Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that a royalty must be paid for every performance, whether or not admission is charged. All inquiries regarding rights should be addressed to Pioneer Drama Service, Inc., PO Box 4267, Englewood, CO 80155.

All rights to this play—including but not limited to amateur, professional, radio broadcast, television, motion picture, public reading and translation into foreign languages—are controlled by Pioneer Drama Service, Inc., without whose permission no performance, reading or presentation of any kind in whole or in part may be given.

These rights are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and of all countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention or with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, including Canada, Mexico, Australia and all nations of the United Kingdom.

ONE SCRIPT PER CAST MEMBER MUST BE PURCHASED FOR PRODUCTION RIGHTS. COPYING OR DISTRIBUTING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.

On all programs, printing and advertising, the following information must appear:

1. The full name of the play
2. The full name of the playwright
3. The following notice: “Produced by special arrangement with Pioneer Drama Service, Inc., Denver, Colorado”
## ALICE’S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

By TIM KELLY

### CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th># of lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALICE</td>
<td>a young girl</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHITE RABBIT</td>
<td>never on time</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOUSE</td>
<td>a long tale to tell</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOCK TURTLE</td>
<td>not a real turtle, but close enough</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LORY</td>
<td>a kind of parrot</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DODO</td>
<td>a strange-looking bird</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RED QUEEN</td>
<td>a chess figure</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOLDIER ONE</td>
<td>a playing card</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KNAVE OF HEARTS</td>
<td>another card</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOLDIER TWO</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUEEN OF HEARTS</td>
<td>a tyrant</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CATERPILLAR</td>
<td>a sleepy sort</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FISH FOOTMAN</td>
<td>a servant</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FROG FOOTMAN</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUCHESS</td>
<td>a domineering type</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COOK</td>
<td>loves pepper</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHESHIRE CAT</td>
<td>walks about without its grin</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWEEDLEDEE</td>
<td>a fat little schoolboy</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWEEDLEDUM</td>
<td>his twin</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAD HATTER</td>
<td>mad as a March Hare</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARCH HARE</td>
<td>mad as a Hatter</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DORMOUSE</td>
<td>a sleepy-type rodent</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROSE</td>
<td>a talking flower</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LILY</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAISY</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHITE QUEEN</td>
<td>another chess figure</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KNIGHT</td>
<td>an aged horseman</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUMPTY DUMPTY</td>
<td>a conceited egg</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KING OF HEARTS</td>
<td>monarch of Wonderland</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SISTER</td>
<td>Alice’s elder sister</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADDITIONAL CITIZENS</td>
<td>of Wonderland</td>
<td>n/a</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For preview only
SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

Scene One: At the bottom of a rabbit hole. In Wonderland.

Scene Two: A path.

Scene Three: In the Duchess' kitchen.

Scene Four: Another path.

Scene Five: The Mad Hatter's Tea Party.

ACT TWO

Scene One: In the Garden of Live Flowers.

Scene Two: A path.

Scene Three: A wood.

Scene Four: Near the courtroom.

Scene Five: The trial of the Knave of Hearts; followed by Alice's return home.
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

ACT ONE

Scene One

PRIOR TO CURTAIN: As House Lights Dim, we hear some music . . . lively, slightly distorted. It gets louder and louder, faster and faster. Curtain opens in darkness. Music continues . . . louder and faster still. Then, abruptly, it stops. A moment of silence followed by the distinct cry of "OW!" . . . as if someone has fallen to earth from a great height, with a thud.

AT RISE: When Stage Lights Come Up, we discover ALICE, sitting on the ground, CENTER, rubbing her backside. She wears a white apron over her dress.

ALICE: Owl! Owl! Owl! (Looks about.) What a curious place. I wonder how many miles I've fallen. (She stands, MOVES DOWNSTAGE, addresses Audience quite naturally, as if she were carrying on a polite conversation.) I know it sounds most odd, but I just fell down a rabbit hole. (She laughs at the absurdity of her remark.) Oh, I swear it's true. I've never been known to lie. You see, I was sitting by my sister in an open field. I was bored. I often am. Once or twice I peeped into the book my sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversation in it. And what is the use of a book without pictures or conversations?

WHITE RABBIT: (ENTERS LEFT.) Oh, dear! I shall be late! (From his coat he takes a watch, check the time.) Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting! (EXITS RIGHT.)

ALICE: There it is! The White Rabbit! Whoever heard of a rabbit with a pocket or a watch to take out of it? That's why I chased it. It popped down a large hole under the hedge. I imagine I must be somewhere near the center of the earth. (Ponders.) Let me see . . . that would be four thousand miles down, I think.

WHITE RABBIT: (ENTERS RIGHT, checking the time.) Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! I'm late! I'm late! (CROSSES LEFT.)

ALICE: If you please, sir . . .

WHITE RABBIT: (Stops, turns.) Hmmmmmm? What's that, what's that? Who's talking, who's talking?

ALICE: (Curtsies.) My name is Alice.

WHITE RABBIT: Then Alice can't be my name, can it?

ALICE: (Doesn't understand.) Sir?
WHITE RABBIT: You have to be who you are and I have to be who I am. If you’re Alice, then I’m obviously someone else.

ALICE: (Confused.) I think so.

WHITE RABBIT: You think! Don’t you know? If you’re not sure who you are, I could be Alice. You could be the White Rabbit.

ALICE: I don’t feel the least bit like a White Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT: Then, perhaps you’re a Welsh rabbit. (The watch again.) I’m late. (Starts to MOVE LEFT.)

ALICE: I wonder... could you tell me what this place is called?

WHITE RABBIT: I could. I don’t know if I should. You seem like a stupid girl, and good information is usually wasted on stupid folk.

ALICE: (Indignant.) There’s no need to be rude.

WHITE RABBIT: There’s no need to be polite, either. That’s the way things are in Wonderland.

ALICE: Is that where I am? Wonderland?

WHITE RABBIT: (The watch.) Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! I’m late, I’m late. (Hurries OFF, LEFT.)

ALICE: Please wait. I have so many questions. (Dejected.) Up in the field he seemed to be the same size as any other rabbit. Down here he’s large, indeed. (Ponders.) Or, maybe, I’ve gotten smaller. I wish I hadn’t fallen. (Sobs.) I wish my sister would poke her head down and say, "Come up again, Alice." (Cries.) I don’t want to be all alone down here. (She cries, sobbing quite a bit. As she does so, Stage Lighting goes Dim, and some Green or Blue Spots Come On, or Flash about the stage to suggest rippling water. Sound of Waves.)

MOUSE’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE LEFT.) Stop crying! Stop crying! You’re making a flood!

ALICE: Who’s that? There’s no flood here. I’m simply crying. (Steps.) Oh, my foot. It’s wet. My tears ARE making a large puddle. (Sobs.)

MOUSE’S VOICE: Stop sobbing! Stop sobbing! I’m drowning.

ALICE: Oh, dear... oh dear. How peculiar. The water’s rising!

(ALICE begins to pantomime "a swim" in order to stay afloat. Sound of Waves continues as ALICE MOVES about.) I’ve got to keep my chin above the water.

MOUSE: ("SWIM" IN LEFT.) If you weren’t so big you wouldn’t have made this ocean.

ALICE: I’m not big. I’m small. At least, I think I am.

MOUSE: Don’t think. It’s drier that way.

ALICE: Oh, Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am getting tired of swimming about.
MOUSE: I don’t know why I should tell you anything. Look at the salty soup you’ve gotten me into. (*SWIMS* RIGHT.)

ALICE: Mouse, please, don’t go.

MOUSE: There isn’t much sense in staying, you know. You’re not very good company. (*SWIMS* OFF.)

ALICE: I do wish I could get to shore. (From LEFT, and RIGHT, other CITIZENS OF WONDERLAND *SWIM* IN. Among them: TURTLE, a parrot called a LORY, and a large, strange bird called a DODO. As THEY *SWIM* about, Sound and Light Effect continues.)

MOCK TURTLE: How do you do, my dear.

ALICE: I don’t do too well, thank you. I’m not a very good swimmer.

DODO: Don’t worry. The pond will soon dry up.

ALICE: How is that possible?

LORY: Anything is possible in Wonderland.

MOCK TURTLE: Simply think backwards.

ALICE: Backwards?

DODO: Think what it was like before you started to cry.

ALICE: I’ll do my best. (ALICE closes her eyes, stops *SWIMMING.*

Instantly, Sound Effect Stops, the green/blue Lighting Effect Ends and stage is as before. CITIZENS begin to shake their feathers, etc., attempting to dry off, MOVE about.)

MOCK TURTLE: I’m dripping wet!

LORY: I’m cross!

DODO: I’m uncomfortable!

MOCK TURTLE: How are we to get dry?

ALICE: If I were back home, I’d fetch some fluffy towels.

LORY: Well, you’re not back home, so that isn’t helpful.

DODO: Be helpful!

ALICE: I’m trying.

MOCK TURTLE: I could sing something.

DODO: Will your singing dry my feathers?

MOCK TURTLE: It won’t make them any wetter.

LORY: In that case, I suggest you begin the concert. (ALICE steps RIGHT. OTHERS begin to arrange themselves about the stage, one or two sit on a rock or tree stump. MOCK TURTLE stands CENTER.)

WHITE RABBIT: (Hurries IN LEFT, MOVES LEFT CENTER.) The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She’ll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets!

LORY: Good gracious, what’s the matter with the fellow?

WHITE RABBIT: I’ve dropped my fan and my white kid gloves. I must hop back home and fetch some others. (This time, on making his EXIT, LEFT, he hops.)
ALICE: Things are getting curiouser and curiouser.

MOCK TURTLE: (Clears his throat.) What part shall I sing first?

ALL BUT ALICE: The encore! (THEY applaud as best they can with their paws and claws.)

MOCK TURTLE: (To ALICE.) I'm not a real turtle, y'know. I'm a Mock Turtle. So when I sing, you shouldn't expect to hear a real song.

LORY: I'm still wet!

ALL: Sing!

MOCK TURTLE: (Sighs, sings with a voice choked with emotion and sobs.) Beautiful soup, so rich and green, Waiting in a hot tureen! Who for such dainties would not stoop? Soup of the evening, beautiful soup! Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!

ALL BUT ALICE: (Sing.) Soo-oop of the e-e-evening, Beautiful, beautiful soup!

MOCK TURTLE: Beautiful soup! Who cares for fish, Game, or any other dish? Who would not give all else for two Pennyworth only of beautiful soup? Pennyworth only of beautiful soup?

ALL BUT ALICE: (Sing.) Beau-oootiful soo-oop! Beau-oootiful soo-oop! Soo-oop of the e-e-evening, Beautiful, beauti-FUL SOUP! (Still sobbing, MOCK TURTLE bows as OTHERS applaud. MOUSE ENTERS DOWN RIGHT.)

