Beast Audition:

Polly: Good morning master.

Beast: What's so good about it? It's just another day as a monstrous beast.

Polly: It's no good moping deary; you must keep your spirits high.

Beast: How can I? This castle is all I know. Not to mention it's in a state – and what's that awful stench? It appears to be coming from this string of garlic.

(The Beast heads towards the garlic and the audience shout for Pierre)

(Pierre enters stage left)

Beast: Pierre! What is this garlic doing here?

Pierre: All in good time!

Beast: And what does a beast need to do to get a decent breakfast in his own castle?

Polly: Sorry master, what do you fancy?

Beast: I'll have a burnt sausage, undercooked chips, a greasy egg and cold beans.

Polly: I couldn't possibly serve you that!

Beast: You did yesterday!

Spick: You got that right. Your cooking is terrible Polly! Your beef wellington tastes like wellington boots.

Span: Your cottage pie taste of actual cottages.

Pierre: And as for your Toad in the Hole.

Polly: Yes – alright, Pierre.

Beast: Oh forget it, I'll order a Dominos instead!

(Belle enters)

Beast: Who dares to trespass here?

Belle: Excuse me – I didn't mean to intrude…

Beast: I am the master of this castle. Begone stranger!

Polly: She's no stranger. This is our dear friend, Belle.

Belle: I mean you no harm. I came here to escape trouble.

(The Beast reveals himself)

Beast: Well it looks like you've *found* trouble instead.

Belle: ***(Startled, after a pause)*** You're…

Beast: What – hideous? Repulsive? Ugly?

Belle: Not what I was expecting, that's all. I would never say such horrid things.

Beast: And you think you can just barge in here uninvited?

Belle: I was hoping to stay here with my friends.

Beast: You'll stay here, alright. As my prisoner.

Polly: Please, master!

Belle: Your prisoner? Have you no kindness in your heart?

Beast: My servants will make you feel right at home – in the dungeon!

(Sometime later)

Belle: Thank you for showing me your library. It's been so nice to read again.

Beast: It's my way of an apology. I've been so brash and unfair. I hope you can forgive me.

Belle: These past few days you've been nothing but kind. I no longer feel like a prisoner, but a guest.

Beast: ***(After a pause)*** Belle?

Belle: Yes?

Beast: I wonder if I may have a second chance to invite you to join me for dinner?

Belle: I'd be delighted.

Beast: Is that a yes?

Belle: You seem surprised.

Beast: Pleasantly surprised. Well then, I'll have Polly serve up the finest cuisine.

Belle: I look forward to it. ***(She goes to leave and turns back)*** Thank you.