

ALICE:

(SLIPPING AND STUMBLING AS SHE TRIES TO FOLLOW HIM.) Please stop going so fast. I don't want to ask you a question. Mr. Rabbit!

RABBIT:

The Queen will have my head for this! I've never been this late before! Oh, my ears and whiskers! (HE PAUSES A MOMENT IN HIS HURRYING, BUT JUST AS ALICE ALMOST CATCHES UP WITH HIM, HE DASHES OFF.) I'll be late! I'll be late! No time to waste. Hurry. Hurry. No time to waste. Not a moment to lose.

ALICE:

Wait!

ALICE:

You dropped your gloves! Mr. Rabbit! You dropped your gloves! Mr. Rabbit! Oh, he's gone. (HANDS THE GLOVES TO THE NARRATOR AS SHE LOOKS AROUND.) And where am I? Just a moment ago I was sitting by the river bank with my sister. She was reading a book, and I felt very sleepy. I started to close my eyes, and then - and then I saw the rabbit. He was running through the grass, which is what you'd expect a rabbit to do. Except that this rabbit wore a coat and carried a watch! (TO AUDIENCE.) What would you do if you saw a rabbit with a watch? I decided to follow him. So I did. At least I think I did. Maybe I'm dreaming. Maybe I'm still on the river bank with my sister. If I'm not, I don't know where I am. Maybe I'm not me at all. Maybe I'm not Alice. But if I'm not Alice, then who am I? And how could I follow a rabbit? Rabbits are small, aren't they? At least, I thought they were. Maybe he's an unusually large rabbit. Or maybe I'm smaller. But how did I grow smaller, and how did he grow larger? It's very confusing. I'd better find a way home. This is the strangest forest I've ever seen. It's so quiet.

VOICES:

(OFF SCREAMING, LAUGHING.) It's so quiet. (SILENCE.)

ALICE:

What was that? Someone must be listening to me. Hello? Is someone there? Where are you? Yoo-hoo!

VOICES:

(OFF, MOCKING.) Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!

QUEEN:

(OFF.) Off with their heads! (WILD LAUGHTER.)

VOICES:

I wonder why they're laughing. (WILD LAUGHTER CONTINUES.)

ALICE:

I'm going to find a way home.

(AS SHE STARTS TO GO OFF STRANGE LIGHTS GLOW AND MYSTERIOUS MUSIC PLAYS. PERHAPS SOME OF THE CHARACTERS MAKE BRIEF CROSSES. THEN THE HARE AND HATTER APPEAR, ARGUING PLEASANTLY WITH EACH OTHER.)

HATTER:

You said it was tea time.

HARE:

It is.

HATTER:

Where's the tea?

HARE:

Not here.

HATTER:

Where?

HARE:

There.

HATTER:

There where?

HARE:

There where there.

HATTER:

Where?

HARE:

Over there.

HATTER:

Well, why didn't you say so?

(THEY LAUGH AND EXIT.)

ALICE:

(TRYING TO ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION BEFORE THEY DISAPPEAR.) Excuse me, but could you tell me - (BUT THEY ARE GONE.) Oh, dear. They didn't hear me. I wonder if -

NARRATOR:

(TO ALICE.) Pssst - Look! (POINTS TO THE GRESHIRE-CAT, WHO HAS SUDDENLY APPEARED.)

ALICE:

Why, it's a cat! A very large cat.

CAT:

(GRINS AT HER.)

ALICE:

Or maybe I'm smaller. I've never seen cats and rabbits that were bigger than I am.

CAT:

(GRINS AND STARTS TO GO.)

ALICE:

Don't go away, Kitty. Please stay. (THE CAT IS GONE.)

ALICE:

I must have frightened the poor thing. I wonder why it



ALICE: Does a name have to mean something?  
 HUMPTY: Of course it does! My name means the shape I am – and a good handsome shape it is, too. With a name like yours, you could be almost any shape.  
 ALICE: I suppose you're right.  
 HUMPTY: Of course I am!  
 ALICE: Why do you sit here all alone?  
 HUMPTY: (LAUGHS.) Because there's nobody with me! Did you think I couldn't answer that one? Ask me another.  
 ALICE: Don't you think you'd be safer on the ground?  
 HUMPTY: What stupid questions you ask! Of course I don't think I'd be safer on the ground! If I thought I'd be safer on the ground, I'd be on the ground!  
 ALICE: What if you fall off?  
 HUMPTY: I won't. But if I ever did fall off, by a mere accident, if I did, well –  
 ALICE: Well, what?  
 HUMPTY: Be patient. If I ever did fall, the King promised me – that surprises you, doesn't it? The King promised me – I heard him say it myself – that he –  
 ALICE: He would send all his horses and all his men!  
 HUMPTY: (TOTTERING.) How did you know? You've been listening at doors, or behind trees, and down chimneys, haven't you? Admit it! Haven't you?  
 ALICE: No, I haven't.  
 HUMPTY: Then how did you know? How? How?  
 ALICE: It's in a book.  
 HUMPTY: What is?  
 ALICE: You are.  
 HUMPTY: (TO NARRATOR.) I'm in a book?  
 NARRATOR: ~~Yes, you are.~~  
 HUMPTY: Well, well, well. It's nice to be appreciated. Does the book tell about the King's promise to send his horses and his men?  
 ALICE: All about it.  
 HUMPTY: What else does the book say?  
 ALICE: (RECTING.) "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall"  
 HUMPTY: Ah, true.  
 ALICE: "... Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."  
 HUMPTY: Ah, never!  
 ALICE: "All the King's horses and all the King's men!"

HUMPTY: I knew it!  
 ALICE: "... Couldn't put Humpty together again."  
 HUMPTY: Ah, not a word of truth in the whole thing! That's only what the book says.  
 ALICE: Well, what does a book know?  
 HUMPTY: I'm sorry if I offended you.  
 HUMPTY: Never mind.

~~(THE HATTER AND THE HARE ENTER, LAUGHING AND SCREAMING AS USUAL.)~~

~~HATTER: Where is he? Catch him! Catch him!  
 HARE: Don't let him get away!  
 HUMPTY: Ah, the Hatter and the Hare. Now we'll have some intelligent conversation.  
 HATTER: Do you know Time? (HARE LAUGHS.)  
 NARRATOR: (CHECKS HIS WATCH.) Of course! It's half past –  
 HATTER: No, you. (POINTS TO HUMPTY.) Him. Do you know Time?  
 HUMPTY: Very well.  
 HATTER: At last! (HARE KISSES HUMPTY'S HAND.)  
 HUMPTY: I know Summer Time, and Winter Time, and Spring Time  
 HATTER: Do you know Tea Time? (HARE LAUGHS.)  
 HUMPTY: Ah, yes. But not as well as I know Dinner Time! (THEY ALL LAUGH.)  
 HARE: (LAUGHS.) Lunch Time!  
 HUMPTY: And Breakfast Time!  
 HATTER: Tea Time!  
 HUMPTY: You said that already.  
 HATTER: (LAUGHS.) He's my favorite.  
 HUMPTY: My favorite is Nap Time.  
 HARE: Charming. Charming.  
 NARRATOR: (OFF TO BE OUTDONE.) What about Daylight Saving Time?  
 HATTER: Who?  
 HARE: Who what who?  
 HUMPTY: Never heard of him. (TO HATTER.) What about Tax Time?  
 HATTER: (LAUGHS.) Disgusting! (HARE AGREES.)  
 HUMPTY: We agree!  
 HATTER: Tea Time! Tea Time!~~



DUM: Nohow.  
 DEE: Contrariwise.  
 ALICE: (TO DUM AND DEE.) Excuse me, but do either of you know the way out of this forest?  
 DUM: Nohow.  
 DEE: Contrariwise.  
 DUM: (TO ALICE.) You began all wrong!  
 ALICE: I did?  
 DUM: The first thing you do on a visit is shake hands (DUM AND DEE SHAKE HANDS) and say how do you do.  
 (BOTH EXTEND A HAND TO HER, SO SHE TAKES ONE OF THEIR HANDS IN EACH OF HER OWN.)  
 ALICE: How do you do.  
 DUM AND DEE: How do you do.  
 (AND SINCE THEY ARE ALL HOLDING HANDS...)  
 DEE: (SHOUTS.) Let's dance!  
 ALL: "Here we go round the mulberry bush" (THEY DANCE A FEW TURNS) ... "the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush..."  
 DEE: (STOPS SUDDENLY.) That's enough for one dance.  
 ALICE: Are you tired?  
 DUM: Nohow.  
 DEE: Contrariwise.  
 DUM: Thank you for asking.  
 DEE: Much obliged. Do you like stories?  
 ALICE: Yes, some stories.  
 DEE: (TO DUM.) Tell her a story!  
 DUM: Which one should I tell?  
 DEE: "The Walrus and the Carpenter" is the longest.  
 DUM: Then that's the one I'll tell.  
 ALICE: If it's very long, perhaps I could wait until tomorrow. If you'd just tell me how to find the way out of the forest --  
 DUM: (SHRUGS.) Nohow.  
 DEE: (SHRUGS.) Contrariwise.  
 DUM: (PREPARES HIMSELF TO TELL THE STORY.) Ahem!  
 DEE: (APPLAUDS - SAYS TO ALICE.) This is my favorite.