ALICE: That's quite nice, but sad.

MOCK TURTLE: (Pouts.) You might have said it was sad, but nice.

ALICE: (Shakes her apron.) I'm afraid I'm still damp.

LORY: And my feathers are stuck together.

DODO: The best way to get us dry would be a Caucus Race.

AD LIBS: Yes, yes!

Good idea!

Caucus Race, by all means.

Etc.

ALICE: What IS a Caucus Race?

DODO: The best way to explain it is to do it. We get in a circle. (With a great shout of joy, MOCK TURTLE, DODO, LORY, MOUSE, ALICE, OTHERS form a circle, CENTER. Dialogue through business.)

ALICE: When do we begin?

LORY: Whenever we like. (LORY begins to run as best it can, OTHERS join in, pushing ALICE along until she understands that
she is to run in a circle. AD LIB chatter of delight from
participants.) What fun!
DODO: (Gleeful.) What madness!
MOUSE: I do believe there’s going to be a winner!
MOCK TURTLE: You’re in front of me, but you’re in back of me as
well!
ALICE: When do we stop?
LORY: Whenever we like!
MOCK TURTLE: Faster!
ALL BUT ALICE: Faster! Faster! (ALL run faster and faster in the
circle . . . getting exactly nowhere. When it appears THEY won’t
be able to race any faster . . . )
DODO: The race is over! (With a great sigh of relief, ALL fall out
from the circle, some collapsing on the ground.)
ALICE: I’m quite out of breath. (Checks her clothes.) I’m dry!
MOUSE: Naturally, you’re dry.
DODO: That’s why we had the race.
ALICE: Who has won?
LORY: EVERYBODY has won, and all must have prizes.
OTHERS: Who is to give the prizes?
DODO: (Points to ALICE.) Why, SHE, of course.
ALICE: Oh, dear, I don’t know if I have anything appropriate.
(Thinks.) I know. (Digs into pocket of her apron.) Gum drops!
(She takes out a small box.) Luckily the water didn’t get into it.
ALL: (ALL the creatures crowd around ALICE.) Prizes! Prizes!
ALICE: (Hands out the candy. Creatures take it, resume their former
stage positions.) There was exactly one apiece, all around.
MOUSE: She must have a prize herself.
DODO: Of course. What else have you got in your pocket?
ALICE: (Digs in, comes up with a sewing thimble.) Only a thimble.
LORY: Hand it over. (She hands it to DODO.)
DODO: (Formal and serious.) We beg your acceptance of this
elegant thimble. (ALL applaud.)
ALICE: (To audience.) It all seems so absurd. They all look so grave.
I don’t want to laugh. (Takes thimble from DODO.) Thank you.
(More applause, cheers.) I do wish I had Dinah here.
LORY: And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask?
ALICE: Dinah’s my cat. (Communal grunt of distaste.)
MOUSE: Did you say . . . CAT!
ALICE: Oh, I beg your pardon. I forgot mice don’t like cats.
MOUSE: Not like cats! Would you like cats if you were me? Nasty,
low, vulgar things! Don’t let my hear the name "cat" again.
(With a regal flourish, MOUSE drapes his long tail over his
shoulder and EXITS RIGHT.)
ALICE:  (Calls after MOUSE.) I didn’t mean to offend you. Actually, she’s better with birds than she is with mice.
DODO:  I really must be getting home.
MOCK TURTLE:  The air doesn’t suit my throat.
LORY:  It’s high time we were all in bed. (ALL begin to EXIT hurriedly LEFT and RIGHT, chattering away in bird calls.)
ALICE:  I didn’t mean to upset you. I’m sure if you met Dinah you’d find her quite good company. (Alone again.) I have gone and done it. No one in Wonderland seems to like a cat. I wonder if I shall ever see my Dinah again? (Wipes away a tear.) I mustn’t cry. Not after what happened the last time.
RED QUEEN’S VOICE:  Always speak the truth. Think before you speak. Write it down afterward!
ALICE:  (Looks LEFT.) Here comes someone. Perhaps she can help me. Oh, dear. She does look odd. Like a walking chess piece.
RED QUEEN:  (ENTERS LEFT, steps directly to ALICE. She wears a crown that does, as ALICE noted, make her look like a chess piece. She speaks in a loud, commanding voice. Her face is painted red.) Where do you come from? Where are you going? Look up, speak nicely, and don’t twiddle your fingers all the time.
ALICE:  I wonder if you could help me. I’m afraid I’ve lost my way.
RED QUEEN:  I don’t know what you mean by YOUR way. All the ways about here belong to ME. Why did you come out here at all? Curtsy while you’re thinking of what to say. It saves time. (ALICE curtsies.) Why are you staring?
ALICE:  It’s your crown. That’s the strangest crown I’ve ever seen. It looks exactly like a chess piece.
RED QUEEN:  It IS a chess piece. I’m the Red Chess Queen. Don’t you know anything? (Points to audience.) Look out there. What do you see?
ALICE:  (She takes several steps forward, peers over the heads of Audience.) Why, the countryside looks exactly like a giant chessboard.
RED QUEEN:  Open your mouth a LITTLE wider when you speak, and always say, "Your Majesty."
ALICE:  (Louder, still peering at "giant chessboard.") There ought to be some chess men moving about. (Sees some.) And so there are. It’s a great huge game of chess that’s being played . . . all over the world. (Excited.) Oh, what fun it is! I wouldn’t mind being a chess pawn if only I could join in the game . . . although, of course, I should like to be a queen best, Your Majesty.
RED QUEEN: That's easily managed. When you get to the Eighth Square, you'll be a Queen.
ALICE: That's all there is to it?
RED QUEEN: You're not there yet.
ALICE: My sister will be so surprised. And Dinah.
RED QUEEN: No more talking. Only running.
ALICE: Running?
RED QUEEN: (She takes ALICE'S hand and THEY run in place. Lights Flicker rapidly up and down, giving the effect of an old-time movie.) Faster, faster!
ALICE: Where are we going!
RED QUEEN: Faster, faster! Now, now!
ALICE: This is stranger than the Caucus Race!
RED QUEEN: Faster, faster, faster! (ALICE keeps slipping back. RED QUEEN pulls her up beside her. THEY continue to run, but don't progress an inch. THEY stop. Lighting returns to normal.) You may rest a little now.
ALICE: (Collapses to the ground, breathing heavily, looks around.) Why, I don't believe we've gone anywhere. Everything's just as is was!
RED QUEEN: Of course it is. How else would you have it?
ALICE: In my country you generally get to somewhere else . . . if you run very fast for some time as we've been doing.
RED QUEEN: A slow sort of country. Now, HERE, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast. And remember, in Wonderland, the more things change . . . the more they stay the same.
ALICE: How am I to reach the Eighth Square?
RED QUEEN: Take a train, I should think. You'll find yourself in the Fourth Square in no time. That square belongs to Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The Fifth is mostly water . . . the Sixth belongs to Humpty Dumpty. The Seventh Square is forest. However, one of the knights will show you the way. And in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, monarchs supreme! All feasting and fun!
ALICE: (Delighted, she jumps up and down.) I can't wait to get started. Can we go at once?
QUEEN OF HEARTS' VOICE: (From LEFT.) Off with his head! Off with his head!
ALICE: Whoever is that? (From LEFT ENTER: SOLDIER ONE dressed like a playing card. Behind him JACK or KNAVE OF HEARTS. His hands are tied behind his back, head bowed. He is
followed by another CARD SOLDIER TWO, and then...-
QUEEN OF HEARTS, an imposing figure of a ruler. Quite mad.)
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Off with his head!
ALICE: (Alarmed.) What do you suppose the poor fellow has done?
(Procession stops. CARD SOLDIER TWO takes out a scroll, reads the accusation.)
CARD SOLDIER TWO: The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Off with his head!
ALICE: I do wish she'd stop saying that.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: (Points to ALICE.) Off with HER head!
ALICE: Oh! (She jumps behind RED QUEEN for protection.)
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Don't forget the croquet game. Bring your own flamingo.
RED QUEEN: (Curtsies.) Yes, ma'am.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Proceed! (CARD SOLDIERS and KNAVE OF HEARTS EXIT RIGHT.) Sentence first! Verdict afterwards! Off with his head! (She EXITS.)
ALICE: (Moves RIGHT, peers after her.) Isn't the poor fellow to get a trial?
RED QUEEN: (Shrugs.) I suppose.
ALICE: Why do you have to take a flamingo to her croquet game?
RED QUEEN: Silly question. Queen of Hearts is ruler here. We do as she commands. We use the flamingos as mallets. To hit the croquet ball. Come along. The Eighth Square is quite some distance. We'll have to run twice as fast as before. (THEY run as before, light flickering.) Faster, faster!
ALICE: I'm trying.
RED QUEEN: Faster, faster! (RED QUEEN runs OUT, LEFT, leaving ALICE, panting hard, behind.)
ALICE: Oh, wait, please wait! Don't leave me behind! I'm running as fast as I can! Wait, wait!

BLACKOUT
CURTAIN
ACT ONE

Scene Two

SETTING: A path. This setting, and subsequent "path" scenes, is played in front of a traveller curtain. If, for some reason, a traveller curtain is not possible, the "path scenes" will be played in front of the regular stage curtain with characters using the forestage as "part of Wonderland."

AT RISE: (On Lights Up.) CATERPILLAR is discovered DOWN RIGHT, sitting on a mushroom. He is quietly smoking a hookah, which is a large water pipe.

CATERPILLAR: (As Lights Fade Up.) You are old, said the youth, And your jaws are too weak For anything tougher than suet; Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak . . . Pray, how did you manage to do it? (Puffs.)

ALICE: (Nearly exhausted, runs in from DOWN LEFT. Sighs.) I'll never catch up with the Red Queen. I've never seen anyone travel as fast as she. (Sees CATERPILLAR.) Oh!

CATERPILLAR: (Sleepily.) Who are you?

ALICE: (Steps to him, cautious.) I hardly know, sir, at present. I know who I WAS when I got up this morning.

CATERPILLAR: What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.

ALICE: I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly. Wonderland is a strange place and it does confuse one.

CATERPILLAR: Not a bit.

ALICE: It certainly confuses ME.

CATERPILLAR: You! Who are you!

ALICE: I think you ought to tell me who you are, first.

CATERPILLAR: Why?

ALICE: I'm not going to stand here and listen to any more nonsense!

CATERPILLAR: That's all you're going to hear in this place. North, East, South, West . . . it's all nonsense. (ALICE turns, starts to EXIT LEFT.) Wait! (ALICE stops, turns.)

ALICE: Well?

CATERPILLAR: Can you recite my favorite poem?

