

Disclaimer: These are all pretty much fanfiction- one for Lethal Company, two for Five Nights At Freddy's. You probably don't need to know about the franchises to understand, I feel you may be able to pick up on context clues and figure out what's going on, but I may be biased here. (And if you're going to automatically devalue my writing because it is fanfiction, I find that close-minded. Fanfic is writing too!)

The Lethal Company one is first, to show how I write prose, than the first FNAF one, to show my ability to write dialogue. The third is another FNAF one that is EXTREMELY dark, but I consider it extremely well-written- dare I say, one of my best works- so I'm including it. Tread lightly there.

There's also a lot of swearing. I will exclude swearing from my writing if you ask.

THE LETHAL COMPANY ONE

162 had pretty much figured out that the Company had sent him out to die.

I mean come on, it was kinda obvious. He'd just gotten to the Company, wasn't great at his job, hadn't really contributed jack shit. He'd consistently been named "the laziest employee" of his group, and he'd had spent most of his time hiding behind his teammates in abject terror. Not even bringing up The Beehive Incident, which was such a hilarious failure on 162's part that he couldn't even be upset about it.

You get it, he wasn't exactly a *necessary asset*. He could pilot a ship fine, he'd even say he was damn good at it. But aside from that, he wasn't especially valuable, and was sorta a liability.

And besides, no matter how good at piloting he was, it didn't really matter with the ship he'd been sent out in. He could *feel* how cheaply made it was, what a rush job it'd been. The controls felt off, the keyboard was glitchy. He needed to hit a key three times to make sure it'd gone through. He could swear if he just scratched at the walls with the lightest of force, he'd puncture a hole in the wall and tear the ship to shreds, sending himself into the cold vacuum of space.

This fucking ship was about 80% of why he was convinced they wanted him dead. The last ship he'd been on was far better quality, it actually felt like it was designed for space travel. But this one- the Company had just *given* it to him, even framing it as a positive. *We're giving you your very own ship, and sending you on a solo mission all by yourself!*

Which- on the one hand, yeah, pretty cool. Or at least, it'd read as pretty cool until 162 was in the ship, had realized how cheap it was, and was already en route to Adamance.

That was the other 20% of the reason 162 was convinced they were trying to kill him- they *sent him* to a specific moon. They didn't usually do that. And he didn't know jack shit about any of the moons or anything. For all he knew, Adamance could've been an absolute paradise of loot and peace, or it could've been another, friendlier way to say "nightmare death hellscape."

It'd started out fine enough. He'd ordered a flashlight, so he wouldn't be COMPLETELY lost in the dark. The steepness of the cliffs(?) was a nightmare. 162 fell on his face more than once, and climbing was out of the question. It was made worse by the rain, making the terrain go from awfully steep to horrendously slippery.

But hey, despite the nightmare ground that wanted him dead, the environment was really, really pretty. The trees were truly goddamn gorgeous- he was sure he'd have been able to appreciate them better if there hadn't been so many dark clouds, if the sun was shining through the leaves. (Was that the right term? They looked more like pine needles.)

Still, he was never one to *not* appreciate the beauty and diversity of nature across the stars. The way raindrops slid through the red leaf-things on the trees. The sound of his feet against the wet grass. It was just... Nice. It was nice.

And the ship had landed him right by a bridge that took him directly to the main entrance, so that was nice. The bridge *had* been mildly terrifying. It'd creaked and groaned with every step, the rain had been making it slippery and splashy, making him nervous that one wrong move would send him into the cavernous ravine below.

The stormy weather hadn't helped. 162 didn't know enough about construction or architecture to tell when something was waterlogged, but he could guess that a very scary bridge being waterlogged was bad. And god save him if lightning struck at any point- each time he heard it he yelped in fear, before grabbing onto the railing, holding on for dear life. At one point there was a flash, and lightning struck both the bridge in front of him and the fear of god into his heart.

But thankfully he didn't die, so that whole paragraph was useless information.

Finally, he approached the building. He heard two consecutive lightning strikes somewhere behind him- impressive, really- and took a deep breath.

Okay. First solo mission. And here he was, armed with nothing but a flashlight.

What could possibly go wrong.

THE FIRST FNAF ONE

[Cassidy and her father, Robert, are in a car, driving home. Cassidy's knuckles are bruised- she's gotten into another fight at school. Cassidy in the backseat *fuming*. Robert is clearly trying to focus on the road, but you can see in his face he wants to talk about it. Finally, he breaks the silence.]

ROBERT: Cassidy, this is the third time at just-

CASSIDY: (cutting him off) I *know*, Dad.

[They lapse into silence again.]

ROBERT: ...Your coach said you-

CASSIDY: *I know!* I fh- I messed up, I get it!

ROBERT: That's not what I was about to say, I wanted-

CASSIDY: Yeah, what *were* you gonna say, huh?!

