

Alice in Wonderland

Written by Kylee Elrod

Character List

1. Mary - Alice's Sister
2. Alice - Curious young woman
3. White Rabbit - Nervous, onstage actor/ manager
4. Mouse - Posh, moody, poetry reader
5. Lory - Audience fan of the small theatre
6. Duck - temperamental audience
7. Dodo - big personality, Host/ MC of the Caucus Race
8. Eaglet - Realist
9. Canary - kind, loves their bird
10. Tweedle Dee - Janitor, comedian stooge
11. Tweedle Dum - Janitor, comedian stooge (could be a puppet)
12. Caterpillar - restless artist and actor
13. Pigeon - Paranoid method actor
14. Duchess - Diva actor think opera
15. Cook - acting coach and manager to Duchess
16. Cheshire Cat - Stage manager
17. Mad Hatter - high energy actor/ writer for failing comedy
18. March Hare - Producer and co-writer for failing theatre company
19. Dormouse - Producer and co-writer for failing theatre company
20. Chess Pieces - Stage Hands & Scenic Painters
21. Knave of Hearts - second hand to the Queen Diva Producers
22. The Queen of Hearts - Diva Producer and owner of the Theatre Company
23. King of Hearts - Second hand to the Queen, Diva Producer

S1: Down the Rabbit Hole

[Alice and her sister Mary in a dusty, low lit library quarter with stacks of books composing the set. Alice is sitting on a stack in the middle with a book open on her lap tracing the poetry on the page with her fingers. Alice is dressed in black ripped jeans, and monochromatic blue layered blouses. She has a plaid shirt tied around her waist. She is wearing lace up boots, and her hair is pulled back. She is then shook by the sound of a stack of books falling, as Mary parades forward with William the Conqueror. Mary is dressed in muted hues with her hair lazily pulled into a clip.]

MARY: Lo tengo! I found it! Mira! Ese hombre, William the Conqueror, was born on 9 of September 1087. William the First was the first Norman King of England, reigning from -

ALICE: (interrupting Mary, singing a melody) All in the golden afternoon, full leisurely we glide;
for both our oars with little skill, by little arms are plied, while -

[Both sisters look at one another and laugh for a moment. Mary gains a prideful composure as she defensively closes the book and crosses her arms.]

MARY: Enserio ahora Alice, you won't be able to understand anything by just reading plays and poetry or looking at art. Tienes hechos, historical events, philosophy to justify- que estoy diciendo, you aren't even listening.

ALICE: What is the use of a book without pictures or conversations? You see, before I read a book, I think of six impossible things. Then I fall into-

MARY: My dear Alice, a book without pictures or conversations suits me quite well when I engage in my lessons as you ought to. Then I get lost in the- See William the Conqueror is more real than the nonsense you have floating in your mind. You have no real concept of society, politics, discipline.

ALICE: Well at least what is floating about in my mind is entertaining, however nonsensical it may appear.

MARY: Tienes mucho que aprender, Alice. When you came into the foster system you were what 5 and now you're 15? I'm 18, have been in this my entire life. I don't want to be stuck forever. These books are all I have, and I well, never mind, you'll learn when you are older. This world truly is a terrible place IF one can find their place in it.

ALICE: But I am not afraid. I fancy the wicked and am beguiled by the misunderstood. Those strait-laced phonies can just shrink into a speck along with their narrow minds. What, I'm just saying.

MARY: You know you can't talk like that. Te van a escuchar. There are cameras and surveillance everywhere. Alice, we have to be careful, or we won't be able to come here...ever, nunca.

ALICE: I'm tired of hiding and sneaking around and following rules that mean nothing to anyone for they do everything to suffocate everyone. Mary, I want to be a part of something bigger than myself. After all I am as old as anyone my age ought to be, if I were not the age I am, I would not be the proper height. haha

MARY: Oh Alice. You don't even know who you are. Tu ni siquiera sabes quien eres.

[A siren horn is heard. Mary and Alice are very still for a moment taking in the warning sound. The lights go out and there is a deep bass sound of a building falling down. The dim light flickers out and a red glow fills the stage. Mary has once again returned to shuffling through a pile of newly fallen books with great concentration. Alice shakes her head. Through the corner of her eye, she sees a figure dressed in white dust off and look at her through an ensemble created clock.]

ALICE: What? Excuse me. Hello.Hola.

WHITE RABBIT: (to self-looking at the multiple watches on its wrist and in pockets.) Oh dear! Oh dear! I'm late! I will be too late. Too late. Think think think, Ah! No. I still have to accompany my errand and run them too. How late I will be, am, are, was, were, have been, will be, yes.

ALICE: What happened? I know that I do not hear voices say such curious things in my mind, sooo this must be true? I just have to talk to it and ask it where it is going. Its been far too long that I met a stranger as fascinating as this.

[Alice follows the White Rabbit through an opening in the clock where muffled club beats leak out of the crevices of the door. The White Rabbit stands and then moves through the slow-moving dancers navigating flawlessly through the chaos. Alice finds herself caught in the dance as she too is caught in the trance.]

ALICE: I feel weightless.

[Alice falls into the crowd as they pick her up and crowd surf her through the dissembled clock. The lights change colors and move at varying rates as Alice gets further and further captivated into this underworld. The dancers finally dwindle off into the darkness, and plop Alice onto the ground, vanishing into the dark. The White Rabbit appears on a stage lit only with a small ghost light.]

WHITE RABBIT: Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it is getting. (Exits)

ALICE: Wait!

END OF SCENE 1

S2: Pool of Tears

[Alice sits alone on stage in a single pool of light the ghost light on the stage glows but out of Alice's consciousness. She is completely isolated and abandoned in the silence.]

ALICE: Hello?

[Alice stands and begins to walk around the empty darkness in front of the Door drop curtain. As she does so, a small door which Alice is far too big to fit through reveals itself. Alice becomes a mixture of frightened, curious, and wide eyed. She makes her way to a singular door and tries to open it. Locked. A small table is set with a small bottle, box, and a key are set out.]

ALICE: Hello. Is anyone there? I will never find him now. (looking around seeing the table)
This will open the door. Impossible. Impassable. I can't get through. What is this, Drink Me.
Why not? That is disgusting! I feel sick.

[Alice bumps and knocks the lights out.]

ALICE: Now what have I done. Stop it, why must you go on crying like this, stop this very moment!

[Lights simulate rain as the floor fills with blue light as her tears create a pool. Upon this the door slides open. Alice grabs the box and takes a bite out of the candy inside. Alice moves through the door into the abandoned theatre house space. There are wave-like sounds.]

ALICE: I wish I hadn't cried so much. I'll be punished for it now I suppose by being drowned in my own tears. I wish I had Dinah with me. I miss holding that little stray kitty. Oh! Whose there?

[Mouse enters from the audience, wearing an oversized dark furry coat and sunglasses she is looking intently, gliding past Alice. She is wearing all dark tones, simulating Audrey Hepburn in Funny Face. She keeps darting her eyes as if looking out for something. Then she pulls out a piece of paper and begins to read the poem written inside.]

