

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode One: "What Comes To Light"**

EXT. NORTH PORTREEVE DIGSITE

[An active archeological digsite. Hawthorn is fiddling with some computer equipment when Elinor approaches him.]

ELINOR: (hesitant and awkward -- she's undercover, pretending to be "Nora") Hawthorn? I, uh, I think I got the last of the sensors set up.

HAWTHORN: Great! Thanks, Nora. Breeley's been down my neck all day.

ELINOR: (as "Nora") I hope I put them in the right spots.

HAWTHORN: All right, let's see what we can get.

[Hawthorn sits at his laptop and types. It starts doing cool computer things, downloading and processing a large amount of data.]

HAWTHORN: The connections look good. It'll take a minute to finish the test patterns. (beat) Sooooo how's your first week been?

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Oh, you know. (awkward giggle) Just trying not to nerd out on everyone. I've loved archaeology since I was a kid but this is my first time at a real-life dig. Being here with all this history around me? Wow.

HAWTHORN: (chuckle) Don't worry about nerding out. We're all nerds here. Follow what you love, right?

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Haha, yeah, good life advice.

[Hawthorn's computer finishes processing and dings.]

HAWTHORN: All right, we're getting some results. This'll tell us where to dig next. (beat) Whoa. What's *that*?

ELINOR: (as "Nora") Oh crap, did I screw something up? Lemme see.

HAWTHORN: No, the sensors are fine, it's just ... they're detecting ... (beat) I gotta get Supervisor Breeley.

[Chandley's study. It's plush and academic. Chandley is instructing Kailira in the use of some kind of complicated magical device.]

CHANDLEY: (in academic mode -- she's the kind of professor who doesn't allow makeup exams) No. Try again. (sigh) You need to infuse *this* gyroscopic assembly with just enough power to set it spinning, so it can calibrate to *this* flywheel. When you put too much power in, the calibration is completely wrong.

KAILIRA: (her mind is not on her work) Right, right. Infuse the gyroscope ...

[Kailira starts to do the thing. She puts too much power in, and the whole device literally falls apart.]

KAILIRA: Oh.

CHANDLEY: (sigh) (sternly) Kailira, where is your focus today?

KAILIRA: Sorry, Cassia.

CHANDLEY: Sorry is not sufficient. You are an Apprentice to the Royal Sorceress, child. You need to act accordingly. (beat) Ever since your little "escapade" you've been entirely too distracted. You need to put all of that nonsense out of your mind.

KAILIRA: You want me to put the entire city out of my mind?

CHANDLEY: Your work is here. In the Hall of Magic.

KAILIRA: But it doesn't have to be!

CHANDLEY: We are not having this conversation.

KAILIRA: Cassia --

CHANDLEY: Need I remind you that returning to the Hall was your choice?

KAILIRA: (sighs)

CHANDLEY: Your presence here was not an act of charity. You have a job to do.

KAILIRA: (grudgingly) Yes ma'am.

CHANDLEY: A magical device like this should not be beyond your abilities.

KAILIRA: I just don't understand why you need all these gyroscopes and flywheels to do the work for you.

CHANDLEY: (coldly) They are not 'doing the work for me'. They serve the purpose of refining and controlling the magic with which they are imbued, to achieve the most accurate results. (stern) Students of magic are taught that in their very first class. You are better than this.

KAILIRA: (a little salty) *My* first lessons in magic didn't involve outsourcing my control to *things*.

CHANDLEY: We're back to this argument, are we? Mmm, very well. Listen carefully, Kailira, I'll only say this once: you are not in Senexia anymore. You are in Hallamere, and we practice Hallamerian magic. (giving the "if you'd just apply yourself" teacher lecture) A sorceress as powerful as you should find all of this second nature. I don't understand why you're still struggling with the most basic concepts.

KAILIRA: Maybe I'd understand Hallamerian magic better if I was actually allowed to see the rest of the country --

CHANDLEY: (cutting her off sharply) What you need is focus. You ran away for a single day and look at how far it set you back.

KAILIRA: (to herself) At least I did Mack some good.

CHANDLEY: (firmly diverting the conversation) Let's not dwell on the miscreants who took advantage of your naïveté. Now, put all of this back together. You will keep working until you do it *right*.

KAILIRA: (sigh) Yes, Cassia.

[Kailira starts putting the thing back together.]

[The Hall of Magic server room. Servers and computers everywhere. Della is typing. The door swishes open.]

PLINIO: (fake cheerfulness) Knock knock, completely legitimate hardware delivery!

[The door swishes closed behind him. Della stops typing and gets up.]

DELLA: Already? I wasn't expecting you until next week!

PLINIO: Well I guess it's just your lucky day, Della! (more serious) Kidding aside, I ... I bumped your order up on my list because ... I need some more info.

DELLA: Oh, I see. Well Plinio, the Hall's pretty much back to normal today so I dunno what kind of info I can give you.

PLINIO: Today, sure. But last night?

