

{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 00:48-1:29}

SEMINAR #95: "A Time to Kill & A Time to Heal..."

WRAPPER #1 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, HALLWAY

[Rattling, alarms]

ALICE: (labored breathing) Alex...the Zarrak are going to tear this place apart. And if they do that...we can never go back to the Ark. We can never...never find Earth.

ALEX: (emotional) I don't care about Earth, Alice!

ALICE: (trying to defuse still) I know, I know you don't...but...Earth is where my ancestors - *our* ancestors came from. If you want to know who you are...then explore. Don't destroy. It's why the Student was created. To learn. And you can't do that if you're razing the world around you. I'm not asking for just me... I want you to have as many opportunities as possible to learn about where you came from.

[Alarm, thumping noises]

ALEX: I...I won't become what you want me to be...

ALICE: The only thing I want you to be is safe. And happy, whatever that means for you. But this isn't it. You're miserable.

[Thumping]

ALEX: I am *strong!*

ALICE: (coughs) Believe me...I know that...so does my ribcage... But if

you're going to make a deal with the devil...do it because you know what you're committing to. There's a story I remember...And I think you should hear it. Because I'm not sure I have much more time to do that...

ALEX: (calmer) Oh Alice, you're hurt...I...I beat you, didn't I?

ALICE: You did. So, just...(coughs)indulge me, please.

[Beep of console]

ALICE: Play "Murder, She Summoned."

{SEMINAR Segue Music 3:48}

"Murder, She Summoned" by Dave Morgan

JENNIFER FISHER'S HOME

[Tea kettle whistling, clock ticking]

JENNIFER: Do call anytime, sheriff, you know I'm always happy to help!

[Jennifer hangs up phone, strikes a match]

JENNIFER: And we have illumination. Basil?

BASIL: (from the kitchen) Yes, Ms. Fisher?

JENNIFER: Some tea, please.

[Door opening, Basil approaches and sets down tea tray and pours]

BASIL: Another case solved by the amazing Jennifer Fisher, I take it?

[Spoon tinkling as Jennifer stirs]

JENNIFER: Oh hush, you. I'm hardly amazing. But yes, once again, an uncrackable case cracked in 45 minutes or so.

BASIL: (chuckles) Well, come on, give me the details, you know I can't wait for the book.

JENNIFER: It's the most curious thing. It seems that the mayor's nephew was in town...

[Door bell ringing. Footsteps as Jennifer approaches the door. The doorbell rings. Jennifer gets up to answer. Poof as Basil disappears]

JENNIFER: (calls out) Now who could that be... Yes?

TYE: Ms. Fisher? Jennifer Fisher?

JENNIFER: (teasing) I might be. Unless I owe you money.

{Soft music}

TYE: Sorry to bother you, my name is Tye Landis, I don't know if you remember me, I wrote to you a few months ago asking for advice.

JENNIFER: The aspiring mystery writer, yes? The name rings a bell.

TYE: When you wrote me back, I was so excited to hear from you. I still have the letter framed on my desk.

JENNIFER: Dallas, if I remember correctly. But whatever brings you all the way to Maine?

TYE: (awkwardly) Well, you said if I was ever in the area, I should look you up. So, here I am!

JENNIFER: Well, I do appreciate you stopping by, but well, it's not exactly the best time. You see, I've just started on a new story and I'm 'in the zone' as the kids say, so I'm afraid-

TYE: Please, Ms. Fisher? Just a few minutes? It's just...it was such a long trip, and I'd hate to have come this far only to get turned away at the end. You can understand that, right? I mean, you were an inexperienced writer once too, you know how it can be?

JENNIFER: (giving in) Oh, I suppose a few minutes wouldn't hurt. Do come in, wipe your feet please...uh, Miss...Landis, is it?

[Footsteps as Tye enters, door closes]

TYE: It's...just Tye. Thank you so much, I promise not to take up too much of your time. Wow, this is a beautiful house.

JENNIFER: Just my cozy little retreat from the world. Tea?

"Murder, She Summoned" by Dave Morgan

TYE: Sure, thank you. I'm sorry, I didn't realize you had company already.

JENNIFER: Company?

TYE: This other cup of tea, it looks like it spilled. Is someone else here? Maybe they went to get a paper towel or something.

JENNIFER: No! I mean, no, no, that's just...my first effort. I'm old and my aim is, well, it's not quite what it used to be. I'm afraid I made a little bit of a mess is all.

TYE: Oh, okay, cool. Um...do you mind if I get a picture first?

