

The Kingery, episode 10x07 “Day of Delicate Delight”

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

[the quiet, soothing sound of alien crickets. A few footsteps in dirt. A THUNK as a magnet is stuck to a door. A few footsteps back. Reyes and Zeff speak in whispers]

REYES: Captain, Charge is set.

ZEFF: 21:57 local time. Synced?

REYES: Synced. Got the go sign?

ZEFF: Go sign's when I say, soldier. Orders are op begins at 22hundred.

REYES: It's three minutes. What's the difference?

ZEFF: Weird. You LOOK like you're wearing all black.

REYES: Sir?

ZEFF: Yet you sound completely fucking GREEN. This your first op, Private Reyes?

REYES: Well...

ZEFF: Oy, Gorlock save me.

REYES: Sir, you're Gorlockian!?

ZEFF: Figure of speech!

REYES: Right. Sir. Sorry. Sir.

ZEFF: This op was planned in detail. Researched. Strategized. Agonized over. Scrapped. Rebuilt from the ground up. Again and again. Until the finest tactical minds 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 officially begins, I'd ask you to SHUT THE SHIT UP.

REYES: Sir.

[a long beat, just the crickets]

ZEFF: (sighs) Sorry. That was out of line. Just... trust our superiors, okay? The brass know what they're doing.

REYES: As you say, sir.

ZEFF: (not whispering anymore) Power up.

[Zeff and Reyes both power up future laser weapons]

REYES: Sir?

ZEFF: Blow it.

[button pressed on a remote. KABOOM! the door blows open. Laser fire everywhere, yelling, footsteps running in, more lasers and explosions moving further and further off]

ZEFF: (quick rhythmic breathing... not out of breath, but he's HURT)

[blowtorch sounds]

REYES: Sorry about this. All I could find was a blow torch, probably from the creme brulee in the fridge...

[a hot sizzle]

ZEFF: (long cry of pain through gritted teeth)

REYES: It's cauterized, Captain Collier, okay? Bleeding's stopped.

ZEFF: (breathing pained) Zeff. Short for Zeffram.

REYES: Mariela. You think we're safe here, sir?

ZEFF: For a while. Don't think they saw us duck into the commissary. Thanks for saving my ass.

REYES: No. You only got hit because you shoved me out of the way. I wasn't going to leave you there to bleed out.

ZEFF: Seems like the least someone could do, right?

REYES: Uh, yes?

ZEFF: Yet the things I could tell you. The ways things go wrong.

REYES: ...even with an op as meticulously planned as this one?

ZEFF: This is where they're MANUFACTURING the implants. It's a bunch of nerds and scientists, we had no way to know they'd be fucking coordinating defense with mercenary teams. Our intel was apparently lacking. Nobody's fault. These things just happen sometimes.

REYES: Sir, I really don't want to die. Sir.

ZEFF: Fuck, me either. Nobody's dying. You're not going to die, fuck me, if ANYTHING is going to go right today, it's that.

REYES: I wish I could believe you.

[metallic cabinet opening]

ZEFF: Ooh, chips.

[a bag of chips grabbed, one tossed to Reyes, bag opened]

ZEFF: Oh man, vinegar! Score.

REYES: I'm not hungry.

ZEFF: What time is it, Mariela?

REYES: Nearing oh-four-hundred, sir.

ZEFF: We've been in this hellhole for nearly six hours. Eat some fucking chips, will you? They'll at least replace some of the salt you've lost. Your fatigues look like they're carrying ten pounds of sweat.

REYES: Fucking hot down here, okay?

ZEFF: The bill for cooling the server room must be astronomical.

[bag of chips opened]

REYES: (eating chips) Think we'll make it there?

ZEFF: (eating chips) We've got, what... the rest of the hall, then down the stairs? Sure. There's probably only two dozen heavily armed Mercenary types between us and the server room. It's getting back up to the surface that's going to completely fuck us.

REYES: (laughs, chokes a little)

ZEFF: No fucking choking on my watch, Reyes. I've been barred from doing the Heimlich.

REYES: Eh...what.

ZEFF: I'm much too sexy. People feel me rubbing up behind them and I make them question every longheld belief their conservative daddy drilled into them. (beat) We've really got to work on your sense of humor.

REYES: No no no no, I've got one. That just wasn't funny.

ZEFF: Hey, there she is.

REYES: Captain. You really think we'll make it out?

ZEFF: I've been in worse spots.

REYES: When you were with Deep Six Tactical, right? Sorry, it's just, everyone's seen your tattoo, I just...

ZEFF: It was a different life.

[freezer opened]

ZEFF: Ahh, gelato!

