

Ep 101 - IT'S ELECTRIFYING!

Season One Episode One
of
THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

By

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ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC BEGINS.

The NARRATOR with a posh accent for direct lines, and a less-posh accent for asides.

NARRATOR

Welcome, our friends to the Tales of Sage and Savant. Tonight, Chip Michael and Eddie Louise will take us deep into the laboratory of Dr. Petronella SAGE, he renowned galvanist, and Professor Erasmus SAVANT, her dearest friend. The year is 1893. DR SAGE is Brilliant. Focused. Passionate.

(aside) Possibly mad.

Click of a switch, ratcheted gear, scraping of a needle on a wax cylinder.

DR SAGE

Laboratory of Doctor Petronella Sage, King's College, 15 May 1893, 4:00 pm. Test Subject, female, early twenties, deceased three hours. Cause of death, blunt head trauma compliments of an overzealous steam carriage.

NARRATOR

(aside) An overzealous steam carriage? Steam carriages only have it in them to be mildly enthused; at most, aggressively docile.

DR SAGE

Subject has broken ribs, shattered hip bones, a compound fracture of the left femur, and a caved in skull.

NARRATOR

(grossed out) Ahh, please Dr.Sage.

DR SAGE

The right shoulder and arm are intact, however, so there is a chance I will be able to galvanize this limb and stimulate movement in the extremities.

NARRATOR

(sing-song) We do understand, Dr. Sage.

DR SAGE

Sensors are connected to the corpse and to myself at the temporal and sphenoid areas, with additional sensors on the right median, ulnar and radial nerves.

NARRATOR

For Christ's sake, SAGE, they do not need the gory details!

(aside) You'll have to forgive her. She's spent the better part of her career trying to make dead bodies dance. It's called galvanization. It's unclear what the point of this process is. Perhaps to answer questions about human existence. Perhaps to raise an army for Lord Cthulu.

DR SAGE

For the first attempt, I will be using only the electrical energy from my own consciousness. The wires from my body lead to the Transduction Converter which will adapt the signals into regular electric pulses. I have pre-calibrated the output to cycle at 50 hertz which should achieve...

NARRATOR

(Aside) I was wrong, Cthulu would die of boredom before she finished-

DR SAGE
 ... ending in flexion of the
 brachioradialis, the flexor carpi
 radialis and ulnaris.

NARRATOR
 (Aside) I'm sure there is
 a brilliant point to all
 this.

DR SAGE
 Expected results: As I move my
 fingers the fingers on the
 subject's hand should twitch.

NARRATOR
 (beat) Wait, that's it? A
 twitch?

Click of a switch, scraping sound ends.

DR SAGE
 Poor Alice. You were such a
 promising student...

NARRATOR
 (aside) She is speaking to
 the cadaver. I assure you
 this is completely
 normal.

DR SAGE
 ...I was certain you were destined
 to be a doctor yourself someday. I
 cannot tell you how much the
 thoughtful donation of your body
 means to me...

NARRATOR
 (aside) See? Not weird at
 all.

DR SAGE
 ..I wasn't expecting to be able to
 move to human trials for weeks. I
 was sure it would be suidae
 unguates next.

NARRATOR
 (aside) Translation: Hey
 Alice. Thanks for dying.
 Your death and subsequent
 gift to science have
 spared a pig's life.

Door opens, then slams against a wall and rebounds.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Ah, enter Professor Erasmus Savant:
Scattered. Well-dressed. Messy
ginger hair ...

PROF SAVANT

(aside) ah-ha-hem

NARRATOR

(aside) technically, he
prefers the term
"auburn."

DR SAGE

Hello, Erasmus. You are just in
time for the first trial.

PROF SAVANT

I say - where did you get this fine
specimen? OH!MY! I thought today
was for the pig... Must she be naked
for this process? It is quite
scandalous!

DR SAGE

Erasmus. You have studied sex lives
of the ancient Greeks, the worship
practices of the Aztecs and the
debaucheries of the Romans - I
should think the sight of one
unclothed cadaver would hold no
distractions for your great
intellect.

