

HI NAY - Episode 13:

``Bangkay (Corpse)``

[00:00 - 00:27 "Ili-Ili Tulog Anay" instrumental plays]

[Atmospheric music]

Motzie: You're listening to Hi Nay, by Motzie Dapul. Episode 13: "Bangkay".

SCENE 1

[Recorder clicks]

[DJ in the dark intro music]

DJ: Hey listeners, this is DJ In The Dark, welcome to my podcast. If you're new here, you might remember me from Double DJ's midnight hour at 109.9. DJ's the name my momma gave me. Longtime listeners will recognise our next guest, who's called in quite a few times to give us the scoop on the strange and terrifying goings-on in the city. Welcome our very own Toronto supernatural lore master, Abe! Hey there Abe, are you there?

ABE: Hey DJ! Thanks for having me back. I know your listeners are all like-minded truth-seekers, and have been paying attention to the latest of the strange happenings that have been plaguing Toronto. In fact, I looked into some incidents a couple of your listeners called in and verified the claims.

DJ: So you know for sure they happened, Abe?

ABE: Well I definitely know for sure they got called in by someone on the night of. Or at least, someone tweeted at the police to check on weird goings on in those very areas. So it's definitely not just an isolated incident. But enough about that, what I brought for you tonight is a big one. I hope you're ready, because... if you'll believe it... Zombies.

DJ: ... Zombies?

ABE: That's right. The walking dead. Risen corpses, walking – or should I say, shuffling – around Toronto. I first read about it on a few forums, thought it would be interesting to look into. So with a likeminded investigator like myself, check him out on Jungho's Haunted Toronto (that's J-U-N-G-H-O), and a couple of trusty handheld tasers and pepper spray, we went hunting around the areas where walking dead sightings were reported. Now this was half a year ago, so you'll know we don't take this lightly. We do our research. We went to the different areas, did a few surveys, a stakeout or two in Jungho's car, the works. Thought we caught the scent a few times, but, well. Let's just say we underestimated the number of drunk people wandering around at about the same time. And uh, one homeless guy, who, to be fair, was also pretty drunk. Took a while. Even Jungho gave up after a few months, and honestly, I don't blame him. It seemed like a lost cause. But then! One night, when I was out on my own, I saw it. It was a man. He walked slow, real slow. Head tilted right at a strange angle, shuffling like he might have some kind of limp. He caught my eye even in the dark, because I saw him dripping something, leaving a trail of something dark with every other step. He looked like he was clutching something tight in his hand – and I realized that that was where the liquid was dripping from. Blood, leaving small dots in the concrete. I thought maybe the guy was hurt, but I was also cautious. Who knows what kind of people were wandering around Toronto at night dripping blood from their hands? I was about to call 911 for the guy, you know? Due diligence. And then I saw it. His face. His eyes. Sunken right into the skull. It was so dark I couldn't see the whites of them at all, but it didn't feel like just a trick of the light. Mouth hanging partly open, like the only thing keeping the jaw on the hinge was skin and muscle. I spoke up, and he didn't respond. With what little nerve I had, I reached out and touched his arm, and it was like I wasn't there at all. He just kept going, and dragging me along when I didn't let go. You know how I said his head was tilted in a weird way? Since he didn't respond the first time, I went ahead and grabbed his collar, trying to get a good grip. I know that sounds crazy, but this guy wasn't even flinching, and I needed to make sure, and- It was dark. But I had my phone light out in a second, even as the man just kept going, like I wasn't there. And DJ. Believe me when I say that this man, walking around with his bloody fist – had a broken neck, purple and black where the skin had swollen around the bone.

[Mild static]

I followed him for as long as I could, but then-

[Radio static]

DJ: *[Quietly]* What the – [normal volume] one sec guys, technical difficulties. Abe, can you hear me?

ABE: *[Slight static]* Oh yeah, hey! Call just hung for a second there. Where did I stop?

