

EPISODE 6: ARCADEMIA ADAGES

INT. OPENING

NARRATOR

Within the multiverse sits a fantastic, magical realm: a place we call Hearth. This is the world of Magus Elgar. Seeking to prevent disaster, he and his colleagues hunt for Stamps, scientific tools augmented with magical power. Their tale continues here: Episode Six, Arcademia Adages.

EXT. ARCADEMIA, DAY

The bustling of many people can be heard as MAGUS ELGAR and DOCTOR HORATIO walk their way through the bazaar.

NARRATOR

When we last left our heroes, the magus and his companions had rescued their first **Stamp**. A ray-dio gifted with the ability to attune to ether. However the device was severely damaged in a struggle with the giant nugget raptors. But, Doctor Horatio and Magus Elgar are undeterred. We find them in Arcademia, Bazaar for the magical. Searching for a way to tune the rescued ether ray-dio to help locate more Stamps.

HECKLER 1

Scrolls! Incantations! PalPens! Come to Dewey's Heximals for a deal like no other!

HECKLER 2

We've got cleaning solutions that take the blood out of varnish! And the varnish out of blood! Try InTox Stain Remover!

HECKLER 3

The newest in pixie guidance! POS 9.1 Now with over 90 songs & sonnets memorized to sing back to you!

NARRATOR

Ooh! I'll take the pixie! My POS 8.0 Can't remember a tune if its life depended on it.

MAGUS ELGAR

Ahhh breathe it in, doctor! Can't you smell the knowledge in the air, just waiting to be claimed? Arcademia is one of my favorite places in all of Hearth. Spells, books, and trinkets of wonder all sold like so many bacon-flavored treats at a carnival... and quite possibly just as dangerous for your health.

HORATIO

(distracted)

I'm trying my hardest to enjoy it, Magus. Eugh.... D-did we have to t-teleport here?

MAGUS ELGAR

It's the best way to travel, as long as you close your eyes to the madness on the journey. Why? You closed your eyes before we left, right?

HORATIO

(unsettled)

**No?!** You didn't tell me to close my eyes!

MAGUS ELGAR

Well it's a given that you should! Teleport spells usually use the Unblinking as a shortcut between folds in dimensions.

HORATIO

Horrible eyes everywhere. All staring and judging me! How could you continue to function knowing such a place exists?!

MAGUS ELGAR

Mmh that's the thing about the Unblinking. It really doesn't seem to **care** about other planes unless it discovers something it's never seen before.

HORATIO

Is that why I suddenly remember a disembodied eyeball watching me for every waking moment of my life?!

MAGUS ELGAR

Oh that's exciting! They've taken a liking to you!

HORATIO

(pitifully crying)

Eeeeeuuuunnnnh.

MAGUS ELGAR

Ugh, the crying again. Come on, you told me we needed something to fix the stamp. Doctor? Focus!

HORATIO

S-Sorry. I... Sorry, you're right, stiff upper lip. \*ahem\* I tried repairing the radio but without my tools and some super glue, I'm unsure where to start.

Horatio rattles his bag full of radio parts.

HORATIO (CONT'D)

Then again, if I try putting it back together the old fashioned way, we could lose its effects entirely or, worse, exacerbate its barmy-making capacity. So perhaps we could find a spell that can teach me how to reconstruct it **partially**; just enough to pick up ether. It's high time I try my hand at a wizardly solution.

MAGUS ELGAR

And why exactly do we **need** it fixed? Based on all the screaming gibberish I was making last time, the Ray-dio and my brain are... **uncongenial**.

HORATIO

Well, if we were to, say, attune it to a **particular** ether frequency, say, the anomalous readings of a stamp, we could locate them quickly and accurately.

MAGUS ELGAR

I still don't see why you won't have **me** fix it.

HORATIO

Do you even know what a radio does?

MAGUS ELGAR

Of course! It's a demon trapped inside a box that channels the voices of the ether into pure insanity.

HORATIO

Unless your listening to the Christian evangelist fortune teller I pick up near the college at home, you couldn't be further from the truth. Though I'll require your assistance, I can't tell what half of these people are trying to sell. Why does this place look like an Arabian bazaar anyway?

