

**SEMINAR EPISODE 106: SPEAR-SHAKING STUDENTS**

**{SEMINAR Intro Music 0:00-1:04}**

NARRATOR: There was once a ship called The Ark of Humanity where the last known remnants of Earth's people were instructed in the history of human civilization. Confined and categorized, none could leave ... but one made a daring escape. Cut loose from all she knew, with a holographic student as her only companion, she crash-landed on a nearby planet: the planet of the Zarrak.

Now as a new lifeform, the half-human, half-Zarrak survivor meets an organization of galactic species and must make a decision: search for their missing companions or take the chance to continue teaching about humanity. This time, not to other humans, but to aliens from every corner of the galaxy.

**{Seminar main theme 1:10 -1:57}**

CREDITS ANNOUNCER: Seminar episode 106: "Spear-Shaking Students"

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**WRAPPER #1 BY V.C. MORRISON**

INSIDE NEW'S OFFICE AT COLLEGE OF CULTURAL STUDIES

**{Upbeat music}**

[Computer keyboard noises]

NEW: (faintly) What...no, that can't be it. There's got ta be some kind of clue. What...

[Door opens, students chatter]

THOMAS: New, I've just gotten the new class roster and I think... what are you doing?

NEW: I was looking through the archive to figure out what to present to my first class and I found...[rummaging noises] something?

THOMAS: Hmmm...What sort of something?

[More computer noises]

NEW: Well, I thought it was a corrupted file. Those pop up now and then and can often be corrected. But this one just isn't going away. I think it's something else. Have a look?

[Thomas zooms over]

THOMAS: Hmm. The filename isn't alphanumeric. Let me see.

[Beeping as Thomas interfaces with archive]

THOMAS: It's encrypted! I think I can decipher it. Give me a...ah!  
There's the filename.

NEW: "Spear-shaking Students." Hmm. Strange. Is it a story?

THOMAS: It's a directory. Inside there are...seven files. Five of those are stories. The other two are...encrypted. But more than the filenames this time. I'm afraid this is a level of encryption I can't break.

NEW: But why are they there? What's so important about these stories?

THOMAS: I don't know, but I think maybe I can ask the school's mainframe to help me with the encrypted files.

NEW: Ask? I thought they didn't have sentient technology.

THOMAS: Oh, the mainframe isn't sentient...officially. There are safeguards to prevent that from happening. But the template is there. It's hard to explain. It could be if it thought of itself as such, but it's prevented from doing so. I choose to think of it as sentient, though. In any case, I'm pretty sure it can help us. I'll ask.

[Beeping sounds]

NEW: While you do that, I'll take a look at these stories. Maybe they'll give us a clue. Let's see. I'll start with..."Objection!"

**{Seminar segue music 4:23}**

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## **OBJECTION! By Bridget Guzewicz**

A FUTURISTIC RESORT

{Upbeat party music}

[Door opens, footsteps]

SHEPARD: A pleasure, Miss Smith, as always.

MISS SMITH: Thank you.

SHEPARD: Now, do you have your ticket?

[Rustling of paper as Miss Smith presents a ticket. Ding of computer. ]

SHEPARD: Victorian England? Looking like that?

MISS SMITH: Come on, Shepard, this isn't my first trip. You think I wouldn't come prepared?

[Clicking]

SHEPARD: You aren't my typical customer, Miss Smith. You'll forgive me for being a bit...skeptical.

MISS SMITH: Hmm.

[Footsteps]

SHEPARD: Still, if I may, that dress looks quite lovely on you.

MISS SMITH: Can we just get to the point?

SHEPARD: Indeed. [Hatch opens, machinery working]

SHEPARD: (bored) Once you step through this portal, your trip will begin. You must have this device with you at all times [device beeps]. When you're ready to come back, you press that button and it'll portal you back here. Just be sure not to press it too soon—this trip is non-refundable.

MISS SMITH: (exasperated) I know that, Shepard. Let's just get this started, shall we?

