

EP 112 Pt 1 - WRACKED AND RUIN

Season One Episode Twelve Part One

THE TALES OF SAGE AND SAVANT

ACT ONE

FADE IN: MUSIC BEGINS.

NARRATOR

Greetings and welscom 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 special two part episode, entitled WRACKED AND RUIN, is sponsored by THE PORTALIST, and features the music of DIEGO'S UMBRELLA. And now, without further ado, we bring you The Tales of Sage & Savant!

THEME MUSIC

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

When last we saw our heroes they were wrestling with the moral conundrums of transmigration. Though the Doctor, the Professor and Mx. Entwistle were in absolute agreement over the question of appropriating the work of future scientists, that one point of confluence seemed of little matter when all else was in agreement.

DR SAGE

What I am attempting to explain, dear Abigail is the sheer stupidity of letting technologies die that do not have to. We have settled on Rule Number Three: No technology nor knowledge thereof can be utilized prior to the point of its original inception. That says nothing about resurrecting technologies that were lost via accident or calamity!

ABIGAIL

But I think we need to weigh everything against the stricture of Rule Number One: No transmigratory scientist shall knowingly interfere with the course of history.

DR SAGE

I do not see how bringing past knowledge into our present can interfere in history just because is might change the future...

SOUND: Door opening

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Oh, hullo Erasmus. Help me convince Abigail in an argument, won't you?

PROF SAVANT

Hello, Pet. I don't like taking arms against our Mx. Entwhistle. She usually has the right of things.

DR SAGE

I'm not asking you to take arms.

ABIGAIL

Thank you professor.

DR SAGE

I'd simply challenge you to think - what if we can perfect targeting well enough to send you back before the sacking of the library at Alexandria? Wouldn't it be a service to history to resurrect those lost texts?

PROF SAVANT

Any archeologist worth his salt would give his eye teeth to have a keek at those books, yes.

DR SAGE

There! You see, Abigail?

PROF SAVANT

But wouldn't that counter the stricture laid out in Rule Number Two?: No knowledge gained through transmigration to the past or future can be manipulated for personal gain.

ABIGAIL

That is my point exactly!

DR SAGE

I am not talking about getting rich off that knowledge - just reviving what was lost. Imagine the changes to mathematics alone!

PROF SAVANT

I do not deny the attraction of such things, Petra, but I agree with Abigail. We must err on the side of caution. When and if we do have a chance to see the lost texts of Alexandria, we must consider any and all ramifications of gaining lost knowledge.

ABIGAIL

Thank you Professor. Careful consideration is all I am proposing here.

PROF SAVANT

{Changing subject} So! What wonderful adventure are we heading towards today?

ABIGAIL

You aren't transmigrating today? We have that paper to prepare for Mx. Cunningham on your cadaver research. He has been putting a great deal of pressure on me.

DR SAGE

I'm sorry, Abigail. But thanks to the demands in the History Department, Erasmus has hardly been available since our return from the future. Really, I promise - we won't be gone long. I'll finish the paper when we get back.

ABIGAIL

That could be days away.

DR SAGE

No. We will make it a short trip.

PROF SAVANT

Petra, I don't believe we can promise that. You know how these things are. On some trips death seems to wait for us outside every door, but on others...

ABIGAIL

Unless you have decided to finally test the plausibility of suicide as an exit tactic?

DR SAGE

No! I still do not trust that our consciousnesses would continue after suicide. What keeps us alive in transit? Some part of that might be the shock of sudden and violent death. And yet, what if, as Monsieur Descartes posited we only exist because we believe we do? Then what should our consciousnesses make of an attempt at self-immolation? No! We cannot risk suicide.

ABIGAIL

Well then. How can you assume you will return in a short time?

DR SAGE

Because I am sending us to one of the most battle-stained eras of history - the early 19th century. No matter who nor where we are, we should be able to find a battle to participate in, hastening our demise without the expediency of suicide.

PROF SAVANT

Well. I hadn't anything on for the weekend - though I must say, I do wish we were not returning to war. To an outsider it may appear rather dashing to die in a sword fight - from the inside it is not nearly as glamorous.