JENNIFER: I don't see why not.

TYE: Just, right here next to me, we'll be in it together. Smile!

[Click as Tye takes selfie with Jennifer]

TYE: Thanks, my writer's group will freak out when I 'gram this. So... this is where the magic happens?

JENNIFER: (uneasy) I'm sorry?

TYE: The magic. The writing. With your typewriter. I didn't know anyone still used those, I assumed everyone used computers these days.

JENNIFER: What can I say, I'm a bit old-fashioned. I never quite got the hang of computers.

TYE: Old-fashioned. Like that sword on the wall. Or this beautiful lamp. (sniffs the air) What's that smell?

JENNIFER: (Covering) That's...the- the special oil I use for the lamp. It's...imported, yes. Won't you have a seat? It's awfully hard to have a decent conversation when you're fluttering around the room like this.

TYE: I can't help it, sorry. I'm just so fascinated by the writers' process. Not just the actual writing, you know. But everything else about it. Habits, quirks...people you call on when you're a bit stuck?

JENNIFER: Yes, well, I can see where that might be interesting to some. For me it's just old hat. All it takes is a little bit of inspiration, you know. The, um, magic as you say doesn't happen over at the typewriter. It happens up here, in the brain.

TYE: But does it really?

JENNIFER: I don't follow.

TYE: Come on, you can tell me. How do you do it? You live in Cavern Cove, Maine, one of the murder capitals of the world, yet somehow no one ever talks about it.

JENNIFER: (annoyed) I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about. Look, I'm very sorry but I'm extremely busy, so if you'll excuse me-

TYE: It's the lamp, right?

JENNIFER: The lamp?

TYE: I saw it in a picture on Twitter. It was in the background; most people wouldn't even notice it. But I did. It...it spoke to me. I can't explain it, exactly, but I knew that had to be it, right? The secret of your success?

JENNIFER: Oh, it's just an old lamp, I think I found it at a rummage sale when I was younger.

TYE: I couldn't stop thinking about it. I saw it when I closed my eyes, when I was sleeping...and especially when I sat down to write. It's like it was burned into my mind. It took a bit of digging but I found out more about it...not a lot, but I was able to get clearer pictures. I was able to read the engravings on it. It's taken a couple of years, but I finally found out what they were all about.

JENNIFER: And what, exactly, are they all about?

TYE: It's a demon. Lighting that lamp summons a demon.

JENNIFER: (laughs) A demon. You've been watching too many YouVideos, I think. Complete rubbish. Now I'm afraid I must ask you to leave now, good day.

TYE: The demon helps you write somehow. Gives you ideas...It's all a setup isn't it? Your demon...They're the one killing everyone aren't they?

"Murder, She Summoned" by Dave Morgan

JENNIFER: Now you're just being silly. Those poor misguided people are doing their vile deeds of their own free will. You can read the police reports yourself.

TYE: Possession. Or mind control. The murderers may think they're doing it on their own...

[Poof sound as Basil appears]

BASIL: But they're not.

JENNIFER: Now, Basil, stop feeding this child nonsense.

BASIL: The child is very perceptive. Reminds me of you in a lot of ways, back in the day.

TYE: You're hacking the game. Your friend here sets things in motion, then you go in and solve the mystery and get your latest novel. But what does he get?

{Uneasy music}

BASIL: Well, there's chaos, and I'm always 'down for that.' Did I get that right? But also, I get their souls. Sweet, delicious souls.

JENNIFER: It works for both of us, really. Basil gets what he wants, and I get what I want.

TYE: So...now what happens?

JENNIFER: (darker) Oh unfortunately, not much for you, my dear. You see, I can't exactly have my secrets out there on the information superhighway for the world to know, well, you know, I'd be ruined. So, I'm afraid your story ends here. I'm sorry you traveled all this way only to end up a snack for my...agent.

[Footsteps as Jennifer approaches wall, removes sword. Humming from sword]

JENNIFER: This really is a beautiful piece of work, this sword. I'm told it's reasonably painless, not that I've ever been on the pointy end of it.

[Tye pulls a gun]

TYE: How's this for a plot twist? I take you out and end your little game.

JENNIFER: (laughs) You silly child. You really think I'm afraid of a gun after everything I've seen?

TYE: Afraid or not, it'll still kill you before you can skewer me.

JENNIFER: That's as may be, but there's something I should tell you about this sword. As long as it's in my possession, no man or woman can harm me.

BASIL: Yes, she thought she was being very clever by making sure she added that 'or woman' part.

