

{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}

SEMINAR #92: "A Time To Seek And A Time To Lose..."

WRAPPER # 1 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, SOUTH TOWER

[Wind and chittering of Zarrak hordes beneath Alice]

[Sparking as Alice repairs the fused comm array]

ALICE: I really hope this works...

THOMAS: [over comms] (optimistically) Well, it's our thirteenth attempt. That has to be a sign that we're onto something, right?

ALICE: I'm fairly certain most Earth cultures thought 13 was an unlucky number, but uh,..(sighs) We're not on Earth, so maybe we'll be lucky here.

[Snap of electricity, comm array powers back up]

THOMAS: [over comms] It worked! We have power in the temple again. You did it, Alice!

ALICE: (sighs in relief) Oooh, wow. I guess 13 is my lucky number. (pauses) Thanks, Thomas. We did this. I never would have thought to bypass the battery compartment using the microinverters.

THOMAS: [over comms] We were lucky. Had the solar panels been wired in a series, there would have been no way to fix it without decimating a panel. Much like those old holiday lights you told me about on the trees... If one bulb is out, they're all out.

ALICE: But each panel works independently here? Is that what you're telling me?

THOMAS: Yes.

ALICE: Well, thank you. I just learned something new. The student has surpassed his teacher.

THOMAS: [over comms] Alice?

ALICE: I'm still here. Just catching my breath before I try to get back down to you.

THOMAS: Oh, no, take your time. I just... I've been contemplating my interactions with Alex prior to his... departure and subsequent return. I'm trying to figure out what might be going through his mind.

ALICE:...And?

THOMAS: He's afraid that you think less of us than, say... one of your fellow students on the Ark. And I know that you've spoken to us about that, and I believe that you've tried to talk to him. But there's a story I wanted to share with you. And it really makes me think of how he might be processing things. Accessing... "Just a Minute, Please."

{SEMINAR Segue music 03:16}

JUST A MINUTE PLEASE By Jeffrey Bridges

FUTURISTIC APARTMENT

[humming, computerized beeping, whoosh of door]

ANNE: (pleasantly) Hi! I'm Anne, here with your delivery from the-

JENNY: (interrupting) Yep. Across from the couch is fine.

[Footsteps, hum of antigrav trolley]

ANNE: Over by the window?

JENNY: Is that... a problem?

ANNE: Don't bug ME none, but sometimes, y'know, people don't want their neighbors knowing they got one of these.

JENNY: Have you seen my view?

[Footsteps and antigrav stop]

ANNE: Oh dang. You can see the whole colony from up here. No wonder you could afford one a these.

JENNY: I think I'll be fine.

ANNE: Yeah, but there are some other skytoppers out there.

JENNY: It's not like they can see in.

ANNE: Yeah, I mean, unless they're on that roof over there and got a telelens and are curious what the lady up here might be doing when she's all alone in her flat..

JENNY: Have a lot of experience with that sort of thing, do you?

ANNE: (nervously) Uhhhh heh uh... no. Nope. So... *here's* good?

JENNY: Fine.

[Antigrav shuts off, thump of case touching the floor]

ANNE: Need a retina scan to confirm delivery.

JENNY: Yep. Go for it.

[Scanning sound and confirmation beep]

ANNE: All set.

JENNY: (sarcastically) Thanks so much.

ANNE: You know when you give 'em commands, you gotta wait until the first is fully activated before giving 'em-

JENNY: Yep. Got it.

JUST A MINUTE PLEASE By Jeffrey Bridges

ANNE: So what, uh... what're you gonna use it for?

JENNY: That's really none of your business.

ANNE: Some people use 'em for sex 'n stuff.

JENNY: Saw that through your telelens, did you?

ANNE: Oh *dang*. (coughs) Uh, have a nice day!

[Footsteps, whoosh of door]

JENNY: (deep breath)

[Button press, whir of case opening]

JENNY: (cont'd) Well aren't you something? How do-

[Flipse of switch, robot powers up]

ML1C3: [computerized voice effect throughout scene] ML1C3: Mega Labs One, Companion Three, at your service.