ALICE: How very much like a water mouse. Hello. Oh, uh, Mouse, do you know the way out of this area? I do not know how to speak to this person.

MOUSE: Humf. (looking at Alice)

ALICE: Perhaps it doesn't understand English. I daresay it could be a French mouse. Ou set ma chatte?

MOUSE: (offended) What?! (turning away)

ALICE: I am quite sorry; I can see you do not like cats.

MOUSE: Not like cats. Would you like cats, if you were like me?

ALICE: Well perhaps not, don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you my cat Dinah. I think you'd take a liking to her. She is such a dear thing. She purrs by the fire, she curls around my bedpost, she is a capital one for catching mice.

MOUSE: (highly offended) Well I say. (walks away)

ALICE: (walking after Mouse) We won't talk about her anymore, if you'd rather not.

MOUSE: We indeed! As if I were to talk on such a subject. My family hated cats, always, nasty, low, vulgar, vile, Always!

ALICE: Well, there is a nice little dog near the house, I should like to show you. It'll fetch, sit and beg for dinner, and all sorts of things. It used to belong to a farmer who says that it kills all rats and-- I'm sorry! (offended Mouse backs away)

ALICE: Do come back, and we won't talk about cats or dogs if you do not like them.

MOUSE: (Stops and turns to Alice suspiciously) Come, let us get further, and then I'll tell you my history and you understand why it is I hate cats and dogs.

END SCENE 2

S3: A Caucus Race & A Long Tale

[Alice follows Mouse as the lights glow brighter in the audience performance space. Lory, Dodo, Canary, Duck, Eaglet, and other Creatures enter. There she sees the area set up as a dinner theater. Several people are sitting talking amongst each other about the awful rainy weather outside. Mouse leans and whispers something into Alice's observant eyes, then leaves to talk to the Canary. The Canary tells something to Duck and Duck begins to sing a hit from the 1940's. No one is paying close attention to the music as they continue to argue about the weather. Alice takes a seat next to a lively group. Deciding to intervene.]

ALICE: I do not think that is right.

LORY: I'm older than you, and must know better, imbecile.

[Eaglet leans towards Alice and whispers something in her ear.]

ALICE: I will not listen to this blabbering; I do not think you are in your right mind to be suggesting anything remotely relevant.

[Mouse reenters holding a candy for everyone. She passes them out.]

MOUSE: Sit down all of you and listen to me. I will soon clear the air, drying the tone.

[Alice is shivering from not having a raincoat during the rain. All of the creatures lean in close to listen Mouse. There is fog in the air.]

ALICE: What's going on? Do you know?

MOUSE: Ahem. (pulling out a piece of paper while standing behind the stage mic.) This is the driest thing I know. Silence all around, if you please. William the Conqueror whose cause was favored by the pope was soon submitted to by from now the English, what then now soon wanted leaders, and had been mostly recently presently back then been much late accustomed to usurpation and conquest.

ALICE: Not again!

LORY: Ugh!

MOUSE: I beg your pardon? Did you speak?

LORY: Not !!

MOUSE: I thought you did. Whatever- 'Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumberia, declared for him back then, and even Sigand again. The archbishop found it advisable-

DUCK: Found what?

MOUSE: Found it.

[All creatures begin to murmur at the comment. Mouse begins to panic and to become frustrated.]

MOUSE: Of course you know what it means.

DUCK: (confidently) I know what it means well enough. When I find a thing it is generally a frog, or worm, The question is what did the archbishop find?

MOUSE: Found it advisable to go with Edgar atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William's conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of the people-

LORY: [to Alice] How are you getting on now, my dear?

ALICE: As clammy as ever. (sneezes) This dry conversation doesn't seem to dry me at all, it rather bores me. (Laughing timidly)

DODO: (overhearing the conversation and pushing Mouse out of the way.) I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies--

EAGLET: (rapidly) Speak English! I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do either!

DODO: What I was going to say, was the best thing to get us dry on a sappy day is a Caucus-Race.

[Mouse storms her way into a corner. All of the remaining creatures are excited and begin to fluff their clothing.]

ALICE: What is a Caucus-Race?

DODO: Why the best way to explain a Caucus-Race is to do it!

[There is a black out. Then the crowd goes wild as a game show like atmosphere consumes the stage with bright lights, music, and energy. The Dodo takes the role as the host and breaks the fourth wall using the audience as a studio audience.]

DODO: Welcome Welcome Welcome! This is the Caucus- Race a race to win when winning means nothing. It matters not, if you win for everyone will receive a prize. Your self worth depends on it. First I'll mark out the race course in a sort of circle the exact shape doesn't matter (begins dancing wildly around the stage.) Now lets everyone take their place on the course and – Let the Caucus Race Begin!

[All but Alice understand. They begin congratulating each other. Then, some are kicking around, fighting each other, stealing, miming, and all together doing seemingly random yet purposeful activities for the Theatre like rearranging the seating. Dodo stands higher than everyone on the mini stage judging the “talent” and does not move. All begin at their own impulse. They all shove Alice around as she tumbles through the action.]

DODO: And in Three, Two, One, The race is over, but who has won nothing!

[All of the creatures top and crowd around the Dodo breathing heavily. Dodo is in deep thought, and contemplates heavily who the winner could be. Alice turns and looks at the silently waiting creatures.]

ALICE: I wonder.

DODO: (After a long shifting pause) EVERYONE HAS WON NOTHING!! You must all have prizes!

ALICE: How strange they congratulate each other before they have begun and give encouraging sentiments after they have won.

DUCK: Who is to give the prizes?

CANARY: Why she is of course!

[All of the creatures crowd around Alice. Alice then begins pulling pennies out of her pocket and giving each creature a penny, they smile and turn away.]

CANARY: But she must have a prize herself.

DODO: Of course. What else have you got? Anything in your pockets?

ALICE: Why I only have this thimble.

DODO: Hand it over.

[All of the creatures crowd around as if in a sacrificial ceremony.]

DODO: We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble. It is not much, but alas that is all we have. We ask that you cherish this prize with honor. THEN THROW IT AWAY.

[The DODO throws the thimble. Alice scoffs and begins to look for it under the audience seating. The game show experience dies immediately. All of the creatures scatter backstage. Mouse quickly enters with a stool and begins singing a 1940's scat song to set the poetry reading on the stage. Mouse sits in down stage looking thoughtful and asks for the spot light by snapping. Alice sees her and sits down in one of the audience seats.]

ALICE: Hi. Is it always that strange here. Curious. Well, so now that there isn't all that chaos, you promised to tell me your history, you know, why it is you hate C. and D.

MOUSE: I don't know what you are talking about, C. and D. but my tale is long and sad.

ALICE: (caught off guard, looking at Mouse's pony tail.) Its a long tail certainly, but why do you think its sad?

MOUSE: Fury said to a mouse, that he met in the house, "Let us both go to law: I will prosecute you. Come I'll come, I'll take no denial: We must have a trial, for really this morning I have nothing to do." Said the mouse to the cur "Such a trial dear sir, with no jury, no judge, would be wasting our breath. I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said cunning old Fury. I'll try the whole case and condemn you to death.

