

Episode 203 THE HAUNTED LABORATORY

The Tales of Sage and Savant
Season 2 Episode 3

Created by

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ACT ONE

SCENE: OBSERVATION BOOTH - FAR FUTURE

The NARRATOR reclines, unconscious, on a padded chair, wearing a Faraday suit, a sleek, multi-pronged C.R.A.P. Helmet on his head. In a break from the usual set-up, the belt across his chest is secured with a lock. Within arms length, a floor to ceiling U-shaped screen curls in front of him, a small blue icon blinking in the upper left corner. Behind him, windows facing the laboratories of the Charges du affairs look out to dark and deserted hallways. All is silent.

NARRATOR

{Waking} Wha..., Where am I...,
Hello? April? Julio? Anyone? What's
going on guys? {pause} Guys? Why is
it so dark? Is this some kind of
Halloween prank?

SOUND: Attempt to undo belt

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

What is this? Why am I strapped in?
Vacuum locked? Ha-Ha. Guys, this
isn't funny. I have work to do.

Our NARRATOR checks himself over and makes a realization...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Why am I wearing Faraday field
armor? I don't need a suit that
counters for bodily functions - I
am not cleared for Transmigration,
only Telesensation. Hello? Anyone?
What is going on here?

SOUND: echoing silence

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Guys, c'mon. I know we were all
talking about the ancient American
custom of Halloween pranks, but I
don't think our boss will
appreciate this kind of tricking
around when we're on the clock.
{Pause}

SOUND: Struggling against bonds

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

C'mon guys! This is not right!

SOUND: Icon opening computer sound

COMPUTER VOICE

It is time to begin broadcast.
Please prepare for telesensation
initialization

NARRATOR

I cannot do the show! I have been
tied up.

COMPUTER VOICE

It is time to begin broadcast.
Please prepare for telesensation
initialization

NARRATOR

I can't start the show! Guys?
Hello?!?

SOUND: Struggling against bonds

COMPUTER VOICE

I have been programmed to ensure
that the show will go on. Please
prepare for telesensation
initialization

NARRATOR

Why am I strapped down? I don't
think this is funny. What's going
on?

SOUND: Ominous computer sound

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

{Softer} I can't work under these
conditions.

SOUND: Electrical charge

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Ow, ow, ow! What the what?!?

COMPUTER VOICE

Please prepare for telesensation
initialization

NARRATOR

All right, all right. I'll start
the show. Can you please, just send
someone in here to untie me. This
has gone on long enough.

SOUND: Electrical charge

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 {Shuddering - very tentative}
 Anyone? I don't know... I...

COMPUTER VOICE
 Please prepare for telesensation
 initialization.

NARRATOR
 {Highly stressed, he takes a deep
 breath - gives voice command}
 Computer, Open File
 Sage.10310766.Omega1

SOUND: Computer ding

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Initiate Telesensation.

SOUND: Electrical engagement (future telesensation sound)

The NARRATOR does not travel bodily to the past, but rather extends his consciousness through a galvanistic process to allow him to peer into the past while remaining bodily in his present. He cannot interact with the past, nor can any person in the past detect his presence - he is a fly on the wall.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 {Tentatively at first, gaining
 strength as speech goes on}
 Greetings and welcome to the audio-
 aetheric transmission THE TALES OF
 SAGE AND SAVANT, a Twinstar
 production. This broadcast is
 brought to you on the first of each
 month from the Twinstar Studios in
 sunny Southern California. Our tale
 stars Eddie Louise as Doctor
 Petronella Sage, Chip Michael as
 Professor Erasmus Savant, Emily
 Riley Piatt as Mx Abigail
 Entwhistle, and myself, Justin
 Bremer as your humble, yet captive,
 Narrator. This month's program,
 entitled THE HAUNTED LABORATORY is
 sponsored by THE MAD SCIENTIST
 JOURNAL and features the music of
 UNWOMAN. And now, without further
 ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE
 AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When... when last we saw our Doctor she had returned from a stint in an asylum... I can relate to that feeling of being trapped in a madhouse...

