

DRAFT TWO

Lauren Proves Magic is Real! EPISODE FIVE:

“JUST SAY NO TO KRAKEN”

LAUREN:

Who is this mysterious lady who you hear talking to you? Is it a ghost? Is it a creepy girl from a horror movie? No! It is I, Lauren! A humble catsitter by day but then...also during the day...she is the voice who reveals the mysteries of the universe! Or at least the girl who lets you listen to Mr. Curry's case files so that you understand that Magic is real!

Here's the very latest of his cases. Let's see what he was up to two weeks ago.

KEITH:

It's Thursday, July 22 and I'm about to answer a call from an extra human citizen. The call has been forwarded to me via the NIAD's crime reporting hotline.

Hello this is Special Agent Keith Curry of NIAD'S Food and Medicine inspection department. It is my duty to inform you that this call is being recorded and that anything you say can be taken in evidence.

RUNA:

Hello, my name is Runa and I've been assaulted!

KEITH:

Okay, let me transfer you to our criminal branch.

RUNA:

No, they transferred me to you! They're not taking me seriously.

KEITH:

Okay, Runa just tell me what happened.

RUNA:

I was tending my scallop farm when two dirty Russian mermaids swam
up and cut off a piece of my mantle!

KEITH:

Your...mantle...

RUNA:

Yes. Right in the back near my left long tentacle.

KEITH:

Okay, Runa, do you need medical assistance?

RUNA:

No, it's not a very big wound—it's just the principle of the thing. These mermaids can get away with anything just because they can jiggle their ta-tas. But some of us aren't marine mammals. We kraken spawn. We don't need breasts. It's very unfair.

KEITH:

Okay. Can you tell me anything else about these mermaids? Do you know their names?

RUNA:

They're called Anya and Yelena. They're awful. They range from Dutch Harbor all the way to Vladivostok and they completely ignore the sentient marine life regulations even though they're protected from being fished as well. They're just as likely to become sushi as me—more even! They should be ashamed of themselves. Poaching their neighbors...

KEITH:

So you think they stole your flesh to sell?

RUNA:

Oh, yes. I heard them talking about what they would buy as they were swimming away. Sound travels a long way underwater.

KEITH:

It sure does. Okay, I'm looking at your file now. Wow, that's a nice scallop farm you have there.

RUNA:

Thank you so much! Oh you're so sweet!

KEITH:

All right. Here's what I'm going to do. I'll call the NOAH officer in Dutch Harbor and have him take a statement and photograph your wound, okay?

RUNA:

Yes, thank you.

(sound cue)

KEITH:

Supplemental case notes: victim is a naturalized kraken female, approximately two kilometers long, residing in the Aleutian Trench off the coast Alaska.

She came to the Earthly Plane several hundred years ago and had been a documented resident of United States waters for almost twenty years.

Kraken is a new one for me. So MAGUS, tell me about kraken.

MAGUS MACLEAN:

Kraken are giant cephalopods who reside in deep sea trenches. They are originally from the abyssal seas of the Aegirian Realm. There are thirty nine residing in NATO countries.

During Age of Sail, disoriented kraken occasionally collided with ships in the North Sea, leading to the myth that kraken attack and sink sailing vessels.

Most kraken now living on Earth now make their living through aquaculture or by assisting with deep sea research.

KEITH:

Thank you Magus.

Notes continue: I don't think I'll be able to question the Russian mermaids, as Russia is not a member of NATO. So I'm going to start putting out feelers in the illicit meat trade starting with a call to my connection at BLISSCO.

(sound of dialing)

SUSAN:

Thank you for calling BLISSCO the largest purveyor of commercial goods in the known universe: If we can't get it, it never existed. This is SUSAN speaking.

KEITH:

Hi Susan, this is Keith from NIAD.

SUSAN:

To what do I owe the pleasure? And do remember that this call may be recorded for training purposes.

KEITH:

I'm interested in some kraken meat.

SUSAN:

Kraken? Sure thing. Best sushi I've ever had. I can get you kraken so fresh it's still wriggling within 48 hours, though there is a minimum order of twenty-five kilos. How much do you need?

KEITH:

That's interesting. It was my understanding that kraken is a protected species.

SUSAN:

Not where it's from.

KEITH:

But here on Earth?

SUSAN:

Yes, on Earth it's illegal to harvest kraken, which is why our fishermen go straight to the source—the deep abyssal seas of the Aegirian Realm. Tentacles are sustainably harvested to order in a way that does not kill the kraken in question.

KEITH:

What about the mantle?

SUSAN:

No, nobody eats the mantle. It's too tough.

KEITH:

Has anyone else from the Earthly Realm called about kraken this week?

SUSAN:

We always get several requests in the summer.

KEITH:

Any stand out?’

SUSAN:

There was one request for exactly one pound of flesh, which I thought was weird. Especially coming from the Earthly Realm. Orders originating in fae realm are commonly specific, like an order for one troll’s skull of gold dust, skull included or something like that. But in the Earthly Realm customers generally go for whatever is the value menu, so to speak.

KEITH:

Is there any way you can be more specific about where in the Earthly Realm the call originated?

SUSAN:

Not without a warrant. At BLISSCO we take customer privacy seriously. But I can tell you the most statistically common location where a call like that might originate.

KEITH:

Where is that?

SUSAN:

Anyplace Stellan Haugen lives. Last I heard that was Washington State.

KEITH:

Unsurprisingly, Stellan Haugen turned out to be a registered extra-human, with low-threat status and no criminal history. His address was listed as Racehorse Falls. So I hopped a portal to the nearest farmer's market, then rented a car and headed into the North Cascades.

Stellan Haugen's extra-human designation was something called fossegrimmen, which I'd never heard of.

