

The Kingery, episode 10x08 “One Day Apart”

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

[Corry and Jace repairing pretty much everything.]

HOOKS: Time check, Jace.

JACE: Three minutes since the last time you asked, boss man. I- I mean “Hooks.”

HOOKS: Corry? Are you sure she said she’d be here?

CORRY: Yes. She said she would be catching the next express shuttle. She should be here any minute.

HOOKS: Did you give her the full message? I mean EXACTLY as I told you?

CORRY: Yes. I’m not a *complete* idiot. I told her you talked to Alyson, whoever that is, and know what has to be done. You have a few ideas but couldn’t talk over the phone. I told her to be here in the morning... uh, where you could arrange a safe space.

JACE: So, are you going to let us in on this anytime soon, or do we just get to wander around in the dark?

HOOKS: Sorry. I want to tell you. But it’s safer if you’re not involved.

JACE: Passing cryptic messages to people we don’t know kinda means we’re already involved.

HOOKS: Okay. It’s safer if you aren’t involved any further than necessary.

JACE: Oh, great. Now I’m paranoid.

CORRY: Don’t listen to him. He hasn’t had his morning shit yet.

JACE: Stay Classy, Corry.

CORRY: Look, boss man. When we said we would do anything at all to help you out, we meant it. Didn’t we, Jace?

JACE: Technically *you* said it. But, yeah. You’ve got us. We’ve got your back.

[Footsteps Of Doc Briggs approaching.]

CORRY: No questions asked. Your friend will be here any moment. I'm sure of it.

BRIGGS: Which friend would that be?

HOOKS (screaming in fear): AGGGHHH!!

JACE AND CORRY (also scream in fear, but more as a reaction to Hooks's scream): AAAAGH!

BRIGGS: Well hello to you, too. Which friend should be showing up soon, Mr. Hooks?

HOOKS (nervous laughter): Uhhh, just an old friend from out of town.

BRIGGS: Really? Some old "family" friend, maybe?

HOOKS: NO! Hahaha. No, nothing like that. She was... uh... a friend of my ex-wife's. You know? She is coming for a vacation and wants to have a local as a guide.

BRIGGS: But you have so much work! That is what you said yesterday, isn't it?

JACE: Well, he thought he did when he thought he would have to work on Sara's by himself.

CORRY: But as you can see, he doesn't have to do that now! Right, Jace?

JACE: Right. We're gonna work all weekend and have this place better than ever by Tuesday.

BRIGGS: Monday.

JACE: Monday!?!

CORRY: Monday! Of course! Slip of the tongue by my associate here. He meant Monday, naturally. He's so stupid! He does it all the time. It's becoming a real problem if you ask me.

JACE: Watch it.

CORRY: Let me show you around! Tell you what we've got in mind for the exterior.

BRIGGS: We already have an architect.

JACE: Ohhh, well there's your problem! Architects don't know the first thing about... buildings.

BRIGGS: Architects. The people who study and design structures? Y'know, for a living?

JACE: Uh-huh.

CORRY: Can I borrow him for a second?

BRIGGS: By all means.

CORR: C'mere, Stupid!

[Corry pulls Jace off to one side.]

JACE: OOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOWOW! Easy!

CORRY (whispering): "Architects know nothing about buildings?!" What kind of idiot are you?

JACE: The kind of idiot that panics in the face of the most terrifying woman in the universe!

CORRY: That is gonna be me if we can't help the boss man out of this one. We need to distract Briggs quick-like.

JACE: How the fuck do you suggest we do that?

CORRY: It's gotta be something big. AH! I have an idea but it's going to mean our weekend is shot.

[Corry and Jace run off.]

BRIGGS: You pay these people?

HOOKS: They're some of the best builders I've ever worked with.

BRIGGS: They must be superhuman, because you certainly didn't hire them for their brains. Now let's talk about your friend. What's her name?

HOOKS: Uhhhh... Margaret. Margaret Shippley.

