



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.*
THE ÉCLAIRY FAIRY – *A kind-hearted French Fairy!*
BELLE – *The beautiful ingénue.*
PROFESSOR PHILIPPE – *Belle's father. A genius with his head in the clouds.*
GAVISCON – *The town lothario. Handsome yet big headed.*
LOUIS – *His moronic lackey.*
BRIE BAGUETTE – *Papa's assistant. Loveable comic.*
DAME BONNIE BAGUETTE – *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

EXCERPT FROM ACT ONE | SCENE FOUR:

PAPA: You're supposed to be helping me pack. [*Packing a bag:*] Hammer?

BRIE: Hammer!

PAPA: Screwdriver?

BRIE: Screwdriver!

PAPA: Spanner.

BRIE: I'm going as fast as I can!

PAPA: And finally, have you got Saw Tips?

BRIE: No, Mum rubbed some cream on them...

SFX CUE: DOOR BELL

BRIE: That's strange, we don't even have a door bell...

BELLE ENTERS.

PAPA: Belle! There you are! I was beginning to worry.

BELLE: Sorry Papa, I had to hide from someone.

PAPA: Oh?

BELLE: Gaviscon.

PAPA: Oh...*that* rat! If my dog had a face like his I'd shave its bum and teach it to walk backwards!

BELLE: Do you have everything you need for the Invention Convention?

PAPA: No, I've forgotten something...

BRIE: What?

PAPA: I can't remember! I don't know why I bother! No matter what I invent it's a Phillippe Flop! I always come second to that manic Germanic genius, Hertz van Rental...

BELLE: I'm sure your invention will be the best thing since sliced bread.

PAPA: Yes, that was his winning invention last year!

BELLE: You'll always be a genius in my eyes.

PAPA: Perhaps I should believe in myself a little bit more. Just imagine...first prize, Professor Philippe for his amazing invention, the 'ouvre-boîte'!

HE HOLDS UP A TIN OPENER.

BELLE: What is it Papa?

PAPA: It's a cunningly, clever contraption that can get food out of small metal tins.

BRIE: How exactly does the food become trapped in these small metal tins?

PAPA: I don't know...but with one of these you need never worry! As I always say:

ALL: Nothing's impossible!

PAPA: They may not have recognized my genius in the past but no more incomprehension or pretension; this year we're in contention and by extension it is my intention to win the Invention Convention for our own subvention. Not to mention a hefty pension! [*Checking his watch:*] Mon Dieu! There's not a moment to lose!

BRIE: My name's 'Brie' not Toulouse!

PAPA: I can't leave you Belle until Dame Bonnie Baguette gets here to look after you. I wonder where she could be?

EXCERPT FROM ACT TWO | SCENE ONE:

FAIRY: *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: FAIRY NUMBER THE FAIRY 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?!

DAME BONNIE BAGUETTE ENTERS.

DAME: Bonjour boys and girls!

BRIE: There you are! Where have you been?

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

BRIE: Was it relaxing?

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

SFX CUE: BEAST ROAR

DAME: 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!

DAME: Brie!

BRIE: What?

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

BRIE: That wasn't me...

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

POIVRE(OFF): Atchoo!

DAME: 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 below the decadent ceiling hand-painted by renowned artiste Toulouse Le'Plotte you'll see our simply 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 him! 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!

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?

DAME: We've come to rescue you!

BELLE: Dame Bonnie Baguette! 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: Atchoo! How do you do?

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

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

SALÉ/POIVRE: Oh yes we can!

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

BELLE: This is my best friend Brie and Dame Bonnie Baguette.

SALÉ: Why do they call you 'Dame Bonnie Baguette'?

BRIE: Because she's a bit crusty and always half-baked!

DAME: Cheek!

POIVRE: Well Belle, Brie, Bonnie; 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!

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

BELLE: You should see him Dame Bonnie...

DAME: I don't want to!

BELLE: He's rough, rugged and hairy.

DAME: 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?

DAME: I'm Dame Bonnie Baguette and this is my son...

BRIE: Brie!

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

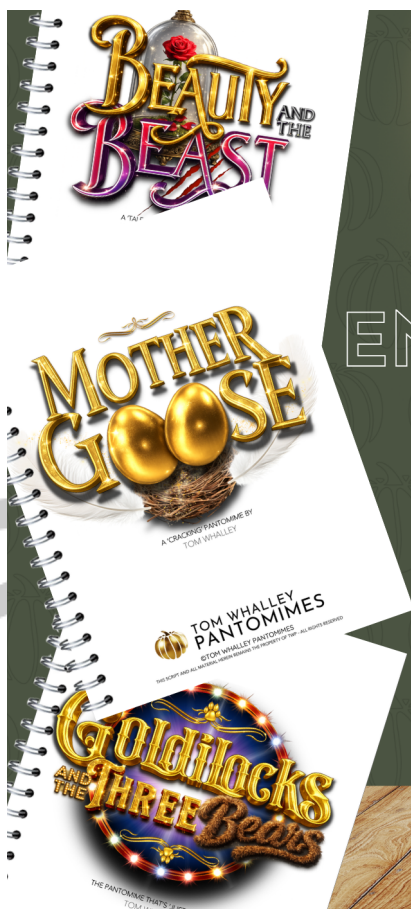
BEAST: Get out!

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 a 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!



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