

TINK & JUPITER

Small Business (Episode 3)

An original audio fiction podcast by

J. Nathan Raby & Leon Perniciaro

Chicken Patty Mondays Productions  
J. Nathan Raby  
1437 Prentiss Ave  
New Orleans Louisiana  
(504) 228-6243  
[jnathanraby@yahoo.com](mailto:jnathanraby@yahoo.com)

PRODUCTION SCRIPT  
September 29, 2017  
© 2017 Jon Nathan Raby  
All rights reserved.



TINK & JUPITER  
Small Business (Episode 3)

Prod. #01

CAST

ANNOUNCER	The announcer.
TINK	Teen girl who can talk to machines.
VENDING MACHINE	Capitalist.
OTTO	Teen boy. Gawker turned ally.
STEVIA	Teen girl and neighborhood bully.

Small Business (Episode 3)

SOUND: Car crash.

DRIVER: (FLASHBACK, SHOUTING) Get back here!

SOUND: Tink running, her footfalls slowing and stopping.

TINK: (FLASHBACK, RESOLUTE) If I'm going to make this right, I need to be proactive. I need to find Jupiter. What I need... is help.

MUSIC: EPISODE INTRO.

ANNOUNCER: Tink and Jupiter... Chapter three of eight... Small Business...

EXT. TINK'S NEIGHBORHOOD NEAR THE RIVER - EARLY SUNDAY AFTERNOON  
Tink is wandering her neighborhood, searching for Jupiter.

SOUND: Cars passing nearby, machines whirring.  
Light industry and commerce sound in the background.

SOUND: Thunk, thunk, thunk!

TINK: Vending Machine, I need your help. Hey, Vending Machine, wake up!

SOUND: SFX of machine waking up,

SOUND: SFX of vending machine clunking.

VENDING MACHINE: (LIP SMACK) Thirsty?

TINK: A little, yeah.

VENDING MACHINE: Well, I hope you've brought a dollar.

SOUND: Buzz of electronic money slot.

TINK: I left my house in a hurry this morning and didn't bring my wallet, but--

VENDING MACHINE: Now hang on a minute. What kind of vending machine would I be if I just went around giving away free drinks?

TINK: Then why'd you ask?

VENDING MACHINE: I run a business here! Give you a free cold drink... I never heard of anything so crazy.

TINK: Until about two minutes ago, you never heard anything at all. You were inanimate.

VENDING MACHINE: ...And don't think that I'm not grateful for you waking me up. Tell you what. You put a dollar in and I just might find myself with a sticky chute mechanism. If two drinks come out, well. That can hardly be helped can it?

SOUND: Mechanical clunk.

TINK: On second thought, I'm not that thirsty. But listen, Vending Machine. I have a question--

SOUND: A chain-link fence rustling.

OTTO: I've seen you around school. But I didn't realize you were a crazy person...

TINK: Were you hiding behind that fence this whole time? What do you think you're doing?

OTTO: What am I doing? What are you doing?

TINK: You people are just coming out of the woodwork today, aren't you?

OTTO: I'm not the one talking to myself. I thought maybe you needed medical assistance, since you're a crazy person and all, and I recognized you from class. No appreciation, but then, that's always how it is with us good samaritans.

SOUND: The vending machine clunking. Cars passing. Nearby, a grocery store.

VENDING MACHINE: (ASIDE) He should try rational selfishness.

TINK: Just leave me alone, okay? There will be plenty of time to torment me later, but I'm busy right now.

OTTO: You want me to torment you?

TINK: No, I-- You're not one of Stevia's friends?

OTTO: That moose of a girl? I have 6th period English with her. I know to steer clear.

TINK: She's not a moose, she's just--

OTTO: A total ass?

TINK: Are all of your insults animal-related?

OTTO: Not just insults. What, can't you bear it?

TINK: Stop.

OTTO: Cuz I'm having a whale of a time!

TINK: Stop now please.

OTTO:                   Something something porcupine?

TINK:                   Knock it off! I'm busy, all right? I accept that Stevia didn't send you to harass me. She wouldn't associate with somebody so annoying--

OTTO:                   Thank you.

TINK:                   --but I really am busy.

OTTO:                   Seems that way. When I came up, you were talking to this vending machine.

