

Bang Tale

"Dizzy Duo" Yarn



By Joe Archibald

Author of "Dopey and the Seven Wharves," etc.

Snooty Piper and Scoop Binney become crime jockeys as they follow the nags to a horse-racing homicide. And to get old Abigail Hepplethwaite, the Beantown mint, out from under a first-degree rap, the Dizzy Duo ride a long-shot hunch to a bangtail fare-thee-well.

ONE fine morning me and Snooty Piper walk into the city room of the *Evening Star* and "Dogface" Woolsey says to us: "Go right over to Charlestown and drop everything else. Piggsy Funzo gets out of stir today and he should have something of interest to say to the public."

"It couldn't ever be Hedy Lamarr, could it?" Snooty complains. "That is the trouble with journalism today. People like Mr. Guppy helping to glorify gangsters."

"Git goin'!" Dogface yelps. "That burlap you are wearin' gives me cataracts, Piper! I didn't think they could cook up a worse

shade of green than in the old suit you had."

We hop over to the icebox where they are defrosting Funzo. The warden tells us that Piggsy is quite contrite about his past and aims to lead a life from now on that would make a Trappist monk's existence one of violence in comparison.

"Tell 'em, Piggsy," the warden urges.

"Yeah. That's as right as rain, warden," the lug says. "Crime don't pay. I been hearin' that Crook Crackin' program on the raddio fer t'ree years now an' they've convinced me. I'm gittin' into a legitimate business like truckin' or somethin'."

"I was afraid of that," Snooty says.

"Radio shouldn't have been invented, Scoop. We depend on the escapades of citizens like Piggsy for our cakes and coffee."

I ignore Snooty Piper. This Piggsy Funzo was at one time quite a figure in the beauty parlor business and it was Piggsy who had the dames in Boston paying exorbitant prices for marcel and facials and mud packs. Piggsy sold the cosmetics to the face-prettyers, and if they purchased from anybody else they would come in one morning to find things a terrible mess. We have heard that Piggsy had three warehouses filled with supplies and had had the market cornered. But the cops caught up with him.

The warden's telephone rings. He answers the gadget and then motions to Snooty.

"Your paper, Green-Horn," the warden says.

"Very funny," Snooty says, and grabs the phone.

It is Dogface calling us. He says to drop everything and come right back to the *Evening Star*. Two citizens who worked for Mr. Guppy have climbed a tree with a jalopy on their way to work.

Back where we started from, Dogface tells us we must double in brass as good newspapermen are not as easy to get in a Washington Street Employment tepee as a scullery maid.

"You two will have to take the places of Miggs and O'Malley," Dogface says. "Cover racing news until they get out of plaster casts. Aw, nerts, an' that racing season at Rockingham just coming up. You know horses, Piper?"

Snooty nods. "They eat oats and you should never change them in the middle of a stream."

Dogface throws a fit, also a paste pot. The latter misses Snooty and breaks up against a post near which a sob sister is banging at a type-mill. The cupcake gets up brushing crockery and goo out of her

coiffure and she says Dogface can hand over ten bucks for the price of another going-over in a beauty parlor.

WHEN things settle down, me and Snooty make an exit. We have orders to find out what is what regarding the entries for the Granite State Stakes up at Salem, N. H., in just six weeks.

"This is quite a break for us," Snooty says. "We can get more news in Abigail Hepplethwaite's drawing room about bangtails than in a tack room at a track. It is time we paid the old girl a visit anyway, don't you think?"

Abigail Hepplethwaite is a rich old doll who lives in Back Bay and she has more scratch than is lost in Monte Carlo over a period of thirty-five years. Six weeks ago Abigail purchased a racing stable and her prize hayburner is a goat by the name of Jiving Jenny.

Me and Snooty go up to see Abigail and she is in quite a tantrum. She is telling a little character dressed in a suit that must have been made out of a horse blanket, that she has seen smarter jockeys on merry-go-rounds grabbing at brass rings.

"It ain't my fault you keep turtles without shells for bangtails, ma'am," the tough little tomato says. "That last nag I tried to boot in was snappin' at fireflies when we hit the stretch. Of all the goats—!"

Abigail bangs the little citizen over the noggin with a rolled-up racing form. "You could've done better if you'd got off an' let the horse ride you in, you little squirt!" the old girl yelps and chases the jockey out of the mansion. When she comes back in, she says:

"Well, what are you two morons doin' here?"

