

**TRANSCRIPT – Smoke & Mirrors Vol. 1 – Chapter 5 – *It's Not Magic, It's 'DiGiorno'***

**RECAP**

LILLIAN: Previously on Smoke & Mirrors...

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.

NERO: Here it is... Cartis Arcanis.

OCTAVIUS: They can't seriously have a copy of it in stock.

NERO: Only one way to find out. Shelf 63, section J, number 24. Missing of course.

CULTIST #6: Everyone has the breaking point, Blackwater! Go to the city of the dead if you want your damn-ed book! (alternates between screaming and laughing as he burns)

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 five– It's Not Magic, It's DiGiorno

**SCENE 1**

## EXT. PRACTICE ARENA. MORNING

FX: Swordfighting practice in the background

LILLIAN: So do I call you Sir Magevney or Instructor Magevney or...? How does this work? I've never really done anything like this before.

MAGEVNEY: Well, Ms Carlisle, I've never been knighted so I'd prefer you wouldn't call me Sir Magevney. It cheapens the value of being a knight. Go ahead and put on your guards.

LILLIAN: I'd think with all the lives they tell me you saved, they would've considered making you a knight at some point. Isn't that how it works?

MAGEVNEY: Knighthoods, realistically, are for showoffs. I've just made sure valuable people stay not dead. That's not a shin-guard; that's for your thighs. I'm generally not going to be bending down low enough to hit your shins.

LILLIAN: Oh. Okay.

FX: Sounds of leather padding being tied up

MAGEVNEY: I'll start with the basics. Hold your sword en-guard. Little further out. Stand sideways.

LILLIAN: Like so?

MAGEVNEY: Yes. Now, as an experienced swordfighter, there are six main targets I'm going to go for on your body. One, the upper thigh, two the other thigh obviously, upper chest on the right, then on the left, where the heart is, obviously that's fairly important, then the different sides of the head. Everything else is too much effort.

LILLIAN: Alright.

MAGEVNEY: One and back up.

FX: Clink

MAGEVNEY: Two and back up.

FX: Clink

MAGEVNEY: Don't tense up. You're going to wear yourself. Don't push the sword down on the low blocks. Just let it fall. Make it effortless. So tell me, Ms Carlisle, what made you want to take up swordfighting? Three... four... five... six...

LILLIAN: (taking some effort to concentrate on the conversation and blocking) I... ran into an ambush.

MAGEVNEY: Oh, an ambush? What did you do?

LILLIAN: My friends jumped in and saved the day. The attackers... they were all either arrested or killed. I did nothing. I just stood there.

MAGEVNEY: You froze up then.

LILLIAN: Yes.

MAGEVNEY: And what do you think would've happened if you... jumped in?

LILLIAN: I...

MAGEVNEY: You froze up because of fear. It's not that you don't have courage but you had a very realistic observation that if you grabbed a sword, not only could you get yourself killed because you don't know how to use it, you could actually make it worse for the others because they would have to stop what they're doing to protect you.

LILLIAN: That sounds right.

MAGEVNEY: Ms Carlisle, there's no such thing as being fearless, unless you are prepared for precisely everything.

*Magevney had started moving in a pattern and then broke the pattern.*

LILLIAN: Whoah!

MAGEVNEY: People aren't always going to attack you 1, 2, 3, 4. You have to be ready. You have to know when to block and when to just back up. But in regards to your ambush, the best way to conquer fear is to be ready for it the next time. Don't repeat the scenario in your head and say 'If I had known, I would've done it this way and...' no. It probably wouldn't have played out how you hoped no matter how good you are.

FX: Sword fighting practice in the background

FX: Bell tower, 2pm

MAGEVNEY: Ms Carlisle, your homework, before the next class. Take your sword with you, wherever you go and every time the bell tower rings, I want you to hold your sword out, arm straight, for a 30 count. We'll work on those noodle arms of yours. Oh, your highness.

YOURIE: (her voice carries on almost mockery of the formalities) Carry on as you were, Magevney. I'm just here to observe.

LILLIAN: Thank you.

FX: Footsteps on cobblestone

LILLIAN: Yourie, thank you for arranging that I...

