

Audition form—*Alice in Wonderland*

(Please fill in the form below and on the back side, and bring it with you to auditions. Be neat!)

Name :

Email address (illianaweb address, please):

Cell phone number:

Home phone number:

For which roles are you auditioning? Please list your top three choices.

Are you willing to play a role other than those listed above?

Are you interested in the possibility of being a student director?

Please list your involvement with past theater productions both here and elsewhere.

Please look carefully over the attached calendar of rehearsal times. If you get a part, you are expected to be at all rehearsals for the scenes in which you appear. Except for the most dire of reasons, you cannot miss any rehearsals after Oct. 2. Please list any conflicts you have with these dates in the space below:

What follows are a rehearsal calendar, a character list, and scenes that we will be using at auditions. Know the story and characters, and practice these scenes--both vocally and physically--before your audition.

August

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17 Auditions 3-5 pm	18 Auditions 3-5 pm	19
20	21 Everybody 4-6pm	22 Act 1 3-4:30 pm	23 Act 2 4-5:30 pm	24 Act 3 3-4:30 pm	25 Act 3 3-4:30 pm	26
27	28 Act 2 4-5:30 pm	29 Act 1 3-4:30 pm	30 Act 1 4-5:30 pm	31 Act 2 3-4:30pm <i>Back to School Night</i>	<i>Day off!</i>	

September

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
3	4 Labor Day <i>Day off!</i>	5 Act 3 3-4:30 pm	6 Act 1 4-5:30 pm	7 Act 2 3-4:30 pm	8 Act 3 3-4:30 pm	9
10 Blocking this week	11 Act 1, 4:30-6:30 pm	12 Act 2 3-5 pm	13 Act 3 4-6 pm	14 Act 3 3-5 pm	15 Act 2 3-4:30 pm	16
17	18 Act 1 4:30-6 pm	19 Act 1 3-4:30 pm	20 Act 2 4-5:30 pm	21 Act 3 4-5:30 pm <i>Early Dismissal</i>	22 <i>Day off!</i>	23
24	25 Act 3 4:30-6 pm	26 Act 2 3-4:30 pm <i>PSAT Coaching</i>	27 <i>Day off!</i> Go Day	28 <i>Day off!</i> <i>PSAT Coaching</i>	29 Act 1 3-4:30 pm	30

October

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Memory this week	2 Act 2 4:30-6 pm	3 Act 3 4-5:30 pm PSAT Coaching	4 Act 1 4-5:30 pm	5 <i>Day off!</i> Concert	6 Act 2, 3-4:30 Spire Party	7
8	9 Act 3 4:30-6 pm	10 <i>Day off!</i> Concert	11 Act 1 4-5:30pm	12 Act 2 3-4:30pm	13 Act 3 3-4:30pm Dodgeball Tourney	14
15	16 Everybody 4:30-6:30pm	17 <i>Fall Break</i>	18 <i>Fall Break</i>	19 <i>Fall Break</i>	20 <i>Fall Break</i>	21
22 Tech Week	23 Everybody 6-9:30 pm	24 Everybody 6-9:30 pm	25 Everybody 6-9:30 pm	26 <i>Day Off!</i> P/T Conferences	27 Everybody 3-6 pm	28
29	30 Dress rehearsal 6-9:30 pm	31 Dress rehearsal 6-9:30 pm				

November

2023

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1 Dress rehearsal 6-9:30 pm	2 Performance 6-10 pm	3 Performance 6-10 pm	4 Performance 12-4pm Performance 6-10 pm
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

A Play in Three Acts
For Eighteen Characters And Extras

CHARACTERS

WHITE RABBIT	MOCK TURTLE
ALICE	GRYPHON
CATERPILLAR	TWEEDLEDUM
DUCHESS	TWEEDLEDEE
COOK	KING OF HEARTS
FROG-FOOTMAN	KNAVE OF HEARTS
MARCH HARE	RED QUEEN
MAD HATTER	WHITE QUEEN
DORMOUSE	EXECUTIONER

PLACE: Wonderland.

TIME: Wonderland is timeless.

NOTE: The play may be given on a curtained stage, or against any very simple background. Directions for the making of some of the necessary props are at the end of the play. Costumes should follow the Tenniel illustrations, and as often as possible the stage pictures should include the pictures in the book—e.g., the familiar one showing the HATTER and the MARCH HARE leaning elbows on the DORMOUSE, etc.

