

Ep 701 XMAS MIRACLES
Episode Seven point One
of
TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

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ACT 1

FADE IN: OPENING MUSIC PHRASE

NARRATOR

Greetings and welcome to the audio-aetheric transmission The Tales of Sage and Savant, a Twinstar production. Brought to you on the first of each month from the Twinstar Studios in sunny Southern California, it is our great pleasure to now bring you the first installment in a double episode for the holiday season. Our tale stars Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus Savant, Eddie Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage, and myself Justin Bremer as your humble narrator. Introducing Emily Riley Piatt as Mx. Abigail Entwhistle. This special double episode Holiday program is sponsored by Alan Jeffries, Fine Clothier, and features the music of Unwoman. And now, without further ado, we bring you The Tales of Sage & Savant!

FULL THEME MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw Doctor Sage, she was contemplating the provenance of her good fortune at the hands of the mysterious Charges du Fair. But now that the generous funding has provided for a new and very much larger laboratory such considerations have been tabled.

Sounds: Moving in, multiple men with boxes etc.

DR SAGE

Place that on the table under the windows, thank you. Oh, not you, the second one, that box will come over here to my desk. Yes, thank you.

Sound: rattling glass

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Careful! That box is fragile; put it over there by the bookshelves.
(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)
 Yes, that one goes here by the credenza. Thank you gentlemen, thank you all.

Sound: Knocking

DR SAGE (CONT'D)
 Enter.

Sound: door opens, footsteps.

CUNNINGHAM
 Ah, Petra... Doctor Sage. I see you are settling into your new accommodations.

DR SAGE
 {Pleased} Yes, Quite. Thank you Mr. Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM
 I had nothing to do with it as you know quite well. It is unprecedented for a researcher to be granted such commodious space before their research has proved out. You can be sure I will be hearing about this from the other researchers.

DR SAGE
 I am sorry for the discomfort securing a new very wealthy donor has caused you.

CUNNINGHAM
 Oh, the money and the prestige it brings are all well and good, but that will only last if you produce results.

DR SAGE
 Never fear, you will have your results. Now if you'll be so good as to let me get on with it?

CUNNINGHAM
 {preparing to leave} Yes, yes. Oh, Doctor? One more thing. May I present Miss Abigail Entwhistle.

Sound: Door opens, female footsteps

ABIGAIL

Mx please. Mx Entwhistle. It is time the University stopped segregating the female scientists from the male. If we could all be addressed by the same honorific - Mx - it would go a long way to dissolving false barriers, don't you think?

CUNNINGHAM

Miss Entwhistle! You are not here to promulgate the essentialist twaddle of the Philosophy Department. I agreed to your secondary studies with them as a means of strengthening your Curricula Vitae in regards to a teaching position. In this lab, you will confine your comments to those matters of biology and galvanization. Are you clear on this?

ABIGAIL

{Chastened} Yes, Mx Cunningham, sir. I only meant to highlight your own stance on fair play in the academic environment. We must ensure that accolades are earned, not simply bestowed based on faulty reasoning.

CUNNINGHAM

Quite right. There is an order to these things.

ABIGAIL

What is granted is predicated on what is earned?

CUNNINGHAM

Exactly. Now you shall observe and report on Doctor Sage's experiments and laboratory practices. I shall advise you not to become too friendly with her, in order that you may remain the impartial observer.

ABIGAIL

Yes, Mx. Cunningham. Thank you for the opportunity, Mx. Cunningham.

CUNNINGHAM

Well then, I shall take my leave.
Good day, ladies.

Sound: Door closes.

ABIGAIL

Mx. Cunningham is very angry with
you. What did you do to get on his
bad side?

DR SAGE

I have dared to keep my research
results secret until I have
quantifiable data.

ABIGAIL

Oh, the old 'A woman knows
something I don't' problem. But
still, he is your superior. We
women may be working towards full
equality, but we do not have it
yet. You would do well to keep that
in mind.

DR SAGE

Why should I structure my behavior
to meet a standard that is at best
antiquated and at worst outright
discriminatory?

