

GREG'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY

WEBISODE #2

Written by

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INT. GREG'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY

GREG turns his father's ring around in his hand. It's a Beta Theta Pi fraternity ring. FAIRY GODFATHER stands with his arms folded, scowling.

FAIRY GODFATHER

If that's your father's hand, why did it just try to choke you?

The HAND scuttles over to OUIJA and taps on the planchette.

GREG

Good question. I have no idea.

The planchette whips around the board, spelling.

FAIRY GODFATHER

Damn. I have never seen Ouija spell that fast.

Fairy Godfather follows along. He shoots Greg a disappointed look.

FAIRY GODFATHER (CONT'D)

Greggo. You didn't go to your own dad's funeral? What's wrong with you?

GREG

I didn't know about it!

JENNY beeps.

JENNY

There is an email from your mother, dated September seventh, two thousand and twelve, that provides details for the funeral services of Frank Williams one week later.

The hand scuttles up Greg's arm and clasps around his throat. Fairy Godfather takes up his wand, but doesn't use it.

GREG

(choking)

I didn't read it until after the funeral!

(to Fairy Godfather)

I got this!

Greg struggles to remove the hand.

JENNY

The email was opened on September seventh, two thousand and twelve.

FAIRY GODFATHER

The same day it was sent!

The leg hops over to Greg and kicks him in the groin. Greg screams and falls over into a fetal position. The hand slaps him, then resumes choking him. Greg crashes into furniture.

GREG

I don't got this! A little help?

Fairy Godfather waves his wand at the angry limbs, and they settle down.

FAIRY GODFATHER

I'm so disappointed in you, Greg.

The hand points at the planchette again, and it whips into motion. The finger taps on the desk and the foot taps on the floor, both impatiently.

FAIRY GODFATHER (CONT'D)

It looks like your father is, too.

JENNY

That makes three of us.

GREG

Et tu, Jenny?

INT. CITY CORONER'S LAB - DAY

NYDIA looks through a microscope. Detective CALDER, late 20s, chiseled and sporting a crew-cut, strides in through the swinging door.

CALDER

Machado, what did you find out about the limbs?

NYDIA

They were highly necrotic.

CALDER

In English.

NYDIA

That was English -- for super dead. Like, they've been dead for over five years.

CALDER  
Five years? Fuck me.

NYDIA  
No thanks.

Calder eyes Nydia up and down.

CALDER  
It wasn't an offer. I'd rather get  
a handy from the forearm that  
Jackson brought in.

NYDIA  
I might be able to arrange that.

CALDER  
Let me take a look at the limbs.

NYDIA  
They're gone.

CALDER  
They didn't walk out on their own.  
Who took them?

Nydia laughs hard.

NYDIA  
That's just it, detective -- they  
did precisely that. They walked  
off.

Calder laughs, then eyes her up and down again.

CALDER  
You'd better go find them.

INT. VOODOO DOUGHNUTS - DAY

Calder strides in and surveys the room. PAPA WASAKI spots him immediately and spreads his arms in exaggerated greeting. Calder walks to the counter and leans on it.

WASAKI  
Detective Calder -- a pleasant  
surprise. A cop in a doughnut shop.  
Like a clichéd moth to a clichéd  
flame. Would you like an Eight Mile  
Doughnut? A Bacon Maple Bar?

CALDER  
I wouldn't eat one of your jizz  
balls if you paid me.

WASAKI  
That's not what your mother said  
last night.

They size each other up. Calder laughs, and Papa Wasaki joins  
in. Papa Wasaki claps Calder on the back.

WASAKI (CONT'D)  
To what do I owe the pleasure?

CALDER  
Bad news.

WASAKI  
Do tell.

CALDER  
One of your zombies at the  
Fairgrounds shat its own arm and  
leg out the back of a van, and now  
they've walked off on their own to  
who knows where.

WASAKI  
Interesting.

CALDER  
I didn't know they could do that.

WASAKI  
You Americans don't know anything  
your corporate or military  
overlords don't already want you to  
know.