[cartons picked up, freezer closed, lids removed]

ZEFF: Check that drawer behind you.

[drawer opened, silverware rattle]

REYES: Spoon, sir?

ZEFF: We only just met, at least buy me a drink before we cuddle.

[Zeff takes the spoon]

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ZEFF: Thanks.

REYES (eating) I've never had gelato before. I mean everyone knows about your stash in the galley, but... oh god! It's a delicate delight isn't it.

ZEFF: (eating) Fucking right. Got hooked on this stuff when I was with DST. Our C.O., Scalzetti, was Italian, his family ran a... well. Like I said. Different life.

REYES: Nice to know I'm getting the full Deep Six Tactical experience.

ZEFF (a little sad) More than you know. We were on a mission once, these slavers had been hitting the trading lanes, kidnapping ship crews and selling them to black market brothels. You gotta understand, those brothels... they're not like the houses of well repute at places like The Kingery... clean, unionized, legal, healthy joints.

REYES: Shenanigans? I've always wanted to go.

ZEFF: Come one, come all, in the happiest place in 88G. (beat) Places like that would sooner turn in slavers than work with them. It's a very "sex positive, pro personal agency, work here because you love what you do and not because you have to" kind of joint. But the galaxy's big. I wish I could say there were more places NOT interested in slave labor, but... if that were true, that compound never would have existed.

REYES: That's one of the reasons I wanted to hit Shenanigans in the first place. Well, that and Vlad. I saw him in the ads and, y'know, he... did happy things to me.

ZEFF: (dreamy) Vlad'll do that, kind of what he's best at. (beat) Anyway, I was the only one who survived. They captured me, tortured me for information... I thought about ending it more than I care to admit.

REYES: To escape the pain?

ZEFF: Yeah. No. Yes. But maybe more to escape the guilt. Why was I the only one who got to survive? What made me so special? But I couldn't do it. Not because I'm some kind of coward... I've got brass balls the size of watermelons, sweetie.

REYES: (small laugh)

ZEFF: But because I realized it'd be letting the slavers win. And I'd be DAMNED if I was going to let that happen.

REYES: So you escaped?

ZEFF: Killed every last one of them. Survived to tell a version of this story to one of my other friends when they needed to hear it. Survived to tell another version of it when one of my friends needs to hear it now.

REYES: Sir, we're friends? You hardly know me, you--

ZEFF: You threw yourself on top of me, dragged me in here, stopped the bleeding. So now we're friends for life whether you like it or not.

REYES: Thank you, Captain.

ZEFF: You bet. And hey, if old war stories help, I've been through worse than that. When I worked for the Arkells, I had a boyfriend who was just pumping me for info to feed a rival crime family. And I mean, yeah, that sounds bad, but you didn't SEE him. To lose that kind of beefcake is to know the depths of sorrow.

REYES: Don't get me started on boyfriends. They're the worst.

ZEFF: (eating) The worst! ... I fucking love mint chip. I mean there's mint. And vanilla. AND chocolate! It's a sexy threeway on my tongue. Which, by the way, yes, has happened before, and I've also lived to tell THAT tale.

REYES: (laughs)

ZEFF: These fuckers are ruining lives across the galaxy. Killing innocents. And I think I've had just about enough... of them. Not their gelato, though.

REYES: Right? Creepy how good it is, no?

ZEFF: So what do you say we grab our tubs and our guns and go give these sleazeshits the what for?

REYES: (smiles) You have my rifle, Captain Collier.

[mechanical hum of servers and technology. One laser blast. Yell of pain. Body slump.]

REYES: Sir! Clear in the server aisles.

[a few footsteps]

ZEFF: Clear in the office. Let's get these plans.

[typey typey, blip! Downloading. Communications open beep]

ZEFF: This is Captain Collier. Data recovered from the servers. Uploading to the Rivera.

BROWNING (ON COMM): Upload received. Excellent work, Captain. Oh, Zeff?

ZEFF: Ma'am?

BROWNING (ON COMM): We're going to need a biological sample.

ZEFF: Of... what?

BROWNING (ON COMM): Any of the combatants.

ZEFF: Any particular, uh, PART? Or...?

BROWNING (ON COMM): Any will do.

ZEFF: Yes, Ma'am.

[comm closing beep]

REYES: So what do we do, just... cut off a finger or...

ZEFF: Lost my knife when I got shot.

REYES: Oh damn it. Left mine in the chest of that dick who jumped us on the stairs.

ZEFF: Good thing we brought the gelato.

REYES: Uh...

ZEFF (eating ice cream): Just cleaning the spoon.

REYES: How's that going to help?

ZEFF: Well. It's a good thing eyes are scoopable.

