

Liars & Leeches

Episode 4- "The Whole Damn Knight"

Created by Hemlock Creek Productions

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Written by KJ Scott

THEME MUSIC BEGINS

NARRATOR

Liars & Leeches: Episode 4- "The
Whole Damn Knight"

THEME MUSIC CONTINUES

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

"Liars & Leeches" is a horror audio
drama intended for mature audiences
only. It contains sensitive topics
including discussions of gun
violence, as well as depictions of
domestic violence, stalking, and
murder. More specific details about
each episode are listed in the show
notes. Listener discretion is
advised.

THEME MUSIC ENDS

S1- INT - TONYA'S HOME

SFX: Ominous, pulsing drone

NARRATOR

The house didn't feel safe. Not
after Tonya found that gift outside
her home. She struggled to breathe
properly as she checked every door
and window. She checked the closets
too, for good measure, and under
the bed as well. Finally, when she
was certain that The Man had not
made it inside the house, and was
not waiting for her to turn her
back, she called Natalie, who had
sent her a string of increasingly
worried text messages since she'd
sent her the pictures of the note
and flowers she'd found on her
doorstep.

SFX: phone ringing

NATALIE

(through the phone)

Tonya! Are you okay?

TONYA

He left them. The flowers. I know
it.

NATALIE

Are you safe? Your doors are locked?

TONYA

Yeah.

NATALIE

Good. Any sign of that creep?

TONYA

Just the flowers. I checked the whole house to make sure he wasn't inside. No broken windows, all the doors were locked... I don't think he could've gotten in here. Or that he IS in here.

NATALIE

Fuck. I am so sorry. I should've come home with you.

TONYA

No, you didn't need to, and we didn't know that this would happen...

NATALIE

If anything had happened though, I'd never forgive myself. You've been asking for help and I haven't listened and I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

TONYA

It's okay. Seriously.

NATALIE

Still.

(beat)

Do you know this guy at all? Like is he an ex or something?

TONYA

No. Honestly, I haven't really seen his face. His hood covers most of it.

NATALIE

Any identifying marks?

TONYA

He wears a trench coat with a hood. And he's tall.

NATALIE

No visible tattoos or jewelry?

TONYA

Yeah actually, a little diamond mark on his hand. But-

NATALIE

Ok ok, this is good. And what about the way he-

TONYA

(annoyed)

Jesus, this isn't an interview, ok? I said I don't know what he looks like.

NATALIE

(genuinely sorry)

You're right. I'll back off. But we need to figure out how to make sure you're safe.

TONYA

I could buy new locks, a deadbolt...

NATALIE

That's one thing, but if this creep thinks he can just drive you insane, he's got another thing coming. I'll fuck him up myself.

TONYA

(sighing)

Listen, the knight in shining armor routine is great, but I need concrete ideas, 'cause I can't... I don't know how to deal with this.

NATALIE

Right. Have you considered going to the police?

TONYA

I mean, before this I didn't really have any evidence.

NATALIE

Now you do though.

TONYA

What if they say it's all in my head, huh?

(MORE)

TONYA (CONT'D)

I mean, I haven't really been good at convincing anyone before this.

NATALIE

First off, if they pull victim blame-y shit that's entirely their problem and we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. But either way, they might have some information you could use. Maybe there are other people who've been terrorized by this guy, and maybe this will help them catch him.

TONYA

You're right.

NATALIE

Do you want me to come with you? I can be there in a few hours.

TONYA

No. I'll go on my own.

NATALIE

Okay. Keep me posted though, and call me tonight. I'm going to be instating mandatory check ins, and in the meantime...

TONYA

(shutting this down)

No. No. You are not looking into this on your own.

NATALIE

Let me at least Google it! I'm a great investigator, it's why work gives me the toughest stories.

TONYA

Fine. One or two Google searches and no contacting anyone unless I say so. Okay?

NATALIE

Fine.

(pause)

Are you sure you don't want me there?

TONYA

Yeah. I can do this on my own.
Besides, I doubt this guy would try
anything surrounded by police.

NATALIE

Still... okay, you know what?
Boundaries. You're setting
boundaries and those are good.
Here's mine though: please call me
when you get home, okay? Just so I
know you're okay.

TONYA

Absolutely.

