

INFO

Script Fill Rules:

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SCRIPT MASTERLIST

and

SCRIPTEMBER 2025

Day 1

Day 1: "I have something to tell you."

[A4A] **Magical Sunsets** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Comfort] [Cherished Moment] [Parental/Guardian] [College Bound] [Magic] [Under 1k]
[Micro Script]

Summary: You will be leaving home for the first time; for a very long time. Your guardian/parent and you had a bit of a tiff before you get on the roof, but that doesn't stop them from going to you and comforting you before you set off on your biggest journey to date: magic college. You share one of the few sunsets left with them, and they bestow upon you their words of wisdom that they hope you'll keep in mind as you're away from home.

[SFX: Sound of a nice fall day. (Gentle whistling wind, leaves crunching beneath step, possibly crows)]

(Scene note: You're currently yelling at listener (currently upset) on the rooftop on the house.)

There you are, I thought I had to chase you everywhere. Silly me for not looking up.

Won't you come down sweetheart?

Come on now. Won't you talk to me.

I'm sure if we talked, we could sort this all out.

Please sweetie.

don't make me come up there.

[frustrated] You can't ignore me forever!

Fine, then I'm coming up there.

[under breath] Oh my stars, only cause I can't bear to leave you be. Just over protective of you.

[SFX: Magical swooshing sound, levitating to roof]

[playful] Boo.

Hey, now... don't give me that look. Not like I didn't make sure to cloak my magic to make myself invisible first.

Yes, you're right, I could make you float right down to me... but, that's not the point of magic is it. Magic is not for instant gratification.

[pause/beat]

That's right, it's a gift that should be used wisely, sweetheart.

Now that you'll be going off to college, I won't be there. I can't hold your hand and I can't be the one you run to when you try some crazy magical stunt.

I know what we talked about was... intense. But I said those things because I don't want you to get mixed into the wrong crowd.

Yes lovey... I would've preferred if you had gone to a local magic college. Much simpler, less... stuck in the mud people there.

[soft sigh] I'm going to miss you like I do already and you're still here.

[another sigh, sound torn up] You know, I've lost count of how many sunsets we watched up here together.

Oh, don't you give me those eyes sweetie. You know I'm a sympathetic crier, especially when it comes to you sweetheart.

Come here, come next to me.

[SFX: Shuffling to get close, maybe the day sounds start to shift to night sounds.]

We've got a few more sunsets. The stars only know how much you dislike the mornings anyhow.

[Comforting whisper] You know, I have something to tell you.

You might feel unsure of what you're doing, how you'll get through difficult times without me *[playfully]* or my homemade treats, but you can bake now too. You know exactly how

to brew a calming potion. One of the first things I taught you. But ultimately... I'm only one crystal ball call away and I'll be waiting for you every holiday to listen to your inside scoop.

[pause/beat]

Yes, exactly sweetheart. I do trust you. I just have to come to terms that I'm naturally a worrywart.

College feels like a whole other lifetime from what it is now.

I just worry that you might do what I say not to... so I have to trust you. You're a part of me that I have to say goodbye too for a little while... I know.

[laugh] Yeah, I get it, I'll stop before I accidentally make us both cry.

I hope you know I'm gonna miss you, right.

[laugh] Okay, okay. *[sigh]* Let's just watch the sunset. Then we can bake a pumpkin pie.

Day 2

Day 2: “They only come out at night.”

[A4A] **Nightwhispers** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Supernatural] [Mythical Creature] [Made Up] [Mysterious] [Sir David Attenborough -
inspired] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: Lost pilot episode of an unaired tv series “Out in Faerie Land”. Join your host on a late night adventure into the mystical Tenebrous Forest. Witness for the first time ever: Nightwhispers - small, mischievous sprites that dance by moonlight and disappear into the dawn light.

Script Note: The VA is going to try their best to keep as quiet as possible, so efforts and tonal indicators maybe whispery with some adjective attached to them.

[Environmental SFX: Late night, night time sounds in a forest.]

[SFX: Magical zinger sounds or eerie muffled tiny fairy sounds.]

[harsh whispering] Shh, keep quiet! Don’t make a sound! We don’t want to scary the tiny trouble makers.

You’re recording.

Okay, good, good.

[SFX: Sound of camera zooming in and out. Like it’s focusing on the host.]

[gentler whispering] Shh.. shh... shh... easy does it.

[quietly excited] This is it! The rarest sighting in recording. The Nightwhispers!

Welcome curious friends to “Out in Faerie Land”, tonight we’re on the hunt to observe and collect data on Nightwhispers. Legendary creatures that seem to evade and hide away from intruding eyes on their habits and ceremonial traditions.

[SFX: Magical twinkling sounds.]

Did you catch that?

Oh that too. Look at how they float about circularly, like they're dancing. Unique uniform patterns in groups.

See here, these small, mischievous sprites don't come out when the sun is up. They only come out at night. Luckily, we're in for a treat, because not only is it night time... but a full blood moon is upon us.

But we have to be very cautious, we don't want to alarm or set off the Nightwhispers. There's a reason we've been told to keep away from the Tenebrous Forest at night. Even though the Nightwhispers are cute puffy sprites of the night, they are also quite deadly. In groups of 3 to 5 they're manageable for adventurers like ourselves, but we're seeing a group of 30 - 40 gathered here tonight. If we get caught, we might be stuck in the Nightwhispers's nightmare trance. It's quite rare to snap out of, there has only been a handful of cases where victims come out...

[harsh whisper] Geoffry... don't you dare!

[panicked] If you sneeze now...

Geoffry! Hold it!

Good, good... [suddenly sneezes]

[SFX: Angry magic crackling sounds.]

Run, every person and being for themselves!

[SFX: Camera being dropped and static.]

Day 3

Day 3: “Let's get out of here.”

