

2010

ERASMUS INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL AND THEATRE
A MUSICAL BASED ON LEWIS CARROLL'S "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"
AND "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS"

Alice



ERASMUS
INTERNATIONAL
MUSICAL AND
THEATRE

CHARACTERS

ALICE

ALICE'S SISTER

ALICE'S MOTHER

WHITE RABBIT

CATERPILLAR

TWEEDLEDUM

TWEEDLEDEE

THE DUCHESS

COOK

FROG FOOTMAN

FISH FOOTMAN

THE CHESHIRE CAT

MAD HATTER

MARCH HARE

DOORMOUSE

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE KING OF HEARTS

MOCK TURTLE

GRYPHON

“ALICE”

A musical play based on Lewis Carroll’s “Alice in Wonderland” and “Through the Looking-Glass”.
By James Leisy and Carl Eberhard

Alice is sitting with her sister who is busy reading a book when a white rabbit comes running past.

ALICE: Did you see that?

SISTER: HmMMM?

ALICE: That rabbit! Did you see it?

SISTER: What rabbit Alice?

ALICE: A white rabbit! It just came running through here and I could have sworn he was wearing a waistcoat.

SISTER: Alice, rabbits do not wear waistcoats.

ALICE: But I’m sure he was ...

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear! Oh dear! I’ll be late! I know I’ll be late.

ALICE: There! You see?

WHITE RABBIT: Oh my ears and whiskers! I *am* late! And the Queen will never wait!

♪ **“WONDERLAND”** ♪

ALL: *Make a wish!*

*Dream a dream!
Follow your heart on a whimsical theme
To Wonderland, Wonderland,
Wonderful Wonderland, Wonderland.*

WHITE RABBIT: I must find my gloves! Now where did I put them?

*Catch a star,
In the sky;
Nothing’s too far when you magically fly
To Wonderland.*

*Where things aren’t what they seem in Wonderland,
Where you can find your dream in Wonderland!*

*Leave your senses behind!
They're just in the way!
Soon you will find
They have nothing to say.*

WHITE RABBIT: Here they are! I *knew* I should never have taken them off.

*Dreams you dream
Will come true,
If you believe
They are happening to you
In Wonderland.*

*Where things aren't what they seem in Wonderland,
Where you can find your dream in wonderful...*

White Rabbit claps his hands and the music stops.

ALICE: Wonderland?

WHITE RABBIT: *(startled)* Who are you? What are you doing *here*?

ALICE: I'm Alice. Who are you?

WHITE RABBIT: *(he searches through all his papers)* Alice? Alice? I don't remember any Alice. There's no Alice on these lists.

ALICE: But, sir, I was just sitting over there when all of a sudden you came running by. So I followed you. And here I am. Where are we?

WHITE RABBIT: Now, you must stop all this nonsense immediately. I'm late and in a terrible hurry.

ALICE: But, sir, it's not nonsense, I just told you I'm Alice and I was ...

WHITE RABBIT: Yes, yes, yes! I know, I know, I know! This is distressing and highly irregular. Her name is not on the list. There was another list I'm sure but where did I put it? Let's see – I was here, looking over the lists – I took off my gloves *(he takes them off)* - I never should have done that - and put them on the desk. Then I took out my watch and saw there was time so I nipped out ...

ALICE: And that must have been when I saw you and followed you here.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh. *(pause)* Oh dear! My whiskers and ears! I've taken off my gloves again! Where have I put them! Where are my gloves!

ALICE: They're on the desk.

WHITE RABBIT: They're on the desk! They're on the desk? *(he finds his gloves and the list he was looking for)* Ahh yes – here's the list – Your name is Mary Ann ...

ALICE: No, it's Alice.

WHITE RABBIT: Your *name* is Mary Ann.

ALICE: But. Sir, it's not Mary Ann. It's Alice.

WHITE RABBIT: Alice is not on the list. *Your* name is Mary Ann.

ALICE: Yes, of course, *Mary Ann*.

WHITE RABBIT: And you are assigned to the Queen's Garden.

ALICE: The Queen's Garden! How wonderful! I love gardens. Does it have ...

WHITE RABBIT: Your duties are to paint the sky.

ALICE: I'll try. But what if the sky is too high up?

