

A Wayne Scott • LifeHouse Production



An Original Adaptation with
Script, Music, and Lyrics by
WAYNE ROBERT SCOTT

Story adaptation by Wayne Scott and Ted Ewing
Additional Music and Lyrics by Steve Burch, Wayne Scott and Dustin Ceithamer

Inspired by the Classic 1831 Novel by Victor Hugo

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

Pierre Gringoire	Fanciful Teller of Tales & Esmeralda's Guardian
Clopin	King of a Roving Criminal Gypsy Gang
Phoebus De Chateaupers	Vain Captain of the Guards
Esmeralda	Orphaned Gypsy Girl and Musician
Jolly	Esmeralda's Whimsical, Non-speaking Goat
Domclaude Frollo	Ruthless Archdeacon and Secret Alchemist
Quasimodo	'Half-formed' Bellringer and 'Hunchback of Notre-Dame'
Michael Musnier	Andry's Father & Friend of Pierre
Andry Musnier	Michael's Son
Quasimodo's Mother	Should have Dark Features
Young Quasimodo	With Brief Singing Appearance
Magistrate	Ecclesiastical Court Official

Chef, Flower Vendor, Artists, Gypsies, Thieves, Guards, Parisians, Old Woman, Magistrates

“THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME”

By Wayne R. Scott

SYNOPSIS OF SONGS

ACT I

Overture

1. “I Love Pa-Ree” Pierre and Parisians
2. “Hear The Bells Of Notre-Dame” Pierre and Parisians
3. “The Court Of Miracles” Gypsies, Pierre and Clopin
“The Court Of Miracles” (Reprise) Pierre
4. “One Stormy Night” Pierre, Mother, Onlookers, Frollo, Young Quasimodo
“Hear The Bells Of Notre-Dame” (Reprise) Young Q., Parisians, Old Judge, Woman, Pierre
5. “This Is Home” Quasimodo
6. “The Festival Of Fools” Pierre, Parisians, Onlookers
7. “He’s Different” Onlookers and Parisians
8. “A Likable, Likable Guy” Phoebus and Guards
“One Stormy Night” (Reprise) Pierre, Old Judge and Court Clerk
“He’s Guilty” (“He’s Different” Reprise) Parisians
9. “Why Must I Be So Different?” Quasimodo and Esmeralda

ACT II

Entr’acte

10. “Gold” Frollo
“I Love Pa-Ree” (Reprise) Esmeralda and Parisians
“Gold” (Reprise) Frollo
“Hear Ye One And All” (“Gold” Reprise) Court Clerk
“How Can This Be Happening” (“Different” Reprise) Quasimodo
“That Fateful Day” (“Stormy Night” Reprise) Pierre
11. “Townsquare Requiem” Pierre and Parisians
“That Fateful Day” (Reprise) Pierre and Parisians
12. “I’ll Set Her Free” Quasimodo
“Sanctuary” (“Townsquare Requiem” Reprise) Parisians
13. “Two Angels” Quasimodo and Esmeralda
14. “The Angel Lullaby” Quasimodo
“Hear Ye One And All” (Reprise) Court Clerk
“Townsquare Requiem” (Reprise) Pierre and Parisians
“The Angel Lullaby” (Reprise) Esmeralda And Company
Finale: “We’re Outcasts Too” (“Different” Reprise) Pierre And Entire Company

"The Hunchback of Notre-Dame"

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ACT I

Overture

SCENE 1: TOWNSQUARE NEAR CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS

(As the overture segues to musical introduction of "I Love Pa-ree", Parisian citizens of various classes and occupations cavort about the Townsquare. Among them: noblemen, guards, clergy, vendors, Gypsies, lovers, artists, and thieves. Pierre is prominent and greets everyone he sees)

SONG: "I LOVE PA-REE!"

All *(Parisians)* I love Pa-ree *(Paris; French: Pa-re')*
Her mystique is so chic and so lovely to see—
I love Pa-ree!
What a romantic city to be!
I love Pa-ree!
Whether peasant or nobleman or bourgeoisie,
When you are here, true love will appear—
So this must be, lovely, Pa-ree!
Pierre *(Amidst romantic couples)* Here in Pa-ree you cannot help but see all the splendor—
All Just look and see!
Pierre The air is resplendent with something Transcendent: surrender!
All Here in Pa-ree!
Pierre Perchance if a glance should enhance your romance
In our beautiful France—
All Oui, oui, cheri!
Pierre It's love for sure, Mademoiselle and Monsieur in Pa-ree!
All *(Pointing to Cathedral)* I love Pa-ree!
There are so many sights at great heights we can see!
I love Pa-ree!
Chef Where you'll find such divine recipes!
All I love Pa-ree!
Flower Vendor Where every bouquet is a gay fleur-de-lis
Oui, oui, Monsieur, it's France we prefer
So this must be, lovely, Pa-ree!
Pierre Here is the center of city adventure: The Townsquare
All How do you do?
Pierre Every street vendor and bargaining spender is down there!
All Merci beaucoup!
Come and explore! Both the rich and the poor
Will find bargains galore! (We guarantee!)
Bargains for sure, Mademoiselle and monsieur,
Oui, oui, oui! ... In Pa-ree! ... In Pa-ree!
Pierre *(To audience)* In case you may care, my own name is Pierre Gringoire
All That's how it's spelled!
Pierre I'm a playwright by trade, so my living is made at these soirees
All We know him well!
Pierre I'm a poet who hails as a teller of tales and hyperbole—

All He's fun to see!
Pierre Throw coins in my pail and I'll tell you a tale of Pa-ree!
All I love Pa-ree!
Pierre Where a playwright like me can earn nominal fees!
All I love Pa-ree!
Artists Every artist will find devotees!
All I love Pa-ree!
Gypsies Where the Gypsies entrance with our songs and our dance!
All The boulevard calls so come one and all
For we must see lovely Pa-ree!
Pierre (Winking) It's all in the cause of ooh la la las!
All There's so much to see and soon you'll agree
It's a snappy, happy Pa-ree!
All I love Pa-ree!
Guards She's the star of the guards and the nobility!
All I love Pa-ree!
Frollo Where the Lord's work is done righteously!
All I love Pa-ree!
Thieves There are lockets and pockets to pick easily!
Pierre From poor folk like me to the wealthy Marquis
We salute thee love Pa-ree!
All (Coda) From peasant to king we have praises to sing:
There is no other city to be —
We- all- love- Pa-ree!-- Pa-ree!-- Pa-ree!—
(Music continues as underscore)

Pierre **Michel** (Passing Pierre, recognizing him) Ahh, my old friend, the playwright! Bonsoir, Pierre!
Michel Michel Musnier! Greetings my friend! It has been a long time!
Pierre Longer than you think! May I present my son, Andry?
Michel So this is Andry? My, my!
Michel Son, this is my dear old friend Pierre Gringoire—man of letters, playwright, poet extraordinaire,
and masterful teller of tales.
Pierre You're too kind. What brings you to the square of Notre-Dame?
Michel I'm taking Andry to his first mass.
Pierre (Excitedly bending down to Andry) Your first visit to the Cathedral, young man? My, my. How
exciting!
Michel Not really. He's terrified!
Pierre Terrified? Of what?
Andry It's such a big place, isn't it?
Pierre Well, we worship a big God, now, don't we?
Andry I don't know... That big round glass window! It looks like a giant one-eyed monster to me!
Pierre Now, now, young man. Nothing to be frightened of, I assure you. Not all is what it may appear to
be just by looking on the outside. After all, don't the scriptures teach that while we look at the
outward appearance, the Lord looks at the heart? You can only know the sacred outside... by
looking inside!
(The Cathedral bells of Notre-Dame begin ringing)
Pierre Ahhh! Hear the Cathedral call you, young man? The ringing melodious voices of iron angels
invite you to enter its safe sanctuary of hope! Allow a seasoned poet and old storyteller to
explain...

SONG: "HEAR THE BELLS OF NOTRE-DAME"

Pierre Hear the bells of Notre-Dame singing in the setting sun!
Hear how they call us, thrill and enthrall us
Over the squall of Paris—
Hear them tell the day is through
Every bell calls out to you

As we look higher, this special choir
Lifts and inspires Paris!
Hear them ring as the people pass!
Hear them sing for the evening Mass!
Bells of iron and bronze and brass are unsurpassed—!
Ringing joy and hope and cheer, bells are music to our ears
And, as they're ringing, wondrously singing,
Each bell is bringing Paris!

All
Pierre
All
Pierre *(As all Parisians exit)*

Hear them ring as the people pass!
Hear them sing for the evening Mass!
Bells of iron and bronze and brass are unsurpassed—!
How we love to hear the bells as their melody compels
Servant and master, peasant and pastor
To Notre-Dame—!
Both rich and lowly seek what is Holy
At Notre-Dame—!
Dear— Notre— Dear Notre Dame— !
(Music continues as underscore, becoming mysterious)

Pierre You see, my boy, the Cathedral is really God's sanctuary— His home— *(Looking around and dejectedly realizing all have entered the Cathedral)* As— it— were—. Yes, well. Perhaps we all better be getting in now!... *(‘Apparently’ crippled beggars – one at a time – suddenly emerge from the shadows)*

Gypsy 1 *(With cane, begging)* La buona mancia, signor! *(‘Spare a trifle, sir.’)* *(Repeats)*
Pierre *(Startled)* Oh! I'm afraid I don't understand—
Gypsy 2 *(With crutches, begging)* Senor! Para compare un pedase de pan! *(‘Sir! Something with which to buy a piece of bread!’)* *(Repeats)*

Pierre My, my! An odd language. If only I could comprehend what—
Gypsy 3 *(Wandering abruptly toward Pierre, apparently blind)* Caritatem, senor! Caritatem! *(‘Charity, sir. Charity!’)* *(Repeats)*

Pierre Oh, I think I see. Alms for the poor, eh? *(Examining coin pouch)* If only they knew the sad state of my own finances.