[Snaps are heard in agreement]

MOUSE: You are not attending! What are you thinking of!

ALICE: I beg your pardon but you had gotten to the-

MOUSE: I had not!

ALICE: A knot? Oh let me undo it.

MOUSE: I shall do nothing of the sort. You insult me by talking such nonsense.

ALICE: I didn't mean it. But you are so easily offended, you know.

[Mouse grumbles and squeaks as she walks off the stage with her stool quickly. Lory, overhearing, enters and sits behind Alice and sees Alice shaking her head.]

LORY: What a pity it wouldn't stay. Ah my dear, let this be a lesson to you to never lose your temper as you just have. You must hold your tongue.

ALICE: I wish I had Dinah here.

CANARY: And who is Dinah, if I may venture to ask the question? (holding a bird cage making tweeting sounds at the yellow bird inside)

ALICE: Dinah's my cat. She is a capital one for catching mice and birds and I wish you could see her!

[All of the creatures are frightened. Ans begin exiting.]

CANARY: I really must be getting home: the night air doesn't suit my throat. Good-bye and I wish to never see you again unless I do perhaps see you again, in which case, I wish that when I see you again, I don't.

ALICE: I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah.

END SCENE 3

S4: Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum

[All characters exit the stage except for Alice. Alice is sitting alone looking around for someone in the empty theatre. She is confused and looking for her sister Mary. Two strangers walk on stage dressed as janitors joking around comedically like the 3 Stooges act. They turn on the main lights in the theatre. They see Alice and suddenly freeze looking upstage away from Alice.]

ALICE: Umm Hello. I thought I just saw you moving. Can you help me, I am lost and just need to return home to my sister. I have been gone for a few hours and do not know where I am supposed to be. You look like the law, so I thought you could help. Well, nope I guess. (walking around the two, they do not move until she looks away then they freeze again.) Truly useless this is.

[Alice walks away by going onstage. After she takes one step onstage, Tweedle Dum sneezes and Dee says Bless you. Alice turns around, they freeze. Alice begins to try to go backstage. The Tweedles walk behind her and then freeze as Alice decides to turn around, bumping into them.]

ALICE: Oh, I'm sorry.

DUM: Oh, how do you do Sorry. I'm Tweedle Dum.

DEE: And I'm Tweedle Dee. I've never met anyone named Sorry before.

[The Tweedles are very amused by themselves. Very big and obnoxious as they overwhelm as they laugh at all of their own jokes. They are only amused by each other.]

ALICE: Oh, I'm sorry, but I'm not Sorry. I'm sorry.

DEE: Oh, how do you do! I'm Tweedle Dee.

DUM: No I'm Tweedle Dee. You're Tweedle Dum.

DUM: Oh, I am. I'm sorry.

DEE: What a coincidence! So is she. (knee slapper)

DUM: Are we related. (Dying with laughter)

DEE: I'm sorry?

DUM: Oh how do you do?

ALICE: Ok, I apologize, I'm Alice. Who are you? Wait I know who you are. Don't answer.
(walks away) Actually, which way is the best way out? I am lost and don't know which way is the way to go.

DUM: You've begun all wrong! The first thing to do is to say how do you do and shake hands.

[The Tweedles grab Alice pulling her off the stage and shake her hands violently. They lift her up and throw her over their shoulders. She kicks and asks to be put down. They put her down and laugh about her reaction.]

DEE: You like true crime?

ALICE: Ye-es, well, some. But I really don't want to be around here anym-

DEE: What shall I repeat to her? (sitting Alice down by pressing on her shoulder to sit in the audience. The Tweedles perform all of this in front of the onstage stage.)

DUM: Ah- Nope- Oh – Nah- Well – Yeah - The Walrus and the Carpenter! Its the longest, where three children left for a sunny day at a south beach and were never heard from again. Also known as the mysterious disappearance of the Beaumont Children.

DEE: He, yes! Sit there girl. The case broke out in 66. I'll never forget it, you know, cause of the children and those two creeps. (Looks at Dum and laughs) Well now lets see, how do I translate this so that the youth wont be disturbed, Ah ha! The sun was shining on the sea, Shining with all its might and this was very odd because it was-

DEE & DUM: The middle of the night (both laugh)

DUM: Alright, So here are the facts: The postman saw three seemingly happy children, ages 9, 7 and 4, walking home from the beach. The kids, lets call them Oysters, were holding

hands, giving the onlooker no reason to worry. But this was the last reported sighting of the Beaumont Oysters, whose case would forever change the way parents thought about letting their kids go out alone.

DEE: They were walking on the beach. Some witnesses say they saw a tall dark long haired man, lets call him Carpenter, and a larger blockier blob like man,

DUM: He's the Walrus!

DUM: O' Oysters, come and walk with us! The Walrus said. A pleasant walk a pleasant talk along the

DEE: BEACH!

ALICE: This is terrible!

DUM: Sh!

ALICE: Alright fine. But I really have to go before Mary notices that I-

DEE: Going back to the beginning- The siblings had boarded a public bus at 10:00 A.M. for a five-minute ride to the beach—a trip they completed only the day before. Their mother Nancy spent the morning with her friend, while her husband Jim was at work. Nancy told her children to return home by 2:00 P.M. for lunch.

DUM: When the scheduled time came and went, Nancy assumed her children simply missed the bus. But when the next bus arrived and the children were nowhere to be seen, the mother grew concerned. She called the police soon thereafter. The following day, the Beaumont children were officially declared missing.

DEE: Here's my theory: The Walrus and the Carpenter lured the Oysters by saying: The time has come to talk of other things. And gave them all-

DUM: Well now, the bunch of deceived oysters followed the Walrus and the Carpenter off to a small beach shack around the bend, but what I find curious is that not one person on that beach thought the wiser, anyway, so the Walrus sends the Carpenter out to get--

DEE: -butter- and then once by himself with the oysters doting patiently, thought, it seems a shame to play them such a trick. An absolute crime really. (gleaming a malicious grin.)

DUM: The Carpenter came in with a plate full seasonings, but that darn ole tootin flag nabbit Walrus, just sat there tearing.

DEE: Little Oysters, cried the Carpenter, but answer there came none.

DUM & DEE: And this was curious, For they'd been eaten- Every one! (laughing at the macabre humor with great delight.)

ALICE: What, that's your theory, you think he killed the-This is the most horrifying story I've ever heard. I really don't know what to say. I have to go now-

DEE: Ha well have it your way, but the investigation remains open to this day. A one million dollar reward is offered to anyone with information that might crack the case. And I've just cracked it.

DUM: Nearly fifty years later and the question remains what happened to the three Beaumont oysters on that hot day at the beach? But I've cracked it.

ALICE: But you haven't actually presented anything of use. I don't understand any of the evidence, because you haven't said any of it. How are you two even investigators when you are-

DUM& DEE: (Standing with arms crossed) Do get to the point.

