ALICE IN WONDERLAND
A Play
Compiled by Emily Prime Delafield
Alice in Wonderland
A PLAY
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

A Play

Compiled from Lewis Carroll's Stories
Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There

BY

Emily Prime Delafield

Originally presented, for the benefit of The Society of Decorative Art, at The Waldorf, New York. March thirteenth, 1897, and now for the first time printed

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
1898
THE RIGHT to give professional or amateur performances of this play is vested in Mrs. Lewis L. Delafield, Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York City, and those desiring to produce this piece must obtain in all cases permission to do so from her.
PREFACE

IT MAY be interesting to lovers of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" to know how the thought of compiling a play from those stories suggested itself to me. In 1890, while visiting Japan, I was invited to attend a performance, by children, of scenes from the former book. I went reluctantly, fearing a travesty on familiar characters. I came away delighted with the entertainment, and feeling that until then I had only half understood the cleverness of the book. There were but few English children in Yokohama who could be called upon to act, and the preparations were necessarily very crude. When, therefore, I was asked to suggest something new to be given for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art, on the anniversary of the opening of the Wal-
dorf, March 14, 1897, I determined to compile this play. As the work went on I found that it would add much to the dramatic effect if I took scenes from both "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," and while appreciating fully the difficulty of my task, I believed that the interest aroused by seeing Alice herself and all the other familiar characters in propria persona would more than atone for any shortcomings in my work.

We formed our troupe of about sixty children, varying in ages from four to twelve. The relative sizes for the different characters, as well as the costumes, we copied carefully from Tenniel's illustrations. These accompany all the different editions of the books and can easily be obtained. The birds and animals were made of paper and paper-muslin and coton flannel, which made excellent imita-
tions of feathers and skins. The Mouse was dressed in canton flannel and had a very long tail, which was appropriate to its story. The heads of all the animals and birds were bought at a toy store for a very little money, and were thin and light. The mouths which were closed we cut open, otherwise the voices would have been muffled.

In Act II, where the Walrus and the Carpenter eat the oysters which were run in on wires, the oysters were painted with small human heads coming out of the shells which stood on end and hands thrown up as if protesting.

The tea-party scene in Act IV, where the Dormouse was turned head foremost by the March Hare and Hatter into a very large teapot, brought down the house.

The dance in Act VI, in which all the animals take part who have entered after the song by the Mock Turtle, was very pretty.
In the last act, instead of the curtain rising after the royal party and court were seated, we formed a procession of all the animals, birds, courtiers and attendants, which entered after the curtain rose. They marched round the stage, all those not taking an active part forming a group behind the chairs of the King and Queen. This brought on all the characters of the play and made a very effective scene.

For the rest, we carried out the stage directions as given. These had been carefully thought out, and have since on two occasions practically proved to be good. We taught the children thoroughly their parts, and left to them the interpretation of the characters, with, we thought, better results than if we had imposed our ideals upon them. But of course we chose our little troupe with care. The children thoroughly enjoyed the rehearsals, learned how to use their voices and to
enunciate distinctly, and showed the greatest cleverness in their acting. We had every reason to feel pleased at the interest shown by the audience in the play.

Emily Prime Delafield.
## Characters

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Character</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice</td>
<td>Frog-Footman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen</td>
<td>Gryphon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King</td>
<td>Walrus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duchess</td>
<td>Carpenter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knave</td>
<td>Cheshire Cat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Executioner</td>
<td>Two of Spades</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tweedledee</td>
<td>Five of Spades</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tweedledum</td>
<td>Seven of Spades</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humpty Dumpty</td>
<td>Magpie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatter</td>
<td>Eagle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dormouse</td>
<td>Duck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>March Hare</td>
<td>Dodo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Rabbit</td>
<td>Lory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caterpillar</td>
<td>Jabberwock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mock Turtle</td>
<td>Knight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish-Footman</td>
<td>Crocodile</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mouse**

**Three Judges**

The Queen's Four Children

A Herald

Jurors, Ladies-in-Waiting, &c.
ACTS

ACT FIRST
The Garden—Alice and the Animals—The Mouse’s Story

ACT SECOND
Tweedledum and Tweedledee—The Fish-Footman and Frog-Footman—The Cheshire Cat.

ACT THIRD
The Caterpillar and Alice—Humpty Dumpty—The Jabberwock Song.

ACT FOURTH
The Tea Party—March Hare—Hatter—Dormouse.

ACT FIFTH
The Queen’s Croquet Party—Procession.

ACT SIXTH
The Gryphon and Mock Turtle—The Lobster Quadrille.

ACT SEVENTH
The Trial.

Who cares for you? You’re nothing but a pack of cards.
A GARDEN Scene. Flowers and wall behind, and hedge in distance through which there is a hole. Alice asleep under a tree. White Rabbit hurriedly enters, splendidly dressed, with fan and gloves in his hands. Large tree at left, facing stage, in which is a slide where, later in the play, the Cheshire Cat appears.

WHITE RABBIT
Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late! [Alice wakens; Rabbit looks at watch.] Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers, how late it is getting: Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Won’t she be savage if I have kept her waiting. She’ll get me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets.

ALICE [in timid voice]
If you please, Sir— [White Rabbit starts and drops fan and gloves, which Alice picks up. Rabbit disappears through a hole under the hedge seen in the distance and is followed by Alice. Alice comes
back out of breath and throws herself down on the bank.] Dear, dear! How queer everything is today! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I’ve been 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’m not the same, the next question is, who in the world am I? Ah, that’s the great puzzle! [Sits down and thinks.] I wonder if I can remember 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! However, the Multiplication Table don’t signify: 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’ll try and say “How doth the little”—[Crosses her hands on her lap and in a hoarse voice says:]

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

[Enter the Crocodile, who dances before her and opens and shuts his mouth and spreads his claws, while Alice recites the last verse, and backs gradually off the stage.]
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

[Enter the Mouse while Alice recites last verse, runs in a great hurry across the stage appearing preoccupied and not noticing Alice.]

