

# Revenge of the Bride of the Twelve Thirsty Butchers

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Rated G

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Summary: Clark's children have had enough with their sister's bizarre movie choices. Perhaps a little revenge is in order? (Part of the Martha & Lara series)

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"I'll get it!"

David scrambled up from the floor, where he had been vainly contemplating the scattered pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and sprinted across the room to the front door. He opened it wide, revealing a tall young man with rust-colored hair. "Hi. What do you want?"

The youth smiled down at David. "Hello, I'm here to pick up Martha. We're supposed to go to the theater."

David raised an eyebrow. "You're going on a date with my sister?"

Red-head shrugged. "Not really a 'date' date, we're just going to the movies."

"The movies?"

He nodded. "That's right. My name's Troy, by the way." He offered his hand.

David stared at him for a while, then shook his head. "Mister, you are one brave guy!"

Troy withdrew his hand slightly and cocked his head. "I beg your pardon?"

"Anybody who can put up with those crazy movies Martha watches," David elaborated, "has got to be at least as brave as my dad!"

Troy chuckled and slid his hand, which David had never seemed to notice, into his pocket. "Oh, not at all! I enjoy the subtle nuances of symbolic imagery and the underlying political subtext that some of the artists employ. It really provides a unique perspective on the lives and struggles of the people of some of the more underprivileged nations, particularly in the early-to-mid twentieth century."

"Get off my porch."

"David," a baritone voice chided from the kitchen, "let Troy in."

David turned back to the visitor, who was looking slightly bemused. "Okay, you can come in. Martha's probably somewhere doing something."

"Ah." Troy entered the living room and sat down on the sofa.

David wandered back to his jigsaw puzzle after his father came into the room, shook Troy's hand, and started the obligatory third degree.

It didn't take too long for Martha to finally come downstairs, curls freshly washed and brushed, wearing a nice green dress. "Hi, Troy!"

Troy stood as Martha came over to greet him. They said their goodbyes to her father and David, who was too engrossed in what he was doing to care, then he tucked Martha's hand in his arm and they headed off to the theater.

A short while later, Lara padded downstairs in the process of

pulling her long hair through a scrunchie. "Are they gone?"

Clark nodded. "They just left."

Lara blew a loose strand of hair out of her face and started pacing in front of the couch. "I can't believe there's actually another one on this whole planet! I mean, gah! Just Martha alone is irritating enough---David, if the pieces don't fit, don't try to smash them together---but to actually find out there's another one just like her, in Metropolis, in the same school! Is it something in the water?"

"Lara," Clark waved for his daughter to stop pacing. "Lara, it's not unusual for a person to find somebody who shares a unique interest in something."

Lara and David both stared at him.

"Dad? Have you ever seen Twelve Thirsty Clowns?"

"Or Bride of the Butcher?"

"Life of a Weeping Potato," Clark said, "but that's not the point."

"I just can't believe that there's actually somebody who's as nuts about those stupid movies as she is!"

"Nuts is right," David chimed in. He straightened up from his puzzle and cleared his throat, then started speaking in a high voice. "The bald guy in the background represents a huge war that was fought many years ago between France and Australia over some stale bagels. You can tell by the fact that his shadow is to the left, instead of the right, that the war lasted seventeen years exactly and ended in a draw."

Lara cracked up. "Yeah! That's her all right! 'The perpetually-moving drinky, drinky bird represents a famine that swept through the whole world---'"

"Except Sweden and New Guinea, as noted by the elf's yellow hat!"

Lara and David burst out laughing.

Clark shook his head, but his mouth twitched ever so slightly. "Okay, you two. That's enough."

"You know," Lara said, "I'll bet she doesn't even know what she's talking about. She probably makes half this stuff up!"

David suddenly brightened. "Ooh! I know how we can find out!"

"David," Clark warned, "nothing involving duct tape or a hammer!"

David looked slightly wounded. "Of course not! I was just thinking we could make our own movie!"

"Ooh!" Lara caught on. "And have her 'interpret' it! I like it!"

David stood up and brushed off the puzzle pieces that had stuck to his arms. "Let's get started!"

"We can probably get my film class in on this." Lara grinned, liking this idea more and more. "I'll get the camera!" She ran off towards the hall closet.

"I'll get the hammer!"

"David!"

"Just kidding, Dad."

Lara returned with the video camera. "So, what are we going to call it?"

\*One Week or so Later\*

"I must say," Martha said, "I was kind of surprised that you wanted to take me to see this kind of movie, but this was really nice!"

Lara and David both smiled innocently as the house lights in the school theater came back on.

"So?" Lara prodded, "What did you think?"

"Tell us everything!"

"Well," Martha began, "for one thing, it was a refreshing break from the political and social commentaries that I usually watch. I detected a very Dada-esque approach here, with a lot of free association. Where did you say this movie was from?"

"Um, we made it," said Lara.

David jumped up out of his seat. “Yep! And we got you good, Martha! This movie had nothing to do with ‘Dada’ or ‘Free Association’ ---it was a totally bogus and random movie designed to poke fun at the stuff you made us sit through, and we just shot whatever we felt like shooting!”

Lara shook her head.

Martha rolled her eyes a bit. “Okay, David. You win. I am beaten. I was sooooo wrong.”

David gave a self-satisfied smile, completely missing his sisters’ exchanged glances.

“So,” said Martha, “now that that’s over, want to go to a movie?” At her siblings’ mortified looks, she explained “I was thinking we could go see Captain Alex Vs. the Space Pirates IV.”

David and Lara both smiled.

“That,” said Lara, “would be quite acceptable.”

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