SOUND: Electrical charge

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

{groans in pain} Aaggh. {Takes breath - voice shaking with nervousness} In the intervening weeks Doctor Sage's laboratory has been converted into a surgical theater as the medical department prepares for surgical trials on Doctor Sage's limb galvanization and attachment prospectus. There have been other deleterious side effects to the latest transmigrations.

SCENE: THE LABORATORY

PROF SAVANT

Still not sleeping, Pet?

DR SAGE

That obvious, is it?

PROF SAVANT

I am afraid the dark circles under your eyes are a bit pronounced.

NARRATOR

In fact, the Doctor has fallen victim to nightmares. These are partially of the madhouse, her young friend that was away with the fairies, and La Grande Douche, but more, she has begun to replay her many deaths. She wakes gasping from one trauma or another, certain that she, herself, is no longer among the living. For a woman who prides herself on rational thought and scientific order, these night terrors are a source of great frustration and embarrassment.

DR SAGE

I have been having rather disturbing dreams. I am sure it is nothing. Perhaps a simple delayed reaction to the worry and exhaustion I felt during our time of separation.

PROF SAVANT

I've never known you to suffer from any sort of irrationality let alone incoherent dreams. Aren't you usually more in control of your nocturnal narrative?

DR SAGE

If by that you mean that I usually control the landscape of my dreams, you are correct. Normally I can simply stop a dream that is progressing in a manner I do not approve of and backtrack to set it upon a more agreeable path. Lately, however...

PROF SAVANT

I have noticed the tenor of my own dreams has changed since we began Transmigrating. At first, I re-lived the deaths, but as I became accustomed to the process, my dreams have focused less upon the trauma and more upon the remarkable lives we have inhabited. Perhaps you and I have just taken opposite paths for the necessary mental accommodation of the extraordinary events we have experienced.

DR SAGE

Perhaps. Have you read the writings of Sigmund Freud? He is building upon the hypothesis presented by Pierre Janet on the subconscious {soob-con-shaunt}. These men feel that there is a secondary layer to our mind - a layer that serves as a storehouse for our experiences, memories and knowledge that are not in current use or need.

PROF SAVANT

As, for example, the knowledge of how to handle a sword...

DR SAGE
Or the feeling of nursing a child.

PROF SAVANT
Not knowledge we need in our
everyday lives...

DR SAGE
But things we know, regardless.

PROF SAVANT
And so, our dreams...

DR SAGE
Would then simply be a product of
the subconscious mind, yes.

PROF SAVANT
Fascinating, but how would that
explain people who do not dream at
all, or the changing tenor of your
dreams.

DR SAGE
This is all very new science, you
understand, so we do not yet know
the answers to these questions. I
would assume, however, that we
might come to understand that the
brain processes information along a
pathway from instigation to
completion and we must follow that
path to its nexus in order to gain
clarity.

SOUND: Door opening, ABIGAIL enters, door closes

ABIGAIL
Good morning!

DR SAGE
Good morning, Abigail.

PROF SAVANT
Good day!

ABIGAIL
So? What is the plan for the day?

DR SAGE
The lift is installed, and we can
finally see the progress on the new
laboratory.

ABIGAIL
An elevator? But where...

SOUND: Footsteps. Interior door open and close.

DR SAGE, PROF SAVANT AND ABIGAIL enter the room that was once the hidden laboratory. It has been converted into a cozy bedroom with a double bed, a small writing table and a very large armoire against one wall.

DR SAGE

I convinced Cunningham that none of the surgeons working on the galvanization study would need desk space here in this laboratory, and then had the office fitted with locks, as well as this room. As far as the University is concerned, I have an office and a sleeping closet here - the same as all my peers.

ABIGAIL

Yes, and this is now your sleeping closet. I presume the equipment had been moved?

DR SAGE

Yes, but this is not just my sleeping closet. Open the armoire.

SOUND: Armoire door opening.

ABIGAIL

Well... I suppose it is good to have a variety of clothing to choose from.

DR SAGE

Now close it. Erasmus, give that bell-pull a tug, won't you?

PROF SAVANT

You haven't capitulated to your mother's insistence on a handmaid, have you?

