

~~(MRS. BUMBRAKE)~~

~~(arms out to FIGHTING PRAWN)~~

~~Oh, Prawnie! TTEN.~~

~~FIGHTING PRAWN~~

~~Ta-ta for now. Or in my language: TIRAMISU!~~

~~ALL~~

~~TIRAMISU! TIRAMISU!~~

~~(The MOLLUSKS vanish back into the jungle.)~~

START

SCOTT

Len, old sport, it's back to England. And then I can finally set my sights on the South Pole.

ASTER

The Antarctic?

SCOTT

Or my name's not Robert Falcon Scott.

*(to his crew)*

Trunk to the longboat!

*(The SEAMEN carry off the empty trunk. MRS. BUMBRAKE and ALF follow them off.)*

MOLLY

*(saluting SCOTT)*

Good luck, Captain. Don't let the Norwegians beat you to it!

SCOTT

Nobody beats the British, little girl. Rule Britannia!

*(SCOTT exits.)*

END

ASTER

*(to MOLLY, of whom he is very proud indeed)*

Not a little girl. A full-fledged Starcatcher.

MOLLY

*(ecstatic)*

Full-fledged Starcatcher! Just like my wonderful father!

PETER

She deserves it, sir. Molly's the real hero.