ABIGAIL

Being a genius with breasts is a
challenge to the old world order,
but think of how far we have come.
They used to keep us stored away on
drafty old estates, where we could
make our scientific investigations
and they could take credit for
them. Now they give us laboratories
and research space at the
universities. Some men have not
moved into the modern world, but
many have. Things will continue to
evolve if we do not upset the apple
cart.

DR SAGE

Is that why Cunningham chose you to
be my watchdog? Because you can
temper your forthrightness to
accommodate his comfort?

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I expected Jeffrey or some unwashed undergraduate male to be assigned the post.

ABIGAIL

I wondered that myself. I am sure Mx. Cunningham would have preferred a male, but it seems all the applicants were female. Perhaps the men felt it was beneath them to babysit a female scientist. In any case, it pays ten bob a week and I can work on my graduate thesis whilst here, so I thought 'Why not?' I hope you don't mind.

DR SAGE

Not at all. Well, that isn't entirely true. Of course I mind having a watchdog, but if it had to happen, then I must admit I am somewhat relieved my watchdog is a woman. Men can be so tedious when they do not understand your work.

Sound: Door Bangs open

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Hullo, Erasmus.

PROF SAVANT

Hullo, Pet. What lovely new digs you have here... Oh pardon me Miss I didn't see you. Professor Erasmus Savant, at your service.

DR SAGE

Erasmus, may I present Mx. Abigail Entwistle, my official watchdog.

ABIGAIL

Oh, I wouldn't say watchdog, more like casual observer who sometimes must give report to the Provost.

PROF SAVANT

Charmed, I'm sure. Mx.? Is that the new honorific designed to remove gender from the equation? Capital that!

ABIGAIL

Yes. Doctor Sage, if you could just tell me when you believe you shall be set up to begin your work, I can leave you to the organization of your laboratory.

DR SAGE

Thank you Abigail. I shall need a week at least to get settled in. I shall send word when I am ready and a cadaver becomes available.

ABIGAIL

Thank you, Doctor. Good day, Professor.

Sound: Footsteps, door.

PROF SAVANT

Well, she seems a bit of all right.

DR SAGE

Let us hope she proves as reasonable as she seems. Hopefully, she will come when called, and leave when told. Otherwise, I have no idea how we are to conceal our travels from her.

PROF SAVANT

Winter term break starts in just a few weeks - perhaps we will have to wait until then before we venture into the unknown once again? The University can no longer complain about your electricity usage, and surely Provost Cunningham can't be expecting Mx. Entwhistle to stay at college during term breaks to keep tabs on you.

DR SAGE

That solves my problem for one or two trips only. I need to come up with the better long term solution.

PROF SAVANT

I have faith. You will think of something, my dear. Join me for a spot of lunch?

Sound: footsteps, door.

NARRATOR

The next couple of weeks went by in a blur, as the Doctor settled in to her spacious new laboratory. The central lab was flanked by two rooms, the first intended to serve as an office, and the latter to provide a small sleeping area for those times an experiment could not be left unattended. This sleeping room was nearly the size of her previous laboratory, and Doctor Sage realized it would be the perfect location to set up the travelling apparatus, away from prying eyes. The mysterious Charges du Fair had set up a line of credit for the Doctor and she used that money to create an automated system to control the travel process itself as well as manage the human waste removal and replenish the intravenous liquids. Of course all of this equipment needed to be constructed after hours to remain under the Provost's radar, but finally the rig was ready to be tested.

Sound: Switch, Crank - whatever new sounds you want to indicate 'start her up' sounds

DR SAGE

So, you see, from the water injection into the tray, to the Faraday channels for the electricity, to the waste removal and intravenous fluids, the entire system is automated and controlled via this clockwork control panel. I have rigged the switching system to reset via a series of weighted elliptical fulcrums which I can keep running indefinitely by timed bursts of electrical energy. I set the fluids and waste removal to work around the clock for as long as twenty five days. More than long enough for any trip we might embark upon.

PROF SAVANT

Unless there is no violence.

DR SAGE

Pardon?

