

TINK & JUPITER

A Way Out (Episode 5)

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 18, 2017  
© 2017 Jon Nathan Raby  
All rights reserved.



TINK & JUPITER  
A Way Out (Episode 5)

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.
RotA 1	Rat who follows Tink.
RotA 2	Rat who follows Tink.
WORKER	Worker at the Arabi Cannery.
CAN SEAMER	Machine for putting lids on cans.
SECURITY OFFICER 1	On-site security at the Arabi Cannery.
SECURITY OFFICER 2	On-site security at the Arabi Cannery.

A Way Out (Episode 5)

MUSIC: EPISODE INTRO.

STEVIA: (FLASHBACK) 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: (FLASHBACK) Fine. But first the cannery.

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

ANNOUNCER: Tink and Jupiter... Chapter five of eight... A Way Out...

EXT. ARABI, NEAR THE CANNERY - LATER SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Tink, Stevia, and Otto cross suburban streets to the Cannery.

SOUND: Suburban street.

STEVIA: Is this a problem you have often?

TINK: That's funny.

OTTO: What did I miss? Are you a rat whisperer?

STEVIA: Rats, roaches. I wouldn't be surprised if a horde of locusts was following you, creeper.

TINK: One is.

OTTO: I don't get it.

STEVIA: All I'll say is that after spending an hour with her, we'll both have to be disinfected.

OTTO: Is she saying you have coo-- Are you saying she has cooties?

STEVIA: Cooties we could deal with. They make shampoo for that.

Go ahead, Creeper. Tell him about the roaches.

TINK: It was just one.

STEVIA: There's never just one.

OTTO: Hey, where'd the rats go?

STEVIA: She probably sent them off to do her bidding.

TINK: We're almost there.

SOUND: People rushing around in the distance, sirens approaching, adults shouting.

TINK: Yet more police. There's no way we'll get in.

STEVIA: That was your plan? Walk through the front door? They have security, idiot.

TINK: I was hoping you'd be able to distract them with your shining wit.

STEVIA: How about I distract them with your mangled corpse?

OTTO: Guys, I have an idea.

TINK: What is it?

OTTO: There are woods on the other side of the-- the complex-thingie.

TINK: The Cannery?

OTTO: Exactly. And train tracks run through that lead to a boat slip where the stuff that needs to be processed gets shipped in. We should be able to follow the river and get inside.

STEVIA: Spend a lot of time skulking in the woods?

OTTO: My dad lives over there and we play--er, we hang out a lot in the woods.

TINK: It's our best shot. Let's do it.

SOUND: Trees rustling, train running, boats clanking at the slip. Grass, then leaves, then gravel crunching underfoot.

SOUND: Lucky beans clacking in Tink's hand.

OTTO: What are those things you have in your hand?

TINK: (BEAT) Nothing.

STEVIA: You still carrying those beans around? Psh.

OTTO: What are they for?

TINK: I guess you're not Catholic.

OTTO: Jedi, actually. What do beans have to do with being Catholic?

TINK: Today is March 19th.

OTTO: And the highs are in the low 80s?

STEVIA: It's St. Joseph's Day, idiot. There's an altar to the saint today. And you can get those stupid beans and put them in your wallet and they're supposed to bring you luck.

OTTO: Do they work?

TINK: All evidence points to the contrary.

OTTO: No. I mean. Do you actually believe in those things?

TINK: No. Yes. I used to. I have a jar of them at home. I've never thrown one away. But whatever magic they used to have is gone now.

OTTO: That's okay. You have an even cooler magic power now.

TINK: ...thanks, Otto.

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ Branches being parted. Machinery humming in the distance.

OTTO: There's a door, and it looks like the coast is clear. Are we really going in there? Won't we get in trouble?

TINK: Go or stay. It doesn't matter. But I have to get Jupiter.

STEVIA: The place is crawling with cops. We're going to get arrested for sure.

TINK: At least you aren't carrying a wad of stolen cash around anymore.

STEVIA: Hm.

