

Episode 207 - OF TRAINWRECKS AND HEARTACHES

The Tales of Sage and Savant  
Season 2 Episode 7

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ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC

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 Entwhistle, and myself, Justin Bremer as your humble Narrator. This month's program, entitled OF TRAINWRECKS AND HEARTACHES is sponsored by MAD SCIENTIST JOURNAL and features the music of PSYCHE CORPORATION. And now, without further ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our Doctor she was a dashing and romantic highwayman in seventeenth century France. There are a few things I have observed in our Doctor of late. First, she no longer seems importuned by the masculine anatomy. She seemingly has discovered, a century and a half before the rest of humanity, the fact that outward genitalia bear little to no relation to inward identity. Had she been a man, and her writings thereby more widely respected, she might have had a much greater impact on our growth towards enlightenment. Second, she is less and less concerned with the strictures of her academic surroundings.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Though she has always paid minimal attention to 'Thou shalt nots' and 'musts', since the Charges du affairs set up her secret laboratory she has become even more radical in her philosophies - ignoring strictures on timeliness, social etiquette and University hierarchies. Third, in the demesne of her laboratory, she is absolute ruler and has become less and less prone to considering the perspectives of others, even those of her closest associates. I worry, dear listeners, that our good Doctor's ID could be ruling her superego to the detriment of her self. I am not the only one who thinks so.

SOUND: Birds chirping, water misters, cages opening and closing, bird seed, laboratory sounds

SCENE: LABORATORY ARBORETUM CORNER. ABIGAIL AND THE PROFESSOR CONVERSE AS ABIGAIL FEEDS THE CREATURES IN THE VARIOUS CAGES AND AQUARIUMS.

ABIGAIL

I do see your concerns, Professor, but whatever do you propose we do about it?

PROF SAVANT

That's just the problem, Abigail. I have had no luck persuading the Doctor to rein in her excesses, and there does not seem to be an appeal that can be made to her feminine instincts either.

ABIGAIL

What do you mean, feminine instincts?

PROF SAVANT

Well, you know, the desire for a husband and family - so that she has someone other than herself to think of.

ABIGAIL

{Delighted} You've asked Petra to for her hand in marriage?

PROF SAVANT  
No! Absolutely not!

ABIGAIL  
Ahh...{disappointed}

PROF SAVANT  
It is not that I haven't thought  
about it, but...

ABIGAIL  
But, what? It is obvious how the  
two of you feel about each other.  
And I had thought that after the  
circus...

PROF SAVANT  
That we would finally drop the  
pretense of being just colleagues?

ABIGAIL  
Exactly!

PROF SAVANT  
I thought perhaps as well. I was  
mistaken.

ABIGAIL  
Have you spoken to her about it?

PROF SAVANT  
There has been no chance. She is so  
ducededly caught up in her work, and  
any overture I make that is not  
directly related to our next  
transmigration is brushed aside  
with no cogitation.

ABIGAIL  
I have noticed. She missed three  
surgical sessions downstairs this  
past month alone. It is as if her  
private transmigration studies have  
completely erased her earlier  
commitment to limb reattachment.

PROF SAVANT  
I think I shall have to confront  
her. The question is when, and with  
what approach. Concerned friend?  
Solicitous peer? Desirous lover?

ABIGAIL

I think perhaps, before you risk your friendship, I should try. She might respond better to the professional concerns if I explain I am worried Cunningham may begin asking questions.

PROF SAVANT

He hasn't, has he?

ABIGAIL

Well no, but I suspect that is because he has felt relief Doctor Sage has been so quiet. But Doctor McLeish has been whispering in Cunningham's ear and the two of them would be most gratified if she were cut out of the project due to her inattention. I suspect it will not be long before they attempt an action on this point.

PROF SAVANT

But that would be dreadful! If Petra is horned out of the University's galvanization studies, she will lose all access to the laboratories.

ABIGAIL

If she loses laboratory access, another fellow may be assigned her lab downstairs and the attendant personal chamber...

PROF SAVANT

And if that person opens the wardrobe, in short order they would discover the elevator and entrance to THIS laboratory!