WHITE RABBIT: The sky too high? Don't be silly. *(he looks at his watch)* Look at the time! I must hurry. The Queen will have my head! Now don't dawdle Mary Ann – you have your duties! *(he exits)*

ALICE: *(calling after him)* Wait! You've left your gloves!

Alice goes to follow the White Rabbit but the door he left through does not open. She tries many other doors and they are locked shut too. Then she comes across a door, much smaller than the others but this one has a key hole. She begins to search on the White Rabbits desk for a key which she finds sitting next to a bottle.

ALICE: *(she reads)* "DRINK ME". Well it doesn't say poison so I suppose it must be safe.

She drinks from the bottle and after a short moment she begins to shrink to the size of the small door.

ALICE: What a curious feeling! I must be shutting up like a telescope!

Once she has stopped shrinking she runs excitedly to the door but when she gets there she remembers that she does not have the key and sits down to cry.

ALICE: The key! Now it's all the way up there and I'll never reach it!

She notices a cake sitting by the door. She picks it up.

ALICE: *(she reads)* It says "EAT ME". Well I shan't be fooled again! What if I become as small as an ant and someone steps on me! That would be awful! No. I shall sit here and wait until I grow back to my normal size. But it has taken me years to get to that size. How long will I have to wait?

♪“WHO AM I?”♪

ALICE: *Who am I? Who am I?
Where am I going and why?
It was only a whim when I followed him,
but soon I could reach for the sky.*

*Why am I, given to
wishes that never come true?
If I can't play the part I feel in my heart,
What can I possibly do?*

*If the world is as real as it seems,
It's a place you can soon learn to know.
And whatever you feel in your dreams
Ought to show you a way you can go.*

*I can try! I must try!
Why should I sit here and cry?*

*For I'm sure I can know,
my heart tells me so;
Forever whoever am I*

Alice decides to take a bite of the cake. She grows back to her normal size. Picks up the White Rabbits gloves and the key and drinks from the bottle once more. She begins to shrink again. She goes to the door and opens it and walks through

OTHERS: *If the world is as real as it seems,
It's a place you can soon learn to know.
And whatever you feel in your dreams
Ought to show you a way you can go.*

ALICE: *I can try! I must try!
Why should I sit here and cry?
For I'm sure I can know.
My heart tells me so,
Forever, whoever am I,
Forever, whoever am I!*

CATERPILLAR: *Who are you?*

ALICE: 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: *What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.*

ALICE: I can't 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 put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.

CATERPILLAR: It isn't.

ALICE: Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet, but wait until you start wrapping yourself up in a cocoon – you will someday, you know – and then after that you'll turn into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel a little strange, won't you?

CATERPILLAR: Not a bit.

ALICE: Well, maybe *your* feelings are different. All I know is, it would feel very strange to *me*.

CATERPILLAR: You? And who are you?

ALICE: (*a little cross*) Didn't we just go through this (*imitating the Caterpillar*) "Who are you?" business already?

CATERPILLAR: Umm-hmm.

ALICE: Well, I think *you* ought to tell *me* who *you* are first.

CATERPILLAR: Why?

ALICE: (*very frustrated*) Well! (*she turns and walks away*)

CATERPILLAR: You better come back. I have something important to say. (*Alice returns*) Keep your temper.

ALICE: Is that all?

♪ "KEEP IT COOL" ♪

CATERPILLAR: You better keep it cool;
Don't let your temperature rise.
Just keep cool, easy, breezy and wise.

*If you know what's what,
You really don't have to go to school
To learn it's not so hot when you lose your cool.
No you never want to lose your cool.*

ALICE: You better keep it cool,
When you're tempted to burn.
Just be cool; that's the lesson to learn.

*When you get too hot,
You're bound to act like a stubborn fool.
And if you do, you're not gonna keep it cool
Oh you never want to lose your cool!*

BOTH: *Hey you better cool it,
Because life's too short and the road's too long,
When the pushing's hard,
And the shoving is oh so strong.*

*So when you're sure you're right
And the other person's wrong
You better just hang in tight
And remember this song – oh yeah!*

Just keep it, keep it, keep it cool!

ALICE: But where are you going? Is that all you had to say?

CATERPILLAR: That's all.

ALICE: But what about my predicament? – my size?

