BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
VOCAL SCORE

Music and lyrics by Julian Butler.
Script by Mike Kenny.

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01. Something Amazing.
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by Julian Butler.
Looks can be deceiving. Seeing isn't always believing. No one can be blind to appearance, but with time, perseverance, find patience within. Look under the skin and something amazing.
mazing may begin.

Down here in the cellars there's a smell of rotting meat, like feet, or sun-baked bins. This stench, this odour, from the basement that's adjacent to the cess-pit, rats don't last here, bats fly past here. Heaven knows how somewhere so gross can
cook up something fresh and tasty. Goodness gracious, somewhere so base. If

looks could kill this probably will, but good things come in disguise. Somehow we're

raising something amazing. Sample the food, you'll have to approve. Somehow we're

raising something amazing. May not look clean, may be it's not. Might as well
face it, shame if I waste it. Why don't you taste it?

Four 'ta ties, doesn't matter what their state is. Mutated. They could prob'ly find where the plate is. I think they've mated! Now brussels. This one's got
stub ble. And muscles. It's covered in pus, like custard!

BOOTBOY: We'll call it mustard!

Hold on, don't chuck that. We'll tuck that underneath them sprouts. It's cheap this. Adds extra sweetness. If looks could kill this
probably will, but good things come in disguise. Somehow we're raising something a-

probably will, but good things come in disguise. Somehow we're raising something a-

mazing. Sample the food, you'll have to approve. Somehow we're raising something a-

mazing. Sample the food, you'll have to approve. Somehow we're raising something a-

mazing. No one can be blind to appearance, but with time, persev-

mazing. No one can be blind to appearance, but with time, persev-

mazing. No one can be blind to appearance, but with time, persev-
er-ance, find patience within, look under the skin and something above

Em G/D Am/C G/B B7/A Am/D

mazing may begin.

D Em7

pizz.

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A curse up on me,
being so pretty. No words or song for my beauty.

Sun arises beneath my breast and all around me
the birds are singing, la da da, la da da, la da da, ding dong! The
bells are ringing, from hill tops and all around me the grass is just that
little bit green er, the men that little bit keen er. And every time I step
outside my front door, there's someone waiting, la da da da da, la da da da da.
Every man I've met has fallen for me; it's rather grat ing.


all the way from London town to Vietnam.

there is no one quite as pretty as I am. Of
all the girls from China down to sweet Si-am, there is no one quite as pretty, no one quite as pretty as I am!

La da da, da da da, da da da, ding, dong!

Don't get ideas, let's make this perfectly clear. A boy like
you should know the score, I'm a ten, you're a three or four. You must understand,
so we both know where you stand: you'll never win a girl as pretty, (it's hard to hear; I'm full of pity), you'll never get a girl as pretty as me.

D B/D© D/E E A

Bm D B/D©

E F©7 B‹ A/C© D D/E

A G(b5)

A G(b5)
It tastes like fish. Well, not quite fish, but of the sea where fish have been.

It tastes of peas. Well, not quite peas, but of the dirt they were grown in.

It tastes like meat. Well, more like lard. It would taste sweet, but it's too charred. It's like a bony, chewy, bitter chunk of stony, gooey, frittered gunk. It's actually quite nice. Let's send it in.

BOOTBOY: It tastes like fish. Well, not quite fish, but of the sea where fish have been.

It tastes of peas. Well, not quite peas, but of the dirt they were grown in.

It tastes like meat. Well, more like lard. It would taste sweet, but it's too charred. It's like a bony, chewy, bitter chunk of stony, gooey, frittered gunk. It's actually quite nice. Let's send it in.
Think of my lovely face, the steam could wrinkle tender skin. Think of my hands, the plate may burn them if I placed them on the rim. If I should smell it I may flicker. Taste it, death could not come quicker. I could faint or die from contact, no, it ain't inside my contract, so it's
hard ly - worth the price. Why not send him?

