

Episode 201 - THE PRODIGAL PROFESSOR

The Tales of Sage and Savant  
Season 2 Episode 1

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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 Entwistle, and myself, Justin Bremer as your humble Narrator. This month's program, entitled THE PRODIGAL PROFESSOR is sponsored by EDGE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHING and features the music of THE VELVETEEN BAND. And now, without further ado, we bring you THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT.

THEME SONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our heroes they were separated by a profound expanse of time and space. Though we have had frights in the past, they are but pale shades to the distance between the temporal explorers at this juncture. It has been two months since last we spoke dear listeners, and the body of the professor withers daily, his skin has grown sallow, his cheeks sunken. Dr. Sage is, to be frank, not taking it well.

SOUND: banging, clanging and cursing

DR SAGE

Get in there you blootered son of a poxy milk-maid!

NARRATOR

The Doctor spent a month blindly throwing herself into the past at the pitch Eb.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Her intention was to arrive in the first half of the year 1816, prior to the wreck of the Medusa, and then, no matter where she was on the globe, take terrestrial transportation to Senegal, in hopes of meeting up with Erasmus. But though she visited 1815, 1817, 1820, and 1814, she did not succeed in landing at the correct point in time. This might have driven another woman into madness. The Doctor, however, is made of sterner stuff. Unable to achieve success via one method, the Doctor has turned attention to making further revisions to her equipment in hopes of retrieving her friend.

SOUND: Spanner against a bolt or other such mechanical noises

DR SAGE

I am certain... that if I can... elevate the amperage and concentrate it in a narrow enough beam... I will be better able to pinpoint the accuracy... there! That should do it. Time for another test.

ABIGAIL

I'm no galvanist, but won't a more concentrated beam of electricity create more concentrated burns in the recipient before dispersal?

DR SAGE

Well, yes. That is why I have upgraded the Faraday suits as well. If I need to hit the body with a stronger electrical pulse, then I need the dispersal into nimbus state to be faster and more encompassing.

ABIGAIL

My goodness, this is so much lighter!

DR SAGE

I am trying something new, actually.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Cloth of copper, woven from the thinnest strands of copper thread, overlaid with a flexible copper mesh. The majority of the energy will disperse along the mesh, but with the increased amperage, I thought it wise to give a second layer of defense - hence the cloth of copper.

ABIGAIL

So you are a weaver now too?

DR SAGE

Don't be naive, Abigail. I commissioned a mill to create it.

ABIGAIL

But how does the cloth hold together? Isn't copper brittle when spun too thin?

DR SAGE

The copper serves only as the weft of the weave. The warp is provided by a high quality Indian cotton. Cotton itself has a small measure of conductivity, so the stability it provides will not impede the conductivity of the copper. Now, there is one last thing I need to do before I can test the new procedure. Climb onto the table for me, there's a dear.

ABIGAIL

Dr Sage, I have explained to you that I do not intend to transmigrate...

DR SAGE

I know that. I just need to calibrate the galvanistic trajectory for maximum dispersal - something I cannot do from a prone position. I shall be using your form for targeting only, I assure you.

ABIGAIL

All right then.

SOUND: Table ratcheting back in place

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

NARRATOR

We shall leave the laboratory now and check in on the Professor, who we last saw in the form of a twelve year old boy, happily off to adventure alongside a charismatic English chap. As is the way of all true adventures, the romance, excitement and discovery are often beset by discomfort, dislimnations, and disruptions. It is with regret, dear listeners that I must inform you, our Professor is lost in the shifting sands of the Senegalese desert.

SOUND: footsteps on sand

PROF SAVANT

{Singing under breath, breathy and disjointed} Oh the noble Duke of York, he had five thousand men...

NARRATOR

It seems that Mr. James Carnet, from Brighton England, late of Senegal, was more bluster than brilliance. Together the two blundered from oasis to oasis, from tribe to tribe, never quite making it back to St Louis and safety, but never quite ending in disaster and blessed death. In short, our professor has been captured in a web of incompetence so pernicious that he could not escape. Time passes slowly in the desert. Finally, after two months of wandering, the Englishmen succumbed to misadventure. The result was a dead Englishman, and a 12-year old Professor stumbling blindly up one dune and down the next searching for the succor of water or death.