DR SAGE

The point is not specifically to go to war, but to successfully predict and control our trajectory. I am very keen to understand the mechanism of place, but it makes no real sense to try and pin down where of it before I've established control of when I am sending us. Once I can reliably say we will go to this year and that month, I can begin to concentrate on where we will go.

ABIGAIL

But that will mean many trips in short order, using only slight variations in the pitch.

DR SAGE

Precisely. If I transmigrate multiple times over the summer term, but only within a narrow band of pitch, harmonics, and amperages, the self-imposed limiting factor should help us isolate the projection patterns and allow us to begin creating a map.

PROF SAVANT

So we are to map the great wilderness of time travel? Capital!

DR SAGE

We are not exactly Lewis and Clark...

ABIGAIL

And I am certainly not Sacajawea...

DR SAGE

...but won't it be nice to be able to say we are going to 1756 and actually wake up in 1756?

PROF SAVANT

Ah, but then what need will you have of my modest skills?

DR SAGE

Do not play the card of false humility with me dear friend.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

It is your specific knowledge of time and location that I am relying on to create our map. You recognize fashion, language, tools and implements - all the things I am blind to. You know quite well that I couldn't get on without you!

SOUND: {Background in coming speech} Footsteps into lab, belting in, dynamo powering up, etc.

NARRATOR

And so, the Professor and the Doctor dress in their Faraday armor, belt themselves into place and begin the routine that has become so familiar to us. Can the Doctor learn to plot an exact trajectory through time?

SOUND: Edison device engaging

DR SAGE

Laboratory of Doctor Petronella Sage, King's College, May 14, 1894. Today we are beginning a series of journeys focused on pinpointing our location in time. Over the summer term I intend on returning repeatedly to times that fall within a narrow band of pitch harmonics and electrical amperage in an attempt to pinpoint individual years, and perhaps even months, within the historical calendar. Transmigrating with me, as always, is my dear friend and colleague, Professor Erasmus Savant. The pitch for the chladni is set to Eb and the amperage is 120. This will be the first instance of targeting the early 19th century since we have added the prayer bowl to the mechanism. Of particular note will be the efficacy of the harmonics in helping us control trajectory.

SOUND: Edison disengages

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Abigail, we shall return on the morrow, but I do not feel it necessary for you to remain over the weekend. Once you have completed your usual observations on our departure, you may go and enjoy the time away. Just lock up as you leave.

ABIGAIL

I shall. {Cheekily} I will even turn off the lamp in the outer laboratory.

DR SAGE

{Laughing} Thank you dear girl. Are you ready Erasmus?

PROF SAVANT

As I'll ever be, Pet.

SOUND: Flipping switches, rising electricity

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

NARRATOR

Where and in which battle will our time travelers end up?... We'll find out after this short musical break.

MUSICAL GUEST

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now back to our story..



ACT II

INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

When last we saw our heroes they were venturing into the vastness of time and space, once again, targeting the battle prone era of the early century in the hopes of a quick death. It is strange to speak of such things so offhandedly, but seeking quick death is the only honest descriptions of the Doctor's intentions. Unfortunately, the universe does not respond well to glibness and instead of a quick death in battle, the doctor awakens to this...

Sound: Sea sloshing, drunken men cursing in French and yelling

FELIPE

Enculer! Do not tell me I should not drink this wine. I shall drink as I please. We have been left to perish here on this god-forsaken sea.

DR SAGE

{whicpering} Erasmus?

SOUND: Sloshing sea - echoing as against the bottom side of a raft.

LOUIS

Who is there?

FELIPE

It is nothing, man. You are hearing things. Drink your wine.

SOUND: Sloshing footsteps

LOUIS

Jean-Charles? Is that you? We thought you were lost for certain. How long have you been holding on like that?

SOUND: Sloshing and thumping as LOUIS sttempts to pull JEAN-CHARLES out of the water

DR SAGE

Ow! Ow! Ow! My arm, it is caught in the ropes!

