

THE REAL STORY OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND

By Kristen Doherty

CHARACTERS

PIP

SQUEAK

JANE

NICE ALICE

MEAN ALICE

WHITE RABBIT

DOORKNOB

DODO

GREY MOUSE

DUCK

EAGLE

CREATURES OF WONDERLAND

TWEEDLE DEE

TWEEDLE DUM

WALRUS

CARPENTER

MOTHER OYSTER

OYSTERS

CHESHIRE CAT

CATERPILLAR

MAD HATTER

MARCH HARE

DOOR MOUSE

CARD PAINTER ACE

CARD PAINTER TWO

CARD PAINTER THREE

QUEEN OF HEARTS

KING OF HEARTS

JURY

(Oysters could be played by actors or puppets/real oyster shells on sticks with googly eyes)

PROLOGUE

(The Narrators, Pip and Squeak enter)

SQUEAK: *(dramatic)* Once upon a time, in a land far, far away there lived a--

(Pip yawns loudly. Squeak looks at her, irritated)

PIP: Oh sorry...

SQUEAK: Am I keeping you up?

PIP: Oh no. No, keep going please.

SQUEAK: So rude... Anyway... *(dramatic)* Once upon a time, in a land far, far away there lived a--

(Pip yawns again. Squeak glares at her)

SQUEAK: Really?

PIP: I'm sorry *(a beat)* Look, no offence, Squeak, but it's a bit boring don't you think?

SQUEAK: Boring?! What do you mean boring?

PIP: You know, dull, predictable, snooze-fest, dreary, tedious, mind-numbing --

SQUEAK: Ok! I get it. I get it. *(offended)* So I'm boring, am I, Pip?

PIP: Oh, not you. The story... I mean is that it? "Once upon a time", Where's the originality?

SQUEAK: I am trying to tell the story of Alice in Wonderland to our audience, if you don't mind?

PIP: Sorry... *(to audience)* sorry... Please do go on...

SQUEAK: Thank you! As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted... Once upon a time, in a land far, far away there lived a sweet little girl called Alice.

(Pip snorts in disbelief)

SQUEAK: Now what?

PIP: Oh, I'm sorry but "sweet!?" Please! Give me a break. Alice was anything but sweet!

SQUEAK: Ah...Who's telling the story?

PIP: Well, if you want to tell it, at least tell it right!

SQUEAK: What do you mean right? As we all know Alice was a sweet little girl--

PIP: Yeah? Sweet like arsenic! (*chuckles*)

(Squeak is shocked)

PIP: Don't you think our audience deserves to see the *real* story of Alice in Wonderland?

SQUEAK: The real story?

PIP: Yes, the real story. You know the one that "they" don't always tell.

SQUEAK: Who is "they"?

PIP: You know...Them... Responsible people. Teachers. Parents... (*whispers*) Adults!

SQUEAK: Adults? And why would adults not want kids to know (*she gestures the italics*) "The Real Story of Alice in Wonderland?"

PIP: Well, they don't want us kids to get any ideas, you know? Alice is a terrible role model.

SQUEAK: (*disbelieving*) Alice in Wonderland is a terrible role model?

PIP: Ahh, yuhh.

SQUEAK: Ridiculous! (*a beat*) But, I'm intrigued. I don't know why, but I am... Look. We'll hear your side of the story, Pip.

PIP: Awesome!

SQUEAK: However, I think our audience want to hear the original, Lewis Carol, classic as well. But you want "originality," so we'll take it in turns, and tell both sides. Then in the end, our audience can decide which version they believe is 'The Real Story of Alice in Wonderland.

PIP: Or at least the version they want to see the most.

SQUEAK: Fine!

(They shake on it)

SQUEAK: And I'll go first.

PIP: Of course.

SQUEAK: Good! Ok. *(dramatic)* Once upon a time in a land far, far away lived a sweet little girl called Alice. One day Alice and her sister, Jane, were sitting in their garden studying their history books. Alice knew that her learning was very important and was listening attentively...

SCENE ONE - DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

(Lights up)

(Nice Alice and Jane sit on a picnic blanket in the garden with a pile of books. Jane reads and Nice Alice sits listening attentively.)

JANE: "Anne of Cleves was a political bride, chosen to cement an alliance between Britain and Germany. The marriage only lasted a few days before Henry VIII had it annulled."
(sighs) Alice?

NICE ALICE: Yes sister, I'm listening enthusiastically and attentively.

JANE: Of course you are, dearest sister. Then I shall continue..."Henry Tudor then married Kathryn Howard, but two years later she too was beheaded for treason and adultery."

NICE ALICE: Oh, how tragic.

JANE: Quite. "In the last years of his reign Henry grew moody, obese and suspicious..."
(sighs) All this reading is hard work, Alice, would you kindly pass me an apple?

NICE ALICE: Certainly, darling sister, I have brought a selection as I know you adore apples. So, Granny Smith? Pink Lady?

JANE: Hmm, a very difficult choice indeed...I think a Royal Gala.

NICE ALICE: Oh, but sister dear... I have no Royal Gala's here today. If you like, I can whiz over to the neighbouring orchard and pick you a delicious one?

JANE: Oh Alice, you really are the sweetest and kindest sister that ever existed.

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

PIP: Oh please! Stop! Stop!

SQUEAK: You've got a problem?

PIP: I can't sit here any longer listening to this saccharine!

SQUEAK: Fine! If you can tell it any better go right ahead.

PIP: All right! I will...

(Back to the garden. The two Alice's tag team)

(Mean Alice joins Jane onstage. She looks bored, inspecting her fingernails)

JANE: "Anne of Cleves was a political bride, chosen to cement an alliance between Britain and Germany. The marriage only lasted a few days before Henry VIII had it annulled."

