

DISNEY'S THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

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EDITION NOTE: In the following script, any words in capital letters are sung as lyrics in songs. All spoken dialogue (even lines *spoken* within a song) are in normal type. All Latin lyrics from the score have been omitted from this version.

(As the Walt Disney Pictures logo fades off the screen, the chorus heard in the background mixes with the bells of Notre Dame cathedral ringing. A long zoom in through the city until we reach the Clopin singing to a group of children watching his puppet show.)

Clopin: MORNING IN PARIS, THE CITY AWAKES
TO THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME
THE FISHERMAN FISHES, THE BAKERMAN BAKES
TO THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME

TO THE BIG BELLS AS LOUD AS THE THUNDER
TO THE LITTLE BELLS SOFT AS A PSALM
AND SOME SAY THE SOUL OF THE CITY'S THE TOLL OF THE BELLS
THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME

Listen, they're beautiful, no? So many colours of sounds,
so many changing moods. Because, you know, they don't
ring all by themselves.

Puppet: They don't?!?

Clopin: No, silly boy. Up there, high, high in the dark
bell tower, lives the mysterious bell ringer. Who is
this
creature?

Puppet: Who?

Clopin: What is he?

Puppet: What?

Clopin: How did he come to be there?

Puppet: How?

Clopin: Hush!

Puppet: Ohhh...

Clopin: And Clopin will tell you. It is a tale, a tale of a man
and a monster!

(A wipe to a dark night. A band of gypsies quietly proceeding down the Seine, hoping to avoid detection. A baby in the woman's arms begins to cry.)

Clopin: DARK WAS THE NIGHT WHEN OUR TALE WAS BEGUN
ON THE DOCKS NEAR NOTRE DAME

Gypsy 1: Shut it up, will you!

Gypsy 2: We'll be spotted!

Gypsy Mother: Hush, little one!

Clopin: FOUR FRIGHTENED GYPSIES SLID SILENTLY UNDER
THE DOCKS NEAR NOTRE DAME

Boatman: Four gilders for safe passage into Paris.

Clopin: BUT A TRAP HAD BEEN LAID FOR THE GYPSIES
AND THEY GAZED UP IN FEAR AND ALARM
AT A FIGURE WHOSE CLUTCHES
WERE IRON AS MUCH AS THE BELLS

Gypsy: Judge Claude Frolo!

Clopin: THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME

JUDGE CLAUDE FROLLO LONGED TO PURGE THE WORLD
OF VICE AND SIN
AND HE SAW CORRUPTION EVERYWHERE EXCEPT WITHIN.

Frolo: Bring these gypsy vermin to the Palace of Justice.

Guard: (To mother) You there! What are you hiding!?!)

Frolo: Stolen goods, no doubt. Take them from her.

Clopin: She ran!

(As the gypsy mother tries to escape with her baby, Judge Frolo gives chase on horseback. She reaches the doors of Notre Dame and pounds on them.)

Gypsy Mother: Sanctuary! Please give us sanctuary!

(Frolo finally catches up to her on the steps of the cathedral. He rips the still covered bundle from her arms, and kicks her, sending her crashing to the cement steps, where she is knocked unconscious. The baby begins to cry.)

Frolo: A baby?

(Frolo uncovers the baby's head, seeing the deformed infant.)

Frollo: A monster!

(He looks around, searching for a way to dispose of the creature. He sees a well, and rides over to it. He is about to drop the baby down the well when a voice (a lightning flash between Clopin and the Archdeacon) shouts out.)

Archdeacon: Stop!

Clopin: Cried the archdeacon.

Frollo: This is an unholy demon. I'm sending it back to hell, where it belongs!

Archdeacon: SEE THERE THE INNOCENT BLOOD YOU HAVE SPILT
ON THE STEPS OF NOTRE DAME.

Frollo: I am guiltless--she ran, I pursued.

Archdeacon: NOW YOU WOULD ADD THIS CHILD'S BLOOD TO YOUR GUILT
ON THE STEPS OF NOTRE DAME.

Clopin: My conscience is clear!

Archdeacon: YOU CAN LIE TO YOURSELF AND YOUR MINIONS
YOU CAN CLAIM THAT YOU HAVEN'T A QUALM
BUT YOU NEVER CAN RUN FROM,
NOR HIDE WHAT YOU'VE DONE
FROM THE EYES
THE VERY EYES OF NOTRE DAME!

Clopin: AND FOR ONE TIME IN HIS LIFE OF POWER AND CONTROL
FROLLO FELT A TWINGE OF FEAR FOR HIS IMMORTAL SOUL

Frollo: What must I do?

Archdeacon: Care for the child, raise it as your own.

Frollo: What? I'm to be saddled with this misshapen--

(He pauses as a thought creeps across his face.)

Frollo: Very well. Let him live with you, in your church.

Archdeacon: Live here? But where?

Frollo: Anywhere.

JUST SO HE'S KEPT LOCKED AWAY WHERE NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE.

The bell tower, perhaps. And who knows--our Lord works
in mysterious ways.

EVEN THIS FOUL CREATURE MAY YET PROVE ONE DAY TO BE
OF USE TO ME.

Clopin: And Frollo gave the child a cruel name. A name that
means half-formed... Quasimodo!

NOW HERE IS A RIDDLE TO GUESS IF YOU CAN
SING THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.
WHO IS THE MONSTER AND WHO IS THE MAN?

SING THE BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS,
BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS,
BELLS OF NOTRE DAME!

(We have wiped from watching Clopin's puppet show to the actual bells ringing in the tower, and the back of this mysterious Quasimodo ringing them. As we end on a beautiful shot of the bells ringing, and the word Dame is sung with the cymbal crash, the title "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" appears on screen. We fly down to an exterior with the frozen forms of Victor and Hugo, with a bird's nest in his mouth, on the balcony. As Quasimodo comes out, the bird awakens.)

Quasimodo: Good morning!

(The bird squeaks its approval.)

Quasimodo: Will today be the day? Are you ready to fly?

(The bird squeaks its disapproval.)

Quasimodo: You sure? Good day to try. Why, if I picked a day to fly, oh, this would be it! The Festival of Fools! It will be fun--the jugglers, and music, and dancing...

(The bird, who had been resting in Quasi's hand, has begun to flap its wings. Quasi slowly removes his hands until the bird is hovering in place. He chuckles and shows his hands to the bird, who finally realises that it is flying. It squeaks an approval, then a question, as a flock of birds fly by.)

Quasimodo: Go on! Nobody wants to be cooped up here forever!

(The bird flies off to join the flock. As soon as it's gone, Hugo, and later, Victor, come to life. Hugo spits out the nest.)

Hugo: Oh, man! I thought he'd never leave! I'll be spittin' feathers for a week!

Victor: Well that's what you get for sleeping with your mouth open.

Hugo: (Sarcastic chuckle) Heh, heh, heh...go scare a nun! Hey, Quasi! What's goin' on out there? A fight? A flogging?

Victor: A festival!

Hugo: You mean the Feast of Fools!?!

Quasimodo: Uh huh!

Hugo: All right, all right! Pour the wine and cut the cheese!

(Hugo makes farting noises in his armpit.)

Victor: It is a treat to watch the colourful pageantry of the simple peasantfolk.

Hugo: Boy, nothin' like balcony seats for watching the ol' F.O.F.

Quasimodo: (Dejected) Yeah, watching.

(Quasi turns and leaves, obviously sad.)

Hugo: Hey, look--a mime.

(Hugo hocks up a phlegm in his throat, and is about to spit, when Victor covers his mouth. Hugo is forced to swallow his prize. They proceed inside to Quasimodo. Laverne catches up to them.)

Hugo: Hey, hey, what gives?

Victor: Aren't you going to watch the festival with us?

Hugo: I don't get it.

Victor: Perhaps he's sick!

Laverne: Impossible. If 20 years of listening to you two hasn't made him sick by now, nothing will.

Victor: But watching the Festival of Fools has always been the highlight of the year for Quasimodo.

Laverne: What good is watching the party if you never get to go hear it? (Birds have begun to roost on Laverne. She waves them away.) Get away from me, go on, you bunch of buzzards! He's not made of stone, like us.

(Laverne goes to Quasi, who is at his table with a model of the city and small toys painted like townspeople.)

Laverne: Quasi, what's wrong? You wanna tell ol' Laverne all about it?

Quasimodo: I...I just don't feel like watching the festival, that's all.

Laverne: Well, did you ever think about going there instead?

Victor: Sure!

Quasimodo: I'd never fit in down there. I'm not...normal.

Laverne: Oh, Quasi, Quasi, Quasi. (She pauses as the birds have returned to perch on her again.) (To birds:) Do you mind? I'm would like to have a moment with the boy, if it's all right with you!

Hugo: (To Quasi:) Hey, quit beating around the bell tower. Whadda we gotta do? Paint you a fresco?

Victor: As your friends and guardians, we insist you attend the

festival.

Quasimodo: Me?!?

(Enter Hugo, with a figurine of a Pope, from Quasi's tabletop scene.)

Hugo: No, the Pope. Of course, you!

(Victor shoves the Pope figurine in Quasi's mouth.)

Victor: It would be a veritable pope-pourri of educational experience.

(Hugo pulls the figurine out of Quasi's mouth.)

Hugo: Wine, women and song!

Victor: You can learn to identify various regional cheeses!

Hugo: Bobbing for snails!

Victor: And the indigenous folk music.

Hugo: Dunk the monk!

Laverne: Quasi, take it from an old spectator. Life's not a spectator sport. If watchin's all you're gonna do, then you're gonna watch your life go by without you.

Hugo: Yeah, you're human, with the flesh, and the hair, and the navel lint. We're just part of the architecture, right Victor?

Victor: Yet, if you chip us, will we not flake? If you moisten us, do we not grow moist?

Laverne: Quasi, just grab a fresh tunic and a clean pair of hose and--

Quasimodo: Thanks for the encouragement, but you're all forgetting one thing.

Gargoyles: What?

Quasimodo: My master, Frolo.

Gargoyles: (Dejectedly) Oh, yeah, right (etc.)

Victor: Well, when he says you're forbidden from ever leaving the bell tower, does he mean "ever ever?"

