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Beauty and the Beast

By

MAX BUSH

Based on the original tale by
Gabriella-Suzanne Barbot de Villeneuve (1740),
the subsequent telling by
Madame Le Prince de Beaumont (1756)
and the Greek myth *Eros and Psyche* by Apuleius

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MAX BUSH

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(BEAUTY AND THE BEAST)

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Beauty and the Beast was developed and premiered by the University of Northwestern—St. Paul on Sept. 3, 2020.

CAST:

BeaumontJonah Smith
Queen Loraine..... Sarah Christenson
ChantalMegan Liesmaki
Aliz..... Jaida Ruis
BeautySiri Ashley Wright
Renee..... Thaxton Gamache
Mallory..... Lauren Mattson
Naeva Mikah Juelich
Corbett.....Jacob Wright
Farin Joshua Row
Monkey Servant..... Cameron Dahlstrom
Duke Actor Bryce Bennyhoff
Lady Anne ActorGrace Klapak
Servant Wylie White
Violists Joshua Choi, Lily Bronson

UNDERSTUDIES:

BeaumontJacob Wright
Queen Loraine..... Lauren Mattson
Chantal/Mallory/Lady Anne Actor Jaylin Hustedde
Aliz.....Grace Klapak
Beauty/Naeva Cecily Jorgensen
Renee..... Joshua Row
Corbett/Duke Actor Wylie White
Farin/Monkey Servant Bryce Bennyhoff

PRODUCTION:

Director	Jennifer Hunter
Asst. Technical Director.....	Iris Dodge
Student Technical Director.....	D’Lorah Roberts
Stage Manager	Parker Dahlstrom
Asst. Stage Manager	Emily Vold, Grace Wright
Props Mistress.....	Alita Robertson
Costume Alterations.....	Deborah Nemanic
Production Manager.....	Tommy McCarthy
Live Stream Coordinator.....	Miranda Hobbs
Program Designer	Jonathan Horn (cover), Adam Smith (inside)
Sound Effects Creator	Todd Lewis
Student Dance Asst.	Siri Ashley Wright, Cameron Dahlstrom
Sound Board Technician	Zach Morse
House Manager	Sydney Lanning, Lindsey Schmidt, Clarissa Geske

WORKSHOP PARTICIPANTS:

Dawson Ehlke, Samantha Raun, Siri Ashley Wright, Julia Gams, Jillian Ehlke, Annie Day, Faith Winship, Mikah Juelich, Jacob Rankin, Cameron Dahlstrom, Tommy McCarthy, Lydia Wildes, Jennifer Hunter, Zach Hedner, Caleb Davis, Jeremiah Thiessen

INTRODUCTION

In 1740, Gabrielle-Suzanne de Villeneuve published *Le Belle et La Bete* (*Beauty and the Beast*), a three-hundred-page novella. As far as we know, this was the first version of the story written down. Of course, there were a number of predecessors with elements similar to *Beauty and the Beast*, a common thread being a disguised groom: *Eros and Psyche*, *The Frog Prince*, *The Woman Who Married a Snake*, *Snow White and Rose Red*, among others.

Villeneuve must have been familiar with *Eros and Psyche*, as she incorporated a number of elements from that myth into her tale: the three sisters; two of the sisters resenting the youngest and plotting her destruction; a “monster” groom; the Bride of Death; a magnificent palace inhabited by a lover in disguise; a father sacrificing his youngest, most beautiful and loving daughter to a supposed monster; the youngest daughter, instead of being devoured by the monster, growing to love him, and, in the end, becoming his fully conscious and devoted wife; the undisguised prince marrying the youngest daughter. Villeneuve, however, created her own story, her own import, retaining only passing resemblances to the Greek tale, and, for the most part, dispensing with the more primitive meanings of *Eros and Psyche*.