PROF SAVANT

(under breath) Yes, yes.
Quite, quite.

DR SAGE

Beside the point, I need her naked
so that I can observe her complete
musculature. The human body is an
incredibly complex machine;
anything I observe through the
course of these experiments could
prove key to my research.

PROF SAVANT

I see, yes, of course. Are you
ready for this Petra? There is
quite a difference between a piglet
and a... and a...

DR SAGE

A human?

PROF SAVANT

Well, yes, only I was trying to think of some pleasant way to describe this... this...

NARRATOR

(aside) She's called a woman, Red. You have heard of those before?

DR SAGE

Are you here to help, or are you just going to stand there and stare at my subject all day?

PROF SAVANT

Quite right. Indeed. What might I do to help? You suffered such terrible headaches after the sessions with the anemones. Shall I prepare cool compresses for your brow?

DR SAGE

I must seize the moment before rigor mortis sets in. Any potential results would be invalidated by decomposition; so no time for compresses, Erasmus. If all goes well, I will not need to add external electrification, in which case your function, will simply be as witness to the process. I must produce verified results, and soon, or the University will revoke my privileges.

PROF SAVANT

We cannot have that. I will simply hold the thought of cool compresses for after your experiment. In the meanwhile, I'll just stand out of the way and keep my eyes on the subject ... erm, what should I be looking at?

DR SAGE

Her hand, Erasmus. The rest is quite irrelevant.

PROF SAVANT

Any chance you could move her hand down to the table? The current placement is rather, distracting.

DR SAGE

You only need watch the fingers and see if they twitch, and I need her elbow in a slight bend and in a relaxed position.

PROF SAVANT

I am to stand out of the way, calmly waiting for her fingers to twitch against her naked breast then?

DR SAGE

If her fingers twitch, it will be on my impetus.

PROF SAVANT

That in no way makes it better.

DR SAGE

You will survive.

NARRATOR

Professor Savant looks about in vain for a nook or cranny in this over-stuffed laboratory where he can stand safely out of the way.

PROF SAVANT

Perhaps if I stand beside the instrument bureau... next to the shelves of specimens.... behind the water crucible?

NARRATOR

Savant wedges himself into place.

Bottles clinking together.

DR SAGE

Careful, Erasmus; that H₂O crucible is not stable. I keep meaning to get that stand looked at, but I can't do without water at sterilization temperature whilst services take their sweet time in repairs.

NARRATOR

(aside) Translation:
Penury is a poor
laboratory assistant.

PROF SAVANT

Right you are, I shall be quiet as
church-mice. {SQUIRREL}
Though that colloquialism is a
patent misrepresentation of reality
- church-mice are notorious
scrapers, scratchers, and
squeakers. I wonder if the meaning
of the thing has become polarized
over the years - perhaps it once
was pejorative against fidgety
children ...

DR SAGE

Indeed.

NARRATOR

Dr. Sage turns her attention to the
arm of the cadaver. She holds a
look of intense concentration on
her face. The doctor carefully
raises the forearm from which wires
lead to the trans-duct-a-ma-thingy
and slowly flexes her fist. Annnnd
...

(beat)

...nothing. Well, that was
anticlimactic.

DR SAGE

Of course, it wasn't going to be
simple...

Sound Cue: needle on wax cylinder

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Update: 4:22 pm. First attempts at
galvanization show no results.
Human physiology is more
complicated than the simple nervous
system of an anemone. It must need
a higher amplitude. Next, I will
attempt to add external current to
the impulses from my brain.

Sound Cue: Needle lifts from wax

NARRATOR

Dr. SAGE reaches above her head and flips three switches, releasing a crank from its locked position.

Three clicks of switches.

Crank turn with metallic clunk.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She gives the crank a dozen turns and energy crackles in a large glass tank suspended above her head. The strands of energy loop and twine, building and building into ... bloody HELL. LIGHTNING.

PROF SAVANT

Are you quite sure this is safe? I should be most unhappy if you were to electrocute yourself.

DR SAGE

Once the energy has settled into a steady cycle it will be safe as houses.

