

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode Eight: "Closed Doors"**

(A covert helipad behind the Portreeve ruins. Elinor and Mack step off of an idling helijet.)

ELINOR: Keep the engine lit. Be ready to take off the moment I give the word.

HELIJET PILOT: Understood, ma'am.

ELINOR: It's time to update Natterjack.

(Elinor dials her phone. Natterjack picks up fast; they've been waiting for this call.)

NATTERJACK: (on phone) Elinor, my dear. What's your status?

ELINOR: I'm on the ground with Mechanimo. So far, all clear. We're about to head in.

NATTERJACK: (on phone) Excellent. Keep me apprised if anything changes.

ELINOR: Will do. Talk to you later.

(Elinor hangs up.)

MACK: Jeez, look at all those trashed buildings. It's like I'm staring at a history book.

ELINOR: (amused despite herself) Have you even *read* a history book?

MACK: Eh. (chuckles) I didn't stay in school long enough for them to make me read *anything*. But I've seen pictures.

ELINOR: The break in the fence is this way. Once we're in, follow close. There's not a lot of cameras on this side, but there's still a couple we've got to avoid.

(They push through a gap in the fence.)

MACK: Damn, I used to have a disruption implant that was great for taking those out.

ELINOR: Don't worry, I've got a camera disruptor in my bag. But at this hour there's someone watching the cameras and I don't need him coming here to investigate.

MACK: (to himself) Can't wait till I get all my bits and bobs back in. Jobs like this'll be a breeze.

ELINOR: Stay sharp. The building we're heading for is that one down there, straight ahead. If you see anyone coming, get out of sight, and fast.

MACK: Just like old times.

(Inside the ruined building. Kai and Hawthorn are walking across a sandy tiled floor.)

HAWTHORN: It's so dark in here. Where's the switch for the work lights?

KAILIRA: *Leoht.*

(A small magical light brings into existence near Kai.)

HAWTHORN: (small gasp of awe) Whoa.

KAILIRA: There, now we can see.

HAWTHORN: (mesmerized) Wow ...

KAILIRA: (small chuckle)

HAWTHORN: What?

KAILIRA: I've never seen someone be so impressed by a simple light spell before.

HAWTHORN: (feeling self-conscious) I know it's probably second nature to *you*,

Kai, but I don't get to see magic like that very often.

KAILIRA: If it makes you feel any better, I had the same reaction when I got my first cell phone.

HAWTHORN: Huh. Really?

KAILIRA: Really. (beat) Now where are the stairs ...

HAWTHORN: You're looking for the generator room, aren't you.

KAILIRA: Yes. Is that breaking another rule, Hawthorn?

HAWTHORN: Uh ... just the ones we're already breaking, I think.

KAILIRA: If you get in trouble, just blame me. It's not like *I* get fired.

HAWTHORN: Right, right. (beat) Could you do me a favor, though? If you see any dirt marked off with green tape, just -- don't step on it. Or touch it. Please. (beat) It means they found someone. Remains, you understand?

KAILIRA: (quietly) Oh.

HAWTHORN: (sigh) This might sound stupid but I ... I don't really like how they handle that. Just, picking out the bones and cataloging and boxing them up to be studied. Like we've forgotten those are people. (beat) (softly) Like we've forgotten this city is a graveyard. (embarrassed, trying to pull himself together) I'd just like to show them a little respect, is all. Even if nobody else does.

KAILIRA: (moved) Thank you ... for thinking of that. You're probably the only other person here who cares. (beat) I'll stay away from the green tape, I promise.

HAWTHORN: I appreciate it.

KAILIRA: There's the stairs. Weird to have them so far back. I wonder who designed this place?

HAWTHORN: If it's the same person who did the mosaic out front they were a hell of an artist.

KAILIRA: Nah, that kind of art was usually put in after the building was finished.

HAWTHORN: You really remember every detail, don't you?

KAILIRA: (disapproving) They didn't need to rip this door off its hinges. Aren't archeologists supposed to *preserve* things?

HAWTHORN: (a little defensive) This whole room was filled with dirt and ash before. Maybe the dig team had trouble getting it open? I dunno.

