

Ep 102 - TIME IS FLEETING
Season One Episode Two
of
THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC BEGINS.

NARRATOR

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 Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus Savant, Eddie Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage, and myself Justin Bremer as your humble narrator. This month's program is sponsored by Bailey-Denton Photography, and features the music of Frenchy and the Punk. And now, without further ado, we bring you The Tales of Sage & Savant!

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our intrepid heroes they were surrounded by the detritus of a laboratory destroyed in electrical fire and flooded with water. Fired by a newly resurrected zeal, Dr Sage pledged to duplicate the disaster that had transported the pair to the battlefield at Auerstadt in 1806. Those of you with cooler heads may have been hoping that her fervor has faded in the intervening month...

1/4 inch jacks plugging home

DR SAGE

(muttering to self) and the AFCI crosses to the Balanced Poly-phase System. The voltage should be set to 24...

NARRATOR

... it hasn't. Kings College was suitably impressed with the results of the good doctor's galvanization experiments. This has provided funding for the Winter term, which she is rapidly frittering away in the quest to re-create the happenings of that fateful day last month.

Door opens, then slams against a wall and rebounds.

DR SAGE

Erasmus! There you are, hold this.

PROF SAVANT

And a good day to you to my dear. What exactly am I holding this wire for?

DR SAGE

I'm testing the shock levels.

PROF SAVANT

I see, {not really paying attention} Petra have you eaten so much as a biscuit today?

DR SAGE

There will be time for food later. I believe I have finally cracked the problem of duplicating the circumstances that led to our trans-migration, if that is what it was. Stand still now.

Switch, electrical zapping noise followed by a singing pitch (Chladni table)

PROF SAVANT

Yikes!

Sound of dropped cable on hard floor

DR SAGE

Right! That's working.

PROF SAVANT

Why is it that when things work for you, I feel pain?

DR SAGE

Don't be a muffler, Erasmus. It was only 24 columbs, barely enough to buzz your teeth.

PROF SAVANT

I am still not entirely convinced we should be attempting to recreate a lab accident that led to our horrible demise.

DR SAGE

Be specific, Erasmus! We did not die, we simply experienced the death of others.

PROF SAVANT

I only ever want to experience one death, thank you. That is my own. At the end of my long and happy life.

DR SAGE

I am not trying to force us into multiple deaths, just to discover if it is possible for the consciousness to exist without reference to time and place. Certainly you can see the applications for such scientific inquiry. Imagine being able to study history by actually seeing it in-situ! How might such a circumstance change your fields of expertise, hm?

PROF SAVANT

Well, yes I do see how that could lead to great leaps of scholarship, but Petra, we died? I had my head staved in by a cannonball. It was most dreadful. I do not wish to repeat that experience.

DR SAGE

Well, it is not at all certain that I will be able to duplicate that experience in any form; firstly I must successfully recreate the conditions of the lab on that day in November. I think I have cracked it now.

PROF SAVANT

Would that have anything to do with that high pitched whining I just heard? That's new since last week. What made that dreadful noise?

DR SAGE

Ah - that was my automatronic Cladne device - that sound is the piece of the puzzle I have been missing all this time. I had a dream of our last trip, and remembered a detail I had forgotten up until now.

PROF SAVANT

And that is...

DR SAGE

You screeching like a banshee just before the water crashed. In fact, I now theorize that you screamed in the pitch of Eb, which agitated the electrons in the energy beam and created a Chladni pattern in the electricity.

PROF SAVANT

I absolutely did not screech, I may have groaned a little as my skin blistered from the heat. And what, pray tell, is a Chladni pattern?

DR SAGE

Chladni patterns coalesce along nodal lines in vibrating masses, rather as Faraday patterns manifest in liquids... or as I suspect in our specific case, oscillating energy. Which means, if we can decipher the patterns and directions of the nodal lines, we can begin to understand why we traveled to Auerstadt in 1806 and even be able to duplicate the trip.

PROF SAVANT

But, I say again, we died!

DR SAGE

Remember your Hume, Erasmus. We died on our first venture; there is no reason to suspect we shall do so again.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

So, now that all is in readiness we can test my hypothesis.

