

The Mad Hatter's Tea Party Bertie Longbottom Audition Sides

(*trigger warning - the below text includes archaic and negative language around mental health)

(Bertie enters, dressed warmly with woolly hat and fingerless gloves. He is sucking on a lolly and using it to gesture whilst speaking. He has a thick West Country accent)

*Bertie
Longbottom:*

'Ello.

You might wonder what I'm doin' 'ere.

Me.

The name's Bertie.

You might wonder what Bertie... is doin'... 'ere.

I've been wondering that somewhat often myself you see.

There's many an hour I've spent pondering the most wondersome of things.. or is it wondering the most pondersome of things?

And these be some of the queries what have been troubling me of late...

Why would no wise fish go anywhere without a porpoise?

And if it's always tea time, when is it time for breakfast, or lunch... or elevenses?

And do pigs really have wings?

And is it that the sea is boiling hot? Or not?

And why oh why has a writing desk got anything to do with a raven?

Now then, there's something I'm to tell you today, and, you might not be inclined to believe everything that you're about to hear, but sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before I've even had my breakfast!

Somewhere, very far away in the remotest part of the West of England there stands a towering gothic building surrounded by walls so high no human can see where they end.

Maybe a giraffe could but only a particularly tall giraffe having a spectacularly tall day.

Outside the building, above the gates, carved into the cold grey stone, reads the words...

LADRINGTON BROOK.

*The Institution for Extremely Normal Behaviour.
"Teaching normal to the non-normal since 1865."*

And perched on top of this huge ancient house, the clock tower, where the clock hands have been permanently set to 6 o'clock...just incase anybody should be so silly as to forget, that it is now and always shall be.... TEA TIME!

LADRINGTON BROOK!

Nicknamed by the locals as, the LOONEY BIN, the place where all the bonkers people are locked away, FOREVER.

Oh I know what you're thinking.

(Bertie impersonates a young person from London)

"But like I don't wanna go among all dem crazy mad people though"

I know someone else who said that once.

A little girl.

And look what happened to her.

She said that one day to a cat, and the cat said,

"We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said the little girl.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

And do you know what she said? Do you know what she said? No?

No, neither do I.

But I do know that she, and he, and you and we, we don't likes to be around those "mad" folk do we? No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Best keep them under lock and key.

Because silly nutty non-normals are not to be tolerated don't you know! And if you don't know then you had better learn pretty sharpish.

Crazy - BAD!

Normal - GOOD!

But I digress... Let's go back and start at the beginning... and to do that, we need to go inside.