

{SEMINAR Segue Music 00:00-00:33}

SEMINAR #82:"The Telemetry of Deception"

WRAPPER #1 by Kathryn Pryde

BYZANTIUM, OUTER MEDITATION CHAMBER

[Quiet, save for the occasional beep of a console or native critters that scurry through the temple]

[Servo noises as Thomas enters the room]

[Footsteps as Alice walks up behind him]

ALICE: I thought I'd find you here.

THOMAS: Alice! I thought you were resting. I wanted to ask you. What's it like to dream? To sleep? I turn off, or go into standby mode. Processes still run, but nothing requiring artificial cognition.

ALICE: (sighs) Well... it's hard to explain. Have you asked Alex about this? I imagine he's probably started to dream and would probably love the opportunity to tell you about it.

THOMAS: I did ask him yesterday, but...he seems even more brusque than usual. And he doesn't like to talk to me about our differences.

ALICE: Any idea why not?

THOMAS: While I admit I still have a lot to learn, I think I have begun to grasp certain aspects of human behavior. But, the things I can't experience, I'm curious about. And since my personality matrix - which was the basis for his - is modeled after humans...I thought Alex would help me understand humans. But, I think doesn't want to have to explain it. He seems to think I'm slow to learn.

ALICE: Well, I have noticed that he doesn't seem to have the same perspective you do about "lessons." You're both very different now.

THOMAS: I know we are. It is very strange. But, maybe if you tell me what it's like to dream, I can help Alex understand.

ALICE: All right. Sure. But, you have to know...it's different for everyone. Some people dream more or less vividly, they feel things differently. I can tell you what it's like for me, but I don't know how Alex might feel at all.

THOMAS: I will keep that in mind.

[Footsteps as Alex approaches]

ALICE: Well, for me... I spend a lot of time dreaming of the people I left behind. I remember Three, but not as I last saw him. I remember him back when we were all students. Sometimes, I have nightmares about that first Instructor. She was so serene, but so cold. And I was always scared to fail. But now... (Sighs) I think I'm lonely, more than anything.

THOMAS: How could you be lonely? You have me, you have Zerash, and you have Alex...

ALICE: I know, and that's nice. But, I was surrounded by people all my life. I was used to classes of at least a dozen other students. And I just- I shared a lot with those people.

ALEX: (darkly) Right, because we haven't been around that long.

ALICE: (startles when she hears him) Alex, I'm starting to think you like sneaking up on me.

ALEX: Maybe you just never notice I'm around because you're too used to thinking you can turn me on and off. Like Thomas.

ALICE: I know we had a bit of a rough transition period, but I don't see you the same as Thomas. And I don't see you as less. I just miss meeting new people.

ALEX: You think you need to meet new people, but you barely know me and you don't know if you can trust anyone else, Alice.

THOMAS: Why would you say that? You were the one who came all the way out here to find Alice, and she has been nothing but understanding-

ALICE: No, it's okay, Thomas. I'd like to hear what he has to say. (firmly) Explain to me why you think you know me so well, Alex.

ALEX: Thomas, find a file for me. Play "Covert Rendezvous."

Covert Rendezvous by Jair Kornegay

RECON LAB

[Distant telephones]

[Computer beeping in the background]

[Footsteps]

GRAMMAR: Agent Dash, Alpha group has gone offline. We need eyes on that squad in the next 10 minutes.

DASH: What happens when our time is up?

GRAMMAR: We'll be forced to scrap the project. (ominously) And all its personnel.

DASH: Understood, sir.

GRAMMAR: We cannot risk sensitive intel getting into the wrong hands. Initiate contact with Agent M and guide him into the locked-down facility. I'll be monitoring communications. (pauses) Find my soldiers.

[Footsteps marching away]

[Frantic typing]

[Click of radio, static]

{Active music}

DASH: Agent M? This is Agent Dash, radioing from HQ.

AGENT M: [over radio] (playfully) Nice to have a wing-woman on my side.

DASH: Pleasure is all mine.