MAGUS ELGAR

I honestly don't think it's that strange, doctor. Arcademia is a magical exchange where the most dangerous and enticing of spells are sold to the highest bidder. Among other necessary accessories.

HORATIO

There's a man selling cookbooks over there.

MAGUS ELGAR

It's probably a **magical** cookbook! Cooking **is** integral to what wizards do.

HORATIO

Oh really? Name a magical meal.

Beat.

MAGUS ELGAR

Okay, it's probably a regular cookbook. But knowledge is **knowledge**, and there's no place better for that than here.

HORATIO

Fair enough. So where are the books about repairing complex devices?

MAGUS ELGAR

Ah! What about **him**?

WIZARD QUAFF

What about me?!

SFX: Dramatic sting!

HORATIO

Wizard Quaff!

MAGUS ELGAR

I should have recognized you under that ridiculous hat. You wizard types go overboard with head wear!

WIZARD QUAFF

And you, Magus! With your deleteriously gaudy robes. Are you a magician or simply preparing for bed?!

MAGUS ELGAR

I could say the same for **your** robe! You dress like you're preparing for a country ball!

WIZARD QUAFF

This is magical attire of the highest pedigree!

HORATIO

Gentlemen, please! Why are you making fun of each other's clothes?

MAGUS ELGAR

A respected magician can be measured by his fine taste in clothing alone.

WIZARD QUAFF

It's a thing we do. You, a mere trousers-haver, wouldn't understand.

HORATIO

What are you even doing here? I thought wizards **hoarded** knowledge, not sold it!

WIZARD QUAFF

(gravely)

A mind as small as yours could not possibly fathom the relevance of my presence here, dimensional interloper.

MAGUS ELGAR

He's here to gloat.

HORATIO

Gloat?! You're not here to sell your books?

WIZARD QUAFF

Absolutely **not!** A wizard cannot be a **wizard** without everyone comprehending the vastness of the knowledge he possesses. So I set up shop with a sampling of my finest books, just to show just how ignorant the masses are compared to my brilliance. Each book represents fifty years of experience from an expertly crafted soul devoted to knowledge! Priceless tomes these plebeians couldn't hope to afford- **Get away from those, you sheep!**

CUSTOMER 1

Aaah!

SFX: customer runs away crying.

HORATIO

Well I suppose that's one reason to- why are half of these covered in sap?

MAGUS ELGAR

It's **caramel.**

WIZARD QUAFF

As a consumer of knowledge, some of the lesser rare books need easier digestion.

(smacks lips)

**Don't judge me!**

HORATIO

That's sick. But... why would you bring all these rare books to a public area? Aren't you worried about thieves and other wizards?

WIZARD QUAFF

These books were cared for, nurtured and raised by me, their loyalties are without question. Besides, if anyone happens to purloin a tome without my consent, their hands are teleported to another dimension.

THIEF

Oh dear **elements!** My **hands!** AAAGH!

WIZARD QUAFF

Knowledge cannot be **stolen!** Only earned! Contemplate this as you grieve for your lack of hands!

MAGUS ELGAR

Well it's nice to see that you are enjoying yourself, Quaff. I'm sure even an amateur like you needs to feel proud of himself every once in a while.

WIZARD QUAFF

So what books would you like to witness today? I can't resist the idea of the magus groveling over my collection.

HORATIO

Actually we're trying to fix my radio but... Its effects in Hearth have made it quite dangerous to recreate. I need a spell that can allow me to repair it without bringing **all** of its magic back. Er, is that possible?

WIZARD QUAFF

My eyebrows ascend. You're asking for **my** assistance? Need I remind you that **you** and your sedatious harlot are agents of the Unblinking that **destroyed** my house?!

MAGUS ELGAR

You're **still** on about that? That was nearly three weeks ago. Elements I destroyed the doctor's house and he's moved on.

HORATIO

Only because I accept that *Quaff* was to blame.

WIZARD QUAFF

You feign helplessness only to pry on the confines of my dresser! Those fabrics are liberating and I'll not have you contaminate their innocence!

