

BOSUN

Aye, Little Buttercup - and well called - for you're the rosiest, the sweetest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all of Spithead.

ALL

Aye! Aye!

BUTTERCUP

Red, as I? And round - and rosy? Maybe, for I have dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend - hast ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior there may lurk a canker worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

BOSUN

No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

DICK

I've thought it often

BUTTERCUP

Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

DICK

I say, it's a beast of a name, ain't it. Dick Deadeye.

BUTTERCUP

It's not a nice name.

DICK

I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUTTERCUP

You are certainly plain.

DICK

And I'm three-cornered, too, ain't I?

BUTTERCUP

You are rather triangular.

DICK

Ha! Ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you!

ALL

We do!

DICK

There!

BUTTERCUP

Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character - now can you?

DICK

No.

BUTTERCUP

Its asking too much, ain't it?

DICK

It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature - I'm resigned.