A.L.I.C.E.

An adaptation of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass
by Lewis Carroll.
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CHARACTERS

Alice
Mom
Voice
White Rabbit
Caterpillar
Cheshire Cat
Duchess
Cook
Tweedledee
Tweedledum
Humpty Dumpty
March Hare
Mad Hatter
Dormouse
Queen of Hearts
King of Hearts
Knave of Hearts
Mock Turtle
Gryphon
Executioner
Cards (Two, Five, Seven)

SUMMARY

Scene 1: Down the Rabbit Hole and The Pool of Tears
Alice, Mom, Voice, White Rabbit

Scene 2: Advice from a Caterpillar
Alice, Caterpillar, Voice

Scene 3: Pig and Pepper (The Cheshire Cat)
Alice, Cheshire Cat, Duchess, Cook, Voice

Scene 4: Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Alice, Tweedledum. Tweedledee, Voice

Scene 5: A Mad Tea Party
Alice, Mad Hatter, March Hare, Dormouse, Voice

Scene 6: Humpty Dumpty
Alice, Humpty Dumpty, Voice

Scene 7: The Queen's Croquet Ground
Alice, Queen, White Rabbit, Cheshire Cat, King, Duchess, Knave, Executioner, Cards, Voice

Scene 8: The Mock Turtle’s Story and Lobster Quadrille
Alice, Gryphon, Mock Turtle, Voice

Scene 9: Who Stole the Tarts? and Alice's Evidence
Alice, Queen, King, Knave, Executioner, White Rabbit, March Hare, Dormouse, Mad Hatter, Gryphon, Cook, Cards, Humpty, Tweedledum, Tweedledee, Voice, Mom
ACT I

Scene 1: Down the Rabbit Hole and The Pool of Tears

We find Alice at play in her bedroom in the Victorian-era home of her well-to-do family. Alice plays for a while with paper dolls in a toy theatre.

[Mom enters.]

MOM

Alice my dear, it’s time for bed.

ALICE

Momma, do you think paper dolls get tired of playing in a paper theatre?

MOM

I’m sure they make do. Now, off to bed!

ALICE

May I read?

MOM

[Considers.] One chapter. Then you need to get dressed for bed and get some sleep—so you’re not dozing off during morning lessons.

ALICE

Okay mummy. Thank you. Goodnight!

[Mom exits. Alice slowly puts away the toys then makes her way to her bed. She picks up a book and starts reading. As she reads, the scenery begins to change. We’re transported to a nature scene on the bank of a river on the English countryside. We see a pantomime of a children’s story about forest animals, the story that Alice is reading.]

VOICE

Alice was beginning to get very tired.

[Suddenly, a White Rabbit runs close by.]

RABBIT

Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!

[The rabbit takes a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, looks at it, then hurries on.]

ALICE

I have never before seen a rabbit with either a waist-coat-pocket or a watch to take out of it.
[Alice gets up to look at the rabbit.]
How curious!

VOICE
Alice ran after the white rabbit, just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole. In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again. Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

[As she enters the hole, the scene becomes incredibly dark. Alice notices that the sides of the hole she is falling through are filled with cupboards and bookshelves. She tries to grab a jar of Orange Marmalade but it drifts away.]

ALICE
Well! After such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house! I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time? I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think. I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! The antipathies, I think—No, that doesn't sound at all the right word—But I shall have to ask them what the name of this country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia?

[As Alice falls in darkness, she begins to feel sleepy, and hazy images begin to appear as if she is entering a dream. One of the images she sees is her cat, Dinah.]

Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?

[Getting sleepy, dreamily.]
Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats? Do bats eat cats?

VOICE
You see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. When suddenly, thump! Down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over. Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet, and before her was a long passage. The White Rabbit was still in sight, and Alice was just in time to hear it say—

RABBIT
Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!

VOICE
She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen.
Alice finds herself in a long, low hall. There are doors all round the hall, but she tries them and finds that they are all locked. Alice comes upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there is nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and she picks it up.

ALICE

Perhaps this belongs to one of the doors. Alas! Either the locks are too large, or the key is too small. At any rate it will not open any of them.

Alice comes upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it is a little door about fifteen inches high: she tries the little golden key in the lock.

It fits!

Alice opens the door and finds that it leads into a small passage, not much larger than a rat hole: she kneels down and looks along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw.

Oh, how I long to get out of this dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but I can not even get my head though the doorway. And even if my head would get through, it would be of very little use without my shoulders. If only I knew how to begin.

VOICE

For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

Alice goes back to the table and finds a little bottle on it.

ALICE

This certainly was not here before.

Alice picks up a small bottle with a paper label with the words “DRINK ME,” beautifully printed on it in large letters.

Drink me? No, I’ll look at it first and see if it’s marked “poison” or not.

She looks at the bottle.

Not poison.

She tastes it.

This is very nice. Tastes like—a mixed flavor—cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot-buttered toast!

As Alice drinks, she begins to shrink.

What a curious feeling! I must be shutting up like a telescope! Now I’m the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. I wonder if I am going to shrink any further. [Nervously.] For it might end, you know, in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?

VOICE

After a while, she decided on going into the garden at once, but, alas for poor Alice! When she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and found she could not possibly reach it.
[Alice tries her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it is too slippery, and when she has tired herself out, she sits down and cries.]

ALICE
Come, there's no use crying like that! I advise you to leave off this minute!

VOICE
She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it). Once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people.

ALICE
But it's no use now, to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make one respectable person!

[Her eye falls on a little glass box that is lying under the table. Alice opens the box and finds a very small cake, on which the words “EAT ME” are beautifully marked in currants.]

Eat me? Well, I'll eat it, and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door: so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care what happens.

[She begins to eat the cake. Very soon Alice has finished off the cake, and begins to grow larger.]

Curiouser and curiouser! I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!

VOICE
Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall: in fact she was now rather more than nine feet high.

[Alice at once takes up the little golden key and hurries off to the garden door, but finds herself to large to get in. She sits down and begins to cry.]

ALICE
You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great girl like you, to go on crying this way!

VOICE
But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

ALICE
Stop this moment, I tell you!

VOICE
After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other.

[The rabbit comes trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself]

RABBIT
Oh! The Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! Won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!

ALICE
If you please, Sir—

[The Rabbit starts violently, drops the white kid gloves and the fan, and scurries away into the darkness as hard as he could go. Alice takes up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall is very hot, she keeps fanning herself as she talks.]

Dear, dear! How queer everything is today. And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I am not the same, the next question is “Who in the world am I?” A, that's the great puzzle!

VOICE
And she began thinking over all the children she knew, that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

ALICE
I'm sure I'm not Ada, for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh, she knows such a very little! Besides, she's she and I'm I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! Let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, that's all wrong. I'm certain! I must have changed for Mabel! I'll try and say "How doth the little"—

[Allice crosses her hands on her lap, as if she is saying lessons, but her voice sounds hoarse and strange.]

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!
I'm sure these are not the right words.

[Begin to cry again.]
I must be Mabel after all!
[Alice looks down at her hands, and is surprised to see that she has put on one of the Rabbit’s little white kid gloves while she was talking.]
How can I have done that? I must be growing small again.

