

Episode 210b Joyeuse le départ

The Tales of Sage and Savant  
Season 2 Episode 10 Part 2

Created by

Eddie Louise & Chip Michael

Written by

Eddie Louise

785 San Remo. Irvine, CA 92606  
970-576-8917  
Eddie@SageAndSavant.com

NARRATOR

It has been a number of days since I last updated you on the investigation of what exactly happened the night Hurricane Donald tore through our city. The official investigation turned up nothing as was to be expected. I have a buddy who is a hacker and I asked him to do a little digging. He came up with proof my AI, LUCI was hacked and this tag - Les arrêts de temps. I don't know what it means, but I will find out. In the meantime I am pleased to report that the AI seems to be functioning normally so without any further ado...

FADE IN: MUSIC

ACT ONE

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 special two-part season finale, entitled JOYEUSE LE DÉPART is sponsored by EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING and features the music of VICTOR AND THE BULLY. And now, without further ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

SCENE: ATTIC LABORATORY, NIGHT.

NARRATOR

When last we saw our Doctor she had committed the shocking act of electrocuting an invading Provost in a desperate attempt to keep her research from being prematurely exposed and destroyed. The Provost lives, though his consciousness has been flung through space and time. Without a CRAP helmet in place it is impossible to ascertain exactly where he went, but the chladni pitch was still set to the trajectory pointing to Antwerp 1635. In a few hours time, the recall mechanism will chime, bringing the travelers home. For the first couple of hours after her traumatic encounter with Cunningham, the Doctor was numb and in a near stupor. She felt her plans and ambitions caving in all around and felt helpless to stop that implosion. But Doctor Petronella Sage is not the type to give in to despair for long and action soon replaces entropy as she makes plans of how to deal with the fall-out from her actions.

SOUND: Banging and general noise - drawers opening and closing etc.

DR SAGE

I will need to make his excuses to the Board of Regents. Everyone will probably believe that he needed to take a break after the Rational Dress campaign. I wonder if Dean Stewart won - it would be good if she did because everyone will believe... now where is my pen... I need to hide the body, create some kind of acoustical barrier so that it cannot hear the recall chord - I'll have to come up with an excuse to get Abigail and Erasmus, out of the way...

## NARRATOR

The Doctor worked in her habitual frenzy, but this was a new level, her movements were frenetic rather than deliberate, her decisions snap judgments rather than reasoned logic. She had temporarily placed the Provost's body on a bier in the shower room, but she realized that was inadequate as both the Professor and the Abigail were likely to desire showers upon their return as had become common in the months since occupying this attic. Finally she ended up trussing him to a stretcher board and standing him in the winter coat closet - the one place she was relatively sure her friends would not look.

Having taken care of the Provost for now, Sage set about writing a letter excusing the Provost's absence. She was supremely thankful Abigail had insisted on a quality typewriter in the Lab for preservation of notes and data points. Her argument had been that typeset notes would be read by generations no matter how the fashion for letter formation and handwriting changed. Today, Sage was just grateful that she would only have to convincingly forge the Provost's signature, not his entire hand.

SOUND: Typewriter

## DR SAGE

Second, May, 1895. My most esteemed colleagues of the Board of Regents, I am writing to inform you of my intention to take holiday, effective immediately. As you are aware, I have taken no personal time away from the weighty affairs of King's Medical Sciences Department in over four years.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

During the debate over Rational Dress, I realized that I have lost the ability to state my positions from a standpoint of logic and have given into the venal pleasure of arguing based on my feelings. This is not at all appropriate in a position of influence and can lead to poor decisions being undertaken in the guise of rationality.

Many of you have urged me for months to take a break, to travel, and to refresh my commitment to King's via the avenue of a well deserved rest.

The time has come for me to admit the wisdom in that advice. In order to better serve King's College in the future, I shall take the Summer term abroad to refresh and regroup so that I may return in the autumn with a clear mind and a determined heart to continue the King's tradition of creating logical scholars with a true sense of their place in the greater universe.

Yours most sincerely, Provost James Cunningham.

