

THE HIDDEN PEOPLE

Episode 2.22

“The Demon Core”

Written by

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TEASER

249. Courtroom.

ALDER NIAMH

I assume that, at this point, we have heard everything you seek to tell.

NARRATOR

Other than the minute details. I could go deeper into those, if it would please the Court.

ALDER NIAMH

I don't think that will be necessary.

NARRATOR

I hope you've learned something from this. You will recall that there was a point to telling this story.

ALDER NIAMH

The first half was certainly very enlightening. Given that we lived through the second half, it was perhaps a bit redundant.

NARRATOR

Bold words for someone who wishes to lead her people.

ALDER ODHRAN

That has yet to be decided. Alder Niamh was not the only one in this courtroom who learned something from the tale.

ALDER NIAMH

Yes, Alder Odhran. Thank you. Everyone here remembers that you still exist.

Murmurs from the crowd.

ALDER NIAMH (CONT'D)

At long last, might we finally move forward?

NARRATOR

Yes. You may. My story is concluded.

ALDER NIAMH

Excellent.

(beat)

Alders and lairds of the Unseelie Court. Spectators. Hidden People. A tale that will doubtless be recorded in the Hall of Sagas has been presented to us. We have learned of the fall of our previous leader, of his hubris, of the secrets he kept from all of us. The dangerous lies he told. We have also learned of the greatest threat to our world since the rebels and the Old Ones went to war.

(beat)

A halfling. One wielding the power of the highest of the Hidden. She slew our treacherous leaders, desecrated the Reaping, and stole every fetch we've taken in the last nine years.

(beat)

Yet you should not fear her. You should not worry for our ways, our future. The story has ended, but we are just getting started. Before the great coronation that will see a new magister anointed, we must end the threat in order to move forward.

(beat)

Begin the trial of Mackenna Thorne.

END TEASER

250. Cell in the Arcadia dungeon. Mackenna drums the bars to annoy the guards.

MACKENNA

Guuuaaaarrrd! I'm hungry. Don't I get a crust of moldy bread? Are you...did you just turn away from me? This is some seriously shitty customer service. I'm leaving a bad Yelp review. "Dear Yelpers: Uncomfortable dungeon. The guards just ignore you. Lumpy pillows. No moldy bread. Not even a tin cup to rattle against the bars as I sing a blues song about losing my freedom."

(beat)

Okay, so I've clearly never left a Yelp review. Or read one. But I'm gonna put you assholes on blast when I get out of here.

Guards walk away from Mackenna.

MACKENNA (CONT'D)

Yeah, you just walk away. I didn't want to look at you anyway.

Moments of silence.

MACKENNA (CONT'D)

Okay, so no phone signal in here. This must be what it was like before cell phones. When people just...like, waited.

(bored humming)

All right. Fine. I promised I would listen to the messages. Never promised I wouldn't gag the whole time, though.

Recording starts playing on phone.

THOMAS

(on phone)

Hi, Mackenna. It's your brother, Thomas.

MACKENNA
(let's hear your eyes rolling)
Oh my god.

THOMAS
(on phone)
We each wanted to make you a little message and put it on your phone in case you need some inspiration. Please know that we believe in you completely. This isn't some kind of farewell message. After we get back from Brazil and give you...the you-know-what...I know you'll do what you need to do and come home safely. So this isn't a goodbye or a just in case we never see each other again. I was just going to reminisce a little with you.

(beat)
When I was five, I remember this time that Dad--

SAM
(on phone--background)
Thomas, we need to keep these short, remember?

THOMAS
(on phone)
Oh. Right. Okay, maybe I shouldn't go through every good story. But something I've admired about you is how passionate you are. You cared so much about saving the newborns from the Hidden People. I have such admiration for--

NISSA
(on phone--background)
Yeah, that happened last week.

ALFIE
(on phone--background)
And "passionate"? Up until a month ago, Mack never cared about anything.

THOMAS
(on phone)
You know, when it's everyone else's turns, I wasn't planning on interrupting.

ALFIE
(on phone--background)
Oh, sorry.

NISSA
(on phone--background)
Right. Carry on.

SHAYLEE
(on phone--background)
Just pretend we're not here.

THOMAS
(on phone)
You're all standing there staring at me.

SAM
(on phone--background)
Okay, okay. Everybody out. Get! Shoo!
You, too, Riley. Out.

Background scampering on phone.