[Robert sighs heavily. As they come to a red light, he turns around to look at her.]

ROBERT: ...Your coach said you've been doing well at baseball lately. And I watched you win the game, and you did good.

CASSIDY: (looks to side) Mmrph.

ROBERT: But you're not doing okay. I can tell. Your temper's worse than normal, your... your grades're slipping, and you're getting into fights more, you-

CASSIDY: They're always the ones to start it! I'd be perfectly fine ignoring them for the rest of my goddamn days, but every day, I go to school, I try to just *mind my own fucking business*- I'm just existing, I'm trying to like, look for hints as to why shit's fucked, and like- so that *maybe* someone's gonna like, fucking listen when I say shit's fucked-

ROBERT: Cassidy, *language*-

CASSIDY: -and bam, they're there, and I blow my fucking fuse, and then the blame's always pinned on *me*, and no one fucking *listens to me* when I say it's not my fault!

ROBERT: Calm down.

CASSIDY: I'm calm! I'm calm! Oh my god!

ROBERT: ...

[He continues driving as the light turns green.]

ROBERT: I could consider getting you into another anger management class, if you think-

CASSIDY: And that never *works!* You're not *listening*, I've *told* you it doesn't *work!*

ROBERT: Okay! What do-

[Robert takes a deep breath. This conversation is exhausting, and he has no idea how to connect to his kid.]

ROBERT: ...Do you think baseball might be making your issues worse?

CASSIDY: What- *no!* I love doing baseball- I was a lot worse before- wasn't I worse before I got into baseball?! It actually helps me, honest!

ROBERT: Okay! That's- ...look, you have this- this *passion* in you. We've been saying that for years. And it's just- it's amazing, Cassie! When you put that into something good, it's spectacular to watch. But you're taking that passion out on all the wrong places, and you're getting into fights. You need to channel it into something less destructive.

CASSIDY: ...I'm- I'm trying, I just- (she buries her face in her hands) *Ghhhh*- and I need to apologize to Jace tomorrow, but if I do he's gonna- god this is HELLLLLLL...

ROBERT: You can bring one of your friends along. Give him a truce, he'll probably forgive you?

CASSIDY: Mmph.

[Beat of silence.]

CASSIDY: ...Could you pull me out of school?

ROBERT: Absolutely not-

CASSIDY: Dad- no listen, I wanna- school's bad for me!! We've figured this out! I just- I can't focus, I'm barely able to like, to get any- any *good* grades, I keep getting- getting bullied, I don't have any friends- the only real reason I'm still *going* is baseball, and- like- I don't NEED to be in school to play baseball!

ROBERT: I know sweetie, I know... We- your mother is already taking care of Lily all day, and I'm mostly at work. We can't like- homeschool you. You need to get an

education, Cassidy, and it is important for your development for you to *be around other kids*.

CASSIDY: Those other kids *hate me*.

ROBERT: You're almost twelve, Cassie. You'll... you'll realize this was good for you when you're older.

[Cassidy glares out the window.]

CASSIDY: ...sure. Fine. Doesn't matter.

ROBERT: Attagirl.

[There's another few moments of quiet.]

CASSIDY: ...Are we gonna go to Freddy's for my birthday still?

ROBERT: ...I don't think it's safe.

CASSIDY: Wait, what?

ROBERT: A little girl went missing there a week ago, and no one knows where she went. I don't think... I d- I don't want you to get hurt.

CASSIDY: ...Hm.

ROBERT: [muttering to himself] I mean- like *come on*, Fazbear's already got safety violations... kid died there last year... what kinda owners...

[As Robert mutters under his breath, Cassidy looks out the window as they pass by the restaurant. Her eyes narrow.]

CASSIDY: ...Interesting.

THE SECOND, DARKER FNAF ONE

Content warning: Blood, death, child murder, unhappy ending.

This is the darkest script, but one of my best. This was originally conceptualized as a comic, which should explain my use of the term "panel" in places.

[Establishing shot of the closed Freddy Fazbear's. It's the middle of the night, and Gabriel and Cassidy are standing in front of the building. Gabriel has a notepad and a small knife, and Cassidy has her camera and bat. Both have flashlights.]

GABRIEL: You think this is gonna work?

CASSIDY: Positive. The nightguard just sleeps on the job all the fuckin' time, people have robbed this place and got off scott-free before. We're not gonna get caught.

GABRIEL: No I mean- about there being evidence?

CASSIDY: The employees only- uh- spaces, whatever they're called- they've gotta- have gotta hold some kind of answers to where those kids are. Or at least clues.

GABRIEL: Yeah, yeah, that's true... Oh- plus the kitchen? That's off-limits during the day, right? So we're gonna figure out- all that.

CASSIDY: Oh my god, I forgot about that! Yeah yeah- [she snickers] Let's figure out the mystery of three missing kids and really shitty pizza.

