

EP 112 Pt 2 - WRACKED AND RUIN
Season One Episode Twelve Part Two

THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC BEGINS.

SOUND: Ocean, creaking of boat

CHARLOTTE

All the boats were already far from the Medusa, when they were brought to, to form a chain in order to tow the raft. The barge, in which was the governor of Senegal, took the first tow, then all the other boats in succession joined themselves to that. There yet remained upon the Medusa more than sixty persons...

PROF SAVANT

What'cha doin' Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

I am composing the narrative of our adventures, young Robert, so that I will remember them when I am once again presented with paper and pen on which to write them.

CAROLYN

Don't mind her, Robert. She fancies her self a great essayist. Although it takes no particular skill to write things down as they happen.

CHARLOTTE

You mind your business, Carolyn Picard! Writing is a skill of great wit and erudition and you would do well to practice the art of scansion and syntax yourself.

PROF SAVANT

Please don't fight, I couldn't bear it, after everything.

CAROLYN

Not a worry in your head, Robert. We aren't really fighting. We are just sisters, and this is a very small boat.

PROF SAVANT

When will we be able to get out? I am very hungry.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

All they gave me this morning was 1/8th of a biscuit. That is not a lot. I once ate nine whole biscuits in one sitting.

CAROLYN

I am sure you did. Unfortunately, after last night's storm, in which you were so grievously injured, we have been carried far from the coast, and must in all likelihood spend the entire day sailing back towards Senegal. How is your head, by the way?

PROF SAVANT

It hurts, but I'll do. Are you sure I am the only one who was struck down so? There was no one else knocked insensible for any time?

CAROLYN

I have told you, silly boy, you were the only one.

PROF SAVANT

{to himself} I guess she is not here then. Well that is a bother.

SOUND: frantic electronic switching

NARRATOR

{off mic} Well how did that happen? No, the 21 Century audience is not supposed to hear events without my guidance.

SOUND: Indistinct muttering

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I am telling you, the board was locked down and it is a DNA security system.

SOUND: Indistinct muttering

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, well it is a little late for that now isn't it. All right. Yes. Yes, I'll do that. AHM Ladies and Gentlemen as you might have noticed we had a technical glitch at the top of this program. You have my sincerest apologies.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

If you will give me but a moment,
we can begin again...

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Greetings and welcome to the
audio-aetheric transmission The
Tales of Sage and Savant, a
Twinstar production. This broadcast
is brought to you on the first of
each month from the Twinstar
Studios in sunny Southern
California. Our tale stars Eddie
Louise as Doctor Petronella Sage,
Chip Michael as Professor Erasmus
Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Mx
Abigail Entwhistle and myself
Justin Bremer as your humble
narrator. This month's special two
part episode, entitled WRACKED AND
RUIN, is sponsored by THE
PORTALIST, and features the music
of DIEGO'S UMBRELLA. And now,
without further ado, we bring you
The Tales of Sage & Savant!

SOUND: Ocean

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our heroes they
were separated by the circumstance
of shipwreck. Our good Doctor has
survived the depredations of a
hostile ocean and more hostile raft
mates, only to die of injuries at
the hospital of the town of Saint-
Louis on the Senegalese Coast.
Until this moment, we did not know
where the Professor had landed. Now
we shall learn of what happened to
him in the intervening days and
eventually we may learn where he is
now.

SOUND: Bosun's Whistle

OLD MAN

Land Ho!

CAROLYN

Did you hear that Robert! There is
the coast of Senegal after all.

(MORE)

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

We shall be on solid land before
you know it.

PROF SAVANT

That is good, because I checked.
The water barrel has barely four
pints sloshing in it's guts, and
there are no more than half a dozen
biscuits total! I fear we will
perish from want if we do not make
shore soon.

NARRATOR

In the event, it would take another
two days for the survivors to grow
desperate enough to try and crest
the long rolling breakers on the
Barbary coast. As they approached
the shore the foamy surge filled
them with terror, but the sight of
Medusa shipmates all ready ashore
and signalling them to come in gave
them heart and they challenged the
billowing sea.

