

MADAME DE LA GRANDE BOUCHE: A former opera diva turned enchanted wardrobe.

Mezzo-Soprano: C sharp – D.

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

Read page 38 & 39

#13 measures 20 – 52

Sing ALL Parts

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

BELLE: Who is it?
MRS. POTTS: (from outside the door) Mrs. Potts, dear. (Door opens.) I thought you might like a spot of tea.
BELLE: (amazed at the fact that she is listening to a walking tea set) But you...ah...but...I-- (BELLE bumps into the WARDROBE)
WARDROBE: Oof. Careful darling!
BELLE: (sits on bed) Wh . . . Who are you?
WARDROBE: Madame de la Grande Bouche. Perhaps you've heard of me?
BELLE: Sorry.
WARDROBE: You see! They've forgotten all about me. One can be and I quote, "The toast of Europe. The brightest star ever to grace the stage," but fall under one little spell . . .
MRS. POTTS: Sssssh!
BELLE: Wait, This is impossible!
WARDROBE: I know it is . . . but here we are! Well now, what shall we dress you in for dinner? (She lifts up Belle's sleeve.) This is nice, but how would you like to borrow one of my gowns? Let's see what I have in my drawers. (She opens her drawers and pulls out bloomers, she reaches in again and takes out a gown.) Ah, here we are. I wore this the night I performed at the Royal Opera. The King himself was there! Of course, I wouldn't have a prayer of fitting into it now. Take it!
BELLE: That's very kind of you but I'm not going to dinner.
WARDROBE: Don't be silly. Of course you are. You heard what the Master said.
BELLE: (adamant) He may be your master . . . but he's not mine! A beat) I'm sorry. This is just happening so fast.
(Mrs. Potts and Wardrobe look at one another, feeling badly for her. They approach . . . gently.)
MRS. POTTS: That was a very brave thing you did my dear.
WARDROBE: We all think so.