Gypsy 4 *(Approaching with severe limp, apparently missing an arm)* Facitote caritatem! *(Give alms!)* *(Repeats)*

Pierre Poor, unfortunate beggars! There's always someone worse off than you are. *(Handing a coin to Gypsy 1)* I can't very well enter God's house without doing some small part of His work!... *(A throng of Gypsies quickly swarm menacingly around Pierre)*
(Music intensifies as a raucous introduction to ‘The Court of Miracle’ song)
(Gypsies chase Pierre about, repeatedly chanting their foreign phrases as the scene and lighting changes)

Pierre Goodness gracious! What a tower of Babel!... *(Indignantly, as a foolish understatement)*... I'm beginning to think they may intend to do me harm!...

SCENE 2: THE COURT OF MIRACLES, NEAR TOWNSQUARE

(The scene, mood, and lighting are decidedly dismal)
All *(Chasing Pierre over music)* Caritatem! La buona mancia! Facitote caritatem, Senor!
Gypsy 1 *(Dropping cane)* Donde vas hombre? Where do you think you are going?
Pierre You're not crippled! And you speak my language! *(To Gypsy 3)* And you're not blind!
Gypsy 2 He's smarter than he looks!
(All laugh)
Pierre Where am I?!

Gypsy 1 The Court of Miracles!
Pierre Miracles indeed! For here are blind can see and lame can run!....
(As the choreographed chase continues)

SONG: "THE COURT OF MIRACLES"

Gypsies (Group A)

*(All drag Pierre to
Gypsy King Clopin)*

(Group B)

(Group A)

(Group B)

(Group A)

(Group B)

(Group A)

Clopin

(Group B)

Clopin

Pierre

Gypsy 1

(Group A)

(Group B)

(Group A)

(Group B)

(Group A)

(Group B)

(All)

Clopin

Pierre

Clopin

Gypsies (All)

(Group A)

(Group B)

(All)

(Group B)

(Group A)

(Group B)

(All)

Clopin (Coda)

People can run! People can hide!
But we will not be denied!
Run if you can! Run if you will!!
Somebody's blood'll be spilled!
We know what we want and we're good with a knife
You'll do what we say, if you value your life
The Court of Miracles has now convened!—
That's our intention!
Where not all things you see are what they seem!—
And we should mention.
You're the one on trial so what's your plea?!—
Stand at attention!
Victim at large!
What is the charge?
Loitering where he should not!
You are a fool— breaking our rules!
This must be some kind of plot!
He was certainly easy to spot!
He was walking around on a leisurely lark—
Forgetting what happens the moment it's dark!
At night we have control of gay Pa-ree!
That's our intention!
The Court of Miracles controls the street!—
And we should mention:
Violators meet a grim defeat!— stand at attention!
What lack of regard! Guilty as charged!
I never did have my say!
Nevertheless, won't you confess?
There is a price to be paid!
Die by the sword, or die by the knife—
However you slice it, you're losing your life!
The Court of Miracles has sentenced you—
That's our intention!
Thanks for dropping in, merci beaucoup!—
And we should mention:
Now there's only one thing left to do— stand at attention!
I have a plan that's sure to delight—
Here is a noose to hang him up high!
Why should we stain a sword or a knife?
Let's use a rope to finish his life!—

Pierre *(Screaming) Stop!! (Dramatic pause in music)*

(Music continues as more subdued underscore, transitioning to final stanza)

Pierre I don't understand! You're nothing but a murderous pack of thieves, cutthroats, and killers!

Gypsy 1 By the stars... I think he may be on to us!...

(All laugh and jeer hysterically)

Clopin Who is this rascal, anyway?

Pierre Please, sir! I mean no harm!

Gypsy 1 *(Pushing Pierre to the ground)* Bow down before our King. King Clopin— King of the Gypsies!

(Gypsies cheer)

Clopin Thank you, thank you. You're too kind. *(Abruptly changing demeanor, to Pierre)* Now, how is it you have dared to enter my kingdom without permission?

Pierre I was merely on my way to the Cathedral when I—

Gypsy 1 He's the one who was warbling those songs, sire!

Clopin Ah, yes. Then the sentence stands! Death by hanging.

Pierre Death?!

Clopin Well, you bored us to death with your singing so death is what you'll get!
Pierre But, but, but— perhaps I may render a service for you— be of use somehow...
Clopin Oh! So you want to be an outlaw like us, eh?
Pierre Well— er— that isn't quite what I— er—
Clopin All right, then. First you'll have to pass a test. And if you pass, you'll not only live— we may even let you go.
(Gallows with figure covered with bells is displayed)
Gypsy 1 Let him go?
(Gypsies jeer disapproval)
Clopin Now, now. I am a benevolent King. *(Aside)* Besides, he can't possibly pass the test!...
(All laugh)
Clopin ... As I was saying— if you're able to swipe the purse from the dummy's pocket without making any of the bells jingle, you'll live. If you fail, you'll hang. Too bad...
Pierre But— but— but—
Clopin Now, stand on the stool... and prepare to impress us!
Pierre But one of the legs of the stool is broken! I'll break my neck!
Clopin Don't worry. We'll catch you. We don't want your neck broken any more than you do.
Pierre Well, at least that's some comfort.
Clopin We'll want your neck intact so we'll be able to hang you!
(All laugh)
Clopin Now remember, if just one bell rings, you'll be trading places with the dummy.
Gypsy 1 One dummy for another! ...
(All laugh and jeer)

(Song resumes)
Clopin People who rob find it's a job
Only for stout-hearted men!
Gypsies (All) This is a test only the best
Ever can manage to win—
Gypsy 1 When will he ever begin?
Gypsies (All) You gotta be subtle, you gotta be slick
To master the knack of a pocket to pick,
And now the playwright's turn is finally here!—
(Group B) What an endeavor!
(Group A) Will he join us in our fine career?—
(Group B) He's gotta be clever!
(All) Can he lift the wallet free and clear? Light as a feather!—
(Music builds suspensefully as per previous coda)

(Pierre topples foolishly in a heap on top of the jangling dummy amidst howls of laughter)
(Music climaxes; transitions to mysterious underscore)
Clopin Oh, dear, dear. And he showed... such promise!
(Gales of laughter)
Clopin All, right!... String him up, boys!
Pierre *(Scrambling to his feet, resisting others)* Wait! Wait! Allow me to be of service!
Gypsy 1 You've already proven you're a miserable failure!
Pierre But the fine art of picking pockets requires special skills I do not possess!
Gypsy 1 Obviously!
Pierre *(Applying skillful psychology)* Indeed, how could I possibly be as expert as artists such as yourselves... widely renown masters of your special craft... brimming with talent, expertise, poise and panache?!
Gypsy 1 Huh?!
Clopin Your eloquence intrigues me, young man...
Gypsy 1 *(Angrily to others)* He called me a panache! How dare you? What's a panache?
Clopin Silence... On the other hand, I fail to see how mere eloquence is of use to us.
Pierre Ah! But if you allow me to live, and allow me to merely ply my own trade

in your presence, I can share my own specialties— my own expertise— and I can offer you one of the greatest treasures life has to offer!

Gypsies *(Murmuring)* Treasure? Amazing... What does he mean?... Riches? ... Etc.

Pierre *(Dramatically)* Yes, my friends. Treasure! Fine treasure!... I offer you... the world!

Gypsy 1 *(Excitedly)* The world?!

Pierre The world!... Yes! The world... of imagination!

Gypsy 1 *(Amidst jeers)* A world... of imagination?! Ha!

Pierre Think of it! Imagination!

Gypsy 1 And what good is that, Monsieur Panache?

Clopin *(Laughter)*

Pierre Pierre Gringoire, if you please... Poet, playwright, minstrel of music, and teller of tales that will seize your imagination! What better way to pass your long miserable nights amidst this bleak blackness, doom and despair?

hovel of

Gypsy 2 Sure. But can you fill our purses?

Pierre No, but I can fill your minds!

Gypsy 1 Can you fill our stomachs?

Pierre No, but I can make you forget they're empty!

Clopin That, Monsieur, is indeed a tall order.

Pierre One I am only too happy to fill. Allow me to brighten long and lonely nights with inspirational stories and tantalizing tales guaranteed to amuse, amaze, astonish and astound. Allow me and I will bring you life itself!

to live...

Clopin *(Reflectively)* Hmmmm. The nights are long... We have no... pressing engagements... So... Tell us a tale... Tell us a tale...
(Gypsies react throughout, murmuring assent)
(Music brightens, transitioning to the following reprise..)

Pierre I thank you for the opportunity, Monsieur... I have just the tale for you! A tale of intrigue, adventure, and inspiration! A tale of our own Pa-reel!
(Cries of approval)
A tale of Notre-Dame!... A tale of the heroic, the villainous, and yes, a tale of one who happens to be a beautiful Gypsy!..

Pierre Let us choose from your ranks the leading characters of our tale, shall we? Our story requires a handsome fellow named Phoebus... *(The throng reacts and already singles out Gypsy 1)*
A beautiful Gypsy girl named Esmeralda... her whimsical little goat named Jolly.
(Further laughter and reaction as to who this could be)

...And of course, every story needs a villain, specifically, the Archdeacon Dom Claude Frollo...
Now... where to begin?... Let's start with Phoebus...
(Song resumes)

Pierre I need someone charming, who's suave and disarming and well-bred

Gypsy 1 That would be me!

Pierre He's also a vain, foolish man with no brain and quite stupid!

Gypsies We would agree!

Pierre As for the part of the Gypsy with heart, she will be the lead—

Gypsies Who could she be?

Pierre This lovely lass has the style and the class that we need.
(Brief musical interlude, transitioning to the following)
(Music becomes dramatic)

Pierre And now... to select a villain! Whom shall it be?... Is it you? Perhaps you?!
(He seeks various Gypsies who cower in retreat, eventually leaving one unflinching character)

SONG: “THE COURT OF MIRACLES” (Reprise)

Pierre *(Dramatic)* Now for the part, wretched and dark
We need a villainous fiend!
Someone whose schemes got o extremes
Someone who steals all the scene!
Someone who's not all he seems...

