

[The following is a nonprofit fan based parody. We own nothing but our own characters: Dahlia the Cheshire Cat (owned by Voyd), and PPC agents Velociripper and Sarah Squall (owned by SkarmorySilver).]

[\[Badfic link\]](#)

(We start in a random hallway. It's silent at first, until a commotion can be heard in the distance. The screeches, punching, snapping jaws, and strained yells seem to sound closer and closer by the second. Then a dinosaur comes into view, flung clear down the hallway by something. Feathered like a bird, with a long tail and sharp teeth, it bolts upright and shrieks fiercely, wings and tail flaring. A teenage girl with black hair in a ponytail appears from the far end of the corridor.)

SARAH: Don't you stand there, you overgrown pigeon! Get over here and fight! Fight like a *real* dinosaur for once!

RIPPER: For the last time, *enough of that*. I am *tired* of all this conflict, and while I completely understand your resentment, that does not mean—

(He is interrupted by Sarah lunging at him. He tries to dodge, but gets slammed into the nearest wall.)

SARAH: SHUT UP! SHUT THE [BLEEP] UP! Every time open your [bleep]ing mouth you only give me even more reasons to— wait. Why am I being censored?

RIPPER: Hmm. That'd be strange enough, but I don't recall the hallways having cameras, either.

SARAH: Oh, I'm on reality TV? Alrighty, then!

(She headlocks the *Deinonychus* and waves at the screen.)

SARAH: Hi, audience! You wanna see me beat the stuffing outta this turkey, eh? Well, today's your lucky d—

(A door appears on the wall behind them, and clicks open. A jingle familiar to most film geeks can be heard from within.)

RIPPER: ...Do I want to know what's behind that doorway?

SARAH: I'm more worried about how that door showed up in the first place. What is this, some kinda dumb horror movie?

(A broad grin materializes in the doorway, followed by a female face with purple-striped brown hair, blue eyes, and twitching cat ears.)

DAHLIA: Hiiii~ Looks like I've found my first volunteers. Right this way, lady and gentleman!~

(She gestures at the camera, and it moves into the room with her. As it assumes a position at the back of what looks like a theater, voices are heard off-camera, followed by an inhuman screech, more jaw-snapping noises, and the sound of a door being flung open. What looks like a young man is hurled into the room, crash-landing to the floor and sending feathers everywhere.)

DAHLIA: I'd appreciate if you stopped fighting. I'll make you fuck if you keep at it.

RIPPER: Ow.

SARAH: Me?! With *HIM*?! Oh nonono, the mental image is already — AIIIIIIII! SWEET MOTHER OF PETER QUILL, MY MIND'S EYE HAS GONE BLIND!!

RIPPER: I didn't know your mind even *had* eyes. Also, why do I still have feathers even though my face feels human?

DAHLIA: (floats above the two guests) Well, you're a pretty enough girlie, and I'll be dipped if that's not a handsome young birdman. Welcome to Monstery Science Theater, in its new, permanent location! I'm your host, Dahlia Scribes the Cheshire Cat!

SARAH: Wait, you don't mean — This isn't part of the—

DAHLIA: I opened a door. Didn't particularly care where it went, as long as I got someone. Also! (floats down to a theater seat, picks up a corded phone, and presses a few buttons) Here's another guest!

PG: Hello? Hello hello?

(Ripper's eyes, which are still yellow with slit pupils, widen slightly.)

RIPPER: Ohhhhh, dear.

SARAH: What do you mean, oh d—

RIPPER: No, shhh. I know that voice. It belongs to—

DAHLIA: The original Freddy Fazbear night guard, the voice that launched a thousand theories, ring ring, it's the Phone Guy!

PG: Hey! Uh, I'd wave, but, uh, that wouldn't mean anything.

SARAH: ...Okay, this is weirding me out, eh? Call me a fish outta water, but I have absolutely *no* idea what the fuck you two are talking about. Also, hey, I can swear again!

DAHLIA: *Five Nights at Freddy's* ring any bells?

RIPPER: For me, yes. For the human with the ponytail, no. She should consider herself lucky that that's the case, too, for multiple reasons.