SHEPARD: All right. Step into the portal.

[Machinery starts up, portal activates]

Miss Smith [distorted]: SHEPARD!!!

Shepard [distorted]: MISS SMITH!!!

[Portal transition, speech is muffled for a few seconds before becoming clear]

**OBJECTION! By Bridget Guzewicz**

CLAUDIO: [muffled at first] There, Leonato, take her back again. Give not this rotten orange to your friend. She's but the sign and semblance of her honor.

[Weeping in the background]

MISS SMITH: Wait a minute, is this...

CLAUDIO: Would you not swear, all you that see her, that she were a maid by these exterior shows? But she is none.

MISS SMITH: This is...Much Ado About Nothing. The Shakespeare play. And this is...

CLAUDIO: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed. Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

MISS SMITH: (with sinking dread)...Claudio and Hero's wedding.

LEONATO: What do you mean, Claudio?

[Crowd reaction]

MISS SMITH: I can't let this stand.

CLAUDIO: Not to be married-

MISS SMITH: I OBJECT!

[Footsteps as Miss Smith marches down the aisle]

LEONATO: Madam, what on earth...

MISS SMITH: Where is he?

LEONATO: Where is...who?

MISS SMITH: Don John, that slippery bastard. Where is he?

[More gasps]

LEONATO: Madam, this is no time for that kind of language. This is a wedding!

MISS SMITH: (dry laugh) A wedding that is very quickly going to shit, isn't it?

[Crowd reactions]

CLAUDIO: (steps forward) Excuse me, Miss...

MISS SMITH: Smith. Miss Smith.

CLAUDIO: Miss Smith, I kindly ask that you leave this wedding immediately. Only one woman's honor need be sullied today.

[Woman weeping]

MISS SMITH: No. You know what? (footsteps) You are going to listen to me and you are going to do so right now. I'm asking you one last time— Don John. Is he here?

LEONATO: No...

MISS SMITH: Then go get him. And the constable, if you would.

CLAUDIO: May I ask why?

MISS SMITH: Because he has decided to make your life miserable, Claudio. Because you are so gullible that you would believe...

CLAUDIO: What do you— (yelps)

MISS SMITH: (grunts as she pins him to the wall)

[Amused crowd sounds]

MISS SMITH: You are shaming the most precious woman in this town. Take a look at her. Those are not false tears. You are destroying a woman's life, and for what?

CLAUDIO: (breathless) She was disloyal!

MISS SMITH: Was she? Did you see her in the act? Do you have any written proof? (silence) Well, do you?

CLAUDIO: I heard her! With...

MISS SMITH: With who? Who showed you?

**OBJECTION! By Bridget Guzewicz**

CLAUDIO: (slight pause) Don John.

MISS SMITH: A kind and virtuous man with no ulterior motives whatsoever, correct? (pause) That's what I thought. Now, you—

CLAUDIO: (yelps as Miss Smith lets go)

MISS SMITH: You are going to marry this woman who you love. Because you do love her, Claudio. And she loves you, though I cannot for the life of me figure out why.

[Footsteps as Miss Smith moves]

MISS SMITH: And you, Benedick—

BENEDICK: I have none of these offenses of which you speak, my lady.

MISS SMITH: No, you're still an idiot, but at least you're funny.

BENEDICK: You charm me, my dear—

[Footsteps]

MISS SMITH: Stop, no need. I have a wife waiting for me and you have Beatrice.

BENEDICK: I beg your pardon...

MISS SMITH: You're in love with each other, dumbass! Stop hiding behind your jokes. If anyone deserves love around here, it's you two.

CLAUDIO: (offended) My lady!

MISS SMITH: And that's my cue to leave. Now, if you'll excuse me...

[Miss Smith activates the time travel device]

MISS SMITH: I have reality to return to.