Tense music, droning

NARRATOR

As Tonya hung up the phone, she
felt a familiar sense of unease
settle over her. Talking with
Natalie always made her feel safer,
but the moment she hung up, she
felt isolated and afraid. It felt
like The Man was watching her even
now, though there was no sign of
him out of the windows. The dead
flowers sat on her coffee table,
and Tonya stared at them for a long
moment. Something was stirring in
the back of her mind. This bouquet
was absolutely a funeral bouquet.
She'd seen enough recently to know.
Was he taunting her specifically
because of Tami and Jim? Was that
what had brought him into her life?
It didn't make any sense, but for a
moment Tonya was sure that their
deaths were what had drawn this Man
towards her.

TONYA

(to herself)
Okay, fuck this.

NARRATOR

Tonya stood quickly and grabbed the
flowers. Marching into the kitchen,
she dumped them in the garbage. As
the lid slammed shut, Tonya allowed
herself a moment of quiet terror
before straightening her spine.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Whatever this Man wanted, and whatever had made him fixate on her, he wasn't going to get it. Instead, she was going to fight back any way she could. First by going to the police and getting as much information as she could.

SFX: Tonya heading to her car, locking her door

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As she hurried to her car, Tonya glanced around nervously. Tami and Jim had lived on a somewhat remote street. There was another house in the distance that Tonya could see, but there were trees and some shrubs in the way. It was as if Tonya were completely and utterly alone, and if The Man approached her here, there would be no one she could call for help.

TONYA

(to herself)

Okay. You're just making this worse for yourself. Breathe. Just breathe. You're not some damsel in distress okay, you're the whole damn knight.

SFX: Tonya getting into her car, starting it.

Theme music with an ominous drone on top

NARRATOR

Tonya kept up a steady stream of pep talks aimed at herself as she drove through the town. Fortunately, her drive was uneventful.

SFX: car turning off, car door opening

TONYA

(to herself)

Let's get this bastard.

S2- INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

SFX: sounds of many people, faint sirens

NARRATOR

Tonya almost turned around and left when she saw how many people were inside the courthouse. While it was hardly the busiest it could be, it was more packed than she expected. Still, she forced herself to walk forward into the groups of people, not wanting The Man - or her own personal fears - to scare her out of being able to get help when she needed it. A nearby sign listed the locations in the building.

TONYA

(to herself)

Courtrooms on floor one... judicial offices... archives... ah! Police department.

SFX: police chatter

NARRATOR

Tonya hurried towards the police department. When she arrived, she could see several officers at their desks, typing away on computers or talking to one another. Some of the officers glanced over at her, then just as quickly looked away, their attention already lost.

TONYA

Hello.

OFFICER

How can I help you, ma'am?

TONYA

I'm here to report someone stalking me.

SFX: Officer typing

OFFICER

Can I get your name?

TONYA

Tonya Wright. W-R-I-G-H-T.

OFFICER

And what's the name of the stalker?

TONYA

I don't know.

OFFICER

Ok. Can you give me a description at least?

TONYA

He's tall. He wears a black trench coat, and there's a hood covering his face.

OFFICER

(getting annoyed)
Anything else?

TONYA

Uh, it's a long coat. Really worn, like he's had it for a while. Oh, and he has a tattoo on his left hand. It looks like a diamond.

OFFICER

Mhmm. Tell me what's happened when you've seen him. Has this man made threats against you?

TONYA

He looked like he was going to charge at me once. The first time I saw him at that little grocery store on second street. The Hometown Farmstand. And then when I came home today, there was this bouquet of dead flowers on my porch, with a note.

OFFICER

Well what did the note say?

TONYA

"Welcome Home."
(getting annoyed herself)
Look, I know it doesn't sound like much, but -

OFFICER

(looking up from the form, beat)
Ma'am, I'm sorry, but there isn't much we can do.

(MORE)

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I can put your report in the system so in case this escalates, there's record of it, but if you can't even pick him out of a lineup, then there's not much else we can help with for now.

TONYA

But the flowers and I know that-!

OFFICER

Do you know they're from him?

TONYA

(defeated)

No, but who else would have left them?

OFFICER

(borderline angry)

These are not concrete threats, and you don't even know what he looks like! What do you expect us to do, pull the guy out of thin air?

TONYA

(under her breath)

Doing something would be nice.

OFFICER

Like I said, there's a record now. So if this does escalate, you have proof.

TONYA

(pause)

Thank you for your time.