COOK: Find pa tience with - in. Look un der the skin, and

some - thing a - maz - ing may be - gin.
Toil! Toil! From the Stone Age to the Rome Age, beyond, man has toiled and defended with faith and good swords. From the Bronze Age to the Space Age, in front and behind, man has toiled and created this world we now find. The Romans, they roamed on to...

Words and music by Julian Butler.
Eur-o-pe-an turf. They trained us to drain but killed most of us first. They

Dº  G  C‹  Gº  C‹  A¨º  G C‹  G©  C©  Aº

fashioned some roads on our good En-glish soil. Do you think it was fun?

Norse men were horse men of the high-est re-gard. They got in their long-ships, the

It took toil. The Vi-kings came fight-ing the Eur-o-pe-an guard. The

Norse-men were horse men of the high-est re-gard. They got in their long-ships, the
English recoiled. Do you think it was fun?

It took toil. The Picts picked

England to broaden their home. The English were finished, extinguished by Rome. The

Germans, they heard ‘em, they took all our spoils. Do you think it was fun?

It took

Toil is work, but a little bit harder. Toil is

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guts pushed a little bit far-ther. Toil is grit with a little bit of griev-ance, ne-ver-

Dm E9 B E

quit, come rain or shine, through all the sea-sons.

A A7/G A/F A/E Dm

boils on me blis-ters and hands just from work-ing the land. All this to-ill.

B9 Bb Dm/A E A7

All my boils have got blis-ters I plough through my list 'till the sun hits the
mud. Till my fingers pour blood. Even then I'm not done. When the ev'ning's begun there's more to il. Like a slave in the pad-dy, and how-e-ver.

ev'ning's begun there's more to il. Like a slave in the pad-dy, and how-e-ver.

bad-ly I cry, hous-es don't clean them-selves. It's not good for my health, but I have to re-ly on me, num-ber one to get a-ny-thing done. When I
slip into slumber at something past one, mehead's bursting like thunder but

E/B E/F E F Gm Am

time is unbending, the next thing I know, I'm awake and it all starts again.

Bb Bb/F Bb7/F F E/B

COOK: Toil is work, but a little bit harder. Toil is

Gm/D Dm7 Gm Gm Gb

BUTLER: Toil is work, but a little bit harder. Toil is
gutspushed a lit-tle bit far-ther. Toil is grit with a lit-tle bit of griev-ance, ne-ver quit, come rain or

shine, through all the sea-sons.

A/F A/E Dm A7/E
04. A House in the Country.

from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by Julian Butler.

\[ \text{\emph{A House in the Country.}} \]

\[ \text{\emph{Words and music by}} \]

\[ \text{\emph{Julian Butler.}} \]
we have left. A house in the
F/G G C F C A♭(sus2) D♭

country is all that we've got. Debt-ors got the better, they've
d♭/F G♭ D♭ F m B♭ m

taken the lot. Animals? Maybe. There might be some
E♭ A♭ B♭ B♭+ B♭ E♭ m D♭/Ab

cows, but a house in the country is all we have
B♭ m6 D♭/F C E♭ m G♭/Ab A♭
now.       BUTLER: Nothing else to my name!

COOK: A house in the country. But a

Some chickens, some game!

A house in the country.

A house in the country is not much to you, but it's better than living where I used to do.
A house in the country. - Oh, please: don't you start! A house in the country. It's breaking my heart.

We must go. we must leave here to-night.

A cres of farm-land, no body in sight. COOK: What a blow!

BUTLER: We must go. we must
A house in the country is all we have left.

BUTLER:

rall. ..........................
05. Anything.
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by
Julian Butler.

MAID: Anything.

\[ \text{A}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \]

Just get me anything. My taste is quite simple, a trinket, a symbol of love is all I need.

\[ \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \]

A ny - thing. Just get me any - 

\[ \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{E}^6 \quad \text{A}^\text{maj7} \]
thing. I'll take a con-ces-sion for in my pos-ses-sion are

I hate to im-pose, I pro-pose that the gross of what's

cho-sen won't cost through the nose. The mat-ter is closed.

