

SCUTTLE SIDES 1**1/3****ARIEL**

Are you flirting with me?

FLOUNDER

Gross! Blech! No way!

(then)

But if I was—?

*(Ariel ruffles Flounder's fins and gives him a peck on the head. Flounder is hopelessly smitten.)***ARIEL**

Hey, guess what I found today! It was floating in the wake of a giant ship...

FLOUNDER

Treasure?

ARIEL

I'll say! Look!

(shows him the fork)

Have you ever seen anything so amazing in your entire life?

FLOUNDER

Cool! What is it?

ARIEL

I don't know...

Start*(SCUTTLE the seagull flies down toward the shore. His feathers are askew, giving him the appearance of an avian Albert Einstein. Ariel spies him.)***SCUTTLE***(holding up a finger to test the wind)*

Airspeed, check!

(glancing down at the ground)

Altitude, check!

(wiggling his feet)

Landing gear, check!

*(a squawk)*CLEAR THE RUNWAY! *AWK!* Hello, Ariel!**ARIEL**

... but I know just who to ask!

*(And Scuttle lands.)**(waving the fork)*

Scuttle, look what we found!

SCUTTLE SIDES 1**2/3****SCUTTLE**

More human paraphenicular, eh? You've asked the right bird; I happen to be an expert on that very specie-ality!

FLOUNDER

Can you tell us what it's for?

SCUTTLE

Oh, this is rare, ridonkulously rare. And in Sistine condition!

ARIEL

What? What is it?

SCUTTLE

It's a dinglehopper!

ARIEL

A dinglehopper?

SCUTTLE

Commonly used in saloons, yes, of the beauty variety.

(demonstrates)

Humans they like to wear their hair in tails, pony or pig or duck, it's all the same to them. A primp here and a twirl there and — *voila!* A Pompadour-able. And all thanks to—

ARIEL

(marveling)

The dingle-hopper!

SCUTTLE

Give ya two sand dollars for it.

ARIEL

Scuttle, no—

SCUTTLE

I'm tellin' ya kid, on the open sea, ya won't get more than a few clams. But I'm prepared to offer—

ARIEL

I'm not selling it, Scuttle! I'm saving it for my collection!

SCUTTLE

Howza 'bout a swap?

(brandishes an old-fashioned tobacco pipe with an enormous bowl)

I got something stupelicious! Museum quality, really. A banded, bulbous... snarfblatt.

(Ariel and Flounder "ooh" and "ahh.")

SCUTTLE SIDES 1

3/3

(SCUTTLE)

Second cousin to the tuba.

FLOUNDER

It makes music?

SCUTTLE

Sure thing, kid.

(Flounder blows into the pipe; seaweed pops out the other end.)

I ain't just blowin' smoke. Why, it makes music so fantabulous — so absolutely marvica—

ARIEL

(suddenly stricken with panic)

Music? Oh no! The concert! Oh my gosh, my father's gonna kill me!

FLOUNDER

The concert was today?

(#3A) OH NO, THE CONCERT

ARIEL

I completely forgot! Come on, Flounder. Thank you, Scuttle.

SCUTTLE

Ya change your mind and wanna sell, call me first, ya hear?

End