SFX: Ominous drone

NARRATOR

As she walked away, Tonya felt anger burn white hot through her. She knew she was being followed, and the flowers were proof enough in her eyes. And yet, the police were useless. Filing a report for the sake of record was pointless - by the time it escalated enough that a record was necessary, it might be too late.

(beat)

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As Tonya wove her way through the maze of hallways, she spotted a sign that pointed her towards the archives. A voice that sounded all too much like Natalie's rang in her head - maybe, just maybe, she could investigate on her own. There were bound to be records here. Maybe the Man had stalked someone before, in this same town, and there was a paper trail of a case similar to hers. If she could find proof that something similar had happened before, maybe the police would take her seriously. At the very least, it would give her and Natalie something to go on as they looked into this themselves.

S3- INT.- ARCHIVES

SFX: Sounds of a phone game

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The archives were empty and quiet, save for the receptionist at the front desk who was clearly more engrossed with his phone than anything else that was going on.

TONYA

Hello.

FRONT DESK WORKER

(bored)

How can I help you?

TONYA

Umm...I'm with the press, I'm looking up something pertaining to a recent court case on stalking. Young woman was followed by a man she didn't know, and the police didn't do much, so I'm looking up any files there might be on the case. I can show you my credentials if you'd like...

FRONT DESK WORKER

(again, not looking up)

Just sign in here.

TONYA

Oh...uh.

SFX: Typing

NARRATOR

The receptionist gestured to a computer that looked to be as old as Tonya. After a moment's hesitation, Tonya signed in, wishing there wouldn't be a paper trail that The Man could hypothetically find. She told herself that was almost too paranoid, that The Man wouldn't track her down via the archives, but still, her brain couldn't stop worrying.

FRONT DESK WORKER

(still bored)

Have a nice day.

TONYA

Thank you!

NARRATOR

Tonya almost felt bad about lying to the receptionist, even if it wasn't a full on lie per say. She really was looking for incidents of stalking throughout the county. Once she knew the broader picture, she could narrow down her search to situations that were similar to hers, and see if there was any way she could convince the police to help her.

SFX: Rumble of thunder in the distance

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

An hour passed. The further Tonya got into the archives, the more the silence descended on her like a stifling blanket. It was an oppressive presence. She had finally begun to narrow down her search, and there were a few stories that seemed similar to hers. She hummed to herself to fend off the heavy silence as she pulled another file off the shelf.

SFX: Ominous drone

TONYA

"Cedar Grove Police Department.
Parks, Victoria."

NARRATOR

As she read the name, she felt the
sensation of eyes on her. She
quickly turned around, scanning the
narrow aisle she found herself in.

SFX: Heartbeats

TONYA

Hello?

NARRATOR

There was no one there. Still
holding the file, she crept to the
end of the aisle and peered around
the corner. Again, no one.

TONYA

(breathing heavily)

It's just my imagination. Just my
imagination.

SFX: File rustling

TONYA (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Mrs. Parks claimed that an unknown
man, wearing a black trench coat
and hood, had been hanging around
the neighborhood. On the night of
her husband's death, she claimed
the man broke into her home as she
was having an argument with her
husband, stabbing him repeatedly
until deceased. No sign of forced
entry. Fingerprints belonging to
Mrs. Parks were found on a bloodied
kitchen knife discovered at the
scene. No evidence indicated a
third person had been present."

SFX: pages flipping

TONYA (CONT'D)

"Photos of the Parks Residence"-
Jesus that's a lot of blood.

SFX: Drone getting louder

NARRATOR

Tonya flipped through page after page of crime scene photos. Pools of blood spilled across the floor. A tarp covering what Tonya could only assume was the body of Victoria's husband. A bloody kitchen knife laid on the floor next to him.

Tense Music

TONYA

(still reading)

"Victoria Parks found guilty of first degree murder of her husband, Robert Parks. Mrs. Parks was sentenced to life in prison at the Ora State Penitentiary in upstate New York."

SFX: Ominous stinger, files rustling

NARRATOR

As Tonya flipped through the last pages of the file, she suddenly froze. There was a police sketch of the killer Victoria described. He had dark eyes, a wide grin,... and he was wearing a dark, hooded trench coat. Tonya fumbled with her phone and took photos of the police sketch and the court documents to review later. She didn't want to spend more time in the archives than she had to.

