

The Keith Curry Files
Episode One: The Banana Thing

LAUREN:

Hi, it's me! I'm Lauren and I've infiltrated the lair of a secret agent. He lives next door and I'm posing as his cat sitter...and also I'm taking care of his cat this weekend. But I've discovered stuff you would not believe and I'm going to prove it to you with proof from his computer.

And I'm recording this so there will be a record of what I find in case I'm killed or grounded.

Here goes: I'm turning on the supposedly normal computer...NOW!

MAGUS MACLEAN:

Welcome to the NIAD please enter your ID.

LAUREN:

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Woah! There are a lot of lights floating around my keyboard now. Some weird circle designs. Okay I'm typing the name of a real secret agent. It's accepted. O.M.G.! He used his real name as his user name.

MAGUS MACLEAN:

Please enter your password.

LAUREN:

Okay I'm entering what I think is the password right now...and ENTER.

MAGUS MACLEAN:

Password invalid. You have sixty seconds to re-enter the password. Failure to enter the correct password could result in prosecution, immediate immolation and soul-death. If you are unsure of your password please exit the system now.

LAUREN:

Oh my god! Um... what about this?

Bananas/3

(Sound of typing)

MAGUS MACLEAN:

Password invalid. This computer has been flagged. Please exit the system and wait for contact by the relevant authorities in your plane of existence. Failure to wait may result in doubled-fines, including the double death penalty.

LAUREN:

Okay, what about this? C H E E T O

(chime of system starting up)

MAGUS MACLEAN:

Password correct. Emergency dispatch cancelled. Welcome, Keith Curry. Special Agent, Food and Medicine Administration, NATO Irregular Affairs Division.

LAUREN:

(sighs)

Bananas/4

I can't believe his password was the name of his cat! Anyway, those weird lights are gone now. I think it was just a recording. Now I'm going to recently filed reports. There are a series of audio files here, which is what I was thinking I would find because Keith is always dictating things because he hates to type or something. Also, he can't spell. When he texted me to watch Cheeto, I couldn't even tell what he wanted at first.

Anyway, here's the earliest in this folder

KEITH:

(sound of clanking dishes)

Food/Med case number one thousand seven, Special Agent Keith Curry dictating. February first. I have just been called in on my day off to work this damn banana case that the Supernatural Crimes Division has pawned off on our department. There have been reports of large, aggressive spiders jumping out of bananas at a juice bar in Boston. Our department is now in charge of the investigation, which I intend to officially lodge a complaint about. Why not send, I don't know, some kind of freaky spider expert instead of a food inspector? What did the bosses expect me to do if I find one of these spiders? This case had nothing to do

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with our department and I should not have to give up my day off to go to
Boston.

So anyway, I guess that means I'm going to miss brunch. Again

GUNTHER:

Baby, did you just put the rest of your blintz out on the windowsill for
that crazy-eyed pigeon out there?

LAUREN:

I'm pausing here to say that this is the voice of Gunther, Mr. Curry's hot
boyfriend who has, like an eight pack. Now back to the files.

KEITH:

(sound of pigeon hooting)

I'm gonna take the fifth on that. Gotta go.

GUNTER:

Okay, babe, just asking. You take care.

(some sound effect to indicate passage of time—maybe sound of keyboard as it would be Lauren opening up the file—interstitial music, or whatever.)

KEITH:

It's ten thirty am and I've just arrived on Boston Common. It's snowing pretty hard. Through my spectral lenses I can see the usual Revolutionary War-era ghosts loitering around the ice rink but there's enough salt on the sidewalk that I'm not worried about them trying to haunt me.

I'm heading for Clean Green Juice and Vegan Wraps—the location of the spider sightings. My favorite thing about these spider sightings is that during the attacks no one but the person peeling the banana can see them, but every person who has been assaulted has reported seeing the same large, purple and yellow spider jumping out from the banana peel.

There is even a video of this event occurring. It shows a guy freaking out and trying to claw something off his face. There is no spider visible, even when the video is viewed with spectral lenses and illusion removal apps.

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So what I know about the spiders at this time is that they are invisible to everyone but the person being attacked.

My mission is to identify origin of these spider-filled bananas. Where are they coming from. Earth? Or some other realm of existence? Outer space? And here's where my complaint comes in: why would the office send me out to confront what might be a highly intelligent, invisible spider-creature? What about the title, "Food Inspector" makes them think, "Yeah, you're totally qualified to fight a possibly deadly alien that you can't see unless it's attacking you."

Anyway in at the scene of the incident now. Clean Green looks like a slick new "human fuel" place. And there's a salad bar.

(Heavy, long suffering sigh. Mutters: "salad bar" then another sigh.)

Right now I can see three employees: a skinny guy polishing a blender behind the counter, a skinny woman cleaning the salad bar sneeze guard and a bored looking kid just kinda standing around in the back. I'm going to guess that he's the dishwasher.

(sound of door opening: jingling)

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Hi there I'm Keith Curry with the US Department of Banana Imports. I'm
looking for JOJI Mahoney?

JOJI: (note to Tommy: can we get JOJI for this maybe?)

That's me.

KEITH:

Okay, JOJI, you're the dishwasher here?

JOJI:

That's right.

KEITH:

Tell me about the spider incident.

