



C. Edward Wheaton

Loosely based on Lewis Carroll's poems and his novels

Alice in Wonderland and *Through the Looking-Glass*

Illustrations by Arthur Rackham from the 1907 edition of *Alice in Wonderland*

Norman Maine Publishing

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WONDERLAND

FARCE/SATIRE. This adaptation incorporates not only Lewis Carroll's two classic novels, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, but some of Carroll's poems and even his essay "The Two Clocks" to create a fresh show that will entertain audiences of all ages. Alice ventures down the rabbit hole into Wonderland, where she meets a host of ridiculous characters who at times appear even more lost than Alice. Carroll's gift for satire, parody, and word play is preserved in this smart, witty adaptation.

Performance Time: Approximately 75 minutes.



ABOUT THE STORY

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (1865) was written by Oxford mathematician Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898) under the pseudonym Lewis Carroll. While rowing a boat up the Thames River, Dodgson entertained three young sisters by telling them the story of the adventures of a bored young girl named Alice. One of the sisters, Alice Liddell, age 10, loved the story so much, she asked Dodgson to write it down for her. Three years later, Dodgson published the tale and it has been in print ever since.



ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Arthur Rackham (1867-1939) was born in London and began drawing at an early age. Rackham began his career as a graphic journalist and eventually became well known for his imaginative illustrations for classic works and children's literature including *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *The Wind in the Willows*. Rackham was commissioned in 1907 to draw illustrations for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Though the original 1865 illustrations by John Tenniel are more widely known, Rackham's illustrations offer a beautiful yet haunting vision of Alice's dreamy underworld.

CHARACTERS

(6 M, 7 F, 24 flexible, opt. extras)
(Flexible cast. Doubling possible.)

ALICE: Precocious girl.

WHITE RABBIT: Wears a waistcoat and carries a pocket watch; flexible.

ANCIENT OAK: A bit forgetful; flexible.

FLOWERS 1, 2, 3: Flexible.

CATERPILLAR: Sits atop a large mushroom; flexible.

TWEEDLEDEE: Wears a short-sleeve shirt, tie, knee socks, and short pants held up by suspenders with a large button on which is printed "Dee"; flexible.

TWEEDLEDUM: Wears a short-sleeve shirt, tie, knee socks, and short pants held up by suspenders with a large button on which is printed "Dum"; flexible.

SLEEPING KING: Male.

MAD HATTER: Wears a large hat and pocket watch; flexible.

MARCH HARE: Flexible.

AUGUSTUS EGG, ESQUIRE: A large egg who looks very much like Humpty Dumpty; wears a monocle, which he keeps shifting from one eye to the other; flexible.

GARDENER: flexible.

BILL: Chimney sweep; male.

DUCHESS

COOK: Female.

FLOSSIE: Housekeeper; female.

PAGE 1, 2: Announce royal proclamations; flexible.

TWO OF HEARTS: Flexible.

QUEEN OF HEARTS

KING OF HEARTS

ROYAL BAILIFF: Flexible.

ROYAL ATTORNEY: A small man; his clothes appear in a state of disarray, his glasses are perched on the end of his nose, and he wears a powdered wig.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Found guilty of stealing the Queen's tarts; flexible.

GUARDS 1, 2: Flexible.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR: Flexible.

WALRUS: Loves to eat oysters and go beaching; flexible.

CARPENTER: Walrus' beach companion; flexible.

MOCK TURTLE: His shell looks like a large rock; flexible.

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Yearns to catch the illusive Snark.

JIM: Captain Albatross' crew member; wears a sailor's hat; flexible.

JAM: Captain Albatross' crew member; wears a sailor's hat; flexible.

SIR HUMIDOR: Slayer of dragons, rescuer of fair maidens, champion of the poor and the weak and general good doer; rides a wooden horse on wheels.

RED CHESS QUEEN/ ALICE'S MOTHER: transforms into Alice's mother.

WHITE CHESS QUEEN

KROKA: Frog and royal messenger; flexible.

EXTRAS (Optional): As Butterflies, Flowers, and Playing Cards.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- SCENE 1:** Alice's living room. There is an armchair CS, a table and vase right of a chair, a grandfather clock ticking UR of the table. Left of the chair is a full-length mirror.
- SCENE 2:** White Rabbit's house. There is a bed, dressing table, chair and door SL.
- SCENE 3:** A beautiful garden. An Ancient Oak Tree stands CS. There are various kinds of flowers and bushes, a large mushroom SR, a signpost SL, and two finger signs pointing in opposite directions. A Butterfly Bush consists of Extras dressed as Butterflies who assemble and open and close their wings.
- SCENE 4:** Alongside a road or railroad tracks.
- SCENE 5:** Mad tea party. Several chairs surround a table that is set for tea.
- SCENE 6:** A large stone wall.
- SCENE 7:** Exterior of the Duchess' house. There is a garden SR.
- SCENE 8:** Interior of the Duchess' house. The house is a mess with stacks of this and that everywhere. There is a large fireplace, a stove, a rocking chair, a table and chairs.
- SCENE 9:** The Queen of Hearts' golf course. There is a golf green and a golf flag with a "17" on it. The flag is planted in the hole and there is a nearby bush.
- SCENE 10:** Courtroom/Train Depot. In the courtroom there is a jury box containing cardboard jurors, a prisoner's dock with wooden steps and a iron rail, a small table for the Royal Attorney, and two chars CS for the King and Queen of Hearts. The train depot is represented as a large tree with a door from which the Conductor emerges.
- SCENE 11:** The interior of a railway carriage.
- SCENE 12:** The seashore.
- SCENE 13:** A wooded area.

SCENE 14: The Eighth Square. There is a large red square on the floor on which sits a gold throne with red velvet cushions.

SCENE 15: Alice's living room. It is identical to Scene 1.

NOTE: Sets can be as elaborate or simple as your budget allows.

PROPS

Armchair	Baby doll
Stuffed kitten	Novel
Book, <i>Alice in Wonderland</i>	Golf green
Pocket watch, for White Rabbit	Golf flag with "17" on it
Wall mirror	Bush
Bed	Hand bell
Dressing table	Parchment
Mushroom (large enough for Caterpillar to sit on)	Golf balls
Signpost	Silver serving tray
2 Finger signs	Tarts
Umbrella	Powdered wig, for Royal Attorney
Teapot	Eyeglasses, for Royal Attorney
Teacups and saucers	Tall stack of papers
Table and chairs	Law books
Large top hat, for Mad Hatter	Jury box containing cardboard jurors
Pocket watch, for Mad Hatter	Prisoner's dock
2 Pair oversized boxing gloves, for Tweedledee and Tweedledum	Small table
Monocle, for Augustus Egg	Scepter
Binoculars	Scroll
Garden hoe	Covered basket
Chimney broom	Business card
Handkerchief	Large tree
Cap, for Bill	Wristwatch, for Conductor
Stacks of household goods, for Duchess' house	Large picnic basket
Large cooking pot	Large tag with "Baggage" written on it
Rocking chair	Shell, for Mock Turtle (Looks like a large rock)
	2 Sailor hats, for Jim and Jam

Telescope	Sack
Large wooden tub with a mast and crow's nest	Saddle
2 Oars	Anklets for horse
Life preserver	Stick with pointing hand on top that spins
Anchor	2 Thrones
Sextant	Crown
Large map	Velvet pillow
Cigar box	Pickle
Wooden horse on wheels	Pouch, for Kroka
Rope	Note

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Ticking of a clock	Flurry of trumpets
Puffing of a steam engine	March
Puff of smoke	Train whistle
Song, "London Bridge is Falling Down"	Sound of train departing
Song, "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush"	Sound of waves breaking
Bell ring	"Fanfare from Tanhauser March"
Soot	Waltz music

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II

*“In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:*

*Ever drifting down the stream—
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?”*

— From “Through the Looking-Glass”



"What do you think it was? Was it only a dream?"

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: A living room. Alice is sitting in a chair, a kitten on her lap. She is just finishing reading the book, "Alice in Wonderland.")

