

## The Kingery Episode 10x03 “Day of Deception”

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

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[Office ambience. A cheap, run-down office space. Perhaps some muffled street sounds to indicate a view.]

[Noir-ish music.]

UPSET CLIENT: No, no, no! She'd never do that to me!

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I'm not debating. I sent the details to your...

[Electronic bleeps from personal device as Upset Client opens the information file.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Ah. You got it.

UPSET CLIENT: Oh, no!

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I included the receipt for the charge we made on your account.

[Bleep as Upset Client views more evidence.]

UPSET CLIENT: (Shocked gasp and moan in reaction to evidence.)

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: It can be very upsetting to see... uh, evidence of your... loved one...

[Beep: more evidence.]

UPSET CLIENT: Nooo!

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: But, y'know, relationships work in many different ways...

[Beep.]

UPSET CLIENT: Ohhhh, fuck!

[Upset Client kicks some furniture.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Go ahead. The furniture's rented.

UPSET CLIENT: I'm sorry, Glenda. I thought we... uh, I mean, I had no idea!

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: You hired us. That means you knew.

UPSET CLIENT: (Bursts into tears, wracking sobs, and continues to end of scene)

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Oh not again... I'm gonna get Andy. He's good with these situations.

[Upset Client resumes kicking the furniture.]

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[Hallway ambience outside Glenda's office and Andy's office.]

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

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Who's the client?

ASA/ANDY: I haven't closed the deal yet. Her name's Ivy.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: What's she want?

ASA/ANDY: Could be some implant research.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Perfect for us.

ASA/ANDY: So why'd you interrupt?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I need you to deal with the fucking meltdown in my office.

ASA/ANDY: Awww... Whadya do?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Nothing! It was the wife. I am just so fucking tired of these creepy little jobs and their damaged relationships.

ASA/ANDY: We take these "creepy little jobs" to pay the bills and provide cover for looking into illegal brain implants.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I know we think Socks is gonna try to fix her implant, and I'm just as eager to find her as you... but I am sick and tired of dealing with all the goddamn weeping.

ASA/ANDY: You don't deal with it! I do!

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Because you're good at it, Asa.

ASA/ANDY: Call me *Andy*. We use these names for a reason, remember?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I'm Cassandra fucking Arkell, and I'm so fucking tired of using other names. And you should be, too.

ASA/ANDY: I am. But listen to the voice of experience, *Glenda*. The only way I survived after the Pine Ridge massacre was taking a new name and hiding from the folks who wanted me dead.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Okay, "Andy." You deal with the loser in my office. And I'll...

[Footsteps and door open as Cass enters Andy's office.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Hello, Ivy, I'm Glenda.

[Door close.]

ASA/ANDY: (Sigh) You'll never guess what *I'm* tired of...

[Footsteps and door open as Asa/Andy enters Glenda's office.]

UPSET CLIENT: (Sniffles; has pulled it together, but just barely)

ASA/ANDY: I hear you've had bad news. Glenda asked me to check up on you.

UPSET CLIENT: Sure she did. Who're you, anyway?

ASA/ANDY: I'm Andy -- Glenda's partner. How you holding up?

[Door close.]

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[Office ambience. A cheap, run-down office space. Perhaps some muffled ventilation or plumbing noises to indicate a lower-status office than Glenda's.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: What makes you think your partner got an illegal cognitive enhancement?

IVY: He's changed so much. Like: He used to count on his fingers, and now he's calculating compound interest like that.

[Ivy snaps fingers on "that."]

IVY: But that's not the only change, just the most obvious one. And when I asked, he denied even a calculation enhancement.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: But he's your business partner. Why worry if he's gained new skills?

IVY: He never used to care about the numbers, but now he's getting deep into the company accounting. He fired one of our long-time accountants, and replaced him with a sketchy-looking friend.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: So he's gaining control of the company's finances.

IVY: I'm afraid he'll force *me* out if I don't do something soon. I've got to know what I'm dealing with.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Well I think that's a good plan.

IVY: You helped a friend of mine with... a problem.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Relationship issue?

IVY: She said you were very compassionate.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: That's my parter, Andy.

IVY: She gave me your uh... business card.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: (Laughs dismissively) A quaint idea of my partner's.

IVY: Yes, it's unusual, but it says you specialize in extreme, uh, illegal...

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: "Extreme, non-compliant, and extralegal cognitive enhancement investigations."

[Cass walks to the computer.]

IVY: That's it. That means illegal brain implants, right?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Oh, yeah... this is exactly what we do. Let's get to work.

