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Beauty and the Beast: The Enchanted Christmas

By Flip Kobler

Deck the halls
with boughs of holly #
Fa-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la #
'Tis the season
to be jolly #
Fa-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la #
Don we now
our gay apparel #
- # Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la #
- [Sultan Barking]
- [Laughing]
- # Troll the ancient Yuletide carol #
Fa-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la #
[Chip]
Who-oo!
[Barking]
Deck the halls
with boughs of holly #
Ha-ha. There must be
much, much more holly.
'Tis the season to be... #
Wh-What's this? There's too much holly.
Whoa!
Slow down, lad.
Don we now
our gay apparel ##
No, no, no,
no more mistletoe.
- ## [Mrs Potts Humming]
- [Laughing]
- Chip, away from those presents, dear.
- [Sultan Barking]
[Chip]
Mama, I found one for me!
Can I open it, Mama?
Can I?
- Well, just one.
- Oh, boy!
- It's good to see the boy
having a proper Christmas.
- [Snarling]

Not like last year.

[Chuckles]

Yes. This is much more agreeable.

Well, I thought last year
was quite nice.

Yes, well, I suppose I,
I did manage to save Christmas.

- You?

- Yes, me.

- [Laughing]

- If not for my skilful
and decisive leadership,
all would've been lost.

Leadership? Ha!

You could not lead a horse to water.

- [Cogsworth]

What are you yammering about?

- [Sighs]

- It was all my idea.

- Your idea? Everyone
knows it was mine.

Heavens. How many times are we
going to have to go over this story?

- Story?

- Until someone gets his facts straight.

- Why don't you tell it, Mama?

- [Cogsworth] Capital idea.

Well, I don't... know.

Come now, Mrs Potts.

Surely you recall how I saved Christmas.

Dut-dut-dut-dut.

No leading the witness.

Please, Mama,
tell the story.

Oh, all right.

[Lumiere] Ahh, now we will hear
what really happened.

Well, let's see.

Belle, terrified
by the master's anger,
ran away
from the castle...
straight into
a pack of wolves.

But the master saved her.

- They began to be friends.

- [Lumiere] Ah-ah-ah.

That's where I came in.

- [Chip] Where could he be?

- [Mrs Potts] Goodness knows.

We've searched
every last corner.

[Cogsworth] I'm beginning to think
he's not in the castle at all.

Voila! There he is!

- Wonderful!

- [Gasps] No time to waste.

We must find a way
to get them together.

[Lumiere] Let's go!

Love will not wait.

You really think she's the one?

Will she break the spell?

[Panting] I knew it from the moment
I set eyes on her.

If anyone can reach the master,
Belle can. Such a kind soul.

- [Lumiere]

And her looks don't hurt either.

- [Chip Giggling]

Wait for me!

[Panting]

- Hi, Belle.

- Oh, hello.

Chip, do you know

what day it is?

Well, it's not Tuesday...

No, silly.

Today is December 24.

- The day before Christmas.

- And what a beautiful day it is.

A wonderful day
for a morning stroll.

Yes, yes. Nothing starts the day
like a brisk walk around the grounds.

[Chip]

Yeah! Or you could go ice-skating.

- Ha-ha. Wahoo!

- Yes, fresh air, exercise. Ha-ha.

- [Back Creaking]

- In moderation, of course.

- [Snoring]

- [Mrs Potts]

Come along, Belle dear.

- The great outdoors awaits.

- [Chip] Yeah, let's go!

Merci, monsieur.

[Growling]

Oh. Good morning.

Huh? Wh-Wh-Whoa...

[Grunts]

- [Low Growl]

- Oh, dear!

Are you all right?

Uh... Uh...

I fell and I landed

on my... on, on the ice.

It's pretty slippery.

Yes... it's slippery.

This is a perfect day
for skating.

Come on.

[Giggling]

Hmm?

Come on.

No.

[Grunts]

Go on, Master.

It might be fun.

Go for it!

Hmm. Hmm?

- [Chip Laughing]

- [Barking]

- Come on!

- [Cogsworth] Not so fast.

- Ooo-ooo la-la.

- [Sighs]

Come on.

Why don't you try it like this?

One, two, three. One, two, three.

See? It's easy.

One, two... three.

On-ne, two, three.
- Ho-ho-ho.
- Yes.
- I think this may work.
- [All Laughing]
[Pipe Organ,
Slow, Gloomy]
[Continues]
[Ends]
Bravo! Bravo!
Encore!
[Chuckles]
Fife, you approve?
Oh, maestro,
it's magnificent!
Oh, come along.
It's merely an opera...
to bring the house down.
[Laughing]
Ooh!
[Grunting]
Is there a part
for a piccolo?
Absolutely.
[Laughing]
Solo for fife,
in B-flat.
- Ooh. I'd do anything for a solo.
- Yes.
I know. Now, Fifey,
in the midst
of my crescendo,
I thought I heard merriment
outside the window.
Have a little look-see,
will you?
[Laughing Continues]
Wow! Would you
look at that?
Well, I think I might.
I'll just pick myself up and... Oh!
What's this?
Heavens, look.
I'm bolted to the wall!