DJ: *[Uneasy chuckle]* Ha, right at the good part, buddy. Followed him for as long as you could and then-

ABE: Oh yeah! Not really that good, honestly. Guy crossed a busy street and I couldn't follow right after him or else I'd get run over. The weird part was that it was like the cars couldn't touch him. Heck, they didn't even stop, like they couldn't see him. But he was definitely solid, and I followed the trail until the drops stopped and I couldn't find the rest of the trail. Like he just vanished into thin air, or the blood in his hand ran out or dried out. I got video and pictures, of course, but when I tried to upload it to my cloud or transfer it out it was all static. Still got audio, though. I can play it for you and your listeners now, though honestly it won't sound particularly interesting.

DJ: Go ahead, Abe!

[Sound of Abe prepping the video, video playing]

[Sounds of slow walking, extended]

ABE: I've also got photos in the daytime of the blood droplets left behind on the concrete, which I'm showing on screen.

DJ: Premium listeners can get our full interview footage, but I'll also be posting the photos in question to our socials. That's unbelievable, Abe. And thorough, which you know I appreciate. May I ask when this all went down?

ABE: Just last week. I think one of your listeners reported something similar a month ago, but she only saw it from her window so it can't necessarily be verified.

DJ: Well, still! We can always trust you to deliver the supernatural news we don't get anywhere else.

ABE: Now that I've had a proper encounter, I'm getting back in contact with Jungho to do a solid investigation. Maybe when he unblocks my number- and I'll make sure you and your listeners will be the first to hear about it when we have a solid lead! Well, and my blog, of course, "Ghost Towns Toronto".

DJ: Thank you, Abe! It's been a pleasure. Stay safe, and stay vigilant.

[Music intermission]

DJ: Up next – A historical look back at the dark history of Toronto's oldest families, and another caller who shares her experiences working as assistant to famous – and to some of our listeners, infamous – celebrity mystic, Guru Mahadev.

[Podcast cuts off]

SCENE 2

[Recording cuts in]

[Sound of driving, interior of car]

MURPHY: [impressed whistle] Imagine having this much space for nothing.

DONNER: I try not to imagine more than ten crimes against humanity before a workday ends.

MURPHY: Work day, yeah. How many overtime hours do you think we should squeeze out of this one?

DONNER: As many as I can get away with.

[Sound of car stopping]

[Sound of the two getting out of the car]

[Recording cuts off]

[Recording cuts back in]

MURPHY: Can I just say how damn glad I am this is open air? Because that smell. How did nobody notice this until now? Looks about a week old, at least.

DONNER: Jesus Christ. It was raining the other night, so that might account for more decay in a shorter period. Clothes look to have dried in the sun, though. Check out his hand.

MURPHY: [small sounds of shuffling] Shut tight. Might get it open on the autopsy table, but I'm not gonna risk it.

DONNER: Hmm.

[More sounds of them working]

DONNER: Oh, hey. Didn't take you for a jewelry guy.

MURPHY: Oh, this? [chuckling] Ash gave it to me. Trying out that whole blessing thing Mari did. Right now he's at the "throw everything at the wall and see what sticks" stage of his dabbling in the arcane arts or whatever. He even made this nasty tea he said would soothe my humours or something.

[Audible shudder]

[Some quiet]

DONNER: Did you drink the tea-

MURPHY: Of course I drank the tea.

DONNER: Right, because when I tell you you should look after your dietary health, you look at me like I'm crazy, but when your fake-real magic conman boyfriend says drink the weird tea-

MURPHY: Oh sir, no need to be jealous. You still hold a special place in my heart.

DONNER: Not jealous, just finally accepting that Ashvin might actually be able to do real magic if he's got you downing something that tastes that rank.

[Silence, Murphy giving Donner a pointed look]

MURPHY: [Loud breath in, as if to say something]

DONNER: Okay, alright, I walked right into that one. No need to rub it in.

MURPHY: Oh man, you're on a roll tonight.

[Pause]

MURPHY: So I didn't realize you got back into praising Jesus every Sunday.

DONNER: I wh- oh. No. I mean... My Nan gave it to me.

