

Episode 209 SWINGING CATS AND HEP GIRLS

The Tales of Sage and Savant
Season 2 Episode 9

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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 SWINGING CATS AND HEP GIRLS is sponsored by EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING and features the music of VICTOR SIERRA. And now, without further ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our trio of adventurers they were newly returned from the Women's Convention in Seneca Falls and jubilant with the spirit of the suffragettes. Well, two of the three were jubilant. Our Professor had a more difficult experience than that of the two galvanists, and in the weeks since has been distracted and subdued. The Professor has gone quiet before, but in those instances he would lock himself away in his office and emerge a few days later with another groundbreaking paper presenting radical ideas on cultural anthropology. This time, his silence has lasted for nearly twenty days and instead of locking himself in his office to write, he has been pacing the grounds of the university in endless circles. Needless to say, this behavior has his friends worried.

SCENE: INTERIOR - UPPER LABORATORY - MORNING - ABIGAIL AND SAGE ARE ENJOYING BREAKFAST IN THE ARBORETUM

SOUND: Birds, chirping, tea stirring

DR SAGE

What do you think is behind Erasmus' strange behavior since we returned from Seneca Falls? Is there something wrong in the history department?

ABIGAIL

I don't think so, but I have wondered the same thing. He is just not himself these days.

DR SAGE

Oh, Abigail - you don't think that something went wrong with the transmigration do you? That somehow he didn't come back as himself?

ABIGAIL

Oh no, I don't think that is it, exactly. He seems himself, just a sadder, more melancholy version of himself.

DR SAGE

Well, he is avoiding me, that is for certain.

ABIGAIL

What do you mean, avoiding you?

DR SAGE

Yesterday, at the Provost's luncheon, he distinctly chose a different table to sit at than mine.

ABIGAIL

Petronella, he is allowed to have friends other than yourself.

DR SAGE

I know that! But we have sat together at the annual luncheon every year since we were both hired by the university. It is how we met - an anniversary of sorts. It is just not like Erasmus to avoid my company on such an occasion.

ABIGAIL

Oh, I see what you mean. Do you think there is anything we should try and do for him?

DR SAGE

Yes, no, I don't know. It is usually him doing for me, you see. I've had very little practice in this.

NARRATOR

Sage is correct. Usually it is the Professor who is tending to the Doctor's needs but our favorite scholar is currently occupied with the fall out from a traumatic event and simply hasn't got the emotional fortitude to dote on his friends as usual. A wise woman once described the most inward part of a person as a castle and keep protecting the very small and delicate thing that is the self. An assault like that the Professor endured in 1848 tears a hole in those walls and exposes that defenseless part of the soul to abuse and cruelty and the threat of annihilation. To heal from such a thing is the slow process of gathering the scattered parts of oneself and rebuilding the bastion that keeps you safe. It is slow, painful, and arduous work. It is also solitary work which the Professor has chosen to do on his feet.

SCENE: EXTERIOR - CAMPUS LAWN - PROFESSOR SAVANT IS WALKING RIGHT ROUND THE STATELY STONE BUILDINGS OF THE CAMPUS.

SOUND: Huffing and puffing, Footsteps on grass

CUNNINGHAM

{Calling as he runs to catch up}
Professor Savant! Yoohoo Professor Savant! Oh, my! You are a hard man to catch up to? Did you decide to start training for the Olympics after all?

PROF SAVANT

The Olympics? Oh, yes. No, I am not training for the Olympics.

CUNNINGHAM

Oh. Well. This is a remarkable quick pace for a man who is not in athletic training.

PROF SAVANT

{Short} Some people walk to think.

CUNNINGHAM

Yes, quite.

PROF SAVANT

Some people like to think privately.

CUNNINGHAM

Indeed. That is so, yes, yes.

PROF SAVANT

Mx Cunningham, I am some people.

CUNNINGHAM

Oh! You would like to be alone. I understand. I wouldn't have disturbed you if this were not a matter of the gravest importance. I need your help averting a disaster.