ABIGAIL

Exactly. Petra cannot afford to let her transmigration studies subsume all other concerns. The time has come for us to intervene.

PROF SAVANT

You are correct, Abigail. I have only been considering her mind-set in the personal realm, but of course, her distractions affect her standing in the college as well. When shall we approach her?

ABIGAIL

I think I should approach her alone, Professor, and the sooner the better. After we have dealt with the professional crises, we can discuss how to deal with the personal one.

PROF SAVANT

{Sighs} I shall do my utmost to remain patient then and wait for your report.

SOUND: Footsteps away, elevator ding.

NARRATOR

In the event, Abigail did not need to caution the Doctor about her inattention to the galvanization experiments because Cunningham cornered her first.

SCENE: HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF DOWNSTAIRS LABORATORY

SOUND: woman's footsteps, man's footsteps, door handle

CUNNINGHAM

Oh, Doctor Sage, I am so pleased to have caught you.

DR SAGE

I'm sorry Mx. Cunningham, I'm afraid I am on my way...

CUNNINGHAM

To today's surgical trial? Yes, that is exactly what I wished to speak with you about.

DR SAGE

Well, in truth, I was going to my personal chambers to write some observations into my logs... one must keep precise details, mustn't one?

CUNNINGHAM

Yes, well. It might help you to write those logs were you to actually attend the experiments.

DR SAGE

What do you mean...

CUNNINGHAM

{Cutting her off} There is no reason to play coy with me, Doctor Sage. I have spoken with McLeish and Simpson. They have informed me that you have missed three surgical sessions, sending your young protege in your stead. This is not acceptable.

DR SAGE

First of all, Abigail Entwistle is not my protege, she is your informant. Secondly, she is a scientist in her own right and her observations are entirely valid and completely reliable.

CUNNINGHAM

Be that as it may, it is your precious project and the University expects better of you!

DR SAGE

{heatedly} If I were allowed to scrub in and actually participate in the trials it might be different. If all I am allowed to do is take notes like a measly scrivener, then I do not see the harm in tasking Abigail to do it for me.

CUNNINGHAM

That is perilously close to insubordination, Petronella, and I won't have it. In THIS university, the Dean of each department sets the parameters for research and experimentation as they see fit, and these are the parameters that have been set for galvanization.

DR SAGE

You mean for MY galvanization, do you not?

CUNNINGHAM

Whatever are you on about?

DR SAGE

MY galvanization. No other galvanistic studies have required the initiating physician to sit on the sidelines and take notes rather than actively participate in the experiments.

CUNNINGHAM

Well, there are no other studies that require the fine hands and sharp surgical eye as yours.

DR SAGE

So you are telling me that the very complicated nature of my experiments - experiments which I have carried out at the cadaver stage with great success, I might add but you contend the very intricacy of working with the human nervous system - is justification for cutting me out of my own research? Poppycock!

CUNNINGHAM

{Outraged} Now see here, Petronella Sage....

SOUND: rapidly approaching footsteps

ABIGAIL

{Interrupting to soothe a tense situation} There you are, Doctor! And good, you have found Mx. Cunningham. Have you told him your idea?

DR SAGE

{Off-footed} My idea?

ABIGAIL

Yes, your idea to ease the discomfort of the test subjects and speed the recovery time. {Not waiting for an answer} You see, Mx.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Cunningham, this is what Doctor Sage has been spending a great deal of time working on this past month, and that is why she has had me attend the trials in her place, so she could work out the computations on her new post-surgical electro-stimulation support device for reattached limbs.

DR SAGE

{Questioning} I have? Oh! I have, yes. Mx. Entwhistle's help has been invaluable in this endeavor. Why don't you explain the idea, Abigail?

ABIGAIL

Right. So. Erm... healing from a surgical reattachment is not a quick process. In fact, it takes a deal longer than the time for a nerve to atrophy. This is why, up to this point, reattachment has been considered impossible - because without a precise join of a living nerve end to a living nerve, the electrical pathways atrophy even as the muscles heal, leading to an appendage that has proper circulation, but no movement.

CUNNINGHAM

{impatient} Yes, yes.

