

EPISODE 110 THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST

Season One Episode 10
of
THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

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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 Eddie Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage, Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Mx Abigail Entwistle and myself Justin Bremer as your humble narrator. Special guest in this episode is AnnMarie Gomez as Hilaria. This month's program, entitled THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST is sponsored by our friends at STEAMY TECH, and features the music of RED LIGHT DISTRICT. And now, without further ado, we bring you The Tales of Sage & Savant!

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we left our heroes they had returned from a visit to ancient China and an encounter with one of the nine immortals of the Tao. New ideas and philosophies from this encounter have had an affect on Doctor Sage's research, but I cannot spare a moment to go into those things now. We have an urgent situation that calls our attention at this very moment, and there is no time for philosophical ruminations on the mechanics of time travel. I regret to inform you, ladies and gentlemen, that one of our own is in dire peril...

Sound: agitated and angry crowd

ABIGAIL

{Panting, running and talking to herself over the noise of the crowd} This is not real!

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 You are hallucinating, Abigail!
 Snap out of it! this can't be
 REAL!!! {scream}

Sound: More Crowd

MISC
 Thief! Stop thief! Catch her, stop
 her!

ABIGAIL
 {frantic - shouting} I was hungry!
 {to self} This is just a dream. How
 could I be hungry in a dream!?!? But
 it must be a dream - everyone is
 dressed in sandals and togas... The
 houses are wrong, they are too
 short made of jumbled stone...
 {yelps}

HILARIA
 You! Mad-woman! Come with me!

ABIGAIL
 No, I cannot, I must find somewhere
 to hide...

HILARIA
 Yes, you poor daft thing! That is
 what I am doing - helping you to
 hide! Come!

NARRATOR
 I have refrained from commenting,
 as Mx. Entwhistle's peril had me
 quite tongue-tied, but I must
 inform you dear listeners, that
 Abigail is NOT dreaming. She is in
 ancient Rome. Pompeii to be exact.

ABIGAIL
 Say what?...

HILARIA
 Come!

Sound: Something to indicate hiding - doors, baskets, box lid

NARRATOR

Not only has Abigail managed to transmigrate to ancient Pompeii but neither the doctor nor the professor are anywhere to be found and the young researcher has gotten onto a spot of bother. Thinking herself to be dreaming, Abigail has stolen food, which would not be a problem if she were in the arms of Morpheus. Unfortunately, in ancient Pompeii, the all-too-real punishment for manifest thievery, or a theft with witnesses, is death.

ABIGAIL

{Whispering} Who are you? Why are you helping me?

HILARIA

{Also whispering} My name is Hilaria. I have faced the Furtum over a charge of Manifest Theft myself.

ABIGAIL

The furtum?

HILARIA

The law, dummy. How do you not know this?

ABIGAIL

Dreams don't have laws.

HILARIA

This is not a dream. Why would you think that? And who are you anyway?

ABIGAIL

I am Mx. Abigail Entwistle, research fellow at Kings College and trusted assistant to Mx. James Cunningham of the Medical and Physical Sciences Department.

HILARIA

None of that made any sense.

ABIGAIL

As if being rescued by a girl named Hilarious makes sense.

HILARIA

Hilaria.

ABIGAIL

That's what I said Hilarious. That is a name that could only appear in a dream. I am obviously taking the piss.

HILARIA

You cannot urinate in here!

ABIGAIL

I am not having a piss, I'm taking a piss. Pulling my leg, having one over on my waking self.

HILARIA

You are very strange, Mix. Will your father be looking for you?

ABIGAIL

My father?

HILARIA

Mix James Cunningham?

ABIGAIL

Mix is not my name, it is an honorific. Just call me Abi...

HILARIA

Shhhhh!!!!

Sound: tromping feet, jingling harness of centurians

ABIGAIL

Are they gone?

HILARIA

We should wait a few minutes more, sometimes they double back. Where did you come from anyway?

ABIGAIL

I told you, King's College. Why?

HILARIA

You are obviously not from Pompeii.

ABIGAIL

{Choking} Pompeii?!?!

HILARIA

Well, yes. Where did you think you were?

