

The Kingery Episode 10x02 “Day of Our Life”

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

[Light, Blade Runner-esque traffic outside.]

[Click! Tythia’s alarm wakes her with the soothing sounds of whale song.]

TYTHIA: (grunts as she experiences the horror of consciousness)

PALLAS: Why don’t you wake up to industrial music like a normal person?

TYTHIA: I like whales. They’re soothing. I might be related.

PALLAS: You’re not related to whales. They’re fully aquatic mammals. Your genes owe more to a mixture of land-based primates and cephalopods.

TYTHIA (laughs): You silver tongued devil, you.

PALLAS: I’m just saying.

TYTHIA: Go. Shower. Leave me with my whale friends. They will sing me the song of their people.

PALLAS: You’re going to go back to sleep, aren’t you.

TYTHIA: Of course not. I am a responsible educator now.

PALLAS: Glad to hear it.

[Pallas walks out of the bedroom. After a moment...]

TYTHIA: (gently snoring)

[We are in a flying car! It is zooming through a city. Other ships whizz by.]

PALLAS: So nice out today.

TYTHIA: For an artificial environment, yeah.

PALLAS: Most people can't get used to a night sky all the time.

TYTHIA: It was always hot where I grew up. Barely ever rained. The only plants were the ones in the casino.

PALLAS: Yeah?

TYTHIA: What?

PALLAS: Just curious. You never talk about that place.

TYTHIA: It's in the past. (to the driver) Uh, excuse me, can you stop at this corner?

DRIVER: (incomprehensible alien language coming from behind a scarf)

TYTHIA: Uh...right. Uh, I promised Dr. Hallenberg I'd pick up some danish from that bakery we went to last week.

PALLAS: Wanna just walk the rest of the way?

TYTHIA: Sure.

[The air taxi pulls over. Beep! As Tythia waves her phone over the taxi's receiver.]

DRIVER: (more alien jabber)

TYTHIA: There you go! Thanks for the ride!

[They get out. Close the door.]

DRIVER: No.

[Driver removes a face mask.]

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Thank you, Tythia.

[Slight murmuration of a large hall full of students.]

TYTHIA: So. Who here can prove they have free will?

[The murmuration trails off.]

TYTHIA: Uh huh, yeah, that usually shuts 'em up.

[Slight laughter from the crowd.]

TYTHIA: It's quite the question, right? I mean, we're all organics here. We know we have free will. That's what we're told all our lives. Or do we? You're here at this university because you were smarter than the smarties. You all worked very hard to get here. Nobody forced you here. Buuuuut... maybe the parents steered you in this direction? Maybe they were also scientists, hackers in their youth, something like that. Maybe it was something as simple as the first book you were given to read. I couldn't tell you how I ended up here. My father was a wrench. That's what they call engineers out in the private sector. His job was to go out and turn knobs and crank pipes... come to think of it, that was my mom's job too. She was a sex worker.

[Slightly shocked giggles.]

TYTHIA: Hey, no shame in the game. My folks took care of me, made sure I had every opportunity. Yet before I came here, I used to work for the Arkell family. Now, some of you might recognize the name. Now, was that free will? Or was I programmed by life itself to follow a certain path? The irony here is that artificial intelligences can answer this question easily. They can look at their own programming. Free will? Sure, it's right here in this line of code. That's bizarre, isn't it? To think that the only creatures who can know for sure that they have free will have to be given it by creatures who will never know for sure that they themselves have it.

[Bell rings. Students file out.]

TYTHIA: Okay. Next time, I want to see progress reports on your end of term projects.

[As the hall quiets down, Pallas approaches.]

PALLAS: Hey.

TYTHIA: Hey! I was just going to look for you, see if you want to have lunch.

PALLAS: That's why I'm here.

[They kiss.]

PALLAS: Still talking about your favorite subject, I see.

TYTHIA: That is the subject of the class.

PALLAS: I know.

TYTHIA: I mean, it's a fascinating subject.

PALLAS: It's a guilty subject.

TYTHIA: Pallas—

PALLAS: Ever since you came to the university, you've been flagellating yourself over this He-B person.

TYTHIA: He wasn't a person. He was a science project that I programmed to fall in love with me.

PALLAS: And we're back to the free will again.

TYTHIA: He-B didn't have free will.

PALLAS: To quote yourself, "prove it." Because unless you sat down and actively programmed an artificial intelligence to develop romantic feelings for you, He-B did have free will.

