

Episode 108 - Vikingr
Season One Episode Eight
of
TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

written by
Eddie Louise

785 San Remo, Irvine, CA 92606
970-576-8917
TheEddieLouise@gmail.com

ACT 1

FADE IN: OPENING MUSIC PHRASE

NARRATOR

Greetings and welcome to the audio-aetheric transmission The Tales of Sage and Savant, a Twinstar production. Brought to you on the first of each month from the Twinstar Studios in sunny Southern California, it is our great pleasure to now bring you Episode Eight of THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT - VIKINGR. Our tale stars Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus Savant, Eddie Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage, Emily Riley Piatt as Mx. Abigail Entwhistle. and myself Justin Bremer as your humble narrator. This Postgate Jewelers, and features the music of Dogwood. And now, without further ado, we bring you The Tales of Sage & Savant!

FULL THEME MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our intrepid pair they had just returned from a month in earthquake ravaged renaissance Naples. Perhaps more plangent are the echoes of babyhood for the Professor and of lost love for the Doctor. Needless to say, emotions are off-kilter and some awkwardness has ensued. I refuse to let this account devolve into a Penny Dreadful, but I would be remiss if I did not let you know that the realities of Temporal Displacement can wreak havoc on relationships.

DR SAGE

{Affronted} I am sure I don't know what you mean!

PROF SAVANT

You know quite well of what I speak.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

The passions of a spoiled Florentine poisoned your own ability to reason, but we are home now, and before I will agree to travel with you again, I must see the return of my own Petra's good sense and practicality. This mooning calf romance twaddle has no place in the life of a scientist.

DR SAGE

It is not romance that prompts me to wish a return to Napoli - it is science. Time travel will never be viable for science until we can control trajectory.

PROF SAVANT

And so, let us return to New York, Boston. That should prove your theories quite nicely.

DR SAGE

I need a place where there are multiple dead to inhabit.

PROF SAVANT

We can go to Auerstadt then. There are plenty of dead there!

DR SAGE

Why are you so dead set against a return to Italy? It is not like you to be intemperate.

PROF SAVANT

It's not like me? It's not like me? I spent a month helplessly watching you lose yourself to a silk merchant. You forgot me. You forgot your research. You forgot yourself.

DR SAGE

I did not forget you! I had you at my breast ten times a day!

NARRATOR

And, that is a bridge too far...

Sounds: angry footsteps and slamming door.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Professor is still sensitive about his time as an infant.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He has recurrent fantasies of seeking the comfort of the nipple, and yet, his relationship with the doctor does not allow for such intimacies. His concerns about these sorts of ethical and philosophical dilemmas has led to him beginning his own record of their travels and the emotional fallout thereof.

Sound: Edison Device

PROF SAVANT

January 8th, 1894, Kings College, Private Account of Professor Erasmus Savant. Key exigencies germane to the question of Temporal Displacement remain centered on two areas: the bodily requirements of both the corporeal forms left behind and those that serve as receptacles, and the cerebral effects of inhabiting a life that is not your own. Doctor Sage has nicely managed the care and maintenance of our own bodies via mechanical means, and the bodily care of the host forms must be decided on the spot, but so far her medical knowledge has been effective in the management of such problems as we have encountered. It is in the mental adaptation and assimilation that the Doctor's mechanical knowledge has proven inadequate. I fear, if we do not create some process whereby we can be recalled wholly to ourselves, that Temporal Displacement will simply become a pathway to madness. My own degrees in Archaeology, and History are not much help in this regard, but I believe my studies in Sociology may provide some mechanism or pathway which we can follow to allow us continued travels without creating psychopathy.

Sound: Edison device stopping.

NARRATOR

As the Professor gathers his thoughts and prepares to tackle the existential angst of their latest travels, the Doctor must deal with problems of a more tangible nature.

Sound: Light rap on door, door opening, footsteps

ABIGAIL

Good Morning Doctor Sage, I trust you had a lovely holiday?

DR SAGE

Good Morning Mx. Entwhistle.

ABIGAIL

Call me Abigail, please.

DR SAGE

Alright, Abigail. My Christmas was... interesting.

ABIGAIL

Did you go away somewhere?

DR SAGE

Yes, I was in Italy.

ABIGAIL

How lovely. I was, unfortunately, stuck here. Papers to write, books to read, research to do, that sort of thing.

DR SAGE

Ah yes, well. I hope that went well for you.

ABIGAIL

Oh, it was fine really. I have never been much of one for an overly drawn out holiday season. One day is enough to be subjected to the rigors of my family, thank you.