ACT ONE

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING about *Alice in Wonderland*...

"This is the best Alice play I've ever seen. We have produced it twice now (10 years apart), the first one was my favorite performance until the second one blew it out of the water! Great for character development and multiple spotlights. Everybody has a chance for a best performance!"

Peg Ginsberg,
Mt. Horeb High School,
Mt. Horeb, Wis.

"I chose *Alice in Wonderland* as the very first play at our school so that any student who wanted to be involved could be. It was easy to expand for extra actors. It is a show that students can add their own touches to."

Christine Hopper,
Frances Harper Junior High,
Davis, Calif.

"Fast moving, crisp dialogue, colorful characters, workable set—and excellent production. We will do it again and again!"

Anne Stumhofer,
Family Theatre,
Columbus, Ga.

SCENE: *A curtained stage, empty, except for a definite shaft of light coming obliquely from above, and striking the floor out of sight, offstage.*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *The WHITE RABBIT hurries on with a high leap, fanning himself rapidly. He stops, takes a watch from his waistcoat pocket, holds it in the shaft of light, and shakes his head.*

RABBIT. Oh, dear, oh, dear! The Duchess! I shall be late! *(A little scream from above startles the RABBIT.)*

ALICE *(offstage, excited, not afraid)*. Oh! O-h-h-h-h! *(The RABBIT simply indicates ALICE's progress by looking up to the top of the beam of light, and then progressing lower as ALICE's lines follow.)*

RABBIT. Oh, my ears and whiskers! Something has fallen into my rabbit hole!

ALICE *(still offstage)*. Oh! O-h-h-h-h!

RABBIT. It sounds like a little girl.

ALICE *(still offstage)*. Down, down, down! I wonder where I'm falling to?

RABBIT. It talks. It is a little girl.

ALICE *(still offstage)*. After such a fall as this I shall think nothing of falling downstairs. I shouldn't say a word even if I fell off the top of a house.

RABBIT *(nodding)*. Which is very likely true.

ALICE (*still offstage*). How dark it looks ahead!

RABBIT (*fanning himself violently*). Oh, my fur and fore-paws! She's coming to the edge! What if she should break to bits when she falls off!

ALICE (*still offstage*). Hi-i-i-i-i! Here I go! (*There is a great thump, and then silence.*)

RABBIT (*listening, "frozen"*). I'm afraid to look. Little girls can't leap like rabbits. (*He starts to see what has happened, terrified of what he will, and fans himself furiously.*) Dear me! Oh, dear me—

(*The RABBIT stops, amazed, as ALICE enters, brushing the dust from her apron daintily, perfectly placid, and full of interest.*)

ALICE (*curtseying*). Is this the end?

RABBIT. The question is: Is there any such thing?

ALICE. Of course there is. Everything comes to an end sometime.

RABBIT. It might be a beginning, you know.

ALICE. Beginning of what?

RABBIT. How can I tell till I know more about you? The fall didn't hurt you at all?

ALICE. That it didn't. And it's very curious, because it lasted a very long time.

RABBIT (*nodding to himself*). That's because you belong here.

ALICE. Where am I?

RABBIT. That all depends on what's going on inside you.

ALICE. I wish you wouldn't talk nonsense.

RABBIT. I wish you'd mind your manners.

ALICE. I didn't mean to be rude.

RABBIT. Then don't be. It doesn't work down here.

ALICE. I only asked: Where am I?

RABBIT. And I told you. You're where you belong. And that depends on what goes on inside of you.

ALICE. I don't know what you mean.

RABBIT. How do you suppose you got down my rabbit hole?

ALICE. I fell. I was sitting by my sister on the river bank and I saw you run by. You were talking to yourself! And then you took a watch out of your pocket and looked at it, and that made me so curious I ran after you. And when you popped down a rabbit hole, I just popped down after you.

RABBIT. And you entirely forgot that little girls can't go down rabbit holes?

ALICE. Why, yes. I just felt inside of me that I *had* to see what you were doing.

RABBIT. Exactly. And so here you are. And you never once stopped to think how in the world you were going to get out again.

ALICE (*alarmed*). Oh, dear—I think I'll just go back, please. Back where I came from.

RABBIT. It's one thing to think so and another to do it.

ALICE. I wish you wouldn't contradict me all the time!

