

Beauty and the Beast

NARRATOR: 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, an 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, but she warned him not to be deceived by appearances, for beauty is found within. And when he dismissed her again, the old woman's ugliness melted away to reveal a beautiful enchantress. The prince tried to apologize, but it was too late, for she had seen that there was no love in his heart, and as punishment, she transformed him into a hideous beast, and placed a powerful spell on the castle, and all who lived there. Ashamed of his monstrous form, the beast concealed himself inside his castle, with a magic mirror as his only window to the outside world. The rose she had offered was truly an enchanted rose, which would bloom until his twenty-first year. If he could learn to love another, and earn her love in return by the time the last petal fell, then the spell would be broken. If not, he would be doomed to remain a beast for all time. As the years passed, he fell into despair, and lost all hope, for who could ever learn to love a beast?

(We have seen a progression of stained glass windows illustrating the narration, as well as BEAST shredding his portrait. The camera slowly zooms out from the castle and we see the title. Fade up on the home of BELLE. She exits the front door and begins her walk into town.)

BELLE: Little town, it's a quiet village
Every day, like the one before
Little town, full of little people
Waking up to say...

TOWNSFOLK 1: Bonjour!

TOWNSFOLK 2: Bonjour!

TOWNSFOLK 3: Bonjour!

TOWNSFOLK 4: Bonjour!

TOWNSFOLK 5: Bonjour!

BELLE: There goes the baker with his tray like always
The same old bread and rolls to sell
Ev'ry morning just the same
Since the morning that we came
To this poor provincial town...

BAKER: Good morning, Belle!

(BELLE jumps over to the bakery)

BELLE: Morning monsieur!

BAKER: Where are you off to?

BELLE: The bookshop! I just finished the most wonderful story, about a beanstalk and an ogre and...

BAKER: (Ignoring her) That's nice...Marie, the baguettes! Hurry up!!

TOWNSFOLK: Look there she goes, that girl is strange no question
Dazed and distracted, can't you tell?

WOMAN 1: Never part of any crowd

BARBER: Cause her head's up on some cloud

TOWNSFOLK: No denying she's a funny girl, that Belle!
(BELLE jumps on the back of a wagon and rides through town)

DRIVER: Bonjour!

WOMAN 2: Good day!

DRIVER: How is your family?

WOMAN 3: Bonjour!

MERCHANT: Good day!

WOMAN 3: How is your wife?

WOMAN 4: I need six eggs!

MAN 1: That's too expensive!

BELLE: There must be more than this provincial life!
(BELLE enters the bookshop)

BOOKSELLER: Ah, Belle!

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

BOOKSELLER: (Putting the book back on the shelf) Finished already?

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

BOOKSELLER: (laughing) Not since yesterday.

BELLE: (on ladder of bookshelf) That's all right. I'll borrow...
this one.

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

BELLE: Well it's my favorite! (BELLE swings off side of ladder,
rolling down it's track) Far off places, daring
swordfights, magic spells, a prince in disguise!

BOOKSELLER: (handing her the book) Well, if you like it all that much,
it's yours!

BELLE: But sir!

BOOKSELLER: I insist!

BELLE: Well thank you. Thank you very much! (leaves bookshop)

MEN: (looking in window, then turning to watch her)
Look there she goes
That girl is so peculiar!
I wonder if she's feeling well!

WOMEN: With a dreamy far-off look!

MEN: And her nose stuck in a book!

ALL What a puzzle to the rest of us is Belle!
(BELLE sits on the edge of a fountain, singing to the sheep and the washing
woman in the background, who leaves)

BELLE: Oh! Isn't this amazing!
It's my favorite part because, you'll see!
Here's where she meets Prince Charming
But she won't discover that it's him 'til chapter three!

WOMAN 5: Now it's no wonder that her name means 'beauty'
Her looks have got no parallel!

MERCHANT: But behind that fair facade
I'm afraid she's rather odd
Very different from the rest of us...

ALL: She's nothing like the rest of us
Yes different from the rest of us is Belle
(GEESE flying overhead, one is shot and plummets to the ground. LEFOU runs
over, holds out the bag, and misses catching the prize. He returns to
GASTON)

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

GASTON: I know!

LEFOU: Huh. 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! (pointing to BELLE)

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--

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

LEFOU: Well of course, I mean you do, but I mean...

GASTON: Right from the moment when I met her, saw her
I said she's gorgeous and I fell
Here in town there's only she (BELLE walks by and away)
Who is beautiful as me
So I'm making plans to woo and marry Belle

BIMBETTES: Look there he goes, isn't he dreamy
Monsieur Gaston, oh he's so cute
Be still my heart, I'm hardly breathing
He's such a tall, dark, strong and handsome brute

(BELLE walks easily through the crowd of people in the town, GASTON struggles to catch up to her)

MAN 1: Bonjour!

GASTON: Pardon!

MAN 2: Good day!

MAN 3: Mais oui!

WOMAN 1: You call this bacon?

WOMAN 2: What lovely grapes!

MAN 4: Some cheese!

WOMAN 3: Ten yards!

MAN 4: One pound

GASTON: 'xcuse me!

MAN 4: I'll get the knife!

GASTON: Please let me through!

WOMAN 4: This bread!

MAN 5: Those fish!

WOMAN 4: It's stale!

MAN 5: They smell!

MAN 6: Madame's mistaken!

BELLE: There must be more than this provincial life!

ALL: Well maybe so...

GASTON: Just watch I'm going to make Belle my wife! (TOWNSFOLK gather around GASTON, and eventually surround him)

ALL: Look there she goes a girl who's strange but special
A most peculiar mademoiselle
It's a pity and a sin
She doesn't quite fit in!

GROUP 1: But she really is a funny girl

GROUP 2: A beauty but a funny girl

ALL: She really is a funny girl! That Belle!

GASTON: Hello, Belle.

BELLE: Bonjour Gaston. (GASTON grabs the book from BELLE) Gaston, may I have my book, please?

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

BELLE: Well, some people use their imaginations.

GASTON: Belle, it's about time you got your head out of those books (tossing book into the mud) and paid attention to more important things...like me! The whole town's talking about it. (The BIMBETTES, who are looking on, sigh. BELLE has picked up the book and is cleaning off the mud) It's not right for a woman to read--soon she starts getting ideas... and thinking.

BELLE: Gaston, you are positively primeval.

GASTON: (Putting his hand around her shoulders) Why thank you, Belle. Hey, whaddya say you and me take a walk over to the tavern and have a look at my hunting trophies.

BELLE: Maybe some other time.

BIMBETTE 1: What's wrong with her?

BIMBETTE 2: She's crazy!

BIMBETTE 3: He's gorgeous!

BELLE: Please, Gaston. I can't. I have to get home and help my father.

LEFOU: Ha ha ha, that crazy old loon, he need all the help he can get! (GASTON and LEFOU laugh heartily)

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

GASTON: Yeah, don't talk about her father that way! (He conks LEFOU on the head.)

BELLE: My father's not crazy! He's a genius! (Explosion in background.

GASTON and LEFOU continue laughing. BELLE rushes home and descends into the basement.)

BELLE: Papa?

MAURICE: How on earth did that happen? Dog gonnit! (He pulls the barrel off his waist, along with his pants.)

BELLE: Are you all right, Papa?

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

BELLE: You always say that.

MAURICE: I mean it, this time. I'll never get this boneheaded contraption to work.

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

MAURICE: Hmmmph!

BELLE: ...and become a world famous inventor!

MAURICE: You really believe that?

BELLE: I always have.

MAURICE: Well, what are we waiting for. I'll have this thing fixed in no time. (sliding under machine) Hand me that dog-legged clencher there... So, did you have a good time in town today?

BELLE: I got a new book. Papa, do you think I'm odd?

MAURICE: My daughter? Odd? (Appears from under machine with bizarre goggle contraption on his head distorting his eyes) Where would you get an idea like that?

BELLE: Oh, I don't know. It's just I'm not sure I fit in here. There's no one I can really talk to.

MAURICE: What about that Gaston? He's a handsome fellow!

BELLE: He's handsome all right, and rude and conceited and...Oh Papa, he's not for me!

MAURICE: Well, don't you worry, cause this invention's going to be the start of a new life for us. (Comes out from under machine) I think that's done it. Now, let's give it a try. (MACHINE

whirs and chops wood, just as it should)

BELLE: It works!

MAURICE: It does? It does!

BELLE: You did it! You really did it!

MAURICE: Hitch up Phillipe, girl. I'm off to the fair! (Log strikes him in the head, knocking him out. Fade to later in the day)

BELLE: Good bye, Papa! Good luck!

MAURICE: Good bye, Belle, and take care while I'm gone!

(MAURICE and PHILLIPE continue on their journey until they become lost)

MAURICE: We should be there by now. Maybe we missed a turn. I guess I should have taken a...wait a minute. (Lifts lantern to illuminate sign giving directions to Anaheim and Valencia) Let's go this way!

(PHILLIPE looks right, at a dark, overgrown path, then left towards a more inviting route, then begins to go left)

MAURICE: Come on, Phillipe! It's a shortcut. We'll be there in no time!

(PHILLIPE and MAURICE continue through the dark.)

MAURICE: This can't be right. Where have you taken us, Phillipe? We'd better turn around...and...whoa...whoa boy, whoa Phillipe. Oh, oh! Look out!

(A swarm of bats fly out of a tree. PHILLIPE runs through the forest avoiding everything until he almost runs over the edge of a cliff)

MAURICE: Back up! Back up! Back up! Good boy, good boy. That's good, that's--back up! Steady. Steady! Hey now. Steady. (PHILLIPE finally bucks him off.) Phillipe! (PHILLIPE runs away, leaving MAURICE on the edge of the cliff.) Phillipe? Oh no! (He looks up and sees WOLVES growling at him. MAURICE runs away, being chased by the WOLVES. He stumbles down a hill, and lands at the gate of a castle. He grabs the locked gate and tries to shake it open.)

MAURICE: Help! Is someone there?

(The gate opens, and MAURICE runs in. He slams the gate in the faces of the WOLVES. Leaving his hat on the ground as the rain begins to fall, MAURICE runs to the castle and bangs on the door. It creaks open and he enters, cautiously.)