PROF SAVANT

And until that time?

DR SAGE

Let's not worry ourselves unnecessarily, Erasmus. {changing the subject} Have you read the work of Sylvan Muldoon on Spirit Walking?

PROF SAVANT

{SQUIRREL} Astral travel?

DR SAGE

Muldoon's religiosity is spurious, but his description of separating consciousness from one's own body, whether to travel mystical plains or simply to control the electrical impulses of a foreign corporeal entity, is not that different from that which I undertake here. One must lose contact with the anatomical anchor of one's self and concentrate the electrical energy of the consciousness.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

If my ideas are to play out, I will, in a manner of speaking be spirit walking, as it will be by my cerebral efforts only that movement of the cadaverous arm will be achieved.

PROF SAVANT

I see. Apropos to today's experiment: many cultures throughout history have held a concept of a separation between soul and body, between thought and muscle. Aboriginal cultures especially are prone to beliefs of spirit journeys or vision quests. The theosophist theories are fascinating, University led scientific exploration has sidelined these beliefs as primitive and unworthy of study.

DR SAGE

Well, then I shall be careful to make my notes with no mention of any sense of separation between my consciousness and my body as I boost the electrical energy I am sending to our volunteer. Thank you, Erasmus.

NARRATOR

(aside) Did you understand any of that?

Yes, well, on to attempt #2.

Click and sound of recording on wax cylinder

DR SAGE

Update, 4:35pm. I have increased the electrical current to four amperes and will route my own impulses through the energy stream and then to the cadaver at 4 coulombs to start, increasing to 10 coulombs, 24 coulombs, and 60 coulombs at regular intervals.

Click and recording sound stops

PROF SAVANT

Petra, honestly. Can you assure me you have this electricity under control?

DR SAGE

I must compensate for
the resistance I am encountering in
the wire, Success lies in
producing a result workable in a
limb reattachment scenario—

NARRATOR

Yes quite, I'm sure we are all most
ready for you to get on with it.

DR SAGE

Let's give this a go, then. Don't
be alarmed if the electrical
current becomes excited Erasmus; it
is just part of the process. When
the action stabilizes, I need you
to turn this dial, 20 degrees.
Count to 100, if there is no
movement in the subject's arm,
slide this bar to 45. Lastly, if
there is still no movement, twist
this knob to 90 degrees. That is as
much as I can chance for this first
go. If that does not produce
results, dial back gradually to
zed.

PROF SAVANT

I shall twist your knobs with
utmost care.
(blush)

Electrical current - music

NARRATOR

Professor Savant looks on as his
friend creases her brow in
concentration. He slowly increases
the electrical current. Things seem
stable.

(aside)"Seem" being the
operative word here.

Electricity increases - dial turning

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Professor Savant shifts between
looking at the hand for movement
and at Petronella to ensure she
isn't dead.

Electricity increases - dial turning

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Petronella slumps in her chair.
 (aside) Slumping was not
 on the menu Dr. Sage!

Electricity goes wild, sparks

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Erasmus mops his brow, his hip
 bumps into the crucible containing
 the boiling water. The gauges on
 Transduction Converter are bouncing
 erratically, when...

Jar rattles, Distant lightning crashes
 Suddenly the energy feeding into
 the cauldron from the dynamo goes
 wild. It spins and spirals in on
 itself when BOLLOCKS. MORE
 LIGHTNING. BLUE LIGHTNING.

PROF SAVANT
 (to self)
 Hang in there old boy. She is
 counting on you. Just tweak the
 knob to ninety.

Electricity increases - dial turning

Glass cracking

NARRATOR
 ...the gauge cracks!
 (aside) Gracious! This is
 most alarming.

PROF SAVANT
 (to self) Don't become
 over-stimulated.

NARRATOR
 Never mind that, LOOK! The dead
 girl's arm is twitching. Violently.

PROF SAVANT
 You've done it old girl, you've
 done it!

NARRATOR
 In his excitement, Erasmus bumps
 the crucible of boiling water again
 and ...

