

Episode Credits

Written by Jim McDoniel. Directed by Jeffrey Gardner. Sound Design by Ryan Schile. Music by Stephen Poon. Illustration by Leslie Nesbit.

Episode Cast

Narrator — Ansel Burch
Benedict — Mark Soloff
Balthazar — Antonio Brunnetti
Dr. Storm — Leslie Nesbit
Dr. Wheatly — Dan Conway
George Chamberlain — Jim McDoniel
Dr. Caligari — Martine Moore

TIME MARKER- 00:00

SFX: A record needle is placed on a record, the scratch giving way to the opening theme of the True Historical Dramas.

NARRATOR

Tonight's broadcast is brought to you by the company you depend upon for all of your greatest needs, HartLife. These stories are true dramatizations from our fair city's glorious history. So listen and remember: HartLife, all the life you'll ever need.

(SFX: The bubbling and sparking of a lab.)

NARRATOR

Deep within the secure vaults of the HartLife science division, in a dark and secluded office space filled with all manner of exotic experiments that are equal parts advanced and deadly, behind a thick pane of murky glass, two individuals approach each other out of a bluish fog...

(SFX: Talking is muffled, as if underwater or in a dream sequence.)

BENEDICT

Who goes there?

BALTHAZAR

Ah, Benedict. So we meet again.

BENEDICT

Balthazar, my old nemesis. How long has it been?

BALTHAZAR

Three cycles methinks. You escaped your death by the sheerest of lucks.

BENEDICT

Ah, what arrogance. Twas you who were about to die and bid a hasty retreat.

BALTHAZAR

Lies. But no matter. I have thought long and hard over our last meeting.

BENEDICT

As have I Balthazar.

BALTHAZAR

And to what conclusions have you come?

BENEDICT

Primarily, that the world would be so much the better without you in it.

BALTHAZAR

May one assume you have engineered an elaborate plot to achieve this goal.

BENEDICT

One could and one should.

BALTHAZAR

Ah, but such plots are ever so much harder to execute when one is dead.

BENEDICT

Are you referring to me?

BALTHAZAR

I'm referring to you.

BENEDICT

Your plot is already in motion?

BALTHAZAR

Twas in motion from the moment you appeared in my sight.

BENEDICT

Ah-ha! Mine was in motion long before that. Since last we parted, methinks.

TIME MARKER- 02:04

BALTHAZAR

Ah, but you see, my plot required your plot to be in motion to be in motion. Now not only are you trapped, but you are trapped in a trap of your own creation.

BENEDICT

May one assume there is no escape from this trap you've trapped me in?

BALTHAZAR

One may.

BENEDICT

May one also assume that I will continue to be trapped in this trap even in the event of your most grisly demise?

BALTHAZAR

One could and one should.

BENEDICT

Well if the trap you have trapped me in is as lethal and inescapable as you say, then the least I can do is ensure that you die with me.

BALTHAZAR

Have at you!

(SFX: Splash.)

BALTHAZAR

No. Not now. Not when my victory is so near.

BENEDICT

Your friend, the great wooden stick will not save you this time Balthazar.

BALTHAZAR

Ha! We all know the great wooden stick is ever your friend and savior, Benedict. But no matter. You will not escape my trap.

(SFX: Splashing. Goopy noises.)

BALTHAZAR

Curses. You are escaping my trap.

BENEDICT

Nay. It is you who are escaping MY trap.

BALTHAZAR

(From a distance.)

This is not the end, Benedict....

BENEDICT

(Likewise, growing distant.)

Curse you, Balthazar. I will track you wherever you go. Even unto the ends of the earth. You hear me, the ends of the earth.....

*SFX: The ethereal voice trails off into the distance.
Talking is now clear and normal.*

DR. STORM

(Reading.)

...stick into the fluid and stir for thirty seconds or until separated. Repeat action every twelve hours for maximum stimulation.

DR. WHEATLY

Maximum stimulation? They're just brains...in a tank.

DR. STORM

Well, even brains in a tank need to stay stimulated. If I were a brain in a tank, I wouldn't want to be stuck next to the same old brain day after day. What if you didn't like each other? It would be horrible. This way they get to move around, bit of exercise, see new parts of the tank, and maybe catch up with some brains they haven't seen in a while.

TIME MARKER- 04:07

DR. WHEATLY

But Dr. Storm...

DR. STORM

Yes, Dr. Wheatly?

DR. WHEATLY

What is the point? What purpose does a giant tank of disembodied brains suspended in a nutrient rich liquid compound actually serve?

DR. STORM

Well, it could be a sort of hard drive for the entire city's informational super structure, each brain acting as a processor with its thoughts. Its neurons and synapses collecting and storing the data we need and accessible to each other through the conductive liquid substance that surrounds them...

DR. WHEATLY

Or...

DR. STORM

Or it's purely decorative. Look. I'm just the weather guy. I don't know any more about the tank full of brains than you do, other than what's in this note Caligari left me about the proper care and feeding of the brains. If you want details, ask her when she gets back.

DR. WHEATLY

And when exactly is that going to be?

DR. STORM

Well, let's see. On the one hand she stole her own research and then faked her own death in order to retrieve it...

DR. WHEATLY

But on the other, she is Caligari.

DR. STORM

Exactly. So let's say a week. Maybe two if she gets hung up.

SFX: A tape recorder clicks. A sipping straw. An exhalation of pleasure

DR. WHEATLY

What the...?

DR. STORM

Who?

SFX: A light switch clicking.

DR. WHEATLY
Oh. Mr. Chamberlain.

DR. STORM
We didn't see you sitting there...in the dark.

DR. WHEATLY
Can I get you another juice box?

CHAMBERLAIN
So...Caligari is still alive.

DR. STORM
Yes. Well, we assume she is. That was her plan.

DR. WHEATLY
We haven't seen her though, so we can't be sure.

DR. STORM
Or tortured into revealing her location.

DR. WHEATLY
That too. She left a letter for you.

DR. STORM
Oh yes. Here it is.

SFX: Tearing and unfolding paper.

TIME MARKER- 05:54

DR. CALIGARI
(Voice over.)

Dear Agent Chamberlain. If you are reading this, then you have finally discovered through your skills of "investigation" that I am, in fact, alive. Good for you. Enclosed is a cookie for your reward. Go on. You deserve it. You are one-step closer to catching me. All you have to do now is find out what I want, why I'm doing this, and where I am or will be. Good luck to you and enjoy your cookie, Dr. Emily Caligari. P.S. Be a dear and tell my associates that their services are no longer required. There's a peach.

SFX: He crumples the letter.

CHAMBERLAIN

Hmph.

DR. STORM

What did she say?

(SFX: Gunfire.)

(SFX: Two heavy thumps.)

(SFX: Bite of a cookie.)

CHAMBERLAIN

(With mouth full.)

I get a cookie.

SFX: Music fades in under the narration.

NARRATOR

What's this? Dr. Caligari is being sought by agents of M.U.R.D.E.R.? Dear Policies, this is an education in what can happen when one dabbles in science. Two super-scientists are loose in our city- to what devious ends are they bound? More importantly, will the innocent people of HartLife ever find out? Let us find out together, as the story of Our Fair City continues with...Mole Fight.