

ALF

Aster: Molly! Careful!

Molly: It's all right, Daddy. Him's a sweet little puss, isn't him . . .

The cat mews sweetly in MOLLY's arms.

Mrs. Bumbrake: Our Molly loves all God's little creatures.

MRS. BUMBRAKE hands the purring cat to a passing SAILOR.

Molly: *(ever so bravely)* Daddy . . . I know you don't need my help in Rundoon, but I've got to start pulling my weight sometime.

Aster: You're all grown up, aren't you.

Molly: I am, Daddy. Courage now, promise?

Aster: Promise.

Molly: *(giving in to tears)* Oh dear.

Two SAILORS topple a crate very near to Molly's head.

Narrator Slank: Just then, the crate of boys bursts open!

Narrator Boy: One of the boys almost falls out!

Narrator Molly: Hanging upside down just over Molly's head!

Narrator Boy: He stares at her.

Narrator Molly: She stares at him.

Narrator Boy: He has an air about him.

Narrator Molly: The look of a boy who doesn't miss much, or say much about it.

Slank: *(lifting the BOY back into the crate and slamming it shut)* Back in the box, y'monkeys!

Narrator Molly: Something about the boy makes Molly feel like she just grew up a little.

Aster: *(confidentially)* Daughter. *(MOLLY can't take her eyes off the BOY, fascinated.)* A word.

(His stern tone snaps MOLLY to attention.) There isn't any treasure in the Queen's trunk, and what is in it has to be destroyed, by order of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Molly: God Save Her.

All: GOD SAVE HER.

Aster: I'll have to move quickly before the King of Rundoon even knows I'm there.

Molly: But how are you going to destroy it?

Aster: Can you keep it a secret?

Molly: I can.

EVERYONE ELSE on the ship crowds around them to eavesdrop.

All: WE CAN.

To avoid being overheard, ASTER speaks in Dodo.

Aster: *(holding an amulet in his hand, ad libs)* Cwah cheep wirp reet reet burp.

Molly: *(speaking with great difficulty)* Click . . . bleep . . . cwaaaah!

Aster: Sorry?

Molly: *(being brave about messing it up)* Click bleep cwaaaah?

Aster: I think you mean —

~~Narrator~~ ~~Scott~~: They're speaking in Dodo, a language known only to, well —

~~Narrator~~ ~~Scott~~: — dodos — and a handful of very special humans.

~~Narrator~~ ~~Scott~~: Dodo: a fat, clumsy bird, hence the Latin name, Didus ineptus.

~~Narrator~~ ~~Scott~~: Alf: Known for its greedy appetite, slothful pace, and sense of entitlement, the dodo was fearless of people and faced no real competition — an eerie mirror of the British Empire at its colonial zenith. Of course, those same traits were responsible for the dodo's extinction — an eerie mirror of the British Empire after its colonial zenith — but thereby hangs another tale.

END

ALF
START