

## **The Kingery, episode 10x06 “Day of the Helmet”**

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

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[A scuzzy-ass cyber bar. It's quiet. Some team sport playing on a monitor.]

BARKEEP: Another?

SOCKS: Yes, please.

[Booze poured into a shot glass.]

BARKEEP: There you go, Miss... “Chaussette”?

SOCKS: That's what it says on my card.

BARKEEP: That's French, right? For “stocking”?

SOCKS: Socks. It means “Socks”.

BARKEEP: You meeting someone?

SOCKS: Well you are a most inquisitive bartender.

BARKEEP: Just... nothing personal? You don't look like you belong here.

SOCKS: Is that so. You think I'm not...

[Menu picked up.]

SOCKS: “Dead Channel” material?

BARKEEP: No, I mean, you're dressed nice. And you just... you have an air about ya.

SOCKS: That's the nicest thing anyone's said about me in a long time. Thank you.

BARKEEP: You're welcome. Didn't answer my question.

SOCKS: See what I did there?

BARKEEP: What I'm saying is, I have kind of *specialized* clientele--

SOCKS: Criminals, you mean. Don't look so shocked. I know this sort of establishment. I even recognize one of your customers. That's Casey Todash over there. Used to do cyberwork for the Arkell family. Thought they were dead.

BARKEEP: Yeah, most of our patrons are dead.

SOCKS: For professional reasons, one imagines?

BARKEEP: As you say. What's with the helmet?

SOCKS: I'm drying my hair.

BARKEEP: Really?

SOCKS: No. Another, please.

BARKEEP: Another.

[She pours another shot.]

SOCKS: Oh, and if you would? Send the same to that lovely creature at the end of the bar.

BARKEEP: Sure.

[The barkeep moves off to do her bidding.]

SOCKS: (singing) Hel-met. Hel-met. Spear and magic hel-met. (chuckles to herself)

[Footsteps approach.]

GIB: Ms. Chaussette?

SOCKS: Ah. You must be Gibson. Is that your first or last name?

GIB: Both. Neither. Call me Gib. Everybody does. My assistant said you need someone found, but you were unwilling to come to the office for some reason?

SOCKS: I don't like crowds. And yes. I need you to find someone.

GIB: And who would that be?

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

GIB: Sure. I've heard of the Easter Bunny too.

SOCKS: I've come into some information. Apho Arlo is on this planet.

GIB: Ms. Chaussette, Apho Arlo is a legend. Which means he doesn't exist.

[The barkeep returns.]

GIB: (to the Barkeep) Whatever's on draft.

BARKEEP: Comin' up.

[Liquid pouring.]

SOCKS: I'm aware of Arlo's reputation. But I am telling you, he's *here*.

GIB: If Apho Arlo existed, which I'm not signing off on yet, why in seven *hells* would he be spending his time on this roach motel of a planet?

[Barkeep sets down a beer mug.]

GIB: I can say that. I'm local.

BARKEEP: Carry on.

SOCKS: The same reason anyone comes here. Because they don't want to be found.

GIB: Fine. Show me what you've got.

SOCKS: See for yourself.

[Rustle of paper.]

GIB: Hmm. Well, shit. Where'd you get this?

SOCKS: Some of it I found myself. Some of it came from others of your profession.

GIB: (sighs) So what do you want me to do?

SOCKS: I want you to find out where he's hiding. Then I want you to escort me there. You'll stay with me while I work out a deal with him, possibly longer.

GIB: I'm not a bodyguard.

SOCKS: I'll pay you triple your normal fee.

GIB: I'm a bodyguard.

SOCKS: Excellent. Now. Finish your beer and be about your business. I believe I'm about to have company.

GIB: Where will I find you?

SOCKS: I'm staying at the Straylight. The penthouse. Here's my code.

[Beep! She gives him the code via gadget. Gib drinks his drink, gets up.]

GIB: One more thing, Ms. Chaussette.

SOCKS: Yes?

GIB: What's with the helmet?

SOCKS: One mystery at a time, Gib.

[Gib leaves. Audrey takes his seat.]

AUDREY: I thought he'd *never* leave.

SOCKS: Hello. Did you like the drink?

AUDREY: No. But I like who sent it.

SOCKS: That's a start...

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[This is an underworld market, a place to sell and trade most anything. Crowd walla.]

HUSTLER 1: (on hologram) Ay! Ay! Handsome! You need implants? I got all kinds! You need new nose? I got it!

HUSTLER 2: Plastisteel pistols! Fools weapon detectors! Fun at parties!