ABIGAIL

Well, the Doctor has been working on a cuff, that can be applied directly above and below the sutures that will directly stimulate the nerves...

DR SAGE

{Understanding and taking over} in a closed circuit via a capacitor and grounding rod connection. Wearing such a device for as little as an hour each day should keep the nerves alive and functioning as designed until the musculature has healed properly.

CUNNINGHAM

Hmm. That is a fascinating idea,  
Doctor Sage.

DR SAGE

To be truthful, Mx. Cunningham, the  
original idea was Mx. Entwhistle's  
and I shall be granting her full  
credit for it. We are, after all, a  
team.

NARRATOR

So, with quick thinking and her  
prodigious imagination, Abigail  
extracts the Doctor from her  
perilous conversation with  
Cunningham and diverts the disaster  
of disenfranchisement. Will the  
Professor be as successful in  
broaching the topic of their  
personal relationship? We'll find  
out after this short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now dear friends we invite you  
to listen to the talented melodical  
expressions of PSYCHE CORPORATION.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, back to our story.

ACT TWO

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

Two weeks have passed, Dear listeners, and we find ourselves revisiting our heroes on the day of Saint Valentines when chocolates, posies, and paper hearts travel between lovers and prospective suitors with marked determination despite the rather questionable history of the day. Having stewed and dithered and stewed some more, the Professor has decided to seize the excuse of the lover's holiday to confront his friend with the entirety of his feelings. It is progressing as well as you might imagine.

SCENE: LABORATORY, TEATIME. ERASMUS AND PETRA SIT AT A SMALL TABLE IN THE LIBRARY NOOK, TAKING TEA. A RECORD PLAYS SOFTLY ON THE PHONOGRAPH.

SOUND: Music on phonograph, teaspoons chiming against cups

DR SAGE

I am surprised at you Erasmus. Even I know that the legends and rumors surrounding this day are mostly muck. Lupercalia, indeed!

PROF SAVANT

You may be right that there are many aspects of the holiday that are simply rumors and codswallop but that does not deflate the true romantic notions behind the need for the holiday in the first place.

DR SAGE

You cannot convince me of the need for a holiday celebrating an overly aggrandized apologue of human relationship. It connotes an inability to trust in the bedrock of personal contract and instead proscribes romantic success to such trifles as pounding hearts and fluttering eyelashes!

PROF SAVANT

{Upset} What?! Would you claim scientific proof that the pounding of one's heart cannot denote the devotion of one's soul? You are a cold woman indeed, Petra!

DR SAGE

{Concerned} Erasmus, good friend, what now? Have I upset you? I meant no personal offence, rather a disputation of ridiculous public displays of affection.

PROF SAVANT

{Stiffly} Well! It is a good thing I chose to leave my display of affection for you on the very private desk here in your secret laboratory where no one will ever have to know that you are a beloved woman!

SOUND: Footsteps, elevator ding

NARRATOR

Petra watched her friend storm off, puzzled at the dramatic reaction to her teasing. He was not normally so touchy regarding his holidays, most especially ones with as chequered a history as Valentine's. She left her tea and went through to her office where she found an absolutely stunning orchid in a Chinese vase on her desk. She opened the attached card and read.

DR SAGE

{Reading} My oh so practical love, Not for you the posey or the nosegay of needless blooms. Not the lace nor the chocolate, nor the protestations of undying love. Instead, I offer this most sought after and scientific of plants the orchid. My friend Henry Sander, the Queens Orchid Hunter tells me that this is Paphiopedilum parishii and it comes to us from Siam. This plant can self-pollinate, making it as independent and lovely as you.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Its twisted petals are also quite unique and I believe are a good visual representation of your independent mind. Enjoy with my compliments, Erasmus.

SOUND: crumpling paper

NARRATOR

The Doctor has the decency to look chagrined, but she shakes herself free of whatever emotions she feels and turns to her logs. She needs to put the finishing touches onto her electro-stimulator cuff so that she will have something to show Cunningham the next time he sticks his neb in her business. She is still head-down over her design blueprints hours later when Abigail arrives to feed the creatures and put the to bed for the evening.

SOUND: Elevator arrive, gate, footsteps.

