

NODA PANTOMIMES PRESENT

BEAUTY & THE BEAST

BY
Ron Hall

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B E A U T Y A N D T H E B E A S T

A pantomime in two acts by Ron Hall

Characters in order of appearance:-

Alphonse, schoolboy brother of Belle, a comedy character
Esmeralda, Alphonse's girlfriend, a comedy character
Madame Fifi Camambert, mother of Belle and Alphonse (Dame)
Belle, our heroine (Principal Girl)
Napoleon, hard hearted innkeeper in love with Belle
Prince Andree of Montpelier, our handsome hero (Principal Boy)
Lord Chamberlain to the Prince, an arthritic old man
Hercule, Fifi's husband, a painter and decorator
Hortense, Hercule's faithful horse
Grottilda the Enchantress, a very wicked witch
The Rose Fairy, a good spirit
The Beast, Prince Andree transformed by Grottilda (Must have reasonable singing voice)
Villager, small part, Act II, Scene 1 only
Mini-Grottilda, the witch miniaturised, a very small part suitable for a child, Act II, Scene 3 only

Chorus of Villagers and Courtiers

Senior Dancers as village maidens, ghosts and skeletons, folk dancers, clowns and guests at wedding

Junior Dancers as village children, fairies and snowflakes

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Estimated length of show:- Act I 1 hour 20 minutes
Act II - 1 hour

Number of principal parts:- Female - Five
Male - Six
Either - Three (Villager and two in
horse skin)
Child - One

These figures assume that Madame Fifi is played by a man and Prince Andree by a woman.

Scene changing:- This pantomime can be played with a minimum of two main sets and a three flat inset (Haunted Attic). Alternate scenes have a small number of characters and can be played against running tabs allowing time to change the main sets manually.

Use of music:- It should be noted that songs are only suggested and do not form part of the script. Arrangements should be made with the Performing Rights Society for performance.

B E A U T Y A N D T H E B E A S T

ACT I

Scene 1 - The Village of Petitpois in Deepest France

(This is the centre of a picturesque olde worlde village. It is early spring and there is still snow on the mountains in the background. The Chorus and Senior Dancers, dressed as villagers are on stage as the curtains open.)

Opening Chorus (Chorus and Senior Dancers)

Suggested numbers:- Spring, spring, spring (Seven Brides)
The sun has got his hat on
Put on a happy face (Bye bye Birdie)
It's a musical world (Good old bad old days)

(At the end of the number the Senior Dancers exit but the Chorus remain on stage. Alphonse, dressed as a schoolboy in short trousers, enters on rolling skates. He calls out in fear as he enters and bangs into the proscenium arch. Two members of the Chorus pick him and dust him down.)

Alphonse:- Has anybody seen my girlfriend Esmeralda?

Chorus:- No.

Alphonse:- (To audience) You lot haven't seen her have you?

Audience:- (Hopefully) No.

Alphonse:- She was with me when we left school. I think she must have stopped on the way home to spend a penny.

Chorus:- Not a penny - a franc.

Alphonse:- Oh yes - a franc. I keep forgetting that this panto's set in deepest France. That's right isn't it?

Chorus:- Oui.

Alphonse:- (To audience) Did you hear that? Oui! They speak French like natives of - - - (local large town). Do you like my roller skates? They were a present for my fifteenth birthday last week.

(Chorus mumble)

What do you mean 'more like my 50th'? In a pantomime you have to use your imagination.

(Esmeralda, also on roller skates and in school uniform, enters at breakneck speed. She is carrying a bunch of flowers and lets out a loud 'Whee!' as she crosses the stage. She hits Alphonse and they both fall down. The flowers go all over the stage.)

Esmeralda:- Oh Alphonse, I am sorry. Let me help you up.

(She picks herself up)

Alphonse:- I've told you before about 'wheeing' all down the village street.

(Esmeralda tries to help Alphonse up and there is business as they fall down again.)

Esmeralda:- I've never been on roller skates before.

Alphonse:- You don't say! Let me help you up this time.

(There is more business as Alphonse tries to help Esmeralda. They fall down again.)

Esmeralda:- You're not very good either.

(She starts to pick up flowers on her hands and knees.)

Alphonse:- I know. I'm not very good at anything.

Chorus:- Aw!

Alphonse:- I applied for the job of village idiot but they said I wasn't clever enough.

Chorus:- Aw!

Alphonse:- My mother gave me a two piece jigsaw puzzle for my birthday and I couldn't do it.

Chorus:- Aw!

(During the foregoing Esmeralda is picking up the flowers and should now have them all in a bedraggled bunch.)

Esmeralda:- Never mind! I still love you and to prove it I've brought you these flowers.

(She holds the bunch of flowers out in front of her.)

Alphonse:- (Taking flowers) Thank you.

(They look at each other shyly and then on their hands and knees they are about to kiss when Madame Fifi enters. She is carrying a shopping basket.)

Fifi:- Alphonse! What are you doing on the ground with that girl? Go home and wash your mouth out with Listerene.

Alphonse:- But mother I want Esmeralda to help me with my homework.

Fifi:- If it's biology forget it. You're too young to get involved with a female of the opposite sex.

Alphonse:- (Helping Esmeralda up and getting up himself) It isn't biology, it's sums.

Fifi:- That's as bad. You'll be putting one and one together and making three.

Alphonse:- One and one does make three doesn't it?

Fifi:- You're as bad as that ---- (Chancellor of the Exchequer). As you both seem to have time on your hands you can go and help your father with his packing.

Alphonse:- Is he leaving you at last?

Fifi:- Don't be cheeky! He's going to the annual wallpaper exhibition in Nice.

Alphonse:- That's nice.

Fifi:- No dear - Nice. Now off you go and make sure he doesn't leave any of his bits and pieces behind.

Esmeralda:- Where's he staying in Nice?

Fifi:- With my niece.