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[Typing and electronic beeps as Cass starts a computer log file.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: To learn what your partner had done, we need to find out how he got the enhancement. We need a photo, his real name, and other names he might have used.

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[Glenda’s office ambience. Occasional computer keyboard and beeps under, as Cass works.]

ASA/ANDY: Any luck yet searching for Ivy’s business partner’s transportation and medical records?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: With this shitty old computer? It’s gonna take all day. The good news is that last week I compiled a list of dives to check for underground implant networks. Here.

[Computer beep as Cass sends info.]

ASA/ANDY: How long this time? (Counting seconds) One red spaceship, two red spaceships, three r...

[Beeps as Asa checks his device.]

ASA/ANDY: Looks like a lot of walking.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I keep telling you to get your knee regenerated.

ASA/ANDY: And I keep telling you I ain’t gonna do it out here at the ass end of the universe.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: We’ll split the list by location.

[Final keyboard sound as Cass starts a computer process.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Aaaand it’s grinding away. Maybe it’ll be done by the time we get back.

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[Seedy, run-down bar ambience. Slightly limping footsteps as Asa approaches the bar.]

ASA/ANDY: Lemme get a beer, willya?

BARKEEP: Sure thing.

[Beer pouring. Hydraulic sound as bar stool lowers; fabric rustle as Asa slides onto stool; hydraulics as stool raises.]

[Beer set on bar; electronic credit-transfer bleep.]

ASA/ANDY: Man, I love these hydraulic chairs more every year.

BARKEEP: Hip problems?

[Asa drinks.]

ASA/ANDY: Knee. But it's all connected.

BARKEEP: Sure. You can't afford a re-gen?

ASA/ANDY: Nah. Saving up for an implant mod. An extreme one. Y'know, uh, brain enhancement?

BARKEEP: I know what you mean.

ASA/ANDY: Uh, you know anybody who could help me get that kinda job done?

BARKEEP: Try the hospital, pal.

ASA/ANDY: Well, see, I want an extreme mod. One that could be, uh, off the books. And if you knew somebody who...

[Cloth rustle and heavy clunk as Barkeep places gun on bar.]

ASA/ANDY: Ah. You should be proud. That gun looks very well maintained.

BARKEEP: It is.

ASA/ANDY: I'm just going to... reach into this pocket... and get my business card... I'll leave it here... just in case... anybody... can help me out.

[Business card set down.]

BARKEEP: If you like.

[Hydraulics again.]

ASA/ANDY: Now I'm going to... lower the chair and... dismount... Okay, well, thanks for the beer.

BARKEEP: No problem.

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[Seedy, run-down pool hall ambience at a busy time of day. Games underway, chatter, laughter, arguments, etc.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDIA: An extreme modification to a brain implant. Y'know what I mean?

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Maybe. What kind of "extreme" are you talking about?

CASSANDRA/GLENDIA: Extreme as in off the books. You know anybody who could help me?

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Depends on the skills you want.

CASSANDRA/GLENDIA: I've got a few mods in mind.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: I dunno. That's pretty vague.

CASSANDRA/GLENDIA: I want to start with eavesdropping. Implant-to-implant.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Well, that's serious -- are *you* serious about this?

CASSANDRA/GLENDIA: Cash or credit: You got information, I'll pay for it.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: This place'll clear out in a few hours. Come back then -- with cash -  
- and we'll talk.

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

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[Seedy, run-down bar ambience. Dual Mark Four mag thrusters as He-B approaches.]

BARKEEP: Hold it right there, rust bucket.

HE-B: Are you addressing me?

BARKEEP: Where's your ServiceBot license?

HE-B: I'm not a ServiceBot. I'm a sentient android.

BARKEEP: I don't care if you're a time traveller: If you're not a licensed buyer for an organic, we've got nothing for you here.

HE-B: I seek a friend of mine, an old man. He might have been here with a short woman.

BARKEEP: You ain't got friends.

HE-B: I can make it worth your while. Instant, untraceable transfers are a specialty.

[Repeat of the cloth rustle and heavy clunk as Barkeep places gun on bar.]

BARKEEP: Maybe bars are different in the grand cluster, but out here at the end of the spiral arm, we only stock spirits for organics. You want a recharge, or friends, there's a heavy appliance shop a few blocks over.

HE-B: (Infuriated) I understand.

[He-B's servo-motors and backing up "beep-beep-beep" as He-B exits without turning his back.]

HE-B: Good day to you, barkeep.

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[Street ambience with aged and obsolete future technology, such as sputtering vehicles and sirens.]

ASA/ANDY: A pool hall. You sure?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: It popped in the research on locations with both high police activity and low conviction rates.