DR SAGE

{distracted} I spent the month with family, and found it quite,,, refreshing.

ABIGAIL

Oh? I did not know you had family in Italy.

DR SAGE

I don't. At least not anymore. I once did. {realizing what she is doing - changing the subject} Did you stay on campus through the entire holiday then?

ABIGAIL

All but the holy days themselves. I went to my Grandmother's for the two days, but climbed gratefully back into my own bed after. Did you know you had left a light on here in the laboratory when you left?

DR SAGE

Did I?

ABIGAIL

No worries. I turned it off when I discovered it before leaving for Granny Entwhistle's. Jeffery had the same idea, but I was here before him.

DR SAGE

{Startled} Would Jeffery have entered my lab?

ABIGAIL

He was quite prepared to do so, but I sent him packing.

DR SAGE

Thank you, Abigail. I did not think...

ABIGAIL

Yes, well, don't thank me yet. I am after all in the employ of Mx. Cunningham, and must report any and everything I learn here about your activities.

DR SAGE

You plan to report that I left a lamp burning?

ABIGAIL

Oh no, the lamp itself is no problem. It is rather this cryptic note I found on the table next to the lamp which has me concerned. Tell me, is there anything I should be worried about here?

Sound: crinkling of paper as note is unfolded

DR SAGE

Oh, this. No there is nothing here to concern Mx. Cunningham.

ABIGAIL

What is the relation between music and your investigations?

DR SAGE

Music? Oh, no. That is not music, It is a Chladne pitch.

ABIGAIL

A Chladne pitch?

DR SAGE

Yes, I am using a Chladne table to help pinpoint the exact electrical resonances for maximum response of galvanistic consuetude. Chladni patterns help me determine post-facto the true amperages needed to achieve desired results.

Sound: Chladne pitches

NARRATOR

And so the Doctor blathers her way past the girl's suspicions, demonstrating the Chladne device and explaining away the reference to time as the first evidence of anatomical studies to successfully map the ulnar nerves of the arm.

DR SAGE

In these historical inquiries, the work of Professor Savant cannot be underestimated. His obsession for ephemera has led my research down some startling paths.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

The thoughts of our scientific ancestors were often clouded with religiosity and superstition, but as in the case of Leonardo DaVinci, they also can provide great insight and inspiration for our times. How else do you think the ornithopter could be built today.

NARRATOR

Lucky for the Doctor, the girl seems to buy her explanations, and all goes as normal for a couple of weeks as the laboratory settles into routine, and the Doctor and Professor begin to once again find their equilibrium.

Sound: door

PROF SAVANT

Hullo, Pet! How goes the arm waving?

DR SAGE

Hullo Erasmus. Well, I think. Abigail is settling into routine nicely. I do think we are about ready to try another journey.

PROF SAVANT

Are you any closer to finding a way for us to come home without violent death?

DR SAGE

I think hypothermia might be our answer. What I need to do is provide a reliable circuit interruption to the electrical portion of the brain. Violent death provides that in immediacy, but slow death is mostly slow due to the body. When a body has expired, the brain will certainly follow quickly behinds.

PROF SAVANT

Our brains can die at a rate different than our bodies?

DR SAGE

Oh yes. Your tissue could have received a death blow and your brain might keep working for another five minutes or so. This is rarely the case, as shock contributes to hasten the brain's demise.

PROF SAVANT

{Sarcastic} Well that is a relief.

DR SAGE

The point being, hypothermia is a gradual decline for both the body and the brain. No violence, but a final interruption of the electric impulse all the same.

PROF SAVANT

And the ethical question of suicide?

DR SAGE

If one is not doing violence to the body, and if one is merely a presence animating a body that has already crossed the boundary between life and death, can one actually be said to be committing suicide if simply endeavoring to create the circumstances favorable for returning to one's own body?

PROF SAVANT

{Laughing} I know I am in trouble when you start using the royal vernacular. So, you now think we could suicide and still end at home in our own bodies?

DR SAGE

I now think we can return, even if our ending is not sudden and violent. All we need is to interrupt the circuit - it should not matter if there is no violence. I am still undecided on the ethical nature of suicide in these circumstances.

NARRATOR

In the end run, as the Doctor and her friend began interacting more normally once again, and as the presence of Mx Entwhistle in the Laboratory came to seem normal, and as the month wound down, thoughts turned to traveling once again. So it is on a Bank Holiday Weekend when Abigail is know to be leaving town, our intrepid explorers set out once more for the unknown.