Esmeralda:- Is your niece nice in Nice?

Fifi:- Yes, she's the nicest of the nieces I have in Nice. Now will you please go and help your father to pack?

Alphonse:- All right we're going and I can put these lovely flowers in water at the same time.

Esmeralda:- Tata folks. See you later.

(Alphonse and Esmeralda exit waving to audience as they go. The Chorus wave back.)

Fifi:- (Addressing audience) Hello everybody or as they say in these parts bonjour.

Chorus:- Bonjour Madame Fifi.

Fifi:- Yes, that's me - Madame Fifi Camambert. I'm the big cheese round here. Welcome to our little village of Petitpois deep in the heart of rural France. I've not always lived here you know. Before I got married I lived in gay Paree working as an artistic singer and dancer. I did! They used to call me France's answer to Madonna (or other sexy star).. Half the men in Paris were heartbroken when I chose to marry a simple painter and decorator and move down here. One man threw himself off the Eiffel Tower when he heard that my artistic talents would never be revealed again. It's true! I gave it all up for love.

Chorus:- Aw!

Fifi:- And now I'm the mother of two.

Chorus:- Aw!

Fifi:- One of them you've already seen - Alphonse, the roller skating idiot.

Chorus:- Ugh!

Fifi:- Fortunately his sister Belle turned out a whole lot better. She's pretty, intelligent and hardworking, rather like me..

Chorus:- Cor!

Fifi:- What do you mean 'Cor!'? I'll call her and then you'll be able to see the family resemblance. (Calling off) Belle, Belle, are you there my darling?

Belle:- (Offstage) Coming mother. (She enters) Hello everyone. (She carries an empty pail and walks across to Fifi.)

Chorus:- Hello Belle.

Fifi:- (Placing her head next to Belle's) We do look alike, don't we?

(The Chorus start to talk among themselves.)

Fifi:- I said 'Don't we?'.

Chorus:- Oh yes, of course, sure, etc.

Fifi:- That's better! You look happy Belle.

Belle:- It's the first day of spring and that always makes me feel like singing.

Fifi:- Well I can't think of a better cue for a song than that. (To Chorus) And we'll all join in won't we?

Chorus:- Yes.

(Belle places pail by the edge of the stage.)

Song (Belle, Fifi and Chorus)

Suggested numbers:- C'est si bon
All kinds of everything
Sing a rainbow
Morning has broken

(The Chorus gradually exit at end of number.)

Fifi:- That was lovely darling. (To audience) That's another thing we have in common - beautiful singing voices.

Belle:- (Picking up pail) Well I must get on with my chores. This pail won't fill itself. I'm off to the well.

Fifi:- And I must nip to the village shop to get some Fromage Frais for your father to take with him. He's on a slimming kick at the moment. Don't be long, he'll be leaving soon.

Belle:- I won't.

(Fifi exits waving to Belle as she goes. Belle is about to exit in the opposite direction when Napoleon, the innkeeper, enters and blocks her way.)

Napoleon: (Greasily) Hello Belle. You're looking lovely today.

Belle:- Thank you Napoleon. It's very kind of you to say so.

Napoleon:- You'll make some man a fine wife.

Belle:- I'm not ready for settling down yet. I'll know when the right man comes along.

Napoleon:- A girl must look towards the future. My inn is doing very well and although I'm no millionaire I do have a very high standard of living. I'm far richer than your father. You could do much worse than marry me.

Belle:- I'm sure you're right. Now would you mind moving out of my way so that I can go to the well for some water.

Napoleon:- You're not listening to me Belle. Don't you realise that I'm proposing marriage to you?

Belle:- Yes I realise that, but I'm sorry, the answer is 'no'. I'm not in love with you.

Napoleon:- (Taking hold of her arm) Love will grow. Just give it a try.

Belle:- My answer is still 'no'. Please move out of my way.

(Belle places pail on stage and tries to remove his hand from her arm.)

Napoleon:- Don't be like that sweetheart. Give me a little kiss.

Belle:- Leave me alone or I'll call for help.

Napoleon:- Nobody in the village would dare oppose me. I'm too powerful. Not only do I own the inn but I also own most of the cottages, including yours.

(Belle removes his hand and begins to back away.)

Belle:- Don't you dare touch me.

Napoleon:- You're even more beautiful when you're playing hard to get.

(Napoleon grabs Belle with both hands this time.)

Belle:- Help! Help! Won 't somebody help me?

Napoleon:- (Laughing) There doesn't seem to be anyone around.

(Prince Andree enters. He is wearing a sword.)

Andree:- I wouldn't be too sure about that if I were you. Why not try your bullying on me instead of that young girl?

Napoleon:- (Letting Belle go) Who the devil are you?

Andree:- Just someone who likes to see fair play.

Napoleon:- Well I suggest you do your good deeds elsewhere. This is nothing to do with you so keep your nose out of my business.

Andree:- But it is my business when a young lady is receiving unwelcome advances.

Napoleon:- Push off Mister Nice Guy. You're getting on my nerves.

(Napoleon turns his back on Andree and moves menacingly towards Belle who begins to back away again. Andree takes his sword out of its scabbard and prods Napoleon in the back with it.)

Andree:- I suggest that you should be the one to leave Monsieur.

Napoleon:- (Turning round) Hey, what is this? I've done nothing wrong.

Andree:- And I'm not going to give you the chance to. Now begone before I lose my temper.

Napoleon:- I'm going but you've not heard the last of me.
I'll get my revenge on you, whoever you are.

(Napoleon hisses at audience and exits.)

Belle:- Thank you Monsieur. I'm very grateful.

Andree:- (Placing sword back in scabbard) You're welcome. I hate to see bullies getting their own way. What's your name my dear?

Belle:- It's Belle.

Andree:- What a pretty name! I'm Andree. (He bows)

Belle:- It's nice to meet you. (She curtsies) I'm just off to the well to draw water.

