

EPISODE 2. SPECTROMETERS AND SPECULATIONS.  
INT. OPENING

NARRATOR

Within the multiverse sits a fantastic, magical realm: a place we call Hearth. This is the world of Magus Elgar. His tale continues here: Episode Two, Spectrometers and Speculations.

EXT. MAGUS ELGAR'S TOWER, MORNING

SFX: The narrator hangs from the tower, still stuck to the harness.

NARRATOR

Hello?... **Hello?** Ah! There you are. It's good to see you all. Do you have food? Right. How could you get it to me? Sorry. I've been up here for quite a while. Against Acolyte Udo's warnings, Magus Elgar attempted to uncover the secrets of the Mirror Cauldron. As a result, the two have been sucked into a portal. Leaving the world of hearth with one less brilliant mind, and an intrepid observer hanging perilously several stories up from a harness outside the tower... I'd love to tell you the rest, but I think I'll be trapped here for a while.

SFX: footsteps approaching on grass and gravel.

MINISTER TRIKE

I say! You in the cloak! Is this the tower of Magus Thaddelor Elgar?

NARRATOR

(to himself)

Oh thank the elements.

(calling down to trike)

That's right, And what business might the esteemed Dable Trike, Minister of textiles, and his bodyguard, Gaat Ironball, have here?

GAAT

How'd he know that?

MINISTER TRIKE  
Isn't it obvious? We have a  
reputation!

NARRATOR  
Sure, let's go with that.

MINISTER TRIKE  
(calling out)  
I don't mean to sound **unconcerned**  
about your situation, sir, but  
there seems to be a giant hole  
where Magus Elgar's laboratory used  
to be. What in the name of the high  
elements happened? Is the magus  
still here?

NARRATOR  
Tell you what. You get me down, and  
I'll give you a thoroughly  
expository rant.

MINISTER TRIKE  
(incentivized)  
Ooh I've not had one of those in a  
while! We'll be up in a minute!

GAAT  
Sir?

MINISTER TRIKE  
Yes, Gaat?

GAAT  
Magus Elgar's tower is a hundred  
feet high.

MINISTER TRIKE  
...Right.  
(calling out)  
We'll be up in... as soon as  
possible!

NARRATOR  
I'm not going anywhere...

MINISTER TRIKE  
(to gaat)  
There. Technically correct. Better,  
Gaat?

GAAT

Should we trust him, sir? Don't like him knowing we're dealing with Elgar.

MINISTER TRIKE

(hushed)

People come to magi for all sorts of things. We're here for a balance potion. Plenty of things you could do with a balance potion, yes? Dancing, acrobatics... **acrobatic** dancing.

GAAT

I thought we were keepin' quiet 'cause you're getting it to steal the regent's papers?

MINISTER TRIKE

It's not stealing if you're just breaking in to disorganize the place.

(to tower)

Magus? I am asserting my authority as minister to enter your tower!  
**Ohf!**

SFX: Slam! Trike shoulder checks the door and is rebounded effortlessly.

GAAT

You all right? You know I can do that for you, right?

MINISTER TRIKE

No no, a respectable minister takes charge and leads head on. I don't pay you to do **everything** for me.

GAAT

I do like the breaking doors down bit though. I just figured it might make more sense for me to-

SFX: getting up. Dusting off. Minister trike interrupts him as gaat helps trike up.

MINISTER TRIKE

It's perfectly... fine. Ah, I'm more than capable, thank you.

SFX: repeated shoulder checks on the door.

MINISTER TRIKE (CONT'D)

(segmented between slams)

This will be the last time Torbus flaunts his fancy appointment over me. \*slam\* Hahaha! He'll come to work without a **single** paper in its place and be deposed for incompetence. \*slam\* **Then** we'll see who has the last laugh. Because it will be **me!**

GAAT

Sir?

MINISTER TRIKE

I am a little busy gaat, What is it?!

GAAT

Door's unlocked, sir.

MINISTER TRIKE

...ah.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. HORATIO'S LAB, MORNING

A machine is humming gently in the background. The spectrometer that resembles the mirror cauldron is idle.

DOCTOR HORATIO

Hello? Who's down there?!

UDO

(whisper)

Magus, you're on my foot.

MAGUS ELGAR

(whisper)

There's not much room to work with, it's not **my** fault you have feet.

UDO

(whisper)

What do we do? I think I dropped my totem at the tower, I can't cast without it.

