

Nautikles enters in disguise, wearing an eye-patch over his eye.

NAUTIK. If I didn't know the course of true love was already
paved with the sneakiest of tricks in the book, I'd sure be
a lot more anxious, running around in this get-up
to get back my girlfriend.

There they are, I'd better disguise my voice.

He speaks in a gruff, but somewhat stiff and halting manner.

Uh, BAH! And now to fetch this Convivia. I'll knock on the door.

He pounds on the Major's door.

AHOY! IS THERE

ANYONE HOME?

DEXTER

What is it, young man? What do you want?

NAUTIK.

I'm here to fetch one Convivia, I come
On behalf of her mother. She'd better come on, if she's coming.
She's holding the lot of us up. We want to shove off.

MAJOR

She's ready and waiting for loading.

NAUTIK.

Aye! And please shake a leg, if you would.

MAJOR

He won't waste time.

And what, may I ask, is that?

The Major begins to inspect his eye-patch.

Your eye—what happened?

NAUTIK.

Me eye? Uh, AYE! I GOT ONE!

MAJOR

I mean the left.

NAUTIKLES

I'll tell you.

He points to his eye-patch.

I use this eye less,
by Neptune, because—it's my wont; had I wanted her less
I'd use it as much as the other.

AYE! But avast
this delay! I won't be kept waiting.