PROF SAVANT

Unless there is no violence. What shall we do if we happen to jump into bodies that are not part of a society of violence? Professors, or tailors, or some other form of existence that does not contain the daily threat of death? Have you come to a solution for that? Would we be able to suicide and get home?

DR SAGE

I still cannot answer that. There are too many variables. For example, is it technically necessary to die? After all, we do not die here in our own time, but leave our bodies on a flow of electrical energy. And where are we when we do leave our bodies before we have inhabited others? How long are we in the in-between? Is it possible to be conscious of that time and space, or is flesh necessary for consciousness?

PROF SAVANT

Stop! There are too many questions!

DR SAGE

More questions than answers at this point, yes. I believe, however that what may be at work here is Thevenin's Theorem, with the intact electrical systems of the bodies we are jumping into allowing my one-port network to be reduced to a single voltage source and a single impedance. Therefore when the secondary electrical source of our hosts is interrupted, the system reverts to single port. If this is the case then regardless of the moral strictures against suicide, a death by one's own hands would provide the same circuit interruption as that created by violent or nefarious means.

PROF SAVANT

I am sure that makes sense to you,
but the upshot is that suicide may
or may not work?

DR SAGE

Exactly.

PROF SAVANT

I will accept your analysis.

DR SAGE

I should suppose so. Have you
cleared your calendar as asked?

NARRATOR

The calendar has found its way to
December, and as of the first, the
students departed and the Provosts
and Professors followed soon after.
Petronella and Erasmus arranged to
meet back at her laboratory in
order to travel during the holidays
where they can do so unobserved and
in no danger of disrupting
lectures.

PROF SAVANT

I have. I am yours, my dear for the
entire month of December.

DR SAGE

Good. Let's get into our Faraday
armor and try out my new automated
systems, shall we?

NARRATOR

The two dress in the now familiar
suits, positioning waste tubes and
donning C.R.A.P. helmets.

DR SAGE

Jump up Erasmus. With this new
design, once we are in place on our
tables, I can just attach this to
the panel and position this like
so...

Sound: latches etc for new 'hooking into systems' sounds.

PROF SAVANT

Very elegant. Have you added
padding to the tables?

DR SAGE

Just a little, to raise your
 buttocks from the hard surface.
 Hopefully it will aid in the
 prevention of any kind of bed
 sores.

PROF SAVANT

Surely you do not intend us to be
 gone for long enough to develop
 bedsores?

DR SAGE

I absolutely do not, but it is
 better to be prepared for
 eventualities, yes?

Sounds: Clockwork whirring - part of the new normal 'launch'
 sounds

PROF SAVANT

No Edison recording, Pet?

DR SAGE

What? Oh, no, Damn! completely
 forgot to rig a second device in
 this room. Give me a moment - I'll
 just write out notes of the
 settings I have chosen for this
 trip. I am aiming to send us back
 to the renaissance.

Sound: unbuckling, opening door, running feet, paper
 scribbling with fountain pen.

NARRATOR

The Doctor hastily scribbles out
 her notes and leaves the paper on a
 desk in the corner of the main
 laboratory.

Sound: running feet, closing door

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Then she returns to the sleeping
 room, takes her place on the slab
 and buckles in for what she hopes
 is the farthest trip into the past
 they have yet taken.

DR SAGE

Godspeed, Erasmus.

PROF SAVANT
Godspeed, dear-heart

Sound: Clockwork, ramping up electrical energy etc

NARRATOR
The new clockwork control panel allows the Doctor to lie back and relax as the machine revs up the electrical energy and routes it towards the slabs via the new Faraday conduits. The difference in noise level is remarkable, and a boon to this Narrator's vocal chords! The energy now hums rather than assaults, and the entire laboratory seems to be transported into the heart of the machine itself. If this new apparatus is any indication, the Doctor's experiments have entered a new phase. Will the new equipment allow the Doctor to finally pinpoint her trajectories through time and space? We'll find out after this brief musical interlude.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Now dear friends we invite you to listen to the musical stylings of the unparalleled UNWOMAN.