RABBIT. Oh, very well! Go right ahead and fall up again.

ALICE. You don't fall up. You climb. (*The RABBIT fans himself, tapping his foot and smiling at ALICE significantly.*) Where I fell off—it went up like a wall. Suppose I couldn't climb it?

RABBIT. I am supposing it.

ALICE. It's a little frightening. Oh, Rabbit, please, I want to go back!

RABBIT. It's no use whatever to want that.

ALICE. Why not?

RABBIT. Every hour is a one-way road. It will take you wherever you choose, but it will never take you back again.

RABBIT (*scurrying off*). You tell her about her temper.
(*The RABBIT leaves the stage.*)

CATERPILLAR (*calling after him*). I will if she makes
me feel friendly. If she makes me feel contrary, I'll be
contrary. I won't tell her a single thing.

(*ALICE enters.*)

ALICE. I declare, it's too bad for him, that it is—Oh-h-h
...(She stops, looking at the CATERPILLAR, curiously.)

CATERPILLAR. Who are you?

ALICE. I hardly know, sir. At least, I know who I was
when I got up this morning, but I think I must have
turned into somebody else.

CATERPILLAR. What do you mean? Explain yourself.

ALICE. I can't explain myself, sir, because I'm not my-
self, you see.

CATERPILLAR. I don't see.

ALICE. Well, when I got up this morning I was just
Alice. But a little while ago I was the size of a rabbit.
And now I'm the size of a mushroom. Being so many
sizes in a day is confusing.

CATERPILLAR. It isn't.

ALICE. Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet. But
someday you'll turn into a chrysalis, and after that into
a butterfly. You'll feel a little queer then, won't you?

CATERPILLAR. Not a bit.

ALICE. Well, it feels queer to me. As if I were somebody
stupid.

CATERPILLAR. You are.

ALICE. That I'm not! I'm the head of my class. At least, I
was. I'll try if I know the things I used to know. Four
times five is twelve—

CATERPILLAR. Wrong.

ALICE. I'll try geography. London is the capital of Paris
—That's not right, I'm certain.

CATERPILLAR. Try some poetry.

ALICE. I'll recite "How Doth the Little." (*She folds her
hands, clears her throat, and recites, very proud and
proper.*)

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every fragrant scale.

(*She stops, embarrassed, apologetic.*) Some of the words
have got altered.

CATERPILLAR. It's wrong from beginning to end.

ALICE. You see, sir, I have changed a great deal.

CATERPILLAR. You haven't.

ALICE. Oh, it's no use talking to you! I want to find the
garden, where the trial is. The things you say are of no
use to me at all.

CATERPILLAR. They are.

ALICE. You make such very short and rude remarks.

CATERPILLAR. I don't.

ALICE. If you're going to contradict every single thing I
say—

CATERPILLAR. I'm not.

ALICE. Well, you have been doing, you can't deny that!

CATERPILLAR. I can. (*ALICE stamps her foot, tosses
her head, and starts away.*) Come back. I've something
important to say. (*ALICE comes back, after a struggle
with herself.*) Keep your temper.

(The HARE and HATTER bring in the teapot, large enough to hold the actor. It can be made from a small barrel. They have much trouble getting the DORMOUSE out. Their poking doesn't wake him at first; then he lifts a sleepy head out of the depths, stretches, and settles to sleep again. They take him together, but just as they get him drawn up to his full limp height, he slips down. He hangs over the side. The HARE lifts his arms. The HATTER leans into the pot to get his feet when he falls over the HATTER's back, pinning him into the teapot, etc. At last they get him out and lift or drag him into his seat at the table, all the time sound asleep. They pour the tea, the HATTER pouring and the HARE holding the cups. The tea is in a small container in the spout. They sit on either side of the DORMOUSE, resting their elbows on him and stirring their tea. ALICE approaches timidly.)

ALICE. If you please, will you tell me—
HARE and HATTER. No room! No room!
ALICE. There's plenty of room! *(She sits in the armchair.*
The HARE and HATTER stare down at her.)
HARE *(politely)*. Have some candy.
ALICE *(looking up eagerly)*. I don't see any.
HARE. There isn't any.
ALICE. Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it!
HARE. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down here without being invited! *(The HARE and HATTER stare at ALICE.)*
ALICE. I didn't know it was your table. It's laid for a great many more than three. *(The HARE and HATTER stare at ALICE, saying nothing. Then they drink their tea.)* If you please, will you tell me—
HATTER. Shall we tell her?
ALICE. You don't know what I'm going to ask yet.
HARE. It doesn't matter what it is.
HATTER. What matters is how you behave.

