

# Beauty and the Beast

*Authors: Merlin Price and Derek Dwyer  
Adapted for DreamDragons by the Company*

# Beauty and the Beast

## Cast in order of appearance (mostly):

An old crone	There's more to her than meets the eye
Jobsworth	Housekeeper to the Beast
Baron Davenport	Captain of the 'Granddad's Army' platoon
Private Gormless	Ancient and incontinent
Private Carp	Mother dominated and totally wet
Private McKilt	A stereotypical Scottish pessimist
Corporal Smith	Old, fumbling and overly enthusiastic
Sergeant Flash	Oily, devious and underhanded
Beauty	The Baron's beautiful daughter
Percival	Valet to the Beast
The Beast	Huge, hairy and bad tempered
The Prince	The Beast's alter-ego.
Martha	Match for Gormless
Sally	Match for Carp
Norah	Match for McKilt
Polly	Match for Smith
Kate.	Match for Flash
Chip	Jobsworth's son
Frite	Percival's ward
Chorus	Castle servants, Villagers, Wolves

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In the first production, we couldn't find enough men to fill all the roles (isn't that always the way it goes?) Percival was played by a woman, as was the Prince (in fishnet tights). Amazingly, Corporal Smith was also a woman, behind the false moustache, and was played extremely well.

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## Overture

*Ten minutes before curtain up the cast come out into the auditorium in character and interact with each other and the audience. There will be scripted sections which introduce each character and it will be an opportunity to give out sweets and trinkets to both adults and children. Beauty will be the focus of the section, establishing herself as a kind, independent girl who knows everyone but is equally happy to be quiet and get lost in a book.*

*The aim is to warm up the audience and help them to recognise the characters quickly, matching the key players to their Disney version counterparts.*

*The show proper opens with a short solo:*

SOLO: A tale as old as time.

### ACT 1 – Scene 1

#### Castle Door way

*Semi-front of curtain. Curtains are part open to reveal an imposing doorway - blue lit to simulate moonlight.*

*SFX: A thunderstorm.*

*Enter a cloaked and hooded crone.*

CRONE: What a terrible storm - and it's getting worse! I must find shelter, for I'll never reach home this night. *(She glances at the doorway)* Perhaps a kind soul lives here who will take pity on a poor exhausted old woman! I'll knock on the door. *(She knocks)*

*The door opens slightly. Jobsworth the housekeeper appears.*

JOBSWORTH: Yes?

CRONE: Beg pardon milady, but will you take pity on a frail old woman, caught in the worst storm since Lammas Eve?

JOBSWORTH: The master does not take kindly to visitors! However, I will go and enquire. Wait here!

CRONE: Oh thank you kindly my lady! *Jobsworth disappears.*

CRONE: Oh surely when her master hears of my plight he will find some small corner of this magnificent castle for me to rest in, and warm my old bones.

JOBSWORTH: *(Returning)* Regarding your request for shelter. Well, having discussed it with my master, and all circumstances being taken into account, all things considered, everything being equal, leaving no stone unturned.....No!

CRONE: No?

JOBSWORTH: That's right! No!

*(Shuts door in her face)*

*Crone knocks again.*

JOB SWORTH: Yes?

CRONE: *(Proffers a single red rose in her shaking hand)*

Perhaps this gift, which is all I possess in the whole world, will soften your master's heart?

JOB SWORTH: *(With an exasperated sigh)* Oh very well! wait here!

*(She disappears again and returns almost immediately).*

CRONE: Well?

JOB SWORTH: My master says thank you for the rose.

CRONE: And so may I come in?

JOB SWORTH: My master has taken account of the fact that such a gesture must represent a not insignificant sacrifice given your great age, poverty and ugliness. Such an action undoubtedly deserved the greatest consideration. My master has pondered intensively on this matter and has asked me to convey to you, in full, his considered response.

CRONE: So what did he say?

JOB SWORTH: No!

CRONE: *(Her tone becoming more icy)* And is that his final word?

JOB SWORTH *(A little hesitant, on noticing the tone of her voice)* Err... yes!

CRONE: Then let your master note this well! For several years there have been tales of how a handsome wealthy prince has become spoilt by the many advantages bestowed upon him. Despite the love and affection showered upon him by all his family and loved ones, his heart hardened, and he became ill-tempered, selfish, arrogant and with no thought for anyone but himself!

*She casts off her cloak to reveal that she is, in reality, a beautiful and powerful enchantress.*

I was sent here tonight to offer your vain and selfish young master a final chance to redeem himself. If he had shown but one shred of kindness, one ounce of caring, then all would have been well. But he has chosen by his actions tonight to prove beyond doubt that his heart is so hardened that he is no longer fit to share the privileges that have been his since birth! From this night onward, he shall be transformed into a great beast, and shall remain in this form until his twenty-first year. The rose he has taken from me shall then begin to wither and die, and unless he finds it in his heart to love someone and be loved in return, then as the last petal of the rose falls to the ground, so he shall perish with it! Farewell!

*SFX: The prince's cries of 'No, no!' merge into ghastly bestial growling and screams. Enchantress exits.*

## **CURTAIN**

### **ACT 1 - Scene 2**

**The Village Green** -a door into the wings at one side is the Baron's house

OPENING MUSICAL NUMBER

*At end of routine the Granddad's Army platoon enter*

BARON DAVENPORT: Eff- righ, eff- righ, eff - righ. Platoon halt! Ten-shun!

*The platoon dominos to a halt*

PRIVATE GORMLESS: *(Raising his hand)* Excuse me Baron Davenport sir!

BARON: Yes, yes! what is it Gormless?

GORMLESS: Do you think I might possibly, er you know, er it really is a bit desperate, er if you didn't mind awfully that is, it's just I had this glass of lemonade before I came out and ... oh! ... oh! Never mind. *(Looks crestfallen.)*

PRIVATE CARP: Baron Davenport sir, are we likely to be much longer? It's just that I promised my Mum I'd be home before five o' clock. She doesn't like me being out when it turns a bit chilly, because she hasn't finished darning my winter liberty bodice yet.

BARON DAVENPORT: Stupid boy! Now listen men! In order to keep in battle fitness and prepared for any eventuality, we shall be embarking on night manoeuvres this evening. We shall assemble at the Parish Hall at 1 8.00 hours and set off immediately into the forest!

CARP: Baron Davenport sir? Will it be dark in the forest?

MCKILT: *(Ominously)* Aye, my bonny wee laddie! Monny's the nicht doon amidst the trees, when every wee beastie has scurried to its aun nest to hide it'sel away from the dreadful nameless horrors of the dark, dark forest glades!

CARP: You do talk funny for someone born in Singleton Village Mr. McKilt! Baron Davenport? Will it be really dark?

GORMLESS: Excuse me Baron Davenport, but do you think it would be advisable if those of us who possess a nightlight or torch or some such source of illumination, er as it were, brought it with us?

BARON: Splendid idea Gormless, good thinking!

SGT.FLASH: As it 'appens Baron Davenport, I just 'appen to be able to help you out there, I can put you right next to a nice little batch of unused government torches - originally intended for shipment to the land of the midnight sun, so they were a bit surplus to requirements! You just say the word and my mate Arfur<sup>1</sup>!! arrange to nick em ... er, I mean take delivery!

BARON: Thank you Sgt. Flash, but I don't think that will be necessary! Now, dismiss the men, then I want a quick word about the arrangements for the distribution of rations.

CPL. SMITH: Baron Davenport sir, permission to speak! BARON: Yes, what is it Smith?

CPL. SMITH: Permission to provide loads of best quality bangers sir? Suitable for barbecuing over a nice open fire in the woodland sir!

BARON: Thank you Corporal Smith, we'll bear that in mind!

CPL: They're very good bangers, sir, over 15% meat, not too much sawdust, and big gobbets of fat so they fry nice and quick.....

BARON: Yes, yes, very tempting I'm sure

CPL. SMITH: .... and if you were to buy ten pounds then I'd throw in a nice pig's head to boil up for brawn!

CARP: Baron Davenport sir, my mother wouldn't like me eating pig's head, she told me its offal.

CPL: It's not offal, it's very nice indeed!

CARP: She said you can get that there BMW from it!

McKILT: I've heard tell that that BMW is an awful terrible affliction to be gettin. They say you go starrk starin' mad! MAD, MAD! Do ye hear!

BARON: Quiet Now we've discussed the culinary niceties let's get on with the work. Report back here at 1800 hours sharp! Carry on!

CARP: Ta ta then!

McKILT: Aye, and lang may your lum reek!

GORMLESS: Er if it's alright with you Baron, I really do feel I ought to go quite quickly and .... oh!

*THEY EXIT*

*Enter Beauty (Baron Davenport's lovely daughter)*

BEAUTY: Oh hello Daddy, I thought I'd find you here! What's going on? I've just your men rushing off in all directions! Well, apart from Private Gormless, he seemed to be rushing in just one direction!

BARON: Afraid I can't divulge all the details, even to you my dearest! Official secrets! Hush - hush project and all that! Sufficient to say, on manoeuvres, bit of bivouacking, make men out 'em!

BEAUTY: Oh, poor old Carp, he'll hate every minute of it, he'll never manage without his Flopsy Bunny and his Mum to tuck him up with a cup of Ovaltine! And poor Private Gormless, surrounded by all those trees, he won't know which way to turn! And Corporal Smith and Mr. McKilt, they're far too old to be out in the cold and damp. The only person who might be improved by the experience is that dreadful Sgt. Flash! It might do him a world of good to have to live rough for a while! Speak of the devil, here he comes now!

*Enter Sgt Flash*

SGT.FLASH: (*Ingratiatingly*) Ah, Baron Davonport! Everything ship shape and Bristol fashion sir! Ah, and the gorgeous Beauty! And when are you going to relent and become my girlfriend? You must realise that I'm in great demand, I can't keep myself free for you for ever! Girls are mad about me! They throw flowers at me, they worship at my feet!