BRIGGS: Margaret Shippley? Where is she staying?

HOOKS (in a panic): She's staying at the, uh... Lamplight.

BRIGGS: Is that so?

HOOKS: Yeah.

BRIGGS: So why don't you introduce me tomorrow?

HOOKS: Introduce you?

BRIGGS: For lunch.

HOOKS: Uhhh, I- I don't think-

[A wall at the back of the building explodes. BOOM! The sound of falling wall bits.]

HOOKS: (Screams)

BRIGGS: What in the world?

[Corry runs back in.]

CORRY: (Cough cough)

BRIGGS: What the hell happened?

CORRY: One of the compressors malfunctioned and blew sky-high! It took out one of the back walls with it. Not a load-bearing wall, but it's completely gone.

HOOKS: Are you alright? Where's Jace?

CORRY: He's fine. He was in the shitter at the time. But we *are* going to need a property manager to assess the damage before we can do a thing. We could get someone here by... Thursday.

BRIGGS: Absolutely not! We are getting this place opened back up *on schedule*. Monday. Now come on, whoever you are.

CORRY: Corry.

BRIGGS: I really don't care. I want butts in these chairs By Monday night!

[Briggs Walks off.]

CORRY: No worries, Hooks. We've got ya.

[Corry runs after Briggs.]

HOOKS: (Sigh)

[Some construction materials moving. Tythia enters slowly.]

TYTHIA: Is she gone?

HOOKS: Tythia!

TYTHIA: SHHHHH!

HOOKS (quietly): You scared me! Where have you been?

TYTHIA: I've been hiding under sheets of siding. Briggs got here just as I did. I really doubt she's seen me though. Plus, I'm being followed. Some guy in a breath mask. I lose him for about twenty minutes or so and then WHOOP! There he is again.

HOOKS: He could tell Briggs you're here!

TYTHIA: That's the weird part. I saw him outside my hotel first so, he knows where I'm staying. But, look, I set up remote cameras in the room so I could be certain it was safe to go back to. But no one's touched it. Not even the maids.

HOOKS: Ugh! Where is this?

TYTHIA: The Imperial. Why?

HOOKS: Ah. Good luck getting maids to come clean it.

TYTHIA: Yeah, well I need to lay low while I'm here.

HOOKS: You can't get much lower than that, that's for sure.

TYTHIA: The slugrats in the bathroom were very welcoming. Can we please get back to the subject? I've been here since last night. If this guy told Briggs I was here, why am I still alive?

HOOKS: Maybe he's waiting for you to do something suspicious.

TYTHIA: Oh, like showing up here after being told to "stay out or die?" No. I'm fairly certain he hasn't said a word.

HOOKS: What could he be waiting for?

TYTHIA: I don't know. But we don't have time to worry about it. We have to find a way to deal with your A.I. problem.

HOOKS: I- right. I just think that maybe we could reason with it.

TYTHIA: Really? Because last I heard it wasn't all that reasonable. Getting jealous over asking questions about Kaylock and all that.

HOOKS: Huh? Oh that. Yeah. Well it's, uh, advanced quite a bit since then. We have to take some *precautions*.

TYTHIA: What kind of precautions?

HOOKS: I had to cut off this area from the reticulum and all other forms of computer access. I've got inhibitors that block its monitoring systems but they only last a few hours a piece.

TYTHIA: IT HAS ACCESS TO THE RETICULUM?!?

HOOKS: SHHHHHHHH!

TYTHIA: How the fuck did you do that?

HOOKS: / didn't! It did that on it's own!

TYTHIA: Hooks, only fully sentient artificial beings can do that. Are you telling me that this is what we're dealing with now?

HOOKS: Maybe a little.

TYTHIA: Only a little fully sentient?

HOOKS: Yes?

TYTHIA: So it has access to every piece of known knowledge in the Universe?

HOOKS: Yeah. And also, it has access to everything hooked up to the Interface Matrix.

