

TRANSCRIPT – Smoke & Mirrors Vol. 1 – Chapter 3 – *The Man in Chains*

RECAP

LILLIAN: Previously on Smoke and Mirrors...

OCTAVIUS: Did you see that guy with the scars around his face speedwalking behind the train?

ED: Something doesn't feel right. C'mon.

FX: Carriage door unlocks

CULTIST #1: Out! Out!

CULTIST #2: Everybody out!

CULTIST #1: Where are the rest of them?

MACKENZIE: I was riding home by myself! I swear!

CULTIST #2: She's not lying. There's no one else in there.

CULTIST #3: Doesn't matter. That's the one Anannon is looking for. Get on the ground!

FX: Mackenzie is thrown onto the ground

MACKENZIE: (screams)

FX: Music – *Impenitent* by Jason Luka

OCTAVIUS: We're Smoke & Mirrors...

NERO: A troupe of stage magicians...

ED: Lost in another world...

LILLIAN: Trying to stay alive...

OCTAVIUS: With an evil wizard chasing us...

ED: We have to use our wits in order to survive...

NERO: When all we want is to find our way home.

OCTAVIUS: Home.

ED: Home

LILLIAN: Home.

FX: Music fades

NARRATOR: Smoke and Mirrors, volume 1. Chapter 3 – A Morbid Throw

SCENE 1

EXT. COURT SQUARE. EVENING

MACKENZIE: (screams)

CULTIST #1: (yelling) We have the princess! Signal the coach!

FX: Flare

MACKENZIE: Please, just let me go! My father can give you anything you want! Anything!

ED: (whispering) Oh no. They got Mackenzie. What do we do?

OCTAVIUS: (whispering) I count five.

FX: Sword drawn out of a sheathe

OCTAVIUS: (whispering) Don't figure he'll be needing this anymore.

LILLIAN: (whispering) Ock, be careful.

CULTIST #2: That's enough! You're to be taken to Annanon.

NERO: (whispering) Ed, let me see your lighter.

ED: (whispering) Oh no. Nero, she's noticed us. Don't do anything that'll get her killed.

Mackenzie notices they're planning a rescue and starts babbling loudly as a distraction.

MACKENZIE: Please! My father will give you anything! Don't take me to Lorelei! It's cold and filthy and it always smells like burnt leather everywhere and I just want to be with my family. I don't want to go! I don't want to go!

CULTIST #1: What are you babbling on about?

FX: Cards unfolding

FX: Lighter flicked, card burning

NERO: Queen of Hearts. Now *that* irony isn't lost on me.

FX: Card being flung

CULTIST #2: Ow! What the...? (screams)

FX: Cultist engulfed in flames

FX: Shoes running on snow, cultist dives and rolls in the snow

FX: Sword gouging the cultist

CULTIST #2: (coughs up blood)

OCTAVIUS: (taken aback) Holy... I just killed someone.

FX: Stagecoach door kicked open

YOURIE: Mackenzie!

FX: Musket shot

CULTIST #1: (screams)

MACKENZIE: Took you long enough! Give me that!

FX: Musket shot

CULTIST #3: (yells in pain)

MACKENZIE: Reloading! Ozzy, hold the shot!

CULTIST #2: Where'd they come from?

OSWALD: Holding! C'mon... hurry up snail-hands, I got a shot lined up right between the eyes! He's running towards us!

Mackenzie takes an uncomfortably long time to reload

FX: Yourie pulls the hammer back

YOURIE: Ready!

ED: (yells)

FX: Musket shot

CULTIST #4: (dies screaming)

ED: I had him.

MACKENZIE: Is that all of them?

OCTAVIUS: Lillian, ...snap of out it.

NERO: You have a panic room in the carriage with 3 musket rifles?

MACKENZIE: What? You think you have the monopoly on being sneaky?

YOURIE: Be better if you had the monopoly on getting your musket loaded in time.

