

# The Enchantment of Beauty and the Beast

Adapted and dramatized from the classic fables  
of Giovanni Francesco Straparola and  
Madame Leprince de Beaumont

Book by Vera Morris  
Music and Lyrics by Bill Francoeur



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# THE ENCHANTMENT OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Adapted and Dramatized from the Classic Fables of  
Giovani Francesco Straparola  
and Madame Leprince de Beaumont

By VERA MORRIS

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The action of the play takes place in France, long, long ago.  
There are two acts.

## ABOUT THE STAGING

For rehearsal purposes, individual scenes have been indicated as such. However, the action should flow continuously, one scene blending into the next, nonstop. Use atmospheric music and shifts in lighting to cover any pauses. Above all, avoid choppiness. If necessary, the play can be performed without any lighting shifts or effects.

## SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS AND PRODUCTION/REHEARSAL TAPE OUTLINE

### ACT ONE

1	THE ENCHANTMENT OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST	PROLOGUE
1a	FABLES AND FAIRYTALES	ENSEMBLE OR SMALL CHORUS
1b	MINUET THUNDER KNOCKING ON DOOR	DANCE MUSIC
2	I'M A PRINCE	PRINCE
2a	THE CURSE	OLD WOMAN
2b	HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU WOLF HOWL WOLF HOWL/KNOCKING ON DOOR WOLF HOWL	SCENE CHANGE
2c	A STORY BOOK LOVE HUNTING HORN/ BARKING DOGS	UNDERSCORE
3	FINE GIFTS	GREEDO/GRASPO/ISABEL MARGUERITE
4	MAKE A WISH	BEAUTY
4a	MAKE A WISH	UNDERSCORE

## SEQUENCE (Cont.)

4b	THE BEAST	ENTRANCE MUSIC
4c	A STORYBOOK LOVE	SCENE CHANGE
4d	MAGIC CHANT MUSIC	
4e	FINE GIFTS (REPRISE)	GREEDO/GRASPO/ISABEL MARGUERITE
4f	MAKE A WISH KNOCKING ON DOOR	SCENE CHANGE
5	YOU'RE OUR GUEST	CLOCK/PAINTING/MOVING CHAIR
5a	THE BEAST	ENTRANCE MUSIC
6	A STORYBOOK LOVE	BEAST
6a	A STORYBOOK LOVE	UNDERScore

## ACT TWO

7	ENTR'ACTE (FABLES AND FAIRYTALES REPRISE)	
8	WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS GIRL?	PRINCESSES/CAPT./PAINT/CLOCK MOVG. CHAIR/GLASS/LOU./HEL.
8a	BEAST ENTRANCE MUSIC	
9	COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE MY FRIEND?	BEAUTY/BEAST
9a	COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE MY FRIEND	EXIT MUSIC
9b	WALTZ ONE (FABLES AND FAIRYTALES)	CAPTAIN/PRINCESSES
9c	WALTZ TWO (A STORYBOOK LOVE)	BEAUTY/BEAST
9d	HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU	SCENE CHANGE
9e	MAGIC CHANT MUSIC	
9f	THE MYSTERIOUS CASTLE	
9g	FIGHT MUSIC	
10	HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU?	BEAST
10a	HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU?	UNDERScore
10b	MAGIC CHANT MUSIC	
10c	A STORYBOOK LOVE (REPRISE)	BEAUTY
10d	THE TRANSFORMATION	
11	THE ENCHANTMENT OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (FINALE)	BEAUTY/BEAST (BRIDGE)
11a	FABLES AND FAIRYTALES	ENSEMBLE
12	CURTAIN (WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THIS GIRL)	
13	EXIT MUSIC (MAKE A WISH)	

# THE ENCHANTMENT OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

By VERA MORRIS

Music and lyrics by BILL FRANCOEUR

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

	<i># of lines</i>
PRINCE*.....selfish young man	47
FIRST PRINCESS.....hopes to marry Prince, haughty	28
CAPTAIN.....in the service of the prince	28
SECOND PRINCESS.....young noblewoman, also hope to marry Prince	22
OLD WOMAN.....witch with awesome powers	34
LOUISE.....young maidservant at castle	26
HELEN.....castle housekeeper	32
BEAST*.....the prince transformed into a lion-like creature	123
MADAME RONDEAU.....owns a small farm, a widow	113
WOLF.....crafty, always hungry	13
MAGIC LOOKING GLASS.....sees all, knows all	8
ISABEL.....Mme. Rondeau's daughter	58
MARGUERITE.....another daughter	51
BEAUTY.....the youngest daughter	120
GRASPO.....Marguerite's husband, a farmer	49
BRUTUS.....hound dog	13
GREEDO.....Isabel's husband, a hunter	67
ROSE LEGEND.....agent of the witch	8
CLOCK.....likes to pass the time	17
MASTERPIECE PAINTING.....all for beauty	12
MOVING CHAIR.....not only moves, but talks	10
ADDITIONAL PARTY.....as/if desired	
GUESTS, PRINCESSES	

\* The roles of PRINCE and BEAST are played by two different actors. However, if desired, one actor can play both roles. (See PRODUCTION NOTES.)

**THE ENCHANTMENT OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**  
**ACT ONE**  
Prologue

**SETTING:** The STAGE shows three playing areas. The largest area is the main hall of the castle belonging to the young PRINCE (soon to become the BEAST). The basics: a large dining table UP CENTER, bench behind the dining table and a handsome chair RIGHT and LEFT. STAGE RIGHT is a large, throne-like chair, on a low platform, if possible, to signify "importance" and rank. DOWN RIGHT is a small table. DOWN LEFT is the farmyard of MADAME RONDEAU, suggested by crude wooden table with two stools or a small bench. FORESTAGE is an all-purpose locale -- a path in the forest, outside the BEAST'S castle. (NOTE: For suggestions on dressing up the setting, consult PRODUCTION NOTES at rear of playbook.)

**MUSIC IN:** PROLOGUE, NO. 1, followed by FABLES AND FAIRYTALES NO. 1a.

**ENSEMBLE OR SMALL CHORUS:** *(Sung either backstage over microphones or in full view of the AUDIENCE.)*

Fables and fairytales,  
A child's nurs'ry rhyme,  
A parable, a fantasy,  
A tale as old as time.