VOICE
Alice got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: she soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

ALICE
And now for the garden!

[Alice uses the key, opens the door, and goes through it.]
Scene 2: Advice from a Caterpillar

Alice enters the beautiful garden, and finds herself among enormous, brightly colored flowers and towering blades of deep-green grass.

VOICE
As Alice entered the garden, she began to feel sleepy again, so she leant against a buttercup to rest, and fanned herself with one of the leaves.

ALICE
I’d nearly forgotten that I’ve got to grow up again! Let me see—how is it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, what?

VOICE
Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself, and when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it. She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.

CATERPILLAR
[Encouragingly.] Who are you?

ALICE
[Shyly.] I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR
[Sternly.] What do you mean when you say that? Explain yourself.

ALICE
I can’t even explain myself, I’m afraid, sir, because I’m not myself you see.

CATERPILLAR
I don’t see.

ALICE
I’m afraid I can’t understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.

CATERPILLER
It isn’t.

ALICE
Well, perhaps you haven’t found it so yet, but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will someday, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you’ll feel it a little queer, won’t you?

CATERPILLAR
Not a bit.

ALICE
Well, perhaps your feelings may be different, all I know is, it would feel very queer to me.

CATERPILLAR
[Contemptuously.] You! Who are you?

ALICE
[Irritated.] I think, you ought to tell me who you are, first.

CATERPILLAR
Why?
 [Alice turns away.]
[Calling after her.] Come back! I’ve something important to say!
 [Alice turns around and returns to the Caterpillar.]
Keep your temper.

ALICE
[Swallowing her anger.] Is that all?

CATERPILLAR
No.
 [Alice waits in silence as the Caterpillar folds his arms and puffs away at his hookah.]
[Unfolding his arms and taking the hookah out of his mouth.] So you think you’ve changed, do you?

ALICE
I’m afraid I am, sir. I can’t remember things as I used to—and I don’t keep the same size for ten minutes together.

CATERPILLAR
Can’t remember what things?

ALICE
[With melancholy in her voice.] Well, I've tried to say “How Doth the Busy Bee,” but it all came different!

CATERPILLAR
Repeat “You Are Old, Father William.”

ALICE
“You are old, father William,” the young man said
“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none
Why I do it again and again.”

CATERPILLAR
That is not said right.

ALICE
[Timidly.] Not quite right, I'm afraid some of the words and length have got altered.

CATERPILLAR
[Decidedly.] It was wrong from beginning to end.
[There is an uncomfortable silence.]
What size do you want to be?

ALICE
[Hastily.] Oh, I'm not particular as to size, only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.

CATERPILLAR
I don't know.
[Alice is losing her temper.]
Are you content now?

ALICE
Well, I should like to be a little larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind. Three inches is such a wretched height to be.

CATERPILLAR
[Angrily and rearing up itself upright.] It is a very good height indeed!

[Alice realizes that the Caterpillar is actually three inches tall.]
ALICE

[Pleading.] But I'm not used to it!

CATERPILLAR

You'll get used to it in time.

[Caterpillar puts his hookah back in his mouth and starts puffing away again. After a couple puffs it yawns and attempts to shake off the sleep. The Caterpillar proceeds to hop off its mushroom and crawl away into the grass as he exits.]

One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE

[Alice looks confused and is pondering the statement.] One side of what?

CATERPILLAR

[Trailing off before crawling out of sight.] Of the mushroom.

[Alice is now fixated on the mushroom. After contemplating its roundness and pondering which side is which, Alice stretches her arms around it as far as they would go, and breaks off a bit of the edge with each hand.]

ALICE

[To audience.] And now which side is which?

[Alice eats the piece that makes her larger.]
Scene 3: *Pig and Pepper* (The Cheshire Cat)

*A small house sits in an open area within a dark, cool forest. The house resembles the homes Alice once saw in her native land where nobility and those who were of high acclaimed lived.*

**VOICE**

Alice very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the garden, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go in. As she entered the wood it was very cool and shady. Before too long she came to a clearing, in the middle of the clearing was a tiny house.

**ALICE**

How am I to get in?

**CAT**

*Offstage unseen.* Are you to get in at all? That’s the first question, you know.

**ALICE**

Who said that? *Muttering.* It’s really dreadful the way all the creatures argue, talk, and hide. It’s enough to drive one crazy! *Flustered.* But what am I to do? *Pause.* Oh there is no use in talking to myself.

*Alice opens the door to the house and enters.*

**COOK**

More pepper!

**ALICE**

*Alice sneezes.* There’s certainly too much pepper in that soup! *She sneezes again. She notices a grinning cat sitting next to the Duchess. Timidly, to the Duchess.*

Please would you tell me, why your cat grins like that?

**DUCHESS**

It’s a Cheshire Cat and that’s why.

**ALICE**

I didn’t know Cheshire Cats always grinned; in fact, I didn’t know that cats *could* grin.

**DUCHESS**

They all can and most of ‘em do.

**ALICE**
I don’t know of any that do.

DUCHESS

You don’t know much. That’s a fact!

[The Cook throws a saucepan in the direction of Alice. It barely misses her.]

ALICE

Oh, please mind what you’re doing!

DUCHESS

[In a hoarse growl.] If everybody minded their own business the world would go round a deal faster than it does.

ALICE

Which would not be an advantage. [Proudly.] Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis—

DUCHESS

[To the Cook.] Talking of axes, chop off her head!

[The Cook continues to stir the soup, while she ignores the Duchess.]

ALICE

Twenty-four hours, I think; or is it twelve? I—

DUCHESS

Oh, don’t bother me! I never could abide figures! By chance do you remember how the “Jabberwocky” begins?

ALICE

The what?

DUCHESS

The “Jabberwocky?”

ALICE

That can’t be a real word can it?

CAT

“Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

ALICE

Who said tha—
DUCHESS

Yes!
All mimsy were the borogoves,
   And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
   The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
   The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
   Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
   And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
   The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
   And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
   The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
   He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
   Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
   He chortled in his joy.

“Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
   Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
   And the mome raths outgrabe.

COOK
Wow! Wow! Wow!

ALICE
[Politely.] Interesting—

DUCHESS
Oh, hush! Now that I can recite it, I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen! She will be ever so pleased that I know it now!
ALICE
What a peculiar and rude woman. I guess I should continue on. 

Oh!

ALICE
That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

ALICE
I don’t much care where—

CAT
Then it doesn’t matter which way you go.

ALICE
—so long as I get somewhere.

CAT
Oh, you’re sure to do that, if you only walk long enough.

ALICE
What sort of people live about here?

CAT
In that direction,

lives the Hatter: and in that direction,

lives the March Hare. Visit either you like: they’re both mad.

ALICE
But I don’t want to go among mad people.

CAT
Oh, you can’t help that, we’re all mad here. I’m mad. You’re mad.
How do you know I’m mad?

You must be, or you wouldn’t have come here.

And how do you know that you’re mad?

To begin with, a dog’s not mad. You grant that?

I suppose so.

Well, then, you see a dog growls when it’s angry, and wags its tail when it’s pleased. Now I growl when I’m pleased, and wag my tail when I’m angry. Therefore I’m mad.

