



# IONA COLLEGE

## 2022 PRODUCTION



### Information and Audition Pack

#### **Who can audition?**

Years 5-11 Iona College Students

Years 7-11 girls who attend the following schools:

Loreto College, Lourdes Hill College,  
Moreton Bay Girls' College, San Sisto College

Register your interest by completing **the audition form** and returning by email:  
[production@iona.qld.edu.au](mailto:production@iona.qld.edu.au)

#### **Auditions Sunday, 17<sup>th</sup> July in Hannah Hall:**

**Juniors (Boys in years 5 and 6): 10am – 11am**

**Boys and Girls in years 7 – 11: 11.30am – 2.30pm**

**Call-backs: 3pm – 4pm**

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## AUDITION FORM – PETER PAN

*Please complete and email this form to register.*

CONTACT INFORMATION – PLEASE PRINT NEATLY	
STUDENT'S SURNAME	
SCHOOL	
GRADE & HOMEROOM ie 10CEB5	
AGE	
HEIGHT	
<b>STUDENT Phone Numbers</b>	
Home-	
Mobile-	
<b>Email Address – PRINT CLEARLY PLEASE</b>	
Parent:	
Student:	
Emergency Contact Person for Day of Audition	Relationship
<b>EMERGENCY CONTACT Phone Numbers</b>	
Home-	
Mobile-	
<b>Are there any medical requirements or concerns you would like to make us aware of on the day of the audition?</b>	

ANY ROLE/S IN PARTICULAR THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE CONSIDERED FOR?

PAST THEATRE EXPERIENCE:

OTHER RELEVANT EXPERIENCE or TRAINING:

Do you currently have a private drama teacher? Y N Teacher's Name:

**PLEASE ATTACH A copy of your 2021/2022 school individual photograph BELOW:**  
(If there is insufficient room, please include an attachment.)

To the best of our knowledge, is available to attend all rehearsals and performances listed in this audition pack and is committed to becoming a member of the 2022 Iona Production.

Student signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Parent signature: \_\_\_\_\_

# Important Information

## 1. KEY DATES

Wednesday, 20<sup>th</sup> July

Thursday, 21<sup>st</sup> July

Friday, 22<sup>nd</sup> July

Roles released via email.

Role acceptances due via email.

Final reminder regarding acceptance of roles will be sent via email. In the event of no communication by this date, a decline will be assumed.

## 2. REHEARSALS

### TERM THREE

#### MONTH

July:

#### DATE

Sunday, 24<sup>th</sup>

#### TIME

8.30am – 3.30pm

**+8.30 – 11.30 for table read with mains**

**+12.00 – 3.30 for all cast**

**+3.30pm Compulsory production meeting for all parents/carers**

July:

Sunday, 31<sup>st</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

August:

Sunday, 7<sup>th</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

August:

Sunday, 14<sup>th</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

August:

Sunday, 21<sup>st</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

August:

Monday, 22<sup>nd</sup>

3.30pm – 7.30pm

August:

Sunday, 28<sup>th</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

### TERM FOUR

#### MONTH

October:

#### DATE

Sunday, 2<sup>nd</sup>

#### TIME

8.30am – 3.30pm

October:

Sunday, 9<sup>th</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

October:

Sunday, 16<sup>th</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

October:

Sunday, 23<sup>rd</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

October:

Sunday, 30<sup>th</sup>

8.30am – 3.30pm

October:

Monday, 31<sup>st</sup>

3.30pm – 7.30pm

November:

Sunday, 6<sup>th</sup>

8.00am – 4pm

November:

Monday, 7<sup>th</sup>

4pm – 9pm (**Dinner provided**)

November:

Wednesday, 9<sup>th</sup>

4pm – 9pm (**Dinner provided**)

## 3. PERFORMANCE DATES

#### MONTH

November:

#### DATE

Thursday, 10<sup>th</sup> (*Opening Night*)

#### TIME

Call at 5.30pm, curtain at 7.00pm, finish at 9.00pm

November:

Friday, 11<sup>th</sup>

Call at 5.30pm, curtain at 7.00pm, finish at 9.00pm

## 4. ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

### 4.1. Levy

A \$85 levy is required. The levies are to help cover some of the costs of your involvement; this includes contributing towards a College Production t-shirt, costuming, set-design and end-of-production celebrations.