I've got long dres-ses, short dres-ses, dres-ses with frills, pat-terns,
dresses that go over jeans. I've got dresses in green, white and black, pink and purple and

Another thing else in between. But other than this, la da, a present is bliss, la

da. So, what do you get the girl who has every thing? Any thing, any thing, any thing at all!

a - ny - thing at all! It's
not I don’t like ’em; I ride ’em, I groom ’em. I’ve stables full up to the gloom. I’ve more

Jumpers and sprinters than Cook’s had hot dinners, and

Frankly I don’t have the room. But other than this, la da, I’d

die for a gift, la da. So what do you get the

girl who has ev’ry-thing? Any-thing, any-thing, any-thing at all!
I've got so many animals—it's untrue, I could probably open my own zoo. If

so many animals it's untrue, I could probably open my own zoo. If

Noah was broke and there wasn't a boat, I could send the animals sailing two by

Noah was broke and there wasn't a boat, I could send the animals sailing two by

two.

two.

MAID: No animals at all. I've

MAID: No animals at all. I've

COOK: No diamonds.

COOK: No diamonds.

BOOTBOY: No horses.

BOOTBOY: No horses.

BUTLER: So, no dresses.

BUTLER: So, no dresses.

A

A

A(add9)

A(add9)

Bm

Bm

C#m

C#m

No make up. She's got all there is.

So, make-up?

So what do you get the girl who has everything? Anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything.
anything, anything at all!

A/C© D('9)/E A

110

A7/G D/F© D‹/F (E) A
I was born on Christmas Eve.

DOORS CLOSE BE-

From Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by Julian Butler.
I am so good and honest, when I walk through a forest, all the creatures come from hidey-holes to look.

Ev'ry now and then, in ev'ryone's life there comes a time when we need Latin feel.
We wish upon a star once or twice. In everyone's life, we need a little magic. Once or twice in our lives, when everything's back to front; when everything's upside down and we don't know where to look, take a leaf out of my book and sprinkle some...
star dust, some wonder, some heart, just some fun for we're only here

for a limited time, my dear.

member the time when I got stuck up a tree? You could have waved your wand, and
rescued me, but you didn’t. No, you didn’t. You just

No, I didn’t. No, I didn’t.

Dm7 G Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em6

let me wait un-til I felt that softbranchbreak. Re-

Am E7/G# C/G Am9/F# G G+

member the time when I got stuck in a well? I was screaming blue mur der, mak-ing

C Em/C Am/C C+ Dm Dm(maj7)

mer-ry hell. You could have raised me up with a sim-ple spell, but you

Dm7 G Em Em(maj7) Em7 F
I wouldn't. No, you wouldn't. I would be there still.

No, I wouldn't. No, I wouldn't.

If the rain hadn't made that well fill.

Once
or twice in our lives, when ev'-ry-thing's inside out, you for

-get what it's all a bout and you don't know where to turn. Here's a

les-son we should learn.
Now it's time for a spell. Something big. Something, well, something amazing. We all need a big of magic power, and this little bit of magic's happening now!
07. She's Too Good for Me.
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by
Julian Butler.

I love her! I love her! I love her, I love her, I love ___

BOOTBOY: I love her! I love ___ her! I love her, I love her, I love ___

She's too good for me. Too good to care. She walks right past me like I'm not there. I smile and she looks at me

A\(^9\) Em A\(^9\) Bm F\# Cm(maj7)/Eb Gm\(^6\) D
strangely, like this. and a kiss? I would, but it's easy to see that it's true. She's too good for me. She's too good for me. Just way too good. One look at her and it's understood. You can tell me there's plenty more fish in the sea, but I can't find the water, I'm lost in the wood. What to do? She's
too good for me. I would tell her that I love her so, but I

A\(^{+9}\)  D  D\(^{7}\)  G  Bm/F\(^{#}\)  Em  G/D

Faster.

can't, you know, find the nerve. I would

Cmaj\(^{7}\)  C\(^{#7}\)  Fmaj\(^{7}\)  Bb

tell her I'll love her for - e-ver, but I can't seem to e - ver find the words.