Quasimodo: Never ever! And he hates the Feast of Fools! He'd be furious if I asked to go.

Hugo: Who says you gotta ask?

Quasimodo: Oh, no.

Hugo: Ya sneak out...

Laverne: It's just one afternoon...

Quasimodo: I couldn't--

Hugo: ...and ya sneak back in.

Laverne: He'll never know you were gone.

Quasimodo: I mean, if I got caught--

Victor: Better to beg forgiveness than to ask permission.

Quasimodo: He might see me.

Hugo: You could wear a disguise. Just this once. What Frollo doesn't know can't hurt you!

Victor: Ignorance is bliss.

Hugo: (aside) Look who's talking...

Laverne: Nobody wants to stay cooped up here forever.

(Quasi thinks for a moment, then a smile creeps across his face.)

Quasimodo: You're right! I'll go! (The gargoyles cheer.) I'll get cleaned up. (Another cheer) I'll stroll down those stairs. (Another cheer) I'll march through the doors and--

(Quasi and the 'goyles have been advancing on the door leading downstairs. As Quasi nears it, Frollo appears in the doorway suddenly, cutting Quasi short and returning the 'goyles to stone.)

Frollo: Good morning, Quasimodo.

Quasimodo: Ah--um, good...morning, master.

Frollo: Dear boy, whomever are you talking to?

Quasimodo: My...friends.

Frollo: I see. (He taps Hugo on the head.) And what are your friends made of, Quasimodo?

Quasimodo: Stone.

Frollo: Can stone talk?

Quasimodo: No, it can't.

Frollo: That's right. You're a smart lad. Now...lunch.

(Upon hearing the word, Quasi goes off and retrieves a table setting--a silver chalice and plate for Frollo and a wooden cup and plate for himself.)

Frollo: Shall we review your alphabet today?

Quasimodo: Yes, master. I would like that very much.

Frollo: Very well. A?

Quasimodo: Abomination.

Frollo: B?

Quasimodo: Blasphemy.

Frollo: C?

Quasimodo: C-c-c-contrition.

Frollo: D?

Quasimodo: Damnation.

Frollo: E?

Quasimodo: Eternal damnation!

Frollo: Good. F?

Quasimodo: Festival.

(Frollo spits out his drink at the incorrect response.)

Frollo: Excuse me?

Quasimodo: Forgiveness!

Frollo: You said...festival.

Quasimodo: No!

Frollo: You are thinking about going to the festival.

Quasimodo: It's just that...you go every year.

Frollo: I am a public official. I must go! But I don't enjoy a moment. Thieves and hustlers and the dregs of humankind, all mixed together in a shallow, drunken stupor.

Quasimodo: I didn't mean to upset you, master.

Frollo: Quasimodo, can't you understand? When your heartless mother abandoned you as a child, anyone else would have drowned you. And this my thanks for taking you in and raising you as my son?

Quasimodo: I'm sorry, sir.

Frollo: Oh, my dear Quasimodo, you don't know what it's like out there. I do...I do...

THE WORLD IS CRUEL
THE WORLD IS WICKED

IT'S I ALONE WHOM YOU CAN TRUST IN THIS WHOLE CITY
I AM YOUR ONLY FRIEND

I WHO KEEP YOU, TEACH YOU, FEED YOU, DRESS YOU
I WHO LOOK UPON YOU WITHOUT FEAR
HOW CAN I PROTECT YOU, BOY
UNLESS YOU ALWAYS STAY IN HERE
AWAY IN HERE?

YOU ARE DEFORMED

Quasimodo: I AM DEFORMED

Frollo: AND YOU ARE UGLY

Quasimodo: AND I AM UGLY

Frollo: AND THESE ARE CRIMES FOR WHICH THE WORLD
SHOWS LITTLE PITY

YOU DO NOT COMPREHEND

Quasimodo: YOU ARE MY ONE DEFENDER

Frollo: OUT THERE, THEY'LL REVILE YOU AS A MONSTER

Quasimodo: I AM A MONSTER

Frollo: OUT THERE, THEY WILL HATE WITH SCORN AND JEER

Quasimodo: ONLY A MONSTER

Frollo: WHY INVITE THEIR CALUMNY AND CONSTERNATION?
STAY IN HERE, BE FAITHFUL TO ME

Quasimodo: I'M FAITHFUL

Frollo: GRATEFUL TO ME

Quasimodo: I'M GRATEFUL

Frollo: DO AS I SAY. OBEY
AND STAY IN HERE.

Quasimodo: I'LL STAY IN HERE.

(Frollo goes to leave.)

Quasimodo: You are good to me, master. I'm sorry.

Frollo: You are forgiven. But, remember, Quasimodo: this is your
sanctuary.

Quasimodo: Sanctuary.

(Exit Frollo.)

Quasimodo: SAFE BEHIND THESE WINDOWS AND THESE PARAPETS OF STONE
GAZING AT THE PEOPLE DOWN BELOW ME
ALL MY LIFE I WATCH THEM AS I HIDE UP HERE ALONE
HUNGRY FOR THE HISTORIES THEY SHOW ME

ALL MY LIFE I MEMORISE THEIR FACES
KNOWING THEM AS THEY WILL NEVER KNOW ME
ALL MY LIFE I WONDER HOW IT FEELS TO PASS A DAY
NOT ABOVE THEM...
BUT PART OF THEM...

AND OUT THERE, LIVING IN THE SUN
GIVE ME ONE DAY OUT THERE
ALL I ASK IS ONE, TO HOLD FOREVER

OUT THERE, WHERE THEY ALL LIVE UNAWARE
WHAT I'D GIVE... WHAT I'D DARE
JUST TO LIVE ONE DAY OUT THERE!

(Watch right here, after the cymbal crash, as the camera zooms past Quasi into a street scene, for a cameo appearance by Belle.)

OUT THERE AMONG THE MILLERS
AND THE WEAVERS AND THEIR WIVES
THROUGH THE ROOFS AND GABLES I CAN SEE THEM
EVERY DAY THEY SHOUT AND SCOLD AND GO ABOUT THEIR LIVES
HEEDLESS OF THE GIFT IT IS TO BE THEM
IF I WAS IN THEIR SKIN, I'D TREASURE EVERY INSTANT

OUT THERE, STROLLING BY THE SEINE
TASTE A MORNING OUT THERE
LIKE ORDINARY MEN WHO FREELY WALK ABOUT THERE
JUST ONE DAY AND THEN I SWEAR
I'LL BE CONTENT, WITH MY SHARE
WON'T RESENT, WON'T DESPAIR,
OLD AND BENT, I WON'T CARE.
I'LL HAVE SPENT ONE DAY OUT THERE!

(Dissolve down to street level, where, in the midst of all the activity, walks Phoebus, and his horse, Achilles. Phoebus is consulting a map.)

Phoebus: Huh, ya leave town for a couple of decades and they change everything.

(He looks and sees a pair of guards walking by.)

Phoebus: Excuse me, gentlemen, I'm looking for the Palace of Justice. Would you-- (they completely ignore him)--hmmm, I guess not.

(Meanwhile, in a corner, Esmeralda and Djali are dancing for change. A woman and her child walk by, but the woman steers her child away.)

Woman: Stay away, child--they're gypsies. They'll steal us blind.

(Phoebus, entranced by Esmeralda's dancing, drops a few coins into the hat on the ground. Soon, a boy on top of the wall whistles. Everything comes to a halt, and all scramble for cover. As Djali grabs the hat, coins fly everywhere. He runs, and Esmeralda runs out to grab the money. As she's gathering the change, the guards arrive.)

Guard 1: All right, gypsy, where'd ya get the money?

Esmeralda: For your information, I earned it.

Guard 1: Gypsies don't earn money.

Guard 2: You steal it?

Esmeralda: You'd know a lot about stealing!

Guard 1: Troublemaker!

Guard 2: Maybe a day in the stocks will cool you down.

(She fights them, and eventually escapes. As the guards begin to chase, Phoebus blocks them with Achilles, and they fall to the ground. Guard 1 is in the right spot, and...)

Phoebus: Achilles! Sit!

(Achilles does as he is told, and sits on top of Guard 1.)

Phoebus: Oh, dear, I'm sorry. Naughty horse, naughty! He's just impossible! Really, I can't take him anywhere.

Guard 1: Get this thing off me!

Guard 2: (Approaching Phoebus) I'll teach you a lesson, peasant!

(He whips out a small dagger, to which Phoebus pulls out his shining sword.)

Phoebus: You were saying...Lieutenant?

(Guard 2 realises who it is.)

Guard 2: Oh, Captain! At your service, sir!

(Phoebus sheathes his sword, then bends down to Guard 1.)

Phoebus: I know you have a lot on your mind right now, but...the Palace of Justice?

(Cut to the guards making a path for Captain Phoebus. As he walks, he sees some coins on the ground. He picks them up and drops them in the hat of an old man sitting on the street. After he passes, the "old man" pulls his hood down to reveal Djali sitting on Esmeralda's head. She looks at him curiously. Phoebus is trying to move through the crowd, but Achilles is refusing to come along.)

Phoebus: Come on, boy. Achilles! Heel!

(We zoom into the Palace of Justice, and end up in the dungeon, where a guard in the next room is whipping a prisoner, as Frolo listens. Phoebus enters)

Frolo: Guard!

Guard: Sir?

Frolo: Ease up. Wait between lashes. Otherwise the older sting

will dull him to the new.

Guard: Yes, sir.

(Frollo turns to Phoebus.)

Frollo: Ah, so this is the gallant Captain Phoebus, home from the wars.

Phoebus: Reporting for duty, as ordered, sir.

Frollo: Your service record precedes you, Phoebus. I expect nothing but the best from a war hero of your calibre.

Phoebus: And you shall have it, sir. I guarantee it.

Frollo: Yes. You know, my last captain of the guard was, um, a bit of a disappointment to me.

(A whip crack and a scream interrupt Frollo. Phoebus appears startled at the crack.)

Frollo: Well, no matter. I'm sure you'll whip my men into shape.

Phoebus: Uh, thank you, sir, uh, very, uh, trem--uh, a tremendous honour, sir.

Frollo: You come to Paris in her darkest hour, Captain. It will take a firm hand to save the weak-minded from being so easily misled.

