ANNOUNCER: The following Pendant production contains mature subject matter. Listener discretion is advised.

[Kaylock and Major's home on 4W. Major shuffles her way toward a coffee pot and then pours a cup. Major stretches and yawns]

MAJOR: Nnnnn.

[Kaylock oozin over to say hi to his honey]

KAYLOCK: Are you all right?

MAJOR: I will be ... in the 30 seconds it takes me to drink this.

[drinkin coffee]

KAYLOCK: No nightmares?

MAJOR: Nope, not for a while now.

KAYLOCK: I'm glad. Would you like to have dinner out tonight?

MAJOR: Um...wait, what? Sorry, is it one of your family's birthdays again?

KAYLOCK: No. I just thought we should spend some time together, just us.

MAJOR: Uh, yeah, sure, sure, yeah but we should really make a reservation. They're gonna run outta chairs quick.

KAYLOCK: There has been an increase in the number of chairs for bipeds at many establishments. Tourism is booming.

MAJOR: I'll bet it is and that's really good because I don't really wanna stand for dinner, okay?

KAYLOCK: If there are no chairs, we will go to different restaurants until we

find a place with them.

MAJOR: Thanks, 'Lock. I appreciate it. You know, work's been sooo fuckin' busy. I've just been really tired lately.

KAYLOCK: You have earned plenty of vacation time in your current position. Why don't you take it?

MAJOR: I dunno. Just feels kinda weird, with...

[Sounds of many oozings toward and away from Major]

JAYLOCK, NIILOCK, MOOLOCK, PRYLOCK, ROSLOCK, AND SHMU: Multiple versions of hello Major, have a productive day Major, pleasant to see you Major)

MAJOR: ...your family here.

KAYLOCK: I understand. You would like time away. Time alone?

MAJOR: Yeah, yeah, I mean, no. I mean, just time alone...with you.

KAYLOCK: I would be very pleased to spend more time alone with you.

MAJOR: You're such a softie. Look, I gotta go to work all right? We'll talk about this when I get home.

KAYLOCK: Of course.

[a cell phone rings]

MAJOR: Ah god damn it. OK, I'll seeya later.

[Major answers her cell, footsteps on her way out]

MAJOR: This is Maj. Yeah, I'm on my way, it's fine ... yeah I know about the tour group. ... yeah, I'll be there in ten.

[phone hangs up, door opens and closes]

[Footsteps, electric wheelchair sounds, something like a roomba, multiple types of conveyances]

CHEENIK: Welcome to the Robotics Research Institute! On our world, robotics are a huge help to all of us here. Our unique physiology means that any physical contact may result in a bud, and of course not everyone wants to have a large family!

[Polite laughter of multiple life forms]

CHEENIK: We'll start up front here with the main hall. With the help of robotics and a complicated system of lifts and pulleys, our employees were able to construct this beautiful glass dome. Construction is one of the many industries that we serve!

DAKEN: Hi, I have a question?

CHEENIK: Yes, sir? I apologize for the brightness, is your species sensitive to the light?

DAKEN: No, I just like wearin' shades, heh. I was wondering if we would get to see any of the security facilities?

CHEENIK: Yes, absolutely, toward the end of the tour! Now everyone, please follow me this way to the metal shop.

[Sounds of multiple conveyances continue, then stop. Running footsteps go by]

CHEENIK: Oh, Major?

MAJOR: Oh fuck- I mean, golly. Sorry, Cheenik.

CHEENIK: Can you please head to security and notify them we have a large group today?

MAJOR: Uh, yep sure.

CHEENIK: Okay all, on to the metal shop!

[Sounds of all the conveyances fade out]

[footsteps in to security]

REENIK: Ah, hello Major!

MAJOR: Hiya, Reenik, how are you? I was just talking to Cheenik

REENIK: Delightful!

MAJOR: Delightful indeed. Anyway, uh, there's a rather large tour group heading over in a few minutes.