[One or two footsteps as Cassandra starts toward the bar but Asa doesn't move.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: What's the problem?

ASA/ANDY: Folks on this planet love guns. And this place reminds me of that joint on Westlake 33.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I got us out of there, didn't I?

ASA/ANDY: But I don't want to shoot any more people.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: So don't. I will, just like before.

ASA/ANDY: (Sigh.) I'm tired, Ca-- Glenda. Maybe I'm not up for all this field work any more.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Don't punk out now, Andy. This is the best lead we've had. This whole fucking mess... losing Socks, losing the Kingery, losing Tommy... I know it's my fault.

ASA/ANDY: It ain't your fault.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Fuck you. Most of it is my fault. I'm going to find Socks, and I'm going to take her back to... whatever's left of the Kingery and try to fix this shit.

ASA/ANDY: So it don't bother you walking into a dump like this where there's probably more blasters than people to point them at?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: It scares the shit out of me, but it won't stop me.

ASA/ANDY: Look, girly, I've been on the run longer'n you been alive. I'm still breathin' because when I feel scared? I pay attention.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Fine. Run if you want to. I've gotta fix the shitstorm. And I'll do it with you or without you.

ASA/ANDY: (Sigh.) Okay, let's go.

[Footsteps as Asa starts toward bar, followed by Cass.]

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Oh just admit you love me, old man.

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[Seedy, run-down pool hall ambience. The joint is almost empty.]

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: An eavesdropping modification, on an existing implant, of course. Have I got that right?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: In a nutshell.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: For him?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: He wants to check up on his wife. She's much younger than he is.

[Asa bangs on the bar, rattles the ice in his glass.]

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ASA/ANDY: Shiiiiit! You’re so fucking eager to tell everybody, aren’t you?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: It’s true. And we need to establish Trust.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Don’t worry, Andy. I hold all information in the strictest confidence.

ASA/ANDY: Well... I guess it’s a sore subject for me.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Everybody’s sensitive about something. It just means you care deeply.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: (Impatient) Okay, we’re friends. What can you do for us?

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Patience, please, Glenda. This kind of modification entails a level of risk... even for someone who only gives you a name.

ASA/ANDY: You only provide a referral?

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: But first I need assurance.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Well, for starters, you haven’t even told us your name.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: And if I did, I wouldn’t use a real name. It would probably be something like “Andy” or “Glenda.”

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: That’s right. And don’t worry about the money trail, our payments are untraceable.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Good. But what about my business venture? What is the security for That?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: We’re not from around here.

ASA/ANDY: She means we’re not in the local game. Also, we’re not on this planet long-term. So we won’t horn in on your referral business.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: That can work. Have you made arrangements for payment?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Well check this out.

[Clatter of casino chips on table.]

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: These are legit?

ASA/ANDY: Scan 'em and see.

[Electronic scan and response sounds.]

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Huh. You two are full of surprises. Either you hate haggling, or you're in a hurry.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Or both. Now give.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Apho Arlo.

ASA/ANDY: Aff-- what?

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: People who want the kind of brain mods you're talking about... those people see Apho Arlo.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: And how many more casino chips to tell us who the fuck that is?

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: I understand your position, Glenda. Many clients have that reaction.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: No shit.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: And I like the heft of your money. So I'd tell you more if I could. But that's all Arlo tells me, or anyone.

ASA/ANDY: That's it? Those chips are worth a bundle.

POOL HALL ATTENDANT: Well, I also know that people who look... can find Arlo. And that is truly all I know.

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[Quiet, high-end hotel ambience.]

DOC BRIGGS (on phone): Well?

HE-B: I'm still following the subjects, Ms. Briggs. They continue to act as unlicensed investigators.

DOC BRIGGS (on phone): 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. I can't get the full picture.

DOC BRIGGS (on phone): What about organic intelligence?

HE-B: The locals are reluctant to trust non-organics.

DOC BRIGGS (on phone): You should have offered payment.

HE-B: I did! One of them threatened me! It would give me great satisfaction to de-structure him into a slurry of his constituent elements.

DOC BRIGGS (on phone): Focus on the mission, He-B.

HE-B: I restrained myself, Ms. Briggs.

DOC BRIGGS (on phone): Have they found Socks? Her implant was the most effective we've ever seen, people dropping like flies wherever she went.

HE-B: I know her value to The Fifth. But there's still no change in the subjects' behavior. I will report again next week. And I will signal immediately if there's a change in status.

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[Glenda's office ambience. Keyboard clatter and beeps as Cass uses a computer to search for Apho Arlo.]

ASA/ANDY: What're you doing?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Whaddya think? I'm searching for this Apho Arlo.