MACKENZIE: Oh shut up, nitwit!

LILLIAN: (mentally counts) Weren't there five?

FX: Fast footsteps on snow, distant

OSWALD: Get him!

FX: Two musket rounds, hitting brick

OSWALD: Mackenzie, hold the shot!

MACKENZIE: Damn!

OCTAVIUS: I'll get him. Stay here!

FX: Pursuit music

FX: Shoes running on snow, short yells as people are getting shoved

OCTAVIUS: Move! Move! Out the way! Stop the assassin!

FX: Music stops

OSWALD: Can he hold his own against a soldier?

LILLIAN: He doesn't like to tell people he has a black belt, not upfront.

OSWALD: I don't know what that is.

LILLIAN: He can hold his own. He just... he thinks respect and decency should be the standard, not something that's earned.

NERO: His naivete is inspiring.

LILLIAN: It works most of the time.

FX: Music continues, shoes running on snow

FX: Things being thrown around as the cultist throws obstacles in the way trying to get away

OCTAVIUS: Out the way! He tried to kill the Princess! Move! Coming through! Get out the way!

FX: Shoves him to the ground

FX: Cultist tumbles to the ground

FX: Sword being drawn

OCTAVIUS: That changes nothing.

CULTIST #5: (war cry)

FX: Sword swinging four times

OCTAVIUS: (grunts as he dodges) Yeah, keep swinging like that see how long you last.

CULTIST #5: (short of breath) You can't defeat us! You can never defeat...

OCTAVIUS: (ki-haps, with slo-motion reverb)

FX: Impact to the head

FX: High pitch tinnitus tone

FX: Cultist falls to the ground

SCENE 2

EXT. COURT SQUARE. EVENING

FX: Shackles rattling

CULTIST #5: (half-conscious) What happened?

GUARD: Well, I believe the exact words the Americans used were "You got knocked the fuck out." (laughs)

FX: Carriage door closes and locks

FX: Hoofs on snow, fading into background

NERO: So, now, what happens next?

OSWALD: The guards will probably milk the prisoner for information before the execution. As for us, the archivist will want to write down everyone's side of the story. Make a case file. The prisoner will have to be tried in another province to get a fair trial. Trials are judged by three royals or nobles and we can't very well have the victims and their father judging the case.

NERO: True.

FX: People walking randomly through the snow

OCTAVIUS: Aw man. Ed, they got Roger.

ED: Damn.

MACKENZIE: We'll tell his family. (pauses) They'll be taken care of. I'll see to it.

OCTAVIUS: Hey, give me a moment. I need to talk to Lillian.

ED: Alright.

FX: Shoes on snow

OCTAVIUS: You okay?

LILLIAN: (obviously upset) I did nothing. You guys were Liam Neeson-style heroes out there. You killed a guy with a playing card. I mean, how's that for a one-in-a-million shot?

OCTAVIUS: I mean, he did practice that trick for weeks. Give him some credit. Maybe one-in-five.

LILLIAN: Still, the point is. I panicked and did nothing. If I was the only one out there...

OCTAVIUS: It's okay. It didn't happen like it. Come here.

LILLIAN: I know. But they'd be dead.

FX: Sits down

ED: So what's your beef with Anannon anyways?

MACKENZIE: I... (not sure if she understood the question) That's a long story. Anannon used to work for us and we treated him well. Our grandfather, in his younger days, wasn't very popular and Anannon saw an opening. At the time, Soleil had territories on both side of the bay. Preaching about how our weak, false King needed to removed, he raised an army on the western territory. It could've worked too except that while all this was going on, my father and mother had a forbidden relationship that forced an end to the war between us and Tseri. So with a new peace blooming, we actually had the power to push him back. Anannon, knowing we were preparing to storm Emby Keep, decided to start with the psychological games. So they slaughtered all the pigs in town and made masks out of the faces. Of course, they ate like royalty that night and left nothing for us if we had won. They wore the masks into battle. Our soldiers were afraid because... because that's just not normal! We didn't win! But...we killed his wife while his attention was elsewhere. He was furious and after the battle, he renamed the keep, so it's Lorelei Keep now. And the pig-masks, that became their symbol. They all do it. It's a coming-of-age ritual now. They wear them around the clock and have them stitched into their face. They only take it off if they're trying to sneak around over here without raising suspicion. It wasn't our proudest moment. That whole nation is a monster we created a generation ago and we are going to be the ones who have to put it down!
(realizes she's losing her cool)

