

(KP's expectation: Show **CHARACTER** & know the monologue well enough to not be tied to the script.
(Memorization is NOT required (or desirable), but strong character choices are.)

Peter

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.

30

Peter

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,

Peter and the Starcatcher

Boy Then how come your neck-thing glows and rings all by itself?

Molly *(not very convincing)* It's for swimming. I'm a good swimmer. It's a swimming medal.

Boy Right. Swimming. Sure. And what's starstuff?

Molly Decision. I'm going to trust you.

Boy Why? I'm just a boy.

Molly I know. Pity. *(remembers the boy's "sorry" manifesto, looks at the sky)* You like to look at the stars? Well, there they are –

Boy There's so many . . .

Molly They look safe, don't they, sparkling up there like diamonds.

Boy I like when they shoot across the sky! *Shoom!*

Molly *(suddenly very like her father)* Sometimes pieces of them fall to earth – little bits that look like sand. Can you keep a secret?

Boy I can.

All WE CAN.

Molly Those little bits are starstuff. The trunk in Slank's cabin is full of it. *(grabs her amulet)* There's some in here too, in case I'm ever in trouble.

Boy *(tries to touch the amulet)* Starstuff?? Lemme see!!

Molly NO!! *(pulls the amulet away)* It changes people if they touch it.

Boy How?

Molly Different ways – depending on what they want to be.

Boy So if somebody gets their hands on this starstuff and –

Molly – and they're evil and greedy like Genghis Khan, or they're hungry for world domination like Caesar or Napoleon or, you know, Ayn Rand –

Act One: Scene Nine

Boy Who's that?

Molly Uch, didn't you learn anything at that orphanage?

Boy Was kinda busy trying not to die.

Molly Oh.

Boy So if starstuff's so dangerous, why're you after it?

Molly I'm a Starcatcher. We have special powers that we use in secret – to keep starstuff away from tyrants who try to rule the world.

Boy You mean, like Queen Victoria?

Molly God Save Her. And no, that's different. She doesn't need starstuff to rule the world. She's British.

Boy So you're a – what is it?

Molly Starcatcher. There's only six and a half of us on the planet.

Boy Six and a half?

Molly I'm still an apprentice.

Boy Okay, so prove it.

Molly What?

Boy Go on, amaze me with your special powers.

Molly It's not a magic show. I'm not like some magician guy.

Boy Well, I mean if you can't actually do anything . . .

Molly Fine, whatever. *(then)* To have faith is to have wings.

MOLLY clasps the amulet tightly, closes her eyes, and floats a few inches off the deck . . . then down again.

Boy Whoa.

Molly Satisfied?

Boy So the cat was flying. C'mon, I wanna fly, too! Like you and the cat!

Molly Get serious, will you?! The starstuff has to be destroyed.

SCENE TEN

The Neverland and The Wasp

Narrator Scott Winds approaching 40 knots, whitecaps heavy, crests overhanging!

On the Neverland, a SAILOR spots the Wasp on the horizon and yells down to the deck below.

Sailor Smee Ship off the forward bow! From the cut of 'er jib, she could be the Wasp!

Sailor Scott The Wasp? After us? Better tell Slank!

Thunder! MOLLY drags the BOY on and drops him with a thud.

Molly Backstroke is my event, and I do so like to finish first. I win more medals at school than anyone, except for Daphne Cooper – but Daphne Cooper's a swot. *(kicks the BOY in the side)* Deep breaths. There we go.

Boy *(spits and coughs, then)* You saved my life.

Molly Of course.

Boy Why?

Molly Because I'm the leader.

Boy But you don't even like me.

Molly The leader can't go about saving only the people she likes.

Boy The leader has to be a boy.

Molly Only if the boy knows there's more important things in this world than saving his own neck.

Boy Like what?

Molly Like saving someone else's.

Slank *(from amidships)* They figgered out I swapped the trunks!

