

A STUDY IN HAPHAZARD MAGIC

1.01 | TEAM MAGIC

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GUILD OF SORCERY HQ - COUNCIL HALL - UNKNOWN

The Council Hall is a large echoing room of white marble.

On a high dais at the end of the room is a raised desk, curved into the shape of a half circle. There are a dozen seats behind the desk but only three of them are occupied.

On the back wall a number of dark metal sconces have been affixed. Each sconce burns with a different colour flame - all the colours of the rainbow.

Standing before the council desk is MILES KURR (40s). He has dark hair, scruffy stubble, and is wearing a worn tan trench coat. He speaks with a noticeable Scottish accent.

He addresses the three ELDERLY MEN seated behind the desk.

MILES

This is a waste my abilities, a waste of the few resources we have left to us.

One of the men, INGVAR, sighs.

INGVAR

It's because of your abilities that we need you to do this.

MILES

You need me on the front lines.

Another of the men, RÉGIS, speaks up then.

RÉGIS

What front line? Our enemies plot and plan but there is no battle field. You want to run off and chase shadows and whispers? Pah! Now is the time for us to consolidate the Guild, while we still have the chance.

MILES

(Annoyed)

The Guild shouldn't need consolidating. We should have been prepared already.

INGVAR

The council has decided-

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Ah, yes, your oh so important council. I can see how high this matter ranks in the council's eyes with three whole councillors in attendance.

RÉGIS

Watch your tone! The Guild will not abide by sorcerers like you who think they alone are the solution to all problems.

MILES

Considering twelve of you couldn't nip this in the bud, maybe a lone wolf isn't so bad an idea.

INGVAR

You have been asked to find new members for the guild. Do you accept?

MILES

I'm under the impression you need me a lot more than I need you right now.

The three men exchange nervous looks. They know he's right.

MILES (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll find you your new sorcerers.

(beat)

On the condition I do it *my way*, without the council breathing down my neck.

The three men lean towards each other. They whisper quietly for a moment, then come to an agreement.

INGVAR

(resigned)

We accept your condition. We hope to hear good news from you very soon.

Miles is already turning to make his way out of the hall.

MILES

(to himself)

We'll see.

The three council members watch his retreating back.

FADE TO:

INT. WEST BEARPORT - INK WEBS TATTOO PARLOUR - AFTERNOON

SUPER: 2 Months Later.

A man sits behind a high reception desk, the BUZZ of a tattoo gun heard over a quietly playing radio in the background.

The man is HECTOR, early 30's, tall, muscled, and tattooed. He's reading a thick novel.

The tattoo gun stops. Hector glances up.

EVIE (O.S.)

All done. There's a mirror just to the left there, have a good look and then tell me what you think.

Hector dog-ears his page and sets the novel down.

EVELYN "EVIE" MARUYAMA (20s) steps up to the desk. Her jet black hair is in a ponytail, revealing numerous ear piercings, and a red singlet-top shows off a number of tattoos on her arms.

EVIE

Anyone else for me today?

HECTOR

Not today.

EVIE

Awesome, afternoon off!

A phone CHIMES, an incoming message.

Hector looks down at the desk and picks up a PHONE. He passes it to Evie.

HECTOR

That's yours.

EVIE

Thanks.

She taps the phone, opening the message.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

A message from SCOTTISH TRENCH COAT.

Important meeting. The usual place. ASAP.

Evie frowns at the message.

(CONTINUED)

HECTOR
Something wrong?

EVIE
No afternoon off after all.
(Louder; to customer)
Happy with the tattoo?

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Yeah, it looks sweet! Your work
is great.

Evie smiles at Hector, smug. He rolls his eyes.

EVIE
When you're ready come see Hector
at the front. He'll organise
payment and give you the
aftercare details.

Evie moves around the desk, disappearing through a door marked 'Staff Only'.

HECTOR
I will?

EVIE (O.S.)
Yeah, I gotta go. Something came
up.

Evie reappears with a small backpack and a bicycle helmet under one arm.

EVIE (CONT'D)
Thanks Hector. I'll see ya
tomorrow my man.

She holds her fist out and Hector bumps it with his own as she passes him.

HECTOR
You stay safe Little Spider.

EVIE
Always!

Evie waves on her way out the door.

INT. LINK'S APARTMENT - LINK'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

A young man sits at a desk, laptop open in front of him. This is LINCOLN "LINK" JARRELL (20s), tall and obviously fit.

An sudden uproar of raucous LAUGHTER is heard through the closed door.