ALICE: *(Reads.)* "But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw and pretended it hadn't heard the question, 'Which do you think it was?'" *(Alice closes the book, sets it down. To Kitten.)* What do you think it was? Was it only a dream? *(Alice yawns. She is very sleepy.)* I'm so tired. *(Yawns again.)* I do wish I had someone to play with.

(Alice drifts off to sleep. Ticking of the clock is heard. Pause. A White Rabbit, wearing a waistcoat and carrying a pocket watch with the chain visible, appears in the mirror.)

WHITE RABBIT: Excuse me, little girl. Do you have the correct time? *(Alice is still asleep. He raps harder.)* I say, little girl! *(Alice awakens, looks toward mirror, and stares in disbelief.)* Do you have the correct time? *(Alice just stares.)* Humph! She acts as though she's never seen a rabbit before. *(Looks at his watch, shakes it, holds it to his ear.)* Oh, dear! I just know I'm going to be late!

(White Rabbit scurries off through the mirror. Alice jumps out of her chair.)

ALICE: Wait! *(Without thinking, she follows after the White Rabbit through the mirror. Blackout.)*



"Why, Mary Ann! Where did you come from?"

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: White Rabbit's house. Alice falls through a hole, which just happens to be over White Rabbit's bed. White Rabbit is kneeling down, looking under his bed as Alice lands with a bounce. White Rabbit is so absorbed in thought that he doesn't at first notice Alice. He stands up with his back to Alice. He is in deep thought, stroking his ear. Alice looks up through the hole from which she came. White Rabbit turns around.)

WHITE RABBIT: *(Surprised.)* Why, Mary Ann! Where did you come from?

ALICE: Oh, I just dropped in.

WHITE RABBIT: I am having the most terrible time!

ALICE: What is wrong?

WHITE RABBIT: I have misplaced my fan and gloves! Do help me find them.

(White Rabbit scurries about the room looking high and low. Alice goes to the dressing table and opens the top drawer.)

ALICE: Here they are!

WHITE RABBIT: My, so they are! Mary Ann, you are certainly a most clever young lady. You found them right off. *(Locks at his pocket watch. To himself.)* I knew it. I am going to be late. *(To Alice.)* Do tidy up before you leave, Mary Ann.

(White Rabbit scurries out the door LC. Alice picks up a feather duster, which is laying on the dressing table, and begins to dust and hum to herself.)

ALICE: What am I doing? I am not Mary Ann! *(Alice puts down the feather duster. She goes back to the bed, looks back up*

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the hole, and sighs.) Well, I certainly can't go back the way I came. (She walks to the door, opens it, and exits. Blackout.)



*"Here is where you are at the moment.
After all, you can't be here if you are somewhere else."*

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: A beautiful garden. An Ancient Oak Tree stands CS. There are various kinds of flowers and bushes, a large mushroom SR, a signpost SL, and two finger signs pointing in opposite directions. A butterfly bush consists of Extras dressed as Butterflies who assemble and open and close their wings.)

ALICE: What a beautiful garden. *(Goes over to butterfly bush.)*
How curious.

FLOWER 1: She acts as though she's never seen a butterfly bush before.

(Startled, Alice looks around.)

ALICE: Who said that? Is that you, Mary Ann?

FLOWER 1: I said it. And my name is not Mary Ann.
Although I don't know why I should waste my time. You don't look very clever.

ALICE: I am clever enough to pick you, if you don't be quiet.

(Ancient Oak Tree awakens and slowly opens his eyes and then opens them wide, as he is startled to find Alice standing in front of him.)

ANCIENT OAK: *(Startled.)* Oh, my! You certainly grew fast!

(Startled, Alice jumps. Flowers laugh.)

ALICE: My goodness! You startled me! I didn't know trees could talk.

ANCIENT OAK: Since I was a sapling, I think. You're not a tree, I take it.

ALICE: No, I'm not.

FLOWER 1: I wonder what kind of flower she is?

FLOWER 2: Whatever she is, she certainly is scraggly looking.
Look at that foliage.

FLOWER 3: And look at those stems.

ALICE: (*Stamps her foot.*) Oh, you silly plants!

ANCIENT OAK: Don't pay any attention to them. With a little more fertilizer, you'll make a fine looking...whatever. Remember, from little acorns grow, from little acorns grow...grow –

ALICE: Mighty oaks!

ANCIENT OAK: (*Skeptically.*) Are you sure?

ALICE: Yes. You were an acorn once.

ANCIENT OAK: I was? You must have a very good memory to remember back that far. (*Sighs.*) My memory just isn't what it used to be. But, when I was a sapling I could remember...I could remember...well, anyway, I could remember.

ALICE: How long have you been here?

ANCIENT OAK: I have always been here, I think. I knew all these plants when they were seeds. (*Sighs.*) Wait until you are as old as I am, then, then, hmmm, well, you'll be very old for one thing.

ALICE: I am trying to find my way back home. Which way do I go from here?

ANCIENT OAK: I really couldn't say. You see, I don't get around much. I'm not sure, mind you, but I think you could go back the way you came, at least then you'd know where you were going.

ALICE: Thank you very much...

ANCIENT OAK: Or, you could take root right here, if you like.

ALICE: Thank you very much for the invitation, but –

ANCIENT OAK: That's quite all right.

(Ancient Oak yawns and closes his eyes. Alice sighs. During the following conversation, unnoticed by Alice, a large Caterpillar climbs atop the giant mushroom.)

FLOWER 1: I hope she doesn't take root here.
FLOWER 2: Why not?
FLOWER 1: What if she's a weed?
FLOWER 2: I hadn't thought of that.
FLOWER 3: I still say she doesn't look very clever.
ALICE: If I did take root, I'd be clever enough to take over the whole flower garden. *(Flowers are silent.)* Nothing to say?

(Alice notices the Caterpillar sitting atop the mushroom and is amazed at his size. She walks over to the mushroom and just stares at the Caterpillar. Annoyed, the Caterpillar just stares back at Alice.)

CATERPILLAR: *(Irritated.)* You know, it is not altogether polite to stare at someone.
ALICE: Oh, I'm sorry. I seem to be lost. Could you tell me where I am?
CATERPILLAR: Humph! You are standing right in front of me, that's where. You'll have to be much more clever than that.
ALICE: I wasn't trying to be clever.
CATERPILLAR: Then you succeeded.
ALICE: Oh, dear.
CATERPILLAR: Perhaps if you told me exactly where you wanted to be?
ALICE: I don't know, exactly.
CATERPILLAR: Then where you are right now is as good a place as any.
ALICE: I might agree, if I knew where *here* was.
CATERPILLAR: Here is where you are at the moment. After all, you can't be here if you are somewhere else.
ALICE: Oh, dear! I'm not getting anywhere with this conversation. *(Pause.)* Aren't you going to ask me who I am?
CATERPILLAR: No. I don't much care who you are.

ALICE: (*Looking at mushroom.*) I remember reading somewhere that one side will make me taller and one side will make me smaller. (*Breaks off a piece of the mushroom.*)

CATERPILLAR: Of course, it's none of my business, but I shouldn't eat that if I were you.

ALICE: Why not?

CATERPILLAR: It is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later. Although, I have heard that some people actually enjoy being ill.

ALICE: But I like mushrooms.

CATERPILLAR: What a silly little girl. Don't you know anything? This is a toadstool.

ALICE: Oh. (*Drops pieces of toadstool.*) Perhaps I should have paid more attention in my nature class.

CATERPILLAR: I beg your pardon?

ALICE: Perhaps you could tell me what I should do if I want to be taller?

CATERPILLAR: (*Matter-of-factly.*) You could try standing on your toes.

(*Alice thinks a moment.*)

ALICE: I know...do you want to hear me recite, "You Are Old, Father William"?

CATERPILLAR: (*Yawns.*) Not particularly. He is such a boring old man. (*Caterpillar watches Alice as she looks around.*) All right. You may recite "You Are Old, Father William" if you like. But you must promise to go away when you are finished.