SOUND: Paper being pulled from typewriter

NARRATOR

Armed with this deceptive letter, the Doctor dresses and descends to the college below. The halls and quads are mostly deserted as the spring weather and sunshine have called away those sane enough to recognize that study must be interspersed with relaxation in order to achieve balance in one's life. Once she has posted the letter, she stops at a telephone box and places a call to Les Charges de l'affaires.

Sound: Clicking of receiver

DR SAGE

Rue d Seine Eleven, please.

SOUND: Distant voice, one moment please. Clicking

CALYPSO

Hello?

DR SAGE

Calypso, it is Doctor Sage, how are you.

CALYPSO

I am well, Doctor; and you?

DR SAGE

Well. There has been a breech of the attic laboratory. Mx Cunningham entered the space last night, having discovered the elevator in my sleeping chamber. He threatened to shut me down entirely.

CALYPSO

I can be there within a week!

DR SAGE

No, that is not necessary. I have managed to... convince the Provost to let the matter drop until the autumn term. In the meantime, the College will likely cut all power for the summer. I need you to help route a new source of power for my laboratory, un-metered on the University system. Is that possible?

CALYPSO

Well yes, of course, but Doctor...

DR SAGE

No worries, Calypso, I am just hoping to be able to continue my studies through the summer is all. Oh! Also, can you perhaps find a zoo or an organization that would like to take a Spider Monkey off of my hands.

CALYPSO

And why, pray tell, do you have a Spider Monkey.

DR SAGE

Not me, exactly. Mx Entwistle. She collects animal like lint, but the monkey is problematic. It was the creature's screams that brought the Provost to my laboratory in the first place.

CALYPSO

I am certain I can find someone to take the creature.

DR SAGE

Thank you. It would be lovely if that came with an offer of a tour or a summer internship or something so that Abigail believes it is a special opportunity both for herself and the creature.

CALYPSO

You need Abigail out of the way for the summer?

DR SAGE

You are quite adept at reading between the lines, Calypso, yes.

CALYPSO

Do you care to fill me in on what this is really about?

DR SAGE

I'm afraid I have no time for chit-chat today, end of term insanity and all that. Thank you for taking on the challenge of the power and the monkey, Calypso. I shall write a letter with a complete update soon; ta.

Sound: Hanging up

NARRATOR

Having ticked three items on her mental to-do list, the Doctor headed back to her lab, but was caught on the way by an extremely chuffed Dean Stewart.

Sound: footsteps

STEWART

Ah, Doctor Sage, exactly the person I wanted to see. I have it on good authority that the Board of Regents will approve Rational Dress for our campus. Isn't that marvelous?

DR SAGE

[Distracted] Yes, I am sure it is not a problem, Dean.

STEWART

Is everything alright, Petra? You are a bit flushed. Not coming down with something, I hope?

DR SAGE

I am sorry, Dean Stewart, you are correct, I might be coming down with something. Perhaps I should take to my bed. It is good news on the rational dress, though. I knew the Board of Regents would see reason.

SOUND: footsteps

NARRATOR

The Dean of Female Students watched the Doctor walk away, a line of concern crossing her brow, but Petra was oblivious to it. She had turned her thoughts to what the next steps had to be.

Once back in the lab, Sage began to prepare for the return of her friends. She would need to give Abigail a rollicking for the monkey - neither of her friends would believe that she was not furious over the creature's disruption, but she would need to show curiosity over their adventures without her. She needed to play it cool, perhaps invite them along for a nice Sunday roast at the Pig and Whistle before they went their separate ways for the evening.

(MORE)



NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As the clock ticked closer to her friends arrival the Doctor took a close inventory of the laboratory, making sure all was in place and that there was no sign of the Provost's intrusion. Just as she finished her inspections, the clockwork kicked into action and the bowls chimed to bring Erasmus and Abigail home.

SOUND: Prayer bowls

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Doctor Sage hurried to the side of her friends.

DR SAGE

Hello, dear hearts. How was Antwerp?

PROF SAVANT

Why did you not bring us home immediately?

DR SAGE

I didn't see any reason to spoil your fun, just because my transmigration was ruined by a hairy little fiend!

ABIGAIL

Do you mean the monkey, Oscar? What did Oscar do?

DR SAGE

The little bugger can open his cage, for one thing. It was his shenanigans in the gantry which called me home.

ABIGAIL

Oscar got out of his cage?

