

Episode 202 - AMOK IN AN ASYLUM

The Tales of Sage and Savant  
Season 2 Episode 2

Created by

Eddie Louise & Chip Michael

Written by

Eddie Louise

785 San Remo. Irvine, CA 92606  
970-576-8917  
Eddie@SageAndSavant.com

ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC

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 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 Narrator. Special guest this episode is CURRAN JAMES as Barnabas. This month's program, entitled AMOK IN AN ASYLUM is sponsored by EDGE PUBLISHING and features the music of VALENTINE WOLFE. And now, without further ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our Doctor she had lost all dignity and thrown herself most shamefully at the prone form of the withering professor. But I must inform you dear listeners, that our tale is NOT a penny dreadful, not a dime romance, and most certainly not a fairy tale. Such histrionic shows of untrammelled emotion yield nothing but moist cheeks and awkward silences. No, our Doctor has gone through her long dark night of the soul and come out on the other side fighting.

SOUND: Clash and bash of medieval instruments running scales.  
Electrical dynamo crackling

DR SAGE

{To self} First, third, seventh,  
tick - Dorian. First, third,  
seventh, tick - Phrygian. First,  
third, seventh, tick - Lydian.

SOUND: LOUDER clash and bash - arhythmic

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Stay on the beat! I'll never find  
the confluence if you don't stay on  
the beat!

SOUND: Scales come to an uneven halt

MAESTRO

This is an impossible task Dr.  
Sage, not to mention insensible.  
The fingerings on the rackets are  
insanely difficult, and don't get  
me started on the sacbutt or the  
gemshorn. It would be easier to let  
the instrumentalists run their  
scales individually, or to allow  
them to play a piece of music that  
does not require the absolute  
consanguinity of sound. I still do  
not understand what any of this has  
to do with galvanism.

DR SAGE

I am looking for the precise pitch  
that will create the confluence of  
sound waves with the electrical  
pulse - I need to know where they  
intersect and where the vibrations  
are the most comodious.

MAESTRO

You did not answer my question. Why  
must all the instruments play in  
unison?

DR SAGE

The volume of sound produced by a  
single instrument was not enough  
for my equipment to get a valid  
reading.

MAESTRO

Well all right, but why the  
medieval instruments? Could we not  
also achieve this with proper  
modern instruments? You would  
certainly get more volume out of  
them.

DR SAGE

Modes and sinewaves.

MAESTRO  
Modes? Sine waves?

DR SAGE  
Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian,  
Mixolydian, Aeolian, Locrian,  
Ionian.

MAESTRO  
I know what the modes are. I meant  
WHY?

DR SAGE  
Because modes are not really scales  
- they are methods of tuning and I  
am looking for the precise tuning I  
need to calibrate the electrical  
waves.

MAESTRO  
Modern instruments can tune  
modally.

DR SAGE  
Yes, but the imperfect sound  
produced by medieval instruments  
are more closely aligned with the  
untrained human voice. The  
inconsistencies, the warble.

MAESTRO  
Imperfect?!? Now I say, Doctor...

DR SAGE  
No, I say. You and your musicians  
have been handsomely paid, Maestro.  
Now continue, please. Start from  
the beginning.

MAESTRO  
Harrumph!

SOUND: Baton tapping beat, scales begins again

NARRATOR  
In the three days since the Doctor  
embarrassed herself at the  
Professor's bedside, she has  
suddenly become obsessed with modal  
music.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She hasn't shared what she is up to with Abigail, she hasn't spoken to another person, she hasn't written in a journal or made an Edison recording. I have no more idea than you what she is up to.

SOUND: Music scales - 1st, 3rd, 5th of Dorian and Phrygian followed by 1st of Mixolydian

DR SAGE

Dorian, Phrygian, **Lydian**, then Mixolydian! Pay attention!

SOUND: Lydian scale

NARRATOR

Well, I can't make sense of this, so let's check in on Abigail who is sitting vigil at the Professor's bedside.

SOUND: Laboratory noises, medieval music muted

ABIGAIL

{Reading - and gradually putting herself to sleep} Through the systematic study and interpretation of those innumerable material remains {yawns} archaeologists try to understand and explain human history as it unfolded from the evolution of {yawns} Homo sapiens sapiens to the rise of modern industrial society. Such an ambitious task can only be carried out with the help of other disciplines - from natural sciences to social and historical...

Sound: Ring of prayer bowl followed by clatter of it falling

PROF SAVANT

Uh.....