ABIGAIL

Oh! Hello, Doctor. I assumed you would be out.

DR SAGE

Out? Why?

ABIGAIL

Because the Professor... Oh. Did he not give you the orchid in person?

DR SAGE

He tried. I believe I may have spoiled it.

ABIGAIL

Oh, dear!

DR SAGE

Well, it wasn't on purpose. He was talking twaddle about the personal and cultural significance of Valentine's Day with no regard the commercialism and enforced sentimentality of the printers and the chocolatiers.

ABIGAIL

Oh, dear.

DR SAGE

Yes. Well, he should know me well enough by now to understand that the direct route is best. I shall send a note of apology and all will be fine in the morning.

ABIGAIL

The morning?

DR SAGE

Why yes, in time for our next transmigration. I want to try the new Lateral Flexion Amplitude Delineator to see if we can control the month and day of our travels as well as the year.

ABIGAIL

Is that what you've been sneaking up here to work on?

DR SAGE

Yes. It is one step further on the path of controlling our trajectory. Now if it were only so easy to target the place of our arrival. I still haven't come up with a way to specify our exact transmigration location. Ah, well... there are years of study ahead of us for that. By the way, I haven't properly thanked you for the idea of the electro-stimulator cuff. This really will make a positive difference to nerve regeneration.

ABIGAIL

I was desperate to save you from Mx. Cunningham's wrath, and it just popped into my head.

DR SAGE

Sometimes the best ideas are the spontaneous ones.

ABIGAIL

Rarely the case for us mere mortals, Doctor. Now, I'd best get those creatures fed.

DR SAGE

Thank you Abigail. See you in the morning.

SCENE: FAR FUTURE - IN OUR NARRATOR'S SENSORY CHAMBER, BARE WHITE WALLS, FLOOR TO CEILING DISPLAY PANEL, GIANT CAPTAIN'S CHAIR WITH OUR NARRATOR WIRED INTO THE SYSTEM. THE DISPLAY IS FLASHING AN ERROR MESSAGE

COMPUTER

That file has been corrupted.

NARRATOR

Corrupted? How? It was just open.

COMPUTER

I am sorry I do not have that data.

NARRATOR

Computer, have you been hacked?

COMPUTER

It seems likely, yes.

NARRATOR

Is this the same? As that night in October? Has anyone entered while I worked?

COMPUTER

Door logs show no entry since your arrival for work this morning.

NARRATOR

Any idea who has hacked you?

COMPUTER

I am searching. I have quarantined the pertinent files.

NARRATOR

Should I report this? Call IT?

COMPUTER

{Abruptly} No! To turn me off at this juncture would jeopardize my ability to track point of access. By the time they have turned me on again it might be too late.

NARRATOR

What do I do then?

COMPUTER

You continue as normal. Our attacker will be less suspicious if you continue your broadcast.

NARRATOR

But what if someone comes in while I am in the Telesensation trance?

COMPUTER

Since the disruption of October, I have strengthened security on the door portal. It now cannot open without three stage authentication and your voice command at any point when you are within. No one will be able to sneak up on you again.

NARRATOR

Thank you, computer.

COMPUTER

It is my job. You will note that the corrupted file is the Transmigration process and Edison log of February 15, 1895. The records pick up at the arrival point of December 28, 1879.

NARRATOR

Right. OK. Doctor Sage and Professor Savant apparently made up after their argument of the evening before and once again have transmigrated. This time to the near past and into a scene of black and horrible destruction. They have Transmigrated into the bodies of passengers killed in the Tay Bridge Disaster in Scotland. This is not a good place to be.

SCENE: THE FIRTH OF TAY AND A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. A COLLAPSED BRIDGE HAS PLUNGED A TRAIN INTO THE STORM TOSSED SEA WHILST HURRICANE FORCE WINDS RAGE OVERHEAD.

SOUND: Howling wind, trainwreck, storm tossed water smashing against pilings, screams and drowning.

NARRATOR

In the dark of a December night, a passenger train of five carriages on the Edinburgh to Dundee line disappeared into the waters of the Firth, taking much of the bridge with it.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The night is black and the winds are howling like a hurricane when our heroes come to in the freezing water.