[Gabriel laughs.]

CASSIDY: Listen we got- there's priorities here! The pizza sucks, let's go figure all that out, and also three kids disappeared, that's- that's also important!

GABRIEL: *You're fuckin ridiculous-*

[He's still laughing as he walks up to the doors.]

GABRIEL: *Okay, all this is locked, so we're probably gonna need to uhh, to break the lock somehow? Or we could pick it- no, I dunno if we have anything that'd fit, you had a hairpin earlier, do you still have one of those Cassi-*

[He is cut off by the sound of Cassidy just breaking the fuckin window.]

CASSIDY: *Problem solved! Let's go in. [she starts to crawl in]*

GABRIEL: *WH- Cassidy that's- that is stupid illegal!!*

CASSIDY: *We broke into someone's house, Gabriel.*

GABRIEL: *...*

[He follows her. The two drop into the building and gather their bearings.]

CASSIDY: *Wow, this is so... quiet.*

GABRIEL: *Let's keep it that way, don't wanna wake up the nightguard. [he is writing down "place is creepy at night" in his notepad]*

CASSIDY: *Ohp, yeah. [looking around] Where is that guy?*

[Cassidy glances over at the stage, noticing that only Bonnie is there, and he's fucking *staring*, black tear-like streaks down his face, eyes completely dark with spots of bright light, with something dark leaking out of the seams. She looks confused and frightened, snapping a picture, letting it print as Gabriel talks.]

GABRIEL: *So, where're we gonna-?*

CASSIDY: *Uhhhh- I don't- hhhhoww about the kitchen? Sanitization? All that?*

[As they talk, Cassidy hands the picture to Gabriel. Gabriel opens his bag, which has a small box in it. He puts the photo into the box.]

GABRIEL: Yeah, let's uhh- let's gooo aaaaand-

CASSIDY: Let's SEE SOME BULLSHIT.

GABRIEL: *Cassidy, volume!* [He playfully shoves her, and she shoves him back.]

CASSIDY: Dude, it's okay, no one's even gonna know we're here!

GABRIEL: *The nightguard!! Aren't you trying to report this?*

CASSIDY: He's probably asleep! And you fh- I- *you know what I mean!*

[Over the last few lines is a shot of someone watching the kids. You just see his hand, grasping the wall to peek around the corner, before seeing half his face. He's shaded so heavily that any exact facial features are impossible to make out- he's practically a deep purple silhouette, except for his eyes, and the faintest hint of a twisted smile.]

[Cuts to the kids getting to the kitchen. They're just at the door at first, hearing the clattering of the pots and pans.]

GABRIEL: Uhh- I don't, are you sure about this??

CASSIDY: ... [She's clearly scared, but swallows nervously and turns the doorknob.]
AHH-HA!

[Gabriel shines his flashlight, and Cassidy points her bat dramatically at... nothing.]

CASSIDY: Wh- [She turns on her flashlight, looking around.] Hold on- *what was making that-*

GABRIEL: Uhh, *Cassidy?*

[Cassidy turns to where Gabriel is shining his flashlight and sees Chica, rummaging in pots and pans, as if she's looking for something.]

CASSIDY: Wh- what's she doing- *they wander at night??*

GABRIEL: I uh- I think that was a rumor, yeah yeah- didn't think it was *true*, it seemed kinda unbelievable, just-

[Chica turns to the kids, showing that she too has the weird marks Bonnie had- black eyes with white lights, dark tear-like streaks, something black oozing from the seams. Gabriel grabs Cassidy as pulls her outta the room, as Cassidy pulls out her camera and takes one single very blurry picture.]

CASSIDY: Shit- *Gabriel I need a photo!*

GABRIEL: Oh fuck, sorry! I panicked- sorry sorry-

CASSIDY: You're fine, you're fine. Just-

[They grab the printed photo from the ground. It's too blurry to make anything out.]

CASSIDY: *Shit...*

GABRIEL: Shitt, I'm sorry, that's wasted film...

CASSIDY: It's okay! I've got more, and we- we gotta be more careful, and take some more pictures. Uhh- help?

[Cassidy pushes the door open slightly, with both her and Gabriel shining their flashlights through it. Cassidy snaps seven pictures of the kitchen, getting pictures of Chica's face, the oozing black liquid, and the general state of the kitchen. She grabs the photos as they print, handing them to Gabriel. She tries to take another, but the camera just clicks.]

CASSIDY: Shit- outta film.

GABRIEL: I uh- think that's enough pictures of the kitchen?

[Cassidy nods, and they carefully close the kitchen door. Gabriel puts his bag down, placing the developing photos on it, as Cassidy loads another cartridge of film into her camera.]

GABRIEL: [under breath] *God*, that's creepy...

CASSIDY: Huh?

GABRIEL: Wh-

[He looks up, expression blank.]

CASSIDY: You- you said something.