Oh, right.

[Nervous Chuckle]

Um, th-the master
is skating.

Skating? Why on earth
would he do a thing like that?
Probably because that pretty girl
is holding his hand.

- What? Belle?

- Hey.

Maybe if she falls in love with him,
the spell will be broken,
and we'll be
human again!

- [Blaring]

- [Screams]

Trust me, Fife.

- Humanity is entirely overrated.

- [Grunts]

Before the enchantment,
there was no need...
for my particular
brand of genius.
But now the master
needs my melodies...
to feed his tormented soul.
I am his confidant...
and his best friend.

- And I won't let some
peasant girl ruin it for me!

- ## [Blaring]

Fife, see to it that
this blossoming love...
withers on the vine.

Yes, Maestro Forte.

[Chuckles]

One, two, three.

One, two, three. One, two, three.

One, two, three.

- I think I've got it! [Grunts]

- [Giggles]

[Panting]

Hey, down in front.

I wanna see.

Let me see.

I wanna see too!

- [High-Pitched Whistle]

- [All] Shh!

- [Groans]

- [Cogsworth] Quiet.

Oh, this is

very promising.

Ah, yes, there is

something in the air.

- [Sultan Barks]

- Could it be love?

Love?

Oh, oh, oh, ooh.

Uh. Oh. Oh.

I've got to stop them.

Oh!

[Screaming]

He-e-elp!

Whoa-oh-oh-oh!

What's that

little toot up to?

Whoa!

Mmm, mmm.

[Chuckles]

Stop!

[Grunts]

[Both Shouting]

- [Panting]

- [Grunting]

[Groans]

[Sighs]

[Spits, Moans]

It's a Christmas angel,
see?

- [Low Growl]

- Oh.

This is no angel.

It's the shadow
of a monster.

[Roaring]

[Roaring Continues]

[Chuckling]

Oh, Forte is going to be

so proud of me.

[Panting]

I don't know
why I bother.

[Sighs]

Now he's worse than ever.

Don't lose heart,
dearest.

[Forte Playing,
Gloomy]

[Growling]

I hate Christmas.

[Grunts]

[Continues]

The music helps?
Your music is the only thing
that helps me forget.

[Low Growl]

Don't worry, old friend.

I'm here for you,
just as I have been,
just as I always will be.

Why is the beast
such a grump?

I don't know.

He's always like that.

- Even at Christmas?

- Yep.

Belle, what's Christmas?

Oh, Chip, you must know
about Christmas.

Stockings in front
of the fire? Tree?

Tinsel? Presents?

Presents?

Do I get one?

Of course. Everyone gets
a present on Christmas.

- Oh, even the master?

- Yes, even the master.

- What are you gonna get him?

- I don't know him well enough
to know what he would want.

What would you want?

Well, what I love most
in the world are my books;
my stories.

Why don't you get
the master a story?

You're right, Chip.

A story.

When I get to know him

We'll find more things

to say #

One day

I will reach him #

There has to be a way

Everyone needs someone

He must need someone too

When I get

to know him better #

Here's what

I will do #

I'll read him stories

From picture books

all filled with wonder #

Magic worlds

where the impossible #

Becomes the everyday

We'll find

a mountaintop #

And some moonbeams

to sit under #

I'll lead because

I know the way #

So much to discover

I do it all the time

I could live

inside bright pages #

Where the words

all rhyme #

We will slay the dragons

- # That still follow him around #

- [Roaring]

And he'll smile

Yes, he'll smile #

As his dreams

leave the ground #

Stories and stories #
About mermaids, kings
and sunken treasure #
Magic worlds
where the impossible #
Becomes the everyday #
I know a tiny place #
Just a dot
too small to measure #
I'll take him there #
I know the way #
Stories about heroes #
Who overcame
their deepest sorrow #
They'll put hope
into his heart again #
He'll cherish every day #
He'll find
a better world #
And the strength
to face tomorrow #
I'm sure that
when he knows the way #
He'll want #
To stay ##
[Grunting] Do you think
the master will like his gift?
- I do.
- So does this mean
we're gonna have a Christmas?
[Giggles]
Uh-huh. Absolutely.
Absolutely not.
[Glasses, Whining]
Why not?
Out of the question. Not a chance.
Dream on. An impossibility. Forget it.
[Glasses Sighing]
Come on!
- Suck in that gut.
- [Inhaling]
- Mon ami. Get with
the spirit. Unwind.
- [Moans]

- Oh, dear.
- Come on, love. Have a heart.
[Glasses]
Yeah. Come on.
- No, no, and... let me think...
- Uh-huh? Uh-huh?
- No!
- [All Sighing]
This is where
I put my foot down.
Wait. Get outta...
Go...
The master has
forbidden Christmas!
- [Laughing]
- Oh, dear me.
Forbid Christmas?
No one can forbid Christmas.
He doesn't wish
to be reminded of his past,
and Christmas is
a most painful reminder of it.
I, for one,
do not wish to torture him.
I, for one, think a little
Christmas cheer would do him some good.
- [Glasses] Yeah.
- Oh? Hmm.
The girl is right.
It is up to us to do something.
Gosh! It's not our place
to get involved.
No, no, no, no! We just can't mind
our own beeswax, can we?
Just have to stick our wick
where it doesn't belong.
- [Screaming]
- [Giggling]
Whoa!
[Laughing]
- Oh, humiliating.
- [Mrs Potts] Pish posh.
I think it's
a wonderful idea.