SARAH: Wait, why?

RIPPER: You do *not* want to know. Trust me.

DAHLIA: So, guests! Would you terribly mind introducing yourselves to my audience and my other guest? I mean, *I* know who you are, but *they* don't.

PG: Yeah, uh, I see a guy with wings and a girl. And someone who looks like something out of Alice in Wonderland.

(Ripper looks at his clawed, wing-like arms, and then at Dahlia.)

RIPPER: And is that a problem? How do you know what we look like, anyway?

PG: Um, well, since the kitchen camera's out, the, uh, hostess decided to put the feed there. I, uh, didn't realize she could fly.

DAHLIA: Introductions, please, we're wasting pages.

RIPPER: Agent Velociripper. And the morsel with the ponytail is Sarah Squall.

SARAH: Oy, I'm nobody's dinner! And that's Stratogale to you, mister! Well, sort of...

DAHLIA: Get along or get laid, your decision.

RIPPER: Struggling to coexist is preferable to the alternative. What are we hunting today, by the way?

SARAH: I don't think this is a mission, actually...

DAHLIA: I already said: Monstery Science Theater! There'll be a badfic up on the screen, and our job is to rail on it like it's going out of style!

RIPPER: Well, *that's* certainly comforting.

SARAH: Are you being sarcastic or just being mean?

RIPPER: Yes.

PG: I, uh, actually liked the original Mystery Science Theater while it was on air. Uh, you ready, Hostess?

DAHLIA: Alrighty! So today's victim is a crossover between Five Nights and Frozen! Lights! (claps her handpaws; the lights dim) Three! Two! One!

PG AND DAHLIA: *WE'VE GOT STORY SIGN!*

SARAH: Oooh, I love *Froz*— wait, *what?!*

### **Chapter 1: Prologue**

DAHLIA: Well, prologues are usually chapter zero, not chapter one. C'mon, guys. Sit. Riff.

(Sarah and Ripper promptly take seats, as far away from each other as possible.)

SARAH: This is gonna *suck*, eh?

**Based on SMG4's Mario/FNAF crossover. (without bad words and inappropriate scenes; has alternative scenes with Frozen)**

RIPPER: That exists?

SARAH: Don't know, don't care. Don't wanna.

RIPPER: If you want to avoid cross-species courtship rituals, you *have* to.

(Sarah double facepalms and groans in despair.)

PG: Oh yeah, Mario! Uh, we had an arcade machine with one of those games. Let me tell you, the animatronics didn't like that one bit.

**Elsa wakes up after a good nights' sleep, and she dresses up to get ready for the day at Arendelle (in her casual Snow Queen appearance). Somebody knocks on the door, and Elsa opens it. It was Anna.**

DAHLIA: Somebody will have been used to going to be very, very tense.

**"Elsa! I found something in the mail today!", Anna said, as she gave Elsa the mail.**

SARAH: Paging the Department of Redundancy Department, we've got a wild one!

**Elsa opens the envelope and it says:**

**HELP WANTED**

**IF YOU ARE COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO DO THIS: YOU CAN BE A SECURITY GUARD HERE AT FREDDY FAZBEAR'S CHOCOLATIER FOR THE HOURS BETWEEN 12AM TO 6AM. \$150 (in gold) a night.**

(Ripper's feathers begin to flare out like a pissed-off bird.)

RIPPER: Chocolatier? *Chocolatier?! First things first, the restaurant is a pizza parlor.*

PG: And, uh, night guards don't make that much.

RIPPER: I wouldn't know. I don't work, I hunt.

SARAH: Around these parts, what difference does it make?

**"You know what? ...I'll do it! We love chocolate!", says Elsa, hugging her beloved sister.**

DAHLIA: I know they actually do, but... ahem. (manically) Chocolate? CHOCOLATE?  
**CHOCOLAAAATE!**

RIPPER: Oh, Elsa, you have *no* idea what you're getting yourself into...

SARAH: Yeah, normally she'd be the more cautious, reserved kind. It'd be *Anna* who'd want to go, not her.

