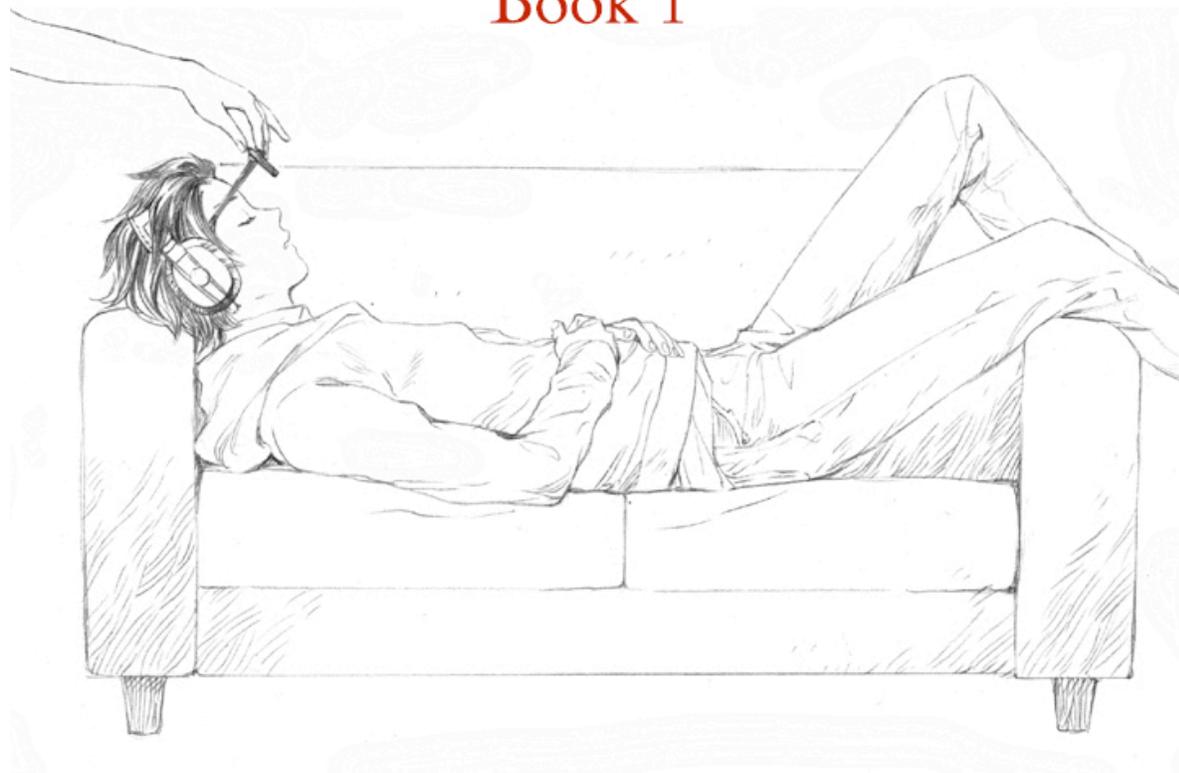


東京 TOKYO DEMONS 悪魔

Audio Book

Book 1



Story by Lianne Sentar
Editing and Audio by Rebecca Scoble
Art by Rem

Tokyo Demons Audio: Miki Date CD

Transcript

Listen to audio at

<http://www.sparklermonthly.com/audio-episode/td-miki-date-cd>

Tokyo Demons Audio © Lianne Sentar and Rebecca Scoble, 2011

Illustrations by Rem and © Chromatic Press

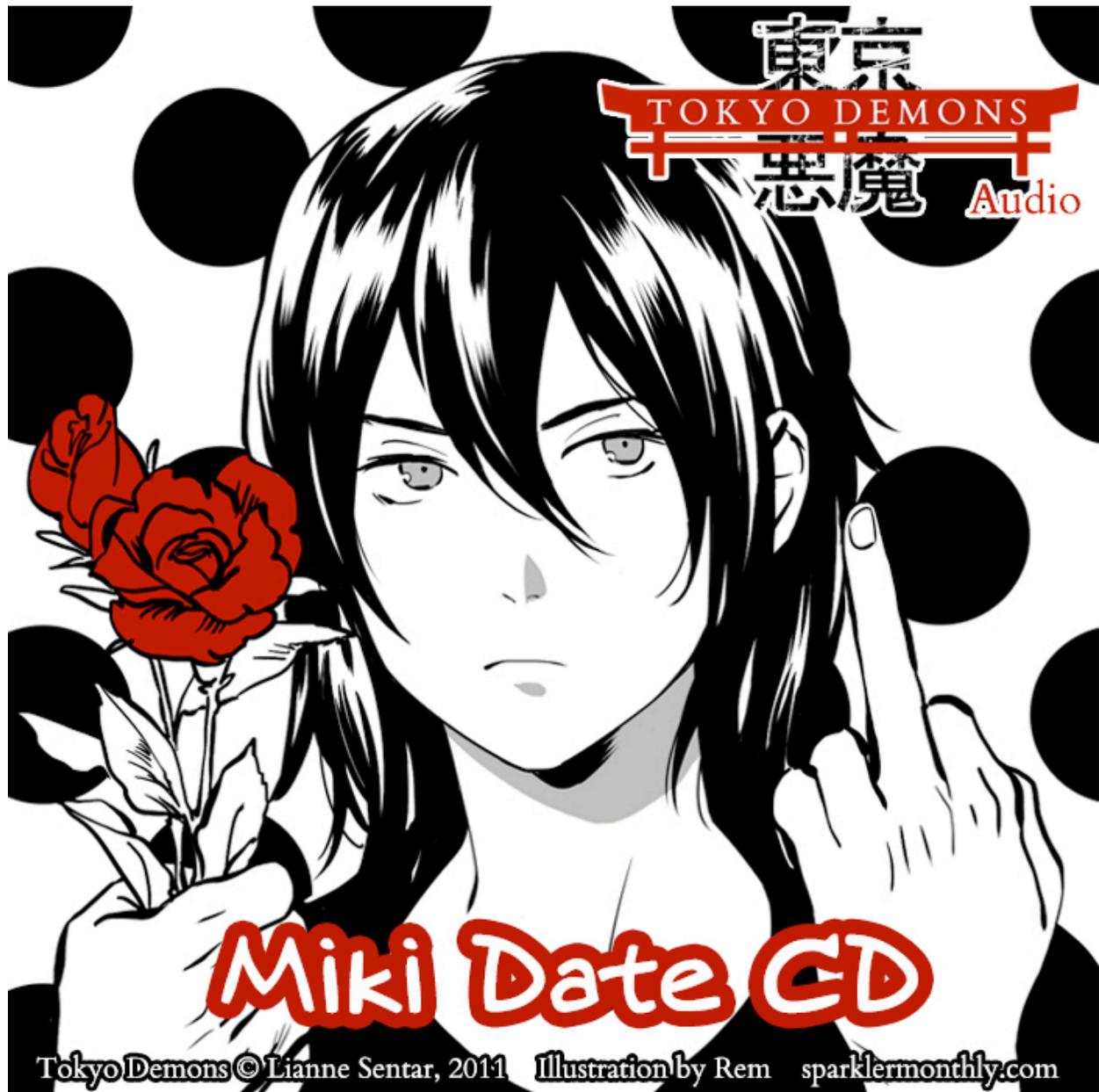
Cast:

Miki: Jennie Fiddes

Special Thanks

Babette Hodis

Adam Ford



[Scene opens on a quiet city street. Listener can hear the sound of talking, outdoors, etc.]

[There's the soft rumble of a car driving up, then an engine stalling; an automatic window rolls down.]

MIKI: There you are! What the hell are you wearing? I almost didn't recognize you.

[pause]

MIKI: Get in.

[pause]

MIKI: What're you so worried about? I've been driving since I was twelve.

[pause]

MIKI: Would you fucking relax? I've got a fake license if the cops ask for it. I'm not an *idiot*. Get in.

[sound of door closing, outdoor noises are now muffled]

MIKI: Can you grab the lighter from the glove compartment? The car one's busted.

