

The Kingery, episode 10x11 “A Good Day for Day Drinking”

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

[Spaceport ambiance. Transports leaving occasionally.]

[Cass, Asa, Socks and Gib disembark the troop transport they arrived in.]

CASS: I can't decide if that was the smoothest time I've ever had getting into this God-forsaken hell hole... or the most stressful. Thought they were going to ask us to *verify our manifest* yet again when we made it to the dock. What in the hell is the point of that damn military ID?

ASA: Well, looks like things are kept on a much tighter leash now. You don't see as many unencumbered folk trying to make their way *off* the Kingery, that's for sure.

CASS: Yeah, well, I guess a broken clock *is* right twice a day. If my idiot brother had gotten his shit together long before now, we wouldn't have been in this mess.

SOCKS: Whatever happened to that new leaf you turned over? You sound ready to throw Alyson to the sharks when you see her.

CASS: Look, I gave you a hug, reunited you with your dear husband, haven't said a thing about that awful fashion disaster of a helmet and I let you bring your pet with you. What's his name? Gary... Garrison... uh, Gerber?

GIB: Gib. And I know you didn't just call me a pet.

CASS: Well consider that leaf momentarily flipped back, I'm allowed to talk shit about my family. It's why I don't need therapy.

GIB: Uh, I'm not entirely certain you've got a healthy attitude about what therapists do...

CASS: You don't have a healthy attitude about keeping your tongue, sweetheart, yet, here you are, exhausting two of your three strikes.

GIB: Two?

CASS: Two and a half. Don't make it three. We've got too much to do and we might need a warm body. Ya'll stay put, I'm going to see about getting us a ride.

[Cass walks away.]

GIB: Ugh. She's all heart, that one.

SOCKS: You get used to her.

GIB: Really?

SOCKS: In your case... most likely? For anyone else? Heh. No.

ASA: Well she grows on you, I reckon. Like athlete's foot. Now, my lovely wife, on the other hand, once you get to know *her*, you never want to leave her. Of course, I don't have to tell *you* that. (little teasing chuckle)

GIB: I don't follow. This is still purely a professional partnership.

SOCKS (chuckles): He's fucking with you. Asa knows of my proclivities towards the feminine.

GIB: Good. Because so is everyone on the entire planet we just left.

[Small earthquake rumble, the spaceport shakes a bit.]

ASA: Well... that's new.

GIB: Are you telling me the Kingery didn't have tremors before?

ASA: Yup. Well, isn't that the darndest thing.

[Tythia runs up.]

TYTHIA (from a distance): Asa? Holy shit, Asa?

ASA (chuckles): Well, if it isn't Tythia. How are you doing, sweetheart?

TYTHIA: Hey, Asa. You're a sight for sore eyes. Socks!

SOCKS: Sorry, Tythia, but, uh... no hugs. I don't want to hurt you and I barely feel like this helmet does its job on a good day.

[Socks taps the helmet to make a point.]

TYTHIA (sighs): Right. Damn. Still no luck?

SOCKS: I'm afraid not. I hope things went better for you?

TYTHIA: I had a cushy teaching job for the last couple of years. I really like it. And coming back here, well... it's been crazy. It makes me miss the classroom. You don't want to know how many security cameras I hacked on the way here just to make sure no one sees us. Well. Me and Hooks. And the... you know what, I- I don't even want to think about it.

GIB: You keep some interesting company, Miss Chausette. Starting to get an idea as to why someone put an implant in your head.

TYTHIA: "Miz Chausette?" Who the fuck is this guy?

SOCKS: He's a friend. Bodyguard. Bodyguard friend.

TYTHIA: Uhh.... huh.

GIB: Name's Gib.

TYTHIA: No offense, I don't know you and right now, that's fine. We can do the introductions when we get back to somewhere with less prying eyes. We *were* thinking you'd bring Cassandra with you, though...

[Hooks walks up from the same way Cassandra left.]

HOOKS: Oh, she's here. I just spotted her over at the rental station. I, think she's trying to rent a car.

TYTHIA: And you just *let* her? Hooks, do you want us to get caught?

HOOKS: Well that's not fair, you know I have a lot on my mind. Every second we use up more of her good graces, the closer we get to her coming back after me.

TYTHIA: Hey hey, that's not gonna happen. I told you. Okay? I'm gonna take care of her once we're done here. Once we get to Alyson, we can get that bitch isolated and this time, I'll let the boss decide what to do with her. With a very strong preference on my part for eternal solitary confinement.

ASA: Who exactly are ya'll worried about?

TYTHIA: Later, Asa. Right now, we need to stop Cass from tipping everyone off that we're here

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[Car rolls up, followed by another one and comes to a stop in front of the group.]

[Door opens and Cass steps out.]