Sound: footsteps stop, Cunningham huffing and puffing

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, thank goodness, my man. Just let me catch my breath...

PROF SAVANT

Really, Provost, I don't mean to be rude, but I have a great deal on my mind. What is this disaster you speak of.

CUNNINGHAM

This is an all hands on deck situation, Professor Savant. On outrage is being perpetrated at this University as we speak and it is up to men of vision and quality such as ourselves to step into the breach and stop the travesty.

PROF SAVANT

Out with it man? What are you referring to?

CUNNINGHAM

I am referring to the assault that is the new women's wardrobe as sanctioned by The Dean of Women's Studies. It seems Dean Stewart has come under the sway of the Rational Dress movement. She must be stopped.

PROF SAVANT

Rational Dress? Isn't that the movement to end overly restrictive and impractical clothing?

CUNNINGHAM

The very one! And now Dean Stewart has decreed that our female Fellows, Professors and Doctors can opt to wear pantaloons rather than skirts as an acceptable form of compliance with the uniform code.

PROF SAVANT

You wish me to help you stop women from wearing trousers?

CUNNINGHAM

Indeed. It upsets the natural order.

PROF SAVANT

{Getting worked up} And what order would that be, Cunningham? The order that states that women must always be subservient to men? Or the order that says that a woman's dress must first and foremost show her form in a manner that is appealing to men no matter the practicality? Or perhaps it is the order where a father can sell his daughter for an income whether the match is wise or not?

CUNNINGHAM

Good gracious!

PROF SAVANT

{Cutting him off} Good gracious indeed.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

I am all for rational dress. A woman should be able to dress appropriately for the work she is doing, just as a man can. Moreover, I believe that women are better suited to say what is appropriate for their own sex without the sanctimonious meddling of men! Now if there is nothing else?

SOUND: Footsteps on grass moving away

NARRATOR

Without waiting for the flabbergasted Provost's reply, Savant stalked off across the Quad. For the first time in weeks, he was anxious to talk to Petra.

SOUND: Elevator clanging open

SCENE: INTERIOR - UPPER LABORATORY - MORNING - LATER

PROF SAVANT

Petra, you will not believe what that insufferable little man just cornered me with!

DR SAGE

Erasmus! Hello.

PROF SAVANT

Yes, hello. Cunningham just attempted to recruit me against Dean Stewart and her rational clothing reforms.

DR SAGE

Oh yes. The new uniform standards. They seem quite practical to me.

PROF SAVANT

Well to our least favorite Provost, they are an encroaching disaster and he had the gall to think that I would join him in a crusade to rectify the outrage.

DR SAGE

Don't worry. I know you wouldn't take such a stance in opposition to my beliefs, dear friend.

PROF SAVANT

Petra, regardless of what you might think, I do not hold a single principle just because it pleases you. There are right things and wrong things and the subjugation of half the human race to the insecure and self-centered philosophies of the other half is a wrong that has long needed correcting.

DR SAGE

Well I {meant no offence}

PROF SAVANT

{Cutting her off} Yes, well. You also do not often give me credit for independent thoughts and desires and it is high time you did so.

DR SAGE

Erasmus, I...

SOUND: Footsteps as Abigail enters

ABIGAIL

Oh, hello, Professor! So nice to see you. Been for your morning constitutional I see.

PROF SAVANT

What's that?

DR SAGE

Not now Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Well the grass on your shoes...
{Trails off} I'm sorry, do I need to go?

PROF SAVANT

No!

DR SAGE

Yes!

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

No. Petra, I am sorry. I shouldn't let my pique at Cunningham manifest towards you. But do tell me you plan on visiting a tailor to be outfitted in the new pantaloons? They should prove ever so much more comfortable and practical for laboratory work.

DR SAGE

Speaking of laboratory work, are you by any chance willing to transmigrate this morning?

PROF SAVANT

I haven't... It is just that... I am not sure travelling is the best thing for me at this juncture, Petra.

DR SAGE

Erasmus, did something happen you haven't told me of? I am very concerned.