MAGUS ELGAR

(whisper)

**Shh!**

DOCTOR HORATIO  
 Is that you damn Blazenby kids?! I  
 thought I told you to stop stealing  
 my volumetric flasks, they're not  
 meant for the way you use them!

UDO  
 (whisper)  
 Any ideas?

MAGUS ELGAR  
 (whisper)  
 I still have my totem.

SFX: Magus knocks on his head. Hollow sound.

MAGUS ELGAR (CONT'D)  
 (whisper)  
 I'll hide us. **Heesswishssal.**  
**Heesswishssal.**

DOCTOR HORATIO  
 Is someone using mouthwash?  
 (calling out)  
 I can hear you over there!

Horatio scrambles and picks up a scalpel from a tray

DOCTOR HORATIO (CONT'D)  
 I have a scalpel! **Ah-ha!**

UDO (OUT SIDE OF MOUTH)  
 He can see us?

MAGUS ELGAR  
 My magic's not working!

UDO  
 What's the plan?

MAGUS ELGAR  
 Plan T!

UDO  
 Plan **T**?

Horatio is tackled by Elgar. Glass shatters on the floor,  
 knocking over a cabinet.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
**Oof! Ah!** Don't hurt me! I wasn't  
 going to hurt you, I swear!

MAGUS ELGAR

Explain yourself, **barbarian!** What sorcery is this?! None of my magic is working!

DOCTOR HORATIO

Magic? What in God's name are you blathering about?!

MAGUS ELGAR

Look at my hands. Do you **see** any swirlings? Any **sparkings? No!** So either you're blocking my magic or I have no idea what is going on and I assure you that the latter **never** happens!

UDO

(aside, then loud)

Apart from the times that- Uh, yeah!

DOCTOR HORATIO

Have you two been at the chemical cabinet? There's no such thing as magic!

UDO

Haven't you ever seen a magus before?

DOCTOR HORATIO

Halloween's not for another month! Owch! Easy on the beard!

MAGUS ELGAR

What do you mean **chemicals?** These bottles of ingredients?

(taps one of the jars on a cabinet)

Explain yourself!

DOCTOR HORATIO

This is my **laboratory**, you two are trespassing! Ah! Release me and leave, or... or I'll scream really loud for the cops! That doesn't sound like much but it is!

MAGUS ELGAR

Tree guardians, eh? We should tread carefully here, Udo. I wouldn't want to antagonize the druids. I'll release you.

UDO

You're lucky you're friends with druids.

MAGUS ELGAR

I apologize, good sir. I hadn't recognized this as a laboratory with all of the chromite. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Magus Elgar. A caster, a spell master and a solver of disaster!

Fanfare!

UDO

Uh.. And I'm Udo Malaaki I'm a... uh... I'm with him.

MAGUS ELGAR

(wistfully)

For once I'd like an acolyte with theatrics.

UDO

Sorry.

DOCTOR HORATIO

I am Horatio. Er, Dr. Graw Horatio.

MAGUS ELGAR

Interesting. I assume that's something like a magus. What kind of studies do you doctor?

DOCTOR HORATIO

I doc- I'm a doctor of Physics and Chemistry, thank you very much.

SFX: footsteps. Lifting up metal canister.

DOCTOR HORATIO (CONT'D)

Have you two been touching my Spectrometer?!

UDO

You mean the silver cauldron? We just came from there.

DOCTOR HORATIO

(incredulous)

You can't expect me to believe that.

UDO  
 How do **you** think we got in here  
 then?

SFX: walking over, printing sounds and tearing of paper.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
 You couldn't have possibly come  
 from there, machinery doesn't turn  
 it... self... It can't be... These  
 readings indicate...

MAGUS ELGAR  
 Well **we** must have started it from  
 the other side. That's how portals  
 work!

DOCTOR HORATIO  
 (growing excited)  
 Other side... the data- one of my  
 models predicted a destabilization  
 of the resonance... a-and if it  
 happened to shift the vibrations on  
 a **quantum** level. No... no, but the  
 dual resonance model was rejected  
 years ago!

UDO  
 He's not paying attention, Magus.

MAGUS ELGAR  
 Yes, it appears he's completely  
 forgotten to include a simplistic  
 analogy for the rest of us. I'm  
 starting to like him!

DOCTOR HORATIO  
 If this opens up an s-matrix model  
 all over again... This is  
 tremendous! Do you **realize** what  
 this means?!

	UDO	MAGUS ELGAR
No?		Maybe?!