ALICE: What is your favorite poem?

CATERPILLAR: "You Are Old, Father William."

ALICE: (Hesitates.) I . . . I think so.

CATERPILLAR: (Puffs.) Begin. (Very properly, like a pupil in front of the class, ALICE faces Audience, hands folded in front.
CATERPILLAR gets down from the mushroom and "crawls" a few feet toward her as she recites.)

ALICE: (Clears her throat.) You are old, Father Williams,
   The young man said,
   And your hair has become very white;
   And yet you incessantly stand on your head . . .
   Do you think, at your age, it is right?

CATERPILLAR: Another verse. Only louder. Don't slur your words.

ALICE: (Louder.) In my youth, Father William replied to his son,
   I feared it might injure the brain;
   But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
   Why, I do it again and again.

CATERPILLAR: Another verse. With more feeling this time.

ALICE: (Irritated with his directions.) You are old, said the youth,
   As I mentioned before,
   And have grown uncommonly fat;
   Yet you turned a back somersault in at the door . . .
   Pray, what is the reason of that?

CATERPILLAR: Stop! That is not said right. Wrong from beginning to end.

ALICE: I wish you creatures in Wonderland wouldn't be so easily offended.

CATERPILLAR: You'll get used to it in time. (He crawls OFF RIGHT.)

FISH FOOTMAN: (He has the head of a fish. ENTERS LEFT, carrying a large envelope. Calling out.) For the Duchess! An invitation to play croquet. (Frightened, ALICE attempts to hide behind the mushroom.) For the Duchess!

WHITE RABBIT: (ENTERS from LEFT, checking his pocketwatch.) Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!

FISH FOOTMAN: (Pantomimes a knock at the place where the curtains part.) An invitation to play croquet!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! I'm late! I'm late!
   (Hops OFF. LEFT. FROG FOOTMAN appears from behind curtain.)

FISH FOOTMAN: For the Duchess! From the Queen of Hearts. An invitation to play croquet. (EXITS LEFT. FROG FOOTMAN MOVES DOWN LEFT, leans against stage wall. ALICE comes from behind the mushroom, CROSSES to "door" and pantomimes a knock.)

FROG FOOTMAN: There's no use in knocking.

ALICE: Why not?
FROG FOOTMAN: First, because I answer the door, and I’m on the same side of the door as you are. Secondly, because they’re making so much noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.

ALICE: I don’t hear anything.

FROG FOOTMAN: You will.

ALICE: If no one answers the door, how am I to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN: Are you to get in at all? That’s the question.

ALICE: (To Audience.) It’s really dreadful, the way all the creatures argue. It’s enough to drive one crazy. I’m sure the Caterpillar was wrong. I WON’T get used to it in time.

FROG FOOTMAN: Suit yourself.

ALICE: But what am I to do?

FROG FOOTMAN: Anything you like. (He begins to whistle.)

ALICE: There’s no use talking to him. He’s perfectly idiotic! (Knocks again.) Anybody home?

BLACKOUT

(FROG FOOTMAN EXITS in blackness. Mushroom is struck.)

ACT ONE

Scene Three

SETTING: The Duchess’ kitchen. Sounds of dishes being thrown, baby crying, singing.

ON LIGHTS UP: DUCHESS sits on a stool, CENTER. In her arms she cradles what appears to be a baby wrapped in a blanket. COOK is at the stove, RIGHT, stirring a great pot of soup. On the stove there are some dishes. LEFT there is a large pillow or cushion on top of which sits a cardboard cut-out of a high "smile." ALICE steps into kitchen from FORESTAGE.

DUCHESS: (Singing loudly.) Speak roughly to your little boy And beat him when he sneezes. (She sneezes.)
He only does it to annoy
Because he knows it teases. (She sneezes.)

COOK: (Sings.) Wow! Wow! Wow! Soup needs more pepper!
(COOK grabs a shaker, peppers soup. ALICE MOVES to the "smile.")

DUCHESS: (To baby.) Pig! (COOK sneezes.)
ALICE: There’s too much pepper in that soup!
DUCHESS: Too much pepper in the soup! (To baby.) Pig! (Sneezes.)
ALICE: (Points to cut-out.) Would you tell me what this is?
DUCHESS: Don’t you know anything? You’re looking at a Cheshire Cat.
ALICE: It’s not a cat at all. It’s a smile.
DUCHESS: More like a grin.
COOK: More pepper! (Peppers soup, sneezes.)
ALICE: I’ve often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat. It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life.
DUCHESS: You haven’t seen much and that’s a fact. Pig!
ALICE: (Insulted.) I beg your pardon.
DUCHESS: Why? I don’t beg yours. You shouldn’t beg mine. It’s only fair. Besides, begging isn’t nice. (COOK throws some plates and cooking equipment at the DUCHESS who takes no notice.)
ALICE: Be careful! You might hurt the baby.
COOK: More pepper! (Peppers soup, sneezes.)
ALICE: Please, would you tell me why your cat grins like that?
DUCHESS: What a dull girl you are. It’s a Cheshire Cat, I told you. They always grin. It’s all they’re good for. (To baby.) Pig.
ALICE: I didn’t know that Cheshire Cats always grinned. In fact, I didn’t know they could grin at all.
DUCHESS: They can and most of them do. (COOK tosses another plate.)
ALICE: Mind what you’re doing.
DUCHESS: (Stands, holds out baby for ALICE.) Here, you take it. I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen. (She strides OFF. COOK throws a frying pan after her.)
ALICE: If I don’t take this child away, there’s no telling what might happen to it. (COOK MOVES to ALICE, sneezes.) Please don’t sneeze so close to the baby.
COOK: It’s not a baby. (COOK peppers baby.)
ALICE: Don’t pepper the baby!
COOK: It’s a pig. See for yourself. (COOK pulls back the blanket and we see the face of a pig.)
ALICE: Oh, my! It is a pig! (Pig grunts.) Don’t grunt.
COOK: Need more pepper.
ALICE: Grunting is not a proper way of expressing yourself. If you’re going to turn into a pig, my dear, I’ll have nothing more to do with you.
COOK: Give it here. I know how to deal with his sort. (COOK takes pig, tosses it OFF STAGE, RIGHT. Sound of outraged pig squeaking in the distance.)
ALICE: If it had grown up it would have been a dreadfully ugly child.
COOK: But a rather handsome pig, I think.
ALICE: I can't stand here making no progess. I'm on my way to the Eighth Chess Square.

COOK: In that case, you'd better have some pepper! (He begins to "pepper" ALICE.)

ALICE: Achoo! Achoo! Oh, do stop, please stop! Achoo! Achoo!

COOK: (Sings as he peppers.) Wow, wow, wow!

ALICE: Achoo . . . achoo . . . achoo!

COOK: Wow, wow, wow!

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN

ACT ONE

Scene Four

SETTING: Another path.

ON LIGHTS UP: RED QUEEN runs IN from LEFT.

RED QUEEN: Whatever has become of that little girl? She'll never make it to the Eighth Square the way she runs in place.

DUCHESS: (ENTERS LEFT, carries the invitation.) Nonsense!

RED QUEEN: You can't be off to play croquet with the Queen.

DUCHESS: Why not?

RED QUEEN: You don't have a flamingo.

DUCHESS: (Holds up invitation.) I have an invitation. One invitation is worth two flamingos.

RED QUEEN: We mustn't keep her waiting. You know how angry the Queen of Hearts can get.

DUCHESS: I know how angry I can get if I stand in one place too long.

RED QUEEN: Shall we run twice as fast?

DUCHESS: Why not? (RED QUEEN gives DUCHESS her hand and THEY run OFF, RIGHT.)

WHITE RABBIT: (Hops in LEFT.) I'm late, I'm late. Oh, dear, oh, dear. I'm late, I'm late. (WHITE RABBIT hurries OUT, RIGHT.)

CHESHIRE CAT: (ENTERS LEFT, washing its paws.) Meow! Meow! (As CHESHIRE CAT continues to wash, it MOVES CENTER. ALICE ENTERS LEFT.)

ALICE: That looks like a quite good-natured cat. Perhaps it can help me.

CHESHIRE CAT: Meow. It's nice seeing you again.

ALICE: Again? Have we ever met?
CHESHIRE CAT: Back at the Duchess'. Don't you remember me? I'm the Cheshire Cat.

ALICE: I met your grin there, but I didn't meet you.

CHESHIRE CAT: I was there all the time. I fade in and out when the mood strikes.

ALICE: Where's your grin?

CHESHIRE CAT: Back in the kitchen. You don't suppose I carry it everywhere I go? Someone might steal it.

ALICE: I'm trying to reach the Eighth Square. Would you tell me please, which way should I walk from here?

CHESHIRE CAT: That depends a good deal on where you want to get to. (Points LEFT.) In that direction lives a Hatter. (Points RIGHT.) In that direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad.

ALICE: I don't want to go among mad people.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, you can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

ALICE: How do you know I'm mad?

CHESHIRE CAT: You must be, or you wouldn't have come here. Do you play croquet with the Queen today?

ALICE: I should like to. I haven't been invited.

CHESHIRE CAT: By the way, what became of the baby? I forgot to ask.

ALICE: It turned into a pig.

CHESHIRE CAT: I thought it would. It always does. (EXITS.)

ALICE: (Calls after it.) The Eighth Square. How do I reach it? (MOVES RIGHT.) Cheshire Cat, won't you come back? (Just as ALICE is about to EXIT, two fat little men, TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM, slide in, RIGHT. She is startled.) Oh! (TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM are identically dressed like young schoolboys. THEY have their arms around each other's neck. When THEY move, THEY move as one... like Siamese twins. ALICE studies them.)

TWEEDLEDUM: If you think we're waxworks, you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise. If you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE: I didn't mean to stare. (To Audience.) This must be Tweedledum and Tweedledee. I'm in the Fourth Square! (To THEM.) Tell me, which is the best way out of the woods?

