

Chapter 15: A Carmel Called Caramel

15.1:

AUTHOR

Eugene Neddly, private investigator and known bird lover, had just bought the hot new food trend: frenched fries. But at the very moment as he was about to chow down someone knocked the box of fries from his hands!

EUGENE

My fries! Noooooooooo!

HAWTHORNE

'Noooooooooooo!' not, my friend. I've saved you from a fat saturated with hell fire!

EUGENE

Who are you who de-fried and deprived me?

HAWTHORNE

Behold! Ha! From the shadows! Steps ... I! The greatest detective in America: HAWTHORNE! P! WESTWOOD! Born an Okie. Vetern of the mean streets of Chicago! Solved the case of 'The too many bees!' Saved Senator Stevens from the Prussian honeypot! Infiltrated the Red Pube league! There is none who rivals me! Master of disguise! Lockpick! Peeper! Super genius! I do it all! That is why they call me: America's Sherklock Holmes!

EUGENE

Don't you mean Sherlock Holmes?

HAWTHORNE

Who?

EUGENE

The famous detective novels by --

HAWTHORNE

Pish that posh! Don't talk to me of gutter books that belong in the trash! NO! I mean real literature! The 10 volume - self published by me - series: Sherklock Holmes - Detective Extraordinaire! All based on my real actual adventures lightly fictionalized to avoid lawsuits! Buy it from me! Ten easy installments! Buy it from me ... now!

EUGENE

Easy installments? Those are my favorite kind! Fizzin!

HAWTHORNE

Yes! I'll get your financials later. Any usury laws in this state? No matter. But know this, Gene Neddly, I know about you. I attended that play they did on your heroics solving the walking shark problem.

EUGENE

In real life it was a whale. But sharks were cheaper to explode and plays are dumb, so --

HAWTHORNE

So? So nothing! You and your assistant Angus -

EUGENE

Anjus -

HAWTHORNE

Once, when I was a boy. Anyway you must aid me. I'm here on urgent business -

EUGENE

What is it?

HAWTHORNE

Shhh. Not now. At your office. I'll tell you only then. Both you and Angus.

EUGENE

So we should head there now?

Beat.

EUGENE (cont.)

You're not going to say *anything* until we get there?

Long Beat.

EUGENE (cont.)

We'll just walk in silence, I guess. It's a bit of a. You sure? We could talk about the weather? Or birds? No? Oh you're miming locking your mouth with a key. And you are tossing that key away. All right. This is going to be a long walk.

AUTHOR

A long walk indeed as self proclaimed world's greatest detective Hawthorne P. Westwood kept mum all the way back to Eugene and Anjus' office.

15.2:

EUGENE

OK, we are here. So ... you want to wait for Anjus? We can at least talk birds. What's your favorite bird? I reckon you're a warbler fan. What's your favorite warbler? Gold-wing? Blue-wing!? Prothonotary. Hmmm. Nothing. Guess we'll just wait ...

AUTHOR

A few hours later ...

ANJUS

Sorry traffic was abysmal. And then I had a flowering shrub that needed some ... I don't prune and tell. So it was really ... um who are you?

HAWTHORNE

And now I can tell it! Hawthorne P. Westwood - America's Sherklock Holmes.

ANJUS

Oh like those terrible books? Madelynne got conned into buying a set and --

HAWTHORNE

She loves them!

ANJUS

No, she --

HAWTHORNE

Loves them! Yes, we get it. I'm blushing. Now shut up and sit down. More. More down. Lower. Lower. There! I come on urgent business from the Consolidated Prune Consortium of Chicago. Prunes are currently America's favorite snack. They taste good going in and are easy going out. But suddenly the market is awash with new snacks. Salty. Sweet. Savory. Fatty. Other. And prunes are being pushed out. They hired me to see what sort of popinJay is behind it! And I have deduced there's one man behind it: Flavius Flavors. And one company: Onesimus Sweets.

ANJUS

They're after my friend's fudge!

HAWTHORNE

They're after all our fudge!

EUGENE

But why?

HAWTHORNE

That's the mystery. Why does this corporation want to foist chocolate and chips upon us?

ANJUS

They probably just want to make money. Don't we all ...

HAWTHORNE

Piffle, then they'd get into cocaine or stocks. No this goes deeper and I need your help. You sleuth it, I hard fist it, and I cut you in for 10 percent of my fee.

ANJUS

Ten percent? It sounds like we're doing most of the work.

HAWTHORNE

That's business, my little corn fritter.