DUM: (TO DUM.) Bravo! Bravo!  
 Ahem!  
 "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.'"  
 (APPLAUDING MADLY.) Bravo! Wonderful!  
 (BOWS.) Thank YOU. Thank you. (PREPARES TO CONTINUE.) Ahem!  
 "Ohhhhhh, oysters -"  
 (INTERUPTS.) Tell her the other part!  
 (RECITES RAPIDLY.)  
 "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.'"  
 (STOPS, BREATHELESS - TO ALICE.) Do you like it?  
 Do you?  
 Yes, but I -  
 But what? What? What?  
 I just -  
 She didn't like it.  
 Nohow.  
 Contrariwise.  
 But I did like it. Very much.  
 It doesn't matter. Nohow.  
 Contrariwise.  
 Please don't be angry. I liked your story very much. I just wanted to find my way home, you see -  
 (LOOKING BEYOND HER AT SOMETHING ON THE GROUND.) NO!  
 No?  
 (POINTS.) Do you see that?  
 See what?  
 (POINTS WITH A TREMBLING FINGER.) That. Over there.  
 (GOING TO LOOK.) It's only a rattle.

RABBIT: Oh, my ears and whiskers! I'm so late! The Queen will have my head!

ALICE: It's the rabbit. Mr. Rabbit! Mr. Rabbit!

RABBIT: There you are, Mary Ann. Where are my gloves?

~~NARRATOR:~~ (HOLDS THEM UP.) Here they are.

RABBIT: (TAKES THEM.) Thank you.

~~NARRATOR:~~ No trouble at all.

RABBIT: I'm late!

ALICE: But I'm not Mary Ann. I'm Alice.

RABBIT: I'm late! Not a moment to lose! I'll miss the game.

ALICE: Wait! Mr. Rabbit!

RABBIT: (GOING OUT.) I'm late! I'm late! Hurry! Hurry!

ALICE: Hurry! No time to waste! Not a moment to lose!

Mr. Rabbit! (HE'S GONE, STILL IGNORING HER.)

Now what can I do?

(ALICE WATCHES THE RABBIT GO OFF. THEN SHE SEES THE MAD HATTER AND THE MARCH HARE REAPPEAR, BOTH CARRYING TEACUPS AND A TEA TABLE BETWEEN THEM. THE DORMOUSE FOLLOWS. THE HARE AND THE HATTER LAUGH AND GIGGLE WILDLY, OBVIOUSLY HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME. THE DORMOUSE FALLS ASLEEP.)

~~NARRATOR:~~ Alice was tired and still very confused. She was hungry too. The mad Hatter and the March Hare were having a tea party that afternoon, just as they did on every other

HATTER: Lovely tea!

HARE: Lovely day!

HATTER: Lovely! Let's have more tea!

HARE: Lovely! And let's sit down!

HATTER: Why not?

HARE: Why not?

HATTER: Who knows?

HARE: Not I!

HATTER: Not I! (THEY LAUGH MADLY.)

DORMOUSE: (YAWNS AS THEY PUT HIM INTO A CHAIR.) Me, too

HATTER: You, too?

HARE: Him, too?

HATTER: Him to who?

HARE: Who what?

HATTER: Who what who?

HARE: Whooo, whooo?

HATTER: Oh, who knows? (THEY LAUGH.) What time is it?

HARE: Tea time!

HATTER: I thought so. I knew it. I could see it.

HARE: No one can see as well as you do.

HATTER: True. (THEY LAUGH.)

(THEY SETTLE THEMSELVES AT THE TABLE, LEANING ACROSS THE DORMOUSE.)

HARE: Will you have some tea?

HATTER: (HOLDING OUT HIS CUP.) Why, no, thank you.