DAHLIA: Also, uh... Elsa's a queen. She's rich. She doesn't NEED to work a crap job.

SARAH: Gah, I almost forgot that, too! Ugh, seven lines in and she's *already* totally OOC...

**"But it says only ONE person can go.", said Anna, sadly.**

DAHLIA: (in a Scottish accent) Theer can be oonly one!

**"Don't worry, Anna. After my first night at the chocolatier, I can use a quarter of my gold to get us some chocolate.", said Elsa, courageously suggesting her idea to Anna, after the events when Hans was in Arendelle.**

SARAH: Again, Anna would be the one to step up, not Elsa...

**"That's great, sis! I'll drop you at the chocolatier. Where is it at?", Anna continued.**

**"It's at 420**

DAHLIA: (rapping badly) Take a blaze rod, bro, you'll be usin' it for daaaays.

**Spooky Street, which is about 5 miles away from Arendelle.", Elsa read.**

**"I'll get the sled.", Anna says.**

RIPPER: Normally, I'd be upset about the fact that Fazbear's and Arendelle are *literally in the same universe*, but this may probably be an alternate universe version of the former. Probably.

PG: I've never heard of this Arendelle place...

DAHLIA: Disney movie, after your time.

**A few hours later, when Anna, Elsa, Kristoff, Sven and Olaf goes to drop Elsa off at 420**

DAHLIA: Hey it's been a while, I been straight BLAZIN'! Hangin' in the Nether, straight BLAZIN'! You know why I'm hot, cause I'm straight BLAZIN'! Representin' Colorado, straight BLAZIN'!

**Spooky Street, Sven was running faster which the trip has taking a several half-hours.**

**There she was. Elsa waved goodbye and told them to pick her up at 6AM. They left.**

**"Very scary.", Elsa said, in a unsuspecting way. She read the paper again for the directions, looks around, and there was the place.**

DAHLIA: It's the thing at the place with the guys on the side!

**She went inside and a employee welcomed her to Freddy Fazbear's Pizza.**

(Ripper's plumage goes POOF, and he lets out an inhuman screech.)

DAHLIA: (clapping handpaws to her head) My ears! My sensitive kitty ears!

SARAH: Hey! I'm sporkin' 'ere!

PG: Hello? What was that noise?

RIPPER: My apologies, but that was me. Forget the AU. This is the *real deal*. Where's the DOGA when you need them?!

SARAH: To clarify to the guy on the phone, Turkey Butt here is primarily from the *Jurassic Park* film series. Note that I say *primarily*. I'm from the same fic as him, but that's not relevant here.

RIPPER: What's *more* relevant is that Fazbear's is from the 1980's. Human, what geologic epoch is the Arendelle strata a part of?

SARAH: (facepalms) The modern day. Well, if you can call the 1800's modern.

(Ripper hisses like an angry goose.)

PG: Actually, where I'm sitting it's nineteen-ninety—

DAHLIA: Hush, it's continuing!

**"What's a Pizza? I thought you sell chocolates here.", questions Elsa.**

**"1. Pizza was made by Italians in the early days, and it's very delicious!**

(Ripper takes out a smartphone from hammerspace and starts fiddling around with it.)

SARAH: Where did you—

RIPPER: Never mind that, human. Wikipedia says that prey items similar to pizza have indeed existed since the Neolithic human epoch, though the variety with tomato sauce didn't come around until the late 18th century.

DAHLIA: Well, the 1700s are before *Frozen*. No points off!

RIPPER: Yes, I *know*.

**2. The one that you read in the mail was a typo!**

DAHLIA: Convenient!

**We do sell lots of chocolates as well.", answered the employee.**

**"That's a relief.", Elsa took a deep breath after saying that.**

PG: Kick back, grab a slice!

DAHLIA: I'd give you a high-five if you were here.

(There's a clapping sound from the phone.)

**"Anyway, if you're here for the job, we have a spot that has opened for you.", the employee continues.**

**"I know. I read the mail. This doesn't have a typo in the sentence as well, right?", Elsa questions.**

**"No. That's a famous job here at this pizzeria.**

DAHLIA: "So famous that we made four games about it!"

