



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

A 'TALE AS OLD AS PANTOMIME' BY
TOM WHALLEY

TOM WHALLEY
Pantomimes


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PAGE TO STAGE

NOTES FROM THE AUTHOR

MUSIC & SFX

Places for musical numbers and sound effects are clearly marked in bold. Use your imagination when it comes to selecting songs. A mix of songs from musicals and the charts always goes down well but remember to keep them short. Brevity is best. Sound effects, stings and underscores are now available to download from: www.tomwhalleypantomimes.com

FLAME TO ROSE

On page 7, SACRÉ BLEU performs the 'Flame to Rose' illusion. This is a very simple and inexpensive illusion which creates a real WOW moment. The illusion can be purchased from eBay. Simply search 'Flame to Rose Illusion' and do the same on YouTube to see how the trick is performed and to learn the secret.

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

SCENE LIST

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE:	IL ÉTAIT UNE FOIS
SCENE TWO:	THE VILLAGE OF NOUVEAU CHÂTEAU
SCENE THREE:	IN THE SHADOWS
SCENE FOUR:	THE INVENTOR'S COTTAGE
SCENE FIVE:	DEEP IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST
SCENE SIX:	THE CASTLE OF THE BEAST
SCENE SEVEN:	THE ENCHANTED WOODS
SCENE EIGHT:	BELLE AT THE BEAST'S ABODE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE:	AT THE CASTLE
SCENE TWO:	THE CASTLE KITCHEN
SCENE THREE:	IN LIMBO
SCENE FOUR:	THE GRAND BALLROOM
SCENE FIVE:	THE ROOM OF THE ROSE
SCENE SIX:	TRAPPED IN THE CLOSET
SCENE SEVEN:	TRANSFORMATION!
SCENE EIGHT:	SONG SHEET
SCENE NINE:	FINALE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE | IL ÉTAIT UNE FOIS

MUSIC CUE: OVERTURE/PROLOGUE

V/O: *Once upon a time, many years ago,
A handsome Prince lived in a magnificent Chateau.
Anything he desired, his servants would provide,
But though he was fair of face, he was cold and cruel inside.
One stormy night, the vainest Prince held a lavish ball,
To find himself a bride amongst the fairest of them all...*

DANCERS FLOOD THE STAGE IN GOWNS: **MUSIC CUE: MASQUERADE BALL**

V/O: *They danced until midnight struck, though love was unrequited,
Until one terrible knock announced someone uninvited...*

SACRÉ BLEU ENTERS IN A CLOAK: **MUSIC CUE: UNINVITED STING**

V/O: *A wicked enchantress from a far off, distant land,
Had come to seize the throne and claim the Prince's hand.*

PRINCE: *I'm looking for a Princess; a beautiful Madame...
Not someone old, not someone vile, not mutton dressed as lamb!*

THE COURTIER'S LAUGH. SACRÉ BLEU GRABS THE PRINCE'S ARM.

V/O: *The Prince and courtiers laughed, stunned by her perseverance,
She warned:*

SACRÉ BLEU: *You mustn't judge people just by their appearance.*

SHE CONJURES A ROSE FROM A FLAME AND OFFERS IT TO HIM. HE LOOKS AT IT WITH DISGUST BEFORE THROWING IT TO THE GROUND: **MUSIC CUE: ROSE STING**

V/O: *But the spoiled Prince spurned the gift much to the crone's chagrin,
She said:*

SACRÉ BLEU: *It's time that you learned true beauty's found within.*

V/O: *The old witch turned and cackling, cried:*

SACRÉ BLEU: *You've made a fateful error,
For now your lack of heart and grace shall show in every mirror.*

V/O: *She conjured up a dreadful curse which took hold in a trice,
With one snap of her fingers; the Prince's heart was ice.
Then in a flash, the spell was cast and transformed each facial feature,
Until the man was no more than a terrifying creature.
The Prince's guests were horrified and fled the festive feast,
Repulsed by just once glimpse of such a monstrous Beast.*

SNAP BLACKOUT: **SFX CUE: BEAST ROAR**

V/O: *The sorceress vanished into the night leaving not a trace of her,
The most wicked woman of all time; they call her... SACRÉ BLEU!*

MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU STING + UNDERSCORE

SACRÉ BLEU: *So, Prince Claude rejected me?! Well now his end is nigh,
For when the final petal falls the precious Prince shall die!*

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SPIRIT STING + UNDERSCORE**

SPIRIT: *Quelle surprise! It's Sacré Bleu, I'll end your reign of terror –
With one wave of my looking glass, I'm the Spirit of the Mirror!*

SACRÉ BLEU: *My wicked witchcraft knows no bounds so you had best beware,
Do you peasants think I'm evil? Well I just don't care!*

SACRÉ BLEU EXITS LAUGHING: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU EXIT**

THE BEAST IS SEEN WITH THE ROSE: **MUSIC CUE: SPELL UNDERSCORE**

SPIRIT: *Hear my words young Prince: to be kind is just the start,
For true love is the only way to thaw an ice cold heart.
You must learn to love and find the tenderness you lack,
Then only 'true love's kiss' has the power to change you back...*

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR VANISHES LEAVING HIM HER MIRROR. THE BEAST
PLACES THE ROSE ON A PEDESTAL AND COVERS IT WITH A GLASS CLOCHE.

V/O: *Would the Prince remain a beast? Only time could tell,
For his fate would be sealed when the last rose petal fell.
If someone could love him for what he was by that enchanted token,
His selfishness would be cured and the spell would be broken.
But that tragic night he lost all hope; the Prince was overcome,
For who could ever learn to love the monster he'd become?*

THE LIGHTS FADE ON THE BEAST.

SCENE TWO | THE VILLAGE OF NOUVEAU CHÂTEAU

BELLE LEADS THE OPENING NUMBER: **SONG CUE: OPENING NUMBER**

BELLE: Bonjour everyone! Je m'appelle Belle and I live here in the beautiful village of Nouveau Château with Nanny Nightnurse, my best friend, Brie and my Papa; the greatest inventor in the whole of France!

PAPA ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: STEPTOE & SON THEME (SHORT)**

PAPA: Belle! I've been looking everywhere for you.

BELLE: Have you lost your glasses again? You should have gone to Specsavers.

PAPA: I did! You'll never guess who I bumped into...

BELLE: Who?

PAPA: Everyone...I have something for you! [*Handing her a book.*] Look!

BELLE: A book! Thank you.

PAPA: I got one for me too. "A History of Glue". I've already read it once...

BELLE: Is it any good?

PAPA: I couldn't put it down! [*Holding up a turnip.*] I'd better go and pay the bookseller with this.

BELLE: A swede?!

PAPA: Yes! That's a 'turnip' for the books! Au revoir Belle!

PAPA EXITS: **MUSIC CUE: STEPTOE & SON THEME (SHORT)**

BELLE: Bye Papa! Everyone thinks he's crazy but I know he's a genius...

PAPA RE-ENTERS AND CROSSES THE STAGE.

PAPA: Sorry! We live that way!

BELLE: It just goes to show you can't judge a book by its cover! Speaking of, I'd better take cover before I run into the village sleaze – Franque! He's rude. He's obnoxious. He's self-centred AND he's...

MUSIC CUE: FRANQUE ENTRANCE ('YOU'RE SO VAIN')

BELLE: ...coming this way!

BELLE HIDES. FRANQUE ENTERS IN A CHARIOT PULLED BY CLOCHARD.

FRANQUE: Girls! Girls! Control yourselves! Please!

ANNETTE: We love you Franque!

FRANQUE: I love me too...

BABETTE: I've gone weak at the knees!

CLOCHARD: Who's Denise?

COSETTE: Please never leave town again!

FRANQUE: I doubt I will. I'm finally home from the hunt and it's about time I...

GIRLS: Yes?

FRANQUE: ...settled down!

THE GIRLS GO WILD.

FRANQUE: Now Annette, Babette, Cosette...Tracy. You know I'm far too good for you! I'm looking for a girl like...

SFX CUE: CHURCH BELL

FRANQUE: Belle!

CLOCHARD: The inventor's daughter?

FRANQUE: The most beautiful girl in town and my future bride.

GIRLS: Waaaah!

FRANQUE: Perfume!

CLOCHARD SPRAYS FRANQUE WITH PERFUME.

CLOCHARD: [*Reading the bottle:*] L'Eau de Moi?

