

ERIC SIDES 1**1/3****(#3) FATHOMS BELOW****PILOT**

I'LL TELL YOU A TALE OF THE BOTTOMLESS BLUE

SAILORS

AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!

PILOT

BRAVE SAILOR, BEWARE, 'CAUSE A BIG 'UNS A-BREWIN'

SAILORS

MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!
 FATHOMS BELOW, BELOW!
 FROM WHENCE WAYWARD WESTERLIES BLOW
 WHERE TRITON IS KING
 AND HIS MERPEOPLE SING
 IN MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

(PRINCE ERIC bounds on deck; he's a handsome, affable lad with a buoyant, adventurous nature. From his humble sailor togs, one would never guess that he's a bona fide Prince. With him, his droll British guardian, GRIMSBY.)

Start**PRINCE ERIC**

Isn't this perfection, Grimsby? Out here where the seas meet the skies, surrounded by nothing but water—

GRIMSBY

Oh, yes, it's simply...
(bending over the rail, seasick)
 ... delightful...

PRINCE ERIC

THE SALT ON YOUR SKIN AND THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR
 AND THE WAVES AS THEY EBB AND THEY FLOW!
 WE'RE MILES FROM THE SHORE AND GUESS WHAT — I DON'T CARE!

GRIMSBY

AS FOR ME, I'M ABOUT TO HEAVE HO!

PILOT

Toe the line!

SAILORS

I'LL SING YOU A SONG OF THE KING OF THE SEA
 AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!
 THE RULER OF ALL OF THE OCEANS IS HE
 IN MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

ERIC SIDES 1**2/3****GRIMSBY**

King of the sea? Why, that's nautical nonsense — nothing but a superstition!

PILOT

THE KING OF THE OCEAN GETS ANGRY
 AN' WHEN HE GETS ANGRY, BEWARE!
 I'M TELLIN' YA, LAD, WHEN KING TRITON IS MAD
 HOW THE WAVES 'LL BUCK, ROCK TO AND FRO!

PILOT, SAILORS

HOLD ON, GOOD LUCK, AS DOWN YOU GO!

VOICE

AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH...

PRINCE ERIC

What is that? Do you hear something?

GRIMSBY

Milord, please... enough sea-faring! You've got to get back to court — to honor your father's dying wish and take up his crown!

PRINCE ERIC

Suppose I don't want his crown?

GRIMSBY

You'd forsake his Kingdom?
(even more incredulous)
 All of his treasures?

PRINCE ERIC

Treasures? You mean like this?
(holds a silver chalice aloft)
 Who needs it? We drink straight outta the bottle, don't we, boys?

(The Sailors roar their approval; Prince Eric tosses the cup to one of them.)

Or this?
(brandishes a candelabra)

Not when we've got the sun and the moon to light our way!

(Prince Eric tosses the candelabra; a sailor catches it and all cheer.)

Or this?
(raises a gilded fork)

No, thanks! I'd rather eat with my bare hands—

ERIC SIDES 1**3/3**

(Prince Eric tosses it and the fork goes sailing through the air, off the side of the ship, into the water with a "splash!")

GRIMSBY

You're a prince, Sire! Not a common sailor—!

PRINCE ERIC

These men are anything but common! They're free, Grimsby — truly free. They don't have to answer to anyone but the Sea.

(with longing)

I'd rather be a sailor than a prince any day.

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG!
 EVERYTHING SEEMS MORE REAL HERE!
 STRANGE HOW AT HOME I FEEL HERE
 IN THE TIDE'S WILD FLOW!
 AND WHEN THE PULL IS STRONG,
 I ALMOST THINK I HEAR THE SEA,
 WILD AND FREE,
 CALLING ME FROM FATHOMS BELOW...

VOICE

AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH...

PRINCE ERIC

There it is again!

PILOT

We ought to head back to shore, Your Majesty.

GRIMSBY

Indeed, we should!

PRINCE ERIC

Not while I'm captain. Now, follow that voice — to the ends of the earth if we have to!

PILOT

Aye-aye, Captain!

End**PILOT, SAILORS**

THERE'S MERMAIDS OUT THERE IN THE BOTTOMLESS BLUE
 AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!
 WATCH OUT FOR 'EM, LAD, OR YOU'LL GO TO YOUR RUIN
 MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

(The ship sails into the horizon. Ariel appears, just in time to snatch the sinking fork from oblivion. She holds it up; it catches the sun's rays; it makes prisms in the air.)