



Open Call

Show:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

Company:

Birmingham Children's Theatre

When:

Saturday, January 7, 2012, 10:00AM

Where:

Birmingham Children's Theatre Rehearsal Hall, BJCC, 19th Street North between 10th and 11th Avenues North.

Seeking:

Young Artist to play Alice. Must appear to be a 9 or 10 year old girl.

Audition Requirements:

Present the monologue enclosed within this announcement.

Be prepared to learn a short dance/movement piece.

Please bring Headshot or color picture and resume.

Time Commitment:

Day Rehearsals March 19 through April 9, 2012.

Day Performances April 10 through May 4, 2012.

ALICE'S MONOLOGUE

"Drink Me." Somewhat suspicious is what I'd say. The fact is, if you grab a red-hot poker, however innocent it might appear, it will burn you if you hold it too long. Furthermore, if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds. And, in conclusion, if you drink from a bottle marked "poison", especially a suspicious one, it's almost certain to disagree with you. (AGAIN EXAMINING THE BOTTLE) But this bottle, although suspicious, is not marked "poison." (SHE DRINKS FROM THE BOTTLE) A delightfully curious taste of cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, and... (Alice grows in size) I didn't shut up at all. I seemed to have opened all the Way up. My feet are so far away they'll probably begin to walk their own direction. (With a sad look to the tiny door far below her) I shall never get in now. Perhaps I am no longer even I. But if I know the things I used to, then I'm certainly still myself. Four times five is twelve. Four times six is thirteen...London is the capital of Paris, Paris is the capital of Rome...I must no longer be myself. (She begins to weep huge tears. We hear the sound of Big Drops of Water Falling.) And if I am no longer myself, who have I become? And my feet are getting soaked from my very own tears. And if I don't stop crying, I shall soon be drowned. And...And...(Sees a small cake that says, "EAT ME") and this cake looks delicious. (SHE READS THE CAKE) "Eat me." I don't think I can trust this pastry one bit, but there's no other choice. (Alice bites the cake. She shrinks to her normal size as a large door, exactly the same as the small door, is revealed. Alice begins to swim to stay afloat) I was certain I didn't notice any water in the picture, but now it seems that I'm swimming in a sea that I couldn't even see. (Mouse swims up humming a tune, rather smugly) Excuse me, Mouse. Mr. Mouse. Sir. I'm trying to find the tiny door. The door the White Rabbit went through, and...Perhaps it doesn't understand English. Perhaps it is a French Mouse. (CLEARING HER THROAT IMPORTANTLY) Ou est ma chatte?