JOJI:

Well, it was only my second day at work and I was back there helping to
prep fruit. I started to peel a banana and this spider jumped right out of
the banana peel and landed on my face. It was so big it covered my whole

face and I could see the underside these purple and yellow stripes.

Yeah...And it was saying, "I hate you."

KEITH:

The spider was talking?

JOJI:

Not with it's mandibles. More like with it's eyes. But I heard it. Then I started freaking out. One of my coworkers took a video. It's gone viral. More than fifteen thousand views. But it's been taken down somehow.

And nobody can find it anywhere. It's even been erased from my coworkers phone.

KEITH:

Yes, well that's unfortunate. But good for us. You could see how the future sales of bananas could be aversely affected.

JOJI:

I guess so...

KEITH:

Okay then. What happened then. How did you get the spider off your
face?

JOJI:

I ran to the back room because I thought maybe I could spray it off with
the dishwasher nozzle. So I did and it kind of just melted off.

KEITH:

The spider melted?

JOJI:

Yeah. It stopped being there. We looked for its body, but it was gone.
Afterwards my coworkers told me that it had happened twice before to
the other dishwasher. She quit.

KEITH:

But you didn't?

JOJI:

I'm a senior at the Conservatory. I need the money. Plus actually I found the experience to be sort of inspirational. I wrote a new piece about it that's getting good critique from my advisor.

KEITH:

That's good...I guess.

(scene break noise)

Additional case notes on the banana thing. JOJI seems to be a perfectly normal human, but he may have had some kind of magical or psychic ability that even he didn't know about—possibly one that involves being able to see invisible spiders. But that doesn't explain the other sightings.

At this point I have no choice but to inspect the bananas, which I absolutely don't want to do, but I will.

(footsteps)

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I'm approaching the leftover case of fruit and man do I wish I'd brought one of those helmets that Strike Force wears. I absolutely do not want to open up a peel and have some horrible spider jump out and land on my face.

Okay, I've picked up a banana, cracked the stem and started to peel it.

Oh god, something is happening.

The skin is beginning to wriggle.

The number seven on my NIAD watch has turned blue indicating I am in the presence of psychic energy.

Aaaahhh! It's on my face!

(sound of crashing)

JOJI-

(from far away)

Come over here I'll spray it off!

(sound of more crashing, howling)

(break in recording)

KEITH:

(breathing heavily)

Bananas/13

So that was pretty damn awful. But now I know one thing: this spider is
NOT real. It's a hallucination caused by some psychic.

(louder)

Okay, which one of you did this to me?

JOJI:

What are you talking about? We're not doing it.

KEITH:

Somebody here is causing this.

DELILAH:

(from farther away)

Spider! Spider! Spider! Get it off! Get it off!

KEITH:

Ma'am! Look out for that banana peel!

(Crashing, falling, muffled tears.)

KEITH:

Close this place. Shut it down now!

(new recording)

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I have ordered the restaurant to close and all employees into the back
room.

As I am approaching the counter, my watch begins flashing blue sevens
again.

Now there is no one at the smoothie bar--nobody who I could see
anyway. Not a soul. Not one single living thing.

Except for this ficus.

But that's just crazy, right? Psychic ficus? Just to prove how crazy it is
I'm reaching up and going to break off one of the smaller branches.

(Inarticulate howls—recording breaks off)

KEITH:

Additional case notes: banana thing. As soon as I broke the branch off
that ficus I plunged into a wild red hellscape of fleshy red lips and big,
crushing teeth. I howled like an animal.

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The sound of my screams brought JOJI out of hiding. He called the cops and the cops called the Boston office of NIAD. Now I'm here at the office in Harvard Square.

NIAD field agents also took the ficus into custody and got it into a room with a mind-reader and channeller named Mikey. This is the recording of the ficus's statement:

PSYCHIC FICUS (as channeled by Mikey):

All I remember is living in a greenhouse until somebody moved me to this place—this horrible, horrible place. There was no good light and no other plants except the display of dismembered corpses in front of me that my captors called the salad bar.

These monsters even had machines to grind baby banana trees into goop. They peeled out of their skin and dropped into the whirling blades. Who does that? I knew I had to do something so I started reaching into the unconscious of the baby killers. One of them had seen this spider and I thought—AHA you filthy monkeys! Lets see how you like to be scared!!! I'm not sorry. You can't make me sorry.

KEITH CURRY:

I did some research to try and establish where this ficus had come from or how it had become telepathic. Insofar as I'm aware, this individual—this psychic ficus—is the only plant of his kind who has achieved this ability. I took the subject to the Boston field office in Harvard Square and remanded it to the custody of the officers there.

While I was walking back to the Red Line I saw a group of a dozen or so of the wild turkeys that roam the neighborhoods here. They formed a ring in the middle of the street and were slowly circling a discarded banana peel. I just kept walking. I didn't want to know.

End report.

LAUREN:

This is Lauren again. Now what do you think? The supernatural is real!

And I can say with certainty that Mr. Colby my geometry teacher is definitely some kind of monster. Do you hear that Mr. Colby? Are you listening to this podcast?

Well, probably not because I'm not famous yet but I will be soon. This is Lauren signing off from my secret location.

Say bye-bye Cheeto!

(meow sound)

(Credits)

Episode One: “Still Mad About Bananas” 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, Brendan Connor, George Allison 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.