

TINK & JUPITER

The Thing You Seek (episode 2)

An original audio fiction podcast by

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CAST

ANNOUNCER	The announcer.
TINK	Teen girl who can talk to machines.
STEVIA	Teen girl and neighborhood bully.
JUPITER	Game console. Silent save for a few beeps.
RATS OF THE ATTIC	Guardians of all that we discard.
DRIVER	A driver on St. Bernard Highway.

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MUSIC: EPISODE INTRO.

MADELINE: (FLASHBACK, AT A DISTANCE)... What exactly is going on here?

TINK: (FLASHBACK) I'm sorry! There's something I have to take care of!

MADELINE: (FLASHBACK, FARTHER AWAY) Tink, get back here!...

TINK: (FLASHBACK) I'll be back! Just--don't worry.

MADELINE: (FLASHBACK, FAR AWAY) Tink!

ANNOUNCER: Tink and Jupiter... Chapter two of eight...
The Thing You Seek...

EXT. TINK'S NEIGHBORHOOD NEAR THE RIVER - LATE SUNDAY MORNING
Tink rushes out of the house to snatch up Jupiter before he can go too far, but she's intercepted, first by Stevia and then by the Rats of the Attic.

SOUND: Tink out of breath, running. Cars passing, birds cawing.

TINK: Jupiter! Where are you, you stupid thing?
You weren't supposed to wake up. That was my bad, but I really need you to come home now!

Jupiter!

SOUND: Tink's footfalls slowing. The river flowing.

SOUND: SFX of Jupiter beeping 8-bit music.

TINK: (TENTATIVE) Jupiter?

TINK: Ah ha. There you are. What are you doing in that pile of garbage?

SOUND: SFX of Tink shifting things in the garbage pile. Wood clanking. Tink straining.

TINK: These broken old pallets are too heavy. I don't think I can lift them myself.

SOUND: SFX of Jupiter beeping (INTERSPERSED).

TINK: (THOUGHTFUL) You came right to the river, though. Was it the sound of the water? It's dangerous for something your size. You could fall in.

(ASIDE) Can you even drown if you don't have lungs?

Come on out, little guy. Can you talk? Come on out, and--

SOUND: SFX of bike braking hard.

STEVIA: Hey, creeper, what are you doing down there?

TINK: (GASP) I--
(DISDAINFUL) Oh. It's you. What do you want, Stevia?

STEVIA: If you're looking for your dignity, you lost it the second you squatted down and started digging through that pile of garbage. Are you building yourself a house?

TINK: Go away.

STEVIA: Although what would you know about dignity, right? I don't think any of us will forget last Monday. I've never seen a cockroach crawl out of somebody's hair before.

TINK: It crawled out of my school bag.

STEVIA: Last I heard they were going to erect a monument at the spot. A shrine to terrible hygiene. Archaeologists a thousand years from now--

TINK: Is there something I can help you with?

STEVIA: Haven't you heard? I'm the official neighborhood bully.

TINK: That an elected position?

STEVIA: Appointed.

SOUND: Sfx of Tink being kicked and falling with a thud onto the pallets. Keys clink and lucky beans clack as they fall from her pockets.

TINK: (GROAN) What the hell, Stevia? Why'd you kick me?

SOUND: Stevia laughing.

SOUND: Tink dusting herself off and re-collecting her things.

STEVIA: Hey, what have you got there?

TINK: These?

SOUND: SFX of keys clinking.

TINK: They're my keys.

STEVIA: No, idiot, I know what keys look like. I can't tell what that other thing is.

TINK: Maybe you need glasses.

SOUND: SFX of Tink being kicked over again onto the pallets.

TINK: Stop kicking me!

STEVIA: I. Do not. Need glasses.

TINK: They're lucky beans, all right? My mom brought 'em to me this morning from church.

STEVIA: St. Joseph's Day already? How are they working so far? Grant you any wishes yet?

TINK: (EXASPERATED) Lucky beans don't-- Okay, let's see, I'll close my eyes and--
(LIKE A PRAYER) Dear Lucky Beans, please take Stevia and drop her into the middle of Lake Pontchartrain, preferably within chomping distance of a hungry bull shark.

You still there? Did it work?

STEVIA: That's not funny.

TINK: What's wrong, aren't you a good swimmer?

STEVIA: It's like you enjoy being kicked.

TINK: (FORCEFUL) Just leave me alone, all right? I promise, you'll have plenty of time to kick me later, so just scram, okay?

STEVIA: (LAUGH) Whoa, so forceful. Who is this confident young woman crouching in the dirt before me?

TINK: Isn't there a better way you could be spending your Sunday? Just beat it, okay?

STEVIA: (MOCK SURRENDER) Okay. You win. I hope you find what you're looking for. Or get tetanus.

SOUND: SFX of Stevia mounting her bike and riding away.

STEVIA: (FAR, SING-SONG) Till next time!

TINK: I thought she'd never leave. Okay, Jupiter-- Jupiter? Now where did you go?

This can't be happening. Jupiter?

SOUND: SFX of leaves rustling and branches being moved.

TINK: He couldn't have gone that way or Stevia would've seen. Ugh. Stevia.