I’m sure those are not the right words. [Sees the Mouse.] I wonder if I could speak to the Mouse; I suppose mice can talk—things are so queer down here. [Aloud, to Mouse.] Mouse, dear, will you tell me the way out of here? [Mouse jumps when Alice speaks to him, and runs out. Alice begins to cry. Splashing in the water is heard in the distance.] Why, it must be a walrus or hippopotamus to make such a noise. [Mouse runs in again followed, in single file, by Duck, Dodo, Lory, and an Eaglet and other animals, all wet.] Dear me! Here is Noah’s ark. Mouse, dear, why are they all so wet?

**Mouse**

Ask these gentlemen.

**Eaglet**

Here we are so wet; how are we to get dry?

**Mouse**

Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! I’ll soon make you dry enough. [All sit in a ring, Mouse
in centre.] Ahem! Are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round.

“William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest.”

LORY
Ugh!

MOUSE [politely frowning]
I beg your pardon! Did you speak?

LORY
I?

MOUSE
I thought you did,—I proceed. “Edwin and Mercer, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him; and even Stigand, the patriotic archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable”—

DUCK
Found what—

MOUSE [crossly]
Found it; of course you know what “it” means.

DUCK
I know what “it” means well enough when I find anything; it’s generally a frog or a worm. The question is, what did the archbishop find?
the white Rabbit
MOUSE
Find? Found it advisable to do just what he wanted to. [Turning to Alice.] How are you getting on?

ALICE [in a melancholy tone]
You see they are just as wet as ever; it doesn’t seem to dry them at all.

DODO
I move the meeting adjourn for the adoption of energetic remedies.

EAGLET
Speak English. I don’t know the meaning of half those long words and what’s more I don’t believe you do either.

Bends down his head to hide a smile. The other birds titter audibly.

DODO
What I was going to say, was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race.

ALICE
What is a Caucus-race?

DODO
The best way to explain it is to do it. Are you ready?

Music. Dodo marks out a course; all race and come out alike. All crowd around him and ask:
ALL
Who has won?

_Dodo puts finger on his forehead, in the position you usually see Shakespeare, in the pictures of him._

DODO
Everybody has won, and all must have prizes.

CHORUS
But who is to give the prizes?

DODO [pointing at Alice]
Why, she, of course.

_All crowd round Alice, calling, “Prizes! Prizes!” Alice pulls out box of candies, and hands them round as prizes. There is exactly one apiece, all round._

MOUSE
But she must have a prize herself.

DODO
Of course. [To Alice.] What else have you got in your pocket?

ALICE
Only a thimble.

DODO
Hand it over here. [_All crowd round Alice. Dodo solemnly presents the thimble to Alice, saying:]_ I beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble.
All cheer. Mouse begins to run away. Alice calls him back.

**ALICE**

Mouse! Mouse! You promised to tell me your history. [Mouse does not return.]

**ALL** [persuasively]

Do please come back and tell us a story.

**ALICE**

I wish I had Dinah here. She’d soon fetch it back.

**ALL**

Who is Dinah?

**ALICE**

Dinah’s our cat. And she’s such a capital one for catching mice. And, oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she’ll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!

This speech causes a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurry off at once; one old Magpie begins wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking:

**MAGPIE**

I really must be getting home: the night-air doesn’t suit my throat. Come away, my dears! It’s high time you were all in bed.

On various pretexts they all move off, and Alice is soon left alone.
ALICE [half crying]
I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah! Nobody seems to like her down here. Mouse, dear, do come back, I won't talk of Dinah any more. Begins to cry. Mouse returns, followed by all the birds.

MOUSE
Mine is a long, sad tale.

ALICE [looking at Mouse's tail]
It's a very long one, but why a sad one?

MOUSE
Here is my story:
Fury said to a mouse, That he met in the house, "Let us both go to law:
I will prosecute you.—
Come, I’ll take no denial;
We must
have a trial:
For really this morning I've nothing to do."
Said the mouse to the cur,
"Such a trial, dear sir,
With no jury or judge
would be wasting our breath."
"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
Said cunning old Fury:
"I'll try
the whole
cause,
and
condemn
you
to
death.”

They all go off the stage, two and two, keeping
time with their index fingers pointed, while saying
from “I’ll try the whole cause.” Alice watches
them.

Curtain falls.
ACT II

DROP scene in back of the stage. Sea with sand beach and rocks to left on stage. Tweedledum and Tweedledee sidle in under a tree with their arms round each other's neck, and Alice knows which is which, because one has "DUM" embroidered on his collar, and the other "DEE."

ALICE [examining them]
I suppose they have "TWEEDLE" on the back of their collar.

Tweedledee and Tweedledum stand very still, when Alice is startled by hearing a voice coming from the one marked "DUM."

TWEEDLEDUM
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!

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

ALICE [apologetically]
I'm sure I'm very sorry. [Aside.] I cannot help thinking of the 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.”

**Tweedledum**
I know what you’re thinking about, but it isn’t so, nohow.

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

**Alice**
I was thinking, which is the best way out of this wood; it’s getting so dark. Would you tell me, please? [Tweedledum and Tweedledee look at one another and grin. Alice points her finger at Tweedledum.] First Boy!

**Tweedledum** [*briskly*]
Nohow!

*Shuts his mouth with a snap.*
ALICE [points at Tweedledum]
Next Boy!

TWEEDLEDEE
Contrariwise!

TWEEDLEDUM [pointing at Alice]
You've begun wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do?" and shake hands. [Here the two brothers give each other a hug and then they hold out the two hands that are free, to shake hands with Alice, who takes hold of both hands at once. All dance round in a ring; music plays: "Here we go round the Mulberry bush." They suddenly leave off dancing. Music stops; they let go Alice's hands and stand looking at her very hard. Tweedledum pants, out of breath.] Four times round is enough for one dance.

ALICE
I hope you're not much tired.

TWEEDLEDUM
Nohow. And thank you very much for asking.

TWEEDLEDEE
So much obliged. Do you like poetry?

ALICE
Yes! Some poetry.
TWEEDLEDUM
Repeat to her “The Walrus and the Carpenter,” that’s the longest.

Gives his brother an affectionate hug.