BEAUTY: (*Sotto voce*) His feet might be OK, but it's a pity about the rest of him!

SGT.FLASH: You know, Beauty, I'd like to see more of you.

BEAUTY: But there isn't any more of me!

SGT.FLASH: Look! how would you like to go out for a meal next Thursday?

BEAUTY: But I don't know if I'm going to be hungry next Thursday!

SGT.FLASH: Oh, er, yer! That's a point! Eh? Hang on, can't I hold your hand?

BEAUTY: No thanks, I can manage myself, its not very heavy!

SGT.FLASH: But you're just my type! BEAUTY: I know! I'm a girl!

BARON: Now, now Beauty, stop flirting with the lad, there's lots to be done if he's going to be ready for the manoeuvres tomorrow! Off you go my lad! (*Turning to Beauty*) Now let's get off home, and you can make me a nice cup of tea and tell me all about your day!

*Enter Cpl. Smith clutching large string of sausages.*

CPL. SMITH: Eff ight, eff ight, about turn, stand at EASE! (*Sees audience*) Oh hello! I was just practisin' me drill! Bein' a non-commissioned ossifer I have to set an example to the lads! Course I come from a long line of soldiers! One of my ancestors fell at Waterloo! Someone pushed him off platform number 3. I've had a very distinguished army career! I fought with Monty at El Alamein, I fought with Alexander at Tunis, I fought with Mountbatten in Burma, no, I never could get on with generals! Course I won my corporal's stripe the hard way you know, oh yes I did! I started as a lieutenant! Still, bein' a butcher in civvie street isn't such a bad life, I've always had an interest in cookin', but mind you, I have to, 'cause the missus ain't very good! I bring her all this lovely meat home from the shop, and what does she cook

for me? FISH! I've had so much fish I'm beginning to develop gills! Mind you, her chicken really tickles your palate, - she leaves the feathers on! Do you know, she cooks food like my mother used to make, just before they took my Dad into hospital!

SGT.FLASH: (*Entering*) Hello Smithy! What you got there?

CPL. SMITH: Oh you're in luck! I've persuaded Baron Davenport to take a load of these sausages on manoeuvres!

SGT.FLASH: Are they tender?

CPL. SMITH: They're as tender as your true love's heart!

SGT.FLASH: In that case I'll call in at Marlow Butchers, down Beaver Lane, and get a couple of steak and onion pies!

CPL. SMITH: Cheek! Now come along young fella me lad, you can help me load up the van!  
*THEY EXIT*

SHOPPER 6: I told him, as soon as it does, you send it round to my house!

*Beauty enters and moves to centre stage*

BEAUTY: Oh dear! Everyone waves and smiles, but no one ever stops long enough to talk! Is it so wrong for me to want something really special for my life! It would be so easy to marry one of the village boys, settle down, have a family ... but... I'm not ready for that yet! There's so much of the world I haven't seen yet, so many exciting things to do. I will settle down one day, when I meet the right person, but when will that happen?

SONG: Solo for Beauty

*Enter the platoon in some disarray*

CPL. SMITH: Don't panic, don't panic! Nobody panic! Stay calm, now, ohh!

SGT.FLASH: Here, Gormless, weren't you supposed to be behind him?

GORMLESS: I just don't understand what could have happened, I just nipped behind a tree for a moment, and he was gone!

MCKILT: I warned ye! I told ye not to stray deep into that dark, darrk forest! Well there's no way you'd get me goin' back in theer in a hurry! Even if I'd lost a whole saxpence!

CARP: Well, what did happen to Baron Davonport then, Corporal Smith?

MCKILT: All o' a sudden it went really darrk, as darrk as the very Pit itself! And then there was a noise! Aye, a noise like nothing on this earth! A wailin' and growlin' like a wild banshee!

CARP: But I couldn't help my tummy grumbling Mr. McKilt, you see, I hadn't had any supper!

MCKILT: The Baron, he quickly counted up the platoon, and noticing there was one man missin' he bravely set out into the darkness to seek the puir lost soul! An act of grrreat bravery! But I still canna understand how any man could be so stupid, so ill-disciplined and unmilitary as to wander awa' from the platoon.

CARP: Mr. McKilt!

MCKILT: Aye, that was a court martial offence if ever I heard one!

CARP: Mr. McKilt!

MCKILT: Stringin' up would be too guid for the slippery yellow bellied ... CARP: Mr. McKilt!

MCKILT: Why, if only I knew the identity of that man! I'd .....

CARP: You'd what Mr. McKilt?

McKILT: Why I'd have his guts fer a lining for ma bagpipes, and his liver for next Burn's Night's supper! Now what was it you wanted to tell me Carp?

CARP: Oh! nothing Mr. McKilt! I mean I couldn't help dropping Flopsy Bunny, and he's never been away from my eiderdown before!

*Beauty joins them.*

BEAUTY: What's happened? Where's my father? Why are you all looking so worried?

GORMLESS: (*Putting his arm round her*) Now my dear, don't fret, I'm sure everything will turn out for the best. You see, your father became separated from us, and went deeper into the forest and ...

CPL. SMITH: Don't panic young Beauty, everything's under control!

*Sgt. Flash pushes Gormless aside*

SGT. FLASH: Now you leave everything to me, my little Beauty! The Corporal here will order two men to return to the forest to rescue your father!

CPL. SMITH: Me, give orders, oh yes! (*Pulls himself up to his full height*) GORMLESS!

GORMLESS: Oh dear Corporal, I couldn't possibly go, there's a history of back trouble in our family. My father was discharged from the army with back trouble!

CPL SMITH: Back trouble?

GORMLESS: Oh yes, he kept deserting, and they kept fetching him back!

CPL SMITH: SGT.FLASH!

SGT. FLASH: Oh no, you can't send **me** Corporal!

CPL. SMITH: Come on me lad, this is no place for cowards! SGT. FLASH: You're right there! I'm off!

BEAUTY: Oh you're useless, the lot of you! If none of you will go, then I shall just have to rescue him myself! (*She marches offstage*).

McKILT: The puir brave young lassie! Do ye realise she'll have awa to her doom? I canna let her go alone ..... [Shouts] Gormless! You go with her!

CPL. SMITH: Don't panic - we'll all go with her! I'll get the van and we'll catch up with her in no time!

CARP: (*Pulls out cuddly toy from beneath jacket and strokes it*) Now c'mon Flopsy, there's nothing to be scared of, you just keep close to me this time!

## **CURTAIN**

### **ACT 1 - SCENE 3:**

#### **Castle Doorway**

*Enter Baron Davenport*

BARON: Hello there! Anyone at home? I seem to have got little lost! Hello! Anyone in? Can I use your telephone by any chance, bit of a cock-up on the manoeuvre front! Lost me whole platoon! They'll never find their way back to the village without me!

*SFX: Sound of footsteps approaching. Door opens to reveal Jobsworth, the housekeeper.*

JOBSWORTH: Yes?

BARON: Oh thank goodness, someone's at home! Excuse me my dear lady, but I am a weary

traveller, who has lost his companions in the deep dark forest. Could you see your way to providing me with shelter for the night? ... And perhaps a bite to eat and a sup to drink. Nothing very special, just perhaps some swan stuffed with widgeon and a couple of larks' tongues on toast, washed down by Mouton Rothschild 1875, or failing that a humble '89 Chateau Neuf du Pape...

JOBSWORTH: Not today thank you. *(Shuts door)*

BARON: Oh! *(Knocks again)*

JOBSWORTH: Yes?

BARON: Perhaps I didn't make myself quite clear! My name is Baron Davenport, DSO, MC, OBE

JOBSWORTH: That's a funny way to spell Davenport!

BARON: Look, it's raining cats and dogs out here, surely you could find some spot in your kitchen where I can bivouac down for the night, and perhaps a chicken sandwich and a glass of ale?.....

JOBSWORTH: No! *(Shuts door again)*

BARON: *(Knocks more frantically)* Oh very well, just some dry bread and a glass of water then?

JOBSWORTH: This isn't a hotel! We don't take guests! The master doesn't appreciate visitors!

BARON: Your master! Ah splendid! He will of course be a nobleman such as myself and will take pity on a fellow landowner! Present my compliments to him and tell him the Baron Davenport, DSO, MC, OBE, Lord Lieutenant of the county is outside. Tell him my family has been aristocrats for degenerations! I can trace my family tree back to when we used to live in it!

JOBSWORTH: Oh very well! Wait here! And don't touch anything!

*(She shuts the door, leaving the Baron outside) SFX: Growls and snarls in the distance.*

BARON: Oh I don't like the sound of that! There must be wolves here, so deep in the forest. I wish I was safe inside! I hate the thought of those great furry horrors lurking about, with their great slavering jaws!

*SFX: Further howls.*

BARON: Oh crumbs, I'd feel a lot safer if I was the other side of that door! *(Knocks)* Come on, hurry up for pity's sake!

*The door opens again*

JOBSWORTH: My master is not a sociable person. He has suffered greatly and does not readily enjoy the company of mortals! However, he has considered your request carefully, and given it is such a terrible night, and that the wolves are particularly active at the full moon, which is tonight, he has reached a decision!

BARON: *(Pushing forward)* Ah excellent, so perhaps you can arrange for my cloak to be dried and then perhaps a warming mug of mulled ale before I meet your mast....

JOBSWORTH: He says push off! *(Slams the door again)*

*SFX: Growls and cries Baron hammers on door.*

BARON: For heaven's sake, let me in! There are terrible creatures out here, what in the world can I offer you that would make you change your mind and give me shelter from the

storm?

JOBSWORTH: *(Opening the door)* Well, if you were to offer my master a red rose you'd need to be a flippin' good runner!

BARON: Enough of this! The laws of hospitality are plain! No nobleman would turn away a traveller on a night like this. Only someone spoiled by all the advantages of his birth, someone with a hardened heart, someone ill-tempered, selfish, arrogant and with no thought for anyone but himself would refuse!

