

# Bumbrake ♦ Fighting Prawn

START

*Amid the distraction, Stache hides behind the other prisoners.*

*Mrs. Bumbrake gets a good look at Fighting Prawn.*

MRS. BUMBRAKE: Prawnie — ? Prawnie, is that you?

FIGHTING PRAWN: Betty?

MRS. BUMBRAKE: *(as the servant she once was)* "The mistress wants more of your manicotti."

FIGHTING PRAWN: *(as the servant he once was)* "And a pasta fazool —"

MRS. BUMBRAKE: " — to make you drool!"

FIGHTING PRAWN: Betty Bumbrake, it's you! *(to assembled prisoners)*

This woman only English kind to me when I was kitchen slave!

*Hawking Clam pushes Aster forward.*

MRS. BUMBRAKE: Be a prince, Prawnie, and let Lord Aster loose.

FIGHTING PRAWN: You are English, so I'll choose my words carefully. No.

MRS. BUMBRAKE: But Prawnie —

FIGHTING PRAWN: Since English come to our island, nature's laws go *cacciatore*!

MOLLY: Because of the contents of this trunk, Your Highness. Release my father, and we'll take the trunk off the island. Nature restored. Mollusks live happily ever after!

*Stache grabs Fighting Prawn from behind, holding his straight razor at the king's throat.*

STACHE: "Happily ever after" my kebab knife! *(to Molly)* You, kitty cat! Bring the trunk here or I cut the savage's throat.

MOLLY: *(trapped in a moral dilemma)* That's a terrible choice — I have a sacred duty!

STACHE: Take yer time. I'll count to three — THREE!

ECHO (PETER): THREE . . . Three . . . three . . .

END