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STERLING: Ah, there he is. Hey, back off, you lot, he's not here to buy. Haven't seen you down here in a dog's age, Gib.

GIB: Good to see you, Sterling. How's tricks?

STERLING: You know the info trade. Job security. So what do you need?

GIB: I need to be pointed towards a man. Older guy, maybe mid-70s. He works in wetware, probably very good. He's only been here a few months.

STERLING: I believe I know exactly who you mean. You want an introduction?

GIB: Nah, just a look at his face.

STERLING: Hm. Follow me.

[They walk a spell.]

STERLING: Is this guy on somebody's bad side?

GIB: I don't think so. Pretty sure my client wants to hire him.

STERLING: Yech. I can't imagine letting someone cut open *my* skull and squish a bunch of tech in there.

GIB: I guess. Depends on the alternative. How's Ikiru?

STERLING: Just started university this year!

GIB: Damn, don't they grow up fast.

STERLING: They truly do.

[They stop walking. There is the muffled sound of a bone saw whirring.]

STERLING: There he is. With the headband.

[Paper rustle as Gib compares the guy to Socks' photo.]

GIB: That's the one.

STERLING: He calls himself *Apho Arlo*. From what I've seen, he might be the real deal. The old man's an artist with a skin laser. So. Have I given satisfaction?

GIB: As always. Here you go...

[Beep! Gib transfers cash to Sterling via gadget.]

GIB: We should get together sometime, drink some drinks.

STERLING (laughs warmly): Drop by anytime, Gib. I'm always here.

[Gib walks away. When he's gone, Sterling walks up to Arlo's shop.]

STERLING: You wanted to be informed if anyone came around asking for you? Pal of mine, an investigator, had a picture of you. I told him you were Apho Arlo.

APHO ARLO: Good work.

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[Ding! Gib emerges from an elevator into Socks' penthouse.]

[Light music is playing. There is moaning and groaning quiet in the distance.]

GIB: Ms. Chaussette?

[Bedroom door opens. AUDREY pads to the refrigerator, opens it, cracks a bottle of water.]

GIB: Alllll right then.

AUDREY: No boys allowed, pal.

GIB: I... I'm looking for Ms. Chaussette. This is her penthouse.

AUDREY: Wellll (laughs), as you may have noticed from my current state of, uh, *déshabillé*, *Ms. Chaussette* is otherwise occupied. Shhh.

SOCKS: (heard from behind a door) Is that my gumshoe?

[Socks emerges from the bedroom, wrapping herself in a robe.]

SOCKS: There you are! Audrey, this is my gumshoe. His name is... hm. Git?

GIB: Gib.

AUDREY: Sweetie, I don't know what you had planned, but I'm not into guys. Like, *at all*. See my gold star?

GIB: It's hard to miss.

SOCKS: Quiet, you. Audrey, why don't you go back to the bedroom and catch your breath. I won't be long.

[Socks and Audrey kiss and laugh.]

AUDREY: All right...(to Gib) Hands to yourself.

[Audrey returns to the bedroom.]

SOCKS: Shhh. Don't say anything. Just watch her go. I like girls. So much. Isn't she pretty?

GIB: I... apologize for interrupting your evening.

SOCKS: 'sokay. I gave you the code and all. Do you want anything to drink?

GIB: No, you're doing plenty for the both of us.

SOCKS: Don't judge me, Gibby. I spent too much time doing what everyone else wanted me to do. I was in demand, you know. Everyone wanted me. I was... Titsy. Titsy Normous. No. Wait. Ginger Vitus. No. Something like that.

GIB: I found your Apho Arlo.

[He shows her pictures on his gadget.]

SOCKS: He's real. He's really real.

GIB: Looks that way. So what now?

SOCKS: Now, Gib, you go home. You pour yourself a Scotch and think about the dame that got away or whatever it is private eyeballs do at night.

GIB: "The dame that got—?"

SOCKS: I, on the other hand, am going to celebrate! With Audrey! And some drugs. And more drunk.

GIB: You want to pay me now, or should I settle up with your next of kin?

SOCKS: You forget, you still have to be my bodyguard. Guard my body. (laughs)

GIB: Ms. Chaussette, this whole situation feels wrong. 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. Whoo, head rush! Almost lost my robe there.

GIB: Almost.

SOCKS: Are you tantalized? I bet you're tantalized. By... forbidden fruits. That you can never have. Because they're... forbidden.

GIB: Ms. Chaussette--

[Socks laughs as her robe pools around her ankles.]

SOCKS (cracking herself up): Gaze at what you cannot possess!

GIB: *Ms. Chaussette.*

SOCKS: Are you gazing? Seriously. What do you think?