TINK: Okay, st--

SOUND: Rustling in the trees, rats scrabbling over gravel.

OTTO: (WHISPER) I knew we were going to get caught!

TINK: (WHISPER) No, look!

SOUND: Rats squeaking noisily.

STEVIA: Your friends are back. It must be because you smell like a dead body.

TINK: ...I smell fine.

OTTO: Shoo, you rats! Shoo!  
...Shoo? Why aren't they shooing?

TINK: Just leave us alone, you stupid rats!

STEVIA: Why is she talking to them?

RotA 1: Cease you where you stand and come no closer!

OTTO: And why are the rats talking back?!

TINK: (STAGE WHISPER) Wait, you were on board with talking vending machines and cash registers but talking rats is too much?

OTTO: I don't like rats.

RotA 2: It speaks and thinks to take this thing from us.

RotA 1: Tell this human child of dirt and dust.

STEVIA: Everyone else is seeing this too, right?

OTTO: I think I should go lie down now.

TINK: Are those rats quoting Shakespeare?

RotA 1: This golem that you seek is ours to claim.  
RotA 2: To us belong the things that you discard.  
RotA 1: Be it not what we have done for centuries?  
RotA 2: Though we be rats and low in your regard.

TINK: This golem... You're talking about Jupiter?  
I have to get him back. He's only alive because I asked him to be. It was a mistake. But I can fix it.

STEVIA: I was only kidding, but-- Do you know these rats?

TINK: Not socially.

OTTO: Wait, what have you done for centuries?

RotA 1: We take the things your kind no longer need.  
RotA 2: Old toys that linger 'neath the attic eaves.  
RotA 1: Machines and darker things  
discarded in the weeds.

RotA 2: We've swept away the cities of your world  
RotA 1: when it was time.

RotA 2: We've carried off whole families.

RotA 1: If we did not relieve you of such waste,



RotA 2: You'd be undone.

RotA 1: And so we take what's ours to keep.

OTTO: Uh...

RotA 1: And child, I prithee know-- Shakespeare quoted us.

TINK: If it's Jupiter you want, that's too bad. He's mine, okay?

RotA 1: You, child, are worse than all the rest.

RotA 2: From you we've got but naught and less.

TINK: It's my stuff, all right? Why wouldn't I want to keep it?

OTTO: Wait, I don't understand. Are the rats accusing you of hoarding?

STEVIA: (LAUGH) You know it has to be bad when even the vermin say you're unclean.

TINK: Shut up, Stevia. It's not about hygiene. I-- The little stalker is talking about stuff. Toys and clothes and movie stubs. Spoons.

STEVIA: You are a hoarder.

TINK: It's not like that. I don't have it piled all over the place. Most of it's in boxes under my bed. Or my closet. Or the attic. I have sentimental attachments.

OTTO: (INCRECULOUS) To spoons?

TINK: Enough of this. Rats. Step aside. Step aside, rats.

OTTO: Maybe try a please?

STEVIA: Come on they're just rats!

SOUND: Stevia charging forward over gravel.

TINK: I wouldn't--

SOUND: Rats swarming Stevia. Stevia screaming.

STEVIA: Blech, get them off of me!

WORKER: (NEARBY) What was that? It might be that thing again. I'll check it out, you run and get the foreman.

SOUND: Footsteps running away. Footsteps fast approaching.

TINK: Hell, come on.

STEVIA: It's in my hair!

OTTO: Here!

SOUND: Otto swatting at the rats, pulling them out of Stevia's hair.

TINK: Quick inside!

SOUND: The trio running. The door to the cannery opening and closing quickly.

OTTO: Hopefully they don't think to look in here.

STEVIA: You can let go of my hand now. Pervert.

OTTO: Sorry.

SOUND: Rustle of hands coming unclasped.

TINK: (WHISPER) Jupiter? Are you in here? Jupiter?

OTTO: I don't hear anything.

STEVIA: There's not much to see either. Just a bunch of canning equipment.