JOBSWORTH: *(Aside)* Those words! Where have I heard those words before? *(Flustered)* Look, I'm only doing my job. Come inside if you must, but you may wish that you had stayed tonight at the mercy of the forest and its denizens!  
*She ushers him inside and the door closes.*

## CURTAIN

### ACT 1 – Scene 4

#### The Castle Dining Room.

BARON: *(Looking around)* Very nice! It's very grand! It reminds me of a hotel I once stayed in, it was so far from reception to my room that by the time I got to it, I owed two days rent!

JOBSWORTH: Now Baron Dumpertruck or whatever your name is, you just wait here while I get you something to eat, and Percival, my master's valet, will see to your clothes.

*(Goes to the door and calls)*

JOBSWORTH: Percival! Percival! You cloth-eared excuse for a nobleman's coat hanger!

*Enter Percival, a dandified character. He speaks in a rather arch manner with an affected French accent.*

PERCIVAL: Oh, 'allo m'sieu! Let me take your cloak! Delighted to make your acquaintance! Take no notice of that bladder of lard over there, she's always been unbearable - when she was seven - her **parents** ran away from home!

JOBSWORTH: How dare you! *(To Baron)* We have a bit of a personality clash, I've got one and he hasn't!

PERCIVAL: Oh, m'sieu, you must forgive her for being in such a bad mood, she is a depressed because this year her age has caught up with her IQ! Mind you, she is not such a bad person - until you get to know her!

JOBSWORTH: *(To Baron)* I'd love to know what makes him tick! And not only that, but what makes him go cuckoo every half hour! He's no good, he's never been any good, when he was born his mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork!

PERCIVAL: M'sieu, I 'ope you know what you are doing coming here! The master, ee is 'ow you say, not the most welcoming of hosts! It may be best for you, that Jobsworth here gets you something to eat as quickly as she can, whilst I dry your cloak, and at first light you can be on your way. Then the master might never know that you have trespassed on his hospitality!

JOBSWORTH: Oh, you may have point there Percival, I shall get the Baron a quick sandwich and some tea and then he must be on his.....

*SFX: Loud roar*

BARON: What was that?

PERCIVAL: *(Half fearful, half trying to act as if nothing out of the ordinary has happened)* I didn't hear anything! Did you Jobsworth?

*SFX: Roar*

BARON: I suppose you didn't hear that either?

PERCIVAL: The plumbing! *(They speak at the same time).*

JOBSWORTH: Death watch beetle!

PERCIVAL: He speaks ze truth milord. I am sure that he can be trusted. Why not let 'im go and we will make a nice cup of tea and pretend zat zis 'as never 'appened? Eh?

BARON: Good idea! Lot of sense in that! Been nice meeting you but I really must be going now! My platoon will be looking for me. Don't want them all turning up here do we now? No indeed! So I'll just be off then! Goodnight!

BEAST: *(Roars)* No! You are not going anywhere! I cannot afford to take the risk. You have invaded my home without my permission - indeed against my wishes! You can never be allowed to return to the outside world! The knowledge you have gained has sealed your fate!

*Beast seizes the Baron and marches him offstage.*

*Jobsworth and castle servants (minus Martha) enter carrying cleaning equipment*

JOBSWORTH: Well it's about time they got out of here. Come on girls, we've a lot to do.

KATE: *(quietly to Sally):* That's a royal 'we' if ever I heard it. Bet she won't be raising her hand to the work.

*Jobsworth glares at her and the two girls hurry to their tasks. Martha enters dragging a load of equipment including a full bucket.*

JOBSWORTH: Come along Martha, no slacking now.

MARTHA: No m'um. Coming m'um.

JOBSWORTH: Watch out you're slopping the water out of the bucket.

*Slapstick episode with the bucket, water and mops.*

MARTHA: Oh dear, m'um. Sorry m'um. *(Looks panicked)* Oh dear, all that water. Oh excuse me, m'um, got to go. *(She scuttles out)*

*Meanwhile Sally and Kate are encouraging Norah to go to Jobsworth, she sidles over and whispers*

NORAH: And did ye get down to the Village this week, Jobsworth? Have you any news for us?

JOBSWORTH: I did, Norah, and a nice sunny day it was too. Plenty of people about so I had a good look around.

NORAH: And did you have any luck, Jobsworth?

JOBSWORTH: I did Norah, but there's not time for gossip now, lots of work needing to be done. Let's get on.

NORAH: Just one wee word before you go?

JOBSWORTH: Well alright then. (Whispering) One of the platoon I told you about is a strapping, handsome Scotsman, and speaks with a rich deep brogue. Looks real grand in a kilt. Look lively there, young Sally.

*Norah goes over to Kate and whispers in her ear. She looks puzzled.*

*Kate goes to Polly and whispers*

*Polly goes to Sally*

*Sally not thinking whispers to Jobsworth*

*Automatically Jobsworth whispers to Norah*

*Martha returns*

NORAH: Martha needs a fella? Havers, I never said that.

MARTHA: But I do need a man, Norah, I do. Can't keep my feet warm in bed no more, now that Arthur's gone.

NORAH: So would there be a laddy for our Martha among that platoon you were talking about Jobsworth?

*They all stop working and gather round Jobsworth, moving front of curtain.*

**CURTAIN CLOSES**

JOBSWORTH: *Clearly enjoying herself. As she describes each man, the actor appears in the spotlight.*

Well I suppose it won't do any harm to have a bit of a rest. Yes there was this grand gentleman who'd be just right for Martha. Quick on his feet he was, you could almost say sprightly. And ever so determined - knows what he wants and there's no stopping him when he wants it.

MARTHA: Oh that's lovely. Just what I want - a real go getter.

SALLY: What about me, ma'am? Anyone for me? I wouldn't want much. Just a tall, dark, handsome man who'd sweep me off my feet. Someone who's forceful and exciting but caring and gentle too.

JOBSWORTH: There's just the man for you, too, Sally. He's tall and handsome and beautifully turned out - his scarf always matches his uniform. Loves his mum and his Flopsy, too, so his heart's in the right place. Now, the Platoon Corporal would suit you just fine, Polly. He's got his own business, would surely provide well for a wife and could always be counted on in a crisis.

POLLY: Just the one for me, and I'd have my own home, could do my own cooking. I could be a vegetarian at last. Is there anyone for Kate, ma'am?

JOBSWORTH: Most definitely, one who would make the perfect partner for her. Suave and sophisticated, with connections in all the right places. They'd be quite a pair.

KATE: I would like to meet my dream man. But we are never going to do that stuck in this castle. Can't even go outside for a walk!

POLLY: Kate's right, ma'am. Isn't there anything you can do?

SALLY: Oh, please, ma'am. It's so lonely here.

SONG: Matchmaker

## **ACT 1 - SCENE 5**

**A grating in the castle wall between the two curtains.**

*Enter Beauty searching for her father.*

BEAUTY: I've searched all over the forest. I've knocked and knocked on the door of this castle until my fingers are raw, but no reply. It's all in darkness! Perhaps I can find a back way into the castle around here.

*(She notices the grating and a pair of hands clutching the bars).*

BEAUTY: Oh! this must be the castle dungeons, and someone is inside! Oh, my, what dreadful criminal must be locked in there! Some murderer perhaps, a villain so black hearted that he can never be allowed to escape?

BARON: Help!!

BEAUTY: What was that?

BARON: Help me!

BEAUTY: But that's my father's voice! *(He appears behind the bars).* Oh I've been so worried! I've searched everywhere for you! Oh come on, get out of there and let's go home!

BARON: I'm afraid I won't be coming home with you Beauty!

BEAUTY: Why, what are you doing?

BARON: Life!

BEAUTY: Oh Daddy!

BARON: Look! Beauty - you must get away as quickly as you can. There is something terrible here, it's best you go now, before it's too late. You must forget me, just remember that I shall always love you!

*Background music: I shall always love you.*

BEAUTY: Daddy, you know I could never abandon you! there must be a way of getting you out of here! I'm going to go back to the front door and hammer on it till they let me in, then whoever is holding you prisoner will get a piece of my mind!

BARON: No Beauty! Come back! Save yourself!

## **CURTAIN**

## **ACT 1 – Scene 6**

**Front of tabs**

*Beauty flounces in escorted by Percival and Jobsworth.*

PERCIVAL: But mademoiselle, zis is madness! Please go away, go back 'ome. Oo knows, in a few weeks or months, my mastair may 'ave forgotten his terrible promise, and your fazzer can make his escape! Trust me and Madame Jobsworth! We will make sure no 'arm comes to 'im!

JOBSWORTH: Don't you bother your pretty little head!

BEAUTY: But he's an old man, he's not well! Even a few days in that damp dark dreary cell could be the end of him! Oh! I'd do anything just so that he could be free!

SFX: ROAR! ENTER BEAST.

BEAST: Who dares to invade my privacy for a second time!

*(Moves around in a rage)*

BEAST Percival! Jobsworth! How dare you allow this to happen! What is the meaning of this outrage?

BEAUTY: Oh! but you're .....

BEAST: Ugly? Disgusting? Terrible to look at? Yes I know all that! How do you think it feels, to be trapped in the body of a beast?

BEAST: *(Snarls)*

BEAUTY: I was going to say, 'but you are so angry'.

BEAST: *(Snarls)*

BEAUTY: Look, I don't know why you're so angry, or what it is that my father has done to you to deserve to be looked away like some mad animal ...

BEAST: *(Snarls viciously)* Mad animal! So that's where you think I should be?

BEAUTY: Oh no! But can't you see, my father is old and infirm! He is a good man, and would never hurt any living thing! I love him so dearly I'd do anything to allow him to go free!

BEAST: What could you do that would make me change my mind?

BEAUTY: I will take his place!

BEAST: Ha! A noble gesture! But alas, too late! His crime was to set eyes upon this terrible monster that you see before you! A crime that you have also committed! And for that, you must share your father's doom!