MURPHY: That's sweet.

DONNER: And I asked Mari to give it some extra protection, so... Twice blessed, I think she said.

MURPHY: Oh. Cool, cool. Cool.

[More quiet]

DONNER: What?

MURPHY: What what?

DONNER: Every time I bring Mari up it's like... you have this look.

MURPHY: I don't know what you're talking about.

DONNER: If you're not gonna tell me now...

MURPHY: What makes you think there's anything to tell?

DONNER: Like I don't know you?

[Murphy sighs]

[Something shuffles, moves in the background]

MURPHY: I'm just not as gung-ho about all the supernatural stuff as you, I guess. Nothing deeper than that.

DONNER: Got me fooled.

MURPHY: I'm very good at compartmentalizing. [sigh] I like Mari. I do. It's not her, it's just... association. She's the one we always look to when something strange pops up in the neighborhood, and I feel myself flinching involuntarily every time she's brought up.

DONNER: Murphy, your boyfriend-

MURPHY: I know, I know! I'm not saying it's rational. I guess it helps that Ashvin doesn't really know what he's doing, even if he... knows a lot, you know? He's been trying to sort through what's fake and what's real, and it's been less jarring to see him try and figure it all out –

especially with assistance. But with Mari... She knows so much it's eerie. Especially for someone who's supposed to have no idea what's going on beyond the fact that it's all magic, and she knows magic.

DONNER: [sigh] I get it. But do you really miss groping blindly in the dark and finding only bodies when we could've saved people?

MURPHY: No. I don't. But it was all a lot simpler back when mysteries stayed mysteries, I guess.

DONNER: Yeah well, cops who want it simpler are always the most dangerous.

MURPHY: Yeah. I get it. Mari's great, but I can't lie. There's something comforting about actually knowing what's going on, like with this dead-

[Loud snap of a twig, shuffling]

MURPHY: -man walking, Jesus Christ!

[Sound of gun cocking/safety turned off]

[Sound of zombie moaning and shuffling]

MURPHY: Call Mari. Call her right now.

DONNER: Got it.

[Recording cuts off]

SCENE 3

[Sound of phone ringing]

[Nobody answering]

DONNER: Nothing. Girl doesn't even set up voicemail.

MURPHY: Didn't she say she doesn't believe in the concept? Where is this guy going?

DONNER: Can you get Laura on the line?

MURPHY: Okay, just make sure walking dead over here doesn't jump up and bite me.

[Phone ringing]

[Laura's voicemail plays]

MURPHY: Nothing. You think it's a signal thing?

DONNER: We're never that lucky. But right now we've got to trust they'll be fine and figure out a solution for whatever the hell is happening here.

MURPHY: Alright, so... I'm about to do something really stupid. Got my back?

DONNER: Always.

MURPHY: Ugh, okay.

[Sound of Murphy attempting to grab the corpse]

MURPHY: Damn it, this guy's strong. Feels real dead though. [shudders] A little help?

[More sound of struggling]

DONNER: It just won't stop. Like it needs to get where it's going.

MURPHY: What if we handcuff it to the car?

DONNER: No go. It's headed towards the hedges. Come on, before it gets away.

MURPHY: If we can't restrain it, then what can we possibly do by following it?

DONNER: We can at least figure out exactly where it's headed.

[Sound of the two running]

DONNER: I have a stupid idea too.

MURPHY: Oh yeah?

DONNER: Yep.

SCENE 4

[Phone ringing]

[Sound of it being answered, mystical music playing automatically]

[Beginning of Guru Mahadev's voicemail, cut off when it's properly answered]

ASHVIN: Hey love, you alright? This is late even for you.

MURPHY: Hey babe, I just wanted to... uh. Ask you a huge favour. Well, both of us.

ASHVIN: Favour?

DONNER: Gonna need your help, magic man. Come over to the address we're sending you and bring everything you can carry that you think can stop a walking corpse.

[Call cuts off]

[Recording cuts in]

MURPHY: Wow. Really came through with everything you can carry, huh?

