

SCENE FIVE: INTERIOR OF CASTLE

(Cogsworth and Lumiere enter in mid-argument)

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

(He nods)

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 pats him on the back in a brief moment of friendship.)

COGSWORTH

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

(Belle comes wandering through.)

BELLE

Hello? Is anyone here? Hello?

LUMIERE

It's a girl!

COGSWORTH

Yes, of course, I can see it's a girl!

LUMIERE/COGSWORTH

It's a girl!!!

(They bolt to follow her. Lumiere wins. Cogsworth is right behind him)

LUMIERE

(calling)

Mademoiselle!

COGSWORTH

Now Lumiere, let me do all the talking.

LUMIERE

(Ignoring him)

Yoohooo...

COGSWORTH

As head of the household, I should do most of the talking!

LUMIERE

(Calling)

Cherie!

COGSWORTH

A word. Just a word!

(as he goes off)

That's all I'm asking for!

(They exit as Mrs. Potts enters with Chip)

CHIP

Mama, you're not gonna believe what I saw...not in a million thousand years...
not in a trillion million thousand years!

MRS. POTTS

Yes, dear.

CHIP

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!

MRS. POTTS

Alright Chip, what is it?

CHIP

There's a girl in the castle!

MRS. POTTS

Bless my soul, wouldn't that be lovely?

CHIP

But there is! I saw her!

MRS. POTTS

Now Chip, I'll not have you making up wild stories. Getting everyone's hopes up for no reason.

(Babette rushes in)

BABETTE

Mrs. Potts, did you hear? There is a girl in the castle!

CHIP

See? I told ya! And she's real pretty too!

BABETTE

Well, I don't know about that.

(Babette and Mrs. Potts exit as Lumiere and Cogsworth reenter)

LUMIERE

This is the one! The girl we have been waiting for. She has come to break the spell!

COGSWORTH

Wait a minute...wait a minute...let's not be hasty!

LUMIERE

Isn't it wonderful? After all these years! Oh happy, happy day!

(He grabs Cogsworth and kisses him on both cheeks. Cogsworth pushes him away with disgust.)

COGSWORTH

Stop it! Stop that!

LUMIERE

We should tell the others, no?

(Lumiere hurries off)

COGSWORTH

Yes, I mean no! I mean...wait a minute! Wait a minute!

(He hurries off after Lumiere. Belle comes back through.)

#6b - Belle in the Castle

Orchestra

BELLE

Hello? Is anyone here? Please, I'm looking for my father.

(The lights come up on Maurice, behind bars in a cell.)

MAURICE

Belle? Is that you?

BELLE

Papa!

(Belle rushes to Maurice. She clings to him through the bars.)

MAURICE

How did you find me?

(He coughs from the chill.)

BELLE

Your hands are like ice! We have to get you out of here!

MAURICE

Belle, you must leave this place.

BELLE

Who's done this to you?

(The Beast appears, a shadowy form.)

MAURICE

There's no time to explain. You must go...now!

BELLE

I won't leave you here!

(She feels his presence and whirls around.)

Who's there?

(She can hear him panting...animal-like.)

I know someone's there. Who are you?

BEAST

The master of this castle.

BELLE

Then, you're the one who's responsible for this! Release my father at once!

BEAST

(He growls)

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

(The caryatid stands up, grabs Belle)

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.

MAURICE

Belle!

BEAST

There's nothing you can do!

BELLE

Wait please!

BEAST

I said there is nothing you can do!

BELLE

Take me instead!

MAURICE

No!

BEAST

What did you say?

BELLE

Take me instead.

MAURICE

Belle, you don't know what you're doing.

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.

MAURICE

NO!

BELLE

Forever?

BEAST

Forever! Or he dies in the dungeon!

BELLE

That's not fair... Wait! Come into the light.

BEAST

Make your choice!

MAURICE

Belle, listen to me. I'm old...I've lived my life.

BELLE

You have my word.

BEAST

Done.

BELLE

Papa!

(Beast roar)

MAURICE

No, no, I'm begging you! Please spare my daughter!

(The Beast drags Maurice out of the cell.)

BEAST

Take him to the crossroads.

BELLE

WAIT! No, not yet!

MAURICE

Let her go! Let her go! Belle! Belle!

BELLE

Papa!

(Maurice is dragged away)

LUMIERE

(whispering)

Master...

(The Beast roars angrily. Lumiere slinks away. There's a beat...and Lumiere comes back.)

Master, please!

