

# **Alice the Brave & Other Tales from Wonderland**

Adapted from & inspired by the stories of Lewis Carroll

By

Tommy Jamerson

# ALICE THE BRAVE & OTHER TALES FROM WONDERLAND

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**Time.** 1865

**Place.** The Dreary Library of Aunt Mathilda/ Wonderland

## CHARACTERS

**Alice.** Our plucky, precocious, and adventure-seeking heroine

**Aunt Mathilda.** Alice's nonsensical nuisance of an Aunt

**Uncle Gareth.** Alice's favorite Uncle

**Cheshire Cat.** A mystical cat that can float, disappear, and reappear, all at the same time.

**Dinwiddle D. Dodo the Third.** The instigator of the Caucus-Race

**The Red Queen.** The ruler of Wonderland, a comical tyrant

**The Caterpillar.** The wise old Caterpillar who offers unsolicited advice to Alice

**The Mad Hatter.** The master of lunacy, and the host of the tea party

**The March Hare.** The Hatter's right hand hare

**The Dormouse.** The less-than-conscious counterpart of the Hatter and the Hare

**Humpty Dumpty.** The talking egg from the famous nursery rhyme.

**The Company.** Various roles that appear throughout the show, including - **The Voice(s) of the Looking- Glass, The Animals of the Caucus-Race** (including the **Crab, Mousey, and Bill the Lizard**), **The Subjects and Pawns of the Queen** (including the **Bishop of Bishopson** and the **White Knight of Knightly**), **The Caterpillar's Legs, The Walrus and the Carpenter, The Oysters, and The Jabberwock**

**Playwright's Note.** *Wonderland, as I see it, is a large, foreboding Garden – reminiscent of the Tenniel sketches found in Carroll's original text. Alice, while regular size throughout this version, seems almost microscopic when compared to the overly large chess pieces, dodo birds, and caterpillars that she comes in contact with. In fact, it is my hope that the set and the costumes reflect a sense of smallness and vulnerability.*

*Also, the placement of scenes in this script allows for doubling. For instance, Aunt Mathilda is to be doubled with The Red Queen, Uncle Gareth with both the Mad Hatter and The Walrus, The March Hare with the Carpenter, The Cheshire Cat with the Narrator, The Dodo with The Door Mouse, and the Caterpillar with Humpty Dumpty. Casting may be as few as 12 or as many as 25 +.*

*This script is dedicated to Jim and the wonderful students of Southeastern Louisiana University, who not only trusted me to guide their Alice through Wonderland, but for allowing me to do it on my own terms.*

## Scene-by-Scene Layout

### **Prologue/Scene One – The Library**

- Narrator, Alice, Aunt Mathilda, Uncle Gareth, The Looking-Glass Voices

### **Scene Two - The Other Side of the Looking-Glass/Wonderland/The Tumtum Tree**

- Alice, The Jabberwock, Cheshire Cat, Dodo, Bill the Lizard, Mousey, and Crab

### **Scene Three – The Caterpillar’s Mushroom**

- The Caterpillar, The Caterpillar’s Legs, Alice

### **Scene Four –The Palace of the Red Queen**

- Narrator, The Announcer Pawn, The Red Queen, The Bishop of Bishopson, The Rook of Rookerton, The Subjects, The White Knight, The Guards, Dodo, Bill the Lizard, Mousey, and Crab

### **Scene Five – The Mad Hatter’s Tea Party**

- Alice, The Cheshire Cat, The Mad Hatter, The March Hare, The Dormouse, The Jabberwock

### **Scene Six – Humpty Dumpty’s Wall**

- Alice, The Jabberwock, Humpty Dumpty, The Walrus, The Carpenter, The Oysters, The White Knight, the Queen’s Soldiers

### **Scene Seven – The Palace of the Red Queen**

- Narrator, Announcer Pawn, The Red Queen, Dodo, Bill the Lizard, Crab, Mousey, The White Knight, Alice, The Guards, The Hatter, The Hare

### **Scene Eight – The Dungeon**

- Alice, Dodo, Bill the Lizard, Crab, Mousey, Cheshire Cat, The Red Queen, The White Knight

### **Scene Nine – The Palace Grounds**

- Alice, The Red Queen, Dodo, Bill the Lizard, Crab, Mousey, The Hatter, The Hare, Humpty Dumpty, The Caterpillar, The Company, The Jabberwock

### **Scene Ten – The Library**

- Alice, Uncle Gareth, Aunt Mathilda, The Narrator/Cheshire Cat

## Alice The Brave & Other Tales From Wonderland

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**Alice The Brave and Other Tales From Wonderland** premiered in March, 2012 at Cassidy Park in Boalusa, LA. The production was Directed by Jim Winter, Assistant Directed by Miranda Miller and Kaitlyn Seiler, Set Design by Matthew Green, Sound Design by Cody Watts, Costume Design by Rebecca Fife, Stage Managed by Katy Truluck, Properties by Rebecca Ackerman and Puppet Design by Avery Brent. The Original Cast was as follows:

Alice.....	Olivia Matte
Cheshire Cat .....	Megan Cleveland
The Red Queen/Mathilda .....	Kacie Barnes
Mad Hatter/Uncle Gareth/Dormouse/Walrus .....	Tyler Meyer
March Hare/Carpenter .....	Matt Carona
Caterpillar .....	Joe Matherne
Caterpillar's Legs .....	Joshua Austin
Humpty Dumpty .....	Matt Kozel
The White Knight.....	Graham Griener
Announcer Pawn.....	Michael "MJ" Ricks
Bishop .....	Nicholas Salvetti
Rook.....	Carron Patrick
Dinwiddle D. Dodo the Third .....	Kyle French
Bill the Lizard.....	Crystal Schayot
Mousey.....	Jaimee Rome
Crab.....	Ned Kelsey
Guards/Oysters/Jabberwock Voice & Body/Tum Tum Tree.....	Rosie Atwell
	Lynsey Manley
	Jennifer Clesi
	Amanda Thompson
	Minnie Gatlin
Tweedle Dee .....	Trey Lagan
Tweedle Dum .....	Jarred Marlatt
White Rabbit.....	Ned Kelsey
The White Rabbit .....	Christine Jones

# ALICE THE BRAVE & OTHER TALES FROM WONDERLAND

## ACT 1 PROLOGUE

*Lights rise on ALICE who stands frozen in a library.*

**NARRATOR.** Once, not *that* long ago, there a lived a girl named Alice, who wasn't *that* much different from you or I. Alice was a curious child, always spending her days swept up in her own flights of imagination. (*Alice, entranced, moves about, observing her surroundings.*) Often, she'd fantasize about traveling to far off, undiscovered places, and meeting strange, unheard of creatures. It was on this day in particular, a Tuesday, I believe, that Alice, surrounded by books and arithmetic problems, was completely and unimaginatively...bored. (*Alice sighs.*) Unfortunately for her, while her parents were away on holiday, Alice - during the most perfect of summer days - was confined to a dreary library, located in the even drearier home of her least favorite and dreariest relative, her Aunt Mathilda.

