

EPISODE 5: THE LATTICE FREQUENCY
INT. OPENING

NARRATOR

Within the multiverse sits a fantastic, magical realm: a place we call Hearth. This is the world of Magus Elgar, his apprentice Udo, and two wayward scientists trapped here from the plane of Earth just next door, their tale continues here in episode five, The Lattice Frequency.

INT. HALLWAY MORNING

NARRATOR

Today is a momentous occasion! Magus Elgar and Doctor Horatio have agreed to a more communal approach to researching the anomalous nature of their magically-minted slicing pen, or scalpel as Earthians call it. But how exactly did this tool from Earth turn into such a dangerous artefact? For moments like this, Magus Elgar has one place where he mulls over his theories.

MAGUS ELGAR

To the Thoughtatorium!

Music sting!

KAYLEE

The kitchen?

MAGUS ELGAR

Yes the bloody kitchen. Elements.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. MAGUS TOWER KITCHEN MORNING

MAGUS ELGAR

Friends and acolytes, we have a conundrum on our cannolis. And a rather big problem in our laps. I have collected the greatest experts in all of Hearth to address the issue!

UDO

Just the four of us, Magus. I'd count Kakkay, but... yeah, no.

HORATIO

As you know, when one of my tools came to this world, this measly scalpel developed the capability of slicing through anything like a knife through hot butter.

KAYLEE

Don't you mean the other way around?

HORATIO

How would that be easier than what I said?

MAGUS ELGAR

Indeed! So, to address our first order! What shall we **call** ourselves?

UDO

Is **that** what you think is the most pressing matter here?

MAGUS ELGAR

Of course! If this becomes a regular thing what will happen when we have to enact our authority? "Stop! In the name of... us guys!", not very imposing. Or what if we want to bask in the people's praise? "Elements bless you... you **People!**" Piteous!

UDO

What do you mean you people?

MAGUS ELGAR

What do **you** mean you people?

HORATIO

Wouldn't our names suffice?

MAGUS ELGAR

Never! I want to run an organization, and I'm gonna-**AH!** I have it! Magical Anomaly Interdimensional Locators! We have our name!

HORATIO

No.

MAGUS ELGAR

What?

HORATIO

We are not calling ourselves **MAIL**.
Wouldn't Interdimensional Retrieval
Committee be better?

MAGUS ELGAR

You like the sound of **Irk**?

UDO

He's got a point, **Mail** does roll
off the tongue better.

HORATIO

It...

(sigh)

Kaylee, back me up.

KAYLEE

Eh. Whatever, let's deal with the
actual problem, huh?

HORATIO

Some assistant you are.

KAYLEE

I help your **experiments**, not your
arguments.

KAKKAY

MAIL!

MAGUS ELGAR

Ah! See?! Our mascot can say our
name already! Perfect!

UDO

That sounds nothing like mail.

MAGUS ELGAR

That sounds **exactly** like mail! Now.
We have identified several leads on
these... *sigh*... What should we
call them?

KAYLEE

Ooh **ooh!** My turn! Scientific
Tools... uh... **Augmented** with
Magical Power!

MAGUS ELGAR
Perfect! Udo?

UDO
Seconded.

MAGUS ELGAR
All right then! Today is *Mail's*
first meeting to address the...
Stamp problem!

HORATIO
Why do you torture me so, Kaylee?

KAYLEE
I'm just looking forward to when
you have to explain to the board at
home that you transferred
dimensions to collect ***stamps*** with a
bunch of ***mailmen***.

UDO
So I have a question. How ***did*** the
scalpel become charged with these
strange powers?

MAGUS ELGAR
We discussed that any scientific
tool that came from earth might
have been given an equivalent means
to function in our magic-based
universe. A slicing pen becomes
similar to a psionic spearblade for
example.

KAYLEE
(realizing)
Oh God, how much of our stuff is ***in***
Hearth?!

HORATIO
(terrified)
Ummm... Somewhere between none of
it and all of it?!

UDO
That's a big discrepancy.

HORATIO
You think?!

