

FLASHBACK to the Gnome approaching and threatening the husband.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (V.O.)  
 You see, the outhouse you built may have gone over the "10 feet down" revision stated in accordance with our local real estate laws and county regulations which would mean you unintentionally intruded into Gnome territory. Aside from legalities it is well known that Gnome's are pissy little girls when it comes to their territorial bubbles and typically retaliate with menial curses and petrified poo-poo.

WIFE (V.O.)  
 But he said he wanted "his" sword. And my broth...

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (V.O.)  
 (Interrupting) My voice-over, you had your chance. \*ahem\* and on top of "encroachment" you may be looking at charges for theft of another's personal effects. If indeed the sword was passed unto this "Mr. Gnome" under our legal statutes. Mr. Appalling!

Back to the present at H.Q., MR. APPALLING enters with some tea. He's a decaying zombie that has been under Mr. Inconceivable's employ for a few hundred years. So he stinks and doesn't look very fresh. His appearance makes the couple a bit offish.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (V.O.)  
 This is Mr. Appall... whoops.

He realizes he's still in voice over mode.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE  
 This is Mr. Appalling, my personal valet. Tea?

The couple is so caught off guard they're speechless.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE  
 Ok, more for me.

Mr. Appalling serves Mr. Sloth.

MR. APPALLING  
If I may be so bold, sir.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE  
Maybe later. (Back to the couple)  
So basically what you're looking  
at...

He notices the couple staring at Mr. Appalling.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (CONT'D)  
What are you looking at?

Mr. Appalling obviously feels a little awkward; this goes  
back and forth for a moment with the couple. This world is  
filled with troubling racism towards the undead.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (CONT'D)  
How now? I will not trifle with any  
racism in my bureau! Mr. Appalling  
is no different than anyone else  
and deserves to be treated as such!  
Where was I? (Beat) Oh yes, so  
basically what you're looking at is  
ninety nine cents for this  
unavoidable consultation.

The price snaps the couple back into the conversation.

HUSBAND  
Ninety nine cents?! That's almost a  
weeks wage!

WIFE  
My brothers finding was not even  
part of the discussion!

MR. INCONCEIVABLE  
Oh... (Scratches his head) your  
sibling is missing?

WIFE  
Yes! That's why we're here!

MR. INCONCEIVABLE  
Oh... That'll tack on an extra  
pound; making it an even one ninety  
nine.

HUSBAND/WIFE  
*Even one ninety nine?!*

MR. INCONCEIVABLE

*Even so. Payable after he's been found. Standard finder's fee.*

HUSBAND

One pound and ninety nine cents, eh? I shopped around a bit before coming to you, Mr. Inconceivable, and the "standard" is one pound for missing persons.

Mr. Inconceivable presents his right palm, then his sleek, yet off-putting robotic left palm.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE

Discount... or results?

The husband thinks, and then looks to his wife who gives him an approving nod.

HUSBAND

First ninety nine cents, now a pound ninety nine? Why not charge an even number?

MR. INCONCEIVABLE

What? Like two pounds?

Husband and wife look at each other, then back at Mr. Inconceivable simultaneously agreeing.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (CONT'D)

Ridiculous! Procuring services or products a cent behind the even pound amount brings about a sense of financial security which is missing in our great country. (beat) Imagine the capital an average family can gain with this simple change! (beat) It'll catch on... mark my words... it'll catch on. Now, to the business of your spouse's sibling, his name?

WIFE

Dickens.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE

Ooooooohhhh... (Writing scribbles on his desks notebook) that's it, I'll be in touch as I progress.

HUSBAND

(Confused) You don't need anything else?

MR. INCONCEIVABLE

Sir... with all due respect, I am the best there is at what I do.

WIFE

But how will you...

MR. INCONCEIVABLE

(Interrupting) Ma'am... I'm searching this small village for a man that has a perturbed smelly Gnome humping his leg whilst trying to appraise what sounds to be King Arthur's sword in one of the one of the one of the one pawn boutique markets in said small village...

He refers to the husbands head.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (CONT'D)

He also most likely has some bruising similar to your companions cranium due to petrified doody being hucked at him... did I miss anything?

The couple is impressed by his banter and attention to detail.

MR. INCONCEIVABLE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, a man's life could be at stake! Mr. Appalling, be so kind as to show our guests out.

As Mr. Inconceivable's zombie friend approaches them the couple is spooked and make their own way out. He looks to his employer and they both shrug. Mr. Appalling's eyes light up.

MR. APPALLING

Oooh... My brownies!

He exits as Mr. Sloth sets down his finished cup of tea.

MR. SLOTH

That boy... loves to bake.

Mr. Inconceivable is taken aback.