PROF SAVANT

You were called home by a monkey? [chuckles] Well now I've heard everything.

SOUND: Unbuckling, etc.

ABIGAIL

Oh, Doctor Sage, I am so sorry. Is Oscar all right?

DR SAGE

Is the monkey all right? What about me?

PROF SAVANT

[with good humor] To be fair, Petra, you are obviously all right, or you wouldn't be standing here giving us the rollicking.

DR SAGE

Fine. Why don't you two get cleaned up and we can go out for a Sunday roast. I want to hear everything that happened. Did someone try to assassinate the Cardinal?

PROF SAVANT

Oh! That is a story of Paradox.

NARRATOR

We will leave our heroes as they clean up and head to Sunday dinner and regale the Doctor with how they stopped an assassination attempt and discovered paradox.

And now dear friends we invite you to listen to the Steampunk, swing, electro-punk, mariachi classical carnival musical expressions of Victor and the Bully.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, back to our story.

ACT TWO

NARRATOR

When we left our trio they had gone to Sunday dinner at the Pig and Whistle. Afterward, Sage returned to her Laboratory alone and set to work creating a more long term solution for the body of Mx Cunningham. First, she cleared out one of the storage closets and converted an old table into a slab, wiring it into the system and creating a panel marked auxiliary where she could monitor him from the main control center. Second, she suited him into an old set of Faraday armor, that did not have the resonator, but did contain the plumbing lines and the intravenous system which would help keep his body from dehydrating whilst he was away. Finally, she gagged him so that if he woke suddenly, he would not scream and give away his location. Once he was sorted, she placed a lock on the closet just in case anyone started poking around.

It has been two days and Calypso has worked her magic. There is now a dedicated electricity line to the laboratory that cannot be traced on the University power grid. There also is a very fat envelope of fine vellum paper addressed to Abigail Entwhistle in the the morning post.

SCENE: ATTIC - LABORATORY - MORNING. ABIGAIL IS IN MENAGERIE, SAGE ARRIVES ON THE ELEVATOR BEARING MAIL.

SOUND: elevator, menagerie, footsteps

DR SAGE

[Calling out] Good morning, Abigail. A letter came for you in the post.

ABIGAIL

A letter, who is it from?

DR SAGE  
From Calypso, I believe. Why is she  
writing you?

SOUND: gate to menagerie opening and closing

ABIGAIL  
[Coming closer] I honestly have no  
idea.

SOUND: Letter opener, unfolding stiff paper

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
[Reading] Huh. Hmmm. Ha.

SOUND: folding and creasing paper

DR SAGE  
Anything you wish to share?

ABIGAIL  
I am being offered an Summer  
internship at the Mammalian  
Resource Group.

DR SAGE  
I do not recognize that  
organization. Is this for  
galvanization studies?

ABIGAIL  
No, for Animal Husbandry and  
Veterinary Sciences.

DR SAGE  
That sounds right up your alley.

ABIGAIL  
It is. At least I dabble in animal  
care, but I had not intended to  
become an animal doctor.

DR SAGE  
Does taking the internship imply  
that you have to choose at this  
moment?

ABIGAIL  
Well, no, but I wouldn't want to  
take the place of another student  
who did know what they wanted. That  
just wouldn't be fair.

DR SAGE

You have a point. Although I think you should consider the fact that we started with a few birds and lizards and now have a veritable zoo in the corner. From the outside it seems that your heart is with the animals.

ABIGAIL

I do love the creatures.

DR SAGE

What were the requirements for getting this internship.

ABIGAIL

That's just it, I don't know. I didn't apply. It says that my name was recommended to them. But if this is the usual sort of thing, they only accept applicants with the highest academic standing.

DR SAGE

If I were you, I would take it. Opportunities like this don't just drop out of the sky for females in the Sciences.

NARRATOR

In the end, as Sage knew she would, Abigail could not resist the pull of a summer spent with the animals. She packed her cases, and a good number of the denizens of her menagerie, including the troublesome Oscar, and left for her grand adventure.

Now, all that was left was finding an excuse that would keep Erasmus away for a little while. Petra had a plan. She would follow the trajectory taken by Cunningham and track him down, the way she once had tracked Abigail down in Pompeii. Certainly now that he had experienced transmigration for himself, he would understand the import of her work and take back his threat to destroy her reputation and end her career.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As she returned to the laboratory after seeing Abigail off to the train she contemplated strategies that would buy her time without needing to lie directly to her friend. In the end run she needn't have bothered.