In 1756, just 16 years after Villeneuve, Jean Leprince de Beaumont published *Le Belle et La Bete* (*Beauty and the Beast*), a shortened version of Villeneuve’s tale. She simplified the plot lines, substantially reduced the back story of the prince and greatly reduced the characters of the two fairies. This version remains the most familiar to contemporary audiences.

Due to this shortening and simplification, Villeneuve’s original inevitably contains a number of significant elements that did not make the cut for Beaumont’s version. Villeneuve reveals

exactly how and why the prince was turned into a beast. Also, the prince's mother plays a significant role, setting up a reflective motif with Beauty and her father.

The two French versions espouse messages that both authors were attempting to deliver to their literate, aristocratic audiences. Jack Zipes, in particular, in *Breaking the Magic Spell* and *Fairy Tales and the Art of Subversion*, presents a profound analysis of the political, sociological and societal themes that the aristocratic audiences of the time would have found supportive and soothing.

In *Amor and Psyche: The Psychic Development of the Feminine*, Erich Neumann presents an exhaustive analysis of the Greek tale by Apuleius, going into depth about the more primitive elements that make up the tale.

Are there through-lines that could speak directly and satisfyingly to contemporary audiences—through-lines that clearly exist within the framework of all three of the tales in spite of the alterations made by the storytellers? Through-lines that echo back to the more primitive elements buried within the tales, yet speak across time and cultures and generations? These were the questions I asked when I approached this tale and began the research.

—Max Bush
November 2019

Dedication:
To Jennifer Hunter

Beauty and the Beast

CHARACTERS

BEAUMONT: The prince who is turned into a beast.

QUEEN LORAINÉ: The prince's mother.

CHANTAL: An older fairy.

ALIZ: A younger fairy.

BEAUTY: Belle, the youngest daughter.

RENEE: Beauty's father.

MALLORY: Beauty's sister.

NAEVA: Beauty's sister.

CORBETT: An older male suitor.

FARIN: A younger male suitor.

ENGLISH SWORDSMAN

VIOLA PLAYER

MONKEY/SERVANT: A servant.

DUKE: An actor.

LADY ANNE: An actress.

TIME: Recently, in a time long ago.

PLACE: The queen's castle, Beauty's house, a battlefield, a cottage in the deep forest and a hidden castle in the deep forest.

INTERMISSION: An optional intermission could occur after Scene 4.

Beauty and the Beast

Scene 1

(In the blackout, we hear distant cannons firing. At rise, lights come up on QUEEN LORAINÉ's chamber. The QUEEN, in her royal undergarments and jewels, is being dressed for battle by ALIZ, a young fairy who has taken a role in the royal household as a kind of lady's maid.

Also in the chamber, BEAUMONT, the prince, and CHANTAL, an attractive, older fairy, watch as ALIZ dresses the QUEEN.

Frozen, out of the light but clearly visible, are BEAUTY and her father, RENÉE. BEAUTY sits, while her father stands near her, watching the dancers. CORBETT and FARIN, two suitors, also remain frozen in a dancing position with their respective partners, BEAUTY's sisters, MALLORY and NAEVA.

Once lights are up full, the scene in the QUEEN's chamber begins. ALIZ will help the QUEEN put on her chest, leg and arm armor during the following. ALIZ will also remove the QUEEN's crown, as well as her jewelry, and place them in a cask.

A loud cannon shot is heard, startling the four of them.)

QUEEN. They are closer.

BEAUMONT. I should fight.

QUEEN. Remain here, safe from all harm.

BEAUMONT. The people want me to fight.

RENEE. There is only one daughter who—

BEAUMONT. Describe me as I am. If she comes willingly—
she must come willingly.

RENEE. What will you do with her?

BEAUMONT. Give me your word of honor, to return in a month. If a daughter cannot return with you, swear you will return here alone.

RENEE. You have my word.

