

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season One, Episode Three: "Every Kind of Tea"**

[Somewhere in the Hall of Magic. It sounds like a large high-security office building. Plinio's footsteps approach.]

AGENT VELL: Hold it! I need to see some ID.

PLINIO: What? Are you guys on lockdown or something?

AGENT VELL: I'm not paid to answer questions. Are you gonna show me your ID or are things going to get complicated?

PLINIO: Yeah yeah.

[Plinio digs in his pockets and pulls out an ID.]

PLINIO: Here you go.

AGENT VELL: A tech, huh? What's your business in the Hall of Magic?

PLINIO: I'm delivering a repair job to one of your server ops.

AGENT VELL: If you'll just hand that to me, I'll --

PLINIO: (cutting her off) Uh, whoa whoa whoa. Are *you* a licensed technician? No? Then you don't lay a finger on this box. There's sensitive equipment in here. I've got regulations to follow too, you know.

AGENT VELL: Fine, just let me get you logged.

[Vell types on a keyboard. Green light.]

AGENT VELL: The server room is around that corner on the left, second door down. Do *not* try to go anywhere else.

[Plinio starts to walk forward, but something beeps.]

AGENT VELL: Wait.

PLINIO: (sigh) Yes?

AGENT VELL: Something tripped the magic detector.

PLINIO: Well good heavens, we couldn't let anyone bring something *magical* into the Hall of Magic, could we.

AGENT VELL: (not rising to the bait) We are not allowing unauthorized spellwork into the Hall.

PLINIO: Ugh, for crying out loud. It's a prosthetic. I have all the paperwork. And I am *not* going to put my own arm into the coat check just to deliver a box. Here, wand it if you don't believe me.

[Agent Vell waves a wand over the arm -- a TSA metal detector style wand, not a Harry Potter wand.]

AGENT VELL: (suspicious) Hmm. This is remarkably well-shielded for consumer-grade magic.

PLINIO: (still annoyed) I work with sensitive equipment. Are you done?

[Green light.]

AGENT VELL: All right, go on in.

[A heavy security door opens. Plinio walks through and down the hall.]

DELLA: (stage whisper) Hey! Plinio! Psst! Plinio!

PLINIO: (between his teeth, sing-songy) I see you. Wait till we're in the server room, the cameras are watching.

[Della catches up to Plinio and follows him into the server room. It's full of computers whirring away. Plinio sets his box down.]

PLINIO: (lets out a small "glad that's over with" breath)

DELLA: Sorry about all the security. Things are a little nuts right now.

PLINIO: That's what I wanted to ask you about. What's going on, Della? You've got an actual agent outside the maintenance wing checking IDs for crying out

loud.

DELLA: (shuddering) Yeah, that's Vell. Even the other agents are scared of her.

PLINIO: She's a real sweetheart. Almost confiscated my damn arm.

DELLA: I'm not really sure what's going on. They're keeping it super hush-hush.

PLINIO: Ohh, "they". What they?

DELLA: The heavy hitters. Agents, apprentices, I swear I even saw Lady Chandley herself stalking the halls like she was ready to fire somebody.

PLINIO: Uh-huh. Would you say they're ... looking for someone?

DELLA: Why'd you contact me if you already heard?

PLINIO: I need to know who they're looking for.

DELLA: I don't know. (beat) It's weird, whenever they've got a lead on someone big like River Gang or Mechanimo, I always hear about it. But right now nobody's talking. I even tried watching our network traffic, but they're not messaging about it either.

PLINIO: Do you think you could find out for me?

DELLA: I can try. Maybe digging into some server logs could turn up something?

PLINIO: And so on the off-chance that ... someone ... knew the location of this mystery fugitive, could some kind of equitable exchange be negotiated?

DELLA: Ass on toast, Plin, don't tell me you're mixed up in this!

PLINIO: Della --

DELLA :(urgently) Look, I don't know who they're after but I can tell you one thing -- it's somebody very very dangerous.

PLINIO: Huh. Dangerous like your cooking, or ...?

DELLA: I'm serious. It's absolutely grim in the command center right now. Everyone's running on coffee and nerves. People are hitting wakestones so hard you could get a buzz just walking down the hall. Chandley's really cracking the

whip.

PLINIO: (to himself) Dammit. (to Della) Look, it's not me mixed up in this, exactly. But I still need you to make some inquiries.

DELLA: Look, I'll try. Really, though, if some friend of yours is poking this bear you may need to cut ties and bail like mad.

PLINIO (a bit ruefully) This is one tie I can't cut. But I'll watch myself, okay?

DELLA: You're the best hookup for rare parts in this town. I don't wanna lose my side gig.

PLINIO: Well, I've danced through fire before. I'll find a way. (beat) Now if you'll excuse me Della, I gotta go yell into the phone for a while.

[Mack and Kai are walking somewhere in the city. There's quiet traffic noise around them.]

