

N.T. CANON

# Ridiculous Cake



PHANTOM OF THE CINEPLEX

let's not go  
to the lobby

# **RIDICULOUS CAKE**

## **PHANTOM OF THE CINEPLEX**

**N.T. CANON**

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# 1

“Hey guys, how’s it going? We have a very special, spooky episode for you all today!” Sunny Rogers said, giggling and waving the camera about. “Psst, say ‘hi’, Messy.”

The camera panned to a chubby young woman with short red hair. “Hey dudes, we got something *awesome* planned. We’re dipping our toes into urban exploration!” Messy Carmichael grinned, sat in the driver’s seat of her beat up old car. She glanced at the camera, while trying to keep her eyes on the road.

“I even went and picked up this *ancient* camera from a thrift store, just to give this video that *extra* eerie found-footage feel.” Sunny pointed the well-worn camcorder at the rear-view mirror, letting their future audience take a look at it, and herself: a thin twenty-something girl with orange pigtails and freckles.

“Right now we’re on our way to a closed movie theater on the edge of town. It’s been abandoned for decades, but totally untouched. Who knows what we’re going to find?” Messy wiggled her shoulders for emphasis.

Sunny grinned and pointed the camera at the both of them. “Hopefully there’s no one, or no *thing* waiting for us inside.”

After a pause, Sunny turned off the camera. Messy winced a little and rubbed at her temples. “Eugh, that felt a little too corny. It’s not like we’re going to dress up in costumes and pretend to scare one another or

any lame crap like that...”

“Do you want to do another take?” Sunny asked, giggling at how silly the whole set up was. All this build up just to explore a building in an old strip mall, in August, for a video that would go up in October.

“Yeah, one more, from the top.” Messy cleared her throat, adjusting her posture to be more relaxed, as Sunny booted up the camcorder again.

The parking lot of the abandoned ‘Cineplex’ movie theater was dimly lit with sodium-vapor lamps. A dull orange glow barely illuminated Sunny and Messy’s car, parked under a tree far away from the building. The sky was grey and dull from light pollution, and the only sound that could be registered was that of crickets and other far-off insects.

“Alright, you got the camera, I got the flash light... anything else?” Messy asked, rummaging through the center console.

“I got my phone, but that should be everything.” Sunny mused. “Sweet, alright... So, my suggestion? Let’s cut the pre-scripted stuff and just record what we say naturally. I *seriously* can’t do that voice for more than a couple minutes.” Messy said, adjusting her glasses.

“Sounds good to me. Hopefully we get like, a whole hour of usable footage from this place.” Sunny shrugged, gripping the camera tightly.

“Are you ready?”

“Yeah, ready.”

The two red heads took a deep breath, and stepped out from the shelter of the car, into the umbral parking lot that surrounded them.

## 2

A stillness hung in the sky, like the air in an attic. Sunny and Messy walked towards the entrance of the movie theater, being as quiet as possible. The only thing that could give them away was the bright light of the camcorder piercing through the dark orange of the street lamps.

The two explorers walked up to the entrance. The windows were all intact, but covered in newspaper from the eighties. Messy grabbed the door handle, but it was locked. “Damn, are we going to have to break a window?” Messy mumbled, looking around for a rock.

Sunny scanned the area, noticing a large piece of cardboard covering one of the glass doors. “I think someone already did, for us.” She walked over, lifting the cover, revealing a busted open part of the glass. It was about three by three feet; just big enough.

“Hey, perfect!” Messy whispered, ripping the cardboard off and ducking inside.

Sunny stood back, filming the whole thing. “Alright, we’re going in, wish us luck. If you’re watching this, that means we *didn’t* get arrested.”

Sunny glanced over her shoulder, peering at the parking lot, making sure they weren’t being followed. There wasn’t a soul in sight. Taking a deep breath, she ducked down and slipped through the opening, disappearing into the shuttered cinema.