BEAUMONT. The horse, in the courtyard, will carry you home. This horse will return you and your daughter to my palace in a month. *(He picks up the discarded rose.)* If you think you can escape me, I will find you, and I will destroy you and all your daughters. *(Handing him the rose.)* For this ... Beauty.

(RENEE takes the rose. BEAUMONT gestures for him to exit, which he does.)

SCENE 4

(Inside BEAUMONT's palace. An elegant dinner table is once again set out. A large portrait of the prince he used to be now hangs in the room. The VIOLA PLAYER plays an inviting melody, perhaps Mozart's Adagio in E. MONKEY enters, holding BEAUTY's hand, leading BEAUTY and RENEE into the room.)

BEAUTY. What a magnificent castle. And this music ...

RENEE. I should have given myself up to satisfy his thirst for blood. How can I watch him devour you before my eyes?

BEAUTY. I promise I will not run from him.

RENEE. This monster is more hideous than you can imagine. Your promise to stay will fail once you see him.

BEAUTY. If I were going to the beast with the hope of being happy, that hope would fail upon seeing him. But since mine will be a quick death, what does it matter whether he is handsome or hideous?

(They move near the portrait.)

BEAUTY *(cont'd)*. This portrait ... do you know him, Father?

RENEE. I have never met him.

(VIOLA PLAYER trills and pauses playing.)

BEAUTY *(to MONKEY)*. Who is this man?

(MONKEY imitates BEAUMONT with noises but not words.)

RENEE. I do not believe the monkey can speak.

BEAUTY *(staring at the portrait)*. He is ... handsome.

RENEE. Perhaps he was the owner of this palace before the beast. And the beast captured the man's castle.

(MONKEY pulls out a chair, makes a noise and indicates for her to sit. VIOLA PLAYER resumes playing.)

BEAUTY. This beast must be hungry indeed to create such a fine table to welcome his prey.

RENEE. This meal is intended for you; eat what you will.

(BEAUTY sits and begins to eat. MONKEY exits. RENEE stands away, looking for BEAUMONT.)

BEAUTY. This music, and this elegant table, designed for a funeral ceremony? Perhaps, Father, you have wronged the beast to fear him so and he intends—

(We hear the beast's low growl. VIOLA PLAYER ends. BEAUTY rises. RENEE motions for her to come to him.)

RENEE. Beauty ...

(She goes to RENEE. BEAUMONT enters.)

BEAUMONT *(to VIOLA PLAYER)*. Go.

(VIOLA PLAYER exits. BEAUMONT now stands staring at BEAUTY, who stares back at him. RENEE holds her tighter. After the shock of seeing him lessens somewhat, BEAUTY untangles herself from her father and steps toward BEAUMONT.)

BEAUTY *(with a courtly curtsy)*. Beast.

BEAUMONT. Beauty.

RENEE. Good evening, Beast.

BEAUMONT *(to BEAUTY)*. Have you come voluntarily?

BEAUTY. I have.

BEAUMONT. And will you allow your father to depart without you?

BEAUTY. I will.

BEAUMONT. What do you believe will become of you after he departs?

BEAUTY. Whatever you like. My life is in your hands.

BEAUMONT. Look at me ... look in my eyes.

(She does. For a moment they stare at each other. BEAUTY does not back off, but determinedly looks him in the eyes. He growls a low growl.)

BEAUMONT (*cont'd*). The beauty of a flower ... you said the truth, old man ... I am satisfied. (*Pulling her away from RENEE.*) You will remain with me.

RENEE. What will you do with her?

(*BEAUMONT roars and charges him, knocking him to the floor. He bends over RENEE, speaking directly into his face.*)

BEAUMONT. In this palace, that is the last time you will speak! You have no rights, old man, to know what I will do! You gave her to me. I should kill you, as all cowards should die.

BEAUTY. I am your prey, not him. I have agreed to your terms. He is to leave here unharmed.

BEAUMONT (*rises from RENEE and calls offstage*). Come!