PERCIVAL: Excuse me milord! Zere is no need for zat! You 'ave ze old man, he can be a hostage for ze girl. Let her go! She will not tell anyone whilst her fazzer is in your power!

BEAUTY: But my father will not live longer than a few days in such terrible conditions! Set him free. I will remain here with you as hostage!

BEAST: Hrumphh! *(Appears to consider)* You would stay of your own accord? Would not my dreadful features disgust you? ... No! Should you stay, I would not inflict my ghastly looks upon you!

PERCIVAL: *(Aside to the Beast)* Milord! remember the curse! She is a beautiful young woman! Oo knows what might 'appen'in if she 'as the chance to get to know you? To get to know the real you inside? Oh! Oo la la!

BEAST: Impossible *(lashes out again- then calms down)* But it shall be as the girl desires! The old man may go free! But she will stay here FOREVER!!!

## **CURTAIN**

### **ACT 1 - Scene 7:**

**Village green set to look like the outside of an inn, one central table with the Platoon around it.**

DANCE BATTLE: A series of short dance sequences, different styles – tap, ballet, street etc. Britain's Got Talent meets speed dating.

CARP: Oh! Ginger beer shandy - my favourite!

SGT.FLASH: Go easy on them Carpy, you've 'ad two already! By the way Where's McKilt?

CPL. SMITH: He's till outside in the car park! I think he's had a wee bit too much to drink. Last time I saw him he was still doin' his imitation of a speed bump!

SGT.FLASH! C'mon, it's my shout, what you havin' lads?

GORMLESS: That's kind of you Sgt. Flash. I'd like a cocktail if possible.  
SGT.FLASH: Right you are squire, any particular one? --  
GORMLESS: Yes, I'd like a Card Table please  
SGT.FLASH: Card Table? I've never heard of one of those before.  
GORMLESS: Oh yes, it's rather good, just one of those and your legs fold right up under you!  
SGT.FLASH: Gor blimey! Was all your family into the booze then?  
GORMLESS: Funny you should mention that. My Uncle Josiah, he used to go around drinking champagne from ladies' slippers! He ended up with athlete's tongue!  
CPL. SMITH: Funny, every time I've had too much to drink, I see rabbits with red spots!  
CARP: Gosh Corporal, have you seen a doctor?  
CPL. SMITH: No, just rabbits with red spots! ->

*Enter McKilt (Rather dishevelled)*

CARP: Here Mr. McKilt, whatever happened to you?  
McKILT: I had a wee accident!  
CARP: What was that?  
McKILT: I fell doon stairs wi' two pints o' whisky! \

CARP: Gosh, and did you spill any?  
McKILT: Nay, not a drop! I managed to keep ma mouth shut!  
GORMLESS: .... and then there was my Uncle Sebastian ... now he joined the AAAA  
McKILT: The AA AA? What on earth's that?  
GORMLESS: Its for people who've been driven to drink!  
SGT.FLASH: Right then lads, who's for another? I've had a good day today so its my shout!  
CPL SMITH: You're a good 'un Sgt. Flash, ain't that right lads? McKILT: Aye, he's a real pal. I'll have another wee pint of Glen McForage! GORMLESS: But don't you realise that whisky is a slow poison? McKILT: Och! I'm in nae hurry!

*More drinks are served. Gormless is served with a flamboyant cocktail with umbrellas, swizzle sticks, large pieces of fruit etc.*

CARP: That's very generous of you Sgt. Flash! (*he sips*) Hie! I couldn't see Baron Davenport buyin' us all a drink like that!  
CPL. SMITH : (*Pointing*) I couldn't see anybody buying a drink like **that**!  
McKILT: Aye! Mind you the Baron only drinks on special occasions! - when someone else is buying!  
CPL. SMITH: C'mon McKilt, be fair, he's always the first to put his hand in his pocket!  
McKILT: Aye, and always the last to take it oot again! He's the sort who likes to drink on an empty pocket!  
GORMLESS: He's just a very moderate man ... he thinks two drinks are enough for anyone!  
McKILT: Aye, especially if its his turn to buy the third! Not that he's that stingy, he did take some money out of the bank for a holiday - and when it'd had one, he put it back again!  
CARP: (*Hie!*) I reckon good ole Sgt. Flashy would be a better C. O. than the Baron!  
CPL. SMITH: What a thing to say about the Baron! McKILT: The boy might have a wee point!  
CPLSM1TH: But the Baron is a great ossifer! Did you know he was once decorated for saving a whole regiment!  
CARP: Ooh! Really, what did he do?  
McKILT: He shot the cook!  
CPL SMITH: But he had an excellent war record!

CARP: Oh really, what was that?

McKILT: Vera Lynn singing 'We'll meet again!

GORMLESS: But wouldn't it be mutiny or some such if we were to oust him?

McKILT: (*Takes out dog-eared booklet from top pocket*) I just happen to have ma copy of the King's Regulations here! I quote from chapter seventeen, page 45, sub-paragraph three - regimental goats, care and breeding ... no, that's not it! Ah, here we are! ... the only reason for usurping the authority of the commanding officer is if he is proved to be mentally or morally unfit to command!

SGT. FLASH: Right then lads, if we want rid of him, then when he turns up, we need to take careful note of what he says, anything that sounds daft, or dishonest, and we'll have him!

ALL: Good idea Flashy!

CARP: And then you'd be the C.O.!

CPL. SMITH: I don't hold with this, it's disloyal, it's despicable, I wash me hands of it!

SGT.FLASH: Oh dear, oh dear, that's a real pity that is, you not bein wiv the rest of us! But I see you're a man of high principles Smithy! You wouldn't be the sort that'd short change poor old ladies on their meat ration by keepin' your thumb on the scales?

CPL. SMITH: I resent that! And how did you know?

SGT. FLASH: I won't say anything Smithy, that's if we're all pals together!

CPL. SMITH: I don't like it... but oh alright, you win! *Door opens.*

*Enter the Baron in disarray.*

BARON: Oh, lads! I'm so pleased to see you safe, I've been so worried, Look, let me get you all a hot toddy to warm you up!

*Men exchange worried glances.*

SGT. FLASH: Nice to see you safe and well Baron. Perhaps you could tell us exactly what happened?

BARON: It was quite extraordinary ... I somehow got separated from you men, and suddenly I found myself outside this great big dark (*aside to audience*) but I daren't tell them the truth ... I gave my word I would never tell the secret of the Beast! - Beauty's very life will depend on it! (*to the men*)... er big, dark ... dear me, I've forgotten!

McKILT: He's only just started the story, and already he's forgotten!

SGT. FLASH: Fair's fair McKilt, give the Baron a chance!

BARON: Well there I was, and there right in front of me was this gigantic, enormous ....

CPL. SMITH: Yes, yes, but what exactly was right in front of you?

BARON: I've forgotten!

McKILT: Oh fer goodness sake mon! Can ye no remember anything? Beauty went looking for ye, did you no see her?

BARON: Beauty, Beauty! Oh of course I saw her, she was at the (*gulp*) the ... oh its gone, I've clean forgotten! Oh dear, I think I'm losing my memory!

CPL. SMITH: Oh I'm sorry sir, why don't you have a nice cup of tea and try and forget all about it!

SGT. FLASH: No, no. Tell us more ... tell us more

*SONG: pastiche of 'Summer Nights' from 'Grease' with the squad singing the chorus, complete with actions, and the Baron singing the John Travolta part.*

SQUAD:

Well-a well-a well-a well, tell us more, tell us more,  
Did you walk very far?  
Tell us more, tell us more,  
Just what was it you saw?  
Shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop wow  
Shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop wow

BARON:

Through a forest, spooky and still,  
To a castle crowning a hill,  
Saw a girl, - I know her well,  
Please don't ask, because I can't tell  
Castle walls, - I was released,  
Left the girl in the lair of a beast!

SQUAD:

Well-a well-a well-a well, tell us more, tell us more,  
Did you walk very far?  
Tell us more, tell us more,  
Just what was it you saw?  
Shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop wow  
Shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop wow

BARON:

Memry's going, nothing is clear,  
I can't answer your questions I fear  
Left the girl, I still see her face,  
Left the girl, she stayed in my place  
I'm so sad, don't know what to say,  
If I tell, then she won't get away.

SQUAD:

Well-a well-a well-a well, tell us more, tell us more, -  
Did you walk very far?  
Tell us more, tell us more,  
Just what was it you saw?  
Shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop wow  
Shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop, shoody bop bop wow

SGT. FLASH: Oh, this is a waste of time! Pull yourself together and tell us .... where's Beauty now?

BARON: Oh, Beauty! That's easy! She stayed with the (*gulp*) er... at the ... by ... the ... across from ... you know ... oh it's gone! I've clean forgotten that as well!

McKILT: I think we've heard enough! This man is out of his mind! A terrible thing to happen (*he grimaces at Sgt. Flash*) Aye, a terrible thing when a man's no longer **fit!** If ye get my meaning!

CARP: I didn't understand a thing he said. How can you take orders from someone who's completely lost his memory?

BARON: (*Panicking*) No, it's not like that at all! I've got a superb memory!

Look! I can recite ten pages from the London Telephone Directory by heart!

McKILT: *(Unconvinced)* Go on then!

BARON: Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, *(keeps on throughout the next bit of business)*.

SGT. FLASH: Conference lads! *(They huddle in the corner)*

BARON: Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith .....

SGT. FLASH: *(Oozing insincerity)* Look 'ere Baron. I really don't want to do this, but me and the lads 'ave 'ad a word and they insisted that I have no option but to obey Queen's regulations and reluctantly and with great sorrow relieve you of your command! *(Tears tabs from Baron's jacket)* I shall of course have to take over in the interim period!

BARON: But... but... it's not like that, I'm not mad you know!

GORMLESS: That's what my Uncle Ezekiel used to say - sadly, he was also rather deranged - he used to go 'round singing this little verse. 'Roses are red, violets are blue, I'm a schizophrenic and so am I'

CARP: I don't think I understand that, Private Gormless!