Open the storybook,  
Behold a lover's feast,  
A dream or two, a love so true,  
Beauty and the beast.

A dream or two, a love so true,  
Beauty and the beast.

**PRIOR TO CURTAIN:** The MINUET, NO 1b begins. Spritely enough for a dance. LAUGHTER.

**AT RISE:** PRINCE is entertaining. He is dancing with FIRST PRINCESS. CAPTAIN, a soldier in the service of PRINCE, dances with SECOND PRINCESS. PRINCESSES are gorgeously costumed: jewelry, tiaras. CAPTAIN wears a rapier

or fencing foil (sword). A large tablecloth covers the dining table. Goblets and a bowl of fruit. MUSIC OUT. DANCERS bow to one another.

FIRST PRINCESS: (*Flirting.*) It's always such a pleasure to visit you, Prince.

PRINCE: (*Conceited.*) I know.

SECOND PRINCESS: (*Also flirting.*) You're such fun to be with.

PRINCE: (*Indifferent.*) So it has been said.

FIRST PRINCESS: Soon it will be time for you to choose a bride.  
(*PRINCESSES giggle.*)

CAPTAIN: That's not a subject that interests the prince.

SECOND PRINCESS: (*Disappointed.*) Oh?

FIRST PRINCESS: Why is that?

PRINCE: The thought of sharing my life and worldly goods with another I find depressing. I prefer to live free and keep everything I have for myself. (*PRINCESSES think he's joking. Laugh.*)

FIRST PRINCESS: Surely, you don't believe a wife would be a burden?

PRINCE: She might want one thing, and I might want another. It would be a nuisance. Anything or anyone who interferes with what I want is to be avoided at all costs. (*Again, PRINCESSES think he's joking. Or, at least, they hope so.*)

SECOND PRINCESS: Ha, ha, ha. Such a witty fellow you are, Prince.

PRINCE: That is true.

FIRST PRINCESS: You only say such things to tease us.

CAPTAIN: His Royalness never teases. Takes far too much energy.

PRINCE: The captain is correct. I prefer to save my energy for dancing and dining.

PRINCESSES: (*Forcing themselves.*) Ha, ha, ha. Hee, hee, hee.  
(*SOUND: THUNDER. STAGE DARKENS for an instant.*)

FIRST PRINCESS: (*Alarmed.*) What's that?

CAPTAIN: Only a storm brewing. It's been threatening all day.

SECOND PRINCESS: I'm afraid of thunder.

PRINCE: A goblet or two will banish your fear. Come--to table.  
(*PRINCE gallantly extends his hand to FIRST PRINCESS. She curtsies, takes his hand. He walks her to the table and indicates the chair to his RIGHT. PRINCE steps behind table, does not sit. CAPTAIN extends his hand to SECOND PRINCESS. She curtsies, takes his hand. He walks her to the table, LEFT. While this movement plays -- MORE THUNDER*)

and, again, a *DIMMING* of the *STAGE LIGHTS*, *DOWN* and *UP* [for some *LIGHTNING FLASHES* if you can manage them]. An *OLD WOMAN*, dressed in ragged fashion, steps *INTO VIEW*, *EXTREME DOWN RIGHT*, on the *FORESTAGE*. She is exhausted. Reacts when the *THUNDER ROARS*. *OLD WOMAN* walks with the aid of a long staff or trimmed tree branch. *Mutters* as she crosses *FORESTAGE* to *EXTREME DOWN LEFT*.)

*OLD WOMAN*: As if I don't have trouble enough...no food. . . weary as weary can be. . . and now, foul weather. . . I must secure shelter. . . perhaps some kind soul will help me. . . (She's *OUT*. *PRINCE* slaps his hands together, a signal to some *OFFSTAGE* servant. He sits. When he is seated, *FIRST PRINCESS* and *SECOND PRINCESS* sit. *CAPTAIN* remains standing. *LOUISE*, a young serving girl, *ENTERS RIGHT*.)

*LOUISE*: M'lord?

*PRINCE*: (*Indicates*.) My goblet is empty.

*LOUISE*: I'll refill it at once, m'lord.

*PRINCE*: You'd better. Otherwise, you can find employment at some other castle. I understand Bluebeard is hiring.

*LOUISE*: (*Horried at the prospect*.) Bluebeard! (She turns and runs *OFF, RIGHT*.)

*PRINCE*: I enjoy teasing the servants.

*PRINCESSES*: (*Forcing themselves*.) Ha, ha, ha.

*PRINCE*: Especially when employment is hard to come by. (*PRINCESSES*, again, laugh – only this time without much enthusiasm.)

*PRINCESSES*: Ha, ha, ha.

*CAPTAIN*: The maidservant either jumps when the prince barks or she can starve in the forest. (*LOUISE* quickly *RE-ENTERS*, carrying a silver pitcher.)

*PRINCE*: What kept you?

*LOUISE*: I hurried as fast as I could, m'lord. (*PRINCE* holds up a goblet.)

*PRINCE*: My goblet is still empty!

*LOUISE*: (*Hurries to him*.) Yes, yes, m'lord. (*LOUISE* hurries to the *PRINCE'S* side and pours drink into the goblet. *SOUND: LOUD KNOCKING* from *OFFSTAGE, LEFT*.)

*CAPTAIN*: (*Turns to the sound*.) What's that?

*LOUISE*: Someone's at the castle door, Captain.

*CAPTAIN*: I thought it might have been the storm.

*PRINCE*: What does it matter? My goblet is full, and now, Louise, you may fill the others. But always remember -- me first.



LOUISE: Your wish is my command, Prince.

PRINCE: It had better be. Ha, ha, ha.

OTHERS: (*Dutifully.*) Ha, ha, ha. (*LOUISE fills the goblet belonging to PRINCESSES, CAPTAIN. When she is done, she steps aside.*)

PRINCE: I shall make a toast.

CAPTAIN: Bravo. (*PRINCESSES applaud in polite fashion.*)

FIRST PRINCESS: To friendship?

SECOND PRINCESS: To love?

CAPTAIN: To loyalty?

PRINCE: Bah! (*He stands, holds up the goblet for his toast.*) Who needs friendship, or love, or loyalty? I drink to the only thing that truly matters – to selfishness and all the pleasures it brings to me! (*The PRINCESSES are less than thrilled by the toast. Stand. They and CAPTAIN lift their goblets.*)

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN: To selfishness and all the pleasures it brings to the prince.