(*MONKEY enters, carrying a heavy, richly decorated cask.*)

BEAUMONT (*cont'd, to MONKEY*). Show.

(*MONKEY opens the cask revealing necklaces, bracelets, jewels, silver and gold.*)

BEAUMONT (*cont'd*). For your sacrifice, you will take this chest of riches to your family. It is fitting you should own something, to remember her. Leave my palace immediately. You are forbidden to return.

(*RENEE hesitates.*)

BEAUTY. Father, go ... go, please.

(*RENEE starts toward BEAUTY.*)

BEAUMONT. Take your treasure. (*He yanks BEAUTY away from RENEE.*) For I have mine.

(RENEE exits, followed by MONKEY with the cask. BEAUTY watches him and moves so she can see him until he is clearly out of sight.)

BEAUTY. Father

BEAUMONT. Sit ... eat ... the meal is yours.

BEAUTY *(following his order, she sits)*. You wish to fatten me as one does a goat before the slaughter.

BEAUMONT. Are you so sure of your fate?

BEAUTY. I am sure of nothing. Will you join me? Eating alone is a lonely affair. And the meal is soon over. And once the meal is over, what will happen here?

BEAUMONT. This food does not interest me.

BEAUTY. I would ask what food would interest you, but I fear the answer.

BEAUMONT. You will see ... the morning sunrise.

BEAUTY. The morning sunrise ... thank you.

BEAUMONT. Eat.

(She eats something.)

BEAUMONT *(cont'd, moves to her, takes her hand and smells it. He touches her arm, her face, her hair)*. You are ... pretty. You are ... graceful. You are ... fragile. Yet, you sacrifice yourself with courage.

BEAUTY. If you will not eat, will you sit with me while I eat?

(He moves from her and sits, watching her eat.)

BEAUTY *(cont'd)*. Will you ... answer a question?

BEAUMONT. What question?

BEAUTY. Who is— *(She begins to rise.)*

BEAUMONT. SIT!

(She sits.)

BEAUMONT *(cont'd)*. Your question!

BEAUTY. I'm afraid your command to sit has chased the question from my mind.

(He rises and moves from the table.)

BEAUMONT. Forgive me.

BEAUTY. Forgive you?

BEAUMONT. I ... have not ... sat at a table ... for some time ... with a person ... as human as you. I ... forget myself. Ask your question.

BEAUTY. May I stand?

(He indicates for her to stand. She moves to the portrait.)

BEAUTY *(cont'd)*. This portrait ... who is this man?

BEAUMONT. A prince.

BEAUTY. Is he alive?

BEAUMONT. He lives.

BEAUTY. Where?

BEAUMONT. These are many questions.

BEAUTY. May I ask you many questions?

BEAUMONT. You may not ... like the answers.

BEAUTY. Where is he?

BEAUMONT. In a prison.

BEAUTY. In this palace?

BEAUMONT. Yes.

BEAUTY. What was his crime?

BEAUMONT. His crime?

BEAUTY. Surely it could not have been an act of violence.

BEAUTY. How can you know this?

BEAUTY. Do you keep him prisoner?

BEAUMONT. If I do, what does it matter to you?

BEAUTY. He regards me with a tender affection.

BEAUMONT. This is but a portrait!

BEAUTY. May I meet him? For I can't help but see in his eyes
a desire to speak to me.

BEAUMONT (*angrily*). And what would he say to you?

BEAUTY. He would like me to ... help him ... from his prison.

BEAUMONT (*softer*). His portrait says this to you?

BEAUTY. How can I gain his release?

BEAUMONT. I will tell him you wish to speak to him. But
now sit. Eat.

(She sits, eats.)

BEAUMONT (*cont'd*). What ... do you like?

BEAUTY. This food is delicious. I like it.

BEAUMONT (*too strong*). My question was not about food, it
was—! (*Softer, sitting with her*.) I meant to say, what do you
like ... to do?