ED: I'm sorry. I had no idea.

MACKENZIE: And here I am throwing all my problems onto you. I really need to stop doing that. Um, I'm going to go and check on Yourie. Thank you for letting me get my anger out. I hope I didn't scare you.

Realizing that's as close to an apology as he's getting

ED: Oh no, no. Of course not. I'm not scared.

FX: Shoes on snow

ED: (to himself) I'm absolutely terrified.

NERO: You want orcs? Because that is how you end up with orcs.

ED: Too soon, but, yeah, no kidding.

NERO: Well, c'mon. The carriage is arriving.

SCENE 3 INT. CASTLE DUNGEONS. EVENING

GUARD: Prisoner's locked up nice and tight.

FX: Prison door closing

LILLIAN: Alright, that's Carlisle, C-A-R-L-I-S-L-E. I totally can not read shorthand so I'm only assuming you got it right.

ARCHIVIST: Thank you, Ms (?) Carlisle. *(She is unsure if Lillian has any title)* I'll have these records filed right away. And good day, your Highness.

YOURIE: Thank you.

LILLIAN: (sarcasm) I always wanted to spend three hours on a weekend giving statements to the police. So... what's the survivor looking at?

YOURIE: High treason or lese-majeste, since he's probably not a citizen. He'll hang for it either way. Then we can throw in conspiracy, kidnapping and murder for flavor but it won't really matter. It won't bring those guards back and we can only hang him once.

LILLIAN: I've never witnessed a murder before.

YOURIE: First one's always an experience. What's that your fumbling with?

LILLIAN: Oh, those are my tarot cards. People think they can predict the future and I charge them to 'read' it.

YOURIE: Do they? Predict the future?

LILLIAN: Well, the trick is to be so vague that you can't possibly be wrong and also con the person into giving you their life story ahead of the reading. It's a lot of fun though. I've made some pretty good money doing it.

YOURIE: Could you... could I try it?

LILLIAN: Um... okay, sure. Let me just shuffle them up really good. Normally, I'd shuffle 8 times. It's a magic number or something. Trust me. Anyway, that's mostly for show and, also, it's a good stalling tactic to use while you build up a rapport and the person across from you gives up their life story.

YOURIE: Interesting.

FX: Chairs scooting in

LILLIAN: So now the question. What is it you want to know about that you're willing to trust a random pack of cards to tell you?

YOURIE: I wanna know... what do the cards think about me and Ozzy?

LILLIAN: Alright. Lillian the Love Guru, at your service. First card.

FX: Cards shuffling

LILLIAN: The first card represents you as you are now.

FX: Card being swiped off the top

LILLIAN: And, it's the Ace of Wands. Now there's some irony. This card will typically mean 'Go for it' is the phrase of the day or that you're in the middle of or about to have a major breakthrough. So, good for you, communicating and solving problems and stuff.

YOURIE: I mean, I'm not sure I'd agree that this is a positive thing but keep going.

FX: Card being swiped off the top

LILLIAN: Queen of swords, this card suggest that you may need to try and look at the situation more objectively... (fades out)

FX: Fade out and return

LILLIAN: Almost done.

YOURIE: (sounding amused, still) Alright. Let's see what it is.

FX: Card being swiped off the top

LILLIAN: Okay, I always have to explain this whenever this card comes up. The card is 'Death...'

Yourie gasps a little.

