

Ep 104 - GEORGIE, PORGIE, PUDDIN' AND PIE

Season One Episode Four  
of  
THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

by  
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written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC BEGINS.

NARRATOR

Greetings and welcome to the audio-aetheric transmission The Tales of Sage and Savant, a Twinstar production. This broadcast is brought to you on the first of each month from the Twinstar Studios in sunny Southern California. Our tale stars Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus Savant, Eddie Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage, and myself Justin Bremer as your humble narrator. This month's program is sponsored by The Screampunk Fashion Show, and features the music of The Steampunk Stompers. And now, without further ado, we bring you The Tales of Sage & Savant!

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw the intrepid Sage and Savant they were seperated by time, space and 38 caliber bullets. You will be relieved to hear that the separation was only temporary. Savant awakened with a blinding headache and a very aroused sense of honor.

Unbuckling

PROF SAVANT

(to himself) Calm down old man. Check her pulse. She should be here any moment. Pulse is fine, temperature seems all right. She is fine. She will come back to you.

NARRATOR

Sage returned to her body nearly an hour later, obviously rattled by the events of the previous twenty four hours.

PROF SAVANT

Petra!

Unbuckling noises

DR SAGE

That was not good. I am glad to see that you are home and in good health Erasmus, now get out.

Sound: Door Closing

NARRATOR

Sage bannished the professor from her laboratory and isolated herself within, neither emerging nor responding to his repeated entreties for twelve days.

Savant out side door pleading.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When she finally unlocks the door...

PROF SAVANT

Petra, I've had enough. I am coming in no matter what.

Shoulder to door, door open as before and Savant stumbles thru

DR SAGE

Hullo Erasmus!

NARRATOR

...The laboratory looks as if a bomb has detonated at its center. The doctor is a mess, her cheeks are sallow, her copper curls stand on end, there are dark smudges under her eyes, her unwashed clothing hangs loosely from her frame.

PROF SAVANT

{tenatively} Petra? Are you all right, hen?

DR SAGE

Quite, I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be alright?

PROF SAVANT

Because we died! We traveled to the future and got shot in the head. At seperate times. I had no way of knowing if you would come back. And after the agonizing wait for you, when you finally did show up, you locked me out of your lab and have kept me out for the past two weeks...

DR SAGE

{interrupting} Don't be ridiculous, Erasmus. I was running calculations and revising my theories in light of the new information. I simply could not risk the distraction your prescence creates while I work. You see...

PROF SAVANT

{pleased} I am a distraction?

DR SAGE

{ignoring him} ...I have suspected for some time that we haven't traveled anyplace at all, but rather, the electrical overload established a magnetic resonnace between our brains allowing for our intellects to construct and share dellusions of ever increasing intensity, bridging from elements of a known and researched history to an imagined and speculated future.

PROF SAVANT

Wait - what do you mean we haven't traveled?

DR SAGE

Galvanists have long theorized that it might be possible to link two brains through the expediency of electric transfer, and I now suspect that this might be what has happened to us. It is a far more reasonable hypothesis than that we travelled through time and space into an unknowable future.

PROF SAVANT

That does not sound reasonable at all, Petra. I refuse to believe that our travels are merely flights of fancy. I for one could have never imagined the miracle that is the automatic seam sewer! And for another thing, my imagination would certainly not include all the dying!

Sound of sheaf of papers being tossed onto table

DR SAGE

My calculations support my theory. It is all here in my notes.

Sound of Edison device engaging

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

{recording} Laboratory of Dr. Petronella Sage, King's College, 22nd July, 1893, 2:00pm In order to prove my theory of magnetic linkage between the brains of Professor Savant and myself, I have created a Cranial Reticulation Analog Plexus helmet which will record the individual electrical impulses from our craniums as we recreate the last experiment that supposedly threw us into the future. I shall now fit the professor and myself with the cranium devices.

Edison device off - Laboratory Noises

NARRATOR

Taking no more time for his questions, the doctor chivvies the professor into his faraday armor and then up onto his table. She affixes the C.R.A.P. helmet over his head, and tightenes many screws securing sensors at multiple places across his skull, which is now criss-crossed with a veritable web of copper wiring. At last, she pokes a needle into the large vein on the back of his hand.

