

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for **Peter and the Starcatcher**.

For your video audition, please select one of the following monologues to prepare. In your video, begin with a slate: Introduce yourself, including your name (pronouns if you wish), age/grade, and which monologue you have prepared.

Complete the audition form [here](#) to submit your video audition. We will begin reviewing auditions starting with the priority deadline of **February 15**, and then on a rolling basis as space allows. We will contact you once the directing team has viewed your video.

This audition will determine acceptance into the program. A follow-up placement audition will take place later in the year for casting.

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 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: 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's 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 Bumbrake. 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, blubbering)

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!

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?!?

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.

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 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 a 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. Grempkin 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. Mmmmmmm "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) Mmmmmmm. . . . Pork.