(Belle goes over to the pail and picks it up.)

Andree:- Let me help you.

(Andree follows Belle and takes the pail from her.)

Belle:- Thank you Andree. That's very kind of you. Do you live near the village?

Andree:- No unfortunately. It is four hours journey to my - - house in the mountains.

Belle:- I've never met anyone like you before.

Andree:- And you are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I do hope we can meet again.

Belle:- So do I.

Duet (Belle and Andree)

Suggested numbers:- The first man you remember (Aspects of Love)

Got to get you into my life
I'll see you in my dreams
We've only just begun

Andree:- Shall we go to the well?

Belle:- (Smiling) Why not!

(They are about to exit when Madame Fifi enters with full basket.)

Fifi:- Ah Belle, there you are! What are you doing with that young man?

Belle:- Hello mother. Let me introduce Andree.

Fifi:- Bonjour Monsieur. (She curtsies and then turns to the audience) Seems like a nice boy.

Andree:- (Bowing gracefully) It's a pleasure to meet the mother of such a charming young lady. I was about to help Belle draw some water from the well.

Fifi:- I'm afraid she hasn't time for that now. Her father is about to leave on a long journey. We need her help at home.

Andree:- Then let me fill the pail and I will bring it round to your house.

Fifi:- That's very kind of you. We live at Garlic Cottage on Rue de Moulin. (To audience) For the folks that don't speak French that means Mill Street. It seems to lose something in translation, doesn't it?

Andree:- Right! I'm sure I'll find it.

Belle:- See you later Andree.

Andree:- You can count on it.

Fifi:- Come along Belle. There's some packing still to do. (Fifi takes Belle's hand and pulls her towards the exit.)

Belle:- Bye.

(Belle smiles at Andree as Fifi pulls her offstage.)

Andree:- What a wonderful girl! I can't wait to see her again.

(The Lord Chamberlain enters. He is ageing and staggers rather than walks.)

Lord Ch:- (In stage whisper) Your Highness, your Highness, I didn't want to disturb you while you were talking to that young person but it's time we were starting out on our journey back to the chateau.

Andree:- Oh Lord Chamberlain, I can't leave yet. I've promised to fill this pail with water.

Lord Ch:- But if we leave it much later we won't reach our destination until after dark and there is still snow in the mountains. It could be dangerous.

Andree:- Another half hour won't make any difference. I must see Belle again before I leave.

Lord Ch:- But she's just a peasant girl. She's hardly a fit companion for a prince.

Andree:- But princes have married commoners in the past and lived very happy lives. My grandfather married a goosgirl and they had ten children, one of them being my late father.

Lord Ch:- No good will come of it, mark my words. The girl for you is Princess Gabriella of Alsace.

Andree:- But she weighs about twenty stones and her eyes are crossed.

Lord Ch:- She may not be the prettiest girl in the world but she does have royal blood in her veins.

Andree:- You are a snob Lord Chamberlain! You'll be asking me to marry that old witch Grottilda next. You know, the one that lives in that gloomy old castle on the other side of the valley.

Lord Ch:- She's very rich and has lots of influence. You could do much worse than Grottilda your Highness.

Andree:- Could I? I doubt it! No, Belle is the girl for me. (There is the sound of voices offstage.)

Lord Ch:- Some villagers are approaching your Highness.

Andree:- Quick, lets go to the well. I do not wish people to find out who I am. I want to see Belle's face

when I tell her that I'm really Prince Andree of Montpelier.

(Andree exits swinging the pail.)

Lord Ch:- (To audience) This is all going to end in tears.
I can feel it in my bones.

(The Lord Chamberlain follows the Prince off as the Chorus and Junior Dancers enter from the opposite side of the stage. The Junior Dancers are dressed as children of the villagers. The orchestra plays 'busy' background music. Amongst the Chorus are Fifi's husband Hercule and Hortense the horse. They are followed by Alphonse, Esmeralda and Fifi who is laden down with luggage. Alphonse and Esmeralda are still wearing roller skates. Fifi drops the luggage centre stage.)

Fifi:- (To audience) This is my husband Hercule. He's the one that's off to Nice for the wallpaper exhibition. Say hello to the nice people Hercule.

Hercule:- (To audience) Hello nice people.

Fifi:- And this is his horse Hortense. Say hello to the nice people as well Hortense.

(Hortense neighs loudly at the audience.)

Isn't she lovely? (To Hortense) Now I want you to take good care of Hercule. It's a long journey and it means travelling through the mountains. The weather forecast isn't very good either, so you will be careful won't you?

(Hortense nods in agreement.)

Alphonse:- How long will it take you dad?

Hercule:- Oh I should be there by this time tomorrow.

Alphonse:- Where are you going to sleep tonight?

Hercule:- There's a little inn up in the mountains. I should get there before dark.

Fifi:- I hope you've got enough luggage. I packed most of it myself.

Hercule:- There seems to be an awful lot for Hortense to carry. Do I need all that?

Fifi:- Well lets see what we've got. (Picking up package) These are spare horseshoes for Hortense.

Hercule:- But you've just had new shoes fitted, haven't you Hortense?

(Hortense nods and neighs loudly.)

Fifi:- Well we can get rid of those.

(Fifi throws the package offstage and a loud crash can be heard as though the package is hitting the floor. She jumps in surprise. Hercule picks up long package.)

Hercule:- What's in this package?

Fifi:- Half a dozen spare rolls of wallpaper. I thought you might be able to flog them at the exhibition.

Hercule:- But they're at least ten years old. Nobody will want them.

Fifi:- Right, they can go.

(Fifi again throws the package offstage and there is another loud crash. Again she jumps.)

Hercule:- What's this?

(Hercule picks up package which is obviously a shovel wrapped in brown paper.)

Fifi:- It's a shovel.

