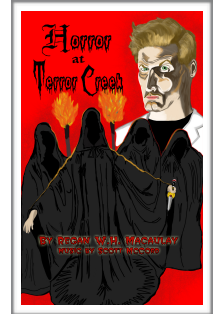


The "Horror at Terror Creek" Book Launch Party!

Collectively created by Simone Cordice, Kim Croscup, R.J. Downes, Jason Reilly, Kevin Risk and Regan W. H. Macaulay

Author: Good evening everyone, and welcome to the book launch party for *Horror at Terror Creek*, the third book in the “Trilogy of Horrifically Half-Baked Ham.” I am the author and host for this evening’s 90-minute event. Allow me to introduce our special guests. Please welcome Fanny Punn!



Author: Fanny is a grad student from a university that doesn’t exist. Her thesis centres around a town called Terror Creek, which you can tell by the name is a totally wholesome place. Fanny is into ghost towns, macabre things, pink and her husband-to-be, Vincent. So, allow me to introduce Vincent!



Author: Vincent is also a grad student, but he’s more focused on getting ready for his wedding to his most beloved Fanny. Vincent’s interests are Fanny, Fanny and Fanny. Vincent is represented by a picture of an imp...

Vincent: An imp? Really?

Horror at Terror Creek: **(Yes, it's the book talking)** We don't have pictures of handsome people...just beautiful and horrifying people...

Author: We also have with us Fanny's History Professor, who comes from the very town Fanny is researching! What a coincidence...or not...mwah-ha-ha...he's sort of an old goat, so he's represented by a picture of a goat...



Author: Our next guest is Rosemary, Fanny's BFF. Rosemary is with child—let's hope that goes well. She's married to the unbelievably lovable Christopher, represented here by this grotesque demon—



Rosemary: It's complicated.

Christopher: No. I'm better looking than that.

Horror at Terror Creek: Of course you are, dear.

Author: —and when I say Christopher is lovable, I mean he's a prick. Hide your children and your salt shakers ... I hear this guy's just gotten into satanic witchcraft. Speaking of witchcraft, allow me to introduce Ligeia of the town of Terror Creek. She's the innkeeper at the Athame Inn and is also the local Satanic Priestess. So diversified!



Ligeia: Good evening...everyone...eww...

Author: Next we have Dr. Audley Salmon. He toils in the dungeons ... I mean lab ... I mean basement of the Athame Inn on some sort of reanimation project he's very excited about. He says he's a lapsed Satanist, but who are we to judge.



Fanny: **(To Vincent)** How AH-FREAKING-MAZING is it to be in Terror Creek!!!

Vincent: I know Honey. It's amazing and all...but did you get a chance to look at the table cloth swatches for the wedding? I packed them in your suitcase before we came.

Rosemary: **(Blushing with a shy grin)** Oh Kimmie, you made it!

Fanny: **(Pushing past Vincent to hug Rosemary)** ROSIE!!! AHHHHHHHHH!!! I can't believe this day is FINALLY here!!! I've wanted this my whole life!

Rosemary: **(Embarrassed by her nick name blunder, moves close to Fanny and says under her breath)** Oops I mean Fanny, I know we are older now...I shouldn't refer to you by our childhood nickname in public. BFFs for life. **(Motions to give Fanny a high five)**

Fanny: **(To Rosemary)** You know it! EEEK! I still can't believe we are here!

Rosemary: **(Moves toward Vincent)** Hey Vincent. How is everything? You enjoying like here at Terror Creek? Such a great night for an event like this, huh?

Vincent: **(Nodding to Rosemary, then addressing Fanny)** Okay, we'll talk about it later. Just don't forget. It's really important we make a choice soon.

Author: Everyone, please welcome Raven. Don't expect her to talk to you, she's mute, but she's very interested in communicating in any way she can! She also works at the Athame Inn as a maid.



Raven: **(Eyes everyone suspiciously, then briefly lifts her hand to wave, and sort of half smiles)**

Horror at Terror Creek: The room smiles back to you, Raven.

Author: Alongside Raven is Edgar, who is a bellboy at the Athame Inn. This one CAN talk...believe me. He's a big fan of Edgar Allan Poe, btw.