MAGUS ELGAR

Yes. There could be hundreds of these **stamps** all over Hearth, spread across the continents! None of the things that came with me from the tower ended up in your lab so there's no reason why we can't surmise your house and other debris ended up **elsewhere**. But leaving these **stamps** in the wrong hands could do a lot of damage! Consider what a layman might do with these magical items, Minister Trike even tried to sell what he thought was a portal to the Unblinking!

KAYLEE

Come on, not everyone's gonna be **that** stupid.

MAGUS ELGAR

Non-magical people are dunce-y fools when it comes to magical magic!

HORATIO

Magical magic?

MAGUS ELGAR

Magical magic! The most dangerous kind of magic to magic up! Magical magic blended with science magic could cause a magical paradox and leave us in hot water... magic.

UDO

I'm confused.

KAYLEE

Me too.

MAGUS ELGAR

groan Magic **plus** science could equal explosions! Observation seventeen of spell crafting, Udo!

UDO

All magical components in opposition during their composition will result in an explosion equivalent to how much they hate each other.

MAGUS ELGAR

Textbook answer Udo! Since they are objects of science from Earth,

UDO

snrk Still sounds like a dog fart.

MAGUS ELGAR

Let it waft... when they arrived in Hearth, the Elements themselves were probably confused as to what the stamps were supposed to **do** when the allocating their magical potential.

KAYLEE

Okay. You keep using Elements for like, curse words. Are they your gods?

MAGUS ELGAR

(laughs)

Oh goodness no, they aren't **things** exactly. More a **category** of thing.

HORATIO

So is it like the periodic table, or like: earth, water, air and fire?

UDO

Sometimes the second. Though we do periodically experience changes. Sometimes they're physical things like fire or earth, and other times they're abstract concepts like hatred or food comas.

MAGUS ELGAR

All of that magical insulting can sometimes send them into an identity crisis.

HORATIO

So, I'm confused, are they concepts or gods?

MAGUS ELGAR

Maybe!

HORATIO

That doesn't answer my question!

UDO
I'll try to explain it later. I
think I have a lead.

MAGUS ELGAR
Excellent! What might that be?

UDO
Well I got the flyer for the annual
sun festival this morning. Doesn't
Minister Trike help run that?

MAGUS ELGAR
Yes... Yes we could ask him what
happened with the debris! And enjoy
some lovely festival atmosphere,
maybe giggle at his crowbar
bruises. Come Mailmen! We must make
haste to the festival!

KAYLEE
And where might that be?

Music swells.

MAGUS ELGAR
We are off to explore the
whimsical....

Magus elgar leaves the room.

HORATIO
Whu- what? Where's he going?

UDO
(heading downstairs)
Quick, keep up!

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. MOSSDALE SUN FESTIVAL, DAY.

MAGUS ELGAR
Mossdale Annual Sun Festival!

KAYLEE
You waited way too long to finish
that sentence.

MAGUS ELGAR
(dramatically)
I have an overactive theatrical
gland!

(MORE)

MAGUS ELGAR (CONT'D)

(frankly)

Besides, it was only a brief stroll from the tower.

HORATIO

I keep telling you it's called the thalamus-

MAGUS ELGAR

And my glands are filled with elation! Just as well! The sun festival is Hearth's best celestial-related celebration since we elected the Hallifrax constellation as the regional mayor two years ago.

UDO

Shame about those corruption charges. When will celestial bodies learn you shouldn't toy with stardust pushers?

HORATIO

Who lives in Mossdale exactly? It looks like half the houses are imbedded in the hills, but they're surely much too small to fit people.

UDO

Those are animal dens. Mossdale is mostly full of farmers. Their primary export is-

HORATIO

Let me guess: moss?

UDO

You'd think. It actually used to be pets; tons of rabbits and other critters like the natural holes that form in the hills. We'd capture and sell the animals as pets to nobles.

Bunny sniffing sounds.

KAYLEE

Aww it's a **bunny!** Hey little guy. You're just an adorable floof ball aren't you. I just want to squeeze him 'til he-

SFX: Fling! Bunny screaming in distance.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

I... what?..