PRINCE: Drink! (*ALL drink. MUSIC IN: I'M A PRINCE, NO.2. Sings.*)

I'm a prince!

I'm a prince!

Not a duke, not an earl,

But a prince!

People say I'm selfish,

And totally egotistical,

How dare they mumble such a thing...

Even if they're right!

I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*) I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

Not a lord, not a knight,

But a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

People think I'm ruthless,

And totally uncompassionate,

How dare they ponder such a thing,

Even if they're right!

I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*) I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sing.*)

A splendid figure of a man,  
I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Spoken.*)

I'm as blue-blooded as can be,  
The idol of the bourgeoisie,  
A fine example of royalty,  
There's no one quite like me,  
Of that I am convinced!

(*Sings.*) I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*) I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

Not a captain, not an admiral,  
But a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

Some say I'm tyrannical,  
And totally irreproachable,  
How dare they whisper such a thing,  
Even if they're right!  
I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*) I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

A noble triumph of a man,  
I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

You will find I never flinch,  
And my words, I never mince,  
When I have you in the clinch,  
It's a cinch that I will never give an inch...  
I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*) I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*) He's a prince!

PRINCE: (*Sings.*)

I'm a prince!  
I'm a prince!  
I'm a prince!

PRINCESSES/CAPTAIN/LOUISE: (*Sing.*)

He's a prince!  
He's a prince!  
He's a prince!

(At end of song, HELEN, the housekeeper, a motherly sort, hurries IN from LEFT. Keys dangle from her belt.)

HELEN: Forgive me, Prince.

PRINCE: What is it? (Motions to PRINCESSES.) Sit, sit.  
(PRINCESSES sit.)

HELEN: There's an old woman at the castle door.

PRINCE: Do I know her?

HELEN: I doubt it.

PRINCE: What does she want?

HELEN: Shelter from the storm.

PRINCE: (Indignant.) Shelter from the storm? The impudence. Is my castle to become a wayside inn for every vagabond and beggar? Tell her to be on her way. No shelter here.

HELEN: I told her, Prince.

PRINCE: What did she say to that?

HELEN: She insisted I speak to you on her behalf.

PRINCE: Insisted, did she? Let me have a look at this insolent hag.

HELEN: At once, Prince. (HELEN curtsies, EXITS LEFT.)

CAPTAIN: (Hand on his sword grip.) Say the word, my Prince, and I'll run her off.

PRINCE: No, no. It's been a dull day. I shall enjoy a bit of diversion.

FIRST PRINCESS: Dull day, Prince?

SECOND PRINCESS: Surely you don't mean that?

PRINCE: I always mean what I say -- even when I'm insincere.  
(He stands. Moves to throne chair.) You have no idea what a prince has to contend with. People who don't pay their taxes, apples with worms in them. Too much sun. I detest too much sun. I tell you, being a prince is no easy thing. (He sits in throne chair like a monarch about to receive some unwelcome ambassador.) Louise.

LOUISE: M'lord?

PRINCE: You may fetch me my goblet.

LOUISE: Yes, Prince. At once, Prince. You first. (LOUISE steps to table and picks up PRINCE'S goblet, refills it. She puts the pitcher on the table. Brings goblet to PRINCE. He takes it: Sips. LOUISE steps back. HELEN RETURNS.)

HELEN: Here she is, Prince. The old woman.

PRINCE: (Impatiently.) Well, well, where is she? Never keep a prince waiting. (OLD WOMAN hobbles IN.)

OLD WOMAN: It will be a relief to sit down. (To HELEN.) Might I have a chair? (HELEN looks nervously to PRINCE.)

PRINCE: Chairs are for guests.

OLD WOMAN: It hurts me to stand. I am very old, Prince.  
PRINCE: Is that my fault?  
OLD WOMAN: My bones ache and crackle.  
PRINCE: I advise you to see a physician. I'm no doctor.  
FIRST PRINCESS: Does the prince look like a doctor?  
SECOND PRINCESS: The prince could never look like anything but what he is -- (*Fawning.*) -- a prince.  
CAPTAIN: Be on your way, hag.  
OLD WOMAN: I beg you, Prince. Allow me to stay. I'll be no trouble. I've been travelling for several days. My feet are swollen.  
PRINCE: Next time ride a horse. (*This strikes PRINCESSES as funny. They laugh. CAPTAIN sniggers. OLD WOMAN takes note.*)  
OLD WOMAN: I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning.  
PRINCE: Old women shouldn't diet. Even I know that.  
OLD WOMAN: Diet? Did you say diet?  
CAPTAIN: He did.  
OLD WOMAN: I've had nothing to eat because there's been nothing to eat. I'm near to starving. I don't have a copper penny to my name. I'm weary from travel. The storm is nasty and wet. The wind harsh. I beg you, Prince -- a crust of bread. Some mercy.  
PRINCE: Out of the question.  
OLD WOMAN: A corner by some fire. To dry my dress and warm my bones.  
PRINCE: Not unless you can pay. I don't believe in something for nothing.  
OLD WOMAN: What a pity. What a sadness. So young and yet so cruel. (*This is an enormous breach of court etiquette. OTHERS gasp.*)  
PRINCE: (*Outraged.*) Bite your tongue, Old Woman. You are speaking to a prince.  
OLD WOMAN: Then act like a prince. (*CAPTAIN steps forward, ready to draw his sword. OTHERS gasp.*)  
CAPTAIN: Say the word, sire, and I'll run her through.  
PRINCE: (*To OLD WOMAN.*) You come to my castle uninvited. You disrupt my day. You say unpleasant things. You have no manners.  
OLD WOMAN: Hunger is never polite. I have so little. You have so much. A crust of bread, a chair to sit in, a moment's shelter -- is that so much to ask?

PRINCE: I thought you'd be amusing. But you're not. Out, out, Old Woman. I have no time for your sorrows. I am not interested in such things.

OLD WOMAN: What, pray tell, Prince, does interest you?  
(*PRINCE stands and lifts high his goblet.*)

PRINCE: Selfishness and all the pleasures it brings to me! (*He drinks, holds out goblet for LOUISE to take. She steps forward, takes goblet, steps back.*)

OLD WOMAN: (*Strong voice.*) Hear me well, vain and selfish Prince. (*OTHERS react, shocked.*)

PRINCE: (*Can't believe her impudence.*) What, what?!

