

## **The Kingery, episode 10x09 “Day Trip”**

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

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[Spaceport ambience. Footsteps, indistinct chatter, public address announcements, distant rumble of takeoffs and landings.]

ASA: Here it is. Locker 3-3-4-7.

[Electronic bleeps as Asa haltingly enters a combination into a lock.]

CASSANDRA: Two fucking years, Asa. Using stupid phony names, listening to stupid piddly fuckin' clients and their piddly fuckin' problems. Are you listening to me?

ASA: I hear you, Cass.

CASSANDRA: It was demeaning, dangerous, and a pure fucking waste of time! Browning kept tabs on Socks the whole time, so why didn't she let us know so we could stop searching?

[Red light.]

ASA: Yer not wrong. But I'm havin' a hard time rememberin' the combination with you bitchin' in my ear.

[Electronic bleeps as Asa more confidently enters a combination into a lock.]

CASSANDRA: And why didn't Socks just answer Alyson's call? Tell me that. She answers the phone, we wouldn't still be chasing her down.

ASA: She was scared, Cass. We've been scared of The Fifth for two years. For Socks, it's been that plus bein' scared of herself.

[Green light. Locker pops open.]

CASSANDRA: Well, it was a big waste of our time. What d'you got there?

[Asa rummaging in locker, pulling out items, handing them to Cassandra.]

ASA: New phones.

[Asa turns on his new phone.]

CASSANDRA: Untraceable, I hope.

[Cass turns on her new phone.]

ASA: Jesus, Cass. If we can't trust Commandant Browning, we're in deep, deep shit.

CASSANDRA: Exactly my point.

ASA: Guns. You take 'em.

CASSANDRA: With pleasure.

ASA: Cash-transfer cards. One for me.

[Beep of cash transfer.]

CASSANDRA: And one for me.

[Beep of cash transfer.]

ASA: Better. I was just about broke.

CASSANDRA: Well if you ask me, Browning could have been more generous. We may need to grease a lot of palms.

ASA: Encrypted cube.

CASSANDRA: Let me see.

[Handling as Cass takes it; beep of information display.]

CASSANDRA: Status update. Great. Apho Arlo's still on the planet, but they don't know where. How are we supposed to find Socks if they can't even tell us where Arlo is?

ASA: I think I know a local who can help us find Arlo.

CASSANDRA: Jesus, do you know someone on every damn planet?

ASA: I'm a nice guy. And ... travelled a lot.

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[Dive hotel room ambience: fans, buzzing lights. Occasional sounds from neighboring rooms: water pipes, media playing, voices arguing.]

SOCKS: ...I miss you so much. But you know I had to leave the Kingery. I tried for two years to get rid of this poison in my head. So I could go back. So I could see you again, and, no, not just for your sweet cheeks, you fabulous creature. Then I heard about the best wetware specialist who ever lived. That was his reputation, anyway. It looked like a way out, or at least the best chance I'd ever have. But it turned out to be a trap, and I ran. Here's what I don't get about the whole thing: Why do those assholes want *me*? They could put these implants in anybody, and I mean anybody. The Buisson family is over, so what's special about me? Shit, I don't even know if you're still alive. But I hope so, Zeff. And I hope you hear this and know... I loved you. I mean not "LOVE" you, but... you know what I mean. So I'm hiding in a disgusting hotel room with...

[Bottle handling.]

SOCKS: ... an empty bottle and a cheap gun.

[Gun handling.]

SOCKS: I know those assholes will find me eventually, but I can't let them use me again. Not after everything we went through, Zeff. And everything you did for me. You understand I've only got one option left. (Frustrated sigh) But I've been sitting here for hours.

[Gun handling; checking it's loaded.]

SOCKS: Ah, wouldn't you know, still loaded. If it was you, you wouldn't still be staring at the gun. I'm such a fucking coward... (Sigh) I won't know if I can do it until they find me and try to capture me.

