**READING: Belle & Gaston**

GASTON: Hello…Belle

BELLE: Bonjour, Gaston

*(She keeps going, but he moves over to block her way.*

Excuse me*.(She goes around him…He snatches the book out of her hand.)*

Gaston. May I have my book, please?

GASTON: *(flicking through it)* How can you read this? There’s no pictures.

BELLE: Well, some people use their imagination

GASTON: Belle, it’s about time you got your head out of these books and paid attention to more important things*. (He strikes a handsome pose.)*

BELLE: Like you?

GASTON: Exactly! The whole town’s talking about it. It’s not right for a woman to read. Soon she starts getting ideas and…thinking!

BELLE: Gaston, you are positively primeval!

GASTON: Why, thank you, Belle. Whaddya say you and me take a walk over to the tavern and take a look at my trophies?

BELLE: What do you say…we don’t?

GASTON: Come on Belle, I think I know how you feel about me.

BELLE: You can’t even imagine.

*(He grabs her again. She pulls his hands away.)*

BELLE: Gaston, please! I have to get inside to help my father.

*(She turns around and heads for her cottage.)*

\*\*\*\*\* LEFOU: That crazy old fool. He needs all the help he can get!

*(Gaston and Lefou laugh heartily.)*

BELLE: Don’t talk about my father that way!

*(Gaston THUNKS Lefou on the head.)*

GASTON: Yeah! Don’t talk about her father that way!

BELLE: My father’s not crazy! He’s a genius!