

Act Two: Scene Three

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!