SOUND: Stumbling feet in sand

PROF SAVANT

... and when they were up they were up, and when they were down they were down...

NARRATOR

I wish I could tell you this ends well, but this is the Tales of Sage and Savant, and death is a constant companion here. So perhaps we should look to a critical event that happened just a few weeks earlier, whilst the braggadocios Englishman yet lived, and the spirit of adventure still ran high.

FLASHBACK MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It was on a starlit night when the desert is transformed into a cosmic miracle. When stars glitter in the sky so close you swear you could touch them, and when legends and myths walk freely across the crests of the sand. True to the pattern established early in their journeys, the Professor bustled about the camp attending to chores whilst Mr Carnet slept in an alcoholic stupor on his carpets in the tent. Erasmus didn't really mind, he had come to cherish his time alone under the stars.

SOUND: harness jingling. Camel huffing.

PROF SAVANT

{Calming the camel} Hey there old girl, what is it?

NARRATOR

It was a visitor, a single man, dressed in robes, and leading a well-loaded camel.

SOUND: Approaching footsteps and camel

WEI BOYANG

Hello the camp!

PROF SAVANT

Hullo! Welcome stranger.

WEI BOYANG

{Getting closer} Might I join your fire for the night?

PROF SAVANT

Welcome, friend. Come, let me get water for you and your animal.

WEI BOYANG

No need, no need. We have brought plenty of water of our own.

PROF SAVANT

Pardon me, but do I know you?

WEI BOYANG

I do not think so. This is my first journey through these parts. I do not recall meeting a freckle-faced British boy before.

PROF SAVANT

{Incredulous} Wei Boyang?

WEI BOYANG

You know of me? Have you read my treatise on Dharmadhatu - the Realm of Truth?

PROF SAVANT

No. I met you. On the mountain? Just after you awakened from taking the elixir? I was with my friend, the dog?

WEI BOYANG

Your friend is a dog?

PROF SAVANT

Yes! No! Well she was for that transmigration. It's complicated.

WEI BOYANG

Transmigration? Are you, can it be? Professor Savant?

PROF SAVANT

Yes! Erasmus Savant, at your service!

WEI BOYANG

I should not be surprised to see you so, in the body of a child.

(MORE)

WEI BOYANG (CONT'D)

It has been demonstrated that any being with a mind can play host to your transmigrations. But still it is somewhat perplexing to think of your intellect in the guise of a boy.

PROF SAVANT

Trust me, the boyish enthusiasms of this body sometimes overwhelm the intellect.

WEI BOYANG

But where is your Doctor. Do not tell me she has entered one of the camels!

PROF SAVANT

Oh no. She has had no further animal incarnations. I do not know where she is. We transmigrated into bodies that were part of a horrible shipwreck. The survivors were split between boats and a raft. I was in a boat and I think she was on the raft. By the time we were both in the hospital and the nurse finally delivered a message for me, Petra's host body had died from the privations of the episode. I assume she is back soundly in the laboratory. Probably fussing over my body and concocting some new technological way of coping with the vagaries of the process. You wouldn't by chance have any of that elixir with you?

WEI BOYANG

I have not. My search for immortality has ended. I live long, this much can be known, but I have come to the understanding that the future is blank territory and it cannot be said one will live forever without an understanding of what forever is. It was a fool's journey.

PROF SAVANT

But your elixir did send us back to the laboratory. It worked! For that purpose at least.

WEI BOYANG

Yes, Erasmus, it worked. As a  
poison is certain to do.

PROF SAVANT

So Cheng and Ben-Ben...

WEI BOYANG

Did not reappear at your passing,  
no.

PROF SAVANT

I am sorry to hear that.

WEI BOYANG

It is a price a natural philosopher  
pays when his research matters more  
than the lives of those that  
journey with him. Because of this,  
I no longer seek to poison myself  
nor any other.