**MATHILDA.** Alice! (*MATHILDA enters, carrying a large, menacing ruler. She slams it down – HARD- causing Alice to jump, and immediately take her seat at a small desk.*)

**NARRATOR.** And so day in and day out, Mathilda would lecture Alice on the labors of ladyhood, and all things practical. And all the while Alice would continue to escape to her daydreams, wishing that her life were far more interesting. Little did she know, however, that just around the corner, a change was coming that would alter her life forever. "What kind of change," you ask? Well, let's just say an unexpected one. A magical one. A truly *wonderful* one.

SCENE 1

CHAPTER 1 – NONSENSE MAKES PERFECT SENSE TO ME

**MATHILDA.** Alice, please recite your passage again. Alice?...Alice?...*(Alice stares at her reflection in a looking-glass.)* **ALICE!** *(Mathilda slams the ruler down in front of Alice, startling her.)* Do stop staring away at that looking-glass and pay attention to your studies!

**ALICE.** *(Through yawns.)* I'm sorry, Aunt Mathilda, but I was wondering what it would be like to live on the other side of that mirror. Would everything be different there? Would things be upside down or right side up? Or would things that are right side up here, be upside down there, and vice versa?

**MATHILDA.** Living on the other side of a looking-glass? What utter nonsense.

**ALICE.** Nonsense? What a wonderful word!

**MATHILDA.** It is not – it means senseless, foolish, and absurd. The three things in this world I detest most!

**ALICE.** I don't know why; nonsense makes perfect sense to me.

**MATHILDA.** No it does not! Now, recite your passage again.

**ALICE.** Must I?

**MATHILDA.** From the top!

**ALICE.** *How doth the little busy bee*

*Improve each shining hour,*

*And gather honey all the day*

*From every opening flower – (She yawns.)*

*In works of labor or of skill,*

*I would be busy too – (She yawns again.)*

*For Satan finds some mischief still*

*For idle hands to do (Alice yawns again – larger than the previous ones.)*

Pardon me.

**MATHILDA.** Alice! Wake up!

**ALICE.** I will try. But maybe it'd be a little easier if these books had some color or pictures in them. As is, they're nothing but words. I ask you, what is the use of a book without any pictures at all?



**MATHILDA.** Pictures? Color?! My you are in for a rude awakening come September, aren't you? You'll soon learn that all proper books are *nothing* but words and are completely *absent* of both color and *pictures*.

**ALICE.** I'm confused.

**MATHILDA.** (*Aside.*) I'm not surprised.

**ALICE.** What's in September?

**MATHILDA.** Why, that's when you begin your education at Snootwood Academy, of course. It's *the* finest school in this or any other country!

**ALICE.** Snootwood Academy?! That stuffy, dusty old school that my parents went to? But I'm not sure I want to go to school there. In fact, I'm not sure I want to go to school at all. I want to travel! See the world! I think I want to be an explorer - and see places filled with wonder, where only the most extraordinary things happen and only the most magical people live.

**MATHILDA.** Such twoddle! No niece of mine will be partaking in such ridiculous activities. Besides Alice, without a proper education, how can you ever hope to become a -

**ALICE.** Don't say it -

**MATHILDA.** Librarian! Just like me!

**ALICE.** Horror of horrors! I don't want to be a Librarian! And I don't want to go to that jail of a school, with all those uppity, boring children who I'm sure I won't get along with! I won't go there, I won't! I refuse! I'll - I'll run away first!

**MATHILDA.** Why you ungrateful child! (*Mathilda slams the ruler down, once more.*) You're lucky I'm a patient woman. Keep talking that way and one day you'll say the wrong thing to the wrong person and it'll be off with your head! And then what will you be?

**ALICE.** Happy?

**MATHILDA.** No, you'll be headless.

**ALICE.** I'd rather be headless and happy than end up old and miserable just like YOU! (*Alice gasps at the words that have just come from her mouth. Beat.*) Aunt Mathilda, I -

**MATHILDA.** (*Raising her hand.*) Clearly my sister has raised you to be both opinionated and strong willed - two qualities I absolutely loathe. Fortunately, I care too much for your well being to allow you to continue on this way. It's time for you to stop fantasizing about enchanted looking-glasses and to realize that life isn't fun and games, and books with pictures in them!

**MATHILDA.** *(CONT'D.)* And furthermore, *(She begins digging through her robes.)* And furthermore, until you start acting like a proper lady, until you start behaving as you should... *(She produces a key from her robes. Hesitantly, she begins again....)* You'll be locked in here for the remainder of the evening without any supper at all.

**ALICE.** But, Aunt Mathilda! Wait! *(Alice reaches for her aunt's arm. Mathilda pulls away from her and exits, slamming the great door behind her. Alice begins to bang on the door.)* I apologize! Aunt - *(Alice hears the door lock.)* Oh bother. I do think she's upset with me. And I'm so very hungry. All that yelling must have worked up an appetite. *(The door begins to unlock and move again. Alice perks up and jumps out of its way.)* Aunt Mathilda! I – Uncle Gareth? *(GARETH, Alice's eccentric – but favorite – relative enters, a black hat on his head with a card sticking out the side.)*

**GARETH.** The very same.

**ALICE.** But...what are you doing here?

**GARETH.** I figured after a hard day of studying you might be famished. *(Gareth, as if by magic, produces a tray of food. Alice eyes it, hungrily.)*

**ALICE.** Thank you! But Aunt Mathilda said -

**GARETH.** I'm already aware of what she said, and what you said for that matter – the walls in this place are a bit too thin for my liking – but what my darling wife doesn't know, won't hurt her. Dig in. *(Alice digs in, greedily.)* Slow down, Alice – pace yourself.

**ALICE.** *(Through mouthfuls of food.)* I'm sorry it's just, with all the reading and arithmetic – and books without pictures - I've barely had time to rest, let alone eat.

**GARETH.** *(Pointing upward.)* Well if it's books with pictures you want, I have a few stashed away on the very tip top of that shelf.

**ALICE.** Thank you, but I'm counting the days until I can go home to my own books and get away from this place.

**GARETH.** Oh Alice, this isn't that horrible a place and your aunt isn't as bad as she seems. In fact, when she was your age, she was an awful lot like you.

