

# Audition pieces for all characters.

## Jim and Jenny

- JENNY. Hello...
- JIM. Hello...
- JENNY. I'm Jenny Trelawney. The Squire's daughter. I think he must have forgotten about me.
- JIM. **(indicating)** He's just –
- JENNY. Wandered off somewhere?
- JIM. Yes.
- JENNY. Who are you?
- JIM. I'm Jim Hawkins. I live here.
- JENNY. How wonderful to be living here amongst all these rough, colourful, dangerous types!
- (The CHORUS burst into life.)**
- MUM. **(popping head on)** Shut it!
- (The CHORUS fall silent.)**
- JENNY. It must be ever so exciting! **(Whispering)** Who's he?
- JIM. Which one?
- JENNY. The one with a big scar, dressed in black and sitting on a chest.
- JIM. That's Billy Bones. He's done terrible, awful, wicked things!
- JENNY. Really – like what?!!
- JIM. We don't know – but every day he's out on the cliff, looking for ships, muttering to himself about a sailor with one leg.

JENNY. How deliciously gross! Why?

JIM. No one dare ask – he'd kill you as soon as look at you!

JENNY. That's so cool!

JIM. Yes, I suppose it is!

JENNY. Life can be very dull with Father. I just long for excitement!

JIM. Me too – I can't wait to escape and make my fortune!

JENNY. Oh, Jim - let's run away together and get married! I've loved you ever since I first saw you!

JIM. But that was two minutes ago!

JENNY. I know!!! What's the point of love if it's not at first sight? You do love me too, don't you?

JIM. Yes, of course I do.

## Mrs Hawkins

MUM. Hello Everybody and welcome to the Admiral Benbow – the home of neighbourly good cheer and friendly fellowship!

**(The CHORUS loudly greet each other, shake hands, hug and back slap each other.)**

Merry jests, happy laughter –

**(The CHORUS all roar with laughter.)**

And open-handed generosity, where someone is always ready to stand the next round!

**(The CHORUS are immediately silent and sit sheepishly at their tables etc. BILLY BONES is sat on his sea chest.)**

What a po-faced, stingy lot. You'd think we were in **(Local town or village.)**

JIM. It's no good, Mum. Times are hard.

MUM. I know, Jim, I know – **(to Audience)** that's my son, Jim. And he's right – times are hard! And me, a poor wife, all alone in the world, except for my husband upstairs in bed at death's door...!

**(KITTIE, a maid, runs on.)**

KITTIE. Mrs Hawkins! Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Yes, what is it, Kittie?

KITTIE. He's gone, Mrs Hawkins, he's gone!

MUM. Gone?

KITTIE. Gone!! **(Bursts into tears and exits.)**

MUM. I'll start again – And me a poor widow woman, all alone in the world, except for my son Jim, my maid Kittie, a pub-full of regulars -

**(CHORUS suddenly spring to life, laughing, shouting and animatedly drinking etc.)**

Who never pay for their drinks!

**(CHORUS instantly resume their sheepish silence.)**

And all me husband's debts! What are we going to do, Jim?

JIM. I don't know, Mum. There must be some way I can seek our fortune.

MUM. Oh, what a brave lad you are! After all, there's not much point in asking that lot of lazy, good for nothing seafaring ne'er-do-wells!

**(CHORUS immediately spring raucously back into life.)**

Will you shut up!

**(CHORUS instantly resume their sheepish silence.)**

**KITTIE rushes back in.)**

KITTIE. Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Yes, what is it, Kittie?

KITTIE. It's a miracle!

MUM. What is?

KITTIE. He lives!!

MUM. Lives?

KITTIE. Lives!! **(Bursts into tears and exits.)**

MUM. Right. I'm going to start one more time... And me, a poor wife, all alone in the world, except for my husband still upstairs in bed at death's door, my son Jim, my maid Kittie, a pub-full of regulars -

**(CHORUS suddenly spring to life, laughing and shouting etc.)**

Will you just shut it!

**(CHORUS are once again sheepishly silent.)**

And all me husband's debts! What are we going to do, Jim?

JIM. I don't know, Mum. There must be some way I can seek our fortune.

MUM. Oh, what a brave lad you are! After all, there's not much point in asking that lot of lazy, good for nothing seafaring ne'er-do-wells!