THOMAS
(on phone)
Sorry. In my mind, I was going to give a grand speech that would inspire heroism and the determination to make it through this unscathed. I guess, uh, I should have written it down. Maybe kicked everyone else out first.

(beat)
So this isn't the perfect speech. And you know what? That's okay. We were never perfect.

MACKENNA
Says the perfect one.

THOMAS

(on phone)

Our lives weren't perfect. Our family wasn't perfect. But we love each other. We're here for each other. You've got my back, and I've got yours. And that's all that matters. So I don't have a big, rousing speech, but I do have this: you are my big sister. You always will be. And even if I disagree with you, I will always support you and make sure that you get back safely. So don't prove me wrong, okay? See you soon, sis.

Moments of silence.

MACKENNA

Well, Thomas, if I cried, I might be tearing up right now. But no.

Waterworks closed for business. Try harder next time, bro.

ALFIE

(on phone--background)

Okay, my turn! My turn!

THOMAS

(on phone)

Here's the mic. You just...no, you need to hold it over here. Alfie, the cord isn't long enough to rea--

Mic clicks off. Moments of silence.

MACKENNA

This is the crack team that helps me save the world.

Mic clicks on.

ALFIE

(on phone)

--just need to stand like this. Is it on now?

NISSA
(on phone--background)
Unbelievable.

THOMAS
(on phone)
You realize you can just stand closer
to the computer, right? Here, I'll just
get out of the way.

ALFIE
(on phone)
Perfect.
(beat)
Uh, privacy?

THOMAS
(on phone--background)
Oh. Sorry.

ALFIE
(on phone)
I have some really personal messages
for Mackenna. Things could get
emotional.
(long beat)
Okay, they all left. Hey, Mack! I don't
really have any really personal
messages. I just like seeing them all
have to hurry out and think they're
messing me up.

(beat)
I just wanted to say that you're my
friend, which is awesome considering
you're basically a superhero. And not
even like the lame Avenger with no
powers--

(cough)
Hawkeye.
(cough)
You could easily take Captain America
in a fight. Not that you two would
fight, since you both stand for truth
and justice. And also, I'd be sad
because you're my friend and I have a
total man crush on Chris Evans. Don't
tell Riley.

(beat)

Anyway, since you're a superhero, I know you'll win because the superhero always defeats the supervillain. Or villains, in this case. The Unseelie Court is like your Legion of Doom. Wait, I'm mixing comic similes. Uh, they're your Hydra. So you have to take them down. It's the rules.

(beat)

Okay, that's it for inspirational messages. Uh, they haven't come back to check on me, sooo...hey, remember that time with the fried chicken? When Nissa and I--

251. Distant door opens. Phone turns off.

ALDER NIAMH
Mackenna Thorne.

MACKENNA
Wow, I have literally never seen anyone more proud of themselves.

ALDER NIAMH
And why shouldn't I be? I'm about to execute a notorious criminal and become magister.

MACKENNA
Big words for someone who won't come within ten feet of these bars.

ALDER NIAMH
That cell is infused with iron. Every inch of it. You couldn't do anything to hurt me. Only a half-breed abomination could even sit inside and not writhe in agony.

MACKENNA
That must be why my foot keeps itching.

ALDER NIAMH
You think this makes you strong.

MACKENNA

Uh, yeah.

ALDER NIAMH

It is your weakness. Your tainted blood is a flaw. Your resistance to iron is not admirable. It is human. Thus, it is weakness.

MACKENNA

Only the Hidden People would turn vulnerability into a feature, not a bug.

ALDER NIAMH

I do so hope you'll spout your bravado until I drive my sword through your heart in front of the whole of Arcadia.

MACKENNA

Are you gonna simulcast it live? Maybe record it and put it on Hidden People Netflix?

ALDER NIAMH

Just like that. You have no idea how much you'll beg for mercy when you realize you have no hope.

MACKENNA

Keep telling yourself that.

ALDER NIAMH

You think you have some grand scheme. But I know everything, Mackenna. Everything. I know of your plan. Your weapon. The sunstone.

MACKENNA

No idea what you're talking about.

ALDER NIAMH

Right. You're so much smarter than me.
What could I possibly know about that?
Except everything. The witch brought
you in before you could get the weapon
from your friends. I already know this.
They may attempt to enter Arcadia once
they realize you've already been
apprehended, but I've posted extra
sentinels at every entrance. They
aren't getting in. You have no way to
access them or your precious sunstone.

MACKENNA

Okay, crazy lady. Whatever you say.

