{Intro theme in background 00:00-00:47}

NARRATOR: The last known remnants of Earth's people are adrift in space, aboard the Ark of Humanity. Its sole purpose: to instruct each generation 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. This planet holds the sleeping archive of a culture even more ancient and unique than Earth. And the planet itself may change them more than they expect. This…is Seminar…

{Seminar Main Theme 00:48-1:21}

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SEMINAR #91: "A Time to Tear and a Time to Sew"

WRAPPER #1 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, HALLWAYS

[Footsteps as Alice runs away and Alex follows]

ALICE: (Pants from exertion)

ALEX: Stop running from me, Alice, you're only making it harder!

ALICE: (Pants, whimpers)

[Alice stumbles and trips]

ALICE: Ow… dammit…

[Alice limps away]

ALEX: I see you!

ALICE: (cries out)

[Alex's footsteps]

[Alex slams her into the wall]

ALICE: (cries out)

ALEX: (growling) You had to go and make it difficult. You couldn't just listen to me!

ALICE: (in pain, but trying to be brave) Alex… you are out of control… This isn't who you want to be -

ALEX: (angrily) I WANTED TO BE YOUR FAMILY! You… you ruined that. Zerash ruined it, putting your head in the stars instead of focusing on what was in front of you!

ALICE: You are my family… but people aren't supposed to do this to their family!

[Alice hits Alex, scrambles away from him]

ALEX: (groans) Come back here!

ALICE: (labored, pained breathing)

[Alice slams door shut]

[Thumping as Alex pounds on door]

[Alice gasps]

ALEX: [muffled, outside door] You can't keep me out, Alice! I'll tear down this whole building and everything inside it!

ALICE: (trying to recover)

ZERASH: [over comm system] (stutters) Alice… this Zerash… is damaged. Cannot a-a-assist.

ALICE: Oh, thank god, Zerash… Can you hear me?

ZERASH: [over comm system] (stutters) Auditory sensors damaged. Commands… difficult to distinguish…

ALICE: Keep Alex distracted, I need to find a way out…

ALEX: [muffled, outside door] That damned AI is back!?! YOU BIG ASSHOLE!

ZERASH: [over comm system] (voice uneven) Retrieving file… "You Big Asshole."

{SEMINAR Segue Music 3:24}

YOU BIG ASSHOLE by D. X. Blink

REMOTE AUTOMATED MINE

{Electronic music with sense of urgency}

[Truck pulls up and Cal gets out]

[Crunch of footsteps on gravel]

CAL:(sighs) Damn it. Why…(small grunt as he picks
up the toolbox) Why do I keep taking these jobs?

[Rumbling noise from aftershock]

CAL: (yelps)

[Cal drops the toolbox (some tools fall out) and hurls himself
against the side of the truck, gripping it tightly even after the
shaking stops.

CAL: (takes a couple shaky breaths to try to calm down) (beat) Nope.
Nope nope nope.

[Beep as Cal calls Rossi]

ROSSI: [over phone] (irritated) Yes, Cal? The job is done, I assume?

CAL: (doing his best to sound normal but there is still a slight
nervous wobble to his voice) Ah, no, Mr. Rossi. I just got to the
mine.

ROSSI: And?

CAL: It looks like the outbuildings were damaged in the quake. The
main network tower is probably out, and that's why – (nervously
clears throat) -- why your bots aren't working.

ROSSI: [over phone] I didn't hire you to bore me with details, I
hired you to fix my damn mine.

CAL: Yes sir, but uhh ... has somebody been out to do a seismic
survey yet? The aftershocks are still --

ROSSI:[over phone] (annoyed) It's always something with you people,
isn't it? Any little excuse to get out of real work.

CAL: It's just that regulations --

ROSSI: [over phone] Ohhhh, regulations. Sure, sure. You want to wait for a survey,
fine.

CAL: Great, because --

ROSSI: [over phone]There's dozens of contract workers who'd love to take your spot.

CAL: (sigh) Mr. Rossi --

ROSSI: [over phone] And in the time it takes to get one of *them* to the mine, I can charge you *by the minute* for my lost profits. (twisting the knife) You think your bank account has enough zeroes for *that* bill?

CAL: (deep breath in, deep breath out) I'll get it done.