**Also, we have amazing friendly animatronics to make our kids happy.", the employee answers once again.**

SARAH: ANIMATRONICS DIDN'T EXIST IN THE 1830'S, YOU ASSHOLE!

RIPPER: Correction: the concept, and quite possibly the terminology, have been recorded since at least the 1200's. I don't recall when machines in the style of Freddy evolved, though, let alone when they started being used in entertainment venue.

**"Deal. For \$150 (in gold) for a night.", says Elsa as she shook the employee's hand.**

SARAH: (picking her ear) How do you pronounce parentheses in a sentence, anyway?

PG: Well, uh, I think I managed.

RIPPER: This the end of the first chapter, is it not?

DAHLIA: These chapters are pretty short.

## **Chapter 2: 12AM & 1AM**

RIPPER: Here we go...

### **12AM**

**"Hello? Hello, hello? Well, if you're hearing this you made a poor career choice.", said a voice on the phone.**

PG: Wait, that's not what I said!

RIPPER: You did in the trailer for the first game.

PG: True, but my first message was more, uh, encouraging than that.

**Elsa was startled by the voice. She found out it isn't coming from anywhere, but the phone.**

**"Where's the chocolate?", she demanded, when looking for it.**

DAHLIA: Where's the kaboom? There was supposed to be an earth-shattering kaboom!

**"I work in a pizzeria and I'm not even provided free chocolate?", Elsa said to herself.**

RIPPER: You're about to be stuffed into an iron death-skin and *that's* what you're worried about?

SARAH: Yeah, Elsa would be far more worried about self-preservation. She has every right to be, incidentally.

**She then looks at the computer and security system in the room she is in has to offer. She looks around to see if anything in the pizzeria is safe, but she is suspicious when**

**she found out Freddy Fazbear was missing. She then presses the light button on to see Freddy Fazbear is in front of the window.**

SARAH: Hurk, tense shift, tense shift!

**Screaming in fear, she turns the light off and back on, Freddy's still there. She does this again, he's still there. But on the final time she does this, he's gone.**

PG: Uh, Freddy never stuck around the window.

DAHLIA: Yeah, he just walks in behind you and screams in your face.

**"I think I'll just stay here for now.", Elsa says, her heart beating fast.**

RIPPER: I know how you feel, all too well.

**1AM**

**Elsa peeps out on the door and curiously, goes out to get food.**

**"I'm hungry.", said Elsa, as she goes across the party room.**

**One of the animatronics, Freddy Fazbear glitches, saying "Let's get her." in a scary voice, and another, Chica says, "PIZZZAAAAA!", as the three look at Elsa.**

(There is a beat of dead silence.)

RIPPER: Cue the alarm call in three... two...

**Elsa goes to the Parts and Service room to see there is no food during nighttime.**

RIPPER: That's it?! She doesn't — I — uh —

SARAH: Pffff, I'd be just as confused as her in that situation.

PG: Oh no, that's the first rule broken: don't leave the office.

RIPPER: *The entire first game* takes place solely in the office. I can't blame you for being concerned.

**She stood there when somebody was behind her.**

**She turns around and while screaming, runs. She was cornered by Freddy, but when an animatronic head looks at her, she uses her ice powers, levitating the head, and throws it right at Freddy, giving her the chance to escape, while screaming again.**

SARAH: NO! NONONONONO NO! Elsa can't *levitate* shit with her powers! Now, if she'd skewered Freddy's head on an ice spike, I can understand, but—

PG: Rule two is “don’t damage the animatronics.”

DAHLIA: Elsa is frankly a literal ice goddess, your silly rules won’t stop her.

SARAH: Yeah, but her psychokinesis or whatever applies to *ice*, not *other objects*!