(Emboldened)

Among all you cutthroats and murderous thieves
There muss be a villain who firmly believes
That he should play the part of Dom Frollo!
Who among you dares to stoop so low?
Looks like you're the one to have a go!
(Musical interlude)

(To Gypsy 2)

Pierre *(Spoken to gypsy 4)* And you! You'll make a mighty fine goat!
Gypsy 4 What?!
Pierre Er— no offense intended. It's just that— er— you—
Gypsy 4 He called me a goat!
Clopin Well, your hair is sticking up like horns!
Gypsy 4 Well, I never!
Pierre It'll be fun, I assure you!
Gypsy 4 Is it a good part?!
Pierre Well, it's not ba-a-a-ad! *(All laugh)* The rest of you will take the parts of
the other citizens of Paris...
*(During next verse, Pierre dramatically 'transforms' Gypsies into their parts as the true
principals emerge from behind blankets held by others)*

*(Song resumes, music becomes dramatic and intense as the characters are
seen 'transforming')*

Pierre Finally, at last, parts have been cast
It's almost time for the tale!
First, let's arrange actors to change
Down to the finest detail—
My sleight-of-hand never fails!
Let's make the most of theatrical arts
So we may believe them with all of our hearts
Behold, the soldier Phoebus comes alive!—
And lovely Esmeralda has arrived!
Her playful goat has now been brought to life!
And Frollo vilifies before our eyes!
(Music continues as underscore, transitioning to next song)

Pierre But there is yet another, prominent player in our story. An enigma! A
mystery! A monster! He is neither brute nor human— a Cyclops with hair
red as flame, but with a heart that burns even brighter with love and
compassion. You will know him well enough, soon enough. But for now, it
will suffice to know him simply as the title of our tale... 'The Hunchback of
Notre-Dame!'... *(Lightning flashes and thunder cracks)*

SCENE 3: TOWNSQUARE AND CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS

SONG: "ONE STORMY NIGHT"

Pierre *(The audience
sees the action
described in
in the song)* *(A dramatic musical flourish accompanies title spoken above)*
Our tale begins one stormy night— an evening filled with fright
A woman runs to Notre-Dame, and finds no one in sight;
She tip-toes to the foyer, a sort of midnight voyeur
She's looking left and right, despite her plight
She's hoping no one spies her, so no one is the wiser
She wants to leave a bundle there tonight!
Not any bundle, it's a little baby in her care
Although she is the mother, she will leave the baby there

Mother The child is unwanted— the mother is undaunted:
He's fiendish! He's hideous! A monster!

Pierre Oh God above, how can I love this monster?
And in her fear and anguish, she leaves the child to languish
And makes her flight into that stormy night!
As morning dawns at Notre-Dame, the foundling baby's there
It came to pass at morning Mass that no one was aware
But there was no denying, the baby was crying!
A scream that filled the church and filled the square
It was a cry that frightened and to the unenlightened
The baby's face was more than they could bear!
It's hideous! Be careful and beware!

Onlooker 1 Perhaps some evil sorcery's behind that awful face!
Onlooker 2 A devil must have left it here, it has no earthly place!
Onlooker 3 It's face is like no other!
Onlooker 4 Who could have been the mother?!

Onlookers (All) He's fiendish! He's hideous! A monster!

Frollo Stop! (*Brief pause*)
(*Taking baby*) Oh, God above please help me love this— this baby—
Pierre Although his plea was hollow, this youthful priest named Frollo
Decided to adopt this child himself;
For if he did not save it, the baby would have not made it
The child may well have died upon the shelf!
Although it's sad to see the world so brutally inclined
Awful things are happening in history all the time
So Frollo was a savior, perhaps his kind behavior
Was all because he once was orphaned too—

Frollo When you have been this lonely— when you're the one and only—
An outcast has a way of haunting you...
(*Musical interlude*)

Frollo (*Spoken to baby*) It is indeed fitting that we should find each other this
special day... Quasimodo Sunday. I shall name you after this holiday— this
day devoted to outcasts... those forsaken of God... like us... (*He exits*)

Pierre (*Young Quasimodo*
is seen silhouetted
in the tower; ringing
bells. His face is
never seen) (*Song resumes*)
The days gave way to months and years, the baby disappeared;
Forgotten was the child who caused such anguish and such fear;
He whiled away the hours up there in the tower
The bells became his passion and his friends
He rang them on the hours and felt a kind of power
And joyfully, he rang the citizens: (*ring, ring, ring*)
And no one really knew that Quasimodo was the one
Who rang the bells of Notre-Dame at every rising sun
And how the bells are ringing! Melodiously singing!...
(*Musical interlude of bells ringing*)

Young Quasi Oh, God above, I surely love this ringing!
Pierre And though alone, he found his home: the bells of Notre-Dame
And while they ring, he loves to sing and tell of Notre-Dame...
(*Bells ring. Music segues.*)

SONG: “HEAR THE BELLS OF NOTRE-DAME” (Reprise)

Young Quasi Hear the bells of Notre-Dame, ringing in the rising sun
Parisians (*Placing*
banners for the
Festival of Fools) Hear how they call us, thrill and enthrall us,
Over the squall of Paris—
Old Judge Every bell of Notre-Dame tells us that the day has dawned
Say, can you tell, dear, who rings the bell, dear?

Old Woman

He does it well in Paris!
Quasimodo is his name, every day he does the same—
But he's elusive, rather reclusive!

Old Judge

Yet, he's the muse of Paris!

Pierre *(Young Q
now becomes*

Quasimodo would ring the bells
Faithfully he would daily knell

Quasimodo
*back to audience
ringing bells)*

And all of Paris was soon compelled to trust the bells!
As he grew from child to man, he was heard throughout the land
Yet, no one knew him, nor could they view him at Notre-Dame.
(Musical interlude, segue to next song)

Pierre

Cut off forever from society by the double fatality of his unknown parentage and his distorted form— retreating in the sanctuary of the Holy Cathedral— Quasimodo found Notre-successively, his egg, his nest, his home, his country, his world, his universe.
(Music intensifies, Pierre focuses attention upon the bell tower)

Dame to be,

(As music builds, we see the fully grown Quasimodo and his face for the first time in full light upon the crash of cymbals. At precisely this moment, the Parisians in the Townsquare lighting focuses all attention upon Quasimodo in the area of the bell tower)

freeze and

SONG: "THIS IS HOME"

Quasimodo

*(Sung with an
almost bitter irony,
building to
deep longing)*

High up above all the world down below
Deep inside cavernous walls made of stone
I am imprisoned but not alone; No— I have seen grace here!
I have made friends with the bells I have known
They sing to me, they've become like my own
We sing together— this is home!
I see the people gather in the square below
Most believe, I'd rather stay in the tower that God has bestowed
Where I'm dining with bishops and saints made of stone
Though they are silent, I'm never alone
This is my kingdom— and my throne— yes, this is my world!
Still, I have friends in the bells that I love
They sing to me and to my God above
They're all I've known— this is home!

(Touching icons)

(Ironic)

*(Descends to square)
(Longingly)*

*(Frollo is seen
observing)*

(Passionately)

But something deep within me years for something more—
I cannot keep pretending that I don't want to go out and explore
Oh, dear God may I go to this square down below?
Is there not more than my cold world of stone?
I know I'm ugly— but I'm Your own—
Yes! I'm Your creation!!!
You know I'm Yours, and to You I am true—
Haven't I served You with my gratitude?
Open the doors— ! I need more— !
Open the doors— ! I need more— !
(Music continues, somewhat sinister, as interlude to next song)

Frollo

(Quietly seething, using rudimentary hand signs) Quasimodo... How...
disappointing to find you here.

Quasimodo

(Startled) Master!... I ... I...

Frollo

To whom were you singing? I see no one.

Quasimodo

I— er— I was praying— to God.

Frollo

Praying? Praying for what?... Pray tell.

Quasimodo

I— I just wanted to— to be out like other people— to join them in the square.

Frollo But, Quasimodo... You know you can never be accepted. Haven't I told you? It is a strange cruel world. A world you have not been destined to join. You are imprisoned by the prejudice of heartless humanity. *(Pointing decisively to the tower)* But God has a higher purpose for you, does He not?

Quasimodo Yes, master.

Frollo Perhaps you should return to that purpose.

Quasimodo *(Returning to the tower)* Yes, master. I must ring the bells for the Festival. *(Exits)*

Frollo Yes... the cursed Festival of Fools... *(He briefly watches the following festivities and then exits into Cathedral)*

(Music becomes festive and rollicking, several brief fanfares ensue)

(Lights immediately rise, Parisians spring to life)

Parisians *(Amidst cheers and yelps of delight)* The Festival of Fools!

Pierre *(Mockingly to Frollo)* Did somebody say 'Festival of Fools'?

Parisians *(Cheering)* Yea!!...

Pierre It must be the fifteenth of May! *(Leading the villagers cheering)* Hip hip—

Parisians Hooray!...

Pierre Hip hip—

Parisians Hooray!...

Pierre Hip hip—

Parisians Hooray!.....*(Laughter and cheering continues as song begins)*

(Song begins)

SONG: "THE FESTIVAL OF FOOLS"

Pierre Today's the fifteenth of May and so we're happy to say
That we can frolic and play all the day—!

Parisians (All) Oh, yes, the fifteenth of May is France's favorite day
Completely in disarray and astray, and so it's
Time to be dancing and time for fun, and it's
Time for foolish delirium; It's time to be adventuresome
It's time to come to The Festival of Fools!
Oh yes! The Festival of Fools!

Pierre A day for fools, and to break the rules, and to ridicule!

Parisians (Select group) Here in Pa-ree!

Pierre So jump right in with a goofy grin and you'll see—

Parisians (Select group) You're bound to agree— hee-hee!
(All) Join us as we celebrate with escapades!
Join us in the merriment of masquerades!
Join us in the party as we promenade
It's the day to invade with parades— today!
It's the fifteenth of May, hip-hooray!

(Jazz and tap styles included)

(Instrumental musical interlude of passage just sung as Parisians dance. Esmeralda happily greets Pierre and the pair become lead dancers. Quasimodo, obviously enjoying the sights, ventures to the side area of the square)

(Singing resumes)

Parisians (All) It's the fifteenth of May, so without further delay
It's time to get underway with out day
Oh, yes! And we have the tools to be uproarious fools
And as a general rule, we play! And so
We're marching around like a pack of clowns
And the most renown gets to wear a crown!
All the town is upside-down and out-of-bounds
At the Festival of Fools! Oh, yes— the Festival of Fools!
A day for loons and for gaudy goons and for bold buffoons!