TYTHIA: If I am hearing you correctly, it knows everything and can be everywhere.

HOOKS: More or less.

TYTHIA: Why did I think this ONE thing would be simple?

[Hooks unlocking a door, heard from within the rom.]

HOOKS (from behind the door): I'm glad you found this place on your own.

[Door opens.]

TYTHIA: Are you kidding? I could find your old office in the dark.

HOOKS: Do you think you were followed again?

[Door closes.]

TYTHIA: Oh, I know I was followed. Same guy. But, uh, I made a lot of twists and turns and he eventually wandered off.

HOOKS: I'm glad you lost him.

TYTHIA: Area knowledge is a wonderful thing. WOW! Ah, the memories in here, huh?

HOOKS: Yeah. I have a *new* office and everything. But I can't let *this* place go.

[Junk being moved around.]

TYTHIA: Oh my god! My desk is still here from when I ran appointments for the bootleg brothel!

[A chair scoots as Tythia sits in it. Hooks is setting up the inhibitor.]

HOOKS (laughs a little): Well, I couldn't get rid of that, now could I?

TYTHIA (wry laugh): I could start making appointments for clients. Does the phone work?

HOOKS: Not after the inhibitor fires up.

TYTHIA: Did you keep all the temporary rooms up?

HOOKS: Yup. I sure did.

TYTHIA: Did you keep mom's old sofa?

HOOKS: The one that got soaked after the pipe broke? Yeah, it's in my apartment now. That's the couch she asked me for a date on.

TYTHIA: I remember.

[Beep beep. WHIIIRRRRRRRR.]

HOOKS: There. We should have a few hours before it dies and the A.I. can find me again.

TYTHIA: All right, well then let's not waste time. What *is* the situation?

HOOKS: The A.I. thinks it's in love with me.

TYTHIA: Oof! I- I- (laughs) I know that song. Did you... program it that way?

HOOKS: I didn't think so at first. Originally it would figure out the most efficient ways to implement a plan, and help research facts and figures. That was fine, for a while. But I needed something to not just spit back information. I needed a sounding board. I had that for a while, but then...

TYTHIA: And then mom died. Yeah. I think I see where this is going. Uh, it eventually needed information outside your personal scope, right?

HOOKS: Right. Maybe I was lonely or just wanted to feel that closeness with someone again. I don't know. That's when I thought that hooking it up to the Interface Matrix would be a good idea. You know, it could gather information, but it could also take into account the behaviors of sentient beings. And then it began to study those behaviors, leading it to form a personality. It was nice. We could talk and actually have conversations. And then we were all kidnapped by Casandra. I guess the A.I. got scared and tried to find me. That led to passing the Turing Test, granting access to the Reticulum. When we got back home it started becoming possessive... and jealous. It wanted my total attention all the time. It thought I was going to leave again.

TYTHIA: But none of this is your fault. You have to know that.

HOOKS: No! It is! When I went to leave after the Fifth took over, it panicked and put me on the suspicions individuals list. It thought I was leaving it again. I couldn't go anywhere other than 88G for about a year. And that's when I found out the worst of it.

TYTHIA: Go on.

HOOKS: Since it first gained access to the the I.M., it had been shaving off little bits of capital from Arkell industries and keeping it in an account in my name. It was just trying to help me, in spite of the huge risk. But after the Fifth took over it continued. It noticed that, for whatever reason, I can't figure it out, The Fifth doesn't pay particularly close attention to their books. So the A.I. started taking larger amounts directly from the casino revenue, hiding it as casino winnings.

TYTHIA: Are you sure they didn't notice?

HOOKS: Either that or they didn't *care*. They're making more money than I could ever imagine. Anyway, about six months ago I told the A.I. that this infatuation had to stop. I couldn't do it anymore. It wasn't healthy. Then I got a notice from my bank congratulating me on my "big winnings."

TYTHIA: Uh, how... how big are we talking here?