[sound of opening and rummaging through compartment; flick of a lighter]

MIKI: (something in his mouth) Mm, right. [breaths out, audible puff of smoke] I'm thinking Pachinko. I know a place. You gamble a lot?

[pause]

MIKI: Eh, they don't care if you're underage if you've got cash. It's one of the few places I can still smoke in this damn city.

[pause]

MIKI: I can cover you for a few rounds. Some dicklick that owed me money finally came through, and the rent's already paid. [pause] The rent on my *apartment*, genius. Y'know that shit costs money, right?

[pause]

MIKI: I've got a dad, but he's a waste of fucking skin. The last time I left bills to him we got our electricity cut off. I just pay for everything myself now. (annoyed) Why the fuck are we even talking about this? Pachinko or not?

[pause]

MIKI: Good. But if you win with my money, drinks are on you.

[sound of muffled car noises]

[fade into sounds of a restaurant]

MIKI (extended syllable, but casual, not excited): Kanpaaai.

[Miki takes a long swig, lets out a breath, glass clinks on the table]

MIKI: *Fuck* yes. [sighs in content] Is it just me, or was it hot as hell in that place? I needed this.

[sound of rummaging on plate, Miki chews]

MIKI (mouth full): The squid isn't bad. Try it.

[pause]

MIKI: Who cares? I like squid with tea. Besides, Oolong goes with everything.

[pause]

MIKI: No, I wouldn't be boozing even if you weren't here. I'm not holding back to impress you or anything. I don't usually drink. And I drove us here.

[pause]

MIKI: Because drinking makes people stupid, okay? I don't fucking *enjoy* feeling stupid. [mutters something, starts chewing again and says with full mouth]: I deal with enough stupidity through the fuckheads in my gang, thanks.

[pause]

MIKI: (suspicious, surprised) What? Who told you that?

[pause]

MIKI (frustrated): The fucking mouth on that asshole. [sigh, pause] Yeah, my dad's a drunk. But he's been a dick a lot longer than he's been an alcoholic. His boozing is just the cherry on that shit sundae.

[pause]

MIKI (a little subdued, yet brush-off): I don't have a mom.

[pause]

MIKI (a little frustrated): Of course I *technically* have a mom, wiseass! She just bailed years ago.

[pause]

MIKI: I dunno. I guess I was eleven? Maybe?

[pause]

MIKI (frustrated): Look, she could barely take care of herself, let alone me. She was more work than help at that point... Things got easier for me *after* she left. At least then I didn't have to sweep the streets looking for... (trails off, then, quieter) Fuck, I *still* do that.

[pause]

MIKI: Huh? Oh. I still...check homeless people. Y'know, bundled up on corners or sleeping on benches or whatever. [pause] I wouldn't be surprised if I found her someday.

[pause]

MIKI (a little frustrated): No, she *lived* with us, but she ran away a lot. Or ended up in some ditch after a really bad trip. I couldn't fucking keep tabs on her--I was in goddamn elementary school!

[pause]

MIKI: [frustrated sigh] She was a fucking junkie, okay? And you can't *help* those assholes! She was so fucking doped up when she was pregnant with me and I... [trails off into a loud grunt]

[sound of Miki chugging, slamming glass on table]

MIKI (angry): Look, the government was *really fucking close* to putting me in foster care, but she and my dad tried to clean up their act or some shit, don't ask me why. We would've all been better off if I'd been tossed in some group home.

[long pause]

MIKI (quieter): Whatever. I just don't like talking about this shit, okay?

[long pause]

MIKI: Goddamn. You never give up, do you?

[pause]

MIKI: Fuck. *Fuck*. Did Soushi tell you that? That son of a... I'm gonna run that fucker down in my car and back up over his corpse.

[pause]

MIKI: [sigh] Yeah. I...I have to stay clean from most shit because I was born addicted to a medicine cabinet. My mom was *at least* on heroin. I'm basically a ticking addiction timebomb.

[scraping of chair]

MIKI: I have to piss. But when I get back, this conversation is fucking *over*, got it?

[footsteps as he walks away]

[ambient bar noises]

[phone vibrates on table with little beep]

[creaking of chair, sound of flipping phone open, another beep]

[Miki returns, scrapes back chair.]

