

DISCLAIMER

CHIPMUNK: Well folks, if you enjoy dissecting small woodland creatures, setting structure fires and generally have a moral standing that's lying down, boy! We have a show for you! Everyone else should probably run.

BGM: Theme music

EPISODE 2

NARRATOR: Episode 2, Girls' Night Out, written and directed by Jason Luka and The Crawlspace written and directed by Jonas Stoltz.

STORY 1 – Girls' Night Out by Jason Luka [0:59]

SCENE 1

INT. CAB. EVENING

FX: Driving in the rain from inside a car

CABBIE: Friday night. I drew the late shift. The order came through over the radio to pick up a fare uptown and bring her to a place called The Bar. The owner obviously wasn't that creative with names. I turned up the radio to listen to the Horror City mayoral debates. Real bunch of clowns this year. One candidate's a pro wrestler, the other's think he's a space alien.

FX: Radio tuning static

JERRY LOLCAT: Baron von Mango has funded his entire mayoral campaign by running an event called "The World Series of Thievery." He never paid for the venue and when people arrived for the show, they couldn't get in and couldn't get a refund... which I guess technically made him the winner

VON MANGO: --That's right.

JERRY LOLCAT: But is that the kind of man you want running Horror City?

CABBIE: I had arrived.

FX: Car door opening and closing, rain gets louder when open

LINDSEY: Thank you. The Bar on 17th please.

CABBIE: You got it. Having a good night so far?

LINDSEY: Work was shit but I made enough at the diner to get my friends out of the house. I'd never get them out of the house any other way.

CABBIE: They told me I was only picking up one fare.

LINDSEY: Well, Stephanie's the only one with a car, so she's picking up Maris from Bible study.

CABBIE: I could almost audibly hear her rolling her eyes.

LINDSEY: Who are you talking to?

CABBIE: Damn, was thinking out loud again. Your friend has Bible study on a Friday night?

LINDSEY: Yeah, she's just a wee bit obsessed. Just a little. *laughs* She called me the other night and we had a conversation because her neighbor had been playing the same song, like, twenty times in a row and she was wondering if she should say something.

CABBIE: So what'd she end up doing?

LINDSEY: Well, she wrote her a letter and slipped it under her door, something along the lines of:

MARIS: (voiceover, with reverb) Dear madam, I noticed you've had Hello by Adele on repeat for over an hour now. If you'd like, I want to invite you to come up to 216. I can make you some tea and we can talk about what's bothering you.

CABBIE: How do you do that?

LINDSEY: What?

CABBIE: That echo thing with your voice?

LINDSEY: I've done a lot of voice acting.

CABBIE: Oh. Well, what happened?

LINDSEY: She sent me a text the next morning.

MARIS: (voice-over) So... I had tea with Janine last night and, at least metaphorically, I probably pulled the knife off her wrists. So! We had a talk and I think she's going to come with me to church on Sunday. PTL!

CABBIE: What's PTL?

LINDSEY: Not a clue.

CABBIE: Well, um, what about your other friend?

LINDSEY: Stephanie? She doesn't have a lot of stories. She dated some douchebag a few years back. Now she's got trust issues and spends most of her time at home on her blog and reading fanfiction. Just a wee bit social awkward.

CABBIE: Sounds like someone I know. Well, we're here. (thinking) Lindsey gave me her card, signed the receipt and wished me good night as she headed into the bar.

LINDSEY: And seriously, who are talking to?

CABBIE: Damn, I was thinking out loud again.

LINDSEY: Heh.

FX: Door ajar warning

SCENE 2
INT. THE BAR. EVENING

FX: Inside ambiance of the bar

LINDSEY: Maris! Hey!

MARIS: Hi! Sit down.

FRED: Hello, my name is Fred, and I'll be your waiter this evening.

STEPHANIE: (obviously already slurring her speech) Hiiiiiiii, Fred.

LINDSEY: Stephanie, are you already drunk?

STEPHANIE: (thinks about it) It doesn't matter.

FRED: Can I get you ladies something to drink?

