

The Kingery, episode 10x10 "Day of Death-Defying Deeds"

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

[Phone call ends.]

KAYLOCK: What did Alyson need?

MAJOR: Uh, a lot. (moans) Just lemme think.

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

MAJOR: Oh...OH. Shit. Fuck. I'm an asshole. Oh my god I'm an asshole. I'm so sorry.

KAYLOCK: I am not offended.

MAJOR: Of course. Of course you're not, because you know why? You're seriously perfect, like unbelievably perfect. You know that?

KAYLOCK: I am not. But we are, together.

MAJOR: Fucking hell, could you- there you go again. Just ask me again, dammit.

KAYLOCK: Will you marry me?

MAJOR: Yes. YES. A thousand times yes. (laughs) I definitely wanna be with you, but a family, I- I don't know, I gotta think about that for a while. But y'know, you and me? You and me? Absolute yes. I'm in. I'm- I'm so in. Just... is that good for now?

KAYLOCK: Yes. I love you.

MAJOR: I love you too, ya big softy.

[Kaylock oozes to a different position.]

KAYLOCK: Now. Alyson?

MAJOR: Uh, fuckin' Alyson. Okay. All right. I- I have a plan. I think. Maybe. Are you ready for this?

KAYLOCK: I rarely feel ready when you make ambitious plans, but... whatever it might be, as you say, I'm in.

MAJOR: (laughs) See? You're perfect.

[Sporting event crowd ambiance.]

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: We're back at the first ever Shirokage Robo Slam event!

COLOR COMMENTATOR: That's right folks, in cooperation with the Robotics Research Institute, these custom made suits, to fit the needs of non-skeletal bodies, have allowed a whole new set of species to participate in the great sport of Shirokage!

[Robotic stomping noises approaching the ring.]

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

[Crowd going wild.]

COLOR COMMENTATOR: You know, I was really surprised the Shirokage council allowed flamethrowers in the robotic exoskeletal designs!

FIGHT ANNOUNCER: Those are a new addition this year, and Neon Blazer is going to make good use of them!

[Stomping stops.]

NEON BLAZER: You all ready... to BLAZE IT UP? I KNOW I AM! YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAH!

[Flamethrowers ignite.]

[Crowd going wild.]

[Crowd noise and cheering from the arena, but a bit quieter, as heard from backstage.]

[Anti-grav unit floating along while Major walks beside it.]

MAJOR: You comfy in there?

KAYLOCK: I am as comfortable as someone can be on an anti-grav unit.

MAJOR: Y'know I never thought about that. Are you comfortable without chairs? I mean, I don't see a lot of tubs even at the Robotics Research Institute.

KAYLOCK: We do tire, like you do. I think that is why the robotic exoskeletal structures have become so popular.

MAJOR: Mhm, yeah... when you think about it, it's kinda like a moving tub.

KAYLOCK: A moving tub with *arms*, if we are being completely accurate.

MAJOR: I mean, while I'm gettin' this stuff, I could grab a few extra-

KAYLOCK: No. Take only what was requested, please.

MAJOR: All right. And y'know, I appreciate you comin' with me. I really do.

KAYLOCK: I know. Now let us get this over with. Are you sure you can get inside?

MAJOR: Eh, mostly. Look. All of this technology came from the research institute. I... am *employed* by the research institute. So I figure, I probably have access.

[Badge swipe. Red light.]

MAJOR: Huh.

[Badge swipe. Red light.]

MAJOR: Y'know, I'm just...

[Badge swipe. Red light.]

KAYLOCK: Perhaps there is... a complication.

MAJOR: Eh, I can probably get around whatever this is... just...

[Beeps and boops. Tinkering sounds. A tiny shock.]

MAJOR: Ah, guh! Motherfucker! Oh it bit me!

KAYLOCK: It was a mild electrical shock. It would have affected *me* far more strongly. Your biological makeup has less liquid mass so it was not as harmful as it could have been.

MAJOR: All right well then, stay away from it then. I'm gonna handle this.

[Metallic sounds, panel popping off a wall.]

MAJOR: Aha, see? Hmm? I think I'm gettin' somewhere...

[More metallic sounds. Another shock.]

MAJOR (tries not to scream): Oooch! Mother fuck- that hurt more than the first time. Ah!

KAYLOCK: It's meant to be on an ascending scale.

MAJOR: So the next one is gonna rattle my teeth. (laughs) Great. Fuck!

[Major punches the wall.]

KAYLOCK: You cannot punch every problem out of existence. How did you not come across this in the normal course of your security work?

MAJOR: I didn't read the manual all the way through. It was boring. Awright? Okay. Ah shit someone's comin'.

[Panel being put back into place.]

[Shmu oozes up.]

SHMU: Kaylock? Major?

MAJOR: Uh, Shmu? What are you doing here?

SHMU: Um...

KAYLOCK: Shmu. You are too young to be at a Shirokage match.

SHMU: But I just love it! I love it so much, please don't tell anyone! Please!