REENIK: Also delightful! Let's get something up on the screen that will impress them! We've been working on this all week!

[robotic arms, some oozing, button presses, a screen turning on]

REENIK: This is a map of the first floor, with all of the entry and exit checkpoints and security cameras!

MAJOR: Uhh. Hmm.

REENIK: Are you concerned about something?

MAJOR: I mean, uh, do you really wanna show the tour group that? They could be casin' the joint.

REENIK: (gelatinous laughter) Ah, a human idiom! Oh Major, you are a delight. Of course we have left out a few key points, we wouldn't want to give everything away! We save the most detailed files for our investors to review, of course.

MAJOR: Oh good.

REENIK: I am so glad we hired you. You bring such an interesting bipedal perspective!

MAJOR: Thanks, and speaking of bipedal, um, is it possible to get a chair in the breakroom? Y'know, I'd really appreciate it.

REENIK: Oh my goodness! I admit the thought had not occurred to me during all this time you've been with us! I'll send a message to operations in just a moment. May I ask why you did not make this request sooner? We certainly--uh oh.

[alarm goes off]

REENIK: Deenik?

DEENIK: Do not be alarmed, I am already working on it.

[robotic arms and gelatinous movement and button pushing]

COMPUTER VOICE (female): Are you sure you want to delete all subroutines?

[robotic arms and gelatinous movement and button pushing]

DEENIK: Yes, yes, and yes.

COMPUTER VOICE: Deletion confirmed. Processing.

[processing sounds]

MAJOR: Uh...what was that?

REENIK: Oh my goodness, you haven't been here for one of these, have you!

MAJOR: One of what now?

REENIK: You are of course aware that sentient AI is outlawed on our world.

MAJOR: Yeah, sure, cause you gotta have so many robots helpin' you out with day to day stuff.

REENIK: Yes! I would hardly want my robotic arms to have a mind of their own! Ha! Ha!

[gelatinous quiver and robotic arm noises during the laughter]

REENIK: However, in the world of robotics and programming, there are

occasionally ... unintended results.

MAJOR: What, like you invented the wrong thing? REENIK: What a delightful way to put it! Yes, except in this case...we didn't "invent the wrong thing." The rudimentary AI that we use ... which is NOT outlawed, as it is not sentient ... occasionally takes a leap forward. By itself.

MAJOR: Oh. So you mean ... it became sentient?

REENIK: Not exactly. But it took the first steps to becoming so. So we completely wipe the device in question and delete all subroutines to stop it from happening. Then we do a fresh install, and we experience no more problems!

MAJOR: Huh. So for the moment, no more problems ...until the next time?

REENIK: It's a fairly rare occurrence. Only one in 100,000 devices experiences this issue, and we monitor all devices at all times, so we always catch it quickly! But listen to me going on and on! I'm sure this is of little interest to you.

MAJOR: No, it's fine, the more you know, right? Thanks Reenik.

REENIK: Now let's get that facility map up again for that tour group! Deenik, please bring up the map!

DEENIK: Of course.

[robotic noises gelatinous noises button pushing noises

MAJOR: Yeah so I gotta go, next stop is operations. Seeya Reenik, Deenik.

DEENIK: Good bye!

REENIK: I will send the message we discussed on to operations, you may speak with them when you get there about a chair. Thank you Major!

[future door opening as Major is home]

MAJOR: 'Lock? You around?

[Major walks in and sits in a chair with an appreciative sigh]

MAJOR: Oh yeah, that's the stuff. Oh chair, I appreciate the fuck outta you.

[Kaylock oozin on over]

KAYLOCK: Hello! You are home early!

MAJOR: I thought I would take your advice. I'm off the rest of the week, and I took half a day today.

[Kaylock oozes onto Major]

MAJOR: Whoa, oh ,oh, hey there tiger, you are all over me.

KAYLOCK (growls): I am.