NARRATOR

By ready, she means she has set up the lab for another attempt to leap into the void. This is the 9th attempt this month. So far the only thing to show for it has been singed hair, and par-boiled toes.

Sound: sand being pushed about on a metal plate.

PROF SAVANT

Whatever is the sand for?

DR SAGE

For detecting the Chladni pattern. If my calculations are correct, the energy bolt will strike, at the moment of the most intense acoustical wave produced by running this bow along the edge like so...

Sound: Chladni bowing

PROF SAVANT

Amazing! That random scatter of sand is sorting itself into lines and figures.

DR SAGE

Exactly according to Chladni's Law

$$f = C \{m+2n\}^P$$

(frequency=C times open
 bracket m+2n close
 bracket to the power of
 P)

- in this case the coefficients P is 2 which is as close as I can calibrate it based only on the memory of your scream. Eb registers at 311 hertz. We shall just have to test it to see if I have hypothesized correctly.

Chladni bowing - pitched to match the scream in Ep 1 followed by sand shifting.

PROF SAVANT

I sound a bit too much like a caterwauling cat in your estimation.

DR SAGE

It is not the character of the sound, but the pitch of the tone I am concerned with. I am sure your original screech was manly and appropriate. Now, if you will just take off your shirt and step back against this platform...

PROF SAVANT

Take off my shirt.

DR SAGE

Did I stutter?

PROF SAVANT

Well, yes, but in the presence of a lady one should not...

DR SAGE

(interrupting)

I am no lady, I am a scientist. And I need access to your intercostal thoracic nerves.

PROF SAVANT

So this would all be...?

Straps being buckled

DR SAGE

For your own safety.

NARRATOR

Although our story might be more interesting if there were sadistic intentions afoot, I sadly must report that this procedure has been developed in order to protect our scientist's delicate probosci after Sage took a nasty fall during attempt number four.

DR SAGE

Now be still, I must put these electrodes in the correct places to supply adequate stimulation, and yet protect from damage.

PROF SAVANT

Whatever are you wiring me up for, Petra? I was not connected in this manner the last time.

DR SAGE

Ah, yes. But you were in rather close proximity with me and we were both quite wet; scientifically, our electrical fields were co-mingling. I needed to recreate that, without the burns, and the, um, ungainly positioning. I simply thought I could use galvanization to establish the connection without need for embarrassment.

NARRATOR

Once Savant is settled, Sage connects copper leads from the electrode posts on his temples, shoulders and chest to the table. She then removes her own blouse, scandalously revealing her chemise and corset, and buckles her self in on the adjacent flatbed.

Straps being buckled

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Once she is secure she adorns herself similarly with electric paraphernalia.

Wheels on stone

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She slides a control panel into reach at her elbow and pulls a lever.

lever being moved

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The two platforms begin to tilt backwards into a semi-reclining position.

Platforms being tilted into place

DR SAGE

You do have on your hobnailed boots as I asked, Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

Yes, to my ever-present shame. They are not footwear, they are torture devices.

DR SAGE

Yes, yes, but they shall protect
your precious feet from burns
whilst still conducting the
electricity towards the surface of
the water.

NARRATOR

From here Doctor Sage is ready to
make yet another attempt at leaping
into the void from which we mere
mortals expect never to return.

Edison device engaging, recording

DR SAGE

Galvanization and Transmigration
Studies, 12, December, 1893, 3:45
PM. Attempt number nine at
recreation of circumstances from
15, November, 1893. If successful
today the subjects Erasmus Savant
and Petronella Sage will trans-
migrate once again to the
battlefield in Auerstedt. To begin
with I shall attempt galvanization
on a living subject to establish an
electrical connection.

Needle lifts from Edison device

PROF SAVANT

Just what did you mean, you are
going to galvanize the subject?

DR SAGE

Exactly what I said, Erasmus.
Haven't you been listening? I need
to establish an electrical field
with you. Since neither of us wish
to be back in the uncomfortable
position we found ourselves in the
last time, I have chosen to link
our fields via galvanization.