(treading on eggshells)

Since the girl is going to be with us for quite some time...you might want to offer her a more comfortable room.

BELLE

You didn't let me say good-bye!

BEAST

What?

BELLE

I'll never see him again...and I didn't even get to say good-bye.

(The Beast studies her for a moment, confused by this outpouring of emotion.)

BEAST

I'll...show you to your room.

(He turns to go, but she doesn't follow.)

BELLE

My room? But I thought...

(He turns back, confused, irritated.)

BEAST

Do you want to stay in that dungeon?

BELLE

No.

BEAST

Then follow —

(HE reaches for her. SHE recoils from his hand in fear. HE stops, then...)

You follow me!

(During the following, the Beast leads Belle through the dark, dreary castle. The Beast explains the rules of the castle in a gruff tone.)

This is your home now. You're free to go anywhere you like...except the West Wing.

BELLE

Why, what's in the West...?

BEAST

IT'S FORBIDDEN! You are never to set foot there...do you understand?

(She doesn't answer fast enough to suit him.)

DO YOU UNDERSTAND!

BELLE

Yes!

(He moves on. Belle watches him.)

BEAST

This is your room. I hope you'll be comfortable here. If you need anything, my servants will attend you.

(He motions impatiently for her to go in. Belle steps inside.)

And, one more thing. You will join me for dinner.

(Belle turns away.)

That is not a request!

(The Beast turns and exits)

#7 - *Is This Home?*

Belle

(The lights come up in the Interior of Belle's room. As she looks around at the strange, unfamiliar surroundings, she can no longer hold back the dark despair that threatens to overwhelm her. She SINGS:)

BELLE

YES, I MADE THE CHOICE
FOR PAPA - I WILL STAY
BUT I DON'T DESERVE TO LOSE MY FREEDOM IN THIS WAY
YOU MONSTER!
IF YOU THINK THAT WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS RIGHT, WELL THEN,
YOU'RE A FOOL
THINK AGAIN
IS THIS HOME?
IS THIS WHERE I SHOULD LEARN TO BE HAPPY?
NEVER DREAMED
THAT A HOME COULD BE DARK AND COLD
I WAS TOLD
EVERY DAY IN MY CHILDHOOD
EVEN WHEN WE GROW OLD
HOME SHOULD BE WHERE THE HEART IS
NEVER WERE WORDS SO TRUE

(BELLE)

MY HEART'S FAR, FAR AWAY
 HOME IS TOO
 WHAT I'D GIVE TO RETURN
 TO THE LIFE THAT I KNEW LATELY
 AND TO THINK I COMPLAINED OF THAT DULL
 PROVINCIAL TOWN

IS THIS HOME?
 AM I HERE FOR A DAY OR FOREVER?
 SHUT AWAY
 FROM THE WORLD UNTIL WHO KNOWS WHEN
 OH BUT THEN
 AS MY LIFE HAS BEEN ALTERED ONCE
 IT CAN CHANGE AGAIN
 BUILD HIGHER WALLS AROUND ME
 CHANGE EVERY LOCK AND KEY
 NOTHING LASTS
 NOTHING HOLDS ALL OF ME
 MY HEART'S FAR FAR AWAY
 HOME AND FREE

(The song ends...and there's a brisk knock at the door.)

BELLE

Who is it?

MRS. POTTS

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

BELLE

Come in.

(Mrs. Potts toddles 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

(firmly)

Mrs. Potts, dear. Very pleased to make your acquaintance.

(Belle is so stunned she backs up into a wardrobe behind her.)

WARDROBE

Careful, darling!

(Belle turns around to see MADAME DE LA GRAND BOUCHE, a grand, larger-than-life wardrobe. Belle gasps.)

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?

(She lifts up Belle's sleeve)

This is nice. But how would you like to borrow one of my gowns? Let's see what I've got in my drawers...

(She opens her drawers and pulls out bloomers. She reaches in again and takes out a gown.)

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

(adamant)

He may be your master...but he's not mine!

(a beat)

I'm sorry. This is just happening so fast.

(Mrs. Potts and Wardrobe look at one another, feeling badly for her. They approach...gently.)

#7a - *Is This Home - Tag**Mrs Potts***MRS. POTTS**

That was a very brave thing you did, my dear.

WARDROBE

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.

I HOPE THAT WE'LL BE FRIENDS
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW YOU WELL
IF ANYONE CAN MAKE THE MOST OF LIVING HERE
THEN BELLE,
IT'S YOU
AND WHO KNOWS
YOU MAY FIND
HOME HERE TOO