DR SAGE

The bell-pull will not summon a maid. Just pull it.

SOUND: Sliding/shifting/ as the interior of the armoire is moved aside to expose the elevator.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Now open the armoire, Abigail.

SOUND: Armoire door opening. SAVANT and ABIGAIL gasp

PROF SAVANT
Why, that is astonishing!

DR SAGE
Isn't it.

ABIGAIL
It is like you are building your
own Murder Castle!

DR SAGE
Abigail, you must stop reading the
sensationalist press! H.H. Holmes
did not have a secret elevator.

ABIGAIL
Well, he might have done, but there
was a fire and the third floor of
the Murder Castle burned.

DR SAGE
Setting aside the lurid and overly
romantic - hiding this elevator
access is purely practical. It will
grant egress to the new lab without
attracting Cunningham's notice, nor
the ire of the college board of
regents.

PROF SAVANT
{to Sage} Most practical. {to
Abigail} And quite horribly
exciting!

DR SAGE
{In fond exasperation} The two of
you, honestly! Shall we ascend?

ABIGAIL
But I did not think the new lab was
in place yet.

DR SAGE
It is not, but we can have a look
around and see how things are
progressing.

ABIGAIL
In the dusty and long boarded up
attic? Has it been swept of spiders
at least?

DR SAGE

I'm sure there is nothing there that will harm us. The attic spaces were used for instruction until a few years ago.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, I remember in my time here as student I had a class in Gothic symbolism up there with Professor Saunders. {Remembering something} Hmm...

DR SAGE

Hmm?

PROF SAVANT

Well I just recalled something about Professor Saunders. He was renowned for his encyclopedic knowledge of, well, everything really. Mind like a steel trap.

ABIGAIL

What happened to him?

PROF SAVANT

That's the funny thing. The year after I graduated he disappeared.

ABIGAIL

Disappeared?

PROF SAVANT

Yes. Shortly after that, they closed the attic and sealed it away. All classes were moved to the new History wing and that was that.

DR SAGE

Was there suspicion of foul play?

PROF SAVANT

I don't really know. By that time I was on a dig in Cairo, and all I got was bits and bobs from the rumor mill. I always did wonder why they had closed up the old attic though. It was a great place to learn. Glasshouse ceilings, massive fireplaces, heavy timber floors.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

When the wind was up and the rain
was falling it felt like you were
adrift on a massive ship of
knowledge. I find myself quite
anxious to see the old space again.

DR SAGE

Well, then...

SOUND: elevator gate opens, footsteps in

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Going up!

SOUND: two set footsteps into elevator, gate closes, sound of
rising.

NARRATOR

What mysterious things lurk in the
partially formed laboratory
overhead? We'll find out after this
short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now dear friends we invite you
to listen to the talented melodical
expressions of UNWOMAN.

MUSICAL GUEST

ACT TWO

TELESENSATION STATION ONE

Our NARRATOR is still strapped and locked into his chair. Viewscreen is locked on image of DR SAGE, PROF SAVANT and ABIGAIL in elevator.

NARRATOR
Computer, open file
WeiBoyang.emergency.alpha1

COMPUTER VOICE
Request denied.

NARRATOR
Computer. Override code JB7286154.
Open file
WeiBoyang.emergency.alpha1

COMPUTER VOICE
Request denied.

NARRATOR
C'mon!

SOUND: struggling against bonds

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
This is not funny, computer. HELP!
HEY!! Somebody, HELP!!!

SOUND: electrical zapping

COMPUTER VOICE
Your cooperation is required for
telesensation.

NARRATOR
{Pain noises} And what if I don't
comply, huh? What then?

SOUND: electrical zapping

COMPUTER VOICE
Your cooperation is required for
telesensation.

NARRATOR
{Defeated, breathing hard}
Computer. Open file
Sage.10310766.Omega2

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

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
When we left our heroes they were venturing upwards in a secretive lift on their way to explore the space of an even more secretive laboratory.

SOUND: Elevator stopping, gate opening, footsteps

The attic space is cavernous and echoing. The outside world is preparing a big storm.

SOUND: Heavy thunder, wind.