**ALICE.** Really?

**GARETH.** Oh yes. When we went to school together, she was always cutting classes and back talking the professors. That's the girl I fell in love with. But I tell

you, once you get to know your Aunt, really know her; she's quite a gentle and loving person.

**MATHILDA.** *(Off Stage.)* GARETH! WHERE ARE YOU?! *(Gareth and Alice laugh at this.)*

**ALICE.** Oh, but that Snootwood place just sounds so...snooty.

**GARETH.** It is. The snootiest.

**ALICE.** And I doubt I'll fit in there. It's not like I fit in anywhere else. Everyone says I have an overactive imagination and thinks I'm mad.

**GARETH.** Is that what you're scared about? Going to school and not fitting in?

**ALICE.** Scared? That's a laugh. Nothing scares me!

**GARETH.** *Nothing?*

**ALICE.** *(Beat – trying to convince herself.)* No, Nothing.

**GARETH.** I didn't realize you were so brave.

**ALICE.** I am.

**GARETH.** Well I myself don't know much about bravery – but I do know a thing or two about being mad. And let me tell you, it's nothing to be ashamed of. The best people usually are, you know. I am.

**ALICE.** You, Uncle Gareth? Mad?

**GARETH.** And proud to call myself so. *(He winks at her, and the two share a moment. It's interrupted again by the sound of a ruler begin slapped against the wall.)*

**MATHILDA.** GARETH!

**GARETH.** That'll be the warden calling. Enjoy that food, Alice – and remember – it's our little secret. *(He exits. Alice picks up a book and begins flipping through it.)*

**ALICE.** Just as I suspected, still no...pictures. *(As the word "pictures" escapes Alice, she looks up at the bookshelf, a ladder next to it.)* Well, if I'm going to be trapped in here, I might as well amuse myself. *(Alice takes hold of the ladder and begins to climb it. Finally, she reaches the top of the ladder, but it still isn't tall enough for her to reach the tallest shelf.)* Let's see...Ah! Here we go! *(She begins to strain, stretching out her fingers as far as they will go.)* Almost...have it.... *(Alice loses her footing, and falls off the ladder. She screams as she falls, and as she is about to hit the ground, the stage instantly goes black. A single spot rises on Alice. Perhaps the spot blinks in and out. Alice rises, rubbing her scalp. Suddenly-)*

**VOICES – LOOKING-GLASS.** *Alice....Alice.... (The Looking-Glass speaks in a chorus of voices, all reverberating off of one another.)*

**ALICE.** Yes? Who's there? *(Alice's words are cut short as she turns and see the looking-glass. Lights slowly rise on it, as colors begin protruding from it.)* I've never seen a looking-glass do that before.

**VOICES-LOOKING-GLASS.** *Closer, Alice....Come closer...*

**ALICE.** *(Obviously put off by this.)* It's a good thing nothing scares me – otherwise I'd be petrified right about now.

**VOICES-LOOKING-GLASS.** *Alice....Alice...*

**ALICE.** Curiouser and curiouser. How does it know my name? And who – *(Alice cautiously, sticks her hand forward, touching the glass.)* It's gone soft...like gauze.

**VOICES-LOOKING-GLASS.** *Come inside, Alice. We're waiting for you. We're all waiting for you....*

**ALICE.** But who's waiting? How is this even possible? Why it's non...*sense.* *(Alice, hesitant, thinks for a moment. Smoke begins to seep out from the looking-glass.)* I don't know what's on the other side of this looking-glass, but any place has to be better than this. *(In one swift motion, Alice moves forward and plunges into the Looking-Glass. Lights dim...)*

## SCENE 2

### CHAPTER 2 - CATTITUDE & CAUCUS

*Through the darkness we can see the distorted silhouette and/or images of Alice falling. Perhaps we can also hear/see clocks ticking and spinning at an alarmingly fast rate. The images fade as the lights continue to dim even more. The sounds of animals in the distance, birds chirping, and other noises typically associated with "the wild" begin to emerge. Suddenly, Alice enters, or more, lands – HARD – on the ground. A soft spot rests on her.*

**ALICE.** *(She gets up and dusts herself off.)* Ouch. Well that didn't go as expected. *(The noises come in, louder.)* Where am I? It would be much easier to tell if it were only a tad brighter. *(As she utters the words, lights rise on WONDERLAND. The flowers are gargantuan, and their colors bright. Alice appears to have landed in an oversized garden. She looks about at the large, gaping flowers.)* What sort of place is this? What sort of flowers are these? And what sort of – *(She spies a gnarled tree.)* Ahh! Is that a...is that a tree? Let's see... *(A sign rests next to it. She reads it.)* "Do Not Sit under the Tumtum Tree And DO NOT read the book inside it." A

Tumtum Tree? I've never heard of a Tumtum tree before. Hmm...I wonder....  
*(She reaches in the tree and pulls out a large, leather bound book.) Jabberwocky?*  
What's with these names? *(Alice opens the book and begins to sit down. A note falls out. She reads it.)* "I mean it, whatever you do, DO NOT READ THIS BOOK."  
Well, I've never been one to follow rules and I'm not going to start now. Besides, I'm not scared of a silly old book. *(She sits and opens the book. As the words are spoken aloud, the world around her begins to change. Perhaps the silhouette of a fearsome beast can be seen on the horizon. She reads.)*

*Jabberwocky.*

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves*

*Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;*

*All mimsy were the borogoves,*

*And the mome raths outgrabe. (A soft roar can be heard in the distance.)*

*Beware the Jabberwock, my son!*

*The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!*

*Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun*

*The frumious Bandersnatch! (This roars become louder...)*

*The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,*

*Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,*

*And burbled as it came! (Lighting flashes across the sky as the tree begins to transform itself into a ferocious beast. Alice screams in horror, tosses the book aside, leaps from her seat, and crouches down, concealing her face.)*

No! No, no, no! What's going on? What's going on? Where am I? Where am I?!  
*(The roar fades away, turning into laughter, and the laughter becomes an echo, reverberating back and forth, back and forth.)* Laughter? What's so funny? Well?

**VOICE – CAT.** You are a stupid girl, aren't you? *(Mimicking her.)* "No, no! What's going on? Help me! Where am I? Where am I?!"

**ALICE.** I don't find it funny at all – there's a monster out there. And if you're going to call someone stupid, the least you can do is show your face. Where are you?

