

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

Screenplay by  
Stephen Chbosky and Evan Spiliotopoulos

Music by Alan Menken

Lyrics by Howard Ashman  
and Tim Rice

Based on the 1991 Animated Film  
"Beauty and the Beast"  
Screenplay by Linda Woolverton

August 10, 2016

1

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT

1

A MAGNIFICENT CASTLE. Resplendent, bespeaking great wealth and\*  
power. The grounds and stonework immaculate. \*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Once upon a time in the hidden heart of  
France, a handsome young Prince lived in  
a beautiful castle...

RACK FOCUS to a single RED ROSE clinging to a rose bush on a \*  
stormy spring night. A WEATHERED HAND plucks the rose. \*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Although he had everything his heart  
desired, the Prince was selfish and  
unkind. \*

2

INT. BALLROOM ENTRANCE - CASTLE - NIGHT

2

TIGHT ON **THE PRINCE** being groomed by his servants. (We do not  
see their faces.) A **FRENCH MAID** paints an exotic animal mask  
on the Prince's face with a feather brush. A **TALL VALET** drapes  
the Prince with an elaborately bejeweled coat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He taxed the village to fill his  
castle with the most beautiful  
objects... \*

The MAID dusts his wig with powder -

MAID

Poof poof... \*

- while a **MAJORDOMO** holds a POCKET WATCH, indicating that they \*  
are running late. \*

MAJORDOMO

Master, it's time. \*

With a haughty wave, the Prince instructs his **FOOTMAN** to  
bring more light.

FOOTMAN

Oui, maître. \*

A CANDELABRA is lifted to the preening Prince as he looks at  
himself in an ornate HAND MIRROR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

... and his parties with the most  
beautiful people. \*

3

INT. BALLROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT

3

The ornate room is filled with BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE from all corners of the world, each on display for the Prince's pleasure. A circle of eligible maidens bow their heads.

\*  
\*  
\*

Seated in a throne chair dominated by a majestic COAT OF ARMS, the Prince snaps his fingers impatiently at an **ITALIAN MAESTRO**, who smiles, revealing comically rotten teeth.

\*  
\*  
\*

The maestro sits at a harpsichord and motions to his wife, a **LARGE DIVA** holding a **TINY BICHON FRISÉ**. As the music begins, the Prince steps forward.

The diva fills the room with a voice as big as her frame. The Prince performs a ROUNDELAY with several debutantes:

DIVA

*Oh how divine  
Glamour, music and magic combine  
See the maidens so anxious to shine  
Look for a sign that enhances  
Chances  
She'll be his special one*

5

INT. BALLROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT

5

The dance speeds up. The Prince connects momentarily with a beautiful woman -- but quickly moves on when his eye catches someone even more dazzling:

\*

DIVA

*What a display!  
What a breathtaking thrilling array  
(coos to the dog)  
Every prince, every dog has his day  
Let us sing with passion, gusto  
Fit to bust - oh  
Not a care in the world*

KNOCK KNOCK. The Prince stops. Then a gust of wind blows open the windows. Sconces flicker and go dark. The figure enters in silhouette, hobbling on a CANE.

Furious, the Prince grabs a lit candelabra from the Footman. He rudely pushes through the crowd, sweeping people from his path. He crosses to the windows, finally revealing --

AN **OLD BEGGAR WOMAN** shivering from the rain. She looks to the Prince with hope and offers him -- A RED ROSE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then, one night, an unexpected intruder arrived at the castle, seeking shelter from the bitter storm. As a gift, she offered the Prince a single rose.

\*

The PRINCE'S HAND waves her off. The woman begs on her knees.  
The Prince motions to the staff.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Repulsed by her haggard appearance, the  
Prince turned the woman away. But she  
warned him not to be deceived by  
appearances, for beauty is found within.

\*

The majordomo and footman approach to usher her out. The woman  
lowers her head as if to cry --

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And when he dismissed her again, the old  
woman's outward appearance melted away  
to reveal...

Suddenly, the old woman's cape and hood cocoon. AN ERUPTION OF  
LIGHT as she transforms into...

\*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...a beautiful Enchantress.

The wind picks up inside the room. Frightened, the Prince  
falls to his knees.

\*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Prince tried to apologize but it  
was too late. For she had seen that  
there was no love in his heart.

\*

As the Prince begs for mercy, his body begins to transform.  
His jewelry pops off. His clothing rips as he grows larger.

\*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As punishment, she transformed him  
into a hideous beast...

The guests scream in horror and flee. But pushing his way  
through the crowd, A YOUNG BOY slips into the ballroom,  
watching in wonder as -- the PRINCE'S SHADOW twists into the  
SHADOW OF A HIDEOUS BEAST.

\*

The boy's mother frantically follows him inside --

\*

BOY'S MOTHER

Chip! Chip! Oh my...

\*

\*

-- just as the doors slam shut, leaving the staff, the  
entertainers and the dog trapped in the room.

\*

\*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

... and placed a powerful spell on the  
castle and all who lived there.



EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - MORNING

On cue, the villagers begin their day. A **HOUSEWIFE** opens a window, nods to a **WOMAN** shaking out a rug nearby. A **BUTCHER** opens his shop, waves to a **COBBLER** moving past with his cart. \*

VILLAGERS

*Bonjour. Bonjour. Bonjour. Bonjour.*

An old **VAGRANT** is the only one to notice Belle, smiling at her as he's tossed inside a HOLDING TANK by two **GENDARMES**. \*

VAGRANT

*Bonjour.*

Belle weaves between the villagers, making herself invisible. She passes a harried **BAKER**, buys a baguette -- \*

BELLE

*There goes the baker with his tray like  
always  
The same old bread and rolls to sell*

Belle approaches **JEAN**, the potter, tending to his **MULE**. \*

BELLE (CONT'D)

*Every morning just the same  
Since the morning that we came  
To this poor provincial town*

JEAN

*Good morning, Belle*

Jean scratches his head, trying to remember something. He searches his cart which is loaded with pottery. \*

BELLE

*Good morning, Monsieur Jean. Have you  
lost something again?*

JEAN

*I believe I have. Problem is, I can't  
remember what. Well, I'm sure it will  
come to me.*

As she leaves: \*

JEAN (CONT'D)

*Where are you off to?*

BELLE

*To return this book to Pere Robert.  
It's about two lovers in fair Verona.*

JEAN

*Sounds boring.*

\*  
\*

Later -- Belle passes **SCHOOL BOYS** as they march into the school\*  
house. Their heads turn in unison.

SCHOOL BOYS \*  
*Look there she goes*  
*That girl is strange, no question*

The **NASTY HEADMASTER** ushers them in impatiently. \*

NASTY HEADMASTER  
*Dazed and distracted, can't you tell?*

As the boys scramble into school, Belle steps on the stones  
over the duck pond -- revealing **GIRLS** forced into "woman's \*  
work" chores, washing clothes in the circular laverie. \*  
They're surrounded by women kneading clothes on barrels. \*

WASHER WOMEN \*  
*Never part of any crowd*  
*'Cause her head's up on some cloud*

LITTLE GIRLS  
*No denying she's a funny girl*  
*That Belle*

A **FLIRTATIOUS FARMER** approaches a **PRETTY FISHMONGER'S WIFE**. \*

FARMER \*  
*Bonjour, good day, how is your family?*

PRETTY FISHMONGER'S WIFE \*  
(pointed)  
*Bonjour, good day, how is your wife?*

**THE FISHMONGER** pops up next to his wife, sending the would-be- \*  
Lothario into retreat. Another fishmonger, the shrewish \*  
**CLOTHILDE**, accosts him: \*

CLOTHILDE  
*I need six eggs*

The **FARMER** points out the price. Belle moves past. \*

CLOTHILDE (CONT'D)  
*That's too expensive*

BELLE  
*There must be more than this provincial*  
*life*

Belle escapes into the peace and serenity of a country  
church. Jolly **PERE ROBERT** looks up as she enters.

PERE ROBERT

Well! If it isn't the only bookworm  
in town. So where did you run off to  
this week? \*

BELLE

Two cities in Northern Italy. I  
didn't want to come back. \*

Belle hands "*Romeo and Juliet*" to Pere Robert, who dutifully  
returns it to the shelves of the town's "library": a COUPLE  
DOZEN BOOKS in total. She remains hopeful.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Have you got any new places to go?

PERE ROBERT

I'm afraid not. But you may reread  
any of the old ones that you'd like.

BELLE

Thank you, Pere Robert. Your library  
almost makes our small corner of the  
world feel big. \*

He smiles. Belle picks up a new book and smiles back.

PERE ROBERT

Bon voyage.

11 **EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - DAY**

11

ANGLE ON BELLE -- nose planted in her book, she walks down  
into the crowded market which is just being set up. Belle  
passes **TOM, DICK, and STANLEY** - all burly, tough guys. \*

TOM, DICK & STANLEY \*

*Look -- there she goes  
The girl is so peculiar*

Belle buys jam then glides past an **APOTHECARY's** open cart: \*

APOTHECARY \*

*I wonder if she's feeling well*

Belle ducks under **CHEESE SELLERS** carrying their trays: \*

CHEESE SELLERS \*

*With a dreamy far-off look  
And her nose stuck in a book  
What a puzzle to the rest of us  
Is Belle*

Behind her, **FLORISTS** pass with huge bouquets. It's a glorious  
parade but Belle remains oblivious as she continues to read... \*

BELLE

*Oh... isn't this amazing?  
It's my favorite part because you'll see  
Here's where she meets Prince Charming  
But she won't discover that it's him  
'Til chapter three*

Three fashion-crazed **VILLAGE LASSES** -- all dressed in the same style -- pop their heads from the windows of the dress shop. Their **MOTHER**, who is besotted with Belle, heads outside when she sees her:

VILLAGE LASSES' MOTHER

*Now it's no wonder that her name means  
"Beauty"  
Her looks have got no parallel*

Her daughters follow, seething with jealousy:

VILLAGE LASS #1

*But behind that fair facade  
I'm afraid she's rather odd*

VILLAGE LASSES' MOTHER

(greet's Belle)

*Very different from the rest of us*

VILLAGE LASSES

*She's nothing like the rest of us  
Yes, different from the rest of us*

Belle slips through the crowd.

VILLAGERS

*Is Belle*

11A **EXT. VILLAGE PROMONTORY - DAY**

11A

Looking down on the village is **GASTON**, a dashing handsome war hero clad in a dazzling gold breastplate. The only thing bigger than his muscles is his ego. Strapped on his saddle is a musket and the spoils of his hunt: rabbit, fox, and fowl. Riding beside him is Gaston's long-suffering aide-de-camp and devoted best friend **LEFOU**.

Through his spyglass, Gaston spots Belle.

GASTON

*Look at her, LeFou. My future wife.  
Belle is the most beautiful girl in  
the village. That makes her the best.*

LEFOU

*But she's so well-read, and you're  
so...*

(about to say "not")

*Athletically inclined.*

GASTON

I know. Belle can be as argumentative  
as she is beautiful.

LEFOU

Exactly, who needs her, when you've  
got us! \*

GASTON

Yes, but ever since the war I've been  
missing something. And she's the only  
girl I've met who gives me that sense  
of... \*

LEFOU

Je ne sais quoi? \*

GASTON

I don't know what that means. \*

**EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - DAY** \*

Gaston and LeFou ride through the village gates. Gaston  
motions toward Belle in the village square. Geese flock  
around her feet, seeming to follow her. \*

GASTON

(singing)

*Right from the moment when I met her,  
saw her  
I said she's gorgeous and I fell  
Here in town there's only she  
Who is beautiful as me  
So I'm making plans to woo and marry  
Belle*

As Gaston passes, the lasses try to catch his eye. \*

VILLAGE LASSES

*Look there he goes, isn't he dreamy  
Monsieur Gaston, oh he's so cute  
Be still my heart I'm hardly breathing  
He's such a tall, dark, strong and  
handsome brute*

As Gaston dismounts, the lasses get splattered with mud from  
his horse's hooves. LeFou shoots them a look, whispers: \*

LEFOU

It's never gonna happen, ladies. \*

Noticing Belle crossing the market, Gaston starts off in  
pursuit. He grabs flowers from the PERFUME STALL and makes a  
bouquet. As they each make their way through the market: \*

WASHER WOMEN #1, 2, 3

*Bonjour!*

GASTON

*Pardon!* \*

BELLE	BARMAID	*
<i>Good day.</i>	<i>Mais oui!</i>	*
TOM	HOUSEWIFE #1	*
<i>You call this bacon?</i>	<i>What lovely flowers!</i>	*
CHEESEMAKER #2	WOOD CARRIER	*
<i>Some cheese...</i>	<i>...Ten yards!</i>	*
BREAD BUYER	GASTON	*
<i>...One pound.</i>	<i>'Scuse me!</i>	*
CHEESEMAKER #1	GASTON (CONT'D)	*
<i>I'll get the knife.</i>	<i>Please let me through!</i>	*
JAM SELLER	COBBLER	*
<i>This bread...</i>	<i>Those fish...</i>	*
JAM SELLER	COBBLER (CONT'D)	*
<i>It's stale!</i>	<i>They smell!</i>	*
BELLE	GASTON	
<i>There must be more than this provincial life!</i>	<i>Just watch -- I'm going to make Belle my wife!</i>	

The image swells to reveal the whole village, singing.

ALL  
*Look there she goes a girl who's  
 Strange but special  
 A most peculiar mademoiselle  
 It's a pity and a sin  
 She doesn't quite fit in!*

VILLAGE LASSES  
*But she really is a funny girl*

VILLAGE MEN  
*A beauty but a funny girl*

ALL  
*She really is a funny girl that Belle!* \*

Slightly out of breath, Gaston finally catches up with Belle. \*

GASTON  
*Good morning, Belle! Wonderful book you have there.* \*

BELLE  
*You've read it?*

GASTON  
*Well, not that one. But, you know. Books.* \*  
*(hands her the flowers)* \*  
*For your dinner table. Shall I join you this evening?* \*

BELLE \*  
Sorry, not tonight. \*

GASTON \*  
Busy? \*

BELLE \*  
No. \*

A mortified smile and Belle is off. LeFou approaches. \*

LEFOU \*  
So. Moving on? \*

GASTON \*  
No, LeFou. It's the ones who play \*  
hard to get that are always the \*  
sweetest prey. \*

GASTON (CONT'D) \*  
That's what makes Belle so appealing. \*  
She hasn't made a fool of herself just \*  
to gain my favor. What would you call \*  
that? \*

LEFOU \*  
Dignity? \*

GASTON \*  
It's outrageously attractive, isn't \*  
it? \*

Gaston looks at the village lasses standing outside of the \*  
tavern. They all give him the eye. Gaston saunters over. \*

12 **EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - DAY** 12

Belle hears the tinkle of a sweet MUSIC BOX tune wafting out of \*  
her father's basement workshop. \*

13 **INT. CELLAR WORK ROOM - BELLE'S COTTAGE - DAY** 13 \*

Belle descends into to her father's dusty work room. Sunlight \*  
spotlights **MAURICE** hunched over his workspace. Belle quietly \*  
watches as he sings along with the music box theme. \*

MAURICE \*  
*How does a moment last forever? \**  
*How can a story never die? \**  
*It is love we must hold on to \**  
*Never easy -- but we try \**

Maurice tinkers with gears on the box, which depicts an artist \*  
in a Parisian garret, painting his wife's portrait as she holds \*  
a red rose above their baby. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

*Sometimes our happiness is captured  
Somehow a time and place stand still  
Love lives on inside our hearts  
And always will*

(seeing Belle)

Oh, good, Belle, you're back. Can you  
please hand me the --

\*

Before he can say the word "screwdriver" it's in his hand.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

And the --

\*

Tweezers. Then Belle hands him a small hammer...

\*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

No no I don't need --

\*

\*

... just as a spring pops off.

\*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Actually yes, that's exactly what I  
need.

\*

\*

\*

He goes back to tinkering. Belle gazes at other music boxes,  
each a small work of art, depicting famous landmarks from  
around the world.

BELLE

Papa, do you think I'm odd?

MAURICE

My daughter? Odd? Where did you get  
an idea like that?

\*

BELLE

I don't know. People talk.

\*

MAURICE

Oh. *People*. This village may be  
small, small-minded even, but small  
also means safe.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Maurice can see this line of argument doesn't do much for his  
daughter.

\*

\*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Even back in Paris, I knew a girl who  
was so different, so daring, so ahead  
of her time that people mocked her  
until the day they found themselves  
imitating her.

\*

\*

BELLE

Just tell me one more thing about her.

\*

\*

Maurice turns to the music box as if to change the subject.  
But looking back up to Belle's eagerness, he relents.

MAURICE

Your mother was... fearless.  
*Fearless.*

With that, Maurice closes his music box.

14

**EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - DAY**

14

As Maurice carefully loads his music boxes onto his wagon,  
Belle tends to the family's old glue horse, **PHILIPPE**.

Maurice climbs into the wagon, and smiles down at his  
daughter.

MAURICE

What would you like me to bring you from  
the market?

BELLE

A rose like the one in the painting.