PROF SAVANT

Nothing for you to worry about old girl.

DR SAGE

But I am worried.

PROF SAVANT

{To stop her from questioning further} I might be persuaded to go. Where is it you have your sights on now?

DR SAGE

I have been thinking. I am now able to pretty specifically target the date and continent for travel to the past. I really should check if the same targeting is as specific into the future.

PROF SAVANT

{Intrigued, in spite of himself} How far into the future were you thinking?

DR SAGE

I was tempted to set it for five decades. We have gone that far into the past a few times - but not the same frequency into the future.

PROF SAVANT

I think maybe that might be just the ticket, then. Yes. I will travel with you today, although I don't suppose you can control what type of body I'll move into?

DR SAGE

Whatever do you mean?

PROF SAVANT

I'd rather not be a girl is all. I am still... processing that last experience.

DR SAGE

I am afraid I cannot guarantee that you will end up male, but the odds are in your favor, after all - you have been in masculine form for all travels but this last.

PROF SAVANT

I suppose you are right. So when do we leave?

NARRATOR

Though the Professor is trepidatious, he is not cowardly. He knows, as do we all that Doctor Sage will continue transmigrating with or without him. So clamping down tightly on the nervous reaction in his gut, he dons his Faraday armor and joins the Doctor at the slabs.

PROF SAVANT

Will you not come with us, Abigail?

ABIGAIL

I wish I could, actually. Unfortunately, I have an exam this afternoon. Cannot let the Honors studies slip, no matter how thrilling the prospect of seeing the future.

DR SAGE

Alright, Abigail. You do not need to apply such a thick coating of whitewash. I am pretty sure that a single positive experience has not extinguished your concerns about transmigration.

ABIGAIL

That may be so, Doctor, but I am trying to put a new face on it and separate valid concerns from superstitious fear, as all good scientists must. I really do believe I have less to fear from transmigration than I used to feel. Nevertheless, needs must.

SOUND: All the usual buckling in, firing up sounds + Edison Device

DR SAGE

Laboratory of Doctor Petronella Sage, Eighth April, 1895. Today the Professor and I shall travel five decades into the future. Chladni at B5. As always the recall chimes are in the Aeolian mode. Recall is set for four days from now. Since we are going into the future we will be observing Rule #3 and remind ourselves that future tech may be admired, but not recreated in our own time.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC AND SOUNDS

NARRATOR

Five decades into the future. What will our adventurers discover in that strange new world? 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 the amazing music of our friends from Paris - VICTOR SIERRA.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, back to our story.

ACT TWO

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When we left our heroes they had set their trajectory for five decades into the future. And they have arrived in the Swinging Fifties. Unfortunately, the bodies they are occupying are no longer swinging.

SCENE: INTERIOR - DRESSING ROOM IN THE STARLIGHT LOUNGE. MAKEUP BENCH AND MIRROR, BIG OVERSTUFFED SOFA, COFFEE TABLE COVERED IN EMPTY BOOZE BOTTLES AND HALF-SNORTED LINES OF COCAINE.

SOUND: Retching

NARRATOR

Our pair of adventurers have awoken in the bodies of one Silky Anthony Anderson, a lounge singer of minor talent - also known as the Dapper and Miss Jessica Tanner, an erstwhile cocktail waitress and Silky Anthony's one and only groupie. Tony is tall and fair with movie star looks and a deep caramel voice. Jessica is slim, brunette bouncy in all the right places.

DR SAGE

Ohhh. I recognize this feeling - this is alcohol poisoning.

PROF SAVANT

I think it is more than that, Petra. I have some sort of white powder in my nose, and I am burning up.

NARRATOR

In fact, the two rather unsavory characters had been on a sixteen hour drugs and alcohol bender and their poor over stimulated bodies finally gave out.

DR SAGE

Let me see that powder... cocaine!
We've got to bring your body
temperature down.

SOUND: Ice bucket with champagne bottle in it - bottle out
and dropped to the floor - ice water dumped over Professor,
sputtering

PROF SAVANT

Hey! What did you do that for?