ALDER NIAMH

So human. Flippant. Arrogant.
Irreverent. Disrespectful.

MACKENNA

You forgot cute AF.

ALDER NIAMH

We have some time before you need to be
brought before the Court. And I
have...something to show you.

(beat)

Guards. Bring her to my chambers. Bound
in iron.

TRANSITION TO RECORDING

252.

SAM

(on phone)

Hi, Mackenna. It's Sam. Obviously. Thomas said I didn't have to make one of these recordings for you if I didn't want to. I mean, I could tell he hoped I would, but he left me the option. He knows that we've not always seen eye to eye. I guess investigating and trying to arrest you probably guaranteed you'd never be my biggest fan. But I knew I had to do this. If for no other reason, I needed to tell you how much I appreciate you saving me from Cygnus. Not just stopping it, but saving me. I vaguely remember you stopping Shaylee from shooting me, and Thomas filled in the rest. You could have just killed me to kill Cygnus, but you didn't. You risked your life, and I guess the entire world, to try to save me, too. And while I'm not sure everyone would agree with that decision, I'm certainly in favor of it. I know you're going to win because you clearly care about every person. For you, it's not about prioritizing many lives over a few lives; it's about prioritizing lives. You see value in every person, even the one you might not really like because she thought you were a murderer. I admire that dedication to your ideals. That clarity of mission is why you're going to succeed.

(beat)

Also, I really like your brother, so I hope that you'll forgive me someday for the whole arresting, murderer thing.

TRANSITION TO ARCADIA

253. Niamh's chambers.

MACKENNA

Cool digs. But, uh, I kind of expected an alder to have a bigger room.

ALDER NIAMH

This is only my study.

MACKENNA

Yeah, I lumped it in with the lil
closet over there that has your bed in
it.

ALDER NIAMH

As a drudge, I had no personal
chambers. I lived on streets, in filth.
To everyone around me, I was part of
the filth. When I became an equerry, I
earned these rooms. Later, when I
joined the Court as a laird--

MACKENNA

Was that before or after your
matricidal shenanigans?

ALDER NIAMH

--they offered me a much greater space.
To join the Court is a high honor. No
drudge had ever worked its way to laird
before me. They expected I would be
grateful, would take advantage of my
new privileges. But that? The home of a
laird? That was not where I would live
out my nights. I would not slumber and
rise contentedly in the home of a
laird, because I would not be content
as a laird. These chambers, the first I
had ever earned, served as a daily
reminder of my past struggles to reach
that level and of the future struggles.
No, I would not take my identity as a
laird. It was a mere stepping stone. I
would be an alder, and these meager
surroundings would remind me to never
become complacent.

MACKENNA

This is an awesome story, but I really
just wanted to make fun of your shitty
house. You don't have to--

ALDER NIAMH

And when I became alder, a goal that would have been unthinkable to any other of the Hidden, I could have taken residence in an entire realm of my own, replete with furnishings and servants. But even alder was but a waystation on my journey. For one title remains higher, for only one of the Hidden People. And later today, after your trial and execution, it will be mine.

MACKENNA

Yeah, so speaking of that trial, maybe we should just head over there.

ALDER NIAMH

Sit.

MACKENNA

Y'know, I'm actually good. I don't--

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA (CONT'D)

(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH

So long I have waited for this day. I can scarcely comprehend the magnitude. It is quite beyond me, if I'm being open..

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA

(cry of pain)

Okay, okay. I get it. You can stop with the cat o'iron tails.

ALDER NIAMH

Magister. Did you know he reigned for thousands of years? Even before he overthrew Wodan, god of the Hidden People. He had been installed as the leader, second only to Wodan. His

arrogance in the rebellion was almost his downfall.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA
(cry of pain)
You're really not seeing the irony here, are you?

ALDER NIAMH
As magister, one gives up their name.
Truly, it is erased from all memory,
all record. One becomes simply
Magister.

MACKENNA
Fancy.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA (CONT'D)
(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH
Of course you would not understand. You may only be half human by blood, but you are fully human in your shortsighted naivete. A name is powerful, but it is also dangerous. When one knows another's true name, it grants power over them. It can also be a source of great power for the bearer of the name. The name of Magister, though, cannot be used against the bearer of that name. It can only be used in praise, as a source of power.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA
(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH
Among many, many other benefits, this is the one I desire most.

MACKENNA

Don't like your name? You can change it, y'know. Go by Silent Ninja Blade or Steel Fire Wolf.

