

STACHE/SMEE

SCENE FIVE

Beach

STACHE enters, carried on by SMEE. ----->PLEASE do this safely. This doesn't have

Stache: Set me down, you dozy prat. I can't go another step. *to be an acutal carry. Feel free to find some*

Smee: That trunk is hard to find, Cap'n.

other way of indicating if that's a better choice

Stache: So it is. Elusive as the melody in a Philip Glass opera. *for your pairing of human containers. :-)*

Smee: Rest yourself a while. Smee'll track yer treasure solo.

Stache: Negaroni. We'll trick the pewling spawn and make 'em bring it hither. But how to do it?

How to smoke 'em out –

Smee: We could lure 'em, Cap'n!

Stache: Lure 'em, y'say?

Smee: (*smacks himself on the head*) Stupid idea, Smee. Stupid, stupid!

Stache: Lure 'em, yes. Down here to the butch.

Smee: Beach.

Stache: Beach. In which case, we shall need –

Smee: A magnet. A really big one. That'll attract 'em!

Stache: Smee, Smee . . . I know your heart's in the right place, but – (*A distant ROAR.*) Smee, you've been hitting the three-bean couscous again.

Smee: 'Tweren't I, Cap'n.

Stache: Wait! I have it!

Smee: (*sees something shocking overhead*) Oh, Captain?

Stache: Lucky for me you saved your ukulele!

Smee: Captain Stache!!!!

Stache: A siren's song is what we need, Smee, and you're going to be the luscious siren – (*sees Mister Grin*) WHOA! BIG CROC! (*runs off*)

Smee: He's chewing all the scenery, sir.

Stache: (*runs on*) Not in my scene, he ain't! (*to Miser Grin*) Spare me the theatrics, y'reptilian ham! (*Mister Grin roars monstrously!*) Abandon spleen!

Smee: Scene!

Stache: Scene!

Smee, Stache: Abandon scene!

STACHE and SMEE run off.