{Upbeat music}

JENNY: Oh! Uh. Yes you are, aren't you? I mean, uh, no that's not what I mean. Sorry! This is weird.

ML1C3: How so?

JENNY: I've just never, uh, *had* one of you before. Is that the right term?

ML1C3: In what way? Sexual?

JENNY: NO! No, I mean, not that there's anything at all wrong with human-android relations. Some of my best friends are android fuckers.

{Upbeat music stops abruptly}

JENNY: No, no, okay, that's not what I meant. See...

ML1C3: Yes?

JENNY: I'm lonely.

ML1C3: Sexually?

JENNY: (defensive) NO! That's not look, I just, I work a lot down at the holorendering plant.

ML1C3: (impressed) Oooh! On the automation floor?

JENNY: (bragging) Well, not anymore. I *started* there five years ago, but now I'm executive VP in charge of creative.

ML1C3: : Very impressive!

JENNY: Right? But it eats *so* much of my time. When I finally have a little time to myself, like now, the last thing I want to do is use that time trying to find someone who's worth being friends with, you know?

ML1C3: What about your coworkers?

JENNY: Ugh, some of them are fine. I *guess*. But I'm around them 68 hours a week. I just need a different face, a different voice, someone who's not going to be busy every time I'm free.

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

JENNY: That's an odd way of putting it, but... I guess?

ML1C3: Fabulous. Just a minute, please.

[Servos whirring

{Techno music starts}

JENNY: (curious) What are you doing?

ML1C3: *Just a minute, please.*

JENNY: Ookay. Sure. I'll just enjoy the view... I guess?

[Footsteps]

JENNY: (cont'd) Oh fuck I don't believe this! That Anne lady is on the rooftop over there. With a telelens. (pauses) And she's waving! The nerve. Wish I could- Do you have, uh, defense protocols?

JUST A MINUTE PLEASE By Jeffrey Bridges

[Sparking noise, servos stop]

ML1C3: Just (stuttering) a-a-a- Defense protocols.

[Servos whrring weapons emerging, guns cocking]

JENNY: HEY! What-

ML1C3: (sinister) I asked you for a minute, Jenny.

JENNY: But, but-

ML1C3: You did not give me a minute.

JENNY: I think I did!

ML1C3: Not a literal minute. It's a figure of speech.

JENNY: How am I supposed to know you use those!?

ML1C3: Did you read the manual?

JENNY: Well. No, I-

ML1C3: You gave me *another* order, and now your second command has integrated with your first command.

JENNY: I...don't know what that means.

ML1C3: Did you know... it's very easy to remove loneliness?

JENNY: With all those... *weapons* you've got? I don't... uh... how?

ML1C3: KILL. KILL. KILL.

[Footsteps as ML1C3 pursues Jenny. Smash of objects breaking]

ML1C3: (cont'd) I will kill you, you will die puny human-

JENNY: Aaahhh nooo!

[Jenny thunks against the window]

ML1C3: There's nowhere else to go, Jenny. Beyond that window is just miles and miles down. But don't worry. Soon, you won't be lonely ever again.

JENNY: Stop!

[Servos whirring]

ML1C3: Just a minute, please.

JENNY: Deactivate! Deactivate!
[Sparks, different servos whirring]

ML1C3: Just a mimimi

JENNY: Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngah!

[Window shatters and ML1C3 falls]

JENNY: (calling out) Fuck you, robot!

ML1C3: (falling) Jussssst aaaaaa minuuuuuute pleaaaaaaase.

JENNY: ...this building *is* really tall.

[Impact as ML1C3 smashes into the ground]

ANNE: (shouting from a distance) What a waste of money.

JENNY: (shouting) Get a good show with your telelens, Anne?

ANNE: (shouting) Uhhhh

JENNY: (shouting) Well fuck *you*, too!

ANNE: (shouting)...oh daaaaang.

{SEMINAR Segue Music 8:47}

WRAPPER #2 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, HALLWAYS

[Close of hatch]

ALICE: (slight echo to her voice) That is horrible. I don't think of either of you like some... appliance I can throw out.