ALDER NIAMH

Niamh is the name my mother gave me. The only thing she gave me before discarding me. The only thing she ever gave me at all.

MACKENNA

For a bunch of people who kidnap babies and take their names away, I'm starting to understand your self-loathing projection.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA (CONT'D)

(cry of pain)

Fuck you. I hope this is an expensive rug I'm bleeding on.

ALDER NIAMH

It is a scrap. Unimportant now. I will rule everything. When I see a beautiful man or woman, I will make them into my rug.

MACKENNA

Wow, that is some full-on Jeffrey Dahmer shit. I am not looking in your freezer.

ALDER NIAMH

Fitting how my last act as alder will be to execute you, and my first act as magister will be to execute your lover.

MACKENNA

What?

ALDER NIAMH

Oh. Did you think I didn't know? About her resurrection? I told you: I know everything. The full strength of

Mimir's knowledge of all things is the Court's to command now. Is mine to command. I know that the former trainer of changelings yet lives. That you've now taken her as your lover. And while I cannot lash her with iron in order to maximize her pain--

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA
(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH
I can use more conventional methods. For while a silver blade or lead bullet may not kill a changeling, the pain they feel is real. And unlike humans, they don't slip into unconsciousness when the pain is too great. They feel every.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA
(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH
Single.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA
(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH
Cut.

Crack of an iron-thorned scourge.

MACKENNA
(cry of pain)

ALDER NIAMH
And strike. And lash. And shot.
(beat)
And she will feel them.

MACKENNA

You'll never touch her.

ALDER NIAMH

Oh?

MACKENNA

You and me? We're not done. Take me to the courtroom. Let's get this sham of a trial underway.

TRANSITION TO RECORDING

254.

NISSA

(on phone)

Hi, Mack. I know you're going to kick some faerie ass soon, so I don't really have a peppy battle speech. Riley really wants to do the next recording, so I'm thinking she'll probably just recite something from Braveheart or Return of the King. I'll let her handle that.

(beat)

I just want you to know how important you are to me. I never told you this, but I got a full ride to Cornell at the end of high school. But I knew Alfie was staying at home and going to state school. And I knew you were doing as little college as possible. Looking back, it seems kind of cowardly to skip out on such a big opportunity because I'd be alone, but honestly, I knew I wouldn't have been alone. I could have made new friends. But I'd never have another Mack. So I went to state school, too. I got the management job at SoundScapes after college just so I could hire you, give you a comfortable place to work where you wouldn't feel used or interrogated. I've built my life around our friendship. And I'm only twenty-seven, so you sure as hell better kill some goddamn faeries and get your ass back here. I didn't skip

Cornell just to have you go die in battle a few years later.

(beat)

So end those human traffickers and be back for dinner. I'll ask Thomas to make something. That pad thai he made last week was amazing.

(beat, calling out)

Hey, Thomas! You need anything from the store to make that pad thai again?

(beat)

Okay, Riley. Your turn.

TRANSITION TO ARCADIA

255. Courtroom.

ALDER ODHRAN

Where is the prisoner? Where is Alder Niamh?

(beat)

She is deliberately drawing this out, making us wait.

NARRATOR

It seems to be working. The spectacle has drawn quite a crowd.

ALDER ODHRAN

Yes. A crowd, indeed. The Court has never before allowed drudges to witness proceedings. And certainly it hasn't played host to traitors.

BLACK ANNIS

Alder Odhran. Black Annis knows this one.

ALDER ODHRAN

And how would you even know my name, witch?

BLACK ANNIS

Black Annis has many secrets.

(beat, hushed but not too hushed)

Shhh! Quiet, Tilda! Black Annis knows that Alder Odhran's name is engraved on his chair, but Black Annis is trying to seem clever!

(beat, to Odhran)

Black Annis has many secrets.

ALDER ODHRAN

This is an embarrassment to everything the Unseelie Court stands for.

ROBIN

Hear ye, hear ye! I am pleased to announce the arrival of the most distinguished me, also known as Robin Goodfellow.

ALDER ODHRAN

What?! Sentinels! How has a traitorous Old One just walked into this courtroom?

BLACK ANNIS

Ah, the Puck arrives.

ROBIN

Black Annis. Members of the Court.

(beat)

Some alder who...I honestly have no idea who you are, and I'm terribly nervous that we've met in the past and I've just forgotten. Wouldn't that be so embarrassing?

ALDER ODHRAN

The Old Ones are not welcome in Arcadia! Sentinels!