"We are Piper and Binney," Snooty says. "Connoisseurs of horseflesh. We are racing experts for Mr. Guppy."

"Now I have seen and heard everything,"

Abigail says. She takes a hitch at her stays, cuffs some stray locks back in place and sits down.

"Why did you buy a racing stable?" Snooty asks, and the old doll says she might as well own the nags she has been supporting for years anyway.

"I'm goin' to have my picture taken beside a goat that has got a big wreath of flowers around its neck if it takes me fifty years, boys," she snaps. "And no old buzzard like Calvin Kelp is going to stop me! He did it to spite me, that goon! He never had an idea about entering a nag in that big race up in Rockingham until I entered Jiving Jenny! Why, that fugitive from the catacombs, that imitation of life—"

Snooty holds up his hand. "This is not where we came in," he says. "If we could get the beginning of the picture, ha, ha!"

"I forgot, Piper," Abigail says and makes a swipe at a moth with her lorgnette. "This Calvin Kelp owns Sea Muffin. Don't tell me you never heard of that hayburner, boys?"

"Only lost one race," Snooty says. "That was because somethin' flew out on the track and scared it and it jumped a fence."

Abigail nods. "This Calvin Kelp had a nephew once who wanted to marry my niece. But the squirt was a stewpot and I told him there were no gin bottles on the Hepplethwaite coat-of-arms and never would be while I could swing a club. This Kelp wanted social standing and he didn't get it and he said he would fix my wagon if it took him fifty years. Well, he is fixin' my wagon, boys. Sea Muffin could outrun Jiving Jenny if Sea Muffin packed fifty pounds of potatoes beside its jockey."

"It is a dirty trick," Snooty says. "He can't do that to you!"

"He hasn't—yet," Abigail snaps. "And please try and be original, Piper. Maybe I got a couple of tricks up my sleeve. My goat would've paid about three to one, too."

A flunkey comes in and tells Abigail

there is a visitor outside and the old girl says let him wait.

"Kelp is bringing that plug of his over the road," Abigail says. "Wouldn't it be a pity if the van kissed a through freight. Ha, ha!"

"Well, I think we will be going," Snooty says. His voice is quite as tight as a size-four kick on an eight foot. "I must buy some racing forms and brush up. Good day, Ab-er-Miss Hepplethwaite."

"Olive oil," Abigail says.

On the way out we meet the citizen, who was waiting to see Abigail, coming in. He has a pan you do not see on the covers of religious magazines. His two glimmers are not more than an inch apart and he has a scar draped across the bridge of his bugle. He has a plaid suit on that makes Snooty's look very conservative, to say the least.

ON OUR way to a public carrier Snooty says: "It chills me to think of Abigail associating with such citizens, Scoop. Even her dress was quite loud, wasn't it? It had a horseshoe pattern to it. Abigail sounded quite horsey too."

"I should think the old girl would up and buy Sea Muffin," I says. "She could acquire Commonwealth Pier with what she calls household money."

"She does not trust this Kelp," Snooty says. "And anyway she has pride, Scoop. I would not put it past Calvin Kelp to give the goat a Charley-horse before he sold it to her at three times what it is worth."

Snooty buys all the racing journals he can find and they are all colors. We go to the Greek's and pore over them.

"Here is something about Sea Muffin," Snooty says and then reads out loud. "To date Calvin Kelp's two-year-old has lost but one race and that one at Pimlico. A racing form blew out onto the track just as Sea Muffin rounded the turn six lengths in the van. Sea Muffin jumped the rail and

completed seven laps inside the enclosure before it could be brought to a stop—I wonder what scared it?”

“I wouldn’t know unless you were there,” I quip.

Three weeks go by. Me and Snooty Piper find that racing reporting is quite dull. Boston is dull, too, as Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy is on vacation. Iron Jaw is on the city payroll as a detective and that is like the Yanks hiring a one-armed Singer’s midget to pinch hit for Joe DiMaggio.

Then something happens. It is quite a to-do up near the New Hampshire line around Haverhill. It seems that a van carrying Calvin Kelp’s Sea Muffin has been high-jacked and two citizens, one good and one bad, have been rubbed out. Me and Snooty Piper lose no time in getting up where the disturbance of the peace took place.