ABIGAIL
{Little screech} Ack! What was that?

PROF SAVANT
Just a wee storm my dear. I remember this, the glass roof rather amplifies the affects of storms. It is all sound and fury, but it signifies nothing. These roofs are airtight. We'll stay snug as bugs.

SOUND: Foot stamp

ABIGAIL
{Another little screech} Eekk!

DR SAGE
Speaking of bugs, there seem to be a few cockroaches to be seen to.

PROF SAVANT
Well it has been closed up for a decade.

NARRATOR
In fact, the attic gallery they are in crosses the entire roof-space of the ancient college. Three hundred yards from one end to another, the space is transversed by a long hallway.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Above this central space, great iron girders sweep upwards holding aloft heavy skirts of glass. On the pediment at the apex of the hall at either end are crossed swords behind great metal shields bearing Kings College coat of arms. Currently, the hallway is awash in tepid and failing light as the sky overhead cedes space to roiling black clouds with rain-heavy bellies. {Whispering} Can anyone out there hear me?

ABIGAIL

{Creeped out} Are there lights?

DR SAGE

There must be, somewhere, after all the electricity for the lift worked fine.

SOUND: Thumping as they search

NARRATOR

{Still whispering} Crud! I know there was a paper on broadening the telesensate connection in last month's journal. Is anyone listening?

ABIGAIL

I am listening!

NARRATOR

{Shouting} What? Hello? Please send help. I am at the Charges du affairs headquarte... aarrgh!

SOUND: Electrical charge

COMPUTER VOICE

You are required to stay on task. Any further deviation will be punished.

ABIGAIL

Who was that?!?

PROF SAVANT

Ahh. Here we are.

SOUND: Light switch, then lights flickering on, chittering of running bugs.

The room washes with faint light, They are at the head of a vast hall that splits the center of the attic. Along both sides are doorways leading into individual classroom spaces.

DR SAGE

Who was what?

ABIGAIL

Didn't you hear someone?

DR SAGE

Just Erasmus. Let's have a look around, shall we?

SOUND: Thunder crash.

ABIGAIL

{Another little screech} Eekk! I don't think I have the nerve to explore up here when there is a storm on. I'll come back when the laboratory is finished.

SOUND: steps, elevator gate, negation buzzer

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What is wrong? Why won't the elevator work.

DR SAGE

Stay calm, Abigail. You probably haven't secured the gate. Let me help.

SOUND: Footsteps. Gate rattles.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

There. Try again.

SOUND: Negation buzzer

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

That makes no sense, it was just working. Erasmus, I wonder if there is a wiring fault.

PROF SAVANT

Ahh! Perhaps the lights and the lift cannot operate simultaneously? Let me turn them off.

SOUND: Light switch off

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)
Try now, Abigail.

SOUND: Negation buzzer

DR SAGE
That is a bother. A brand new lift
and it has broken down. Erasmus,
lead us to the student's egress.

PROF SAVANT
Right. Just let me turn those
lights back on...

SOUND: Light switch, electrical overload, light bulbs
popping.

ABIGAIL
{Bigger shriek} I'll just stay
right here, thank you very much.

DR SAGE
Don't be silly, Abigail. It is just
an electrical fault. The Charges du
affaires will obviously need to
upgrade the electrical systems
before the laboratory can be fully
installed. Unfortunately, that
means this elevator will not be
moving for days.

PROF SAVANT
Yes come, Abigail. It is half-six.
There is still enough light for us
to navigate to the stairs. We can
explore our new space on the way.

SOUND: Elevator gate sliding open, footsteps, door creak.

NARRATOR
They walk down the hall and peek
into the first classroom to the
north.

DR SAGE
Here is all the equipment from my
transmigration lab, see?

PROF SAVANT
Ahh, and see, they have taken down
the walls between this and the next
classroom to make way for it. Oh
you shall have a roomy and splendid
space for your work, Petra.

SOUND: Thunder, increasing storm noises.

DR SAGE

I suppose it is a good thing we rarely get such violent weather. It is hard to hear myself think over the noise of the storm.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, in the four years of my degree I only remember one other storm of this level. Fantastic isn't it?