(Select group) Join in the jest!
(All) Just leave your rut and become a nut like the rest!
(Select group) And you will be blessed! Oh yes!
(All) Join us in the antics and the revelry!
 Be the most incompetent that you can be!
Pierre Who will be the stupidest?!
Parisians (All) We'll have to see—
 It's the fifteenth of May, so let's play, today!
Pierre It's the fifteenth of May— hip hooray!
 The Festival of Fools is here, so join our jolly cause:
 Not everything is what it seems, there are no rules or laws!
Parisians (Select) Join in the jumbled jamboree— dancing away in gay Pa-ree!
 Oh, what a bunch of fools are we to dance so recklessly!
 Oh, what a rousing repartee— oh, what a perky potpourri
 Oh, what a silly symphony of sorry sights to see!
(Musical interlude of dance: Pierre and Esmeralda are prominent. Quasimodo is pulled into the pair, forming a threesome)
(Music continues)

Old Judge *(Spoken)* Let us crown the King of Fools!
Parisians *(Shouted)* Yes! Give us a King! Time to select this year's King of Fools! A new King! Etc.
Pierre The people have spoken! By popular demand, let us find and embrace this year's new King
 of Fools! *(Crowd cheers)* Who will it be? All right, candidates! Line up!... *(Pierre hosts*
contest as various faces poke through hole in special banner)
(Various masked 'fools' vie for attention amidst crowd hooting, jeering and cheering)

(Song resumes)
Pierre Come one and all for the falderal, let's have a foolish fling—
 The stupidest man of Notre-Dame will be our foolish King!
Onlooker 1 Look at the faces on display!
Onlooker 2 Ugliest faces ever made!
Parisians Oh, what a crazy cavalcade of faces on parade!
Onlooker 3 It's getting worse with every turn!
Onlooker 4 Everyone's bent or bald or burned!
Onlooker 5 They're faces everyone should spurn
Parisians A cause for grave concern!
 Terrible faces from the first
 The festival is clearly cursed
Onlooker 1 A face like that could use a nurse!
Parisians They're getting worse and worse!
(Music builds suspensefully)
(The final 'fools' appear, giving way to Quasimodo's appearance)
(Musical interlude as underscore)

Old Judge Have you ever seen such a face?!
Onlooker 1 What an amazing mask he wears!
Onlooker 2 The most hideous mask ever fashioned, I'll wager!
Onlooker 3 He's horrible! Grotesque!
Onlooker 4 It's wonderful! Horribly wonderful! Ha ha ha!
Onlooker 5 The ugliest poor fool in all of Paris! Ha ha ha!
(The crowd cheers, improvising further comments. They break out into a chant: 'Make him King! King of Fools! ... etc)

Esmeralda *(Over chanting, to Pierre)* Who is that unfortunate fellow?
Pierre I believe it's Quasimodo of Notre-Dame.
Esmeralda The legendary bell ringer of the tower?
Pierre The legend lives and breathes before your eyes. The poor lad is said to be hard-of-hearing and probably doesn't even know what's happening.

Esmeralda Oh dear... poor man. At least he seems to be enjoying himself. And what an inventive mask he wears...

Pierre Hmm. I wonder...

Old Judge *(To Quasimodo)* Come, oh great one! Lord Blockhead, we proclaim you King of Fools!...
(Wild cheering by everyone as..)

Parisians (All) *(Song resumes)*
Oh— yes— the— fifteenth of May is such a memorable day
A day for crowning the Fool of all fools! Oh yes
We've all had our say and he is far and away
The very best and the blessed of all fools
And so we're marching all around to hail the King of Clowns
He's the best we found of the fools in town
We declare he gets to wear this stupid gown
And the Foolish Crown of Renown, oh yes
We crown the King of the Clowns!
Oh, King of Fools— Great King of Fools! Long may you rule!

(Select group)

(All)

(Select group)

(All)

*(Frollo appears
and watches
proceedings
with disdain)*

*(Knighting of
Quasimodo
ceremony)
(Bowling)*

You're the very favorite of our nominees!
You're the honored King of Fools by our decree!
And you are as ugly as a king can be!
You're the King of All Fools of Pa-ree! Indeed!
You're the King of All Fools of Pa-ree!
(Music changes to stately, march-like feel, climaxing to finish)
(Fanfare)
You're the very favorite of our nominees!
You're the honored King of Fools by our decree!
Now we hail the King of Fools on bended knee!—
So with glee— all Pa-ree— bows— to— thee— !
(The obviously delight crowd cheers as the song culminates in Esmeralda kissing Quasimodo on the forehead)

Esmeralda *(Amidst cheers, to Quasimodo)* And now, my reclusive friend, let's see the handsome face
beneath this mask, shall we? It's high time we all met the real you... *(As she touches his
face, she gasps— slightly— in realization)*

Oh... it's not a mask... I'm so sorry...

(The crowd gasps and murmurs revulsion)

Onlooker 1 It's him! It must be him! The legendary Quasimodo!

Onlooker 2 Yes! Look at the hump on his back!

Onlooker 3 It's the true Hunchback of Notre-Dame!

Onlooker 4 He's got the hump of a camel!

Onlooker 5 And the face of a warhog!

Onlooker 2 Then the stories are true! He must be the one who rings the bells!

Onlooker 1 But he's ... so strange!... So different!...

SONG: "HE'S DIFFERENT!"

Onlooker 1 He's different! He's different! As strange as can be!

Onlooker 2 He's different! He's different! He's different from me!

Onlooker 3 Grotesque and frightening— more than odd!

Onlooker 4 A face like his is not of God!

Parisians He's different! He's different! He's weirder than weird!

He's different! He's different! A face to be feared!

Onlooker 1 His features are severe!

Onlooker 2 Beware and don't go near!

Onlooker 3 He almost seems to leer!
Onlooker 4 He has a wicked sneer!
Onlookers 1 & 5 My blood runs cold with fear— what is he doing here?
Parisians Fiend— !

(Parisians begin circling around Quasimodo, Esmeralda & Pierre)

<i>(Two groups)</i> <u>Parisians A</u>	<u>Parisians B</u>
He's different! He's different!	His face is all askance!
He's strange as can be!	
He's different! He's different!	Foul creature of blind chance!
He's different from me!	
He's different! He's different!	He's like a scary trance!
He's strange as can be!	
He's different! He's different!	The strangest face in France!
He's different from me!	
Fiend!... Fiend!...	

(Freeze) (All but Quasimodo, Esmeralda, and Pierre freeze)

(Lighting dims to focus on Quasimodo)

Quasimodo Why am I so different?....

(Former lighting and movement resumes)

Parisians (All)	He's different! He's different!
Onlooker 1	Foul ringer of bells!
Parisians (All)	He's different! He's different!
Onlooker 1	He's shocks and reveals!
Parisians (All)	He's different! He's different! As strange as can be!
	He's different! He's different! He's different from me!

<i>(Two groups)</i> <u>Parisians A</u>	<u>Parisians B</u>
He's different! He's different!	His face is all askance!
Foul ringer of bells!	
He's different! He's different!	Foul creature of blind chance!
He shocks and reveals!	
He's different! He's different!	He's like a scary trance!
He's strange as can be!	
He's different! He's different!	The strangest face in France!
He's different from me!	

(Music crescendos to final note then continues, as underscore as..)

(Frollo suddenly appears to the crowd, startling them)

Frollo *(spoken)* Quasimodo! *(To crowd)* Yes... he is different!... As I have repeatedly told him. *(To Quasimodo, disdainfully)* Back to the bell tower... I'll deal with you later.

(Quasimodo begins to leave but, with his hand still in Esmeralda's, he cannot bear to leave Esmeralda and Pierre, who have been shielding him from the crowd)

Esmeralda *(Sensing Quasimodo's anguish)* But... he has done nothing!

Frollo *(Approaching Esmeralda)* How dare you interfere? You are already poisoning him with your— your presence. I know your kind.

Esmeralda My kind?

Frollo From the tribe of Egypt. A Gypsy. I've seen the likes of you before.

Esmeralda You know nothing about me at all.

Pierre Please sir. She is an orphan. I found her and helped raise her. She is like a younger sister. I know her well enough to know she means no harm.

Frollo She is a Gypsy. And it's widely known they are a band of marauders not to be trusted.

Pierre There are a few bad seeds in every heritage. You misjudge the girl.

Frollo I think not. I've seen her magic with my own eyes.
Esmeralda Simple little tricks...
Pierre Merely light entertainment... Archdeacon Frollo, I can assure you that—
Frollo (*Grabbing Esmeralda's wrist*) It may bear further investigation. The Church takes a dim view of the black arts.

Esmeralda What?!
Pierre She merely entertains people with simple sleights-of-hand that any child of four years old could—
Frollo (*Pushing Pierre*) Silence! Do not interfere!... This is official business. (*To Quasimodo*) As for you, I said return to the tower!