Musical Guest Track

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

ACT 2

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

I am thrilled to report success!
The Doctor believed that her
settings would bring them to the
Renaissance, and Renaissance Italy
is exactly where they have landed.
Unfortunately, they are in Naples
on the 5th of December, 1456 in the
aftermath of one of the worst
earthquakes ever recorded.

Sound: Earthquake aftershock rumbles

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The aftershocks are still punishing
the city, where over 30,000 people
have died in the rubble, including
the bodies that now play host to
our intrepid pair.

DR SAGE

{Whispering} Erasmus? Where are we?
I can't move. It is so dark.
Erasmus?

NARRATOR

The Professor answered his
friend...

PROF SAVANT

I am here, Pet. We are all right.
Let me look around. Funny, my eyes
are having trouble focusing, I
wonder if I have inhabited a myopic
person. Ugggghh. Now that is funny,
I can't sit up.

NARRATOR

But what the Doctor heard was...

Sound: Baby coos and jabbering turning to cries

DR SAGE

{hysterical} My God! Erasmus, is
that you? No, it cannot be you.

NARRATOR

I am afraid that the baby is indeed
Professor Erasmus.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In fact, the doctor has inhabited the body of Gianetta Corsini, a new mother and wife of an ambitious silk merchant. She died, crushed under the weight of a collapsing Villa, her three month old son clutched in her arms.

Sound: Baby cry

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Professor has inhabited the baby. This should be interesting.

DR SAGE

Hush, shhh. Don't cry baby. Don't cry. I don't know how to help you. I have never held a baby. What does one do?

NARRATOR

In his usual manner, the Professor attempts to calm the Doctor.

PROF SAVANT

I won't cry, Pet. Not if it upsets you. I do not want to upset you. Don't be upset, oh please Petra...

NARRATOR

But of course...

Sound: Baby wailing!

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Fortunately, these negotiations get interrupted by rescue.

Sound: stones being shifted

MARSILIO

Gianetta? Gianetta, love, are you there?

NARRATOR

Not knowing if she was the titular Gianetta, but still in need of rescue, the Doctor replied.

DR SAGE

Here! We are here! I cannot move.

Sound: moving stones, shouts etc.

EXTRAS

Aiutami! Guida! Sollevare! Presto!
Alezare!

Sound: Stones being shoved aside

MARSILIO

Gianetta! Oh Gianetta my love are
you unharmed? It is a miracle!
Grazie a Dio!

DR SAGE

Please, the baby...

NARRATOR

And so rescue arrives and our
intrepid heroes are pulled from the
crushing rubble into a world of
complete devastation. It is here I
must take a moment to comment on
the reality that earthquakes drop
houses over the heads of rich and
poor alike, and yet recovery from
such disaster varies greatly, as
the poor must exist in the rubble
whilst the rich repair to their
second homes.

MARSILIO

Gianetta, oh my beloved. Are you
hurt? How is the baby? Do we need a
physic?

DR SAGE

{Dazed}I am fine, we need water.

MARSILIO

Water! Bring water!

DR SAGE

Where are we?

MARSILIO

Do you not remember, love? Have you
hit your head?

DR SAGE

I am sorry, who are you again?

MARSILIO

I am Marsilio, your own beloved. Do
you not know me?

DR SAGE

I apologize. I am little bit shaken. Where did you say we are?

MARSILIO

This is my mother's villa in Napoli. We came to introduce her to her grandson. {realizing his wife is alone} Mother of Christ, Mama!! Where is mama?

DR SAGE

I do not know. I did not see her... {softly to self} Erasmus must be in the body of the mother. Marsilio, you must find her! She is still under there!

MARSILIO

{Shouting} Keep digging, we must keep searching, my mother is in there somewhere.

Sounds: renewed digging etc. Maybe time for an aftershock?

NARRATOR

And so, in the way of these things, miracles and tragedies walk hand in hand. Marsilio's wife and child were spared in the guise of the Doctor and the Professor, but the remainder of the household was crushed in the rubble. Across the whole of the city the same heartbreaking tableau plays out.

MARSILIO

Come, Gianetta. One of the fabric sheds was spared. I will have the men clear a space where we can shelter. I will see you settled, and then come back to help in the search for Mama.