**"What the heck was that?!", Elsa questioned loudly. She then turns to see Foxy playing the piano, and singing a Ray Charles song. Elsa looks at Foxy in horror during his performance.**

SARAH: (singing) *Hello my baby, hello my honey, hello my ragtime gal...*

DAHLIA: No no, that’s not Ray. Here, let me show you... (warbling off-key) *Hit the road, Jack, and dontcha come back no more no more no more no more! Hit the road Jack, and dontcha come back no more~*

**Suddenly, all the animatronics pop right in front of Elsa.**

**"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!", screamed Elsa at the top of her lungs. She ran back to the security room as fast as she could.**

SARAH: (bored) “Aaaaaaaaaaah.”

RIPPER: And there goes the alarm call, *finally*. And apparently, the end of this chapter.

### **Chapter 3: 2AM**

#### **2AM**

**Looking out for the four animatronics, Elsa also listens to the voice of the guy who talks on the phone. He then instructs her what the animatronics are and why are they after people.**

PG: Well... it’s a best-guess. Nobody really knows what’s going on with the characters.

**Elsa then plays and observes the metal door’s controls, until Foxy appears right in front of Elsa. Screaming in fear once again, she closes the door. Foxy then says, "Hey, dude, I just wanna let you know the pizza's ready.", and Elsa quickly disagrees. Foxy then says, "Sorry, man. Just curious."**

RIPPER: Um. UM. The moment Foxy appears in your office, you’re *dead*. The animatronics also cannot talk, either.

DAHLIA: It’s a reference to a popular Internet video, How To Make Five Nights at Freddy’s Not Scary.

RIPPER: I'm not familiar with the fandom, just the game. Though given what I've heard about how cringeworthy the former can be, I won't have it any other way.

SARAH: Well, that's *one* thing we can agree on. I feel the same with *Steven Universe* and its fandom myself...

RIPPER: Irrelevant.

**Looking around, three of the animatronics are together and they try to get their way in by breaking the glass windows. Bonnie then appears and screams, "Someone removed the PIZZAAAAAAA!"**

**All of the animatronics scream so loud, that Elsa was forced to cover her ears. She has a idea when she finds the phone. She called 911.**

RIPPER: Wait. *Wait*. Telephones didn't even *exist* in the Arendelle epoch — they were first invented in the 1870's. And *why is 911 even a thing here?!*

SARAH: Rule of Funny, I bet. If that's even applicable here.

**"Hello?", says a doctor on the phone.**

**"Hello. This is Elsa! I'm in Freddy Fazbear's Pizza! Something bad has gone wrong and you need to hurry and save me before-", Elsa calls. The phone goes off.**

DAHLIA: THEN WHO WAS FONE.

**"Hello? Hello? Hello?!", says the doctor, thinking that something bad has happened.**

**Unknowingly to Elsa, she accidentally pressed on the hang up button because of the loud noises that the animatronics are making.**

(Sarah can only double-facepalm slowly.)

DAHLIA: Yeah, I don't think he would have believed you anyway.

**"Are you kidding me?", Elsa says, after she hung up on the call accidentally. "Guess you gave me no choice!", she then says, as she calls a 24/7 pizzeria service.**

PG: That's pretty unnecessary. If she wanted pizza, she could have waited until 6 to grab some.

RIPPER: No, don't do it, Elsa...

SARAH: Huh? Wait, why?

(Ripper quickly explains what the animatronics do upon getting hold of an adult. Sarah's eyes widen in horror.)

SARAH: NO! NONONONO, WHY WOULD SHE—

**After a while, the pizza employee arrives to give the pizza, distracting the animatronics for Elsa to take a break from all the noise. She then sighs and says, "This is gonna be a long night.", she reliefs.**

RIPPER: Rest in pieces, delivery man, we hardly knew you.

SARAH: (looking and sounding faint) She... She *killed* a man...

PG: Yeah, I don't think the rules account for that.

#### **Chapter 4: 3AM & 4AM**

SARAH: (double-facepalms again) At least we're going through this pretty quickly...

#### **3AM**

**Using the computer, Elsa looks out for the animatronics after their pizza she ordered earlier, and she finds out that the animatronics aren't just killing people at that time, but instead fooling around with some other funny things, including Bonnie reacting to Justin Bieber and Chica feeding her stomach pizza.**

RIPPER: Stomach pizza? I'm not sure what that is, but it sounds appetizing.

