

[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

Announcer: **Mage and Machine. Season Two, Episode Four: "Footnote Thirty-Five"**

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[Plinio's shop. He's pacing.]

[There's a hesitant knock at the door and he hurries to open it.]

PLINIO: (with great relief) Oh thank goodness. Get in here.

[Plinio pulls Mack in and closes the door after him.]

MACK: Uh, uh ... hey, Plin.

PLINIO: That's all you've got, is "uh hey"? Sit down, I wanna run a diagnostic. Are you okay, Mack? Did those creeps *do* anything to you? Get handsy or anything?

[Mack sits down on something.]

MACK: Other'n kicking my ass and locking me up, you mean?

PLINIO: Right, but ... did they hack your systems or put anything in?

MACK: Not that I noticed. Mostly they just stuffed me in a cell to rot.

PLINIO: Let's get that shirt.

MACK: (cautiously trying a joke) Not even a drink first?

PLINIO: Oh very funny, Triple Towers. Settle down.

[Plinio grabs some tools and opens Mack's shirt.]

PLINIO: (to himself, almost afraid to believe it) Well, she *was* right. That magical scribble is gone. (snapping out of it) All right Mack, I'm just gonna run a full scan and sweep, make sure they didn't mess with anything.

[Plinio starts doing mechanic stuff while they talk.]

MACK: Plin ...

PLINIO: (distracted) Mm-hmm?

MACK: ... you kicked me out.

PLINIO: (sigh)

MACK: You said I'd need a new mechanic.

PLINIO: Yes. I said that.

MACK: So why am I here? And uh ... heh ... why are your hands on my ... electricals?

PLINIO: Because of what you said before you left, all right? (beat) For the first time in who knows how long, you actually gave a damn about someone besides yourself. Do you have any idea how long I've been waiting for that? (a little bitter) Of course, I'd always hoped you'd give that damn about me instead of some kid you just met, but beggars can't be choosers.

MACK: (quietly) Someone said it took a lot of favors to break me out.

PLINIO: Yeah. Well. Everything has a price.

MACK: Tell me about it. Had some pretty close calls on my way outta there.

PLINIO: Well, I had to cut a deal with Natterjack. You owe them some jobs. (beat) I told them you got unmagicked and could be the old Mechanimo again.

MACK: Wait, how did *you* know?

PLINIO: (to himself, trying to unscrew something) Boy, that's tight. (to Mack) Ran across your little friend in the Hall of Magic.

MACK: You talked to Kai?! Is she okay?

PLINIO: (dryly) Wow, okay, yes, let's all be concerned about the Apprentice with the cushy job who got you arrested, and not the guy who busted his ass tracking you down and actually got you out of maximum security lockup. Triple Towers, Mack.

MACK: She's just a kid.

PLINIO: And *I'm* just a mechanic. Hold still.

[Some kind of beepy diagnostic thing.]

PLINIO: I'm gonna need to get some proper implants back into you before Natterjack finds a use for your skills.

MACK: Kai ... she didn't know they arrested me. She made Chandley promise not to.

PLINIO: So I gathered.

MACK: She *tried* to --

PLINIO: (cutting him off) "Gee Plinio it's good to see you again, how are you doing, thanks for arranging an entire damn prison break for me, I'm so lucky to have you!" (beat) Asshole.

MACK: *Plin.*

PLINIO: (upset but too proud to cry) I have been worried sick, do you understand that? I had to go back into the Hall of Magic just to find out where you were. That you weren't *dead*.

[The sound of a green light.]

PLINIO: (pulling himself together) Oh, good, your basic systems are all intact. Even your heart, despite evidence to the contrary.

[Plinio closes up various bits of Mack while they talk.]

MACK: I'm *sorry*.

PLINIO: Please. Save it 'till you mean it.

MACK: (frustrated) What do you want me to do?

PLINIO: (sigh) I want you to lie down on the couch and get some rest. Now, I've got some parts to order.

MACK: (aw man) The couch?