FRANQUE: Yes! Just wait until she gets a 'load of moi'! [*Mounting his chariot:*] Clochard! We have much to prepare for my proposal! Now, pull me off...

FRANQUE BLOWS KISSES AS HE GOES: **MUSIC CUE: FRANQUE PLAY OFF**

BELLE: Has he gone? Isn't he unbelievable? I'd better go and find Brie. Brie! Where are you?

SHE EXITS. BRIE ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: BRIE ENTRANCE**

BRIE: Bonjour everybody! I've just done something really silly...I've just been paddling in that river that runs right through Paris. I know! I must have been in-Seine! My name is Brie and I live here in Nouveau Château helping out Professor Philippe in his workshop but I only go there so I can spend time

with Belle. She's my best friend in the whole world. Would all of you lot like to be my friends too? Because this is France, every time I see you I'm going to shout "Ça va?" which means 'Are you ok?' and you have to shout back "Oui! Oui!" which means 'Yes! Yes!'. Shall we give it a go? 'Ça va!'. We're going to need a much bigger 'Oui, Oui' than that! 'Ça va!' That's more like it! Now, they call me 'Brie' because it's all I would eat when I was a baby. I love cheese! And I always keep a box of crackers handy just in case I get a bit peckish...

HE COLLECTS HIS CRACKERS FROM THE WINGS.

BRIE: What do you think girls? Yes, the ladies always love it when I get my crackers out! I'm going to leave them over here for safe keeping but if anyone goes near them I want you all to shout 'CRACKERS!' and I'll come running. Let's have a practice...

BRIE LEAVES THE CRACKERS ON A SHELF DSL. HE CREEPS TOWARDS THEM.

MUSIC CUE: CRACKER CREEP

BRIE: My Ryvita would have been half way to [LOCAL TOWN] by now! Let's give that one more go!

MUSIC CUE: CRACKER CREEP

BRIE: That's better! My crackers are in safe hands!

BELLE ENTERS.

BELLE: Brie! There you are! Shouldn't you be helping Papa at the workshop?

BRIE: Probably! He needs all the help he can get! Apparently, he has found a cure for hiccups – I'm not holding my breath! But you know Belle, I always used to tell *my* Dad to embrace his mistakes.

BELLE: What happened?

BRIE: He hugged me...

NANNY(OFF): Brie! Is that you?

BRIE: Oh no, it's Mum! I'd better get out of here. She's just bought a Pug. Despite the squashed nose, bulging eyes and rolls of fat the dog seems to like her!

NANNY(OFF): I heard that!

BRIE: Run for it!

THEY EXIT AS NANNY NIGHTNURSE ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: NANNY ENTRANCE**

NANNY: I love a warm hand on my entrance! Allow me to introduce myself. I am Nanny Nightnurse but *you* sir can call me...anytime! I after all the babies in Nouveau Château. It's not an easy job but sometimes you've just got to

keep calm and nanny on! On top of that, I'm a widow! I lost my husband. He used to work at the Mattress Factory. He was very highly sprung...and every six months you had to flip him over. So I'm on the hunt for a new man! Who wants me?! Sounds like I'm going to be fighting them off with a French stick! Well! If none of you want me I'm going to have to find a fella for myself!

MUSIC CUE: JAWS THEME

NANNY: [To three men:] You're gorgeous and you're gorgeous and you're gorgeous... [To a fourth:] Good evening! Only joking! [BUSINESS WITH MAN] Well I've decided that [NAME OF MAN] is definitely the man for me! Though I will warn you, I'm like a bouncy castle. I'm full of hot air and you need to take your shoes off before you have a bounce! Hold on a minute. What are these crackers doing here?

BRIE ENTERS WEARING A POTTY ON HIS HEAD AND BRANDISHING A HOOVER.

BRIE: Get your hands off my crackers! Ça va! En garde!

NANNY: Brie! Why are you wearing that on your head?

BRIE: I know, potty idea! Good job it hasn't been used...

NANNY: ...and that doesn't look like a very good weapon.

BRIE: I know, it sucks!

NANNY: Meet your new Dad, [NAME OF MAN]! Where have you been?

BRIE: I've been with Belle.

NANNY: Ooooooh!

BRIE: Mum! I don't want everyone to think I'm soft.

NANNY: Son, Brie is supposed to be soft...

BRIE: I've got no chance with her. I'm hopeless with girls.

NANNY: So was your father! We met in a travel agents. He was looking for a romantic getaway and I was the last resort! Why not hit her with your best chat up line!

BRIE: I haven't got any!

NANNY: How about this... "Hey Belle, are you French? Because *Eiffel* for you!"

BRIE: I like that!

NANNY: You give it a go!

BRIE: Belle! Are you from the USA? Because you're a right state!

NANNY: No! Like this! "You must be from Jamaica because *Jamaican* me crazy!"

BRIE: I've got it! Are you from Africa? 'Cos I want to see your Burundi-wear!

NANNY: Cheeky boy! Back to the cottage you!

BRIE: Bye everyone!

NANNY: See you soon, [NAME OF MAN]!

NANNY DRAGS BRIE OFF BY THE EAR.

SCENE THREE | IN THE SHADOWS

SACRÉ BLEU ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU STING**

SACRÉ BLEU: *The time will soon be at hand when all my scores are settled,
The selfish Beast will perish when the rose has no more petals.*

SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SPIRIT STING + UNDERSCORE**

SACRÉ BLEU: *Well, Spirit of the Mirror! With your 'looking glass'?
Come to foil my plans? Aren't you a pain in the...*

SPIRIT: *[Interrupting:] As I expected...she's up to her old tricks!
In a small provincial town there lives a girl who'll break your spell,
The most beautiful in all the land...*

SACRÉ BLEU: *Her name?!*

SPIRIT: *They call her, 'Belle'!*

SACRÉ BLEU: *His fangs and fur and foul face will put her to the test,
Still think you can defeat me? Well please, be my guest!*

SPIRIT: *That's what you think, Sacré Bleu; you will never win,
For in her heart she knows that true beauty's found within!*

SACRÉ BLEU: *Oh no it isn't! [BUSINESS] Shut up! What do you think this is? A
pantomime?!*

SHE EXITS: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU EXIT**

SPIRIT: *Well, would you look at that! I knew that she was rotten,
She's got her knickers in a knot but there's something she's forgotten...
It is written in the stars the Prince and Belle will be together,
When love is pure and strong there's no storm it cannot weather!*

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR EXITS: **MUSIC CUE: SPIRIT TO COTTAGE SEGUE**

SCENE FOUR | THE INVENTOR'S COTTAGE

PAPA IS FLUSTERED; BUSY PACKING INVENTIONS AND TOOLS.

PAPA: Far too many new-fangled thingamajigs and thingummies to fix...I'll never be ready for the Invention Convention at this rate! [*Noticing crackers:*] Wait a second, what are these crackers doing in my workshop?

HE APPROACHES THE CRACKERS. BRIE ENTERS.

BRIE: Unhand my crackers! Ça va!

PAPA: Brie! There you are. What have I told you? No crackers! You'll get crumbs in my creations!

BRIE: They're not the only thing here that's crackers!

PAPA: Are they Jacob's?

BRIE: No, they're mine!

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

BRIE: Hammer!

PAPA: Screwdriver?

BRIE: Screwdriver!

PAPA: Spanner.

BRIE: Rude! 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: Franque.

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 cantankerous kraut, 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! Not a moment to loose!

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

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

NANNY NIGHTNURSE ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: NANNY ENTRANCE**

NANNY: Bonjour boys and girls! Bonjour [NAME OF MAN]!

BRIE: Where have you been Mum?

NANNY: I've been down to the Police station because one of my babies wouldn't go to sleep. He was resisting a rest!

BELLE: [*Putting his red scarf on him.*] Don't forget your scarf, Papa!

PAPA: I *promise* I'll be just fine and a promise is a promise! Is there anything I can bring back for you Belle?

BELLE: A rose.

PAPA: Just a rose?

BELLE: They're my favourite flower.

PAPA: Your mother's too! A rose it is! Farewell Belle! Au revoir everyone! To the Invention Convention!

PAPA EXITS WAVING GOODBYE: **MUSIC CUE: PAPA EXIT**

BELLE: Oh Nanny, I'm going to miss him so much.