NARRATOR

Oh, please, Alder Odhran. Alder Niamh has already invited Black Annis to stay and take part in the trial. Might we not extend the same courtesy to Mr. Goodfellow?

ALDER ODHRAN

We don't even know why he's here. He could be planning to attack the Court.

ROBIN

Uh, I'm here for the trial. Aren't...I mean, you're all here for the trial, right? Oh shit, is this the wrong room? Wow, I feel so silly right now.

ALDER ODHRAN

Stop. You are not leaving here to roam Arcadia unsupervised. Wait until all the alders are here, and then we shall decide what to do with you.

TRANSITION TO RECORDING

256.

RILEY

(on phone)

Mackenna. Inside, we both know what's been going on. We know the game, and we're gonna play it. I just want to tell you how I'm feeling. Gotta make you understand. I'm never gonna give you up. I'm never gonna let you down. I'm never gonna run around and desert you. I'm never gonna make you cry. I'm never gonna say goodbye. I'm never gonna tell a lie and hurt you.

NISSA

(on phone--background)

Okay, I think that's enough.

RILEY

(on phone)

Never gonna give. Never gonna give.

ALFIE

(on phone--background)

(singing)

Give you up. Ooo...

RILEY

(on phone)

Never gonna give. Never gonna give.

ALFIE
(on phone--background)
(singing)
Give you up.

TRANSITION TO ARCADIA

257. Courtroom. Doors slam open.

ALDER NIAMH
Arcadia. I am Alder Niamh. Behind me, being dragged to the stand, is Mackenna Thorne, the rebellious halfling. She stands accused--

ALDER ODHRAN
Much as I enjoy your theatrics, Alder Niamh, the Court must address the presence of two Old One traitors in our midst.

ALDER NIAMH
They may stay. They are both here at my invitation.

ALDER ODHRAN
You invited Robin Goodfellow?

ROBIN
M'lady. I'd tip my fedora to you if I were the sort of creature who wore a fedora.

ALDER NIAMH
I did invite him. For too long, the Hidden People have been divided. Civil war fractured our society. The Old Ones live in solitude, hiding from both worlds. But not because of you, Alder Odhran, or because of me. Because of him. The former magister who struck down their god. Our god. But the former magister is dead. And the new magister should seek to unite the Hidden People, to put aside a millennia old grudge as time served. We should move forward as one.

ALDER ODHRAN
Heresy.

ALDER NIAMH
I see that your loyalty still lies with a dead man. I trust everyone here sees it, too.

ALDER ODHRAN
You were always the one who advocated against the Old Ones! Your opportunistic nature is boundless, it seems. I will not be disrespected in such a--

ALDER NIAMH
Mackenna Thorne! You stand accused of pumping both Hidden and human blood through your veins.

MACKENNA
Yep. Major felony right there.

ALDER NIAMH
You stand accused of murdering the Magister and the lady Liliana.

MACKENNA
Wait, weren't you just bashing them two seconds ago?

ALDER NIAMH
You have also desecrated the Reaping and manipulated the changeling trainer who was kept under contract with the Unseelie Court.

MACKENNA
Hang on, we should back up. I did not kill Liliana. And technically, I didn't kill the Magister, either. A giant bell did.

NARRATOR
Mackenna Thorne. Your impudence does not disappoint.

MACKENNA
Do I know you, buddy?

NARRATOR
We haven't had the pleasure, I'm afraid. Not yet, anyway.

ROBIN
Mackenna. Looking good up there, with the tattered, bloody shirt. Real fashion statement.

BLACK ANNIS
What's that, Tilda? That one's friend killed you? Don't look at that one, Tilda. Put the bad thoughts out of your mind.

MACKENNA
Yep. The Unseelie Court is about as impressive as I expected.

ALDER NIAMH
I think you will find us more than adequate to judge you and your crimes, Mackenna.

ALDER ODHRAN
Are you forgetting something very important, Alder Niamh? The halfling also sought to destroy the Unseelie Court and kill every alder with some kind of ancient, secret weapon.

ALDER NIAMH
Yes. The sunstone.

MACKENNA
I seriously have no idea what you are talking about.

ALDER NIAMH
Apparently, amid all the other secrets he kept from us, the former magister secreted away a powerful weapon called the sunstone. And where did he hide it? In a mine of iron. He wasn't hiding it

from our enemies. He was hiding it from us. Because it held the power to defeat him. But the halfling sent her human friends after it. Sadly, their efforts were in vain, because they were too late. By the time they recovered the sunstone, the halfling was in my custody.

