

**ARIEL**

Flounder, you're blushing ...

**FLOUNDER**

It's sunburn. You get it up here.

**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 ...

*(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**

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 dinglehopper!

**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.")*

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?