FX: Swords drawn and crossed

LILLIAN: Oh right. I'm sorry. I forgot. Here, um... can you hold onto that for a second, please? Um... thank you.

FX: Swords sheathed

FX: Footsteps on cobblestone

YOURIE: So how was your first lesson?

LILLIAN: Am I supposed to be this sore? I feel like I'm not supposed to be this sore.

YOURIE: Oh just wait until tomorrow morning

LILLIAN: Yeah, I'm definitely not looking forward to that.

YOURIE: So did he call you 'Noodle arms?'

LILLIAN: (not quite sure if she should be offended) Maybe.

YOURIE: You'll be alright. He thought Mackenzie was beyond hope when she started.

LILLIAN: I guess that's somewhat comforting. I have something I want to ask. There's a show closing tonight and afterwards, I'm thinking about having a small get-together with friends and... finishing their wine.

YOURIE: (lying) Oh I would love to but there's a state dinner tonight. Sorry.

LILLIAN: That's alright. The least I could do is ask.

YOURIE: I have some business I need to attend to but I'll gladly reschedule. Meet me after your next lesson.

FX: Heels on cobblestone, fading

LILLIAN: But... it's my... hey, wait! My sword!

## **SCENE 2**

### **INT. LIBRARY. MID-DAY**

NERO: Hey, Ed!

LIBRARIAN: Shh!

NERO: (voice lower) Sorry.

ED: What's up?

NERO: I may have something.

ED: Good. The last shelf you sent me to was a bunch of fiction about the city of the dead but nothing about how to actually get there.

NERO: I hope this all worth it.

ED: That book is our only lead on how we're getting home.

NERO: Here. Go after this one. I'm hoping it's a proper road map of Soleil. I have another one I need to grab.

FX: Quiet, while they search

ED: Nero!

LIBRARIAN: Shh!

FX: Shoes on carpet

NERO: What's up?

ED: We're dumb.

NERO: It was on the wall the whole time?

ED: Eeyup.

FX: Pause

NERO: I don't see 'city of the dead' 'necropolis' or anything that even sounds even close to what we're looking for. Ock is so much better at finding these things.

ED: Ock has also been to a library since high school. Okay, all the books mentioned a sea-port, so it'd have to be on the coast.

NERO: That would leave Chimali, Fry and... that name doesn't even have a vowel. Assuming this map is recent.

ED: It's from... 849.

NERO: Sounds like they use a different calendar. I know that paper isn't 1,200 years old.

ED: Excuse me, I have a question.

LIBRARIAN: Yes?

ED: What year is it?

LIBRARIAN: (thinking it could be a trick question) It's... 8..70.

ED: Thank you. See that wasn't too hard.

NERO: Yes, but I was trying to find out how to do it without looking retarded in front of the smartest person in the room.

LIBRARIAN: As much as it amuses me to watch you fumble about trying to find such common knowledge, if it gets you two loudmouths out of my library, I'll tell you to look at the big map on the wall behind the 40-shelves.

ED: Oh. Thank you.

FX: Footsteps on carpet

NERO: Oh wow.

ED: It's... an island?

NERO: Well... that changes things.

ED: Yeah.

NERO: Well, c'mon. We have to check out and then figure out how we're getting a boat.

FX: Footsteps on carpet

LIBRARIAN: Let's see. High seas adventures and... a book on cupcakes?

ED: Don't judge me.

LIBRARIAN: Mmm hmm.

FX: Book closing

NERO: (groans)

ED:                   What?

**SCENE 3**  
**EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS. MID-DAY**

FX: Footsteps on cobblestone

GUARD:             Your majesty, your highness

YOURIE:            As you were.

ROWAN:             So, Yourie, what business is it that you wish to discuss with me?

YOURIE:            I have an engagement tonight outside the keep that needs to be “kept” a secret. Sounds funny when I say it that way.

ROWAN:             After what happened last time?

YOURIE:            Yes, unfortunately. Completely hush-hush. None of our guard should know about it until it’s time to leave.

ROWAN:             Sounds serious.