TWEEDLEDEE
Let’s each read her a verse by turns.

Here Alice interrupts.

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

Tweedledum and Tweedledee only smile and continue without stopping. Enter the Walrus and the Carpenter, who walk slowly round and round. Carpenter has a large basket on his arm in which are a loaf of bread, pepper pot, salt pot and a number of oyster shells, off of which later they are supposed to eat the oysters. While the poem is recited, oysters painted, of different sizes, are run in on a wire across sea and pass out behind rocks, after all being massed on the stage. Four come in at verse vi, four more at verse viii, four more at first line of verse ix and then four and eight and eight all during verse ix. They are massed on stage and do not go off until part leave at last two lines of verse xvii and then all the rest at verse xviii.
The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand;
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand."

TWEEDLEDUM

"If seven maidens with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

TWEEDLEDEE

"O Oysters, come and walk with us," [Enter four oysters.] The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

TWEEDLEDUM

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.
Act II] WONDERLAND

TWEEDLEDUM VIII
But four young Oysters hurried up, [Enter four oysters.]
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn’t any feet.

TWEEDLEDUM IX
Four other Oysters followed them, [Enter four oysters.]
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last, [Enter eight.]
And more, and more, and more— [Enter eight.]
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

TWEEDLEDUM X
The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.
Walrus and Carpenter sit down.

TWEEDLEDUM XI
"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;"
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

Tweedledum

“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.”

Carpenter hands Walrus loaf of bread and shows
him one immense pepper pot and one salt pot; the
last two are stood in the rocks between them. Wal-
rus cuts off slice of bread.

Tweedledum

“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?"

**Tweedledum**

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

**Tweedledee**

"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 Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

**Tweedledum**

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
"I deeply sympathize,"
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,

[Exit some oysters.]

Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.
"O Oysters," said the Carpenter, [Exit all the oysters.]
"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
I like the Walrus best, because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters.

TWEEDLEDEE
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.

ALICE
That was mean! Then I like the Carpenter best.

TWEEDLEDEE
But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE
Well! They were both very unpleasant characters—[Here she stops, alarmed at seeing it grow darker.] Do you think it is going to rain?
Tweedledum spreads a large carriage umbrella over himself and his brother and looking up from under it, says:

**TWEEDLEDUM**
No, I don't think it is; at least—not under here. Nohow. But it may rain outside.

**TWEEDLEDEE**
It may—if it chooses, we've no objection. Contrariwise.

**ALICE [aside]**
Selfish things. I'd better go.

Starts to leave, when Tweedledum springs from under the umbrella and seizes her by the wrist.

**TWEEDLEDUM [pointing to a small thing lying under the tree]**
Do you see that?

**ALICE [after examining the thing carefully]**
It's only a rattle [she adds hastily] not a rattlesnake, you know.

**TWEEDLEDUM**
I knew it was.

Stamps about and tears his hair; here he looks at Tweedledee, who sits down on the ground and tries to hide himself under the umbrella.

**ALICE [laying her hand on his arm]**
You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.
TWEEDLEDUM [very angry]
But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday. My nice new rattle.

His voice rises to a scream. All this time Tweedledee tries his best to fold up the umbrella with himself in it; he ends by rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with his head out; and he lies there opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes.

ALICE [aside, looking at him]
Well! You look more like a fish than anything else.

TWEEDLEDUM [to Tweedledee]
Of course you agree to have a battle.

TWEEDLEDEE [sulkily]
Well! I suppose so. [Crawling quite out of umbrella.] Only she must help to dress up, you know.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee go off, hand-in-hand, into the wood, and return with their arms full of things,—bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and coal-scuttles, prepared so that they can be tied on, and one long wooden sword.

TWEEDLEDUM
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 dresses them up in all the things until they look like bundles.

Alice [aside]
Really, they look more like bundles of old clothes than anything else. [Alice arranges a bolster round the neck of Tweedledum, saying, aside.] This is to keep his head from being cut off.

Tweedledum [very gravely]
You know it’s one of the most serious things that can possibly happen in battle to get one’s head cut off.

Alice laughs, but manages to turn it into a cough. Tweedledum comes up to have his helmet tied on.

Tweedledum
Do I look very pale?

Alice [in a low tone]
Well—yes—a little.

Tweedledum [in a low voice]
I’m very brave generally, only to-day I happen to have a headache.

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

Alice [gently]
Then I wouldn’t fight to-day, if I were you.
Tweedledum

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

Tweedledee pulls out big turnip watch.

Tweedledee [looking at watch]

Half-past four.

Tweedledum

Let's fight till six and then have dinner, and she [pointing to Alice] can watch us—only you'd better not come very close; I generally hit everything I can see—when I get really excited.

Whirls round and round with sword stretched out just missing everything.

Tweedleddee

And I hit everything within reach, whether I see it or not.

Alice [laughs]

You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

Tweedledum [looks round with a satisfied smile]

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 about a rattle! I should feel ashamed to fight about such a trifle.

Tweedledum
I should not have minded so much, if it hadn’t been a new one. [To his brother.] There’s only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella—it’s quite as sharp—only we must begin quickly. It’s getting as dark as it can.

Alice
Why, who is this?

Enter Fish-Footman with very large letter, sealed. Frog-Footman comes forward from behind the trees, and takes the note.

Fish
For the Duchess,—where is the Duchess? An invitation from the Queen to play croquet.

Fish-Footman goes off the stage.

Frog
From the Queen, an invitation to play croquet.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee [to one another]
And we’re not asked; what an insult.

Begin to cry; go off the stage followed by Frog-Footman; Alice remains. Head of Cheshire Cat appears among branches of tree.
ALICE [to herself]
I wonder what became of the baby that turned into a pig. If it has grown up—[sees head of Puss] Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?

CAT
That depends a good deal upon where you want to go to.

ALICE
I don't much care where.

CAT
Then it doesn't matter which way you walk.

ALICE
So long as I get somewhere.

CAT
Oh, you're sure to do that if you'll walk long enough.

ALICE
What sort of people live about here?