SARAH: (gives Ripper a death glare) Only you, Mr. Guttled-My-Brother-Like-A-Fish-Once. Only you.

**She suddenly sees the REAL Justin Bieber running away from Bonnie, saying, "OMG, JUSTIN BIEBER!".**

DAHLIA: Yet another Not Scary reference.

RIPPER: (feathers ruffling) This is why I don't mingle with the FNaF fandom herd. The CFP pandemic has gone completely out of control.

PG: Um... what in the world is CFP?

RIPPER: Collective Fandom Psychosis. A deadly, fast-spreading disease that induces mental retardation, drastically increased territorial behavior, irrational anger over even minor transgressions, and potentially death. I've heard tell that the herds focused on *Naruto*, *Sonic*, and recently *Undertale* have come down with it, too.

SARAH: \*Snrk\* You and your comparing the Internet to an ecosystem...

**Elsa then asks, "Excuse me, can you do my job for a bit?", to Bonnie. He declines and continues chasing Justin.**

**"URGH! These guys are getting more annoying than scary! No wonder they are doing some foolish stuff right now!", angrily yells Elsa.**

DAHLIA: Oh, I could get them to do something *foolish*~

RIPPER: ...I am now imagining what that something is, and it is terrible. Stratogale, is this what you meant by your so-called mind's eye going blind earlier?

SARAH: Welcome to my world, chicken-turd. Lemme be your guide.

DAHLIA: Nice to see you getting along! Sorta.

**She turns around and notices a Golden Freddy Fazbear behind her, and she fell backwards, getting away from the animatronic. She also notices a dozen of chocolate truffles on his hand, luring Elsa to get it.**

**This activates Golden Freddy's jumpscare, causing the distraught snow queen to run away from it. There is a screen saying: "Elsa's Night at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza has stopped Responding", after this.**

PG: The yellow bear? Is that what it means? Er, I mean, I have no idea what that could be.

DAHLIA: You're a terrible liar, Phone Guy. We've seen the ending of FNAF 3.

RIPPER: I haven't gotten much further than the first two games; I can always check the Fictionary later, though. Though there *is* a parody game I've stumbled upon that may interest you two...

**Screaming, she realizes the whole thing was a dream, and she is still at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza. She then looks at the camera to find the animatronics trying to find Elsa again.**

**"That is the worst dream I've ever had.", says the traumatized Elsa.**

DAHLIA: Ah, but was it 90% filler?

**4AM**

**Over the course of 4AM, Elsa started to have bloodshot eyes, after staying up for the job. She uses pieces of ice to soothe the pain with the water within.**

SARAH: HOW IS SHE NOT BLEEDING INTERNALLY FROM ALL THAT?!

RIPPER: Well, the cat-human hybrid *did* say she was a goddess... I assume beings like that could certainly do five impossible things before breakfast.

**"I'm. So. Hungry!", says Bonnie, yelling.**

DAHLIA: I could eat a whole zebra!

**"Where's my pizza?! Where's my pizza?!", Chica also says, even though she ALREADY has one two hours earlier.**

RIPPER: The animatronics don't even *eat*. They're *machines*.

**"YOU JUST HAD ONE! GO AWAY! CAN'T YOU JUST BUY ANOTHER ONE YOURSELVES?!", Elsa screams angrily.**

(Dahlia conjures a replica of Edvard Munch's *The Scream* and draws angry eyebrows on it with a Sharpie.)

**On the left side of the room, Bonnie is gone, but Foxy appears.**

**"You can't stay in there forever!", Foxy psychopathically saying.**

DAHLIA: How do you say something psychopathically?

**Elsa dances and sings Let It Go once again, but stops when she finds out that the power level is at 14% and lowering down. She didn't even see the power level even since she started the shift.**

SARAH: I love that song, not gonna lie, but this is just overdoing it.

RIPPER: Like how the marketing overdoes *Frozen* in general?

(Sarah lobs a punch at him, but misses wildly due to being on the other side of the room.)