PLINIO: (don't get me started) Yes, Captain Oblivious, *on the couch*. You're lucky it's not the floor. (muttering to himself) Maybe somebody can ship me a box of

frigging gratitude.

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[The library at the Hall of Magic. It's quiet ... adequately quiet.]

[Kai is sitting at a desk flipping through some books.]

KAILIRA: (muttering to herself) "Latent temporal reversal" -- what? That doesn't even ... ugh, who translated this ...

[Mallory and Arven approach. Quietly, because library.]

MALLORY: (quietly, to Arven) I told you she was still here.

KAILIRA: (still muttering to herself as she goes through books) "See footnote thirty-five" ... wait, there *is* no footnote thirty-five.

ARVEN: (clears throat politely)

KAILIRA: (doesn't even notice, still muttering) Maybe they meant *twenty*-five ...

MALLORY: (trying not to be loud, it's a library) Kai ...

KAILIRA: (muttering) No, that's not right either ...

MALLORY: Kai!

KAILIRA: (sigh) Yes?

MALLORY: What *is* all this?

[Kai sets a book down heavily.]

KAILIRA: Research.

ARVEN: I think you've got about half a bookcase stacked on this table. (reading book titles) "Essays in Applied Causality" ... "Harmonizing External Foci" ... Wow. Uh, this is some heavy stuff.

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KAILIRA: (with annoyance) I was *hoping* to find some of these in the original Senexian but all you've got is translations and none of them are very good.

MALLORY: I think if we've got any books like that, they're in Lady Chandley's collection. (beat) I *could* try putting in a purchase order ...

KAILIRA: (sigh) I don't have that kind of time.

ARVEN: (curious) What are you researching, exactly?

KAILIRA: It's personal.

MALLORY: (realizing the conversation went off the rails) Kai, can ... can we talk for a minute?

KAILIRA: I'm really kinda busy here.

MALLORY: Please. (beat) Look ... I get that you've been through a lot. And I get that you and Lady Chandley aren't really seeing eye-to-eye right now.

KAILIRA: Mal ...

MALLORY: Arven and I were talking and ... well, I think we see a little better now how the Hall of Magic could feel like ... a prison.

KAILIRA: (unsure where they're going with this) Uh-huh.

ARVEN: My sister's about your age and I started thinking uh ... what if she had to spend every day here? Not even go out with friends?

KAILIRA: (awkwardly) That's ... great, I guess, but can I get back to --

MALLORY: You're gonna try to run away again, aren't you.

KAILIRA: (groan) If Cassia sent you to talk sense into me, you can save your breath.

ARVEN: No, she didn't send us. In fact, she doesn't know we're here. And um ... we need to keep it that way.

MALLORY: We care about you, Kai. And we understand you have to do what's best for you. (beat) (sincerely) I just ... I just want you to know you're not alone.

KAILIRA: (wary) Okay?

ARVEN: We came here to give you this.

KAILIRA: (surprised) A phone?

MALLORY: (urgently) Don't let Lady Chandley see. Or Winlow, for that matter.

KAILIRA: (excitement breaks through the storm clouds for a few moments) An actual phone, like you guys have? I can ... put things on it and take pictures and play games and do what I want?

ARVEN: It's set up with dynamic signal encryption to make it hard to trace. I got it hooked up with unlimited service, and I've already put my number and Mallory's into it.

MALLORY: Whatever happens at Portreeve ... or anywhere else ... you can always talk to us. Okay?

KAILIRA: (a little touched despite herself) I've never had my own phone before. Cassia said it would only distract me.

MALLORY: Now you can play Dragon King Battlegrounds 24/7 like all the other kids your age.

ARVEN: We really, *really* need to keep this between us, okay? If Lady Chandley finds out I gave you that, I can kiss my whole career goodbye.

KAILIRA: Don't worry, I'll keep it secret. (beat) Thanks, guys.

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[Plinio's shop. Plinio is doing mechanic things to Mack.]

PLINIO: All right, now ... now raise your arm. (beat) Higher. (beat) Oh boy. Is that as high as you can go?

MACK: Yeah.