ALICE: That, that,-

DEE & DUM: (alternating words) That, That, That, now you're sad, for the weak wittle wrich Oysters who were wall weaten wup by the big bad Walrus. (laugh at Alice's sensitivity)

DUM: OOH, There is also that one where the Prime Minister disappeared into the ocean.

[While they are shouting out beach crimes, they turn their backs on her and walk away, Alice defensively balls up her fists and begins to charge after them. She then stops realizing that they are truly terrible.]

ALICE: Well they are ridiculous, I know they are talking nonsense, but I, I..I feel stupid crying about this. I have to find the White Rabbit, he's the only one who can get me out of this.. place.

END SCENE 4

S5: Advice from a Caterpillar & Serpent from Pigeon

[Alice is wondering around a dark alley. She has a headache and is crying, frustrated about being so far from away. Street beggars enter and begin surrounding Alice. Caterpillar enters. A small light turns on and smoke fills the space, the street people back away and cover their faces. Alice follows Caterpillar to a bench and sits with her. Caterpillar is more like a Director.]

CATERPILLAR: Who are you?

ALICE: I – I hardly know. I'm so confused. I followed this white suit and now I'm in, I don't know where, wonderland, talking to someone who walks in a cloud. I'm sorry, I just don't fit in I guess.

CATERPILLAR: Call me C.

ALICE: See what?

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

ALICE: I can't explain myself, because I'm not myself.

CATERPILLAR: Too small in the world, or too big for this town? Well, I don't know about you, but for me its like when you have turned into a chrysalis and you'll some day, you know, have to change into something more meaningful or something, but for now you're stuck and you just want to fly away like a butterfly. I mean, don't you every want to get away?

ALICE: Yeah, I just want to go, I don't know. I don't like home, home is a war zone with surveillance and social unrest. Abandoned I was, left to live out my life hiding from the--. But why should you care, you don't even know me?

CATERPILLAR: Who are you?

ALICE: I'm afraid I can't put it any more clearly. Its like- you C.

CATERPILLAR: I do not see!

ALICE: I thought your name was C.

CATERPILLAR: Well it isn't.

ALICE: Ok.

CATERPILLAR: No. Look who are you?

ALICE: Which brings us back to the beginning of the conversation. Look, I'm no one important, ok? Alice if you need a name. Who are you?

CATERPILLAR: Why? You got a message for me? A letter? An invitation? Cause you see I haven't done anything wrong here. I'm just minding my business here you see. Look that old hag gave me one job, but I couldn't do it, you see. I hate her. I hate the whole lot. (growing furious) I hate the entire system of heartbreakers. I don't know if you've noticed, but things here aren't exactly right or left or even in between. I mean its not even up or down. Its like forwards or backwards. That's it. Life here is either forward or backward or not at all. Who are you again?

ALICE: What?

CATERPILLAR: WHO ARE YOU? Who are you working for?

ALICE: I don't know, I'm just

CATERPILLAR: Spit it out!

ALICE: I'm confused. I can't remember.

CATERPILLAR: Can't remember what?!

ALICE: Anything. All of this smoke is suffocating me.

CATERPILLAR: Alright, just calm down. Do you know how doth the little busy bee?

ALICE: Umm

CATERPILLAR: What about You are old Father William?

ALICE: I've only heard that song once. Umm You are old father William, the young man said, and you hair has become very white, and yet you incessantly stand on your head, you think at your age it is right? Is that it? I feel complete mad.

CATERPILLAR: Ha! That's not quite right. It was wrong from beginning to end. You shouldn't sing that- ever- again- see?

ALICE: Fine.

CATERPILLAR: What do you want to be?

ALICE: I don't know. Something consistent. My life keeps changing so fast that I can't keep up. You know?

CATERPILLAR: Well. No. I do not know.

ALICE: Forget it. I don't even know why I am trying. I don't know you, I didn't know them, I don't know anyone and I don't care!

CATERPILLAR: Are you finished? Cause if you're not, I'll wait. I mean I've had quite enough of your absent minded chatter, not a single thank you or sense of gratitude. I was going to tell you that if you had not chosen who you are, that there are people who you ought to watch out for. This is not a safe place, and you ought to look out. But if you will continue to lose you temper with me, then there is no point it trying to reach you.

ALICE: (frustrated and sarcastic) Oh yes its because I'm too tall right?

CATERPILLAR: HA! Well I am exactly 4 inches high and it is a very good height indeed!

ALICE: I have never been so contradicted in all my life.

CATERPILLAR: You'll get used to it.

ALICE: Well I'm not used to it.

CATERPILLAR: Well if you aren't sure yet, then try the front side, if you don't care, try the back, either way, you'll see more.

ALICE: More of what?

CATERPILLAR: Just like you not to know. Bye Alice Nobody.

[The Caterpillar disappears in the cloud of smoke, leaving Alice alone again. Pigeon carrying a book labeled Method Acting, bumps into Alice.]

PIGEON: SERPENT! Serpent! I say again Serpent!

ALICE: I am not a serpent. Please let me through.

PIGEON: Serpent! I've tried every way but nothing seems to suit them! SERPENT! HELP! HELP! (scream)

ALICE: Please stop.

PIGEON: I've see you before, in my nightmares, it was you! You did it! You stole them! You!

ALICE: What?

PIGEON: As if it wasn't enough trouble hatching the eggs, but I must be on the look out for serpents, night and day, I have slept in weeks. And just as I'd taken to the highest level of mental strain, thinking I should be free of them at last they must need some wriggling down from the sky! SERPENT!!

ALICE: I am not a serpent. I am a g- I am a gir-

PIGEON: Well what are you? I can see you're trying to invent something!

ALICE: I've been through so much today. Please, I'm just a little girl.

PIGEON: A likely story indeed. I've seen a many little girls in my time, but never one with such a neck as that. NO NO! You're a Serpent! And there's no denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you have never tasted an egg.

ALICE: Well some mornings, for breakfast I have, yes, but that doesn't mean-

PIGEON: I don't believe it.

ALICE: Girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know!

PIGEON: But if they do, why then they're a kind of serpent: that's all I can say... so now you're silent? you're looks for eggs, I know that well enough. And what BOO!! hahaha you disgusting girl, you serpent you. Get out!

ALICE: Then let me go by.

PIGEON: You think you can fool me! I know you! Don't I know her? Don't I know you? I've seen your face in the depths of hell and against the righteousness of God. You eat the eggs of the mighty and lash out at the holy. You are a serpent and we will not have you here!
SERPENT!

ALICE: I'm going!

PIGEON: BE GONE SERPENT! She will find you and it will off with your head!

[Pigeon walks backstage saying Serpent to himself. Alice sits and stares at the blank stage. She pauses for a moment and stands up. Hears something and hides behind an audience bench.]

END SCENE 5

S6: Pig & Pepper

[The Tweedles enter. They stand next to each other talking into fake walkie talkies. They are very serious characters, seeing no irony, but displaying great British dry comedy and physicality.]

DEE: For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.

DUM: Real croquet or code croquet? Is this invitation from the Queen to the Duchess to play croquet?

DEE: Yes. From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess. An in- an in- can you hear me? An invitation from the Q. U. E. E. N. to play C. R. O. Q. crocket, you know what I mean. For the Duchess.