LINDSEY: I'd like the bucket of Budweisers and Maris will have... hold on... lemme guess, sweet tea, with lemon, no ice...

MARIS: Nah, fuck me up.

STEPHANIE: You're gonna get so wasted!

LINDSEY: Um... okay. I don't even know how to react that.

MARIS: So... what's good here?

LINDSEY: Well, um, lemme check the menu. Okay, so you go to church, so, um... red wine?

MARIS: That looks satisfactory.

LINDSEY: (awkward pause) Okay, how about the Mondavi? Stephanie?

STEPHANIE: What?

LINDSEY: You know what? Never mind. It's obvious you did a little bit of pregaming.

STEPHANIE: I just had a Michelob while we were waiting.

LINDSEY: One Michelob? You're completely inebriated. Granted, if this is all it takes to cure your social anxiety...

STEPHANIE: I mean, one beer, do the math.

LINDSEY: Yeah. Come back later, just the Buds and Mondavi

FRED: Alright.

LINDSEY: So, Maris, why'd you pick this bar?

MARIS: I don't know. It seemed like a decent place.

LINDSEY: Yeah, but you usually pick places with food so you don't have to sit there awkwardly with a glass of tea all night.

MARIS: True. Maybe I just need a change.

FRED: Here you go ladies.

LINDSEY: Yeah, but isn't this the bar next door to where they have the monthly furry convention?

FRED: No, well, yes, it is but that is actually next weekend.

MARIS: Oh.

FRED: I will be taking the weekend off.

LINDSEY: I understand completely.

STEPHANIE: Wait a minute...

LINDSEY: Of all the things people can be passionate about in this town, why put all your time and energy to that? You know? What?

STEPHANIE: (figuring it out) There's a furry convention next weekend. You're taking the whole weekend off. (awkward pause, then busts into laughter) Oh my God, he's a furry!

FRED: That's not why I'm taking the weekend off.

STEPHANIE: He's a fucking furry!

FRED: I'm not a furry.

STAN: He's totally a furry.

FRED: Stan, you are not helping!

STEPHANIE: (continues laughing uncontrollably in the background.)

FRED: So anyways... I have other tables to tend to. You ladies just let me know if you need anything.

MARIS: Hold up. Hold up.

FRED: Yes?

MARIS: I have a question for you.

FRED: Alright.

MARIS: So... (pause) Does your furry suit come with a boner hatch?

FRED: Goddammit.

STEPHANIE: (laughing even harder than before)

FRED: I'm leaving.

Lindsey waits for Stephanie's laughter to die down a bit.

LINDSEY: Anyway, how was your week?

MARIS: Nothing out of the ordinary I guess.

STEPHANIE: (rambling in the background) Hey, I'm gonna do the ice bucket challenge.

MARIS: Trying to do some biology research.

STEPHANIE: But I don't wanna get my hair wet.

LINDSEY: I thought your major was accounting.

MARIS: It's... it's independent research. It's something I'd rather not talk about it.

STEPHANIE: Hold on, I got this.

LINDSEY: Okay, seriously, what's going on with you two?

FX: Ice bucket dumped out

LINDSEY: Stephanie did you just pour ice down your shirt?

STEPHANIE: Nooo.... (whimpers) Yes....

LINDSEY: Oh my god, are you okay? Let me get you a napkin or something.

STEPHANIE: This hurts... and it's really cold.

LINDSEY: Here. Okay, seriously, what's going on? Stephanie, half the time I have to force you to not sit there and stare at your phone and talk while you're out and Maris, I usually can't even get you to say the word 'penis' and you're talking about the boner hatch in his furry suit What's going on?

STEPHANIE: (pauses to look at Maris first) Well, we might as well tell her.

MARIS: Okay, so, now that I have a little alcohol in me.

LINDSEY: You've had 3 sips of your wine.

MARIS: I'm getting there! Anyways, so, we're aliens... to you at least. I took over Maris's brain and likewise with Stephanie.

LINDSEY: What?

STEPHANIE: Welcome to the trip.

MARIS: We're a scouting party and we're trying to figure what happened to the last few scouting parties.

