

Eric: "Miss, are you alright? You - you seem very familiar...Of course! It's you! I've been looking for you everywhere! What's your name? Sore throat huh? Oh, you don't speak at all? I'm sorry. For a moment, I mistook you for someone else. What is it? You're hurt? No, no...you need help? Well, I've got just the remedy! A warm bath and a hot meal! Come on now...the palace isn't far. You should see the princesses that Grimsby drags to dinner. So prim, so boring...but you...So if you don't mind my asking...what was it? An accident, when you were small? Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean - Who needs words anyway? A smile says just as much sometimes.

Ursula: "Flotsam, my pet! Jetsam, my darling! Come to me, my little seaspies! Mama's feeling...woebegone - banished to the nether regions of the sea. No food, hardly any company...I'm simply wasting away! Use a little black magic to help out a few merfolk, and this is the thanks I get! Well, now it's time to turn the tides on Triton. We just need to find his Achilles heel...a weakness that will crack his armor..."