

The Land Whale Murders

Chapter 4: Blow Hard, Blowfish!

AUTHOR

The Great Shakespearian Bird Release! Central Park. It's a bright and sunny day. Eugene Neddly stands at a podium. Workers are nearby tending to crates containing all the – surviving – birds mentioned in Shakespeare.

His friends and fellow Four Elementals Maryanne Blud and Anjus Troup stand nearby. There's a small crowd. More than you'd think. There's also a heavy police presence after the various failed and one successful assassination attempt.

4.1:

Central Park the day of the big bird release. EUGENE is addressing the crowd.

EUGENE

And thus one could say this day is “for the birds.” Not “for the birds” in the meaning of “worthless.” Rather worthful. Our mission is to make the natural world more interesting. Toss some lemurs in there. Put a deer on that. Hippo that potamus up! And so it's with great joy that I release all the birds mentioned in Shakespeare into central park! You can see the list in your programs! Please note those that are crossed-out gave up their mortal coil before today. A moment of silence.

A beat of silence then.

MAN

I just got here, what's happening?

EUGENE

We're having a moment of silence.

MAN

Oh. How's it going?

EUGENE

Good. Really meaningful.

MAN

You selling mashed potatoes?

EUGENE

What? No I'm trying to –

MAN

Someone said they had mashed potatoes here.

EUGENE

Sir, please we're right in the middle of –

WOMAN

I have some potatoes.

MAN

Are they mashed?

WOMAN

They can be ...

MAN

Oh. Maybe we could ...

WOMAN

Mash them together?

MAN

I'd like that.

WOMAN

Oh you!

They start kissing.

MAN

Let us away! To the priest!

WOMAN

Oh you've made me so happy!

They run off.

EUGENE

Huh. So that's the moment of silence. I'm sure that was ... yep. So anyway the birds. Let's bring it around. Bring it all back up here to me ... and Shakespeare, the fellow we want to celebrate. He wrote all those plays and sonnets. And according to some sources the menu for Pickworm's ale house. The description of the mutton - very Shakespearian. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare created a real explosion ... of words. A theatrical explosion – not a real explosion like the one that killed Tommy Wilcox's father at the Battle of Wilderness.

Quiet sounds of weeping.

EUGENE (cont.)

No, don't. His pieces are in a better – let's get to the birds! So in the immortal words of Shakespeare: "what do you read my lord? Birds, birds, birds!"

A beat. Nothing.

EUGENE

Um. So they were supposed to –

Suddenly he's cut off the flapping of wings. As the Author speaks there's the terrible sounds of birds flapping, crashing, dying, etc.

AUTHOR

And in a late cued whoosh the birds were released. And they were confused and upset and they flew into the air and into trees and into people. It was a terrible sight. People ran in all directions as the birds collided in the air and even an eagle carried off a small orphan.

Sound of an eagle carrying away an orphan.

AUTHOR (cont.)

Eugene, Anjus, and Maryanne took cover under an oak tree as the cops worked to shoo away the birds.

4.2:

EUGENE

Overall I'd say it was a success. The starlings look really healthy.

AUTHOR

A dead bird fell beside them.

Sound a dead bird falling to the ground.

EUGENE

Not that one, but the other twenty.

ANJUS

It sure happened, that's something.

EUGENE

I just wish Hiram was here. Why couldn't he have gotten stabbed to death next week? Not that that's ideal. It'd be best if he wasn't stabbed to death until he was 80, or –

MAYRANNE lets out a sob.

EUGENE

I know it was a good speech, we're all emotional.

MARYANNE

I just miss him so ... but I must be strong. When his killer is brought to justice then I can grieve properly. I must hold my head up high and push through.

EUGENE

Like when I got stuck in that vat of porridge.

ANJUS

But you didn't push through, we fished you out of it after you'd swallowed two gallons of oats.

EUGENE

I was very logy. And then Kellogg kicked me right out of his health spa. Apparently I'm "a contaminant."