MAURICE

You ask for that every year.

BELLE

And every year, you bring it.

MAURICE

Then I shall bring you another. You  
have my word. Come on, Philippe!

BELLE

I'll see you tomorrow!

MAURICE

Tomorrow! With the rose!

As Maurice rides away, Belle's warmth gives way to concern.

BELLE

(to herself)  
Stay safe...

14A

**INT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - TACKROOM - DAY**

14A

Surrounded by design sketches, Belle's workbench features a  
small model of her 'washing machine' prototype. Belle places  
the miniature barrel in position... fastens a rope to a  
leather strap... shaves chips off a block of soap... collects  
the soap chips in a small sack... and rushes out.

15

**EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - LAVERIE - DAY**

15

A young WASHER GIRL watches as --

Belle tosses clothes and some soap chips into an empty BARREL \*  
and rolls it into the fountain! It bobs on its side. Tying the \*  
other end of the strap to the mule's harness, she sets him \*  
walking around the circular laverie...

WASHER GIRL  
What are you doing?

BELLE  
The laundry.

With a smile, Belle points to the rotating barrel, which now \*  
resembles a very early Whirlpool washing machine. Belle takes \*  
her book and quietly begins to read. After a moment, she looks \*  
up to find the washer girl staring at her, speechless. \*

BELLE (CONT'D) \*  
Come! \*

Belle waves for the girl to join her. \*

16 **EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - LAVERIE - DAY (LATER)** 16

The NASTY HEADMASTER emerges from the school house to see -- \*

The barrel is now filled with sudsy clothes. Belle is sitting \*  
with the washer girl. She holds a book open, teaching the girl \*  
to read.

WASHER GIRL \*  
(struggling) \*  
The blue bird flies... \*

BELLE \*  
...over the dark wood. \*

NASTY HEADMASTER  
What on earth are you doing?

He is joined by the fishmonger CLOTHILDE, outraged. \*

NASTY HEADMASTER (CONT'D) \*  
Teaching another *girl* to read? Isn't \*  
one enough? \*

Belle locks eyes with the headmaster, then turns back to the \*  
girl. The headmaster seethes.

CLOTHILDE  
We have to do something.

18 **EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - LAVERIE - DAY (LATER)** 18 \*

Belle's washing machine is hauled out of the laverie and \*  
dumped onto the ground. She collects her laundry from the \*  
dirt, trying to remain poised before the gawking crowd. \*

17

**EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - DAY (LATER)**

17

Gaston shakes his head and laughs, absolutely smitten.

GASTON

You are the wildest, most beautiful thing I've ever seen. No one deserves you, but at least I know our children will be beautiful.

A reverse angle reveals Gaston was addressing his reflection in a shop window. \*

LEFOU (O.S.) \*

Am I catching you at a bad time? \*

GASTON \*

What is it, LeFou?

LEFOU \*

A certain *damsel* is in distress. \*

GASTON

Oh well. It's hero time.  
(to his reflection) \*

I'm not done with you yet. \*

And he's off. LeFou steps up to the mirror. \*

LEFOU \*

*Me neither.* \*

19

**EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - DAY (LATER)**

19

Gaston follows Belle back to her cottage. \*

GASTON \*

Belle! Heard you had a little trouble with the headmaster. He never liked me, either. Can I give you a little advice about the villagers, though? They're never going to trust the kind of change we're trying to bring. \*

Pursuing her into her garden, he trampling cabbages. \*

BELLE \*

All I wanted was to teach a child to read. \*

GASTON

The only children you should concern yourself with are... your own.

Belle looks for a way out. She doesn't like where this is going. \*

BELLE

I'm not ready to have children. \*

GASTON

Maybe you haven't met the right man. \*

BELLE

It's a small village, Gaston. I've met them all. \*

GASTON

Maybe you should take another look. \*  
Some of us have changed. \*

She climbs the steps to her cottage door. Gaston follows close behind. \*

BELLE

Gaston, we could never make each other happy. No one can change that much. \*

GASTON

Belle, do you know what happens to spinsters in our village after their fathers die? \*

Gaston motions to the street, where we find **AGATHE**, a spinster, late 30's, dirty and homeless, rattling her cup: "alms for the poor?" \*

GASTON (CONT'D)

They beg for scraps, like poor Agathe. This is our world, Belle. For simple folk like us, it doesn't get any better. \*

BELLE

I might be a farm girl, but I'm not simple. I'm sorry, but I will never marry you, Gaston. \*

Gaston keeps the gallant smile plastered as she shuts the door in his face. \*

20

**EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - SUNSET**

20

Belle watches Gaston leave. She opens the door. \*

BELLE

Can you imagine? Me, the wife of that boorish, brainless... \*

She turns away from the home she thinks she will never escape. \*

BELLE (CONT'D)

*Madame Gaston, can't you just see it  
Madame Gaston, his little wife  
No sir, not me, I guarantee it  
(MORE)*

BELLE (CONT'D)  
*I want much more than this  
 Provincial life...*

21 **EXT. VILLAGE PROMONTORY - SUNSET**

21 \*

Belle races up the hills to the outskirts of town. When she reaches the highest point, we circle around to reveal the town spread out beneath her.

BELLE  
*I want adventure in the great wide  
 somewhere  
 I want it more than I can tell  
 And for once it might be grand  
 To have someone understand  
 I want so much more than  
 They've got planned*

As the last rays of light fade we RISE to reveal a forest in the distance, where the skies begin to rage. A swirling wind and a streak of...

22 **EXT. WOODS - EVENING**

22

Lightning. The sky flashes. The wind picks up. Worried, Maurice urges Philippe on. \*

MAURICE  
 The woods are lovely, aren't they \*  
 Philippe...? I only wish I recognized \*  
 them. Do you know where we are? \*  
 Because I don't. \*

As the woods get darker, a WITHERED TREE that looks like an ELDERLY PERSON'S CANE is struck by lightning. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
 Whoa! \*

The tree splits in two, one half falling into the road, revealing... a HIDDEN PATH. Philippe whinnies nervously. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
 Hmm... yes, we can go this way. Walk \*  
 on! One path closes, another one \*  
 opens. \*

They leave the blocked road and head down the path. Maurice looks down to see a light snow cover on the ground. Philippe snorts. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
 It's all right boy, it's just a bit of \*  
 snow... in June. \*

And they descend into -- \*

23

**EXT. ENCHANTED WOODS - EVENING**

23 \*

We have entered another world. A light, whirling snow descends on Maurice, dusting his coat. The clippity-clop of hooves echo in stillness. \*

Suddenly, A **WHITE WOLF** roars out of the bushes, barely missing them. Gaze darting, Maurice notices **WHITE WOLVES** running on an icy ledge above him. The wolves keep pace, massing to overrun him. \*

MAURICE

Go, Philippe! Hurry!

Maurice urges his horse on, but his rickety cart starts to buckle. A **HARNESS IS LOOSE**. \*

The wolves leap in front of the cart, which comes undone, tipping over on its side. The chest of music boxes smashes open on the ground. Maurice is launched up onto a ridge -- and finds himself face-to-face with the snarling and scarred **ALPHA WOLF**. \*

Terrified, Maurice turns and begins sliding down the snowy ridge -- towards a trio of wolves waiting below. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Philippe!

As Maurice drops from the ridge, Philippe appears beneath him -- and Maurice lands on his back! \*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Go! Go!

Philippe rides. **PAWS** crush twigs -- **SLAVERING JAWS** -- **EYES** mad with hunger -- a gleam of **FANGS** -- Philippe gallops. Maurice races toward the **CASTLE ICE GATES** -- which churn open as the wolves draw near. \*

Maurice and Philippe speed through the gates as the wolves skid to a stop, their **HOWLS** turning to **YELPS OF FEAR**.

24

**EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - EVENING**

24 \*

Maurice stares in open-mouth awe at **THE BEAST'S CASTLE**. A grey edifice seemingly growing out of stone and reaching to troubled skies. It feels like a place hiding its face from the world. \*

MAURICE

(to Philippe)

Oh Philippe, you saved my life...  
They'll have to get their dinner  
somewhere else. \*

**ANGLE ON MAURICE** -- as he draws near the castle, he notices a colonnade filled with **WHITE ROSE BUSHES**. Just beyond, he sees the door to the **STABLES** swinging in the wind. A **LAMP** has been lit inside. As if inviting a tired traveler. \*

Maurice strokes Philippe's neck. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
 Water, fresh hay. Looks like you're \*  
 set, old friend. Rest here... \*

Warily, Maurice peers out at the intimidating castle.

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
 While I pay my respects to our unwitting \*  
 host... whoever that may be... \*

He leaves. Philippe stares uneasily at a statue of a horse.

25 **EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - EVENING** 25

Cautiously, Maurice approaches the castle door. He gazes up at a row of TORCHES held by sculpted iron hands. The hands are so life-like, does a double-take. \*

MAURICE \*  
 Hm. \*

Then --

26 **INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT** 26

-- the DOOR OPENS with a creak. Maurice peers in.

MAURICE  
 Hello? Anyone home?

Silence. Flashes of lightning illuminate a once-elegant space \*  
 now fallen into disrepair.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
 Forgive me, I don't mean to intrude. I  
 need shelter from the storm. Hello?

Maurice puts his hat and coat on a COAT RACK at the entrance. Maurice turns, not seeing the coat rack shake the snow off.

Maurice explores, scanning the room and its FURNITURE -- \*  
 TABLES, CHAIRS, A FEATHER DUSTER. A MANTLE CLOCK AND \*  
 CANDELABRA SIT ON A TABLE. As Maurice passes them, the \*  
 candelabra slowly TURNS -- as if watching him. This is \*  
 LUMIÈRE, formerly head footman to the Prince. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
 Must have lost his way in the woods... \*

The candelabra continues craning -- while the mantle clock \*  
 beside it remains rigid. Meet **COGSWORTH**, every bit the stiff- \*  
 upper-lip majordomo. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
 (whispers) \*  
 Shut up, you idiot. \*

Hearing this, Maurice spins -- but sees only an ordinary candelabra and clock on the table. Curious, he approaches, leaning down to the clock... \*

MAURICE \*  
Mm... extraordinary. \*

He picks up the candelabra, inspecting it. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
This is beautiful... \*

An echo of eerie harpsichord music makes Maurice turn toward the ballroom. He places the candelabra back down and exits. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
A man of taste. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
He was talking about *me*. \*

26A **INT. BALLROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT** 26A \*

Maurice walks through a door into a dark cavernous room. His eyes adjust to the light and he realizes he's in a VAST BALLROOM. Once the scene of joy, the ballroom knows only solemn decay. Suddenly -- \*

CADENZA \*  
Oops! \*

-- The harpsichord stops playing. Wary, Maurice goes back to -- \*

26B **INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT** 26B \*

Maurice crosses to a crackling fire, speaking to his unseen host. \*

MAURICE \*  
Wherever you are, I'm just going to warm myself by the fire... \*

Maurice warms his frozen fingers, rubs his hands together to spread the heat. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
That's better. Oh, much better... \*

As Maurice turns to warm his backside, he hears the clink of silverware from an adjoining room. \*

27 **INT. DINING ROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT** 27

Maurice enters to find a vast dining room dominated by a BANQUET TABLE where a meal has been set out. \*

MAURICE \*  
Oh, thank you! \*

Famished, Maurice sits, tears off a hunk of bread and devours it ravenously. \*

As Maurice looks around for something to wash down the food, a CUP OF TEA slides into his hand. Maurice calmly gives the cup a double-take. Meet **CHIP**, an 8 year-old boy tea cup. He whispers: \*

CHIP  
Mom said I wasn't supposed to move because it might be scary. Sorry. \*

Maurice chews, smiles benevolently. \*

MAURICE  
It's all right. \*

And bolts from the table. \*

28      **INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**      28

Like any sane person, Maurice backs toward the door. He bows and calls into the shadows... \*

MAURICE  
Thank you. Really, I cannot thank you enough for your hospitality...  
(takes his coat and hat)  
... And kindness. \*

A flash of lightning briefly illuminates a BEASTLY SHAPE on the staircase. At the next flash -- THE SHAPE IS GONE.

29      **EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT**      29

Maurice rides Philippe away from the castle. He notices the colonnade filled with rose bushes again. \*

MAURICE  
Roses! Yes... \*

Maurice dismounts, checking to see that he hasn't been followed from the castle. He strokes his nervous horse, leaving him outside as he enters. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Can't go home empty handed... I promised Belle a rose, didn't I? I think it's safe... \*

We catch GLIMPSES of A DARK SHAPE moving atop the colonnade. A taloned PAW. A swishing TAIL. \*

Philippe snorts, sensing danger. Maurice spies a single PERFECT WHITE ROSE among the others. \*

CLOSE on the beast's EYES. Enraged. Wounded. \*

Maurice reaches for it. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*

Ow! \*

Pricked by a thorn, he pulls his hand back -- then tries again. He PICKS the rose -- only to hear a booming ROAR from above. \*

ANGLE ON MAURICE -- terrified as the dark shape leaps down from the colonnade. Maurice drops the rose, stumbling and falling as a DARK SHADOW is cast over him. \*

Philippe breaks his harness, whinnies in terror and flees, charging through the castle grounds and out the ice gates. \*

29A **EXT. VILLAGE PROMONTORY - DAY**

29A \*

A first whisper of dawn as Philippe bursts out of the forest. He thunders down to the village. \*

30 **EXT. BELLE'S COTTAGE - DAY**

30 \*

The sun is fresh on the horizon, and Belle is already up. A whinny disturbs her. She looks up to find Philippe, thirsty and exhausted. \*

BELLE

Philippe?

Belle puts strokes the horse's neck as he drinks deeply from the trough.

BELLE (CONT'D)

What happened? Where is Papa?! \*

Belle goes still. Notices Philippe's torn straps and tattered reins. In dread, her gaze darts to the woods.

BELLE (CONT'D) \*

Take me to him! \*

31 **EXT. WOODS - DAY**

31

Sunlight barely seeps through the thick branches lighting Belle's way as Philippe gallops past the FALLEN CANE TREE.

32 **EXT. ENCHANTED WOODS - DAY**

32

Belle races through the enchanted woods, coming upon Maurice's tipped over wagon. She sees the broken chest and scattered music boxes. \*

With a mix of apprehension and determination, Belle sets her jaw, and continues the gallop until the path brings her to...



MAURICE

Belle, you must leave here at once.  
This castle is alive! Now go, before  
he finds you!

\*  
\*  
\*

BELLE

Who?!

\*  
\*

The beast roars. Belle spins quickly, swinging her club to strike, but the figure jumps onto another staircase. Belle searches the shadows. The voice circles her.

\*

BELLE (CONT'D)

Who's there? Who are you?

THE BEAST (O.S.)

Who are you?

\*

BELLE

I've come for my father.

\*

THE BEAST (O.S.)

Your father is a thief.

BELLE

Liar!

\*

THE BEAST (O.S.)

HE STOLE A ROSE.

\*

In Belle's wide eyes, we see her guilt.

\*

BELLE

I asked for the rose. Punish me, not  
him!

\*  
\*

MAURICE

No, he means *forever*. Apparently  
that's what happens around here when  
you pick a flower.

\*  
\*  
\*

BELLE

A life sentence for a rose?

THE BEAST

I received eternal damnation for one.  
I'm merely locking him away. Now... do  
you still wish to take your father's  
place?

\*

BELLE

Come into the light.

The figure remains still. Belle grabs hold of Lumiere and thrusts the candle forward, illuminating a HIDEOUS HORNED FACE. Belle's eyes go wide as she clearly sees **THE BEAST**. The only part of him that seems human are his eyes. BLUE.

\*  
\*

DEEP. SOULFUL. And flicked with pain when he sees Belle's revulsion. \*

THE BEAST

CHOOSE! \*

MAURICE

Belle, I won't let you do this. I lost your mother. I won't lose you too. Now go! \*

Maurice falls into a terrible coughing fit. \*

BELLE

Alright, Papa. I will leave. (to the beast) I need a minute alone with him. \*

The beast doesn't respond. \*

BELLE (CONT'D) \*

Are you so cold-hearted that you won't allow a daughter to kiss her father goodbye? \*

(off his proud grunt) \*

Forever can spare a minute! \*

Intrigued by her defiance, the beast moves toward her, reaching out with his massive paw. Belle closes her eyes, bracing herself for his retaliation. Instead, she hears -- CLANG.

Belle opens her eyes to find herself eye to eye with the beast's chest. He has reached high above her head to pull down an iron lever, unlocking the door. \*

THE BEAST

When this door closes, it will not open again.

35

**INT. PRISON CELL - CASTLE - CONTINUOUS**

35

Belle rushes in and embraces her father.

BELLE

I should have been with you. \*

MAURICE

Belle, listen to me. It's all right. Live your life. *Forget* me. \*

BELLE

Forget you? Everything I am is because of you. \*

MAURICE

I love you, Belle. Don't be afraid. \*

BELLE  
I love you too, Papa...

She pulls him close.

BELLE (CONT'D)  
I'm not afraid.  
(whispers)  
And I will escape, I promise.

