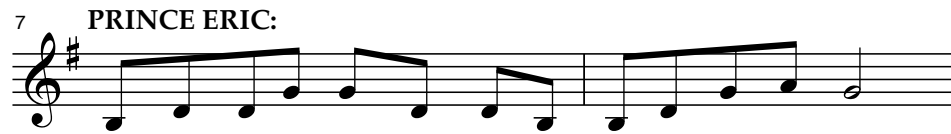
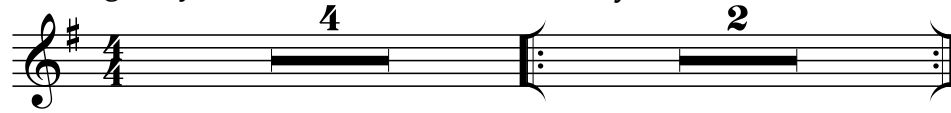


One Step Closer

(PRINCE ERIC): You're nimble on your feet, aren't you?
Well, dancing beats small talk any day. It's the way your
legs smile... or laugh. It lets you say so many things.

Flowing, easy intro

Steady 4



Danc-ing is a lang-uage that is felt in-stead of heard.

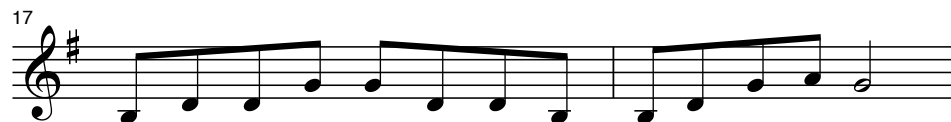


You can whis-per, sing, or shout with-out so



much as a word. Try it, go on, like so...

(PRINCE ERIC repeats the step. ARIEL imitates him.)



Just let your e - mo-tions tell your bo - dy what to do.

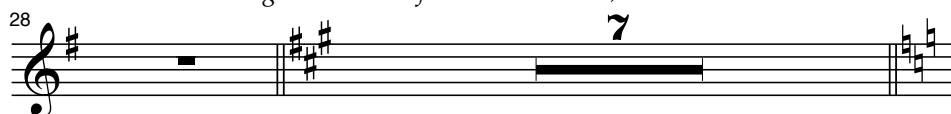
(PRINCE ERIC does another step. ARIEL imitates him.)



See how much a sin-gle ges-ture can re-



(PRINCE ERIC patiently teaches ARIEL a few more dance steps. Shes's a quick study. They become in tune with each other, moving as one, poetry in motion... Suddenly, wafting through the night breeze are the magical strains of Ariel's VOICE.)

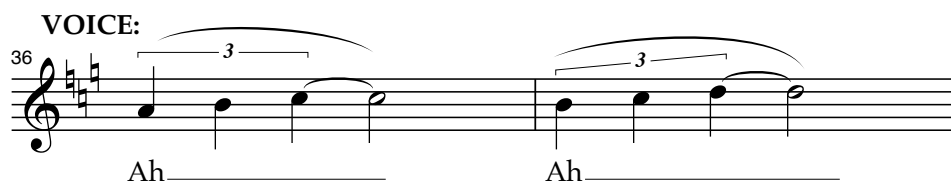


(PRINCE ERIC stops abruptly.)

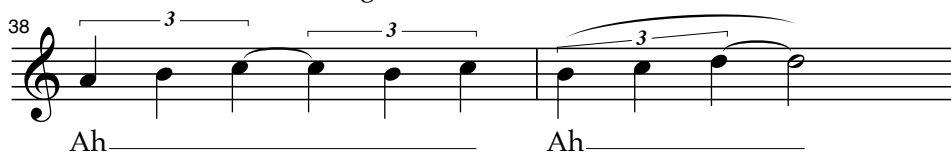
PRINCE ERIC: Did you hear something?

(ARIEL's eyes open wide but she shakes her head "no.")

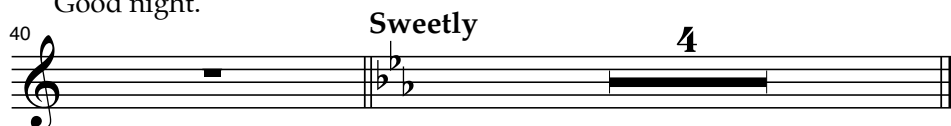
PRINCE ERIC becomes distracted.)



(PRINCE ERIC): Forgive me – there's this voice –
it's been haunting me...



(PRINCE ERIC): Anyway, I should let you get some sleep. *(PRINCE ERIC bows, and ARIEL mimics him. PRINCE ERIC exits hastily.)*
Good night.



(ARIEL, crestfallen, watches him depart. SEBASTIAN emerges from hiding.)