F/A  Gm  F\(^{#}\)  Bb/F  C\(^{7}/F\)  F

rit.

COOK: You're too good for her, more like, you

F\(^{#}\)  D  A\(^{+9}\)  D  A\(^{+9}\)  D  A\(^{+9}\)  D

a tempo.
see? You're kind, sort of hand-some and ea-sy to feed. And if she does n't want you, it's her loss, not yours. You've got flaws. Who has n't? But she's got one more: she thinks

she is too good for you.
07a. The Beast's Castle.
from Beauty and the Beast

Music by
Julian Butler.
A rose is God in nature cast.
A rose will last long after man is gone. In sight and song, their beauty grows. A rose. Though war may soil the land, a rose will stand. They hold their secrets close. Where

Words and music by Julian Butler.

from Beauty and the Beast.
sorrow goes, their beauty grows.

Thorns may prick careless fingers; a small price for the joy they bring us.

rose. A rose. A rose.

rit.
And so I have to go. My fate is at the castle, where I must die. I
MAID: Then break it!

have to. It's fat-ed. I pro-mised.

MAID: Ev'-ry day I'm learn-ing. Ev'-ry day I change, this

world moves fast, what's now is passed be-fore you know it.
I've been hard and selfish. I've been slow to act. I've been inclined, but now's the time I have to show it.

One chance to be somebody. One chance to make a change, it's time to let go. Now it's
time to make that leap, in to the unknown, where nothing is written. It's all unknown.

BUTLER: I've lived long and happy. I've had my chance
to shine, but now there's more behind me than a head.

That promise will

I made a promise to him.

stay true, I will face the Beast instead of you and leap,

in to the unknown, where nothing is written.

MAID: That promise will
It's all unknown. If you don't think you can, then you won't. Those who say that they will, well, they don't. If you think it's too high, then it is. Don't put off 'till tomorrow what must be done today.
One chance to be some body.
One chance to make a change, it's...
time to let go. Now it's time to make that leap,

So, she took her father's horse, into the unknown.

BOOTBOY: So, she took her father's horse,

COOK: So, she took her father's horse,

BUTLER: So, she took her father's horse,
and rode it in-to that cold night. She ne-ver looked back, ne-ver thought twice. She rode in-to the
twice. She rode in-to the
twice. She rode in-to the
deep, dark forest, on her mind, her father's promise. She rode until the castle loomed in sight.
The gates swung open,

not a sound. The young girl entered, duty bound. They

A(sus4)/B  Am/C  A(sus4)/D
We closed behind her: she was trapped inside.

MAID: We closed behind her: she was trapped inside.

E E(G#7)/F# G(#5)/D# G# E

make it up as we go along. Tomorrow waits for all of us.

A E/G# F#m E D A/C# B

unknown.

E E/G# A

E/G# A
10. Entr'acte.
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by Julian Butler.

BOOTBOY: Only fifteen minutes ago, Beauty left her home and rode.

MAID: Fifteen minutes ago, Beauty left her home and rode.

COOK: Fifteen minutes ago, Beauty left her home and rode.

(Tuning).

BUTLER: Fifteen minutes ago, Beauty left her home and rode.

Guided by the stars, she only thought to save her Father. You stood in the foyer,

Guided by the stars, she went to save her Father. You stood in the foyer,

Guided by the stars, she went to save her Father.

Guided by the stars she only thought to save her Father. You stood in the foyer,
While guzzling ice cream, read about the theatre's other enticing shows.