But the master doesn't want it.

His castle, his rules.

It's not fair.

[Glasses Whining]

He's right. It's not fair!

Don't whine, glasses.

[Glasses Whining]

Sorry.

[Mrs Potts]

Look at us, squabbling and bickering.

Breaks my heart

to see it, it does.

And we used to be

at our very best at Christmas.

- Why, we used to prepare

a feast for the entire castle.

- Eh.

Ah, you could have some

stuffed turkey.

- Cranberry sauce.

- Shortbread cookies.

- [Lumiere] Mince pies.

- [Mrs Potts] Potatoes.

- Gravy.

- And Christmas pudding!

Uh, pudding?

With, with custard?

What do you think we are, barbarians?

Of course with custard.

- And raisins and brandy...

- [Slurping]

- and all those things you like.

- [Murmuring Agreement]

Ohh. Oh, l...

- [Moaning] All right.

- Yes!

But if the master finds out

about this, he will be furious,

so, everybody, keep quiet.

Come on!

What are we waiting for, Christmas?

Good heavens, we don't have much time.

It's Christmas Eve!

- I'll see to the dinner.

- I'll get some mistletoe.
- [Glass Sighs]
- We need to brighten this place up.
Belle, I know someone
who will help.
Now, now, wait for me.
I'm in charge here. I'm in charge.
[Door Opening]
Wait for me!
[Door Closes]
[Chip]
One-thousand one, one-thousand two,
one-thousand three...
- Are we there yet?
- [Belle] Not yet.
Oh, boy, there sure
are a lot of stairs here.
One-thousand seven,
one-thousand eight,
- one-thousand nine, one-thousand ten...
- [Panting]
[Sighs]
Hello?
Hello?
Do not be afraid,
mes ami?
It is I, Lumiere.
We have come to pay you a little visit.
[Creaking]
- Lumiere?
- Angelique.
- Ah, Lumiere, finally.
- [Excited Chattering]
I thought we were to be locked away
in this dusty attic forever.
Ah, Angelique,
mon amour.
Your eyes are still so lovely
after all these years.
Lumiere, please!
You'll tarnish
the halo.
- [Clears Throat]
- Oh, yes.

- This is Belle, our guest.

- Hello, Belle.

- Pleased to meet you.

- And this is Angelique.

She is the
castle decorator.

You mean was
the castle decorator.

I am not responsible
for this baroque atrocity.

When I was in charge,
the castle was full
of light and beauty.

[Chuckles]

But, cherie, that is why we have come.

Gather around,
mes enfants.

- We are planning the greatest...

- [Gasps]

- Christmas celebration ever!

- [All Cheering]

- [Giggles]

- [Sighs]

[Cheering Continues]

No, stop!

- [Gasps]

- What is it, cherie?

Why do you raise
my hopes...

I, I mean, their hopes
only to have them dashed?

Well, no more.

But it's Christmas Eve.

Without you, we'll never get
the castle decorated in time.

Ha! Christmas. Hmph!

I refuse to hope for it any more.

I will not

be disappointed again.

But this is to be the
greatest celebration ever.

We cannot do it
without you.

Well, but of course

you cannot.

Christmas takes planning
and organization.

No. No, I won't do it.

It won't change anything.

I believe it will.

There is more to

This time of year

Than sleigh bells

and holly #

Mistletoe and snow

Those things come

and go #

Much deeper than snow

Stronger than the strongest love

we'll know #

- # We'll ever know #

- [Ornaments Gaspings]

[Laughing]

As long as

there's Christmas #

I truly believe

That hope

is the greatest #

Of the gifts

we'll receive #

As long as

there's Christmas #

We'll all be just fine

A star shines above us

Lighting your way

and mine #

Just as long as there's Christmas

there will be Christmas pud #

- # Tons of turkey #

- # And cranberry sauce

and mince pies if we're good #

- # Lots of logs on the fire #

- # Lots of gifts on the tree #

All wrapped up

in red ribbons #

Wonder if there's

one for me #

We're due for a party

Where on earth do we start #
I may wear my tiara
you brought me in Monmarte #
All the silver
will sparkle #
And the china
will gleam #
[Lumiere] # And we'll be as shiny
as a brand-new centime #
After dinner
we'll play games #
Till the morning
right through #
Then we'll meet
in the garden #
- # This is what we shall do #
- [Ornaments] # We will build #
We will build a snowman
that'll reach to the sky #
It will stay up
until July #
[All Cheering]
What are you doing?
Stop, stop, stop.
Put me down. Put me down.
Uh, this is ridiculous.
Everyone knows that
the lights go on first.
I don't want to go all
the way up there on the top.
[All]
As long as there's Christmas #
I truly believe #
That hope is
the greatest #
Of the gifts
we'll receive #
As long as
there's Christmas #
We'll all be just fine #
There'll always
be Christmas #
So there always
will be a time #