CATERPILLAR: What size do you want to be?

ALICE: Oh, I'm not particular as to size, only I don't like changing so often, you know.

CATERPILLAR: I *don't* know. Are you content with your size 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: It is a very good height indeed!

ALICE: But I'm not used to it!

CATERPILLAR: You'll get used to it in time. (*he begins to leave*) One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.

ALICE: One side of *what*?

CATERPILLAR: Of the mushroom.
The Caterpillar exits and Alice takes a piece from either side of the mushroom and eats one. She slowly grows back to her normal size when she see's two people standing very still dressed identically.

TWEEDLEDUM: If you think that we are wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise, if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE: I must apologise for staring. I wasn't even thinking at all.

TWEEDLEDUM: How thoughtless of you.

TWEEDLEDEE: Indeed.

TWEEDLEDUM: I know what you are thinking now, and 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 which way I should go. I'm supposed to paint the sky.

TWEEDLEDUM: Paint the sky? Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise!

ALICE: But ...

TWEEDLEDUM: You've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How do you do?" and shake hands!

Both hold out their hands. Alice does not wish to offend so shakes both hands at once.

♪ "TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE" ♪

TWEEDLE DUM: *Tweedledum!*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Tweedledee!*

BOTH: *Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!*

*We're as happy as can be
Because we both agree:
No-how!
Contrariwise!
It's fun to disagree!*

*Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!
Isn't it a lot of fun to happily disagree!*

TWEEDLEDUM: *Columbus found the world is round,*

TWEEDLEDEE: *A fact you can't escape.*

TWEEDLEDUM: *Still, you see, we must agree,*

BOTH: *It's badly out of shape. Oh!*

TWEEDLE DUM: *Tweedledum!*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Tweedledee!*

BOTH: *Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!*

*We're as happy as can be
Because we both agree:
No-how!
Contrariwise!
It's fun to disagree!*

*Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!
Isn't it a lot of fun to happily disagree!*

TWEEDLEDUM: *Suppose I'm "one" and he is "two"*

BOTH: *And we can-not agree;*

TWEEDLEDUM: *We'll debate*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Both loud and late*

BOTH: *Until we both can see!*

TWEEDLEDEE: *If one is "for",*

TWEEDLEDUM: *And two's "against",*

BOTH: *There's nothing we can do.*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Keeping score,*

TWEEDLEDUM: *The one is "four"*

BOTH: *And wins by four to two.*

*We love to dance and laugh and sing and argue all the time.
Making sure our reasoning is balanced by a rhyme. Oh!*

TWEEDLE DUM: *Tweedledum!*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Tweedledee!*

BOTH: *Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!*

*We're as happy as can be
Because we both agree:*

*No-how!
Contrariwise!
It's fun to disagree!*

TWEEDLE DUM: *Tweedledum!*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Tweedledee!*

BOTH: *Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!*

*Isn't it a lot of fun
to happily disagree!*

ALICE: Well, I suppose we don't have to say "How do you do?" now. We seem to have got beyond that, somehow! I hope you're not much tired?

TWEEDLEDUM: Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise! We are *much* obliged. Do you see that?

ALICE: It's only a rattle. Not and rattle-snake, you know, only an old rattle – quite old and broken.

TWEEDLEDUM: I knew it was! It's spoilt, of course!

ALICE: You need not be so angry about an old rattle.

TWEEDLEDUM: But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you – I bought it yesterday – my nice new rattle! (*to Tweedledee*) Of course you agree to have a battle.

TWEEDLEDEE: I suppose so.

TWEEDLEDUM: (*To Alice*) Do I look very pale?

ALICE: Well – yes – a little.

TWEEDLEDUM: I'm very brave, generally, only today I happen to have a headache.

TWEEDLEDEE: And I've got toothache! I'm far worse than you!

ALICE: Then you'd better not fight today.

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

TWEEDLEDEE: Half-past four.

TWEEDLEDUM: Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

TWEEDLEDEE: Very well.

They exit.

ALICE: Where are you going? *(they do not answer)* Hello! You didn't tell me which way I should go
.... Very well – I shall have to find the way on my own. Now – let me see...

ALICE: *And whatever you feel in your dreams
 Ought to show you a way you can go.
I can try! I must try!
Why should I sit here and cry?
For I'm sure I can know.
My heart tells me so,
Forever, whoever am I.*

Fish Footman enters and starts knocking on a door. He has a scroll in his hand.