NB: Most costuming will be provided. However, cast members may need to purchase the following: shoes, makeup essentials, undergarments, personal grooming items

### 4.2. Commitments and Absences

Read the rehearsal schedule carefully. If you are unable to attend all rehearsals and performances, please do not audition. If you accept a role, you are entering into a long-term, collaborative commitment. These dates are non-negotiable and MUST be attended by all cast members as required. A binding commitment is made by every performer to attend all rehearsals and performances.

**In case of absence:** If family bereavement or sickness prevails, please email [cooked@iona.qld.edu.au](mailto:cooked@iona.qld.edu.au).

## 5. ABOUT THE PLAY

### 5.1 Plot

The play – by Scottish playwright [J.M. Barrie](#), first produced in 1904 – begins in the nursery of the Darling household in [London](#), where Wendy, John, and Michael are going to bed when they are surprised by the arrival of Peter Pan and the [fairy Tinker Bell](#). Peter has come to retrieve his shadow, which he had previously lost there. Peter reveals that he lives in the Never Land as captain of the Lost Boys, children who fell out of their baby carriages when their nurses were looking the other way. Invited by Peter to come to the Never Land to tell stories to the Lost Boys, Wendy and her brothers fly with Peter to an island populated by, in addition to the Lost Boys, villainous pirates led by Peter's sworn enemy, Captain Hook.

### 5.2 Characters

**Peter Pan** is one of the protagonists of the play and the novel. He is described in the novel as a young boy who still has all his first teeth; he wears clothes made of leaves.

**Wendy Darling** – Wendy is the eldest child, their only daughter, and the protagonist of the novel. She loves the idea of homemaking and storytelling and wants to become a mother; her dreams consist of adventures in a little woodland house with her pet wolf.

**John Darling** – John is the middle child. He gets along well with Wendy, but he often argues with Michael. He is fascinated with pirates, and he once thought of becoming "Redhanded Jack".

**Michael Darling** – Michael is the youngest child. He is approximately five years old, as he still wears the pinafores young Edwardian boys wear. He looks up to John and Wendy, dreaming of living in a wigwam where his friends visit at night.

**Mr. and Mrs. Darling** – George and Mary Darling are the children's loving parents. Mr. Darling is a pompous, blustering clerk in the City but kind at heart. Mary Darling is described as an intelligent, romantic lady.

**Tootles** – Tootles is the humblest Lost Boy because he often misses out on their violent adventures.

**Nibs** – Nibs is probably the bravest Lost Boy.

**Slightly** – Slightly is the most conceited because he believes he remembers the days before he was "lost". He is the only Lost Boy who "knows" his last name

**Curly** – Curly is the most troublesome Lost Boy.

**The Twins** – First and Second Twin know little about themselves – they are not allowed to, because Peter Pan does not know what Twins are

**Tiger Lily / Tiger** is the proud leader of a group of inhabitants of Neverland. **Note: this will be either a male or female role.**

**Captain James Hook** The main antagonist, a vengeful pirate who lives to kill Peter Pan, not so much because Peter cut off his right hand, but because the boy is "cocky". **Again, a male or female actor will be considered for this role.**

**Mr. Smee** is an Irish nonconformist pirate. **Again, a male or female actor will be considered for this role.**

**Gentleman Starkey** was once an usher at a public school. He is Captain Hook's first mate. **Again, a male or female actor will be considered for this role.**

## 6. WHAT HAPPENS IN THE AUDITION?

For this audition, **no monologues or lines need to be memorised.**

Students will be chosen to take turns on stage acting out the cold reading lines in pairs or groups which may be designated based on roles students have nominated they want to try out for. They will be given some time to prepare in pairs or groups before acting out. While students don't have to memorise the lines, it is beneficial they are familiar with them or have read over them prior to the auditions.

Students may be asked to audition multiple pieces and re-audition the same lines in different ways with different partners. Students can also volunteer to audition for certain lines or characters if they choose on the day.

## 7. AUDITION PIECES

### Cold Reading Audition Sides (Does not need to be memorised)

#### PETER AND WENDY:

WENDY (*courteously*). Boy, why are you crying?

(*He jump up, and crossing to the foot of the bed bows to her in the fairy way. WENDY, impressed, bows to him from the bed.*)

PETER. What is your name?