SOUND: Jingling, and restless camels

PROF SAVANT

I am sorry. I have been horribly  
rude in my excitement at seeing you  
again. Let me help you get settled  
and we can talk more over the fire  
and supper.

NARRATOR

And so they settled Wei Boyang's  
camel, removing its pack and  
joining it onto the tie-line. After  
ensuring that all the animals had  
enough food and drink, they  
returned to the fire and their own  
supper.

SOUND: crackling fire, spoons scraping on metal plates

WEI BOYANG

Your companion will not be joining  
us?

PROF SAVANT

No. He had a liquid supper earlier.

WEI BOYANG

I suppose you do not have a choice  
in traveling companions.

PROF SAVANT

No, I chose this one. The drinking aside, he is leading me on a great adventure! We are on our way to the Lompoul Oasis where I shall meet Bedouins and everything!

WEI BOYANG

It seems you have not lost your taste for adventure.

PROF SAVANT

One must maintain a certain derring-do if one is to keep pace with Doctor Petronella Sage.

WEI BOYANG

Ah yes, I remember that remarkable time, in the forests outside of Versailles, your Doctor made quite the highwayman!

PROF SAVANT

She did what? Versailles? Did you meet Petra traveling without me?

WEI BOYANG

No, you were ther... oh.

PROF SAVANT

Oh what, man?

WEI BOYANG

It seems to have not happened yet for you. Perhaps you had better bring me up to speed on where and when you have traveled thus far. I shall need to keep notes so that we do not confuse each other at our meetings.

PROF SAVANT

What are you talking about Wei Boyang. I have met you precisely two times. Once on the mountain in China, and now here in the Senegalese desert of all the incongruous places.

WEI BOYANG

This why it is necessary to truly embrace the Dharmadhatu.

(MORE)

WEI BOYANG (CONT'D)

Your truth and mine have diverged because I have experiences in the past which lie still in your future. I can say nothing further. You must tell me your story. Start at the beginning. I seem to remember something about a battlefield and a cannonball...

NARRATOR

And so, the Professor told Wei Boyang of each of the adventures he had been on with Doctor Sage. It was a very long night, and the stars were beginning to fade by the time he had told of traveling into the future. But how did the Professor get from a comfortable camp to a desperate shuffle alone through the desert? 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 THE VELVETEEN BAND.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, back to our story.

ACT TWO

## INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When we left the Doctor she was busy re-calibrating and increasing the power of her transmigratory apparatus. Before she could test the efficacy of this new configuration however, she was interrupted.

SOUND: Knock at Laboratory door

CUNNINGHAM

{From outside the door} Doctor Sage! Doctor Sage! You have a visitor Doctor Sage.

SCENE: SAGE IS WEARING THE NEW FARADAY ARMOR AND IS ABOUT TO TRANSMIGRATE UNDER ABIGAIL'S MONITORING.

SOUND: Ratcheting table releasing of belts, powering down

DR SAGE

Abigail, lock this down, I'll go see what he wants.

ABIGAIL

But Doctor Sage you are... {giving up as the Doctor ignores her and goes to answer the door

SOUND: door closing, footsteps crossing the laboratory, door opening.

DR SAGE

Yes, what is it? I am quite busy.

CUNNINGHAM

{Scandalized} Why Petronella Sage, whatever is that you are wearing?!?

DR SAGE

Faraday Armor. It protects from electrical burns while I work.

CUNNINGHAM

I know of Faraday cages, but I have never heard of such a thing as Faraday armor.

DR SAGE

It is my own design, based on Faraday's concepts. It is all in my paper.

CUNNINGHAM

I have read that paper thoroughly and there was no mention of Faraday cages or armor or any whatnot.

SOUND: Door opening

ABIGAIL

Hello, Mx Cunningham. The Faraday armor is detailed on page two of Appendix D, as a full detailing of the equipment and techniques the Doctor used during the course of her research. Perhaps you did not read the appendices?

