

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season One, Episode Five: "The Smart One"**

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[Plinio's shop. It's quiet, but there's a few computery machines working quietly in the background. Plinio is tinkering with something.]

PLINIO: (idle whistling/humming while he works)

[Someone pounds on the door.]

PLINIO: (calling out) Yeah -- the shop's closed, come back tomorrow!

MACK: (on the other side of the door) Plin! C'mon!

PLINIO: (groans wearily)

[Mack keeps pounding. As soon as Plinio opens the door, Mack bursts through it with Kai.]

PLINIO: What are you --

[Mack slams the door behind them and locks a half-dozen locks while he's talking.]

MACK: Yeah nothing! Nothing, nothing, everything's fine. (nervous chuckle)

PLINIO: (exasperated) Mack --

MACK: You been watching the news?

PLINIO: No, I've been busy. Why?

MACK: Oh, no reason. Definitely nothing happened over by the Market. Sooooo, uh, the kid needs to lie low here for a while.

PLINIO: No.

MACK: Just till things die down a little!

PLINIO: Ha, funny you should say *die*.

KAILIRA: (hesitant) Mack, if it's gonna cause him trouble ...

PLINIO: It is.

MACK: Ugh, okay listen. There was a bit of a ... thing.

PLINIO: At the Market.

MACK: Yeah, a thing with uh ... a bit of a crash and kind of a magical boom and uh ... two of Chandley's apprentices.

PLINIO: Mack, I swear ...

MACK: I got nowhere else to take her, Plin. My old landlady ain't exactly the forgiving type, eh? (beat while he waits for a response but doesn't get one) C-come on, we shook Chandley's harpies but it was a close call.

PLINIO: (weary sigh)

MACK: I just gotta keep Kai somewhere till her trail goes cold enough. Then, we'll be outta here, okay? I promise.

PLINIO: Mm-hmm. I'll hold you to that.

MACK: Great! All right, all right -- Kai, just head on through to the back room over there, Sparkles. It's got the, uh, the comfiest couch in the whole city. I, uh, got somethin' to discuss with Plin real quick.

KAILIRA: Thank you, Mr. Plinio. I'll try not to cause you any more problems.

PLINIO: You can thank me by not using any magic in here.

KAILIRA: I won't!

PLINIO: And you're welcome.

KAILIRA: The back room is ...?

MACK: Through that doorway on the right.

[Kai heads off to the back room.]

PLINIO: Well, at least *she's* got manners. Are you completely off your processors?

MACK: About that thing you were looking into ...

PLINIO: (keeping his voice down a little but still mad) You mean that thing where I told you we're dealing with someone powerful enough to scare the pants off the Hall of Magic and you thanked me by hanging up on me and bringing her right to my shop?

MACK: Aw ... she ain't *that* dangerous.

PLINIO: The hell she isn't! Even if you don't believe what I heard straight from the Hall, she's already de-synced your vital systems with a single spell.

MACK: Let's be honest. Any first-year mage could do that.

PLINIO: Chandley's got her apprentices on the hunt for this girl and from what you're saying they damn near bagged her! Even you didn't get that level of attention from the Hall.

MACK: Eh, not the Hall of Magic, but ... I've always been more of the Hall of Justice's business anyway. I'm pretty sure they've sent half their chain of command after me at one time or another. (wistful sigh) Some of 'em even lived to file their reports.

PLINIO: Can you stop bragging and listen to me?

MACK: Oh, stop bein' a worrywort. I just gotta hang onto her until I work out how uh ... useful she can be. Speaking of which ...

PLINIO: Oh, for crying out loud.

MACK: Look, if I can trade her to Chandley for my freedom then *she's* outta your hair and *I* can start puttin' my life back together. So, is that on the table or what?

PLINIO: (reluctantly) Well ... I did hear back from my contact.

MACK: (excited) Yeah? Aaand?

PLINIO: The Hall is open to negotiations.

MACK: Ooh, I'm good! See what I'm talkin' about? It's all workin' out!

PLINIO: Don't be an idiot, Mack. If this girl has apprentices on her tail, they're not gonna send some desk jockey to talk terms with you.

MACK: Yeah yeah yeah, they're gonna try to set a trap. It won't be the first.

PLINIO: Yeah, well, it could be the last.

MACK: Yeah, you let *me* worry about that, okay? Get on the horn with your contact and tell 'em that if Chandley wants a lead on where her "supposedly super dangerous" teenager is, she can send somebody -- uh, just *one* somebody -- to the Hazardous Magic Disposal Plant on Seventy-Ninth. Tell 'em to name a time. Got that?

PLINIO: Oh come on, Mack. You really think meeting in the Haz Plant will keep you safe?

MACK: Well, they're gonna send someone powerful enough that they can out-magic the magic dampenin' fields, sure. But if they do that, all hell breaks loose with the crap that's stored there. Way I see it, I don't have my tech, they can't use their magic, it's even.