ABIGAIL

In my bed, at King's College, in a laboratory?? No I must be in my bed in the Coventry lodgings having a very strange dream. It is the only thing that makes sense. {Scoffing} Pompeii.

HILARIA

I do not understand these words. Coventry King's college. But you are most definitely in Pompeii and I can prove it. Follow me!

Sound: scrambling from hiding sounds.

HILARIA (CONT'D)

There. See that mountain?

ABIGAIL

The one that is smoking?

HILARIA

That is Mount Vesuvius. We are in Pompeii.

ABIGAIL

Well, I'll be blootered.

HILARIA

Mix! Mix!

NARRATOR

And she has fainted. To her benefit, Abigail did not expect to time travel when she donned the C.R.A.P. helmet and the Faraday armor. She expected to steal a fair night's sleep in the laboratory of Doctor Sage whilst the good doctor was away on family business. Curious as to the nature of the so-called sleep recording studies, Abigail let herself into the lab, suited up and hit the switch as the doctor had shown her.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Little did she know that her consciousness would be ripped from her body on a tide of electrical energy and flung through time and space to land in the recently deceased body of one Agrippa Augustus. That poor girl had died of asphyxiation in a mis-timed lover's game and the young man in question had fled the scene. When Abigail came to consciousness in a tangle of bedclothes she assumed the dream and the rest you already know.

Sound: Telegraph key clicking

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, back at King's College, Professor Savant, as is his normal habit when the doctor is away has stopped by to check in on the lab and ensure Mx. Cunningham is not meddling where he is not welcome. Upon discovering the insensible Mx. Entwhistle Savant has the only sensible reaction...

PROF SAVANT

Oh my gracious! Mx. Entwhistle, what have you done? Oh dear, you've not even connected your plumbing. Judging by the smell and the damp patch under your form you have been here at least a day or so. I must alert Petra at once!

Sound: Telegraph key clicking

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Come at once - STOP - Emergency -
 STOP - Abigail in your bedroom -
 STOP - Abigail not here - STOP

Sound: Telegraph key clicking

NARRATOR

Petra arrived three hours later and made her way immediately to the college. She would have been there sooner if not for all the stops.

Sound: Door opening

PROF SAVANT

Hullo, Pet! Come, come, come.

DR SAGE

Hullo, Erasmus! Tell me.

PROF SAVANT

I presume you did not clear Mx.
Entwhistle for travel?

DR SAGE

Certainly not! You don't think...

PROF SAVANT

Yes, I'm afraid the evidence is
incontrovertible. She transmigrated
at least a day or two ago.

Sound: pair of footsteps dashing across floor

DR SAGE

Wait! Stop. Erasmus - lock the lab
door and douse the lights. It would
not do to have Cunningham or his
goon stumble in whilst I attempt to
retrieve Abigail.

Sound: Footsteps running back to door - lock turning.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Oh... you were not kidding. I'll
need to get her cleaned up. Bring a
basin of water won't you Erasmus?

Sound: Water filling basin (note: did they have running taps
yet, or would it be a pump handle tap?)

PROF SAVANT

Here you are Pet... whoa. I'd
better wait outside.

DR SAGE

There is no reason to be squeamish,
Erasmus. We all evacuate in the
same manner.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, well... I am aware that those
of you in the medical professions
have little regard for social
propriety when it comes to the
naked human form, but I shall be
more comfortable waiting in the
outer laboratory.

NARRATOR

And so Sage tackles the clean up effort on her own and in short order has Mx. Entwhistle's inert form clean and properly plumbed.

DR SAGE

You may join us now, Professor. We are all decent.

PROF SAVANT

Do you have any idea where or when she may have traveled, Doctor?

DR SAGE

The Chladni pitch is set to the G an octave above middle C, this indicates that she has gone back before the turn of the common era, but there is no sand on the table, so I cannot confirm exactly.

PROF SAVANT

Why is there no sand, I thought that with this new system the sand was dropped as part of the automation.

DR SAGE

It was, but before I got the call from Mother to attend at my father's sickbed, I was trialing a new system using gallium instead of sand.

PROF SAVANT

Gallium?

