**Peter Pan Audition Monologues**

Please prepare one of the following monologues for your audition. If there is a specific character you wish to audition for who is not named below, please find a monologue for that character and you may audition with that.

Auditions will take place from the 27th  of September till the 1st of October at lunch time and students must sign up for an audition slot. Alternatively, students may film their audition and email to [raniff@joycefrankland.org](mailto:raniff@joycefrankland.org) by the 30th of September.

A copy of the script can be obtained from Ms Aniff.

Auditions are open to all year groups, 7s – 13s and you do not need to take Drama to audition. Please also indicate if you can sing and/or dance when you audition.

All audition pieces must be learnt and the focus will be on voice and characterisation, so please ensure you are prepared.

If you have any questions or queries, please contact Ms Aniff on the email address above, or find her in the Drama Studio before school, at break or at lunch!

Good Luck!!

**Peter (male/female):**

Yes, Wendy, I know fairies! But, they’re nearly all dead now. You see,

when the first baby laughed for the first time, the laugh broke into

thousand of pieces and they all went skipping about, and that was the

beginning of fairies. So, there ought to be a fairy for every boy and girl.

There isn’t of course. You see children know such a lot now that soon they

don’t believe in fairies. Every time a child says “I don’t believe in fairies,”

somewhere a fairy falls down dead. I can’t think she is gone. Tinkerbell, Tink,

where are you?

**Peter (male/female):**

Who’s there? Is anyone there? What! (To Tink) The Indians were defeated and

Wendy and the Boys have been captured by the Pirates? I’ll rescue her! I’ll rescue

her! What? Oh, that’s just my medicine. Poisoned? Nonsense! Who could have

poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it and I’m going to, as soon as I’ve

sharpened my dagger. Why, Tink, you’ve drunk my medicine! What’s the matter

with you? It was poisoned! You drank it to save my life. Tink. Dear… Tink… your’re

dying? Your light is growing faint, and if it goes out that means you’re dead. Your

voice is so low I can scarcely hear what you’re saying. You say you think.. you think

you could get well again if… if… if what Tink? If children believed in fairies. (To

audience) Do you believe? Say quick that you believe. If you believe, clap your

hands!

**Wendy (female):** Boy, why are you crying? You say that you are not crying? Oh,

yes you are. What is my name? Wendy, Moira, Angela, Darling. What’s yours?

Peter Pan, is that all? Oh, it is. In that case, I’m so sorry. Where do you

live? The second star to the right and straight ‘till what? What a funny

address. I ah mean, is that what they put on your letters? Well if you

don’t get letters, you mother must get… You don’t have a mother? Oh,

Peter.

**Hook (male/female):**

How still the night is. Nothing sounds alive. Now is the hour when the children in

their homes are a-bed. Their lips bright- browned with the goodnight chocolate, and

their tongues drowsily searching for belated crumbs housed insecurely on their

shining cheeks. Compare with them the captive children on this boat. Split me

infinitives, but ‘tis me hour of Triumph! Peter killed at last and all the boys are

about to walk the plank. At last, I’ve reached me peak! All mortals envy me- no

little children love me. I’m, told they play at Peter Pan, and that the strongest

always chooses to be Peter. They force the baby to be Hook. THE BABY!

**Michael (male):**

I won’t go to bed, I won’t, I won’t! Nana, it isn’t six o’clock yet. Two

minutes more, please, one minute more? Nana, I won’t be bathed, I tell

you I will not be bathed! I want to play house with Wendy and John. See,

they’re pretending to be like mother and father. They need someone to

play the child. Now John, have me. If you are not going to have me, then

am I not to born at all? Please John, nobody wants me!

**John (male):**

Peter, you can really fly? Could you teach us to fly? Could you teach us

to jump on the wind's back and away we’ll go!?! Instead of sleeping in

our silly beds we might be flying about saying funny things to the stars!

How do we do it? Think lovely thoughts? Think lovely thoughts!

Fishing… picnics… sailing… PRESENTS!!! And away we

goooooooooo!!!!!!!!!

**Lost Boy (male/female):**

I saw Pirates! I saw Indians! Not only did I see Pirates, and Indians, but I

saw a wonderfuller thing. High over the lagoon I saw the loveliest, great,

white bird. It is flying this way. It looks weary and as it flies it moans,

“Poor Wendy”. I think there are birds called Wendies. See, here it

comes! Look how white it is. Hey, there’s Tinkerbell. Tink is trying to

hurt the Wendy. She says Peter wants us to shoot the Wendy. Let us do

what Peter wishes. Out of my way, Tink. I’ll shoot it. I’ve shot the

Wendy! Peter will be so pleased!