NANNY: He'll be back before you know it! I know what'll cheer you up Belle. Why don't we go for a picnic in the woods?

BELLE: I'd love that!

NANNY: Me too! I'll get the hamper, you get the blanket.

BELLE EXITS.

BRIE: What can I get?

NANNY: You can get stuffed if you think you're coming on this picnic!

BRIE: Oh Mum! Please!

NANNY: No! Girls only!

BRIE: Well that rules you out!

NANNY: Cheek! Wait until I get my hands on you, you basket case!

NANNY CHASES BRIE OFF WITH THE PICNIC HAMPER. BELLE ENTERS WITH HER BOOK: **SFX CUE: DOOR BELL**

BELLE: That's strange, we don't even have a door bell! Who is it?

FRANQUE(OFF): The man of your dreams!

BELLE OPENS THE DOOR TO FRANQUE.

FRANQUE: Belle! These are for you.

HE PRESENTS HER WITH TULIPS STILL WITH THE ROOT AND SOIL.

FRANQUE: Your favourite flowers...

BELLE: Tulips?

FRANQUE: Yes! [*Puckering up:*] Unless, of course, you'd prefer these two lips?

BELLE: Did you pick these from my garden?

FRANQUE: [*Pause:*] No...

BELLE: I'm not interested...

FRANQUE: Of course you're not, you're besotted! I just had to see you again. It's your lucky day!

BELLE: It is?

FRANQUE: Of course! What dutiful damsel wouldn't want Franque and Clochard baring our souls on their doorstep? What is *that* Belle?

BELLE: It's a book, Franque.

FRANQUE: It's a bit tatty. Like your father!

BELLE: No, it's well read...unlike you.

FRANQUE: [*Dropping to one knee:*] Belle! I love you! Say it too!

CLOCHARD: [*Dropping to one knee:*] "Belle! I love you..."

FRANQUE: Not you! Her!

BELLE: I don't love you!

FRANQUE: But I'm wearing my Blackpool Tower trousers!

BELLE: Blackpool Tower trousers?

FRANQUE: Yes. Plenty of ballroom!

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR.

FRANQUE: Who does she think she is?! Slamming a door in *this* face?!

CLOCHARD: Plenty more fish in the tank.

FRANQUE: No, Clochard. Belle is the one! She just needs...convincing.

SONG CUE: FRANQUE & CLOCHARD SONG

SCENE FIVE | DEEP IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST

PAPA ENTERS WITH A MAP: **MUSIC CUE: FOREST UNDERSCORE**

PAPA: The Invention Convention must be around here somewhere! [*Reading the map:*] “Take a turn at the toadstools, go straight at the stump, if you reach the three watering holes you’ve gone too far...” Well, well, well! Perhaps I took a wrong turn...

SFX CUE: WOLF HOWL

PAPA: Did you hear that? It sounded like the haunting howl of a...wolf.

SFX CUE: WOLF HOWLS

PAPA: Make that a p-p-pack of wolves! Come on Philippe! There’s nothing to be afraid of. Oh dear... Where am I?

WOLVES START TO SURROUND HIM: **SFX CUE: STORM**

PAPA: I wonder, that sounds like thunder! I’d better find some shelter before I get set upon by the...by the...wolves!

MUSIC CUE: DANCE OF THE WOLVES

THE WOLVES PULL PAPA BY HIS SCARF. ONE OF THE WOLVES TAKES IT.

PAPA: My scarf!

HE MANAGES TO ESCAPE AND ENTERS THE CASTLE:

SCENE SIX | THE CASTLE OF THE BEAST

THERE IS A BANQUET TABLE, A ROARING FIRE WITH A GRAND ARMCHAIR AND A LARGE BOUQUET OF ROSES IN AN ORNATE VASE. POIVRE AND SALÉ HIDE IN THE SHADOWS.

PAPA: Hello? Is anyone home? I was lost in the woods and needed a place to stay...

POIVRE: Did you hear that Salé?

SALÉ: An intruder!

POIVRE: He's not an intruder...he's a guest!

PAPA: Is anybody there?

POIVRE: [*Calling to Papa:*] Monsieur!

PAPA: Who said that? Are you the master of the castle?

SALÉ: Shh!

POIVRE: Don't be such a stubborn salt cellar! You are welcome here, Monsieur! Shelter from the storm...

PAPA: I am a simple man. I have nothing to give you in return.

SALÉ: Then get out!

PAPA: Excuse me?

POIVRE STIFLES SALÉ'S MOUTH.

POIVRE: Then get out...of those wet clothes! Warm yourself by the fire!

PAPA: Thank you! Thank you so much!

SALÉ: Brilliant. A burglar bursts in through the battlements and you hastily offer him hospitality?!

POIVRE: Don't be so salty!

SALÉ: [*Sarcastically:*] Oh, very good...

PAPA: [*Noticing the table:*] A banquet! This can't be for me, surely?

SALÉ: A banquet?! What will the master say?! Fourchette!

FOURCHETTE ENTERS SHEEPISHLY.

FOURCHETTE: Sorry! I couldn't resist! The poor thing must be famished! Fending off ferocious wolves in the frozen forest.

CUILLERE ENTERS.

CUILLERE: Can we go say hello?

SALÉ: Cuillere?! Now everyone knows. Perfect...

FOURCHETTE: It's way past your bedtime. Back to the cutlery drawer!

CUILLERE: I can't sleep when there's someone here!

POIVRE: Let's go and introduce ourselves....

SALÉ: No! He's a human!

FOURCHETTE: So were we!

POIVRE: Once upon a time...

SALÉ: But now we're...things! Objet d'art! Living, breathing bric-a-brac! He doesn't know about the curse.

PAPA: I couldn't eat another thing! The storm must have passed by now and I shouldn't overstay my welcome.

SALÉ: Too late for that!

POIVRE: Shh!

THE OBJECTS EXIT. PAPA HEADS OUT PASSING THE VASE OF ROSES.

MUSIC CUE: PAPA AND THE BEAST UNDERSCORE

PAPA: Ah! Roses! Her favourite flower. I must take one for Belle.

HE TAKES A ROSE. THE BEAST APPEARS: **SFX CUE: BEAST ROAR**

BEAST: How dare you! You warm yourself by my fire, you eat at my table and you repay me by stealing from me?

PAPA: Who are you?

BEAST: The master of this castle.

PAPA: Please forgive me!

BEAST: Why should I?

PAPA: I only took the rose for my daughter. They're her favourite flower.

BEAST: Your intentions are irrelevant. A thief with a heart is still a thief. You will rot in the dungeon as punishment for your crime.

PAPA: Please no! I'll do anything!

BEAST: Anything?

PAPA: Yes! Anything. Please.

BEAST: Very well. I will spare your life and grant you your freedom...

PAPA: Thank you!

BEAST: On one condition. You must send the first person you see upon your return to this castle to take your place.

PAPA: What?

BEAST: Did I not say it loud enough?! The first person you meet must give their life to save yours.

PAPA: But...I...

BEAST: Do you promise?

PAPA: I *promise*.

BEAST: Now go...

PAPA SCURRIES OFF. THE BEAST SULKS INTO THE SHADOWS AND EXITS.

SCENE SEVEN | THE ENCHANTED WOODS

SACRÉ BLEU ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU STING**

SACRÉ BLEU: *So, the doting Daddy's made a bargain; wandering aimless through the trees,
He must send the repulsive creature the next person he sees...*

A WOLF ENTERS WITH PAPA'S SCARF. THE WOLF TAKES IT TO SACRÉ BLEU.

SACRÉ BLEU: *Well it's time to have my wicked way; I really mustn't ought'ta,
But wouldn't it be terrible if that person were...his daughter!
The 'most beautiful in the land'? GONE! And that is just the start,
When Belle inevitably rejects him, he'll die of a broken heart!*

SHE DROPS THE SCARF AND EXITS LAUGHING. NANNY NIGHTNURSE ENTERS.

NANNY: Bonjour boys and girls! This is my favourite part of the enchanted forest
[NAME OF MAN]! I never thought I'd see you in my thicket! I've just been
picking out a bottle of fine French wine for our petite picnic. I must only
have one glass though as I was so drunk the other night! When I got to the
bottom of the stairs I took off my coat, dress, bra, bloomers *and* my
knickers... It was only when I got to the top of the stairs I realised I was on
the bus!

BELLE ENTERS WITH A PICNIC BASKET.