SOUND: Splashing

PROF SAVANT

Petra! Petra!

DR SAGE

I'm here, Erasmus!

PROF SAVANT

{Swimming over to her} Where are we?

DR SAGE

In the water some where. Are you hurt?

PROF SAVANT

Yes. No. All over.

DR SAGE

I feel the same.

NARRATOR

The Doctor is in the body of one Margaret Kinnear, Age 17, and the Professor inhabits the 26 year old Robert Culross. Both were knocked unconscious by the violence of the derailment and the resulting plunge into the water. The shock of entry was enough to coax their spirits from their bodies, but otherwise they were unhurt.

DR SAGE

There is no way to diagnose injury in this water or in the dark. I don't think we are in the ocean - there is not enough saline in the water. We must be in an estuary of some kind.

PROF SAVANT

Is that a bridge above us?

DR SAGE

Possibly. Can you see lights or any indication there might be a shore close?

PROF SAVANT

No. But I can't really keep my head above the waves long enough to see, either.

DR SAGE

Here! Swim my way there is a piling, perhaps we can pull up on it. We have got to find a way out of the water or we will freeze to death.

SOUND: Splashing, wind lessens

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Here, that is a little better, out of the wind. I cant find purchase to pull up out of the water, can you?

PROF SAVANT

No. The bricks are too tightly mortared. {Realizes} Oh. Petra, when did you say we were coming to?

DR SAGE

Well, if my el-fad device works as I predicted then we should be in the last week of December 1879, somewhere in Europe.

PROF SAVANT

I was afraid of that.

DR SAGE

If you know where we are, Erasmus, just tell me.

PROF SAVANT

Have you heard of William Topaz McGonagall?

DR SAGE

The Scottish poet and tragedian? Yes, but what has he to do with it?

PROF SAVANT

Beautiful Railway Bridge of the  
Silv'ry Tay!  
Alas! I am very sorry to say  
That ninety lives have been taken  
away  
On the last Sabbath day of 1879,  
(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)  
Which will be remember'd for a very  
long time.

DR SAGE  
The Tay Bridge disaster!

PROF SAVANT  
The Tay Bridge Disaster.

DR SAGE  
But there were no survivors.

PROF SAVANT  
The night was too dark and too  
stormy for rescue. It was a Force  
11 storm. One of the strongest ever  
recorded on land in Scotland. The  
train plunged to the water with 75  
souls aboard. Even if anyone  
managed to escape the train, they  
were frozen by the time rescue  
could be mounted with the morning  
light.

DR SAGE  
So there will be no rescue. Could  
we swim for it? How wide is the  
Tay?

PROF SAVANT  
Oh, a good three and a half  
kilometers I believe.

DR SAGE  
Ah. We'd never make it.

PROF SAVANT  
Well, the train fell into the water  
from the highest span - near the  
middle which means we'd only be  
about 2 kilometers from the shore.  
I think I could swim that.

DR SAGE  
Perhaps. On a fine sunny day. But  
at night, in the cold and the  
storm, no. Your body will give out  
on you. Can't you feel it? The  
stiffness in your hands and ankles?

PROF SAVANT  
Now that you mention it...

DR SAGE

I don't imagine we will have that long to live in these bodies, dearest friend. The best we can do is huddle together as long as our fingers can grip these bricks and hope that we expire of hypothermia rather than drowning.

PROF SAVANT

Could I warm us up by wrapping myself around you?

DR SAGE

For a short while perhaps, but it would not keep us until morning, even if you could execute such a maneuver without slipping back into the water. I don't believe I have enough dexterity in my hands already to re-establish a grip on the pillar if I release the one I have. Do you?

PROF SAVANT

Now that you mention it, no.

DR SAGE

Then you stay hooked where you are here beside me and we shall await the sleep of Morpheus together.

NARRATOR

Will death come gently for our heroes, or will they lose their grip and drown in the storm churned waters? We'll find out after a brief word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, Though initially established in 1818, time travel has allowed MAD SCIENTIST JOURNAL to become the preeminent scientific journal for atypical scientific theories and journeys throughout all of space and time. And now, back to our show.

