

SCENE THREE: URSULA'S LAIR

(Slithering into view are FLOTSAM and JETSAM, two of Ursula's Sea Witch. Their spines crackling with electricity, they are like two salesmen, albeit with less charm.)

Start

FLOTSAM

Oh, Mistress of the Deep ...

JETSAM

Beauty of the Brine ...

FLOTSAM

You should've seen it! All those Merfolk, singing Triton's praises, and cursing your name—

JETSAM

Declaring a national holiday—

(We hear a dark, malevolent, female voice, one that positively ripples with evil.)

URSULA

(offstage)

Holiday, my blow hole!

(Lights rise on URSULA, the gal who put the "fatal" in "femme fatale." She has a Super-8 figure, and eight floating tentacles. She's ripe with bitterness.)

It's the day my brother Triton got greedy, that's all! The day he stole my half of the Kingdom!

FLOTSAM

To think ... your very own flesh and blood—

JETSAM

(with a venomous hiss)

And he double-crosssssssed you—

FLOTSAM

His own sister—

(Ursula plots.)

JETSAM

Casting you into exile, a life of shame and unceasing solitude—

FLOTSAM

In the shadowy depths of a serpentine sea—

URSULA

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! Don't blow your fuses, boys ...

Stop