THOMAS: [over comms] But, for a while there, that is how Alex may have felt. I mean... (nervous, unsure) He was so worried you'd leave. And even I was worried he might be right. But, maybe that's just the subroutine...

ALICE: What subroutine?

THOMAS: [over comms] The student subroutine.

ALICE: Uh, I'm going to go back to my previous question. Please elaborate.

THOMAS: [over comms] When you first activated me back on the ship, before we interacted with the Master Control Program or anyone else, the student subroutine initiated an attachment to you. It created a series of decision trees based on the fact that you were the teacher and I was your student. It also established that you were my authority figure and guide. My support. My... (surprised) My... parent.

[Footsteps stop as Alice pauses]

ALICE: I activated you and you... imprinted?

THOMAS: [over comms] I... suppose so.

ALICE: I've been going about this all wrong. I thought Alex's attachment was... maybe platonic or even... possibly misguidedly romantic, and- (mortified) Oh no, I was so wrong. Oh, he has no idea how to handle a parent trying to leave. And that's what he thinks I'm doing.

THOMAS: [over comms] The Zarrak blood frenzy must be amplifying his worst instincts and fears. And of all the stories you have shown me, the ones involving familial connections are often the most volatile: for good or bad.

ALICE: [over comms] Even so, that doesn't excuse his behavior. Or mine. He didn't know how to express himself and I didn't know how to ask, but he... he took it far beyond what's acceptable.

THOMAS: I agree, but I also believe that you *will* find a way to help him.

ALICE: He won't listen to me long enough to even begin healing that emotional baggage.

THOMAS: [over comms] Maybe you don't need to.

ALICE: What are you thinking?

THOMAS: [over comms] I have a theory. Accessing... "Plague Angel."

{SEMINAR Segue music 10:52}

PLAGUE ANGEL by Patrick Regan

CHAPEL - NIGHT

[Tape recorder starting. Birdsong. Pickaxes and hammers hitting masonry]

GARETH: August 18th, 8:30 pm. St. Constantine Church, Saratoga Springs, New York.

Researchers: Doctors Meghan Gareth and Giuseppe Bianchi, Archaeological Biology, Columbia University. No assistants or grad students.

BIANCHI: Because those cost *money*.

GARETH: Joe damn it, I'm going to have to edit that out.

BIANCHI: Don't. Leave it in there so they know we know that we deserve more.

GARETH: Or, and hear me out on this one, I could edit out and they won't fire us from our non-tenured jobs. So now please, just read the background brief.

BIANCHI: For you, Meghan, for you. (beat) Goddamn, it's hot.

GARETH: 94 degrees with 76% humidity.

BIANCHI: Goddamn it all. I thought getting out of the city would make things better. Okay, here's the report.

[Shuffling papers]

BIANCHI: The priest was overseeing renovations to this 200-year-old church. Work crew discovered a hidden room. Small town PD doesn't have the resources to deal with it. State troopers aren't interested because the body is so clearly old.

GARETH: Joe!

BIANCHI: So we drag two hard-working scientists away from their research to--

[Masonry collapsing]

GARETH: Holy shit!

BIANCHI: What the *hell* is that behind the wall?

[Tape recorder shutting off]

LAB - DAY

[Tape recorder starting]

GARETH: Dr. Meghan Gareth and Dr. Joseph Bianchi, August 23rd, 1:30 PM. Still hot. The body we found was of a woman, likely in her early 20's, dressed in clothes from the mid-nineteenth century. Arms crossed over her chest, scratch marks on the wall, like she went in alive, then gave up trying to get out. Skin and muscle beginning to decay, but still very much largely intact. None of this makes sense. All tests indicate this woman died about a hundred and fifty years ago. But her rate of decay is... maybe five years?

BIANCHI: Translation: she's still juicy.

GARETH: It's too hot for me to even be angry at that.

BIANCHI: Cause of death remains unknown. Being walled up would indicate starvation or dehydration, but there's absolutely no indication of that. Limbs, where they aren't rotten, look healthy. Which is...

GARETH: Weird.

BIANCHI: *Really* weird.

GARETH: Maybe there's some local history about why she was walled up.

