

HIVE Audition Script

Character: CAPTAIN

CONTEXT: The CAPTAIN (HEUSTACE PANTALOOON), owner of the Bee Hive Hostel, makes his sitcom debut.

The front door of the Bee Hive set swings open and **THE CAPTAIN** enters. He rampages down into centre stage ,singing happily -

CAPTAIN

A-ten hut! Captain on deck!

“Aloft there, aloft!” our jolly boatswain cries,

Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we...’

The **CAPTAIN** stops short, his mood instantly shifting. At a nearby microwave, an “employee” (**RUDY**) has finished heating a meal and is trying to hurry away, but has the door left open.

CAPTAIN

You there, private! About face!

RUDY looks around in desperation. The **CAPTAIN** storms across, pointing with his cane.

CAPTAIN

Tell me, Unsat - What be the meaning of this sloppy disregard for discipline?
T’were you birthed in a barn, or just reared in one? Hm?

PEDROLINA

Mssr. Pantaloon! Such an honour to have our illustrious Capitan back upon
deck...

CAPTAIN

Pedrolina, why are atomic cook-ovens adorning the walls of my foyer? Have I not
made clear my disdain for modern trinkets in my establishments? We are a proud
institution, not Yorkshire peasantry!

PEDROLINA

Of course, my esteemed Capitan. Uh, if it pleases you, the new recruits are
assembled for inspection...

The **CAPTAIN** nods, shushing her with a light swing of his cane – he crosses to **VIVIAN**.

CAPTAIN

Aaaah, outstanding, First Mate. I see they're quite the nubile cohort. What's your name, sailor?

VIVIAN makes a sound half amused and half disgusted. GRACE nudges her, and VIVIAN gives her name apprehensively.

CAPTAIN

Mmm, tell me Vivian - are you experienced with handling a bilge pump?

The audience finds this funny.

PEDROLINA

Captain, may I present our new manag-errrr 'First Mate', Ms. Grace! She's much smarter than she appears. Grace, say something smart.

GRACE

Uh... *Semper paratus?*

PEDROLINA

She? She speaks Russian! I told you she was clever.

The audience chuckles. The CAPTAIN shakes his head, unimpressed.

CAPTAIN

I tell you, Ms. Pedrolina... radioactive doors ajar, women-folk manning the decks... now communists in our ranks! Bah! Young people today - ruined by their "liberal" universities and pumpkin soy double... disgraceful! Times were, I'd have you all packed up and sent to the colonies - killing a few Mysores would straighten you kids out quick smart. But now... I dare say this regiment is in dire need of a firm hand! A stronger Pantaloon influence!

END OF SCENE.