**VOICE – CAT.** *(Coming from stage left. Nothing appears.)* I'm over here. *(Coming from stage right. Nothing appears.)* No, over here. *(Nothing still.)* No, right here. *(POOF! A Cat manifests itself. He floats midair.)*

**ALICE.** Why you're a – you're a – a cat!

**CAT.** A Cheshire Cat, to be precise.

**ALICE.** I've never known a cat that can talk before.

**CAT.** And I've never known a child to sit under the Tumtum Tree and read the *Jabberwocky* before.

**ALICE.** They must have been too frightened of it. Not me.

**CAT.** No, not you - cowering and whimpering like a little lost puppy out in the rain.

**ALICE.** I wasn't cowering, I was -

**CAT.** You were cowering. And at any rate, the young ones here aren't frightened of the Jabberwock. They're wary of him. Those are two very different things entirely. You, however, are frightened of something. Though what I'm not sure.

**ALICE.** I am not. I'm not scared of anything.

**CAT.** But you must be - a Jabberwock only appears to those who have fear in their hearts. Tell me, what *scares* you?

**ALICE.** Nothing! Please, can you stop floating about and tell me where I am?

**CAT.** Very well. (*The Cat does as he's told.*) As to where you are; some people call it Underland, others call it Otherland, but me, personally, I call it... Wonderland.

**ALICE.** Wonderland? "A place filled with wonder, where only the most extraordinary things happen and only the most magical people live." Just like in my daydreams. It is real!

**CAT.** It is - just like the Jabberwock. Heed my warning...ah...?

**ALICE.** Alice.

**CAT.** (*To self.*) I like Stupid Girl better. Heed my warning, Alice. You'd better conquer whatever it is you're afraid of, because until you do, the Jabberwock will continue to hunt you down.

**ALICE.** Thank you, but I don't have time for warnings and monsters; I have some exploring to do. Tell me, which way I should go from here?

**CAT.** Well that depends....

**ALICE.** On?

**CAT.** On where you want to get to.

**ALICE.** I don't care much where -

**CAT.** Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

**ALICE.** You are impossible.

**CAT.** If I'm impossible, then I suppose I'm not here in the first place. Good luck finding your way, Stupid Girl named Alice. (*The Cat begins to disappear.*)

**ALICE.** No, I didn't mean that – wait! Please wait! *(The Cat vanishes.)* He certainly has quite the attitude.

**VOICE – CAT.** I do not have an attitude. I'm a cat. I have a *cattitude*.

**ALICE.** Are you still there? I am sorry for what I said – you're not impossible. Please forgive me. *(POOF! Cat appears.)*

**CAT.** Apology accepted. By the way, you're still covered in sweat and tears from your little crying fit. You might want to dry that off, and I know just the fellow to do it.

**ALICE.** And who's that?

**CAT.** Oh I don't *know*, perhaps, a *dodo*? *(The Cat continues to laugh, slowly disappearing, this time only leaving his floating grin in his wake. A moment passes, and soon, the grin disappears as well.)*

**ALICE.** How odd. I've often seen *a cat without a grin, but never a grin without a cat!* Hmm...I wonder what he meant by a Dodo? *(DODO enters.)*

**DODO.** Dodo?! Did somebody mention a dodo?!

**ALICE.** I did.

**DODO.** Well then, young lady, I'm your bird! Dinwiddle D. Dodo the third at your service – yes, *that* Dinwiddle D. Dodo- and these are my boys! Say hello, boys! *(An odd looking assortment of animals – THE GANG - appears.)*

**GANG.** "Hello, boys!"

**ALICE.** ...Hello.

**DODO.** Now, what can we do you for?

**ALICE.** Actually, I wasn't -

**DODO.** Goodness, Child! You're soaked to the bone!

**ALICE.** I'm not that wet. *(The mouse, MOUSEY, and the CRAB pour a bucket of water all over Alice, soaking her.)*

**DODO.** Now you are!

**ALICE.** What the –

**DODO.** Time to dry you off! And there's only way to do that – A Caucus-Race! *(The Gang begins to cheer in unison.)*

**GANG.** Yay! A Caucus-Race!

**ALICE.** What's a Caucus-Race? *(The Gang begins to chuckle.)*

**CRAB.** She don't know what a Caucus-Race is! *(They laugh again.)*

**DODO.** You crab! Straighten up, men! You're acting like a bunch of animals! This is a very serious matter! Caucus-Races are nothing to be laughing at. And the best

way to explain one is by doing it! Mousey, mark the field! *(He hands Mousey a bit of chalk. Mousey draws a circle in the sand.)* Bill, rally the troops! *(BILL THE LIZARD, gathers the animals together. Dodo then turns to Alice.)* And you, my dear, try not to get trampled on!

**ALICE.** Trampled!?

**DODO.** Let the games begin! *(The Dodo approaches the center of the circle as the Gang, including Alice, line up around the circle.)* On your mark! Get set! Caucus! *(The Gang begins moving at rapid pace, running round and round the circle. Alice does her best to keep up, but her attempts seem futile. As the Gang runs, they make their respective sounds. Mousey squeaks, the Dodo squawks, and the Crab...crabs.)*

**ALICE.** *(Through gasps of breath.)* But wait...I don't understand...you're all just...we're all just running in circles!

**DODO.** Precisely!

**ALICE.** But...how can...how can anyone win this race?

**DODO.** Win? Win! By thunder she's right! TIME! TIME! It's time to announce the winner. *(The Gang cheers.)* You all ran beautifully, my friends. Just beautifully. But it's painfully obvious, I think, who the winner is. *(The Gang nods their heads in agreement.)*

**ALICE.** It is?

**DODO.** It is. And the victor of this Caucus-Race is – ALL OF YOU!

**GANG – INCLUDING ALICE.** Hurray!

**DODO.** And that means everybody will get prizes!

**GANG – INCLUDING ALICE.** Hurray!

**DODO.** *(Points to Alice.)* And she will distribute them!

**GANG – EXCLUDING ALICE.** Hurray!

**ALICE.** *(Shocked.)* Me? But I don't have any prizes!

**BILL.** No, prizes!?

**DODO.** Such a tease, she's only fooling you, you know. *(Pulls Alice aside.)*

Pockets! Check your pockets. This is a rowdy bunch and they don't like to be kept waiting – especially for something as important as a prize. *(The Gang begins squawking to one another, asking questions like, "Where are our prizes?" "Did she forget them?" "Where are they?" and things of that nature. Alice begins rapidly looking through her pockets.)*

**DODO.** Hurry, girl, hurry



**ALICE.** But, I don't have anything...just a bit of old string and a...a.... *(She pulls out a thimble.)*

**GANG.** Thimble! *(The Gang, perhaps, bows in honor of it.)*

**DODO.** *(Holding up the thimble.)* You wonderful girl, you magnificent girl, you must not be from around here - because in this world a thimble is a great treasure. A great treasure indeed.