DUM: Yes. For the Duchess. From who?

DEE: The Queen. The Queen of Hearts you croaking idiot.

DUM: Now you see here you blubbering buffoon.

DEE: Alright. Lets move in.

[Both take one step towards onstage where Duchess and Cook are warming up for the acting lesson they have a baby onstage. They lay out a sign that says the Duchess and the Cook
Alice enters watching the two move like secret agents as they approach the door.]

DUM: Alright so- what's the plan?

DEE: When the Duchess answers-

DUM: When the Duchess answers-

DEE: She'll open the door-

DUM: She'll open the door-

DEE: Without divulging your presence.

DUM: Without divulging my presence.

DEE: She'll see you.

DUM: She'll see you.

DEE: She'll see you.

DUM: She'll see me.

DEE: You won't see me.

DUM: huh?

DEE: You won't see me.

DUM: I won't see you. And then I'll go up to her and sock her in the nose and knock her flat on her ar-

DEE: NO! Then I won't see you.

DUM: Fine you wont see me.

DEE: I'll take her out, and then.

DUM: Then you'll choke her and knock her to the ground.

DEE: NO! Then we will give her the invitation.

DUM: Oh yes. The invitation from the Duchess-

DEE: For the Duchess from the-

DUM: Queen to play croquet.

DEE: Yes. Ok you go first.

DUM: Flipsies?

DEE: Fine-

[Both go towards the door afraid. Then they compose themselves. As they are both bringing up their hands to knock, Alice scares both.]

ALICE: Excuse me.

[the Tweedles run off screaming afraid that they are going to die. They drop the invitation. Alice picks it up and looks at it.]

ALICE: Well I guess I'll just deliver it myself. The Duchess and the Cook. They sound important.

[Alice knocks on the stage but no one answers her, they just stare into each other's eyes having an intense mirror exercise. She tries to step onto the stage. They yell, and she gets down.]

ALICE: Hello, I'm sorry to – I apologize for intruding, I just, you have a letter, and invitation from the Queen.

[Enter Duchess yelling at Cook her partner who is throwing a baby into her arms. They seem to be arguing intensely with one another throwing fists and objects in each other's directions. Alice ducks]

DUCHESS: AH!

COOK: AH!

DUCHESS: What are you doing? Shut up! Be quiet you!

COOK: WOW. Don't do that!

DUCHESS: You shouldn't sneak up people. Its rude. I can't abide rudeness.

COOK: What are you doing here?

DUCHESS: You're not supposed to be here.

COOK: What's wrong with you?

DUCHESS: What's wrong with you!

COOK: Not you my dear, her!

[The baby cries madly.]

DUCHESS: What do I do with it?

COOK: Wow. Sing to it.

DUCHESS: Don't tell me what to do!

ALICE: What are you doing?

DUCHESS: Don't question me- Welcome to my home. Please sit. Cook make her something to eat.

COOK: Yeah, yeah, what will it be? Pepper and pig?

DUCHESS: Oh not pig, he has not had his nap yet. This horrible little boy.

ALICE: I (sneezes) I don't like pepper. I just wanted to give you this. (gives invitation to Cook)

COOK: Hm- (takes a bit out of it) its terrible.

ALICE: Um well, you weren't supposed to eat it, you were supposed to read it.

COOK: You seem to me made of wise words. Well don't let her hear you. And if you can close your ears. She's about to lull that beast to sleep.

DUCHESS: If everyone minded their own business the world would go round a great deal faster.

COOK: Wow.

DUCHESS: Chop off her head.

COOK: Oh you silly thing- (giggle with Duchess)

[Cook walks in mixing a pot of something and adds pepper to it. There seems to be a manic nature to her movements. Duchess stands holding the baby bouncing on her hip. She is very harsh and rough with the baby.]

DUCHESS: I feel you judging me. I speak roughly to my little boy and beat him when he sneezes, he only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases.

COOK: oh wow way to encourage his sense of irony.

DUCHESS: Be quiet you! I speak severely to my little boy, I beat him when he wheezes, for he can thoroughly enjoy, the pepper when he pleases.

ALICE: That is the worse children's song I have ever heard.

DUCHESS: Oh really.

COOK: I find that it meets the expectations of any child's song of falling baby cribs, disease rings around the rosies, London bridges collapsing, if I die before I wakes. Who are you make such a claim.

DUCHESS: You aren't anyone that I know, so what is it that you think you know?

COOK: She is no one and know's nothing.

DUCHESS & COOK: Shut up!

[The Duchess and Cook a lib an argument about raising the child. The Cheshire Cat enters slinking along smiling judgmentally at the Duchess and the Cook's chaotic household display. Alice notices the Cheshire Cat, a Stage Manager with a headset on lurking around backstage behind the false proscenium.]

ALICE: Excuse me, but could I speak with you? You see I'm lost and need to get home to my cat Din- never mind her, and to my sister.

DUCHESS: Are you quite finished. Here (to Cook) you nurse it a bit, I must get ready to play croquet with the Queen.

[Cook and Duchess walk off arguing with each other. Cheshire cat is onstage putting down a spike tape.]

ALICE: Hi

CHESHIRE: Hi (smiles and walks away)

ALICE: Would you please tell me which way I ought to go from here?

CHESHIRE: (circling Alice) that depends a great deal on where it is you wish to go. Or where it is you want to get to. (looks into binder)

ALICE: I don't much care where-

CHESHIRE: (Giggling) Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

ALICE: So long as I get somewhere.

CHESHIRE: Oh you're sure to do that if you only walk long enough.

ALICE: I suppose you are right. You are probably the most interesting person I've met. Everyone else has lost their minds. What sort of people live here?

CHESHIRE: haha Well, girl, in that direction lives the Mad Hatter and in that direction lives the March Hare. Visit either you like their both mad. Hold this for me. (hands Alice the mic pack)

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

CHESHIRE: 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: You must be, or you wouldn't have come here.

ALICE: Whatever. (walking away)

CHESHIRE: To begin with, a dog's not made you grant that?

ALICE: I suppose so.

CHESHIRE: Well then you see a dog growls when it's angry and wags its tale when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased and wag my tail when I'm angry, therefore I'm mad.

ALICE: Who am I talking to!

CHESHIRE: Why you are talking to us. (Everyone backstage says hi and waves to onstage)

ALICE: Do you, all, play croquet with the Queen today? I should be very interested in meeting this Queen, but I have not been invited.

CHESHIRE: You'll see me there. (disappears)

ALICE: Wait.

CHESHIRE: (reappearing) Yes?

ALICE: Why have you disappeared? Suppose I disappeared during a conversation.

CHESHIRE: Suppose you did. Would all of you disappear?

ALICE: Yes, why would part of me stay while the other vanished? What would I do without the piece of me that remained?

CHESHIRE: That is a question for the mad. Bye now, see you... around. Hahah Cue 17 standby, Go.

[Lights shift to light up onstage more dramatically and carnival music begins to play.]