MAGUS ELGAR

Calm down you two. There's no point in going on about which of you is the chicken or the egg. In the end, you're both poultry.

HORATIO

(coy)

I suppose I should have known the wizard would have been too much of an amateur to possess anything for my issue.

WIZARD QUAFF

You know, I can see you're trying to trick me. But I don't care! Of course I have something! A magical object like that can only be mended accurately with a Quadratic Logramance Spell.

MAGUS ELGAR

Mathemancy? I wasn't aware you studied it.

WIZARD QUAFF

I swear I read the mathemagician's tomes for their articles, not the graphs! I just so happen to possess a book on the subject.

HORATIO

Excellent! That's rather encouraging! I appreciate that you're willing to work past our differences and...

Wizard Quaff laughs condescendingly.

HORATIO (CONT'D)

What's... so funny?



WIZARD QUAFF

Your misery! Speaking with such pitiful hope as if I would even **consider** helping you, unholy beast!

MAGUS ELGAR

How dare you! Horatio has no association with anything divine **or** infernal! He's a perfectly unremarkable man!

HORATIO

Okay, ow.

WIZARD QUAFF

No, no no, I see **you**, agent of the Unblinking. Standing there with your baleful eyes, planning to watch my every move. I could be sitting pretty in my home, learning the secrets of transcendence, only to find one of **your** eyes leering down at me. Distracting me while I try to enjoy my hallucinations in peace!

HORATIO

For one, I'm not some kind of eyeball monster, I only have **two** eyes. and for two, this radio could help us stop the destruction of all of existence!

MAGUS ELGAR

Which if you recall we tend to need to stand on.

WIZARD QUAFF

The world is expendable in the grand scale of my hatred for creatures beyond my understanding... and **you** Magus Elgar.

HORATIO

You near-sighted baboon! This is the last time I assume a well-read fellow would possess an ounce of reason!

MAGUS ELGAR

It's all right, Doctor. Wizard Quaff is **clearly** delusional.

(MORE)

MAGUS ELGAR (CONT'D)

Let's go home and try to get the wooden box to communicate with the dead ourselves.

HORATIO

Fine. But know this, wizard, if anyone suffers due to our impeded progress, it will be on your head.

SFX: SKREEEEEE!

WIZARD QUAFF

**Ahhh!** It's **on my head!**

HORATIO

Woah! Woah!

MAGUS ELGAR

Hah! Well timed! what is that thing?! Oh you're a cute one aren't you?

WIZARD QUAFF

It's some kind of amorphous blob-topuss creature made of **ink!** Kill it!

HORATIO

My bag! Where did it go?!

The creature jumps off of quaff's head.

WIZARD QUAFF

Hahaha! Serves you right. For your hubris of believing you can hold on to property. Wait! It has my book of Fractal druidic translations! Unhand my child! His spine is far too sensitive for such jostling!

SFX: spell activates, Creature screams, transformation sounds.

MAGUS ELGAR

What's it doing?

HORATIO

My God, it reformed its hands! After it!

FADE TO:

EXT. ARCADEMIA TENTS, DAY

Elgar, Horatio and Quaff are all giving chase to the inky creature as people cry out and exclaim in surprise.

MAGUS ELGAR

It must be someone's familiar! It's acting too deliberately to be some wild animal!

HORATIO

I thought you said the book would cut off its hands!

WIZARD QUAFF

I didn't factor in anyone **regenerating** hands so quickly! That kind of spell takes at least a few hours to even start!

MAGUS ELGAR

Oh would you look at that, something you didn't **consider**?! Isn't it some kind of taboo for wizards **not** to be absolute know-it-alls?

HORATIO

Gloat later, it's getting away!

The crowd intensifies as they start yelling and clamoring.

MAGUS ELGAR

There's too many people! Out of my way! Don't cast! You might hit someone!

HORATIO

What do we do?!

WIZARD QUAFF

Allow me.

(yells to crowd)

Pitiful peasants! My personal space approaches! Flee! Flee for your lives!

CROWD 1

Elements! It's Wizard Quaff! Don't anger him!

The crowd yells and parts.

WIZARD QUAFF  
Swine before Age, Magus.