DR SAGE

The chemical element Ga. It has a low melt point, but when cooled it will dry brittle and precise. I thought I might be able to create a method to make permanent records of the Chladni patterns. If I pour liquid Gallium onto the plate it will migrate into patterns just as the sand does, but then as it cools on the metal it will harden granting me greater ability to study the patterns and how they relate to each other.

PROF SAVANT

But this new process was not in place...

DR SAGE

...before Mx. Entwhistle took it into her head to try my system for herself, no.

PROF SAVANT

So, what shall we do, suit up?

DR SAGE

WE shant suit up. I will.

PROF SAVANT

I do not think it is wise to allow you to venture alone into an unknown time. I shall join you.

DR SAGE

You shant. There is only one other Faraday suit and CRAP helmet.

PROF SAVANT

The first few times we traveled, we did so without the benefits of your advanced contraptions - I shall simply do the same once again.

DR SAGE

Now you listen to me Erasmus Savant! We have no idea where or when Abigail has gone. We do not know if I can even match her trajectory. Now Imagine she returns on her own and finds the two of us insensible next to her? With such traumatic experiences how could she not report immediately to Cunningham who would promptly remove me from faculty and show me the door. No! Someone must sit vigil here and be prepared to usher Abigail carefully to understanding in the event I do not manage to connect with her in the past.

PROF SAVANT

I understand. I do not like it, but but your reasoning is sound.

NARRATOR

And so the doctor prepares to travel, taking time to finish the installation of the new gallium dispenser for the Chladni device. Once she is satisfied that all is in order, she assumes her place on the platform and initiates the now familiar sequence.

Sound: Edison engage

DR SAGE

Laboratory of Doctor Petronella Sage, King's College, 15th of March, 1894. My laboratory assistant, Mx. Abigail Entwistle has overstepped her remit and affected transmigration upon her own person unwitting of the results of her actions. I must now journey into the past in an attempt to reach her. I have mimicked the settings on the Chladne device at G an Octave and a 5th above middle C. I do not know if she struck the prayer bowl to gain the harmonic effect, but must assume she did not because I have not yet added that action into the automatic switch. In order to better preserve and record the Chladni patterns I have switched the sand for Gallium, warmed to a liquid state. The plate itself will begin a cooling process 2.4 seconds after the tone capturing the patterns of the conchoidal fractures which I believe can be analysed for more specific targeting data. Abigail's body had undertaken at least two evacuations of the bowels so I believe she has been in the transmigratory state for at least 32 hours. There is no way to tell from this end how things are progressing in the past. In order to assure that Abigail does not awaken without guidance, I have asked Professor Savant to keep vigil and be present should I be unsuccessful at connecting with her, or should she pre-decease me.

Sound: End Edison Device

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I should appreciate, dear friend,
if you will take notes of my
departure and subsequent return. It
is a rare opportunity we are
afforded here to see what it is
like as the transmigration is under
way.

PROF SAVANT

Of course, Pet. Don't be long, yes?
I shall be most anxious until you
and Mx. Entwhistle are returned
safe and sound.

Sound: Time travel mechanical sounds

NARRATOR

And so the doctor travels alone on
a single minded retrieval mission.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Will she be successful in finding
young Abigail in the vast annuls of
the past...We'll find out after
this short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now dear friends we invite you to
relax and listen to the
electroswing goodness of REDLIGHT
DISTRICT!

END MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now back to our story...

ACT II

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When last we saw our heroes, they had divided their forces. The professor is sitting a vigil at the laboratory whilst the doctor transmigrates into the past in an attempt to find Mx. Abigail Entwistle and bring her home. Now dear listeners, I usually make every endeavor to show you all that happens to our travelers, but this time I must draw the line. You see, the doctor arrived in Pompeii at the correct epoch: 79 AD, which is good. Unfortunately she arrived in a completely different part of the city from that which Abigail haunts. Pompeii is a city of roughly 15,000 people. It covers nearly 687,966 square meters. And the doctor has no idea what the girl she is searching for looks like. For that matter, she has no idea if she is even in female form. All of this adds up to hours of tedious walking, looking, and calling Abigail! Abigail! like a demented loon, which I can assure you, gets old quick. No, dear listeners, though misery loves company, I shall spare you the horror of those hours. Suffice it to say that after wandering through the morning, Sage finally stumbles upon a lead to her erstwhile associate.