Phoebus: Misled, sir?

Frollo: Look, Captain--gypsies. The gypsies live outside the normal order. Their heathen ways inflame the peoples' lowest instincts, and they must be stopped.

Phoebus: (A bit surprised) I was summoned from the wars to capture fortune tellers and palm readers?

Frollo: Oh, the real war, Captain, is what you see before you. For twenty years, I have been taking care of the gypsies, one...by...one.

(On each of the last three words, Frollo crushes one of three ants on a tile. He flips the tile over, revealing scores of ants scurrying around underneath.)

Frollo: And yet, for all of my success, they have thrived. I believe they have a safe haven, within the walls of this very city. A nest, if you will. They call it the Court of Miracles.

Phoebus: What are we going to do about it, sir?

(Frollo slams the tile back down upside down, and turns it, crushing the remainder of the ants.)

Phoebus: You make your point quite vividly, Captain.

Frollo: You know, I like you captain. Shall we?

(He begins to leave, when the crowd below begins to cheer loudly.)

Frollo: Oh, duty calls. Have you ever attended a peasant festival, Captain?

Frollo: Not recently, sir.

Frollo: Then this should be quite an education for you. Come along.

(We descend to ground level, and see Quasimodo climbing down the side of the cathedral. He wanders into the crowd, as an oncoming group of people begin to sing.)

People: COME ONE! COME ALL!
LEAVE YOUR LOOMS AND MILKING STOOLS
COOP THE HENS AND PEN THE MULES!
COME ONE! COME ALL!
CLOSE THE CHURCHES AND THE SCHOOLS!
IT'S THE DAY FOR BREAKING RULES!
COME AND JOIN THE FEAST...OF...

Clopin: FOOLS!

ONCE A YEAR WE THROW A PARTY HERE IN TOWN
ONCE A YEAR WE TURN ALL PARIS UPSIDE DOWN
EVERY MAN'S A KING AND EVERY KING'S A CLOWN
ONCE AGAIN, IT'S TOPSY TURVY DAY!

IT'S THE DAY THE DEVIL IN US GETS RELEASED
IT'S THE DAY WE MOCK THE PRIG AND SHOCK THE PRIEST
EVERYTHING IS TOPSY TURVY AT THE FEAST OF FOOLS!

(Quasimodo is working his way through the crowd, but he can't escape Clopin, who seems to be singing to Quasimodo.)

Crowd: TOPSY TURVY!

Clopin: EVERYTHING IS UPSY-DAISY!

Crowd: TOPSY TURVY!

Clopin: EVERYONE IS ACTING CRAZY
DROSS IS GOLD AND WEEDS ARE A BOUQUET
THAT'S THE WAY ON TOPSY TURVY DAY!

(Quasimodo, having joined a chorus line of dancers, is shoved away, through a curtain and comes crashing into the dressing tent of Esmeralda.)

Esmeralda: Hey! Are you all right?

Quasimodo: I didn't mean to...I'm sorry.

Esmeralda: You're not hurt, are you? Here, here, let's see.

Quasimodo: No, no, no!

(Esmeralda tries to pull the hood away from Quasi's face, and he is unsuccessful at stopping her. Djali, upon seeing Quasi's face, sneers. Esmeralda, however, doesn't flinch.)

Esmeralda: There. See, no harm done. Just try to be a little more careful.

Quasimodo: I--I--I will.

(He starts to leave.)

Esmeralda: By the way, great mask!

(As Quasi exits, we return to the celebration outside.)

Crowd: TOPSY TURVY!

Clopin & Crowd: BEAT THE DRUMS AND BLOW THE TRUMPETS!

Crowd: TOPSY TURVY!

Clopin & Crowd: JOIN THE BUMS AND THIEVES AND STRUMPETS
STREAMING IN FROM CHARTRES TO CALAIS

Clopin: SCURVY KNAVES ARE EXTRA SCURVY
ON THE SIXTH OF "JANUERVY"

Clopin & Crowd: ALL BECAUSE IT'S TOPSY TURVY DAY!

(As Judge Claude Frolo, Phoebus, and the guards enter the scene, Clopin jumps onstage to present Esmeralda.)

Clopin: COME ONE! COME ALL!
HURRY, HURRY, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
SEE THE MYSTERY AND ROMANCE
COME ONE! COME ALL!
SEE THE FINEST GIRL IN FRANCE
MAKE AN ENTRANCE TO ENTRANCE
DANCE LA ESMERALDA...DANCE!

(On the last word, Clopin disappears in a puff of smoke, and Esmeralda appears in his place. She proceeds to perform a sultry dance.)

Frolo: (To Phoebus) Look at that disgusting display.

Phoebus: (Enthusiastically) Yes, sir!

(She continues to dance. She pulls out a handkerchief and wraps it around Frolo's head playfully, using it to pull him closer. She moves in to kiss him, but jumps away at the last moment. Frolo yanks the handkerchief off his head.)

Clopin: And now, ladies and gentlemen, the piece de resistance!

HERE IT IS, THE MOMENT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
HERE IT IS, YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S IN STORE!
NOW'S THE TIME WE LAUGH UNTIL OUR SIDES GET SORE!

NOW'S THE TIME WE CROWN THE KING OF FOOLS!

You all remember last year's king!?!)

(Last year's king, carried on the shoulders of the crowd, belches loudly)

Clopin: SO MAKE A FACE THAT'S HORRIBLE AND FRIGHTENING
MAKE A FACE AS GRUESOME AS A GARGOYLE'S WING

(Hugo is watching from far above)

Hugo: Hey!

Clopin: FOR THE FACE THAT'S UGLIEST WILL BE THE KING OF FOOLS!
WHY?

Crowd: TOPSY TURVY!

Clopin: UGLY FOLKS, FORGET YOUR SHYNESS!

Crowd: TOPSY TURVY!

Clopin: YOU COULD SOON BE CALLED YOUR HIGHNESS!

Crowd: PUT YOUR FOULEST FEATURES ON DISPLAY
BE THE KING OF TOPSY TURVY DAY!

(Clopin has been pulling contestants onto the stage. Esmeralda pulls Quasimodo to the stage. Esmeralda works her way down the line, ripping off masks and revealing the ugly faces underneath. The festivities continue until Esmeralda reaches Quasi. She tries to pull Quasi's mask off, but soon realises that it's not a mask.)

Man 1: That's no mask!

Woman 1: It's his face!

Woman 2: He's hideous!

Man 2: It's the bell ringer from Notre Dame!

(Quasi, realising that people are disgusted by him, is devastated. Frolo realises that the only man left standing on stage is Quasimodo. Clopin, trying to keep things festive, jumps in.)

Clopin: Ladies and gentlemen, don't panic. We asked for the ugliest face in Paris, and here he is! Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame!

(Upon hearing Clopin, the crowd once again grows festive, and Clopin crowns Quasimodo the King of Fools.)

Crowd: ONCE A YEAR, WE THROW A PARTY HERE IN TOWN
Clopin: HAIL TO THE KING!

Crowd: ONCE A YEAR, WE TURN ALL PARIS UPSIDE DOWN
Clopin: OH WHAT A KING!

Crowd: ONCE A YEAR THE UGLIEST WILL WEAR A CROWN
Clopin: GIRLS, GIVE A KISS

Crowd: ONCE A YEAR ON TOPSY TURVY DAY
Clopin: WE'VE NEVER HAD A KING LIKE THIS

All: AND IT'S THE DAY WE DO THE THINGS THAT WE DEPLORE
ON THE OTHER THREE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-FOUR
ONCE A YEAR WE LOVE TO DROP IN
WHERE THE BEER IS NEVER STOPPIN'
FOR THE CHANCE TO POP SOME POPINJAY
AND PICK A KING WHO'LL PUT THE TOP
IN TOPSY...TURVY...DAY (TOPSY TURVY)
(MAD AND CRAZY, UPSY-DAISY TOPSY TURVY DAY!)

(From above, the Gargoyles whoop and cheer, while down on the ground, the crowd chants "Quas-i-mod-o!" To the side, Guards 1 and 2 are watching.)

Guard 2: You think he's ugly now? Watch this!

(He throws a tomato at Quasi, hitting him square in the face. The crowd quickly goes quiet.)

Guard 2: Now that's ugly!

Guard 3: (Mockingly) Hail to the king!

(He throws another tomato. Soon, Quasi is being pelted with produce of all kinds. Shouts come from all directions. Quasi is soon lassoed and tied down on a rotating platform. He is spun around, as onlookers continue their torment. He sees Frollo watching and shouts for help.)

Quasimodo: Master! Master, please! Help me!

(Phoebus has seen enough.)

Phoebus: Sir, request permission to stop this cruelty.

Frollo: In just a moment, Captain. A lesson needs to be learned here.

(As soon as he's said this, the crowd gasps and goes silent. Phoebus and Frollo look up to the stage and see Esmeralda ascending the steps. She kneels next to Quasimodo.)

Esmeralda: Don't be afraid. I'm sorry. This wasn't supposed to happen.

Frollo: You! Gypsy girl! Get down at once!

Esmeralda: Yes, your honour. Just as soon as I free this poor creature.

Frollo: I forbid it!

(She whips out a knife and cuts the ropes holding Quasi.)

Frollo: How dare you defy me!

Esmeralda: You mistreat this poor boy the same way you mistreat my people. You speak of justice, yet you are cruel to those most in need of your help.

Frollo: Silence!

Esmeralda: Justice!

Frollo: Mark my words, gypsy. You will pay for this insolence.

Esmeralda: Then it appears we've crowned the wrong fool. The only fool I see is you!

Frollo: Captain Phoebus! Arrest her.

(Phoebus motions for his guards to move in and arrest Esmeralda. They surround the stage.)

Esmeralda: Now, let's see. (Counting the guards) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten of you, and one of me. What's a poor girl to do?

(She begins to cry, then disappears in an explosion of smoke.)

Frollo: Witchcraft!

(From another location)

Esmeralda: Oh, boys! Over here!

(She leads the guards on a wild chase. At one point, she knocks a large cage containing an old prisoner to the ground. It goes rolling away, until it comes to a stop and the lock breaks open. He steps out.)

Old Prisoner: I'm free, I'm free!