YOURIE:            I normally wouldn’t do it that way but after the last incident, I want to be careful. No way to tell if there’s still a traitor in the castle guard.

ROWAN:             It’s still a disturbing thought.

YOURIE:            And I’ve already lied once to cover it up. To Lillian, of all people.

ROWAN:             It shouldn’t be a problem. Should I tell the chef ahead of time not to expect you for dinner?

YOURIE:            I’ll show and eat a lite meal so they don’t start asking where I am.

ROWAN:             Alright. (pauses) So how is Lillian doing... or would Magevney be the better to ask?

YOURIE:            No, she’s... Magevney didn’t call her hopeless during the first lesson, so that’s something.

ROWAN:             (weak laugh) Everyone has their talents.

YOURIE:            She’s taking it seriously. She doesn’t live inside castle walls or have her own private security detail and yet everyone knows who the four of them are... or at least they’ve heard of them. It’s a situation I’d be uncomfortable in, too.

ROWAN: Yeah, I can see how that would be a problem. Still, back to the matter at hand, wherever you're going tonight, enjoy yourself and please be back before midnight.

YOURIE: (scoffs) You're giving me a curfew?

ROWAN: What kind of tyrant king do you think I am? No, seriously though, we're still short on guards for the last watch until Magevney graduates the newest class so I need them all back here.

YOURIE: Alright, that's fair.

**SCENE 4**  
**INT. THEATRE. MID-DAY**

FX: Door closing

LILLIAN: Well, that's the end of our daily ten minutes of sunshine.

OCTAVIUS: It was fun while it lasted.

LILLIAN: Yeah. Are you good on lamp oil for now?

OCTAVIUS: We could probably use a little more. It'll get used eventually anyway.

LILLIAN: Alright. I need to make shopping list.

FX: Clock tower chimes once

LILLIAN: (sighs)

FX: Sword drawn

OCTAVIUS: So how long do you have to hold your sword like that?

LILLIAN: (talks slightly rhythmically, like she's counting beats in her head at the same time as she's talking) I have to hold it for a fifty-count, every hour until I can hold it outstretched, comfortably without being in pain.

OCTAVIUS: How's that coming along so far?

LILLIAN: ...

OCTAVIUS: Lillian?

LILLIAN: Hold on, I'm counting. (long pause) Gaw! That wasn't even half of what I was supposed to do.

OCTAVIUS: You'll get it eventually.

LILLIAN: I hope so. Ow. Shoulder cramp.

OCTAVIUS: There was something I wanted to talk to you about.

LILLIAN: Yeah?

OCTAVIUS: Remember last week when I told you I'd like to ask you out for date?

LILLIAN: Oh yeah. You still want to do that?

OCTAVIUS: Yeah and now that I know the neighborhood a little better, there's a place on Main St that sounds good. Dhornar-style food.

LILLIAN: I have no idea what all Dhornar-style food involves.

OCTAVIUS: As best I can tell, it's fairly similar to Mongolian but, like, a lot spicier. So what do you think? You want to make a date out of it?

LILLIAN: Yeah. I think I'd like that. But when you spicy, you better mean it.

OCTAVIUS: I mean it. So what do you say 7 o'clock tomorrow night as soon as the group in the theater gets set up?

LILLIAN: (her voice suddenly shifts to 'extremely unamused') Tomorrow?

OCTAVIUS: Yeah, tomorrow. If... that's alright?

LILLIAN: (angrily) Tomorrow?

OCTAVIUS: What's wrong with tomorrow?

LILLIAN: I'm sorry. No. I just can't. I'm... I'm going to the market.

OCTAVIUS: But we never made a list.

LILLIAN: I don't need a list! I'll be back later!

FX: Storms out and slams the door behind her

**SCENE 5**  
**EXT. PUBLIC MARKET. MID-DAY**

FX: Large crowd of people

LILLIAN: How much for the oranges?

SHOPKEEP: One shilling for each of them.

LILLIAN: If I get ten, can you knock it down one?

SHOPKEEP: I usually only do discounts at twelve but you look like you're having a bad day and it's getting late, so... yeah, I'll make the deal.