Boy Slank!

Molly We need the Wasp to catch up to us quick!

MOLLY runs off. SLANK enters, leaves the wheel to MACK, and looks out to sea. The BOY hides, within hearing distance.

Slank It's the Wasp all right! Sally Lunn, she's a fast ship!

Mack We'll never outrun a frigate, Captain.

Slank We can bleedin' well try! *(barks an order)* Billow the wopsil! *(The Neverland begins to sway and creak.)* Here's the breeze now, ye bilge-rats! *(to the Wasp)* Y'want yer trunk, Leonard Aster? You'll have to catch me first! *(to MACK)* Follow the wind, weevil! Hard to starboard!

Mack *(comes down to SLANK, holding up his branded hand)* Starboard? That ain't the one with the big P, is it?

Slank BRING ME THE BRANDING IRON!

The BOY runs to the wheel and spins it furiously.

Narrator Boy The boy spins the ship's wheel for everything he's worth!

The Neverland bucks!

Slank He's changed our course!

Boy, Slank, Mack STRAIGHT FOR THE WASP!

Triumphant, the BOY spins the wheel wildly.

Narrators Stache, Molly Wind 47 knots!

Narrators GALE WARNING!

Narrators Prentiss, Ted The ship's wheel careens across the deck and spins out to sea –

Peter and the Starcatcher

Prentiss Yes I am. I'm the oldest.
Alf I'm the oldest and I say pipe down.
Ted But I'm hungry!
Alf It's yer lucky day then, ain't it?
ALF throws TED the bucket.
Ted Finally!
Alf You'll wanna swallow that down quick. Bone uppity.
TED devours the contents.
Prentiss Any good?
TED gags and spits out a glob of slop, choking.
Ted IT'S ALIVE!
PRENTISS peers inside the bucket.
Prentiss It's worms!
Ted He fed me worms!
Prentiss I won't eat that.
Ted (to ALF) Please, sir – is there a vegetarian alternative?
Alf In my day, pigs weren't quite so particular.
ALF starts to leave. The BOYS fight over the worms.
Prentiss Don't hog it all. Gimme!
Ted You said you wouldn't eat it!
Boy (can't stop himself, to ALF) YOU! WAIT!
Prentiss (hissed, to the BOY) What're you doing!?
Ted You'll get us a beating!
Alf (turning proudly) Belay that "you"! I'm called *Mister* on this vessel – mark of respect for a lifetime of seafaring.
Prentiss (to ALF) Never mind him. He's got a real problem with authority.
Alf Ha! So do I. (softens) I know worms is rough vittles, boys, but they'll grease the pipes 'til we set yer down in Rundoon.

Act One: Scene Four

Boy (another tack) A question, Mister?
Alf One.
Boy Do we have to stay down here in the dark?
Alf 'Til Slank hands ye over to King Zarboff.
Boy Is the King nice to his helpers?
Alf That's two.
ALF exits. The door slams shut behind him.
Ted I got a sick feeling about this.
Prentiss I'll think of something.
MOLLY steps from the shadows.
Molly No you won't. (The BOYS scream, terrified!) In my experience, boys are sadly slow thinkers.
Ted What is it?!**Prentiss** What are you?
Molly I'm a girl.
They edge away, the BOY hiding behind TED and PRENTISS.
Prentiss No way.
Ted We saw a girl once –
Prentiss – headmaster's daughter.
Ted It was nothing like you. It was all – (characterizing that awful girl of yore) "aarrgh, rowrrr, gonna getcha!"
Molly (the boss) Who's the leader here?
Prentiss Who wants to know?
Molly Molly Aster. Doctor Pretorius back home says I have an extraordinarily high level of brain power.
Prentiss If you're so smart, how come you're stuck on this dirt bucket?
Molly I'm not stuck. I'm going to meet my father in Rundoon. He has important things to do.
Prentiss We have important things to do.
Ted No we don't.

