

LeFou:

You didn't miss a shot Gaston! You're the greatest hunter in the whole world! No beast alive stands a chance against you! And no girl, for that matter.

Silly Girl:

I can't bear it. I simply can't bear it! Oh Gaston, say it isn't so. Waaaaahhhhhhhhh

Gaston:

Picture this. A rustic hunting lodge. My little wife massaging my feet while the strapping boys play on the floor with the dogs. We'll have six or seven. So Belle, what'll it be? Is it yes, or ohhhh yes!

Mrs. Potts:

That was a very brave thing you did, my dear. Cheer up, child. I know things may seem bleak right now, but you musn't despair. We're here to see you through.

Lumiere:

Ma chere mademoiselle, it is with deepest pride and greatest pleasure that we welcome you tonight. And now we invite you to relax. Let us pull up a chair as the dining room proudly presents: your dinner!

Cogsworth:

Now that is yet another example of the late neo-classic baroque period. And, as I always say, if it's not baroque, don't fix it!

Chip:

Mama, I have a funny feeling inside. I don't know what it is, but it makes me feel kind of bubbly.

Belle:

He's not terrible! In the beginning I was so frightened. I thought it was the end of everything. But somehow... things changed. He's not the monster Gaston, you are!

Beast:

I thought I told you to come down to dinner! I am the master of this castle and I'm telling you to come to dinner! (pause.) Would you be so kind... as to join me for dinner?