[A4A] **Apartment 3B** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Angst] [Hinted Character Death] [Sole Survivor] [Zombie] [Apocalypse] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: The flesh of the walking dead is decaying faster than expected, you try to hold out with the group you're stuck with in the apartment building you're in. But it's worn, decrepit, and almost ancient. But something is wrong with one of the group members, they're turning and your bunk mate helps you escape.

[whisper] Psst... over here.

Now, I need you to be as quiet as possible. Put this on.

[SFX: Backpack on listener and speaker.]

What are we doing? What do you think? We're leaving.

We need to get going, one of them is showing signs of a slow turner. They're going to turn and I can tell, trust me. I was outside longer than any of you before we figured out the decay was dusting the zombies away. Rotten flesh doesn't stay fresh for long. Neither does that old man's stench, no matter how many showers he takes.

[SFX: Moving in an upstairs corridor.]

I made sure to prepack some bags.

[SFX: Loud screaming.]

Shit, we have to move. Let's get out of here. He's already started feasting.

[SFX: Barricading the door and running up stairs.]

[Getting out of breath] The next floor. I have a board I put down as a walkway between this building and the next.

Come on.

[SFX: Metal door slam open.]

Apartment 3B, we don't have much time.

[SFX: Zombie sounds.]

Shit! There's more than one of them now.

Move, you need to run. Just run. [more out of breath] 3B, it's unlocked, I set up everything.

[surprise noise or gasp] Fuck, they're here.

There... *[breath in deep]* see that board. See the rope on the rail, that's your secure line. Get on there and get to the other side. Go now.

[SFX: Board creaking. Zombie sounds should intensify when listener makes it.]

That's it. You got it. Just a bit more.

Good. Tie the rope to that rail.

Good, it's tight.

[SFX: Door breaks, board removed, zombies come through behind.]

Looks like I can't join you.

[SFX: Sound of tying the other backpack, toss it over for listener.]

Hey, chin up. A better tomorrow is just around the corner. There'll be other survivors once the zombies' bodies decay to nothing. If you ration, those'll last 2 or more months. We live in the heat, so they'll be beyond the advanced decomposing stage by day 50.

[softer] Hey, you remember what we talked about.

[struggle / ragged breath] Ya, when this is over. Check on my sister for me. Never got to visit her grave.

Thanks. Good luck and goodbye.

[SFX: Yell cause you're bitten. This fades.]

Tab 4

Day 4: “The moon looks different tonight.”

[A4A] **Hunted Becomes the Hunter** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Forced Proximity] [Enemies to Lovers] [Vampire Speaker] [Hunter Listener] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: One collision, one stolen breath and you meet the eyes of your villain. The city feels too small suddenly on the ledge of an old abandoned apartment building. The villain’s grin reveals there’s no chance you’d walk away untouched. Their gaze daring you to take the fall because there would be no saving you a second time. Your eyes burn and their hand lingers, enemies aren’t supposed to touch or... sniff like this.

[SFX: Sounds of furniture breaking and running in an abandoned building.]

Ha, got you! Nowhere else to run!

[SFX: Crumbling brick, then like a hand grabbing and effortlessly pulling the listener to the speaker]

Guess you’re not as light as you seem.

[SFX: Smack sound to speaker.]

Just the truth darling. The ledge couldn’t handle your weight. Me on the other hand... that’s a different story.

[sniffs] You know, you smell absolutely divine. Fresh blood... [amused chuckle] ah, ah, ah... no use struggling darling. Just accept that you’re caught.

[mocking] Oh poor baby, just a bit powerless aren’t you.

[slow inhale] Now don’t panic. I know you just drank holy water, I wasn’t born yesterday you know. You just smell tempting.

That’s right, nowhere else for you to go. It’s either me or the ground darling. It’s unfortunate you don’t have supernatural capabilities other than enhanced strength... hmm, those punches won’t do you any good now. See, so at this moment... [sniff] you don’t want to leave my arms do you?

I could hold you here all night long, keep you on your toes on that little bit of rubble beneath you and my arm snug around your waist.

[sniffs] You know, in all the time I've been alive. I've never tried a vampire hunter, but that holy water won't leave you before dawn. [sigh and be dissappointed] Couldn't have my way with you even if I wanted to.

Such a pretty blush. Hmm... you're practically glowing... and you know what? The moon looks different tonight.

[SFX: Shuffling to let the listener back into the abandoned building.]

I know you don't have any more stakes, holy water or any other hunter item to fend me off. So let's just call it truce for the night.

Yes... a truce darling. Where neither of us is the victor.

I did enjoy this... chasing poor, defenseless, you. It was a good change of pace.

[kiss back of hand] Until next time darling.

[SFX: Transforms into bats and escapes out of the building. The sound fades.]

Tab 5

Day 5: "Look out!"

[A4A] **Helping Hands** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Halloween Season] [Strangers to Friends] [Shared Interests] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You crash into a total stranger setting up the community center for a Halloween Dance Party. You help them with their fallen tub of things as the two of you talk and find yourself making a new friend. You chat about Halloween and they ask you if you'd like to attend with them.

Look out!

[SFX: Crashing sound things falling to the floor]

Oh shoot! Hey, are you okay?

You are? Good. Jeeze. I'm so sorry.

[SFX: Putting items back in the box.]

Thank you for helping with these.

Huh? Ya, just heading towards one of the community center halls. I'm helping to set up the Halloween Dance Party. Uh, do you like Halloween?

You do, your favourite season? Mine too, then Christmas.

You have a costume prepared for the special day?

No, not yet.

That's okay. I haven't decided either. Stuck between horror icons.

Well, I was thinking of the masked variety. You know... maybe... Ghostface, Hannibal Lecter, Leatherface, Jason, or Michael Myers.