There are plenty of cops and curious taxpayers at the crossroads—and who else do you think? Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy.

“Hello, creeps,” Iron Jaw greets us. “What kept you? Ain’t it lucky I was vacationin’ near here? Well, I got this thing busted wide open already and when I tell you who is due for a rap on this thing, you’ll jump right out of that green suit, Piper!”

“No kiddin’?” Snooty says. “Why didn’t you go to a watering place where there was sharks, Iron Jaw. Well, who have you arrested?”

“Nobody yet. But I got evidence enough to hang a dame,” the big flatfoot says. “I been waitin’ for a chance to fix her wagon.”

Snooty makes a funny sound and I glance at him and see that his pan looks as if it had been dusted with corn starch. I do not feel quite well myself as I am sure I am thinking the same as the crackpot.

We look over the van that was carrying Sea Muffin. There is something on the driver’s seat and it is not mercurochrome. Cops show us two different sets of auto tires and it is quite evident to us that another van

took away Sea Muffin.

“The stiff’s are in an undertaker’s at Merrimac,” a local slewfoot tells us. “One was a crook who was on the high-jacking van. A guy on the big jalopy carryin’ Sea Muffin nailed him before he passed out from a slug he took in the ribs himself. I guess they had quite a battle. Two laid out for keeps an’ two gettin’ patched up.”

Me and Snooty ride over to Merrimac and take a look at the dead ones. Iron Jaw gloats as we bend over one of the casualties. Me and Snooty grab at each other to hold each other up. The rough character who was on the high-jacking van is the citizen—or what is left of him—that we saw stepping into Abigail’s parlor back in Beantown.

“You act like he was an old pal,” Iron Jaw snorts. “Seen him before, hah?”

“Why—er—no,” Snooty gulps. “It is—er—that—I am sometimes allergic to corpses.”

Right at that moment a very indignant citizen arrives. He is as thin as Mahatma Gandhi after a twenty-week stretch of fasting. He has a long thin nose which is used as a saddle for pince-nez, and his lip foliage is standing out straight like the hairs on a scared feline’s back.

“She’ll need more than the mayor an’ the governor to crawl out of this one,” Kelp yelps, as that is who the irate character is. “I got her this time. She threatened me! Yeah, I know who stole Sea Muffin!”

“Abigail,” I says low to Snooty. “Oh! Horses are poison to all citizens. They are a bad influence even on Ab—”

Iron Jaw O’Shaughnessy keeps needling us. He pulls out a piece of paper and says he found it on the corpse of the dishonest character.

“That punk,” Iron Jaw says. “He is known all over the horse tracks as Louie the Louse and he has been kicked off most of them. He has done everything to a horse but hypnotize it. He was hired by this old

Hepplethwaite crow to steal this nag. Well, wait until she hears she has a good chance to test out the sizzle sofa, ha ha!”

“It is a lie,” Snooty says.

“Yeah? Look what is wrote on this paper we got in Louie’s pocket,” Iron Jaw says and shoves it right into our pans. The writing says: *See Miss A. Hepplethwaite, Beechwood Drive, Back Bay. I hear she’s got a job open an’ she’s filthy with scratch.*

The note is signed by a character who calls himself Fall River Phil.

“Yeah,” Iron Jaw says, “an’ that ain’t all. We found five one-hundred-dollar bills on the punk. All new scratch. That old biddy figured she could even git away with murder, too, huh?”

Me and Snooty go out and hunt up a tavern which we find. It takes a dozen beers to settle us down and make our nerves stop singing soprano.

“What’ll we do?” I says. “We should call Abigail maybe and warn her to get a good lawyer, huh?”

“I w-wish I w-was sure she is not guilty,” Snooty gulps. “She was sure set on knockin’ off Sea Muffin, Scoop. Let us get out of here and take a walk back to where the van was knocked off.”

THERE is only a yokel or two around the place where Sea Muffin was kidnaped. It is quite evident that the local gendarmes have all agreed with Iron Jaw as to the guilty citizen and their only concern is to try and find where the bangtail is cached if it did not get lifted across the line into New Hampshire.

“The high-jacking jalopy went into that road that leads into the woods,” Snooty says. “It is a short cut to a better road and it is quite rough, Scoop.”

“I do not suppose anybody else thought of that,” I scoff. “When we got here there was two loads of cops headed up that road.”

