



Audition piece # 1

Hook from Peter Pan by J.M. Barrie

(Captain Hook and his band of pirates have just landed on the shores of Never Land. At first Hook is addressing his men as a group, he then explains the history of his 'hook arm and hand' to his accomplice, Smee. Hook is never more sinister, than when he is being polite.)

Hook

Put back that pistol. Ay, I know it was one of the boys I hate and ay, you could have shot him dead. But the sound would have brought Tiger Lily's red-skins on us. Do you want to lose your scalp? Besides, I don't just want one Lost Boy, I want all seven! Most of all I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he who cut off my arm. I have waited long to shake his hand with this *(looks mournfully at his hook, where his real arm should be)*. Oh, I'll tear him!

I know I have oft been heard to refer glowingly to my hook, and argue that is worth a score of hands, for combing the hair and other homely uses. If I was a mother, I would pray to have my children born with this *(he lifts his hook to admire it)* instead of that *(referring to his natural hand)*.

Smee, many years ago, Pan flung my arm to a crocodile that happened to be passing by. Now I am not scared of **all** crocodiles, but only of that one crocodile. The brute liked my arm so much, Smee, that he has followed me ever since, from sea to sea, from land to land, liking his lips for the rest of me. Yes I know, this is something of a compliment. But I want no such compliment; I want Peter Pan, who first gave the brute his taste for me.

Smee, that crocodile would have had me before now, but by a lucky chance he swallowed a clock, and it goes tick, tick, tick, tick inside him... and so before he can reach me I hear the tick and bolt. Once I hear it strike six within him.

Ay my fear is that someday the clock will run down, and then he'll get me. Ay, this is the fear that haunts me.



Audition piece # 2

Narrator from James and the Giant Peach by Roald Dahl

(The Narrator is observing and explaining the devastation caused by the travelling Giant Peach. They are equally fascinated and overwhelmed by the damage that is being caused.)

Narrator

I wonder what that noise was? Well, anyway, you'll never believe it, but the Giant Peach is still moving. It's rolling and bouncing down the steep slope at a terrific pace. It's going faster and faster and faster, and the crowds of people who were climbing up the hill have suddenly caught sight of it plunging down upon them. They're screaming and scattering to the right and left. It's just knocked over a telegraph pole and flattened two parked cars. Its rushing madly across about twenty fields. Just look at those cows and sheep and horse and pigs stampeding in all directions. Hey, you would scatter too, if the Giant Peach were coming down on you. Wouldn't you? Oh dear... it's rolling right through that village. I don't believe it, but it just went crashing through one of the giant walls of the Wonka Bucket Chocolate Factory. In fact, there's now a great river of warm, melted chocolate flowing through every street in the village. Will it ever stop? But then, why should it? A round object will always keep on rolling as long as it is on a downhill slope. But wait! There's the sea! Surely the Peach and all its occupants aren't going to end up there? But then, what's to stop it? I know James wanted to visit the seaside, but somehow, I don't think that's what he had in mind. It's heading for those towering white cliffs that are the most famous in the whole of England. They're hundreds of feet high. Below them, the sea is deep and cold and hungry. Many ships and men have been swallowed up and lost forever on this part of the coast. The Peach is now only a hundred yards away from the cliff – now fifty – now twenty – now ten – now five - ... It's gone over! Down... Down... Down... Down... SMACK!!! (Splash of water) What a colossal splash! Wow! It sank like a stone! Wait! I think... I... see... yes...yes... and I... see something coming... yes... yes... over there!



Audition piece # 3

Edmund from *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* by C.S. Lewis

(Edmund begins this scene by traveling through the wardrobe. He is looking for Lucy, whom he believes is simply hiding at the back of the wardrobe, before returning to the other children and making up stories of the magical land that she has supposedly visited. It takes Edmund a little while to make sense of the fact that he has stepped into another world, a world with strange characters and magic and snow.)

Edmund

Lucy, Lucy, where are you? I know you're here. What's this on the floor? It's like sugar, all crunchy. Ouch! What was that? It's so cold. What on earth...? Why, its ... *(Edmund tumbles out into Narnia through the coats in the wardrobe and sees the lamppost.)*

Why, it's a lamppost!

(There is an icy wind blowing and he becomes aware of the sound of sleigh bells.)

What's that?

(The White Witch on her sleigh appears. Edmund is confronted by the White Witch who commands to know who he is. Edmund fears her.)