Lindsey's tone suggests that she at no point takes them seriously.

LINDSEY: I'm not buying you alcohol again but whatever. So your previous scouts died. What does this have to do with me?

MARIS: Well, the previous scout lasted about a month and somehow the human killed him.

STEPHANIE: 28 days to be exact but it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

MARIS: Right. And we're trying to figure out what killed them.

LINDSEY: Well, okay, I guess, do you have a... Stephanie you're about to fall out of your chair.

STEPHANIE: No, I'm n...whoah!

FX: Loud thud.

STEPHANIE: Owwwwwww... that hurts.

LINDSEY: You hit your head on the padded end of the couch.

STEPHANIE: I know and it hurts! Owwww...

LINDSEY: (patronizing) Well, your species obviously has a very low pain tolerance and apparently a pretty low alcohol tolerance as well. Wait a minute. You have a low pain tolerance and your scouts haven't lasted more than 28 days? Oh my God. You're going to try and invade Earth and you don't have the pain tolerance to handle the human menstrual cycle?

MARIS: Whaaa?

STEPHANIE: This is part of your reproductive process? We should tell headquarters. Here. Gimme the keys. I'll drive.

LINDSEY: You're not driving anywhere!

MARIS: It would make sense. If we sterilized the females first, we could survive as long as we needed to.

LINDSEY: Yeah, but see, this is where I kinda throw a little wrench into your plan.

MARIS: Excuse me?

LINDSEY: You see, you can go a day or two late or early every month and people who've been friends for a while can usually sync up. Maris and Stephanie,

well, the real Maris and Stephanie and I, have been friends since middle school... and you're due.

MARIS: Well, that means we need to get back to base immedi...

STEPHANIE: What?

MARIS: Right now, seriously?!

LINDSEY: Yep.

MARIS: (screams) What manner of vile blood sorcery is this?

STEPHANIE: I don't feel so good.

MARIS: (screams again)

FX: Body falling on floor

MARIS: (screams in pain while lying on the floor)

LINDSEY: Just from a purely academic perspective though, why not just take over the men?

MARIS: (coughs and wheezes on the floor but manages to get out her final words) Because... because they're ugly. (dies)

NARRATOR: Both of Lindsey's friends lied on the floor in pain but eventually they opened their eyes and sat back up.

MARIS: Lindsey?

LINDSEY: Um... hey. I think you had a little episode.

MARIS: I need a pad.

STEPHANIE: Oh my head.

LINDSEY: C'mon, I'll take you two home.

(Background dialogue as the scene fades into narration)

NARRATOR: Maris never spoke of this incident again after that night. Stephanie wrote down what happened but knew that nobody would believe her. She turned her experience into a one-shot piece of Supernatural fan fiction. It currently has 700 hits on A-O-3 and has received mix reviews.

STEPHANIE: I'm never going to be able to show my face here again.

LINDSEY: There are furies who come here. Don't worry. You'll be fine.

MARIS: At least I didn't see anyone from church.

STEPHANIE: Yeah, poor little Christian girl, getting drunk on 3 sips of wine.

MARIS: I will beat you.

STEPHANIE: Hey, what would Jesus do?

MARIS: Whenever you say that, don't forget that flipping over tables and chasing you out with a bull whip are options that are never completely off the table.

COMMERCIAL 1 [11:48]

FX: Cab driving, honking

F. NARRATOR: Are you tired of thumbing a ride and ending up with a thumb up your butt? Call Harbor City cabs where we only do that on request. We charge extra. That's 5-5-5-C-A-B-S.

COMMERCIAL 2 [12:07]

M. NARRATOR: Are you a fan of death, dismemberment and mutilation?
CHILD: I am!

NARRATOR: Does the thought of helpless victim being tortured turn you on?
CHILD: Uh huh!

NARRATOR: Well, listen up folks, because we've got a deal for you!
CHILD: Ooh!

NARRATOR: First, there was the red room then there was the redder room. Now from the fine folks that brought you the hit TV show Cannibal Island, we bring you The Reddest Room!

CHILD: That's awesome!