CUNNINGHAM

I read the paper end to end, including the appendices of which there were three!

ABIGAIL

Oh dear. I must have somehow lost the final three pages when I was compiling the report for your office. My apologies Mx Cunningham, I shall remedy this immediately.

DR SAGE

You said I had a visitor?

CUNNINGHAM

Well, yes. She is waiting in the Foyer. I was hesitant to bring her direct to your laboratory, in case... well I don't know - in case you answered the door in an outrageous and wholly inappropriate state of dress. As you can see, my forethought has spared you a great deal of embarrassment.

DR SAGE

{Biting her tongue} Thank you Mx Cunningham. Of course you know there was no reason to go out of your way to bring me this news yourself. I am so sorry to discomfit you.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I shall get dressed and greet my visitor immediately. You don't perhaps know the name of the person?

CUNNINGHAM

It is your impertinent benefactor, who still refuses to give me her name.

DR SAGE

Ah. I see. Well then, I shall dress post-haste. Abigail, will you see the Provost out?

SOUND: Hurrying footsteps, door opening and closing.

ABIGAIL

I shall have that final appendix copied on on your desk by this afternoon, Mx Cunningham. I am so sorry for the inconvenience.

CUNNINGHAM

Harrumph!

ABIGAIL

Thank you again for bringing news of our visitor.

SOUND: Door opening footsteps out, door closing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

He's gone!

SOUND: Door opening

DR SAGE

Thank you Abigail for covering for me.

ABIGAIL

I do not always approve of your methods Doctor Sage, but I am convinced of the veracity of your intentions. And the longer I work under him, the greater my irritation at his manner. Really for a department head to have so little trust in scientific process is unconscionable.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Besides, sooner or later he will come upon the idea of looking at your equipment and supplies acquisition records, no matter who is paying the cost.

DR SAGE

You are correct. I shall need to consider how I report these things.

ABIGAIL

Exactly.

DR SAGE

And when it is something that might bring uncomfortable questions I shall have to look for sources outside of University systems. I am sure the Charges d' affairs can help with that.

ABIGAIL

That is not what I meant. We don't need to add another layer of subterfuge to our ledger.

DR SAGE

Honestly, Abigail. What do you think would happen if Cunningham were to discover the true scope of my research at this juncture?

ABIGAIL

He would shut it down.

DR SAGE

Yes.

ABIGAIL

Confiscate all of your equipment and notes.

DR SAGE

Yes.

ABIGAIL

And likely destroy it as the ravings of a madwoman.

DR SAGE

Exactly. No man, in this space and time is truly prepared to face the fact that our consciousness are neither male nor female, not for that matter even human - but are capable of existing in all different types of bodies.

ABIGAIL

Erasmus is a man.

DR SAGE

Well yes, but Erasmus is a most singular man. And even he has struggled with that fluidity. Thus far, he has always been masculine - even if one of those forms was a baby. There is no predicting how he might react if he were to awaken in the body of a female.

ABIGAIL

Point taken. Now you must get dressed and go see who your visitor is. Does she really refuse to give a name?

DR SAGE

To be honest, I have had very little interaction with her. At the tribunal, she definitively refused to state her name, and afterwards, she gave me a calling card emblazoned with the Charges d' affairs, but it had no other name; only an address. Since that time we have simply sent quarterly funding requests which are granted immediately by bank transfer.

ABIGAIL

How mysterious.

DR SAGE

Yes. Now help me into my corset, I had better put on a tea dress.

NARRATOR

And so the Doctor dressed and went down to the Foyer where she met the stranger who had come to her rescue during winter term.

SOUND: Hotel lobby type noises

STRANGER

Doctor Sage! How good it is to see you. I trust all is going well with your research?

DR SAGE

Yes, thank you; the research is proceeding well. I am sorry, what was your name again?

STRANGER

I did not give you my name, but you may call me Calypso.

DR SAGE

Well, thank you again Mx Calypso...

STRANGER

Just Calypso, thank you. There is no need for an honorific.

DR SAGE

{A little discombobulated} Quite. Yes, shall we repair to the tearoom?