Esmeralda No! He's done nothing!— He was only— (*She is grabbed more strenuously by Frollo*)
Frollo (*Venomously*) You dare to defy me, you Gypsy peasant— !
(Esmeralda raises her hand to rebuff Frollo and he intercepts her slap)
Frollo You would even dare to strike me— ? Me? Archdeacon Dom Claude Frollo? Guards! Seize her and hold her!
(Music rises and intensifies)
(Phoebus and accompanying guards appear, grabbing Esmeralda)

Esmeralda Stop, please! You're hurting me!...
Quasimodo (*This is more than Quasimodo can stand*) Leave her alone!... Stop!...
Frollo Quasimodo!... Return to the tower!...
(A wild melee ensues in this general order:

1. *Quasimodo, showing amazing strength, frees Esmeralda from the grip of the guards whom he easily begins toppling.*
2. *Jolly the goat butts Frollo from behind, knocking him down and chasing guards, whom the goat also butts.*
3. *Parisians add to the scuffle, a few seeking to help Esmeralda, but many fighting with each other as they loudly argue about who is right, who is to blame, etc.*
4. *Guards tackle goat while others finally succeed in controlling Quasimodo and calming the crowd.*
5. *Phoebus has grabbed Esmeralda and holds her. Jolly hides behind Esmeralda)*

(Music crescendos)

Frollo (*Picking up his disheveled body from the ground, dusting himself*) This is an outrage! An outrage!...
Onlooker1 It was Quasimodo! He started it!...
(The crowd murmurs)
Frollo Take him to the Hall of Justice! (*To crowd*) The festival is over! Be gone!
Quasimodo (*As guards drag him away*) Master!... Master!... (*Exits, Parisians disperse*)
(Frollo, still ruffled, stars callously at Quasimodo, ignoring his cries. He then looks sneeringly at Esmeralda)

Phoebus What is your wish, Archdeacon?
Frollo (*In disgust*) Do with her as you will... (*He exits*)
Pierre (*Following Frollo*) But, Archdeacon Frollo! Please! Where is God's compassion? Where is mercy and grace?...
(Music crescendos to dramatic finish)

SCENE 4: THE TOWNSQUARE OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS

Phoebus (*Phoebus and Guards hold Esmeralda captive*)
(Looking approvingly at Esmeralda) Well, well, well. I dare say, you are indeed the most beautiful prisoner I've ever held captive.
(Remaining guards accompanying Phoebus laugh)

Guard What are you planning to do with her, Captain Phoebus?
Phoebus (*Pacing*) What to do, what to do... I must give this matter careful consideration.
Esmeralda Captain? Did he say— you're a captain?
Phoebus Why, yes young lady. But not just any captain. Captain Phoebus de Chateaupers, at your service. Perhaps you've heard of me... most people have!

Esmeralda Why, no, I haven't.
Guard 1 You've never heard of Captain Phoebus?
Guard 2 You're so very fortunate to be under the authority of such a highly regarded Captain!
Phoebus Now, now. One must be modest... *(To Esmeralda)* Are you sure you've never heard of me?
Esmeralda Sorry.
Phoebus Well then... perhaps a proper introduction is in order. Permit me...

SONG: "ALIKABLE, LIKABLE GUY"

Phoebus Oh— I— don't mean to prattle, but I'm great in battle
(To Esmeralda) I'm scary and legendary—
Yes, I know how to win, I'm a man among men
On me many armies depend!
I can hit any sparrow with bow and with arrow
And I walk the straight and narrow
I'm true blue as the sky, I'm as warm as July—
I'm a likable, likable guy!
I'm Phoebus de Chateaupers, head of the guards
And I leave no good deed undone
(To Guards) Shall I grant a pardon and say au revoir
Or force her to pay me a sum?
(To Esmeralda) Is it freedom or prison? I hate these decisions
Because I'm a man of vision
And I'm influenced by a compassionate eye
I'm a likable, likable guy!
Guards He's a likable, likable guy!
Phoebus I am known to be daring, but I'm also caring
Magnetic, yet empathetic—
Yes, I blush to confide I am tender inside
My sympathy can't be denied;
If you're lost and you're lonely, I'm your one and only—
A man with a plan to help you
And that has to imply there's a good reason why:
Guards He's a likable, likable guy!
He's Phoebus de Chateaupers, head of the guards
And 'Phoebus' means bright as the sun';
And since he's so stellar, he's finding it hard
To be such a phenomenon!
Phoebus I can be meek and modest,
Guards But that isn't honest— he's very extraordinary!
Phoebus I'm strong as an ox and as smart as a fox
Guards And virtuous down to his socks!
Phoebus So, I'll make it my mission to use my position
To help out this fair musician
(Pointing to self) Esmeralda, don't cry, your salvation is nigh—
After all, I'm a likable guy!
(Undetected, Esmeralda escapes)

Guards *(Coda)* And from France to Shanghai, his regard is held high—
He's a likable, likable guy!
(All assume ridiculous final pose) And on his we'll rely 'til the day we all die—
He's a likable, likable guy—
He's a likable, likable, likable, likable,
Likable, likable guy— — !
(Musical interlude as underscore)

Phoebus *(Completely absorbed in himself)* Yes, yes— I'd say 'likable' is a fair assessment.

(As Phoebus rambles, the guards begin realizing Esmeralda has left) Now, dear lady... What shall I do to help such a lovely, fair maiden? Perhaps just a light prison sentence? No, I'm too kind for that. Perhaps a small fine? No, I'm much too generous to impose that. Perhaps a full and— shall we say— dinner for two? Yes, I think justice would be best served if I kept a personally supervised probationary period. Yes, and—

pardon Er— pardon me, Captain.

you under

Guard And as an officer, I'm accustomed to having my orders obeyed. So you will accompany me on my missions to various provinces north, and then—

Phoebus

Guard Er— Captain Phoebus.

Phoebus Yes, yes. And then, I'm show you various points of interest from my recent battle at—

Guard Captain Phoebus!

Phoebus Oh, what is it?

Guard Perhaps you will settle for dining with us. The prisoner is gone!

Phoebus Gone?! Er— yes, well— indeed. Er— well, I did grant her a full pardon, didn't I?

(The guards roar with laughter)

Guard Our poor, dear Captain Phoebus— a casualty in the battle of love!

(Guards laugh)

Phoebus *(Not amused)* I do believe that a certain company of men under my command are needed in that alley over there for— sewage disposal!

Guards *(Suddenly sobered)* Not that!!

Guard *(Assuming the stance of a music conductor)* All together, men!

Guards *(Song resumes)*
Our dear Captain is charming, and kind and disarming
He'd never be mean or petty!
He's such a good friend to his dear, loyal men
To punish them would be a sin!
Oh, we love our dear Phoebus, he never would grieve us
He won't make us clean sewers—
(Lifting up Phoebus) Yes, on Phoebus we're high, so we'll all testify;
He's a likable, likable guy!
(Coda) And on him we'll rely 'til the day we all die—
(Carrying Phoebus out) He's a likable, likable, likable, likable,
Likable, likable guy—!

Phoebus *(Spoken while exiting)* I know!

(Music finishes song; transitions to ominous feel for next scene)

SCENE 5: THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

(Thunder is heard and lightning flashes)
(The Old Judge is seated behind a desk stacked with scrolls and parchments. His clerk stands beside him. Pierre and Esmeralda join the assembly of onlookers who watch as Quasimodo is dragged in by guards)

SONG: “ONE STORMY NIGHT” (Reprise)

Pierre Come here, my dear, and follow me; we'll see what we may see
This stormy night of our friend's plight, will be a sorry sight;
The old judge of this city is really a pity—
He's elderly, incompetent, and deaf!
He is in no condition to make a wise decision;
He does not know his right hand from his left!

Clerk Hear ye one and hear ye all! The court has now convened
(Examining papers) The charge against this prisoner is troubling and extreme
(To Quasimodo) Speak up as you're appearing— the Judge is hard-of-hearing
(To Judge) Your honor, the prisoner, the case, sir!...

Old Judge Now do be plain and state your name this instant!
(Musical interlude as underscore)

Old Judge *(Spoken, peering at documents without looking up)* Your name? ... I see... Your age? ... I see...
Your profession? ... I see... Has the Clerk written the answers of the accused?
(All laugh as Quasimodo, not understanding, continues to say nothing)

Old Judge Hmmmmmm, I see....

Esmeralda Pierre— is there anything we might do to help poor Quasimodo?

Pierre I'm afraid not, my dear. He's at the mercy of this Court— *(Loudly)*— even though it is a farce!

Clerk *(To Pierre and others)* Silence! Silence!...

Old Judge *(Oblivious)* The prisoner is accused of disturbing the peace and resisting the authority of the King's guards.

Esmeralda *(Trying to get Judge's attention, but restrained by Pierre)* But he was only trying to help me!

Clerk I said silence!

Pierre Don't get on his bad side, Esmeralda. Besides, that old judge can't hear you anyway.

Old Judge *(To Quasimodo)* And what defense does the accused have to offer?

Quasimodo *(Misunderstanding)* Quasimodo!

Old Judge I see. So you plead guilty.
(The assembly laughs)

Quasimodo Twenty-five next month.
(More laughter)

Old Judge I see. I appreciate your confession but you must be punished.
(Laughter continues)

Quasimodo Bell ringer at Notre-Dame!

Clerk *(Exasperated)* Your honor, the prisoner is hard-of-hearing!

Old Judge What did you say?

Clerk He hears very little!

Old Judge Huh? Speak up!

Clerk He cannot hear!

Old Judge Yes, I can see that the prisoner is here. Do you think I'm blind?

Clerk He cannot hear!!

Old Judge A year? No, I think that a year in prison is much too severe.

Clerk Hear!! He cannot hear!!

Old Judge That's what I said! Too severe! Are you having trouble following this case?

Pierre *(Shaking his fist, shouting over the laughter)* This is outrageous!!

Clerk Quiet! This is an official Court Hearing!

Pierre There's no hearing in this Court!
(More laughter)

Old Judge *(Banging gavel)* Order!... Order!...

(Song resumes)

Old Judge *(To Quasi)* The case is through, I sentence you to flogging!

Clerk You heard the judge's order, and as the Chief Recorder
I've noted what the sentencing shall be;
This ends our formal meeting, it's time to have the beating
There's lessons to be learned before he's free!
Take him to the square for all to see!
(Brief musical interlude; segue to:)

(To Guards)

(The assembly of onlookers and Parisians begin to jeer Quasimodo as the guards drag him out through the audience and back into next scene)

SONG: "HE'S GUILTY" (Reprise)

All *(Except P & E who follow)* He's guilty! He's guilty! His case could not win!
He's guilty! He's guilty! He's guilty as sin!