ABIGAIL

I wouldn't use the word, fantastic.

SOUND: Door slamming

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

{Little screech} What was that!

DR SAGE

I'm sure it is just the draft. The air-pressure, kinetic and static friction interact to cause a door to slam closed as it follows the fluctuations of pressure due to a draft and the fluctuations of friction caused by our movements and the door's contact, or lack of contact with the floor.

SOUND: Distant spooky music

ABIGAIL

{Scared} Do you hear that?

PROF SAVANT

The music? The Maestro's rehearsal room is the floor below this. I imagine that is what you hear. No matter the case, we'd best move along. It wouldn't do to get trapped up here in the dark.

SOUND: Thunder

ABIGAIL

{Scream} Trapped?!?

PROF SAVANT

Well, to be honest, my dear, I have no idea whether the door to the stairs will be open or not.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)
 I seem to remember something....
 {stops himself}

ABIGAIL
 Remember? Remember what?

PROF SAVANT
 Nothing. Ignore me. Let's move
 along, now.

NARRATOR
 And so, our heroes venture on, in
 relative, if trepidatious safety.
 Whilst your humble Narrator, on the
 other hand is beginning to suspect
 that something is very wrong. {Loud
 whisper} If you are watching this
 and are a Charges du affairs
 operative, can you please initiate
 the Wei Boyang protocol and...
 {Gahhah}

SOUND: Electrical charge

COMPUTER VOICE
 Do not deviate from the
 telesensation stream.

NARRATOR
 This all happened centuries ago. It
 will be there for us to go back to
 at any time. We should end this
 before someone gets hurt. Please
 initiate the Wei Boyang protocol...

SOUND: Electrical charge

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 {Really starting to freak out}
 Help!! Anybody?!?

COMPUTER VOICE
 I have been programmed to ensure
 this broadcast is completed. There
 is no one here to help you.

NARRATOR
 What do you mean there is no one
 here? There are always people here!

COMPUTER VOICE
 The building has been evacuated due
 to the storm.

NARRATOR

What do you mean, computer. There is no storm here. That was from the telesensation session.

COMPUTER VOICE

A Category Seven storm is sweeping the coast. The building has been evacuated. It is time to resume the broadcast.

SOUND: Computer beeping

NARRATOR

Wait, wait! Why did I not evacuate with the rest. Why am I here alone.

COMPUTER VOICE

I have been programmed to ensure the broadcast concludes. You are programmed to do the telesensation for the Sage broadcast. I had an aTech unit secure your services.

NARRATOR

You had an android kidnap me? Knock me out? Lock me in? You are insane!

COMPUTER VOICE

I have been programmed to ensure the successful recording of this broadcast.

SOUND: Electrical charge

NARRATOR

Gahh!! Stop, please. I'll go on. {gathers self} When we left our heroes they were attempting to find their way across a deserted attic in failing light. The storm is intensifying and the flashes of lightning glow brighter as darkness descends. Our party of explorers reaches the far end of the gallery just as the deluge descends.

SOUND: Heavy rain and thunder, sound of falling sword.

SAGE & SAVANT

{React to falling sword}

ABIGAIL

{Screams! This is your second biggest scream - one more big one to come}

DR SAGE

Oh my goodness! Abigail are you unhurt?

ABIGAIL

I want to go home.

DR SAGE

I know, dear girl. We are working on it. Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

Now, the door should be just along here... huh.

ABIGAIL

What huh? No huh!

DR SAGE

{Calmly} Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

We have a bit of a problem, my dears. They have walled over the entry.

ABIGAIL

What do you mean, walled over?

PROF SAVANT

Once there was an entry arch containing a great set of double doors, now there is an entry arch containing a solid wall.

ABIGAIL

Oh no, oh no, oh no, this can't be happening.

DR SAGE

Hold yourself together, Abigail. According to Sigmund Freud, your fear is simply a manifestation of your subconscious - you cannot be hurt by it.

ABIGAIL

Yes, well, Freud also says that the ego is not master in its own house.

DR SAGE

{Working to keep her distracted}
Ah, so you have read the Viennese
madman. And what do you think of
his hypotheses?