(Jane notices that Mean Alice is not paying attention)

JANE: Alice?

MEAN ALICE: *(aggressive)* Yawn!!

JANE: Alice, please listen. Your lessons are very important...*(she continues)* "Henry Tudor then married Kathryn Howard, but two years later, she too was beheaded for treason and adultery."

MEAN ALICE: *(calls out)* Off with her head!

JANE: Alice!

MEAN ALICE: Sorry... It's funny.

JANE: It's not! Oh, how would you feel if someone threatened to chop your head off. That's what they used to do; you know?

MEAN ALICE: Oh, who cares about the Kings and Queens of England. If I have to sit here and listen to another boring history lesson... I think I am going to scream!

JANE: *(Nervously continues reading)* "In the last years of his reign, Henry grew moody, obese and suspicious"--

MEAN ALICE: Screams/screeches!

JANE: Ok, ok... I'm sorry! Maybe we should take a break and have an apple?

MEAN ALICE: I hate apples. Give me lollies.

JANE: Oh, but dear Alice, all I have is healthy delicious apples...

MEAN ALICE: Oh, you take your horrid apples!

(Mean Alice throws apples at Jane)

JANE: Oh no, Alice! Please don't hurt me again.

MEAN ALICE: *(with relish)* Oh, I am so sorry dear sister... I didn't mean to scare you. Look! I'll help you with your apple! Eat this!

(Mean Alice sticks the apple in Jane's mouth)

MEAN ALICE: *(threatening)* Now you listen, and listen hard! I do not, not, not want your horrid apples! And there is nothing you can do *(stomps)* No! No! No! No! No!

(Mean Alice pounds the ground in a temper tantrum. Suddenly, Jane vanishes as Mean Alice falls into the darkness)

SpFX - (opportunity for projection) – "Alice falls through a long, long tunnel, past cupboards with shelves filled with orange marmalade and books, maps and pictures hung upon the walls."

MEAN ALICE: Argh! I'm falling! Ahh!

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

PIP: Yes, that's right, audience. Because Alice's temper was so bad, and she stomped her feet so hard, she fell right through the earth!

SQUEAK: That's not how the story goes. Everyone knows that Alice saw a white rabbit with a waist coat and pocket watch, was curious, and followed him.

(Back to the garden. The two Alice's tag team and swap places.)

(The White Rabbit enters in a rush. He darts around the stage looking for something)

NICE ALICE: How peculiar.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, my fur and whiskers! I'm late, I'm late I'm late!

NICE ALICE: Now, this is curious. Whatever could a rabbit possibly be late for? (*tries to catch up*) Please, sir?

WHITE RABBIT: Where are my white gloves? Oh dear, where can they be? I'm late, I'm late. No time to say hello. Goodbye! I'm late, I'm late, I'm late. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. How late I am!

NICE ALICE: He must be late for something awfully important. Mister Rabbit, wait!

WHITE RABBIT: No, no, no, I'm overdue. I'm really in a stew. My gloves, my gloves, they are nowhere to be seen.

(The White Rabbit exits through a small door.)

NICE ALICE: Oh dear, he's gone down this rabbit hole. (*calls*) Hello? Excuse me, Mr Rabbit are you there?

SQUEAK: And without a second thought Alice follows the White Rabbit into the rabbit hole, only to find herself suddenly falling through darkness.

(Nice Alice falls into darkness)

NICE ALICE: I'm falling! ... Oh, dear me! (*after a few moments*) Curiouser and curiouser. I'm still falling!

SQUEAK: Down, down, down Alice fell, until she eventually landed softly, on the grassy ground.

NICE ALICE: Oh my. That was quite the adventure.

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

PIP: Landed softly? Give me a break. That's not the way I remember it at all.

SQUEAK: Please... Go on, enlighten us all then.

PIP: Ok I will. Alice landed with a thud right on her bottom.

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

MEAN ALICE: Ouch! That hurt my bu--

(The White Rabbit enters)

WHITE RABBIT: *(interrupts)* Oh my fur and whiskers! I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

PIP: *Then* Alice sees the White Rabbit!

MEAN ALICE: Oh great! That's the last thing I need is a disgusting diseased mangy rabbit. Ewh...I do not want to catch myxomatosis.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. How late I am!

MEAN ALICE: How stupid! A rabbit can't be late! Who does he think he is?

WHITE RABBIT: Where are my white gloves? Oh dear, where can they be? I'm late, I'm late. No time to say hello, goodbye, I'm late, I'm late, I'm late.

MEAN ALICE: I didn't say hello or goodbye to you! And I don't intend to! And another thing, you can't be late for anything! You're just a dumb animal!

WHITE RABBIT: No, no, no, I'm overdue. I'm really in a stew. I'm late! But my gloves, my gloves, they are nowhere to be seen.

MEAN ALICE: Mmm...I love Rabbit Stew. Yum, yum. Now if I can just catch him...

SCENE TWO – DRINK ME.

(The White Rabbit exits through a tiny door)

MEAN ALICE: Hey! Where did he go? I'm not finished yelling at him yet. A door? He must have gone through here. *(she bangs on the door)* Oi! Rabbit! Let me in, NOW!

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

SQUEAK: That's horrible! Alice wasn't like that at all.

PIP: Oh yes, she was!

(Narrators encourage the audience to join in, take sides)

SQUEAK: Oh no she wasn't!

PIP: Oh yes, she was!

SQUEAK: Oh no she wasn't! Alice was ever so polite, charming and beautiful...

PIP: Why is it that in fairy stories the young girls have to be sweet and weak and vulnerable? Why can't they be sassy and strong? Why can't they be the anti-heroes? The baddies!?! Am I right, audience?

(Audience responds (yes/no))

SQUEAK: The way that this story has always been told was that Alice was kind, and honest and good.