<p><i>procession)</i></p> <p><i>(Quasimodo is taken to the Townsquare Pillory and secured by guards)</i></p> <p>Onlookers 1 & 5 <i>(Harmonize)</i></p> <p>All</p>	<p>A troublemaker with a sneer! A rabblrouser that we fear! He's guilty! He's guilty! No longer at large! He's guilty! He's guilty! He's guilty as charged! Let's take him to the square! He'll get a beating there! Perhaps a flogging may teach him to stay away! My blood runs cold with fear— what was he doing here? Fiend— — —!</p>
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SCENE 6: TOWNSQUARE PILLORY

(As Quasimodo is rotated on pillory, all assembled toss old vegetables at him)

<p><i>(Two groups)</i> <u>Parisians A</u></p> <p>He's different! He's different! He's strange as can be! He's different! He's different! He's different from me! He's different! He's different! He's strange as can be! He's different! He's different! He's different from me! Fiend!... Fiend!...</p> <p><i>(All but Quasimodo freeze)</i></p>	<p><u>Parisians B</u></p> <p>His face is all askance! Foul creature of blind chance! He's like a scary trance! The strangest face in France!</p>
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Quasimodo Why am I so different?...
(Segue to:)

(Lightning flashes. We hear the sound of thunder and rain)
(All are frozen except Quasimodo, who sings from pillory)

SONG: "WHY MUST I BE SO DIFFERENT?"

<p>Quasimodo <i>(Plaintively)</i></p>	<p>Why must I be so different? Why must I be so sadly shapen and so bent? Dear God on high, just leave me here to die If You won't tell me why You made one such as I: Is there a Plan in store for me? Can You use my life and my deformity? My twisted face has brought me to disgrace Where is my cosmic place among the human race?— I've lived each day to please the One I serve You've kept me for some destiny— And yet, as I go out into Your world Can no one see the real me?— Why must I be so different? Is there some purpose in this life of punishment? Dear God on high, just leave me here to die If You won't tell me why You made one such— as— I— — ! <i>(Music crescendos to dramatic finish)</i></p>
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(Black out – End of Act I)

End of ACT I

ACT II

Entr'acte

(Entr'acte music segues into underscore which continues and transitions to:)

SCENE 1: TOWNSQUARE PILLORY

(The assembly resumes jeering. Pierre and Esmeralda— and Phoebus with guards, on side opposite Pierre and Esmeralda— have joined the assembly)

Clerk *(Reading from scroll)* It is hereby announced that Quasimodo, the Bellringer of Notre-Dame, is to receive ten strokes with the cat-of-nine-tails for disturbing the peace and insubordination. He shall then be on display for a period of public disgrace.

(The flogging begins. Many hoot and cheer. Some, like Esmeralda, Pierre, and Phoebus are touched)

Esmeralda *(crying)* Oh, Pierre! I can't bear it! To think, earlier today— this same mob crowned him their king!

Pierre Such is the fickle nature of human beings, my dear.

Guard *(To Phoebus)* He's getting what he deserves!

Phoebus *(For once beginning to think of someone else)* Really?... And what can anyone rightly say he did to deserve this?

(The flogging of Quasimodo ends)

Guard He was fighting in the square, he was!

Phoebus He was helping that girl. You would too. So would I. *(Again self-important)* Actually— I did!

Guard And a kind Captain you are!

Phoebus Why, yes!... And let's face it— if the corrupt nobles who commission us got what they deserved, there wouldn't be enough pillories... The poor fellow.

(Quasimodo is briefly spun about as jeering continues. Quasimodo drops his head, obviously faint and briefly not stirring. The assembly continues to throw objects at Quasimodo. appears from the audience and Quasimodo is revived upon spotting him. His face touching gladness)

Frollo registers a Quasimodo

(Hopefully, as Frollo approaches) Master!... Master!...

(Frollo places a single finger to his pursed lips, scowls at Quasimodo, and walks away in disgust. Quasimodo is utterly dejected and appears to cry. The jeering continues)

Pierre *(To Frollo)* Will you not have this stopped? What about sanctuary? Doesn't he belong to the world of the Church?

Frollo If he insists on venturing into the outside world, he must accept the risks and punishment it has to offer.

Pierre And if the sentence is unjust?

Frollo Choose your words carefully, sir. Someone might call you ... treasonous. *(To Esmeralda)* We meet again, young lady. You, too, would do well to be cautious. I have not forgotten our last encounter. *(He begins to leave, but stops to add)* Oh,... and if the sentence should ever be unjust, there is a Higher Power who watches and undoubtedly... avenges. *(Frollo sneers and exits into the Cathedral)*

Esmeralda I thought perhaps he cared for Quasimodo.

Pierre He's unusually ruthless... for a man of God... If we have discovered that a hunchback is not just what he appears to be... perhaps the Archdeacon isn't, either...

Quasimodo *(Feebly, in desperation, over jeers)* Water... Water! ... Please!... Water...

Onlooker 1 *(Throwing a dirty, wet bucket rag at Quasimodo, to laughter)* Here! Drink this!

Onlooker 2 *(Throwing rotten vegetables)* This will teach you to wake us too early with your blasted bells! Stay in your tower!

Onlooker 3 *(Throwing old cheese)* My daughter fainted at the sight of your face!
(The assembly slowly becomes aware of Esmeralda making her way to Quasimodo amidst his cries for water. They quiet down and create a path for her, astonished)
(Music rises and intensifies dramatically, bridging to song)
(Esmeralda brings a jug of water to Quasimodo. He recoils, as if unworthy and uncertain of her intentions. She places water to his lips. He is so amazed, he forgets to drink and the water runs down his face. He then realizes his thirst and drinks eagerly. Esmeralda turns to the crowd. Her demeanor is one of great inner strength, yet compassionate)

Esmeralda *(Song resumes)*
We see a man in pain and bent
A man whose energy and stamina is spent.
And yet we dare to laugh at him and stare
Perhaps we're unaware— we could be standing there;
We see a face that's not like ours
And so we think that he belongs in distant towers;
Perhaps we have a fear we're looking in a mirror;
At Mass, we enter Notre-Dame to pray
To One who came to help the lame—
And yet, we leave and all too soon forget
That we're the ones supposed to bear His name
So why is he so different?
In the eyes of God aren't we of one descent?
We point and jeer— we do not want him near
Perhaps we have a fear we're looking in a mirror—
So why is he do different?
In the eyes of God aren't we of one descent?
We're outcasts, too, so if we would be true
And find some good to do
It's up to me— and— you— — !
(Music continues as underscore, bridging to next)

(Jolly nuzzles Quasimodo. The assembly, obviously reflective, slowly begins leaving to exit)

Clerk *(Faint thunder/lightning is intermittent)*
(Sobered by all he has seen, to Quasimodo and guards) The prisoner's punishment is completed.
He is free to go...
(The guards release Quasimodo and exit with the Clerk)
(Faint and exhausted, Quasimodo staggers toward Esmeralda. He takes her hand and glances at her briefly and in a completely subservient manner. He staggers toward the Cathedral door, falling once. He rings the Cathedral bell for the door. Frollo answers and looks at Quasimodo with disdain)

Quasimodo *(To Frollo, after a pause, not looking at the watching Esmeralda and with utter astonishment)*
...She ... she gave me water... she gave... me water.

(Quasimodo enters Cathedral. Frolo glances at Esmeralda with contempt, enters the Cathedral, and closes the door behind him.)

SCENE 2: UPPER CHAMBER, CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

*(The sound of thunder is heard and lightning continues to be intermittent)
(Frolo begins scene contemplating at his window. He then turns to his desk of scrolls and chemicals)*

SONG: "GOLD"

Frolo *(Turning from window)*

(To heavens)

(To self)

*(At desk, examining parchments, chemicals
potions; lifts up scrolls, embracing formulae)*

(Examining pouches of gold, balancing scales, etc)

(Wildly mixing potions to create smoke and flashes)

(Blackout)

(Lights up slowly on next scene)

I look down to the dusty square and hear the gypsy there
Why should she dare to show her care? —she does not know despair
I know that bitter anguish when God does not reply—
And as she prays her days away— I have to wonder: why?
Why— did You not answer me? Why— did You ignore my plea?
Disease destroyed my family— and You abandoned me;
Why— should I still pray to Him? Why— should I let heaven in?
Let others pray until they rot— but I, in fact, will not...
As I've studied every night and every day—
I discovered science has a far better way
Deep down in the catacombs of Notre-Dame
My search for truth has ended and a new age finally dawns;
I discovered secret codes here on these scrolls
And when I have deciphered them, I'll have thorough control
I know that an alchemist can turn water to gold
And when I know the secret, I'll have wealth and power untold!
Gold! Will soon be mine, I vow! Gold! Has my attention now!
A little magic alchemy has set my spirit free
Gold! Will be my finest hour! Gold! Will bring me wealth and power!
Let others look to God somehow— but this is here and now!
When you've been lost and lonely— when you cannot bear to pray
There's crafty consolation in a science that can pay!
"A mighty fortress is my—"
Gold! Will soon be mine I vow! Gold! Has my attention now!
A little magic alchemy has set my spirit free
Gold! Will be my finest hour! Gold! Will bring me wealth and power!
Let others look to God somehow— but this is here and now!
And soon I'll have the secret— and I will have control
And everyone in France will bow
To the one who makes the gold— — ! *(Laughter)*
(Segue to next song) (Storm has ended)

SCENE 3: TOWNSQUARE AND CATHEDRAL/CHAMBER OF NOTRE-DAME

(Esmeralda is entertaining some Parisians with her dancing and sleight-of-hand. Pierre and Jolly the Goat frolic about. Frolo is seen observing her during latter part of song)

SONG: "I LOVE PA-REE" (Reprise)

Esmeralda

I love Pa-ree!
Her mystique is so chic and so lovely to see—
I love Pa-ree!
What a romantic city to be!
I love Pa-ree!
Whether peasant or nobleman or bourgeoisie,

Parisians (Admiringly) When you are here, true love will appear –
Esmeralda So this must be, lovely, Pa-ree!
Parisians Here in Pa-ree you cannot help but see all the splendor—
Esmeralda Yes, we can see!
Parisians The air is resplendent with something Transcendent: surrender!
Esmeralda Here in Pa-ree!
Parisians Perchance if a glance should enhance your romance
Esmeralda In our beautiful France—
Parisians Oui, oui, cheri!
 It's love for sure, Mademoiselle and Monsieur in Pa-ree!
 (Quick and dramatic segue to:)

SONG: “GOLD” (Reprise)

Frollo (As Esmeralda performs with lighting focus on Frollo) As morning dawns I see the square and find that Gypsy there—
 Her festive song is in the air— how could she even dare?
 Her magic is astounding— her sleight-of-hand excels
 So I must ask just how this task— is done so very well—
 How— does she astonish them? How? I cannot comprehend!
 She must have secrets undisclosed— some magic no one knows
 I must know all her secrets— I must look in her mind
 Perhaps she holds the key to gold— the key I have to find
 Gold! Oh, yes I think she knows! Gold! Her secrets must be told!
 She'll have to tell, she must disclose what Gypsy magic knows—
 Gold! Oh, yes, I think she knows! Gold! Her secrets must be told!
 Gold— — ! Gold— — !
 (Musical interlude as underscore)

(There is an abrupt knock at the chamber door. Esmeralda's dance and the action surrounding it 'freezes')

Frollo Just a moment... (Frollo quickly conceals his alchemy and replaces it with a giant open Bible and candles) You may— er— (Catching himself, Frollo quickly replaces his 'wizard-like' robe with enter. his vestment) — You may

Quasimodo (Entering) Master...

