

From the full length play:
The Hunchback of Notre Dame
Adapted from Victor Hugo By Tracy Wells

QUASIMODO, *a disfigured young man who's spent his life living in a bell tower*

QUASIMODO

(Turning from the window and looking up at the bells.)

She's gone, Gabrielle. The most beautiful, most kind-hearted woman I have ever known.

(Crosses to another bell and rings it.)

They brought her, dressed in white, to the hangman's noose and there she met her fate.

(Looks out the window again.)

To me, she looked like an angel, floating on the breeze.

(Stops ringing bells, thoughtfully.)

That's how I will choose to remember her—as an angel.

(Looking down, sadly.)

As *my* angel.

(Starts to ring another bell.)

Sing out your mournful song for her Guillaume. Maybe she will hear you in the heavens.

(Starts to ring another bell.)

You too, Hollo. Ring out loud and long.

(Looking up into the bells.)

Pasquier you shall remain quiet today. Your song is too joyful and sweet. Today is not the day for such emotions. Today is only for sadness and solemnity. Today we mourn the death of Esmeralda.

(Rings bells, then stops suddenly and turns to the window.)

Tell me, Thibault, why did my master turn her over to the King's Guard. I thought he loved her! How could he do something so cruel?

(Stops and thinks, picking up the King of Fools crown.)

Or is he a cruel man? I didn't think so—not for all these years. But then I met Esmeralda, who showed me what kindness really is. Now when I think of my master...I'm not so sure. Maybe I really am the King of Fools.

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