STRANGER

Oh yes, I could use a spot of tea.

NARRATOR

The Doctor led the stranger down the hall to the formal tearoom. And for those of you thinking that we now know the stranger's name, may I point out that Calypso in its original Greek means 'she who conceals'. I submit that we know nothing. The pair were early for tea, so they had the cozy room to themselves. As they waited for the tea to steep, they chatted the sort of meaningless pleasantries that passed for courtesy in the 1890s - an art that every child learned and that the British gave credit for their Empire. Be that as it may, that sort of chat is hopelessly boring so I have chosen to skip over it until the tea is poured and they can get down to discussing the real reason for the stranger's visit.

STRANGER

You must be wondering why I have come in person after all these months.

DR SAGE

Indeed.

STRANGER

I wanted to see your laboratory, for one thing, and for the second, to assess what might be necessary for the next stage should the University approve you for the third tier funding and move to surgical trials.

DR SAGE

Oh, I am quite sure they will do that. The research is sound, and the results fully replicate-able.

STRANGER

I am not questioning the results of your research, Doctor Sage. I am simply acknowledging the fact that we may have a complication going forward.

DR SAGE

What do you mean?

STRANGER

I have read University funding policy and when two branches of the same science are involved in a mode of research...

DR SAGE

{dawning realization}... such as surgery and galvanism...

STRANGER

... they shall occupy the larger laboratory space.

DR SAGE

But MacLeish's lab is much larger than mine!

STRANGER

And you believe that the early surgical research will be carried out by the head of the surgery department?

DR SAGE

But surely it will need the top surgeon... No, you are right. They are likely to assign it to a junior surgeon for the beginning stages.

STRANGER

Which means that your laboratory will be the larger. And that means...

DR SAGE

Sharing my space, and... oh!

STRANGER

Exactly! Your secondary laboratory would be exposed.

DR SAGE

You do know of my secondary research!

STRANGER

Let us not be coy, Doctor Sage. Your primary research has always been our area of interest. However, we are extremely pleased that your secondary research is also bearing fruit. Limb reattachment will be an incredible advancement for the medical sciences. But that is secondary to our true reason for funding your laboratory.

DR SAGE

I will resist any attempt to commercialize or exploit my research, you should know that.

STRANGER

As would we. Transmigration is a precious gift, but it should not be used by the unenlightened.

DR SAGE

How do you know that word?

STRANGER

It was mentioned in passing by a mutual friend. It was this person who informed our organization of your studies in the first place.

DR SAGE

Who? What friend?

STRANGER

I am afraid I have already said too much. Suffice it to say the Charges d' affairs will support and defend your work at all costs. Now I suggest we repair to the laboratory and see what can be done to create a more effective and hidden space for that which we wish to keep sequestered from the College a while longer. Come along.

NARRATOR

Our Doctor will take the Stranger into her secret lab, only the second outsider to see it. Abigail became a friend and confidant afterwards. This woman claims to be an advocate and supporter, will she remain so after seeing the cold hard reality of transmigration spawned by electrocution? We must leave them to it and pause for a word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes, dear friends, you heard it here, count on EDGE PUBLISHING, for great SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY STORYTELLING. And now, back to our show.

ACT THREE

## INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When we left the Doctor she was proceeding to her laboratory with the Stranger, Calypso, in tow. Finding a note from Abigail reading 'gone to late lunch', the Doctor conducted the the tour of the outer labs herself.

DR SAGE

As you can see, we have adequate space for cadaver storage, a proper scaffolding for the galvanization apparatus, and good scrub sink and closet. I do think you are right. This set up is far more commodious and modern than the average junior surgeon will have. They will want to use my lab. {sigh} I had gotten used to being master in my own demesne.

NARRATOR

The time has come to open the door to the sanctum where her best friend lies diminished and insensible on the slab.

SOUND: feet crossing floor, Door opening

DR SAGE

I must warn you, Erasmus is currently...

STRANGER

You do not need to prevaricate with me Doctor. How long has he been away?