FROG FOOTMAN: *(grumbling)* Yes, yes. I'm coming! I'm coming! *(opens the door)* Yes? What is it?

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

FROG FOOTMAN: From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.

FISH FOOTMAN: For the Duchess; from the Queen!

FROG FOOTMAN: From the Queen. For the Duchess!

FISH FOOTMAN: Queen!

FROG FOOTMAN: Duchess!

The Fish Footman passes over the scroll and leaves in a huff. Alice knocks on the door.

FROG FOOTMAN: There's no sort of use in knocking, and that for two reasons. First, because I am
on the same side of the door as you are: secondly because they're making
such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.

ALICE: Then how am I to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN: There might be some sense in your knocking, if we had a door between us. For
instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.

ALICE: How am I to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN: I shall sit here, till tomorrow - or the next day, maybe.

ALICE: Then how I am to get in?

FROG FOOTMAN: Are you to get in at all? That's the first question, you know.

Alice opens the door herself and walks inside. There are plates, pots and pans being thrown around

the kitchen by the cook. She sneezes.

ALICE: Well, there's certainly too much pepper in that soup.

COOK: Too much pepper? You mean too little! More pepper!

ALICE: Please, can you tell me why your cat grins like that?

DUCHESS: It's a Cheshire Cat, that's why. *(swats the pig)* Be quiet! Pig!

ALICE: I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact I didn't know cats *could* grin.

DUCHESS: They all can, and most of them do.

ALICE: I don't know of any that do.

DUCHESS: You don't know much, and that's a fact.

The Cook begins to throw things and barely misses Alice, the Duchess and the baby.

ALICE: Oh, please *mind* what you are doing. You'll hurt the baby.

DUCHESS: *(to the baby)* Pig! *(to Alice)* If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a good deal faster than in does.

ALICE: But if the world went any faster, there wouldn't be enough hours in the day. Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours, I think... or is it twelve...

DUCHESS: Oh don't bother me with numbers. I never could abide figures. You're thinking too much and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit.

ALICE: Well at least your baby has stopped crying.

DUCHESS: So it has. And the moral of that is; 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round.

ALICE: I thought it was done by everybody minding their own business.

DUCHESS: Ah, well! It means much the same thing. And the moral of *that* is: Take care of the sense, and the stitches will be in time.

ALICE: Don't you mean: Take care of the pence, and the pounds will ...

DUCHESS: Sense, stitches, pounds, britches! They're all the same to me. What counts is the moral.

ALICE: But that doesn't make any sense ...

♪ "THERE'S A MORAL TO EVERYTHING" ♪

DUCHESS: *There's a moral to everything;
Just look around and you'll know it's true.
Yes, you can find it in everything,
Sure as two and two make twenty two!
For example, hatching pennies
Is as good as a stitch in saving time,
Which goes to prove that a word to the wise
Will likely save you ninety nine.
You get my reason and my rhyme?*

ALICE: *There's a moral to everything;
That's what you're trying to say to me.
But I'll have trouble remembering;
That's a fact that's very plain to see!
As for logic, I would sooner
Find a needle in a stack of hey-de-hey,
But maybe if I really try,
And if I practice every day.
I'll follow you as you lead the way.*

DUCHESS: *My word, you're clever,
Dear, and fun!
And quicker than a tiddly wink!
As sure as the doctor keeps the apple away!
There's a moral to that, I truly think!*

BOTH: *There's a moral to everything;
A golden meaning that's tried and true.
And if you find it, then you may sing
This song we give to you and you.
 If you're lacking for a reason,
 You can always find a silly rhyme,
 Which proves that when words don't make sense,
 The rhythm must match and not keep time.
 The words will sound sublime!*

*So bend the sense,
But find the rhyme!
The bird in hand will understand!
What's sauce for the goose
is surely sauce for all!
And that's the moral!*

DUCHESS: I like the way you have of putting things, my dear; you're really quite a clever little pigeon.

ALICE: Thank you. And I'm beginning to realise that you are as lovable as a favourite aunt.

DUCHESS: And the moral to that is "Birds of a feather look before they leap".

