

# • FIGHTING PRAWN •

## \*\*\* Scene Three \*\*\* MOLLUSK TERRITORY

Start →

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: 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.~~  
**me**

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 one day wear this hat

Once worn by British phony.

I beat his eggs while he beat me.

I stole his hat and walked out free

The day I served him smilingly

A poisoned cannelloni.

*The Mollusks appreciate the ritual.*

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.

END.