UDO

Oh that was a trap-a-pault. In a few seconds he'll hit the great iron griddle. See?

SFX: plop!

KAYLEE

(mortified)

Uh-....

UDO

See. The regency recently said pets can't be smaller than a bread basket. So to prevent losing business they started using the animals to make their famous Mossdale plopcakes.

HORATIO

Plopcake?

SFX: another plop.

KAKKAY

Mmm-mmm!

Kakkay begins eating the corpse indiscriminately.

UDO

Kakkay! At least wait 'til it's cooked.

KAYLEE

Oh my God!

UDO

Yeah, I'm glad I moved out when I did.

HORATIO

We'll just have to keep an eye out. Let's try to find Trike and figure out where these scientific... tool..

MAGUS ELGAR

Saaaay it~

HORATIO
Where the **Stamps** might be.

MAGUS ELGAR
(giddy laugh)
Doesn't it just roll off the
tongue?!

KAYLEE
Wait. Do you hear that?
Fanfare swells.

TATE STRAWBOOT
(as phantavar)
Gather round! Gather round! The
ether is ripe with the voices of
your past loves! Your long departed
families! Listen to the Great
Phantavar! Witness my
prestidigitation of the lattice
frequency!

UDO
The what? What's a lattice
frequency?

HORATIO
That sounds like a scientific
concept! Where did he hear that?

MAGUS ELGAR
Not a clue. But I like the name.
Phantavar. Man's quite the
character!

KAYLEE
Ugh. A weird voice and a sparkly
cloak does not make a good
character.

HORATIO
He's probably bamboozling this poor
crowd with some kind of snake oil
scheme.

KAYLEE
Wanna watch?

HORATIO
sighs... Absolutely.

The crowd clamors a bit.

CROWD 1

When will you speak with my mother again?

CROWD 2

How long 'til the drought hits?

CROWD 3

What will the Dale Gazette say about my restaurant debut?

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as Phantavar)

Now I told you before, I can't just answer all you if you're all indistinct-y like this!

MAGUS ELGAR

Let's keep our distance. We can draw our own conclusions from here. Though it'll probably be more of a doodle than anything.

HORATIO

It doesn't seem like Kaylee's much of a cartoonist.

MAGUS ELGAR

Wh-**what? Kaylee!** Get back here!

Fanfare!

KAYLEE

(to phantavar)

My good charlatan, pray tell, what is this frequency you speak of? I demand to know!

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

I am no **Charles!** I am the great Phantavar! Who dares approach me during my shi-peels?

KAYLEE

(in a dainty lady's voice)

You may address me as Madame Fwoosh. High Magister of the Region of Jersing... tinington.

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

I'm afraid I'm not familiar with Jersingtinington.

KAYLEE

Do you *insult* me by feigning
ignorance of the great magical city
of Jersingtinington?!

TATE STRAWBOOT

N-not at all! I was just...

(as phantavar)

The great Phantavar has never been
formally associated with...
Jersingtinington.

UDO

(from the back)

I swear I'm going to *smack* the next
person that says Jersingtinington.

KAYLEE

So pray tell. What is this "lattice
frequency?"

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

Ah! Such a concept was learned by
my mind alone! There is a sound
that permits you to listen to the
words of the dead!

MAGUS ELGAR

(hushed)

By the elements...

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

It speaks all kinds of things!
Foreboding Words that warn the
living! Grave messages... from the
grave!

CROWD 1

What do they say great Phantavar?!

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

I am the only one that is privy to
their wise sayings.

KAYLEE

Shenanigans!

The crowd gasps!

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

I refuse your theory is as you say!
Prove it to me! Surely one can't
truly speak to the dead!

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

Very well. allow me! **Behold!**

The sound of feedback swells.

MAGUS ELGAR

What... **what** is that **sound?**

UDO

Gnnh! My head feels like it's
splitting in two...

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

The voices speak! They say... they
say!... Invest in fire-warded
blankets!