### 3

Dark, dark was the only word to describe the lobby of the Cineplex. Only the dull green glow of a few 'exit' signs provided any illumination in the building. When Sunny crept inside, the light from her camera cast a stark, long shadow onto Messy, and everything else it fell on. Everything was musty, dead quiet, and cold.

"Alright, we're in..." Sunny paused, looking around, then into the camera. "Now what?"

Messy started to pace around, pulling out her flash light and searching the walls. "Ah, there!" She exclaimed, bounding over to a light switch covered in cob-webs.

A droning hum echoed from the ceiling and halls of the theater. Fans began to spin, neon lights flickered, soda machines and fridges clicked on. All at once the lobby sprung to life, flooding its dusty corridors with color and sound. Arcade cabinets chirped and animated once again. Light bulbs danced around movie posters displayed on the walls, and far off, a Muzak machine was broadcasting an instrumental cover of some 'ABBA' song over its ancient speakers.

"Man, that's awesome! This place still has power?" Sunny grinned, pointing the camera around, capturing all the sights she could.

"It's gotta, right? This place would rot if the fans didn't kick on every now and then." Messy flipped a few more switches, turning on the

lights to the theaters and ticket booth.

Sunny spun around, her yellow shirt billowing, getting a good panorama shot of the Cineplex for the viewers back home. “We got this place *all* to ourselves! This is going to be our best video yet!”

With a laugh, Messy placed a hand on Sunny’s shoulder, leaning in. “Alright then, what should we do first?”

Messy made her way over to the ticket counter at the front of the lobby. She rummaged through the drawers and cash register. There were no bills left, but there were a handful of coins.

“How about we start with some games?” Messy kicked the register drawer closed, nearly sending it through the ticket window.

Sunny jumped a little at the clatter, but she stayed focused on filming. “Hah, sounds good to me.”

Messy dropped a few quarters into Pac-Man and started playing. “These arcade cabinets are super old. This isn’t one of those ‘Galaga-Frogger-DigDug’ type deals, each one is stand-alone...”

Sunny aimed the camera at the screen, filming the yellow circle getting chased around by colorful ghosts. Out of the corner of her eye though, she swore she saw something float past the concession stand. It looked like a blue smudge, or maybe an eye floater.

“What’s that?” Sunny jerked around.

“What’s what?” Messy followed suit, though there wasn’t anything out of the ordinary. “The snack bar?”

“...No, it’s nothing.”

“Na na, it’s a good idea, come on!” Messy bounded ahead,

vaulting over the counter, almost snagging her blue shirt on the edge.

“Careful!” Sunny called, trudging behind.

Boxes were tossed around haphazardly. All were empty aside from the occasional splotch of some green soda syrup, or something green and sticky at least. “Dang, no snacks...” Messy grumbled, searching around.

“Seriously?, they would all be expired anyway. This place closed before we were even *born*, remember?”

“Like *that’d* stop me... Oh, here!” Messy grabbed a box of full-sized packets of M&M’s. “Jackpot!”

Sunny picked one up and inspected the packaging. It looked pretty different than what she was used to. “These are *definitely* expired.”

“They shtill taste fwine though.” Messy spoke with her mouth full. “Come on, it’sh mostly just sugar, dude.” Messy held out her hand, full of the little candies.

Sunny begrudgingly tried one. It was true, they were pretty much fine, if a bit dull in color. “That’s wild...”

“Yeah, and there’s no blue ones either.” Messy tossed the whole handful in her mouth and ripped open another bag.

Sunny just rolled her eyes while Messy looked around some more, rummaging through a nearby refrigerator.

“Damn, this fridge is empty! We could have had, like, Crystal Pepsi or something!” She grumbled, shoving the old fridge over with a loud BANG.

Sunny winced and covered the camera lens with her hand. “Hey! Cut that out! People are gonna post nasty comments if they see you



trashing this place!”

Messy held up her hands and rolled her eyes. “*Sorry*, jeeze. What, are we not supposed to do anything *fun* on camera while we’re here?”

“Breaking random things isn’t fun, it’s just disrespectful.”

