

James:

Remind me again why you teleported me right into Anti-Arcanist HQ to be tortured and likely killed?

Brynna:

Well when you put it that way it sounds bad.

James:

I hide, Brynna. It is how I have survived this long. I have no interest in putting myself in danger.

Brynna:

It was the only way to protect the Looking Glass from being used to kill all mages.

James:

So it'll just be us that die, huh?

Brynna:

We might not die.

James:

How encouraging. And the odds of this rest on the girl who didn't know she was a mage until last week?

Brynna:

She's a quick learner.

James:

Bryn, I don't see a way out of this. Do you really trust her to come up with a way to save us?

Brynna:

I would trust her with literally anything.

(Theme Music)

Karia:

(in thought) Was the bus a good idea? Yes. I have to put distance between me and those guys, but my car is stuck at Brynna's and buses have more stops than trains. All I have to do is not look suspicious. Don't look suspicious. Don't look suspicious. Don't look sus--

Bus Woman:

Hey!

Karia:

Aa!

Bus Woman:

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I just--I wanted to say you have really beautiful eyes.

Karia:

Oh, uh, yeah?

Bus Woman:

Yeah! I'm sure you get people staring a lot, but I think they're captivating. One blue, one brown.

Karia:

I, uh--

Bus Woman:

Would it be okay if I took a picture of you for a portrait of mine?

Karia:

Actually, I...have to go. This is my stop.

Bus Woman:

Oh, okay. Well, it was nice to meet you! My name's Katie. What's yours?

Karia:

Uhhhhh, Bob. Gotta go.

(Karia gets up and leaves)

Bus Woman:

Bye, Bob!

Karia:

(thinking) This is bad, this is really bad. Okay, well, I wanted to fake them out anyway, so maybe them hearing about me going north isn't such a bad thing. But what the hell was she talking about with my eyes? I guess I could look in this window--oh my god!

(Karia jumps back after seeing her reflection.)

Karia:

(thinking) I have...is this James' eye? That would explain my massive migraine; he wears glasses. Do they still sell monocles? No. Okay, but I really should get some sunglasses to keep people from staring. Aha! Gas station with an ATM, perfect.

(Karia enters her card and PIN)

Karia:
(out loud) WHOA. (coughs inconspicuously)

Karia:
(thinking) That is not my normal balance. There's a deposit today by check, but from who? I guess I can look up the check image on my phone. Let's see...of course it's her. Thank you, Brynna. But how? Wait, there's a memo.

James:
Dead Hand.

Brynna:
Mhm.

James:
A deadman's switch.

Brynna:
All good mages have one.

James:
Usually they take more time to activate.

Brynna:
I like to be proactive.

James:
And usually they're in place in case someone dies.

Brynna:
Shhh, I hate spoilers.

James:
What do you think money will help? Will it buy her protection?

Brynna:
No, but it'll get her to someone who can provide it.

James:

Who?

Brynna:
I can't say.

Karia:
Emi Ito.

(magic sound)

Karia:
(thinking) Still in Japan, huh? Okay, I think my little red herring ought to throw them off track, so now I can go back south to PDX. This time by train. Hopefully they'll expect me at the Seattle Airport and won't look for me in Portland. Hopefully.

(Airplane takes off)

Karia:
(thinking) I wish I could just teleport, but I don't want to risk losing another eye. Anyway, it's an 11-hour flight. Might as well take a nap.

Mason:
(whispering) Nice to see you again, Miss Ezra.

(Karia yelps)

Mason:
Shhh, we wouldn't want to make a scene, now would we?

(A beat of silence)

Mason:
I didn't think so. Now, I'd appreciate it very much if you got out that special little mirror of yours.

Karia:
(gulps) Why should I?

Mason:
Because you wouldn't want everyone on this plane to die, would you?

Karia:
You--you wouldn't--

Mason:
Oh, but I would.

Karia:
It would take you down with--

Mason:
We have equipment for that. The other passengers do not.

Karia:
...you're bluffing.

Mason:
Maybe we are, maybe we aren't. All I know is I have a fun little button right here on my phone.
Should I tap it now?

Karia:
No! (quieter) No, I'll--I'll do whatever you want.

Mason:
Excellent. So please get out the Looking Glass.

(Kari gets up, opens the upper compartment, unzips a bag, and pulls out the Looking Glass)

Mason:
Wonderful. Now how about you say that name again that you've been telling it all this time.

Karia:
Bryнна Ito.

(Magic Sound)

Mason:
Aw, that's a lovely sight, but I know that's not who you're running towards. Enlighten me. Or else
I press this cute little button.

Karia:
(sighs) Emi Ito.

(Magic Sound)

Mason:
Ahh, I see, so you're--

Karia:
Sorry, Random Tourist.

(Magic Sound)

Random Tourist:
Tokyo Tower. What? Where am I? A plane? How did I--

(Mason pounds the seat in front of him in frustration before regaining his composure)

Mason:
Okay, well at least we know something new. We know Emi is still out there.

(Magic sound)

Karia:
Yep, looks Japan-y. I feel bad about that tourist though.

(Karia sighs)

Karia:
Back to having nothing again. At least I have the Looking Glass. (Incanting) Emi Ito.

(Magic sound)

Karia:
Down to less than a mile. I just have to find--

Emi:
Come with me.

Karia:
Mrs. Ito, I--

Emi:
Come. Now.

Emi:

I see. So you are on the run from the Anti-Arcanists after the Looking Glass. Well I can certainly keep it in my custody and safekeeping.

Karia:

Oh thank you so much. I didn't know what to do

Emi:

Of course, they will not stop coming after you.

Karia:

No, I figured.

Emi:

You have made a powerful enemy. As has my simple son.

Karia:

Daughter. Don't talk about her like that.

Emi:

He is a grown man now. He can solve his own problems.

Karia:

She's not a man. What's wrong with you?

Emi:

I thought you Jews were not big on the transgender thing.

Karia:

Wow, you are a genuinely unpleasant person to be around. And for the record, Jewish tradition has at least six different genders, so you can roll your projected transphobia up in a cigar and smoke it out your ass.

Emi:

It does not matter. You have blown my cover and all the hard work I have put into it. Now you insult me for taking responsibility for the item you could not protect. Go on and chastise me more for my personal life while you're at it.

Karia:

I think I will.

Emi:

If you care so much about my...child, then go handle him yourself.

Karia:

You really aren't going to do anything about your *daughter* being locked up and tortured.

Emi:

I must protect the Looking Glass. I can not do that in captivity, but feel free to sacrifice yourself.

Karia:

Fine. Maybe I will. And you know what?

Emi:

What, pray tell?

Karia:

I liked you better when you were dead.