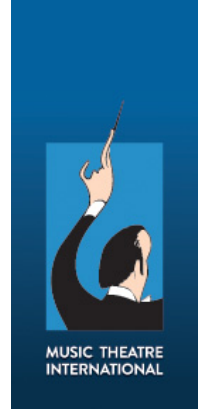


**Music Theatre International**

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## **Audition Central: Disney's Beauty And The Beast JR.**

### **Script: Cogsworth**

SIDE 1

*(MAURICE proceeds cautiously, looking around. Two figures appear in the shadows. MONSIEUR LUMIERE, a candelabra, is a charming, very French maître d'. COGSWORTH, a mantle clock, is an officious English major-domo. They stand side-by-side, motionless but whispering as MAURICE wanders past.)*

COGSWORTH

What? Who is that?

LUMIERE

He must have lost his way in the woods.

MAURICE

*(ventures further into the castle)*  
Is anyone home?

COGSWORTH

Hide

More info

If we keep quiet, maybe he'll go away.

MAURICE

*(hears something, moves to investigate)*

I don't mean to intrude, but I'm lost and need a place to stay for the night.

LUMIERE

Poor fellow.

*(pauses, weighs options)*

Oh, Cogsworth, have a heart.

*(steps out, to MAURICE)*

Monsieur, you are welcome here!

MAURICE

*(startled, jumps back)*

Ah!

COGSWORTH

And good-bye!

*(COGSWORTH pushes MAURICE toward the door.)*

MAURICE

Wait... wait... wait! You're a clock!

*(pokes and prods Cogsworth curiously)*

And you're talking!

COGSWORTH

Really sir... hee-hee... stop it, I say!

MAURICE

*(stops poking and scratches his head)*

I don't mean to be rude. It's just that I've never seen a... aaaachoo!

LUMIERE

You're chilled to the bone, Monsieur.

*(leads MAURICE to a large chair)*

Come... warm yourself by the fire.

COGSWORTH

Not the Master's chair! I'm not seeing this. I'm not seeing this!

*(BABETTE, a feather duster, enters.)*

BABETTE

Oooh la la... what have we here? Do my eyes deceive me or is this a man?

MAURICE

*(embarrassed)*

Oh! Well! Hello!

COGSWORTH

All right! This has gone far enough!

SIDE 2

COGSWORTH

I am Cogsworth, head of the household. And this is Lumiere...

LUMIERE

*(kisses BELLE's hand)*

Enchanté, Mademoiselle.

COGSWORTH

If there is anything we can do to make your stay more comfortable. Anything... anything at all!

BELLE

I am a little hungry.

COGSWORTH

Except that.

MRS. POTTS

Cogsworth!

COGSWORTH

Well, you heard what the Master said!

MRS. POTTS

Oh, pish tosh! I'm not about to let the poor child go hungry!

COGSWORTH

Fine. Glass of water, crust of bread and then

LUMIERE

Cogsworth! She's not a prisoner, she's our guest! We must make her feel welcome here!

COGSWORTH

All right, dinner. But keep it down! If the Master finds out, it'll be our necks!

LUMIERE

Of course... of course! But what is dinner without a little music?

COGSWORTH

Music?