LILLIAN: (quick recovery) But it doesn't always mean literally death. It can be an ending or an opportunity to begin new again, a significant transformation...

YOURIE: (shuddering) Or it could mean I'm in an arranged marriage with... with a man who will never love me. (exasperated groan, as if she's been found out)

LILLIAN: (confused) What? You two looked like you were getting along fine earlier.

YOURIE: I feel like a fool. Just for once, just ONCE, I wanted to forget it was all an act. *heavy sigh* I guess I let my imagination get the best of me. Well... sorry you had to figure out that way. I won't let it happen again.

LILLIAN: (after an awkward pause) Do you want to see the last card? The "future of the relationship" card? I mean, the hermit's already on the table so you're relatively safe.

YOURIE: (should sound more defeated than angry) No. thank you, I've... I've seen enough.

SCENE 4
EXT. CASTLE GARDEN. EVENING

FX: Shoes on cobblestone

OSWALD: So, father, how much trouble are we in?

ROWAN: (scoffs) Ozzy, do you honestly think is the first time a royal went to go to dinner low-profile?

OSWALD: Well, no. I guess not.

ROWAN: You know, your mother and I used to have secret rendezvous quite often, sometimes for...

OSWALD: Okay, okay, I really don't wanna know about what you and mother did while you were courting.

ROWAN: (laughs) No, the hardest part will be going to court and hiding the fact that we, stars forbid, actually leave the castle every now-and-then for fun.

OSWALD: How are the proceedings going to work anyway?

ROWAN: We'll journey up-river to Wesach. Duke Adrick and his family will oversee the proceedings.

OSWALD: You had to pick the most hostile of the nobles to try this case?

ROWAN: It's an open-and-shut case that even the Adricks couldn't mess up. We'll be back home by next weekend.

OSWALD: I have no cause to disagree with you.

ROWAN: So how are the girls holding up?

OSWALD: Yourie's from Sunka, so considering everything from the nobles to the wildlife has tried to kill her, she's fine. It's not the first time she's had to shoot something. Mackenzie, she had her interview and fell asleep next to Ed.

ROWAN: Well, that's concerning.

OSWALD: She wants to be the queen someday and then she wants to court a commoner. I don't really want the job of being king, but if I think she's not ready, I will do it. And she isn't.

ROWAN: A foreign commoner, at that. What do you think about that, anyway?

OSWALD: I mean, he'd have to become a citizen first, assuming he doesn't jump ship back to Kansas the moment the opportunity arises and that's what I worry about. He doesn't have any ties to Soleil. This could just be a holiday for him and he could go back home without a second thought. I mean, I don't think he would, but he could,... well, he might if he could find out how.

ROWAN: Keep an eye on it but he needs to know there's a procedure. I'll allow it. For now. I have a feeling I know why she's doing this.

SCENE 5
INT. CASTLE DUNGEONS. EVENING

ARCHIVIST: The initial report's been filed.

GUARD: Excellent. Would anyone like to talk to the prisoner?

OCTAVIUS: Ed?

MACKENZIE: (sleepy moan)

ED: I think she fell asleep. I'm good.

GUARD: Octavius?

OCTAVIUS: I mean, at this point we're just trolling him, but I guess. I haven't really planned out anything but I can try.

FX: Cell door opened

FX: Shoes on stone

ARCHIVIST: (writing) Prisoner is elevated above the floor, tied by hands and feet. Facial bruising, nothing serious and more-than-likely caused during the fight rather than while in custody.

OCTAVIUS: (in a bad Foghorn Leghorn-esque voice) Damn son, they done hog-tied you.

ARCHIVIST: Out!

FX: Octavius is grabbed by the jacket and pushed out

FX: Cell door closed

OCTAVIUS: What did I say?

YOURIE: Seriously?

OCTAVIUS: What?