PLINIO: Damn it. Still not aligned. (sigh) Okay, bring it down, let me try again.

[A quiet beep sounds from somewhere in the back of the shop.]

MACK: Someone's at the back door.

PLINIO: Probably those guys with the religious pamphlets. They've been ringing all the doors in the alley 'cuz they know the shops will think it's a delivery. (beat) Flex your fingers for me.

MACK: Hmm ... looks like I can do four out of five.

[Another beep from the back, but it sounds like it loses power partway through the noise. A door quietly opens and closes.]

PLINIO: (sucks in a breath between his teeth) Oof. How did your nerves shift so much since I took these out?

MACK: Hell if I know.

ELINOR: (clears her throat pointedly)

PLINIO: (yelp of surprise)

[Plinio drops a tool.]

ELINOR: (dryly) (as Elinor, not Nora) You don't answer your door anymore, Mr. Orellano?

PLINIO: (small sigh of relief) Elinor.

MACK: (glad to see an old colleague again) Hey Ellie! How you been?

ELINOR: I see you think we're still on a nickname basis, Mechanimo. News flash: we're not.

MACK: Aww, you don't gotta be like that.

ELINOR: It's been two years since we've worked together. You want to call me Ellie, you have to prove you're still on my level.

MACK: I just need a lil' tuneup, that's all.

PLINIO: It would help if you hold still! (to Elinor) So, Natterjack sent you. That means there's a job on deck already.

ELINOR: Yes. I'm here to give a basic rundown and make a call as to whether we use Mechanimo for this job or go with someone else.

MACK: I can do it! I'm on it like flies on fairy crap! You point a finger and bam I've got it under control! (beat) So, uh, what's the job?

ELINOR: (unimpressed) Word has it that there's a large, unique item in the basement of an old ruined building. My job is to obtain this item, or at least, any parts of it that can't be found elsewhere. (beat) I need muscle. And since you've so recently become available, Natterjack "encouraged" me to give you a chance.

MACK: A chance? I ain't no rookie. Muscle is my specialty.

PLINIO: Easy there, muscle man. (to Elinor) I'm still getting his servos and enhancements reinstalled. How long do we have?

ELINOR: Unless something changes, we make a move in three days.

PLINIO: Understood.

ELINOR: He'll also need night vision.

PLINIO: Ah, *vurria*. Putting that eye back in will take a surgeon.

ELINOR: If he's not ready in time --

MACK: (eager/desperate) I'll be ready! I got this! Right, Plin?

PLINIO: Maybe there's some favors I can still call in.

MACK: See? Don't worry, Ell...linor. It'll be just like old times.

ELINOR: Three days. Then I'll be here to see if you're up to it. If not ... well, it's no skin off my ass. I've got backups.

MACK: (firmly) I'll be ready.

PLINIO: Look, we're pretty far in the red with Natterjack and I'd like to get that debt off the books as quickly as we can. Is there anything else my to-do list

needs?

ELINOR: On this short notice, not really. But if you've got any magical shielding lying around, it couldn't hurt.

PLINIO: (resigned) I'll ... see what I've got.

ELINOR: Three days. I'll be in touch.

[Elinor strolls to the back of the shop and lets herself out. Plin starts making himself more coffee.]

MACK: Man, it's good to see Ellie again. She's fun to work with.

PLINIO: (under his breath) Really? Half a pound left? (sigh) That is *not* going to be enough coffee for three days.

MACK: I'm tellin' you, once all my cybernetics are plugged back in it'll be like the old days. I do a couple jobs for Natterjack and it's ... it's easy street from there on.

PLINIO: Yeah -- easy street for *you*. Now would you shut up while I try and find an optic surgeon who'll put your sight enhancements back in on credit?

[The whirr of a coffee grinder.]

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[Mage and Machine theme plays.]

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Featuring the voice talents of:

Genny Sherard as Kailira

Garan Fitzgerald as Mack

Dan Foster as Plinio

Colton Flick as Apprentice Arven

Erin King as Apprentice Mallory

and Rukshin Shafer as Elinor

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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