MAGUS ELGAR  
Big deal, you look like a crazed  
beggar.

WIZARD QUAFF  
I beg for no man!

HORATIO  
There! Into that alleyway!

SFX: footsteps come to a stop.

WIZARD QUAFF  
(carefully)  
All right, it's cornered. We have  
to be... calm. Careful... And  
encourage the creature to trust  
us...

HORATIO  
It's got some kind of metal ball  
lodged inside it. Is that its  
heart?

WIZARD QUAFF  
(carefully)  
It's entirely possible. Perhaps the  
metal heart controls it, gives it  
shape... so we must remain  
cautious. And gently... ease...

MAGUS ELGAR  
Kill it with **fire!**

WIZARD QUAFF  
Kill it with **spikes!**

MAGUS ELGAR  
**Furnaci!**

SFX: Fireballs start flying. The creature absorbs the impact  
and skitters off.

MAGUS ELGAR (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you cast your spell?!

WIZARD QUAFF  
All this running jostled my  
satchel! Bags of holding don't  
cancel outside movement!

Spilling of books.

WIZARD QUAFF (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jubilation! There goes my  
careful alphabetizing. Round the  
corner! Jump!

EXT. POTIONS MASTER'S GAZEBO

STALL OWNER  
My tower of potions are the  
greatest example of balance and  
grace! The liquid inside them is so  
potent, I have constructed the  
pyramid upside down! And yet, not a  
thing will knock it over! Would  
anyone care to test it?

WIZARD QUAFF  
There! **Sanctumlunous Spica!**

A metal spike passes through the pyramid, glasses clink as  
the pyramid is preserved.

STALL OWNER  
Woah! A little extreme for a-

The creature, magus, doctor, and wizard run through the  
gazebo, crashing through the pyramid, yet no glass is heard  
breaking. Only clinking back into place.

MAGUS ELGAR  
It's back on the **other** side!

STALL OWNER  
Woah! Woah! No! No! No!

HORATIO  
Coming through!

MAGUS ELGAR  
Nice potions, trader!

STALL OWNER  
Wait, be careful of the glycerite  
trader next door!

MAGUS ELGAR  
Oh dear- **Tueri bulla!**

Magus forms a protective shield around the three of them.  
Both stalls detonate.

STALL OWNER

My pyramid! It's flipping gracefully into the distance! So beautiful...

(sobbing)

And irretrievable...

Metal spikes are tossed at the creature.

HORATIO

It's not working! It just keeps absorbing and dodging! Don't either of you know what kind of creature it is?!

MAGUS ELGAR

Of course not! Do you think this kind of insanity is common in Hearth?

HORATIO

Considering the nugget raptors, you've given me no reason to believe otherwise! Use something else!

MAGUS ELGAR

Perhaps a... **Lightning Bolt! Parte fulminis!**

SFX: Lighting Creature screeches and begins shapechanging before it leaps away.

HORATIO

No! Come back!

MAGUS ELGAR

Augh! What's it **doing?** It's vile!

WIZARD QUAFF

It's changing forms too quickly to hit! Your lightning supercharged the core, you fool!

HORATIO

No... Wait, that's it! Magus! You've never seen this before because it doesn't **belong** here!

WIZARD QUAFF

**Hah!** You're **both** Unblinking! Called it!

HORATIO

No! It's a **stamp!** This one must have been drawn to the radio!

MAGUS ELGAR

What kind of science... **thing** creates something like **that?!**

HORATIO

It has to be my ferrofluid. It's the only thing that molds and adjusts to magnetic fields. The metal lump inside it must be giving it focus for its shapes.

MAGUS ELGAR

Fascinations abound! ...How do we catch it?

WIZARD QUAFF

The idea of its very nature disquiets me! Killing details, immediately!

SFX: wizard Quaff claps his hands imperiously.

HORATIO

**You** are an educated man pursuing knowledge, why are you so fixated on **killing** it?

WIZARD QUAFF

Because if it's dead, I can **dissect** it. That's knowledge waiting to happen.

MAGUS ELGAR

What? We could learn so much about it alive! How it eats for example!