Extreme jar rattles, sloshing water

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...in primitive reflexive mode,
wraps his arms about the tumbling
flagon.

PROF SAVANT
Ooof! Iiiiiieehhhhhh!

Glass crashing

Lightning Striking

music (timey-wimey)

NARRATOR
A laboratory accident has our
heroes in hot water. Will they
survive the electrical storm of
their own making? We'll find out
after this short musical break.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Now dear friends, we invite you to
listen to the musical stylings of
Texas Celtic band, CLANDESTINE.

MUSICAL BREAK

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And now, back to our show.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Intro music

NARRATOR

When last we saw our heroes they were dealing with the twin challenges of free-range electrical discharge and a deluge of boiling water so it is with great surprise that...

music - cannon fire

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Petra opens her eyes. She remembers distinctly the request for the fingers to flex, the arm to rise. And then, lightning, boiling water - death!?! Petra runs her hands down her body, taking inventory. Her side is horribly wet and sore but otherwise, she's comfortable enough in trousers...

DR SAGE

(Gasp) Trousers?

NARRATOR

She's under open sky in broad daylight. Puffs of smoke drift by and there's a dull roaring in her ears. She wonders...

DR SAGE

(to self) "Is this what death feels like"?

NARRATOR

She lifts her hand from her side and it's covered in blood.

DR SAGE

(gasps) That is not my hand. I have the hands of a pianist, with long and tapering fingers.

NARRATOR

(aside) She has definitely had a little too much electricity applied to her brain.

PROF SAVANT

(From distance) Petra?

Dr. Sage?

(coming closer) Dr. Sage?

DR SAGE

Yes! I am here. Over here. And who might be inquiring?

PROF SAVANT

Pardon me, but I am Professor Erasmus Savant and I am looking for my good friend, Dr. Sage.

DR SAGE

I am Dr. Sage, but you most certainly are NOT Professor Savant. In the first instance your clothes are too disheveled; in the second, your face is covered in frankly, quite scraggly hair.

PROF SAVANT

What?

(feels face)

Ye gads! The electrical shock must have caused my facial hair to grow explosively!

DR SAGE

Not to mention the fact that you seem to be missing a rather large section of your skull.

PROF SAVANT

Now that you mention it, I seem to vaguely recall a dream whereby a cannon ball was rapidly approaching my head. That would account for the considerable headache. I do hope Petra was unharmed.

DR SAGE

Well, I seem to have been skewered in the side and am bleeding quite profusely.

PROF SAVANT

I am sorry for your injury, madam, but you cannot be Dr. Sage.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

My friend's hair is a delightful copper, where yours is more a mud brown and her, well, her chestal area... let us just say she fills out her bodice quite nicely.

NARRATOR

Professor???

DR SAGE

Regardless, I can assure you I am Dr. Sage. And if you continue to claim to be Professor Savant, I must conclude I am delusional, hallucinating, or in some dream state, possibly lying in a coma on the laboratory floor.

PROF SAVANT

There is no such thing as a two person dream, and yet - here I am!

DR SAGE

Yes, here you are with your head quite staved in, exactly as I had imagined happening last week at the Chancellor's party when you went on and on about that silly French button.

PROF SAVANT

It was not silly, it was Prussian! Which, by the by, is what I was trying to explain at the party. That particular button, with the crest of the Prussian King, was only manufactured in a stampery in Belgium from 1796 to 1802. It was issued to soldiers in General Gebhard Van Blucher's army. It was similar to this button... this button on the coat I am wearing. Based on this button, the general cacophony, the weather and the current topography, I can only conclude that we have somehow been transported to the battlefield at Auerstedt in 1806.

DR SAGE

None of which proves that I am not having a psychotic episode.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

The only thing that might prove, in the smallest degree, is that I pay closer attention to your ramblings than I let on - but we shant let that little fact out into the rational world now, shall we?

PROF SAVANT

Petra, are you quite alright?

NARRATOR

I think it is safe to say she is not at her best, Erasmus.