MAURICE: Hello? Hello?

(Watching from a table near the entrance are LUMIERE and COGSWORTH)

LUMIERE: (Barely whispering) Old fellow must have lost his way in the woods.

COGSWORTH: (Also whispering) Keep quiet! Maybe he'll go away.

MAURICE: Is someone there?

COGSWORTH: Not a word, Lumiere. Not one word!

MAURICE: I don't mean to intrude, but I've lost my horse and I need a place to stay for the night.

LUMIERE: (looking at COGSWORTH like a child having just found a lost puppy)

Oh Cogsworth, have a heart.

COGSWORTH: Shush shush shhhh! (COGSWORTH puts hand over LUMIERE'S mouth, who promptly proceeds to touch his lit candle hand to

COGSWORTH'S

hand.)
Ow ow Ow OW OW OUCH!!!!!!

LUMIERE: Of course, monsieur, you are welcome here.

MAURICE: (looking around in confusion) Who said that? (He picks up the candlestick for light, not realizing that the speaker is in his hand)

LUMIERE: (Tapping him on the shoulder) Over here!

MAURICE: (Spins around, pulling LUMIERE to the other side) Where?

LUMIERE: (Taps MAURICE on the side of the head. MAURICE looks at LUMIERE.)

Allo!

MAURICE: Oh!!!! (Startled, he drops LUMIERE onto the floor.)

Incredible!

COGSWORTH: (hopping over) Well, now you've done it, Lumiere. Splendid, just peachy--aaarrrgghh! (MAURICE picks up COGSWORTH)

MAURICE: How is this accomplished? (He fiddles with COGSWORTH)

COGSWORTH: Put me down! At once! (MAURICE tickles the bottoms of COGSWORTH's feet. He laughs. He begins to wind the spring on the back of COGSWORTH's head, twisting his face around with the clock hands. MAURICE opens the front of COGSWORTH and begins to play with his pendulum. COGSWORTH slams the door shut on his finger.) Sir, close that at once, do you mind!

MAURICE: I beg your pardon, it's just that I've never seen a clock that...aah...i mean...aah aah aah-chooo!!!! (MAURICE sneezes in the face of COGSWORTH, who proceeds to wipe his face off using his clock hands in a very anachronistic windshield wiper manner.

MAURICE snuffles, indicating the cold he has caught from being in the rain.)

LUMIERE: Oh, you are soaked to the bone, monsieur. Come, warm yourself by

the fire.

MAURICE: Thank you.
(LUMIERE and MAURICE head towards the den, with COGSWORTH running after them.)

COGSWORTH: No, no, no, do you know what the master would do if he finds you

here. (BEAST is watching the action from an overhead walkway, and rushes off as the trio enters the den.) I demand that you stop...right...there! (COGSWORTH tumbles down the steps.

MAURICE

takes a seat in a large chair in front of a roaring fire.) Oh no, not the master's chair! (FOOTSTOOL rushes past COGSWORTH, barking up a storm.) I'm not seeing this, I'm not seeing this! (As FOOTSTOOL rushes up to him) Well, hello there, boy.

MAURICE: (FOOTSTOOL

props himself up under the feet of MAURICE. COATRACK enters and

removes his cloak.) What service!

COGSWORTH: All right, this has gone far enough. I'm in charge here, and (COGSWORTH is run over by the (once again) anachronistic IndyCar sounding teacart of MRS. POTTS)

MRS. POTTS: (Arriving by the side of MAURICE) How would you like a nice spot of tea, sir? It'll warm you up in no time. (Pours tea into

cup (CHIP), which hops over into MAURICE's open hand)

COGSWORTH: (from face down position on carpet) No! No tea, no tea!!!

CHIP: (As MAURICE sips the tea) Ha ha! His moustache tickles, momma!

MAURICE: (Startled by the cup) Oh! Hello!
(The door to the den slams open and a strong gust of wind blows into the room, extinguishing LUMIERE's flames and the fire in the fireplace. COGSWORTH dives for cover. MRS. POTTS begins to shake. CHIP jumps back onto the tea cart and takes refuge from behind his mother)

CHIP: Uh oh!
(BEAST enters. We see him in full for the first time. He is on all fours. He looks around in the darkness.)

BEAST: (Growling his words) There's a stranger here.

LUMIERE: (who has relit his flames) Master, allow me to explain. The gentleman was lost in the woods and he was cold and wet...
(LUMIERE's last sentence is drowned out by the very loud growl of BEAST, which puts out his flames once again. LUMIERE looks down, dejected.)

COGSWORTH: (Coming out from under a rug) Master, I'd like to take this moment to say...I was against this from the start. I tried to stop them, but would they listen to me? No, no, no! (Again, BEAST's growl drowns out COGSWORTH.)
(MAURICE looks to one side of the chair, then to the other and sees BEAST.)

BEAST: Who are you! What are you doing here?

MAURICE: (Very scared and backing away from the advancing BEAST) I was lost
in the woods and...(stares at BEAST)

BEAST: (Advancing on him) You are not welcome here!

MAURICE: I'm sorry

BEAST: What are you staring at?

MAURICE: (Cowering under BEAST) Noth-noth-nothing! (Turns to leave)

BEAST: (Racing around and blocking the entrance with surprising speed) So, you've come to stare at the beast, have you?

MAURICE: Please, I meant no harm! I just needed a place to stay .

BEAST: I'll give you a place to stay! (BEAST picks up MAURICE, carries him out of the room and slams the door, plunging the den, along with COGSWORTH, LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS, and CHIP into darkness. Fade out.)

(Fade in to BELLE's cottage, seen from POV of GASTON and LEFOU.)

LEFOU: Heh! Oh boy! Belle's gonna get the surprise of her life, huh Gaston.

GASTON: Yep. This is her lucky day!
(GASTON lets go of a branch, which swings back and hits LEFOU in the mouth. GASTON turns to the band, wedding guests and others, apparently just out of sight of BELLE's cottage.)

GASTON: I'd like to thank you all for coming to my wedding. But first, I better go in there and... propose to the girl! (MINISTER, BAKER, and OTHERS laugh heartily. Camera pans quickly to show BIMBETTES crying their eyes out. To LEFOU) Now, you Lefou. When Belle and

I come out that door--

LEFOU: Oh I know, I know! (He turns and begins directing the band in "Here Comes the Bride." GASTON slams a baritone over his head.)

GASTON: Not yet!

LEFOU: (From inside the instrument, with his lips sticking out the mouthpiece) Sorry!

(Cut to interior of cottage. BELLE is sitting in a chair reading her new book. There is a knock at the door. She puts the book down and walks to the door. She reaches up and pulls down a viewing device. She peeks through and sees an anachronistically accurate fish-eye view of GASTON. She moans, and pushes the door open.)

BELLE: Gaston, what a pleasant...surprise.

GASTON: Isn't it though? I'm just full of surprises. You know, Belle. There's not a girl in town who wouldn't love to be in your shoes.

teeth This is the day...(GASTON pauses by a mirror and licks his clean.) This is the day your dreams come true.

BELLE: What do you know about my dreams, Gaston?

GASTON: Plenty. Here, picture this. (GASTON plops down in the chair and props his mud-covered feet up on BELLE's book. He begins to kick off his boots and wiggle his toes through his hole-y socks.) A rustic hunting lodge, my latest kill roasting on the fire, and my little wife, massaging my feet, while the little ones play with the dogs. (BELLE looks positively disgusted. GASTON gets up next to her face.) We'll have six or seven.

BELLE: Dogs?

GASTON: No, Belle! Strapping boys, like me!

BELLE: Imagine that. (She picks up her book, places a mark in it, and puts it on the shelf.)

GASTON: And do you know who that wife will be?

BELLE: Let me think.

GASTON: (Corners BELLE) You, Belle!

BELLE: (Ducking under GASTON'S arms) Gaston, I'm speechless. I really don't know what to say.

GASTON: (Pushing chairs and things out of the way until he reaches BELLE and traps her against the door) Say you'll marry me.

BELLE: (Reaching for the doorknob) I'm very sorry, Gaston, but I just don't deserve you. (She twists the knob and the door opens (this time outward). BELLE ducks under GASTON as he tumbles out the door and into the mud.)

(The wedding band begins to play "Here Comes the Bride." GASTON's boots are thrown out of the door (now opened inward) and the door is slammed shut.

LEFOU, who is directing the band, looks down and sees GASTON's legs sticking out of the mud, and a PIERRE's head sticking up. LEFOU cuts off the band, and GASTON's head pops up, with the pig on top of him. He tilts his head, and the pig slides

down his back.)

LEFOU: So, how'd it go?

GASTON: (Picks up LEFOU by the neck) I'll have Belle for my wife, make no

mistake about that! (GASTON drops LEFOU into the mud.)

LEFOU: (To PIERRE) Touchy!

PIERRE: Grunt Grunt.

(GASTON walks off, dejected, and the focus returns to the cottage. BELLE pokes

her head out the door.)

BELLE: (To the chickens) Is he gone? Can you imagine, he asked me to marry him. Me, the wife of that boorish, brainless...

Madame Gaston, can't you just see it

Madame Gaston, his little wife

Not me, no sir, I guarantee it

I want much more than this provincial life...

(BELLE walks into the pen and feeds the animals, then runs off singing into an

open field overlooking a beautiful valley)

I want adventure in the great wide somewhere

I want it more than I can tell

And for once it might be grand

To have someone understand

I want so much more than they've got planned

(PHILLIPE runs into the open field. BELLE looks at him, disturbed that

MAURICE

is not with him.)

BELLE: Phillipe! What are you doing here? Where's Papa? Where is he,

Phillipe? What happened? Oh, we have to find him, you have to take me to him!

(BELLE unhitches the wagon from PHILLIPE. Cut to exterior of the castle gate.

(How PHILLIPE brought BELLE there is a mystery, seeing as PHILLIPE never made it

to the castle with MAURICE.))

BELLE: What is this place?

(PHILLIPE snorts, then begins to buck as if something is scaring him. BELLE dismounts and comforts him.)

BELLE: Phillipe, please, steady. (She enters the gate and sees MAURICE's

hat on the ground.) Papa.

