

# Cookie Audition Material

## Scene 1

*COOKIE is recounting to JOHN a tale from his past.*

COOKIE

I remember when I was a lad, I was sailing as Cabin Boy, must have been about the same age as you, when we came into Port Royale. I was sitting in a tavern when the door opened and in walked a wench like you've never seen. Ah John, she had piercing eyes that looked right down into your soul.

A laugh that could lighten a room and a pair of puppies like two giant peaches stuffed into an undersized bag. She walks up and orders a large rum so I goes over and pays for it for her. She smiles and the last bit of my heart collapsed. We sat and spoke until the sun sank far below the horizon that night. And the next day. And the next. After 7 days a ship came into dock. Her husband's. It seems the ship was thought lost. She told me that I had to forget about her and that this last week had been most fantastical but she had to not see me again. This be 20 years ago now. I have never been able to look at another woman. I didn't choose for her to take my heart. But it takes you that way sometimes. All I be saying is, don't blame her.

## Scene 2 (as MIKE)

*JOHN'S parents – MIKE and ANGELA – have come to bid him adios. MIKE could have a heavy northern accent and ANGELA a Scottish accent. They look very unlike JOHN.*

MIKE

John my boy! You forgot your stuff!

ANGELA

Oh... and to say goodbye to your parents!?

JOHN

It's OK Mum and Dad! I've got new stuff now for my life as a pirate! Geoff took me to Pira-mark! She's really good at shopping!

MIKE

Well, suit yourself lad

*JOHN indicates his new attire with a discombobulated look on his face*

ANGELA

Well, John, we must say we're disappointed. After all we've done for you! Could you not even say goodbye?

JOHN

Oh I'm sorry, Mum. It's just that I've been waiting for something like this for so long. I got carried away... literally!

MIKE

Well my lad, if it was your sister then we'd be devastated but as it's you then.... It's OK.

JOHN

What do you mean, "as it's me"?

ANGELA

Mike...

MIKE

No, Angela, we should tell him.