DR SAGE

Oh well, I imagine that even though I am suffering delusions my intellect would not stand for inaccuracies so therefore I must be imagining myself the victim of hypovolemic shock. Patients who have lost 20% of their overall blood volume are prone to anxiety, confusion, episodes of nonsensical volubility et cetera.

PROF SAVANT

But Petra, I am here beside you. I am experiencing many of those same symptoms, along with a blinding pressure in my head, an overly severe need to vomit, and a strange sense of disembodiment.

DR SAGE

Disembodied, well we definitely are that, as you currently sport far too much facial hair, and as you so graciously pointed out, I am lacking a certain amount of pulchritude, nothing counters my hypothesis that I am hallucinating.

PROF SAVANT

Unless, of course...

DR SAGE

What? Have you an explanation for our change of corporeal status?

PROF SAVANT

Petra, it seems we are not physically ourselves, but mentally are still intact.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Perhaps we have transported
somehow. Trans-migrated? Spirit
Walked? Into bodies other than our
own.

DR SAGE

How is that possible?

PROF SAVANT

You tell me, dear Petra. You're the
scientist.

DR SAGE

I certainly never theorized that
one could inhabit another body
entirely, most especially, not a
living one.

PROF SAVANT

About that, I am not sure these
bodies were living before we...
inhabited them.

DR SAGE

What do you mean not living?

PROF SAVANT

Well, judging from that gaping
wound in your side and the fact
that I am missing a substantial
portion of my skull...

DR SAGE

And so we are zombies?
(groaning laughter)

DISTANT SHOUTING, GUNSHOTS, SOUND OF HORSE HOOVES.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Huh! This gets better and better...
oh never mind, now things get even
worse.

PROF SAVANT

What do you mean?

DR SAGE

My fevered brain is conjuring up
a rapidly approaching French
cavalry.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Which means if we are on the battlefield of Auerstedt and you are wearing a Prussian uniform, there is only one possible conclusion. These guys mean us harm.

PROF SAVANT

Petra, get up at once, we must fight.

DR SAGE

People experiencing exsanguination are generally advised to keep as still as possible and put pressure on the wound. Standing is right out.

PROF SAVANT

Not this time, old girl, c'mon...
 (gasping as he heaves her
 to her feet)
 There you go! This time, self-preservation overrules medical advice. Just let me grab my musket.

DR SAGE

You have a musket?

PROF SAVANT

Why yes, how odd. I do recall having a musket and yet...

DR SAGE

You've never fired a weapon in your life.

PROF SAVANT

Obviously in this life I have.

DR SAGE

Further proof I am delusional, but, here, give me your sword.

SWORD BEING DRAWN

DR SAGE

I took fencing in college.

PROF SAVANT

Stand back or I will shoot.

SWORDS BLOWS EXCHANGED. SHOT FIRED

DR SAGE
Well done, Erasmus!

PROF SAVANT
Doctor, behind you!!

DR SAGE
Argggg

PROF SAVANT
Noooo, You dog. You shall pay...
Ugh.

MUSIC - CANNON FIRE

NARRATOR
Is this the end for Sage and
Savant? Has the great scientific
saga ended practically before it
has begun? Is death the ultimate
barrier to science? We'll find out
after this short break.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And now a word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And that, dear friends, was Ave
Rose; beautiful, talented, and
willing to sponsor our show, which
makes her tops in our book! Look
her up on Instagram, Facebook and
Etsy at AveRose. That's A-V-E-R-O-
S-E. Ave Rose, an artist without
compare! And now, back to our show

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

MUSIC (TIMEY-WIMEY)

NARRATOR

It is with great relief that I can relay the fact: Dr. Sage comes to consciousness to find Professor Savant lodged most embarrassingly against her person. In other words, his mustache is entangled in her, ahem, petticoats. The Laboratory is total wreckage... water everywhere, glass shattered, wires crispy and blackened. The Edison device in the corner appears to be intact, but the wax cylinder is a pile of mush. The cadaver is still on the slab, God bless her soul. It will cost a fortune to replace all of this.

DR SAGE

Erasmus? Erasmus? Are you still with me old saw?