(He trips and falls into the stockade, which closes and locks.)

Old Prisoner: Dang it.

(Meanwhile, Esmeralda continues to evade the guards. At one point, she and Djali jump on top of the crowd, which carries them away to safety. Two guards attempt the same move, and the crowd quickly moves away. She grabs a helmet from one of the guards, and throws it like a frisbee. It hits three guards and knocks them out, before almost chopping Phoebus' head off.)

Phoebus: What a woman!

(Two guards on horseback are chasing Esmeralda. As she leaps over Frollo's stand, someone throws the guards a staff. Each holding onto an end, the horizontal staff slices through Frollo's stand, sending him diving for cover. Esmeralda ascends to the top of a stand, then promptly disappears.)

Frollo: (To Phoebus) Find her, Captain! I want her alive!

Phoebus: Yes, sir. Seal off the area, men. Find the gypsy girl,
and do not harm her!

(Frollo has ridden over to Quasimodo. He hangs his head low.)

Quasimodo: (Whispering) I'm sorry, master. I will never disobey you
again.

(He moves to the entrance to the cathedral as the rain begins to fall.
He goes in, then slowly closes the door to his freedom. Dissolve
forward in time to Phoebus and the guards searching for Esmeralda. She
is disguised, again with Djali as the old man. She sneaks into the
church. Phoebus sees her and recognises who it is. He follows her in
alone. As he comes up behind her, she turns and grabs his sword.)

Esmeralda: You!

(She forces him to the floor, holding him there with the tip of his
sword at his chin.)

Phoebus: Easy, easy--I just shaved this morning.

Esmeralda: Oh, really? You missed a spot.

Phoebus: All right, all right. Just calm down. Just give me a
chance to apologise.

Esmeralda: For what?

(As she lets down her guard for a split second, Phoebus grabs the sword
from her hands and turns it on her.)

Phoebus: That, for example.

Esmeralda: You sneaky son of a--

Phoebus: Ah, ah, ah! Watch it--you're in a church.

(She has picked up a staff with candles on top)

Esmeralda: Are you always this charming, or am I just lucky?

(She swings the staff at Phoebus, who blocks it with his sword. They
fight.)

Phoebus: (Between Esmeralda's swings) Candlelight...privacy...
music. Can't think of a better place for hand-to-hand
combat! You fight almost as well as a man!

Esmeralda: Funny. I was going to say the same thing about you.

Phoebus: That's hitting a little below the belt, don't you think?

Esmeralda: No. This is.

(She swings one end of the staff at Phoebus' crotch. He blocks it with
his sword. She quickly hits him in the face with the other end of the
staff. He shakes it off.)

Phoebus: Touche!

(Djali butts him in the chest.)

Phoebus: I didn't know you had a kid.

Esmeralda: Well, he doesn't take kindly to soldiers.

(The fighting has subsided.)

Phoebus: Eh, I noticed. Permit me. I'm Phoebus. It means "sun god." And you are?

Esmeralda: Is this an interrogation?

Phoebus: It's called an introduction.

Esmeralda: You're not arresting me?

Phoebus: Not as long as you're in here. I can't.

Esmeralda: You're not at all like the other soldiers.

Phoebus: Thank you.

Esmeralda: So, if you're not going to arrest me, what do you want?

Phoebus: I'd settle for your name.

Esmeralda: Esmeralda.

Phoebus: It's beautiful. Much better than Phoebus, anyway.

(As they gaze into each other's eyes, neither notices Frolo and guards approaching.)

Frolo: Good work, Captain! Now, arrest her.

(Phoebus still has his back to Frolo.)

Phoebus: (Whispering to Esmeralda) Claim sanctuary.

(She looks at him oddly.)

Phoebus: Say it!

Esmeralda: You tricked me!

Frolo: I'm waiting, Captain.

Phoebus: I'm sorry, sir. She claims sanctuary. There's nothing I can do.

Frolo: Then drag her outside at--

(The archdeacon has entered)

Archdeacon: Frolo! You will not touch her! (To Esmeralda, whom he as approached) Don't worry. Minister Frolo learned

years ago to respect the sanctity of the church.

(Frollo and the guards turn to leave. Frollo ducks around a pillar and doubles back. As the remainder of the people have passed, Frollo jumps out, grabs Esmeralda's arm and twists it behind her. He whispers into her ear.)

Frollo: You think you've outwitted me, but I am a patient man, and gypsies don't do well inside stone walls.

(He pauses, then breathes deeply, smelling Esmeralda's hair.)

Esmeralda: What are you doing?

Frollo: I was just imagining a rope around that beautiful neck.

(Frollo caresses her neck, but she pulls away.)

Esmeralda: I know what you were imagining.

Frollo: Such a clever witch. So typical of your kind, to twist the truth to cloud the mind with unholy thoughts. Well, no matter. (He begins to leave.) You've chosen a magnificent prison, but it is a prison nonetheless. Set one foot outside, and you're mine!

(He exits, pulling the door shut behind him. She rushes over to another door, only to find guards outside.)

Guard: Frollo's orders! Post a guard at every door.

(She slams it shut. Djali comes back to her.)

Esmeralda: One thing, Djali--if Frollo thinks he can keep us here, he's wrong.

Archdeacon: Don't act rashly, child. You created quite a stir at the festival. It would be unwise to arouse Frollo's anger further.

Esmeralda: You saw what he did out there, letting the crowd torture that poor boy. I thought if just one person could stand up to him, then... (she sighs.) What do they have against people who are different, anyway?

Archdeacon: You can't right all the wrongs in this world by yourself.

Esmeralda: No one out there's going to help, that's for sure.

Archdeacon: Perhaps there's someone in here who can.

(He gracefully motions towards the inside of the church, then exits. Esmeralda moves into the church.)

Esmeralda: I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN HEAR ME
OR IF YOU'RE EVEN THERE
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU WOULD LISTEN
TO A GYPSY'S PRAYER

YES, I KNOW I'M JUST AN OUTCAST
I SHOULDN'T SPEAK TO YOU
STILL I SEE YOUR FACE AND WONDER
WERE YOU ONCE AN OUTCAST TOO?

GOD HELP THE OUTCASTS
HUNGRY FROM BIRTH
SHOW THEM THE MERCY THEY DON'T FIND ON EARTH

GOD HELP MY PEOPLE
WE LOOK TO YOU STILL
GOD HELP THE OUTCASTS, OR NOBODY WILL.

(She walks through the church slowly, as the shadows of those walking past her float over her.)

Parishioners: I ASK FOR WEALTH
I ASK FOR FAME
I ASK FOR GLORY TO SHINE ON MY NAME
I ASK FOR LOVE I CAN POSSESS
I ASK FOR GOD AND HIS ANGELS TO BLESS ME!

(Esmeralda is slowly moving to the light streaming through a giant stained glass window. Meanwhile, upstairs, Quasi has heard Esmeralda's voice, and has come downstairs to watch her.)

Esmeralda: I ASK FOR NOTHING
I CAN GET BY
BUT I KNOW SO MANY LESS LUCKY THAN I

PLEASE HELP MY PEOPLE
THE POOR AND DOWNTROD
I THOUGHT WE ALL WERE THE CHILDREN OF GOD

GOD HELP THE OUTCASTS, CHILDREN OF GOD.

(She finishes her song in the centre of the light from the window. Meanwhile, a parishioner has spotted Quasi.)

Man: (Shouting) You! Bell ringer! What are you doing down here!?!

(Startled, Quasi jumps and knocks over a candlestaff.)

Man: (Continues shouting) Haven't you caused enough trouble already?

(Quasi runs off to his staircase. Esmeralda gives chase.)

Esmeralda: Wait! I want to talk to you.

(Quasi comes out the top of the staircase, followed by Esmeralda and Djali. The 'goyles watch from above.)

Laverne: Look! He's got a friend with him.

Hugo: Yeah, maybe today wasn't a total loss after all.

Victor: A vision of loveliness!

Hugo: The one in the dress ain't bad either.

(Quasi reaches his room, where the 'goyles greet him.)

Hugo: Quasi!

Victor: Congratulations!

Hugo: Got the girls chasing you already!

Quasimodo: Actually, I--

Victor: You mustn't run too fast, or she'll get away!

Quasimodo: Yes, ah, ah, ah, I know. That's what--

Hugo: Give her some slack, then reel her in, then give her some slack, then reel her in, then give her some slack--

Laverne: Knock it off, Hugo--she's a girl, not a mackerel.

(Esmeralda finally enters, and the 'goyles go stone.)

Esmeralda: Here you are. I was afraid I'd lost you.

Quasimodo: Yes. Um, well, I uh, I have chores to do. It was, uh, nice...seeing...you...again. Ohh...

Esmeralda: No, wait!

(Djali is examining Hugo. He briefly comes to life, makes kissing faces at Djali, then goes back to stone. Djali is confused.)

Esmeralda: (Giving chase to the once again fleeing Quasimodo) I'm really sorry about this afternoon. I had no idea who you were. I would never in my life had...pulled...you...up on the...stage.

(She slows down as she reaches Quasimodo's room, with its dangling glass mobile and model of the city. She is in awe.)

Esmeralda: What is this place?

Quasimodo: This is where I live.

Esmeralda: Did you make all these things yourself?

Phoebus: Most of them.

(She fingers the mobile.)

Esmeralda: This is beautiful. If I could do this, you wouldn't find me dancing in the streets for coins.

Quasimodo: But you're a wonderful dancer.

Esmeralda: Well, it keeps bread on the table, anyway. What's this?

Quasimodo: Oh, no, please oh, I'm not finished--I still have to paint them...

Esmeralda: (in surprise) The blacksmith, and the baker. You're a surprising person, Quasimodo. Not to mention lucky. All this room to yourself.

Quasimodo: Well, it's not just me--there's the gargoyles, and of course the bells. Would you like to see them?

Esmeralda: Yes, of course. Wouldn't we, Djali?

(Djali, who has been munching on an unpainted figure, slurps it into his mouth.)

Quasimodo: Follow me. I'll introduce you.

(Up in the bell tower)

Esmeralda: Never knew there were so many.

Quasimodo: That's Little Sophia, and...(quickly) Jean Marie, Ann Marie, and Louise Marie. Triplets, you know.