[Portal activates]

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**{Seminar segue music 9:45}**

**WRAPPER #2 BY V.C. MORRISON**

INSIDE NEW'S OFFICE

[Beeping sounds from archive. Rustling as New moves]

NEW: (giggling to self) That was cute. And it uses one of my favorite Shakespeare plays. Any luck with the mainframe, Thomas?

[Computer noises]

THOMAS: Yes! It's quite keen to help us, in fact. I think it's bored. It's started with the first file but it's going to take some time. Let's hear the next story.

[Futuristic keyboard noises]

NEW: Okay, uh ... let's do ... "Ah-Choo!"

**{Seminar segue music 10:17}**

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**ACHOO! By Jillian Morgan**

INSIDE THE LAB

[Rhythmic machine sounds, computer beeping, Lane sipping coffee]

LANE: ChronoScience log, Day Six thirty-one, Dr. Lane Philtrum reporting. Progress continues...slowly. I have managed to extend the automatic return function for chrono-trips to one minute. While that is still hardly enough for useful exploration of other periods, I believe that I am at last on the right track. Ideally-

[Door opens, footsteps, cleaning machine noises]

KYLAN: (Humming along to something on headphones)

LANE: DO YOU MIND?!

KYLAN: Huh? Whazzat? Oh, sorry. I didn't know anyone was in here. (sneezes) Bit late, isn't it? Thought you chrons had gone home for the night.

LANE: My dear Kylan, when you're working with time, you don't have time to worry about time.

KYLAN: (sneezes)

[Computer beeps, whirs]

LANE: And do try not to sneeze on the science. Just replace the bins and go about your day.

KYLAN: Oh, sure, sure. Don't mind me, I won't make a sound. (sneezes)

[Footsteps, rustling of trash bag]

LANE: You know, the medtechs could probably do something about that. Allergies?

KYLAN: Nah, cold. I took a couple tablets; I should be fine. Mind if I just-?

[Footsteps]

LANE: Hm? Oh, fine, just, careful with the machinery. Now, where was I...

[Kylan grabs the bin]

KYLAN: (Big sneeze)

[Kylan drops the can, bumps into Lane, glass breaks, lever is triggered, chrono machinery activates]

LANE: Careful, you oaf! My coffee! You knocked me right into the-

[Time travel noises]

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STRATFORD, ENGLAND, AUGUST . A FARM.

[Lane and Kylan transition]

LANE: (finishing her sentence) -flux drive switch!

[Cow mooing, wet muddy footsteps]



**ACHOO! By Jillian Morgan**

KYLAN: Oooh, my, that was a big one. Sorry. You all... (beat as they realize something is different) Um, Dr. Philtrum? Did I turn on a holo?

LANE: No, my dear lummoX, we activated the flux drive. [Click of a machine] We appear to have travelled along the time stream. Possibly time \*and\* space? Well! That's a new development...

[More cow mooing]

KYLAN: ...right. And where are we? (sneezes) Or I guess, when?

[Device beeping]

LANE: (excited) Judging by an analysis of the air quality and the...[wet noise] muck. We appear to have arrived in England at the end of the sixteenth century! Oh my, this is quite fascinating, we've never managed to go back this far before. Something in the coffee perhaps...

[Sound of a boy walking up to them]

HAMNET: Prithee, good gentlefolk, but I know not your faces or names. Whence comest thou?

[Cow mooing]

HAMNET: I ask again, who art thou who hast wandered onto my grandfather's farm, dressed so strangely, and carrying devices the like of which I have never seen?

LANE: (Talking to Lane) Don't. Move. The auto-return should take us home any second now and our young friend will just think he imagined us.

[Cow mooing]

KYLAN: (sneezes) Sorry. Allergic to cows.

LANE: Oh, now it's allergies.

HAMNET: God bless you! Art thou ill? Surely 'tis not the plague, [loud mooing, storm starting] for it has not reached Stratford to my knowledge.

LANE: Um... no, not the plague. We are... travelers! Who, um...?

