

PETER AND THE STARCATCHER AUDITION SIDES INFORMATION

You only need to prepare one of these short monologues. You do not need to prepare more than one.

You are not auditioning for the role of the monologue you choose, as you will be considered for EVERY role in the show. Just choose the monologue you like the best for you and don't worry about the character it is for.

If there is a scene with your monologue, use the scene to help inform you about the character and purpose for the monologue, but you only need to prepare the short monologue from where it says START to where it says STOP on one of these sides. We may use entire side scenes for additional readings at auditions, but please do not feel you need to prepare more than just the short monologue in the scene. We want you to prepare this short monologue to your best ability, rather than trying to memorize everything or multiple scenes. It is a good idea to read all of the sides though, as it will help you to understand the show and characters better and at auditions you may be asked to read from any of these and for any character.

Boxing Announcer Prentiss & Lord Aster Sides READ THE AUDITION SIDES INFORMATION BEFORE WORKING ON A SIDE!

BOXING ANNOUNCER PRENTISS SIDE

START

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.

STOP

LORD ASTER SIDE

ASTER

A moment. Captain Slank!

SLANK

(Emerging from the shadows, whip in hand) Here, yer Lordship.

START

ASTER

I'm taking the Queen's treasure to Rundoon aboard the Wasp, but I leave a more precious cargo here on the Neverland. Guard her well. (gives SLANK a gold coin, calls) Mrs. Bumbrake, bring her to me! (MOLLY runs to ASTER's outstretched arms.) Molly, my Molly.

MOLLY

Please let me come with you. I don't like it on this ship.

ASTER

You're safer here on the Neverland. By the time you arrive in Rundoon. I'll have completed my mission and we'll be together again.

STOP

Bill Slank, Mrs. Bumbrake & Black Stache Sides
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BILL SLANK SIDE

ALF

It's all right, ma'am. Alf'll see you safely stowed.

MRS. BUMBRAKE

Thank you, kind sir.

ALF

No, thank you, kind lady. Yer eyes're green as the sea... and yer hair's almost as wavy.

MRS. BUMBRAKE

(a girlish toss of her head) Take me below, sir. (MRS BUMBRAKE sniffs spitefully at SLANK. ALF leads her off)

START

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! (cracks his whip) Furrow the jib an' let fly the frammistan, or you'll curse the day you were born! (The Neverland casts off from the dockside.) On to Rundoon, y'fungus! There's profitable trade to be made in Rundoon! (SLANK laughs meanly.)

STOP

MRS. BUMBRAKE SIDE

(MOLLY and MRS. BUMBRAKE are crammed tightly in the "Junior Suite" - a very tiny cabin. The lonely sound of a violin wafts by.)

START

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 Bumbrake!

(then)

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.)

STOP

MOLLY

That's a stupid example if you're going to cry halfway through. Be a woman!

BLACK STACHE OPTION #1

START

STACHE

(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 brew?

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?

STOP

SMEE

Aye, Cap'n. But he still wouldn't give up the key!

BLACK STACHE OPTION #2

STACHE

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 - WHAT AM I??

PIRATES

BLACK STACHE!!

START

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, 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.

STOP

Molly Sides (2 options)

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MOLLY SIDE OPTION #1

START

MOLLY

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!

STOP

MOLLY SIDE OPTION #2

PETER

So, I've been meaning to ask you about the, um... about that uh - you know - about that thing you did

MOLLY

What thing?

PETER

The kiss, okay? The kiss.

MOLLY

What kiss?

PETER

The kiss! The one you gave me...

MOLLY

Oh the kiss.

PETER

"What kiss," she says.

MOLLY

Well, what about it?

PETER

Nobody's ever wanted to kiss me, that's all -

MOLLY

Want to? I didn't want to, we were about to be eaten alive and I -

PETER

I mean I was just sitting there and you grabbed me and -

MOLLY

Oh for heaven's sake, such a fuss! Didn't you like it?

PETER

No, it was -

MOLLY SIDE OPTION #2 CONT.

MOLLY

(cutting him off too quickly) You didn't like it. You didn't like it, and now you're telling me you didn't like it. Unbelievable.

PETER

I'm not saying I didn't like it -

TED

(dreaming) Mmm. Pork.

MOLLY

Then what're you saying?

PETER

I'm guess I'm saying - I guess I'm asking -

MOLLY

(appalled) 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 -

PETER

Inclining toward what -?

MOLLY

(riding over) - We girls can't afford to be sentimental, we must instead be strong. And when I marry, my husband will have to -

PETER

MARRY? Whoa, you thought I was asking you to -

START

MOLLY

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 -

STOP

PETER

Wanted to?

MOLLY

I didn't say that.

Boy/Peter Sides (2 options)

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BOY/PETER SIDE OPTION #1

MOLLY

(distracting them from the flying cat) Hey - y'know what'd be fun?

Howzabout a bedtime story!

TED

What's that?

MOLLY

Oh, ha ha, very amus - (realizing) Omigosh - you poor things.

You've never had a bedtime story?

PRENTISS

This might sound kinda defensive -

TED

Hard to have a bedtime when you don't have a bed.

MOLLY

Sorry. Sorry, I didn't mean to -

START

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...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.

STOP

(A beat. MOLLY is bowled over by this glimpse into the BOY's soul. So are TEDDY and PRENTISS.)

PRENTISS

Well, that's more than he said in the last thirteen years.

BOY/PETER SIDE OPTION #2

START

PETER

(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..freedom! 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!

STOP

TED

Sorry, did you wanna be alone?

PETER

No! Stay with me.

TED

Good answer.

PETER

(to heaven) Thank you!