DELLA: Hmm, now that you mention it, things suddenly died down around here at one point. Like half the agents ran out on the same job.

PLINIO: (dryly) They had a convention in my part of town. Can you believe I wasn't invited?

DELLA: Oh, the nerve!

PLINIO: I know, right? Della, my dear ... you think you could find out *why* they were swarming the streets like a flitterball game just got out?

DELLA: Sure, gimme a sec.

[Della sits back down and starts typing.]

DELLA: Your shop's still near the east side, right? Near the bridge? Let's see ...

bunch of cars pulled from the garage ...

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PLINIO: (thoughtful) Cars from the garage ...

DELLA: Destination ... hmm.

PLINIO: I'm gonna need more than a "hmm".

DELLA: They left it blank. Usually they're not allowed to do that. It'd take pretty serious authority to allow it.

PLINIO: Serious like, oh, say ... Cassia Chandley?

DELLA: That'd do it. (beat) It must be connected to whatever manhunt she was obsessing over yesterday. I'm pretty sure they found whoever it was, because people in the command center are actually able to breathe today.

PLINIO: (sarcastic) Well whoop-de-doo, that's one problem taken care of. (grim) Look, I don't care about Chandley's lost puppy. Someone I know was out on those streets around then and I couldn't find them afterwards.

DELLA: But *not* the person the Hall of Magic was going crazy over?

PLINIO: (scoffs) Please. Chandley can keep *her*.

DELLA: Hmm. So we're looking for collateral damage.

[Typing intensifies.]

PLINIO: See, you get me. This is why I put your orders in extra pretty boxes.

DELLA: Oh, and here I thought it's because I always pay on time.

PLINIO: Well, that too.

DELLA: There's no agent reports on what happened. I can see that Chandley's started a report, but if I try to read it she'll be alerted.

PLINIO: Let's leave that particular dragon unpoked. (beat) Can you get to the Hall of Justice records from here?

DELLA: Do fairies crap in mushroom patches?

[A little more typing, she's in.]

PLINIO: Any arrests last night?

DELLA: Two public intoxications, one unlicensed alchemist, three disorderly discharges of magic ... that'll be the frat party over at Hall U I bet ... oh! They caught Mechanimo again.

PLINIO: (under his breath) Damn it. (beat) Della, I'm going to ask you something and I need you not to ask me why, or tell anyone I asked.

DELLA: You're scaring me, Plinio.

PLINIO: What did they do with Mechanimo?

DELLA: You -- right, okay, not asking.

[She types some more.]

DELLA: Says here ... they put him in the Triple Towers. Solitary confinement, maximum security.

PLINIO: (deep breath) All right. Um ... have they set a court date?

DELLA: Sure, it's -- oh. Weird.

PLINIO: (gritted teeth) I don't need *weird* right now.

DELLA: (bewildered) There's no court date. No trial. Just ... indefinite incarceration. Is that even legal? Even for someone like -- oh hell, Plin, I didn't know you could get that pale. Sit down before you pass out.

[Della pulls a chair over for Plinio.]

PLINIO: (getting it together) I'm fine. I'm *fine*. I just ... need some coffee. *Strong* coffee.

DELLA: Anything I can do to help you out? Besides the coffee I mean, the stuff

they have in the break room is terrible.

PLINIO: I don't know. It's complicated.

DELLA: If you need some extra cash, there's some odd jobs I got approval for. I was just gonna hire an intern from Tech but I could definitely upsize it to a proper contract spot. (beat) I'm sure you would never misuse that kind of access to the Hall of Magic's network.

PLINIO: I'd certainly never get *caught*. You know, Della ... I might just have to take you up on that.

DELLA: I'll keep in touch. Now shoo, go get some proper coffee in you.

PLINIO: Thank you, Della. I mean it. I owe you.

[Plinio leaves the server room.]

[Oubliette's domain -- creepy, dark, and secluded under the city. Mysterious equipment does mysterious things.]

OUBLIETTE: (calm and mysterious as always, reciting a message) Hello there. It's been a while, hasn't it? I daresay you've forgotten me completely. Every note and fingerprint worn away from your mind. As it should be. (beat) But now, as you listen to this message, as my voice reaches you ... you begin to remember. Good.

[Oubliette's high tech equipment does something complicated in the background.]

OUBLIETTE: Things are afoot, my poppet. Echoes and rumblings of something big. Let my words awaken your memory, because I have need of you. I need eyes and hands outside my domain. When those little elements of chaos enter the field, I need someone to guide them.

OUBLIETTE: Keep your ears open. I will contact you again as the situation evolves. And as always ... tell no-one who you work for.

[Oubliette's equipment makes some kind of noise like the message has been recorded and sent.]

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Featuring the voice talents of:

Anjali Kunapaneni as Kailira

Dan Foster as Plinio

Emaline Tuck as Lady Chandley

Rukshin Shaher as Elinor

Elliot Jean as Hawthorn

Alexandra Jameson as Oubliette

and Emma Elizabeth as Della

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Produced by Pendant Productions

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