

Scene 2 – On Deck (Sound effect of waves and seagulls, if possible.)

The crew have assembled (Sam, Israel, Jim, Pip, Noah, Willy, Rupert, Otis, Sinless and Nathaniel) and are waiting to be introduced to Mrs Ravenbeard, in a Queen-meeting-subjects sort of way. Roger is addressing them.

Roger: Right then men – just to remind you that no one, and I mean no one, is to mention anything to do with piracy. We are explorers on our way to South America. We will proceed to...

Sam puts his hand up.

Yes Sam?

Sam: Hasn't South America already been discovered, Cap'n?

Roger: We are not going to South America to try to find South America because South America has, as you have pointed out, already been discovered. We'll proceed to...

Sam raises his hand once more.

Roger: Yes Sam?

Sam: So if South America has been discovered, why are we going there?

Roger: What?

Noah: Aye – Sam's got a point, Captain. Will your mother not suspect something if we try to discover a country, nay, a continent, that has already been found? I have a chart here (*he pulls out a chart from about his person*) and you can clearly see South America.

The rest of the crew gather round to have a look and murmur worriedly.

Jim Flynn: He's right

Otis Ogle: There it is. South America.

Willy Bunce: It looks like a man with a big hat, riding a pig.
Noah: That's our country, you idiot. No, it's there look.

Willy: Where? I can't see it.

Noah: There! Where it says 'South America'.

Willy: Oh yeah. (*He turns to the person next to him.*) Did you see it? I couldn't see it...

Roger: (*Exasperated.*) Look, I told you – we are not trying to discover South America. We will be exploring – oh, I don't know – some of the *terra incognita* inland. We will proceed as planned...

Rupert Flower puts his hand up.

Roger: (*Irritably.*) Yes Rupert?

Rupert: Will there be snakes, sir? I've got a whatsit about snakes. You know, a hoojit. (*Thinks for a bit.*) Phobia! They're all slimy with big pointy fangs that inject you with poison. (*He demonstrates what the fangs look like with his fingers.*)

Noah: Actually, Rupert, snakes aren't slimy at all. And not all snakes are venomous.

Roger: There won't be any snakes!

Rupert: Really sir? Cos I heard the South American jungle was full of 'em.

The crew murmur again.

Noah: That's true. Anacondas.

Izzy: Reticulated pythons.

Nathaniel: Boa constrictors.

Sinless: Tree snakes.

Pip: River snakes.

Sam: Black mambas.

Noah: No, now your black mamba is an African plains snake.
Wouldn't be found in a tropical rainforest...

Roger: (*Really angry now.*) Will you all please shut up about snakes! There won't be any snakes because we're not really going to South America.

Crew: (*As if they've just been told they're not going on holiday.*)
Aah.

Roger: We are pretending to be explorers. We are pretending to go to South America, but we're not really going there. As I was saying, we shall proceed to Port Royal as planned where I shall procure for Mrs Ravenbeard a bungalow, where she will live out her old age.

Mrs Ravenbeard appears on deck.

Roger: Look smart. Attention on deck.

Everyone stands to attention

Roger: Good morning, Mother.

Mrs Ravenbeard: 'Morning, Roger love.

She gives him a big kiss on the cheek.

Mrs Ravenbeard: Oops. Lipstick.

She gets a hanky, licks it, and wipes the lipstick from Roger's cheek. The crew stifle giggles.

Roger: Mother! Not in front of the crew!

Mrs Ravenbeard: How could a mum resist that big cheeky face?

She pinches his cheek.

Roger: (*Dying of embarrassment.*) Mother! (*Pulls himself together.*) I'd like to introduce you to my crew.