[Beat.]

GABRIEL: ...I fucking forgot what I said.

CASSIDY: *Pfft-*

[The photos have developed, and Cassidy and Gabriel scoot over, squinting at them.]

CASSIDY: Jesus- *that's where they're cooking the food?*

GABRIEL: How the hell has this place not been sued yet? There's gotta be safety codes- when was the last time there was a health inspection?!

CASSIDY: *That's...* shit, already fucking bad...

GABRIEL: Plus like... god if- if- cause like- if the sanitization is that bad then- then the uhh, the kids... 'Cause like- someone's probably tried to sue for this, but...

CASSIDY: Hold on a sec, look at this. [She picks up the picture of Bonnie and a picture of Chica, showing them to Gabriel.] They both got that same shit, like- the black stuff leaking.

GABRIEL: Weiiiird... I've never seen anything like that before.

CASSIDY: Night mode thing?

GABRIEL: I mean, I'm pretty sure a night mode wouldn't like- why would it have your eyes leak? That doesn't make any-

CASSIDY: [talking over his last sentence] They get to cry!

[This catches Gabriel off-guard, and he starts laughing. Cassidy giggles to herself as she loads the pictures into the box.]

GABRIEL: I mean- they need that, they have to sing those goddamn songs all day!

CASSIDY: They can have that! They deserve the right to cry a little!

[Gabriel laughs as Cassidy finishes putting the pictures away, and he stands up.]

GABRIEL: God dude we- what were we doing?

CASSIDY: Uhhh- we gotta go figure out what-

[She turns around, only to be faced with the Freddy animatronic. She jumps back in shock, grabbing Gabriel's shoulder and pulling him back.]

CASSIDY: OH SHIT- JESUS, HOW DID-

GABRIEL: Hhhe's off his stage- oh shit-

CASSIDY: HEY! Dude- hey, I am ARMED, and SO is he, so don't- I'm warning you! Don't you fuckin-

GABRIEL: Wait- Cassidy his eyes are normal!

CASSIDY: Oh wait wh- they are!

[Sure enough, Freddy's eyes are normal, and there's no black liquid oozing from anywhere. He looks at Gabriel, kneeling down next to him. Cassidy puts a hand on her bat.]

GABRIEL: Uh- wait- wait shit- oh fuck-

CASSIDY: *I'm fucking warning-*

[Freddy gives Gabriel a hug. He blinks in surprise for a second with a little "oh!", before hugging him back with a little giggle.]

GABRIEL: I think he's friendl- I forgot how soft he was!

CASSIDY: Oh what?

[She puts a hand on Freddy's shoulder, before gently petting his arm and hugging it as she speaks.]

CASSIDY: Oh what the hell, he is!!

GABRIEL: It- okay they're not all like, bugged, he's friendly!

CASSIDY: Hm, that's... [Beat.] ...Hey, where's Foxy?

[these lines are over panels of them getting to pirate cove, while being followed by something scribbled out with purple]

GABRIEL: Whuh?

CASSIDY: Bonnie and Chica are fucked up, Freddy's fine, how's Foxy doing then?

GABRIEL: We should probably check?

CASSIDY: [at pirate cove] I mean, that does seem like a good idea- check the one thing we haven't checked yet.

GABRIEL: [giggles] Shut up.

[They approach the Pirate Cove curtain. Gabriel shines the flashlight through the curtain, seeing the red of Foxy. Cassidy quickly pulls the curtain back, flinching as she does.]

GABRIEL: Okay, okay...

CASSIDY: He's fucked up too? What the hell is going on?

[Foxy is, indeed, fucked up. Cassidy snaps a picture as Gabriel speaks.]

GABRIEL: Shitt... and they've- god why do they all smell so bad?

CASSIDY: Oh yeah, you're *just now noticing*?

GABRIEL: *Pfft*. I mean like- ...Actually I don't know what I mean.

CASSIDY: [giggle] Listen, we- okay we- we gotta figure this out, it's like... it's gotta be connected. So- so Fazbear Entertainment's clearly, uh... clearly cutting corners in places, like- okay we gotta gather our evidence, so... We- we figured that out, the cutting corners, cause, uhh... cause there's been incidents of like- animatronics malfunctioning onstage, and the pizza's been like, declining in- it's been tasting more shitty.

GABRIEL: Mhm.

[As Cassidy talks, Gabriel looks to the side, not fully certain of what they're doing.]

CASSIDY: And like- that's like- okay it's a shitty restaurant, that's nothing really worth investigating, but then there's- the son of, of the, of one of the CEOs, they- they had those springlock suits and it ended up killing him really brutally. That's

like, that's a really bad amount of- of negligence. But they *got rid* of those springlocks the next year.

GABRIEL: Plus the- the owner got injured by one of those like, a few years before his son died.