PROF SAVANT

Ouch! What is that for?

DR SAGE

Well, there is the chance we do actually travel to another place and time. This intravenous line will carry enough sugar and water to our blood to keep our bodies nourished for three days. In case we are detained.

PROF SAVANT

Detained?!?

NARRATOR

And then, like always, the doctor repeats the procedure on herself until she too looks like a being from another planet.

Pen scratching on paper like in a lie detector or a seismic register, Edison Device engages

DR SAGE

{recording} Update 2:23pm The C.R.A.P. helmets are recording the electrical waves from our brains as intended. Currently the electrical activity of the professor and myself is remarkably different. I hypothesize the wave forms will begin to match up once we are under the joint hallucination. Conversely, if our wave forms do not line up, it will be proof that the travels are real and not delusional.

Edison disengages, time travel noises start

NARRATOR

{gradually increasing volume - talking over lab noise, like a reporter in a wind storm} And we are off. This has become almost routine, dear listeners, though the doctor is nearly convinced that all of this electricity is simply a conduit into a shared delusion. Still scientifically significant, but not nearly so thrilling as time travel. Besides an experiment that creates this much sound and fury should signify something!

Final crash of time travel noise

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Is time travel real or simply a  
shared delusion? We'll find out  
after this short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now dear friends we invite you to  
listen to the musical outpourings  
of THE STEAMPUNK STOMPERS giving us  
a rousing rendition, arranged by  
Mark Petty, of LIVE WIRES a slow-  
drag rag about the marvels of that  
new-fangled invention: electricity!

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now back to our story...

ACT II

## INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

The two scientists have again made the leap into the unknown. When they open their eyes they are greeted with by a fresh faced youth of some seven or eight years, holding a distinctly un-childish knife.

ETHAN

Who are you? What are you doing here?

NARRATOR

Whilst our heroes struggle to make sense of their situation, I should tell you, they have entered the bodies of children. Well, to be wholly honest, Savant's host, though titularly a twelve year old, is nearly the size of a yearling bull. Sage's host on the other hand is a rather small-ish girl of eleven.

ETHAN

You tell me who you are or I'll stick you!

DR SAGE

Um, yes, well - we must be friends...

PROF SAVANT

... or cousins

DR SAGE

... or cousins of friends?

ETHAN

'Fess up now, and no funny business. If you are a demon, I'll send you back to hell!

PROF SAVANT

Hear now, whatever makes you think we are demons?

ETHAN

Cuz last night my friends Puddin' and Georgie died, and then this morning you sat up in their bodies pretty as you please. I may be a kid but I know enough to know that dead folks don't up and sit the next morning!

DR SAGE

Ah. Yes, I can see how that might be distressing. I don't suppose that I can convince you that i am the real Puddin' now?

ETHAN

{screams like he is attacking}

NARRATOR

The boy launches himself at the doctor's skinny female form, ready to plunge the knife into the heart of one he perceives to be a demon.

PROF SAVANT

Oy! There is no call for that!

NARRATOR

Luckily, the professor moves pretty quick in this body, and his hamlike arms snatch the boy out of mid-air.

ETHAN

{angry crying} Let me go! Let me go! I won't have demons defiling the body of my best friend! Let me go!

PROF SAVANT

She is not a demon child. Whatever would make you think such a thing? She is your own sweet Puddin'.

ETHAN

That's not Puddin'! YOU'RE Puddin' - and the fact that you didn't know that means you are a demon too!

NARRATOR

Twisting in the professor's grasp, the child stabs his knife into the fleshy shoulder of the boy-mountain Professor Savant is inhabiting.

PROF SAVANT

Yeeeeouch!!

NARRATOR

This has the predictable effect of causing the professor to drop the miscreant who scrambles back out of the reach of stomping boots and flailing fists the professor has unleashed.

DR SAGE

Wait! Wait, let's not kill each other. There is a perfectly rational explanation for what is happening. Please, Professor, sit down; are you badly hurt?

PROF SAVANT

The little savage stabbed me!