ANJUS

What did you learn from the gangs?

MARYANNE

Only that you never bump a Bowery Boy. But I will try again. Apparently the Blow Hole Gang has a new swanky lair somewhere. I'm sure I can suss it out.

EUGENE

Be careful, Maryanne, we don't want some goon getting his paws all over you ...

MARYANNE

I'll do what I must. If need be I'll get into the filth.

EUGENE

If it's dirt you want, I know this mud patch in the sheep's meadow that –

MARYANNE

I should follow up. Also there won't be a public service for Hiram. My parents do not feel it's worth coming up from Texas. Apparently traveling bores them. So ...

ANJUS

But he was their only son!

MARYANNE

You know they disowned him when he chose ichthyology. He had to be a self-made scientist. They cut him off except for his normal allowance. And paying for the Brownstone. And presents. And that line of credit. But other than that he earned everything for himself. Well college, I sold poems to put him through ... but he did it all himself. He was –

A POLICE OFFICER comes over.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, we need to clear the area. The birds are very angry. A flock of sparrows have formed the shape of a fist and are punching people.

EUGENE

They do that when they're happy.

POLICE OFFICER

I don't think that – oh no it's headed this way!

The sparrow fist starts punching him.

POLICE OFFICER (cont.)

Oooh, it hurts. Their tiny bodies forming one giant fist!

AUTHOR

And as the Police officer was beaten by an avian fist flock our heroes split up. Maryanne before a return trip to the gangs of New York stopped by the funeral parlor to see her brother one last time.

A funeral parlor. MARYANNE is by a coffin.

4.3:

MARYANNE

You will not have died in vain, brother. I'll make sure of it. Lubbins will be proven a criminal. All of big whale oil will be –

AUTHOR

She turns and sees a man watching from the doorway.

MARYANNE

Who are you? A Blubberton spy? A Blow Hole Goon? Announce yourself!

PERV

Just a local pervert. I get my jollies watching dames talk to stiffs. Now I'm the stiff. Boing! Ta-ta!

PERV exits.

MARYANNE

I hate this city. Goodbye Hiram, the Mistress of Fire will burn bright enough for the both of us. I will fulfill your dream, I will see Lubbins burnt!

AUTHOR

But he was not burnt yet. In fact the very next day Blubberton CEO Henry B. Lubbins the Third had a meeting with Anjus and Eugene. His office was massive. The room was made of dark panel wood with various animal trophies hanging from the walls. There were also large paintings of money in various locations. Stacks of greenbacks posing in front of the pyramids or the Grand Canyon. He wanted to celebrate the great wonders of the world with his favorite thing – profit. His enormous desk was made of pure scrimshaw. Behind him was mounted the full head of a sperm whale.

Lubbins, though, was a small angry molehill of a man, with only a wisp of hair on his head and cheeks that would flush red when he was angry. And his cheeks were always red.

Eugene and Anjus entered the office and walked toward Lubbins' desk. But before they could say anything Lubbins jumped to his feet and charged forward at them. He held a large dead bird in his hand. He jabbed Eugene with the avian corpse.

4.4:

LUBBINS

Is this your bird?

EUGENE

My bird?

LUBBINS

Aren't you the bob-cob that let all those birds loose?

EUGENE

You're welcome!

LUBBINS

Saw your mug in the paper. Also your face.

EUGENE

Oh The Daily Star! I was one of their "idiots to watch." Bad headline, but hurtful words in the article. So ... win-win I guess. Two negatives make a positive.

LUBBINS

Positive nothing! I liked the drawing of you better, your nose is Aquiline in print, in the real life of it all ...

ANJUS

We need to –

LUBBINS

YOU NEED TO SHUT IT! This flapper flopped dead and knocked my noggin on my way to work! All sorts of reports of avian carnage! You ever get bonked by a beak-geek like this?

EUGENE

Cormorant.