NARRATOR

Forgive me, alders. But might I interrupt for a moment?

ALDER NIAMH

What is it now?

NARRATOR

I may have confused a small part of my tale.

ALDER ODHRAN

You have?

ALDER NIAMH

(suddenly suspicious)

What do you mean?

NARRATOR

Just a tiny detail. You see, when I mentioned how the humans entered the iron mine yesterday, what I meant was that it happened last week.

ALDER ODHRAN

What?

ALDER NIAMH

No! Sentinels! Secure the halfling!

Mackenna snaps the bindings.

MACKENNA

Wow, this thing is so strong that I can bust right out of iron shackles. Hold up, sentinels. You do not want me using this thing on you.

ALDER ODHRAN
The sunstone!

BLACK ANNIS ROBIN
(cackles) (laughs)

MACKENNA
Yeah, whatever, dude.

ALDER NIAMH
(to herself)
Something's wrong.

MACKENNA
You bet your ass something's wrong.
It's been wrong basically forever. But
we're putting an end to that, here and
now. This fancy little rock gives me
the power to take on all of you. At
once. You probably don't want to test
that. I'm not one for big speeches, so
I'll make this fast.

ALDER NIAMH
(on the verge of getting it)
No. It can't be.

MACKENNA
The Hidden People will retreat from the
human world. Permanently. No more
reapings. No more fetches. No more
games or manipulations. Total
separation. If I ever hear about any of
you setting foot among humans ever
again, I will come back and bring this
place down around your ears.

ALDER NIAMH
(incredulous)
The sunstone.

MACKENNA
Okay, seriously, why does everyone keep
calling it that?

NARRATOR

If I may, it's possible I might have...
misrepresented a few facts in the tale
earlier.

ALDER NIAMH

(louder, terrified)

Stop! That isn't the sunstone!

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

258. From 211, scene 119 except non-italicized lines.

MACKENNA

Thomas, what did you do?

THOMAS

Mackenna?

MACKENNA

What did you do?!

THOMAS

She...I had to...

MACKENNA

*Goddammit, Thomas. I should never have
let you watch her.*

SHAYLEE

*You should have checked with us first,
Thomas.*

THOMAS

I need to get her back, Mackenna.

MACKENNA

*And you think letting that thing go
will get her back? We were trying to
get her back, which we might have been
able to figure out if we still had her,
y'know, in a cage.*

THOMAS

Your spell didn't work. At all.

MACKENNA

How is letting her out going to get Sam back?

THOMAS

It said that it would let her go.

MACKENNA

And when will the benevolent, murderous monster do that?

THOMAS

When it gets a new body.

MACKENNA

Did it say how it plans to do that?

THOMAS

I don't know. Something about a power source. The...Eye of Wodan?

SHAYLEE

Oh no.

MACKENNA

What's the Eye of Wodan?

SHAYLEE

Pretty much how it sounds. Wodan's eye.

MACKENNA

Wodan? As in...the Wodan? God of the Hidden People?

SHAYLEE

Aye. Granted, I always assumed it was a myth. Conventional wisdom is that everything about Wodan is a myth. The story goes that the Magister cut out Wodan's eye in order to weaken him so that he could kill him.

MACKENNA

Let's assume it's true, that it literally is the Eye of Wodan. What could it do?

SHAYLEE

Well...anything, I suppose. It would be an obscene power source. Obviously, it would grant the power of a god.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

259.

SHAYLEE

We need a weapon.

MACKENNA

What kind of weapon could we use?

SHAYLEE

A power source. Something they would fear.

(remembering)

Something powerful enough to give Cygnus a body.

MACKENNA

The Eye of Wodan.

SHAYLEE

Aye. We need the Eye of Wodan. I know it. Somehow. If Mack can wield the power of a god, any Hidden People that don't run from her would be obliterated. There's a reason they feared the Wodan millennia ago.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

260.

THOMAS

We did it! Wow, what a rush.

(calling out)

Mackenna, we did it! We got the sunstone!

MACKENNA

Perfect. The Eye of Wodan.

(beat)

Oh. It's kinda little.

ALFIE

But look how glowy it is!

SHAYLEE

So what's the plan? Are you just going to barge right into Arcadia? Not that I think that's a good idea, but when has that ever stopped you?

MACKENNA

No. I have a better idea. They're going to walk me right in themselves.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

261.

MACKENNA

Listen, Black Annis: I want to make a proposal.