(Cut to interior of castle with COGSWORTH and LUMIERE discussing events.)

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, pet the pooch.

LUMIERE: I was trying to be hospitable.

(Cut back to door opening and BELLE entering castle.)

BELLE: Hello? Is anyone here? Hello? Papa? Papa, are you here?

(We follow as BELLE ascends the grand staircase and searches for her father.

Cut

to kitchen where MRS. POTTS is standing next to a tub of hot water. CHIP hops in.)

CHIP: Momma. There's a girl in the castle!

MRS. POTTS: Now, Chip, I won't have you making up such wild stories.

CHIP: But really, momma, I saw her.
MRS. POTTS: (Disgusted) Not another word. Into the tub. (She lifts CHIP into the tub. FEATHERDUSTER enters)
FEATHERDUSTER:
A girl! I saw a girl in the castle!
CHIP: (poking his head out from the water) See, I told ya!
(Cut back to LUMIERE and COGSWORTH bickering)
COGSWORTH: Irresponsible, devil-may-care, waxy eared, slack-jawed--
BELLE: Papa?
(COGSWORTH and LUMIERE turn to look at the new arrival)
LUMIERE: Did you see that? (Running to the door and poking his head around
the corner with COGSWORTH) It's a girl!
COGSWORTH: I know it's a girl.
LUMIERE: Don't you see? She's the one. The girl we have been waiting for.
She has come to break the spell! (He chases after her.)
COGSWORTH: Wait a minute, wait a minute!
(BELLE advances down a narrow hallway. COGSWORTH and LUMIERE sneak up behind her and open the door that leads to the tower where MAURICE is being kept. The door creaks open and BELLE hears the sound)
BELLE: Papa? Papa? (COGSWORTH hides behind the door and LUMIERE rushes off.) Hello? Is someone here? Wait! I'm looking for my father!
(She begins up the stairs, but doesn't realize that LUMIERE is watching her.) That's funny, I'm sure there was someone... I-I-Is there anyone here?
(MAURICE's voice echoes from his cell)
MAURICE: Belle?
BELLE: (Rushes up to the cell to find him) Oh, Papa!
MAURICE: How did you find me?
BELLE: Oh, your hands are like ice. We have to get you out of here.
MAURICE: Belle, I want you to leave this place.
BELLE: Who's done this to you?
MAURICE: No time to explain. You must go...now!
BELLE: I won't leave you!
(Suddenly, BEAST grabs BELLE's shoulder and whips her around. She drops the torch she was carrying into a puddle and the room is dark except for one beam of light from a skylight.)
BEAST: What are you doing here?
MAURICE: Run, Belle!
BELLE: Who's there? Who are you?
BEAST: The master of this castle.
BELLE: I've come for my father. Please let him out! Can't you see he's sick?
BEAST: Then he shouldn't have trespassed here.
BELLE: But he could die. Please, I'll do anything!
BEAST: There's nothing you can do. He's my prisoner.
BELLE: Oh, there must be some way I can...wait! Take me, instead!
BEAST: You! You would take his place?
MAURICE: Belle! No! You don't know what you're doing!
BELLE: If I did, would you let him go?
BEAST: Yes, but you must promise to stay here forever.

(BELLE ponders the situation and realizes she can't see the captor)

BELLE: Come into the light.

(BEAST drags his legs, then his whole body into the beam of light. BELLE looks,

her eyes growing wider until she can stand no more and falls back to MAURICE.)

MAURICE: No, Belle. I won't let you do this!

(BELLE regains her composure, then steps into the beam of light, giving her a very virgin-ish look)

BELLE: You have my word.

BEAST: (quickly) Done!

(BEAST moves over to unlock the cell, and BELLE collapses to the floor with her

head in her hands. We hear the door being unlocked, then MAURICE rushing over

to BELLE.)

MAURICE: No, Belle. Listen to me. I'm old, I've lived my life--

(BEAST grabs him and drags him downstairs)

BELLE: Wait!

MAURICE: Belle!

BELLE: Wait!

(Cut to ext. of castle. BEAST drags MAURICE towards PALLENQUIN)

MAURICE: No, please spare my daughter!

BEAST: She's no longer your concern. (BEAST throws MAURICE into the PALLENQUIN.) Take him to the village.

(The PALLENQUIN breaks the ivy holding it to the ground, then slinks off like a

spider with MAURICE inside)

MAURICE: Please, let me out, please!

(Cut to BELLE looking out cell window at the PALLENQUIN crossing the bridge over

the moat. She begins to cry. Cut to BEAST walking up the stairs. LUMIERE is still at his post.)

LUMIERE: Master?

BEAST: (angrily) What!

LUMIERE: Since the girl is going to be with us for quite some time, I was

thinking that you might want to offer her a more comfortable room. (BEAST growls angrily at him.) Then again, maybe not.

(BEAST enters the cell where BELLE is still crying.)

BELLE: You didn't even let me say good bye. I'll never see him again.

I

didn't get to say good-bye.

BEAST: (feeling bad) I'll show you to your room.

BELLE: (surprised) My room? (Indicating the cell) But I thought--

BEAST: You wanna, you wanna stay in the tower?

BELLE: No.

BEAST: Then follow me.

(BEAST leads BELLE to her room. As they proceed, BELLE begins to lag behind. She looks at the hideous sculptures on the walls and the light casting shadows

on them. Frightened, she gasps and runs to catch up with BEAST, who is carrying

LUMIERE as a light source. BEAST looks back at BELLE, and sees a tear form at the corner of her eye.)

LUMIERE: Say something to her.
BEAST: Hmm? Oh. (To BELLE) I...um...hope you like it here. (He looks at LUMIERE for approval. He motions BEAST to continue.) The castle is your home now, so you can go anywhere you wish, except the West Wing.
BELLE: (looking intrigued) What's in the West Wing?
BEAST: (stopping angrily) It's forbidden!

(BEAST continues, and BELLE reluctantly follows. Cut to int. of BELLE's room, dark. The door opens and light spills in.)

BEAST: (Tenderly) Now, if there's anything you need, my servants will attend you.
LUMIERE: (whispering in his ear) Dinner--invite her to dinner.
BEAST: (Growing angry) You...will join me for dinner. That's not a request!
(BEAST leaves, slamming the door behind him. BELLE, terrified, runs over to the bed and flings herself onto it, finally breaking down and crying. Fade to tavern in the town.)

GASTON: Who does she think she is? That girl has tangled with the wrong

man. No one says 'no' to Gaston!

LEFOU: Darn right!

GASTON: Dismissed. Rejected. Publicly humiliated. Why, it's more than

I

can bear. (turns chair away)

LEFOU: (Runs in front of him) More beer?

GASTON: (Turns chair away again) What for? Nothing helps. I'm disgraced.

LEFOU: Who, you? Never. Gaston, you've got to pull yourself together.

Gosh it disturbs me to see you, Gaston

Looking so down in the dumps

Every guy here'd love to be you, Gaston (cheering from the gallery)

Even when taking your lumps

There's no man in town as admired as you

You're everyone's favorite guy

Everyone's awed and inspired by you (LEFOU turns chair back to forward)

And it's not very hard to see why!

No one's slick as Gaston, no one's quick as Gaston

No one's next as incredibly thick as Gaston

For there's no man in town half as manly

Perfect, a pure paragon!

You can ask any Tom, Dick, or Stanley

And they'll tell you who's team they'd prefer to be on!

(LEFOU has pulled a man's belt off, whose pants fall to the ground. LEFOU jumps

up and wraps the belt around GASTON's neck, who flexes and breaks it off.
LEFOU
continues to dance around. OLD CRONIES pick him up and swing him around.)

OLD CRONIES: No one's been like Gaston, a king-pin like Gaston
LEFOU: No one's got a swell cleft in his chin like Gaston
GASTON: As a specimen, yes, I'm intimidating!
OLD CRONIES: My, what a guy that Gaston!
(OLD CRONIES swing LEFOU back and forth into the camera. LEFOU tickles
GASTON's
chin, who stands with pride)

OLD CRONIES: Give five hurrahs, give twelve hip-hips
LEFOU: Gaston is the best and the rest is all drips!
(LEFOU swings up his arm in dance and throws a mug of beer in GASTON's face,
who
socks LEFOU in the face)

ALL: No one fights like Gaston, no one bites like Gaston
WRESTLER: In a wrestling match, nobody bites like Gaston
BIMBETTES: For there's no one as burly and brawny
GASTON: As you see I've got biceps to spare
LEFOU: Not a bit of him scraggly or scrawny
GASTON: That's right! And every last bit of me's covered with hair!
(GASTON fights with the men, then lifts a bench with the BIMBETTES on it. He
drops the bench on LEFOU, then turns to the camera and reveals his hairy
chest.)

OLD CRONIES: No one hits like Gaston, matches wits like Gaston
LEFOU: In a spitting match, nobody spits like Gaston!
GASTON: I'm especially good at expectorating! Ptooey!
ALL: Ten points for Gaston!
(GASTON plays a chess game with a man, then hits the board, sending it and
pieces all over. He takes a bite of leather from the belt once wrapped
around
his neck, chews it and spits it into a spittoon, which falls and gets stuck
on
the head of LEFOU.)

GASTON: When I was a lad I ate four dozen eggs
Every morning to help me get large!
And now that I'm grown, I eat five dozen eggs
So I'm roughly the size of a barge!
(GASTON juggles a number of eggs, then swallows them whole. LEFOU attempts
the
trick, and is hit in the face by three eggs.)

ALL: No one shoots like Gaston, makes those beauts like Gaston
LEFOU: Then goes tromping around wearing boots like Gaston
GASTON: I use antlers in all of my decorating!
(GASTON takes three shots at a beer barrel, which begins leaking into the
mugs
of onlookers. He returns stomping to his chair, where we see the fireplace
surrounded by the heads of the animals he has killed. The mystery cut of
music
is here! Cut to ending of "Gaston Reprise")

ALL: My what a guy! Gaston!!!!!!!