KAILIRA: Come on. We've gotta go a few stories down. Generators are always on the lowest floor.

(They start heading down the stairs.)

HAWTHORN: (impressed) How do you just know these things?

KAILIRA: (realizing she may have said too much) Oh ... you know. I just uh ... picked it up.

HAWTHORN: Can I ask you something?

KAILIRA: Sure.

HAWTHORN: A while back I was reading an old paper Lady Chandley wrote in ... the *Journal of Applied Historical Magic* I think? Anyway. I didn't really understand everything in that paper, but it kinda seemed like ... I mean, I got the impression ... that she had access to some kind of major primary source on Senexia.

KAILIRA: (sigh)

HAWTHORN: Is that why you guys know so much about ... about everything? Is there some kind of, I dunno, scrying artifact or something at the Hall of Magic?

KAILIRA: I ... I can't really talk about it. Sorry.

HAWTHORN: (to himself) I knew it.

KAILIRA: Watch your step here, looks like the stairs are a little loose.

HAWTHORN: Where -- (stumbling a bit) Oh, you weren't kidding. (nervous joking) Well, we're just going into the depths of a centuries-old ruined building without safety gear so uhhh ... what could go wrong?

KAILIRA: Don't worry, if the building collapses or something I can *probably* keep us safe.

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HAWTHORN: (weakly) Great. (losing his balance) Whoa! (small oof)

(A stair wobbles under Hawthorn's foot and he loses his balance, stumbling into Kailira, who grabs him)

KAILIRA: (small oof as Hawthorn bumps into her and she catches him) Careful! (beat) (curious) Huh. Is that an amulet you're wearing?

HAWTHORN: (a little embarrassed) Oh. Heh. Usually it, uh, stays tucked under my shirt.

KAILIRA: What's it for?

HAWTHORN: It's uh ... kinda personal. Sorry.

KAILIRA: Okay. (beat) Why does everybody get evasive when I ask about magic stuff?

HAWTHORN: Didn't *you* just dodge one of *my* questions?

KAILIRA: That's ... different. (changing the subject) Just a couple more flights of stairs, I think.

HAWTHORN: You're really impatient to see the generator room, aren't you. You realize we haven't worked out how to get through the door yet, right?

KAILIRA: (still a little annoyed about it) Oh, you'll probably do what you did with the door to the stairwell. Wreck it for no reason.

HAWTHORN: Come on, we don't -- I mean, sometimes it's the only way to move forward. We try to preserve what we can, otherwise we'd have nothing to study. But we have to get through somehow. (beat) Do you have a better idea?

KAILIRA: You'll see.

(Lady Chandley's room at the digsite. She's going over photos and flipping through books. Breeley can faintly be heard talking somewhere.)

LADY CHANDLEY: (reading the symbols off a photo) *Gevar alora porwil*. (talking to herself) *Gevar* means danger, but the rest ... none of it makes sense. *Por*, "power". *Wil* ... "intention"? "Wish"? And *alora* just means ...

(Chandley flips a few pages on a dictionary.)

LADY CHANDLEY: (reading to herself) "To make ... other"? (small sigh of annoyance) If this is just another one of their strange little idioms --

(Urgent knock at the door.)

LADY CHANDLEY: At *this* hour?

(Chandley gets up and opens the door.)

LADY CHANDLEY: Breeley, what are you -- (surprised) Oh.

AGENT VELL: Lady Chandley.

LADY CHANDLEY: Agent Vell. Not someone I was expecting to see.

AGENT VELL: Sorry to disturb you, ma'am, but I've gotten word that thieves are targeting the digsite.

LADY CHANDLEY: My generator.

AGENT VELL: Yes. I'm here to assist in securing the area and preventing any problems.

LADY CHANDLEY: Let me grab my coat.

(The lowest basement of the ruined building. Kai and Hawthorn have reached the bottom of the stairs. There is a faint, deep, unsettling magical whum.)

HAWTHORN: Well, here you go. One creepy, dark sub-basement, and one incredibly solid-looking reinforced door. (beat) Sooo now that you've seen it ... can we go back up and pretend we never snuck in here?

KAILIRA: Not yet. Somewhere, there's -- ah.

(Kai brushes the dust off something on the wall.)

