

MAURICE

(relieved)

Oh, thank you... thank you...

(The CRONIES haul MAURICE to the door and throw him out.)

All right then, I'll go back there and get her out myself!

CRONY 2

Crazy ol' Maurice.

CRONY 1

He's always good for a laugh.

(The CRONIES exit, leaving GASTON and LEFOU musing.)

GASTON

Crazy ol' Maurice... hmmmmmm...

(the idea dawns)

LEFOU, I'M AFRAID I'VE BEEN THINKING

LEFOU

A DANGEROUS PASTIME

GASTON

I KNOW
BUT THAT WACKY OLD COOT IS BELLE'S FATHER
AND HIS SANITY'S ONLY SO-SO
NOW THE WHEELS IN MY HEAD HAVE BEEN TURNING
SINCE I LOOKED AT THAT LOONY OLD MAN
SEE, I PROMISED MYSELF I'D BE MARRIED TO BELLE
AND RIGHT NOW I'M EVOLVING A PLAN!

If I...

(GASTON whispers to LEFOU.)

LEFOU

Yes?

GASTON

Then we...

(GASTON whispers to LEFOU.)

LEFOU

No! Would she...?

(LEFOU whispers to GASTON.)

GASTON

Guess!

LEFOU

Now I get it!

GASTON, LEFOU

Let's go!

(GASTON gets up and dances with LEFOU.)

NO ONE PLOTS LIKE GASTON

GASTON

TAKES CHEAP SHOES 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 WON'T EVEN BE MILDLY REMORSEFUL...

LEFOU

JUST AS LONG AS YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT IN THE END!

GASTON

WHO HAS BRAINS LIKE GASTON?

LEFOU

ENTERTAINS LIKE GASTON?

LEFOU, GASTON

WHO CAN MAKE UP THESE ENDLESS REFRAINS LIKE GASTON?

SO, HIS MARRIAGE WE SOON WILL BE CELEBRATING!

MY, WHAT A GUY! GASTON!

SCENE SEVEN: Castle

(COGSWORTH paces by the fireplace, he is unaware of the gigantic winding handle now attached to his back. MRS. POTTS and LUMIERE enter hurriedly.)

MRS. POTTS

Well, what is it?

COGSWORTH

Is dinner ready, Mrs. Potts?

MRS. POTTS

Just about. I haven't the foggiest idea what she likes to eat, so I've cooked up everything in the kitchen.

COGSWORTH

Good... good.

(COGSWORTH turns around. MRS. POTTS and LUMIERE notice the handle and gasp.)

Yes, well? Don't just stand there gaping, get back to work!

LUMIERE

You tell him.

MRS. POTTS

I can't.

COGSWORTH

Tell me what?

LUMIERE

Now don't get upset, but you've got... something on your back.

COGSWORTH

What on earth are you talking about?

(looks over his shoulder and gasps with horror)

Ah!

(looking closer)

What is that?

LUMIERE

It appears to be a winding handle of sorts.

COGSWORTH

Well, get it off me!

LUMIERE

(turns the key)

It won't come off.

COGSWORTH

What do you mean it won't come off? It wasn't there last night when I went to bed.
Why is this happening to me?

MRS. POTTS

It's the spell, I'm afraid.

LUMIERE

Just try to relax—

COGSWORTH

Relax?! How can I relax? And what's going to go next... my mind?

LUMIERE

Calm down. It will be all right.

COGSWORTH

I'm frightened, Lumiere.

LUMIERE

I know, my friend. But you are not alone.

MRS. POTTS

We're all in this together.

(The BEAST enters, roaring.)

BEAST

It's time for dinner. Where is she?

COGSWORTH

Perhaps I should see about her. Won't be a minute.

(COGSWORTH exits.)

BEAST

I told her to come down! What's taking so long?

MRS. POTTS

Try to be patient, sir. The young lady has lost her father and her freedom all in one day.

LUMIERE

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

BEAST

Of course, I have. I'm not a fool.

LUMIERE

Good! So... you fall in love with her, she falls in love with you, and poof! The spell is broken! We'll be human again by midnight!

MRS. POTTS

Lumiere, it's not that easy. These things take time.

LUMIERE

But we don't have time! The rose has already begun to wilt!

BEAST

It's no use. She's so beautiful and I'm... well, look at me!

LUMIERE

(whispers to MRS. POTTS)

He has a point.

MRS. POTTS

Shhh!

(to the BEAST)

Master, you must help her to see past all that.

BEAST

I don't know how!

(The BEAST slumps in his chair.)

MRS. POTTS

Well, you could start by trying to make yourself more presentable. Straighten up! Try to act like a gentleman.

LUMIERE

Impress her with your rapier wit.

MRS. POTTS

But be gentle.

LUMIERE

Show her with compliments.

MRS. POTTS

But be sincere.

LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS

And above all...

BEAST

What???

LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS

You must control your temper!

(COGSWORTH re-enters.)