Edgar: So honoured and privileged to be here this evening. The weather is a perfect mix of crisp air and evening flecks of sunset orange...

Ligeia: **(To Edgar)** Beautiful description, darling, for a philistine...

Vincent: It's like the night I proposed to Fanny. Do you remember honey?

Author: Our next guest is Lorre, Dr. Salmon's brother and experiment. He lives in a tower in the oddly castle-like Athame Inn.



Lorre: **(To room)** Hello everyone. I brought a box of wine for us all to share. This is a very exciting night.

Author: And last but certainly not least, we have a man known only as The Stranger. And he has a cheese sandwich!



Author: Welcome everyone! Please, mingle and enjoy the party! I will announce a contest for a copy of the book shortly!

The Stranger: It's enchanting to see everyone. I only have enough sandwich for myself. I'd just like to make that clear to avoid any...ahem...unpleasantness.

Vincent: I wonder if we should have cheese sandwiches at our reception dinner.

Ligeia: **(To Vincent)** Cheese sandwiches at your reception dinner...another philistine...

The Stranger: **(To Vincent)** I would very much like to attend that reception.

Christopher: I'd like some cheese. Give it to me. Seriously. I'm hungry.

Fanny: OH, MY GAWD. This place is just like I imagined it. Look at the wall paper! What secrets do these walls hold? I mean, there has to be a reason this town has survived while all the others around it turned into ghost towns...

The Stranger: **(Drops some cheese from his sandwich onto the floor)** Everyone back! That cheese is mine! **(Picks it up and stuffs it back between the bread)**

Ligeia: **(To The Stranger)** I know I know you, but I'm going to go over here and pretend that I don't...

Stranger: **(To Ligeia)** Nope...I don't think we know each other. It's certainly not from that place where we discussed that thing. Not at all. We are...me by name actually...strangers...

Ligeia **(To The Stranger)** Quiet, you! You'll completely give us away!

Edgar: **(Grinning proudly with his nose in the air)** As a scientist with an emphasis on grand analysis, I take pride on equipping my enchanting company with detailed descriptions of the fleeting nature surrounding us as it abounds--

Ligeia: Edgar, you are a bellboy, not a scientist. Keep talking and you won't even be a bellboy. Now, fetch me some salt and sage! It's spell-working time!

Vincent: **(To The Stranger)** If you like receptions, you'll love ours. I have it all planned out. That is to say, we have it all planned out. **(To Fanny)** Right, hon? Hon?

Fanny: Huh? Did you say something, Vincent?

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** Nothing, dear.



The Stranger: **(To Vincent)** I recommend Swiss. It's a lovely wedding cheese. Very romantic...and my favourite.

Vincent: **(To Stranger)** I like Gouda so I can call Fanny my little Gouda Buda Wuda.

Horror at Terror Creek: Gross...

Professor: **(To the room)** I don't mean to interrupt but I was passing by and heard talk of weddings, grad students and cheese. Sounds like an interesting party you have going on here.

Fanny: Hmmmmmm? What was that, Vincent? **(She pushes past him and rings the bell at the hotel desk)** Hello??? Does anybody know how I can arrange a town tour?

Vincent: **(To the room)** Can anyone help my wife...I mean...my fiancée out with a tour of the town? It would mean the world to her.

Edgar: **(Rushes to reception desk)** At your service Miss Pun.

Ligeia: **(To Fanny, pushing Edgar out of the way)** Hello little blond creature. You would like a tour of the town? How about a tour under the grounds of the hotel?

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** An underground tour? What do you think, my dearest?

Fanny: **(Finally paying attention to Vincent)** An underground tour? The town has underground path? YES!!! **(She hugs Vincent, jumping up and down)**

Vincent: **(To Rosemary)** This is going great. My heart's desire is getting her heart's desire. What more could a man want?

The Stranger: **(To Vincent & Fanny)** You know the best cheese for underground tours is a nice old cheddar.

Edgar: Shall I make arrangements for the whole group?

Ligeia: Edgar, you always make things so complicated, just take everyone downstairs, dammit! Show this lovely lady the coven's altar...in the basement...below the dungeons...Dr. Salmon? Perhaps you could come along as well? Help me restrain...I mean, wrangle everyone?