TWEEDLEDUM: You've begun wrong. The first thing in a visit is to say, "How d'ye do?" and shake hands. (THEY look at each other, grin.)
BOTH: How d'ye do. (THEY shake hands with each other.)
ALICE: How d'ye do. (She curtsies, shakes hands with both of them at the same time.)
TWEEDLEDUM: Shall we dance?
TWEEDLEDEE: Delighted. (Humming "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush" THEY dance about.) Four times round is enough for one dance.
TWEEDLEDUM: Nohow!
TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise!
ALICE: I have so much to ask. I hope you're not tired from your little dance.
TWEEDLEDUM: Thank you for asking.
TWEEDLEDEE: Much obliged. Do you like poetry?
ALICE: Would you PLEASE tell me which path I should take?
TWEEDLEDUM: (Ignores her question.) "The Walrus And The Carpenter" is our favorite.
ALICE: I don't think I'd care to hear it.
TWEEDLEDUM: It's all about a walrus and a carpenter who trick some oysters into taking a walk with them.
TWEEDLEDEE: And then they eat the oysters. (THEY giggle like mischievous little boys.)
ALICE: You shouldn't laugh. I feel sorry for the little oysters.
TWEEDLEDUM: Don't be. They weren't real.
TWEEDLEDEE: Besides, you haven't heard the poem.
ALICE: I don't intend to.
TWEEDLEDUM: In that case, we'll begin at once.
ALICE: ( Throws up her hands in exasperation, EXITS RIGHT, exclaiming . . . ) Selfish things. (TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE grin into the Audience. THEY begin to recite "The Walrus And The Carpenter" and as they do they slowly begin to glide like performers in a vaudeville, or ice show.)
TWEEDLEDEE: The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
TWEEDLEDUM: If this were only cleared away,
TWEEDLEDEE: They said . . . (As THEY glide LEFT.)
BOTH: If would be grand!
O, Oysters, come and walk with us!
The Walrus did beseech.
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.
The eldest oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said... (By now the Lights are almost to
Black. TWEELEDUM and TWEELEDDEE have MOVED into the
wings, their VOICES fading as, from behind the curtains comes
a great loud shout of... "NO ROOM!" "NO ROOM!" "NO
ROOM!")

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

Scene Five

SETTING: Mad Hatter’s Tea Party. There’s a table, CENTER, with
some chairs or benches. Atop the table are cups, saucers, large
teapot. Facing out to Audience are MAD HATTER and MARCH
HARE. DORMOUSE is asleep between THEM. HATTER and
HARE are using the sleepy creature like a pillow, resting their
elbows on it, talking over its head. The three are crowded
together at the Down End of the table. MAD HATTER wears a
wild hat or several hats, one atop the other.

ON LIGHTS UP: ALICE ENTERS RIGHT.

MAD HATTER: More tea?
MARCH HARE: How nice, how civilized. Tea time.
ALICE: I hope I’m not intruding. (MAD HATTER and MARCH HARE
turn to ALICE, react... horrified.)
BOTH: No room! No room!
ALICE: There’s plenty of room. (She strides to the opposite end of
the table, sits... preferably in a comfy armchair.)
MAD HATTER: Who is she?
MARCH HARE: Didn’t you invite her?
MAD HATTER: Certainly not. No room for extra guests.
MARCH HARE: Have some wine?
ALICE: I don’t see any wine.
MARCH HARE: There isn’t any.
ALICE: Then it wasn’t polite of you to offer it.
MARCH HARE: It wasn’t polite of you to sit down without being
invited.
ALICE: I didn’t know it was YOUR table. It’s set for a great many
more than three. Both of you leaning on the Dormouse must
be very uncomfortable for the poor thing. Only, as it’s asleep, I
suppose it doesn’t mind.
MAD HATTER: (Threatening tone.) Your hair wants cutting.
ALICE: You shouldn't make personal remarks. It's very rude.
MAD HATTER: (Takes out his pocket watch, shakes it, holds it to his ear.) What day of the month is it?
ALICE: The fourth.
MAD HATTER: Two days wrong. (To MARCH HARE.) I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!
MARCH HARE: (Contrite.) It was the best butter.
MAD HATTER: Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well. You shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife.
ALICE: (Gets up, MOVES behind MAD HATTER to look at watch.) What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell the hour.
MAD HATTER: Why should it? Does your watch tell what year it is?
ALICE: Of course not. That's because it stays the same year for such a long time.
MAD HATTER: Which is just the case with mine.
ALICE: (Confused.) I don't understand you.
MAD HATTER: The Dormouse is asleep again.
MARCH HARE: Pour some tea on its nose. (Which is precisely what the MAD HATTER does.)
DORMOUSE: (Perks up.) Of course, of course. Just what I was going to remark myself. (MAD HATTER dunks the watch in the teapot several times, like a teabag.)
MARCH HARE: I want a clean tea cup. Let's all move one please. (THEY do. ALICE sits where the MARCH HARE formerly sat. DORMOUSE dozes off.)
MAD HATTER: If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's HIM.
ALICE: I don't know what you mean.
MARCH HARE: Of course you don't. I dare say you've never even spoken to Time.
ALICE: I know I have to beat Time when I learn music.
MAD HATTER: That accounts for it. He won't stand for beating. I quarreled with Time last March... just before he went mad.
MARCH HARE: (Giggles.) March? March? I'm the March Hare
MAD HATTER: (Picks up a spoon, points it at MARCH HARE.) Don't you remember? It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts. I had to sing. (Sings.) Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle...   
DORMOUSE: (Awake, meekly.) Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle...
MARCH HARE: Pinch its nose and make it stop. (MAD HATTER does.) This cup has already been used! Let’s all move one place. (THEY do.)
MAD HATTER: (He ends up in comfy armchair.) I’d hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out: "He’s murdering Time! Off with his head!"
ALICE: She does like that expression. (DORMOUSE dozes.)
MAD HATTER: Ever since then, Time won’t do a thing. It’s always tea time now. We never have time to wash the plates, the cups, the saucers.
ALICE: (Understands.) That’s why you keep changing places!
MARCH HARE: As things get used up. There must be a clean cup somewhere.
ALICE: But what happens when you’re back where you started?
MARCH HARE: I’m getting tired of this. Tell us a story.
ALICE: I’m afraid I don’t know one.
MAD HATTER: Wake up, Dormouse.
DORMOUSE: (Wakes.) I wasn’t asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.
MARCH HARE: A story!
MAD HATTER: And be quick about it, or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.
DORMOUSE: (Quickly.) Once upon a time there were three little sisters and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a molasses well.
ALICE: What did they live on?
DORMOUSE: Molasses, of course. What else?
MARCH HARE: (To ALICE.) Have some more tea.
ALICE: I haven’t had any yet.
MARCH HARE: So she can’t take more.
MAD HATTER: You mean she can’t take LESS. It’s easy to take MORE than nothing. (DORMOUSE yawns, falls asleep again.)
ALICE: Nobody asked your opinion.
MAD HATTER: Who’s making personal remarks now?
ALICE: (Pours herself some tea.) Oh, dear, the Dormouse has fallen asleep again.
MAD HATTER and MARCH HARE: Wake up, wake up!
DORMOUSE: (Wakes.) And so, these three little sisters . . . they were learning to draw, you know.
ALICE: What did they draw?
DORMOUSE: You can draw water out of a water well, so I should think you could draw molasses out of a molasses well, eh, stupid.
ALICE: But they were IN the well.
DORMOUSE: Oh course they were. Well in. (DORMOUSE, MAD HATTER, MARCH HARE laugh hysterically. THEY throw some cakes about.)
ALICE: (Indignant, stands.) I've never seen such rude behavior! Stop it at once. Stop it, I say! (She CROSSES DOWN LEFT.) I'll never go there again!
MARCH HARE: Let's do something before the Dormouse falls asleep again.
MAD HATTER: (Giddy.) Let's put him in the teapot!
MARCH HARE: Good idea! (THEY grab DORMOUSE, start to put his head into the teapot, laughing merrily.)
ALICE: (To Audience.) It's the stupidest tea party I ever was at in my whole life! (She EXITS. Lights flicker wildly.)
MAD HATTER: No room, no room!
MARCH HARE: Let's all move one place!
MAD HATTER: No room, no room! (THEY laugh and laugh.)

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One

SETTING: Garden of Live Flowers. There are several Flowers standing or sitting about. The talking flowers are: LILY, ROSE, DAISY. Flowers are suggested by green or dark clothes and paper petals around the head.

AT RISE: CARD SOLDIER ONE and CARD SOLDIER TWO are busily painting ROSE red. THEY hold paint buckets.

