



AUDITION MONOLOGUES

Please select one monologue for auditions

CHESHIRE CAT: Whoa, hello! Alice, I presume? Why, you may call me “Cheshire Cat”. (beat) You fear you’ve lost your head? The world has lost its head. Not to worry; we’re all mad here. I’m mad, you’re mad. It’s a perfectly appropriate response. (turns to go, Alice calls after them) “Don’t go”? “Please”? I like that. You want your head back? It took so long to lose it as it is. You can’t keep looking back, to fit the head you had. Think too much, dear, and you’ll forget what you know by heart. What’s the point of turning the key if you won’t go through the door?

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear dear. I’m late. So very very late. So much—such a muchness still to finish. And so...(attempts to leave, Alice stops him). What? One minute more?? Oh, we all know about minutes. How they start out, merely minutes-seeming minutes. Soon, each second, it’s a minute, and the minutes run like seconds till they’re hours—running, slipping—years and years—gone, gone, gone. I’M LATE! I’M LATE! I’M LATE! (tries to leave again, Alice tries to follow, suddenly serious and urgent) Stop. Please. This isn’t just some silly game. I have no time left. Not for this. If you knew time as I do...

DUCHESS: (to ALICE) Well, well, well. Welcome to my world, pig. Set a bookmark on my heart, but don’t mind me. Oh, does that not make sense? The moral is: stop making sense! This is Wonderland, my pet. Now, now. This little piggy just could not stay home. All grown up, are you? Rule 42, you know it, dear: you go “Oh, I know it all by heart!” and I quote “You have no right to grow here.” Wretched pig—you broke my heart, you selfish tart! You stole my soul and made me old! You stripped the sheets and stole my sleep, and left my youth a dream! I’ll see you at the trial, you PIIIIIIIIIIIG!!!! ‘Tis so, ‘tis so. And thus: ‘tis IS! (beat) In the meantime, Bacon Bitty, we’ve been invited by the Queen to play croquet. I shall make you a present of everything I’ve said.



MAD HATTER: (to MARCH HARE, about ALICE) You give the goon some room, the next thing that you know, she wants your chair. (To ALICE) One place on, please. More tea? (beat) So, now we explore: The Girl Who Wanted More. Shall we have a riddle? (ALICE says yes). Oh, NOW she wants a riddle, too. All right then, since you insist: Why is a raven like a writing desk? (Beat) I haven't the faintest idea! Oh, you think a riddle with no answer is a waste of time? If you knew Time as we do, child, you wouldn't talk of wasting it. We, we've spent many years with him, and you, you are just meeting him. We live in riddles, child, and sometimes, there's no answering them.

ALICE: (reads from book) "Which way, which way?" Alice asked. But no one answered. (Looks up from book) Cheshire Cat! Cheshire Cat! Tell me, which way I ought to go from here. To him. Though, in truth, I'm now so lost. (Beat). Yes, it does matter which way I go. Of course it does. It must. STAY! Tell me. Where? It all keeps disappearing. The pages turn so quickly...but, why does he need to go? There's so much left of our story. (Beat, reads from book) "I shall find the golden key", Alice said—"and bring him with me, into that loveliest garden, among the roses. Sometimes," Alice says, I've believed in as many as six impossible things before breakfast." (Closes book, beat) All I want with him is time. More time...but he is always out of time.