LUBBINS

What?

EUGENE

That was a cormorant. Mentioned in Love's Labour's Lost.

LUBBINS

My love's labor boot is going to get lost up your backside! And I'm extra grumpy because a pair of some such tweet-tweeters all nested up in the tree outside my

window and they tweet-tweet all day and all night and I can't get no Goddamn sleep cause of all the tweet-tweet tweet-tweeting non-stop tweet storm!

EUGENE

Probably starlings.

LUBBINS

Them noisy worm lovers won't stop!

EUGENE

But they're mentioned in Shakespeare! He writes about how annoying they are.

LUBBINS

And what happens when those tweet-tweets have baby tweets who tweet the tweet all tweet-ing day and they have the babies and it's tweet-tweet until I get a rifle and come looking for Mr. Bird-lover!

EUGENE

That's a tragedy for Mr. Bird-lover. I assume you mean Armond Bird-lover, he owns a small dry goods store. His nuts are very salty.

LUBBINS

SALTY NUTS AIN'T THE PRIGGED PEACH I'M PRATTLING ABOUT! I'm talking, YOU and YOUR birds! But it's good you came down here cause now I can give you a thumping without leaving the comforts of my office.

ANJUS

Hold on Lubbins! We didn't come down here for a thumping! We came down here to accuse you!

LUBBINS

ACCUSE ME!?

ANJUS

You do have a temper.

LUBBINS

What do you mean! Graaaaaaaah!

AUTHOR

With that he picked a whale tooth off his desk and squeezed it in his meaty mitt until it cracked in half.

ANJUS

Our friend was murdered and –

LUBBINS

Lady I got a son who spends all his time in back-door brothels, a wife who thinks diamonds should be tossed after wearing and a daughter who is ... mannish at best. You think I –

EUGENE

You killed Hiram Blut!

LUBBINS

Don't you spout that name at me!

ANJUS

So you admit it, you didn't get along!

LUBBINS sighs.

AUTHOR

And with that sigh Lubbins went over to the large sperm whale head behind his desk. He yanked on a velvet rope which caused the whale's mouth to open, revealing a door.

LUBBINS

Follow me.

AUTHOR

Anjus and Eugene followed Lubbins into the whale's mouth. On the other side they stepped out onto an upper catwalk of a processing plant. They looked down in wonder and horror as modern technology quickly tore whales apart and turned them into various products. It was a brutal and amazing display of bloody efficiency. Workers stirred steaming vats of blubber, others strained flesh or processed oil. Lubbins took a deep breath.

4.5:

LUBBINS

Nothing like the smell of ambergris and boiling fat!

EUGENE

Ew. I thought your processing plant was in Brooklyn?

LUBBINS

The main whale works is! But I like to keep this little boutique processor here for high end special batches. Mostly we focus on minke whales here.

Reminds me of my beginnings as a baleen boy. When I was knee-high to nothing I'd go inside the whales and pluck the baleen. That smell sticks to your bones.

EUGENE

A thousand times gross!

LUBBINS

A thousand times America! This is our country! This is our national pastime! I earned a nickel for every metric ton of baleen I plucked. I took that nickel and bought half a dime's worth of blubber. I flipped that blubber for a quarter. I used that quarter to buy my first dingy. I used that dingy to ferry prostitutes to whalers on long nights. I used that scratch to buy my first whaling ship. And with a that –

ANJUS

You earned your fortune ...

LUBBINS

No I went bankrupt but then I married an heiress. Now I'm the number 3 whale man in the world!

ANJUS

But Hiram –

LUBBINS

Hiram Blut thinks cause he tooted around the ocean he knows best. But whale oil powers America! We light our homes, heat our houses, oil our wool, style our hair, create perfume, and make margarine with it. Even these blubber bars.

AUTHOR

Lubbins then unwrapped a small rectangular bar of pure blubber and took a bite.