CASSANDRA: Aw, Tythia. Judging by that look on your face, I already know what you're going to say and I'm gonna tell you to dislodge that stick up your ass.

TYTHIA: You rented. A car - not just any car... you rented... a Lexon.

MADDIE: Not just any Lexon. This one's registered to our undercover fleet.

[Another car pulls up.]

CASSANDRA: See? Not just an impulse purchase. I had the Detective here -

MADDIE: *Captain*.

[Car doors open and close.]

CASSANDRA: The *Captain* help me bypass any of that pesky red tape so we can be our way. Satisfied?

TYTHIA: Ohhh, today is going to be so long.

SOCKS: It's good to see you too, Maddie. I guess that means Alyson got a hold of you, too? She's been making a lot of calls...

MADDIE: That she has. In fact, as much as I'd like to say I'm here just for the car rental, I'm actually here because we're missing a couple of folks.

CAL: Cap, I think that's their ship coming in now.

[Another ship docks fairly close to them.]

MADDIE: Jesus, how many crates are on that thing?

TYTHIA: So, I guess that means Kaylock's back to his sour self?

MADDIE: Your guess is as good as mine. I wasn't exactly expecting to see Hooks wandering free. Where have you been, anyway? You didn't just dive into work, you went subterranean.

HOOKS: Well... uh, things have been a bit, uh...

TYTHIA: How about he gives you the rundown later? When he's ready. It's not exactly a fun story.

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HOOKS: Yeah.... Thanks.

MADDIE: Shit. I'm sorry to hear that.

[Another little quake happens.]

ASA: Now, what exactly is *that* all about?

TYTHIA: They started up... what, yesterday?

MADDIE: Yeah, Cal and I were at the casino dealing with Briggs. She was having a meltdown over probably one of the most unfortunate technical malfunctions in the Kingery's history.

HOOKS: Oh? Um, well... what would that be?

MADDIE: All the machines hit jackpot across the Kingery.

ASA: Well, they are supposed to do that on the occasion.

MADDIE: At once?

ASA: Oh! Excitin'!

TYTHIA: You sure that's a bug? Sounds more like a feature to me.

MADDIE: You know what, we're gonna talk about this later. I can smell the guilt on the two of you.

TYTHIA: I don't feel guilty about it...

CAL: Are you saying *you* did that?

TYTHIA: I never touched a piece of code in the casino, Cal. I swear.

[Another transport lands somewhere else.]

PALLAS (in the distance, can be heard getting off the ship) Thank you. I can handle it, though. Can you point me towards the.... (trails off)

TYTHIA (quiet): You're kidding. Uh... guys, I'll be right back. I need to... do... something.

HOOKS: But, Tythia -

MADDIE: Don't think we're done here! Unless *you* want to tell me what's going on?

HOOKS: Um.... not particularly.

[Tythia rushes up to Pallas.]

TYTHIA: Pallas, I told you you didn't have to come!

PALLAS: Oh, that's a great way to -

[Big kiss.]

TYTHIA: But, I am so glad you did. This place has been hell. I mean, it feels like home but it's... it's still hell. (nervous laugh) And you're here and... oh god, you're going to hate it.

PALLAS (laughs): Slow down! I swear, I haven't seen you like this in months. You're... practically buzzing. Wait... are your tentacles more purple?

TYTHIA: Well, uh, you know I'm happy to see you...

PALLAS: Bullshit.

TYTHIA: Okay, it's the kind of pollution we get here.

PALLAS: Hmm. I like it.

TYTHIA: Yeah?

PALLAS (flirting): Yeah. *A lot*.

TYTHIA: I'm gonna remember that for the future.

[Another tremor, this time a bit stronger.]

PALLAS: Whoa... What was that?

TYTHIA: I don't know, and honestly, I don't really know if I want to find out. Look, things are about to get *really* crazy and I need to get you somewhere safe.

PALLAS: You're not serious.

TYTHIA: Of course I am. Getting the Kingery back is not going to be easy. I don't even know if we can. But, I do know that I have family obligations that I need to fulfill and I can't do that if I'm worried about you being caught in the middle of it. I'm going to bring some folks back to a safe house. You check into your hotel and I'll come meet you when it's clear, okay?

PALLAS: Are you... are you scared?

TYTHIA: No. But, I know how bad this can get. I lost my parents to this shit. I've nearly lost the closest thing I've had to a... *father* since then. And you're... so great. You're so different than all of this, and I... I don't want the Kingery to rub off on you. It's not a stink that's easy to wash off.

PALLAS (sighs): Fine. But... we're gonna talk about this later. This place made you, remember? Can't be that bad. Try not to beat yourself up. And you've about exhausted your opportunities to treat me with kid gloves. Got it?

TYTHIA: Yeah. Got it.

