



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

A 'TALE AS OLD AS PANTOMIME' BY
TOM WHALLEY

CAST

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

THE BEAST/PRINCE CLAUDE – *A vain Prince under a spell.*

SACRÉ BLEU [Sa-krah Blur] – *The wicked enchantress. Sultry and evil.*

SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR – *A kind spirit.*

BELLE – *The beautiful ingénue.*

PROFESSOR PHILIPPE – *Belle's father. A genius with his head in the clouds.*

FRANQUE – *The town lothario. Handsome yet big headed.*

CLOCHARD – *His moronic lackey.*

BRIE – *Papa's assistant. Loveable comic.*

NANNY NIGHTNURSE – *The Dame. Nanny to Belle and mother of Brie.*

THE ENCHANTED OBJECTS

SALÉ [Sal-Ay] – *An officious salt cellar.*

POIVRE [Pwa-vrah] – *A pepper mill. Suave yet sneezy!*

FOURCHETTE [For-shette] – *A fork. Former castle cook. Maternal. Mother to:*

CUILLERE [Cool-yeah] – *A teaspoon.*

ADDITIONAL CAST

ANNETTE – BABETTE – COSETTE – TRACY

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EXCERPT FROM ACT TWO | SCENE ONE:

SPIRIT: *Belle's been banished to the castle with a beastly captor!
But this isn't the end of her story; just a brand-new chapter.
For I know the Beast's heart will thaw; when he learns to love her.
As beautiful Belle knows never to judge a book by its cover.*

SONG CUE: SPIRIT NUMBER THE SPIRIT EXITS AS BRIE ENTERS.

BRIE: Ça va? We've finally made it here to the castle of the beast to rescue Belle! I say "we", there's no sign of Mum anywhere! [Calling:] Mum! Where are you?!

NANNY NIGHTNURSE ENTERS.

NANNY: Bonjour boys and girls!

BRIE: There you are! Where have you been?

NANNY: I've just stopped off at the spa!

BRIE: Was it relaxing?

NANNY: Not really! I had this treatment where they just threw nappies at me – I've been pampered!

SFX CUE: BEAST ROAR

NANNY: Did you hear that? Belle could well be in peril! We'd best be quiet...we don't want to come across the beast!

POIVRE(OFF): *Atchoo*!

NANNY: Brie!

BRIE: What?

NANNY: Shush! And use your hankie when you sneeze! Catch it, bin it, kill it!

BRIE: That wasn't me...

NANNY: Well there's only the two of us here and it wasn't me so it must have been you.

POIVRE(OFF): *Atchoo*!

NANNY: There it is again! Well if it wasn't you and it wasn't me then there must be someone coming!

BRIE: Quick Mum, hide!

THEY HIDE. POIVRE, SALÉ AND BELLE ENTER FINISHING A CASTLE TOUR.

SALÉ: ...and if you would look just an inch or four below the decadent ceiling hand-painted by renowned artiste Toulouse Le'Plotte you simply cannot miss the exquisite oak carvings. Board...

BELLE: Not at all, it's very interesting.

SALÉ: No, no. The board up there by the buttresses – another example of the finest craftsmanship of the age. That just about concludes our tour.

POIVRE: Have you shown her the ramparts?

SALÉ: I don't know her *that* well!

BELLE: What's behind this door? Can we go in?

SALÉ: No! Absolutely not.

POIVRE: For once I agree with my briny boon companion. We can show you anywhere in the castle...anywhere but there!

BELLE: What's in there?

SALÉ: Nothing! Not a single antiquity nor article of conservable, enchantable interest!

BELLE: He's hiding something isn't he?

POIVRE: Hiding something? No! no! no!

BELLE: If there's nothing to hide...

SALÉ: Then there's nothing to see!

POIVRE: [Noticing the crackers:] Wait a minute, what are these crackers doing here?

AUDIENCE SHOUT FOR BRIE. BRIE LEAPS OUT OF HIS HIDING PLACE.

BRIE: Get your mitts off my crackers!

BELLE: Brie?!

BRIE: Belle! It's you!

BELLE: What are you doing here?

NANNY: We've come to rescue you!

BELLE: Nanny Nighthnurse! I can't believe you're here! I thought I'd never see you again! Salé, Poivre, these are my friends from the village!

SALÉ: Bonjour!

POIVRE: How do you do?

BRIE: Did you hear that Mum? Season's greetings!

NANNY: Don't be daft son. Salt and Pepper can't talk!

SALÉ & POIVRE: Oh yes we can!

NANNY: I need to lay off the gin...

BELLE: This is my best friend Brie and Nanny Nighthnurse.

SALÉ: Why do they call you 'Nanny Nighthnurse'?

BRIE: Because she puts all the men to sleep!

NANNY: Cheek!

POIVRE: Well Belle, Brie, Nanny Nighthnurse; whatever you do...don't go through this door. The master insists on it. If in doubt, remember:

SALÉ & POIVRE: Don't touch the knob, leave the knob alone!

ALL: Don't touch the knob, leave the knob alone!

NANNY: Belle, thank goodness you haven't been harmed by the hideous beast!

BELLE: You should see him Nanny...

NANNY: I don't want to!

BELLE: He's tall, rough, rugged and hairy.

NANNY: On second thoughts, perhaps I do!

THE BEAST ENTERS BEHIND THEM ALL. EVERYONE NOTICES BUT BELLE.

BELLE: Not only that but he's the rudest person I've ever met and if he were here I'd say it to his big, beastly face.