Sound: Distant singing - Abigail

ABIGAIL

I am the very model of a modern major-general, I've information vegetable, animal and mineral, I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical, from Marathon to Waterloo in order categorical...

DR SAGE

Where is that singing coming from?
You! Bread merchant! Where is that
singing coming from?

MISC

That can only be the Horned Ram. No
self respecting establishment would
allow such caterwauling.

DR SAGE

Yes, yes. Where is the Horned Ram
of which you speak?

MISC

Two lanes over, three houses down.

DR SAGE

Thank you!

NARRATOR

And so in the end it was good old
Gilbert and Sullivan we have to
thank for our scientific reunion.

Sound: Singing gradually gets closer

ABIGAIL

I'm very good at integral and
differential calculus, I know the
scientific names of beings
animalculous, in short in matters
vegetable, animal and mineral, I am
the very model of a modern major
general. I know our mythic history,
King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's, I
answer hard acrostics, I've a
pretty taste for paradox...

Sound: raucous crowd, chink of glasses, etc.

NARRATOR

When the doctor arrives at the
house under the sign of the Horned
Ram what she finds is a scene as
old as time. Plentiful wine, pretty
half-dressed girls, drunken men and
gambling. A girl with dark hair and
big black eyes stands on a table at
the end of the bar and bellows
lyrics to a song no person in this
room could know.

ABIGAIL

Then I can write a washing bill in
Babylonian cuneiform, and tell you
every detail of Caractacus's
uniform, in short in matters
vegetable, animal and mineral, I am
the very model of a modern major
general.

MISC

{Catcalls} Aw shut up! Stop
singing! Save my ears! etc.

DR SAGE

Abigail! Abigail! It is me! Doctor
Sage. Come down Abigail, I can help
you, come down!

ABIGAIL

{Quite drunk} Whazzat?

DR SAGE

{moving closer} Abigail, it is me,
Dr. Sage. Come down here, let's
talk.

ABIGAIL

You are most certainly NOT my Dr.
Sage. Your hair is not gingery and
uncombed. Your nose is too large.
And you are not in Kings College,
which is where Dr. Sage is. In her
labro... her labroator... her
labrato... in her lab.

DR SAGE

If you would just come down here, I
could explain it all.

ABIGAIL

Zere is nuzzling to explain. I has
had a psychotic break. I am
content!

DR SAGE

No, Mx. Entwistle, you have not.
Come down here this instant!

HILARIA

{also tipsy} Mix? Is this old hag
bothering you? Your singing won us
another amphora of wine! Come help
me drink it?

ABIGAIL

They liked my shinging?

HILARIA

They liked it when you stopped.
Come down!

NARRATOR

It took a bit more coaching and pleading, but they did eventually manage to get Abigail down from her self appointed stage. The three repaired to a mostly quiet corner where they could talk in private.

HILARIA

{To Sage} You know Mix is mad, don't you?

DR SAGE

Mad?

HILARIA

Oh yes, quite off her head. She brings me good luck.

DR SAGE

She brings you good luck because she is mad?

ABIGAIL

Hey! I resemble that remark!

HILARIA

The mad are touched by the gods.

DR SAGE

I see. Yes, well.. would you mind seeing if the barman might trade this for some food?

Sound: jewelry chain

NARRATOR

The corpse that the doctor is occupying is that up an upper class woman, dead of old age. She had been laid out in her funeral jewelry as the household prepared for her burial.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The necklace she has handed to the young thief Hilaria is worth far more than a single meal, but of course, Sage is not worried about that. All she needs is a moment alone with Abigail. Not one to lose an advantage, young Hilaria pockets the gold necklace and pulls forth of few of her own coins as she heads outward on the search for food.

Sound: Chair scraping back, footsteps

DR SAGE

Abigail listen to me. I am going to say some words that no person of this time or place would be able to know: Chladni, galvanization, Faraday, C.R.A.P. Helmets, Cunningham.

ABIGAIL

How do you know those words? No person in this time or place knows those words.