BELLE: That was such a long walk. I couldn't keep up!

NANNY: Well you are a little '*hampered*'!

BELLE: [*Noticing the scarf.*] Oh dear!

NANNY: I know, it's not getting any better!

BELLE: Not that, look. It's Papa's scarf.

NANNY: Perhaps he dropped it.

BELLE: Or something terrible could have happened to him. What if he's all alone in
the woods? He must be so frightened. Papa? Papa?

SHE EXITS SEARCHING.

NANNY: Belle! Wait! Oh dear. Now *I'm* all alone in the woods! What if I come
across a strange man? Or worse, what if I don't?!

BRIE ENTERS WITH A TROLLEY OF BAKED GOODS.

BRIE: Ça va?! Where's Belle?!

NANNY: She's popped off to find Professor Philippe. Have you been to the Boulangerie for me?

BRIE: No, but I've been to the bakers!

NANNY: This will be the perfect picnic! I hope you didn't spend every franc I gave you....

BRIE: To be 'franc', I didn't! You know, every cake in the bakery cost only one franc apart from this one which cost TWO francs! [*Holding up a Madeira cake:*] Why was this one more expensive?

NANNY: [*Taking it from him:*] Because it's 'Ma-dearer Cake'! [*To audience:*] We've got your money now, you might as well laugh! What took you so long anyway?

BRIE: I bumped into my ex-girlfriend on the way back...

NANNY: Ex-girlfriend? You've never had a girlfriend!

BRIE: Oh yes I have!

NANNY: What was her name then?

BRIE: Claire. She was a gymnast!

NANNY: Is she a local girl?

BRIE PICKS UP BAKED ITEMS FROM THE BASKET INDICATED IN BOLD:

BRIE: She's **FRENCH BREAD** yes! I really had to pluck up the courage to ask her out. I said "**E-CLAIR**, would you go on a date with me?"

NANNY: What did she say?

BRIE: She said she had to go and ask her **NAAN**!

NANNY: Where did you go on your date?

BRIE: I took her to a fancy restaurant but she wouldn't stop talking. She didn't half **WAFFLE** on!

NANNY: Could you not get a word in edgeways?

BRIE: I had **MUFFIN** to say anyway! Things got serious all of a sudden when she said she wanted to show me her...

HE HOLDS UP TWO BAPS.

BRIE: ...forward rolls!

NANNY: Cheeky boy!

BRIE: You think that's bad? Then she said she wanted a [*Holding up a* **QUICHE**.:] 'quickie'!

NANNY: It's pronounced 'quiche' son.

BRIE: That's not how it's **SPELT**! I had to go to the toilet though. I really needed a **CRÊPE**! But while I was away her ex turned up.

NANNY: What was his name?

BRIE: **PITTA**. [*Peter*] Turns out she was still seeing him too!

NANNY: The little **TART**!

BRIE: I said you can't have the **BEST OF BOTH** worlds!

NANNY: What happened next?

BRIE: Talk about out of the **FRANGIPANE** and into the fire! Peter got violent...I said to him, "What are you being **PETIT FOUR**?" Next thing I knew I was out for the count! When I came to she was **SCONE**. I tried to chase after her but I couldn't **FOCACCIA**.

NANNY: Well, you don't need her Brie.

BRIE: Yeah, you're right...**SODA**. [*Sod-her*]

NANNY: Have you ran out of puns, son?

BRIE: Yeah, that's a **WRAP**!

MUSIC CUE: BOULANGERIE ROUTINE PLAY OFF

NANNY AND BRIE EXIT. PAPA ENTERS. SACRÉ BLEU LURKS.

PAPA: Oh, this is dreadful. Send the next person I see? What a terrible trick.

SACRÉ BLEU: [*Calling*.:] Belle! Oh Belle! Come into the clearing. Papa's home!

BELLE(OFF): Papa? Papa?

PAPA: Belle? Is that you? Belle no!

BELLE ENTERS AND EMBRACES HIM.

BELLE: There you are! I found your scarf in the woods! I was so worried!

PAPA: [*Breaking away*.:] Belle! This is terrible...

BELLE: What is it Papa? Are you all right?

PAPA: A monstrous beast captured me in his castle.

BELLE: How did you escape?

PAPA: I didn't. He let me go; granting my freedom only if I...

BELLE: If you what, Papa?

PAPA: If I agreed to send him the very next person I saw.

BELLE: The very next person? You mean...me?

PAPA: There is no way I could send you to that fiend.

BELLE: Did you make a promise?

PAPA: I did but...

BELLE: Then I have to go. All that matters to me now is that you're safe.

PAPA: But if I let you go then *you* won't be safe!

BELLE: A promise is a promise. I'll be fine Papa. Which way is it to the castle?

PAPA: I lost your mother, I can't lose you too.

BELLE: Which way is it to the castle, Papa?

HE RELUCTANTLY POINTS.

BELLE: I'll miss you.

PAPA: I'll miss you more. [*Calling after her:*] Belle!

BELLE EXITS. SACRÉ BLEU ENTERS. PAPA FREEZES: **MUSIC CUE: EVIL CHORD**

SACRÉ BLEU: My plan worked to perfection! The Beast will be spurned and he'll have learned he should never have meddled with me. Soon he'll die, alone and unloved and the Kingdom will be mine! Oh yes it will...Shut up!

SACRÉ BLEU EXITS LAUGHING: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU EXIT STING**
NANNY NIGHTNURSE AND BRIE ENTER.

NANNY: There you are Philippe! What's the matter?

PAPA: It's Belle!

BRIE: What's happened to her?

PAPA: I had no choice but to send her away to live in a castle with a monster!

BRIE: Not [TOPICAL]!

PAPA: Worse! A beast!

NANNY: Well what do we do now?

SFX CUE: GUN SHOT & BIRD SQUAWK

A PHEASANT FALLS. CLOCHARD AND FRANQUE ENTER.

FRANQUE: What's wrong with me Clochard? I'm charming, rich and 'lick the mirror' handsome yet Belle rejects me still! All I want is a game bird!

CLOCHARD: [*Handing him the pheasant:*] Ta dah!

FRANQUE: That's not what I meant...I'm too blue to pluck. You'll have to do it.

CLOCHARD: But I'm not a pheasant plucker!

NANNY: I could pluck it for you!

FRANQUE: Who are you?

BRIE: She's my Mum!

NANNY: That's right, I'm a mother plucker!

PAPA: Franque! Please listen to me...

FRANQUE: What claptrap contraption have you come up with this time?

PAPA: It's my daughter; a beast's got her!

CLOCHARD: Beast? What beast?

PAPA: A ferocious, terrible beast living in an enchanted castle deep in the woods. He's keeping her prisoner and we have to help her before it's too late!

FRANQUE AND CLOCHARD LAUGH.

PAPA: He's real!

FRANQUE: How big is this beast?

PAPA: Why, he must be seven foot tall at least! With claws like knives.

CLOCHARD: And big teeth?

PAPA: Teeth? No...fangs!

CLOCHARD: All the better to eat you with?!

PAPA: You believe me don't you Franque?

FRANQUE: I'll help you Philippe...in return for her hand in marriage.

PAPA: No!

FRANQUE: I'll take that as a 'yes'!

PAPA: Not even if you were the last man on Earth!

FRANQUE: I'm hurt! First she compares me to her book now this...

PAPA: You're nothing like her book – her book has a spine!

FRANQUE: You'll regret the day you crossed Franque! Belle will be my bride. I'll marry her or bust!

NANNY: Well make your mind up, you can't do both!

FRANQUE AND CLOCHARD EXIT: **MUSIC CUE: FRANQUE EXIT**

PAPA: What are we going to do about Belle?

BRIE: It's times like these I wish I'd listened to what my Dad told me.

PAPA: What did he say?

BRIE: I don't know, I wasn't listening!

NANNY: There's only one thing for it. You and me and Brie will find this castle no hassle and rescue Belle!

BRIE: But how?

PAPA: We'll find a way! Necessity is the mother of invention!

THEY EXIT. SEGUE TO:

SCENE EIGHT | BELLE AT THE BEAST'S ABODE

MUSIC CUE: CASTLE UNDERSCORE

SALÉ: I won't say "I told you so" but I told you so!

POIVRE: I only wanted to make the old man feel welcome. Can you blame me for trying to recoup the good old days? We can't lose hope...

