

## SAILORS

I'LL SING YOU A SONG OF THE KING OF THE SEA  
AN' IT'S HEY TO THE STARBOARD, HEAVE HO!  
THE RULER OF ALL OF THE OCEANS IS HE  
IN MYSTERIOUS FATHOMS BELOW!

## GRIMSBY

King of the sea? Why, that's nautical nonsense — nothing

## PILOT

THE KING OF THE OCEAN GETS ANGRY  
AN' WHEN HE GETS ANGRY, BEWARE!  
I'M TELLIN' YA, LAD, WHEN KING TRITON  
HOW THE WAVES'LL BUCK, ROCK TO AN

## PILOT, SAILORS

HOLD ON, GOOD LUCK, AS DOWN YOU

## VOICE

AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH ...

## PRINCE ERIC

What is that? Do you hear something?

## GRIMSBY

Milord, please ... enough sea-faring! You've got to get back to court — to honor your father's dying wish and take up his crown!

## PRINCE ERIC

Suppose I don't want his crown?

## GRIMSBY

You'd forsake his Kingdom?

*(even more incredulous)*

All of his treasures?

## PRINCE ERIC

Treasures? You mean like this?

*(holds a silver chalice aloft)*

Who needs it? We drink straight outta the bottle, don't we, boys?

*(The Sailors roar their approval; Prince Eric tosses the cup to one of them.)*

Or this?

*(brandishes a candelabra)*

Not when we've got the sun and the moon to light our way!

*(Prince Eric tosses the candelabra; a sailor catches it and all cheer.)*

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A

Eric  
Grimsby

start

(PRINCE ERIC)

Or this?

*(raises a gilded fork)*

No, thanks! I'd rather eat with my bare hands—

SFX

*(Prince Eric tosses it and the fork goes sailing through the air, off the side of the ship, into the water with a "splash!")*

GRIMSBY

You're a prince, sire! Not a common sailor—!

PRINCE ERIC

These men are anything but common! They're free, Grimsby—truly free. They don't have to answer to anyone but the Sea.

*(with longing)*

I'd rather be a sailor than a prince any day.

STOP

THIS IS WHERE I BELONG!  
EV'RYTHING SEEMS MORE REAL HERE!  
STRANGE HOW AT HOME I FEEL HERE  
IN THE TIDE'S SWIFT FLOW!  
AND WHEN THE PULL IS STRONG,  
I ALMOST THINK I HEAR THE SEA,  
WILD AND FREE,  
CALLING ME FROM FATHOMS BELOW!

VOICE

AH-AH-AH-AH, AH-AH-AH-AH ...

PRINCE ERIC

There it is again!

PILOT

We ought to head back to shore, Your Majesty.

GRIMSBY

Indeed, we should!

PRINCE ERIC

Not while I'm captain. Now, follow that voice—to the ends of the earth if we have to!

PILOT

Aye-aye, Captain!

PILOT, SAILORS

THERE'S MERMAIDS OUT THERE IN THE BOTTOMLESS BLUE