HARE *(nudging the HATTER)*. Ask her a riddle.
HATTER *(to ALICE)*. Why is a raven like a writing desk?
ALICE. I think I can guess that one! *(The HARE and the HATTER look at each other, set down their teacups, and then look at each other again.)*
HATTER. Do you mean you think you can find out the answer to it?
ALICE. Exactly so.
HATTER. Then you should say what you mean.
ALICE. I do. At least, I mean what I say. That's the same thing, you know.
HATTER. Not the same thing a bit. You might just as well say, "I see what I eat" is the same as "I eat what I see."
HARE. You might just as well say, "I like what I get" is the same as "I get what I like."
DORMOUSE *(sleepily)*. You might just as well say that, "I breathe when I sleep" is the same as "I sleep when I breathe."
HATTER. Have you guessed the riddle yet?
ALICE. "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" No. I give up. What's the answer?
HATTER. I haven't the slightest idea.
HARE. Nor I.
ALICE. Well! I should think you might find something better to do with your time than asking riddles that haven't any answers!
HARE *(taking out his watch)*. There's nothing to do with our time but have tea. It's always six o'clock, here.
ALICE. Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out?

HARE. Yes, that's it. It's always tea-time, and we've not time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE. Then you keep moving 'round, I suppose?

HATTER. Exactly so. I want a clean cup now. *(He calls.)*
All move, one place!

HARE *(shaking the DORMOUSE)*. Wake up! Wake up!
We want to move.

HATTER. Pour some hot tea on his nose. *(The HARE and HATTER do so, to no avail.)*

HARE. It's no use. He won't wake up till half after six.

HATTER. It's very trying to have a watch always at six o'clock.

HARE. I *told* you to put some butter in it.

ALICE. Oh, please, don't do that!

HATTER. Why not?

ALICE. You'll spoil it!

HARE. It's the best butter.

ALICE. Oh, you mustn't!

HATTER. Did you ever try it?

ALICE. No...

HATTER. Then you shouldn't talk! Hand me the bread knife.

ALICE. Anyway, don't put it in with the bread knife!
You're bound to get crumbs in it as well.

HATTER *(brightening up)*. Maybe that's just what it needs.

ALICE. You'll stop your watch!

HATTER. How can I stop it when it isn't going?

HARE. Answer that!

ALICE. I can't, but—

HATTER. Then hold your tongue. *(He puts the butter in with the bread knife, listens to the watch, shakes his head, and looks at the HARE accusingly.)*

HARE. It was the best butter, you know.

HATTER. Try some hot tea. *(The HATTER runs over)*

ACT TWO

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *Still in the garden. The MOCK TURTLE and the GRYPHON are seated, C, like the picture in the book (or, if desired, to avoid making the rocks, the GRYPHON may be seated on the ground and the TURTLE pacing up and down). The TURTLE is singing and sobbing, with increasing sorrow, the same song as used in Act One. ALICE enters, full of confidence, tossing her hair off her face, eager for the conquest she is sure of. The TURTLE's sobs arrest her attention. She approaches softly.*

ALICE. What is his sorrow?

GRYPHON. He hasn't got any sorrow. It's all his fancy, that.

ALICE. What a curious creature.

TURTLE (*lifting a scornful head*). What curious manners. But I don't suppose you've had many lessons in manners.

ALICE. Manners aren't taught in lessons.

GRYPHON. That's all you know about it!

TURTLE (*very superior*). It's the very first lesson we had in school. The master was an old turtle. We called him "Tortoise."

ALICE. Why did you call him "Tortoise" when he wasn't one?

TURTLE. We called him "Tortoise" because he taught us. Really, you are very dull.

ALICE (*crestfallen*). What else had you to learn beside manners?

TURTLE. The different branches of arithmetic. Ambition, distraction, uglification, and derision.

ALICE. How many hours a day had you to do lessons?

GRYPHON. Ten hours the first day, nine the second, eight the third, and so on.

ALICE. What a curious plan!

GRYPHON (*disdainfully*). That's why they're called lessons. Because they lessen from day to day.

TURTLE. Anyone might know that!