ALICE: Oh, I completely forgot! I was supposed to give you this. (*she hands the scroll to the Duchess*)

DUCHESS: (*the Duchess reads the scroll*) Oh how wonderful, croquet with the Queen. Now why don't you take this pig whilst I go and play. (*she passes the bay to Alice*)

ALICE: Why, it *is* a pig!

DUCHESS: And the moral to that is: "A pig in hand is worth two pokes in the ribs!" (*she pokes Alice*)

ALICE: Don't you mean: "A bird in the hand is worth two..."

DUCHESS: I mean: "A pig in a poke is an inside joke!"

ALICE: I don't understand. It just doesn't make sense.

DUCHESS: You're thinking too much again. Come on pig. (*she exits muttering*)
This little piggy went to market
This little piggy must play
When the Queens sends an invitation
We all have to play croquet.

ALICE: (*calling after the Duchess*) But could you just tell me which way ... (*she sees the Cheshire Cat*) Cheshire-Puss, would you tell me please, which way I ought to go from here?

CHESHIRE CAT: That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

ALICE: I don't much care where...

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

ALICE: ... so long as I get *somewhere*.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh you're sure to do that, if only you walk long enough. In *that* direction lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad. (*he begins to disappear*)

ALICE: But I don't ... he's gone! Cheshire Puss?

♪ "WHEREVER I'M GOING" ♪

ALICE: *Wherever I'm going,
No matter how far,
I'll look for a rainbow
And search for a star.
And if I discover
I'm lost on the way,
I know they will show me*

A place I can stay.

*Wherever I'm going,
I'll follow the sky.
And though I may stumble
By reaching too high,
I'll look for the sunshine,
And surely I'll know
That life is a wonder,
Wherever I go!*

ALL: *Wherever I'm going,
No matter how far,
I'll look for a rainbow
And search for a star.
And if I discover
I'm lost on the way,
I know they will show me
A place I can stay.*

*Wherever I'm going,
I'll follow the sky.
And though I may stumble
By reaching too high,
I'll look for the sunshine,
And surely I'll know
That life is a wonder,
Wherever I go.
Oh life is a wonder,
Wherever I go.*

♪ **"TIME FOR TEA"** ♪

MAD HATTER, *By the clock you'll see it's time for tea;*
MARCH HARE *So hoist the teapot up, sup, sup.*
& DOORMOUSE: *Even if there's just enough for me,
We must have another cup.*

*So hoist the tea pot up, sup, sup.
Even if there's just enough for me,
We must have another cup.
By the clock ...*

MAD HATTER: No room! No room!

MARCH HARE: I'm very sorry, young lady, but, as you see, this table is already taken.

ALICE: I beg your pardon, but there really is plenty of room.

MARCH HARE: Well, now that you're seated, will you have some wine?

ALICE: But I don't see any wine.

MARCH HARE: There isn't any.

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

MARCH HARE: And it wasn't very polite of you to sit down without being invited.

MAD HATTER: Your hair needs cutting.

ALICE: You should learn not to make personal remarks. It's very rude.

MAD HATTER: Why is a Raven like a writing-desk?

ALICE: I believe I can guess that.

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

ALICE: Yes.

MARCH HARE: Then you should say what you mean.

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

MAD HATTER: Not the same thing a bit! Why, you might just as well say, "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!

MARCH HARE: You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like".

DOORMOUSE: *(talking in his sleep)* You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe"!

MAD HATTER: With you it *is* the same thing. *(pause)* What day of the month is it? *(he takes a watch from his pocket and puts it to his ear)*

ALICE: The fourth.

MAD HATTER: Two days wrong! I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!

MARCH HARE: It was the *best* butter.

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

MARCH HARE: *(he takes the watch and dips it into his tea cup)* It was the *best* butter, you know.

MAD HATTER: The Doormouse is asleep again. *(he pours a little tea on the Doormouse)*

DOORMOUSE: *(he wakes up)* Of course, of course, just what I was about to say myself.

MAD HATTER: Have you guessed the riddle yet?

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

MAD HATTER: I haven't the slightest idea.

MARCH HARE: Nor do I.

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

MAD 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.

MAD 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.

MAD HATTER: Ah! That accounts for it. He won't stand a beating. Now, if only you kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you like 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!