When the world #
Is filled with peace #
And warmth ##
We're gonna have
the greatest Christmas ever.
Oh, I hope so, Chip.
[Gasps]
[Clattering]
You on the left,
you on the right, follow me.
- There is decorating to be done.
- [Muffled Shouts]
Yes, yes, yes, yes. But keep in mind,
the master mustn't find out.
Oooh, yes.
[Chuckles]
[Low Growl]
Christmas! She's planning Christmas!
Yes. Awful, isn't it?
[Growling]
Perhaps she doesn't know
how I feel about Christmas.
- But she does know.
- Hmm?
She just doesn't care
like I do.
She's actually trying to bring
Christmas back to the castle.
And you know how much
we despise Christmas.
The day my life ended.
Bring me my presents!
Here, Your Highness.
Please accept this humble gift
as a token of our appreciation.
I know I speak
for everyone when...
Ah, just give it to me!
A storybook?
You call this a present?
I hope you have something
better for me, Forte.
Yes, sir.
Of course, Master.

[Slow]
What is that?
Um, a small piece
in your honour, Master.
Eeew! I hate it.
Forte, that stuff is gloomy.
[Knocking]
[Shouting]
Who disturbs my Christmas?
Please, take this rose...
in exchange for shelter
from the bitter cold.
[Scoffs]
I don't need a rose.
Go away,
you wretched old hag!
You have been deceived
by your own cold heart.
A curse upon your house
and all within it.
Until you have found one
to love you as you are,
you shall remain forever
a beast.
[Growling, Screaming]
[Snarling, Roaring]
But we've come so far
since then.
We've risen above
the tragedy.
Where is she?
I believe she's gone
to the boiler room,
or so a little birdie
told me.
[Chuckling]
Tweet, tweet, tweet.
[Banging]
Oh!
Aah!
[Groans]
[Fire Crackling]
Hey, hey, hey. Come on.
Get outta the way.

- We're workin' here.
- [Gasps]
- Excuse me.
- Let's go. Let's go.
All right, you guys.
Now get back to work. The castle
doesn't heat itself, you know.
Oy, gevault.
So, what can I do you for, lady?
- I'm looking for a log.
- All right. Logs we got.
What do you want?
Hard wood, soft wood? We got it all.
We got birch, maple,
pine, oak...
- [Banging]
- Doi! Concrete.
- [Twittering]
- My head. Don't worry. It'll pass.
So, make up your mind
already.
Is it all right
if I just browse?
Suit yourself. Take your time.
Me, I got work to do.
Huh.
- [Loud Banging]
- Hmm.
[Banging, Hissing]
- [All Gasping]
- [Whistle Blowing]
[Blaring]
Whew.
- [All Sigh]
- Hey, what am I payin'
you for, being boring?
Do that on your own time.
Get outta here!
- [Workers Chattering]
- Yes.
Oh!
[Humming]
- [Growling]
- [Gasps]

- [Humming]
- What are you hiding?
[Huffing, Growls]
- It's a Yule log.
- Huh?
A Yule log.
It's a wonderful tradition.
One log is chosen and everyone
in the house touches it...
and makes a Christmas wish.
Mmm, wishes are stupid.
[Growls]
You made a Christmas wish
last year.
Is this what you wished for?
[Roaring]
[Bats Screeching]
- No.
- [Grunts]
But I will keep wishing.
- And when the log is burned
on Christmas morning...
- There won't be no Christmas.
- But...
- No-o-o-o-o! I am the master here.
How can you be
so selfish?
You cannot possibly understand.
You have no idea what
it's like to lose everything,
to be trapped
in your own castle,
to be, uh, uh, uh...
Prisoner?
The only one holding
us prisoner here is you.
Well, I'm not giving up.
Prisoner.
[Sighs]
[Chip] Hiya, Belle.
You should see the ballroom.
It's all decorated and pretty
and there's garlands everywhere.
I think the master's

gonna be really excited when
he finds out about Christmas.
Well, he, he already knows.
Really?
Was he excited?
Actually, Chip,
he's forbidden it.
But I thought
he couldn't forbid Christmas.
You know, Chip, he can't.
We'll have Christmas
with or without him.
Hooray! Can we get a tree now, Belle?
It's the only thing we're missing.
All right, then.
Let's go get a tree.
But first...
Shh.
[Chip Whispering]
Psst, Belle.
The master. Hurry.
[Growling]
- [Laughing]
- [Sultan Barking]
- [Laughing Continues]
- [Panting]
[Panting]
What about this one?
Mmm...
[Disapprovingly]
Mmm.
Nah.
Too skinny.
Come on.
- [Exhales]
- [Axe Groans]
[Thunder Rumbling]
[Door Creaking]
Ooo la-la.
- Ohh, Lumiere.
- She's beautiful, no?
Yes, and I'm hideous.
[Whispering]
Not to mention ill-tempered.