CASSIDY: Oh right, yeah, I forgot about that. So- so it took the owner almost dying and a kid actually dying for them t-

GABRIEL: And an employee.

CASSIDY: AND an employee- and an employee for them to stop- it took the owner getting injured, his son getting killed, and an employee getting killed for them to stop using springlock suits, yeah?

GABRIEL: Yep.

CASSIDY: Okay so that's- that's a goddamn disgusting amount of like- of negligence and safety violations. And all that's bad, that's really bad already! The- the sanitization issues, the animatronic malfunctions, the shit pizza, the deaths, that's *bad!!* But then you consider like- three kids are gone, including a fucking *four year old...*

[Gabriel glances up at Foxy. His head has moved to stare right at Cassidy.]

GABRIEL: Cassidy?

CASSIDY: That's- there's negligence, malfunctioning animatronics, safety hazards, and at least two- ...no wait, *both* the CEOs lost kids here, right?

GABRIEL: Er- yeah- Cassidy-

CASSIDY: Okay so- That's like, that's- like- there's three deaths under Fazbear Entertainment's belt, and three missing children. This is just... and clearly they're

like, sweeping things under the rug, right? Because those kids- that's *three fucking kids!*

GABRIEL: *Cassidy.*

CASSIDY: [noticing his discomfort] What's wrong? [noticing foxy] Did- *did that thing move?!*

[Foxy has moved a bit more, and is staring at them intensely.]

CASSIDY: What the fuck- *HEY-*

[There's a shot focused on how fucking sharp Foxy's hook is, and Gabriel's terrified expression. He grabs Cassidy's arm and pulls her out of Pirate Cove. They get out of the room, slamming the door behind them]

GABRIEL: [panting] That was... that was close.

CASSIDY: *What the hell is going on here?! Like- the animatronics- what the fuck?*

GABRIEL: God, should... should we be doing this?

CASSIDY: What?

GABRIEL: Cassidy, this seems... like, this feels really- I kinda... feel we're getting in over our heads? We've- we've got photos of the animatronics, and we've got the shit from our own investigations, I think that's enough to-

CASSIDY: No it's not. This just proves like- this's negligence, what happened to those kids isn't- Something has to have happened to them. They couldn't have vanished into thin air.

[shot focused on foxy as she says those last two sentences.]

CASSIDY: If this fucking company can sweep a child *dying* at their establishment under the rug, then they're one hundred percent willing to cover up *more*. Proving that- prov- proving there's shit hygiene and weird stuff isn't enough, there's gotta be *something* up top. There's gotta be some reason they disappeared.

GABRIEL: I know, I get that. Just...

[As Cassidy keeps talking, it's subtly shown that someone is approaching. Someone in an animatronic suit with rabbit ears.]

CASSIDY: Look, unless I have rock-solid evidence that Fazbear's doing shit, I can't show this to anyone. No one is gonna believe me until I-

GABRIEL: Three kids have disappeared, Cassidy. Another got his fucking skull crushed, another got *stabbed* outside the building.

CASSIDY: That's not enough! If that was enough, this place would be shut down already! I need to find out where those kids are, and I need evidence for whatever Fazbear's did to them, *and it needs to be convincing*, or it'll never-

AFTON: Excuse me, children.

[Cassidy and Gabriel jump, spinning around to face the tall, imposing figure of William Afton, in full Spring Bonnie suit, *eerily* calm.]

AFTON: But what are you two doing here?

GABRIEL: We- what- *that's*-

CASSIDY: [reaching for her bat] Who the fuck are you?!

GABRIEL: [under his breath] *That's a- they were decommissioned-*

AFTON: The establishment is closed. Why on earth are you both inside?

CASSIDY: [clearly scrambling for an excuse] We- uh- we were just-

GABRIEL: Wwweee wanted to see how the animatronics worked!!

AFTON: Oh, did you now?

CASSIDY: Wh- yeah!

GABRIEL: I'm uhh- I'm trying to learn- learnnnnnn engineering! And- and me and my sister, [he hooks an arm around Cassidy as he calls her his sister] we wanted- we wanted to know how the animatronics worked, and we- like, like, I wanted to look at how they tick!

CASSIDY: Yyep! I uhh- I convinced him to break in!! We uhhh- we overshot the time, we wanted to catch an actual *employee*! Uh we- looks like we got our wish, cause, I'mmmm *guessing* you're an employee? Right?

AFTON: ...What makes you assume that so easily?

CASSIDY: I mean, you're here after hours!

GABRIEL: Yeah! Plus like- I mean, I mean, only an employee would- isn't that an old Spring Bonnie suit?

[Cassidy realizes why the Spring Bonnie suits look like that. It's a *springlock suit*. Those suits are *extremely* dangerous. How would this man even have access to it?]

AFTON: [taking interest in gabriel now] ...Excuse me?