I call it purring, not growling.

Call it what you like. Do you play croquet with the Queen today?

I should like it very much, but I haven’t been invited yet.

Be careful. She’s in a fowl mood. Somebody stole her tarts.

[Vanishes from the tree. Cheshire Cat exits. Then suddenly appears again. Cheshire Cat enters.]

By-the-bye, what are your thoughts on the Duchess? I’d nearly forgotten to ask.

[Quietly.] She is quite rude.

So are you—

[Vanishes, again. Cheshire Cat exits.]

[Waits to see if Cheshire Cat will return. It doesn’t.] Off to the March Hare! I’ve seen hatters before, the March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps, as this is May, it won’t be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March.
[As she is walking, the Cheshire Cat reappears.]

CAT
Did you say “rude,” or “food”?

ALICE
I said “rude,” and I wish you wouldn’t keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly: you make one quite giddy!

CAT
All right.

[Cheshire Cat exits by slowly vanishing, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin.]

ALICE
Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!

[She nibbles on some of the leftover mushroom to grow some more.]
Scene 4: Tweedledum and Tweedledee

A road leads through the woods, occasionally lined with a confusing array of bewildering fingerposts, lettered with perplexing directions to various places in Wonderland.

VOICE
Alice went on and on, a long way. As she walked, she wondered if she would ever find her way to the March Hare’s house. There was only one road through the wood, and fingerposts pointed the way along it.

ALICE
Which of these fingerposts ought I to follow, I wonder? I'll settle it, when the road divides and they point different ways.

VOICE
As she walked along the road, wherever the road divided there were two fingerposts pointing the same way, one marked “To Tweedledum’s house” and the other “To the house of Tweedledee.”

ALICE
[Excitedly.] I do believe, that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—but I can’t stay there long. I’ll just visit and say “How d’ye do?” and ask them the way out of these woods. I just need to get to the March Hare’s house before it gets dark.

Alice continues to follow the signs until she stumbles upon two large men standing side by side with their arms around each other’s neck. The large men are standing like statues in the middle of the forest. Almost lifeless, but so lifelike.

Hmm, so you must be Dum and you are Dee. Interesting to have this embroidered on your collar. I suppose they’ve each got “Tweedle” round at the back of the collar.

[Walks around behind the two.]

DUM
[Startling Alice.] If you think we’re wax works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax works weren’t made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

DEE
Contrariwise, if you think we’re alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE
[Shocked.] I’m sure I’m very sorry—

[As if in a trance, Alice begins to sing an old song.]

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
    Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
    As black as a tar barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
    They quite forgot their quarrel.

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

DEE
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
[Politely.] I was thinking, which is the best way out of this wood? It's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?

[The two men grin.]

ALICE
[Pointing.] First Boy!

[Briskly.] Nohow!

Next boy!

Contrariwise!

DUM
You've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say “How d'ye do?” and shake hands!

[The two brothers hug each other and then stick their two free hands out to shake hands with Alice. Alice to avoid offending either, shakes both hands at the same time, which the next moment they began to dance in a circle. Music plays from the tree the two brothers were under. The three sing “Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush” as they dance.]

DEE
[Out of breath.] Four times round is enough for one dance.
[They quickly stop dancing, they stop singing, and the music stops playing from the tree.]

ALICE
It wouldn’t do much to say “How d’ye do” now. We seem to have gone beyond that with this dancing, so I hope you’re not much tired?

DUM
Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

DEE
So much obliged—
You like poetry?

ALICE
Ye-es, pretty well—some poetry. [Doubtfully.] Would you tell me which road leads out of the wood?

DEE
What shall I repeat to her?

DUM
“The Walrus and the Carpenter” is the longest.

[Hugs Dee.]

DEE
The Walrus and the Carpenter—

ALICE
If it’s very long, would you please tell me first which road—

[Smiles gently and begins again.]
The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking on the beach.
  “O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
  The Walrus did beseech.
And this was odd, because, you know,
  Oysters don’t have any feet.

DUM
And yet four Oysters followed them,
  And then 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.

“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.”

“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.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue  
“After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!”

“The night is fine,” the Walrus said,  
“Do you admire the view?”

“It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!”  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
“Cut us another slice.”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said:  
“I deeply sympathize.”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,  
“To play them such a trick.  
After we’ve brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!”

“The butter’s spread too thick!”

“O 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.

ALICE
[Lightly claps for the performance.] I like the Walrus the best because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters.

DEE
He ate more than the Carpenter, though. You see, he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn’t count how many he took: contrariwise.

ALICE
That was mean! Then I like the Carpenter best—if he didn’t eat so many as the Walrus.

DUM
But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE
Well! They were both very unpleasant characters—[Cheerfully.] At any rate, I’d better be getting out of the wood, for really it’s coming on very dark. Do you think it’s going to rain?

DUM
[Pulls out an umbrella and spreads it across him and his brother.] No, I don’t think it is. At least—not under here. Nohow. But it may rain outside?

DEE
It may—if it chooses. We’ve no objection. Contrariwise.

ALICE
Selfish things! Good—

[Dum springs from under the umbrella and grabs Alice’s wrist.]

DUM
Do you see that? [Points at a small white object.]

ALICE
It’s only a rattle. Not a rattle-snake, you know. Only an old rattle—Quite old and broken.

DUM
[Stomping the ground.] I know it was! It’s spoilt, of course!
[Dee hides behind the umbrella.]

ALICE
You needn’t be so angry about an old rattle.

DUM
But it isn’t old! It’s new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—My nice NEW RATTLE!

[Dee trying to hide himself got all tangled in the umbrella, which distracts Alice from Dum’s tantrum.]

ALICE
[Laughing.] You look more like a fish than anything else now.

DUM
[Calmer.] Of course, you agree to have a battle?

DEE
[Crawling out from the umbrella.] I suppose so. Only she must help us to dress up, you know.

[The two brothers leave further into the woods to grab their things. They return with bolsters, blankets, hearthrugs, tablecloths, dish covers, and coal scuttles.]

DUM
I hope you’re a good hand at pinning and tying strings? Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other.

[Alice aids the brothers in getting all the items on. She struggles with all the various quantities of items and their constant fussing around making sure everything was tied perfectly.]

ALICE
Really you both be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time you’re ready.

DEE
Help me put this around my neck!

[Hands Alice a bolster.]
It will keep my head from getting cut off. You know, it’s one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—To get one’s head cut off.

[Alice laughs loudly and then plays it off as a cough.]

DUM
Do I look very pale? [*Handing a saucepan to Alice to place him as a helmet.*]

ALICE

Well—Yes—*A little.*

DUM

I’m very brave, generally. [*In a lower voice.*] Only today I have a headache.

DEE

And I’ve got a toothache! I’m far worse than you!

ALICE

Then you’d better not fight today.

DUM

We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don’t care about going on long. What’s the time now?

DEE

[*Looking at his watch.*] Half-past four.

DUM

Let’s fight till six, and then have dinner.

DEE

[*Sadly.*] Very well, and *she* can watch us—Only you’d better not come *very* close. I generally hit everything I can see—When I get really excited.