Frollo (Staring meaningfully at Quasimodo before speaking) Well... I trust that now you have learned what becomes of those who insist on running around the Townsquare to cavort with fools. I've you before— the protection of the church works only while you're behind these walls. Outside, there is no sanctuary... More importantly, you have brought shame upon the Church... and deeply embarrassed one whom the people reverence and respect... (Bitterly, in Quasimodo's face) ... ;You humiliated me... Haven't I given you everything? And yet, you defied me and caused a riot in the square... Tell me, Quasimodo— Is resisting those in authority over us— pleasing to God?
 (Quasimodo hangs his head) ...

Of course not... So... as the one in authority over you, I expect obedience. (Tossing a coin pouch to Quasimodo and handing him a

parchment) Now, since you are so intent on seeing the town, I want you to summon Captain Phoebus... Give him this... I have an important mission for him... Now, go fetch him.

(Quasimodo walks out of Frollo's line of vision, but turns to see Frollo return to his alchemy and reveal his apparatus) Yes... Yes, indeed!

When I at last have Esmeralda's secrets... I'll have the knowledge— and the power— to have everything— and control of all of France! (Frollo laughs)

Quasimodo (Weighing the pouch in his hand, musing) My master has given me a home... but he is a strange man... and not all that he seems...

(Quasimodo exits)

(The assembly laughs, cheers, and applauds)
Esmeralda All right, Jolly— come here and tell us who is the greatest poet and storyteller of all time?
(Jolly arranges large blocks with letters to spell out 'Pierre'. The assembly laughs and cheers)

Esmeralda Why, yes, our good friend Pierre.
Onlooker 1 Show us Pierre!... Show us Pierre!
(Jolly strikes a pose, imitating Pierre, to the laughter of all)

Pierre *(Good naturedly)* Well, I never! Do I look like that?... Do I? ...
(Laughter)
(Music becomes dramatic as...)

Phoebus *(Phoebus and his men enter abruptly)*
(Self-importantly) Your attention please. I have a warrant for the arrest of— Esmeralda!
(Dramatic music begins fading and concludes)
(The crowd is stunned and begins murmuring)

Pierre What warrant?!

Phoebus *(Uneasily fingering pouch hanging from his belt)* A warrant... worth its weight in gold, I assure you. And from one of the highest authorities.

Crowd Who? ... Who could it be? ... etc.
Pierre Yes, whose warrant is it?
Phoebus It is from none other than Archdeacon Dom Claude Frolo himself. And I have been charged with the considerable responsibility of fulfilling this warrant. And therefore— Esmeralda, you are hereby summoned before Archdeacon Frolo for questioning...
(Esmeralda is abruptly seized amidst murmurs and cries of 'no'!)

Pierre *(Taking Phoebus by the arm)* Please Captain, I don't understand this.
Phoebus *(Uneasy)* I— er— have my duty. *(Aside, to Pierre)* Perhaps it isn't too serious. *(To crowd)* All right, now. Go on. Go about your business.
(The assembly exits, murmuring)

Pierre *(Exiting and badly shaken)* I don't understand. *(Jolly exits with Pierre)*
Phoebus All right. Let's get this matter over with. *(Obviously torn, to Esmeralda)* If it is any consolation to the young lady, I am only following only following my orders... *(To his men)* Let us take her to the Cathedral...

Frolo *(Entering square)* That won't be necessary. I am here.
Phoebus Archdeacon Frolo— I— though that—
Frolo Like you, Captain Phoebus, I am most anxious to... dispose of this matter. *(To Esmeralda)* I have not been able to help noticing, young lady, that you have a rather keen ability to spellbound with your amazing fears and extraordinarily wondrous hold people powers. I, myself, have been... astonished. You and that goat of yours have truly amazing abilities... abilities not unlike a man described in Acts, chapter eight— Simon, the sorcerer of Samaria.... In all my years— in all my travels— I have never seen with my own eyes the powers you possess... Perhaps you... are familiar... with sorcery.

Esmeralda No! It isn't what you're thinking. They're just simple little tricks I learned as a child.
Frolo *(Aside to Phoebus)* Simple tricks? Simple? Perhaps she can perform even more powerful magic. She's obviously a sorceress. Captain Phoebus, would you and your men be so kind as to give us a few moments?
Phoebus Certainly. *(Phoebus and his men congregate to the side)*
Frolo *(Taking Esmeralda tightly by the arm to opposite side of the square)* Now you listen to me, Gypsy. Listen, if you value your life! I am on a quest— the quest of a lifetime. I am on the verge of making the most important discovery in history. Combined with the secrets of magic and alchemy I have already discovered, your knowledge may be able to help me unlock the greatest powers ever known.

Esmeralda What?!... *(Stark realization)*... You're ... no man of God...
Frolo Man of God? Very soon I hope to be a man of gold. I must know the secrets of your power!
Esmeralda But— there's nothing to tell! The goat is merely trained. The few little tricks I play on people only look convincing because I have rehearsed the moves— moves which any child could learn with—

Frollo You might be able to fool a common peasant with your claim of innocence, but you cannot fool me. I know extraordinary powers when I see them. *(Grabbing at her necklace pouch)* I have this strange ornament— this necklace and pouch.

Esmeralda No! Don't touch it! Please!

Frollo My, we're jumpy! *(Again grabbing at necklace)* What an unusual thing it is, now that I see it closely.

Esmeralda Please leave it alone. *(Pulling back)* Don't touch it.

Frollo And why not?

Esmeralda Because it is precious to me.

Frollo Oh? Precious? So it does contain valuable secrets. Just as I suspected!

Esmeralda No! It is only— only a—

Frollo I'm obviously on to something. It is the key to your power, isn't it?

Esmeralda No!

Frollo Why else would it be precious?

Esmeralda No! It's— just—

Frollo Maybe what is stored in your head is stored in your precious necklace! I must have it!

Esmeralda No! Please!

Frollo If I cannot have what is in your mind, I must have what is around your neck! *(Frollo tries to grab at the necklace, but Esmeralda screams and rebuffs him)*

Esmeralda No! Leave it alone— please!

Phoebus Archdeacon Frollo— ? Is there something we may do to— ?

Frollo *(Angrily)* The accused is most uncooperative! *(Composing himself)*...I thought this matter could be resolved graciously, but I see I was mistaken. *(Taking his sash of vestment and menacingly Esmeralda's neck for illustrative emphasis)* She seems to be overly fond of wearing strings around her neck. Perhaps she will be more cooperative when she faces the prospect of something heavier and tighter around her neck... it pains me to do it, but I see I have no alternative but to convene a special Ecclesiastical Court for the purpose... of a trial. Take her to the Palace of Justice!

Phoebus But Archdeacon Frollo— perhaps if you allow me to talk with—

Frollo It is obvious what course must be taken now, Captain Phoebus. *(Firmly)* Take her to the Palace of Justice— immediately! And do not question my authority again! *(Music rises, intensifies to sinister fanfare and introduction to following reprise)*

(Phoebus and guards escort Esmeralda out to audience, from where they re-enter shortly; Frollo exits. The Clerk appears, reading from a scroll)

(Parisians begin assembling)

SONG: "HEAR YE ONE AND ALL" ("Gold" Reprise)

Clerk Oh, hear ye one and hear ye all— hear this official call!
 You must report unto this court and hear what now befalls:
 Witnesses of what transpired are summoned to this hall
 As Esmeralda stands for trial per legal protocol.
(Music continues as underscore)

SCENE 4: THE PALACE OF JUSTICE

(The Clerk takes his place next to Magistrates. Frollo assumes his place at center of Magistrates. Esmeralda is led into scene by guards through audience. Pierre seeks to rouse those Parisians assembling. The Old Judge stumbles in to observe)

Pierre Fellow citizens of Paris! Mark my works! Today it is an innocent Gypsy girl— tomorrow? Who knows? It might be your wife or husband— your son or daughter— it might be you— or

you!
true justice

Let us stand for what is right! Let us join together in appealing to the King himself for under God!

Frollo *(To Pierre)* Witness! This is not the public square. If you do not observe the dignity of this court, I shall have you removed.
(The assembly murmurs; Quasimodo enters through audience and watches, unnoticed)

Clerk Silence! Silence in the Court!

Frollo Present the evidence to the witness.
(The Clerk presents Esmeralda's lettered blocks to Pierre)
Do these blocks belong to the Gypsy?

Pierre Her name is Esmeralda.

Frollo Do these blocks belong to the Gypsy?

Pierre Yes, yes, yes. Everyone here knows that.

Frollo And does she, in fact, perform magic with these blocks?

Pierre If you mean some sort of mysterious black art or— ?

Frollo Answer 'yes' or 'no'! Does she perform magic with these blocks?

Pierre She performs.

Frollo The witness has stated she performs inexplicable magic.

Pierre Yes— I mean— no, not real magic—

Frollo The witness may step aside. Bring forth the additional witnesses.
(Clerk presents Onlookers 1, 2, and 3)

Frollo *(To Onlooker 1)* Have you in fact witnessed the girl's bewitching dances and been subjected to her spell?

Onlooker 1 Well— I— she is beautiful. She does dance. You might say she's bewitching, but I—

Frollo That will do. *(To Onlookers 2 and 3)* Do you both concur she casts enchantment over all who see her dance, sing, and perform the black art of magic?