**GANG.** Amen.

**DODO.** Oh, and what a thimble it is!

**CRAB.** It is, and it's mine! *(Crab snatches it from the Dodo.)*

**BILL.** No, it's mine!

**MOUSEY.** No! Mine! All mine!

**DODO.** Now, now, men – let's be reasonable about this and civil! The thimble...this thimble...is clearly MINE! *(The Dodo snatches the thimble up in his wing and begins to make off with it when he's pummeled by the other animals all shouting over one another.)*

**ALICE.** All this over thimble. This is the silliest race I've ever ran! It's not even a race, and look at me, I'm still soaked! I don't know why that cat told me to – *(The scuffle stops.)*

**DODO.** Cat!

**BILL.** Cat!

**CRAB.** Cat!

**MOUSEY.** Spat? Who had a spat?

**DODO.** No, not spat – CAT! CAT

**MOUSEY.** Cat! Where? Where! *(And with that, the Gang begins running about, here and there, trying to hide from the elusive "cat.")*

**DODO.** Get it together, men! Get it together! It's time that we exit – and quickly! *(The Dodo and his cohorts begin to exit stage right.)*

**ALICE.** But Mister Dodo, where are you going!?

**DODO.** Please, that's Mister Dinwiddle D. Dodo the third to you – yes, *that* Dinwiddle D. Dodo, and we're not sticking around here, around you, a *female* who *fancily finagles freely* around *felines*! Say goodbye, boys!

**GANG.** *(Angrily.)* Goodbye, boys!

**DODO.** And let's be on our way. *(The Dodo and the Gang, chatting amongst each other, exit in a huff.)*

**ALICE.** *(Ringing out her hair.)* I've never in my life met anyone so ridiculous. Still, they're better than Aunt Mathilda any day. *(The sounds of creatures in the distance can be heard.)* Oh well, I suppose I should be off. Wonderland isn't going to explore itself.

**SCENE 3**  
**CHAPTER 3 – HOW DOTHTHE LITTLE RIDDLE**

*The scene shifts to that of a CATERPILLAR sitting comfortably on a large mushroom and smoking a hookah. He rests there for a moment, singing to himself.*

**CATERPILLAR.** *Speak roughly to your boy  
And beat him when he sneezes;  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases.*

**CATERPILLAR'S LEG.** *Wow! Oh Wow!*

**CATERPILLAR.** *I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneezes;  
For he can thoroughly enjoy  
The pepper when he pleases!*

**CATERPILLAR'S LEG.** *Wow! Oh Wow!*

**CATERPILLAR/CATEERPILLAR'S LEGS.** *Oh Wow! (Alice enters and applauds when he's finished.)*

**CATERPILLAR.** And who are you?

**CATERPILLAR'S LEG.** Yes! Who! Are! You???

**ALICE.** *(Caught off guard.)* I - I'm Alice.

**CATERPILLAR.** An...Alice?"

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** What's "An Alice?"

**ALICE.** No, not "an Alice." Just "Alice." I'm just Alice - at least, I think I am.

**CATERPILLAR.** Explain yourself, "Just Alice."

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Yes, explain yourself.

**ALICE.** Explain what?

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Who you think you are.

**ALICE.** *(Still a little hesitant of the talking LEGS.)* Well, I think I'm me, it's just, so much has happened since this morning - enchanted looking-glasses, vanishing cats, caucus-races – that I'm not really sure. It's all so strange.

**CATERPILLAR.** Not to me.

**ALICE.** No, not to you. But to me. I'm not used to it, you-you see

**CATERPILLAR.** I do not *see*.

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Neither do we.

**ALICE.** I don't know if I can make it clearer for you.

**CATERPILLAR.** You?

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** WHO. ARE. YOU?

**ALICE.** I – I think you ought to tell me who YOU are first. *(Caterpillar thinks this over for a moment.)*

**CATERPILLAR.** ... Why?

**ALICE.** *(Trying to stand her ground.)* B-b-because!

**CATERPILLAR.** What's with all this st-st-stuttering? *(The Legs cackle.)* Are you frightened of s-s-something?

**ALICE.** No! I'm not frightened of anything! What is it with you people and fear? You're just as bad as the cat!

**CATERPILLAR.** The cat?

**CATERPILLAR'S LEG.** The Cheshire Cat?

**ALICE.** Yes! He asked me the same thing.

**CATERPILLAR.** If the Cheshire asked it, then he must be on to something – and you, my dear, must be guarded of something!

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Indeed!

**ALICE.** I am not! Now please, just – just leave me alone, the lot of you! Good day! *(Alice turns on her heel and begins to exit.)*

**CATERPILLAR.** Just Alice! Come back!

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Come back, Just Alice! Come back!

**ALICE.** Why?

**CATERPILLAR.** I –

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEG.** *We*

**CATERPILLAR.** - Have something important to tell you! *(Alice hesitantly and regretfully turns back.)*

**ALICE.** What? *(A beat passes. Caterpillar takes a big puff of his hookah.)*

**CATERPILLAR.** Keep your temper.

**ALICE.** Is that all?

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** No.

**CATERPILLAR.** You say you're not sure of *who* you are. Are you, at the very least, sure of your lessons? Can you recite them?

**ALICE.** Yes, but what do lessons – ?

**CATERPILLAR.** It does not matter.

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Not at all.

**CATERPILLAR.** Go on...

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Recite!

**ALICE.** Fine.

*How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey -*

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** STOP!

**CATERPILLAR.** That is incorrect.

**ALICE.** It is not.

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** It is.

**ALICE.** Alright, you try it then.

**CATERPILLAR.** Fine. We will. *(He clears his throat, as do his Legs. As he recites, his Legs help act out the following poem.)*

*How doth the little crocodile*

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** *Improve his shining tail,*

**CATERPILLAR.** *And pour the waters of the Nile*

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** *On every golden scale!*

**CATERPILLAR.** *How cheerfully he seems to grin,*

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** *How neatly spreads his claws,*

**CATERPILLAR.** *And welcomes little fishes in*

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** *With gently smiling jaws!*

**ALICE.** I've never heard it told that way before.

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Hmpff.

**CATERPILLAR.** That's because you've never heard it the right way. *(Alice observes the overly large mushroom for a moment.)*

**ALICE.** So you say. This all seems so ... precarious. This world around me. Everything that should be large, isn't, and everything that shouldn't be, is.

**CATERPILLAR.** It seems more than adequate to me – err –

**CATERPILLAR/CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Us.

**ALICE.** Of course it does. It's all you've known. But personally I've never felt smaller in my entire life.

**CATERPILLAR.** Then maybe you should do something about it.

**ALICE.** Like what?

**CATERPILLAR.** Like solving the riddle, of course! *(Suddenly, a riddle appears in the sky above them.)*

**ALICE.** *(Reading.)* What preys on the weak, but values the wise? What looks very different through each set of eyes? What cuts like a knife, but leaves no mark? What sits with you alone in the dark?