PROF SAVANT

You. You do not wish to be in that
uncomfortable position. I am quite
fond of that position actually. I
would be most willing.

DR SAGE

Hush. This might be easier if you
lay back and close your eyes.

Crank starting dynamo as in EP 1

NARRATOR

The professor watches as the dynamo whirls into action, the strands of energy crossing wildly until they begin to spin in an upwards coil. A loop of golden energy joins the white and blue, and the twin columns slow into a hypnotizing spiral. Erasmus closes his eyes, listening to the clicking of the dials as Petra increases the electrical current. The clicking stops.

DR SAGE

Right. This may sting a bit.

Loud thunk of a knife switch flipping directions followed by electrical buzzing.

PROF SAVANT

Guuuhhh!

DR SAGE

Alright old saw, I just need to update my notes and we can give this a go, hey?

Needle lowers back onto wax

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Update one: 60 columbs sends an effective amount of energy to both parties. Gauges confirm an electrical field will be established between subjects, we now progress to the second part of the experiment and will attempt to create an electrical overload consequent to the happenings of 15, November. May God have mercy.

Needle lifts, switches, Edison device off

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Now is your chance old boy. If you want out, just say so. No hard feelings.

PROF SAVANT

Whither thou goest, dear friend.

DR SAGE

Right then, when the electrical energy hits you, I want you to try and send it back towards me. I shall do the same, simultaneous. I am hoping this will create the loop- back effect with the current as we experienced before. Tally ho!"

Water boiling

NARRATOR

The doctor reaches out with a hobnailed boot to and kicks open the spout to the crucible. The tray below their feet floods with enough boiling water to engulf the soles of their boots.

Water pouring out

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Nothing is happening. No, wait, the leads connecting our scientists to the dynamo are twitching. The energy in the dynamo is spinning faster. And now it begins to buck and spit against the glass, tongues of lightning are lashing the narrow confines of the device. Sage reaches out and nudges the voltage a bit higher and the electricity responds wildly. The room is crackling with static and the bolts of lightning are becoming more and more frantic.

Great popping roar

Twin forks of lightning have broken free from the dynamo and they are travelling the copper wire path to the scientists. There is an incredible thunderbolt of light, and then...

Electrical Zap/Chladni/Lightning strike

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

....all is silent and dark.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

An electrical overload of her own making has left Sage and Savant insensible on the slab. Will our intrepid scientists find themselves once again ghostly participants in the battle of Auerstadt? We'll find out after this short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now dear friends we invite you to listen to the musical outpourings of the remarkable Frenchy and the Punk.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now back to our story...

ACT II

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When last we saw our heroes they had entered the silent dark world of an electrically induced stupor. When Sage awakens, it is still silent and dark. though the room smells rather fecund.

DR SAGE

Bluergh. What is that smell?

NARRATOR

She slits open her eyes to discover one source of the smell; a giant vase of wilting lilies standing on a great sideboard.

DR SAGE

The flowers are not all I smell.

NARRATOR

Ahem! The flowers were not the only source though. Slowly Petra turns back to her left and sees a man sitting next to her on an overstuffed settee. He has thin and compressed lips turned down into what appears to be a habitual line of disapproval. He is wearing a somber suit and sports stiffly pomaded hair and a great caterpillar of waxed mustache.

DR SAGE

This man's pomade is definitely a contributor to the smell, but there is still an underlying note that i cannot identify.

NARRATOR

Suddenly, she becomes aware of voices in the hall, so quiet she has to strain to make out what they are saying.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(from hall) ...posed now, and I do hope you will be pleased with the results. Your parents were quite a handsome couple, and I wanted to ensure we honor their proper standing.

GIRL

They are not my parents; they are my Father and his evil sister whom he loved but I hate. Can I come in and see Him now?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Indeed, you can, in just a moment. I am missing one final thing to set the appropriate mood for the portrait. I cannot seem to find the pastor's bible. I am sure the reverend would want to be remembered for his grasp of the ever-living word, so we simply must include the bible in the tableau.

GIRL

I slept with it last night. Wait here, I'll go and retrieve it for you.

Pair of footsteps fading away.