DR SAGE

So no, then. I'm sorry little boy, I don't know your name.

ETHAN

My name is Ethan and I am not little! I'm almost the same size as you and nearly as good a fingersmith. Or at least I'm as good as Georgina was. But you are not her, so that means I am better than you!

NARRATOR

And the realization dawns...

DR SAGE

He is Puddin' and I am Georgie. Or rather not Georgie. You are quite correct young man, I am not the same Georgie that died last night. Will you come sit and let us explain?

ETHAN

I'm fine right here.

DR SAGE

All right, but before I begin, can you tell me the date?

ETHAN

July 24th? Why?

DR SAGE

And the year?

ETHAN

1899, duh!

PROF SAVANT

Are we by any chance in Manhattan?

ETHAN

New York, as I live and breathe.

NARRATOR

And so, taking a chance as she has never done before, the doctor tells the child the truth. That they are scientists from the year 1893 and that they are conducting experiments in temporal translocation that seem to only work when there are dead bodies available to transmigrate into. Either that or this is all a delusion.

DR SAGE

I am sorry we came into these bodies so suddenly and that it scared you.

ETHAN

I wasn't scared. What good does it do to only travel seven years though? If I could trans... trans... trans-thing-a-ma-jiggy I would go someplace a lot more interesting, like the moon in the future the way Mr Jules Verne talks about, or back to see the dinosaurs for myself.

DR SAGE

Yes, well, I assume this body I am inhabiting is Georgina. Can you tell me about her?

ETHAN

Georgie. Nobody ever calls you Georgina. You are the sister to our gang-leader the Hells Kitchen Hounds. You are the best fingersmith in New York!

DR SAGE

Well that is nice! What exactly is a fingersmith?

ETHAN

A dipper? A cutpurse? A wallet lifter? A pick pocket.

PROF SAVANT

{chortles} You are a common sneak theif!

ETHAN

And you are our heavy, along with your twin brother...

Sound: pair of male footsteps coming up stairs

NARRATOR

Before Ethan can finish his explanation, two other boys burst into the room. The first is a wiry 14 year old with jet black hair and a menacing air. The other is a carbon copy of Puddin'.

PORGIE

Oy, you're up! We thought we'd lose you fer sure last night. If you are solid we could really use you on the streets.

PIE

Brother! {tackles and tustles with Savant}

Sound: Male wrestling - thumping and grunting

PORGIE

Seriously, Sis. You all right?

DR SAGE

Um, yes?

ETHAN

She's fine - still a bit groggy is all.

PORGIE

All right. {in command voice} Pie, get off your brother. Puddin, I need you on a job tonight. You up for it?

PROF SAVANT

I'm up, yes of course. I can be up for you. I'll be up.

PORGIE

{gives a side-eye} Right then. Ethan and Georgie, get out and earn us some dosh. The gang's been hungry for a week now. Puddin', Pie, you're with me.

ETHAN

Porgie, can Puddin' come with us today? Georgie is still a bit shaky. I'm just thinking that Puddin' can carry the loot and get it to the fence so Georgie will have less walking to do. Keep her energy like, in case she has to run. We wouldn't want her to get pinched.

PORGIE

Good thinking little stuff. Pie, you have a problem with that?

PIE

Nah! I'm worth two of my little brother anyway.

PORGIE

{laughs} All right troups. Meet here tonight at supper time. Ethan and Georgie are buying supper!

NARRATOR

Ethan helps our scientists find clothes that are not crusted in the effluvia of cholera and they do their best to get cleaned up before venturing out into the street.

New York street sounds

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As they walk from the tenement in Hells Kitchen to the better crowd at Grand Central Station, Ethan explains the art of fingersmithing to our doctor.

ETHAN

You gotta have a light touch.  
Fingers like feathers my mam always  
said, and a touch like air.

DR SAGE

...like feathers...

ETHAN

And you have to do the distraction  
touch like you mean it. Make sure  
their attention is on your cack  
hand whilst the feather fingers do  
the work.

PROF SAVANT

{whispering} Petronella, I am not  
sure you should be learning how to  
become a thief.

