

BELLE and BOOKSELLER

BOOKSELLER: Ah, Belle!

BELLE: Good morning. I've come to return the book I borrowed.

BOOKSELLER: Finished already?

BELLE: Oh, I couldn't put it down. Have you got anything new?

BOOKSELLER: Not since yesterday.

BELLE: That's all right. I'll borrow . . . this one!

BOOKSELLER: That one? But you've read it twice!

BELLE: Well, it's my favorite. Far-off places, daring sword fights, magic spells, a prince in disguise . . .

BOOKSELLER: If you like it all that much . . . it's yours.

BELLE: But sir!

BOOKSELLER: I insist.

BELLE: Well, thank you. Thank you very much!

GASTON and LEFOU

LEFOU: You didn't miss a shot, Gaston. You're the greatest hunter in the whole world!

GASTON: I know

LEFOU: No beast alive stands a chance against you!! And no girl for that matter.

GASTON: It's true, Lefou. And I've got my sights set on that one.

LEFOU: The inventor's daughter?

GASTON: She's the one. The lucky girl I'm going to marry.

LEFOU: But, she's . . .

GASTON: The most beautiful girl in town.

LEFOU: I know, but . . .

GASTON: That makes her the best. And don't I deserve the best?

LEFOU: Well, of course you do!!

GASTON, BELLE, and LEFOU

GASTON: Hello . . . Belle.

BELLE: Bonjour, Gaston. (*He snatches the book out of her hand.*) Gaston. May I have my book, please?

GASTON: How can you read this? There's no pictures.

BELLE: Well some people use their imagination!

GASTON: Belle, it's about time you got your head out of these books and paid attention to more important things.

LEFOU: Hint . . . hint.

BELLE: Like you?

GASTON: Exactly!! The whole town's talking about it. It's not right for a woman to read. Soon she starts getting ideas and . . . thinking!

BELLE: Gaston, you are positively primeval!

GASTON: Why, thank you, Belle. Whaddya say you and me take a walk over to the tavern and take a look at my trophies?

BELLE: What do you say . . .we don't?

GASTON: Come on Belle, I think I know how you feel about me.

BELLE: You can't even imagine. (*Trying to escape.*) I have to get inside to help my father.

LEFOU: That crazy old fool. He needs all the help he can get! (*Gaston and Lefou laugh heartily.*)

BELLE: Don't talk about my father that way!!

GASTON: (*To Lefou*) Yeah! Don't talk about her father that way!!

BELLE: My father's not crazy! He's a genius!

BELLE and MAURICE

BELLE: Papa, are you all right?

MAURICE: I'm fine. But I can't for the life of me figure out why that happened! If that isn't the stubbornest piece of. . . *(He kicks it.) OW!*

BELLE: Papa...!

MAURICE: I'm about ready to give up on this hunk of junk!

BELLE: Oh, you always say that.

MAURICE: I mean it this time!! I'll never get this bone-headed contraption to work!

BELLE: Yes, you will. And you'll win first prize at the Faire tomorrow.

MAURICE: Hmmph!

BELLE: And become a world famous inventor.

MAURICE: You really think so?

BELLE: You know I do. I always have.

MAURICE: Well, we'd better get cracking. This thing's not going to fix itself. Now let me see, where did I put that dog-legged clencher? *(He continues, distracted.)* So . . . tell me, did you have a good time in town today?

BELLE: I got a new book.

MAURICE: You do love those books.

BELLE: Well, they take me away to wonderful places where there's adventure and mystery and romance and... happy endings. *(a beat)* Papa . . . if I ask you something, will you answer me honestly?

MAURICE: Don't I always?

BELLE: Do you think I'm odd?

MAURICE: My daughter! Odd? Now where would you get an idea like that?

BELLE: I don't know. It's just that – well . . . people talk.

MAURICE: They talk about me too. Now . . . what do you say we give her a try?

BELLE: All right.

MAURICE: You get the logs . . . All right . . . stand back. Here we go. *(He pulls a lever and the invention slowly chugs to life.)*

BELLE: It works!

