

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode Seven: "Where All Roads Lead"**

[Chandley's office. Winlow is tapping a pen with great impatience. A grandiose clock chimes.]

[Mallory enters hastily.]

WINLOW: Late again, Mallory?

MALLORY: What? I'm not -- (beat as she looks at a clock) Come on. I missed it by one minute!

WINLOW: Meeting at eleven means meeting at eleven, not eleven-oh-one.

MALLORY: (irritated) Okay, whatever. I'm here.

[Mallory sits down.]

WINLOW: Let's start with you, Arven. Did you get the numbers I asked for?

ARVEN: Well, I had to call around, and people kept asking *why* I needed the information ... and to be honest, I was asking that too ...

WINLOW: I don't need your commentary. What did you learn?

ARVEN: The incoming class at Hallamere Tech is larger than we're getting at Hall U. Students from all over the country, and uh ... (checks notes) ... nine other countries as well.

WINLOW: (disapproving) Hmmm.

ARVEN: Winlow, I don't really understand why that's relevant to us. We're not the Hall of Science. Let them worry about it.

WINLOW: I don't need you to tell me how to do my job.

MALLORY: It's not *your* job.

WINLOW: Until Lady Chandley gets back -- yes it is.

MALLORY: (noise of annoyance)

WINLOW: How do the Hall Tech numbers compare to previous years?

ARVEN: They get more students every year. Uh, the increase averages out to three percent a year.

WINLOW: And the University?

ARVEN: That's been holding steady for ages. They can't really handle more students, you know. Uh, the classes just don't scale up.

WINLOW: Sounds like something we'll need to work on.

ARVEN: But, um ... why?

WINLOW: (ignoring that) And you, Mallory -- what's your report?

MALLORY: (annoyed) I'm still gathering data -- (under her breath) -- because this is HR's job, not mine -- (back to normal volume) -- but so far it looks like we've recruited fewer agents over the last few years. The number of analysts, researchers et cetera has been more or less stable. But it seems like more of the top-ranked students at Hall U are going into the private sector.

WINLOW: I see.

MALLORY: Meanwhile the library acquisition budget is going unspent because *you* pulled me off the work Lady Chandley ordered --

WINLOW: The library will be fine.

ARVEN: Winlow --

WINLOW: Anything else to report?

MALLORY: (fed up) Okay, I know her ladyship left you "in charge" but don't you think you're going a little overboard here?

WINLOW: (calmly) No I don't.

MALLORY: You're not the Royal Sorceress. You're an Apprentice, just like us. You're supposed to be doing *her* work, not ... whatever it is you're up to!

ARVEN: Mallory has a point. Lady Chandley clearly expected us to carry on like normal in her absence. What's she going to think when she comes back?

WINLOW: I'm not worried.

MALLORY: Well, that makes one of us.

ARVEN: We at least need to --

[Arven is interrupted by a knock at the door.]

WINLOW: (annoyed) Yes?

[Vell opens the door and enters.]

AGENT VELL: Apprentice Mallory. We've intercepted some concerning information regarding the North Portreeve dig site.

WINLOW: What *kind* of information, Agent Vell?

AGENT VELL: Word of the generator must have leaked somehow. Someone's trying to infiltrate the site and get access to it.

ARVEN: That's not good.

AGENT VELL: (dryly) Indeed.

WINLOW: That sounds like a matter for the on-site security.

MALLORY: Really?

AGENT VELL: In fact, I already have orders for this situation and they are quite clear.

WINLOW: (wary) Is that so?

AGENT VELL: I came here to notify you that I've requisitioned a ride to the digsite to inform Lady Chandley in person and assist with securing the facility.

WINLOW: And these orders of yours came from ...?

AGENT VELL: (sternly) Apprentice, you are well aware that the list of people who can give me orders is *very* short.

WINLOW: (resigned) Yes, yes. Go ahead, then. I suppose time is of the essence.

AGENT VELL: As you say. Good day, Apprentices.

[Agent Vell leaves.]

MALLORY: I can't believe somebody's trying to steal such an important object right out of the ground! That's ... that's like ... our country's heritage!