DR SAGE

Erasmus? Professor Savant? Come now, my man, did you make the trip with me?

NARRATOR

She turns to shake the shoulder of the man next to her and the final piece of fecundity snaps into place. They are corpses. They are being posed for an afterlife portrait. The natural decay of the bodies has begun.

DR SAGE

Ah, decomposition. I feel better now

NARRATOR

She is dressed in a fusty high necked gown of black broadcloth.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The neckline and cuffs are starched white muslin, and the entire ensemble reeks of lavender water; one more note added to the overwhelming bouquet of the room.

DR SAGE

Erasmus! Wake up, Erasmus!

PROF SAVANT

All right hen, there is no need for the scrum. Where are we?

DR SAGE

I don't know, in a parlor, I suppose?

PROF SAVANT

I am sorry I was not specific, Petra. This does not appear to be Auerstadt, so, what are our circumstances, what exactly is our condition?

DR SAGE

I haven't any idea. Oh, wait, yes - we are dead again. That is for certain. I believe we are being posed for our death portrait.

PROF SAVANT

Beyond that you have no idea?

DR SAGE

This is not my area of expertise. I do believe you are a reverend, however. I heard others speaking in the hall. They have gone to retrieve your bible.

Sound in hall - returning footsteps.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Let me just place this bible and get your approval for the tableau and we shall have our portrait.

DR SAGE

(whispering frantically) We had best lay low until this portrait business is done, it wouldn't do to startle them with a resurrection at this point.

Door opens

NARRATOR

Petra and Erasmus do their best to snap back into the positions they found themselves in upon awakening. It is a good job the photographer is distracted though, else he would be certain to hear the frantic beating of the Doctor's heart.

Footsteps cross the floor

PHOTOGRAPHER

There now, don't you feel better with your bible to hand?

NARRATOR

(He is talking to the cadaver currently inhabited by Professor Savant. Talking to dead bodies seems to be somewhat of a more common occurrence than you or I might have surmised.)

Tentative girls steps 3 or 4 to enter room

GIRL

Papa? You have made him look so alive.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes, my dear. It is part of the art. With this ambrotype you will be able to remember your father always, as he was in life.

Buzzing bee sound, starts quiet and get louder

NARRATOR

At that very moment, as the photographer prepares his shot and the girl hovers in the doorway, fat tears trailing down her cheeks, a bee enters the room and makes straight for the most convenient perch - the pastor's rather prominent proboscis.

Bee sound goes ominously quiet.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Erasmus heroically resists opening his eyes as the bee lands on his nose. He remains stoically still as the photographer frantically tries to wave away the pesky insect using the closest thing he has to hand - a lily plucked from the vase on the sideboard. In fact, were it not for the great clouds of pollen this action releases, Erasmus might have maintained the play-acting long enough to convince the two that he was well and truly dead. Unfortunately, lily pollen was a severe allergen for the body our Professor has found himself in and so...

PROF SAVANT

AAAAAHHH CHOOOOOOOO!!

NARRATOR

Three things happen at once as Erasmus sneezed. First, the startled photographer snaps a picture...

Camera flash bang

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Second, the girl reacts by ecstatically throwing herself onto the chest of the sneezing man...

GIRL

Papa, oh papa! I just knew you weren't dead!

Thumping hug - Heavy bible dropped on wooden floor

NARRATOR

And finally, genuflecting superstitiously, the photographer beats a hasty retreat.

Trip over camera leg, camera crash/breaking glass, door slam/window rattles

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The cascade of sound ceases as suddenly as it began and a hushed silence overtakes the room.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The young girl clings to his lapels as Erasmus tries to decide his next move.

PROF SAVANT

And who might you be young lady?

GIRL

It is me papa, Clementine. Do you not know me?

PROF SAVANT

Right. Valentine. Yes, and I suppose we are related in some way?

Dramatic shifting on the settee with pounding of fists and wailing

GIRL

Oh! Woe is me! To have regained a father only to be forgotten. Oh, my name is woe. Woe!

NARRATOR

And with a great wailing and thrashing about the girl manages to unseat our doctor with the strength of her lament.

Crash of body falling off couch onto floor

DR SAGE

Oof!