What? What is that?
Ooh, it looks like
a Christmas present.
[Roars]
Oh-ho-ho.
It's for you, Master.
It's from... a girl.
- Mrs Potts?
- No. From Belle.
Belle?
Uh-uh-uh. Master,
you can't open it.
Well, why not?
It's for me, isn't it?
Because it's
not yet Christmas.
- [Growls]
- Master,
we all understand
how you feel about Christmas.
But when a woman gives a man a gift,
she's saying, "I care about you."
Hmm. But I don't
have a gift for her.
- It is not too late.
- [Sighs]
Well, I guess I could
get her a little something.
Forte, stop the noise!
Noise? Noise?
This is my masterpiece.
- [Growls]
- Master.
I, I want you
to compose a song.
- It's a present for Belle.
- What? Belle?
And make it... happy!
Oh, but happiness
is so... depressing.
What's next?
Love songs?
- ## [Gloomy]
- [Panting]

Wedding marches?

It's all that girl's fault.

[Barking, Snarling]

What about this one?

- Hmm, too wiggly.

- Too wiggly.

- Fife!

- ## [Blaring]

- [Gasping]

- Pay attention.

I need you to pace when I think.

The girl is evil, I tell you.

She pulls him

from my grasp.

She fills his head

with dreams of love and hope...

- and Christmas!

- Well, what you gonna do?

You can't stop Christmas.

[Chuckles]

No, but I can stop

the girl.

[Barking]

Chip, this is

the last one.

That's not it. That's just

a weed wishing it was a tree.

Chip, we've looked

at every tree on the grounds.

But it's more

this way than that.

It will have to do.

- Aaach! Oy, gevault!

- Oh.

- What a headache I have.

- I'm sorry.

l... I'll get a saw.

No, that's fine.

I don't want I should put you out.

Oh, all right.

Do you have some oil?

I just thought a little massage...

But if it's no, it's no.

Go on. What are you waiting for?

Knock yourself out.
You never get headaches,
I guess. Lucky you.
- Really, I can get a saw.
- Who wants a saw?
I said go ahead with the whacking
and the hitting. Who's stopping you?
- ## [Slow, Melodic]
- [Belle] Shh. What is that?
Ohh.
It's beautiful.
[Continues]
And now for
a little Fife.
[Inhales Deeply,
High-Pitched Whistling]
[Howling]
[Barking]
Sultan, wait!
- Don't worry yourself about me.
- I'll just sit here. Snow is fine.
A little wet,
but who's complaining?
Yes, my dear.
Come to me.
Come here, boy.
Come here.
- [Barking Continues]
- [Gasps] Good doggy.
- [Growling]
- Nice doggy.
- [Screams]
- [Belle] Sultan?
[Fife]
Back off, doggy.
Oh. Hello?
Hello?
[Chip Shuddering]
W-Well, maybe there's nobody here.
- M-M-Maybe we should go.
- [Sultan Barking]
[Belle]
What's the matter, Sultan?
[Whimpering]

Oh, hello. I don't believe we've met.

I'm Belle.

- And you are?

- Fife.

- [Growling]

- Down, boy, down.

We heard the most
beautiful music.

- Was it you?

- [Giggles] Me?

You thought that was m-me?

[High-Pitched Whistling]

[Whimpering]

- [Chuckles]

- [Forte] Mademoiselle, please.

- [Gasps]

- I am Maestro Forte,
court composer and
your most humble servant.

Pleased to meet you,
Monsieur Forte. I'm Belle.

Yes. The entire castle
is talking about you, child.

They say you're planning
a Christmas gala. Marvellous idea.

The very thing to shatter
the master's dark and gloomy past.

But you must make this
the grandest celebration ever.

- Have you gifts?

- Yep.

- Food?

- Yep.

- Garlands, ribbons, wreaths?

- Check.

Spangles and "fandangles"?

The trinkets, the trimmings,
the trappings?

- Yep, we got 'em all.

- A tree?

See, Belle?

I told ya.

Well, we found one.

But it was on

the piddlin' side of puny.

[Chuckling]

But did you look
in the Black Forest?

There you will find
a tree...

- better than any you can dream of.

- [Chip] Better?

- We gotta go, Belle!

- Eeh.

- We gotta!

- Chip, we can't.

I promised your master I wouldn't
leave the castle grounds.

- I gave my word.

- [Forte] Chin up, son.

There's a profound
lesson here.

Keeping your word is much more
important than bringing joy to another.

You're twisting
what I said.

Not at all.

I agree with you.

Look after yourself.

Let the master do the same.

Never mind that the tree...

was always his favourite part
of Christmas.

Please, Belle?

Ple-e-e-ease?

- [Belle] It looks dangerous.

- [Forte Chuckling]

Mademoiselle, you are
in more danger...

in this very room,

I assure you.

All right.

- Yes!

- We'll take Phillippe.

If we hurry,
we can be back by nightfall.

- Hooray!

- Au revoir, Monsieur Forte.