Hercule:- You do surprise me.

Fifi:- It's true! I thought you'd need to clear up after Hortense.

(Hortense neighs vigorously.)

Hercule:- Now look what you've done. You've upset her. She's house trained, aren't you Hortense?

(Hortense nods in agreement.)

Fifi:- Okay, that can go as well.

(Again Fifi throws the package into the wings with the same results. Meanwhile Hercule picks up short ladder carefully wrapped in brown paper.)

Hercule:- What's this for?

Fifi:- That's for if you fall into a crevasse.

Hercule:- But Hortense can pull me out.

Fifi:- You mean you don't want that either?

Hercule:- I'm afraid not.

Fifi:- Here we go again.

(Fifi takes the ladder from Hercule and again throws it into the wings with usual results. Meanwhile Hercule picks up the last piece of luggage which is a bag or small suitcase.)

Hercule:- What's in this?

Fifi:- Two shirts, three pairs of socks and a spare pair of long johns.

Hercule:- What about some food for the journey?

Fifi:- Oh dear, I knew I'd forgotten something.

(Belle rushes on with a small package.)

Belle:- Don't worry father. I've made you some sandwiches. They'll keep you going until you reach the inn.

Hercule:- (Taking package) Thank you Belle. You're a real treasure.

Belle:- Do take care father. It's a long way to Nice.

Fifi:- (Sobbing) Yes. If you kill yourself I'll never speak to you again.

Alphonse:- I've arranged for the kids to do a little dance for you before you go. Come on kids, let's show my dad just how good you are.

Song and Dance (Chorus and Junior Dancers)

Suggested numbers:- Wish me luck as you wave me goodbye
Goodbye-ee
Be back soon (Oliver)

(During the number Hercule says goodbye to Fifi, Alphonse and finally Belle. Hercule and Hortense exit as everyone waves and the running tabs draw.)

Scene 2 - A Street in the Village(Front cloth or tabs)

(Grottilda enters in green spotlight. She is carrying a mirror.)

Grottilda:- (To audience) Do you know who I am? No? Well I'll tell you. I'm Grottilda, the real baddie in this show. You may think that innkeeper Napoleon is evil but you ain't seen nothin' yet. I'm so wicked I can make your milk sour or turn your wine into vinegar. Today I'm very angry so don't upset me or I may be forced to turn you all into something nasty like a double glazing salesman or a bank manager.

Do you know why I'm so angry? No? Well I'll tell you. I was watching Prince Andree through my magic mirror when I saw him chatting up that simpering girl Belle. What's she got that I haven't got more of? I'm the one he should marry. We were meant for each other. We both own large properties with lots of land. And we're both extremely goodlooking people.

When he returns to his chateau tonight I'll call on him to make my intentions known. The spring is coming so we can arrange a June wedding. I'll make a beautiful bride. (She cackles.) If he doesn't agree he had better take care for my powers are great.

(The Rose Fairy enters. She is carrying a wand covered in roses.)

Fairy:- Not so fast Grottilda! Your powers may be great but if you harm Prince Andree in any way you will have me to contend with.

Grottilda:- And who the devil are you?

Fairy:- I am the Rose Fairy and have watched over the Prince since he was a child.

Grottilda:- Your powers are nothing compared with mine. Fly off back to Fairyland and leave me alone to get on with my dirty work or I'll stick you on the top of the next available Christmas tree.

Fairy:- You can't get rid of me that easily. I'll be on hand to ensure your evil doings don't ruin Prince Andree's life. He is in love with Belle and nothing you do can change that.

Grottilda:- You wouldn't care to bet on that would you?

Fairy:- Oh you may be clever but goodness will win through in the end.

Grottilda:- Don't make me laugh!

Duet (Grottilda and Rose Fairy)

Suggested number:- Black magic, white magic (Tune:- She'll be coming round the mountains - words below.)

Grottilda:- I'm as nasty as a spider with a fly.
I'm as filthy as a piglet in a sty.
I'm as evil as Attila.

Fairy:- And as thick as Polyfilla.

Grottilda:- I will be a fairy killer by and by.

(Grottilda approaches the Rose Fairy menacingly but the Fairy holds out her wand and Grottilda is driven back.)

Grottilda:- So I'll conjure up blackmagic night and day.
Yes I'll conjure up black magic come what may.
Yes I'll conjure up blackmagic and the outcome
will be tragic,
When I conjure up black magic night and day.

Fairy:- I will do my best to foil your little game.
I will put your nasty goings-on to shame.
I am everybody's chum.

Fairy:- And a right pain in the bum.

Fairy:- So I'll help you when I come, just call my name.

(The Rose Fairy gives Grottilda a sickly sweet smile.)

Fairy:- So I'll conjure up white magic night and day.
Yes I'll conjure up white magic come what may.
Yes I'll conjure up white magic and the outcome
won't be tragic,
When I conjure up white magic night and day.

Grottilda:- You're as sickly as the icing on a bun.

Fairy:- You're as gruesome as a gangster with a gun.

Grottilda:- So why don't you fly away dear?

Fairy:- No I think I'd like to stay dear.

Grottilda and Fairy:- For I know I'll get my way dear when we're
done.

So we'll conjure up black/white magic night and
day.
Yes we'll conjure up black/white magic come what
may.
Yes we'll conjure up black/white magic and the
outcome will/won't be tragic,
When we conjure up black/white magic night and
day.

(Grottilda and the Rose Fairy exit to their relevant sides, Grottilda cackling as she goes. Fifi enters.)

Fifi:- Did you hear that? There's something nasty going
on round here. I'm sure that was a wicked witch
and we don't like wicked witches do we? (Audience
replies.) I said we don't like wicked witches do
we? (Audience replies again, hopefully much louder
this time.) That's better. I thought you'd all
nodded off. So whenever she comes on I want you to
boo and hiss. Can you do that? (Audience replies.)
You don't sound very sure. I think we'd better
give you a few lessons. I'll call Alphonse and he
can pretend to be the witch. (Calling) Alphonse.