**She then stops and decides, while Freddy laughs evilly. Elsa then gets an idea, and uses her magic to create an ice bomb to throw at the power generator.**

SARAH: Aaaaand boom goes the dynamite.

**"Hey! Guess how much percentage of the power it says?", Elsa tauntingly says to Chica.**

**"Pizza?"**

**"No! IT'S OVER 9000!"**

DAHLIA: What, 9000!?

**The ice bomb explodes leaving a full percentage of... INFINITE%.**

**Elsa, once again celebrates by singing Let It Go once again.**

SARAH: Okay, even *I'm* getting tired of her singing so much.

PG: Okay, um, ignoring the fact that infinite power isn't possible, Science would have a field day if it did, but, uh, doesn't she have ice powers?

DAHLIA: Lookit that repetition and redundancy. (warbling) And you're never coming back, and I'm not okay with that, and I never should have let myself get attached again, again, again, again, again, again—

SARAH: *Alright*, we get it.

**"SHE CHEATED!", Freddy Fazbear screams, as Bonnie and Chica use guns to try to break the windows, but were shatterproof. They try the doors, but they were closed by Elsa.**

PG: Wait, why do the characters suddenly have guns?

SARAH: (retches) Never mind that, enough with the tense shifts!

**"You big CHEATER!", Foxy yells in a scary voice, much to the shock of Elsa. "I'M GONNA KILL YOU!", he then says, as he hacked his way in the room.**

**Elsa manages to close the door on Foxy for a close call. "That was a close one.", Elsa breathes. She celebrates singing Let It Go one last time.**

SARAH: (covers her ears) LET IT GOOOOOO!!!

**"Got ya!", says Freddy, as he appears behind her.**

**Using her ice powers to freeze Freddy temporarily by singing "Turn away and slam the door!", she closes the door before Freddy was free.**

**"That was a closer one.", Elsa breathes again, as the power level went back to 100% due to Foxy's hack.**

SARAH: So, does that mean the *next* time will end badly for her, eh?

RIPPER: Chances of that happening are now above the 70th percentile.

DAHLIA: And the chapter concludes!

## **Chapter 5: 5AM & Epilogue**

### **5AM**

**"Better safe than sorry...better safe than sorry..."**

RIPPER: There's a *Left 4 Dead* joke in there somewhere...

**Elsa continuously says, with the phone call going on. She thought the night will never end. "I'm hungry.", she then says, trying to look for chocolate.**

**Elsa then sees Chica finding a chocolate bar and eats it,**

RIPPER: I'll take a chocolate bar... *AND EAT IT.*

(Even Sarah has to *snicker* at that one.)

**much to Elsa's distraught. Chica then says the chocolate tastes bad, making Elsa's eyes glow blue and making her angry.**

SARAH: Huh? Oh, *no!*

**Later, Chica and Foxy look for Elsa until Elsa comes to them.**

**"You don't. Mess. With Queen Elsa.", Elsa grits her teeth, angrily saying this.**

SARAH: No. *NO. No no no no NO...*

**Foxy then mockingly taunts her, but fails to distract or avail. Using her ice powers, Elsa kills Foxy**

PG: (sounding alarmed) Wait, WHAT!? No!

SARAH: *Egg-fucking-zactly!*

**by using a dozen of icicles at him. Chica and Freddy runs away from the crazed Elsa, while Bonnie was the next one to be killed by Elsa's ice powers.**

**Freddy goes in the security room but Chica begs him to let her in, saying: "PIZZZAAAA!". Elsa charges right to Chica, and is killed as well.**

RIPPER: By the sun... Now I wonder what ice cream flavor an Elsa replacement would taste like...

DAHLIA: Snow cones?

RIPPER: Boo. On the other hand, I didn't think of that...

**Freddy, as the last animatronic, looks for Elsa in the security system, noticing she transformed into her Disney INFINITY self. "The cold never bothered me anyway.", Elsa warns. Freddy then looks at another camera to see Elsa running towards the security room, but Freddy closes it just in time.**

SARAH: You. Are. A. *TOY!!!*

**"I'm so startled.", Freddy says in horror. Elsa pops up and does a blood-curdling yell which Freddy screams in fear.**

SARAH: (covers her face with both hands) I know how you feel, Freddy.