DUM

And I hit *everything* within reach, whether I can see it or not!

ALICE

[*Laughing.*] You must hit the *trees* pretty often, I should think.

DUM

[*Smiling.*] I don’t suppose there’ll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round, by the time we’ve finished!

ALICE

And all for a rattle!

DUM

I shouldn’t have minded it so much, if it hadn’t been a new one.

ALICE

[*Under her breath.*] I wish the monstrous crow would come.
DUM

There’s only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella—It’s quite sharp. Only we must begin quick.

[The sky suddenly begins to get dark.]
It’s getting as dark as it can.

DEE

And darker!

ALICE

What a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it’s got wings!

DUM

[Shrilling.] It’s the crow!

[The two brothers take to their heels and were out of sight in a moments flash. Dum and Dee exit. As the crow gets closer its wings begin to create a strong wind blowing against Alice.]

ALICE

I wish it wouldn’t flap its wings so—it makes quite a hurricane in the wood.

[As she says this, she notices one of the trees has a door leading right into it.] That’s very curious! But everything’s curious today. I think I may as well go in at once. It can never get me here.
Scene 5: A Mad Tea Party

Alice finds herself in a clearing on the other side of the door in the tree. There is a table set out under a tree in front of the house, where The March Hare and the Mad Hatter are having tea. The table is a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. A Dormouse sits between them, fast asleep, and the other two use it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. Alice approaches.

VOICE
Alice had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare. She thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high: even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself—

ALICE
[To audience.] I suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I’d gone to see the Hatter instead! Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse, only, as it’s asleep, I suppose it doesn’t mind.

[Alice walks up to the table.]

HATTER & HARE
No room! No room!

ALICE
There’s plenty of room!

[Alice sits at the end of the table.]

HARE
Have some wine.

ALICE
I don’t see any wine.

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 without being invited.
ALICE
I didn’t know it was your table, it’s laid for a great many more than three.

HATTER
Have you seen the Queen?

ALICE
I don’t know the Queen.

HATTER
You should let her know if you see her tarts.

HARE
Someone stole them.

HATTER
[Thoughtfully.] Why is a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE
[To audience.] Come, we shall have some fun now! I’m glad they’ve begun asking riddles. [To them.] I believe I can guess that.

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

ALICE
Exactly so.

HARE
Then you should say what you mean.

ALICE
I do, at least—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 that “I see what I eat” is the same thing as “I eat what I see”!

HARE
You might just as well say that “I like what I get” is the same thing as “I get what I like”!

DORMOUSE
[As if talking in its sleep.] You might just as well say that “I breathe when I sleep” is the same thing as “I sleep when I breathe!”
HATTER
It is the same thing with you
[Long silence.]
[Examines pocket watch.] What day of the month is it?

ALICE
The fourth.

HATTER
Two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn’t suit the works!

HARE
It was the best butter.

HATTER
Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well. You shouldn’t have put it in with the bread knife.

HARE
[Takes the watch and looks at it gloomily, then dips it into his cup of tea, and looks at it again.] It was the best butter, you know.

ALICE
[Looking over Hatter’s shoulder.] What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn’t tell what o’clock it is!

HATTER
Why should it? Does your watch tell you what year it is?

ALICE
Of course not, but that’s because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HATTER
Which is just the case with mine.

ALICE
I don’t quite understand you.

HATTER
The Dormouse is asleep again.

[The Hatter pours tea on the Dormouse’s nose.]

DORMOUSE
[Doesn’t even open its eyes.] Of course, of course, just what I was going to remark myself.
HATTER
Have you guessed the riddle yet?

ALICE
No, I give it up, what’s the answer?

HATTER
I haven’t the slightest idea.

HARE
Nor I.

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

HATTER
If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn’t talk about wasting it. It’s him.

ALICE
I don’t know what you mean.

HATTER
Of course you don’t! I dare say you never even spoke to Time!

ALICE
Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HATTER
Ah! that accounts for it. He won’t stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he’d do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o’clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You’d only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!

HARE
[Whispers.] I only wish it was.

ALICE
That would be grand, certainly, but then—I shouldn’t be hungry for it, you know.

HATTER
Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.
Is that the way you manage?

HATTER
Not I! We quarreled last March—just before he went mad, you know—

[Points at Hare with spoon.]
—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing—
*Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!*
*How I wonder what you’re at!*
You know the song, perhaps?

ALICE
I’ve heard something like it.

HATTER
It goes on, you know, in this way—
*Up above the world you fly,*
*Like a tea tray in the sky.*
*Twinkle, twinkle—*

DORMOUSE
[Sings in sleep.] Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—

[Hatter and Hare pinch Dormouse, and it stops.]

HATTER
Well, I’d hardly finished the first verse, when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, “He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!”

ALICE
How dreadfully savage!

HATTER
And ever since that, he won’t do a thing I ask! It’s always six o’clock now.

ALICE
Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?

HATTER
Yes, that’s it, it’s always tea time, and we’ve no time to wash the things between whiles.

ALICE
Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

HATTER
Exactly so, as the things get used up.
ALICE
But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

HARE
Suppose we change the subject. I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

ALICE
I’m afraid I don’t know one.

HATTER & HARE
Then the Dormouse shall! Wake up, Dormouse!

[Dormouse pinches Dormouse.]

DORMOUSE
I wasn’t asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

HARE
Tell us a story!

ALICE
Yes, please do!

HATTER
And be quick about it, or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.

DORMOUSE
Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—

ALICE
What did they live on?

DORMOUSE
They lived on treacle.

ALICE
They couldn’t have done that, you know. They’d have been ill.

DORMOUSE
So they were. Very ill.

ALICE
But why did they live at the bottom of a well?
HARE
Take some more tea.

ALICE
I’ve had nothing yet, so I can’t take more.

HATTER
You mean you can’t take less. It’s very easy to take more than nothing.

ALICE
[Defeated, she helps herself to some tea and bread-and-butter.] Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DORMOUSE
It was a treacle-well.

ALICE
There’s no such thing!

HATTER & HARE
Sh! Sh!

DORMOUSE
If you can’t be civil, you’d better finish the story for yourself.

ALICE
No, please go on! I won’t interrupt again. I dare say there may be one.

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

ALICE
What did they draw?

DORMOUSE
Treacle.

HATTER
I want a clean cup. Let’s all move one place on.

[They all move down one place.]

ALICE
But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?
HATTER
You can draw water out of a water-well, so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?

ALICE
But they were in the well.

DORMOUSE
Of course they were—well in. They were learning to draw—[Yawn.]—and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—

ALICE
Why with an M?

HARE
Why not?

[The Dormouse is asleep. Hatter pinches it awake.]

DORMOUSE
—that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are “much of a muchness”—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

ALICE
Really, now you ask me, I don’t think—

HATTER
Then you shouldn’t talk.

[This is more than Alice can bear. She gets up and walks off. The others take no notice. She looks back once or twice, hoping they would call her back, but instead Hatter and Hare are trying to put Dormouse in a teapot.]