Peter and the Starcatcher

Prentiss I'm the leader, and I say we got some things.
Boy (to *MOLLY*) He's not the leader.
MOLLY recognizes the upside-down BOY from the crate.
Molly You.
Boy You.
Molly How old are you?
Boy How old are you?
Molly I'm thirteen.
Boy I'm thirteen.
Molly Wait – I just remembered today's my birthday. I'm fifteen.
Boy If you were thirteen and today's your birthday, you'd be fourteen.
Molly I only celebrate odd-numbered birthdays.
Prentiss Wait a minute, wait a minute, doesn't matter how old you are! I'm still the leader. The leader has to be a boy.
Molly (to *TED*) Hey – up our end of the ship we get served proper food. I can lead you there – (to *PRENTISS*, pointedly) which would make me the leader.
Ted (drooling) Proper food? Really?
Molly Just tell me your names.
Boy Why should we?
Molly (conspiratorially) Only that . . . if you have names, they serve you meat.
Ted TED! I'm TED!
Prentiss But I call him Tubby, 'cuz he's food-obsessed.
Ted I am not food ob –
Prentiss D'you write poems about pie?
Ted To pass the time –
Prentiss Hide beans in your blanket?

Act One: Scene Four

Ted It's a blood-sugar thing.
Prentiss Faint at the merest whisper of – (to *MOLLY*, gleeful) get this – (back to *TED*) sticky pudding!
Ted (faints to his knees) Sticky pudding, it's so good . . .
Prentiss Like I said, food-obsessed. I'm Prentiss. I'm in charge here.
Molly (turns to *TED*) Ever notice, Ted – the more you claim leadership, the more it eludes you?
Ted (to *PRENTISS*) Oh, snap!
Molly And what are you, boy?
Boy (rudely) Leave me alone.
Molly Sorry.
Ted Don't take it personally.
Prentiss He's rude to everybody.
Ted It's why he gets beatings.
Prentiss And why he's got no friends.
Ted Go on. Tell her your name, why don't you?
PRENTISS and TED laugh cruelly.
Molly What's so funny?
Boy Thanks, Ted.
Ted He doesn't have a name.
Prentiss Been orphan'd too long to remember.
Ted Grempinkin calls him –
Ted, Prentiss (mocking) – mule!
Boy Go on! You and your stupid names go follow some stupid girl.
Prentiss Like we need your permission, friendless.
Molly (defending the *BOY*) Doesn't cost any more to be nice, charmless.
Ted What about the food?
Prentiss (to *MOLLY*) You can be like temporary leader – but only 'til we eat.

Peter, Prentiss, Ted, Alf & Molly (pg 16-19)

CALLBACK SCENES & MONOLOGUES

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Black Stache *(looking for articulate, egotistical, airy villain; don't focus on evil)*

Oh, to be in England, now that April's there,
But whoever's not in England gets to see
my facial hair.

(to ASTER) 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 frère* – 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? SamurAI-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?

CALLBACK SCENES & MONOLOGUES

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Black Stache (*looking for Stache delivering a "lesson" in being a villain*)

Stache I see. (*then, to ASTER*) 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?!?

Act One: Scene Five

Oh, to be in England, now that April's there,
But whoever's not in England gets to see
my facial hair.

(to ASTER) 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 frère* – 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? SamurAI-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?

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

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 – (heartbroken) WHAT
AM I??

Pirates BLACK STACHE!!

Stache They refer, of course, to THIS! (The PIRATES
gasp!) The trademark nose-brush of every man,
woman and child in me family, dating right back to

Peter and the Starcatcher

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. (menacingly) Now, cough up that
key, my Lord.

Aster Not a chance, you thug.

STACHE throws a tantrum at this insult, then
recovers.

Stache (to SMEE) Why, is that my Lord's coat you're
holding?

SMEE helps STACHE on with Aster's coat.