TYE: Interesting. But there's something I should tell you about me. I'm not a man or a woman. I'm fucking non-binary.

BASIL: I'm afraid they've got you there, my dear.

JENNIFER: Oh...[Gunfire as Tye shoots Jennifer]...bother.

[Jennifer falls to the ground, sword clatters. Humming stops]

BASIL: (burps) Excuse me. I must admit, that's a meal I've been looking forward to for a very long time. I don't think she ever fully realized that I'd get her in the end. Or maybe she did and thought she'd outsmart me.

TYE: Now, about this lamp...

BASIL: I suppose you want to destroy it, too. I wouldn't do that, though. It wouldn't hurt me; I'd just go back to the pit for a while. It's a nice lamp, and I did go to a lot of trouble to make sure someone noticed it. I'd hate for it to just end up a pile of smashed metal after all that work.

TYE: Oh, I wasn't planning on smashing it. Actually...I was thinking, maybe we could work out some sort of deal.

BASIL: I'm sure we can come to some sort of arrangement. What'll it be then? Wealth? Power?

TYE: Nah, I'm good there. I've got rich parents. Politicians who don't really care what I do as long as I don't embarrass them any more than I already have.

"Murder, She Summoned" by Dave Morgan

BASIL: Sex then? Men at your beck and call? Woman? Or-

TYE: Neither, thanks. I'm asexual. I've got my cats and I'm happy with that.

BASIL: Then what did you have mind?

TYE: I'm sure it gets kinda boring in a small town like this. How'd you like to come to the big city? I did say I was an aspiring writer, after all. And I doubt you'd have to work half as hard in Dallas, everyone there pretty much hates everyone else already.

BASIL: (pleased) I do seem to be in the market for a new client. And I could definitely use a change of scenery. Deal?

TYE: Throw in the sword. Maybe we could tweak the conditions a little more, though. Man or woman...just doesn't cover it all anymore.

BASIL: (chuckles) I think we can manage that. Shake on it?

[Sizzling sound]

{SEMINAR Segue Music 15:46}

WRAPPER #2 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, HALLWAY

{Somber music}

ALICE: That character made that deal, knowing that they'd have to give something up. And murdered that woman to do it. But, it was their choice. [Beep of alarm] Whatever you choose to do from this point forward...[footsteps] you're the one in control. You have the "lamp". You can stop the Zarrak whenever...(coughs) whenever you want.

ALEX: (calmer now, but worried) I...I can't hear them, Alice. How am I supposed to stop them if I can't hear them? Even if I wanted- and I-I-

ALICE: It's okay to change your mind.

[Thump, alarm beeping]

ALEX: (whispers) What if they won't listen?

ALICE: They will. And if they don't...we'll figure something out.
(pauses) I can tell you're coming back. I can see it in your eyes...
you're still in there. (chuckles, coughs)

ALEX: I need to get you to the medical bay, I can call them off
later-

ALICE: No! (gets her breath back) No. No. Right now...please stop the
Zarrak.

[Footsteps]

ALEX: I'm...scared. I don't want to hurt anyone else. And I've hurt
you...so badly...

ALICE: Fear can be a very powerful motivator. And sometimes, it's
what we need.

[Taps the console, beeping]

ALICE: One more story...okay? Then I think you'll know what you want to
do. (pauses) "After the End."

{SEMINAR Segue Music 17:58}

"After the End" by Justin Sparks

BARN

[Party in background, footsteps as Hannah approaches Hank. Scraping
of stool]

HANNAH: Happy birthday, Hank.

HANK: Yeah, yeah. You know how many birthdays I've had in this barn?

HANNAH: How many?

HANK: 34. 34 birthdays in this barn, and I can't even remember the 50
before that!

{Relaxed music}

HANNAH: I guess that's the price of an apocalypse, amirite? 84, Hank. We'll be digging you a hole soon.

HANK: (chuckles) Hannah, sarcasm will get you killed one day. Are you excited to have your 19th here?

HANNAH: (sarcastic) Oh yeah, can't wait.

HANK: Your old man chewed me out earlier.

HANNAH: Oh yeah?

HANK: Yep. Don't go here, don't go there, remember to log this. Blah blah blah.

HANNAH: (Scoffs) Yeah, that sounds like him.

HANK: So. Are you coming tomorrow?

HANNAH: (Sighs) Probably not.

HANK: It's been three months now.

HANNAH: I'm not ready.

HANK: You'll have to...eventually.