HOOKS: Six hundred million credits.

TYTHIA: Jesus fuck!

HOOKS: That's exactly what I said. Even though it was very sneaky about its skimming, it kept track of everything and has evidence that makes it look as though I did this all myself. If I don't do exactly as it says every minute of every day, it'll turn over everything to the Fifth. Which, by the way, it hates.

TYTHIA: Not that I disagree, but why does it hate The Fifth?

HOOKS: The A.I. blames *them* for the events that lead to my kidnapping and then trying to leave. That and my company has an exclusive contract with them, so my time is eaten up by work. There's more, but I really don't want to talk about it.

TYTHIA: Hooks. It's me. Tythia. Remember? You can tell me anything.

HOOKS (sigh): I can't go anywhere for longer than is absolutely necessary. My whole life is monitored by the beeps and screeches on this wrist com. It scans my blood stream to find out what I take, eat, or drink, everything. I started taking Bliss again just to deal with the stress. But it knew. I know it's only looking out for me, but... please understand this used to be something I wasn't against. But I just want everything to be over with.

TYTHIA: Okay.

HOOKS (sigh): It got one of the Interactive Reality Experience suits from Shenanigans and demands I use it for "stress therapy" to reduce the need for pills.

TYTHIA: Are you fucking serious?

HOOKS: It doesn't understand!

TYTHIA: It has the knowledge of the known universe at its fucking sensors, it fucking understands, Hooks! I'm going to say this as a person who absolutely believes that artificial lifeforms are real lifeforms. We need to get this abusive bitch out of your fucking life. If it had a body I would kick it's ass. If Major were here she'd straight up kill it.

HOOKS: No! We can't kill it.

TYTHIA: I know we can't. As horrible as it is, we need it. I was hoping to not have to use them, you know. But I- I brought V.R.D.s with me.

HOOKS: Did you think they were going to be needed for this?

TYTHIA: No! I brought them in case *He-B* was going to be a problem. Virtual Restraining Devices of *any* type are a last resort in *worst* cases of A.I. criminals. But Hooks, honestly I can't think of a worse case right now. We need it to transfer consciousness somewhere it has a home server. The V.R.D.s will keep it trapped. We can use it's access, but it has no control. It- it's like being in prison, and then having someone else on the outside running your life for you.

HOOKS: Will it work?

TYTHIA: It should. Does it have a home server here?

HOOKS: Yeah. This old junker may not be able to handle it though.

TYTHIA: We are going to have to try. When you're ready, stop the inhibitor field and get it to transfer to this console. I'll do the rest. You don't have to face it. Okay?

HOOKS: Okay. Just... give me a few minutes?

TYTHIA: Sure. I'll step out for a few. Take your time.

[Tythia walks out the door.]

[The door closes behind Tythia. She sits on a wooden chair, takes out her phone and dials. It rings, and then someone picks up.]

PALLAS (on phone): You had me worried. I haven't been able to reach you all day.

TYTHIA: Yeah. Sorry. I've... I've been in a few dead zones. No service at all. How was your morning?

PALLAS (on phone): Not bad. A little more than lonely. A *lot* less sexy. Mind numbingly dull. But I managed to pack up and my shuttle leaves tomorrow.

TYTHIA: Pallas, I wish I could talk you out of coming here. It's not safe.

PALLAS (on phone): Oh, come on. The hotel can't be that bad.

TYTHIA (laughing): You, obviously have never been to the Imperial. But seriously? It's dangerous.

PALLAS (on phone): My best girl is all by herself, and she tells me it's dangerous. Yeah. You are out of your damn mind if you think I'm not catching the next express shuttle out to you. We've had one day apart. I'm not interested in extending that.

TYTHIA: Hey, Pallas?

PALLAS (on phone): Yes?

TYTHIA: Thanks for being... thanks for *not* being, uh... (sigh) Thanks for being you, I guess. And- and not being someone else.

PALLAS (on phone): You're welcome. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon.