BELLE LOOKS AT EVERYONE STARING AT HER.

BELLE: [Pause] He's behind me, isn't he?

BEAST: What did you say?

POIVRE: She wasn't talking about you master!

BELLE: Oh yes I was! You should learn to treat people the way you would want them to treat you.

BEAST: Well, I wish to be left alone...

BELLE: I'd gladly leave. In fact, I'd be happy if I never saw you again.

BEAST: Why aren't you in your room? And who are these two?

NANNY: I'm Nanny Nighthnurse and this is my son...

BRIE: Brie!

BELLE: They're my *friends*. You wouldn't know the meaning of the word.

BEAST: Get out!

POIVRE: Master! Perhaps having some familiar faces will help Belle feel more at home?

BEAST: Very well. You will join my staff here at the castle. Show them to the spare room.

SALÉ: Follow me! I'll fetch you a duvet...

BRIE: I used to be in a band called the duvets. We were a cover band!

SALÉ, BRIE AND NANNY EXIT. FOURCHETTE ENTERS AND LOOKS ON.

BEAST: What are they doing here?

BELLE: They came to rescue me from a horrible beast.

BEAST: Perhaps I wouldn't be so horrible if people left me alone.

BELLE: Perhaps you *would* be alone if you weren't keeping me prisoner!

BEAST: Perhaps I wouldn't have to keep you prisoner if you weren't the daughter of a thief.

POIVRE: Master!

FOURCHETTE: Belle! Perhaps it's time for a tête-à-tête!

POIVRE TAKES THE BEAST DSL AND FOURCHETTE TAKES BELLE DSR.

MUSIC CUE: ICE BREAK UNDERSCORE

BELLE: I never believed that anyone could be as cold and cruel as he is.

FOURCHETTE: Oh Belle! If only you knew the *real* him. He may be more terrifying than tender but there's something there in his eyes!

BEAST: Who does that girl think she is?

POIVRE: Oh master! You must learn to control your temper. She could be the one to break the spell!

BEAST: Impossible Poivre. I mean look at her. She's so beautiful and I'm a...monster.

POIVRE: Only on the outside!

BEAST: She could never fall in love with me.

FOURCHETTE: He's not that bad! Once you get to know him...

BELLE: I don't want to get to know him!

FOURCHETTE: You must never judge a book by its cover. He doesn't bite...hard.

BELLE: That's reassuring(!)

FOURCHETTE: Go and talk to him!

POIVRE: Of course she could fall in love with you! All the girls love a man with a hairy chest!

BEAST: I'd only be making a fool of myself.

POIVRE: The man you always were is still there in your eyes. All you need to do is let her see who you really are.

BELLE & BEAST: I suppose I've got nothing to lose...

THEY ARE COAXED TO CENTRE STAGE. POIVRE AND FOURCHETTE LISTEN IN.

BOTH: I want...I...

BEAST: After you...

BELLE: I just wanted to say...I'm sorry.

BEAST: What for?

BELLE: I'm sorry for what I said about you. That wasn't very nice.

BEAST: I'm the one who should apologise. I never meant to fly off the handle. It's not easy being me – a monster. Not fitting in. You have no idea what that's like.

BELLE: Maybe I do. I don't really fit in at home.

BEAST: I find that very difficult to believe.

BELLE: ...and for all the good it'll do, I don't think you're a monster. You let my father go so you must have a heart, somewhere.

BEAST: Perhaps we just got off on the wrong...paw! Can I ask you for something Belle?

BELLE: Of course.

BEAST: Could I have a second chance.

BELLE: Only if I can have one too.

BEAST: Would you join me this evening? For dinner? I mean, if you've nothing better to do...

BELLE: I'd love to.

BEAST: Wonderful! I'll see you tonight.

BELLE EXITS.

BEAST: Fourchette!

FOURCHETTE: Yes Master?

BEAST: Prepare a banquet fit for a Princess.

FOURCHETTE: At once!

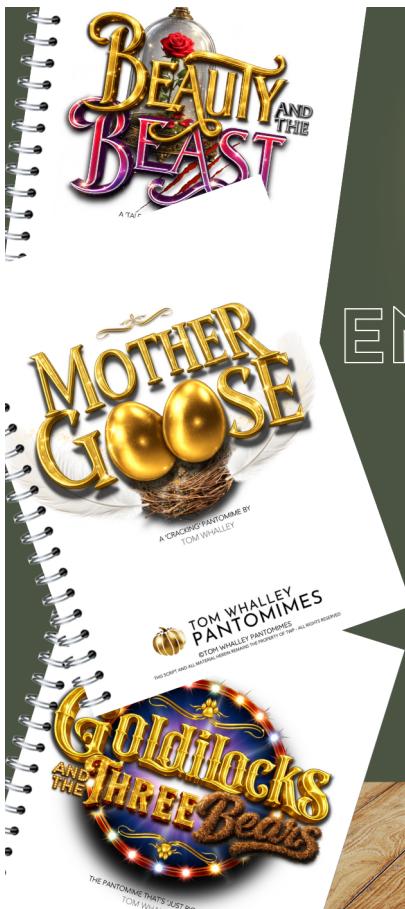
FOURCHETTE EXITS.

BEAST: Poivre! Thank you.

POIVRE: I don't think I've ever heard you say that!

HE EXITS. THE BEAST HOLDS UP THE MIRROR: **MUSIC CUE: TWINKLE**

BEAST: *Spirit of the Mirror; of you I enquire,
Show to me my heart's true desire...*



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