MIKI: Hey. Huh?

[pause]

MIKI: My phone went off? Maybe it was a text...

[opens phone, little beep]

MIKI: ...Oh. [pause] Did you see this?

[pause]

MIKI: Quit lying. You've got a weird look on your face.

[pause]

MIKI: Look, it's just Mitsuko. She knows I'm out with you so she's giving me a hard time. It doesn't mean anything, okay?

[pause]

MIKI: Shit, she texts "what are you wearing" to everyone! That's how she says hello! Has she ever texted *you*?

[pause]

MIKI: Well, she will. And she'll send you something batshit and sexually confusing, I promise.

[pause]

MIKI: What do you mean? If you're hanging out with me, you're gonna be hanging out with her.

[pause]

MIKI: She's not my fucking girlfriend! If she was, I wouldn't be here with you!

[long pause]

MIKI (a little rushed): Wait, that came out wrong. That's not what I mean.

[long pause]

MIKI: (more frustrated, almost apologetic): That's *not* what I mean. You're not my "back-up."

[long pause]

MIKI: I just... I wouldn't do that to you. Like, take you out if I had someone waiting at home. That'd be a dick move, even for me.

[pause]

MIKI: (hesitant) It's...a little early to use the word "serious." But not...casual, I guess. I dunno. This isn't really my thing.

[pause]

MIKI: This. Y'know, *this*. This whole... "going out" fuckery. Not my thing.

[pause]

MIKI (slightly angry): Sure, date, WHATEVER! Fuck if I know! Is it really so fucking important for you to call it that?!

[pause]

MIKI (definitely angry): Fine! Fine, goddammit! [sound of grabbing phone, pushing buttons] Here. [sounding out buttons while pushing] "Leave me the fuck alone, Mitsuko. I'm on a date. DAAAAAATE." [stops pushing buttons] See. Here. Believe me now? [button beep] I sent it. So stop worrying.

[claps phone shut, drops phone to clatter on the table]

[phone beeps]

MIKI: Huh? [unflips phone again, beep]

MIKI: Now she asked what *you're* wearing! She's obviously just bored out of her skull and trying to push my buttons. Ignore her.

[pause]

MIKI: Huh...?

[pause]

MIKI: No. Don't call me that.

[pause]

MIKI: *No*, fuck! Did she type that?! *Fuck!*

MIKI: [growls in frustration] It's just some stupid nickname she gave me in third grade and she *will not let it die*. I hate it. Don't use it.

[pause]

MIKI: Hey, I just said not to use it! Fuck you!

[pause]

MIKI: [sigh] (to himself) "*Mikitchi*." Ugh, it sounds like something you'd call a floofy dog with brain damage.

[pause]

MIKI: Huh? Uh...yeah, at least that long. Mitsuko and I go way back.

[pause]

MIKI: We went to the same elementary school, actually. I was there on some "scholarship for poor fucks" or some bullshit. The place was mostly just an expensive daycare for rich snots.

[pause]

MIKI: Are you kidding? Mitsuko's complete shit at school. No, her rich daddy plunked down a fortune so his precious snowflake could get "the finest education." And what'd she do with it? Skip class to try and help me jimmy drinks out of the soda machines. [sighs] That girl fucking *loves* to break the rules.

[pause]

MIKI: No, it's not that...she just gets off on the *danger*. Like, the thought that she could get caught or hurt or whatever. She loves that shit. She's one of those crazy thrill-seekers. (pause, a little quieter) It gets her, like...hot. (distracted husk enters his voice) Literally.

[pause]

MIKI: Oh, she definitely latched onto me because I was from the wrong side of town. I didn't care, because she was funny and good with her fingers and nothing fucking phased her. And her being a rich brat got us out of a few tight spots. [sighs]

MIKI: And after a while, y'know, we were hanging out even when we weren't stealing or scamming. Her parents got used to me bumming on their couch and eating their food.

[pause]

MIKI: [sigh] We were friends. She was there when my mom left, I was there when she beat her first charge. And then Byakko and the Riot Girls were recruiting in middle school, and she took to that, big surprise, and before I knew it she was running the thing...