MAURICE  
What?!

With that, she pivots and swings her father through the door just as the beast slams it shut. Maurice trips to the ground, giving the beast a second to turn to Belle. They lock eyes.

THE BEAST  
You took his place.

BELLE  
He is my father.

THE BEAST  
He's a fool. So are you.

The beast turns and drags Maurice away.

BELLE  
Don't hurt him!

Through the latticework, Belle sees the beast and her father disappear down the corridor. She rushes to the window and watches the beast carry her father down the spiral staircase of the prison tower.

MAURICE  
Belle! I'll come back! I promise!

Once she is alone, Belle cannot help herself. She slumps to the floor and the tears come. We FADE OUT.

36	OMITTED	36	*
37	OMITTED	37	*
38	OMITTED	38	*
39	<b><u>INT. CELL - PRISON TOWER - DUSK</u></b>	39	

Belle huddles in the corner. The cell door swings opens.

LUMIÈRE (O.S.)  
Forgive my intrusion, mademoiselle,  
but I have been sent to escort you to  
your room.

Belle wipes her tears and stands. She grabs a small stool, ready to strike.

BELLE  
My room? But I thought --

LUMIÈRE (O.S.) \*  
What? That once this door closes it \*  
will not open again, RARRR? I know, he \*  
gets so dramatic. \*

Belle bounds out of the cell, raising the stool to hit a grown man. Instead, she sees... a candelabra wave at her.

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
'Allo.

BELLE \*  
AHHH! \*

Like seeing a mouse, Belle bashes the candelabra. It grunts as it clatters on the stone floor. The candles extinguished.

WHOOSH -- the first candle relights. WHOOSH -- the second. \*  
Illuminated by the two arm candles, Belle makes out EYES and a rudimentary "FACE" in the design. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
(recovering)  
Oh, you are very strong. That's a \*  
great quality! \*

BELLE  
What are you?

The arms light the main candle to reveal a rakish smile.

LUMIÈRE \*  
I am Lumière. \*

BELLE \*  
And you can talk. \*

Cogsworth appears, out of breath. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Of course he can talk, it's all he \*  
ever *does*! Now Lumiere, as head of \*  
the household, I demand that you put \*  
her back in the cell at once! \*

Officially freaked out now, Belle retreats to her cell, in search of a better weapon. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
What do you want to be for the rest of \*  
your life, Cogsworth: a man or a mantle \*  
clock? \*

They turn back to Belle, re-emerging from the cell. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D) \*  
 Ready, miss? \*  
 (to Cogsworth) \*  
 Trust me. \*

40

**EXT. ROOFTOP WALKWAY - CASTLE - EVENING**

40

Holding Lumière, Belle follows Cogsworth across a stone walkway high above the grounds. Her eyes dart, looking for an escape route. Instead, she sees how vast the castle and woods are. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
 You must forgive first impressions, I hope you are not too startled. \*

BELLE \*  
 Why would I be startled? I'm talking to a candle. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
*Candelabra*, please. Enormous difference. But consider me at your service. The castle is your home now, so feel free to go anywhere you like -- \*

COGSWORTH \*  
 Except the west wing! \*

Lumière throws him a 'would-you-please-shut-up' look. \*

COGSWORTH (CONT'D) \*  
 Which we do not have. \*

BELLE \*  
 Why, what's in the west wing? \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
 Uh... nothing. Storage space. That's it. \*

Belle looks back at the spooky tower of the west wing. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D) \*  
 This way, please! \*

COGSWORTH \*  
 To the east wing. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
 Or as I like to call it, the *only* wing! Watch your step *s'il vous plait*. \*

41            INT. CORRIDOR/BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - EVENING            41

Belle stands outside the bedroom door, anticipating worse squalor...            \*

LUMIÈRE            \*

Welcome to your new home. It's  
modest, but comfortable...            \*

Instead, the door opens to --            \*

42            INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - EVENING            42    \*

-- the most beautiful, magical room she's ever seen. The entire ceiling is a painting of white clouds in a blue sky. There is a LARGE DRESSER and a COMFORTABLE BED. Opulence.

BELLE

It's... beautiful.

LUMIÈRE

Of course. Master wanted you to have  
the finest room in the castle.

Lumière leaps onto the bed and - POOF - dust fills the air.            \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

Oh dear! We were not expecting guests.            \*

**PLUMETTE**, a feather duster, swoops into the room, giving the surfaces a quick dusting.            \*

PLUMETTE            \*

Enchanté, Mademoiselle! Don't worry,  
I'll have this room spotless in no  
time!            \*

She lands in the arms of Lumière, whose candles burn a little hotter once she speaks in her sexy French accent.            \*

PLUMETTE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

This plan of yours is... dangerous.

LUMIÈRE

I would risk anything to kiss you again,  
Plumette.

He moves to embrace her, but she stops him.            \*

PLUMETTE

No, my love. I've been burned by you  
before. We must be strong.

LUMIÈRE

How can I be strong when you make me so  
weak?

Cogsworth clears his throat. Belle backs away from the strange creatures. \*

BELLE \*  
 Is everything here alive? \*  
 (picks up a HAIR BRUSH) \*  
 Hello, what's your name? \*

Cogsworth looks up at her, puzzled. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
 Um... that's a hair brush. \*

Belle hears a loud SNORE behind her, and turns to see the DRESSER bursting open with an operatic "laaaaaa!" Belle shrieks and steps back. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
 Do not be alarmed, mademoiselle. This is just your wardrobe. Meet Madame De Garderobe. A great singer. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
 When she can stay awake. \*

GARDEROBE \*  
 Cogsworth! A diva needs her beauty rrr- \*

**MADAME DE GARDEROBE** yawns loudly.

LUMIÈRE \*  
 Ah, stay with us, Madame! We have someone for you to dress! \*

Garderobe's gilded arms stroke Belle's shoulder and face. \*

GARDEROBE \*  
*Finally.* A woman. Pretty eyes. \*  
 Proud face. Perfect canvas. Yes! I \*  
 will find you something worthy of a princess.

BELLE \*  
 But I'm not a princess.

GARDEROBE \*  
 Nonsense! Now, let's see what I've got in my drawers. \*

Garderobe's doors open and a few moths fly out.

GARDEROBE (CONT'D) \*  
 Oh, how embarrassing. \*

Garderobe places a large HOOP over Belle's head, and proceeds to create an outfit using fabric and her pinking-shear hands. \*  
**FROUFROU**, a piano stool, runs in, barking like a dog. \*

GARDEROBE (CONT'D)

Come here, Froufrou. Come help mama!

Froufrou tugs at the fabric, helping Garderobe complete the outfit -- which is garish and too too much, all wrong for Belle.

GARDEROBE (CONT'D)

Perfetta!

Lumière and Cogsworth put on a game smile.

LUMIÈRE

Mm. Subtle. Understated. I love it!

With a deep bow and a whistle for Froufrou, Lumière drags Cogsworth out. Plumette and Froufrou follow. Garderobe calls out after her beloved dog.

GARDEROBE

Froufrou, send my love to the maestro!

The door closes. Belle is alone. Garderobe instantly falls asleep with a big SNORE. Belle has one beat of... where the hell am I? She ducks down, then crawls out from underneath the enormous dress, which remains standing.

Belle looks around the room with one thing in mind: escape. She quickly moves to the window. Opens it. She looks down at the 100 foot drop leading to the grounds.

Belle turns back to the room, and gazes at the dress. An idea taking shape.

43      **EXT. COUNTRY INN - NIGHT**      43

A LAMPLIGHTER is hard at work outside as we hear fiddle music coming from the inn.

44      **INT. COUNTRY INN - NIGHT**      44

Amidst the animal heads, antlers, and drunken villagers, there is an even sadder sight -- GASTON. He drowns his sorrows in ale while LEFOU listens.

GASTON

Picture it, LeFou -- a rustic cabin.  
My latest kill roasting on the fire.  
Adorable children running around us  
while my love rubs my tired feet. But  
what does Belle say? "I will never  
marry you, Gaston."

LEFOU

You know, there are other girls.

The village lasses perk up. "Yes! There are other girls!"

GASTON

A great hunter doesn't waste his time on rabbits.

The lasses deflate. "Awww!" LeFou decides it's time to cheer up his best friend/boss. Thus begins "GASTON."

LEFOU

*Gosh it disturbs me to see you  
Gaston looking so down in the dumps  
Every guy here'd love to be you Gaston  
Even when taking your lumps  
There's no man in town as admired as you  
You're everyone's fa-vor-ite guy  
Everyone's awed and inspired by you  
And it's not very hard to see why*

LeFou gives a nod (and a large tip) to the **FIDDLE PLAYER** in the\* corner, who nods back, and begins to play...

LEFOU (CONT'D)

*No one's slick as Gaston  
No one's quick as Gaston  
No one's neck's as incredibly thick as  
Gaston  
For there's no man in town half as manly  
Perfect, a pure paragon!  
You can ask any Tom, Dick or Stanley  
And they'll tell you whose team they  
prefer to be on!*

LeFou hops onto the bar, squeezing himself between TOM, DICK, \*  
and STANLEY. \*

TOM/DICK/STANLEY

*Who plays darts like Gaston?  
Who breaks hearts like Gaston?*

LEFOU

*Who's much more than the sum of his  
parts like Gaston?*

GASTON

*(confidence growing) \**  
*As a specimen, yes, I'm intimidating*

LeFou hails a **BARMAID** and buys everyone a round of drinks. \*  
The villagers raise their mugs and cheer. \*

LEFOU/VILLAGERS

*My what a guy, that Gaston!*

Gaston stands, and clasps LeFou in gratitude... \*

GASTON

*I needed encouragement; thank you, LeFou*

LEFOU

*Well, there's no one as easy to bolster  
as you!*

... only to find himself in an uncomfortably tight hug. \*

LEFOU (CONT'D) \*

Too much? \*

GASTON \*

Yep. \*

VILLAGERS \*

*No one fights like Gaston  
Douses lights like Gaston!*

LEFOU

*In a wrestling match nobody bites like  
Gaston!*

LeFou moves his shirt up his arm to show an old wrestling wound - a nice teeth impression courtesy of Gaston. The villagers gasp\*

GASTON \*

*When I hunt, I sneak up with my quiver  
And beasts of the field say a prayer  
First I carefully aim for the liver  
Then I shoot from behind!*

Gaston leaps onto the bar, and is handed a huge blunderbuss, with which he mimes shooting LeFou. \*

LEFOU

*Is that fair?*

GASTON

*I don't care*

And Gaston fires the rifle into the ceiling! Plaster rains down. \*

VILLAGERS

*No one hits like Gaston  
Matches wits like Gaston*

LEFOU

*In a spitting match nobody spits like  
Gaston*

GASTON

*I'M ESPECIALLY GOOD AT EXPECTORATING!*

Gaston spits a big gloppy mess into a spittoon: bullseye! Then, he moves around the inn, holding court.

VILLAGERS

*Ten points for Gaston!*

GASTON

*When I was a lad I ate four dozen eggs  
Ev'ry morning to help me get large*

On one shoulder, Gaston lifts a pretty VILLAGE GIRL. On the other, he lifts LeFou.

GASTON (CONT'D)

*And now that I'm grown I eat five dozen  
eggs  
So I'm roughly the size of a barge!*

The crowd hollers. Gaston jumps on a long table. The table's height plus his massive frame make him seem 10 feet tall.

He engages in a dance-break sword-fight with several VILLAGE MEN, besting them all, until he's perfectly positioned beneath a ceiling mural, mimicking it exactly: Gaston, saber raised, victorious in battle -- with LeFou swooning at his feet.

LEFOU

*Who has brains like Gaston?  
Entertains like Gaston?*

GASTON

*Who can make up these endless  
Refrains like Gaston?*

Gaston tromps on the table. He arrives at his WALL OF ANIMAL HEADS and ANTLERS.

GASTON (CONT'D)

*I use antlers in all of my decorating!*

ALL

*Say it again - who's a man among men?  
And let's say it once more  
Who's that hero next door?  
Who's a super success?  
Don't you know? Can't you guess?  
Ask his fans and his five hangers-on  
There's just one guy in town  
Who's got all of it down...*

LEFOU

*And his name's 'G-A-S-T... ' Uh, I  
believe there's another 'T' in there,  
it just occurred to me that I'm  
illiterate and I've never actually had  
to spell it out loud before...  
Gaston!*

The villagers cheer as Gaston returns to his seat. Gaston slaps LeFou on the shoulder, genuinely moved.

GASTON

*Ah LeFou, you're the best. How is it  
that no girl has snatched you up yet?*

LEFOU

I've been told I'm clingy, but I really  
don't get it...

\*  
\*

Just then, the door flies open to reveal a wild-eyed Maurice. \*

MAURICE

Help! Somebody help me! We have to  
go... not a minute to lose...

TAVERN KEEPER

Whoa. Slow down, Maurice.

MAURICE

He's got Belle... locked in a dungeon!

TAVERN KEEPER

Who's got her?

MAURICE

A beast... a horrible monstrous beast!

The patrons begin to laugh. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

My daughter's life is in danger, why do  
you laugh!? His castle is hidden in the  
woods. It's already winter there!

JEAN

Winter in *June*?

\*

CLOTHILDE

Crazy old Maurice. \*

MAURICE

The beast is real! Do you understand?!  
Will no one help me?!

\*

GASTON

(ever the opportunist)

I'll help you, Maurice! \*

LEFOU

You will?

The villagers murmur in surprise. \*

GASTON

(winks at LeFou)

Everyone! Stop making fun of this man  
at once!

Maurice approaches. So grateful.

MAURICE

Thank you, Captain. Thank you.

GASTON

Don't thank me, Maurice. Lead us to the beast.

Maurice exits. Gaston follows, gesturing to LeFou. \*

LEFOU

(finally getting it)

Ohhh.

46

**INT. KITCHEN - CASTLE - NIGHT**

46

The staff is excited as they scramble to get ready for dinner. CHIP, the 8 year-old tea cup, rides his saucer around like a skateboard. He circles his teapot mother **MRS. POTTS**, a no-nonsense yet loving governess.

CHIP

Mama, there's a girl in the castle!

MRS. POTTS

Yes, Chip. We know. Slow down.

CHIP

Is she pretty? Is she nice? What kind of tea does she like?

MRS. POTTS

We'll find out soon enough. Slow down before you break your handle!

But Chip doesn't slow down. Before Mrs. Potts can chase, **CUISINIÈR**, the frustrated French chef-turned-oven, pours hot water into her to prepare tea. \*

CUISINIÈR

Heads up, Mrs. Potts! \*

She flushes and reacts with pleasure as if stepping into a warm bath. \*

**INT. DINING ROOM - CASTLE - SAME**

The beast enters the dining room and sits at one end of a long dining table. He looks at his place setting, surprised to find flatware and crystal. Confused, he looks up.

THE BEAST'S POV rises to find another place setting at the other end of the long table. When he notices the romantic candles, he swats his own place setting off the table in anger.

47

**INT. KITCHEN - CASTLE - SAME**

47

A voice bellowing from the dining room causes Lumiere and Cogsworth to turn.

THE BEAST (O.S.)

LUMIÈRE!

Cogsworth balks with terror.

LUMIÈRE

Be calm, let me do the talking.

A fuming beast storms in, and looks down at the assembled staff. Lumière is as good a liar as Cogsworth is not. \*

THE BEAST

YOU'RE MAKING HER DINNER!?

\*

LUMIÈRE

We thought you might appreciate the company. \*

\*

COGSWORTH

Master, I can assure you that I had no part in this hopeless plan. Preparing a dinner, designing a gown for her, giving her a suite in the east wing -- \*

\*

\*

\*

THE BEAST

YOU GAVE HER A BEDROOM!?

Cornered by the beast, Cogsworth has no choice but to...

COGSWORTH

No no, *he* gave her a bedroom. \*

\*

\*

LUMIÈRE

That is true. But if the girl is the one who can break the spell, maybe you can start by using dinner to charm her. \*

\*

(turns to Cogsworth)

Good thinking, Cogsworth! \*

\*

\*

COGSWORTH

What?!

\*

\*

THE BEAST

That's the most ridiculous idea I've ever heard! "Charm the prisoner." \*

\*

\*

LUMIÈRE

You must try, master. With every passing day, we become less human. \*

\*

THE BEAST

She's the daughter of a common thief. What kind of person do you think that makes her? \*

\*

MRS. POTTS

Oh, you can't judge people by who their father is, now can you?

It's a loaded statement. The staff cringes, ready for his retaliation. Instead, a grunt, and then --

48 **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT** 48

KNOCK. KNOCK. The beast stands at Belle's door while his servants stand by his side to play Cyrano.

THE BEAST

You will join me for dinner! That's not a request.

\*  
\*

MRS. POTTS

Gently, master. The girl lost her father and her freedom in one day.

\*

LUMIÈRE

Yes. The poor thing is probably in there, scared to death.

MRS. POTTS

Exactly.

\*  
\*

49 **INT. BELLE'S CASTLE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 49

Actually, Belle has been actively planning her escape. Her makeshift rope of fabric hangs 50 feet out of the window.  
KNOCK. KNOCK.