PROF SAVANT

mphmphmphmph

DR SAGE

Erasmus, there has been an accident, you must try and move, I need to assess your injuries.

PROF SAVANT

mph,mphmphmphmph

DR SAGE

Erasmus Horatio Savant! You really must sit up, I cannot understand a single word you are saying.

PROF SAVANT

I simply observed the fact, that I must have died and been transported to heaven.

NARRATOR

(aside) Well, his adventures certainly goosed his courage! Sage gets to her feet and helps her friend into a sitting position.

PROF SAVANT

Oof. My head hurts. Be an angel
Petra, dear and kiss it better.

NARRATOR

Petra drops his head.

Head hits floor

PROF SAVANT

Ouch!

NARRATOR

(aside) Possibly on
purpose.

PROF SAVANT

Ooh. My head already hurts from
that cannon ball, there is no need
to exacerbate the pain further.

DR SAGE

What did you say?

PROF SAVANT

I said my head hurts.

DR SAGE

No, no, no, no, no, no what did you
say about cannons?

PROF SAVANT

Don't be daft, old girl, it was not
a cannon that staved in my noggin,
it was a cannon ball. At least I
seem to remember having a skull
that has lost an argument with a
hurled iron projectile.

DR SAGE

How is that possible? You cannot
possibly have memories from my
hallucination.

PROF SAVANT

As I told you once before, I do not
believe it was a hallucination. I
believe we transmigrated in some
fashion.

DR SAGE

You believe we spirit walked into
bodies on the battlefield at
Auerstedt in 1806?

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

And that somehow we died there, and miraculously returned to our own bodies, here in this lab? In 1893?

PROF SAVANT

If it quacks like a duck..

DR SAGE

But that would mean the Theosophists have been right all along. That would mean our souls could pierce the veil.

PROF SAVANT

That is exactly what it would mean.

DR SAGE

We should have to test it.

NARRATOR
(aside) Test it?!?

PROF SAVANT
Test it?!?

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Disregarding the quite reasonable objections of her friend, Petra begins...

clicking switches

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...frantically switching off machines and setting her laboratory to rights.

PROF SAVANT

My dear Doctor Sage...

DR SAGE

If I have by chance discovered what the theosophists have long sought, the disconnection of spiritual energy from the prison of the flesh. It must be the galvanization that made transmigration possible. Through the judicious application of electricity to our persons...

PROF SAVANT

Judicious?!?!

DR SAGE

...maybe reinforced by the medium of water, our consciousnesses were flung through space and time itself.

NARRATOR

Time travel? So you now will claim to have discovered time travel?

DR SAGE

Of course, I will need to duplicate and document the process in precise detail to recreate the experiment. Why Auerstadt? Did your button have anything to do with it, can we control our destination with forethought?

PROF SAVANT

All I am thinking is 'never again'.

DR SAGE

I shall need to note the exact amperage and water temperature, was the presence of the cadaver necessary...

PROF SAVANT

Doctor...

DR SAGE

...or superfluous, perhaps you had an adrenaline spike, I most certainly had one for the success of moving the subject's arm...

PROF SAVANT

PETRONELLA! Certainly you are not thinking of duplicating what we have just been through?

DR SAGE

That is exactly what I am thinking!

PROF SAVANT

But? We died!

DR SAGE

My dear Erasmus, death is no barrier to science!

end music

NARRATOR

Will Sage and Savant be successful in their continued explorations of galvanization and the disembodiment of their spirits? Tune in next month to find out.

Music to out

FADE OUT:

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Tales of Sage and Savant is a Twinstar production brought to you on the first of each month from our Southern California studios. Starring Chip Michael as Savant, Eddie Louise as Sage and Justin Bremer as the Narrator. A special thank you to Lynn Q Yu as Script Consultant. This Episode was written by Eddie Louise. Special music in this episode was from CLANDESTINE and our sponsor was AVEROSE. Catch our website at www.SageAndSavant.com and like us on Facebook to stay current with all things Sage And Savant. And remember: Death is no barrier to science!