Esmeralda: And who's this?

Quasimodo: Big Marie.

(From under Big Marie, Esmeralda shouts a "Hello!", which echoes and resonates richly.)

Quasimodo: She likes you. Would you like to see more?

Esmeralda: How 'bout it, Djali?

(Djali, under Big Marie, belches loudly, which in turn echoes and resonates richly.)

Esmeralda: We'd love to.

Quasimodo: Good. I've saved the best for last!

(Quasi and Esmeralda proceed outside to a beautiful view of Paris and the Seine.)

Esmeralda: I bet the king himself doesn't have a view like this! I could stay up here forever.

Quasimodo: You could, you know.

Esmeralda: No, I couldn't.

Quasimodo: Oh, yes, you have sanctuary!

Esmeralda: But not freedom. Gypsies don't do well inside stone walls.

Quasimodo: But you're not like other gypsies. They're...evil.

Esmeralda: Who told you that?

Quasimodo: My master, Frolo. He raised me.

Esmeralda: How could such a cruel man have raised someone like you?

Quasimodo: Cruel?!? Oh, no. He saved my life. He took me in when no one else would. I am a monster, you know.

Esmeralda: He told you that?

Quasimodo: Look at me.

Esmeralda: Give me your hand.

(She takes his hand and looks at his palm.)

Quasimodo: Why?

Esmeralda: Just let me see. (Tracing his palm lines with her finger) Hmm, a long life line...oh, and this one means you're shy. Hmm. Hmm, hmm, hmm...well, that's funny...

Quasimodo: What!

Esmeralda: I don't see any.

Quasimodo: Any what?

Esmeralda: Monster lines. Not a single one. Now you look at me. Do you think I'm evil?

Quasimodo: No, no, no! You are kind, and good, and--

Esmeralda: --and a gypsy. And maybe Frolo's wrong about the both of us.

(Below, the 'goyles are straining to listen in.)

Hugo: What did she say?!?

Laverne: Frolo's nose is long, and he wears a truss.

Hugo: Hah! Told ya! (To Victor) Pay up!

(Victor hands him a gold coin. Back to the rooftop.)

Quasimodo: You helped me. Now I will help you.

Esmeralda: But there's no way out. There's soldiers at every door.

Quasimodo: We won't use a door.

Esmeralda: You mean...climb down?

Quasimodo: Sure. You carry him (motions to Djali), I carry you.

Esmeralda: Okay. Come on Djali.

(Djali hops into her arms.)

Quasimodo: Ready?

Esmeralda: Yes.

Quasimodo: Don't be afraid.

Esmeralda: I'm not afraid.

(Quasi leaps over the edge and holds on to a gargoyle head.)

Esmeralda: Now I'm afraid.

Quasimodo: The trick is not to look down.

(Quasi begins swinging down the exterior of the cathedral.)

Esmeralda: You've done this before?

Quasimodo: No.

(Quasi finally stops on a slanted roof.)

Esmeralda: Wow. You're quite an acrobat.

Quasimodo: Thank you--

(His words are cut short as the tile they're on breaks free and they begin to slide down the roof as if they were on a sled. They're able to jump off their sled just before it goes sailing off into the air. It lands a few blocks away. The guards on the ground hear the crash and go off to investigate.)

Guard 4: Check the alley!

Guard 5: This way!

(As guards pass, Quasi, Esmeralda and Djali hide as part of a statue. When the coast is clear, they speak again.)

Quasimodo: I hope I didn't scare you.

Esmeralda: Not for an instant.

(Djali groans as his heart is only just now beginning to beat again.)

Quasimodo: I'll never forget you, Esmeralda.

Esmeralda: Come with me.

Quasimodo: What?!?

Esmeralda: To the Court of Miracles. Leave this place.

Quasimodo: Oh, no. I'm never going back out there again. You saw what happened to me today. No. This is where I belong.

Esmeralda: All right, then I'll come to see you.

Quasimodo: What? Here? But, the soldiers, and Frolo, and...

Esmeralda: I'll come after sunset.

Quasimodo: At sunset, I ring the evening mass, and after that, I clean the kooisters, and then I ring the vespers, and--

(Esmeralda gives Quasimodo a little peck on the cheek.)

Quasimodo: --Whatever's good for you.

(Esmeralda pulls a talisman off her neck and hands it to Quasi.)

Esmeralda: If you ever need sanctuary, this will show you the way.

Quasimodo: But how?

Esmeralda: Just remember: When you wear this woven band, you hold the city in your hand.

(Djali bleats as the guards are returning.)

Quasimodo: Hurry! You must go!

(Esmeralda swings down a rope to the ground and runs off into the dark. Quasimodo climbs back up to his tower. As soon as he reaches the ledge, Phoebus appears.)

Phoebus: Hi there. I'm looking for the gypsy girl. Have you seen her?

(Quasimodo gets very angry at the sight of a guard. He takes a swing.)

Phoebus: Whoa, whoa! Easy!

Quasimodo: No soldiers! Sanctuary! Get out!

Phoebus: Wait! All I wanted was to--

Quasimodo: Go!

Phoebus: I mean her no harm!

Quasimodo: Go!

(Quasi grabs a torch and begins swinging it at Phoebus. Phoebus backs off, but Quasi continues to swing. Backed down the stairs, Phoebus finally draws his sword and swings, pinning the torch against the wall. Quasimodo has grabbed Phoebus by the chest.)

Phoebus: You tell her from me, I didn't mean to trap her here, but it was the only way to save her life. Will you tell her that? (No response.) Will you?

Quasimodo: If you go. Now!

Esmeralda: I'll go. Now, will you put me down, please?

(We cut to a longer shot to reveal that Quasi has been holding Phoebus several feet off the floor. Quasi sets Phoebus down. Phoebus starts to leave, then turns to say something.)

Phoebus: Oh. And one more thing. Tell Esmeralda she's very lucky.

Quasimodo: Why?

Phoebus: To have a friend like you.

(Exit Phoebus. Quasi returns to his room and the gargoyles.)

Hugo: Hey hey! There he is!

Victor: You ejected that tin-plated baboon with great panache!

Hugo: The nerve of him! Snooping around here trying to steal your girl.

Quasimodo: My girl?

Laverne: Esmeralda. Dark hair, works with a goat. Remember?

Hugo: Boy, I do! Way to go, loverboy!

Quasimodo: Loverboy!?! Oh, no, no...

Laverne: Oh, don't be so modest.

Quasimodo: Look. I appreciate what you're all trying to do, but let's not fool ourselves. Ugliest face in all Paris, remember? I don't think I'm her type.

(The gargoyles slowly melt into the background as Quasimodo begins to sing.)

SO MANY TIMES OUT THERE
I'VE WATCHED A HAPPY PAIR
OF LOVERS WALKING IN THE NIGHT.
THEY HAD A KIND OF GLOW AROUND THEM
IT ALMOST LOOKED LIKE HEAVEN'S LIGHT.

I KNEW I'D NEVER KNOW
THAT WARM AND LOVING GLOW
THOUGH I MIGHT WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT
NO FACE AS HIDEOUS AS MY FACE
WAS EVER MEANT FOR HEAVEN'S LIGHT

BUT SUDDENLY AN ANGEL HAS SMILED AT ME
AND KISSED MY CHEEK WITHOUT A TRACE OF FRIGHT

I DARE TO DREAM THAT SHE
MIGHT EVEN CARE FOR ME
AND AS I RING THESE BELLS TONIGHT
MY COLD DARK TOWER SEEMS SO BRIGHT
I SWEAR IT MUST BE HEAVEN'S LIGHT!

(As Quasimodo rings the bells, we see a group of monks in the ground level of the cathedral. We fly over Paris toward the Palace of Justice. As we do, we can see isolated lights going out occasionally. We eventually end up in the firelit bedchamber of Frollo.)

Frollo: BEATTA MARIA
YOU KNOW I AM A RIGHTEOUS MAN
OF MY VIRTUE, I AM JUSTLY PROUD

BEATTA MARIA
YOU KNOW I'M SO MUCH
PURER THAN THE COMMON, VULGAR, WEAK, LICENTIOUS CROWD

THEN TELL ME, MARIA, WHY I SEE HER
DANCING THERE,
WHY HER SMOLDERING EYES STILL SCORCH MY SOUL

(As Frollo sings, the flames in the fireplace take the form of a dancing Esmeralda, dancing for Frollo's pleasure.)

LIKE FIRE, HELLFIRE
THIS FIRE IN MY SKIN
THIS BURNING DESIRE
IS TURNING ME TO SIN!

(The walls of the room and the flames suddenly become a row of judges, all dressed in red robes. Frollo is terrified.)

IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
I'M NOT TO BLAME!
IT IS THE GYPSY GIRL
THE WITCH WHO SENT THIS FLAME
IT'S NOT MY FAULT
IF, IN GOD'S PLAN,
HE MADE THE DEVIL SO MUCH STRONGER THAN A MAN!

PROTECT ME, MARIA!
DON'T LET THIS SIREN CAST HER SPELL
DON'T LET HER FIRE SEAR MY FLESH AND BONE
DESTROY ESMERALDA
AND LET HER TASTE THE FIRES OF HELL
OR ELSE LET HER BE MINE AND MINE ALONE!

(The room returns to normal as a guard pounds on the door, then enters.)

Guard 6: Minister Frollo, the gypsy has escaped.

Frollo: What!?!

Guard 6: She's nowhere in the cathedral. She's gone.

Frollo: But how, and...never mind. Get out, you idiot! I'll find her. I'll find her if I have to burn down all of Paris!

HELLFIRE, DARK FIRE
NOW GYPSY IT'S YOUR TURN!
CHOOSE ME OR YOUR PYRE

BE MINE, OR YOU WILL BURN!

GOD HAVE MERCY ON HER
GOD HAVE MERCY ON ME

BUT SHE WILL BE MINE, OR SHE WILL BURN!

(Dissolve to morning. Frollo is exiting his carriage. Waiting for him is Phoebus.)

Phoebus: (To Guards) Attention! (To Frollo) Morning, sir.

(Frollo moans.)

Phoebus: Are you feeling all right?

Frollo: I had a little trouble with the fireplace.

Phoebus: I see. Your orders, sir?