OLD WOMAN: I am no ordinary beggar. I have powers, although I cannot use them for my own benefit.

CAPTAIN: Powers?

OLD WOMAN: My powers are so awesome, I hesitate to employ them. (*PRINCESSES laugh. OLD WOMAN turns to them and speaks sharply.*) I have not forgotten you, my pretties. You laughed at my swollen feet. (*Suddenly, PRINCESSES are very frightened. To CAPTAIN.*) They laughed and you sniggered, "brave" Captain. I won't forget.

CAPTAIN: (*To PRINCE.*) Let me toss her to the wolves. She'll never be hungry again. (*OLD WOMAN lifts her staff, as if to call down thunder. SOUND: THUNDER! ALL react.*)

OLD WOMAN: That is not the thunder of the storm. That is the thunder of my wrath!

LOUISE: (*Nervously attempting to move from her place.*) I -- I -- can't move.

FIRST PRINCESS: I -- I -- I can't get up. (*She attempts to do so.*)

SECOND PRINCESS: Nor can I! (*Attempts to rise. Impossible.*)

HELEN: I'm -- I'm -- I'm stuck to the floor. (*She tries to move, can't.*)

CAPTAIN: What is this, Old Woman? Sorcery?

OLD WOMAN: Revenge.

CAPTAIN: (*Struggling to move.*) Prince, I can't move!

PRINCE: Get out! Get out! No witches here. (*He takes a threatening step toward her. OLD WOMAN points to him with the staff and, instantly, he's frozen in place.*) What have you done? I can't move!

FIRST PRINCESS: Someone do something!

OLD WOMAN: All in good time, Princess Pretty. (*Step by step, OLD WOMAN advances on the PRINCE. OTHERS are wary, struggle to move. They can't. To PRINCE.*) The pleasures of selfishness, Prince? You haven't lived long enough to know

such pleasures are brass, not gold. As you have been beastly to me, you shall become a beast.

PRINCE: How dare you! (*MUSIC IN: THE CURSE, NO. 2a.*)

OLD WOMAN: (*Circling round and round.*) Beast, beast. You shall become a beast, I say.

HELEN: Stop, Old Woman! Please.

OLD WOMAN: Beast, beast. (*Circling.*) Beast, beast.

OTHERS: (*Unable to censor themselves.*) Beast, beast.

PRINCE: (*Dumbfounded, horrified.*) Beast, beast.

OLD WOMAN: (*Points an accusing finger to PRINCE.*) Why are you standing on two feet? You are a beast. Down on the floor like the other beasts. The curs and the cats. Stay there until you are bidden to rise.

PRINCE: No, no. (*As if to ward off her evil eye, PRINCE throws his hands in front of his face and, unable to help himself, drops to his knees. He begins to make awful growling noises. He holds his hands like paws. Snorts and snarls. He's in torment.*)

OLD WOMAN: (*Chanting as she circles.*) "Mean and sly, with the wink of an eye. Selfish fun and too much sun. Beastly to all, beastly to one. The curse is chanted, the curse is done." (*The OLD WOMAN lifts high the staff. SOUND: THUNDER. A terrific BANG. OTHERS scream! Immediately, the STAGE is plunged into DARKNESS! [NOTE: In the TOTAL DARKNESS, ALL but the OLD WOMAN quickly EXIT, unseen by AUDIENCE.] Supposedly, in the BLACKNESS, the PRINCE is transformed into the BEAST. Another actor plays the BEAST, taking the place of the actor portraying the PRINCE. [NOTE: If you do not wish to use two actors to portray PRINCE/BEAST, CONSULT PRODUCTION NOTES.] In the BLACKNESS, which continues to be punctuated with the SOUNDS OF RUMBLING THUNDER, we hear the "NOISES" of the BEAST -- more agonized growls and grunts and groans -- bestial and inhuman.*) "Needle, beetle, hog, dog. Squirm worm, stroll mole. Talk beast, walk beast. (*Strongly.*) The curse is chanted. The curse is -- done." (*Echo.*) The curse is done -- done -- done. (*The animal sounds of the BEAST are now subdued. He could be softly crying or whining. These SOUNDS continue as the LIGHTS DIM UP -- but not to full. The BEAST is right where we last saw the PRINCE -- on the floor. He wears gauntlet gloves to cover his furry hands [paws]. His head resembles that of a male lion. Mane, whiskers, black snout for a nose. BEAST is horrified to*

*find himself in such a state.)* Welcome to the "pleasures of selfishness." So you will remain, Beast.

BEAST: *(Barely human.)* How long. . . ?

OLD WOMAN: How long, you ask? Always.

BEAST: *(Dazed.)* Always?

OLD WOMAN: Or until someone will love you for yourself. Not for your worldly treasurers and princely state. *(BEAST gets up on his knees, gloves held like paws.)*

BEAST: Mercy.

OLD WOMAN: You ask for mercy, and yet you give none. Selfish Beast. You have heard the curse. If it lasts one thousand years, so be it. Perhaps no one will ever love you for yourself. Still, as the years pass, you may learn something of life. Maybe not.

BEAST: Mercy.

OLD WOMAN: A simple crust of bread given in honest charity would have spared you. But that was not your way. You may rise. *(Starts to EXIT.)* Farewell, Beast. Your castle will be lost in time and space. But it will belong to you alone. Enjoy it.

BEAST: Nooooooooo. . . !

OLD WOMAN: *(Mumbles.)* Weary as weary can be. . . perhaps some kind soul will help me. . . *(She's OUT. BEAST thrashes about. He could be trying to break some unseen ropes or chains. Sobbing, frightened, lost, BEAST crawls up onto the throne chair and falls back against it. Cries out, once again.)*

BEAST: Noooooo. . . ! *(From the sound of his echoing cry, he could be some forest animal caught in a hunter's trap. Repeats.)* Noooooo. . . ! *(BLACKOUT.)*

End of Prologue

PRIOR TO CURTAIN: MUSIC IN: HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU? NO. 2b.

It plays a few moments to set a melancholy mood.

## ACT ONE Scene One

Years and years later. Night.

AT RISE: Softly the LIGHTS illuminate the castle. It is now a dark place filled with menacing shadows. There is one significant addition to the props. A single large rose in a slender crystal vase atop the table DOWN RIGHT. MUSIC FADES. Nothing.