PIP: Just because that's the way it has always been told, doesn't mean it's true... But by all means... Your turn.

(Alice's tag-team. Back to Wonderland)

SQUEAK: Thank you. So, poor, sweet, innocent Alice nervously approached the tiny door.

NICE ALICE: Oh dear. However, will I fit? I'll never find the White Rabbit now. *(she cries)*

DOORKNOB: Stop crying! Please stop crying!

NICE ALICE: Who said that?

DOORKNOB: Me! Down here.

NICE ALICE: Oh! Hello Mr Doorknob.

DOORKNOB: Please stop crying, you'll flood the place with your giant tears.

NICE ALICE: I can't help it. I've followed the White Rabbit all this way and now I don't know how to find him.

DOORKNOB: Look on the table, you may find what you need.

(Nice Alice spots a small table)

NICE ALICE: A tiny key! That's just what I need to open the door, if only I was small enough. What's this?...

(Nice Alice picks up a bottle)

NICE ALICE: Hmm...A little bottle. *(reads)* Drink me. Well, it's not marked poison. *(she sips)* Mmm...Cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast.

SQUEAK: But then, suddenly, Alice started shrinking!

(LFX: Lighting – strobe – set change – Door gets bigger. Nice Alice looks smaller)

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

SQUEAK: Down, down, down she goes until she is no bigger than a mouse.

NICE ALICE: Goodness.

DOORKNOB: Ho, ho, ho. You almost went out like a candle. How small you are.

(Nice Alice measures up against the door)

NICE ALICE: But look now, Mr Doorknob. I'm just the right size.

DOORKNOB: Jolly good. In you go. But mind yourself, it's pretty chaotic in there.

NICE ALICE: Whatever do you mean?

DOORKNOB: Ha, ha, you'll see soon enough!

(Nice Alice tries to open the door. The Doorknob responds with a squeal)

DOORKNOB: Ohhhh!

NICE ALICE: Oh! Oh, dear me...I do beg your pardon.

DOORKNOB: Oh, it's quite alright. But you did give me quite a turn.

(The Doorknob laughs at his own wit)

DOORKNOB: Ha, ha. Rather good, say what? Doorknob, turn? Get it! Get it?

NICE ALICE: Please, sir. I need to follow the White Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT (O/S): I'm late, I'm late. Oh, how late I am.

NICE ALICE: There he is, I can hear him on the other side. May I please go through?

DOORKNOB: Do you have the key? Because, remember, I am locked.

NICE ALICE: Oh dear. I left the key on the table and I can't reach the top anymore. *(cries)*

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

PIP: What a whinger! I'm telling you right now, Squeak, Alice is not that much of a sook! What really happened was this....

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

(Mean Alice tries to open the door)

MEAN ALICE: Lemme in! I need to follow the White Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT (O/S): I'm late! I'm late! Oh, how late I am.

MEAN ALICE: There he is, I can hear him on the other side. Let me in!

(Mean Alice shakes the knob with frustration)

MEAN ALICE: Gahhh!

DOORKNOB: Please, miss! Do you have the key? I am locked.

MEAN ALICE: You, stupid Doorknob! Why are you wasting my time?!

DOORKNOB: You will need the key, so...

MEAN ALICE: Oh, will I now? Well do you know what? You don't need a key if you know Karate! High ya!

(Mean Alice Karate kicks the door open)

MEAN ALICE: There you go, problem solved.

SCENE THREE - THE CAUCUS RACE

(Mean Alice bursts through the door to find the room ankle high in water and feathered and furred creatures of Wonderland (or could be characters we see later) running on the spot, fixated forward, as if they are competing in a race)

MEAN ALICE: Where's all this water come from? Oh great! Now I'm going to get my shoes wet. This ridiculous place is driving me nuts!

(Dodo enters and joins the race)

MEAN ALICE: A Dodo? I thought Dodo's were supposed to be extinct. Well, I suppose that could be arranged. Here birdy, birdy...

DODO: Aye, aye captain!

(Mean Alice grabs Dodo around neck and starts choking him – Dodo squawks)

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

SQUEAK: Oh! That is terrible! Animal cruelty! I should ring the RSPCA! Stop it! Before the audience get any more bad ideas... In the real version...

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

(Nice Alice approaches the Dodo who is leading the others running on the spot)

NICE ALICE: Excuse me, Mr Dodo, can you help me? I'm looking for the White Rabbit.

DODO: I say! You'll never get dry that way.

NICE ALICE: Get dry?

DODO: Have a run with the others! First rule of a caucus-race, you know?

NICE ALICE: What's a Caucus-race?

DODO: The best thing to get us dry.

NICE ALICE: But how can I? ... Ok....

(Nice Alice joins in the race with the creatures of Wonderland)

DODO: That's better! We'll have you dry in no time now!

NICE ALICE: No-one can ever get dry this way.

DODO: Nonsense! I am dry as a bone already.

NICE ALICE: Yes, but you're a bird.

DODO: Faster! Faster! Let's go, Let's go.

(The Wonderland creatures are becoming exhausted)

DUCK: Ugh!

DODO: I beg your pardon! Did you speak?

DUCK: Not I.

DODO: *(to group)* Sqwark! Faster, faster! Keep up, keep up, keep up, you'll never get dry otherwise. *(to Nice Alice)* How are you getting on now, my dear?

NICE ALICE: As wet as ever

(The Dodo stops suddenly, the other creatures, keep running)

DODO: In that case, I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of less energetic remedies—”

CREATURES: What?

DODO: The race is over!

(All of the Creatures' stumble to a stop. Exhausted)

GREY MOUSE: But who has won?

(Everyone looks to the Dodo, he pauses, for a long time, one finger pressed upon his forehead while the others wait in silence. At last...)

DODO: *(announces)* Everybody has won! And all must have prizes!