SALÉ: Do you really still believe a girl will waltz in through the door, fall madly in love with the master and break the spell?

BELLE ENTERS THE PALACE NERVOUSLY.

BELLE: Bonjour?

POIVRE: Oh yes I do! And she's behind you!

BELLE: Who said that? Is anyone there?

POIVRE: Oui! [*Jumping into view:*] Moi!

BELLE: You're a pepper pot!

POIVRE: I'll take that as a condiment!

BELLE: But you can talk?

SALÉ: Yes, getting him to *shut up* is the trick...

POIVRE: Mademoiselle, you could well be what we've been waiting for.

SALÉ: Poivre! The master will be furious! This is a Palace! Not a Premier Inn!

POIVRE: What's your name?

BELLE: Belle!

THE LIGHTS DIM. THE BEAST ENTERS SNARLING: **SFX CUE: THUNDER**

BEAST: Salé, Poivre; who is she?

POIVRE: 'Belle', your beastliness!

BEAST: Another trespasser? Come to stare at the hideous beast have you?

BELLE: Who are you? Show yourself.

THE BEAST COMES INTO THE LIGHT. BELLE GASPS.

BEAST: What are you doing in my castle?

BELLE: I was sent here by my Papa.

BEAST: The thief? Have you come to steal from me too?

BELLE: I'm here to take his place.

BEAST: Lock her in the dungeon.

SALÉ: Master, forgive me but the dungeon is no place for a young lady.

BEAST: She's my prisoner now and the daughter of a thief. That's where she belongs.

POIVRE: Master, don't let your temper turn you temperamental! She could be the one to break the spell!

BEAST: You really think so?

SALÉ+POIVRE: We know so!

BEAST: Very well. Salé and Poivre will show you to your room. Take her to the highest room of the tallest tower and make sure she stays there.

THE BEAST EXITS: **SFX CUE: THUNDER**

BELLE: He's a monster.

POIVRE: He's really not that bad once you get to know him!

FOURCHETTE ENTERS WITH A SOUP TUREEN ON A TROLLEY.

FOURCHETTE: Yoo-hoo! Coming through!

POIVRE: How could I forget, this is Fourchette!

SALÉ: Castle cook extraordinaire!

FOURCHETTE: I don't mean to snoop but you could use some soup!

BELLE: It smells delicious!

FOURCHETTE: It's French Onion. I made it myself.

BELLE: It's my favourite!

POIVRE: Thank *fork* for that!

BELLE: Oh, I need a spoon...

CUILLERE ENTERS.

CUILLERE: You called?

FOURCHETTE: What did I say? It's way past your bedtime Cuillere!

CUILLERE: How can I sleep now? There's a girl here!

FOURCHETTE: My little teaspoon! Getting excited about girls? He'll be a tablespoon before we know it!

BELLE: This is all so impossible. Am I dreaming?

FOURCHETTE: No dear...

BELLE: You're right. This is much more of a nightmare.

POIVRE: It needn't be mon cheri! Not if you can find the good in everything.

CUILLERE: Especially when it comes to the master.

BELLE: There's no good in him.

SALÉ: Believe it or not, beneath all that fetid fur somewhere, there's a heart.

CUILLERE: He just needs to learn how to use it.

FOURCHETTE: Or be taught...

POIVRE: Don't listen to the master Belle. You're not a prisoner...

OBJECTS: You're our guest!

SONG CUE: END OF ACT ONE SONG
BIG FINAL TABLEAU. BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE | AT THE CASTLE

MUSIC CUE: ENTR'ACTE THERE IS A DOOR DECADENTLY PAINTED WITH ROSES.
THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR ENTERS.

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 Nightnurse! 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 Nightnurse.

SALÉ: Why do they call you 'Nanny *Nightnurse*'?

BRIE: Because she puts all the men to sleep!

NANNY: Cheek!

POIVRE: Well Belle, Brie, Nanny Nightnurse; 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 Nightnurse 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...*

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR CONJURES. BELLE IS REVEALED SPLIT STAGE. THEY SING: **SONG CUE: 'ONLY US' – DEAR EVAN HANSEN**
[N.B. It is vital that although this is a duet you make it clear in staging that they are singing the same song but not physically together nor able to see/hear one other.]

SCENE TWO | THE CASTLE KITCHEN

THERE IS A TABLE SET CENTRE STAGE. FOURCHETTE ENTERS.

FOURCHETTE: So much to do and so little time and I've got my prongs full as per!
Everything must be practically perfect for the master's meal this so I've
enlisted the help of two sous chefs!

NANNY AND BRIE ENTER AS CHEFS: **MUSIC CUE: COMIC ENTRANCE**

FOURCHETTE: Time for trifle! We need to make the showstopper desert for the master's
meal.

BRIE: What are we going to make?

FOURCHETTE: My specialty. We're going to make a Tr-eiffel Tower!

NANNY & BRIE: Oooh!

FOURCHETTE: But whatever you do, DON'T make a mess!

MUSIC CUE: KITCHEN SCENE UNDERSCORE

BRIE: [*To the audience:*] You'll never buy front row seats again!

FOURCHETTE: Nanny Nightnurse, are you responsible?

NANNY: Oh yes! When things go wrong people always say I'm responsible!

FOURCHETTE: I'm trusting you with my recipe book.

BRIE: Why do you get to look after the recipe book?

NANNY: Because *I* can cook! My cooking is cordon bleu!

BRIE: Your cooking should be cordoned off!

FOURCHETTE: Brie? Did you get my OXO cubes from the shop?

BRIE: No. They didn't have any. They were out of stock!

FOURCHETTE: Have you got flaked almonds?

BRIE: No, it's just the way I'm standing!

NANNY: What kind of trifle will this Tr-eiffel Tower be?

FOURCHETTE: Sherry!

NANNY: Ooh! Sherry makes me merry!

FOURCHETTE: The first thing we need to do is test the tippie.

NANNY: I can do that.

FOURCHETTE: [*Passing the bottle to Brie:*] Test the Sherry, ma cherie!

BRIE: Ma cherie?

NANNY: [*Snatching the bottle:*] My sherry! [*Taking a swig:*] Ooh! That's strong!

BRIE: What do we need to make first?

FOURCHETTE: Crème Anglaise!

BRIE: Crème on what?

NANNY: Custard!

FOURCHETTE: Now, crème anglaise can be very difficult.

NANNY: I know, those tins are a nightmare to open!

FOURCHETTE: What do we need Nanny?

NANNY: Milk, eggs and sugar!

FOURCHETTE: Brie! Fetch the milk!

BRIE BRINGS ON A CARTON WITH A HOLE THROUGH IT.

NANNY: What kind of milk is that?

BRIE: [*Looking through the hole:*] Whole milk!

NANNY: Now we need eggs. Fetch the eggs box!

BRIE: Here it is!

HE BRINGS ON AN X-BOX.

FOURCHETTE: What's that?

BRIE: The X-box!

NANNY: Eggs box! This is just a game to you isn't it?

BRIE: All right! CONSOLE yourself!

HE BRINGS ON EGGS.

NANNY: Be careful with them. Eggs are expensive these days – they're going up.

BRIE: That'll surprise the hens!

NANNY: And finally we need sugar...

BRIE BRINGS ON AN ENSEMBLE MEMBER DRESSED AS AN ELDERLY WOMAN.

FOURCHETTE: That's not sugar!

BRIE: Yes it is! It's GRAN-ulated!

NANNY: Silly boy! Get her back to [LOCAL CARE HOME]. Now, all we need to do is add all the ingredients into the bowl.

BRIE: I'm on it! Milk...

HE POURS MILK IN.

NANNY: Sugar!

HE POURS SUGAR IN.

FOURCHETTE: ...and eggs!

HE ADDS THEM IN, SHELLS AND ALL.

NANNY: No Brie! You're supposed to separate them!

BRIE: Why? Have they been fighting?

NANNY: Hopeless! Now, before you whip it into stiff peaks you need to season it.

HE SNEEZES INTO THE BOWL.

BRIE: There you go! This is a very odd recipe. Are you sure the sherry hasn't gone to your head?

NANNY: Next we need the wobbly jelly!

BRIE: I love jelly!

FOURCHETTE: I made two earlier!

NANNY CARRIES TWO LARGE, SUGGESTIVE JELLIES ON A TRAY.