ARVEN: Lady Chandley did say Portreeve is under tight security. They must have suspected that someone would try this.

WINLOW: Well, I'm sure Agent Vell will take care of it.

MALLORY: You're not even a little worried?

WINLOW: I'm sure her ladyship can handle a petty thief. Especially with Vell backing her up.

ARVEN: This is more than petty thievery.

WINLOW: (firm "this meeting is over" voice) If there's nothing else you two need to report right now? No? You can go.

MALLORY: (sarcastic) Yes, ma'am.

ARVEN: (trying to defuse the situation) C'mon. Let's, let's grab an early lunch before the commissary runs out of the good stuff.

MALLORY: Yeah, yeah. I'm coming.

[Plinio's shop. Mack is pacing.]

MACK: (nervous) Where is she ... Ellie's never late ...

PLINIO: (sigh) Would you look at the clock, Mack? She'll be here any --

[The back doorbell rings.]

PLINIO: There you go.

[Mack hurries to the back door and opens it.]

MACK: (clearing his throat, trying to sound nonchalant) Elinor! Right on time.

ELINOR: (as herself) (to Plinio) Is he ready?

PLINIO: Heh, well --

MACK: I'm ready! So ready. Tell her I'm ready, Plin.

PLINIO: As much as I could get him in three days.

ELINOR: And is that enough?

PLINIO: Should be.

MACK: Yes! See? I'm back in business, baby!

ELINOR: All right, come on. I'll fill you in on the way to the job.

[Elinor and Mack head out.]

PLINIO: (calling after them) Remember, Mack! Don't overstress those --

[Door closes behind Elinor and Mack.]

PLINIO: (annoyed at being ignored) -- relays. Ugh, why do I even bother.
(exhausted sigh) At least I can finally get some damn sleep.

Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode Seven: "Where All Roads Lead"

[Elinor's car. It's a nice car. Dulcimer music is playing on the radio.]

ELINOR: (all business) Here's the details, Mechanimo. We're on our way to a private helipad. There's a helijet waiting there to take us to an archaeological digsite -- the North Portreeve ruins. We go in, we get the item or as much of it as we can grab, we leave. And if we do it quietly enough, nobody even knows we were there.

MACK: (getting back into the swing of things) Your basic grab 'n' go, I got it. Any security?

ELINOR: Oh, quite a lot. But I've done some groundwork. There's a gap in their security coverage which conveniently coincides with a break in the perimeter fence and a nice secluded spot to land.

MACK: Ooh, did you do one of your infiltration things?

ELINOR: Of course. This isn't a two-bit heist, we're after a real haul.

MACK: So what is it?

ELINOR: You know much about Senexia?

MACK: (surprised) Huh. Actually ... it's um, come up a lot for me lately. Little weird.

ELINOR: Long story short, we're after the only known working example of their power production technology. It's in the basement of a building they've been digging out. (beat) These things are big. My original goal was to spend a whole night disassembling it and carrying it out in pieces.

MACK: Now, see, whenever I've been on one of those jobs there's always a bunch of pieces left over.

ELINOR: Doesn't matter, because the situation's changed. Security's tighter. Hopefully you can pick the whole thing up and take it out in one go. If you can't, our instructions are to take whatever parts we can -- especially whatever it is *this* generator has that the other ones don't. (beat) I've been staring at schematics and pictures of the museum pieces for so long I can probably draw them from

memory.

MACK: Okay. Put the thing on blocks, strip the good stuff. Can do.

ELINOR: We only have one shot. We have to make it work.

MACK: (eager) We'll do it. Have I ever let you down?

ELINOR: I told you, it's been two years. I don't know you anymore.

MACK: C'mon. Whatever else happened, I'm still me.

ELINOR: That's all very nice and self-actualizing, but until I see your work again with my own eyes you're an unknown.

MACK: (sigh) Fine. But you'll see. I ain't forgotten how to ride a bike and I ain't forgotten how to strip it for a chop shop neither.

ELINOR: We'll see about that.