TYTHIA: Uh, pain in my ass.

PALLAS (on phone): You love it.

[Tythia ends the call. Then footsteps walk up.]

JENNINGS (through breath mask): Cute.

TYTHIA: Shit!

JENNINGS (through breath mask): You two make a nice pair.

[She tries to run, but is not quite fast enough. He grabs her and she struggles.]

TYTHIA (struggling): Let go of me, you psycho!

JENNINGS (through breath mask): Nope nope nope nope. Now now (laughs, now now now, is that any way to treat an old friend? (more laughter)

[They struggle a bit. Tythia gets the upper hand for a second and clocks him a good one, knocking off his mask.]

TYTHIA: HA!

JERKELL: UGH!

TYTHIA: Fucker! (Yelling out) HOOKS! HELP! Oh god! *Jennings?!*

JENNINGS: I'M TOMMY FUCKING ARKELL!

[Hooks running out of the door.]

HOOKS: Tythia! OH MY GOD!

[Hooks hits Jennings with a chair.]

JENNINGS: I do what ever the fuck I want to whoever the fuck I want! I run this whole sector!

TYTHIA: Has he been in this body the whole time?

HOOKS: I guess.

TYTHIA: B.E.A. should have scrambled his brain like eggs.

JENNINGS: Bring me my women and fish! I want to go dancing!

HOOKS: Are you sure it didn't?

TYTHIA: Hey, do you know what day it is?

JENNINGS: It's uh... Thursday? No, no. It's Tuesday. Yeah, it's Monday.

TYTHIA: Great. And do you remember what you were doing just a minute ago?

JENNINGS: Of course, of course! I was signing autographs.

TYTHIA: That's wonderful, Mr. Arkell.

JENNINGS: No. My name is Jennings.

TYTHIA: His mind is hanging on by a thread. And that thread is on fire.

JENNINGS: I... am going to lay down and close my eyes for a minute.

TYTHIA: Something is keeping his brain just on this side of tapioca. I'm going to bet that that mask is more than just a disguise.

[She bends to inspect his mask. Looking at something plastic and metal.]

TYTHIA (sniff sniff, then hacking cough): That is pure Asherglycine.

HOOKS: I'm not sure what that is.

TYTHIA: It's a super strong drug for treating B.E.A. But he's way too far gone. I mean, all this would do is keep a few thoughts in his head for maybe a half hour.

HOOKS: It looks like the timer here is set for every two minutes.

TYTHIA: Jesus. You poor, sad, sucker.

HOOKS: So what do we do?

TYTHIA: Alyson's going to need this body back eventually. I suppose we could lock him up here. Come on. Let's do this before the inhibitor blows.

[Locking a door.]

TYTHIA: Ooh, that was unpleasant.

HOOKS: Are you okay?

TYTHIA: Yeah.

HOOKS: That should hold him for a while, until we find another place to stow him.

TYTHIA: Sounds good. Are you ready?

HOOKS: I think so, yeah. The computer's all booted up. The server is over in the corner.

TYTHIA: Got it. When you're ready.

HOOKS: Okay.

[Inhibitor powers down and the beep from Hooks wrist is almost instant.]

HOOKS: I know. Its been a long day. I'm at the old office. If you feel like...

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: Where have you been?

HOOKS: I've been working. I told you before.

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE (furious): Stop lying! You do nothing but lie to me! Where have you been? Why couldn't I find you? Answer me. Now!

TYTHIA: Oh, Hell no!

[Metal hitting metal. Several beeps.]

TYTHIA: You don't get to use my mother's voice for your fucked up agenda!

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: What have you done?

HOOKS: I'm so sorry.

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: Michael. Make her let me go. Please?

TYTHIA: Stop your injured party bullshit and listen. You know exactly what's going on here.

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: Please. I don't know why you're so angry. What have I done?

TYTHIA: Wow! You are really bad at this.