You'll keep my secret,
won't you?
Of course, mademoiselle.
The master will remain
completely in the dark.
Au revoir, Fife.
- Au revoir.
- Fife!
I want you to follow her.
Make sure they don't
come back.
Oh, yeah, but, maestro,
she's so nice.
When you're finished
fawning, Fife,
perhaps you can recommend
someone else to play your solo.
No! I'm going.
I'm going.
[Grunts]
[Humming
"Deck The Halls"]
[Humming Stops]
Cogsworth!
Oh, dear. Yes.
Oh, oh, coming. Coming.
Cogsworth!
Running, running.
Almost there. You bellowed, sir?
Find Belle. I, uh...
Well, I... [Sighs]
She has to hear a song.
Yes, sir.
Right away, sir. Uh, yes.
Splendid.
Yes, well... Splendid.
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho.
Belle. Belle?
Where is she?
Belle?
[Lumiere]
Careful, careful.
Too fast!
Get out of the way! Stop!

Huh!
Amateurs.
Belle? Here...
Excuse me. Hello?
Has anyone seen Belle?
I can't find her anywhere.
And the master is demanding
to see her now. He's got a song
he wants her to hear.
Ho-ho.
C'est magnifique!
Last I saw of her, she was going
with Chip to look for a Christmas tree.
[Straining]
Right. We must conduct
a search of the grounds.
- Lumiere, you're with me.
- [Beast] Cogsworth!
- [Gasps]
- I'm waiting!
Oh, dear. [Muttering]
I'm almost there, sir. Uh, uh...
Mrs Potts, stall the master.
All right, Lumiere, we're...
Lumiere?
Wait, I'm leading.
Me first, you second.
[Wind Gusting]
Belle! Belle!
Where is she?
Belle? Belle?
Belle,
where are you?
Lumiere, wait.
Hmm?
[Gasps]
The Black Forest!
Come along.
Hurry now!
[Panting]
Oh, no.
This is catastrophic!
Cogsworth, quit dawdling.
I'm not dawdling.

I'm waddling.

Well, don't waddle then.

We're in a hurry, you lazy old clock.

Hmm? Hmm?

Hmm? Hmm?

- [Clock Ticking]

- [Sighing]

[Sighing Continues]

Why am I still waiting?

- Mrs Potts!

- Coming, sir! Coming!

What a brisk day! Why, you look
positively chilled to the bone.

Where's Belle?

How about a nice cup of tea, sir?

Just a spot.

Hmm. Forte,

play Belle's song!

[Beast]

Hot.

You're not singing!

Deck the halls

with boughs of holly #

Fa-la-la-la-la

- # La-la-la-la #

- Louder!

'Tis the season

A bit more tea, sir?

- Good for the heart, you know.

- No, thank you.

- Just a spot?

- No more.

- Well, there's always
room for tea, love.

- I said, "No more."

- Oh, dearie me!

- Mrs Potts,

are you trying

to distract me?

Goodness, no, sir.

[Gasps]

Heavens. Is that a yellow-bellied,
double-breasted sapsucker?

- Rare this time of year.

- Enough! Where's Cogsworth?
- Where's Belle?
- Belle?
- We can't find her, sir.
- What?

Leave me!

[Growls]

Show me the girl.

[Whinnying]

- I will bring her back!

- [Forte] No!

Um, she's abandoned you.

- [Growls]

- Listen to your old friend, won't you?

Have I ever steered you wrong?

Led you astray?

No. But the girl...

The quickest way
to break your heart #
Make you depressed
and ill #

Is to get tangled up inside #
The side effects
could kill #

All passion
is a waste of time #
A deadly game pour vous

[Laughs]

I am your friend

Your cher ami #

I wouldn't lie to you #
If you must love someone
may I suggest #

You love yourself

Just think it through #

You'll never leave and you will
find you'll get more rest #

You'll always feel
as good as new #

Your freedom is the most
important thing, my friend #

You must be strong

You mustn't bend #

Don't talk for hours

Don't send flowers #
Don't write poems
Don't sing songs #
And dance beneath
the stars that shine above #
Don't fall in love #
- [Forte] Oh, don't do it.
- [Cupids Cooing]
Oh!
As soon as your heart
rules your head #
Your life is not your own #
It's hell when
someone's always there #
It's bliss to be alone #
And love of any kind
is bad #
A dog, a child, a cat #
They take up so much
precious time #
Now, where's the sense
in that #
Love takes the wildest heart
and makes it tame #
If you're turned on
then just turn off #
Emotions are a thing
all great men overcame #
Please, don't make
this grand catastrophe #
Don't get attached
to anyone or anything #
There's nothing worse
than things that cling #
You'll go to pot
You'll turn to drink #
You'll never rest
You'll end up mad #
And looking like
some poor demented dove #
Don't fall in love ##
Don't fall in love!
No, no, no,
no, no, no, no.

They cannot mix bells
with holly.

Still, I have to admit,
not bad for amateurs.

- [Beast Growling]

- [Gasps]

[Growling]

[Grunting]

I knew this was hopeless.

[Phillippe Whinnying]

[Nickers]

- [Wolves Howling]

- [Whimpering]

[Barking, Howling]

[Growling]

There. That's it!

That's it!