But, what does a riddle have to do with any of this?

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Everything!

**CATERPILLAR.** You'd better get to solving it, and quickly – that is if you ever hope of getting home. It's the only way, you know.

**ALICE.** Only way home? You mean I can't just leave the same as I came? This changes everything.

**CATERPILLAR.** *(Chocking on his hookah.)* Change!

**CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Change!

**CATERPILLAR/ CATERPILLAR'S LEGS.** Change! *(The Caterpillar and his Legs begin to melt. Darkness surrounds them as the riddle begins to shine brighter, and brighter. Perhaps as the lights dim around them, the Legs continue to chant the word "CHANGE, CHANGE" over and over again in a hushed voice. Alice focuses solely on the words floating above her.)*

**ALICE.** Yes, change. I don't want to be stuck here forever! Oh and I've never been any good at riddles, and at any rate I...Caterpillar? Where are you? Caterpillar!

**VOICE – CATERPILLAR.** Here, Just Alice. I'm right here!

**ALICE.** Where? Where? *(Light rise as the Caterpillar – now a butterfly – is seen flying high above Alice.)*

**CATERPILLAR.** Up here.

**ALICE.** Why you're a – you're a butterfly! But why did you change?

**CATERPILLAR.** Things change, Alice. People. Places. Remember that.

**ALICE.** Remember what? What do they change into? And why do they need to in the first place? And, and what does this have to do with the riddle? None of this is making any sense. Oh, I wish I could go back to yesterday when things were...normal.

**CATERPILLAR.** Silly child. You can't go back to yesterday because you were a different person then. Solve the riddle, Just Alice. Solve the riddle and go home. *(With that, the Caterpillar begins to fly off, singing to himself.)* Speak roughly to your boy  
And beat him when he sneezes;  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases.  
Wow! Oh Wow!

**ALICE.** *(Speaking over his singing.)* Caterpillar, wait! I'm so confused – and you've only just confused me more! Caterpillar, you – you – *(He vanishes.)* you forgot your...hookah. Oh dear. Now what do I do?

**NARRATOR.** Unbeknownst to Alice, she was in more trouble than she realized. Trouble that didn't involve songs and riddles, and trouble that would eventually find its way to her...

#### SCENE 4 CHAPTER 4 – THE QUEEN'S UN-BIRTHDAY

*The scene shifts to the palace of the RED QUEEN. GUARDS – resembling chess pieces - line up for her grand entrance.*

**NARRATOR.** It all started at the palace of the Red Queen, the ruler of Wonderland. Today, like the other 364 days of year, was her Un-Birthday, a momentous occasion to say the least. A party was continually held in her honor, and her guests were mandated to continuously attend. As they lined up to dispense their gifts to the Queen, they collectively hoped and prayed that they'd brought something that she didn't already have. The Queen, you see, hated many things in this world, but none more than receiving the same gift twice. "To receive the same present twice," she thought, "is practically worse than not receiving any present at all." *(Trumpets blare. The SUBJECTS line up accordingly. ANNOUNCER PAWN enters.)*

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** Her Majesty, her Royal Excellency, her Imperial Highness, Her Most Distinguished –

**VOICE – QUEEN.** Get on with it, you idiot!

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** *(Sighs.)* The Red Queen! *(Fanfare is heard as the Red Queen enters, in a grandiose fashion. She has an uncanny likeness to Mathilda, the only difference being she too is a Chess piece.)*

**QUEEN.** Thank you! Thank you! Yes. Yes. I do look divine, don't I? *She strikes a dramatic pose and eggs on more applause. When she's had her fill, she takes her seat and motions for the Announcer Pawn to continue.*

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** And now, in celebration and honor of her majesty's Un-Birthday, *(The Queen nods, pleased.)* Her sixteen thousandth, three hundred and eighty second Un-Birthday, we will begin with the dispensing of the traditional gifts—

**QUEEN.** What! WHAT DID YOU SAY?! How dare you reveal a lady's true age by listing the number of Un-Birthdays she's had!?!

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** *(Trembling.)* Not me; I'm just a Pawn!

**QUEEN.** Enough! For your insolence you're to be punished —

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** Your Majesty, no —

**QUEEN.** You're to be sentenced -

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** Your Majesty, please -

**QUEEN.** You're to be executed —

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** Your Majesty, stop -

**QUEEN.** And there's only one way to do it - OFF WITH HIS HEAD! OFF WITH HIS HEAD! *(Two Guards whisk him away.)*

**ANNOUNCER PAWN.** No! Please! I've got a Rook and two children! Nooo! *(The Subjects watch in horror. The Queen sits. Beat.)*

**QUEEN.** Well?! ...What's with the delay? Bring me my GIFTS! *(The Subjects applaud and speak loudly, saying things like "Of course, Your Majesty. Right away, Your Majesty!")* The BISHOP approaches the Queen. He grovels at her feet.) Ah, the Bishop of Bishopson! And what token of affection have you brought your queen?

**BISHOP.** One that I hope pleases you, your Majesty.

**QUEEN.** For your sake I hope so as well. *(He hands her a present that she snatches greedily from his fingers and opens quickly.)* Why it's a tea pot. A lovely tea pot. A tea pot identical to the hundreds of others I've received over Un-Birthdays past! Honestly, what's the matter with you Bishop, were you not even trying?

**BISHOP.** Your Grace, Your Eminence! Let me correct it!

**QUEEN.** It's too late to correct it. Once you've upset me – which you have - that fixes it, and you must take the consequences. Guards, OFF WITH HIS HEAD! *(The Guards enter and whisk the Bishop away. The Queen tosses the present aside, the sound of glass shattering can be heard off stage. )* NEXT! *(The ROOK approaches.)* The Rook of Rookerton!