NARRATOR: That's right. This is the reddest room anywhere online!
CHILD: Neato!

NARRATOR: We offer more blood, more guts and more gruesome death scenes than any other streaming service, all live and all real.

CHILD: (evil laughter)

NARRATOR: How do we do this?

CHILD: Uh huh?

NARRATOR: Hard work, a little ingenuity and the latest in streaming technology

CHILD: Wow!

NARRATOR: We pre-pop our victims with extra blood so they are bloated like giant balloons. When we go for the glorious kill shot you are guaranteed and a close of expulsion of crimson gold.

CHILD: Oh boy!

NARRATOR: The blood sprays like a garden hose on full blast!

CHILD: Awwww!

NARRATOR: The Reddest Room is fitted with 16 strategically placed, high-definition cameras that you can control. You, you and you are the director!

CHILD: Oooh!

NARRATOR: We also offer streams in 3d so you can feel like you're right there in the room.

CHILD: Oh gosh! That's awesome!

NARRATOR: It's a mind-blowing bloodbath of multi-dimensional awesome!

CHILD: I wanna see that!

NARRATOR: Experience every swing every slice and every eye gouge in glorious detail.

CHILD: Uh huh!

NARRATOR: From toddlers to grandparents, everyone can enjoy this rollercoaster of gore!

CHILD: Wooo!

NARRATOR: This is the deal you've been waiting for. We offer this for one low monthly subscription of only \$19.95 and if you order now you'll get a free tarp, cutlery set, and instructional DVD so you can practice your own techniques at home.

CHILD: Whoooooah!

NARRATOR: Find The Reddest Room online.

CHILD: Uh huh!

NARRATOR: We're not on the deep web. We're not even on the deeper web. Find The Reddest Room on the deepest web, because that's where all the fun stuff happens

CHILD: No, no, nothing, mom! I'm just watching videos!

STORY 2 – The Crawlspace [14:20]

SCENE 1

INT. CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON

BGM: Bell choir

BOY: Are we going to learn about Calculus today? I wonder what the story time is for this period.

GIRL: Calculus? Really?

FX: Children laughing

TEACHER: Gather around children, I have a story I'd like to tell you. It is about a boy and his new friend and a very mysterious basement. This story is called The Crawlspace. Many years ago there was the large house on Magnolia Hill. It was old and rickety because nobody had lived there for years. Windows were boarded up. The grass was overgrown and the yard was in shambles. Some say the house was haunted but many paranormal investigators had visited the house and every single one of them said there was nothing strange or unusual about it.

BOY: I bet that house was like really really haunted.

FX: Children laughing

TEACHER: Haunted? No. But it was a very peculiar house. Very peculiar indeed.

CHILDREN: OoooOOOOoooooh!

TEACHER: One day, a young boy moved into this house with his mother. His name was Little Leo because he was a small frail boy who had the heart of a lion but he wasn't happy he moved because he was no longer allowed to see his dad and his dad's new girlfriend.

GIRL: (coughs) Skank

FX: Children laughing

TEACHER: Now, now, that's not necessary.

BOY: I bet she had big tits.

FX: Children laughing

TEACHER: Yes they were very large and very fake. Moving on. Little Leo did not like this house, not one bit. He complained and complained but his mother wouldn't hear a word of it. She said things like "If it wasn't for this house we might just be living on the streets. Be grateful you have a roof over your head Leo."

LEO: "Mom it's creepy the floors creak the rooms are dark hallways are always cold and the foundation makes very unsettling noises, especially at night when I'm trying to fall asleep."

TEACHER: "Old houses do that Leo. How about this? We'll go to the hardware store tomorrow and pick up some of that Fanny McPhee's house grease and lube up this house real good. It'll be slick and shiny, just like new!"

LEO: "I don't believe that product exists. You're trying to pull a wool over my eyes just like you did with the rat you tried to pass off as a puppy."

TEACHER: "Oh, it does exist. It's an as-seen on TV product, Leo."

LEO: "Skeptical, but okay."