BELLE

Just a minute.

50 **INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT** 50

The servants react to hearing Belle's voice.

LUMIÈRE

You see, there she is. Now, master, remember. Be gentle.

MRS. POTTS

...kind...

PLUMETTE

...charming...

COGSWORTH

...sweet...

\*  
\*

The words fly as they bury the beast with advice.

\*

LUMIÈRE

And when she opens the door, give her a dashing debonair smile. Come come -- show me the smile.

The beast flashes the most hideous grin anyone has ever seen. The staff GASPS in horror.

\*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Oh mon dieu.*

Contorting his mouth, the beast turns back to the door.

THE BEAST

Will you join me for dinner?

We wait a perfect beat and then, cut to...

51 INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM/ INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT) 51

Belle moves to the door.

BELLE

You've taken me prisoner and now you  
 want to have *dinner* with me? Are you  
 insane?

The beast's temper rises -- his eyebrows twitch, his tail  
 thrashes -- recognizing the signs, Plumette inches away --

PLUMETTE

He's losing it...

The beast beats his fist on the door -- WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

THE BEAST

I told you to come down to dinner.

Belle hits back. WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

BELLE

And I told you no!

All the banging finally wakes up Madame de Garderobe.

GARDEROBE

WHAT!? WHAT TIME IS IT!?

BELLE

I'd starve before I ever ate with you!

THE BEAST

Well be my guest! Go ahead and *starve!*  
 (as he leaves)  
 If she doesn't eat with me, then she  
 doesn't eat *at all!*

The staff hides, terrified, as the beast thunders off.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

*Idiots!*

Once the coast is clear, Cogsworth comes out of hiding with a  
 sword and puts on a show of bravery.

COGSWORTH

You can't talk to us like that! I forbid it! I... I...

(to Lumière)

Am I too late? Shame. I was really going to tell him off this time.

LUMIÈRE

(looks past Cogsworth)

Oh master, you've returned!

Cogsworth shrieks and spins -- only to realize he's been duped.

COGSWORTH

Oh, very funny.

LUMIÈRE

Eh, I got you there!

52

**INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT**

52

Fuming, the beast returns to his lair -- a chamber of shredded furniture and walls ruined in rage. He paces, muttering. He grabs a decaying HAND MIRROR.

THE BEAST

Show me the girl.

The mirror lights up and gives him a view of Belle at the bedroom door. She turns, slides down the wall, and curls her knees up to her. A look of dread on her face.

Her fear crushes the beast. The mirror magic fades, and he is left with his own reflection and self-loathing. He lowers the mirror to reveal the glass jar by the open window.

In the jar, the ENCHANTED ROSE hangs in mid-air. The rose is wilting. Most of its petals have fallen. Rage evaporating, replaced by shame, the beast lowers his head...

... as ONE MORE PETAL DROPS.

The image moves inside the jar. We see the beast through the glass as he leans down, peering in at the petal as it reaches the bottom and shrivels. As it does, we hear a far off RUMBLE, as if the foundation of the castle is trembling.

**EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT -- DAWN**

From a distance, we see stone statuary crack and tumble down from the castle walls...

53

**INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**

53

The staff is gathered; the beginning of their evening. Lumière lights the fireplace. He hears the crash of falling debris.

LUMIÈRE \*  
Another petal fell... \*

PLUMETTE \*  
Lumière, I grew three more feathers! \*  
And I just plucked yesterday. \*

Lumière moves to help, but his legs stiffen. He holds his flame to his knee like a heating pad.

LUMIÈRE \*  
I know, darling -- Ow! I'm getting \*  
more metallic every day. \*

Suddenly, Cogsworth begins making clock sounds. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Oh, no! It's -- *tick tock!* -- \*  
happening again -- *cuckoo!* Pardon me. \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
Everyone, calm yourselves. We still \*  
have time. \*

CHIP \*  
Mama, am I ever going to be a boy again? \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
Yes, Chip. You'll have your days in the \*  
sun again. You just leave it to me. \*

54 **EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT** 54 \*

Belle throws her makeshift rope out the bedroom window. \*

55 **INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT** 55 \*

Belle looks down -- the rope is about 20 feet off the ground. \*  
Almost there. A KNOCK on the door. \*

BELLE \*  
I told you to go away. \*

MRS. POTTS (O.S.) \*  
Don't worry, dear. It's only Mrs. \*  
Potts. \*

Mrs. Potts bustles in on her cart with Chip.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D) \*  
Oh, aren't you a vision! How *lovely* \*  
to make your acquaintance. \*

Belle tries to block her view of the escape rope, but Mrs. Potts is too sharp. \*

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

It's a very long journey. Let me fix you up before you go. I have found that most troubles seem less troubling after a bracing cup o' tea.

\*  
\*  
\*

The tea is poured into Chip, who wheels over to Belle.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

Slowly now, Chip.

Belle picks up Chip and brings him up to her mouth. Little Chip finds himself face-to-face with the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. She takes a sip.

CHIP

Pleased to meet you! Want to see me do a trick?

\*

Chip blows a huge bubble in his tea cup. It pops loudly.

\*

MRS. POTTS

*Chip.*

(to Belle)

That was a very brave thing you did for your father, dear.

\*

Madame Garderobe's doors swing open.

\*

GARDEROBE

Yes. We all think so.

\*

BELLE

I'm so worried about him. He's never been on his own.

\*

\*

MRS. POTTS

Cheer up, my poppet. Things will turn out in the end. You'll feel a lot better after dinner.

\*

BELLE

But he said, "If she doesn't eat with me, she doesn't eat at all."

MRS. POTTS

People say a lot of things in anger. It is our choice whether or not to listen. Coming?

\*

And Mrs. Potts is out the door. Belle looks to Garderobe.

\*

GARDEROBE

Go.

\*

\*

**INT. KITCHEN - CASTLE - NIGHT**

The door opens. Lumière races in to the excited staff.

LUMIÈRE

They're coming! Final checks,  
everyone, *tout de suite!*

\*  
\*

Cogsworth waddles in after him. Plumette flutters nervously.

\*

COGSWORTH

No, you don't! If the master finds out  
you violated his orders and fed her, he  
will blame me.

Lumiere jumps up onto the sink, navigating sudsy dishes as  
CHAPEAU scrubs them.

\*  
\*

LUMIÈRE

Yes, I will make sure of it. But did  
you see her stand up to him? I am  
telling you, this girl is the *one*.  
They must fall in love if we are to be  
human again, and they can't fall in  
love if she stays in her room.

\*

(looks at a smudged dish)

Eh, Chapeau, you missed a spot!

\*

Lumière tosses the dish back in the sink, skipping onto a  
passing tea trolley. Cogsworth climbs up in pursuit.

\*  
\*

COGSWORTH

You know she will never love him.

LUMIÈRE

A broken clock is right two times a  
day, *mon ami*, and this is not one of  
those times.

\*  
\*  
\*

Lumière leaps onto the table, and uprights a champagne glass.

\*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

Stand up straight!

(to the room)

It's time to sparkle!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He leaps again, onto CUISINIÈR, and sips a spoonful from a  
bubbling pot.

\*  
\*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

I have no taste buds, but I can tell  
this is exquisite.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUISINIÈR

Off! Off me while I work! Pepper,  
get cracking! Salt, shake a leg!

\*  
\*  
\*

COGSWORTH

Not so loud! Keep it down!

\*  
\*

LUMIÈRE

Of course, of course. But what is  
dinner without a little... music?

COGSWORTH

Music?!

57

INT. DINING ROOM - CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

57

To Cogsworth's horror, Lumière guides an ambulatory HARPSICHORD\*  
into the room. This is **CADENZA**, our neurotic Italian maestro. \*

LUMIÈRE

Maestro Cadenza, are you ready?

CADENZA

(coy)

It has been so long since I've  
performed! I can barely even remember  
how... \*

But with an abrupt flourish, Cadenza plays show-offy scales  
on the ivories until -- PLUNK. \*

CADENZA (CONT'D)

Another cavity.

LUMIÈRE

Maestro, your wife is upstairs, finding  
it harder and harder to stay awake.  
She's counting on you to help us break  
this curse. \*

CADENZA

Then, I shall play through the dental  
pain! \*

COGSWORTH

(whispers to Cadenza)

But Maestro. Play quietly. Please. \*

CADENZA

*Quietly? Sotto voce?* Of course. Are  
there any other tasteless demands you  
wish to make upon my artistry? \*

COGSWORTH

No, that's it. \*

Mrs. Potts leads Belle to the end of the long dining table. \*

MRS. POTTS

There you are, dear. \*

Lumière LEAPS onto the table. Floating at a high window,  
Plumette uses a silver platter to turn a shaft of moonlight  
into a SPOTLIGHT. As Lumière begins "*BE OUR GUEST.*" \*

## LUMIÈRE

*Ma chere, mademoiselle. It is with  
deepest pride and greatest pleasure that  
we welcome you tonight. And now, we  
invite you to relax.*

Belle sits down in a chair, which moves in, bringing her  
closer to the table. Lumière motions up to Plumette to  
steady her shaky spotlight. \*  
\*

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Let us pull up a chair... as the dining  
room proudly presents...*

Cadenza plays a dramatic scale as a table cloth UNFURLS, and \*  
Lumière jumps up and LANDS in a pose. Cadenza ends his scale on  
the wrong note. Lumière shoots him a look, Cadenza plays the  
right note, and Lumière turns to Belle and smiles.

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*... your dinner.  
(sings to Belle)  
Be our guest, be our guest*

The napkins on the place settings rise up and twirl. Chapeau  
offers Belle a napkin.

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Put our service to the test  
Tie your napkin 'round your neck, cherie  
And we provide the rest!*

Spinning quickly, Chapeau presents the following to Belle: \*

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Soup du jour, hot hors d'oeuvres  
Why we only live to serve  
Try the grey stuff, it's delicious*

Belle reaches out to try it, but it's gone before she can.

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Don't believe me? Ask the dishes!*

The hors d'oeuvres plates go off, leaving the dinner dishes to  
levitate and spin.

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*They can sing, they can dance  
After all, miss, this is France!*

A small guillotine on the table drops, slicing the baguette.  
MENUS fly in overhead, buzzing a disgruntled Cogsworth. Belle  
reaches up and grabs one.

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*And a dinner here is never second best  
Go on unfold your menu  
(MORE)*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
*Take a glance and then you'll  
 Be our guest, be our guest*

LUMIÈRE AND COGSWORTH  
*Be our guest!*

Cogsworth shushes Lumière, and Lumière jabs him back. One by one the kitchen doors swing open, presenting: \*

LUMIÈRE  
*Beef ragout, cheese souffle,  
 Pie and pudding en flambé!*

The fish pie explodes! A piece of cod hits Cogsworth in the face, knocking him over. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
*We'll prepare and serve with flair  
 A culinary cabaret!*

Flute glasses fill up with champagne and then break into a Bob Fosse homage. Belle grabs a glass, but Lumière snatches it before she sips.

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
*You're alone and you're scared  
 But the banquet's all prepared!*

Lumière coaxes the flatware to its feet. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
*No one's gloomy or complaining  
 While the flatware's entertaining!*

The flatware hold out a napkin, into which Lumière jumps, like a trampoline. He is launched into the air, swinging between chandeliers a la Cirque du Soleil. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
*We tell jokes, I do tricks  
 With my fellow candlesticks*

CHANDELIER CANDLESTICKS  
*And it's all in perfect taste  
 That you can bet!*

Lumière falls and lands back in the middle of the champagne flutes. They rise up around him.

LUMIÈRE  
*Come on and lift your glass  
 You've won your own free pass  
 To be our guest  
 (to Cogsworth)  
 If you're stressed, it's fine dining we  
 suggest.*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Oui our guest*

*Be our guest, be our guest!*

\*

\*

Cogsworth steps back as Lumière again takes center stage in a Martha Graham inspired solo.

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Life is so unnerving*

*For a servant who's not serving*

Belle reaches again for food but is stopped by Lumière's melodramatic histrionics. He wraps himself in a napkin for the full Martha Graham effect.

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*He's not whole*

*Without a soul to wait upon*

Lumière does a 'tragic walk' down the table. Reaching the end, he slides down to the floor on the tablecloth, then gathers it around his neck and continues on.

Belle tries to stab a bite as the food moves past her, as if on a conveyer belt. Sliding past her, Cogsworth wobbles.

On the floor, snow swirls around Lumière. We pull out to see several "ETTES" flinging salt at him to create the effect.

\*

\*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Ah, those good old days when we were  
useful*

*Suddenly, those good old days are gone*

Reaching the end of the table, plates dive and spin into neat piles --

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Too long we've been rusting*

*Needing so much more than dusting*

*Needing exercise*

*A chance to use our skills*

-- while Cogsworth lands on Lumière's lap below. Chapeau scoops them both up and drops them back on the table before Belle.

\*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*Most days we just lay around the castle*

*Flabby, fat and lazy*

Lumière playfully pokes Cogsworth in his pot belly -- then takes a flying leap!

\*

\*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

*You walked in, and oops-a-daisie!*

\*

58

INT. KITCHEN - CASTLE - NIGHT

58

Mrs. Potts hops along the edge of the sink basin. \*

MRS. POTTS

*It's a guest, it's a guest!  
Sakes alive, and I'll be blessed!  
Wine's been poured and thank the Lord  
I've had more napkins freshly pressed!*

She ascends to the top of a tiered, circular pastry table, as napkins twirl around her. Desserts appear and circle Mrs. Potts. Then tea cups enter on the outer circle, moving in the opposite direction. \*

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

*With dessert, she'll want tea  
And my dear, that's fine with me!  
While the cups do their soft shoeing,  
I'll be bubbling, I'll be brewing!*

From overhead, a la Busby Berkeley, we reveal desserts, teacups, napkins, the floor, everything circling in opposing directions. Mrs. Potts descends, jumping onto her tea trolley -- and notices a smudge of icing on Chip.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

*I'll get warm, piping hot  
Heaven's sake, is that a spot?*

She quickly steams it off him. \*

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

*Clean it up, we want the company  
impressed!*

The trolley rolls through the doors -- \*

59

INT. DINING ROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT

59

-- and up to Belle. Mrs. Potts pours a cup into Chip. \*

MRS. POTTS

*We've got a lot to do --  
Is it one lump or two?  
For you our guest!*

LUMIÈRE

*She's our guest!*

MRS. POTTS

*She's our guest!*

Finally, unable to resist, Cogsworth joins in, pushing Lumière out of the spotlight. \*

COGSWORTH, LUMIÈRE, MRS. POTTS

*She's our guest!*

Plumette and her "Ettes" descend on a chandelier, which is lowered by Lumière. They dance; a Beyoncé homage.

ALL

*Be our guest! Be our guest!  
Our command is your request!  
It's years since we had anybody  
Here and we're obsessed!*

Lumière ties the chandelier rope around Cogsworth, who falls over, causing the light to spin. Plumette dives into a massive punch bowl, leading her "Ettes" into an Esther Williams moment.

ALL (CONT'D)

*With your meal, with your ease,  
Yes indeed, we aim to please*

Splashes from the punch bowl launch us into a "Singin' in the Rain" moment, with Lumière dancing under the fountain. The grand finale is pure Bollywood, punctuated by explosions of candy-colored powders. \*

ALL (CONT'D)

*While the candlelight's still glowing,  
Let us help you, we'll keep going --  
Course by... COURSE! One by one!  
Til you shout "Enough, I'm done!"  
Then we'll sing you off to sleep as you  
digest  
Tonight you'll prop your feet up  
But for now let's eat up...  
Be our guest! Be our guest!  
Be our guest! Please! Be our guest!!*

As the table clears itself, whooshing back into the kitchen, Lumière whirls toward Belle, finally presenting her with -- \*

LUMIÈRE

*Pudding?!*

Overwhelmed, she laughs. \*

60

**INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**

60 \*

Mrs. Potts (on her trolley cart) escorts Belle from the dining room. \*

BELLE

*Surely you're as trapped here as I am.  
Don't you ever want to escape?*

MRS. POTTS

*The master's not as terrible as he  
appears. Somewhere deep in his soul,  
there's a prince of a fellow, just  
waiting to be set free.*

Belle takes this in, a valuable piece of the puzzle. She looks up at the massive staircase. \*

BELLE  
Lumiere mentioned something about the West Wing... \*

MRS. POTTS  
Never you mind about that. Off to bed with you, poppet. \*

BELLE  
Good night. \*

MRS. POTTS  
Nighty-night. Straight to bed! \*

Mrs. Potts moves off as Belle climbs the stairs toward her room. At the top, she hurries up the staircase leading to the west wing. \*

63 **INT. STAIRCASE - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT** 63

Belle sticks to the shadows. She walks up to a massive wooden door -- slightly ajar.

64 **INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT** 64

Furniture lies in rubble, curtains are shredded -- evidence of the beast's temper. Wary, Belle investigates when --

SHE GLIMPSES EYES PEERING AT HER OFF TO THE SIDE.