CREATURES: *(cheer)* Hooray!

EAGLE: But who is to give the prizes?

DODO: Why, *she*, of course.

(The Dodo points to Nice Alice - All of the creatures circle Alice, jumping, cheering and chanting)

CREATURES: Prizes! Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!

(Nice Alice is overwhelmed, The creatures close in on her)

PIP: Stop! Stop! Tag team!?! Please Tag team?

SQUEAK: *(sighs)* Go on then.

(The two Alice's tag team)

*(*Choreographed routine where Pip's below instructions are safely played out)*

PIP: Quick as lighting Alice engages in a roundhouse karate routine, sending all of the Wonderland creatures flying in all different directions, until nothing but a pile of bodies lay littered at her feet.

SQUEAK: Stop! Stop! Stop!

(Mean Alice freezes with the Dodo in mid-headlock)

PIP: *(shrugs)* Too far?

SQUEAK: Ya think?

PIP: Ok. Tag team back.

(Back to Wonderland. Alice's Tag team. The bodies all reach up towards Nice Alice, in the centre, terrified)

PIP: Thankfully, just then, the White Rabbit enters.

(The White Rabbit enters)

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear, I'm late, I'm late. Oh, my fur and whiskers I am really in a thither. I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

NICE ALICE: *(gasps)* The White Rabbit! Mister Rabbit! Mister Rabbit!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, my goodness! I'm late! I'm late! Whatever shall I do. I have lost my white gloves. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

(The White Rabbit runs up into audience, Nice Alice extracts herself and follows him)

NICE ALICE: Oh no, don't go away.

(Nice Alice chases him as he weaves through the audience)

WHITE RABBIT: *(asks audience member)* Have you seen my white gloves, sir? No? Have you madam? No? Maybe they are under your seat? *(look under audience's seat)* Oh dear, oh dear, whatever shall I do?

DODO: Don't step on the fish, Eric. Hey! Won't you please stop kicking that mackerel!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, dear they must be here somewhere...

DODO: Eric, Eric oh I say Eric...Wait for me!

(Dodo chases White Rabbit out of door and the rest of the chorus follow them, Alice remains behind)

NICE ALICE: Mister Rabbit! Oh, Mister Rabbit! Oh dear, *(runs back onto stage)* I'm sure he came this way. Where ever did they go? Hmm... Not here. I wonder...

SCENE FOUR – TWEEDLE DEE AND TWEEDLE DUM

(Meanwhile Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum enter and freeze into a pose centre stage. Nice Alice crosses to examine them)

NICE ALICE: Oh! Why, what funny little figures. *(she reads their shirts)* Tweedle Dee... and Tweedle Dum!

(Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum break their freeze, surprising Nice Alice)

TWEEDLE DUM: If you think we're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing, no how.

TWEEDLE DEE: Contrariwise, if you think we're alive you ought to speak to us!

DEE & DUM: That's logic!

NICE ALICE: Well, it's been nice meeting you. Goodbye!

(Nice Alice tries to turn and leave, they run around to get in her way)

TWEEDLE DEE: You're beginning backwards!

NICE ALICE: Really? Well, my name is Alice and I'm following a White Rabbit. So...

TWEEDLE DEE: You can't go yet.

TWEEDLE DUM: No, the visit has just started.

NICE ALICE: Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum...I've heard of you, you know?
"Tweedledum and Tweedledee. agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee, had spoiled his nice new rattle."

TWEEDLE DUM: You're wrong! That hasn't happened yet You're starting at the end again. The first thing in a visit is to say...

DEE & DUM: How do you do and shake hands, shake hands, shake hands, how do you do and shake hands and state your name and business. That's manners.

(Dee and Dum cross Alice's hands in front of her and shake her hands vigorously. Then force her to dance around in a circle)

DEE & DUM: *(sing)* Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush. Here we go round the mulberry bush, til early in the morning.

(Nice Alice is dragged around as they repeatedly change directions – then suddenly stop, panting)

TWEEDLE DEE: Four times round, is enough for one dance.

NICE ALICE: Well... Um. Thank you. I really must be going now...

TWEEDLE DEE: Awh! But if you stay long enough, we might have a battle!

NICE ALICE: That's very kind of you, but I can't, I have to go.

DEE & DUM: Why?

NICE ALICE: Because I am following the White Rabbit!

DEE & DUM: Why?

NICE ALICE: Well, I – I'm curious to know where he is going.

DEE & DUM: Ohh, she's curious! Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!...

TWEEDLE DEE: The oysters were curious too, weren't they?

TWEEDLE DUM: Aye, and you remember what happened to them...

DEE & DUM: Poor things!

NICE ALICE: Why? What did happen to the oysters?

TWEEDLE DEE: Oh, you wouldn't be interested.

NICE ALICE: But I am!

TWEEDLE DUM: Oh, no. You're in much too much of a hurry!

NICE ALICE: Well, I could spare a little time...

DEE & DUM: You could? Well...

(Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum grab Nice Alice and sit her down to be their audience)

SCENE FIVE – THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

(SFX: Big introduction. Fanfare, drumroll)

DEE & DUM: "The Walrus and the Carpenter"!

TWEEDLE DUM: Or “The story of the curious Oysters”!

(Enter the Walrus and the Carpenter, strolling down the beach)

TWEEDLE DEE: The sun was shining on the sea, shining with all his might.

TWEEDLE DUM: He did his very best to make the billows full and bright.

DEE & DUM: And this was odd, because it was the middle of the night.

TWEEDLE DEE: The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking close at hand.

TWEEDLE DUM: The beach was white from side to side but much too full of sand.

TWEEDLE DEE: “Mister Walrus”, said the Carpenter “My brain begins to burke. We’ll sweep this clear in half a year, if you don’t mind the work.”