SOUND: Elevator rising and opening

PROF SAVANT

Hello, Petronella. We need to talk.

DR SAGE

Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

I have opened your closet.

DR SAGE

You have what? I have the only key.

PROF SAVANT

I can pick locks, remember?

DR SAGE

Why would you do such a thing? Why would you violate my trust in such a manner?

PROF SAVANT

Since you began transmigration, you have exhibited a manic sort of behavior that verges on the problematic, and those moments you are most accommodating are generally those times when you are plotting something.

DR SAGE

You've been checking up on me?

PROF SAVANT

Of course, my dear. I am fulfilling my appointed position as your conscious and moral compass. This is how it has always been between us. It frees your mind to go anywhere you wish to explore. I am the tether that keeps you grounded.

DR SAGE

I did not ask you to fill that role.

PROF SAVANT

No, Petra, you did not ask, but I volunteered. You pull me out of my studious self and push me to explore and experience more. I need you to push me just as much as you need me to tether you. It is why we fit so well together.

But now, my dear, we must talk about the man in your closet. What happened and what did you do?

NARRATOR

Secretly relieved that her secret was out the Doctor told Savant the entire episode from the monkey to her decision to chase after Cunningham.

PROF SAVANT

So this is why you sent Abigail away.

DR SAGE

I did not send her away - she chose to go of her own free will.

PROF SAVANT

After you got Calypso to make the arrangements.

DR SAGE

You have spoken to Calypso?

PROF SAVANT

You keep forgetting, love. I know all your secrets. I also know how you react when you are cornered. Cunningham's summer away, combined with the new power lines to the laboratory and Abigail's surprise offer added up to machinations. I came here to check things over and found the broom cupboard locked, that is when I knew.

DR SAGE

The broom cupboard?

PROF SAVANT

Yes, the closet where Abigail and I store the cleaning supplies?

(MORE)

PROF SAVANT (CONT'D)

You have noticed we do not have staff - who did you think did the sweeping and mopping?

DR SAGE

I concede. You win. I am unobservant. But no matter, I need to transmigrate and find Cunningham to convince him of the veracity of my work. Will you come with me?

PROF SAVANT

You are not going to make me stay behind this time?

DR SAGE

Your untimely arrival has reminded me of the necessity to lock the elevator in the upward berth, which will secure the laboratory. The monkey is gone - Abigail is away - the system is automated. All the reasons I used to deny you when I retrieved Abigail have been invalidated and I would always choose to have you at my side if possible.

NARRATOR

And so the two suit up and prepare to go back to Antwerp. The Doctor makes a brief Edison recording, and they are away.

SOUND: Timey Wimey stuff

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They arrive in a more somber Antwerp than that which they had visited just a few days before. This is a city of business, commerce and industry. A city that takes the making of money seriously, and takes itself even more seriously. The bodies our explorers find themselves in are those of sailors, killed in a brawl at one of the local taverns.

(MORE)



NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Luckily, these are injuries the Doctor has become excellent at triage for and it is not long before they are up and beginning their search. There are great similarities to the search for Abigail in Pompeii - but in one critical way it differs - the population of Pompeii was a mere 20,000, but that of Antwerp in the 1600s was nearly 200,000.

PROF SAVANT

What is your plan for finding Cunningham?

DR SAGE

Well, if he has reacted as Abigail did, he should be calling attention to himself as a madman. I suppose the first step will be to walk the streets looking for anyone who is acting insane.

PROF SAVANT

That seems a very inaccurate plan.

DR SAGE

Do you have a better one?

PROF SAVANT

Cities like Antwerp, that live on commerce, generally have some method of quarantining those that threaten the neat and orderly progress of transaction. Perhaps we can find a mad house or hospital and start our search there first.

NARRATOR

It was a good scheme - but there were multiple establishments to check and none of them surrendered the Provost. One hospital did however provide a bit of hope.

MAN

We had a new resident a few days ago, yes. A strange man, babbling how he didn't belong here, he didn't belong in this body. He calmed immediately when we offered him a canvas and paint.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

As long as he had a brush in his hand, he was content and calm.