LUBBINS

Pure cholesterol and it stirs the male urethraelic loin juices.

EUGENE

But whales have faces, and –

LUBBINS

A third of American jobs connect to Big Whale; if we stopped, the economy would collapse!

ANJUS

We'd find a way.

LUBBINS

It'd be Pilgrim times all over again! They'd burn you as a witch and flog Mr. Birdie over here as the town idiot. Dr. Blut was too shortsighted to see it.

ANJUS

Hiram Blut is dead.

AUTHOR

By this point they'd finished walking the catwalk and entered another door -- this was just a regular wood one, not a fancy whale face door -- and walked into the Blubberton accounting offices. Several men in green visors work over their adding machines.

4.6:

LUBBINS

Yeah, Hiram died just when he would've helped me. Jacking me over in the process.

ANJUS

What do you mean 'help you?'

EUGENE

And what does "jacking me over" mean?

LUBBINS

I had a court case. Hiram was going to testify.

ANJUS

On your behalf? Never!

LUBBINS

One hand scratches the other.

EUGENE

Does it? Hold on.

EUGENE scratches his hand.

EUGENE (cont.)

Nice. Now your turn lefty. OK. Now back to the other. Hmmm. That checks out.

LUBBINS

He was going to save me millions. Show them, Bartleby.

BARTLEBY

Yes boss!

Bartleby makes some moves with his adding machine.

BARTLEBY (cont.)

There. Carry the one and here you go, boss.

LUBBINS

See!

ANJUS

That's just a piece of paper with the word millions written on it.

LUBBINS

But now I'm this –

LUBBINS draws something on the paper.

EUGENE

What is that? A stick and two droopy cantaloupes?

LUBBINS

Unless it's cold.

ANJUS

That doesn't prove anything!

LUBBINS

Proof is for long hairs! You want a real mystery Sherlock and ... girl Sherlock? What's a famous dame detective?

EUGENE

There isn't one! And there never will be!

LUBBINS

Anyway. Tell me this! How does someone steal a whole live whale!

EUGENE

What?

LUBBINS

We designed a new freighter to bring the whale back whole, alive. We get it up the Hudson and bam! It's stolen! The whole 56 foot sperm whale! Here, we printed missing posters.

EUGENE

(Reading.) Missing. Whale. (Considers it.)

He doesn't look familiar. Oh maybe I saw him on Houston buying smokes. Does he smoke?

LUBBINS

He burns me up! Cost me a fortune! Right, Bartleby?

BARTLEBY

A fortune, boss!

LUBBINS

SHUT UP YOU IDIOT! But he's right. Stole a whale!

EUGENE

Maybe it was the Boll Weevil that guy who's raiding ships!

LUBBINS

No, that guy only goes after fishing boats and cargo ships. Whale industry bribes him monthly to leave us alone. But who knows anymore! The whole city is kooks! Now if you'll excuse me I got tickets for the ballet. I love watching gams flexing to Brahms. Goodbye, goodbye. I hope we never have the pleasure of meeting ever again. And now exit through the gift shop!

LUBBINS pushes past them.

EUGENE

He's nice. Do you think –

ELLIS enters.

ELLIS

Your meeting is over, goodbye now.

ANJUS

Ah! Lubbins' personal secretary Ellis E. Ellison! Where did you come from?

ELLIS

Where all good personal secretaries come from ... the shadows. Before that Cleveland.
Now leave.

EUGENE

Fine Ellis E. Ellison but this isn't the last you'll see of us! You hear that Ellis E.
Ellison!

AUTHOR

He did. And with that Eugene and Anjus exited into the gift shop ...

4.7:

Some anachronistic musak plays as they browse.

EUGENE

Do you like this toting bag? I like the font but the etching of the whale being stabbed
is ... it's a bit much.

ANJUS

Eugene you're not buying that! This is an evil corporation!

EUGENE

But this one says "The Thrill of the Krill!" and the whale has X's for eyes.

