

## PETER & THE STARCATCHER AUDITIONS

*Select one monologue from the following for auditions. If you are not auditioning for a singing role then select two monologues to perform. If you are auditioning for Peter & Molly- then please have two monologues prepared. It is best to memorize your monologue, and begin with a Slate (Introduce yourself with your name, title of audition piece and author, and role you are auditioning for). Please dress nicely for your audition and check in with your Stage Manager. Make sure you sign up for an audition time in front of Room #222.*

### CHARACTER MONOLOGUES

#### PETER #1

(PETER is alone with the trunk and blinded by the glare of the sun after waking up washed ashore.) So...bright. Holy - Know what that is? That must be the sun! I am feeling you, sun! (realizing how much he can see) And check-it-out!! Space. Light. Air. I'm finally FREE! (echo of FREE, FREE, FREE. This delights him.) And I'm gonna have..freedoms! Whatever I want. (A yellow bird enters suddenly and alights on his shoulder!) Whoa. Hey bird, wassup? Me? Well, let's see...Saved the world. Got a name. Not too shabby. I just - I wonder if Teddy and Prentiss made it off the ship before it sank. I mean, how weird would it be if they - (a chill up his spine, looks up) Please let them be okay. (scared now, a lost boy) Bird, we should make a pact. I don't leave you, you don't leave me. Deal? (The bird flies off.) No! Come back! I don't wanna be alone! COME BACK! (Echo of BACK, BACK, BACK. This leaves him desolate, but he tries to rally.) Hey, fine. No Molly, no Teddy, no Prentiss...so what? This is perfect. Nobody's after me with a stick. Nothing between me and the sky. I can just be a boy for a while. It's all I want anyway. (giving in to the lost feeling) I gotta get outta here!

#### PETER #2

Tell you what: You say 'sorry' so easy, like the rough patch's smoothed over, no hard feelings, and everything's fixed. Well, no. There's dark, a...a mass of darkness in the world, and if you get trapped in that cave like us, it beats you down. 'Sorry' can't fix it. Better to say nothing than sorry. (a half-forgotten mother's humming is heard, far away) When it's night, and I'm too scared to sleep, I look through the cracks, y'know?, Between the wood nailed over the window, and I see all those little stars that I can't reach, and I think that in a hundred years, or two or three hundred maybe, boys'll be free and life'll be so beautiful that nobody'll ever say 'sorry' again - cuz nobody'll have to. I think about that a lot.

#### MOLLY #1

World-class swimmer that we know me to be, I reached the island in record time! I'm awfully glad I saved the boy, even if Daddy's furious. Saving the whole world's a bit abstract for a 13- year-old; putting a human face on it makes it more jolly. Oh, this training bra is so irksome. Now, I really must fetch Daddy's trunk and bring it back to the Wasp, or my first-ever mission'll be my last. Don't worry, Peter, wherever you are! I'll find you!

#### MOLLY #2

Not you, you swot. Uch, the ego. (rewinding) And when I marry, I shall make it very clear to this person - that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if he should leave, I'll

stay a spinster and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at hospital. And I will love words for their own sake, like "hyacinth" and "Piccadilly" and "onyx." And I'll have a good old dog, and think what I like, and be part of a different sort of family, with friends, you know? - Who understand that things are only worth what you're willing to give up for them. (then) Even if I - in the face of death, I may have - you know -

### **BLACK STACHE #1**

Well, fret not, mon frere - I'm a romantic! There's a poet in these pirate veins, and so I plug into the muse. (notices his fingernails; extends his right hand to Smee for a manicure) But what to do, which style to use? Iambic? Box office poison. Haiku? SamurAI-don't-think-so! (suddenly vicious to Smee, who has filed a nail a tad too far) Mind the cuticle, Smee - (Eureka!) Hoopah! Got it! (a steely glare at ASTER) A pirate with scads of panache Wants the key to the trunk with the cash. Now, here's some advice, Tho' I seem to be nice - I'LL CUT YOU!! (brandishes a straight razor at Aster's throat) Slit you up one side 'n down the other so you can watch yer own stomach flop around on the deck. (Aster doesn't flinch) I say, Smee - you did explain to my lord that I'm a bloodthirsty outlaw?

### **BLACK STACHE #2**

They refer, of course, to THIS! The trademark nose-brush of every man, woman and child in me family, dating right back to the amoeba. Yet, for us, this face foliage has been, oh so much more than a lawn on the lip, sir. 'Tis what we are, and why we are it. And when everyone else got out of the pirate business, The Stache stuck it out, knowing one day my ship would come in. (grandly) This is the day. This is the ship. (menacingly) Now cough up that key, my lord.

### **BLACK STACHE #3**

(winsomely, to Lord Aster) Oh, to be in England, now that April's there, But whoever's not in England gets to see my facial hair. (pops a breath mint in his mouth) Now you're likely wondering, can the fellow before you be entirely evil? Can no compassion un-crease this furrowed brow? SMEE Brow. STACHE Brow. Well, fret not, mon frere - I'm a romantic! There's a poet in these pirate veins, and so I plug into the muse. (notices his fingernails; extends his right hand to Smee for a manicure) But what to do, which style to use? Iambic? Box office poison. Haiku? SamurAI-don't-think-so! (suddenly vicious to Smee, who has filed a nail a tad too far) Mind the cuticle, Smee - (Eureka!) Hoopah! Got it! (a steely glare at ASTER) A pirate with scads of panache Wants the key to the trunk with the cash. Now, here's some advice, Tho' I seem to be nice - I'LL CUT YOU!! (brandishes a straight razor at Aster's throat) Slit you up one side 'n down the other so you can watch yer own stomach flop around on the deck. (Aster doesn't flinch) I say, Smee - you did explain to my lord that I'm a bloodthirsty outlaw?