WIZARD QUAFF

If you want to research the amorphous shapeshifter **alive** and capable of forming sharp bits with any part of its body, be my guest!

MAGUS ELGAR

Either way. That thing looks incredible!

WIZARD QUAFF

Absolutely! Did you see the way it jumped through that pyramid of potions?

HORATIO

Are you two quite done?!

WIZARD QUAFF

The agent of the Unblinking can't appreciate the finer things in life.

MAGUS ELGAR

Don't hold it against him. He's a **Scientist**.

HORATIO

I'm not-\*sighs\* Fine, but I'm taking the last laugh by saying you two agreed on something.

MAGUS ELGAR

Augh... low blow!

WIZARD QUAFF

That was unnecessary!

HORATIO

I'm no wizard, and I'm certainly no magi. But if there's one thing I understand better than the two of you, it's middle school physics. Let's corner it before it escapes.

EXT. ARCADEMIA TRANSIT STATION, DAY

Horses and other forms of travel are abundant here. As horatio takes the lead. People have given the ferrofluid a wide berth. Clamoring in the distance.

HORATIO

Anyone see it?

MAGUS ELGAR

There! Off in the corner. It's trying to take the shape of a horse.

SFX: horrible monster sounds.

HORATIO

(deeply troubled)

That looks nothing like a horse.

MAGUS ELGAR

Wait. Who is that opposite of him?  
Oh no...



HORATIO

What? Who is it? I can't see with  
the two of you in the way.

MAGUS ELGAR

Keep back. This'll be funny.

MINISTER TRIKE

Stand back citizens! **Magus** Trike is  
here to save you all!

GAAT

Your minister and savior to make  
you vote for him and such.

MINISTER TRIKE

Quiet Gaat! Now, **creature!**  
Surrender yourself to me! Don't  
make me ask twice or I shall  
destroy you post-haste!

The creature skreees aggressively.

MINISTER TRIKE (CONT'D)

I shall assume your guttural  
utterances... **gutturances** are a  
clear sign of resistance. So be it!  
Fur-

SFX: schlorp, whip cracking, The striker tumbles down a well.  
Sploosh.

Beat.

GAAT

Did he just knock the striker down  
the well?

MINISTER TRIKE

(aside, frightened)

He just knocked the striker down  
the well.

(to ferrofluid)

You are a worthy opponent, monster!  
Therefore I shall take extreme  
measures! Gaat! **Defense!**

GAAT

What?

MINISTER TRIKE

Defense! Do your duty!

GAAT

Right... uh. Let me just get my sword out.

SFX: SCHLORP!

Beat

MINISTER TRIKE

He ate your sword?

GAAT

He ate my sword.

MINISTER TRIKE

(sheepish)

Well then. If we are to duel, we shall schedule a time where we can fight on equal ground. Yes?

SFX: SKREEEEEEEE!

Gaat and trike scream and run off.

WIZARD QUAFF

You could have told him the fire wouldn't have worked.

MAGUS ELGAR

I could have, couldn't I?

WIZARD QUAFF

We're still waiting for your brilliant plan, creature.

HORATIO

I don't have time for a rebuttal.

MAGUS ELGAR

Agreed, his current butt is bad enough.

HORATIO

All right, here's the plan: Quaff, you summon one of those metal spikes you've been using.

WIZARD QUAFF

They are ***Spears of the Sanctimonious.***

HORATIO

I don't care what they're called!  
Magus, the moment Quaff throws  
his.... spear, you hit it with a  
positively charged lightning bolt.

MAGUS ELGAR

Is... is there a difference between  
**positively** charged lightning and  
what I normally do?

HORATIO

There shouldn't be. Are you two  
ready?

Quaff flips through pages in his book.

MAGUS ELGAR

(nervous singsong)

Any day Quaff.

WIZARD QUAFF

I'm ready! I'm ready! And you?  
Prepared your quip, Magus?

MAGUS ELGAR

I'm hovering between "what a  
shocking development" and "I'm  
positive you should stick around."

WIZARD QUAFF

How about "Here's your daily  
supplement of iron?"

MAGUS ELGAR

Ooh. Or maybe "that's one shape  
you'll not get out of!"