NANNY: Here they are! [NAME OF MAN]'s salivating!

FOURCHETTE: Now there's one final step before we assemble.

BRIE: What's that?

FOURCHETTE HOLDS UP 'LADYFINGER' BISCUITS.

FOURCHETTE: We need to soak the ladyfingers.

BRIE: Soak the ladyfingers?

NANNY: That's right!

BRIE: I've got just the thing!

HE GETS A WATER GUN FROM THE WINGS.

BRIE: Say hello to my little friend!

HE SQUIRTS NANNY, FOURCHETTE AND THE AUDIENCE: **MUSIC CUE: YAKETY SAX**

NANNY: What are you doing?

BRIE: Soaking the ladyfingers!

NANNY: I've had it with you!

BRIE: I don't remember that!

NANNY: Time to build the Tr-eiffel Tower!

NANNY STICKS LADYFINGERS IN BRIE'S MOUTH, PUTS A JELLY DOWN HIS TROUSERS AND POURS THE CONTENTS OF THE BOWL OVER HIS HEAD.

NANNY: Oh! Silly me! I forgot the cream!

SHE SQUIRTS CREAM ONTO BRIE'S HEAD AND ADDS A CHERRY.

NANNY: Voila! It just goes to show son; I'm not to be trifled with!

BLACKOUT: **MUSIC CUE: SLOSH ROUTINE PLAY OFF**

SCENE THREE | IN LIMBO

SACRÉ BLEU ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU ENTRANCE**

SACRÉ BLEU: Did you miss me?
*The Prince's time is running out! The rose petals are falling,
I knew that Belle would find the Beast so utterly appalling!*

SPIRIT(OFF): That's where you're wrong!

SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SPIRIT ENTRANCE**

SACRÉ BLEU: *Yet again you're too late Spirit; you're no longer required,
Just give in, I'm bound to win.*

SPIRIT: *Looks like your plan backfired!
Belle can see what's inside! Beyond his claws and fur,
They'll fall in love; break the spell and things will be as they were!*

SACRÉ BLEU: She's falling in love with the Beast?! [Aside:] That doesn't seem entirely healthy...or legal! In that case Spirit, I need a subtle, skilful scheme! To aid me in my ploy I need a hapless moron to carry out a dirty deed...

FRANQUE ENTERS WITH CLOCHARD IN TOW.

SACRÉ BLEU: [Noticing them:] And I know just the one...

FRANQUE: What is it Clochard? I need my beauty sleep.

CLOCHARD: You can say that again!

FRANQUE: What?

CLOCHARD: I said...let me get you a gin!

FRANQUE: I'm beginning to think you dragged me out of bed in the dead of night for no reason.

HE HANDS FRANQUE A GIN. HE DRINKS.

CLOCHARD: I have a plan. The old man won't let you marry Belle, right?

FRANQUE: Right.

CLOCHARD: Not even if you were the last man left, right?

FRANQUE: Left Right? What?!

CLOCHARD: Listen! If we get rid of the old man, you'll have Belle all to yourself.

FRANQUE: Quiet Clochard! I've just had a brilliant idea! If we get rid of the old man, I'll have Belle all to myself!

CLOCHARD: I couldn't have put it better myself...

FRANQUE: Brilliant! Oh, I love you!

CLOCHARD: [*Flattered:*] Stop it! Is that you or the gin talking?

FRANQUE: It's me talking...to the gin. But how can we dispose of doddering Daddy?

SACRÉ BLEU: The Professor isn't your problem...

FRANQUE: Who are you?

SACRÉ BLEU: Sacré Bleu! Enchantress extraordinaire! Look at you! You're to DIE for! If I could rearrange the alphabet I'd put 'U' and 'I' together!

FRANQUE: I only have eyes for Belle.

SACRÉ BLEU: Belle you say? She's falling in love...

FRANQUE: She's only human!

SACRÉ BLEU: ...with the Beast!

CLOCHARD: The Beast exists?!

SACRÉ BLEU: Not for very much longer if I have my way...

FRANQUE: Trying to take my precious, beautiful Belle away from me? No one gets the better of Franque! I won't rest until his head is mounted on my wall.

SACRÉ BLEU: You are bad boy, aren't you?! With him gone, the kingdom will be mine and Belle will be yours!

FRANQUE: Clochard! L'eau de moi!

HE SQUIRTS FRANQUE WITH PERFUME.

FRANQUE: Now grab my weapon.

CLOCHARD: Pardon?

FRANQUE: It's time for this hunter to hunt!

CLOCHARD SCURRIES OFF.

SACRÉ BLEU: *So, to the enchanted castle; this will be fun to say the least!
To end this tale once and for all; it's time to...*

BOTH: *KILL the Beast!*

FRANQUE AND SACRÉ BLEU EXIT LAUGHING: **MUSIC CUE: EVIL EXIT**

SPIRIT: Boys and girls, our story has no hope of a happy ever after if that terrible trio work in tandem! Do you think Brie would help me? If only there was a way to get him here. Wait! The crackers! If I go to grab his crackers and you all shout as loud as you can he's bound to come running! After three: one, two, THREE!

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR GOES TO TOUCH THE CRACKERS. BRIE ENTERS.

BRIE: Leave my crackers alone! Ça va? Ooooh! Who are you?

SPIRIT: I am the Spirit of the Mirror! I've been watching over Belle. I'm a sort of fairy...

BRIE: That's showbiz!

SPIRIT: The whole kingdom is in peril and Belle could be in danger!

BRIE: Danger?! What kind of danger?

SPIRIT: The wicked witch Sacré Bleu, will stop at nothing to seize control of the kingdom. She, Franque and Clochard are en route to the castle to kill the Beast and kidnap Belle! She's the only one who can break the spell!

BRIE: Spell? What spell?

SPIRIT: The Beast isn't a beast at all. He's a handsome Prince in disguise and before the final rose petal falls, true love's kiss is the only way to change him back.

BRIE: I'm not kissing him!

SPIRIT: Not you...Belle! You need to be brave, stand up to Sacré Bleu and save the day!

BRIE: I don't know if I can do this!

SPIRIT: Now isn't the time to go soft! Will you help me?

BRIE: Don't you worry Belle! Leave it to Brie!

BRIE RUNS OFF.

SPIRIT: *I believe in Brie – though his head's as soft as cheese!
With a little mirror magic just watch what he'll achieve.
Don't you worry boys and girls; though our chances may seem small,
But we'll save the day le Français way when true love conquers all!*

BLACKOUT: **MUSIC CUE: 'TO THE CASTLE' SEGUE**

SCENE FOUR | THE GRAND BALLROOM

THE BEAST IS GETTING READY FOR DINNER WITH POIVRE AND SALÉ.

POIVRE: Oh Master...tonight is the night! Soon my peppery peculiarities will be a thing of the past.

SALÉ: Love without reasoning and we'll no longer be seasoning!

BEAST: My palms are sweating.

SALÉ: You're forgetting Master...

BEAST: Forgetting what? I've never done this before. What do I say?

SALÉ: You could tell her a joke! Whet her appetite for w-omance with your wit!

BEAST: I don't know any jokes.

POIVRE: I've written a joke about Elton John...

BEAST: Is it any good?

POIVRE: It's a little bit funny...

SALÉ: Master, she's here...

BELLE ENTERS IN A BEAUTIFUL BALL GOWN: **SFX CUE: TWINKLE**

BEAST: She looks beautiful.

SALÉ & POIVRE: Tell her!

BEAST: You look...you look...

BELLE: Different?

BEAST: Beautiful. [*Handing her a rose:*] This is for you.

BELLE: A rose!

BEAST: They're your favourite flower.

BELLE: Will you dance with me?

BEAST: Oh...no. I have two left paws!

BELLE: Please.

BEAST: I really don't think I...

SALÉ & POIVRE: Dance with her!

THEY DANCE. FOURCHETTE SINGS: **SONG CUE: ROMANTIC DANCE SONG**

BEAST: I feel like I've never felt before. Belle? Have I done something wrong?

BELLE: No. I'm happier than I ever thought I'd be. I just...miss my father.

BEAST: Of course you do.

BELLE: The old cottage; the village. I wish I could see him.

BEAST: Perhaps you can.

BELLE: No, I made a promise. I won't leave.

BEAST: You don't have to.

PAPA ENTERS BEHIND BELLE.

BELLE: Papa!

PAPA: Belle! You look...enchanted.