**ROOK.** 'Tis such an honor to be in your presence your -

**QUEEN.** Less groveling – more gifting! *(The Rook hands The Queen a package, a package that she quickly tears away at.*

*A grin slithers across her face.)* A beautiful broach. I adore it. I adore it! *(The Subjects applaud with delight and pat the Rook on the back.)* In fact, I adore it almost as much as the one you already gave me! *(The Queen points to an identical broach on her dress.)* Thought I'd forgotten, did you? I make a point to never to forget something as important as an Un-Birthday present - especially the ones that I'm likely to be saddled with again. Obviously you know what this means, my dear Rook,

**ROOK.** *(Sighs.)* I do.

**QUEEN.** OFF WITH HER HEAD! *(The Rook sighs as The Guards whisk him away as well.)* What's the matter with my subjects? I mean, truly. Is it that difficult to give me a proper Un-Birthday present? Well, IS IT? *(The Subjects begin speaking over one another. "No, Your Majesty! Of course not, Your Majesty!")* These gifts are useless to me! They're – they're – *(Dodo and his Gang enter. They're still entranced by the thimble.)*

**DODO.** Priceless! Absolutely priceless! Which is why I should be the one to hold onto it.

**MOUSEY.** No, me! It should be held by someone with paws, not feathers!

**CRAB.** No, claws! It should be held by someone with claws! Like Me!

**BILL.** No! I -

**QUEEN.** SILENCE! What is the meaning of this? Interrupting my Un-Birthday Party?!

**DODO.** Forgive us, your majesty – we didn't realize!

**MOUSEY.** No, not at all!

**CRAB.** Not at all, at all!

**DODO.** *(Exiting.)* And now if you'll just excuse us, we'll be on our way and –

**QUEEN.** STOP! You there! You!

**DODO.** *(After a large gulp.)* Me? Your Majesty?



**QUEEN.** Do you see me talking to any other Dodo birds? *(The Gang looks amongst themselves for another Dodo bird.)*

Yes, you! Idiot! What do you have there? Is that your present to me?

**DODO.** Ah...this? No, no...

**QUEEN.** Of course it is. Now don't be impertinent. Give it here.

**CRAB.** But beggin' your pardon, your grace, you wouldn't want this -

**BILL.** No, no. it's old, and dusty, and -

**QUEEN.** GIVE IT HERE! *(Dodo, reluctantly, does as he's told – and hands the thimble to the Queen.)* What do we have here? Why it's a –

**DODO.** Thimble! *(The Subjects gasp in unison!)*

**QUEEN.** A thimble! Of my very own! I've always wanted one!  
*(She embraces the thimble.)* But where – ?

**MOUSEY.** Where, your majesty?

**QUEEN.** Where did you get this? Where?!

**BILL.** From a girl -

**CRAB.** A little girl!

**QUEEN.** You mean to tell me a girl, a child, was flouncing about my kingdom with THIS?!

**GANG.** Yes!

**QUEEN.** White Knight of Knightsly! *(She turns to the WHITE KNIGHT.)*

**WHITE KNIGHT.** Yes, your grace.

**QUEEN.** Scour the land! Search high and low! Seek out every nook and every cranny and don't come back until you find me this girl! I can only imagine what other un-expected, un-heard of, un-surpassed, Un-Birthday presents she must have! Now, go! *(The White Knight exits. Dodo and the Gang attempt to do the same. The Queen addresses them.)* And as far as you're concerned, I know exactly what I'm going to do with you! *(The Gang trembles in fear as cartoonish laughter escapes The Queen. She chortles in her joy. Perhaps music underscores. Blackout. )*

## SCENE 5

### CHAPTER 5 – THREE FOR TEA

*Alice, lost in thought, continues to make her way through Wonderland when suddenly POOF! The Cat materializes.*

**CAT.** *(With a Cheshire grin on his face.)* Enjoying your stay with us?

**ALICE.** Cat! Cheshire! There you are. I was wondering if I'd be seeing you again.

**CAT.** Oh you'll see me. I always pop in from time to time.

**ALICE.** I'm glad to see a familiar face, even if it is a floating one. Tell me, do you know anything about riddles? It's urgent that I solve one.

**CAT.** I'm not a master of riddles, but perhaps I can point you in the direction of someone who is.

**ALICE.** Who?

**CAT.** Let's see. If you go this way... *(Waving his right paw round and around.)* You'll run into a Hatter – a MAD hatter. He might be able to help. But if you go that way... *(Waving his left paw round and around.)* You'll find a March Hare – a MAD March Hare, he might be able to help as well.

**ALICE.** They're both mad? But I don't want to go among mad people.

**CAT.** You can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

**ALICE.** I am not!

**CAT.** No you must be; or else you wouldn't be here.

**ALICE.** *(Matter-of-factly.)* I'm here because of the talking looking-glass.

**CAT.** Talking looking-glass, you say? No, you're not mad at all.

**ALICE.** But it did talk!

**CAT.** I'm sure it - *(He wheezes for a moment.)* I'm sure it – *(He wheezes again.)* Pardon for a moment. *(He coughs out a clump of fur.)* Hairball. Now where was I? Yes. The talking looking-glass.

**ALICE.** Think what you want – I know what I heard and saw! *(The Cat begins to disappear, his voice trailing off...)*

**VOICE – CAT.** And you'll be sure to see more and hear more, should you choose to speak to the Hatter and Hare. All you have to do is follow the sign.

**ALICE.** What sign?

**VOICE – CAT.** That one, Stupid Girl. *(A sign appears. It reads: To the Mad Hatter & the March Hare. POOF! The Cat disappears.)*

**ALICE.** *(Throwing her hands up in exasperation.)* Fine then! I suppose I'll try the Hatter and the Hare, perhaps they can help. After all, they can't possibly be as mad as the Cat made them out to be. Can they? *(The scene shifts instantly to a long table. It is set with rows of chairs, tea pots, and cups. At the table sit the HATTER, the HARE, and the DORMOUSE. The Dormouse is hunched over, his face in a pool of tea and saliva. The Hatter and the Hare are slurping their tea, loudly. The Hatter*

*resembles Gareth. Alice enters and approaches a seat.)* Hello there, are you the Hatter and the – *(The obnoxious slurping continues.)* I don't mean to be rude but – *(Again, it continues. The slurping of the Hatter and the Hare plays off one another.)* Is this the residence of – ? *(And again. Alice has had enough.)* Fine then, I'll just take a seat. *It stops!*

**HARE.** A seat!

**HATTER.** No! No!

**HARE.** Heavens no! No room!

**HATTER.** No room!

**HATTER/HARE.** NO ROOM!

**ALICE.** What are you talking about? There's plenty of room!

**HATTER.** Fine, suit yourself! Make everyone else squished and smooshed! See if we care.

**HARE.** Yes, see if we care.

**HATTER.** We don't.

**HARE.** Not in the least.

**HATTER.** Not in the very least.

**HARE.** No.

**HATTER.** We don't.

**HARE.** "We don't," what?

**HATTER.** Care!

**HARE.** That's right! We don't! *(Together, they clink their cups and take another ceremoniously long slurp of tea. A moment passes.)*