(Alphonse enters. He is no longer on roller skates.)

Alphonse:- Is tea ready?

Fifi:- No it isn't. You haven't done the washing up from breakfast yet. Now I want you to do something for me.

Alphonse:- Not fetch two bottles of milk stout from the off-licence again?

Fifi:- No, certainly not. I want you to pretend you're a witch and come creeping onto the stage.

Alphonse:- What on earth for? It's not Halloween is it?

Fifi:- No, but I think we have a witch in the neighbourhood and I want this lot, I mean this nice audience, to warn us if she comes on.

Alphonse:- Oh!

Fifi:- They can be our neighbourhood watch - a sort of witch watch. Have you got that?

Alphonse:- I think so.

Fifi:- Off you go then and come back on imitating a witch.

Alphonse:- Right.

(Alphonse exits.)

Fifi:- He's a good lad really. He can't help it if he's as thick as two short planks. Come on then Alphonse.

(Alphonse creeps on and hisses at audience who will hopefully hiss back.)

Fifi:- (To audience) That's not very good. We want to frighten her not make her think there's a gas leak. Try it again Alphonse.

(Alphonse exits and reappears immediately cackling like a witch. The audience will hopefully hiss again.)

Fifi:- That's better but I don't think you'll frighten her unless you're twice as loud as that. One more time Alphonse.

(Alphonse exits and again reappears immediately cackling like a witch. The audience should now be hissing loudly.)

Fifi:- That's better. Now why couldn't you do that in the first place?

(Belle and Andree enter. Andree is carrying the pail of water.)

Andree:- I've filled the pail of water for you Madame Camambert.

Fifi:- You are a good lad Andree. Are you going to be staying in these parts for long?

Andree:- I'm afraid not. I must return immediately to my - - my home in the mountains. I have a fast horse so I should be able to make it before dark.

Fifi:- Well we'll leave you two young people to say your farewells. Come on Alphonse. You can do the washing up and set the table for tea.

Alphonse:- Do I have to? I want to play with my computer game.

Fifi:- Well you can't.

Alphonse:- Why not?

Fifi:- Because they haven't been invented yet. Come on.

(Fifi takes the pail from Andree with one hand and grabs Alphonse by the ear with the other.)

Alphonse:- (To Belle and Andree) Don't do anything I wouldn't.

Fifi:- Oh come on.

(Fifi exits and pulls Alphonse off by the ear.)

Andree:- May I come and visit you again Belle?

Belle:- That would be lovely.

Andree:- My - - - work will keep me busy for a few days but I'll be free in a week's time.

Belle:- I'll look forward to it.

Andree:- And now I must go. Take care of yourself until we meet again. I love you very much.

Duet (Andree and Belle)

This should be short reprise of the number used in Scene 1.

(As the number finishes they exit to opposite sides of the stage.)

Scene 3 - The Throne Room of Prince Andree's Chateau

(This is a sumptuous set with a throne on a rostrum centre stage. The throne has a very large back behind which the Beast can be hidden. If possible there should be ground rows on each side of the throne so that the Beast can creep behind them just before his entrance. There should also be a smoke machine hidden from view. The Chorus are dressed as courtiers and are grouped around the stage.)

Song (Chorus)

Suggested numbers:- Thou swell (A Connecticut Yankee)
The loveliest night of the year
Something sorta grandish (Finian's Rainbow)

(At the end of the number the Chorus dress the stage as the Lord Chamberlain enters. He carries a large staff which he knocks three times on the floor.)

Lord Ch:- (Announcing) His Royal Highness Prince Andree of Montpelier.

(The Chorus bow and curtsy as Prince Andree enters.)

Andree:- Good evening everyone. It feels good to be back at the chateau again.

(The Prince walks to the throne and sits down.)

Lord Ch:- (To courtiers) His Highness has had a very tiring ride. The snow is beginning to fall and we could

have been lost in the mountains had we not known the way, so I don't want any of you courtiers pestering him with affairs of state tonight. They can wait until the morning.

Andree:- Nonsense Lord Chamberlain! I'm as fit as a fiddle.
(Rising) I've never felt so good and do you know why?

Chorus:- No your Highness.

Andree:- Well I'll tell you. Today I met the most wonderful girl in the world and in a week's time I shall return to her village and ask her to be my bride.

(The Chorus cheer.)

Lord Ch:- You don't think your Highness is being a little hasty do you?

Andree:- No at all. I've met many eligible ladies over the last five years but they have meant nothing to me. Today was different. This girl was like a breath of fresh air blowing into a dusty old attic. Today I fell in love for the first time in my life.

(There are gasps from the Chorus.)

Lord Ch:- Oh dear! What's to become of us? The royal blood will be watered down more than the wine in the village inn.

(The Lord Chamberlain exits shaking his head in despair.)

Andree:- Take no notice of the Lord Chamberlain. He is still living in the dark ages. This girl is the kindest, sweetest creature on God's earth. Next week when I bring her back to the chateau there will be a grand feast and much celebrating in her honour.

(The Lord Chamberlain re-enters.)

Lord Ch:- Excuse me your Highness. Grottilda, the enchantress is demanding an audience.

Andree:- Oh dear! Never mind! Nothing can upset me tonight. Show her in.

(Andree returns to the throne and sits down.)

Lord Ch:- Very good your Highness.

(The Lord Chamberlain exits.)

Andree:- I wonder what the old crone wants. She's not to be trusted, but she won't upset me tonight. I'm in too good a mood.

(The Lord Chamberlain enters followed by Grottilda who hisses at the audience who will hopefully hiss back.)

Lord Ch:- (Announcing) The Lady Grottilda of Castle Treacherous.