ALICE: That would be grand, certainly, but then – I wouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

MAD HATTER: Not at first, perhaps, but you could keep it to half-past one for as long as you liked.

ALICE: Is that the way *you* manage?

MAD HATTER: Not !! We quarrelled last March – just before he went *mad*, you know – it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing. I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, "He's murdering the time! Off with his head!"

ALICE: How dreadfully savage!

MAD HATTER: And ever since then, 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?

MAD HATTER: Yes, that's it. It's always tea time, and we have no time to wash up.

ALICE: Then you keep moving around the table, I suppose?

MAD HATTER: Exactly so, as the things get used up.

ALICE: But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

QUEEN: *(offstage voice)* OFF with his head! OFF with his head!

MAD HATTER: Oh good heavens! Is that the time?

MARCH HARE: Oh dear, look how late it has got! I really should be getting home.

ALICE: But you haven't finished your tea.

MARCH HARE: *(He gulps down the rest of his tea)* All gone.

MAD HATTER: Don't forget the Doormouse. We really must be going...

WHITE RABBIT: Make way for the Queen! Make way for the Queen!

MARCH HARE: Oh dear.

The Queen enters.

QUEEN: Who is this?

WHITE RABBIT: Your Majesty, this is ... uh ... her name is ... uh ... Mary Ann! That's it. She's here to paint the sky.

ALICE: *(Quietly to the White Rabbit)* My name is Alice.

QUEEN: Well, I hope she does a better job than the last one. Or she'll quickly lose her head! Do you play croquet, Mary Ann?

ALICE: I beg your pardon, your Majesty, but my name is Alice and yes I do play croquet ... *(she sees the Mad hatter and March Hare shaking their heads)* I mean no I ...

QUEEN: Splendid Mary Ann! Let's organise the game immediately. Quickly now.

ALICE: *(To the White Rabbit)* I brought these for you. You dropped them and I thought you may need them.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh yes, yes – thank you very much.

QUEEN: Everyone to your places!

♪“BALLET FOR THE QUEEN'S CROQUET”♪

ALL: *Here's the way you play:
Play the Queen's Croquet.
Never keeping score.
La la la – what for?*

*It's a sticky wicket and not quite cricket,
But the way she plays, you're dead!
If you hit her ball, you will hear her call out:
"OFF with your head!"*

*If you learn to lose instead
You'll be sure to keep a head
In the Queen's croquet!*

*Now you know the way.
Play the Queen's croquet.*

*It's a sticky wicket and not quite cricket,
But the way she plays, you're dead!
If you hit her ball, you will hear her call out:
"OFF with your head!"*

*"I said OFF!
OFF with your head!"
That's what she said!
If you want to keep yours,
Play it her way, croquet OLAY!*

*"OFF with your head!"
That's what she said!
Learn to be a loser and play another day,
Yes, losers will play another day the Queen's croquet!
The Queen's croquet.
The Queen's croquet.*

QUEEN: That's it! That's enough croquet! Everyone back to work. That includes you Mary Ann. The sky can't paint itself you know. Come, come.

All leave except Alice, the Mock Turtle and Gryphon.

ALICE: Excuse me. May I ask, why are you painting the roses?

GRYPHON: 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 notice, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best to get it done before she comes back...

MOCK TURTLE: Here (*gives Griffin his brush back*) Better get back to your painting. (*to Alice*) Are you here to paint the sky?

ALICE: Why, yes, I'd quite forgot. I *am* supposed to paint the sky.

MOCK TURTLE: Well here's a brush for you. I must say I envy you, painting the sky and all.

ALICE: I wish I were a little more sure how to go about it.

MOCK TURTLE: That so? I'd be glad to show you...

GRYPHON: Here now. Look who's talking now. He don't know nothing, Miss.

MOCK TURTLE: Oh, I could paint the sky.

GRYPHON: You? Why, you never learnt that at school.

ALICE: You went to school?

MOCK TURTLE: Why of course. I was a real turtle once and 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?

MOCK TURTLE: We called him Tortoise because he taught us.

GRYPHON: You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question.

MOCK TURTLE: Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you may not believe it –
ALICE: I never said I didn't.

MOCK TURTLE: Where we learnt French, music and washing extra...

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

MOCK TURTLE: ... and Arithmetic, Ambition, Distraction and Uglification.