DR SAGE

That might be our man! Where is he now?

MAN

I am sorry, he has gone. He turned out to have an extraordinary talent for painting so our director called Monsieur Rubens and he came to assess the man. It was as we thought, the painting was extraordinary in skill, though strange in subject. He seemed obsessed with painting the lightning. Monsieur Rubens took the man back to his studio.

DR SAGE

Where? Where is that?

NARRATOR

Confident that they are on the right path, they rush out of the hospital, intending to go to the studio immediately, only to emerge in the dark and realize they had lost an entire day to the search.

PROF SAVANT

It is late, Petra. We will not receive a good reception if we go to the studio at this hour. Look at us - we are rough sailors - Peter Paul Rubens is a wealthy noble. He will not receive us if we do not honor social propriety.

DR SAGE

Then what are we to do?

PROF SAVANT

I suggest we find food, a place to sleep, maybe if we can manage it, a change of clothes and a chance to clean up.

DR SAGE

I know where to go!

NARRATOR

Without stopping to explain Sage looks up to see the rooftops, and spotting a familiar gabled edifice she takes off down the boulevard until they reach a familiar square. Orienting by the ornate balconies on a familiar building she leads them towards the home they woke up in just days before.

PROF SAVANT

Where are we going, Petra?

DR SAGE

Don't you recognize it? This was the home we woke up in before. I am not sure we are here on a later date, but if we are, then it should be empty.

PROF SAVANT

I don't see any lights.

DR SAGE

That is a good sign.

SOUND: Door rattle

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Damn! It's locked.

PROF SAVANT

Let me see if there is anything I can use... Yes! Canvas needles in my vest. Sailors are always prepared. Let me at that lock.

NARRATOR

In short order, the Professor's lock picking skills have once again been put to work and they are in the house.

SOUND: Door unlocking and opening

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They carefully search, fearing being caught at any moment but the house is obviously unoccupied. The same bowl of fruit sits on the hall table the fruit within it furry with mold and collapsed in on itself.

DR SAGE

I do believe we are here just after we were before - that is good for targeting. [Sniffing] Though by the smell of it, the fruit is not the only thing that has gone off. Did you and Abigail come here to die after you thwarted the assassination attempt?

PROF SAVANT

I hadn't thought of that. Of course we did. We lay down in the same bed in which we had awakened to begin with.

DR SAGE

Ah. Well then, if this house is to be pleasant for us tonight, we would do well to stuff the gaps of the bedroom door with cloth and open the windows elsewhere in the house. It appears we shall be sleeping on the rug in the parlor before the fireplace.

PROF SAVANT

I have fond memories of sleeping in just such a position with you - once upon a time in New York.

DR SAGE

Yes, well that body was a bit softer, a lot less hairy, and far better washed, so I doubt tonight will live up to that experience. Let's set the house to rights and see if we can find anything to eat.

NARRATOR

They are fortunate and find a good solid Dutch cheese, still in the rind, a jar of pickles and a few mealy apples in a cupboard. It is not a feast, but it will sustain them. Our weary heroes fall gratefully into bed, planning to resume the hunt for James Cunningham first thing in the morning. While they sleep, let's pause for a word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, you heard it here. EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING is our partner in bringing you more of Sage And Savant. And now, back to our show.

ACT THREE

SCENE: ANTWERP - MERCHANT'S HOUSE

NARRATOR

In the morning they wake and raid the dead man's closet to find clothes more appropriate for visiting an artist who regularly consorts with the crowned heads of Europe. Somber and respectable merchants are far more socially acceptable than tattooed and salt scarred seafarers in the halls of power.

PROF SAVANT

How do you plan on approaching the Master? I would imagine it is not at all common for strangers to come looking for a student.

DR SAGE

I hadn't thought of that. Do you think Master Rubens will not allow us to speak to his students?

PROF SAVANT

I think that is very possible, yes. Unless we can perhaps masquerade as merchants pretending to sell something useful? If we seem like minor functionaries - he might delegate the task of speaking with us to a student. Let me think...

Ah! I have it. Can we find an amphora of oil in the kitchen? It was the Flemish that instituted the practice of blending pigments with oil rather than egg. It allowed for much more versatility for artists and really elevated renaissance painting.