GIRL: That stuff doesn't work. My dad said it was just a big scam by greedy corporate interests yanking his hard-earned money out of his pocket .

TEACHER: Yeah, it's true the lube didn't work on the house but it was the thought behind it. Leo's mother loved him very much. Shee wanted to do everything she could to make him feel better but...

LEO: "Mom, I don't like living here. There's no one my age in the neighborhood and all the other kids at school just stare at me. I've heard them whispering that I'm the freak that moved in the creepy house."

TEACHER: "Give it time, Leo. You'll make friends. We'll get the house fixed up and it won't look creepy anymore. The whispers will stop and you will be just another regular kid. It'll be just like your old school, I promise."

LEO: "Pinky swear?"

TEACHER: "Pinky swear. It's time for bed. I'm going to tuck you in and I want you to get some sleep tonight."

LEO: "The house is still creaking."

TEACHER: "Yes, I know but it's creaking less than last night."

LEO: "Still skeptical."

TEACHER: Leo's mother tucked him into bed, kissed him on the forehead and turned off the light. As she closed the door behind her, she whispered "I love you" and she thought she heard him say it back. She was hoping tonight would be different.

She was hoping that her son Leo would not be awakened in the middle of the night with panic attacks and night sweats. She was hoping that, for once since they moved in, her son Leo would get the much deserved sleep he needed. But this was not to be the case.

LEO: "You're the one that's been making all the noise that's been keeping me up at night."

CRAWLER: "Hey, I don't mean to it's just we need your help."

BOY: Aha! I told you the house was haunted!

FX: Children laughing

TEACHER: To be haunted means there were ghosts in the house. This was no ghost. This was a demon child known as the Crawler because he spent most of his time on his hands and knees, crawling like an animal. If this little demon ever had a name it was long forgotten in the vastness of time. Now Leo wasn't afraid, not on this night. He was able to put a face to the sounds and that gave him an unusual sense of comfort. The Crawler reached his hand towards Leo.

LEO: "You're cold"

CRAWLER: "Oh yes, yes, I am. I'm sorry. Does that make you feel uneasy?"

LEO: "Well, I just didn't expect it."

CRAWLER: "I'm like you, I guess, in most ways except I'm a demon and you're a human. Small differences really... well not really that small but, you know. Hi!"

LEO: "Umm, hi."

CRAWLER: "So there is something you need to know. There are a couple of us, actually, a bunch of us stuck here and we need your help."

LEO: "Why me?"

CRAWLER: "Well, you're a kid and you're living here now and based on your age you're also, you know, you've never done the eeky eeky."

LEO: "You mean?"

CRAWLER: "Good. You are a virgin then. I was a bit worried in this crazy age of music videos and internet porn. Toddlers getting busy with their babysitters, know what I mean? What I mean to say is we need your help. Your virgin help."

TEACHER: At this point in the story, Little Leo was a bit shocked. It was true he was the virgin, obviously, as all of you children should be. Thing is, every time Leo heard a story about a demon getting help from a virgin it didn't end well, with the virgin getting sacrificed to a volcano.

GIRL: Is Leo gonna die in a story because if so. I need a safe place.

BOY: I've heard this is a trigger on the Internet.

GIRL: Dead virgins, yeah it is.

TEACHER: No, Leo is not going to die.

GIRL: Oh he better not. My dad's a lawyer and this is a public school.

LEO: "I'll help you on one condition: You will make the house stop making noises."

CRAWLER: "Yes, yes anything. It is an old house and not all of the sounds are from me but yes, I'll get everything fixed. No more sounds."

LEO: "Deal. What do you need?"

CRAWLER: "Shoes, a flashlight and you. Oh, this is exciting!"

LEO: "Okay, got my shoes, flashlight's in the kitchen."

CRAWLER: "Let's go. Time to raise the murdered children from the dead!"

CHILDREN: What?

BOY: This is awesome!

GIRL: I don't like this story.

TEACHER: Yes, Leo's house was the site of dozens of murders, all children who were chopped to pieces and buried in the crawlspace. The previous owner of the house was a cruel sadistic man and a long string of unsolved murders were attributed to him.