McKILT: I think he should be placed under house arrest for his own safety!

SGT. FLASH: That's a good idea Kilty! We need a rota!

CPL. SMITH: Permission to volunteer, Captain Flash sir!

*(The Baron winces at the realisation of his lost command)*

SGT. FLASH: Hang on Smithy, we're going to need a few volunteers!

CARP: Oh alright then, I'll have a go!

GORMLESS: And me, but I don't think I could manage all night, you see I sometimes have to go rather quickly in the early hours ....

CPL. SMITH: Permission to volunteer to draw up the rota, Captain Flash sir?

SGT. FLASH: McKilt, Carp, take him to his house and lock him up! Smithy -let me have that rota as quick as you can! Right, and if he has any lucid moments try and get him to tell you where Beauty has got to! With him out of the way, I'll soon win her over! I've got his platoon, and next I shall have the hand of his daughter in marriage! I can feel a song coming on!

*Gormless & Smith bring out a board with the words of the panto song on it and the platoon bully the audience into singing it with them.*

SGT. FLASH: Well done everybody, you've earned a cup of tea, I think. Platooooon, wait for it, wait for it.... dismiss!

**CURTAIN**

**INTERVAL**

**ACT 2: Scene 1.**  
**Castle interior.**

*Enter the Beast with Percival & Jobsworth.*

BEAST: Enough is enough! I've waited too long! That dratted girl just stays in her room and won't come out to dinner. Well, I've had enough. If she really wants to starve to death ..... she can! From now on, give her nothing to eat. Either she will dine with me, or not at all!

PERCIVAL: But milord ..... she will surely die!

BEAST: Then let her die!

JOBSWORTH: Oh, you know you don't really mean that. The poor girl's frightened to death. She's not trying to spite you by not coming out... She's just too terrified!

PERCIVAL: Besides - I 'ave 'eard 'er say complimentary things about you.

BEAST: About me?

JOBSWORTH: Well, she obviously thinks you're a man of great taste and discernment. She commented on the elegant furnishing of this castle.

PERCIVAL: The reason she will not come out of 'er room is not for fear of your looks, milord. It is because of your terrible temper!

BEAST: *(Roars)* **Temper? I don't have a temper! I'm the most reasonable of men.**

PERCIVAL: *(To Jobsworth)* He's beside himself again.

JOBSWORTH: *(To Percival)* It's hard to imagine a more repulsive couple!

PERCIVAL: Of course you are a reasonable man, master. But Miss Beauty does not know you as we do. You must show her the gentler side of your nature.

JOBSWORTH: The side that too often remains hidden.

PERCIVAL: You must persuade 'er to dine with you. Why not send 'er a present?

BEAST: But what should I send her? What would an attractive young woman enjoy?

JOBSWORTH: Well, I've always been partial to a bit of black pudding myself! My poor dead husband, he used to get me some smashing black pudding, bless his heart. *(Sniffles)* Oh, I do miss him!

PERCIVAL: Sacre bleu! 'Ave you no idea, you silly woman? 'Ave you never 'eard of Black Magic? A box of those would melt 'er heart, I am sure!

BEAST: And where am I going to get a box of fancy chocolates, in the middle of the forest, at this time of night?

PERCIVAL: I just 'appen to 'ave a leetle box I was going to give to ze new chambermaid. *(He goes off and returns with an enormous box of chocolates, with red ribbon etc.)*

BEAST: That's settled then. You give her the chocolates and tell her to be ready for dinner in 15 minutes **or I shall.....**

PERCIVAL: No, no, that is not the way. I will give her the chocolates, but you must win her over with your so gracious charm!

JOBSWORTH: THIS I've got to see! *(Ushers Beast offstage)* Come on, let's leave Percy to do what he does best.

*Percival knocks (door in same position, opening into wings, as Baron's door in Village Green.)*

BEAUTY: *(Offstage)* Who is it?

PERCIVAL: It is I, Percival. Please open ze door.

BEAUTY: Are you alone? You haven't got that evil-tempered Beast with you, have you?

PERCIVAL: No, mademoiselle, but I 'ave something for you, ... please come out.

BEAUTY: (*Emerging*) Oh Percival, how kind! What a lovely thought! But I couldn't. I shouldn't accept such a romantic gift from a stranger.

PERCIVAL: Ah, but mademoiselle, I think you 'ave got old of, what is it you say, ze wrong end of ze stick, n'est ce pas?

BEAUTY: Oh! You mean they're not for me?

PERCIVAL: Oh mademoiselle, mais certainment zey are for you! But zey are not from me.

BEAUTY: Then who are they from?

JOBSWORTH: Zey are from ze one you just called an evil-tempered Beast! My master, he so much wants you to like him. He wanted you to 'ave these chocolates, more than anything. And he asks only that you will join him tonight for dinner.

BEAUTY: Oh dear, I don't think that I could. He's so ...

PERCIVAL: So ugly? Is that it?

BEAUTY: No, no, that's not it. He does look frightening, I must admit, with that great lion's mane and everything. But I could get used to that. It's his terrible rages that frighten me.

PERCIVAL: Oh, but mademoiselle, do you not see that these terrible rages are ze only way zat he can express the unhappiness and loneliness that have overpowered him for many years now?

BEAUTY: You and Jobsworth really care about him, don't you?

PERCIVAL: Oh, yes Miss Beauty.

BEAUTY: And did he really ask you to give me these chocolates?

PERCIVAL: His very words to me were (*Crosses his fingers behind his back so audience can see*), "Percival, the only thing I want in the whole world is to know that Miss Beauty has accepted this humble token of my affection." ... Please let me tell my master that his gift has pleased you.

BEAUTY: Oh yes, please thank him for his kindness!

PERCIVAL: And will you at least think about joining him for dinner tonight?

BEAUTY: Yes, all right Percival. I'll think it over. (*Goes back into her room*).

PERCIVAL: Oh mademoiselle, you 'ave made me so very 'appy!

*Enter Beast and Jobsworth.*

BEAST: Well, how did it go?

PERCIVAL: She was overcome by your so-generous gift ..... for which, by the way, you owe me £25.00.

BEAST: (*Snarls*)

PERCIVAL: No, no, do not trouble yourself, it is not necessary to repay me at this precise moment.

JOBSWORTH: Well, milord. Now it's up to you to charm this little bird out of her nest!

BEAST: Right! Jobsworth .... invite her to dinner!

JOBSWORTH: I can't do that!

BEAST: Why not?

JOBSWORTH: Because I don't want to have dinner with her, milord. You do. So you must ask her yourself.

BEAST: Oh! This is too difficult. I don't know how to do this!

JOBSWORTH: Then you must just try your best. Look. Another petal has fallen. There aren't many left. You've got to try.

PERCIVAL: Jobsworth and I will help you to rehearse. Jobsworth will play the part of the beautiful young woman

(*Jobsworth simpers and curtseys*)

PERCIVAL: - a consummate piece of acting

(*Jobsworth scowls*)

PERCIVAL: and I will tell you what to say. Now, begin by knocking on the door.

BEAST: *(Advances on Jobsworth and mimes knocking)* **Knock, knock!!**

*(She jumps and flinches)*

PERCIVAL: No, no. You will frighten 'er. Be gentle.

BEAST: Oh! Knock, knock.

JOBSWORTH: Ye-es! Who is it?

BEAST: *(Shouts)* **What do you mean, who is it? It's me, you stupid woman, who else would it be?**

PERCIVAL: Gently, gently! Zat is not ze way. You need some sort of chat-up line. Let me think. Something like this perhaps.

*(He pushes Beast aside and addresses Jobsworth).*

Pardon me mademoiselle, but I am writing a telephone book, and I wondered if I might have your number?

JOBSWORTH: *(Pleased)* Oh, you saucy devil!

PERCIVAL: Or perhaps, .... Ma cherie, if you believe in the hereafter, you will give me a kiss.

JOBSWORTH: What's the hereafter got to do with it?

PERCIVAL: A kiss is what I'm here after!!

JOBSWORTH: *(Clutching her hands over her heart)* Oooh, I think I'm in love!

PERCIVAL: Mademoiselle, you remind me of my wife.

JOBSWORTH: Wife? I didn't know you were married?

PERCIVAL: I'm not.....yet!

*Jobsworth grabs his hand and enfolds it whilst gazing rapturously into his eyes.*

PERCIVAL: Oh, my leetle one, I would do anything for you.

JOBSWORTH: What? Anything?

PERCIVAL: Yes, anything.

*Jobsworth swoons and is caught by the Beast. He and Percival restore her to her feet and Percival fans her with his hanky.*

JOBSWORTH: Yes .... that would work! It's OK, I'm alright now!

BEAST: Oh, this is no good. Even if she said yes, there would be the whole evening to get through - how on earth could I entertain her?

JOBSWORTH/PERCIVAL: That's easy.

BEAST: *(Almost a roar)* Easy!

JOBSWORTH/PERCIVAL: *(Quickly)* Easy. Happy talk!

*All move forward to allow curtains to close and set to be changed*

SONG: Happy Talk

JOBSWORTH: Come on then, it's time you asked her to dinner. Knock on the door - go on.

*The Beast knocks.*

BEAUTY: *(Offstage throughout)* Who is it?

BEAST: *(Shouts)* **It is I, your lord and mas ....**

*(P & J shush him)*

BEAST: I mean, it is I, your friend, the Beast.

BEAUTY: My friend?

BEAST: *(Shouts again)* **That's what I said isn't it you ....**

*(P & J again quieten him)*

BEAST: I mean, that's right. Look Beauty, I know you've had an awful fright, but there's really no need to hide, and it would make me really happy if you'd join me for dinner.

*(P & J congratulate him.)*

BEAUTY: Why Beast, that was a lovely invitation. Thank you .... I'd be happy to dine with you.

BEAST: I'm so glad. Shall we say eight o'clock then?

BEAUTY: *(hesitantly)* Yes, yes indeed. Thank you, kind sir.