BLACK ANNIS

A proposal? And what could this one possibly want from Black Annis?

MACKENNA

I want to form an alliance.

BLACK ANNIS

An alliance? Why would Black Annis want such a thing?

MACKENNA

We have a common enemy. The Unseelie Court banished you. And they shit on my life once or twice. The enemy of my enemy and all that. We can take them down.

BLACK ANNIS
Black Annis is listening.

MACKENNA
Pretend to capture me. Bring me to the
Court as your prisoner.

BLACK ANNIS
Why would this one want to go to the
Court?

MACKENNA

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

262. Courtroom.

MACKENNA
Uh, yeah, this isn't the sunstone. I have literally never heard of the sunstone before today.

ALDER NIAMH
Grab her!

ALDER NIAMH
(trying to reason)
Mackenna. You don't understand what
you're holding.

MACKENNA
Actually, I really do. It's called the
Eye of Wodan.

BLACK ANNIS ROBIN
(cackles) (laughs)

ALDER NIAMH

ALDER ODHRAN
The Eye of Wodan? But--

ALDER NIAMH
Shut up, Odhran!
(to Mackenna)
Mackenna. You don't understand. You
don't know what's really happening
here.

MACKENNA
Yeah, now you want to talk rationally.
Of course. When I basically have a gun
to your head.

ALDER NIAMH
No. You've been tricked. I...I've been
tricked. All of us.

MACKENNA
What do you mean?

NARRATOR
Allow me to explain.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

263.

SHAYLEE
Who are you? What is this place really?

DANE
Oh, Nathan was right about this place.
Magic has to go somewhere. Come from
somewhere. And who do you think created
you, changeling?

SHAYLEE
Mirielda.

DANE
And where do you think she got that
power? Just where do you think all of
that magic comes from? No, you don't
need to ask again.
(beat)

You know who I am.

SHAYLEE
Wodan.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

264. Courtroom.

MACKENNA
Yeah, whatever. Quit stalling. Do we have a deal or not?

ALDER NIAMH
(pleading)
Mackenna, we will agree to everything.
Every demand. But you must leave now.
Run.

MACKENNA

Black Annis and Robin repeatedly chanting. Inaudibly at first. Rising in volume for remainder of scene until shouting right before scene transition.

ALDER NIAMH
No. Go now. You don't understand. He's manipulated us from the beginning. Everything...the Eye, this trial, the telling of the tale...he brought all of us here at this exact time for this exact reason.

NARRATOR
Oh, it goes much, much further back
than that, Niamh.

ALDER NIAMH

Sentinels, secure his bindings!

(to Mackenna)

Mackenna, what you are holding in your hand is the missing piece. His missing piece. The only thing keeping him from becoming whole, from the next Wild Hunt.

MACKENNA

I thought you were fucking with me, but you look legit concerned.

ALDER NIAMH

I am begging you. Go. Now.

NARRATOR

It's too late, Niamh. It was too late the moment she walked in, if I'm being honest. But I've always had a flair for the dramatic.

BLACK ANNIS

So spake Wodan!

ROBIN

So spake Wodan!

Massive explosion.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

265. Niamh's calm, steady footfalls splash in ankle-deep water and echo through a long, subterranean tunnel. She finally comes to a stop.

ALDER NIAMH

And so the myth is real.

Massive stone door intricately opens like a puzzle box.

ALDER NIAMH (CONT'D)

(to self)

Incredible. It's really you.

(louder)

Awaken, Wodan, god of the Hidden People.

Deep creaking as if the tendons of the world are moving for the first time in centuries.

WODAN
(awakening)
Wha--what is...I...you...

VOICE
(whisper)
She is one of yours.

WODAN
You. You are...mine. One of mine.

ALDER NIAMH
I am Niamh, alder of the Unseelie
Court.

WODAN
(to self)
What's that?

VOICE
(whisper)
Niamh. An alder of the Court.

WODAN
Yesss.
(to Niamh)
I know who you are, Alder Niamh.

ALDER NIAMH
I imagine there is little you do not
know.

WODAN
Then your definition of "little" is
woefully broad.

ALDER NIAMH
I assume, then, you know how I found
you. How I even discovered you were
alive.

VOICE
(whisper)
The Hall of the Sagas. She reads.

WODAN

The Hall of the Sagas. You always did like to read.

ALDER NIAMH

You speak as if we've met.

WODAN

I know all of my children.

ALDER NIAMH

The Magister's records were intentionally vague and incomplete, but I found whispers.