SOUND: Crashing waves

CHARLOTTE

{in terror - reciting to herself}
Each wave that came from the open
sea, each billow that swept beneath
our boat, made us bound into the
air; so we were sometimes thrown
from the poop to the prow, and from
the prow to the poop. The helm of
the boat was again given to the old
pilot, who had already so happily
steered us through the dangers of
the storm.

OLD MAN

Throw the tackle in the sea boys -
we'll not need it again and it may
founder us with it's weight.

SOUND: Heavy things being thrown into the sea - whizzing
ropes etc.

NARRATOR

The boat, bearing forty two souls,
braved the crashing waves; rising
up great crests only to crash down
into deep troughs in an endless
litany of triumph and failure.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The sailors pulled on their oars with a renewed vigor, the adrenaline of imminent danger replacing the lethargy of despair. Waves crashed with a hollow monstrous sound, driving the little boat with a frenzy. They neared the shore at last, but at that exact moment when they might have breathed a sigh of relief and welcomed deliverance, a rogue breaker swept in from the side, raised the little boat high in the air, spinning it until it was parallel to the shore and then slamming it down onto its side in the exposed beach. Before the passengers could so much as take a breath, the weight of the water came crashing down upon them and they found themselves neck deep in the brine.

SOUND: Crashing wave

MISCELLANEOUS

Swim for it!
Get up on the beach!
Carry the children!
Here Ma'am get on my shoulders,
I'll get you in safe.

SOUND: More gentle waves from the beach

NARRATOR

At last, they were all safely on the shore. Mothers patted children, husbands comforted wives. The Professor has found himself a friend of the Picard family, whose father was returning to Senegal for his business, but bringing his wife and children for the first time. The two oldest sisters - Charlotte and Carolyn had taken a liking to Robert, the ship's boy, which was fortunate for our Professor. Their friendship went a long way to making up for the discomfort of his current situation. They could not, however assuage his worry for the Doctor and his fevered imaginings of what difficulties she might be enduring.

PROF SAVANT

So, what do you think we will do now that we are all safely ashore?

CAROLYN

I should think we will walk to Senegal.

PROF SAVANT

I thought we were on Senegal.

CHARLOTTE

Not quite. This stretch of the Barbary Coast is still wild. To get to the more civilized part, we shall need to walk for a few days.

CAROLYN

Charlotte is right - we will be doing quite a bit of walking, but you told me you wished to be an explorer, didn't you Robert? Think what an adventure it will be.

PROF SAVANT

Oh, yes! It is all quite exciting. I only wish Petronella were here as well.

CHARLOTTE

Petronella?

PROF SAVANT

Oh, um, nobody. Just a girl I know.

NARRATOR

Before the ladies could question him further, the officers called the orders to head out. Many of the passengers had lost their shoes in the tumultuous landing, so they walked across the burning sand barefoot. Over the next two days, this caravan of survivors, beaten but not broken, would make their way down the African coast line towards civilization. The nights were the most difficult, as the darkness and lack of shelter created great uneasiness in the company.

SOUND: animal calls and yips

PROF SAVANT
What ever was that?

CHARLOTTE
Most probably a leopard. Papa says
they are thick along this coast.

SOUND: Lion roar

CAROLYN
{Screams} What was that?

PROF SAVANT
{Nervous} That sounded like a lion.
Are their lions in this part of
Africa? I think there are. Lions
will attack men. We call them man-
eaters. But they are not usually
found in remote areas like this.
Man-eaters are the ones that live
close to villages and get used to
the presence of humans. There are
no villages close to here are
there?

CHARLOTTE
Robert?

PROF SAVANT
Yes?

CHARLOTTE
It would be best if you stopped
talking now.