HORATIO

It's spotted us!

MAGUS ELGAR

Dammit! Which one do we go with?!

HORATIO

**Throw!** Throw it!

WIZARD QUAFF

Uhm! It a-spears-

MAGUS ELGAR

You're bolted-

HORATIO  
To the wall!

MAGUS ELGAR  
***Parte fulminis!***

WIZARD QUAFF  
***Sanctumlunous Spica!***

SFX: metal spear is hit by electricity. The creature squirms around the magnetically charged pole. There's a long pause after the three cheer.

MAGUS ELGAR  
Why are these stamps so difficult to make one-liners for?

HORATIO  
That's the problem with puns, Magus. If you want to use them properly, you have to be well grounded.

INT. WIZARD QUAFF'S STALL, ACADEMIA, DAY.

SFX: glass tink. The creature hisses angrily.

HORATIO  
Without this bit of metal, the ferrofluid won't be able to make a shape strong enough to escape this jar.

MAGUS ELGAR  
Well done Horatio. I clearly didn't give your science enough credit.

HORATIO  
And here's your book back, Wizard Quaff. I apologize for any brashness during our efforts.

WIZARD QUAFF  
It's quite all right. My field rarely permits exercise. Did you miss father, little one? Let's slide you into my sack for safe keeping.

HORATIO  
Lovely. That being said. Considering that book would have been long gone without my help...

WIZARD QUAFF

And if it weren't for your insider knowledge of such an abomination, I wouldn't be **simulating** this gratitude. Very clever, agent of Unblinking, but I am not so easily duped by your ruse.

MAGUS ELGAR

What?! Quaff you duplicitous fiend, how could we have possibly staged that? I didn't even know about the exploding tent!

WIZARD QUAFF

I don't judge your choice in companions. I just mock you mercilessly for your poor decisions.

MAGUS ELGAR

I keep telling you, that's the same thing!

HORATIO

It's all right, magus. We're just glad to recover another stamp. We'll find another way to fix the radio.

MAGUS ELGAR

Are you sure? It's right here. Finding a quadratic logramancy spell could take quite a long time. At least several hours.

HORATIO

I'm sure. It's like Wizard Quaff said, knowledge is earned. I'll have to earn that right.

WIZARD QUAFF

A wise sentiment, Creature. Now get out of my stall. I have much to pack and I despise people watching me. That includes you beggar jacobison!

JACOBISON

I have **glass** eyes! I don't choose where they go!

SFX: Magus and horatio start to walk away.

MAGUS ELGAR

\*sigh\* I'm sorry that turned out to be a waste of time. Wizards in this world tend to be paranoid and more than a little antisocial, and Quaff's one of the worst.

HORATIO

That's all right, magus. I've learned that just because Hearth is **magical** doesn't mean it'll be all whimsical and full of good intentions.

MAGUS ELGAR

Shame about the spell. It'll be quite a pain finding something similar.

HORATIO

Will it?

SFX: Music sting. parchment waving in hand.

MAGUS ELGAR

The spell! You tore a page out?

HORATIO

While Quaff was extracting the heart from the ferrofluid, I thumbed through the book and found the quadratic incantation he mentioned.

MAGUS ELGAR

But he said anyone that tried to steal it would have their hands teleported to another dimension!

HORATIO

He did. But I didn't **steal** anything. I retrieved the book for him, I just happened to have accidentally lost one of the pages.

MAGUS ELGAR

(coy)

Oh Doctor, you sly Macarkin!

HORATIO

(pleased)

I have no idea what that means, but thank you.

(MORE)

HORATIO (CONT'D)

Though I can't help but wonder what the ferrofluid wanted with the Radio and Wizard Quaff's book. Do you think someone else is looking for stamps?

MAGUS ELGAR

Maybe we can interrogate the little creature! **Who are you working for?!**

SFX: Magus shakes the jar, the ferrofluid creature cries out in surprise and agitation.

HORATIO

I don't think either of us speak its language. Ah well, at least we can fix the radio, **and** we have another Stamp to tune it with.

