

BELLE

This belongs to my father!

LEFOU

Yeah, well, finders-keepers.

BELLE

Lefou. I want you to think hard and find me exactly where you found that.

LEFOU

No!

BELLE

Think!

LEFOU

Somewhere in the woods.

BELLE

Harder!

LEFOU

Near the crossroads, okay? Ow!

BELLE

Then he's still out there somewhere! Lefou, you have to take me back!

LEFOU

Not the woods again!

BELLE

Don't you see? Something must have happened. You have to take me back!

LEFOU

Not on your life!

(He goes off)

BELLE

#6a - Then I'll Find Him Myself

Orchestra

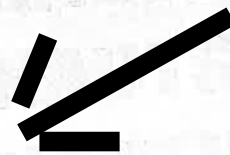
(She runs off.)

SCENE FIVE: INTERIOR OF CASTLE

(Cogsworth and Lumiere enter in mid-argument)

COGSWORTH

Couldn't keep quiet, could we? Just had to invite him to stay, didn't we? Serve him tea., sit in the Master's chair.



LUMIERE

I was trying to be hospitable!

COGSWORTH

Rubbish!

LUMIERE

Ah, Cogsworth, can you blame me for trying to maintain what's left of our humanity? Look at us. Look at you!

COGSWORTH

What about me?

LUMIERE

You always were insufferable. But every day, you become just a little more inflexible...a little more tightly wound...a little more ticked off!

COGSWORTH

Please, spare me the stupid puns.

LUMIERE

At least, we are not as far gone as some the others. You saw what happened to Michelle.

COGSWORTH

She always was too vain about her looks. And that's exactly what she's become.

LUMIERE

A vanity.

COGSWORTH

Little drawers, mirror...the works.

LUMIERE

And poor Jean-Claude.

COGSWORTH

Who?

LUMIERE

Jean-Claude. You remember him, not too bright, dumb as...

COGSWORTH

(guessing)

...a brick?

LUMIERE

The whole wall.

COGSWORTH

Jean-Claude's a brick wall?

LUMIERE

(He nods)

That's him in the kitchen, behind the stove.

COGSWORTH

Tsk...tsk.

LUMIERE

And you know Guillaume...the houseboy?

COGSWORTH

That mealy-mouthed little bootlicker! I've never liked him. He's always groveling at the Master's feet.

LUMIERE

He's a doormat.

COGSWORTH

Perfect.

LUMIERE

It's happening faster with some of the others, but we are not far behind. Slowly but surely, as every day passes, we will all gradually become...things.

COGSWORTH

But why did we have to get dragged into this whole spell business? It's not like we threw that poor old beggar woman out on her ear.

LUMIERE

No, but are we not responsible too? For helping to make him the way he is?

COGSWORTH

I suppose so.

LUMIERE

All I know is... I will eventually melt away to nothing. I only hope there's something left of me if the Master ever breaks the spell.

(Cogsworth pats him on the back in a brief moment of friendship.)

COGSWORTH

Hold on, old man. We've got to hold on.

(Belle comes wandering through.)

(Belle: Is anyone here?)