WENDY (*well satisfied*). Wendy Moira Angela Darling. What is yours?

PETER (*finding it lamentably brief*). Peter Pan.

WENDY. Is that all?

PETER (*biting his lip*). Yes.

WENDY (*politely*). I am so sorry.

PETER. It doesn't matter.

WENDY. Where do you live?

PETER. Second to the right and then straight on till morning.

WENDY. What a funny address!

PETER. No, it isn't.

WENDY. I mean, is that what they put on the letters?

PETER. Don't get any letters.

WENDY. But your mother gets letters?

PETER. Don't have a mother.

WENDY. Peter!

(*She leaps out of bed to put her arms round him, but he draws back; he does not know why, but he knows he must draw back.*)

PETER. You mustn't touch me.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. No one must ever touch me.

WENDY. Why?

PETER. I don't know.

(*He is never touched by any one in the play.*)



WENDY. No wonder you were crying.

PETER. I wasn't crying. But I can't get my shadow to stick on.

WENDY. It has come off! How awful. (*Looking at the spot where he had lain.*) Peter, you have been trying to stick it on with soap!

PETER (*snappily*). Well then?

WENDY. It must be sewn on.

PETER. What is 'sewn'?

WENDY. You are dreadfully ignorant.

PETER. No, I 'm not.

WENDY. I will sew it on for you, my little man. But we must have more light. (*She touches something, and to his astonishment the room is illuminated.*) Sit here. I dare say it will hurt a little.

PETER (*a recent remark of hers rankling*). I never cry. (*She seems to attach the shadow. He tests the combination.*) It isn't quite itself yet.

WENDY. Perhaps I should have ironed it. (*It awakes and is as glad to be back with him as he to have it. He and his shadow dance together. He is showing off now. He crows like a cock. He would fly in order to impress WENDY further if he knew that there is anything unusual in that.*)

PETER. Wendy, look, look; oh the cleverness of me!

WENDY. You conceit, of course I did nothing!

PETER. You did a little.

### **HOOK AND SMEE:**

HOOK. Not now. He is only one, and I want to mischief all the seven. Scatter and look for them. (*The boatswain whistles his instructions, and the men disperse on their frightful errand. With none to hear save SMEE, HOOK becomes confidential.*) Most of all I want their captain, Peter Pan. 'Twas he cut off my arm. I have waited long to shake his hand with this. (*Luxuriating.*) Oh, I 'll tear him!

SMEE (*always ready for a chat*). Yet I have oft heard you say your hook was worth a score of hands, for combing the hair and other homely uses.

HOOK. If I was a mother I would pray to have my children born with this instead of that (*his left arm creeps nervously behind him. He has a galling remembrance*). Smee, Pan flung my arm to a crocodile that happened to be passing by.

SMEE. I have often noticed your strange dread of crocodiles.

HOOK (*pettishly*). Not of crocodiles but of that one crocodile. (*He lays bare a lacerated heart.*) The brute liked my arm so much, Smee, that he has followed me ever since, from sea to sea, and from land to land, licking his lips for the rest of me.

SMEE (*looking for the bright side*). In a way it is a sort of compliment.

HOOK (*with dignity*). I want no such compliments; I want Peter Pan, who first gave the brute his taste for me. Smee, that crocodile would have had me before now, but by 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 I run. (*He emits a hollow rumble.*) Once I heard it strike six within him.

SMEE (*sombrely*). Some day the clock will stop working and then he'll get you.

HOOK (*a broken man*). Ay, that is the fear that haunts me. (*He rises.*) Smee, this seat is hot, I am burning.

(*He has been sitting*)

SMEE. A chimney!

HOOK (*avidly*). Listen! Smee, 'tis obvious they boys here, beneath the ground. (*He replaces the mushroom. His brain works tortuously.*)

SMEE (*hopefully*). Tell us your plan, Captain.

HOOK. To return to the boat and cook a large rich chocolate cake. There can be but one room below, for there is but one chimney. We must leave the cake on the shore of the mermaids' lagoon. These boys are always swimming about there, trying to catch the mermaids. They will find the cake and gobble it up, because, having no mother, they don't know how dangerous 'tis to eat rich chocolate cake lying around. They will die!