DR SAGE

{whispering} What choice do I have.  
You heard the kid, no one has eaten  
all week because I've been sick.

ETHAN

{upset} Look, you don't have to do  
anything. You could scarper and no  
one would be any the wiser.

DR SAGE

We will not scarper. The professor  
and I are many things, but disloyal  
to friends is not one of those  
things. I will just try to keep in  
mind that it is Georgie who is the  
thief, not myself.

ETHAN

Fingersmith. Georgie was the best  
fingersmith in New York, and that  
is saying something.

DR SAGE

I will try to do honor to her  
memory.

NARRATOR

As our crew arrives at Grand  
Central Station they survey the  
crowd looking for good marks.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Ethan catches one first and slips through the throng like a hot knife through butter, returning with a gold watch, a man's purse and even a Morgan silver dollar.

ETHAN

See? Nothing to it. Now you give it a try!

DR SAGE

Nothing to it. Right.

ETHAN

Here. Practice on me first!

NARRATOR

The boy secures the items he has just stolen on his person in roughly the positions they might appear on a grown man. He turns his back and pretends to be a busy gentleman, passing through the train station. Our doctor hurries after him, shadowing his movements until she sees her opportunity as Ethan gets slowed by a knot of travellers at the exit to 42nd street. She glides up behind him. Pretends to trip, and shoves into him from behind, clutching at his waist in mock distress. By the time Ethan has helped her to her feet, she has slipped the watch and the purse into pockets on her dress and she palms the silver dollar as she shakes his hand in thanks for the kindness. I can only speculate where this amazing skill for theft has come from, but it seems the doctor is a natural.

DR SAGE

Did you see that Erasmus? Did you see, I removed these things, slick as a whistle.

PROF SAVANT

I'm not sure if I should be impressed or frightened.

ETHAN

I knew you had the stuff! Just like Georgie!

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Puddin' you just kinda meander around the outskirts here. Don't stay in one place too long or the bulls will do you for loitering. Now get out there and earn us some Dosh.

DR SAGE

What if I'm not ready. I am not ready. I only practiced once and I knew it wasn't for real. I mean that those items I took from you were already stolen, so maybe that wasn't the same as actually stealing....

NARRATOR

But Ethan isn't listening. He has already disappeared into the crowd. Doctor Sage swallows her fears and wades bravely into the stream. She spies a finely dressed man with a silver headed cane and a golden pocket watch chain ostentaciously spread across his stomach. She approaches. She uses her left hand to clap the man clumsily on the shoulder, and then attempts to lift free the watch from his vest pocket. Unfortunately, the watch was on an Albert chain and doesn't come free.

MAN

Unhand my watch you guttersnipe!

NARRATOR

Not knowing what to do, Sage breaks the chain, jerking the watch free and clutching it in her small fist she turns to run with her stolen goods clasped to her chest.

MAN

Stop! Thief!

Street pandemonium, running, shouting etc.

MISC

Where? What thief? Where'd he go? What's he look like? It's a girl, blue dress, brown hair. There she is!

ETHAN

Georgie! Over here! C'mon! Puddin!  
Run!!!

Sounds: City Noises

NARRATOR

Sage runs for the boys who have panicked looks on their faces. As she approaches, Ethan turns Pudding North and shoves. Then he grabs Georgie's hand and pulls her along they weave thru the outskirts of the crowd. They run for nearly a mile and then plunge into leafy foliage at the edge of a great park. They continue running until they are sure they have lost all pursuit. Only then do they collapse in a heap in the underbrush of a thicket that would be at home in the English countryside.

DR SAGE

{panting} There has got... to... be... an easier form... of making a living... than that!

PROF SAVANT

This body... is built for... pummeling foes... not pounding pavement

NARRATOR

After the scare of the morning, the doctor and professor decide they must find safer and less imperiled ways to gain money enough for food. They make enquiries in nearby establishments until the doctor finds a shop owner in need of an electrical repair. Though the man is skeptical, Sage fixes his problems after a few short minutes crawling through conduits. The small size of her current body makes accessing the convoluted wiring a piece of cake. Which is exactly how the grateful shop owner pays her - with a large piece of battenburg and a shiny silver dollar. Sage decides to use the opportunity to instruct her young friend.