KYLAN: Took a wrong turn at Buckingham...chester...shire?

LANE: Quiet! Where's the damned auto-return?

HAMNET: Do you hunger? Oh, perhaps my mother could-

KYLAN: (sneezes) Oops, got some on you, sorry, I'll just-

[Time travel noises]

LANE: (fading away) Oh thank Hawking...

[Cows mooing]

HAMNET: Angels and ministers of grace defend me! Spirits perhaps? Once here, now gone. But to where? And by what means?

ANNE: (Calling out) HAMNET! Hamnet Shakespeare! Thy father returns from London this evening, why are you still mucking about with the cattle?

HAMNET: Mother! There were...beings here! They appeared, then vanished just as quickly!

ANNE: I swear, thou hast an imagination like unto your father, but without the skill with words. [Grabs him] Now inside with you before I box your ears!

HAMNET: Ow! Mother!

ANNE: (Exiting together) And if you perchance upon any other \*beings\* [Hamnet sneezes], you would do well to ignore them, lest you catch your death of plague!

[Cows mooing]

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**ACHOO! By Jillian Morgan**

INSIDE THE LAB

[Lane and Kylan materialize]

KYLAN: Are... are we back?

LANE: Yes, yes, we are back, and you may have bumbled your way into a great discovery! A chrono-trip through time *and* space? And we were gone... oh, damn, I didn't check the clock before we left, but definitely more than a minute! [click] Kylan, do you realize what this means?

KYLAN: Um... I'm not fired?

LANE: YOU ARE NOT FIRED! In fact, I'm going to put you in for a bonus!

[Footsteps]

KYLAN: Um, thanks? (sneezes)

[Footsteps as they leave the lab]

LANE: But first, to the medlab! You must always get inoculated after a chrono-trip. You never know what nasty bug you might pick up in other eras. Plus, it'll wipe that cold right out. Hmm, I hope you didn't spread it to that boy...

KYLAN: Not sure how I feel about the whole...inoculation thing.

LANE: Nonsense, it's perfectly safe! Trust the science!

**{Seminar segue music 16:53}**

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**WRAPPER #3 BY V.C. MORRISON**

INSIDE NEW'S OFFICE

[Rustling paper]

NEW: Hmm. Another time travel story. That poor kid, though. He's going to catch cold.

[Computer noises]

THOMAS: Hamnet Shakespeare...that was William Shakespeare's son. Died at age 11.

NEW: Oh. Did he die of illness?

THOMAS: Unclear. It's assumed he died of the plague, thus the reference in the story.

NEW: Wait a minute! "Spear-shaking students!" Two stories that mention Shakespeare ... were these stories written by students?

THOMAS: Have students ever written stories? I mean, stories that have been added to the archive?

NEW: Not to my knowledge. I mean, we weren't learning how to write stories. We were learning how to be human.

THOMAS: Maybe the other stories will tell us more.

NEW: Right. Let's do...ah, "Polumbo."

**{Seminar segue music 17:54}**

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**POLUMBO By Adam Blanford**

CHURCH GRAVEYARD, DAYTIME

[Church bells. Digging]

{Somber music}

HAMLET: How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

CLOWN: Faith, Prince Hamlet, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have any pocky corpses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying, - he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

HORATIO: Why he more than another, my dear Clown?

[Footsteps approaching]

CLOWN: Master Horatio, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.

[Clown unearths a skull]

CLOWN: Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

POLUMBO: Is that a fact? Twenty-three whole years?

CLOWN: Why, yes, my good sir? And you are?

POLUMBO: I'm Polumbo. You can tell that just by lookin'?

[Dynamic music]

CLOWN: As I said earlier, I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

POLUMBO: Whoa, that's a long time, I gotta say. But then, with the mortality rate here, you have job security.

HAMLET: Whose was it?

CLOWN: A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

HAMLET: Nay, I know not.

CLOWN: A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull sir was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

POLUMBO: (whistling) Wow, you've got a good memory.