SMEE (*fascinated*). It is the wickedest, prettiest plan I ever heard of.

HOOK (*meaning well*). Shake hands on 't.

**HOOK, PETER, SMEE:**

SMEE (*shaken*). That is all right, Captain; we let her go.

HOOK (*terrible*). Let her go?

SMEE. 'Twas your own orders, Captain.

STARKEY (*whimpering*). You called over the water to us to let her go.

HOOK. Brimstone and gall, what is going on? (*Disturbed by their faithful faces*) Lads, I gave no such order.

SMEE 'Tis very odd.

HOOK (*addressing the immensities*). Spirit that haunts this dark lagoon to-night, do you hear me?

PETER (*in the same voice*). Odds, bobs, hammer and tongs, I hear you.

HOOK (*gripping the stave for support*). Who are you, stranger, speak.

PETER (*who is only too ready to speak*). I am James Hook, Captain of the *Jolly Roger*.

HOOK (*now white to the gills*). No, no, you are not.

PETER. Brimstone and gall, say that again and I 'll cast anchor in you.

HOOK. If you are Hook, come tell me, who am I?

PETER. A codfish, only a codfish.

HOOK (*aghast*). A codfish?

SMEE (*drawing back from him*). Have we been captained all this time by a codfish?

STARKEY. How embarrassing.

HOOK (*feeling that his ego is slipping from him*). Don't leave me.

PETER (*top-heavy*). Paw, fish, paw!

HOOK. Have you another name?

PETER (*falling to the lure*). Ay, ay.

HOOK (*thirstily*). Vegetable?

PETER. No.

HOOK. Mineral?

PETER. No.

HOOK. Animal?

PETER (*after a hurried consultation with TOOTLES*). Yes.

HOOK. Man?

PETER (*with scorn*). No.

HOOK. Boy?

PETER, Yes.

HOOK. Ordinary boy?

PETER. No!

HOOK. Wonderful boy?

PETER (*to WENDY'S distress*). Yes!

HOOK. Are you in England?

PETER. No.

HOOK. Are you here?

PETER. Yes.

HOOK (*Realises who it is and decides what to do*). Smee, you ask him some questions.

SMEE (*rummaging his brains*). I can't think of a thing,

*Hook searching silently for Peter Pan.*

PETER. Can't guess, can't guess! (*Foundering in his cockiness*) Do you give it up?

HOOK (*eagerly*). Yes.

PETER. All of you?

SMEE and STARKEY. Yes.

PETER (*crowing*). Well, then, I am Peter Pan!

*(Now they have him.)*

HOOK (*Smiling, grinning*) Pan.

PETER Boys, get the pirates!

### **FOR JUNIORS (YEARS 5-6): THE TWINS, TOOTLES, SLIGHTLY, CURLY, NIBS**

TOOTLES. Has Peter come back yet, Slightly?

SLIGHTLY (*with a solemnity that he thinks suits the occasion*). No, Tootles, no.

*(They are like dogs waiting for the master to tell them that the day has begun.)*

CURLY (*as if Peter might be listening*). I do wish he would come back.

TOOTLES. I am always afraid of the pirates when Peter is not here to protect us.

SLIGHTLY. I am not afraid of pirates. Nothing frightens me. But I do wish Peter would come back and tell us whether he has heard anything more about Cinderella.

SECOND TWIN (*with diffidence*). Slightly, I dreamt last night that the prince found Cinderella.

FIRST TWIN (*who is intellectually the superior of the two*). Twin, I think you should not have dreamt that, for I didn't, and Peter may say we oughtn't to dream differently, being twins, you know.

TOOTLES. I am awfully anxious about Cinderella. You see, not knowing anything about my own mother I am fond of thinking that she was rather like Cinderella.

*(This is received with derision.)*

NIBS. All I remember about my mother is that she often said to father, 'Oh how I wish I had a credit card of my own.' I don't know what a credit card is, but I should just love to give my mother one.

SLIGHTLY *(as usual)*. My mother was fonder of me than your mothers were of you. *(Uproar.)* Oh yes, she was. Peter had to make up names for you, but my mother had wrote my name on the pinafore I was lost in. 'Slightly Soiled'; that's my name.

**MICHAEL, JOHN, WENDY:**

MICHAEL *(looking about him)*. I think I have been here before.