DR SAGE

Are you sure that has already happened? Would we be violating Rule #1?

PROF SAVANT

I can't be one hundred percent certain, but by 1635 I am reasonably sure oil was in common use both here and in Italy.

DR SAGE

Well, I suppose that will have to do.

NARRATOR

Dressed in better clothing, hair combed, face scrubbed, and a small bottle of walnut oil in hand, the pair head out to the studio of Peter Paul Rubens. Rubens works out of his Italian style villa on the Vaartstraat along the banks of the Herentalse Vaart canal. In the adjacent studio he and his students execute many of the works for which Rubens is famous.

SOUND: Knocking

ARTIST

Ja?

PROF SAVANT

We wish to speak with the person who manages the accounts for walnut oil. My associate and I believe we can source oil at a better price than you are currently paying. To whom would we speak for this matter?

ARTIST

I am Antony, I handle these matters for the master. Come in.

SCENE: IN THE GRAND HOUSE THAT HOLDS THE STUDIO OF PETER PAUL RUBENS - ITALIANATE WITH HIGH CEILINGS, BROAD PLANK WOOD FLOORS AND MANY WINDOWS.

PROF SAVANT

[Whispering] I'll stall this Antony - you look for Cunningham. [Louder - to artist] Would it be alright for Heer de Pooter to see the studio? He is most curious.

DR SAGE

[Whispering] De Pooter?

PROF SAVANT

[Whispering] It is the only Flemish name I could think of off the top of my head.

ARTIST

Ja, just through here. Do not disturb the students, however. The Master grows quite short with us if we interrupt our work.

DR SAGE

I shall be most circumspect, thank you.

ARTIST

Come with me, Heer...?

PROF SAVANT

Jansen, thank you.

NARRATOR

And so the professor sits in a stuffy office and pretends to know something about walnut oil as Sage enters a large and well lit room filled with easels holding canvases in various stages of completion. A bevy of young men in paint splattered frocks arrayed themselves in front of the paintings, taking advantage of the clear morning light that streamed in through the bank of windows facing the canal. Not wasting any time, the Doctor opted for the efficiency of the direct approach.

DR SAGE

Mx James Cunningham, late of King's College, are you here?

NARRATOR

The majority of the students looked up with puzzled expressions, only mildly interested in the interruption, but one student hunched his shoulders and painted more furiously. This was her quarry.

(MORE)



NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Doctor walked quickly to the side of the young man dabbing furiously at the clouds on a vast landscape painting. His hair was a tangled bird's nest, his cheeks were acne scarred, but the single-minded fire in his eyes was unmistakable.

DR SAGE

Mx Cunningham? James - it is Petra, I need to talk to you.

CUNNINGHAM

Petronella Sage? [laughs nervously] Now I really have lost my mind. That is okay - I have my clouds, happy little clouds.

DR SAGE

James, will you step away from the painting with me for just a moment? I want to explain what has happened.

CUNNINGHAM

I know what has happened to me. I have had a psychotic break. I am exhibiting the classic symptoms, hallucinations, depersonalization, derealization - but I have the painting, so I don't mind so much.

DR SAGE

What if I were to tell you that you are one hundred percent sane? That you've undergone process I call Transmigration.

CUNNINGHAM

Oh, I remember you telling me of your cockamamie ideas regarding time-travel and galvanistic clap-trap. That is why I have imagined you here now. You are not real. None of this is real, mores the pity. OUCH! What did you pinch me for.

DR SAGE

To prove I am real. You are not imagining me. Now tell me the name of the student to your left.

CUNNINGHAM

Pietr, why?

DR SAGE

Pietr? Do you see me, here, in the studio?

PIETR

Ja.

DR SAGE

Pietr, I am going to whisper something in your ear, something that will not make sense to you, and I need you to repeat it to this man word for word. Can you do that?

PIETR

Ja. [Pause, while SAGE whispers - then repeat] If you do not come home Dean Stewart wins and Rational Dress will become the order of the day at Kings.

NARRATOR

Cunningham gaped at Doctor Sage in horror.

CUNNINGHAM

Petronella Sage, in the body of a MAN?! What fresh horror is this?