DR SAGE

I told you! {retching} ugh... I
need to get your body temperature
down.

NARRATOR

Truthfully, Ladies and Gentlemen,
we have learned all we can while
our travelers are in this state. I
suggest we skip ahead past the
physical discomfort of the current
moment. Sage and Savant are in
Western Nevada, on the edge of a
gambling boom, when every hotel
needs a lounge and every lounge
needs a crooner. Hundreds of B
Talent Johnnies make a living
singing the standards and waiting
for their big break. In the boom
town of Las Vegas, the Rat Pack
rules, but here in the hinterlands,
one man with jazz sensibilities and
a passable voice can gather a loyal
fan-base. Tony Anderson is just
such a man. A few hours after
coming to consciousness Sage and
Savant are feeling just a bit more
human and ready to investigate
their surroundings. The first thing
they notice once the blariness
clears is a giant poster declaring
Silky Anthony Anderson - in town
for two weeks only. The Professor's
likeness wears a shiny tuxedo and
sits in a spotlight at an
impossibly glossy piano.

DR SAGE

It seems you are something of a
performer.

PROF SAVANT
I can't play the piano!

DR SAGE
{Reading the fine print on the poster} Hear the hit songs including the Billboard Best Seller 'Don't ya Know'. It seems you sing too.

PROF SAVANT
I can't sing!

DR SAGE
But this body can. Here - look at this sheet music. Try and sing the line.

PROF SAVANT
{sings - hesitantly} Do-Re-Mi {or whatever the Sofage is for whatever song you want to sing.}

DR SAGE
Yes! Keep going!

PROF SAVANT
{Sings with more confidence - maybe scats}

DR SAGE
Goodness! What kind of singing is that.

PROF SAVANT
I don't know {Snapping fingers} it just feels good to sing this way {more scattling}

DR SAGE
I think we had better find out where and exactly when we are. I had assumed that the clothes we are wearing were night clothes and this some kind of bedsit - but now I am wondering...

PROF SAVANT
Look. A brooch with a name on it. Jessica. I wonder if this is yours.

DR SAGE
What a strange and ugly piece of jewelry.

NARRATOR

Taking the brooch in hand, Sage leads the way out of the dressing room and onto the stage itself. Numerous round tables dotted with unlit candles and ringed with horseshoe benches face the stage. Gilded frescoes climb the proscenium, and mirrored panels peek out between heavy velvet curtains. Everything reeks of day old smoke. The two cross the stage and walk up the aisle between tables until they reach the exit. The push open the doors and are immediately engulfed in a tsunami of sound and colored lights.

SCENE - INTERIOR - SMOKE FILLED CASINO FLOOR - SLOTS-
ROULETTE - BLACKJACK TABLES - COCKTAIL WAITRESSES

SOUND: Casino - old fashioned slots.

DR SAGE

What is this place?

PROF SAVANT

I believe they are gambling.

DR SAGE

Is gambling always this noisy?

PROF SAVANT

Only when there is alcohol involved.

SUZY

Oh, hi there, Jessica. You're in early.

NARRATOR

The girl that has stopped to talk to the Doctor is dressed in the most outlandish outfit - a short and poofy skirt, an incredibly tight and low cut top, and crazy high heels that seem to make it impossible for her to walk in an upright posture. Pinned to her blouse is a matching brooch to the one in Sage's hand, only this one reads Suzy.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sage looks at the brooch in her hand and puts two and two together.

DR SAGE

Oh, hello, um, Suzy. No, I'm not early, I was just...

SUZY

Oh I get it! Did she finally get her claws into you Tony?

DR SAGE

Why would I want to claw him?

PROF SAVANT

I beg your pardon?

SUZY

Wow! Musta been some night - you two are both acting squirrely! I gotta deliver these drinks. Find me later Jessica - I want all the juicy details!

NARRATOR

The girl breezed off and Sage and Savant brave the smoke to cross the casino floor, looking for a way out. When they finally reach the large bank of glass doors leading outside they gratefully push through into the blaring Nevada sunshine. Sage lifts a hand to shield her eyes from the punishing sun.