ALICE (*trying not to feel put down*). Well, how did you manage the eleventh day?

TURTLE. We danced the lobster quadrille.

ALICE. I never heard of lobster quadrille.

TURTLE. I don't suppose she could dance it with us.

ALICE (*eagerly*). I think I could, if you'll show me the steps. I took a prize in dancing class a week ago Saturday. Let's begin. (*The TURTLE and the GRYPHON begin dancing around ALICE, solemnly at first, to their own singing [or reciting, whichever preferred]. The tempo increases as they proceed. ALICE tries in vain to catch the step. They crowd her, bump her, step on her toes, and finally whirl her from one to the other until she goes onto her knees with dizziness.*)

(The RABBIT hurries offstage. ALICE sinks to the ground, sobbing in despair. From the opposite sides, TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE run on and meet in an ecstatic hug. A sob from ALICE catches their attention. They look at her, once, and then again, turning

their heads together, without breaking their embrace. They speak softly.)

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise. *(ALICE looks up. TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE watch her, immovable, standing sidewise as she circles them curiously.)*

TWEEDLEDUM *(as ALICE stops, staring at them, greatly intrigued)*. If you think we're waxworks, you ought to pay, you know.

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

ALICE. I'm very sorry if I was rude, I'm sure.

TWEEDLEDUM. I know what you're thinking, but it isn't so. Nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be, but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

ALICE. I was thinking that I know who you are. *(She points to TWEEDLEDUM, then TWEEDLEDEE.)*
Tweedledum! Tweedledee!

TWEEDLEDUM. You've begun wrong. The first thing in a visit is to say, "How d'ye do" and shake hands. *(TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM hug each other and each hold out his free hand to ALICE. She hesitates about which to take first, and finally takes hold of both at once. The next thing she knows they are circling around, singing "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush." She grows more and more pleased as she dances gracefully and correctly. She curtsies to them gaily as the dance ends.)*

ALICE. You see, I can dance, when it's a sensible dance.

TWEEDLEDUM. Did you think you couldn't?

ALICE. Well, things are so queer, lately. Everything I try to do is wrong.

TWEEDLEDUM. What sort of things?

ALICE. Well, poetry.

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE (*entranced*). Do you like poetry?

ALICE. Some poetry. When I know what it means.

TWEEDLEDEE. That *sounds* clever! (*TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE hug each other.*)

TWEEDLEDUM. The trouble is, not everything that *sounds* clever is clever. Nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise.

TWEEDLEDUM. We must find out. *Is* she stupid, or does she only seem stupid?

TWEEDLEDEE. We'll try her on a poem. What shall we recite?

TWEEDLEDUM. "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is the longest.

TWEEDLEDEE. And it has illustrations!

ALICE. Is it sort of an examination?

TWEEDLEDEE. To see whether you are clever or stupid.

ALICE. Oh, dear!

TWEEDLEDUM. Do you like illustrations?

ALICE. Oh, yes! The pictures are the best part of the book!

TWEEDLEDUM. Look behind you. (*ALICE turns to confront a large picture of "The Walrus and the Carpenter," which has come on while they talked. If the group has no one able to copy or draw it freehand, it can be traced from the Tenniel illustration, enlarged on squares, and painted any colors desired. See the Production Notes at the back of the book.*)

ALICE. Oh! What's it about?

TWEEDLEDUM (*springing to one side of it*). "The Walrus—

TWEEDLEDEE (*springing to the other*). —and the Carpenter."

TWEEDLEDUM. They were walking together on the seashore and they got very hungry.

TWEEDLEDEE. And they remembered the oysters who lived in the sea.

TWEEDLEDUM. Now, comes the first part of the examination.

TWEEDLEDEE. We'll recite the poem.

TWEEDLEDUM. If you're clever, you can tell when we come to the picture.

TWEEDLEDEE. If you're stupid, you can't.

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise.

ALICE. Well, begin.

TWEEDLEDUM (*reciting*).

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"

The Walrus did beseech.

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,

Along the briny beach:

We cannot do with more than four,

To give a hand to each."

ALICE. You haven't come to the picture yet.

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise! (*TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM hug delighted.*)

Then four young Oysters hurried up,

All eager for the treat:

Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,

Their shoes were clean and neat—

And this was odd, because, you know,

They hadn't any feet.

