

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode Three: "Wheels in Motion"**

[Lady Chandley's office, with her ostentatious clock ticking away. The door opens and Mallory enters.]

WINLOW: Look who's on time for once.

MALLORY: (annoyed) Hello to you too, Winlow.

ARVEN: Does anybody know what's going on?

MALLORY: No idea. Lady Chandley never schedules meetings on such short notice unless ... (remembers the topic of the last meeting and tries to keep her foot out of her mouth) Uh. Unless ... something's going on?

WINLOW: (a bit smug) Well, since all four of us are here, at least we can rule out *one* possibility.

KAILIRA: ("very funny" sarastic fake laugh)

MALLORY: Arven, I thought you were meeting with her ladyship about the university numbers this morning?

ARVEN: We were supposed to, but she canceled. Secretary said she's been on the phone since breakfast.

WINLOW: We'll find out soon enough because --

[Right as the clock chimes an hour, the door opens and Chandley walks in.]

CHANDLEY: Good afternoon, everyone.

[Chandley breezes by everyone to set things on her desk.]

CHANDLEY: All here -- good. Let me get right to the point then. I will be leaving

town to supervise an important discovery they're unearthing in the North Portreeve Ruins. (beat) As the most senior of you, Apprentice Winlow will be in charge during my absence, but I expect all of you to work together to keep the Hall of Magic running smoothly until I return.

ARVEN: They found something at Portreeve?

MALLORY: Oh! I was just watching a show on the Senexian fountains there! What did they find now?

WINLOW: Must be important if you're going in person. (beat) Did they dig up another teenager?

KAILIRA: Give it a rest already.

CHANDLEY: Something I've spent ages searching for. (going into a bit of teacher lecture mode) Apprentice Kailira already knows this, but the other three of you may not be aware -- Senexia had no centralized power plants. Electricity was provided locally by generators powered by magic we still don't fully understand. One of these has been detected deep in the ruins.

ARVEN: You're going all the way there for a generator?

WINLOW: I don't get it. They've found Senexian generators before. There's two in the museum downtown. What makes this one so special?

CHANDLEY: Oh, that's quite simple. This generator is different because -- if the sensor readings are right -- it's still running.

KAILIRA: (in surprise) One of them made it?

CHANDLEY: It's located in the basement of a building near the center of the ruins. They're still trying to dig down to it, but the readings are *very* promising.

ARVEN: Wait ... back up ... you're saying machinery that has been buried under dirt and ash for seven hundred years is still working?

MALLORY: How is that even possible?

CHANDLEY: Ah, that's the key question. Imagine the magical technology involved! With a working model we can learn how to make them again. It could revolutionize how we power our country!

MALLORY: (in awe) Amazing ...

CHANDLEY: (back to business) So as I was saying -- I will need to supervise the digsite personally while they extract the generator and prepare it to be shipped back here. I'll be gone for a week, maybe more. Winlow, I will expect a daily report on everything that happens here in my absence.

WINLOW: Of course, my lady.

CHANDLEY: Arven, you'll be reporting to Winlow regarding the upcoming classes at the University of Hallamere. I simply will not have the time to spare.

ARVEN: Got it.

CHANDLEY: Mallory, continue with the library project you've been working on. If you identify any gaps in the collection, submit your purchase requests to Winlow.

MALLORY: Yes, ma'am.

CHANDLEY: As for you, Kailira, start writing up everything you can remember about these generators and how they work. I need that on my desk tomorrow before I leave. I may contact you with any further clarifications I need once I'm there.

KAILIRA: No.

CHANDLEY: (cold as ice) Do elaborate, Apprentice.

KAILIRA: I've seen what happens when I share my knowledge with you. It gets twisted and abused.

CHANDLEY: This is not the time --

KAILIRA: Yes, I know a thing or two about how my people powered our country. I've seen working generators with my own eyes. I even visited Kosara back when it was called that instead of "Portreeve". (driving her point home) Nobody else in the entire *world* can say that.

CHANDLEY: I am well aware of your qualifications, Kailira.

KAILIRA: If you want me to tell you anything? Take me to the digsite so I can see it for myself.

CHANDLEY: (laughs) Impossible.

KAILIRA: Then you're not getting information out of me.

WINLOW: You must be kidding.

MALLORY: (urgent whisper) Kai, what are you doing?!