SCENE - EXTERIOR - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER - DUSTY NEVADA STREET IN A ONE CASINO TOWN. BRIGHT SUNSHINE. TUMBLEWEEDS

PROF SAVANT

We are in the desert!

DR SAGE

I have never known a desert to have such garish architecture.

NARRATOR

They look up and down the street. But for the giant confection of the casino, the town seems a typical small and forgotten burgh in a backwater far from the halls of academia.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Two things make this scene remarkable for our heroes. The first is the large and exotic automobiles that move up and down the street.

DR SAGE

Do you see those automobiles? They are so large! I've seen lorries that would hold less.

PROF SAVANT

They look almost like canal boats - you could put eight people in them and still have elbow room.

NARRATOR

The second factor of wonder is the casino itself. The front facade screams for attention as it rises above them, a garish and over-decorated wedding cake. Giant posters, like the one in the dressing room rise along either side of the entryway declaring the exclusive engagement of the most romantic singer in the world.

PROF SAVANT

I think we'd better make ourselves scarce. I don't plan on being anywhere near that stage when the curtain goes up.

DR SAGE

Oh, but don't you see Erasmus, you have a brilliant opportunity to test my theory of bodily memory. Does your physical form recall the technique of piano, of vocal cords, of dance even? What talents have become so ingrained by practice that they transcend consciousness? Surely a little humiliation is worth it in the pursuit of science?

PROF SAVANT

I know you have wondered about this for quite some time, Petra, but why can we not test it when it is you in the body of the pianist?

SOUND: Car pulling to curb, door opening, then slamming closed.

MARTY

There you are Tony! I been ringing your room, why didn't you pick up?

PROF SAVANT

I'm sorry....

MARTY

Marty! Good God kid, you tie one on so tight you don't recognize your own manager? Scram, girly. I gotta get our star ready for his performance.

NARRATOR

And before they can protest Savant is whisked through the doors and back into the pandemonium of the casino. Sage rushes to follow them, but the manager threads the currents of gamblers and cocktail waitresses like a trout through river grass and she loses them.

SUZY

Jessica, what are you doing? You need to get dressed. There are high-rollers coming tonight and the boss wants us in the theater. Well c'mon, sweetheart.

NARRATOR

Sage follows helplessly in the wake of the girl as she leads the way to a concealed doorway at the back of the casino next to the entrance to the theater. Sage attempts to slip away but Suzy catches her hand and pulls her back.

SUZY

What is wrong with you, Jessica. You got your mossy doughnut glazed and now you can't think straight? {alternative line if that is too racy: You got loved up by your singing dreamboat and now you can't think straight?}

NARRATOR

The very determined cocktail waitress takes Sage to an employee's dressing room.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Racks of uniforms line the wall, some of the short and sassy variety like Suzy is wearing, others of the long and sultry type. Suzy indicates the latter.

SCENE: INTERIOR - MOMENTS LATER - EMPLOYEE DRESSING ROOM

SUZY

Go for the blue or the purple, Jess - play off that shiny brown hair and your big brown eyes. You work the high-rollers right tonight and you'll get the best tips of your life.

DR SAGE

Tips on what?

SUZY

{Confused} What dya mean?

DR SAGE

Tips for what? Advice? Instructions? Suggestions?

SUZY

Jessica Jean, I do not know what you are playing at, but you best get your head in the game, now. Tonight you are working for cash tips and no high-roller wants to see his hostess all starry-eyed for the piano player.

DR SAGE

I'm sorry, Suzy. You are right, I'll wear the blue. Should I put on my brooch as well?

SUZY

Your brooch? Oh, your name tag - of course you have to wear that, silly. How else are the customers supposed to learn your name? Now hurry up and get dressed, I want to borrow that new scarlet lipstick of yours.