TYTHIA: I don't know why we're even talking about this.

PALLAS: Hey. Seriously? I'm bringing it up because it's on your mind. A lot. And honestly? It's a little frustrating that my best girl is hung up on some guy, even if he was essentially a sex toy that could talk.

TYTHIA: He was not a—I don't want to talk about this anymore. Can we go get lunch? Please?

PALLAS: After you.

[They walk out of the lecture hall.]

[Background noise of a small, intimate café.]

[Light cafe lunching music.]

TYTHIA: Do you believe in a higher power?

PALLAS: That's a very heavy question for lunch.

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TYTHIA: Yeah well, I’m still stuck on the free will question. Many religions have predestination as one of their tenets.

PALLAS: So according to that, I don’t actually want these tacos, but The Goddess decreed I should have them.

TYTHIA: Right.

PALLAS: Does The Goddess know what kind of sauce I should have, or—

TYTHIA: I was He-B’s higher power. I mean I was his Goddess, for lack of a better term. Everything he’s done since then... is it because of me? Is it in spite of me?

PALLAS: You might as well ask why the two of us are together.

TYTHIA: I might, huh?

PALLAS: Did you and I both pursue different tracks to this university because we were destined to meet? Because our love is written in the stars?

TYTHIA: (fondly): Shut up.

PALLAS: Or, did I just happen to see you across the hall at a faculty meeting and say to myself, “she’s cute, I should ask her out.”

TYTHIA: Double or, did you say to yourself, “she’s an alien-human hybrid, I can write a series of papers on this chick”?

PALLAS: Hey, there’s free will and then there’s being an asshole.

[Server’s footsteps approach.]

SERVER: (using a disguised voice) And how is everything?

PALLAS: Fine, thank you. Can we get the check, please?

SERVER: Of course.

[Sever walks away.]

PALLAS: Besides, it's not like I... is something wrong?

TYTHIA: Huh. Our waiter reminds me of somebody.

PALLAS: Who?

TYTHIA: Not sure. Wonder what that thing is on his face.

PALLAS: Um, looks like a breathing apparatus. You know, like our cabbie was wearing this morning.

TYTHIA: Right... Anyway. I mean it would be nice, wouldn't it? To know who you were supposed to be? What you were supposed to do?

PALLAS: I'd rather be surprised.

[Door opens. Tythia steps inside. Lights come on.]

TYTHIA: Ariel, feed on.

[Click! Tythia's feed monitor—TV of the future—clicks on. She putters around as it chatters.]

BROADCASTER: --temperature is expected to grow even colder as the weather control program undergoes its biannual upgrade. Members of cold-blooded species are advised to dress warmly and stay inside as much as possible.

[Tythia's door opens, Pallas steps in.]

PALLAS: Prometheus unbound, I thought that meeting was never going to end.

TYTHIA: Thank goodness I'm too low on the totem pole to rate a visit with the department head. What does she have to say for herself?

BROADCASTER: Hologram star Ryder Sprout was arrested outside his ex-husband's house early this morning. He is being charged with trespassing and attempted assault. This is Sprout's third brush with the law since being replaced as the star of Quantum Leap: Generation Lost.

[The Broadcaster cuts to some music. Beep!]

PALLAS: The usual. She doesn't approve of us. Doesn't approve of me using you as a subject of research either.

TYTHIA: And what do you say?

PALLAS: Hell with her.

TYTHIA: (laughs warmly) My mom would have liked you.

PALLAS: Is that good?

TYTHIA: Yes, it is.

[They kiss again.]

BROADCASTER: Now available on our sister feed, a look at the Kingery Road Resort and Casino.

TYTHIA: Did they just say—

PALLAS: Something about a casino.

BROADCASTER: As a vacation spot, it's more popular than ever. But under its mysterious new management, is it more dangerous than ever? Reporter Tripti Copley tells you the story. [Click here for more details.](#)

TYTHIA: Damn—sorry, I should—I mean I shouldn't, but—I need to see this.

[She clicks.]

PALLAS: Ooookay...

[Thumbing club music behind Tripti.]

TRIPTI: I'm Tripti Copley with Feedsurge News, and this is the Kingery Road Resort and Casino. Over the past few years, you've no doubt been inundated with advertisements from the casino's previous owner, Thomas Arkell.

TOMMY: Hello, I'm Tommy Arkell, owner and operator of the Kingery Road Resort and Casino.