AGENT M: [over radio] Situation report?

DASH: The squad you've been shadowing is in trouble. Communication with the team ceased two minutes ago. You have ten minutes to confirm their location and status.

AGENT M: [over radio] Is Agent Oxford manning this crew?

[Keyboard clicks]

DASH: Mmmm-hmmm...Seems he's leading Alpha group on this operation, yes.

AGENT M: Another day, another guns-blazing fight with enemy combatants. A man after my own heart.

[Over radio: Steps on cement roof]

DASH: We have no information suggesting a-

AGENT M: [over radio] Trust me. If Oxford was there, there was a gun fight. (suggestively) And I'm not talking about his biceps.

DASH: Reminder you're not on a...private...channel.

AGENT M: [over radio] Could you handle that? You know I don't like Grammar breathing down my neck when I'm on mission.

[Static as Grammar enters the conversation]

GRAMMAR: [over radio] This is Grammar, actual. I'll be here whether you want me to be or-

[Click; Grammar's transmission cuts off]

DASH: Flying incognito. (concerned) Our readings show you've passed the filtration entrance on the ceiling.

AGENT M: [over radio] Alpha team used this fan to enter the building, right? I'm exploring other options.

DASH: Hoping to avoid whatever caused them trouble. Smart.

AGENT M: [over radio] Helps when I have my own computer genius leading the way.

DASH: (chuckles) Stop.

AGENT M: [over radio] So, what other methods of entry would you recommend?

[Keyboard typing]

Covert Rendezvous by Jair Kornegay

DASH: There's a side vent on the far end of the building. Nixed it as a possible strategy for Alpha but you might actually be small enough to fit inside.

AGENT M: [over radio] Size of the fight in the dog, Dash. And we both know I'm a biter.

DASH: So is a pomeranian. And let's slow it down and save that talk for later, shall we?

[Over radio: Agent M's portable screwdriver; clink of metal]

DASH: And could you be any louder?

AGENT M: [over radio] I've done this a hundred times.

DASH: And you're dangerously close to your life expectancy as a field agent. Dial back the ego.

AGENT M: [over radio] Can we get back to the mild flirting?

DASH: Deflection. For a spy you really need to switch up tactics at this point.

AGENT M: [over radio] (quietly) I'm in the vents.

DASH: (awkwardly) When I ask for a change-up you just don't pitch at all, huh.

[Over radio: click of flashlight]

AGENT M: [over radio] This metal labyrinth seems pretty ordinary from here.

DASH: (excited) Well, hold onto your flashlight, Theseus, because this just got a whole lot more complicated.

AGENT M: [over radio] Why do you sound happy?

[Clink of metal as Agent M moves through the vents]

DASH: Simply appreciating karma's work.

AGENT M: [over radio] Right. (sarcastically) So, what am I dealing with, darling?

DASH: (chuckles)Lasers, invisible to the naked eye, located every 15 meters in the vent system.

AGENT M: [over radio] I HATE lasers.

DASH: (laughing) I know. Hold on.

[Keyboard clicks]

DASH: I've just upgraded your agency wristwatch to scramble the lasers within an 8 meter radius. Should be smooth sailing from here.

AGENT M: [over radio] You're a wizard, D.

DASH: Only on my best days. Straight another ten meters and then take a right. So what's the deal with you and Oxford?

AGENT M: [over radio] Jealousy doesn't sound good on you, babe.

DASH: Who said anything about jealousy? I was the one who recommended the open relationship. Don't twist this.

AGENT M: [over radio] You're right.

DASH: But Oxford, though? Really? I mean he's- (pauses) Left in 5 meters. -He's *Oxford*.

AGENT M: [over radio] He's good in bed.

DASH: Right. And right. As in turn. But we're talking about Oxford. Self-absorbed. Probably has a fake accent. That guy. The toys you could easily replace him with would probably have better personalities.

AGENT M: [over radio] Easily replaceable where?

DASH: I'm just saying anyone but him. Hell, Grammar would be preferable.

AGENT M: [over radio] You're taking this much too far.

