

DREADLOCKE

Oh, she's a young *laaaady*.

(fiddling his fingers)

I see. Will this young lady be staying for dinner?

ARIEL

I would love to if you don't mind...

DREADLOCKE

Griselda, will this young lady be staying for dinner?

GRISELDA

(to Ariel)

Do you like eating dinner, my dear?

ARIEL

(confused)

Yes.

GRISELDA

She will be staying for dinner.

Dreadlocke is animated with joy.

DREADLOCKE

Wonderful! I am so happy.

He resets his TV tray, and walks to retrieve his dinosaurs. He suddenly shifts his tone.

DREADLOCKE (CONT'D)

Now please retire. I have something to finish.

ARIEL

I just want to say thanks for--

DREADLOCKE

(oblivious; shaking the triceratops)

The hottest party in town you say? Lord Dreadlocke is such a splendid host.

ARIEL

(louder)

I just want to say thanks for--

DREADLOCKE  
 (not even looking up)  
 BYE!

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM - LATER

Griselda and Ariel are in the room given to Ariel for the night. Griselda hands Ariel a gown.

GRISELDA  
 Evening wear is required for  
 dinner.

ARIEL  
 I really didn't pack for that.

GRISELDA  
 Go ahead and disrobe, my dear.

ARIEL  
 What?

GRISELDA  
 Don't be bashful; doff those rags  
 of yours. Let my nimble fingers  
 dance up and down your back...as I  
 lace up that gown.

ARIEL  
 Right, right. And help me press my  
 boobs together too.

GRISELDA  
 It would be my pleasure.

ARIEL  
 I can dress myself.

Griselda takes a seat and crosses her legs.

GRISELDA  
 Very well.

ARIEL  
 By myself.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Ariel is in front of the mirror, wearing the "evening gown,"  
 an extremely skimpy, Gothic slut outfit.