

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 23 - VANFELL

BEGINNING OF SEGMENT [1]

[HAYYACYNTH'S OFFICE. HAYYACYNTH IS SORTING PAPERS. A BUZZ SOUNDS.]

HAYYACYNTH. Come in.

ASPHODEL. Hello mother.

HAYYACYNTH. Asphodel! Did you have an appointment?

ASPHODEL. Um. No.

HAYYACYNTH. Well. Then I hope this is very important.

ASPHODEL. Mother, Axel Moore is no longer with the company.

HAYYACYNTH. And we are better for it, I'm sure. Honey, I'm very busy.

ASPHODEL. I told her about your plan for Island 7.

[LONG BEAT.]

HAYYACYNTH. I see.

ASPHODEL. I wasn't sure how to proceed so I thought-

HAYYACYNTH. (*stern*) No, I believe you've done enough, Asphodel. Is there anything else you told her?

ASPHODEL. Aside from what was required for her job, I don't believe so.

HAYYACYNTH. Ah. Her job. That you hired her for in the first place. A decision, I recall, that I was opposed to.

[BEAT.]

ASPHODEL. It was a mistake. It won't happen again.

HAYYACYNTH. No, It won't. Mistakes don't happen here, Asphodel. *Accidents* don't happen here. Everything is done for a reason. You will learn that eventually.

ASPHODEL. I do my best, mother.

HAYYACYNTH. Your best. Your best is clearly not enough, dear.

[BEAT.]

HAYYACYNTH. There must be a way to ensure that Axel won't share what she's found out here. It's obvious to me she was a spy, after all. She may have found other information without your knowledge.

ASPHODEL. It's possible.

HAYYACYNTH. It shouldn't have been. Ah, we can't do anything to Axel, it would be too obvious. No. But I think I have an idea.

END OF SEGMENT

KASS.

It's at the intersection of Hill and Nielsen street that it happens. Three lives collide, for a brief moment, and are changed forever.

The city street is paved in cobble stones, smoothed from years of frequent use and well-maintained. The buildings are tall on either side, and the grey skies above cast a pallor down onto the street. It's a dreary sort of day in Vanfell, drizzling and frigid, the sort of cold you don't normally see south of Talsoria or north of Sinclair. A few bedraggled pedestrians rush to their destinations, copper-heeled boots clicking as they walk. A tall man steps out of a nearby suit store, garment bag in hand, and pulls out a small cylinder that expands with a click into a gorgeous fuchsia umbrella.

George isn't really thinking, as he makes a left out of the store and crosses Hill street. Or rather, he's thinking of very little except of finding the fastest way home to where his husband will have prepared a pot roast for dinner.

The courier sees the horse before the pedestrian. Riley still has a full bag of mail strapped to her motorcycle, an hour's worth of work crammed into the burlap sack, and her shift technically ended five minutes ago. This keeps happening, no matter how fast she works, but the last time she had returned without finishing her deliveries her boss had yelled until she cried. She'd walked home sobbing, collapsed on her couch, and hadn't moved for hours. Riley had promised herself she wouldn't let it happen again, but she just wants this day to end. Beyond that, she wants the week to end, and she wants to find a way out of this cycle that keeps her trapped bouncing between work and chores and sleep with no time for pleasure. She keeps her head

down and her foot pressed to the accelerator, speeding to the next address.

When her mechanical horse starts to spark, the inventor's stomach drops in sheer terror. She sees in an instant what will happen, and sees in the same instant that she cannot stop it.

Wendy had always dreamed as a child of being an inventor. Not just a run-of-the-mill designer either, but a true innovator, one of the greats. Wizards, they're sometimes called, the ones who can create magic from clockwork and steam. Her father would always tell the story of how, as a child, he held onto every cog of his weekly allowance. Instead of buying sweets, or bikes, or taking luxurious airship vacations, he saved his coin and was eventually able to purchase a house in Vanfell and a small textile factory. If he could build his own gears and turn them, he said, she could too. She could do anything.

It all happens so fast. The courier tries to swerve when she sees the haywire horse, but skids on the rain-slick street and screams as the front wheel of her motorcycle collides with its right flank. The auburn-haired inventor yanks the reins, but the horse continues its plunge forwards towards the pedestrian.

The man with the umbrella feels his legs being pushed out from underneath him, and hits the ground hard. A clockwork horse rears above him, unseating its rider. The hooves are beautiful, he registers distantly. Stunningly well-crafted, detailed in a way he's never seen before.

The inventor flies through the air, unseated, and feels a moment of kinship with the rain. The courier's day comes to a sudden end. The tall man's pot roast goes uneaten.

BEGINNING OF SEGMENT [2]

[OUTDOOR CAFE.]