Lorre: Audley??? Is that you? It's your brother Lorre!!!

Dr. Salmon: Oh, God. It's you. Hello. Brother of sorts.

Ligeia: Dr. Salmon, Edgar, Professor, please escort these humans downstairs...

Professor: **(To Ligeia)** With pleasure, my lady.

Author: While the characters and any of our other guests move downstairs, let me just take this opportunity to invite anyone who's an actual person, and not a figment of my imagination, to interact/comment etc!

(Fanny skips down the stairs to the basement behind Edgar)

Raven: **(Tries to stop Fanny, but she gets to the door too late)**

Ligeia: Edgar, you like Raven so much, take her downstairs, too. (to Raven) Meddling creature!

Edgar: **(After slowly rolling his eyes and a huge sigh, he sarcastically bellows)** Sure Ligeia...The "Queen of the Underworld" has spoken. Follow me to youuuuuur doooooom, if you dare.

Dr. Salmon: **(To Edgar)** A little on the nose, my dear fellow.

Raven: **(Waits until Ligeia looks away, then sticks out her tongue at her, while she is pulled down the stairs)**

Dr. Salmon: Don't go in the lab to the left. It's where I...keep my porn. 

Lorre: **(To Salmon)** Got it! And you'll help make others like you made me right??? Downstairs? Is the party moving downstairs? Should I bring the wine?

Horror at Terror Creek: Always bring wine. Looking at your mug is tough on the sober!

Dr. Salmon: **(To Lorre)** Yes. Wine always makes spending time with family better.

Vincent: **(To the room)** I'd die a thousand times over as long as I get to spend my last moments with my dear Fanny.

Horror at Terror Creek: Again, gross...

The Stranger **(To Vincent)**: And you shall sir. And you shall....

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** Watch your step my love. Those old stone steps look pretty ragged and cracked.



Fanny: (**Doing everything BUT watching her step**) Look at these stones. Just imagine all the people that have used these steps before us. There's so much history in these rocks.

Rosemary: (**Trembling a little with an uneasy feeling**) I want to come along Fanny but the baby. I don't want to trip down there. Christopher, can you please hold my hand?

Dr. Salmon: (**Cuffs Lorre on the head**) Oops. I slipped...oops. I slipped again.



Vincent: (**Pointing down**) What's that a head?

The Stranger: (**To Vincent**) That's...uh...a metaphor, of course. What lovely catacombs, yes???

Vincent: Sorry everyone. I don't know why I said it like that. I meant, "What's that ahead down the stairs?"

Edgar: Ohhhhhhhh. Let me light this torch, we will get a better view of what is ahead.

Vincent: (**To Edgar**) That actually looks like a head. For real...

Fanny: Vincent don't be ridiculous. (**She turns and sees the head and screams**)

Dr. Salmon: (**To Vincent**) We think heads are so festive. We like to drape them here and there.

Fanny: It's a dungeon. Woahhhhhhhh...



Dr. Salmon: Yes. Woah. Now get in there. I have so many sciencey things to do.

Vincent: It's very, dungeony. I like the cobwebs and chains. (**To himself**) Decorative heads for our reception. It's a little different...but people would talk about our wedding for years to come.

The Stranger: (**Overhearing Vincent**) I know a wedding planner that can help you with those.

Lorre: (**Mostly to himself**) I spent some good years here. (**Sips from his box of wine**)

Dr. Salmon: (**To Lorre**) Didn't I tell you those years would grow on you?

Lorre: (**To Dr. Salmon**) A lot of things grew on me over those years. I still take ointments for some.



Fanny: (**Giggles at Dr. Salmon, who she finds oddly charming**) Dr. Salmon, what can you tell us about this town? It's survived for centuries, while every town around it has been deserted. What's your secret?

Dr. Salmon: (**To Fanny**) No secrets to tell. No. None whatsoever.

Ligeia: (**Huffing and puffing from catching up with everyone**) My dear Fanny, never mind our secret...why don't you slip into something more comfortable, like this ceremonial white gown...

Professor: (**To Fanny**) Yes, you must look just right for your new husband to be.

Fanny: Thank you, Ligeia. Gosh, everyone is SO nice here. Don't you think so, Vincent?