BELLE: I thought I'd never see you again. [*To the Beast:*] Thank you!

BEAST: You're welcome. It's the least I could do.

NANNY NIGHTNURSE ENTERS.

NANNY: Ooh! Professor! What are you doing here?

PAPA: The Beast invited me back to see Belle. Perhaps he isn't the brute I reckoned him to be!

NANNY: Let's leave these love birds alone. Time for a tippie Philippe!

PAPA: I'm teetotal.

NANNY: You're a total tease! In that case, I'll just have Snow White's favourite drink...

PAPA: What is Snow White's favourite drink?

NANNY: 7up!

NANNY AND PAPA EXIT. POIVRE ENTERS.

POIVRE: Et maintenant, Mesdames et Messieurs...dinner is served!

THE BEAST HOLDS OUT HIS ARM. BELLE TAKES IT AND THEY EXIT.

SCENE FIVE | THE ROOM OF THE ROSE

MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU ENTRANCE

THE PEDESTAL WITH THE ROSE AND CLOCHE IS CENTRE STAGE.

SACRÉ BLEU: Well, what have we here? His fate will be sealed when the enchanted rose wilts? Perhaps I should pick a petal or two! Wait a minute, what are these crackers doing here?

SHE GOES FOR THE CRACKERS. BRIE ENTERS.

BRIE: Get off my crackers! Ça va? Sacré Bleu!

SACRÉ BLEU: Oui?

BRIE: No thanks, I went before we left! What are you doing in here? We're not allowed in this room. Don't touch the knob, leave the knob alone!

SACRÉ BLEU: I don't play by the rules. I'll touch whatever I please! Starting with this rose.

PAPA AND NANNY NIGHTNURSE ENTER.

NANNY: Brie, you're not supposed to be in here! Don't you remember what you were told? "Don't touch the knob..."

ALL: "Leave the knob alone!"

PAPA: Who is she?

BRIE: Sacré Bleu!

SACRÉ BLEU: Your luck has run out!

BRIE: You're telling me. For Christmas I got a Monopoly set with no instructions...what are the 'chances'?

SACRÉ BLEU: Silence! You have no idea how dangerous I can be. It was *my* malevolent magic that transformed the precious Prince into a Beast and I could turn you all into Prawn Cocktails and that would just be for starters!

BRIE: I can take a joke as well as a can-can girl can can-can but true love's kiss will change him back before the final petal falls.

PAPA: How do you know that?

BRIE: I met a fairy!

NANNY: Careful son, that's how I started!

BRIE: Belle will break the spell! Won't she boys and girls?

SACRÉ BLEU: I wouldn't be so sure! Franque is already on his way to put the beast out of his misery.

BRIE: Oh, that's nice!

NANNY: It means he's going to kill him Brie!

PAPA: You'll never get away with this!

SACRÉ BLEU: I already have...Clochard!

CLOCHARD ENTERS.

CLOCHARD: Yes, your wickedness?

SACRÉ BLEU: Collect Belle's confidants and close them in a closet.

CLOCHARD: You're all coming with me!

NANNY: Ooh! I'm getting manhandled! It's been years!

CLOCHARD TAKES BRIE, NANNY AND PAPA AWAY.

SACRÉ BLEU: *At last they're out of my hair but to stop them coming back,
It's time to transform our heroes into worthless bric-a-brac!*

SONG CUE: 'I PUT A SPELL ON YOU' – BETTE MIDLER (HOCUS POCUS)

SACRÉ BLEU: *[Plucking petals from the rose:]* He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me,
he loves me not! Say goodbye to your precious Prince!

SHE EXITS. BLACKOUT: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU EXIT**

SCENE SIX | TRAPPED IN THE CLOSET

THE SCENE BEGINS IN DARKNESS.

NANNY: Bonjour boys and girls! This is terrible! I'm trapped in the closet and I can't find Brie or Philippe anywhere! Papa, can you hear me?

PAPA: Nanny Nightnurse?

NANNY: Oh Philippe! Thank goodness! I didn't see you there.

PAPA: Of course you didn't. It's pitch black in here!

NANNY: What are we going to do? We'll be stuck in here forever...

PAPA: You should be more positive!

NANNY: All right, *I'm positive* we'll be stuck in here forever!

PAPA: Au contraire! I think I've located the light switch!

NANNY: I mean, electricity hasn't been discovered yet but it's worth a try! One...

PAPA: Two...

BOTH: Three!

NANNY NIGHTNURSE HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A TEABAG AND PAPA HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A SCREWDRIVER! THEY SCREAM: **SFX CUE: LIGHTS ON**

NANNY: What's happened to you?!

PAPA: The same thing that's happened to you by the looks of it!

NANNY: We've been turned into things!

PAPA: It's not so bad...

NANNY: Not so bad? You're not the one who's been turned into a teabag! I'll never be able to have a hot bath again...

PAPA: Stop t-whining!

NANNY: Oh, very good(!) Wait a minute, where's Brie?

PAPA: Brie? Where are you?

BRIE ENTERS HAVING BEEN TURNED INTO A TOILET! THEY LAUGH.

NANNY: Are you all right son? You look a little flushed!

BRIE: What's happened to us?

NANNY: It was that Sacré Bleu. We must be under her spell too!

PAPA: We've been turned into what we *were*...

NANNY: What do you mean?

PAPA: Well, you always were a bit of a bag!

NANNY: Cheek! You always did have a screw loose!

BRIE: If that's the case then why am I a toilet?!

NANNY: Well, you always were full of sh...

PAPA: [*Interrupting:*] Shut up you two! Someone's coming!

SALÉ AND POIVRE ENTER.

POIVRE: Brie? Philippe? Nanny Nightnurse? What are you doing in there?

SALÉ: And what has happened to you all?

BRIE: We were in the rose room.

SALÉ: The rose room?!

POIVRE: What did we say?

SALÉ & POIVRE: Don't touch the knob...

PAPA & BRIE: Leave the knob alone!

NANNY: Sorry! Old habits die hard!

BRIE: There's no time to waste! We have to warn Belle and save the Beast!

PAPA: But how are we going to get out of here? Look. There's no handle on the door.

BRIE: This is hopeless. We need a miracle!

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR ENTERS.

SPIRIT: ...or perhaps just some magic!

NANNY: Who is that?

BRIE: It's the Spirit of the Mirror!

NANNY: Ooh! I love spirits!

SPIRIT: It looks like Sacré Bleu has had her wicked way with you all.

PAPA: We need to come out of the closet...

NANNY: Speak for yourself!

SPIRIT: Philippe, you must use your head.

PAPA: I can't think of anything...

NANNY: No! She means use your head you tool! You're a Philippe's head screwdriver!

PAPA: I can't undo them. Those screws are slotted!

BRIE: Get knotted!

SPIRIT: Wait! Isn't there something you can do Brie?

BRIE: I'm no inventor. I'm just the assistant.

NANNY: And now you're a-cistern!

BRIE: I was only there to *handle* the tools. Wait a minute! Handle! I've got it!

NANNY: Well don't give it to me!

BRIE TAKES OFF HIS 'FLUSH' HANDLE AND USES IT TO OPEN THE DOOR.

BRIE: Et voila!

NANNY: You did it son!

BRIE: Like you always say Philippe, 'nothing's impossible'!

PAPA: I've never seen anything so inventive since I invented the cold air balloon!

SALÉ: *Cold* air balloon?

PAPA: Yes! It never really took off!

NANNY: We'd best get to Belle and the Beast before it's too late! Brie?

BRIE: Follow me!

THEY RUN OFF. BLACKOUT.

SCENE SEVEN | TRANSFORMATION!

BELLE ENTERS WITH THE BEAST.

BELLE: I've had the most magical night.

BEAST: So have I.

BELLE: Dinner was wonderful!

BEAST: You're very welcome Belle. Fourchette has outdone herself.

BELLE: The grey stuff really is delicious!

FRANQUE AND CLOCHARD ENTER.

FRANQUE: Well, well, well, Belle!

BELLE: Franque? What are you doing here?

FRANQUE: I've come to rescue you from the hideous beast!

BELLE: What if I don't want to be rescued! I'm happy here.

FRANQUE: Happy? If I didn't know better, I'd say you had feelings for this monster.

BELLE: He's not the monster Franque, you are! He's kind, loving and sweet.