MAJOR: And uh...what if your family sees?

KAYLOCK: They are out for the afternoon and evening.

MAJOR: And NOW we're gonna go out? Uh-uh, baby, I mean...we could take advantage of this time...look at you.

[Kaylock oozin out a bottle of good stuff]

MAJOR: (laughs) You broke out the good tequila and everything.

KAYLOCK: I know what you like.

[Major opening the bottle, having some tequila]

MAJOR: I gotta admit, this afternoon is starting off pretty great.

KAYLOCK: How was work?

MAJOR: Amazing. I ... asked for a chair.

KAYLOCK: You haven't had one all this time? What were your breaks like?

MAJOR: I got really good at leaning.

KAYLOCK: I can't believe you didn't ask until now.

MAJOR: Well y'know I didn't want to be difficult. And I already feel kinda different being here. I didn't want to call more attention to it.

[Major takes another drink]

MAJOR: My god this stuff is so good.

KAYLOCK: I know. I have already had a bottle.

[empty bottle clinks to the ground]

MAJOR: Color me impressed.

KAYLOCK: But let's have lunch first.

MAJOR: How about we have lunch...after. And first, we go to the tub.

KAYLOCK: (growls)

[phone ringing outside, Briggs voice is filtered on the phone]

BRIGGS: Briggs here.

DAKEN: It's me.

BRIGGS: Daken. About time.

DAKEN: It took longer than I thought.

BRIGGS: It took longer than you thought to find Kaylock and Major. Even though you knew that they were living together in Kaylock's family home.

DAKEN: Look, I know how this is gonna sound, but they all kinda look alike, and I don't read their language either. I mean everyone is really nice

here, I could have just asked someone, but then they probably would have told Major or Kaylock that I was here and ... why am I even bothering to explain this? BRIGGS: Because I'm your boss.

DAKEN: Point.

BRIGGS: So what DO you have for me?

DAKEN: Major's working security for one of the robotics companies here. I saw her there myself.

BRIGGS: Good.

DAKEN: I'm outside Kaylock's home now. They've been here the whole time like you thought.

BRIGGS: So they're still in a relationship. Anything else?

DAKEN: That's not enough? I'm staking out their place, okay?

BRIGGS: Fine. Keep an eye on them. I'll be in touch.

DAKEN: All right. I'll be back at the hotel.

BRIGGS: You won't. You'll wait until they do something else.

DAKEN: Can I at least get a sandwich?

BRIGGS: Do they even have sandwiches there?

DAKEN: I'm gonna find out. Then I'll be back.

BRIGGS: Fine. But don't lose them.

DAKEN: I won't, I'm not that stupid.

BRIGGS: That remains to be seen.

DAKEN: You know, it's not easy to get around here when everything is set up for folks who ooze. And even though bipeds are getting to be more common, I still stick out like a sore thumb.

BRIGGS: I don't need your excuses. Get it done.

[phone hang up]

DAKEN: Nnn.

[button pushes, daken pressing a small device onto the door]

DAKEN: Okay, set movement detector...

[green light sound]

[oozing of other nearby oozy lifeforms]

DAKEN: Now I can get some food. Um hey, excuse me...do you know of a place around here that has chairs?

OOZING DENIZEN: Wow, a real biped, in my neighborhood! Do you find your legs get in the way when you are trying to get from one place to another?

DAKEN: Uhh, hey, I'm just looking for something to eat.

OOZING DENIZEN: You'll probably be looking for one of those tourist places, and there are several nearby. I can walk you there, maybe on the way you can tell me more about being a biped!

DAKEN: Ah, hmm, is it far?

OOZING DENIZEN: Not at all, let's go! This is so great!

DAKEN: ...yep. Great.

MAJOR: (heavy breathing) You do not waste any time at all, yeah.

KAYLOCK: I know what you like.

MAJOR: That is accurate, and now I'm starvin'.