CARD SOLDIER ONE: Look out now. Don't go splashing paint over me like that.
CARD SOLDIER TWO: I couldn't help it. You jogged my elbow.
CARD SOLDIER ONE: That's right! Always lay the blame on others.
CARD SOLDIER TWO: You'd better not talk. I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded.
CARD SOLDIER ONE: What for?
CARD SOLDIER TWO: That's none of your business.
ROSE: Yes, it is his business. And I'll tell him ... it was for bringing the cook tulip roots instead of onions.
CARD SOLDIER ONE: Well, of all the unjust things.
ROSE: Am I about done?
CARD SOLDIER TWO: Almost. (SOLDIERS dab at ROSE.)
ALICE: (ENTERS LEFT, observes.) Why are you painting that rose?
CARD SOLDIER ONE: Why, the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a RED rose and we put a white rose in by mistake, and if the Queen was to find out, she'd be furious. (Another dab, steps back.) That should do it.
CARD SOLDIER TWO: Just right!
CARD SOLDIER ONE: Best be on our way.
ALICE: I'm traveling to the Eighth Square. I seem to have missed the train station.
CARD SOLDIER TWO: Question is... did it miss you? (SOLDIERS EXIT RIGHT.)
ALICE: Might as well try talking to the flowers as get any sense from those two.
DAISY: I couldn't agree with you more.
ALICE: (Jumps back.) Oh!
DAISY: I didn't mean to startle you.
ALICE: I didn't know you could talk.
LILY: I can talk... when there's anybody worth talking to.
ALICE: (Steps to LILY, whispers.) Can all the flowers talk?
DAISY: As well as you can. And a great deal louder!
ROSE: Your face has got some sense in it, though it's not a clever one.
LILY: She has nice color.
DAISY: I don't care about the color. If only her petals curled up a little more, she'd be all right.
ALICE: I'm not a flower. I'm a human being.
LILY: That's your problem.
ALICE: Aren't you frightened at being planted out here? What would you do if any danger came?
ROSE: There's a tree nearby.
ALICE: What on earth could a tree do?
LILY: It could say "bough-wough"! That's why its branches are called boughs.
DAISY: Didn't you know that? (ALL the FLOWERS begin to bark.)
ALICE: (Covers her ears.) Goodness gracious! Barking flowers!
LILY: Silence! Every one of you. (THEY stop barking.)
ALICE: (Lowers her hands.) How is it you can all talk?
DAISY: Put you hand down, and feel the ground.
ALICE: (Does.) It's very hard.
ROSE: In most gardens they make the bed too soft, so that the flowers are always asleep.
ALICE: I never thought of that before. Are there any more people in the garden?
DAISY: People like you, you mean?
ALICE: Yes.
ROSE: There's another female in the garden somewhere.
LILY: Same awkward shape as you. But she's much paler.
DAISY: Her petals are shorter, I think.
ALICE: Does she ever come out here?
ROSE: (Looks LEFT.) She's coming this way now.
LILY: I hear her footsteps, thump, thump, along the gravel walk.
DAISY: I don't want to listen to her. She talks such nonsense.
ROSE: (Nods to ALICE.) Like this one.
LILY: Let's plant ourselves someplace else. (With that, FLOWERS EXIT RIGHT.)
ALICE: (Amazed.) They not only talk, they walk. Things, indeed, are getting curioser and curioser. (A white shawl is tossed in from LEFT.) Someone's lost her shawl. (ALICE picks it up, investigates.) All torn and dirty. (WHITE CHESS QUEEN, a bedraggled creature wearing a white chess piece crown, hurries IN from LEFT. She carries a butterfly net and flicks it about trying to snare unseen insects. Her face is painted white. Her dress is studded with safety pins. A brush sticks in her hair. She's dreadfully untidy.)
WHITE QUEEN: Bread and butter, bread and butter, bread and butter, bread and . . .
ALICE: I have your shawl. This is your shawl, isn't it?
WHITE QUEEN: (Working the net.) Bread and butter, bread and butter.
ALICE: (Aside.) I do hope she'll be able to carry on a decent conversation. (Forcefully.) Am I addressing the White Queen?
WHITE QUEEN: Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing. (Fusses with her gown.) I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours. Nothing I wear fits right.
ALICE: May I put your shawl straight for you? (To Audience.) Poor thing. She's covered with pins holding her dress together.
WHITE QUEEN: Temperamental shawl. There's no pleasing it. I pinned it all on one side.
ALICE: It won't hang right if you pin it all on one side. Dear me, what a state your hair is in.
WHITE QUEEN: Quite true, my dear. I'm afraid I'm a mess. The brush got entangled in my hair. I lost the comb yesterday.
ALICE: I could tidy up your hair, if you like. But you should have a maid.
WHITE QUEEN: You'll be my maid. I'll give you two cents a week and jam every other day . . .
ALICE: I don't like jam.
WHITE QUEEN: You couldn’t have it if you did want it.
ALICE: Why not?
WHITE QUEEN: The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday . . . but never jam today. It’s the effect of living backwards.
ALICE: I never heard of such a thing. Living backwards? (ALICE drapes shawl on WHITE QUEEN.)
WHITE QUEEN: I can remember things that happened the week after next. My memory works both ways. Forward and backward.
ALICE: I’m sure mine only works one way. I can’t remember things before they happen. What sort of things do you remember best?
WHITE QUEEN: I remember the trial of the Knave of Hearts for stealing tarts and the trial hasn’t even started. (Suddenly, WHITE QUEEN, starting to scream loudly, jumps about the stage.) Oh, oh, oh! (Holds up her finger.) My finger’s bleeding. Oh, oh, oh!
ALICE: Did you nick your finger?
WHITE QUEEN: (Stands still.) Not yet, but I shall. When I fasten my shawl with this brooch. (WHITE QUEEN starts to fasten her shawl with the brooch, nicks her finger.)
ALICE: Now you have gone and done it.
WHITE QUEEN: (Superior.) Of course. I told you I would. Weren’t you listening?
ALICE: Why don’t you scream out now and jump about?
WHITE QUEEN: I’ve already done the screaming and jumping about. What would be the good of doing it all over again?
ALICE: Everything is so different here. I can’t believe much of what I see and hear.
WHITE QUEEN: You haven’t had much practice. Close your eyes and turn around. Keep turning. (ALICE does as ordered. WHITE QUEEN sees something in the air.) Oh, a butterfly! A lovely butterfly! Bread and butter, bread and butter! (Chasing the butterfly, waving her net, WHITE QUEEN hurries OUT LEFT.)
ALICE: (Still turning.) Am I doing this right? I’m getting dizzy.
MOUSE: (ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, observes.) Going around in circles won’t get you anywhere.
ALICE: (Stops turning, recognizes MOUSE.) Where’s the White Queen?
MOUSE: (Ignores the question.) Would you like to hear a tale?
ALICE: She was here a moment ago. Besides, I’ve heard quite enough stories since I’ve been in Wonderland, thank you.
MOUSE: Stories! Who’s talking about stories? I’m talking about a tale. My tail. (With that, MOUSE proceeds to pick up his tail)
and read what apparently is written there, as if he were checking out a ticker tape.) Mine is a long and sad tale.

ALICE: Your tail is certainly long, but why is it sad?

MOUSE: (Reading his tale.) Fury said to a mouse that he met in the house, "Let us both go to the law." You're not paying attention!

ALICE: I beg your pardon.

MOUSE: (Annoyed.) What's the sense of telling my tale if no one's listening?

ALICE: Quite true. (MOUSE resumes the reading, and as he does, from OFF LEFT comes the Sound of a Great Battle. Swords Clashing, shouts of . . . "Take that! And that!" . . . "On guard!" . . . "Surrender!" . . . "Never!" Etc. (ALICE is frightened, but MOUSE reads on, undisturbed.)

MOUSE: I will prosecute you. Come, I'll take no denial: We must have a trial, . . . etc. (NOTE: The complete text of MOUSE'S tale will be found with STAGING NOTES. CARD SOLDIER ONE backs IN LEFT. He is doing battle with a grizzled OLD KNIGHT with a long grey beard who advances, swinging a wooden sword.)

KNIGHT: Ahoy! Ahoy! Surrender! Surrender!

ALICE: (Alarmed.) Oh, dear, oh, dear!

KNIGHT: (Calls out.) Seize the one who calls herself Alice! Take her to the Queen! (CARD SOLDIER TWO dashes IN FROM LEFT, his sword raised high. He goes after ALICE.)

ALICE: Oh! Oh! Oh! (She runs OFF RIGHT. CARD SOLDIER TWO pursues. Lights begin to Flicker madly as KNIGHT and CARD SOLDIER ONE continue their battle with wooden swords.)

KNIGHT: Rogue! Villian! Surrender!

CARD SOLDIER ONE: Never!

KNIGHT: You're my prisoner! (The battle rages on. MOUSE, very calmly, continues to read his "Tail/Tale").

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene Two

SETTING: A path. Before Lights Up, we continue to hear the Sounds of Battle. They continue for several moments and then fade.

ON LIGHTS UP: MOCK TURTLE, LORY, DODO are discovered in agitated conversation DOWN LEFT. On a low wall DOWN
RIGHT sits HUMPTY DUMPTY. He wears a large bow tie. The trio, LEFT, are studying sheets of paper each holds in its grip.

MOCK TURTLE: Jury duty! Did you ever hear the like?
LORY: I know nothing about justice.
DODO: That’s the first qualification.
MOCK TURTLE: Says here the prisoner is the Knave of Hearts.
LORY: Wonder what he’s done?
DODO: He stole some tarts.
MOCK TURTLE: Do you think we should go?
LORY: I think we’d better.
DODO: Doesn’t do to anger the Queen.
MOCK TURTLE: We could have some fun on the way.
LORY: Like what?
DODO: We’ll think of something.
MOCK TURTLE: Another Caucus Race? (LORY and DODO get very excited.)
LORY & DODO: Yes, yes. By all means. A Caucus Race, Caucus Race! (Overjoyed with the prospect of another race, THEY EXIT LEFT.)

HUMPTY DUMPTY: Whoever heard of such creatures serving on a jury? It’s nonsense.
ALICE: (Cautiously, she sticks her head out between the curtains, looks LEFT.) I hope it’s safe. (To audience.) Is it?
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Why don’t you ask me? After all, I’m sitting here.
ALICE: (Looks RIGHT, steps out.) Humpty Dumpty. (Pleased.) I’m in the Sixth Square! How exactly like an egg he is!
HUMPTY DUMPTY: It’s VERY provoking to be called an egg.
ALICE: (Steps to him.) I said you LOOKED like an egg. Some eggs are very pretty.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Some people have no more sense than a baby. Tell me your name and your business.
ALICE: My name is Alice.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: A stupid name. What does it mean?
ALICE: Must a name mean something?
HUMPTY DUMPTY: My name means the shape I am. Good, handsome shape. (Haughty.) With a name like Alice, you could be any shape.
ALICE: Why do you sit out here all alone?
HUMPTY DUMPTY: I’m not alone. You’re with me.
ALICE: Wouldn’t you be safer on the ground?
HUMPTY DUMPTY: If I DID fall off, the King of Hearts has promised to send all his horses and all his men.
ALICE: Can’t imagine what good that would do.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Why not?
ALICE: Everybody know the answer to that. (Recites.)
    Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
    Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
    All the king’s horses and all the king’s men
    Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty together again.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Stop, stop! What a terrible verse. Not a word of
    truth to it.
ALICE: I didn’t mean to upset you.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Change the subject, I insist.
ALICE: That’s a very beautiful belt you’ve got on. Or is it a bow tie?
HUMPTY DUMPTY: It’s a most provoking thing when a person can’t
    tell the difference between a belt and a bow tie.
ALICE: Well, I’m not used to dealing with eggs.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: It’s a bow tie, child, and a beautiful one, as you
    say. A present from their majesties, the King and Queen of
    Hearts. They gave it to me for an unbirthday present.
ALICE: What is an UNbirthday present?
HUMPTY DUMPTY: A present given when it isn’t your birthday, of
    course. How many days are there in a year?
ALICE: Three hundred and sixty-five.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: And how many birthdays have you?
ALICE: One.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: There you have it! Only one day for presents.
    With unbirthdays you get presents three hundred and sixty-four
    days. Now I shall recite.
ALICE: Please don’t.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: ’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
    Did gyre and gimble in the wabe . . .
ALICE: (Covers her ears.) I won’t listen to another poem.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Dear me, you are disagreeable. The piece I shall
    now repeat was written entirely for your amusement. The least
    you could do is be courteous. (Recites, romantically.)
    In winter, when the fields are white,
    I sing this song for your delight . . . (Stops.)
ALICE: (Stamps her foot.) No, no, no.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: Oh, very well.
ALICE: (Realizes he’s stopped, lowers her hands.) I’d better be on
    my way. Goodbye, till we meet again.
HUMPTY DUMPTY: I wouldn’t know you again if we did meet. You’re
    so exactly like other people. You have the same face as
    everybody else has . . . two eyes, nose in the middle, mouth
    under. Now, if you had the two eyes on the same side of the
nose, for instance, or the mouth at the top, that would be some help.

ALICE: It wouldn’t look nice.

HUMPTY DUMPTY: Wait until you’ve tried. (He gets down from the wall, EXITS RIGHT.)

ALICE: Of all the unsatisfactory people I’ve ever met. (Lights begin to Flash, Shouts of another Caucus Race from behind curtain.)

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

Scene Three

SETTING: A wood.

ON CURTAIN: Another Caucus Race is in progress. LORY, DODO, MOCK TURTLE, MOUSE, OTHERS run around in a circle as before. ALICE observes, standing to one side. Lights continue to Flash.

LORY: What fun!