MAGUS ELGAR

Radio? We have a **restoration** spell! First thing we do is indulge in all the desserts we can get our hands on and immediately restore them!

HORATIO

We don't even know if the spell works!

MAGUS ELGAR

So the worse case scenario is we only get one pie. Unless of course you want to test the spell on the radio, hmmmmmm?

HORATIO

...you know what? Why not?! We're worth it! Hear that, little blob? We're going to indulge! I always wanted to eat endless pie.

MAGUS ELGAR

Endless pie!

HORATIO

Endless pie!

FERROFLUID

Endless Pie!

SFX: Horatio and Magus Scream.

HORATIO

Oh God it mimics voices too!

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. ARCADEMIA, ASSASSIN'S ROW, NIGHT.

NARRATOR

Not all is well in Hearth. With the striker proving to be a big disappointment, Minister Trike is forced to look elsewhere. His unceasing desire for infamy and promotion brings him to the darker side of Arcademia: assassin's row.

Sopping wet footsteps approach, gaat is panting heavily.

GAAT

Well it took me an hour or two, but I got your striker back sir.

MINISTER TRIKE

(wallowing)

It hardly seems worth the trouble anymore. This thing is utterly worthless! It hasn't helped us a single time.

GAAT

Then why did you make me go swim for it?

MINISTER TRIKE

Because it's **mine**. I think it's time we take other measures Gaat. You said someone had contacted you at the well?

GAAT

Uh yeah, said he's got something for us. This way sir.

MINISTER TRIKE

Are you sure this man is **legitimate?**

GAAT

Uh, no. That's why we're in an alleyway.

MINISTER TRIKE

Then I want nothing to do with him.



GAAT

Beggin' your pardon, sir. You lost your magic thing real easy, and my wife's gonna be pissed about me losin' her huntin' sword. So if this guy's got something nice for us, we don't got many options. He said he's got a proposition for us after he saw how we tried to handle the shapeshifter thing.

MINISTER TRIKE

It's not my fault you **sold off** all of those trinkets before I could cherry pick a good one! That accursed magus has repeatedly shown me up! And now wizard Quaff?! They all conspire against me!

GAAT

That could be a coincidence.

MINISTER TRIKE

Impossible! The magically inclined have it out for me Gaat! This could be all for naught.

GAAT

May as well try it this way, sir. If this don't work we can go back to the plan where you cry and I get you ice cream.

MINISTER TRIKE

Very well, but the moment I smell an ounce of underhandedness, I'm out of here.

GAAT

Well if you haven't left yet I'm guessing you won't.

MINISTER TRIKE

Sorry?

GAAT

Nothin'. Here's the door.

SFX: knock. a wooden slat slides open.

VICTUS

Speak the phrase.

GAAT

Oh right. Got it right here. Uh..  
Cold Mr. Phunt's punt cuddy was on  
a runty punt, not a cuddly punt,  
he'd hunt from punt's cuddy, the  
pudgy-

VICTUS

Good.

MINISTER TRIKE

I'm regretting this already.

SFX: door opens. Minister Trike gasps in awe.

MINISTER TRIKE (CONT'D)

I take it all back. Dark mask,  
billowing cloak, **oozing** malice.  
You're like an evil night light.

VICTUS

I understand you crave power and  
wealth.

MINISTER TRIKE

Yes! **Preferably** at the same time!

VICTUS

What if I were to tell you that you  
could have what you want **and** get  
revenge on Magus Elgar at the same  
time?

MINISTER TRIKE

I'd say that I'm on a budget!  
Seriously, how much will this cost  
me?

VICTUS

No charge. You just have to do a  
little something for me. By the  
time we're done, the Ministry won't  
have a leg to stand on.

MINISTER TRIKE

That sounds trustworthy.

GAAT

No it doesn't.

MINISTER TRIKE

That was sarcasm, Gaat. Now, what  
might your name be, mysterious  
shadow man?

VICTUS

You may call me Victus. This will be the start of a beautiful conspiracy.

Victus laughs quietly, Trike laughs a little more evilly, gaat laughs uproariously.

GAAT

Ahhhh, I come for the paychecks but I stay for the laughs.

END OF EPISODE