(beat)

"Cast down and un-whole." "The slumber of the broken."

(beat)

The Magister wasn't able to kill you, was he?

WODAN

I am a god. Do you understand the difference between you and a human?

ALDER NIAMH

Of course.

WODAN

Then you still cannot fathom how far beyond you I am. I cannot be killed.

ALDER NIAMH

So he cast you down by making you un-whole. By removing your eye. It didn't kill you, but it weakened you enough to be bound. For millennia, you have slept the slumber of the broken. But you have watched, haven't you? You have heard.

WODAN

I know all that has been and will be.

ALDER NIAMH

But it is not your knowledge that I seek. It is your sole, unique ability to name the next leader of the Hidden People.

WODAN

So in return for awakening me, you seek to be the next magister.

ALDER NIAMH

In so many words.

WODAN

I shall crown a new magister, but that privilege must be earned. The worthy recipient will prove that they have learned from the follies of the previous leader.

ALDER NIAMH

Very well. And how might one accomplish these lessons?

VOICE

(whisper)

Mackenna Thorne.

WODAN

A story. I shall tell the Court of the fall of the Magister and the rise of the halfling.

ALDER NIAMH

Mackenna Thorne.

WODAN

Only she could elicit that tone. A unique specimen indeed.

ALDER NIAMH

I agree to your terms. I will bring you now before the Court to begin your tale. And afterward?

WODAN

I shall find someone new to lead the
Hidden People.

WHOOSHY TRANSITION

266. Courtroom. Dust settles. Small fires flicker amid the rubble. Wodan crunches through the debris. Black Annis and Robin join him. They stand in the rubble to speak.

ROBIN

At long last.

BLACK ANNIS

Wodan walks, free and whole.

WODAN

How I have missed you, my faithful, true disciples. The chaos you have spread did not go unnoticed during my slumber.

ROBIN

We have so much to catch up on. So very many to torture and kill.

BLACK ANNIS

Torture and kill! Torture and kill! Get ready for fun, Tilda. A black new day dawns.

WODAN

A moment, my friends.

Wodan walks through the rubble.

ALDER NIAMH

(raspy gasping)

WODAN

What's that, Niamh? I can't hear you.

ALDER NIAMH

(raspy)

You...played me. You played...everyone.

WODAN

I did, yes. For so very long. Tiny nudges. The most intricate array of dominoes. The proverbial butterfly's wings. Just enough for Liliana to find the right human. Just enough to combine them into the perfect catalyst. And you, Niamh. From drudge to alder. I foresaw every moment of your rise. Only someone as young, bold, and naïve as you would dare to find me and free me. Only you would walk me into this room and position me mere steps away from the rest of my power.

BLACK ANNIS

And he is now whole!

(cackles)

WODAN

Enough. We are not here to mock Niamh. She played her part very well, if unwittingly. You sought a reward, did you not? A new leader for the Hidden People? Well, the Court is in ruins. The other alders dead. The Hidden People need a new leader. Someone they know and trust. Someone they worship. I think I know just the god.

ALDER NIAMH

(raspy)

Please...

WODAN

Ah. About that reward.

Wodan stomps, crushing Niamh. She cracks and fizzles.

BLACK ANNIS

Only one more to kill. Black Annis would eat that one's face.

ROBIN

I would like to bargain for that honor,
my nauseating cousin. Or perhaps we
could split her? You get her face; I
get her--

WODAN

No. She has yet a part to play in this.

BLACK ANNIS

That one is dangerous. That one will
fight back if she wakes up.

WODAN

Did you not hear my decree? Do you
doubt me?

BLACK ANNIS

No, Wodan.

ROBIN

I never doubted you. She did.

WODAN

I already know everything that will
happen exactly as it will play out, and
Mackenna Thorne still has a role in
things. For now, we leave her alive. So
spake...well, me.

(chuckles)

Wodan stepping sideways departure.

TRANSITION TO RECORDING

267.

SHAYLEE

(on phone)

Hi, Mackenna. I'll keep this short. I don't want you wasting time listening to me when you should be stopping the Hidden People and coming home. I just want you to know how much I love you. And need you. And want you.

(beat, whispering)

Thomas is blushing.

(louder)

Your plan, as usual, is wonderful. You're a right genius. It's going to work perfectly, and then we'll all be free. And safe. Everyone. The world will be a better place after you're done today.

(beat)

Okay. That's enough from me. Save the world and come back soon, Mackenna.

Music leads us out.

THE END

END SEASON TWO