

QUASIMODO

Today is the Feast of Fools!

STATUE

Quasimodo, why don't you try going down there?

QUASIMODO

Yes, but... you know I've never gone outside.

GARGOYLE

You can leave anytime you want.

STATUE

Master won't allow it.

QUASIMODO

Last year, he said, "Someday... maybe."

GARGOYLE

He always says "someday" – never "today"!

STATUE

Besides, you shouldn't have to ask for permission to go outside. Just put one foot in front of the other...

QUASIMODO, STATUES, GARGOYLES

And sneak out!

QUASIMODO

I can't!

FROLLO

(offstage)

Quasimodo...?

(enters carrying a basket with breakfast for QUASIMODO)

Good morning, Quasimodo.

QUASIMODO

Morning, master...

[NOTE: When QUASIMODO speaks to humans – as opposed to expressing his inner thoughts to the STATUES and GARGOYLES – he speaks haltingly and with much effort.]

FROLLO

Were you talking to someone?

QUASIMODO

N-no. Just my – friends.

FROLLO

Ah. Your friends. And what are your friends made of?

QUASIMODO

Stone.

FROLLO

And can stones talk back?

QUASIMODO

N-no...

FROLLO

That's right. What kind of a conversation is that? It takes two people to communicate, my boy.

(looks at QUASIMODO with a mix of disdain and affection)

And who is that other person for you?

QUASIMODO

You, master.

FROLLO

Right again.

(pulls a piece of bread from the basket and offers it to QUASIMODO)

Corpus Christi.

QUASIMODO

Amen.

FROLLO

(offers QUASIMODO wine from a small goblet)

Sanguis Christi.

QUASIMODO

Amen.

FROLLO

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.

(reaching into the basket)

I've brought you a special treat this morning. Strawberry?

(FROLLO holds one out. QUASIMODO goes to grab it.)

Ah, ah, ah. Self-control, Quasimodo. It's important to master the art.

(QUASIMODO carefully takes the strawberry from FROLLO.)

And of manners, too.

QUASIMODO

Th-thank you, master.

(QUASIMODO devours the strawberry.)

FROLLO

Shall we tell today's story?

QUASIMODO

(eagerly)

Yes, yes!

FROLLO

Stories from our home's beautiful statues. And we were up to...

QUASIMODO

Flight into Egypt!

FROLLO

That's right. And what do you remember about that story?

QUASIMODO

J-J-Joseph fled to Egypt—

FROLLO

With his wife Mary and...?

QUASIMODO

B-baby J-Jesus...

FROLLO

Yes, and who hid them? Who protected them?

QUASIMODO

Saint Aphro— Aphro—

FROLLO

Aphrodisius. Saint Aphrodisius—as I have hidden and protected you.

#2F – Fanfare

(A sound of trumpets and commotion is heard offstage. FROLLO sighs.)

(FROLLO)

Ah, well, I suppose I must stop stalling. Look at them down there... like horrible vermin scuttling about. And all to see the Gypsies sing and dance!

QUASIMODO

Gypsies...? You told me Gypsies are not allowed to... sing and dance.