[Gib arrives in hallway outside Chausette's room.]

GIB (behind the door): Um, Miss Chausette?

[Soft knocks on door.]

SOCKS: Wish me luck, Zeff. This could be it.

[Disconnect sound from electronic device; gun handling.]

GIB (behind the door): Hey, uh, can we talk?

SOCKS: How did you find me?

GIB (behind the door): I'm good and I'm local. That's, uh, why you hired me, remember?

SOCKS: Can I trust you?

GIB (behind the door): Hey, who told you that Arlo guy promised too much?

[Door unlocked and opened.]

SOCKS: I want you to know that even in the depths of my despair, I'm not going to fuck you.

GIB (Gags, reacting to room): Oh, shit!

SOCKS: So that's a problem for you?

GIB: Ugh, it's the room. Oh my god, it smells like a tire fire in a sewer.

SOCKS: You're free to leave.

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[Underground market ambience. Cass and Asa footsteps.]

CASSANDRA: This is where your friend sent us, some grimy urban cavern?

ASA: It's just a low-rent version of the Thoroughfare.

[Cass stops walking, and Asa returns to her.]

CASSANDRA: Seems... barbaric for a high-end wetware specialist.

ASA: Don't stop walking. You'll just attract--

HUSTLER: Is it, uh, hard, Pops? Or just, uh, difficult?

ASA: Not interested. Come on.

HUSTLER: "RoboRichard" can tickle all your proclivities. Y'get me, lady?

CASSANDRA: Point that disgusting thing at me again, and I'll rip your fucking proclivity right off.

[Cass and Asa walk again.]

HUSTLER: It's not disgusting; it's an autonomous relaxation assistant!

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ASA: Should be up this way.

CASSANDRA: Are you sure your contact is still a friend?

HUSTLER (Shouting from distance): Satisfaction guaranteed! And I do mean satisfaction!

ASA: I think I see Arlo's shop.

CASSANDRA: About time.

[Metal door opens and closes behind Cass and Asa.]

APHO ARLO: Gotta be the best? Pass every test? Wanna look like an ace? You came to the right place! How do I know? I'm Apho Arl-- Oh.

CASSANDRA: Shit!

APHO ARLO: Man, am I glad to see you!

ASA: What is it?

APHO ARLO: Now, don't freak out, Cassie. Let's... let's have a nice talk.

[Electronic door lock engages.]

CASSANDRA: It's my dad!

ASA: Not Apho Arlo?

APHO ARLO/PAPA ARKELL: Slow on the uptake? Maybe you need a cognitive processing Booster.

[Cass draws a gun.]

CASSANDRA: Stay back, motherfucker.

PAPA ARKELL: I just told you not to freak the fuck out, and you point a gun at me? (Menacingly) I'll give *you* a top-notch hearing enhancement.

CASSANDRA: Asa, get us out of here!

[Asa tries and fails to open the locked metal door.]

ASA: It's locked!

PAPA ARKELL: Oh, stick around. I'll explain why I don't mind when Cassie calls me "motherfucker."

CASSANDRA: Stand back!

[Cass shoots the door lock. Metal door wheezes open.]

ASA: Let's go!

PAPA ARKELL: Hey! Who's gonna pay for that?

CASSANDRA: Fuck you, daddy!

PAPA ARKELL (Calling behind them): See you soon, sweetie! (quieter, to himself) Two of 'em, like moths to a candle! I'll get a promotion, for sure.

[Several sets of footsteps run into the scene and stop.]

HIRED GUN 1: You okay, sir?

HIRED GUN 2: What happened?

PAPA ARKELL: Grab the whole crew and get after those two who were just here. They're both on the hit list.

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[Undercroft and street ambience.]

[Running footsteps as Asa and Cass flee Arlo and his hired guns.]

CASSANDRA: Come on, Asa!

ASA (Already winded): It's my knee. I can't go any faster. We need transportation. Like this.

