BELLE: Hello? Is anyone here? Please, I’m looking for my father. (sees papa) Papa! (runs to him) Your hands are like ice! Who has done this to you? (Beast appears) I won’t leave you here! (says to Beast) Who’s there? I know someone’s there. Who are you? (sees Beast) Then, you’re the one who’s responsible for this! Release my father at once! (reacting to angered Beast) No! Wait! Forgive me. Please, let him out. Can’t you see he’s not well? But he’s an old man. He could die! Wait, please…take me instead. If I did, would you let him go? (Beast agrees) Come into the light. (Belle cringes) You have my word.

BELLE: (to Gaston) Bonjour, Gaston. Excuse me. Gaston. (Gaston takes book) May I have my book please. Well some people use their imagination! Like you? Gaston, please! I have to get inside to help my father. Don’t talk about my father that way! My father’s not crazy! He’s a genius!

MAURICE: Belle? Is that you? (Cough) How did you find me? Belle, you must leave this place. (Belle offers to replace her father) No! Belle, you don’t know what you’re doing. No! Belle, listen to me. I’m old…I’ve lived my life.

BEAST: (revealing himself) I’m the master of this castle. I do not take orders from anyone. Get out! Then he should not have trespassed here. There is nothing you can do! (Belle offers to replace her father’s place) You would do that? You would take his place? Yes. But you must promise to stay here…forever. (He steps into the light and reveals the beast he is) Done.

GASTON: (to Belle) Hello…Belle. (Takes her book) How can you read this? There’s no pictures. Belle, it’s about time you got your head out of these books and paid attention to more important things. (Strikes a pose. Lafou speaks badly about her father. He laughs, but sees she is upset and blames Lafou for laughing) Yeah! Don’t talk about her father that way!

LEFOU: You didn’t miss a shot, Gaston. You’re the greatest hunter in the whole world! No beast alive stands a chance against you! And no girl for that matter. (Gaston points to Belle) The inventor’s daughter? But, she’s…I know, but… Well, of course you do!

SILLY GIRL: It can’t be true! I don’t believe it. Why would you go and do a thing like that? I simply can’t bear it! Oh Gaston, say it isn’t so. (realizes it’s true, he’s getting married) Waaaaaaahhhhh! Oh no! No! Never! Waaaaaaahhhhh! (runs off sobbing)

COGSWORTH: What? Who is that? If we keep quiet, maybe he’ll go away. And good-bye! (Maurice plays with his clock on his belly) Really sir…hee hee…. stop it, I say! Not the Master’s chair! I’m not seeing this. I’m not seeing this! All right! This has gone far enough! We’ve got to get him out of here! Do you have any idea what the Master will do if he finds out we let a stranger in…

COGSWORTH: Right this way… (Points offstage) Now that is yet another example of the late neo-classic baroque period. And, as I always say, if it’s not baroque, don’t fix it! (laugh) Um… perhaps mademoiselle would like to see something else. Over here we have exquisite tapestries dating all the way back.
LUMIERE: Poor fellow. Oh, Cogsworth, have a heart. *(To Maurice)* Monseur, you are welcome here! You’re chilled to the bone, Monsieur. Come…. warm yourself by the fire. Calm yourself, Cogsworth. The Master will never have to know.

LUMIERE: Master…have you thought that perhaps this girl could be the one to break the spell? Good! So…. you fall in love with her, she falls in love with you and poof! The spell is broken! We’ll be human again by midnight! But we don’t have time! The rose has already begun to wilt! Impress her with your wit. And above all…you must control your temper!

MRS. POTTS: Try to be patient, sir. The girl has lost her father and her freedom all in one day. Lumiere, it’s not that easy. These things take time. Master, you must help her to see past all that. Well, you could start by trying to make yourself more presentable. But be gentle. And above all…you must control your temper!

MADAME DE LA GRANDE BOUCHE: I’m Madame de la Grande Bouche. Well now, what shall we dress you in for dinner? Let’s see what I’ve got in my drawers… *(something falls out)* Oh how embarrassing! Oh, of course you are. You heard what the Master said.


CHIP: Mama, you’re not gonna believe what I saw…not in a million thousand years…not in a trillion million thousand years! No really…this is the greatest thing…it’s the thing that everybody’s been waiting for since…since…since…I don’t know when! There’s a girl in the castle!

MONSIEUR D’ARQUE: I don’t usually leave the asylum in the middle of the night. But this fellow said you’d make it worth my while. Good afternoon. I’ve come to collect your father. Don’t worry. We’ll take good care of him.

BAKER: Good morning, Belle! Where you off to? That’s nice. Marie! The baguettes! Hurry up!

SAUSAGE GIRL: There’s no denying she’s a funny girl, that Belle. *(Sees her)* Good day.

HAT SELLER: There’s no denying she’s a funny girl, that Belle. *(Sees her)* How is your family?

BOOK SELLER: Ah, Belle! Finished already? Not since yesterday. That one? But you’ve read it twice! If you like it all that much…it’s yours. I insist!

BABETTE: Oooh la la…what have we here? Do my eyes deceive me or is this a man? It’s been so long since I’ve seen a real man. *(Sees Lumiere)* Oh no. Oh no. Oh no…no…no! I’ve been burnt by you before!

NARRATORS: Once Upon a Time In a faraway Land, A young prince lived in a shining castle. Although he had everything his heart desired, the Prince was spoiled, selfish and unkind. But then, one winter’s night, and old beggar woman came to the castle and offered him a single rose in return for shelter from the bitter cold. Repulsed by her haggard appearance, the Prince sneered at the gift and turned the old woman away.