DR SAGE

Do you see Ethan? There are far better ways to make a living than by stealing.

NARRATOR

The owner of the first shop referred them to a second establishment, who did the same and so on throughout the afternoon until they were all stuffed with cakes and sweets and their pockets were bursting with dollars. They returned to gang Headquarters like conquering heroes. They did not, however explain where exactly the money came from. Ethan advised that Porgie would not take kindly to the new personage inhabiting the body of his sister. The Hells kitchen Hounds held a feast that evening to celebrate their success.

Banging of tin cups together or maybe a knife against the lip of a tin cup.

PORGIE

Gents, gents! Listen up. This here has been a right good feast thanks to our Georgie who is newly returned to health. I was skeptical when she asked for Puddin' to accompany them on the five finger discount today - but Ethan told me they would need him to carry all the loot and hoo-boy were they right!

General pounding on table and shouts of approval

PORGIE (CONT'D)

Alright, alright settle down. {waits for quiet} So here's the deal. The Five Points Gang has been nosing around our track, and we gotta show them that they ain't welcome Hells Kitchen way!

Cheering and hooting and barking and howling.

MISC

They should stay outta da kitchen, they can't stand da heat! Yeah! Beware of the dog!

PORGIE

Yeah, yeah. Settle down. Tomorrow morning me an Puddin' and Pie are gonna have ourselves a little meeting with them Five Points boys and set 'em straight. Hells Kitchen belongs to the Hounds!

MISC

{Barking, etc.}

PORGIE

OK, so Ethan and Georgie, tomorrow I wants you back out on the streets, lets concentrate on Longacre Square so the bulls in Grand Central don't get wise to yer actions. There is no way you could pull that much dosh two days in a row and not get pinched. Now all you chums better get off to bed and get yer beauty rest. Tomorrow's a big day!

Cheers, barks, and calls of good night!

NARRATOR

And so our heroes lay down to sleep in a den of thieves. Before long, the air is filled with the snores and murmurings of sleep. All except for those of Sage and Savant who cling to each other in the darkness and review the happenings of their day.

PROF SAVANT

Doctor, why do you think that you were so good at fingersmithing in practice but so patently bad at it the pinch?

DR SAGE

I am not sure, I got nervous I guess?

PROF SAVANT

I have been thinking about this. Do you remember Auerstaadt?

DR SAGE

How could I forget?

PROF SAVANT

At Auerstadt I could hear the French speaking, I knew it was French, but even though I have a rare facility for that language I could not make out the words. I can only speculate that the Prussian soldier whose body I was borrowing did not know French. That, or the part of his brain that had learned French was removed by the cannonball.

DR SAGE

Interesting. We know that the body has some sort of a memory separate from that of the consciousness. Repeating a physical action in practice, such as that undertaken by musicians or athletes, has a marked effect on one's ability.

PROF SAVANT

So your body knows how to pick a pocket undetected but once you got nervous, your brain over-rode that ability?

DR SAGE

It seems so, but that opens another line of inquiry: how was it possible for Georgie to accomplish the electrical work we did today?

PROF SAVANT

She had you, working from within to teach her hands what they needed to accomplish. Just as she had you, sabotaging the quick smooth movements necessary for theivery with your doubts and moralization.

DR SAGE

So, if I occupied a pianist, sat in front of the instrument and closed my eyes letting the body control the movements I could play a sonata?

PROF SAVANT

I suspect so.

## NARRATOR

With her brain churning the ideas of physical vs mental knowledge, the doctor drifted off to sleep. In the morning, as good as his word, Porgie gathers Pie and Savant and heads into Five Points Territory. The Five Points Gang is one of the most vicious gangs in Manhattan, and unlike the Hounds, most of the members are adults. The youth are fringe members of the gang, hanging around the edges, looking for a way to prove themselves to their elders. It was just such a group of youths that were trying to move into Hounds territory. If Porgie's fine oration skills could not talk them out of their gambit, Puddin' and Pie would discourage them emphatically.