HANNAH: Eventually, Hank. I just, I can't bring myself to go. Not after...not after what happened. I can't do it.

HANK: Do what?

HANNAH: Shoot someone close to me...that's been infected.

HANK: You...you did that?

HANNAH: (sad) Kat. I-she was bitten on our patrol a few months ago. I had to, she wanted me to. But I couldn't. She did it herself.

HANK: I didn't know that much of the story. I just thought, I don't know what I thought.

HANNAH: (Somberly) Its okay. I just, I don't want to go through it again.

[Footsteps]

"After the End" by Justin Sparks

NATALIE: Hannah! Come here!

HANNAH: Natalie, what are you doing?

NATALIE: Getting you away from Hank. Lets dance.

HANNAH: I-I can't dance.

NATALIE: Neither can I, just c'mon.

HANNAH: (Reluctantly) Fine, fine.

[Footsteps as Hannah and Natalie approach the dance floor]

{Slow music}

NATALIE: You're blushing.

HANNAH: I am not.

NATALIE: You totally are!

HANNAH: (Embarrassed) I can't dance, people are starting to stare.

NATALIE: Maybe they're taking notes.

HANNAH: You're ridiculous.

NATALIE: They're just jealous.

HANNAH: (Slight laugh) Of what?

NATALIE: Of us.

HANNAH: Wh-what do you mean?

NATALIE: (Kisses Hannah) You're so naive.

HANNAH: Oh.

NATALIE: Shit, I-I'm sorry, Hannah.

HANNAH: No, don't apologize, Nat. I...enjoyed it.

NATALIE: How-How are you? Like, how are you feeling?

HANNAH: I'm...okay. Surviving, I guess.

NATALIE: Hank was bugging you about patrolling wasn't he?

HANNAH: (Somber) Yeah, he was. I-I just don't know what to do.

NATALIE: Lets talk about it.

HANNAH: We're dancing.

NATALIE: We can talk too. What's going through your head?

HANNAH: I don't want my partner to end up like Kat.

NATALIE: That wasn't your fault. The infected ambushed you guys.

HANNAH: (Now sad) But Kat counted on me to have her back...and I let her down. I couldn't do it when the time came. What if that were to happen to you?

NATALIE: I have faith in you. I don't know what the future holds, but I know you'll be okay.

HANNAH: You're so optimistic.

NATALIE: Come with me in the morning. We'll do a light patrol. Won't even go far. We'll ease you back into it.

HANNAH: I'll have to think about it, Nat. What if-

NATALIE: Don't even say it. Nothing bad will happen. I promise.

HANNAH'S HOUSE

[Fireplace crackling, knocking at door]

HANNAH: Dad.

[Door creaking open]

JOHN: Can I come in?

HANNAH: Sure.

"After the End" by Justin Sparks

JOHN: So Natalie tells me you're going out in the morning?

HANNAH: I never said I would. I'm thinking about it.

JOHN: Listen, I know things have been hard lately. I remember when I was your age, my mother died. It was the hardest thing to live through. But you keep looking for something to fight for.

[John takes a seat]

JOHN: Watcha thinkin' kiddo?

HANNAH: (Taking a deep breath) I don't know.

JOHN: You're scared, aren't you?

HANNAH: Terrified.

JOHN: I understand your fear. But listen, it-it's okay to be scared.

HANNAH: I just have a lot to think about, Dad.

JOHN: I've struggled a long time in this world. But when the time comes, Hannah. You'll know what needs to be done, you'll feel it in your gut. It might be hard, but you'll know its right.

HANNAH: I hope so.

JOHN: Just...stay safe, firefly.

SANCTUARY, THE NEXT MORNING

[People chattering, footsteps]

NATALIE: Oh shit. Look who made it.

{Horse walking towards the front gate}

HANNAH: Oh hush. You're lucky I'm here.

NATALIE: Ready to go?

HANNAH: (Reluctant) I guess.

{Dramatic music}

[Patter of horse hooves in the forest]

NATALIE: Isn't it nice getting out for a bit?

HANNAH: Well, its raining, so...

NATALIE: (Sarcastically) At least it isn't raining hellfire.

HANNAH: You got me there.

NATALIE: Hey, lets go to that store over there.

HANNAH: Sure, lets go and get murdered at the creepy building.

NATALIE: You're insufferable.

[Natalie and Hannah dismount]

HANNAH: This place looks like it hasn't been touched for years

[Creak of door as they enter]

[Crackle of wrapper as Hannah picks up food]

HANNAH: Sponge filled with cream? This thing looks like it's in perfect condition.