With a start, Belle wheels to find -- the eyes belong to a royal portrait. The subject seems to be a TEENAGE BOY but his face has been SLASHED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

Only the eyes survived. Bright blue. Engaging. Resembling the eyes of THE BEAST. She realizes that this is the "prince of a fellow" Mrs. Potts was referring to. \*

Belle leans in to study the painting. A ROYAL FAMILY stands by the castle. The FATHER's image has been slashed. The QUEEN remains pristine. Kind. Beautiful. \*

Belle moves past a large four-poster bed, its faded coverlet gray with dust, like no one has slept in it for years. On the floor, she sees a makeshift bed made of straw, torn bits of fabric and crumpled blankets: the resting place of a nocturnal carnivore. \*

Belle turns and sees the glow coming from the GLASS JAR by an open window leading to the balcony. Inside the jar -- THE ENCHANTED ROSE.

Mesmerized, Belle approaches the rose. She lifts the jar, leaving the rose unprotected. She reaches out to touch the rose. A shadow cuts across Belle's face.

THE BEAST  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!? WHAT DID YOU  
DO TO IT!?

The beast bears down on Belle, backing her up. She puts down the bell jar.

BELLE  
Nothing.

THE BEAST  
DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU COULD HAVE  
DONE!? YOU COULD HAVE DAMNED US ALL!  
GET OUT! GO! \*  
\*

Belle runs. The beast turns and covers the rose, panicked and protective. \*

65,66 **INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**

65,66

Lumière and Cogsworth play chess on an upper landing, with Froufrou resting between them. \*  
\*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Checkmate. *Again.* \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Because you *cheated.* *Again.* \*

Belle appears, racing down the west wing staircase. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Mademoiselle... what are you doing? \*

BELLE \*  
Getting out of here! \*

Cogsworth jumps onto the chess board as Lumiere hops to the floor. \*  
\*

COGSWORTH \*  
Stop! \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Go go, Froufrou! \*

Froufrou jumps up and starts after Belle. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Yes Froufrou, stop her! \*

Belle barrels down the main staircase, Froufrou in close pursuit. \*  
\*

Mrs. Potts enters from the kitchen, wearing a tea cosy. \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
You don't want to go out there! \*

At the top of the stairs, Cogsworth sounds a whistle. In quick\*  
cuts, WINDOWS drop and SHUTTERS close.

Belle hits the bottom of the grand staircase and runs towards  
the door -- only to watch it bolt itself locked.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D) \*

Stop her! \*

Froufrou runs in front of Belle to block her exit, and growls. \*

COGSWORTH \*

Who's a good dog? \*

Then suddenly, his growls turn to playful yaps, as he stands  
on his hind legs and pants playfully. \*

COGSWORTH (CONT'D) \*

What? No, it's not playtime! Bad  
dog! *Bad dog!* \*

MRS. POTTS \*

What part of 'stop her' don't you  
understand, dog?! \*

Froufrou spins and scrambles outside, scooting through the  
low postern door within the great front door. In his  
excitement, he's provided Belle with an escape! \*

Belle snatches her cloak from a bewildered Chapeau, and  
shimmies out through this same 'doggie door.' \*

LUMIÈRE \*

Please, don't go! It's dangerous! \*

Mrs. Potts rushes forward but it's too late. A look of dread  
settles on her face... \*

MRS. POTTS \*

Oh my... \*

67 OMITTED 67 \*

68 OMITTED 68

69 **EXT. ENCHANTED WOODS - NIGHT** 69

HOWL. Philippe's hooves hit the snowy landscape. Belle races  
through the woods. She looks back to see if the beast followed  
her. She only sees a glimpse of the castle. She thinks she has  
escaped. Surely, she has escaped.

WOLVES HOWL NEARBY.

ANGLE ON PHILIPPE'S MUDDY HOOFPRIINT -- a WOLF'S PAW smashes down  
over the print -- the wolf howls --

ANGLE ON BELLE -- out of the corner of her eye, she sees SHAPES OF A DOZEN WHITE WOLVES flitting through the trees, closing in on her.

Belle forges on -- the wolves are not bothering to hide anymore, they've emerged from the trees to take down their prey -- closing in fast --

-- Belle pushes through the undergrowth to find she has reached a FROZEN POND. Philippe doesn't hesitate. He gallops onto the ice, and across the pond. The sound of ice CRACKING under his hooves is deep and low. And increasing. \*

Philippe's hooves slide on the ice. The wolves close in. \*

Philippe makes it across the pond onto land. But before Belle can feel any relief -- \*

A WOLF'S JAWS snap at Philippe's thigh. Then another. The horse bucks wildly -- causing Belle to make a controlled leap onto a snow bank. She seizes a thick branch and wields it as a club -- as the wolves surround her, jaws slavering -- \*

Belle swings her club as one wolf lunges at her, its bared teeth like razors. She beats it away. She turns to confront another -- it bites the branch clean out of her hands. \*

Belle turns, looks up -- on a rock promontory, the scarred ALPHA WOLF is about to take a diving leap onto her. It jumps, and she flinches -- but just as the wolf is about to make its horrible landing -- \*

THE BEAST APPEARS --

-- and catches it in mid-air! With supernatural force, the beast hurls the wolf across the frozen pond, howling! \*

All the wolves dive on the beast at once, tearing shreds from his cloak. He strikes at them -- wolves scurry, yelping -- \*

The oversize ALPHA WOLF climbs onto the beast's back, goes for his neck. The beast slams together the wolves on his arms, dropping them -- then reaches back and seizes the Alpha. WOLF and BEAST snarl inches from each other -- the beast squeezes -- \*

Then hurls the Alpha into a stone ledge -- CRACK -- knocking him out. The remaining pack retreats in panic, their yelps echoing through the trees.

TIGHT ON BELLE -- watching as the beast whimpers in pain. His shoulders slump. He collapses in the snow. This is her chance. Belle could run. She looks past Philippe, to the woods -- to freedom. But then turns back, and slowly approaches the wounded beast. \*

Belle covers the beast with her blanket. He stirs. One eye opens.

BELLE

You have to help me... you have to stand...

\*

CUT TO:

\*

The beast is slumped across Philippe's saddle. As Belle takes the reins and begins the long walk back to the castle, we RISE into the sky, where we can see the border that separates the enchanted woods from the outside world, and...

\*

70

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

70

WOLVES HOWL. Gaston's carriage moves through the scary woods, LeFou squeezed in back behind Gaston and Maurice.

\*

MAURICE

No! I'm sure this is the way! Do you hear those wolves? That means we're getting very close to the castle.

\*

\*

\*

GASTON

Look, enough is enough. We have to turn back.

\*

MAURICE

Stop! That's it!

\*

Maurice points up ahead to the WITHERED TREE that looks like an ELDERLY PERSON'S CANE -- THE TREE IS STANDING AGAIN, the tunnel of trees now hidden behind it. Maurice hops down from the wagon.

\*

\*

\*

\*

MAURICE (CONT'D)

That's the tree. I'm sure of it. Of course, it was downed by lightning at the time, but now it's been restored to an upright position, through some sort of... magic. Or other.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

LEFOU

(sotto to Gaston)

You really want to marry into this family?

MAURICE

So that means the castle is definitely that way!

\*

\*

An angry Gaston steps out and approaches Maurice.

\*

GASTON

I'm done playing this game of yours. Where is Belle?

MAURICE

The beast took her!

GASTON

There are no such things as beasts, or  
talking teacups, or... magic! But there  
are wolves, frostbite, and starvation.

\*  
\*  
\*

LEFOU

Deep breaths, Gaston. Deep breaths.

\*  
\*

GASTON

So why don't we just turn around go back  
to Villeneuve? I'm sure Belle is at  
home, cooking up a lovely dinner...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAURICE

If you think I've made all this up,  
then why did you offer to help?

\*  
\*  
\*

GASTON

Because I want to marry your daughter!  
Now let's go home.

MAURICE

Belle is not at home! She's with the --

\*

GASTON

IF YOU SAY BEAST ONE MORE TIME, I WILL  
FEED YOU TO THE WOLVES!

\*  
\*

Gaston holds his fist to strike Maurice across the face.  
LeFou runs over to intervene.

\*

LEFOU

GASTON! STOP! Breathe. Think happy  
thoughts. Go back to the war. Blood,  
explosions, countless widows...

\*  
\*  
\*

GASTON

Widows...

\*  
\*

LEFOU

Yes, yes, that's it, that's it...

\*  
\*

LeFou's voice snaps Gaston out of his rage. He puts on that  
Gaston smile like a Halloween mask.

\*

GASTON

Please, forgive me, old bean. That's no  
way to talk to my future father-in-law,  
now is it?

\*  
\*

MAURICE

Future father-in-law...? You will never  
marry my daughter.

\*  
\*

A beat. Without a word, Gaston hits Maurice, knocking him out.\*

LEFOU

I saw that coming...

\*  
\*

70A

EXT. REMOTE FOREST ROAD - NIGHT (LATER)

70A \*

Maurice is now tied to a tree. Gaston secures the knot and walks to the carriage. Darkness has come over Gaston. \*

GASTON

If Maurice won't give me his blessing, then he is in my way. Once the wolves are finished with him, Belle will have no one to take care of her but *me*. \*

LEFOU

For the sake of exhausting all of our options, do we maybe want to consider a less *gruesome* alternative? \*

Gaston climbs into the carriage. \*

GASTON

Are you coming? \*

LeFou looks back to Maurice, an apology in his eyes. He climbs into the carriage. \*

Gaston and LeFou ride off, leaving Maurice to die. \*

71

INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT

71

The beast lies in his old human bed. Belle dabs a large gash on the beast's arm. The beast bares his fangs and lets out a roar. \*

THE BEAST

ROOOOARRRR! Ow! That hurts! \*

BELLE

If you held still, it wouldn't hurt as much. \*

THE BEAST

If *you* hadn't run away, none of this would have happened. \*

BELLE

Well if *you* hadn't frightened me, I wouldn't have run away. \*

The household staff anxiously watches the battle of words. \*

THE BEAST

Well *you* shouldn't have been in the west wing. \*

BELLE

Well *you* should learn to control your temper. \*

The beast is momentarily silenced. Belle looks down at the wound she has been dabbing. It's worse than she thought.

BELLE (CONT'D)  
Try to get some rest.

The beast's breath slows to a low rumble as his eyes slip shut.

MRS. POTTS  
Thank you, Miss.

LUMIÈRE  
We are eternally grateful.

BELLE  
Why do you care so much about him?

MRS. POTTS  
We've looked after him all his life.

BELLE  
But he has cursed you somehow.  
(off their silence)  
Why? You did nothing.

MRS. POTTS  
You're quite right there, dear. You see, when the master lost his mother, and his cruel father took that sweet innocent lad and twisted him up to be just like him... we did nothing.

Belle notes their shame just as we HEAR the first notes of a beautiful melody coming from the ballroom downstairs. This is the beast's lullaby -- "*DAYS IN THE SUN.*"

LUMIÈRE  
Let him sleep.

As the staff and Belle exit, the beast stirs. We move from his face, shivering in a fever dream, to discover --

71A **INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT**

71A

The YOUNG PRINCE gazes down sadly.

YOUNG PRINCE  
*Days in the sun*  
*When my life has barely begun*

We move around to reveal that he is looking at the pale body of THE QUEEN on her deathbed.

YOUNG PRINCE (CONT'D)  
*Not until my own life is done*  
*Will I ever leave you*

Behind the prince, a figure approaches: his FATHER. Cruelty \*  
 written on his face. Placing his large hand on the boy's \*  
 shoulder, he pulls him out of the room. \*

72 INT. CASTLE - BALLROOM/FOYER - NIGHT 72 \*

In the gloomy ballroom, Cadenza plays the beautiful melody.

CADENZA \*  
*Will I tremble again* \*  
*To my dear one's gorgeous refrain?* \*

The melody drifts through the ballroom until we find Lumière and \*  
 Plumette, dancing: \*

LUMIÈRE & PLUMETTE \*  
*Will you now forever remain* \*  
*Out of reach of my arms?* \*

72AA INT. CASTLE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 72AA \*

Drifting to Mrs. Potts and Chip, as she tucks him into bed in \*  
 the cupboard: \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
*Oh those days in the sun* \*  
*What I'd give to relive just one* \*  
*Undo what's done* \*  
*And bring back the light* \*

The melody wafts up to: \*

72A INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT 72A \*

Madame de Garderobe joins in: \*

GARDEROBE \*  
*O I could sing* \*  
*Of the pain these dark days bring* \*  
*The spell we're under* \*  
*Still it's the wonder of us* \*  
*I sing of tonight* \*

Belle turns to the window, sings: \*

BELLE \*  
*How in the midst of all this sorrow* \*  
*Can so much hope and love endure?* \*  
*I was innocent and certain* \*  
*Now I'm wiser but unsure* \*

BELLE (CONT'D)	GARDEROBE	*
<i>I can't go back into my</i>	<i>Days in the past</i>	*
<i>childhood</i>	<i>Ah those precious days</i>	*
<i>One that my father made</i>	<i>couldn't last</i>	*
<i>secure</i>	<i>Oh - hold me closer</i>	*
<i>I can feel the change in me</i>		*
<i>I'm stronger now but still</i>		*
<i>not free</i>		*

From the window, we PAN across to the castle, to the horizon -  
- where the sun is rising. \*

72B OMITTED 72B \*

72C OMITTED 72C \*

73 **INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - MORNING** 73

The beast's eyes are closed as he feels his mother's hand on  
his head one more time. The whole staff looks on: \*

ALL  
*Days in the sun*  
*Will return - we must believe*  
*As lovers do*  
*That days in the sun*  
*Will come shining through*

The beast opens his eyes weakly, takes in the low light of  
sunrise. As his vision adjusts, the silhouetted figure by  
his bedside is revealed. Not his mother, but Belle. A smile  
forms on his lips, and he closes his eyes again.

In the glass jar, a petal drops as if floating on the melody.  
Belle crosses to it.

BELLE  
What happens when the last petal falls?

LUMIÈRE  
The master remains a beast forever. And  
the rest of us become...

MRS. POTTS \*  
Antiques. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Knickknacks. \*

PLUMETTE \*  
Lightly used houseware. \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Rubbish. We become rubbish. \*

BELLE  
I want to help you. There must be some  
way to lift the curse.

The staff exchange looks. \*

COGSWORTH \*

Well, there is one -- \*

Lumière andle-smacks him, leaving a waxy smear on his face. \*

MRS. POTTS

It's not for you to worry about, lamb.

We've made our bed and we must lie in it. \*

The BEAST opens his eyes, he's been listening. The years of shame and anguish haunt his face as he begins to remember what it is to be human. \*

74 **EXT. REMOTE FOREST ROAD - MORNING**

74

Maurice sleeps. Suddenly, we hear the branches crack around him. The sound gets closer, and just when we think that wolves have found Maurice, we see --

A HOODED FIGURE emerges from the woods. The figure looks at Maurice, his breathing making fog in the cold. Alarmed, the figure rushes up and pulls down the hood to reveal --

AGATHE. The beggar woman.

75 **EXT. AGATHE'S SHELTER - WOODS - DAY**

75

Agathe, her arm around Maurice, guides him into a shelter in a small clearing. Gently, she lays him down and removes her cloak, spreading it over him for warmth.

She pulls a bundle off her back and rifles through it, removes herbs, a mortar and pestle, and expertly whips up a concoction that she brings to Maurice's lips.

AGATHE

Drink.

He blinks, reviving, as he drinks it down.

MAURICE \*

Thank you... Agathe. \*

76 **INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - DAY**

76

The beast lies in bed, still bandaged.

BELLE (O.S.) \*

Love can transpose to form and \*  
dignity. Love looks not with the eyes \*  
but with the mind. And therefore -- \*

He opens his eyes to see that Belle isn't reading, she's reciting from memory. He joins in -- \*

THE BEAST \*  
 And therefore is winged Cupid painted \*  
 blind. \*

Belle looks up, surprised. \*

BELLE \*  
 So you know Shakespeare? \*

THE BEAST \*  
 I had an expensive education. \*

BELLE \*  
 Actually, "Romeo and Juliet" is my \*  
 favorite play. \*

THE BEAST \*  
 Why is that not a surprise? \*

BELLE \*  
 Sorry? \*

THE BEAST \*  
 All that heartache and pining and -- \*  
 (a beastly shudder) \*  
 There are so many better things to \*  
 read. \*

BELLE \*  
 Like what? \*

The beast smiles. \*

77

**INT. LIBRARY - CASTLE - DAY**

77

The beast has lead Belle into the biggest grandest private \*  
 library in all of France. The chamber is vast and lined floor \*  
 to ceiling with books. \*

THE BEAST \*  
 Should be something here you can start \*  
 with... \*

He turns to see Belle, speechless. \*

BELLE \*  
 It's wonderful. \*

THE BEAST \*  
 Oh. Yes, I suppose it is... Well, if \*  
 you like it so much, then it's yours. \*

The beast starts to leave. He is stopped by --

BELLE \*  
 Have you really read every one of these \*  
 books? \*

THE BEAST

Not all of them. Some are in Greek.