ANJUS

Ugh that's a terrible pun! Put that down! This well-appointed gift shop is a gift trap!
And we're the mice! And we're not taking the cheese!

CLERK

Free cheese samples?

EUGENE

And how!

EUGENE eats several samples.

CLERK

We suggest you remove the tooth pick before you –

EUGENE

Don't tell me – ow – what to – ow- do! Ow. Ow.

CLERK

Do you like it? It's whale's milk cheese. Cave aged.

EUGENE

I do enjoy caves.

ANJUS

How do you milk a whale?

CLERK

It's easy. You separate a calf from its mother. Kill the calf while the mother is watching. Then the mom gets so sad she just leaks the milk and you scoop it up.

ANJUS

That's terrible.

CLERK

We make sure to kill the mother afterward.

ANJUS

How is that better?

CLERK

Who said it was better? More cheese?

ANJUS

We're not eating any more of your murder cheese!

EUGENE

Yeah this is definitely my last one. After this one.

ANJUS

We're not funding your terrible corporation by buying any – oh humpback soap! That really cleans the pores and my skin has been a bit ashy ...

AUTHOR

After a few more samples Anjus and Eugene left Blubberton with only a couple of purchases.

4.8:

ANJUS

It's not like we're pro whaling. It's just ...

EUGENE

Exactly.

ANJUS

You really can't purchase anything without supporting some sort of terrible group. American Express blew up all those orphans and the Cowabungus Corporation is also ...

EUGENE

Sure. Of course.

ANJUS

Wait. No. Not that way. Let's avoid walking by Castle Clinton.

EUGENE

Why?

ANJUS

When I was a girl there was a ...

ANJUS gasps quietly. There's the sound of flames and people screaming, odd calliope music.

ANJUS (cont.)

So many burning clowns ...

EUGENE

What?

ANJUS

Nothing. Nothing. I hope Maryanne's descent into the underbelly of sin and vice yielded more answers. Let's wait for her in my greenhouse.

AUTHOR

Later that evening, at the greenhouse, Anjus tends to her plants. Eugene has fallen asleep in a mushroom patch. She inspects a rather robust sapling. She lets her hand

run up and down the trunk. She lets her lips brush against the branches and catches a leaf in her teeth.

4.9:

ANJUS

I can taste the chlorophyll. Your burls are so ...

Romantic music underscores.

ANJUS (cont.) I feel that it's been so long since –

A door opens. The Music cuts off quickly. ANJUS pulls away from the sapling straight up nervously.

ANJUS

Um, hello? Nothing. Hello?

MARYANNE

They could pave over the whole Bowery for all I care!

ANJUS

Oh, Maryanne ... you're late.

MARYANNE

Am I? Does my hair smell like opium?

ANJUS

I'm not sure, but I am experiencing a slight euphoric high and a want to listen to rag music.

MARYANNE

And why is it an opium den? It's not very den like. The places I've had to stoop to enter in the quest to find information. Deplorable.

ANJUS

What did you discover?

MARYANNE

Apparently the Blow Hole Gang is run by a female pirate named Penny. Their lair is still a mystery but it's apparently very snazz. Also the Dead Rabbits are more Republican than you'd think, and the Velvet Spankers give as good as they get. I made

a real faux pas and now my face and bottom are red. There's also been a rash of missing taxidermists or something. So there you have it. I'm a failure and it's all ...

MARYANNE fights back tears.

MARYANNE (cont.)

Oh it's hopeless, Anjus, it's –

ANJUS

Hiram was ...

MARYANNE

The best. I know you and he had ...

ANJUS

We did.

MARYANNE

The broken engagement.

ANJUS

We had our reasons.

MARYANNE

Right. Still. He never really recovered. Not from that or the eel bites. But they were linked in a way ...

ANJUS

I'm not to blame for the Moray Incident ...

MARYANNE

Did I say you were?

ANJUS

Yeah kind of ...