GABRIEL: Yeah that's- those were decommissioned a couple years ago, right? Uhh- they're made of uh, of springlocks, and- they're dangerous as hell, they caused really really bad accidents? Why're- it's not safe for you to wear those.

AFTON: ...The both of you broke into the building to learn what's wrong with the animatronics.

[Cassidy blinks at the sudden nonsequitor, but then realizes that they might be in trouble.]

GABRIEL: Uh-

AFTON: Am I correct in saying that?

CASSIDY: We weren't gonna take em apart! Uh- I know it- it sounds like that, but- we weren't! Honest!

GABRIEL: Yeah! Plus uhh- you're- you're clearly an employee, cause- cause no one else but employees know how those suits work, or how to put them on. So- so, Cassidy, he can explain how they work!

CASSIDY: Huh?

GABRIEL: [turning to face Cassidy] Yeah! We- we came to see how uhh- how the, the animatronics work, and we've got an employee! He'd know how they work!

[Gabriel signs the words "PLAN B" as he speaks. Cassidy's eyes widen.]

AFTON: ...Would you like me to show you?

CASSIDY: Wait, you're- [brief moment of stammering, panicking, uncertainty]
You're not mad about the uhh, the break- the break-in?

AFTON: You're willing to bend the laws for scientific pursuit. And I... well, I can certainly respect that. You'd both like to know how the animatronics work?

GABRIEL: [uncertain expression] ...Uh-huh.

AFTON: Alright then. I may not be an employee, but I was, once. I know how these suits work. I'll show you.

[He stands, taking Gabriel's hand.]

AFTON: *Just follow me.*

[Gabriel fingerspells to Cassidy "PLAN B." Cassidy *slowly* follows, as Gabriel starts asking Afton questions.]

GABRIEL: What did- what do you mean you uhh- you were an employee? Were you like, were you fired? Or- who the hell patented those suits? *How do they...*

[As Gabriel's questions towards Afton become distant (i can't be bothered to write all that shit out), Cassidy slips away.]

She sneaks through the dark, quiet halls, armed with only her flashlight and baseball bat. She spots an office door that's been left ajar, and with a confused yet determined expression, sneaks in.]

CASSIDY: Allright, what're you hiding?

[Going through the office as quiet as possible, she notes several papers on the desk, mumbling to herself specific incriminating details, folding them up and stuffing them in her pocket.]

She starts opening drawers, looking through shit, and finds a few VHS tapes in the drawers- the tapes are labeled "Springlock Suits Policy Update (Philip Guillory)". She puts one on, and sits down in front of the video player.]

TAPE: *Uh, hello? Hello, hello! Uh, there's been a slight change of company policy concerning use of the suits. Um, don't. After learning of an unfortunate incident at the sister location...*

[As Cassidy watches, she grabs paper and a pen from the desk nearby, and starts writing down notes. She exhales heavily. She's getting closer- she's so close to cracking this case she can *taste it*.]

[Cassidy goes to load in the next tape. As she does, she hears a hoarse, strained, *agonized* breathing sound. She loads in the tape and presses the button to start it up. As she does, she hears a hoarse, strained, *agonized* breathing sound, and in the reflection of the TV sees Bonnie, staring at her, eyes wide. She yelps and spins around as the tape starts playing.]

CASSIDY: JEEZ- WH- [beat] ...*Did you follow me?*

[Bonnie says nothing, merely staring at her.]

CASSIDY: ...What are you? What are the others? Wh- Where are the kids? You guys did something to those fuckin' kids, where are they? What happened?

[Bonnie, clearly with some amount of great effort and pain, manages to reach up its hand to prod at its chest plate. The chest plate specifically has a lot of black ooze coming out of it. In this light, it looks almost red.]

CASSIDY: ...*What the fuck-* is... why is it leaking? What's that black stuff? Wh-

[Bonnie again, still clearly in pain, almost desperately gestures to its chest plate with another agonized whine. Cassidy stares at it for a second, glances up at Bonnie and just how large he is compared to her, glances down at her hands.]

CASSIDY: [eyes narrowing with determination] ...*Fuck it.*

[She walks up to Bonnie, glancing up at him, and grabs at the chest plate. As the dialogue from the tape being played keeps going, she pulls at it, and pulls at it, and finally manages to pry it off. She falls backwards from the effort, blood splattering onto her.]

CASSIDY: *Shit- fuck, what the- wh-*

[Cassidy sees the blood all over her, and looks up in horror. Jeremy's corpse is not shown, not to us. But with the amount of blood on the floor, and on Cassidy's clothes...

Cassidy scrambles backwards, her back hitting the desk, pulling out her camera and snapping photos in a panic, even while there are other photos printing, until she's out of film. We don't see the photos- any shot that might show their contents has them scribbled out.]