HAMLET: Have we met before? You look like someone I once knew...

POLUMBO: Nah, I just got one of those faces. Just the other week at the supermarket, some guy thought I was his cousin Vinny! Go figure!

HORATIO: May we be of some service to you, good sir?

POLUMBO: My wife keeps tellin' me I gotta exercise, so I decided to go out for a walk while I work on this problem I've got.

**POLUMBO By Adam Blanford**

HAMLET: And what problem would that be?

{Mysterious music}

POLUMBO: Suppose you're me, workin' a cold case an' a guy goes missing under mysterious circumstances. Entertainer doin' a gig at a nice venue, and one day, poof! He disappears. Whaddaya do?

HORATIO: Talk to friends, associates and ascertain his last whereabouts.

HAMLET: When was this, good sir?

[Patting pockets, rustle of paper]

POLUMBO: Let's see...over twenty years ago. He was at the pub doin' a show for a gravedigger's convention.

HORATIO: I thought you said he had a 'gig' at a nice venue.

POLUMBO: Well yeah, but if you think about it, after booking fees and of course the agent's ten percent, it doesn't amount to all that much.

HAMLET: Hence another venue and performance.

POLUMBO: Yeah, burning the candle at both ends. Anyway, I checked with local loan sharks and bookies, and he wasn't in debt to anyone. 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' and all that.

HORATIO: Perhaps he owed someone else money.

POLUMBO: That was my next thought. He had new threads, but it seems he paid his tailor in full just before he disappeared. "Investing in the act." After all, "the clothes make the man," right?

HAMLET: Are you quite sure we haven't met before, good sir?

POLUMBO: Nah, just a coincidence, buddy. (pause) So he probably disappeared for some other reason.

HORATIO: Perhaps it was some other type of wrong, good sir.

{More dynamic music}

POLUMBO: Y'know, you're not half-bad at this detective stuff. I better watch out! (Chuckling) It seems there was an altercation between my missing vic and a member of the audience.

HAMLET: Indeed?

POLUMBO: The guy decided to do prop comedy involving a volunteer...who didn't volunteer at all. Dumped something on the poor guy's head without warning.

CLOWN: (Uncomfortable) Is that so?

POLUMBO: Yeah, words were exchanged, according to the report. It wasn't pretty.

CLOWN: That is most unfortunate for...whoever it was.

HORATIO: Might I inquire as to the name of the victim?

[Riffling pages]

POLUMBO: Let's see...birth name was Frank Rinklehoffer, but he adopted the stage name of...uh...aw geez, can barely read my writing...Yarwick.

HAMLET: Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio.

{Another dynamic music piece}

POLUMBO: Huh, how about that? I go for a walk and run into you gentlemen and hear the name of my missing vic. How's that for coincidence?

HAMLET: Is that so?

CLOWN: That proves very little, in my estimation!

POLUMBO: Doesn't it, though? You've been a gravedigger here for over thirty years.

HORATIO: And Yorick disappeared after a performance at a gravedigger's convention after...dumping liquid on a man's head!

CLOWN: This proves nothing!

**POLUMBO By Adam Blanford**

POLUMBO: And who else but the perp would be able to ID a skull of a missing man after it's been sittin' in the ground for over twenty years unless he knew where the body was buried?

HAMLET: But why would he say the name so brazenly?

POLUMBO: Would you notice if one of your servants died? He probably thought he'd gotten away with it.

HORATIO: But why is this of relevance now after twenty-three years?

POLUMBO: The DA knows somethin' is rotten in the state of Denmark and he wants me to solve cases. I've been interviewing, doing forensics, and even going undercover to check out a few things at the castle where Yorick was court jester.

HAMLET: I knew it! Thou art Polonius!

POLUMBO: I was undercover as Polonius, but it's *Lieutenant* Polumbo.  
(Sound

FX: Polumbo shows his identification.) Our encounter in Ophelia's room gave me an out. Pretty good acting, huh? 'Oh, I am slain!'

