

**EXCHANGE BETWEEN GOV. CLAIBORNE and
HORATIO BLUNDERBUSS, ESQ.**

Gov – Bit eccentric Gov of Louisiana

HB – Boisterous wealthy land & plantation owner. Political “friend” to Gov.
Begrudgingly accompanying Gov on his trip to Baratavia to keep an eye on his “investment.”

G: CONFOUND IT BLUNDERBUSS! WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU GO?

B: Right here, Governor. Dragging our baggage, it would seem. Your valise, Governor.

G: YOU? What happened to the porters? Er, how now, Blunderbuss?

B: They all fled when they learned of our destination, and you made off to the woods to go wee wee. I must say I agree with them.

G: Tish and tosh, good sir! Tish and... and.... a...

B: Tosh

G: YES! NO! I was going to say “stuff and nonsense! Ha Ha! Stuff and nonsense! Ha! Think you’re so smart! (raspberry)

B: Very good. But as the Governor knows, the “Kingdom” of Baratavia is a place of, how shall I put this, “colorful” reputation. Hardly a safe place for the Governor of Louisiana to be. Might I suggest a hasty return to the stately, dignified, and placid environs of New Orleans?

G: BOLLOCKS, MY FRIEND! BOLLOCKS! (slyly) Didn’t see that one coming, eh? (more boldly) If the Governor of Louisiana cannot move freely about the state of Louisiana, WELL! I don’t know what to think!

B: All well and good. But my main concern is your welfare. Besides the fact that the Baratarians seem to have a rather loose interpretations of the law, the British Navy is paying a visit. I doubt they are here to buy trinkets, have their uniforms mended, and catch a few musicales. An American Governor would make a fine catch.

G: PISH AND POSH, BLUNDERBUSS! HA HA! PISH AND.... POSH! You worry overmuch! This is a great adventure! Why, we’ll blend right in with those scoundrels and miscreants! Here! Let me tousle your hair... there.... Now I... WAIT! Who are YOU, you disreputable person? Where’s Blunderbuss? Ha Ha! See?

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B: Yes. Very good. And yourself, Governor?

G: Simplicity itself, my Doubting Thomas! I shall simply remove my hat!

B: Ingenious. Your own mother wouldn't know you. Might I suggest something, Governor?

G: Of course, dear Blunderbuss! Of course!

B: Perhaps you should remove the red silk “GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA” sash the Governor is wearing.

G: GOOD EYE, BLUNDERBUSS! So let us sally forth and blend in with some ruffians!

B: (sign) Tally Ho, Governor. Tally Ho.