DODO: What madness!

MOUSE: I do believe there’s going to be a winner!

MOCK TURTLE: Faster!

ALL: Faster, faster! (THEY run faster and faster.)

LORY: Prizes, prizes!

ALL: Prizes, prizes!

ALICE: Oh, dear, I’m quite out of gum drops. (It doesn’t matter . . . because the runners aren’t paying her the slightest attention. Still shouting “Prizes, prizes!” THEY circle one more time, run out, UP LEFT. STAGE LIGHTING returns to normal. ALICE MOVES CENTER, looks after the departing runners.)

ALICE: The least you could do is say goodbye. (From OFF RIGHT, the cry of the QUEEN OF HEARTS . . . “Off with his head! Off with his head!” The procession ENTERS as before. CARD SOLDIER ONE, followed by the KNAVE OF HEARTS, CARD SOLDIER TWO, QUEEN OF HEARTS. This time, however, there is a new character . . . KING OF HEARTS. THEY march across the stage.)

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Sentence first, verdict afterwards! Sentence first, verdict afterwards! Sentence first, etc.

ALICE: (Curtseys.) Excuse me. (Procession continues on its way.)

KING: (Stops.) Why, what have you done?

ALICE: Nothing, Your Majesty.
KING: Doing nothing in Wonderland is a crime. Very well. You have a nice face. I’ll excuse you . . . this time. I feel faint. Give me a ham sandwich.

ALICE: I’m afraid I don’t have a ham sandwich.

KING: Hay, then.

ALICE: Hay?

KING: There’s nothing like a mouthful of hay when you’re faint.

ALICE: I should think throwing cold water over you would be better.

KING: Who do you see down the road? (He points DOWN LEFT.)

ALICE: (Looks.) Nobody.

KING: (Amazed.) I only wish I had such eyes. To be able to see Nobody! And at this distance, too. Remarkable.

ALICE: Seems ordinary to me.

KING: Are you coming to the trial?

ALICE: I’m looking for my crown.

KING: You shouldn’t look for it here. The light’s not good. Why would you want a crown?

ALICE: I’m going to be Queen Alice.

KING: Foolish sort of ambition. Anyway, what’s an Alice?

WHITE QUEEN: (From OFF RIGHT.) Bread and butter, bread and butter, bread and butter!

ALICE: Look, look! Here’s the White Queen! (WHITE QUEEN runs in, waving the butterfly net here and there in a comical little dance, runs LEFT, out.) How fast she can run!

KING: There’s some enemy after her, no doubt. The woods are full of them.

ALICE: If that’s true, aren’t you going to help her?

KING: No use. She runs too quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! Now, if you’ll excuse me, my dear. I must find a ham sandwich.

ALICE: Couldn’t you tell me the way to the Eighth Square first? I’d be so grateful.

KING: (EXITs LEFT.) I’m glad you had the opportunity to meet me.

ALICE: (Stamps her foot.) I get so angry in this place.

KNIGHT: (VOICE is heard from OFF RIGHT.) Ahoy! Ahoy! (NOTE: If auditorium is small enough, director may want to have KNIGHT gallop down the aisle and up onto the stage.)

ALICE: Now what? (KNIGHT appears, riding a broomstick horse and looking ridiculous. There’s a small box hanging around his neck, upside down, the lid open, and a mousetrap on the "horse.")

ALICE: You’re the knight who did battle with the card soldier. Did you win?
KNIGHT: Oh, I always win. It's hardly any fun when you lose, so if I lose, I say I win. That way I always feel very good about myself.
ALICE: Doesn't sound like sensible reasoning to me.
KNIGHT: Quite right. No sense at all, my dear. No reason, either. I see you're admiring my lunch pail. It's my own invention. I carry it upside down, so no rain will get in.
ALICE: But things can get out. Do you know the lid's open?
KNIGHT: (Looks sadly.) I didn't know. Oh, dear, oh, dear. All the things must have fallen out. The mustard, the mayonnaise, the dog biscuits.
ALICE: (Curious.) There's a mousetrap on your horse's neck!
KNIGHT: Another invention of mine.
ALICE: It isn't likely there would be any mice on a horse.
KNIGHT: Ah, but if they do come, I don't want them running about. It's a good idea to be prepared for anything.
ALICE: Perhaps you could help me. I'm awfully tired. I don't believe I can walk another step. I'm trying to reach the Eighth Square.
KNIGHT: Delighted. I hope you've got your hair well fastened. The wind gets strong. Hop on. (Just as ALICE is about to get behind the old KNIGHT, the "horse" bolts forward. The KNIGHT can't control it. It "gallops" about the stage.) Whoa, hossy! Stop, hossy! Whoa-a-a-a-a-a! ("Horse" continues to buck and bounce, tossing the KNIGHT about.)
ALICE: Oh, dear, oh, dear! (After a few moments of the KNIGHT trying to stay atop the rambunctious "horse," he's finally thrown off and collapses on the floor with a great moan. ALICE rushes to him. The "broom-horse" is on the ground.) I'm afraid you haven't had much practice.
KNIGHT: What makes you say that?
ALICE: (Helps him to his feet,) Because people don't fall off when they've had a lot of practice.
KNIGHT: (Brushes himself off,) I've had plenty of practice. The great art of riding is to keep your balance properly. (He picks up "horse," straddles it.) You've only a few yards to go. Down the hill and over a little brook and, then, you'll be Queen Alice. Climb up on back. (ALICE gets behind KNIGHT, on the "horse.")
KNIGHT: Comfy?
ALICE: Yes, thank you.
KNIGHT: Hold tight. Here we go! Ahoy, ahoy! (With that, the "horse" again begins to buck and run wild.)
ALICE: (Terrified.) Oh, oh, oh!
KNIGHT: Whoa, hossy! Slow, hossy! Stop, hossy! Whoa-a-a-a-a-a! (ALICE, KNIGHT and "horse" gallop about the stage frantically.
ALICE has her arms around KNIGHT'S waist, holding on for dear life. Finally, the "horse" gallops OFF LEFT.

ALICE: Oh, oh, oh!

KNIGHT: (Arms thrust high as if he were making an attack.) Charge! Ahoy! Charge! Ahoy! Cha-a-a-a-a-a-a-rgle!

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

Scene Four

SETTING: Near the courtroom

ON LIGHT UP: RED QUEEN comes running in RIGHT.

RED QUEEN: (To Audience.) You've missed the fish and soup!
WHITE QUEEN: (Runs in LEFT. THEY meet CENTER. Waving the net.) Bread and butter! Bread and butter! Bread and butter! Bread and butter!

RED QUEEN: Don't forget the mutton!
WHITE QUEEN: And we mustn't forget the pudding!

KNIGHT'S VOICE: (OFF LEFT.) Ahoy, ahoy!

RED QUEEN: Now what?
WHITE QUEEN: An uninvited guest to the banquet.

KNIGHT: (Gallops in on "horse," ALICE behind him. Stops DOWN LEFT.) Here we are, young lady. You'll find your crown somewhere near, I have no doubt.

ALICE: (She gets off. Curtseys.) Thank you. You've been very kind.

KNIGHT: I hope so, but you didn't cry as much as I thought you would. (With that, he gallops by the RED QUEEN and WHITE QUEEN, practically knocking them over.) Ahoy, Ahoy!

RED QUEEN: (Jumps back.) Watch what you're doing!

WHITE QUEEN: (Jumps back.) Clumsy! (KNIGHT gallops OFF, followed by the Sound of him falling from the "horse" again.)

KNIGHT'S VOICE: O-o-o-o-ow!

RED QUEEN: The fellow's fallen off his horse.

WHITE QUEEN: That's no way to get anywhere.

ALICE: (A step RIGHT.) Poor man. He's really not the horseman he thinks he is.

WHITE QUEEN: About time you got here.

ALICE: Were you expecting me?

WHITE QUEEN: (Curtseys.) Queen Alice.

RED QUEEN: (Curtseys.) Your Majesty.
ALICE: Well, this is grand. I never expected I should be a queen so soon.

RED QUEEN: (To WHITE QUEEN.) I invite you to Alice’s dinner party this afternoon.

WHITE QUEEN: (To RED QUEEN.) And I invite you. (THEY laugh.)

ALICE: I didn’t know I was to have a party, but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests.

RED QUEEN: We gave you the opportunity of doing it, but I can see you haven’t had many lessons in manners.

WHITE QUEEN: Can you do addition?

ALICE: Yes.

WHITE QUEEN: What’s one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

ALICE: I don’t know. I lost count.

RED QUEEN: She can’t do addition.

WHITE QUEEN: Take a bone from a dog; what remains?

ALICE: (Thinks.) The bone wouldn’t remain, if I took it. The dog wouldn’t remain; it would come to bite me... and I’m sure I wouldn’t remain.

RED QUEEN: Then you think nothing would remain?

ALICE: I think that’s the answer, yes.

RED QUEEN: Wrong! The dog’s temper would remain. (RED QUEEN and WHITE QUEEN giggle.)

WHITE QUEEN: Perhaps she’d feel better if we introduced her to the mutton.

RED QUEEN: Good idea. (Calls RIGHT.) Bring in the mutton!

ALICE: I don’t want to meet anyone else. (FROG FOOTMAN, or PEPPER COOK, ENTERS with a leg of lamb on a platter.)

WHITE QUEEN: Don’t be shy, Alice. You’ve got to learn to meet people.

RED QUEEN: (Introductions.) Alice... Mutton; Mutton... Alice.

ALICE: I don’t care to be introduced to a leg of lamb, if you don’t mind.

FROG FOOTMAN: But the leg of lamb does mind. Mutton has feelings too, you know.

WHITE QUEEN: (Excitedly.) Take care, take care!

RED QUEEN: (Alarmed.) Oh, oh, something’s going to happen!

FROG FOOTMAN: (Tosses the leg of lamb over his head with a jerk of the platter.) It’s the mutton. It’s trying to run away!

WHITE QUEEN: Catch it!

RED QUEEN: Fetch it back!

TRIO: (FROG FOOTMAN, RED QUEEN, WHITE QUEEN, running after the mutton.)