DASH: I get it. But I also don't. It's fine. Whatever.

AGENT M: [over radio] Dammit!

Covert Rendezvous by Jair Kornegay

DASH: What?! What's happening?

AGENT M: [over radio] My sleeve is stuck on something.

DASH: Then try to wiggle it free and move on. We don't have a lot of time left.

AGENT M: [over radio] Give me a second.

[Over radio: Knocking on tin followed by a loud crash]

DASH: M? What was that?

[Footsteps as Grammar approaches]

GRAMMAR: Agent Dash! Why is my radio silent?

DASH: (to Grammar) I need a moment, sir. (pauses) Agent M?

AGENT M: [over radio] I'm fine. It looks like I landed in an equipment room. (then) Is that Grammar?

DASH: Yes it is, Agent.

AGENT M: [over radio] Keep him off my line, please.

[Fast typing followed by static]

DASH: Sir, there appears to be a malfunction with your receiver. I can't restore your connection with Agent M.

GRAMMAR: (scowling) ...I'll be back with a replacement.

[Fast typing followed by the static stopping]

DASH: Chicken has flown the coop.

AGENT M: [over radio] Hopefully this gives us some more time, too.

DASH: It doesn't look like we'll need it. You're not far from a possible enemy HQ.

AGENT M: [over radio] Understood. Any entrances that won't attract attention? Preferably allowing a vantage point?

DASH: Nothing but the vents if-

AGENT M: [over radio] I'll just try the front door.

DASH: I would strongly advise against any-

[Over radio: Door opening]

AGENT M: [over radio] Entering suspected HQ. I see bodies, presumably deceased...bullets. There was a definite shootout.

DASH: Alpha group?

AGENT M: [over radio] On the floor.

DASH: Have you spotted Oxford?

AGENT M: [over radio] Negative. Wait...there's movement.

[Over radio: Hushed mumbling]

AGENT M: [over radio] Oxford spotted. He's using a radio.

DASH: M...it's not us on the other side of that talkie.

AGENT M: [over radio] I'm going to engage.

DASH: M, don't rush in. M!

AGENT M: [over radio] Oxford. What happened to your men?

OXFORD: [over radio] Agent M! Pleasure as always. We ran into a bit of a megalomaniacal prick. Nothing I couldn't handle.

DASH: Oxford's turned his comm back on. He's definitely hiding something.

AGENT M: [over radio] Oxford. I see that. So do you have a plan or...?

OXFORD: [over radio] Right. I'm looking for a data drive. You didn't happen to run into one, did you?

AGENT M: [over radio] No I did not.

Covert Rendezvous by Jair Kornegay

OXFORD: [over radio] Maybe it's on the floor, then. Check by the bodies.

[Scraping sound of bodies being moved as M and Oxford search]

AGENT M: [over radio] This seems a bit cold.

OXFORD: [over radio] Like you've never had to rifle around dead men before.

AGENT M: [over radio] These are your men, though.

OXFORD: [over radio] And they served rather valiantly. Medals for the lot of them.

AGENT M: [over radio] Wait, I think I found it!

[Over radio: Explosion]

OXFORD: YUP THAT'LL DO!

DASH: M, why did I just hear an explosion?

AGENT M: [over radio] (to Dash) That wasn't me, Dash! (to Oxford) Tell me that wasn't you?

OXFORD: [over radio] I'd be happy to lie, Love. I mean what better way to avoid an unnecessarily dangerous chase scenario then distracting the bad guys with one big kablooeey!

DASH: Oh, Christ. He said "kablooeey."

AGENT M: [over radio] Hold on, Dash, I sort of agree with the man.

DASH: Of course you do. (sarcastically) It's genius.

OXFORD: [over radio] (enthusiastically) It's genius.

[Over radio: Explosion]

DASH: Tell me that was planned.

AGENT M: [over radio] Oxford, was that explosion also a part of the plan?

OXFORD: [over radio] I may have unexpectedly set of a chain reaction.

DASH: Wow.