## **CURTAIN**

### **ACT 2 – Scene 2**

**Castle bed chambers: one set either side of stage**

*Beast and Percival enter*

PERCIVAL: Come on, we need to make you more presentable. All you need is a bit of sprucing up.

BEAST: Sprucing up?

JOBSWORTH: They say that beauty comes from within .... in your case it'll have to be from within jars, tubes, bottles and sprays!

*Jobsworth pushes Beast into a chair*

JOBSWORTH: *(Calls)* Helpers .... Where are you?

*Enter Chorus as maids, grooms etc. carrying over-sized scissors, nail file, comb, scent spray etc.*

PERCIVAL: Carry on you lot. He is all yours.

JOBSWORTH: Good luck ... you're going to need it!

*(J & P exit)*

CHORUS 1: Why don't you ever wash your face master? I can see exactly what you had for breakfast.

BEAST: All right then, smarty-pants. What did I have for breakfast?

CHORUS 2: *(Pointing)* Egg, mushroom, tomato sauce, - oh, and baked beans!

BEAST: Ha, ha! You're wrong! The baked beans were last Wednesday! Oh!

CHORUS 3: *(Lifting a bedraggled lock of hair)* You haven't been using 'Wash and Go', have you?

CHORUS 4: More like, 'Don't Wash and GROW if you ask me!

CHORUS 1: 4 Just look at the state of your nails! You haven't been sharpening them on the settee again have you?

CHORUS 2: This looks like a nasty case of athlete's foot to me!

CHORUS: 3: Can't be! The only thing the master ever ran up, was a flag!

BEAST: Oh yes, very funny! Come on you lot, get on with it, I'm going to be late for a very important date.

*Beast and Chorus freeze.*

*Beauty and castle servants enter*

SALLY: A date, Miss Beauty - you're so lucky.

BEAUTY: It's not a date, Sally, we're just having dinner.

KATE: But he brought you a box of chocolates - that says date to me. It's such a big box too!

NORAH: Stop your blathering, we've got too much to do. Sally, quickly now, run and get a gown for Miss Beauty. The peach and lilac one, I think.

*Sally exits*

MARTHA: Oh no, Norah, that clashes horribly. How about the blue check brocade? That would keep her warm in these drafty halls.

KATE: She doesn't need to be warm, you old bat. She needs something swishy and silky that will bring colour to her cheeks. That's the way to attract your man.

BEAUTY: I don't want to attra...

POLLY: It has to be tasteful though. Show a little bit of ankle here, a little décolletage edged in lace, a nice big bow at the back. (She sighs)

BEAUTY: But it's only dinn....

MARTHA: The yellow satin's nice. It's a cheerful colour and it's warm.

KATE: Martha, what is it with you and keeping everyone warm! And a little bit of ankle's not enough. You need to flash your legs as well as your eyes to attract a man. (She demonstrates)

BEAUTY: I don't wan....

NORAH: Now that's enough of that if you don't mind. There's Miss Beauty's hair to deal with to. Sit you down, lass. Up high on your head I think, show off your neck.

BEAUTY: No, really, please. My neck's too short, I'll look awful.

KATE (*ignoring Beauty*) Leave a few tendril's floating down, that'll soften it. Beauty's hair is such a lovely colour.

BEAUTY: My hair is awful: it just won't grow and I can never do anything ...

POLLY: (*ignoring Beauty*) It's such a lovely colour and shines and shimmers in the firelight. You're so lucky, my hair's so mousy. You're going to look lovely.

BEAUTY: I'm not the sort who looks lovely. Just clean and neat will do, honestly.

MARTHA: Nothing wrong in clean and neat, my dear, but you always look lovely. Such a pretty girl. (*Beauty tries to deny this, but gets no chance*).

NORAH: Beauty by name, beauty by nature. Your mother named you well, lass. (*Beauty looks bemused*)

POLLY: Honest, Miss Beauty, you'd look lovely in ... in ... sackcloth and ashe...

*Sally enters with a dress*

SALLY: Miss Beauty's going to look so lovely and beautiful in this. I couldn't find the peaches and lilac Norah, but I thought this would do.

*Everyone looks at the dress for a moment, dreaming.*

BEAUTY: (*looks longingly at the dress, then says determinedly*) I am not pretty! (*Quietly*) And I don't think that I want to have dinner with him after all.

*Everyone looks horror stricken, then Polly steps into the breach)*

POLLY: Of course you do, Miss Beauty. It's just nerves. And you are pretty. Just wait and see.

*Everyone crowds round Beauty*

SONGS: Beauty and maids sing 'I feel pretty' and the Beast and servants sing 'I'm going wash that Beast right out of my hair'.

Both groups move forward as the songs start so it goes front of curtains to allow scenery change to start.

### **ACT 2 – Scene 3:**

**Village Green - Begins front of curtain, to give the stage crew time to change scenery.**

*Carp is on sentry duty, marching up and down. Enter Corporal Smith.*

CARP: Stand and deliver, er no ... that's not right... Who went there? ... No that's not right either... Er, who goes there Fred or enema? Er no ... advance and be pasteurised! Er no! Oh, hello Cpl. Smith, thank goodness, it's only you!

CPL. SMITH: That's no way to challenge an unknown assailant my lad! I could have cut you to ribbons with my trusty Swiss Army commando penknife! Have you got your gun with you?

CARP: Yes!

CPL. SMITH: Yes what?

CARP: Er, yes indeed!

CPL. SMITH: Cor, you'll never make a soldier! Course you've not seen action, have you son, not like me, up to my neck in muck and bullets! Did I ever tell you how I got this medal?

CARP: No Cpl. Smith - how did you get that medal?

CPL. SMITH: I got this medal for saving two women! CARP: Cor, Corporal Smith, that was brave - two women eh?

CPL. SMITH: Yes, that's right son, one for me and one for the Colonel! Now off you go my lad, I officially relieve you!

CARP: Oh thanks a lot Corporal Smith. I'm really ready for my tea. You see, I didn't eat my sandwiches.

CPL. SMITH: Why's that then?

CARP: Well just look at them.

*(Opens up foil package to reveal battered sandwiches)*

CARP: Spam, spam, spam ... I hate spam! I wish my Mum would just for once make 'em with something else! What have you got Corporal?

CPL. SMITH: Hang on a minute I'll just have a look!

*(Carefully opens his packet)*

CPL. SMITH: Cheese, cheese, cheese ... and I hate cheese! But every day when I open my sandwiches it's always cheese. Never any variety. The same old chunks of Cheddar every time! I can't stand cheese! But for the last ten years, it's been cheese every day!

CARP: Corporal, why on earth don't you get Mrs. Smith to give you something different?

CPL. SMITH: I couldn't do that!

CARP: Why not corporal?

CPL. SMITH: I make 'em myself! Now off you go and get your tea. I'll take over. How's the Baron ... er I mean the prisoner been? Has he recovered his memory at all? Has he mentioned where Beauty is? Captain Flash is very keen to get reacquainted with her you know!

CARP: I don't think the Baron's too well, he's all grey and hasn't eaten anything all week! he's just pining away!

CPL. SMITH: Oh, dear oh dear, I knew something terrible would happen! Now off you go then!

*Carp exits*

## **CURTAINS OPEN**

SMITH: *(Continues, talking to himself)* Why did I ever agree to this wicked plan? That Flash, he's a villain! It's no good, I've got to do something!

*(Strides over to door and knocks.)*

SMITH: Baron sir! It's me, Smithy!

*The Baron opens the top half of the stable-type door*

SMITH: How are you keepin' sir? Carp says you're a bit off your food! Now don't you get frettin' about everything. Captain Flash is runnin' things ever so efficiently! he's organised a car boot sale for a load of that equipment he reckons we don't need any more! He's rented the drill hall to some gentlemen friends of his what need some space to store a lot of ladies' nylons for distribution to needy. And oh, yes, he's going to marry your daughter when he finds her, so you haven't got a worry in the world really!

*Flash enters at side of stage, intent on eavesdropping. He overhears the following conversation and reacts appropriately to each statement.*

BARON: What! Marry my daughter? Over my dead body! He's an imposter! He came to me to ask for Beauty's hand in marriage. He said, 'Sir, the bright sunshine of your daughter's smile dispels the dark clouds of my life.<sup>1</sup> I didn't know whether he was proposing to her or giving me a weather forecast! The thing is, he'll never find her, Corporal Smith! Even though she's in the most dreadful predicament, at least she is out of his reach!

FLASH: Out of my reach? What does the old fool mean by that?

CPL. SMITH: How can she be out of reach then Baron, sir, if I may make so bold?

BARON: Oh, you wouldn't tell anyone if I told you the truth, would you Corporal?

FLASH: This is more like it!

CPL. SMITH: You can rely on me sir, permission to be a confidante sir?

BARON: I hadn't really lost my memory! It's just that what really happened was so terrible! So awful, that I was sworn to secrecy by the Beast!

CPL. SMITH: What beast?

BARON: Shhhhhhhh! When I got separated from you men, I came to a huge castle on a hill

above the village. Within that castle dwelt a hideous deformed creature the size of a giant grizzly bear! He locked me away ... and I would have spent the rest of my days in captivity there if it hadn't been for (*chokes*) for Beauty!

CPL. SMITH: For Beauty sir? What did she do?

BARON: Sh ... she ... took my place. She volunteered to stay as the Beast's hostage, on the understanding that I would never ever reveal his secret, for if I did, the villagers would seek him out and destroy him!

FLASH: (*Stepping out*) So that's where she is! Well don't you worry Baron Davenport, me and the lads will get up there double quick and rescue her from that crazed monster, and she'll be so grateful she'll fall into arms and beg me to marry her! Ha ha ha ha ha!

(*EXITS*)

BARON: Corporal Smith! What can I do! That man has signed Beauty's death warrant! The moment he realises that my promise has been broken he will exact his terrible revenge!