(*Alice straightens her dress, folds her hands in front of her, and clears her throat.*)

ALICE: (*Recites.*)

"You are old, Father William, the young man said,
And your nose has a look of surprise;

Your eyes have turned round to the back of your head,
And you live on cucumber pies.

I know it, I know it, the old man replied,
And it comes from employing a quack,
Who said if I laughed when the crocodile died
I should never have pains in my back.

You are old, Father William, the young man said,
And your legs always get in the way;
You used too much mortar in mixing your bread,
And you drink timothy hay.

Very true, very true, said the wretched old man;
Every word that you tell me is true;
And it's caused by having my kerosene can
Painted red where it ought to be blue.

You are old, Father William, the young man said,
And your teeth are beginning to freeze,
Your favorite daughter has wheels in her head,
And the chickens are eating your knees.

You are right, said the old man, I cannot deny,
That my troubles are many and great,
But I'll butter my ears on the fourth of July,
And then I'll be able to skate."
(Alice thinks for a moment.)
I don't think that came out quite right.

(Caterpillar looks up.)

CATERPILLAR: *(Matter-of-factly.)* Are you still here?

ALICE: Won't you please tell me which way to go?

CATERPILLAR: *(Sighs.)* If you really want to get somewhere,
just follow one of those signs.

(Caterpillar indicates signpost. Alice walks over to the signpost, looks at it, and sighs. While she does so, the Caterpillar exits. Alice turns back to the Caterpillar.)

ALICE: But there is nothing on them. *(She sees that the Caterpillar has wandered off.)* Oh, dear! I'll never find my way back. I suppose I should just pick a road, but what if I get lost? *(Enter Tweedledee and Tweedledum, skipping along. They are dressed in short pants held up by suspenders with large buttons on which is printed "Dee and "Dum," respectively. They wear short-sleeve shirts, ties, and knee socks. Dee is carrying an umbrella.)* Here comes someone who might help me. *(Dee and Dum come to a stop in front of Alice.)* Hello. Could you please tell me where I am?

(Dee and Dum look at each other, then back at Alice and smile.)

DEE/DUM: Okay, we give up. Where are you?

ALICE: I'm here.

DEE: *(Disappointed.)* Aw, I was going to say that.

DUM: Contrarywise, so was I.

ALICE: Where did you come from?

DEE: *(Points.)* That direction.

ALICE: Well, where are you going?

DUM: To a party.

ALICE: Well, where is the party?

DUM: In that direction. *(Points.)*

ALICE: How does anyone know where they are going?

DEE/DUM: *(Shrug their shoulders.)* We give up. How do they know where they are going?

ALICE: *(Sighs.)* I don't seem to know where I am at.

DEE/DUM: You are right in front of us!

(They triumphantly shake hands.)

ALICE: What I mean to say is, I seem to be lost.

DUM: Don't you know?

ALICE: Why I—

(Dee and Dum look around cautiously.)

DEE/DUM: Oh, my!

DEE: *(To Dum.)* If she is lost, does that mean we are lost, too?

DUM: Why, I don't know.

DEE: *(To Alice.)* Have you ever been lost before?

ALICE: Not really.

DUM: Well, then, the best thing for you to do is to remember
what you see...

DEE: Because this is what it looks like when you are lost.

DUM: And, in that way, if you are ever lost again...

DEE: You'll know it.

DEE/DUM: That's logic!

(Dee and Dum bow. Alice shows disappointment. Dee and Dum look at each other and then whisper to each other.)

DEE: *(To Alice.)* Where do you want to go?

DUM: *(To Alice.)* Contrarywise, where do you want to be
when you get there?

ALICE: If I knew where I was and where I was going, then I
would know where I would be when I got there.

DEE: Then one road is just as good as the other.

ALICE: But I certainly want to get someplace!

DUM: Then any road you take will get you someplace...

DEE: If you walk long enough.

DEE/DUM: That's logic!

(Dee and Dum bow.)

ALICE: Which path are you going to take?

(Dee and Dum look at each other and smile.)

DEE: Which one do you think we should take?

ALICE: Well, that looks like a nice road. (*Indicates SL.*)

DEE: Aw, I was going to say that.

DUM: Contrarywise, so was I!

ALICE: I am never going to find my way home.

(Dee and Dum whisper to each other again.)

DEE: *(To Alice.)* If you play a game with us...

DUM: *(To Alice.)* We'll show you the way we are going.

ALICE: What kind of game were you thinking of?

DEE: Well, we could see which one of us can sit on hot coals
the longest.

ALICE: I don't like that game at all.

DUM: Too bad. *(Sighs.)* That's one of our favorites.

DEE: I know! Let's play hide-and-go-seek!

DUM: Oh, yes. Let's do play! *(To Alice.)* You must play with
us!

ALICE: Well...

DEE: You have to play with us, or else there will be nobody to
be "it."

DUM: Yes. We tried playing the game alone, but it was no
fun.

DEE: After three days, we had to give up...

DUM: Because there was nobody to come and find us.

ALICE: *(Amused.)* All right, just one game.

DUM: Turn your back, and cover your eyes, and count to ten.

(Alice begins counting. Dum crouches down behind the signpost. Frantically looking for a place to hide, Dee opens his umbrella and holds it up in front of himself. Alice finishes counting, turns, and sees Dee and Dum.)

ALICE: Oh, this is nonsense! I see both of you!

DEE/DUM: Aw, gee!

ALICE: Okay, now which way should I go?

DUM: Well...

DEE: We did promise...

DUM: Yes, but I think she cheated.

DEE: We did say she could follow us, so...

(Dee and Dum take off on a different road, laughing as they exit.)

ALICE: Oooo! What horrid creatures! Well, one of these roads should take me somewhere.

(She heads the opposite way. Blackout.)

SCENE 4

*“Why, if the King was to wake,
we’d go out—bang—just like a candle.”*

(Alongside a road or railroad tracks. Before lights come up, there is the sound like the puffing of a steam engine. Lights come up to reveal Dee and Dum standing in front of a Sleeping King. Alice enters.)

ALICE: It was very rude of you to run off like that!

DUM: Shhh! *(Indicating the Sleeping King.)* Isn’t he a lovely sight?

DEE: *(To Alice.)* Shhh! He’s dreaming now.

ALICE: Yes, I know.

DUM: You do?

ALICE: Yes. But I can’t remember how I know. But I do know what he is dreaming about.

DEE: Stuff and nonsense!

DUM: Contrarywise, nobody can guess that!

ALICE: I can. He’s dreaming about us. *(Dee and Dum look at each other, run their fingers around the side of their heads indicating they think Alice is crazy. Alice doesn’t notice.)* And if he left off dreaming about us, where do you suppose we’d be?

DEE: Where we are now, of course.

DUM: Contrarywise, here is where we’d be.

ALICE: We would be nowhere. Pouf!

(Dee and Dum become scared and hug each other.)

DUM: *(To Dee.)* I think she is only trying to scare us.

DEE: Contrarywise, she succeeded.

ALICE: Why, if the King was to wake, we'd go out—bang!—
(Claps her hands together.) —just like a candle.

(Startled, Dee and Dum jump. With his back to them, the Sleeping King awakens, yawns, stretches, and stands up. The Sleeping King turns around and stares at them for a moment. Dee and Dum have closed their eyes tight and put their fingers in their ears. The Sleeping King extends his arm to Alice, holding out his index finger.)

KING: *(To Alice.)* Pull my finger.

(Alice, without really thinking, reaches out and pulls the King's finger. Puff! The King vanishes in a puff of smoke. This startles Alice. Dee and Dum slowly open their eyes.)

ALICE: Did you see that?

(Dee and Dum are not, for the moment, paying any attention to Alice. They begin to feel themselves over, starting with their heads, to see if they are still there.)

DEE: Am I gone?

DUM: I don't know. What would you look like if you were gone?

DEE: Probably the same, only I wouldn't be here.

DUM: Contrarywise, we might be gone and not know it.

(Dee sees Alice.)

DEE: She's still here.

(Dum looks at the spot where the Sleeping King had been.)

DUM: Contrarywise, the King's gone.

DEE: Aw, I knew she was talking nonsense!