DR SAGE

Yes, as I said, I am Doctor Petronella Sage. We have both undergone a medically induced transmigration, which has transported our consciousnesses and self energy, what the Chinese call the Qi, to ancient times. Which reminds me, where are we exactly? I have been too busy looking for you to make note.

ABIGAIL

{beginning to wonder} You have been looking for me? Here in Pompeii? But why ever would you want to join me in my delusion!

DR SAGE

Pompeii! Pompeii before the volcano, fascinating. Oh Erasmus will be sorry to have missed this.

ABIGAIL

Erasmus? Professor Savant? Miss this? You are not making sense.

DR SAGE

Let me explain. A few months ago, in the midst of my galvanization experiment, there was a terrible accident in the laboratory. A water crucible was knocked to the floor and the two of us were electrocuted, but we did not die. Instead, our conscious minds were flung through space and time to inhabit bodies on the battlefield of Auerstadt.

ABIGAIL

Auerstadt? In Saxony?

DR SAGE

Yes, in Saxony. But that is not the important bit. The critical thing is that we awoke in bodies not our own, spoke to each other and verified beyond doubt each other's identities, we were killed in battle, and we returned to our own bodies in the lab at Kings.

ABIGAIL

You have discovered time travel?

DR SAGE

Well, yes. Possibly. In a manner of speaking. We have called it Transmigration.

ABIGAIL

But when you transmigrate it is into dead bodies.

DR SAGE

Yes.

ABIGAIL

We are zombies?!?!

DR SAGE

Yes. Well, no. Not exactly. The bodies were dead. Once we inhabit them they are alive again. For a time.

ABIGAIL

And where are our bodies?

DR SAGE
In the laboratory.

ABIGAIL
And, the sleep monitoring
apparatus...

DR SAGE
Is actually designed to keep our
own bodies hydrated and fed whilst
we travel.

ABIGAIL
We? This is... you did not plan for
me... No, there is someone else.
Who travels with you?

DR SAGE
Professor Savant.

ABIGAIL
But he is neither a Galvanist nor a
Doctor.

DR SAGE
He was there from the first and
often it is his most specific
knowledge that helps us identify
where and when we are.

ABIGAIL
This is a lot for me to swallow.

Sound: Platter being set on table

HILARIA
Don't tell me you have swallowed
all the wine already! I brought
lunch.

ABIGAIL
No, we haven't. I think maybe I
have had enough wine for one day.

HILARIA
There is no such thing. Here, let
me fill your glasses. And eat up,
this food should not go to waste!

Sound: glasses being filled, distant boom

DR SAGE
What was that?

HILARIA

Probably Vesuvius - the mountain has been grumbling lately. Nothing to worry about really, it is too far away to hurt us.

DR SAGE

I believe that may be a critical mis-judgement on your part. I have lost my appetite. Abigail, would you care to step outside with me?

ABIGAIL

Erm, yes of course, Doctor. Hilaria, if you will excuse us?

HILARIA

Suit yourself, but I don't promise any of the food will be here when you return.

NARRATOR

They step out into the street and turn their faces toward the sky to see a black cloud of dust and debris flowing over the city, turning the mid-day sun dark.

ABIGAIL

This is not good. We have to warn the people!

DR SAGE

Abigail! We can't save them. History says that Vesuvius buried Pompeii. There is no where to run.

ABIGAIL

They could get to the shore. They could get on boats and sail far enough out that the destruction cannot reach them.

DR SAGE

Look! Look at the direction that cloud is coming from. There is likely a debris field raining down on the boats - they will already be withdrawing to avoid catching fire.

ABIGAIL

There must be something we can do!

DR SAGE

We know due to the account of Pliny the younger that some did get out. His uncle escaped by tying a pillow to his head and moving in the opposite direction of the debris cloud. But here is the hard truth. You and I need to return to our own bodies in our own time. The best way to accomplish that is to be in the streets when the pyroclastic surge comes through. The heat of that tephra current will kill us instantly, allowing our minds to return to our bodies at home.

ABIGAIL

You would just let these people die? You would let Hilaria die?

DR SAGE

I cannot save them.

ABIGAIL

But why? We have greater scientific knowledge. We have more tools. We know things they don't! Surely there is something we can do.