NARRATOR

And so the Doctor finds herself once again holding the unfamiliar baby, sitting in a windowless shed completely surrounded by gigantic bales of cloth. The lingering scents of the dyes used to achieve the beautiful colors are pungent in the air.

PROF SAVANT

I am hungry.

Sound: baby crying

DR SAGE

I do not know what you want, baby. Hopefully Marsilio will find his mother and Professor Savant in her guise. He probably knows how to take care of a baby. Erasmus know quite a lot about many things actually.

Sound: more insistent baby crying

PROF SAVANT

I am here. And what I know is that I am hungry!

NARRATOR

As if in response to the baby's cries, Doctor Sage feels a funny sort of tightening in her breast, and suddenly, her shift, corset, and bodice are flooded. The Baby immediately begins rootling at the source of the wetness.

DR SAGE

Oh. The child needs nourishment, of course.

NARRATOR

And so, with no little discomfort, and a good deal of fumbling, the Doctor manages to loosen her clothing and expose a swollen breast to the nuzzling mouth of the baby. We could do damage to our psyches dear listeners, if we contemplated the ramifications of what transpires here, so instead, I will draw your attention to the greater historical reality of the time we find ourselves in. In a world where natural disasters such as earthquakes are considered the divine and just provenance of God, there is little in the way of mitigation, and certainly nothing in the way of preparation. As such, Naples is sorely afflicted.

Sound: approaching voices

SARA
{off-stage} Your wife and son
survived?

MARSILIO
{offstage} Gianetta and the baby
are fine, Mama. I am taking you to
them.

SARA
Gianetta?

Sound: door opening, footsteps

MARSILIO
Gianetta? I am here with Mama. We
found her alive!

NARRATOR
Naturally, Petronella, having
refused to entertained the fact
that the Professor could be
inhabiting a baby is delighted to
see the woman. Leaving the
contented and sleeping baby on a
bale of velvet, she jumps to greet
the person she assumes is her
dearest friend.

DR SAGE
You are here! I am so glad you are
here!

SARA
Unhand me child. There is no call
for such affection.

MARSILIO
{Laughing} Of course there is call,
Mama. We are all here, we are alive
and unharmed, by the grace of God.
We must rejoice in that miracle.

DR SAGE
Yes, Mother, and what a miracle it
has been. Would you care to
illuminate why you did not identify
yourself earlier when I called out
to you from under the rubble?

SARA

Gianetts, you will call me Mother DeRosa as you always have. You may have convinced my son to abandon his family name in favor of the powerful Corsini, but I will have the respect due to my own family, thank you.

MARSILIO

{Nervously} Come now, Mama, Gianetta. Certainly in the shadow of this miracle we must not dissolve into old habits.

DR SAGE

Mother DeRosa? You are not..

MARSILIO

... hurt? No, she did take a nasty bump to the head, but when we found her and awakened her she knew where she was and who I was. Truly, God in his heaven is watching over our family today.

DR SAGE

I see, yes. Quite right, we are fortunate. Were any of the... servants found alive?

MARSILIO

No, may God have mercy on their souls. The three of you are the only miracles I was allotted this day.

DR SAGE

The three of us?

SARA

The baby, you scatterbrain! The baby. How is little Luka?

DR SAGE

Oh! The baby.

NARRATOR

And now the penny drops...

DR SAGE

The baby is fine. He was hungry... I fed him. At my breast.

MARSILIO

The baby ate? My love that is the most welcome news!

DR SAGE

{Flustered} Ah, yes, it is a good sign. Humans who have suffered trauma generally begin recovery with the advent of appetite. I am confident the infant will prove unscathed by the trauma.

SARA

{Talking to baby} Come here my little chubby-kins. Who is a good boy now? Who has such a nice round tummy? Did my little canoli eat a good meal?

Sound: Baby waking startled? or cooing?

DR SAGE

Mother DeRosa, he surely does not appreciate being talked to as if her were an imbecile!

MARSILIO

Gianetta!

Sound: Baby fussing

DR SAGE

I meant, that the boy was sleeping. Certainly he should be allowed to sleep in peace? Here Mother DeRosa, let me soothe him.