ANJUS

It doesn't even sound like a case. He's like Jay Gould or Rockefeller, a businessman. He buys companies and sells things. I don't see --

HAWTHORNE

You don't see cause you only got one eye. And you don't touch, because you only got one hand.

ANJUS

I can still see and touch. Just ask that flowering shrub.

HAWTHORNE

You soft East Coast investigators don't get it! We Western stock are hardier, distrusting-er. In Oklahoma our handshake is a kick in the rear! We bob and weave where you just crochet. How'd I make my bones, you ask?

EUGENE

You have bones!

HAWTHORNE

A whole skeletal collection. I earned my first fortune as a law man in the Unorganized Territories. Crime there is so thick you can shovel it; so the banks passed a law where you get 500 cash for every bank robber you kill. No. Questions. Asked. With that you can make fast ready money.

ANJUS

There are that many bank robbers?

HAWTHORNE

When it's 'no questions asked' everyone is a bank robber, if you know where to shoot. Catch my meaning?

EUGENE

That's no good.

HAWTHORNE

We all have regrets. I left too many people alive. Everyone is walking greenbacks there. But soon Chicago came calling and I packed my talents and went there. Wrote my novels. Solved many cases. Went national. Then things, etc. etc. You know. And then now: I procured that big prune payday, which I am very generously cutting you in on. So what do you say? Deal?

EUGENE

Deal!

ANJUS

Eugene!

EUGENE

Sorry I'm just very agreeable; I was voted biggest push over until someone asked to be biggest pushover and I let them have it.

HAWTHORNE

So where shall we begin?

ANJUS

We didn't agree to -- what even is this case?

EUGENE

We know the governor he's at his city office; he's supposed to be in Albany but it's, you know ... Albany.

HAWTHORNE

Then let us spin our way there while the sunshines! Politics ahoy!

AUTHOR

And with that they headed to the Governor's office. Elsewhere Shaindel was meeting with the head of the League of Jewish Voters.

15.3:

SHAINDEL

So you'll vote for me?

HERSCHEL

No! I'm here to convince you to give up your *farkakhte* run.

SHAINDEL

You're the head of the League of Jewish Voters, your job is to encourage us to run and get elected!

HERSCHEL

That's not it at all! My job is to get goyim to run and then maybe give us some consideration. What you are doing is for attention! You're drawing a target on the whole community.

SHAINDEL

I'm trying to help us!

HERSCHEL

Help us, help us she says? What party are you running with? Democrat? Republican?

SHAINDEL

I'm just running as me.

HERSCHEL

Oy. Oy. Oy. You're giving my *tsuris tsuris*.

SHAINDEL

I'm sick of people telling me what to do.

HERSCHEL

Shaindel, I've known you since, well ten minutes now maybe. We run in different circles. But, *bobele*, You know what I do?

SHAINDEL

Crush dreams.

HERSCHEL

Dream crusher? You should meet my mother. Her! She was a. Anyway. I make *maror*. Bitter herbs --

SHAINDEL

I know what *maror*¹ is.

AUTHOR

It's for the Passover seder plate to remind Jews of the bitterness of slavery.

HERSCHEL

I make it year round. For whom? Who's buying bitter herbs in July? During Adar? I don't know I just make it

SHAINDEL

Who is buying it?

HERSCHEL

I don't know! I put it out and the next day it's gone and there's a few golden coins. I think it's probably a demon or a curse. Maybe. I don't know and I don't care. I don't rock the boat. You keep your head down, put out your *maror* and take the *gelt*!

SHAINDEL

I don't even *fershteyn* what that means!

HERSCHEL

Exactly!

SHAINDEL

If we don't stand up and take our place --

HERSCHEL

Small. Start small.

SHAINDEL

I'm not scared.

HERSCHEL

¹ In Hebrew, the pronunciation would be "ma-ror" with the emphasis on the last syllable. In Yiddish the pronunciation would be "mor-er" with the emphasis on the second to last syllable.

I tried. I won't get my pickle in a twist about this. But don't expect an endorsement. And when the Tammany mucky-mucklers hear, oy, best wear a steel bustle.

SHAINDEL

I can do this. Sure I don't have a team. Or a campaign staff. Or experience. Or the knowhow and I decided to do this on a whim. But I got the chutzpah to go out and -- hello? Oh he left. Oh but he left me some chicken soup.

(Tastes it.)

It's good.

HERSCHEL

I realized I left my ... oh you're eating it.