“Sometimes the cops go too fast,” the

crackpot mumbles. “It is best to walk—not run toward the nearest exit, huh? Come on, Scoop. They have to find the dobbin before they can hang this crime on Abigail.”

“Really? Horses are not very easy to hide,” I remind him. “I would prefer a mouse if I was an unlawful character who stole livestock. They will find Sea Muffin.”

Snooty kneels down and pokes at auto tracks.

“That is smart,” I tell him. “Only about eight trucks and a dozen police cars have been along this way. Look at your paws. They are a mess.”

A little further on, Snooty washes his hands in a little pool of water in a ditch.

“It would be a good idea to wash our hands of everything, don’t you think?” I says. “Abigail, if she pulled this one, will not need us as she will be beyond help. It is awful what bangtails do to citizens.”

I sit there throwing rocks at an old glass jug some picknickers must have tossed away. It is at the foot of the bank and I wash it up with my third fast one.

“We will go back to town and get a place to sleep, Scoop,” Snooty says. “Perhaps by morning they will have Sea Muffin.”

“And Abigail, dead to rights,” I add. “The next time we play rummy with her will be in the hoosegow. Even she can go too far as—”

“Will you shut up, Scoop Binney?” Snooty growls. “You would cheer up a character in a hospital by taking him tombstone catalogs. Oh, this is a mess. I still don’t believe the old girl would go for horse-stealing.”

“There is her defense,” I yip. “She just borrowed the nag. If you give back what you steal, Scoop—”

The crackpot pushes me off the road and I do not speak to him until the next morning. We wake up in a room in a hotel in Merrimac. An hour later we buy a Boston paper and there is a headline on the front

page that ruins our breakfast. It says:

WEALTHY BACK BAY SPINSTER
IMPLICATED IN HIGHJACKING CRIME!

"It says she is supposed to be the ringleader in the theft of the famous race horse, Sea Muffin, Snooty," I moan. "Calvin Kelp prefers charges as she threatened him. Oh-h-h."

We walk around town all that day in quite a daze. Every time we meet Iron Jaw, he twits us and pictures, for us, Abigail sitting in a high voltage armchair.

"I'm leavin' this afternoon, boys," Iron Jaw says. "I can't wait until I put my hooks on that old buzzard. This is one case I'm sure of."

"That means she is as innocent as a newborn babe," Snooty says with feeling. "Anybody you suspect, you big porpoise, is immune to jails. Come on, Scoop."

"Where?"

"Who cares," the half-wit says. "That tavern is a nice place."

Me and Snooty stick to the tavern all the rest of the day. There is a radio there and we keep up to scratch with crime news. One bulletin says that Abigail Hepplethwaite is indignant over the accusation that she lifted Sea Muffin and that she will have eighty per cent of the slewfeet in the state on the relief rolls by Saturday night.

"This is Friday," I says. "She will have to work fast. The crooks must have cut up Sea Muffin like Wall Street boys cut up a melon, Snooty. How can a horse vanish like that as a horse weighs—"

"S-Scoop," Snooty says and lifts his hands up. "L-Look!"

"I don't see a thing," I says.

"Don't be silly. Look at the fuzz on the back of my left hand. It is a reddish color and you know I am quite blond. L-Look at the fuzz on my right hand. Half of it is darker than the rest."

Snooty is not seeing things. I squint at the backs of his flippers and sure enough, part of the fuzz on them is of a reddish hue.

"Scoop, I have not had my mitts in anything that would—"

"Did you wash 'em last night?" I ask.

"I forgot to, I was that upset," Snooty says. "The last time—" He jumps up and reaches for his green skimmer. "Come on, Scoop! You have no idea what I'm thinking about. It is quite nutty but—"

"It is time you admitted it," I sniff and follow him out.

We hike four miles out of town and finally come to the road we mooched over the day before. Snooty looks for the place where he washed his hands and finds it. It is still quite light and he points at a little puddle of water in a ditch that is quite rusty.

"I don't get it," I admit.

Snooty slides down the bank and looks at the glass bottle I broke up the day before. He peels a label off a big fragment and climbs back again.

"I—I think Abigail is saved, Scoop," Snooty says. "Once a crook always a crook, as a leopard cannot change its spots. Ha, ha! Come on, we have got to work fast."