Pennywise, not on my list cause I'm not into clowns. [nervous chuckle]

Well, anyways, you still have time to find a costume and if you aren't handing out candy, you should come out to our dance.

You'll think about it?

Really? Great.

Tab 6

Day 6: "You're not supposed to be here."

[A4A] **Forbidden** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Grumpy!Speaker X Sunshine!Listener] [Security Guard Speaker] [Lab Tech Listener]
[Slight Affection] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: Staying late at night in the lab isn't the wisest of things. Especially when there's a grumpy guard who's trying to kick you out.

What's a lab rat like you still doing here?

Uh huh, but that's no excuse. You should be vacating the premises.

Uh huh...

Right...

Well... You're not supposed to be here. [sigh and a bit gruffer with authority] I said you're not supposed to be here.

Would you stop looking at me like that? Whatever you're working on can wait until morning. Direct orders from the top, all lab rats leave when they're supposed.

They're still organizing who's working and how these new shifts are going to happen.

You know what happened when the schedule wasn't mixed between day and night? Oh don't give me that sheepish laugh and smile.

Someone slept on their experiment and their console fried from spilt coffee. They almost let their experiment out of the lab, we had to quarantine the whole floor.

Ya, well, you need to get packing soon. Okay.

Besides, wouldn't [rush this, tsundere vibes or 'I-don't-want-listener-to-think-I-care' vibes/ bashful] fave lab rat getting hurt cause they ended up doing the same thing or worse.

[SFX: Fingers drumming on table as you wait.]

Are you done yet?

Uh huh... not that I understood that. But you finished?

Ya, great. Then let me escort you then.

[SFX: Pushing doors]

Have a good night then.

Tab 7

Day 7: "I deserve that."

[A4A] **Six Feet Under** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Graveyard] [Regret] [Monologue] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: The day of the dead, where the world has an open connection with the land of the dead. From the portal comes through to watch their funeral procession.

[quiet / tired] Six feet under... and I'm still talking like you'll answer me.

[bitter / tired laugh] I should've told you the truth when you were alive. Every apology, every feeling that I had... I locked them all up. Now all I've got is this headstone.

[voice cracks] Do you hate me? I wouldn't blame you. If silence is all I get back... no sign, no thing... I deserve that.

[deep shaky breath] Still... if any part of you lingers... spirit, memory, or even dust... I hope it knows. I love you... I did love you. I was just too much of a coward to say it. And now you're gone.

[SFX: Windy sounds, trees whistling in wind]

[sigh, tremble] You know... I'll keep coming back for you. It's the least I can do. Serves me right. Talking to the dirt. Waiting for nothing... Because that's all I've earned.

I'm sorry. [crying]

Tab 8

Day 8: “It was me... it was always me.”

[A4A] **Windless Chimes** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Ghost] [Guardian Angel] [Friendly Haunting] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: Your guardian angel isn't an angel but a ghost, you know they're around because the chimes sound off when there's no wind.

[SFX: Wind chimes, no wind.]

You heard it too, didn't you? The chimes... funny thing, there's no wind tonight. Just me.

It was me... it was always me.

[Playful] I know it's strange, being haunted by me. But I'm not here to scare you little one. I'm here because you needed someone.

[Warm/Protective] Every time you feel alone, I'll be here for you. Every shadow, every silent filled space... I'll fill it with something... gentle, sweet and warm.

[Soft laugh] You don't need to believe in guardian angels. Just believe in me.

[SFX: Wind chimes, no wind.]

As long as the chimes sing without wind, you'll know... I'm always watching. Protecting. Loving. Even if you never see me around.

[Faintly fade the chime sounds.]

Tab 9

Day 9: "I'm going to kill you."

[A4A] **Delulu Jealous Lover** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Psycho] [Dreaming] [Nightmare] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You are somehow a cupcake. Your significant other is a psycho. Their interest is in merking you for their midnight snack. Like legit only in their dreams.

[SFX: Kitchen sounds during the night, leaky sink and just fridge humming.]

[uncertain / unsatisfied] Hmm, need to make this sharper.

[SFX: Sharpening knife is heard.]

[satisfied] Ahh... there we go, finally. Much better.

[SFX: Chair scratches floor.]

Ahh... just in time. You're all warmed up. Good. *[satisfied hum]* I'm going to kill you...

[little manic giggle] Ooh... shhh... you didn't let me finish and the icing is dripping off.

Shhh... shh... okay. Let me start over, cupcake. Keep the whipped buttercream on.

As I was saying. I'm going to kill you if you don't keep that perfectly still.

Mmm, I like that look. *[chuckle gleefully]* See how irresistibly perfect you are.

Well, my yummy little cupcake.

[evil laughter] It's time to devour you before anyone else can!

[disgust] Bleh... what the...

[SFX: Shuffling out of bed.]

Oh my god, cupca- honey... I just had the weirdest dream. I dream you were my midnight snack.

Sorry for biting you by the way.

Let's forget this happened. *[nervous laughter]* Let's just try getting back to sleep.

Again, sorry for the bite.

[SFX: Shuffling to sleep.]

Tab 10

Day 10: "If you tell anyone, there will be... difficulties."

[A4A] **First and Only Warning** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Angst] [Hinted Character Death] [Sole Survivor] [Zombie] [Apocalypse] [Under 1k]
[Micro Script]

Summary: Demonic contracts are such a fascinating thing. You have all you could ever want. Money, power, and fame. Yet, the forbidden is something un-obtained by you. All your life you've been warned not to dabble into dark rituals. You incur the help of a summoner to help you create a contract between you and a low level demon.

[SFX: Thunderous sounds clashing, winds picking up and flame going out]

It's almost time your grace.

I must remind you. If you tell anyone, there will be difficulties.

[SFX: Slight pause as sounds increase to get threatening.]