BELLE

Was that a joke? Are you making jokes now?

THE BEAST

Maybe.

Belle shakes her head but is also charmed. The beast turns and strides out.

78

**INT. DINING ROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT**

78

The beast eats at the table, reading a book which sits on a stand. He looks up to see Belle sit at the other end with three books. She picks up her spoon and starts to eat. The beast plants his face in the bowl. Looks up a second later having inhaled the soup, half of which is dripping from his fur. Belle attempts a smile. "SOMETHING THERE" begins.

78A

**EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - WOODED GLEN - DAY**

78A

Belle and the beast cross a stone footbridge. She reads aloud to the patient, who moves tentatively, favoring a wounded leg.

BELLE

*The air is blue and keen and cold  
And in a frozen sheath enrolled*

The beast stops. Belle, savoring the words, keeps walking.

BELLE (CONT'D)

*Each branch, each twig, each blade of  
grass  
Seems clad miraculously with glass*

Belle notices that she's walking alone. She turns back, sees the beast staring out soulfully:

BEAST

I feel as if I'm seeing it for the first time.

As she follows his gaze, we reveal a splendidly desolate landscape. The very thing Belle has just described, now spread out before her.

BEAST (CONT'D)

Is there more?

Belle smiles, pleased that for a moment at least he's become a fan of poetry. She reads:

BELLE  
*But in that solemn silence  
 Is heard the whisper  
 Of every sleeping thing:  
 "Look, look at me  
 Come wake me up  
 For still here I be."*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Belle meets the beast's eyes. Both suddenly aware of hidden meanings in the poet's words.

\*  
\*

79

**EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - DAY**

79

In the fresh snow, Belle brushes Philippe's coat. The beast looks at Belle -- she nods -- and he pets the horse. Philippe reacts skittishly, causing the beast to withdraw. Belle takes his hand and places it on Philippe. Then, as she turns away --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BELLE  
*There's something sweet and almost  
 kind  
 But he was mean and he was coarse and  
 unrefined*

She looks back -- sees the beast petting Philippe.

\*

BELLE (CONT'D)  
*And now he's dear and so unsure  
 I wonder why I didn't see it there  
 before*

Suddenly, a snowball hits the beast. He turns to see Belle smiling.

\*  
\*

The beast builds a huge snowball, and hurls it at Belle. It knocks her clean off her feet and into the snow. Off the beast, grinning in delight --

\*  
\*  
\*

80

OMITTED

80

81

**INT. DINING ROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT**

81

Belle reads at her end of the long dining table. She looks up and sees the beast looking at her. "May I?" She nods, goes back to her book. As he walks the length of the table:

\*  
\*  
\*

THE BEAST  
*She glanced this way  
 I thought I saw  
 And when we touched  
 She didn't shudder at my paw  
 No, it can't be  
 I'll just ignore  
 But then she's never looked at me that  
 way before*

The beast sits. He grabs his bowl and slurps down the soup, then catches himself as he sees Belle watching him.

\*

After a moment, she picks up her bowl and drinks the soup the same way. The beast smiles. They loudly slurp and laugh together. \*

82      INT. BALLROOM - CASTLE / EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - DAY      82

Plumette and several Ettres remove dust bags from the chandeliers, as Belle stands on a balcony, sleeves rolled up. She scrubs a dirty window, causing a beam of sunlight to strike Cadenza. Meanwhile Chapeau mops the floor, cleaning off years of grime, revealing the shiny marble underneath. \*

BELLE  
*New and a bit alarming  
 Who'd have ever thought that this  
 could be?*

Through the cleaned windows she sees the beast outside, walking Philippe -- and talking to him. \*

BELLE (CONT'D)  
*True that he's no Prince Charming  
 But there's something in him that I  
 simply didn't see!*

83      INT. LIBRARY - CASTLE - DAY      83

Belle stands on a ladder, pulling down book after book, and handing them to the beast. The staff watches from the corner. \*

PLUMETTE  
*Well, who'd have thought?*

MRS. POTTS  
*Well, bless my soul!*

COGSWORTH  
*Well, who'd have known?*

LUMIÈRE  
*Well, who indeed?*

The towering stack in the beast's arms teeters until the **LIBRARY TABLE** scoots up behind him, allowing him to set the stack down. \* The beast nods gratefully, and the wizened **GLOBE** on the tabletop nods back. As the staff moves away: \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)  
*And who'd have guessed  
 They'd come together on their own?*

MRS. POTTS  
*It's so peculiar, wait and see.*

ALL  
*We'll wait and see!  
 A few days more  
 (MORE)*

ALL (CONT'D)

*There may be something there that wasn't there before.*

COGSWORTH

*You know, perhaps there's something there that wasn't there before.*

CHIP

What, mama?

MRS. POTTS

*There may be something there that wasn't there before.*

CHIP

What is it, what's there?

MRS. POTTS

I'll tell you when you're older.

Chip waits a long beat. \*

CHIP \*

Okay, I'm older! \*

Mrs. Potts laughs. \*

MRS. POTTS \*

Oh Chip, you are a one! \*

84

**EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - COLONNADE - DAY**

84

Sitting in the beautiful rose garden, the beast looks up from his book as Belle approaches. \*

BELLE \*

What are you reading? \*

THE BEAST \*

Nothing. \*

He hides the book but Belle catches the title. \*

BELLE \*

Guinevere and Lancelot. \*

THE BEAST \*

*Well actually, King Arthur and the Round Table. Knights, and men, and swords and things...* \*

BELLE \*

But still... it's a romance. \*

The beast nods, a bit shyly. \*

THE BEAST \*

*All right. I felt like a change.* \*

BELLE

I never thanked you for saving my life.

THE BEAST

Well I never thanked you... for not  
leaving me to be eaten by wolves.

Belle laughs. A quiet charged moment, which ends with the  
SHOUTS and LAUGHTER of the servants in the castle. Belle and  
the beast can't help but smile.

BELLE

They know how to have a good time.

THE BEAST

Yes. But when I enter the room,  
laughter dies.

BELLE

Me, too. The villagers say that I'm a  
"funny girl," but I don't think they  
mean it as a compliment.

THE BEAST

I'm sorry. Your village sounds  
terrible.

BELLE

Almost as lonely as your castle.

He turns to her with a melancholy smile. Then, an idea.

THE BEAST

What do you say we run away?

Belle is surprised by the suggestion.

85

**INT. LIBRARY - CASTLE - NIGHT**

85

The beast unlocks a desk cabinet. In it, resting on velvet,  
its gold-leaf cover faintly glimmering with magic, is a  
LEATHER BOUND BOOK covered in a thick layer of dust.

THE BEAST

Another little "gift" from the  
Enchantress...

The beast cracks open the book to reveal AN ANTIQUE WORLD  
ATLAS. No countries. Just land and sea.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

A book that truly allows you to  
escape.

Belle moves closer to find the pen and ink drawing is alive.  
Waves lap the beaches. Green trees sway in invisible wind.

BELLE

How amazing.

\*

THE BEAST

It was her cruelest trick of all. The outside world has no place for a creature like me. But it can for you.

\*

\*

The beast offers his hand and Belle takes it. He gently moves her hand to the book.

\*

\*

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

Think of the place you've most wanted to see. First, see it in your mind's eye. Now feel it in your heart.

\*

Belle nods -- this isn't a difficult decision. The moment her hand hits the page, we ENTER it, SPINNING through celestial flares -- which blur and recombine -- as the lights of Paris. We descend over the city and into...

\*

\*

\*

\*

86

**INT. ARTIST'S GARRET - MONTMARTRE - NIGHT**

86

... the top floor of a windmill in Montmartre.

THE BEAST

Where did you take us?

BELLE

Paris.

The beast looks out of a window and sees glittering lights.

\*

THE BEAST

Oh, I love Paris. What would you like to see first? Notre Dame? The Champs-Élysées? No? Too touristy?

\*

He turns to find Belle silent. Her eyes brimming with tears.

\*

BELLE

It's so much smaller than I imagined.

The beast watches Belle walk through her childhood home... the artist's garret that Maurice recreated in his signature music box. Abandoned years ago, the room is crumbling. Belle finds the remains of her father's easel. A tarnished wall mirror. Her own broken crib.

\*

\*

\*

BELLE (CONT'D)

*This is the Paris of my childhood  
These were the borders of my life  
In this crumbling dusty attic  
Where an artist loved his wife  
I thought that I would find an answer  
Here where his heart has always lived  
(MORE)*

BELLE (CONT'D)

*Now I see it's empty and abandoned  
Easy to remember  
Harder to move on  
Knowing that the Paris of my childhood  
Is gone*

Belle notices something tucked into a corner of the crib. \*  
She pries it loose. It is a BABY'S RATTLE carved into the \*  
shape of a rose. The beast focuses on it. \*

THE BEAST

What happened to your mother? \*

BELLE

That's the only story Papa could never \*  
bring himself to tell. And I knew \*  
better than to ask...

As she speaks, the beast notices something on a chair. The \*  
dark, pointed mask of a plague doctor. He looks up. \*

THE BEAST

Plague.

The revelation lands on Belle's face. She looks around.

IN QUICK TIGHT SHOTS --- \*

Belle glimpses what must have happened. A DOCTOR stands in \*  
the doorway, his face covered by the mask. \*

DOCTOR

You must leave. Now. \*

A bag is hastily packed, Belle's YOUNGER FATHER (barely seen) \*  
taking only what is necessary. He stops to gaze at Belle's \*  
MOTHER, who lies on her deathbed, surrounded by medicines. \*

BELLE'S MOTHER

Quickly... before it takes her too... \*

She closes her eyes, turns away. \*

Maurice picks up the baby... who drops her beloved rose- \*  
shaped rattle. Belle's mother touches it to her lips as \*  
husband and child disappear. \*

BACK TO THE PRESENT \*

Belle stares at the rattle.

THE BEAST

I am sorry I ever called your father a \*  
thief. \*

Belle lifts her head, her wet eyes look at him. \*

BELLE

Let's go home.

She means the castle. The beast nods, takes her hand. \*

87

**EXT. COUNTRY INN - EVENING**

87

Wind and rain dance in front of the inn. MUSIC and DRUNKEN LAUGHTER inside. \*

LEFOU

Wow, this is some storm. At least we're not tied to a tree in the middle of nowhere, right? You know it's not too late, we could just go get him... \*

Gaston doesn't react. \*

LEFOU (CONT'D) \*

It's just, every time I close my eyes, I picture Maurice stranded out there. And then when I open them, he's -- \*

88

**INT. COUNTRY INN - EVENING**

88

They enter and see MAURICE surrounded by Pere Robert and Jean the potter. \*

LEFOU \*

(excitedly) \*

Maurice! \*

LeFou realizes he shouldn't be happy and tamps down his smile. Maurice and Gaston lock eyes. Gaston quickly assesses the situation. \*

TAVERN KEEPER \*

Gaston, did you try to kill Maurice?

Just when we think Gaston might run or fight or deny, he smiles warmly. \*

GASTON \*

Oh, Maurice! Thank heavens. I've spent the last five days trying to find you. \*

Suddenly, the villagers shift their gaze to Maurice.

MAURICE \*

No! You tried to kill me! You left me for the wolves! \*

GASTON \*

Maurice, it's one thing to rave about your delusions. It's another to accuse me of attempted murder.

Gaston's argument lands. The gentle Maurice feels the room slipping away from him. \*

JEAN

Maurice, do you have any proof of what you're saying? \*

MAURICE

Ask Agathe! She rescued me! \*

Before Agathe can speak -- \*

GASTON

Agathe? You'd hang your accusation on the testimony of a filthy hag? \*

(to Agathe)

No offense, Agathe. \*

Agathe raises an eyebrow - but says nothing.

MAURICE

Monsieur LeFou! He was there. He saw it all.

LEFOU

Me? \*

GASTON

You're right. Don't take my word for it. \*

He puts his arm around LeFou and pulls him close. \*

GASTON (CONT'D)

LeFou, my dearest companion, did I, your oldest friend and most loyal compatriot, try to kill the father of the only woman I've ever loved? \*

All eyes turn to LeFou, who is clearly torn. \*

LEFOU

It's a complicated question on a number of accounts, but... no. No, he did not. \*

The crowd reacts. Maurice is crestfallen. Gaston has won. Maurice lunges at Gaston -- who catches his flying fist, easily subduing him. \*

GASTON

Maurice, it pains me to say this, but you've become a danger to yourself and others. No wonder Belle ran away. You need help, sir. A place to heal your troubled mind. \*

Gaston signals to Tom, Dick, and Stanley -- and Maurice turns to see them block the exit. Gaston places his large hand on Maurice's shoulder -- and squeezes. Maurice winces.

GASTON (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be *fine*. \*

89

**INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - EVENING**

89

The beast sits in a tub -- far too small for him. There's shadow-play on the curtain. \*

BEAST \*

I saw her in the ballroom, and I said, well, you're making this so *beautiful*, we should have a dance tonight. I never thought she'd actually say yes! What was I thinking?!

LUMIÈRE \*

No, Master, it's perfect! The rose has only four petals left. Which means tonight... you *must* tell her how you feel. \*

The beast stands, appearing above the curtain, sopping wet. \*

THE BEAST

I *feel* like a *fool*. She will never love me.

LUMIÈRE

Do not be discouraged.

The beast shakes his coat dry like a dog. The spray extinguishes Lumière's candles. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

She is *the one*.

THE BEAST \*

I wish you'd stop saying that! \*

CUT TO: \*

The beast plops into his a seat in front of the mirror. \*

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

There is no *one*. \*

LUMIÈRE

You care for her, don't you? Well then, woo her with beautiful music and romantic candlelight... \*

PLUMETTE \*

Yes, and when the moment's just right... \*

THE BEAST \*  
But how will I know? \*

COGSWORTH \*  
You will feel slightly nauseous. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Don't worry, master, you'll do fine. \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
Just stop being a coward and tell \*  
Belle how you feel. And if you don't, \*  
I promise you'll be drinking cold tea \*  
for the rest of your life. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
In the dark. \*

PLUMETTE \*  
Covered in dust. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Dark and very very dusty. \*

Off the beast, taking this in -- \*

CUT TO: \*

89A A brief MONTAGE, as the castle staff give the beast a very89A \*  
bad makeover. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D) \*  
Start with the hair! Women love nice \*  
hair. \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
I'll take the fingers and toes! \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Chapeau, brush those teeth! \*

Chapeau wields scissors and a brush as Mrs. Potts pours hot \*  
water into Chip. The beast is pushed and pulled, primped and \*  
snipped. His fingers are dipped into Chip, his nails buffed \*  
by Mrs. Potts' steam, as Lumière climbs onto his horns. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Dip dip, snip snip... \*

Plumette powders the beast's face -- \*

PLUMETTE \*  
Eyes closed, poof poof! \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
And the pièce de résistance... \*

Chapeau places one of the Prince's old wigs on the beast. \*  
 Plumette pecks his cheek with a beauty mark. The beast spins in \*  
 his chair to see himself in the mirror, and -- he's totally \*  
 ridiculous. The staff, dejected, takes in its handiwork. \*

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D) \*

OK, I can fix this! \*

90 **INT. BELLE'S BEDROOM - CASTLE - EVENING** 90

Garderobe finishes dressing Belle. \*

GARDEROBE \*

Beautiful. But something is missing. \*

Garderobe looks up. There's dust around the gilding that glows \*  
 in the moonlight. A moment of inspiration. \*

GARDEROBE (CONT'D) \*

Ahh, yes. The finishing touch. \*

Garderobe sweeps her arm, and the gold dust magically whooshes \*  
 down, settling on Belle's gown, and completing it. \*

91 **INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - CASTLE - NIGHT** 91

Belle is breathtaking as she is revealed on the upper \*  
 landing. \*

Mustering his courage, the beast descends from the west wing. \*  
 She gazes over at the beast, who looks resplendent. She sees \*  
 him in a new light. \*

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" begins. From the bottom of the \*  
 staircase, Mrs. Potts watches with Chip -- \*

MRS. POTTS

*Tale as old as time*

*True as it can be*

*Barely even friends*

*Then somebody bends unexpectedly*

The beast and Belle meet on the center landing and descend the \*  
 staircase. Arm in arm, they enter -- \*

92 **INT. BALLROOM - CASTLE - NIGHT** 92

-- the absolutely resplendent ballroom. It has been cleaned and \*  
 scrubbed to its former glory. The great windows offer a \*  
 magnificent view of the starry night. \*

MRS. POTTS

*Just a little change*

*Small to say the least*

*Both a little scared*

*Neither one prepared*

*Beauty and the Beast*

As the music rises, Belle bows. The beast bows in return. She \*  
 offers him her hands -- and nervously, he takes them. They \*  
 begin to dance, gliding across the ballroom -- \*

CAMERA sweeps up to see CARVED INSTRUMENTAL FIGURES --  
 VIOLIN, VIOLAS, HARP -- which have come to life and are  
 playing accompaniment with CADENZA -- sparkling with polish.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

*Ever just the same*  
*Ever a surprise*  
*Ever as before*  
*Ever just as sure*  
*As the sun will rise*  
*Tale as old as time*  
*Tune as old as song*  
*Bittersweet and strange*  
*Finding you can change*  
*Learning you were wrong*

ANGLE ON BEAUTY AND THE BEAST -- in this moment, nothing in the  
 world exists except each other. Despite his bulk, the beast is  
 careful, gentle, graceful. The lights in the ballroom grow dim\*  
 as he lifts her, spinning. Belle is swept away. \*

ANGLE ON THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF -- watching in mounting hope and  
 excitement. On top of Cadenza, Lumière puts an arm around \*  
 Cogsworth, pulling him closer. \*

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

*Certain as the sun*  
*Rising in the East*  
*Tale as old as time*  
*Song as old as rhyme*  
*Beauty and the Beast*

The lights come back up as the terrace doors open, allowing \*  
 Belle and the beast to step outdoors.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)

*Tale as old as time*  
*Song as old as rhyme*  
*Beauty and the Beast*

Chip nuzzles his mother, as Belle and the beast move out to: \*

93

**EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - NIGHT**

93

Belle and the beast stand together under the stars. \*

THE BEAST

I haven't danced in years. I'd almost \*  
 forgotten the feeling. \*

Mustering his courage -- \*

THE BEAST (CONT'D) \*  
 It's foolish, I suppose, for a \*  
 creature like me to hope that one day \*  
 he might earn your affection. \*

BELLE \*  
 I don't know... \*

THE BEAST \*  
 Really? So you think you could be \*  
 happy here? \*

BELLE \*  
 Could anyone be happy if they're not \*  
 free? \*

She gazes wistfully toward the forest. \*

BELLE (CONT'D) \*  
 My father taught me to dance. I used \*  
 to step on his toes a lot. \*

THE BEAST \*  
 You must miss him. \*

BELLE \*  
 Very much. \*

THE BEAST \*  
 (thinks, decides) \*  
 Would you like to see him? \*

94

**INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT**

94

Belle stares into the beast's hand mirror. \*

BELLE \*  
 I'd like to see my father. \*

A glow of magic. When it clears Belle sees Maurice -- being \*  
 manhandled in the village square! He looks terrified. \*

BELLE (CONT'D) \*  
 Papa! What are they doing to him?!