ASA/ANDY: Oh, come on. You know that's a phony name.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: I told you, I owe it to Socks to check out every lead we get.

ASA/ANDY: But who the fuck *is* Apho Arlo?

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: Doesn't matter, if he, she, they, xe, per, or it can --

[Asa's phone rings. Handling noise as Asa looks at it.]

ASA/ANDY: Holy mother of fuck.

CASSANDRA/GLENDA: What is it?

ASA/ANDY: Alyson's calling.

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[The subtle, low hum of a mammoth, space-faring warship, heard through steel walls. Door whooshes open, footsteps as Erin and Chris enter the steel room.]

ERIN: How you feeling now?

ALYSON: Oh, great. You again.

CHRIS: Ready to eat someth-- Jesus, you look like hell.

[Door whooshes closed.]

ALYSON: Even better. You brought your sidekick.

CHRIS: My name is Chris, and I'm not Erin's sidekick.

ALYSON: Thing is, I know what a sidekick is. I know what baked ziti is. I know the floor isn't supposed to be warm, like this one.

ERIN: Where are you going with this?

ALYSON: But I don't remember how I know any of that. Did I learn it? When did I have ziti? Who made it?

CHRIS: How the fuck do we know?

ALYSON: That is my point. How the suffering fuck do I know?

ERIN: I didn't follow that. Can you connect the dots for me?

ALYSON: I don't remember who I was... so how can I know who I am?

ERIN: Ooooookay. I... I see your point.

CHRIS: You what? That's double-talk bullshit. She's just fucking with us.

ALYSON: I gotta say, this double act the two of you have... it sucks.

CHRIS: It's not an act.

ERIN: What do you mean?

ALYSON: Everybody trains to play good cop, bad cop. You're playing something like: oddly enthusiastic cop, irritable bipolar cop.

CHRIS: It's not an act!

ALYSON: It's not *effective*. Whoever trained you did a shitty job.

CHRIS: Trained us? We--

ERIN: (To Chris) Shut up Chris. (To Alyson) You really don't look too good.

ALYSON: I can't even tell what you want from me.

CHRIS: You sound confused. Are you sure you won't eat anything?

ALYSON: Is that it? You're trying to confuse me? That's working.

ERIN: It sure is warm in here. Um, maybe some ice cream?

ALYSON: What's the theory? I'll be more compliant?

CHRIS: Or sherbet. The mess has a great mango sherbet.

ALYSON: Is that it? Keep me confused long enough, and I'll tell you what you want?

ERIN: You want breakfast? We can bring you some fantastic waffles.

CHRIS: Yeah, they're pretty amazing.

ALYSON: Well, listen up: it's not going to work. I'm never going to tell you anything! And I'm not fucking eating until you tell me who I am, why I woke up naked, and why the fuck the floor is so fucking hot!

ERIN: Well okay then.

CHRIS: Told you we should've fed her through a tube to start.

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[Kingery theme plays]

“The Kingery”, season 10, episode 3. “Day of Deception”

Featuring the voice talents of:

Karin Heimdahl as Upset Client

Kristen Bays as Cassandra Arkell

Edward Herman as Asa

Sarah McManus as Ivy

Kirsty Woolven as the Barkeep

Megan Scharlau as the Pool Hall Attendant

Jason R. Wallace as He-B

Kim Gianopoulos as Doc Briggs

Kristine Chester as Erin

Melissa Autumn Hearne as Alyson

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

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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Thanks for listening!

[Kingery theme fades out]

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[Kingery theme plays]

HOOKS: Please, just call me "Hooks". Calling me "bossman" is too close to... well. Never mind.

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on "The Kingery".

HOOKS: I'm sorry to hear about your restaurant, Sarah. Did you lose much?

SARAH: The most worrisome part is all the damage to the building itself. Between the rustler gangs and the police, the walls look like swiss cheese.

HOOKS: Well that's awful. We can get there by Wednesday.

SARAH: Wednesday!? Hooks, it's Thursday! That's like almost a week.

CORRY: Why don't we just quit?

JACE: Because the bossman pays us a stupid amount of money for work we'd be doing anyhow.

CORRY: Oh right. Why do I keep forgetting the money?

BRIGGS: Why do you do this to me? Why do you resent me so much? I only want what's best for you.

HOOKS: What's best for *me*?! You were the one that put me on the no-fly list, stopped me from leaving 88G when I had the chance.

BRIGGS: You were going to leave me, Michael. After everything I've done for you!

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

CORRY: Do you think he's finally lost his mind?

JACE: If he has, I think we get to go home.

CORRY: Sweet!

[Kingery theme fades out]