DUM: Ditto, ditto!

(Dee and Dum take off running. Alice is still puzzled by what just happened. She holds up her index finger and is about to pull it, but upon reflection of the event that has just occurred, decides that would not be a good idea. Alice looks off in the direction of Dee and Dum's exit.)

ALICE: *(Calls.)* Wait!

(Alice exits, running after Dee and Dum. Blackout.)



"Would you care for some more tea?"

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Mad Tea Party. Mad Hatter and March Hare are sitting at a table. There are several chairs around the table. On the table, there is a teapot, cup and saucers. Dee and Dum enter running, find their places at the table, and sit. Alice enters.)

HATTER/HARE: *(To Alice.)* No room! No room!

(They crowd together.)

ALICE: There is plenty of room, you selfish things! *(Seats herself at the head of the table.)*

DUM: You've begun all wrong!

HATTER: Well, if I'm not right, I'm certainly bound to be wrong. That's logic! *(Hatter takes off hat and bows.)*

DEE: The first thing on a visit is to say, "How d'ye do?" and shake hands.

(Dee and Dum stand up facing each other and bow.)

DEE/DUM: *(To one another.)* How d'ye do?

(They shake hands with each other and sit down.)

HATTER: Well, now, that was lovely, wasn't it?

HARE: *(To Alice.)* Would you care for some more tea?

ALICE: I haven't had any yet, so how can I have more?

HATTER: How can you, indeed! Why, that's the simplest thing in the world. You merely grab hold of the handle of the teapot thusly... *(Demonstrates)* ...tilting it until the tea runs out of the spout and into the cup, that's how. Why, it's so simple, I wonder why I didn't think of it myself.

HARE: *(To Alice.)* Would you care for some more tea?

ALICE: I do wish you would stop saying that.

HARE: Saying what?

ALICE: "Would you care for some more tea?"

HARE: Don't mind if I do.

(Alice is a little upset. Hatter leans on his elbow.)

HATTER: What day of the month is it?

ALICE: Why, I think it's the fourth.

(Hatter takes out his watch and looks at it.)

HATTER: Two days wrong. *(To March Hare.)* I told you to get the creamy peanut butter instead of the crunchy. The nuts are clogging up the works. *(Dips watch into teapot.)*

HARE: I was assured it was the very best peanut butter.

HATTER: *(To watch.)* I am very disappointed with you. I thought you had an honest face. What's the use of having a watch if you can't believe it? *(To Alice.)* Which is better, a clock that is right only once a year, or a clock that is right twice a day?

ALICE: I suppose the clock that is right twice a day.

HATTER: Really? Okay, I have two clocks: one doesn't run at all and the other loses a minute a day. Which would you prefer?

ALICE: I suppose the clock that is right twice a day.

HATTER: Ah, there's where you are wrong. The one which loses a minute a day has to lose 12 hours, or 720 minutes, before it is right again, so, it is only right once in two years, whereas the other is right as often as the time it points to comes around, which happens to be twice a day.

ALICE: But what's the use of being right twice a day, if you can't tell when the time comes?

HATTER: Ah, here is where you must pay close attention. Suppose the clock points to six o'clock? Don't you see that the clock is right at six o'clock? So, when six o'clock comes around, your clock will be right twice a day.

ALICE: But how am I to know when six o'clock does come?

(Hatter holds up his pocket watch by its chain, letting it swing back and forth.)

HATTER: Now, keep your eye fixed on your clock, and the very moment it is right it will be six o'clock.

ALICE: But—

HATTER: It will do you no good to argue. The more you argue, the less sense you make, so we might as well stop.

ALICE: But—

(Music begins to play, "London Bridge Is Falling Down." It is a game of musical chairs. Everyone gets up except Alice.)

HATTER: You must get up!

(Hatter takes Alice by the hand and pulls her around the table. The music stops, everyone scrambles for a chair. Alice is left standing. They don't seem to be paying any attention to her. She takes a seat.)

HARE: *(To Alice.)* As you were saying?

ALICE: I—

HARE: Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote that Tweedledee and Tweedledum have a battle.

(Dee and Dum just look at each other and smile.)

HATTER: That's a wonderful idea!

(Hatter brings out two pair of oversized boxing gloves. He hands a pair to Alice.)

ALICE: This is the silliest thing I've ever heard of.

(Gloves are put on Dee and Dum. Bell rings. Dee and Dum spar around awkwardly but never hit one another. [Note: The more awkward the better.] Music begins to play, "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush." Fighting stops and everyone begins to circle the table again for musical chairs. Music stops and Alice starts to sit down. Hatter looks at his watch.)

HATTER: *(Sighs.)* Oh, my! Look at the time! *(Hatter takes Alice by the hand.)* So sorry you have to be leaving! *(Shakes her hand.)* Do come back again!

(Hatter pushes Alice offstage. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

*“Yesterday I was an egg, today I am an egg,
and tomorrow I’ll be an egg!
There is no room for improvement.”*

(AT RISE: A large stone wall. Augustus Egg is sitting at the base of the wall. He is dressed very much like Humpty Dumpty. He wears a monocle, which he keeps shifting from one eye to the other. Alice enters, muttering to herself about the tea party. She doesn’t notice the large egg until he speaks.)

AUGUSTUS EGG: It’s very provoking. Very provoking, indeed!

(Alice looks back, and without thinking, she speaks.)

ALICE: Hmmm? What is provoking?

AUGUSTUS EGG: Do you mind?

(Alice turns.)

ALICE: I beg your pardon?

AUGUSTUS EGG: And well you should! Haven’t you ever been taught that it’s very bad manners to eavesdrop on other people’s conversations?

ALICE: I’m very sorry. If I had known you were having a conversation, I wouldn’t have interrupted. But I saw no one else—

AUGUSTUS EGG: Of course you did.

ALICE: I did what?

AUGUSTUS EGG: Saw no one else, because there was no one else to see. (Pause.) Aren’t you in the least bit interested in what I find so provoking?

ALICE: Why, yes, I suppose.

AUGUSTUS EGG: I'm an egg!

ALICE: Of course you are.

AUGUSTUS EGG: That's what's so provoking! Yesterday I was an egg, today I am an egg, and tomorrow I'll be an egg! *(Sighs.)* There is no room for improvement.

ALICE: Well, I guess if you look at it that way.

AUGUSTUS EGG: What way?

ALICE: That you are an egg.

AUGUSTUS EGG: Of course I'm an egg! What did you think I was, a cauliflower?

ALICE: *(Trying to change the subject.)* Are you Humpty Dumpty?

AUGUSTUS EGG: No. I'm Augustus Egg, Esquire.

ALICE: Augustus Egg?

AUGUSTUS EGG: Esquire. Larger than life and twice as natural, at your service.

ALICE: I'm afraid I've never heard of you.

AUGUSTUS EGG: I dare say nobody has ever heard of me.

ALICE: I read about Humpty Dumpty falling off a wall.

AUGUSTUS EGG: I don't see how you could have missed it. It was in all the papers. *(Sighs.)* He didn't have any more sense than a 3-minute egg. He fell right from this very wall. *Splat!* You may turn pale if you like. *(Alice starts to look on the other side of the wall.)* Oh, don't bother looking. They cleaned up the mess quite nicely. It was a great curiosity for a while. It was even proposed that the remains be scrapped up and put on exhibition.

ALICE: Oh, my!

AUGUSTUS EGG: What is your name?

ALICE: My name is Alice.

(Augustus Egg studies Alice for a moment, shifting his monocle from one eye to the other.)

AUGUSTUS EGG: You don't look like an "Alice."

ALICE: What do I look like?

AUGUSTUS EGG: How do I know? I've never seen you before. *(Pause.)* You know, you've been here all this time and you haven't remarked.

ALICE: Remarked about what?

AUGUSTUS EGG: The monocle, of course.

ALICE: The monocle?

AUGUSTUS EGG: It makes all the difference, don't you think?

ALICE: Well...

AUGUSTUS EGG: It goes with the "esquire." It kind of sets it off. I'm sure if you were wearing one, you would be able to see what I mean. *(Alice says nothing. Sighs.)* What's the use of my making a joke if you don't appreciate it? You certainly are a dense child!