[squick]

[a subtle low hum, not as muffled as usual]

ZEFF: Commandant Browning.

BROWNING: Captain Collier.

ZEFF: How's the data? Worth everything we went through to get it?

BROWNING: And then some. The wrenches are working on it. Now that we've got specs on the implants, hopefully we'll be able to find a way to neutralize it, if not shut them down entirely.

ZEFF: So The Fifth won't be able to assassinate via aneurysm anymore?

BROWNING That's the hope.

ZEFF So... if I may ask, ma'am... what did you need the biological sample for?

BROWNING: Walk with me, captain?

ZEFF: I'm head of your personal marines, Commandant. You know I'm always just a step to your right.

[footsteps, door opens, engine hum slightly louder]

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, shared data, research... The Fifth extend back at least twenty years. Likely more, but we're positive they had a large presence on Mabbis 5 twenty three years ago.

ZEFF: That's before the families enacted their truce. And Mabbis's way out in sector 31P.

BROWNING: The old Cohen family was active in 31P back then. And surprise, surprise, once I had access to the other Commandant's crime reports and statistics, a name popped up. A very familiar name.

ZEFF: I don't wanna know, do I?

BROWNING: Doctor. Samantha. Fucking. Briggs.

ZEFF: No no no, that-- Tommy knew her for years. YEARS. She'd worked for the Arkells for... forever!

BROWNING: Yeah, two decades can feel that way sometimes, can't it? Until one day you look up and suddenly POOF, they're gone.

ZEFF: But Doc Briggs... okay yeah, she was part of The Fifth, I saw the live feed of their join us or die ultimatum, but you're saying she's been a double agent for them all along?

BROWNING: Yep.

ZEFF: No.

BROWNING: Yep.

ZEFF: Hnnnh.

BROWNING: She may not even realize it, though.

ZEFF: This just gets better and better, doesn't it?

BROWNING: You know that eye you brought back?

ZEFF: Do I KNOW that EYE I personally SCOOPED out of that fuckhead's... head? Yes, I believe we're acquainted.

BROWNING: You know I was being rhetorical. Don't get sassy.

ZEFF: I don't know how else to "get". You knew that when you hired me.

BROWNING: Yes, the things I put up with for a fella who's exceptionally good at his job, and whose ass looks good in combat fatigues.

ZEFF: It's the boxer-briefs. I get 'em a size small so they lift and separate the cheeks. Provides a nice round surface you could bounce a casino chip off of.

BROWNING: Hmm, I'll have to try that some day. The point is, the biological sample confirmed our suspicions... The Fifth, it's not a crime family. Not exactly.

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ZEFF: Then what is it?

BROWNING A single, alien entity, using spores to control everyone they come in contact with.

ZEFF: Uh. But. Ummm...

BROWNING: Quantum entanglement! It's a hell of a thing. No matter where the infected hosts go, the host maintains its control over them. We surmise Briggs has been under its influence since she worked for the Cohens way back when.

ZEFF: Twenty-three years, though. Talk about a long game. Why strike now?

BROWNING: Well why not? Back then, there were more crime families than you could shake a Worthington at. Every time you turned around, five more popped up. And what's the goal of all life? To propagate the species. If you were some parasitic... THING and you needed hosts to spread, but they all kept killing each other off, what would YOU do?

ZEFF: Once I had Briggs, I'd have the skill to perform and perfect the brain implants... for strategic assassinations. Which I'd use in opportune situations, pitting the families against each other... then I'd bide my time until there was only one adversary to worry about.

BROWNING: And who came out on top? The Arkells.

ZEFF: But that implies strategy, complex thought... we're dealing with a sentient, malevolent entity?

BROWNING: Oh yeah, it gets worse.

ZEFF: Naturally.

BROWNING: With the Kingery's resources, and all the people it's been bringing in...

ZEFF: ...all of them leaving, infected, to spread it to everyone on their homeworlds...

BROWNING: It's expanding exponentially. The entire galaxy's at risk. Oh, and did I mention it's been growing?

ZEFF: The originating organism?

BROWNING: It relocated itself directly under the Kingery. And it's already a tenth of the mass of the entire planet.

ZEFF: We're getting a bit out of my purview here. I mostly do the pointing and the shooting.

BROWNING: The only way to break its control over everyone that's infected is to take out the host organism. Entirely. We're going to need someone with intimate knowledge of the Kingery to make that work.

ZEFF: I ran security there for a while, but before that I just booked appointments at Shenanigans. I'm not sure I know it as well as we'll need.

BROWNING: That's why we need HER back. NOW.