[Asa stops running and tries to start a motorcycle. Red light.]

ASA: Fuck.

CASSANDRA: I told you to --

[Gunshots from hired guns in distance. Ricochets near Asa and Cass.]

CASSANDRA: Shit.

[Gunshots from Cassandra. Bystanders scream, run away.]

CASSANDRA: So much for that plan.

[Asa opens the door of a building.]

ASA: Over here!

[Exchange of gunshots.]

CASSANDRA: Got one!

ASA: Y'can't shoot 'em all, Cass. Get in here!

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[Dive hotel room ambience.]

SOCKS: I paid you, right?

GIB: For both the investigation and the bodyguard service. We're square.

SOCKS: Did you change your mind about that *other* service I asked you to perform?

GIB: I'm not going to shoot you.

SOCKS: Then why the fuck are you here?

GIB: I want to help you. I went back to Straylight, but you weren't there, so... I traced you.

SOCKS: And "Apho Arlo" -- can *he* trace me?

GIB: This place is obscure, but it's not invisible. *But* he's not local, so... it'll take him time.

SOCKS: How long have I got?

GIB: Depends how big his team is, and how many are locals. A few hours? A few days?

SOCKS: Bet on hours.

GIB: How bad is this guy?

SOCKS: I *told* you, I'm not worried about the *guy*. He could just be acting a part for all I know. But the people he works for are as bad as they come.

GIB: They trying to kill you?

SOCKS: They want to use me as a weapon.

GIB: The killer implants, right?

SOCKS: They put them in my brain, and then turned me loose on my friends.

GIB: Jesus.

SOCKS: Nobody's *ever* going to use me like that again. That's why I've got this.

[Gun handling noise as Socks shows her gun.]

GIB: Plastisteel, huh? Uh, you do know that'll melt if you don't cool it down between shots?

SOCKS: Not a problem for what I have in mind.

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[Distant machinery; robots moving around; warning klaxons, etc.]

[Footsteps on concrete as Cassandra approaches.]

CASSANDRA: Okay, I rigged the door.

ASA: That should buy us some time.

CASSANDRA: You get us transportation?

ASA: Them motor scooters there.

CASSANDRA: They're in *boxes*.



ASA: They're the only vehicles in the place. The loading bay's an exit. We just got to put 'em together. Got plenty of tools.

CASSANDRA: Shit! We don't have time for that.

ASA: We gotta try. (Grunting with effort) Help me with this thing.

[Heavy item sliding out of heavy cardboard. Clank of metal object dropped on concrete floor.]

CASSANDRA: So this is where failed products end up.

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[Dive hotel room ambience.]

GIB: I don't get it. Why'd these people do this to you?

SOCKS: I've been trying to figure that out. I think they use me -- and others like me -- as a vector of chaos.

GIB: Yeah, but what's the point? Revenge?

SOCKS: Power. Sudden, random deaths disrupt other organizations. And when their competition gets weak, they take over.

[Computery beep.]

GIB (Distracted): Holy fuck.

SOCKS: Yeah, it's exactly that big a deal.

GIB: No, not that. It's my comms. I just heard there's a shootout in the Undercroft, right where we found Apho Arlo.

SOCKS: You think someone's trying to get him?

GIB: I don't know. Quick, turn on the TV.

[TV powers on.]

TRIPTI: --receiving this feed from zone Bravo 47, the area of the shooting. As you can see, a group of gunmen are shooting at a woman and an old man. Police are responding.

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SOCKS: I know those people!

GIB: The shooters?

SOCKS: No, the old -- (Reacting to image on TV) those two!

TRIPTI: I'm Tripti Copley reminding you to avoid this dangerous ar-- Whoa! The woman is returning fire!

[TV snapped off.]

[Socks leaps up, puts on a jacket.]

SOCKS: I've got to help them.

GIB: I'll come with.

SOCKS: You've done enough. And they're *my* friends.

GIB: What're you gonna do?