GIRL

Oh and the harridan returns as well. Will you claim me as your own, though you have nothing but hate in your heart for me? Or will you too claim the trip to the afterlife has stolen all memory of me? Woe, Woe!

DR SAGE

(sharply)

Quiet child! The afterlife is a mystery beyond your understanding.

GIRL

You are right! I need understanding! I must go fetch Uncle Paul. He will know what to do.

NARRATOR

And before either of our flustered heroes could think to stop her, she is out the door.

Footsteps running away.

DR SAGE

This is not good.

PROF SAVANT

She thinks, they think we have been resurrected - by now that photographer may have roused the entire village.

DR SAGE

We must slip away from here.

PROF SAVANT

But what here is here? I could guess mid-century due to the clothes, but mid-century Dover would be quite different that mid-century Kansas City.

DR SAGE

Do you think we might have traveled as far as the territories?

PROF SAVANT

I don't know - there was something about the voices - the inflection was flat, the vowels hard edged, something. I need more clues.

Footsteps

NARRATOR

The professor strode to an escritoire that huddled in the corner and began rifling through drawers.

drawers opening and closing , Bible pages fluttering

DR SAGE

Judging from the family tree inscribed at the front of this bible, you are Jacob MacGuffy the pastor from a long line of pastors. You will be well known in these parts.

PROF SAVANT

Ah ha! Here, three separate statements of account, all deriving from purveyors of goods in the Boston area. We must be in Massachusetts.

Drawer closing

DR SAGE

Bully for that. Now let us slip away from here, being this house and the hysterical occupants into the greater here, which we are assuming is Boston. I am afraid if we linger that the company present at our waking will turn upon us once they realize that we are indeed not the second coming of their beloveds. I do not trust the highly religious - they have no reputation for dealing with the disappointment of miracles gone awry.

Door bangs open

GIRL

Papa, papa, papa. I am back. Thank you for coming back to me papa. I prayed and I prayed and I prayed.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, yes, here, here.

GIRL

Uncle Paul said he needed help to figure things out too. Uncle Paul said I should leave you alone. Uncle Paul said that resurrection was an exhausting business, and that you might want to rest and visit with Aunt Euphemia for a bit. I said you had already been sleeping for hours, and that you thought Aunt Euphemia was a meddlesome old besom, begging your pardon ma'am, and that of course you would have missed me as much as I missed you...

PROF SAVANT

Quite. Now hush child. You could talk the ears off a saint.

GIRL

(giggling)

See, you are too my papa and not the risen Christ as sister Polly said. But of course she wouldn't listen to poor little Clementine because you know how she treats me like I've got less sense than a packet of seed corn and now she has gone to fetch the whole church, and Uncle Paul said as how it might be good to have you stand up and give testimony about the great beyond, since you are now an experienced traveler of those hallowed lands. But I said...

DR SAGE

Clementine! How long until the others get here?

GIRL

They won't come here, of course. Uncle Paul will send them next door to the church, and then once everybody is gathered and in the proper prayerful attitude, they'll bring papa in as the big surprise! SURPRISE! Oh, and I suppose they'll let you come in too.

PROF SAVANT

Columbine, are any of the others still here?

GIRL

Oh, Sister Polly gave the photographer two bits and sent him on his way. No need to pay for a death portrait if there ain't no dead about, and it wasn't our fault if the camera was broken in the midst of the miracle, thank you very much. Then she followed Uncle Paul out to spread the good news. Sister Cecelia has taken to her bed with the vapors. That's how I knew I could come back in to see you. Not one of those old fussbudgets to stop me.

PROF SAVANT

Indeed. Cymbeline, I must ask you to unhand me.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

One simply cannot think when being strangled. That's better. Now how do I explain things to you? Do you remember me preaching on Christ's resurrection? On how everything was different once he arose?

GIRL

Yes...

PROF SAVANT

Well, it is kind of like that for myself and Euphemia here. We have been changed by death and cannot resume our lives exactly as they were before. Do you understand?

GIRL

(tremulous and tearful)

Yes...