ABIGAIL

{Not hearing} Oh my! I'm sorry professor, I seem to have dozed off and knocked into the Doctor's prayer bowl.

Sound: Setting prayer bowl to rights and turning page of book

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Now, where was I? {flipping book page back a forth} Ah yes, here we go. Every society continuously produces, reproduces, and consumes its material world, from food and waste to buildings. Welds, roads, and tools. In that process it leaves behind not only waste, but also abolished buildings and monuments.

PROF SAVANT

Uh...

ABIGAIL

{Noticing} Professor? Professor? Doctor Sage? DOCTOR!

SOUND: Music stopping, Running footsteps, door opening, slamming closed. Footsteps, clockworks and clicking

DR SAGE

What? What is it? His vital signs are all right, his breathing...

ABIGAIL

No! He responded, he was trying to talk..

DR SAGE

What were you doing...

ABIGAIL

Reading, I was just reading.

DR SAGE

Well, what are you thinking? Continue!

ABIGAIL

Um. Uh. Besides the daily routines of tilling the Welds, cooking, eating, disposing of waste, and replacing worn tools, the past is intentionally incorporated in the present by modernizing...

PROF SAVANT

Uh...

DR SAGE

It's working! Keep reading!

ABIGAIL

Or, or redefining the function of buildings, roads, and monuments. But from time to time fundamental changes take place...

PROF SAVANT

Pet...

DR SAGE

I'm here, Erasmus, I'm here. Keep reading Abigail!

ABIGAIL

{reading faster and faster} and a new use of the landscape takes over and makes the old one obsolete; it falls into oblivion, although traces of memory may be preserved in folklore and myth...

PROF SAVANT

{faintly, hoarsely} Pet...

DR SAGE

Yes! Yes! Come back Erasmus! You can do it.

SOUND: From other room voices, then music

MAESTRO

All right chaps, we may as well take advantage of this time. Let's work the requiem for next week's mass whilst we wait on the madwoman.

SOUND: Dies Irae

DR SAGE

Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

Pet... I say...

DR SAGE

What dear friend, what do you say?

PROF SAVANT

Folklore...

DR SAGE

No, no, no... there will be time for talking of those things.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)  
Don't waste your breath on trivial things...

PROF SAVANT  
Folklore... is not... triv...  
{coughing}

DR SAGE  
{To Abigail} Quick! Help me sit him up. He has an accumulation of fluid in his lungs.

SOUND: Unbuckling, table ratcheting

DR SAGE (CONT'D)  
Good, now get me cloths, a basin of hot water and camphor! Quick!

SOUND: running footsteps, water taps, clinking bottle.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)  
Easy now, Erasmus. You've been asleep a long time.

PROF SAVANT  
{Coughing}

SOUND: footsteps

ABIGAIL  
Here! Tell me what to do.

DR SAGE  
Rub the camphor over his chest and up his neck. Cover it with hot, wet cloths.

PROF SAVANT  
{Still coughing}

DR SAGE  
Easy Erasmus, you are home, we've got you now.

SOUND: fade out of dies irae music

NARRATOR  
And slowly, the doctor and her assistant welcome the Professor back into his own time.  
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

His body is severely weakened and he will need to spend weeks in drill, completing a rigid exercise program of stretching, lifting weights, and brisk walks in order to regain his vigor. Whilst he is healing, the summer term nears its nadir and another problem develops which holds the Doctor's attention.

CUNNINGHAM

I understand that congratulations are in order.

DR SAGE

Thank you Mx. Cunningham i am quite happy with the galvanization results and the chance to expand into surgical trials.

CUNNINGHAM

I am not speaking of your research. I am referencing your happy event this summer.

DR SAGE

My happy event...

CUNNINGHAM

Why, yes. The nuptials for yourself and Professor Savant.

DR SAGE

{Sputtering} Nuptials? There were no... whatever gave you that idea?!

CUNNINGHAM

Why, the missive from your your Father, The Earl of Frankenshire, explaining that you were away in the North...

DR SAGE

Missive?

CUNNINGHAM

Yes... Jeffery said it was delivered by Miss Entwhistle.

DR SAGE

Mx.

CUNNINGHAM

I beg your pardon?

DR SAGE

Mx. Entwhistle, Really, Mx. Cunningham, such a simple adjustment to nomenclature should not be beyond your intellectual prowess.

CUNNINGHAM

Never mind that - are you telling me that the letter I received was counterfeit?

SOUND: Door opening

DR SAGE

I am sorry Mx. Cunningham! What are you on about?