[Hawthorn's office. Which is probably just a shed with some computers.
Hawthorn is hard at work.]

[Breeley knocks at the door.]

BREELEY: Hawthorn.

HAWTHORN: Yes, supervisor?

BREELEY: You did another cycle of the gate codes, right?

HAWTHORN: You bet. Also checked battery levels in the cameras, did an inventory of active security badges, and pinged every sensor on the network to make sure they're updating right.

BREELEY: (not entirely sure what all that meant) Oh. Well ... good. Keep it up. (beat) There's someone else coming from the capital tonight. Some kind of urgent message for the Royal Sorceress. So, be ready to set up another badge if

we need it.

HAWTHORN: Sure thing. I'll run a few camera tests too, just to be sure.

BREELEY: Good. I'll be in my room trying to get some sleep, if you need me.

HAWTHORN: Got it.

[Breeley leaves.]

HAWTHORN: (talking to himself as he works) Okay, standard camera test patterns. Camera one ... range of motion ... focus ... (small yawn) Why didn't they give me time to automate this? (beat) Camera one's good. Camera two ... range of motion ... wait. Where's the zoom ...

[Hawthorn clicks a mouse to zoom in.]

HAWTHORN: Wait, who is that? The dig team already turned in. Little more zoom ... (beat) (small gasp of recognition)

[Hawthorn jumps out of his chair and hurries off.]

[Outside at the dig site. It's quiet, work is done for the night.]

[Kai is walking with determination. Hawthorn comes running up behind her.]

HAWTHORN: (a bit breathless from running) Kai! What ... what's going on?

KAILIRA: (small sigh of annoyance) Nothing.

HAWTHORN: I was just checking the cameras a-and ... (beat) Wait, you weren't thinking of ... going *in*, were you? To Building 58?

KAILIRA: It's not "Building 58", it's Ritani Tower.

HAWTHORN: (confused) What do you mean?

KAILIRA: The rest of you can call things by your made-up names but that doesn't

mean I will. (beat) And yeah. I'm going in.

HAWTHORN: Wait! You can't just walk in there alone.

KAILIRA: Why not?

HAWTHORN: No one's supposed to until work starts tomorrow morning.

KAILIRA: (might as well pull rank) I'm an Apprentice of the Royal Sorceress of Hallamere. Are you going to stop me?

HAWTHORN: (surprised) Oh ... I mean ... (nervous laugh) If you put it that way, I guess I'm not.

KAILIRA: I thought so.

HAWTHORN: But you still can't go in by yourself. Nobody enters the buildings alone, that's the rule. Even Lady Chandley herself wouldn't be allowed to. (apologetic) The buddy system, you know. Safety and all that. We've shored up the load-bearing walls but there's always a risk.

KAILIRA: I'm going in anyway.

HAWTHORN: Then I suppose I need to come with you. It's ... it's okay if you have a buddy, right?

[A beat as Kai considers her options.]

KAILIRA: Uh ... all right. I guess I could use a "buddy".

HAWTHORN: Great.

[Hawthorn punches some numbers on a security keypad. A door opens.]

HAWTHORN: (nervous) Just so you know ... this is still kind of against the rules.

KAILIRA: I know.

HAWTHORN: (under his breath, still nervous) ... and we should really be wearing hard hats ...

KAILIRA: (already inside) Are you coming or not?

HAWTHORN: Yes! I'm coming. (beat) Breeley is gonna kill me.

[The door slams shut.]

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode Seven: "Where All Roads Lead"

Featuring the voice talents of:

Genny Sherard as Kailira

Garan Fitzgerald as Mack

Dan Foster as Plinio

Jordan Drayer as Apprentice Winlow

Colton Flick as Apprentice Arven

Erin King as Apprentice Mallory

Katy Milholland as Agent Vell

Rukshin Shaher as Elinor

Elliot Jean as Hawthorn

and Daniel Santoy as Breeley

Created and written by D. X. Blink

Hammered dulcimer music by Vince Conaway at vinceconaway.com

Directed by Samantha Reed

Produced by Pendant Productions

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