



River Place Student Theatre

Audition Materials

Featured Speaking Roles: Mr. Darling, Mrs. Darling, Chief Tiger Bamboo, Smee

These featured roles need strong, versatile character actors who aren't afraid of physical comedy and over-the-top acting.

Song: You Can Fly (Sing John AND Michael's parts)

Mr. Darling Sides:

MR. DARLING: Wendy, what kind of stories are you putting into these boys' heads? (gets cufflinks from NANA) Thank you – ugh! They're all slobbery! Wendy, why were these cufflinks under the bed?

WENDY That's where Peter Pan hid the pirates' treasure!

MR. DARLING You and your ridiculous stories! Captain Crook. Peter Pirate.

WENDY Peter PAN.

MR. DARLING Pan – pirate – poppycock!

MRS. DARLING Now, George ---

MR. DARLING (imitating Mrs. Darling) Now, George. Now, George!"

(his own voice) No, George will have his say. Wendy, this is your last night sleeping in this room!

WENDY What?!?

MR. DARLING You need to be a proper lady! You can't rough-house with your brothers, and you can't stuff their heads with silly stories. We WILL have some dignity in this house!

Mrs. Darling Sides:

MRS. DARLING (entering) George, this is no time to play with the children. We're late!

MR. DARLING This was my last clean shirt! You are pirates!



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MRS. DARLING Now, George ---

WENDY Peter Pan flies here each night from Never Land

MRS DARLING Wendy, no such place exists! Good NIGHT.

Chief Tiger Bamboo Sides:

Chief: (pompous voice) Greetings, Flying Boy From Across The Ocean!

Peter: Greetings, Chief Tiger Bamboo)

(The Chief solemnly and silently waves his arms.)

Wendy: What's the Chief doing Peter?

Peter: He's delivering an oration in pantomime!

Chief: (his normal voice) Actually, I was stretching my arms. (pompous voice) Are you the one who saved the Princess?

Peter: Yup, it was me!

Wendy: Peter!

Chief: Then you are hereby renamed: Little Flying Eagle. And you can join our tribe!

Smee Sides:

HOOK: Oh, would that I could set you free. But, ay, here's the rub: you know where that scurvy brat Pan lives and I do not! Tell me – or die!

PETER :(behind the rock) You dog!

WENDY: Shhh!

HOOK: Am I not a man of me word, Smee?

SMEE: Yes. A— (crosses his fingers behind his back) Always, Captain. Come on, Tiger Lily. Or soon it'll be Davy Jones's Locker for you!



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HOOK: And remember your sacred beliefs: there is no path through water to the happy hunting ground! Speak!

HOOK: Ay, but what light through yonder window breaks?!

SMEE: Feeling poetic, Cap'n?

HOOK: No, that light over there: it's Peter Pan's fairy, Tinker Bell! But why is she crying? (like a chatty gossip)

SMEE: Well, I wouldn't want this to go any further, but the cook told me that the first mate told him... that Pan has banished Tinker Bell! **HOOK:** You should have told me at once! That gives me a plan! (**HOOK** whispers plan in **SMEE's** ear.)

SMEE: But how will you get her to talk?

HOOK: I speak Pixie. (**HOOK** and **SMEE** approach **TINKER BELL**. He takes keys out of his coat. **TINKER BELL** sees him and jingles a sullen hello. **HOOK** jingles back. She jingles back.)

SMEE: (whispers) What's she saying?

HOOK: She's saying she's very depressed, poor thing.