BEAUTY. I enjoy reading. And music. The music that greeted
us here was pleasing.

BEAUMONT. What more?

BEAUTY. Living in the forest, I enjoyed feeding the creatures.

BEAUMONT. Creatures ... do you enjoy monkeys?

BEAUTY. Monkeys? Monkeys, Beast?

BEAUMONT. Is that strange to ask?

BEAUTY. I have never known a monkey, until today.

BEAUMONT. They are ... entertaining ... and ... silly. You could laugh at them.

BEAUTY. Do you laugh at monkeys, Beast?

BEAUMONT. I could present you with monkeys, if you wish.

BEAUTY. May I wish for something?

BEAUMONT (*sighs, calming himself*). In your early life, what did you enjoy?

BEAUTY. I used to love the theatre.

BEAUMONT. The theatre ...

BEAUTY. And I wish ...

BEAUMONT. What?

BEAUTY. If I may wish, I wish to meet this unknown prince.

BEAUMONT (*slamming his paw on the table, rises*). Ah!

BEAUTY. Why does mention of this prince anger you?

BEAUMONT. You should concern yourself, with your present fate. Not a prince you know nothing of.

BEAUTY. But I do know something of him. His portrait shows a kind face, a gentle heart, and he is a prisoner, as I am. If I can gain his release before you—before—before I am unable to do so, my life here would be even more worthy of the sacrifice.

BEAUMONT (*after a moment*). After you've eaten, you will remain here. I will send you clothes and a maid to dress you for the evening. After you are dressed, I will return.

(He abruptly exits, and BEAUTY starts to rise. He then abruptly re-enters, and she quickly sits.)

BEAUMONT (*cont'd*). Good evening, Beauty.

(He bows awkwardly and exits.)

BEAUTY. Well, Father, he is the monster you spoke about. But he says I will see the sunrise. And the food, for kings and gods.

(She eats. ALIZ enters, unseen, behind BEAUTY. ALIZ touches BEAUTY's head, and BEAUTY slowly puts her head down and sleeps. ALIZ seems to stand guard near BEAUTY. The QUEEN enters a distant scene in battle dress. She looks at BEAUTY.)

QUEEN. She is not a princess or even the daughter of a nobleman. She has no knowledge of the customs of our palace. She comes to him dressed as a forest creature.

ALIZ. Look to her heart, my queen. You will see why I chose her.

QUEEN. Has he taken to her?

ALIZ. Instantly.

QUEEN. Chantal's curse is strong. He is beastly; I fear for this fragile child.

ALIZ. If only I could tell this lady the prince's story.

QUEEN. If you reveal anything, he will never return to us.

(Cannon shot.)

ALIZ. Will the war end soon, so you may return?

QUEEN. We are gaining new territory. Someday, if the battle goes well, my son will be king of a vast land.

ALIZ *(to BEAUTY)*. Raise your head. *(She does.)* Open your eyes. *(She does. She is, however, still entranced.)* Love him who loves you. See with your heart. Hear with your spirit. Know what you somehow know.

(A trumpet is heard. QUEEN draws her sword.)

QUEEN. I could have wished for a stronger choice, not this delicate flower of a girl.

(QUEEN exits. ALIZ claps her hands. BEAUTY closes her eyes and lowers her head.)

ALIZ *(to offstage)*. Come.

(MONKEY enters with evening attire and a small cask for BEAUTY. MONKEY hands ALIZ a half mask, then exits. ALIZ puts on the half mask, then touches BEAUTY's head, and she awakens.)

BEAUTY. What dream was this? Who was that battle maid? I have never known her, yet she seemed to know me. And the other spoke ... the strangest words ... something of love ... for the man in the portrait? *(Sees ALIZ with the clothes.)* I see my meal is finished.

ALIZ. Will you stand, madam, that I may help you dress?

(ALIZ helps her remove her forest clothes and put on the formal evening clothes.)

