

FIGHTING PRAWN & TED

FIGHTING PRAWN: MONTEPULCIANO! You will do nicely.

TED: You speak English!

FIGHTING PRAWN: Preferez-vous que je parle Francais?

TED: But you're savages!

FIGHTING PRAWN: TREBBIANO! 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. TOCAI E DOLCETTO! Until by kindness of fate a shipwreck brought me back to Mollusk Island. In your language, my name is Fighting Prawn. This is my son, Hawking Clam, who shall wear this that 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!
VINO BIANCO! TREBBIANO!
MOSCAT! PINOT GRIGIO!
Come, it is feeding time

TED: Feeding time! Finally!

FIGHTING PRAWN: Not where you eat, piggy boy. Where you are eaten!
CANNELLONI! You must answer to The Law of Mister Grin.

TED: Who's Mister Grin?

FIGHTING PRAWN: We worship him, and he protects us from foreign troublemakers. Come, we feed you now to vicious crocodile.

TED: WAIT!!! Please don't feed us to any crocodile. First - first take us to Mister Grin.

FIGHTING PRAWN: Crocodile is Mister Grin. PASTA!