Octavius takes a seriously long time to realize his mistake

OCTAVIUS: Oh! Cuz they wear pig-masks and I said... hog-tied and... oh man, I feel dumb.

LILLIAN: Geez, Ock, why you gotta be so racist?

OCTAVIUS: I didn't mean to!

LILLIAN: Alright, so no jokes about pigs around the Loreleians.

NERO: Are we allowed to call them orcs?

LILLIAN: Nero! No!

NERO: Fine, fine.

YOURIE: It doesn't really matter. He won't be around long enough to complain.

FX: Cell door opening

GUARD: Master Octavius, the prisoner is requesting you return.

OCTAVIUS: (taken back) Well, this is unexpected. Okay, by all means, lead the way.

FX: Shoes on stone

CULTIST #5: The great Octavius Blackwater, how's life in Soleil treating you?

OCTAVIUS: How's that boot to the head treating you?

FX: Cell door closing

OCTAVIUS: What's going on?

CULTIST #5: (takes a moment) You'll want to take a seat. I may have something you want.

OCTAVIUS: I mean, I already have a stamp collection, and you're not exactly in a position to negotiate.

CULTIST #5: Maybe I can offer something you don't know you're looking for yet? As it turns out, I know you're looking for a book called the Cartis Arcanis.

OCTAVIUS: Oh, am I?

CULTIST #5: It has the incantation you're looking for to return home. 'Quod potentis sit recipi?' I believe that was the one? Well, it has that and all the circumstances you'll need to line up to make the spell work reverse.

OCTAVIUS: I don't know how you know so much about me, but I'm sorry, I can't be bought that easily.

CULTIST #5: Think about it. You're trying to start off with the girl who's been "just a friend" since you were in grade school. I know how much she misses her sister. It'd be a shame if you, and you alone, had a chance to reunite them and, out of some misguided sense of loyalty, you just, poof, threw it away.

OCTAVIUS: You really think I'd just cave that easily? How do you know so much about us and where we're from anyway?

CULTIST #5: You of all people should know... a magician never reveals their secrets.

OCTAVIUS: (scoffs) You're hardly a magician.

CULTIST #5: I have a bobby pin in my hair. These locks should take you about 30 seconds to undo.

OCTAVIUS: Still not happening.

CULTIST #5: Tomorrow, 6pm, you, her, dinner for two in a nice restaurant, with air conditioning. You can pick her up in a vehicle you don't have to clean up after.

He has to think a moment to figure out how he could be talking about anything but a car.

OCTAVIUS: Huh?

CULTIST #5: I'm pretty sure you go slow and tell her you're in it for the long term, you'll be able to practically see the sparks go off.

OCTAVIUS: (laughs) You are good but...

FX: Knocks on the door

OCTAVIUS: ...not today.

FX: Door opens and shuts

LILLIAN: What'd he say?

OCTAVIUS: He tried to bribe me.

LILLIAN: With what?

Octavius realizes he probably should've kept quiet

OCTAVIUS: He says he knows the way home. He also knows a lot more about life in Kansas than I'm comfortable with.

NERO: Do you believe him?

OCTAVIUS: He knows what a car is but I don't know if... it's a moot point. It's not like I could just open his shackles and walk out of here without anyone noticing.
(pause) ...even if I wanted to.

NERO: (groans concernedly)

OCTAVIUS: There's a way home. We'll find it.

NERO: Maybe I could try.

OCTAVIUS: Or maybe he's just pulling your chain.

NERO: Or maybe he isn't. (pause) Just give me a minute to think.

LILLIAN: Yourie, would you like to get some fresh air?

YOURIE: Absolutely.

SCENE 6
EXT. COURTYARD. EVENING

FX: Crickets + heels on cobblestone

LILLIAN: I want to ask you a question.

YOURIE: (a little embarrassed) I think I already told you more about me than you need to know for one day.

LILLIAN: No, no, nothing like that. Tonight, during the ambush, Octavius chased down a guy on foot, Nero killed someone, the three of you jumped out, muskets ablaze... and I just froze.