SOUND: Lion Roar

NARRATOR
The party spent the rest of the
night awake, cringing at the calls
of the wild animals and expecting
to be attacked and eaten at any
moment. In the event, the morning
arrived without fatality and the
weary party set out once again in
search of civilization.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Much to the company's disgruntlement, they did not yet find a city, though they walked the entire day through punishing heat across boiling sands, but they did find a band of moors who explained through an interpreter that they wished to help the group and could take them to their camp for food and water. The members of the caravan, not feeling they had much choice, followed the moors deeper into the desert. After a couple of hours of climbing dunes and sliding down the other side only to climb again, they came to a tented camp at an oasis, filled with women, children, dogs and goats. It was here that a most miraculous coincidence occurred.

SOUND: goats, children's laughter etc.

AMET

Tiens toi, Picard! ni a pas connaître moi Amet!

PROF SAVANT

Does that Arab man know your father?

CAROLYN

It must be someone my father met when he was in Senegal before.

FATHER PICARD

Amet?!?! Well met, my good man. Come let us grow reacquainted with each other.

CAROLYN

I think our travails must be nearly over, if we have met a friend in this wretched place.

NARRATOR

They had in fact, met a friend, though many in their party were too prejudiced to see it. The strangeness of the Arab camp, the hostile nature of the surrounding environment and the narrow minds of some of the castaways produced a vile brew of suspicion and fear.

CAROLYN

Robert, Robert, wake up!

PROF SAVANT

Why are you rousting me from the first comfortable sleep I have had since awakening in that vile little boat?

CAROLYN

We are leaving this camp, Robert. Some of the men fear that the Arabs plan to slit our throat in the night.

PROF SAVANT

That is ridiculous. If they had wished us harm, why go to the trouble to feed us and erect tents for us beforehand?

CAROLYN

I agree, and so does Father. He argued the same thing but he was shouted down and our caravan is leaving all the same.

SOUND: Tent flap

CHARLOTTE

Hurry along you two. Since the men insist on leaving, Amet and some of the others have provided donkeys.

NARRATOR

And so, the party rejected hospitality of their gracious hosts and struck off, back towards the coast, ironically, following the guidance of the Arab friends whose hospitality they had just scorned.

PROF SAVANT

You know, scientists speculate that the numbers of evil people do not vary much from race to race. A certain percentage of a population lends itself to perfidy and that percentage is the same from the halls of European royalty to the tribes of the Amazon. I am sure we would have come to no harm had we stayed in the Arab camp, sleeping soundly until morning.

NARRATOR

His traveling companions ignored the Professor's ruminations, seeing him as naught more than a twelve-year-old boy. They simply put their heads down and continued walking through the night until they gained the shore once again. Where will the Professor and his band of survivors end up?...We'll find out after this short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now dear friends we invite you to listen to the gypsy rock musical outpourings of DIEGO'S UMBRELLA...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now back to our story...

ACT II

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When last we saw our hero he had spent the night trodging through the sand away from a comfortable bed and a band of hospitable locals. On the appearance of the morning, they had two fortunate things happen. The first of which was the appearance of the brig Argus, holding ground just behind the swells. Two of the Arab guides swam out to the brig, and returned with three barrels between them. It seems the Argus had been sent out to search for the raft and any other survivors. They provided provisions of wine, brandy and a dutch cheese and the welcome news that Saint-Louis was only one or two day's further march. The second bit of good fortune was a second party of Arabs arrived on camel-back from the South to aid them in their journey, but this party held a surprise.

Sound: Camel noises

CAROLYN

Oh my goodness!

ENGLISHMAN

Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.

CHARLOTTE

We are in your debt, kind Sir.

ENGLISHMAN

No, no. Not at all. Mr. James Carnet at your service. From Brighton, England, late of Senegal.
(MORE)

ENGLISHMAN (CONT'D)

All of Saint-Louis is concerned for you poor victims of the most terrible circumstance. Come, come - let's get you aboard.

CHARLOTTE

You wish me to ride that loathsome beast?