DOCTOR HORATIO  
 (elated)  
 It means it works! Hahahaha!

Music swells dramatically!



DOCTOR HORATIO (CONT'D)  
 I... I-I think I need some air.  
 Could you spare a cup? There's a  
 chap.

SFX: hyperventilating. thud.

MAGUS ELGAR  
 Hmm.... Do you think *Quantum* has  
 something to do with magic? I'd  
 love to see what kind of sparks  
 quantum make!

UDO  
 Maybe, he certainly *seems* like a  
 magus... We should probably help  
 the doctor, at least before the  
 broken glass sets in.

INT. MAGUS ELGAR'S TOWER, MORNING

NARRATOR  
 Thank you. That harness was  
 starting to ride up on me. I'm also  
 fairly certain I could use some  
 food.

SFX: rummaging through pack.

GAAT  
 I got some travel biscuits. When  
 was the last time you ate?

SFX: Slap!

MINISTER TRIKE  
 No handouts!

NARRATOR  
 (sarcasm)  
 No. Hey, that's fine... I wasn't  
 hungry anyway.

MINISTER TRIKE  
 Do you know what happened to the  
 magus?

NARRATOR  
 The magus has found himself in a  
 world beyond our own.

GAAT  
 Where's that?

NARRATOR

(flatly)

No idea, they're probably dead, the explosion that followed them was massive.

MINISTER TRIKE

(solemnly)

Oh... Oh dear... we may never learn of the great sacrifice the magus made for the sake of magical knowledge...

(chipper)

**Well!** Let's get to looting!

SFX: rummaging.

GAAT

I'n't this a little insensitive?

MINISTER TRIKE

As a minister, I have the utmost sensitivity to these situations. And if anyone's sensibilities were harmed, I would have sensed it.

GAAT

That don't make sense... or does it?

MINISTER TRIKE

Think of it as... **salvage**. We're doing a public service!

GAAT

It's nice to be the good guys!

SFX: Rummaging through a destroyed lab. Gaat and trike improvise indistinctly.

NARRATOR

Well I suppose a few things would be okay. I've wasted enough time hanging out of his window, might as well get some compensation. This entire job is a bust now that he's gone and combusted himself. Hm. I suppose I'll take one of these books. Ah! I found Dozzleberry Marmalade! Why does he keep his food in the laboratory?

MINISTER TRIKE

*Ooh.* This **pot** will fetch a fine price.

NARRATOR

(eating)

The mirror cauldron finds its way into the unknowing hands of Minister Trike. How far will he inch towards danger in the hopes of sating his petty greed?

MINISTER TRIKE

How dare you, sir! Unknown Danger has its potential for profit! It's **Exotic.**

GAAT

What about the potion?

MINISTER TRIKE

Forget the potion. Think of how many potions we could buy with this cauldron. Think of the shiny **accoutrements.**

SFX: Gaat Laughs stupidly, Trike Laughs maliciously.

GAAT

I have no idea what that means.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. HORATIO'S LAB, MORNING

UDO

So, how do we wake him?

MAGUS ELGAR

I have an idea. But it's something unheard of among respectable magi.

SFX: Smack!

DOCTOR HORATIO

**Gah!** Wh-what? What's going on? Why are you two still here?

MAGUS ELGAR

Where would we go?

DOCTOR HORATIO  
Back to the confines of my  
obviously over-stressed psyche! Oh  
I **knew** I should have stuck to my  
homemade medication...

UDO  
Here, try some of this.

SFX: drink.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
Mhh.. **Mm!** Not bad! What is this?

MAGUS ELGAR  
Mead. It helps when you're in need  
of a good excuse.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
I thought I smelled blissful  
ignorance, probably the honey.  
Thank you.

SFX: More drinking.

UDO  
Now that you're awake... and calmed  
down. Maybe you can explain  
something to us. Do you know how we  
came from that cauldron of yours?

DOCTOR HORATIO  
It's not a cauldron. It's a  
Electromagnetic resonant  
spectrometer.

MAGUS ELGAR  
I have this sudden urge to punch  
you. Strange.

UDO  
What **is** that? Some kind of  
artifact?

DOCTOR HORATIO  
It's more like a particle  
resonator. It's supposed to allow  
me to observe and record  
interactions not perceptible by the  
human senses.

MAGUS ELGAR  
Ah. It all makes sense now!

UDO

It does?