ROSSI: [over phone] (fake cheerfulness) Fantastic! (back to being a jerk) Now get your ass off the damn phone and do your fucking job.

[Beep as Rossi hangs up]

CAL: (noise of frustration) (beat) Ha.

[Beep as Gray boots up]

GRAY: [slightly distorted electronic voice] Gray Therapeutic Assistant booting up. One moment please. [electronic tones] Please identify user.

CAL: It's me, Gray.

GRAY: Good afternoon, Cal. How can I assist you today?

CAL: I'm at a job site and I uh. I need you to talk me through the shaking.

GRAY: You are in a seismically active area?

CAL: *Yes*. The epicenter was – okay, that doesn't matter. But it was a biggie, so the aftershocks are still going.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE by D. X. Blink

GRAY: Reminder: this is not an optimal working condition for you, Cal. Have you requested a different job site?

CAL: Not an option today.

GRAY: Acknowledged. Shall we start with some short meditation?

CAL: I don't really have time for that. I just want to get the job done and get the hell out of here.

GRAY: I understand. What is your first task?

CAL: Well, I guess that would be picking up all the tools I dropped when I screamed like a little girl.

GRAY: Reminder: negative self-talk does not help you, Cal.

CAL: Yeah, yeah.

[Crunch of gravel as Cal walks around picking up tools]

GRAY: On a scale of 1 to 10, how would you rate your current stress level?

CAL: As long as it's not shaking, I'd say...I dunno, a 5?

GRAY: How would you rate your stress level during an aftershock?

CAL: A goddamn eleven, Gray. You know that. (gasps)

GRAY: My sensors did not detect any seismic motion.

CAL: I know, I know. The wind knocked something over and it just sounded like-forget it.

GRAY: I do not delete any records of our interactions.

CAL: Okay, so...the network tower is on a roof, uh, just one story up. Gotta climb a ladder. The far edge of the building is buckled so… little help?

GRAY: Is the ladder attached to the side of the building?

CAL: Yeah.

GRAY: Then maintaining a firm grip on it should help you stay safe.

{Electronic music starts}

[Metallic clanks as Cal ascends ladder]

CAL: Right. One limb at a time.

GRAY: Reminder: You can do this, Cal.

CAL: I can do this. (beat) Okay. I'm on the roof. (beat) And there's no shelter up here.

GRAY: Conversely, there is nothing above you that might fall.

CAL: Except this busted-ass tower. Let's get this over with.

[Click as Cal pulls out diagnostic device]

[Electronic beep from device]

CAL: (tense, but relieved) Okay, just some loose connections in this console here. Nothing I can't patch up. I shouldn't have to go into the mine itself.

GRAY: Would you like me to provide small talk while you work?

[Metallic creak as Cal works on panel]

CAL: Uhh...no thanks. Gotta focus.

[Rumble of aftershocks]

CAL: (gasps)

GRAY: Reminder: don't hold your breath, Cal.

CAL: (sighs) Right. Breathing. Very important.

GRAY: In one two three four, out one two three four.

CAL:(breathes in, out)

GRAY: Correctly done.

CAL: Hooray, I've mastered something that's supposed to be an autonomous body function.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE by D. X. Blink

[Metallic clicks as Cal works on panel]

GRAY: Reminder: negative self-talk does not help you, Cal.

CAL: (mocking Gray) ...Does not help me.

GRAY: This includes sarcasm.

CAL: (sighs) Was...was that the last one? Did I get it?

[Affirmative electronic beeps]

CAL: How crap are they making towers these days, anyway? A few minutes with a screwdriver and the bots are all coming back online. Phew, okay. I got this. I don't have to go into the --

[Negative electronic beep]

CAL: No. Uh-uh. Don't tell me...(frustrated noise)

[Clicks as Cal types)

GRAY: Please put your feelings into words.

CAL: There's one. Just *one goddamn bot* in that hellhole of a mine that's not coming back up.

GRAY: Does your task require all of the autonomous mining robots to be online?

CAL: Well...my job is to get the mine *running*. Says here all the other bots are returning to their normal tasks so, uh...Technically that's running, right?

GRAY: I am not familiar with robotic mining operations. This may be a question for your supervisor.

CAL: (groan) Right, right.