(The OLD CRONIES have picked up the chair and carry GASTON around in it.
LEFOU
tries to flee, but they toss the chair into its normal place, and LEFOU is
pinned underneath. MAURICE bursts in frantically)

MAURICE: Help! Someone help me!
OLD MAN: Maurice?
MAURICE: Please! Please, I need your help! He's got her. He's got her
locked in the dungeon.
LEFOU: Who?
MAURICE: Belle. We must go. Not a minute to lose!
GASTON: Whoa! Slow down, Maurice. Who's got Belle locked in a
dungeon?
MAURICE: A beast! A horrible, monstrous beast!
(MAURICE has gone from person to person, pleading his case, until he is
thrown
at the feet of GASTON. A moment of silence, then the OLD CRONIES begin to
laugh
and mock him.)
CRONY 1: Is it a big beast?
MAURICE: Huge!
CRONY 2: With a long, ugly snout?
MAURICE: Hideously ugly!
CRONY 3: And sharp, cruel fangs?
MAURICE: Yes, yes. Will you help me?
GASTON: All right, old man. We'll help you out.
MAURICE: You will? Oh thank you, thank you!

(The OLD CRONIES pick up MAURICE and help him out by throwing him through the
door.)

CRONY 1: Crazy old Maurice. He's always good for a laugh!
GASTON: (Very pensive) Crazy old Maurice, hmm? Crazy old Maurice.
Hmmm?

Lefou, I'm afraid I've been thinking.
(LEFOU is still under the chair.)
LEFOU: A dangerous pastime--
GASTON: (finishing line) I know,
But that wacky old coot is Belle's father
And his sanity's only so-so

Now the wheels in my head have been turning
Since I looked at that loony old man
See I promised myself I'd be married to Belle,
And right now I'm evolving a plan!
(GASTON picks LEFOU out from under the chair and holds his head close, and
whispers)

GASTON: If I...(whisper)
LEFOU: Yes?
GASTON: Then I...(whisper)
LEFOU: No, would she?
GASTON: (whispering)...GUESS!
LEFOU: Now I get it!
BOTH: Let's go!
(They begin a waltz around the floor as they sing)
BOTH: No one plots like Gaston, takes cheap shots like Gaston
LEFOU: Plans to persecute harmless crackpots like Gaston

ALL: So his marriage we soon'll be celebrating!
 My what a guy, Gaston!!!
(Camera zooms out through window to snow covered square, empty except for MAURICE)
MAURICE: (to no one in particular) Will no one help me?

(Fade back to the bedroom of the castle where BELLE is still crying. There is a 'clink clink clink' at the door. She gets up and walks over to open the door.
MRS. POTTS enters with CHIP and their entourage.)

BELLE: Who is it?
MRS. POTTS: (from outside the door) Mrs. Potts, dear. (Door opens.) I thought you might like a spot of tea.
BELLE: (amazed at the fact that she is listening to a walking tea set) But you...ah...but...I--
(BELLE bumps into the WARDROBE)
WARDROBE: Oof. Careful!
BELLE: (sits on bed) This is impossible--
WARDROBE: (leans 'shoulder' on bed, popping other end and BELLE into the air) I know it is, but here we are!
CHIP: (as sugar and cream are being poured into him) Told ya she was pretty, mama, didn't I?
MRS. POTTS: All right, now, Chip. That'll do. (CHIP hops over to BELLE, who is sitting on the floor) Slowly, now. Don't spill!
BELLE: Thank you. (She picks up CHIP, and is about to take a sip of tea.)
CHIP: (To BELLE) Wanna see me do a trick? (CHIP takes a big breath, then puffs out his cheeks and blows bubbles out the top of the cup.)
MRS. POTTS: (admonishingly) Chip!
CHIP: (looking guilty) Oops. Sorry.
MRS. POTTS: (To BELLE) That was a very brave thing you did, my dear.
WARDROBE: We all think so.
BELLE: But I've lost my father, my dreams, everything.
MRS. POTTS: Cheer up, child. It'll turn out all right in the end. You'll see. (She looks up, startled.) Oops! Look at me, jabbering on,
 when there's a supper to get on the table. Chip!
CHIP: (hopping away) Bye!
(BELLE stands and the WARDROBE approaches her.)
WARDROBE: Well now, what shall we dress you in for dinner? Let's see what I've got in my drawers. (The doors fly open and moths flutter out. She slams them shut.) Oh! How embarrassing. Here we are.
 (One door opens, the other serves as an arm. It pulls out a pink dress.) Ah! There, you'll look ravishing in this one!
(Something to think about: We never hear of a King or Queen or parents, so what is a Prince living on his own doing with a wardrobe full of women's clothing? Maybe he wants to be a lumberjack!)
BELLE: That's very kind of you, but I'm not going to dinner.

WARDROBE: Oh, but you must!
(COGSWORTH waddles in)
COGSWORTH: Ahem, ahem, ahem. Dinner...is served.
(Cut to BEAST pacing back and forth in front of fire, with MRS. POTTS and LUMIERE looking on.)
BEAST: What's taking so long? I told her to come down. Why isn't she here yet?!?
MRS. POTTS: Oh, try to be patient, sir. The girl has lost her father and her freedom all in one day.
LUMIERE: Uh, master. Have you thought that, perhaps, this girl could be the one to break the spell?
BEAST: (angrily) Of course I have. I'm not a fool.
LUMIERE: Good. 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! (That sounds like a good title for a song-- "Human Again")
MRS. POTTS: Oh, it's not that easy, Lumiere. These things take time.
LUMIERE: But the rose has already begun to wilt.
BEAST: It's no use. She's so beautiful, and I'm so...well, look at me!
(LUMIERE shrugs his shoulders and looks at MRS. POTTS.)
MRS. POTTS: Oh, you must help her to see past all that.
BEAST: I don't know how.
MRS. POTTS: Well, you can start by making yourself more presentable. Straighten up, try to act like a gentleman.
(BEAST sits up, then straightens his face very formally)
LUMIERE: (adding in) Ah yes, when she comes in, give her a dashing, debonair smile. Come, come. Show me the smile. (BEAST bears his
ragged fangs in a scary, and yet funny grin.)
MRS. POTTS: But don't frighten the poor girl.
LUMIERE: Impress her with your rapier wit.
MRS. POTTS: But be gentle.
LUMIERE: Shower her with compliments.
MRS. POTTS: But be sincere
LUMIERE: And above all...
BOTH: You must control your temper!
(The door creaks open. BEAST wipes the silly face off, and looks to the door expectantly.)
LUMIERE: Here she is!
(COGSWORTH enters.)
COGSWORTH: Uh, good evening.
(BEAST goes from expectant to mad.)
BEAST: (growling) Well, where is she?
COGSWORTH: (buying time) Who? Oh! The girl. Yes, the, ah, girl. Well, actually, she's in the process of, ah, um, circumstances being what they are, ah... she's not coming.
(Cut to ext of den with door slightly ajar)
BEAST: WHAT!!!!!!!
(Door bangs open and BEAST comes running out, with OBJECTS giving chase)
COGSWORTH: Your grace! Your eminence! Let's not be hasty!
(Cut to ext of BELLE's room. BEAST runs up to it and bangs on the door.)
BEAST: (Yelling) I thought I told you to come down to dinner!
BELLE: (From behind the door) I'm not hungry.
BEAST: You'll come out or I'll...I'll break down the door!
LUMIERE: (interrupting) Master, I could be wrong, but that may not be the

best way to win the girl's affections.

COGSWORTH: (pleading) Please! Attempt to be a gentleman.

BEAST: (growing angrier) But she is being so...difficult!

MRS. POTTS: Gently, gently.

BEAST: (very dejected) Will you come down to dinner?

BELLE: No!

(BEAST looks at the OBJECTS, very frustrated.)

COGSWORTH: Suave. Genteel.

BEAST: (Trying to act formal, bowing at the door) It would give me great pleasure if you would join me for dinner.

COGSWORTH: Ahem, ahem, we say 'please.'

BEAST: (once again dejected) ...please.

BELLE: (Mad at BEAST) No, thank you.

BEAST: (furious) You can't stay in there forever!

BELLE: (provokingly) Yes I can!

BEAST: Fine! Then go ahead and STARVE!!!! (To OBJECTS) If she doesn't eat with me, then she doesn't eat at all!

(BEAST runs back down the hall, slamming a door and causing a piece of the ceiling to fall on LUMIERE.)

MRS. POTTS: That didn't go very well at all, did it.

COGSWORTH: Lumiere, stand watch at the door and inform me at once if there is the slightest change.

LUMIERE: (Taking guard position next to door) You can count on me, mon capitain.

COGSWORTH: Well, I guess we better go downstairs and start cleaning up. (Cut to int of BEAST's lair. BEAST enters, knocking over and destroying things in his path.)

BEAST: I ask nicely, but she refuses. What a...what does she want me to do--beg? (Picking up the MAGIC MIRROR) Show me the girl.

(The MAGIC MIRROR shines, then glows green and reveals BELLE in her bedroom, talking to the WARDROBE)

WARDROBE: (in mirror pleading) Why the master's not so bad once you get to know him. Why don't you give him a chance?

BELLE: (still disturbed by the attack) I don't want to get to know him.

I don't want to have anything to do with him!

BEAST: (setting down MAGIC MIRROR, speaking tenderly) I'm just fooling myself. She'll never see me as anything...but a monster.

(Another petal falls off the rose.) It's hopeless.

(BEAST puts his head in his hands as in a depressed state. Fade out/Fade in to ext of BELLE's room. Door creaks open. BELLE silently emerges. We see her feet go by as three bright spots shine through a curtain at floor level. Behind it are LUMIERE and FEATHERDUSTER.)

FEATHERDUSTER: Oh, no!

LUMIERE: Oh, yes!

FEATHERDUSTER: Oh, no!

LUMIERE: Oh, yes, yes, yes!

FEATHERDUSTER:

I've been burnt by you before!

(LUMIERE and FEATHERDUSTER have emerged and LUMIERE takes her in his arms. Suddenly he looks up and sees BELLE walking down the hall. He drops FEATHERDUSTER.)

FEATHERDUSTER:

Oof!

LUMIERE: Zut alors! She has emerged!

(Cut to kitchen, where we find COGSWORTH, MRS. POTTS, CHIP and the STOVE.)

MRS. POTTS: Come on, Chip. Into the cupboard with your brothers and sisters. (helping him in)

CHIP: But I'm not sleepy.

MRS. POTTS: Yes you are.

CHIP: No, I'm...not. (He falls asleep and MRS. POTTS shuts the cupboard

door.)

(A banging of pots and pans comes from the STOVE.)

STOVE: I work and I slave all day, and for what? A culinary masterpiece

gone to waste.

MRS. POTTS: Oh, stop your grousing. It's been a long night for all of us.

COGSWORTH: Well, if you ask me, she was just being stubborn. After all, the master did say 'please.'

MRS. POTTS: But if the master doesn't learn to control that temper, he'll never break the--

(BELLE enters, and COGSWORTH cuts off MRS. POTTS before she can say 'spell.')

COGSWORTH: (interrupting) Splendid to see you out and about, mademoiselle. (LUMIERE comes running in.) I am Cogsworth, head of the household. (He leans over to kiss her hand, but LUMIERE butts in front of him.) This is Lumiere.

LUMIERE: En chante, cherie.

COGSWORTH: (trying to talk around LUMIERE who is still kissing BELLE's hand) If there's anything...stop that...that we can...please (finally shoving him out of the way)...to make your stay more comfortable. (LUMIERE burns the hand of COGSWORTH) Ow!!!!

BELLE: I am a little hungry.

MRS. POTTS: (excited, to the other tea pots) You are? Hear that? She's hungry. Stoke the fire, break out the silver, wake the china.

(The fire on the STOVE roars to life, and drawers open to reveal silverware standing at attention.)

COGSWORTH: (secretively) Remember what the master said.

MRS. POTTS: Oh, pish tosh. I'm not going to let the poor child go hungry.

COGSWORTH: (thinking he is giving in to the ultimate demand) Oh, all right. Glass of water, crust of bread, and then--

LUMIERE: Cogsworth, I am surprised at you. She's not our prisoner. She's

our guest. We must make her feel welcome here. (to BELLE) Right this way, mademoiselle.

COGSWORTH: Well keep it down. If the master finds out about this, it will be our necks!

LUMIERE: Of course, of course. But what is dinner without a little music?

(LUMIERE has started out the swinging door. He lets it close, and the door hits

COGSWORTH and sends him across the room to land in a pan filled with (what looks

like) pancake batter. He screams his line as he is in flight.)

COGSWORTH: MUSIC!?!

(Cut to dining room, where BELLE is seated at the end of a long table.

LUMIERE

is on the table and a spotlight shines on him.)

LUMIERE: Ma chere, mademoiselle. It is with deepest pleasure and greatest pride that I welcome you tonight. And now, we invite you to relax. Let us pull up a chair as the dining room proudly presents...your dinner.

Be our guest, be our guest
Put our service to the test,
tie your napkin 'round your neck, cherie
and we provide the rest!

(The CHAIR has wrapped a napkin around the neck of BELLE, who takes it off and places it on her lap. The CHAIR's arms put it's hands on it's 'waist' as if it were mad.

Soup du jour, hot hors d'oeuvres
Why we only live to serve
Try the grey stuff, it's delicious
Don't believe me? Ask the dishes!

(LUMIERE offers BELLE a plate of hors d'oeuvres. She dips her finger in one, and tastes it.)

They can sing, they can dance
After all, miss, this is France!
And a dinner here is never second best!
Go on unfold your menu, take a glance and then you'll
Be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!

(A cabinet at the end of the table opens to reveal a large CHINA collection, which rolls out and begins to perform. LUMIERE hands BELLE a menu, which she begins to read.)

Beef ragout, cheese souffle,
Pie and pudding en flambe!
We'll prepare and serve with flair
A culinary cabaret!

(Plates of food go dancing by, with COGSWORTH in the pudding. LUMIERE sets his

torch to it, and it explodes, turning COGSWORTH's face black with soot.)

You're alone and you're scared,
But the banquet's all prepared!
No one's gloomy or complaining,
While the flatware's entertaining!

(The FLATWARE enters a 'Busby Berlkley-esque' swimming scene.)

We tell jokes, I do tricks
With my fellow candlesticks

(LUMIERE, standing on a plate, is elevated and begins to juggle his candles. MUGS enter the shot.)

MUGS: And it's all in perfect taste
That you can bet!!!

(The MUGS begin a gymnastics routine, hopping over one another and passing a beverage from one to the next)

ALL: Come on and lift your glass,
You've won your own free pass
To be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!

LUMIERE: If you're stressed, it's fine dining we suggest!

ALL: Be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!
(ALL leave except COGSWORTH, who looks scared, then begins to inch away.)

LUMIERE enters and holds him there.)

LUMIERE: Life is so unnerving,
For a servant who's not serving!
He's not whole without a soul to wait upon

COGSWORTH: Get off!

LUMIERE: Ah, those good old days when we were useful
Suddenly, those good old days are gone.

(LUMIERE sings as if he were reminiscing. Snow begins to fall. COGSWORTH looks up and sees the salt and pepper shakers doing their thing.)

LUMIERE: Ten years we've been rusting
Needing so much more than dusting
Needing exercise, a chance to use our skills!

(LUMIERE dusts the salt of the head of COGSWORTH, who tries to escape. He trips and falls into the gelatin mold.)

Most days just lay around the castle,
Flabby fat and lazy
You walked in, and oops-a-daisie!

(LUMIERE jumps on a spoon in the gelatin, which catapults COGSWORTH out of the mold. Cut to kitchen, where MRS. POTTS is surrounded by soap bubbles.)

MRS. POTTS: It's a guest, it's a guest!
Sakes alive, well I'll be blessed!
Wine's been poured and thank the Lord
I've had the napkins freshly pressed!

(MRS. POTTS continues to dance around the kitchen)

With dessert, she'll want tea,
And my dear, that's fine with me!
While the cups do their soft shoeing,
I'll be bubbling, I'll be brewing!

I'll get warm, piping hot
Heaven's sake, is that a spot?
Clean it up, we want the company impressed!
We've got a lot to do--
Is it one lump or two?
For you our guest!

(MRS. POTTS is cleaned off by a napkin. She hops onto the tea cart and rolls into the dining room, where she offers tea to BELLE.)

ALL: She's our guest!

MRS. POTTS: She's our guest!

ALL: She's our guest!

Be our guest! Be our guest!
Our command is your request!
It's ten years since we had anybody here
And we're obsessed!

With your meal, with your ease,
Yes indeed, we aim to please
While the candlelight's still glowing
Let us help you, we'll keep going--

(The CHINA and CANDLESTICKS perform an elaborately choreographed dance sequence,

ending in a c.u. of LUMIERE.)

ALL (esp. LUMIERE):

Course, by course
One by one
'Til you shout "Enough, I'm done!"
Then we'll sing you off to sleep as you digest
Tonight you'll prop your feet up,
But for let's eat up
Be our guest! Be our guest! Be our guest! Please Be our

guest!!

(A fantastic ending comes of the song, with SILVERWARE flying through the air,

PLATES and FEATHERDUSTERS dancing, and COGSWORTH the focus of attention, until

LUMIERE comes sliding in and sends him flying out of camera range.)

BELLE: Bravo! That was wonderful!

COGSWORTH: Thank you, thank you, mademoiselle. Yes, good show, wasn't it everyone. (Looking at his own face) Oh, my goodness, will you look at the time. Now, it's off to bed, off to bed!

(LUMIERE comes up next to COGSWORTH.)

BELLE: Oh, I couldn't possibly go to bed now. It's my first time in an enchanted castle.

COGSWORTH: Enchanted? Who said anything about the castle being enchanted? (He tries to cover it up, just as a fork runs past. To

LUMIERE)

It was you, wasn't it!

BELLE: I, um, figured it out for myself. (COGSWORTH and LUMIERE have been

fighting. They both look at her, then stop. COGSWORTH dusts himself off, and LUMIERE fixes his wax nose.) I'd like to look around, if that's all right.

LUMIERE: (excited) Oh! Would you like a tour?

COGSWORTH: Wait a second, wait a second. I'm not sure that's such a good idea. (Confidentially, to LUMIERE) We can't let her go poking around in certain places, if you know what I mean.

BELLE: (Poking COGSWORTH in the belly (like the Pillsbury doughboy)) Perhaps you could take me. I'm sure you know everything there is to know about the castle.

COGSWORTH: (flattered) Well, actually, ah yes, I do!

(Fade to COGSWORTH, LUMIERE, and BELLE walking down a hall with FOOTSTOOL.

COGSWORTH is lecturing.)

COGSWORTH: As you can see, the pseudo facade was stripped away to reveal a minimalist rococo design. Note the unusual inverted vaulted ceilings. This is yet another example of the neo-classic

baroque

period, and as I always say, if it's not baroque, don't fix it! Ha ha ha. Now then, where was I? (He turns to find the heads of the SUITS OF ARMOR have turned to follow BELLE.) As you were! (They all snap back to face forward.) Now, if I may draw your attention to the flying buttresses above the--mademoiselle?

(COGSWORTH turns back to the group and is one girl short. He sees her beginning

to climb the grand staircase. He and LUMIERE run up to her and jump in front of

her, blocking her progress upstairs.)

BELLE: What's up there?
COGSWORTH: Where? Up there? Nothing. Absolutely nothing of interest at all
in the West Wing. Dusty, dull, very boring.
(LUMIERE has been shaking his head, but COGSWORTH nudges him and he nods in agreement.)
BELLE: Oh, so that's the West Wing.
LUMIERE: (To COGSWORTH) Nice going!
BELLE: I wonder what he's hiding up there.
LUMIERE: Hiding? The master is hiding nothing!
BELLE: Then it wouldn't be forbidden.
(She steps over them, but they dash up and block her again.)
COGSWORTH: Perhaps mademoiselle would like to see something else. We have exquisite tapestries dating all the way back to...
BELLE: (again stepping over them) Maybe later.
LUMIERE: (with COGSWORTH, again dashing and blocking) The gardens, or the
library perhaps?
BELLE: (Now, with incredible interest) You have a library?
COGSWORTH: (Thrilled that he has found something to interest her) Oh yes! Indeed!
LUMIERE: With books!
COGSWORTH: Gads of books!
LUMIERE: Mountains of books!
COGSWORTH: Forests of books!
LUMIERE: Cascades...
COGSWORTH: ...of books!
LUMIERE: Swamps of books!
COGSWORTH: More books than you'll ever be able to read in a lifetime! Books on every subject ever studied, by every author who ever set pen to paper...

(LUMIERE and COGSWORTH begin marching off, and BELLE begins to follow, but her curiosity overtakes her, and she turns back to the West Wing. Her excitement begins to dwindle, though, when she enters the hallway leading to BEAST'S lair. As she walks down the hall, she stops to look in a mirror that has been shattered into several pieces, each one reflecting her concerned look. She reaches the end of the hall and finds a closed door with gargoyles handles. She takes a deep breath, then reaches out and opens the door. Cut to int of lair, where BELLE begins to explore. She is truly shocked by everything she sees. She wanders around, looking, and knocks over a table, but she catches it before it crashes to the floor. She then turns her head and sees a shredded picture on the wall. We can only see part of a portrait. It is the same portrait that was shredded in the opening. BELLE reaches out and lifts the shreds of the picture to reveal the prince. We never see this, however, for then she turns her head and sees the rose under the bell jar. She walks over to it, her eyes transfixed. She reaches out, then lifts off the jar, leaving the rose

unprotected. She reaches up, brushes back the strand of hair that has been repeatedly falling on her forehead, then reaches out to touch the rose. As she

nears it, a shadow falls over her. BEAST has been on the balcony, and sees her. He jumps back into the room, then slams the jar back on the rose. He then turns

his attention to BELLE.)

BEAST: (growing angry) Why did you come here?

BELLE: (Backing away, scared) I'm sorry,

BEAST: I warned you never to come here!

BELLE: I didn't mean any harm.

BEAST: (Angrier) Do you realize what you could have done? (Begins to thrash at the furniture)

BELLE: (Pleading, but still scared) Please, stop! No!

BEAST: (Screaming) Get out!!!! GET OUT!!!!

(BELLE turns and flees the room. BEAST calms down, then falls into despair, finally realizing that he may have destroyed his chances with BELLE. She reaches the stairway and grabs her cloak. She rushes down the stairs, wrapping

the cloak around her and bursting past a confused LUMIERE and COGSWORTH .)

LUMIERE: Wh- Where are you going?

BELLE: Promise or no promise, I can't stay here another minute!

COGSWORTH: Oh no, wait, please wait!

(LUMIERE tries to respond, but BELLE slams the door behind her. He and COGSWORTH both bow their heads in sadness. Cut to BELLE outside in the forest

on PHILLIPE. She begins to ride through the forest, but PHILLIPE comes to a stop. She looks up and sees the WOLVES. She gasps, then pulls the reins and begins to flee. She runs from side to side, making the WOLVES hit the trees (a

la Speederbike chase in Return of the Jedi). PHILLIPE runs out on a frozen pond, but his and BELLE's weight collapse the ice. The WOLVES chase her into the water. Some begin to drown, but PHILLIPE is able to get out of the water before anything serious happens. He runs into a clearing, but becomes surrounded by WOLVES. He bucks, throwing BELLE off and wrapping the reins around a tree branch. The WOLVES begin their attack on PHILLIPE, but BELLE comes to his rescue and beats them away with a stick. One WOLF grabs the stick

in its mouth and breaks half of it off, leaving BELLE defenseless. Another leaps at her, grabbing the corner of her cloak and dragging her to the ground.

She looks up and sees a WOLF about to jump on top of her. It leaps and is caught in mid-air by BEAST. He throws the WOLF away, then stands behind them

and BELLE. They lunge at each other. One rips a hole in BEAST's shoulder, and

the others focus their attack on that spot. Finally, BEAST throws a WOLF against a tree, knocking it out. The others turn and run in fear. BEAST turns

back to BELLE, looks at her despairingly, then collapses. BELLE, grateful to be

alive, turns back to PHILLIPE and begins to get on, but her conscience takes over, and she walks over to the fallen BEAST. Fade to BELLE and PHILLIPE walking back to the castle, with BEAST on the horse's back. Fade to int of den,

with BELLE pouring hot water out of MRS. POTTS. She soaks a rag in the water,
then turns to BEAST, who is licking his wounds.)
BELLE: Here now. Oh, don't do that. (BEAST growls at her as she tries to
clean the wound with her rag.) Just...hold still.
(She touches the rag to the wound and BEAST roars in pain. The OBJECTS, who
have been watching, jump back into hiding from the outburst.)
BEAST: That hurts!
BELLE: (In counterpoint) If you'd hold still, it wouldn't hurt as
much.
BEAST: Well if you hadn't run away, this wouldn't have happened!
BELLE: Well if you hadn't frightened me, I wouldn't have run away!
BEAST: (Opens his mouth to respond, but has to stop and think of a
good
line) Well you shouldn't have been in the West Wing!
BELLE: Well you should learn to control your temper! (BEAST raises
his
hand to bring out another point, but finds he has none, so he
bows his head down again. The OBJECTS emerge from their hiding
as BELLE has conquered the ferocious temper of BEAST. BELLE
moves the rag closer to the wound) Now, hold still. This may
sting a little. (BEAST gives a surprised grunt, then grits his
teeth as the rag is applied. BELLE speaks tenderly.) By the
way,
thank you, for saving my life.
(BEAST opens his eyes, looking surprised.)
BEAST: (Also very tenderly) You're welcome.
(Camera zooms out and we see the OBJECTS looking on with interest. Fade to
GASTON's tavern, which is empty except for GASTON, LEFOU and MONSIEUR
D'ARQUE,
who are all sitting at a table.)
D'ARQUE: I don't usually leave the asylum in the middle of the night,
but
they said you'd make it worth my while. (GASTON pulls out a
sack of gold and tosses it in front of him. He takes out a
piece,
scrapes it on his chin and continues.) Aah, I'm listening.
GASTON: It's like this. I've got my heart set on marrying Belle, but
she
needs a little persuasion.
LEFOU: (butting in) Turned him down flat!
(GASTON slams a beer mug on his head.)
GASTON: Everyone knows her father's a lunatic. He was in here tonight
raving about a beast in a castle...
D'ARQUE: Maurice is harmless.
GASTON: The point is, Belle would do anything to keep him from being
locked up.
LEFOU: Yeah, even marry him!

(GASTON gives him another threatening look, and he ducks back under the mug.)
D'ARQUE: So you want me to throw her father in the asylum unless she
agrees
to marry you? (They both nod in agreement.) Oh, that is
despicable. I love it!
(Cut to int of BELLE's cottage. MAURICE is packing to leave.)
MAURICE: If no one will help me, then I'll go back alone. I don't care

what it takes. I'll find that castle and somehow I'll get her out of there.

(MAURICE leaves on his journey. Seconds later, GASTON and LEFOU arrive with D'ARQUE. They enter the house looking for one of the residents.)

GASTON: Belle! Maurice!

LEFOU: Oh, well, I guess it's not gonna work after all.

(GASTON grabs him by the neck and walks outside.)

GASTON: They have to come back sometime, and when they do, we'll be ready

for them. (Drops LEFOU into a snowbank by the porch) Lefou, don't move from that spot until Belle and her father come home.

LEFOU: But, but... aww, nuts! (He pounds the side of the house and a pile

of snow falls on his head.)

(Fade to ext of castle. BELLE is playing in the snow with PHILLIPE and FOOTSTOOL. BEAST, COGSWORTH and LUMIERE watch from the balcony.)

BEAST: I've never felt this way about anyone. (Looks excited) I want to do something for her. (Looks discouraged.) But what?

COGSWORTH: Well, there's the usual things--flowers, chocolates, promises you don't intend to keep...

LUMIERE: Ahh, no no. It has to be something very special. Something that

sparks her inter--wait a minute.

(Cut to int hallway leading to library. BEAST and BELLE are alone.)

BEAST: Belle, there's something I want to show you. (Begins to open the

door, then stops.) But first, you have to close your eyes. (She looks at him questioningly.) It's a surprise.

(BELLE closes her eyes, and BEAST waves his hand in front of her. Then he opens

the door. He leads her in.)

BELLE: (Just as she enters the room) Can I open them?

BEAST: No, no. Not yet. Wait here.

(BEAST walks away to draw back the curtains. He does, and brilliant sunlight spills into the room. BELLE flinches reflexively as the light hits her face.)

BELLE: Now can I open them?

BEAST: All right. Now.

(BELLE opens her eyes and the camera pulls back to reveal the gigantic library

filled with books.)

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

BEAST: You--you like it?

BELLE: It's wonderful.

BEAST: Then it's yours.

BEAST: Oh, thank you so much.

(Cut to BELLE and BEAST in bkgd, with OBJECTS including CHIP in foreground watching them.)

MRS. POTTS: Oh, would you look at that?

LUMIERE: Ha ha! I knew it would work.

CHIP: What? What works?

COGSWORTH: It's very encouraging.

FEATHERDUSTER: Isn't this exciting!

CHIP: I didn't see anything.

MRS. POTTS: Come along, Chip. There's chores to be done in the kitchen.

CHIP: But what are they talking about? What's going on?
(OBJECTS walk away. Fade to breakfast table with BELLE at one end and BEAST at the other, with MRS. POTTS between them. BELLE is served breakfast, and as she begins to eat, she looks at BEAST, gobbling up his food with no table manners whatsoever. CHIP laughs, but MRS. POTTS shoots him an admonishing look.

BELLE turns away and tries to ignore it, but CHIP comes to the rescue. He nudges the spoon with his nose, and BEAST reaches out for it (very 3-D-ishly). BELLE looks at him in wonder as he tries to eat with the spoon, but he has little success.

Finally, BELLE puts down her spoon and lifts her bowl as if in a toast.

BEAST looks at the compromise and does the same. They both begin to sip their breakfast out of their bowls. Fade to courtyard where BELLE and BEAST are feeding the birds.)

BELLE: There's something sweet
And almost kind
But he was mean
And he was coarse and unrefined.

But now he's dear
And so unsure,
I wonder why I didn't see it there before.

(BELLE is trying to attract some birds to BEAST, who shoves a handful of seed at them. Finally, she takes a handful and gently spreads it out, creating a trail. One lands in his hands, and he looks up thrilled.)

BEAST: She glanced this way
I thought I saw
And when we touched
She didn't shudder at my paw

No it can't be
I'll just ignore
But then she's never looked at me that way before.

(BELLE has ducked around a tree, leaving BEAST with the birds. She begins to look doubtful again, but turns her head around the tree and laughs. BEAST is covered with birds.)

BELLE: New, and a bit alarming
Who'd have ever thought that this could be?
True, that he's no Prince Charming
But there's something in him that I simply didn't see.

(BELLE throws a snowball at BEAST, who had looked at her proudly after the birds flew away. He begins to gather a large pile of snow. We cut to the OBJECTS, looking out of a window at the two. In the background, BELLE throws another snowball at BEAST, who drops his huge pile of snow on his head. He chases her

around a tree, but she ducks around the other side and sneaks up on him from behind.)

LUMIERE: Well who'd have thought?

MRS. POTTS: Well bless my soul.

COGSWORTH: And who'd have known?

MRS. POTTS: Well who indeed?

LUMIERE: And who'd have guessed they'd come together on their own?

MRS. POTTS: It's so peculiar

ALL: We'll wait and see

A few days more

There may be something there that wasn't there before

(Fade to den where BELLE sits in front of a roaring fire and reads to BEAST. OBJECTS inc. CHIP watch from doorway)

COGSWORTH: Yes, perhaps there's something there that wasn't there before.

CHIP: What?

MRS. POTTS: There may be something there that wasn't there before.

CHIP: What's there, mama?

MRS. POTTS: I'll tell you when you're older.

(Cut to int. of BEAST's lair. He is in the tub getting washed up for the big night with BELLE. LUMIERE is there with him.)

LUMIERE: Tonight is the night!

BEAST: (hesitantly) I'm not sure I can do this.

LUMIERE: You don't have time to be timid. You must be bold, daring.

BEAST: Bold. Daring. (BEAST has emerged from the tub and shakes himself

dry.)

LUMIERE: There will be music. Romantic candlelight, provided myself, and

when the time is right, you confess your love.

BEAST: (Inspired) Yes, I -- I con--No, I can't.

LUMIERE: You care for the girl, don't you?

BEAST: More than anything.

LUMIERE: Well then you must tell her. (COATRACK has been cutting

BEAST'S

hair. It finishes and steps back.) Voila. You look so...so...

(Cut to shot of BEAST in pig-tails and bows.)

BEAST: Stupid.

LUMIERE: Not quite the word I was looking for. Perhaps a little more off

the top.

(COATRACK begins to cut and chop again. COGSWORTH enters.)

COGSWORTH: Ahem ahem ahem. Your lady awaits.

(Cut to grand staircase, where BELLE descends from the West Wing side in a glittering gold ball gown. She reaches the landing and looks up at BEAST, who

is standing at the top of the stairs in his dress clothes. He is nudged on by

LUMIERE from behind the curtain, and he descends and meets BELLE at the landing.

Arm in arm, they descend the last section of stairs and continue on their way to

dinner, stopped momentarily by FOOTSTOOL. MRS. POTTS sings from her cart with

CHIP on board.)

MRS. POTTS: Tale as old as time

True as it can be

Barely even friends

Then somebody bends unexpectedly.

Just a little change
Small to say the least
Both a little scared
Neither one prepared, beauty and the beast.

(BELLE and BEAST have moved into the ballroom, where they move through a computer perfect dance sequence. BEAST occasionally looks over at LUMIERE and COGSWORTH for their approval. MRS. POTTS and CHIP are in the ballroom on their cart.)

MRS. POTTS: Ever just the same
Ever a surprise
Ever as before, ever just as sure
As the sun will rise
Tale as old as time
Tune as old as song
Bittersweet and strange,
Finding you can change, learning you were wrong

Certain as the sun
Rising in the east
Tale as old as time,
Song as old as rhyme, beauty and the beast.

Tale as old as time,
Song as old as rhyme, beauty and the beast.
(To CHIP) Off to the cupboard with you now, Chip. It's past your bedtime. Good night, love.

(CHIP slides off the end of the cart, and hops out of the room, but comes back for one last look. BELLE and BEAST have adjourned to the balcony under a starry night.)

BEAST: Belle? Are you happy here with me?
BELLE: (Hesitantly) Yes. (She looks off into the distance)
BEAST: What is it?
BELLE: (Looks at him desperately) If only I could see my father again, just for a moment. I miss him so much.
BEAST: (Looks disappointed for a moment, then excited.) There is a way.

(The pair adjourn to BEAST's lair, where BEAST hands BELLE the MAGIC MIRROR.)

BEAST: This mirror will show you anything, anything you wish to see.
BELLE: (Hesitantly) I'd like to see my father, please.
(The MAGIC MIRROR shines into life, and BELLE turns her head away as it flashes.
Then it reveals MAURICE fallen in the woods, coughing and lost. BELLE is shocked. BEAST looks at her with concern.)

BELLE: Papa. Oh, no. He's sick, he may be dying. And he's all alone.
(BEAST turns, then looks at the rose, deep in thought.)

BEAST: Then...then you must go to him.
BELLE: What did you say?
BEAST: I release you. You are no longer my prisoner.
BELLE: (In amazement) You mean...I'm free?
BEAST: Yes.
BELLE: Oh, thank you. (To MAGIC MIRROR) Hold on, Papa. I'm on my way.
(BELLE turns to leave, then turns back and pushes the MAGIC MIRROR back to BEAST.)
BEAST: Take it with you, so you'll always have a way to look back, and remember me.
BELLE: Thank you for understanding how much he needs me.
(BELLE turns to leave and BEAST looks down in depression. She touches her hand to his cheek and rushes out. We see BELLE's skirt fly past COGSWORTH, who has entered the room.)
COGSWORTH: Well, your highness. I must say everything is going just peachy. I knew you had it in you.
BEAST: (Very sad) I let her go.
COGSWORTH: Ha ha ha, yes. Splend-- (COGSWORTH stops in the middle of his sentence.) You what? How could you do that?
BEAST: I had to.
COGSWORTH: (Still amazed) Yes, but why?
BEAST: Because, I love her.
(Cut to COGSWORTH telling the rest of the OBJECTS about BEAST's decision.)
ALL (ex. COGSWORTH): He did what?!?!
COGSWORTH: Yes, I'm afraid it's true.
CHIP: She's going away?
LUMIERE: But he was so close.
MRS. POTTS: After all this time, he's finally learned to love.
LUMIERE: That's it, then. That should break the spell.
MRS. POTTS: But it's not enough. She has to love him in return.
COGSWORTH: And now it's too late.
(Cut to BEAST watching BELLE leave from above. He roars in sorrow and anger. His roar turns into the sound of the wind. BELLE is out in the snow, calling out "Papa?" Finally, she finds him face down in a snowbank. They return home, where LEFOU is still waiting, disguised as a snowman.)
LEFOU: Oh, they're back.
(Cut to black. POV of MAURICE as his eyes open. He sees BELLE.)
MAURICE: Belle?
BELLE: It's all right, Papa. I'm home.
MAURICE: I thought I'd never see you again.
BELLE: I missed you so much.
MAURICE: But the beast. How did you escape?
BELLE: I didn't escape, Papa. He let me go.
MAURICE: That horrible beast?
BELLE: But he's different, now. He's changed somehow.
(There is sound coming from BELLE's pack. The flap opens and the MAGIC MIRROR falls out with CHIP rolling to a stop on it.)
CHIP: Hi!
BELLE: Oh, a stowaway.
MAURICE: Why, hello there, little fella. Didn't think I'd ever see you again.
(CHIP turns to BELLE with a look of question on his face.)

CHIP: Belle, why'd you go away? Don't you like us anymore?
BELLE: Oh, Chip. Of course I do. It's just that--
(There is a knocking at the door. BELLE opens it and MONSIEUR D'ARQUE stands on the porch.)
BELLE: May I help you?
D'ARQUE: I've come to collect your father. (He steps aside to show the Asylum D'Loons wagon behind him.)
BELLE: My father?
D'ARQUE: Don't worry, mademoiselle. We'll take good care of him.
BELLE: My father's not crazy.
LEFOU: (Emerging from the crowd) He was raving like a lunatic. We all heard him, didn't we!
BYSTANDERS: Yeah!
BELLE: No, I won't let you.
(MAURICE has emerged from the home.)
MAURICE: Belle?
LEFOU: Ah, Maurice. Tell us again, old man, just how big was the beast?
MAURICE: (Struggling) Well, he was...that is...enormous. I'd say at least eight, no more like ten feet. (CROWD laughs at him.)
LEFOU: Well, you don't get much crazier than that.
MAURICE: It's true, I tell you!
(D'ARQUE waves his arms and ORDERLIES move in and pick up MAURICE.)
LEFOU: Take him away!
MAURICE: Let go of me!
(GASTON has been watching from the sides, standing near D'ARQUE.)
BELLE: (To D'ARQUE.) No, you can't do this! (D'ARQUE shakes her off and walks away.)
GASTON: Tsk, tsk, tsk. Poor Belle. It's a shame about your father.
BELLE: You know he's not crazy, Gaston.
GASTON: I might be able to clear up this little misunderstanding, if...
BELLE: If what?
GASTON: If you marry me.
BELLE: What?
GASTON: One little word, Belle. That's all it takes.
BELLE: Never!
GASTON: Have it your way. (Turns and walks away slowly, playing hard to get.)
MAURICE: (Being thrown into the wagon.) Belle? (She runs back into the house.) Let go of me!
BELLE: (Comes back out with MAGIC MIRROR. She yells to the crowd.) My father's not crazy and I can prove it! (To MIRROR) Show me the beast! (MAGIC MIRROR again shines, then produces the image of the still depressed BEAST. The crowd oohs and aahs at it.)
WOMAN 1: Is it dangerous?
BELLE: (Trying to reassure her) Oh, no. He'd never hurt anyone. Please,
I know he looks vicious, but he's really kind and gentle. He's my friend.
GASTON: If I didn't know better, I'd think you had feelings for this monster.
BELLE: He's no monster, Gaston. You are!
GASTON: She's as crazy as the old man. (He grabs the MIRROR from her

hand.)
The beast will make off with your children!
He'll come after them in the night.

BELLE: No!

GASTON: We're not safe 'til his head is mounted on my wall!
I say we kill the beast!

(MOB cheers him and repeats the words 'kill him'.)

MAN 1: We're not safe until he's dead,

MAN 2: He'll come stalking us at night!

WOMAN 1: Set to sacrifice our children to his monstrous appetite!

MAN 3: He'll wreak havoc on our village
If we let him wander free

GASTON: So it's time to take some action, boys
It's time to follow me!

(GASTON throws a torch into a haystack, creating an instant bonfire. He begins

to prance around it, warning of the dangers of the horrible BEAST.)

Through the mist, through the woods
Through the darkness and the shadows
It's a nightmare but it's one exciting ride.

Say a prayer, then we're there
At the drawbridge of a castle,
And there's something truly terrible inside.

(GASTON chases LEFOU around, mimicking a monster.)

It's a beast,
He's got fangs, razor sharp ones
Massive paws,
Killer claws for the feast

(MAGIC MIRROR shows the face of BEAST to LEFOU, which GASTON exaggerates about.)

Hear him roar, see him foam,
But we're not coming home,
'Til he's dead, good and dead, kill the beast!

BELLE: (Interjecting) No, I won't let you do this.

GASTON: If you're not with us, you're against us. Bring the old man.

MAURICE: Get your hands off me!

(GASTON throws them into the basement and bolts the door.)

GASTON: We can't have them running off to warn the creature!

BELLE: Let us out!

GASTON: (To the CROWD) We'll rid the village of this beast. Who's with me?

(A chorus of "I am"s comes from the CROWD)

MOB: Light your torch, mount your horse!

GASTON: Screw your courage to the sticking place

MOB: We're counting on Gaston to lead the way!

Through a mist, to a wood,
Where within a haunted castle,
Something's lurking that you don't see every day!

(GASTON leads the MOB through the town and out into the forest, where they start

chopping trees in preparation for their assault on the castle.)

It's a beast,
One as tall as a mountain!
We won't rest
'Til he's good and deceased!

Sally forth, tally ho,
Grab your sword, grab your bow
Praise the Lord and here we go!

GASTON: We'll lay siege to his castle and bring back his head!
(Cut to int of basement, where BELLE is prying at the window with a stick.)

BELLE: I have to warn the beast. This is all my fault. Oh, Papa.
What
are we going to do?

MAURICE: (Comforting her) Now, now. We'll think of something.
(We see CHIP looking in through the window. He turns around, thinking, and then
he sees MAURICE's contraption with the axe on the end of it.)

MOB: We don't like, what we don't
Understand, it frankly scares us
And this monster is mysterious at least!

Bring your guns, bring your knives,
Save your children and your wives,
We'll save our village and our lives,
We'll kill the beast!

COGSWORTH: I knew it, I knew it was foolish to get our hopes up.
LUMIERE: Maybe it would have been better if she had never come at all.
(FOOTSTOOL comes in barking. They rush over to the window expecting the
return
of BELLE.)

LUMIERE: Could it be?
MRS. POTTS: Is it she?
LUMIERE: (Realizing the MOB is not BELLE) Sacre bleu, invaders!
COGSWORTH: Encroachers!
MRS. POTTS: (Seeing GASTON) And they have the mirror!
COGSWORTH: (Issuing orders) Warn the master. If it's a fight they want,
we'll be ready for them. (Turns around from window) Who's with
me? Aahh! (The door is slammed as the rest of the OBJECTS
leave
COGSWORTH behind.)

GASTON: Take whatever booty you can find, but remember, the beast is
mine!
(Cut to stairway, where OBJECTS are marching down to do battle with the MOB.)

OBJECTS: Hearts ablaze, banners high!
We go marching into battle,
Unafraid, although the danger just increased!

MOB: Raise the flag, sing the song
Here we come, we're fifty strong
And fifty Frenchmen can't be wrong,
Let's kill the beast!

(Cut to int of BEAST's lair, where MRS. POTTS is briefing him.)

MRS. POTTS: Pardon me, master.
BEAST: Leave me in peace.
MRS. POTTS: But sir, the castle is under attack!
MOB: Kill the beast, kill the beast!
(The OBJECTS have tried to block off the door, but it is being bashed in by
the
MOB.)

LUMIERE: This isn't working!
FEATHERDUSTER: Oh, Lumiere! We must do something!

LUMIERE: Wait! I know!
MOB: Kill the beast, kill the beast!
(Cut to BEAST's lair)
MRS. POTTS: What shall we do, master?
BEAST: (Still very sad) It doesn't matter now. Just let them come.
MOB: Kill the beast, kill the beast, kill the beast!!
(The MOB succeeds in breaking in, and finds a grand entrance filled with assorted pieces of furniture, teacups, candlesticks, featherdusters and clocks.
They tiptoe in, and LEFOU unknowingly picks up LUMIERE.)
LUMIERE: Now!!!
(All the objects spring into life, attacking their human enemies. Cut back to BELLE's home, where CHIP has readied the invention.)
CHIP: Yes! Here we go!
(MAURICE looks out from the window and sees the advancing axe.)
MAURICE: What the devil? Belle, look out!
(The invention crashes into the door, and a red cloud of smoke poofs out of the basement. BELLE and MAURICE emerge from the wreckage to find CHIP swinging on a loose spring.)
CHIP: You guys gotta try this thing.
(Cut back to the castle where the attack continues. Meanwhile, GASTON has broken off from the mob, and is searching out BEAST. BELLE, MAURICE, PHILLIPE and CHIP are making their way to the castle. Finally, the invaders are chased out and the objects celebrate their victory.)
COGSWORTH: And stay out!
(LUMIERE pulls over COGSWORTH and kisses him once on each cheek. COGSWORTH shakes it off. Cut to GASTON, who finds BEAST's lair. He raises his crossbow and takes aim. BEAST looks up at him, then looks back down in sadness again. GASTON releases the arrow and it strikes BEAST in the shoulder. He screams in pain and stands. GASTON rushes him and they fly out the window onto the balcony, where it has begun to rain.)
GASTON: Ha ha ha ha ha!
(GASTON corners BEAST on the edge of the roof. BEAST simply sits there in despair.)
GASTON: Get up! Get up! What's the matter, Beast? Too kind and gentle to fight back?
(BEAST looks down ignoring him. GASTON walks into the foreground and breaks off a piece of the roof. He is about to smash it on BEAST's head when BELLE's voice drifts up. She is on the bridge and is yelling to GASTON, telling him to stop.)
BELLE: No!
BEAST: (Hearing her voice and giving him new life) Belle.
BELLE: Gaston, don't!
(GASTON swings down at BEAST, but he catches the weapon in his hand. BEAST rises up and roars in GASTON's face. They proceed through a fight on the rooftop. Finally, BEAST takes a hiding place among the gargoyles in the darkness. Meanwhile, BELLE enters the castle on the ground.)
BELLE: Let's go, Phillipe!

Underneath, we can see BEAST's body shifting and forming. A fore paw comes out and the claws turn into fingers. A hind paw emerges and develops into a foot. Finally, a wind blows across his face and the fur melts away to reveal a young prince. He gradually descends and is laid on the floor again. The fog disappears and BELLE reaches out to touch him. She jerks her hand back, however, when the figure begins to move. It stands, then looks at it's hands, then turns to face BELLE. It is a human, with the same blue eyes as BEAST. It is obviously BEAST, transformed. BELLE gives him a mysterious look.)

PRINCE: Belle! It's me!
(She continues to look at him skeptically, but then she sees the blue eyes, and instantly knows it is him.)

BELLE: It is you!
(They kiss. A fireworks display explodes around them. The gloom surrounding the castle disappears, revealing a blue sky. The castle is transformed, with the gargoyles changing into cherubs. Finally, we return to the balcony, where the OBJECTS hop out to meet the PRINCE and BELLE. One by one, they are transformed back to their original human conditions.)

PRINCE: Lumiere! Cogsworth! Oh, Mrs. Potts! Look at us!
(CHIP comes riding in on FOOTSTOOL.)

CHIP: Mama! Mama! (The pair transforms back into a boy and dog.)

MRS. POTTS: (Picking up her boy) Oh my goodness!

LUMIERE: It is a miracle!
(The PRINCE picks up BELLE and swings her around. The ruffles of her skirt wipe to the ballroom, where all are gathered to celebrate. The PRINCE and BELLE dance around the room as the rest of the characters get in their last lines.)

LUMIERE: Ah, l'amour. (He says this, and a maid, obviously the former FEATHERDUSTER walks by, brushing him on the chin.) Heh heh!
(He starts to chase after her, but COGSWORTH stops him.)

COGSWORTH: Well, Lumiere, old friend. Shall we let bygones be bygones?

LUMIERE: Of course, mon ami. I told you she would break the spell.

COGSWORTH: I beg your pardon, old friend, but I believe I told you.

LUMIERE: No you didn't. I told you.

COGSWORTH: You most certainly did not, you pompous parrafin-headed pea-brain!

LUMIERE: En garde, you overgrown pocket watch! (He takes off his glove and slaps COGSWORTH across the face with it. They begin to fight. Cut to BELLE and the PRINCE who continue to dance around the floor. The camera stops on MRS. POTTS, CHIP and MAURICE, who is beginning to cry.)

CHIP: Are they gonna live happily ever after, mama?

MRS. POTTS: Of course, my dear. Of course.

CHIP: (Looks happy for a moment, then puzzled.) Do I still have to sleep in the cupboard?
(MAURICE laughs and MRS. POTTS hugs her child and laughs. Cut to a camera looking over the entire ballroom with all in the shot. It slowly zooms out with BELLE and the PRINCE dancing around the room, and fades into the final stained

glass window, this one with BELLE and the PRINCE in the center, surrounded by the rest of the characters.)

CHORUS: Certain as the sun
 Rising in the east
 Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme
 Beauty and the beast!

 Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme
 Beauty and the beast!

(Fade out into credits. The end.)</pre>