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** I agree. To think they even want you to dress up for me, your soon to be husband.

Fanny: You know, maybe that's it. Hospitality. That is what is missing from other towns these days.

Ligeia: **(To Fanny)** I'm pretty sure that's why all those towns went...out of business...(Quiet evil laugh)

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** Speaking of hospitality, did you get a chance to look at those table cloth swatches yet?

Rosemary: **(In a cold sweet, lets out a bloodcurdling scream)** Christopher I feel another hand and it is not yours, AHHHHHH!

Christopher: **(To Rosemary)** And?



Rosemary: **(Gasping for air)** Ha! The love of my life used to be a man named Christopher.

Christopher: **(To Rosemary)** I like it when you say my name.



Rosemary: **(Snarling at Christopher)** Grrrrrrr. You are so heartless.

Christopher: Be quiet. My favourite show is on. In the TV in my head. I like to watch TV in my head.

Dr. Salmon: **(To Rosemary)** Don't mind the hand. I sewed it to a rat. The large, lurching, mostly dead thing behind it, however, you might want to watch out for.

Lorre: Audley, you were the one that sewed that hand to Scraps??? How could you???

Horror at Terror Creek: Ha! Scraps...

Dr. Salmon: **(To Lorre)** Scraps meant nothing to me. It's time I said it.

Lorre: What IS that thing behind Scraps???

Dr. Salmon: **(To Lorre)** What IS that thing? It's sensitive. That's what it is. Try speaking in gentle tones. And say flattering things.

Edgar: **(Runs to Rosemary's aid)** I am at your humbled service, madam. Please don't despair—it is not good in your present condition. **(Motions to Raven to bring a paper to fan Rosemary)**

Ligeia: Yes, whatever happens, don't let Rosemary go into labour prematurely...(Another quiet evil laugh)

Dr. Salmon: **(To Rosemary)** If I clap my hands suddenly and startle you, will that induce labour? I'm only asking because I want to know what...not...to do.

Rosemary: Oh, no, I should be fine...only a little light headed...

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** I know you're busy and all with your town research and such and the head-filled dungeon...it's just that I need to put down a despot on the ones we like so that we have them for the date...Deposit I meant, not despot.

Horror at Terror Creek: I really think you should put down a despot, but despots rarely respond well to being put down...

Author: On that note...it's the author here...

(Fanny screams)

Horror at Terror Creek: You are right to be afraid...

Author: I just wanted to put it out there—I'd like to give away a free copy of *Horror at Terror Creek*! Darling characters, what shall we have the guests do to vie for a copy?

The Stranger: Make us a cheese sandwich? Make ME a cheese sandwich?

Vincent: **(To Author)** I think people should have to tell us about their greatest love. I can tell you about mine. Her name is Fanny...**(Carries on lost in his own thoughts)**

Horror at Terror Creek: And yuck...

Author: Okay, so...eww...anyone out there who would like a copy of *Horror at Terror Creek*...first one to tell me in the comments about their greatest love (or some such) wins! Go!

The Stranger: It was a mild brie....wait...can I qualify?



Horror at Terror Creek: As a figment, probably not...

The Stranger: Darn. Yet, I will remember it fondly.

Vincent: **(To author)** The guests should name their favourite cheesy horror (film, book, play, etc.)

The Stranger: Cheesy...mmmm...

Vincent: **(To The Stranger)** I used to date a girl named Brie. But she was no Fanny.

Horror at Terror Creek: I don't know why, but that sounds kinda rude...

Vincent: Brie had a nice fanny. But she was no Fanny. And let me tell you, Fanny has a nice Brie.

Fanny: **(Re-appearing in her white gown)** This is the most comfortable fabric I've ever touched. Is it made locally?

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** You look amazing. You could be getting married right now.

Professor: **(To Vincent)** Yes, right now...getting married...but to whom? Wait I know whom.

Fanny: **(Laughs at Vincent a little too loudly)** But, seriously...feel this...it's like silk...but silkier somehow...

Lorre: **(To Vincent and Fanny)** I've still got some wine...I could get a toast going if you can whip up a ceremony right here in the dungeon.

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** Let's do it! Let's get married. Right here, right now! All these heads can be the witnesses. And the people too.