LOUIS

So that is how you have kept from drowning. Very smart, man - or very stupid - perhaps you would have doen better to die in the embrace of Mother Ocean. Felipe - take his arm from the side there and pull his wrist free from the ropes.

SOUND: Watery struggle, then success as they pull him up out of the water and onto a raft.

DR SAGE

What were you two complaining about?

FILIPE

Oh, those cretins that left us behind. Even the cry Vive le Roi! did nothing to recall them to their duties - though we don't hold that against you, Jean Charles - it was a good idea. Had any of them had a true French bone in their bodies...

DR SAGE

French? Are we near France then?

LOUIS

Are you delirious, Jean-Charles? We are near Senegal - we have been wracked.

DR SAGE

A shipwreck! Are there any... other members of our cses that... expired in this shipwreck?

FELIPE

It was not the shipwrack that caused our problem, but that connard, Captain Chaumareys, he promised that the boats would tow us through the storm to safe harbor - but the wind took their courage and they cut us loose in the storm. Many me washed overboard in the waves. Don't you remember?

DR SAGE

Overboard? What if somebody else is holding on like I was? Can we check the raft?

LOUIS

What is wrong with you, Jean-Charles? You were in the only place on this raft where you could rope in. There is no one left - those that went overboard are drowned or taken by the sharks now. It was a miracle the sharks didn't take you.

DR SAGE

I am sorry. Perhaps the salt water has rattled my brain. Is there water?

FELIPE

No. The water casks were placed in the boats. We have wine.

DR SAGE

Food?

FELIPE

Most of it is swamped - saltwater tainted.

DR SAGE

Who is guarding what supplies we do have?

FELIPE

No one is guarding them. What is there to guard?

DR SAGE

Is this your first time being shipwrecked, boys? Men can do some pretty awful things in extremis.

FELIPE

Such as Governors and Officers deserting their men to the harsh mercy of the sea?

DR SAGE

That and more. Help me get organized. We need to take stock of the wine and food. We need to set rations.

FELIPE

Who died and made you God?

NARRATOR

Felipe's assesment is closer to the truth than he knows but still, these are men trained to the voice of discipline and order. When an authoritative figure such as the Doctor begins to force them into patterns of behavior by will, they generally respond well.

DR SAGE

Louis! Why aren't those men moving?

LOUIS

They had their feet crushed by the boards of the raft shifting during the storm.

DR SAGE

Will they live past the injury?

LOUIS

That is doubtful, Sir.

DR SAGE

You do not have to call me sir, Louis. I am just Jean-Charles. It would be better, however, if we put these men out of their misery. Do we have any knives aboard?

LOUIS

You mean to kill our fellows? Will you join those that would feast on their flesh?

DR SAGE

No, Louis, I will not practice cannibalism - but we do not have enough rations to share with men who will die from their injuries. Better to gift them with a swift goodnight.

FELIPE

I agree with Jean-Charles, Louis. The blood from these men is attracting sharks. Let's have them overboard and be done with it.

DR SAGE

We shall not put them in the water alive; that would be a cruelty.

FELIPE

So what do you suggest, oh gentle one?

DR SAGE

If you drive a knife up into the brain through the basilar artery at the base of the skull you can cause a hemorrhagic stroke, leading to a quick and relatively painless death.

LUIS

Zut! Ta Gueule! You are giving me the creeps, Jean-Charles. Do you lie awake in your hammock plotting ways to kill people?

DR SAGE

My Uncle was a physician. He used to tell me the most horrible ways people can die - and the least painful. These men are our shipmates; I believe they deserve a swift and painless death. Louis, you fill a tankard with wine. Come Felipe - if you and Louis offer wine to the men and talk to them, I can dispatch them from behind, quickly and with little fuss.