PLINIO: (sarcastic) Oh, right. "Even". You're a fugitive with a rap sheet a mile long who just caused a fracas in the heart of the city, and you're gonna be facing an actual apprentice. Or Chandley herself.

MACK: Aw, it wasn't my fracas. Anyway, you can't make an omelette without breakin' some eggs. So ... are you gonna set this up or what?

PLINIO: (groan) Fine. Fine! I'll send a message. When this all blows up in your face, get ready for the I Told You Soss. If there's enough of you left to listen, that is.

MACK: Oh, don't get your undies in a bind, Plin. I'll pull it off.

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

## **Mage and Machine. Season One, Episode Five: "The Smart One"**

CHANDLEY: (like a disapproving teacher) So. Which one of you is going to explain why I had to send agents to clean up a large pile of debris and make excuses for a magical explosion?

MALLORY: (trying to smoothe it over) My lady, Kai was just --

WINLOW: (cutting her off) We *would* have had Kailira safely back in the Hall this very moment if not for Apprentice Mallory's incompetence, Lady Chandley.

MALLORY: (betrayed) What??

CHANDLEY: Explain yourself, Winlow.

WINLOW: Mallory had the girl right there within arm's reach, and let her go.

MALLORY: (trying to get a word in edgewise) I-I-I-I *tried* to --

WINLOW: I was forced to chase her through the crowded Market. Fortunately, I was able to funnel her toward some back alleys, away from innocent bystanders.

CHANDLEY: (not impressed) I see. And then?

WINLOW: I had her cornered, but she refused to give up. I was forced to use magic to resolve the situation.

CHANDLEY: You used magic. Against *Kailira*.

WINLOW: Yes.

CHANDLEY: I wouldn't expect that kind of miscalculation from you, of all people. You know what kind of power she has.

WINLOW: I know what kind of power I have, my lady. And I had the upper hand, until I was distracted.

MALLORY: "Distracted"?! A-a huge scaffold almost crushed both of you!

CHANDLEY: Regardless of who would have won that little ego contest, you instigated a magical fight near one of the busiest areas of the city. And you have

nothing to show for it. I am disappointed.

WINLOW: (stiffly) Yes, my lady.

CHANDLEY: While the Hall's resources are busy cleaning up your mess, I expect you to go over the scene of your little ... incident ... with a fine-toothed comb. Find Kailira's trail again.

MALLORY: Lady Chandley, if I may?

CHANDLEY: Yes?

MALLORY: At the market, before all of ... that ... I was talking with Kai.

WINLOW: Before you let her escape, you mean.

MALLORY: I just felt -- that is, I *theorized* that I could convince her to return on her own.

WINLOW: We see how that turned out.

MALLORY: And I listened to her. She was ... different.

CHANDLEY: Different how? Is Mechanimo's influence corrupting her?

MALLORY: It's not that. Whatever she's been doing since she escaped, it's helped her. She looked like ... well, like any other teenager sitting in the Market having a drink.

CHANDLEY: Apprentice, I shouldn't need to remind you that Kailira is not like "any other teenager".

MALLORY: She said she could finally breathe again.

WINLOW: Ugh. That's the kind of thing you write in a diary with a glitter pen.

CHANDLEY: I am going to make this crystal clear. Kailira cannot remain at large. She is irreplaceable. She belongs here, under my guidance.

MALLORY: (grudgingly) And under your control.

CHANDLEY: Precisely.

[An old-fashioned phone ringer goes off. Chandley puts it on speakerphone.]

CHANDLEY: (this had better be important) Yes, Arven?

ARVEN: (on speaker) My contact has arranged a meeting, my lady.

CHANDLEY: Where?

ARVEN: (on speaker) The disposal plant on the south side.

WINLOW: Ha! Of course.

CHANDLEY: Oh, how dreadfully predictable. Every brainless hoodlum who thinks he can outsmart the Hall uses that spot.

ARVEN: (on speaker) The message said there should be one person --

CHANDLEY: Yes yes, and only one person is to show. Right, because the fool thinks that without my magic I am unarmed.

MALLORY: Wait, *you're* going to this shady meeting? Personally?

CHANDLEY: Deprived of all his circuitboards and cybernetic frippery, Mechanimo is just like any other street bully. I'll get what I need from him, whether he gives it to me willingly or not.

ARVEN: (on speaker) Maybe you should take some agents. Surround the place with backup?

CHANDLEY: (laughs) Absolutely not. The disposal plant is such a common haunt for the criminal element that it's always being watched. If I take backup, it'll be seen from a mile away and then the meeting will be off. And then Kailira is in the wind again.

[Chandley stands up and starts gathering her things to leave.]