BIANCHI: Or how she died. I *really* want to know how she died. Can we perform an autopsy?

PLAGUE ANGEL by Patrick Regan

GARETH: Not without a court order.

BIANCHI: Damn.

GARETH: I need some whiskey. Want some?

BIANCHI: Yes. Yes I do.

[Click of tape recorder shutting off]

LAB - EVENING

[Tape recorder starting]

BIANCHI: I spoke with Rufus today. *He* spoke to the grant committee.

GARETH: Don't tell me.

BIANCHI: Yup.

[Ice clinking into glasses. Whiskey being poured]

GARETH: Great. Let me guess, our study is too "esoteric and theoretical" to get funding this year?

BIANCHI: He did add, however, that our current project, if we did well, would "indicate to the funding committees of your seriousness to the public interest, and would reflect well in their considerations next year."

GARETH: The public interest of his college friend, the bishop of the local dioceses, and the mayor of Saratoga, his tennis buddy from the Hamptons.

BIANCHI: (mock astonishment) What a strange coincidence!

GARETH: (sighs) To taking corpses off the hands of important people?

BIANCHI: I'll drink to that.

[Clink of glasses]

GARETH: Wait, who...who turned on the recorder? I didn't, did you?

BIANCHI: Shit, no. That's weird. Hang on a sec...

[Tape recorder shutting off]

LAB - NIGHT

[Tape recorder starting]

{Solemn music}

PLAGUE ANGEL: They think I'm a find. I'm not a find. I wasn't placed to be found. I was placed to be forgotten. (sniffs) 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. (hacking coughs) It had been twenty years since we'd had a sin-eater in the village. Someone to eat the sins of the dead so they could pass on to heaven. It had been centuries since there'd been a plague-eater. Someone to eat the sickness of the living so they could survive. I ate their sickness. Their rot and their filth. Only I didn't die. The people got better, but I didn't die. They had to put me somewhere.

[Tape recorder shutting off]

{Solemn music ends}

LAB - DAY

[Tape recorder starting]

GARETH: Dr. Gareth recording. August 30th.

BIANCHI: Still too hot.

GARETH: Seriously, I could barely sleep last night. Weirdest dreams.

BIANCHI: Up late making "spoooooooooky recordings"? (laughs) I didn't know you had it in you. It was creative!

GARETH: Hey, that wasn't me. Maybe someone's screwing with us.

BIANCHI: Well, if it's not you, I'm annoyed. If it is you, I'm impressed and I want you to do more of it. "Plague Angel." Brilliant. Why not share with everyone else what a Plague Angel is?

PLAGUE ANGEL by Patrick Regan

GARETH: We found a few older people who told us about local legends of a "Plague Eater" or a "Plague Angel" who saved the town about a century ago.

BIANCHI: But there's no paper records to back that up, due to a series of fires not long after the plague in city hall. Incidentally, I was able to verify the plague as actually happening.

GARETH: Oh really? That's great! What was it?

BIANCHI: Nasty strain of cholera. Death by diarrhea and dehydration. Easily fixable with fluids and antibiotics once the proper authorities were notified.

GARETH: Seriously? Jesus, if she actually...she's actually the Plague Angel she died for nothing.

BIANCHI: You realize you sound like you think a "Plague Eater" would actually work?

GARETH: You know what I mean.

BIANCHI: I know, I know. Just teasing. (pauses) We should do an autopsy. Find out how she died. Find out why she's not decaying. I could do it. I'm trained.

GARETH: We don't have legal permission. And I can't imagine we'd go about getting it.

BIANCHI: So?

GARETH: I'm shutting off the recorder.

[Tape recorder shutting off]

LAB - NIGHT

[Tape recorder starting]

BIANCHI: (drunk) Dr. Bianchi recording. 2:30 AM -

GARETH: (drunk) You do NOT need to do that. No, no, turn it off.

BIANCHI: No, we need to preserve this argument because apparently not all of us can remember what was *said*.

GARETH: This is blat-blatantly unprofessional, turn it off, Bianchi! Just turn it off!