HAWTHORN: What is that? Some kind of panel? Why is it glowing?

KAILIRA: Because it's still working. (beat) The power's still on in this whole building, you know. It's just that all the light fixtures are broken.

HAWTHORN: Wait ... you mean if we had the right light bulbs ...?

KAILIRA: We wouldn't need my little magical light. In fact, I bet the lights in *there* are still working.

HAWTHORN: No way.

KAILIRA: I *tried* to tell Cassia -- generator rooms were sealed pretty carefully. It's probably the best preserved area in the whole city.

HAWTHORN: You're making me wish I could be here when they open it, instead of manning a laptop out front.

KAILIRA: Well, you don't have to worry about that.

(Kailira starts doing something with the panel.)

HAWTHORN: (nervous) Wait -- what are you doing?

KAILIRA: (under her breath, remembering the passcode) Tua ... ata ... feower ...

HAWTHORN: (still nervous) That panel hasn't been documented yet, you can't --

KAILIRA: There.

(She finishes entering the passcode and there is a green light. The door opens

slowly, and the generator noise is now louder.)

HAWTHORN: How did you ...?

KAILIRA: See? No need to destroy the door.

HAWTHORN: Okay, look. I've gone along so far because you're an Apprentice and I'm sure you know what you're doing but we are definitely not supposed to go in there.

KAILIRA: Stay in the hallway if you want.

(Kailira walks into the generator room and turns the lights on.)

HAWTHORN: (amazed) You were right. The lights still work. And ... that's *it*. The generator. (can't help himself) What's those symbols on the side? *So ... la ...* (snapping out of it) What am I doing?! Please, Kai ... Apprentice ... uh, ma'am. It's bad enough we're down here in the middle of the night without permission. We're gonna get in so much trouble. Can we *please* just leave now?

KAILIRA: *You're* free to go. (beat) Hmph. That must be nice.

HAWTHORN: (baffled) W-what?

KAILIRA: (not really listening) You can go anywhere you want. Do what you want. Have a life. Have ... friends ...

HAWTHORN: I can't leave you in this building alone, Kai. It's not safe.

KAILIRA: What's that saying? Um, if I had a half-crown for every time I heard that ...

HAWTHORN: You're starting to scare me a little here. Is ... is there anything you need to talk about?

KAILIRA: Nothing I'm *allowed* to talk about.

HAWTHORN: Okay, uh, let's hit the pause button. This conversation's gone someplace and I don't have a map. (concerned) Do you need something? Can you help me understand?

KAILIRA: There is something you can do for me, actually. Can you go into the hallway and ... tell me if the lights on the locking panel have changed?

HAWTHORN: Uhh ... sure?

(Hawthorn walks out into the hallway, Kai trails slightly behind him but stays inside the room.)

HAWTHORN: I don't think they've --

(Kai hits a button and the door slams shut, locking Hawthorn out in the hallway.)

HAWTHORN: (from the other side of the door) (shouting) Hey!

KAILIRA: (whispering to herself) Sorry, Hawthorn.

(Hawthorn pounds on the door.)

HAWTHORN: (from the other side of the door) (shouting) Kai! What are you doing?!

HAWTHORN: (from the other side of the door) (shouting) Open the door!

KAILIRA: (takes a deep breath) (to herself) This is it.

(Kai walks back over to the generator. She flips a catch, and part of the generator opens. Whatever's inside sounds strange and magical.)

KAILIRA: (starting to cast a spell with deep concentration) *Revela ... bilanx bindan ... alora porwil*

(The spell starts to harmonize with the energy source. Whatever spell Kai is casting, it's *big*.)

FADE OUT.

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

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Featuring the voice talents of:

Genny Sherard as Kailira

Garan Fitzgerald as Mack

Emaline Tuck as Lady Chandley

Katy Milholland as Agent Vell

Rukshin Shaher as Elinor

Kai Miller as Hawthorn

Briar Zachary as Natterjack

Daniel Santoy as Breeley

and Jordan Gottlieb as Helijet Pilot

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Hammered dulcimer music by Vince Conaway at vinceconaway.com

Directed by Samantha Reed

Produced by Pendant Productions

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