OXFORD: [over radio] BUT, I'm sure it's-

[Over radio: Another explosion]

DASH: Explosions, people!

AGENT M: [over radio] What's our exit strategy, Dash?

DASH: Lost causes. Both of you.(then) Door to your right. Leads straight outside and onto the road. Let's hope the guards were distracted by "kablooey."

[Over radio: Door opening]

AGENT M: [over radio] My motorcycle is just over there. You're gonna have to ride on the back.

OXFORD: [over radio] Nice role reversal.

AGENT M: [over radio] Dash could you scrap that comment from the logs, please.

OXFORD: [over radio] Hold on. Before we motor off, I'm going to need the USB.

[Over radio: Engine revving]

AGENT M: [over radio] Let's worry about it once we get to base. We're in a hot situation right now, if you haven't noticed.

OXFORD: [over radio] I would feel a great deal more secure if I had it.

AGENT M: [over radio] Do we have time for this?

OXFORD: [over radio] Why don't you...c'mon...I...(American accent) Aw, forget it.

[Oxford cocks the hammer on his pistol]

OXFORD: [over radio] Just hand over the drive, M.

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AGENT M: [over radio] You traitorous asshole.

DASH: I knew it!

OXFORD: [over radio] Look. I like you, M. Just hand over the intel and I'll be on my way.

AGENT M: [over radio] The fake accent was convincing.

DASH: To who?!

AGENT M: [over radio] Shut up, Dash.

OXFORD: [over radio] Tell Dash I said hello. Now, give me the data.

AGENT M: [over radio] I don't have it. Lost it inside.

DASH: [over radio] Keep him talking for me.

AGENT M: [over radio] Right.

OXFORD: What are you two talking about?

[Fast typing]

DASH: I'm going to overload his comm's computer.

OXFORD: [over radio] We both know I'm more of a shoot first, ignore questions later guy so I'm really extending you a courtesy, here. What are you two planning?

AGENT M: [over radio] We're just running scenarios on the many ways to kick your ass.

OXFORD: [over radio] Why do you have to be so DIIIIIIIIIIISFX

[Over radio: Electricity crackling as Oxford stutters and falls to the ground]

DASH: (smugly) Oxford neutralized.

AGENT M: [over radio] Level with me. Have you had his comm rigged like this the whole time?

DASH: Custom built. I told you I didn't trust him.

AGENT M: [over radio] And you decided to remotely taze him *now*? Before he spills all his secrets?

DASH: His real voice was even more annoying than his phony British accent. The thought of Oxford indulging his ego and giving a tell-all monologue...in that voice...we'll just have to do some extra spy work.

GRAMMAR: [over radio] Alright, I'm back online. What do you have to report Agen-

[Static]

GRAMMAR: [from the next room] Why won't this thing work?!

DASH: (jokingly) Agent M, disregard my earlier comments about Grammar being preferable.

{SEMINAR Segue tone 14:54}

WRAPPER #2 by Kathryn Pryde

BYZANTIUM, OUTER MEDITATION CHAMBER

ALEX: I admit that there's a lot I'm still learning about being organic. But, one thing I have begun to understand... is that you are trusting. But, only to a point. And it tends to be out of a first impression, which could be completely wrong.

ALICE: That anecdote is a little farcical, don't you think?

ALEX: Not at all. I think it speaks volumes. You keep looking past the people you already have, Alice, and you'll only find betrayal. And if you don't appreciate the people you have, you might lose their trust.

ALICE: (unsettled) I think...um, I think I'm going to take a walk. Alone. (hesitates)...We'll talk later, Alex...

[Footsteps as Alice leaves]

THOMAS: Why would you do that? We trust Alice, and she trusts us. Maybe you need a diagnostic, because you are not thinking logically.

ALEX: That's just it, Thomas. I'm not the machine. You are. Feelings don't work logically. And I'm finally starting to come to grips with that...

THOMAS: You should be nice to her. You should talk to her about what you're experiencing.