“Oh lighten up, watch, get *this* on camera.”

Messy picked up the cash register off the counter, struggling to raise it up over her head. “Where’s my money?!”

Rearing back, she flung the register, slamming it against the ground, sending key pad buttons flying everywhere. The crash of the metal and breaking of plastic echoed throughout the halls of the theater.

And then everything went dark.

## 4

The power had cut out. Messy and Sunny were engulfed in darkness. The theater went dead quiet instantly.

“What the...” Messy pulled out her flashlight again.

“Jeeze, that freaked me out!” Sunny trembled, flipping on the camcorder’s light.

“I guess we overloaded the circuit breakers?” Messy muttered.

“Probably... Here, let’s switch.” Sunny handed over the camcorder, and took Messy’s flashlight. “I’ll go find the electrical box. You go film something interesting while I’m gone.”

“Oh? Sure, dude.” Messy grabbed the camera, holding it up to get

a look at the video display. For a second she swore there was some strange glowing figure behind Sunny, but after wiping some dust off of the screen, there was nothing there.

“Alright, I’ll call you if anything goes wrong.” Sunny paused. “Oh, and *don’t* destroy anything else while I’m gone!”

“Okay ‘mom’.” Messy groaned, walking off to explore on her own.

There wasn’t much point in investigating the lobby any further. Messy instead walked down the hall towards the theaters. The hallway was as dark as could be, and smelled of old carpet and stained drop-ceiling tiles.

“This is pretty creepy, huh, guys?” Messy spoke to the camera, recording all she could of the ominous hall. Suddenly, a loud cracking noise shot from the floor.

“Gah! What is *that!*?” Messy nearly jumped out of her skin. She’d stepped on a broken pane of glass, scattered around a fallen movie poster. “...Ah! ...*Glass jumpscare!*” She zoomed in on the broken shards, snickering into the mic.

The pudgy explorer pressed on, entering the main theater. She walked along, looking past rows and rows of empty red seats. Only one of them was folded down, as if currently in use.

“Hello?... hmm... *Echo!* ” Messy yelled. She paced around the empty venue, inspecting all the spider webs and caked on dust that decorated the seats.

There *was* something that caught her eye. Up above, in the projection booth, there was a glimmer of green, likely from another ‘exit’ sign. “Hey, you guys want a look behind the scenes?” Messy grinned,

aiming the camera at the booth's window.

Rust crumbled from the hinges of the door to the projection booth.

Messy really had to shove to get inside. "Whew, that was probably last oiled thirty years ago..." She huffed.

Thankfully there was something of interest up there. Dozens of film reels were stacked in metal canisters, lining the walls, with a projector set in the middle of the room. There was even a VHS player and a very early digital projector next to it.

"Ah, sweet! Maybe we could use this thing for a video..." Messy mused, wiping a handful of dust off the tape player. She turned her attention to the film reels, opening one up and bringing a length of film towards the camera lens, illuminating it with the camcorder's spotlight.

"Gnarly, huh?" She commented, showing off a few static frames, depicting a severed head decorated like a birthday cake. Messy let the film reel crash to the floor, as she rummaged through the shelves for a movie she would recognize. "Nope... na... Never heard of this one... Oh! Guys, check this one out." She held up a taped-on label that read '*Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> part 6*' to the camera. "I heard this is the best one!"

Behind her, something shifted: the shelf that held all the film reels trembled and shook. Messy turned around, and was shocked to see an eerie green glow behind the rack of films. It nearly blinded her. She covered her eyes instinctively, unable to see the shelf falling forward.

The sound of creaking metal and clattering boxes grew louder and louder, until the whole wall of movies came crashing onto her. Messy screamed, and was silenced by an earth shattering THUD.

## 5

There were a lot of places that the circuit breakers could be in a building like this. Sunny wasn't at all familiar with the inner workings of a movie theater. They could be in the manager's office, or a utility room or broom closet, or even outside. She certainly had her work cut out for her.

"Let's just try this door first." Sunny muttered, pointing her flashlight at a sign reading 'employees only'.

