

#Bb - How Long Must This Go On? Beast

WARDROBE

I know the Master can be temperamental, but underneath all that matted fur, he's not such a bad fellow. Why don't you give him a chance?

BELLE

Why should I? Did he give my father a chance?

WARDROBE

\;"Tell, no. 'But once you get to know him...

BELLE

I don't want to get to know him! I don't want to have anything to do with him!

((The Beast is stung by her words. The lights fade in Belle's room))

BEAST

I'm just fooling myself. She'll never see me as anything...but a monster.

HOW LONG MUST THIS GO ON?
THIS CRUEL TRICK OF FATE
I SIMPLY MADE ONE CARELESS WRONG DECISION
AND THEN THAT WITCH WAS GONE,
AND LEFT ME IN THIS STATE,
AN OBJECT OF REVULSION AND DERISION
HATED
IS THERE NO ONE?
WHO CAN SHOW ME
HOW TO WIN THE WORLD'S FORGIVENESS?

(He looks to the Rose. One more petal falls. He groans.)

No! What did they say? Shower her with compliments...impress her with your wit... Act like a gentleman. Act like a gentleman! Act like a gentle man!

(He exits. The lights come up on Lumiere's asleep at his post... snoring loudly. Babette approaches. She reaches out to Lumiere and we see that her hands are now feathers.)

Start BABETTE

Lumiere... oh Lurniere...!

LUMIERE

Ah, Babette. Come to me, my little fluff.

(He takes her hand and kisses it, but gets a mouthfull of feathers.)

Agh- agh- ahchoo!

BABETTE

Babette and Lumiere

O It's my hands, isn't it? You do not love me anymore!

(sobbing)
(sneezes)
Oh, this horrible horrible spell...

LUMIERE

Ah, cherie...you cut me to the wield Do you think a little thing like that would change my feeling for you? Now you really...

(lascivious)
...tickle my fancy!
(She giggles and pushes him away.)

BABETTE

Ohno.

LUMIERE

Oh yes.

BABETTE

Ohno.

LUMIERE

ah yes.

BABETTE } f...j

Oh no...no...no! I've been burnt by you before!

(She runs out with Lumiere right behind. After they've gone, the lights come up on Belle's room.)

BELLE

(sheepish)

Actually Madame, I am a little hungry.

WARDROBE

I'll ring for Mrs. Potts and sing you an aria while we wait.

BELLE

That's all right, I'll go myself.

WARDROBE

What the Master? He's really not going to like this!

BELLE

she
(miles)

I know

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