Frollo: Find the gypsy girl.

(Fast music, cut to troops ransacking a home, eventually finding a group of gypsies hidden in a trap door. They gypsies are lined up outside, with Frollo looking down at them.)

Frollo: Ten pieces of silver for the gypsy Esmeralda.

(He shoves a handful of coins out, but there are no takers.)

Frollo: (To Guards) Lock them up!

(We now watch Frollo's men push a carriage into the Seine. As it begins to sink, gypsies come floating to the surface. Once again, they're lined up, with Frollo surveying them.)

Frollo: Twenty pieces of silver for the gypsy Esmeralda!

(Again, no takers.)

Frollo: (To Guards) Take them away!

(Cut to a house with a large windmill. Frollo's guards have found gypsies there. Frollo is interrogating the miller. Music lower.)

Frollo: We found this gypsy talisman on your property. Have you been harbouring gypsies?

Miller: Our home is always open to the weary traveler. Have mercy, my lord.

Frollo: I am placing you and your family under house arrest until I get to the bottom of this. If what you say is true, you are innocent and you have nothing to fear.

Miller: But we are innocent, I assure you! We know nothing of these gypsies!

(Frollo pulls their door shut, then bars it shut with a guard's staff.)

He turns to Phoebus.)

Frollo: Burn it.

Phoebus: What!?!?

Frollo: Until it smolders. These people are traitors and must be made examples of.

(Frollo hands him a torch.)

Phoebus: With all due respect, sir, I was not trained to murder the innocent.

Frollo: But you were trained to follow orders.

(Phoebus takes the torch and douses it in a bucket of water.)

Frollo: Insolent coward.

(Frollo grabs another torch and touches the flame to the windmill. The entire structure is quickly engulfed in flame. Phoebus crashes through the window and brings the family outside to safety. As the building continues to burn, guards grab Phoebus.)

Frollo: The sentence for insubordination is death. Such a pity-- you threw away a promising career.

Phoebus: Consider it my highest honour, sir.

(Frollo raises a spear and is about to kill Phoebus, when Phoebus kicks Frollo's horse. The horse bucks, and Frollo is thrown off. Phoebus escapes the guards, hops on Frollo's horse and is off.)

Frollo: Hit him! And don't hit my horse!

(As Phoebus rides off, he is showered with arrows. One of them goes through his shoulder, and he falls off the horse, off the bridge that he's riding over, and into the river. A volley of arrows follow him in. Esmeralda, who has witnessed the entire spectacle in disguise, gasps.)

Frollo: Don't waste your arrows. Let the traitor rot in his watery grave! Find the girl! If you have to burn the city to the ground, so be it!

(Esmeralda runs down the hill to the river, keeping under cover. She wades into the water, then dives under. She comes back up with the unconscious Phoebus. She pulls him out of the water as we dissolve to a long shot of Paris burning. Frollo is approached by a guard.)

Guard 7: Sir! We've looked everywhere, and still no sign of the gypsy girl.

Frollo: I had the entire cathedral surrounded, guards at every door. There was no way she could have escaped, unless...

(He looks up to the cathedral's bell tower, and Quasimodo's home. In the tower, the 'goyles talking.)

Laverne: Oh, it doesn't look good.

Victor: It's hopeless. Absolutely hopeless.

(Cut to Hugo playing cards with a pigeon)

Hugo: You're telling me! I'm losing to a bird!

Victor: Oh, that poor gypsy girl. I'm beginning to fear the worst.

Laverne: I know, but, now, don't you say anything to upset Quasimodo. He's worried enough already.

Hugo: Yeah, you're right. We'd better lighten up.

Victor: Shh, shh, shh! Here he comes!

Laverne: Now just stay calm.

Victor: Not a word.

Hugo: Easy does it.

Victor: Stone faced.

(Enter Quasimodo)

Quasimodo: Any sign of her?

(Victor quickly breaks up)

Victor: Oh, it's a lost cause! She could be anywhere! In the stocks, in the dungeon, on the rack! (Begins to cry)

Laverne: Nice work, Victor.

Quasimodo: No, he's right. What are we going to do?

Hugo: What are you guys talking about? If I know Esmeralda, she's three steps ahead of Frollo, and well out of harm's way!

(On "Esmeralda", Hugo shows a Queen from his deck of cards. On "three", he shows a 3, and on "Frollo", he shows a joker.)

Quasimodo: Do you really think so?

Hugo: Hey, when things cool off, she'll be back. You'll see.

Quasimodo: What makes you so sure?

Laverne: Because she likes you. We always said you were the cute one.

Hugo: I thought I was the cute one!

Laverne: No, you're the fat, stupid one with the big mouth!

Laverne: What are you saying, exactly?

Laverne: Take it from us, Quasi. You've got nothing to worry about.

Hugo: Yeah, you're irresistible.

Victor: Knights in shining armour certainly aren't her type.

Hugo: And those guys are a dime a dozen. But you? You're one of a kind. Look...

PARIS, THE CITY OF LOVERS IS GLOWING THIS EVENING
TRUE, THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S ON FIRE,
BUT STILL, THERE'S L'AMOUR.

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IN THE NIGHT
HER HEART IS ALSO ALIGHT
AND I KNOW THE GUY SHE JUST MIGHT BE BURNING FOR...

A GUY LIKE YOU, SHE'S NEVER KNOWN, KID
A GUY LIKE YOU A GIRL DOES NOT MEET EVERY DAY!
YOU'VE GOT A LOOK THAT'S ALL YOUR OWN, KID
COULD THERE BE TWO?

Laverne/Victor: LIKE YOU?

'Goyle: NO WAY!

Hugo: THOSE OTHER GUYS THAT SHE COULD DANGLE
ALL LOOK THE SAME FROM EVERY BORING POINT OF VIEW
YOU'RE A SURPRISE FROM EVERY ANGLE
MON DIEU ABOVE, SHE'S GOTTA LOVE A GUY LIKE YOU!

Victor: A GUY LIKE YOU GETS EXTRA CREDIT
BECAUSE, IT'S TRUE, YOU'VE GOT A CERTAIN SOMETHING MORE!

Hugo: YOU'RE ACES, KID

Laverne: YOU SEE THAT FACE, YOU DON'T FORGET IT

Laverne/Victor: WANT SOMETHING NEW?

Hugo: THAT'S YOU

'Goyle: FOR SURE!

Laverne: WE ALL HAVE GAPPED AT SOME ADONIS

Victor: BUT THEN WE CRAVE A MEAL MORE NOURISHING TO CHEW

Hugo: AND SINCE YOU'RE SHAPED LIKE A CROISSANT IS

'Goyle: NO QUESTION OF SHE'S GOTTA LOVE A GUY LIKE YOU!

(A distinct slowdown in the music finds Laverne sitting on top of a piano.)

Laverne: CALL ME A HOPELESS ROMANTIC

BUT QUASI, I FEEL IT

Victor: SHE WANTS YOU SO
ANY MOMENT SHE'LL WALK THROUGH THAT DOOR

(Hugo comes through the door dressed as Esmeralda)

Hugo: FOR...

Hugo: A GUY SO SWELL

Laverne/Victor: A GUY LIKE YOU

WITH ALL YOU BRING HER

I TELL YOU, QUASI

A FOOL COULD TELL

THERE NEVER WAS

IT'S WHY SHE FELL

ANOTHER, WAS HE?

FOR YOU KNOW WHO

FROM KING TO SERF TO

THE BOURGEOISIE

YOU RING THE BELL THEY'RE ALL A SECOND STRINGER

'Goyles: YOU'RE THE BELL RINGER!

WHEN SHE WANTS OOH-LA-LA

THEN SHE WANTS YOU-LA-LA

SHE WILL DISCOVER, GUY,

YOU'RE ONE HECK OF A GUY,

WHO WOULDN'T LOVE A GUY LIKE YOU?

Hugo: YOU GOT A LOT, THE REST HAVE NOT
SO SHE'S GOTTA LOVE A GUY LIKE YOU!

Esmeralda: Quasi? Quasimodo!?

(They turn and see Esmeralda enter.)

Quasimodo: Esmeralda?!? Esmeralda! You're all right! I knew you'd
come back.

Esmeralda: You've done so much for me already, my friend, but I must
ask your help one more time.

Quasimodo: Yes, anything.

(She brings in the unconscious body of Phoebus.)

Esmeralda: This is Phoebus. He's wounded, and a fugitive like me.

He can't go on much longer. I knew he'd be safe here.

Please, can you hide him?

Quasimodo: This way.

(They lay Phoebus down on Quasi's bed. He moans gently and comes to.)

Phoebus: Esmeralda?

Esmeralda: Shh, shh, shh. You'll hide here until you're strong
enough to move.

(She pulls out a flask of alcohol.)

Phoebus: Great. I could use a drink.

(She pours it on his wound, and he cries out in pain.)

Phoebus: Ah, yes! Hmmm! Feels like a 1470 burgundy. Not a good year.

Esmeralda: That family owes you their lives. You're either the single bravest soldier I've ever seen, or the craziest.

Phoebus: Ex-soldier, remember? Why is it, whenever we meet, I end up bleeding?

Phoebus: You're lucky. That arrow almost pierced your heart.

Esmeralda: I'm not so sure it didn't.

(They move closer and closer, then kiss. Quasimodo, in the background, turns away sad.)

Quasimodo: I KNEW I'D NEVER KNOW
THAT WARM AND LOVING GLOW
THOUGH I MIGHT WISH WITH ALL MY MIGHT
NO FACE AS HIDEOUS AS MY FACE
WAS EVER MEANT FOR HEAVEN'S LIGHT.

(Djali, looking out the window, begins to bleat excitedly. Quasi rushes to the window.)

Quasimodo: (To Esmeralda) Frolo's coming. You must leave. Quick, follow me! Go down the south tower steps.

Esmeralda: Be careful, my friend. Promise you won't let anything happen to him.

Quasimodo: I promise.

Esmeralda: Thank you.

(She and Djali leave. The 'goyles come back to life.)

Laverne: Quick, we gotta stash the stiff!

(They hurriedly drag Phoebus' body off the bed and underneath the table with Quasi's models on it. He hurriedly tries to set his models straight as Frolo enters. He feigns surprise.)