KAYLOCK: I knew you would be hungry soon.

MAJOR (laughs): Didja now. Well, you know, always work up an appetite.

KAYLOCK: To lunch then?

MAJOR: Remember, chairs.

KAYLOCK: I have not forgotten. There are three places within a kilometer of here that usually have chairs.

MAJOR: I know. We've been to them lots of times.

KAYLOCK: Do you want to stay in then?

MAJOR: Well, maybe. Eatin' naked is sure a lot of fun. Except I can't help but feel like your family's gonna walk in any minute.

KAYLOCK: We can stay in our room. I'll bring you something from the kitchen.

MAJOR: Aww, you're too good to me.

KAYLOCK: And you to me...I wanted to talk to you about something. About us.

MAJOR: Well, fuck.

KAYLOCK: It's not bad.

MAJOR: Really, 'Lock? Cuz no conversation that starts that way is ever good.

KAYLOCK: I am sorry. I know I don't always pick up on human turns of phrase as I should. But I have learned a lot from you. I want to be honest with you, and that I did learn from you.

[Major pours a drink]

MAJOR: All right, lay it on me.

[oozy noises as Kaylock gets close]

KAYLOCK: I want to commit to you, entirely. I want a future with you and only you. I want privacy with you, our own home. I want ... a bud. A family.

MAJOR: Uh, I, are you, did you ... are you fuckin' proposin' to me?

KAYLOCK: We don't really have marriage, the closest we have is more like adoption with sexual relations.

[Major nearly spits her drink out]

MAJOR: You have therapists too, right? You've got those?

KAYLOCK: What does that have to do with this?

MAJOR: Never mind. Um. So. You want to marry me. Like, MARRY me, marry me?

KAYLOCK: In human terms, yes.

MAJOR: Oh my Christ, fuck me, you want a family?

KAYLOCK: Yes, I want to fuck you and I want a family.

MAJOR: Uh...

[Major's phone rings]

MAJOR: Oh motherfucker.

KAYLOCK: Who is it?

MAJOR (super surprised): It's Alyson's calling.

[the sounds of a mammoth space faring vessel] [footsteps as Chris and Erin enter the room]

ALYSON: You. Again.

CHRIS: Look, we're sorry.

ERIN: Yep. Sorry.

ALYSON: Mhmm.

CHRIS: We just want you to feel better, that's all.

ERIN: If there's some particular food that you want--

ALYSON: Why haven't you changed clothes? You've been in here like four times and you haven't changed clothes.

CHRIS: ...why would we change clothes?

ALYSON: Because that's what you do when days pass.

ERIN: Oh dear. Ohhhh no. How long do you think you've been in here?

ALYSON: Wouldn't that be something you would tell me? I don't see any fucking windows in here, and you somehow forgot to bring me a clock or a watch...anything.

ERIN: People still wear watches?

ALYSON: Why wouldn't they? I love a good watch. It sits there on your wrist and tells the time. What's not to like? Plus, it's way easier to take a quick glance at it to see that you're tired of a fucking conversation and you want to get out of it as soon as possible.

CHRIS: Look, you're really confused, it's a side effect-

ALYSON: Of. WHAT.

CHRIS: Never mind, fuck, are you always this much of an asshole?

ERIN: You gotta eat something, or we can't help you.

ALYSON: By my count I've skipped breakfast, lunch, dinner, and another breakfast. I can keep going, this is fine, I don't need your food.

ERIN: Chris, we have to tell her--

CHRIS: We can't and you KNOW that.

ERIN (sighs): We can HELP you but you have to eat something first.

ALYSON: Here's a thought -- fuck off.

CHRIS: Erin, stop talking.

ERIN: This wasn't supposed to take this long!

ALYSON: No shit.

ERIN: Wait, you know that?

ALYSON: I may be a little confused, but I can see that this isn't a prison. There's no fuckin' toilet, there's no sink and there's no shackles and there's no bed. Just a chair and a hot floor and it's too fuckin' hot in here.