**Then everything turned dark**

DAHLIA: He was likely to be eaten by a grue.

**Seeing Elsa before the power turns off, with a few silent moments in complete darkness, Elsa scares and kills Freddy.**

(The riffers sit in stunned silence.)

PG: But... the characters... children *love* them... you can't destroy them!

SARAH: Can I punch the screen now? Please, please, *pleeeeeease?*

**Suddenly, the clock turns...**

**6AM**

RIPPER: Oh, thank the sun.

**Exiting the pizzeria, Elsa, back to normal, is shown to have oil all over herself. Anna asks her when she arrived, "What happened?", and Elsa answers, "Don't ask."**

PG: Yeah, Management expects you to do a lot of not-asking.

**As they went back to Arendelle, they both had a talk.**

SARAH: (imitating Elsa) "Alright, what do you want first, Anna? The birds or the bees?"

**"I'm not going back to that place ever again."**

SARAH AND RIPPER: *Good.*

**"Why?"**

**"It's scary. But I have some good news!"**

**"What?"**

DAHLIA: (as Elsa) "I just saved 15% or more on car insurance by switching to GEICO!"

**"I got my payment and chocolate before you saw me outside.", Elsa said, as she held out two bags. One has gold and one has chocolate.**

RIPPER: You take the gold bag — the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the chocolate bag — you stay in Wonderland, and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

**"You're the best sister ever.", Anna concludes, as Elsa feeds her chocolate.**

SARAH: FEED ME, ELSA! FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG!

(The lights come back on.)

RIPPER: Well, I guess that's the end of it. Finally...

SARAH: Yeah. Fun, eh?

RIPPER: ...It wasn't.

SARAH: (looks to Dahlia and PG) So, uh, what were your thoughts on this whole thing?

DAHLIA: Elsa's not a killer. And she's rich. And this thing was more lolrandom than I am.

PG: Um, I'm gonna go visit the animatronics and apologize for what writers do to them. It's daytime, don't worry.

(There's a click from the phone; Phone Guy obviously hung up.)

RIPPER: I guess I should be going as well. I don't want to be here anymore.

SARAH: Neither do I!

RIPPER: And I'd actually prefer being chased by an angry flying human to... well, what we just witnessed, Dahlia. Just so you know. Remember that just because we get along here, doesn't mean—

DAHLIA: (grinning cheekily) Oh, by the way? I was bluffing. I'm not evil enough to outright mind-control you into screwing each other.

(Sarah and Ripper's reactions consist of blank, shocked stares.)

DAHLIA: I mean, I *could* have upped your sex drives, but what you did with that would be entirely on you. Whether that's interspecies lovin', finding a random fuckbuddy or just having a wank break, I'd have no control over it.

(She floats out of reach of Ripper's claws and Sarah's fists, laughing to herself before vanishing. Not that it'd matter, anyway — they remain in stunned silence. After Dahlia is gone, they slowly turn their heads to look at each other.)

SARAH: Well... (laughs nervously) Not to sound like my partner, but... I guess we won't have to worry about whether the chicken or the egg came first after all, eh?

(Ripper's eyes widen, then narrow. His feathers begin to rise, teeth and claws bared.)

SARAH: Wha? ...uh-oh.

(Ripper screeches like a JP raptor and lunges for Sarah, who screams and bolts for the door. She just manages to fling it open before he bowls her over and through the doorway. The sounds of mauling followed by someone being chased off into the distance can be heard offscreen.)

SARAH: *AIIEEEEE!* NO, BAD DINO! OW, MY ARM! WHAT DID I SAY?! WHAT DID I SAAAAAAAaaaaayyyy...?!

*[Voyd: Dahlia now has her own theater. Quiver with fear.]*

*[SkarmorySilver: ...yeah. I've... I've got nothing. :/*

*Also, this is the first time I've ever done an MST, and with my online BFF no less. Feels good, man!]*