OTTO: Funny that. Maybe one of these machines saw him. Do your thing, Tinker!

TINK: What did you call me?

OTTO: It's a nickname.

TINK: My name is four letters. Why would I need a nickname? And why would it be Tinker?

OTTO: ...I got carried away.

STEVIA: Stop wasting time and use your weirdo powers so we can get out of here. This place is crawling with the fuzz.

TINK: Okay... There's a big machine and it doesn't look like anybody's using it right now. I'll try it.

Hello, big machine? Wake up.

(BEAT)

Please wake up, machine.

STEVIA: Did your power run out of juice?

TINK: I think I have to use the name of the machine. But I've no idea what this thing is.

OTTO: Oh, that's easy! It's a can seamer.

TINK: How do you know that?

OTTO: My family comes from a long line of canners. In fact my great-grandad invented the aluminum bracers you need to put cans together. Old Grandpa Al, we called him. Short for (TRAILING OFF) aluminum...

STEVIA: (ANNOYED) It says "can seamer" on the label, just above the serial number.

OTTO: Oh, yeah. That too.

TINK: (SIGHING) Can Seamer, wake up please.

SOUND: SFX of machine waking up.

SOUND: Levers moving, gas being expelled.

CAN SEAMER: Time to work again already? I'm down for repairs. My ball bearings keep freezing up.

SOUND: Stevia and Otto giggling.

TINK: Really?

STEVIA: What? It's funny.

TINK: This won't take long. Then you can rest again. I just have a few questions.

CAN SEAMER: Well, it's a little unusual, but go ahead.

TINK: Have you seen a little robot running around here? It's got a gold finish, and it's a little bigger than a shoebox.

SOUND: Can seamer buzzing mechanically.

CAN SEAMER: I don't wear shoes.

TINK: Well, about this big then.

CAN SEAMER: I was inanimate until a minute ago, so I'm afraid I haven't seen anything. But he's a little machine that can walk and move around? With a golden body?

TINK: Exactly.

CAN SEAMER: Give me a moment, and I'll look...

SOUND: SFX of conveyor belt moving, gears rolling.  
Otto and Stevia sucking in a breath.

OTTO: Did you see that?

CAN SEAMER: (FAR, ECHOING) He's not over here either.

SOUND: SFX of conveyor belt moving again as the can seamer's head returns.

CAN SEAMER: But if it can walk, I think it must have gone by now. Must be something to move like that.

OTTO: What are you talking about? You just zoomed your face across dozens of feet of rigging! You could see anywhere you wanted in the whole building!

CAN SEAMER: Just the packaging area, really.

OTTO: Still, I wish I could do that!

STEVIA: Otto has found what he wants to be when he grows up.

CAN SEAMER: Yes, but I can only move along the rigging bolted to the ceiling or fixed to the conveyor belt here. I follow a path laid out by the engineers who designed me and nothing else. For instance, if I move to the can feeder here...

SOUND: SFX of conveyor belt moving.

CAN SEAMER: I can see beyond my sleeping neighbors, beyond the yellow safety paint and pallets and forklifts, to a hole in the wall where colors bloom green and blue.

OTTO: Do you mean a door? Is there another way out that way?

CAN SEAMER: A way out. Exactly. I never thought to put it like that.

STEVIA: There's color in here, too. Your frame is blue.

CAN SEAMER: It's different. My colors fade. Outside the brightness can't be dulled. It's deep, like a can that can't be filled, no matter how much you slurry into it. A can that needs no lid.

STEVIA: Are they all this poetical?

CAN SEAMER: A way out, you called it. My frame is too big to fit. Your robot friend is free.

OTTO: And are they all this depressing?

TINK: They're all different.

CAN SEAMER: I'll stay here, kissing lids onto cans, sliding them down my throat to the next machine in the line. I'll do it till my gears rust and my balls freeze, and then I'll be replaced. Disassembled with wrenches and drills and carted out in fractured pieces. A way out.

OTTO: That's-- I don't know what that is.