WALRUS: Work? Uh, pff, brrrr! Uh the time has come...

DEE & DUM: The Walrus said.

WALRUS: To talk of other things. Of shoes and ships and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings.

WALRUS/CARPENTER: Calloo, callay, no work today. We’re cabbages and kings.

(The Oysters enter)

WALRUS: Oh, uhh, oysters, come and walk with us. The day is warm and bright. A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, would be a sheer delight.

CARPENTER: Yes, and should we get hungry on the way, we’ll stop and uh... have a bite.

WALRUS: Hmmm.

DEE & DUM: But mother Oyster winked her eye and shook her heavy head. She knew too well this was no time to leave her oyster bed.

MOTHER OYSTER: The sea is nice, take my advice, and stay right here.

DEE & DUM: Mum said.

WALRUS: Yes, yes of course, of course! But aye, the time has come, my little friends, to talk of other things. Of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings. And why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings.

WALRUS/CARPENTER: Calloo, callay, come run away! We're the cabbages and kings!

(The Walrus and the Carpenter look hungrily at the Oysters)

WALRUS: Hrmmm, well now, uh, let me see... Ah! A loaf of bread is what we chiefly need.

CARPENTER: How about some pepper and salt and vinegar, aye?

WALRUS: Oh yes, yes, splendid idea! Haha, very good indeed! Now, if you're ready, oysters dear... ha, ha, ha... we can begin to feed.

OYSTERS: *(squeaky)* Feed?

WALRUS: Oh yes, ahh, the time has come, my little friends, to talk of food and things!

CARPENTER: Of peppercorns and mustard seed and other seasonings. We'll mix some all together in a sauce as good for kings. Callooh, callay, we'll live today, like cabbages and kings!

WALRUS: I uh, weep for you, I—uh- oh, excuse me, I deeply sympathize. For I've enjoyed your company, oh, much more than you realize.

CARPENTER: Little oysters, little oysters...

(The Walrus and the Carpenter gobble up the Oysters)

DEE & DUM: But answer there came none. And this was scarcely odd, because, they'd been eaten, every one!

WALRUS: Hmm, well, hmm, the time has come!

DEE & DUM: For cabbages and kings! The end!

(Tweedle Dee, Tweedle Dum and Nice Alice applaud. Walrus and Carpenter bow then exit)

NICE ALICE: That was a very sad story.

TWEEDLE DUM: Aye, and there's a moral to it.

NICE ALICE: Oh yes, a very good moral if you happen to be an oyster. Well, it's been a very nice visit...

SCENE SIX - TWEEDLE DEE AND TWEEDLE DUM BATTLE

(Nice Alice shakes hands with Tweedle Dum and accidentally knocks his rattle onto the ground)

(The twins are shocked, both gasp loudly)

TWEEDLE DUM: *(in a rage)* Do you see that?

NICE ALICE: I'm terribly sorry, but It's only an old rattle – quite old and broken.

TWEEDLE DUM: I know what it was it was. Now It's spoilt, of course.

NICE ALICE: You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

TWEEDLE DUM: It's new, I tell you. I bought it yesterday. My nice new rattle. Of course, you agree to have a battle?

NICE ALICE: No!

TWEEDLE DEE: She means yes. First, she must help dress us in our armour.

(They fetch all sorts of things, clothes, saucepans, umbrella etc, and bring them on and start adorning themselves. Nice Alice tries to help)

TWEEDLE DUM: I hope you are a good hand at pinning and tying strings? Every one of these things has to go on somehow or other.

TWEEDLE DEE: Please put that round my neck to keep my head from being cut off. You know it's one of the most serious things that can happen to one in a battle is to get one's head cut off – Do I look very pale?

NICE ALICE: Well – yes – a little.

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

TWEEDLE DEE: And I've got a toothache. I'm far worse than you.

NICE ALICE: Then we'd better not fight today.

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

NICE ALICE: Half – past four.

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

TWEEDLE DEE: Very well, warning dear, you'd better not come very close. I generally hit everything I can see when I get really excited.

(He swings his arms around violently. His brother joins him, swinging his arms too)

TWEEDLE DUM: And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

NICE ALICE: And all this fuss about a rattle. I really find this place and the people in it very confusing.

TWEEDLE DEE: There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella, it's quite as sharp.

DEE & DUM: And begin.

(Nice Alice hides behind her umbrella while, Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum fight each other gently for a few moments, then sit and pant)

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

PIP: Oh, come on! Alice didn't stand idly by, she showed them what a real bad-ass she was. It was epic! Let me fill you in.

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

MEAN ALICE: That was pathetic. Where's the effort? Where's the commitment? The technique? What did you learn at school?

TWEEDLE DEE: School?

TWEEDLE DUM: Shhh...Never, ever talk about school in front of Twiddle Dee. He's very sensitive about not being able to go to school!

TWEEDLE DEE: My mama said that I was too smart for school and--

MEAN ALICE: Smart? *(snort laughs)* You're the most stupid looking idiot around here! Look at what you're wearing? ... Is that a saucepan on your head?

TWEEDLE DEE: *(ashamed)* Maybe...

MEAN ALICE: Here let me show you how to fight!

(Mean Alice grabs Tweedle Dum's head and spins him around – She then grabs Tweedle Dee's saucepan and dongs him on his head, Gets them both into a head lock and clonks heads together. Spins them around rock n wrestling style – body slams them – leaving them both unconscious)

MEAN ALICE: Phew! Now that's what I call a workout.

(Tweedle Dum sit's up. Groggy)

TWEEDLE DUM: What happened?

MEAN ALICE: You took a bit of a trip with *(puts a fist up)* Thunder *(other fist up)* and lightning.

(Tweedle Dum faints on the spot)

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

SQUEAK: Oh no! She killed them!