Sound: Edison Device begin

DR SAGE

Laboratory, Doctor Petronella Sage, King's College, January 22, 1894. Targeting time destination is proving more successful with the re-calibration of the Chladne pitch. As such we will once again attempt to push backwards into history. The pitch of A above Middle C led us four hundred and fifty years into the past. As such I have set the pitch for a full octave to C above Middle C which I believe shall take us nine hundred to one thousand years back. In addition, on this journey we will attempt to find a termination for ourselves through the expediency of hypothermia. There is some chance that a death by suicide will not complete the mechanism which operates to affect our travels, yet Temporal Displacement can never take its place in the annals of historical and medical research if we cannot devise a method of disengagement that remains in the scientist's control. I should like to not for the record that though Professor has expressed great reservations at my methods and the frequency of these travels, he remains a true partner in this research and should be honored accordingly.

Sound: Edison Device end

Sound: Time Travel

NARRATOR

And so, setting aside their individual fears and embracing, once again, the fickle finger of fate, our heroes leap again into the void.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now dear friends we take a short musical break. This month our musical guest is none other than Dogwood. Relax and enjoy this feast for your ears.

Musical Guest Track

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now back to our story..

ACT 2

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

Do you remember last month, dear listeners when I assured you that the disorientation upon awakening had lessened for our explorers?

DR SAGE

Marsilio!

PROF SAVANT

Wah!

NARRATOR

I spoke too soon. Do not be concerned! The Doctor did not return them to renaissance Italy. It seems Sage and Savant have not yet shaken the psychological effects of staying a month in host bodies. This transfer of consciousness has brought forth residual memories. No, our adventurers find themselves in a time and place that the good Professor's history has not prepared him for. They are in 11th Century North America, in bodies of vanquished Vikings - the victims of warfare with local natives. Yes, yes, I know - IN FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY TWO, COLUMBUS SAILED THE OCEAN BLUE... Let me assure you, THAT little piece of doggerel verse is nothing more than Italian propaganda. Columbus did not discover America - look it up.

PROF SAVANT

Where are we?

DR SAGE

It appears to be a wild place.

NARRATOR

Well that is a bit of an understatement. They have awoken in the primal forests of Vinland. They are part of the household of Thorhall the Viking pioneers told of in the Saga of Eric the Red.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This group of intrepid souls left Greenland in three longboats, open to the bitter sea, and made the long trek to the new lands at the edge of the Atlantic. What they found was a bountiful land with many bountiful animals to hunt for hides, and bountiful natives who did not much care for the incomers. Having lost many of their members in skirmishes with the natives or the skraelinger as the vikings called them, the party has moved down the coast and away from the danger. With no time to build ceremonial boats in which to burn them, the dead have been placed on plinths and left for the creature of the forest to consume. Many such creatures now lurk in the underbrush made cautious by the sudden awakening of their erstwhile dinner.

DR SAGE

Well, at least you are not a baby this time.

PROF SAVANT

I am so relieved you are not a man again.

NARRATOR

After a brief period of self-examination, the two rise from their biers and take stock of their situation.

DR SAGE

How lovely - more head trauma.

PROF SAVANT

Ah, but we know how to deal with this my dear. Here let me bandage you, and you can do the same for me.

NARRATOR

When their wounds are bound, the doctor asks:

DR SAGE

Any idea where or when we are?

PROF SAVANT

I believe we are Vikings. Your collar pieces, the kirtle you are wearing, the braids in our hair, the winingas we have tied about our lower legs...

DR SAGE

Winning what?

PROF SAVANT

The winingas - the strips of cloth tied round our legs to keep us warm and dry. They were sported by the vikings and the anglo-saxons alike, but this forest is too primeval to be English. Therefore I surmise we are in Norse country.

DR SAGE

Fascinating. Any idea what year?

PROF SAVANT

That is more difficult. Clothing did not change much across the centuries for the Viking people. From the seventh century to the twelfth - the style did not really change at all. What they wore was practical and warm. Even their jewelry motifs changed little, although technique in casting and finishing did develop - the motifs used remained the same. The vikings were a people that knew what they liked and stuck with it.

DR SAGE

Well, quite. What then should we do? I assume we must have some people somewhere?

PROF SAVANT

I would assume so as well. It appears, by the boot prints in the mud that they have headed south. I suppose that is as good a direction to look as any other.