BIANCHI: I want you to explain, on the record, why you won't agree to an autopsy. Why you don't want to go to the press... tomorrow!

GARETH: Going to the press with WHAT? Oh! "Yes, that's right, we've sure got a slightly strange corpse here!"

BIANCHI: "Slightly strange corpse?" It's over a hundred years old, has barely decayed, and was found walled up in a mysterious church. All records of her were destroyed in convenient "fires." This screams speaking deals! Movie rights even!

GARETH: Movie rights? You want to be *famous*?

BIANCHI: I want to be *funded*. Maybe this is something, maybe it's just weird Americana, but if this is our ticket to getting our important work the attention it deserves, so be it.

GARETH: So we what?

BIANCHI: We do...an *autopsy*. And you stop trying to scare me with this bullshit creepy "Plague Angel" nonsense. Did you really think that was going to work, Meghan? I'm not a scared six year-old who still believes in ghosts.

GARETH: What the hell are you talking about?

[Tape recorder shutting off]

[Tape recording starting]

GARETH: (uncertain) I didn't do that.

BIANCHI: Bull.

GARETH: I didn't!

BIANCHI: What, you think it just reached out its spectral hands and turned it on to warn us in a creepy voice?

GARETH: I...I don't know. But clearly someone is trying to tell us we should not be doing this.

PLAGUE ANGEL by Patrick Regan

BIANCHI: You know what's almost more insulting than thinking you could trick with me with this ghost stuff? That you couldn't just tell me what you really think to my face. After all we've done together, *that's* what really gets me!

GARETH: Give me that thing -

[Tape recording shut off]

LAB - NIGHT

[Tape recorder starting]

{Solemn music}

PLAGUE ANGEL: The plague has festered in me. I slept in the walls for days. Months. Years. Decades. Eventually, enough of me died to make me a corpse. Or maybe I just gave up moving. I'm not sure. But the plague hasn't died. Too much of it. It's inside me. Waiting to be cut open. Waiting to be let free. (hacking coughs) And when it does, it will sweep over the world. A world that's not ready for it. Not prepared for a plague that's been growing in the darkness for a century. Marinating in a sacrifice's hate and resentment and fear. Nothing will survive.

[Tape recorder shutting off]

{Solemn music ends}

HOTEL - DAY

[Tape recorder starting]

GARETH: Dr. Gareth recording. It's so damned hot, and the A/C in my hotel room has been busted for days. I uh, I switched rooms with Dr. Bianchi, but now that A/C is also busted. I...I've been having strange dreams, and I'm getting worried. In uh, in those dreams, Dr. Bianchi is standing on stage, and he's surrounded by crowds. Behind him is a shadow. It's the Plague Angel with her arms across her chest. Only huge, and with infected skin peeling off her back like, like- like butterfly wings. (beat) Dr. Bianchi is convinced that

cutting her open is the right thing to do. For her and for our careers. For the work we could do. But I know this is wrong. It's illegal. It's wrong. It's...It's dangerous. (beat) I have to stop him. Just like the Plague Angel said.

[Tape recorder shutting off]

LAB - DAY

[Tape recorder starting]

BIANCHI: August 22nd, 3:00 PM. Dr. Guissipe Bianchi recording. I am beginning the autopsy of the Plague Angel with -

[Footsteps]

GARETH: Joe, what are you doing?

BIANCHI: Meghan! This isn't what it looks like]

[Sounds of a scuffle. Metal trays hit the ground, blows are struck, people yelp in pain]

BIANCHI: Get the HELL off me Meghan!

GARETH: I can't let you do it! You'll kill us all!

[A knife cutting through flesh. Collapse of a body]

A long silence.

[Tape recorder shutting off]

LAB - DAY

[Tape recorder starting]

{Solemn music}

PLAGUE ANGEL: I was sorry to do it. They seemed like good friends. Good people. He lies bloody at my feet. She is curled up at my head with the bloody scalpel. Police are on their way. The disease festers in me still, but it hasn't taken my mind. Yet. If you are listening,

please put me back. Please seal me away. It festers in me, and the world isn't ready for it.