PROF SAVANT

One of the things this means is that I cannot address the faithful as their Pastor. That man is gone. I will need someone brave and smart to step into the pulpit in my place and bring the good news to the people. Do you know anyone brave or strong?

GIRL

Me! Me! I am brave, you told me so as you were dying from the Yellow Fever.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, I did. If I were to write a homily for you to take to the people in the church, do you think you could do that?

GIRL

Yes, but only if there are no five dollar words. Do you think the people will listen to me? You always said that womenfolk were to be quiet and to not speak in church.

PROF SAVANT

There are many things that can happen when you die and wake up a day later.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

A change in your understanding is one of those things. I was wrong about women and their place in this world.

Footsteps bask to escriptorio, Desk opening, paper, pen scratching on paper

NARRATOR

Lucky for Savant, he is much better at ordering his thoughts on paper than he is at extemporaneous speaking, so in mere moments he has written an homily that would make George Bernard Shaw proud.

PROF SAVANT

(blowing on paper)

Folding paper

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Run along my child, and change the world.

Kissing on forehead, footsteps running out

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

What do we do now?

DR SAGE

Could we appear to the faithful? Maybe we can satisfy their desires and buy time to figure out what to do.

PROF SAVANT

I don't think that will work, Petra. If the child is right and Brother Paul went to rouse the populace, we do not wish to be here when the crowd arrives.

DR SAGE

Why is that specifically?

PROF SAVANT

History demonstrates that mobs are not generally kind to resurrected individuals who prove a disappointment.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)
 Judging by the behaviors of those folk, this man was a religious leader of some magnetism and most likely wielded great rhetorical powers. I doubt I would live up to their expectations.

DR SAGE
 Right. Plan B then.

PROF SAVANT
 Yes, Plan B!... What exactly is Plan B?

DR SAGE
 We make ourselves scarce.

PROF SAVANT
 Quite.

Choir singing in distance (Shall we gather at the river or similar) Footsteps, Big door being thrown open, Horse and carriage, Singing gets louder

NARRATOR
 Our travelers turned as one to the door of the parlor and prepared to venture into the greater world of Boston. They had achieved the top step of the stoop when they were flanked by an encroaching mob.

MOB
 Reverend!

MOB (CONT'D)
 Sister, it is a miracle!

MOB (CONT'D)
 Just as Brother Paul said, he is risen!

MOB (CONT'D)
 Is it Christ?

MOB (CONT'D)
 The end times are here!

MOB (CONT'D)
 Speak to us Reverend!

MOB (CONT'D)
 Give us the word!

MOB (CONT'D)

The word!

MOB (CONT'D)

Word.

NARRATOR

Though the majority of the faces in the crowd are upturned in hope and prayerfulness, the presence of skeptics and doubters was still notable. As are assorted implements of a damaging quality.

PROF SAVANT

Ahem. Colleagues, thank you for attending this lecture, talk, presentation. Ah sermon. As you might assume, the events of the past hour have been quite unsettling. I have had no time to reflect on these momentous happenings, let alone order my thoughts to speak to you. As you are probably aware, science has begun to solve the dilemma of the human brain, and we now believe that in times of high stress, the faculties transfer the energy of reason to that of self-preservation, which means...

Crowd gasps

MOB

What are you playing at?

MOB (CONT'D)

Reverend? we want to know the Lord's will!

PROF SAVANT

Well, yes, I don't know about that, but science tells us...

MOB

Scientists serve the devil!

DR SAGE

Now hold on just one moment.
Scientists are doing the work of
understanding God's creation in its
entirety, which is far more
valuable to the human race than
blind faith!

MOB

Heretic!

Rock thrown through a window

MOB (CONT'D)

Blasphemer!

More rocks, Horse neighing

PROF SAVANT

My friends, please understand that
the process of inhabiting another's
body is not so simple as you might
imagine. In the wake of such an
event there is confusion, and even
wrong-headedness. My sister is
merely suffering the results of
that fraught passage, as am I.

MOB

What do you mean inhabiting
another's body? Are you not
Reverend MacGuffy?

MOB (CONT'D)

Who are you?

MOB (CONT'D)

What are you?