[footsteps stop. Sizzling and cooking noises]

CHRIS: I told you it was going to stick.

ERIN: Fuck you, I never worked with cast iron before!

CHRIS: What are you, some kind of heathen?

ERIN: Reyes said the same thing! But you know I wouldn't even be doing this if you hadn't broken the--Commandant Browning!

CHRIS: Captain Collier!

ERIN: Ma'am!

CHRIS: Sir!

BROWNING: At ease, ladies.

ERIN: We've been doing our best, but--

CHRIS: We're marines, Ma'am. We weren't trained for--

ZEFF (appalled) What are you making?

CHRIS: It's a tagliatelle al ragù with an alfredo--

ZEFF: The fuck you say. Ragù is a red sauce with meat! Alfredo-- and

in a cast iron pan?? It's no wonder she's not eating anything. Scalzetti'd be rolling in his grave.

CHRIS: We're not fuckin' chefs! Sir.

ERIN: No, but I DID always think it would be great to go to culinary school and maybe one day, when I'm out of the service, if the time is right... who knows? Right? ...No? I'll stop now.

BROWNING: The docs said it would be best if she came around on her own. But we're out of time.

[freezer opened, carton picked up, freezer closed]

CHRIS: Ice cream?

ZEFF: Don't insult my personal stash of gelato by calling it "ice cream". Please.

[drawer opened, spoon removed]

ERIN: That's... not the same spoon you used to get the, um, "biological sample", is it?

ZEFF: Yeah, I washed it after we returned and tossed it in the galley drawer with all the other silverware. Sprinkle the meds in.

[powder poured in]

ZEFF: This is all that's left??

CHRIS: We've been putting a little in everything, but since she hasn't eaten anything...

ZEFF: (sigh) This better work, then. C'mon.

[Zeff walks, Chris and Erin behind]

ERIN: He's was joking about the spoon, right? He had to be.

CHRIS: Captain Collier? I never heard him say anything funny.

ERIN: Reyes said he did! I mean, a little.

ZEFF: All right, quiet down.

[future door opens, stays open]

ZEFF: Heya Alyson, time to--

[punch!]

ALYSON: Brought backup this time, huh?

CHRIS: Put a protein bar in my eye again, I fuckin' dare you.

ALYSON: How 'bout I just fuckin' fuck you the fuck up instead?

ERINNoooo no no no, let's all just--ow!

[punch!]

ALYSON: (punching exertion) No more fucking playing around!

CHRIS: JEEESUS FUCK, woman, would--

[punch!]

ALYSON: You want some more? 'Cause I've got some more. And I have. HAD. E. FUCKING. NUFF!

[ZZZZAP]

ALYSON: (aaaggggh) Fuck!

ZEFF: Alyson! It's me! Zeff!

ALYSON: What kind of fuckin; name is "Zeff"? Who named you, a drunken dockworker horking into the bay, midretch?

[ZZZZZAAAAAPPPP]

ALYSON: AAAAH! I... just... want.. to... know... WHO... I... AMMMMMNNNNNNG...

ZEFF: Give me the gelato.

CHRIS: Here.

ZEFF: Alyson. I'm going to put this fucking food in your fucking mouth and you're not going to fucking fight me on it. Okay?

ALYSON: Nnnnn. NNnnnnnooo!

[spits it on Zeff]

ZEFF: How dare you waste perfectly good gelato, it is a DELICATE DELIGHT. Hold her down.

ERIN: Ohhhh no, that seems--

ZEFF: Out. Of. Time!

ERIN: Hoo boy.

[struggling, tusseling]

CHRIS: Got her. I think.

ALYSON: (panicking) Nononononono just tell me who I am,
just tell me--

[gelato dropped in Alyson's mouth]

ZEFF: Sorry, gotta hold your mouth shut.

ALYSON: (panicking, struggling) Mmmmmmm! NnnnnnnN! Fffffck! (struggling slows, drops off
almost like she's falling asleep) Ffffck. Yyyyyyyu. Nnnnnn...

CHRIS: Hooooly shitsnacks on a cracker.

ERIN: It... melted in her mouth.

CHRIS: We should have just done this from the start.

ERIN: If we had done that, she'd never trust us. It's too traumatic.

CHRIS: Well we did it ANYWAY so now she'll STILL never trust us, but it'd have saved us a full
day of coming in here and begging ... BEGGING her to fucking eat something and getting yelled
at and chewed out for just doing our fucking jobs, when we're god damned MARINES and all we
signed up for...was... What?

ERIN: You have some issues, girl.

CHRIS: No yeah I know.

ZEFF: She's coming around.

ALYSON: The... hell?

ZEFF: I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. But it had to be taken with food... or it would have killed you.

ALYSON: What did you do, drug me? What the fuck did you give me?

ZEFF: Something to counterbalance the B.E.A. You remember what that is?

ALYSON: Body Exchange Amnesia? When... someone's been in a S.O.L. body model too long, or too often, their memories... (beat, disappointed) This isn't my body. So... I'm a body model?

ZEFF: You're IN one, yes.

ALYSON: Oh no.

ZEFF: What's wrong?

ALYSON: I remember.

ERIN: That's great!

CHRIS: Oh yeah? Then prove it. Who the fuck are you, lady?

ALYSON: I am Tommy. Fucking. Arkell.

ERIN: Hooray!

ALYSON: No.

CHRIS: No?

ALYSON: I don't want to be Tommy Arkell. I... hate that guy.

ERIN: Well poop.

ALYSON: Zeff?

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ZEFF: The one and only, boss.

ALYSON: Help me up.

[gets to her feet]

ZEFF: You're on the Rivera.

ALYSON: Commandant Browning's warship? What, she couldn't give me guest quarters? I thought we were friends. A little wounded, not gonna lie.

CHRIS: We needed you somewhere we could keep an eye on you.

ERIN: And somewhere warm, to help you recover from stasis. And this extra storage room right off the galley just so happens to be RIGHT over the engine room.

ALYSON: Stasis?

ZEFF: The B.E.A. was advancing too rapidly. It was put you under or risk losing you forever.

ERIN: But we've been working on a drug to counteract that! As you... have now experienced. Unfortunately the effects are only temporary. And the body can only handle one dose. They didn't have time to fully perfect it--

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.

ALYSON: How long was I under? Last thing I remember was hitching a ride with Browning away from the Kingery after... The Fifth. Shit.

ZEFF: Two years.

ALYSON: Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.

ZEFF And things have gone from fucked to doublefucked.

ALYSON: The Kingery's gone?

ZEFF: Still there. For now. Soon? Probably not. Along with the rest of the galaxy.

ALYSON: Jesus fuck. Maddie? I need to talk to Maddie.

ZEFF: Soon. Browning's right outside.

[footsteps out to the galley]

ALYSON: Commandant.

BROWNING: Tommy.

ALYSON: Alyson. I think. For now, anyway.

BROWNING: Either way, you look like shit.

ALYSON: Merry fucking Christmas to you too.

BROWNING: Captain Collier briefed you?

ALYSON: CAPTAIN? He, uh... only the broad strokes.

BROWNING: We have to act now. Things are at a tipping point, and once we cross the event horizon, there's no coming back. We're extinct.

ALYSON: Humanity?

BROWNING: And everyone else, too.

ALYSON: If we're going back to the Kingery, I need people I can trust. Not THESE yahoos.

CHRIS: I told you so!

ERIN: Well that IS why we tried the kinder approach!

ALYSON: I need MY people.

ZEFF: They've spread to every corner of the galaxy.

BROWNING: I've been tracking them. I had a feeling you'd want to handle things with assets you knew best.

ALYSON: "Assets." Sure. Give me access to your comm system. It's time we got the band back together.

[computery typing, beeps, signal going out]

GIB: Chausette residence? It's Alyson? Calling for Socks?

SOCKS: Alyson's calling?

KAYLOCK: Who is it?

MAJOR: It's ... Alyson calling.

AI DEVI: What could be so important that you have to answer it now?

HOOKS: Alyson's calling.

ASA: Holy mother of fuck!

CASSANDRA: What is it?

ASA: Alyson's calling!

TYTHIA: Hello? Alyson?

CAL: Who's at the station?

MADDIE: It's Alyson!

[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode seven, "Day of Delicate Delight"

Featuring the voice talents of

Carissa M. as Reyes

Russell Gold as Zeff

Marte Brengle as Commandant Browning

Kaitlyn Kliman as Chris

Kristine Chester as Erin

Melissa Autumn Hearne as Alyson

Shawn Traill as Gib

Rene Christine Jones as Socks

Jack Calk as Kaylock

M. Sieiro Garcia as Major

Channe Nolan as AI Devi

Perry Whittle as Hooks

Edward Herman as Asa

Kristen Bays as Cassandra

Kathryn Pryde as Tythia

Christopher Gilstrap as Cal

Alicia Laine Pickens as Maddie

Written by Jeffrey Bridges

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

Kingery Theme by Tom Stitzer

“Eyes Goe Wrong”, “Gustav Sting”, “Past the Edge”, “Hit the Streets”, “One Note Three”, “Nerves”, “Movement Proposition” and “Noble Race”

Kevin MacLeod, 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]