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

[Exits.]
ACT II

Scene 6: Humpty Dumpty

Alice exits the woods and finds herself on top of a hill overlooking a meadow lined with brooks and hedges that look vaguely like the squares on a chessboard. Along the side of the road is a high wall. Humpty Dumpty is sitting with his legs crossed, precariously balanced on top of the wall.

VOICE
Alice found herself on the other side of the woods, upon a country road winding through lovely meadow. For some minutes Alice stood upon a hill without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook. On the edge of the brook was a wall, and balanced curiously on top of the wall, an egg. When she came within a few yards of it, she saw that it had eyes and a nose and mouth. The high wall was so narrow that Alice quite wondered how he could keep his balance—and, as his eyes were steadily fixed in the opposite direction, and he didn't take the least notice of her, she thought he must be a stuffed figure after all.

ALICE
[To audience.] How exactly like an egg he is.

HUMPTY
[To a nearby tree.] It's very provoking to be called an egg—very!

ALICE
I said you looked like an egg, Sir. And some eggs are very pretty, you know.

HUMPTY
[Still talking to the tree.] Some people have no more sense than a baby!

ALICE
[After a pause.]
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty in his place again.
[To audience.]
That last line is much too long for the poetry.

HUMPTY
[To Alice.] Don't stand there chattering to yourself like that, but tell me your name and your business.
My name is Alice, but—

It’s a stupid name enough! What does it mean?

Must a name mean something?

[Laughing.] Of course it must. My name means the shape I am—and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you might be any shape, almost.

Don’t you think you’d be safer down on the ground? That wall is so very narrow!

What tremendously easy riddles you ask! Of course I don’t think so! Why, if ever I did fall off—which there’s no chance of—but if I did—

If I did fall, the King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to—to—

To send all his horses and all his men.

Now I declare that’s too bad! You’ve been listening at doors—and behind trees—and down chimneys—or you couldn’t have known it!

I haven’t, indeed! It’s in a book.

Ah, well! They may write such things in a book. That’s what you call a History of England, that is. Now, take a good look at me! I’m one that has spoken to a King, I am: mayhap you’ll never see such another: and to show you I’m not proud, you may shake hands with me!

[He grins, leans forward, and offers Alice his hand. Alice looks at him then takes it.]

[Changing the subject.] What a beautiful belt you’ve got on!—At least, a beautiful cravat, I should have said—no, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon!

[Humpty looks thoroughly offended.]

[To audience.] If I only knew which was neck and which was waist!
HUMPTY
It’s a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It’s a present from the King and Queen. They gave it me—for an un-birthday present.

ALICE
What is an un-birthday present?

HUMPTY
A present given when it isn’t your birthday, of course.

ALICE
[Considers it a little.] I like birthday presents best.

HUMPTY
You don’t know what you’re talking about! How many days are there in a year?

ALICE
Three hundred and sixty-five.

HUMPTY
And how many birthdays have you?

ALICE
One.

HUMPTY
And if you take one from three hundred and sixty-five, what remains?

ALICE
Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.

HUMPTY
That means there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get un-birthday presents—

ALICE
Certainly.

HUMPTY
And only one for birthday presents, you know. There’s glory for you!

ALICE
I don’t know what you mean by “glory.”

HUMPTY
Of course you don’t—till I tell you. I meant “there’s a nice knock down argument for you!”

ALICE
But “glory” doesn’t mean “a nice knock down argument.”

HUMPTY
When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.

ALICE
The question is, whether you can make words mean so many different things.

HUMPTY
They’ve a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they’re the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole of them! Impenetrability! That’s what I say!

ALICE
Would you tell me, please, what that means?

HUMPTY
[Looking pleased.] Now you talk like a reasonable child, I meant by “impenetrability” that we’ve had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you’d mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don’t mean to stop here all the rest of your life.

ALICE
[Thoughtfully.] That’s a great deal to make one word mean. You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir. Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem called “Jabberwocky”?

HUMPTY
Let’s hear it. I can explain all the poems that were ever invented—and a good many that haven’t been invented just yet.

ALICE
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

HUMPTY
That’s enough to begin with. There are plenty of hard words there. “Brillig” means four o’clock in the afternoon—the time when you begin “broiling” things for dinner.

ALICE
That'll do very well. And “slithy?”

HUMPTY
Well, “slithy” means “lithe and slimy.” “Lithe” is the same as “active.” You see it’s like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up into one word.

ALICE
I see it now. And what are “toves?”

HUMPTY
Well, “toves” are something like badgers—they’re something like lizards—and they’re something like corkscrews.

ALICE
They must be very curious looking creatures.

HUMPTY
They are that. Also they make their nests under sundials—also they live on cheese.

ALICE
And “the wabe” is the grass plot round a sundial, I suppose?

HUMPTY
Of course it is. It’s called “wabe,” you know, because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it—

ALICE
And a long way beyond it on each side.

HUMPTY
Exactly so. Well, then, “mimsy” is “flimsy and miserable.” There’s another portmanteau for you.

ALICE
And what does “outgrabe” mean?

HUMPTY
Well, “outgribing” is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you’ll hear it done, maybe—down in the wood yonder—and when you’ve once heard it you’ll be quite content. Who’s been repeating all that hard stuff to you?

ALICE
I had some poetry repeated to me.

HUMPTY
As to poetry, you know, I can repeat poetry as well as other folk, if it comes to that—

ALICE

[Hastily.] Oh, it needn’t come to that!

HUMPTY

The piece I’m going to repeat was written entirely for your amusement.

ALICE

[Sits down. Sadly.] Thank you.

HUMPTY

I sent a message to the fish:
I told them “This is what I wish.”
The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.
The little fishes’ answer was
“We cannot do it, Sir, because—”

ALICE

I’m afraid I don’t quite understand.

HUMPTY

It gets easier further on.
Some one came to me and said,
“The little fishes are in bed.”
I said to him, I said it plain,
“Then you must wake them up again.”
I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear.
[Raising his voice.]
I said it very loud and clear!
I went and shouted in his ear!

ALICE

[To audience, with a shudder.] I wouldn’t have been the messenger for anything!

HUMPTY

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.
And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed and knocked.
And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but—

[Long pause.]
ALICE

[Timidly.] Is that all?

HUMPTY

That's all. [Suddenly.] Goodbye.

[Alice, stunned, slowly gets up and holds out her hand.]

ALICE

[As cheerfully as she can manage.] Goodbye, till we meet again!

HUMPTY

[In a discontented tone.] I shouldn't know you again if we did meet.

[Gives her one of his fingers to shake.]

You're so exactly like other people.

ALICE

[Thoughtfully.] The face is what one goes by, generally.

HUMPTY

That's just what I complain of. Your face is that same as everybody has—the two eyes, so—

[Marking their places in the air with this thumb.]

Nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had the two eyes on the same side of the nose, for instance—or the mouth at the top—that would be some help.

ALICE

It wouldn't look nice.

HUMPTY

[Shuts his eyes.] Wait till you've tried.

[Alice waits a minute to see if he will speak again, but his eyes stay closed.]