[pause]

MIKI: Back then, the Riot Girls were a pretty serious girl gang, but there was bad fallout after one of their leaders died in a motorcycle accident. Mitsuko was pretty new, but charming as hell--she's got this way with girls, they fucking flock to her like she's some sexy older sister sneaking them boys and beer. So she was suddenly in charge, and Takeshi wanted Byakko to have a better relationship with one of the girl gangs, and since I was technically working for him, he asked me to go to her.

[pause]

MIKI: Why did I join Byakko? Well...I was kinda on the fence about it, since I'm not big on teamwork and shit. But then she dove in with the Riot Girls, so I figured I shouldn't be a limp dick.

[pause]

MIKI: Yeah, I guess you could say I did 'cause of her. Why?

[pause]

MIKI (a little frustrated): Look, she's my best friend, all right? Sometimes you do shit like that because it's better to jump off a cliff together, okay?

[pause]

MIKI: (more frustrated) I already said she's not my girlfriend! She's *never* been my girlfriend!

[pause]

MIKI: "Did I ever *ask* her to be?" That's none of your goddamn business!

[pause]

MIKI (frustrated): What the fuck kind of question is that?! [something hits table] Are you seriously sitting here on a date with me and asking if I'm in love with someone else?!

[long pause]

[phone beeps]

MIKI: (quiet, frustrated) The fuck is... [pause]

MIKI: Here, it's her again. She wants me to read it to you! "Sorry if I interrupted your date. I'm just kidding, he's all yours." See?

[phone beeps again]

MIKI: Another one. *For you.* "Have a nice night. And Miki really likes it when people stick a tongue up his"--what the fuck?! [phone claps shut]

MIKI: What the fuck is wrong with her, goddamn!

[pause]

MIKI: Stop laughing--it's not funny! Shit! [pause] Fuck that. Fuck *her*. And fuck you!

[Miki rummages for cigarettes, lights up, takes a long drag.]

MIKI: Fuck. I didn't sign up for this shit.

[Miki smokes, waitstaff comes by.]

WAITSTAFF: Excuse me, sir. There's no smoking in this bar.

MIKI: Are you kidding me? I was smoking here last week.

WAITSTAFF: We've changed our policy. I'm very sorry.

MIKI: Since fucking when?!

WAITSTAFF (more firmly): I'm very sorry.

MIKI: Shit! What else?!

[Miki angrily scrapes back chair and drops money to clatter on the table]

MIKI: C'mon, we're going. I'll be damned if I'm wasting another cigarette. I'll smoke outside.

[pause]

MIKI: I already paid for you. Let's go!

[sounds of leaving restaurant into the outdoors]

[For a long moment, Miki stands quietly on the city street, inhaling and puffing on his cigarette. Cars drive by.]

MIKI: [sighs]

[The phone beeps again.]

MIKI: Ignore it.

[pause]

MIKI: Just forget it--I'm not answering.

[pause]

MIKI: Because I don't feel like talking to Mitsuko right now, okay?

[pause]

MIKI: Because I'm here with you!

[long pause]

[Miki smokes for a few more breaths before dropping his cigarette onto the concrete and grinding it out with his shoe. He audibly rummages for another cigarette.]

MIKI (voice slightly muffled, lips around new cigarette): Let's go somewhere.

[pause]

MIKI: Anywhere. Pick someplace. [lights cigarette, take a long drag]

MIKI (a little quieter): I'll take you wherever you wanna go.

[long pause]

[A cop suddenly calls from nearby.]

COP (from a distance): You! In the blue shirt.

MIKI (quietly): [sighs] Not a *fucking* cop...

COP: This is a no-smoking area. [footsteps near]

MIKI (sourly): I need them. They're prescription.

COP: Spare me the attitude, kid. Put it out.

MIKI: I can't. I'm nursing lung cancer. [takes a drag] I'm trying to drop dead to get out of this conversation.

COP (angrier): I told you to put it out!

[movement as cop pulls it out of his mouth]

MIKI: Hey! What the fuck, pig!

COP: That's a white rubber band on your left wrist, isn't it? Thought that was small enough to go under my radar?

MIKI: I can wear whatever the fuck I want!