This will be the last chance to back out now and I only take half of the money for all my efforts thus far. Are you certain your grace wishes to continue?

Yes...

Of course, you are now an adult.

But we do this in baby steps. If you can take care of this small impish demon we're summoning, we can move onto the next demon.

Perfect.

[SFX: Backward reverse track of (A) or attempt to read (B)] (A) "Hear me now you tiny welp of a demon. You are now being summoned by the light of this kingdom. Come and pass through if you dare."

(B) "Erad uoy fi hguorht ssap dna emoC. Modgnik siht fo thgil eht yb denommmus gnieb won era uoy. Nomed a fo plew ynit uoy won em raeh."

[SFX: Puff of magic with a tiny roar.]

There, completed! It is summoned.

[SFX: Sounds of things being thrown in the room as little imp demon runs wild.]

Well what did you expect, of course I did it right! Now you just have to prove you can handle one little demon before I deem you worthy for something remotely close to a greater demon.

[chuckles] Now have fun! See you in about an hour!

Tab 11

Day 11: “Can I get you a drink?”

[A4A] **An Informant's Trade** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Fantasy] [Adventure] [Informant!Listener] [Adventurer!Speaker] [Mentions of Alcohol]
[Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You're a well sought after informant. Secrets are your trade. An adventurer has crossed paths with you and orders your favourite ale. They place down a hefty sack of coins. Will you take it?

[SFX: Tavern ambience with low chatter, clinking mugs, and faint bard music playing.]

[hushed but steady] You've got sharp eyes, friend. Sharp enough to catch me watching you. Relax... if I wanted trouble, I wouldn't have bought you a drink first. Can I get you a drink?

[whistles] Barkeep!

[SFX: Mug placed on table, faint slosh of ale]

See, I hear you're the one people go to when they need... whispers. I'm not here to rob you of secrets. I'm here to buy them. Fair trade.

[lowering voice] There's a caravan... iron-banded chests, guarded like a dragon hoard. Problem is, no map marks its trail. But you? You've got a talent for knowing where shadows fall. At least that's what I hear.

[SFX: Coin purse dropped on table. Should be heavy clinking, this is expensive info.]

Gold. Enough to keep your throat wet with ale for a week, maybe two. All I'm asking is a direction. North, south... hell, even a riddle would do.

[chuckle and gulp your own drink] Unless, of course, you'd rather keep your tongue tied. In which case... I'll just enjoy the drink and pretend this was nothing more than a pleasant meeting.

[SFX: Leaning back in chair.]

So, little informant... what's it going to be? The coins for what you do best...

[SFX: Tavern ambience increases and then fades to nothing]

Tab 12

Day 12: “For old time’s sake...”

[A4A] **One More Time** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Friendship] [Supernatural] [Haunted House] [Spiritual Exorcism] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You and your friend go on one more job. A job that brings you out of retirement.

[playful] Well aren't you a sight for sore eyes you old fart.

But ah, you're here. All is good.

[serious] They seemed to have call us in for one more hurrah!

They should seriously consider opening applications up to more than those born into the old families. The pool is not as wide as it used to be. And it's not like the recent generations have a keen interest in the spiritual realm. It's all something about pop culture or other.

[SFX: Cracking your fingers or neck or hips]

relieving sigh Yup, definitely *NOT* getting any younger.

[SFX: Drinking from a flask before offering it to listener.]

[gulp] For the pain to come... and for old time's sake...

Let's get this done and over with. To our... 101st haunted house.

[SFX: Creepy haunted house opening its door.]

Oh ghosties, it's your boys!

Tab 13

Day 13: “Can I kiss you?”

[A4A] **Romanceable and Totally Wrong for You** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Yandere] [Stalker] [Obsession] [Adventurer!Speaker] [Mentions of Alcohol] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You're a big fan of the yandere, stalker and hyper obsessive fictional romanceable option. You play a visual novel late one night and you dream up a scenario where you're trapped in your own home and bound to the dining chair. Will your IRL lover save you from your nightmare or will they lose you to their fantasy morally grey version of them?

[Character Note: You are a very unhinged yandere/stalker/obsessive fictional character inflections can be all over the place, feel free to take inspiration from iconic villains that monologue in different ranges. Like Joker (Batman/DC Comics) or Mr. Gold/Rumple (Once Upon a Time)]

Oh, well... well... well... You're finally awake my dear, my love... my doll! *[giggle]*

[sniff] Oh, you are divine, it's almost appropriate that I have you here for dinner. *[slight pause]* I could eat you up right now. Gobble you right up. But no... no... no... that would spoil my appetite... our appetite.

Hmmm... Can I kiss you? A small taste.

No... boo... too bad. We'll work on that.

[content sigh] But look at you... A vision of beauty by candlelight and the dinner you could only hope for. Isn't that right my sweet dollie? Look at what I've done for you. Isn't it perfect! All your favourites!

Oh... shh... shh... you don't have to thank me or say I'm the best. I know I am.

And I know that I'm the only one who was made for you. *[sighing the 'Ahh']* Ahh... You don't need anyone else. *[crazy laughter]* Just me, only me, {insert name you want}.

Because if anyone tries to have you... *[dark, not light hearted]* Well... let's just say there won't be anything left of them to identify.

Oh... shh... shh... don't worry...

You should...

[SFX: Bed sheets rustling, like you're waking up listener]

[sound sane and worried] Wake up honey! Come on doll...

Wake up for me.

Oh, hey, good. I've been trying to snap you out of it. I got you, well... at least you're up in time for breakfast. I could make your favourites if you'd like.

Ya, okay. Your favourites coming right up. *[unsettling laugh that makes listener unsure they work up from nightmare]*

Tab 14

Day 14: “It’s too late, the ritual is complete.”