CAT
In that direction [pointing to the right] lives a Hatter; and in that direction [pointing to the left] lives a 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 and you're mad.

ALICE
How do you know I'm mad?

CAT
Why, you must be or you would not have come here.

ALICE
And how do you know that you're mad?

CAT
Why, to begin with, a dog's not mad; you grant that?

ALICE
I suppose so.

CAT
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.

ALICE
I call it purring, not growling.

CAT
Call it what you please. Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?
ALICE
I should like to very much, but I haven’t been invited yet.

CAT
You’ll see me there. [Cat vanishes, by means of slide in tree. Cat reappears.] By-the-by, what became of the baby?

ALICE
It turned into a pig.

CAT
I thought it would.

Cat vanishes.

ALICE
I’ve seen Hatters before, and a March Hare would 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.

CAT [reappearing]
Did you say pig, or fig?

ALICE
I said pig, and I wish you wouldn’t keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make me quite giddy.

CAT [vanishing slowly]
All right.
ALICE
Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat is the most astonishing thing that I’ve seen in all my life—what next?

Curtain falls.
ACT III

HUMPTY Dumpty sitting on the wall, which is back and to right of stage, rolling from time to time as if he would roll off. Caterpillar sitting on toad-stool at centre of stage smoking a Hooka. Enter Alice who stands opposite Caterpillar and they look at one another. Mattress behind the wall for Humpty Dumpty to fall on must not be seen.

CATERPILLAR [contemptuously]
You! Who are you?

ALICE [drawing herself up]
I think you ought to tell me who you are.

CATERPILLAR
Why? [Alice turns away crossly.] Come back! I have something important to say.

ALICE [aside]
This sounds promising.

Turns back.

CATERPILLAR
Now! Keep your temper.

ALICE [gulping as if controlling her anger]
Is that all?

CATERPILLAR [puffing away at the pipe]
So you think you are changed, do you?
ALICE
I'm afraid I am, Sir; I can't remember things I used to.

CATERPILLAR
Can't remember what things?

ALICE [melancholy]
Well, I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee," but it is all 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?"

CATERPILLAR
That is not said right.

ALICE
Not quite right, I'm afraid.

CATERPILLAR [decidedly]
It is wrong from beginning to end.

ALICE [indignantly]
I have never been so contradicted in my life; I am losing my temper.
CATERPILLAR [curls itself up on toad-stool, pipe in its mouth]
You ought to be content, then.

Humpty Dumpty sitting on a wall; Alice sees him and goes over and looks at him.

ALICE
Humpty Dumpty himself. It can’t be anybody else. I’m as certain of it, as if his name were written all over his face. [Humpty Dumpty, with immovable face, sitting with his legs crossed, like a Turk.] How exactly like an egg he is.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
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 DUMPTY
Some people have no more sense than a baby.

Alice stands as if not knowing what to do next; finally says softly to herself:

ALICE
“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.”
Act III]  WONDERLAND  33

That last line is much too long for the poetry.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
Don’t stand chattering to yourself like that, but tell me your name and your business.

ALICE
My name is Alice.

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

ALICE [doubtfully]
Must a name mean something?

HUMPTY DUMPTY
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.

ALICE
Why do you sit out here all alone?

HUMPTY DUMPTY
Why, because there’s nobody with me. Did you think I didn’t know the answer to that? Ask another.

ALICE
Don’t you think you’d be safer down on the ground? That wall is so very narrow.
HUMPTY DUMPTY
What tremendously easy riddles you ask. [Growls out in low voice.] Of course I don’t think so. Why, if ever I did fall off—which there’s no chance of—but if I did—[here he purses up his lips, and looks so solemn and grand that Alice can hardly help laughing.] If I did fall, the King has promised me—oh, you may turn pale, if you like. You didn’t think I was going to say that, did you? The King has promised me—with his very own mouth—to—

ALICE
To send all his horses and all his men.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
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.

ALICE
I haven’t indeed. It’s in a book.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
Ah, well! They may write such things in a book. That’s what you call a History of England. 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. [Smiles from ear to ear and nearly falls off the
wall in taking Alice’s hand.] Yes, all his horses and all his men. They would pick me up again in a minute, they would. However, this conversation is going on a little too fast; let’s go back to the last remark but one.

**ALICE**

I’m afraid I can’t quite remember it.

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

In that case we start fresh, and it’s my turn to choose a subject.

**ALICE** [aside]

He talks about it just as if it were a game.

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

Well, here’s a question for you. How old did you say you were?

**ALICE** [makes a short calculation on her fingers]

Seven years and six months.

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

Wrong! You never said a word like it.

**ALICE**

I thought you meant “How old are you?”

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

If I’d meant that, I’d have said it. [Alice does not reply.] Seven years and six months. An un-
comfortable sort of age. Now if you’d asked my advice, I’d have said “Leave off at seven” —but it’s too late now.

**ALICE**

I never ask advice about growing.

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

Too proud.

**ALICE** [looking very indignant]

I mean, that one can’t help growing older.

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

One can’t, perhaps, but two can. With proper assistance you might have left off at seven.

**ALICE**

What a beautiful belt you’ve got on. At least, I mean, a beautiful cravat. I should have said —no, a belt, I mean—I beg your pardon. If only I knew, which was neck and which was waist.

*Humpty Dumpty looks very angry, though he says nothing for a minute or two. When he does speak again, it is in a deep growl.*

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

It’s a most—provoking—thing, when a person doesn’t know a cravat from a belt.

**ALICE**

I know it’s very ignorant of me.
HUMPTY DUMPTY
It's a cravat, child, and a beautiful one, as you say. It's a present from the White King and Queen. There now!

ALICE
Is it really?

HUMPTY DUMPTY
They gave it to me [crosses one knee over the other and clasps his hands round it] they gave it me—for an un-birthday present.

ALICE
I beg your pardon.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
I'm not offended.

ALICE
I mean, what is an un-birthday present?

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

ALICE [thinks a little]
I like birthday presents best.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
You don't know what you are talking about! How many days are there in a year?
ALICE
Three hundred and sixty-five.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
And how many birthdays have you?

