

GREG'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY

A PILOT WEBISODE

Written by

Charlie Griffin

Winter Park, FL  
(407)619-6715

EXT. CENTRAL FLORIDA FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

Footsteps shuffle and CRUNCH across gravel and broken glass as dozens of slow-moving BURGLARS work to load large wooden crates into several vans as an ALARM wails.

Spinning red and blue lights color the scene as a police car skids to a halt. Two OFFICERS pop out of the car, guns drawn.

OFFICER 1  
Freeze! Get on the ground! Now!

The burglars ignore the officers without changing their pace.

OFFICER 2  
This is too big for just us.  
(into his com-unit)  
This is Officer Jackson requesting  
back-up at the Central Florida  
Fairgrounds.

Officer 1 tases BURGLAR 1 twice, who remains unaffected.

OFFICER 1  
Damn it! I said get on the ground!

Shaken up, Officer 1 tases Burglar 1 again, who in turn yanks the taser free. BURGLAR 2 rushes toward the scuffle. Officer 1 draws his weapon, and FIRES four shots.

Two shots hit Burglar 1 in the forearm and two in the knee. He recoils and drops to the ground. Burglar 2 helps him up, the arm and leg dangling grotesquely, and they both scramble into a van.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)  
Did you see that?

Officer 2 nods and they both run toward the van, guns drawn. The back door of that van swings open and a missile launcher appears. The officers freeze and run the opposite way.

The van hits a speed bump and the missile launcher, a severed leg, and a severed forearm with its hand holding the taser all plop out and bounce on the asphalt.

Officer 2 retrieves the missile launcher as Officer 1 watches the van disappear. Officer 1 picks up the hand and pulls the taser free from its grip. Neither notice the leg twitch.

INT. GREG'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY - DAY

GREG, 30s, reads at a dingy desk with an open newspaper. The front page headline reads, "BOLD HEIST CLEANS OUT CENTRAL FLORIDA GUN SHOW." A large window looks out onto the street. A COUPLE stops and makes out.

A OUIJA board, with its planchette, occupies a corner of the desk, while JENNY, a wireless, voice-activated digital assistant rests beside an open laptop.

FAIRY GODFATHER, late 50s, unshaven, chubby, and unkempt except for a pair of glorious, snow-white wings, sips from a mug.

GREG

Before backup arrived, they cleaned out over eight hundred guns and rifles -- a variety of automatic and semi-automatic. And a case of hand grenades and two missile launchers.

FAIRY GODFATHER

Sounds like Orlando is about to get a lot more dangerous.

GREG

Do you think someone is planning to fill the void left by the Trafficante family?

The planchette floats up, hovers in mid-air, then swiftly smacks itself into Fairy Godfather's temple.

FAIRY GODFATHER

Mother fuck! You little bitch. Hovering is enough to get my attention, Goddammit. You do know that, right?

The planchette floats back down onto Ouija and centers on the word, YES. Greg raises an eyebrow.

FAIRY GODFATHER (CONT'D)

Spell it out, you turd.

GREG

Here we go.

Fairy Godfather grabs a notepad and pen, and writes.

FAIRY GODFATHER

T-h-e-S-p-i-r-i-t-s... The spirits!  
 What about the spirits? D-o-n-o-t-r-  
 u-s-h-m-e. The balls on this board!  
 He says, "Don't rush me."

Greg sighs and turns to watch the couple make out.

GREG

Let me know when Ouija's finished.  
 A helluva way to make a living.

The kissing woman pushes the man against the glass and wraps a leg around him. Greg BANGS the window. They ignore him.

SUPER: 5 MINUTES LATER

Fairy Godfather reads from his notepad.

FAIRY GODFATHER

Okay, Ouija says that the spirits  
 are disturbed -- and something  
 about colonial guns and ships.

GREG

Sounds like a clue. Jenny?

JENNY BEEPS.

GREG (CONT'D)

Look up colonial guns and ships.

Jenny BEEPS again.

JENNY

Guns and Ships is a song from the  
 musical Hamilton by Lin Manuel  
 Miranda. Would you like to purchase  
 tickets?

GREG

I would not.

Jenny BEEPS. Greg flicks Ouija off the desk.

INT. VODOO DOUGHNUTS - DAY

The restaurant manager, PAPA WASAKI, early 30s, muscular, with beautiful dreadlocks, striking eyes and a winning smile, surveys the diners. He spots RAMONA, mid 20s, tall and gorgeous, eating at a small table. He glides over to her.

WASAKI

Good afternoon, ma chère. I am Papa Wasaki. I see you ordered the Voodoo Doll doughnut. Does it please you?

RAMONA

(chewing, mouth full)  
Oh my God, it's delicious, thanks.