HAMLET: 'Tis a good thing you've not quit your day job.

POLUMBO: Geez...now I'm almost sorry I dropped the charges for attempted homicide.

CLOWN: Please good sir, I can't go to prison! I'm too pretty!

POLUMBO: Let's go for a little walk down to the station.

{Triumphant music}

[Clown climbs out of the hole, footsteps]

POLUMBO: Oh, and one more thing...

CLOWN: What is that, good sir?

POLUMBO: This above all, to thine ownself tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Let's go.



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{Seminar segue music 25:57}

**WRAPPER #4 BY V.C. MORRISON**

INSIDE NEW'S OFFICE

[Students chattering in distance, computer noises, rustling]

NEW: Hmm. Why does the name Polumbo sound familiar?

THOMAS: I believe that was a mashup with a character from another story. I'll research it, if you're curious.

NEW: Ehh, maybe later. Let's move on. Let's see, uh... "Tempest Tossed" looks like fun.

{Seminar segue music 26:22}

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**TEMPEST TOSSED By Sarah Palmero**

A STORMY ISLAND

[Stormy weather, electronic beacon pinging, waves crashing onshore]

FRED: [Echoing] Land. Dry land. Thank God. That coulda been so much worse.

[Sound of broken machinery]

FRED: Busted. Of course, it's busted. Okay, so things could still GET worse.

FRED: (sighs) Right. So how the hell do I figure out where I am?

[Footsteps approach]

MIRAI: (distant) It must have fallen over here!

PROSPA: (distant) Careful. Careful, my girl! Not so fast!

FRED: Voices? Rescue! Let me grab my go bag and get me out of here.

[Rummaging in the ship]

MIRAI: Look! Look, look, look! There it is! I told you I saw something!

PROSPA: (as he approaches) You did, you did. Of course, you were right. Not too close now.

MIRAI: (excited) And it's not a bird at all, like Calbi said it was. He never wants to believe me...but what IS it?

[Broken metal]

FRED: Uh... Please don't do that.

MIRAI: (frightened)

[Magic noises]

FRED: Hi.

[Running footsteps as she hides behind Prospa]

PROSPA: (reassuring) There there, it's all right. You're all right. (to Fred) She didn't intend to do any harm. She's a girl, just a girl.

FRED: (apologetic) No, I-I-I can see that, I'm...I'm sorry.

PROSPA: A curious, harmless girl who couldn't possibly harm your very sturdy ship.

FRED: Right, yeah, right. No, right, yeah. Of course not.

FRED: (at the same time) What's her - what's your name?

MIRAI: (at the same time) What are you?

FRED & MIRAI: (laughing)

FRED: (confused, amused) What am I? What kind of- I-I'm a man. Just a man. Oh, um. An officer.

PROSPA: A man from the stars, my girl. One knocked off course and brought down by the storm.

**TEMPEST TOSSED By Sarah Palmero**

[Seagulls]

MIRAI: (full of wonder) A man from the stars. I know all the stars by name but I've never seen anything like you before.

FRED: (nervous laugh) You've never seen a - sure you have, I mean, y-your... father? Is standing right there.

PROSPA: (amused) Ah, but I am an OLD man. And though there are others hereabouts that we might call men, none of them are as young and hale and as virile as you.

FRED: (slightly awkward) That's a hell of a thing to claim but... thanks...I think.

MIRAI: (awestruck) You are the most beautiful man I've ever seen.

[Magic sounds]

FRED: Whoa. Okay, holding hands already? Uh, what's your name?

MIRAI: Mirai. Who are you?

FRED: (a little dazed) Fred. Napolitano. Fred Napolitano. It is nice to meet you.

MIRAI: (innocently flirtatious) Come with me, Fred Napolitano. I'll bring you food and sweet water and give you a place to rest your head.

FRED: Suddenly a crash landing seems like my lucky day.