CPL. SMITH: Oh don't panic sir, don't panic

(*Runs around the stage in a panic.*)

CPL. SMITH: There's only one thing to do!

BARON: What's that?

CPL: I think you ought to have your tea!

BARON: Are you mad? Are you completely stark staring bonkers? This is a matter of life and death and all you can be bothered about is serving me my tiffin! I've got to get out of here!

CPL. SMITH: I don't think you understand me sir! You really need to have your tea! Look I've got these cheese sandwiches - freshly made!

(*Starts speaking very slowly*)

CPL. SMITH: Now I'm going to have to open up the door so you can get them! I am unlocking the door now.

(*Unlocks door*)

CPL. SMITH: I am going to get the sandwiches out of my coat pocket.

(*Turns away from the door*)

CPL. SMITH: Which will take me approximately two minutes if I don't rush. Oh my old war wound! It is really playing up and my sight has gone all blurry, in fact I can't see a thing! Some people might take advantage of such a situation, they might even slip out through the unlocked door and get away as quickly as possible!

*The Baron makes good his escape.*

CPL. SMITH: Here are the sandwiches! I now place them inside the door, I relock the door, and resume my guard duty.

(*Looks at his watch*)

CPL. SMITH: Deary me, seven o'clock and all's well! Time for a bit of shut-eye!

*THE LIGHTS DIM*  
**CURTAIN**

**ACT 2 – Scene 4**  
**Front of curtain**

*Beast enters. SONG. Beast exits*

*Enter the Baron.*

BARON: Oh dear, oh dear. I've been traipsing round in these woods for hours! I'm cold!

*(Waits for Ahhh from audience)*

BARON: I'm hungry!

*(Waits for Ahhh from audience).*

BARON: I wanna go home!

*(Waits for Ahhh from audience).*

BARON: And now it's started to rain. Can you hear the raindrops pattering on the leaves? No? *(Demonstrates tapping his fingers on his knees and encourages audience to follow suite)* There, now you can hear it? Yes, yes keep it going, it's getting heavier!

And now the wind's beginning to whistle through the trees. *(Encourages audience to whistle.)* Oh it's whistling louder than that!

The rain's still pattering on the leaves and now I think it's going to thunder. Stamp your feet, that's right! The rain's still pattering and the wind's still whistling and the thunder's getting louder! Oh dear!

Oh, I think it's starting to brighten up! The wind's dying down. Yes and the thunder's stopping. I think the rain's stopping too. Yes, that's better.

I'd better go and see if I can reach the castle. Oh here comes the rain again, goodbye!

*Baron exits.*

**ACT 2 – Scene 5**  
**Castle interior**

SONG: A tale as old as time.

Curtain opens to Beauty and the Beas waltzing.

BEAST: Tomorrow, Beauty, I'll show you the West Wing and the Library.

BEAUTY: Oh, I love books! What kind of books do you have?

BEAST: Well, I've got the complete works of William Shakespeare, Milton's Paradise Lost, the collected poems of William Wordsworth, Virgil, Homer .... and, of course all fifty shades of E L James.

PERCIVAL: Not only has 'as he got zem ... 'e is reading zem as well!

JOBSWORTH: Oooh! Hark at you ... the great author.

PERCIVAL: I'll 'ave you know I've just finished by latest novel!

JOBSWORTH: Really? How long did it take you?

PERCIVAL: About 12 months.

JOBSWORTH: Gosh! You must be slow reader!

BEAST: Actually there is a book by Percival in my library.

JPBSWORTH: I know - I've read it, and I enjoyed it immensely. (*To Percival*) Tell me, who wrote it for you?

PERCIVAL: I'm glad you enjoyed it. Who read it to you?

BEAUTY: Do you two bicker like this all the time?

BEAST: You'd never know it Beauty, but they're actually very fond of each other!

PERCIVAL: Oh yes .... I remember ze first time I met her. It was at a beeg ball. She was the prettiest girl on ze dancefloor. (*Jobsworth preens*)

BEAUTY: Aww! That's nice.

PERCIVAL: Yes, I remember looking at her .... lying zere in a puddle of gin and salted peanuts .... and thinking ....

JOBSWORTH: Nobody's going to believe THAT!!!

PERCIVAL Yes! Zat's exactly what I remember thinking!

*Percival and Jobsworth glare at each other. Beast breaks the moment -*

BEAST: (*Pointing*) Ceiling by Grinling Gibbons, painting by Renoir, sideboard by Sheraton ...

PERCIVAL: (*Lifting Jobsworth's hem to reveal ankles*) And legs by Queen Anne!

*Beauty looks preoccupied*

BEAST: Are you all right Beauty? Have I said something wrong? I haven't done something to upset you, have I? Only .... I'd hoped that we were becoming friends. I so much wanted you to ... to .... Oh, but I'm being silly .... You couldn't, could you? Aaaargh! It's this dreadful curse!

BEAUTY: No, no, don't be upset. You haven't done anything wrong. It's been a wonderful evening ... it's just that I'm so worried about my father. He's not so young as he used to be. I just hope that he found his way out of that dark, dismal forest safely. I worry about him, you see.

BEAST: Then perhaps ... you do like me ... just a little bit?

BEAUTY: I didn't think I was going to ... but now that I'm getting to know you, you're really a very kind and gentle person.

BEAST: Oh, Beauty! I'm so glad! Now, you mustn't worry any more. Come over her (*leads her over to a large trunk*) I've got something to show you.

*(Takes out a large silver mirror)*

BEAUTY: Oh what a lovely mirror - all that silver filigree, it looks really expensive!

BEAST: That's not it's most valuable feature. Look into the mirror, Beauty. BEAUTY: I can't see myself... it's all blurred.

BEAST: Look harder. This is an enchanted mirror. It will show you whatever you most want to see.

BEAUTY: You mean I could see my father? Oh! Daddy! I can see him! He's in terrible trouble - oh dear, I must go to him!

*(She drops the mirror and runs off).*

PERCIVAL: *(Shouts after her)* But Mam'selle - you must not leave ze castle!

BEAST: It's all right Percival. Let her go. I have no right to keep her here.

JOB SWORTH: No you don't! But it's dark and cold out there! And the wolves

*(SFX: Wolves howling)*

JOB SWORTH: are always hungry.

PERCIVAL: Yes! If they catch her scent she will not be able to out-run them. They will hunt her down and tear her to pieces.

BEAST: NO! Nothing must happen to my dear Beauty! Listen to me. Guard the castle door, but be ready to open it the moment that I return. Beauty! I'm coming!

*(Beast exits)*

JOB SWORTH: Oh no! He's gone out there amongst all those slavering vicious beasts. He and poor Beauty are both going to be ripped to pieces. *(Sobs)* It's not fair! I remember him when he was only this tall. A dear little cherub he was. He got too big for his boots later on, I'll grant you that, but this last day or two he's been so much better. I really thought there was a chance that the curse might be lifted before the last petal falls ... and now THIS! *(Sobs)*

PERCIVAL: *(Comforting her)* There, there, cherie. Where there is life, there is 'ope ... n'est ce pas?

JOB SWORTH: Ooooh! We'll never see him again! Him and that lovely girl. And there I was, hoping that they'd fall in love and get married.

*Directions:*

*Stage darkens, becomes creepy, windy howling sounds.*

*Wolves enter from everywhere, including hall.*

SONG – You'll Never Walk Alone

*Percival & Jobsworth start, gradually all the cast join in, some singing from the wings.*

*Baron enters, wolves surround him.*

*Tableau freezes*

*Beauty runs onto stage, sees her father and joins the fight, the wolves close in on her and her father.*

*Heard over the song - BEAST: Beauty, I'm coming!*

*The Beast runs in and stands between Beauty and the wolves.*

*Beauty faints. Beast picks her up, Leader of the Wolves jumps on him and gives him a mortal wound before running away with the pack when the Beast roars.*

*Tableau freezes, Song ends, then players fade away. Light goes up on the Castle set as ...*

*SFX: A thunderous knocking at the door.*

*Percival goes off to answer. The Beast enters carrying Beauty, accompanied by the Baron. Both are dishevelled. The Beast collapses, stage right. Beauty, distressed kneels beside him.*

JOBSWORTH: Here! Go and get some brandy - quick!

PERCIVAL: A good idea! *(He goes off, & reappears with a bottle)*

BARON: *(Seeing bottle)* Thank goodness!

PERCIVAL: A votre sante *(drinks)* That's better! Now, what happened?

BARON: I thought my last moment had come! *(To Percival)* I say, do you think ... some of that brandy?

PERCIVAL: A good idea! *(Drinks)* Aaaaah! That's better!

BARON: Hmmm! Anyway, just when I thought that all was lost, your master appeared and threw himself into the fray. He was magnificent! He placed himself in front of Beauty like a living shield, and when Beauty fainted, he picked her up and began to carry her away. It was then that the leader of the pack - a huge, grey, grizzled wolf, leapt onto his back and began to tear at him with its fangs. He couldn't fight it off because he was holding Beauty. That was when he received his mortal wound!

PERCIVAL: Mortal wound? *(Drinks)* It cannot be so! Oh, my poor master!

*(Rushes to kneel beside him).*

BEAST: *(Reviving a little)* Is my poor Beauty all right?

BEAUTY: Yes dear Beast, I'm quite safe, and so is my father - thanks to you!

PERCIVAL: *(Standing)* He is alive! Oh, I am so happy! *(drinks)*

BARON: *(Capturing the bottle)* This calls for a toast!

PERCIVAL: You are absolutely right! *(Takes back bottle before Baron can drink and takes a swig)* To my master!

*Baron retrieves bottle but shows by inverting it that it is now empty.*

PERCIVAL: *(As Beast is helped to his feet)* I shall go and run you a bath, My Lord, so that you can relax and cleanse your wounds.

BEAST: Thank you Percival - you're very thoughtful.

JOBSWORTH: And I'll do the same for Miss Beauty. Now come along Baron, let's leave the two of them alone for a few minutes. I'll get you a nice hot mug of cocoa.