Link sighs and closes his laptop.

INT. LINK'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Three young men, all in their 20s, sit on a couch. PAT, WAYNE, and JOEL.

Each man has a controller in his hand, all focused on the tv screen in front of them. Their loud trash talk is heard over the just as loud action game they're playing.

JOEL

Damn it, Wayne, I thought we were bros!

WAYNE

I'll be your bro again when you stop camping with that damn sniper rifle.

JOEL

If they didn't want people to use a sniper they wouldn't have put it in the game, genius. And last I checked you don't go running into a scrum with a sniper rifle, you *snipe* with it.

WAYNE

Still a scumbag move.

JOEL

Pat, can you hear the shit coming out of this guy's mouth?

Link steps out of the hallway behind the couch, looking both annoyed and amused by the antics.

LINK

I certainly can. Hear you, that is. Through walls and a closed door.

Joel throws his arms up in the air with a cry of outrage.

JOEL

Fuck you, Wayne.

He turns around to face Link.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Sorry man, were you trying to study?

LINK

Trying being the operative word. You three are ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

Come join us then. I'm sure
whatever you're working on can
wait, what with you being Mr.
Studios and everything.

Joel picks up another controller and waves it at Link
enticingly.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Come on, you know you want to.

Wayne and Pat take up a chant.

WAYNE

Do it. Do it. Do it.

PAT

Do it. Do it. Do it.

Link holds out for as long as he can.

LINK

Arg, alright, fine. You're all
going to regret this when I kick
your asses though.

Pat, Wayne, and Joel, whoop and cheer but a BUZZ from
Link's pocket stops him before he sits on the couch.

Link fishes out his PHONE while the others get back into
the game.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

A message from MILES K.

Important meeting. The usual place. ASAP.

Link glances back up at his friends and housemates.

LINK (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm gonna have to give
you guys a rain check.
Something's come up.

Link heads for the door, grabbing his keys off a hook in
the entryway.

PAT (O.S.)

Text us if you'll be home for
dinner, we're getting pizza!

Link laughs as he opens the door.

LINK

Will do.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL (O.S.)
(vehemently)
Fuck off, Wayne!

The door closes, unheard amongst the din.

EXT. CITY STREET - PET SHOP FRONT - AFTERNOON

A couple are standing outside a pet store, a young man and woman in their 20s.

The young man is ASHER GHELLENI, dark skin and hair, black rimmed glasses perched on the bridge of his nose. His girlfriend is MEREDITH OLIVER, bright eyed with thick, wavy red hair.

In the window of the store is a pen with half a dozen PUPPIES playing happily. Meredith is watching them with barely contained glee.

MEREDITH
Look, Asher, puppies! Aren't they cute?

Asher smiles.

ASHER
Yeah, they are pretty cute.

Meredith wraps herself around Asher's arm, blinking at him with doe eyes.

MEREDITH
You know what our apartment needs?

ASHER
No.

MEREDITH
I think it needs a puppy.

ASHER
As much as I love dogs, no.

MEREDITH
(baby voice)
But look at their widdle puppy faces!

Asher laughs.

ASHER
I don't think a third story apartment is a good place for a dog.

MEREDITH

A small dog then. Or a cat. Cats
are low maintenance.

ASHER

And low affection. If we're
getting a pet I want one that
cares when I come home.

Meredith rolls her eyes.

MEREDITH

You are such a dog person.

The pair start walking again, arms linked.

ASHER

(dramatic)

Well, that's it, my biggest
secret is out. How will our
relationship ever survive?

MEREDITH

(laughing)

Shut up!

She whacks him lightly on the chest.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

So if we're not buying a super
cute animal to enrich our lives
and prepare us for children-

ASHER

Um, what?

MEREDITH

Then what are we doing this
afternoon?

ASHER

Well, I was thinking-

The BUZZ of an incoming message distracts Asher.

ASHER (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Meredith wanders over to another shop window while Asher
fishes his PHONE from his pocket. He unlocks the screen,
tapping into his messages.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

A message from MILES.

Important meeting. The usual place. ASAP.

(CONTINUED)

Asher glances back up. Meredith is looking at jewellery now.

ASHER (CONT'D)
Um, about those plans...

Meredith turns back to face him.

MEREDITH
Who was it?

ASHER
Just a friend, he really needs
help with something.

MEREDITH
I can come with you if you want?

ASHER
No, no, it's okay. I know you
have work to do at home and I
don't know how long this will
take.

MEREDITH
I mean, if you're sure...