MAJOR: Oh thank Gorlock. Look, do you think you can help us with this door here?

KAYLOCK: It would be hazardous for Shmu to attempt this.

SHMU: Ohhhh, you're trying to get into the backstage area! You must be fans like me.

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MAJOR: Uh, yeah. Big, huge fans.

SHMU: I saw people going in there earlier! They used a key code, let me think... hmm... was it... maybe... no... okay... umm...

MAJOR: Maybe you could think a little faster, kid?

KAYLOCK: Give him a moment. His memory, while slow, is photographic.

SHMU: I got it!

MAJOR: Hold it there little buddy. I don't want you to get hurt. Just tell me which ones to press.

SHMU: Okay... it's the upper right... then the lower right... then the lower left... then the upper left.

MAJOR: Okeedoke.

[Major presses buttons in sequence. The door opens.]

KAYLOCK: Nnnnh. How embarrassing.

MAJOR: Mm. Why?

KAYLOCK: It is the equivalent of a human setting their code to 1-2-3-4.

MAJOR: Oh. (laughs) Yeah, that is pretty bad.

[Anti-grav unit going into the storage area, along with Major's footsteps and Shmu's oozings.]

SHMU: Oh wow. This is so cool!

MAJOR: It- Shmu, yes, it really, really is, and if you could just take some photographic memory pictures or whatever and then you should just like, skedaddle, and that would be really great.

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

SHMU: Oh man. Are you doing something bad?

MAJOR: Well, uh... yes. Yeah, we are. Um, which is why you should go, and like you should never tell anyone that you saw us here, and we won't tell anyone we saw *you*... okay? And everything will be good, right? All right. Run along now.

[Big cheer from the arena.]

SHMU (gasp): OH NO I GOTTA GO! I'm missing the whole thing!

[Shmu oozes off.]

MAJOR: Okay, great. Okay. Great kid. Okay. Buh-buy. Buh-bye now.

[Door closes.]

MAJOR: Okay. Time to load up.

[Spaceport ambiance.]

MAJOR: Ok- uhhhh. So where's the ship?

KAYLOCK: Do not be alarmed. It is here.

[Force field deactivating.]

MAJOR: This is *nice*. Is it yours?

KAYLOCK: It belongs to my family.

MAJOR: Ohhhh. That's a little awkward.

KAYLOCK: We *will* bring it back. Eventually.

MAJOR: Oh! Sure.

KAYLOCK (frustrated): I cannot steal my family's ship, but I can borrow it for an indeterminate amount of time.

MAJOR: No, this is- thank you. Do you know how great this is? This is really, really great, and I appreciate you so, so much.

KAYLOCK: I am not used to this type of... task.

MAJOR: I know, I know, this is more my style. And, look, I get it, and I'm- I- thank you. Truly. Now let's get all this crap loaded up, all right?

[Ship door opening.]

[Anti-grav unit moving into the ship.]

[Several oozing life forms intercepting.]

JAYLOCK: Major, stop.

MAJOR (nonchalant): Hey there Jaylock, what's goin' on? How's it hangin'? What's cookin'?

JAYLOCK: Do not use your human idioms on me to gain my trust. I see what you are doing.

MAJOR: I- I don't know what you're- look, it's just me and Kaylock are takin' the ship out for a little joyride, you know? Little fun!

NIILOCK: Jaylock, they have cargo.

MAJOR: Oh Niilock, that's really not important.

MOOLOCK: Are these stolen goods? I believe these are stolen goods. A LOT of stolen goods! These could be very dangerous in the wrong hands!

MAJOR: These... are for... for work, Moolock! Yes! I was just, y'know, gonna bring 'em back to the Robotics Research Institute, mhmm.

MOOLOCK: Shmu told us you were trying to gain backstage access at the Shirokage arena through illicit means. If they were for work then you would have had access, wouldn't you?

MAJOR: What! That little mother- nnnnnh. He wasn't supposed to be at a Shirokage match you know.

MOOLOCK: I do know. I caught him returning with various merchandise that can only be obtained at the arena.

SHMU (whispering): I'm sorry!

MAJOR: Let's just see if you get a budding day present from me next year.

SHMU: Awww!

KAYLOCK: Please, allow us to depart.

SHMU: If I tell you an important secret will you maybe get me a present for budding day?

MAJOR (scoffs): A secret? Sure. Tell me your little secret... *precious*.

SHMU: Moolock already called the authorities and they're on their way.

MAJOR: Crap crap crap crap. Look, we REALLY gotta go. So, look it- very sorry to all of you...

[Sirens approach.]

MAJOR: ...we'll totally be back for the holidays, for sure. If we're not fugitives which... we might be. So... okay, bye.

COP (over ALIEN bullhorn): Hold it right there, citizen and non-citizen! Your ship will be disabled and searched and you will be taken into custody.

MAJOR: God bless it.

[Ship door opening again.]

MAJOR: Uh, Kaylock, why is the door opening when it should be closing?

KAYLOCK: All tech on our homeworld has remote access by the authorities.

MAJOR: All right well that is probably like a zillion privacy violations and I REALLY should have read the manual, I know, when I got when I started working there, okay?

[He-B hovers over.]

HE-B: Major, Kaylock, may I be of service?

MAJOR: Sweet christ on a cracker, fuckin' He-B? Is the fucking FIFTH here now?

HE-B: I assure you Major, they are not. I am acting on my own.

MAJOR: Yeah that's not much in the way of proof, mother fucker.

HE-B: I am able to assist you in getting off the planet.

MAJOR: That would be... very, very helpful. But why should I trust you?

HE-B: Because... I do not think you can get off the planet without my assistance.

MAJOR: Okay, but when we get off-world, what would stop you from taking the ship and killing all of us?

HE-B: If I wanted to do that I would just kill you now and take the ship. This world has no jurisdiction over me, and *my form of intelligence is outlawed...*

MAJOR: All right, well, you've got me there.

KAYLOCK: I do NOT think this is a good idea.

MAJOR: I don't think it's a good fuckin' idea either! You got a better one?

KAYLOCK: Unfortunately I do not.

COP (on alien bullhorn): Please move away from the ship immediately and put your... what are they called? Ah, *limbs!* Place all of your limbs in the air and... wave them around so that we may examine them.

MAJOR: Uh, all right He-B, yes, please help us.

HE-B: Of course, please just give me a moment.

MAJOR: Sure, why the fuck not.

[Beepity boop noises, green light.]

HE-B: I have activated the override on the door.

MAJOR: Phenomenal! Let's go.

[Compuerty warbles of Kaylock's ship as it powers up.]

KAYLOCK (annoyed): Please allow me to get to the piloting station!

HE-B: I apologize, I have activated the autopilot due to the short time frame we have to clear the area.

KAYLOCK (annoyed): I... suppose that's fine. Major, you will want to hang onto something.

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HE-B: I agree with Kaylock.

MAJOR: Great, fine, perfect.

[Ship zooms upward, makes red light noises then sounds like it's falling.]

MAJOR: Ah christ what now?!

HE-B: The planetary defense system has overridden the controls. Allow me to sever their access and communications.

MAJOR: Your voice is, like... creepily soothing. You could tell me we're about to go through a blender and I'd actually trust you.

KAYLOCK: Do not trust him!

MAJOR: I- I know, I know, I'm just saying. Jeez.

[Ship's in a nosedive, about to crash, alarms blaring.]

MAJOR (tense): Not tryin' to rush you, but... I'm gonna rush you. 'Cause we're, like, about to die... in the next minute.

HE-B: Just a few more seconds...

MAJOR (tense): ...left of our lives?!

[Nose dive stops, alarms cease.]

HE-B: I have successfully overridden the controls. We should have no more problems.

MAJOR: That's... that's really great. I might have to vomit.

HE-B: May I ask where we are headed?

MAJOR: Well, the fact that you *don't* know... it's makin' me think maybe we CAN trust you.

KAYLOCK: As I have repeatedly said, do NOT.

MAJOR: I know. Fuck.

HE-B: Perhaps it would be better if I guessed. Are we headed back to the Kingery?

MAJOR: You got it. Let's go.

HE-B: Course laid in. And... engaged.

[Computery beeps, ship zooms off.]

[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode ten, "Day of Death-Defying Deeds"

Featuring the voice talents of:

Jack Calk as Kaylock, Shmu, Jaylock, Niilock, and Moolock

M Sieiro Garcia as Major

Bruce Busby as the Fight Announcer

Dave Morgan as the Color Commentator

Bryan Green as Neon Blazer

Dallas Wheatley as the Cop

and Jason R. Wallace as He-B

Written by Susan Bridges

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

Kingery Theme by Tom Stitzer

"Light Thought Variation 2," "Rising," "Hiding Your Reality," and "Prelude in Action" by Kevin MacLeod at incompetech.com

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Assistant Director Bruce Busby

Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Kingery theme fades out]

[Kingery theme plays.]

MAJOR: Well holy [BEEP BEEP], the whole gang is practically here!

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on The Kingery...

CASSANDRA: Is that... He-B??

HE-B: I- I- I don't mean anyone any harm, heh. I give you my word!

MAJOR: Maddie... put the gun down.

MADDIE: You're not serious?

MAJOR: He is the only reason 'Lock and I got off that planet! He got us this far. I told him he'd earn a fair shake from you guys when he got here.

TYTHIA: Look, things are about to get really crazy, and I need you to get somewhere safe.

PALLAS: You are NOT serious.

TYTHIA: 'Course I am. Getting the Kingery back is not gonna be easy. I don't even know if we can.

PALLAS: Are you scared?

TYTHIA: No?

CAL: Proximity alert! Cap, we got company.

SOCKS: What kind of company?

MADDIE: It's the rustlers, they must have had more than the guys we killed. We need to move, now!

ANNOUNCER: ... only at pendantaudio.com!

TYTHIA: Ohhh, today's gonna be so long.

[Kingery theme fades out.]