MOB (CONT'D)

Demon!

MOB (CONT'D)

Deciever!

MOB (CONT'D)

Devil!

MOB (CONT'D)

We were told there had been a
miracle, but all I see is an
abomination!

MOB (CONT'D)
Abomination! Get 'em!!

Mob noises

NARRATOR
The mob engulfs our heroes, cutting off escape back into the house. The only way out is down a narrow cobbled alley. Savant grabs Sage's hand and pulls her forcefully along this escape route.

running, chase noises

PROF SAVANT
Run, Petra run my dear.

DR SAGE
I suppose... I should be grateful that this woman believed in practical shoes... but really I cannot get over my pique that she also... believed in demons and possession. Give me my hand Erasmus... I shall run faster if I pick up my skirts.

PROF SAVANT
Faster... would be good. And superstition... has a sociological purpose dear doctor.... In times of trouble... a little unreasonable fear can keep.... one safe inside the cave.

Gunshots

DR SAGE
The fear I am experiencing now is not unreasonable.

NARRATOR
With the mob hot on their tails, our heroes run for their lives, turning corners and flying past houses and warehouses and finally coming out on a green with a steep upward slope.

PROF SAVANT
Up this way, Petra. Maybe we can lose the mob in the trees.

NARRATOR

They labor up the hill, the mob
snapping at their heels until they
reach the top.

PROF SAVANT

Run, Petra run! It is flat here we
must make some spe....

Stumbling stop at chasm's edge

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Gah

(gulping noise)

Petra be...

DR SAGE

What?!? ...

Bodies colliding and then rocks tumbling, falling, screaming

NARRATOR

A sudden drop off a steep cliff
leaves our heroes' borrowed bodies
in a heap in Bowdoin street. Is
this the end for Sage and Savant?
Have they finally taken the plunge
into true death? We'll find out
after this short break.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now a word from our sponsor:

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes dear friends you heard it here:
if you want to make a good
impression, call Bailey-Denton.
Find them at
www.baileydentonphoto.com
And now back to our show.

ACT III

MUSIC TIMEY-WIMEY

NARRATOR

I am relieved to inform you that
our scientists' consciousnesses
have returned to the proper skulls.

PROF SAVANT

Petra, are you back hen?

DR SAGE

(Groans)

Erasmus? Are we back?

PROF SAVANT

I'm here. Rather wish I wasn't.

Belts unstrapping, foot splashes in water, electricity
powered down

DR SAGE

Well that nearly worthless. It will
be impossible to collect data if we
are given such a limited window to
explore the lives we are sent into.
I wonder if there is any way to
control our destination?

PROF SAVANT

Yes, you are right. Worthless. We
surely won't be trying that again
now will we?

switches flipping

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Will we?

Camera flashing

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Petra, What are you doing?

DR SAGE

Recording the results. I must keep
complete records if I am to
understand all the factors
involved. This Chladni pattern
might be key.

Edison Device engaging as in Ep 1

PROF SAVANT

Key to what? Another death in
another far-flung corner of space
and time?

DR SAGE

Exactly! Key to making it happen
again!

Edison device recording

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Update: 7:22pm After a successful
transmigration we were flung out of
the inhabited subjects by dint of a
fall from a cliff. All bones and
tissue on our own bodies are in
tact however, so I hypothesize that
the memory of pain is not the same
as actual pain. Phantom pain must
exist in a different part...

END MUSIC STARTS

NARRATOR

And so we leave our friends here as
Doctor Sage plans for yet another
leap into the void. Join us next
month for the continuing adventures
in The Tales of Sage and Savant.

END MUSIC PLAY OUT

FADE OUT.

CREDITS:

NARRATOR

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.

Episode 2 TIME IS FLEETING Was
written by Eddie Louise

Theme music by Chip Michael.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Special music in this episode was BRINGING OUT THE DEAD from the album BONJOUR BATFROG by Frenchy and The Punk, check them out at www.frenchyandthepunk.com

Our episode sponsor was Bailey-Denton Photography. Get an ambrotype from Bailey-Denton when you want to make a great impression! Call them today at 714-715-6092

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!