CHANDLEY: (sharply) Young lady, your childish nonsense has no place in this discussion. One of the most important archaeological discoveries of the modern age is at stake -- it is *not* the time for a fit of teenage pique.

KAILIRA: (getting angry) You can call it what you want, Cassia, but I'm not changing my mind. Take me with you to Kosara or you'll just have to make do with whatever speculation you Hallamerans have come up with.

ARVEN: (under his breath, "this is awkward") Oh boy ...

CHANDLEY: So you really intend to hold vital intelligence hostage over some perceived slight.

KAILIRA: You *lied* to me.

CHANDLEY: We will not discuss this here.

KAILIRA: (twisting the knife) Why? Is there something you don't want to say in front of the others?

MALLORY: (desperate) Wow, okay, let's ... just ... settle down and ...get back to business. Right?

WINLOW: (smug, to herself) I should've brought popcorn.

KAILIRA: Well? Should I go pack a bag? Or are you going to try to re-discover my people's power without my help?

CHANDLEY: If you think leaving the Hall will give you another chance to run away, you're a fool. The North Portreeve dig is under tight security.

KAILIRA: So there shouldn't be any problem taking me there.

[Beat as Chandley seethes a little and the others hold their breath.]

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CHANDLEY: The helijet leaves at 7am sharp. Do not be late.

KAILIRA: I won't.

CHANDLEY: Winlow, it seems you will be short-handed during my absence.

WINLOW: (she enjoyed the show) Don't worry, my lady. I'm sure I'll manage.

CHANDLEY: Well then, any further questions? Anyone else just *itching* to interfere? ... No? Oh, good. Dismissed.

[Mack's prison cell at the Triple Towers Maximum Security Prison.]

MACK: (humming idly) Ten minutes ... should be just about up by now. So ...?

[Beat.]

[A massive power outage hits. Everything powers down slowly and dramatically until it's almost silent.]

[Shouts and yelling in the distance, some kind of alarm starts to sound. Mack gets up and stretches.]

MACK: Heh. Oh, lights out. All right.

PA SYSTEM: (in the distance) All guards report to cell Block A immediately.

[Footsteps hurry up on the outside of the door. Some kind of manual override on the door is thrown and the door pops open slightly.]

GUARD: Gimme a hand.

MACK: On it.

[Mack grabs the edge of the cell door and forces it open.]

MACK: (straining as he forces the door open) So ... who do I thank for this?

GUARD: A friend.

MACK: (still straining) Oh, it's always a friend, heh heh. Nobody jailbreaks me just to yell at me. (finishes pulling the door open)

[Mack steps into the hallway.]

MACK: Oh, *really* missing my night vision.

GUARD: Listen. I've got keys and the controls for those cuffs in my back pocket. Knock me out so I've got deniability, take what you need, and go *that* way.

MACK: Uh, I don't mean to tell you the layout of your own business here, but ain't that a dead end?

GUARD: Not after you break through the wall into the maintenance tunnel. Now hurry up before someone else comes to check the VIP rooms.

MACK: Okay sure boss, whatever you say, but uh which friend? Uh, gotta pay my respects.

GUARD: I'm not paid to know who's pulling my strings. Whoever it is, they burned a *lot* of favors.

MACK: (to himself, in disbelief) Oh, Plin.

[Shouts and running footsteps are audible down the hall.]

GUARD: (urgently) Hurry up already!

MACK: (back on task) Ah ... right. (punch-throwing noise)

[Mack punches the guard in the face.]

GUARD: (getting-punched-in-the-face-and-knocked-out noise)

[The guard's unconscious body hits the ground. Mack rifles through the guard's

pockets.]

MACK: I know I should feel conflicted about this cuz like you're helpin' me, but you're a guard. So at least I hope they're paying you enough for this. Oof! (under his breath) Man, how many keys ...

[Mack pulls out some kind of doohickey and disables the restraint cuffs.]

MACK: Ooh, that's *much* better. All right, exit stage left ...

[He takes off down the hallway.]

[The North Portreeve archeological dig site. Construction work is going on in the background.]

HAWTHORN: (in the middle of a long explanation) ... so we need to move *these* sensors down a little and recalibrate them for the magnetic field.

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Okay ... uh ... what about this one over here?

HAWTHORN: We can't move that until they finish digging out the stairway.