[Tythia walks back over to the group.]

HOOKS: What was that about?

TYTHIA: Just, uh, had to get some stuff squared away. Wasn't expecting to see someone here.

HOOKS: Tythia, is there something you're not telling me?

TYTHIA: Easy, Hooks. I will. I promise. Once we get through the immediate problems.

[Major and Kaylock walk and ooze up.]

MAJOR: Well, holy fuckin' shit, the whole gang is practically here.

TYTHIA: Maj!

[A hug.]

MAJOR: Oh, shit, we're doing hugs. Look, my hands are kinda full... (oof)

TYTHIA: Look, I have missed the *hell* out of you and I can't hug Socks, so you're getting one for you both.

MAJOR (chuckles): Is that what this is supposed to be? Cuz I can barely feel ya. You call that a fucking hug?

[Tythia squeezes harder.]

MAJOR (oof): All right. There we go! (laughs)

KAYLOCK: (clears throat)

TYTHIA: I wasn't ignoring you, Kaylock, I just didn't think you wanted a hug. It *is* good to see you, though. Especially not... you know...

KAYLOCK: An abomination that tested the very limits of what even my people consider science?

TYTHIA: I wasn't going to go that far, I was just gonna say... not as, uh... tall.

KAYLOCK: Ah. Well, that probably would have been more polite.

MADDIE: Miss Majorino, is that a hoverlift I see behind you? How much did you bring with you?

MAJOR: Um, well, you know, I just spent two years on a planet where most of the recreational activities weren't exactly for fucking bipeds. And I've got hobbies.

MADDIE: Hobbies.

MAJOR: Yes. Hobbies. Like... knitting. I like to knit. And I knitted, oh boy, I knitted a lot. A fuckin' lot.

SOCKS: Are you saying those are.... knitting projects?

MAJOR: Uh, a few, mostly, you know. (laughs) "Sweaters."

MADDIE (laughs): Okay, sure, I'll believe it when I see it.

TYTHIA: I'm just trying to imagine the sheer number of sweaters she would knit.

MAJOR: (laughs) I mean, lookit, they're, y'know... "sweaters."

TYTHIA: Uhh, if that's Shenanigans lingo for something else, I don't need to know, Maj.

[He-B hovers over.]

CASSANDRA: Is that.. He-B?

[Several guns primed.]

CASSANDRA: Jesus fucking Christ, it's the murder-bot!

HE-B: Oh, no no no no no! I don't mean anyone any harm! I give you my word!

MADDIE: Your word is *fucking meaningless*. You lied to Tythia to her *face* for fucking months!

HE-B: Something which I greatly regret, I assure you.

MAJOR: Maddie, put the fucking gun down.

MADDIE: You're not serious.

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

TYTHIA: He... helped you get off of Kaylock's homeworld?

MAJOR: Abso-fuckin'-lutely. And he did a fantastic fucking job of it, too.

ASA: Well, I still don't reckon that we can trust him, exactly.

TYTHIA: He-B, is that true? How did you know they were there?

HE-B: I did not seek them out because of the Fifth Family. I was acting on my own, I wanted to help. I never intended for any of this, Tythia. I especially never intended to hurt *you*.

TYTHIA: Yeah, well...it was two years ago. A lot of shit's changed. (sighs) I believe you.

CASSANDRA: Oh you're shittin' me.

TYTHIA: If He-B wanted to see us dead, he could have done it several times over. He's- he's one of the single most intelligent individuals I know from any species. If he *says* he's here to help, he's here to help.

[Another quake, more intense than the others.]

MAJOR: Whoa. What the fuck... wh, exactly, are none of you fuckers surprised that the ground just moved?

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TYTHIA: Old news, it's been like this all day.

MAJOR: Oh, it- all day? Sure. So this is a thing now? Okay. All right. Fantastic. Fan-fucking-tastic.

[An alert goes off on Maddie, then Cal.]

CAL: Proximity alert. Cap, we got company.

MADDIE: Yeah. I see that.

SOCKS: What kind of company?

[An explosion blows open one of the interior bay doors.]

COMPUTER VOICE: WARNING. ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE DESTABILIZED. ATTEMPTING TO SEAL DOCK 4. EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY.

[Fire suppression measures activate.]

MADDIE: Dammit, that's the same transponder from those assholes we rounded up. It's the rustlers, they must have had more than the guys we killed. We need to move! Now! Everyone in the car!

MAJOR: Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa. We can *not* leave the luggage!

MADDIE: What the hell are you talking about?

MAJOR: Are you kidding me? You really thought all I brought was some motherfucking sweaters? Seriously, Maddie.

TYTHIA: Dammit, what did you bring with you?!

MAJOR: We are not abandoning this fucking cargo, we need to take care of whoever just blew up that god damned door.