SHAINDEL

Um, I thought this was --

HERSCHEL

My lunch. But ... why would you respect --

SHAINDEL

I barely had --

HERSCHEL

No, no, it's yours now.

SHAINDEL

Really, I barely --

They slide the bowl back and forth to each other.

HERSCHEL

No. You.

SHAINDEL

Feh!

HERSCHEL

Feh!

SHAINDEL

Feh!

HERSCHEL

Feh!

AUTHOR

And as Shaindel and Hershel passively aggressively offered the soup to each other across town Governor Roosevelt was meeting with Kame, the Japanese delegate about her presentation at the Fair of Past and Future.

15.4:

KAME

And you shot all these animals?

ROOSEVELT

All of them! Haha. Bang bang.

KAME

And you keep the heads as a warning to their families not to try and attack you!

ROOSEVELT

More to prove my masculinity to myself and others. Mostly myself.

KAME

Your primitive hunting prowess must attract all sorts of local fertile women.

ROOSEVELT

My dance card is full but enough of that!

KAME

I know you would not believe it but even in Japan not everyone is as advanced and forward thinking as me. I lecture them often and tell them how wrong they are. They appreciate it. It's why they send me to you moronic peoples. They saw me off and joked and said: "don't come back!" And even as a joke bought me just a one way ticket.

ROOSEVELT

Well we're glad Japan sent a delegation for the Fair.

KAME

We were concerned since last time at the Columbian Exposition you just put our envoy in a cage and threw peanuts at him.

ROOSEVELT

That was a different time.

KAME

Seven years ago? And ... Oh! This floor is so dirty, my custom built American indoor shoes are filthy. I try to respect your dumb customs but ... such cruelty you impart upon the floor.

ROOSEVELT

it's not only floors. Our ceilings are filthy too, see all that soot and oil?

KAME

This is all going in my book.

ROOSEVELT

Yes we are amazing! Ha! I enjoy negotiating with the Japanese, I should do it more often! Also --

EUGENE, ANJUS, and HAWTHORNE burst in.

EUGENE

Governor! Governor!

ROOSEVELT

Eugene! Don't burst in here, I'm entertaining a foreign dignitary!

KAME

No, please! I enjoy watching local customs and buffoonery. More material for the guide book I am writing, "A smart guide to a stupid place." Fourth edition. I've already planned out several editions.

HAWTHORNE

A Celestial! And from the decorations and demeanor. Nipponese?

KAME

Yes!

HAWTHORNE

From Edo? Northern part?

KAME

Haha! Delightful! You're almost as clever as a Manchurian. The stupidest of the Eastern peoples.

ROOSEVELT

This is most annoying.

ANJUS

Sorry Governor, but these two feel that -

HAWTHORNE

There's no time Angus! Shut up! Governor Whatever I'm Hawthorne P. Westwood and I have a story to tell!

AUTHOR

And then Hawthorne launched into an unnecessarily long and often profanity laced tirade about Onesimus Sweets Corporation. He spun yarn about purported dirty deals and consolidation of chocolate shops across the Midwest. Then a tangent about his sexual attraction to certain porcelain vases. It was a bit hard to follow. Finally Roosevelt stepped in --

ROOSEVELT

All right! I get it. You hate this corporation. But why? Chocolates are great. And the real evil are the supervillains Big Stick sticks down, not some suit behind a desk. Also Onesimus sent me this giant congratulations assortment. They are solid. Well some are solid others are filled with all sorts of goodies. Nuts. Raisins. Goo. In fact I want some right now.

(Eats a few.)

Mmmm, that's good goo.

EUGENE

But Governor Roosevelt --

ROOSEVELT

Look they don't seem to be doing anything illegal. The market will solve the problem. People won't stand for a company spread so thin. People don't want to buy wagon wheels from a company that also sells bird cages. That's madness! People want to go to eight or ten different stores every day to just get things done. If shopping doesn't take five or so hours how would women and servants fill the day? You're out of your mind man.

KAME

I love how stupid this is. What can one expect, your Hiragana only has 26 letters and they are so basic.

ANJUS

Hey Q is a nice letter.

KAME

Uh ... no.

HAWTHORNE

Come fellows, let us depart, it seems this politician is already deep in the cocoa pockets of big chocolate.

ROOSEVELT

No I'm not. I - ah darn - I got ganache on my waistcoat.

HAWTHORNE

I storm off! Good day!

HAWTHORNE exits.

EUGENE

OK well I guess we're going now, good to see you!