Inside there was a desk and some papers strewn across the floor. A few photos pinned to a cork board, but no signs of a maintenance panel.

"Alright... No dice." Sunny muttered. She paused for a moment, hearing Messy yelling out 'ECHO' from the far end of the building.

"Maybe a... boiler room or something?" She peered down a narrow hallway next to the manager's office. She nearly screamed: for a moment she saw what appeared to be two yellow eyes staring back at her. Sunny blinked rapidly and focused her vision. It was just the glimmer of a pair of door knobs off in the distance.

"Gah... I must be losing it... Exploring this spooky place alone... Ugh, and we even split up! Why did we *do* that? Stupid, stupid..." She grumbled, opening the doors to find a bare concrete utility room. Sure enough, the breaker box was tucked away in the corner, with a blinking red light peering right at Sunny.

Opening the hatch, Sunny flipped all the switches back on, and power leapt through the building once more. "That was easy enough..."

I wonder what Messy has been getting up to-“

A cold shiver ran down her spine. Sunny heard Messy let out a blood curdling scream from the other side of the Cineplex. Sunny darted out of the room and towards the sound of the yell, but now everything was completely quiet.

“Messy? *Messy?*” Sunny called out. No response. “Messy?” Still no answer, the only sound she could hear was her own heart racing.

After a moment, Sunny pulled out her phone and dialed her friend’s number. Messy didn’t pick up, but Sunny followed the sound of her ringtone down the hallway, and up towards the projection booth.

“Messy?!” She called out again, drawing nearer with every step. Sunny’s hands were trembling. Her friend’s phone was just on the other side of that door, but she dreaded what she might find.

Gripping the door knob with a pale trembling hand, Sunny turned the handle, and slowly opened the door.

She nearly fainted when she saw what was on the other side.

## 6

The projection booth was in shambles: film reels were thrown about the room, shelving was knocked to the floor, and the figure responsible was right in the middle of it all, staring at Sunny.

A glowing, green specter floated in the air. Her long silver hair flowed upwards like a waterfall. Her ethereal, teal skin shimmered in the

darkness. Orange pupils fixed themselves on Sunny, while a drooling yellow smile crept over the face of the ghost.

“Ah... *There's* the other one.” The spirit spoke, with brash, distant voice. It was as if she were speaking from the end of a foreboding tunnel. “I just took care of your fat, nerdy friend.”

Sunny was as pale as snow. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably, causing the beam of her flashlight to jump around the room erratically. “W-w-Who are you!?”

The ghost girl curled her lips up into a thin, knowing smile. “Oh? My name's Katherine, Katherine Keaton. You can just call me 'K.K' though, only for a *little* while longer, anyway.”

Sunny didn't like the sound of that. Her eyes scrambled around, landing on the camcorder Messy had dropped, lying in the corner of the room. “W-what did you do? Where's Messy?”

“Oh?” Katherine mused, looking down at the fallen shelf. “Ah, her, yeah... You two dorks busted in here and started messing with all my junk. You broke my fridge, ate my candy... You didn't even bring me *any* snacks... What a drag.”

Sunny shivered, thinking back on her and Messy's sins, unable to take her eyes off of the fallen shelving. She could see a bit of flesh poking out from underneath.

“So, I'm getting a little payback, with interest.” Katherine snickered, lifting up the shelf.

Sunny shrieked. Messy had been completely flattened. Her body was crushed like a deflated pool toy, spread out wide and thin. Her fat thighs were spilling out of her blue shorts, and her pudgy gut was

smushed into a round disk. It looked like she had been made of dough, and then rolled flat into an extra-large pizza.

What was truly shocking though was that Messy muttered and wiggled about, dazed and disoriented. “Oough, what the hell hit me?” She mumbled, with her flat face squished against her own cleavage.

The ghost bent over, or rather, floated down and grabbed at Messy’s edges, peeling her off the floor like a slab of clay.