Edgar: Exquisite suggestion Vincent! Raven, don't you agree?

Raven: **(Glares at Edgar in a way that says she could not disagree more)**

Author: Hi, author again—Oh, squee! Let's have someone get married to someone, anyway! A maniacal dungeon is the perfect setting! Who will be the best man? The Maid of Honour? The Maids? The Ushers? Ligeia will "marry" the happy "couple"...

Fanny: **(Rushes over to Rosemary to comfort her and gets her to touch the gown)** Feel this...it's amazing...

Rosemary: **(Fixing her clothes and hair)** Fanny, I've never seen a gown fit anyone so perfectly. I would be honoured to be your maid of honour at your wedding.

Dr. Salmon: I suppose Scraps can be the ring-bearer.

Lorre: YES, Scraps! We'll slip the rings on the hand you sewed to him. Very forward thinking brother!

Dr. Salmon: **(To Lorre)** I loathe you. But thank you.

Lorre: **(To Dr. Salmon)** I love you too, brother.

Dr. Salmon: **(To Lorre)** Love me from over there. No...further.

The Stranger: I will cater. You all like...cheese?

Horror at Terror Creek: Sigh...

Ligeia: Fine...so, where's the happy couple?

Vincent: Yes! All my hard work out the window, but who cares? I'm gonna get married! But I did put all that planning into the wedding...the DJ...the table decorations...the balloons...

Fanny: Well, hell, why not? Who wants a stuffy wedding, anyway? I mean, doves...honestly...



Ligeia: Raven, be a good girl and be a maid. Hold the maid of honour up, will you? That's Rosemary, there. The one going into labour...

Edgar: **(Looking a Ligeia with a stare of unbelief)** Seriously? **(Goes back to helping Raven prepare Rosemary for the delivery)**

Vincent: ...the disco ball...the wine...the forty doves getting shot out of a cannon and into another cannon...the invitations...

Ligeia: **(To Edgar)** I'm always serious. Never Surely.



Horror at Terror Creek: Awful...just awful...

Kimmie, the actress/writer playing Fanny: Hahahhahahaha.

Rob, the actor/writer playing Vincent: You are bad and you should feel bad.

Horror at Terror Creek: She's just a character, after all.

Ligeia: Vincent, who's your best man?

Vincent: ...the pug parade down Fifth Avenue as we consummate the marriage...the full bar service...

Horror at Terror Creek: Seriously, man! Get over it! Also, don't you guys like how the book can talk, too?

Ligeia: Never mind, Vincent, your best man is Dr. Salmon. 'Kay?

Vincent: **(Snapping out of it)** What? Who? Him? Sure, fine.

Dr. Salmon: Do all weddings take this long?

The Stranger: Someone say I DO so we can eat!

Vincent: I DO! I DO! I DO infinity!!!!!!!

Rosemary: Oh baby! hold on, there is a wedding I have to attend, wooooooooo. **(Holds back the shriek from the oncoming contraction)**

Christopher: **(To Rosemary)** Do you have to be so loud?

Lorre: **(To Salmon)** Sorry for wiping my eye on your lab coat, brother. Weddings always make me cry from the remaining tear duct you left me with.

Horror at Terror Creek: I think your tear duct is just bleeding...

Dr. Salmon: **(To Lorre)** Remind me to remove it next week.

Ligeia: Dearly wretched, we are gathered in this dungeon to, blah, blah...Fanny Punn, do you take Satan as your lawfully wedded husband?

Fanny: **(Not really paying attention to the "ceremony")** What? Yeah, sure. **(She gets distracted by the altar)** How old is this altar? The detail is incredible...

Vincent: **(To Ligeia)** Wait, what? Did you just call me Satan?

Ligeia: Uh...yes...I called you, Vincent, Satan...by accident...is what's happening... Lorre, could you bring me some wine and a dagger?

Vincent: **(To Ligeia)** No worries. It'll be one of those funny things that happened at our wedding that we'll tell our children about.

Dr. Salmon: **(To Vincent)** If it makes you feel better, she calls be Satan twice a day.

Horror at Terror Creek: **(To Vincent, in as fiendish a voice as a book can manage)** YOUR CHILDREN WILL BELONG TO LUCIFER!!!