ALICE (*pointing excitedly*). The shoes are here! But you haven't come to it yet because there are more than four.

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise! (*TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM hug more delighted.*)

TWEEDLEDUM.

Four other Oysters followed them,

And yet another four;

And thick and fast they came at last,

And more, and more, and more—

All hopping through the frothy waves,

And scrambling to the shore.

ALICE. I think you must be nearly there. I'm going to listen very carefully. (*She turns her back to the picture, watching the two BROTHERS and listening intently.*)

TWEEDLEDEE.

The Walrus and the Carpenter

Walked on a mile or so,

And then they rested on a rock

Conveniently low.

And all the little Oysters stood

And waited in a row.

ALICE. What were they waiting for? (*TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE watch ALICE, cross-eyed, shaking their heads sadly and speaking softly.*)

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise.

ALICE. They must have been waiting for something, you know. (*TWEEDLEDUM fetches a great sigh, and TWEEDLEDEE follows. ALICE looks from one to the*

other anxiously.) Don't you feel well? (*TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE turn and look at the picture, sadly. ALICE follows their glance.*) That's it! That's it! You've come to the picture! (*TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE leap up with joy. ALICE hugs each in turn; then they hug each other. BOTH shake hands. They hold out a hand each to ALICE, and the THREE merge into the dance, "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush," as before.*) I passed the first part! Please go on. I can hardly wait for the second.

TWEEDLEDUM. This is just a little clever, you know.

Now, we must see whether you can repeat one of the stanzas correctly.

TWEEDLEDEE. If you're clever, you can.

TWEEDLEDUM. If you're stupid, you can't.

ALICE. Oh, dear.

TWEEDLEDEE. Try if you can repeat this.

TWEEDLEDUM. It's the most important part of the whole poem.

TWEEDLEDEE.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,

"To talk of many things:

Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax—

Of cabbages and kings.

And why the sea is boiling hot,

And whether pigs have wings."

TWEEDLEDUM. Now. Repeat it.

ALICE (*dubiously*). I'll do my best. (*She clears her throat and folds her hands. The TWEEDLES do so, too. ALICE feels for the words at the beginning, but she ends with a burst. The TWEEDLES' lips move with ALICE's throughout.*)

"The time has come"—the Walrus—said,

"To—talk of many things:

Of—uh—shoes—and—ships—and—sealing-wax—

Of cabbages—and kings!

And—why the sea is boiling hot,

And whether pigs have wings."

That's right! I did it! (*TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM hug and hold out their free hands.*)

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE. Shake! (*They ALL go into the mulberry dance.*)

ALICE. I don't think I was ever so happy in my life! I think I'm going to pass!

TWEEDLEDUM. That's only middling clever, you know.

Now, we must see if you can make up your mind.

TWEEDLEDEE. *That* will be very clever, indeed!

ALICE. What must I make up my mind about?

TWEEDLEDUM. Which you like better. The Walrus—

TWEEDLEDEE. —or the Carpenter.

ALICE. Come! That ought to be easy!

TWEEDLEDUM. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE. Contrariwise!

ALICE. Well, tell me what each one did. Then I'll know.

TWEEDLEDUM. You must guess what they did from what they said.

ALICE. Go on!

TWEEDLEDEE.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,

"Is what we chiefly need:

Pepper and vinegar besides

Are very good indeed—

Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,

We can begin to feed."

ALICE. Wait a minute! It sounds to me—they couldn't be so mean! What are they going to eat?

TWEEDLEDUM. What *do* you eat with vinegar and pepper?

ALICE. Oysters! I hate that Walrus! What did the Carpenter say?

TWEEDLEDEE. You'll hear in a minute. He isn't through with the Walrus, yet.

TWEEDLEDUM.

"It was so kind of you to come,

And you are very nice."

The Carpenter said nothing but

"Cut us another slice!

I wish you were not quite so deaf!

I've had to ask you twice!"

ALICE. Then he ate them, too! I hate them both!

TWEEDLEDUM. But you must choose, you know. Listen to the rest.

TWEEDLEDEE.

"I weep for you," the Walrus said.

"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

TWEEDLEDUM.

"Oh, Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You've had a pleasant run.

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none.

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one.

TWEEDLEDEE. Now make up your mind.

TWEEDLEDUM. Which do you like better?