ALICE: That was weird. What was in that pepper. ok- so I've seen hatters before, and the March Hare will be interesting, and perhaps they will not be raving mad, but mad is mad enough when they are strangers, ugh! (points back and forth eenie meenie minie mo lands on the March Hare) Well suppose it shouldn't be so mad to see me, not like the Mad Hatter.

END SCENE 6

S7: A Mad Tea Party

[The Mad Hatter, March Hare, and Dormouse bring onstage a small table and lots of scripts. The Mad Hatter, the March Hare (dressed as a frightening rabbit) and the Dormouse enter sitting right in front of the video. The audience watches them as Alice would. They whisper to each other. They then begin to ad lib critical commentary and mark up the scripts and throw them all around. Alice picks up the script papers and walks up to the upstage side of the false proscenium.]

ALL: No room! No room! No Room!

ALICE: Why there is plenty of room! (nervous around the March Hare)

MARCH HARE: Would you like a piece of cake?

ALICE: I don't see any cake?

MARCH HARE: There isn't any. The cake is a lie.

ALICE: Then it wasn't civil of you to offer it.

MARCH HARE: It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

ALICE: I didn't know this was private. I'm sorry. Goodbye.

DORMOUSE: Wait!

MADHATTER: Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE: Ok, hmm I like riddles, I believe I can guess this.

DORMOUSE: Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

ALICE: Yes.

MARCH HARE: Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE: I do. At least I mean what I say, that the same thing you know.

MADHATTER: Not the same thing! Why you might just as well say that I see what I eat is the same as I eat what I see.

MARCH HARE: You might as well say, I like what I get is the same as I get what I like.

DOURMOUSE: You might as well say I breathe when I sleep is the same as I sleep when I breathe.

ALICE: I-

MADHATTER: What month is it?

ALICE: The tenth.

MADHATTER: Two days wrong. I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!

MARCH HARE: It was the best butter.

MADHATTER: Yes, but popped corn must have got in as well. You shouldn't have put it in with the butter knife. CONTAMINATION!

[The Mad Hatter holds the watch out towards the March Hare between his thumb and his pointer finger with his pinkie in the air. The March Hare takes the watch gloomily and gladly dips it into his own pocket. Then gives it to the Dormouse, who passes it back to the Mad Hatter.]

ALICE: What a funny watch. It tells the moth but not the o'clock?

MARCH HARE: Why should it. Does your watch tell you what year it is?

ALICE: Of course not. Buts its because it stays the same year for such a long time.

MADHATTER: Which is just the case with mine. [quickly and matter of fact] The truth is, there are three hands on a watch, twelve numbers, and 60 tic marks all the way around it. One thing with three hands makes making a single decision about the time of day a difficult one at that. When, indeed, each one hand represents time in such a way that it would be like noticing all the hairs on your head before seeing that your hair would be the shade that it is. A month includes 2,592,000 seconds which the small irritating hand simply fails to demonstrate.

While there are 43,829 minutes in a month and twenty-four hours in day. There is simply no use in keeping up with the time, for it changes so rapidly, no one could possibly keep up with it. The day is more precise, yet often is not precise enough. Oh dear, how rude you are! You have put the Dormouse to sleep with such talk!

ALICE: I beg you're pardon, but I don't think that was me. I don't understand.

MADHATTER: The Dormouse is asleep again.

DORMOUSE: [sleepily] Of course, of course just what I was going to remark myself.

MAD HATTER: Have you guessed the riddle yet!?

ALICE: No, I give up. What's the answer?

MAD HATTER: I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE: Nor I.

ALICE: I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

MAD HATTER: [shaking fist at Alice] If you knew Time as well I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting it. Its him!

ALICE: I don't know what you mean.

MAD HATTER: Of course you don't! I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

ALICE: [cautiously] Perhaps not, but I do know I have to tap time when I learn music.

MARCH HARE: Ah! That accounts for it! He wont stand tapping. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he do almost anything you like with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just in time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round the clock goes in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!

MADHATTER: [whisper to self] I only wish it was.

ALICE: um ok...

MAD HATTER: [shaking head mournfully] We quarreled last March just before he, Time, went m-a-d, mad, you know. It was the greatest concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: [clears throat] Twinkle, Twinkle, little bat! [gasps] How I wonder what you're at! [forgets the words and recovers proudly] You know the song perhaps?

DORMOUSE: [finishing softly to self] Up above the world you fly, like a tea-tray in the sky. Twinkle, twinkle twink, lllleeee.

ALICE: I've heard something like it.

MARCH HARE: (proudly) It went on so long they had to pinch him to make it stop.

MAD HATTER: [defiantly] Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out He's murdering the Time!! Off with his Head!

ALICE: How dreadfully savage!

MAD HATTER: [regretfully] And ever since that, he, Time, won't do a thing I ask! Its always six o'clock now.

ALICE: Is that the reason for the isolate film viewing?

MAD HATTER: Yes, that's it! It's always tea-time and we've no time to wash.

MARCH HARE: [crazed] Suppose we change the subject, [to Alice] Tell a story.

ALICE: I'm afraid I don't know one.

MARCH HARE: Then the Dormouse shall! Wake the Dormouse!

DORMOUSE: Once upon a time there were three sisters, their names were Elise, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well.

ALICE: Oh my! What did they live on?

DORMOUSE: [continuing darting Alice] They lived on treacle.

ALICE: They couldn't possibly have done that you know, they would have been really sick.

DORMOUSE:[growing irritated] SO they were VERY ILL!

ALICE: Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE: Take some more!

ALICE: I have had nothing yet.

MARCH HARE: You mean you can't take less? It is very easy to take more of something.

ALICE: I don't know what to say. Anyway, but why did they live at the bottom of the well, Dormouse.

DORMOUSE: It was a treacle-well.

ALICE: There's no such thing.

DORMOUSE: SH! Sh. If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE: [embarrassed] No, please go on. I won't interrupt you again.

DORMOUSE: And so these three little sisters— they were learning to draw, you know—

ALICE: What did they draw? [covers mouth immediately]

DORMOUSE: TREACLE!

MAD HATTER: Move down!

[Everyone plays musical chairs. The Dormouse continues to be furious with Alice's interrupting questions.]

MAD HATTER: [easing the tension] You can draw water out of a water-well, so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well

ALICE: [arguing] But they were in the well.

DORMOUSE: They were learning to draw! [grows more and more furious until so furious that sleep overcomes the emotions, continues fading consciousness] And they drew all manner of things— Everything that begins with an M—

ALICE: [to self] What were the last words? If I knew, the story might make more sense.

MARCH HARE: WHY? Why not! Who? What not?

DORMOUSE: [violently waking up] That begins with an M, such as mouse traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—

MAD HATTER: You shouldn't talk.

ALICE: How rude.

[Alice stood frustrated, walked away constantly changing her mind as to whether or not she should stay. The Dormouse immediately fell asleep, and the March Hare and the Mad Hatter began to comment on the tea scene again, then turned around watching the film once more. Alice waves her hands giving up and tries to walk out of the theatre going stage left.]

ALICE: At any rate I'll never go there again! It's the stupidest "tea party" I was ever at in all my life.