FRANQUE: Well let's just see how kind, loving and sweet you are beast. En garde!

MUSIC CUE: FIGHT FRANQUE DRAWS HIS DAGGER AND THEY FIGHT. THE BEAST WRESTLES FRANQUE TO THE GROUND AND WALKS BACK TO BELLE. FRANQUE STABS THE BEAST IN THE BACK.

BELLE: No!

SACRÉ BLEU ENTERS: **MUSIC CUE: SACRÉ BLEU STING**

SACRÉ BLEU: *At last the Beast is no more! Watch him fade before your eyes,
The Kingdom's mine; now Franque it's time for you to claim your prize!*

BEAST: Belle?

BELLE: Everything will be all right! I'll never leave you.

BEAST: You brought out the man in me. I...love...

THE BEAST DIES.

BELLE: No! Please! You can't die!

SACRÉ BLEU: Too late! The Beast is dead! I love a happy ending!

FRANQUE: Come, Belle. You wouldn't want to be late for the wedding.

BELLE: Who's getting married?

FRANQUE: We are!

NANNY, PAPA, BRIE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR ENTER.

BRIE: Ça va!

BELLE: Brie, there you are! Wait...are you a toilet?

BRIE: I'll explain later!

FRANQUE: I can hear bells, Belle!

BELLE: I'd rather die than marry you!

FRANQUE: Well, for a happy marriage one has to make sacrifices!

NANNY: Franque, you're getting right on my PG Tips!

BRIE: It's all gone down the pan! What are we going to do now?!

BELLE: [*To the Beast:*] I love you.

SHE KISSES HIS CHEEK: **MUSIC CUE: TRANSFORMATION**

SPIRIT: *To be kind is just the start...
For true love is the only way to thaw an ice cold heart.
You must learn to love and find the tenderness you lack,
Then only 'true love's kiss' has the power to change you back...*

THE BEAST TRANSFORMS BACK INTO A HANDSOME PRINCE.

[N.B. *During the transformation, Nanny, Brie and Papa exit to change and Franque vanishes.*]

PRINCE: Belle! It's me. The man I've always been...in your eyes.

BELLE: *It is you!*

SACRÉ BLEU: No! This is impossible!

SPIRIT: Nothing's impossible! True love conquers all!

PRINCE: Now you have melted my frozen heart, the spell has been broken and everyone will take their true form.

BELLE: I don't understand.

PRINCE: Understand only this. I love you Belle. I have done from the moment I first saw you.

THE OBJECTS (NOW HUMAN) RUSH ON.

POIVRE: Master!

SALÉ: Your highness!

PRINCE: Salé! Poivre! Look at you!

POIVRE: Look at us? Look at you Master!

SALÉ: Back the way you were!

PRINCE: In appearance only. Love is about second chances. This is a new chapter for us all!

POIVRE: I'll never sneeze agai-ah atchoo!

SALÉ: Spoke too soon!

FOURCHETTE: Oh, master!

PRINCE: No more 'master' – call me Prince Claude.

FOURCHETTE: You're not claw-ed anymore!

PRINCE: And you are my friends and no longer my servants.

BELLE: Wait! What happened to Brie, Nanny and Papa?

THEY ENTER.

BRIE: Ça va!

NANNY: Bonjour boys and girls!

BRIE: Look! I'm not a potty anymore!

NANNY: You're still a potty mouth!

BRIE: Mum, how come we've all changed back and you're still an old bag?

NANNY: Cheek!

CLOCHARD WANDERS ON.

CLOCHARD: Franque? Franque, where are you?

NANNY FINDS FRANQUE'S COSTUME ON THE GROUND.

NANNY: Wherever he is, he's naked!

CLOCHARD LIFTS IT AND THERE'S A RAT UNDERNEATH.

CLOCHARD: Franque? Is that you? [*Sniffing the rat:*] L'eau de moi...you're a rat!

PAPA: Looks like everyone took their true form after all!

CLOCHARD: Well, I always wanted a pet!

SACRÉ BLEU ATTEMPTS TO SNEAK AWAY. CUILLERE ENTERS AND STOPS HER.

CUILLERE: Not so fast Sacré Bleu! You're responsible for all this!

SACRÉ BLEU: Oh no I'm not! You're just stirring things.

CUILLERE: I'm not a spoon anymore!

FOURCHETTE: No more sleeping in the cutlery drawer!

BRIE: What shall we do with Sacré Bleu, boys and girls? *Kill her?* Where are you from? [LOCAL ROUGH TOWN]?!

PRINCE: I know what we should do. Spirit!

SPIRIT: *Never again will people fear her, trapped inside my magic mirror!*

THERE IS A FLASH. SACRÉ BLEU HAS GONE.

NANNY: Where has she gone?

PAPA: Look! She's in the mirror!

THE SPIRIT TURNS HER MIRROR TO REVEAL SACRÉ BLEU'S FACE SQUASHED AGAINST THE GLASS.

BRIE: That'll give her time to reflect!

PRINCE: Philippe, may I have your daughter's hand?

PAPA: Hand? Take the lot!

PRINCE CLAUDE GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE.

PRINCE: Belle, will you marry me?

BELLE: What do you think boys and girls? Shall I? Of course I will!

PAPA: With Belle off to live happily ever after, looks like I'll have to get used to living alone again.

NANNY: Well, Philippe, since [NAME OF MAN] doesn't seem so keen perhaps I could keep you company!

PAPA: Oh, Nanny! I must warn you. I'm not the man you think I am...

NANNY: That's all right! [*Deep:*] I'm not the woman you think *I* am!

FOURCHETTE: They're getting wed? We'll need a terrific spread! Now I've lost my prongs I'll be cooking up a storm in no time!

PAPA: Tell me, have you ever struggled to remove food from sealed tins?

FOURCHETTE: I beg your pardon?

PAPA: I have some wonderful gadgets to show you!

BRIE: Well Belle, you're off to be a Princess. I'll miss you.

PRINCE: You can live here in the palace Brie!

BRIE: I wouldn't want to be a 'wedge' between you! Brie? Wedge? Never mind!

BELLE: You'll always be my best friend Brie!

BRIE: I've been saving these for a special occasion. For you, Belle!

HE HANDS HER HIS BOX OF CRACKERS.

BELLE: Thank you Brie!

NANNY: I used to think you were a bit dim but now I can see you're crackers!

PRINCE: Belle, happily ever after is waiting.

MUSIC CUE: THE END

THE MUSIC SWELLS. BELLE AND THE PRINCE WALK UP STAGE HAND IN HAND. EVERYONE WAVES. THEY KISS AND THE LIGHTS FADE.

SCENE EIGHT | SONG SHEET

SONG SHEET/COMMUNITY SONG WITH NANNY NIGHTNURSE AND BRIE.

BRIE: Ça va?

NANNY: Our story is over!

BRIE: But would you like a bit more? I said, would you like a bit more?! Well come back tomorrow!

NANNY: We couldn't leave without saying a big hello to some of our lovely friends!

[BIRTHDAYS AND SHOUT OUTS]

NANNY: And now ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, grannies and grandies. It's the bit you've all been waiting for... It's time for: AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION! We're going to sing a little French ditty...

BRIE: Because everyone loves little French ditties!

[SONG SHEET]

SCENE NINE | FINALE

MUSIC CUE: WALK DOWN

- FOURCHETTE & CUILLERE
- CLOCHARD & FRANQUE
- SALÉ & POIVRE
- PAPA
- SACRÉ BLEU
- THE SPIRIT OF THE MIRROR
- NANNY NIGHTNURSE
- BRIE
- BEAST/PRINCE
- BELLE

PAPA: *And so ends our story!*

CLOCHARD: *As you can see it shows,*

NANNY: *That all you need is love,*

SPIRIT: *And one enchanted rose.*

POIVRE: *Take with you all a moral,*

CUILLERE: *For when you're at your least,*

SALÉ *Hold dear the lessons learned,*

FOURCHETTE: *By Beauty and the Beast...*

NANNY: *Your heart will be full,*

FRANQUE: *When you learn to love another,*

SACRÉ BLEU: *And remember never to judge,*

BELLE: *A book by its cover.*

SPIRIT: *Our pantomime is over,*

PRINCE: *That much is quite clear,*

BRIE: *Now get your coats and get lost!*

ALL: *And we'll see you all next year!*

SONG CUE: FINALE

CURTAIN



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