

Hend. (Aghast) My father! A buccaneer!

V.H. Not so, my son. I have created myself a protector of all those who ride upon the seas. I have tried to keep justice between ships and crews who engage each other for willful robbery and murder.

Officers of V.H. And have succeeded, sir

Hend. Come, Mother, let us consult together. This is all too sudden. Permit us to retire, sir (V.H. gives a rather weary sigh of agreement. Exit Isab. & Hend Isab still agog with the intense excitement of the moment)

V.H. Ho! Bring more wine, and fill our pipes to the full (Commotion among the stewards)

V.H. What now

Chief S. Oh sir

V.H. Yes

Ch. S. We have searched everywhere and can find no more tobacco

V.H. No more tobacco, Impossible!

Ch.S. Since you gave permission to everyone on board after the frigate had been captured to help themselves freely of your tobacco, we have searched in vain for even one pipeful for yourself, sir

C.F. (Overhearing the conversation) Permit me, Captain, if I may make so bold. The frigate is chock full of tobacco, thanks to its erstwhile Captain, Walter Raleigh. You only have to command and it will be brought to you here on board your vessel

V.H. Thanks Captain Fitzroy. I feel more and more indebted to you every hour - first the Lady and her son, and now the tobacco. I will endeavour to live up to all this (Commotion on board. Officer enters)

Officer *Storm Music begins* Sir, the glass is dropping fast. We will have to make preparations to meet all emergencies

V.H. Very good (Turning to C.F.) Captain Fitzroy, will you regain your frigate

*wine*