

Welcome anyone! This is one of our unfinished episodes. The script is mostly unrevised, so any grammar check/sensitivity reading will have come after. You may see some highlighted parts, which are usually notes to check accuracy or pronunciation notes for our cast. Here, you get to see our writer's stream of thought, so please be kind and remember that what you see in the final product is never a first draft! With that, please enjoy!

EPISODE 27 - TECH WIZARD

In the year 306, a woman sat on a fast-moving train clutching a large wooden box to her chest. It jerked with each turn, threatening to topple the heavy object from her lap, but she held firm. She had grown up in Tinelock, her familiarity with the character of the trains in and out of the ever-moving city caused individual muscles to tense and rebalance her body as the jostling metal box made its way across the desert.

Everyone had told her that Belvale was the place where she would find her success. Where she'd find someone who could appreciate her mind, her genius, and her affinity for innovation. Most importantly, she would find money, and a willing consumer base. Belvale was the thick, steel lock she had to pry open, and the box she held was the key.

The gilded buildings of the city stuck out of the Hardizan landscape like knives from a chest; out of place and strangely, almost horrifyingly beautiful. The hills of the desert let out a breath as the train passed over them, and the woman could see the bulk of the city now. The windows and metal beams that made up the huge buildings shone in the early afternoon; the water

beyond it was beautiful as well. If she ignored the stone building perched unnaturally atop a landmass just off the coast, she'd almost believe Belvale was perfect.

The train entered the city and slowed, allowing an easier view of the facades of the trade schools and the odd, statuesque artwork placed strategically in front of the nicer buildings. It was loud, too. But not loud in the manufactured way that Tinelock tended to be. No, this noise was joyous, almost too distracting, but the woman couldn't stop herself from tearing her eyes from her box to look at the parade that passed next to the train.

It took up the street, blocking cars and carriages and motorcycles; a sea of singing and shouting people wearing the most colourful garb that she had ever seen. Then the train passed into the station, and her focus was redirected again. She navigated exiting the train, being careful to stick to the back and not get too jostled. Then Elizabeth Fleming stepped onto the platform in the centre of Belvale, ready to show the city what she had created.

The dingy first-floor flat she was able to set up in with the amount of money she'd managed to cobble together was dark and worryingly dusty, but Elizabeth made do. She set her box down on the small table provided and opened the small window in the back wall. She propped open the door temporarily, enough to use her large skirt to billow most of the dust out into the hall. Then, closing it, she approached her prized object.

The box itself was very simple, opening easily with a couple latches on the top, but inside was Elizabeth's pride and joy. She called it a printing press; a beautiful device with a leather handle and a box of letters painstakingly carved and set

in a drawer in the centre panel. An ink roller sat easily in a custom-made holder on the side, and a small well of ink slid out from a smaller, metal drawer in the base. Elizabeth ran her fingers over her handiwork, pride and certainty swelling through her chest. This will sell, and it will sell *well*. She would finally fulfil her dream of making education more accessible to the poorer public; to those who couldn't afford the expensive, hand-written texts that the rich used to study.

She began to gently pick out letters from the case, setting them into the top panel one by one until they spelled out the name of the device. Taking the roller, coated it in ink and spread the black liquid over the letters. Then, with a paper from her handbag in place in the centre, she pulled down the handle of the press for the first time in the new city.

Notes:

- Hardizan wizard
- We follow this person as they do an invention thing, sort of like a history story but this wizard is like one of the greats. Like the Thomas Edison of wizards.
- Alternatively, this is someone who invented something amazing but their invention was stolen by the Thomas Edison of wizards. The Nikola Tesla of wizards.
- Themes and things to touch on:
 - The importance of where inventions actually come from, what they were meant to be used for, and how that reflects on the society at the time.
 - A bit of a look into the legal system: more patents and intellectual property and how rich people can weave their way around rules.

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- ~~• A woman called Elizabeth Fleming from Tinelock is concerned about the rate of education in Hardizan and recognizes the massive gap when she moves to Belvale.~~
 - She wants to make it easier for people to get written texts, find a way to cheaply mass produce them and sell them to the poor.
 - Elizabeth creates a printing press that is usable by one person, a beautiful machine hand-carved and with set text blocks that can be rearranged and stuck into the press. The press is used not with a screw, but with a pull-down bar. It's quite small, and is able to make books and pamphlets.
 - She tries to market it in Belvale, but no one bloody cares. They have their own way of printing books and don't need a poor girl from Tinelock to tell them how to do stuff, thank you very much.
 - Finally, though. Someone seems to take interest. A businessman named Chester Chapman offers Elizabeth an opportunity to get her idea out there. He offers to back a campaign for selling the press in Vanfell.

- But Chapman then takes the press and patents it under his own name, before selling it in Vanfell as a mass-produced item for the rich. He gives Elizabeth no credit and she tries to take it to court but all of the documents are legit. She tries to use her initial carved into the material but Chapman's late wife's name is Fiona, hence the F. There's no way of showing that the device is really Elizabeth's.
- Elizabeth moves to Vanfell.
- And tells everyone she can that she was the one who invented the press. She does her best.