AXEL. I can't believe this. It couldn't have gone worse.

SORREN. I'm sure it could have.

AXEL. It doesn't feel like it.

SORREN. Getting fired isn't the end of the world, Axel.

AXEL. But finding out your childhood friend likes you back and then admitting to them that you love them and then immediately getting pushed out of their life again is. It is the end of the world.

SORREN. *(sigh)* Yeah. That... that sucks. I'm sorry.

AXEL. I should have done it differently. I shouldn't have pushed. I should have just focused on *her*. Why didn't I realize...

SORREN. You've had a lot on your mind.

AXEL. But you do too. And you and Finn still...

SORREN. It's not the same. You and Asphodel have a rocky past. It's harder to form a relationship on something unstable-

[AXEL PUTS THEIR HEAD DOWN ON THE TABLE.]

SORREN. Sorry. Not helping.

AXEL. No it's... it's alright Sorren. Honestly just you meeting me here and listening is helping a little. I just don't know what to do next.

SORREN. You could apologize?

AXEL. I've tried. I've called, sent letters; I even walked into the building and got halfway to her office before someone stopped me and dragged me out.

SORREN. Rough.

AXEL. I don't know what else to do.

SORREN. All that's really left to do is wait for her to make the next move, I guess. You've done what you can to show her you're sorry, and it's up to her to meet you halfway, you know?

AXEL. I guess.

SORREN. Come to dinner tonight. I know you were going to bring Axel but we can have fun just the three of us. Maybe you could invite Cayden or something?

AXEL. Maybe.

SORREN. I don't want you to be alone, you know?

AXEL. Thank you, Sorren. I don't know what I'd do without you.

SORREN. I do my best. We'll come up with another plan together, alright? But for now, let yourself feel what you're feeling, and confide in your friends, alright? Finn and I are always here for you.

AXEL. *(grateful)* Mhm.

SORREN. Will you be alright here? I'm going to go across the street and grab some stuff for dinner.

AXEL. Yeah. Yeah I'm good.

SORREN. Okay. I'll be right back.

**[SORREN GETS UP AND WALKS AWAY. HE BUMPS INTO
SOMEONE.]**

SORREN. Pardon me-

**[SORREN GETS MURDERERRRRRRRED!!!! THE PERSON RUNS
AWAY. SORREN COLLAPSES.]**

AXEL. Sorren?

WOMAN. Oh my!

MAN. Sir, sir? Are you okay?

[AXEL GETS UP AND RUNS OVER TO HIM.]

AXEL. Sorren?

WOMAN. Someone get help!

AXEL. Sorren! Sorren-

MAN. I'll call someone. I'll-

AXEL. *Sorren!*

WOMAN. Do you know him?

AXEL. He's my friend, he-

[AXEL DROPS DOWN NEXT TO SORREN.]

AXEL. Sorren? *Sorren!* Sorren you- (*gasp*) You- what happened- we have to-

MAN. Yes we need help, it's an emergency. There's a man bleeding. He's not responding to any of us.

AXEL. *Sorren. Sorren please-*

WOMAN. He'll be alright-

AXEL. *Sorren!!*

WOMAN. He'll be alright, we're getting help.

AXEL. Sorren, talk to me! Please! Look at me! It's going to be okay, it's-

[AXEL BEGINS TO CRY.]

AXEL. You're okay. You're gonna be okay-

DOCTOR. Let me see him. I'm a doctor.

AXEL. No, no-

WOMAN. Come on sweetheart-

AXEL. Don't touch me! He's going to be okay! He-

DOCTOR. Oh dear.

AXEL. *Sorren! Sorren!*

DOCTOR. Someone please get her out of here, she's going to need to be here when the emergency team comes.

AXEL. *Sorren!*

DOCTOR. Sit her down.

WOMAN. I've got her.

MAN. Alright, please hurry.

DOCTOR. Sir? Sir if you're able to hear me I need you to give me a response. Sir, I need a response.

AXEL. Sorren... Sorren...

WOMAN. Sit down here, it'll be alright.

AXEL. He'll be okay, right?

WOMAN. It'll be alright.

END OF SEGMENT

In Vanfell

Riley

- person on motorcycle
- a mail courier but not peaches? rushing to meet a quota
- working class, delivering mail in a pretty nice neighbourhood

Georgia

- a pedestrian
- a factory owner's daughter, grew up rich/comfortable
- a university student naively hoping for a better future (more automated, less totally necessary worker death)
- Hopes to go into politics
- On a walk, taking a break from studying

Wendy

- a person on a mechanical horse, it's the latest model
- a tech developer, eccentric and well-known.
- thrill-seeker
- she's taking it for a spin. but she's going too fast and then it goes haywire