ALICE: What's that?

GRYPHON: You've never heard of Uglification!

ALICE: And how many hours a day did you do lessons?

MOCK TURTLE: Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

ALICE: What a curious plan!

GRYPHON: That's the reason they're called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

ALICE: Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday.

MOCK TURTLE: Of course it was.

GRYPHON: That's enough about lessons. Tell her something about the games now! *(he splashes red paint on the grass)*

MOCK TURTLE: See here, you've spilled the red on the grass. Now you'll have to get some green paint to fix it up.

ALICE: And I really should start painting the sky.

MOCK TURTLE: Well, Miss, that's a real important job.

ALICE: I haven't a clue where to begin.

♪ **"IF I WERE PAINTING THE SKY"** ♪

MOCK TURTLE: *I'd give the sun a golden smile
To make it happy all the while;
And keep it shining bright and high,
If I were painting the sky.*

GRYPHON: *I'd paint the clouds so white and clear,
Like floating castles they'd appear
As they go gently drifting by,
If I were painting the sky.*

ALL: *And everywhere from here to there,
As far as the eye can see,
I'd paint a peaceful ocean,
Just as blue as blue can be.
I think I'd add a rainbow, too,
And let it glow the whole day through.
Then I'd sit back and breathe a sigh,
If I were painting the sky.*

ALICE: *I'd give the sun a golden smile
To make it happy all the while;
And keep it shining bright and high,
If I were painting the sky.*

*I'd paint the clouds so white and clear,
Like floating castles they'd appear
As they go gently drifting by,
If I were painting the sky.*

ALL: *And everywhere from here to there,
As far as the eye can see,
I'd paint a peaceful ocean,
Just as blue as blue can be.
I think I'd add a rainbow, too,
And let it glow the whole day through.
Then I'd sit back and breathe a sigh,
If I were painting the sky.
If I were painting the sky.*

GRYPHON: Well, that takes care of the grass. All done here.

MOCK TURTLE: That will do for the roses and the sky is looking wonderful.

QUEEN: *(offstage)* OFF WITH HIS HEAD! OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

GRYPHON: *(chuckles)* What fun!

ALICE: What is the fun?

GRYPHON: Why *she* is. It's all her fancy, that: they never execute anyone, you know.

Processional – the Queen and King enter along with the White Rabbit. The Cheshire cat appears.

ALICE: Cheshire Puss – what's happened?

CHESHIRE CAT: Well, some of the Queens tarts have gone missing and the Ace of Spades has been accused of stealing them. There will now be a trial as the theft of tarts is a Royal Crime and conviction carries the Supreme Penalty. Watch the clerk, now, as he puts on his White Gloves.

WHITE RABBIT: *(clearing his throat)* Ahem, ahem ...

CHESHIRE CAT: Now the trial will begin... *(he disappears)*

WHITE RABBIT: Hear ye! Hear ye! By order of the King, the Royal Court is in session.

♪ **“WHO STOLE THE TARTS”** ♪

WHITE RABBIT: *It is time! It is time!
Now to hear the declaration
By the King, by the King;
It's a royal proclamation!*

KING: *Who stole the tarts?
Who stole the tarts?
While they stood so proudly on the carts?
Stole the tarts from the carts!
Left a tart-less Queen of Hearts!
Find the truth as a whole by simply adding up the parts.*

ALL: *“Who stole the tarts?
Add up the parts.”
These are the charges written on our charts.*

WHITE RABBIT: *Now it's time for the crime!
Have no fear or trepidation.*

*Let the Queen vent her spleen,
As we hear the accusation!*

QUEEN: *He stole the tarts!
He stole the tarts!
He, completely lacking any smarts,
Swiped the tarts from the carts;
Just before my party starts!
Let there be less of him when you have finished with your charts.*

ALL: *When adding parts
Up on the charts,
Add by subtracting prisoner of his parts!
We're absolutely sure that smarts!*

KING: Consider your verdict!

WHITE RABBIT: No, not yet – there's a great deal to come before that your Majesty.

KING: Very well, call the first witness.

WHITE RABBIT: First witnesses, the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Doormouse. Take the stand.

MAD HATTER: Where do you want it taken?

WHITE RABBIT: Just sit down and tell us what you know.

