

~~ALF~~~~Here.~~

SLANK

Lock these two in their cabin for safe-keeping. I'm takin' no chances.

MRS. BUMBRAKE

Wait just a --

SLANK

I don't fancy no dainty daughters roamin' my deck. Now, hop it!

MRS. BUMBRAKE

With pleasure. The cabin could smell no worse than you.

MOLLY

Can we have kitty with us?

*(MOLLY picks up the sweet cat, which now screeches, as terribly evil as SLANK. MOLLY, startled, drops the beast, which scurries down into the bowels of the ship.)*

SLANK

Steer clear o' the pussy, pet - rip yer hand clean off.

*(pulls MRS. BUMBRAKE by the elbow)*

Say the word, madam - I might let y' out later for a promenade. Maybe do some petting of our own, eh?

MRS. BUMBRAKE

Don't trouble yourself, I'm sure. Come along, my girl.

*(ALF steps in. MRS. BUMBRAKE likes what she sees.)*

ALF

It's alright, ma'am. Alf'll see you safely stowed.

MRS. BUMBRAKE

Thank you, kind sir.

ALF

No, thank you, kind lady. Yer eyes're green as the sea... and yer hair's almost as wavy.

MRS. BUMBRAKE

*(a girlish toss of her head)*

Take me below, sir.

*(MRS. BUMBRAKE sniffs spitefully at SLANK. ALF leads her off with MOLLY in tow.)*

**SLANK**

Lock the silly cow in the Junior Suite!

*(The SAILORS snigger.)*

What're you sniggerin' at, y'picaroons?!?

*#3 - Profitable Trade*

Put that trunk in my cabin!

*(cracks his whip)*

Furrow the jib an' let fly the frammistan, or you'll curse the day you were born!

*(The Neverland casts off from the dockside.)*

On to Rundoon, y'fungus! There's profitable trade to be made in Rundoon!

*(SLANK laughs meanly. The SAILORS moan.)*