END SCENE 7

Scene 8 The Queen's Croquet Grounds

[Alice begins to leave but the onstage theatre lights shift and flicker. The lights fade as there is a parade of characters entering onto the theatre. It's the game of croquet.]

ALICE: Oh now where am I?

[The Chess Pieces enter. They are dressed in all white paint clothes and are spray painting the decoration stage roses white.. They are adlibbing and keeping look out for each other. Alice listens attentively remaining hidden.]

CHESS PIECE: Look out now! Don't go getting paint all over me like that!

CHESS PIECE: I couldn't help it. I was pushed by him!

CHESS PIECE: Always lay the blame on others.

CHESS PIECE: You'd better not talk. I heard the Queen say yesterday that you deserved to be beheaded!

CHESS PIECE: What for?

CHESS PIECE: That's none of your business.

CHESS PIECE: Yes it is his business! And I'll tell him— it was for bringing the Cook tulip-roots instead of onions.

CHESS PIECE: Well, of all the unjust things!

CHESS PIECE: If you had of posted the correct roses we wouldn't be here— we're gonna hear 'Off with your Heads' soon enough if you don't move with some haste.

ALL CHESS PIECES: THE QUEEN!! THE QUEEN!

[Alice stops walking to watch. All characters enter in an orderly fashion and take their seats in the house and onstage of the staged theatre. The White Rabbit is hurried nervously smiling and nodding at all of the guests greeting everyone graciously. The Knave of Hearts is lurking in the corner. Alice anxiously looks around trying to figure out what is going on. All take their place and look to the Wonderland Proscenium]

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: You better watch out there. If The Queen grows suspicious, it'll be off with your head.

ALICE: I don't understand. Off with my head? What queen?

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: [pointing and asking the Knave of Hearts] Who is this?

KNAVE OF HEARTS: [tilting head and appearing to not hear] I beg your pardon?

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Idiot! [leaning towards Alice] What is your name my child?

ALICE: My name is Alice, so please your Majesty.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: And does an odd and vile creature like yourself like croquet? I don't believe I sent an invitation to you, however, you interest me... Dazzle me! [sudden rage]
OFF WITH HER HEA-

ALICE: Nonsense.

KING OF HEARTS: Consider, my dear, she is only a child!

KNAVE OF HEARTS: [encouraging the Queen] She is as ugly as flowers.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: [Screams into a song] AHHHHHHH. Do you know the poetry of the flowers?

ALICE: I suppose... All in the golden afternoon, full leisurely we-

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: That is quite enough. You shan't be beheaded. Can you play croquet?

ALICE: Yes madam.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Come on then!

[The Queen and the knave begin staging an elaborate pantomime of croquet on stage. All applaud lightly to demonstrate the suspension of disbelief. The White Rabbit is near Alice.]

WHITE RABBIT: It's—it's a very fine day.

ALICE: Very! [searching for topics to discuss. References the Duchess] Pepper! Where might the Duchess be?

WHITE RABBIT: Hush, hush!

ALICE: Whatever for? They don't even know that I am not apart of this game. They have excluded me!

WHITE RABBIT: Did you say what a pity?

ALICE: No, I didn't. I don't think its at all a pity. I said Whatever for.

WHITE RABBIT: [whispering] She, the Duchess I mean, —

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Get to your places!

WHITE RABBIT: Quickly now, suspend your disbelief.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: That child missed her turn! OFF WITH HER HEAD!

[All of the creatures turn around to look at Alice while The Queen stands higher than the crowd. The Knave of Hearts has been in downstage with the Cheshire-Cat peeks from backstage of the Wonderland proscenium, and are the last to turn around.]

ALICE: Just let me go backstage.

CHESHIRE-CAT: (Stopping Alice from being able to exit the scene) How do you like The Queen?

ALICE: YOU!!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Who are you talking to?

ALICE: Its a friend of mine— a Cat! Allow me to introduce it.

KING OF HEARTS: I don't like the look of it at all, however it might kiss my hand if it likes.

CHESHIRE: I'd rather not.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: I shall fetch the executioner.

KING OF HEARTS: Don't be impertinent and don't look at me like that. Well it must be removed! Queen, my dear! I wish you to have this cat removed!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: There is only one way to settle this, OFF WITH ITS HEAD!!
BOTH OF THEM!

THE CHESHIRE CAT: Cue 39 standby, Go.

[The Cheshire-Cat slinked away while the crowd picked up Alice and prepare to take her off stage. The Audience is not interested in the onstage activity and begins getting restless]

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Perhaps she knows something of the stolen T-A-R-T-S. I, the Knave, very well may be on trial for stealing them, but this, her, uninvited and sudden appearance is suspicious. There would be no use in beheading her if you could not have a chance to find out.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Hmm I see. [calling out] HAULT! (everyone freezes and looks onstage) She knows! She will be apart of the trial! Chain them up, the trial begins now!! Get to your places!

ALICE: [panicking] What?

END OF SCENE 8

Scene 9: Who Stole the Tarts

[The King and the Queen are sitting in chairs on the stage upstage much like a courtroom scene. There is the Mad Hatter, the Duchess and Cook, and Alice set at the audience benches close to the stage. The Madhatter, Duchess, and Cook are walked backstage. The White Rabbit is trying to add order to the chaos that is loudly corrupting the silence.]

WHITE RABBIT: Now, Now, listen, listen. There is today a trial, a trial not for the faint of hearts.

ALICE: I haven't done anything. I don't understand.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Useless muttering.

ALICE: This is ridiculous! How does no one not realize this... Ridiculous! I will once and for all end my stay here by eating the tarts myself and it being off with my head!

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

KING OF HEARTS: Consider your verdict!

WHITE RABBIT: Not quite yet I'm afraid.

KING OF HEARTS: The first suspect!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: The First Witness!!

WHITE RABBIT: The first suspect, I mean witness, umm, please.

[The first witness is the Mad Hatter. The Mad Hatter and the March Hare and Dormouse enter and begin standing in a line up.]

MAD HATTER: I beg pardon, your Majesty, for bringing this in, but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

KING OF HEARTS: You ought to have finished. When did you begin?

MAD HATTER: Fourteenth of March, I think it was... Fifteenth, Sixteenth.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Write that down!

KING OF HEARTS: Take off your hat.

MAD HATTER: It isn't mine. Write that down.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: STOLEN!!

MAD HATTER: I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm a hatter.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Hmmmm.

KING OF HEARTS: Give your evidence, and don't be nervous.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: I'll have to execute you on the spot.

MAD HATTER: I am a poor man, your Majesty, and hadn't begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread and butter getting so thin and the twinkling of the tea.

KING OF HEARTS: The twinkling of WHAT?

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Twinkle Twinkle little bat!

MAD HATTER: It begun with the tea.

KING OF HEARTS: Of course twinkle begins with a T! Do you take me for a Dunce? Go on!

MAD HATTER: I am a poor man, and most things twinkle after that—only the March Hare said—that I did it. I denied it. That I can't remember.