ALICE: I am not!

AUGUSTUS EGG: Exactly what were we talking about before?

ALICE: I don't know. We talked about many things. Which are you talking about?

AUGUSTUS EGG: I can't remember, so let's start fresh. Goodbye!

(Augustus Egg closes his eyes. Alice sighs. She starts to walk off, turns, and looks at Augustus Egg.)

ALICE: *(Aside.)* He hasn't any more sense than a scrambled egg. *(Alice is somewhat surprised at this statement.)* I wonder if a scrambled egg has any sense at all?

(Blackout.)



*A Borogrove is a thin shabby-looking bird
with its feathers sticking out all 'round...
something like a live mop.*

SCENE 7

(AT RISE: Exterior of the Duchesses' house. There is a garden SR. Alice enters and turns. She suddenly finds herself in front of the house.)

ALICE: My, how puzzling all these changes are. I'm never sure of where I am going to be from one minute to the next. I'm sure these changes would make me giddy, if I only knew what giddy was. *(A Gardener enters, marching back and forth in front of the garden. He has a pair of binoculars hanging from his neck and carries a hoe over his shoulder. Alice watches him for a moment. The Gardener stops, looks through his binoculars, then resumes his pacing.)* What are you doing?

GARDENER: I am on weed watch, young lady.

ALICE: Weed watch?

GARDENER: That's right. Weeds...the scourge of the gardener. You never know when they may be lurking about. Weeds have hateful moral qualities. To cut down a weed is to perform a service. A gardener must ever be vigilant. One minute they're not here. Turn your back, and the next thing you know, you're hearing the muffled cries of the flowers as the weeds strangle them. The hoe becomes an instrument of retributive justice! Weeds! The black-hearted devils! *(Looks through binoculars again.)* Aha! I knew it! There is one of the ugly beggars now! If you will excuse me.

(With hoe upraised, Gardener dashes off SR. Alice watches him off. Suddenly there is whistling coming from SL. Alice turns to see Bill the Chimney Sweep coming toward the house. He is carrying a chimney broom over his shoulder. Bill stops.)

BILL: Good-day, Miss.

ALICE: Hello.

BILL: My name is Bill.

ALICE: My name is Alice.

(Bill tips his cap, soot falls off causing him to sneeze. Bill blows his nose into a handkerchief, which makes a loud honking noise.)

BILL: Excuse me, Miss. Dirty things chimneys are.

ALICE: Yes, all that soot.

BILL: That's only half of it.

ALICE: What do you mean?

BILL: Lost items I encounter.

ALICE: Lost items?

BILL: Oh, yes, they tend to really clutter up a chimney flue.

Mostly small items: marbles, keys, tie pins, loose change, the mate to the sock that you couldn't find.

ALICE: You find those items up in the chimney?

BILL: Oh, yes. All the time. The chimney is the last place anyone looks for lost items. I guess that's why I find them.

Why, do you know that one time I even found a piano? But, do you know what are the worst things to find in the chimney?

ALICE: I can't imagine anything worse than finding a piano in the chimney.

BILL: Oh, there is something much, much, worse. Borogrove nests.

ALICE: Borogroves? What are Borogroves?

BILL: A Borogrove is a thin shabby-looking bird with its feathers sticking out all 'round...something like a live mop.

And they make their nests in the chimney with old fireplace pokers and plaster.

ALICE: Fireplace pokers and plaster? I have never heard of a bird using pokers and plaster to make a nest.

BILL: Then I take it you have never crawled into a chimney flue before?

ALICE: No, I haven't.

BILL: Then, if you've never seen one, how do you know there isn't?

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ALICE: I have read a great many books about birds.

BILL: Then you surely know there are a great many things that aren't printed in books. Well, I can't stand here talking all day, I've got a lot more chimneys to sweep after this one.

(Bill knocks on the door of the house. The door opens and Bill enters followed by Alice. Blackout.)



*"You mustn't mention that word too loudly.
You can see how it upsets her."*

SCENE 8

(AT RISE: Interior of the Duchesses' house. The house is a mess with stacks of this and piles of that. There is a large fireplace. A Cook is at the stove stirring a large pot. The Duchess is rocking back and forth in a rocking chair while singing to a baby. Flossie the housekeeper is sitting in a chair with her feet propped up on the table. She is reading a novel. Alice and Bill the Chimney Sweep enter.)

DUCHESS: *(Rocking and singing.)* "Speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes! He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases. Wow! Wow! Wow!"

BILL: Excuse me, ma'am. I'm here to clean your chimney.

DUCHESS: Pig!

BILL: Thank you, ma'am.

(Bill tips his hat and crawls into the chimney. Alice looks around at the mess.)

DUCHESS: *(To Alice.)* Horrible, isn't it?

ALICE: Hmmmm?

DUCHESS: The mess – horrible.

ALICE: Oh, yes. But if you don't like it, why don't you clean it up?

DUCHESS: It wouldn't do any good, you know.

ALICE: Why not?

DUCHESS: We're infested.

ALICE: Infested? By what?

(Duchess stops rocking, leans forward.)

DUCHESS: *(In a whisper.)* Mome Raths!

ALICE: Mome Raths?

COOK: Eeek! *(Jumps up on the chair.)*

DUCHESS: (*Sighs. To Alice, indicates Cook.*) Oh, there she goes again! (*To Cook.*) It's all right, dear. They're gone.

COOK: Are you sure, ma'am?

DUCHESS: Yes, dear. (*Cook cautiously steps off the chair and resumes stirring. To Alice.*) You mustn't mention that word too loudly. You can see how it upsets her.

ALICE: I'm sorry. (*Duchess resumes rocking. To Duchess in a lower tone.*) What are Mome Raths?

DUCHESS: I haven't the faintest idea. That's what makes them so hard to catch. Nobody knows what they look like.

ALICE: Then how do you know they exist?

DUCHESS: That's quite easy, my dear, by the mess they leave behind. They are always leaving things about. Clothes in the middle of the floor, sink full of dishes. (*The more the Duchess talks about Mome Raths, the more agitated she becomes and the faster she rocks.*) Why, they even bring in an intolerable amount of dust. I even hired a housekeeper, but as you can see, even she has given up. Isn't that right, Flossie? (*No answer.*) Flossie?

FLOSSIE: Hmmm? Oh, yes ma'am.

DUCHESS: In fact, it was Flossie who told me it was... (*In a lower tone.*) ...Mome Raths. Isn't that right, Flossie? (*In a normal voice.*)

FLOSSIE: Beg pardon, ma'am?

DUCHESS: I was telling the young lady it was you who told me about the you-know-what.

FLOSSIE: Oh, you mean the Mome Raths.

COOK: Eeek! (*Jumps up on the chair.*)

DUCHESS: It's all right, dear. They're gone.

COOK: Are you sure?

DUCHESS: Yes, dear. (*Cook resumes stirring.*) Why, it has become so bad that they have been filching the last of the plum pudding.

FLOSSIE: (*With a slight smile.*) Oh, yes, the black-hearted devils! (*To Alice.*) Why, miss, I could tell you stories that would take the starch right out of your hair.

ALICE: Then perhaps you should get a cat.

DUCHESS: I did get a cat. A very fine Cheshire cat I was told.

But that did no good, either.

ALICE: Why not?

DUCHESS: All the cat does is sit around all day and grins.

ALICE: Grins?

DUCHESS: Grins! He just sits and grins. Never moves a muscle. And when he's not grinning, he's not there. He appears and disappears in a most ridiculous manner. It makes me quite giddy.

FLOSSIE: *(Without looking up, she turns a page.)* It gives me the willies.

DUCHESS: Have you ever seen an invisible cat, my dear?

ALICE: But you can't see an invisible cat.

DUCHESS: That's right, dear, you go right on believing that.

But nevertheless, he's sitting right over there!

(Alice looks around.)

ALICE: Where?

DUCHESS: *(Points toward the stove.)* Right over there!

ALICE: I can't see him.