YOURIE: Lillian, you are from a different world than we are. Literally, a different world. Don't be so hard on yourself. (pause) Besides, the guards wouldn't've let you get that close to us with a sword anyway.

LILLIAN: I understand that, but... I'd like a recommendation for someone who can teach me how to fight with a sword.

YOURIE: Oh is that all? I can see when Magevney has an opening. He taught Ozzy and Mackenzie and I think he did a pretty respectable job. No one's killed either of them yet.

LILLIAN: Oh, thank you so much for this!

YOURIE: Come here, let me see your hands. (pause) So, your hands are about the same size as mine. I'll get one of the blacksmiths to make you a sword, maybe that one who bought us all a round of drinks earlier?

LILLIAN: If you trust his work.

YOURIE: We have a list and any blacksmith who's not on this list is gonna struggle to survive, and considering the new demand for warhammers, they'd have to be pretty bad not to make the list.

LILLIAN: That's fair.

YOURIE: Also, what symbol do you want on the hilt?

LILLIAN: Symbol?

FX: Drawing sword

YOURIE: Soleil's symbol is a sun. I had mine custom-made. I'm from Sunka, so my sword has a squirrel on the hilt.

LILLIAN: Oh.

YOURIE: Squirrels can be fierce. Don't judge.

LILLIAN: Oh... okay. America would be a bald eagle. (pause) It's just a name, the eagle isn't actually bald.

YOURIE: I know what a bald eagle is.

LILLIAN: Okay, again, thank you so much!

FX: Shoes on snow, fading the scene

SCENE 7
INT. CASTLE DUNGEONS. EVENING

Mackenzie is leaning sleepily on Ed's shoulder, while Ed hums a song.

MACKENZIE: Ed, what song are you humming?

ED: Hmm?

MACKENZIE: What song are you humming, nitwit?

ED: Oh, it's... an American song, so you probably wouldn't know it. It's about a guy who fell in love with a violin player.

MACKENZIE: Oh, okay. That's an awfully weird coincidence.

ED: You play violin?

MACKENZIE: A little. There isn't much else to do around here.

ED: Here, let me try something real quick. Put these in your ears.

MACKENZIE: (amused/confused) Okay. Wait. What is this?

ED: It can play music. It can normally do a lot more that, but... that's a long story.

MACKENZIE: Like a music box?

ED: It's a... little more hi-def.

MACKENZIE: Oh.

FX: Android phone clicks

FX: Music plays in the headphones faintly

NERO: Ed, I think you just fried Mackenzie's brain.

ED: Too bad I don't have extra batteries to keep it going. I'm at 70% and I've already gone through my backup battery.

NERO: Yeah.

FX: Door open/close

LILLIAN: Oh that's cold. Did we get any information out of the prisoner?

ED: Not yet. Not for lack of trying though.

LILLIAN: Oh. (pause) You think he'd fall for a fake fortune-teller?

GUARD: It's a novel approach. I suppose it couldn't hurt at this point. We have pretty strict torture rules so there's not much more we can do to him. Anyways, when you're ready.

LILLIAN: (deep breathe) Okay. Wish me luck.

FX: Door open

FX: Shoes on cobblestone (3 steps)

CULTIST #5: (laughs) Hello, Kaitlyn.

FX: Scuff, 3 steps out

LILLIAN: Nope!

FX: Door closes

GUARD: (laughs)

OCTAVIUS: I kinda forgot to mention, he somehow knows a lot more about us than we thought.

LILLIAN: Well, Ock, that would've been a good thing to know going in.

OCTAVIUS: Sorry.

LILLIAN: It's alright. It's probably about time to head back anyway.

YOURIE: I still have some business before the Darkest Days Festival tonight.

LILLIAN: The what?

YOURIE: It's a celebration of the first sunrise in 3 months. I'll be joining the Queen as she goes to the city prison and releases some of the petty criminals. Because the theme is... the darkest days are over.