Smee Looks to be about your size, Cap'n.

Stache What the well-dressed "thug" is wearing this
season.

Smee So *comme il faut*, Cap'n. So very *comme il faut*.

STACHE surveys his reflection in a mirror. He's
pleased with what he sees.

Stache I say, Smee – what is it the men call me?

Smee Nancy, sir?

Stache No, the other thing.

Smee Ruthless, sir. Ruthless, Heartless, and Peerless.

Stache (so sweetly) Guilty as charged. (to ASTER) Now,
give us the key!

Aster Never.

Stache Playing games is for children, Lord Aster, and
I hate, I hate, I hate children! (hurls his bucket at the
mirror, smashing it) Bring it in, Gómez!

Sánchez It's Sánchez, sir.

Stache (so hard to find good help these days) Just . . .
bring it in. Thanks ever so. (PIRATES drag in the

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Black Stache & Smeee (pg 25-27)

Act One: Scene Five

trunk.) The *Wasp* is my ship now, and everything aboard her belongs to me, including the treasure Victoria thinks nobody knows about. Silly old queen.

Aster God Save Her.

Stache Queen.

Aster God Save Her.

Stache Victoria.

Aster God Save Her.

Stache Banana.

Aster God Save –

Stache (*gotcha!*) Oopsy! (*The PIRATES appreciate ASTER's humiliation. STACHE perches on the trunk.*) Here's two things. When I open this swag, I'll be the single most significant pirate in the world, the solar system, or other places yet to be discovered anywhere in the universe.

A moment passes.

Aster That's only one thing –

Stache The second thing is a dilemma, a large one, the Cadillac Escalade of dilemmas, in point of fact – for a little bird tells me that your darling daughter is sailing to Rundoon on the safer southern route, aboard the *Navel Nerd*.

Smeee The *Neverland*, sir.

Stache Huh?

Smeee The *Neverland*, sir.

Stache Same letters: *Navel Nerd* – *Neverland*. I was close. I was pretty darn close! Splitting rabbits, really . . .

Smeee Hairs, sir.

Stache Splitting hares, that too. (*to ASTER, cheerfully*) Oh! OH! Just a sec! I know you love your Molly above

CALLBACK SCENES & MONOLOGUES

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Smee & Lord Aster

Aster What are you playing at?

Smee "Pirates," sir. The *Wasp* is now a pirate ship. Yer British crew's in chains below!

Aster There've been no pirates in these parts for a hundred years!

Smee We've been keeping a very low profile.

Aster And you're the Captain, I suppose?

Smee I, sir?

Aster Aye, sir. You, sir.

Smee No, sir. Not Smee, sir.

Aster Smee, sir?

Smee That's me, sir. But no Captain I, sir.

Aster You lie, sir.

Smee Oh no, sir. The devil himself's in charge hereabouts.

Aster The devil, you say.

Smee The Prince of Darkness. Our Satanic Supervisor. Foul and Nasty with the Cloven Hoof.

Aster And how would one identify him in a crowd?

Smee By his legendary cookie-duster, that's how!

Aster Whiskers?

Smee By his celebrated mouth-brow, that's how!

Aster Well, does he have a name?

Smee The pirate captain they call . . . **BLACK STACHE!**

The PIRATES shriek and bemoan the hearing of this terrible name. And suddenly, there he stands – THE BLACK STACHE, carrying a bucket . . . into which he pukes and spits.

Stache (*waving cordially to ASTER*) Hallo. (*The PIRATES shriek again and bemoan what might happen next. STACHE continues, winsomely.*)

CALLBACK SCENES & MONOLOGUES

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Slank (looking for a viscous, cruel & greedy character who barks orders; use more than just your voice to create meaning/character)

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*) Furl 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. The SAILORS moan.

