

FROLLO

So, a Gypsy dares to enter this holy place.

ESMERALDA

Why not?

FROLLO

Because your kind aren't allowed in here.

ESMERALDA

Why do you hate us so much? What did we ever do to you?

FROLLO

More than you know. What are you doing here?

ESMERALDA

I came here to find that boy. It was my fault he got up on the stage in the first place.

FROLLO

That boy isn't your concern. He is my charge. God loves even a monster.

ESMERALDA

He's no less human than the rest of us.

FROLLO

Some of us are less human than others. In the moral sense.

ESMERALDA

Do you mean me?

FROLLO

You dance in public without shame or modesty.

ESMERALDA

I dance because I enjoy it. Others enjoy it, too, and give me money.

FROLLO

As they would a woman of ill repute! Do you also deny possessing black magic?

ESMERALDA

If I had the power of magic, why wouldn't I use it to help myself and my people?

FROLLO

(stares at ESMERALDA, mesmerized)

You are clever. You twist the truth just as you twist your body in dance.

ESMERALDA

(looks at FROLLO, softening her tone)

Your Grace ... there must be some charity inside you. If you've helped that boy, then surely you can extend that kindness to others almost as unfortunate? How you would wish others to treat you, could you not treat them?

FROLLO

(struck)

Our Lord Jesus himself said something very similar.

(gestures)

You see Him on the cross there gazing down at us?

FROLLO

My dear. Do you feel as uncomfortable as you look?

ESMERALDA

I wouldn't give you the pleasure.

FROLLO

It brings me no pleasure. I would much rather set you free.

ESMERALDA

Then why don't you?

FROLLO

Because for that, I would need you to make me a promise. You see, I still want to help you. I still believe your soul can be saved.

ESMERALDA

Not in the way you would save it. I'd rather die.

FROLLO

And what about Phoebus, your Sun God? Would you rather he die, as well?

ESMERALDA

(scared)

No ...

FROLLO

His fate lies in your hands.

ESMERALDA

Why me? I don't understand. Why me, of all people... ?

FROLLO

(simply)

I don't know why. I wish I knew. Sometimes we are drawn to the very things that repel us ...

ESMERALDA

You truly are a monster.

FROLLO

No. No, indeed, Esmeralda. If these last few weeks have shown me anything ... it is that my curse is I'm truly human. Take pity on me. I have deserted myself! You don't know what my love for you is! It is fire. It is hot lead.

QUASIMODO

(nervous)
Yes, master.

FROLLO

Don't stray too far!

(QUASIMODO exits.)

Filling the boy's head with dreams?

ESMERALDA

No. Just thoughts. Nothing wrong with thoughts, is there?

FROLLO

That depends. You can see how impressionable he is. Little more than a child.

ESMERALDA

Looking at him, I don't see a child.

(FROLLO is drawn closer to ESMERALDA.)

FROLLO

But you are. In a way. You indicated a willingness to learn. A soul who wishes to be saved is already halfway there. I could instruct you in the gospels, share with you our Lord's grace. You could come here every day. Or even better, perhaps you could stay here.

ESMERALDA

Stay?

FROLLO

In the Cathedral. With me.

ESMERALDA

I don't think that would be a good idea.

FROLLO

No?

ESMERALDA

I see the way you look at me.

(FROLLO stares at ESMERALDA, aghast. It's as if a switch has been turned on in him.)

FROLLO

How dare you!

#12 \ - How Dare You

(FROLLO)

Your soul is so unclean you can't imagine goodness in others. I should have known no Gypsy would truly want to be saved.

ESMERALDA*(cooler)*

I don't think I'm in need of saving.

FROLLO*(hardening)*

Of course not. Your kind never do.

*(calls down)*Captain!*(pause)*

I could be a good friend to you. But I warn you: I could also be a terrible enemy.

PHOEBUS*(offstage)*

Your Grace?

FROLLO

Escort this Gypsy out of the church. And see that she never sets foot here again. If she does, she'll be arrested.

(QUASIMODO enters as ESMERALDA exits.)

Quasimodo... that Gypsy girl—

QUASIMODO

She— was nice to me.

FROLLO

Was she? And what do you know about people and their feelings, my boy?

QUASIMODO

Feelings? I... nothing.

FROLLO

Quasimodo, do you ever have thoughts... impure thoughts?

QUASIMODO

Impure?