TRIPTI: But now, the Kingery is under new management. Precisely who is in charge, no one is willing to say on the record. All anyone seems to be willing to provide is ad copy, as in this archive footage.

BRIGGS: This is a new Kingery, a better Kingery. The behind the scenes drama is at an end, and now everything is wonderful. We want people to come to the Kingery and enjoy themselves.

TRIPTI: Which they are, in droves. Sources say attendance has risen in the recent quarter. Considering the collection of disasters to which the Kingery has played host in recent years, it's difficult to see why. We attempted to speak with Captain Madeleine Gray of the local police force. We received only the following message.

MADDIE: (reading this under duress) The new management has been very supportive of the police force. We want people to come to the Kingery and enjoy themselves. Safely.

TYTHIA: Aw, Maddie...

TRIPTI: Despite the assurances of the management and the police, crime still runs rampant on the Kingery's home planet. So-called "rustler" gangs have upped their attacks on the local businesses. The question remains; why do people want to come to the Kingery to spend their time and money? Who's in charge here? And where exactly is Thomas Arkell? The former owner has not been seen since the controversial sale of the Kingery to—

TYTHIA: Ariel, show me kittens.

[The report ends. Mew! Kittens on the TV!]

PALLAS: I... take it that was home. You okay?

TYTHIA: Not really.

PALLAS: You want me to order something really bad for us?

TYTHIA (laughs): God, yes, please.

PALLAS: I'll make the call.

[Pallas steps away a bit. Tythia is left with the kittens.]

TYTHIA: "And where exactly is Tommy Arkell?" Great question, newsie...

[Whoosh! We pull back, through Tythia's windows, through the traffic, right into... Tommy/Jennings' hideout]

TYTHIA: (filtered through a speaker) ...great question.

[Light, goofy music.]

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Where is Tommy Arkell? Who is Tommy Arkell? Wh...when is Tommy Arkell? No, that's stupid. Stupid. What was I saying?

NORA: Who can tell?

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Who let you in here?!

NORA (deep sigh): Goodness gracious. Ugh. Okay. You did. Remember? You hired me two days ago.

TOMMY/JENNINGS: ...hired you?

NORA: I'm supposed to be your bodyguard or something.

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Yes! I remember now! You... are my trusted bodyguard! My super tall, super strong associate, my invaluable sounding board! What the hell was your name? Lieutenant? Corporal? Something like that.

NORA: Just call me Nora, baby, all the johns do. Now, what are we looking at here?

TOMMY/JENNINGS: That is Tythia. We're watching her.

NORA: We... are?

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Yes. I've been following her around all day, in fact. I flew a car! Those things are surprisingly easy to steal. Tommy Arkell, international man of mystery!

[Tommy/Jennings makes action drum sounds with his mouth.]

NORA: Why are you following this girl around?

TOMMY/JENNINGS: I have no idea. I get these... it's not quite voices in my head? Not exactly. It's more like a directive. A calling. Like Joan of Arc! Something inside me said, "follow Tythia and report back on what she's up to." And I said, "Okayyy."

NORA: What happens if you don't do it?

TOMMY/JENNINGS (laughs): Bad craziness.

NORA: Okay, whatever, "Tommy."

TOMMY/JENNINGS: My name's not Tommy! It's Jennings.

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NORA: You just said your name was Tommy-

[Tommy/Jennings gets mad and tosses a glass across the room.]

TOMMY/JENNINGS: What do you know about the transformation of material things?!

NORA: ...nothing.

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Oh. Well that explains it! Listen! Here is wisdom. Once, the Chinese philosopher Zhuangzi dreamed that he was a butterfly. He was very happy, flittering here and there, doing butterfly shit. But suddenly, he woke up, and found that he was a man. Only now, he didn't know if he was a butterfly dreaming it was a man, or a man dreaming he was a butterfly. But between a man and a butterfly, there must be a difference. Eh?

NORA: That's deep, bro.

TOMMY/JENNINGS: I used to be a normal person. You know? Sort of. I think. It's hard to remember, it's really really hard to remember, but sometimes I think... I had a little room, and my books, and an autographed picture of Tommy Arkell on my wall, and then... and then one day I WAS Tommy Arkell, and I did anything I wanted to anybody I wanted, and it was great, but now it's not and—

[Shudders as though being shocked.]

NORA: Holy shit! Are you all—

TOMMY/JENNINGS (comes to a sudden stop): Hello. I'm Tommy Arkell. Was I saying something?

