

TED, PRENTISS, MOLLY

TED: I got a sick feeling about this.

PRENTISS: I'll think of something.

MOLLY: (*steps from the shadows*) No you won't.

(The **BOYS** scream, terrified!)

MOLLY: In my experience, boys are sadly slow thinkers.

TED: What is it?!

PRENTISS: What are you?

MOLLY: I'm a girl.

PRENTISS: No way.

TED: We saw a girl once -

PRENTISS: - headmaster's daughter.

TED: It was nothing like you. It was all - (*characterizing that awful girl of yore*) "aarrgh, rowrrr, gonna getcha!"

MOLLY: Okay... Who's the leader here?

PRENTISS: Who wants to know?

MOLLY: Molly Aster. Doctor Pretorius back home says I have an extraordinarily high level of brain power.

PRENTISS: If you're so smart, how come you're stuck on this dirt bucket?

MOLLY: I'm not stuck. I'm going to meet my father in Rundoon. He has important things to do.

PRENTISS: We have important things to do.

TED: No we don't.

PRENTISS: I'm the leader, and I say we got some things.

MOLLY: Just tell me your names.

PRENTISS: Why should we?

MOLLY: Only that ... if you have names, they serve you meat.

TED: TED! I'm TED!

PRENTISS: But I call him Tubby, 'cuz he's food-obsessed.

TED: I am not food ob -

PRENTISS: D'you write poems about pie?

TED: To pass the time -

PRENTISS: Hide beans in your blanket?

TED: It's a blood-sugar thing.

PRENTISS: Faint at the merest whisper of... sticky pudding!

TED (*faints to his knees*): Sticky pudding, it's so good ...

PRENTISS: Like I said, food-obsessed. I'm Prentiss. I'm in charge here.

MOLLY: Ever notice, Ted -the more you claim leadership, the more it eludes you?

TED: Oh, snap!
