

## **Little Mermaid**

### **"Poor Unfortunate Souls"**

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URSULA

The only way to get what you want is  
To become a human yourself.

ARIEL

Can you do that?

URSULA

My dear, sweet child. That's what I do.  
It's what I live for.  
To help unfortunate merfolk like yourself.  
Poor souls with no one else to turn to.

I admit that in the past I've been a nasty  
They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch  
But you'll find that nowadays  
I've mended all my ways  
Repented, seen the light, and made a switch  
To this  
And I fortunately know a little magic  
It's a talent that I always have possessed  
And dear lady, please don't laugh  
I use it on behalf  
Of the miserable, the lonely, and depressed (pathetic)

Poor unfortunate souls  
In pain, in need  
This one longing to be thinner  
That one wants to get the girl  
And do I help them?  
Yes, indeed  
Those poor unfortunate souls  
So sad, so true  
They come flocking to my cauldron  
Crying, "Spells, Ursula, please!"  
And I help them!  
Yes I do

Now it's happened once or twice  
Someone couldn't pay the price  
And I'm afraid I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals

Yes I've had the odd complaint  
But on the whole I've been a saint  
To those poor unfortunate souls

Have we got a deal?

ARIEL

If I become human,  
I'll never be with my father or sisters again.

URSULA

But you'll have your man, heh heh.  
Life's full of tough choices, isn't it? Heh heh.  
Oh, and there is one more thing.  
We haven't discussed the subject of payment.

ARIEL

But I don't have-

URSULA

I'm not asking much, just a token really, a trifle!  
What I want from you is - your voice.

ARIEL

But without my voice, how can I-

URSULA

You'll have your looks, your pretty face.  
And don't underestimate the importance of bawdy  
language, ha!

The men up there don't like a lot of blabber  
They think a girl who gossips is a bore!  
Yet on land it's much preferred for ladies not to say a  
word  
And after all dear, what is idle babble for?  
Come on, they're not all that impressed with  
conversation  
True gentlemen avoid it when they can  
But they dote and swoon and fawn  
On a lady who's withdrawn  
It's she who holds her tongue who gets a man

Come on you poor unfortunate soul  
Go ahead!  
Make your choice!  
I'm a very busy woman and I haven't got all day  
It won't cost much  
Just your voice!  
You poor unfortunate soul  
It's sad but true

If you want to cross the bridge, my sweet  
You've got to pay the toll  
Take a gulp and take a breath  
And go ahead and sign the scroll  
Flotsam, Jetsam, now I've got her, boys  
The boss is on a roll  
This poor unfortunate soul

Beluga sevruga  
Come winds of the Caspian Sea  
Larengix glaucitis  
Et max laryngitis  
La voce to me

Now, sing!

ARIEL  
Aaaaahhhhhhhh...

Keep singing!

(ariel rises to surface)

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