

LUMIERE: A suave, debonair enchanted candelabra.

Baritone: A – High F sharp.

Sing #13 “Human Again” measures 20-52.

Read page 27 – 29 start at Scene 5.

#13 measures 20 - 52

ritard 17-19 3 20 (LUMIERE)
I'll be

Charming, gently $\text{♩} = 54$
21 22 23 24 25
cook-ing a-gain Be good look-ing a-gain With a ma-de-moi-

26 27 28 29 30 31
selle on each arm When I'm hu-man a-gain, on-ly hu-man a-gain

pochiss. accel.
32 33 34 35 36
Poised and pol-ished and gleam-ing with charm I'll be

Gathering momentum $\text{♩} = 62$
37 38 39 40 (MRS. POTTS)
court-ing a-gain chic and sport-ing a-gain Which should

pochiss. accel. poco a poco
41 42 43 44 (CHIP) 45
cause sev-'ral hus-bands a-larm I'll hop down off this

(LUMIERE) 46 47 48 (CHIP) 49
shelf And tout d' suite be my-self I can't wait to be

(BABETTE
WARDROBE
MRS. POTTS)
50 51 52 53 54
hu-man a-gain When we're

(Continued)

(Cut to interior of castle with COGSWORTH and LUMIERE discussing events.)

COGSWORTH: Couldn't keep quiet, could we. Just had to invite him to stay, didn't we? Serve him tea, sit in the master's chair.

LUMIERE: I was trying to be hospitable.

COGSWORTH: Rubbish!

LUMIERE: Ah, Cogsworth, can you blame me for trying to maintain what's left of our humanity? Look at us. Look at you!

COGSWORTH: What about me?

LUMIERE: You always were insufferable. But every day, you become just a little more inflexible. . . a little more tightly wound . . . a little more ticked off.

COGSWORTH: Please, spare me the stupid puns.

LUMIERE: At least, we are not as far gone as some of the others. You saw what happened to Michelle.

COGSWORTH: She always was too vain about her looks. And that's exactly what she's become.

LUMIERE: A vanity.

COGSWORTH: Little, drawers, mirror, the works . . .

LUMIERE: And poor Jean Claude

COGSWORTH: Who?

LUMIERE: Jean Claude. You remember him, not too bright, dumb as . . .

COGSWORTH: (guessing) A brick?

LUMIERE: The whole wall.

COGSWORTH: Jean Claude's a brick wall?

LUMIERE: (He nods.) That's him in the kitchen, behind the stove.

COGSWORTH: Tsk . . . Tsk.

LUMIERE: And you know Guillaume . . . the houseboy?

COGSWORTH: That mealy-mouthed little bootlicker! I've never liked him. He's always groveling at the master's feet.

LUMIERE: He's a doormat.

COGSWORTH: Perfect.

LUMIERE: It's happening faster with some of the others, but we are not far behind. Slowly but surely, as ever day passes, we will all gradually become . . . things.

COGSWORTH: But why did we have to get dragged into this whole spell business? It's not like we threw that poor old beggar woman out on her ear.

LUMIERE: No, but are we not responsible too? For helping to make him the way he is?

COGSWORTH: I suppose so.

LUMIERE: All I know is . . . I will eventually melt away to nothing. I only hope there's something left of me if the Master ever breaks the spell.

COGSWORTH: Hold on, old man. We've got to hold on.