MAD HATTER: I beg pardon, your Majesty, for bringing these in; but we hadn't quite finished tea when we were sent for.

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

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

MARCH HARE: Fifteenth.

DOORMOUSE: Sixteenth.

KING: Take off your hat.

MAD HATTER: It isn't mine.

KING: *Stolen!*

MAD HATTER: No, your Majesty. I keep them to sell, I'm a hatter.

KING: Very well. Give us your evidence.

MAD HATTER, *It was time for tea, unfortunately*
MARCH HARE *So I was sipping sup, sup, sup.*
& DOORMOUSE: *And the tart less part I did not see*
 That's when I was in my cups.

It was time for tea, unfortunately
So I was sipping sup, sup, sup.
 And the tart less part I did not see
That's when I was in my cups.

It was time for tea, unfortunately
So I was sipping...

QUEEN: OFF with their heads!

KING: Next witnesses. Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Really my dear *you* must cross-examine the next witnesses. It quite makes my forehead ache.

Enter Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The King exits.

TWEEDLEDUM: *The tarts were here!*

TWEEDLEDEE: *The tarts were there*

BOTH: *Too many to be seen.*

TWEEDLEDUM: *I saw him come.*

TWEEDLEDEE: *I saw him go.*

BOTH: *We missed what came between.*

TWEEDLEDEE: *Oh Tweedledum!*

TWEEDLEDUM: *And Tweedledee!*

BOTH: *Tweedle-dee-dum-de-dee!*
We can tell you nothing more because we both agree
No –how!
Contrariwise!
We just can-not agree.

QUEEN: OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!

ALICE: But please, your Majesty, they have done nothing wrong.

QUEEN: Next witness! Next witness!

DUCHESS: That would be me your Majesty.

QUEEN: You may begin - but be quick about it.

DUCHESS: *There's a moral to everything
That happens every blessed day,
And you can find it in everything
Even when you play croak...
I mean croquet!*

*For example, if you're losing
Rather badly on the playing coarse,
You'd like to get ahead somehow,
Holler "thief" until you're red and hoarse.
You'll get the tarts before the scores!*

QUEEN: OFF WITH HER HEAD! Where is the clerk? What kind of witnesses are these?
They know nothing! Off with their heads!

WHITE RABBIT: I'm here your Majesty, here!

QUEEN: This is unacceptable! These people know nothing! That's it – I've had enough. I
say he did it! Off with his...

The Caterpillar enters.

WHITE RABBIT: Next witness – the Caterpillar.

CATERPILLAR: *Tarts are sweet,
And the sweets they say,
Make your teeth fall out
After filling them with decay.
So if he stole those tarts,
You can bet that he's a fool;
And maybe the Queen of Hearts
Isn't keeping it cool.
Oh yeah!
So keep it, keep it, keep it cool!*

WHITE RABBIT: Final witness – Alice.

ALICE: Me?

WHITE RABBIT: You are Alice, aren't you?

ALICE: Yes, of course.

QUEEN: What do you know about this business?

ALICE: Nothing.

QUEEN: Nothing *whatever?*

ALICE: Nothing whatever. I don't know anything about the tarts, or why you're having this trial. I'm not even sure why I'm here but it has been a most interesting visit. I suppose I should be on my way back home. Mother and Dinah will be looking for me everywhere. Would you be kind enough to point me in the right direction?

ALICE: *Wherever we're going,*

*No matter how far,
We're going together
Wherever we are.
Whatever the meaning
Should happen to be,
We'll seek it together
For you and for me.*

*Wherever we're going,
No matter how far,
We'll look for a rainbow,
And reach for a star.
We'll find them together,
And surely we'll know
That life is a wonder,
Wherever we go.*

ALL: *Wherever we're going,
No matter how far,
We'll look for a rainbow,
And reach for a star.
We'll find them together,
And surely we'll know
That life is a wonder,
Wherever we go.*

*Yes, life is a wonder,
Wherever we go
In Wonderland.*

ALICE'S MOTHER: (*voice from offstage*) Alice. Alice.

ALICE: Mother?

ALICE'S MOTHER: Come on now. It's time for tea.

ALICE: Tea? But ...

ALICE'S MOTHER: I need you to lay the table. We have visitors.

Alice exits.

THE END