[A4A] **Just a Little Drowzy** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Supernatural] [Magic] [Familiar!Speaker] [Mage!Listener] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You are a young mage trying to perform a simple spell but struggles with exhaustion after staying up all night studying magic. Your familiar insists they rest, but you push through; only for the spell to twist into something far stronger than intended.

[SFX: Soft crackling fire, rustle of pages, and faint magical hum.]

[playful and concerned] You’ve been up since last moonrise. Your handwriting looks like a drunk spider. Maybe rest before you turn the spell into soup?

[SFX: A deep thrum shakes the air. The candle flares unnaturally bright so sparkling sounds. Pages flutter as wind swirls in the room.]

[panicked] Whoa... whoa! That’s not a simple charm! What did you even chant?!?

[urgent and worried] Hey! Wake up! Cancel it now! Before—

[SFX: Magical warping dimension sound]

[grim and resigned] ...It’s too late. The ritual is complete.

[SFX: Listener collapses on floor. Familiar transformation sounds]

[calmer and protective] ...Alright then. Guess it’s up to me to deal with whatever you called. Sleep tight, little mage. I’ll guard the mess you made.

[SFX: Sounds of a beast paws hitting stone to investigate.]

Huh. Circle’s holding steady. Power’s woven tight, almost... protective. Guess even half-asleep, your heart knows what it wants. You wanted clarity... *[soft chuckle]* but what you need? Rest.

I’ll watch over it. Over you. Like always. Doesn’t matter what magic you call, or how messy it gets. *[relieving sigh]* I’m bound to you. By choice, not just spellcraft.

[parental sounding] What am I going to do with you little mage?

You dream, I’ll guard. When you wake, I’ll tease you mercilessly about how you snore like a brewing cauldron. But... for now? Sleep easy. I’ve got this.

[SFX: Fade out on fire crackling and lingering magical crackling sounds.]

Tab 15

Day 15: "Sorry, I'm not saying this right."

[A4A] **Espresso Problems** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Slice of Life] [Fall Drink] [Coffee Snob] [Know-It-All!Speaker] [Friend!Listener] [Under
1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You and your friend go out for coffee, they correct you about how you ordered their drinks with the barista at the coffee shop.

Wait, wait... what do you mean... Sorry, I'm not saying this right. You're not saying it right.

Okay, hold on. Listen to yourself.

Urgh...

But the word is "Espresso", where in here do you see an 'X'? It's es-PRESS-o, not Ex-PRESS-o.

This is why the barista looked at you funny. Not only that, you asked for extra in a PSL.

What's a PSL? Oh my god... for real? Pumpkin Spice Latte, that acronym's been around for a few generations now.

Wait, where are you going? Nope, stop. Don't correct the old dude about it, PSL and an espresso is totally after their time and that's just rude.

Just sit here and drink your PSL.

[SFX: Sipping on drinks now.]

Tab 16

Day 16: “The funny thing about knives is...”

[A4A] **Dual Purpose** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Fantasy] [Cooking] [Rogue!Speaker] [Adventurer!Listener] [Deep Thoughts] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: It's your turn to help with cooking tonight, and it's with the newest member, the party's dashing rogue. You're determined to try and get along with them as you make a meal together.

[SFX: Footsteps approaching as a knife chopping gets louder.]

Ah, friend. Hello, I guess you're my sous chef for the night.

Would you mind setting up the pot and get the water boiling?

[SFX: Looking through the party loot sack for the pot.]

Thank you for getting that started.

[SFX: Knife sounds of dicing and slicing.]

[chuckle] Yes, well, I would hope that I know how to use a knife. It's one of the things us rogue learn to use, next to a pickpocket toolkit. A weapon close to the body, within immediate reach.

Yes, deadly. I could chop without my eyes open. Watch.

[SFX: Speedy chopping]

Hmmm... did that make you nervous? *[chuckle]*

[philosophical] You know... the funny thing about knives is... their purpose. Dualities if you will. You don't necessarily need to use it to kill. Though, that tends to be seen as their main use. *[slight pause]* You could very well use it to defend, make something, or even feed. See, it's purpose is devised by it's owner.

And you can trust me friend. I know my way around a knife. Or in this case... the point of it. *[chuckle]*

[SFX: Sound of the water really boiling and food items being tossed in. Let it fade out.]

Tab 17

Day 17: "You're beautiful."

[M4F] **Your Tin Man** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Fluff]
[Romance] [Guarded Feelings] [Embarrassed] [Self-Doubt] [Internalized Fear]
[Cold!Speaker] [Cheery!Listener] [Kiss It Better BAE] [L-bomb] [Character Reference:
Tin Man from Wizard of Oz] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: Your first Halloween with your significant other. They're kind of self-conscious about doing this couple's Halloween costume get up. They're not totally into being the Tin Man and they kinda feel like the character's been pinned onto them because of their personality.

[Character Note: They aren't necessarily cold, just they may appear to be. They just sound like they don't do "feeling" and words that come out are flat in tone, zero inflection, that make them sound like they're disingenuous or don't care. You may pick up the tone or range when mentioned it's a heartfelt moment.]

[SFX: Sound of an entryway opening and closing]

Hey babe, you're home early. *[kiss - barely a peck]*

Listen, I was hoping to talk to you about something.

Well, it's about the Halloween party costume that we're doing. I know it's a couples' thing... but... why not the scarecrow or the lion for me.

Because the tin man fits me.

And what about the tin man makes it fit me?

Uh huh... Because I'm me?

Uh huh... Because, I could stay in character no matter what?

Hmm.. Babe, you need to stop right there. You're digging yourself a grave here. Clearly, I'm *axing* you too much.

Axing... because the tin man has an axe. So instead of asking... nevermind.

The point.

[sigh - emotions peak through a bit] You're beautiful. You're a ray of sunshine and you're going to be Dorothy... with the tin man.