DR SAGE

There are scientific advances that could help - but only after fabrication. It might be possible to shelter in some sort of basement or sub-terranean structure, but that would only delay the inevitable. Buried under tons of ash, anyone who did survive the pyroclasm would simply die from lack of air.

ABIGAIL

So what use is this transmigration of yours? You cannot change anything. You cannot help anyone. Why would you put yourself through death after death for nothing?

DR SAGE

Look what we can learn! Our memories stay with us. We are seeing the death of Pompeii first hand!

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

We are uncovering the mysteries that science can only speculate about. If Erasmus were here, he would tell you how his observations already have strengthened his scholarship and even led to refuting erroneous conclusions.

ABIGAIL

SCHOLARSHIP! You are trying to convince me that not helping these people is okay because of scholarship! And I thought Cunningham was cold!

NARRATOR

And with that Mx. Abigail Entwhistle stormed back into the tavern to try and convince her new friend to flee the impending danger. Not knowing what else to do, Dr Sage followed.

ABIGAIL

Hilaria, put down that questionable meat, grab a cushion and follow me.

HILARIA

Oh, Mix! Are you a follower of Sappho! I did not take you for the type.

ABIGAIL

Yes! What? No! Hilaria, you are in danger. The cushion is to protect your head from falling rock and debris. Vesuvius has blown and it will bury the city. Come outside and look.

Sound: Rising panic out side, more volcano noises

HILARIA

All right, all right, don't get your toga in a twist.

NARRATOR

The girl stands and crosses to the door as Abigail collects cushions and follows behind her.

Sound: more

ABIGAIL

Do you see. We must try to leave the city - get to the fields - try to out pace the encroaching doom.

HILARIA

I will admit it looks worse than I have ever seen, but still, it is only ash and small pebb... ouch! Give me that and come on!

NARRATOR

As falling rocks and ash pelt them, the three women tie the cushions onto their heads and dash through the streets. More and more of the citizens of the city are realizing the gravity of the situation and the streets rapidly become clogged with masses of panicking people. They fight their way upstream but you and I know, dear listeners that is is a losing battle.

Sound: mass panic

ABIGAIL

Hilaria! Wait! This isn't working! Hilaria! Stop!

DR SAGE

Let her go, Abigail. Her destiny and yours follow different paths.

ABIGAIL

But you don't understand. On my first day here, I was so hungry I stole some bread. Someone saw me, they were chasing me, they would have caught and executed me if it weren't for Hilaria. She saved me! I can't just let her die.

DR SAGE

I do understand. In December we traveled to renaissance era Napoli. The body I claimed had a handsome husband, a child... we were together for nearly a month, then he died.

ABIGAIL

This was why you were so quiet
after the winter break?

DR SAGE

It was a terrible blow to lose
Marsillio, but I could no more save
him from the earthquake in Napoli
than you can save Hilaria from
Vesuvius. Some things are larger
than we are. And when the pyroclasm
claims this city, we will leave it
and return to our own place and
time. Hilaria, and all her
neighbors, including these bodies
we inhabit will lay under a tomb of
ash for fifteen hundred years. I am
sorry, but that is the way it is.

ABIGAIL

Well I don't like it!

NARRATOR

{Talking to a screen - as people do
to the TV} None of us like it young
Abigail, yet until the doctor
manages to perfect her knowledge in
the science of transmigration,
these little tragedies will play
out again and again and
interruptions to her genuine
research like your little excursion
here don't help matters! Wait, is
this thing on? Ahem. Yes. And so,
dear listeners the doctor convinced
Mx. Entwistle to shelter in a
portico with her and await the
inevitable. We shall leave them
here, in the dying moments of a
legendary city and pause for a word
from our sponsor:

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes dear friends you heard it here:
STEAMY TECH is the place for gears
that move! And now back to our
show.

ACT III

NARRATOR

When we left our Doctor she was huddled in a portico with her young companion awaiting the final cataclysm in Pompeii. As previously noted, history happened, and the two women awoken on the laboratory tables back at King's college.

DR SAGE

Abigail, are you all right?

ABIGAIL

I think so?

PROF SAVANT

Petra, you found her, I am glad to see you both back safe and sound.