ACT THREE

SCENE: There are two chairs for the KING and QUEEN, and on either side of them are boxes which serve as seats for the jury. The jury is composed of the DORMOUSE, the CATERPILLAR, the HARE, the GRYPHON, the TURTLE, and the FROG. Others may be added, if desired. At the end of one row of boxes is the teapot. At the other end is the mushroom. On each lies a slate and pencil. A platform on which the chairs stand, with steps leading up to them, will be attractive, but is not necessary. In fact, even the jury boxes can be omitted. The jury can sit cross-legged on the floor, bringing in their slates. If jury boxes are not used, all references to them in the lines should be eliminated.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The RABBIT stands near the thrones, in his herald's dress and holding his trumpet, as in the Tenniel illustrations. ALICE and the RED QUEEN are still running, hand in hand. The RABBIT blows his trumpet.

RED QUEEN (stopping). We did it! We did it!

ALICE (gasping for breath). Did what?

RED QUEEN. Stayed where we were, till time for the trial. That's speed!

ALICE. It looks like the very same garden we were in when we started to run!

RABBIT. You'd have to run at least twice as fast as you can to get anywhere else. It takes everything you've got to keep the clock from turning back.

ALICE. How strange.

RABBIT. It happens every day, only you don't notice it.

RED QUEEN. They're going to be late. Come and help them along.

ALICE. If you please, I'd like to rest a little. *(The RED QUEEN rushes offstage.)* I think the trial has really come here. Those look like seats for the judges. And those must be for the jury. I suppose that's why they talk about the jury box in the paper. Only, there seem to be a great many of them here. But everything else seems to be just as it was. I declare, I think it's too bad to have to run like that just to stay where you are.

RABBIT. It's worse to go backward, you know.

ALICE. Do you think the Knave really stole the tarts?

RABBIT. What's your opinion?

ALICE. Well, I haven't any yet, because I'm not sure it was the Queen's tarts I saw someone else eat. It would be easier to have an opinion if I knew what I was talking about.

RABBIT. You're wrong about that. The less you know the faster you get opinions.

ALICE. Anyway, the Queen hasn't any right to say, "Off with his head," like that, without a real trial. Suppose the Knave didn't do it?

RABBIT. That would be all the better, wouldn't it?

ALICE. Of course it would be all the better that he didn't do it. But it wouldn't be all the better, his being punished.

RABBIT. You're wrong about that. Were you ever punished?

ALICE. Only when I'd done what I shouldn't.

RABBIT. And you were all the better for it, I know.

ALICE. Yes, but then I *had* done the thing I was punished for.

RABBIT. But if you hadn't done it, it would have been better still, wouldn't it?

ALICE *(puzzled)*. I suppose so. Just the same, if they punish the poor Knave without making sure that it wasn't the Cook, I can't stand it.

RABBIT. When a thing happens, you stand it whether you can or not.

ALICE. Then I won't let it happen, that I won't!

RABBIT. Oh, my whiskers! Here they come!

(The RABBIT leaps to the thrones and blows his trumpet. The ANIMALS enter first, running furiously, and go to the jury boxes, the DORMOUSE making a dive into the teapot, the CATERPILLAR mounting the mushroom. Each picks up a slate and pencil and begins writing diligently, the pencils squeaking loudly. The EXECUTIONER, TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE, the HATTER, the DUCHESS, the COOK, and the WHITE QUEEN now enter and take places on the sides. Then the KING and RED QUEEN tear in and flop into their seats, assuming sudden dignity. The KNAVE leaps and kneels at their feet. The RABBIT is on one side of the thrones and ALICE on the other.)

RED QUEEN. You are all late. Off with your heads!

ALICE *(gently)*. You were late yourself, Your Majesty.

RED QUEEN. We don't mention that.

ALICE *(leaning over the JURORS)*. What are you writing?

HARE. We're writing down our names, for fear we should forget them before the trial is over.

RABBIT. Order in the court!

KING. Herald, read the accusation.

RABBIT (*reading from a scroll*).

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,

All on a summer day:

The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,

And took them quite away."

KING. Consider your verdict.

ALICE. Not yet! There is a great deal to come before that!

ALL (*threateningly*). What?

ALICE (*unabashed*). Well, witnesses. (*They ALL subside, looking at each other sheepishly.*)

KING (*meekly*). Call the first witness.

RABBIT. The Cook! (*The COOK comes forward.*)

KING. Were you in the kitchen when the Queen made the tarts?