MARSILIO

{Conciliatory} Gianetta does have a point Mother, we must let the baby have his peace and quiet after the horrors of this morning. {pointedly at Gianetta} I am sure a little peace and quiet will help all of our tempers.

DR SAGE

You are right, Marsilio. I humbly apologize Mother DeRosa, I am sure we are all more than a little stressed due to the events of the day.

SARA

Harumph.

MARSILIO

Come this way, Mother. I shall create a nest for you all of your own.

SARA

Living in a fabric shed is no place for a family, Marsilio.

MARSILIO

I know, Mama, but we are far more fortunate than some. We must be grateful for our blessings. Tomorrow we will have furniture brought, and we will find a cook and a maid for you and Gianetta.

NARRATOR

And so Marsilio took away his mother, and Doctor Sage gathered the slumbering infant to her body and pinched him awake.

Sound: Startled baby cry

PROF SAVANT

Hey! What was that for?

NARRATOR

These are the questions the Doctor has for her friend:

DR SAGE

Professor Savant, is this really you? If you are inhabiting the body of this infant, then how ever are we to communicate?

Sound: baby chatter

PROF SAVANT

You are communicating quite clearly my dear, I understand you perfectly.

DR SAGE

If you are trying to answer me you should know that every word is gibberish.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Infants do not develop speech patterns of any recognizable sound for many months after birth, and I have no idea how long that has been for you. From the evidence before us, however, I must conclude that language at this juncture is beyond even your prodigious talents. Of course, since you cannot truly identify yourself, I have no way of knowing if this is even you.

Sound: Baby cries

PROF SAVANT

Of course I am me! Just listen to me woman!

DR SAGE

And waking in the aftermath of an Earthquake has provided its own challenges. Where might I find violence when it is needed to send us home - what kind of monster would perpetrate a death blow on an infant?

Sound: Baby fear or startle?

NARRATOR

Infanticide is a prospect too horrible to consider. We shall leave the good Doctor to her musings, and take a short break for a message from our sponsor.

MUSIC OUT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now for a word from our sponsor:

Play ad from sponsor

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes ladies and gentlemen, you heard it here when fashion, elegance and fine quality are called for Alan Jeffries is the tailor of choice. And now back to our show.

ACT 3

MUSIC, OPEN SCENE

NARRATOR

It has been nearly two weeks since we last checked in with our friends and much has happened. The earthquake that heralded their entry into the fifteenth century Italian Renaissance was devastating to the city of Naples. Aftershocks have continued to roll through the region and hamper recovery efforts. Marsilio Casini has been a force for good, so grateful to God for sparing his own family that he has dedicated countless hours to the clearing of broken buildings and the burying of bodies found in the rubble. After a few days of hope, the Doctor resigned herself to the fact that the Professor does indeed inhabit the body of the infant, and they have been devising a crude communication method.

DR SAGE

I do not know if you have enough motor control to manage this, but I shall tie this bell around your wrist with this ribbon, like so...

Sound: small bell

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

and then we tie this rattle into the other hand like so,

Sound: baby rattle

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

There. Now I must ask yes or no questions. Let's say bell for yes, rattle for no. How does that work.

Sound: Baby rattle

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

What do you mean, no? What doesn't work about this?

Sound: Bell

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Yes, I am right? You think it does not work, or Yes, it will work after all. Which is it?

Sound: bell and rattle

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

If ever there was a time for you to give up prevaricating Erasmus, now is that time!

NARRATOR

On another note, the situation here has greatly improved. Marsilio has proven adept at managing the aftermath of a disaster. In addition to the work he continues to do out and about in the city, he has turned the fabric shed into a very snug little home with bales of velvet for interior walls, chairs and tables, bedsteads and even tapestries to help block out the drafts. His constant joy at seeing his wife and child after even a short separation has proven strong enough to crack the reserve of the Doctor, who now finds herself waiting with anticipation for the handsome Italian to come through the door.

MARSILIO

{Off stage} Who has the most beautiful wife in all Napoli?

NARRATOR

Speaking of whom...