PIP: No! She only made them unconscious... There's maybe a slight chance of brain damage. Not like it's going to make any difference anyway.

SQUEAK: Look Pip... I don't care how you think the story 'really' goes. I know, as a fact, that Alice wouldn't kill--

PIP: *(Interrupts)* Make unconscious--

SQUEAK: Make unconscious, two poor, innocent people. I think we've heard enough. We don't want these young impressionable minds getting bad ideas.

PIP: I don't think the audience are silly enough to--

SQUEAK: Look. I don't want to lose my Narrator job. I think I should take over for a bit until you calm down...

PIP: Go right ahead. The truth will prevail.

SQUEAK: Yes, it will ... Once Alice has said her fond goodbyes to Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum, she encounters the mysterious Cheshire Cat.

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

SCENE SEVEN - ALICE MEETS THE CHESHIRE CAT

(Cheshire Cat appears as if out of nowhere)

CHESHIRE CAT: T'was brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe. All mimsy were the borogoves, and the momeraths outgrabe.

NICE ALICE: Now where in the world do you suppose that...?

CHESHIRE CAT: Uh, loose something?

NICE ALICE: Oh! I was just wondering...

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, uhh, that's quite alright! Oh, hmmm, one moment please... Oh! Second chorus... 'T'was brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe...

NICE ALICE: Why, you're a cat!

CHESHIRE CAT: A Cheshire Cat. All mimsy were the borogoves...

NICE ALICE: Oh, wait. Don't go, please.

CHESHIRE CAT: Very well. Third chorus.

NICE ALICE: Please. I just wanted to ask you which way I ought to go.

CHESHIRE CAT: Well, that depends on where you want to get to.

NICE ALICE: Oh, it really doesn't matter, as long as I ca--

CHESHIRE CAT: Then it really doesn't matter which way you go! And the momeraths outgrabe... Oh, by the way, if you'd really like to know, he went that way.

NICE ALICE: Who did?

CHESHIRE CAT: The White Rabbit.

NICE ALICE: He did?

CHESHIRE CAT: He did what?

NICE ALICE: Went that way?

CHESHIRE CAT: Who did?

NICE ALICE: The White Rabbit!

CHESHIRE CAT: What rabbit?

NICE ALICE: But didn't you just say... I mean... oh dear!

CHESHIRE CAT: Can you stand on your head? (*he stands on his head*)

NICE ALICE: Oh!

CHESHIRE CAT: However, if I were looking for a White Rabbit, I'd ask the Caterpillar first. He's in that direction. (*points*)

NICE ALICE: The Caterpillar? Please don't tell me he's mad. As I have been among so many mad people around here. There was a Doorknob, a Dodo, Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum as well...

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, you can't help that. There are so many mad people around here. Almost everyone is mad in Wonderland, and you haven't met all of them yet. Ha, ha, ha. You may have noticed that I'm not all there myself... And the momeraths outgrabe...

(The Cheshire Cat exits)

NICE ALICE: Goodness. If the people here are like that, I – I must try not to upset them. How very curious. (*coughs*)

SCENE EIGHT – ADVICE FROM A CATTERPILLAR

(LFX - In a puff of smoke. The Caterpillar appears on a mushroom. Sleepy, slow)

CATERPILLAR: Who are you?

NICE ALICE: I – I – I hardly know, sir! I've changed so many times since this morning, you see...

CATERPILLAR: I do not see. Explain yourself.

NICE ALICE: Why, I'm afraid I can't explain myself, sir, because I'm not myself, you know?

CATERPILLAR: I do not know.

NICE ALICE: Well, I can't put it anymore clearly, for it isn't clear to me.

CATERPILLAR: You? Who are you?

NICE ALICE: Well, don't you think you ought to tell me- cough- cough, cough- who you are first?

CATERPILLAR: Why?

NICE ALICE: Oh dear. Everything is so confusing.

CATERPILLAR: It is not.

NICE ALICE: Well, it is to me.

CATERPILLAR: You? Huh, who are you? (*blows smoke*)

NICE ALICE: Cough- cough, cough- cough, A-choo! Oh!

(Nice Alice starts to exit)

CATERPILLAR: You there! Girl! Wait! Come back! I have something important to say.

NICE ALICE: I'm sorry, what is it?

CATERPILLAR: Keep your temper!

NICE ALICE: Is that all?

CATERPILLAR: No. Exacitically, what is your problem?

NICE ALICE: Well, it's exacitici-, exaciti-, well, it's precisely this: I should like to be a little larger, sir.

CATERPILLAR: Why?

NICE ALICE: Well, after all I can't see much, being my height.

CATERPILLAR: I am exacitically your height, and it is a very good height indeed!

NICE ALICE: But I'm not used to this place. And you needn't shout. Oh dear...

CATERPILLAR: By the way, I have a few more helpful hints. One side will make you grow taller...

NICE ALICE: One side of what?

CATERPILLAR: And the other side will make you grow shorter.

NICE ALICE: The other side of what?

CATERPILLAR: The mushroom, of course.

(Nice Alice breaks some mushroom off and puts it in her pocket)

NICE ALICE: Oh, well thank you ever so much! It might come in handy when I leave Wonderland and want to become my normal size again...

(Action freezes. Back to Narrators)

PIP: Is it my turn yet? Is it my turn yet? Is it my turn yet? Is it? Is it? Is it?

SQUEAK: *(interrupts)* Oh for goodness sake, Yes!

PIP: Finally! I don't think I could have listened for much longer! I mean, do you honestly think Alice would have put up with some dozy spaced-out insect blowing smoke in her face? Are you as insane as Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee--

SQUEAK: Pip!

PIP: Hmm?

SQUEAK: *(sighs)* Just tell your version of the story, ok?

