

SEBASTIAN SIDES 1**1/2****(ARIEL)**

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?
 WOULDND'T I LOVE
 LOVE TO EXPLORE THAT SHORE UP ABOVE
 OUT OF THE SEA
 WISH I COULD BE
 PART OF THAT WORLD

Start*(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

SEBASTIAN SIDES 1

2/2

(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.)

End