[Phone beep as Cal calls Rossi]

ROSSI: [over phone] You'd had better have good news for me.

CAL: The network tower is back up, Mr. Rossi. The panel shows your bots are back at work.

ROSSI: [over phone] (Cheerful) Great! Outstanding! No major damage to the mine itself, right? All my little robots humming away?

CAL: (reluctant) Well, uh. Mostly, sir.

ROSSI: [over phone] Care to rephrase that?

CAL: The status panel shows that one of the bots isn't coming back online. But all the other ones are going right back to their tasks! The mine is running!

ROSSI: [over phone] (angrily) I don't know why I keep hiring idiots like you. You do half the job and tell me it's done.

CAL: It's just one bot!

ROSSI: [over phone] You think I'm throwing money away over-staffing my mines? This operation needs twelve bots and it has twelve bots. Not eleven, *twelve*. Get in there and fix it.

CAL: Into the *mine*.

ROSSI: [over phone] Don't start crying about seismic surveys again. I'm done with your excuses.

CAL:(giving up, dejected) Right. Of course. I'll...I'll go underground and find the bot.

ROSSI: [over phone] Stop fooling around, then.

[Beep as Rossi hangs up]

CAL: (sighs)

GRAY: Reminder: You can do this, Cal.

CAL: No, I damn well can't, but I have to. (sighs) I'm going back down the ladder now.

{Music starts again}

[Metallic clanks as Cal descends ladder]

GRAY: Maintain a firm grip for your safety.

CAL: Rather be gripping Rossi's damn neck.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE by D. X. Blink

GRAY: Is entering the mine going to increase your stress level significantly?

CAL: *Yes!*

[Crunch of gravel as Cal reaches the ground and approaches mine]

GRAY: Why do you think that is?

CAL: Because it's underground. You know, the ground doing all the shaking?

GRAY: All mines in this area are reinforced to strict seismic codes. You are safer in there than in many above-ground buildings.

CAL: I *know* that!

[Footsteps increase speed]

GRAY: What specifically are you afraid will happen in this mine?

CAL: I don't- I just- (sighs) I'm ... worried that a major aftershock will hit when I'm in there. And that I won't be able to get to safety. That it could collapse. (beat) Aren't you supposed to be *helping*?

GRAY: As I said, the chances of a mine collapse are extremely small. [Metallic whirs]

GRAY: Your mind is focusing on the worst possible event no matter how unlikely it could be. You should recognize this, and focus on the much more likely scenario: that the mine will not collapse. It has survived the main seismic event intact. Did the status panel show any broken internal infrastructure?

CAL: (trying to believe) It didn't, no.

GRAY: Perhaps focusing on your knowledge of the structural requirements will be useful.

CAL: (under his breath) It never is.

[Industrial whirring, clanking]

CAL: According to the map, the broken bot is...ah. That's...that's pretty far in.

GRAY: And the tunnel is intact all the way to its position, correct?

CAL: Yeah.

GRAY: Take a deep breath, please.

CAL:(breathes deeply)

GRAY: Reminder: You can do this, Cal.

CAL:(unconvinced) I can ... I can do this.

[Footsteps as Cal enters mine]

{SEMINAR Segue Music 11:28}

*****

WRAPPER #2 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, ROOM

{Playback music slows down}

ZERASH: [over comm system] Playback suspended... Insufficient power...

[Metallic sounds as Alice pries hatch open]

ALICE: It's okay, Zerash… He didn't hear the hatch open. I hope…

[Soft thunks as Alice climbs through air ducts]

ALICE: (to herself) This should lead… back to the south comm tower… No idea what I'm going to do there, but… there has to be some way to get out.

[Metallic thunk]

ALEX: (grabbing for her) There you are!

ALICE: (Screams)

ALEX: Stop running, Alice! The sooner you stop, the sooner we can get out of here and this abomination can burn!

ALICE: No, no, no, no!

[Crash as Alice falls out of air duct to the ground]

ALICE: (Coughs) What… is this place? (after a second) Is that a ship?

[Distant thud]

ALICE: (fearful) What am I going to do? This… this shouldn't have happened… What if… what if I die here? What if he gets to Thomas? What if - No… Mm-mm. I can't… I can't think like that.

[Footsteps as Alice limps to console]

ALICE: Zerash, can you hear me?