While waiting for the bell to bring us back to the stage so she could show you what happened when she to bring us back to the stage so she could show you what happened when she

Madesome calls and texted her boy friend, Madesome calls and texted her boy friend,

back stage Beauty planned for her week end. back stage Beauty planned for her week end.

Waiting for the bell to bring us back to the stage so she could show you what happened when she to bring us back to the stage so she could show you what happened when she
rode through the castle gates.
rode through the castle gates.
rode through the castle gates.
rode through the castle gates.
It tastes like fish, the kind of fish you only read about in books.
this lovely dish, a single sniff and I am just a babbling brook. It tastes so gorgeous I can sense it. Must be terribly expensive. This sudden barrage that's begun is like a massage for the tongue. It's so much better than the food we get from Cook.
11. Everything.
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by
Julian Butler.

Comb would be useful. I left in a deuce and my hair is every thing.
where. More light would appease. Too much! Turn it down, please!

Just leave it there. Anything. - Anything.

I can have anything.

dress would be nice, for I couldn't think twice about what I was going to wear. The
pressure, the strife. You know stress gives you lice, and you wouldn’t want that in my hair. so beautiful clothes, la da, would lighten my load, la da.

What do you take when they offer you anything? Ev’rything, ev’rything, ev’rything and more. I want
dia-monds and leo-pards, a cir-cus, a ring-mas-ter, liv-ing at my beck and call.

A

cat-te-ry, dog-ge-ry, a-via-ry, ba-ke-ry mak-ing me cakes big and small. I want

A9

sum-mer in win-ter and win-ter in sum-mer and au - tumn won't hap - pen at

Em

all.______ A car-ri-age, a mar-ri-age, a gift card for Har - rod's and

A

A car-ri-age, a mar-ri-age, a gift card for Har - rod's and
parrots that sing me most beautiful ballads. An orchestra scoring my
life specifically, phrasing on staves every crazy activity.
So much gold it hurts to hold it, a booth at the ivy that no one but I can see.
Jewels and parcels that change when I ask 'em! I want

And I want...I want...I want...my mother.
COOK: See how she leads him on?

He'll sense something is wrong. They don't know yet, but they're in love.

Words and music by Julian Butler.
She is glowing inside. He smiles, can't figure why. They don't know yet, but they're in love.

Look at how they are easy together, don't have to be
very clever to see it's right. Look into their eyes, they're so revealing, they'll always show what we're feeling. It's hard to hide.
BUTLER: She is eye-ing the knife,

COOK: They don't know yet, but they're in

he is scared for his life. They don't know yet, but they're in

love.

love.
May be - you should let me go!

May be - I should let you go.

May be - I should.

COOK: Isn't it very lovely seeing love

BUTLER: They will kill each o -

G(sus4)
blos-som-ing be-fore you? So love-ly. I need to buy a dress! What will I wear?

ther if you don't do some-thing. How

Gm A\(^{7\text{omit3}}\)/G D D/C G/B G Cm

Some-thing flo-ral. Sim-ple but com-pli-ment-ing. Heart-shaped! With ruf-fles! How

can you, a mo-th-er, let this go, do

Ab Cm/G D/F\# Gm A\(^{7\text{omit3}}\)/G

per-fect it will be! What a wed-ding! What a love-ly mo-ment, to see young love in

noth-ing? Cru-eel, this is cru-eel, some-one

D D/C G/B G Cm Ab Cm/G D/F\#
motion. So touching. I think I may just cry! I think I may just cry!
stop them, some-one! I can't bear to look!

COOK: Ev'ry-body knows that when a girl says she hates you,
it means she really, really loves you.

BUTLER:
Ev'rybody knows that when a man gets irate, you know that he really really loves you!

See how she leads him on. He'll sense something is wrong. They don't know
yet, but they're in love. She is glowing inside.

He smiles, can't figure why. They don't know yet, but they're in love.

Look at how they are, sister and brother.

F G C F G C F
May want to kill one another, but they're in love!