LILLIAN: Thank you.

FX: Change clinks

SHOPKEEP: This is only eight.

LILLIAN: Oh, it looks like the last one's behind your ear. Here. Let me get that.

SHOPKEEP: Oh ho! You're a clever one! So, did I guess right though?

LILLIAN: About what?

SHOPKEEP: About you having a bad...

LILLIAN: Oh oh. Well... kinda... yeah... you see, today's my birthday.

SHOPKEEP: Oh, congratulations.

LILLIAN: And absolutely everyone forgot.

SHOPKEEP: Oh that's horrible.

LILLIAN: I know.

SHOPKEEP: You're not from here, are you?

LILLIAN: Is it my accent? I thought I had a pretty neutral accent.

SHOPKEEP: Your sword. What's the symbol on the hilt there? Is that a shrew?

LILLIAN: It's actually supposed to be an eagle, for America, but... aaand now I totally can't see it any other way. Thanks for that.

SHOPKEEP: That is funny-looking for an eagle. Anyway, so what do "Americans" do for birthdays?

LILLIAN: Put candles in a cake, make a wish, blow it out. Sing a happy birthday song.

SHOPKEEP: Can I interest you in a baralola?

LILLIAN: A wha... I have no idea what that is.

SHOPKEEP: Christine, get that small piece of baralola bread out of the pantry.

LILLIAN: I mean, can I at least ask what it's made out of?

SHOPKEEP: It's the bread of the gods. Oh thank you, sweetie. Try this. Remember to make a wish before you eat it.

LILLIAN: I just eat the whole thing at once?

SHOPKEEP: Uh huh.

LILLIAN: Just remember, if this kills me, no one's gonna buy your oranges.

SHOPKEEP: Ha ha. Make a wish.

LILLIAN: (whispers) Home. (pause) Oh my god, this is amazing. This is like, what Greek baklava wishes it could be.

SHOPKEEP: Good to hear. The baker at the far corner of the street makes it.

LILLIAN: I think you just made a customer for life.

SHOPKEEP: (laughs) Well, good doing business with you. I hope the rest of your birthday is better than the beginning.

LILLIAN: You and me both. You and me both. Thank you.

FX: Heels on cobblestone for a moment until she stops suddenly

LILLIAN: (to herself) Oh crap. I think that was an edible.

**SCENE 6**  
**INT. THEATER. EARLY EVENING**

OCTAVIUS: It's an island?

NERO: Yeah, Ock. Right in the middle of the bay, which means we need to get a boat.

OCTAVIUS: Nero, boats aren't cheap, no matter what world we live in.

NERO: I know.

OCTAVIUS: Do you think... do you think it would be too much if I asked the royal court for a boat?

NERO: Oh, Ock, man, I don't know.

OCTAVIUS: I mean, how do you even go about petitioning for something like that? Like, what's the process? It's not like I can just go online and fill out a form.

NERO: What I've learned about this place so far, the best thing to do is go up to someone who looks like they know what they're doing and... ask.

OCTAVIUS: You should be glad I'm not a private person.

FX: Door swinging open and close

NERO: Lillian, welcome back.

LILLIAN: (spacey) Hey guys, I'm just... gonna leave the groceries here.

OCTAVIUS: Hey listen...

LILLIAN: Shh... shhshhshh. (long pause) I reeeally need to lie down right about now.

OCTAVIUS: Are you high?

LILLIAN: I'm... something. (weak laugh)

OCTAVIUS: C'mon. Let's get you downstairs.

LILLIAN: Why does it sound like everyone's underwater?

OCTAVIUS: Just hold my hand.

LILLIAN: No... nononono. I need...

OCTAVIUS: You need some food. Of course you need food.

LILLIAN: The oranges.

OCTAVIUS: Okay, okay. Take what you need.

FX: Bag rustling

OCTAVIUS: That was supposed to be all of our oranges for the week.

LILLIAN: Uh... we can buy more... we can... we can always buy more. (laughs) We can always buy more.

OCTAVIUS: Alright, c'mon. Step down. What did you have?

LILLIAN: Bala-lola. Baka-lola.