MACK: So that's it? No long-term plan, huh? Just uh, "get out in the city for a while"?

KAILIRA: Okay, maybe I didn't really think it through. I saw a chance and I took it.

MACK: Look Kai, I can't just keep runnin' you out back doors, all right? I-I ain't what I used to be.

KAILIRA: (sigh) I'm sorry, Mack. Maybe I should just give up on this whole thing.

MACK: And you'd be goin' back ... where exactly?

KAILIRA: It's just that I've barely seen anything outside those walls since I got here. I haven't seen the low-g circus or petted a robodog or had one of those greasy sausages they sell on your streets ... I mean, what are they even made of ...

MACK: Where are you from anyways? You *sound* like you're from here.

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KAILIRA: Yeah, by your fifteenth language you get pretty good with accents.

MACK: (laughs) Oh, very nice. So friggin' educated. Yeah well you still didn't answer my question.

KAILIRA: I'm ... (beat) (dejected) It doesn't matter. It's gone. I can't go back.

MACK: Oh for crying out loud ... you're just gonna keep being Miss Mysterious, aren't you.

KAILIRA: Well, I don't exactly know *your* life story either!

MACK: What's there *to* know? I ain't Chandley. I got my own beef with that jerk. And if I see her smug little face again I'm gonna -- (stops himself) You stay with me, you keep breathin' free air. You got me, Sparkles?

KAILIRA: I, uh, got you.

MACK: Okay, so. You said you ain't seen the city since you got here. Is there something in particular you wanna see?

KAILIRA: Well ... there's a few things. I've mostly just read about them in books. I was hoping to see them in person. (beat) (starry-eyed) Like the Fountain of Willven. The pictures were so beautiful ...

MACK: (only slightly sheepish) Yeah, about that, uh. You're outta luck, uh, *someone* ripped it apart to steal the gold plating.

KAILIRA: No! Right off the fairy statues?

MACK: Oh yeah, mm-hmm.

KAILIRA: And the tilework with all the dragons?

MACK: (getting a little annoyed) Uh, yeah.

KAILIRA: Even the rotating --

MACK: (cutting her off) It wasn't that impressive up close anyway! What else?

KAILIRA: There's the Jussian museum ...

MACK: Way too many cameras. (with some pride) You know, they bumped up security cuz half the art got stolen right off the walls. (under his breath) It was great. (louder) I mean, awful. Yeah, terrible. Mmm.

KAILIRA: Maybe I could see Mulligan at --

MACK: Ooh, you got any idea how much those tickets *cost*? Yeesh! (beat) Look. Kid. I wanna help you out but you got to be realistic here.

KAILIRA: (sigh) (hesitant) Well ... okay, this might sound silly, but ... (beat) (quietly) Back home, there was a big open-air market right in the middle of the city, below the Great Bells.

KAILIRA: (increasingly dreamily) I used to go down there all the time to just ... buy some tea and watch people. You know, doing their shopping or eating their lunch or whatever. It was like watching a hundred stories unfold around me. (beat) (back down to earth) Sorry. That's probably not helpful.

MACK: What you're saying is, you wanna hit the Central Market.

KAILIRA: I know, I know, it's probably too crowded or too full of guards ...

MACK: Actually, it's uh --

[Mack's phone rings.]

MACK: Hold that thought.

[Mack walks a few feet away to answer his phone.]

MACK: (quietly) What did you --

PLINIO: (on phone) (yelling into the phone) Mack, you idiot! Are you still with that girl?

MACK: Shhh keep it down, she's right here.

PLINIO: (on phone) Listen to me, you have to get away from her!

MACK: What are you talking about?

PLINIO: (on phone) I talked to someone in the Hall of Magic and whoever they're looking for is dangerous as hell.

MACK: (laughing) (keeping his voice down so Kai doesn't overhear) Are you off your rocker? You saw the kid, she's like a little twig. Barely outta diapers.

PLINIO: (on phone) You asked me to find out and that's what I learned.

MACK: Even if it's true ... that means I've got some leverage.

PLINIO: (on phone) You're still gonna try to go through with this nonsense?

MACK: It's my one chance to negotiate for my freedom, Plin. Chandley put this damn mark on me and I've finally got a way to get her to take it off.

PLINIO: (on phone) Mack --

MACK: (louder) Oh, I gotta go. Well thanks for checking into that for me.

PLINIO: (on phone) Don't hang up! You --

[Mack hangs up.]

KAILIRA: Who was that?

MACK: Just Plin. C'mon.

KAILIRA: (confused) Come on where? Did the Guard find us again?

MACK: You wanted to hit the Central Market, right?

KAILIRA: (getting excited) Yes! I want to sit and absorb it all like dewberry spongecake! Are we really going there?

MACK: Sure. It ain't that far.

KAILIRA: I want to buy every kind of tea they have!