The feed back dies down.

UDO

Fire what?

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

They say to project your happiest
of smiles and stave off the
incoming wave of beastly predators!
And beware. **Beware** the silver
tongues! That is all for today!

CROWD 1

Great Phantavar! What about my
cousin?! You said you heard him
from beyond! Is he okay?!

TATE STRAWBOOT

(as phantavar)

Uh, he expressed that the realm to
the other side is dark and is
plagued with a stench most foul!
So... Bury yourself with **scented**
candles! That is all! The Phantavar
has spoken! Be sure to leave your
money and valuables as tokens to
attract the dead! So, uh... ta-ta!

The crowd cheers as a curtain closes. Kaylee jumps off the stage and walks towards the group. Sound of coins being tossed into a box.

MAGUS ELGAR

I don't entirely approve of you charging up there, Kaylee.

HORATIO

For once I agree, that was terribly reckless. He could have taken significant offense.

KAYLEE

Psh, he was a fraud like you said. I doubt these people possess an aggressive ounce of marrow in their bones anyway.

HORATIO

A riled up crowd will act through whomever is the dumbest and most combative! Udo, who might that be?

UDO

If he's around? Gort Meatstack. His hobbies are laughing at burning books and punching trees for interrupting his staring contests with the sun.

HORATIO

You want to incite that, Miss Fawn?

KAYLEE

Actually that sounds awesome, he gets in staring contests with **the sun?**

MAGUS ELGAR

What was all that nonsense about the scented candles?

UDO

Yeah, all of that advice seemed a bit odd. None of it had any rhyme or reason.

MAGUS ELGAR

Well I had thought he was reading my mind at first. I **was** wondering what kind of devilishly silver tongued fiend we were dealing with.

UDO

It might have been the dragon bone plate, it tends to pick up strange ideas and that **sound** felt like it was going right through my head.

MAGUS ELGAR

I... well you're probably right! **Hah!** Well done Udo! That actually makes sense.

HORATIO

Do you think he might have his hands on a **stamp**, magus? I don't know if you have anything like it in this world, but that sounded almost like feedback.

MAGUS ELGAR

Well, divination is an incredibly regulated magic, the ministry would be all over this place like flies on plop cake batter. We are dealing with a potential mastermind on our hands. We'll have to be extra... **meticulously**... careful.

KAYLEE

Eh. He's clearly an idiot. What the plan for those?

MAGUS ELGAR

Then we'll have to be extra... meticulously... **cunning**.

UDO

sigh We're **mugging** him aren't we?

INT. PHANTAVAR'S TENT, DAY

TATE STRAWBOOT

(Princess voice)

Oh great Raptorio! Your wisdom has brought me to marry you! If only you could get past my rough exterior as a dinosaur.

TATE STRAWBOOT (CONT'D)

(hero voice)

There there Princess Stegalady. I connect with you because... I am also a dinosaur!

TATE STRAWBOOT (CONT'D)
 (princess voice)
 But great Raptorio, what of my
 father?! He will never approve of
 me, a weak and juicy plant eater
 marrying you, a powerful and hungry
 meat eater!

TATE STRAWBOOT (CONT'D)
 (hero voice)
 ...you make a valid point. OM NOM
 NOM NOM.

TATE STRAWBOOT (CONT'D)
 (normal voice)
 sigh. Oh imagination. Why do you
 go where I can't follow?

MAGUS ELGAR
 (from outside)
Gale dramatis!

tent flap kicks in to the sound of magus grunting.

MAGUS ELGAR (CONT'D)
RRRF! Malicious **deceiver**,
 relinquish your devious- I'm sorry,
 that door kick was immensely
 dissatisfying... Can we start over?

UDO
 Try the bookcase there.

MAGUS ELGAR
 Thank you Udo.

Magus kicks over a book case.

MAGUS ELGAR (CONT'D)
**Malicious deceiver, relinquish your
 devious machinations!**

TATE STRAWBOOT
 (normal voice, then
 phantavar)
 What... what's going... *ahem*.
**What is the meaning of this
 extrusion?!... *eating sound***

MAGUS ELGAR
 You don't know who I am?

