

SIDE 2

It feels quite wonderful to be free of that wretched hillside.
LADYBUG

And Spiker and Sponge.
EARTHWORM

Did you know they killed my fiancé?
SPIDER

No!
LADYBUG

Yes! And then the gigantic one... she ate him.
SPIDER

Horrible!
LADYBUG
(*CENTIPEDE snores loudly.*)

(*afraid*)
EARTHWORM
What was that?! What **WAS THAT?!**

It was just Centipede snoring.
JAMES

(*waking*)
CENTIPEDE
What? What's going on? Why did the human say my name?
SPIDER

Tell them what happened to you, Centipede.
CENTIPEDE

Blah, who cares.
SPIDER

We're sharing!
CENTIPEDE

Fine! My family was in the sock and shoe racket. We're pretty famous in the bug world. Til Spiker and Sponge sprayed everyone with insecticide in the great raid of fifty-nine.
LADYBUG

Those two monsters hated everything. Even ladybugs. Who doesn't like ladybugs?
GRASSHOPPER

I like ladybugs.
(*Awkward silence as LADYBUG and GRASSHOPPER share coy glances.*)
JAMES

(*a realization*)
Spiker and Sponge were horrible to everyone.
CENTIPEDE

Spiker and Sponge were no different than any of you humans.
GRASSHOPPER

Centipede, James is one of us.
CENTIPEDE

That is a human boy. His kind pulls off our legs, or burns us with magnifying glasses! He is **NOT** one of us!
He will **NEVER** be one of us!
(*CENTIPEDE climbs up to the crow's nest, alone.*)
LADYBUG

Ignore him, James. His type are pests.

CENTIPEDE

(calling from the ladder)
And your type are snobs!

LADYBUG

James, you haven't said anything about your parents. Where are they?

GRASSHOPPER

They must be very worried about you.

(JAMES becomes silent, staring at the ground. SPIDER, LADYBUG and GRASSHOPPER sense something is very wrong.)

SPIDER

James, it's alright. You can tell us.

JAMES

My parents were in a horrible accident, and now they're... gone.