Then -- VOICE OF MADAME (MME.) RONDEAU from OFF FORESTAGE EXTREME DOWN RIGHT.

MME. RONDEAU'S VOICE: Caesar! Caesar! *(Pause.)* Caesar, please come back! Where are you? *(Pause.)* Caeeeeesar . . .!  
*(A moment passes and MME. RONDEAU ENTERS on FORESTAGE. Wears a rustic cloak.)* Where could he have gone? What am I to do without my pony and cart? *(Looks about as she nervously steps CENTER on FORESTAGE.)*  
What a strange forest. Everything is so still. Nothing moves, and the air smells musty. *(Suddenly, SOUND OF HOWLING WOLF. MME. RONDEAU reacts.)* A wolf! *(WOLF APPEARS EXTREME DOWN RIGHT. A creature out for blood. He snarls and bares his teeth.)*

WOLF: Grrrr. *(MME. RONDEAU is too terrified to move.)* Grrrr.

MME. RONDEAU: What a fearsome-looking wolf! I'll never see my children again. *(Cautiously, but in menacing fashion, WOLF advances on MME. RONDEAU. Wide-eyed, she stares out into the AUDIENCE and mutters incoherently. WOLF advances another step, stops. His growl is low.)*

WOLF: *(Slyly.)* How many children do you have?

MME. RONDEAU: *(Without thinking.)* Three. I have three children.

Daughters. *(She realizes the WOLF spoke.)* You -- you spoke!

WOLF: How observant you are. Your children are well-fed? Plump, perhaps? *(Another low growl.)*

MME. RONDEAU: *(Bewildered.)* How is such a thing possible? A talking wolf?

WOLF: All things are possible when you are in the bewitched forest.

MME. RONDEAU: Dreaming. I must be dreaming. That's it. Why, my pony threw me from the cart. I must have struck my head on a stone.

WOLF: *(Craftily.)* Think so?

MME. RONDEAU: *(Shaking.)* If I'm not dreaming and you're real -- what are you going to do?

WOLF: I'm going to do what a wolf does best. I'm going to have dinner. We wolves are always -- *(Wipes his lips with his tongue.)* -- hungry.

MME. RONDEAU: *(Horried.)* Hun-hun-hungry?

WOLF: Yes. *(Low growl.)* Hungry. *(Spells it out.)* H-U-N-G-R-Y. Hungry.

MME. RONDEAU: *(Edgy.)* You're not going to devour me?



**WOLF:** Yes, I am. I won't even use salt and pepper. You'll see.  
*(Another growl – louder than before. MME. RONDEAU screams.)*

**MME. RONDEAU:** Help! Help! Wolf! Wolf! *(She runs OFF, EXTREME DOWN LEFT. WOLF rears up and slashes the air with his sharp nails. Howls. Gives chase.)*

**WOLF:** It's no use. You'll never escape! *(Growling ferociously, WOLF bolts after MME. RONDEAU. OPTIONAL BUSINESS: After WOLF EXITS, a SPOT OF LIGHT picks out the rose in the crystal vase. A moment passes and we hear the EXCITED VOICE of MME. RONDEAU from OFFSTAGE, LEFT.)*

**MME. RONDEAU'S VOICE:** Help! Help! Somebody, please! Wolf, wolf! *(HOWL of the WOLF from OFF LEFT, followed by the SOUND of MME. RONDEAU BANGING at the castle door. Pause. Another WOLF HOWL. More BANGING. HELEN APPEARS from UP RIGHT, a lighted candle in one hand. Behind her is LOUISE.)*

**HELEN:** Such a racket. Who could it be? *(As HELEN ENTERS, LIGHTS DIM UP somewhat.)*

**LOUISE:** No one ever comes to the castle of the Beast. No one would dare. *(More BANGING.)*

**HELEN:** It seems someone has dared.

**LOUISE:** Shall I see who it is?

**HELEN:** I'm the housekeeper. That's my job. *(HELEN assumes a dignified post and parades OUT, OFF LEFT. LOUISE takes a cautious step after her.)*

**LOUISE:** Be careful. *(Pause.)*

**HELEN'S VOICE:** Who are you? What do you want?

**MME. RONDEAU'S VOICE:** Quick! Shut and bolt the door! Wolf, wolf! *(Yet another HOWL from the WOLF. Terrified, MME. RONDEAU hurries INTO the castle. She immediately sees LOUISE and talks nonstop.)*

**MME. RONDEAU:** It was in the forest. Eyes burning like embers. It wanted to devour me. I was to be its dinner! May I sit down? I'm exhausted. *(Without waiting for LOUISE to answer, MME. RONDEAU sits at table, breathing heavily. HELEN RETURNS.)*

**HELEN:** There's nothing to fear now. Wolves never come into the castle.

**MME. RONDEAU:** I'm relieved to hear it.

**LOUISE:** How did you find this castle?

**MME. RONDEAU:** I stumbled upon it. I was coming back from the seaport of Calais. My pony bolted and ran off with the cart. I didn't know where I was, and everything seemed so odd. Then I heard the wolf, and it spoke to me. (*LOUISE and HELEN exchange a look.*) There's no need to look like that. I'm not mad. I know what I saw, and I know what I heard.

**HELEN:** We won't doubt you.

**LOUISE:** It's just that we so rarely have visitors.

**HELEN:** To be truthful, we never have visitors.

**MME. RONDEAU:** May I stay the night? I don't want to be out there in the forest. In the dark. I'm afraid of the dark.

**HELEN:** It's not up to us to say who can stay.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Isn't this your castle?

**HELEN:** Heavens, no. I'm the housekeeper. My name is Helen. (*Indicates.*) This is Louise. She's a serving maid.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Whose castle is this? (*VOICE OF THE BEAST is heard from OFF RIGHT.*)

**BEAST'S VOICE:** It is the castle of the Beast.

**HELEN:** (*Tense.*) He approaches.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Who?

**LOUISE:** (*To MME. RONDEAU.*) Try not to anger him. He has a fiery temper.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Who has a fiery temper?

