

(BELLE)

MY HEART'S FAR, FAR AWAY  
HOME IS TOO  
WHAT I'D GIVE TO RETURN  
TO THE LIFE THAT I KNEW LATELY  
AND TO THINK I COMPLAINED OF THAT DULL  
PROVINCIAL TOWN

IS THIS HOME?  
AM I HERE FOR A DAY OR FOREVER?  
SHUT AWAY  
FROM THE WORLD UNTIL WHO KNOWS WHEN  
OH BUT THEN  
AS MY LIFE HAS BEEN ALTERED ONCE  
IT CAN CHANGE AGAIN  
BUILD HIGHER WALLS AROUND ME  
CHANGE EVERY LOCK AND KEY  
NOTHING LASTS  
NOTHING HOLDS ALL OF ME  
MY HEART'S FAR FAR AWAY  
HOME AND FREE

*(The song ends...and there's a brisk knock at the door.)*

BELLE

Who is it?

MRS. POTTS

Mrs. Potts, dear. I thought you might like some tea.

BELLE

Come in.

*(Mrs. Potts toddles in)*

MRS. POTTS

Nothing like a nice warm cup of tea to make the world seem a bit brighter.

BELLE

But...you're...you're...!

MRS. POTTS

*(firmly)*

Mrs. Potts, dear. Very pleased to make your acquaintance.

*(Belle is so stunned she backs up into a wardrobe behind her.)*

## WARDROBE

Careful, darling!

*(Belle turns around to see MADAME DE LA GRAND BOUCHE, a grand, larger-than-life wardrobe. Belle gasps.)*

BELLE

Wh...who are you?

WARDROBE

Madame de la Grand Bouche. Perhaps you've heard of me?

BELLE

Sorry.

WARDROBE

You see! They've forgotten all about me. One can be and I quote, "The toast of Europe. The brightest star ever to grace the stage," but fall under one little spell --

MRS. POTTS

Sssssh!

BELLE

Wait. This is impossible!

WARDROBE

I know it is...but here we are! Well now, what shall we dress you in for dinner?

*(She lifts up Belle's sleeve)*

This is nice. But how would you like to borrow one of my gowns? Let's see what I've got in my drawers...

*(She opens her drawers and pulls out bloomers. She reaches in again and takes out a gown.)*

Ah, here we are. I wore this the night I performed at the Royal Opera. The King himself was there! Of course, I wouldn't have a prayer of fitting into it now. Take it!

BELLE

That's very kind of you. But I'm not going to dinner.

WARDROBE

Don't be silly. Of course, you are. You heard what the Master said.

BELLE

*(adamant)*

He may be your master...but he's not mine!

*(a beat)*

I'm sorry. This is just happening so fast.

*(Mrs. Potts and Wardrobe look at one another, feeling badly for her. They approach...gently.)*

#7a — Is This Home — Tag

Mrs. Potts

n-life

MRS. POTTS

That was a very brave thing you did, my dear.

WARDROBE

We all think so.

BELLE

I'm going to miss my papa so much!

MRS. POTTS

Cheer up, child. I know things may seem bleak right now, but you mustn't despair.  
We're here to see you through.

I HOPE THAT WE'LL BE FRIENDS  
THOUGH I DON'T KNOW YOU WELL  
IF ANYONE CAN MAKE THE MOST OF LIVING HERE  
THEN BELLE,  
IT'S YOU  
AND WHO KNOWS  
YOU MAY FIND  
HOME HERE TOO

**SCENE SIX: THE TAVERN**

*(Gaston, sullen and morose, enters. Gaston's cronies and his female admirers look on as Lefou approaches.)*

#8 — Gaston

Lefou, Gaston, Silly Girls, Men

GASTON

Who does she think she is? That girl has tangled with the wrong man!

LEFOU

Darn right!

GASTON

No-one says no to Gaston! Dismissed! Rejected! Publicly humiliated! It's more than I can bear.

LEFOU

More beer?

GASTON

What for? Nothing helps. I'm disgraced.

LEFOU

Who, you? Never! Gaston, you've got to pull yourself together.