ENGLISHMAN

I can assure you dear lady, they are entirely docile.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you, but no thank you. My sister and I will walk.

PROF SAVANT

I'd like to ride!

ENGLISHMAN

If you ladies are absolutely sure you do not wish to ride...?

CAROLYN

{resigned} She is sure, and I cannot desert my sister. You take the ride Robert, but do not forget about your poor friends that toil behind.

NARRATOR

An interesting note on the effects of transmigratory practices on the traveler's personality. Normally, Professor Savant is the picture of civility and honor. At King's College, he would never consider taking a conveyance for himself whilst the ladies walked behind. But here, in the extremis of shipwreck, in the guise of a twelve-year-old boy, his enthusiasms get the best of him.

PROF SAVANT

I have always wanted to ride a camel! How does one get on?

SOUND: Camel kneeling, grunting, jingling of harness bells etc.

ENGLISHMAN

There's a girl, Elsie. Wait until she is settled there, Robert is it? Alright, climb aboard and take a hold of this strap. I just slide in behind you; there will be some rocking as she stands, it is totally normal as she gets those long legs beneath her.

SOUND: Camel standing

PROF SAVANT

Charlotte, Carolyn! Look at me! I am riding on a camel.

CHARLOTTE

We see that.

CAROLYN

Have fun, Robert!

NARRATOR

And so, the Professor passes the final two days of the journey to Saint-Louis in sheer delight at the novel experience of traveling by camel.

PROF SAVANT

Did you know that camel eyes have three eyelids and two rows of eyelashes to prevent sand from entering their eyes?

ENGLISHMAN

I might have heard that somewhere, yes.

PROF SAVANT

And did you know that Camels are very social? In the wild, they travel with around 30 others when looking for food.

ENGLISHMAN

And you have seen a wild herd of camels then?

PROF SAVANT

Well, no, but I have read about them in books. Did you know camels can drink as much as 40 gallons of water at once?

ENGLISHMAN

{amused} Is that so?

PROF SAVANT

Yes, and did you know that there are over 160 words for 'camel' in the Arabic language?

NARRATOR

And so the final stage of the journey passed for the Professor in a blur of excitement and wonder as the camel conveyed him at last to the banks of the river Senegal. Charlotte Picard would later describe the captive's delight at seeing the green river basin.

CHARLOTTE

We hastened our march, and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, especially after having traveled through the Desert. I at length found myself on the banks of a river of fresh water. Every one having quenched his thirst, we stretched ourselves under the shade of a small grove, whilst the beneficent Mr Carnet and two of our officers set forward to Senegal to announce our arrival, and to get us boats.

NARRATOR

In the end, the party ended up safely in Saint-Louis, arriving only one day ahead of those fifteen wretches who were found on the raft by the Argus. Our Professor was visiting the Picard sisters when a Nurse arrived on the ward with a query.

NURSE

Is there anyone amongst the survivors named Erasmus Savant? I have a patient, one Jean-Charles that is looking for a Professor Erasmus Savant.

CHARLOTTE

Robert, are you all right. You look as though someone has put ants in your pants.

PROF SAVANT

I'm sorry, Charlotte, Carolyn. I, um, forgot something. Will you excuse me?

SOUND: running footsteps

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

Nurse, nurse? Can you take me to the patient that asked for Erasmus Savant?

NURSE

Are you he?

PROF SAVANT

I am... I know where he is.

NURSE

Well then, follow me.

NARRATOR

The Nurse took the Professor to the bedside of Jean Charles, but we already know that he was too late.

NURSE

I am sorry. Evidently the horrors he endured on that blighted raft have gotten the best of him.

PROF SAVANT

Can I have a minute?

NURSE

Yes, take whatever time you need. The Navy has been in no hurry to retrieve bodies.

SOUND: Footsteps walk away

PROF SAVANT

Ah, Petra - what horrible things did you have to endure? Look at these sores. Look at this awful wound. Oh my dear, oh my poor dear.