Onlooker 2 She is captivating. She's a wonderful singer and her magic is so— er— I mean—

Onlooker 3 Well, it's her clever goat, really. The cute little thing does the funniest magic tricks and— er— did I say magic? What I really mean is—

Frollo Let the record show these witnesses also agree that the girl performs acts of bewitching magic.
(To Onlookers 1, 2, & 3) Fine witnesses you are!

Pierre Silence!

Clerk Silence!

Frollo A brief trial by ordeal would be in order at this time. *(To Esmeralda, while holding up the instrument)* Is this your tambourine?

Esmeralda Yes.

Frollo Blindfold the accused. *(Esmeralda is blindfolded)* In one hand, I hold your tambourine— in the other, the Bible. If you should point to the Bible, we may reconsider your innocence. If you point to the tambourine, we shall know you are a sorceress... Begin...

Esmeralda But— I— I—

Pierre I protest! This can only go against her! If she points to the Bible, you'll say it proves magic! And if she points to the—

Clerk Silence!

Frollo *(To Pierre)* You have been warned for the last time. *(To Esmeralda)* Choose...
(Esmeralda chooses the tambourine as the assembly murmurs and Pierre reacts)

Pierre This is unbelievable! And it only proves she has no powers whatsoever—

Frollo So the charges against the accused are indeed true—

Pierre Wait!

Frollo Bring in the other prisoner...
(Jolly is led in on a leash, the released. Jolly goes immediately to Esmeralda)

Magistrate *(To other Magistrates)* The goat goes right to the girl! It's obvious they are in league with one another. And let us not forget that a goat is the traditional symbol of the devil himself!
(The other Magistrates nod in wide-eyed agreement)
(Jolly picks up the 'E' letter block and drops it at Esmeralda's feet)

Old Judge Look! It is the letter 'E'! The first letter of the girl's name! The goat and the girl must speak the same language! The devil's language!

Pierre It has been trained to do that! This is too much! I appeal to this Court and protest this outrage in the name of common sense!— And in the

name of God who stands in judgment above mere superstitions and prejudice! The Archdeacon is not the first to abuse his holy office!

mortals clouded by stupid

Frollo *(Banging gavel)* You have been warned! *(Trying to shout Pierre down)*
Enough!...

Pierre Citizens! We are surrounded by a pack of bumbling boars and crooked crocodiles!

Frollo Remove the witness immediately!

Pierre *(Resisting arrest)* ... It is a sham and a shame when the destiny of an honest orphaned girl depends on the behavior of a goat! If the goat is not fluent in the human language, the judges should learn the goat's language!

(Spectators laugh)

Pierre *(While being dragged away through audience)* Better yet, why don't you put the goat on trial?!
(Laughter)

Old Judge What did he say?

Clerk *(Shouting)* Put the goat on trial!

Old Judge I was about to suggest that.

(More laughter)

Frollo *(Banging gavel)* Order! Order!

Old Judge *(Loudly whispering to Clerk)* I've even heard the goat can imitate the Archdeacon!

(Jolly kneels and 'prays' as if Frollo. Laughter ensues)

Frollo *(Emphatic)* Order! I said order!... Remove the goat!... We seem to forget that the charge of sorcery is extremely serious— and

punishable by— death.

(All are sobered by this thought as Jolly is removed)

Frollo *(Walking to Esmeralda, rapid-fire)* For the last time— confess!

Esmeralda But I have done nothing wrong!

Frollo Did you not just communicate with the devil through your goat?

Esmeralda I never talk to the devil through Jolly!

Frollo *(To Magistrates)* So, she admits she talks to the devil directly! She is, in fact, a sorceress!

Esmeralda This is sorcery! The innocent are mysteriously turned into the guilty without rhyme or reason!
You are the only sorcerer here!

Magistrate This is blasphemy! She accuses the right arm of God! She goes against God!... We have seen enough— She is obviously guilty!

Other Magistrates Guilty!... Guilty!... Etc. *(The assembly murmurs)*

Frollo *(Aside, to Esmeralda)* You know what I want. Tell me your secrets and I will arrange a reprieve.

Esmeralda You know I nothing to tell you.

Frollo We shall see. *(loudly)* The Ecclesiastical Court has spoken. And the sentence is— death by hanging. Take her away... *(Quasimodo*

rushes to Esmeralda, reaching out)

(Music dramatically rises)

(The guards drag Esmeralda away through audience amidst loud protests)

Quasimodo No!— Noooo!—

(Assembly exits, leaving Quasimodo by himself, crying)

SONG: "HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING?" **("Different" Reprise)**

Quasimodo
(Emotionally)

How can this be happening?
Is there no truth among our judges and our kings?
Dear God on high, when no one else would try
She helped one such as I— don't let this young girl die—
She is the closest thing to You I've seen
She brings the hope that You're still there
Oh, God, I need Your help in this, Your world
Use me to show her that You care
What can I do to help her now?
Please show me what I need to do and show me how
Oh, hear my plea— I come on bended knee

(Kneeling)

(Rising)

I know You hold the key—
Please help me set her free— — — !

(Music segues into underscore which continues and transitions to song ahead)

SCENE 5: THE “COURT OF MIRACLES,” NEAR TOWNSQUARE

(Pierre, back to audience, is looking at his own audience of the ruffian Gypsies— who are frozen spellbound, mouths agape)

Pierre (With the confidence of a storyteller who knows his listeners are hooked)... Therefore, preying upon the mindlessness of petty prejudice, Frolo succeeded in unfounded fear, and sordid superstition, Archdeacon turning the Ecclesiastical Court against Esmeralda for his own wicked purpose. She was indeed sentenced to hang at the gallows... (Savoring his advantage, Pierre dramatically pauses and paces as the Gypsies, following his every move— as if watching a tennis match— lean as far forward as possible without falling over)

Gypsy 1 (Unable to stand the suspense)... Well?!!!...

Pierre Oh, I’m terribly sorry. I should have asked sooner. Tell me my friends... am I bo-o-o-oring you?!

(Rapid-fire chatter ensues)

Gypsy 1 Confound it, man! Go on with your blasted story!

Gypsy 2 What happens to Esmeralda?

Gypsy 3 And what about Quasimodo?

Gypsy 4 (Pounding fist in hand) And who’s gonna give it to Frolo?

Gypsy 1 He’s worse than we are!

Gypsies Yeah! (A muddled chorus of voices) And what about the poor little goat? Does Esmeralda really hang? Does Quasimodo end up staying in the tower? Does Frolo ever actually make gold— I’d sure like to know how!

Etc...

Gypsy 1 ...And what about Captain Phoebus?! I’m kinda fond of him!

Gypsy 2 Well, go on man!

Gypsy 3 Tell us the rest!

Gypsy 4 What happens next?!

Pierre Well... I wouldn’t want to go on if I haven’t— er— seized your imagination.

(The Gypsies scream in unison and pounce upon Pierre, pulling him to the ground, punching him. Finally, Gypsy 1 grabs him, pulls him up, and holds a knife at his throat)

Pierre (Frozen at knifepoint, pausing for the effect of this understatement)... Well... as long as you’re interested...

Clopin We concede your point, Monsieur Pierre. And assuming you still value your life— do continue.

(Music rises)

(Pierre squirms out of his position at knifepoint and resumes his confident air as master storyteller. Gypsy court slowly

exits away as narrative continues)

Pierre Then let us return to our roles, shall we?— As I pick up the rest of our tale!...

SONG: “THAT FATEFUL DAY” (“Stormy Night” Reprise)

Pierre Our tale resumes that fateful day when Frolo had his way
(Joined by Jolly) His thirst for gold had taken hold— the young girl had to pay!

SCENE 6: TOWNSQUARE AND CATHEDRAL CHAMBER OF NOTRE DAME

(Brief musical vamp interlude)

(Animated Parisians and officials assemble)

Pierre And as the crowd awaited, they vigorously debated
(Actions described) The sad disgrace this wretched case had brought

in song are enacted)

A few were quite divided on what Frollo decided
And wondered whether he was right or not
Then every eye went to the sky as rope was strung up high.
The very sight became a fright: the gallows terrify!
A crowd that threatened violence— had fallen into silence—
(Brief musical bridge)

Parisians *(Slowly)*
(Segue to..)

May God have mercy on dear Esmeralda!

SONG: “TOWNSQUARE REQUIEM”

Pierre *(Leading a
a prayerful
procession of
clergy And faithful)*

Holy Father, God of the lowly
I call on You, dear Lord, hear my lonely cry
Save dear Esmeralda, Lord our God, please set her free!
Help us, Father, and all our prayers attend
She’s our shining hope and a precious friend
We beseech You, Lord, to uphold, defend,
And rescue her— — !

Parisians
*(Guards escort
Esmeralda in)*

Holy Father, God of the lowly
I call on You, dear Lord, hear my lonely cry
Save dear Esmeralda, Lord our God, please set her free!
Help us, Father, and all our prayers attend
She’s our shining hope and a precious friend
We beseech You, Lord, to uphold, defend,
And rescue her— — !

(As Esmeralda appears on mainstage)
(Segue to..)

SONG: “THAT FATEFUL DAY” (Reprise – Acapella)

Parisians *(Reverent)*
Pierre

*(Gesturing to
Quasimodo)
(Lighting dims)*

May God have mercy on dear Esmeralda!... *(Pause)*
And as we watch in agony— all eyes are fixed on her
And no one hears and no one sees a figure most obscure—
A figure most obscure...

(Music segues to;)

SONG: “I’LL SET HER FREE!”

Quasimodo *(From
Belltower)*

*(Actions of Town-
Square, in dim
light, consists of
Esmeralda’s
public penance
and ecclesiastical
prayers being
said over her)*

Down in the square, they would dare
To hang an angel there
In disgrace, she’s condemned—
I cannot comprehend— Oh, what a day!
How can they just ignore one whom they all adore?
What are they waiting for, now? Show me the way— !
I am not human— that is their view
But look what they do— down in the square!
Just look what they do— down there!
Look what they do— look what they do!—
Down in the square, they would dare
To hang an angel there
In disgrace, she’s condemned—
I cannot comprehend— Oh, what a day!
How can they just ignore one whom they all adore?
What are they waiting for, now?