

Peter/Molly CB

Molly: I said forget about sleep! Teddy!

Suddenly . . . PETER!

Peter: He's spark out.

Molly: *(startled)* Peter! Oh, Peter! I thought –

Molly throws herself around PETER's neck. They're ecstatic, reunited, like kids.

Peter: The most incredible thing – you won't believe – I met this –

PETER and MOLLY stop, embarrassed.

Molly: Right. Well. Good to see you, Peter. Shall we wake the boys?

Peter: Been kind of a long day? Leave 'em be.

Molly: Just us then.

Peter: Yeah. Just us. *(jiggles the trunk's lock)* We should open the trunk – make sure the starstuff's okay.

Molly: Oh no, that's not, no –

Peter: I wanna sit in the starstuff –

Molly: Very dangerous – exposure to so much of it.

Peter: I don't care!

Molly: Well, I do! I was so worried. We waited and waited. I told them you'd come. We waited – *(darker, sitting on the ground)* and then the rain and the dark and I was so worried –

Peter: *(leaning in)* I'm here. *(sits next to MOLLY)* Do you think I've changed?

Molly: You're dirtier.

Peter: So, I've been meaning to ask you about the, um . . . about that, uh – you know – about that thing you did.

Molly: What thing?

Peter: the kiss, okay? The kiss.

Molly: What kiss?

Peter: The kiss! The one you gave me!

Molly: Oh, the kiss.

Peter: "What kiss," she says.

Molly: Well, what about it?

Peter: Nobody's ever wanted to kiss me, that's all –

Molly: Want to? I didn't want to, we were about to be eaten alive and –

Peter: I mean, I was just sitting there and you grabbed me –

Molly: Oh for heaven's sake, such a fuss! Didn't you like it?

Peter: No, it was –

Molly: *(standing, upset)* You didn't like it. You didn't like it, and now you're telling me you didn't like it! Unbelievable.

Peter: I'm not saying I didn't like it –

Ted: *(dreaming)* Mmm . . . pork.

Molly: *(keeping her voice down so as not to wake TED)* Then what're you saying?

Peter: I guess I'm saying – I guess I'm asking –

Molly: You stop that right now. I won't answer any such question. You're inclining toward the sentimental and that's all well and good for a boy, but the fact is –

Peter: Inclining toward what?

Molly: - we girls can't afford to be sentimental. We must instead be strong.

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