

BOTH SAILORS. Aye, aye, sir.

The CAPTAIN and the TWO SAILORS exit. MOON and BILLY emerge from hiding.

BILLY. Did you hear that? I've got to do something about this disguise.

The PURSER enters, carrying Mrs. Harcourt's dog Cheeky.

PURSER. Stay out of the kitchen or I'll put you on the menu!
Sailor, find out who this belongs to.

The PURSER hands the dog to BILLY.

BILLY. Aye, aye, sir. *(The PURSER exits)* If only I had a beard or a phony moustache ...

*MOON and BILLY look at the dog, look at each other, and race off.
WHITNEY and MRS. HARCOURT enter.*

MRS. HARCOURT. Cheeky! Cheeky! Where is that dog?

WHITNEY. Now, now. They always find their way home.

MRS. HARCOURT. His home is in Oyster Bay, Long Island.

WHITNEY. Be calm, my dear. You're like a trembling fawn. Here, have a snort.

WHITNEY offers his hip flask.

MRS. HARCOURT. I told you, Eli. Liquor has never touched my lips.

WHITNEY. You know a short cut?

WHITNEY takes a long drink; a bark offstage.

MRS. HARCOURT. Cheeky! Oh, Cheeky!

MRS. HARCOURT exits. WHITNEY raises his binoculars.

WHITNEY. Evangeline, just look at that moon! *(The PURSER enters)*
Ah, yes. The night was made for romance, my sweet. Will you marry me?

PURSER. I'm afraid I can't, sir. I'm already married.

WHITNEY. What!

PURSER. But there's a lady around the corner looking for a dog.
Why don't you try her?

WHITNEY. Thank you.

PURSER. You're welcome.