NARRATOR

It is a credit to our Professor that all of his thoughts are of the travails the Doctor may have suffered, rather than of his own trials. The same, I suppose, could be said of the Doctor, who this very minute is back in her laboratory attempting to discover if there is a way to retrieve her dear friend from a hostile past.

SOUND: Laboratory sounds - maintenance equip

DR SAGE

Abigail, could you hand me that pin, please?

ABIGAIL

This saber, you mean? You can't actually be planning to stab the Professor with this finger-length steel spike?

DR SAGE

It has been sterilized, and I will not stab the entire length, only enough to reach the Lateral Plantar Nerve.

ABIGAIL

Won't that be extremely painful?

DR SAGE

Yes, that is the point. This is on of the least invasive ways to cause a strong pain reaction. We are testing to see if such a reflexive response can create a pull strong enough to recall his consciousness to his body. I had intended on beginning such research in the next phase of our investigations, but the Professor has kindly provided the opportunity at this juncture. He would approve, were he here to do so.

ABIGAIL

I trust that you know the Professor better than anyone, but you are aware that he agrees to most of your schemes less out of a spirit of scientific inquiry and more from a sense of loyalty to you?

DR SAGE

I am aware of the Professor's loyalties, yes, Abigail. Thank you. Now, will you turn that light this way.

NARRATOR

The Doctor bends over the soft and rather pink sole of the Professor's foot. Her probing fingers press along the heel and then follow the contour along the outside edge to a space a few centimeters above the heel. She presses firmly with a fingernail into the small crease there and nods approvingly when his toes twitch.

DR SAGE

Yes, that is the spot. Here goes.

NARRATOR

She jabs the pin deep into the tender spot. The Professor's toes curl acutely. The muscles all along the sciatic nerve through the leg tense, the breath hitches in the lungs, but the Professor does not awaken.

SOUND: Edison on

DR SAGE

Update 12:15 AM. It is obvious that the Professor's body is capable of feeling pain. A pin stuck firmly into the Lateral Plantar Nerve yields a corresponding display of pain response, including anterior muscle contraction and respiratory distress patterns. Unfortunately this pain response does not create the desired effect of awakening.

SOUND: Edison Off

ABIGAIL

I am sorry Doctor. Perhaps you should get some rest.

DR SAGE

It is only midnight, Abigail, and my body was at rest for fifteen days.

ABIGAIL

But your mind was not. The brain can get fatigued as well. Maybe just go for a walk, clear your head. The Professor will be safe here, and if he is in danger there, is that not a good thing? Danger might cause his death and that would bring him home to us.

DR SAGE

You may have a point.

NARRATOR

And so the Doctor does as Abigail orders and goes to take in some fresh air. Meanwhile, back in Senegal...

PROF SAVANT

Yeee - Ouch!

SOUND: Running footsteps

NURSE

Young Robert! Are you OK?

PROF SAVANT

No, I stepped on something. Something stabbed my foot.

NURSE

Here, let me help you to this chair. Sit down. Which foot was it?

PROF SAVANT

The right foot, near the heel.

SOUND: unlacing boots, removal.

NURSE

{Sniffing} You haven't had a chance for a bath yet, I see. Hmmm... there doesn't seem to be a wound. Does this hurt?

PROF SAVANT

No.

NURSE

This?

PROF SAVANT

That's funny, the pain is gone.

NURSE

Well, check your boot to see if there is a thorn or a nail, but your foot is uninjured.

PROF SAVANT

There is nothing in the boot either.

NURSE

Perhaps you are just overly tired. When was the last time you had a good night's sleep?

PROF SAVANT

Well, I...

NURSE

Of course. I'm sorry, that was a stupid question. I suggest you find a place to sleep young man, but maybe you find your way to a bath first? You will rest better once you have removed all of the salt crust and desert sand.

