

DRAFT TWO

KEITH CURRY FILES EPISODE TWO:

“A SPECIAL KIND OF HELL”

LAUREN:

Last week I told you about how magic is real in the world. First of all and a few of you decided to leave some comments. I’m just going to read some right now.

Some jerk named Princeofdarkness7 says: Beware! You know not of which you speak. We who lurk in the shadows will find you and silence your infernal voice once and for all!

Okay, Dwayne, if you’re going to send dumb messages you should at least do it from a different screen name than the one you sent your birthday invitations from. Also, yes, I’ll be there but I have to leave early because I’m pet sitting for Mr. Curry and his cat gets grumpy if he doesn’t get fed by five.

And LovesKittenEyes wants to know what kind of cat Special Agent Keith Curry has. So he has a fluffy orange cat who is not really that friendly. But he likes me because I let him lick the butter.

Justice4Elves writes: “Courage young lady, with your brave voice we will be free finally to show ourselves and live as equals.” I think Justice4Elves must be really good looking like Legolas only in normal pants.

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And finally a message to TouchMyLuckyCharms: I deleted your comment because it was gross. And I'm only twelve so showing me that picture was probably illegal too.

So thank you so much for listening to my important message and keep the comments coming.

Now here's another case from the files of Special Agent Keith Curry supernatural food inspector detective guy.

KEITH:

February 12. Case number one thousand and nine. I am currently inspecting a parcel containing a suspicious sample of meat found in a restaurant in Austin, Texas.

Because of my personal history, I'm not a fan of mystery meat cases—especially not when the sample fibers are still twitching like these are.

The sample, which was discovered by a member of the extra-human community inside a taco, is approximately one inch in diameter and colored grayish-pink and covered in green sauce that...

(sound of long sniff)

...smells like chimichurri. The movement does not seem purposeful—more like a rhythmic twitch. And it smells very weird though the source of the odor is hard to identify over all the garlic.

As per NIAD protocols I am now testing the flesh sample for human origin. And we have a match: definitely human. Because this flesh hunk

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has been separated from the rest of the human it should be dead, but it
isn't.

Knowing that I will now perform the Reynolds test to determine the
source of reanimation.

(some sort of weird noise)

And this test shows plain old textbook necromancy.

At this point, I will file a travel plan and head to Austin to inspect the
venue.

(end scene noise—or bleep, or whatever we're using)

February 12, 2 pm local time, Austin Texas. I'm driving to Easton-Reinhold. Before departing I checked restaurant's website and saw that it was one of those hipster gastropubs--basically upscale fast food made with locally-sourced materials. The menu led me to believe the place had been started by a couple of sensitive guys with a mission to provide wholesome food in a sustainable way.

I used to have some very similar text on the menu of my own place.

I still think it's pretentious.

But necromancy is a seriously pretentious form of conjuring so that made sense, at least. The question is why? Who are they feeding this unded meat-stuff to? I searched the NIAD database and found no known life form that whose natural diet includes reanimated protein and no registered extra-humans working at their place.

And here it is. Now to find a place to park...
(sound of cars, country music coming from the radio the “ding ding ding”
of the car. Then silence. Car door opening and closing.)

From the outside the place looks pretty clean. It’s situated midblock,
with a long narrow dining room and...I can just see an open kitchen way
in back which surprises me. I hadn’t expected to find given the
necromancy angle. I can see all the way through the building—the range,
the fryers, the prep tables--everything to the shiny, stainless-steel walk-
in door.

WAITRESS:

What can I get for you?

KEITH:

Do you have grilled cheese?

WAITRESS:

Sure thing. Anything to drink?

KEITH:

Soda’s fine.

(voice lowered to talk into mike)

I’m noticing that whenever the staff goes to drop off dirty dishes, they
come back scared. The skinny waitress, the girthy old prep cook, the
crazy-eyed line cook—all of them seem worried or disgusted about
something related to dishes. So I decided to check out the dish room—
the only part of the back of the house that I can’t see.

Time to do a little impromptu inspection.

(Sounds of kitchen/distorted loud music)

KEITH:

Excuse me, I'd like to speak with the person in charge.

COOK:

Huh?

(music is turned down)

Oh hey. Yeah...what

KEITH:

The PIC—who is it?

(sound of pitiful moaning)

Did you hear that?

COOK: (nervously)

It's just the dishwasher. Um...the owners aren't here now.

KEITH:

I'm Keith Curry with the Federal Department of Workplace Safety

COOK:

Isn't that OSHA?

KEITH:

We're all under the same umbrella.

(pitiful moaning turning to sobs)

KEITH:

He doesn't sound all right.

(sound of footsteps)

COOK:

Wait! Don't go in there!

KEITH:

Why is this door locked? How do you even get dishes in here? Through this slot? Damn it smells like...formaldehyde.

COOK: (terrified)

Please don't go in there.

KEITH:

Why, what's in there.

COOK:

I don't *know*.

(moaning, clanking, chains rustling)

KEITH:

Okay first of all I'm going to give you a chance to step aside. I'm a federal agent and you do not want to obstruct me. Now where is the key to this door kept?

COOK:

I don't know. I think I have to call my manager.