COOK. I was.

KING. You saw her make the tarts?

COOK. I oversaw her, Your Majesty.

KING. Was there anyone else in the kitchen?

COOK. Yes.

KING. Woman or man?

COOK. Man. (*The JURORS write it down with much excitement.*)

KING. Describe his costume.

COOK. Can't. Didn't see him.

RABBIT. That's because she didn't look where he was, Your Majesty.

KING. Where was he?

COOK. He was hiding, under tables or behind doors, or in ovens or flour barrels, or things.

KING. Then how did you know he was there?

COOK. Heard him.

KING. What did you hear?

COOK. He sneezed.

KING (*excitedly*). Try the prisoner with the pepper! (*The COOK does, with many flourishes of the pepper-pot. The KNAVE sneezes loud and long. The OTHER MEN suppress their sneezes, in great anxiety for themselves. KING, with great satisfaction.*) The prisoner was in the kitchen.

Write it down.

ALICE. That's not proven, Your Majesty! You should try the other men, too.

ALL. Quiet!

ALICE. It's not fair! (*The RABBIT blows his trumpet.*)

RABBIT. Order in the court!

KING. The Cook may stand down.

COOK. Shan't.

RED QUEEN. Off with her head!

COOK. I can't go any lower. I'm on the floor as it is.

KING (*graciously*). Then you may stand aside. Call the prisoner.

RABBIT (*after blowing his trumpet*). The Knave of Hearts. (*The KNAVE comes forward, trembling, his face quivering with fear.*)

Smile in the presence of the King--

I said smile, not smirkle.

Mouth a semicircle!

KING. That's the proper style. (*The KNAVE smiles.*) Jurors! Listen closely. I'm about to make a searching test. Prisoner, do you know how tarts are made?

KNAVE (*brightening*). I can answer that! You take some flour—

COOK. Where do you pick the flour? In the garden or the window boxes?

KNAVE. It isn't picked. It's ground.

WHITE QUEEN. How many acres of ground? You mustn't leave out so many things.

ALICE. Flour for tarts isn't measured in acres. It's measured in cups—or quarts or barrels. The Cook is spelling it wrong.

KING. It's of no consequence. It's plain he knows how to make tarts. That proves he was hiding under tables or in barrels, watching the Queen at her cooking. Write it down.

ALICE. It proves nothing of the sort! (*The whole COURT turns on ALICE.*) Well, anyway, I don't think it does.

CATERPILLAR. You. Who are you? (*The DORMOUSE cheers.*)

RABBIT. Suppress the applause! (*The EXECUTIONER puts the cover on the teapot. The DORMOUSE shortly lifts it off again. The HATTER springs forward wildly.*)

HATTER. Hold that evidence! (*There is excitement in the court.*)

KING. Have you fresh evidence? (*The HATTER stares at something unseen in intense excitement, and then passes through surprise into deep dejection.*)

HATTER. No—I—

I thought I saw an elephant

Playing on a fife.

I looked again and saw it was

A letter from my wife.

At length I realize, O King,

The bitterness of life.

KING. That's the most important bit of evidence we've had yet. It practically proves the prisoner guilty. Let the jury consider it carefully.

ALICE. If any of them can explain it, I'll give him a sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.

KING. If there's no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any.

ALICE. But then you can't call it evidence against the poor Knave.

FROG. It's very provoking to be told we can't call a thing evidence we wish to call evidence! I call anything evidence I wish to do! (*He wags a finger at ALICE and speaks with sepulchral mystery.*) Impenetrability. That's what I say.

ALL (*imitating the FROG's action and tone*). Impenetrability.

ALICE. Will you please tell me what "im-pen-trability" means?

FROG. By impenetrability I meant, just now, "We've had enough of that subject and it would be just as well if you would hold your tongue as I don't suppose you mean to stop here all the rest of your life interfering with this trial!" So! (*The FROG is on his feet, shaking his fist at ALICE at the end of his speech, and the OTHERS imitate him.*)

ALL. So!

ALICE (*calmly*). I shall interfere with this trial just as long as it isn't fair. So. (*ALICE smiles. The OTHERS subside, exchanging shame-faced glances and hanging their heads. The RABBIT blows his trumpet softly. TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE hug each other.*)

RABBIT. Your Majesty must cross-examine the prisoner.