ASHVIN: You're [huffing] lucky I don't charge you all for my services. This would cost millions. Well, eight hundred seventy five plus tax, though it's technically three hundred bucks from the wholesaler. So where's this walking corpse you were all talking about?

DONNER: We managed to cuff it to a tree, but I think it's about ready to cut its own wrist off to get out.

ASHVIN: [surprised exclamation in creole] Jesus Christ. [in English] If I couldn't smell how dead that thing is, I'd be worried something untoward was going on.

[Sound of Ashvin walking slowly toward the zombie]

DONNER: Any thoughts?

ASHVIN: First thought – why did you call me over for something our ever-reliable miss Mari could probably handle with one hand tied behind her back?

MURPHY: She's... indisposed.

ASHVIN: Meaning?

DONNER: We don't know. She's not answering, and we needed to act fast. Murphy told me you've been figuring out a few good spells and remedies in your off time?

ASHVIN: Well sure, but-

DONNER: And you brought quite a bit, so I'm assuming you've got something in mind to deal with... that?

ASHVIN: I remember what this spell is. From... George. Reanimated death spell. Powered by their... foci, their death magic. They're usually meant to fulfill one task at a time, then... immolate, or whatever other manner of destruction gets baked into the spell once fulfilled. Unfortunately, I don't know how to... stop it. So I just brought materials I know are supposed to exorcise the dead, ward off evil spirits, end a curse, everything I thought might be applicable.

MURPHY: So... throw everything against a wall until it sticks?

ASHVIN: As long as we stand a little farther away from the wall that's got a self-destruct sequence in the spell powering it.

DONNER: Right. Let's get started, then.

[Recording cuts off]

SCENE 5: Interlude

MURPHY: You're asking me if I believe it? Of course I believe it. I've seen it, haven't I? Alright, okay. No. Not for a long time. I didn't believe this sort of thing, though to be honest I never really paid attention. It wasn't exactly... high on my list of concerns for most of my life. I liked a good ghost story, sure, and the creepy ones gave me an excuse to cuddle up to a cute guy at camp when the tiger parents weren't watching, but... well. You believe a lot of things when you're a kid.

[Thoughtful silence]

I didn't give it much thought until I met Donner. Lived with the guy for a couple of years a... little while after I got to Toronto. Kind of a boring guy for someone going through police academy, if it wasn't for his, ah, weird obsession with the supernatural.

Listen - Toronto's a weird enough place as it is. I guess it's up to you whether you believe it's got a supernatural explanation, or if people are just so collectively crazy that it's sunk right into the water. I mean, now I know at least half of Toronto's weirdness is Actual Magic. But back then, it

was just that thing Donner was really into. I don't judge. I mean. I do. But back then I was in no position to. And even when I didn't think it was all real, it was just part of what made Donner... Donner.

[Pause]

Of course I know his first name, you kidding me? But where's the fun in telling you? Besides... He's Donner more than he is anything else.

The first time I realised Donner wasn't just a little too interested in fairy tales was back when I was still finishing up my last year at the academy, and Donner was working the beat around his own neighborhood.

It was a muggy summer night, and Donner had called me a little after midnight, asking if I could bring his camera over to an address not too far from his Nan's place. He wasn't on the clock, but he was in full uniform when I found him standing under a streetlight, flagging me down as I pulled up in his car. Weird, but not exactly a cause for concern. Donner was the boring type even then, so I wasn't worried about him getting into anything he couldn't handle. I did clock his odd behaviour when I asked if he wanted a ride back and he said I could go ahead. Didn't make any excuses about staying with his Nan, which I'd have accepted. Seemed a bit on edge. When I wanted to step out to see what he was up to, he blocked my path, looking me right in the eye.

"You don't want to see it," he'd said to me.

"You can trust me, you know. I'm on your side here."