**HATTER.** Ah, that hit the spot. *(He gasps!)* Look, Hare! Company!

**HARE.** Company?

**HATTER.** Company!

**HARE.** Hello! Hello! I am the March Hare!

**HATTER.** And I am the Mad Hatter!

**HARE.** And this is the Dormouse. *(The Dormouse snores loudly.)*

**HATTER.** Such a precious little Dormouse.

**HARE.** And who are you?

**ALICE.** I'm -

**HATTER.** Lovely.

**HARE.** Lovely.

**HATTER.** Sit and tell us, what are you doing here?

**ALICE.** *(Making herself comfortable.)* Well, I'm just taking in my surroundings. Exploring.

**HATTER.** Exploring! Oh Callooh! Callay! What fun!

**HARE.** Oh yes! Yes!

**HATTER.** And exploring must have made you thirsty!

**HARE.** Quite! Would you like some wine?

**ALICE.** Wine? I'm a little girl –

**HATTER.** You are?

**HARE.** She is?

**HATTER.** *(Whispering to the Hare.)* Could've fooled me.

**ALICE.** Yes I am, and I don't drink wine.

**HARE.** And it's a good thing too – because there isn't any.

**ALICE.** Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer some.

**HATTER.** Just as it wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

**HARE.** Touché!

**ALICE.** But you did invite me to sit down. Just now! With the three of you!

*(The word 'three' causes the Dormouse to perk up from its slumber.)*

**DORMOUSE.** Three? Three! Where's three? Who's three? What's three!?

**HATTER.** Nothing, nothing – just sip your tea. There now, sip your tea. That's a good mouse. Sleep. Sleep. *(The Hatter forces tea down the Dormouse's throat until he is again unconscious, snoring away. To Alice.)* Now look what you've done, gone and upset the Dormouse. Please be more careful next time you bring up the sensitive subject of numbers!

**HARE.** Yes, please!

**ALICE.** I apologize, I didn't realize.

**HARE.** Of course you didn't. Little girls – if that's what you really are - never realize.

**HATTER.** Never.

**HARE.** There are many sensitive subjects in this world - numbers, words, card tricks, riddles –

**ALICE.** Riddles!

**HARE/HATTER.** Shhhh! *(The Dormouse awakens again, with a start!)*

**DORMOUSE.** RIDDLES?! RIDDLES? Where's Riddles? Who's Riddles? What's Ri- *(The Hatter conks the Dormouse on the head with a tea pot, knocking him unconscious yet again.)*

**ALICE.** (*Whispering.*) I beg your pardon, but are either of you very good at solving... *riddles*?

**HATTER.** Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. What kind of insulting question is that?

**HARE.** Indeed. Of course we're excellent at solving... (*Whispering.*) *riddles*

**HATTER.** Answer this if you can – *why is a raven like a writing desk?!*

**HARE.** Yes! Yes!

**ALICE.** (*Thinking it over.*) Hmm. Why is a raven like a writing-desk? Let me see if I can guess it.

**HARE.** Do you mean you think that you can find out the exact answer to it?

**ALICE.** Hopefully.

**HARE.** Then you should SAY what you MEAN!

**HATTER.** Say what you mean! Say what you mean!

**ALICE.** I do! I did! I mean – at least I MEAN what I SAY. That's the same thing, isn't it?

**HATTER.** Not at all! Why you might as well say "I see what I eat" is the same as "I eat what I see."

**DORMOUSE.** (*Rising from his slumber.*) Or "I breathe when I sleep" is the same as "I sleep when I breathe."

**HARE.** Good one, Dormouse. Good one. (*They cackle loudly in unison as the Hatter whacks the Dormouse on the head again.*)

**ALICE.** (*Covering her ears.*) Enough already, I give up. What's the answer?

**HATTER.** What answer?

**ALICE.** To the riddle!

**HATTER.** We're past that.

**HARE.** Past it.

**HATTER.** Two days past, actually.

**HARE.** Try and keep up, please!

**HATTER.** She must be a little slow, you know.

**HARE.** Must be.

**ALICE.** I am not slow! And will you please refrain from talking about me as if I'm not present?

**HATTER.** (*Beat.*) Like I said, "slow."

**ALICE.** (*Stands up, irritated.*) Really, and on what grounds do you stand?

**HATTER.** On these grounds! *(He rips the ground away from Alice, causing her to topple over. He and the Hare topple over in laughter.)* I rest my case! SEE. *(The Hatter slams down a suit case, causing he and the Hare to start cackling once again. Alice picks herself back up.)*

**ALICE.** *(Fuming.)* You – you!

**HARE.** *(Covering Alice's mouth with his hand.)* Quiet! The Dormouse has something to say! What do you have to say, Dormouse? Well?

**DORMOUSE.** *Twinkle, twinkle little bat!*

*How I wonder what you're at.*

*Up above the world you fly,*

*Like a tea-tray in the sky!*

*(The Hare and the Hatter applaud loudly as the Dormouse, again, collapses.)*

**HATTER.** Brilliant! Brilliant!

**ALICE.** You – all of you - you've gone round the bend! You know that? You're insane! Ludicrous! Mad!

**HATTER.** Mad? Well, I should hope so – the best people are you know.

**ALICE.** What did you just say? *(Alice approaches the Hatter. He looks eerily familiar.)* Strange, now that I take a closer look, you remind me so much of...but it couldn't be.

**HATTER.** *(Uncomfortable.)* Hare...why is she so close...to my face?

**HARE.** Want me to swat her?

**ALICE.** *(Ignoring them.)* It's all my fault. *(Alice sits back down and begins to cry.)* I didn't want to go to school at Snootwood, and now, that I've run away, I'll never see my parents, or my Uncle, or even my Aunt Mathilda again. *(She continues to cry.)*

**HARE.** What's a Mathilda?

**HATTER.** Sounds quite awful to me.

**ALICE.** What to do? *(As Alice cries, the sky darkens once again. The lights begin to dim.)*

**DORMOUSE.** *(Raising his head up a bit.)* Sky's getting dark. A Jabberwock must be coming. *(He plops his head down again, pleasantly sleeping away. Through the mist and the clouds, THE JABBERWOCK appears again, roaring a mighty roar.)*

**HATTER.** A Jabberwock!

**HARE.** A Jabberwock! *(The Hare and the Hatter clasp onto one another for dear life.)*

**HATTER/HARE.** A Jabberwock! *(They snatch up the dozing Dormouse and begin to make a run for it.)*

**ALICE.** *(Wiping away her tears. Calling after them.)* Wait? A what? Where are you going? *(The Hatter, the Hare, and the Dormouse exit.)* I'm confused! What's – *(A loud roar rips through the sky, as a shadowy figure makes its way down to Alice.)* No! No! Not again! It's a – a monster! *(Alice screams as the shadowy figure approaches her. The lights continue to dim, the roars continue to roar! Darkness. Silence. Curtain.)*

**END OF ACT 1**

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS, ORDER A HARD COPY AT [WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.NET](http://WWW.NEXTSTAGEPRESS.NET)***