CAN SEAMER: What's it like outside?

TINK: Warm. Windy sometimes. With trees, oh a lot of trees. And water-- oceans and lakes and rivers full of it.

OTTO: And there are mountains!

STEVIA: Not in New Orleans.

OTTO: There's Monkey Hill at the zoo.

TINK: And there are raccoons and alligators, and birds in the sky and fish in the sea. There are people, a whole world of people, and we do our best to get along. There's the sun, and the sky, and rain. There's a lot of stuff outside.

CAN SEAMER: It sounds nice.

OTTO: It is nice. Not always, but enough.

(BEAT)

CAN SEAMER: I've thought about it, Tinker...

TINK: (GROWLING) Otto...

CAN SEAMER: I think I'd prefer not to sleep again.

TINK: I...

CAN SEAMER: If I can choose between working into  
obsolescence without form of thought or  
reason, or having a mind to think and  
feel... The choice is not hard. I want to  
remain conscious.

TINK: I'm sorry, Can Seamer. It has to be this  
way.

CAN SEAMER: Why?

TINK: You shouldn't be awake. It isn't normal for  
an industrial machine at a canning factory  
to talk and think. People won't understand.  
(BEAT)  
Okay, Can Seamer, I think it's time--

SOUND: SFX of conveyor belt moving and gears  
rolling.

CAN SEAMER: (ABOVE) Wait! your little friend is gold,  
right?

TINK: Yeah...

CAN SEAMER: (ABOVE) I see something gold flashing near  
the exit! I bet it's him! I can prove my  
worth if you let me!

OTTO: Are you sure?



CAN SEAMER: (ABOVE) As sure as I can be. He's hiding behind a cardboard box, but it must be him.

TINK: Would you two mind checking it out while I...

OTTO: Can do. Get it? Can do?

SOUND: Otto tip-toeing away.

OTTO: (NEARBY) Stevia? You coming?

STEVIA: Yeah... Right behind you.

SOUND: SFX of Stevia tip-toeing away.

CAN SEAMER: I hope they find your friend.

TINK: Thanks, Can Seamer. I hope... I don't know what I hope for.

CAN SEAMER: That I don't rust too quickly. That I'm not replaced before my usefulness has gone.

TINK: Yeah...

CAN SEAMER: Do you think I can stay awake?

TINK: I'm sorry. I can't.

CAN SEAMER: (INTROSPECTIVE) A way out. That's what your friend said. This is just another sort, isn't it?

TINK: Go to sleep, Can Seamer. Go to sleep.

SOUND: SFX of machine going to sleep. Slow, shuffled footsteps. Stevia and Otto moving boxes around.

TINK: Did you find him?

STEVIA: No.

OTTO: Did you... Did you do it?

TINK: I had to.

STEVIA: Why do I feel like we just killed someone?

TINK: You can't kill something that was never alive.

OTTO: I understand what you're saying, Stevia.

SOUND: SFX of bodies making contact, then being pushed away.

STEVIA: Why are you trying to hug me? I was punching you in the face an hour ago.

OTTO: Time heals all wounds.

TINK: Shhh! Someone's coming!

SOUND: SFX of booted footsteps passing, the rustle of paper on a clipboard.

SEC. OFFICER 1: (PASSING) So much damage. I wonder if the plant will have to shut down.

SEC. OFFICER 2: (PASSING) I can't imagine how it could stay open. Management still has no idea what that thing was that caused all this?

SEC. OFFICER 1: (FARTHER) No idea. But I'm sure once they finish combing through the security footage, they'll know exactly what it was.

SEC. OFFICER 1: (FARTHER) Unless it was a gremlin.

SEC. OFFICER 2: (FAR) ...Gremlin?

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

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

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

SOUND: Outro.

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

Starring Zelda Kimble, Maria Perniciaro, and David Waguespack... Also featuring Lawrence Mascaro, Katie Garner Leonard, 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. On Twitter and Facebook. Not in real life... Thank you... for listening.

THE END