“H-hey! Let go of her!” Sunny gasped, gripping her flashlight with both hands, as if it were the hilt of a sword.

“Hah, you’re *funny*.” K.K teased, holding up Messy like a work of art. “You and four-eyes here should have never trespassed. Not without bringing me an offering, anyway... Seriously, not even *one* candy bar?”

Messy gritted her teeth, looking up at the ghoul. “Who gives a crap? You’re a ghost! You can’t even eat anything!”

“Oh, you wish that were true, tubby. Not only can I eat, but I am *totally* starving.”

Katherine brought her hands together, handling Messy like a massive piece of steak. She folded her in half, and began to roll her up into a tight bundle.

“H-hey, what are you doing!?! Sunny, *help me!*” Messy squealed, wriggling as best she could, while Katherine’s long yellow nails dug into her tender, freckled skin.

“Stop it!” Sunny yelled, throwing her flashlight at the hungry phantom. But the flashlight phased right through her ghostly body.

K.K didn’t even flinch. When she had finished rolling Messy’s flattened form into a freckled burrito, she lifted her up to her face.

“Snack time...” She cooed. Licking her lips, Katherine opened wide, and stuffed the wad of fat in her mouth.

Messy squeaked and gasped. She could feel the ghost’s tongue wrap around her, savoring her meaty flavor. K.K began to chew, working at Messy like she was a hunk of gum as big as a duffel bag.

“Blegh, pretty chewy...” Katherine muttered.

With every bite and chomp, a barrage of mushing and crunching noises wormed their way into Sunny’s ears, along with Messy’s whimpering and groaning. All she could do was watch as her friend was licked, chewed up, and eaten.

“Ngnnn! W-what are you doing?! Why are your teeth so *sharp*?” Messy growled, starting to panic as the ghoul moved the chewed up mass towards to back of her throat.

“Why are *you* so blubbery? ...It just is what it is.” K.K taunted.

With a final massive gulp, Kathy swallowed Messy, creating a beach ball sized bulge in her neck which slid down to her gut. A pitiful whine echoed from the ghost’s stomach, which pounced out from under her black shirt like a teal couch cushion. One could faintly see a mangled wad of what used to be Messy squirming inside, mashed and flattened to the point of unrecognizability.

Katherine let out a belch, and idly rubbed at her belly, swaying her wide hips side to side. “Ah, that was a pretty good appetizer... Hey, was she a pizza delivery girl or something? She tasted like pepperoni.”

Sunny had completely zoned out. She could not even begin to think straight. Her mind was warped and tangled from having witnessed her best friend be devoured like a roll of *‘Bubble Tape’*. She only came



alive again when the cannibalistic ghoul addressed her directly. “I-I... Huh? You... She...”

Katherine grinned, running her tongue over her top row of teeth. “Well if she tasted like pizza, I wonder what *you* taste like...”

## 7

The projection booth was quiet and still. The only sound one could hear was the squirming and whining of Katherine’s ‘meal’, and Sunny’s heart beating rapidly.

Suddenly regaining her senses, Sunny dashed out of the room, barreling towards the lobby of the movie theater.

The hungry ghost followed behind her, floating in the air like a seal gliding through water. “Uh oOoh, you better RUN, *dweeb!*” K.K cackled, wiggling her fingers in mocking manner.

Sunny nearly crashed through the wall as she rounded the corner, pushing herself against the wall and scrambling down the hallway. All around her the building’s lighting flickered and strobed, as if the teal terror on her heels was a ball of lightning disrupting the circuitry.

“A-almost there, come on *come on!*” Sunny said, breathing hard. She could just make out the hole in the door they snuck in through.

Right as she was about to leap through the gap, a dusty ATM was engulfed in a green glow, and tipped over to block the exit. Sunny screeched to a halt, looking around in a panic.

“W-where, I need a...” Sunny stammered. She frantically grabbed a metal post holding up a velvet rope, and ran towards the *other* front door. She swung the post above her head, aiming for the glass window pane.

