

Ariel Eats Flounder.

ARIEL

It started when I went to Grand Sichuan, and there were these prawn crackers on the table, only I didn't know they were PRAWN crackers, so I ate one. It was wrong. And I felt terrible about it. But - it tasted so good.

From there it was a short step to eating a crab stick. And then I ate a fish stick. Oh God! Why didn't anybody stop me?

And it was like a fervor took hold of me. I drank a whole bottle of Chardonnay, and all I could think was: this would be even more delicious if I was eating fish!

And when I woke up, my head was on the bar of Soho Sushi, and it all came back to me -

how I'd been cramming my face with tuna rolls like I'd never get enough. Gobbling, stuffing, double fisting tuna rolls.

I hated my self! I was so ashamed! So I went down to the river to cry.

And as I sat on the dock, Flounder swam up. My best friend Flounder.

And I said, "Don't look at me! I've done a terrible, terrible thing!" But he said, "Whatever you've done, I'll still love you, Ariel. That's what Best Friends are for." So I reached into the water and he nuzzled up to me.

And then my fingers closed around his dorsal fin, and I lifted up his yellow and blue striped body out of the water.

"Stop Kidding Around! Put me back in!" he gasped, "I can't breathe!

(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Seriously, Ariel, I can't breathe!"
He was flapping and gasping and
slithering, his gills fluttered,
his eyes bulged, but I held on
until he let out a little shudder
and went limp.

Then I took out a knife and gutted
him and skinned him, and there, on
the dock, I ate him. I Ate Him. My
Best Friend. With a squeeze of
lemon.

Oh! Flounder! I wish I could turn
back time and put you back in the
water.

So I could eat you all over again!
Why! Why, God why did you have to
be so delicious?