## PROF SAVANT

Excuse me, um Pie, what exactly is it we are going to do today?

## PIE

What we always do, dummy.

## PROF SAVANT

Oh... Will you go first or will I?

## PIE

Whoever's fists are closer to the mark will go first, as always.

## PORGIE

What you talking about Puddin?  
You're not going soft on me now are ya?

## PROF SAVANT

Well no, not soft, I was just wondering though... if perhaps... I mean to say if you could consider... perhaps the role of pacifist is better suited to my temperment?

## PIE

{Laughs}

PORGIE

{laughing} Oh, oh, I think that is the funniest thing I have heard all year! You? A pacifist? You never met a mug you didn't want to smash a fist into. {still laughing}

PROF SAVANT

Don't mind me. I was just thinking. Obviously it was stupid.

NARRATOR

It is apparent that appealing to the boy's better nature won't get the Professor out of the coming battle. He is going to have to find a way to quell his inner qualms and channel the host body's penchant for violence. They arrive at the rendezvous, but the Five Points gang members that meet them are not the youth members, but one boy, backed up by four large and menacing adults.

PORGIE

Hey Johnny Smalls, what you playin' at? This here was to be a meeting of equals not a hit squad.

JOHNNY

Like you bringing those two goons leads to a balanced equation? I just figured they might like to pick on somebody their own size.

PROF SAVANT

Hey, Porgie. I don't like the look of these odds. Maybe we should back off, on account of the the opposition not following the Queensberry rules?

PORGIE

{Hissing whisper} You cannot be suggesting that the Hounds back down from a fight, Puddin'?

PROF SAVANT

Well, no... it's just...

PORGIE

You let me do my part, and then we'll see if your part is needed, eh? Now stand back there next to your brother and keep yer big trap shut!

JOHNNY

Yer muscle is lookin a little green around the gills, Porgie. You sure that Puddin' aint spoiled?

PORGIE

Never you mind him, Puddin' and Pie are desperate to taste yer blood, but I'll not let them do it until the condition have all been met. {raising voice so that any on-lookers might hear} The Hells Kitchen Hounds always keep to the terms of their agreements.

JOHNNY

Oh yeah? Well The Five Points ain't gentlemen, that's true, but we don't have any girls in our gang either, so nothin's made us soft!

NARRATOR

As if operating on a hidden signal, the Five Points bruisers surge forward and attack Porgie, Puddin' and Pie.

PIE

C'Mon Puddin' let's get 'em!

PROF SAVANT

But no one has done anything but talk, surely, we might be able to work it out if we could just all sit down and...

Fight noises

NARRATOR

Puddin's hesitation is all the opening the Five Points Gang needs. One of the men grabs Porgie's arms from behind, pinning him and forcing him to watch as the other three move in on Pie.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Erasmus stands rooted to the spot, struck dumb by the violence and unsure of what to do with the ham sized fists that hang dumbly at his sides.

PORGIE

Get in there Puddin'! Don;t let Pie take on these guys MPJTNSKLF

Sounds: punches, grunts, cackle, screaming through a gag

NARRATOR

Whatever Porgie was about to say is muted by the expediency of a very dirty rag stuffed deep into his mouth. For a few minutes, Pie holds his own, knocking out one of the Five Pointers with a haymaker that would have taken a kid off his feet. The other two men are relentless closing in on Pie with deadly intent. They pound their fists into his ribs, back and jaw. Puddin' and Pie are huge for twelve year olds, but they are no match for a pair of adult heavys. Pie goes down on one knee, bleeding from his nose and a ear, one eye already swelling shut. Porgie is going beserk in the arms of his captor, screaming through the gag, nearly choking in his anger. Johnny Smalls cackles off to the side like a demented boggle, thrilled that his ambush is going so well. Through this all, the Professor stands paralyzed with indesion until finally the dam inside him breaks and his sense of injustice wins out over his pacificism.

