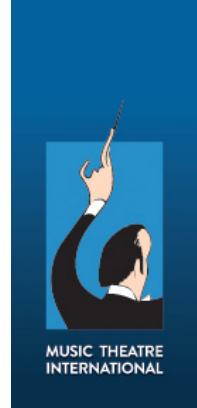


Music Theatre International

423 West 55th Street
Second Floor
New York, NY 10019
Phone: (212) 541-4684
Fax: (212) 397-4684



Audition Central: Madagascar – A Musical Adventure JR.

Script: The Penguins

SIDE 1

SKIPPER

Visuals! Report!

KOWALSKI

We're in a crate on a ship in the ocean, Skipper.

SKIPPER

Interesting.

(to MASON)

You! Higher mammal. Can you read?

MASON

(reading the shipping label on their crate)

Your crate says 'SHIP TO KENYA WILDLIFE PRESERVE, AFRICA.' Congratulations.

SKIPPER

Africa? That ain't gonna fly! Rico! Break that lock.

RICO

Hie-ya!

(RICO karate-chops the lock, which falls off. The PENGUINS open the front of the crate and jump out onto the deck of the ship.)

PENGUINS

Hye! Hye! Hye! Hye!

SKIPPER

We're taking control of this rust bucket. Let's move to the bridge.

(The PENGUINS waddle over towards the SHIP'S CAPTAIN.)

MASON

Bon voyage, you formal-wearing fowl! Enjoy your little mutiny!

(The PENGUINS sneak up on the SHIP'S CAPTAIN.)

MELMAN

Uhhhh, these waves are making me nauseous... I'm allergic to seasick pills. Oh, brother. There's nothing worse than traveling in a crate. Ow! Splinter!

SHIP'S CAPTAIN

Oh, boy, I love the ocean... I really love my boat...

(The PENGUINS form a small pyramid behind the SHIP'S CAPTAIN with RICO on the top. RICO karate-chops the SHIP'S CAPTAIN on the neck.)

RICO

Hie-ya!

SHIP'S CAPTAIN

Ooff!

SIDE 2

PRIVATE

Over here, Skipper!

SKIPPER

Signal Kowalski and Rico and tell them to drop anchor.

PRIVATE

Aye aye, Skipper!

(PRIVATE begins to signal the ship with semaphore flags.)

GLORIA

Wait a minute. You guys were driving the boat? Where are the people?!

SKIPPER

We killed them and ate their livers.

(SKIPPER and PRIVATE laugh.)

Just kidding, doll, the people are fine. They're on a slow lifeboat to China. Hey! I know you two.

Where's that psychotic lion and our monochromatic friend?

(MELMAN and GLORIA turn to find MARTY gone.)

MELMAN

Marty? Where'd he go? He was right behind us.

GLORIA

Oh no. He went back for Alex! He's gonna get himself killed! What are we gonna do?

MELMAN

What are we gonna do?

(beat)

I'll tell you what we're gonna do! We are going after him!

GLORIA

What?! But what about the Foosa?

MELMAN

Foosa, shmoosa! We're New Yorkers, aren't we?

SKIPPER

Forgedaboutit!

MELMAN

We can handle anything!

GLORIA, SKIPPER, PRIVATE

Yeah!

MELMAN

And we are not gonna sit around while our friend needs us!

GLORIA

Oh, Melman! You're acting so brave!

MELMAN

I know. I must be coming down with malaria.

GLORIA

Let's go after him before you start feeling better!

(GLORIA and MELMAN exit.)

SKIPPER

You hear that? Our monochromatic friend's in trouble! Looks like we have got a date with danger!

PRIVATE

Aye aye, Skipper!

(They start to exit. SKIPPER turns back to PRIVATE.)

SKIPPER

You... probably won't survive.