

(MACK  
#SANCHIZ  
read this)

# FIGHTING PRAWN or

# HAWKING CLAM

START -

## 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 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