



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. Waaaaahhhhhhhhhh

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.



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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!