Quasimodo: Oh, master, I didn't think you'd be coming--

Frolo: I'm never too busy to share a meal with you, dear boy. I brought a little treat.

(He clears his throat slightly, and Quasi realises he hasn't set the table. He rushes off to grab the dishes, and is obviously flustered, dropping and breaking things.)

Frollo: Is there something troubling you, Quasimodo?

Quasimodo: No. No!

Frollo: Oh, but there is. I know there is.

(Frollo has pulled out a bunch of grapes. One falls to the floor, near Phoebus. Quasi cautiously picks it up.)

Frollo: I think...you're hiding something.

Quasimodo: Oh, no, master. There's nothing--

Frollo: You're not eating, boy.

(He quickly gobbles a handful of grapes.)

Quasimodo: (Mumbling through the food) It's very good. Thank you.

(Phoebus moans. Quasi moans similarly, indicating he enjoys the food. Phoebus sighs louder. Quasi kicks him, knocking him out, then pretends to cough to cover up the noise.)

Quasimodo: Seeds.

Frollo: (Looking at the models) What's different in here?

Quasimodo: Nothing, sir.

Frollo: Isn't this one new? (Picks up the Esmeralda figure)
It's awfully good. Looks very much like the gypsy girl.
I know. (A nasty look creeps across his face as his
voice rises) You helped her escape!

Quasimodo: But I--

Frollo: And now, all Paris is burning because of you!

Quasimodo: She was kind to me, master.

(Frollo smashes the table and its setting)

Frollo: You idiot! That wasn't kindness, it was cunning! She's a gypsy! Gypsies are not capable of real love! Think, boy! Think of your mother!

(Frollo takes a moment to recompose himself.)

Frollo: But what chance could a poor, misshapen child like you have against her heathen treachery? Well, never you mind, Quasimodo. She will be out of our lives soon enough. I will free you from her evil spell. She will torment you no longer.

Quasimodo: What do you mean?

Frollo: I know where her hideout is, and tomorrow, at dawn, I attack with a thousand men.

(He exits, and Phoebus emerges.)

Phoebus: We have to find the Court of Miracles, before daybreak.
If Frollo gets there first...are you coming with me?

Quasimodo: I can't.

Phoebus: I thought you were Esmeralda's friend.

Quasimodo: Frollo's my master. I can't disobey him again.

Phoebus: She stood up for you. You've got a funny way of showing
gratitude.

(He pauses, while Quasi turns away.)

Phoebus: Well, I'm not going to sit by and watch Frollo massacre
innocent people. You do what you think is right.

(He turns and leaves.)

Quasimodo: (To the 'goyles) Look. What am I supposed to do? Go
out there and rescue the girl from the jaws of death, and
the whole town will cheer like I'm some sort of hero?
She already has her knight in shining armour, and it's
not me. Frollo was right. Frollo was right about
everything. I'm tired of trying to be something I'm not.

(Laverne hands him a coat.)

Quasimodo: I must be out of my mind!

(At ground level, Phoebus is exiting the cathedral. No sooner has he
stepped outside, than Quasi hops in front of him.)

Quasimodo: Phoebus! (Phoebus shouts out in surprise) I'm coming
with you!

Phoebus: I'm glad you changed your mind.

Quasimodo: I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for her.

Phoebus: You know where she is?

Quasimodo: No, but she said this would help us find her.

(Quasi pulls out the talisman and hands it to Phoebus.)

Phoebus: Good, good, good! Ahhh. Great! (Examines it.) What is
it?

Quasimodo: I'm not sure.

Phoebus: Hmm. Must be some sort of code. Maybe it's Arabic. No,
no, it's not Arabic. Maybe it's ancient Greek...

Quasimodo: (whispering to himself) When you wear this woven band,
you hold the city in your hand.

Phoebus: What?

Quasimodo: It's the city!

Phoebus: What are you talking about?

Quasimodo: It's a map! (Points to the centre) See, here's the cathedral, and the river, and this little...

Phoebus: I've never seen a map that looks like this and...

(They both talk at once, ending at the same time.)

Quasimodo: ...and this is it!

Phoebus: ...and this is not it!

(They both breathe deeply, then Phoebus gives in.)

Phoebus: All right, okay. You say it's a map, fine, it's a map.
If we're going to find Esmeralda, we have to work together. Truce?

(He slaps Quasi on the back.)

Quasimodo: Well...okay.

(Quasi slaps Phoebus back. Phoebus winces from the pain. They start off.)

Quasimodo: Sorry.

Phoebus: No you're not.

(Dissolve to a single light entering a graveyard. They approach a central grave, with a symbol on it.)

Phoebus: This looks like the symbol on the map.

Quasimodo: But what does it mean?

Phoebus: Hmm. I'm not sure. I can make out an inscription, but it's going to take a few minutes to translate it.

(Quasi pushes the lid off the grave, revealing a staircase going down.)

Phoebus: Yes, well, or we could just go down those stairs.

(They end up in a partially flooded chamber, lined with skeletons.)

Quasimodo: Is this the Court of Miracles?

Phoebus: Offhand, I'd say it's the Court of Ankle Deep Sewage.
Must be the old catacombs.

(As they proceed, they fail to notice three of the skeletons rise behind them.)

Phoebus: Cheerful place. Kinda makes you wish you got out more

often, eh Quasi?

Quasimodo: Not me. I just want to warn Esmeralda and get back to the bell tower. I don't want to get in any more trouble.

Phoebus: Speaking of trouble, we should have run in to some by now.

Quasimodo: What do you mean?

Phoebus: You know, a guard, a booby trap...

(And their torch blows out, leaving them in darkness.)

Phoebus: ...or an ambush.

(Suddenly, the chamber is fully lit, and they're surrounded by skeletons. They force them to their knees in front of a now unmasked Clopin.)

Clopin: Well, well, well. What have we here?

Skeleton 1: Trespassers!

Skeleton 2: Spies!

Phoebus: We are not spies!

Quasimodo: Can't you listen--

(They're both gagged.)

Clopin: Don't interrupt me! You're very clever to have found our hideaway. Unfortunately, you won't live to tell the tale.

(They are led into a complete underground town, teeming with gypsies.)

Clopin/Gypsies: MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF A TERRIBLE PLACE
WHERE THE SCOUNDRELS OF PARIS COLLECT IN A LAIR
MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF THAT MYTHICAL PLACE
CALLED THE COURT OF MIRACLES.

Clopin: HELLO, YOU'RE THERE!

Gypsies: WHERE THE LAME CAN WALK
AND THE BLIND CAN SEE

Clopin: BUT THE DEAD DON'T TALK
SO YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO REVEAL WHAT YOU'VE FOUND!

Clopin/Gypsies: WE HAVE A METHOD FOR SPIES AND INTRUDERS
RATHER LIKE HORNETS PROTECTING THEIR HIVE

Clopin: HERE IN THE COURT OF MIRACLES

Clopin/Gypsies: WHERE IT'S A MIRACLE IF YOU GET OUT ALIVE!

(Quasi and Phoebus have been taken up to a platform, where nooses are placed around their necks.)

Clopin: Gather around, everybody! There's good "noose" tonight!

(The gypsies laugh.)

Clopin: It's a double header, a couple of Frolo's spies!

(The crowd boos.)

Clopin: And not just any spies! His captain of the guard, and his loyal, bell ringing henchman!

Clopin: JUSTICE IS SWIFT IN THE COURT OF MIRACLES
I AM THE LAWYERS AND JUDGE ALL IN ONE
WE LIKE TO GET THE TRIAL OVER WITH QUICKLY
BECAUSE IT'S THE SENTENCE THAT'S REALLY THE FUN!

(Clopin is about to pull the handle to drop the floor out from underneath Quasi and Phoebus.)

Clopin: Any last words? (Phoebus and Quasi mumble through their gags) That's what they all say!

NOW THAT WE'VE SEEN ALL THE EVIDENCE--

Puppet: WAIT! I OBJECT!

Clopin: OVERRULED!

Puppet: I OBJECT!

Clopin: QUIET!

Puppet: DANG.

Clopin: WE FIND YOU TOTALLY INNOCENT...
WHICH IS THE WORST CRIME OF ALL!

Clopin/Gypsies:SO YOU'RE GOING TO HANG!

(Clopin starts to pull the handle, but stops at Esmeralda's shout)

Esmeralda: Stop!

Quasi/Phoebus: (Muffled) Esmeralda!

Esmeralda: These men aren't spies--they're our friends!

(Esmeralda removes the nooses and gags.)

Clopin: Why didn't they say so!?!

Quasi/Phoebus: We did say so!

Esmeralda: (Points at Phoebus) This is the soldier that saved the miller's family, (Points at Quasi) and Quasimodo helped me escape the cathedral.

Phoebus: (Shouts to crowd) We came to warn you! Frolo's coming!
He says he knows where you're hiding, and he's attacking
at dawn with a thousand men.

Esmeralda: Then let's waste no time! We must leave immediately!

(Gypsies begin running everywhere, beginning to pack up. Esmeralda
moves close to Phoebus.)

Esmeralda: You took a terrible risk coming here. It may not exactly
show, but we're grateful.

(As she moves closer, Phoebus sees Quasi's depressed look.)

Phoebus: Don't thank me. Thank Quasimodo. Without his help, I
would never have found my way here.

(Quasi's face brightens up, but only for a moment.)

Frolo: Nor would I!

(Frolo and his men appear in the doorway. Soldiers surround the people
and take the gypsies into custody.)

Frolo: After twenty years of searching, the Court of Miracles is
mine at last. (To Quasi) Dear Quasimodo, I always knew
you would someday be of use to me.

Esmeralda: What are you talking about?

Frolo: Why, he led me right to you, my dear.

Esmeralda: You're a liar!

Frolo: And look what else I've caught in my net--Captain
Phoebus, back from the dead. Another miracle, no doubt.
I shall remedy that. (To all) There will be a little
bonfire in the square tomorrow, and you're all invited to
attend. (To guards) Lock them up.

Quasimodo: No, please, master.

Frolo: Take him back to the bell tower, and make sure he stays
there.

(Dissolve to morning, where a huge crowd has gathered to watch the
burning of Esmeralda, who is on a pyre. Frolo stands next to her.
Gypsies watch from cages. As the archdeacon comes out to see what is
happening, guards block him off.)