SOUND: background medical sounds

DR SAGE

Too long. Two months. I don't know how much longer his body can live without...

STRANGER

I see. We need to work on better support apparatus.

DR SAGE

Are you a galvanist?

STRANGER

No. What I meant was, I can place researchers on the topic of maintaining the body of an unconscious person. Perhaps someone else has developed methods we do not know about. Tell me what you are currently doing...

NARRATOR

We will leave them here as they are speaking of things we already know. It is time to face the truth of what is happening to the Professor.

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

SOUND: Desert, buzzards cry etc.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

After his meeting with Wei Boyang, the Professor continued on in search of adventure with the erstwhile Englishman. Although he did see the oasis and meet the Bedouins, that was the extent of English veracity. When they arrived at the oasis, they met neither friends nor celebration. Instead, the Englishman was forced to undergo a trial for determining truth called the bisha'a. A metal spoon was heated in a fire until it was glowing hot. Mr. Carnet was then forced to lick said spoon. The precepts of the trial claimed that a truthful person would emerge from this with an unblemished tongue. Upon finding Carnet's tongue blistered and blackened the tribe determined that he had lied, a capitol offense. Erasmus' attempts to stop the execution were in vain.

SOUND: tribal chanting or mob noise whistles and calls

PROF SAVANT

Mx. Carnet! Mx. Carnet!

## NARRATOR

In the end, the deed was done and there was nothing a 12-year-old boy could have done about it. The rules of hospitality are strict in Bedouin tribes, and they did not threaten harm to the boy. They also did not offer succor or family. They asked him simply where he might like to go.

## PROF SAVANT

Back to St. Louis I guess.

## NARRATOR

And so the tribe gave him food and water enough for three days and pointed him towards St Louis.

SOUND: Camel

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Though he began the journey on the camel that had brought him to the oasis, something went wrong on the morning of the second day. The camel was folded up in a kneeling position, and would not get up no matter what Erasmus threatened or promised.

SOUND: Stubborn camel noises.

## PROF SAVANT

Get up you blootered son of a poxy milk-maid! Get up. We have a. Ways. More. To. Go. All right. I understand. You are tired. It is hot. Your owner is dead. But you know, my friend Petra is always telling me we can't let death be a barrier to getting on. You don't want to die out here in the sand and the heat. I don't want to die out her... well, that is not wholly true. I do rather want to die. But dying of acute sunstroke is rather nasty. I would rather get back to civilization and die of a good old fashioned shooting, or a well placed knife. So help me out old girl, please!

SOUND: more stubborn camel noises.

## NARRATOR

No matter how he cajoled, the stubborn camel would not move. At last, realizing that he risked sunstroke, the Professor gave up. He shook out his pack, used the camel's water bag to thoroughly wet his turban, used his second shirt to make a small bundle with the food the Bedouins had given him, and poured a measure of water into the leather bag next to the camel.

SOUND: water pouring

## PROF SAVANT

I'm sorry. That is all you get. If I am going to walk to St. Louis I shall need the rest.

## NARRATOR

And with that the Professor began the long walk to the coast and the relative comfort of the frontier town. Unfortunately, with no previous experience in desert navigation, he is hopelessly lost. You do not need me to describe the trials of a long walk across burning sands. Suffice it to say, of all the inconveniences, the discomforts, the mortal dangers previously faced, this trek would live in the Professor's memory as some of the worst hours of his life.

SCENE CHANGE MUSIC

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Back in the laboratory, Abigail returns from lunch to encounter the Stranger, Calypso, preparing to leave.

SOUND: Door opening

## DR SAGE

Oh hello, Abigail. Do come in. I must introduce you to Mx... to Calypso, of the Charges d' affairs. Calypso, may I present my laboratory assistant, Mx. Abigail Entwistle.

STRANGER

Ah. This is the young spy  
Cunningham planted in your lab?

ABIGAIL

{Icily} Charmed, I'm sure.

