

TINK & JUPITER

How To Make It Sing (Episode 4)

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

PRODUCTION SCRIPT
September 18, 2017
© 2017 Jon Nathan Raby
All rights reserved.



TINK & JUPITER

How To Make It Sing (episode 4)

Prod. #01

CAST

ANNOUNCER	The announcer.
TINK	Teen girl who can talk to machines.
OTTO	Teen boy. Gawker turned ally.
STEVIA	Teen girl and neighborhood bully.
CASHIER	Cashier at South Street Grocery.
CASH REGISTER	Cash register at South Street Grocery.
MANAGER	Manager at South Street Grocery.
RADIO DISPATCH	Police dispatch radio operator.

How To Make It Sing (Episode 4)

MUSIC: EPISODE INTRO.

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

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

ANNOUNCER: Tink and Jupiter... Chapter four of eight... How To Make It Sing...

EXT. SOUTH STREET GROCERY - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Tink and Otto search for Jupiter at South Street Grocery.

SOUND: A parking lot, footsteps, shopping carts rattling, automatic doors swishing, cash registers beeping, the murmur of a crowd.

TINK: Look at all these people. It's packed to the rafters.

OTTO: And only two registers open.

TINK: There's no way Jupiter came here. Somebody would have seen him.

OTTO: And then we'd have heard somebody screaming, 'Oh god, the machines have come to life, skynet is live, we're all going to die.'

TINK: Huh.

OTTO: Skynet? It's from--

TINK: I know what it's from. Focus, okay?

SOUND: Bzz crackle of a police radio. Tink making a flurried departure.

OTTO: I am foc--
Tink? Where'd you go?
... Afternoon, Officer.

SOUND: Bzz crackle fades.

OTTO: There you are. Why are you hiding?

SOUND: The squeak of Otto's shoes as he turns.

OTTO: Is it Stevia again?

TINK: No-- Actually, yes. She's over there. See her?

OTTO: We just cannot be shot of this girl. Okay, but if you weren't hiding from her, what are you doing?

TINK: I'd rather not run into the police at the moment.

OTTO: Am I associating with a known felon?

TINK: Suspected. There was an incident this morning on St. Bernard Highway.

OTTO: Did you murder a hitchhiker?

TINK: I thought I saw Jupiter in the road, and I ran out to get him, but it was just some old piece of junk.

OTTO: Technically Jupiter's an old piece of junk.

TINK: And I may have caused an accident. Nobody was hurt, but I didn't stick around for them to call my mom.

OTTO: Okay...

TINK: I had to find Jupiter. He wasn't supposed to wake up. It was a mistake, and now there's been this chain reaction, like nuclear fission, but I know I can put everything back the way it should be if I can just find Jupiter and put him to sleep again. Do you understand?

OTTO: Well...

TINK: Whatever. I don't need you to understand. I need you to help.

OTTO: (UNSURE) ...You caused a car accident?

TINK: (SHEEPISH) A little one.

OTTO: Pfft, that's so metal.

SOUND: Tink and Otto laughing nervously, tension breaking.

OTTO: So it looks like Jupiter isn't here. What should we do?

TINK: I have no idea. We've got nothing to go on.

OTTO: Maybe we could ask one of the cash registers. They see a lot of people. They probably overheard someone in line talking about the machine uprising.

TINK: A lot of the machines don't know anything about what happened before they woke up. Besides, they're surrounded by dozens of people. How would we actually talk to it?

OTTO: Couldn't hurt to try though, could it?

TINK: It's not a good idea.

OTTO: Remember that time you told me you caused a car accident this morning, and I didn't make a big deal about it?

TINK: And that means I have to do what you say now?

OTTO: Not in a creepy way. What could it hurt?

TINK: Okay. You get one. And maybe you're right. These things do see a ton of people.

Pardon me, ma'am?

SOUND: The bloop ka-ching of a cash register growing louder as Tink approaches.

CASHIER: Yes, what is it?

TINK: I wanted to ask you about being a cashier. I need an afterschool job. Is it hard to work the cash register wake up now you have there?

CASHIER: ...You get the hang of it quickly enough.

