

SCENE FOUR: ARIEL'S GROTTO

(From the deep emerges a veritable museum of human artifacts that Ariel has collected over the years, dominated by a huge, discarded bust resembling Prince Eric. A braid of red sea anemones is draped about its neck. Ariel, distraught after her fight with Dad, sits among her treasures holding her newly acquired fork. Flounder tries to comfort her.)

FLOUNDER

Ariel!

ARIEL

He doesn't understand me! He doesn't even try. I've never felt at home here.

FLOUNDER

Home's with your family, isn't it?

ARIEL

What if home isn't the place where you were born? What if it's a place you have to discover for yourself—

FLOUNDER

I'd miss you if you were gone.

ARIEL

You would?

FLOUNDER

(his cheeks redden)

Not in a dopey way. Not in a "crazy, hopeless, I'm-so-in-love-but-she-doesn't-know-I'm-alive" kinda way. Not like that at ALL.

(Everything poor Flounder says just seems to leave him more exposed, more vulnerable. The best he can do? Escape.)

Uh, I gotta go.

(And Flounder darts away.)

ARIEL

(affectionately calling out)

Flounder, you're very sweet.

(now alone with her thoughts, addressing the bust almost as if it were Prince Eric)

Daddy's never even met a human, but he still thinks the worst of them.

(Ariel holds the silver fork and marvels as it catches the light.)

(ARIEL)

I just don't see how a world that makes such wonderful things could be so bad.

LOOK AT THIS STUFF, ISN'T IT NEAT?
WOULDN'T YOU THINK MY COLLECTION'S COMPLETE?
WOULDN'T YOU THINK I'M THE GIRL
THE GIRL WHO HAS EV'RYTHING?

LOOK AT THIS TROVE, TREASURES UNTOLD
HOW MANY WONDERS CAN ONE CAVERN HOLD?
LOOKING AROUND HERE, YOU'D THINK
SURE, SHE'S GOT EV'RYTHING

I'VE GOT GADGETS AND GIZMOS A-PLENTY
I'VE GOT WHO'S-ITS AND WHAT'S-ITS GALORE
YOU WANT THING-A-MABOBS? I'VE GOT TWENTY
BUT WHO CARES?
NO BIG DEAL
I WANT MORE

I WANNA BE WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE
I WANNA SEE, WANNA SEE 'EM DANCIN'
WALKIN' AROUND ON THOSE -
WHADDYA CALL 'EM? OH, FEET

FLIPPIN' YOUR FINS, YOU DON'T GET TOO FAR
LEGS ARE REQUIRED FOR JUMPIN', DANCIN'
STROLLIN' ALONG DOWN THE -
WHAT'S THAT WORD AGAIN? STREET

UP WHERE THEY WALK
UP WHERE THEY RUN
UP WHERE THEY STAY ALL DAY IN THE SUN
WANDERIN' FREE
WISH I COULD BE
PART OF THAT WORLD

WHAT WOULD I GIVE
IF I COULD LIVE
OUTTA THESE WATERS?

(ARIEL)

WHAT WOULD I PAY
TO SPEND A DAY
WARM ON THE SAND?

BETCHA ON LAND
THEY UNDERSTAND
BET THEY DON'T REPRIMAND THEIR DAUGHTERS
BRIGHT YOUNG WOMEN
SICK OF SWIMMIN'
READY TO STAND

AND READY TO KNOW WHAT THE PEOPLE KNOW
ASK' EM MY QUESTIONS AND GET SOME ANSWERS
WHAT'S A FIRE? AND WHY DOES IT -
WHAT'S THE WORD? BURN

WHEN'S IT MY TURN?
WOULDN'T I LOVE
LOVE TO EXPLORE THAT SHORE UP ABOVE
OUT OF THE SEA
WISH I COULD BE
PART OF THAT WORLD

(Sebastian enters and breaks Ariel's reverie.)

SEBASTIAN

Tell me, child. You got trouble in da mind?

ARIEL

(practically leaping out of her skin)

Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN

What is all this?

ARIEL

Er ... ah ... just a few knick-knacks I've collected, that's all.

SEBASTIAN

You ought to be ashamed of yourself! If your poor father knew about dis place,
he'd -

ARIEL

You're not gonna tell him, are you? Oh, please, Sebastian! He'd never understand!

SEBASTIAN

Listen to me, Ariel, for my sake as well as your own. It's time you kept your mind on your music.

=8 - The Storm

Sailors

(SEBASTIAN)

From now on, you'll have voice lessons every day, and perhaps you can take up an instrument ... somethin' ladylike ... the harp ... maybe ...

(Suddenly, the surface of the water darkens. The vast silhouette of a ship's hull passes overhead.)

ARIEL

A ship!

(Ariel feels the ship's inexorable pull and swims toward it.)

SEBASTIAN

... why, sure: a nice harp, made outta driftwood, and decorated with mother-of-pearl—

(glances around)

Ariel? Hello?

(realizes that Ariel has disappeared, again)

Somebody's gotta nail that girl's fins to the floor! Ariel!

(Sebastian chases after Ariel.)