

GASTON: The vain, egotistical, ultra-masculine villain determined to marry Belle.

Baritone: A – High F.

Sing #5 “Me” begin at measure 71 – 100.

Read page 23, start at “Belle! Oh, Belle... anyone home?” continue reading thru page 25, skip the music just read the dialogue.

#5 measures 71 - 100

71 I can see that we will share all that love im - plies

72 73 74

75 We shall be the per - fect pair Rath - er like my thighs You are face to

76 77 78 79

80 face with des - ti - ny! All roads lead to... The best things in

81 82 83 84 85

86 life are... All's well that ends with me Es -

87 88 89 90

91 cape me? There's no way Cer - tain as Do, Re... Belle, when you

92 93 94 95

96 mar - ry me!

97 98 99 100 101 102

GASTON: Belle! Oh, Belle... anyone home?

BELLE: Gaston, what a pleasant...surprise.

GASTON: Isn't it though? I'm just full of surprises.

For you . . . Mademoiselle.

BELLE: A miniature portrait . . . (Looking closer . . . Of you. You shouldn't have.

GASTON: Don't mention it. You know, Belle. There's not a girl in town who wouldn't love to be in your shoes.
This is the day... (GASTON pauses by a mirror and licks his teeth clean.) This is the day your dreams come true.

BELLE: What do you know about my dreams, Gaston?

GASTON: Plenty. Here, picture this. (GASTON plops down in the chair and props his mud-covered feet up on BELLE's book. He begins to kick off his boots and wiggle his toes through his hole-y socks.) A rustic hunting lodge, my latest kill roasting on the fire, and my little wife, massaging my feet, while the little ones play with the dogs. (BELLE looks positively disgusted. GASTON gets up next to her face.) We'll have six or seven.

BELLE: Dogs?

GASTON: No, Belle! Strapping boys, like me!

BELLE: Imagine that. (She picks up her book, places a mark in it, and puts it on the shelf.)

GASTON: And do you know who that wife will be?

BELLE: Let me think.

GASTON: (Corners BELLE) You, Belle! So Belle, what'll it be? Is it yes or is it "oh yes"?

BELLE: (Ducking under GASTON'S arms) Gaston, I'm speechless. I really don't know what to say. I just don't deserve you.

GASTON: Who does? . . . Me

BELLE: But thanks for asking.