The beast reacts to her suffering. A moment of choice. \*

THE BEAST \*  
 (pained) \*  
 You must go to him.

BELLE \*  
 What did you say?

THE BEAST \*  
 You must go to him. No time to waste. \*

Belle looks at the beast as she has never done before -- with gratitude and appreciation. She moves to return the mirror.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

No. Keep it with you. And you'll always have a way to look back on me.

BELLE

Thank you.

She rushes out. \*

94A INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT

94A \*

Belle runs down the grand staircase towards the door. She stops, seeing Chapeau. He bows to her, silently, sadly. Choking back tears, she is gone. \*

Chapeau looks up to the landing, and sees Mrs. Potts standing there, watching. Heartbroken. \*

94B INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE

94B \*

The beast unclasps his beautiful coat and lets it fall to the ground. Cogsworth enters, eager for news. \*

COGSWORTH

Well, master, I may have had my doubts, but everything is moving like clockwork. True love really does win the day! \*

THE BEAST

I let her go.

COGSWORTH

You... WHAT!?! \*

Lumière and Plumette enter behind Cogsworth, followed by Mrs. Potts. \*

LUMIÈRE

Master... how could you do that?

THE BEAST

I had to.

COGSWORTH

But why? \*

The beast doesn't answer. \*

MRS. POTTS

Because he loves her.

LUMIÈRE

Then why are we not human? \*

COGSWORTH

(angry)

Because she doesn't love him! And now,  
it's too late.

PLUMETTE

But she might still come back --

THE BEAST

No. I've set her free. I'm sorry I  
couldn't do the same for all of you.

He turns away, unable to face them.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

Now go. Our time is almost past.

The staff retreats. As "EVERMORE" begins, the beast pulls on  
a dark cape.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

*I was the one who had it all*  
*I was the master of my fate*  
*I never needed anybody in my life*  
*I learned the truth too late*

95

**INT./EXT. TURRETS - CASTLE - NIGHT**

95

He steps onto the balcony of his lair. From his POV, we see  
Belle mounting Philippe on the castle grounds below.

THE BEAST

*I'll never shake away the pain*  
*I close my eyes but she's still there*  
*I let her steal into my melancholy*  
*heart*  
*It's more than I can bear*

Belle sets off and the beast begins to climb the castle  
turrets.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

*Now I know she'll never leave me*  
*Even as she runs away*  
*She will still torment me, calm me,*  
*hurt me, move me come what may*

The beast climbs higher and higher, to keep Belle in sight as  
she gets further and further away.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)

*Wasting in my lonely tower*  
*Waiting by an open door*  
*I'll fool myself she'll walk right in*  
*And be with me for evermore*

The beast climbs, Belle riding, until he reaches the highest  
turret of the castle.

## THE BEAST (CONT'D)

*I rage against the trials of love* \*  
*I curse the fading of the light* \*  
*Though she's already flown so far* \*  
*beyond my reach* \*  
*She's never out of sight* \*  
*Now I know she'll never leave me* \*  
*Even as she fades from view* \*  
*She will still torment me, be part of* \*  
*everything I do* \*  
*Wasting in my lonely tower* \*  
*Waiting by an open door* \*  
*I'll fool myself she'll walk right in* \*  
*And as the long long nights begin* \*  
*I'll think of all that might have been* \*  
*Waiting here for evermore* \*

The beast stands at the edge of the turret as Belle finally disappears through the castle gates. \*

96

EXT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - SQUARE - NIGHT

96

A horse-drawn asylum wagon thunders into the square where Maurice is surrounded by taunting villagers. The eerie driver, **MONSIEUR D'ARQUE**, steps out as Tom, Dick and Stanley throw Maurice into his cage on wheels. Villagers approach the wagon like 18th century rubbernecks. \*

Gaston leans into the wagon. The gathering crowd is just loud enough to mask a private plea to Maurice...

GASTON

Have you ever seen the inside of a mad house, Maurice? You wouldn't last a week. Just give me your daughter's hand, and I'll set you free. \*

MAURICE

Never. \*

Gaston clenches his jaw and locks the door with a CLANK. \*

GASTON

Take him away!

The wagon begins to move. The rubbernecks watch the wagon until they are silenced by a loud... \*

BELLE (O.S.)

STOP!

Belle's voice cuts through the crowd. They turn and gape at -- \*

BELLE, DAZZLING, IN HER EVENING GOWN.

The crowd parts before her as she dismounts Philippe and moves to the wagon. They whisper as she passes --

## VILLAGERS

"Belle..." "Where did she come from?"  
 "Is that Belle..." "Look at that  
 dress..."

Gaston stares, slack-jawed, unable to believe his eyes. We linger on the jealous village lasses, the puzzled Jean, the confused LeFou, the foul-tempered Clothilde, the bewildered Pere Robert, and in the shadows... Agathe. \*

Belle fearlessly strides right in front of the wagon. The horses jump up, startled. Belle runs to the locked door.

## MAURICE

Belle? I thought I'd lost you! \*

Belle sees her father injured on the floor of the wagon.

## BELLE

Open this door! He's hurt!

Monsieur d'Arque climbs down to calm her. \*

## MONSIEUR D'ARQUE

I'm afraid we can't do that, miss. But we'll take very good care of him. \*

## BELLE

My father's not crazy! Gaston...  
 Tell him!

## GASTON

Belle, you know how loyal I am to your family, but your father has been making some unbelievable claims.

## JEAN

It's true, Belle. He's been raving about a beast in a castle.

## BELLE

I have just come from the castle and there is a beast! \*

## GASTON

We all admire your devotion to your father, but you'd say anything to free him. Your word is hardly proof. \*

Belle pulls out the magic mirror from her sash.

## BELLE

You want proof? SHOW ME THE BEAST! \*

In the mirror, the beast sits slumped against a turret wall. The villagers gasp. Gaston's face registers shock. \*

BELLE (CONT'D)  
There is your proof!

GASTON  
This is sorcery!

Gaston snatches the mirror from Belle and holds it up to the villagers.

GASTON (CONT'D)  
Look at this beast. Look at his fangs,  
his claws. \*

The villagers recoil in fright. \*

BELLE  
No, don't be afraid. He is gentle and  
kind.

GASTON  
The monster has put her under a spell! \*  
If I didn't know better, I'd say she  
even *cared* for him. \*

BELLE  
He's not a monster, Gaston. *You are.* \*  
(appeals to everyone) \*  
The beast would never hurt anyone. \*

GASTON  
I have heard of the effects of dark \*  
magic, but never seen it with my own \*  
eyes before! This is a threat to our \*  
very existence! \*

Raucous cries of "Gaston Gaston Gaston!" rise. Gaston holds \*  
the mirror up. \*

GASTON (CONT'D) \*  
(to the thugs) \*  
We can't have her running off to warn \*  
the beast. Lock her up too. \*

Tom, Dick and Stanley strong-arm Belle into the wagon with \*  
her father. \*

BELLE \*  
This isn't over Gaston, you'll see! \*

LEFOU \*  
Gaston, with all due respect -- \*

GASTON \*  
DO YOU WANT TO BE NEXT? Fetch my \*  
horse. \*

Gaston hops onto the back of the wagon and addresses the crowd. The "MOB SONG" begins as we move through the frightened villagers --

\*  
\*  
\*

GASTON (CONT'D)

That creature will curse us all if we  
don't stop him! Well, I say we KILL  
THE BEAST!

TOM

*We're not safe until he's dead*

DICK

*He'll come stalking us at night*

JEAN

*Set to sacrifice our children  
To his monstrous appetite!*

CLOTHILDE

*He'll wreak havoc on our village  
If we let him wander free!*

GASTON

*So it's time to take some action, boys  
It's time to follow me!*

Gaston grabs a TORCH from a villager and tosses it into a barrel of pitch. Flames rise to the sky.

\*

GASTON (CONT'D)

*Through the mist, through the wood  
Through the darkness and the shadows  
It's a nightmare but it's one exciting  
ride*

Gaston lights Clothilde's torch, then clasps the shoulder of Monsieur d'Arque, who watches helplessly as his asylum wagon horses are commandeered by the mob.

\*  
\*  
\*

GASTON (CONT'D)

*Say a prayer, then we're there  
At the drawbridge of a castle  
And there's something truly terrible  
inside  
It's a beast, he's got fangs razor  
sharp ones  
Massive paws, killer claws for the  
feast  
Hear him roar, see him foam  
But we're not coming home  
'Til he's dead, good and dead...  
KILL THE BEAST!*

\*

Some villagers seize shovels, pitchforks, axes. Some light torches in the pitch. Others wrench a boar's head PIKE STAFF from outside the country inn. Pere Robert tries to calm the frenzy but the force of the mob pushes him back.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MOB

*Light your torch, mount your horse!*

GASTON

*Screw your courage to the sticking place*

MOB

*We're counting on Gaston to lead the way*\*  
\*

97

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

97

Gaston and LeFou crash into the woods at a full gallop.

GASTON

*Call it war  
Call it threat  
You can bet they all will follow  
For in times like this they'll do just  
as I say*\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LeFou's doubts are growing:

LEFOU

*There's a beast  
Running wild there's no question  
But I fear  
The wrong monster's released*

MOB

*Sally forth, tally ho  
Grab your sword, grab your bow  
Praise the Lord and here we go!*

Gaston holds up the mirror.

GASTON

Show me the castle!

IN THE MIRROR -- Gaston sees the hidden path to the castle.

\*

100

**INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**

100

\*

Plumette's head rests on Lumière's shoulder. Mrs. Potts nuzzles Chip.

LUMIÈRE

At least he has finally learned to love.

\*

COGSWORTH

A lot of good that does us if she  
doesn't love him in return.

MRS. POTTS

No. This is the first time I've had any  
real hope she would.

ANGLE ON CHIP -- he hears a distant sound -- the rumble of MARCHING BOOTS -- puzzled, he hops to the window embrasure --

CHIP

Did you hear that, mama? Is it her!?  
Is she coming back?!

\*

The staff and Froufrou jump up, excited, and move to the window. They see torches in the distance.

LUMIÈRE

Could it be?

They look through the glass, distorted with frost, as the mob moves through the garden. Lumière warms the windowpane with his flame to see more clearly.

LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

Sacrebleu! Invaders.

MRS. POTTS

Ruffians!

\*

COGSWORTH

Well, there you go. So much for true  
love. Man the barricades, and hold  
fast!

\*

\*

\*

They hop down from the embrasure.

\*

102 **INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**

102

Lumière, Cogsworth, Mrs. Potts, Chip, Plumette and Chapeau stand at the front door, forming a sad barricade.

CASTLE STAFF

*Hearts ablaze, banners high  
We go marching into battle --  
Unafraid although the danger just  
increased*

CADENZA

Move aside!

Cadenza crab-walks in from the ballroom, standing vertically and propping himself against the door. The others gather around him.

103 **EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - NIGHT**

103

\*

The mob hauls their boar's head battering ram up to the door.

MOB

*Raise the flag, sing the song  
Here we come, we're fifty strong  
And fifty Frenchmen can't be wrong  
Let's kill the beast!*

103A INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT

103A

CRASH! The battering ram breaks through the postern door,  
which falls out of the door frame.

COGSWORTH

We need help!

He lopes towards the staircase.

105 INT. ASYLUM WAGON - VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - NIGHT

105

Belle gazes out the prison bars, sees d'Arque pacing by the  
fountain. She whispers to Maurice --

BELLE

I have to warn the beast --

MAURICE

Warn him? How did you get away from  
him?

BELLE

He let me go, papa. He sent me back  
to you.

MAURICE

I don't understand.

She holds up the rose-shaped rattle. Maurice recognizes it  
immediately.

BELLE

He took me there. I know what  
happened to maman.

Maurice takes the rattle. Stunned.

MAURICE

Then you know I had to leave her  
there. I had to protect you. I've  
always tried to protect you... too  
much, perhaps...

He stops, eyes filled with tears.

BELLE

I understand.

She takes his hand and kisses it.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Will you help me now?

MAURICE

It's dangerous.

BELLE  
Yes. Yes it is.

Maurice sees the courage and determination in her eyes. And his own eyes light up with an idea.

MAURICE  
Of course I could try to pick the lock. After all, it's only gears and springs. But I would need something long and sharp --

He stops as Belle, a step ahead, removes and hands him one of her long hairpins.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Like that. *Perfect.*

Maurice gets to work.

104

**EXT. HIGHEST TURRET - CASTLE - NIGHT**

104

Cogsworth hops up the spiral staircase and out onto the turret. He spots the beast, perched among the gargoyles.

COGSWORTH  
Pardon me, master. I'm sorry to disturb you, but --

THE BEAST  
She's not coming back.

COGSWORTH  
No... the castle is under attack!

THE BEAST  
It doesn't matter now. Just let them come.

106

**EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - NIGHT**

106

The battering ram smashes against the door.

MOB  
*Kill the beast! Kill the beast!*

107

**INT. FOYER - CASTLE - NIGHT**

107

The door is giving way, the mob is too strong.

MRS. POTTS  
This isn't working!

LUMIÈRE  
I know what to do.



MRS. POTTS \*  
*Grand-mother?* ATTACK! \*

LeFou jumps back. ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE as the furniture comes \*  
 alive. Chairs kick the shins of several villagers. Plumette \*  
 feathers villagers' faces furiously, causing them to have \*  
 sneezing fits. As other villagers funnel in, the "Lend-a-Hand" \*  
 lights outside the door bonk several of them on the head. \*  
 They're alive after all.

Chapeau spins Gaston around and is about to land a blow when \*  
 GASTON GRABS LEFOU and puts him in the line of fire. LeFou \*  
 becomes a human punching bag as Cadenza approaches and rears \*  
 up on his hind legs. His shadow falls across Gaston, who \*  
dives out of the way -- leaving LeFou exposed. \*

LEFOU \*  
 Gaston! \*

Cadenza comes crashing down on LeFou, squashing him flat. \*  
 Gaston looks down at his friend. \*

LEFOU (CONT'D) \*  
 (weak, muffled) \*  
 Gaston... help... \*

Gaston looks from LeFou to the enchanted mirror, then to the \*  
 grand staircase. \*

GASTON \*  
 Sorry, old friend. It's hero time. \*

Gaston rushes up the staircase. Lefou passes out. \*

112 **INT. VILLAGE OF VILLENEUVE - NIGHT** 112 \*

Monsieur d'Arque paces in the square, when he notices the \*  
 door to the asylum wagon is ajar. He runs to the wagon and \*  
 flings open the doors, only to find it empty. D'Arque slams \*  
 the doors shut -- and there's Maurice, smiling beside him. \*

MAURICE \*  
 Hello. Oh, I believe this is yours. \*

Maurice casually hands the wagon's padlock to Monsieur \*  
 d'Arque -- just as Belle rides past on Philippe! As she \*  
 charges out of the village gates, she tosses her ball gown to \*  
 the ground. \*

Maurice waves to her proudly, then turns back to d'Arque. \*

MAURICE (CONT'D) \*  
 She's very headstrong. Do you have \*  
 children? \*

Off d'Arque's confusion -- \*

113 OMITTED 113



Suddenly, Garderobe leaps out, blocking the brutes' path, and unfurls her fabric, wrapping them up. \*

GARDEROBE \*

Yes, that's it... put it on... *pretty little boys!* \*

Tom and Dick look at each other and shriek, horrified at their girly make-overs. Stanley, however, doesn't seem to mind his new look. Garderobe cackles. \*

GARDEROBE (CONT'D) \*

121 Go! Be free! Be free! Be FREE! 121 \*

122 **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT** 122

Belle on Philippe. She whips past the withered tree and down the path toward the castle grounds.