NARRATOR

The Professor took the Nurse's advice and found a bath followed by a bed. He slept the clock around and awoke in the late afternoon of the next day, at a bit of a loss for what to do with himself. He wandered into the female ward in search of the Picard sisters.

PROF SAVANT

Hello, Charlotte, hello Carolyn. Are you faring well?

CHARLOTTE

Oui, thank you Robert

CAROLYN

We are, and you, Robert?

PROF SAVANT

I am bathed and rested and beginning to feel more myself, whatever that is.

CHARLOTTE

It was quite a dramatic and wrenching adventure wasn't it? I shall write about it.

PROF SAVANT

You plan to publish our adventures then?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I don't know if I should publish it...

NARRATOR

In fact, she did under the rather florid title: PERILS AND CAPTIVITY; COMPRISING THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PICARD FAMILY AFTER THE SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA, IN THE YEAR 1816.

CHARLOTTE

But I have written an opening, would you be willing to listen and tell me what you think?

PROF SAVANT

I would be honored.

SOUND: Drawer opening, papers rustling

CHARLOTTE

{Clearing throat} On the 17th of June, at four in the morning, we set sail, as did the whole expedition, which consisted of the Medusa frigate, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette. The wind being very favourable, we soon lost sight of the green fields of l'Aunis. At six in the morning, however, the island of Rhé still appeared above the horizon. We fixed our eyes upon it with regret, to salute for the last time our dear country.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Now, imagine the ship born aloft,
and surrounded by huge mountains of
water, which at one moment tossed
it in the air, and at another
plunged it into the profound abyss.
{Breaking out of 'narration voice'}
What do you think?

PROF SAVANT

Well that is most specific and
dramatic. I should think that one
day a historian might greatly
appreciate such an exacting
account.

CHARLOTTE

I shall be sure to mention your
friendship in my account.

CAROLYN

And me! You must mention me.

CHARLOTTE

I shall tell of your bravery, and
Papa's and the remarkable
coincidence of meeting Amet...

PROF SAVANT

{Somberly} And will you tell of
those poor wretches on the raft?

CHARLOTTE

I will, for in reflection of such a
horrible misadventure as ours there
is no better anodyne than truth.

PROF SAVANT

It does relieve the pain a great
deal to know that two such brave
and valiant girls as yourselves
have survived the ordeal. Now, if
you will excuse me, I must begin a
hunt for employment, for I cannot
imagine I will be welcome to dine
on my survivor's fame for long.

NARRATOR

The Professor is right of course.
At this point in history, it was
one thing to be the pretty
daughters of a solicitor with some
position in the community.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But a parent-less ship's boy had no status on which to trade, and would not long be tolerated as indigent. The capitalistic avarice that insisted each man must fend for himself led to many large cracks in the fabric of society for the poor and orphaned to fall through. In any case, our hero fell into a bit of good luck as he left the hospital that afternoon.

SOUND: Street sounds, wagons, horses, noise

ENGLISHMAN

Hail fellow, well met! You are the boy I shared a camel with are you not? I hardly recognized you with a clean face.

PROF SAVANT

Hello! Mx. Carnet, is it not?

ENGLISHMAN

I beg your pardon? Mex?

PROF SAVANT

Oh, no. I mumbled, so sorry. Mr. Carnet. How are you this day?

ENGLISHMAN

I am off on another adventure. I got word this morning that one of my favorite bands of Bedouins will be coming to the Lompoul Oasis. I shall ride out tomorrow to trade, dine and make merry with my friends. You aren't, by chance, interested in another camel ride?

PROF SAVANT

Really?!?! That would be truly excellent.

ENGLISHMAN

I should expect you to work. Take care of the camels and such.

PROF SAVANT

Absolutely, sir. I believe in work - I am after-all, a ship's boy. I have been working for two years now.

ENGLISHMAN

Well, you shall be trading a ship of the line for a ship of the desert then. We will need to get you some proper clothes for the desert, however. Come with me.

