

Audition Packet
Lake Park High School
Peter and the Starcatcher
a musical play by Rick Elice directed by Mrs. Keith (Skeith@lphs.org)

AUDITION PACKET CONTENTS

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Performances: September 13, 14, & 15

Audition Dates: *(You only need to report to one of the audition days)*

Wednesday (May 9) @ 3:00 - 5:00 PM in the East Campus Dice Auditorium

Thursday (May 10) @ 3:00 - 5:00 PM in the East Campus Dice Auditorium

Call Back Audition: *(If necessary)*

Friday (May 11) @ 3:00 PM in the HS Auditorium

Rehearsals

- First Read Through: Monday (May 21) @ 3:30 PM in East Campus Room 208
- Rehearsals: May 21-25; August 13-16; August 21-24; August 27-31; September 3-7; September 10 - 11
- Saturday Rehearsals: August 25 (9:00 - 12:00) & Sept. 8 (Tech Rehearsal 8:00 - 5:00)
- Rehearsals will generally run 3:00 pm - 6:00 pm; Saturday rehearsals will run 9:00 a.m. - 12:00 p.m.
- You will only need to attend rehearsals when we are working on your material
- The full schedule will be available on drama.lphs.org

Other Information:

- Auditions are open to all incoming Lake Park students and current Lake Park students.
- You will need to remain academically eligible throughout the rehearsal process
- Make strong character, physical, and vocal choices. You must be very animated.

Play Synopsis

Peter and the Starcatcher is a prequel to Peter Pan based on the children's book by Dave Barry and Ridley Pearson and is a coming-of-age adventure story about how a nameless orphan -- inspired by a remarkable and ambitious girl -- became the strange and celebrated hero that is the Boy Who Would Not Grow Up.

Character Descriptions and Audition Selection 12 roles + ensemble – (most roles can be either male or female)

- Black Stache** A notorious pirate, terrorizing the seven seas in search of a worthy adversary. Heartless, hirsute, and suspiciously well read. Partial to the poetical and theatrical, which causes him to behave quite flamboyantly.
Age: 30 to 50
- Molly Aster** A young girl and Starcatcher apprentice who is taken aboard the Neverland as precious cargo. Curious and intelligent, she is only beginning to understand the confusing romantic longings that come with her age. She will risk anything for the sake of what is right.
Age: 13 to 25
- Boy/Peter** A lonely and hardened orphan who doesn't miss much. Nameless, homeless, and friendless at the beginning of the play and a hero by the end. He wants a home and a family more than anything, and dreams of a life of being free.
Age: 13 to 25
- Gremplin** The schoolmaster of St. Norbert's Orphanage for Lost Boys. Mean and malodorous, he revels in keeping his boys in the dark and malnourished.
Age: 40 to 60
- Mrs. Bumbrake**
Molly's nanny, a stereotypical British cad and outfitted with the duty of teaching Molly about womanhood. She still has enough charm in her age to attract a sailor or two.
Age: 40 to 60
- Bill Slank** The vicious orphaned captain of the Neverland. Does not possess the capacity to lead anyone but himself, which puts himself constantly in disaster. Greedy enough to send boys to their doom for the chance of gaining starstuff.
Age: 35 to 55
- Smee** Black Stache's first mate. He is single-mindedly dedicated to his captain's every whim.
Age: 25 to 55
- Prentiss** An orphan, ambitious, hyper articulate, and logical. He yearns to be leader, even when he knows in his heart that he'll never be one. A bit of a blowhard with a touch of cowardice.
Age: 13 to 25
- Alf** A seafarer, an old sea dog proud of his tenure. His kind heart gives him an appeal to the feminine sensibility.
Age: 50 to 65
- Lord Leonard Aster**
Molly's father, a loyal subject to the Queen. The very model of a Victorian English gentleman, he is a faithful friend and a secret Starcatcher.
Age: 40 to 60
- Captain Robert Falcon Scott**
Lord Aster's old school friend, the captain of the Wasp, Britain's fastest frigate. Lives with nautical bravura and heroic patriotism.
Age: 35 to 45
- Ted** An orphan obsessed with food. A natural performer with easy wit and quite poetic language.
Age: 13 to 25
- Ensemble** Sailors; Seafarers; Orphans; Pirates; Mermaids; Mollusks; Narrators

BOY (PETER):

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 heck 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 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*)

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 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 s' much (*suddenly monstrous*) NOW, WHERE'S MY TREASURE?!?

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 checkit-out!!! Space. Light . Air. I'm finally FREE! And I'm gonna have . . . freedoms! Whatever I want. (*A yellow bird enters and 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!

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 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 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's got no friends. He doesn't have a name. Been orphan'd too long to remember. Grempink 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.