

Barn MacDougal: Master Cartographer

by

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Episode Twelve - "The Island"

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BARN MACDOUGAL: MASTER CARTOGRAPHER

prologue

NARRATOR

Welcome back to Barn MacDougal: Master Cartographer. This week Barn finds himself in the middle of a thrilling adventure on a previously UNCHARTED land in: The Island. Brought to you by SweepTime Robotic Brooms, the only broom that cleans for you... while you sleep.

chapter one

NARRATOR

Barn MacDougal, while on his underwater morning jog, has just come across the bottom of a mysterious new island.

BARN MACDOUGAL

What is this? There isn't any land for a mile and a half! I'll just get a closer look.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, THEN KNOCKING ON HOLLOW PLASTIC.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Why, it's made out of plastic! These seem to be oil barrels lashed together. I'm going to have to climb atop them and see what's going on.

SOUND: SCRAMBLING AS HE CLIMBS UP BARRELS.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Hello? Hello? Is there anyone here?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Why, hello, there. How did you find me, all the way out here?

BARN MACDOUGAL

I spend quite a bit of time out under the waves. I like to stroll, you know. What brings you out here, and what of this vessel of yours?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Vessel? Vessel, my dear man?

BARN MACDOUGAL

Of course. What would you call this on which we stand?

SOUNDS DELANEY

THIS, dear sir, is an ISLAND.

(CONTINUED)

BARN MACDOUGAL

An island? I beg to differ. No islands out here escape my knowledge, as I am...

SOUNDS DELANEY

Barn MacDougal, Master Cartographer?

BARN MACDOUGAL

But how?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Surely you don't think that a man such as yourself, with all the credit to your name, could be unknown to a builder of islands.

BARN MACDOUGAL

A BUILDER of islands?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Indeed. Allow me to introduce myself: Sounds Delaney.

BARN MACDOUGAL

That's preposterous, Delaney. Islands are an act of nature. Why, without nature, you just have a bunch of plastic, strapped together. It's laughable to call that an island.

SOUND: BARN LAUGHS, AFTER A MOMENT SOUNDS JOINS IN.

SOUNDS DELANEY

I agree entirely, Mr. MacDougal.

BARN MACDOUGAL

I thought you might.

SOUNDS DELANEY

Why don't you just take a step over this ridge...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OF TWO MEN, THEN THE SOUNDS OF A RAINFOREST

SOUND: AND BARN GASPING.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Why, it can't be! You have a whole ecosystem on this contraption of yours!

SOUNDS DELANEY

Contraption?

BARN MACDOUGAL

I... Island.

chapter two

NARRATOR

After a few moments aghast, Barn follows Sounds Delaney to the seemingly primitive hut in which he lives on this island of his own devising.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Amazing. This hut looks so small and primitive from the outside, but inside it's just like a mansion.

SOUNDS DELANEY

When you build the from the ground up you have a lot of control, Mr. MacDougal. And when you've built the ground down as well, the sky's the limit.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Truly. What are your plans for this magnificent piece of craftsmanship?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Well, I intend to live here in relative peace. I will be free from the constraints of society. As this land is hitherto unclaimed, and since I built it myself, I believe I can declare it my own.

BARN MACDOUGAL

A beautiful dream, Mr. Delaney...

SOUNDS DELANEY

Call me Sounds.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Very well. A beautiful dream, Sounds, but won't you get lonely out here all by yourself?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Were I alone, then certainly. Undoubtedly you noticed that I have plants and animals on my island; I've rounded out the ecosystem with natives.

BARN MACDOUGAL

That seems both unethical and impossible in so many ways.

SOUNDS DELANEY

Neither! Neither, my friend! Why don't you go out and meet them for yourself.

BARN MACDOUGAL

I suppose I shall...

chapter three

NARRATOR

Barn, never one to fear the unknown, heads off into the jungle to confront whatever may be out there, and see if he can learn about these natives that Sounds Delaney says live on his island.

SOUND: RAINFOREST SOUNDS, AS WELL AS FOOTSTEPS. AFTER A

SOUND: MOMENT, WE HEAR RHYMTHIC DRUMMING AND CHANTING.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Why, here they are! There are natives on this island. But, how can that be, if Sounds has just built it. I'm going to peek through these fronds and hope they don't see me.

SOUND: THE CHANTING AND DRUMMING GET LOUDER AS WE HEAR

SOUND: LEAVES BEING PULLED ASIDE.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Fascinating. They seem to be involved in some kind of ritual. Dancing, chanting, stoking a fire... Wait! A fire!

SOUND: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS CRASHING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Put out that fire!

SOUND: CONFUSED GRUNTING FROM RACIALLY INSENSITIVE NATIVES

SOUND: MIXED WITH A FIRE BEING STOMPED OUT.

BARN MACDOUGAL

Thank goodness I got here in time. This island is built on oil barrels; if there's any residue left in there at all that fire would have blown us all sky high. I should go open a barrel and make sure it's completely clean, because I'm certain these natives will try to make another fire as soon as I'm gone.