Oh, Chip, it's perfect.

- [Gasping]

- [Whinnies]

- Do you see her?

- Not yet. Now, come along. Hurry!

[Cogsworth Panting]

You go on.

- I'll never make it.

- [Sighs]

[Coughing, Panting]

Save yourself.

- Ah, it will be summer

before we reach them.

- What the...

- Whoa!

- Hold on!

Oh, dear!

[Grunts]

Allez! Allez!

[Laughs] Faster! Faster!

I think we finally found
a use for you.

Clock boarding!

No, snow clocking!

Whatever!

Ha, ha!

Whoo!

[Laughs]
Whoa!
[Laughs]
- It's the best tree ever!
- Chip, you're right.
[Lumiere]
Merry Christmas! And a happy Hanukkah!
We better hurry.
It's getting very stormy.
Oy! Oy!
Again with the chopping.
- Oh, I gotta do something.
Forte's counting on me.
- [Whinnying]
[Creaking]
Timber!
[Grunts]
Pheew!
- [Chip Laughing]
- Take it away, Phillippe!
[Whinnies]
Whoo!
Whoa!
[Whimpers]
[Whimpering Continues]
Oh, no!
[Grunting]
[Whimpering]
Aah! Aah! Aaah!
Fife?
[Chuckles Nervously]
Uh, hi, Belle. Uh, nice tree.
What are you doing
way out here?
Uh, nothin'.
I just was, uh, walkin'.
I mean, uh, I love the bitter cold.
Hee hee!
- I mean, uh... [Toots]
- [Shrieks]
- [Blows]
- [Shrieks]
[Whinnying]
Phillippe!

- Oh, no!
- [Snorts]
The tree, Belle!
We're gonna lose the tree!
Whoa!
Chip! Oh!
Where is he?
Whoa! Whoa!
- [Muffled] Help! Help!
- Oh!
[Whimpering]
- Hold on, cherie! I will save you!
- Oh, dear!
Oh, no. Oh, gosh. Oh, no.
Oh, gosh. Oh, no. Oh, gosh.
Oh, no!
- [Blowing]
- Oy, oy, oy!
[Gasps]
- [Coughing]
- Oh, Chip, thank goodness you're safe.
I wasn't scared.
[Gasps]
Oh, no! No!
[Grunting]
[Growling]
[Growling]
Belle!
[Gasps]
Oh, no, what have I done?
It's all my fault.
We all share
some blame, mon ami,
for daring to hope
for a Christmas.
You said you'd never leave.
I wasn't trying to leave.
I just wanted
to make you happy.
You broke your word.
And for that, you will rot
in this dungeon forever.
I should have known you'd
never be anything but a beast.

[Bell Tolling]

[Sighs]

Midnight.

Merry Christmas, Cogsworth.

If only it were.

[Forte] Oh, my dear old friend,

I told you not to feel for her.

Things were so much simpler

before she came along,

before we dared to... hope.

Oh, I thought

she was the one.

- Belle?

- Allo, cherie.

[Mrs Potts]

There she is.

- Merry Christmas.

- Doesn't look so special to me.

Oh, Chip, I'm sorry.

Nothing's changed.

I told you

nothing would change.

I told you the master

would not allow this.

I told you Christmas

was a hopeless folly!

But... I was wrong.

When I felt lost

And lonely

Not a dream in my head

Your words

lifted my spirits #

High

Remember what

You said

As long as

there's Christmas #

I truly believe

That hope is the greatest

Of the gifts

we'll receive #

- # As long as #

- # As long as #

Our guiding star

Shines above #
There will always be #
Christmas #
So there always #
Will be a time #
When the world
is filled with peace #
And love ##
Ah, it tears me up
to see you this way, Master.
Why do you torment yourself?
There's the symbol
of your curse.
Destroy it, and end
these adolescent notions...
of love and redemption.
End your pain forever.
- Yes! Do it!
- [Growls]
Smash it!
[Growling]
Belle?
- [Thudding]
- What are you doing? What is it?
Oh, a storybook.
Does this one have pretty pictures
you can colour? [Laughs]
[Forte]
Utterly dreadful, Master.
No! This one's different.
It's from Belle.
Well, that would account
for the creative wrapping.
Quiet! [Growls]
I want to read.
[Sighs]
[Fire Crackling]
[Belle's Voice] "Once upon a time,
there was an enchanted castle.
Its master seemed as cold as winter.
Deep inside his heart..."
"His cries of anger echoed through
the stone wall of the castle."
"Though surrounded by servants,

he was all alone."

"And in that
simple act of kindness,
he knew someone cared."

"Christmas that year was spent
exchanging humble gifts.
But the greatest gift
that anyone received...
was the gift of hope."

- [Fire Crackling]

- Hmm. Hope.

- No, Master! Come back!

- [Door Opens]

She'll only prolong
your torment!

You know what, Belle? I don't need
a tree to celebrate Christmas.

- And I can do without mistletoe.

- [Bell Chimes]

- Well, I don't need tinsel.

- Oh, I don't need holly.

- And I don't need a wreath.

- I don't need ornaments!