GIB: (sigh) You look nice.

SOCKS: I do.

GIB: You also look like you haven't been eating enough, and drugging it up way too much.

SOCKS: I have *a lot* I'm trying to forget.

GIB: You came to the right planet. Call me tomorrow when you're ready. Good night, Ms. Chaussette.

[Gib walks to the elevator. Ding. Elevator leaves.]

[Audrey returns.]

AUDREY: You okay?



SOCKS: Of course, you wicked beast, you.

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

[Audrey walks Socks into the bedroom.]

AUDREY: By the way... what's with the helmet?

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[The same underworld market, as before. Socks & Gib are walking.]

SOCKS: Charming.

GIB: It's not the Galleria, but... we make do.

SOCKS: Are we getting close?

GIB: Right over here.

[Apho Arlo slowly fades up.]

APHO ARLO: ...the thing about eyes is, eyes are always an expensive undertaking, but they're worth it, you know? Ever seen someone who skimmed on the merchandise? *Not* a pretty picture.

DINA: They need to be able to change color. You can do that?

APHO ARLO: Sweetheart, I'm Apho Arlo.

DINA: I'm going to be off-planet for a job. Three weeks?

APHO ARLO: Shouldn't be a problem.

DINA: See you then.

[She walks off.]

APHO ARLO: "See you then," that's cute, I like that.

SOCKS: Mr. Arlo?

APHO ARLO: Who's asking?

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SOCKS: My name is Chaussette. Can we talk inside?

APHO ARLO: Sure, sure.

[Apho leads them inside.]

SOCKS: Gib. There's something I forgot to mention.

GIB: (sighs) What now?

SOCKS: If he tries to remove my helmet without permission? Shoot him.

GIB: ...why?

SOCKS: Just trust me and do it.

[They pass a metal door into a workshop.]

APHO ARLO: Now then. What can I do for you?

SOCKS: I need to have some implants removed.

APHO ARLO: What kind of implants are we talking?

SOCKS: Originally... they were for intelligence enhancement. Personal improvement. But they came with side-effects.

APHO ARLO: Uh huh. What's with the helmet?

SOCKS: The helmet is the only thing keeping me from inadvertently killing everyone in this room.

GIB: I feel like that was information I should have had before now.

APHO ARLO: Yeah, you really shoulda *led* with that. So. Killer implants. Let's see...

[Apho approaches Socks.]

GIB: Don't touch her.

APHO ARLO: Not planning to. Miz Chaussette, is it all right if I take a reading from your helmet?

It'll show me what I'm dealing with here.

SOCKS: ...all right.

[Beep boop beep.]

APHO ARLO (examining his gadget): Ohhhh, it's one of *these*. Okay well, good news is, I can get that junk out of your skull, no problem.

SOCKS: ...what's the bad news?

APHO ARLO: Bad n—no, no, no bad news, that's just a figure of speech. I mean, it'll cost you, sure, but I--

SOCKS: Are you saying you can remove the implants without damaging me?

APHO ARLO: Absolutely!

GIB: Bullshit.

APHO ARLO: Excuse me?

GIB: I've never met an Undercroft dealer who'd give that kind of absolute guarantee. *He's* blowing smoke up your ass.

APHO ARLO: You talk a lot for a bodyguard, you know that?

SOCKS: He makes an excellent point.

APHO ARLO: He—I—okay, there's a slight, *slight* chance of... damage.

SOCKS: What kind of damage?

APHO ARLO: I assume your current personality is a result of the implants, right? So if we take them out, we might not just lower your IQ, we could, uh...

GIB: He could wipe your slate clean.

SOCKS: I wish that mattered more to me than it does.

APHO ARLO: Yeah, it's one hell of a choice to have to make. But Socks, if those implants are as dangerous as you say, you can't keep them. What if that helmet fails? Or runs out of power?

SOCKS: I know, but— wait. You called me “Socks.”

APHO ARLO: ...I did?

SOCKS: I didn't *tell* you my nickname is Socks.

APHO ARLO: ...okay, cards on the table. I spent a little time in that part of the galaxy and I recognize you. You got married to that Arigosa guy, it was all over the net, I--

[Socks scrambles to her feet.]

SOCKS: We are leaving.

GIB: Yes, ma'am.

APHO ARLO: Look, don't get freaked out over nothing--

GIB: Back up now. Come on, Ms. Chaussette.

[They leave.]

APHO ARLO (calls after them): I'll still be here when you change your mind! (to himself) Pain in the ass... Briggs isn't gonna like this.

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[Ding! Elevator doors open. Socks walks to the bar, starts pouring a drink.]

