

**ACT TWO**

#15B – *Entr'acte*

**SCENE ONE: THE BEACH**

#15C – *New Legs*

*(As the curtain rises, we see Ariel sitting up and basking in the morning sun. Stretched before her on the sand is a pair of perfect legs. She stares at them in wonderment. Shakily, and slowly, she tries to stand, sticking her arms out for balance ... then falls on her rear. Suddenly, Scuttle flaps in. Sebastian and Flounder enter and watch the encounter from the water.)*

**SCUTTLE**

Well, look who got beached! Hmmm. There's something different. Don't tell me – I'll de-syphon it for myself. Aha! Your hairdo! You've been using the dinglehopper –? I gotta admit I can't put my foot on it, but I just stand here and...

**SEBASTIAN**

She's got legs, you idiot! She traded her voice to the Sea Witch and got legs!

**SCUTTLE**

No! Not your beautiful pipes!

*(Ariel nods. She opens her mouth, but no sound issues forth.)*

**SEBASTIAN**

Ya see? Not a sound!

**SCUTTLE**

Aw, kid, hurts me to say it, but that? That was a lousy swap.

**SEBASTIAN**

What would her father say? I'll tell ya what her father'd say: he'd say he's gonna kill himself a crab, that's what he'd say!

**FLOUNDER**

She's got just three days!

**SCUTTLE**

Three days to what?

**SEBASTIAN**

Make the Prince fall in love with her!

**FLOUNDER**

And to prove it, he gets to... I mean, he's *got* to ... kiss her!

**SCUTTLE**

The Prince? Well! You want to snare the Prince, you've gotta learn a graceful way of perambulatin'.

**SEBASTIAN**

She'll do no such thing—

**SCUTTLE**

Sure she will. Come on now—upsie-daisy!

*(Ariel shakes her head "no.")*

What's this? You givin' up so soon? That's not like you!

- *Positovity*

Scuttle, Gulls

*(Three GULLS appear from behind the rocks. Flounder, in guppy mode, exits amid the commotion. Sebastian steps onto the sand. Scuttle addresses Ariel.)*

**(SCUTTLE)**

Ya gotta have a little gumption—a "can-do" kinda altitude! Take it from a gull who knows ...

NOW LOOK AT ME—YA SEE THIS FACE?  
IN TERMS OF BEAUTY, I'M A BASKET CASE  
AND AS FOR STYLE AND SAVOIR-FAIRE  
WELL, I GUESS THERE AIN'T A WHOLE LOT THERE!

YET, ALTHOUGH, PERHAPS IT MAKES NO SENSE  
I STRUT MY STUFF WITH LOTS A CONFIDENCE!  
'CAUSE THOUGH I LACK AN AWFUL LOT  
THERE IS ONE THING I GOT—

I GOT POSITOOVITY!  
I GOT POSITOOVITY!  
IT GIVES ME THE ZAM AND THE ZOW AND THE YODDA-LODDA-LODDLE  
THAT'S WHY I WALK WITH A WIGGLE IN MY WADDLE!  
'CAUSE ONCE YOU'VE HEARD THAT WORD  
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T DO!  
SO LET THAT POSITOOVITY WORK FOR YOU!

Awwk!

**SEBASTIAN**

"Positovity"? Why, there's no such word!

**SCUTTLE**

But there is! In the dictionary, right between "popsuckle" and "prehysterical"! Believe you me ... I've seen it work miracles!

**SCUTTLE, GULLS**

SEE, WITH THE BIP AN' THE BAP AN' THE BA-BA-BOO  
YOU CAN FLIP ANY FLAP 'TIL YOUR WISH COMES TRUE  
THE TIP IS TO TAP INTO SOMETHING THAT YOU BELIEVE

**SCUTTLE**

**GULLS**

'CAUSE WITH THE ZIG AND THE ZUG AND THE ZIZZERZEE  
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T BE!  
YA SEE, IT'S REALLY YOUR PREROGITIVE

AH ZIZZERZEE

**SCUTTLE, GULLS**

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T THINK NOGGATIVE!

**SCUTTLE**

THEN THERE'S YOU JUST SITTIN' THERE  
SMACK DOWN FLAT UPON YOUR *DERRIÈRE*  
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANNA BE  
WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE SHRUBBERY  
SO STAND RIGHT UP, AND DUST YOUR SEAT  
AND WALK REAL TALL UPON YOUR OWN TWO FEET  
AND SURE, YOU'LL TRIP AND MAKE MISTAKES  
BUT YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

*(Dance break. As Ariel gains her "shore legs," the gulls ad lib encouragement. "You go, gull!")*

**SCUTTLE, GULLS**

AND NOW YOU KNOW THAT WORD,  
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T DO!

**SCUTTLE**

**GULLS**

SO GO GET SOME POSILICITY!  
YOU CAN BET ON POSITRICITY!  
AND JUST LET THAT POSITRINITY ...  
No, positroonity ...  
poositonomy?  
Is it ... posit—  
What is it?!

AWK!  
AWK!  
AWK! AWK! AWK! AWK!  
AWK!  
AWK!  
AWK!  
AWK! AWK! AWK!

## GULLS

*(exasperated)*

POSITOOVITY!

## SCUTTLE, GULLS

POSITIVELY WORK FOR ...

YOU!

*(Prince Eric bounds onto the beach, ready to go shipboard. Catching sight of Ariel, he stops abruptly.)*

## PRINCE ERIC

Hey, what have we got—?

*(to gulls)*

Shoo, shoo.

*(The gulls flap and scatter.)*

Miss, are you all right?

6A - On the Beach

## (PRINCE ERIC)

You ... you seem very familiar. Have we met? Yes ... of course! I've been looking for you, everywhere! Please, you must tell me: what's your name?

*(Ariel can only shrug.)*

Excuse me? You don't speak English?

*(This time, Ariel mouths her name.)*

Sore throat, eh?

*(Ariel draws a finger across her throat, sadly.)*

I'm sorry. You don't speak at all, do you? For a moment, I mistook you for somebody else.

*(Frustrated, Ariel stands and tries to pantomime the truth - she's the one!)*

What is it? You're hurt? No, no ... You need help ...?

*(Suddenly, all the excitement - and her new legs - take a toll on Ariel. She wobbles and falls, right into Prince Eric's arms.)*

A bit dizzy, aren't you? I've got just the remedy! A warm bath, and a hot meal!

Come on now ... you'll be fine. The palace isn't far.

*(Prince Eric lifts and carries the fragile Ariel toward the palace. As they disappear, Scuttle looks on with self-satisfaction.)*

#16B - *Positaggily*

Scuttle, Gul

**SCUTTLE**

Bravo, Ariel! Now that's what I call "reeling him in"!

*(Sebastian, however, is mortified.)*

**SEBASTIAN**

This is gonna get me in real hot water! Just look at her. On legs. On human legs. My nerves are shot. This is a catastrophe.

*(Sebastian scampers off after Ariel and Prince Eric.)*

**SCUTTLE**

Can you believe that guy? What a crab!

**SCUTTLE, GULLS**

ONCE YOU KNOW THAT WORD  
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T DO!  
AND THAT'S HOW POSITOOVITY ...  
WORKS FOR YOU!