MAGUS ELGAR

Yes! The mirror cauldron and the-  
the **Ghost** scanner must be the same  
thing, but in different worlds!

DOCTOR HORATIO

Spectrometer.

UDO

Are you saying we're in another  
**dimension**?

MAGUS ELGAR

I had a theory about magic having a  
polar opposite! What we have here  
is a place of **anti**-magic! I'll call  
it cigam!

UDO

(bluntly)

No you won't.

MAGUS ELGAR

No I won't! But I **did** theorize  
there would be more facial hair in  
this dimension!

DOCTOR HORATIO

Hands off the beard! So, if what  
you're suggesting is true, your  
**cauldron** is the reflection of my  
work - but in a world of magic? And  
My resonator is the reflection of  
your... **spell** but using science?

MAGUS ELGAR

Knowledge and spirituality **are**  
dichotomous!

DOCTOR HORATIO

I wouldn't go as far as that...  
but, I don't understand one thing,  
I've never been able to get this  
thing to work.

SFX: bang bang! Kakkay stumbles out of the resonator.  
HSSSSSS!

DOCTOR HORATIO (CONT'D)  
Oh! Oh god! What is that?! Some  
dimensional creature?! Kill it!  
Kill it quickly!

SFX: kakkay perks up, excited.

UDO  
Calm down! He's a Repika. And he  
doesn't take kindly to being  
considered a **thing**.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
It's hideous!

UDO  
**He** is my casting partner.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
It's **hideous!** It also appears to be  
secreting some kind of plasma! Put  
the poor thing out of its misery!

SFX: kakkay chitters excitedly.

UDO  
I'll have you know, Kakkay plans to  
have a long and happy life.

SFX: Kakkay pouts.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
Just keep him away from me before I  
feel morally obligated to euthanize  
the slimy thing.

UDO  
I promise we'll keep him down here  
as long as we're... **visiting**.  
There's no need for anyone to kill  
anybody.

SFX: kakkay purrs.

UDO (CONT'D)  
Even if one of us seems a little  
**too** happy at the prospect.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
Well. All this intense stress and  
energy has me craving a relaxing  
stimulant. Do they have coffee in  
your world? Come on upstairs, you  
can tell me everything.

INT. WIZARD QUAFF'S SHACK, DAY

SFX: frantic pacing, cauldron bubbling as glass clinks.

NARRATOR

There are many experts to be found in the great capital city of Vitrolo. You can find a seamstress to mend your robe, or a cleaner to undo the scorch marks in your home. But, when you have an artifact thrumming with unknowable power, there are few professions more prepared for study than a wizard. And none are as wizened as Wizard Quaff.

MINISTER TRIKE

I grow tired of your appraising, Wizard Quaff. And our **companion** has been expounding for over three hours! I've a **schedule** to keep! Papers to file! Hands to shake! Important people to sign!

WIZARD QUAFF

Then I suggest you shed your yules in the other room. This is not easy.

MINISTER TRIKE

Well! I might be inclined to look towards your competition, should you remain so disrespectful.

WIZARD QUAFF

Well, do give Magus Elgar my regards should you decide to do that. Or do you have any other experts in theoretical prestidivintion?

MINISTER TRIKE

....continue.

WIZARD QUAFF

I thought as much.  
Let me concentrate. Hmmm...  
**Heeeeh...**

SFX: wizard Quaff makes strange grumbling, groaning, and gargling sounds until...

WIZARD QUAFF (CONT'D)

**Ah!**

MINISTER TRIKE  
(fascinated)  
What? What did you find?

WIZARD QUAFF  
I had something stuck in my throat.

MINISTER TRIKE  
Oh, **sorry**.

WIZARD QUAFF  
This.... **cauldron**, Is resonating  
with another **realm** beyond our own.  
(gravely)  
It is my theory that this realm is  
that of the Unblinking.

SFX: the cauldron rumbles menacingly.

GAAT  
(hushed)  
Elements preserve us.

NARRATOR  
That's impossible...

MINISTER TRIKE  
I keep hearing about this from my  
constituents. What, pray tell, **is**  
the Unblinking?

SFX: the cauldron rumbles exactly as before. Music swells.

WIZARD QUAFF  
Down amidst the endless abyss of  
Achareon and Memnis, lies a fold of  
existence unfathomable to the  
undulating mortal coils. This realm  
is perceptible only as infinite  
eyes, always watching, in **constant**  
judgment. Understand, the eyes are  
but our interpretation of something  
too horrifying to comprehend in our  
three dimensional, sane world.  
Imagine, an entire dimension  
dedicated to just... **observing**.  
Observing endlessly, constantly  
consuming experiences. Watching you  
read.