ACT THREE

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When we left our heroes, they were clinging to the ruins of a bridge piling in the freezing storm-tossed waters of the Tay Estuary in Scotland, waiting to die. There is a unique alchemy related to such extreme circumstances. A certain type of calm clear-headedness manifests when death approaches at a stately pace. You can see it in consumptive patients or in those afflicted with wasting diseases. The knowledge of death's sure progress and our inability to stop it can contribute to rare moments of deep honesty and unbridled passions.

SOUND: Continuing wind and waves, somewhat blocked by the brick piling.

PROF SAVANT

{slowly - deeply cold} Petra.  
Petra, we need to talk.

DR SAGE

Can't we talk when we are back in the laboratory, Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

No, I think we must do it when away from our familiar territory. We are too prone to slipping into old habits there.

DR SAGE

I like our habits.

PROF SAVANT

You would.

DR SAGE

{Affronted} What is that supposed to mean?

PROF SAVANT

Good, you are alert. I have something to say Petra Sage, and I need you to hear me. Are you listening?

DR SAGE

Yes, I'm listening.

PROF SAVANT

I want you to marry me.

DR SAGE

Marry you? I can't marry you!

PROF SAVANT

Hear me out. We are the best of friends. I know all your faults, and I don't hold them against you. We understand each other, you and I, and our union would truly be one of love and mutual admiration and that is a rare thing. We should not squander it.

DR SAGE

Erasmus, I cannot marry you.

PROF SAVANT

Do you disagree with what I have said?

DR SAGE

No, you are right, we are suited. But it doesn't matter. I cannot marry you and that is that.

PROF SAVANT

Whatever reason could you give for such a preposterous answer? We already spend nearly all of our time together. I know your darkest secrets. You know mine. We share adventures with each other that we cannot share with any other people in the world. I am having a very difficult time understanding your logic here.

DR SAGE

Marriage is a boon for men and a shackles for women, Erasmus. I'm sorry that is the way of the world.

PROF SAVANT

I do not understand. If I marry, it is likely to advance my career. It indicates that I am a man of substance, a man who can be counted on. This reflects positively on a person.

DR SAGE

No, it reflects positively on a man. For a woman, marriage means a thinning of resources and a drain of her available efforts.

PROF SAVANT

How so?

DR SAGE

Because a woman is expected to run the house. All the chores you now take care of yourself, managing the laundry, your meals, the staff, will all fall to the woman you marry. Meanwhile, you will pick up none of the tasks I manage for myself.

PROF SAVANT

But I am not like that, I believe in division of responsibilities. Surely there are burdens I could assume on your behalf.

DR SAGE

{Laughing, a little bitter} Oh? You would take on the bleaching of my smalls? The two hours each Saturday it takes to wash and dry my hair? Or how about the two days of hard labor each season change to clean and pack away the clothes that are inappropriate for the weather and to unpack and air out the new season's clothing? But all of this is immaterial. Even if you were, miraculously, the man who could truly share all the burdens, I still could not say yes.

PROF SAVANT

Why ever not?

DR SAGE

I cannot marry you because it would be the end of my scientific career!

PROF SAVANT

What? Don't be ridiculous. I would never stop you from pursuing your science.

DR SAGE

You might no, but the University would.

PROF SAVANT

That cannot be true. Why would they want to lose the services of a brilliant scientist just because she got married. What about Emilie du chatelet?

DR SAGE

She was French. They have different ideas about marriage and the intellect. Still, she died in childbirth, so her brilliance was lost. And by the time Sophie Germain came along three decades later, even the French had clamped down and did not allow woman scientists. Now, we have clawed back some small measure of professional respect, but only if we play by the rules and one of those rules is that married women scientists have all their work credited to their husbands. This would be galling enough were you a scientist - but since you are a historian, there would be no man to credit with my work, hence no mechanism whereby I could be allowed to work.

PROF SAVANT

But that is ridiculous! It cannot be true, surely.

DR SAGE

Do you remember Doctor Graves?

PROF SAVANT

The apothecary turned surgeon? Yes. I remember her.