On the drive I asked the NIAD AI, MAGUS to tell me more. She said this:

MAGUS MACLEAN:

The fossegrimmen are water spirits who inhabit waterfalls. They traditionally manifest as handsome naked young men who are playing the fiddle and the music that they play is considered to be the music of life itself. Fossegrimmen normally charge the price of one pound of stolen meat in exchange for teaching humans to play instruments at the virtuoso level. Whether this is because of some ancient pact or average collusion and price-fixing is unclear. They are not considered dangerous.

KEITH:

When I arrived at Racehorse Falls I saw nothing but a great-looking waterfall. Then I put on my spectral lenses and Stellan popped into my field of vision—a hot, naked, smooth blond with sitting on a rock at the base of the waterfall. He held a fiddle in one hand and a bow in the other.

When he saw me looking at him—and actually seeing him, he pulled his bow across the strings. Immediately a sweet trill of birdsong floated through the air. I waved my NIAD ID.

He beckoned me closer. Recording follows.

STELLAN:

Hello, greetings, welcome. Please sit down.

KEITH:

I'd prefer to stand. Thank you. I'm here investigating an assault against a kraken.

STELLAN:

Oh, yeah right. Please give her my condolences.

KEITH:

What do you know about the crime?

STELLAN:

Well, I know mermaids don't need music lessons.

KEITH:

Can you please elaborate on that statement.

STELLAN:

Sure. All I know is this guy comes up to me because he wants me to teach his son to play the violin. I give him the standard line about the pound of flesh and tell him my favorite meat is kraken. I'm originally from Norway you see, I used to get it all the time but these days I hardly get a tentacle a year.

So this guy goes off and a few weeks later brings back the meat and I was like, 'Hey man you bought this from BLISSCO' it's still in the packaging. Not stolen, not cool.

Then he came back again with his son holding the second pound of kraken and I could smell those rusalkas on it and I told him that if his son wants me to teach him his son has to do the thieving he can't just hire some Russian chicks to do his dirty work. That's exploitation.

Then the son said that he didn't even care about music and he was just trying to learn an instrument to pad his Harvard application. He threw the kraken at me and took off.

It tasted okay, but I really prefer tentacle to mantle when it comes to kraken.

(sound cue)

Further inquiries revealed the gentleman in question to be John Leary of Lansing, Michigan—a NIAD field agent. He was charged with solicitation

to commit assault causing bodily harm, dismissed from NIAD and sentenced to two years in prison with mandatory amnesia and memory replacement.

His son's essay on having a father in prison ended up getting him into Penn State.
(sound cue)

LAUREN:

Huh...I wonder what "mandatory amnesia" means? Do you know, Cheeto?

CHEETO:
(Meows)

I'm glad that kraken lady got justice. She seemed really nice. But listening to that story gives me an idea. Magus, are you there?

MAGUS MACLEAN:
Yes.

LAUREN:
OMG it worked. Okay. Magus, is Mr. Colby a human?

MAGUS MACLEAN:
Insufficient data. Incomplete name.

LAUREN:
Oh, right.

(sound of typing)

Is Mr. Leonard Colby who teaches at Alliance Middle School in
Washington DC a human?

MAGUS MACLEAN:
Subject is not human.

LAUREN:
Yessssssssssssssssssssss!!!!!! Magus tell me what Leonard Colby is.

MAGUS MACLEAN:
Leonard Colby is the alias of Raziel, a multidimensional being known as
an archangel in the earthly realm.

LAUREN:
Woah. Why is he teaching geometry?

MAGUS MACLEAN:
I don't understand the question. Please restate.

LAUREN:
Why would an archangel want to teach geometry?

MAGUS MACLEAN:
The answer is unknowable.

LAUREN:
I can't tell if that is an answer or if you're just being sooooooper deep
Magus, but thank you.

Well, what do you think about that Cheeto? Wow, a whole bunch of comments are coming up now. Dozens and dozens. I didn't realize so many people were listening to this. They're scrolling by too fast for me to read them.

Some of these comments are really mean. I think...

(sound of banging on the door)

MR. X (AKA GNOME KING)

Open up, Curry! I know that you're in there. I can see your shadow.

LAUREN:

Okay, whoever you are. I'm not allowed to answer the door so you just need to go away.

MR. X:

Oh, hello little girl! Is your father home? We need to speak with him.

LAUREN:

You'll have to come back later.

MR.X:

I'm sure it would be all right if you just opened the door a little bit. I have something to give Mr. Curry.

LAUREN:

No. No way. You'll have to wait.

MR. X:

Is Mr. Curry home?

LAUREN:

Yeah.....YES! Yes he's home. He just can't come to the door because he's... pooping and he gets really mad when people interrupt his poops.
(crashing sound of door being broken open)

LAUREN:

Hey! Let go of me!

Mr. X:

Come with us.

LAUREN:

No! You get out of Mr. Curry's house right now!
(sound of magic whooshing/forcefield created by Lauren)

Mr. X:

What the hell? She has some kind of magic.

Mr. Y:

I've got neutralizer.

(sound of "the neutralizer")

LAUREN:

Quit spraying that on me! (slurring) Oh. I feel weird....

MR. Y:

Help me get her in this bag.

MR. X:

Do it yourself. You know I can't touch that foam. Why did you have to use it?

MR. Y:

Then look for Curry then.

MR X:

What if I run into the goblin?

MR Y:

He's out on maneuvers.

(rest of it is muffled.)

(Sounds of footsteps searching around the property CHEETO hissing.)

MR. Y: (AKA AGENT LEARY):

He's not here.

MR. X:

No worries. He'll come to us.

Episode One: "Just Say No To Kraken" 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, Dal Maclean, 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.