RIDE-ALONG IN TOWNSHIP 7, RANGE 5

On Friday, October 25, 2024, The Crime Channel's live broadcast of "Ride-Along" was preempted by a test pattern from 10:02 p.m. through the remainder of the program.

Viewers reported experiencing audio and video distortion shortly before and during the broadcast interruption.

Show executives, and law enforcement officials from one of the departments have declined comment about an incident that may have occurred on patrol during the technical difficulties.

You are about to see the preempted portion of the episode in question, obtained by FactCheckerFiles.com and unedited.

Intense music blasts as a title card appears:

Due to the nature and unpredictability of police recordings, viewer discretion is advised.

All suspects are presumed innocent until proven guilty in a court of law.

Harvey Hollander mugs for the camera in his Crime Channel-logo collared shirt, hair perfectly coiffed, clean-shaven, as he says,

"THIS….is "Ride-Along."

A montage bursts onto the screen. Officers shout "FREEZE!", clink handcuffs and slam citizens to the ground, accompanied by a police music sting, all-caps graphics and the piercing wail of police sirens.

The cold open ends and cameras return to Harvey, doing a walk-and-talk in studio. “Exciting news tonight!” he says. “We have a new department. The good folks of the Aroostook County, Maine, have joined the Ride-Along Team. On patrol tonight is Commander Joe Denniman, working the late shift. Hey-O! Cmdr. Denniman! Thanks for all you do.”

“Hey-O! Harvey,” Denniman says, from the inside of a patrol car. He salutes to the camera.

“Tell us about this All-American county.”

Denniman rattles off statistics about The County—largest county east of the Mississippi, nearly 7,000 square miles, larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, northernmost county east of the Great Lakes. Yet fewer people across all that territory than Portland has downstate in just 20 square miles. He patrols most of the county, unorganized territory without actual names. Just grid squares on a map—Township 7, Range 5; E Township.

“But we make up for it with big hearts. Cookouts, potatoes, ice hockey. Not much happens here in the way of crime. More along the lines of broken-down vehicles, fire alarms activa—”

On cue, a dispatcher radios in.

“Respond to Township 7, Range 5, Umcolcus Lake, for a report of a disabled vehicle.”

“Wait…where?” Denniman asks.

“Umcolcus Lake.”

Denniman sighs.

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Back in the studio. “With me as always,” Harvey says, “is Retired Capt. of the Lubbock, Texas, police department, Gary McGivens.” The camera zooms in on Capt. McGivens, who mean-mugs and then lets out a “Yeeeeeeaeeeaaah!”

“And next to Capt. McGivens is our Citizen CopWatch Representative, Sarah Hughes.”

“Happy to be the adult in the room, Harvey,” Sarah says.

“Sarah, I understand you have some information about this so-called Umcolcus Lake Triangle.”

Sarah walks over to the green-screen and fires up the website xtro.com, a YouTube account specializing in unsolved mysteries. She explains that it was 20 years ago this week, 18-year-old Samantha Dunne, went missing after a Halloween party in a secluded cabin on the lake. She has not been seen or heard from since. A graphic with Samantha’s picture, age, height weight, distinguishing characteristics and last seen date appears. The lake has become a shrine to Samantha and as a popular spot for both the missing persons and CrypTok.

“There’s the standard investigation into Samantha’s disappearance,” Sarah says. “And there are alternative theories—talk that on the night of the party witnesses saw…”

The TV feed becomes degraded; about ten seconds of unintelligible conversation follows before the picture and volume return to normal. Viewers of the show notice the color scheme on set reverses, turning blues and blacks into yellows and whites, then changes again and again as the broadcast speed slows down and then quickens, before things return to normal.

“…Samantha. These theories have developed a life of their own as influencers come to the lake.”

Capt. McGivens throws some papers in the air. “You’re ridiculous,” he says. “Why are you even on this show?”

“Well now, hold on,” Camera pans out, wide shot of studio. “Let’s go back to Umcolcus Lake…I’m told we may have some developments.”

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As Cmdr. Denniman approaches in his cruiser through light rain, thick woods give way to a muddy path leading to up to a run-down cabin. An older-model car appears to have lost control, its trunk partially breaching the cabin porch and front entrance at an awkward angle that looks staged. A faint banging sound emanates from inside the cabin. The rain begins to come down harder.

A twentysomething woman with purple hair, piercings and chains is taking photographs of the scene.

“Ma’am, is that your car?” Denniman says,

“No.”

“Then I’m gonna ask you to step aside, this is a crime scene.”

“Yeah, no shit. It’s been crime scene has been for 20 years.”

“Listen you can post your Instas and Snaps later. Right now--”

“Excuse me? I’m not an influencer. I have a podcast.”

“I’m gonna ask you one more time, if you don’t—”

“I have information that you don’t.”

“You’re not from around here. What information could you possibly have?”

“I do my own research? Why was there was no report on…”

A test pattern interrupts the broadcast, with more wonky movement indicating a problem with the signal. Normal broadcasting resumes again after a couple of minutes.

"…like an Episcopalian cult," Samantha says. "And what role does Sasquatch have in all this?"

"You been smoking?" Denniman asks.

As the rain continues to fall, the banging noise inside the cabin becomes louder,

"Hear that?" Angelica asks. "That's the sound of Samantha Dunn morphing into a crytpid."

"Lady, this is your last warning. Back away." Denniman cocks his gun and points it at the cabin as he shouts at whatever's inside. "Police! Show yourself!

A sharp object, possibly an ax, begins to show through the splintered cabin frame. From the wreckage of the front door, a Sasquatch figure appears. The footage degrades for a few seconds, then returns to normal. The being looks like a Sasquatch, at least 8 feet tall, with scars bald patches and visible wounds. Denniman fires his gun, but the first two shots miss and the third only stuns the Sasquatch. High winds and rustling of trees accompany the rain and it continues to stalk toward Denniman.

A GPS-like voice can be heard off in the distance.

"Your destination is in 500 feet."

The woman is livestreaming and indentifies herself as Alien Angelica. She shoots a battery of photographs, until the Sasquatch begins to approach her. She turns to run, but another show from Denniman hits her in the leg.

"YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!" she cries.

Angelica limps along the muddy ground as the Sasquatch attacks. Denniman fires another couple of shots, hitting the Sasquatch but with minimal effect.

The GPS voice is getting closer. “Your destination is in 250 feet.” Denniman radios, “I need backup…now! Send all available officers…”

The broadcast feed degrades again. Angelica screams in pain but then adds, “My story is getting *so many likes*!”

The Sasquatch leaves a badly wounded Angelica and comes after Lt. Denniman, who scrambles back to his cruiser as a second one pulls up. A second cruiser arrives and two officers jump out. At the same time, next to the cabin two trees fall.

“Your destination is in 10 feet.”

As the trees topple, a giant cryptid emerges. It’s the size of an SUV and looks like the love child of a Triceratops, a Stegosaurus and a Velociraptor.

“Cryptid, you have arrived at your destination.

Roar!

“What the hell is that thing?” Denniman says.

Sarah passes out from her injuries. The cryptid impales the Sasquatch with it tail spikes, swinging the badly wounded as it waves its tail from left to right until the Sasquatch flies into a tree, crumpling motionless in a badly disfigured lump as it lands on the ground. The cryptid then turns and whiplashes a couple of trees, blocking the cruisers from escaping. The officers all scream as it growls.

As the cryptid lunges at them, the feed distorts briefly and then fades Ride-Along returns to studio.

Harvey says, “Let’s go to commercial.”