I'm, I'm - my name is Edmund. I beg your pardon... Your Majesty, I didn't know that you were a witch, I mean a queen. No, Your Majesty, I am not a dwarf, I am a boy. Yes, I am human. I arrived here in this strange land through a wardrobe. I opened a door and found myself here. *(To himself)* How I wish the others were here! *(To the White Witch)* I followed my sister through the wardrobe, I thought she was fibbing, with her stories of snow and fawns and magic. But when I fell through the wardrobe, I found that she was right, she wasn't lying at all. I called out for her, but she must not have heard me. She was only a few feet in front of me *(he looks about for Lucy)*, but I could not find her. Anyway. I'm sorry Your Majesty... I am dreadfully cold... and lost.

(The White Witch looks interested in hearing about Edmund's sister, so he continues to explain.)

I have one brother, Peter and two sisters, Susan and Lucy. Peter's a bully, and Susan's very bossy. Lucy's soppo, but she been here in Narnia before. She is staying with a faun, Mr Tamnus. Nobody else knows about Narnia but us four.

(The White Witch offers Edmund a piece of Turkish Delight, which she has magically created before his very eyes. Edmund loves Turkish Delight. In a bid to please the Witch, Edmund continues his explanation.)

I could introduce you to my brother and sisters if you like? I know that they would love to meet you, Your Majesty. The only problem is, I'm not really sure how to get back... to the Professor... and Mrs Macready... and the others...

But I'm sure that I could do it. Would there be more Turkish Delight if I could find my way back to you?



Audition piece # 4

Luke from the play *Luke Lloyd: Alienoid* by John Armstrong

(Luke comes out tentatively and stands alone on stage against a spectacular projected image of the cosmos. He is holding a thick notebook. He speaks nervously at first, in a slight staccato rhythm.)

Luke

(To the audience) My name is Luke... Luke Oscar Lloyd. And I like facts. No that's wrong – I love facts. I really love them. I love them so much I'd like to marry one! *(beat)* That was a joke. I love facts because they are smooth and shiny and round like bowling balls. I line them up in my mind on little shelves and I write them down in notebooks. I say them to myself over and over and they make me feel clever and safe. *(Reads from his book)* Fact: Cats have thirty-two muscles in each ear. Fact: the Giant Californian Sea Cucumber eats food through its own anus. *(He looks up)* It's true. *(He reads again)* Fact: when I was born I had fur all over my body. That's right – fur. But it feel off after a week. I wish it hadn't, because by now I'd look like a Wookiee.

(Luke looks around at the projected universe.)

Fact: in our galaxy there are over sixty billion planets that could support other life-forms. That means aliens. So maybe on one of those planets there's an alien kid looking up at the stars. Right now. Just like I am.

(He stares upwards, and waves tentatively.)

Hi! My name is Luke Oscar Lloyd! Is anyone there?

(Silence. Luke looks back at the audience.)

I think about aliens a lot. Probably because I am one. That's not a joke. Okay. I'm not really an alien. I'm half-alien, half-human. I'm an alienoid. Luke Oscar Lloyd: alienoid. Which means that all my life I've been... different.



Audition piece #5

Gillian from Dags by Debra Oswald

(Gillian is an awkward, insecure teenager. She begins the scene with a bag over her head, with eye holes cut out. She is speaking to her imaginary audience.)

GILLIAN

I guess you're all wondering why I've got this paper bag on my head. It's cos I'm ugly. Hideous. A whole lot of you are probably thinking 'The paper bag's a pretty melodramatic stunt.' And that's true, I s'pose. I'm a pretty melodramatic sort of person. But that doesn't mean I'm not ugly too.

(She takes off the paper bag and inspects it) I thought it'd be okay if I cut out these eyeholes. But I didn't account for the noise problem. The paper crackles when I breathe in and out. Oh well... *(She tosses the paper bag away. She walks towards the bed and begins inspecting her face as if in a mirror. She sighs hopelessly. Gillian sighs, bites her lip, strangles herself, groans, and hams up having an internal battle.)*

All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever. I've got a crush on Adam. Head over heels. Uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless.

(Gillian almost swoons) Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my heart is going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush - it's like a disease. Do you know - oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this - Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang around the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard?

(Gillian looks deflated. She sits hunched up and brooding) Am I crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him. Writing these movies in my head where Adam and I are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. But - I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.