Come back!
Arrest the mutton!
Bread and butter, bread and butter!
Come back!
Etc.
ALICE: (MOVES CENTER.) They'll have to run awfully fast to catch that leg of lamb. (Points up into the sky, OFF RIGHT.) Oh! Goodness! The leg of lamb sprouted wings. It's flying away. (Sadly.) Here I am in the Eighth Square and I don't have a crown, and no one seems friendly. How am I ever to get home and see my sister and Dinah again? (Wipes away a tear.)
WHITE RABBIT: (Hops in DOWN LEFT. This time he carries a sock over his shoulder.) Oh, the Queen of Hearts, the Queen of Hearts! Won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting.
ALICE: (Wipes away another tear.) I wish I never saw you in the hedge.
WHITE RABBIT: Gracious! What a thing to say. (Hops to her.) What's the matter, Alice?
ALICE: You're a fine one to ask. If it weren't for you I wouldn't be here. First, I was told I could have a crown and be Queen Alice. All I had to do is find the Eighth Squire. I've found it and I'm still as I was. No one has been friendly to me. I'm lonely and lost. I do so need a friend.
WHITE RABBIT: That's a splendid idea. I would like a friend myself.
I've never had one, you know.
ALICE: Why?
WHITE RABBIT: I never gave it much thought. (Pause.) I know! YOU could be my friend. Would you?
ALICE: Would I? Oh, I would be delighted to be your friend.
WHITE RABBIT: Alice, permit me to introduce myself formally, (Bows.) I am the . . . White Rabbit.
ALICE: (Curtseys.) And I, White Rabbit, am Alice. Your friend.
WHITE RABBIT: Friend? My, what a lovely sound that has. As your friend I should give you a "getting-acquainted" gift.
ALICE: (Claps her hands.) I adore gifts. What is it?
WHITE RABBIT: (With great feeling.) Your crown.
ALICE: (Overjoyed.) Oh, wonderful!
WHITE RABBIT: Here we are. (He takes a giant carrot from the sack.)
ALICE: That isn't a crown. It's a carrot.
WHITE RABBIT: (Surprised.) So it is. Well, since we're friends, you can give me the carrot. (He hands her the carrot. He takes a tiara and crown from the sack.) For Queen Alice.
ALICE: (Impressed.) How lovely.
WHITE RABBIT: (Puts the crown on her head.) Now, you must give me my gift.
ALICE: I hope you like it. I didn’t have much time to shop. (ALICE hands him the carrot. He tucks it under his arm.)
WHITE RABBIT: I’ll nibble it later. We can’t be late. She’ll be furious. Come along.
ALICE: Are we going to play croquet with the Queen?
WHITE RABBIT: Certainly not. It’s time for the trial. You’re expected.
ALICE: I am?
WHITE RABBIT: You’re a witness.
ALICE: (Confused.) I am?
WHITE RABBIT: Take my paw. Not a minute to waste. I’m late, I’m late. (He starts to hop LEFT. ALICE hops with him.)

BLACKOUT

ACT TWO

Scene Five

SETTING: The trial of the Knave of Hearts. Courtroom is represented by three benches: RIGHT, UP CENTER and LEFT. UP CENTER is the QUEEN and KING OF HEARTS. LEFT sit the WHITE QUEEN, RED QUEEN, DUCHESS. COOK stands behind them. KNAVE OF HEARTS sits on a stool, DOWN RIGHT, somewhat CENTER, hands tied behind his back. RIGHT is the jury consisting of "animals, birds, insects" . . . MOCK TURTLE, CATERPILLAR, LORY, DODO on bench. Behind these; HUMPTY DUMPTY, FROG FOOTMAN, MOUSE, FISH FOOTMAN. CARD SOLDIERS ONE and TWO are RIGHT and LEFT of UP CENTER bench. Yet to appear in the scene are: ALICE, WHITE RABBIT, MARCH HARE, MAD HATTER, DORMOUSE. ALL OTHERS are On Stage, arranged as best suits the picture.

ON CURTAIN: The "Jury" is busily writing on slates, or in notebooks, making a racket with bird calls, etc.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: OFF WITH HIS HEAD!
KING OF HEARTS: We haven’t had the trial yet, my dear.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Stuff and nonsense.
COOK: You can’t stuff nonsense with pepper. Wouldn’t taste right.
WHITE RABBIT: (Hops in DOWN LEFT, ALICE behind him.) Oh, dear, oh, dear, I’m late, I’m late! (Greater sound of hubbub as Jury writes away.)
ALICE: I’ve never been to a trial before. I imagine it’s quite exciting.

(Looks RIGHT.) I suppose they’re the jury.

WHITE RABBIT: I suppose if you suppose. We all suppose.

ALICE: What are they doing? They can’t have anything to put down yet. The trial hasn’t started.

WHITE RABBIT: They’re putting down their names. They’re afraid they’ll forget them before the end of the trial.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: SILENCE IN THE COURT!

ALL: (Repeating, looking at ALICE.) Silence in the court!

KING OF HEARTS: Read the accusation!

CARD SOLDIER ONE: (A step forward.)

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts.
All on a summer day.

ALICE: I’ve already heard the accusation.

RED QUEEN, WHITE QUEEN:

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,
And took them quite away!

KING OF HEARTS: (To Jury.) Consider your verdict.

WHITE RABBIT: Not yet, not yet! There’s something to come before that.

KING OF HEARTS: Call the first witness!

SOLDIERS: FIRST WITNESS! (MAD HATTER ENTERS UP LEFT, carries a cup and saucer.)

ALICE: It’s that Mad Hatter!

MAD HATTER: (Steps CENTER.) I beg pardon, Your Majesty. I hadn’t quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: You ought to have finished.

KING OF HEARTS: When did you begin? (DORMOUSE and MARCH HARE ENTER UP LEFT.)

MAD HATTER: Fourteenth of March, I THINK it was.

MARCH HARE: Fifteenth.

DORMOUSE: Sixteenth.

KING OF HEARTS: Write that down. (Jury writes.)

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Take off your hat.

MAD HATTER: It isn’t mine.

KING OF HEARTS: Stolen! Write that down. (Jury writes.)

MAD HATTER: I keep hats to sell. I’ve none of my own.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Give your evidence, and don’t be nervous, or I’ll have you executed on the spot.

MAD HATTER (Tries to stop the cup from rattling in its saucer. Nervously.) I’m a poor man, Your Majesty. (Cup rattles.)

KING OF HEARTS: You’re a very poor speaker.

ALICE: Poor creature. He’s frightened of the King.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: SILENCE IN THE COURT!
ALL: SILENCE IN THE COURT!
MAD HATTER: (Tea cup going crazy.) I'm afraid I don't know much about this case.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: He isn't of much use.
KING OF HEARTS: You may go!
MAD HATTER: It's tea time again. Thank goodness! (Dashes out.)
DORMOUSE & MARCH HARE: No room, no room! Move down, move down!
KING OF HEARTS: Next witness! (COOK MOVES CENTER.) Give your evidence.
COOK: No.
KING OF HEARTS: (Dejected.) What do I do now?
KNAVE OF HEARTS: You're supposed to cross-examine the witness.
KING OF HEARTS: If I must, I must. (Thinks up a question.) What are tarts made of?
COOK: Pepper, mostly. (Everybody thinks this is funny, laughs. Jury writes.)
DORMOUSE: Tarts aren't made of pepper, mostly. They're made of molasses.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: (Furious, jumps up.) Collar that Dormouse!
RED QUEEN: Turn that Dormouse out of court!
TWEEDLEDEE: Suppress him!
TWEEDLEDUM: Pinch him!
QUEEN OF HEARTS: OFF WITH HIS WHISKERS! (Terrified, DORMOUSE shakes. CARD SOLDIERS CROSS to him, pick him up between their arms and carry him OFF; his legs kicking in space, his voice squeaking.)
ALICE: They certainly don't have much evidence yet.
KING OF HEARTS: Call the next witness!
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Really, my dear, you MUST cross-examine the next witness. If you don't, I shall get a headache.
MARCH HARE: (Steps forward with all the dignity and pomp of a court official.) The next witness is... ALICE!
ALICE: (Surprised, raises her hand.) Here!
MARCH HARE: Step forward. (COOK MOVES behind bench, LEFT. ALICE tentatively steps forward, WHITE RABBIT patting her on the back for encouragement.)
KING OF HEARTS: What do you know about this business?
ALICE: Nothing.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Nothing WHATEVER?
ALICE: (Affirms.) Nothing whatever.
KING OF HEARTS: That's very important. Write it down. (Jury writes.)
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Who is this creature?
KING OF HEARTS: Some kind of monster. I met it in the wood. Calls itself Alice.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: You've forgotten rule forty-two.
KING OF HEARTS: Rule forty-two?
QUEEN OF HEARTS: All creatures named Alice must leave the court. (ALL look at ALICE.) It's the oldest rule in the book.
ALICE: Then it ought to be rule number one.
KING OF HEARTS: (To jury.) Consider your verdict.
WHITE RABBIT: (Excited.) Oh, my friend, my poor friend. I must help her. (Hops in front of bench LEFT. CARD SOLDIERS return, resume positions.) There's more evidence to come, Your Majesty. (Digs into a pocket, pulls out a paper.) This paper has just been picked up.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: What's in it?
WHITE RABBIT: It seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner. Or, rather, a set of verses.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Read what's on the paper.
WHITE RABBIT: (Prepares to read, takes out a pair of eyeglasses.) Where shall I begin?
HUMPTPY DUMPTPY: At the beginning, of course.
WHITE KNIGHT: And go on until you come to the end. Ahoy! Ahoy!
WHITE RABBIT: (Very grand and stately.) They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: Stop! That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet.
ALICE: Nonsense. There's not a word of meaning in it.
JURY: (Writing, slowly repeating.) She doesn't believe there's a word of meaning in it.
KING OF HEARTS: If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: We don't have to look for any.
KING OF HEARTS: Let me see that. (WHITE RABBIT hands KING the paper. He scans the verse.) "I said I could not swim . . . " (To KNAVE.) You swim, don't you?
KNAVE: No, Your Majesty.
KING OF HEARTS: Then it couldn't be you.
MARCH HARE: A brilliant deduction, Your Majesty. (ALL applaud.)
AD LIBS: Brilliant.
Wise.
Superb.
Etc.
KING OF HEARTS: Consider your verdict.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: No, no! Sentence first . . . verdict afterwards.
ALICE: Stuff and nonsense! The idea of having the sentence first!
WHITE RABBIT: (Worried.) Careful, friend, careful. Don’t lose your temper.
ALL: Don’t lose your temper!
ALICE: This isn’t a trial at all. It’s a mockery.
QUEEN OF HEARTS: (Stands, furious.) You hold your tongue!
ALICE: I WON’T!
QUEEN OF HEARTS: OFF WITH HER HEAD!
WHITE RABBIT: Oh, oh, oh!
KING OF HEARTS: (Stands, motions to CARD SOLDIERS.) What are you waiting for? SEIZE HER! (CARD SOLDIERS march forward. QUEEN and KING OF HEARTS advance. Great commotion from the Jury.)
ALICE: (Defiant.) Who cares about you? You’re nothing but a pack of cards! NOTHING BUT A PACK OF CARDS! (As CARDS MOVE to ALICE, intent on seizing her, Musical Effect Begins . . . fast, frantic. Stage Lights Flicker Wildly. ALL Wonderland characters begin to surround ALICE . . . as if she were the center of yet another Caucus Race. BIRD CALLS, ANIMAL NOISES, QUEEN OF HEARTS yelling . . . "Off with her head," intermingled with "More pepper!" "Seize her!" "I’m late, I’m late," etc.)
ALICE: (As CREATURES whirl about her.) You’re nothing but a pack of cards . . . nothing but a pack of cards . . . (Music gets Louder and Louder. ALL but CARD FIGURES run out. RIGHT and LEFT, in great excitement. KNAVE carries off stool. ALICE’S crown is lost. CARD FIGURES continue to circle ALICE.)
ALICE: Cards . . . cards . . . you’re nothing but a pack of cards . . . (BLACKOUT. Music Fades. A few seconds of total blackness in which the CARD FIGURES EXIT.)
SISTER’S VOICE: (Softly, calling.) Alice . . . Alice . . . Alice . . . (Lights Dim Up. ALICE is discovered asleep on the "ground." Her older SISTER ENTERS LEFT, steps to her.) Wake up, Alice, dear. What a long sleep you’ve had. (ALICE startles awake.) You fell asleep here. I didn’t want to wake you. You looked so peaceful.
ALICE: (Stands, rubs her eyes sleepily.) I had such a curious dream. I saw a White Rabbit with a pocketwatch.
SISTER: (Laughs.) What an imagination. Come along. We’re late for tea. (THEY MOVE LEFT. Unseen by either ALICE or SISTER, WHITE RABBIT hops in RIGHT.)
ALICE: It was a wonderful dream.
SISTER: A White Rabbit with a pocketwatch? Whoever heard of such a thing? (WHITE RABBIT puts his paw to his lips, cautioning Audience not to give away his presence. ALICE and SISTER are OUT. WHITE RABBIT plucks out his pocketwatch, looks alarmed.)
WHITE RABBIT: Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting. I'm late! I'm late! (Motions Audience to follow, hops OFF RIGHT.)