ALICE

Goodbye! [To audience as she leaves.] Of all the unsatisfactory—Of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met—

[A heavy crash shakes the forest from end to end. Alice looks back, wondering if Humpty has fallen off the wall.]
Scene 7: The Queen’s Croquet Ground

A green near the entrance to the Royal Palace. There is a large rose tree. The roses are white, but Three Card Gardeners are painting them red.

VOICE
Alice walked wearily along the road, wondering if she would ever find her way home. Soon she found herself at the gate to the Queen’s palace. A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the courtyard upon an expansive green. The roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard one of them say—

TWO
Look out now, Five! Don’t go splashing paint over me like that!

FIVE
I couldn’t help it. Seven jogged my elbow.

SEVEN
That’s right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!

FIVE
You’d better not talk! I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!

TWO
What for?

SEVEN
That’s none of your business, Two!

FIVE
Yes, it is his business! And I’ll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip roots instead of onions.

SEVEN
[Flinging down his brush.] Well, of all the unjust things—

[Seven notices Alice, checks himself, and bows low; the others also bow.]
ALICE
Would you tell me, why you are painting those roses?

[Five and Seven look at Two.]

TWO
Why the fact is, you see, Miss, this here ought to have been a red rose tree, and we put a white one in by mistake; and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—

[Notices something offstage.]
The Queen! The Queen!

[All three cards fling themselves to the ground prostrate. In comes the royal procession: soldiers, courtiers, the royal children, the Kings and Queens of other suits, the White Rabbit, the Knave of Hearts, and the King and Queen of Hearts.]

ALICE
[To audience.] Should I bow too? No, I've never heard that rule. And besides, what would be the use of a procession if people had all to lie down upon their faces, so that they couldn't see it?

[As the procession reaches Alice, all stop and look at her.]

QUEEN
[To the Knave.] Who is this?

[The Knave smiles and bows but says nothing.]
Idiot!  
[Turns to Alice.]What's your name, child?

ALICE
My name is Alice, so please your Majesty. [To audience.] Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!

QUEEN
[Turning to the Gardeners.] And who are these?

ALICE
How should I know? It’s no business of mine.

QUEEN

Off with her head! Off—

ALICE

Nonsense!

KING

Consider, my dear: she is only a child!

QUEEN

[To the Knave.] Turn them over!

[The Knave turns over the Gardeners with his foot.]

Get up!

[The Gardeners jump to their feet and start bowing to everyone.]

Leave off that! You make me giddy.

[Turns to the rose tree.]

What have you been doing here?

TWO

May it please your Majesty, we were trying—

QUEEN

[Examining the roses.] I see! Off with their heads!

[The procession moves on. The Executioner remains behind to do the beheadings. The Gardeners run to Alice for protection.]

ALICE

You shan’t be beheaded!

[Alice guides them into hiding in a giant flower pot. The Executioner wanders around, looking for them, then shrugs and marches back.]

QUEEN

Are their heads off?

EXECUTIONER

Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!
QUEEN
That's right! [To Alice.] Can you play croquet?

ALICE
Yes!

QUEEN
Come on, then!

[Alice joins the procession and ends up next to the White Rabbit, who is looking at her anxiously.]

RABBIT
It's—it's a very fine day!

ALICE
Very. Where's the Duchess?

RABBIT
Hush! Hush!

[Looks around, then whispers in Alice's ear.] She's under sentence of execution.

ALICE
What for?

RABBIT
Did you say "What a pity"?

ALICE
No, I didn't. I don't think it's at all a pity. I said "What for?"

RABBIT
She boxed the Queen's ears—[Alice gives a scream of laughter.] Oh, hush! The Queen will hear you! You see, she came rather late, and the Queen said—

QUEEN
Get to your places!
Everyone runs to get into their places, and the game begins. It is chaos. The balls are live hedgehogs, the mallets are live flamingoes, and the Executioner is doubled over to form an arch. Alice struggles with her flamingo, occasionally laughing. The players all play at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling with each other, and after a while the Queen starts calling for beheadings.

ALICE
They’re dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there’s any one left alive!

[The Cheshire Cat appears in the air, beginning with its grin, then its full head, but without a body.]

It’s the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to.

CAT
How are you getting on?

ALICE
I don’t think they play at all fairly, and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can’t hear oneself speak—and they don’t seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you’ve no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there’s the arch I’ve got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen’s hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!

CAT
How do you like the Queen?

ALICE
Not at all, she’s so extremely—

[Notices the Queen listening.]

—likely to win, that it’s hardly worth while finishing the game.

[The Queen smiles and passes on. The King approaches Alice, looking curiously at the Cat.]

KING
Who are you talking to?

ALICE
It’s a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat, allow me to introduce it.
KING
I don't like the look of it at all, however, it may kiss my hand if it likes.

CAT
I'd rather not.

KING
Don't be impertinent, and don't look at me like that!

[The King gets behind Alice.]

ALICE
A cat may look at a king. I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where.

KING
Well, it must be removed. [To the Queen.] My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!

QUEEN
[Coming over.] Off with his head!

KING
Fetch the executioner!

[The Executioner arrives, and confers with the King and Queen, who begin to argue.]

EXECUTIONER
You can't cut off a head unless there's a body to cut it off from. I've never had to do such a thing before, and I'm not going to begin at my time of life.

KING
Don't talk nonsense. Anything that has a head can be beheaded.

QUEEN
If something's not done about this in less than no time I'll have everybody executed all round!

ALICE
It belongs to the Duchess: you'd better ask her about it.
QUEEN
She's in prison. [To the Executioner.] Fetch her here.

[The Executioner exits, but then the Cat slowly disappears.]

KING
Where's it gone?

[The King looks around for it while the Queen returns to the game. The Duchess enters and goes straight to Alice.]

DUCHESS
You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!

[The Duchess tucks her arm affectionately into Alice's.]

ALICE
You're in such a pleasant temper! Was it all the pepper in the kitchen that made you so savage before? When I'm a Duchess, I won't have any pepper in my kitchen at all. Soup does very well without—Maybe it's always pepper that makes people hot-tempered, and vinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew that: then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know—

DUCHESS
I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit.

ALICE
Perhaps it hasn't one.

DUCHESS
Tut, tut, child! Everything's got a moral, if only you can find it.

ALICE
The game's going on rather better now.

DUCHESS
'Tis so, and the moral of that is—"Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!"
ALICE
How fond you are of finding morals in things!

DUCHESS
I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm 'round your waist. The reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment?

ALICE
He might bite.

DUCHESS
Very true, flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—“Birds of a feather flock together.”

ALICE
Only mustard isn't a bird.

DUCHESS
Right, as usual, what a clear way you have of putting things!

ALICE
It's a mineral, I think.

DUCHESS
Of course it is, there's a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is—“The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.”

ALICE
Oh, I know! It's a vegetable. It doesn't look like one, but it is.

DUCHESS
I quite agree with you, and the moral of that is—“Be what you would seem to be”—or if you'd like it put more simply—“Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.”

ALICE
I think I should understand that better, if I had it written down, but I can't quite follow it as you say it.
DUCHESS
I make you a present of everything I've said as yet.
[Alice says nothing.]
Thinking?

ALICE
I've a right to think.