SFX: camera clicking.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As she did this, Tonya again felt as though someone was watching her. The hair on the back of her neck stood up and her stomach churned with sudden fear. This time, though, she didn't turn around. Instead, she flipped her phone's camera, briefly taking in the sight of her own frightened face, before lifting it up to see over her shoulder.

SFX: ominous tone, Tonya breathing heavily

In the hideous yellow light, she caught a glimpse of something disappearing around the corner of the aisle; Tonya knew, without needing to fully see, that it was the corner of a trench coat fluttering as someone hid themselves.

TONYA
(quietly to herself)
Fuck.

NARRATOR
There was no more time. Without ever bothering to put down the file in her hand, Tonya shouldered her purse and all but ran towards the doors, glancing over her shoulder every so often. Her mind was filled with images of the Man pursuing her, getting closer and closer before he'd grab her and drag her away.

(beat)
But that moment never came, and soon she was back in the front of the archives. The receptionist glanced up briefly from his phone as Tonya sprinted towards him.

TONYA
Excuse me?! I reported a man stalking me to the police earlier today and he's here! He's in the archive!

FRONT DESK WORKER
You're the only person here, ma'am.

TONYA
(angry)
Am I? Let me ask, how would you know if you're on your damn phone the entire time? It would've been so easy to sneak by you with your face in - I don't know, whatever stupid game you're playing!

NARRATOR
That managed to finally get the receptionist's full attention.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He slammed down his phone, a scowl on his face.

FRONT DESK WORKER

As I was saying -

NARRATOR

The receptionist angled their computer monitor towards Tonya. Tonya saw the cameras covering the archives from every angle. Each corner had a camera, and each showed that no one else was around. The archives were completely empty.

FRONT DESK WORKER

- No one else is here, ma'am.

TONYA

(almost disappointed)

Oh...

NARRATOR

The receptionist gave Tonya an odd look, as if he was about to ask if Tonya was alright. But Tonya had been asked that question enough, and she didn't have an answer for it anymore. So instead she ran, tossing the folder onto the receptionist's desk and hurrying out the door, trying to get to her car as quickly as she could. Several passersby also gave her strange looks as she hurtled past, but she ignored them as best she could, getting into her car and turning it on as fast as possible. The drive home felt like it took all of a minute as Tonya barely stuck to the speed limit. As she drew closer to Tami and Jim's house, she half wished they had close neighbors who would be around, who could see if someone was trying to break in. At first, she'd been grateful for the isolation from the world. Now, she wished desperately that she was... well, not surrounded by a crowd, but that she had people close by to keep an eye on her, with Natalie hours away in New York.

S4- INT. TONYA'S HOUSE

SFX: Tea being made

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Whenever she was upset, the ritual of making a perfect cup of tea soothed her. The act of boiling water, selecting a flavor, and waiting just enough for it to steep perfectly was the same every time. It was precise. It was relaxing. And it always grounded Tonya.

SFX: Tea being poured

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The warmth of the mug was a balm as Tonya began to scan the pictures she'd taken at the archives. The Man plagued her mind as she stared at the police sketch. He had been there, right behind her at the archives, so how could he have vanished without anyone seeing him? And this Victoria Parks woman. Did she or the person she claimed killed her husband have anything to do with it? Victoria Parks had claimed a stalker murdered her husband. A horrifying thought began to form Tonya's mind: would The Man try to frame *her* for something too, or even go so far as attempting to take her life? If that was The Man's intent, what could she possibly do to stop him?

OUTRO MUSIC PLAYS

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Liars & Leeches: Episode 4- "The Whole Damn Knight" starring Ryan Reid as The Narrator, Kendell Byrd as Tonya, Newton "Newt" Schottelkotte as Natalie, Jess Floam as the Officer, and Colin Fears as the Front Desk Worker.

"Liars & Leeches" was produced by Hemlock Creek Productions.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The story was created by Marisa Ewing and the script written by KJ Scott, with script editing provided by Meg Williams. Dialogue editing, mixing and mastering was done by Marisa Ewing, sound design by Melissa Pons, and music written by Nico Vettese of "We Talk of Dreams." Additional recording assistance provided by Jordan Alexander and Trey Baker of Music City Studios. To learn more about the show, cast, and crew, visit www.hemlockcreekprod.com. That's Hemlock Creek P-R-O-D .com.

Thank you for listening. We will return next week.