NARRATOR

The kindly Englishman leads the boy to the market and soon the Professor has exchanged ship's canvas for breathable linen and salt-stiffened constraint for flowing comfort.

ENGLISHMAN

There. If it weren't for that freckled British skin, you would look a proper Arab boy.

PROF SAVANT

Mr. Carnet? May I ask you a question?

ENGLISHMAN

Go ahead, my boy.

PROF SAVANT

I am most curious what leads an Englishmen to give up the verdant comforts of home and take root in such an inhospitable place.

ENGLISHMAN

The answer is simple my boy; the taste for adventure! You cannot tell me you have not felt the draw of that!

PROF SAVANT

I suppose I do have a bit of a taste for it, I just wish that adventure didn't have to end so often in death.

ENGLISHMAN

{Laughs}

NARRATOR

And so we will leave the Professor
and his new sponsor to their
preparations for adventure and
pause for a word from our sponsor:

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes dear friends you heard it here:
THE PORTALIST for stories that
thrill! And now back to our show.

ACT III

NARRATOR

When we left the Professor he was joining forces with the British adventurer Mr, Carnet, planning to venture once again into the heart of the desert. This expedition was to prove wholly different from the first. It seems that most of the hostile reputation of those sere hills come from people unprepared for the landscape. At the side of a man who could read the desert's moods, find shade and water when needed, and who traveled fully victualed and provisioned, the desert became a wonder-scape of variety and enchantment. And over the weeks, while the Professor forgets the expediency of death, the Doctor plots and plans to try and bring him home.

SOUND: Electricity

ABIGAIL

{Shouting over noise} Doctor Sage, this will not work and you must stop before you do lasting harm to the Professor's form.

DR SAGE

It has to work!

ABIGAIL

You are forgetting one thing, Doctor. Your method of transmigration means that the consciousness alone is transmitted - but with the mind goes the will.

DR SAGE

Are you saying that the Professor is willing himself to stay in the past?

ABIGAIL

Not exactly, no. What I am saying is that I think you have adequate proof that if any part of the will stayed with the body than the things you have done in an attempt to wake it would have had an effect. This body feels, but those feelings do not translate into action. Please, please stop before you harm your friend.

DR SAGE

I feel so helpless.

SOUND: Power-down

ABIGAIL

I know. We must find some other thing to occupy your thoughts. {Tentative} Perhaps we can finish the paper for Mx. Cunningham?

DR SAGE

Oh! That paper! I am beginning to regret the idea of trans-limb attachment! Why did I ever think that was a good idea?

ABIGAIL

Because it was, and remains a good idea. Too many people suffer with the loss of a limb. You will be helping a lot of people - but first, you must submit your research.

DR SAGE

You are right, Abigail, as always. The paper it is then. Just give me a moment, won't you?

SOUND: Footsteps, door opening and then closing.

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do, Erasmus. I don't know what to say. You are the man of eloquent words and actions. Words are unsteady in my mouth, their formulas don't calculate. I want to solve this problem with science - I want to use mathematics to conquer the distance between us.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

If that fails I want to rage with
the fire of 100,000 amperes until I
burn the space between us to ash.
Come back to me my friend, come
back.

NARRATOR

And so, we must end our season with
the pain of separation, dear
listeners. Will our heroes be
reunited, or will the Professor
succumb to the lure of permanent
adventure? We'll find out in the
Season Two Premier, coming August
1st, 2017. Until that time we here
at Twinstar Studios wish you and
yours the very best time has to
offer.

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 in
this episode is Justin Andrew Hoke
find more from him at
www.Dreadfullypunk.com.

Episode Twelve, Part two - WRACKED
AND RUIN was written by Eddie
Louise. Are you interested in the
historical information we included
in this episode? Go to our website
for additional facts.

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

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Special music in this episode was provided by DIEGO'S UMBRELLA. Check them out at <http://www.diegosumbrella.com/>.

Our episode sponsor was Open Read Medis OR The Portalist, XXX!

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!