

- PRENTISS -

PRENTISS: We should definitely wait here. We'll be safer.

BOY: There's more important things in this world than saving your own neck.

PRENTISS AND TED: Like what?

BOY: Like helping Molly.

The Boy runs off. A boxing bell rings: DING, DING, DING!

NARRATOR SCOTT: And, up on deck, two captains square off for the greatest of grand prizes!

A boxing ring forms around Slank and Stache.

Start



BOXING ANNOUNCER PRENTISS: Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for coming out on this stormy night for our featured bout! In this corner, direct from Slough by way of Despond, with the intimacy issues and the claggy knickers, it's no mother's son and no man's pal: BILL "THE RAT BASTARD" SLANK! *(All cheer.)* And in this corner, sporting his famous flavor-saver since the tender age of ten, the most fearsome pirate on the pike, all hands on deck for THE BLACK STACHE! *(Smee, alone, cheers Stache.)* This is a one-round knockout match. Kicking, spitting, and gouging is preferred. Hitting below the belt is not required, though the fans tend to like it.

~~ALL WE LOVE IT!!~~ **THEY LOVE IT!**

BOXING ANNOUNCER PRENTISS: Now shake hands and come out rhyming!

END

~~*A (s)word fight between Slank and Stache:*~~

SLANK: Take a hike, y'mingy crumb! The trunk is mine, so kiss me bum!

STACHE: I'll kiss ya, Bill, with me French roaster, rolley-coaster, upper-cutter, flipper-flopper!

SLANK: Which I dodge like so, behind-your-backsies, which needs-a-waxy, by the by!