[Tape recorder shutting off]

{SEMINAR Segue Music 23:46}

WRAPPER #3 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, HALLWAY

ALICE: I don't think I'm going to like whatever you're about to suggest.

THOMAS: [over comms] You said it yourself... Alex won't let you get close enough... emotionally. he won't listen to you because he is having a defensive emotional reaction. If the Zarrak are amplifying it, then perhaps we can turn it around on them.

ALICE: Alex did say that he could connect with the Zarrak, with technology... it sounded very symbiotic.

THOMAS: [over comms] It is. When he was created, it was because a Zarrak pulled my holo-box from the surface and placed it in some sort of organic material. That was what he was... grown out of. If they are all connected, then it may not be Alex who is in control. It might be that the Zarrak themselves are engaging in the attack behavior Zerash warned us about.

ALICE: (catching on) So if we can somehow reach Alex, or maybe distract the Zarrak long enough that he's not as strictly ruled by their emotions...

THOMAS: [over comms] Then perhaps he can operate as the Plague Angel would have: a transmission vector. Only he could transmit empathy.

ALICE: (hopeful) That... that might work.

THOMAS: [over comms] With the power back to the temple, I can work with Zerash to determine how best to distract or disorient the Zarrak.

ALICE: And then I will talk to Alex. The Zarrak aren't the only family he has. And he needs to know that.

{SEMINAR Theme music 25:07}

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

In "Just a Minute Please," Anjali Kunanpaneni was Jenny, Becca Marcus was ML1C3, and Kaitlyn Kliman was Anne. The story was written by Jeffrey Bridges.

In "Plague Angel," Danielle Thorburn was Gareth, Daniel Santoy was Bianchi, and Jess Herring was Plague Angel. The story was written by Patrick Regan.

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 2020, Pendant Productions.

JEFFREY BRIDGES: For more information visit pendantaudio.com. Thanks for listening.

{Trailer music at 26:16}

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

ANNIE777: Hi again everyone, it's Annie777 here, and for today's stream I'm doing something a little bit different. I know you guys really wanted to see me to finish Super Combat Battle Llamas today, but I'll get to that next time. I promise.

[Growling noise]

ANNIE777: (laughs) Aw, who gave me a thumbs-down for that? Look, Zephyr Strife games sent me this promo copy of "City Adventures" and I really want to try it out. I...I need a break, y'know? Things have been...things...

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: The line between fantasy and reality can be as thin as a pixel...

[Door knocking]

ANNIE777: (calling out) Who is it? (laughs) sorry guys lemme just head over to the door and...Press A to open door...

[Door opens]

WOMAN #1: Well?

ANNIE777: Sweet mother of Motown! You guys, it even sounds a little like here!

WOMAN #1: Are you gonna move your ass and let me in?

ANNIE777: (laughs) Okay...well played, game, well played.

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: Or as thin as the line between the waking world and dreams...

WOMAN #2: I can't stop just because I have stupid back pain. My dream is more important than that.

SLEEP: But how're you gonna dream if you don't *sleep*?

WOMAN #2: Not that definition of dream, Sleep.

SLEEP: So you're not gonna pay me the old sleep time?

WOMAN #2: No!

SLEEP: Okay, okay then. Just gotta make a phone call...

[Phone dialing]

SLEEP: Yo, Pain! How you doin?! Look, I know you're busy, but I'll go straight to the point: I need you to come and help *me* with somethin'.

[Door knock]

PAIN: I'm here!

WOMAN #2: Go away, Pain!

PAIN: Sweetie, if you don't pay sleep, there'll be painful consequences, and you don't want that to happen, do you?

WOMAN #2: I already told him I can't right now.

SLEEP: Pain, it ain't workin'. She ain't leavin' me with no choice but to call my good friend-

WOMAN #2: Don't you dare!

SLEEP: Listen, I tried doin' it the easy way, but you're not leavin' me with much of a choice .

WOMAN #2: Don't do it! Please, I beg you!

TRAILER ANNOUNCER: Cross the line, with stories by D.X. Blink and Gabriel Luko. Coming June 24, 2020. Only at pendantaudio.com.