

TINK & JUPITER

A Racket Like the Rapture (Episode 6)

An original audio fiction podcast by

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CAST

ANNOUNCER	The announcer.
TINK	Teen girl who can talk to machines.
OTTO	Teen boy. Gawker turned ally.
STEVIA	Teen girl and neighborhood bully.
SECURITY OFFICER 1	On-site security at the Arabi Cannery.
SECURITY OFFICER 2	On-site security at the Arabi Cannery.

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MUSIC: EPISODE INTRO.

OTTO: (FLASHBACK) Security cameras? They probably have us talking to the can seamer. What'll they think then?

STEVIA: (FLASHBACK) They'll think three idiot teenagers broke into the cannery to chitchat with industrial machinery.

TINK: (FLASHBACK) We have to find that footage! We can erase our trespasses, and even better-- That's how we'll find out where Jupiter went!

ANNOUNCER: Tink and Jupiter... Chapter six of eight...
A Racket Like the Rapture...

INT. AT THE CANNERY - LATER SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Tink, Stevia, and Otto are sneaking through the Cannery.

SOUND: Factory.

STEVIA: Erasing the video of us sneaking in here is easier said than done. Where are they? How do we know the place will be empty? The guy said they were actively looking at the footage.

TINK: The first part's easy. Look.

STEVIA: What am I-- Oh, there it is. A sign that says Security, with an arrow. What providence.

OTTO: Rhode Island?

STEVIA: Idiot.

TINK: Not so loud. We'll get in, get out, and that'll be it. We can cut through here.

OTTO: What is all this junk?

STEVIA: I thought this was your family business.

TINK: Cans sealed in boxes; boxes wrapped together on pallets. This stuff must be about to be shipped out. There shouldn't be too many people coming through.

SOUND: Sneaking footsteps.

OTTO: I don't think this is a very good idea.

STEVIA: He's right. This is a god-awful idea.

TINK: You two can turn back. I didn't want you to come anyway. Otto followed me starry-eyed, expecting miracles, and you, Stevia, want to use me for your own stupid plans. Getting an ATM to spit out money is still theft. You know that, right?

STEVIA: Shut up, creeper.

OTTO: And you can't blame me for expecting miracles when you keep performing them.

TINK: I'm not some messiah, okay? I don't even think there is a god. I just want to get through this nightmare of a day with life and limb intact, okay?

SOUND: Quiet footsteps...

TINK: I lied to you, Stevia. I can't teach you to do what I do. I don't even know how I do it.

STEVIA: That's all right, creeper. I lied to you too.

SOUND: Rustle of dollar bills.

TINK: (SURPRISED) You kept the money?

STEVIA: Was there any doubt I would? You expect me to just hand back a wad of cash with no other reason but your guilty conscience?

OTTO: Security footage...

TINK: We'll erase it all. They'll never know we were here. Unless Stevia decides to steal something else.

OTTO: No, I mean-- South Street Grocery. Grocery stores have security cameras too.

SOUND: Tink stopping short.

TINK: Hell! You're right. And I'm sure they've watched the footage by now. We're sunk.

STEVIA: No, I'm sunk. They have you two idiots near the register when it went berserk, but they'll never pin that on you.

TINK: But I snuck into the break room to put it back to sleep!

STEVIA: Did you take anything?

TINK: No, of course not. I woke up the electronic lock on the door to let me inside, and then I put it and the register back to sleep.

STEVIA: You're fine, then. Worst they can do you for is trespassing, but even then. It was all so crazy. Just tell them you were overcome with curiosity and had to look at the talking cash register. You're a kid. They'll buy it.

OTTO: Uh, you're a kid, too, Stevia. They might let you off even now if you bring back the cash.

STEVIA: Maybe. Or the judge'll make good on what he promised last time and send me upstate to Red River.
(Beat)
It won't matter anyway. I'm going to use this cash to get out of Louisiana once and for all.

OTTO: Won't you miss us?

STEVIA: I won't know until I'm gone, will I?

SOUND: Fast-approaching forklift.

TINK: A forklift is coming! Get down!

OTTO: Do you think the driver saw us?

STEVIA: No, we should be--

SOUND: Pallet that Tink, Otto, and Stevia are hiding behind being lifted...

TINK: (FRANTIC) Why'd they have to pick the pallet we were hiding behind?

SOUND: Scramble of Tink, Otto, and Stevia scurrying away.

STEVIA: There's no way the driver didn't see us. She's probably radioed security already.