It feels like the character was pinned on me, because of my personality and the fact...
[sigh again] I naturally speak monotone.

Huh? "a heart is judged not by how much you love, but by how much you are loved by others."

Babe- *[longer kiss]* Mmm... I never get tired of those.

[still a little daze] Hmm?

I know, but sometimes our friends tease us a bit too much. I- yes... "but by how much you are loved by others." Right.

[loving - holding back] I love you too, babe.

Let me show you... *[slight grunt as if lifting your partner.]* how much I do...

[SFX: Kiss sounds, fade to black.]

Tab 18

Day 18 “I see it whenever I close my eyes”

[A4A] **Darkness Claims Another** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Mind Trap] [Inner Thoughts] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: The darkness, every time you close your eyes, is all you ever see. And that voice in your head is drawing you closer to the center of your hopelessness.

[SFX: Like water dripping in a cave]

Hello, is someone there?

Hello?

Please, can you hear me?

Anybody?

[increasing panic]

Please, is someone there. It's so dark, I can't see anything!

Help please!

[SFX: Haunting laughter.]

I need to wake up, please. Come on, I can't stay here. It's so dark here. No matter what I do. *[hyperventilating]* I see it whenever I close my eyes. Pitch black. Nothingness.

[sobbing] Why? What did I do to deserve this? Please, I'll be good. Send me back please.

I need to go back. There's so many things I still need to do and people I've yet to meet.

[screams] You can't leave me in here!

Take me back!

[sobs] Take me back! Please, please... take me back!

[SFX: Repeating that last line over and over until it fades to nothingness.]

Tab 19

Day 19 “Can you keep a secret?”

[A4A] **Howl Out Loud** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Werewolf] [Local Goth] [Pep Squad Leader] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You and your ex-best friend have grown apart. They're the local goth kid and you were on the school pep team. You got bit, but now you have no choice but turn to your ex-best friend to help you out with a hairy problem.

[SFX: Transformation]

[internal monologue] Oh my god, ow, there's got to be a better way to handle this. This really sucks cause I can't control my stupid abilities. Like, I should totally be getting the hang of this by now. Why'd that stupid werewolf have to bite me. Urgh! I could have been going out with my friends to the diner and pool hall or on a really hot date.

[internal monologue cont'd] A date with the coolest cutie ever. They're so dreamy... oh my god, I'm a hairy freak. Can I like shave when I'm transformed, would I still look normal?

[SFX: Shuffling around for a razor, tests it out, magical sounds of hair regrowing]

[internal monologue cont'd] Damnit! I'm so cursed. Am I ever going to get normal.

[internalized excitement] Oh I know! That local goth would know what to do. They've always been into spooky shit like this. I bet they'd know.

[SFX: Running and a howl. Then follows knocking on a door.]

Hey! Come on, open up! I know you're in there... I can smell you!

[SFX: More banging and then door opening]

Hey! About time! Woah, don't freak out! It's me, (*your name*). Look I know it's been a while, but see, well clearly you see I have a very hair problem. Ya, um... look... I'm sorry, but I really need your help. Look! Just... *[deep breath]* Can you keep a secret?

You will? Oh my god, you're a life saver.

[SFX: Door closing.]

Tab 20

Day 20 "Look, I'll make you a deal..."

[A4A] **Demon Pact** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Monologue] [Dark Summoning] [Demon Pact] [Dark Contract] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: A deal with a low-level demon seemed unappealing until they could give you the one thing you've always wanted.

You know... I laughed when you first appeared. Some little demon, all smoke and shadow, whispering about contracts and blood and eternal damnation. I thought... really? What's this little thing saying in it's smallest voice *[mockingly]* "Look, I'll make you a deal..."

All I could think of was... that's the best Hell could send me? No horns, no fire, not even a halfway decent dramatic entrance. Just... you. Small. Unimpressive. Almost pitiful.

And yet... here I am.

Because you said the one thing no one else has ever dared to promise me. Not money. Not power. Not revenge. No... you offered me what I've been clawing for my entire life.

Do you have any idea what it's like to want something so badly it burns you hollow? To wake up every morning with the taste of it like ash in your mouth? And then... to hear it can be yours, with nothing more than a signature carved in ink... or y'know blood.

I told myself I wouldn't. That I wouldn't bend. That I wouldn't kneel. But the truth is, I've been kneeling my whole life—to fate, to silence, to the slow suffocation of being unseen.

So if it takes a pact with a creature everyone else dismisses as bottom feeding worm? Fine. Let them sneer. Let them whisper. I'll have what I want.

And you... oh you, little demon... will have me.

I can already hear the chains tightening.

And... gods help me... it almost feels like freedom.

They underestimate us no more, little shadowy friend.

[dark and maniacal laughter] Bwahahahahaha!

Tab 21

Day 21 "Fuck, what was that?"

[A4A] **Unexpected Visitation** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Horror] [Thriller] [Mystery] [First-person Narrative] [Slight Humour] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: A simple outage has got you stuck in the elevator. With an unexpected visitor. One of hell's agents and they say your number is up.

Well this is just great! The lights go out, the elevator jolts and now I am stuck between floors with nothing but stale air... and my own nerves for company as I tell myself to breathe slow... Fuck! Stay calm but then there is that sound in the corner like someone dragging claws over steel and I swear I am alone... so what the hell is that.

Fuck, what was that?

No... really I heard it again and I know I did because the hairs on my arms are standing straight up like a chorus screaming at me to run *[breathe in deep]* except I cannot run... I am trapped in this steel coffin and now there is a shape standing where the shadows should be thicker than dark and smiling like it knows something I don't.

It says my number is up and I want to laugh because that sounds like the start of a bad joke... but the way it leans closer makes my chest cave in like the air is being stolen out of me. My heart is pounding hard enough to bruise my ribs.