Grottilda:- (Greasily) Good evening your Highness. I trust you've had a pleasant journey.

Andree:- Most pleasant thank you Lady Grottilda, but I'm sure you haven't travelled all the way across the valley just to enquire about my health. What can I do for you at this late hour?

Grottilda:- Well you know what a close friend I have been to you since moving into my castle some years ago?

Andree:- Of course. And I trust you will remain so in the years to come.

Grottilda:- Quite so, but I was hoping that our alliance could be cemented in a much more - - - permanent way.

(Grottilda sidles to the throne.)

Andree:- (Innocently) How do you mean?

Grottilda:- Come now, you don't wish me to spell it out for you surely.

Andree:- Do you wish us to sign some deed of friendship?

Grottilda:- That's not quite what I had in mind. Haven't you noticed how my eyes sparkle when I'm in your presence?

Andree:- I can't say that I have.

Grottilda:- And how my cheeks glow when you approach?

Andree:- Not really.

Grottilda:- What about the spring in my step? Have you not seen how it quickens when I'm close to you?

Andree:- I'm afraid you have the advantage over me. Please tell me in plain words what you have in mind.

Grottilda:- Very well. I will tell you in one simple word - marriage.

Andree:- (Jumping up) What?

Grottilda:- I can see us now walking down the aisle together. We would make a really handsome couple.

Andree:- Lady Grottilda, I'm afraid you're barking up the wrong tree. I could never marry you in a thousand years.

Grottilda:- (Changing her tone) What?

Andree:- I am in love with someone else and I intend to bring her back here as my princess.

Grottilda:- What?

Andree:- So much as I appreciate your offer, I'm afraid the answer must be 'no'.

Grottilda:- How dare you! How dare you insult me! I am the Lady Grottilda of Castle Treacherous and nobody insults me and gets away with it.

Andree:- And now I must ask you to leave. This audience is at an end.

Grottilda:- No way Andree! If you won't marry me I'll make sure no-one else wants you.

Lord Ch:- (Stepping forward)How dare you speak to the Prince in that manner?

Grottilda:- Blizzard come and night winds moan.
Turn this moron into stone.

(As Grottilda chants the above she waves her arms at the Chamberlain who freezes.)

Andree:- You've gone too far Grottilda. I demand that you unfreeze the Lord Chamberlain immediately.

Grottilda:- (Greasily) Marry me and I will.

Andree:- (Pointing to two men in the Chorus) You two, throw this woman out.

(The two Chorus men step forward.)

Grottilda:- Now I will do something frightening.
These two will be struck by lightning.

(The lights flash and the two Chorus men fall to the floor.)

Andree:- Then I suppose I must throw you out myself.

(Andree approaches Grottilda and should be at the side of the throne when she commences the following spell.)

Grottilda:- (Waving arms in front of Andree)
Andree you've offended me.
So you'll lose your dignity.
There will be no wedding feast.
Turn this Prince into a beast.

(There is a drum roll, flashing lights and smoke comes up from behind the throne. Andree sinks onto his knees and disappears into the smoke and behind the throne. The Beast, in identical clothing, emerges growling at the other side of the throne. Grottilda cackles as 'evil' chords are played by the orchestra.)

Grottilda:- That will teach your Highness to spurn my love.

(There is a flash and Grottilda exits cackling grotesquely. The Chorus huddle together in fright and the Lord Chamberlain wakes up.)

Lord Ch:- What's happened? Where am I? (Seeing the Beast)
Oh your Highness, what has happened to you?

(The Beast growls and approaches the Lord Chamberlain menacingly. The Lord Chamberlain turns tail and hides amongst the Chorus.)

Lord Ch:- Oh my! What are we going to do?

(The Beast continues to growl and approaches various members of the Chorus who back away screaming.)

Lord Ch:- Help! Please help - somebody - anybody.

(There is the sound of a cymbal and the Rose Fairy enters complete with rose wand with detachable rose.)

Fairy:- Hold!

(The Beast turns to the Rose Fairy and begins to calm down. The Rose Fairy waves her wand in his direction.)

Fairy:- Poor Beast, poor Beast, your future's looking bleak.

But things are not quite hopeless yet.
From now on you will speak.

Beast:- (Still growling but not so loudly) Who - - has -
- done - - this - - monstrous - - thing - -
to - - me?

Fairy:- Grottilda the Enchantress is responsible.

Beast:- I will tear her to pieces.

(The Beast makes wringing gestures with his paws.)

Fairy:- Her powers are too strong for you to do that. She
is able to inject hate into your heart but I have
here something that will give you hope for the
future.

(The Rose Fairy takes rose from wand and holds it out to the
Beast.)

Beast:- (Sneeringly) A rose? What good can that do?

(The Beast ignores the rose and sits on the throne dejectedly.)

Fairy:- If you can find someone who will truly love you
before the last petal falls from the flower then
you will become a human being again. I will summon
my fairy attendants to work a little magic to help
calm your fevered brow. Come my darlings. Come and
dance for Prince Andree.

(The Junior Dancers enter. They are dressed as fairies.)

Dance (Junior Dancers)

Suggested numbers:- Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy (The
Nutmcracker)
Sleeping Beauty Waltz
Magic moments

(The Junior Dancers exit at the end of the number.)

Fairy:- Please take the rose Prince Andree. It is the only
chance you have of regaining your original form.

Beast:- (Grabbing rose) The chances of anyone loving me
are almost nil. Just look at me.

Fairy:- Stranger things have happened. Keep it safe and
care for it well.

Lord Ch:- I will bring you a vase your Highness.

(The Lord Chamberlain exits.)

Fairy:- Keep your spirits high. I will be watching over
you. Farewell.

(The Rose Fairy exits in a flash.)

Beast:- I may just as well pluck the petals from this rose
myself. I am doomed.

(The Beast is about to tear the petals from the rose when the
Lord Chamberlain enters with a vase and a stand.)