ROOSEVELT

You too, stay safe, the Big Stick can't save everyone all the time. Madame Kame do you want some of these confections?

KAME

Perhaps. Do they have one stuffed with eel?

ROOSEVELT

Probably.

AUTHOR

Surprisingly the state government was not the salve to the snack problem. So out on the street Hawthorne considers the case.

15.5:

HAWTHORNE

I shall add that Celestial to our suspect list. This could be a Japanese plot.

ANJUS

I don't think so.

HAWTHORNE

Closed minds catch no cats! But let's move on ... for now! Right, here's what we do. Listen close Eugene. You too I guess, Angus.

ANJUS

Anjus.

HAWTHORNE

No, that's not it. Rather a source of mine told me that Onesimus Corporation recently filed with the New York Tax Board. They had to submit paperwork. And where there is paperwork there is clue work. So here's what we do. You both go to the Tax office and get a copy of those forms. I will have a nap storm. That's where I nap and storm up ideas.

ANJUS

Why don't you go to the tax office?

HAWTHORNE

Because it's boring. We'll meet back at our office.

ANJUS

It's our office.

HAWTHORNE

Exactly. Our office. Me and Eugene and ... you. Us. We. It's why the French are the most inclusive, because they always say: 'oui, oui.'

ANJUS

That's --

HAWTHORNE

Vaarwel!

HAWTHORNE exits.

ANJUS

I do not like him.

EUGENE

But we should go to the tax office.

ANJUS

Why should we do anything he says?

EUGENE

He is giving us ten percent and we are desperate. I've looked over our books and they are terrifying. And not only because I put your copy of Mad Monster Monthly in there.

ANJUS

Those monsters are just so mad. Why?

EUGENE

The nature of beasts. Shall we?

ANJUS

For our rent, I'll do it.

AUTHOR

Meanwhile below their feet the patchwork villain Piecemeal was being shown a possible lair by a hard working real estate broker.

15.6:

BROKER

What really sings about this lair in the character. You get the arches, nice detailing on the keystones. And you pull this stone, the whole thing collapses for a dramatic death.

PIECEMEAL

Indeed, BUT it is in the sewer this OPEN waste channel is --

BROKER

Authenticity! Slime. Crime. They rhyme. Can't deny a rhyme!

PIECEMEAL

True.

BROKER

Plus, it sort of matches your whole look.

PIECEMEAL

My look?

BROKER

The big stitches, the bits of him and her all cobbled together. You got that whole Fra--

PIECEMEAL

Don't say that MARY Shalley bastard's name! I'm original! I am UNIQUE! I'm an ARTIST!

BROKER

Of course. New York loves its artists. Everyone is an artist nowadays.

PIECEMEAL

NOT like me! No ONE is like ME!

BROKER

Right yeah. So since the whole Big Stick thing villains have been flooding the city. So lairs are in high demand. We got some dens of iniquity, a couple flop houses, but if you want to crime from here I would put in an offer as soon as can be.

PIECEMEAL

Yes. It MAY be just to my liking. My STORY is ... complex. ONCE, I WAS a prisoner in a monastery until I tried to ESCAPE with a comrade but it was a trap and I was put in a cell. But a fire broke out and I met a Jewish SCHOLAR who lived in a secluded room decorated with SKELETONS of his own family.

BROKER

Oh like in that gothic horror novel *Melmoth the Wanderer*.

PIECEMEAL

What? NO! I am original! My story never BEFORE happened! I also spent time brooding on the MOORS about my lifelong resentment and HATRED.

BROKER

Very Wuthering Heights.

PIECEMEAL

VERY NOT WUTHERING ANYTHING!

(Sad to himself.)

Must everything I do have been done before!

(Back to Broker.)

I'll show you! I'll leave my unique MARK!

BROKER

So ... about the lair?

PIECEMEAL

Luckily I've have a PATRON, so MONEY is no concern. Here, I've PUT it in this CARPET BAG.

BROKER

Oh just like the ending of *The Confederate's Regret*.

PIECEMEAL

What? No! I shall make this CITY quake!

BROKER

Not until this goes into escrow. And I need you to sign a few documents back in the office.

PIECEMEAL

FINE! To the documentarium!

BROKER

Office. Just an office.

AUTHOR

And so Piecemeal bought a sewer lair. But what could this patch-work of corpses brought back to life with dark science want? We won't find out now. Because now we go to an even scary locale ... the Tax Office.

15.7:

ACCOUNTANT

Next.

