

NARRATOR:

You're listening to *Midnight Static*. Tonight's episode is *The Last Broadcast from Hollow Creek*. What follows is the unedited final recording from WCRK Radio, captured on October 12th, 1998. The station went dark that night. No one who worked there was ever found.

The tape begins at 11:58 p.m.

TAPE CLICKS. STATIC

MARLA (DJ voice, upbeat but tired): Good evening, Hollow Creek. You're tuned to WCRK, and I'm Marla, keeping you company through the witching hour. Phone lines are open- *She pauses* Huh. One of them just lit up on its own.

PHONE LINE CLICKS

MARLA: WCRK, you're on the air. Who's calling?

CALLER (whispering, distorted): You shouldn't be there.

MARLA: Okay.. spooky. Who is this?

CALLER: Leave the station. Midnight is close.

MARLA: Is this Rick from the diner? Because if it is, I'm docking your tip next time.

CALLER: They're waking up.

LINE GOES DEAD

MARLA (uneasy laugh): Alright, folks, prank night, I guess. Let's keep the music rolling- *A deep rumble shakes the mic*
What the hell was that?

STATIC SWELLS, THEN FADES

MARLA: Okay, taking another call. Maybe someone felt that too.

PHONE LINE OPENS

OLDER WOMAN (shaking): Marla? Oh thank God. Listen to me. Don't go near the windows.

MARLA: Ma'am, are you alright?

WOMAN: They're outside. All along the tree line. I can see them from my porch.

MARLA: Who's outside?

WOMAN: The ones from the woods. The ones we don't talk about. They only come when the signal is strong. When the station is broadcasting.
Turn it off, Marla. Please. Before they-

A heavy knock echoes through the station walls

MARLA (whispers): Someone's at the back door.

WOMAN (panicked): Don't answer it!

THE WOMAN SCREAMS. LINE CUTS

MARLA (breathing fast): Okay. Okay. I'm going to check the door. Stay tuned.

FOOTSTEPS. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN

MARLA (off-mic): Hello?

..Is someone there?

A faint dragging sound across concrete

MARLA: Sir? Ma'am? Are you hurt?

****A wet, inhuman exhale.****

MARLA (screams, slams door, runs back): Nope. Nope. Nope.

If anyone is listening, call the police. My phone's dead.

A rhythmic thumping begins outside, slow and deliberate

MARLA: I'm going to the archive room. There's an emergency line there. I'm taking the mic with me.

FOOTSTEPS DOWN A HALL. LIGHTS FLICKER

MARLA (whispering): Something's in the vents. I can hear it scraping above me.

METALLIC SCRATCHING overhead

MARLA: Not looking up. Not looking up.

SHE ENTERS A ROOM. DOOR SHUTS

MARLA: Okay. Archive room. Emergency phone should be-
Why are all the tapes on the floor?

TAPES SHIFT, as if moved by unseen hands

MARLA: Hello? Who's in here?

CHILD'S VOICE (right behind her): You're not supposed to be here.

MARLA (gasps): Sweetheart? How did you get in here?

CHILD: They don't like it when people stay after midnight.

MARLA: Where are your parents?

CHILD: Listening.

Beat

Hungry.

THE CHILD'S VOICE DISTORTS, MULTIPLIES

VOICES (layered): Turn off the signal.

THE CHILD LAUGHS - glitching, unnatural - and fades away

MARLA (sobbing): I'm leaving. I'm leaving right now.

RUNNING. DOORS BURST OPEN. NIGHT AIR RUSHES IN

MARLA: I'm outside. Heading to my car. If anyone hears this-
Oh God.

A WALL OF WHISPERS rises from the trees

WHISPERS (hundreds): Marla.. Marla.. Marla..

MARLA: No. No, no, no.

BRANCHES SNAP. SOMETHING LARGE MOVES

MARLA: I can't see them. I can't-
Those are eyes. So many eyes.

THE RUMBLE RETURNS, deeper, closer

MARLA: I'm going back inside!

A SCREECH. SOMETHING RUSHES HER

MARLA (screams, runs): Please! Someone help me!

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR, LOCKS IT

MARLA (shaking): I don't know what's happening. I don't know if this is real.
If anyone hears this-remember my name. Marla Jensen. I worked the night shift at WCRK. I
didn't imagine this. I didn't-

THE LIGHTS GO OUT

MARLA (whispers): No. Please.

THE TRANSMITTER HUM GROWS, like a heartbeat

UNKNOWN VOICE (deep, resonant): The signal stays on.

MARLA: Who are you?

VOICE: We are the ones who wait in the dark.
We are the ones your town forgot.
We are the ones who feed on the voice that calls through the night.

MARLA: Please.. I just want to go home.

VOICE: You are home.

A LOW GROWL

MARLA (crying): If anyone hears this.. don't come to Hollow Creek. Don't come near the woods. Don't-

A SHARP IMPACT. THE MIC FALLS

FOOTSTEPS. SOMETHING DRAGS ACROSS THE FLOOR

VOICE (close, almost gentle): The signal must stay on.

THE TRANSMITTER HUM SWELLS UNTIL IT DISTORTS

TAPE CUTS OUT

NARRATOR: That was the final recording from WCRK. When authorities arrived three days later, the station was empty. No bodies. No footprints. Just the transmitter-still humming.

Some say you can hear Marla's voice in the static if you tune your radio just right. Others say the woods around Hollow Creek feel.. wrong.