

# Transcript

## Characters

- Bob Carmichael - the interviewer
- Richard Knox - the disgruntled researcher (No lines)
- Jake Mattalan - the scientist

Bob: Hello everyone! My name is Bob Carmichael, and I'm the host of today's brand-new episode of the Daily Nightmare. The podcast series made for fans of the weird, the freaky, and the just plain bizarre! Today we'll be discussing the dramatic rise and fall of the Wonder Cone: a chocolate dipped ice cream cone that could regenerate itself every time someone took a bite out of it. When it was announced in October of last year, people were convinced it was going to take the world by storm, and they were right. Except, instead of cheers, people were overcome with screams when a man discovered something unsettling about these frosted treats.

I've got a very special guest here today to discuss this with. He's one of the key witnesses in the civil case against Over Frozen Incorporated, the company responsible for the creation of the Wonder Cone. It's none other than Jake Manhattan!

Jake: Hi there!

Bob: How are you doing, Jake?

Jake: I'm doing pretty good. Happy to shed some light on the situation.

Bob: Now before we begin, I just wanted to thank you again for agreeing to sit down with me. I know you've been very busy with the latest round of hearings.

Jake: It wasn't a problem at all. I was actually glad when you reached out. I thought the work you did on the ultimate trash fire up in New York was astounding. I'm honored to talk with you about the Wonder Cone.

Bob: Thank you. So, I know we discussed this in length over email, but I'm sure a lot of the listeners would appreciate it if you could tell us what exactly you did at Over Frozen?

Jake: Oh yeah, I'd love to do that. A lot of people get sort of these exaggerated ideas of what I did at the company. I ran tests and experiments, yes, but those were focus groups to try and figure out what consumers thought of the product and how we could sell it moving forward. I honestly have no idea where people keep hearing all that other stuff.

Bob: Now, there's one thing about the Wonder Cone that I've always found confusing, and I was wondering if you could help me understand.

Jake: Oh boy. Hehe, I know where this is going.

Bob: Who exactly made the Wonder Cone? The formula has widely been accredited to the Over Frozen research team as a whole, but surely there must have been someone who made the first critical breakthrough. At the very least, there would have been a head of the project who would receive credit for it.

Jake: It was a very confusing thing. If you asked five different people who made the Wonder Cone, then you'd get five different answers. There weren't specifics on anything. And the higher ups certainly weren't in a rush to clear up the confusion. There was one guy in the labs I talked to about all this weird shit. That was Richard. I'm sure you're dying to get to him.

Bob: You can only imagine. If you thought a lot of people talked about you, then you should see some of the things they're saying about him. But, you never thought to ask what was going on?

Jake: Of course, we did. I think everyone at the company, sooner or later, sent some kind of email to their boss asking what the hell was happening. Usually, the responses would be somewhat helpful, but that was not enough for Richard.

Bob: What did he do?

Jake: He went freaking rogue. He stole one of the Wonder Cones from the lab to run his own personal experiments without having to worry about supervisors or execs at the company.

Bob: I am curious to hear what you know about that, but tell me, how exactly do you know so much about what Richard was doing?

Jake: Alright, He was sending me texts and emails as he was doing it. Now, he didn't tell me that he had stolen one of them from the labs, but he did let me know that he was running some experiments to try and see what happened to the Wonder Cone after repeated regenerations. So far, we knew that if you took 20 bites out of the Wonder Cone, then it would just refill the ice cream and recoat itself in chocolate every time. What Richard was concerned about though, was what happened to the Wonder Cone after it had been bitten nearly a few hundred times. We had been running tests on the Wonder Cone plenty at Over Frozen, but it was going to be in an entirely different environment once they hit restaurants. We had no idea what would happen if that were to go through, and that thought scared Richard.

Bob: So what was he doing in his experiments at home? Was he going to try to find someone who could eat the Wonder Cone to see what happened?

Jake: No, he did this whole thing by himself. He didn't want anyone else involved in this test but him. What he wanted to do was see what happened to the Wonder Cone after it had bites taken out of it for hours on end, so he sat down in his lab at around 4 in the afternoon, started to eat little bits of the Wonder Cone, and continued like that for nearly ten hours.

Bob: For nearly ten hours straight?! God, I can't even imagine how sick that would make you. Surely there had to have been another way of disposing of the ice cream.

Jake: Well, at first, he had been using a scalpel to cut out little slivers of the cone to put on microscope slides, and then he had little plastic containers for each of the samples, so that they weren't just sitting out. I imagine that didn't work out too well after a while though when the bits of chocolate and ice cream started growing when they realized that they weren't part of a full cone anymore.

Bob: Wait wait wait, if a Wonder Cone is broken into pieces, each piece will grow into its own cone?

Jake: Well, not if you can put them back together fast enough. The cones are designed so that they don't stop growing back until about a minute after they're broken. If you're not quick, then yes, you'll get a brand-new Wonder Cone. They'll only stop regrowing if they come into contact with human saliva and will only break down when they're put in someone's stomach acid.