CUNNINGHAM

The letter I received from his Grace informing me that you and Professor Savant had repaired North to attend to your Nuptials...

ABIGAIL

Wait! No. I am sorry to interrupt, Mx. Cunningham, but you've taken the entirely wrong idea. The Doctor was invited to the royal nuptials this summer. The Professor was her plus one.

DR SAGE

Oh he was?

ABIGAIL

Yes, of course. Your father was most insistent. This is why we missed turning in all of the appendices. But of course, I am sure Mx. Cunningham was too concerned about that and the administrative burden of dealing with donors such as the Charges du Affairs to even mention the letter last week.

DR SAGE

As right he should be. Mx. Cunningham, I commend you on letting any personal etiquette items wait until business had been seen to. As per usual, your instincts are spot on.

CUNNINGHAM

Yes, but...

DR SAGE

No, but. Now as Abigail has said, there were no nuptials, so unless there is another reason for your call...

CUNNINGHAM

{confused} No, no that was all.

DR SAGE

Thank you then. Ta-ta.

SOUND: Door closing

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Abigail....

ABIGAIL

Now see, there is no reason to be cross Doctor. I was just trying to cover for your absence.

DR SAGE

And you solicited my father to help?

ABIGAIL

No! Of course not. I... I forged a letter in his name and sent it to Cunningham. I sent one for the Professor too from Dame Evelyn...

DR SAGE

Though I am grateful for your attempts to buy time for us, I do not really care how you did what you did. Nor will I interfere in your dealing with the problem in such a manner that neither I nor the Professor will be bothered by these rumors of matrimonial entanglements, hmmm?

NARRATOR

And so Abigail would spend the next few days, as Kings comes back to life, and staff returns in preparation for the autumn term, deflecting questions, squashing speculation and defenestrating the pernicious product of rumor.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In the meantime, as the Professor recovered in the infirmary, the Doctor prepared to test her new modal theories of melodic locution with one last trip before the possible loss of her laboratory.

SOUND: Modal chiming

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She has set up a veritable carillon of prayer bowls to allow for more specific harmonics in conjunction with the Chladni table. She can now choose her intervals in modal patterns, and layer the harmonies to produce more specific control. Will it work? We shall find out, as she fires up the apparatus of transmigration once again.

SOUND: All the usual buckling in, firing up sounds + Edison Device

DR SAGE

Laboratory of Dr Petronella Sage, King's College 9th of August, 1894. I am testing a new pattern of modal harmonics in an attempt to pinpoint the galvanistic thrust and be able to adequately predict the year of arrival. Working from the pitch of C4 I have set a chime at the pitch of Bb4 and Eb4 which will place the harmonics firmly in the Aeolian mode which I believe will deposit me firmly in the year 1899 - a year we have previously explored and a year I am confident I can return to.

NARRATOR

How will this end?... 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 Valentine Wolfe.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, back to our story.

ACT TWO

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When we left our Doctor she was embarking on a solo jaunt to the near future. Her calculations were spot on and she has indeed arrived in 1899.

SOUND: soothing classical music, background chatter

BARNABAS

{sitting on Sage's chest} Finally!

DR SAGE

Oof!

BARNABAS

What took ya so long?

DR SAGE

Took me? Guh!

BARNABAS

You said you'd wake up in just a minute. I been sittin here on yer chest for two years!

DR SAGE

Two years?!? Get off.

BARNABAS

Two years, two minutes, who can tell the difference.

DR SAGE

Everyone can tell the difference. I really must insist that you... oof.. move!

Sound: Body crashing off into chairs

BARNABAS

Ah now, ya didn't hafter dump me on ma keester.

DR SAGE

My lungs would disagree with you. Where are we?

BARNABAS

You are on the floor of the lounge.  
I am on my bruised tushy,

DR SAGE

When are we?

BARNABAS

Just after brunch and ten minutes  
to lunch!

DR SAGE

Pardon me. Doesn't brunch replace  
lunch?

BARNABAS

Oh no. Dr. Clouston insists we eat  
both.

DR SAGE

Doctor?

BARNABAS

Well, he says he is a doctor, but I  
suspect he is really a German  
mountebank intent on gathering  
intelligence to help in the take  
over of the North Sea.

DR SAGE

Wait, stop. You are making no  
sense. Let us start at the  
beginning. What is your name?

BARNABAS

I think we should start at the end  
- things are much clearer that way.  
In such circumstances my name is  
Sabanrab.

DR SAGE

Sabenrab?