NARRATOR

They began to move off, following the trail of footprints.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It is a good thing that they cannot see what I can, because in addition to the animal predators lurking in the underbrush around the clearing there are many native warriors, their clubs still red with the blood of the dead. All threat to Sage and Savant is muted however, as the natives react with great superstition at seeing the corpses they have created rise and walk.

EXTRAS

Skadegamute!
Undead!
Sorcerer!

NARRATOR

The Natives in this part of the world believe that certain sorcerous individuals, when they die, can re-animate with their excess otkon or life force. Such beings exist by killing and consuming human flesh and can only be killed by fire. Luckily, Sage and Savant remain ignorant of their peril. After many hours trudging through the forest they have left the lands of their native pursuers who decide pragmatically that the skadegamute are now a problem for their southerly neighbors. The immensity of the forest is beginning to enact a claustrophobia on our heroes when they smell the welcome smoke of a campfire.

PROF SAVANT

{calling out} Hullo the fire! Is there room for two more?

VIKING

{calling out} Who is there?
Thorbrand? Is that you?

PROF SAVANT

I'm sorry, I've... we've been hit in the head?

VIKING

{coming close} By Odinson! It is you Thorbrand! We left you for dead!

PROF SAVANT

Yes, you did, but as you can see we are not dead.

DR SAGE

We are, however, the victims of terrible headaches and could really use some broth, or food of some type.

VIKING

Yes, yes. Come to the fire. What good fortune that you live. Come. Eat.

Sound, Fire, spoons scraping in wooden bowls etc

NARRATOR

And so Sage and Savant join a band of Viking settlers making their way in a new land. Over the course of the evening by the fire, our heroes learn that they are not in the Norse Country as they assumed, but in the New World and that the party was attacked by skraelingr and an attempt at creating a permanent colony had failed.

VIKING WOMAN

They will write a Saga about your exploits this day!

DR SAGE

You will have to forgive me, I think I was hit upon the head in such a manner as to knock loose my memory. I know he is Thorbrand, but who am I?

VIKING

{With great good humor} Why, I have never known you to forget so much as a half-ounce of hack-silver - let alone your own name!

Sound: much laughter and merriment

DR SAGE

Be that as it may, I should quite appreciate your help in reminding me?

VIKING

Woman, you are Freydis, The Assayer
and the killer of Skraelingr!

DR SAGE

I am the Assayer?

VIKING

You are the one to keep track of
each of our shares and the bounty
of trade and harvest we find.
Thanks to your careful records and
our good fortune, all who have come
on the Thorhall expedition shall be
rich!

NARRATOR

The viking pulled a small flat
piece of wood from a pack. It was
nearly covered in Futhark or Runic
text. Doctor Sage looked and was
surprised to discover she could
read it.

DR SAGE

Thorvaldson - ten beaver pelts,
Snorri - two deer hides, Arnoldson,
twenty two weight of turkey
feathers. It is an account.

PROF SAVANT

This is remarkable! Not only do
these viking settlers predate the
accepted discovery of the new world
by many hundreds of years, but
Viking culture seems to have been
far more balanced between the sexes
than that of their southern
neighbors in greater Europe. They
have you, a woman, serving as their
banker and treasure keeper.

DR SAGE

Are you saying a woman should not
perform these offices?

PROF SAVANT

Not at all. I am only observing how
rare it is that one does. I also
notice, in observing our fire-
mates, that you, a woman seem to
serve as warrior as well.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

I believe we academics have seriously underestimated the egalitarian nature of the Norse society. Fascinating.

VIKING

Shall we have an account of Freydis' bravery this day?

Sound: Cheers and approval

VIKING (CONT'D)

Freydis came out and saw how they were retreating. She called out, "Why run you away from such worthless creatures, stout men that ye are, when, as seems to me likely, you might slaughter them like so many cattle? Let me but have a weapon, I think I could fight better than any of you." They gave no heed to what she said. Freydis endeavored to accompany them, still she soon lagged behind, because she was not well; she went after them into the wood, and the Skrælingar directed their pursuit after her. She came upon man she thought was dead; Thorbrand, Snorri's son, with a flat stone fixed in his head; his sword lay beside him, so she took it up and prepared to defend herself therewith. Then came the Skrælingar upon her. She let down her sark and struck her breast with the naked sword. At this they were frightened, rushed off to their boats, and fled away.

Sound: Cheers

NARRATOR

This group of Vikings is a hunting party, sent South by land to gather as many hides and as much meat as possible before reuniting with the remaining party and the longboats at the bay a day's walk further down the coast.

