

AUDITION SCRIPT: THE ZOO STORY, PETER



SCENE: Park bench, Summer afternoon

CIRCUMSTANCES: Peter has spent an exhilarating but exhausting afternoon with his new acquaintance Jerry, culminating in Jerry tickling Peter into hysterics. Peter is slowly coming down.

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JERRY: Listen to me, Peter. I want this bench. You go sit on the bench over there, and if you're good I'll tell you the rest of the story.

PETER: But ... what for? What is the matter with you? Besides, I see no reason why I should give up this bench. I sit on this bench almost every Sunday afternoon, in good weather. It's secluded here; there's never anyone sitting here, so I have it all to myself.

JERRY: Get off this bench, Peter; I want it.

PETER: No.

JERRY: I said I want this bench, and I'm going to have it. Now get over there.

PETER: People can't have everything they want. You should know that; it's a rule; people can have some of the things they want, but they can't have everything.

JERRY: (*Laughs*) Imbecile! You're slow-witted!

PETER: Stop that!

JERRY: You're a vegetable! Go lie down on the ground.

PETER: (*Contained.*) Now you listen to me. I've put up with you all afternoon.

JERRY: Not really.

PETER: LONG ENOUGH. I've put up with you long enough. I've listened to you because you seemed ... well, because I thought you wanted to talk to somebody.

JERRY: You put things well; economically, and, yet ... oh, what is the word I want to put justice to your ... JESUS, you make me sick ... get off here and give me my bench.

PETER: MY BENCH!

JERRY: (*Pushes Peter almost, but not quite, off the bench*) Get out of my sight.

PETER: (*Regaining his position*) God da ... mn you. That's enough! I've had enough of you. I will not give up this bench; you can't have it, and that's that. Now, go away. Go away, I said. (*JERRY does not move.*) Get away from here. If you don't move on ... you're a bum ... that's what you are.... If you don't move on, I'll get a policeman here and make you go. (*JERRY laughs, stays.*) I warn you, I'll call a policeman.

JERRY: (*Softly*) You won't find a policeman around here; they're all over on the west side of the park chasing fairies down from trees or out of the bushes. So scream your head off; it won't do you any good.

PETER: POLICE! I warn you, I'll have you arrested. POLICE! (*Pause.*) I said POLICE! (*Pause.*) I feel ridiculous.