BEAUTY. What are you?

ALIZ. Your maidservant, madam.

BEAUTY. My maidservant?

ALIZ. Yes, madam.

BEAUTY. And do you know this castle?

ALIZ. Some, madam.

BEAUTY. Have you seen the man in that portrait?

ALIZ. I have.

BEAUTY. Who is he?

ALIZ. A prince, I believe. And quite a handsome young man, don't you feel?

BEAUTY. And where is he now?

ALIZ. He is somewhere.

BEAUTY. He is in prison. What was his crime, that the beast must lock him in prison?

ALIZ. Crime?

BEAUTY. Where is the prison? Above, in a tower? Below, in a dungeon?

ALIZ. Perhaps you should ask questions I am able to answer, such as, "Why does the beast send me such fine clothes?"

BEAUTY. But this unknown prince, what is his name?

ALIZ. If I tell you his name, will you ask no more about him? For the beast will attack me if I say more.

BEAUTY. If you will not answer any more questions about him, then I'll agree.

ALIZ. His name is Beaumont.

BEAUTY. Beaumont ... Beaumont ...

ALIZ. How is this dress for you, madam?

BEAUTY. Why?

(ALIZ takes out a necklace, puts it on BEAUTY.)

BEAUTY *(cont'd)*. Why does the beast dress me so richly? And puts princess' jewels around my neck? And send me a maidservant? I am not my sisters.

ALIZ. When he looks at you, his eyes see a princess.

BEAUTY. I have no royal blood in my veins. I am a merchant's daughter. And when he looks at me he growls.

ALIZ. Perhaps you could teach him manners on how to look at you.

BEAUTY. He is a beast! What can he learn?

(From the cask, ALIZ takes out a ring.)

ALIZ. Your hand, madam.

BEAUTY. What ring is that? ... Is he dressing his ghostly bride for a sacrifice? ... What is the meaning of that ring?

ALIZ. It is not a marriage ring. This ring has a power within it.

BEAUTY. What power?

ALIZ. To help you in your time of need. The beast commanded you wear it.

(BEAUTY holds out her hand. BEAUMONT enters with MONKEY.)

ALIZ *(cont'd)*. You see? It was made for your hand.

BEAUMONT. Does the dress not please you?

BEAUTY. I do not require riches in dress.

BEAUMONT. After this evening, you may choose your dress. However, you are dressed, now, as I see you.

BEAUTY. Then you do not see me, but some imagining of your own.

(BEAUMONT gestures to MONKEY, who arranges chairs.)

BEAUMONT. This is proper dress for the theatre. Will you join me in the audience?

BEAUTY. Of a play? Here? Now?

BEAUMONT. I have chosen something, that may interest you. Sit.

BEAUTY. What tragedy do you force me to witness?

(She sits. ALIZ remains onstage. MONKEY exits.)

BEAUMONT *(to ALIZ)*. Begin.

ALIZ. Come.

(LADY ANNE, beautifully dressed and wearing a half mask, enters fanning herself.)

BEAUMONT. Lady Anne, seen here, is to marry the Duke, a man she professes she loves. And here is our Duke.

(The DUKE, also wearing a half mask, enters in elaborate female costume, with a huge headpiece.)

DUKE *(out of character)*. Oh, these shoes—they will break my ankles—and these sleeves—I cannot find my hand!

BEAUTY. This Duke is strangely dressed.

DUKE *(out of character, to BEAUTY)*. I wish to know Lady Anne's true feelings, and therefore, will test her in this disguise.

BEAUTY. Does love need a test? Is not love freely given?

DUKE *(out of character)*. And this cursed corset— *(He tries to adjust his clothes.)* Ladies, how can you breathe in such a prison!

(LADY ANNE begins singing quietly to herself. The melody is soft and sweet; she has a lovely voice. DUKE speaks while LADY ANNE is singing.)

LADY ANNE. La la la la la la la la la.