ANJUS

We want to request some files.

ACCOUNTANT

In regards to?

EUGENE

Is that your name?

ACCOUNTANT

What?

EUGENE

This nameplate, it says Amos Barfpile.

ACCOUNTANT

Yes.

EUGENE

Your surname is Barfpile?

ANJUS

Eugene!

ACCOUNTANT

No, it's fine. Yes, I am a Barfpile.

EUGENE

Huh.

ACCOUNTANT

I come from a renown family of regurgitators. My great, great grand-uncle was a regurgitator for Queen Ulrika Eleanora of Sweden. He could drink seven cups of water and then vomit them out in each color of the rainbow. My grandfather could drink an aquarium and then bring forth six fish and seven small turtles that would then form the shape of the cross of byzantium.

EUGENE

Neat!

ACCOUNTANT

Verily. My family was so tied to the wonders of regurgitation that our very name became synonymous with it. My antecedents made barf and barf made us. That's where the tragedy comes in.

EUGENE

Oh no!

ACCOUNTANT

Oh yes. I was born unable to vomit. I am the black sheep, and so while my six sisters tour with the Ringling Circus as the Barfettes I - in shame - work here as a lowly city accountant.

ANJUS

We're looking for information on the Onesimus Sweets Corporation.

EUGENE

So you can't barf even a little?

ACCOUNTANT

I'm not bitter. Just sad.

ANJUS

About the forms ...

ACCOUNTANT

Thank you for asking about my name. Your seemingly rude question lightened my mood. Let me get you those files.

EUGENE

See Anjus, always ask personal, inappropriate questions. That's the lesson!

AUTHOR

After a few minutes of looking the accountant returned with the paperwork.

ACCOUNTANT

Here you go.

ANJUS

Don't you need them?

ACCOUNTANT

They have stamps, so I think we're clear.

ANJUS

Is it even legal to give us these?

ACCOUNTANT

Flip if I know. I am grossly unqualified; I only got the job because of cronyism and the spoils system.

ANJUS

Well, thanks for all your help, Barfpile.

ACCOUNTANT

Surly. All I ask is that the next time you vomit -- think of me.

EUGENE

Will do!

AUTHOR

And with that Anjus and Eugene headed out. Amos Barfpile would later die during the First World War but just before he died he managed to vomit. And not just any vomit but a projectile vomit that flew across no man's land and hit a German officer right in the face. So ... That's something. I guess. Anyway, back at the office, Eugene looked through the papers as an old friend stopped in.

15.8:

SHAINDEL

Knock, knock!

EUGENE

Shaindel! What are you doing here?

SHAINDEL

Just stopping by. I'm turning my old detective office into my campaign headquarters.

EUGENE

Fizzin!

SHAINDEL

What are you working on?

EUGENE

Not quite sure. Seems there are all these companies and this guy Flavius Flavors is dumping a lot of sugar on the market.

SHAINDEL

Sweet.

EUGENE

Sour. And sweet. Like that chicken I had down on Mott street. But there's so many pieces. You know what would be good? If I had a board and some yarn. And I could use the yarn to make lines between different things.

SHAINDEL

That sounds stupid.

BARTY THE YARNER

Hey, girlie shut up!

SHAINDEL

Wha? Who?

BARTY THE YARNER

Tis me Barty the Yarner and I got this big basket of yarn to sell! Would look really good on a wall connecting various pieces of a grand conspiracy.

EUGENE

I don't know ... Shaindel said it was stupid.

BARTY THE YARNER

Oh. fine then, I have other interested parties.

EUGENE

Others! Interested? NO! I'll take it all. I don't care about price, just leave it and bill me!

BARTY THE YARNER

Enjoy your yarn. Barty you've done it again!

EUGENE

Ooh this is good quality, this will string nicely. But I still need a board --

YARTY the BORDER

Then maybe I - Yarty the Border can help! I --

EUGENE

SHUT UP SELL IT AND BILL ME YOU BEAUTIFUL BOARDMAN!

YARTY THE BORDER

Sure sure coming right up!

EUGENE

Now hang this here. That's as beautiful as a red tailed hawk!

SHAINDEL

So what have you found on this Flavius Flavors, fella?

EUGENE

Not much, he's very slippery.

ANJUS

Like the self lubricating glispy vines of Formosa. Shaindel, nice to see you. I was in the privy. Yes women use the privy, does that shock you?

SHAINDEL

Huh? No, I'm a woman and I use it all the time. Perhaps too much. Maybe a doctor I should see.