Frolo: The prisoner Esmeralda has been found guilty of the crime
of witchcraft. The sentence: death!

(Cheers go up from the crowd.)

Frolo: (Leans close to Esmeralda) The time has come, gypsy.
You stand upon the brink of the abyss. Yet even now, it
is not too late. I can save you from the flames of this
world, and the next. Choose me, or the fire.

(She spits in his face.)

Frollo: The gypsy Esmeralda has refused to recant. This evil witch has put the soul of every citizen of Paris in mortal danger...

(His voice trails off as we fly up to the chained Quasimodo.)

Hugo: Come on, Quasi! Snap out of it!

Victor: Your friends are down there!

Quasimodo: It's all my fault.

Laverne: You gotta break these chains!

Quasimodo: I can't. I tried. What difference would it make?

Victor: But you can't let Frollo win!

Quasimodo: He already has.

Hugo: So, you're giving up? That's it?

Laverne: These chains aren't what's holding you back, Quasimodo.

Quasimodo: Leave me alone.

(The 'goyles finally give up, and move away.)

Hugo: Okay. Okay, Quasi, we'll leave you alone.

Victor: After all, we're only made of stone.

(Victor and Hugo turn to stone.)

Laverne: We just thought maybe you were made of something stronger...

(Laverne turns to stone. Quasi sees Esmeralda below, about to be burned at the stake. He begins to pull at the chains.)

Frollo: ...for justice, for Paris, and for her own salvation! It is my shameful duty to send this poor girl back where she belongs!

(He touches the torch to the pyre, starting the fire.)

Quasimodo: No!!!!!!

(He begins to pull harder and harder. The bells begin to quietly ring as he shakes the very building, ripping out pillars of stone. Finally he is freed. He races off and grabs a rope. Leaping off the edge of the cathedral, he lassos a gargoyle and rappels down the side of the building. Finally, he's close enough. He jumps off, flies out over the crowd and lands on the platform. He quickly breaks Esmeralda's ropes. A trio of guards come at him, but Quasi grabs a torch and swings it at them, scaring them off. He grabs the rope and climbs back to the top of

the building.)

Frollo: Quasimodo!

(He reaches the top of the building and stands in front of the giant stained glass window. He holds Esmeralda's body high above his head.)

Quasimodo: Sanctuary!! Sanctuary!! Sanctuary!!

(The crowd cheers. Frollo is not pleased.)

Frollo: Captain!

Guard 1: Sir?

Frollo: Seize the cathedral!

(Back to the top, Quasi has brought the still unconscious Esmeralda into the bedroom. He lies her down on the bed.)

Quasimodo: Don't worry. You'll be safe here.

(Quasi leaps down, then grabs a beam of wood and throws it at the advancing soldiers on the ground. They scurry like ants.)

Frollo: Come back, you cowards! (To guards at Phoebus' cage)
You men! Pick up that beam! Break down the door!

(The men oblige Frollo, leaving only Guard 2. Phoebus grabs him around the neck from inside the cage.)

Phoebus: Alone at last!

(He bonks the guard on the head, and as Guard 2 falls to the ground, he grabs the keys to the lock. The guards, meanwhile, have begun battering the door. Phoebus unlocks himself, then leaps on top of the cage.)

Phoebus: Citizens of Paris! Frollo has persecuted our people,
ransacked our city! Now he has declared war on Notre
Dame herself! Will we allow it?!?

Crowd: No!!!

(As the crowd begins to break loose the gypsies, the guards continue their assault. Soon, the crowd swarms around the door.)

Hugo: I think the cavalry's here!

Quasimodo: (Sees Phoebus) Hey! Isn't that--

Hugo: Feeble!

Laverne: Doofus!

Quasimodo: Phoebus!

(The crowds continue to fight. Quasi continues to drop things on the advancing troops. Victor drops a brick, landing square on a guard's head.)

Victor: Sorry! Sorry!

(Hugo throws a rock in his mouth, then chomps it up, flies around like a bomber, ending up on the ledge. He begins spitting out pebbles like a machine gun. Meanwhile, Frolo is supervising the guards at the door.)

Guard: Harder!

(As the fighting continues, a guard breaks the lock off the stockade. The old prisoner is once again free.)

Old Prisoner: I'm free! I'm free!

(He steps into a hole labeled "Mon Sewer".)

Old Prisoner: Dang it!

(A grappling hook reaches Quasimodo. He grabs it, then pulls the rope tight. Three guards smash into the building. Meanwhile, Victor and Hugo are building a catapult. They finally are finished and ready to fire.)

Victor: Ready...aim...fire!

(They push the catapult off the ledge, sending it crashing to the ground. Soldiers scatter as it hits.)

Victor: Are you sure that's how it works?

(The catapult, upside down, springs, sending the cart bottom on top of some soldiers.)

Hugo: Works for me!

(More fighting. Once again, Guard 1 is defeated by Phoebus, and he ends up behind Achilles.)

Phoebus: Achilles! Sit!

(And the horse obeys. Cut to Laverne, sending the birds to attack, ala "The Wizard of Oz.")

Laverne: Fly, my pretties! Fly! Fly!

(The guards continue to work on the door.)

Guard: Put your backs into it!

(Meanwhile, Victor is using Hugo as a bellows to warm up the fire on the lead pot. Quasi attaches a rope to it, then dumps it over, sending fire pouring out of the tower and onto the scattering guards below. The guards battering the door run, but Frolo manages to get inside the cathedral safely. As he does, the archdeacon runs up to him.)

Archdeacon: Frolo, have you gone mad? I will not tolerate this assault on the house of God!

(He shoves the archdeacon to the ground.)

Frollo: Silence, you old fool! The hunchback and I have unfinished business to attend to. And this time, you will not interfere.

(He closes the door and locks it from the inside. Upstairs, Quasi bursts into the bedroom jubilantly.)

Quasimodo: We've done it, Esmeralda! We've beaten them back! Come and see!

(She doesn't move.)

Quasimodo: Esmeralda? Wake up! You're safe now.

(He pauses, but still nothing.)

Quasimodo: Esmeralda? Oh, no!

(He gets a spoonful of water, and tries to make her drink it. She doesn't.)

Quasimodo: Oh no.

(He begins to cry. Frollo enters and touches Quasi on his hump.)

Quasimodo: You killed her.

Frollo: It was my duty, horrible as it was. I hope you can forgive me. There, there, Quasimodo, I know it hurts. But now, the time has come to end your suffering.

(We see that Frollo has a dagger. As Frollo raises it to stab him, Quasi sees the shadow of the dagger. He turns and struggles with Frollo only briefly, before wresting the dagger from Frollo's hands and backing him into a corner.)

Frollo: Now, now, listen to me, Quasimodo.

Quasimodo: No, you listen! All my life you have told me the world is a dark, cruel place. But now, I see that the only thing dark and cruel about it is people like you!

(He throws away the dagger.)

Esmeralda: Quasimodo?

(He turns and sees Esmeralda sitting on the bed.)

Quasimodo: Esmeralda!

Frollo: She lives!

(Frollo grabs a sword.)

Quasimodo: No!

(He grabs Esmeralda and runs out onto the balcony. Frollo follows, but when he gets outside, he sees nothing but gargoyles (including a Pumbaa

'goyle). After looking left and right, he looks out over the edge and finds Quasi hanging there with Esmeralda.)

Frollo: Leaving so soon?

(He swings his sword, but Quasi dodges the blow by swinging to another spot. Down on the ground, the guards stop to watch.)

Guard: Up there!

(Frollo goes to swing again.)

Quasimodo: Hang on!

(Quasi swings off again, just narrowly missing Frollo's sword. Finally, Frollo gets Quasi cornered.)

Frollo: I should have known you'd risk your life to save that gypsy witch. Just as your own mother died trying to save you.

Quasimodo: What!?!

Frollo: Now I'm going to do what I should have done twenty years ago!

(He swings his cape, covering Quasi's head. But as he tries to throw Quasi off the balcony, the panicking Quasi pulls Frollo off as well. Now Frollo is hanging onto Quasi, who is hanging onto Esmeralda. Frollo throws his cape around another gargoyle, and pulls himself over. He stands up and is about to swing at Esmeralda.)

Frollo: And He shall smite the wicked and plunge them into the fiery pit!

(The gargoyle, however, begins to crack. Frollo is thrown off balance, and hangs onto the gargoyle's head. Suddenly, the 'goyle comes to life and roars. Frollo screams, and the now stone gargoyle breaks off, sending Frollo falling to his death. Meanwhile, Esmeralda is losing her grip on Quasimodo.)

Esmeralda: Quasimodo! Quasi!

(He slips loose and begins to fall.)

Esmeralda: No!!!

(He falls right along the building, close enough for Phoebus to catch him several floors below and pull him back into the building. When Quasi sees who has caught him, he and Phoebus hug. Esmeralda comes running in. After Esmeralda hugs him, he takes Esmeralda's hand and Phoebus' hand, and puts them together. They kiss, and Quasi smiles broadly. Cut to ground level, where Phoebus and Esmeralda emerge into the light. As the crowd cheers, Esmeralda turns back to the open doorway. She comes back and leads out Quasimodo. The crowd goes silent. Soon, a little girl cautiously comes forward from the crowd. She looks at him, then pets his face. They then hug, and Quasi picks her up and put her up on his shoulder. The crowd begins to cheer. As he moves into the crowd, they do not move away as before. The 'goyles

are above, breaking out the champagne.)

Clopin: Three cheers for Quasimodo!!

(The crowd breaks into loud cheering.)

Clopin: SO...

HERE IS A RIDDLE YOU NEVER CAN GUESS
SING THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME!
WHAT MAKES A MONSTER, AND WHAT MAKES A MAN?
SING THE BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS...

WHATEVER THEIR PITCH, YOU CAN HEAR THEM BEWITCH YOU,
THE RICH AND THE RITUAL KNELLS,
OF THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME!

(A long pullout, as we see the crowd following Quasi, then the 'goyles looking over them. Birds have once again covered Laverne.)

Laverne: Don't you ever migrate?

(We continue to pull out, until the entire city is in view. Fade to black. The end.)