GIRL: I think I'm gonna be sick

LEO: "What did you say?"

CRAWLER: "Raise the murdered children from the dead, just a couple of dozen or so mmm... not really that many. Okay maybe a bunch... apple, oranges, whatever. Save the children!"

LEO: "I think I'm gonna be sick."

CRAWLER: "No please, don't. It's nothing to get sick over and they're just trapped here. Their souls can't leave. That's why we need you. If you help us I promise I'll make the house stop making sounds."

LEO: "Okay follow me and be quiet! I got the flashlight and a knife."

CRAWLER: “No no no, you don't need a knife, just your shoes, a flashlight and you. A knife is unnecessary.”

LEO: “I'm bringing the knife.”

TEACHER: Yes, children, Little Leo got out a very sharp knife. When dealing with demons and undead spirits, you never know what could happen.

BOY: I heard that if you introduce a weapon into a story it's gonna get used. Oh! I got it! Leo's gonna kill the demon crawler thing!”

GIRL: Uh, spoiler alert.

CRAWLER: No, Leo is not going to kill anything.

BOY: Then there's gonna be a struggle and the demon crawler is gonna get the knife and kill Leo!

TEACHER: No

BOY: Then just wound him like, really bad.

TEACHER: Maybe he brought it because he wanted to cut through cobwebs or make a sandwich.

BOY: That doesn't make any sense.

TEACHER: You're right. There was the real reason why the demon child didn't want Leo to bring a knife. It wasn't very pleasant.

CRAWLER: “No, you can't bring a knife. No no no, many of the children were killed with knives. If you bring it they might see you as a threat. Please put it away! These are angry souls.”

LEO: “Then tell me this why does a demon like you want to help these children?”

CRAWLER: “I want them freed.”

LEO: “No you don't.”

CRAWLER: “I want to be freed. I'm bound here because of them. I was summoned to watch over their lifeless bones. I was summoned to make sure their souls never leave this house but that means I can't leave this house either. If you free them, you free me. (pause) Nobody here wants to stay here. We need your help. I need your help. I want to go home. I want to return to my old life. I was afraid if I told you the truth you wouldn't believe me. I mean, look at me I'm a disgusting demon who crawls around like an animal.”

LEO: “No you're not. You're just like me except you're a demon and I'm a human so, not really but, you know. Hi. What do we need to do?”

CRAWLER: "Follow me."

TEACHER: The crawler led Leo to the wooden basement door. Leo and his mother had never ventured into the basement. It was a part of the house that just didn't feel important. The doorknob was heavy and difficult to twist. Once Leo opened the door, a heavy musky smell engulfed him. There were no lights other than Leo's flashlight to guide the two down the thin creaking staircase. The basement was dark, cold and unusual noises could be heard from every corner.

CRAWLER: "This is where I live."

LEO: "Down here in the darkness?"

CRAWLER: "Yes, it's not always dark though. There are a couple of small windows that let some light in. They were originally boarded up but I took the wood down."

LEO: "It's really cold too."

CRAWLER: "Yes. Death is cold and this room has seen a lot of death. Too much death. So much, the foundation is permanently stained with blood and that right there? That's the crawlspace."

FX: A chilling wind picks up

CRAWLER: "That's where the bodies are buried."

LEO: "And you don't know how many?"

CRAWLER: No, some are just parts. I don't know where the rest of them are. I've looked but they're not in the house. I need you to follow me, under there, in the crawlspace."

LEO: "I can't."

CRAWLER: "Trust me, it's the only way you can set me free and it's the only way you can set the souls of all those children free."

GIRL: I don't think Leo should go in there. It's obviously a trap. The crawler said that the previous owner was responsible for the deaths and the crawler was the previous owner.

BOY: No, he wasn't the owner. He just lived there. He was summoned by the owner.

GIRL: He knows too much! The crawler is the murderer! He's just trying to lure Leo to the crawlspace to kill him!

TEACHER: Children, can I finish the story?

BOY: Okay, fine.