**HELEN/LOUISE:** The Beast. (*MME. RONDEAU can tell the servants are afraid. They back OUT, LEFT – as if they fear to look upon the BEAST. MME. RONDEAU stands, takes a step after them. Calls out.*)

**MME. RONDEAU:** What do you mean -- "The Beast"?

**BEAST'S VOICE:** See for yourself. (*Slowly, on guard, MME. RONDEAU turns. Pause. The BEAST ENTERS. His voice is dark and commanding.*) You may stay the night. You will be safe. No wolf enters here. (*Poor MME. RONDEAU is about to faint at the sight of the BEAST. She mutters foolishly to herself.*) You are frightened of me.

**MME. RONDEAU:** (*Lies.*) No, no, no, Sir Beast. (*BEAST roars out as he points a finger at her.*)

**BEAST:** You lie! (*He runs at her as if to pounce. He's terrifying in his rage. MME. RONDEAU drops to her knees and holds up her hands in supplication.*)

**MME. RONDEAU:** Do not devour me, Sir Beast. I have children. They need their mother.

**BEAST:** Foolish woman. I have no desire to devour you. *(He sits in the throne chair, wearily. MME. RONDEAU babbles on, as if she thinks her words will placate the BEAST.)*

**MME. RONDEAU:** I am a widow. I have a small farm. When my husband lived, he put everything he made into a sailing ship. A sailing ship that went to India. It was to make our fortune.

**BEAST:** And?

**MME. RONDEAU:** The ship was to dock at Calais. When I got there I was greeted with terrible news. The ship was lost in a storm. I have nothing. Everything has been lost. Nothing left. Nothing but the farm, and even that is heavily mortgaged.

**BEAST:** You say you have children?

**MME. RONDEAU:** Three, Sir Beast. Daughters. Isabel, Marguerite. Beauty. *(Panics again.)* Do not devour me!

**BEAST:** Stop whining. Stop grovelling. Stand up.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Yes, yes. Thank you, Sir Beast.

**BEAST:** What is your name?

**MME. RONDEAU:** Madame Rondeau. I come from the village of Petite Nante.

**BEAST:** I would see your daughters. I am curious about life outside this castle.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Yes, yes, Sir Beast. You must come and visit us. Stay as long as you like.

**BEAST:** It is not possible for me to leave this castle. I can see everything I wish to see with the aid of my Magic Looking Glass.

**MME. RONDEAU:** Magic Looking Glass? *(She takes a step to AUDIENCE, speaks sotto.)* Whatever is to become of me? Surely I'm doomed. A bewitched forest, a talking wolf, a Beast who speaks like a nobleman and, now -- a Magic Looking Glass. I must be dreaming.

**BEAST:** *(Gestures UP LEFT.)* Behold the Magic Looking Glass. *(MAGIC LOOKING GLASS ENTERS UP LEFT. The actress is costumed in a flowing gown, over which are sewn many small mirrors, or pieces of glass, or large sequins. She holds a large hand mirror. She is "faceless" -- that is, she seems to have no face. This is due to the nylon cloth which covers her features like a gauze mask. She doesn't exactly walk, she floats. Or, as close to floating as the actress can manage.)*

**MAGIC LOOKING GLASS:** North, East, South, West. Whatever you see will be for the best. *(BEAST motions MAGIC LOOKING GLASS to approach. She moves to throne chair. MME. RONDEAU is beside herself with confusion and fear.)*

*Doesn't know whether to stay or run. The MAGIC LOOKING GLASS scares her.)*

**MME. RONDEAU:** Oh, dear, oh, dear. *(To escape the approaching MAGIC LOOKING GLASS, MME. RONDEAU hides behind the throne chair.)* She frightens me.

**BEAST:** Be silent!

**MME. RONDEAU:** *(Cowering.)* Yes, Sir Beast. Forgive me, Sir Beast.

**BEAST:** *(Motioning to MAGIC LOOKING GLASS.)* Closer. I wish to peer into the glass. *(MAGIC LOOKING GLASS steps closer. Holds out the hand mirror. BEAST leans forward, peers into the glass.)*

**MAGIC LOOKING GLASS:** What is it you wish to see? Tell me and what will be will be.

**BEAST:** Show me the daughters of Madame Rondeau.

**MAGIC LOOKING GLASS:** It will be so. *(MUSIC IN: A STORYBOOK LOVE— UNDERSCORE, NO.2c.)*

**BEAST:** Isabel, Marguerite and -- what was the name of the last daughter?

**MME. RONDEAU:** *(Trembling, barely audible.)* B-B-B-Beauty.

**BEAST:** What?!

**MME. RONDEAU:** Beauty! Her name is Beauty!

**BEAST:** *(Softens.)* Yes. Beauty. *(MAGIC LOOKING GLASS holds the mirror to the BEAST. He continues to peer into it. At the same time, MAGIC LOOKING GLASS gestures gracefully to the farmyard.)*

**MAGIC LOOKING GLASS:** Come forth, Isabel and Marguerite and -- Beauty. *(LIGHTS DIM DOWN on castle and COME UP BRIGHT and SUNNY DOWN LEFT. ISABEL and MARGUERITE ENTER FORESTAGE from EXTREME DOWN LEFT and step to the farmhouse table. ISABEL carries a bowl of potatoes and a knife. MARGUERITE carries two pails of milk. The girls are rather unpleasant, in that they can think only of themselves. As the vignette plays, MME. RONDEAU creeps around the throne chair and stands peering into the glass. She and BEAST and MAGIC LOOKING GLASS remain motionless. MUSIC OUT. ISABEL sits at table, begins to peel potatoes.)*

**ISABEL:** I can't imagine what's kept Mother so long.

**MARGUERITE:** You don't think anything has happened, do you?

**ISABEL:** Anything bad, you mean?

**MARGUERITE:** Uh-huh.

**ISABEL:** Mother can take care of herself.

**MARGUERITE:** She shouldn't have gone to Calais. My husband or your husband should have gone in her place.

**ISABEL:** You know how strong-willed Mother can be. She said Father would have gone alone, and she would do no less. *(MARGUERITE puts down the pails.)*

**MARGUERITE:** Only two pails of milk this morning. The cows are going dry.

**ISABEL:** I'll be glad to see the last of this old farm. I'm sick of the smell of vegetables. *(MARGUERITE sits.)*

**MARGUERITE:** My poor back. I'm much too young to have a bad back. It comes from carrying milk pails. *(BEAUTY APPEARS from LEFT, steps to table. She's overheard some of the conversation. Like her sisters, she's dressed in poor fashion. She's pretty, sweet, intelligent.)*

**BEAUTY:** You don't mean what you said, Isabel. About leaving the farm.

**ISABEL:** Yes, I do. As soon as Mother returns with all the money Father invested, we'll be rich. No more hard work and no more plain dresses.