NARRATOR

We shall look away dear listeners, for no matter the logic of the good Doctor's conclusions, the sad reality is one we do not wish to expose ourselves to. It is my uncomfortable duty to inform you that at this moment in time, we have no idea where the professor is. Though we do have the Doctor's notes and transmigratory logs, two of the wax cylinders associated with this occasion have been broken and the data they contained lost. As such, in order to transmit the happenings to you, the Charges d' affairs have put agents in the field who are issuing real time reports to this office.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The upshot is, we will find out what has happened to the Professor when either our agents do or then the Doctor does, and not a moment sooner. For my part, I am made most uncomfortable by this lack of information, so let's turn out attention to the laboratory and Mx. Entwhistle's discovery of the lack of brevity in this excursion.

SOUND: Laboratory sounds - maintenance equip

ABIGAIL

{Calling from outside the lab}  
Hello? Doctor?

SOUND: Door opening, laboratory sounds louder

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

How was your... Oh! Now here it is, Monday morning, and you are not back like you promised. Whatever am I to do with you Doctor Petronella Sage?

NARRATOR

Abigail bustles about, checking the connections and the state of each body, ensuring that all is well with the Doctor and Professor's earthly shells.

ABIGAIL

Well, right then. All is in order. What shall I tell Mx. Cunningham? Perhaps I should write to the History Department as well?

SOUND: Footsteps, door closing, lab sounds fade, footsteps, desk drawer, paper and pen scatching

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

{To self} Dear Doctor Baker; Professor Erasmus Savant will be unable to attend to his lectures this week due... to... the expediency of a country wedding that he was compelled to attend at the last minute.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I am sure you can understand that family obligations require the utmost discretion in order to avoid the hint of scandal and the Professor kindly requests your help in this matter. With great regard,  
 Dame Evelyn Savant.

SOUND: Sanding the paper and blowing it off

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

There! That should do it. Now to write the same letter for Petronella... What was her father's title again?

NARRATOR

Abigail believes she is helping by creating a valid excuse for her friend's absence... unfortunately, the vagaries of the English language, coupled with the overblown fantasies of the letter's recipients will cause them to reach a far different conclusion than Mx. Entwhistle's innocent 'discreet wedding of a royal cousin' imagining. Back on the raft, the mortally injured have all been quietly and neatly dispatched, but that leaves still, more able-bodied men than provisions, and after being cut free from the boats, being tossed about like a cork in a bottle during a storm, and watching their fellows being cold-heartedly cast into the arms of the deep, the remaining crew are dividing into factions with murder in their eye.

SOUND: Ocean sloshing against raft

MAN

Why should Jean-Charles get to decide everything?

FELIPE

Because Jean-Charles is a survivor and I want to survive too!

MAN

Look - we have been adrift for sept or huit days now.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

The wine is running low, the raft is barely out of the water, and you lot are hogging the dry parts!

DR SAGE

We are protecting the provisions - for all of us. Haven't we been dolling them out equally? Haven't you got your share?

MAN

My share is not enough! And I don't believe you have been taking only the same paltry amount. I wouldn't if I were you. We're sick of this! Give us the rest of the wine!

MISC

{Random calls and shouts}  
We demand wine!  
Wine!  
Wine!  
Surrender it!  
Attaque!

NARRATOR

A group of men, ragged, parched, covered in salt-sores surge towards the center of the raft. The Doctor and her cohorts fight back, defending the dwindling provisions. It is a vicious fight in close quarters on the wobbly deck of a raft...

SOUND: Body splashing into water, punches, knife wounds

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Bodies fall, jaws are cracked, the Doctor gets stabbed in the thigh.

DR SAGE

Ouch! Mon dieu! That stings.

NARRATOR

Finally, they vanquish the attackers. Most have fallen away into the sea, but a few bodies litter the deck at the Doctor's feet.



DR SAGE

{To self} Codswhallop! Why does this body need to be so good in a fight? I could have taken my end just there and returned to the laboratory.

FELIPE

We did it, Jean-Charles! We beat them back.

DR SAGE

Yes, we did it. Help me get these breeches off, will you?

FELIPE

You are stabbed!

DR SAGE

Yes, and I need to bring this wound. Here, give me your knife.

SOUND: Canvas tearing

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

All right. Now, help me to wind that tight around the thigh. That's it, nice and snug. Good. Tie it off. Where is Louis?