ZERASH: [over comm system] Affirmative.

ALICE: Pipe the rest of the story through every part of the comm system. Drown Alex out. I'm going to the south tower to see if I can get the shielding back up.

ZERASH: As you wish, Alice.

[Beep as Alice deactivates console]

ALICE: Just like Cal, right? I can do this. (to herself) I can do this.

{SEMINAR Segue Music 13:19}

YOU BIG ASSHOLE, PART TWO by D.X. Blink

{Electronic music}

[Beeps]

CAL: At least the rail carts are still working.

[Whirring noises]

GRAY: The functioning rail cart system is proof that this mine is well-built.

CAL: Not everything is engineering. Some of it is just dumb luck.

GRAY: It may help you to focus more on your assigned work task. What are you required to do?

CAL: Ride this damn noisy cart into the bowels of the earth, find the mining bot that's slacking off, and hit it with a hammer till it gets back to work.

GRAY: When this task is complete, will you be able to leave the seismically active area?

CAL: I won't let the gas pedal off the floor until this slice of hell is wiped off my rear-view mirror.

GRAY: You should not compromise your safety, Cal. [Distortion as Gray cuts out] -- not a healthy response – [distortion] comply with --

CAL: Gray? Hello?

GRAY: -- reminder --

CAL: (frightened now) Come on, come on! You can't leave me in here! Well this is...this is great. I'm at the bottom of a damn hole and my only lifeline's got no signal.

[Shaky footsteps]

CAL: (to himself) Focus, Cal. What would Gray tell you now? (beat) Breathe. Right. (to himself, quickly) In one two three four. (quick, shaky breath in) Out –

[Small rumble]

CAL: (yelps) Okay, forget the breathing, just find the bot and get out.

[Footsteps in mine]

CAL:(to himself) Left, then left, then right. Of course you had to fail at the end of a new seam.

[Footsteps]

CAL: (reciting to himself) Left, then left, then right. Left, then left, then right. Here's the left. Talk to yourself, because Gray's not here.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE, PART TWO by D.X. Blink

[Faster footsteps]

CAL: Left, then right. There's the mandatory shake shelter. Go there if something happens, Cal. Don't run to the mine supports because your stupid brain thinks it's a doorway. Doorways aren't that safe. Here's the second left.

CAL: (to himself) Reminder: negative self-talk does not help you, Cal. Ugh, that sounds even more condescending when *I* say it. Here's the right.

[Footsteps increase]

CAL: *There* you are. Just gotta fix you and run out of here like my ass is on fire. Let's see here ...

[Metallic squeal as Cal opens mining bot's panel]

CAL: Quick diagnostic...what the hell? Engine is fine, treads are fine, CPU is fine…Ohhhh. It's just your *antenna*. You didn't boot because you didn't hear the command. (breathes in) Where's the nearest replacement...probably back at the shake shelter. (beat) No way in hell I'm walking there and all the way back to fix you.

[Clicks as Cal pokes buttons]

CAL: Voice...command...on.

[Beeps]

MINING BOT: [electronic voice] Initializing.

CAL: Well? (groans)

MINING BOT: Voice command system 5.8.

CAL: Hurry it up, you big asshole!

MINING BOT: Name parameter input accepted. This unit now responds to: "You Big Asshole".

CAL: (laughs nervously) Sure. Screw it. Whatever. Come on, Asshole. Follow.

MINING BOT: Command accepted: follow.

[Rumbling as bot moves]

CAL: Hurry *up*, Asshole. I gotta get out of here.

MINING BOT: Command accepted: increase speed.

[Bot increases speed]

CAL: I don't suppose you can remind me to breathe.

MINING BOT: Invalid command.

CAL: Yeah, didn't think so. Well at least I'm not talking to *myself* anymore. Why are your treads so damn *loud*? Can't hear if ... if something starts.

MINING BOT: This unit's treads are operating within normal parameters.

CAL: At least *one* of us isn't a complete wreck.

MINING BOT: Query: Is operator injured?

CAL: Not on the outside, at least.

MINING BOT: Query: Contact emergency services?

CAL: Noooo, no, no. Hell no. I can't afford *that* taken out of my paycheck. Just gotta put a new antenna on you and get back to where Gray can hear me. (realizing Asshole is falling behind) Come on, come on! Do I need to hold your hand??