**MARGUERITE:** There'll be dances and parties and things like that. *(GRASPO, MARGUERITE'S husband, ENTERS FORESTAGE from EXTREME DOWN LEFT, joins the OTHERS. He carries a large straw rake or hoe. He's a bumpkin.)*

**GRASPO:** *(To MARGUERITE.)* I'm not interested in such things.

**ISABEL:** *(To MARGUERITE.)* A fine husband you have.

**MARGUERITE:** Is yours so much better? *(Scoffs.)* Men. They know nothing of the better things in life.

**GRASPO:** I want horses. Fine horses. I want to race them. Fine horses cost a great deal of money. *(To MARGUERITE.)* When your mother returns, I'll be a rich man.

**MARGUERITE:** Sometimes I feel you only married me, Graspò, because you knew one day I'd be rich.

**GRASPO:** Think what you will.

**MARGUERITE:** Monster!

**BEAUTY:** Marguerite, Graspò. No quarreling.

**GRASPO:** I wish your mother would get here. I'm anxious to see the money. *(SOUND: HUNTING HORN from OFFSTAGE, EXTREME DOWN RIGHT. This is followed by the BARKING OF A DOG. ALL at the farm house look to the sound. NOTE: BEAST and MME. RONDEAU continue to stare into the hand mirror that MAGIC LOOKING GLASS is holding. BRUTUS [or*

*BERTA*, a hunting hound, leaps **ONTO** the **FORESTAGE** and runs from **RIGHT** to **LEFT** and into the farmyard.)

**BRUTUS**: Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow!

**ISABEL**: It's Brutus. (*Pets him.*) Good boy [girl], good boy. Where's my husband? Where's Greedo? (*BRUTUS points to EXTREME DOWN RIGHT. GREEDO, a hunter, ENTERS. He has some dead birds slung over one shoulder, along with a hunting horn. Carries a bow and some arrows. He's well-named. Greed motivates him. BRUTUS sits by the table, scratches a flea.*)

**GRASPO**: Hola, brother! Was it a good hunt?

**GREEDO**: I've had better.

**BEAUTY**: I hate to see birds fall.

**ISABEL**: Would you rather starve? (*GREEDO crosses to table and tosses down the birds. NOTE: Since the farmyard scene is played in somewhat close quarters, don't be afraid to take up some castle space, if necessary. The important thing is that the AUDIENCE see everyone clearly. GREEDO is a sturdy, no nonsense type. But, like his brother, he's greedy and eager for the rich life.*)

**GREEDO**: With the money you'll get from your mother, I shall buy a vineyard. I have no liking for the farm life. I was meant for better things.

**ISABEL**: You sound so greedy, Greedo.

**GRASPO**: Why shouldn't he? Haven't we all worked this land day and night, living like paupers? Dreaming of the day that ship from India sailed into port?

**MARGUERITE**: I hope Mother doesn't forget the gifts she promised to bring us. (*MUSIC IN: FINE GIFTS, NO. 3.*)

**ISABEL/MARGUERITE**: (*Daydreaming; speaks.*) Ooooh!

**GREEDO/GRASPO**: (*Daydreaming; speaks.*) Ahhhh!

**ISABEL/MARGUERITE**: (*Sing.*) Fine gifts!

**GREEDO/GRASPO**: (*Sing.*) Fine gifts!

**ISABEL/MARGUERITE**: (*Sing.*)

We'll soon be attending fine gifts!

**GREEDO/GRASPO**: (*Sing.*) Fine gifts! How can I resist...

**ALL FOUR**: (*Sing.*)

All the good things in life on my list?

**ISABEL**: (*Sings.*)

I'll have perfume from Paris to dab on my ear,

**MARGUERITE**: (*Sings.*)

A fine ruby ring from Bombay,

**GREEDO**: (*Sings.*)

A new suit of clothing when serving my wine,  
**GRASPO:** *(Sings.)*  
 The finest horses, I pray,  
**ALL FOUR:** *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!  
**GREEDO/GRASPO:** *(Again, daydreaming; speaks.)* Ooooh!  
**ISABEL/MARGUERITE:** *(Daydreaming; speaks.)* Ahhhh!  
**GREEDO/GRASPO:** *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!  
**ISABEL/MARGUERITE:** *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!  
**GREEDO/GRASPO:** *(Sing.)*  
 We'll soon be attending fine gifts!  
**ISABEL/MARGUERITE:** *(Sing.)*  
 Fine gifts,  
 Only for the rich.  
**ALL FOUR:** *(Sing.)*  
 No more menial life, what a switch!  
**GRASPO:** *(Sings.)*  
 The finest of saddles all trimmed in gold,  
**GREEDO:** *(Sings.)*  
 The finest wine in the land,  
**MARGUERITE:** *(Sings.)*  
 A closet of dresses, befitting a queen,  
**ISABEL:** *(Sings.)*  
 A diamond ring on my hand.  
**ALL FOUR:** *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!  
 Fine gifts!  
 We'll soon be attending fine gifts!  
 Fine gifts,  
 How can I resist,  
 All the good things in life on my list?  
**MARGUERITE:** *(Sings.)*  
 What if she doesn't return when she should?  
**GRASPO:** *(Sings.)* What if she's lost? *(Speaks.)* Catch my drift?  
**GREEDO:** *(Sings.)* What if she doesn't return with the goods?  
**ISABEL:** *(Sings.)* I will absolutely be miffed!  
**ALL FOUR:** *(Angrily speak.)* Fine gift!  
**GRASPO:** *(Speaks.)* Where is she?  
**ISABEL:** *(Speaks.)* She'll be back.  
**GREEDO:** *(Speaks.)* When?  
**MARGUERITE:** *(Speaks.)* Soon!  
**ISABEL/MARGUERITE:** *(Again, daydreaming; speaks.)* Ooooh!  
**GREEDO/GRASPO:** *(Again, daydreaming; speaks.)* Aaaah!  
**ISABEL/MARGUERITE:** *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!  
**GREEDO/GRASPO:** *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* We'll soon be  
Attending fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)*  
Fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts! How can I resist...

