



Dear 6th-8th Grade Students,

We are thrilled to announce a play just for you! Fall down the rabbit hole with us and discover a new world where nothing makes sense. Filled with beloved characters like Alice, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Caterpillar, and the White Rabbit, this play has a part for anyone! We can't wait to bring this play to life and share it with all of you! Please complete the audition form and read the following instructions carefully.

Auditions will begin on Friday, August 6th, from 3:15-4:15 in Mrs. Munné's room, D-302. All boys will audition for the Caterpillar, and all girls will audition for Alice. Memorization is not required, but you should be familiar with the script. British accents are encouraged but not required, but please have fun with it! Each of these characters are overflowing with personality, so we want to see you show yours off!

If you have any questions, please email smunne@khcs.org. We are so excited to see you Friday, August 6th for auditions for *Alice in Wonderland*.

Mrs. Sarah Munné

Junior High Audition Script

Caterpillar: Who are you?

Alice: I hardly know, sir. At least, I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have turned into somebody else.

Caterpillar: What do you mean? Explain yourself.

Alice: I can't explain myself, sir, because I'm not myself, you see.

Caterpillar: I don't see.

Alice: Well, when I got up this morning, I was just Alice. But a little while ago I was the size of a rabbit. And now I'm the size of a mushroom. Being so many sizes in a day is confusing.

Caterpillar: It isn't.

Alice: Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet. But someday you'll turn into a chrysalis, and after that into a butterfly. You'll feel a little odd then, won't you?

Caterpillar: Not a bit.

Alice: Well, it feels odd to me. As if I were somebody stupid.

Caterpillar: You are.

Alice: That I'm not! I'm the head of my class. At least, I was. I'll try if I know the things I used to know. Four times five is twelve --

Caterpillar: Wrong.

Alice: I'll try geography. London is the capital of Paris -- That's not right, I'm certain.

Caterpillar: Try some poetry.

Alice: I'll recite "How Doth the Little." *(She folds her hands, clears her throat, and recites, very proud and proper.)*

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every fragrant scale.

(She stops, embarrassed, apologetic.) Some of the words have got altered.

Caterpillar: It's wrong from beginning to end.

Alice: You see, sir, I have changed a great deal.

Caterpillar: You haven't.

Alice: Oh, it's no use talking to you! I want to find the garden, where the trial is. The things you say are of no use to me at all.

Caterpillar: They are.

Alice: You make such very short and rude remarks.

Caterpillar: I don't.

Alice: If you're going to contradict every single thing I say --

Caterpillar: I'm not.

Alice: Well you have been doing, you can't deny that!

Caterpillar: I can. (*Alice stamps her foot, tosses her head, and starts away.*) Come back. I've something important to say. (*Alice comes back, after a struggle with herself.*) Keep your temper.