DR SAGE

She is not a spy. Abigail has  
become a trusted ally and support  
to me. Yes, she reports to  
Cunningham, but that is as it  
should be in a University. She  
documents each aspect of my work,  
and when an experiment is complete,  
she fills out her report and  
presents it to the department head.

STRANGER

When an experiment is complete?

ABIGAIL

When a theory has been tested and  
proved. It would not do giving a  
premature report of on-going  
research. Cunningham asks if things  
are progressing well, and I  
reassure him they are. He asks if I  
have seen any irregularities and I  
reply 'Outside the bounds of Doctor  
Sage's groundbreaking work? No sir,  
she is most regular.'

STRANGER

{Laughing} Ho-ho! This one is a  
firecracker such as yourself,  
Doctor. Well then, I'll leave you  
in her very capable hands. The  
Charge d' affairs shall be looking  
into the architecture and  
electrical infrastructure of the  
College. We shall find a place for  
a new laboratory, never fear. I  
shall contact you in a couple of  
days. Until then, Abigail, Doctor,  
Good day.

DR SAGE

Good day.

ABIGAIL

Ta, then.

SOUND: footsteps, door

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What was this about a new, new laboratory? We can still smell the paint in this one, it is so fresh.

DR SAGE

The Charges d' affairs is worried I will be unable to continue my transmigration studies, once this lab is given over to surgical trials for the galvanization work.

ABIGAIL

Cunningham will never approve a second new laboratory for you.

DR SAGE

I realize. Calypso is intending to create a new secret study lab for us. One that Cunningham does not know about.

ABIGAIL

But how could she... {manage that}?

DR SAGE

I have no idea, but you do not have to be a part of this if you do not wish. Technically, your obligation to be here ended when we handed in the galvanization studies. It wasn't part of your remit to join in the transmigrations.

ABIGAIL

You need me.

DR SAGE

Well, I certainly enjoy your help and support...

ABIGAIL

You need me. Without me, you might run off half-cocked. You might be rash and dangerous. You might not think through all the ramifications of your actions.

DR SAGE

I have Erasmus to keep me sorted.

ABIGAIL

Erasmus is a softy, and he can't always be here.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Without him you are Sherlock Holmes without his Watson, and I won't have that! I am staying put, and that is that.

DR SAGE

{Humbled} Thank you, Abigail. Now, if you don't mind it has been a long day. I think I shall make an early night of it.

ABIGAIL

Do you want me to sit with the Professor tonight?

DR SAGE

Thank you, no. I quite relish my time alone with him. Good evening Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Good night, Doctor.

SOUND: footsteps, door opening, closing

NARRATOR

The Doctor changes out of her tea gown and into a wrapper, brews a cup of tea, and repairs to the bedside of her wandering friend.

DR SAGE

Let me tell you the day I have had, Erasmus.

SOFT REFLECTIVE MUSIC

NARRATOR

Recounting her meeting with Calypso as the sun readies for a long summer twilight, the Doctor grow melancholy, wondering what can possibly be keeping her friend. Our Professor stumbles weary and dehydrated along the tortuous dunes of the Senegalese des...

MUSIC COMES TO A JARRING HALT

DR SAGE

I am sorry! I have had enough of waiting Erasmus. I have begged, I have prodded, I have electrified, I have searched.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

None of it has brought you home.  
There is only one thing I haven't  
tried.

HEROIC MUSIC

NARRATOR

And with that, the Doctor climbs up  
onto the slab, moving carefully  
against the Faraday armor and the  
wires leading from the CRAP helmet  
and {surprised} KISSES the  
Professor!

DR SAGE

I love you Erasmus Savant and it is  
time for you to come home!

NARRATOR

And so the doctor has finally  
declared her feelings for Erasmus.  
Will her kiss break the spell and  
bring the Professor home? 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  
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(MORE)

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Episode 201 THE PRODIGAL PROFESSOR was written by Eddie Louise. Are you interested in the historical and scientific information we included in this episode? Follow us on Twitter, like us on Facebook or check out our website [www.SageAndSavant.com](http://www.SageAndSavant.com) to find the facts behind the fiction.

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