PROF SAVANT

{Primal Scream}

NARRATOR

Puddin' comes into the fray with a vengeance, a viscous uppercut catching one thug under the jaw and lifting him clear off his feet to land in an unconscious heap.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A roundhouse kick throws the second man back from his brother, not stopping to watch Pie crumple to the ground the professor lowers his head and bull charges the man before he can catch his balance. He drives the man back into the brick wall with a force large enough to crack bones, tho the professor does not stop to see which ones. He rounds on the goon holding Porgie, but the gang leader has already taken care of that guy with a well placed kick to a knee that leaves the man groaning on the alley floor. Johnny Smalls makes like to run, but Savant catches him by the hair and holds the greasy little thug in place waiting for Porgie's pleasure.

Sounds: Johnny Smalls yelps

PORGIE

I got this weasel, Puddin' see to yer brother.

NARRATOR

Our professor gladly untangles his fingers from the unwashed Five Points follicles and heads over to check on his unconscious counterpart.

PORGIE

Word is going to get out about this Johnny Smalls, you mark me. We might a fought today fair and square but you had to go and try to stack the deck. This city will remember that and you won't be able to hold your head high anyplace in the bouroughs. I advise you to find a new domocile. Someplace out west. WAY out west. Now get outta here before I let Puddin' give you the lickin' you deserve!

NARRATOR

It is a subdued group that return to Hounds headquarters, and their spirits can't be raised even by the luxurious feast procurred by Ethan and Gorgie.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

That night, Sage and Savant talk about the moral implications of imposing their own world views on lives that are not their own.

PROF SAVANT

Because of my hesitation. Pie nearly got beat to death.

DR SAGE

You were not wrong to try for a peaceful solution.

PROF SAVANT

But I didn't understand the stakes. My pacificism was out of place.

DR SAGE

Are you suggesting that in order to continue traveling we will have to leave our morals behind?

PROF SAVANT

I don't know what I'm suggesting, but I certainly hope our death looms sooner rather than later to spare me from making that judgement call.

NARRATOR

The pair fall into an uneasy sleep, dreaming of death, and theft, and beatings. In the morning they are awakened by a very excited Porgie...

Sound footsteps running into room

PORGIE

Gents! Kid Blink is gonna speak at a rally! Let's go have a keek.

NARRATOR

Kid Blink is one of the leaders of the newsboy strike that is currently shaking up New York. Tired of price gouging by William Randolph Hertz and Joseph Pulitzer, the boys are refusing to sell papers. The Hounds follow their leader into the streets to join the swelling ranks at the street rally.

Street crowd noises

## MISC

It gives me great pleasure to introduce the guy who needs no introduction. I give you Kid Blink!

Cheers and crowd noise

## KID BLINK

We know wot we wants and we'll git it, even if we is blind. Dem 10 cents is as good ter us as to de millionaires-maybe better. I shouldn't be surprised but that it's as good as a quarter is to dem. Anyway, we wants it. And we'll strike and restrike until we get it. Won't we boys? (Cries of "Yes! Yes!")

Kid Blink now fades to background under the scene

(But don't lets stop no more poor driver and dump over der wagons, like we done in Madison st. de odder day. I know I was one. ("You bet you was!") Let's not do it no more. Say, will we, boys? ("No! No!") Say, you remember dat day in Wall-st., when the gents trun money to us and tole us to buy decent papers? You remember, say, don't you boys? ("Yes! Yes!") Dat's all right, but, say, don't lets hurt no more poor drivers. We won de fight in 1893. We ought to win in 1899. Oughtn't we, boys? ("Yes! Yes!") )

## ETHAN

Those boys are right fired-up, aren't they Georgie? What a sight. We're going to march with 'em ain't we!?

## DR SAGE

We can march with them on one condition, Ethan.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

That you promise me you will work to make something better of yourself than a fingersmith. Now for the last two days I've been showing you how to do the electrical work, yes?

ETHAN

Yes, and I've been learning 'bout the ground and the amperes, just as you been tellin me!

DR SAGE

I think you can already tell that the electricity work will be a better income than fingersmithing, yes? But you have got to be clean, and polite to get hired. No one will want to hire a little hooligan to do the work and I am afraid there will not be enough of you to press the issue as the newsies are doing. Do you understand?

ETHAN

Yes, but why are you talking this way, Georgie. We're gonna do that work together aren't we?