DUKE *(out of character to BEAUMONT and BEAUTY)*.

Who knows what lies beneath a beautiful face and a sweet, haunting voice. Who is she? Is she sent from heaven above, or brought up from hell itself and I am her groom of death.

BEAUMONT. Approach the lady.

DUKE. But I haven't yet stated what has come before.

BEAUMONT. Begin the scene.

LADY ANNE (*sings*).

OH DON'T YOU SEE YON TURTLE DOVE
IN YONDER WILLOW TREE.

(*BEAUTY, who knows the song, now sings it with her.*)

LADY & BEAUTY.

SHE'S WAITING FOR HER OWN TRUE LOVE
AS I WILL WAIT FOR THEE.

DUKE (*in character as a lady himself, to LADY ANNE*). Lady Anne, a word with you, please.

LADY ANNE. Who are you?

DUKE. A friend to those in need, and you, madam, are in desperate need. (*Fanning himself furiously.*) Dessperate. (*The fan flies out of his hand.*)

BEAUTY. Which is the desperate one? I think I see.

DUKE (*out of character, to BEAUTY*). You observe well.

(*He tries to pick up the fan. Because of the billowing dress he wears, he cannot figure out how to pick it up.*)

LADY ANNE (*picking up the fan, giving it to the DUKE*). Madam, you are not allowed in the duke's rooms; if you do not leave immediately I shall call the guards.

DUKE (*back in character*). But I am sent by the prrrince himself. To speak his heart, for he dare not come himself. He is too proud. You are his grrrreatest weakness.

LADY ANNE. The prrrrrince?

DUKE. Yes, madam, powerful and lovesick prrrrrince.

LADY ANNE. Lovesick? For me? Surely the prrrince may choose whatever woman he desires.

DUKE. Having seen you, having spoken to you, he urges you to break off your marriage with this, this, this duuuke, and look to the prrince for your love and affection.

LADY ANNE. He wishes that? Of me?

DUKE. Of you. Only you.

LADY ANNE. The prince did speak well to me. His handsome-self did sparkle in my direction.

DUKE. He sends his servant with a gift as proof of his devotion. Come.

(MONKEY enters and offers a sparking necklace to LADY ANNE.)

LADY ANNE. Oh! But in conscience, as I am to be married to the duke, I cannot not accept that—this! *(She snatches it from MONKEY.)* It sparkles! *(She drops the necklace into her décolletage.)*

DUKE. And he has written a love poem, recited to you by his loyal servant.

(MONKEY recites and acts out a short poem in monkey sounds, not words. His gestures are elaborate and exaggerated. Both LADY ANNE and DUKE respond as if they understand what MONKEY is reciting. The following is a transcript of the poem in English:

*The stars in the night
Shine in your eyes.
When you look at me
Your eyes sparkle,
And my love flows to you
Like waves on the ocean.
My heart jumps wildly about
As if in a typhoon.*

MONKEY ends by bowing to LADY ANNE.)

LADY ANNE (*sincerely*). Well spoken, my prince. You have touched me with the sincerity of your words. (*She removes a handkerchief and gives it to MONKEY.*) For our prince.

(MONKEY takes the handkerchief, sniffs it, reacts and exits.)

LADY ANNE (*cont'd*). My heart jumps at the thought of the prince.

DUKE. Your heart jumps?

LADY ANNE. It floats through the air in joy! What woman wouldn't rather have a prrince than a duuuke.

BEAUTY. I have sisters, I believe, who would answer that question.

LADY ANNE. Deliver this message to our prince.

(She approaches the DUKE slowly and kisses him on the mouth.)

BEAUTY. Oh!

DUKE. I ... I ... your kiss ... (*Elated.*) I am sparkling.

(Suddenly breaking out in tears.)

DUKE (*cont'd*). I am sparkling.

LADY ANNE. I find his offer irresistible.

BEAUTY (*laughing*). She is merciless!