HARE: Do you suppose he (INDICATING DORMOUSE) wants any?

HATTER: (LIFTING DORMOUSE'S HEAD, PEERING INTO HIS SLEEPING FACE.) Dormouse! Dormouse! Do you want some tea? (DORMOUSE SNORES.) What's that?

HARE: What did you say? (DORMOUSE SNORES AGAIN.)

HATTER: What's he saying? Does he want tea or not?

HARE: You'd better give him some just to be sure.

HATTER: Of course! How clever you are.

HARE: (WITH A LAUGH.) How kind of you to notice.

HATTER: (TRYING TO POUR TEA DOWN THE DORMOUSE'S THROAT.) Here you are, Dormouse. Drink up. Drink DRINK!

DORMOUSE: (SITS UP WITH A SNORT.) Don't want... any... tea... (SNORTS, THEN FALLS ASLEEP.)

HARE: Why not? Why not? WHY NOT?

HATTER: Change places!

(THEY ALL SHIFT AROUND THE TABLE UNTIL THEY FIND ANOTHER PLACE.)

HARE: (SCREAMS AS HE SUDDENLY SEES ALICE. HE POINTS TO HER, AS SHE STANDS STARING AT THEM.) Look at that!

COOK: (THROWS POT AFTER HER.) Ah-choo! Perhaps I should take the baby with me. Poor thing.

ALICE: (GRUNTS.)

BABY: What's wrong, baby? Are you crying?

ALICE: (GRUNTS.)

BABY: My goodness! I never heard a baby cry that way. It sounds like a - like a pig!

ALICE: (GRUNTS.)

BABY: (PEEKS.) Why, it is a pig!

ALICE: (CROSSES TO ALICE, GRABS THE BABY, TUCKS IT UNDER HER ARM AND TAKES IT OFF WITH HER COOKING POT.) Pepper!

COOK: No wonder the Duchess kept calling it a pig. It really is a pig.

ALICE: ~~Which way are you going now?~~

NARRATOR: ~~I don't quite know. I think - I think I'll go that way. I haven't looked over there yet. (SHE WALKS IN THAT DIRECTION.) I wonder what - (THE CHESHIRE-CAT APPEARS IN HER PATH.) Oh! Oh, my! (THE CAT STARES AND GRINS AT HER.) Why, it's the cat!~~

ALICE: ~~(CAT GRINS.) Hello. (NO REPLY.) Can't you talk? Everyone else does. (CAT GRINS AND MOVES AWAY.) What's the matter? Are you lost? (CAT GRINS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.) I like cats. I have one of my own. You needn't be afraid. (CAT GRINS.) Do you know how to talk? (CAT GRINS AND NODS.) Then why don't you speak? (CAT GRINS.) And why do~~

ALICE: ~~you grin at me like that!~~

CAT: ~~I'm a Cheshire-Cat, that's why.~~

ALICE: ~~Really? I didn't know Cheshire-Cats had grins. In fact, I didn't know cats could have grins at all.~~

CAT: ~~They can, and most of us do.~~

ALICE: ~~I just don't know any that do, you see.~~

CAT: ~~Maybe you don't know as much about cats as you think you do.~~

ALICE: ~~Maybe not. Cheshire-Cat, could you please answer a question?~~

CAT: ~~That depends a great deal on what you want to know.~~

ALICE: ~~Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?~~

CAT: ~~That depends a great deal on where you want to go.~~

ALICE: I don't care very much where -

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

ALICE: - as long as I get somewhere.

CAT: Oh, you're certain to arrive somewhere if you walk long enough.

ALICE: That's true. Thank you. By the way, could you tell me what sorts of people live around here?

CAT: (POINTING.) In that direction lives a Hatter. And in that direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like. They're both mad.

ALICE: I don't think I want to visit mad people.

CAT: Oh, you can't help it. (GRINS.) We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

ALICE: What makes you say I'm mad?

CAT: (GRINS.) You must be, or you wouldn't have come here. But how did I come here?

ALICE: (IGNORES THE QUESTION.) Are you going to play croquet with the Queen today?

CAT: With the Queen? I'd like to - very much. But I haven't been invited.

ALICE: (GRINS.) You'll see me there. (VANISHES.) I will? (SEES THAT HE IS GONE.) Where are you?

CAT: Cheshire-Cat? He's gone. (SIGHS.) I've noticed that everyone appears and disappears very suddenly around here. I wonder how they do it.

