

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. *(lifts herself to sit atop the trunk)* And when I marry, my husband will have to –

Peter: MARRY? Whoa, you thought I was asking you to –

START →

Molly: Not you, you swot. Uch, the ego. *(starting again)* And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this person – that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if should leave, I'll stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at the hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx." And I'll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be a different sort of family, with friends, you know? – who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them. *(then)* Even if I – in the face of death. I may have – you know –

Peter: *(sits next to MOLLY)* Wanted to?

Molly: I didn't say that.

Peter: *(gently, sweetly, holds MOLLY's hand)* Got it.

Molly: Good.

Peter: *(absorbing)* Wow. **END**

A moment. They suddenly seem older. MOLLY stifles a yawn.

Molly: *(giving in to exhaustion)* You know, I might just – now that you're here – rest my eyes for a little –

MOLLY hops off the trunk and curls up in front of the lock. Instantly, she's sleep.

Gingerly, PETER tries to jiggle the lock open. The noise disturbs PRENTISS.

Prentiss: *(dreaming)* No, Molly, no! The leader has to be a - !

PRENTISS awakens. PETER's moment has passed and he runs off.

Molly: *(rubs her eyes)* Where's Peter?

Prentiss: The Mollusks got him, remember?

It is now morning. TED sits up, shielding his eyes from the dawn's glare.

Ted: Is that the sun? What's for breakfast? *(licks the pineapple)* Ow!

Narrator Alf: did he say the sun? But if you can see the sun coming up –

Narrator Bumblebee: If you can see the sky at all –

Molly: We must be very near the beach! C'mon, boys! We made it!

The strumming of a ukulele is heard, as MOLLY, PRENTISS, and TED push the trunk to the beach.