

**EXHANGE between COMMODORE BELL and
COLONEL “Mad Jack” McMADD**

Comm. Bell – older, bit stuffy Brit (1st in command at Barataria Bay)

Col. McMadd – driven to beat Americans (2nd in command at Barataria Bay)

BELL: My dear Colonel McMadd. Once again, here we are, addressing your latest transgressions. Care for some sherry?

McMadd: Thank you, no. I prefer to breakfast first.

B: Tish and Tosh! Stuff and nonsense! The upcoming labors of the day look far more rosy through the bottom of a sherry glass. (aside) (Heh heh. That was very good. I shall write that down!) Harumph! My good Colonel, I understand you to have been a very naughty boy. Again!

M: Commodore? I have done nothing but execute the duties of my office to the best of my abilities. Furthermore, I...

B: Yes, my dear McMadd. “**Execute**” is an interesting choice of words. I understand you single handedly slaughtered nine colonials with your sabre.

M: Yes! I was resplendent! A whole squad of armed Colonial militia!

B: A hunting party.

M: HA! A clever ploy!!

B: From a local church congregation.

M: Perfect camouflage! The hypocrisy!

B: To feed the poorer members of their congregation. The old and infirm.

M: BAH! If you cannot pull your own weight, out the window, I say!!

B: (sign) My dear Colonel. By the flush of your cheeks and that vein throbbing on your temple, I know further conversation is useless... (aside) (I wonder if Captain Ball is ready for a promotion?)

M: BALL? HA!! He’s too busy parading his privates up and down the town’s main street!

B: Sir? That seems admirable. Displaying British might and majesty?

M: (clears throat) Ahem. Commodore. This is a solitary.... exercise.

B: OH! Well he... WHAT?? OH GOD IN HEAVEN. And you wonder at my glass of sherry with breakfast.