

Peter and the Starcatcher Audition Selections

Please prepare either one of the 11 monologues below, or one of your choice in the style of the show.

Actors are encouraged to try a British accent with their audition monologue, or be prepared to play with dialect.

1) NARRATOR ALF:

Known for its greedy appetite, slothful pace, and sense of entitlement, the dodo was fearless of people and faced no real competition - an eerie mirror of the British Empire at its colonial zenith. Of course, those same traits were responsible for the dodo's extinction = an eerie mirror of the British Empire after its colonial zenith - but thereby hangs another tale.

2) MRS. BUMBRAKE:

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 Bumbake. 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...

3) FIGHTING PRAWN:

(darkly) 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—

Yes. In your language, my name is Fighting Prawn. This is my son, Hawking Clam.

(The MOLLUSKS hail their royal family with a brief salute.)

My son shall wear this hat once worn

By my brutal British master.

For years, I was his kitchen slave.

He beat me raw, but I was brave

And one day put him in his grave

With a plate of poisoned pasta!

4) STACHE:

Hallo.

Oh, to be in England, now that April's there,

But whoever's not in England gets to see my facial hair.

Now, you're likely wondering: Can the fellow before you be entirely evil? Can no compassion un-crease this furrowed brow?

Brow.

Well, fret not, mon frère—I'm a romantic! There's a poet in these pirate veins, and so I plug into the muse.

But what to do? Which style to use? Iambic? Box office poison. Haiku? Samura-I don't-think-so!

(suddenly vicious to SMEE)

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!!! Slit you up one side 'n' down the other so ye can watch yer own stomach flop around on the deck. *(holds a straight razor to ASTER's throat, but ASTER doesn't flinch)*

I say, Smee—you did explain to my lord that I'm a bloodthirsty outlaw?

We haven't got all night, Smee. People have paid for nannies and parking. Stand aside. I'll have to do it myself, or I'm not— I'm not—

(heartbroken)

WHAT AM I??

BLACK STACHE!!

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, the 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. This is the day. This is the ship.

5) BOY:

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 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.”

(hearing his mother’s song, 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.

6) STACHE:

Perchance you think a treasure trunk sans treasure has put my piratical BVDs in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I’d hoped 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 a villain; a pirate in part; ruthless, but toothless. And then I saw 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 alas, 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 so much.

(suddenly monstrous)

NOW, WHERE’S MY TREASURE?!?

7) NARRATOR ASTER:

Such life and death decisions are generally made by the English, not for the English. Worse yet, the walls of Mister Grin’s cage are very high. Too high for any boy or girl to climb. Too dark to see the crocodile in front of your face. And those hard things the boys are sitting on - they feel like bones. All in all, it’s a bad day to be British.

8) MOLLY:

You stop that right now. I won’t answer any such question. You’re inclining toward the sentimental and that’s all well and good for a boy, but the fact is—

—we girls can’t afford to be sentimental. We must instead be strong.

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.

9) 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.

10) 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.

11)PETER:

(dreaming)

That you, Molly? I'm coming! Wait for me!

(bolts upright, awake)

Molly, wait!

(realizes, alarmed)

No, not s'posed to sleep! S'posed to be guarding the trunk, not— What if she came and—

(stands on trunk and searches horizon)

I DID WHAT YOU SAID, MOL - dragged it right up a mountain!

(silence)

Nope, no Molly.

(blinded by the glare)

So ... bright. Holy — Know what that is? That must be the sun! I'm 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!