LILLIAN: Oh, that sounds cool. I'd love to see that.

YOURIE: Well, c'mon. You can tag along with us.

LILLIAN: Okay.

FX: Heels on cobblestone, fading.

ED: Do we really need to stay in the dungeons all night?

MACKENZIE: Why? You have somewhere to be?

ED: Just, not here? I dunno. You have a room... (realizes that may have been too forward) I mean, a different room.

MACKENZIE: I um...whoah.

ED: Was that a huge breach of etiquette?

MACKENZIE: Yes, and you should learn your place, nitwit. Also, the guards won't allow visitors on the second floor.

ED: Oh.

MACKENZIE: Just... you may stay. But yes, we should leave the dungeons. There's a gaming parlor next to the dining room.

ED: Ah. (pause) Did you seriously just fall asleep?

SCENE 8
INT. ROYAL CARRIAGE. EVENING

FX: Horse galloping and carriage rattling

YOURIE: Lillian, you've been scanning the carriage since you got in here. What are you looking for?

LILLIAN: I know you have a secret stash of weapons here somewhere.

YOURIE: You think I'm just gonna divulge how to open Yourie's Secret Weapons Stash?

LILLIAN: I kinda wanted to figure it out on my own. How deep does it go, anyway?

YOURIE: (confused) What?

LILLIAN: The hidden weapon stashes?

YOURIE: Oh. They're in every room of the palace. (pause) I'm from Sunka. I'm used to everyone and everything trying to kill me. Rebels, nobles, assassins, hell, I had to shoot an over-zealous alligator once. We have to be ready.

FX: Carriage slows to a stop

YOURIE: This is our stop. Just remember. You're not on a first-name basis with the queen. Silent unless spoken to.

LILLIAN: Got it.

FX: Carriage door

FX: Shoes/heels on dirt

GUARD: Line up the prisoners!

PRISONER: (whispering) It's the queen!

FX: Large group of shoes on dirt

TAMBRI: Gentlemen...

GUARD: Kneel before your queen!

TAMBRI: There's snow on the ground; that really won't be necessary.

GUARD: You heard her, stand up!

TAMBRI: I won't take up a huge lot of your time. It's cold and those rags you are wearing hardly seem appropriate for the weather. As we know, today's holiday is about leaving your darkest days behind you. Of course, it would do no one any good to leave you penniless to die on the street. Guard?

FX: Change rattling

GUARD: Thank you, your majesty.

TAMBRI: Each one of you gets 2 shekels to start your new life. That should buy you some warm clothes, a few nights at an inn and a meal or two as you figure out where to go. Mistakes were made but yours were deemed trivial enough that you bear no threat to the public safety. Do not abuse my charity. I willingly show mercy to those who need it but I will only do it once. I trust my warden's judgment. Don't make me regret that decision. Go. Your new life starts now.

The prisoners cheer as they start to run off

GUARD: Not towards the queen, you buffoon! Out!

FX: Footsteps

YOURIE: What'd you think?

LILLIAN: I like it. That's a good system. Um... how are we doing the carriages back?

YOURIE: The queen will take her own carriage back and you'll ride with me.

PRISONER: (overlapped) Excuse me, excuse me?

FX: Swords drawn

LILLIAN: No, no, settle down. Let's hear what he has to say. From a SAFE distance obviously.

PRISONER: Thank you, I live on the other side of the city and, if it pleases your highness...

LILLIAN: I am *not* royalty, but continue...

PRISONER: My apologies, madam. All I'm asking for is to be dropped off at my house on 12th street.

YOURIE: (groans concerned)

LILLIAN: (low) If you're concerned for your safety, I can take him and you can ride home with your mother-in-law.

YOURIE: Um...

LILLIAN: Hey. Darkest days, remember?

YOURIE: (has to think about it) Yeah, I can manage that.