CALDER  
Says the man peddling Mexican Hot  
Hot Hot Chocolate Doughnuts. Which  
sounds good, by the way. One of  
those, please.

EXT. CITY CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nydia exits the building with a look of fierce determination.

NYDIA (V.O.)  
I come from a long line of expert  
trackers. Feel the heartbeat of my  
environment.

She closes her eyes. She sniffs the air. She steps into the street, eyes closed. A car HONKS and SCREECHES to a halt. She opens her eyes and jumps back.

NYDIA

Oh shit, I'm sorry for your loss!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Nydia has her shoes in her hand and her eyes closed as she walks across the grass.

NYDIA (V.O.)

Think like my quarry. I am the foot. I am the hand.

She opens her eyes and sees a playground ahead.

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY

PARENTS console their crying CHILDREN as birds fight over a hunk of meat. Nydia approaches a young MOTHER with her DAUGHTER.

NYDIA

Excuse me. Did you see a hand and/or foot come through here?

The mother points at the hunk of meat and nods, unable to speak. She can only shush her crying daughter.

NYDIA (CONT'D)

May I ask which way they went?

The mother points toward Greg's Private Detective Agency.

NYDIA (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'm sorry for your loss.

INT. GREG'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY

Greg sits at his desk. Fairy Godfather sits across from him, tapping his foot, and the severed leg's foot taps along.

GREG

The big question is, who raised my father from the dead?

FAIRY GODFATHER

And will your dad need his foot in the afterlife?

GREG

And was the break-in at the gun show the goal -- or the beginning of something bigger?

FAIRY GODFATHER

You should ask your father.

Greg looks at the hand on his desk and sighs.

GREG

I kind of don't want to. He wasn't around to help when he was alive. Why would he start now?

JENNY

According to a recent study at the University of Cambridge, estrangements from fathers last an average of seven-point-nine years.

GREG

We stopped talking when I joined the Police Academy.

FAIRY GODFATHER

Wow, you suck. Look, I'll ask him. Hey Frank, who woke you up?

The planchette remains still. Greg scowls.

FAIRY GODFATHER (CONT'D)

Come on, man, give us a sign.

They stare intently at the planchette. A loud KNOCK on the door startles everyone.

JENNY

Holy shit balls.

FAIRY GODFATHER (CONT'D)

Marone a mi!

They turn to see Nydia waving, with a smile on her face.

EXT. DOCTOR PHILLIPS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Papa Wasaki stands before a row of graves with a large, lidded woven basket.

INT. RAMONA'S CAR - NIGHT

RAMONA is parked at a safe viewing distance from Papa Wasaki. She watches him through binoculars.

EXT. DOCTOR PHILLIPS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Papa Wasaki places the basket in the grass and removes its contents: a golden chalice, two eggs, a lemon, four large candles, an old, leather-bound book, a white rat in a small cage, a dagger, and a sealed container.

He slices the lemon, sucks on half, and makes a sour face. He cracks the egg and drinks the contents. He lights the candles around him in a compass pattern, and waves his hands.

WASAKI

I command the worms to cease their  
feeding, and open the gates that  
bar the dead from our plane.

He breaks the seal on the container and carefully pours liquid from it in a large circle on the grass, with himself at the center. He sets the circle ablaze.

WASAKI (CONT'D)

I ask the hearts of the dead to  
recommence their beating.

With the dagger he slices a gash into his palm, and drips the blood onto the back of the caged rat.

WASAKI (CONT'D)

Let the eyes of the dead re-open  
and look to me for instruction.

Several hands claw their way out of the ground. He drinks from the chalice.

WASAKI (CONT'D)

Let you newly undead serve me  
faithfully until such time as,  
well, most of you know how terms  
and conditions work. Yadda, yadda,  
yadda, I seriously own your asses  
in every conceivable way.

INT. RAMONA'S CAR - NIGHT

Ramona lowers the binoculars.

RAMONA

I'm going to get a Pulitzer for  
this.

**END OF WEBISODE**