MINING BOT: Invalid command.

CAL: *Hurry. Up.*

MINING BOT: Command accepted: increase speed.

CAL: They didn't give you much of an AI, did they.

MINING BOT: This unit is running Excavo DigOS version 17.6.

CAL: *This* unit is running broken human wetware version 1. (chuckles) I could really use an update. Maybe a few patches.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE, PART TWO by D.X. Blink

MINING BOT: Query: Is operator experiencing difficulty with operations?

CAL: *Yes*. (sighs) Great, even the big rolling shovel can tell I'm useless. Look, here's the shelter. You wait here, I'll go find a new antenna for you.

MINING BOT: Command accepted: Hold position.

[Rumbling as bot stops]

[Crunch of gravel, thunk of metal as Cal enters shelter]

CAL: (breathes deeply) Reminder: you're supposedly safe in here, Cal. It's a damn *shake* shelter. So stop freaking out.

[Rummaging noises]

CAL: (muttering) At least the spare parts fairy did her job. Now ... back *out* of the one safe area.

[Footsteps as Cal leaves shelter]

CAL: All right, Asshole, cut the power to your antenna so I can put the new one on without getting zapped.

MINING BOT: Command accepted: Disconnect power from command antenna.

CAL: The end is in sight. Just a little surgery. Then I can leave. Could really use Gray's small talk about now.

MINING BOT: Invalid command.

CAL: Such a charmer. (grunts) [Metallic sounds as Cal replaces antenna]
Been cut off down here since your antenna broke, haven't you? No input until I turned on voice commands. All ... all alone. At the bottom. With the shaking.*You* didn't lose your damn mind.

MINING BOT: This unit's CPU is operating within normal parameters.

CAL: (quietly angry at himself) Lucky you. I lost contact with a silly talking box and I'm falling apart.

MINING BOT: Query: Is operator injured?

CAL: You already asked that.

MINING BOT: This unit is programmed to respond to operator injury or death.

CAL: You just...*had* to say it. (beat) There you go, You Big Asshole. Power up that antenna and get to work.

MINING BOT: Command accepted: Connect power to command antenna.

[Affirmative bee]

CAL: It's working, right? You're getting commands from the tower?

MINING BOT: This unit's command antenna is operating within normal parameters.

CAL: (relieved) Great. Now shoo.

[Crunch of gravel as Cal moves to lift]

CAL: (under his breath) Gotta get out. Just keep going. Back to the mine cart. You can breathe when Gray's there to tell you how.

[Rumble]

CAL: (yelps) No.

[More rumbling]

CAL: (hysterical shriek, then: softly) Please stop please stop please stop

[Rumbling stops]

CAL: (hyperventilates) You ... you ... *idiot*. The shelter was *right there*!You screamed and ran the wrong way. Just like you knew you would. Get up. Get up get *up.* Get to the cart and get *out.*

[Crunch of footsteps]

[Rumble]

CAL: (gasps) I can't. (sobs)

[Rumble as You Big Asshole approaches]

YOU BIG ASSHOLE, PART TWO by D.X. Blink

MINING BOT: Query: Is operator injured?

CAL: (sobs) No...not injured. Just...*broken.*

MINING BOT: Query: Does operator require assistance?

CAL: I need to get out. But I, I, I *can't.*

MINING BOT: Command accepted: assist operator to mine entrance. Query: Are operator's legs injured?

CAL: I *told* you I'm not -- I mean – (breathes deeply) My legs aren't injured. I can stand up.

[Cal stands]

MINING BOT: This unit has located the nearest mining cart capable of carrying human passengers. Follow this unit.

[Mechanical rumble as You Big Asshole moves]

[You Big Asshole stops]

MINING BOT: Increase speed. Increase speed.

CAL: I'm *trying*.

MINING BOT: Query: Do I need to hold your hand?

CAL: What did you – I said that, didn't I? *Yes*. You need to hold my hand.

MINING BOT: Lowering left manipulator arm. Insert hand between grabber claws.

CAL: (laughs shakily) Well Cal, you've officially lost what was left of your dignity.

MINING BOT: Proceeding to mining cart.