NATALIE: What's the ingredients?

HANNAH: Dunno. A bunch of stuff I can't pronounce.

NATALIE: And that's why after 34 years the thing is still good.

HANNAH: Natalie, look. A Beaver! It "chucks" high prices. (chuckles)
Get it, cause it's a beaver?

NATALIE: Hannah, that's a Woodchuck, they chuck wood, hence the chucking high prices.

{Uneasy music}

HANNAH: (Embarrassed) Oh...yeah.

[Door bursts open, distorted voices as infected approach]
"After the End" by Justin Sparks

NATALIE: You distract, I'll stab.

HANNAH: Sounds good.

[Breaking glass, shuffling as infected approach. Whisper of knife in flesh]

NATALIE: (Grunts) (Breathing hard) Quick and quiet.

[Breaking windows, sounds of infected. Running footsteps]

HANNAH: You said this would be an easy simple day!

NATALIE: Maybe I lied.

[Crunch as floor breaks and Hannah and Natalie fall into water]

NATALIE: Hannah, Hannah get up! They're right behind us!

[Running and splashing through water, clatter of stairs, patter of rain]

HANNAH: Get the horses, c'mon!

[Horses fleeing, gunshots as infected shoot at them]

HANNAH: They're right on us!

[Body hitting the ground, horse fleeing. Crunch of leaves and twigs]

HANNAH: (Grunting) Get off her, you fucker!

NATALIE: Hannah, get it off!

[Machete slicing]

NATALIE: Watch out Hannah behind you!

HANNAH: (grunts in surprise)

HANNAH: Natalie...your arm.

NATALIE: (shocked, angry) No no no. Oh God no.

HANNAH: Natalie. W-what are we going to do?

NATALIE: Hannah, they got you too.

[Biting sound as Hannah is bitten in the neck]

HANNAH: (Screams)

HANNAH: (stomps infected) Fucker!

NATALIE: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

[Rain stops, wind blows]

HANNAH: (Short exhausted laugh) I guess we're both screwed.

NATALIE: I-I didn't mean for this to happen.

HANNAH: There's nothing more we can do.

NATALIE: You're so calm.

HANNAH: My dad, he said that through everything, we keep finding something to fight for. After our kiss, you made me feel like there was something more to life. That's why I agreed to go out. I'm glad I met you.

NATALIE: Just...promise me you won't let me turn.

HANNAH: (confident) I won't. I promise. Nat, I just wanted to tell you...you mean everything to me.

[Silence. Wind and birds. One gunshot, followed by another]

{Eerie music}

{SEMINAR Segue Music 25:58}

WRAPPER #3 by Kathryn Pryde

THE AURACH TEMPLE, HALLWAY

[Thumping, chittering of Zarrak in distance]

ALEX: (calm) I get it. And you're right, Alice, I don't want to be like this. These emotions...I'm just not used to them. I'm sorry. (no answer) Alice? (pauses) Alice!

[Footsteps as Alex rushes over. Chittering of Zarrak are closer]

ALEX: Alice, no... Please, you have to wake up! [Beep of alarms] I get it now! I'll stop them, I promise!

[Zarrak breaking through door]

{Urgent music}

ALEX: (roars) GO AWAY!!

[Zarrak pause]

ALEX: NO MORE! I'm done fighting for you! GO! Leave! NOW! It's over! They're all dead, and they had nothing to do with what happened to you! And I am not one of you anymore!

[Zarrak chittering. Running footsteps as Alex returns to Alice]

ALEX: Alice? Alice, I did it. Please wake up. (desperate) I'll get you help, just...wake up...I didn't mean to do any of this...I'm sorry! (sobs) *I'm sorry!*

{SEMINAR Theme music 28:01}

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

In "Murder She Summoned," Danielle Thorburn was Jennifer, Tal Minear was Tye, and Stewart Moyer was Basil. The story was written by Dave Morgan.

In "After the End," Kate Sheridan was Hannah, Sophia DeRise was Natalie, Richard Green was Hank, and David C. Benson was John. The story was written by Justin Sparks.

Directed by Garan Fitzgerald, Jessica Harris, Jeff Robinson, and Tilly Bridges. Shorts and wrapper were edited by Tilly Bridges. All music and Seminar theme were written by V. C. Morrison.

Produced by Pendant Productions.

Seminar, co-created by Kathryn Pryde and Tilly Bridges. This production is copyright 2020, Pendant Productions.

TILLY BRIDGES: For more information, visit pendantaudio.com.