(whispering)  
(MORE)



WIZARD QUAFF (CONT'D)

Watching you **sin**... watching... You...  
Pee...

(loudly)

Watching you **pee!** Why does it **need**  
to watch you **pee?!** That is but one  
mystery that wizards and magi all  
over Hearth must burden.

Beat.

MINISTER TRIKE

....I think I peed a little.

GAAT

Oh man. Am I part of the Unblinking  
for seein' that?

WIZARD QUAFF

Yes, Minister. You will be  
compensated by the ministry for  
bringing this to me. But we must  
**destroy** it.

MINISTER TRIKE

DESTROY IT?!

NARRATOR

DESTROY IT?!

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But, how will we know what happened  
to the magus and his assistant?!  
What about their story?!

WIZARD QUAFF

Nope.

MINISTER TRIKE

This pot is unique! Meaning it's  
**uniquely** valuable!

WIZARD QUAFF

Nope.

MINISTER TRIKE

But think of the ancient knowledge  
we could discover beyond it, think  
of what the eye **knows!**

WIZARD QUAFF

**Nnno!**

MINISTER TRIKE

Think of how much we could gain!

WIZARD QUAFF

Curse your contemptible greed! I can already feel the effects of this abominable focus trying to bleed into this world.

NARRATOR

You're a **wizard**, you can't just destroy something you disagree with!

WIZARD QUAFF

Clearly **you've** never met a wizard. I can see the dreaded realm in this! It's so... silver.

(gravely)

The color of the Unblinking, we meet at last.

NARRATOR

Let me see!

MINISTER TRIKE

Silver? Yes, it's **made** of silver, and far to valuable to destroy!

WIZARD QUAFF

You dare risk your immortal spirit for wealth? Who knows how many innocents might stare into the ultimate... To have the very fabrics of their souls consumed by the great inky pupil of the Unblinking! You'd do this just for the chance of profit?

Beat.

MINISTER TRIKE

Yes! Of course I would!

WIZARD QUAFF

**Never!** I'll not have you damn the entire Hearth for your petty desires! I shall not idly stand by and allow the Unblinking to spread. **No. No** I say. We must **seal** the cauldron!

MINISTER TRIKE

**Seal** it? I'm not paying you for spiritual support, I only hired you for appraisal!

WIZARD QUAFF

Oh, I assure you Minister of  
Textiles. This service will be a  
mercy and a charity.

GAAT

It... that you'll be merciful... in  
doing this for free?

WIZARD QUAFF

...yes.

INT. DOCTOR HORATIO'S KITCHEN, DAY

SFX: coffee is being brewed, pouring into cup.

DOCTOR HORATIO

Thank you my dear. Er, this is  
Kaylee Fawn. My intern.

KAYLEE FAWN

(dismissive)

Hi.

(to horatio)

So we're making coffee for burglars  
now?

DOCTOR HORATIO

Come now, Miss Fawn. These fellows  
are from another world, fresh from  
the spectrometer. They're **guests**.

KAYLEE FAWN

Uh huh.

UDO

Nice to meet you.

KAYLEE FAWN

Don't touch anything. I have a  
fingerprint kit.

UDO

Uh... S-so what's this drink you're  
giving us?

MAGUS ELGAR

It smells **fantastic!**

KAYLEE FAWN

This is **co-ffee**. It's a stimulant.  
(aside)

(MORE)

KAYLEE FAWN (CONT'D)

Something you nut jobs likely have experience with.

UDO

It looks a bit like molasses.

KAYLEE FAWN

You grind a special seed and dilute it with hot water to make you feel more energetic, have you seriously never had coffee before?

MAGUS ELGAR

So it's dirt water!

KAYLEE FAWN

It's a bit more complicated than-

MAGUS ELGAR

(savoring)

Mmh! And how repugnant it is. I imagine it must be an acquired taste!

DOCTOR HORATIO

(offended)

This is a fine Jamaican blend grown from generations of prestigious macalo heritage.

Udo takes a sip.

UDO

So it's fancy dirt water? Mmh, not bad.

SFX: Slurp. Kaylee snickers under her breath.

DOCTOR HORATIO

Kaylee!

KAYLEE FAWN

I guess it's sort of like dirt water isn't it?