ALICE
One.

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

ALICE
Three hundred and sixty-four, of course.

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

ALICE
Certainly.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
And only one for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you.

ALICE
I don't know what you mean by "glory."

HUMPTY DUMPTY [contemptuously]
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 DUMPTY
When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.

ALICE [in a thoughtful tone]
That's a great deal to make one word mean.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
The question is, which is to be master. That's all. Good-bye.

ALICE
Good-bye, till we meet again.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
I shouldn't know you again if we did meet [giving her one of his fingers to shake]; you're so exactly like other people.

ALICE [shakes his finger]
The face is what one goes by, generally.

HUMPTY DUMPTY
That's just what I complain of. Your face is the same as everybody has—the two eyes, so [marking their places in the air with his thumb], nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. But 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 DUMPTY**

Wait till you've tried.

Alice waits to see if he will speak again, but as he never opens his eyes or takes any further notice of her, she says "Good-bye!" once more, and getting no answer to this, runs off to the right, but stops, seeing a book lying on the ground, picks it up and turns over the leaves to find some part she can read but finds none.

**ALICE**

It is all in some language I don't know. [Puzzles over it and then exclaims:] To be sure, it's a looking-glass book! I must read it backwards.

**CATERPILLAR**

Give it to me. You're stupid. [Reads.]

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

[At end of each verse turns to Alice and explains:] Brillig means four o'clock in the morning, you
know. The time when you begin broiling things for dinner.

Jabberwock comes in; moves slowly round and round towards the back of stage, and then goes out again.

II

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

The Jabberwock suddenly runs in pursued by
Knight. Humpty Dumpty sitting upon a wall.

III

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

IV

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

V

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.
ALICE
Explain! Explain!

CATERPILLAR
Well, "slithy" means "lithe and slimy," "lithe" is the same as "active." It's like a portmanteau. There are two meanings packed in one word. But you're too stupid for me [contemptuously].

Crash is heard and Humpty Dumpty falls off the wall backwards on a mattrass out of sight behind the wall.

Curtain falls.
ACT IV

GARDEN Scene. There is a table set under the trees a little to the right, slightly back of stage, with an arm-chair at the end to the left, and four chairs at the side facing the audience, another arm-chair to the right at the end, the table littered with cups and saucers, a pitcher of milk, a big teapot in the middle and bread and butter to left. The March Hare and the Hatter are having tea at the table; the Dormouse is sitting between them fast asleep and the other two are using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. Enter Alice who walks towards the table and says:

ALICE

Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse, only, as it’s asleep, I suppose it doesn’t mind.

ALL THREE [March Hare, Hatter and Dormouse to Alice]

No room! No room!

ALICE

There’s plenty of room!

Sits down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

MARCH HARE [in encouraging tone]

Have some wine?
ALICE
I don't see any wine.
MARCH HARE
There isn't any.
ALICE
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.
ALICE
I didn't know it was your table; it's laid for a great many more than three.
HATTER
Your hair wants cutting.
*He has been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this is his first speech.*
ALICE
You should learn not to make personal remarks. It's very rude.
Hatter opens his eyes very wide on hearing this.
HATTER
Why is a raven like a writing desk?
ALICE [aside]
Come, we shall have some fun now! I am glad they have begun asking riddles—[to Hatter] I believe I can guess that,
March Hare
Do you mean you think you can find out the answer to it?

Alice
Exactly so.

March Hare
Then you should say what you mean.

Alice
I do, at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know.

Hatter
Not the same thing a bit! Why, you might just as well say that 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 as I get what I like.

Dormouse [who seems to be 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.

Hatter
It is the same thing with you. [All sit silent for a little while.] What day of the month is it?
Takes his watch out of his pocket and looks at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

**ALICE** [thinks a little]
The fourth.

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

**MARCH 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.

_The March Hare takes the watch and looks at it gloomily; then he dips it into his cup of tea, and looks at it again._

**MARCH HARE**
It was the best butter, you know.

_Alice has been looking over the shoulder of March Hare with some curiosity._

**ALICE**
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 [looks dreadfully puzzled]
I don't quite understand you.

HATTER
The Dormouse is asleep again.

Pours a little tea on his nose. The Dormouse shakes his head impatiently.

DORMOUSE
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.

ALICE
I think you might do something better with the time, than wasting 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 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!

MARCH HARE [in whisper]
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.

ALICE
Is that the way you manage?

HATTER [shakes his head mournfully]
Not I. We quarrelled last March—just before he went mad, you know—[pointing with his tea-spoon at the March Hare] 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!"

ALICE
It goes on, you know, in this way:

"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—"

Here the Dormouse shakes himself, and begins singing in his sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—" and goes on so long that they have to pinch him to make him stop.

HATTER
Well, 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.

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 when you come to the beginning again?

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

ALICE [rather alarmed at the proposal]
I'm afraid I don't know one.

March Hare and Hatter shake the Dormouse.
ALL
Then the Dormouse shall. Wake up, Dormouse.

*Dormouse slowly opens his eyes.*

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

MARCH HARE
Tell us a story!

ALICE
Yes, please do.

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

DORMOUSE [*beginning in great hurry]*
Once upon a time there were three little sisters; and their names were Elsie, Lucie and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—

ALICE
What did they live on?

DORMOUSE [*after thinking a moment]*
They lived on treacle.

ALICE
They couldn’t have done that, you know: they’d have been ill,
DORMOUSE
So they were, very ill.

*Dormouse constantly goes to sleep while telling his story and is shaken up by March Hare and Hatter.*

ALICE
Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

MARCH HARE [*very earnestly]*
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
Nobody asked *your* opinion.

HATTER [*triumphantly]*
Who’s making personal remarks now?

Alice does not quite know what to say to this; so she helps herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turns to the Dormouse, and repeats her question.

ALICE
Why did they live at the bottom of the well?

*Dormouse takes a minute or two to think about it.*
DORMOUSE
It was a treacle-well.

ALICE [very angrily]
There’s no such thing.

Hatter and March Hare say “Sh! sh!” and the Dormouse sulkily says:

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

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

DORMOUSE [indignantly]
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.