COP: You little gangbangers are all the same. Can't keep this place safe with all you juvenile delinquents running around.

MIKI: It's just a goddamn cigarette! I have the right to fuck up my own body.

COP: Not on smoke-free government property. [turns to listener] Hey, you. Are with this guy?

MIKI (interjecting): N-no. We just bumped into each other.

COP: Oh yeah? Show me your left wrist.

MIKI: Back off! I'm the one with the cigarette.

COP: We've got strict anti-gang laws around here. No congregating. [turns to listener, sound of footsteps] Are you deaf? Push up your sleeves!

MIKI: What the fuck is--

[sounds of struggling]

MIKI: The fuck, pig?! Get your goddamn hands off--

[sounds of struggling]

COP: Did you just take a swing at me?

MIKI: This is bullshit!

[sounds of struggling]

COP: Cut that out! Stop it!

MIKI: Get your fucking hands off me!

COP: You little prick! I'm bringing you in.

MIKI: The fuck you are!

[struggling, cop gets angrier]

COP: Don't give me a reason to beat your head in, you little shit! You want me to add resisting arrest to the charge?

MIKI: You fucking...!

COP (to listener): You. If you care where we're locking up this little smartass, come to the station five blocks east of here. We'll be booking him for the next few hours.

MIKI: You son of a...[struggling] *Fucking asshole!*

COP: Save it, pipsqueak.

MIKI: I'm not...AGH! WAIT!

[As Miki is dragged away, there's a clattering noise on the sidewalk.]

MIKI: Shit, my keys! I dropped my... FUCK!

[Miki and cop argue as their voices fade out.]

[Next scene opens at nighttime outside the police station: crickets, buzz of passing cars, etc. Miki's footsteps tap on the stone steps as he exits the station.]

MIKI: Fuck. *Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.*

[pause, then, quieter]

MIKI: Look, I'm...I'm sorry. Thank you for... (mutters in disbelief) I can't fucking believe this.

[pause]

MIKI: No, it's *not* okay. You shouldn't have to use your fucking *Pachinko winnings* as my *bail money*. That goddamn motherfucking piece of shit pig! His daughter probably fucked half of Seiryuu to get his panties jammed so far up his gang-hating ass!

MIKI (indignant): No one drags someone in for smoking a cigarette, and it's not fucking illegal to wear a fucking *rubber band*!

[Miki breathes heavily, angry.]

MIKI: [rubs face] Agh, and I've got fucking priors! I'm not looking forward to that court date...

[pause]

[car keys jingle]

MIKI: (surprised) Oh, shit. Thanks.

[car keys jingles as they're placed in Miki's hand]

MIKI: I didn't wanna mention the car, since it's not mine. (a little sheepish) And I'm underage. And driving without a license.

[pause]

MIKI: Thanks for grabbing my keys. [sighs] Sorry we've gotta walk back.

[footsteps for several seconds]

MIKI: [sighs] Goddamn...I want a cigarette. Do you think they can see me from the station?

[footsteps stop; pause]

MIKI: What? Why are you laughing?

[pause]

MIKI: It's not *funny*. Quit laughing at me! I didn't...nnggh...

[sound of gentle push, little shifting of clothes]

MIKI: Hey...q-quit it.

[shuffling ends, long pause]

[footsteps begin again]

MIKI: Hnn.

[long pause]

MIKI: I'm sorry. For this. [pause] For everything. I'm not... [sighs]

MIKI: I'm not good at this.

[pause]

MIKI: C'mon. This is the worst fucking date in the history of the world.

[pause]

MIKI: [laughs dryly] Yeah, right. This would be hard to top.

[phone beeps]

MIKI: (worn out) Shit. Hang on.

[phone clack and beep]

MIKI: No, it's Mitsuko again. She's wondering about the car.

[pause]

MIKI: Yeah, it's hers. She can't drive it, but her dad bought it as some sort of incentive to clean up her act or something.

[pause]

MIKI: Huh? Hell no, it didn't work.

[phone beeps again]

MIKI: What the hell did she write me now?

[phone clacks and beeps]

[long pause]

[Miki goes very quiet.]

MIKI: ...Nngh.