Lord Ch:- Please don't harm the rose your Highness. I've
filled a vase with water.

(The Lord Chamberlain places the vase on the stand near to the
throne.)

Beast:- Here, take it. It annoys me.

(The Beast throws the rose at the Lord Chamberlain who picks it up and places it in the vase.)

Lord Ch:- There we are. So long as the rose lives there is hope.

Beast:- Now leave me alone to bemoan my fate. (Angrily)
Get out, all of you.

(The Chorus curtsy and bow and make quick exit.)

Lord Ch:- Goodnight your Highness.

Beast:- And don't disturb me until morning.

Lord Ch:- (Frightened) Very good your Highness.

(The Lord Chamberlain bows and exits.)

Beast:- (Pacing up and down) What is to become of me? Must I remain a beast until my dying day? Oh Belle, how can you possibly love me now? Look at my hands. They are ugly paws.

(The Beast slowly feels his face as the Lord Chamberlain enters with Hercule who is looking tired and cold.)

Lord Ch:- Sorry to bother you again your Highness.

Beast:- (Angrily) Get out. I told you not to disturb me.

Lord Ch:- But this gentleman has just arrived at the front door. He was lost in the snowstorm.

Beast:- So what? Throw him back into the snow and let him die there.

Lord Ch:- Your Highness doesn't mean that surely?

Beast:- Oh don't I? Throw him out I say.

Hercule:- But your Highness I have a wife and two children back in the village of Petitpois. They will become destitute if I should die.

Beast:- Did you say the village of Petitpois?

Hercule:- Yes. My daughter Belle will be heartbroken if she hears of my death.

Beast:- You are the father of a girl called Belle?

Hercule:- Yes your Highness. She is the most beautiful creature in the whole of France.

Lord Ch:- Have mercy your Highness.

Beast:- Very well but you will become my prisoner here in the chateau.

Hercule:- But I've done nothing wrong.

Beast:- Silence! You will stay here and every week you will write to your daughter. When she replies you will show me the letter.

Hercule:- It seems I have no choice.

Beast:- Not unless you would prefer to die in the snow. Now take him away Chamberlain. I wish to be left alone.

Lord Ch:- Very good your Highness. (To Hercule) Please come this way. I will arrange for a room to be made ready for you.

Hercule:- Thank you.

(The Lord Chamberlain exits followed by Hercule who takes one last pitiful look at the Beast before he goes. The Beast flings himself down on the throne dejectedly.)

Beast:- This is the worst day of my life. My only news of Belle will be through her letters to her father. How can I go on living with all my hopes smashed to a thousand pieces?

Song (The Beast)

Suggested numbers:- Goodbye to love
I can't stop loving you
This nearly was mine (South Pacific)
Memory (Cats)

(The tabs slowly draw at the end of the number.)

Scene 4 - A Street in the village (Front cloth or tabs)

(Napoleon enters. He laughs evilly at the audience.)

Napoleon:- With old Hercule away on business and that young upstart of a stranger gone from the village it should be easy to make my intentions known to Belle. I know she usually walks this way to go to the shops at about this time of day. (Looking offstage) Ah, here she comes now. I must make myself look presentable.

(Napoleon takes out a comb and starts combing his hair as Belle enters. She is carrying a shopping basket.)

Napoleon:- Good day Belle. What a pleasant surprise! How are you today?

Belle:- Fine thank you Napoleon. Good day.

(Belle looks straight forward and walks past him.)

Napoleon:- Don't go Belle. I would like to talk to you.

(Napoleon follows Belle and takes her arm.)

Belle:- (Shrugging off his hand on her arm) I've no wish to talk to you after our last meeting.

Napoleon:- Don't be like that. I only wanted to show you how much I value your company.

Belle:- I'm sorry Napoleon but I don't value yours.

(Belle turns to go.)

Napoleon:- Come now Belle, I would make a fine husband for a girl like you.

(Napoleon takes Belle's arm again.)

Belle:- Please leave me alone Monsieur. I do not love you and I will never be your wife.

(Belle tries to break away but he will not let go of her arm.)

Napoleon:- Then I can see I will have to use force.

(Napoleon pulls Belle towards him.)

Belle:- (Struggling) Stop it. You're hurting me.

Napoleon:- Struggle all you like. You're not strong enough to break away from me. And your new found friend doesn't seem to be on hand to help you this time.

Belle:- (Loudly) Help. Help.

(Napoleon laughs as Fifi runs on followed by Alphonse and Esmeralda.)

Fifi:- (Adopting pugilistic pose) Leave my daughter alone or I'll separate you from your breath.

Napoleon:- Oh yes? And who's going to do it?

Fifi:- (Thrusting Alphonse in front of her) My son Alphonse. Go on lad. Give him what for.

Alphonse:- What for?

Fifi:- What do you mean 'What for'? He's molesting your sister.

Alphonse:- Do I have to?

Fifi:- Of course you have to. The family honour's at stake.

Napoleon:- Tell him to come back when he's out of his nappies.

(Napoleon starts to make further advances towards Belle.)

Alphonse:- Hey you, leave my sister alone or I'll hit you with my bare fists.

(Alphonse starts to dance around Napoleon with his fists up.)

Napoleon:- (Shoving Alphonse out of the way) Get lost you little squirt.

(Alphonse falls over.)

Esmeralda:- (Walking across to Napoleon) Do you realise that you've just knocked my boyfriend down?

Napoleon:- So what?

Esmeralda:- So I'll just have to get even.

Napoleon:- You'd do better getting lost.

Esmeralda:- Right, that does it.

(Esmeralda hits Napoleon on the nose with suitable orchestral accompaniment. He lets go of Belle and falls on the floor. Belle runs across to Fifi who is helping Alphonse up.)

Napoleon:- (Holding his nose so that he speaks nasally) You've just hit me.