The Hatter upsets the milk-cup as he moves and the Dormouse follows him; the March Hare moves into the Dormouse’s place, and Alice rather unwillingly takes the place of the March Hare. The Hatter is
the only one who gets any advantage from the change; and Alice is a good deal worse off than before, for the March Hare has just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

**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 [yawning and rubbing his eyes, for he was getting very sleepy], and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—

**ALICE**
Why with an M?

**MARCH HARE**
Why not?

_Dormouse begins going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, he wakes up again with a little shriek, and goes on._
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 draw-
ing of a muchness?

ALICE [very much confused]
Really, now you ask me, I don’t think—

HATTER
Then you shouldn’t talk.

This piece of rudeness is more than Alice can bear; she gets up in great disgust, and walks off; the Dormouse falls asleep instantly, and neither of the others takes the least notice of her going, though she looks back once or twice, half hoping that they will call after her; the last time she sees them, they are trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot, which stands in front of him.

Curtain falls.
ACT V

A GARDEN. Enter three gardeners with spades and walk up to a large standard rose-tree, which is full of white roses. They begin to paint them red. Enter Alice, who watches them curiously.

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

FIVE OF SPADES [sulkily]
I couldn’t help it. Seven jogged my elbow.

SEVEN OF SPADES
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.
Well—of all unjust things.

Sees Alice, and suddenly stops. The others look round also, and all of them bow low.

**ALICE [timidly]**

Would you tell me, please, why you are painting those roses?

Five and Seven say nothing and look at Two.

**TWO [after slight pause, in a low tone]**

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 before she comes to—

**FIVE [who has been looking anxiously across the garden]**

The Queen! the Queen!

Two, Five and Seven instantly throw themselves flat on their faces round the rose-tree.

**ALICE [looking round eagerly]**

Yes, there they come. What a number of people! I wonder whether I ought to throw myself on my face, like the three gardeners! I can’t remember if there is such a rule at processions. And besides, what would be the use
of a procession if people had to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn’t see it? No, I’ll stand here and wait!

Tramp of feet is heard behind scene as of many people passing, also beat of drum, and fife, and blast of trumpet. Enter Queen of Hearts, King of Hearts, Executioner and procession. Procession moves across the stage. Children of the Queen, ladies in waiting, officers of the Court, preceded by four heralds with trumps, all to be dressed like a pack of cards. King and Queen leave the procession and come towards the rose-tree. Executioner in the background with axe.

QUEEN [to gardeners]
Get up! [Seeing Alice.] Who are you? What’s your name, child?

ALICE [politely, somewhat tremulously]
My name is Alice, so please your Majesty.

QUEEN
And who are these?

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

QUEEN [glares at her and screams]
Off with her head! Off with her head!

ALICE
Nonsense! Don’t talk rubbish.
the Queen of
KING [timidly to Queen]
Consider, my dear. She is only a child!

QUEEN [pointing to gardeners]
Turn them over. [King carefully turns them over, one by one, with his feet. Two, Five and Seven jump up and bow to King, Queen and Alice, without stopping.] Leave that off! You make me giddy. [Looks at rose-tree.] What have you been doing here?

TWO [going down on one knee, humbly]
May it please your Majesty, we were trying—

QUEEN
I see! Off with their heads!

The three gardeners run behind Alice for protection.

ALICE
You shan’t be beheaded.

QUEEN [shouting and going off the stage]
Are their heads off?

EXECUTIONER [shouting]
Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty.

QUEEN [nearly off stage, still shouting]
Can you play croquet, Alice?

ALICE [shouting]
Yes!
QUEEN [roaring]
Come on, then! I invite you to my croquet party.

Exeunt Queen, King, Executioner and procession.

ALICE
Oh dear! I don’t think I’ll follow her—at least, not yet! She’s sure to want to cut my head off. What a temper she has, to be sure. Heigho! Why, what is that? [Looks up and sees the grin of the Cheshire Cat in the tree to left of the stage.] It’s a grin—no, it isn’t—yes, it is—why, it’s the Cheshire Cat! This is nice! Now I shall have somebody to talk to.

CAT
How are you getting on?

ALICE [aside]
I must wait till the eyes appear—oh, here they are! It’s no use speaking to it, though, till its ears have come, or at least one of them.

CAT [head appearing sideways, only one ear showing]
There, that’s all you will see of me just now. That’s quite enough for to-day. Now, how are you getting on at the croquet party?

ALICE
Well, I haven’t been there yet, and, to tell you the truth, I don’t much care to go. The Queen
quarrels so dreadfully with everybody, that I am quite afraid of her.

**CAT**
How do you like the Queen?

**ALICE**  
Not at all. She’s so extremely—

*Enter King hurriedly.*

**KING [not seeing head of Cheshire Cat]**  
Who are you talking to, pray? And why don’t you come to play croquet with the Queen? She’ll be so angry, she’ll have your head off if she finds you here. [Seeing Cat.] What is that you are 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 [getting behind Alice]**  
Don’t be impertinent—and don’t look at me like that.
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, that’s all I know. [Enter Queen. To the Queen.] My dear, I wish you would have this Cat removed. I don’t like it.

QUEEN
Off with his head!

KING
I thought you would say so. I’ll go and fetch the Executioner myself.

Exit King.

ALICE
I say, don’t you think you had better go home?

CAT
No, I don’t mind. I’ll stay where I am, I think. Thank you all the same, though.

QUEEN [impatiently, looking in direction where the King went off]
What a long time they are coming.

Enter King and Executioner.

KING
I’ve run so hard, I’m quite out of breath. Here he is, my dear, here he is! Pray repeat your commands.
QUEEN [pointing to Cat's head]
Off with his head!

EXECUTIONER
Where is he? I don't see him. In fact, I can't see anybody.

QUEEN
Don't you see the Cat, you stupid man?

KING
Can't you see him up there, grinning as large as life?

ALICE [aside]
Poor Cheshire Cat! It's all over with him, I'm afraid.

EXECUTIONER [seeing Cat]
Him!

CAT [benignly]
Yes, old fellow, they mean me. Look hard at me, while you're about it.