KEITH:

No, you do not. You are not going to warn anybody. You are going to give me your phone and stand over there while I kick in this door.

(sound of kicking then a pitiful, hollow scream)

COOK:

Holy Shit!

KEITH:

Inside the small dish room I see a Caucasian male, around 5'9" and approximately sixty years of age. He is dressed in a suit and tie, blue rubber gloves and a yellow slop apron. He is chained to the dishwashing machine by an ankle cuff affixed to an eyebolt in the floor. He appears to be in an advanced state of decomposition.

Sir—sir do you need help?

GRANDPA:

Yaaaaaereerrrg.....

KEITH:

Do you know that you are undead?

GRANDPA:

YAAAARRRRRAGGGGG!!!!

KEITH:

Sir, did you voluntarily become undead?

GRANDPA:

NAAAAAAAAAAAAOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

(end scene noise)

It is now six forty-seven pm and I'm at the regional office.

Upon discovering the undead dishwasher I phoned the Magical Crimes Division and they sent a sorceress to take the revenant into protective custody. Then we rounded up the owners of Easton-Reinhold and brought them to the office in a hidden sub-basement of the capitol building.

I'm walking in to the interview room now.

Hello gentlemen

State your name for the tape please.

ASHTON:

Aston Easton

BRENDT:

Brendt Montoya-Reinhold

KEITH:

Okay guys, tell me about the zombie slave in your dish room.

ASHTON:

He's not a slave. He's my grandpa. He said he wanted to help us anyway he could so when we had problems getting a dishwasher I thought of him.

BRENDT:

That's right. He said we could call him for anything.

KEITH:

So let me get this straight, you needed a dishwasher so instead of say, putting an ad online you decided to disinter your own grandpa, raise him from the dead and chain him to the floor? That's a low and lousy thing to do to your grandpa.

ASHTON:

We really need to keep labor hours down right now. We just had to renovate the bathroom.

KEITH:

Which one of you is the necromancer?

BRENDT:

I did the ceremony.

KEITH:

Just out of curiosity, how much did it cost to resurrect grandpa?

BRENDT:

About ten dollars in candles.

ASHTON:

And a piece of your immortal soul if you believe in that kind of thing.

KEITH:

You don't believe in that kind of thing?

BRENDT:

Of course not.

KEITH:

So to recap, even though you were able to raise a guy from the dead you still don't think that you gave up a piece of your immortal soul to whatever entity you made the deal with? Who do you think raised the dead for you? How do you think that happened?

BRENDT:

Well, I---

KEITH:

Listen, I would normally feel sorry for a person in your situation but you two idiots don't seem to realize the kind of trouble you are in—and all because you were too cheap to hire a dishwasher. First of all there's the very mundane crime of corpse theft, then there's practicing necromancy without a license—

BRENDT:

That's not a crime.

KEITH:

Yes it is--and shut up. Also if we consider that a resurrected corpse is unable to give consent to work so you're also guilty of trafficking so you're looking at some jail time. But that's the least of your problems if the entity to whom you sold an unspecified portion of your soul comes to collect isn't it?

ASHTON:

But that wasn't real was it?

KEITH:

I assure you it was. But there's something I can do. You two write out exactly what you did and sign it and I'll refer you to the Mage Division. You can expect to be charged the standard rate for all efforts to find and reacquire your soul.

(end recording sound)

KEITH:

February 14th. Closing case notes: The Case of the Reluctant Revenant.

GUNTHER:

That's a good one, babe.

KEITH:

Thanks, I do try.

But back to the zombie: eventually it was discovered that grandpa was the sixth corpse the restaurant owners had reanimated for the purpose of forced labor, which meant that Mr. Montoya-Reinhold was only one reanimation away from completely losing his soul to the hell-being with whom he'd been trading. Efforts to locate the soul sections are ongoing as the hell-being had already pawned them to a Forbidden Plane broker at the Grand Goblin Bazaar. Mr. Montoya-Reinhold is being held in a safehouse.

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Mr. Easton was convicted in Texas State court of abuse of a corpse and is serving is one year in prison.

Grandpa Reinhold's spirit has been released and his earthly remains reinterred at Austin Memorial Park Cemetary.

GUNTHER:

(from background)

Are you about finished? The Great British Baking Show is about to start.

KEITH:

I'll be right there.

(sound of cooing)

GUNTHER:

You're not feeding that pigeon again are you?

KEITH:

I'm gonna have to take the fifth on that one.

LAUREN:

Well, that one was really disgusting wasn't it? It kind of makes me a little worried about what might be going on in the world though. Like I hadn't thought about this but if this stuff is pretty scary.

So all you girls who burn those candles all the time and try to put love spells on guys? Maybe be more careful.

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This is Lauren. Saying “I’ll be baaaaaack,” with more files just as soon as
I feed this here little kitty.
Say goodbye to the people, Cheeto!

(meow)

(Credits)

Episode Two: “Special Kind of Hell” was written by Nicole Kimberling
and Ginn Hale. Music and soundscape by Tommy Jordan.

This week’s episode features the voices of Ginn Hale, Tommy Jordan,
Brendan Connor, and Ian EveryHope.

The Keith Curry Files was created by Nicole Kimberling and is a co-
production of Shepherd Boy Records and Blind Eye Books.