CHANDLEY: Don't worry about me. I haven't forgotten who won the last time I faced Mechanimo alone. And I daresay, neither has he. We both know who's got the upper hand.

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[The Hazardous Magic Disposal Plant. It sounds like some kind of junkyard/warehouse that's closed for the day. Chandley is pacing.]

CHANDLEY: (to herself) *Why* do criminals find it so hard to be punctual ...

MACK: (off to the side, behind a pile of junk) You alone like I said?

CHANDLEY: You know I am.

MACK: Well don't pull anything funny or I bail and you don't get your girl.

CHANDLEY: Enough tired cliches, Mechanimo. I know it's you.

MACK: Well lah-di-dah. I know it's you too, Chandley.

CHANDLEY: Feel free to come out and look me in the eye.

MACK: Feel free to kiss my circuitboards. I'm stayin' where I am, just in case you decide to play hazardous magic roulette.

CHANDLEY: Yes, well, that's the "witty banter" portion of the meeting concluded. Now down to business.

MACK: Yeah, you're lookin' for a girl, I know where she is. I can leave her anywhere you like. But I ain't doin' it for free.

CHANDLEY: Is she alive? Unharm'd?

MACK: Ask your toadies. They saw her. All her limbs still attached and everything. Even dodged all that nonsense your little coven threw at her.

CHANDLEY: And she will *stay* unharm'd, or I will make what remains of your life a living hell.

MACK: I ain't afraid of you.

CHANDLEY: That's because you're a fool.

MACK: (laughs) I got no beef with Kai. No reason to hurt her. 'Specially not as long as she's *useful* to me.

CHANDLEY: Then let's proceed with our little transaction, shall we? You tell me

how much you're charging for your information, I cut you a check, and we both pretend to trust each other.

MACK: Yeah ... keep your damn check. I don't need money.

CHANDLEY: Really? My intel says otherwise.

MACK: (needed) All I want from you is one thing!

CHANDLEY: Which is what, precisely?

MACK: Take this magical crap off me!

CHANDLEY: (sigh of annoyance) No.

MACK: Oh! Oh, really! (quieter) Re-really? (pulling himself together) Then we got nothin' to talk about. Good luck ever finding your little prize again.

CHANDLEY: I *will* find her. You can help me and be rewarded, or you can get in my way and be destroyed.

MACK: I offered you a fair trade. It ain't my fault you turned it down! Here, let me offer it again -- you erase this damn mark off my chest so it stops breaking all my tech, and you get your teenaged sorceress back.

CHANDLEY: Oh please, don't tell me you're reformed. (laughs) If I remove that sigil, you'll be free to terrorize this city again.

MACK: I never terrorized anyone who wasn't in my way.

CHANDLEY: Oh, I see. A lot of innocent people just happened to be in your way.

MACK: Funny thing, your way's got a lot of people in it too.

CHANDLEY: (losing her cool juuuust a bit) I am the Royal Sorceress. I keep Hallamere powerful and I keep it safe. Yes, I found a way to help the Hall of Justice bring one of the country's biggest criminals to heel and I took it. You're not an innocent bystander, you're Case Study Number One.

MACK: (angry) I ain't a guinea pig! You want your damn girl or not?

CHANDLEY: (sharply) You're asking me to aid and abet a common criminal! To let you loose again! I can't do that any more than I would participate in a jail

break.

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MACK: (frustrated) Fine! Okay! I guess we *don't* have a deal then! (taking one last shot) And uh ... since that girl isn't useful to me anymore ...

CHANDLEY: (dangerous) You will not lay a finger on her.

MACK: Hah. Won't I?

CHANDLEY: I can track you like the rabid animal you are. Harm Kailira, and I will hunt you to the ends of the world and back.

MACK: (waaaait a minute) Track me?

CHANDLEY: Where is she?

MACK: (mocking) Uh oh, you're not thinkin' of trying magic on me are ya? Here?

[A magical noise -- muffled, as if it were underwater.]

MACK: (small gasp/choke)

CHANDLEY: I promise you, if you don't tell me ...

[The magical noise suddenly becomes clearer as it breaks through the dampening field. Some random magical things pop near Chandley, as if she'd tossed a lit cigarette in a fireworks factory.]

CHANDLEY: (sharp exclamations as her concentration is broken)

MACK: (gets his breath back suddenly) (coughs) (laughing) And here I thought you were the smart one.

CHANDLEY: How *dare* you --

[Magical things start going off left and right, and Mack runs for it.]

MACK: Have fun outrunning that in heels! (laughs)

[All magical hell breaks loose.]

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[Mage and Machine theme plays]

ANNOUNCER: Mage and Machine, Season One, Episode Five, "The Smart One"

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

Created and written by D. X. Blink

Hammered dulcimer music by Vince Conaway at [vinceconaway.com](http://vinceconaway.com)

Directed by Samantha Reed

Produced by Pendant Productions

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