WASAKI

Do you believe in voodoo?

Ramona takes a sip of coffee and chuckles.

RAMONA

Sounds like a song, "Do you believe in voodoo?" Of course not. You're the manager?

WASAKI

I am. And more.

RAMONA

Oooh, mysterious.

He laughs, then sits beside her.

WASAKI

I love a challenge. Allow me to demonstrate. Your coffee, please.

She hands him her coffee and he spills some on the tile floor. He indicates a teenage WAITRESS, who leans against the counter and texts on her cell phone with outrageously long, painted fingernails.

WASAKI (CONT'D)

(loud enough to be heard  
across the room)  
There is a mess that needs  
cleaning.

WAITRESS

(doesn't look up)  
In a sec.

WASAKI

(to Ramona)  
I knew she would do that. Now, your  
doughnut, please.

She slides the plate across the table. Papa Wasaki looks at the waitress and pinches the Voodoo Doll doughnut's uneaten hand. The waitress drops her cell phone immediately and shakes her hand.

WASAKI (CONT'D)  
 (to the waitress)  
 Get this woman --  
 (to Ramona)  
 What's your name?

RAMONA  
 Ramona.

WASAKI  
 Beautiful name.  
 (to the waitress)  
 -- a fresh coffee and Voodoo Doll  
 doughnut and clean this mess.

The waitress disappears behind the counter.

WASAKI (CONT'D)  
 See? There is magic in the world.  
 And I get what I want. Right now  
 what I want is your phone number.

Ramona smiles. He hands her his phone.

INT. CITY CORONER'S LAB - DAY

NYDIA, late 20s, Hispanic and athletic, and her college-aged male assistant, JULIO, stand before a stainless steel table. The severed forearm and leg look pale under the bright fluorescent lights. Nydia scrapes tissue from the leg, deposits it on a slide, and views it through a microscope.

NYDIA  
 This may be the freakiest shit I've  
 ever seen. Look.

Julio looks through the microscope and says nothing. He looks at Nydia expectantly. Nydia gazes back into the microscope.

NYDIA (CONT'D)  
 Unbelievable. The necrotic tissue  
 suggests a time of death between  
 five and ten years ago, yet the  
 officer who submitted these  
 appendages said they were severed  
 from one of the burglars at the  
 Fairgrounds last night.

(MORE)

NYDIA (CONT'D)

This is awesome. Julio, take a sample from the forearm.

Julio raises a scalpel to the forearm. The hand smacks the scalpel away and scuttles onto the floor. Julio lets out a high-pitched scream.

NYDIA (CONT'D)

What the unholy shit? That is the coolest, most badass thing I've ever seen in my whole life.

Nydia backs away from the table as the leg hops down. Julio screams longer and louder.

JULIO

Aw, hell no! De puta madre! No internship is worth this shit.

Julio heads for the exit.

NYDIA

Wait! You'll let them out. We need to study them.

JULIO

There is no "we" with this mess.

Julio bolts through the swinging door, followed closely by the arm and leg.

NYDIA

Coño.

INT. GREG'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY

Greg examines Fairy Godfather's notepad, where the words ANGRY SPIRITS, COLONIAL, GUNS, and SHIPS, are scrawled. He glances from the notepad to the newspaper.

GREG

Jenny?

Jenny BEEPS.

GREG (CONT'D)

Jenny, what is the address of the Central Florida Fairgrounds?

JENNY

The Central Florida Fairgrounds are located at four six oh three, West Colonial Drive in Orlando, Florida. Would you like directions?

Greg and Fairy Godfather exchange glances.

GREG

No, thank you, Jenny.

JENNY

Would you like to apologize to Ouija?

GREG

Yes, I would. I'm sorry, Ouija.

Jenny BEEPS. Greg replaces Ouija on the desk, who spells out OK.

GREG (CONT'D)

Fairy Godfather, there's a spirit connection to the burglary. What do you...

There is a KNOCK at the door. Greg gives Fairy Godfather a concerned look: the door has a full-length window, and there appears to be nobody there. Greg opens the door.

The hand scrambles in and up Greg's leg. It grabs Greg's throat and squeezes. Greg gasps and struggles with it. Fairy Godfather pulls out his magic wand and aims it at the hand.

FAIRY GODFATHER

Let go, you piece of shit. Boom!

The hand freezes and Greg holds it tight. He notices a class ring on one finger. He twists it off and reads the inscription. His shoulders immediately sag and he drops the hand.

FAIRY GODFATHER (CONT'D)

What is it?

GREG

Fairy Godfather, this ring belonged to my father.

Ouija spells out the word, SHIT.

**END OF WEBISODE**