SOUND: THE CUTTING OF PLASTIC, THEN BARN GASPS.

BARN MACDOUGAL

What in the world? These barrels are full of DYNAMITE!

chapter four

NARRATOR

And even while Barn is uncovering the dark secrets of the island, those same secrets are being discussed by the even darker man who already understands them:
Sounds Delaney.

SOUND: A TELEPHONE RINGS, THEN WE HEAR THE RECEIVERSOUND: PICKED UP.

SOUNDS DELANEY

Hello? Ah! Escargot, my favorite brother. I'm afraid I won't be able to make it to your wedding. No, it has nothing to do with my not approving of her... Barn MacDougal has found my island. Yes, I know you hoped it wouldn't happen, hoped against my wishes. You and mother both. Father never cared. But here I am, now, and so...

SOUND: THE DOOR GETS KICKED IN.

BARN MACDOUGAL

What are you up to, Delaney!?

SOUNDS DELANEY

Why, Mr. MacDougal, I'm certainly up to nothing. How was your visit with the natives?

BARN MACDOUGAL

It was pleasant enough, until they almost inadvertently blew up this whole cussed island. You think you can slip something past me, but you can't. I've already contacted the Coast Guard with my wrist-mounted watchy-talkie, you might as well confess.

SOUNDS DELANEY

Confound you, Barn MacDougal! You've taken away my glory before, you won't do it again!

SOUND: A FIGHT. IT WANES TO TWO MEN PANTING.

SOUNDS DELANEY

It seems you have me bested, at the game I sought to play and at fisticuffs, both. I suppose an explanation is in order.

BARN MACDOUGAL

I would imagine so, yes.

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SOUNDS DELANEY

Are you familiar with the town of Tundras Brought,
South Dakota?

BARN MACDOUGAL

Only passingly.

SOUNDS DELANEY

It's where I'm from. We have a lake, there...

BARN MACDOUGAL

Yes, Lickity Lake, named for Lucinda Lickity, wife of
explorer Charles Lickity, and then an explorer in her
own right after he died. It's an endorheic lake. It's
fascinating, really, because there isn't much surface
water around that area at all.

SOUNDS DELANEY

Yes. Lickity Lake. When I was fourteen I started
building my first island in that lake. The local
newspapers came out, my parents were so proud. Everyone
said, "That boy is going to put this little town on the
map!" I was so proud.

BARN MACDOUGAL

As you should be. Very few people ever create a
landmass. And at fourteen!

SOUNDS DELANEY

Well, it took me two years to finish, and by the time I
was done, the buzz had died down. Only one reporter
came out to take a couple pictures. I asked him, "Where
are the mapmakers? This should be the event that gets
us on the maps!" He laughed at me, called me ignorant,
told me that it was just a figure of speech. We'd been
on maps for years. He showed me on a map in his car; a
map that had been made by the MacDougal Map
Corporation. He published his report and I was the
laughing stock of the town. Because of you, Barn
MacDougal. You took away my glory. I was supposed to
put Tundras Brought on the map. Me.

BARN MACDOUGAL

But, Barn... that's my job. It's what I do.

SOUNDS DELANEY

Smash young boys' dreams?

BARN MACDOUGAL

Make maps... So the dynamite?

SOUNDS DELANEY
Was for you.

BARN MACDOUGAL
I see.

SOUND: HELICOPTERS IN THE DISTANCE.

BARN MACDOUGAL
It sounds like the Coast Guard is sending in their elite flying corps. Let's get you ready to go so nobody gets hurt.

SOUNDS DELANEY
Yeah. Okay.

chapter five

NARRATOR
And so the Coast Guard flew Sounds Delaney to a prison where he'd live out the rest of his tortured days, and delivered Barn MacDougal to the headquarters of the FBCIA, where he explained the whole situation to his old friend, Whistle Yeats.

WHISTLE YEATS
We're going to have to detonate the island, Barn. There's no other way to clean up this mess.

BARN MACDOUGAL
But wait, what about the natives?

WHISTLE YEATS
Don't fret yourself. My men have already recovered them. And they weren't really natives, Barn, they were the missing inmates from the Brainfield Asylum for the Moderately Insane. Every last one of them. Which is good, because that takes that issue off my plate.

BARN MACDOUGAL
Speaking of plates, Whistle, can you have your men fly me back home? I haven't even eaten yet today.

WHISTLE YEATS
Shucks, Barn; the things you do before breakfast.

postlude

NARRATOR
This has been Barn MacDougal: Master Cartographer, brought to you by SweepyTime Robotic Brooms, when for you it's sleepytime... for them, it's SweepyTime! Be sure to tune in next week, when Barn is caught between
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

an aging gorilla and a particularly grumpy grizzly bear
in a fight to the death! How can the world's greatest
mapmaker find his way out of this mess? Find out in a
week!