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Oh, ha, right. Yeah.

[Breeley approaches.]

HAWTHORN: I can take these two, can you move the ones on the --

BREELEY: Hawthorn! Just the person I was looking for.

HAWTHORN: What do you need, Supervisor?

BREELEY: Why haven't the gate codes been updated?

HAWTHORN: Oh, I-I-I'm sorry, I've been trying to get the new sensor positions --

BREELEY: (sternly) No, no, no. Gate security takes priority, kid. All the data in the world won't matter if we can't keep the digsite secure.

HAWTHORN: Ah, right. I'll just --

BREELEY: Nora can handle the sensors. Right Nora?

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Oh. Um. Probably? I mean -- yes. I can.

HAWTHORN: Don't worry about it, Mr. Breeley.

BREELEY: I'll stop worrying when it's done. You know who I just got off the phone with? Lady Chandley herself.

HAWTHORN: Whoa. R-really?

BREELEY: She's coming to oversee the excavation in person. When she gets here I want everything *flawless*. Understand?

HAWTHORN: (excited) Yes! We'll get right on it, sir.

BREELEY: Good. Glad we had this talk.

[Breeley walks away.]

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Gosh. The Royal Sorceress is coming *here*?

HAWTHORN: Apparently! Have you read her essay on the use of celestial themes in Senexian artwork?

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Can't say that I have ...

HAWTHORN: It's fascinating. (beat) Anyway, here. Take my notes. It should be enough for you to get all the sensors done.

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Right. If I --

[She's interrupted by her phone ringing. It's a cute little bleebly ring. She pulls it out and checks it.]

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Drat, who could be -- (checks the caller) Oh. (awkwardly) Sorry, Hawthorn, I uh gotta take this somewhere private. It's uh ... personal.

HAWTHORN: Sure, go ahead. I gotta get over to the gates anyway.

[Hawthorn walks off. Elinor steps into a shed or something and shuts the door

behind her before answering the phone.]

ELINOR: (as herself -- confident and professional) Go ahead.

NATTERJACK: (on phone) Elinor, my dear. Is this a good time?

ELINOR: I'm alone, yes.

NATTERJACK: (on phone) Excellent. I just need to elicit a bit of an update from you. Is everything still on track?

ELINOR: It's going as I expected. Might get a little hairy, though. Seems Chandley got word of the generator and she's swooping in to get *her* hands on it.

NATTERJACK: (on phone) Hmm, indeed. That's a complication I had hoped to avoid.

ELINOR: I'll probably have a narrower window of time to make my move. I need help. Someone who can do some heavy lifting.

NATTERJACK: (on phone) That can be arranged. Let me check my contacts.

ELINOR: I'll keep you updated.

NATTERJACK: (on phone) Good. (beat) Always a pleasure, darling.

[Elinor hangs up.]

[Oubliette's domain. It's creepy, quiet, and subterranean. Oubliette is recording a message.]

OUBLIETTE: Listen to my words. You remember me a little faster now, don't you? Your memory stirs with a quickness. (beat) You've been a busy little thing. I can see your hand in the events unrolling across the game board.

[Some kind of data or something scrolls across a screen.]

OUBLIETTE: You've done well. I have every confidence that you've covered your

tracks. Your subtle harmonizing has changed the key to my advantage. There's a small melody I need to encourage ... but that's out of your reach for now.

[beat]

OUBLIETTE: Keep listening, my mockingbird. When the key changes again I'll have more directives for you, and you must act fast. (beat) Until then ... I leave you to your work.

[Beep -- the message is sent.]

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

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Featuring the voice talents of:

Anjali Kunapaneni as Kailira

Garan Fitzgerald as Mack

Emaline Tuck as Lady Chandley

Jordan Drayer as Apprentice Winlow

Colton Flick as Apprentice Arven

Erin King as Apprentice Mallory

Rukshin Shafer as Elinor

Briar Zachary as Natterjack

Elliot Jean as Hawthorn

Daniel Santoy as Breeley

Alexandra Jameson as Oubliette

and Samantha Reed as Guard

Created and written by D. X. Blink

Hammered dulcimer music by Vince Conaway at vinceconaway.com

Directed by Samantha Reed

Assistant directed by Garan Fitzgerald and Jeff Robinson

Produced by Pendant Productions

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