JOHN. It's your home, you stupid.

WENDY. There is your old bed, Michael.

MICHAEL. I had nearly forgotten.

JOHN. I say, the kennel!

WENDY. Perhaps Nana is in it.

JOHN *(peering)*. There is a man asleep in it.

WENDY *(remembering him by the bald patch)*. It's father!

JOHN. So it is!

MICHAEL. Let me see father. *(Disappointed)* He is not as big as the pirate I killed.

JOHN *(perplexed)*. Wendy, surely father didn't use to sleep in the kennel?

WENDY *(with misgivings)*. Perhaps we don't remember the old life as well as we thought we did.

JOHN *(chilled)*. It is very careless of mother not to be here when we come back.

*(The piano is heard again.)*

WENDY. H'sh! *(She goes to the door and peeps.)* That is her playing! *(They all have a peep.)*

MICHAEL. Who is that lady?

JOHN. H'sh! It's mother.

MICHAEL. Then are you not really our mother, Wendy?

WENDY *(with conviction)*. Oh dear, it is quite time to be back!

JOHN. Let us creep in and put our hands over her eyes.

WENDY *(more considerate)*. No, let us break it to her gently.

**WENDY, JOHN, MICHAEL, PETER, LOST BOYS:**

WENDY *(drawing up her stool)*. Well, there was once a gentleman——

CURLY. I wish he had been a lady.

NIBS. I wish he had been a white rat.

WENDY. Quiet! There was a lady also. The gentleman's name was Mr. Darling and the lady's name was Mrs. Darling——

JOHN. I knew them!

MICHAEL *(who has been allowed to join the circle)*. I think I knew them.

WENDY. They were married, you know; and what do you think they had?

NIBS. White rats?

WENDY. No, they had three children.

MICHAEL (*alas*). What a funny name!

WENDY. But Mr. Darling— (*faltering*) or was it Mrs. Darling?—was angry with her and chained her up in the yard; so all the children flew away. They flew away to the Never Land, where the lost boys are.

CURLY. I just thought they did; I don't know how it is, but I just thought they did.

TOOTLES. Oh, Wendy, was one of the lost boys called Tootles.

WENDY. Yes, he was.

TOOTLES (*dazzled*). Am I in a story? Nibs, I am in a story!

PETER (*who is by the fire making Pan's pipes with his knife, and is determined that WENDY shall have fair play, however beastly a story he may think it*). A little less noise there.

WENDY (*melting over the beauty of her present performance, but without any real qualms*). Now I want you to consider the feelings of the unhappy parents with all their children flown away. Think, oh think, of the empty beds. (*The heartless ones think of them with glee.*)

FIRST TWIN (*cheerfully*). It's awfully sad.

WENDY. But our heroine knew that her mother would always leave the window open for her progeny to fly back by; so they stayed away for years and had a lovely time.

(PETER *is interested at last.*)

FIRST TWIN. Did they ever go back?

WENDY (*comfortably*). Let us now take a peep into the future. Years have rolled by, and who is this elegant lady of uncertain age alighting at London station?

(*The tension is unbearable.*)

NIBS. Oh, Wendy, who is she?

WENDY (*swelling*). Can it be—yes—no—yes, it is the fair Wendy!

TOOTLES. I am glad.

WENDY. Who are the people accompanying her? Can they be John and Michael? They are. (*Pride of MICHAEL.*) 'See, dear brothers,' says Wendy, pointing upward, 'there is the window standing open.' So up they flew to their loving parents, and words cannot explain the happy scenes taking place. (*Her triumph is spoilt by a groan from PETER and she hurries to him.*) Peter, what is it? (*Thinking he is ill, and looking lower than his chest.*) Where is it?

PETER. It isn't that kind of pain. Wendy, you are wrong about mothers. I thought like you about the window, so I stayed away for moons and moons, and then I flew back, but the window was barred, for my mother had forgotten all about me and there was another little boy sleeping in my bed.

(*This is a general damper.*)

JOHN. Wendy, let us go back!

WENDY. Are you sure mothers are like that?

PETER. Yes.

WENDY. John, Michael! (*She clasps them to her.*)

FIRST TWIN (*alarmed*). You are not to leave us, Wendy?

WENDY. I must.