DR SAGE

Please, Mx Cunningham, take a moment and talk with Professor Savant and myself, really, we will explain everything.

NARRATOR

A rather stupefied Cunningham followed the Doctor out and into the hall and to the small office where the professor sat doing his best to stall the young artist.

PROF SAVANT

... cold-pressed Piedmontese... oh there you are Heer...

DR SAGE

Yes, here I am. I think you have taken up enough of this young man's time, no?

ARTIST

Ja! James - will you see the gentlemen out?

NARRATOR

Without waiting for an answer the young artist scurries out, leaving the three erstwhile denizens of King's alone in the tiny room.

DR SAGE

Well he seemed anxious to get away, Erasmus. Whatever were you boring him with?

CUNNINGHAM

Erasmus? Is that really you Erasmus Savant?

PROF SAVANT

It is. How are you faring, Mx Cunningham?

CUNNINGHAM

I quite thought I was fine when this was just a psychotic break. Oh! I think I'd better sit down.

SOUND: Chair scraping across floor

PROF SAVANT

There's a chair for you man. Breath through it. Transmigration can take a bit of getting used to.

CUNNINGHAM

You've gotten used to it? How long has this been going on?

DR SAGE

Never mind that. What we need to do is speak of the scope of my research and what it means for the future of science and historical scholarship.

CUNNINGHAM

I do not believe that electrocuting me qualifies as science.

DR SAGE

I am sorry, Mx Cunningham, I panicked.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I needed the time to demonstrate the value of my work and to bring you to understanding the scope of the experiments. It would be easy to discount all of this as fantasy, had you not experienced it.

PROF SAVANT

And now that you have, we will both be willing to answer any questions you have.

CUNNINGHAM

Oh I do have questions. Am I dead?

DR SAGE

No, technically your body is in a coma and your consciousness has been entangled with this body, that was dead before you entered it. Now that you occupy it, it is no longer dead.

CUNNINGHAM

This body will continue to live and function?

DR SAGE

For so long as your consciousness occupies it, yes. When you return to our own time, this body will revert to its formerly dead state.

CUNNINGHAM

I will not be returning.

DR SAGE

I beg your pardon?

PROF SAVANT

What do you mean man?

CUNNINGHAM

I will not be returning. I like this life. I am young, I am a very talented painter, and women in this time understand their place in the greater scheme of things. Antwerp suits me.

PROF SAVANT

But James, you are a Provost, you have a life, responsibilities.

CUNNINGHAM

As you know very well, Erasmus, those are a life and responsibilities that I did not choose. Here I get to study and paint, under the great Peter Paul Rubens, in arguably one of the greatest schools of artists the world has ever known. Here I am happy.

DR SAGE

I don't think you understand, Mx Cunningham. Your body cannot survive for the long term, and when the prayer bowls sound the recall chime, your consciousness will return to your own body. This is how the science works.

CUNNINGHAM

And do you have my body wired into the automatic system, next to yours?

DR SAGE

Well, no. Currently your body is in an auxiliary room, but it will be the work of moments, once we have returned, to get you onto the main platform and call you home.

CUNNINGHAM

Don't you dare.

DR SAGE

But, James...

CUNNINGHAM

If you call me home I will end you Petronella Sage, and you too Erasmus Savant. I will expose the secret laboratory. I will paint your 'research' as nothing more than the ravings of a madwoman! I will bring you both in front of the Board of Regents on charges of insubordination, wasting of college resources, medical chicanery and any other charge I can think of. I will NOT leave this life of artistry to become once again a medical paper pusher. Good Day!

NARRATOR

And on that definitive statement, the former provost turns on his heel and leaves his flabbergasted colleagues in jaw-dropping shock. If they leave the Provost in the past, are they committing murder? If they bring him home, will he carry out his terrible threats? We must leave our Heroes on the horns of this dilemma. How will they choose to solve it? We'll find out when Season Three premieres August First.

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 AND THE BULLY. Check them out at [www.victorandthebully.com](http://www.victorandthebully.com).

We would like to extend our gratitude to this month's sponsor, our partner, EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING. Buy our book TransMIGRATIONS available on Amazon now.

Episode 210b JOYEUSE LE DÉPART 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)

{REVISION}

30.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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