatters and clawing inside of the house can be heard.

RYAN: Ew! Their hands... They're so sharp and dirty...

FX: The sound a blade being drawn from a cabinet is heard.

PHIL: Take this!

FX: There is a slice and pained scream from one of the fish people

PHIL: Good luck swimming with one arm!!!

RYAN: We gotta get to the car. It's our only chance!

HOWIE: There's no way we'd all make it...

RYAN: What are you talking about!?

PHIL: He's right, Ryan... There's no use in all of us getting killed...

HOWIE: We know about the baby, bro...

RYAN: We're not leaving without you!

PHIL: It's not up for discussion. We'll run out and keep them distracted while you two book it to the car... Just name it after us, bro...

HOWIE: And teach it how to surf well enough to make Uncle Howie proud.

RYAN: I can't thank you guys enough...

PHIL: On three we go. One... Two... Three!

FX: The door is opened and fighting can be heard

HOWIE: Back off you smelly nerds!!

PHIL: Do you fish-faces even lift!?

FX: The fighting fades slightly as the car doors slam shut. Ryan turns the key, but the engine refuses to start.

RYAN: Come on... Come on...

DANA: Hurry! They're coming!!

FX: Glass breaks and Dana shrieks as she can be heard struggling.

RYAN: NO!!

FISH PERSON #1: Leave land-walker!! Dana is ours now!!!

FX: The fish people and Danas screams can be heard fading slightly

RYAN: Oh god... Oh god, what do I do!? I can't leave Dana... my baby... wait... water... There's no fire underwater!

FX: The glove box is opened and shuffling can be heard

RYAN: Where's that lighter!?!... Pay dirt! Now my shirt.

FX: Ripping fabric can be heard

RYAN: Now I just need a branch...

FX: The door opens and Ryan can be heard shuffling through branches

RYAN: Perfect!

FX: The lighter is flipped and lit

RYAN: Yeah... there we go...

FX: The flames can be heard growing. Ryan is heard walking as the screaming and gurgling crescendos.

RYAN: Hey... Put her down... I said put her down!!

FX: The screaming stops as the gurgling turns into an angry hiss

FISH PERSON #1: What is this magic the land-walker wields?

FISH PERSON #2: Do not be afraid brothers...It is a mere illusion!

FISH PERSON #2 : (can be heard squealing as he is burned)

RYAN: It's no illusion! Put her down or I'll burn every one of you mackeral-heads!

FX: The hissing grows angrier

FISH PERSON #3: Enough! She is yours, land-walker...

DANA: (whimpers and runs to Ryan)

DANA: Oh Ryan!!

FISH PERSON #3: Now leave with your prize, land-walker... and do not return to the town of Innsmouth...

RYAN: Gladly, tuna-breath...

FX: They are heard walking away as the fish people fade away. The doors are heard closing as Ryan starts the car.

DANA: Ryan...

RYAN: Is the baby giving you trouble? Move the seat back, here.

DANA: Thank you baby... You were so brave back there...

RYAN: I had to protect you... and the baby...

DANA: Babies...

RYAN: What? Are you pregnant with twins?

DANA: I need to tell you something else- Oooh!! They're coming through! Our beautiful spawn!

RYAN: Already? What are you talking about?

FX: A series of loud, fleshy cracking and tearing can be heard as Dana screams

DANA: Ah! They wanted to separate me from you. They wanted to raise our spawn in Innsmouth.

RYAN: Oh god!! Your body! What are those!?

DANA: Your babies, Ryan... They're your babies... I never told you but I'm one of the chosen brood mothers. They wanted me to be married off... to breed

with a pure bred... but I didn't want a pure bred... I wanted you... You're so strong... You'll make such a powerful brood king...

\*Ryan begins laughing as she speaks, growing louder and more maniacal with every sentence.

DANA: I take back what I said... I don't want to raise them in Innsmouth... I want to start a new colony... at our home in Florida... I think it's time for us to go home... We can be happy there... We can raise our family... and our young can raise their own families... and we can be happy... forever...

RYAN: (his laughing turns into a mad shriek as it ends)

### **CLOSING CREDITS [21:23]**

NARRATOR: The Driver, written, directed and edited by Mike Kooistra. Voiced by James Blaisdell, Jason Luka, Kirsten Kraus, Serena Kintari. Spring Break at Innsmouth Beach, written, directed and edited by Reverend Bacon. Voiced by Kirsten Kraus, Jonas Stoltz, Jason Luka, Ryo Kimball, James Blaisdell, Mike Kooistra and Wolfgang Stoltz. A Horror City Studio Production. Audio mastering by Jonas Stoltz.

OLD MAN ALLEN: I'm tired of being told not to hit the table! I'll hit the table all I want!