FX: Shoes on snow

LILLIAN: Well, c'mon. You get a break tonight.

PRISONER: Thank you, madam.

FX: Fade

FX: Hooves on snow coming to a stop

FX: Carriage door swinging open

LILLIAN: Have a good night!

PRISONER: Thank you for the ride!

FX: Quick shoes on snow

FX: Knocking on door

FX: Door opens

MOTHER: (gasps)

PRISONER: (whispering) Shh shh shh.

MOTHER: Hey, it's for you.

VIVIAN: Who is i... DADDY!

PRISONER: Hey, I'm back.

VIVIAN: (super-excited) I knew you'd come back! I just knew it! Where've you been?

LILLIAN: Huh. That girl sounds just like Vivian.

PRISONER: I had to go away for a while but I'm back for good now.

VIVIAN: I knew you hadn't forgotten about us! I knew it!

PRISONER: I could never abandon my little girl. What kind of monster would I be?

LILLIAN: Driver, let's go.

VIVIAN: I knew you hadn't abandoned me!

FX: Lillian kicks the stagecoach wall

LILLIAN: (yelling) Drive!

FX: Hoofprints on snow

FX: Fade

SCENE 9
INT. CASTLE DUNGEON. EVENING

Lillian returns to the castle to find a huge commotion

FX: A small crowd arguing

LILLIAN: What's going on?

YOURIE: Lillian, you need to come down to the dungeon.

LILLIAN: I don't understand. Did something happen?

YOURIE: You're the closest thing we have to experts on magic. You tell us.

GUARD: Right this way.

LILLIAN: Okay, okay, but can somebody please tell me what's going on?

FX: Cell door opening

FX: Heels on cobblestone

LILLIAN: Where's the prisoner?

GUARD: He's gone, mostly.

LILLIAN: Did he get out of his shackles? Please tell me none of us let him go. Ed, did you do this?

ED: It wasn't me.

LILLIAN: Ock?

OCTAVIUS: Wouldn't dream of it.

LILLIAN: Nero?

NERO: You three are the ones who know how to pick locks.

GUARD: You didn't. None of you did it. The shackles never opened.

LILLIAN: (looks up) Are those... are those his hands?

END

NARRATOR: You have been listening to the Smoke & Mirrors audio program. With Kirsten Kraus as Lillian Carlisle, Ryo Kimball as Octavius Blackwater, Mike Kooistra as Nero Chamberlain, Jason Winstead as Ed Dushane, James Blaisdell as Rowan II, Kim Nelson as Queen Tambri, Marianne Orendorff as Princess Mackenzie, Jason Luka as Prince Oswald and Sarah Hood as Princess Yourie. Additional voices by Ava Allsup, Verble Cat, Sam Eldred, James Hicks, Sarah Hood, Jason Luka, Brian Tiner and Kai Winterpaw. Written and directed by Jason Luka. Special thanks also to Melinda Murphy for script-editing. Support for Smoke & Mirrors is made possible by listeners like you. You can help keep the show going, access episodes a full week before everyone else, along with exclusive bonus content like maps and sheet music for as little as \$3/mo when you become a patron on Patreon. Visit patreon.com/smokeandmirrors, all one word, to check out exclusive awards for patrons and make your pledge. For credits, a full transcript of this episode and other episodes of Smoke & Mirrors, please visit smokeandmirrorsaudio.com. Thank you so much for listening and we hope to see you again soon.

Featuring:

Kirsten Kraus as Lillian Carlisle
Ryo Kimball as Octavius Blackwater
Mike Kooistra as Nero Chamberlain
Jason Winstead as Ed Dushane
James Blaisdell as King Rowan II
Kim Nelson as Queen Tambri
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Jason Luka as Prince Oswald
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Additional voices by Ava Allsup, Verble Cat, Sam Eldred, James Hicks, Sarah Hood, Jason Luka, Brian Tiner and Kai Winterpaw.

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