DUCHESS: Of course you can't. But he's there all the same.

(A Cheshire Cat slowly materializes next to the stove. Note: This can be achieved with lighting effects.)

ALICE: There he is!

DUCHESS: Yes, dear. Pay him no attention. It only encourages him.

(The Cheshire Cat slowly disappears. Bill lets out with a big sneeze. The sound and Bill disappear into the distance as soot drops into the fireplace.)

FLOSSIE: *(Without looking up, she turns a page.)* There goes Bill.

ALICE: Poor Bill.

DUCHESS: Pay him no mind. It happens all the time.

(Alice glances at Duchess, then Flossie, then the Cook – none of them seem concerned about Bill. Finally, Alice decides she should go out and look for Bill.)

ALICE: Maybe I should go out and see if Bill is all right.

DUCHESS: Or, you can always stay here and watch the baby.

ALICE: Well...

FLOSSIE: *(Calls Alice aside.)* Miss, you'll have more fun looking for Bill. I watched the baby for a whole day once. Absolutely nothing happened.

DUCHESS: What was that, Flossie?

FLOSSIE: I said Mome Raths, ma'am.

COOK: Eeek! *(Jumps up on a chair.)*

(Blackout.)



"Round up all suspicious characters!"

SCENE 9

(The Queen of Hearts' golf course. There is a golf green and a golf flag with "17" on it. The flag is planted in the hole and there is a nearby bush. Alice enters in spotlight. Golf course cannot be seen.)

ALICE: I wonder where Bill landed?

(Suddenly there is the sound of a bell. Page 1, 2 enter. Page 2 is ringing a hand bell and Page 1 is carrying a parchment. They halt. Page 2 stops ringing the bell and Page 1 unrolls the parchment.)

PAGE 1: *(Reads.)* "Hear ye! Hear ye! A proclamation has been issued by Her Royal Majesty, The Queen of Hearts, to be proclaimed throughout the land!" *(Page 1 stops reading and rolls up the parchment.)*

ALICE: Excuse me, but what is the proclamation?

PAGE 1: *(Shrugs.)* Who knows? The Queen issues the proclamations and the details are filled in later.

ALICE: I have never heard of that before.

PAGE 2: Yes, well, it's just as well, don't you think?

(Page 2 begins ringing the bell and Page 1, 2 exit. Lights up to reveal a golf green with a flag with "17" on it – the flag is in the hole. Several golf balls drop in. Alice hears someone coming and hides behind a bush. Two of Hearts enters running and carrying a flag with "18" on it. He takes out flag 17, tosses it behind the bush, and replaces it with flag 18. He then wipes his brow. Alice steps out from behind the bush.)

ALICE: Hello.

(Startled, Two of Hearts turns around.)

TWO OF HEARTS: Oh! You startled me! Don't you know that it's rude to go around sneaking up on people like that?

ALICE: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

TWO OF HEARTS: Well, under the circumstances, you are forgiven.

ALICE: Where am I? *(Before Two of Hearts can answer.)* I know, I'm standing right in front of you!

TWO OF HEARTS: Of course you are. You are also standing on the Queen's golf course.

ALICE: Golf course? I thought she played croquet?

TWO OF HEARTS: Oh, no, no, no, not anymore. I don't ever recall seeing you at any of the Queen's croquet tournaments.

ALICE: That's because I was never there.

TWO OF HEARTS: Then that probably accounts for the fact that I don't remember seeing you. Although, there was another little girl there...oh, but that's another story.

ALICE: Why did you change the flag in the hole?

TWO OF HEARTS: I was hoping you hadn't noticed. Well, you see, this is the only hole on the course.

ALICE: A golf course with only one hole?

TWO OF HEARTS: The explanation is perfectly logical. The Queen is fad conscious. It used to be croquet, today it is golf, tomorrow it might be something else. So the King of Hearts decided—rather than go through all the trouble and expense to put in 18 holes—he had one hole put in and uses 18 flags. Very ingenious, don't you think? Anyway, since the Queen doesn't know anything about golf, and of course, no one has the courage to tell her so, she doesn't know the difference. *(Noise is heard offstage.)* Here comes the Queen. If you value your head, you won't say a thing about this.

ALICE: Mum's the word.

TWO OF HEARTS: Around here, "Rose" is the word. Shhh!

(A fanfare of trumpets. Cards dressed as Golfers enter with clubs over their shoulders. They all yell in unison "Fore!" and try to putt

at the same time. Another fanfare. Queen of Hearts enters and sees the commotion.)

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(Shouts.)* Off with their heads! *(All Golfers lay face down on the green. Queen notices Alice.)* Well, what have we here?

TWO OF HEARTS: *(Nervously.)* It's a little girl, your majesty.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Idiot! I can see that! *(To Alice.)* What is your name, my dear?

ALICE: My name is—

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Look up! Speak nice! And don't twiddle your fingers!

ALICE: My name is—

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Turn out your toes! Curtsey! And always say, "Yes, your majesty."

ALICE: *(Curtseys.)* Yes, your majesty.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Now, where do you come from? And where are you going?

ALICE: *(Speaks fast so as not to give the Queen the opportunity to interrupt.)* My name is Alice. I'm not quite sure where I came from and even less sure of where I am going... *(Curtsey.)* ...your majesty.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(Taken aback.)* My! That was a lot of words for such a little girl! How could so many words come out of such a small mouth? *(Queen looks Alice over while she circles Alice.)* You remind me of another little girl who wandered through. Didn't know a thing about croquet. Do you play golf, my dear?

ALICE: Why—

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Would you care for some nice huckleberry tarts? *(Alice just stands there thinking she'll be interrupted again.)* You know, my dear, it is only polite to answer someone who has spoken to you.

ALICE: Yes, your majesty. But I thought queens ate crumpets?

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Crumpets are out of season. *(Shouts.)*
Bring on the tarts! *(One voice after another shouts "Bring on the tarts!" A Servant enters with a covered sterling-silver tray.)* I made them myself. *Servant lifts cover to reveal the tarts, but the tarts are gone. Queen screams.)* Someone has stolen my tarts! *(Queen faints. All the Cards run around bumping into one another, knocking each other down. Queen is revived. Queen slowly sits up and she is helped to her feet.)* Oh, dear! I raised the huckleberry tree from a pup!

ALICE: There are no huckleberry trees.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Impertinent child! Where do you think huckleberries come from...oysters?

ALICE: Why, no. But I'm sure there are no huckleberry trees.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Round up all suspicious characters!

(Cards run around searching but find nothing.)

TWO OF HEARTS: *(Confidentially, to Queen. Indicates Alice.)*
She's the only suspicious character around.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(Confidentially, to Two of Hearts.)*
Hmmm. Yes. And she doesn't know where huckleberries come from. *(Loud voice.)* Seize her!

(Cards seize Alice, and she is led away. Blackout.)



"Off with her head!"

SCENE 10

(AT RISE: There is a flurry of trumpets and a brief march as judges' chairs are placed CS for the King and Queen of Hearts. Center right of them is the prisoner's dock, which has wooden steps and a light iron rail around three sides of it. Left of it is a small table for the Royal Attorney. The jury box, containing cardboard jurors, is pushed out. Enter Royal Bailiff. Alice is escorted to the prisoner's dock. The Royal Bailiff rings a hand bell.)

ROYAL BAILIFF: Silence in the court! Hear ye! Hear ye! The royal court of their most royal majesties, the King and Queen of Hearts, is now in royal session to hear and determine.

(Royal Bailiff bows. Trumpet sounds. Enter the King and Queen of Hearts, who take their seats.)

KING OF HEARTS: Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict!

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Off with her head!

ALICE: Oh, not yet, please! I am sure that something else must come before that! Don't I get a lawyer?

KING OF HEARTS: *(Sighs.)* Oh, very well, if you insist. Bring on the Royal Attorney!

ROYAL BAILIFF: Bring on the Royal Attorney!

(Murmurs are heard. Royal Attorney enters. A small man, his clothes appear in a state of disarray. He wears a powdered wig. His glasses are perched on the end of his nose. He is carrying a tall stack of papers and law books and drops them as he enters. He bows to the King and Queen and his wig falls off. He scurries to put his wig back on.)