SOUND:                   Vending machine clunking.

VENDING MACHINE:      And what's wrong with talking to me? Got something against drink machines? Us small businesses are the backbone of this economy!

TINK:                   (HUSHED) Quiet, vending machine!

OTTO:                   How are you doing that?

TINK:                   I'm not doing anything.

OTTO:                   You're, like, a ventriloquist?

VENDING MACHINE:      Who are you calling a dummy!

OTTO:                   (AMUSED) You should put this on youtube! You'd make a mint. Crazy girl pretends to talk to vending machine.

TINK:                   (SIMULTANEOUS) I'm not--

VENDING MACHINE:      (SIMULTANEOUS) She's not--

OTTO:                   Seriously. How?

TINK: ...Look. It's just something I can do. I can wake things up.

Don't look so skeptical.

If I show you, will you leave me alone?

OTTO: Yeah, all right.

SOUND: SFX of a few footfalls on concrete.

TINK: Look, in the alley here by where you were hiding. Beside Mr. Nunez's tire shop. What do you see?

OTTO: Weeds? Enough kudzu to hang myself? That rusty, broken-down forklift?

TINK: Exactly. Hey, Forklift. Hey! Forklift, wake up!

SOUND: Sfx of machine waking up.

FORKLIFT: Bzz bzz.

OTTO: Uuuuh, did that forklift just wave to me?

TINK: That it did. Don't know why it won't talk. Some of them don't. Forklift, you can sleep now.

SOUND: Sfx of machine falling asleep.

TINK: Believe me now?

OTTO: In the face of overwhelming evidence, I remain skeptical.

TINK: Ah, a true American. I wish you luck in all of your future endeavors. Goodbye.

SOUND: Footfalls on concrete.

OTTO: Wait! You can't just drop a bombshell like that without explanation. How long have you been able to do that?

TINK: (HESITANT) Since this morning.

OTTO: This morning?! Petes, you just woke up today and thought, hmm, maybe I'll chat up a vending machine?

VENDING MACHINE: I'm standing right here, you know.

TINK: Not exactly. It just sort of happened. But things got away from me, and I accidentally let one of the machines escape. A little gaming console called Jupiter.

OTTO: Jupiter Gaming System? I used to have one of those! I got rid of it ages ago, though. Retro is just a gimmick they use to sell stuff that people have stopped buying. Didn't have enough replayability.

TINK: Your brilliant economic insights aside, I haven't played mine in ages either, but I couldn't bring myself to throw it away. I loved that thing when I was a kid. But today it bust through my window and scarpered, so I've got to find it before it gets into any more mischief.

OTTO: Wait, if this thing you can do just started today, maybe it's not just you. Could be there was something in the water.

TINK: Besides the brain-eating amoeba?

OTTO: We could all be affected. Maybe I can talk to machines too.

TINK: I don't know...

OTTO: What's the harm in trying?

What's that thing?

TINK: In front of the tire shop? I think it's a tire changer. You know. For changing tires.

OTTO: I'm going to wake it up. Ah hem. Tire changer? Wake up. Uh, please.

Tire changer?

TINK: (VOICE DISGUISED) Hellllooo. I am a tire changer. Do you have any tires that need changing, because I very much enjoy doing that.

OTTO: Whaaat!

Hey. Wait a minute. That was you!

TINK: Sorry. I didn't want you to feel bad that you aren't a freak like me.

OTTO: Well... It is pretty freaky.

TINK: Now, if you'll excuse me. I have to have a very important conversation, er, with this vending machine here. So, goodbye.

...Goodbye.

That's your cue, kid.

OTTO: My name's Otto.

TINK: Parents lose a bet?

OTTO: I--

TINK: Second thought, I don't care and I don't have time for this.

Vending Machine?

VENDING MACHINE: Oh, you've finally remembered I was here, have you?

TINK: I just need to know. Have you seen a small game console walk by here? He's robot-shaped, shiny, with a slot in his chest for game cartridges.

VENDING MACHINE: If he passed when I was inanimate, I couldn't say.

TINK: Really? I talked to a-- (WHISPER) an air conditioning unit-- (NORMAL) and he knew everything that happened around him.