DOCTOR HORATIO

(flustered)

I- **Bah!** If it weren't for my coffee, I wouldn't have built the spectrometer as quickly as I did!

MAGUS ELGAR

Ooh do tell! Is coffee a key ingredient to the experiment?

KAYLEE FAWN  
He's a somniphobe.

UDO  
A what?

KAYLEE FAWN  
(aside)  
He's afraid of sleeping.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
I am not! I just... have no **need**  
for sleep.

UDO  
Come on, everyone needs sleep.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
(curt)  
Not with coffee they don't.  
(proudly)  
Thanks to coffee, I can accomplish  
more in a week than a regular  
scientist can in a month, with just  
as many psychotic breakdowns. It's  
quite economical in the long run.

MAGUS ELGAR  
Remind me to bring some coffee back  
to the tower with us Udo.

UDO  
Already forgotten.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
So tell us about your magical  
world. What is it called exactly?

UDO  
We're from Hearth.

KAYLEE FAWN  
(disbelieving)  
Like a fire place?

UDO  
Our world isn't home to demons if  
that's what you're implying. That's  
more of a seasonal thing.

MAGUS ELGAR  
No... home is where Hearth is. I  
think that's the saying. What about  
your world?

DOCTOR HORATIO  
We call it Earth.

MAGUS ELGAR  
(matter of fact)  
Sounds like a dog fart.

Sfx: kaylee snickers.

DOCTOR HORATIO  
Oh grow up Miss Fawn, I- well..  
okay, it kind of does when you  
think about it.

UDO  
This is all very fascinating but a  
disturbing thought has occurred to  
me: how are we gonna get back?

KAYLEE FAWN  
(curt)  
You could try the door.

MAGUS ELGAR  
Come now, miss. We are respectable  
guests! If anything, we should be  
fearful of you and your barbaric  
utensils!

DOCTOR HORATIO  
I already explained, it was a  
scalpel. They're not meant for  
violence.

MAGUS ELGAR  
No, I suppose the scalping is done  
after the violence is concluded!

DOCTOR HORATIO  
In any case. It seems the  
spectrometer is in direct  
connection to your mirror cauldron.  
How did you break through the  
barrier between dimensions?

MAGUS ELGAR  
Well it was a matter of channeling  
the spirit in just the right  
magnitude. There's quite a few  
tried and true spells that, when  
properly coaxed, can provide enough  
power to punch **through** the veil!

UDO

Or he was too busy drinking mead to notice he shouldn't be able to.

MAGUS ELGAR

(sheepishly)

Possibly...

DOCTOR HORATIO

Bu-bu-but the **dimensions** aren't some kind of thin envelope you just **punch** through.

KAYLEE FAWN

It's more like a phone book.

UDO

You'd be surprised how much thickness can be pierced with an...  
\*sigh\*

(under breath)

Equal amount of thickness.

MAGUS ELGAR

Sorry?

UDO

Nothing.

DOCTOR HORATIO

I... well I suppose that with enough power, we could generate a similar effect. But we'd need the equivalent of an entire city block's worth of electricity.

MAGUS ELGAR

(slurred)

Interesting.... My dear **doctor**... I have one particular question about this universe of yours.

DOCTOR HORATIO

And that might be?

MAGUS ELGAR

Does it always **spin** so much.

SFX: two thuds! The magus and udo are out cold.

DOCTOR HORATIO

Oh! Oh God! They've passed out! We must have infected them with an alien disease!

(MORE)

DOCTOR HORATIO (CONT'D)

Kaylee, cover your mouth!

(gravely)

From the moment they arrived, they were doomed! Felled by the tiniest creatures that God in his wisdom put upon this earth.

KAYLEE FAWN

(sheepishly)

Not exactly.

Beat.

DOCTOR HORATIO

Kaylee~? What did I tell you about infecting our guests with cultures?

KAYLEE FAWN

Don't be **ridiculous** doctor! That would be an irresponsible way to treat an experiment! I poisoned them.

DOCTOR HORATIO

You **what?!**

NARRATOR

Will the magus and Udo ever find their way back? What horrors must they be suffering? Will Minister Trike treat the mirror cauldron with the respect it demands?

(starts shaking the cauldron)

Will I get some bloody answers from this stupid cauldron? Find out next time!

WIZARD QUAFF

Stop shaking the cauldron! It's my house, and I will be the one chanting obscenities into the cauldron! I called Chant-sies!

END OF EPISODE

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