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

PIP: Aye, aye, Captain! *(Ahem)* Well, after her little tiff with the Caterpillar, Alice thumped and humphed her way to the middle of a wood.

MEAN ALICE: *(Angry sigh)* Where am I?! This place is so confusing.

SCENE NINE - THE CHESHIRE CAT IS BACK

(The Cheshire Cat appears)

MEAN ALICE: Oh... It's you again. Right. I need directions. I want out.

CHESHIRE CAT: Do you?

MEAN ALICE: Of course I do! Which way do I go?

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

MEAN ALICE: Anywhere but here.

CHESIRE CAT: Then it doesn't matter which way you go. In *that* direction, lives a Hatter: and in *that* direction, lives a March Hare. Visit either you like, they're both mad.

MEAN ALICE: But I don't want to go near mad people.

CHESIRE CAT: Oh, you can't help that. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

MEAN ALICE: How do you know I'm mad?

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

MEAN ALICE: Good point!

CHESIRE CAT: Speaking of Mad...

(The Cheshire Cat disappears)

(Singing is heard in the distance)

MEAN ALICE: Grr... I hate singing! If I find who is making that horrendous racket, I'll make them regret it! I think dissection of the vocal cords might be just what the doctor ordered.

SCENE TEN - THE MAD HATTERS TEA PARTY

(The singing gets louder. The Mad Hatter and March Hare sit with a sleeping Door Mouse, at a table set up for a party - They see Mean Alice and cower behind the table)

HATTER & HARE: No room! No room!

MEAN ALICE: There's *plenty* of room.

(Mean Alice makes herself comfortable in the biggest chair)

(The Mad Hatter and March Hare creep over to Mean Alice, nervous)

(Mean Alice leaps up and grabs them in a double headlock)

MEAN ALICE: Hey! Big ears and Captain Snoz. Welcome to Painsville! Population, you!

MARCH HARE: Oh joy! A wrestling match. How invigorating.

(The March Hare frees himself and takes up a wrestling stance... Then thinks better of it)

MARCH HARE: But please, you are our guest; first you must have a cup of tea.

MEAN ALICE: Cup of tea? Cup of tea?! For your information, I don't care for tea.

MAD HATTER: Well, have some wine?

MEAN ALICE: What? I don't see any wine.

HATTER & HARE: That's because there isn't any!

MAD HATTER: Oh, oh, wait...I can give you a little wine. Are you ready?...

(The Mad Hatter whines, then laughs hysterically)

MARCH HARE: Hilarious!

MEAN ALICE: *(angry)* If there isn't any, then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

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

MEAN ALICE: I didn't know it was *your* table. It's laid for a great many more than three.

(The Door Mouse wakes suddenly, stands on his chair, and recites:)

DOOR MOUSE: Twinkle, twinkle, little bat! How I wonder where you're at! Up above the world you fly, Like a tea-tray in the sky. Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

(The Door Mouse sits down and falls straight back to sleep)

(A beat)

HATTER: Next Course!

(They pick up the Door Mouse and all move along one spot. They pick up the teacup in front of them and sip)

MEAN ALICE: Well... Is there a reason so many tea-things are put out here then?

HATTER: Well, it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things in between.

MEAN ALICE: So, you just keep moving around?

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

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

HATTER: Then we change the subject.... I want a clean cup! Let's all move one place on.

(All get up and move along another place (with Door Mouse again) They pick up the next cup and have another sip)

HATTER: By the way...(smug) Your hair wants cutting.

MEAN ALICE: Excuse me! How dare you comment on my hair! When is the last time you looked in the mirror? You piece of putrid puke.

MARCH HARE: Good idea! I like the way you're thinking. Let's do tongue twisters.

HATTER & HARE: Hooray! And go! Betty Botter bought some butter, but she said the butters bitter! If I use this bitter butter, it will make my batter bitter! I must buy some better butter; it will make my batter better!

MEAN ALICE: Say that to my face, you fanatic, fungus, freak!

MAD HATTER: (*claps*) Oh splendid, splendid, that's a good one.

MARCH HARE: My turn! Moses supposes his toes-es are roses, but Moses supposes erroneously for Moses he knows his toes aren't roses, as Moses supposes his toes-es to be.

MAD HATTER: Oh, it's a hard one! Tongue twister round off. But be careful, I don't want to untie your tongues.

MARCH HARE: A tutor who tutored the flute. Tried to tutor two tooters to toot. Said the two to the tutor, is it harder to toot or to tutor two tooters, to toot!

MAD HATTER: Toot! Toot!

(The Mad Hatter toots into Mean Alice's ear. Mad Hatter and March Hare slap knees and roll around laughing)

(Door Mouse wakes up momentarily)

DOOR MOUSE: Toot! Toot!

(Door Mouse falls asleep again)

MEAN ALICE: (*yells*) Ahhh!

MAD HATTER: ...Well, that was pathetic. I think - The March Hare wins!

(SFX: Audience applauds)

MAD HATTER: Toot-toot-toot.

MARCH HARE: Toot. Toot!

(Mean Alice is stunned while the Mad Hatter and March Hare run around, then stop suddenly to sit and elegantly pour tea)

MAD HATTER: Now where were we before we were so rudely interrupted!

MARCH HARE: Oh, I know! I know. Cake?

(March Hare takes the cake off the table and offers it to Mean Alice)

MEAN ALICE: Well... I am quite hungry.

MAD HATTER: Well, blow the candle out my dear, and make your wish come true.

MEAN ALICE: This is apple strudel cake *(screams)* I want dark melting chocolate cake!

HATTER & HARE: Aah! Eee! Stop screaming! Stop screaming!

MEAN ALICE: No one tells me what to do.

(Mean Alice grabs some cake and splats into faces of Mad Hatter and March Hare)

MARCH HARE: Ooh! Home-made, yummy, face masks...goodie.