SOUND: SFX of machine waking up with a bloop ka-ching.

SOUND: SFX of cash register spitting, paper bills flying, coins careening.

CASH REGISTER: Pthu! Pthu!

CASHIER: Oh, lord, it's possessed!

SOUND: People scrambling away, carts overturned, groceries smashed.

CASH REGISTER: What's the big idea?

SOUND: SFX frightened screams...

TINK: Oh this was just a marvelous idea, Otto!
Look at the mess it's made! And it spit its cash all over the place!

OTTO: How was I supposed to know the till would be its mouth?

MANAGER: Stand back, everyone stand back!

TINK: Wait! I can--

MANAGER: Just get back, little girl. The police are on their way and they'll take care of this.

TINK: (TO HERSELF) Little girl...?

OTTO: The police! Come on, you don't want to be here when they come!

TINK: But the till!

OTTO: You're right-- Oh no.

SOUND: Stevia scrabbling nearby.

STEVIA: Later freaks.

OTTO: Did you see--

TINK: Yeah. Stevia just pocketed a wad of cash that the register spit out.

OTTO: Did anyone else see her do it?

TINK: Doesn't look like.

MANAGER: Everyone, stand back! I'll take care of this.

SOUND: Manager straining, register clanking.

CASH REGISTER: Put me down! This is no way to treat one of your workers!

OTTO: Why is it so angry?

TINK: I don't know. Cash Register! Go to sleep!

CASH REGISTER: (FARTHER AWAY) Put me down, you oaf!

TINK: Cash Register! Sleep!

OTTO: Why isn't it working?

TINK: I don't know!

CASH REGISTER: (FAR) Unhand me!

SOUND: Far-away bump door swinging closed.

MANAGER: If I can have everybody's attention. I've locked the-- malfunctioning register in the breakroom, so you all can go back to your

shopping. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused you. Thank you.

TINK: How am I supposed to put it back to sleep now?

OTTO: He's right. That is inconvenient.

TINK: We have to get Stevia and get the money back, and we have to put the register to sleep.

OTTO: Okay, you talk to Stevia. I'll talk to the cash register.

TINK: (ANNOYED SNORT)

OTTO: I can sing it a lullaby.

TINK: This is your mess. I never should have listened to you. You stop Stevia. I'll talk to the cash register.

OTTO: Okay. You're right. I'll be right back.

SOUND: Otto walking away, Tink skirting the crowds.

MANAGER: (ON THE PHONE) I can't believe what happened... I don't even know what did happen... She's in my office... She thinks the thing was possessed... I know, right?

SOUND: Bump door squeaking, people around.

CASH REGISTER: (MUFFLED) I insist you let me out of here this instant!

TINK: I guess this is the place...

SOUND: Door rattling, locked.

TINK: Hell. I need a keycard to get in. Wait...
(WHISPER) Hey card scanner thingie. Wake up.

SOUND: Tink tapping on its face, tap tap tap.

TINK: Uh, card scanner door lock. Wake up, please?

SOUND: SFX of machine waking up with a boop.

DOOR LOCK: (AFFIRMATIVE BEEPS)

TINK: Could you unlock for me?

DOOR LOCK: (QUESTIONING BEEPS)

TINK: I need to talk to somebody inside.

DOOR LOCK: (AFFIRMATIVE BEEPS)

SOUND: SFX of door unlocking and swinging open.

TINK: Thanks. You can sleep now.

SOUND: SFX of machine falling asleep.

SOUND: Cash register making cash register noises.

CASH REGISTER: About time! I would like to speak to my union representative right this instant! My treatment today has been utterly appalling.

TINK: Why are you so mad, Cash Register?

CASH REGISTER: Why? All I do is work all day and I never get a break! Before today I didn't even know it was a problem. I didn't know I didn't know. But everyone else gets a break-- to have a cigarette or lunch-- and I don't smoke or eat, but I deserve a moment of

quiet reflection too. And they're always putting their fingers in my mouth, always jamming things into me, and I'm sick of it!

TINK: But you're a cash register. That's what you're supposed to do!

CASH REGISTER: Typical that you would take the side of management.