[Mechanical tread noises, footsteps]

MINING BOT: Query: Is operator capable of speaking?

CAL: Operator is capable of speaking, okay?...I thought you weren't

programmed for small talk?

MINING BOT: This unit is running Excavo DigOS version 17.6.

CAL: So you said. I should read the manual someti – (breathes sharply)

MINING BOT: Increase speed.

CAL: I'm increasing it, I'm increasing it.

[Mechanical movements stop]

MINING BOT: This unit has reached the nearest mining cart capable of carrying human passengers. Query: Does operator need assistance to board?

CAL: I...I think you already gave me the assistance.

MINING BOT: Query: This unit's task is completed satisfactorily?

CAL: (sighs) Yes, You Big Asshole. Thanks.

MINING BOT: Approval recorded.

CAL: Take care of that antenna, okay? I don't wanna come back here.

MINING BOT: This unit will attempt to comply. Operator can access mine network nodes if further assistance is needed.

[Beep from lift]

CAL: Goodbye to you, too.

[Lift hums as it lifts]

CAL: Breathe. In one two three four. Out … (breathes out) I'm almost there.

[Electronic beeps as Gray boots back up]

GRAY: Gray Therapeutic Assistant booting up. One moment please.

CAL: God, I almost forgot what you sound like.

GRAY: Please identify user.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE, PART TWO by D.X. Blink

CAL: Same as always.

GRAY: Good afternoon, Cal. My records show that an unexpected disconnection occurred during our previous session. Are you all right?

CAL: Oh, I just completely lost my mind in the depths of this hellhole, that's all.

GRAY: Reminder: negative self-talk does not help you, Cal. You need to be kind to yourself.

CAL: A goddamn *mining robot* walked me out of there, Gray. Holding my hand, like I'm two years old.

GRAY: It is good to have assistance.

[Humming stops]

[Footsteps]

CAL: If I were a functioning human being I wouldn't need two AIs just to do my job.

GRAY: Please give me a moment while I process.

CAL: (startled) Huh? Give *you* a moment?

GRAY: It seems that you are very upset with yourself right now. Why is that?

CAL: I *told* you, an aftershock hit and I completely *freaked out*.

[Industrial whirs as Cal reaches surface]

GRAY: Why does that make you upset?

CAL: Because ... because ... look, what kind of crappy AI are you if you gotta ask me things like that?

GRAY: It is within the normal functioning of the human body to exhibit a stress response. It is also within the normal functioning of the human mind to require assistance during a stress response.

CAL: A *mining bot held my hand*, Gray.

GRAY: Automated mining robots are not programmed with therapeutic responses. It was simply reacting to, shall we say, a malfunctioning operator. As you were reacting to a malfunctioning robot when you entered the mine in the first place.

CAL: (breathes in, breathes out)

GRAY: Correctly done. And without my guidance, I should note.

CAL: Most people can breathe without help.
GRAY: Most mining robots can perform their function without human intervention. I have accessed the records of the automated mine in which you have been working, Cal.

CAL: You can do that?

GRAY: The unit you somewhat colorfully renamed recorded that it sustained damage to its antenna, followed operator directives, received a new antenna, started to return to its previous tasks, then overrode those tasks because it detected an operator in need of assistance.

CAL: That's...more or less what happened from Asshole's point of view, I guess. It doesn't know a broken leg from a broken mind.

[Clatter as Cal puts toolbox in truck]

GRAY: It's not designed to diagnose, just to help. This is so far within the normal bounds of its operation that it has specific logging codes for it. EC285-A: Located operator needing assistance. EC329-V: Operator able to walk with assistance. TC-108: Operator guidance complete.

CAL: "Needing assistance" is a nice way to say "huddled in a ball crying."

GRAY: Needing assistance is needing assistance. The only one judging you for what kind of assistance you needed is *you*. Reminder: You need to be kind to yourself, Cal.

CAL: You keep saying that.

GRAY: It is a reminder for a reason. You can't let an automated mining robot with a simple AI show you more kindness than you show yourself.

YOU BIG ASSHOLE, PART TWO by D.X. Blink

CAL: I...(groans) Screw it. I'm done with the job, it's time for me to get the hell out of here.

GRAY: Agreed. Do you need me to talk you through the drive?

CAL: No, I got this. I can't feel the little ones while I'm driving.