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Your royal highness. *(He takes off his glasses and uses his shirttail to clean them as he speaks.)* Now, where is the guilty party?

KING OF HEARTS: *(Points to Alice with his scepter.)* There!

(Royal Attorney puts his glasses back on.)

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Oh, my! A desperate-looking character to be sure. *(To Alice.)* What did you do?

ALICE: Nothing!

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Hmm. Well, perhaps I can still win.

KING OF HEARTS: How do you plead?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: The guilty party pleads—

ALICE: Wait! You don't even know what I am accused of!

KING OF HEARTS: Are you sure you want the jury to hear?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: You'd better not let the jury hear that. It might prejudice them.

ALICE: But, the jury is nothing but cutout cardboard characters.

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Yes, but they don't know that. Shhh!

ALICE: But how can they decide if they don't know?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Hmm. Most unusual, but perhaps it might set a precedent. If it pleases your majesty—

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(Annoyed.)* It doesn't!

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Thank you, your majesty. *(He bows and his wig falls off again. He puts his wig back on.)*

ALICE: *(To Attorney.)* But I want to know what I have done!

ROYAL ATTORNEY: *(Sighs.)* Your majesty, this child insists upon knowing what she has done.

KING OF HEARTS: *(Leaning forward. To Alice.)* Do you really want everybody to hear what you have done?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: I wouldn't mind hearing myself.

KING OF HEARTS: *(To Queen.)* My dear?

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(Sighs.)* All right! The sooner she loses her head, the sooner I can return to my golf game.

KING OF HEARTS: Royal Bailiff, read the Royal Indictment.

(Royal Bailiff bows and unrolls a scroll.)

ROYAL BAILIFF: *(Reads.)* “Whereas and as below mentioned and as subsequently herein after recorded as the part of the party of the first part—”

ALICE: I don’t understand what he is saying.

ROYAL ATTORNEY: I know what a first part is, but I’ve never been to a party in one. What we need is a good lawyer to sort out this mess.

ALICE: But I still don’t know what I have done! If I have done something, I certainly would like to know what it is that I have done!

ROYAL ATTORNEY: The child does have a point...whatever that may be.

KING OF HEARTS: *(Sighs.)* Just plead guilty to anything you like, then nobody will ever know of what you were really guilty.

ALICE: I won’t!

KING OF HEARTS: Well, if you are going to be unreasonable—

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Off with her head!

KING OF HEARTS: *(To Attorney.)* What do you know about this business?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Nothing.

KING OF HEARTS: Nothing whatsoever?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Nothing whatsoever. Why, I have never seen this young lady before in my life!

KING OF HEARTS: Now we’re getting somewhere. This is the first substantial piece of evidence.

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Why, I had never thought of that before! He’s right, you know. That is quite substantial. Hmm. That changes everything.

ALICE: What is he talking about?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: The devil’s in the details, you know.

ALICE: Do you know what you are talking about?

ROYAL ATTORNEY: I’m not the one on trial here.

(Trumpet sounds. Guard 1, 2 and Knave of Hearts enter. Guard 2 is carrying a covered basket.)

GUARD 1: *(Bows.)* Your majesty, we have captured the tartnapper!

KING OF HEARTS: Wonderful! Now we are really getting somewhere!

ALICE: Now I remember! "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts all on a summer's day. The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts, and took them clean away."

ROYAL ATTORNEY: I object! This child has been listening at doors, and behind trees, and down chimneys, or else she wouldn't have known a thing about it!

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Off with your head!

ROYAL ATTORNEY: I withdraw the objection, your majesty.

GUARD 2: We caught him red-handed.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: It's a lie!

(Guard 2 holds up Knave's hand – it's red!)

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Aha! That proves you are guilty! If you were honest, you would admit your guilt!

(Royal Attorney comes forward and hands Knave a business card.)

KING OF HEARTS: *(To Queen.)* My dear, now that we have the guilty party, why don't you go back to your golf game. I will take care of all the details.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(Indicating Knave.)* Off with his head!

(Queen of Hearts exits. King of Hearts approaches Knave.)

KING OF HEARTS: *(To Knave.)* Why anyone would want to steal the Queen's tarts is quite beyond reasoning...

(Knave whispers something in Royal Attorney's ear.)

ROYAL ATTORNEY: Your majesty, my client has presented me with a valid point, being, how do you know these particular tarts are the Queen's? *(King takes one of the tarts out of the basket and bangs it on the metal rail. It's as hard as a rock.)* Your highness, my client pleads justifiable insanity!

KING OF HEARTS: I would sentence you to eat each and every one of these tarts, but that would be cruel and unusual punishment. So, instead, I hereby sentence you to ten whacks to be administered in due course. Guards, remove this knave and take him to the Royal Hiney Whacker to have his sentence carried out. *(Knave is escorted out by Guards 1, 2.)* Royal Bailiff, take these tarts out and bury them. Be sure not to bury them too close to the Queen's roses.

ROYAL BAILIFF: The royal court of their most royal majesties, the King and Queen of Hearts, is now royally adjourned.

(Royal Bailiff wipes his forehead. A march is played to clear the stage. After the stage is cleared, Alice is left alone, but only for a moment. Characters enter from different directions and line up in front of a large tree. The tree opens up and a Train Conductor steps out.)

CONDUCTOR: Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow ran away with the moon, while old mother Hubbard fell into the cupboard, the cheese ran away with the spoon. Board! *(Everyone enters tree. Puzzled, Alice just stares. Conductor watches her, then looks at his watch. To Alice.)* Come along now. We can't dally here all day. We have a schedule to keep, you know.

(Alice enters the tree. Conductor follows and shuts the "trunk" door. Lights down. Sound of train leaving, whistle blows, and then sound of train disappearing into the distance.)

SCENE 11

“Oysters! We just dote on oysters!”

(AT RISE: A railway carriage. Sitting across from Alice are the Walrus and the Carpenter. On the Carpenter’s lap is a large picnic basket. Conductor enters.)

CONDUCTOR: *(To Alice.)* Tickets, please! Now then! Show your ticket, child!

ALICE: I’m afraid I haven’t got one.

CONDUCTOR: You really should have bought one. Well, I’m afraid you are going to have to ride as baggage. Only baggage rides for free.

(Conductor takes out a large tag that has the word “Baggage” printed on it. There is a string attached to the tag and the Conductor hangs the tag around Alice’s neck. Conductor exits.)

ALICE: *(Reads the back of the tag.)* “Wash in cold water, do not bleach; tumble dry.”

CARPENTER: Excuse me, but what is your name?

ALICE: My name is Alice.

CARPENTER: *(To Walrus.)* You know, I don’t think we have ever had a conversation with baggage named Alice before.

ALICE: I am not baggage.

(Carpenter and Walrus put their heads together in discussion.)

CARPENTER: We are more inclined to believe everything we hear rather than believe everything we read. But to be on the safe side... *(They put their heads together again.)* ...we took a vote, and it was two-to-one in your favor.

WALRUS: *(Before Alice can speak.)* Do you make this trip often?

CARPENTER: As baggage or otherwise?

ALICE: I have never made this trip before. Where are we going?

WALRUS: To the shore, of course.

CARPENTER: If you are going anywhere else, you'll have to get out and walk.

WALRUS: It is lovely this time of year.

CARPENTER: We always enjoy beaching.

ALICE: "Beaching"? I have never heard that word used before.

WALRUS: We are going to the beach and what one does at the beach is called "beaching."

ALICE: I don't think that is the right word for it.

CARPENTER: Oh, really? What does one do when one wants to catch a fish?

ALICE: Goes fishing.

WALRUS: Or when one digs clams?

ALICE: Clamming.

CARPENTER: Or takes a boat out on the river?

ALICE: Boating. But—

CARPENTER: So, you see, when you go to the beach, you are beaching. Sand as far as the eye can see, except for the water—it's wet, you know.

ALICE: So I have heard.