PROF SAVANT

{Whispering} A day's walk? Petra, this is beginning to look like another lengthy sojourn.

DR SAGE

{Whispering} I know, but the cold water of the sea will be a reliable way to induce hypothermia. We can follow the group that far at least.

NARRATOR

And so, when they have learned what they can from their travelling mates, when they have filled their bellies, and when the fire has died to coals, Sage and Savant follow the lead of their adventure-mates and roll into furs under the trees. They position themselves closely together reaching out to touch fingers for reassurance until they fall into a fitful sleep under the canopy of primitive stars.

Sound: Crickets, wolves etc (night sounds)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The morning dawns with a cherry red sunrise that lights the tops of the trees afire and finds the Professor in high spirits. True to his natural curiosity, he sets about eliciting as much information as possible from his travelling mates.

PROF SAVANT

Last night Snorri told Freydis and myself of our positions in the band here, but I wondered about you. What role do you fill in this company.

VIKING WOMAN

Have you really had your memory knocked out of your head Thorbrand? Or are you just making fumbling attempts to court me? You know I am promised to Karlsefni.

PROF SAVANT

Oh no, in all sincerity. It seems every bit of information I am reminded of brings back more of my memories. It is all things I wish to know!

NARRATOR

And so the time passes quickly as they walk towards the sea. By mid-day they have joined a much larger group of Vikings camped on a great cliff overlooking a sparkling blue ocean.

PROF SAVANT

There must be almost three hundred people here. And look at those boats! Such elegant lines. Such fierce mastheads. Such bright paint! How terribly exciting it is to see all this in person!

DR SAGE

You will see it all in person and up close soon. Snorri tells me that you and I will be taking a boat back to Greenland. We leave in a couple of hours.

PROF SAVANT

Back to life on the high seas is it?

DR SAGE

Only until it is dark. We can slip off the side of the boat and into the water as people sleep. Hypothermia should take us home within a few hours.

NARRATOR

After much debate it had been decided by the Vikings that one longboat would put to sea immediately to return to Greenland heavily loaded with furs and other bounty from these shores. The expedition leaders wanted to officially register the riches they had secured so far for their families at home.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The other two boats would continue down the coast gathering as many hides and riches as could be found before casting off and abandoning the effort to establish a colony in the New World.

Sounds: ship loading, launching etc - maybe just music.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

There is an old sailor's superstition, dear listeners that you may be familiar with - RED SKY AT NIGHT, SAILOR'S DELIGHT. RED SKY IN MORNING, SAILOR TAKE WARNING. I do not know if Vikings follow this advice in the main part, but chose to ignore it in this instance, or if they do not yet know of the ominous warning so provided. In the event, the boat containing a fortune in new world riches and, of course, our intrepid adventurers is overtaken by a violent storm as night falls.

Sound: wind, rain, snapping canvas

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The little boat navigates the towering waves well, but every plunge douses the inhabitants with icy fingers of water. Caught up in the struggle to survive our heroes forget their pledge to dive into the waves and freeze to death. We must leave our heroes there, at the mercy of Njordr, the God of the sea and wind.

MUSIC OUT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now for a word from our sponsor:

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ACT 3

MUSIC, OPEN SCENE

NARRATOR

When last we saw Sage and Savant, they were fighting for life alongside their Viking brothers and sisters in a longboat at the mercy of an angry God. They had planned to interrupt the signals of electricity from their brains in order to bring about death by flinging themselves into the sea. However, as the storm came up and the quest for survival began in earnest, our adventurers could not help but add their efforts to save the beleaguered boat. In the end run, nature does the deed for them, capsizing the boat and drowning all inhabitants as their great store of riches sinks to the bottom of the sea.

Sound: Time travel music.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sage and Savant open their eyes to the familiar hum of laboratory equipment and the gleam of electric light on copper tubing.

PROF SAVANT

{coughing and spluttering} Was that the non-violent death you had hoped for?

DR SAGE

{coughing} Not exactly. I presume those bodies expired from drowning rather than hypothermia. And no hint of suicide, as it was the storm that flung us into the water.

PROF SAVANT

So another hypothesis remains untested?

DR SAGE

I am afraid it does.

PROF SAVANT

Well I am sorry for your research, dear friend, but I am thrilled for my own. How delightful it will be to tell Professor Wilson that he is wrong, wrong, wrong about the place of women in Viking society! I knew from reading the Sagas that there was more to the story, but Wilson continually puts down my ideas as petty romance. Hah! I'll tell him.