MARYANNE

I didn't mean it.

ANJUS

You also wrote that epic poem – “Anjudas.”

MARYANNE

That was unrelated.

ANJUS

It was about an evil woman named Manjus who broke the heart of a man who loved rivers.

MARYANNE

A common plot.

ANJUS

Named Guyrim.

MARYANNE

A common name at the time.

ANJUS

There was a part where you wrote: "And then Anjus is – oh I meant Manjus, sorry ha ha I'll change that in the galleys; if I see her I'll stab her in the alleys."

MARYANNE

I like how I broke the fourth wall there. Very ahead of its day. I'm a very good writer, you know. Though since I've been writing openly against the Cowabungas Corporation fewer venues are offering me reading times. But look, Anjus, it's past. You and I, that's water under the bridge. We were still ... we still have our cabal.

ANJUS

The Four Elementals. We truly were four.

MARYANNE

Indeed.

ANJUS

And the way Hiram was with Eugene. He would take him out back to toss the old flask around like his father never would.

MARYANNE

Hiram took a shine to the boy. Where is Eugene?

ANJUS

Asleep in the mushroom patch.

MARYANNE

Aren't we all?

ANJUS

No ... just Eugene.

MARYANNE

I meant it ... poetically.

ANJUS

Oh right. But I still don't understand. What are the mushrooms?

MARYANNE

Never mind. It's just Eugene, just him. No one else.

ANJUS

You'll have to break Eugene's heart one of these days. Unless ...

MARYANNE

Unless?

ANJUS

You and he ...

MARYANNE

Ew. No. No. No. No.

ANJUS

I didn't think so.

MARYANNE

Not an option. I need a rugged mountain, not a little dimple. But I should be firmer. Maybe it would do us all some good to get kicked in the face by the mule of reality.

ANJUS

Or the zebra of truth.

MARYANNE

A whole barnyard of –

A thump on the greenhouse.

ANJUS

There goes another one of Shakespeare's birds. Rest in peace.

MARYANNE

What are we doing, Anjus? This group, this whole ... why would anyone even want to murder us? A small cadre of friends playing at heroics and discovery ...

ANJUS

We defeated that cursed mummy.

MARYANNE

Yes the mummy. But we were younger then, naïve. The real problem is out there. Children in factories or – even through the windows of the greenhouse you can see it. There, a crippled veteran begging, dead horses decaying in the street, birds attacking that old man.

ANJUS

And what would you have us do?

MARYANNE

Act. In 1820 a rogue sperm whale attacked a whaling ship sinking it. Hiram thought he could talk peace, wait for change. But whale oil only knows one language - violence.

ANJUS

I'm not sure Blubberton is behind this –

MARYANNE

Their lardy fingers are all over everything.

ANJUS

Things need to change, but through gradualism. Darwin's finches didn't just transform overnight. We're scientists; you're only a poet. You don't–

MARYANNE

Oh I know! I had to crawl toward the vulgar scraps of the arts – there wasn't enough in the kitty for Hiram and me both to go to the science academy; so I sold my sonnets on the street, I wrote tin pan rondels and villanelles to put him through his oceanography courses! I know what I've done and I know what I am. An artist. A filthy disgusting artist.

ANJUS

That's not what –

MARYANNE

Don't wave your fake hand at me and call it a handshake. I know what you –

EUGENE stumbles over.

EUGENE
I had a bad dream ...

MARYANNE
Oh, Eugene, you're awake.

EUGENE
Maryanne you're here. You look lovely as a kookaburra in Autumn. Also you're both squiggly.

ANJUS
You didn't eat any of those mushrooms did you? They're hallucinogenic.

EUGENE
Not a purple of them space elephant. You are a space elephant aren't you?

ANJUS
Not for a long time.

EUGENE
Who's this now?

AUTHOR
Eugene eyed a daisy on the table.

ANJUS
That's a daisy.