MAURICE: It does? It does!

BELLE: Papa, you did it! You really did it!! You'll win First Prize at the Faire tomorrow, I know it!

MAURICE: Who knows, maybe I will at that!

BELLE: Oh, I almost forgot! *(She puts a scarf around his neck.)* I made you a scarf for good luck.

MAURICE: Now I know I'll win. And then, we'll get out of this town and travel to all those places you've read about in your books. Well, I'm off!

BELLE: Goodbye Papa.

MAURICE: Bye bye, Belle.

BELLE: Be careful!

COGSWORTH and LUMIERE

COGSWORTH: Couldn't keep quiet, could we? Just had to invite him to stay, didn't we? Serve him tea . . , sit in the Master's chair.

LUMIERE: I was trying to be hospitable!

COGSWORTH: Rubbish!

LUMIERE: Ah, Cogsworth, can you blame me for trying to maintain what's left of our humanity? Look at us. Look at you!

COGSWORTH: What about me?

LUMIERE: You always were insufferable. But every day, you become just a little more inflexible... a little more tightly wound... a little more ticked off!

COGSWORTH: Please, spare me the stupid puns.

LUMIERE: At least, we are not as far gone as some the others. You saw what happened to Michelle.

COGSWORTH: She always was too vain about her looks. And that's exactly what she's become.

LUMIERE: A vanity.

COGSWORTH: Little drawers, mirror... the works.

LUMIERE: And poor Jean-Claude.

COGSWORTH: Who?

LUMIERE: Jean-Claude. You remember him, not too bright, dumb as . . .

COGSWORTH: (*guessing*) . . . a brick?

LUMIERE: The whole wall.

COGSWORTH: Jean-Claude's a brick wall?

LUMIERE: That's him in the kitchen, behind the stove.

COGSWORTH: Tsk . . .tsk.

LUMIERE: And you know Guillaume... the houseboy?

COGSWORTH: That mealy-mouthed little bootlicker! I've never liked him. He's always groveling at the Master's feet.

LUMIERE: He's a doormat.

COGSWORTH: Perfect.

LUMIERE: It's happening faster with some of the others but we are not far behind. Slowly but surely, as every day passes, we will all gradually become . . . things.

COGSWORTH: But why did we have to get dragged into this whole spell business? It's not like we threw that poor old beggar woman out on her ear.

LUMIERE: No, but are we not responsible too? For helping to make him the way he is?

COGSWORTH: I suppose so.

LUMIERE: All I know is... I will eventually melt away to nothing. I only hope there's something left of me if the Master ever breaks the spell.

COGSWORTH: Hold on, old man. We've got to hold on.

BELLE, MRS. POTTS, and WARDROBE

BELLE: Who is it?

MRS. POTTS: Mrs. Potts, dear. I thought you might like some tea.

BELLE: Come in.

MRS POTTS: Nothing like a nice warm cup of tea to make the world seem a bit brighter.

BELLE: But . . .you're . . .you're . . .!

MRS POTTS: Mrs. Potts, dear. Very pleased to make your acquaintance.

WARDROBE: Careful, darling!

BELLE: Wh. . . who are you?

WARDROBE: Madame de la Grand Bouche. Perhaps you've heard of me?

BELLE: Sorry.

WARDROBE: You see! They've forgotten all about me. One can be and I quote, "The toast of Europe. The brightest star ever to grace the stage," but fall under one little spell –

MRS. POTTS: Sssssh!

BELLE: Wait. This is impossible!

WARDROBE: I know it is . . . but here we are! Well now, what shall we dress you in for dinner? This is nice. But how would you like to borrow one of my gowns? Let's see what I've got in my drawers . . . Ah, here we are. I wore this the night I performed at the Royal Opera. The King himself was there! Of course, I wouldn't have a prayer of fitting into it now. Take it . . .

BELLE: That's very kind of you. But I'm not going to dinner.