NARRATOR

We shall leave the girls to their toilette and check in on the Professor.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Marty the manager has taken Savant to an upper level hotel suite with views out over the desert. The sun is low in the sky and beginning to cast a golden shadow across the desert as it makes its descent to the distant purple mountains. The suite is luxurious and sleek and Savant itches to look closer at the furnishings and decor, but Marty is having none of it.

MARTY

What on earth are you doing, Tony?

PROF SAVANT

Looking for the border of the carpet so I can ascertain a maker's mark.

MARTY

Have you lost your mind? This is wall-to-wall plush - there is no border. And besides, you have no time for this. We need to rehearse the new tunes and then you need to dress and get ready for the show. I just gotta make a call first.

NARRATOR

The manager walks to the telephone and dials his party. The lure of the device is too much for our poor Professor and he is drawn to it like a fly to honey.

PROF SAVANT

What a remarkable telephone. Did you not need an operator to make your call? I didn't hear you ask for the exchange. And what is this marvelous dial...

MARTY

Hands off, Have ya gone bonkers?! I can't have any more trouble from you or I swear, you will lose this contract.

PROF SAVANT

Any more trouble?

MARTY

Yeah, wise guy. Your escapades with the cocktail waitress got noticed last night. I get a call this morning saying the two of you was laying dead in a den of sex and drugs in your dressing room. I rush right over to find the two of you standing on the sidewalk like you got sunshine coming outta yer never-minds and I ain't takin' no chances with this gravy train, so from this moment on I am to you like glue baby. Get used to it. Now go get yourself cleaned up. You stink!

NARRATOR

We will leave Savant to go and discover the wonders of the safety razor and pause for a word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, be sure and preorder your copy of Transmigrations, Book One of the Tales of Sage and Savant published by EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING. And now, back to our show.

ACT THREE

INTRO MUSIC

SCENE: INTERIOR - STAGE - THE BAND GATHERS FOR REHEARSAL

NARRATOR

When we left our heroes they were each preparing for an evening in the lounge, Sage in a cocktail gown and hostess name-tag, Savant as the main event. Happily, Sage's theory proved out and after a few wobbly bars on the piano at the beginning of rehearsal, Savant was pleased to discover that he could, indeed, play the piano.

SOUND: piano music

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Lyrics for songs were a problem, but Marty had that covered. It seems that Tony Anderson's cocaine habit meant that he often forgot what he was singing. So Marty had lyric sheets taped to the floor of the stage in strategic spots. All Savant had to do was follow the progression of the songs from one side of the stage to the other. Rehearsal and sound check went well, and Savant made his way back to the dressing room to await his call.

SCENE - MOMENTS LATER - IN THE DRESSING ROOM

SOUND: Door opening and closing.

NARRATOR

The room was a completely different place than the booze-soaked, drug tinged flop it had been just hours before. All of the empty bottles and paraphernalia were cleared away. Everything had been cleaned and dusted to a shine. The pillows were plumped and there was a giant vase of roses on the table.

MARTY

You powder your nose and stay out of trouble. I'm going to go check on the gate. On second thought, keep any and all powders away from your nose - just read a magazine or something.

NARRATOR

Magazines would have never held the interest of Silky Tony Anderson but for Professor Savant, the January 6, 1958 Life magazine was a wonder. The cover proudly proclaimed that humanity was ready to travel into frontiers beyond earth.

SOUND: Door

DR SAGE

Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

Petra, come in - you must see this - humanity is going to space!

DR SAGE

That is most interesting, but we don't have much time. C'mon!

PROF SAVANT

What do you mean? I am about to go on.

DR SAGE

I know, that is why I am here. I've found us a back way out of here, We can sneak you out before the show starts and you won't have to perform.

PROF SAVANT

But I want to perform.

DR SAGE

I'm sorry, did you just say you want to perform?

PROF SAVANT

You were right, Petra. When I got out of the way and let the body do its thing I could play the piano. I can sing too.

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)
Lyrics of the songs are a problem,
but Marty solved that for me.

DR SAGE
So you are going to sing?