DUKE. I shall deliver your message to the, to the duuuke, and though his heart be broken, he will die a noble death, as his love is true.

LADY ANNE. Tell this duke, if he wishes to know if I love him, he should look into my eyes. And tell him: Trrrrust is what builds a love, not a test.

BEAUTY. This is a wise woman.

BEAUMONT. Wise, do you say?

LADY ANNE. What is this?

(She points her fan at DUKE's hip.)

DUKE. This?

(He looks down; she hits his chin up with her fan.)

LADY ANNE. What is that?

(She points to his shoulder with her fan.)

DUKE. That?

(He looks to his shoulder; she hits his face with her fan.)

LADY ANNE. What is this?

(She knocks the wig off his head, and it falls to the floor. He quickly turns around, picks it up, stuffs it awkwardly back on his head and turns to her. She stares at him, until he removes the wig and lets it drop to the floor.)

LADY ANNE (*cont'd*). Is your fear of me so desperate you cannot see who I am?

DUKE. I thought you would not know me.

LADY ANNE. How could I not know you? My duke, my lovesick dog.

DUKE. Yes, lovesick. And he hardly knows himself around you.

LADY ANNE. And that is for me, as well. I am ... changed by you. I am ... lost with you—and found. Duke, or prince, it no longer matters to me; who I see is *you*. And I see I am with you. That is all I know.

BEAUMONT. And there, we will end.

BEAUTY. But there must be more.

DUKE (*out of character*). Much more.

BEAUTY. Then show more.

DUKE (*out of character*). There is tragedy in this play, you cannot anticipate. I have speeches that will cause you to weep so deeply, that you will flow your eyeballs onto your cheeks.

LADY ANNE (*out of character*). And I myself betray him, and have such fun doing so. And not with the prince, but with an elf.

DUKE. She is as cruel as any bloodthirsty she-wolf. I am brought to the very edge of death. Oh, the horror!

LADY ANNE. Oh, the delight! The joy! I sparkle! See me sparkle!

BEAUTY. Then let us see this tragedy—comedy—what do you name it?

LADY ANNE. *Romance*.

BEAUMONT. That is all.

BEAUTY, LADY ANNE & DUKE. But—

BEAUMONT. That is all.

(DUKE and LADY ANNE bow. BEAUTY and ALIZ applaud. DUKE and LADY ANNE exit.)

BEAUMONT (*cont'd*). Did you find the play entertaining?

BEAUTY. I did. And thank you for presenting it. But why did you choose just this scene? I have questions I would like—

BEAUMONT. You have seen something of this castle.

BEAUTY. Yes, but I would like to see more of this play. Let us see the beginning and what follows. She sparkles. I wish to see her sparkle.

BEAUMONT. Do you think, in time, you could live here?
We could often have such plays as this, with the beginnings
and the endings.

BEAUTY. I have just now arrived. How can I say? My sisters
would easily live in such a palace.

ALIZ. We would all welcome you, Beauty.

BEAUMONT. Look into my eyes. Could you live here—
with me?

BEAUTY. With ... you?

BEAUMONT. Will you marry me?

BEAUTY. Oh, heavens; to be devoured or married to you?

BEAUMONT. Reply properly. Will you marry me? Yes or no?

BEAUTY. No, Beast.

BEAUMONT (*after a moment*). Good night, Beauty.

BEAUTY. Good night, Beast.

*(He exits, followed by ALIZ. BEAUTY breathes, bewildered
and trying to catch her breath.)*

BEAUTY (*cont'd*). Marry him ... ? Father ... did you know
... this was my choice? Devoured or marriage to ... ?

(Fade to black.

An optional intermission can be placed here.)

SCENE 5

*(The next night. The table is removed. CHANTAL stares
at the painting of the prince. MONKEY enters leading
BEAUMONT. MONKEY indicates CHANTAL and exits.)*

BEAUMONT. Chantal.