SOUND: sloshing

LOUIS

I am here, Jean-Charles. Just cleaning the trash off the deck.

DR SAGE

Those men were not trash, Louis. They were our shipmates. How many of us are left now?

LOUIS

There are twenty-eight, Jean-Charles.

DR SAGE

Call everyone over, will you Felipe?

FELIPE

{Louder} Venez ici, you lot. Jean-Charles wishes to speak with you.

MAN

So what is up Jean-charles? You think you are our captain now?

DR SAGE

No, I am not your captain. What I am is a man who sees reality. This was the third fight for territory since we landed on this blighted raft. An I want the fighting to stop.

FELIPE

I cannot help but notice that each time we fight, it lightens the load and the raft rides higher in the water. If we are to catch the drift and be propelled to the shore, we need to rise a bit more. I say we take out some more of le salauds!

SOUND: War cries, sloshing, fighting

NARRATOR

There was nothing the Doctor could do to stop the slaughter, so she joined the melee intending to be one of the vanquished. Instead, at the end of it, another thirteen men had been sacrificed, and the Doctor was still standing. Jean-Charles really did have magnificent reflexes and the body's self-preservation instinct overrode the Doctor's desire for death.

FELIPE

We are fifteen now, Jean-Charles!

DR SAGE

That was unnecessary! We are men, not monsters!

LOUIS

We are survivors. That is what is necessary. You see how the raft has risen, now we will be light enough to catch the current. Now, we have some chance of surviving.

DR SAGE

If we are light enough to catch the current, then we will have no more need of weapons.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

I vote that we cast our swords and knives into the sea as a pledge of good faith that there will be no more killing!

FELIPE

We will swear an oath!

LOUIS

An oath of unbreakable friendship. We are the survivors...

DR SAGE

{Caught up in the moment} We are the ones that beat death!

SOUND: Cheering

NARRATOR

And so, the surviving fifteen members of the crew of the Meduse suffered on their raft for a total of thirteen days before they were rescued by the Argus on the seventeenth of July 1816. Had it not been for the encounter with the Argus, all fifteen would have been lost. They were taken to the port of Saint-Louis in Senegal to recover, and there the Doctor lay, wreathed in pain from a severely infected wound and suffering from a near terminal case of dehydration.

DR SAGE

{Roughly} Hello? Might I get some water?

NURSE

I'm sorry, sailor. I am under strict orders to not administer food nor drink until the surgeon has had a chance to check your status.

DR SAGE

My status is that I am severely dehydrated and suffering sepsis in this wound that may have already transistioned to gangrene. Water will not hurt the latter and can only help the former, so get me a drop to drink!

NURSE

You are not allowed to order me about as a scullery maid. I am the nurse here and you will show some respect!

DR SAGE

{Gritting teeth} I am sorry, nurse. I meant no disrespect, but I am parched. Might I not, at least, have a flannel cloth soaked in water to ease the chapping of my lips?

NURSE

Oh, well I suppose I might do that.

NARRATOR

The grudging care of the nurse aside, the body in which the Doctor found herself was fighting to stay alive. Between the incessant burning and the occasional bouts of delirium caused by the spreading red lines of infection, the Doctor attempted to find out the whereabouts of the other survivors. She was hoping that they would have arrived and would carry some word of her Professor.

DR SAGE

Are there any other survivors from the wrack? Beside we fifteen, I mean?

NURSE

Eleven, you mean.

DR SAGE

Eleven?

NURSE

Yes, I am sorry to tell you that four of your fellows from the raft have passed.

DR SAGE

I am sorry to hear that, but I am asking about the fellows that stayed on the ship, or those that took the boats to shore.

(MORE)

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

They had the captain and the governor with them - surely there has been a search?

NURSE

All the boats arrived before you.

DR SAGE

Oh, thank goodness! Tell me, can you ask if any of the gentlemen are named Erasmus? I have been separated from a good friend.

NURSE

I will ask on the morrow - but not before, as all the poor injured parties are insensible and the hale ones asleep. You must rest now. The doctor will arrive to tend you soon.