BARNABAS

But only if we begin at the end as  
sensible people do. If you wish to  
go front to back you shall be stuck  
calling me Barnabas - but where is  
the sense in that.

DR SAGE

Yes, all right, Barnabas.

BARNABAS

Sabanrab.

DR SAGE

Sabanrab. Where are we? And who am I again?

BARNABAS

We are in {clears throat} the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, Craighoose, mi' lady. Where all people of the most illustrious, brilliant, and perturbing of perspicacious natures are sent to learn the error of their ways and get fat on the good doctor's largess.

DR SAGE

Asylum? Get fat? I am sorry is this some type of Northern health spa?

BARNABAS

{Horrorified} Why no, what would ever make you suspect such a horrible thing?

DR SAGE

But you said...

SOUND: Bell rings

BARNABAS

What I said was: {Shouting}  
LUNCHEON!

SOUND: many footsteps in hall

NARRATOR

The Doctor has found herself in an asylum. To be specific the great Gothic pile of an asylum known as Craighouse in Edinburgh, Scotland. The supervising physician here is one Dr. Thomas Clouston - a strong believer in the perils of onanism and the benefits of diet to offset the deleterious results of madness. In other words he believed that many of the causes of madness were intemperance in the body created by lack of proper nutrition.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In Dr. Clouston's experience, the stout were almost never mad and he created a therapy targeted to bring about the philosophical condition known as fat, dumb and happy. In this case his therapy involved serving a quantity of food that could only be described as gluttonous.

SOUND: dining room sounds, moving chairs, clinking plates, etc.

NURSE

Eat up! Eat every morsel now.

DR SAGE

Surely this platter is for sharing...

BARNABAS

Oh no, that is all for you. Eat up Mistress Five.

NURSE

No talking now! Eat!

DR SAGE

{whispering} What did you call me?

BARNABAS

{Whispering very loudly} Your name.

NURSE

Quiet! No talking with your mouths full, and your mouths should be very full!

DR SAGE

{Whispering} Why is my plate nearly twice the size of yours?

BARNABAS

{Whispering} Because you are Mistress Five!

DR SAGE

{Whispering - frustrated} I really do not understand...

BARNABAS

{Whispering} Oh no! Have you forgotten again? Why is it always the forgetting with you?

NURSE

Shhh!!!

BARNABAS

{Whispering} I'll tell you after  
lunch - eat your dinner!

SOUND: More cafeteria noises

NARRATOR

And so our Doctor chokes down the huge plate of doctor prescribed boiled meat and potatoes and then retires to the lounge with her unhinged friend to try and make sense of her circumstance. The building that houses the asylum is the size of a grand mansion, complete with echoing staircases, grand halls, innumerable twists and labyrinthine turns. By the time they reach the lounge poor Petra is quite turned around.

DR SAGE

This asylum is truly astounding,  
Sabanrab.

BARNABAS

Now why are you still going back to front? We have eaten our luncheon, so now we must stay front to back - It aids the digestion.

DR SAGE

Front to back....? Oh do you mean I should call you Barnabas now?

BARNABAS

You see, Doctor Clouston is wrong about you - you are a very quick study Mistress Five.

DR SAGE

Thank you, Barnabas. I do not see any orderlies or guards on any of the doors. What is to stop you from just wandering off?

BARNABAS

Wander off? And give up me 3 squares?

(MORE)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

Besides, the closest boggle hill is outside the wall so there is no getting home to the folk for me. Better to stay where I am fed.

DR SAGE

Boggle hill? Are you speaking of fairies, Baranbas - you know there is no such thing.

BARNABAS

Just cuz you can't see it doesn't mean it isn't so. I can't see gravity, but my feets stay sticked to the ground.

DR SAGE

Well yes, but fairy tales are not like...never mind - Earlier, why did you say my name was Mistress Five?

BARNABAS

Well because it is. OR you told me it was, well, no, we was calling you five after we's called you four, and that afters we called you three, but you was about insisting you should be Mistress Five or One and we like five the better because five is what you were done for.

DR SAGE

{confused} Five or One? Do you mean Fih-oh-one?

BARNABAS

I mean five times caught.

DR SAGE

Five times captured?

BARNABAS

No, caught. {she doesn't get it} In the act. {she is still not getting it - almost hissing the word} Onanism.

DR SAGE

Pardon me?

BARNABAS

Yep! That is what you say every time what you gets caught!

(MORE)

BARNABAS (CONT'D)

{Making fun - say each one  
different} Pardon me! Pardon me!  
Pardon me!