KING
Yes, that Cat.

QUEEN
Don't you understand English?

EXECUTIONER
Yes, I do! What then?
QUEEN
You’re to chop his head off.

EXECUTIONER
I can’t.

QUEEN
You can’t?

KING [faintly]
He can’t.

CAT [quietly]
I thought as much.

EXECUTIONER
No, I can’t. And what’s more, I won’t, that’s flat. A likely idea that!

KING
What do you mean?

QUEEN
How dare you?

ALICE [aside]
Oh, I’m so glad.

EXECUTIONER
I mean what I say. I can’t. And I’ll tell you why. This is my argument: You can’t cut off a head unless there’s a body to cut it from; that’s nature, that is. I’ve never had such a thing to do before, and I’m not going to begin at my time of life.
KING
Well, that may be your argument. And a very poor one it is, to my idea. Now you look here—this is my argument—everything that’s got a head can be beheaded. So don’t talk nonsense, and do your duty.

QUEEN
Argument, indeed! Fiddlesticks! If something isn’t done about this preposterous business in less than no time, I’ll have everybody executed all round. And that’s my argument.

ALICE
Please your Majesty, the Cat belongs to the Duchess, hadn’t you better ask her about it?

Cat disappears.

QUEEN [to King]
Yes, come. We must have the Duchess brought here at once.

Exeunt. Enter the Duchess who tucks her arm affectionately into Alice’s from behind and says, close to her ear, resting her chin on her shoulder:

DUCHESS
You’re thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can’t tell you just now what the moral of that is.

ALICE
Perhaps it hasn’t one.
DUCHESS
Tut, tut, child! Everything's got a moral if only you can find it.

Squeezes herself closer to Alice, who looks uncomfortable.

ALICE [timidly]
I think the Queen's croquet party is 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 [aside]
Somebody said, that it's done by everybody minding their own business.

DUCHESS
Ah, well. It means much the same thing [digs her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder] and the moral of that is—"Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves." [Enter the Queen. Seeing her the Duchess's voice dies away and she begins to tremble. Alice looks up and sees the Queen, who is frowning like a thunderstorm, with her arms folded. The Duchess speaks in a frightened voice.] A fine day, your Majesty.

QUEEN
Now, I give you fair warning [shouting and stamping on the ground] that either you or your
head must be off! Take your choice. [Duchess goes off in a hurry. Queen turning to Alice.] 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 heard of one.

QUEEN
Come on, then, and he shall tell you his history. [Turns to go out. Enter the Gryphon, who lies down at one side of the stage and goes to sleep.] Up, lazy thing, and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered.

Curtain falls.
ACT VI

DROP sea scene back of stage. Trees in front left and right of stage. Rocks to left and right on stage with open space between leading down to the water. Gryphon sitting up on rocks to left rubbing its eyes and chuckling; Alice standing by. Mock Turtle on the rocks to the right weeping.

Gryphon
What fun!

Alice
What is the fun?

Gryphon
Why the Queen. It’s all her fancy, that; they never execute nobody, you know. Come on!

[They walk up to the Mock Turtle who looks at them with large eyes filled with tears, but says nothing. Gryphon to Turtle.] This here young lady, she wants to know your history, she do.

Mock Turtle [in a deep, hollow tone]
I’ll tell it her; sit down both of you, and don’t speak a word till I have finished.

No one speaks for a moment or two.

Alice [aside]
I don’t see how he can ever finish if he doesn’t begin.
Waits patiently.

**MOCK TURTLE** [with a deep sigh]
Once I was a real Turtle.

Silence for a moment.

**GRYPHON** [occasionally]
Hjckrrh!

Mock Turtle sobs and sobs. Alice begins to get up and says:

**ALICE**
Thank you, Sir, for your interesting story.

Sits down again as if she thinks there is more to come.

**MOCK TURTLE** [still sobbing]
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** [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. [They both sit and look at Alice, who looks as if she would like to sink into the ground. Gryphon to Mock Turtle.] Drive on, old fellow! Don’t be all day about it.
MOCK TURTLE
Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it—

ALICE
I never said I didn't!

MOCK TURTLE
You did. [Mock Turtle goes on with his story.] 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.

MOCK TURTLE [anxiously]
With extras?

ALICE
Yes, we learned French and music.

MOCK TURTLE
And washing?

ALICE [indignantly]
Certainly not!

MOCK TURTLE [in a tone of great relief]
Ah! Then yours wasn't really a good school. Now at ours they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, and washing—extras."
ALICE
You could not have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

MOCK TURTLE [with a sigh]
I couldn’t afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

ALICE
What was that?

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

ALICE
I never heard of “Uglification.” What is it?

The Gryphon lifts up both its paws with surprise.

GRYPHON
Never heard of uglifying! You know what to beautify is, I suppose?

ALICE [doubtfully]
It means—to—make anything—prettier.

GRYPHON
Well then, if you don’t know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton.
ALICE [turns to Mock Turtle]
What else had you to learn?

MOCK TURTLE
That’s enough about lessons—let’s talk of games now. You may not have lived under the sea.

ALICE
I haven’t.

MOCK TURTLE
Perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—

ALICE
I once tasted [stops confused, continues hastily] no, never.

MOCK TURTLE
So you have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster-Quadrille is.

ALICE
No, indeed. What sort of a dance is it?

GRYPHON
You first form into a line along the seashore—

MOCK TURTLE
Two lines. Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you’ve cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—
GRYPHON [interrupting]
That generally takes some time.

MOCK TURTLE [continuing]
—you advance twice—

GRYPHON
Each with a lobster as a partner.

Makes a motion of dancing forward as if he had a lobster by the claw.

MOCK TURTLE
Of course; advance twice, set to partners—

Mock Turtle and Gryphon move back and forward as if in the figure of a quadrille.

GRYPHON
Change lobsters and retire in same order.

MOCK TURTLE
Then, you know, you throw the—

GRYPHON [interrupting]
Lobsters! [With a shout and bound into the air.]

Gryphon and Mock Turtle make motions as if throwing imaginary partners out to sea.