- And I... don't need turkey!

- I don't need stuffing!

I don't need pudding!

To each his own, my friend

You know how to get me stressed #

- [Raspberry]

- # But when it comes to

making Christmas special #

I'm a cut above

the rest #

If you could see things clearly

you would say that I've been blessed #

- # You can't hold a candle

to my timing #

- Ah!

I'm a cut above

the rest #

You belong side by side

You should never be apart #

'Cause when you're both together

you're really twice as smart #

"Twice as smart."
She does have a point.
Yes, well, two heads
are better than one. Ooh!
They say that as a team
we have got to be the best #
Now we found something
we both agree on #
We're a cut above
the rest #
There's no doubt that as a team
we two are the very best #
Everyone who knows us
must agree #
We're a cut above
the rest #
There's no doubt that as a team
you two are the very best #
Everyone who knows you
must agree #
- # We're a cut #
- # A cut above #
Above the rest ##
Uh-oh! It's the master!
Uh, Belle...
Can you forgive me?
[Chuckles]
Of course.
Merry Christmas.
[Cheering]
Let's give Belle the Christmas
she's always wanted.
[Forte]
So, Beast gets girl,
and it's a happy ending
for everyone.
Enchantment lifted,
and Forte fades
into the background.
No longer important.
No longer needed.
I think not!
What is it, Mama?
What's happening?

[Forte Laughing]

Watch out!

- Forte!

- ## [Continues]

- [Gasps]

- Hurry now. Hurry!

Can you believe

I never took a lesson?

[Grunting, Growling]

Belle!

- Oh, no! Help!

- Belle!

[Whimpering]

[Whimpering Continues]

[Blows]

Oh! Oh!

- ## [Forte Continues]

- Maestro!

- ## [Continues]

- Stop!

What do you think

you're doing?

Don't you see, Fife? They can't

fall in love if they're dead!

I'll tell you what I see!

A big old windbag! [Laughs Nervously]

You could have

joined me, Fife.

But I see my triumph

is a solo act.

- My solo! It's blank!

- [Forte Laughs]

So naive.

You're second fiddle, Fife.

And that's all

you'll ever be!

Forte!

We can remain as we are...

forever and ever!

[Laughing Sinisterly]

[Beast]

Forte!

Enough!

- [Growls]

- Heavens. Master.
"You're not singing!"
[Grunts]
Here we go.
[Panting] Careful.
[Growling]
Oh, no! The bell jar!
- Whoa! Got it! Got it!
- Oh, careful!
Is this happy enough
for you, Master?
I know I'm
downright giddy!
[Growling]
- Oh!
- Master, the keyboard!
- [Growling]
- [Laughing Sinisterly]
[Laughing Continues]
[Clicking]
[Gasping]
Got it. Got it.
Whoa. Whoa.
[Growling]
[Gasping]
[Screaming]
[Screaming Continues]
Forte.
[Mrs Potts]
Oh, yes, it is lovely.
And you said
it was impossible.
Uh-uh-uh-uh,
I said it was impossible
without me.
- Everyone, shh-shh! Here they come!
- Wow!
[Murmuring, Grunting]
[Cogsworth]
The setting is perfect.
Oh, aren't they beautiful?
[Gasps]
It's wonderful!
[Laughing, Cheering]

And what a wonderful
Christmas it was.
I suppose if anyone saved
Christmas, it was Belle.
Merry Christmas,
one and all!
- Merry Christmas!
- And merry Christmas to you, sir!
[Lumiere]
Merry Christmas, everyone.
- I believe we have a little
something for you, Chip.
- A present?
Oh, boy! Thank you!
[Chattering]
Look, Mama, a storybook!
Will you read it to me?
- I'd love to, son.
- Oh, boy!
[Laughing, Chattering]
Maestro.
Yes, Master?
Would you do us the honour,
old friend?
I'd be delighted!
[Laughs]
[Woman]
There is more #
To this time of year #
Than sleigh bells and holly #
[Man]
Mistletoe and snow #
[Together]
Those things #
Will come and go #
[Woman]
Don't look inside #
A stocking #
Don't look under the tree #
The one thing we're looking for #
Is something we can't see #
Far more precious than silver #
And more splendid than gold #
This is something to treasure

But it's something we can't hold #
Hold #
[Together]
As long as there's Christmas #
I truly believe #
That hope is the greatest #
[Together]
Of the gifts we'll receive #
We'll receive #
- # As we all pray together #
- # Oh, oh #
It's a time to rejoice #
And though we may look different #
[Together]
We'll all sing with one voice #
Oh, oh #
[Together]
As long as there's Christmas #
I truly believe #
That hope is the greatest #
Of the gifts we'll receive #
As long as there's Christmas #
We'll all be just fine #
A star shines above us #
- [Woman] # Lighting your way #
- # And mine #
Oh #
Light my way #
You know I will #
[Together]
As long as there's Christmas #
I truly believe #
That hope is the greatest #
Of the gifts we'll receive #
As long as our guiding star #
Shines above #
There'll always be Christmas #
So there always will be a time #
When the world is filled with peace #
And love