DR SAGE

Onanism is what has gotten this  
body thrown into an asylum? And do  
you even know what onanism is,  
young man?

BARNABAS

No. But it must be bad because  
Doctor Clouston says 'Taint no  
worse crime a young lady can commit  
against her own person.

DR SAGE

Oh really? Where is this Dr  
Clouston? I should like to give him  
an understanding of the  
physiological effect of stimulation  
on the neurological pathways of  
human tissue.

NARRATOR

Though it would be great fun to  
stay and watch Doctor Sage upbraid  
a repressive Scottish psychologist,  
there are matters afoot back in the  
lab which we must attend.

PROF SAVANT

What do you mean she is away?

ABIGAIL

I mean she is transmigrating.

PROF SAVANT

Without me? You know bad things  
happen when she travels alone.

ABIGAIL

Yes, I do, but you were too weak to  
risk another journey and the Doctor  
was anxious to get in one last  
transmigration before the retro-fit  
of her laboratory for surgical  
purposes begins.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Although Calypso has promised the Charges d' affairs will be building a new lab, there is no telling how long that will take, and after her discovery that modal tones have some sort of homing effect, the Doctor was anxious to test her new theory.

PROF SAVANT

What do you mean, modal tones?

ABIGAIL

The tones that brought you home.

PROF SAVANT

Funny, I was under the impression that the combination of severe dehydration and extreme heat brought me home.

ABIGAIL

The Doctor thought that too - that the music in the lab must have just been a coincidence. But when we reviewed the printouts after they took you to the infirmary she noticed a very distinct pattern of electrical response in your brain waves at the exact moment the musicians played the Aeolian modal scale. So now she is testing if this will be the way to bring you home after a proscribed time.

PROF SAVANT

She thinks we can control when we leave a transmigration.

ABIGAIL

Possibly. I will attempt bring her home at 8:00 o'clock pm this evening.

PROF SAVANT

And if this doesn't work?

ABIGAIL

Doctor Sage did not leave me with any alternate instructions.

PROF SAVANT

Well, she can't have intended to risk discovery if the musical tones do not bring her home on time... {realizing} oh.

ABIGAIL

Oh?

PROF SAVANT

Oh. She is going to attempt suicide if her other theory does not pan out.

ABIGAIL

But she can't know if that will bring her home!

PROF SAVANT

These are the reasons we do not let her travel alone - her instinct for self-preservation will always take a back seat in her push for scientific advancement.

ABIGAIL

I know she can be reckless, but I didn't think...

PROF SAVANT

Abigail, I am afraid that we can never apply assumed limits to the behaviors of our friend Petronella Sage. If there is one thing we can count on it is that she will make intemperate choices in the service of science. After all, she claims death is no barrier to science! I shall come back at 8pm to see how we get on.

NARRATOR

Knowing that Sage has a plan for exiting her transmigration should be comforting, but there is no scheme involving the words potential suicide that I find soothing. The Doctor would be wise to remember that the Best laid plans gang oft aglay, as a certain Scottish poet once said.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And, in fact, Sage's plans are being interrupted at this very moment thanks to her fractious argument with the treating physician in an insane asylum. Such confrontations seldom end with said physician revising his treatment plans. In fact...

SOUND: Noise of struggle

BARNABAS

Do not struggle so Mistress Five. They are only taking you for Le Grande Douche... you have survived it before.

DR SAGE

Wait? The great shower? They are taking me to a shower?

BARNABAS

Of a sorts. Your best bet is to close your eyes and think of fairyland - thinking of home always helps me get through it.

DR SAGE

Thank you for informing me that they are simply taking me to a shower, Barnabas, I feel much better. But Barnabas, I can assure you that fairyland is not your home.

BARNABAS

Do not say such things to me! Do. Not. Say. Such. Things. La-la-la-la-la {singing madly to himself, he runs off}

DR SAGE

{Calling as she is drug off by orderlies} Barnabas! Barnabas! I'm sorry!

Sound: Orderlies dragging her down the hall. Door opening and slamming closed on an echoing tiled space.

ORDERLY

Git yer kit off now.

DR SAGE

I beg your pardon?!

ORDERLY

Git yer kit off, or I'll take it  
off for yas.

DR SAGE

What are you going to do to me?

ORDERLY

Well, the Doctor has ordered Le  
Grande Douche - so I am not gonna  
give ya tea and scones, that's for  
sure.