ALICE: (REAPPEARS, ELSEWHERE.) Have you decided?

CAT: Oh! How did you - I mean, where did you, that is, how could you -

ALICE: It's a secret. (GRINS.) Have you decided?

CAT: Decided what?

ALICE: Which way to go, of course.

CAT: Not really. I suppose the March Hare would be interesting, or perhaps I'd rather visit the Hatter. Which way was which?

ALICE: (GRINS.) Either way will do. It doesn't make any difference. (CAT VANISHES AGAIN.)

CAT: It doesn't? But why?

ALICE: (ALICE TRIES TO DISCOVER WHERE THE CAT HAS GONE, BUT THEN THE WHITE RABBIT ENTERS, STILL IN A GREAT HURRY.)

kept smiling like that. (SHE STARTS TO BORN AWAY, BUT STOPS ABRUPTLY.) THE CATERPILLAR HAS ENTERED AND PERCHES HIMSELF ON HIS GREAT MUSHROOM.) Oh! Why, it's a - it's a - it's a -

NARRATOR: It's a caterpillar.  
ALICE: Yes, it's a caterpillar!

(CATERPILLAR REMAINS PERCHED ON HIS HOOKAH, PICKS IT UP, STARTS TO SLITHER AWAY.)

CATERPILLAR: (BLOWING OUT A PUFF OF SMOKE, DRAWING OUT HIS WORDS.) Whoooooo are youuuuuuu?  
ALICE: I really don't know, sir. At least not right now. I know who I was when I woke up this morning. But I think I've changed several times since then.

CATERPILLAR: What doo youuuu meannn? Explain yourself.  
ALICE: I can't explain myself, sir. Because I'm not myself. You see?

CATERPILLAR: (PUFFING.) I doooooon't seeeee.  
ALICE: I can't explain, because I don't understand it myself. Besides, everything is a different size, and it's very confusing.

CATERPILLAR: It isnnnn't. It is to me. Maybe you'll be confused when you turn into a butterfly someday. Don't you think that will be confusing?

CATERPILLAR: Not at all!!!  
ALICE: Oh. Well, maybe your feelings are different, but I know it would be confusing to me.

CATERPILLAR: Youuuu? What dooo youuuu knowwww? Whooooo are youuuuuu?  
ALICE: Why don't you tell me who you are first?

CATERPILLAR: Whhhhhyyyyyy?  
ALICE: Oh! (TURNS AWAY, READY TO LEAVE IN ANGER.)  
CATERPILLAR: Wait! Commmme back. I have something tooo say.

ALICE: (RETURNS.) What is it?  
CATERPILLAR: (PUFFS.) Keep your temper. Is that all?  
CATERPILLAR: Nooooo. (PUFFS ON HIS PIPE.) Sooooo. You think you're confused, doooooo youuuuuu?

ALICE: I know I am, sir. Everything seems to be the wrong size. Or at least a different size. Especially me.  
CATERPILLAR: Whaaat size dooo youuu want to beeeeee?  
ALICE: I don't know exactly. I'm not really that particular. I just don't like sizes changing so much, you know.

CATERPILLAR: I don't knowoooowww.  
ALICE: I would like to be a little larger.

CATERPILLAR: Whhhhhyyyyyy?  
ALICE: Well, I'm not used to being so small. At least I think I'm small. I really don't know.

CATERPILLAR: You'll get used to it in time. (HE PUFFS ON HIS HOOKAH, PICKS IT UP, STARTS TO SLITHER AWAY.)

ALICE: Oh, wait! Please, sir!  
CATERPILLAR: Gooooooobyyyyyeeeee. Gooooooobyyyyyeeeee.

(ALICE PAUSES A MOMENT, A FEW FEET. CATERPILLAR HAS GONE. SHE IS CLEARLY VERY PUZZLED.)

ALICE: Now what can I do? This place is so confusing. I think I'll go -

NARRATOR: (POINTS.) Why don't you go that way?  
ALICE: All right. Now I wonder who could possibly -

(THE DUCHESS'S COOK ENTERS. SHE CARRIES A GIANT PEPPER SHAKER, A SOUP POT, SOME DISHES, AND OTHER POTS AND PANS. SHE SETS UP HER COOKING POT AND GOES TO WORK, SHAKING PEPPER AND GRUMBING TO HERSELF.)