**(CHORUS immediately spring raucously back into life.)**

I said, shut it!

**(CHORUS instantly resume their sheepish silence.)**

We seem to be going round in circles!

## Mrs Hawkins and Squire

SQUIRE. **(entering)** Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Squire Trelawney!

SQUIRE. I'm here for me rent.

MUM. **(to Audience.)** You see?

SQUIRE. Dashed inconvenient I know – what with you being a poor wife, all alone in the world, except for your husband upstairs in bed at death's door, your son Jim, your maid Kittie, a pub-full of regulars -

**(CHORUS spring to life, laughing and shouting etc.)**

MUM. Shut it!

**(CHORUS are immediately silent.)**

SQUIRE. And all your husband's debts. **(Looks bemusedly at the silent CHORUS for a moment.)**

MUM. **(Aside to Audience.)** Fortunately, the Squire's a bit dim - with a terrible weakness for spotted dick.

SQUIRE. Anyway, I was just on my way to the Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute to judge the cake baking competition – when I thought, 'I know, why don't I drop in at the Admiral Benbow and collect me cash?!'

MUM. Well, isn't that nice, in fact you're the very person I was hoping to see!

SQUIRE. I am?

MUM. You are. Because I need your opinion. I've just been baking –

SQUIRE. **(hopefully)** Spotted dick?

MUM. Oh, Squire. You're ahead of me – my extra special spotted dick! Would you like a nibble?

SQUIRE. Oh, Mrs Hawkins -

MUM. **(indicating wing)** It's out there waiting for you.

SQUIRE. You know my weakness!

MUM. I could cover it in custard.

SQUIRE. Oh, I say!

MUM. (gesturing) Shall we go through? (Aside, as SQUIRE exits.) It's always the same. A bit of spotted dick and he's gone! (Exits.)

## Long John Silver, Sam and Willy, Polly

POLLY. (entering) What about me?

SILVER. Oh, yes. This is Polly, my parrot. They live a long time, parrots - ancient, she is.

POLLY. Don't be rude.

SILVER. You see, she can talk! Say - 'Pretty Polly - Pretty Polly'!

POLLY. Only if I can sit on your shoulder.

SILVER. You can't sit on my shoulder. I've told you that before.

POLLY. But I'm a parrot.

SILVER. So?

POLLY. I don't feel like parrot.

SILVER. You've got feathers and things, haven't you?

POLLY. I want to feel like a proper parrot. I want to sit on your shoulder.

SILVER. Well, you can't.

POLLY. Why not?

SILVER. I'll fall over!

POLLY. You're not even a proper pirate. (Exits.)

SILVER. (shouting after her) I am a proper pirate! And I don't need a stupid old parrot sitting on my shoulder to prove I'm a proper pirate...! (To OTHERS.) Where are Seadog and Seaweed?

(We hear SEADOG SAM and SEAWEED WILLY from other side. "Captain! Captain!")

About time too.

**(SAM and WILLY enter.)**

Did you give the black spot to Billy Bones like I told you?

SAM. Aye, aye, Captain, we gave it to him alright.

SILVER. And what did he do?

WILLY. He died.

SILVER. But not before begging me to forgive him and returning the map he stole from us, eh?!

SAM. No, he didn't do that.

SILVER. What?

WILLY. He got very upset.

SILVER. I bet he did! So, you searched through his things, found the map and brought it here, did you?

SAM. Not exactly.

SILVER. What?

WILLY. Mrs Hawkins did that. She found it and shoved it down her – 'you know whats'.

SILVER. Her you know whats? What are her you know whats??

SAM. Her, you know – her ladies'... her fenders!

PIRATES. **(nodding in recognition)** Aaah... Her fenders!

SAM. So, she shoved it down her fenders and took it to the Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute to show the Squire.

SILVER. What??!!

WILLY. He's judging the cake baking competition.

SILVER. **(exploding)** You pair of incompetent, dozy, brainless goons! You were that close to the map and then you let it slip through your stupid fingers! Why's she showing it to the Squire?

SAM. So that they can sail off in his ship and go and get the treasure.

SILVER. Over my dead body! We'll have to go and get it back!

## Mrs Henderson and Pirate gang

MRS H. Who are you?

SILVER. We're the ladies of the Pirate's Cove WI!