WE WALK back to Merrimac and then hop a bus to Haverhill. Snooty Piper browses around newsstands until he comes to one carrying all kinds of racing forms. He buys six handicapping sheets and a Boston *Evening Star*. He leads me to a beer joint and he spreads them all out on the table.

"Here is what I am lookin' for, Scoop," he says at last. "The entries for the Granite State Stakes. Here is a plug owned by a citizen named Blitz and it is called Two-timing Tessie. The odds are eighty to one. Now I must find the best bangtail expert in town."

Me and Snooty tramp all over Haverhill until we are steered to an old citizen who runs a cigar store. A cop told us that the

character knew more about horses than Kentucky Colonels and could tell you who won the fifth at Belmont Park on any day of a meet thirty years ago if Belmont had been opened that long.

The old bozo's name is Chubb and he tells us he has been betting on nags since he could break open a piggy bank.

"Ha, ha," Snooty says. "I am gettin' a story for a big Boston paper on you. I was wondering if you heard of that race Sea Muffin lost down in—!"

"Yeah? I was there an' saw it an' I lost twenty bucks on the goat," Chubb says. "He is winnin' easy until what blows out onto the track but a copy of Hennessy's handicapper—it ain't printed no more. Hennessy went broke because the guy who backed it lost five grand on the race too—and he got sore. So Hennessy caused Sea Muffin to lose the only race he—"

"Where can I get a copy of it?" Snooty says. "I collect old racing forms. A hobby. Ha, ha!"

I walk across the street to get an aspirin. I never saw Snooty act screwier. When I come back, Snooty says he could not get a copy of Hennessy's Handicapper but he had a good description of it.

"How would that help Abigail?" I want to know.

"I shall send her a wire right now to cheer her up," Snooty says. "Then we go back to Boston and get the assignment to cover the Granite State Stakes. It will be quite a race any way you look at it.

This is the wire Snooty sent Abigail Hepplethwaite:

CHEER UP STOP THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO YOU STOP OLD SNOOTY RIGHT ON JOB STOP HE KNOWS SOMETHING STOP SEE YOU AT ROCKINGHAM PARK IF YOU ARE OUT ON BAIL STOP DON'T WORRY STOP YOU WON'T FRY.

PIPER

Now when we get back to Boston we find that Abigail Hepplethwaite is very much tied up by legal red tape and has hired some lawyers who passed all the bars in Philadelphia they are that bright. Abigail is in seclusion and will not see anybody, not even me and Snooty. The D.A. tells all the journalists that he will not pull his punches even if Abigail has plenty of scratch. He says it says equal justice for all in the salute to the American flag.

Three weeks later me and Snooty Piper go up to Salem, N. H., to see the running of the Granite State Stakes, and Abigail's bangtail is the favorite at three to one.

"With Sea Muffin out of there," I says, "I am goin' to put a sawbuck on Jiving Jenny's schnozzola, Snooty."

"There's a goat in this race will run ahead of it so far," Snooty tells me, "that Jiving Jenny will wonder why they tied a ball an' chain on her leg. But bet on Abigail's nag anyway."

Our press passes get us into the paddock at Rockingham. Snooty suddenly spots a character and goes up to him and sticks out his hand. "Why, if it isn't Piggsy Funzo. I thought you went straight?"

"Oh, hello, Piper," Piggsy says. "I don't bet on these hayburners much. My movin' business is slow to git started. I got enough of that icebox, yeah. Right now I am walkin' the straight an' narrer, Piper. See you later, huh?"

"You are telling me," Snooty says, but Piggsy does not hear him.

"Say, I saw Abigail over by the clubhouse," Snooty tells me. "She is wearin' a veil and smoked glasses but she can't kid me. I guess she does not want the public starin' at a suspected criminal character, huh?"

"Where's your hat?" I says to Snooty.

"Oh, I have it in my pocket. Come on, Scoop. It is time for the big race as there goes the bugle."

SNOOTY and me join the railbirds. We watch the dobbins file past. Abigail's hayburner is a nice-looking filly. Number 8 looks very frisky to me, though. "That is a lively lookin' goat, that reddish one, Snooty," I says. "What's its handle?"

"That is Two-timing Tessie at eighty to one. She is like a pug who leaves his fight in the trainin' camp," Snooty says. "Now don't bother me. I must look about to see if I can see where certain characters are."