SOCKS: Damn it, damn it--

GIB: He's not going to hurt you.

SOCKS: I'm not worried about *him!* Don't you understand?! This is supposed to be *it!* Over! Done! I find the best in the business and he takes this, this *poison* out of my head, and I just go live my life and... (beat – takes a swig) ...it's supposed to be over.

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

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

GIB: Maybe... maybe I can use my connections, find someone else who can do the work, someone respectable, not sketchy like Arlo.

SOCKS: Well I'll still have the same two options. Live with a weapon inside my head and a helmet I can never take off, or... I like who I am *now*. I'm smart. I read. For actual pleasure. I- I don't want to go back to what I was. I can't. I'm better than that now. I suppose there's another option.

GIB: Aaaaand what's that?

SOCKS: How much would you charge to shoot someone, Gib? Someone who wanted it. Someone who'd rather *die* than hurt anyone else ever again. Someone for whom a quick death would be a mercy.

[Gib walks over to her.]

GIB: You don't have enough money to make me do that, Ms. Chaussette.

SOCKS: You're sweet. But if I have to choose between hurting others, or myself...

[Phone rings. A couple of times.]

GIB: *I'll* get it.

[He answers the phone.]

GIB: Chaussette residence. (beat) Hold on. (to Socks) It's Alyson? Calling for Socks?

SOCKS: ...*Alyson's* calling?!

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[That same low background hum.]

[Doors open.]

[Alyson is lifted and placed in a chair.]

CHRIS: Come on, bubba, chow time.

ALYSON (so weak!): No. On strike.

ERIN: You *know* you're hungry. Come on. We... just want you to have some water and a protein bar.

ALYSON: No.

CHRIS: It's a protein bar! It's *barely* food. I promise it tastes like shit.

ERIN: *Please*. Do it for us.

ALYSON: I...

CHRIS: You're soooo hungry.

ERIN: Please.

[Protein bar and glass of water set down on the table.]

ALYSON: (sigh) ...okay.

[Alyson picks them up.]

ALYSON: YAHHHHHHHH!

[Alyson rams the protein bar into Chris's eye, throws the glass in Erin's face.]

CHRIS: (aahh!)

ERIN: What the fuck!?

[Alyson charges for the door.]

[ZZZZZAP!]

ALYSON: (GETS TASED REAL GOOD!)

[THUD! Alyson falls to the floor.]

CHRIS: I *know* this bitch didn't try to put my eye out with her fucking lunch.

ERIN: Did you *have* to tase her?

CHRIS: Protein bar! In eye! Come on, let's get cleaned up.

ERIN: But what about her?

CHRIS: What *about* her?! Leave her on the ground!

ERIN: We'll try again later, okay?

[Chris and Erin exit.]

ALYSON (quietly weeping): Who am I...? Please, just tell me... who - who am I? Please...

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[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode six, "Day of The Helmet"

Featuring the voice talents of

Julia Eve as the Barkeep  
Rene Christine Jones as Socks  
Shawn Traill as Gib  
Phoenix Emrys as Audrey  
Shiraa Noumbissie as Hustler 1  
Sarah Wheatley as Hustler 2  
Dylan Gilstein as Sterling  
Justin Fife as Apho Arlo  
Kendra Murray as Dina  
Kaitlyn Kliman as Chris  
Melissa Autumn Hearne as Alyson  
and Kristine Chester as Erin

Written by Pete Milan

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]

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[Kingery theme plays]

ZEFF: Commandant Browning?

BROWNING: Captain Collier.

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on the Kingery...

ZEFF (whispering): The op was planned in detail until the finest tactical minds in 88G has to offer all agreed this was the one with the greatest chance of success and the smallest likelihood of casualties. So unless you'd like to *be* one of those casualties before the op even begins, I'd ask you to shut the BLEEP up.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Sir.

BROWNING: How much do you know about The Fifth, Zeff?

ZEFF: Rumors, mostly. I thought they were just a myth... until they took the Kingery and sent us packing.

BROWNING: Some of the other sector commandants and I pooled our resources and, surprise, surprise, once I had access to the other commandants' crime reports a name popped up. A very familiar name.

ZEFF: I don't want to know, do I?

BROWNING: Doctor. Samantha. Briggs.



CHRIS: Yeah, because everything is awful, and the universe is on fire, and apparently you're the only one who can help us stop it.

ERIN: Well poop.

ANNOUNCER: Only at [pendantaudio.com](http://pendantaudio.com).

ZEFF (whispering): Blow it!

[Explosions!]

[Kingery theme fades out.]