DR SAGE

Erasmus! You cannot just tell him! There is no corroboration of your evidence.

PROF SAVANT

Damn! You are right. I must revisit the fossil record, or perhaps the sagas the.... {themselves}

Sound: Knocking

ABIGAIL

{Calling from outside the door} Dr Sage? I am sorry to wake you. Dr. Sage? You have left the light on again.

DR SAGE

Oh no! It is Abigail. You stay here Erasmus, I will get rid of her.

Sound: unplugging

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

One moment, Abigail. I'll be right there!

PROF SAVANT

Petra, you cannot go out there.

DR SAGE

Nonsense! I must reassure the girl - I cannot have her carrying tales to Cunningham.

PROF SAVANT

Petra, wait!

NARRATOR

But either she did not hear the Professor, or she ignored him and the doctor opened the door and slid out into the main laboratory, fully adorned in her Faraday Armor and CRAP helmet.

ABIGAIL

{Shocked} Dr Sage! What are you wearing?

DR SAGE

{Realizing her mistake} Oh, Abigail. What are you doing here?

ABIGAIL

I shall answer your question, but first you must answer mine. What are you wearing?

DR SAGE

This? This is a Faraday Armor suit and a CRAP helmet. I am using them to record my sleep so that I can monitor the difference in electrical output from waking to sleeping states.

ABIGAIL

Simply for monitoring purposes then?

DR SAGE

Yes. The data informs my experiments, but it is not truly a part of the galvanization experiments. Now, what have you woken me for?

ABIGAIL

{sheepishly} You left the light on again. I did not think you would be present in your lab on a Sunday night.

DR SAGE

I am sorry Abigail. I must obviously get better at two things - firstly, remembering to turn off the lamp, secondly at communicating the full nature and scope of my experimental inquiries. I am unused to having an assistant of any kind.

ABIGAIL
Can I see it then?

DR SAGE
See what?

ABIGAIL
Your sleep set up? See how you are
monitoring your electricity
patterns?

DR SAGE
No! I mean please not tonight. I -
I have some personal items within
That I would rather not share at
this juncture. I can show you on
the morrow if you wish.

NARRATOR
The young woman casts a skeptical
glance at the door and then
acquiesces to the doctor's request.

ABIGAIL
All right, yes. That would be fine.
Shall I turn off the light?

DR SAGE
Yes, Abigail. Thank you.

Sound: footsteps, clicking, footsteps, open/close door

Sound: Open inside laboratory door.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)
Whew! That was close.

PROF SAVANT
I tried to stop you from stepping
out like that. What did the girl
say about your Faraday Armor?

DR SAGE
Oh nothing, I told her I was
monitoring my own sleep. She thinks
this is a bedroom. {groans} She is
going to want to inspect it in the
morning.

PROF SAVANT
Well then, we'd better set it to
rights then, hadn't we?

DR SAGE

I cannot make this laboratory look like it is a bedroom in just one night.

PROF SAVANT

Oh you underestimate me, dear Petra.

NARRATOR

As good as his word, the Professor disappears to his own apartment and reappears pushing a handcart that is full to overflowing with cloth and lamps, pillows and knickknacks. Before the dawn arrives, the laboratory has been transformed into a rather over-decorated cloth draped bower.

DR SAGE

This is nothing of my taste.

PROF SAVANT

Beggars cannot be choosers my dear. It should be good enough to convince Mx Abigail that you actually sleep in here.

DR SAGE

Thank you dear friend. I did not mean to insinuate that your help was not appreciated. Once again I must say I do not know how I should get along without you.

PROF SAVANT

You shan't! You shouldn't! Never get along without me dear Petra.

NARRATOR

Will their subterfuge work to distract the curious Mx Entwhistle? Do travelers who die via non-violent means return to their bodies? How much further back in time will the Doctor push their explorations? Tune in again next month where we will learn the answers to these questions.

END MUSIC START

END MUSIC PLAY OUT

FADE OUT.

CREDITS

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, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as the narrator.

Episode 8 VIKINGR Was written by Eddie Louise. Are you interested in the historical information we included in this episode? Go to our website for the complete bibliography.

Theme music, sound design and audio engineering by Chip Michael.

Special music in this episode was LOOM YEARS from the album PERSEPHONE IS DEAD, LONG LIVE PERSEPHONE by DOGWOOD, check her out at www.dogwood.bandcamp.com

Our episode sponsor was POSTGATE FINE JEWELERS, gold and silversmiths extraordinaire!

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And remember: Death is no barrier to science!