

## STACHE / SMEE

*STACHE enters, carried on by SMEE.*

**Stache** Set me down, you dozy prat. I can't go another step.

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

**Stache** So it is. Elusive as the melody in a Philip Glass opera.

**Smee** Rest yerself 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!