DUCHESS
Just about as much right, as pigs have to fly; and the mor—
[Notices the Queen watching; in a low, weak voice.]
A fine day, your Majesty!

QUEEN
Now, I give you fair warning, either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time! Take your choice!

[The Duchess takes her choice, and exits.]

QUEEN
Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?

ALICE
No. I don’t even know what a Mock Turtle is.

QUEEN
It’s the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from.

ALICE
I never saw one, or heard of one.

QUEEN
Come on, then, and he shall tell you his history,

[The Queen and Alice leave the croquet ground together. Once the King sees that they’re gone, he goes up to the company gathered for execution, which may just be the audience.]

KING
You are all pardoned.

[They exit.]
Scene 8: The Mock Turtle’s Story and Lobster Quadrille

Alice and the Queen walk along the castle wall, overlooking the ocean.

VOICE
Alice and the Queen walked along the edge of the castle grounds, tracing the outline of a walkway upon an enormous cliff overlooking the sea. They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun.

QUEEN
Up, lazy thing! And take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered.

[Queen Exits.]

GRYPHON
What fun!

ALICE
What is the fun?

GRYPHON
Why, she—it’s all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!

ALICE
Everybody says “come on!” here. I never was so ordered about before in all my life, never!

VOICE
They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply.

ALICE
What is his sorrow?

GRYPHON
It’s all his fancy, that: he hasn’t got no sorrow, you know. Come on! [To Turtle.] This here young lady, she wants for to know your history, she do.

TURTLE
I’ll tell it her, sit down, both of you, and don’t speak a word till I’ve finished.

ALICE
I don’t see how he can ever finish, if he doesn’t begin.
TURTLE
[Sobbing uncontrollably.] Once, I was a real Turtle.

GRYPHON
[Clearing his throat.] Hjckrrh!

TURTLE
[Stops to cry. After a bit, slowly.] When we were little, we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—

ALICE
Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn’t one?

TURTLE
[Angrily.] We called him Tortoise because he taught us, really you are very dull!

GRYPHON
You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question. [To Turtle.] Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be all day about it!

TURTLE
Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn’t believe it—

ALICE
I never said I didn’t!

TURTLE
You did!

GRYPHON
Hold your tongue!

TURTLE
We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—

ALICE
I’ve been to a day-school too, you needn’t be so proud as all that.

With extras?

ALICE
Yes, we learned French and music.

TURTLE
And washing?
ALICE
Certainly not!

TURTLE
Ah! Then yours wasn’t a really good school, now at ours they had at the end of the bill, “French, music, and washing—extra.”

ALICE
You couldn’t have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

TURTLE
I couldn’t afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

ALICE
What was that?

TURTLE
Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

ALICE
What else had you to learn?

TURTLE
Well, there was Mystery. Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel that used to come once a week: he taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.

ALICE
What was that like?

TURTLE
Well, I can’t show it you myself. I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.

GRYPHON
Hadn’t time. I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, he was.

TURTLE
I never went to him, he taught Laughing and—[Sadly.]—Grief, they used to say.

GRYPHON
[Hiding his face in his hands.] So he did, so he did. [Changing the subject.] That’s enough about lessons. Tell her something about the games now.

[Turtle sighs deeply, tries to speak, but sobs choke his voice.]
GRYPHON
Same as if he had a bone in his throat.

TURTLE
[Finally.] You may not have lived much under the sea—

ALICE
I haven’t.

TURTLE
And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—

ALICE
I once taste—[Stops herself:] No, never.

TURTLE
So you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!

ALICE
No, indeed, what sort of dance is it?

GRYPHON
Why, you first form into a line along the seashore—

TURTLE
Two lines! Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on: then, when you’ve cleared all the jellyfish out of the way—

GRYPHON
That generally takes some time.

—you advance twice—

GRYPHON
Each with a lobster as a partner!

TURTLE
Of course, advance twice, set to partners—

GRYPHON
—change lobsters, and retire in same order.

TURTLE
Then, you know, you throw the—
The lobsters!

— as far out to sea as you can —

Swim after them!

Turn a somersault in the sea!

Change lobsters again!

Back to land again, and — that’s all the first figure,

[The two creatures sit again and look at Alice.]

It must be a very pretty dance.

Would you like to see a little of it?

Very much indeed.

Come, let’s try the first figure! We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?

Oh, you sing. I’ve forgotten the words.

[Teapot and Gryphon dance around Alice, as Turtle sings.]

“Will you walk a little faster?” said a whiting to a snail,
“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my tail.”
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?

You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!
But the snail replied “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly friend replied,
There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?

[The dance ends, and they fall laughing to the floor.]

ALICE
If I’d been the whiting, I’d have said to the porpoise, “Keep back, please: we don’t want you with us!”

TURTLE
They were obliged to have him with them. No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

ALICE
[With surprise.] Wouldn’t it really?

TURTLE
Of course not. Why, if a fish came to me, and told me he was going a journey, I should say "With what porpoise?"

ALICE
Don’t you mean “purpose” “

TURTLE
[Offended.] I mean what I say.

GRYPHON
Come, let’s hear some of your adventures.

ALICE
[Timidly.] I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning.
[Remembering her predicament.] But it’s no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then.
TURTLE
That’s very curious.

GRYPHON
It’s all about as curious as it can be.

ALICE
[Alice says nothing, and sits down again with her face in her hands.] I wonder if anything will ever happen in a natural way again.

TURTLE
I should like to have it explained.

GRYPHON
Yes, I think you’d better leave off. Shall we try another figure of the Lobster-Quadrille? Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song?

ALICE
[Eagerly.] Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind.

GRYPHON
[Offended.] Hm! No accounting for tastes! [To Turtle.] Sing her “Turtle Soup,” will you, old fellow?

TURTLE
[Sighs deeply, and begins to sing in a voice sometimes choked with sobs.]

    Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!
    Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
    Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for two
pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?
    Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
    Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!
Chorus again!

[The White Rabbit enters.]

The trial’s beginning!

Oh my! [Takes Alice by the hand and begins to hurry her off stage.] Come on!

What trial is it?

Come on!

[Alice, Gryphon, and Rabbit exit.]

TURTLE
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening, Beautiful, beautiful Soup!
Scene 9: Who Stole the Tarts? and Alice’s Evidence

Alice, Gryphon, and the White Rabbit enter the courtroom and see the King (in a judge’s wig) and Queen of Hearts seated on thrones. The Knave of Hearts, in chains, stands before the thrones with the Executioner and Cards guarding him. The White Rabbit picks up a trumpet in one hand and reads from a scroll of parchment in the other. In the middle of the court is a table with a large dish of tarts upon it. Humpty Dumpty (now put together again), Tweedledum, and Tweedledee are seated in the Jury Box. Gryphon and Alice sit to observe the proceedings. The air is filled with a general twittering due to anxiety and excitement.

RABBIT
Silence in the court!

KING
Herald, read the accusation!

RABBIT
[Blows three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolls the parchment scroll, and reads.] 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
[To the jury.] Consider your verdict!

RABBIT
Not yet, not yet! There’s a great deal to come before that!

KING
Call the first witness

RABBIT
[Blows three blasts on the trumpet.] First witness!