TATE STRAWBOOT

No! Why would I? I'm just a faaahh-
Fantastic magus of my own merit! I
have no need of knowing who other
people are!

HORATIO

What are you eating?

TATE STRAWBOOT

(sheepishly)

...breaded nuggets?

KAYLEE

(nostalgic glee)

Oh my god they look like **dinosaurs!**

TATE STRAWBOOT

(phantavar voice)

I hope you have a good reason for
barging in here, I was very...
busy... *Nom.*

HORATIO

Wait. You know about dinosaurs?

TATE STRAWBOOT

What do you think my nuggets are
made of?... *nom.*

HORATIO

....I rescind any regret I've had
in coming here.

MAGUS ELGAR

Everyone? I have an **accusation** to
point! Enough about the stupid
dinosaurs!

KAYLEE

Are there dinosaur petting zoos?

MAGUS ELGAR

Yes. Not important. Explain
yourself, Phantavar! How is it you
speak with the dead?!

UDO

I don't see any crystal balls or
any fortune telling cards, I don't
even see an eviscerated critter
lying around.

TATE STRAWBOOT

Bu-

UDO

The nuggets. Don't. Count. What is the lattice frequency?

TATE STRAWBOOT

A mage never gives away his secrets.

MAGUS ELGAR

A **Magus** tells everyone their tricks because they know absolutely everything they need to! So at best you're playing with forces beyond your control, or at worst you've **no idea** what you are doing!

KAYLEE

Hold on, Mr. Elgar, perhaps we should let a magister handle this.

MAGUS ELGAR

Kaylee? What are y-

KAYLEE

(feigning outrage)

You will **address** me as **Madame Fwoosh, neophyte!**

(calmly)

So, Mr. Phantavar, Madame Fwoosh requests, humbly, to see what fuels your magic. If only to ease the doubts of my cohorts. Would you be so kind?

TATE STRAWBOOT

Well if Madame Fwoosh feels that is best. Right this way...

INT. PHANTAVAR'S INNER SANCTUM, DAY

HORATIO

Are you sure this is a tent? It's much bigger on the inside.

UDO

You only saw one side of the tent. But the inside **does** feel like a lair.

TATE STRAWBOOT

It's lair-ish. Being the Phantavar means a lot of money coming in, but I make sure I only spend it on the necessities.

KAYLEE

I wouldn't exactly consider a solid gold Jackalope "necessary".

MAGUS ELGAR

You wouldn't.

TATE STRAWBOOT

Behold! The great speaker!

UDO

(awe)

It's astounding.

MAGUS ELGAR

(awe)

It's fantasmical.

HORATIO

(flatly)

It's my radio.

TATE STRAWBOOT

What?

HORATIO

As I suspected, it's merely a radio. It's nothing spectacular.

UDO

What's a ray-dio?

HORATIO

It's a... device that receives signals from miles away.

MAGUS ELGAR

Miles you say? Like a crystal ball? How does it work? Does it have a charm put on it to animate the wood?

UDO

Is it powered by a soul?

HORATIO

No! Neither! Though I have to commend you for not using the old 'tiny man in a box' comparison.

TATE STRAWBOOT

You mean there **isn't?**

(to himself)

What's the point of feeding it then?

UDO

What is it used for?

HORATIO

It depends. Some use it to stay informed. Others for weather reports. And some simply use it for entertainment.

KAYLEE

So it's not talking to the dead.

HORATIO

Well without radio **signals** it shouldn't be working... So how is it doing that?

UDO

Do you think it's the ether, Magus?

MAGUS ELGAR

You're probably right. It's likely substituting its usual signals. The ether is a residual magical energy all around us.

KAYLEE

Like radiation?

MAGUS ELGAR

Stars have nothing to do with this! The ether has the remnants of past memories and lives swirling through it, and everyone leaves a trace of their own ether behind where ever they go, like a... spiritual... fart. But it's so mixed up it never makes any sense! That's why divination is so regulated. It takes true expertise to tell the difference between a potential future and a fart!