Sound: Door opens

MARSILIO

Beautiful Wife! Handsome child, see what your loving papa has brought for you.

Sound: wood thunking

DR SAGE

Is that a manger?

MARSILIO

Why yes it is. If it was good enough for the blessed Christ, then it will be good enough for our little Luka.

DR SAGE

Oh, is that cedar I smell?

MARSILIO

Yes! I have been cutting branches from the fallen tree behind Mama's villa. We shall fill our home with evergreens and candles and red velvet bows. We shall have our own little presepi with a manger for our sweet boy. We shall have a glorious Christmas.

DR SAGE

All we need are some wandering shepherds, a handful of animals, three kings with the appropriate gifts and a star.

MARSILIO

{delighted} Perhaps when the zampognari come they will bring their sheep with them. {clearing throat} I got the manger for Luka to sleep in so that our bed can once again be our own. I miss touching my flesh to yours in the night.

Sound: furious baby rattle.

MARSILIO (CONT'D)

Oh look how clever our boy is. Are you clever little Luka? Are you the most clever boy in the world?

Sound: furious bell ringing, baby cry.

PROF SAVANT

Yes I am clever, and don't you go thinking you can worm your way in with my girl!

MARSILIO

Listen to his strong cry! My son is a lusty boy!

Sound: ringing bells

DR SAGE

I believe he is hungry, Marsilio.
Give him back to me.

Sound: furious bell ringing, baby cry.

MARSILIO

Ah... Madonna and child. Where
shall I put our son's new bed?

DR SAGE

Just there in the corner, Marsilio,
thank you.

SARA

{From other room} Son? Beloved
Marsilio? Is that you?

MARSILIO

{softly} Duty calls. {Louder} Si
Mama. It is I. I will be right
there, Mama. {whispering} Kiss me
wife, before I brave the dragon!

DR SAGE

Marsilio is such a very good man,
Erasmus. But there is nothing he
knows, nothing in this life of his
at all that can help us get home.
Soon we must walk out in the rubble
of Naples and search for a solution
to our little problem, hmm?

Sound: Bell ringing

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Yes, that is right, it is a very
comfortable life here, and there is
probably no reason to rush. After
all, this is the first real holiday
we have taken in ages.

Sound: furious rattle

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Now Erasmus, don't be brash. I am
perfectly aware that this is more
of a holiday for me than you, even
if it is my breast in your mouth
just now.

Sound: bell ringing, baby giggle.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

And Erasmus, we will get home I promise.

MARSILIO

{Unhappy} Who is Erasmus?

DR SAGE

{Startled} Marsilio, I did not hear you come back.

MARSILIO

Answer the question, Gianetta. Who is this Erasmus, and why do you keep calling my son by his name?

DR SAGE

Oh no, Marsilio - no. Erasmus is a pet name - it is just a little silliness between Luka and me. {thinking fast} Many years ago, when I was but a girl, a travelling professor from England visited Florence. He told me that his name meant 'wise one'. This is why I use his name for Luka - because a mother can see already he is very wise, just look at this little face.

Sound bell ringing

MARSILIO

Oh my sweet you are right, he does look like a little professor. So my Erasmus, you will grow to be strong and wise like your papa, will you not?

Sound: Furious rattle

NARRATOR

And on that note, we must end the episode. Will Sage and Savant find a way home for Christmas, or will they live the rest of their days in renaissance Italy? Tune in on the fifteenth of this month to find out in Part two of Episode seven, Christmas Miracles.

END MUSIC START

END MUSIC PLAY OUT

FADE OUT.

CREDITS

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Tales of Sage and Savant is a Twinstar production brought to you on the first of each month from our Southern California studios. Starring Chip Michael as Savant, Eddie Louise as Sage, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as the narrator. Episode 7.1 XMAS MIRACLES Was written by Eddie Louise. Are you interested in the historical information we included in this episode? Go to our website for the complete bibliography. Theme music and Audio Engineering by Chip Michael. Special music in this episode was provided by Unwoman check her out at unwoman.com. Our episode sponsor was Allan Jeffries the perfect tailor for the finely dressed man! 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!