NORA: O-kay, fuck a bunch of this. You owe me 1600 credits. Send it to my account within the hour or I'll come back here and throw you out the window. Have a nice life, ya fuckin' fruitcake.

[Nora storms out.]

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Hm. She seems nice.

[Filtered through a speaker, Tythia's phone rings.]

TYTHIA: Hello? Alyson!?

TOMMY/JENNINGS: Alyson. (laughs)

[Low mechanical hum heard through thick walls.]

[Mechanical door whooshes open, footsteps enter, the door closes.]

ERIN: We're back!

ALYSON: Let joy be unconfined.

[A small table is set up. Plates. Plastic forks.]

ALYSON: Now what?

CHRIS: It's dinnertime! We brought your favorite.

ERIN: Mmm. Baked ziti! Just like Mama used to make!

ALYSON: I don't remember my mother, but I'm pretty sure you're wrong.

CHRIS: You've got to be getting hungry. You need to eat. Keep your strength up.

ALYSON: For what?

ERIN: You know. ...stuff. Activities. Here, get it while it's hot.

[The plate clatters on the table.]

ALYSON: I'm not hungry. Matter of fact, I'm on a hunger strike.

CHRIS: Since when?

ALYSON: As of now. So take this... admittedly very nice looking dish away.

CHRIS: What are you striking against?

ALYSON: I am being held against my will. I have lost my memory. No one has given me any underwear.

ERIN: The jumpsuit wicks away moisture—

ALYSON: So until someone does me the common fucking courtesy of telling me my name, where I am, and why I woke up naked in a cell, I am not eating anything. For all I know it's poisoned.

CHRIS: The reports were right, you are a pain in the ass.

ALYSON: ...what reports?

[They pack up the meal.]

ERIN: Are you sure you won't have any?

ALYSON: Positive.

ERIN: All right. ...but I'll put it in the fridge, we can always warm it up if you change your mind.

ALYSON: I'm not gonna change my mind!

CHRIS: You wouldn't be so cranky if you ate something.

ALYSON: I got somethin' for you to eat right here, pal.

CHRIS: You know, we could just blend this up, strap you to that chair, shove a tube down your throat and feed you that way.

ERIN (warningly to Chris): We would never do that!

CHRIS (sarcastic): Right. We wouldn't do that.

ALYSON (sarcastic): Stop it, you're scarin' me to death.

ERIN: Let's just... de-escalate the situation. We're going to go have some of this.

CHRIS: Oh, absolutely. Is that mozzarella?

ERIN: Sure is! It's a mozza-provo blend.

CHRIS: Yum!

[They leave and the doors close.]

ALYSON: Fine! Go! I can wait! And when I find out who I am and who put me here, you're all gonna be... sorry.

[Kingery theme plays]

“The Kingery”, season 10, episode 2. “Day of Our Life.”

Featuring the voice talents of:

Kathryn Pryde as Tythia

Alexandra Jameson as Pallas

Pete Milan as Jennings

Maria Micklasavage as the broadcaster

Noah Martin as Tripti Copley

Kim Gianopoulos as Doc Briggs

Alicia Laine Pickens as Madeleine Gray

Momo as Nora

Kristine Chester as Erin

Melissa Autumn Hearne as Alyson

Kaitlyn Kliman as Chris

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

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Produced by Pendant Productions

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Thanks for listening!

[Kingery theme fades out]

[Kingery theme plays]

ASA: I got a potential client in my office! So what's the emergency?

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on "The Kingery".

CASSANDRA: The good news is last I compiled a list of dives to check for underground implant networks. Here, we'll split the list by location.

ASA: Looks like a LOT of walking.

CASSANDRA: I keep telling you to get your knee regenerated!

ASA: And I keep telling YOU I ain't gonna do it out here at the ass-end of the universe!

HE-B: I'm still following the subjects, Ms. Briggs.

BRIGGS: Are they making progress?

HE-B: It's hard to get details. This far from the center of the galaxy, a lot of technology is... primitive.

BRIGGS: Have they found Socks? Her implant was the most effective we've ever seen.

HE-B: I know her value to The Fifth.

ASA: I want an EXTREME mod. One that could be, uh, off the books. You know anybody that could help me get that kind of job done?

MYSTERIOUS VOICE: Well. That's serious. Are YOU serious about this?

CASSANDRA: Cash or credit? If you've got information, I'll pay for it.

ANNOUNCER: Only at pendantaudio.com!

CASSANDRA: That's the best news I've heard all day.

[Kingery theme fades out]