TEACHER: Leo did, in fact, enter the crawlspace. He was nervous and frightened but, for some reason, he trusted this demon boy. Deep down inside he felt that this was

the right thing to do and just like the crawler Leo had to get on to his hands and knees to enter the crawlspace. The space was cramped and tight. The dirt beneath him crunched as he crawled through the darkness. He didn't know how many bodies were beneath him at any time. The crawler scurried into a deep corner of the crawlspace. Leo's flashlight focused on his contorted body.

CRAWLER: "Come on, Leo. We're almost done."

LEO: "Why are we going so far to the back?"

CRAWLER: "We need to be at the place where I was first summoned. This is where you can send me back, hurry!"

LEO: "And by sending you back, the souls of the children are free?"

CRAWLER: "Yes."

LEO: "What are all these symbols on the walls? It looks like they're written in blood."

CRAWLER: "They were. It was part of the summoning. Here here, take this book."

LEO: "What is this?"

CRAWLER: "I need you to read from it. I've already typed the page. I've made the text phonetic. Must read my notes on the sides."

LEO: "This doesn't make any sense. You're going too fast. Can you just slow down?"

CRAWLER: "Please, just read it. Hurry!"

LEO: "I don't understand! What in the hell?"

FX: Rocks falling

CRAWLER: "We don't have time! I need you to read the passage!"

LEO: "What's going on?"

CRAWLER: "We're not supposed to be in here! We're just disturbing their graves!"

LEO: "The children?"

CRAWLER: "Yes, the children! Read the passage!"

LEO: "I can't read this!"

CRAWLER: "It's the only way!"

FX: Multiple growls

LEO: "The corpses! They're alive!"

CRAWLER: “Read it before it's too late!”

TEACHER: And Leo started to read. He sounded words of an ancient foreign language the best he could. One by one, skeletal hands viciously poked through the dirt. Children's bodies pulled themselves up from the crawlspace floor. The crawler huddled in the corners as the deceased children moved toward him. Pools of blood bubbled from the ground and the corpses were eager to soak it up. Flesh began to emerge on the skeletal frame, dozens upon dozens of children's bones absorbing blood and becoming flesh. The demon boy, the crawler, was pinned into the corner surrounded by deceased children rising from the dead. It didn't matter that he was trying to free them. No, he was the one who held them captive there. He was the demon who kept their souls from moving. He may not have been the murderer, but he was just as guilty. Upon seeing what was happening Leo stopped reading. It was already too late.

CRAWLER: “(crying) Please, no, please. It wasn't me. No. Please. No.”

TEACHER: Then, the risen children turned to Leo, quiet, motionless. Something was wrong. The flesh that was forming on the bodies of the children was horrific. Deep wounds healed into terrifying scars. Fingers and toes were missing. One without eyes. One without limbs. One girl looked deep into Leo's eyes, a look expressing thanks. She tried to mouth the words “thank you” but a deep scar across her neck revealed she couldn't if she tried. One by one the corpses returned to their graves, some reaching out to touch Leo for a brief moment. Little Leo, the boy with the heart of a lion, remained quiet and motionless as the children one by one acknowledged that they were finally free. That night Leo slept in peace. The house did not make a sound. There was nothing to keep him awake.

BOY: So why did he need to be a virgin. That made no sense.

GIRL: How did the crawler know about the internet? Dumb.

BOY: Also where did the knife go? Wasn't he supposed to use it or something?

TEACHER: I think those questions might best be answered by my son. Children, let me introduce you to Leo.

LEO: Hi.

CLOSING CREDITS [30:34]

NARRATOR: Episode 2, Girls' Night Out, written and directed by Jason Luka, edited by Jonas Stoltz, performed by Connor Kincaid, Jason Luka, Kirsten Kraus and Nancy McGee with Wolfgang Stoltz, Ryo Kimball and James Blaisdell. The Crawlspace was performed by Connor Kincaid, Ryo Kimball, Lynn Morrow, Kirsten Kraus, Zach Blaisdell plus the Horror City cast as the classroom children. A Horror City Studio production, audio mastering by Jonas Stoltz

CHILDREN: (gasp and break into laughter)