[pause]

MIKI: Huh? (quiet, dejected) Nothing.

[long pause to sound of footsteps]

MIKI: Look, I...

[pause]

MIKI: I know I've got a problem.

[pause]

MIKI: No, seriously. I'm not usually that stupid around cops. I just... [sighs]

MIKI: When something sets me off, I can't think straight anymore. I get so *angry* that I make the same dumbass mistakes as the worst Byakko dipshits, and I *realize* that while I'm doing it and that only makes me madder, which makes me act stupider and makes everything worse--it's like a positive feedback loop of fuckery.

MIKI: And I don't...I can't...!

[pause]

MIKI: (tired) Huh?

[pause]

MIKI: My *dad*? No, he's not...angry. He's just an asshole. A dismissive, deadbeat drunk who can't keep a job.

[pause]

MIKI: My mom? I told you, she was just a weak-willed junkie. What the hell are you... You think I *inherited* this?

[pause]

MIKI (irritated, growing into desperate anger): I told you, they're not *angry*! They're just...useless! They're pathetic fuck-ups! The only productive thing they ever did was fuck and conceive a baby! Does that piss me off?! Sure! [shifting feet] They thought that donating an egg and sperm meant their lives were back on track, and that I was their magic ticket out of the gutter--when all they did was drag me down into shit with them! And no matter how much I *wish* I didn't care, I still look for my mom and bring money to my dad and I can't...I can't fucking get myself to cut the cord! It's fucking depressing and it's fucking irritating and I fucking *hate them*!

[heavy breathing]

[long pause]

MIKI (quieter): And Byakko...Byakko is never enough. I still go back.

[long pause]

MIKI (a little stronger, frustrated) Are you happy? Is that what you wanted me to say?

[long pause]

[footsteps stop]

MIKI: (confused, a little weak) What are you... Stop it.

[movement, shuffling fabric]

MIKI: (a little stronger) Would you quit it? What the hell is wrong with you?

[movement, shuffling fabric]

MIKI: Are you *getting off* on this?

[long pause]

[footsteps start up again]

MIKI: Heh. You're fucking weird.

[long pause]

[footsteps stop]

MIKI: Wait, there's the car. I should take you home.

[sound of getting in the car, closing the doors]

[inside the car: slight shifting, long silence]

MIKI: Wait. I'm serious. This is weird.

[movement, pause]

MIKI: What? No! Of course I've done this before! You think I'm cherry or some shit?

[pause, movement]

MIKI (a little bewildered): I don't get you. You just had to post my bail. Does that make you hot or something?

[pause, shifting fabric]

MIKI: Mmm...

[shifting fabric heavy breathing]

MIKI (a little breathless): F...fuck, you're weird-- [breaks down into kissing sounds]

[some movement and make-out sounds]

MIKI: Hnn. Mmm...

[movement]

MIKI (breathless) H-hang on. [kissing sounds] Wait. *Wait.*

[shifting]

MIKI (breathless): I'm gonna put down the seat.

[Fade into car engine noises, slowing to a stop at a driveway. Window or door is open, so ambient night sound drifts in.]

MIKI: Here. Sorry it got so late.

[pause]

MIKI: No, don't even! I'm paying you back. I don't care if you won that bail.

[pause]

MIKI: Fuck you. I'll reverse pickpocket you if I have to.

[pause]

MIKI (annoyed): I can pickpocket just fine, asshole!

[phone beeps]

MIKI: Agh, what now?

[phone beep]

[long silence]

MIKI (amused, slightly triumphant): Heh. Hang on.

[texting noises]

MIKI: Huh? Oh. I'm telling Mitsuko what we did in her car.

[phone beeps]

[silence]

MIKI: Maybe that did it.

[phone beeps]

MIKI: Hang on. [phone beeps] "You asshole," she says.

[phone beeps]

MIKI: "You suck. And tell me if you got a tongue up your--" Fuck! [frantic beeping noises]

[movement]

[slight sound as Miki gets kissed]

MIKI: Mm.

[pause]

MIKI: Night. I'll, uh...call you.

[pause]

MIKI: Heh. Sure.

MIKI: I'll make it a text.

End.