

Play Synopsis:

Peter and the Starcatcher is a play based on the 2006 novel of a similar name by Dave Barry and Ridley Pearson, adapted for the stage by Rick Elice. The play serves as a prequel to J. M. Barrie's *Peter and Wendy* and has been modified for the middle school stage by Heather Smith. Learn more about how Peter and the Lost boys came to Neverland and about the magic of “Starstuff” through the eyes of these beloved characters as well as some new faces.

Audition Requirements: Students should select a monologue from this packet and have it memorized for his/her audition. If there is a specific character that you are interested in, select a monologue for that character. If a character that you are interested in is not listed in the packet, select a monologue that you think displays your acting abilities best. When it is your turn, come into the room, find the “X” on the floor, state your name and number and begin your monologue. You might not have time to finish your monologue. This does not mean that you did not do well or that you did not get a part.

Audition Monologues from “Peter and the Starcatcher.”

Note: Peter and Boy are the same character and there is more than one monologue for Stache. You may pick either monologue for these characters. There are more characters available than those listed in the packet.

BOY: Act 1 Scene 6

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 the 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.

MRS. BUMBRAKE: Act 1 Scene 2

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 worked wonders with a 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 the 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...(*breaks down blubbing*)

Act 1 Scene Seven

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?!?

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Mountaintop

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- 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! And I'm gonna have . . . freedoms! Whatever I want. (A yellow bird enters 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? (bird flies off.) No! Come back! I don't wanna be alone! COME BACK!

Act 1 Scene 5

STACHE:

I'm a romantic! There's a poet in these pirate veins, and so I plug into the muse. (holds his hand out to Smee for a manicure) But what to do? Which style to use? Iambic? Box office poison. Haiku? Over my dead granny.

(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. (Aster doesn't flinch) I say, Smee- you did explain to my lord that I'm a bloodthirsty outlaw?

Act 2 Scene Nine

MOLLY:

You stop that right now. I won't answer any such question. You're leaning 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 the 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 a 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.

Act 2 Scene Eight

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.

Act 1 Scene Four

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. Gremppkin 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.

Smee:

(to Stache) Rest yerself a while. Smee'll track yer treasure solo. Hmm. We could lure 'em Cap'n! Lure 'em yes, down here to the beach. In which case, we shall need—A magnet! A really big one. That'll attract 'em! (Smacks himself on the head) Stupid idea, Smee. Stupid, stupid!(A distant ROAR. Smee looks down at his stomach) Tweren't I, Cap'n. (See giant Croc) Oh Captain? Captain Stache!!???!! Aghhh! He's chewing all the scenery, sir. Abandon Scene! Abandon Scene! (runs off)

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