NARRATOR

Petronella slept fitfully until her repose was interrupted by a brusque and odoriferous mustache wearing a disheveled and dissolute face shaking her from her dreams.

DOCTOR

Jean-Charles? Awake man and tell me your business.

DR SAGE

{Waking - gradually gaining coherence} Sepsis... severe... dehydration. Heat stroke... I need water, and lemon juice, iodine wash, cautery blades, Reorscin, a bowl of oatmeal would not go amiss either...

DOCTOR

{Off-put} Who do you think you are to tell me my business?

DR SAGE

Trust me when I say I am a man who knows something of the medical arts. I am tired, I am thirsty, and I just want some care, is that too much to ask?

DOCTOR

{Offended} It has been far too long of a day for that particular brand of uppity-ness, I tell you. Nurse!

NURSE

Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Pour some iodine on that leg, give this man a glass of water and leave him for the morning. I am far too tired for this!

SOUND: Footsteps stomping off

NURSE

Well now you've gone and done it. Doctor Markly does NOT like having his judgement questioned. I'll get you that glass of water.

NARRATOR

The nurse returned in a few moments with a very small glass of water and a very large bottle of iodine with which to drench the suppurating wound.

SOUND: Gulping water, noisy swallowing

DR SAGE

Oh, blessed sints, that is good. Might I have some more?

NURSE

You shouldn't drink more until tomorrow. It will upset your stomach.

DR SAGE

A bellyache is the least of my worries. You will remember to ask amongst the other survivors for me tomorrow, won't you? Ask for Professor Erasmus Savant.

NURSE

I will remember. This is going to sting now.

SOUND: Liquid splashes, hissed intake of breath

NARRATOR

The nurse did remember to ask, but Jean-Charles did not live to know it. The infection in his wound, the dehydration, and Dr Sage's loneliness in this strange place combined to prove too much for the body she inhabited. She transmigrated back to the lab, where she found a very distracted Abigail waiting for her.

TIME TRAVEL MUSIC

DR SAGE

{Faintly} Water...

SOUND: Vague clankings, electricity

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

{Louder} Water.

NARRATOR

The Doctor is nearly insensible, but fortunately, since the night two weeks prior, when Abigail discovered that the transmigrators did not return on schedule, the young student has kept vigil. She is currently in the outer laboratory, practicing with a cadaver arm.

SOUND: Running footsteps, door opening

ABIGAIL

Doctor! What is it? What is wrong?

DR SAGE

Water. I need water.

SOUND: Water poured into glass, chugging

DR SAGE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Abigail. Is Erasmus...

SOUND: Quick footsteps

ABIGAIL

Professor Savant? He seems to have not... returned?

SOUND: Unbuckling

DR SAGE

What do you mean, not returned? I am not even sure he transmigrated.

ABIGAIL

But he did. The transmigration went as normal, and both of you vacated your bodies per procedure.

DR SAGE

But how can that be? He was not on the raft with me. He did not answer when I called for him. He did not... {Demanding} Where is he!?!?

ABIGAIL

Calm down Doctor Sage. Is there any chance you were just separated by a few meters of space? As you were in New York when he was the chauffeur out in the carriage whilst you were inside that place of ill-repute?

DR SAGE

{To herself} It was a speakeasy... Wait! There were... some of them were... on the boats...

ABIGAIL

The boats?

DR SAGE

When I awoke, I was in the body of a moorish sailor, adrift on a raft off the coast of Senegal. The sailors were complaining of the lache who had just cut us loose.

ABIGAIL

Cowards who cut you loose? I am afraid I do not understand.

DR SAGE

There is no time, Abigail. I need you to dash to the History Department. I need to know about a shipwreck, a French naval shipwreck off the coast of Senegal in the early years of the nineteenth century.

ABIGAIL

But I don't understand. Whatever can...?



DR SAGE

I don't need you to understand, I  
need you to get me the information  
I require. Go!

SOUND: Running footsteps, doors opening and closing

NARRATOR

As Abigail runs to get the required  
information, our Doctor checks her  
friend's vital signs and condition.