SOCKS: I've got a gun.

[Gun handling as Socks shows plastisteel gun to Gib.]

GIB: That right there is a party favor. At least take a real gun.

[Gun handling as Socks and Gib exchange plastisteel and real steel guns.]

SOCKS: Thanks, Gib. That's more like it.

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[Ambience for a fully-automated warehouse. Klaxxons, explosions, screams.]

ASA: Think your booby-trap got your dad?

CASSANDRA: Not a chance, he's too cautious. Keep working on those scooters.

ASA: I am, but I'm no wrench. What're *you* doing?

CASSANDRA: I gotta watch the door and shoot anyone who tries to get in here.

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): Hey, Cassie! I'm proud of you. That was a real nice explosion.

CASSANDRA (Shouts): Well that's the nicest thing *you've* ever said to me.

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): You hurt my feelings, y'know. You left as soon as you arrived, and you didn't even say goodbye. I'll give you one more chance to play nice. Come on out and talk.

ASA (Shouts): And if we don't?

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): You're old enough to know that if you don't play nice, things get nasty.

ASA: Any chance he won't kill us?

CASSANDRA: Ha! No.

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): I'll give you to the count of five before things get nasty. (Pause) Five. Get 'em!

[Distant footsteps and gunfire as numerous hired guns run into the warehouse. Close, rapid gunfire as Cass shoots at the hired guns, dropping some of them in the doorway.]

CASSANDRA: I got some of 'em, Asa. But a couple of them got into the warehouse.

ASA: Shit. How many of these creeps you think your dad's got?

CASSANDRA: Way too fucking many. I gotta concentrate on this door. Keep working on those scooters, and shoot anybody you see. And don't let anybody come between us and the loading dock.

[Distant footsteps and gunfire as a second wave of hired guns run into the warehouse. Close, rapid gunfire as Cass shoots at the hired guns, dropping some of them in the doorway. Additional gunfire as Asa takes two shots.]

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): Who the fuck is doing all that shooting? Is that how you stayed alive all this time?

CASSANDRA (Shouts): It's me, daddy dearest.

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): You were always too damn much like your mother. And you're gonna end up just like she did. You can't shoot all of us.

[Distant footsteps and gunfire as a third wave of hired guns run into the warehouse. Close, rapid gunfire as Cass shoots at the hired guns, dropping some of them in the doorway. Additional gunfire as Asa takes several shots.]

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): Why don't you just let that shit go and give up? You got what's called a hopeless position.

ASA: Bad news, Cass. I couldn't keep 'em from--

[Distant gunshot from a new direction. Ricochet near Cass and Asa.]

CASSANDRA: I hate it when my dad's right.

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): Here's an offer. Give up right now, and we'll take you back to the Fifth. Yeah, I know they'll probably kill you, but you'll get to enjoy the flight.

CASSANDRA (Shouts): Let me think about it.

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): No fucking time outs! I'll come in there myself--

[Multiple distant gunshots behind Papa Arkell's hired guns. A hired gun's body falls near Papa Arkell.]

PAPA ARKELL (on buillhorn): Wha--

[Amplified squelch as Papa Arkell turns off bullhorn.]

PAPA ARKELL: What the fuck is going on?

HIRED GUN: Somebody got behind us.

PAPA ARKELL: What're you waiting for? Shoot back!

HIRED GUN 2: Yessir!

[Gunshots from various hired guns.]

PAPA ARKELL: How many of 'em?

HIRED GUN 2: Just one. Hey, it's that--

[Distant gunshot, impact on Hired Gun 2.]

HIRED GUN 2: Gaaah!

[Hired Gun 2 hitting pavement.]

HIRED GUN 1: It's that chick in the helmet, boss. The one you want!

[Distant gunshot from Socks; bullet impact near Papa Arkell.]

PAPA ARKELL: Well, fuck me.

[Amplified squelch as Papa Arkell turns on bullhorn.]