Vincent: Then he can raise them and pay for them

Lorre: **(To Ligeia)** I finished the wine. I have some apple juice and a butter knife. I did good???

Ligeia: **(To Lorre)** You did bad, ugly man...try to find me a steak knife, at least...

Dr. Salmon: **(To Ligeia)** Surely if you press hard enough the butter knife will do.

Ligeia: **(To Dr. Salmon)** Don't you have an army of the dead to wake up or some other helpful thing?

Lorre: **(To Ligeia)** I have two sporks! I was saving them for my lunchables but they're all yours.

Fanny: **(Taking off her HUGE diamond engagement ring)** If you are looking for something sharp, this should do the trick. It cuts through glass! Vincent, isn't this fun???

Vincent: **(To Fanny)** Any time is a good time as long as I'm with you my Gouda Buda Wuda. **(To the room)** I, Satan...I mean, Vincent...see now I'm doing it...take this woman...to be my lawful sacrifice...wait, what did I just say? Wedding day jitters **(lol)**

Ligeia: **(To Vincent)** Actually, you'll be marrying Satan, too. **(Holds a butter knife to his throat)**

Lorre: OMG. Did anyone else see this coming??? I. Did. Not.

Vincent: **(To Ligeia)** Is that a butter knife? That would have been the perfect style for our wedding reception. I planned it all you know. Fanny was busy with her research.

Ligeia: **(Dropping her head in frustration)** Forget it, Vincent. Satan doesn't want you. Just stand there and smile.

Vincent: How can I not smile? I'm going to marry...hold on...I'm not getting married?

Lorre: All of this feels like it should be toasted. To almost marriages. To Satan rejects. To Brother's army! CHEERS!!!

Vincent: Yes! Cheers!!!

The Stranger: **(To Lorre)** I'm sorry...did you say "cheese"?

Lorre: **(To The Stranger)** Who knows? Brother really did a number on my vocal cords.

Ligeia: I hate all of you.

Author: Author here, looks like Dr. Audley Salmon's been found unconscious under a pile of zombies...I mean, regular old dead bodies...and Christopher has passed out. That must be where all the wine went, Lorre.

Rosemary: I can't hold this baby back any longer, Urrrrrrahhhhhooooooooo!

Fanny: What should we do about Rosemary's Baby?

Horror at Terror Creek: Catering? But seriously, she's gonna have to put a cork in it, I'm afraid. Mwah ha...

Author: Yikes...well that was a scary, weird party. No wonder no one's trying to win a copy of this book! Okay, well, at least no one's dead...maybe you all can say your good-byes and shuffle off (but not the mortal coil)?

Vincent: Good night all. May you find your heart's desire and offer it to Satan as an offering...wait, did I mean to say that? I think I did...goodnight all!

Horror at Terror Creek: We'll turn you evil yet...

Vincent: All dogs go to heaven. All cats go to hell.



The Stranger: Thank you all. I'm off to sample a new cheese shop in a dimension not too far from our own...it's actually our dimension. It's actually in Kensington Market. I bid you farewell.

Edgar: Sounds lovely Stranger...Raven, will you accompany me to this adventure to the other dimension at this Kensington Market as The Stranger calls it? My shift is over...I bid you all adieu.

Horror at Terror Creek: Farewell, sweet Edgar...

Lorre: I found the dagger! Oh...we're done? Bye bye!

Horror at Terror Creek: I can hear Ligeia's sighs from here...wherever "here" is...

Fanny: I'm going upstairs to add all this to my thesis. Can I keep the white gown? It's lush! Good night, all!

Horror at Terror Creek: Maybe something in red next time...

Author: Welcome to the after party! Kidding! But seriously...feel free to visit this event page in future and read (bottom to top) the wacky script we've just created. If you comment by here by 11:59 tomorrow (the 16th of August, 2017), you can still win a free paperback copy of *Horror at Terror Creek*. Just tell me your favourite horror movie in the comments (or if you want to go on about your greatest love, you can do that, too)...

The winner posted about an hour after the party, August 15th, 2017. Her fav horror movie is *Scream*. She almost told us about her greatest love—damn! Maybe it was Havarti...