Fuck... fuck, fuck, fuck... need to get out.

I want to say I am not ready... I want to scream that they have the wrong person... but... the truth is maybe they don't. Maybe this is the bill coming due and I just never thought it would be collected in an elevator with flickering lights and nowhere to run.

I'm so screwed. Who knew hell collected on taxes too.

Tab 22

Day 22 "They can never know."

[A4A] **How does your garden grow?** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025]
[Talktober 2025] [Villainous Monologue] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You hide a body in your garden with your best friend.

Do you smell that? The earth is still damp from the rain, soft enough to dig deep and pull the roots apart. The perfect night for planting... or rather, for burying.

Funny, isn't it? All those afternoons tending flowers side by side, pulling weeds, trimming vines... no one ever guessed what we were really preparing for. They thought we just liked the peace, the pretty blossoms, the smell of lilacs on the breeze. But we both know better. Gardens are patient places. They wait, and they grow, and they hide things beautifully.

Look at them now. The roses already stretching toward the moonlight. Their thorns are hungry. They will drink well tonight. A secret fed to the soil itself.

You know, I should feel guilty. That's what they expect, isn't it? People like us weighed down by remorse, haunted by shadows. But I feel lighter. The way the dirt falls over them... each shovelful... like lifting a stone off my chest. It's almost freeing. They deserved it anyway.

And yet, there is the danger of it all. Someone might wander by. Someone might ask questions. That's why you have to remember what I told you. They can never know. Not the neighbors, not the police, not anyone. Even a whisper would undo everything we've built.

So we smile in the daylight. Water the soil. Trim the hedges. Compliment the blooms. And no one will look twice. Because who suspects the gardener? Who suspects the two of us, with dirt on our hands and sunshine in our smiles?

Come spring, when the first buds open, no one will see the grave beneath. Only beauty. Only life. And we will know what truly grows here.

Tab 23

Day 23 "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard."

[A4A] **Thanks for Listening!** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Explainer] [Vampire] [Theory] [Filibuster] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: Your friend has a theory that vampires don't like holy water because it's their equivalent of drinking rubbing alcohol.

[**Character Note:** Sound highly intelligent and highly offended as a goth/lovecraftian fan]

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

No, really, listen to yourself. You're telling me the grand, immortal predators of the night! The cursed lords of shadow, the stalkers of mankind! [deep breath] Are brought to their knees not because holy water is blessed or sacred or spiritually charged, but because, to them, it's basically the same as chugging rubbing alcohol?

I mean... picture it. A vampire swoops in, cape flowing, fangs glinting, eyes glowing red, and someone splashes them with holy water. They don't recoil because it's divine punishment. No, they're just gagging because, to their system, it's like pouring paint thinner down their throat. That's not horror. That's food poisoning.

And then what? Crosses don't repel them because of faith, but because they've got metal allergies? Garlic doesn't burn them because of folklore, but because it's like serving them a plate of food doused in cleaning spray? What's next... urgh... you gonna tell me they sleep in coffins not for tradition but because they just really like memory foam mattresses with good back support?

It's absurd. It ruins centuries of gothic mythos and replaces it with some kind of... weird dietary restriction chart.

Anyway... Thanks for attending my TED Talk.

Tab 24

Day 24 "They're all I've ever wanted."

[A4A] **Can I keep them?** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Sweet] [Possessive] [Tender, Loving, Care] [TLC] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: A gentle ghost asking the grim reaper if they could keep them on this plane.

Wait, please... Stop!

[heavy breathing] Before you take them... I know your work is important, I know no one escapes your hand for long, but... could I ask for a favour? Just this once?

Just listen, please...

They wandered here, into my little corner of the world. They didn't scream, they didn't run. They saw me, truly saw me, as more than just a whisper or a shadow in the hall. Do you know how rare that is? Centuries have passed like a blur, and no one has stayed. Until them...

They're all I've ever wanted. Not riches, not redemption, not even release... I just... they're just someone to share the silence with. Someone who doesn't flinch at the chill in the air or the creak of the floorboards. Someone who smiles when they should be afraid.

So I ask, just this once... can I keep them? Not forever, perhaps. Just a little longer. Let them stay with me, where I can keep them safe, where I can finally be less alone...

[soft plea] Please.

Tab 25

Day 25 “Oh, no.”

[A4A] **One of Those Days** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Paranormal] [Horror] [Ancient Item] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: A ghost hunter accidentally breaks an important item.

[loud ass gasp] Oh, no.

[mocking disbelief] Of course. Of course this would happen tonight. You spend hours prepping, you bring all the right gear, the salt, the charms, the cameras, the damn EMF reader, and what happens? One slip. One tiny misstep. And now the ancient, sacred, totally-not-meant-to-be-touched relic is lying on the ground in about thirty different pieces.

You ever have one of those days? You know the ones... the... uh... When the universe just wakes up and decides you are the chew toy? Yeah. That's where I'm at right now. Except instead of bad traffic or spilled coffee, I've apparently unleashed the vengeful spirit of a four-hundred-year-old witch who does not look thrilled about her favorite necklace being reduced to supernatural confetti.

Look, in my defense, it was on a rickety old pedestal in a dark hallway during an investigation at two in the morning. This isn't exactly OSHA-approved working conditions. And really, how fragile can one cursed artifact be? If it mattered that much, maybe make it less breakable.

Still... judging by the way the walls are starting to bleed, urgh... yikes... *[quieter to self]* I think I just made this haunting personal.

Yeah. *[sigh]* Definitely one of those days.

Tab 26

Day 26 "I'd let the world burn for you."

[A4A] **Bad breakup** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [Secret Identity Revealed] [Hero x Villain] [Villain!Speaker] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: A villain turned darker when they learn your superhero identity.