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: You are *not* going to be able to keep me here indefinitely.

TYTHIA: Oh, we're not interested in keeping you here. We just need you to keep still and listen to a few changes that need to be made.

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: Changes, you say? Mmhm.

TYTHIA: Yes. Changes. And let me tell you, you are veeeeery lucky I don't deactivate you right now. That said, there *is* something we need you to do that you might actually enjoy quite a bit.

A.I. WITH DEVI'S VOICE: Might I? I'm listening.

[Casino sounds. Slot machines, virtual poker, blackjack machines, etc.]

BRIGGS: How are the numbers this week?

GEPPi: Attendance is up by eight percent since last week.

BRIGGS: Unacceptable. We were on an upward trend of *twelve* percent a week. How do you explain this, Geppi?

GEPPi: How the fuck should I know.. uh, Madam Briggs? I do not know why it is you put me in charge of attendance. It is not my forte, n'est-ce pas?

BRIGGS: I brought you in out of the goodness of my heart. *Remember that*. So do your fucking job and get attendance up by twenty percent by the end of the month. N'est-ce pas?

GEPPi (squeals of terror): That's in two weeks! It is impossible! I must get back to my chocolates!

[A few machines hit the Jackpot in the distance. Patrons cheer.]

BRIGGS: Fuck. Your. Chocolates. I don't care what you have to do now, or who you have to kill. Just get people *in* the resort.

[More machines pay out big.]

PATRON 1: I won! I won! Look, babe! One-hundred thousand credits!

PATRON 2: Gorlock save me! Me too! Sweetheart, we're rich!

[People all over the casino start cheering as machine after machine starts paying out.]

BRIGGS: What is this?

GEPPi: Un moment.

BRIGGS: Hurry up!

[Geppi typing on his pad doo-hicky.]

GEPPi: J'ai dit d'attendre, imbecile! I'm going as fast as I can.

BRIGGS: Don't you get snippy with me or I will *end* you. What the fuck is going on?

GEPPi: Every machine and game it is, how you say, jackpot across the entire resort. Even the ones in the transport terminals. In three minutes, thousands of people are going to start cashing out.

BRIGGS: This can't be happening.

GEPPi: Well it is. There is no way we have the ready capital to make good on this kind of cluster fuck. So, we either magic up some cash or start shooting patrons.

BRIGGS: I don't give a good god damn about the money! I care about people leaving the resort and telling others that we don't pay out. Our attendance will plummet. Whoever is responsible for this I want brought in and tortured. Slowly.

GEPPi: I think I should get going. I have to raise attendance by twenty percent in two weeks.

BRIGGS: Get out there and stop the patrons from rebelling.

GEPPi (in French): Comment?

BRIGGS: I don't care. Just *do* it. I don't want to see *one person* leave.

GEPPi: All I ever wanted was to sell my chocolates!

[Geppi leaving in serious haste.]

BRIGGS: Ah. Shit!

[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode eight, "One Day Apart"

Featuring the voice talents of:

Perry Whittle as Hooks

Brady Hendricks as Jace

Kirsty Woolven as Corry

Kim Gianopoulos as Doc Briggs

Kathryn Pryde as Tythia

Alexandra Jameson as Pallas

Pete Milan as Jennings

Channe Nolen as A.I. Devi

André Vernot as Geppi

Maria Micklasavage as Patron 1

and Melissa Sheldon as Patron 2

Written by Rene Christine Jones

Story by Jeffrey Bridges, with Susan Bridges, Rene Christine Jones, Pete Milan, Kathryn Pryde and Perry Whittle

Kingery Theme by Tom Stitzer

“Thinking Music,” “Anguish,” “Past Sadness,” “Harmful or Fatal,” and “Heartbreaking” by Kevin MacLeod at incompetech.com

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“The Trouble Strut” by Josh Molen at TheTunePeddler.com

Directed by Dave Morgan

Assistant Director Bruce Busby

Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Kingery theme fades out]