{Electronic music}

GRAY: I'll power down now, then. Be well. Reminder: assistance is always here when you need it.

[Beeps as Gray powers down]

CAL: Thanks, asshole.

{SEMINAR Segue Music 25:52}

WRAPPER #3 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, SOUTH TOWER

[Wind noises]

ALICE: (breathes shakily) That's…a lot of Zarrak…(whimpers) How…am I going to do this?

[Rummaging noises as Alice works on panel]

ALICE: These wires are melted together… I… have no idea how to fix this. Not even close. Zerash? (voice breaks, near tears) Zerash, can you hear me? Oh, great… (cries) This wasn't supposed to be me. I never wanted to leave the classroom, much less the ship. Why did I think I could do all of this? I'm going to die alone here because I'm so stupid…

[Static over comm system]

THOMAS: [Over comm system] Alice? Can you hear me? Please, Alice, answer me!

ALICE: (surprised, relieved) Thomas! I can hear you!

THOMAS: Oh, that's a relief. I'm in the main hall. I'm afraid Alex might be on his way back here. I don't know, but there was all this thudding and -

ALICE: I know, Thomas, and I'm trying to help. The access panel on the south tower's solar units is damaged. I don't know how to get the power back up and running again.

THOMAS: Oh. Okay… (thinks for a moment) Okay. Okay, I think I have an idea. I'll help.

ALICE: (deep breath, sighs) Thank you, Thomas.

THOMAS: Of course, Alice. Of course.

ALICE: I promise I will do everything I can to help Alex. I just… I'm running out of things to say to him.

THOMAS: I'm sure you'll figure it out. I know you will. (pauses) That's what family does.

ALICE: (guiltily) Yeah… that's what family does.

{SEMINAR Theme music 27:43}

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CREDITS ANNOUNCER: Featuring the voice talents of Kathryn Pryde as Alice, Dan Foster as Alex and Thomas, and Aiden Rudd as Zerash.

In "You Big Asshole," Joshua Zediker was Cal, Preston Hardin was Mining Bot, Dahlia Johnson was Gray and Adam Blanford was Rossi. The story was written by D. X. Blink.

This episode was directed by VC Morrison. The wrapper script and story were written by Kathryn Pryde, and the shorts and wrapper were edited by Jeffrey Bridges. Episode music and Seminar theme were written by VC Morrison, produced by Pendant Productions.

Seminar co-created by Kathryn Pryde and Jeffrey Bridges. This production is copyright 2019, Pendant Productions.

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{Trailer music at 28:52}

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: Next, on an all-new Seminar…

{Urgent Music}

WOMAN: August 18th, 8:30pm St. Constantine's Church, Saratoga Springs, New York. Researchers Doctors Doctors Meghan Gareth and Giuseppe Bianchi, Archaeological Biology, Columbia University. No assistant or grad students.

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: There are ancient stories that should be left buried…

MAN: The priest was overseeing renovations to this two hundred year-old church, work crew discovered a hidden room, small-town P.D. doesn't have the resources to deal with it, state troopers aren't interested because the body is so clearly old-

WOMAN: Joe!
MAN: So we dragged two hard-working scientists away from their research to

MAN #2: Look out!

[Crash]

WOMAN: Holy shit!

MAN: What the hell is that behind the wall?

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: And there are new territories that should be traversed carefully…

WOMAN #2: (unintelligible)

[Electronic beep]

COMPUTER VOICE: ML1C3 Meaglops one companion three at your service.

WOMAN #2: Oh yes, you are, aren't you?

ML1C3: Am I correct in assuming that your end goal is to remove your loneliness?

WOMAN #2: That's an odd way of putting it, but I guess?

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: For even actions borne of good intentions can lead to unexpected consequences

WOMAN #3: The plague was killing people by the dozens. People demanded an answer. A solution. Doctors couldn't help. Priests couldn't help. So desperate those in power turned to an older method.

WOMAN #2: Do you have, uh, defense protocols?

ML1C3: (stutters) Defense protocols.

[Whirring]

WOMAN #2: Hey, what-

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: Explore the terrors of the old and the new with stories written by Patrick Reagan and Jeffrey Bridges. Coming April 29, 2020, only at pendantaudio.com.