Look into their eyes, full of resistance. There can be just one resistance, that they're in love, they're in love!

May want to kill one another, but they're in love!

Look into their eyes, full of resistance. There can be just one resistance, that they're in love, they're in love!
love, they're in love!

love, they're in love!

love, they're in love!
13. Dinner Dance [Instrumental].
from Beauty and the Beast.

Music by Julian Butler.
14. Who Could Love Me?
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by
Julian Butler.

_B_Cº7_D¨_B¨/D_E¨‹_

8

BOOTBOY: I was made this way:

B¨‹_G¨_E¨‹_B¨‹/D¨_B¨‹_

15
cruel of heart and free of guilt. I can ne-ver change. Love has made me weak of will. Who could love me? Who could change me?

C¨_G¨_D¨/F_B¨‹_A¨/C

20
How will I be free? She stands here with me.

hon est, true and much too good for me.

I can’t help her, I can’t give her anything she needs.

All her hopes and dreams lie somewhere else, with someone else, not
me.

Gb
Who could love me? Who could change me?

How will I be free?

All her hopes and dreams lie somewhere else, with someone else, not me.
15. Time Stands Still.
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by Julian Butler.

\[ \text{\textcopyright 5} \]

So, she took her

\[ C^\#m \]

So, she took her

\[ C^\#m \]

So, she took her

\[ C^\#m \]
father's horse, and rode it into that cold night. She never looked back, never thought twice.
She rode into the deep, dark forest, on her mind, a broken promise. She rode until the castle loomed in sight.
gates swung open, not a sound. Theyounggirl entered. 

duty bound. They closed behind her: she was trapped inside.
In the unknown.
You bleed and I bleed. You hurt, I hurt, too. You feel your heart beat and I feel it, too. Hold on;

Freely, p

MAID: You bleed and I bleed. You hurt, I hurt, too. You feel your heart beat and I feel it, too. Hold on;
nothing is easy, but hold on for me. Time stands still so

G D A (sus4) A C G/B Am

I can stay next to you. Time stands still. I'll do my best if you hold on for

F C G/B Am F C

me. If you die, then I die, so stay strong for

G (sus4) G D A/C# Bm

me. Hold on; nothing is easy, but hold on for

G F#m G D
me. Time stands still so I can stay next to you. Time stands
still.
I'll do my best if you hold on for me.
16. Something Amazing [Reprise].
from Beauty and the Beast.

Words and music by Julian Butler.

BooTBOy: Looks can be deceiving. Seeing isn't always believing. No one can be blind to appearance, but with time, perseverance, find patience within, look under the skin and something amazing...
mag ic. - like a thrash ing, - in a flash it can make some one - good. I gave my
wand a wave, and ma-gic. Could - n't help it, Dove, you felt the love and ma-gic.

BOOTBOY: Quite ex-treme!

Some-times thought I'd gone too far.

BUTLER: But turned out great for ev'-ry-one's sake. Now
And she loves you. There's nothing left here to do, but say that we're
you love him. There's nothing left here to do, but say that we're

D C/E D/F© C/G D/A

raising something amazing. New love is made, this play has been

G B‹7 E‹ A/C© q = 129.25

raising something amazing. New love is made, this play has been

G B‹7 E‹ A/C© q = 129.25

played. Somehow we're raising something amazing. May be it's

played. Somehow we're raising something amazing. May be it's

C9 D7 G B7 E‹ A/C©
true, may be it's not. Some thing be-tween it. Now that you've seen it, know that we
mean it.

No one - can be blind to ap-

MAID: No-one can be blind to ap-

COOK: No-one can be blind to ap-

BOOTBOY: No-one can be blind to ap-

BUTLER: No-one can be blind to ap-
pear-ance, but with time, per-sev-er-ance, find pa-tience with-in, look
   
un-der the skin and some thing a-maz-ing may be-gin.
   
G/B B7/A A‹/D D  

q = 126

rit.

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