TAPE: *...and under no circumstance should a customer ever be taken into this room and out of the main show area. Management has also been made aware that the Spring Bonnie animatronic has been noticeably moved.*

[We see panels depicting the fucked up animatronics, and the missing persons snapshots of the kids, and as the tape speaks, we see written all over Cassidy's face that she has pieced together exactly what happened to those kids.]

CASSIDY: Oh god- oh god, I- shit- SHIT-

[She manages to grab most of the photos, except one. It's so blurry we can't make out any details. Just a red smear. Cassidy scrambles to her feet and runs out the office, panicking.]

TAPE: *Thank you and remember to smile; you are the face of Freddy Fazbear's Pizza.*

[Cassidy runs through the building in a complete panic.]

CASSIDY: GABRIEL! GABRIEL! WE NEED TO GET OUT, NOW! GABRIEL! WHERE ARE YOU?!

[She notices the safe room door is open, and frantically runs to it, shoving it open.]

CASSIDY: GABRIEL, WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, WE NEED TO-

[She cuts herself off, and her face is filled with horror.]

Gabriel's corpse, too, is not shown. But we see the barest glimpse of dark red, twisted flesh, and we see William Afton's hand holding the knife covered in his blood.

It cuts to Afton, smiling under the rabbit mask. As always, he's eerily calm. There is not much blood splattered on his costume, except all over his hands. Gabriel's knife is sticking out of the padding in his shoulder. There's no blood oozing out of it.

Gabriel's corpse is censored with glitches.]

AFTON: Ah, right on time.

[He starts approaching, bloody knife in hand.]

CASSIDY: [quietly, tearing up] No... *no, no, nonononono...*

AFTON: Cassidy, was it? Your friend Gabriel was telling me all about you- your little investigations. Your dreams. How you wanted to try and take down the franchise- in all honesty, it was quite endearing. Little children with big dreams of taking down a *corporation*. It really is adorable, how you truly thought you could-

[As Afton speaks, we see Cassidy's face go from fear, to complete devastation and grief looking at Gabriel's corpse, to a raw, painful *fury*. She grabs her bat, cutting off Afton by swinging it into his chest. He's genuinely caught off guard by this, coughing in surprise.]

AFTON: Gh- *what-*

[Cassidy swings the bat at him again, though this time he manages to dodge. She's got tears in her eyes.]

CASSIDY: I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU, I'LL KILL YOU, I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM
FUCKING LIMB, WHAT'VE YOU DONE, WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU-

AFTON: *Listen, yh- you fucking-*

[She swings again, managing to hit Afton again. There are small clicks, which genuinely make him stumble backwards in a sort of fear, trying to wind up the springlocks. Cassidy runs at Gabriel's corpse, which is scribbled over, replaced with a glitchy, childish sketch of a dead Gabriel with X's for eyes. She starts shaking him, tears streaming down her face.]

CASSIDY: *Gabriel- Gabriel get up- get the FUCK UP, Gabe- Gabriel please, you need- no, no please no- we need to get out of here, we need-*

[Cassidy grabs Gabriel's body and starts trying to carry him, but she's not strong enough.]

CASSIDY: *We need out- I'm getting you out of here, I'm getting-*

[The door slams shut. Cassidy, having failed to carry Gabriel, looks up, to see the smug Afton, with a malicious smile on his face.]

AFTON: ...Did you think this through? In the slightest?

CASSIDY: *You... you fucking...*

AFTON: No, *really*, what was your plan here? Did you think you'd just run out of here with him? That you'd get his corpse to the hospital, and all would be well? You forgot you could just leave the room, didn't you? You threw away your *slim* chance of survival. You've run right into my trap, Miss Price.

CASSIDY: *Go... to... HELL!*

[She grabs her bat, running at Afton again. But this time, when she swings at him, he just catches it. He *tsk-tsk*s at her, a cruel gleam in his eyes, as Cassidy looks truly horrified, fully realizing how dire the odds against her are. She is a thirteen year old armed with a baseball bat, and he's a grown man far stronger than her, armed with a knife- not just that, but a serial killer, who's already claimed five lives, and is about to claim a sixth.]

AFTON: *Aren't you cute.*

[He shoves her away roughly, and she's essentially thrown against the wall. There's a snap as he breaks her baseball bat in half, throwing her part of it. It's completely unusable, and yet she still grabs it, pointing it at him, backing herself into the wall, crying, mumbling *get away from me.*]

AFTON: You managed to startle me for a moment. I wasn't expecting you to try and attack me. Though, I suppose I should've...

[Shot focusing on him reaching for Gabriel's knife, pierced into his shoulder. He takes it out, showing that the blade is completely clean. It didn't even scratch him. It just stabbed into the suit.]

AFTON: ...considering he did.

CASSIDY: [through tears] *Get away, get away, get the fuck away...*

[She continues mumbling along these lines through Afton's dialogue. Afton drops Gabriel's knife on the ground, stepping on it and shattering the blade completely.]