CURTAIN

END
PROPERTIES

ACT ONE

ACT ONE, Scene One: At the Bottom of a Rabbit Hole
ONSTAGE: Rock and tree stump (optional).
BROUGHT ON: Pocketwatch (WHITE RABBIT)
Small Box with candy (ALICE)
Thimble (ALICE)

ACT ONE, Scene Two: A Path
ONSTAGE: Small table resembling a large mushroom, pipe
(CATERPILLAR).
BROUGHT ON: Large envelope (FISH FOOTMAN)

ACT ONE, Scene Three: Duchess' Kitchen
ONSTAGE: Stove with pots, pans, dishes, pepper shaker, soup
pot, large pillow with "cut-out Cheshire grin."
BROUGHT ON: Pig/Baby (DUCHESS)

ACT ONE: Scene Four: Another Path
BROUGHT ON: Large envelope (DUCHESS)

ACT ONE: Scene Five: Mad Hatter's Tea Party
ONSTAGE: Table, benches, armchair, cup, saucers, large
teapot, cakes.
BROUGHT ON: Pocketwatch (MAD HATTER)

ACT TWO

ACT TWO, Scene One: Garden of the Live Flowers
BROUGHT ON: Paint, buckets, brushes (CARD SOLDIERS)
White shawl, butterfly net, brush in hair, brooch
(WHITE QUEEN)
Wooden swords (KNIGHT, CARD SOLDIERS)

ACT TWO, Scene Two: A Path
ONSTAGE: Low wall (HUMPTY DUMPTY)
Letters (MOCK TURTLE, LORY, DODO)

ACT TWO, Scene Three: A Wood
BROUGHT ON: Notebook, pencil (KING)
Broomstick "horse" with mousetrap, box on neck
string (KNIGHT)
ACT TWO, Scene Four: Near the Courtroom
BROUGHT ON: Platter with leg of lamb (FROG FOOTMAN)
Sack with large carrot and crown/tiara (WHITE RABBIT)

ACT TWO, Scene Five: The Trial
ONSTAGE: Benches (3) and a stool.
BROUGHT ON: Slates or notebooks, pencils (JURY)
Cup and saucer (MAD HATTER)
Paper with verses, eyeglasses (WHITE RABBIT).

THE MOUSE'S TALE

(Page 23)
Fury said to a mouse,
That he met in the house,
Let us both go to the law:
I will prosecute you.
Come, I'll take no denial:
We must have a trial;
For really this morning
I've nothing to do.
Said the mouse to the cur,
Such a trial, dear sir,
With no jury or judge,
Would be wasting our breath.
I'll be the judge,
I'll be the jury,
Said cunning old Fury.
STAGING NOTES

This version of ALICE’S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND is designed for extremely simple staging. The basic set is the bare stage with a few props brought on from time to time. Here and there, in the text, some production suggestions will be made, but for a complete rundown, refer to the notes which follow.

USING TWO ALICES: Few roles are as demanding as Alice. If desired, TWO actresses can portray the heroine, alternating scenes. This is not as farfetched as it appears, since the dialogue continually stresses the point... "Things are getting curiousear and curiousear"... "Who are you?" asks the Caterpillar and Alice replies, "I hardly know, sir, at present. I know who I WAS when I got up this morning." "I seem to be changing from moment to moment," Etc. If two Alice’s are used, one or the other will play the role of the elder sister in the final scene. As Alice, they wear similar or identical costumes.

COSTUMES: Can be elaborate or as simple as required. Director may wish to consult the illustrations by John Tenniel that are found in almost every edition of "Alice In Wonderland" and "Through The Looking Glass." It’s a good idea to fit the costumes you have to the production, rather than attempting to locate all the "absolutely right" ones. For example, if you have a great wolf costume and the script has no wolf, simply change one of the characters about. Instead of, say, a DODO BIRD, give that dialogue to WOLF, etc. If you can’t find a FISH or FROG headdress, simply use plain FOOTMEN. Visually, try to make the show as fantastically colorful as possible. Children love this.

SUGGESTIONS: Don’t be afraid to "mix up" the lines. That is, redistribute them if it makes for a good effect with your particular cast. Add as many "curious creatures" as you can find costumes for. Use them in the Caucus Race scenes and in the court trial, or have them "parade" across stage at one point.

It’s not necessary to stress the "chess board" significance of the queens and knight, although a good scenic effect can be had by using a backdrop that resembles a chess board. In the "Pool Of Tears" sequence, a nice effect is to have long strips of blue or green gauze waved to resemble water. All that’s necessary is stretching the material across the stage floor prior to the opening and when the "tears begin," the ribbons of gauze are picked up by stagehands.
OFF LEFT and RIGHT and rippled and then dropped when the pool "dries up."

No specific tune is needed for any lyrics that are "sung," e.g., "Beautiful Soup." Keep the action playing as long as it proves amusing, the Pool of Tears, the Caucus Races, the fight between Knight and Card Soldier, the sneezing of the Cook and tossing of dishes, the bucking "broom horse." A clever bit of business is the crawl Caterpillar demonstrates . . . hunching up his middle and then stretching out, etc. Here again, if the Caterpillar's costume presents any difficulty, simply change the character to another costume. Remember, this "adapting" to individual production requirements does no disservice to Carroll. Imagination is what makes "ALICE" work for an audience.

Also, some characters can be "combined" . . MOUSE and DORMOUSE, WHITE RABBIT and MARCH HARE, etc. Players can double up on roles, too. SOLDIERS can play FOOTMEN, ANIMALS can play FLOWERS, etc.

We never really see the baby or pig in the Duchess' arms . . . unless, of course, Director wishes to employ a pig mask. COOK or DUCHESS can grunt for the pig simply by turning their head to one side in the manner of a ventriloquist.

Extra FLOWERS can be added to the TALKING FLOWERS sequence. Humpty Dumpty's "wall" is pulled off during the opening of the second Caucus Race. Keep all the props (stove, wall, tree stump, rock, etc., simple. This facilitates easy placing and striking.) The stove need be nothing more than a table with some paper down to the floor with a "stove front" painted on, etc.; the utensils the COOK tosses about are either plastic or cardboard.

THE AUTHOR
Thank you for reading this E-view.

This E-view script from Pioneer Drama Service will stay permanently in your Pioneer Library, so you can view it whenever you log in on our website. Please feel free to save it as a pdf document to your computer if you wish to share it via email with colleagues assisting you with your show selection.

To produce this show, you can order scripts for your cast and crew and arrange for performance royalties via our website or by phone, fax, or mail.

If you’d like advice on other plays or musicals to read, our customer service representatives are happy to assist you when you call 800.333.7262 during normal business hours.

Thank you for your interest in our plays and musicals.

www.pioneerdrama.com
800.333.7262
Outside of North America 303.779.4035
Fax 303.779.4315
PO Box 4267
Englewood, CO 80155-4267

We’re here to help!
WHY PIONEER: DRAMA WITHOUT THE DRAMA

Words on a page are just words on a page. It takes people to turn them into plays and musicals. At Pioneer, we want the thrill of the applause to stay with you forever, no matter which side of the curtain you’re on. Everything we do is designed to give you the best experience possible:

MAINTAIN CONTROL OF YOUR CASTING.
We know you can’t always control who auditions. Take advantage of our many shows that indicate flexible casting and switch the genders of your roles without restrictions. And with Pioneer, you also get access to scripts that were written for the entire cast, not just a star lead performer like so many other mainstream musicals and plays.

ADAPT AND CUSTOMIZE.
Pioneer helps you manage the number of roles in your production. We indicate where doubling is possible for a smaller cast, as well as provide suggestions where extras are possible to allow for additional actors. Both options will help you tailor your play for your specific cast size, not the other way around.

BE ORIGINAL.
Get access to fresh, new musicals that will let your actors develop their characters instead of mimicking the same personalities we see on stage year after year.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR TEACHING TOOLS.
Pioneer’s CD Sets include two high quality, studio-produced discs – one with lyrics so your students can learn by ear, the other without so they can rehearse and perform without an accompanist or pit band. You can even burn a copy of the vocal CD for each cast member without worrying about copyright laws. And with payment of your royalty, you have permission to use the karaoke CD in your actual production.

IT’S LIKE HAVING AN ASSISTANT.
Use our Director’s Books and benefit from professional features designed by and for directors. Line counts, scene breakdowns, cues and notes – you’ll love our spiral-bound, 8½” x 11” books with the full script only on one side of the page to leave plenty of room for your own notes.

VIDEOTAPING? WE’D BE DISAPPOINTED IF YOU DIDN’T!
With Pioneer, you’ll never have to worry about videotaping your production and posting it on YouTube. In fact, we encourage it. We understand that your production is about your performers, not our script. Make the experience the best it can be, take pictures and videos, and share them with the community. We always love seeing our scripts come to life.