Esmeralda:- I'll do more than that if you're not careful.

Napoleon:- (Getting up and going over to Fifi) You had better beware. I was on my way to collect the rent on your cottage. If you haven't got it you'll be thrown out lock, stock and barrel.

Fifi:- But I haven't got a lock, a stock or a barrel.
 Napoleon:- Then I'll throw out all the things that really matter like your beds and chairs and table.
 Fifi:- But my husband has taken all our money with him to the exhibition. What are we going to do?
 Napoleon:- You should have thought of that before you let her hit me.
 Alphonse:- There must be something we can do for you in payment.
 Napoleon:- (Folding his arms across him) No, nothing.
 Fifi:- (Going down on her knees in supplication) But you can't throw us out. There must be something we can do for you.
 Napoleon:- (Stroking his chin and grimacing evilly) Oh yes! You are a firm of painters and decorators aren't you?

Fifi and Alphonse:- Yes.

Napoleon:- Then you can paper the attic in the village inn for nothing.
 Fifi:- But it's haunted.
 Napoleon:- (Grinning) So it is!
 Alphonse:- I daren't go up there. I'm scared.
 Napoleon:- (Ruthlessly) Then out of your cottage you go.
 Fifi:- (Shoving Alphonse behind her) We'll do it right-away, won't we folks?

Esmeralda and Belle:- Yes.

Napoleon:- Come round after closing time tonight. I'll leave the door open.

(Napoleon exits laughing evilly.)

Fifi:- I'm hopeless at papering. If only your father were here.
 Alphonse:- I'm hopeless as well. What are we going to do?
 Esmeralda:- Don't worry. I'll help you.
 Belle:- So will I.

(Hortense the horse staggers on in a daze. She neighs dejectedly)

Fifi:- It's Hortense! She looks all-in. Alphonse, go and get some brandy.

Alphonse:- Okay.

(Alphonse dashes offstage.)

Fifi:- What's happened to Hercule? I hope he's all right.

Belle:- It was a bad storm last night. He may have got lost in the mountains

Fifi:- Don't say that.

(Alphonse returns with a bottle of brandy which he hands to Fifi)

Alphonse:- Here you are. It's four star.

Fifi:- Wonderful!

(Fifi takes off the top and has a swig.)

Alphonse:- Wait a minute. I thought the brandy was for the horse.

Fifi:- First things first. (Taking another swig) That's better! Now the horse can have a drop. Come on Hortense. It's your turn now. (Holding bottle up to see just how much is left and then putting it to horse's mouth) This'll perk you up a bit. (Taking bottle away) Are you feeling better?

(Hortense nods and hiccoughs.)

Fifi:- Is Hercule lost in the mountains?

(Hortense shakes her head.)

Fifi:- He is still alive, isn't he?

(Hortense nods.)

Fifi:- Thank heavens for that. I wonder where he can be.

Belle:- Let me try. (To Hortense) Did he find shelter for the night?

(Hortense nods.)

Belle:- Is he staying at the inn high up in the mountains?

(Hortense shakes her head.)

Belle:- Not at the inn! I wonder where he can be.

Alphonse:- Is it a small cottage?

(Hortense shakes her head.)

Alphonse:- Then it must be a big place.

(Hortense nods.)

Esmeralda:- We're getting closer. Is it a posh hotel like -
- - - (local large hotel)?

(Hortense shakes her head.)

Esmeralda: It's not a cave is it?

(Hortense shakes her head again.)

Fifi:- We're not doing very well. The best thing we can do is to get Hortense to show us the way, (To Hortense) Will you do that?

(Hortense nods.)

Fifi:- Then we'll set out immediately. Who knows - Hercule may have hurt himself. He may need a nurse.

Alphonse:- But we can't leave the village. We've got a big job to do. Don't you remember we've got Napoleon's attic to paper tonight. If we don't do it rightaway we'll be thrown out of the cottage.

Belle:- I have the answer. You three go and paper the room and I'll go with Hortense to find father.

Fifi:- But it could be dangerous.

Belle:- Don't worry. Hortense will protect me, won't you?
(Hortense nods.)

Belle:- If father's hurt I'll look after him and when he's fit enough to travel we'll return to the village together. If Andree calls before I get back tell him I'll see him as soon as possible.

Fifi:- You're a good daughter Belle.

Belle:- Au revoir everyone. I'll take Hortense back to the cottage for some food before we set out.

Fifi:- Be careful in those mountains. Tata darling.

(Fifi pecks Belle's cheek and Belle then exits with Hortense as Fifi, Alphonse and Esmeralda wave goodbye.)

Fifi:- I hope she remembers to put on her fur-lined bloomers. It can be mighty cold above the snow line.

Alphonse:- I'm fed up. Everything seems to be going wrong.

Esmeralda:- Things look blacker than one of - - - -
(Chancellor of the Exchequer)'s budgets.

Fifi:- Cheer up you two. When things are as bad as this, there's only one way our fortunes can go and that is upwards.

Alphonse:- Do you really think so?

Fifi:- Of course! And there's one sure way of cheering yourselves up.

Esmeralda:- What's that?

Fifi:- You gotta sing.

Song (Fifi followed by Alphonse and Esmeralda)

Suggested numbers:- Bare necessities (Jungle Book)
A spoonful of sugar (Mary Poppins)
Look for the silver lining
Any cheery pop number

(At the end of the number they all exit and the tabs draw back on Scene 5.)

Scene 5 - The Haunted Attic at the Village Inn

(This scene should be a minimum of three flats hinged together. They should be plain say beige and the centre one should be a door flat with a practical door which opens towards the back of the stage. The flats need not extend the full width of the stage, but they should have a backing of dark curtains or a backcloth. The Senior Dancers are on stage dressed as ghosts, skeletons and other spectres. It is suggested that there be UV lighting for the dance sequence.)

Dance (Senior Dancers)