ANJUS

Sorry it's just I'm so used to defending myself from ... everything. This world is very tiring.

SHAINDEL

Tell me about it.

ANJUS

I just did. Plus dealing with Hawthorne P. Westwood.

SHAINDEL

The detective?

ANJUS

You know him?

SHAINDEL

By reputation. He was a true genius even with those *drek* books.
But --

EUGENE

But? But! My least favorite conjunction.

SHAINDEL

I don't know much about it, but he fell into the bottle and other vices. Got thrown out of the detective league for stealing a widow's money and betting it all on a horse race. Didn't even bet on a horse, he bet on a cow that he tried to attach wheels to and drive it across the finish line. The jockeys gave him a thrashing and then he killed the cow and lived inside it ... right on Michigan Avenue. Doctors said it was mental stress ... he's been trying to rebuild his reputation, but mostly he takes shady jobs for consortiums and cabals doing dirty work no honest investigator would do. Or something. As I said, I don't know much about it.

EUGENE

We'll keep that in mind, but he's been on the level so far.

SHAINDEL

Oh! Also, just a stab in the dark here, but do any of you know anything about running for political office? I mean I know all about it, I'm very ... but just asking for ... to see if you know.

ANJUS

Politics is not my forte. I hear there's this what's-it, president, running things, but ...

EUGENE

From what I've read it's mostly bribes.

SHAINDEL

Yeah I probably need money for that. I really should plan more.
Zayt gezunt!

SHAINDEL exits.

EUGENE

She's fun. I should fill in Hawthorne on what we found.

ANJUS

What about what Shaindel said?

EUGENE

I think Hawthorne wants to put his life back together ... in his own strange, sometimes terrible way. That's good. And if he is a great detective, we could use the help.

ANJUS

Fine, I'll remain cautiously optimistic. Where is he anyway?

EUGENE

On the roof, laying in a sunbeam like a cat. Maybe you should bring him some yarn to bat around.

ANJUS

You know what? I shall.

AUTHOR

Anjus took a ball of blue yarn and headed to the roof. Roofs were a concern in midtown as well, where the pavilions were being constructed for the Fair of Past and Future. An emissary of Fair's main sponsor was going over blueprints with the head architect.

15.9:

CATO

These columns should be doric, we need not be ostentatious.

ARCHITECT

Listen, Cato, I know from columns, so slow your horses' trot.

CATO

Flavius Flavours, himself, has given me strict instructions. Instructions that I am relaying to you.

ARCHITECT

You're a bit uppity.

CATO

And you're replaceable.

ARCHITECT

So what do you want with this thing?

CATO

The Rhombus of Progress is the very nerve center of the fair. It is the hub and the showcase for a whole line of new products by Onesimus Sweets. The fountain is vital. As are these syrup taps here, here, and here. It will be a glorious celebration of sugar and fat.

ARCHITECT

A real Rubens painting, I get ya. But two problems, you don't own the land you want to build on, and your timeline is too short, we'd need --

CATO

Let me worry about the first and to the second, the Statue of Liberty was reconstructed in four months. You can get this in by the deadline.

ARCHITECT

Fine fine, Rhombus of Progress it is.

CATO

And since you are the architect slash promotor get those pamphlets printed.

ARCHITECT

Don't worry I am a jack of many trades.

CATO

But not of spelling. There's an 'h' after the 'r.' Now I have many other errants Mr. Flavors needs doing. In the words of Caesar: "*alea iacta est!*"

CATO exits.

ARCHITECT

Wait, which Caesar? Aw mutts. Also ... missing an 'h' after the ... oh! Do you mean an 'h' after the r in Rhombus or Progress? Oh well, I'll just add it to both.

AUTHOR

Days passed as the architect worked on the Rhombus of Prhogress. Elsewhere Eugene worked on the yarn wall. But it had not gone well. Somehow Eugene got snared in the yarn and ended up stuck hanging upside down and looking like a large fly in a yarn spider's web.

15.10:

EUGENE

This is no good. Can't get loose. Maybe if I ... no. Blood rushing to my head.

VALET runs in.

VALET

Help! Help!

EUGENE

That's what I need! Are you here to help me?

VALET

No my dear trapped boy! It is your help which I need! I am the valet for Duke Roch Von Vinderland! You gave him your card at the inaugural ball.

EUGENE

Oh right, how is he?

VALET

He's gone missing!

END OF CHAPTER 15

ROOSEVELT post credits tag