[Mack and Kai start walking away.]

MACK: Uh, maybe just start with like *one* tea or something, okay? And and and please, *try* not to attract too much attention.

KAILIRA: Okay but what if I get five kinds of tea mixed together and ...

[Lady Chandley's office. It's plush, carpeted, and quiet aside from the authoritative tick of an ostentatious grandfather clock. Chandley is pacing.]

CHANDLEY: Of all the times to be late ... (beat) Winlow, you *did* tell her this was a matter of urgency?

WINLOW: Yes ma'am.

ARVEN: Maybe she lost her badge again? All the extra security --

[The door opens and Mallory stumbles in, knocking something over.]

MALLORY: (apologetically) I'm -- ow! Sorry, I'm here! What did I miss?

CHANDLEY: (coldly) Apprentice Mallory. How good of you to join us. You may notice Apprentices Winlow and Arven managed to get here quickly. But you ...?

MALLORY: Yes ma'am, sorry ma'am, I just --

ARVEN: (with some amusement) Lost your badge?

MALLORY: No, Arven. I was looking through my journals for notes on old conversations. (beat) I was hoping to find some clues as to where she might go.

CHANDLEY: Well, at least you were focused on the task at hand. (beat) I've called the three of you here because our search for Kailira has taken a dangerous turn.

ARVEN: How dangerous, exactly?

CHANDLEY: I tracked her to a disgusting little diner near the river. She did not go there alone -- she was in the company of a known criminal, and she left with him just before we arrived.

MALLORY: (worried) Did this guy kidnap her?

WINLOW: There weren't any signs of a struggle.

CHANDLEY: I believe he is pretending to help her. If he sees the Guard closing in or feels cornered, however ... that could change. So I am switching tactics with

our search.

[Chandley stops pacing.]

CHANDLEY: We are no longer using the Royal Guard for this. They are useful but they lack subtlety. And we can't risk another escalation like what happened in the slums. (beat) Winlow?

WINLOW: (eager to show off) Yes ma'am!

CHANDLEY: Go back to the diner and try to recover any traces of their conversation or clues to where they went. It won't be easy in a place with that many people, but --

WINLOW: I'm on it.

CHANDLEY: As you say. (beat) Mallory, you said you were looking for clues in your journals?

MALLORY: Y-yes. But I-I didn't realize she'd been grabbed by a creep.

CHANDLEY: As long as he's pretending to help her, he might give her some leeway. Use your notes to come up with leads, and check camera feeds wherever you can.

MALLORY: Yes, ma'am.

ARVEN: (reluctantly) My lady, I've heard ... through the grapevine, you might say ... that someone was offering information on Kai's whereabouts. For a price.

WINLOW: (snort) "Someone"?

CHANDLEY: Undoubtedly the miscreant in question looking to profit off his find. (beat) Follow up on that. Pass the word along that the Hall may be willing to negotiate.

MALLORY: (shocked) What? No, we can't do that!

WINLOW: We are *obviously* setting a trap.

MALLORY: ... Oh. Right.

WINLOW: (suspicious) But why? Surely a street thief would be no match for a

squad of agents. Why risk a meeting?

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CHANDLEY: Are you questioning my orders?

WINLOW: (calmly) Of course not, ma'am. I would never question you.

ARVEN: (cautious) With respect ... she does have a point. Why all this for a common criminal? (hastily) I mean, we can carry out our part of the operation with more efficiency if we have ... all the relevant information.

CHANDLEY: (sigh) Fair point. As Winlow has so keenly intuited, the man who's gotten hold of Kailira is no mere street thief.

WINLOW: Ah.

CHANDLEY: He is a ruthless brute, with a strong desire for revenge against me personally.

MALLORY: And he has Kai ...

CHANDLEY: Indeed. So you see why we absolutely cannot tip him off until the moment we can free her from his clutches. Who knows what he might do.

WINLOW: What's his connection to you, my lady?

CHANDLEY: Two years ago I took him down and effectively ended his criminal career. Since then he's become unpredictable and, I suspect, willing to do anything to get back at me.

ARVEN: Wait -- you mean Kai's in the hands of ...

CHANDLEY: (deadly serious) Mechanimo.

[Mage and Machine theme plays]

ANNOUNCER: Mage and Machine, Season One, Episode Three, "Every Kind of Tea"

Featuring the voice talents of:

Anjali Kunapaneni as Kailira

Garan Fitzgerald as Mack

Dan Foster as Plinio

Emaline Tuck as Lady Chandley

Jordan Drayer as Apprentice Winlow

Colton Flick as Apprentice Arven

Erin King as Apprentice Mallory

Katy Milholland as Agent Vell

Emma Elizabeth as Della

Created and written by D. X. Blink

Hammered dulcimer music by Vince Conaway at vinceconaway.com

Directed by Samantha Reed

Assistant Director VC Morrison

Produced by Pendant Productions

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