(MOCK) Appointed.

More like a poor excuse for a human being.
(BEAT)
Good one, Tink.

Well, wherever he is, it's not here.

SOUND: SFX of rats scurrying, scrabbling, squeaking nearby...

TINK: Jupiter? Is that you? Come on, let's go
hom--
(GASP)
Oh, gross. Rats. Shoo!

SOUND: Tink throwing a rock, it bouncing off the
concrete sidewalk, and hitting a corrugated
metal wall of a nearby building.

TINK: My day's going just fine, thank you, without
catching the plague. Stop following me. Stop
staring at me.

SOUND: Rats scurrying closer, scrabbling,
squeaking...

RotA ONE: (INHUMAN) The thing you seek is ours to
keep.

TINK: Heh.
Are you talking to me, rat?
(ASIDE) Did I really just ask that?
And why am I rhyming?

(EXASPERATED BUT UNSURPRISED) Did I wake you
up too? What, you were living in our walls
and you heard my wake-up call this morning?

SOUND: Rats scurrying closer...

TINK: (FRIGHTENED) Don't come any closer!

Go to sleep! You can go to sleep now, rats!
Why isn't this working?

SOUND: Rats squeaking...

RotA ONE: The thing you seek...

TINK: You mean Jupiter? The gaming console?

RotA TWO: Is ours to keep.

RotA ONE: Be you forewarned.

RotA TWO: The thing unborn.

RotA ONE: Forgot, unmourned.

RotA TWO: We--

TINK: Play french horn?
(BEAT)
Ah!

SOUND: Tink kicking, stamping her foot, rats scurrying...

TINK: Get away!

RotA ONE: The thing you seek...

SOUND: Tink running...

RotA TWO: (FAR) Is ours...

SOUND: Tink slowing, out of breath, exasperated. Cars pass nearby.

TINK: What is going on here? That is definitely not normal rat behavior... Talking. Poetry. I can still feel their gross little hands on me.

(SHUDDER) Ugh.

And now I'll never find Jupiter. I should just go home and cut my losses. Mom's plenty pissed already, and it's not like anybody will know it was me.

SOUND: More cars passing. Tink stepping on leaves.

TINK: I haven't even looked at the game in years. Not since I was a kid. As long as it learns to avoid cars and creepy talking rats, it might even learn to enjoy life. One of us should. Thing's probably long gone. I'll never see it again.

(BEAT)

SOUND: SFX of Jupiter clicking 8-bit music.

TINK: Jupiter?

SOUND: The sound of a speeding car. Tink's pace quickens on the grass.

TINK: Get out of the street! You're going to get--!

SOUND: SFX of something small and metallic getting run over by a truck, shattering into a million pieces, WITH--

SOUND: Tink running, feet slapping blacktop, engine sputtering, tires squealing, horn honking, fender bender complete with popped tires.

TINK: Jupiter! No, I'm sorry! Just--

SOUND: Tink picking up cracked plastic from the street.

TINK: This isn't Jupiter. It's some old computer tower with a shiny finish. That means--

SOUND: A car door opens and slams shut. An engine hisses nearby.

TINK: (TO DRIVER) It wasn't Jupiter!

DRIVER: What's wrong with you, girl? You trying to get yourself killed! And look at my car!

TINK: (TO DRIVER) He's still safe and alive somewhere.
(TO SELF) He's my responsibility.

DRIVER: Your responsibility? This is your responsibility, girl! Who's going to pay to fix this, huh?

TINK: (TO SELF) I woke him up and I have to get him back. If I can put him back to sleep, it'll make up for all of this...

SOUND: The driver marches over, kicking away a piece of debris. Cars are passing slowly.

DRIVER: (CLOSE, ANGRY) What's your name?

(MORE TENTATIVE) Girl, are you okay? Let's call your family. And the police. We can get this sorted.

TINK: (QUIET) Why did I do this?
(TO DRIVER) I'm sorry. I thought I had to. I thought a--a friend was in trouble.

DRIVER: What's your name?

TINK: (TO SELF) I need to save Jupiter. It was a mistake, but I can still fix this. I can still fix all of this.

DRIVER: You can. Why don't you just sit on the curb while I make a phone call?

SOUND: The driver fishing in his pocket for his phone. The boops of 9-1-1.

SOUND: Tink dragging her feet, until suddenly she's running. A car honking and swerving.

DRIVER: Where are you going? We need to take care of this!

TINK: (ACROSS TRAFFIC) Sorry! I have to do this!

DRIVER: (SHOUTING) Get back here!

(TALKING, FAR) Yeah, I need to report an accident...

TINK: (QUIET) I'm sorry...

SOUND: Tink running. In the quiet of a neighborhood, her footfalls slow. She breathes heavily, coming to rest before a disused garage.

TINK: What am I doing? I keep running away from everything, and I only make things worse. Why is this happening to me?

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

SOUND: Outro.

ANNOUNCER: This has been episode two of Tink and Jupiter. Tune in again for episode three... And now, a word from our sponsors...

Starring Zelda Kimble and Maria Perniciaro... Also featuring Gavin Robinson... And I'm...

ANNOUNCER: 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