

PROLOGUE 2: The Art of the Steal

AUTHOR

Art. What is it? Man has often tried to figure that out. And then tell other people that they are dumb for not getting it. One such place that enjoyed telling people they were dumb was Yale Univeristy. Many artists wanted the approval of Yale. Some where willing to go to extraordinary lengths --

P2.1:

The Yale library. PIECEMEAL has grabbed a PROFESSOR.

PIECEMEAL

WA-HAH!

PROFESSOR 1

Let go of me!

PIECEMEAL

Sorry, doc, I GOT plans! Big PLANS!

PROFESSOR 1

Not a doctor, I only have a lower degree. I'm in a doctoral program but ... I'm a bit stymied.

PIECEMEAL

Oh. Sorry to hear that.

PROFESSOR 1

So many citations so little ... say, can you stop grabbing me by the throat?

AUTHOR

But this odd creature would not. He had not broken into the Yale library to let people go. And I say creature because this was no mere man holding this mere doctoral candidate hostage. This thing was roughly stitched and sewn together, a mish mash of various bodies roughly held with industrial thread. The professor, his intellectual curiosity roused, decided to pursue further knowledge regarding this patchwork monstrosity:

PROFESSOR 1

So, what the fug are you?

PIECEMEAL

A man? *Maybe*. A thing? We'll see? Talented? *Delightfully* so! I was brought to life by a bolt of lightning by mad scientists who pieced me together from a collection of purloined corpses!

PROFESSOR 1

Like the monster of Frankenstein?

PIECEMEAL

NO! Well ... yes exactly like that ... my creators were very ... unoriginal. BUT I'M NOT! I am not a copy! I AM an artist! A real and true UNIQUE thing!

PROFESSOR 1

Right ...

PIECEMEAL

Don't *RIGHT* me! Fear me! I AM ... Piecemeal! Piecemeal the patchwork man! I AM UNIQUE! I am no mimeograph Frankenstein!

PROFESSOR 1

Well, the monster. And really it's not just him. There are a great many stories about reanimated corpses --

PIECEMEAL

But not like me.

PROFESSOR 1

All like you, except more interesting. Oh hey! I can write my doctorate on how trite you are! That sounds like a gas!

PIECEMEAL

Gas? GAS! No! I am Piecemeal! The most original artist in the WORLD! Everything I do will BLOW your mind!

PROFESSOR 1

(Over it.)

This is all very gothic and what not, but I have class in --

PIECEMEAL

What is CLASS when I dangle you like a spider between LIFE and DEATH! I am Piecemeal!

PROFESSOR 1

I got that.

PIECEMEAL

You have to say it at least thrice to get people to remember.

PROFESSOR 1

Listen Frankenstien --

PIECEMEAL

It's PIECEMEAL! We JUST went over this!

PROFESSOR 1

This grotesque Lord Bryon act is a fair distraction, but Roman poetry won't read itself. I know, I tried. So many failed nights putting poetry books on top of each other and they read nothing! And they called me --

PIECEMEAL

This IS about ME! NOT YOU! MY WANTS! I want what all great important unique men want! TO CREATE THE MOST AMAZING PIECE OF ART THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

PROFESSOR 1

Ugh. So passe!

PIECEMEAL

NO! NO! NO! It's not passe! I'm not passe! I will BE remembered! I will do something no one EVER has!

PROFESSOR 1

What?

PIECEMEAL

I don't know ... YET. But I will! Oh it'll be big! And it starts with this! I'm to STEAL this bit of vellum from your RARE books library!

PROFESSOR 1

Not the Barrington Codex! It's 400 years old and talks about sheep rotation in ancient Moravia!

PIECEMEAL

Well it's mine now! STEAL! Bet no one ever has done that before!

PROFESSOR 1

Well actually it's a common prank to steal -

PIECEMEAL

SHUSH! I'm done with you. Over the RAILING you go!

Piecemeal throws the professor over the railing.

PROFESSOR 1

Maybe this will get me an extension on my
discertatioooooooooooooon!

PIECEMEAL

That's a LONG fall. But not as long as the Fall of the ... um, uh
... the winter of my discontent! That's something! WINTER of my
discontent, that's a good phrase! MY PHRASE! EVERY idea I have
is unique! THIS IS ART! AND I AM THE GREATEST MOST ORIGINAL
ARTIST EVER! ... Exit stage right!

He jumps through a window.

AUTHOR

And with that Piecemeal dramatically, if not in a bit of cliché,
jumped through a window and ran off.

PIECEMEAL

I AM PIECEMEAL!

AUTHOR

Which he didn't need to do. There was a door right over there.
But you know the type. Drama for the sake of drama.

(Beat.)

This event begins the second volume of The Land Whale Murders.
Which as a name is ... less relevant, because the whole Land
Whale thing is over. I should have thought through the name, but
it's too late now. So with this we begin The Land Whale Murders
Volume 2: Feed A Fever, Starve an Artist!

Sound of footsteps. PROFESSOR 2 enters.

PROFESSOR 2

William? Is that you on the library floor broken and bruised?

PROFESSOR

Yes ...

PROFESSOR 2

Your dissertation is due. There is to be no extension. No
extension.

PROFESSOR

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!

[And then post the postroll ad will be the outtake with the Author]

END OF PROLOGUE