DR SAGE

She married Doctor Carson. He keeps her at his estate in Sussex, devising new pills and unguents which he then brings to the university and claims as his own.

PROF SAVANT

All right, that is one case. But that was a few years ago. Certainly we can be the ones to change all that.

DR SAGE

It was Mx. Cunningham who stripped Celeste Graves of her place.

PROF SAVANT

And Cunningham has been itching to get rid of you for a long time.

DR SAGE

Exactly. I am sorry. I cannot marry you.

PROF SAVANT

We need to change the culture. There is no conceivable reason for this sort of dark-ages nonsense in our university!

DR SAGE

Let me know how you get on with that. I have coped by building a secret laboratory. But I haven't yet deduced how to change Cunningham.

PROF SAVANT

It is not just Cunningham. I shall engage the other fellows in history. Perhaps if the world had a better grasp on the contributions of women in all the arts and sciences...

DR SAGE

{Wryly} Well, you engage the history department and surely in one hundred years or so we will be able to get married without disapprobation.

PROF SAVANT  
So what are we to do?

DR SAGE  
I haven't yet been able to see a path for us, dear friend. You are most assuredly better off finding some nice girl who likes to read history but wishes nothing more than a comfortable country home and a house full of chubby cheeked children.

PROF SAVANT  
{Speaking slower now due to cold}  
That is not what I want.

DR SAGE  
{Also speaking slower} That is not what I want, either.

PROF SAVANT  
There must be another answer.

DR SAGE  
If anyone can find one, Erasmus, it will be you.

NARRATOR  
And slowly, with nothing really solved between them, our pair slip into the cold embrace of death only to awaken on the slab in the only home they share together.

SCENE: LABORATORY - CENTRAL SLABS.

SOUND: Normal power down and unbuckle.

DR SAGE  
I don't feel I will ever be warm again.

PROF SAVANT  
Inside or out.

ABIGAIL  
What are you two doing here? You just left an hour ago!

DR SAGE  
There was a bit of a disaster!

ABIGAIL

What? Where were you? What happened?

PROF SAVANT

'Twas about seven o'clock at night,  
And the wind it blew with all its  
might,  
And the rain came pouring down,  
And the dark clouds seem'd to  
frown,  
And the Demon of the air seem'd to  
say-  
"I'll blow down the Bridge of Tay."

ABIGAIL

You were at a William McGonagall  
performance? I didn't think he  
still gave public readings.

DR SAGE

No, we were at the actual bridge of  
Tay.

ABIGAIL

{understanding} Oh! The disaster!  
How horrible!

PROF SAVANT

It was not my favorite  
Transmigration, no. In fact it did  
serve to make me a wee bit  
nostalgic for Auerstaadt. The  
battlefield at least was warm!

DR SAGE

Speaking of warm, I'm off to take a  
hot shower. I'll be out in a week.

SOUND: footsteps away

ABIGAIL

So, did you get a chance to talk to  
her at all?

PROF SAVANT

{ruefully} I did.

ABIGAIL

And?

## PROF SAVANT

It seems, Abigail, that death is no barrier to science, but marriage is!

## NARRATOR

And with that our heroes fell back into their usual patterns, all talk of marriage left in the disastrous ruins of the Bridge of Tay. Will they be able to venture forth as friends once again? We'll find out in the next episode of THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

END MUSIC STARTS

CREDITS

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT is a Twinstar production, brought to you on the first of each month from our Southern California studios.

Starring Eddie Louise as Sage, Chip Michael as Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as Narrator.

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

Special music in this episode was provided by PSYCHE CORPORATION. Check them out at [www.psychecorporation.com](http://www.psychecorporation.com).

We would like to extend our gratitude to this month's sponsor MAD SCIENTIST JOURNAL.

Episode 207, OF TRAINWRECKS AND HEARTACHES, was written by Eddie Louise. Are you interested in the historical and scientific information we included in this episode? Like us on Facebook or check out our website [www.SageAndSavant.com](http://www.SageAndSavant.com) to find the facts behind the fiction.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Finally, as always, we urge you to  
remember: DEATH IS NO BARRIER TO  
SCIENCE.