We wait until the bangtails get set for the plunge. It is very nerve-wracking waiting for the bangtails to leave the starting gates and I chew the fingernails off my right hand. I am working on my left when the crowd roars: "They'r-r-re off!"

"Look at that goat Two-timing Tessie," Snooty says. "It will need carfare to get in by sundown. Abigail's nag is out in front by three lengths already."

"It is a pushover," I says.

"You don't know everything," Snooty says.

At the halfway mark Jiving Jenny is still showing the way, but Number 8 is starting to creep up and it moves from last place to second at the three-quarter mark.

"Somebody fed that Tessie nag some schnapps," I says. "Ru-u-un, Jenny! Ru-u-un!"

The bangtails pound into the stretch. Two-timing Tessie passes Abigail's goat and keeps eating up real estate as if it was the recipient of a transfusion of greyhound blood.

The citizens who have their scratch on Abigail's horse start fighting off strokes. But still Tessie puts on the heat.

"Ye-e-e-o-o-ow! Oh, you Tessie! Oh-h-h-h you Two-timer!" a citizen bellows above the groans and Snooty nudges me and says the voice is quite familiar.

"Now hold your breath, Scoop!" Snooty says, and he takes something out of his pocket and tosses it out onto the track.

It is Snooty's green summer felt and it is the worst shade of green in the spectrum. Two-timing Tessie gets a squint at the hat, squeals and jumps the fence, and Abigail's Jiving Jenny goes in and passes the judge's stand.

Cops grab Snooty Piper and I feel like helping them.

"Go ahead and try and arrest me," the crackpot howls at the cops. "Then you go and arrest the owner of that bangtail that hopped the fence. Him an' a citizen named Piggysy Funzo. That horse's name is Sea Muffin and it is dyed!"

I do not remember being a part of a greater fuss than takes place at the racetrack. Cops drag Snooty to the clubhouse and more cops go out and round up two characters named Blitz and Piggysy Funzo. Abigail Hepplethwaite gets close to the officials and says she knew something was screwy as that 80-1 goat could never lick Jiving Jenny if you put two more sets of legs on it.

"Piper is right," Abigail yelps. "This'll let me out, too! Good old Piper!"

Just twenty minutes later, the cops bring Piggysy in. A big character with a beer-barrel torso and spindly pins is also on the spot.

"Well, Piggysy," Snooty says. "Tsk-tsk. You must have had a lot of that henna dye stored away while you were in the can, huh? That road you drove after you lifted Sea Muffin was quite rough and it must have made the van door slide open. Anyhow, one of the glass bottles of dye fell out into the road and the stopper come out, huh?"

"You can't prove nothin'," Piggysy says and he knows he is kidding himself. Snooty takes a label out of his pocket and it says Corona Cosmetic Co. on it.

"That was one of your outfits while you were running the beauty parlor supply racket, Piggysy," Snooty says. "You had to have lots of that stain to change a horse's color. I am afraid there was one warehouse the cops missed when they raided them that

time, Piggysy. At eighty to one Sea Muffin was a gold mine, ha, ha! You just made it look like that goat Two-timing Tessie an'—"

Calvin Kelp steps in and says he has been to the paddock and is satisfied he has found Sea Muffin. He apologizes to Abigail Hepplethwaite but she calls him an old rip and hits him a buffet over the conk with her binoculars.

"Stop," Snooty says. "You just got away from one murder rap."

The officials of the track and the cops tell Snooty how smart they think he is and Abigail hugs Snooty and kisses him. Then Abigail insists we three go somewhere and celebrate Jiving Jenny's triumph.

We are in a very spiffy roadhouse sometime later when Abigail tells Snooty to open up and tell her how he did it.

"Why, ha, ha," Snooty says. "It was nothing. I just washed my hands in a little

pool of water that was full of dye and I smelled a rat. I found out that the racing form that scared Sea Muffin that day it lost a race was the color of my green hat. A character who specializes in bangtail lore told me so. It was a sheet called Hennessy's Handicapper—Ab—er—Miss Hepplethwaite. This character, Chubb, was quite a help."

"I always said those green clothes you wear would scare anything," Abigail snickers. She calls a waiter and asks him if he has any champagne.

The waiter nods. "Bring it on then," the old doll says. "You are lookin' at a moll who just beat a moider rap. They don't do it every day, mister. Bring all you got—nothin' is too good fer my mob. Ha ha!"

We have always told you what a card Abigail is.