SOUND: Tink, Otto, and Stevia fetch up beside a stack of cans.

TINK: We have to hurry. The security office is right there. We can create a distraction, and when they come out to investigate, we'll sneak in and lock the door.

STEVIA: That's insane.

OTTO: What kind of distraction?
Wait, don't--!

SOUND: A cascade of cans tumbling, deafening.

TINK: This way!

SOUND: Hurried footsteps as Tink, Otto, and Stevia circle around to a new vantage point.

OTTO: Petes, that was loud.

STEVIA: What is wrong with you?

TINK: Wait for it...

SOUND: Door bursting open, people running out.

SEC. OFFICER 1: (PASSING) Not again! Is that thing back?

SEC. OFFICER 2: (PASSING) I hope not. Have you been upstairs to processing? Every surface coated in soup,

and it made a racket like the rapture! I don't think we'll survive another hit.

TINK: Now's our chance!

SOUND: Running footsteps... Door opening and slamming closed. A lock turning.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, CANNERY - LATE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

SEC. OFFICER 1: (MUFFLED) What the hell? Did you see those kids?

TINK: Quick, barricade the door!

SOUND: Otto and Stevia moving furniture.

SOUND: Lock on the door twisting, the door holding fast, the security guards pounding.

SEC. OFFICER 2: Come out from there! You kids are going to be in so much trouble!

OTTO: I don't know how long we're going to have...

TINK: Just give me a minute. Believe it or not, this is my first time sneaking into a security office to erase incriminating evidence. Now we actually have to find it. It must be digital, but this computer is locked and I don't know the password.

SOUND: The pounding subsides... Tink typing fruitlessly at the computer.

OTTO: And then what? How the hell are we supposed to get out of here?

TINK: The window. We'll climb out and run away. They won't know what we look like without the security feed. As long as they don't catch us...

STEVIA: Check the desk for the password. Maybe it's written on a post-it or something.

OTTO: Check the desk? Just wake the computer up and ask it nicely to erase its hard drives.

TINK: No. I won't do it. I can't.

OTTO: But it's the quickest way.

SOUND: Otto tapping on the computer screen, tap tap tap. Stevia and Tink searching the desk.

OTTO: Just say, 'Hey computer, wake up,' and it'll say, (MELODIC) 'do-doo-doooo, how may I help you?' And you can just be like, 'Hi computer, there's some incriminating evidence on your hard drive that I really need to erase,' And then we can go get pizza or something, because I gotta tell you, I am not cut out for this subterfuge.

STEVIA: You do seem quite good at rambling on though.

OTTO: Everybody's got a talent. Why, did I ever tell you--

STEVIA: Please don't launch into another story about your grandpa Al.

OTTO: You know me too well.

STEVIA: I know you hardly at all. But I've come to recognize that manic gleam in your eye.

OTTO: It's sweet that you've been paying such close attention to my eyes.

STEVIA: It's not supposed to be sweet.

OTTO: Yet here we are!

TINK: I found the password!

STEVIA: It's not 'password' is it.

TINK: No, it's alphanumeric, but someone helpfully wrote 'log-in password' at the top.

SOUND: A resounding crash shakes the door.

OTTO: They're going to break it down!

STEVIA: You think?! Quick, put the password in!

SOUND: Tink feverishly typing, the computer booting up.

SOUND: Another resounding crash. The door cracking.

SOUND: Computer sounds...

OTTO: They're almost in!

TINK: I can't find it... I don't even know the right program!

STEVIA: Screw this! Otto, get the window open! And you--

SOUND: Stevia ripping the casing of the computer tower off.

SOUND: Another resounding crash.

SEC. OFFICER 1: (OUTSIDE THE DOOR) One more!

SEC. OFFICER 2: (OUTSIDE THE DOOR) Okay! Stand back!

STEVIA: Here, take this!

TINK: A hammer, but--

STEVIA: This is the hard drive here! Smash it!

TINK: But--!

STEVIA: Just do it!

SOUND: Tink smashing the hard drive to pieces.

SOUND: A resounding crash, the door splintering, the security officers kicking their way inside.

SOUND: Weapons being drawn.

SEC. OFFICER 1: Away from the window! And hands up!

SOUND: Outro.

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

Starring Zelda Kimble, Maria Perniciaro, and David Waguespack... Also featuring Nathan Norris 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. Er, on Twitter and Facebook.
Not in real life... Thank you... for
listening.

THE END