ABIGAIL

I may be safe, but I do not feel sound!

PROF SAVANT

That is all right dear, I felt that way at first. It takes some getting used to, this transmigrating.

ABIGAIL

I do not intend on getting used to it. I shall never do that again! And neither should you.

PROF SAVANT

Don't say that Abigail. Think of what we can learn from the past, not to mention the future!

ABIGAIL

{Horrorified} Don't tell me you have traveled to the future! This is worse than I thought!

DR SAGE

Erasmus, will you give us girls a moment to clean up and dress? There's a dear.

PROF SAVANT

What have I said...

Sound: Door opening/closing

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)
{Whispering} Is she inebriated?

DR SAGE
I'm sure it is just residual
effects. We talk in a moment.

Sound: Door opening/closing

DR SAGE (CONT'D)
Abigail, don't mind Erasmus. His
enthusiasms can get the best of him
on occasion. He means no harm.

ABIGAIL
I do not believe that any of this
is meant harmfully - but that does
not mean that your transmigration
is harmless.

DR SAGE
You are right. This is why I have
kept its discovery secret for now.
Until I better understand what I am
dealing with we should not expose
the greater scientific community to
the knowledge of what is possible.

ABIGAIL
{Doubtfully} You kept this secret
from Mx. Cunningham for his own
safety?

DR SAGE
You know how men can be - so eager
for scientific notoriety and
acclaim. We absolutely cannot let
this technology out of this
laboratory until I understand its
complete parameters.

ABIGAIL
And what if you come to understand
the dangers outweigh the benefits?

DR SAGE
Then I shall destroy all of my
research and move on. Here dear,
let me help you take off the
Faraday suit.

ABIGAIL
What is all this? I did not have
these tubes in place before...

DR SAGE

This is part of my life-support system. We once were trapped in the past for nearly a week, before I developed it our bodies were severely dehydrated when we returned. That trip scared us badly and I set up this system to ensure it did not happen again.

NARRATOR

The pair dressed and joined the Professor in the outer laboratory.

PROF SAVANT

There now, you look more yourself Mx. Entwhistle.

ABIGAIL

I do not feel myself.

PROF SAVANT

That passes. I have come to think quite fondly of my various selves. I have happy memories of when I was a pirate for example!

ABIGAIL

A pirate?!

DR SAGE

Yes, well, there will be plenty of time for us to regale you with stories of our exploits if you wish, Abigail. For now, let's just leave it with gratitude that we are home safe in the arms of King's once again, shall we.

ABIGAIL

I suppose.

DR SAGE

Will you do me one favor, Abigail. Will you promise to not breathe a word of what you have learned until I have had a chance to share the entirety of my research with you? Then, once you understand the full scope of what I am doing, I shall abide by your judgement if the college need be informed or not.

ABIGAIL

I do not like it, but it would be unwise of me to report to Mx. Cunningham with anything less than complete information, so yes, I will keep my silence, for now. So, if you will excuse me?

DR SAGE

Of course.

Sound: footsteps - outer door.

PROF SAVANT

Do you think she will abide by that?

DR SAGE

I do. She is an honorable young woman. I must think of a way to impress upon her the urgency of the need for secrecy.

PROF SAVANT

I am sure you will think of something pet. Now, would you like to hear my observations of your bodies and the process of awakening?

DR SAGE

Oh yes! Do tell...

NARRATOR

And so we will leave our scientists here as nothing they say at this juncture will have any real interest for us. We can always distill this conversation at a later date. Should there be a later date. If Mx. Entwhistle reviews the doctor's research but remains unconvinced as to the need for secrecy, she could tell Cunningham and bring an end to the adventures of Sage and Savant. Will this happen? Tune in next month to find out!

END MUSIC STARTS

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 Eddie Louise as Sage, Chip Michael as Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as the narrator. Special Guest AnnMarie Gomez as Hilaria.

Episode 10 THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST 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, sound design and audio engineering by Chip Michael.

Our special musical guest in this episode was RED LIGHT DISTRICT, find them on Bandcamp.com or check out their Facebook page at www.facebook.com/rldbnd

Our episode sponsor was STEAMY TECH building old-world inspired art with modern technology! 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!