

SCENE THREE: Mollusk Territory**FIGHTING PRAWN**

You three will do nicely.

TED

(surprised)

You speak English!

FIGHTING PRAWN

If I must. *Préférez-vous que je parle français ?*

PRENTISS

But you're savages!

FIGHTING PRAWN

(darkly)

We Mollusks are no savages. I know where savagery is, boy. When I was young man, English landed here, took me to your island in chains. Many long years I serve as kitchen slave in Not-So-Great Britain. Until by kindness of fate—

HAWKING CLAM

— a shipwreck brought my father back to Mollusk Island.

FIGHTING PRAWN

Yes. In your language, my name is Fighting Prawn. This is my son, Hawking Clam.

(The MOLLUSKS hail their royal family with a brief salute.)

My son shall wear this hat once worn
By my brutal British master.
For years, I was his kitchen slave.
He beat me raw, but I was brave
And one day put him in his grave
With a plate of poisoned pasta!

(The MOLLUSKS appreciate the ritual.)

FIGHTING PRAWN

Thank you.

HAWKING CLAM

Come, it is time.

PRENTISS

Time?

FIGHTING PRAWN

Feeding time.

TED

Feeding time, finally!

HAWKING CLAM

Not where you eat, piggy boy. Where you are eaten.

FIGHTING PRAWN

You must answer to the law: The Law of Mister Grin.

PRENTISS

Who's Mister Grin?

HAWKING CLAM

We worship him, and he protects us from foreign trouble-makers.

FIGHTING PRAWN

Come, we feed you now to vicious crocodile.

(A terrible roar from off! The BOYS are terrified!)

PETER

WAIT!!! Please don't feed us to any crocodile. First - first take us to Mister Grin.

FIGHTING PRAWN

Crocodile is Mister Grin.

("Take them!")

PASTA!

PETER

(urgently)

Wait! We can give you great gift!

FIGHTING PRAWN

("Release them!")

ANTI-PASTA!

(to PETER)

You said "gift"?

PETER

A story - yeah, we'll give you a bedtime story. *Sleeping Beauty*. Right, guys?

~~TED~~

~~*Sleeping Beauty, yeah. The thing is, I nodded off before the end.*~~

PETER

~~(*setto voce to TED*)~~

~~Maybe they will too, and we can get outta here!~~

~~(*to FIGHTING PRAWN*)~~

~~We give you story, you let us live, and we leave your island. Deal?~~

FIGHTING PRAWN

Okey dokey. But if I am not entertained, it's Mister Grin for all of you!! Assume the position!

(The MOLLUSKS sit.)

You have one minute!

~~TED~~

~~(*stricken*)~~

~~One minute? What'm I supposed to do in one minute? I can't transform. I can't inhabit the character.~~

FIGHTING PRAWN

Bring me the holy relic of my captivity!

HAWKING CLAM

Here, Mighty Father. The kitchen timer.

(HAWKING CLAM hands over the timer. FIGHTING PRAWN winds it.)

FIGHTING PRAWN

One minute, starting... NOW!

(We hear a Jeopardy-like tick-tock under the boys' presentation:)

~~PRENTISS~~

~~Um... One at a time -~~

~~TED~~

~~(*remembering MOLLY*)~~

~~Once upon a time - that's how they always start! Upon a time, upon a time!!~~

FIGHTING PRAWN

Tick-tock, tick-tock... hungry, Mister Grin?

(Mister Grin roars!)