PAPA ARKELL (on bullhorn): Hey, Socks! You still want those implants removed?

SOCKS (Shouts): I'll kill *all* you fuckers!

[Multiple gunshots from Socks as she approaches, shooting on the run. Impacts near Papa Arkell and return shots.]

PAPA ARKELL (on bullhorn): Jesus, she's good! Must be the implants.

[Gunshot from Socks; impact on bullhorn; clunk with squelch as Papa Arkell drops bullhorn.]

PAPA ARKELL (In pain): Ah, shiiiiit!

[Multiple gunshots from Socks as she approaches, shooting on the run. Gunshots and impacts nearby as Arlo's hired guns return fire; impacts and screams nearby as Arlo's hired guns get shot; running footsteps as some of Arlo's hired guns regroup while others flee. Gunshots from hired guns diminish and cease; gunshots from Socks diminish as she approaches.]

[Footsteps as Socks runs up, slows, stops by the door to the warehouse.]

SOCKS (Shouts): Asa? Cassandra? Are you all right in there? It's Socks! I'm coming in!

[Footsteps from warehouse door as Socks enters.]

ASA (Shouts): Careful, Socks! There's at least two of 'em in here -- to your right.

[Flurry of gunshots from Socks, Cass, and two or three hired guns. Hired guns drop, gunshots cease.]

[Footsteps as Asa and Cass run up to Socks.]

ASA (While running): Holy hell, are we glad to see you!

CASSANDRA: You got here just in time.

SOCKS (Panicking): What are you doing!? Don't get close, I might kill you!

ASA: Then I'll die givin' my wife a hug.

[Cloth rustle as Asa hugs Socks.]

CASSANDRA: We were as good as dead until you got here. Now give me a hug!

[Cloth rustle as Cass hugs Socks.]

SOCKS (Tearing up): It's fucking good to you two again. But "Apho Arlo" wasn't real, and no one can ever fix --

[Footstep as Hired Gun 1 steps out.]

HIRED GUN 1: Gotcha now, you freaky bitch!

[Distant plastisteel gunshot, impact on Hired Gun 1.]

HIRED GUN 1: Gaaah!

[Hired Gun 1 hitting pavement.]

[Gunshots from Cass and Socks.]

GIB: Whoa, whoa, whoa! It's me, Gib!

SOCKS: Whoa whoa whoa whoa don't shoot *him*. I know him.

ASA: Thanks, fella. C'mon over here.

[Footsteps as Gib approaches.]

CASSANDRA: What the fuck is a "Gib"?

SOCKS: I thought we were done, but I guess he's still my bodyguard. Why are you still my bodyguard?

GIB: I had to see what was going to happen. (small laugh) And it was worth it, too.  
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ASA: Pleased t' meetcha. Thanks for looking out for my wife.

GIB: Your -- sorry?

SOCKS: All right, technically... Asa's my husband. And this is Cassandra.

CASSANDRA: Introductions done. Now, let's get the fuck out of here before the cops arrive. Are those scooters ready?

ASA: They're perforated.

[Asa kicks the junked scooters.]

ASA: Maybe you noticed a little shooting?

GIB: I've got a car a few blocks away. I sure as shit hope you've got an exit plan.

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[Auto motor, external traffic.]

{In the distance, police sirens, which get closer throughout scene.]

GIB: So where do we head?

ASA: Spaceport.

GIB: That'll be the *first* place they shut down.

CASSANDRA: We have a "friend" who's arranging transport.

GIB: Better be some friend.

CASSANDRA: Sending coordinates to your car.

[Beep of computer data transfer.]

GIB: Hey, that's in the military sector of the spaceport. Will your friend have room for me?

ASA: You want to come with us?

GIB: You've seen what kind of a trash fire this planet is. Besides, Miss Chausette just used *my* gun to shoot a dozen citizens.

CASSANDRA: Ms. What-the-what?

SOCKS: He means me. If you need a distraction, just let me know. I might as well shoot more people while I'm at it.