ALEX: We don't always get what we want. And I...I know what I want... I want... (changes his mind and the subject) It doesn't matter. What matters is that Alice is with us. Find another tale in your databanks. "Hunger for Yesteryear."

{SEMINAR Segue tone 16:31}

Hunger for Yesteryear by Jair Kornegay

OFFICE - DAY

[Typing]

[Door opening and closing]

PAM: (sarcastically) Another great day at Batch and Co.!

JANET: Always.

PAM: I'm working all fucking week and I'm over it. Is dropping everything and starting a farm still an option?

JANET: You're better off starving outside the building. At the least you might get someone's unwanted mystery meat.

{Ominous piano music}

PAM: Don't think anyone's giving away free meals right now, mystery or not. Rough quarter. What are you working on?

JANET: A big marketing proposal that I am totally unprepared for.

PAM: On...

JANET: Our super-charged athleisure wear.

PAM: Our what?

JANET: Exactly.

PAM: So you're submitting a proposal for products we don't even have in development. Should I even be surprised anymore?

JANET: You know, when you say it like that...

PAM: You're welcome.

JANET: Oh, you got me all wrong. I mean it proves why the company needs my foresight on tapping underdeveloped consumer groups. If you got out of the stone age-

PAM: -"Our bottom-line would benefit," I know. You realize the department heard your enlightened perspective the first twenty times you pitched funky ideas?

JANET: BUT, our new creative director has not, and he's primed to spend a ridiculous amount appealing to the same old demographics that are eroding our long-term value.

PAM: Did you expect the shady change in leadership-R.I.P. Bill-to actually come with a change in policy?

JANET: I had hoped, yeah.

PAM: You're such a tired optimist.

JANET: I prefer hungry visionary.

PAM: Seems like you're the only one here with any hopes of changing things. Here's to Janet, swallowing the bourgeoisie. (skeptically) So what's the presentation looking like? I'm guessing something along the lines of "We're Corporate Dinosaurs Waiting for Our Proverbial Meteor: A Marketing Proposal by Janet the Psychic."

JANET: Bet your overtime pay it'll flop, then.

PAM: Can't bet the criminally nonexistent but, hey, that's what our protests are for, right? I will toss some push-ups in the mix, though. Do you really think this proposal is worth the effort?

JANET: It's not like the board is going to throw anything else protest-worthy our way.

Hunger for Yesteryear by Jair Kornegay

PAM: Knock on wood.

[Knocking on wood]

JANET: Either way, the stakes are higher now. We have no choice but to come up with something special or...

PAM: We could end up like Jeffrey. If he had listened to us he might still be-

JANET: Exactly.

PAM: You were a lot more fun when we were interns.

JANET: And now we're working just to survive, forced by the brass to attend purposely exhausting protests every work break else we forfeit that which we should be guaranteed. So are you down to help?

PAM: (sighs) You're lucky I love you.

JANET (laughing) Lucky might not be the word I would use.

PAM: So what do you need?

JANET: I am desperately searching for anything I can learn about our elusive new director.

PAM: And you need a solid opener to crack her armor?

JANET: Pleasant surprise. Just something to get under *her* skin, yeah?

PAM: I'm on it. I know you so well.

[Footsteps walking away, pauses]

PAM: (wishfully sarcastic) Dinner and drinks at Foster's and Lamb? You're buying, obviously.

JANET: (playfully) Don't overdo it this time!

PAM: I'll only get the chicken. And one of their Moscow mules. I'm in need of a drink. And some rest.

JANET: Plus all the appetizers on the menu, I'm assuming?

PAM: It looks like you know me well, too. (deflated) Gosh, I miss when we could actually go and get real food. These protein packs are getting old. The fantasy of the real thing is almost preferable. Don't you miss meat?

JANET: You'd be surprised what tastes good when you're starving.

PAM: (chuckles) I bet. Look, I gotta get to this protest. If I'm late again they won't take my attendance and I can kiss my overtime pay goodbye. "Forfeiting that which should be guaranteed" and all. You know the drill. Wish me luck.