**(The PIRATES launch into a very brief, ghastly acapella version of the girl power number sung at the start of the scene. They end with jazz hands, leering grotesquely.)**

MRS H. Well, ladies. What can I say, but welcome to Smuggler's Cove! I'm Mrs Henderson, the Chair.

SILVER. And I'm Mrs Silver, the Pirate's Cove, Chair. And this is Mrs Blood Boiler.

MRS H. Mrs Blood Boiler?

BLOOD B. **(daintily)** So pleased to meet you.

SILVER. Mrs Gizzard Slitter...

GIZZARD S. **(equally daintily)** Charmed, I'm sure.

FRIDGE. **(not at all daintily)** And I'm the Fridge.

MRS H. The Fridge?

FRIDGE. Yeah - and I'm a lady.

MRS H. A lady? Oh, I see - Lady Fridge! Do forgive me. **(To MRS CARTER-BROWN.)** Daphne, fetch a chair for Lady Fridge! **(excitedly)** Squire Trelawney, it's Lady Fridge!

SQUIRE. Lady Fridge!

FRIDGE. And we've brought some cakes.

MRS H. Oh, how lovely! You're going to enter our little competition. What have you brought?

GIZZARD S. **(producing it)** I've got a donut.

BLOOD B. **(producing it)** I've got a swiss roll.

FRIDGE. **(producing it)** And I've got a tin of tomato soup.

MRS S. That's not a cake.

FRIDGE. Yes, it is.

MRS H. Of course, it is!

FRIDGE. **(aggressively to MRS SNOOK)** See!?

MRS H. Well, Squire. It's judgement time. I had thought my angel cake might carry the day, but now I'm not so sure!

SQUIRE. What? Oh. Yes, of course. Well, let me see. As always, the standard has been very high. But this year, third prize goes to Mrs Carter-Brown, for her delightful pair of Battenbergs!

MRS C B. Oh, Squire! You can have a nibble whenever you want!

SQUIRE. I'm sure I will, Mrs Carter-Brown!

MRS C B. Maybe Wednesday?

MRS H. Daphne!

SQUIRE. And second prize goes to you, Mrs Henderson, for an angel cake which is almost beyond compare.

MRS H. Oh, Squire!

SQUIRE. Deserved as always, Mrs Henderson.

FRIDGE. It's a fix!

FRIDGE,  
BB & GS. Fix! Fix! Fix....!

SQUIRE. **(topping the Pirates)** But this year, I'm sure you'll all agree with me that first prize absolutely must go to Lady Fridge!

FRIDGE. Eh?

SQUIRE. For her delicious tin of tomato soup!

FRIDGE. Have I won?

**(Polite applause. THE FRIDGE preens.)**

Thank you very much.

## WI Ladies and Sam and Willy

MRS H. Come along, Ladies, this way... This way to the dockside.

MRS S. Are you sure this is the way, Mrs Henderson?

MRS H. Yes, of course I'm sure, Mrs Snook. This way, Ladies, this way for nautical knots and sea shanties...!

MRS P. There seem to be an awful lot of people sitting about, Davina.

MRS H. Yes, I appreciate that, Mrs Parker. Just do your best to ignore them.

MRS P. I don't think this is the way.

MRS H. I think you can trust me to find my way to Bristol dockside, Mrs Parker!

MRS P. Well, if you're sure.

MRS H. Of course I'm sure!

SAM. Hello, ladies, are you looking for somebody?

MRS H. Are you the nautical knot man?

SAM. I know a sheet bend from a cleat hitch when I see one.

MRS H. You see, Mrs Parker - we've found the nautical knot man! This way Ladies, we've arrived!

**(Ad lib as the LADIES excitedly gain the stage, supervised by MRS HENDERSON.)**

Come along, Ladies, no dawdling! Etc etc...

**(The LADIES are now all on stage.)**

Well, we're here. You can start your demonstration. **(To WILLY.)** And are you the sea shanty man?

WILLY.           What?

SAM.             We're sea shanty men, nautical knot men, whatever tickles your fancy men!

MRS H.          I don't need my fancy tickled, thank you very much. We're here for your exhibition.

DORIS.          You can tickle my fancy, sailor!

MRS H.          Miss Normington!

                  DORIS.          **(to SAM)** Call me Doris.