MOCK TURTLE
—as far out to sea as you can—

GRYPHON [with a scream]
Swim after them.
Both rush towards the sea as if about to plunge in. Mock Turtle makes believe turn a somersault, and capers wildly about.

**Mock Turtle**

Turn a somersault in the sea.

**Gryphon** [at the top of his voice]

Change lobsters again.

They move back from sea and towards one another, as if about to go through ladies’ chain.

**Mock Turtle**

Back to land again, and—[drops his voice suddenly] that’s the first figure.

The two creatures, who have been jumping about like mad things during this description, sit down quietly and sadly and look at Alice.

**Alice**

It must be a very pretty dance.

**Mock Turtle** [to Gryphon]

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

**Gryphon**

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

*All the animals and birds come in while the Gryphon is speaking and form in a circle behind Alice,*
the Gryphon and Mock Turtle. After each verse they bend forward with their right hand to their ear and sing in chorus “Will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance.” At the end of the second verse they all join in dancing the lobster quadrille to music of song, which continues for quadrille. After which they stand back while Mock Turtle sings “Beautiful Soup,” and at the end form a tableau.

**Mock Turtle**

“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.

ALICE [in rather a frightened tone]
Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch, and I like the song about the whiting.

GRYPHON
No accounting for tastes! Sing her "Turtle Soup," will you, old fellow?

MOCK TURTLE [sighing deeply and choking with sobs, sings]

"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-oootiful Soo-oop!
Beau-oootiful 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 of beautiful Soup?
Beau-ootiful Soup!
Beau-ootiful Soup!
Soo-oop of the e-e-evening,
Beautiful, beauti-FUL SOUP!"

Tableau.

Curtain falls.
KING and Queen on throne. Fish-Footman and Frog-Footman on either side at foot of the throne. Gentlemen in Waiting and Ladies in Waiting on either side. Children of King and Queen on either side. All the Court massed behind the throne dressed as cards. On the left, a table for the three judges, who sit behind raised on a platform. On the right jury box, with twelve Jurymen. At the foot of the throne stands the Knave in chains with a Soldier on either side. Near the King is the White Rabbit with a trumpet in one hand and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the middle of the court is a table with a large dish of tarts upon it. The King who acts as head judge wears his crown on top of a big white wig. All the other judges wear wigs. The twelve jurors each have a slate and are the animals and birds who have been characters in the play. Present are Gryphon, Mock Turtle, Humpty Dumpty, The Duchess, Hatter, March Hare, Dormouse, etc.

KING

Herald, read the accusation!

White Rabbit blows three blasts on the trumpet; then he unrolls the parchment and reads as follows:
WHITE RABBIT

"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 jury]
Consider your verdict.

WHITE 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 and calls out:

WHITE RABBIT
First witness!

The first witness is the Hatter, who comes with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other.

HATTER
I beg your 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 the March Hare, who has followed him into court, arm in arm with the Dormouse.

HATTER
Fourteenth of March, I think it was.

MARCH HARE
Fifteenth.

DORMOUSE
Sixteenth.

KING [to jury]
Write that down. [Jury write down all these dates on their slates.] Take off your hat.

HATTER
It isn’t mine.

KING [to jury]
Stolen!

Jury instantly make a memorandum of the fact.

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

Here the Queen puts on her spectacles and begins to stare hard at the Hatter who fidgets.

KING
Give your evidence; and don’t be nervous, or I’ll have you executed on the spot.
Hatter keeps shifting from one foot to the other, looks uneasily at the Queen and in his confusion bites a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread and butter. Dormouse crosses the court and Queen says to officer:

QUEEN [to officer]
Bring me the list of singers in the last court 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 but just 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 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
After that I cut some more bread and butter—
ONE OF JURY
But what did the Dormouse say?

HATTER
That I can’t remember.

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

Hatter drops his teacup and bread and butter and falls on his knees.

HATTER
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, or leave the courtroom. [Hatter hurriedly leaves court.] Call the next witness.

WHITE RABBIT
Alice!

ALICE
Here!
KING
The trial cannot proceed until all the Jurymen take their places. What do you know of this business?

ALICE
Nothing.

KING
Nothing whatever?

ALICE
Nothing whatever.

KING
That's very important.

WHITE RABBIT
Unimportant, your Majesty means.

KING

All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.

ALICE
I'm not a mile high.

KING
You are.
QUEEN
Nearly two miles.

ALICE
Well, I shan't go, at any rate; besides, that's not a regular rule; you invented it just now.

KING
It's the oldest rule in the book.

ALICE
Then it ought to be Number One.

KING
Consider your verdict.

*White Rabbit jumps up in a hurry.*

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

QUEEN
What's in it?

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

JURYMEN
Who is it directed to?

WHITE RABBIT
It isn't directed at all; in fact, there's nothing written on the outside. *[Unfolds paper and says:]*
It isn't a letter after all; it's a set of verses.
JURY MEN
Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?

WHITE RABBIT
No, they're not.

Jury all look puzzled.

KING
He must have imitated somebody else's hand.

Jury all brighten up again.

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

KING
That only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.

General clapping.

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,
"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 let the jury—

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

Jury all write down on their slates, but none of them attempt to explain.

KING [spreading out verses on his lap]
If there’s no meaning in it, that saves a world of trouble, as we needn’t try to find any. And yet I don’t know;

“—said I could not swim—”
You can’t swim, can you? [turning to Knave.]

KNAVE [sadly]
Do I look like it?

KING
All right, so far—[muttering]

“We’ve known it to be true—
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! [Pointing to tarts.] Nothing can be clearer than that. Then again—
"—before she had this fit—"
[to Queen] you never had fits, my dear, I think?

QUEEN [furiously]
Never!

KING
Then the words don't fit you. [Looks round court with a smile. There is a dead silence.] It's a pun!
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 [shouting at top of her voice]
Off with her head!

Nobody moves.
ALICE
Who cares for you? You’re nothing but a pack of cards.

A shower of playing cards falls from above.

Curtain falls.
Printed by D. B. Updike
The Merrymount Press
Boston
1898