Slank & Mack (looking for a viscous, cruel & greedy character who barks orders; use more than just your voice to create meaning/character)

MOLLY runs off. SLANK enters, leaves the wheel to MACK, and looks out to sea. The BOY hides, within hearing distance.

Slank It's the *Wasp* all right! Sally Lunn, she's a fast ship!

Mack We'll never outrun a frigate, Captain.

Slank We can bleedin' well try! (*barks an order*) Billow the wopsil! (*The Neverland begins to sway and creak.*) Here's the breeze now, ye bilge-rats! (*to the Wasp*) Y'want yer trunk, Leonard Aster? You'll have to catch me first! (*to MACK*) Follow the wind, weevil! Hard to starboard!

Mack (*comes down to SLANK, holding up his branded hand*) Starboard? That ain't the one with the big P, is it?

Slank BRING ME THE BRANDING IRON!

The BOY runs to the wheel and spins it furiously.

Narrator Boy The boy spins the ship's wheel for everything he's worth!

The Neverland bucks!

Slank He's changed our course!

Boy, Slank, Mack STRAIGHT FOR THE WASP!

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Mrs. Bumbrake (*looking for proper British nanny who takes no guff; with this monologue, play into the alliteration to find the humor of the character in this moment*)

SCENE TWO

Molly's Cabin

MOLLY and MRS. BUMBRAKE are crammed tightly in the "Junior Suite," a very tiny cabin. The lonely sound of a fiddle wafts by.

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. 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 Two: Scene Three

SCENE THREE

Mollusk Territory

Fighting Prawn You three will do nicely.

Ted (*surprised*) You speak English! .

Fighting Prawn If I must. *Préférez-vous que je parle français ?*

Prentiss But you're savages!

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 –

Hawking Clam – a shipwreck brought my father back to Mollusk Island.

Fighting Prawn Yes. In your language, my name is Fighting Prawn. This is my son, Hawking Clam. (*The MOLLUSKS hail their royal family with a brief chant.*)

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!

The MOLLUSKS appreciate the ritual.

Fighting Prawn Thank you.

Hawking Clam Come, it is time.

Prentiss Time?

Peter and the Starcatcher

Fighting Prawn Feeding time.

Ted Feeding time, finally!

Hawking Clam Not where you eat, piggy boy. Where you are *eaten*.

Fighting Prawn You must answer to the law: The Law of Mister Grin.

Prentiss Who's Mister Grin?

Hawking Clam We worship him, and he protects us from foreign troublemakers.

Fighting Prawn Come, we feed you now to vicious crocodile.

A terrible roar from off! The BOYS are terrified!

Peter WAIT!!! Please don't feed us to any crocodile. First – first take us to Mister Grin.

Fighting Prawn Crocodile is Mister Grin. (*"Take them!"*) PASTA!

Peter (*urgently*) Wait! We can give you great gift!

Fighting Prawn (*"Release them!"*) ANTI-PASTA! (*to PETER*) You said "gift"?

Peter A story – yeah, we'll give you a bedtime story. *Sleeping Beauty*. Right, guys?

Ted *Sleeping Beauty*, yeah. The thing is, I nodded off before the end.

Peter (*sotto voce to TED*) Maybe they will too, and we can get outta here! (*to FIGHTING PRAWN*) We give you story, you let us live, and we leave your island. Deal?

Fighting Prawn Okeydokey. But if I am not entertained, it's Mister Grin for all of you!! Assume the position! (*The MOLLUSKS sit.*) You have one minute!

Ted (*stricken*) One minute? What'm I supposed to do in one minute? I can't transform, I can't inhabit the character –

Fighting Prawn, Hawking Clam, Peter, Ted, Prentiss

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Captain Scott (*very British captain*) - no callback materials for this character; I'm looking for similar qualities as Aster

Gremptkin, Sanchez, Mack, - no callback materials for this character; for Gremptkin, I'm looking for similar qualities as Slank; for Sanchez & Mack, I'm looking for similar "qualities" as Alf