KAYLEE

Because of the dangers of acting on inaccurate nonsense?

MAGUS ELGAR

No, because of the magical interference! Attuning yourself to the ether can make magic casters go utterly haywire.

KAYLEE

Why?

UDO

Casting magic is like playing a flute. The magic is the **air** that goes through you to cast it.

HORATIO

And?

MAGUS ELGAR

And imagine a rogue wind suddenly shooting through the flute and create the most ear-piercing-ist shriek you've ever heard and **you** are the flute.

KAYLEE

That would explain the headache... the radio must have been causing the ether inside us to go haywire... This thing could cause all kinds of damage!

TATE STRAWBOOT

(phantavar voice)

No! This is **my** magical box. None of you can have it. No matter **how** you say it works!

KAYLEE

Well we could demonstrate a different reason why we should have it.

Kaylee cracks her knuckles.

HORATIO

Now kaylee, there's no need to resort to violence. We can handle this like mature adults.

MAGUS ELGAR
 Exactly. This is a dangerous machine that may cause untrained magic users to go violently insane, Phantavar. You **must** let us put this in safe keeping.

TATE STRAWBOOT
 (regular voice)
 I bought it fair and square!

MAGUS ELGAR
 Fff... Nu-**uh!**

TATE STRAWBOOT
Yuh-huh!

UDO
 Don't fall for it, Magus! That response is a trap and you know it!

MAGUS ELGAR
 A stalemate! Damn. Kaylee? Ideas?

KAYLEE
 (flatly)
 Knock him out and steal it.

HORATIO
 We're above that kind of behavior.

KAYLEE
 Are we?

MAGUS ELGAR
 Yes! We are Magical Anomaly Interdimensional Locators! Nothing is as boundless as the honor of MAILmen!

TATE STRAWBOOT
 Bound this!

The radio is snatched away from magus.

HORATIO
 The radio!

MAGUS ELGAR
 Phantavar! Put down the magical box!

TATE STRAWBOOT

I worked hard to get my hands on this thing and you're not taking it away from me! Without it I'm nothing more than boring ol' Tate Strawboot!

UDO

Hey wait... I remember that name! You used to be a squash farmer! But why?! Why try to fake being a magus?

TATE STRAWBOOT

You have no idea what it's like to be a farmer! Day in and day out, doing nothing but burying seeds only to dig them up again. I can't stand it! Tate Strawboot wants to be more than just a pair of arms! I want to be **all** the arms!

Tate activates the radio, the signal screeches as udo, magus, and kaylee all cry out in agony.

UDO

Kaylee, do something!

KAYLEE

I can't concentrate!

RADIO

There are four lights. 1.5 liters of flour. Earn your **keep** boy! May the odds be ever force you.

UDO

It makes so little sense!!

TATE STRAWBOOT

The Great Phantavar is going to stay in business. While the rest of you go completely crazy from the voices playing **two channels at the same time!**

KAYLEE

(Pained) It's worse than I possibly could have imagined!

MAGUS ELGAR

(Pained) Someone do **something**, my dragonbone plate feels like it's going to pop out of my skull, and it's **part** of my skull!

TATE STRAWBOOT

Everyone in your cabal's got magic in them, I win, you lose! Hahaha!

HORATIO

They do. But I don't.

TATE STRAWBOOT

What. **How?!**

HORATIO

Because deep down, I am a **scientist**. And no amount of random nonsense will deter me.

Horatio wrestles with Tate Strawboot.

TATE STRAWBOOT

No! Get off me!

SFX: the radio falls over and breaks. Magic swirls and crackles in the air.

TATE STRAWBOOT (CONT'D)

Not on my nuggets! No!

HORATIO

Oh there's no use crying over spoiled meat! We'll get you more nuggets...

MAGUS ELGAR

Ooh.. Oh, that's much better! Well **done** Doctor! That's real science at work! Punch **anyone** that disagrees!

SFX: Swelling as the nuggets turn into horrifying breaded dinosaurs.