*(They EXIT)*

BEAUTY: Oh, my brave, wonderful Beast. You saved all our lives. If you hadn't followed me, I'm sure that daddy and I would have been killed by those awful wolves!

BEAST: I had to do it Beauty. I've realized that I just can't live without you. If you had been killed, there would have been nothing left for me to live for.

JOBSWORTH: *(Reappearing)* Now come on Miss Beauty, let's get you cleaned up and warm and dry! *(She ushers Beauty off)*

## CURTAIN

### ACT 2 - SCENE 6: The Village Green.

*Corporal Jones is snoozing outside the Baron's door. Enter the rest of the soldiers.*

FLASH: Eff-ight, eff - ight, eff - ight, platooooooon ..... HALT! Ello! It's Smithy asleep on guard duty. 'Ere Smithy, wake up. Smithy? Smithy? CORPORAL SMITH - WAKE UP!!!!

SMITH: Eh? Wassat? Wak'in up sir, as ordered! Oh, it's you Sarge. Don't you worry Sarge, I wasn't really asleep. Oh no! I haven't slept for days! Mind you - I sleep like a baby at night!

McKILT: Och! I snore sae loudly, I used to wake mysel<sup>1</sup> up seven or eight times every night.

CARP: Really?

McKILT: Och aye! But I dinnae have that problem any more.

SMITH: Why? What do you do?

McKILT: Simple. Nowadays I sleep in the next room!

FLASH: Oh good grief! It's not just the Baron who's losing his marbles! Stand aside Smithy - I've come to interview the prisoner.

SMITH: Yes sir! Standing aside as ordered sir!

FLASH: *(Knocks on the door)* Baron! Baron! Out you come. It's time for you and me to have a little chat!

CARP: Here, I know a knock, knock joke. Ahem. Knock, knock

GORMLESS: Eh? Oh! Erm, what? I mean, er, who's there?

CARP: Major!

GORMLESS: Major? Major who?

CARP: Major answer the door, didn't I? *(Pause for laughter)* 'Ere, Kiltie, I know another one. Knock, knock.

McKILT: Aye? Who's there?

CARP: Saviour!

McKILT: Saviour who?

CARP: Saviour self the trouble of knocking - there's no-one home!

McKILT: Aye - you're right there. The sarge has been knocking for ages and there's no answer frae the Baron. Do ye think he might have gone oot?

FLASH: Gone out? Gone out? How can he have gone out when the door's locked from the outside? Here, Smithy, when did you last see the prisoner?

SMITH: Oh, it was just after I relieved Private Carp sir. I gave the prisoner his tea - some nice cheese sandwiches, and then I locked him back in again.

FLASH: *(Hammering on the door)* Come here you daft old coot!

GORMLESS: Eh? What? Did you call me sergeant?

FLASH: Not you, you daft old coot.... I meant that daft old coot! 'Ere, I've had enough of this! Corporal, open that door!

SMITH: Door sir? What door sir?

FLASH: What door? THIS door you total nincompoop! Come on ... get it open now .... Move yourself, move yourself!

SMITH: Yes sir, yes sir, opening door now as ordered sir!

*(Opens door and looks inside).*

SMITH: There doesn't appear to be anybody at home sir!

McKILT: But he cannae have escaped sir. No with Smithy on guard sir!

FLASH: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! Now listen, you lot. If he's got away, there's only one

place he can have gone. A penny to a quid he's headed through the woods up to the castle. Break out the torches lads, and let's get after him. And if Beauty's up there .... this time I'm not goin' to take "no" for an answer!

SMITH: Beggin' your pardon sir, but if we're goin' into the forest - shouldn't we be in our jungle camouflage gear?

FLASH: A good idea. Break out the boot polish.

CARP: Oh no! Not the boot polish. My Mum says I mustn't wear boot polish, 'cause last time I got it all over the collar of my shirt, and she had to scrub and scrub to get it out again.

McKILT: Dinna ye worry laddie. It's good for your complexion. CARP: What? You mean it'll make my skin healthier? McKILT: No. But it'll hide the blackheads!

*Throughout this exchange, Gormless is carefully inserting leafy twigs into the hatband of his trilby. Sgt. Flash sees and goes over to him.*

FLASH: And Where's your regulation issue helmet, soldier?

GORMLESS: Oh dear. I'm most dreadfully sorry Sergeant, but you see, it was an emergency and well, I er.....

FLASH: Well? Out with it!

GORMLESS: I sort of used it for something else.

FLASH: Sometimes I wonder why I ever wanted to be in command of you lot! What a shower! Come on, you horrible little men, get fell in. Here we I go, by the left, quiiiiik march! Eft - ight, eft - ight, etc.

## **CURTAIN.**

### **ACT 2 - SCENE 7:**

#### **Inside the castle.**

*Percival, Jobsworth and the maids and castle chorus are all on stage.*

PERCIVAL: Oh, what a to-do! My master, he has been looking into ze magic mirror. He has seen what has happened down in the village.

JOBSWORTH: Yes! That dreadful Sgt. Flash is on his way up here with a platoon of highly trained, battle hardened fighting men, armed to the teeth, and he's going to take away Miss Beauty unless we stop him.

PERCIVAL: So here are your weapons.

*(Hands out batons.)*

PERCIVAL: Guard the castle well, the safety of our Master and Miss Beauty depends on us. *Percival and Jobsworth exit.*

*The servants station themselves around the stage, batons at the ready.*

SALLY: That's it - we've got every entrance covered.

POLLY: Not even a mouse could get into this castle.

KATE: No way!

CARP: *(Entering)* What? Not even through the cellars?

SALLY: The cellars?

NORAH: It's dirty and damp and dark down there.

MARTHA: No-one would even think of coming in through the cellars.

*Platoon enter*

CARP: *(Pointing to the platoon who are entering behind him)* Well we did.

KATE: Come on, girls, let's throw them out again.

*A battle rages between the villagers and castle staff, eventually the platoon are chase off stage. Flash enters from concealment.*

FLASH: Now to find Beauty. She's coming with me.

*Beast enters*

BEAST: I don't think so. What gives you the right to enter my castle and attach my friends?

*They wrestle.*

FLASH: *Pulling out a revolver.* Get back or I'll put you out of my misery.

*Baron and Beauty enter.*

BARON: Sergeant! Put that gun away at once!

*Beauty stands in front of the Beast*

BEAUTY: It's all over Flash. Daddy has explained everything to the men. They won't follow you any more. You're on your own now.

FLASH: None of that matters. I've got this gun, and that means that you're all going to do as I say. I'm going to shoot that hideous monster and then you're coming back to the village with me. Beauty, you're going to be Mrs Flash, because if you don't I'll shoot your precious father too.

BEAST: *Leaps forward.* No, no! That can never be. *He grapples with Flash.*

FLASH: You've asked for it.

*Flash shoots the Beast who falls to the floor. Beauty rushes to kneel beside him.*

BARON: *Grabs the gun.* Men!

*McKilt and Smith enter.*

BARON: Arrest him! Take him back to the Village and lock him up. And Corporal Smith ..

SMITH: *Holding one of Flash's arms.* Sir! Yes Sir?

BARON: Don't you go feeling sorry for him and giving him your cheese sandwiches.

McKILT: *(Holding Flash's other arm)* Dinna you worry about that sir. We'll BOTH be on guard

duty, till you get back!

*They wrestle Flash off the stage.*

BEAUTY: Oh, my poor Beast! You mustn't die. Please don't die! *Enter Percival and Jobsworth*

PERCIVAL: Oh no! He has shot'ed my master! All of our hopes 'ave been in vain!

JOBSWORTH: Yes, and look, the last petal is about to fall!

BEAST: *(Slowly and painfully)* Well Beauty, it looks as if the only thing we have left to say is ..... goodbye! I just want you to know that the last few days have been the most wonderful time in my whole life.

BEAUTY: Percival ..... isn't there anything we can do?

PERCIVAL: Alas no. When the last petal falls, my master's fate is sealed.

BEAUTY: But You can't die, dear Beast! I love you!

**BLACKOUT**

*As quickly as possible the lights come back on to reveal the tableau exactly as before, except that from the spot where the Beast had been lying, a young prince is now rising to his feet. He helps Beauty up and they hold hands and gaze into each other's eyes.*

PRINCE: Beauty - your love has saved me. You see me now in my rightful shape, restored to health and just as I was before the curse fell upon me. I used to be selfish, uncaring and rude, but you've changed me Beauty. You've given me a second chance. Beauty, I love you with all of my heart. Will you marry me Beauty, and go on teaching me to be a better person, for the rest of our lives?

BEAUTY: Oh yes, gladly! But I'll always think of you as my dear Beast!

SONG: *(Beauty and the Prince)*

*Beauty and the Prince exit hand in hand.*

JOBSWORTH: Oh, isn't it romantic?

PERCIVAL: Ah yes! There is a place in all of our 'earts that is touched by the sight of two people so completely in love wiz each other.

JOBSWORTH: Do you think that you and I could ever find love like that?

PERCIVAL: But of course! *(He takes her hand)* And zat reminds me. Zere is something I 'ave been meaning to ask you for some time now.

JOBSWORTH: *(Fluttering her eyelashes)* You just ask me, Percy my love. You don't need to be nervous. Just ask me straight out. I promise you won't be disappointed by the answer.

PERCIVAL: Oh, thank you my dear. It is just this. Do you 'appen to know the telephone number of that pretty little chambermaid with the auburn hair?

JOBSWORTH: *(Advancing on him as he backs away)* Why, you ..... you Lothario! You lounge lizard! You heartless despoiler of young girls' dreams! Come back here! You just wait 'till I get my hands on you! I'll give you what for!

**CURTAIN**

## **SCENE 7: THE FINALE**

Walkdown to 'Be our Guest'

Brief section of instrumental version of 'A tale as old as time'. Company waltz then move into –

FINALE SONG: This is Me – from the Greatest Showman

**THE END**