CASSANDRA: What the fuck are you talking about?

SOCKS: It's too dangerous to take me anywhere, but I can make one hell of a distraction.

ASA: But, Socks, Alyson sent us to take you back.

SOCKS: So she can kill me for what I've done.

ASA: No!

CASSANDRA: If you'd *talked* to Alyson, you'd know that my brother -- I mean, my sister -- oh, you know what I mean, needs everyone back at the Kingery.

SOCKS: You'll be better off without me. I could start killing again at any time.

ASA: But that helmet keeps it under control.

SOCKS: But what if there's another feature that the helmet does not block?

[The rumble of a troop transport ship landing nearby.]

ASA: Risks don't matter. We gotta stop 'em.

CASSANDRA: The Fifth isn't just a crime family. It's also an alien being that controls people. And it's eating the planet from the inside out.

SOCKS: How?! Apho Arlo was the best shot I had, and he wasn't even *real*.

[Police sirens growing louder as they approach.]

[Motor slows as the car approaches checkpoint.]

GIB: That's a fucking troop landingship, and it's not local! This could get really dicey. Are you positive we're okay?



ASA: We'll find a way to help you, Socks. Zeff, Tythia, Hooks, Major... You know none of them will ever give up on you.

ERIN (voice amplified through speakers): Halt and identify yourself.

GIB: Hey, the insignia on the landing ship says 88-G...

ASA: When Cass and I were trapped and outgunned, you came runnin'. Well, now our whole family needs all the help we can get. It's exactly the same, Socks. Your friends are trapped and outgunned.

[Motor slows to idle as the car stops at checkpoint.]

CASSANDRA: Show the guards my ID.

[Cassandra hands her ID to Gib.]

GIB: This is a military ID! Oh... from Sector 88-G.

[Car window lowers.]

CASSANDRA: Decision time! Our ride's here!

[Handling of ID badge; green light.]

CHRIS: ID confirmed. Proceed on foot.

[Auto motor shuts off.]

GIB: Yeah, looks like they can find room for me on that thing.

ASA: You bet, Gib. Please come back, Socks. We need you.

SOCKS: But how can I help? What's the plan?

ASA: That's my girl! For now, help me out of the car. My knee really stiffened up during the ride.

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[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode nine, "Day Trip"

Featuring the voice talents of:

Edward Herman as Asa

Kristen Bays as Cassandra Arkell

Rene Christine Jones as Socks

Shawn Traill as Gib

David A. Garcia as the Hustler

Justin Fife as Papa Arkell

Tara Santora as Hired Gun 1

Robert Neal as Hired Gun 2

Noah Martin as Tripti Copley

Kristine Chester as Erin

And Kaitlyn Kliman as Chris

Written by Perry Whittle

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

Kingery Theme by Tom Stitzer

“Marty Gots a Plan,” “Lasting Hope,” “Tango Demonzana,” “Hot Pursuit,” “The Complex,” and “I Can Feel it Coming” by

Kevin MacLeod at incompetech.com

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Directed by Dave Morgan

Assistant Director Bruce Busby

Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Kingery theme fades out]

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[Kingery theme plays.]

SHMU: Oh wow, this is so cool!

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on the Kingery...

KAYLOCK: Shmu, it is better if you leave. We do not want you to get into trouble.

SHMU: Oh man, are you doing something bad?

MAJOR: Yes, yeah, we are, uh... and which is why you should go. And, like, you should never tell anyone that you saw us here, and we won't tell anyone that we saw you here.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: And here comes the first competitor, Neon Blazer!

NEON BLAZER (voice amplified): You all ready? To BLAZE IT UP!? I know I am!  
YEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

KAYLOCK: I would like to remind you that we were in the middle of something.

MAJOR: Ask me again, damn it.

KAYLOCK: Will you marry me?

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

HE-B: Course laid in, and... engaged.

[Kingery theme fades out.]