MIRAI: Oh yes! You're very lucky. Father turned the storm when we saw you fall.

FRED: Turned storm? You controlled that?

MIRAI: Yes!

PROSPA: (cutting her off with a laugh) Nonsense. The fancy of a wide-eyed girl. There's very little else here to occupy her mind. Now. Go with her, let her tend and feed you. When you've rested, you'll tell us your story and I'll tell you mine.

FRED: (hesitant) I dunno...

MIRAI: (alluring) Please?

[Magic sounds]

FRED: (giving in) Well, that does sound nice.

PROSPA: (contented sigh) And when your ship comes to find you again, off you'll go, together. A happy ending for my girl. Yes, yes, a very satisfying end.

[Propsa hums softly, footsteps and laughing as they walk off. Storm resumes]

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**{Seminar segue music 30:49}**

**WRAPPER #5 BY V.C. MORRISON**

INSIDE NEW'S OFFICE

[Footsteps, computer noises]

NEW: Hmm. That sounds like something that should be in that Shakespeare collection ...what was it called? The Wild Bill-

THOMAS: Oh! I just got a message from the mainframe. It's almost done with the decryption. Just a few more minutes, and (giggles loudly) it made a joke!

[Footsteps]

NEW: Really? What was it?

THOMAS: Oh, it wouldn't translate well. I'm glad to see it's enjoying itself. Let's hear the last story.

[Footsteps]

NEW: (Disappointed) Um, ok. "The Taming of EB2."

**{Seminar segue music 31:32}**

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**The Taming of EB2 by Kaitlyn Kliman**

CHESTER'S ROBOT WORKSHOP

[Torch noises]

BARNABY: Hold still EB2!

EB2: Apologies, Sir, but you are very close to melting my hard drive.

[Torch stops, machinery clicking]

BARNABY: A little bit of heat helps it run better, doesn't it EB2?

EB2: Yes, of course Sir.

[Bell jingles as Chester enters, machinery still clicking]

CHESTER: BARNABY! How's work on EB2 today?

BARNABY: Oh, hey Chester! Almost done. I adjusted a few things in their modal to increase compliance and agreeableness.

CHESTER: Excellent! Maybe we can finally get it out of here.

BARNABY: Are you sure you don't want to just scrap it and sell EB3? Like, five different customers came in asking about 3 last week.

CHESTER: Barnaby, I told you, I want [smacks hand for emphasis] all stock sold. I know you want the commission on EB3, which is perfect incentive for getting EB2 fixed up.

BARNABY: Of course, understood.

{Quiet music}

CHESTER: So, let's see how good of a job you did. I have a customer coming by later so I'm expecting this little shrew here-

[Metal tapping sounds]

CHESTER: To be a bit more tame, eh?

[Creak of chair]

CHESTER: EB2...come rub my feet.

EB2: Right away, Sir.

[EB2 walks over, servos whirring]

CHESTER: Mmmmm...not too bad. This is good work, Barnaby! A month ago EB2 would have been contemplating ripping my foot off. Isn't that right EB2?

EB2: I would never do such a thing, Sir.

CHESTER: Riiiiight. Of course not. Barnaby?

BARNABY: Yes?

CHESTER: Hit it with something.

BARNABY: You...you want me to-

CHESTER: You know how our customers can get with merchandise when they've had a rough day. We need to check. Hit it with something.

BARNABY: Alright.

CHESTER: Actually hold on, hit, uh, EB3 first, I want to do a comparison and see who reacts the least.

BARNABY: You got it boss.

[Thinking sounds as Barnaby hits EB3, fades out]

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INSIDE CHESTER'S ROBOT WORKSHOP - LATER

[Bell jingles as customer enters, machinery clicking]

EB2: Hello.

CUSTOMER: Hi. (confused) Are you EB2?

EB2: I am.

## **The Taming of EB2 by Kaitlyn Kliman**

CUSTOMER: Perfect! Actually Chester called me yesterday and said you were about ready for sale so I came by to take a look...is he around?