DR SAGE

Ere are you Erasmus?

NARRATOR

While the Doctor and her assistant  
struggle to understand what has  
become of the Professor, we must  
leave them to their search and  
pause for a word from our sponsor.

ADVERT

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

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

ACT III

NARRATOR

When we left the Doctor she was checking the vitals of her dearest friend as her young assistant ran to find historical information that might allow them to piece together the Professor's whereabouts. The Doctor has changed out of her Faraday armor and into a simple tea gown as she pours over the readouts from the CRAP helmets.

SOUND: Door opening

ABIGAIL

Doct... Oh, there you are. Is the Professor okay?

DR SAGE

Yes, as far as I can tell. What did you find out?

SOUND: Books dropping on desk

ABIGAIL

A French frigate named the Meduse beached on the back of Arguin, off the coast of Senegal, the summer of 1816.

DR SAGE

Any others?

ABIGAIL

Oh no, this is your ship.

DR SAGE

How can you be sure? We must examine any other potential shipwrecks; over a span of, say, twenty years.

ABIGAIL

I'll say again, the Meduse is your ship. In fact, I might go so far as to say she is rather famously so!

SOUND: Picture unrolling from a tube, books flopped open

DR SAGE

What is this?

ABIGAIL

I believe it is a pictorial representation of you. Or more specifically, of you, stranded of the coast of Senegal, wearing a moorish body.

DR SAGE

{Reading} The Raft of the Meduse by Jean-Louis Theodore Gericault. This over-life-size painting depicts a moment from the aftermath of the wreck of the French Naval frigate Meduse, which ran aground off the coast of Senegal on 2 July 1816. On 5 July 1816, at least 147 pwole were set adrift on a hurriedly constructed raft; all but 15 died in the 13 days before their rescue, and those who survived endured starvation and dehydration and practiced {shudder} cannibalism.

ABIGAIL

Was I correct? Is this you? Dis you actually eat your fellows to survive?

DR SAGE

Yes, that must be me... or at least that is Jean-Charlse, the name of the man whose body I was inhabiting. And, no! I did not practice cannibalism. I stayed on that raft by my wits, not by brutality.

ABIGAIL

I meant no disrespect, Doctor, but I believe human actions in extremis are worthy of study, don't you?

DR SAGE

This was certainly an extreme situation. How do we have a lithograph of this painting?

ABIGAIL

Theodore Gericault was one of the first artists to use lithography in his word, I suppose.

DR SAGE

Yes, fine. Close that up will you,  
I have just lived through this. I do  
not need to see it from the  
outside.

SOUND: Rolling up picture

ABIGAIL

Was it as bad as it looks in the  
painting?

DR SAGE

It was both worse and better. We  
were only fifteen by the day we  
were rescued. The bodies of our  
dead were thrown into the sea...  
mostly. The majority of the raft  
was under water a good part of the  
time, so it was only safe near the  
center. The strong ones fought to  
stay in the center.

ABIGAIL

Were you one of the strong ones?

DR SAGE

I was. Now - where is the  
historical account of the  
shipwreck? I must try and determine  
what has happened to our friend.

SOUND: Book being slid across the desk and plopped open.

NARRATOR

And so, the Doctor turns her  
attention to finding her friend.  
Will she be successful? We'll find  
out in Part Two of this season  
finale episode - coming in two  
weeks.

END MUSIC STARTS

END MUSIC PLAY OUT

FADE OUT.

## CREDITS:

## NARRATOR

The Tales of Sage and Savant is a Twinstar production brought to you on the first of each month from our Southern California studios.

Starring Eddie Louise as Sage, Chip Michael as Savant, Emily Riley Piatt as Abigail, and Justin Bremer as the narrator. Special Guest in this episode is Justin Andrew Hoke find more from him at [www.Dreadfullypunk.com](http://www.Dreadfullypunk.com).

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

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

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

Our episode sponsor was The Portalist!

Catch our website at [www.sageandsavant.com](http://www.sageandsavant.com) and like us on Facebook to stay current with all things Sage and Savant.

And remember: Death is no barrier to science!