[Door opening]

[Protesting in background]

PAM: And don't think I haven't noticed you missing during meals. You might want to head to the lunch break protest today, Janet.

[Footsteps as Pam leaves]

[Click of keyboard as Janet types]

JANET: (exhaling) Speaking of meals...

[Door knocking]

[Door opens; protests heard in background]

ARNOLD: Janet, you almost finished on that proposal? We have a lot riding on this one.

JANET: We?

ARNOLD: Don't forget that I got you this meeting.

JANET: Um, after I saved your ass in the last one?

[Protests grow momentarily louder]

ARNOLD: Yeah, no. Not how I remember it. Actually, don't tell me how far you've gotten on this presentation because I don't want to be stressed when we go on our protest break.

JANET: (laughing) There's a reason I chose you, Arnold!

Hunger for Yesteryear by Jair Kornegay

ARNOLD: Chose me for what? And I'm guessing my good looks.

JANET: Sure. It's benefits today, right? For the protest, I mean.

ARNOLD: No. It's food.

JANET: I'm positive it's benefits. Pam just left and she's protesting her weekend work hours.

ARNOLD: Dammit. Did management double-up again?

JANET: (disappointed) Wait, you might actually be right. The quarterly losses mean double protests for the first week of the following quarter.

ARNOLD: And with that, these evil dickheads are forcing us to choose yet again what we want more. What protest are you leaning towards?

JANET: Why are you asking me?

ARNOLD: Um, knowing where you live, you're in just as foul a spot as me. Are you going toxin treatments or meal cards?

JANET: Not quite concerned for food at the moment. I have other plans.

ARNOLD: What other plans? You know what happened when Ben went on his hunger strike.

JANET: I'm aware. It left a bad taste in everyone's mouth. Especially mine. Look, I have medical bills I need to take care of. I have to prioritize.

ARNOLD: Well what are the chances something really shitty happens to me this week? Like I get hit by a bus or mauled by a man-eater.

JANET: Knowing your luck? High.

ARNOLD: Whatevs. C'mon, come to the lunch protest with me. I'm tired of missing out on meals.

JANET: Ehh...

ARNOLD: You owe me.

JANET: (aggressively) I know you're set on food but you might want to think about possible bodily harm more seriously.

ARNOLD: Enough joking around. Are you coming or not?

[Chair rolling and stops]

{Eerie music}

JANET: I've discovered a way to focus entirely on benefits so...I'll be going to the protest that aligns with my concerns.

ARNOLD: Again, what are you going to do about food? It's not like you have anything else to eat. Right?

[Footsteps as Janet approaches door, closes it]

JANET: Actually, Arnold...I do. Shitty dude happens to be my favorite.

[Slow footsteps]

ARNOLD: (anxious) What are you doing? (panicking) Stop it. Janet. What are you doing?! No. Noooo!!

{Eerie music stops abruptly}

ARNOLD: (laughing) I...I'm sorry...this is hilarious. You don't think we know about your walk down cannibal lane? Were the food pun set-ups too much?

JANET: What?

{Eerie piano music}

ARNOLD: C'mon. All the guys in your department who've impeded your progress up the corporate ladder just...disappear. And you keep on chugging. Without ever attending meal protests I might add. Your radical ideas were a novelty for some time, sure, a singular

genius insight you could be proud of even. But, after a while, it started to eat at you. Each proposal dismissed while your health started to suffer, quarter after quarter after quarter. Gnawing away until well... (quietly) ...you do the same to somebody else.

Hunger for Yesteryear by Jair Kornegay

[Click of a switchblade knife opening]

JANET: I'll kill you.

ARNOLD: You would kill a member of corporate police? In front of the new Creative Director?

[Door opening]

JANET: What are you doing here?

PAM: Sorry, sis. You shouldn't have pushed the needle.

JANET: No, no, no, no. I thought we were friends!

PAM: We were. That new contract, though...you just don't measure up.

JANET: The new director...it's you.

{Creepy music starts}

PAM: In the flesh.

