

# MRS. BUMBRAKE

## SCENE TWO

### *Molly's Cabin*

*MOLLY and MRS. BUMBRAKE are crammed tightly in the "Junior Suite," a very tiny cabin. The lonely sound of a fiddle wafts by.*

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** First Class ain't what it used to be. 'Course, back in my salad days, I was a green girl bringing up brats in a big, breezy brownstone in Brighton. That was a tight spot, too, and hell on the household help. Especially the kitchen boy — a lovely island lad who cooked a cunning cannelloni, plus a pasta fazool to make you drool. But oh, it made the master mad how the mistress moaned fer 'is manicotti. He beat that boy something brutal, but the boy didn't say boo. Point is — we must button our beaks and be brave like that boy, or my name's not Betty Bumbrake. Now, you might well be afraid you'll never clap eyes on your father again, and it cuts me to the core, but never show that sorry Slank the slightest sniff of fear. There are men who can smell it on you, Molly, and they make you pay . . . *(breaks down blubbing)*

**END**

**Molly:** That's a stupid example if you're going to cry halfway through. Be a woman!

*MRS. BUMBRAKE recovers herself as the door flies open. ALF pops his head in and sets down a bucket.*

**Alf:** Situated, miss?

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** Missus Bumbrake. Missus.

**Alf:** Sorry to hear that. I was wed once — dreadful business

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** Mister Bumbrake fell off the twig years ago. Left me widowed at fort — er, thirty.

**Molly:** *(notices the bucket)* Is that food? I'm awfully hungry.

**Alf:** This ain't fer no ladies. It's fer the pigs down the other end.

**Molly:** Pigs? Really? May I help you feed them?

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** My Molly loves all God's little creatures, you know.

**Alf:** Not these creatures, she don't. But don't despair — Cook's layin' on some yummy meat in the galley. I'll escort you when it's up.

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** Nothing too rich, pray. We girls must watch our waistlines.

**Alf:** Been thinking 'bout getting in shape, me-self.

**Molly:** Round is a shape.

**Alf:** Sorry?

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** So true. You're quite the specimen.

**Alf:** No, I have flabby thighs. But fortunately my stomach covers 'em. Best be off. *(passes gas)*  
TTFN.

*ALF exits but forgets, in his flirtation, to lock the cabin door.*

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** He's rough, but he's ready, that Alf.

**Molly:** He smelt like smelt.

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** True . . . but there's a whiff of hero about him, mark my words.

*MOLLY pushes the cabin door, which swings open.*

**Molly:** Left the cabin door ajar. I could follow him and feed the piggies! May I, Nana, please?

*Not waiting for an answer, MOLLY bolts out of the cabin.*

**Mrs. Bumbrake:** Molly, come back here. Don't make me come after you! *(turns green as the ship creaks and the cabin lists)* Oh. Oh dear . . . *(calling off)* Best bring back a bucket before Betty Bumbrake blows her bloomin' breakfast!