Even before we were partners, that was an undeniable truth. I owed him that much. So he let me see it. He shone his flashlight against the far wall of the dead end alleyway, and I could see him trace dark lines with the narrow beam. It looked like street art, but... There was this smell. Something I'd get acquainted with years down the line. But right then, I wasn't entirely sure what was in the air. Then Donner used the camera. One brief flash, and the image was burned into my retinas, leaving the lines dancing in my vision. He handed me the picture, and there it was. Clear as day with the stark flash capturing the image.

The scorched silhouette of a human body that was no longer there.

Nothing that belonged on the streets of Toronto could have burned so hot that there'd be nothing left but the smell of smoked flesh.

I didn't know what to make of it, back then. But after that, our dynamic shifted. Donner knew he could trust me, and I started getting a clearer picture of what he'd been after all along. By the time we were partners in the field, quietly shuffled by our superiors into a role that was, on paper, no different from any of the other detectives working homicide, I'd seen much worse than the shape of a human being burned into a wall.

But they'd all been dead. Until Mari.

I mean I guess half the ones we deal with now are still... dead. But you know what I mean. Dead dead. Not the kind that throws you against a wall and bruises you up bad - and not in the fun way. The kind that sticks.

SCENE 6

[Sound of zombie murmuring and moaning in the background]

ASHVIN: *[Curse in creole]* It's not working.

DONNER: Not at all?

ASHVIN: Well it definitely stopped moving for about thirty seconds when I stuffed some sage in its mouth, but then it tried to bite me. You don't think this is contagious, do you?

DONNER: Do I think being dead is contagious?

ASHVIN: Oh you know what I mean.

MURPHY: That wrist doesn't look like it's gonna hold much longer. Better step back.

DONNER: Come on.

[Sound of the three moving back slightly]

ASHVIN: Well?

DONNER: Well what?

ASHVIN: Not gonna make a snide comment about how you didn't think I could do anything anyway? Wishing Mari was here instead of me - which is fair, by the way.

DONNER: Why would I? Calling you here was my idea. I figured you might at least know something, but I'm not going to blame you for trying. That would just be cruel.

ASHVIN: [chuckle] And here I thought you hated me.

DONNER: I don't like you, but you're here to help us. That's not something I'll take lightly.

[Sound of ripping flesh]

MURPHY: Eugh. There it goes.

[Sound of something falling to the grass]

MURPHY: And there it... falls? What?

DONNER: It worked.

ASHVIN: It worked?

DONNER: Well clearly, something worked.

[Everyone walks towards the corpse]

ASHVIN: Careful it doesn't set itself on fire while you're examining it. [sound of Ashvin walking forward] Huh. Do you know what's in its hand? The, uh, one that got ripped off.

DONNER: No. What are you thinking?

[Sound of Ashvin examining something]

ASHVIN: Well I have a theory, but - oh, god!

[Sound of Ashvin stumbling back]

MURPHY: Ash? What is it?

ASHVIN: Foci. Those are foci. I think I might barf.

MURPHY: Just like having Mari around, huh? Come on, let me get you up.

[Sound of Murphy helping Ashvin up]

DONNER: No wonder. Damn it. So that was... powering this corpse? Making it walk?

ASHVIN: Yes. But it's hardly out of power yet, so be careful.

DONNER: Hm. What do you think will happen if we reattach it?

MURPHY: Do we want to?

DONNER: This corpse had a purpose. It was walking somewhere specific. Maybe even... delivering something.

MURPHY: So, what? Should we wait until we can get in touch with Mari and... see where it Goes?

[Sound of Donner dialing someone]

DONNER: Still no response. Try Laura?

[Sound of Murphy dialing Laura]

MURPHY: Nothing.

DONNER: Well. On the one hand, we could wait until they do answer. But I don't think we can make it to daytime before some rich celebrity tries to kick us out of their acres of backyard, and I have a gut feeling that if we left this corpse here now, it'd be gone by the time we got back.

MURPHY: [sigh] And your gut feelings have never led us wrong.

ASHVIN: So... I guess...

DONNER: If this corpse is giving us a lead, I say we let it walk.

END

Motzie: You're listening to Hi Nay, by Motzie Dapul.