HORATIO

...Unless they transform... into giant... breaded dinosaurs.

SFX: dinosaurs growl.

TATE STRAWBOOT

Can I cry now?

KAYLEE

Go nuts.

SFX: Tate screams horribly as he is eaten alive by breaded nuggets..

MAGUS ELGAR

What have we done?!

UDO

Nugget raptors! Get down!

The raptor howls and destroys the tent as everyone screams, except kaylee, who is laughing excitedly.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. SUN FESTIVAL, DAY.

MINISTER TRIKE

I'm telling you, Gaat. People look to magi with respect and trust. Imagine what kind of power they'd wield if they also had bureaucratic know-how and charisma.

GAAT

I think they're pretty content with the whole fire and lightning from hands thing, sir.

MINISTER TRIKE

(guffaw)

Well with this striker *thing*, I can cast magic without any of that training nonsense. I'll just hide it up my sleeve here and voilà! How do I look?

GAAT

Distinguished, sir.

MINISTER TRIKE

Thank you. I was worried I looked like I had a fake arm.

GAAT

You do. Looks good though.

MINISTER TRIKE

(disappointed)

Mmh.

SFX: swelling of panicking crowd.

GAAT

Nugget raptors! My horoscope came true!

MINISTER TRIKE

Magus? What are **you** doing here?!

MAGUS ELGAR

Minister! You have to use your charisma powers to get everyone out of here!

KAYLEE

But he's a dick!

MAGUS ELGAR

Curses! I forgot that part. Well use your bureau-cromancy or whatever it is you political types do!

MINISTER TRIKE

What's going on?! Where did those nugget raptors come from?

HORATIO

The **stamps!** One of them went haywire and the dinosaurs have come to life!

MINISTER TRIKE

The stamp? **What?** What kind of magical letter does things like this?

HORATIO

They're tools of science! See?

MINISTER TRIKE

That broken box caused this?

GAAT

Uh oh. Uh... sir? I think I recognize that bo-

MINISTER TRIKE

Not now Gaat! Why haven't you **killed** the nuggets already?

UDO

We tried using the blood to oil
spell but it doesn't work on
already pulped meat.

MAGUS ELGAR

An oversight in my opinion.

MINISTER TRIKE

Well fear not, Magus! **I'll** save us!

HORATIO

Come again?

MINISTER TRIKE

I, too, have become a magus!

MAGUS ELGAR

You? A **magus? Hah!** and I thought
the nugget raptors would be the
most unbelievable thing I'd see
today. Go ahead. Impress us.

MINISTER TRIKE

Friends! Citizens! Your elected
official shall summon powers from
beyond to save you! **Furnace!**

HORATIO

You pronounced it wrong!

SFX: a spot fire summons!

HORATIO (CONT'D)

Oh... that is so **unfair!**

MINISTER TRIKE

Hahaha! Tremble raptors! Before the
might of Magus Trike!

MAGUS ELGAR

That's all you can do?! Fire isn't
going to help!

MINISTER TRIKE

And why not!?

UDO

They're **already cooked!**

MINISTER TRIKE

Oh dear.

The minister is tackled by a breaded dinosaur! Trike screams in terror.

GAAT
I'll save you sir!

MINISTER TRIKE
Please! Its spongy teeth! They're going to kill me!

MAGUS ELGAR
Gaat, don't! That thing's flesh is more tender than a regular person's! It has no vital parts!

GAAT
If there's somethin' I know about cheap meals it's how you get rid of 'em!

SFX: aggressive chewing. Raptor squeals and falls over as it's eaten alive.

MAGUS ELGAR
Gaat sometimes you resemble brilliance! Everyone! **Eat** the nugget raptors! Rend their spongy flesh with your blocky teeth before they do the same to you!

KAYLEE
Waaaay ahead of you!

Rapid chewing sounds as the raptors cry out in agony.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. SUN FESTIVAL. DUSK.

Tragic music.

MINISTER TRIKE
(strained)
Gaat. I may not live through this. I want you to know... You're a good man. And a loyal bodyguard.