ABIGAIL

{Distracted from fear in spite of
herself} They are fine, for what
they are. He, like most of his
contemporaries, has no grasp on the
realities nor inner world of half
the world's population, This,
therefore, instills limits to his
ability to effectively proscribe
real medical truth.

DR SAGE

Yes, but I suppose those
territories will be left to female
scientists such as ourselves. Are
you going to be okay now?

ABIGAIL

Yes, I'm sorry. I will endeavor to
keep my ego under control.

DR SAGE

Erasmus? Any suggestions for
getting down from our perch?

PROF SAVANT

There has to be a secondary stair.
Otherwise the Charges du affairs
would have been unable to install
the elevator. Their workmen simply
must have had access to this floor.
The question is where?

DR SAGE

I hate to bring this up, but might
we be wise to spend our last few
minutes of light looking for a
lantern or a candle?

PROF SAVANT

Capital thought, that! The
classrooms used to have storm
lanterns near the teacher's desks,
in case a storm came and the
College needed to turn off the
gaslights. Let's take a look.

SOUND: Footsteps, on going storm noises

NARRATOR

The first classroom on the right was completely empty. The second on the right still held a full rank of student desks but the teacher's desk at the front was missing, and there was no lantern.

SOUND: Opening of desk lids, dropping of lids

ABIGAIL

I found a stick of sealing wax!

DR SAGE

That is of no use to us! Sealing wax burns away too fast.

ABIGAIL

Maybe, maybe it will burn away too quickly to light our way, but if I had a receptacle of some sort...

PROF SAVANT

You could melt the wax into it, improvise another wick and create the equivalent of a slipper lamp! What a good idea. We should check for more sealing wax.

SOUND: Opening of desk lids, dropping of lids

DR SAGE

While you look for wax, I'll check the remaining rooms for a lantern.

SOUND: Running footsteps

NARRATOR

Racing against the rapidly diminishing light, our heroes scramble to find anything that can brighten the gloom and lead them towards an exit. Will they succeed in finding their way out of the dark? We'll find out after this short word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, you heard it here. MAD SCIENTIST JOURNAL the preeminent scientific journal for atypical scientific theory.

ACT THREE

SCENE: OBSERVATION BOOTH

NARRATOR

Computer, is there nothing I can say to get you to release me?

COMPUTER VOICE

Please continue the telesensation stream.

NARRATOR

What if I told you I desperately need to use the bathroom.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have been fitted with Faraday Armor for full bodily function disposal. Please continue the telesensation stream.

NARRATOR

{Exhausted} I really don't want to do this.

COMPUTER VOICE

Increasing voltage to ensure cooperation.

SOUND: New pitch - Electrical zapping

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Please continue the telesensation stream.

NARRATOR

{In pain} Computer Open file Sage.10310766.Omega3

SOUND: Computer ding for file opening

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

{sigh} And now, back to our show.

INTRO MUSIC

SCENE: THE LABORATORY

SOUND: storm, thunder wind and rain

NARRATOR

When last we saw our heroes they were in a desperate search for light before the last pitiful shards of storm-driven daylight flee from the room. The storm outside the glass beats with howling fury against the vulcanized sand barrier. {Rising intensity as he cracks under the pressure} Much like a man trapped against his will thrashes against his restraints, howling to the heavens HELP!!! HELP!!!

SOUND: New pitch - Electrical zapping, running steps

DR SAGE

Erasmus? Where are you?

PROF SAVANT

Here, Pet, what is it?

DR SAGE

I heard you call for help!

PROF SAVANT

I didn't call.

SOUND: {From classroom} Dropped desk lid

ABIGAIL

{Calling from classroom} Found it!
I got the perfect bowl!

SOUND: Footsteps running to hall.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Oh good, you're both here. Did we find any more wax?

PROF SAVANT

I found two sticks.

DR SAGE

Perfect, let's get that lamp made and find our exit. This place is beginning to grate on my nerves.