KING OF HEARTS: You are a very poor speaker. You have given your evidence.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: NEXT! I shall call upon the Duchess and that spiteful Cook!

[The Mad Hatter, Dormouse and March Hare are escorted off of the stage to stand by the striped wall in the House. The Cook and Duchess enter from the opposite side of the proscenium and take positions much like the previous line up. The Cook is holding a pepper box. The Knave begins to sneeze dramatically.]

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Give your evidence.

DUCHESS: I can not speak a word.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Fine then. You are to speak on her behalf.

COOK: Her better half.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: White Rabbit, will you cross examine this witness?

WHITE RABBIT: Well, I don't think that's how this works, but if I must, I must. WH—

KING OF HEARTS: (Slamming his hands on the table) You, Cook, what are the tarts made of?

COOK: Pepper mostly. Glass. Pepper. Silver, tin, iron, bronze, pepper, dough, pepper.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Treacle.

COOK: [Sing-songing] Pinch him, Salt him, Pepper him, but him in a tart! HAHAAHA AHAHA A AHHA AAHA A WOW! WOW! WoW!

DUCHESS: WOW! WOW! WOW!

DUCHESS and COOK: WOW! WOW! WOW!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Take them away! They know absolutely nothing.

KING OF HEARTS: The next suspect!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: [to the White Rabbit] Lets just begin the trial, I'll be the judge. Let the Trial begin! And now all to your places- We have the most important trial of the year. And the prosecution is set against:

WHITE RABBIT: Alice

[Alice is welcomed onto the stage for the first time in the entire show.]

ALICE: [quickly] I am so very sorry for whatever you think I did, but I have done nothing. I simply miss my dear cat Dinah, my sister Mary. I am so unhappy with my real life and the horrible destruction that is consuming my life, but I wouldn't wish living here ever. You are the most unreasonable Queen.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: You child have said quite enough! Quit that jabbering you sound to me like a tongue tied jabberwocky!

ALICE: [to herself] I'd like to stuff her in a box.

KNAVE OF HEARTS: In a box? Look here you are not making any sense. You may have very well have gone mad with this talk of another world. That is not predictable!

ALICE: This is absurd!

KING OF HEARTS: What do you know about this business?

ALICE: Nothing.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Nothing?

ALICE: Nothing whatever.

KING OF HEARTS: (gasping) That's very important!

KNAVE OF HEARTS: You mean un-important your Majesty, un-important of course.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Hum...

ALICE: I am feeling claustrophobic! I can't breathe. It is so very hot. I feel as though I could burst!

KING OF HEARTS: What are you talking about. You would not be able to be in here if you were going to explode, we do not allow explosives, you see [clearing throat] Rule forty-two: All persons

ALICE: I can't breathe! Get me out of here!

[The crowd begins to mock and laugh at Alice. The Spotlight becomes more intense on to Alice. Alice begins to get angry at the creatures though she cannot see them through the light.]

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: [amused] She is nearly two miles high. Ha ha ha ha

KNAVE OF HEARTS: She is responsible for stealing the tarts, it the guilt she is feeling!

THE WHITE RABBIT: [interrupting the laughter] There is more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty. This paper has just been picked up.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: What's in it?

THE WHITE RABBIT: I haven't opened it yet, but it seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to—

KING OF HEARTS: To somebody? It must have been that unless it was written to nobody, which isn't unusual you know.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Who is it directed to?

THE WHITE RABBIT: It isn't directed at all, in fact, there's nothing written on the outside. [opens the letter. looks up horrified] It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?

KING OF HEARTS: Give that here! [reads] No, they're not, and that's the oddest thing about it! He must have imitated somebody else's hand.

ALICE: Please your Majesty. I didn't write it and they can't prove that I did. There is no name signed at the end.

KING OF HEARTS: If you didn't sign it, that only makes the matters worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.

[All clap and cheer on the King's statement.]

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: That proves her guilt of course, so Off With—

ALICE: That doesn't prove anything of the sort! And for the letter, why, you don't even know what the verses are about.

KING OF HEARTS: Read them. [handing the paper to Alice] Begin at the beginning and go on til you come to the end: then stop.

ALICE: [reading the paper the audience all slowly shift into falling asleep at the sound of her voice] They told me you had been to her. And mentioned me to him. She gave me good character, but said I could not swim. He sent them word I had not gone, We knew it to be true. If she should push the matter on, what would become of you. If gave her one, they gave him two. You gave us three more; they all returned from him to you though they were mine before. If I or she should chance to be involved in this, He trusts to you to set them free exactly as we were. My notion was that you had been, before she had this fit, an obstacle that came between him and ourselves and it. Don't let him know she liked them best, for this must ever be, a secret, kept from all the rest between yourself and me.

KING OF HEARTS: That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet!

[The character crowd suddenly jerks awake]

ALICE: If anyone can explain it. I don't believe there is an atom of meaning in it!

Crowd: She doesn't believe there is an atom of meaning in it.?!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet [takes the paper from Alice] I don't know if I see some meaning in these verses after all. I could not swim was what one verse said. [to Knave] You can't swim, can you?

KNAVE OF HEARTS: Do I look like it? I could not swim if I tried to float.

QUEEN OF HEARTS: Alright, so far. It says, We know it to be true- [to self] The jury of course- [continues to translate the verses] If she should push the matter on —that's myself, how dear— What would become of you? —What indeed— I gave her one, they gave him two—Why that must be the tarts, you know.

ALICE: But it goes on, They all returned from him to you.

KING OF HEARTS: Nothing can be clearer than that. Then again the line, before she had this fit, you never had fits my dear.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Never!

KING OF HEARTS: Then the words don't fit you.

[All laugh except for Alice.]

KING OF HEARTS: Let them all consider their verdict!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: No, no! Sentence first— verdict afterwards.

ALICE: I am suffocating in here, and this is all nonsense! Impossible!

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: Hold your tongue!

ALICE: I won't! This is absurd. This Wonderland place. I am out of place.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: She is mad! She is mad, mad indeed thinking she is out of place. You have not changed once since I have seen you, you foolish thing!

KING OF HEARTS: What shall we do my dear?

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS: OFF WITH HER HEAD!!!!

ALICE: But this doesn't make any sense. (Alice goes backstage.)

[All of the creatures chase her and follow her backstage. Alice reenters and soars off of the stage and hides under one of the benches. Nothing is following her. Mary enters, calls out, and grabs Alice.]

SISTER: [Worriedly] Alice, where have you been? Wake up Alice! The siren is going off. You must have fallen asleep. SHH.

ALICE: What, I didn't do it. I - I - I [realizing that she is talking to her sister] Oh I am so glad to see you. [hugs Sister] Oh I've had such a night mare about a world I hardly know. I'm sorry I was gone for so long. Oh look there's Dinah.

SISTER: Alice, we have to get out of here, they're coming.

ALICE: Who?

[Mary and Alice exit. Lights quickly flash to reveal the Wonderland Characters Vignette. Then the lights flash again and the characters are breaking the fourth wall. Lights out except for the Wonderland sign. Then the main drape closes.)

END OF SHOW.