EUGENE
He's saying all sorts of – my mother is a what? You have besmirched me, sir!

MARYANNE
Will he be all right?

ANJUS
It's but a twister toadstool. He'll be fine once he sleeps it off. Gives you crazy dreams and explosive flatulence.

A fart.

EUGENE
It was him!

Another fart.

EUGENE
No that was me. Pardon my wind.

MARYANNE
Let me walk you home Eugene, it's only down the way.

EUGENE
Really? Have my manly charms finally –

A very loud fart.

EUGENE (cont.)
Ow my tushy.

MARYANNE
Let's get you home.

EUGENE
My tummy hurts and I can taste my feelings.

MARYANNE and EUGENE leave.

AUTHOR
Maryanne and Eugene depart with a fart as Anjus returns to her garden of delights ...

ANJUS
Where were we my cone bearing friend ... oh your needles are so ...

She moans and runs her hands on the bark. The romantic music plays. She lets herself go into erotic frenzy. She rubs against the tree, it builds.

AUTHOR
Let's give Anjus and her plants their privacy as we find Maryanne dropping Eugene off at the stoop of his home.

4.10:

EUGENE

Want to come up and touch coffee. I mean have some ...

MARYANNE

It's not going to happen, Eugene, not ever. And I know you're hallucinating but it's best you understand.

EUGENE

I understand. But we can just have casual coffee ...

MARYANNE

I have an A-B rhyme scheme forming in my head. If I don't release my poetic juices I might get gallstones. It's what killed Wordsworth.

EUGENE

We don't want that. Art is the food of ... art. And ...

A loud wet fart.

EUGENE (cont.)

Oh no, emergency. Bye now! Don't look at my pants!

EUGENE runs off.

MARYANNE

I never have. Now off to work.

AUTHOR

Back at the green house post coniferous coitus Anjus strokes the trunk of a palm tree.

4.11:

ANJUS

You've got branches in all the right places and –

Suddenly there's the sound of glass breaking. ANJUS panicked gets to her feet.

ANJUS

Who's there?

Sound of footsteps.

ANJUS

Show yourselves! I defeated a mummy!

Several Blow Hole Gang Goons step out of the shadows.

GOON 1

Ahoy, we're the Blow Hole Gang. We heard you been asking around.

GOON 4

Now we're here, but this ain't a social call.

GOON 1

Get her!

THE GOONS rush ANJUS she fights them off.

GOON 4

Hey that hand ain't a hand!

ANJUS

It's ironwood! The Hardest wood used to make a prosthetic currently allowed by law!

GOON 1

Informative and annoying! Well you're still no match for one-on-three!

ANJUS

Try me!

They struggle more but eventually they pin her down.

ANJUS (cont.)

You've tried me!

GOON 1

See, sheer numbers beats a one armed woman. Just like the Civil War.

PIRATE PENNY

Enough now! Don't hurt her too much.

ANJUS

Show yourself!

PIRATE PENNY

Well, well Doctor Troup it looks like we caught you green-handed.

ANJUS

Pirate Penny the masked leader of the Blow Hole Gang!

My reputation precedes. I'll tear you apart.

PIRATE PENNY ANJUS

PIRATE PENNY

Now, now, doctor, I'd hate to resort to drastic measures.

PIRATE PENNY takes the plant off the table.

ANJUS

Leave that daisy alone!

PIRATE PENNY

These leaves pull off so easily ...

ANJUS

Stop! Please! They're innocent flora. What do you want?

PIRATE PENNY

Right now? Just for you to sleep. CLOROFORM HER!

GOON puts a rag to ANJUS' face. She struggles but passes out.

GOON 1

She's out.

PIRATE PENNY

Take her away!

The GOONS drag ANJUS out.

AUTHOR

And with that Anjus was a prisoner of the Blow Hole Gang and their deadly leader Pirate Penny. But before she left she turned back and ripped the daisy to shreds.

END OF CHAPTER 4