Sound: ripping fabric, water valve turned on, hose splashing

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Stand over there now, against them  
bricks.

Sound: Rushing water

DR SAGE

{Shock when freezing water hits}  
Wha... ooh! Ack!!

NARRATOR

To the Doctor's shock Le Grande  
Douche is a high powered hosing  
down with freezing water. All  
dignity is lost as gallons of icy  
H2O pummel the Doctor's form,  
forcing her backwards into the  
rough bricks.

Sound: More splashing water and sputtering

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This is a horrific watery assault,  
I really cannot bear to watch it...  
we will leave the Doctor for now  
and pause for a word from our  
sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, you heard it  
here. EDGE PUBLISHING for STORIES  
THAT QUENCH YOUR THIRST FOR  
ADVENTURE. And now, back to our  
show.

ACT THREE

INTRO MUSIC

Sound: Water gushing sputtering

NARRATOR

Our doctor is buried under an avalanche of freezing water. Two minutes, three minutes, the deluge continues.

DR SAGE

{Desperate} Stop! Please! I think this body has arrhythmia. {Gets mouth full of water and coughs} Gahhhh! I'm having a...

SOUND: Water continues - no sputtering

NARRATOR

Unfortunately for poor Petra, Dr. Clouston, unhappy at the questioning of his methods, has prescribed a full five minutes of Le Grande Douche therapy - a length of time that this body cannot withstand. The heart tremor that had begun as a flutter at the first icy touch of water has grown into full-on cardiac arrest. The water pushes the body so firmly against the bricks that the orderly will not notice that it is nothing more than an empty shell until he cuts off the hosepipe and the dead girl slumps to the tiled floor. Doctor Sage has gone home.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

DR SAGE

{screaming} ...heart attack!!!!

SOUND: Items being knocked off table or glass being dropped

ABIGAIL

{Startled scream} Wha?!? Oh, doctor, you scared the life out of me? Whatever are you doing home so soon? It is not yet six pm.

SOUND: Unbuckling

DR SAGE

There was a shower.

ABIGAIL

I do not understand.

DR SAGE

There was a madman who thought that onanism was a sign of madness and that an icy shower was the cure.

ABIGAIL

You died by getting clean?

DR SAGE

No, I am sorry. It has been a strange day. I went to an asylum. Everyone there was insane.

ABIGAIL

Ah, the other patients?

DR SAGE

The patients, the doctor, the orderlies.

ABIGAIL

Well, you have to forgive them, we didn't always understand the human body as we do now. Doctors from the past cannot be expected to abide by the enlightened scientific knowledge we now possess.

DR SAGE

I went forward to 1899.

ABIGAIL

Oh.

DR SAGE

Have you seen Erasmus?

ABIGAIL

Well, he was going to come by for the eight PM bell ringing.

NARRATOR

Desiring to speak with her friend, Doctor Sage changes out of the Faraday armor into a simple smock, and crosses the square to find the Professor in his office.

SOUND: rapping at a door

PROF SAVANT

Come in.

SOUND: Door opening, footsteps enter, door closes

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Petra! This is a surprise! I rarely get to see you outside of your laboratory.

DR SAGE

Hello, Erasmus. Preparing for the new crop of students?

PROF SAVANT

Not exactly.

DR SAGE

Oh?

PROF SAVANT

This is a resignation letter.

DR SAGE

Erasmus! You are not resigning from Kings!?!

PROF SAVANT

No, no, not that. I am simply taking a leave of absence from active teaching. I have requested a three-year research sabbatical.

DR SAGE

A research sabbatical? Whatever do you need to research?

PROF SAVANT

Wherever and whenever you take me, Petra dear. I am freeing my schedule to transmigrate with you whenever and wherever you desire.

DR SAGE

Erasmus! I would never ask such a thing of you.

PROF SAVANT

No, you wouldn't. And you would continue to travel alone and make rash decisions and endanger yourself inordinately and we just can't have that, now can we?

NARRATOR

And so the Professor has promoted himself to permanent watchdog. Will his constant presence help the Doctor keep her reckless instincts in check? Or has our Professor found himself in hot water? 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. Special Guest this episode was Curran James as Barnabas.

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

Special music in this episode was provided by VALENTINE WOLFE. Check them out at [www.valentinewolfe.com](http://www.valentinewolfe.com).

We would like to extend our gratitude to this month's sponsor EDGE PUBLISHING.

Episode 202 AMOK IN AN ASYLUM 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](http://www.SageAndSavant.com) to find the facts behind the fiction.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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