ARNOLD: You should be thanking her, Janet. CPD was just going to execute you.

JANET: What are you talking about? I don't understand any of this. What the hell is going on?

PAM: I needed to see what you were made of. How much were you willing to do in the name of your "progress."

ARNOLD: Now we know.

PAM: So. You have two options. Abandon your cause and forfeit your work.

JANET: Or...

PAM: Let's just say there's not much room for negotiation.

ARNOLD: And there never has been.

PAM: So, what'll it be?

[Slow footsteps]

JANET: You missed two very important details in all this.

[Door shuts and locks]

JANET: I never gave a shit about a corporate ladder, and I'm not going back to protein packs.

[Knife slicing sound]

{SEMINAR Segue tone 25:41}

Wrapper # 3 by Kathryn Pryde

BYZANTIUM, OUTER MEDITATION CHAMBER

THOMAS: Why would you want me to see that? Those people were moved to desperation, and that woman, Janet, she did...ethically bankrupt things.

ALEX: Ethics are only dependent on the system you use to measure them by. The Ziranul would not have agreed with Janet, but...the Zarrak? The soldiers I was made from? They believed in one thing: survival for as long as possible.

THOMAS: The Zarrak? How much do you know about that biped that created your body? Why would you want to be more like them?

ALEX: It's not about what I want. It's about making sure I don't forfeit what should be guaranteed. And Alice, by all rights, is ours. And we have to make sure she doesn't do something reckless.

THOMAS: Like what?

ALEX: Like leaving us behind. You don't want that. And I don't want that.

THOMAS: She wouldn't. You're wrong. It isn't logical.

ALEX: Well, that's the difference between you and me, Thomas. I don't have to think logically. I can think like her. And survival... it makes you do things.

[Footsteps as Alex walks off]

ALEX: Alice doesn't know how much she needs us. But, she will. (pauses) I know she will.

{SEMINAR Main Theme 26:57}

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

In "Covert Rendezvous," Julia Eve is Dash, Leo Schwab is Agent M, Jason Wallace is Grammar, and Adam Blanford is Oxford. Written by Jair Kornegay.

In "Hunger for Yesteryear," Olivia Steel is Janet, Hannah Jang-Condell is Pam, and Victor Aguilar is Arnold. Written by Jair Kornegay.

Directed by VC Morrison. Assistant-directed by Samantha Reed. Shorts edited by Jeffrey Bridges. Wrapper script and story by Kathryn Pryde, edited by Jeffrey Bridges. Music by Kevin MacCleod and VC Morrison. Seminar theme by VC Morrison. Produced by Pendant Productions.

Seminar co-created by Kathryn Pryde and Jeffrey Bridges
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PREVIEW ANNOUNCER: Next, on an all-new Seminar...

PHIL: Hey, Doug?

DOUG: Yeah, what is it, Phil?

ANNOUNCER: Life is unpredictable...

MAN: This town's got superheroes now? Cool!

ANNOUNCER: Whether it's by our own making, or by forces unknown, sometimes the results can be chaotic...

PHIL: Whoa! Did you do that?

[Slithering sound]

FATIMA: What, did I magically make a vine grow out of the not-starfruit? No, Phil, I did not.

ANNOUNCER: Enlightening...

INVESTOR: Randy, I must say, you are a *huge* success story, one of the greatest I've ever seen in the medical field!

ANNOUNCER: Or even dangerous...

[Explosion followed by loud growling]

FATIMA: What is that thing?!

RACHEL: Don't look directly at it!

ANNOUNCER: When that happens, there are only two questions: can you fix the problem...

RANDY: Get it out of me? Yesterday I was a nobody, and now that I'm *finally* worth something, you want to take it away?

RACHEL: No, no I can handle it. Just have to breathe, that's all. Just breathe...

ANNOUNCER: And, can you survive the solution?

RACHEL: No, no - aaagh!

ANNOUNCER: Explore the unpredictability of the universe by stories written by V C Morrison and Landon Beall, in the next Seminar, coming October 31 2018, only at pendantaudio.com.