Belle Audition:

Belle: Hello everyone. My name is Belle and I live here in this quiet little village in France. When I say quiet, I mean quiet. There's no excitement or adventure around here. There's not even WiFi. It's no wonder I always have my head stuck in a book. But anything's better than having to endure the company of the town sleaze ball, Gaston. He's vain, arrogant and as stuck up as Piers Morgan. ***(Looking off)*** And as with every morning, he's bang on cue to pester me.

Gaston: (Noticing Belle) Well, ding-dong. If it isn't Bella.

Belle: I think you'll find it's Belle.

Gaston: Ah yes, it certainly has a ring to it. Speaking of a ring… *(He calls)* Le-Fool!

Le-Fool: Sorry Gaston.

Gaston: As I was saying, speaking of a ring - isn't it time *we* tied the knot?

Belle: Marry *you?* Good one Gaston, I couldn't think of anything worse.

Gaston: ***(Striking a pose)*** How can you resist getting hitched to this?

Le-Fool: Just think, you could both be the next Tom Holland and Zendaya

Belle: Forget it Gaston. Why don't you try your luck elsewhere?

Gaston: (Referencing audience) You expect me to flirt with this riff-raff? None of these mediocre maidens compare to the likes of you.

Belle: I'm sure there are plenty of other girls you can date.

Gaston: I suppose I could ask the girl at the gym – you know, the one with one leg longer than the other.

Belle: One leg longer than the other? Who's that?

Gaston: Eileen.

Le-Fool: Or you could ask the bar maid at Biggies if she can unstick her feet off the floor!

Gaston: I bet you don't know this fact, there's another maid who can balance eight pints of lager on her head.

Belle: Who's that?

Gaston: Beatrix (*Beer trix)*

Le-Fool: Or perhaps her sister. *She* can balance eight pints of lager on her head while playing snooker.

Belle: And what do they call her?

Le-Fool: Beatrix (*Beer trix)* Potter.

Belle: I don't care who you date – so long as it's not me.

Gaston: You may be playing hard to get now, but it won't be long before you're fawning over me like the rest of these ladies. ***(To an audience member)*** Don't worry baby, I know you're sad that I'm going – **(Turns to go)** but I know you love to watch me leave!

(Gaston exits, emphasising his backside as he leaves)(chorus leaves upstage left & right)

Gaston: *(Calling)* Le-Fool!

Le-Fool: Coming Gaston

(Le-Fool exits mimicking Gaston's walk as he leaves stage right with sisters behind him ad libbing who will be the one for Gaston)

Belle: What a creep. But enough of Gaston, I'd better go and find my best friend Pierre – I can always rely on him to cheer me up. See you later everyone.