WALRUS: We greet the tide as it comes in and bid it a fond farewell when it goes out. (*Sighs.*)

CARPENTER: (*To Alice.*) Do you ever wonder where the tide goes when it goes out?

WALRUS: (*To Alice.*) Or where it's been when it comes in?

ALICE: I have never really thought about it, but—

CARPENTER: We'll spend all day watching mermaids sun themselves on the rocks as the frothy waves scramble to the shore and run back again.

WALRUS: Then, as the sun is setting, we get together and dance the Lobster Quadrille.

CARPENTER: A very sprightly dance.

WALRUS: But you have to watch out for the crabs. They become annoyed if you happen to step on them.

CARPENTER: We packed this picnic basket full of goodies.

WALRUS: Aren't you the least bit curious?

ALICE: Curious?

WALRUS: About what's in the basket.

CARPENTER: You've been sitting here all this time and never mentioned it once.

ALICE: Why I—

CARPENTER: Oysters! We just dote on oysters! Candied oysters. Pickled oysters. Oysters in the half-shell. Cooked oysters. Raw oysters. *(Walrus lifts the lid of the basket. Carpenter slaps it down.)* Here now! What do you think you are doing?

WALRUS: Well, you see...

CARPENTER: You were going to filch an oyster, weren't you? Now don't deny it! The young lady saw it, too.

WALRUS: *(To Alice.)* Tattletale! *(To Carpenter.)* But you made me hungry.

CARPENTER: Well, you can just wait until we get to the shore.

(Blackout. Sound of the train grows louder, then a train whistle is heard as the train disappears into the distance.)



*"Oh, I was a real turtle once, you can be sure of that.
Now, how I became a Mock Turtle, I'm not quite sure.
I think it all began when I was very young."*

SCENE 12

(AT RISE: The shore. CS the Mock Turtle is hiding inside his shell, which looks much like a large rock. Sound of waves breaking. Alice enters and looks around. She is no longer wearing the "baggage" tag. Alice looks off toward the ocean.)

ALICE: I wonder where the tide does go. *(Sighs. She sits on the mock turtle's shell, which looks much like a rock. The "rock" begins to move. Alice is startled and jumps up. The Mock Turtle stands up and shakes himself off.)* Oh, my! I'm sorry. I thought you were a rock.

MOCK TURTLE: I'm not, you know.

ALICE: I know. You're a turtle.

MOCK TURTLE: That's where you are wrong again.

ALICE: But I'm sure you are a turtle.

MOCK TURTLE: I'm not a real turtle. I'm a Mock Turtle.

ALICE: A Mock Turtle?

MOCK TURTLE: Oh, I was a real turtle once, you can be sure of that. Now, how I became a Mock Turtle, I'm not quite sure. I think it all began when I was very young. The change came on so gradually, I hardly noticed it. Do I look very different to you?

ALICE: I really can't say...

MOCK TURTLE: Of course you can, if you only try.

ALICE: What I mean to say is that I have never seen you before.

MOCK TURTLE: That's perfect! You'll give me an unbiased opinion!

(Carpenter and Walrus enter.)

CARPENTER: *(To Walrus.)* Now what do we do for lunch?

WALRUS: I was hungry!

CARPENTER: You're always hungry.

WALRUS: We can always get more oysters.

CARPENTER: That's too hard! They are getting too smart for us. *(Upon seeing Alice they stop. To Alice.)* Oh, how do you do? We thought the beach was deserted. I'm Carpenter and this is my friend, Walrus.

ALICE: I know. We met on the train. *(Walrus and Carpenter look Alice over, walk around her, whisper to each other. It finally dawns on them that they've met before.)* Oh, yes. We didn't recognize you without your baggage tag.

ALICE: Oh, and this is Mock Turtle.

WALRUS: I'm hungry!

CARPENTER: I told you, all the picnic lunch is gone! *(Looking over Mock Turtle.)* Mmmm, Mock Turtle did you say? Walrus, my brain begins to perk. Do you like soup?

WALRUS: Soup? Yes.

CARPENTER: Not just any soup. Beautiful green soup.

(Carpenter and Walrus sing the following song and do an eccentric dance. During the song and dance, the Mock Turtle sneaks off.)

CARPENTER/WALRUS: *(Sing.)*

"Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Bubbling in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!
Beautiful, beautiful soup!"

(Carpenter notices that Mock Turtle is now gone.)

CARPENTER: *(To Walrus.)* Aw, now look what you've done.

WALRUS: What?

CARPENTER: That's the second lunch I didn't get to eat today.

WALRUS: I'm still hungry!

CARPENTER: You're always hungry!

(Walrus and Carpenter argue as they exit. Captain Albatross and his crew, Jim and Jam, enter. Captain Albatross is looking through a telescope. Jim and Jam are carrying a large wooden tub, with a mast sticking out of the center and a crow's nest at top. Visible are two oars, a life preserver, and an anchor. Captain Albatross sees Alice.)

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: *(To Alice.)* Ahoy there! All hands on deck! Young lady off starboard! Drop anchor! *(They set the tub down, take out the anchor, and drop it.)* How do you do? I am Captain Albatross. *(Takes off his hat and bows.)*

ALICE: How do you do? My name is Alice.

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: This is my crew, seamen first class, Jim and Jam.

(Jim and Jam lift their hats.)

ALICE: Which is which?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Let me see... *(Points)* ...that's Jim *(Points.)* ...and that's Jam, I suppose.

JIM: No. I'm Jam and he's Jim.

JAM: I thought I was Jam?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: They're always getting themselves confused because their names are spelled so much alike.

ALICE: Anyway, I'm pleased to meet you.

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Which way did you come from?

ALICE: It seems as though I have come from so many directions today, I don't even know where I am.

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Well, that is easy enough. All you have to do is get your bearing. *(Goes to tub, takes out a sextant. He looks through it, points it up at the sky, and looks in all four directions.)* Well, according to my calculations and the position of the sun and the moon, I would say that we are standing exactly right here!

ALICE: Oh dear, not again. But—

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Look for yourself. (*Hands sextant to Alice.*) I am sure you will find the sextant to be right. If we are not standing right here, then I am sure we are lost.

ALICE: (*Sighs.*) Of course we are standing right here.

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: (*Taking sextant back.*) You see, I was right all along.

ALICE: Don't you have a map?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Of course. (*Goes to the tub, takes out a large map, and unfolds it.*)

ALICE: Now I am sure I'll find out where *here* is. (*Looks over Captain's shoulder.*) The map's blank!

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: This is the best kind of map. What good are North Poles and equators, tropics, zones, and meridian lines? They merely serve as conventional signs, which only clutter and confuse. This is a map even the crew can understand, I suppose. (*Captain Albatross takes out his telescope and looks about.*)

ALICE: What are you looking for?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: The elusive Snark.

ALICE: Snark? What is a Snark?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Well, a Snark is...it's kind of like...hmmm. You know, I haven't the foggiest.

ALICE: If you don't know what a Snark looks like, how would you know one when you saw it?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Because it would look like nothing you've ever seen before, I suppose.

ALICE: (*Now amused by the whole situation.*) How would you go about capturing a Snark?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: You have to have the right kind of bait, of course. (*He takes out a cigar box and opens it.*) Thimbles and soap, corks and wax candles. When a Snark comes to take the bait, we throw a net over it.

ALICE: Are you sure Snarks like that kind of bait?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Never been known to fail, I suppose.

ALICE: Well, then, what would you do with the Snark after you captured it?

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Well, first I would...ah...I...I really don't know. Perhaps it would be worth a lot of money, I suppose. It's all so complicated.

ALICE: Well, I certainly hope you find the Snark, whatever it is.

CAPTAIN ALBATROSS: Bound to, sooner or later, I suppose. We must be going. Can't let that Snark get too far ahead of us. Good-day! (*Captain, Jim, and Jam take off their hats and bow.*) Board!

(Jam throws the anchor into the tub. Jim and Jam lift the tub by its handles. They follow Captain Albatross, who is looking through his telescope. They exit. Alice follows in the same direction. Blackout.)

[End of Freeview]