VENDING MACHINE: (BECOMING MORE THOUGHTFUL) Must be different for different machines. I know where I am now, and what I do. I know that I have a security baffle and a shelf magnet, and I know how much the things I hold inside myself cost, what they're worth, but before a few minutes ago, I didn't know where I was... or even that I was. So I couldn't have seen your friend.

OTTO: I never knew a vending machine could get so existential.

TINK: If you haven't seen him, I guess you can't help me. Sorry.

VENDING MACHINE: Wait! Look at all those people over there.

TINK: At South Street Grocery? You mean the grocery store?

VENDING MACHINE: What are they doing? If I could walk, I'd go see. If your friend is anything like me, he probably did too.

TINK: I guess it's worth a shot.

VENDING MACHINE: Leave me awake, and I'll keep an eye out for him. If he passes, I'll shout and you can come running.

TINK: I don't think that's a very good idea. But thank you for your help. You can sleep now, Vending Machine.

SOUND: SFX of machine falling asleep.

OTTO: Freaky. Er, but not a freak.

TINK: Thanks for the endorsement. I'll be seeing you.

SOUND: SFX of footsteps, then another set of hurried footsteps.

OTTO: Hey, wait up!

TINK: Why are you following me?

OTTO: After the disciples saw Jesus turn fish oil into cologne, they never left his side.

TINK: I don't know what Bible you were reading, but that's not-- And I'm not Jesus!

OTTO: Machine vivification falls squarely within the miracle spectrum. Don't you think?

TINK: Not really-- Oh, hell. Stevia!

SOUND: SFX of bike approaching, leaves rustling.

OTTO: Why are we hiding in the bushes?

TINK: (WHISPER) I'm hiding from Stevia. Why are you hiding in the bushes?

OTTO: I'm hiding from Stevia, too.

TINK: (WHISPER) You have no reason to hide from Stevia. You're just following me around, and to be honest, I wish you wouldn't.

OTTO: What if she heard me call her a moose?

TINK: (WHISPER) Don't call her that, and don't talk so loud! She'll hear you!

OTTO: (WHISPER) Sorry.

TINK: (WHISPER) Just get out of here! Here she comes... What is she doing?

SOUND: SFX of vending machine being pounded.

OTTO: Maybe she wants a free drink.

TINK: (WHISPER) Oh no. Do you think she heard me talking to it?

OTTO: Well you were letting your freak flag fly, so it's possible.

TINK: No more calling me a freak!

OTTO: (WHISPER) Shh!

STEVIA: Who's there?

SOUND: SFX of footsteps and rustling leaves. Long pause, then more footsteps.

TINK: (WHISPER) Oh God, she's going to find me crouching here... I'll never live this down.

STEVIA: That almost sounded like...

SOUND: SFX of leaves rustling, shoes scraping, and Stevia gasping.

OTTO: Uh, hi.

STEVIA: What were you doing hiding back there?

OTTO: You know, you're the second person to ask me that today.

STEVIA: And I bet I'm the second person who regretted it immediately.

OTTO: (BEAT) So.

STEVIA: What.

OTTO: You're supposed to say 'buttons.'

STEVIA: Buttons?

OTTO: Exactly. I say 'so,' and then you say 'buttons.' Like 'Sew buttons.' Get it?

STEVIA: Whatever. Later, freak.

SOUND: SFX of Stevia riding her bike away, and then rustling leaves.

TINK: She's gone. I can't believe that worked. It's like you learned to weaponize being annoying.

OTTO: Thanks?  
(BEAT) So, where to now? South Street Grocery?

TINK: (BEAT) Yeah. My name's Tink, by the way.

OTTO: And you made fun of my name?

TINK: On second thought--

OTTO: Oh come on, us freaks have to stick together.

TINK: Let's just get to the grocery... We have to find Jupiter and maybe you'll be of some help after all.

SOUND: Outro.

ANNOUNCER: This has been episode three of Tink and Jupiter. Tune in again for episode four... And now, a word from our sponsors...  
  
Starring Zelda Kimble, Maria Perniciaro, and David Waguespack... Also featuring Will Monson... And I'm...

Tink and Jupiter was written and produced by  
Jon Nathan Raby and Leon Perniciaro.

For more, go to Tink and Jupiter dot com,  
and follow us. On Twitter and Facebook. Not  
in real life... Thank you... for listening.

THE END