GAAT
You're just covered in slobber sir. I think you'll be all right.

MINISTER TRIKE
 (normal voice)
 Oh, then I take it all back.

GAAT
 Good to see you back to your old
 self, sir.

MAGUS ELGAR
 Is that all of them?

KAYLEE
 Almost.

Kaylee presses her foot on top of trike.

MINISTER TRIKE
 Agh! Get your foot off my chest,
 woman!

KAYLEE
 See. Bad Idea to use that word like
 an insult when I have my foot on
 your epigastric region.

Kaylee thumps trike's ribs.

MINISTER TRIKE
 (strained)
 Guhhhh. Ribs...

KAYLEE
 Magus? I think this was the
 minister we were looking for.

MAGUS ELGAR
 Right! I had almost forgotten
 amidst the exciting battle with the
 nuggets. Trike, did any *items*
 explode out of the mirror cauldron
 when Wizard Quaff tried to cancel
 it?

MINISTER TRIKE
 And why would I say anything to **any**
 of you after last time?

GAAT
 Oh tons o' stuff, Mr. Elgar. We
 ended up making quite a bit of
 money. But I uh... I don't really
 remember who I sold them to. Once I
 started giving stuff away, it turned
 into a bit of a feedin' frenzy.

MINISTER TRIKE

Gaat! They have no authority to question you!

GAAT

Crumps, er right. Sorry we can't be of more help but, you know, magi can't play policeman and such. Unless you wanna fight me about it, that could be fun?

MAGUS ELGAR

Oh I couldn't live with myself hurting **you**, Gaat. Release him, Kaylee, I suppose magi really aren't even allowed to exact that kind of authority. Even if we really should...

MINISTER TRIKE

Thank you. Now, if there's nothing else, I've a de-drooling to schedule. Come Gaat.

GAAT

Bye everyone!

Gaat and trike leave.

MAGUS ELGAR

Well Trike might have not known very much, but at least we know there **are** more stamps out there. And we recovered one too, with a lower body count than anticipated! How about the ray-dio, Horatio? Will she live another day?

HORATIO

It doesn't have a gender. But I suppose I could think of something to fix it.

UDO

Why would we want to? The Magus already has enough crazy in him.

MAGUS ELGAR

Indeed!

HORATIO

Well, you said it picks up ether signals; maybe I could use it to help us find the other Stamps.

(MORE)

HORATIO (CONT'D)

With a little clever tweaking, of course.

MAGUS ELGAR

Oh, well that sounds exciting then. I've changed my mind.

UDO

Right. Well that's my cue to dust my hands off and call it a day.

MAGUS ELGAR

Ah, yes. A job well done! And it was all thanks to our new bruiser, Horatio.

HORATIO

Bruiser?! I'm a scientist!

UDO

You really have to teach me how to punch like that, doctor. Do all scientists end their debates with violence?

HORATIO

I abhor violence! If anything **Kaylee** should be the bruiser.

KAYLEE

(glib)

I dunno, doctor, you've always been a better scientist than I have. I mean look at those calloused knuckles.

HORATIO

That is **arthritis** and why am I explaining this to you?!

KAYLEE

Hahahaha!

MAGUS ELGAR

Yes! Let's all laugh!

All but Horatio laugh.

HORATIO

We just watch a man get eaten alive, you know.

MAGUS ELGAR

(proudly)

Yes we did, doctor. Yes we did. For alas, poor Tate died as he lived: crushed under the weight of his own hubris. Hubris nuggets. But we soldier on, honoring this trial as a different brand of meat nugget: breaded with **truth** and dipped in a savory sauce of justice. And **now**, I have made myself **hungry**!

NARRATOR

With the interference of Minister Trike and Gaat, will Mail be able to find the stamps before all of Hearth is damned to a fate unknown? Will we ever get used to how **Mail** and **stamp** sounds in this context? Will **You?** Find out next time!

chewing

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Mmh. You know, it really isn't a plopcake without the gristle.

END OF EPISODE