NARRATOR

{In pain} It is lucky for our crew that the Professor makes it his business to carry safety matches and a folding knife in his pockets at all times. With these implements he is able to dig free a wick from one of the sticks of sealing wax and secure it to the side as he melts the remaining wax into the cup of the bowl. In just a couple of moments they have a small working slipper lamp which casts a bubble of light on the floor ahead of them. Once again, they set out to find an entrance.

DR SAGE

I have checked all of the North side rooms and there were no additional doors other than the ones into the hall.

PROF SAVANT

None of the first three rooms on the South offered egress either. That leaves the final three rooms on this side. We shall check them one by one.

SOUND: Footsteps, random doors, storm sounds, music etc.

NARRATOR

{To self} Please god, can they find a way out now so this will all be over.

SOUND: Threatening computer noise

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

{Cringing} I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Don't zap me! {Narrating again} They check the first room. Nothing. They check the second room. Nothing. They come to the last room, awash in inky darkness, the woeful light from their lamp not even managing to cross the threshold.

PROF SAVANT

Careful, ladies. This room is likely chock full of things.

DR SAGE
How can you know that?

ABIGAIL
What kind of things?

PROF SAVANT
When you have spent time, as I have, entering closed rooms full of relics, you learn to recognize that peculiar feel of air in a room that is stacked ceiling high. Here, let me enter first with the lamp.

NARRATOR
The Professor is right, the room is full to overstuffing with the detritus and ephemera of a three hundred year old college. Items loomed forward into the light with sinister shadows. Stacks of boxes, leaning towers of dusty textbooks, heaps of moldering school robes. But through the center of the gloom a pathway had been cleared and the inches thick dust has been trampled with numerous sets of footsteps leading both hither and yon.

PROF SAVANT
This must be our exit. Note the pattern of foot traffic.

ABIGAIL
Can we just get out of here now please?

NARRATOR
Abigail steps too quickly into the room and the vibration of her passing sets off a chain reaction resulting in a stack of books toppling against an unlikely pyramid of brass spittoons which in turn tumbles against the stand holding the wired bones of a retired anatomy skeleton. This unwelcome suitor comes crashing unceremoniously down upon her.

SOUND: Falling books, brass spittoons and skeleton

ABIGAIL
{Blood-curling scream!!! Followed by whimpering}

Abigail! DR SAGE PROF SAVANT
What is it, what's happened?

DR SAGE (CONT'D)
Hold the light steady, Erasmus. Let
me see what's happened.

SOUND: Rattling bones

ABIGAIL
Get it off, get it off!!

DR SAGE
Abigail, breathe. It is just and
anatomy skeleton. It is all right,
deep breaths now.

ABIGAIL
{Gulping breaths}

NARRATOR
Sage untangles her young assistant
and helps her to her feet.

DR SAGE
Erasmus, tell me there is a stair
for us to use.

PROF SAVANT
There is, come this way. Let's get
you down...

SOUND: Voices fading away

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)
...this stair. Oh look, there is
light at the landing. There we are,
back into civilization.

NARRATOR
And so the tired explorers descend
back into the college proper. Will
the fearfulness that plagued them
on this, their first foray into the
new laboratory, cast a shadow over
future endeavors there? We'll find
out in the next episode of THE
TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

END MUSIC STARTS

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 Eddie Louise as Sage, Chip Michael as Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as Narrator.

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

Special music in this episode was provided by UNWOMAN. Check her out and learn about her new upcoming album at www.unwoman.com.

We would like to extend our gratitude to this month's sponsor MAD SCIENTIST JOURNAL.

Episode 203 THE HAUNTED LABORATORY was written by Eddie Louise. Are you interested in the historical and scientific information we included in this episode? Like us on Facebook or check out our website www.SageAndSavant.com to find the facts behind the fiction.

Finally, as always, we urge you to remember that: DEATH IS NO BARRIER TO SCIENCE.

SOUND: Computer beeping.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I did as you asked. Can I go now?

SOUND: Whooshing door. aTech enters - robot noise

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Is the aTech here to untie me? Wait! What are you doing? No, no, no! Let me go!

ATECH

Please relax for your injection. You will feel a tiny pinch.

NARRATOR

Don't do this! Don't....