OCTAVIUS: Baklava?

LILLIAN: No, nonono, it wasn't baklava. I don't remember what it was called. Balalola, I think.

OCTAVIUS: Are you just making up words?

LILLIAN: I'm not, I promise. I promise. I'm good. I'm good. I can make it to the bed.

OCTAVIUS: You aren't still mad at me, are you?

LILLIAN: Yes but... it doesn't matter.

OCTAVIUS: Ya know, I'd really like to know what I did.

LILLIAN: Maybe this was a bad idea.

OCTAVIUS: What do you mean?

LILLIAN: You... you could've asked me out anytime. Why now?

OCTAVIUS: Seemed like the right time.

LILLIAN: But why? You could've asked me out any time and I probably would've said yes and I'm... (long pause) I'm afraid if you've been thinking about it all this time you may have some (weak laugh) expectations and (pause) I don't know if (pause) what if you have this expectation about what it's like for us to be together and I just can't live up to it? Like, is the magic still going to be there when we have to pick up each other's socks because (pause) ya know, that's a part of the process?

OCTAVIUS: Well, if there's one thing I know, it's magic.

LILLIAN: (weak laughs) Right. How is it you always end up with ugly girls though? Like, I don't even know your type. (pause) Do you even have a type?

OCTAVIUS: I end up with the ugly girls a lot because I wingman (used as a verb) for Nero while he's trying to make it with the hot ones.

LILLIAN: (laughs genuinely) I just thought you just had a thing for ugly girls with low self-esteem. Your whole life makes sense now.

OCTAVIUS: To you, maybe.

LILLIAN: Can I... can I ask you just... an extremely personal question?

OCTAVIUS: I guess. Sure.

LILLIAN: If it's serious then... one day... I want to be a mom. (long pause)

OCTAVIUS: I'm still waiting for the question.

LILLIAN: Oh right. (laughs)

OCTAVIUS: Baby steps, okay?

LILLIAN: Right... right.

OCTAVIUS: But to answer your question, no. I don't think I'd make a good mother.

LILLIAN: (laughs) Get out, you know what I mean!

OCTAVIUS: Alright. I leave you alone. We'll be upstairs.

FX: Shoes on concrete, door closing

NERO: How is she?

OCTAVIUS: Blitzed out of her mind.

NERO: Eh. Well, about time someone loosened her up a little bit.

FX: Door opening, closing

OCTAVIUS: Hey Ed.

ED: Hey Ock, I got you that meeting you were asking about, for the boat?

OCTAVIUS: Oh, okay. What? Like now?

ED: Um... yes.

OCTAVIUS: Oh wow. Okay, um do I... do I look ready for royal court?

NERO: Not really but they can't expect too much on this short notice.

ED: Ock, c'mon.

OCTAVIUS: Guess this'll have to do. Coming!

FX: Door opening, closing

**SCENE 7**  
**INT. ROYAL COURT. EVENING**

FX: Heavy door swinging open

GUARD: Octavius Blackwater. Their majesties, King Rowan, Queen Tambri and his highness Prince Oswald residing.

ROWAN: Thank you, bailiff.

FX: Shoes on marble

OCTAVIUS: Good evening, your majesties, your highness

ROWAN: Mr Blackwater, we are very busy people, so it comes to us as a great inconvenience to convene royal court during the evening-time. As you can imagine, we would be very appreciative if you can be quick with whatever it is that brought you here. What exactly would you request from us?

OCTAVIUS: I apologize for the intrusion. It has been brought to our attention that a certain book with information about the incantation that brought us here and hopefully a similar one for returning home, well... it's been placed in the Necropolis. (awkward pause) And we'd like to go get it.

TAMBRI: And how exactly is it that you plan to obtain this book?

OCTAVIUS: I would need to charter a boat to take us there.

TAMBRI: I see.

ROWAN: Mr. Blackwater, it costs a great deal of resources to charter a boat for a mission like that.

OCTAVIUS: I am aware of that, your majesty, and I would not ask if I had any other way.

ROWAN: Resources that might be better spent on our own people.

OCTAVIUS: If that's what your majesty wants, I would be in no place to argue. We would just have to find another way.