ASHER
I'm sure.

He leans forward and gives her a quick kiss.

ASHER (CONT'D)
You're the best Meredith. I'll
see you at home.

Asher gives her a quick smile before he starts jogging down the street.

MEREDITH
Bye!

She turns back to the jewellery store, considers, then heads through the door with a grin.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BEARPORt - CLOTHING BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A street of varied business made up of older buildings and inner city warehouses.

We focus on one building, tall, red bricks. There is an old sign on the bricks but the first half is missing. The remaining section simply states 'CLOTHING' in bold letters.

A small section of the ground floor has been converted to a BOOKSTORE. The sign on the window reads 'NOTABLE NOVELS: Seller of rare and first edition books'. A small concrete set of stairs with an iron railing leads to the door.

The remaining windows of the ground floor have been blacked out.

Evie rounds the corner of the road on her bike, hopping onto the sidewalk and pulling to a stop in front of the bookstore. She gets off the bike and removes her helmet, chaining both to the iron railing next to the stairs.

She walks then, not towards the bookstore but to the ALLEY WAY that runs next to the building.

As she turns into the alley she nearly collides with someone going the same way: Link.

LINK

Sorry, wasn't paying attention to where I was going. I'm in a bit of a rush.

EVIE

Oh, yeah, me too. It's not a problem.

They both continue down the alley together, awkwardly when they realise they're both going the same way.

When they finally reach a DOOR on the side of the clothing building Link and Evie move to open it. Both pull back when they notice the other.

EVIE

Are you sure-

LINK

Is this where-

They cut off at the same time. A beat of silence. Two beats.

Evie breaks first.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Just out of curiosity, you wouldn't happen to be here to see a guy? Scruffy looking, wears a dumb trench coat, has an Scottish accent?

LINK

(hesitant)

And if I was?

EVIE

If you were I assume this was
going to be your next move.

Evie slaps her hand on the metal door. A PURPLE burst of ENERGY ripples out from her palm to the edges of the doorframe.

There is a moment of silence then-

CLICK. The door swings open.

Evie raises her eyebrows at Link.

LINK

Yeah.

(beat)

Mine's blue though.

Evie shakes her head but there is a small smile on her lips.

Evie steps inside, and Link follows her into-

INT. CLOTHING BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The ground floor of the building is a wide open space. Periodically spaced around the room are concrete pillars holding up the second floor.

With blacked out windows there is very little natural light in the room. Instead, the area is illuminated by warm fluorescent lights on the ceiling.

Both Link and Evie walk towards the center of the room with the confident air of someone who has been there before.

LINK

So obviously-

He is cut off by someone loudly entering the room.

ASHER (O.S.)

Sorry, sorry, I got here as soon
as I could. And since when do you
keep the door unlocked- Oh.

Link and Evie turn to face Asher standing just inside the open doorway.

ASHER

(wary)

Who are you?

LINK
Who are you?

The door SLAMS shut suddenly behind Asher, and all three turn to look at the newcomer: Miles.

MILES
(ponderous)
A question for the ages. 'Who are we?'

EVIE
Uh, here's another question. What the hell is this about?

Evie has her phone in hand and waves it towards Miles.

EVIE (CONT'D)
You made it sound like there was an emergency, not that we were going to be having a casual meet and greet.

ASHER
Wait, you two know Miles too?

LINK EVIE
Yes. Unfortunately.

MILES
I see some of us are slower to clue in than others, so let me explain.

Miles starts walking towards the three.

MILES (CONT'D)
Each of you had the potential for magic, so I took each of you on as a student. I thought surely only one of you would show any real skill but, alas, I was wrong.

He stops in front of Evie, Link, and Asher, who had moved closer to his peers.

MILES (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, due to circumstances that you don't need to know about- yet- there is only one of me but three hmmm... promising magic users in front of me. So, guess what that means?

EVIE
Welcome to the Hunger Games...?

Link and Asher look worried.

MILES
Close. And by close I mean it's the complete opposite of what you're implying.

Miles CLAPS his hands loudly.

MILES (CONT'D)
Evelyn, Lincoln, Asher. From now on you are teammates. Compadres. Brothers, and sister, in arms. And trust me, you're going to be needing each other's help. Any questions?

The three look at each other with varying degrees of concern and unease.

MILES (CONT'D)
No? Good.

He SNAPS his fingers and a large CIRCLE OF PURPLE LIGHT appears on the floor.

MILES (CONT'D)
Training starts now.

On Miles' grin-

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE