

Beauty & the Beast

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First Draft

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PROLOGUE

An ornate storybook opens upon an illustration of a beautiful white shining castle which looks down upon a green lush countryside. "Once Upon a Time, there lived a spoiled, self-centered little boy who would one day grow up to rule a kingdom..."

In FULL ANIMATION, we meet the eleven year-old child as he is being dressed and fussed over by a slew of harried servants. But the boy is making it impossible for them. He's sick and tired of getting all dressed up...sick and tired of being polite...sick and tired of boring old ceremonies. His two regents try to explain that a Wise Woman, respected throughout the land, is coming to pay him a visit. The Wise Woman used to give advice to his parent and some say she has magical powers. "I don't care! It's my castle and I'm only going to do what I want!" The boy pushes the servants away. "Just try and stop me!"

The boy runs into the courtyard where he collides with what looks to be an old beggar woman. She's coming up the walkway carrying a basket of flowers. He knocks her to the ground. The courtiers gasp. Servants run to help her to her feet. The old woman levels her gaze at the boy. She's a craggy old crone but with the wisdom of the ages in her eyes. "I'm waiting for an apology," she says. The boy seems surprised. He laughs. "You can wait all day." "You're not going to apologize?" He crosses his arms stubbornly. "I don't have to." She smiles patiently. "I'll give you one more chance." The boy's temper flares. "Why should I say I'm sorry to some old beggar woman? I don't care about you!" He angrily kicks her basket, scattering flowers in the dirt.

Fierce power emanates from her eyes as the Wise Woman gazes deep into his soul. "I can see that...you care for nothing...you love no one but yourself." "Why should I?" the boy answers arrogantly. She shakes her head. "Then you are no better than a beast..."

The Wise Woman raises her arms. She glows with power and magic. The boy gasps. His eyes go wide and he bolts back into the castle.

He flees past the regents who apologize to the Wise Woman on his behalf. "Forgive him, he's just a child." "A child in need of a lesson," she answers. "Please, we can't let you harm him." "I warn you not to interfere." Heedless of her warning, the regents block the way. She waves an arm at them and they are transformed into objects, a mantelclock and a candelabra. She continues after the fleeing boy transforming any and all her get in her way.

The frightened boy runs through the castle, looking over his shoulder. He dashes into the safety of his own room, shoves furniture in front of the door and hides in a corner. Moments later, the Wise Woman appears in front of him. He cowers behind a chair.

"Since you are no better than a beast, than you deserve to look like one."

She waves her arm and the boy is transformed into a monstrous creature: half-boy, half-beast.

"And you will remain a prisoner in this enchanted place with no human company."

She takes a single red rose from her basket. It begins to glow with enchantment.

"This Rose will bloom until your twenty-first birthday. If you can learn to love another and earn their love in return by the time the Rose withers...then the spell will be broken. If not, you will be doomed to remain a beast forever."

She places the enchanted Rose in an empty vase on the table.

"I leave you with that...and a gift."

She reaches into the basket again and emerges with an ornate, golden Mirror. She places it on the table next to the Rose.

"This enchanted Mirror will show you any part of the wide world you wish to see. Look well...for it's a world you can no longer be part of."

And in a flash of mystical light, the old Wise Woman is gone.

The beast/child races desperately through the castle...up to the highest tower. He looks down to see her disappear into a deep, enchanted mist which has surrounded the castle. "I'm sorry," he cries. "Please...come back! I'm sorry!" And as the beast/child peers desperately out through the bars, we pull back to:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE VILLAGE - A BRISK MORNING IN LATE FALL

We OPEN on a charming provincial French village: winding cobblestone streets, poplar trees with a few leaves clinging to the branches, sparkling fountain in the town-square, stone cottages with thatched roofs, crumbling Medieval steeped church, outdoor cafe tables, autumn flowers in the green shuttered windows and colorful signs above the quaint shops. We follow the cobblestone street over a small rise and find....

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

It is small and maybe just a little shabbier than the rest. But it has a warm, rustic charm: flower pots line the steps leading to the front door, a stone thatched-roofed well in the yard, chickens and goats wandering freely, a vegetable garden and a weathered barn. The door opens and BELLE trots down the steps carrying a book. Even dressed in poor provincial clothes, she's a stunning sight. At eighteen, she already has a classically beautiful face and her eyes shine with intelligence. Unlike other beauties, Belle seems entirely unaware of her looks. This is no ordinary girl. She tops the rise leading into town and sings:

BELLE

(singing)

LITTLE TOWN, IT'S A QUIET VILLAGE
EVERY DAY LIKE THE ONE BEFORE

THE VILLAGE

Autumn leaves skitter across the cobblestones as Belle eagerly starts into town and the villagers begin to bustle about their daily business. The colorful open air marketplace comes alive with flower vendors, bakers, blacksmiths, fruit sellers, potters, milkmaids, merchants, harried mothers, elderly ladies in the windows, laughing children, clip-clopping horses and gabby young girls.

BELLE (cont.)

LITTLE TOWN FULL OF LITTLE PEOPLE
WAKING UP TO SAY...

A MOTHER

Bonjour..

A BUTCHER

Bonjour...

A MILKMAID

Bonjour....

A PRISONER

Bonjour...

A MERCHANT

Bonjour...

A baker unloads a tray of rolls from his wagon to sell in the marketplace.

BELLE
THERE GOES THE BAKER WITH HIS TRAY,
LIKE ALWAYS
THE SAME OLD BREAD AND ROLLS TO SELL
EVERY MORNING JUST THE SAME
SINCE THE MORNING THAT WE CAME
TO THIS POOR PROVINCIAL TOWN

BAKER
Good morning, Belle.

BELLE
Morning, Monsieur.

BAKER
Where you off to?

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

But he's not interested. He yells over his shoulder to his wife.

BAKER
(interrupting her)
That's nice. Marie! The Baguettes hurry up!

Belle sighs. *Never mind.* She continues on her way.

Various townspeople talk about her as she passes.

TOWNSFOLK
LOOK THERE SHE GOES
THE GIRL IS STRANGE, NO QUESTION
DAZED AND DISTRACTED, CANT YOU TELL?
NEVER PART OF ANY CROWD
'CAUSE HER HEADS UP ON SOME CLOUD
NO DENYING SHE'S A FUNNY GIRL, THAT BELLE

A man in a cart speaks to an elderly woman.

MAN IN A CART
BONJOUR, GOOD DAY. HOW IS YOUR FAMILY?

ELDERLY WOMAN
BONJOUR, GOOD DAY. HOW IS YOUR WIFE?

A harried mother with three children speaks to an egg merchant.

MOTHER
I NEED...SIX EGGS.

A large man bellows at a candlestick maker.

LARGE MAN
...THAT'S TOO EXPENSIVE!

Belle speaks softly to herself as all of this goes on around her.

BELLE
THERE MUST BE MORE THAN THIS
PROVINCIAL LIFE!

EXT. THE BOOKSHOP

With some relief, she escapes into a tiny bookshop.

INT. BOOKSHOP

The door tinkles as she enters. The bookshop is small and deserted with few books on the shelves. A gentleman in glasses comes out from behind a curtain in the back.

KINDLY BOOKSELLER
Ah, Belle!

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

KINDLY BOOKSELLER
Finished already?

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

She gives him the book and looks around eagerly.

KINDLY BOOKSELLER
(a chuckle)
Not since yesterday.

Belle points to a book on the shelf.

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

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

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

BOOKSELLER
(chuckling and giving her the book)
If you like it all that much...
(a beat)
...it's yours..

BELLE
But sir!

BOOKSELLER

I insist.

BELLE

Well, thank you. Thank you very much!

She gives him a beautiful smile and the tinkling bell ushers her out.

EXT. VILLAGE

Belle emerges from the bookstore, opens the book and starts to read. During the following, she continues to read as she crosses the road, skillfully avoiding getting run-over by carts and carriages. She jumps over a mud puddle, sidesteps a fat man, and pats a little girl on the head...all without looking up.

TOWNSFOLK

LOOK THERE SHE GOES
THE GIRL IS SO PECULIAR
I WONDER IF SHE'S FEELING WELL
WITH A DREAMY, FAR-OFF LOOK
AND HER NOSE STUCK IN A BOOK
WHAT A PUZZLE TO THE REST OF US
IS BELLE

AT THE FOUNTAIN

Belle sinks down on the edge of the fountain, engrossed in the book. A cat and her kittens wander past. Belle shares her excitement with them.

BELLE

OH...ISN'T THIS AMAZING?

The cat gathers the kittens around for storytime.

BELLE

IT'S MY FAVORITE PART BECAUSE....
YOU'LL SEE..

Belle holds the illustration up for them. The kittens climb all over each other to see the pictures.

BELLE

HERE'S WHERE SHE MEETS PRINCE CHARMING
BUT SHE WON'T DISCOVER THAT IT'S HIM
TIL CHAPTER THREE.

The cat and kittens get a big kick out of this. Belle scratches the cat under the chin and continues on her way, nose still in the book.

A young girl in a dress shop looks out as she passes.

YOUNG LADY

NOW IT'S NO WONDER
THAT HER NAME MEANS "BEAUTY"
HER LOOKS HAVE GOT NO PARALLEL

The shopkeeper joins her in the window.

SHOPKEEPER
 BUT BEHIND THAT FAIR FACADE
 I'M AFRAID SHE'S RATHER ODD
 VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF US

TOWNSFOLK
 SHE'S NOTHING LIKE THE REST OF US
 YES, DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF US
 IS BELLE

THE TOWNSQUARE

The handsome hunter, GASTON, and his adoring hanger-on, LEFOU, approach the town-square. They've been hunting. Lefou's loaded down with the spoils: antlers, pelts, birds. Gaston walks ahead with an arrogant stride, gun slung over his shoulder. He's a rude, self-centered bully with a feral look in his eye as if the whole world is his prey.

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

GASTON
 I know.

Belle comes around a corner on the opposite side of the square, head buried in the book. Gaston stops dead. He watches her with a proprietary glint in his eye. Lefou dumps the booty into a pile.

LEFOU
 No beast alive stands a chance against you!

A group of group of twittering local girls come out of a shop and spot Gaston. They giggle and whisper...trying to get his attention. Gaston ignores them...eyes still glued on Belle.

LEFOU (cont.)
 (a lascivious chuckle)
 And no girl for that matter.

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

Gaston points toward Belle, but Lefou's still looking at the local girls. He sighs enviously. Gaston jabs him with an elbow and points impatiently to Belle. Lefou stumbles all over himself with surprise.

LEFOU
 The inventor's daughter?

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

LEFOU
 But, she's...

GASTON
 The most beautiful girl in town.

LEFOU

I know, but....

GASTON

That makes her the best.

He grabs Lefou in one beefy hand and pulls him up nose-to-nose.

GASTON (cont.)

And don't I deserve the best?

LEFOU

Well, of course. I mean, please. You deserve..
Well, who else? I mean...

He drops Lefou and sings.

GASTON

(he sings)

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
WHO IS BEAUTIFUL AS ME
SO I'M MAKING PLANS TO WOO
AND MARRY BELLE

Gaston motions to Lefou to bring the booty and quickly crosses to the other side of the square where Belle will pass any minute. Lefou gathers the spoils and stumbles to catch up. Gaston strides past the group of twittering girls. He flashes his "handsome look" as he passes. They swoon. Lefou flashes his "handsome look" too. They ignore him.

SILLY GIRLS

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.

While the silly girls sing, Gaston position himself in the spot where Belle will pass. He motions for Lefou to hurry up. Lefou arrives and dumps the booty just in time for Gaston put one foot up, hand on his hip in victorious hunter stance.

Belle crosses the street and briefly glances Gaston's way...he puffs up...but she continues on without a second look. Gaston frowns, thinks for a minute, then grabs a pair of antlers from the pile and takes off after her. Belle backtracks through the marketplace...still without looking up from her book. Gaston trails her. Lefou trails him.

BLACKSMITH

BONJOUR!

GASTON

PARDON.

BASKETWEAVER

GOOD DAY.

PERSON IN GASTON'S WAY
 MAIS OUI!

A matronly woman complains to the butcher.

MATRONLY WOMAN
 YOU CALL THIS BACON?

FRUIT SHOPPER
 WHAT LOVELY GRAPES!

Another woman orders from the cheese seller.

CHEESE BUYER
 SOME CHEESE...

FABRIC BUYER
 ...TEN YARDS!

CHEESE BUYER
 ...ONE POUND.

GASTON
 'SCUSE ME!

CHEESE MERCHANT
 I'LL GET THE KNIFE.

GASTON
 PLEASE LET ME THROUGH!

A woman takes a big bite of a long bread roll. She makes a face.

BAKER'S CUSTOMER
 THIS BREAD...

FISHMONGER'S CUSTOMER
 THOSE FISH...

BAKER'S CUSTOMER
 ...IT'S STALE!

FISHMONGER'S CUSTOMER
 ...THEY SMELL!

BAKER AND FISHMONGER
 MADAME'S MISTAKEN!

BOTH CUSTOMERS
 WELL, MAYBE SO! GOOD MORNING!

Belle emerges out the other side of the marketplace.

BELLE
 THERE MUST BE MORE THAN THIS
 PROVINCIAL LIFE!

TOWNSFOLK & MERCHANTS
OH! GOOD MORNING!

She takes off up the rise for home. Gaston emerges from the marketplace behind her. He proudly announces.

GASTON
JUST WATCH....
I'M GOING TO MAKE BELLE MY WIFE!

ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE
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
CAUSE SHE REALLY IS A FUNNY GIRL
A BEAUTY BUT A FUNNY GIRL
SHE REALLY IS A FUNNY GIRL
THAT BELLE!

They go back to their activities.

TOWNSFOLK
BONJOUR, GOOD DAY
BONJOUR, BONJOUR, BONJOUR!

Lefou hurries to catch up with both of them.

EXT. CHINA STORE

GASTON
Hurry up, Lefou!

Belle approaches her cottage. Gaston picks up the pace of his cocky stride and leans over her shoulder.

GASTON
(so suave)
Hello...Belle.

She glances up briefly.

BELLE
(offhand)
Hello, Gaston.

She keeps walking. He frowns at her non-existent response and rushes to follow her.

GASTON
What's that you're reading?

He reaches over from behind and takes the book out of her hands. Belle sighs and turns around.

GASTON (cont.)

(flicking through it)

Ah, yes. I read this one...couldn't put it down...
terrible tragedy...wept real tears.

Belle hides a smile. *Sure you read it.*

Lefou finally catches up, huffing and puffing, as Gaston tosses the book over his shoulder. It *bonks* Lefou on the head and falls to the ground. Belle makes a move to retrieve it...but Gaston reaches around, grabs a pair of antlers from Lefou's pile and...

GASTON

Belle, I brought you a present.

BELLE

Antlers! How thoughtful! Thank you, but
I..I couldn't.

GASTON

Aw sure you could!

BELLE

It's really very kind of you, Gaston, but...
(finding her excuse)
...we've no place to put it!

Belle gives him the antlers, picks up the book and turns to go.

BELLE

Thank you anyway!

Lefou is offended on Gaston's behalf. He strikes back.

LEFOU

(to Gaston)

She'd have more room if she threw out her
crazy father's stupid inventions!

They laugh heartily.

BELLE

Don't you talk about my father that way!

GASTON

Yeah! Don't you talk about her father that way!

BELLE

My father is not crazy! He's a genius.

BOOM! A window in Belle's cottage blows out...colorful smoke billows out.

BELLE (cont.)

(alarmed)

Papa!

GASTON

He's done it again! C'mon!

She takes off for the cottage. Drawn by the explosion, Gaston and the townspeople follow behind.

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

Belle's slightly addled, genius inventor father, MAURICE, comes stumbling out of the workshop...waving his arms, covered in soot, hair on end, eyeglasses askew.

MAURICE

(a mile a minute)

Oh my heavens...I think that's done it...after all this time... we might really have something here!

The crowd arrives. They've seen this before. They shake their heads and snicker behind their hands.

BELLE

(concerned)

Papa, are you all right?

MAURICE

All right?

(twirling her around)

Why, I'm stupendous! I'm tremendous! I'm...

TOWNSPERSON

...a crazy ol' fool!

They snicker, but Maurice is too excited to notice. He drags her toward the workshop door.

MAURICE

I can't wait for you to see this.

TOWNSPERSON'S WIFE

Those inventions of his never work.

TOWNSPERSON'S FRIEND

He's out of his mind. Always has been.

The words hit Belle like cruel blows. Maurice rushes inside. Belle glances back and speaks with quiet conviction.

BELLE

(to herself)

They'll see.

She goes in. Excitement over, the crowd dissolves, shaking their heads and snickering. Gaston and Lefou wander off with the others.

INT. MAURICE'S WORKSHOP

The workshop is a phantasmagoria of colorful gadgets and whimsical inventions. The invention twist and squeaks cheerfully.

BELLE

(coughing from the smoke)
Oh, Papa! It works! You did it! You really did it!
(throwing her arms around him)
I always knew you were a genius!

MAURICE

Well, I don't know if I'd qualify as a..

"Cuckoo!" The Cuckoo Clock waves a little flag: "Faire Today!"

BELLE (cont.)

(she gasps)
If you're going to enter this in the Faire
you'd better hurry!

MAURICE

The Faire! Oh my heavens, I almost forgot.
I have to pack this all up and..

BELLE (cont.)

I'll get Philippe!

She runs out as he scurries around madly taking the invention apart and packing it up.

EXT. MAURICE'S WORKSHOP

Belle whistles into a tube leading to the barn. There's an answering *whinny*.

BELLE(o.s.)

Philippe! Bring the wagon!

A nose reaches over the half-door, clicks the latch open and PHILIPPE, the faithful family horse, trots out.

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

Belle close the tailgate on the wagon.

BELLE

Have you got everything?
(with absolute conviction)
You'll win this year. I just know it!

He touches her cheek briefly, marveling at her belief in him.

MAURICE

Well if I do....we'll leave all this behind.

BELLE

...and never look back

Maurice clucks his tongue. Philippe *whinnies* and they take off. Maurice waves his hat in farewell.

BELLE

(to Philippe)
Keep him safe!

She raises up on her tiptoes to watch them as long as she can.

BELLE

Good-bye, Papa! Good luck!

MAURICE

Goodbye Belle! Take care while I'm gone!

Once they're out of sight, she slumps with exhaustion and blows a dangling wisp of hair out of her eyes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The late afternoon sun throws long shadows on the road as Maurice and Philippe trot along. Philippe's hooves crunch on the dry leaves. A cold wind whips up sending ripples across the river. They pass wine caves, clop across the bridge.

THAT NIGHT

They're still not there. Philippe's head hangs low as he plods along.

MAURICE

We should be there by now. Maybe we missed the turn.

Further on.

MAURICE (cont.)

Now we'll never make it to the Fair. Belle will be so disappointed.

They come to the crossroads. Philippe turns automatically, but Maurice jerks the reins.

MAURICE (cont.)

No, no Philippe, this is the right road.

Philippe whinnies and shakes his head.

MAURICE (cont.)

(insistent)

I'm sure now... come along!

He jerks the reins. Philippe snorts. *All right, but we'll get lost!* And he reluctantly turns down the road that leads into the wild forested region.

They enter a dense, gloomy, ominous forest, the trees withered and tangled. Philippe doesn't like the looks of this. He *whinnies* nervously. The forest grows thicker, more dense, blotting out the remaining light.

MAURICE (cont.)

This can't be right. Where have you taken us, Philippe?

A cold wind whistles through. The trees creak and rustle...bare branches seem to reach for them like long, brittle fingers.

MAURICE (cont.)

We'd better turn around.

Shadows creep along the ground. Knotholes in the wizened trees stare sightlessly. A few wisps of mist swirl ominously around Philippe's hooves. Water drips from a tree branch. Something rustles through the thick, crackling underbrush. Philippe skitters nervously.

MAURICE (cont.)

Whoa. Whoa, boy.

Up ahead, a shroud of mist hangs down from the trees making them looking like weird ghostly apparitions.

They press on and the mist envelops them. Philippe's ears twitch at every sound. In the distance, they hear the bone-chilling howl of a wolf! Philippe whinnies fearfully...he skitters....Maurice struggles to hold him.

MAURICE (cont.)

Steady ..Philippe, steady.

There's another howl! Philippe panics.

MAURICE (cont.)

Whoa! Philippe!

Maurice loses his grip and tumbles to the ground. The wolves howl again closer now! Panicked and terrified, Philippe thunders off...with the sound of the wolves on his tail.Silence descends. Maurice climbs to his feet. The mist drops down around him like a cloak.

MAURICE (cont.)

(hushed)
Philippe?

Maurice stares through the mist. Two cold yellow eyes stare back.

WOLF!

MAURICE (cont.)

He stumbles backwards and turns...running blindly through the thick mist. There's a snarl then the sound of padded steps and steady panting on his trail. Maurice can hear the wolf tracking him. He catches a glimpse of something dark pacing him through the trees. Another one!

MAURICE (cont.)

(terrified)
No...no....

He runs headlong...stumbles over a knotted root...falls...struggles to his feet and keeps running. He looks back over his shoulder. The wolves are only grey shapes in the mist. But he can hear them...slavering hungrily...and he can see their eyes burning with hunger.

Maurice looks up. He sees a light that seems to float ...way off in distance.

MAURICE (cont.)

What's that?
 (calling desperately)
 Help! Can you hear me? Help!

He scrabbles through the underbrush, fighting his way toward the light. But the trees are thick and gnarled...impossible to get through. Sharp branches tear at his clothes...almost as if they're trying to keep him away. He glances over his shoulder...yellow eyes at his heels!

He turns back and almost runs into a tall ornate ironwork gate, tarnished and overgrown with age and disuse. It creaks open. Maurice leaps through and heaves it closed...just as the wolves leap for his throat! They throw themselves violently at the bars..snapping and growling, desperate to get at him.

Maurice backs away...trembling. The wolves finally give up. They howl in defeat and slink away.

EXT. BEAST'S CASTLE

Maurice turns around and looks up. He gasps! For there....looming ominously over him....cloaked in mist...a huge dark, forboding castle! It glowers, lonely and sullen as if it's been brooding all these years over its solitude.

Maurice cautiously moves across a bridge leading to the entrance of the castle. The surrounding grounds have grown wild with neglect. Ornate marble statues are barely visible beneath tangled, creeper vines.

EXT. CASTLE

Up in a high turret, we see a primitive telescope peering out the window. *Squeak*. It swivels to follow...

ON MAURICE - POV THE TELESCOPE

...Maurice as he proceeds through the grounds toward the castle.

MANTLECLOCK (o.s.)

Well, now you've done it! I told you not to let him in!

CANDELABRA (o.s.)

We could not leave him for the wolves!

MANTLECLOCK (o.s.)

(sarcastic)

Right! And it's so much safer in here!

TELESCOPE (o.s.)

Master will be furious if he finds out we let a stranger inside the gates.

TEAPOT (o.s.)

(a conspiratorial whisper)

Well we don't have to tell him, do we?

EXT. CASTLE - MAURICE

He approaches the entrance to the castle and stops short. The front door stands open...as if someone is expecting him. A flickering light beckons from within. He moves up the steps and peers inside.

INT. THE BEAST'S CASTLE

The interior is huge and awe-inspiring, filled with tapestries, statues, vast corridors, rich carpets and ancient painted tapestries. But it appears hollow, lifeless and empty, like a deserted cathedral.

MAURICE

Hello?

His voice echoes through the vast, vacant corridors. He steps inside. The halls are dim. There's a heavy musty stillness in the air. Maurice looks around and notices a silver candelabra and a fancy wooden mantelclock sitting on the carpet in front of the door.

MAURICE (cont.)

(calling)

Hello?

CANDELABRA

You are lucky, Monsieur. We saw you just in time.

MAURICE

(to the unseen speaker)

If you hadn't opened the gate, I don't know what I...

(he whips around, confused)

Wait...who said that?

CANDELABRA

Monsieur Lumiere, at your service.

Candelabra bows graciously but Maurice doesn't notice. He reaches down and picks up Candelabra for more light. He looks around for the mysterious speaker.

MAURICE

(calling)

I'd like to thank you for saving my life.

MANTLECLOCK

Yes, fine! But could you do it quietly please?

Maurice whips around again.

MAURICE

(frustrated)

Where are you?

He feels something tugging at his cloak.

MANTLECLOCK

Right here!

He whirls but doesn't glance down. Sees nothing.

MAURICE

Where?

MANTLECLOCK

DOWN HERE!

Maurice looks down.

MANTLECLOCK is staring up at him with exasperation, hands on its "hips." Mantleclock is a manic, uptight, officious English major domo...much like Basil Fawlty. His pendulum swings at a rapid pace, like his heart-rate. Someone wound him up way too tight, and he's never wound down.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

And up there.

He points up to the CANDELABRA in his hand. Maurice glances sideways. Two bulging eyes peer out him. His hand covers Candelabra's mouth. He makes muffled, choking sounds. Maurice releases his hand. Candelabra gasps for air as he falls to the floor.

CANDELABRA

.AAHHH!

MAURICE

Incredible! How is this accomplished? Are they puppets?

CANDELABRA

(to Mantleclock)

Who is he talking to?

Maurice grabs Mantleclock and turns him upside down. Mantleclock is mortified to be treated in this unseemly manner.

MANTLECLOCK

(gasp)

Put me down at once!

Maurice pulls at his legs, his arms, his little moustache

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

Stop that! Stop it I say!

Maurice stops pulling and stares at Mantleclock with surprise and wonder.

MAURICE

Why...why you're not a puppet at all! You're...alive!

CANDELABRA

But of course!

MAURICE

But...but..how can that be? It's impossible!
It..it...defies the laws of all science!

MANTLECLOCK

This is your last warning, sir. If you don't put me down at once I will be forced to give you a sound thrashing!

Maurice quickly replaces him on the floor and looks around the castle with a renewed sense of wonder.

CANDELABRA

For shame, Cogsworth. Is that any way to treat our guest?

MANTLECLOCK

Guest! Now he's a guest!

While they argue, Maurice wanders over to table and discovers a music box. He pokes it to see if it's alive too. Music Box giggles in reply.

MUSIC BOX

(A giggle)

MAURICE

(picking him up)

Will you play me a tune, little fella?

CANDELABRA

(getting an idea)

Poor fellow must be famished from his ordeal.

MANTLECLOCK

(catching on)

Oh no...I know what you're thinking! Now none of that! You know what the Master will do if...

MUSIC BOX

(A little tune)

The sound causes Mantleclock to whirl around in a panic. He runs at them arms waving.

MANTLECLOCK

Stop that! Stop it I say! Do you hear me? I said...QUIET!

THE CASTLE CORRIDORS

We follow the echo of his voice as it travels through the halls until we find ourselves in a dark, cluttered musty place. The barest trickle of light seeps in from under the door. A dark presence stirs. We can hear its breathing, heavy, labored. It rears up..and growls.

INT. THE FOYER

MANTLECLOCK(cont)

We mustn't wake the Master.

CANDELABRA

(to Maurice)

Monsieur, as you see, we are servants with no one to serve...

MANTLECLOCK

(interrupting him quickly)

Right! And we're very glad we could save your life ... now let's be on our way.

He pushes Maurice toward the door. Candelabra ducks around to the other side.

CANDELABRA

But before you go...perhaps you would do us a great favor ...by allowing us to serve you dinner.

MAURICE

Why, I'd be honored.

(under his breath)

This should be something to see.

MANTLECLOCK

No! I won't allow it!

CANDELABRA

Calm yourself, Cogsworth. We'll keep it simple....
...a small repast...a morsel really.

MANTLECLOCK

No! Absolutely not!

Candelabra sweeps his arm toward the dining room doors which swing wide. Maurice follows him in with Mantleclock getting dragged along by the cape.

MANTLECLOCK

No..no..no..no.

THE DINING HALL

It's a formal dining hall with a bare table that stretches the length of the room. During the following, a Coat Rack removes Maurice's cape and bag. A formal Dining Chair jumps up, scoots underneath him and slides him up to the table. Candelabra hops up onto the table.

CANDELABRA

Esteemed Monsieur, it is with deepest pride and
greatest pleasure that we welcome you tonight.
And now we invite you to relax, pull up a chair,
as the Dining Room proudly presents...
...your dinner!

(The song proceeds in the style of an elaborate Cabaret show with the table as a stage. The Candelabra serves as Master of Ceremonies and the Serving Pieces sing and dance as they set the table and "perform" the meal.)

CANDELABRA

(singing)

BE OUR GUEST! BE OUR GUEST!
PUT OUR SERVICE TO THE TEST
TIE YOUR NAPKIN ROUND YOUR NECK, MONSIEUR,
AND WE'LL PROVIDE THE REST
SOUP DU JOUR! HOT HORS D'OUVRES!
SIR, WE ONLY LIVE TO SERVE
TRY THE GREY STUFF, IT'S DELICIOUS
DON'T BELIEVE ME? ASK THE DISHES!
THEY CAN SING, THEY CAN DANCE!
AFTER ALL SIR, 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, OUI, OUR GUEST!
BE OUR GUEST!

BEEF RAGOUT! CHEESE SOUFFLE!
PIE AND PUDDING EN FLAMBE!
WE'LL PREPARE AND SERVE WITH FLAIR
A CULINARY CABARET!
YES, YOU'RE COLD, YES, YOU'RE WET!
BUT WE'LL HELP YOU TO FORGET
YOU WON'T KNOW OUTSIDE IT'S STORMING
WHEN THE SILVERWARE'S PERFORMING
HE TELLS JOKES, I DO TRICKS
WITH MY FELLOW CANDLESTICKS

ALL

AND IT'S ALL IN PERFECT TASTE, THAT YOU CAN BET!
COME ON AND LIFT YOUR GLASS
YOU'VE WON YOUR OWN FREE PASS TO
BE OUR GUEST! IF YOU'RE STRESSED
IT'S FINE DINING WE SUGGEST
BE OUR GUEST, BE OUR GUEST, BE OUR GUEST!

The revelry continues as the Objects serve course after lively course, feeding Maurice as part of the show. Mantleclock is apoplectic about the noise. He runs around closing windows and stuffing pillows under the door to muffle the sound.

CANDELABRA

LIFE IS SO UNNERVING
FOR A SERVANT WHO'S NOT SERVING
HE'S NOT WHOLE WITHOUT A SOUL TO WAIT UPON
AH THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN WE WERE USEFUL
SUDDENLY, THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE GONE

TEN YEARS, WE'VE BEEN RUSTING
NEEDING SO MUCH MORE THAN DUSTING
NEEDING EXERCISE -- A CHANCE TO USE OUR SKILLS
MOST DAYS, WE JUST LAY AROUND THE CASTLE
FLABBY, FAT AND LAZY
YOU WALKED IN AND *UPS-A-DAISY!*

TEAPOT

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
WITH DESSERT, HE'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, HE'S OUR GUEST!

ALL

BE OUR GUEST!
BE OUR GUEST!

BE OUR GUEST! BE OUR GUEST!
OUR COMMAND IS YOUR REQUEST
IT'S TEN YEARS SINCE WE'VE 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
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 NOW, SIR, EAT UP!
BE OUR GUEST! BE OUR GUEST!
BE OUR GUEST! PLEASE BE OUR GUEST!

BOOM! The door flies open and *whams* against the wall. *WHOOSH!* The Objects scatter.

A monstrous shadow engulfs Maurice. He gasps and falls back...horrified.

There...towering in the door...looms the Beast! He's grown into a huge, hideously ugly monstrosity: all matted fur; long, cruel yellowed fangs; angry flaring nostrils; furrowed, tangled brows; and dark, deep-set tortured eyes filled with intelligence...and so much pain.

MAURICE

Wh..who is it? Who are you?

BEAST

What are you doing here?

MAURICE

(shocked)

I...I...

Candelabra and Mantleclock cower behind a curtain. Mantleclock wrings his hands. Candelabra steps out...nervously.

CANDELABRA

(quickly)

Master...allow me to explain. The gentleman was set upon by wolves...it was a matter of life and death..So we..invited him in for a...

BEAST

(turning on Candelabra)

YOU WHAT?

The force of his bellow blows all of his candles out. Mantleclock draws the curtain aside so enough for his head to stick out.

MANTLECLOCK

M..Master. M.. Master. I'd like to take this moment to say ...I was against it from the start.

BEAST

ENOUGH!

The bellow blows the curtain away exposing Mantleclock. He throws his hands up over his head and waits for the end...shivering with fear.

Maurice recovers from his initial shock sufficiently to come to their defense.

MAURICE

Please don't be angry with them. They saved my life!

Beast whirls back toward Maurice and advances on him menacingly.

BEAST

How dare you trespass here! This is my castle...
my food.. my fire.....

Although he's grown in size and years, we can see that he remains selfish and self-centered.

Terrified, the Music Box tries to bury himself deeper in the bag. It shifts with the movement and tumbles onto the floor spilling the contents. Music Box freezes. *If I'm very very still maybe he won't notice me.*

Beast looks down at the spilled contents: map, compass, eyeglasses...

BEAST (cont.)

What's this...?

He picks up the jeweled Music Box.

BEAST (cont.)

(angrier than ever)
Stealing from me as well! YOU THIEF!

He grabs Maurice up in his huge clawed hands.

MAURICE

No...I...!

BEAST

I know what to do with thieves!

INT. BELLE'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON CAKE

Belle's writing "Congratulations, Papa" on top of a cake. She stands back to look at the cake and the "Welcome Home, Papa" banner she's strung up.

BELLE

(pleased)

There.

She goes back to her book which lies open on the table.

BELLE (cont.)

Now where was I...

She picks up a fancy ribbon and continues to decorate the house as she reads.

BELLE (cont.)

(Humming.)

EXT. BELLE'S HOUSE

Lefou is all dressed up in fancy garb. He waves his arms frantically at Gaston's cronies who are also dressed up and carrying band instruments.

LEFOU

All right. Everybody quiet!
(clearing his throat)
I'd like to introduce...well, you already
know him..and you already love him...
our very own Gaston!

Gaston steps out. He's all dressed up too, looking suspiciously like a groom.

GASTON

I'd like to thank you all for coming to my
wedding.

He "reviews the troops"...admiring an enormous wedding cake. Nearby, the silly girls sob. He bows to the Vicar.

GASTON (cont.)

But before we begin...

(a hearty chuckle)

...I'd better go in there and propose to the girl!

(a finger in Lefou's face)

You know what to do, Lefou?

(pointing to Belle's door)

When Belle and I come out that door...

LEFOU

(eagerly)

I know, I know...I strike up the band!

He waves his baton to demonstrate. The cronies think this is their cue and start playing the Wedding March.

GASTON

Not yet!

He bonks Lefou on the head. Gaston gives everyone the "high" sign and confidently knocks on Belle's door.

INT. BELLE'S HOUSE

Belle's still decorating. She hears the knock and peers through a fancy peek-hole of her father's invention.

There's Gaston preening on the other side.

Belle whirls around and makes a face. But there's no getting out of it. She opens the door...just a teeny.

BELLE

(faking it)

Gaston...what a "pleasant" surprise.

Gaston shoves it open the rest of the way and barges inside.

GASTON

You know, Belle, there's not a girl in town who wouldn't love to be in your shoes. This is the day...

He spots himself in the mirror and stops for a moment to check himself out. *Looking good.*

GASTON (cont.)

(admiring himself)

This is the day your dreams come true...

Belle's eyes go wide. *Oh my God, he's going to propose.* She backed up as he advances on her.

GASTON (cont.)

...the day you throw out these stupid books...

He snatches the book out of her hand and tosses it out the window.

EXT. LEFOU AND CRONIES

The book flies out and BONKS Lefou on the head...again He looks around. *What'd I do?*

INT. BELLE'S HOUSE

Gaston continues to advance on her.

GASTON (cont.)

Promise to honor and obey...

He glances down at her cake with approval.

GASTON (cont.)

...tie on an apron and...

He runs a finger through the icing and tastes it. Then grabs her arm.

GASTON (cont.)

...and become my perfect little wife!

He stands there, grinning. A victorious hunter with his trophy. Belle is totally taken aback.

BELLE

Oh no!

He stares at her, utterly shocked by he reaction. She eases out of his grasp.

BELLE

(quickly so as not to embarrass him)

I mean...

She falls back against the door, stunned.

BELLE (cont.)

I'm...I'm....

(searching for words)

... speechless!

GASTON

And very flattered, of course.

BELLE (cont.)

(trying to find the way to let him down)

But this comes as such a surprise that I...

I don't know what to say.

GASTON

(leaning in close)

Say...you'll marry me!

BELLE
 (very sweet and sincere)
 I'm really sorry Gaston...but...
 (finding her excuse)
 I just don't deserve you!

Her fingers find the doorknob and she pulls it open causing Gaston to tumble out the door.

BELLE (cont.)
 Thanks for asking!

EXT. BELLE'S HOUSE

Gaston has fallen into a puddle of mud. Without noticing, Lefou strikes up the band!

Peeking out, Belle cringes and closes the door quickly.

Lefou finally realizes something's wrong. He waves his hands. STOP! STOP! The band winds down on a sour note. Lefou approaches Gaston.

LEFOU
 (blurting it out)
 She turned ya down, huh?

Gaston rises up, covered in mud and smoldering. The cronies stare at him with disbelief. He grabs the baton out of Lefou's hand, breaks it over his knee and shoves a tuba over Lefou's head. He strides over to the wedding cake, grabs the porcelain bride-and-groom off the top and crushed them in his beefy hand. Gaston's enormous ego won't allow him to accept rejection. He puffs up, eyebrow arched with fierce determination and makes a public vow.

GASTON
 I'll have Belle for my wife! Make no mistake
 about that!

The townspeople slink away as Gaston storms off down the road. Lefou follows...still stuck in the tuba.

INT. BELLE'S HOUSE

After they've gone, the door opens a crack.

BELLE
 Is he gone?

The chickens *cluck* to indicate that he is. Belle steps out and scatters feed for the chickens.

BELLE (cont.)
 Can you imagine? He asked me to marry
 him. Me, the wife of that boorish, brainless..
 (sings)
 MADAME GASTON! CAN'T YOU JUST SEE IT?
 MADAME GASTON! HIS LITTLE WIFE,
 NO SIR! NOT ME! I GUARANTEE IT!
 I WANT MUCH MORE THAN THIS PROVINCIAL
 LIFE---

On the ground, she sees the book Gaston tossed out the window. Music swells as she picks it up, clutches it to herself and sings emotionally.

BELLE (cont.)
 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...

Just then, she hears a familiar whinny. Belle turns with a hopeful expression thinking it means her father has returned. Philippe staggers into view around a corner, sides heaving for air...mouth flecked with foam. Belle gasps.

BELLE (cont.)
 (frightened)
 Philippe? What's the matter? What's happened to...

Suddenly, Belle realizes there is something terribly wrong. Philippe is riderless!

BELLE (cont.)
 Papa! Where is he?

Philippe tries to communicate what happened with a series of snorts and whinnies.

BELLE (cont.)
 (terrified)
 We have to find him! You have to take me back!

She hikes up her skirt and leaps astride. Despite his exhaustion, Philippe turns valiantly around and they thunder off.

THE CROSSROADS

They approach the dark mist shrouded forest and plunge headlong into the gloom. Philippe slows as the mist envelops them.

BELLE
 Which way, Philippe?

The gnarled trunks seem like distorted faces glowering down at her. Something crackles through the underbrush nearby. The wind howls...sending rustling shivers through the trees and tangled branches. Philippe presses on through the mist.

The mist clears slightly and she catches a glimpse of something up ahead.

BELLE (cont.)
 What is this place?

The gate creaks as she pushes it open and starts to step through. But Philippe *snorts* and *skitters* nervously as if he can sense something unnatural about this place. She tugs on the reins.

BELLE (cont.)
 Philippe! Please. Steady...Steady.

He settles down and allows her to pull him through the gate, eyes shifting nervously. Belle glances down..to see her father's hat lying on the ground. She reaches down to pick it up.

BELLE (cont.)

Papa! Come on Philippe.

They make their way across the stone bridge, Philippe's hooves clatter as he skitters nervously. She ties him to a post at the entrance to the castle. He *snorts* and paws at the ground, not happy about any of this. Belle goes up the steps to the castle. The door's still ajar. She calls to the residents.

BELLE

Hello? Is anyone here? Hello?

Only silence. She steps inside.

Philippe waits, eyes shifting nervously at every sound.

INT. THE CASTLE

Belle gazes down the vast, deserted, cavernous corridors that seem to go on forever. The statues seem to stare like mute spectators.

BELLE

Papa?

Her voice echoes back in answer. Undaunted by the ominous mystery of the place, she hurries down the corridor...her footsteps too loud in the silence..and hurries up an ornate curved staircase.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Belle continues through the castle...under the gaze of a silent stone gargoyle.

BELLE

Papa! Are you here? It's Belle.

INT. CORRIDOR

MANTLECLOCK

(to Candelabra)

Couldn't be satisfied with a nice quiet dinner, could you? Had to put on airs, make a spectacle of yourself!

CANDELABRA

(a shrug)

Perhaps we overdid it a bit.

MANTLECLOCK

I'm surprised you didn't put on a parade!

At that moment, Belle runs past.

BELLE

Papa?

They gape at her...frozen with surprise.

CANDELABRA

A girl! A beautiful girl! After all these years,
she has come to set us free!

(getting weepy)

I am so...happy!

He falls onto Mantleclock shoulders sobbing emotionally. Mantleclock pushes him off.

MANTLECLOCK

Nonsense! She's here because of that fellow
in the dungeon. He must be her father.

CANDELABRA

Then we must help her to find him, no?

MANTLECLOCK

Yes!

WHOOSH, they're gone.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

I mean...no! I mean...wait a minute!
(running after them)

INT. KITCHEN

Teapot and her family are cleaning up. A chipped Cup runs across and tugs on Teapot.

CHIP

Mama! There's a girl in the castle!

TEAPOT

(distracted)

Yes, dear.

CHIP

(another tug)

A real pretty girl.

TEAPOT

(dreamily)

Bless my soul, wouldn't that be lovely?

CHIP

(tugging once more)

Really, Mama. I saw her!

TEAPOT

(back to reality)

Now Chip, I'll not have you making up
such wild stories....getting everyone's
hopes up for no good reason. Now no more
foolishness. It's time to get washed up.

CHIP

But mom..

TEAPOT

Not another word! Into the tub!

A twittering Feather-duster comes running in the door.

FEATHERDUSTER

(twittering and giggling)

A girl! I saw a girl in the castle!

CHIP

See? I told you!

INT. HALLWAY

Teapot comes running up to Mantleclock all excited.

TEAPOT

Is it true? Is there a girl? Have you seen her?

MANTLECLOCK

Yes, yes. But keep a lid on it, won't you? We don't want the whole castle in an uproar!

Candelabra calls to them from down the hall.

CANDELABRA

Cogsworth! Mrs Potts! Down here! Toute suite!

They hurry to catch up with him.

FOOTSTOOL

Arf! Arf!

INT. THE DUNGEON HALL

BELLE (cont.)

Hello?

A long dark stone hall. Up ahead, a candle flares. Flickering light reflects on the stone. Belle sees Candelabra's shadow thrown up high on the wall.

BELLE

Is someone there?

Mantleclock and Footstool peer around the corner. Footstool wags his tail and starts to go after her, but Mantleclock drags him back.

BELLE

Wait!

No answer. Intrigued, Belle follows the light. It continues up the stairs.

BELLE (cont.)

I'm looking for my father. I...

She arrives at the top of the stairs and looks around for the person with the light. Candelabra is perched in an alcove at eye level.

BELLE

(to herself)
That's funny...I'm sure there was someone...

Candelabra leans around her shoulder for a better look. He moves his eyebrows up and down: "Oooh La La!"

BELLE (cont.)

(calling)
Is anyone here?

From behind the iron door, she hears faint voice below.

MAURICE (o.s.)

Belle?

She recognized his voice.

BELLE

Papa? Where are you?

She whirls around...looking at the long row of doors. Which one? Maurice's face appears at the tiny slot in the bottom of the door at the end of the corridor.

MAURICE

Here.

He thrusts his frail hand through the slot. Belle clings to it.

BELLE

(overjoyed)
Papa!

MAURICE

(shivering)
How did you find me?

BELLE

Your poor hands! They're like ice!
(rubbing them)
We have to get you out of there.

MAURICE

(urgently)
Belle. I want you to leave this place.

BELLE

(angrily)
Who's done this to you?

MAURICE

(interrupting her urgently)
No time to explain! You must go! Now!

BELLE

(defying him)
I won't leave you!

The shadow of something monstrous grows on the floor. Belle can feel something behind her. She turns. And there it is...looming over her! The most frightening, horrible creature she's ever seen.

BELLE

(She screams!)

The Beast's eyes are red with rage.

BEAST

Who are you?

He stops... awed by Belle's remarkable beauty. Something flickers briefly across his gaze...some long-forgotten memory.

BELLE

(terrified)
I'm sorry to have entered your home
uninvited. But this man...is my father.

BEAST

Then your father is a thief!

BELLE

(angrily)
That's not true!

The Beast roars with fury. The stone magnifies the sounds. It's deafening.

BEAST

SILENCE!

Belle takes a moment to gather her courage. She continues cautiously.

BELLE

(appealing to reason)
Can't you see? He's an old man. It's cold and damp.
He'll never survive in there!

BEAST

Then he should not have trespassed here.

BELLE

But he'll die.
(searching for a way out)
Please...what can I do? I'll do anything to
save his life...I...
(softly)
I know...
(with courage)
Take me instead!

Beast studies her with his fierce, intelligent eyes.

BEAST
You would take his place?

She sees a glimmer of a chance and she grabs it.

BELLE
Yes!

MAURICE
Belle..no!

BEAST
Done!

EXT. THE CASTLE - NEAR THE STABLES

Beast drags Maurice out of a door at the back of the castle.

MAURICE
You can't do this!
(pleading)
Please spare my daughter...she had no part in this.

BEAST
Take him to the crossroads.

INT. DUNGEON CORRIDOR

Belle has sunk to the ground, knees drawn up...head in her hands.

BELLE
(sobbing)
Papa.
(to the Beast)
You didn't even let me say good-bye!
I'll never see him again...
(succumbing to the tears)
...and I didn't get to say good-bye.

Beast shifts his head quizzically at this outpouring of emotion.

BEAST
I will show you to your quarters.

BELLE
(confused)
My quarters? But I thought...

BEAST
Follow me.

He turns on his heel and strides briskly away. Belle angrily wipes the tears away with the back of her hand.

WIPE TO:

INSIDE BELLE'S ROOM

BEAST

I trust you will be comfortable here. The castle is your home. You're free to go anywhere you like. Except the West Wing.

He opens the door for her. She stumbles through ...in shock.

BEAST (cont.)

One more thing. You will join me for dinner.

She starts to close the door, but he puts his huge hand up to stop it.

BEAST (cont.)

That's not a request.

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Belle crumples back against the door. Her gaze travels around the beautifully appointed room....but the hopeless look in her eyes tell us that all she sees is a prison. And the truth of what has happened comes crashing down around her. Belle flings herself on the canopied bed and sobs.

BELLE

(sobbing)

Oh Papa! I can't bear the thought of never seeing you again! What am I going to do?

WARDROBE (o.s.)

(sympathetically)

There, there..my dear.

A handkerchief is offered to Belle. She reaches up automatically to take it.

BELLE

Thank you.

She dabs at her eyes...and then looks up suddenly, realizing she's not alone.

BELLE (cont.)

(surprised)

Oh!

A large Wardrobe gazing at her with a sympathetic smile. WARDROBE is a fancy but faded court lady-in-waiting with pretensions to the upper class.

WARDROBE

You poor thing! What a dreadful afternoon you've had.

BELLE

(distressed)

I can't believe this has happened to me.

WARDROBE

(sympathetically)
I'm so sorry, my dear.
(an idea)
But I have just the thing to cheer you up! Come with me.

She grabs Belle by the hand and deposits her behind the dressing screen.

WARDROBE (cont)

There's nothing like a pretty new frock to help a girl forget her troubles.

BELLE

That's very kind of you. But I don't want...

WHOOSH! Belle's dress flies off her head. Wardrobe looks at it with distaste.

WARDROBE

Frankly, my dear, this does nothing for your eyes.
(flinging open her doors)
Now what color would best suit you...ah, the blue!

She pulls out a gorgeous blue brocade gown and slips it over Belle's head.

BELLE

I don't mean to be rude but...how can you possibly be talking to me? I mean, you're a...
(how to say this politely?)
Well, you're not a...

WARDROBE

Person?

BELLE

Exactly.

WARDROBE

I'm afraid I can't answer that, my dear.

BELLE

Why not?

WARDROBE

Master has forbidden us to speak of such things.

She pulls Belle out from behind the dressing screen. A roomful of enchanted Objects...Atomizer, Brush, Comb, Bath Sponge etc...all "ooh and aah" over her appearance.

WARDROBE (cont.)

Isn't she stunning? What I wouldn't give for that figure!

She plunks her down at the vanity.

BELLE

Why has he forbidden it?

WARDROBE

He has his reasons.

(admiring her in the mirror)

Will you look at this face? I have dressed the most elegant, noble ladies in the land and believe me...

(a gleeful snicker)

...they'd simply kill for a face like this!

(to the Vanity Objects)

Now what shall we do with her hair?

BRUSH

Down..she should definitely wear it down.

COMB

No! Up! Sweep it up!

BRUSH

Down!

COMB

Up!

ATOMIZER

(to Belle)

They never agree.

Belle watches all this with fascination. Her curiosity is getting the better of her emotions.

BELLE

(to the Wardrobe)

Is everything in this place alive?

WARDROBE

Of course not...whatever gave you that idea?

(finishing)

There...you look simply exquisite! And just in time for dinner.

BELLE

(breaking it gently)

I'm afraid... I'm not going to dinner.

Wardrobe holds the place where her heart would be.

WARDROBE

(aghast)

What? But you must!

BELLE

I'm a prisoner not a guest.

WARDROBE

But the Master will be so...so...disappointed.

BELLE

I can't help that.

And as she crosses her arms firmly we:

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL

The table has been set for two. But gone is the happy festive atmosphere that filled the room when the Objects served Maurice dinner. The mood now is hushed and somber. Snow filters down outside the window. Beast sits in the chair at one end of the table...the opposite chair, Belle's chair, is empty. Everything is ready. The Objects are all looking toward the door in anticipation of Belle's arrival. They wait...and wait.

Mantleclock ticks loudly on the credenza. He turns around...moves his minute hand back... and turns around again with a big fake smile. Teapot clears her throat.

TEAPOT

Pardon me, Master...but your supper's getting cold.

BEAST

We will wait.

TEAPOT

Very good, sir.

All eyes turn back to the door. Tension fills the air. Twittering Featherduster appears at the door.

FEATHERDUSTER

She's coming! I think she's coming!

Everyone visibly relaxes.

MANTLECLOCK

(disgruntled)

Well, it's about time!

Beast straightens up in his chair and quickly swipes a hand through his mane. But it's not Belle who appears at the door. It's Candelabra. Beast frowns.

CANDELABRA

I am sorry, Master...but the girl has refused to come downstairs.

Beast growls and SLAMS his fist angrily onto the table. Objects go flying! Mantleclock looks around frantically and jumps into an open drawer.

Food and Objects have been flung everywhere. Chip, the teacup, clings to the edge of the table, his little feet scabbling in the air. He loses his "grip" and falls.....

...the hard floor rises up toward him...he squeezes his eyes shut....

...but he lands in the palm of a huge clawed hand. The Beast replaces him gently on the table.

BEAST

(to the Objects)

Forgive me.

Mantleclock peeks out from the drawer. An Elderly Serving Bowl glances over catching him in this act of cowardice. Mantleclock climbs out...slapping his hands officiously.

MANTLECLOCK

Just inspecting the silver. Everything seems to be in order.

Candelabra hops up on the back of a chair next to Beast.

CANDELABRA

(gently)

Try to understand, Master. The girl has lost her father and her freedom...all in one day.

BEAST

(lost in thought)

What a fascinating creature. So beautiful....and such courage.

CANDELABRA

Ah...you noticed!

Candelabra raises his eyebrows up and down to the other Objects. Oooh...la...la!

MANTLECLOCK

(officiously)

Master, need I remind you that your twenty-first birthday will be here soon? The Rose has most certainly begun to wilt and that means...

BEAST

(a dark rumble)

I know what that means!

MANTLECLOCK

Of course, you do. Silly me! How could you forget a thing like that?

Candelabra leans down over the Beast's shoulder.

CANDELABRA

Master, have you thought that perhaps this girl could be the one to break the spell?

TEAPOT

(paraphrasing the Wise Woman)

"You must learn to love another and earn their love in return."

The Objects all lean in listening eagerly for the answer. The Beast looks up...and they immediately busy themselves. For a brief moment, the pain is gone and his eyes fill with hope.

BEAST

Do you think there's a chance she might...?

But then, he catches a glimpse of his huge, hulking shadow in the flickering candlelight. It's the shadow of a monster.

BEAST (cont.)

(a bitter laugh)

What am I saying? A girl like that could never learn to care for me.

CANDELABRA

Look at you...defeated before you've begun. Where is your daring...your sense of adventure?

The Objects nod eagerly.

BEAST

(a painful bellow)

But I feel like a fool!

Teapot freezes mid-pour. The Objects start to ease away.

CANDELABRA

(going out on a limb)

Ah...so it seems the girl has more courage than the beast.

Mantleclock winces and throws his hands over his eyes.

BEAST

(a low growl)

How dare you....!

The Objects make a break for it. They leap off the table into any available hiding place. Candelabra leans back. He holds his breath....But then the Beast sees the manipulation. His growl turns into a chuckle.

BEAST (cont.)

Touche.

Objects peer out hopefully from hiding places. Mantleclock peeks between his hands.

BEAST

(giving in)

Well...I can't let a girl make me look like a coward.

The Objects cheer! They leap up and down hugging each other exuberantly. Even Mantleclock forgets himself. He jumps up and down ...tossing dignity to the wind.

MANTLECLOCK

Bravo, Master! That's the spirit...

He freezes suddenly and glances over. The Serving Bowl is watching him again. Mantleclock suddenly transforms his exuberant jumping into smoothing out the lace runner with his feet.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

Bit of a wrinkle here...just smoothing it out...
nothing to worry about.

WIPE TO:

INT. BELLE'S DOOR

The Beast stands at Belle's door. He raises his huge hand to knock..but hesitates and looks back at Candelabra, Mantleclock and Teapot. Candelabra makes "go-on" motions. Beast takes a deep breath and knocks on the door.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The door practically shakes off its hinges.

BEAST

(yelling through the door)
I thought I told you to come down to dinner!

Candelabra groans. Mantleclock covers his face with his hands.

BELLE (o.s.)

(yelling right back)
I'm not hungry!
(an angry challenge)
Of course, you could always drag me down
if that doesn't suit you!

BEAST

(temper flaring)
Maybe I will!

He angrily raises his fist to beat at the door again. Candelabra, Teapot and Mantleclock leap forward to stop him.

TEAPOT

Master, that's not be the best way to win the girl's
affections.

MANTLECLOCK

Please... attempt to be a gentleman.

CANDELABRA

You must be suave...smooth...dashing...
(a dashing grin)
...like me!

Beast glowers at them...then back at the door. With difficulty, he manages to swallow his pride and indignance enough to try again. He speaks to Belle through the door.

BEAST

(with an effort)
Will you come down to dinner...
(between his teeth)
...please!

The Objects smile....that's more like it!

BELLE (O.S.)
NO!

Beast growls with rage. He raises his arm to bash the door to pieces. The Objects wince. But he catches himself...and with a roar of frustration, storms away.

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Belle and Wardrobe listen to the Beast's footsteps echo away. Wardrobe breathes a huge sigh of relief.

WARDROBE
(brightly)
Well, at least he didn't break the door down!

Belle paces....her feelings are a confused mixture of anger, pain and loss.

BELLE
How did this happen to me? How did I get locked
in a castle with that...that....creature?
(to the Wardrobe)
What is he anyway? Some kind of sorcerer?

WARDROBE
The Master? Heavens no!

The Vanity Objects giggle among themselves.

BELLE
Well, how else do you explain a beast who walks and
talks like a human?

WARDROBE
(clamping up)
As I said...we're forbidden to speak of those things.

With a frustrated sigh, Belle sinks down onto the window seat.

WARDROBE
(trying to cheer her)
Look on the bright side, my dear. For the rest of
your life you'll have everything your heart desires:
(getting swept away)
...riches, servants, jewels, beautiful clothes! What
more could a girl ask for?

Belle gazes out the window.

BELLE
Nothing much...
(painfully)
...just my freedom.

CLOSEUP - THE ROSE

We are CLOSE on the Rose that the Wise Woman gave to the Beast which has been placed in a bell jar for protection. The Rose still shimmers with enchantment but there are several petals lying dead and shriveled at the base of vase. We see the Beast's hand carefully adjust the jar so that the Rose is caught in a shaft of moonlight which spills in through a window.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE TAVERN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We are greeted by raucous laughter, "tavern music" from an accordion and the drunken sloshing and clinking of ale glasses.

GASTON (o.s.)

Who does she think she is? That girl has tangled
with the wrong man!

INT. TAVERN

The tavern is rollicking filled primarily with Gaston's young cronies and his female admirers. Antlers and animal heads adorn the walls. A livid Gaston is drowning his rejection in ale. A herd of empty mugs fill the table. Lefou approaches carrying two more, over-full and foaming.

GASTON (cont.)

No-one says no to Gaston!

LEFOU

Darn right!

Gaston grabs the two mugs, downs one, then the other.

GASTON

Dismissed! Rejected! Publically humiliated!
It's more than I can bear.

LEFOU

More beer?

GASTON

(sudden sliding into beery self-pity)
What for? Nothing helps. I'm disgraced.

LEFOU

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

(sings)

GOSH IT DISTURBS ME TO SEE YOU, GASTON
LOOKING SO DOWN IN THE DUMPS
EVERY GUY HERE'D LOVE TO BE YOU, GASTON,
EVEN WHEN TAKING YOUR LUMPS
THERE'S NO MAN IN TOWN AS ADMIRER AS YOU --
YOU'RE EVERYONE'S FA-VOR-ITE GUY --
EVERYONE'S AWED AND INSPIRED BY YOU
AND IT'S NOT VERY HARD TO SEE WHY

LEFOU (cont.)
 NO-ONE'S SLICK AS GASTON
 NO-ONE'S QUICK AS GASTON
 NO-ONE'S NECK 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 WHOSE TEAM
 THEY'D PREFER TO BE ON!

Lefou is joined by several of Gaston's cronies. The group begins to sing and sway in true beerhall bonhomie. It's a silly quintet out of the "Student Prince", designed to cheer up their idol, Gaston. And, gradually, it starts to work.

ALL
 NO ONE'S BEEN LIKE GASTON,
 A KINGPIN LIKE GASTON,

LEFOU
 NO-ONE'S GOT A SWELL CLEFT IN HIS CHIN LIKE
 GASTON!

GASTON
 (coming around)
 AS A SPECIMEN, YES I'M INTIMIDATING!

ALL
 MY, WHAT A GUY, THAT GASTON!
 GIVE FIVE HURRAHS! GIVE TWELVE HIP-HIPS!

LEFOU
 GASTON IS THE BEST AND THE REST IS ALL DRIPS!

Gaston's into it now. As the number builds, he shows off his muscles, his agility, his way with a bow and arrow, his prowess at spitting, his skill with the ladies -- in short, his gargantuan egomania. All of this is handled in a slapstick way, with Gaston making comic mincemeat of his musical cronies whenever appropriate.

ALL
 NO ONE FIGHTS LIKE GASTON,
 DOUSES LIGHTS LIKE GASTON,

LEFOU
 IN A WRESTLING MATCH, NOBODY BITES
 LIKE GASTON
 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'S SCRAGGLY OR SCRAWNY

GASTON
 RIGHT! AND EVERY LAST INCH OF ME'S COVERED
 WITH HAIR!

ALL
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
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

ALL
WHO PLAYS DARTS LIKE GASTON?
WHO BREAKS HEARTS LIKE GASTON?
WHO'S MUCH MORE THAN THE SUM OF HIS PARTS --
WHY, GASTON!

GASTON
WHEN I HUNT, I SNEAK UP WITH MY QUIVER
BEASTS OF THE FIELD SAY A PRAYER!
FIRST I CAREFULLY AIM FOR THE LIVER
THEN I SHOOT FROM BEHIND.

LEFOU
IS THAT FAIR?

GASTON
I DON'T CARE!

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!

ALL

SAY IT AGAIN!
 WHO'S A MAN AMONG MEN?
 AND LET'S SAY IT ONCE MORE
 WHO'S THAT HERO NEXT DOOR?
 WHO'S A SUPER-SUCCESS?
 DON'T YOU KNOW? CANT YOU GUESS?
 ASK HIS FANS AND HIS FIVE HANGERS-ON
 THERE'S JUST ONE GUY IN TOWN
 WHO'S GOT ALL OF IT DOWN

LEFOU

AND HIS NAME'S G-A-S
 (he can't spell it but gives it a shot)

...T
ER...E...
 ER

(oh what the heck:)

ALL

GASTON!

WHAM! The tavern door flies open to reveal a filthy, soaked, wild-eyed Maurice.

MAURICE

Help! Someone help me!

The tavern keeper is drying glasses. He looks up with concern.

TAVERN KEEPER

Maurice?

Maurice stumbles through the tavern pleading with the patrons.

MAURICE

Please, I need your help....he's got her...locked
 in the dungeon....

PATRON

Who?

Maurice grabs him and tries to pull him toward the door.

MAURICE

Belle...we must go...not a minute to lose...

TAVERN KEEPER

Whoa. Slow down, Maurice. Who's got Belle locked
 in a dungeon?

MAURICE

A Beast...a horrible monstrous beast!

They stare at him with disbelief for a moment, and then burst into laughter. The tavern keeper returns to his glasses.

TAVERN KEEPER

You had us worried there for a minute.

MAURICE

You must believe me!

One of Gaston's cronies leans over Maurice.

CRONIE

Is it a big beast?

MAURICE

Huge!

The cronie laughs and shoves Maurice toward another cronie.

CRONIE #2

...with an long ugly snout?

MAURICE

Hideously ugly!

CRONIE #3

...a sharp cruel fangs?

MAURICE

Yes! Yes! Will you help me?

They shove him into another cronie. He glances over at Gaston who jerks his head toward the door.

CRONIE #4

All right, old man. We'll help you out.

MAURICE

You will?

Two cronies lift Maurice up by his arms, carry him to the door...

MAURICE (cont.)

Oh, thank...

...and toss him out, SLAM! They yuck it up over their little joke.

TAVERN KEEPER

(shaking his head)

Crazy ol' Maurice.

PATRON

He's always good for a laugh.

Gaston's eyes grow narrow. He must be thinking.

GASTON

(musing)

Crazy ol' Maurice...

(as the idea dawns:)

Crazy ol' Maurice. Hmm.

(sings)

LEFOU I'M AFRAID I'VE BEEN THINKING
 A DANGEROUS PASTIME, I KNOW
 BUT THAT WHACKY 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'VE PROMISED MYSELF
 I'LL BE MARRIED TO BELLE
 AND RIGHT NOW I'M EVOLVING A PLAN!

IF I...(whispers)

LEFOU

YES?

GASTON

THEN WE....(whispers)

LEFOU

NO!

WOULD SHE...(whispers)

GASTON

GUESS!

LEFOU

NOW I GET IT!

BOTH

LET'S GO!

NO ONE PLOTS LIKE GASTON

GASTON

TAKES CHEAP SHOTS LIKE GASTON

LEFOU

PLANS TO PERSECUTE HARMLESS CRACKPOTS
 LIKE GASTON

GASTON

YES I'M ENDLESSLY, WILDLY RESOURCEFUL

LEFOU

AS DOWN TO THE DEPTHS YOU DESCEND

GASTON

I WONT EVEN BE MILDLY REMORSEFUL

BOTH
 JUST AS LONG AS I (YOU) GET WHAT I (YOU)
 WANT IN THE END!

ALL
 WHO HAS BRAINS LIKE GASTON?
 ENTERTAINS LIKE GASTON?

LEFOU
 WHO CAN MAKE UP THESE ENDLESS REFRAINS LIKE
 GASTON?

ALL
 AND HIS MARRIAGE WE SOON'LL BE CELEBRATING!

ALL
 SAY IT AGAIN!
 WHO'S A MAN AMONG MEN?
 AND LET'S SAY IT MORE MORE
 WHO'S THAT HERO NEXT DOOR?
 WHO'S A SUPER-SUCCESS?
 DON'T YOU KNOW? CAN'T YOU GUESS?
 ASK HIS FANS AND HIS FIVE HANGERS-ON
 IT'S GASTON! GASTON! GASTON!

EXT. THE VILLAGE

Maurice really does seem crazy as he runs up and down the streets, stopping people on the sidewalk, pounding on doors.

MAURICE
 (to a pedestrian)
 Please...I need your help...it's my daughter...
 she's been captured by a beast...

PEDESTRIAN
 (trying to get away)
 What nonsense!!

MAURICE
 (hanging onto him)
 You must believe me!

PEDESTRIAN
 (jerkng away)
 Go home, you old fool!

Maurice runs up to a closed shop window and bangs on it loudly. The shopkeeper waves him away.

SHOPKEEPER
 We're closed!

MAURICE
 Listen to me...there's a beast...in an enchanted
 castle...has my Belle!

He shakes his head and slams the shutters in Maurice's face. He turns with a last desperate appeal.

MAURICE (cont.)

My daughter's life is in danger! Will no one help me?

In answer, more doors and shutters SLAM shut. On the frantic desperation in Maurice's eyes we:

CUT TO:

BEAST'S CASTLE - THE NEXT MORNING

Footstool is struggling up the stairs with a silver breakfast tray balanced precariously on his cushion. Teapot and Candelabra are at the top of the stairs coaxing him up. Mantleclock follows behind. Candelabra whistles.

CANDELABRA

(he whistles)

Come on boy...

TEAPOT

That's right.

Footstool slips...the tray teeters.

MANTLECLOCK

Careful....I said careful!

Footstool finally makes it to the top without spilling the tray.

CANDELABRA

(praising him indulgently)

Such a good boy, you are!

Footstool yaps happily and "slurps" Candelabra in the face causing the tray to slide off his cushion. Mantleclock only barely manages to catch it in time. With a glare at Candelabra, he pushes the tray back up and they continue down the hall coaxing Footstool along toward Belle's door.

AT BELLE'S DOOR

TEAPOT

The poor child must be starved by now.

They put the tray on the floor in front of her door. Mantleclock knocks on the door briskly..but instead of a little knock...it's a large resounding BANG BANG BANG! Mantleclock looks at his little fist...how'd I do that? He looks up...to find the Beast looming over him at the door. He's giving it a second try.

BEAST

(to Belle through the door)

Are you coming down to breakfast?

BELLE (o.s.)

No! Thank you.

BEAST

(exploding)

You can't stay in there forever!

BELLE

(yelling back)
Yes, I can!

BEAST

Fine! Then go ahead and starve!

He starts to turn away but notices the tray. Ah...bait. He leans back to the door.

BEAST (cont.)

There's tray out here if you're hungry.

There's a beat as she decides what to do.

BELLE (o.s.)

Move away from the door.

He doesn't budge.

BELLE (o.s.cont.)

Move away from the door!

He backs up two steps.

BELLE (o.s.cont.)

Further!

He moves way back.

BELLE (o.s.cont.)

All the way down the hall!

With a disgruntled grumble, the Beast moves all the way down the hall.

The door creaks open...Belle's hand shoots out..grabs the tray and whisks it back in. SLAM!

The Beast stands at the end of the hall, feeling embarrassed and stupid. He glances at the Objects.

BEAST

(muttering)
I told you I'd feel like a fool.

EXT. BEAST'S CASTLE - LATE THAT NIGHT

INT. OUTSIDE BELLE'S DOOR

The door creaks open and Belle peers out. The castle is silent. She sneaks out the door and down the hall. On the way, she awakens little Music Box who's sleeping on a table. One look at Belle and he's smitten.

MUSIC BOX

(A lovesick sigh)

He hops off the table and tags along behind.

Belle proceeds down the stairs, but she hears a tinkling sound behind her. She listens for a moment, then shakes her head and continues on....past Footstool who's sleeping at the foot of the stairs. Music Box attempts to tiptoe past, but he doesn't make it. Footstool is instantly on his feet padding along behind.

Down the hall, Candelabra and Featherduster are having a secret late-night tryst.

CANDELABRA

Ah...my little fluff....the light of my life!

FEATHERDUSTER

(pushing him away)

I've been burned by you before!

She pushes him away and flits off just as Belle passes by...followed by Music Box and Footstool.

CANDELABRA

What is this?

He hops over to Mantleclock who's sleeping in an overstuffed chair.

CANDELABRA (cont.)

Cogsworth, wake up! The girl has emerged!

Mantleclock jerks awake.

MANTLECLOCK

Well, it's about time!

They take off after the others.

Belle knows perfectly well she's being followed because they're making enough noise: the patter of tiny wooden footsteps, the tinkling...the thump thump of Candelabra's hopping. She whirls around suddenly. WHOOSH! They duck away. She studies the empty corridorsmiles to herself and continues on.

The Objects reappear and continue to follow her.

INT. THE KITCHEN

Belle sneaks into the dark kitchen and tiptoes over to the Stove. She opens the lid of a pot. STOVE, the temperamental chef wakes up.

STOVE

I'll thank you to keep your nose out of my pots!

Surprised, Belle drops the lid. CLANG!

TEAPOT

Shhh! You'll wake the children.

Belle turns to see Teapot perched like a mother hen surrounded by her brood of sleeping cup children.

BELLE

(whispering)

Sorry.

TEAPOT

(to Stove)

For heavens sake..stop your grouching and give
the poor girl something to eat!

STOVE

(grumpy)

There's only leftovers. But they'll have to be warmed
up and my fire's gone out!

Belle sees a croissant in a serving dish. She picks it up.

BELLE

This will be fine. Thank you.

(to Teapot)

I hope you don't mind my asking...but have
you always been a teapot?

Mantleclock suddenly bursts in the door.

MANTLECLOCK

Don't answer that!

BELLE

(a knowing smile)

I thought I heard someone following me.

(to the door)

The rest of you might as well come out too.

Candelabra, Footstool and Music Box sidle in. Candelabra bows graciously.

CANDELABRA

Welcome, mademoiselle. We are sorry about your
circumstances...but very happy to have such a lovely
guest.

BELLE

Thank you.

(taking them all in)

This is my first time in an enchanted castle and I'm...

MANTLECLOCK

Enchanted! Who said anything about the castle
being enchanted?

(waving an accusing finger at Stove)

It was you, wasn't it? You're the one who spilled
the beans!

Stove SLAMS his door angrily and huffs and puffs indignantly.

BELLE

I figured it out on my own. But why is the
castle deserted? Where have all the people gone?

The Objects look at each other wistfully. Mantleclock wags his finger at them.

MANTLECLOCK

(a warning to the others)

Not a word!

(to Belle)

The Master has expressly forbidden us to speak of such things

BELLE

(resigned)

I know.

(determined)

So I'll have to find the answers myself! Thanks for the croissant!

And she takes off again.

TEAPOT

Well! Isn't she the inquisitive one?

MANTLECLOCK

She'd better not go near the West Wing!

The Objects look at each other. You bet she would! WHOOSH! They're gone.

THE ARMORY

It's filled with broadswords and crossbows and fifty standing suits of armor. Belle passes by the open door.

...SQUEAK! The heads of the suits of armor all swivel to stare after her.

The Objects pass by. Mantleclock stops at the door.

MANTLECLOCK

As you were.

SQUEAK! The heads all swivel back to their original positions.

NEAR THE WEST WING

Belle approaches the staircase leading to the forbidden West Wing. Hurrying along behind, the Objects begin to get worried.

MUSIC BOX

(Uh oh.)

CANDELABRA

We must stop her!

WEST WING STAIRCASE

She gazes up the darkened staircase. Gargoyles watch her from above...casting long forbidding shadows in the gloom. She takes a hesitant step...

MANTLECLOCK

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

She gasps and whirls around to find the Objects behind her. They're clearly nervous to be in this close proximity to the forbidden West Wing.

TEAPOT

(a nervous whisper)

Come away from there.

BELLE

Why?

CANDELABRA

It is forbidden!

BELLE

The Beast said I was free to go anywhere.

MANTLECLOCK

Except the West Wing!

Belle turns to gaze back up into the gloomy stairs.

BELLE

(intrigued)

So that's where I'll find the secret to all this mystery.

She gathers her courage...and starts to climb the stairs. The Objects gasp!

MANTLECLOCK

Wait! Stop! We can't go up there!

BELLE

(over her shoulder)

Maybe you can't...but I can!

And she keeps going without a backwards glance. The Objects watch with helpless horror. Candelabra throws up his hands.

CANDELABRA

Sacre Bleu!

INT. WEST WING CORRIDOR

Belle gazes down the long gloomy corridor. It's too dark for her to see what lies at the end. She begins to move cautiously down the hall...ready to bolt at the slightest sound. The eyes in the ancient portraits on the wall shift to track her. Belle slows..she can feel someone watching. She stops...thinks for a minute and...smiles with relief. It must be the Objects again. Hands on her hips, she turns around....but the long corridor is dark, still and utterly silent. Her smiles fades. She turns around unsteadily... and keeps going.

As she nears the end of the hall...a heavy, forboding door materializes out of the shadows. She approaches cautiously. What dark secret lies on the other side? Belle glances up...the gargoyles seem to scream at her. Keep away! Keep away!

Belle reaches out toward the ornate doorknob...takes a deep breath for courage... and turns it....CREAAAK!

INT. THE BEAST'S LAIR

Belle's eyes go wide as she takes in the sight that lies before her. It's the Beast's lair... dark...dank...filthy.... strewn with broken furniture, cracked mirrors, torn tilted portraits, doors torn from their hinges, wall sconces encrusted with old wax, shredded curtains, gnawed bones, a matted pile of bed coverings and ripped clothing. Dusty winter light filters in through an open window where gnarled tree vines have grown inside. They creep along the filthy carpet and spread their fingers up the walls.

It's an horrific sight... a violent uncivilized place where the Beast has lived with his own filth and self-recrimination. Belle shivers with equal parts disgust and trepidation. She glances up at a small portrait that has been raked by razor-sharp claws. It appears to be the portrait of a young boy. She looks closer. There's something about the eyes...

SLAM! Belle jumps! She jerks around...

...it's only a shutter loosened by a sudden blast of cold wind. But then she sees something sparkling out of the corner of her eye. The Rose sits under bell jar on a pedestal in front of the open window. It shimmers with enchantment.

BELLE

A rose?

She approaches the Rose with wide-eyed wonder. Its sparkling delicacy seems very much out of place in this filthy room. Belle grows closer. The Rose is drooping. Two more petals have fallen to the bottom of the jar.

There's a creak outside the window. But Belle is entranced by the Rose and she doesn't hear it. Fascinated, she reaches out toward the jar...

...as a huge clawed hand grips the sill of the open window.

Belle carefully lifts the jar...

....as the Beast climbs up over the edge. He stops...shocked at the sight of her there.

Belle gazes with awe at the shimmering Rose. She reaches out...

The Beast's eyes fill with fear.

Her fingers are extended out to touch one soft velvet petal...

BEAST

(an urgent bellow)

NO!

Belle drops the bell jar. CRASH! The Beast throws himself over the window to check on the safety of the Rose.

BEAST (cont.)

(panicking)

What are you doing? Did you touch it?

BELLE

No...

As he sees that the Rose is undamaged, his fear begins to abate and fury rises up in its place. He glowers at her...eyes burning with rage.

BEAST

I thought I told you never to come here!

He advances on her...snarling with fury. She backs away from him fearfully.

BELLE

(trembling with fear)

I just wanted...to find out...

BEAST

It's none of your business!

BELLE

(holding out a hand defensively)

Please...stop.

But he keeps coming...a huge, monstrous, snarling, enraged creature. He swipes at a table which stands in his way. It crashes into the wall.

BEAST

YOU HAD NO RIGHT!

(an enraged howl)

NO RIGHT!

Terrified, Belle turns and flees for her life. He howls again... lost in his rage.

THE STAIRCASE

The terrified Belle flies down the steps past Mantleclock, Candelabra, Teapot, Footstool and Music Box. There's one last ROAR and a resounding SLAM from the West Wing. The Objects share a horrified look and WHOOSH!...they're gone.

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Belle runs through the door..frightened and shaking...but with a determined expression She goes straight to the Wardrobe and flings her doors open.

WARDROBE

(alarmed)

What is it? What are you doing?

Belle furiously searches for her cloak.

BELLE

Looking for my cloak!

WARDROBE

Please my dear, don't do anything rash! There are so many things about the Master that you do not understand.

She finds the cloak and pulls it out.

BELLE

I've seen enough to know it's too dangerous for me to stay here another minute!

She throws the cloak over her shoulder and runs from the room.

INT. CORRIDOR

Belle flies out of her room..runs down the steps...through the foyer and out the front door.

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Belle runs across the castle grounds toward the stables.

INT. STABLE

The door creaks open.

BELLE

(hushed)

Philippe?

She hears a joyful whinny from a stall. She rushes to him and fling her arms around his neck. He nuzzles her happily.

BELLE (cont.)

We're getting out of here.

THE CASTLE BRIDGE

Belle leads Philippe quickly across the bridge toward the gate. The sound of his hooves are cushioned by a layer of snow. Belle glances back only once. The castle looms behind her. She opens the gate for Philippe and they slip through to freedom.

EXT. THE MISTY FOREST

Belle leaps astride.

BELLE

Fly, Philippe!

He whinnies and they thunder away into the night with Belle's cloak flapping behind. As they gallop through the forest. the thick mist drops around them. Belle can hardly see a few feet ahead. She reins Philippe in.

BELLE (cont.)

Slow up.

They cautiously pick their way through the dark misty woods. A sharp, dry hanging branch snags Belle's cloak. She tugs at it...trying to pull free. Philippe's nostril flare. He smells something close...too close. He snorts and shakes the reins.

BELLE (cont.)

What is it?

She stares into the floating misty blackness. Then she sees the eyes...cold, menacing yellow eyes. The mist clears to reveal three hungry slavering wolves standing on a rise, gazing at them silently. Belle gasps with horror.

BELLE (cont.)

Run! Run!

Philippe breaks into a frenzied gallop. The wolves howl treacherously and leap after them. Belle is heedless to the branches that rip and tear at her as she clings to Philippe's neck. He races desperately to save their lives, mouth flecked with foam, eyes wild with panic. Belle glances back...they're right behind! A wolf leaps forward to nip at Philippe's heels. He whinnies with pain and terror. Another wolf leaps at his flanks with vicious snapping jaws. Philippe stumbles and almost goes down. He struggles to his feet and keeps running. The wolves leap for them again. Belle screams. Philippe rears suddenly throwing her to the ground. He turns...placing himself between the wolves and Belle. The wolves growl and snap..he flails at them with sharp hooves. Belle looks around desperately for some kind of weapon. She grabs a long sharp branch and runs at the wolves.

BELLE (cont.)

Get away!

The wolves turn...easier prey. They advance snarling....Belle backs up....prodding at them with the branch as they stalk her hungrily.

BELLE (cont.)

Back! Stay back!

Belle stumbles over a root...and goes down. They have her now! The wolf is at her throat!

Suddenly the wolf is torn off of her from behind. It's the Beast! Belle watches...frozen with shock and horror as he grapples with the snarling, snapping wolves. They swarm on him. The creatures growl, rip, tear, and howl in a flurry of flying claws, fur and fangs.

Belle pulls herself to her feet and runs to Philippe's side. But the wolves are no match for the powerful Beast. With a ferocious howl, he flings them away from him. A wolf slams into a tree and lies still. Three others see it's a losing battle. They whine piteously and make for the safety of the trees.

But suddenly, the largest wolf looms up from behind the Beast! Belle gasps!

BELLE (cont.)

Look out!

The wolf lands on the Beast's back and sinks its fangs into his shoulder. The Beast howls in agony! He reaches up and tears the wolf away. He holds it in his powerful hands....it scrabbles piteously to escape. The Beast's eyes go red with savage rage.

Belle gasps with horror at what he's about to do!

CRACK! We see the reflection of the beast in Belle's eyes as he breaks the wolf's neck.

Beast drops the animal in the snow.

Belle's hand fly to her mouth...overcome with shock and revulsion.

The Beast glances back at Belle.....surprised to see her horrified expression.

BEAST

(confused)
Are you all right?

BELLE

You didn't have to...

He looks at her without comprehension and follows her eyes to the limp wolf lying in the snow. It takes him a moment to understand.

BEAST

His life was mine. I took it.

BELLE

(softly)
But there's something called...mercy.

The Beast grimaces with pain. He staggers forward and falls to his knees.

BELLE (cont.)

You're wounded!

Belle looks around...what can she do to help him? She quickly unties Philippe and leads him toward the Beast. Philippe snorts fearfully.

BELLE (cont.)

(to Philippe)
It's all right.

She leads Philippe to the Beast. He pulls himself up and leans against the horse as they limp back through the snow toward the castle.

INT. THE BEAST'S CASTLE - MAIN HALL - LATER

Teapot pours steaming water in a bowl. Candelabra, Mantleclock, Footstool and Music Box look on with sympathetic concern. Belle dips a rag in the hot water and wrings it out.

BELLE

This may hurt a little.

Beast doesn't like the sound of that. He abruptly gets up to leave.

BELLE (cont.)

(a no-nonsense nurse)
Sit down!

He sinks back down obediently. She reaches toward him with the rag.

BELLE (cont.)

Now hold still.

He cringes back as she very gently dabs at the wound. The Beast winces. He bursts out with a great....

BEAST
(PAINFUL ROAR!)

WHOOSH! The Objects vanish. Belle hesitates..fighting back her fear. She can't let him get the best of her. She gathers herself and gives him her best "stern nurse" glare.

BELLE
I barely touched it!

BEAST
(sulky)
If you hadn't run away this wouldn't have happened!

BELLE
If you hadn't frightened me I wouldn't have run away!

BEAST
(angrily)
Well, you shouldn't have been in the West Wing!

BELLE
(angry back)
And you should learn to control your temper!

BEAST
I can't help it!

BELLE
How do you know if you don't even try?

He doesn't have an answer for that. They glare at each other in a silent battle of wills. But the close proximity grows uncomfortable and they both drop their eyes. Belle turns to squeeze the rag out. She glances back. He's holding his shoulder...grimacing against the pain. Belle's eyes soften.

BELLE (cont.)
By the way...

She turns back to dab gently at his arm.

BELLE (cont.)
(softly)
I forgot to thank you for saving my life.

This time, he doesn't pull away. As she removes her scarf to bind the wound...he smiles secretly to himself.

ON A NEARBY SHELF

Teapot, Candelabra and Mantleclock have found a good place to observe unobtrusively.

TEAPOT

(getting excited)

Bless my soul...Dare I say it? I think they're starting to like each other.

MANTLECLOCK

Hmph. She's merely dressed his wound, Mrs. Potts. Nothing to get steamed up about.

TEAPOT

Yes, but the way she dressed it. Kind and gentle and the look in her eyes...

CANDELABRA

Ah oui...my friends, the day we have waited for may be at hand!

TEAPOT

If only that were true, Lumiere.

CANDELABRA

Ah, human again.

TEAPOT

Human again.

CANDELABRA

Yes. Think what that means!

(sings)

I'LL BE COOKING AGAIN
BE GOOD-LOOKING AGAIN
WITH A MADEMOISELLE ON EACH ARM
WHEN I'M HUMAN AGAIN
ONLY HUMAN AGAIN
POISED AND POLISHED
AND GLEAMING WITH CHARM
I'LL BE COURTING AGAIN
CHIC AND SPORTING AGAIN

TEAPOT

WHICH SHOULD CAUSE SEVERAL HUSBANDS ALARM

TEAPOT/CANDELABRA

I'LL HOP DOWN OFF THIS SHELF
AND TOUTE SUITE, BE MYSELF
I CAN'T WAIT TO BE HUMAN AGAIN

CUT TO:

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Wardrobe, Brush, Comb, Atomizer and the other beauty accessories are having similar longings.

ACCESSORIES

WHEN WE'RE HUMAN AGAIN
 ONLY HUMAN AGAIN
 WHEN WE'RE KNICK-KNACKS AND WHATNOTS
 NO MORE
 WHEN WE'RE HUMAN AGAIN
 GOOD AND HUMAN AGAIN

WARDROBE

AH CHERIE, WON'T IT ALL BE TOP DRAWER?
 I'LL WEAR LIPSTICK AND ROUGE
 AND I WON'T BE SO HUGE
 WHY, I'LL EASILY FIT THROUGH THAT DOOR
 I'LL EXUDE SAVOIR-FAIRE
 I'LL WEAR GOWNS, I'LL HAVE HAIR
 IT'S MY PRAYER TO BE HUMAN AGAIN!

INT. THE LIBRARY

We see the Beast's clawed hand push open a door covered in dust and cobwebs. He stands to the side for Belle to enter. She gives him a curious look before stepping inside. It's a long abandoned library filled floor-to-ceiling with books. Belle gasps with joyful surprise and gives the Beast a big thankful smile. He shrugs it off.

Outside in the hall, the Objects crowd around to watch. A time-passes transition:

OBJECTS

TICK TOCK, THE TIME GOES
 THE DAYS PASS, THE COCK CROWS
 THEY KEEP GETTING CLOSER
 WELL DON'T THEY?

OBJECTS (CONT.)

TICK TOCK, THE TIME FLIES
 A FULL MOON, A SUNRISE
 THEY KEEP DRAWING NEARER AND NEARER
 TOGETHER

AND AS THEY DRAW NEARER
 THE DAY DRAWS NEAR TOO
 THE DAY WE'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG FOR
 IS DUE...

INT. THE MORNING ROOM

During an ORCHESTRAL section, Belle and the Beast are having breakfast together in a cheery corner room. Beast is hunched up in a chair much too small for him. His knees bump the table...the Objects hang on. Teapot totters and attempts to pour tea for him, but she realizes Chip isn't in his saucer. She glances around....and spots him talking to Salt Shaker. She glowers. Chip quickly scoots over to his saucer.

Belle picks up her spoon and begins to eat her porridge. Beast watches her curiously for a moment. He shrugs and buries his head in the cereal bowl. He slurps it up and leans back.. full and happy... with porridge dripping from his muzzle. He wipes it off with the back of his hand and glances over at Belle.

She has an appalled and disgusted look on her face. Candelabra picks up a spoon, hides it behind his back and saunters nonchalantly over to the Beast. With a big smile to Belle, Candelabra slips the spoon to him. Beast picks up the spoon in his big clumsy paw and attempts to scoop up some cereal. It spills out. Chip giggles. Teapot gives him a stern glare. Beast tries again, but he can't get porridge anywhere near his mouth.

To save him further embarrassment, Belle lifts her bowl with both hands. She holds it up for all to see and tips it to her mouth. Beast gives her a grateful smile. He picks up his bowl with both hands and "toasts" her with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WEST WING HALLWAY

We follow Footstool down a long corridor as he struggles to balance a tall pile of towels which have been stacked on his cushion to the once-forbidden West Wing. As he passes Tables, Portraits on the wall, Statues and Art Objects, they sing:

OBJECTS

WHEN I'M HUMAN AGAIN
ONLY HUMAN AGAIN
WHEN I'M NOT JUST A MERE QUELQUE CHOSE

A SIDE TABLE

WHEN I'M MORTAL AGAIN
WILL I CHORTLE AGAIN
WHEN I'VE GOT ONE, WILL I THUMB MY NOSE

FEMALE PORTRAIT

I'LL SAY SORRY MY DEAR
THIS OLD DAME'S OUTA HERE

MALE PORTRAIT

(dryly)
THOUGH YOU'LL VISIT SOMETIMES I SUPPOSE

*ALL

WON'T THE WORLD BE IN TUNE
ON THAT SWELL AFTERNOON
COMING SOON, WHEN WE'RE HUMAN AGAIN!

INT. THE BEAST'S LAIR

Footstool finally arrives in the West Wing where the Beast's erstwhile filthy lair is alive with busy Objects cleaning, sweeping, scrubbing, mending. Teapot is in charge. The Objects take clean towels from Footstool's pile.

ALL
 SO SWEEP THE DUST FROM THE FLOOR
 LET'S LET SOME LIGHT IN THE ROOM
 I CAN FEEL, I CAN TELL
 SOMEONE MIGHT BREAK THE SPELL
 ANY DAY NOW...

SHINE UP THE BRASS ON THE DOOR
 ALERT THE DUSTPAIL AND BROOM
 IF IT ALL GOES AS PLANNED
 OUR TIME MAY BE AT HAND
 ANY DAY NOW!

TEAPOT
 Throw those musty old curtains away, child!
 We've no use for them. What do you think of
 the floral print? Lovely!

The room begins to gleam. The old curtains are pulled from the windows. Light streams in.

GIRLS
 OPEN THE SHUTTERS
 AND LET IN SOME AIR

TEAPOT
 PUT THESE HERE AND PUT THOSE OVER THERE

Candelabra and Mantleclock enter and stand, amazed at the transformation:

CANDELABRA
 Sacre bleu! Mrs. Potts, you are a genius.

TEAPOT
 Go on.

MANTLECLOCK
 But will the Master approve of all this?

TEAPOT
 He wants to be human again, doesn't he?
 Then he can't live like a beast!

*ALL
 SWEEP UP THE YEARS, THE SADNESS AND TEARS
 AND THROW THEM AWAY!

The musical cleaning continues. Objects change the sheets, sweep the mess, shake the carpet, scrub the walls. It's almost a dance, and then it is a dance, with animated cleaning supplies waltzing around. Perhaps Featherduster very carefully dusts the new bell jar covering the Rose.

Suddenly, Beast looms in the door! The Objects hold their collective breath. Will he be angry at their intrusion?

Beast moves to the wall, reaches up....and straightens a tilted painting. He flashes a grin of approval and exits. The Objects let out a collective sigh of relief.

INT. THE HALLS OF THE CASTLE

The cleaning celebration continues and spills out into the rest of the place. Everything is transforming from dark to light, from forboding to welcoming. And the Objects we pass continue to express their hopes and dreams.

ALL
 WE'LL BE HUMAN AGAIN
 YESSIR HUMAN AGAIN
 'CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE HE JUST MAY COME THROUGH
 SOMETHING'S MOVIN' AGAIN
 AND IT'S PROVIN' AGAIN
 HAPPY ENDINGS CAN REALLY COME TRUE
 SOMETHING'S STIRRIN' AGAIN
 REACCURIN' AGAIN
 I'VE A SNEAKING SUSPICION, DON'T YOU?
 LITTLE PUSH, LITTLE SHOVE
 THEY COULD - WHOOSH - FALL IN LOVE
 AND WE'D FINALLY BE HUMAN AGAIN

EXT. GARDEN

A time-passes transition. Day to evening. Late winter to early spring. Inside, a light goes on in the library.

OBJECTS (O.S.)
 CLOUDS PASS THE SUNDIAL
 THE DAYS MOVE AND MEANWHILE
 THEY KEEP GETTING CLOSER WELL DON'T THEY?

SANDS FILL THE HOURGLASS
 THE MOONS WANE, THE SUNS PASS
 AN EVENING, A MORNING, A WEEK INTERVENES
 THEY KEEP GETTING CLOSER
 YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the window shining on Belle who sits reading aloud to the assembled Objects.

BELLE

(reading)

"...when Guinevere heard that Arthur was slain,
 she stole away to a convent. And no one could
 ever make her smile again."

(closing the book)

The End.

Candelabra throws himself onto Mantleclock sobbing dramatically.

CANDELABRA

Ooohhhooo! That was beautiful!

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

(shooing them out)

Oh, see here. That's entirely enough of that! Now back to your duties! C'mon back to work!

As the Objects leave, we see that in the shadows behind the door, the Beast has been watching and listening to the story. He steps shyly out of the shadows and approaches Belle.

BEAST

(hesitant)

Belle...d'you think you could ...teach...me?

BELLE

To do what?

BEAST

(gestures to the bookshelves)

Er...that.

BELLE

(surprised)

To read? You never learned?

BEAST

(sadly)

Just a little and long ago.

BELLE

(a smile)

Well, at least we have something to start with, then. Come here, sit by me.

Belle opens a book and gestures for Beast to sit beside her. M.O.S., the lessons begin. Outside, the moonlight gives way to dawn. Offscreen voices continue to sing. A "time-passes" transition.

OBJECTS (O.S.)

TICK TOCK THE TIME GOES
THE DAYS PASS THE COCK CROWS

TICK TOCK THE TIME GOES
THE DAYS PASS THE COCK CROWS

OBJECTS (CONT. O.S.)

COMING TOGETHER, CLOSER AND CLOSER
...MOVING TOGETHER
...GETTING CLOSER

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SOME TIME LATER

Belle and the Beast sit at the kitchen table. She points to words as he struggles with them.

BEAST

...TTTTTTT...

BELLE

That's right.

BEAST

...TTTTTTT.....

(evolving into a frustrated growl)

I can't!

BELLE

Oh, yes, You almost had it!

BEAST

Rrrrrrrran.

(triumphant)

...ran up the...

BELLE

Very good!

Another time passes transition:

OBJECTS

TICK TOCK THE TIME GOES

THE DAYS PASS THE COCK CROWS

COMING TOGETHER...ALWAYS CLOSER...

EXT. THE CASTLE GROUNDS - SOME TIME LATER

Belle and the Beast sit under a tree. It's still chilly outside, but nice. Belle wears a shawl and beams at her pupil's progress.

BEAST

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of...

He gets stuck...struggling to say the word. Belle urges him on silently. With great difficulty, he finally manages to put the sounds together and finally the whole concept clicks in his head.

BEAST (cont.)

(a joyous, triumphant bellow)

WATER!

Belle throws her hands up victoriously.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GROUNDS

Spring is in the air. Candelabra and Mantleclock sit on the window sill of a potting shed as Lawn and Garden Implements prepare to begin work:

OBJECTS
 WHEN I'M HUMAN AGAIN
 ONLY HUMAN AGAIN
 WHEN THE WORLD ONCE MORE STARTS
 MAKING SENSE

MANTLECLOCK
 I'LL UNWIND FOR A CHANGE

CANDELABRA
 (sarcastic)
 REALLY, THAT'D BE STRANGE

MANTLECLOCK
 CAN I HELP IT IF I'M T-T-TENSE?
 IN A SHACK BY THE SEA
 I'LL SIT BACK SIPPING TEA
 LET MY EARLY RETIREMENT COMMENCE
 FAR FROM FOOLS MADE OF WAX
 I'LL GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS
 AND RELAX

OBJECTS
 WHEN I'M HUMAN AGAIN!

The Outdoor Objects dance as they begin to clean up the grounds. A primitive Hedge Clipper clips the hedges. A Bucket dumps water on the terrace...a Mop mops it up. A Rake meticulously rakes the fallen leaves into a pile. What used to be overgrown and spooky turns friendly and inviting:

OBJECTS
 WHEN WE'RE HUMAN AGAIN
 ONLY HUMAN AGAIN
 WHEN THE GIRL FINALLY SETS US ALL FREE
 CHEEKS A-BLOOMIN' AGAIN
 WE'RE ASSUMIN' AGAIN
 WE'LL RESUME OUR LONG LOST JOIE DE VIE
 WE'LL BE PLAYIN' AGAIN!
 HOLIDAYIN' AGAIN!
 AND WE'RE PRAYIN' IT'S A.S.O.P.
 WHEN WE CAST OFF THIS PALL
 WE'LL STAND STRAIGHT, WE'LL WALK TALL
 WHEN WE'RE ALL WHAT WE WERE,
 THANKS TO HIM, THANKS TO HER,
 COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER AND CLOSER AND
 CLOSER AND...

A big Orchestral section ensues, underscoring the following visuals, which are choreographed to the music:

EXT. THE STABLE

Philippe stands outside the stable as a young Horsebrush brushes him down. Horsebrush spots Rake's big pile of leaves and gets a mischievous glint in his eye. He takes a flying leap off Philippe's back...and dive-bombs into the pile...scattering leaves everywhere. On Rake's look of exasperation we:

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEAST'S ROOM

COMB
ALIVE?

Beast stands at a mirror with a comb in his huge hand studying his unkempt mane. He attempts to comb through it, but the comb gets snared on a knot. He pulls...and pulls...wincing at the pain. With a mighty effort, he manages to drag the comb through. With a relieved smile, he turns to the mirror to see the result. One tiny combed lock out of an entire headful of tangles and knots...hangs down over his forehead. The smile fades. He gathers his courage and returns the comb to the fray just as...

...Belle appears at the Beast's door with a book. It stands ajar. She peeks in to see the Beast struggling to control his unruly mane. She watches him for a moment. There's something endearing in his clumsy efforts to improve his appearance.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GARDENS

The Outdoor Objects are now working on the gardens. Bees buzz and birds flit overhead. Hedge Clippers clips back the tangled branches of the rose bushes. A Hoe digs up fresh dirt. A Watering Can waters the roots of the flowers. Hoe sees something really exciting and motions the others over for a look. It's the first bud of spring!

Rake has finally got his leaf pile back to its former condition. There's one last stray leaf and..done! Rake "smiles" with satisfaction just as...

...Belle runs past...right through the pile...scattering them all over again. This is immediately followed by...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Beast who runs past, chasing her playfully into the maze. Rake stares at the mess with disbelief. After all that work! There's only a teeny little pile of leaves left.

YAP...YAP...YAP...YAP!

It's Footstool chasing after Belle and the Beast. He scatters the last of it. Poor Rake throws up his 'hands' and walks away in defeat.

THE MAZE

Belle and the Beast play hide-and-seek in the confusing maze. Belle hides behind a corner and leaps out to scare him. Boo! Beast jumps! She laughs and takes off again. Footstool goes running eagerly through the maze. Where'd they go? He sniffs the ground trying to search them out....turns a corner and .. BOO! They both jump out to scare him. Footstool yelps and takes off with his tail between his legs. Belle laughs and turns around to share the joke with Beast. But he's disappeared. Confused, Belle turns in a circle and...BOO! She screams! And as they both break into laughter the dancing Objects go waltzing by. We lose Belle and the Beast and focus on the Objects as the number concludes. All the world seems to be singing and dancing:

OBJECTS
 WE'LL BE DANCING AGAIN!
 WE'LL BE TWIRLING AGAIN!
 WE'LL BE WHIRLING AROUND WITH SUCH EASE
 WHEN WE'RE HUMAN AGAIN
 ONLY HUMAN AGAIN
 WE'LL GO WALTZING THOSE OLD
 ONE-TWO-THREE'S
 WE'LL BE FLOATING AGAIN
 WE'LL BE GLIDING AGAIN
 STEPPING, STRIDING,
 AS FINE AS YOU PLEASE
 LIKE A REAL HUMAN DOES
 I'LL BE ALL THAT I WAS
 ON THAT GLORIOUS MORN
 WHEN WE'RE FINALLY REBORN
 AND WE'RE ALL OF US HUMAN AGAIN!

INT. BELLE'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Belle comes in from the maze with a sparkle in her eye and a rosy blush to her cheeks.

WARDROBE

My...my...have a good romp did we?

Belle laughs and nods her head.

WARDROBE (cont.)

If I didn't know better, I'd think you might actually be having a good time here with us.

BELLE

(realizing it herself for the first time)

I guess, I am.

(she sinks into the window seat)

You know I think everything might be all right if only...

WARDROBE

Yes...if only....

Belle gazes pensively out the window.

INT. CORRIDOR - AT BELLE'S DOOR

Beast approaches her door. He raises his hand to knock but the sound of Belle's voice stops him.

BELLE (o.s.)

(pained)

If only I could see my father again....even just for a moment.

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Wardrobe and Music Box exchange a look of helpless empathy.

BELLE (cont.)
(struggling against the tears)
I miss him so much.

INT. CORRIDOR - AT BELLE'S DOOR

Beast backs away from the door with a thoughtful expression.

INT. BEAST'S LAIR - ON THE ROSE

Shriveled petals litter the base of the vase...only a few remain clinging to the Rose. Beast strides into the room and picks up the Enchanted Mirror.

BEAST
The father. Show me Belle's father.

The Mirror shimmers as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

The cottage's rustic cheer has deteriorated into shabbiness. The scrawny chickens peck half-heartedly at crumbs in the overgrown yard. Maurice's invention still sits outside, rusting and abandoned.

INT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

The cottage is covered in maps. They fill the walls with markings, arrows, red-lines and 'x's, to show Maurice's failed attempts to find the castle. His open bag sits on the table filled with compass, flask and traveling equipment.

A despondent Maurice trudges up the stairs to Belle's room and we can see that the loss of his daughter has taken a serious toll on his health. He's lost weight. His hair is shaggy with more streaks of grey. He has lines of weariness in his face. Despair fills his eyes. He stops once...wracked with a deep, wrenching cough.

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Her room is the only place in the house that has been kept neat and tidy. Maurice goes over to her "library" on the mantle where one of her books has fallen over. He lovingly pushes it back up and gazes around her room hopelessly.

MAURICE
(a painful admission)
Oh, Belle...I can't find the castle.

He pounds his fists on the mantle with helpless frustration.

MAURICE (cont.)
(agonized)
I've searched and I've searched!

He grips the mantle...overcome with a fit of coughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BEAST'S LAIR

The Beast frowns as he gazes at Maurice in the Mirror's reflection. He glances at the door...struggling with his own demons. He shakes his head finally and replaces the Mirror on the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTHERN FRANCE - NEAR THE SEA

The landscape is much more brown and barren in these parts. Two horsemen ride down a winding road which leads toward a hill on which stands a tall craggy estate surrounded by a high prison-like wall topped with spikes. Gaston slows his horse.

GASTON

There it is.

LEFOU

(with trepidation)

Yep, there it is.

They continue on, but slower now.

EXT. THE MAISON DES LOONS

Gaston and Lefou pass through the wooden gates above which a sign reads: "Maison Des Loons". The grounds are gravel and devoid of trees or life. On closer inspection, the Maison des Loons appears to be an institution for the mentally ill. Bars cover the multitude of windows from which come the sounds of chains rattling, a door clanging shut, a moan, the creak of rusted bed springs and the sound of someone sobbing.

Lefou's spooked. So is Gaston but he's better at hiding it. He pushes Lefou ahead of him as they approach the front door. Gaston reaches up and pulls the bell chain. They wait. There's no answer.

LEFOU

(perking up)

Too bad. Nobody's home.

He turns to go but Gaston grabs him by the collar and plunks him back down in front of the door.

GASTON

(ridiculing him)

What are you...scared?

LEFOU

(terrified)

Me? Naw.

CREEEAAK! The door swings open. It's dark and spooky in there. WHOOSH! Gaston looks down to find Lefou is now hiding behind him. They hear the clink of heavy keys on a chain and suddenly a tall lean man in black with a long face and hollow eyes looms in the door.

MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

(with a weird lilt)

May I help you?

Lefou's eyes go wide. Gaston's fake bravado melts away and on his nervous smile we:

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST

True to his word, Maurice hasn't given up the search for the castle. Loaded down with a heavy pack, he trudges up a hill in a thick woods. But his weariness and weakening health make every step an exhausting effort.

MAURICE

(wheezing)

I searched this whole area...but maybe there's something I missed.

A coughing fit seizes him. He loses his balance and stumbles backwards...his foot slips off the side of the steep bluff. He falls...but manages to grab a low-hanging branch. He struggles desperately to pull himself back up...but he doesn't have the strength....his frail fingers slip off and he tumbles down the steep bluff... all the way to the bottom where his fall is broken by the icy waters of a rushing stream.

Maurice moans. He tries to lift himself but falls back into the water. He tries again...and barely manages to get to his knees. Bruised, soaked and filthy, he grabs onto a boulder and with a great effort, he pulls himself to his feet. He staggers forward a few steps, but his knees buckle and he falls. He lays there for a few seconds, gasping for air...and as he pull himself up again we:

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE BEAST'S CASTLE - EVENING

CLOSE ON THE ROSE

It's only got one leaf left. And that one's starting to droop.

INT. THE KITCHEN

It's a hubbub of activity. Teapot stands in the eye of the hurricane shouting orders to the Kitchen Objects who are scurrying about preparing an elegant dinner. A pair of WINE GLASSES pass by on their way to dining room

TEAPOT

(to the wine glasses)

Just where do you two think you're going?
We're using the crystal...only the best tonight!

Two snooty CRYSTAL CHAMPAGNE FLUTES saunter past with their noses in the air. The glass WINE GLASSES turn around and trudge reluctantly back to the cabinet. Mantleclock and Candelabra poke their heads in the door.

MANTLECLOCK

How are you doing, Mrs.Potts?

TEAPOT

A bit flustered, I must say. I've put on many an elegant dinner...but never one as important as this.

CANDELABRA

There is nothing to worry about.

MANTLECLOCK

No, no nothing at all..... just our entire future!

TEAPOT

Out! Both of you! I'm nervous enough as it is.

INT. THE DINING ROOM

Belle and the Beast enter the dining room together. Belle is wearing a stunning gown of shimmering gold. Beast is dressed elegantly as well. His mane is pulled back in a pony tail. He almost looks good. The Chair starts to pull himself back for Belle but Beast shakes his head. Chair realizes that Beast wants to do it himself. Beast politely pulls her Chair out.

BELLE

Thank you.

She sits down and he pushes her back in gently. She smiles up at him. Music Box jumps up into Belle's lap.

Beast sits at one end of the table. They sip their soup. Beast handles his spoon like a pro. He glances at Candelabra who gives him a wink of approval. Mantleclock glances at the door.

MANTLECLOCK

(under his breath)

Where's the music? There's supposed to be music.

Hearing this, Music Box jumps up onto the table.

MUSIC BOX

(I'll play!)

He saunters forth to save the day. Mantleclock rolls his eyes. As Music Box begins his simple little song...Mantleclock sneaks out the door leading into the ballroom.

INT. THE BALLROOM

A Grand Piano is snoozing away. Mantleclock charges up and gives him a good kick!

INT. THE DINING ROOM

As Music Box plays another sound floats in from the room next door...a full rich romantic sound. Music Box frowns. He tries to play louder and keep their attention but he's out of his league. Beast gets up curiously and goes to open the door.

INT. THE BALLROOM

Now that he's got an audience, Grand Piano begins to play in earnest.

THE DINING ROOM

Belle pats Music Box on the head for his efforts then goes to join the Beast at the door. Music Box trails off. Feeling left out and rejected, he slinks off the table and wanders away to nurse his wounded feelings.

THE BALLROOM

Belle and the Beast stand in the door. The music surrounds them. Belle begins to sway. The empty ballroom beckons. She turns to Beast with a determined look.

BELLE

You are going to learn to dance.

BEAST

I...can't.

BELLE

Of course, you can.

She holds her hand out to him. The Objects look on with baited breath. Will he have the nerve to take it? Beast hesitates..he reaches out...and their fingers touch for the first time.

The Objects are thrilled! They can barely contain their excitement.

BELLE (cont.)

Just listen to the music. One..two..three.
One..two..three.

BEAST

(trying)

One..two...three..one...

They attempt a few steps. Beast crunches down on her foot

BELLE

Ouch!

BEAST

I'm sorry. Are you all right?

BELLE

(lying through her teeth)

Didn't hurt a bit.

BEAST

You see...I can't.

BELLE

Try again. All right? One..two..three.
One...two..three.

They attempt a few more steps.

BEAST

One..two..three...

BELLE (cont.)

That's better! One..two..three. One..two..three!

He smiles, getting the hang of it now. The Objects look on with joyful anticipation. Belle and the Beast twirl around as the music swells up and sweeps them away.

THE DINING ROOM

Teapot watches from the dining room surrounded by her cup children. Gazing wistfully at Belle and the Beast as they dance she begins to sing:

TEAPOT

(she sings)

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

TEAPOT (CONT.)

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

She bustles her children off to bed...but Chip tags along behind.

TEAPOT (cont.)

Off to the cupboard with you now, Chip. It's past your bedtime. Goodnight, luv.

INT. THE WEST WING CORRIDOR

The music plays off in the distance as Music Box wanders alone and lonely down the hall. He passes the Beast's lair.

INT. BEAST'S ROOM

Inside, the Enchanted Mirror flickers to life...almost deliberately...as if it has a part in a larger design.

THE HALLWAY

Outside, the flickering light catches Music Box's eye. He steps inside curiously.

BEAST'S ROOM - ON THE MIRROR - BELLE'S COTTAGE - HIS POV

There's Maurice, limping, coughing and barely able to drag himself up the stairs of the cottage. He stumbles in the door...takes two steps...and collapses.

THE MUSIC BOX

He's horrified at Maurice's dire condition.

MUSIC BOX

(Oh no!)

THE BALLROOM

The Objects are swaying with the music, exchanging blissful glances. Belle and the Beast twirl to standstill in the middle of the room. The music trails off, but they don't pull apart. The Objects lean forward. This is the Moment. There's absolute silence as Time itself seems to hold its breath.

BEAST

Belle...

She lifts her eyes to meet his. The feeling surges up in him and he finds the courage to say the words.

BEAST (cont.)

I...

Jangling loudly, Music Box flies into the room, running as hard as his little legs will carry him.

MUSIC BOX

(Belle! Belle!)

He is clearly in great distress.

BELLE

What is it? What's wrong?

MUSIC BOX

(Come quick! Come quick!)

Music Box pulls on her skirt trying to move her toward the door. Belle looks at the Beast with confusion and alarm.

MUSIC BOX (cont.)

(Hurry! Hurry!)

BELLE

(confused)

I'll be right back.

She sweeps Music Box up in her arms. Beast lifts a hand to stop her...but she's gone.

The Objects are utterly crestfallen...torn between sympathy for their Master and their own terrible disappointment.

INT. BEAST'S ROOM

Belle runs down the hallway.

MUSIC BOX

(In there! In there!)

She ducks into the Beast's room...

INT. THE BEAST'S ROOM

BELLE

What's so...

And then she sees it. The Mirror flickers with enchanted light and inside, Belle sees the image of her father.

BELLE (cont.)

Papa?

She moves toward the Mirror and picks it up.

IN THE MIRROR - BELLE'S COTTAGE - ON MAURICE - HER POV

He hasn't moved from where he fell near the door. It's hard to tell if he's even breathing.

MAURICE

(weakly)

Belle...

BELLE AND THE MIRROR

BELLE

(horrified)

Papa! Papa!

BEAST (O.S.)

He can't hear you.

At the sound of his voice, she whirls around with pain and accusation in her eyes.

BELLE

You had this all along! You could have let me see him!

BEAST

(a difficult admission)

You're right. I should have shown you. I'm... sorry.

BELLE

(agonized)

He may be dying! And he's all alone!

Beast struggles with himself. He glances over at the Rose. A single leaf stands between him and utter doom. He looks back at Belle..and his face reflects the pain he sees in her eyes. He frowns trying to shake off the feeling. But it's no use. He's heart has gone out to her and it's breaking along with Belle's.

BEAST

Then you must go to him.

She can't believe her ears. Neither can Candelabra, Teapot and Mantleclock who have gathered in the door behind them.

BELLE

(barely breathing)

What did you say?

BEAST

I release you. You're no longer my prisoner.

She stares at him with equal parts disbelief and joy .

BELLE

(overwhelmed)

You mean...I'm free?

BEAST

One of my servants will guide you through the mist.

BELLE

Oh thank you!

(into the Mirror)

Hold on, Papa. I'm coming home!

She tries to return the Mirror to the Beast...but he shakes his head.

BEAST

Take it with you. So you'll always have a way to look back...and remember me.

BELLE

(heartfelt)

Thank you for understanding how much he needs me.

He seems about to say something...that he needs her just as much. But the words won't come. She reaches out to touch his huge hand briefly...then she turns and runs from the room.

Mantleclock is so overwrought he can't hold himself back.

MANTLECLOCK

She was your last chance! How could you let her go?

BEAST

How could I keep her?

He brushes past them...certain he's doomed to remain a beast for all time. Teapot shakes her head with a wistful smile.

TEAPOT

After all this time...he's finally learned to love.

MANTLECLOCK

(suddenly exuberant)
That's it then! That should break the spell!

CANDELABRA

But it is not enough. She has to love him in return.

They watch the Beast trudge slowly up the stairs to the castle turret.

TEAPOT

And now it's too late.

INT. THE HIGHEST TURRET

Beast climbs up to the highest turret and gazes down...

ON BELLE - BEAST'S POV

..on Belle and Philippe as the Sawhorse leads them across the bridge and into the mist. Belle never even looks back.

THE BEAST

He throws back his head and howls mournfully at the moon. And we PULL BACK as the heart-wrenching sound fills the glittering night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - DAWN

Day is breaking as Belle and Philippe gallop around the bend toward the cottage. Philippe whinnies a greeting as they approach. But Belle's face registers dismay at the sight of her rundown home. She leaps off Philippe, grabs the saddlebag and runs into the cottage.

INT. THE COTTAGE

Maurice is still lying on the floor. She gasps and runs to his side.

BELLE

(terrified)
Papa! Can you hear me?

He's deathly ill...shivering and feverish.. His eyes open weakly.

MAURICE

(delirious)
Can't....find...the castle.

BELLE

(relieved that he's alive)
Shhh. It's all right. I'm home now.

She puts his frail arm around her shoulder and helps him into bed.

WIPE TO:

MAURICE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Maurice tosses deliriously. A very worried Belle sits at his side mopping his fevered brow.

MAURICE

(delirious)

I'm not a thief....run Belle!...it should have been me...me.

WIPE TO:

LATER

Belle holds his feverish head up to pour a bowl of warm broth down him.

WIPE TO:

EVENING

The fever has finally broken. Maurice sleeps peacefully. A tired, but relieved Belle kisses him on the forehead.

Tinkle...Tinkle. She looks up curiously at the familiar sound. *Tinkle...Tinkle...Tinkle*

It's coming from inside the saddle bag. Belle puts her hands on her hips. Sounds like someone's stowed away. She gets up, moves quietly to the bag and tosses the flap aside! Sure enough, there's little Music Box looking up at her with a sheepish grin.

MUSIC BOX

(Hello.)

BELLE

(picking him up)

You little rascal.

She shakes her head good-naturedly and puts him down on the table. But the open flap has revealed the Mirror. She picks it up.

BELLE (cont.)

(remembering guiltily)

Oh...I forgot to say good-bye.

She carefully places the Mirror in a place of honor on the mantelpiece.

MAURICE

(weakly)

You really have come home.

Belle whirls around. Maurice is awake. He holds out his arms and she runs to him. They cling to each other. The words tumble out.

BELLE

Papa...I was so worried.

MAURICE

I thought...I'd never see you again.

BELLE

I missed you so much.

MAURICE

Are you all right?

BELLE

I'm fine! The Beast isn't nearly as bad as he looks. He was very kind to me.

(remembering)

He even saved my life.

MUSIC BOX

(hopping up onto the covers)

(Remember me?)

MAURICE

Oh! Oh my! Well, I...

(a delighted chuckle)

I guess I wasn't seeing thing after all!

WIPE TO:

LATER THAT EVENING

Maurice is able to sit up in bed now. Belle is feeding him soup...talking about life in the castle.

BELLE

You should have seen it, Papa. There were hundreds of books! And I helped the Beast learn to read and...

There's a sharp RAP at the door. Music Box jumps. Belle looks at her father curiously. He shrugs. She pulls the curtain aside to look out the window.

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - HER POV

There's an ominous wooden wagon with bars at the back parked in front of the cottage. She sees Gaston speaking to a tall, unfamiliar man dressed in black. A curious crowd has gathered.

MAURICE

What is it?

BELLE

I don't know.

Another loud RAP.

LEFOU (O.S.)

Open up!

Belle goes to the door.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR

Lefou's standing there, all puffed up importantly. He opens ^{his} mouth to speak but Monsieur d'Arque appears behind him.

MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

I'll take over from here.

LEFOU

Oh, sorry Monsieur d'Arque sir..I didn't mean to get in your way or bother you or anything like that.

Gaston's hand appears from behind d'Arque and whisks Lefou out of the way.

BELLE

(to d'Arque)
May I help you?

MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

I've come to collect your father.

BELLE

My father?

MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

Don't worry...mademoiselle. We'll take good care of him.

Belle looks at the wagon. From this angle she can see "Maison des Loons" written on the side.

BELLE

Maison des Loons?
(putting it all together)
My father's not crazy!

D'Arque steps to the side to reveal Gaston who's leaning against the tree with a big smug grin.

MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

This fellow here claims that he was ranting and raving about a beast who lives in a castle.

GASTON

We all heard him...
(to the crowd)
...didn't we?

An affirmative murmur ripples through the crowd. The tavern owner steps forward.

TAVERN OWNER

I'm afraid it's true, Belle.

GASTON

He's a danger to himself and the village! He'll have to be locked up.

Monsieur d'Arque motions to his men who move toward the door. Belle throws her arms wide...blocking their entrance.

BELLE

(horrified)
No!

GASTON

(a wink to D'Arque)
I'll deal with the girl.
(fake gentle)
Now Belle, be reasonable.

He jerks her roughly away from the door and out of the earshot of the crowd.

BELLE (cont.)

(angrily)
What do you think you're doing, Gaston!

GASTON

Well, someone has to protect the village. The streets aren't safe with that lunatic father of yours running around loose!

BELLE

He's not a lunatic!

She tries to get past. He grabs her arm and yanks her back, slamming her into the wall...hard! He looms over her.

GASTON

Of course, if you would have married me...I might have been more understanding of your poor father's condition.

BELLE

What are you talking about?

GASTON

And if you were to change your mind... I might be able to convince that unpleasant fellow to go away.

The pieces fall into place. Belle stares at Gaston with shock and disbelief.

BELLE

(appalled)
What are you saying? This is blackmail!

GASTON

Call it what you like.

BELLE

You think you can force me to care for you?

GASTON

(a sneer)
I'm not asking you to care.

BELLE

(disgusted and outraged)
I could never marry anyone as vile as you! Never!

GASTON

(an angry snarl)
We'll see about that!

He whirls around and storms into the cottage.

INT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

Gaston stomps over to Maurice's sickbed.

MAURICE

(weakly)
Gaston?

He jerks him out of bed and drags him to the door.

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

Gaston holds Maurice in the door.

GASTON

Tell us again, old man...how big was that beast ?

MAURICE

(confused)
Well, he was... enormous! I'd say....at least,
eight..no...more like ten...ten feet tall!

LEFOU

(a laugh)
You don't get much crazier than that!

The people shake their heads.

VILLAGER

Poor ol' Maurice...finally gone over the edge.

Gaston drags Maurice down the stairs and shoves him at d'Arque's men.

GASTON

Get him out of here!

BELLE

But there is a beast!

The crowd turns...what?

BELLE (cont.)

And I can prove it!

Belle races up the stairs and into the cottage.

INT. THE COTTAGE

Music Box is hiding in the saddlebag as Belle runs in to retrieve the Mirror. He *tinkles* fearfully.

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

She runs out onto the porch and holds the Mirror up for all to see.

BELLE

(to the Mirror)
Show me the Beast!

The Mirror shimmers....

THE BEAST'S CASTLE - IN THE MIRROR

...and the castle appears, looking less bright and cheery since Belle's departure. The crowd gasps with surprise and wonder.

The Mirror shimmers again...

..and there's Beast. slumped in his great chair staring at the cold fire. He's shaggy, disheveled...clearly backsliding without Belle

BELLE

(to the crowd)
You see! My father's perfectly sane!

Someone screams! Monsieur d'Arque blanches at the sight of a real beast. His men drop Maurice. They all start backing up toward the wagon.

MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

(quaking)
I'm afraid...there's been some...misunderstanding.

They leap inside and takes off in one big hurry.

Gaston looks from the Mirror to Belle... confused and furious that his well-laid plan has been foiled. The townspeople are very nervous.

NEIGHBOR

So it's true!

NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

There is a beast!

MAURICE

Didn't I tell you?

LADY

What a horrible creature!

LADY'S FRIEND

Will he hurt us?

BELLE

He wouldn't dream of it! There's nothing to fear.

Gaston watches this exchange and it occurs to him that she's defending the Beast.

A WIFE

(frightened)

We're not safe with a savage beast in the forest!

BELLE

(calming them)

Please, don't be afraid. He's not dangerous.

GASTON

(a sneer)

Not dangerous? I ought to know a vicious animal when I see one!

BELLE

(protesting angrily)

He's not an animal!

GASTON

Oh, really? Take a look at the size of that monster's fangs!

Belle advances on Gaston with fire in her eye.

BELLE

Yes, the Beast looks frightful, but he's never bullied me...

(with rising anger)

...he's never threatened me and he's never tried to blackmail me!

(nose-to-nose)

He's not monster, Gaston! You are!

Gaston's face twists with rage. He raises a hand to strike her..! But the crowd gasps...stopping him. His gaze falls on the Beast in the Mirror and he finds an outlet for his revenge. Gaston grabs the Mirror out of Belle's hand. He holds it over his head, inciting the crowd to panic.

GASTON

The Beast will make off with your children!

Several mothers gasp and grab their little ones close.

GASTON (cont.)

He'll come after them in the night!

BELLE

No!

GASTON

No one ~~will~~ be safe until his head is mounted on my wall I say...we kill the Beast!

The crowd cheers!

BELLE

No! I won't let you do this!

Belle tries to get the Mirror away from Gaston but he grabs her arm roughly.

GASTON

If you're not with us...you're against us!

(to his cronies)

Bring the old man!

The cronies grab Maurice. Belle and Maurice struggle as they drag them toward the cellar workshop.

BELLE

(struggling)

Get your hands off me!

GASTON (cont.)

(to the crowd)

We can't have them running off ~~to~~^{to} warn the creature.

They throw them into the basement. SLAM! Belle and Maurice beat on the door.

BELLE (o.s.)

Let us out!

GASTON

We'll rid the village of this beast! Who's with me?

CRONIE

I am!

CRONIE

I am!

LEFOU

(a squeak)

I am.

GASTON

Gather torches and weapons! We'll lay siege to the castle and bring back the monster's head!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEAST'S CASTLE - THE BALL ROOM

Beast picks up a book. He opens it and reads silently...struggling with the words. But it's difficult and Belle's not there to help him over the rough spots. He growls with angry frustration and throws the book across the room.

We TRAVEL through the castle which was so recently alive with joyful singing and dancing. Now the Objects are silent....solemn...listless.. A heavy shroud of depression hangs in the air.

INT. THE LIBRARY

Mantleclock, Candelabra, Teapot, Chip, Footstool, Featherduster and Telescope are huddled on the carpet around Belle's chair pondering their fate.

MANTLECLOCK

I knew it! I knew it was foolish to get our hopes up.

CANDELABRA

(morose)
Perhaps it would have been better if she had never come at all.

TEAPOT

Shush now...both of you! Belle brought a little cheer into this house and we have to be grateful for that.

FEATHERDUSTER

But now the spell will never be broken.

CANDELABRA

Do not fret, my sweet frou-frou.

(dramatic)

The endless years may drag on and on....but I will never leave your side!

MANTLECLOCK

(under his breath)

That's what she's worried about.

Featherduster pushes Candelabra away. Footstool's ears perk up. He runs to the window yapping. They look up hopefully.

TEAPOT

Can it be?

CANDELABRA

Is it she?

They leap up and run to the window. They look out eagerly.

ON THE BRIDGE - THEIR POV

It's Gaston and his mob. They're already through the gates and crossing the bridge.

THE OBJECTS

They gasp with horror!

TEAPOT

Who are they?

MANTLECLOCK

Invaders! They're storming the castle!

ON GASTON - THEIR POV

He leads them with Mirror in hand.

CANDELABRA (.o.s.)

Mon Dieu! They have the Mirror!

GASTON

Take whatever booty you can find....but remember,
the Beast is mine!

THE OBJECTS

MANTLECLOCK

If it's the Master they want..they'll have to come
through us first! Boil the oil! Evacuate the porcelain
and china! United we stand! Who's with me?

He turns around to find he's alone. Everybody else is running out the door.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

Wait...I haven't discussed strategy yet...

(running after them)

Come back, I say! As head of this household...I
demand that you stop right there!

(he trips and falls flat)

Omph!

The door SLAMS shut. He gets up..runs to the door and beats on it.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

Open this door at once!

(but they're long gone)

Right! Fine! But you're courting disaster
without me!

(he turns)

Oh spiffing! Absolutely spiffing!

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

Beast sits morosely next to her bed...holding the scarf that Belle gave him to bind his wound.
Wardrobe looks on with big worried eyes. Teapot peeks in the door.

TEAPOT

Pardon, sir.

BEAST

Leave me in peace.

TEAPOT

I wouldn't trouble you ..but the castle is under attack.

WARDROBE

Oh dear, this is most disagreeable! However did
they find us through the mist?

TEAPOT

They have the Mirror.

Beast looks at Teapot sharply. If they have the Mirror that can only mean one thing.

BEAST

(struck to the heart)

Then Belle must have...

WARDROBE

(interrupting him)

Don't you even think it! That darling girl would never do a thing like that!

Suddenly, there's an incredible BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! from below.

TEAPOT

Oh lord! They're breaking in the doors!
What shall we do, sir?

But Beast is too heartbroken to care.

BEAST

Let them come.

Belle's scarf slips out of his hand and falls to the floor.

EXT. THE BEAST'S CASTLE

A thunderbolt explodes across the sky as ~~///~~ Gaston and his men carry a battering ram across the bridge toward the castle door.

INT. THE FOYER

The Objects have gathered to the foyer. BOOM! BOOM! The door shivers from the assault.

CANDELABRA

To the door! Toute Suite!

They barricade themselves against the door. BOOM! BOOM! But they can't hold it.

CANDELABRA (cont.)

This is not working!

EXT. AT THE DOOR

GASTON

Again!

INT. THE FOYER

BOOM! The door crashes inward. Gaston steps through victoriously. The others eagerly gather behind him. But all they see is a empty foyer filled with furniture and miscellaneous objects. Gaston gazes suspiciously down the empty corridors.

GASTON

Follow me.

They proceed cautiously through the piles of furniture toward the staircase.

The Objects jump up and follow behind silently. One of the men senses something behind. He whips around.

There's no one there. But there is something different about that furniture.

CRONIE

That's funny. I could have sworn that table was just over there.

CRONIE #2

You're seeing things.

The first cronie shrugs and they continue on. But then Lefou spots an ornate silver candelabra. He approaches it with avarice in his eye.

LEFOU

Heeey...this oughta bring a pretty penny!

He turns back to wink at the others as he grabs for Candelabra....who ducks. Lefou misses. He turns back quizzically. Candelabra doesn't move. Lefou peers in closer...and Candelabra pokes him in the eyes.

LEFOU (cont.)

Aaah!

CANDELABRA

Seal the gates!

SLAM! The door shuts..sealing off their escape. The Objects advance menacingly and the battle begins.

As the Objects rise up to defend the castle , Gaston continues on in his search for the Beast.

INT. THE LIBRARY

Mantleclock piles books up at the door.

MANTLECLOCK

(muttering)

....have no idea how to prepare a proper defense...
...make an absolute mess of it and then come crying to me...

He slams the last book on top of the pile and uses it like a ladder to reach the doorknob. He manages to turn the knob just as the door is shoved open from the other side..knocking Mantleclock and the pile of books to the ground.

Gaston peers in...looking for the Beast.

Mantleclock climbs to his feet and runs for the open door just as Gaston goes out again..slamming it in his face. Mantleclock stands for a moment...head against the door..then starts to build his pile all over again.

THE FOYER

Downstairs the battle wages, but decidedly leaning in favor of the Objects.

THE CASTLE HALLS

Gaston continues his furious search for the Beast as we:

WIPE TO:

EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE

Lighting flashes illuminating Maurice's invention which still sits in the yard. Maurice peers out from the barred cellar door.

MAURICE

I could kick myself for leaving it out there
in the yard to rust!

INT. THE CELLAR

MAURICE (cont.)

If we had that contraption of mine in here we
could use it to knock a hole the size of...

Belle sits with her head in her hands. Music Box crawls out of her pocket into her lap and tinkles sympathetically.

BELLE

(guilt-ridden)
What have I done?

Maurice comes over to lay a comforting hand on her shoulder.

MAURICE

You mustn't blame yourself, child.

Belle looks up at him with anguish in her eyes.

BELLE

But it's all my fault! I lead them right to him!

MAURICE

And saved your old Papa from terrible fate
I might add.

BELLE

But you heard Gaston! You heard what he's
going to do when he finds the Beast!
(she leaps up)
I have to get out of here! I have to warn him!

Music Box looks up at the high window then down at a discarded ball of twine lying on the floor and gets an idea.

MAURICE

Don't worry...we'll think of something.

The twine flies up to the window. Music Box follows winding it around his internal cylinder. At the window, he swings out through the broken glass...

EXT. CELLAR

...flies out the window and lands in the soft dirt. He gets to his feet and spots Maurice's Invention sitting at the top of a knoll. With a determined expression, he starts off toward it.

INT. THE CELLAR

Maurice is trying to drill his way through the door while Belle attempts to pry the wooden screws out with a knife.

EXT. THE CELLAR

Music Box finally makes it up the knoll to the Invention. He looks up at the enormous complicated contraption. He sighs...utterly daunted...takes a big breath and jumps up.

THE INVENTION

It's a complicated maze of ropes, levers, pulleys, wheels, bellows, bells and whistles. He has absolutely no idea how it works. But with a little ingenuity and a lot of luck, the Music Box manages to get the thing started up and moving toward the cellar.

INT. THE CELLAR

Maurice pauses at the SOUND of something large rolling toward them.

MAURICE

If I didn't know better I'd say that sounds exactly like my...

Belle peeks through to see the Invention on a collision course with the door!

BELLE

Look out!

She pulls him away just as the Invention comes crashing through!

Moonlight streams in through the open door as Belle helps Maurice to his feet.

BELLE (cont.)

Are you all right?

MAURICE

By jiggedy, it worked! I knew I had something there!

(a beat)

Wait a minute...if we were both locked up in here than who...?

Belle hears a weak tinkle..tinkle...coming from the crash site. She digs around and picks up the Music Box who's in worse shape than ever... springs and gears sticking out all over.

BELLE

(gently)

It was you, wasn't it?

Music Box tries to "say" something but all he can do is make a tiny pathetic broken little sour note. He drops his eyes. He knows there's no hope for him. Belle looks helplessly at her father who gently takes the Music Box.

MAURICE

What are you looking so down in the dumps about? I'll have you fixed up in no time!

Music Box perks up enough to manage a weak sideways grin.

Belle looks anxiously at the open door...desperate to go to the Beast but worried about leaving her father.

BELLE

(torn)
Papa...I...I...

Maurice can see how difficult this is and he makes it easier for her.

MAURICE

You'd better get yourself back to that castle,
young lady, before it's too late!

Her face lights up with a relieved smile. She throws her arms around him.

BELLE

(softly)
Will you be all right?

MAURICE

I'll be just fine...now go!

She kisses Maurice and pats Music Box on the head.

BELLE

(heartfelt)
Thank you!

And she runs out the door. Maurice immediately starts fiddling with Music Box.

MAURICE

Now let me see..where is this little gear supposed
to go?

EXT. THE CELLAR

Belle stands outside the cellar and whistles urgently. Philippe whinnies in reply and comes galloping out of the barn. Belle leaps astride.

BELLE

Can you find your way back to the castle, Philippe?

He whinnies eagerly.

BELLE (cont.)

Then, fly!

Philippe rears and they thunder away in a flurry of hooves.

EXT. THE CASTLE

Another lightning bolt crackles across the sky as the battle wages inside the castle.

INT. THE FOYER

The Objects have neatly polished off their opponents and piled them all up in wheelbarrow and dumps them out the door. The Objects turn back...slapping their "hands" and congratulating each other on a job well done just as Mantleclock comes running down the stairs.

MANTLECLOCK

Right then! Let me at them!

He arrives at the bottom brandishing a sword in each hand.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

Have at you blackguards! I'll give you the thrashing of your...

He trails off as he sees that the other Objects have handled the situation without him.

MANTLECLOCK

(disappointed)

Oh.

As the Objects send up a rousing victory cheer we:

INT. THE CORRIDORS

Gaston runs down the corridors, kicking doors open and challenging the Beast to reveal himself.

GASTON

(a bellow)

Beast! Come on out! I know you're here!

Footstool comes running up...snarling and growling viciously. Gaston kicks Footstool who flies into the wall...CRASH! Footstool yips piteously.

This is all the Beast can take. The door explodes outward and the Beast is there....looming over Gaston....roaring with fury!

BEAST

(an outraged bellow)

GET OUT OF MY CASTLE!

Gaston gasps...utterly taken aback by the sight of the real Beast. But his hunter's instincts kick in and he raises his sword.

GASTON

Not without your head!

With a battle cry, he runs at the Beast. The Beast roars and knocks him away with powerful arm. Gaston goes at him again. At they fight, they back up onto Belle's room.

INT. BELLE'S ROOM

They fight their way through Belle's room...the Vanity Objects run for cover. Wardrobe makes unsuccessful swipes at Gaston. They back up onto the balcony. He leaps to the balustrade. SWOOSH! He swings at the Beast's head. The Beast ducks. Gaston turns and leaps onto the roof. With a howl, the Beast goes after him.

EXT. THE ENCHANTED MIST

Philippe thunders down the road.

BELLE

Hurry, Philippe! Please, hurry!

He careens around a corner and plunges off the road into the mist shrouded forest.

INT. THE CASTLE

The crowd gasps as the battle between the Beast and Gaston wages above amongst the gargoyles, spires and parapets.

EXT. THE CASTLE GATES

Philippe thunders up to the gates. Belle is horrified to see the castle surrounded by Gaston's men with torches. Philippe clatters across the bridge.

THE CASTLE STEPS

Belle looks up...to see Gaston and the Beast battling on the rooftops as the storm rages above.

BELLE

Beast!

She leaps off her horse and dashes up the steps to the door. The crowd tries to pull her back.

TAVERN KEEPER

No, Belle!

BELLE

(pulling away)

Let me go!

She pounds on the door.

INT. THE FOYER

BELLE (o.s.)

Let me in! Please!

At the sound of her voice, Candelabra, Teapot, Mantleclock freeze in their tracks. Can it be?

TEAPOT

(overjoyed)

It's Belle!

Mantleclock opens the door and Belle runs in...frantic over the Beast's welfare. She flies past them and up the stairs. Candelabra falls to his "knees" dramatically.

CANDELABRA

She has come home!

THE BEAST'S LAIR

The battle culminates on the balcony off the Beast's lair. Down below, the mob watches in stunned silence as the two grapple...dangerously close to the edge. Finally, the Beast knocks Gaston's sword away. He reaches out and grabs Gaston up by throat...lifting him high.

Belle runs into the lair...and stops short to find the Beast with Gaston in a death grip.

Gaston's feet flail the air.

GASTON

Let me go! Let me go!

(begging)

Please...don't hurt me...I'll do anything...

...anything!

But the Beast is lost in his animal fury! With a roar, he prepares to snap Gaston's neck...

Below, the crowd gasps with horror at what he's about to do.

The Beast roars again....caught in an internal struggle. But try as he might, the Beast can't do it.. He's too human now. Finally, with a growl of frustration, he drops Gaston.

BEAST

Get out.

Gaston holds his throat...gasping his air....his face twisted with humiliation and outrage. He sees his sword on the ground. With a treacherous cry, he grabs his sword and runs at the Beast from behind. Belle screams!

BELLE

Beast!

The Beast turns at the sound of her voice. His face lights up briefly to see her...and Gaston stabs him in the back! With a howl of agony, the Beast swipes at Gaston with his powerful arm..knocking him off the balcony!

EXT. THE CASTLE

Gaston screeches as he tumbles from the balcony to his death.

THE BALCONY

The Beast takes one step toward Belle....and falls. She runs to his side.

BELLE

(struggling against the tears)

Please forgive me...I tried to get back in time to warn you!

BEAST

(weakly)

I ...know.

He winces from the pain.

BELLE

(distraught)
If you hadn't let him go this wouldn't have happened!

The shadow of a smile crosses his face and he quotes her words.

BEAST

But there's something called....mercy.
(gasping)
At least...I got to see you...one last time.

BELLE

(distraught)
Don't talk like that! You'll be all right!
I won't let you die!

He glances over at the Rose. The last petal will fall any second now.

BEAST

(fading)
It's better...this way.

BELLE

(protesting desperately)
No! It can't be....please...please...
(sobbing)
I love you!

Her tears spill down to splash on the Beast's cheek. And as she leans down to kiss him...

...the enchanted Rose bursts into full bloom! The spell is broken and magic fills the air!

The Beast's eyes blink open...he glances down at his paws...as they transform into human hands! He brings his hand up close to his face and gazes on it with wonder. He reaches up to touch his face. It's smooth!

Belle watches...stunned speechless.

INT. THE FOYER

Mantleclock is pacing back and forth, throwing up his arms .

MANTLECLOCK

Right, fine! That snuffs it! We're doomed forever!

Suddenly, he's encircled in a glimmering shroud of magic and....he's transforms in a short, rotund, mustached Major-Domo. But he's so caught up in his proclamations of doom that he doesn't notice.

MANTLECLOCK (cont.)

I knew it would turn out like this! I knew...

Behind him, Candelabra magically transforms into a tall, smooth, suave, dashing Maitre D'. He looks down at himself with disbelief! He taps the muttering Major-Domo on the shoulder. He glances up....Candelabra throws open his arms!

CANDELABRA

She has broken the spell!

The Major-Domo gapes with shock! He glances over at Teapot who has transformed into a plump Cook who dabs at her eyes with a kerchief.

TEAPOT

(tearfully)
She's set us free!

Mantleclock dares to look down at himself. He gasps!

MANTLECLOCK

Good lord! So she has!

The Maitre 'D bursts into tears of joy .

CANDELABRA

I am so happy!

He grabs the Major-Domo by the shoulders and kisses him dramatically on both cheeks.

MANTLECLOCK

Stop that! Stop it at once! Get hold of yourself, man!

THE BALCONY

Belle finds herself gazing at a handsome young Duke. He gets to his feet, grabs her hand and pulls her through her room....

...where she sees that Wardrobe has transformed into a grand Lady-in-Waiting. She's standing in front of the Mirror twisting and turning to see herself in the Mirror.

WARDROBE

Isn't it marvelous? I'm positively svelte!

INT. THE CASTLE

The Duke sweeps Belle through his magically transforming castle. A cheer rises up from the transforming servants as they pass. He throws open the front doors.

EXT. THE DUKE'S CASTLE

Dawn is breaking as the castle casts off the spell that has held it captive for so long. The veil of mist lifts from the surrounding forest. The sun sparkles on the morning dew. Birds chirp. And the castle itself seems to shimmer.

Behind them, the Servants throw their arms around each other: hugging and kissing. Joyful tears flow! A short-legged Dog barks, wags, slurps and jumps all over everyone. The castle is alive with rejoicing!

The Cook leans down to receive a group of small children who run into her arms. As she hugs them tearfully ... a little Boy grins...exposing a chipped front tooth.

And finally, Belle manages to speak.

BELLE

(gasping)
What's...happening?

The Duke turns to her with a loving gaze. He smiles and takes her hand.

THE DUKE

Once Upon A Time, there was a spoiled, self-centered little boy....

CUT TO:

INT. MAURICE'S WORKSHOP

He's putting things away...muttering to himself as usual. He turns back to the Music Box....and stumbles all over himself with surprise! Instead of the Music Box sitting on the bench...it's a young musical Apprentice! On Maurice's stunned expression we:

EXT. THE DUKE'S CASTLE

DISSOLVE TO:

White flags wave from the turrets. People stream in and out of the castle. And music fills the air!

Belle and her Duke sit in a wagon piled high with maps, bags and books. They turn to wave good-bye to the Servants who stands on the front steps waving back.

MANTLECLOCK

Right! Off you go! Don't worry about a thing.

The Duke flicks the reins. Philippe whinnies in response and they clatter across the bridge.

MAITRE D'

Bon voyage!

He waves good-bye then turns to wink at the twittering Maid. She rolls her eyes. The Cook holds the hands of her children who wave good-bye while the short-legged Dog barks and gives chase.

BELLE/ THE DUKE

Good-bye! Good-bye!

From an upper window, Maurice leans out to wave good-bye as well.

They pass the gates and turn onto the road.

THE CASTLE

Maurice goes back inside. There's a beat and then....

BOOM! The East Wing explodes.

THE WAGON

But they don't hear it. They're too caught up in newlywed bliss.

A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

They turn a corner and pass an old Beggar Woman who standing at the side of the road with a basket of flowers. She watches them solemnly as they pass.

Suddenly, the Duke gets a shocked look of recognition on his face.

DUKE

Wait...

He looks back over his shoulder....

...at the Old Wise Woman who smiles and bows graciously as they disappear around the bend.

THE END.

100