[Big thud as a bunch of doors seal.]

COMPUTER VOICE: DOCK 4 SEALED. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO BREACH THE INTERIOR DOORS. ASSISTANCE WILL ARRIVE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

HOOKS: Oh, great. Now we're stuck in here.

MADDIE: Cal! Pop the trunk, arm *everyone* up!

CAL: You got it, Cap!

[Another explosion, a firefight breaks out in earnest near the docking bay door. Guards getting picked off quickly, going down fast.]

MADDIE: Socks, you, Asa, and Kaylock stay on the cargo. Tythia, you, He-B and Hooks work on getting those goddamn evac doors back open. Major, Cal, you're with me.

[The group dodges some gunfire before making their way to a console.]

TYTHIA: Over here! Security console.

HOOKS: The wires are fried. I can fix it, I- I just need a minute.

TYTHIA: Do it, we'll cover you.

[Hooks pops the cover of the console off and crawls under to work.]

HE-B: Tythia... I really do want to talk to you, to apologize, to discuss everything -

TYTHIA: So do I. But, a *lot* has changed in two years. My life is totally different. I have a career, a person I...

HE-B: Oh. Well... I suppose you would. I... I hadn't really considered that.

TYTHIA: I didn't think I'd ever see you again, much less on the same side.

HE-B: Does that change anything?

TYTHIA: I don't know.

[Buzz of some wires being joined.]

HOOKS: You know I can still hear you, right?

[MASSIVE GUNFIGHT.]

MAJOR: (laughs) I've missed the hell out of this!

MADDIE: Yeah? Me, too! Fucking weird, right?

MAJOR: What? No way! I thought *you* were ready to get out.

MADDIE: So did I, but then I just kind of threw myself into taking out all the gangs and the stupid petty shit and... I dunno, it's been great. Seems way more black and white. I love it. Like these pricks who're firing at us? Cal and I took out most of them like, a week ago. And here they are again with fresh recruits, just popping up like daisies!

[Maddie fires off several rounds to down a bunch of them.]

MADDIE: And then I knock 'em down again.

CAL: They're retreating, I think... or- or at least they're trying to regroup.

MAJOR: All right, then we should stay put. Just hold our position.

MADDIE: Seriously?

MAJOR: Oh yeah. If they get their hands on the shit in those containers, the fate of the *entire fucking galaxy* is at risk. I don't know about you, but I don't want that shit on my head, all right?

MADDIE: Wait... *that's* what Alyson was talking about?

MAJOR: Fuck yeah.

MADDIE: Then we're not letting them get an inch closer to it. Cal, go back to the car. I'm gonna need a bigger gun.

MAJOR (laughs): It is so fucking good to be *home*.

[A rush of people and guns.]

MADDIE: They're breaking the line! Fall back!

[Cries and yells as the rustler gangs attack.]

[Kingery theme plays]

The Kingery, season ten episode eleven, "A Good Day for Day Drinking"

Featuring the voice talents of:

Kristen Bays as Cassandra Arkell

Edward Herman as Asa

Rene Christine Jones as Socks

Shawn Traill as Gib

Kathryn Pryde as Tythia

Alicia Laine Pickens as Madeleine Gray

Christopher Gilstrap as Cal

Perry Whittle as Hooks

Alexandra Jameson as Pallas

M Sieiro Garcia as Major

Jack Calk as Kaylock

Jason R. Wallace as He-B

and Hannah Jang-Condell as the computer voice

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and Perry Whittle

Kingery Theme by Tom Stitzer

“Silver Blue Light,” and “Legend of One” by

Kevin MacLeod at incompetech.com

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Produced by Pendant Productions

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[Kingery theme fades out]

[Kingery theme plays.]

TYTHIA: I hope we don't live to regret this.

KAYLOCK: I hope we *live*.

ANNOUNCER: Next time, on The Kingery...

SOCKS (laughs): Well Gib, this is certainly more entertaining than moping in a hotel room, no?

GIB: Hopefully this doesn't end the same way you wanted *that* to, Miss Chausette! Also I'm going to need you to double my payment, because this is *ludicrous*.

HE-B: How can there possibly be this many rustler gangs? It seems quite improbable.

TYTHIA: Maybe we should tell them, they might change their minds. You volunteering, He-B?

ZEFF: If we coordinate our attacks, we might be able to-

ALYSON: No. We stick with the plan. Major, Kaylock, Tythia, Hooks, Socks, you're with me. Everyone else defend the perimeter and buy us some time.

MADDIE: I *love* seeing you back in charge. But don't you dare die on me.

ALYSON: Wouldn't dream of it.

ANNOUNCER: Only at pendantaudio.com!

MADDIE: Welcome back to the Kingery, kid.

[Kingery theme fades out.]