[visibly upset and heartbroken] So that's it, huh? All this time I thought I'd stumbled into something real. Just a normal life, a normal person! The whole quiet nights, bad takeout, laughter that didn't feel like it came with strings attached. You made me believe I could have that. You made me want it.

And now I find out the truth. Not only are you not a "normie," you're the very thing I've been fighting against. The mask. The cape. The bright shining hero swooping in to undo everything I've built.

Do you have any idea how cruel that is? To let me fall, to let me hope, while you kept this secret pressed so tight against your chest? I *thought* I loved you. Hell, I *did* love you. I would've given it all up. I'd let the world burn for you. But now... you goody-two-shoes... you've left me standing here with nothing but ashes.

[ultra angry] So congratulations, hero. You've saved the world again. But you've lost me forever.

Tab 27

Day 27 “Would you like to come in?”

[A4A] **You're Welcome Here** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Creepy-to-Comforting] [Wholesome] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You meet an unlikely stranger and they invite you into their home.

[slow, a little creepy and knowing] You must be lost. Most people don't wander this far... hmmm... not unless they're chasing something, or running from it. I can always tell which. The woods don't like strangers, not usually. They whisper. They watch. They test you.

But you... hm... You didn't scream when you saw me. Most do. They take one look at my face, the eyes that don't quite match, the teeth a little too sharp, and they decide I'm something to fear.

I suppose they're right. I could frighten you if I wanted to. But I won't. Not you. You look tired. Frayed at the edges, like someone who's been searching for a place that never seems to exist.

I know that feeling. The ache for somewhere safe. Somewhere that feels like it's yours.

So... *[warm]* would you like to come in?

Tab 28

Day 28 "I know what they did... But I stand with them."

[A4A] **Yes, the Answer is Always Yes!** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025]
[Talktober 2025] [Hero x Villain] [Hero Complex] [Human Nature] [Philosophy] [Under 1k]
[Micro Script]

Summary: You do something that can be viewed as evil, but it's a small sacrifice you have to make.

You don't understand. What I've done... there wasn't a choice. It was survival. A necessary evil. A fracture ripped through a part of the universe... and yes, it screams with the weight of what I took, with that I broke. I thought I was alone in this. Alone in the darkness, facing the inevitable consequences.

And then you stepped forward. You didn't yell. You didn't brand me a monster. You didn't pretend the small, fragile fragment I sacrificed was meaningless. You... stood with me.

Your eyes are steady. Your hand reached for mine. Your belief doesn't erase the horror, the pain, the destruction. It doesn't make the choice any less bitter. But it gives me something I thought I'd lost: trust, and a reminder that human nature is messy... but it's capable of understanding.

So, yes. The answer is always yes. If you're willing to walk this dark and shadowy path with me. I know what they did... But I stand with them. And together we can face off the decisions we've had to make.

Tab 29

Day 29: “You did what?”

[A4A] **Blind Date** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025] [humour]
[slice of life] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: You tell your best friend the unlikely story of what you've done last night on your tragic date and they react to it... because they're the ones that helped coordinate and set you up on that blind date.

You did what?

Okay, so let me get this straight. You went on the blind date I set up and somehow turned dinner into a full-on disaster zone before the appetizer even arrived? I am equal parts horrified and impressed.

First, the outfit. I told you it was fine, but apparently fine meant bright *[starting to giggle]* enough to signal airplanes. Then you spill water on the table laughing at your own joke. Bread flew. And the spaghetti... You dodged it like some kind of superhero.

[laugh hard] Then the coin trick. You know the one. The magic trick you insisted would “win them over”? Disaster. Complete and utter disaster.

And the cherry on top? You accidentally complimented them on their stain on the shirt they were wearing cause you stared too long.

I thought I was setting you up for something cute and normal. Instead, it was chaos, pure chaos. Oh my god, you truly are cursed. Ah, but seriously... They told me they're waiting for a do-over date. They liked you enough to see where it goes without bad luck.

Tab 30

Day 30 "We always knew it would come to this."

[A4A] **Happy Anniversary** [Script Offer] [SFW] [Scriptember 2025] [Talktober 2025]
[Hinted Dystopian] [Hinted Zombies] [Rambles] [L-bomb] [Under 1k] [Micro Script]

Summary: A person grieves for a love that barely had a chance to start. In a world without you, it's not one they want to be in. But they push forward.

[**Charater Note:** You are not completely drunk, but you're not sober either.]

[**SFX: Sound of wine being poured, jazz music playing.**]

Here's to us sweetheart. I can't believe it, happy monthiversary? I remember when I saw you walking in through those doors. Doe-eyed but so ready to take on the world. I know you couldn't believe it. Someone willing to take a chance on quiet, little, you. Gods, you were so determined.

A new voice, new look, god... just new everything. Exactly what this bar lounge needed for entertainment. Everything that I needed. *[small pained sob]*

[**SFX: guzzling a drink and pouring another glass, an unexpected groan like someone is at the end of their life.**]

Aye! Shut up, don't you... don't you know it's *[exaggerate]* **rude** to interrupt someone when they're talking to someone.

[**SFX: zombie-like groan and a shotgun go off.**]

Stay quiet. *[clears throat]* As I was saying... what was I saying? Right.

We always knew it would come to this. *[unsure / soft]* Right? *[very sure]* Right? We... god... we always knew you were gonna turn heads and be a star baby. But now... I ask myself every day, how am I gonna go on without you. I miss you, everyday and I love you still. Do you know, you're still the only one keeping me alive in this god forsaken world, baby.

Urgh... *[gulp from drink]* I love you... and you aren't here to hear me say it.

I miss you so much. But, I got to let you go. I'm not coming back, the monsters are just increasing in this area. When the world's done turning to shit or I meet my end. You know I'll be seeing you. But I thought you should know.

Happy anniversary sweetheart. I love you... Goodbye.