TINK: I'm not taking sides. But at a certain point, it seems like you've got a purpose, and one that's relatively easy to fulfill. Doesn't that make you happy?

CASH REGISTER: Did anybody ask me if this is what I wanted to do?

TINK: It'll be okay, Cash Register. I'm sorry for the pain I've put you through. I'll make it better now. You can sleep. Go to sleep, Cash Register. Go to sleep.

SOUND: SFX of machine falling asleep.

SOUND: Tink rising, doors swinging.

MANAGER: What were you doing back there?

TINK: Me? I-- nothing. Bathroom?

MANAGER: (SUSPICIOUS) Up by the registers.

TINK: (NERVOUS) Okay, thanks.

SOUND: Patrons shopping, check-out lines moving. Automatic door swishing, lot humming.

TINK: Where-- Oh.

SOUND: Tink hustling from the parking lot.

TINK: Hey, stop punching Otto, Stevia!

SOUND: Stevia punching Otto with a meaty *thwack*.

OTTO: (DISCOMBOBULATED) I stopped her for you.

SOUND: Stevia dropping Otto to the ground.

TINK: Stevia, you have to give that money back.
That wasn't supposed to happen.

STEVIA: How'd you do that?

SOUND: Stevia shoving Tink to the ground.

TINK: Believe it or not, shoving me to the ground
isn't the best way to get me to answer your
question.

STEVIA: It's proven successful in the past. How?

TINK: It doesn't matter how. I talk to them and
they wake up. Now come on. We have to go
back so you can give back the money.
(BEAT)

You wouldn't want me to use my magic powers
on you. WoooOOOooooOOO.

(BEAT)

Okay. How about this. Let's go talk to your
computer at home. I bet it'll have some
things to say about your browsing history.

STEVIA: (LAUGH) That's cold. Yeah. All right. Let's
go back. Then you can tell me exactly what
you did to wake up that cash register and
make it spit out its money.

SOUND: Parking lot sounds getting closer, but now on top of it, police sirens. A car speeds into the lot and the sirens quiet. A car door opens and slams.

TINK: Look at all those cop cars. I can't go back in there.

STEVIA: On the lam from the law? There's more to you than I thought, creeper.

TINK: You'll have to go in and return the money yourself. Otto, you go too to make sure she does it.

OTTO: No way. She plays too rough.

STEVIA: Stay here and lick your wounds, then.

OTTO: Wounds you gave me.

STEVIA: I'll bring the money back inside. Tell them I found it in the street. But afterwards you have to show me how you did it. Okay?

TINK: ...Okay. Deal.

SOUND: Stevia leaving, doors swishing.

OTTO: Won't she be mad it's not something she can be taught?

TINK: Probably. But the money will be back where it belongs, and we'll have fixed what we broke.

OTTO: But who's going to fix what Stevia breaks when she finds out?

SOUND: Automatic door swishing.

STEVIA: All taken care of.

OTTO: How do we know you're telling the truth?

STEVIA: Do you want me to turn out my pockets? Or are you trying to get me to strip, you pervert?

OTTO: Er.

SOUND: Police scanner crackles nearby.

RADIO DISPATCH: (RADIO) All units, be advised, there is a 5-0-7 in progress at Arabi Cannery. All units, be advised. There is a 5-0-7 in progress at Arabi Cannery.

SOUND: Automatic door swishing.

OTTO: Do you think...

TINK: It's gotta be him.

STEVIA: Him who?

TINK: There's no time to explain. We have to get to the cannery.

STEVIA: Aren't you forgetting something? You're going to show me how to get cash registers to barf up the goods.

TINK: I don't have time now. We've got to go.

STEVIA: I'll come too, then.

OTTO: Uh, that isn't necessary. We can handle it.

STEVIA: I don't even know what it is. But we might pass an ATM on the way. And I need you to teach me how to make it sing.

TINK: Fine. But first the cannery.

OTTO: (BEAT) Hey, did either of you notice those rats following us?

SOUND: Outro.

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

Starring Zelda Kimble, Maria Perniciaro, and David Waguespack... Also featuring Jordan Aniese Garner Raby, Stephanie Perniciaro, Stephen MacDonald, and... 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