

(MACK
#SAN#22
read this)

FIGHTING PRAWN or

HAWKING CLAM

SCENE THREE

Mollusk Territory

START -

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 chant*)

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 troublemakers.

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 - take us to Mister Grin.

Fighting Prawn: Crocodile is Mister Grin. (*"Take them!"*) PASTA!

Peter: (*urgently*) We can give you a 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: (*sotto voice 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: Okeydokey. 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!

END