AFTON: You put up more of a fight than he did. Bravo, Miss Price. You actually almost *got away*. But then you just... *had to run for him*, didn't you? Had to try and save a dead man. You just threw your chances of survival away, *and for what?*

CASSIDY: *Get away from me, gh- I... will fucking.... KILL YOU.*

AFTON: [chuckle] Really? You will? Let me just ask you one question...

[Cassidy looks up at Afton in fear, tears in her eyes. Afton's shadow is casting her in darkness. She clutches the head of her baseball bat. It's fully hit her that she isn't making it out of here alive. She's gonna die here. She'll never reveal what happened to the kids. She'll never help take down the person doing what he did to those kids. She's just the fifth missing child. Just another life claimed by the Fazbear Franchise. *She's gonna die.*]

AFTON: *How on earth do you plan to do that?*

[Cut to the next day. Cassidy's parents and Gabriel's father are confronting a security guard outside of Freddy Fazbear's.]

GABRIEL'S DAD: You're *lying* and you know it, they were here last night, *where is my son?*

GUARD: [clearly exhausted] I'm not- no one visited here last night, and if two teenagers tried, they barely got anywhere.

JACKIE: You LIAR! She TOLD me that she and Gabriel were visiting here tonight!

ROBERT: I'm not playing your *fucking GAME* right now, *WHERE THE HELL IS CASSIDY?!*

GUARD: You think your word's better than proof? There's no evidence that they even visited here last night, let alone that they disappeared here. If something tragic did happen to them at this location-

JACKIE: MY DAUGHTER DID NOT-

GUARD: -then it is not Fazbear Entertainment's responsibility, nor are we liable for any injuries that may have occurred on our premises.

ROBERT: You're not helping your FUCKING case, you DID something, I KNOW this fucking company did shit, where's my FUCKING DAUGHTER?

GABRIEL'S DAD: *We want. To know. Where our kids are.* Three other kids have fucking vanished here, this is a *pattern*.

GUARD: You're being extremely unreasonable and scaring customers, and I need to ask you all to leave so you don't disrupt the experience of-

[There's a mild commotion as the customers inside start getting ushered out by staff. Henry Emily and William Afton, the co-owners of the Fazbear Franchise, exit the building and approach the guard.]

GUARD: The fuck is-

JACKIE: What-

AFTON: Clear out anyone else who may be in the building, the police have been called.

GUARD: ...okay.

GABRIEL'S DAD: *What-* what's happening? Hey hey, wait, what's going on-

HENRY: Oh god I'm so sorry about- listen, you three need to leave, we've- there may have been an incident, we've discovered blood on one of the carpets in-

JACKIE: *WHAT?*

HENRY: -in, in a, uh, a higher-up office, and with- with those kids- we need to-

ROBERT: WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?!

GABRIEL'S DAD: [tearing up, freaking out bad] *Nonono-* listen my son- our kids vanished in that building last night, we need to- *oh god-*

[Henry's eyes widen as he realizes what may have happened.]

HENRY: *Oh- oh god-* I'm so sorry, my god, I- [He puts his hands on Robert and Gabriel's dad's shoulders.] Listen, we- we are going to find whoever- whatever happened to your kids- I'm so sorry, I know what this is like, I've gone through this too, I am so, so sorry, I promise we will-

[Jackie attempts to run into the building, but is stopped by William holding her back.]

JACKIE: LET ME IN! LET ME IN, PLEASE I NEED-

AFTON: Mrs. Price, will you *calm down* and-

ROBERT: *Let my wife g- WHERE ARE OUR KIDS?!*

JACKIE: *CASSIDY!*

[Robert too attempts to shove past Afton, but is pulled back by Henry. Gabriel's dad is standing there, staring at the building, tears in his eyes, shaking.]

HENRY: *Hey hey-* I'm sorry, I know I know, I'm sorry I have to do this, I can't let you- *you're not allowed in the building-!*

ROBERT: *GIVE US OUR KIDS BACK!*

AFTON: Henry, they're clearly unstable at the moment, we need to remove them from the premises and-

HENRY: They're fucking *grieving*, Will, give them a *moment*, we're not gonna just-

JACKIE: *WHERE'S MY CASSIDY?!*

[The final page of this chapter. Golden Freddy is sitting against the wall. Not just its lips are coated in blood from Evan's death, but all around its neck, as if decapitated. Freddy is lying on the ground beside it, limp and lifeless, the remains of the shattered knife near its hand.

Both animatronics now have the hallmarks of being stuffed with a corpse. Black eyesockets with glowing white pupils. Tear-like streaks down their faces. Blood oozing from all the seams of their stitching and machinery. Except this blood isn't blackened with age- it's a vibrant, *fresh* shade of bright red.

The final lines of dialogue from the argument are shown.]

GABRIEL'S DAD: *Where's my son? Where are our kids?!*

ROBERT: *What have you DONE TO THEM?!*