MAD HATTER: Whoot hoo! I want you to be our best-est most wonderful-est friend!

(Mad Hatter and March Hare dance in a circle around Mean Alice, holding hands)

HATTER & HARE: You are my best-est friend! You are my best-est friend! You are my bes-est friend! You are my best-est friend!

MEAN ALICE: *(break friend circle)* I am not your best friend! Take this you crazy fools!

(Mean Alice grabs cake and starts food fight)

HATTER & HARE: What fun. What fun! We love you!

MARCH HARE: Can I have your autograph?

(The March Hare kneels and produces a ring)

MAD HATTER: Marry me!

(Mean Alice is horrified)

MEAN ALICE: Never! *(runs off)* Ewh, ewh, ewh!

HATTER & HARE: Very well!

(Mad Hatter and March Hare link arms, with a still sleeping Door Mouse between them, and exit singing)

HATTER & HARE: Twinkle, twinkle, little bat, how I wonder where you're at.

DOOR MOUSE: Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

(They all Exit)

(Back to Narrators. Squeak is stunned. Pip looks at her)

PIP: What!?

SQUEAK: This is just getting ridiculous.

PIP: Fine! If you can't believe my version of the story, you tell it better! But I don't think the audience will put up with it much longer... Just saying.

SQUEAK: We'll see. *(pushes in)* So sweet, beautiful Alice feeling rather delicate after the most traumatic tea party there ever was, needed a little rest to recuperate but before she could recover too much, the Cheshire Cat appears yet again...

(Back to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

SCENE ELEVEN - THE MOMERATHS OUTGRABE.

NICE ALICE: *(sighs)* What a curious day...

(Enter Cheshire Cat)

CHESHIRE CAT: And the momeraths outgrabe.

NICE ALICE: Oh, Cheshire Cat, it's you!

CHESHIRE CAT: Whom did you expect? The White Rabbit, perchance?

NICE ALICE: Oh, no. no. no. no. I- I- I'm through with rabbits. I want to go home! But I can't find my way.

CHESHIRE CAT: Naturally. That's because you have no way. All ways here you see, are the Queen's ways.

NICE ALICE: But I've never met any Queen.

CHESHIRE CAT: You haven't? You haven't? Oh, but you must! She'll be mad about you, simply mad! Hahaha! And the momeraths outgrabe...

NICE ALICE: Please, please! Uh... how can I find her?

CHESHIRE CAT: Well, some go this way, some go that way. But as for me, myself, personally, I prefer the shortcut.

NICE ALICE: Oh!

SCENE TWELVE – PAINTING THE ROSES RED

(Enter Card Painters Ace, Two and Three. The Cheshire Cat lingers nearby)

(A large rose-tree grows CS, with beautiful white flowers, Three Cards busily paint them red)

CARDS: We're painting the roses red, we're painting the roses red. Red, red, red, red, red, red, red, we're painting the roses red.

CARD ACE: Look out now, Two! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!

CARS TWO: I couldn't help it, Three jogged my elbow.

CARD THREE: That's right, Two. Always lay the blame on others.

TWO: *You'd* better not talk! I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!

CARD ACE: What for?

CARD TWO: That's none of *your* business, Ace!

CARD THREE: Yes, it *is* her business. It was her fault for painting the roses white in the first place.

(They all suddenly see Alice and bow down low)

CARD TWO: I'm sorry miss, we're working, miss... Please don't tell the Queen though, miss.

CARD ACE & CARD THREE: Please don't tell.

NICE ALICE: I won't. But would you tell me, why you are painting those roses?

CARD ACE: Why the fact is, you see, miss, this here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, and we painted it white 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—"

(Trumpet Sound)

CARDS: *(gasp)* The Queen! The Queen!

NICE ALICE: The Queen?

CARDS: The Queen!

(Return to Narrators)

PIP: Oh please! Can I tell this part? You will never guess in a million years what Alice does in this scene!

SQUEAK: Fine! Go ahead!

PIP: Sweet!

(Return to Wonderland. The two Alice's tag team)

(Enter White Rabbit)

MEAN ALICE: *(sinister)* There's that flaming feral rabbit! Or should I say, my dinner?

(The White Rabbit looks nervously at Mean Alice, who licks her lips in hunger)

(SFX: Trumpet sounds)

(Enter Tweedle Dum and Dee, Mad Hatter, March Hare, Door Mouse and Dodo. All run in chaotically)

DEE & DUM: Hooray! What fun, what fun. We're going to play croquet. Croquet, croquet, croquet, we're going to play croquet.

(The Mad Hatter, Door Mouse and March Hare join in shaking the audience's hands)

HATTER & HARE: Twinkle, Twinkle, little bat. How I wonder where you're at. Twinkle, Twinkle.

DOOR MOUSE: Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle.

(Meanwhile the Dodo is chasing the Cards around in circles)

DODO: You call this a Caucus Race, do you? Faster, faster, keep up keep up. Come on! Keep up, you'll never get dry that way.

(SFX: Trumpet)

(Enter the Queen of Hearts and scrambling after her, the King of Hearts)

QUEEN OF HEARTS: *(bellows)* HALT!...

(Everyone freezes on the spot in a glorious tableaux)

(The White Rabbit sounds trumpet again. All bow down to Queen)

WHITE RABBIT: *(with much pomp)* Her Royal Imperial Highness, Her Royal Grace, Her Royal Excellence, Her Royal Majesty, Ruler of WonderlandThe Queen of Hearts!

(The crowd go wild with applause)

KING OF HEARTS: Ahem!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh yes of course...*(rushed)* and the King...

(SFX: The sound of a cricket)

****End Preview****

Please contact Kristen at kristencmdoherty@gmail.com to request a full script perusal.

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