OZZY: Like what? Are you planning on swimming there?

OCTAVIUS: I don't really think that would be reasonable and I'm sorry if I've offended you in any way.

ROWAN: Maybe he could... build a raft?

OCTAVIUS: (getting frustrated) I...

OZZY: (voice low) Should we tell him?

OCTAVIUS: Tell me? Tell me what?

TAMBRI: Shhshhshh.

OCTAVIUS: What's going on here?

ROWAN: If you don't tell him, I will.

OCTAVIUS: Tell me what?

OZZY: Ock, relax. There's a ferry that goes there twice a day.

OCTAVIUS: And you weren't going to tell me this?

(The three of them burst into laughter)

OCTAVIUS: You were just gonna sit there and watch me sweat?

(They continue laughing)

OCTAVIUS: Oh my god, I hate all of you right now!

FX: Shoes on marble. Door opening, closing

(The three of them continue laughing)

## **SCENE 8**

### **EXT. THEATER. EVENING**

FX: Footsteps on cobblestone

ED: Hey look, Ock is back.

OCTAVIUS: Ed, you're an ass.

(Ed and Mackenzie burst into laughter)

FX: Stage door opening and closing

MACKENZIE: I suppose this means you're leaving in the morning.

ED: Mackenzie, you know we'll back soon.

MACKENZIE: Yes, but if you find that volume you're looking for, you are just going to be gone for good, right?

ED: (reluctantly) Yeah.

MACKENZIE: You know, from everything you've told me, I just don't understand. Why would you want to go back?

ED: Our country... to be fair, it's a huge dumpster fire right now. (Completely uncaring if she has no concept of what a 'dumpster' is) We have a tyrant for a ruler who's aggressively trying to change the whole country into a mono-culture and people still love him and hang on every word like he's God. And you know what?

MACKENZIE: What?

ED: When everything comes crashing down and an angry mob raids the White House, ties his feet to a rope on the back of a... carriage and drags him through the streets of Washington, I want to be there. I want to be a part of that. That will be a... (looking for word) a glorious time in the history of the world and... I don't want to miss it. I really don't.

MACKENZIE: (obviously a little upset) I don't want to lose you, even as a friend but... (sighs) alright, I'll say it. I don't know what to do right now.

ED: Well, we're getting ahead of ourselves.

MACKENZIE: I suppose you're right.

ED: We all have our own decisions to make. Lillian and Ock, they're on the first ride out, for sure, 100%. Nero, ...I'm not so sure of but there's not a lot tying him here right now.

MACKENZIE: Promise me one thing, though.

ED: Sure... anything.

MACKENZIE: If you go, I will be there when you leave. Okay?

ED: Of course... why would I want it any other way?

MACKENZIE: Well, c'mon then. I'll help you get loaded up.

**SCENE 9**  
**INT. THEATER, EVENING**

FX: Suitcase hitting concrete steps on the way up

NERO: I'm really glad they left some usable suitcases in the costume closet.

OCTAVIUS: Nero, I don't even know what to pack for this journey.

NERO: Ock, does it all seem odd to you?

OCTAVIUS: What's that?

NERO: That entire island is a giant mausoleum. Most tombs I've ever seen, they don't have a library sitting in the middle.

OCTAVIUS: I get what you're saying but... the ferry leaves twice a day. Even if we spent a whole week there on a wild goose chase, would we really be out that much?

NERO: A lot can happen in a week.

OCTAVIUS: We're going to need a huge container of lamp oil.

NERO: I'll add it to the list.

OCTAVIUS: We probably need to get some proper winter hats at some point. The ones from the costume closet are all like 'Good evening, Comrade. In Soviet Russia, tomb buries you.' Okay, that was... funnier in my head. I'm still bringing that hat though.

FX: Door opening and closing

FX: Shoes across concrete

OCTAVIUS: Hey, Lillian. You feeling any...

LILLIAN: Shh!

FX: She keeps walking

NERO: Sorry man, I'm not getting a good read on her now.

OCTAVIUS: (takes a moment) I'm going to talk to her.

