

WARDROBE

Careful, darling!

*(Belle turns around to see MADAME DE LA GRAND BOUCHE, a grand, larger-than-life wardrobe. Belle gasps.)*

BELLE

Wh...who are you?

WARDROBE

Madame de la Grand Bouche. Perhaps you've heard of me?

BELLE

Sorry.

WARDROBE

You see! They've forgotten all about me. One can be and I quote, "The toast of Europe. The brightest star ever to grace the stage," but fall under one little spell --

MRS. POTTS

Sssssh!

BELLE

Wait. This is impossible!

WARDROBE

I know it is...but here we are! Well now, what shall we dress you in for dinner?

*(She lifts up Belle's sleeve)*

This is nice. But how would you like to borrow one of my gowns? Let's see what I've got in my drawers...

*(She opens her drawers and pulls out bloomers. She reaches in again and takes out a gown.)*

Ah, here we are. I wore this the night I performed at the Royal Opera. The King himself was there! Of course, I wouldn't have a prayer of fitting into it now. Take it!

BELLE

That's very kind of you. But I'm not going to dinner.

WARDROBE

Don't be silly. Of course, you are. You heard what the Master said.

BELLE

*(adamant)*

He may be your master...but he's not mine!

*(a beat)*

I'm sorry. This is just happening so fast.

*(Mrs. Potts and Wardrobe look at one another, feeling badly for her. They approach...gently.)*