[clothes rustle, Alyson taking her jumpsuit off]

CHRIS: Uh, what are you doing...

ALYSON: I'm taking off this fucking fake prisonwear because I refuse to be treated like a fucking prisoner in this fucking fake prison.

CHRIS: Erin, do something!

ERIN: What do you want me to do??

CHRIS: I don't know, figure it out. I'm out of here.

[Footsteps out, Chris leaving]

ALYSON: Your girlfriend afraid of seeing a beautiful naked woman?

ERIN: She's not my girlfriend.

ALYSON: You know what would be great? A cigarette. Do you have one?

ERIN: Uh...no.

ALYSON: Fucking figures.

ERIN: Please put your jumpsuit back on?

ALYSON: Nope. I like this body. My body. It makes me remember something, but it's just out of reach. Like remembering something you dreamed, and you knew exactly what it was a minute ago, but it's just fading fast.

ERIN: I know you have no reason to trust us. But I swear to you, if you eat something, things will get better.

ALYSON: Oh wow, Erin, things will get better. That's so detailed and interesting and I will get right on that.

ERIN: Now you're just fucking with me.

ALYSON: I think you might be smarter than your girl Chris there.

ERIN: She's not my girl, Jesus, she's just my...coworker.

ALYSON: Your coworker that holds people against their will in a fake prison. You know, I think I was the type of person who would shoot someone in the face who did this to me. I'm going to work real hard to remember both of you so I can do that someday.

ERIN: Okay. I'm gonna leave now. Please put your jumpsuit back on.

ALYSON: I might, since there's literally nothing better to do in here.

ERIN: I'll be back later.

ALYSON: Ooh, promise?

ERIN: Look, whatever happens...we tried. And I'm not sure what they're going to do next.

ALYSON: Another promise. Keep 'em comin'. I don't believe a fucking word you say, get it?

[Erin walking out, door closes]

ALYSON: Fine, leave then! I win! Again! I'm putting the jumpsuit back on! But not because you want me to, because I want to!

ALYSON: You still listening? I bet you are! I bet you are.

[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode five, "Day of Please and Thank You"

Featuring the voice talents of

M Sieiro Garcia as Major Jack Calk as Kaylock, Jaylock, Niilock, Moolock, Prylock, Roslock and Shmu Angélique Lazarus as Cheenik, Reenik, and Deenik Andrew Hackley as Daken Erin Lillis as the computer voice Kim Gianopoulos as Doc Briggs Bryan Green as the oozing denizen Melissa Autumn Hearne as Alyson Kaitlyn Kliman as Chris and Kristine Chester as Erin

Written by Susan Bridges

Story by Jeffrey Bridges, with Susan Bridges, Rene Christine Jones, Pete Milan,

Kathryn Pryde and Perry Whittle

Kingery Theme by Tom Stitzer

All other music by Kevin MacLeod

Directed by Dave Morgan

Assistant Directors Bruce Busby and James Rossi

Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Kingery theme fades out]

[Kingery theme plays]

BARKEEP: Another?

SOCKS: Yes, please.

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on the Kingery...

SOCKS: I need you to find someone.

GIB: Who would that be?

SOCKS: Have you ever heard of a wetware specialist named Apho Arlo?

GIB: Apho Arlo was the name in wetware. They say he perfected the interface that made Saley, Onks, and Liddle such a success. Then he disappeared. And out of nowhere, he leaves a trail for you to find. I mean... who are you, anyway?

SOCKS: Just somebody who needs the best, Gib.

GIB: Is it really that dangerous, what you've got?

SOCKS (grim laugh): People's brains melted. They screamed and they bled and they died.

ANNOUNCER: Only at Pendant Audio dot com

AUDREY: Let's see if we can't put a smile back on that face.

[Kingery theme fades out]