

MISCHA (CONT'D)

(To himself)

...whatever the heck that dude's name is...

RICKY

I don't think people could handle what I have to say.

CONSTANCE

Just go ahead. It's fine.

(Kids rhubarb words of encouragement.)

RICKY

Okay...

(pause, gathering thoughts)

I guess you could say I'm pretty bangin' on another planet. Lo, I'm the prophet from the Zolarian Starcluster, supreme being of those that evolved from cats. There are seven suns on the planet Zolar, so the gravitational pull makes everything *seven times... more bangin'... -er ... -ee. Bangin'ery.* ← **End**

OCEAN

WHO even are you right now?!

RICKY

I'm telling you, Monkey Love Drop...

Start