COOK: Ah-choo! Pepper! (THROWS A DISH.) Ah-choo! More pepper! (THROWS A POT.) Ah-choo! There's never enough pepper. (THROWS ANOTHER POT, AND SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD HOWLING NOISE HEARD OFFSTAGE.)

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Yowllllllll!

COOK: Ah-choo!

a white one by mistake. If the Queen finds out, she'll have my head. So, I'm trying to paint the roses red before she sees them. She's been baking cherry tarts all afternoon, and she'll be here any moment to play a game of croquet. So you see, I have to hurry. Can I help you?

ALICE: Thank you! (HANDS HER A PAKUSH.) Why don't you start on the other side? (THEY PAINT A MOMENT, UNTIL -)

RABBIT: (ENTERS IN A GREAT HURRY, STOPS TO ANNOUNCE.) Make way for the Queen! The Queen! Make way for the Queen!

KNAVE: Oh, not the Queen!

ALICE: (CROSSING TO HIM.) Oh, Mr. Rabbit! Mr. Rabbit! IGNORES HER.) The Queen approaches! The Queen!

RABBIT: (THE QUEEN ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY THE KING, THE MAD HATTER, THE MARCH HARE, THE DUCHESS, AND ANYONE ELSE AVAILABLE. THE KNAVE RETURNS TO THE TROOP.)

QUEEN: (AS SHE MARCHES IN.) Off with their heads!

KING: Not yet, my dear.

QUEEN: (STOPS, AS SHE SEES THE KNAVE ON THE GROUND.) Who is this?

KING: I really haven't the faintest idea, my dear.

QUEEN: (TO KING.) Fool! (TO ALICE.) What's your name?

ALICE: My name is Alice, so please Your Majesty.

QUEEN: (POINTS TO KNAVE.) And who is this?

ALICE: How should I know, Your Majesty? It's really no business of mine.

QUEEN: (TO KING.) Off with her head! Off with her head!

KING: My dear, she is only a child.

QUEEN: HMPH! (TO KING, INDICATING THE KNAVE.) Turn him over!

KING: Yes, my dear. (USING HIS TOE, TURNS KNAVE ON TO HIS BACK.)

QUEEN: (TO KNAVE.) Stand up!

KNAVE: (IN FEAR, RISING.) Yes, Your Majesty. (BOWS TO HER.)

OTHERS: (ALL BOW TO THE QUEEN, THE KING, AND EACH

QUEEN:

OTHERS:

QUEEN:

KNAVE:

QUEEN:

KNAVE:

QUEEN:

KNAVE:

OTHERS:

ALICE:

QUEEN:

KING:

QUEEN:

OTHERS:

ALICE:

KING:

ALICE:

KNAVE:

ALICE:

ALICE:

OTHER SEVERAL TIMES.) Yes, Your Majesty. Yes, Your Majesty.

(TO THOSE BOWING.) Stop that! All of you! You make me dizzy! (STOMPS HER FOOT.)

(STILL BOWING.) We make her dizzy. We make her dizzy.

STOP IT! (THEY STOP. TO KNAVE.) What have you been doing here?

(IN GREAT FEAR.) May it please Your Majesty, I was trying to - to - to paint the roses

I see! And it does not please me! How dare you paint my roses!

Your Majesty wanted red roses. Not painted ones! Off with his head! (TO KNAVE.) Begone, you!

Please, Your Majesty Off with his head!

(REPEATING.) Off with his head! Off with his head! No! You mustn't! (THE KNAVE EXITS, SOBING LOUDLY.)

(TO ALICE.) Shhh! If you know what's good for you. But she can't just -

(SHOUTING TO ALICE.) Do you play croquet? (TO ALICE.) I hope you do, my dear. For your own good.

(SHOUTS.) Do you play croquet? (SHOUTS BACK.) Yes, I do!

(IN A MORE PLEASANT TONE.) Come along, then! (TO ALICE.) Come along. Come along.

Come along. Come along.

(THEY ALL PARADE BACK AND FORTH UNTIL THEY ARE INTO "GAME" POSITIONS.)

(TO KING.) What about the poor Knave? Will he lose his head?

Shh! It's a secret, but she never really executes anyone. Shh! Don't tell. She'd be very angry. (MOVES AWAY.)

~~ALICE: (TO KING.)~~

~~ALICE: (TO KING.)~~

~~ALICE: (TO KING.)~~