

BLACKSTACHE & SMEE

BLACKSTACHE: Set me down, you dozy prat. I can't go another step.

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

BLACKSTACHE: So it is. Elusive as the melody in a Philip Glass opera.

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

BLACKSTACHE: 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!

BLACKSTACHE: Lure 'em, y'say?

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

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

SMEE: Beach.

BLACKSTACHE: Beach. In which case, we shall need -

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

BLACKSTACHE: Smee, Smee ... I know your heart's in the right place, but... Oh! I've got it! Ha HA!

SMEE: An idea Cap'n?

BLACKSTACHE: THE idea. My goodness, I am so... I say, Smee - what is it the men call me?

SMEE: Nancy, sir?

BLACKSTACHE: No, the other thing.

SMEE: Ruthless, sir.

BLACKSTACHE: Ruthless!

SMEE: Ruthless, Heartless, and Peerless.

BLACKSTACHE: Guilty as charged.