Bob: You said he had microscope slides. Was he putting bits of the ice cream under a microscope then?

Jake: I assume so. When he was texting me, he told me that he took a break every twenty minutes to analyze the chemical makeup of a sample.

Bob: Did he find anything then?

Jake: Yes, actually. He found something pretty... pretty scary. At around 2:30 in the morning, he texted me saying that the Wonder Cone had changed. That it wasn't ice cream anymore.

Bob: Wait, what?

Jake: I said the same thing myself, and he told me that when he looked at it, what was on the slide looked nothing like milk, sugar, or anything else that went into ice cream or chocolate. He said it was like nothing he had ever seen before.

Bob: But if it wasn't ice cream, then what was it?

Jake: I wanted to know that too, but when I messaged him asking for more, he never responded. Well, no, he did respond, but he was asking me to call for help immediately.

Bob: Yes, this part. Walk me through what happened after you called the police.

Jake: Yeah, so, after I sent them to Jake's apartment, I was kind of pissed that he lied, but even more worried that I had just sent the police to his apartment to arrest him for stealing company property. I decided to go to his apartment and see what was happening, but when I got there

though, police cars, fire trucks and an ambulance had arrived. Except for one police car, I didn't call any of those! Not only that, but it looked like people living there were being moved outside. I immediately ran upstairs even though one of the policemen on the ground tried to stop me. I'm hyperventilating at this point, and when I get to his floor there's barricades set up on either side of his doorway. In the middle, there were a bunch of firefighters and policemen hacking into the floor with batons and hatchets, and throwing chips of whatever came off into trash bins they had nearby.

Bob: I don't understand. Why would they be doing something like that?

Jake: I was confused too. Until I saw a bunch of dark, brown spots all over the floor. It was chocolate. The same kind that coats the Wonder Cone. It had gotten all over the floor and was trying to spread to the rest of the building. They were trying to break and contain it before that happened.

Bob: How did it get there though? What was going on with Richard?

Jake: I tried to pull one of the officers aside and ask them what was going on, but all they did was point towards the door and say they didn't know either. I looked where they pointed and saw that they had to pull Richard's door off from its hinges. Inside the doorframe, there was nothing but a wall of smooth chocolate. The same for the windows. His entire apartment was probably covered in chocolate.

There was also a thin rod stagnating from the middle of the chocolate. I didn't know this at the time, but that was a fireman's hatchet. They had tried to bust through the chocolate, but after two or three swings the hatchet started to coat too. And the little chips of frozen chocolate that had gotten on the floor started to spread. After I saw that hatchet in the door, I did everything I could to help the responders on the scene. Thankfully, they were able to get it under control by the time the sun rose, but I won't lie, it looked pretty grim for a bit.

Bob: So were they ever able to get inside Richard's apartment?

Jake: Here's the real crazy part. They took x-ray scans of the apartment from the hallway and found nothing inside the apartment except for a layer of chocolate filled with vanilla ice cream. Even in that one lump where the fireman lost his hatchet, there was nothing inside that but ice cream.

Bob: That's insane. Does anyone know if Richard was still in the apartment when that happened?

Jake: No one knows. At the very least, the police haven't made a public announcement about whether or not his body has been found. But they still know enough not to risk it, because as of now, I don't think they've let a single person back into that building. Aside from people in hazmat

suits. I mean, who knows what might happen if any of that chocolate on the floor were to get chipped or cracked. The whole city could get coated.

Bob: Well, do you have any idea what might have happened to Richard then?

Jake: I think he was still there when his apartment got turned into ice cream. Otherwise, he would have found a way to contact me by now.

Bob: Really?

Jake: Yeah. I think he either ate too much ice cream or dropped a piece of chocolate under the table, and that caused it to spread to everything in his house. But honestly, we'll never know for sure. He could easily be on the run from Over Frozen or just a pile of vanilla ice cream. All I do know is that shortly afterwards, the FDA, FBI, and PETA came and confiscated every Wonder Cone we had in stock and ordered all operations to be shut down.

Bob: Do you know where any of those Wonder Cones went?

Jake: I want to say they dropped it to the bottom of the ocean, but I couldn't tell you. Heh, maybe they sent it to a site where they keep radioactive waste and store it there.

Bob: That would honestly be the sanest thing about this situation.

Well, I think that just about wraps up our time together. I hope you got as much out of this talk as I did, Mr. Manhattan.

Jake: Oh certainly. I think we were able to shed light on a very important issue here today. I can only hope that this will spread the warning that Richard wanted everyone to have about the Wonder Cone and what it is capable of.

Bob: Thank you again for sharing so much with us Mr. Manhattan and thank you to everyone out there listening to this. The Daily Nightmare wouldn't be anything if it weren't for listeners like you. Stay tuned for tomorrow's show, where we discuss the story of Cheeseball, the first chihuahua to ever become a confirmed serial killer. Until then, I'm Bob Carmichael, telling you to stay safe, stay out of the attic, and have a great rest of your day. Farewell...