DR SAGE

Ethan, you do remember that I am not really Georgie, don't you? And I have already stayed here longer than I have stayed anywhen I have travelled. I'm not sure how much longer I'll get to stay.

PROF SAVANT

{excited by watching history in the making!} Petra, the Newsies are on the march - we should go along! This is so exciting - children! Striking! Certainly, children have been involved in labor movements before - but never have they raised a strik on their own behalf! This is our chance to see history in the making!

DR SAGE

Right - Ethan I want you to take this - it is \$10 - I held it back from the portions we have used to buy the gang food.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

You use that, and do as I have taught you, and get free of the gangs. There is a better future for you if you have the courage to take it like these young newsies.

ETHAN

OK, but Georgie-Petra, you're not gonna leave me alone again are ya?

KID BLINK

Youse all know me, boys, don't you? We'll stick togedder like plaster, won't we, boys?

Sound: Cheering

NARRATOR

Before Dr Sage can answer Ethan's question they are swept up in the flurry surrounding the Newsies march. Let's leave them to their dreams of a better future as we pause for a word from our sponsor:

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes dear friends you heard it here: for creepy crawly fashion tips you will want to attend the Screampunk Fashion Show at Gaslight Gathering. And now back to our show.

ACT III

NARRATOR

When we left our heroes they were joining the Newsies march on Wall Street. The mood in the city is tense, though there is great support for the boys in the streets, the support in the boardrooms and halls of power is less enthusiastic.

Crowd Noise

DR SAGE

{shouting over crowd} Where's Ethan?

Sound: Rioting

PROF SAVANT

I cannot see him. I lost him somewhere around Union Square.

DR SAGE

This is getting ugly, we need to get out of this crowd and trust Ethan to do the same.

Police whistles and increased noise.

MISC

Go on home ya bulls! We don't need ya here! Go home Pulitzer shills! 'Der is shills? Get 'em! Etc.

NARRATOR

The doctor and the professor attempt to extract themselves from the crowd, but it is too late they are sucked into a maelstrom of rioting youths and strike busting cops. The doctor's slight body is no match for the weight of the crowd around her and she is knocked to the street, the immediate victim of trampling feet, The professor throws himself to the ground near her attempting to shield her body with his own larger one, but he is kicked in the head and blacks out.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

All goes black and under the stamping feet of the insensate crowd our heroes take their last breaths in these bodies.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The pair awaken on the familiar slabs, the C.R.A.P. helmet recorder needle sticking on the end of the roll of paper that ran out in the first four hours of the journey. Dr Sage slowly unbuckles, freeing herself to check the results of their experiment.

Unbuckling, paper unrolling etc.

PROF SAVANT

{hoarsely} So, was it all a shared delusion?

DR SAGE

No, apparently not. The electrical signatures of our brains remain distinctly separate.

PROF SAVANT

So all that will happen? The gangs? The striking boys?

DR SAGE

Apparently.

PROF SAVANT

And so we are done travelling?

DR SAGE

What? No! Not at all! Now we must travel longer and further! We must attempt to push backwards in time not by decades, but by centuries, and when we have learned how to do that with aplomb, we must once again venture into the future!

PROF SAVANT

{Softly} But we died?

DR SAGE

If I've said it once, I've said it  
a thousand times, Erasmus. Death is  
no barrier to Science!

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 Chip Michael as Savant,  
Eddie Louise as Sage, and Justin  
Bremer as the narrator. Special  
guests in this Episode were Avery  
Fulton as Porgie and Curran James  
as Ethan.

Episode 4 Georgie, Porgie, Puddin'  
and Pie Was written by Eddie Louise

Audio engineering and theme music  
by Chip Michael.  
Special music in this episode was  
LIVE WIRES written by Adaline  
Shepard in 1910, arranged by Mark  
Petty for the album FULL STEAM by  
THE STEAMPUNK STOMPERS, check them  
out at [www.steampunkstompers.com](http://www.steampunkstompers.com).

Our episode sponsor was THE  
SCREAMPUNK FASHION SHOW at Gaslight  
Gathering.

Catch our website at  
[www.sageandsavant.com](http://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!