WARDROBE: Don't be silly. Of course you are. You heard what the Master said.

BELLE: He may be your master . . . but he's not mine! (*a beat*) I'm sorry. This is just happening so fast.

WARDROBE: That was a very brave thing you did, my dear. We all think so.

BELLE: I'm going to miss my papa so much!!

MRS. POTTS: Cheer up, child. I know things may seem bleak right now, but you mustn't despair. We're here to see you through.

BEAST and BELLE #1

BELLE: Release my father at once!

BEAST: I am the master of the castle! I do not take orders from anyone. Throw her out!

BELLE: No! Wait! Forgive me. Please, let him out. Can't you see he's not well?

BEAST: Then he should not have trespassed here.

BELLE: But he's an old man. He could die!

BEAST: He came into my home uninvited and now he'll suffer the consequences.

BELLE: Please... I'll do anything.

BEAST: There's nothing you can do!

BELLE: Take me instead!

BEAST: What did you say?

BELLE: Take me instead.

BEAST: You would do that? You would take his place?

BELLE: If I did, would you let him go?

BEAST: Yes. But you must promise to stay here... forever.

BEAST and BELLE #2

BEAST: *(To Belle)* I thought I told you to come down to dinner!

BELLE: *(yelling back)* I'm not hungry!

BEAST: I am the master of this castle and I'm telling you to come to dinner.

BELLE: And I'm telling you... I'm not hungry!

BEAST: You're hungry if I say you're hungry.

BELLE: Don't be ridiculous!

BEAST: What did you say?

BELLE: You can't go around ordering people to be hungry. It doesn't work like that.

BEAST: I can...

BELLE: Besides, it's rude.

BEAST: Oh? Rude is it? Then how about this, if you don't come down to dinner, I will drag you by the hair...

BELLE: Why are you being such a bully?

BEAST: Because I want you to come down to dinner!

BELLE: So... you admit you're being a bully.

BEAST: *(Gritting his teeth.)* Would you be so kind as to join me for dinner? Please.

BELLE: No, thank you.

BEAST: Fine! Then starve!

BEAST and BELLE #3

BEAST: Belle, I have something to show you. But first, you have to close your eyes. It's a surprise

BELLE: May I open them?

BEAST: Alright, alright. Now! *(Belle opens her eyes, and gasps with wonder at the beautiful library with stacks and stacks of books)*

BELLE: I can't believe it! I've never seen so many books in my whole life!

BEAST: You . . . like it?

BELLE: It's wonderful!

BEAST: Then . . . it's yours! *(Belle runs to look at the books, giddy with delight.)*

BELLE: Oh, this is one of my favorites! It's "King Arthur." Have you ever read it?

BEAST: No.

BELLE: Then you don't know what you're missing. I'd love to read it again. Wait ... you can read it first.

BEAST: No, that's alright.

BELLE: No, really, you read it.

BEAST: Oh, No, you . . .

BELLE: No, you.

BEAST: *(Finally in frustration, he confesses.)* No! I can't...

BELLE: You never learned to read?

BEAST: Only a little, and long ago.

BELLE: Well, it just so happens that this is the perfect book to read aloud. Come here, sit by me.

BELLE: *(reading)* Knowing not that this was indeed the legendary sword called "Excalibur," Arthur tried to pull it from the stone. He tried once to no avail. He tried a second time, but still, he could not pull it out. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword...

BEAST: So that must mean he's the king!!

BELLE: Wait and see.

BEAST: I never knew books could do that.

BELLE: Do what?

BEAST: Take me away from this place. Make me forget for a little while.

BELLE: Forget?

BEAST: Who I . . . What I am.

BELLE: We have something in common, you know.

BEAST: What?

BELLE: In the town where I come from, the people think I'm odd.

BEAST: You?

BELLE: So, I know how it feels to be . . . different. And I know how lonely that can be. *(A beat. She picks up the book and reads)* For the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword, and there arose from the people a great shout. "Arthur is king!"

BEAST: Told you so . . .