### **BLACK STACHE**

I see (then, to Aster) Perchance you think a treasure trunk sans treasure has put my piratical drawers in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I'd hope to be hip-deep in diamonds, but they're a poor substitute for what I really crave a bona fide hero to help me feel whole. For without a hero, what am I? Half villain; a pirate in part; ruthless, but toothless. And then I saw heroic old you, and I thought, "Maybe? Can it be? Is he the one I've waited for? Would he, for example, give up something precious for the daughter he loves?" But atlas, he gives up sand. Now, let's see: hero with treasure, very good. Hero with no

treasure...doable. No hero and a trunk full o' sand? Not s' much (*suddenly monstrous*) NOW, WHERE'S MY TREASURE?!?

### **BOXING ANNOUNCER (PRENTISS)**

Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for coming out on this stormy night for our featured bout! In this corner, direct from Slough by way of Despond, with the intimacy issues and the claggy knickers, it's no mother's son and no man's pal: BILL "THE RAT BASTARD" SLANK! (ALL cheer.) And in this corner, sporting his famous flavor-saver since the tender age of ten, the most fearsome pirate on the pike, all hands on deck for THE BLACK STACHE! (SMEE, alone, cheers STACHE.) This is a one-round knockout match. Kicking, spitting, and gouging is preferred. Hitting below the best is not required, though the fans tend to like it.

## **ENSEMBLE AUDITION MONOLOGUES**

### **MRS. BUMBRAKE**

(MOLLY and MRS. BUMBRAKE are crammed tightly in the "Junior Suite" - a very tiny cabin. The lonely sound of a violin wafts by.) First class ain't what it used to be. 'Course, back in my salad days, I was a green girl bringing up brats in a big, breezy brownstone in Brighton. That was a tight spot too, and hell on the household help. Especially the kitchen boy - a lovely island lad who cooked a cunning cannelloni, plus a pasta fazool to make you drool. But oh it made the master mad how the mistress moaned fer 'is manicotti. He beat that boy something brutal but the boy didn't say boo. Point is - we must button our beaks and be brave like that boy, or my name's not Betty Bumbroke! Now you might well be afraid you'll never clap eyes on your father again and it cuts me to the core, but never show that sorry Slank the slightest sniff of fear. There are men who can smell it on you, Molly, and they make you pay... (MRS. BUMBRAKE breaks down blubbering.)

### **TEACHER**

Well, well. . . nice of you to drop in. I'm Teacher—that's what I'm called. And yes, I speak English. I know your name is Peter. I know a lot of things. You don't need a raft to get home, and you don't need the Wasp. All you need is starstuff. Listen to Teacher. When you rode the trunk to this island, seawater seeped inside. Then the starstuff in the trunk enchanted the water. The the water enchanted the fish in the wake of the trunk. Then the waves washed the water right into this grotto, where I was swimmin'. The starstuff'll change you, too. It makes you what you want to be. Sky's the limit. You could even fly yourself home maybe, just like you dreamed. See? You're changing already, Peter Pan. Shouldn't you be on your way? Molly's going to beat you to that trunk.

### **PRENTISS**

Wait a minute, wait a minute, I'm the leader, and I say we got some things. The leader has to be boy. It doesn't matter how old you are! This is Ted, but I call him Tubby, 'cuz he's food obsessed. (to Ted) Yeah, you are! D'you write poems about pie? Hide beans in your blanket? Faint at the merest whisper of—(to Molly) get this— (back to Ted) sticky pudding? (watches Ted faint at the sound) Like I said, food obsessed. I'm Prentiss. I'm in charge here. Don't take him (about boy) personally. He's rude to everybody. It's why he gets beatings and why he's got no friends. He doesn't have a name. Been orphan'd too long to

remember. Gremplin calls him. . . mule! (laughs cruelly then grabs his stomach in hunger) (to Molly) Ok, You can be like temporary leader—but only ‘til we eat.

### **TED**

Your neck-thing is glowing. . .and ringing. Yes it is! (in response to Molly) Sticky Pudding! (practically fainting, then recovering himself) Tell me again what was it called, what we ate? (making a mental note to remember) Pork chops, pork salad, and pork belly pie. Mmmmmm “Pork”---beautiful word. Your neck thing! It’s ringing again! (Sees a flying cat) Ahhhh! Slank’s Cat! It’s FLYING!! (in response to Molly again) Sticky Pudding!. . . A bedtime story? What’s that? Hard to have a bedtime when you don’t have a bed. (Shrugs and settles down to listen to Molly’s story before falling asleep) (sleepily) Mmmmmm. . . . Pork.

### **FIGHTING PRAWN**

We Mollusks are no savages. I know where savagery is, boy. When I was young man, English landed here, took me to your island in chains. Many long years I serve as kitchen slave in Not-So-Great Britain. Until by kindness of fate a shipwreck brought me back to Mollusk Island. In your language, my name is Fighting Prawn. This is my son, Hawking Clam. (Chanting) My son shall one day wear this hat Once worn by British phony. I beat his eggs while he beat me. I stole his hat and walked out free The day I served him smilingly

### **SLANK**

Lock the silly cow in the Junior Suite! (The SAILORS snigger.) What’re you sniggerin’ at, y’picaroons?!? Put that trunk in my cabin! Furrow the jib an’ let fly the frammistan, or you’ll curse the day you were born! On to Rundoon, y’fungus! There’s profitable trade to be made in Rundoon! (SLANK laughs meanly.)