

# TED/PRENTISS/MOLLY

Ted: I got a sick feeling about this.

Prentiss: I'll think of something.

*MOLLY steps from the shadows.*

Molly: No you won't. *(The BOYS scream, terrified!)* In my experience, boys are sadly slow thinkers.

Ted: What is it?!

Prentiss: What are you?

Molly: I'm a girl.

*They edge away, the BOY hiding behind TED and PRENTISS.*

Prentiss: No way.

Ted: We saw a girl once —

Prentiss: — headmaster's daughter.

Ted: It was nothing like you. It was all — *(characterizing that awful girl of yore)* "aarrgh, rowrrr, gonna getcha!"

Molly: *(the boss)* Who's the leader here?

Prentiss: Who wants to know?

Molly: Molly Aster. Doctor Pretorius back home says I have an extraordinarily high level of brain power.

Prentiss: If you're so smart, how come you're stuck on this dirt bucket?

Molly: I'm not stuck. I'm going to meet my father in Rundoon. He has important things to do.

Prentiss: We have important things to do.

Ted: No we don't.

Prentiss: I'm the leader, and I say we got some things. **END**

Boy: *(to MOLLY)* He's not the leader.

*MOLLY recognizes the upside-down BOY from the crate.*

Molly: You.

Boy: You.

Molly: How old are you?

Boy: How old are you?

Molly: I'm thirteen.

Boy: I'm thirteen.

Molly: Wait — I just remembered today's my birthday. I'm fifteen.

Boy: If you were thirteen and today's your birthday, you'd be fourteen.

Molly: I only celebrate odd-numbered birthdays.

Prentiss: Wait a minute, wait a minute, doesn't matter how old you are! I'm still the leader. The leader has to be a boy.

Molly: *(to TED)* Hey — up our end of the ship we get served proper food. I can lead you there — *(to PRENTISS, pointedly)* which would make me the leader.

Ted: *(drooling)* Proper food? Really?

Molly: Just tell me your names.

Boy: Why should we?

Molly: *(conspiratorially)* Only that . . . if you have names, they serve you meat.

Ted: TED! I'm TED!

Prentiss: But I call him Tubby, 'cuz he's food-obsessed.

Ted: I am not food ob —

Prentiss: D'you write poems about pie?