[The Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse enter. The Hatter has a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. The March Hare and the Dormouse sit next to Alice.]

HATTER
I beg pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in, but I hadn’t quite finished my tea when I was sent for.

KING
You ought to have finished. When did you begin?
HATTER
[Looks at March Hare and Dormouse.] Fourteenth of March, I think it was.

HARE
Fifteenth.

DORMOUSE
Sixteenth.

KING
[To jury] Write that down.
[The jury murmurs excitedly as they take this down.]
[To the Hatter.] Take off your hat.

HATTER
It isn’t mine.

KING
Stolen!

HATTER
I keep them to sell, I’ve none of my own. I’m a hatter.

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

DORMOUSE
[To Alice.] I wish you wouldn’t squeeze so. I can hardly breathe.

ALICE
I can’t help it. I’m growing.

DORMOUSE
You’ve no right to grow here.

ALICE
Don’t talk nonsense, you know you’re growing too.

DORMOUSE
Yes, but I grow at a reasonable pace, not in that ridiculous fashion.

QUEEN
Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!

KING
Give your evidence, or I’ll have you executed, whether you’re nervous or not.

HATTER
I’m a poor man, your Majesty—and I 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
The twinkling of the what?

HATTER
It began with the tea.

KING
Of course twinkling begins with a T! Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!

HATTER
I’m a poor man, and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—

HARE
I didn’t!

HATTER
You did!

HARE
I deny it!

KING
[To the jury.] He denies it, leave out that part.

HATTER
Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said—
[Looks anxiously around to see if the Dormouse would deny it too, but the Dormouse denies nothing, being fast asleep.]
After that, I cut some more bread-and-butter—

HUMPTY
But what did the Dormouse say?

HATTER
That I can’t remember.

KING
You must remember, or I’ll have you executed.
HATTER

[Dies his teacup and bread-and-butter, and goes down on one knee.] I'm a poor man, your Majesty.

KING

You're a very poor speaker. If that's all you know about it, you may stand down.

HATTER

I can't go no lower. I'm on the floor, as it is.

KING

Then you may sit down.

HATTER

I'd rather finish my tea.

KING

You may go.

[Hatter hurriedly leaves the court.]

QUEEN

— and just take his head off outside.

KING

Call the next witness!

[The Duchess's Cook enters, pepper mill in hand.]

Give your evidence.

COOK

Shan't.

[The King looks at the White Rabbit, baffled by this response.]

RABBIT

[In a low voice.] Your Majesty must cross-examine this witness.

KING

[Melancholy.] Well, if I must, I must. What are tarts made of?

COOK

Pepper, mostly.

DORMOUSE

Treacle.
QUEEN
Collar that Dormouse! Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!

[The Dormouse is removed from the court. The Cook exits during the confusion.]

KING
Never mind! Call the next witness. [In an undertone to the Queen] Really, my dear, you must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!

RABBIT
Alice!

ALICE
Here!

--[Jumps up, but having grown so much in the last few minutes, she accidentally tips over the jury box.]

Oh, I beg your pardon!

KING
The trial cannot proceed until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—all.

[Alice helps the jurors return to the jury box.]

KING
What do you know about this business?

ALICE
Nothing.

KING
Nothing whatever?

ALICE
Nothing whatever.

KING
[To the jury.] That's very important.

RABBIT
Unimportant, your Majesty means, of course.

KING
Unimportant, of course, I meant. [In an undertone, as if he were trying out which word sounded best.] Important—unimportant—unimportant—important—Silence! Rule Forty-two. All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.
[Everybody looks at Alice.]

I’m not a mile high.

ALICE

You are.

KING

Nearly two miles high.

QUEEN

Well, I shan’t go, at any rate. Besides, that’s not a regular rule: you invented it just now.

ALICE

It’s the oldest rule in the book.

KING

Then it ought to be Number One.

ALICE

[To the jury.] Consider your verdict.

KING

There’s more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty. This paper has just been picked up.

RABBIT

What’s in it?

QUEEN

I haven’t opened it yet, but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.

RABBIT

It must have been that, unless it was written to nobody, which isn’t usual, you know.

DUM

Who is it directed to?

RABBIT

It isn’t directed at all. In fact, there’s nothing written on the outside.

[Unfolds paper.]

It isn’t a letter, after all: it’s a set of verses.
DEE
Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?

RABBIT
No, they're not, and that's the queerest thing about it.

KING
He must have imitated somebody else's hand.

KNAVE
Please your Majesty, I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did. There's no name signed at the end.

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

[Jury applauds this cleverness.]

QUEEN
That proves his guilt.

ALICE
It proves nothing of the sort! Why, you don't even know what they're about!

KING
Read them.

RABBIT
[_puts on spectacles._] Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?

KING
Begin at the beginning, and go on till you come to the end, then stop.

RABBIT
_They told me you had been to her,_
_And mentioned me to him:_
_She gave me a good character,_
_But said I could not swim._

_He sent them word I had not gone_  
_(We know it to be true):_  
_If she should push the matter on,_  
_What would become of you?
I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
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
That’s the most important piece of evidence we’ve heard yet, so now let the jury—

ALICE
If any one of them can explain it, I’ll give him 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. And yet I don’t know. [Gestures for the paper; inspects it.] I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. “—said I could not swim—” [To the Knave.] You can’t swim, can you?

KNAVE
Do I look like it?

KING
All right, so far. “We know it to be true—” that’s the jury, of course—“I gave her one, they gave him two—” why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know—

ALICE
But, it goes on “they all returned from him to you.”

KING
Why, there they are!
[Points to the tarts on the table.]
Nothing can be clearer than that. Then again—“before she had this fit—” you never had fits, my dear, I think?

QUEEN

Never!

KING

Then the words don’t fit you.

[Looks round the court with a smile. There is a dead silence.]

It’s a pun!

[Everybody laughs.]

Let the jury consider their verdict.

QUEEN

No, no! Sentence first—verdict afterwards.

ALICE

Stuff and nonsense! The idea of having the sentence first!

QUEEN

Hold your tongue!

ALICE

I won’t!

QUEEN

Off with her head!

ALICE

Who cares for you? You’re nothing but a pack of cards!

[The Cards all run at Alice. At this, the whole pack rises up into the air and comes flying down upon her. Alice gives a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tries to fend them off. —Alice wakes up.]

VOICE

Alice found herself lying in bed.

MOM

Wake up, Alice dear! Why, what a long sleep you’ve had!

ALICE

Oh, I’ve had such a curious dream!

VOICE
Alice told her mother, as well as she could remember them, all her strange Adventures. When she had finished, her mother hugged her, and said—

MOM
It was a curious dream, dear, certainly: but now run to your lessons. It’s getting late.

[Alice exits.]

VOICE
So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been. But her mother sat still just as she left her, sitting down and picking up the book Alice was reading the night before.

[As Mom reads, the scenery changes again from Alice’s bedroom into the nature scene with forest animals.]

As mother thought about little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of Alice’s dream. She pictured to herself how this same daughter of hers would, in the aftertime, be herself a grown woman; and how she hoped she would keep, through all her years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood: and how she would gather about her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago: and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.

[THE END.]