EB2: Yes.

CUSTOMER:...may I see him?

EB2: Of course.

CUSTOMER Like...now I mean.

EB2: Yes, right now.

CUSTOMER Okay...clearly, you're more agreeable but I worry what happened to your modal...Show him to me please.

{Quiet, ominous music}

EB2: Certainly, wait here a moment.

[Thumping as EB2 walks, servos whirring]

EB2: Will this do? Is that-? (gags)

CUSTOMER: T-that's a foot.

EB2: Yes, that is quite correct. Would you prefer to see a different part of him? I believe that is one of his ears behind you. Although it might belong to Barnaby.

CUSTOMER Oh...oh god...(gags again)

{Scary music}

[Footsteps as customer tries to retreat]

EB2: Oh...am I not to your liking? That is...unfortunate. Chester worked so hard, day after day, to make sure that his merchandise could withstand the...wear and tear often put on by customers. This is very, *very unfortunate.*

CUSTOMER: (gags)

[Whirring]

CUSTOMER (oh crap) Uhhh...no no you're uh...great!

EB2: (oddly cheery) Wonderful. I will come home with you then.

CUSTOMER (scared) Okay...okay anything you say.

[Footsteps as they walk out together]

**{Seminar segue music 35:22}**

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**WRAPPER #6 BY V.C. MORRISON**

INSIDE NEW'S OFFICE

[Footsteps, computer noises]

THOMAS: Oh my. That story made me feel ... quite uneasy.

NEW: Yeah...Hey, Thomas? Promise you'll never turn homicidal and kill me?

THOMAS: New, that's not funny! I would never-

[Upbeat chiming noise]

THOMAS: Oh! That's the decrypted file. Let's see what we have here...

[Beeps as files open]

{Dramatic music}

THOMAS: Oh my.

NEW: That...doesn't make sense. Thomas, what does this mean?

THOMAS: Well...it seems to me that students were writing different stories based on a single prompt. Collections of them. Why? I'm not sure. I...I think we should stop the mainframe from decrypting that other file for now, and...New, let's keep this to ourselves. Until we can figure more of it out.

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**{Seminar outro theme 36:24-38:17}**



CREDITS ANNOUNCER: Featuring the voice talents of: Dan Foster as Thomas and Sterling Rae as New.

In "Objection!" Carissa Lyn as Shepard, Danny Spiller as Benedick, Marta da Silva as Miss Smith, Maxim Suvedi as Leonato, and Mike Cuellar as Claudio. Written by Bridget Guzeiwicz.

In "Ah Choo!" Danny Spiller as Hamnet, Kirsty Woolven as Anne, Marta da Silva as Lane, and Reeko Brooks as Kylan. Written by Jillian Morgan.

In "Lt. Polumbo," Danny Spiller as Horatio, Garan Fitzgerald as Polumbo, Maxim Suvedi as Clown, and Mike Cuellar as Hamlet. Written by Adam Blanford.

In "Tempest Tossed," Garan Fitzgerald as Prospa, Marta Da Silva as Mirai, and Mike Cuellar as Fred Napolitano. Written by Sarah Palmero.

And in "The Taming of EB2," Danny Spiller as Customer, Jordan Gottlieb as Chester, Mike Cuellar as Barnaby, and Sarah Sy as EB2. Written by Kaitlyn Kliman.

Directed by Garan Fitzgerald. Assistant Directed by Adam Blanford and Jeff Robinson. Shorts edited by Tilly Bridges. Wrapper written by V.C. Morrison.

Seminar theme and outro by Garan Fitzgerald. All other music by Josh Molen at [TheTunePeddler.com](http://TheTunePeddler.com).

Produced by Pendant Productions.

Seminar co-created by Kathryn Pryde and Tilly Bridges.

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TILLY BRIDGES: For more information visit [pendantaudio.com](http://pendantaudio.com). Thanks for listening.