

KING TRITON

That's not a bad idea—

SEBASTIAN

I'd say it's a right good one.

KING TRITON

And you are just the crab to do it!

SEBASTIAN

What?!?

KING TRITON

You heard me! From now on, Ariel is your responsibility!

(*KING TRITON exits emphatically.*)

SEBASTIAN

(*follows KING TRITON, pleading*)

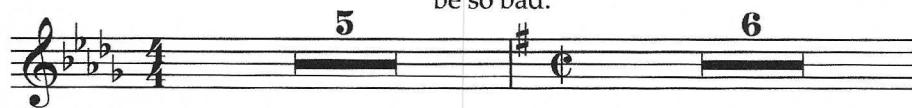
Mine? But Your Majesty, she's a clever mermaid! I'm just a crustacean! Surely you ought to pick someone higher on the evolutionary ladder...

SCENE SIX: ARIEL'S GROTTO

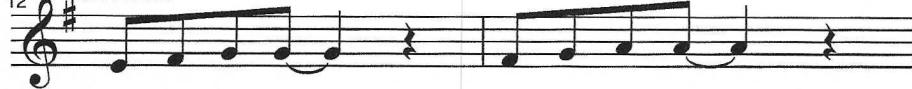
(#12 – **PART OF YOUR WORLD**. *The SEA CHORUS reconfigures to form Ariel's grotto, filled with "human treasures." ARIEL, distraught after her fight with Dad, sits among her treasures holding her newly acquired fork. FLOUNDER floats nearby.*)

Part of Your World

ARIEL: If only I could make my father understand. I just don't see how a world that makes such wonderful things could be so bad.



12 **ARIEL:**



Look at this stuff. Is - n't it neat?

14

Would-n't you think my col - lec - tion's com - plete?

16

Would-n't you think I'm the girl, — the girl who has

18

ev - 'ry - thing? I've got

20

gad - gets and giz - mos a - plen - ty. I've got

22

who - zits and what - zits ga - lore. You want

More Freely

24

thing - a - ma - bobs? I've got twen - ty. But who

In 4

26

cares? No big deal. I want more. —

Semplice, Quasi tempo

29

— I wan - na be — where the peo - ple are.

Script

32

I wan-na see, — wan-na see 'em dan - - cin',

34

walk-in' a - round on those... What-d'-ya call 'em? Oh,

Moving forward A tempo

36

feet. Flip-pin' your fins, you don't

39

get too far. Legs— are re-qui-red for jump-in', danc-in',

42

stroll-in' a - long down the... What's that word a - gain?

44

Street. Up where they walk, up where they

47

run, up where they stay all day in the sun... Wan-der-in'

Moving forward

50

free, wish I could be part of that world.

More passionately

53 — What would I give if I could live out-ta these
56 wa - ters? What would I pay to spend a
59 day warm on the sand? Bet-cha on
62 land they un-der-stand. Bet they don't re-pri-mand their
65 daugh - ters. Bright young wom-en, sick of

Allargando

67 swim-min', read - y to stand. And

A tempo (broader)

70 read - y to know— what the peo - ple know.

72 Ask 'em my ques - tions and get some an - swers.

74

What's a fire? — And why does it... What's the word?

76

Burn? — When's it my turn? Would-n't I

79

love, love to ex - plore that shore up a - bove?

82

Freely

Out of the sea, wish I could

85

A tempo

be part of that world.

89

(FLOTSAM and JETSAM, who have been spying, enter unseen.
They whisper to each other:)

FLOTSAM

"Sssick of ssswimin'..."?

JETSAM

“Out of the sssea...”?

JETSAM

“Out of the sssea...”?

FLOTSAM, JETSAM

Hmmm...

(As SEBASTIAN enters, FLOTSAM and JETSAM disappear into the shadows.)