

SCENE 7: The Castle

(COGSWORTH, LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS, BABETTE and MADAME DE LA GRANDE BOUCHE pace nervously. The BEAST enters.)

BEAST

It's time for dinner. Where is she?

COGSWORTH

I'll go check on her. Won't be a minute.

(COGSWORTH runs off.)

MRS. POTTS

Try to be patient, sir. The girl 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!

MRS. POTTS

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

BEAST

I don't know how!

MRS. POTTS

Well, you could start by trying to make yourself more presentable.

LUMIERE

Impress her with your rapier wit.

MRS. POTTS

But be gentle.

BABETTE

Shower her with compliments.

MADAME DE LA GRANDE BOUCHE

But be sincere.

LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS

And above all...

BEAST

What???

LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS, BABETTE, MADAME

You must control your temper!

(COGSWORTH enters, alone.)

BEAST

(growling impatiently)

Well? Where is she?

COGSWORTH

(a timid squeak)

She's not coming.

BEAST

What did you say?

COGSWORTH

(even squeakier)

She's not coming.

BEAST

We'll see about that!

(The BEAST storms to the door of Belle's room. LUMIERE, MRS. POTTS and COGSWORTH hurry along behind. BABETTE and MADAME DE LA GRANDE BOUCHE exit.)

COGSWORTH

Your Lordship! Your Grace! Your Eminence! Let's not be hasty!

BEAST

(barges into Belle's room)

I thought I told you to come down to dinner!

BELLE

(yelling back)

I'm not hungry!

BEAST

I am the master of this castle and I'm telling you to come to dinner!

LUMIERE

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

COGSWORTH

Please... attempt to be a gentleman.

MRS. POTTS

Deep breaths, Master... deep breaths.

BEAST

I'll give her one last chance.

(to BELLE)

Would you be so kind as to join me for dinner?

COGSWORTH

(under his breath)

Uhm... P... P...

BEAST

(gritting his teeth)

Please.

BELLE

No, thank you.

BEAST

Fine! Then starve!

LUMIERE

Master, please!

BEAST

If she doesn't eat with me... she doesn't eat at all!

(The BEAST roars and storms off.)

LUMIERE

What were we thinking? We will never be human again.

MRS. POTTS

Well, what would you have us do? Give up? I like this girl. I like her spunk.

COGSWORTH

Well, if you ask me, she was just being stubborn. After all, he did say "please."

MRS. POTTS

I think that may be the first time I've ever heard him use that word.

(BELLE pokes her head out of her room.)

Hello, dearie. I hope the Master didn't frighten you too much. He can be a little temperamental.

BELLE

A little?

COGSWORTH

I am Cogsworth, head of the household. And this is Lumiere...

LUMIERE

(kisses BELLE's hand)

Enchanté, mademoiselle.

COGSWORTH

If there is anything we can do to make your stay more comfortable. Anything... anything at all!

BELLE

I am a little hungry.

COGSWORTH

Except that.

MRS. POTTS

Cogsworth!

COGSWORTH

Well, you heard what the Master said!

MRS. POTTS

Oh, pish tosh! I'm not about to let the poor child go hungry!

COGSWORTH

Fine. Glass of water, crust of bread and then—

LUMIERE

Cogsworth! She's not a prisoner, she's our guest! We must make her feel welcome here!

COGSWORTH

All right, dinner. But keep it down! If the Master finds out, it'll be our necks!

LUMIERE

Of course... of course! But what is dinner without a little music?

COGSWORTH

Music?

(#17 BE OUR GUEST.)

LUMIERE

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

Be Our Guest

LUMIERE:

12 Be our guest! Be our guest! Put our

15 ser-vice to the test. Tie a nap - kin, 'round your

18 neck cher - ie and we'll pro-vide the rest. Soupe du