124 OMITTED 124

124A OMITTED 124A

124B OMITTED 124B

126 **INT. FOYER - BALCONY - CASTLE - NIGHT** 126

From the balcony, Mrs. Potts leaps onto a chandelier -- \*

MRS. POTTS \*

How do you take your tea?! Piping hot?! Or *boiling*?! \*

-- and douses villagers below with boiling water. She looks down -- seeing Jean the potter -- and gasps. \*

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D) \*

Mister *Potts*?! \*

Suddenly, Mrs. Potts slips and drops down towards the floor. Jean the potter looks on in confusion. Chip looks on in terror. \*

CHIP \*

Mama! \*

But just as she's about to shatter, she is caught by a pair of human hands. Mrs. Potts gazes up at -- LEFOU, who seems as surprised as she does. \*

MRS. POTTS \*

Oh! Thank you. \*

Suddenly, two villagers charge at LeFou from either side. LeFou ducks, the villagers wallop one another, Mrs. Potts spits hot water in their faces, and LeFou punches one out to finish the job. \*

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)  
Nicely handled!

LEFOU  
Well I used to be on Gaston's side,  
but we're in a bad place right now.

MRS. POTTS  
You're too good for him anyway...

LeFou nods, emotional.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)  
Shall we get back to it, then?!

Below, Cadenza bucks and rages against villagers, besting them repeatedly as he plays elaborate trills.

CADENZA  
Such sweet music! Ha ha, I'll play  
you like a concerto!

Clothilde watches this, and seethes.

CLOTHILDE  
(points to Cadenza)  
Silence that harpsichord!

Clothilde's cry rallies a group of villagers, who raise their axes to turn maestro Cadenza into firewood.

GARDEROBE  
Maestro!

Cadenza looks up to see her.

CADENZA  
Darling! At last!

GARDEROBE  
(shock becomes rage)  
I'm coming, my love! That's it! The  
fat lady is singing!

Garderoobe belts out a deafening high note and throws her massive girth off the balcony, sending Clothilde and the villagers below scattering. She lands with a graceful THUD.

CADENZA  
Bravissima!

Before the villagers can retaliate, Cadenza's "teeth" shoot out of his mouth like machine gun rounds. BAM BAM BAM!

Lumière runs around with gunpowder trail, creating a line of firecracker explosions that send villagers scattering.



BELLE  
Where is he?!

With that, Belle snaps Gaston's arrows over her knee, and tosses them away. Gaston grabs her arm.

GASTON  
When we return to the village, you will marry me, and the beast's head will hang on our wall!

BELLE  
NEVER.

She pulls away -- and uses this pivot to grab the barrel of Gaston's pistol. They struggle.

With Gaston on the back foot for a split second, Belle yanks the pistol hard. Gaston, not letting go, swings with it, and seeking balance on a loose stone, he drops off the side of the turret!

Gaston's reflexes are quick. He lets go of the pistol, grabbing a gargoyle and swinging himself down through a window of the turret. He lands on the spiral staircase.

Gaston's pistol, in the meantime, clatters down, coming to rest on the landing of a stone footbridge below.

132

**EXT. CASTLE - VARIOUS TURRETS - NIGHT**

132

Wounded, the beast climbs around the lower turret. All around him, turrets quaver and crack. The castle is imploding.

GASTON (O.S.)  
I'm coming for you, beast!

Gaston continues down until he reaches the bottom of the spiral staircase. He drops to a window box below, and jumps sideways onto another.

The beast makes a second leap, onto another parapet. Tiles slide away beneath him as he scrambles to hang on.

Belle reaches the landing at the bottom of the spiral staircase, and leaps down onto another adjacent landing. She looks out, trying to see the beast through the turrets.

The beast swings around a third parapet and leaps onto another. He's now as far as he can get from Gaston.

Finally, Belle reaches a point where she can see the beast on the faraway turret. She screams out as his grip slips.

BELLE  
NO!

The beast's head turns.

THE BEAST

Belle?

And he spots her. \*

THE BEAST (CONT'D) \*

(roars) \*

BELLE! You came back! \*

BELLE \*

I tried to stop them! \*

THE BEAST \*

Stay there! I'm coming! \*

Gaston drops onto the walkway lined with gargoyles, landing directly between the beast and Belle. He sneers -- the upper hand is still his. His eyes search for a weapon... he grabs a stone spire, and breaks it off. \*

With superhuman agility, the beast makes a giant leap from the far parapet back toward the central turrets. Back toward Belle\* \*

Belle descends the stairs, finally reaching the beast's lair.

The beast lands on the gargoyle walk and Gaston jumps out, bringing his club cracking down on the beast's back. The beast roars in pain. But he pushes past Gaston.

With Gaston landing blow after blow on the beast's back, the beast staggers down a set of stairs onto the landing of a stone footbridge (where Gaston's pistol came to rest earlier).

BELLE \*

Stop! Gaston, no! \*

Belle watches the beast lumbering across the footbridge -- which crumbles under each mighty footfall.

The beast reaches the cupola on the far side, directly parallel to the lair. One giant leap stands between him and Belle... \*

Gaston lifts the club to deliver the death blow -- when the beast snatches it. He yanks the club away and hurls it against a far wall. \*

With a snarl, the beast's paw is around Gaston's throat. He lifts Gaston and swings him out over the edge of the landing.

GASTON

(snivelling)

No. Don't let me go. Please. Don't hurt me, beast. I'll do anything.

TIGHT ON THE BEAST -- his features twisted with rage and hate -- but he controls himself -- and his anger fades.

THE BEAST  
I AM NOT A BEAST.

He sets Gaston down.

THE BEAST (CONT'D)  
Go. Get out.

Gaston scrambles to his feet, and the beast lunges, chasing him away down the outer staircase of the cupola. \*

133 **EXT. BALCONY - CASTLE - NIGHT** 133

Belle gazes proudly into the beast's eyes, across the final chasm that separates them.

134 **EXT. CASTLE - CUPOLA - NIGHT** 134

The beast has just enough distance for a head start to leap across to the lair balcony. \*

BELLE  
No! It's too far!

But the beast has already gotten down on all fours. His hind claws dig into the stone. And then he's off, gaining speed as he runs on all legs. Belle gasps -- and the beast leaps.

He's airborne, flying over the chasm -- and he just makes it to the balcony -- landing on all fours! He rises, and smiles. \*

BOOM! The beast roars in agony. Past him, across the chasm, Belle spots Gaston on the crumbling walkway, pistol back in hand. He grins as he reloads for the kill shot -- and as Belle watches, helpless, he takes aim again -- and fires.

The beast drops -- just as the walkway beneath Gaston collapses. In an instant, there's nothing beneath his feet, and he disappears, screaming, in a cascade of stones. \*

Belle cradles the beast's head. Anguished. He lies there, breathing heavily. Softly, the beast rests his paw on Belle's hand. Fading, his eyes look at her with perfect love. \*

THE BEAST  
You came back.

BELLE  
Of course I came back. I'll never leave you again.

THE BEAST  
I'm afraid it's my turn to leave.

BELLE  
We're together now. It's going to be fine. You'll see. \*

## THE BEAST

At least I got to see you one last time.

The paw drops as the beast dies in her arms.

## BELLE

No... please, no...

135

EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - NIGHT

135

As villagers stagger away in defeat, Lumière turns to Plumette, \*  
takes her in his arms, about to give her a V-Day kiss. \*

## LUMIÈRE

We did it, Plumette. Victory is ours. \*

Plumette is silent in Lumière's embrace.

## LUMIÈRE (CONT'D)

Plumette...? Oh! My dear Plumette... \*

Cogsworth helps Lumière lower Plumette to the ground. Opposite \*  
them, Garderobe stands beside Cadenza, reunited at last. \*

## GARDEROBE

Oh, maestro! You were so brave! \*  
Goodbye, my love... \*

Her arms retract -- as the footlights inside her dim and die. \*

## CADENZA

Darling! No, don't leave me! \*

Cadenza sobs. We move along the few keys he has left until they \*  
freeze into silence. We TILT UP to the music stand. No hint of \*  
a face. Froufrou emerges from the foyer, pawing at his master \*  
and mistress, then goes still. Nothing more than a piano stool \*  
now. \*

Mrs. Potts frantically approaches Cogsworth and Lumière.

## MRS. POTTS

CHIP! CHIP! Have you seen Chip!? He \*  
ran off! Oh, where is my little boy -- \*

Lumière and Cogsworth watch in horror as Mrs. Potts' face \*  
disappears into the painted ornamentation of the tea pot. \*

## CHIP

Mama! \*

Lumière turns to Cogsworth, panicked that Chip might see \*  
what's happened. \*

## COGSWORTH

Oh no. \*

Just as he leaps up, his features fade away and gravity takes \*  
 over. The saucer plummets, shattering. But Chapeau catches \*  
 Chip in mid-air -- and lovingly places him, inanimate, onto \*  
 the trolley cart beside Mrs. Potts. \*

Chapeau straightens himself nobly, and becomes a coat rack. \*  
 All around Cogsworth and Lumière, the staff goes still. \*

COGSWORTH (CONT'D)

Lumière... I... TICK... can't...  
 CHIME... speak...

LUMIÈRE

It's all right, Cogsworth. \*

COGSWORTH

I... can't... TICK... Lumière, my  
 friend... TOCK... it was an honor to  
 serve with you.

The only sound Cogsworth makes is 'tick tock, tick tock.'  
 Lumière is alone. Surrounded by objects.

LUMIÈRE

The honor was mine. \*

Lumière does a final twirl and stiffens. He is a candlestick. \*

136

**INT. BEAST'S LAIR - WEST WING - CASTLE - NIGHT**

136

ANGLE ON THE BELL JAR. The final rose petal drops -- just as \*  
 a HOODED FIGURE appears. We move up to reveal: AGATHE. \*

BELLE

(to the beast)

Please, don't leave me. Come back. \*

TIGHT ON BELLE -- her lips touch the beast's forehead in a \*  
 kiss. \*

BELLE (CONT'D)

I love you.

Hearing these words, Agathe smiles benevolently and places \*  
 her hand on the bell jar -- which explodes and releases a \*  
wave of rose petals, whirling into the air. \*

A golden light begins to emanate from Agathe. It encircles \*  
 the beast and he too begins to rise. Belle gets to her feet, \*  
 watching as the beast is lifted and enveloped by the swirling \*  
 aurora, and then buffeted gently back down to reveal -- \*

**THE PRINCE** \*

He lands on his feet and looks down at his hands, his arms, \*  
 his chest. He turns -- and sees Belle. \*

PRINCE

Belle...

Slowly he steps toward her, and she to him.

In silent disbelief, Belle runs her fingers through his hair. She looks into the Prince's blue eyes. It is him. Tears of grief turn to tears of joy as they lean in for their first kiss.

137 **EXT. CASTLE - DAWN**

137

Magic explodes outwards. And with it, the dawn breaks. The castle transforms like someone is giving it a wash of gold. The magic spreads across the balcony as the sun rises on the terrace, traveling down the castle facade -- creepy stone gargoyles turn into noble statuary --

138 **EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - DAWN**

138

As the light passes over, an upside-down FROUFROU transforms back into a tiny BICHON FRISE basking in the sun. He leaps up and chases his tail (still a tassle), then trots over to CHAPEAU and relieves himself on his leg -- which changes into a human foot.

Chapeau transforms back into a VALET and shoos the dog away with his walking stick. As the dog weaves through his legs, the valet loses his balance and bumps into the trolley cart holding Mrs. Potts and Chip. It starts to roll toward the stairs.

The valet backs into Garderobe, who waddles in and out of sunlight, changing from wardrobe to human to wardrobe again. Cadenza's face comes alive as he sees the wardrobe falling onto him. As it crashes, the wardrobe's doors fly open, sending out a flurry of garments. We follow them back to the ground, where the human DIVA now lies on top of the human MAESTRO.

MAESTRO

Oh, Madame.

DIVA

Oh, Maestro.

The maestro smiles his now-toothless grin. She tearfully embraces him -- as their dog joins in.

The trolley rolls past, taking us to Cogsworth, whose back is bathed in sunlight. We move around to reveal the pudgy MAJORDOMO, human except for his moustache, which still resembles the hands of a clock. He peers through his monocle, sees --

The French FOOTMAN (formerly Lumière) come into view.

COGSWORTH \*  
Lumière! \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Cogsworth, we beat the clock! \*

COGSWORTH \*  
Mon ami. \*

They greet each other as a feather floats by, brushing the \*  
footman's nose. They look over to see -- \*

A pile of feathers... from which the footman pulls the \*  
sexiest French MAID in history, her feathers blossoming into \*  
a dress around her. \*

LUMIÈRE \*  
Plumette... mon amour... \*

And then, the greatest kiss ever. Their passion ignites a \*  
tiny flame on the footman's head, which the maid pats out. \*  
They turn as they hear -- \*

The trolley SQUEAKING as it nears the steps, about to crash \*  
down. Mrs. Potts and Chip rattle on a tray, which suddenly \*  
jerks to a stop on the precipice. The valet has hooked the \*  
cart with his walking stick, but... \*

Mrs. Potts and Chip slide down the incline... shoot off the \*  
tray... and start to TRANSFORM IN MID-AIR! They sled to the \*  
bottom of the steps and skid to a halt, fully human again. \*  
CHIP hugs his MOTHER... he finally got her to skate! \*

MRS. POTTS \*  
Oh, Chip! What did I tell you? Look \*  
at you -- you're a little boy again! \*  
Oh you smell so good! \*

From the castle grounds, astonished villagers approach, \*  
blinking, as the veil is lifted from their memory. \*

JEAN \*  
Darling!?

MRS. POTTS \*  
Mr. Potts! \*

JEAN \*  
Beatrice! Chip! I remember! I do! \*

They embrace -- a family reunited.

140

EXT. TERRACE - CASTLE - DAWN

140

A wonderful emotion-filled reunion. STABLE BOYS, KITCHEN MAIDS, ARTISANS, GROUNDSKEEPERS, GUARDS, and SEAMSTRESSES are reunited in human form.

Among the happy villagers, we find Cogsworth.

CLOTHILDE (O.S.)

Henry?

He spins to see Clothilde - his wife. Gulp.

COGSWORTH

Oh. DEAR!

She hugs him.

CLOTHILDE

I've been *so lonely*.

He shuts his eyes tight and whispers to himself:

COGSWORTH

Turn back into a clock... turn back  
into a clock...

Lumière and Plumette embrace, then...

PLUMETTE

Lumière, look!

LUMIÈRE

Oh, my Prince!

BELLE AND THE PRINCE emerge. He rushes to Lumiere.

THE PRINCE

Hello, old friend.

Lumiere is taken aback by the warm embrace of his master.

LUMIÈRE

It's so good to see you!

Belle and the Prince are surrounded by the staff. Plumette curtsies to Belle --

PLUMETTE

You saved our lives, mademoiselle.

-- As Chip runs up and hugs her tight.

CHIP

Belle, it's me! It's Chip!

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" starts to play.

141 OMITTED 141  
 142 INT. BALLROOM - CASTLE - DAY 142

The entire village celebrates as Cadenza -- smiling with dentures -- plays the harpsichord with his beautiful wife Garderobe singing. \*

GARDEROBE

*Tale as old as time  
 Tune as old as song  
 Bittersweet and strange  
 Finding you can change  
 Learning you were wrong*

We glide past various familiar faces: LeFou; Lumière waltzing with Plumette; Cogsworth with Clothilde; Chip and his father, Jean the Potter... and finally Mrs. Potts. She beams as she watches Belle dance with the Prince, then crosses to acknowledge Maurice, who sits at an easel, sketching the celebration. \*

MRS. POTTS

*Winter turns to spring  
 Famine turns to feast  
 Nature points the way  
 Nothing left to say  
 Beauty and the Beast*

Belle runs her hand down the Prince's smooth cheek. \*

BELLE

How would you feel about growing a beard? \*

He growls playfully. As they laugh, we PULL OUT to reveal the ballroom in all its restored splendor. \*

ALL (V.O.)

*Certain as the sun  
 Rising in the East  
 Tale as old as time  
 Song as old as rhyme  
 Beauty and the Beast*

CUT TO:

BLACK.

143 OMITTED. 143