PROF SAVANT
Oh yes, this life is as good as any
other. I have a lovely hotel suite
with a carpet that goes wall-to-
wall. Oh! And a razor that...

SOUND: Knock -

STAGE MANAGER
Five minutes to curtain, Mr
Anderson.

PROF SAVANT
Thank you, five.

DR SAGE
What was that?

PROF SAVANT
I've learned a few things. I am
getting a hang for the lingo of the
stage.

DR SAGE
I see. So we are staying?

PROF SAVANT
I'd like to, but only if everything
is okay for you. That gown is most
becoming on you, by the way.

DR SAGE
Thank you, yes. I suppose things
are fine. If we are staying though,
there are some high rollers in the
audience I need to serve. Have a
good show, I guess.

PROF SAVANT
Yes, I'll certainly break a leg.

NARRATOR
Sage went to take up her tray of
cocktails and Savant dove into the
wonders of Life magazine until...

SOUND: Knock.

STAGE MANAGER
Places, we are at places.

PROF SAVANT
Thank you places. {Clears throat -
runs vocal exercises}

SCENE: INTERIOR - MOMENTS LATER - STAGE

NARRATOR
Savant walked the dim hallway to
the stage, and took his place
behind the piano. The Stage manager
checked to make sure that all was
in readiness and then gave the
order for the curtain to rise.

SOUND: Applause, begin Easy on the Tonic

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
As was Silky Anthony Anderson's
style, Savant began with a laid
back piano piece, starting quiet
and sure, hooking the audience with
a yearning they didn't know they
had. From there another pianist
came out and the band took up
accompaniment as Savant worked his
way through the songbook, migrating
from lyric-sheet to lyric-sheet
across the stage. By the time he
reached the climax of the show, the
top hit single, Don't Ya Know, Sage
was enthralled. She forgot all
about serving cocktails and focused
all her energy on the remarkable
performance her friend was giving,

SOUND: Don't Ya Know

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
When the performance was over,
Savant invited Sage up to his suite
where they could talk about the
evening and look through Life
magazine together. Rarely are
transmigrations this felicitous.
They had an additional three days
to explore the wonders of the
future and every night Savant sang
his heart out to a sold-out crowd.
(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Marty the Manager was amazed at the sudden professionalism of his client and began to talk of a Vegas show. Of course you and I know that such a show would never take place because on the fourth morning the chimes rung out to call them home.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They arrived back in the lab to find a note from Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Come at once, West quad. Cunningham has challenged Mx Stewart and this morning a group of undergrads has raised a protest in defense of her ideas and the push for Rational Dress. I thought you might enjoy the kerfuffle.

DR SAGE

It sounds like Cunningham may have found someone else to torment.

PROF SAVANT

Victoria Stewart is a remarkable woman, but she will appear tame after his battles with you.

NARRATOR

By the time they had dressed and joined the protest over three hundred female students and faculty had gathered to hear the defiant words of the Dean of Female Students, Victoria Stewart

VICTORIA

The advancement of the full participation of women and girls is the great unfinished business of the 20th century! And true advancement is clothed in Rational Dress! If women, supposedly the more delicate sex, were able to continue to function at the presence of a young man in inexpressibles or fall front trousers - then what cause have men to swoon at the thought of a woman in a split skirt?

SOUND: women cheering

NARRATOR

Will Cunningham and Mx Stewart come to blows? Will Savant decide to finally get piano lessons? Will those scandalous women decide to wear trousers? 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 VICTOR SIERRA. Check them out at victorsierra.bandcamp.com.

The piano piece, EASY ON THE TONIC and the song DON'T YA KNOW were written and performed by Chip Michael

We would like to extend our gratitude to this month's sponsor EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING.

Episode 209 SWINGING CATS AND HEP GIRLS 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 to find the facts behind the fiction.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Finally, a special shout out to Hillary Clinton for her inspiring quote, and we assure you Mx Clinton that we here at Sage and Savant are doing our part to help finish that unfinished business. As always, we urge you to remember that: DEATH IS NO BARRIER TO SCIENCE.