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)*  
All the good things  
In life on my list?

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)*  
Fine gifts!

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts! Only for the rich!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* No more menial life,  
What a switch!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)*  
Fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts! How can I resist...

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

ALL FOUR: *(Sing.)*

All the good things in life on my list?  
Good-bye to working, good-bye to chores,  
Good-bye to frugal and thrift,  
We'll hoist the anchor on poverty,  
And cast this poor life adrift...  
Fine gifts!

ISABEL/MARGUERITE: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts!

ALL: *(Sing.)* Fine gifts! *(Speak.)* Ahhhh!

ISABEL: *(At end of song.)* Do you know what our little sister asked  
for?

GRASPO: What did Beauty ask for?

MARGUERITE: You won't believe it – a rose.

GREEDO/GRASPO: *(Incredulous.)* A rose?!

ISABEL: Did you ever hear of anything so foolish?

MARGUERITE: Beauty always has been a little "odd." Imagine  
asking for a rose when you could have a ruby.

GREEDO: That's no way to get ahead in the world, Beauty. Why  
did you ask for a rose?

BEAUTY: *(Simply.)* Because I love roses. They're lovely to look at.  
They smell better than any perfume from Paris. Sometimes  
they grow wild and cost nothing. They give what they have  
and ask nothing in return except to be appreciated by those  
who love them. *(BEAST is most interested in this explanation.)*



## PRODUCTION NOTES

### STAGE PROPERTIES

For Castle: Dining table, tablecloth, bench, two handsome chairs, throne-like chair for Beast (on low platform, if possible), small side table.

For Farmyard: Wooden table, two stools and/or small bench.

### BROUGHT ON AND PERSONAL:

#### Prologue

Three goblets, bowl of fruit (on dining table). Tiaras, jewelry (PRINCESSES); sword or foil (CAPTAIN); long walking stick or staff (OLD WOMAN); silver pitcher (LOUISE); keys on belt (HELEN); gauntlet gloves (BEAST).

#### Act One, Scene One

Large rose in crystal vase. Cloak (MME. RONDEAU); lighted candle (HELEN); hand mirror, nylon mask for face [nylon stocking will work] (MAGIC LOOKING GLASS); bowl of potatoes, knife (ISABEL); two pails (MARGUERITE); hoe or rake (GRASPO); string of "dead birds," hunting horn, bow, arrows (GREEDO).

#### Act One, Scene Three

Cloth or towel (HELEN); stool (MOVING CHAIR); reversible painting [one side showing pastoral scene and the other side a portrait of the BEAST] (MASTERPIECE PAINTING).

#### Act Two, Scene One

Painting of red rose (MASTERPIECE PAINTING); plates of food, silver pitcher (HELEN, LOUISE).

#### Act Two, Scene Two

Baskets with laundry [one basket to contain sheet or towel] (ISABEL, MARGUERITE).

#### Act Two, Scene Three

Optional candelabra (LOUISE, HELEN); hand mirror (MAGIC LOOKING GLASS); shawl, cane (MME. RONDEAU); medicine bottle, large wooden spoon (ISABEL); key on thin chain or colored string (BEAST).

#### Act Two, Scene Five

Sword (GREEDO); hoe, rake or club (GRASPO); sword for BEAST (either WOLF or CAPTAIN); lightweight frame with paper picture (MASTERPIECE PAINTING).

### **SOUND**

Thunder, loud banging at offstage castle door, wolf howl (may be done by actor who is good at howling), hunting horn.

### **FLEXIBLE CASTING**

Arrange to fit your requirements. Several roles can be played by either males or females. They are: WOLF, BRUTUS (becomes "Berta"), CLOCK, MASTERPIECE PAINTING, MOVING CHAIR.

With a few minor line changes, MADAME RONDEAU can be switched to a male role -- MONSIEUR RONDEAU.

Some EXTRAS can be added in the Prologue as Guests or additional Princesses. Same for Act Two dance scene.

### **ABOUT THE BEAST**

If you wish to have only one actor perform the roles of PRINCE and BEAST, it's done this way: In the Prologue, when the OLD WOMAN works her curse, the lights will go out, and the actor will quickly put on a lion's head mask and gauntlet gloves. Mask and gloves are set behind the throne chair prior to the play's beginning. However, by having two actors, one for the PRINCE and another for the BEAST, you can work up a great facial makeup. The BEAST actor might also be larger than the PRINCE actor. If you decide to use just one actor, remember that he must be able to speak loud and clear through the mask. The head mask or half-mask must be comfortable.

### **DRESSING UP THE SET**

The play can easily be performed with the suggested simple set. To dress it up, you might consider some archways for the castle and some steps and platforms. This way entrances and exits will be more interesting. Maybe a backdrop for the castle, some standing candelabra, a chandelier, rug, etc. Section of a gate on forestage, EXTREME DOWN RIGHT.

For the farmyard, some overhanging tree branches would look impressive. Some shrubbery, too.

### **COSTUMES**

As indicated in the script. The customary "fairy tale" assortment (consult Sheila Smolensky's Costuming for Children's Theatre -- Pioneer Drama Service). BEAUTY'S Act Two costume should be beautiful.

### **ABOUT THE CLOCK**

Long dark robe or painted lightweight wood or cardboard for the body. Actor's own arms. Box for face of clock with the actor's own face poking through. Although there are numerals "I," "II," "III," etc., the CLOCK face has no hands.

### **ABOUT THE MOVING CHAIR**

A costume that looks like walking upholstery. Face might be covered with a thin cloth. Arms carry the stool, and when the stool is set on the floor, actor hunkers down so that his own arms become the arms of the chair.

### **LIGHTING**

Depends on what you have. Actually, the play can be done with nothing special. However, a shadowy castle works wonders and area lighting for the rose in the vase, the farmyard, the forestage is all to the good. Do not light the castle too brightly. It should be a scary place.

### **CURTAIN CALL SUGGESTION**

MME. RONDEAU takes her place at the farmyard table and stares into the hand mirror. BRUTUS, ISABEL, MARGUERITE, GREEDO and GRASPO gather around and peer into the glass.

Those at the castle form a straight line, BEAUTY and PRINCE CENTER, and march onto the FORESTAGE and toss paper roses to the AUDIENCE.



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