



Beauty and the Beast

PINK is about to tell the story of Beauty and the Beast to friends and starts by introducing the orchestra who will accompany Pink with the tale. The orchestra is made up of insects.

PINK: My friends, tonight we are joined by some very special guests. Inside this small box, tuning up as we speak is an entire orchestra made up of the lightest, the smallest, the creepiest, crawliest musicians in the Empire,

We have fleas, we have flies, we have lice and louses,
The tiniest pests that you shoo from your houses,
Please welcome them warmly,

They've travelled so far,

Ladies and gentlemen,

The Insect Orchestra!

(PINK opens the lid. A blast of high pitched orchestral splendour. As PINK introduces each section, we hear a snatch of their solo)

We have the ants on strings.
The fleas, on flutes.

On horns, the aphids. They don't have a lot of puff, boys and girls,
but they certainly know how to use it!

Madame Housefly, our oboe soloist. Wonderful, Zelda.
Monsieur Beetle, on the tuba.

And last, but not least, the fabulous mosquitoes on percussion.

(One of the musicians has made a bid for freedom!)

Oh dear.

It appears our clarinet player has escaped. Can anyone —

(The lead clarinet has landed on the head of a child in the audience. PINK'S eyes narrow on the child's head)

Ah! I've got him in my sights now.

(PINK removes a shoe and moves in for the kill, eyes fixed on the escapee)

Please, hold still. | assure you, this will hurt you far more than it hurts me —

SMACK.

GOTCHA.

(PINK examines the sole of the shoe, picks the dead insect off, and eats it, without a pause)

Ready, Cecile?

Ready in there? (PINK raps the box. A sound of frightened assent within)

Trés bien.

And so it begins.

By Lucy Kirkwood

Adapted by Katie Mitchell