FX: Shoes on concrete transitioning between several types of floors as he walks through the theater

FX: Footsteps stop

OCTAVIUS: Um, hi. Are you feeling any better?

LILLIAN: (still a little spacey) The room is... still glowing a little bit. Look, I'm not mad at you. I just... I need you to stop... existing... so loudly... right now. Okay?

OCTAVIUS: Um... okay. (whispers) Okay.

LILLIAN: I'm going upstairs. I want to sit in some warm water... and think and maybe figure what we're doing here. I'll come out when I'm ready.

OCTAVIUS: Do you remember... do you remember anything we talked about?

LILLIAN: You're still not off the hook.

OCTAVIUS: Oh c'mon!

LILLIAN: Good night, Ock.

FX: Door closing and latching, tub filling up (fade)

FX: Drips in background, Lillian towel-dries her hair, door opens

CLARA: Oh hey, excuse me.

LILLIAN: Oh, um... Clara, right?

CLARA: Yeah. Can you tell me which room is Nero's?

FX: Door opening

NERO: There you are.

CLARA: (perks up) Here I am.

NERO: Glad you could make it. (kiss)

CLARA: (to Lillian) Hey, um... can I borrow a uh... hair tie from you, please?

LILLIAN: Oh yeah sure. Here ya go.

CLARA: Thank you.

FX: Footsteps (fading, but suddenly stops)

NERO: Wait for it. Wait for it.

LILLIAN: Oh... EWWW!

NERO/CLARA: (laughing fading off into the distance)

FX: Footsteps follow Lillian over various types of floor around the theater

LILLIAN: (to herself) I really hope I still have some battery left on my phone. I really need to play the same song over and over about a hundred times.

LILLIAN: (to herself) Oh please don't be in here right now. I'm far too tired to deal with this.

FX: Creaky door swinging open

OCTAVIUS/ED/MACKENZIE/OZZY/YOURIE:  
SURPRISE!

LILLIAN: Oh... my... God.

MACKENZIE: Happy birthday!

LILLIAN: Oh my God. I hate you guys so much right now!

OCTAVIUS: You didn't really think we had forgotten your birthday, did you?

LILLIAN: You! I was pissed off at you all day! I can't believe you would do this to me!

OCTAVIUS: No hard feelings, right?

LILLIAN: (exhales angrily)

FX: Door swinging open

CLARA: Oh, excuse me. I heard there's a party that needs a bartender.

NERO: Happy birthday, Lillian.

LILLIAN: Thank you. Ed? Were you in on this too?

ED: Of course.

MACKENZIE: I really thought you were going to figure it out. You walked right past the cake but you were looking at your feet.

LILLIAN: Oh c'mon. I couldn't have been that oblivious. You too, Yourie?

OZZY: She's not really a party planner but...

YOURIE: ...being sneaky is something I'm really good at.

LILLIAN: Well, I have something to say and I want everyone to hear it. (long pause while everyone quiets down) You guys are the best friends I could ever ask for and I hate you all.

(Everyone cheers an approval)

CLARA: Lillian, would you like the first shot?

LILLIAN: Oh hell yes!

CLARA: And maybe some baralola?

LILLIAN: (fake laughter) Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, you're funny.

(Fade)

## SCENE 10

### INT. VIVIAN'S BEDROOM. EVENING

FX: Sounds of planchette moving, TV playing in the background

VIVIAN: Hello. Are there any spirits out there who can hear me and wish to speak with me? Hello? I want to speak to my sister. Is anyone there?

FX: Vivian folds the board up in frustration

VIVIAN: Stupid game. (deep sigh) Maybe I'm just getting impatient with it. I dunno. Whatever.

MRS SPENCER: Vivian, time for bed!

VIVIAN: I know!

FX: Vivian, crawling into bed

VIVIAN: Better luck tomorrow, I guess.

FX: Light turning out

VIVIAN: Happy birthday, sis.

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, James Blaisdell, Brad, Karin Heimdall, James Hicks, Kim Nelson and Verble Cat. 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](https://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](https://smokeandmirrorsaudio.com). Thank you so much for listening and we hope to see you again soon.

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