Something grabbed hold of the pole. Sunny flexed her arms, but it wouldn't budge. Slowly, she turned around to face her doom. Katherine was floating right behind her, gripping the post firmly.

“*That's* enough property damage for one day, loser.” K.K grinned, twisting the pole out of Sunny's hands and throwing it aside.

“P-please.” Sunny held up her hands. “You don't have to eat me! I-I have money! I can just *buy* you some food. Whatever you want! Snacks, soda, anything!”

Katherine cocked an eyebrow at the proposal. “Oh yeah?” She hovered near, looming over Sunny like a storm cloud.

“Y-yes! I could order you a dozen pizzas, right now!” The skinny ginger stammered, reaching into her pocket and retrieving her wallet.

Katherine smiled and grabbed Sunny by the arms, lifting her up off of the ground. “Well dang... *That's* pretty cool of you... Except...”

“E-except what?” Sunny swallowed, nervously.

Kathy narrowed her gaze, reaching down into Sunny's pocket, and pulled out her cell phone. “What makes you think I can't just order food myself?”

Sunny looked stunned, her heart skipping a beat. She began mumbling nonsense to herself, unable to think of anything to say as the pear shaped phantom drew close, drooling, laughing, stomach grumbling.

Katherine unhinged her jaw, and stuffed Sunny's head inside her mouth, putting an end to her panicked muttering.

## 8

“Hey guys, how’s it going? We have a very special, spooky episode for you all today!” Sunny Rogers said, giggling and waving the camera about. “Psst, say ‘hi’, Messy.”

The sound of the two amateur urban explorers echoed through the abandoned movie theater. Up in the wrecked projector booth, an old camcorder was feeding the video into an equally outdated digital projector. The unedited footage was eerie to watch, but comical if you were of a certain mind.

The ghost of Katherine Keaton laughed, sitting in her favorite seat right in the middle of the theater. She had a massive soda in one hand, and a bucket of popcorn in the other. Her wide hips spilled over the arm rests of the theater seats, and her huge stomach rested against the back of the chair in front of her. She looked particularly fat and round, as if she had cleared out an entire all-you-can-eat buffet.

“Haha, Oh man, were they seriously filming like, a documentary or something? Bummer... heh.” K.K snickered, munching on a handful of popcorn. While her figure had grown, her haunted clothing had not. Her shirt had ridden up to show off nearly all of her globular stomach, resting against her pillowy thighs like a teal bean bag chair.

If you were brave and got close, and were very perceptive, you could even make out some strange shapes inside her stomach, as if smothered behind a sheet of blue-green rubber. It almost looked like the

wriggling bodies of two curled up young women, silently squirming and writhing inside of her. Perhaps it was just a trick of the light, or some sort of haunted hallucination. Only Katherine knew the truth.

Sunny and Messy mumbled quietly, squirming against one another. It was cold and slimy inside the belly of the ghost, and increasingly messy as Katherine kept drinking soda and eating snacks.

“This is all your fault, you know,” Messy grumbled.

“My fault!? You broke her stuff, and ate her candy!” Sunny harshly whispered. “If you just listened to me-“

“Yeah, and I *did!* I agreed to this dumb video concept of yours! We should have just eaten a ton of Halloween candy like last year!”

A sudden SMACK to the stomach made Sunny and Messy yelp. Katherine groaned and kneaded at her belly. “Shut up in there you *dorks!* If you can’t stay quiet during the film, I’m going to swallow a whole bottle of TUMS!”

The theater was quiet after that. The hefty ghost could now rest in peace, watching the day’s events unfold on the big screen, while the two trespassers were slowly added to her spectral waistline.

It seems even the dead love a dinner and a show.

**END**

Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2024



## ***SILVER SCREEN SCREAMS.***

Sunny and Messy are filming a new video: an exploration of an abandoned movie theater.

This old theater is great! There's electricity, arcade cabinets, there's even still candy at the concession counter.

Though Sunny and Messy get the feeling that they are being watched, but by who?

They're the only living people in the building.

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Hold on tight – you're in for a fright!

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