

ALICE THE MUSICAL

Junior Version

Book by
Lewis Carroll

Original Music by
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This adaptation for stage by
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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Alice
Rev Charles Ludwidge Dodgson
Alice Liddell (Young Alice)
White Rabbit
Caterpillar
Walrus
Carpenter
Cat
Duchess
Cook
Hatter
Hare
Dormouse
Card Two
Card Five
Knave
Executioner
Mock Turtle
Gryphon
King
Queen
Chorus of:
Animals, Cards, Twelve Jurors



Song 1
Leave Room for Dreams.
(Solo Soprano Voice and Chorus)

(During the song a Victorian gentleman and a young girl enter and face us. He is the Reverend Charles Ludwidge Dodgson, the mathematician, theologian, photographer, and storyteller. She is Alice Liddell (Young Alice) one of three sisters who Dodgson photographed and entertained with stories. Some of the characters of Alice in Wonderland then encircle them. It is best not to use all of them – especially any in costumes, which are particularly spectacular. At the end of the song the characters and Alice Liddell leave him alone in a spotlight.)

Female Solo: When as a child this world I left,
 To lands beyond my mind,
 Such joy, such freedom, found each day
 That now a mother, how I pray.

 These worlds and more, my child will see,
 For dreams, showed more than hope,
 I found within new worlds,
 New worlds in fantasy.

Chorus Leave room, leave room for dreams to play,
 Find time, my child, to seek,
 Leave room, leave room for dreams to find,
 New worlds in fantasy.

Female Solo As I grew up to greet the world,
 It had no time for dreams,
 No joy or freedom could I find,
 To match the worlds within my mind.

 Awake once more, inside of me,
 Imagination found,
 The means to let me see,
 My worlds of fantasy.

Chorus Leave room, leave room for dreams to play,
 Find time, my child, to seek,
 Leave room, leave room for dreams to find,
 New worlds in fantasy.

Female Solo I hope the day will never come,
 When truth, is all we seek,
 For joy and freedom you will find,
 When life and dreams, the two you bind.

 Through my child's eyes, a truth I see,
 Reflected in her dreams,
 Please life, do not destroy,
 Her worlds of fantasy.

Chorus Leave room, leave room for dreams to play,
Find time, my child, to seek,
Leave room leave room for dreams to find,
New worlds in fantasy.

Chorus Leave room, leave room for dreams to play,
Find time, my child, to seek,

Alice Solo Leave room, leave room for dreams to find,
New worlds in fantasy.

Rev. Dodgson: The date was Friday July 4th. The trip was about three miles beginning at Folly Bridge near Oxford and ending at the village of Godstow. We had tea on the bank there. Many a day we rowed together, the three little maidens and I, and many a fairy tale had been extemporised for their benefit – yet none of these many tales got written down. They lived and died like summer midges, each in its own golden afternoon until there came a day when, as it chanced, one of my little listeners petitioned that the tale might be written out for her. That was many years ago now, but I distinctly remember how in a desperate attempt to strike out some new line in fairy-lore, I had sent my heroine straight down a rabbit hole, to begin with, without the least idea what was to happen afterwards. And so to please a child I loved, I printed in manuscript the story of Alice's Adventures. Stand forth then from the shadowy past, Alice, the child of my dreams. ***(The lights, fairly dark and shadowy, come up on Young Alice sitting on a tall stepladder posing for a photograph and a Victorian camera pointing at her. These are either side of Dodgson.)***

Alice Liddell: ***(Young Alice)*** Would you tell me a story please?

Rev. Dodgson: ***(Still addressing the audience)*** Those words had all the stern immutability of fate!

Young Alice: Please tell us another story.

Dodgson: ***(Moving over to the camera)*** And so would begin another tale.

Song 2

Share a Dream (Dodgson Solo)

(As he sings he is preparing the camera. At the end he moves across to Young Alice and the dialogue continues over the song played instrumentally)

Sleepy, summer days, lying in the sun,
River flowing gently by,
Eyes grow weary, sleep will surely,
Carry, a little girl, safely into dreams,
Who can tell where they may go,
That's the joy you'll never know,
Come now Alice,
Share your dreams with me.

Dodgson: **(Crossing to Young Alice)** Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it. **(The music finished)**

Young Alice: And what is the use of the book without pictures or conversations?

Dodgson: She was considering in her own mind (as well she could for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. **(Cue introduction to 'It's Late' and enter White Rabbit)** There was nothing so very remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself...

White Rabbit: **(Running under step-ladder)** Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late.

Song 3

It's Late

(White Rabbit and Chorus of Animals)

(The White Rabbit should have some contact with Dodgson and Young Alice at first. He runs away from them and Dodgson and Young Alice exit. The stage is filled with the chorus who wear animal heads. Some enter wheeling on another step-ladder to the centre of the stage. At the top of this ladder is Alice in Wonderland. She looks a lot like Young Alice but her dress is fuller and brighter and she seems a bit older. When the ladder is at centre stage she stands and a lighting effect over her head, perhaps a strobe, can suggest her falling down the famous hole, which leads to the adventures. Meanwhile the animals whirl the round the base of the ladder to add to the effect. At the end of the song the chorus of animals return to their places in the auditorium and the White Rabbit exits. Alice walks down the step-ladder and lies on the ground, and the lights fade to a nightmarish dark blue.)

Rabbit: It's late, it's late, the queen will never wait
For wasting time she thinks a crime,
I'll meet a shocking fate,
My head, my head, the Queen will have my head.
Unless I race to reach my place, the Queen will have my head.

Rush on, rush on, the time is getting on.
I'll bound and hop and never stop
Until the danger's gone.
It's late, it's late the Queen will never wait.
For wasting time she thinks a crime,
I'll meet a shocking fate.

Chorus: It's late, it's late the queen will never wait.
Wasting time,
He'll meet a shocking fate.
It's late, it's late, the Queen will never wait.
Wasting time,
He'll meet a shocking fate.

Rabbit: It's late, it's late, the Queen will never wait.
Wasting time she thinks a crime,
I'll meet a shocking fate.
My head, my head, the Queen will have my head.
Unless I race to reach my place,
The Queen will have my head.
Rush on, rush on, the time is getting on.
I'll bound and hop and never stop
Until the danger's gone.
It's late, it's late the Queen will never wait.
For wasting time she thinks a crime,
I'll meet a shocking fate.



Dodgson: ***(Unseen, only his voice is heard, Alice gets up and walks as we hear him say it. In the darkness a child under a cloth-covered table, with a key and a bottle marked 'DRINK ME' placed securely on top, crawls on from stage left.)*** Alice was not a bit hurt and she jumped up on her feet in a moment – she looked around but it was dark. There were doors all around but they were all locked and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, she walked sadly down the middle wondering how she was ever to get out again. Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table.

(The lights come up on the table as she meets it. At this moment a child places a fifteen-inch high door in the darkness stage right and exits)

Alice: ***(Finding the key on the table)*** This might belong to one of the doors.
(She crosses stage right with the key and kneels by the little door as the lights come up on it.)

Dodgson: She came upon a little door about fifteen inches high; she tried the little golden key in the lock and to her great delight it fitted.

Alice: Even if my head would go through, it would be very little use without my shoulders. Oh how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could if I only knew how to begin. **(She goes to the table and picks up bottle and replaces the key)** It is all very well to say “drink me” **(looking at the label)** no I’ll look first and see whether it is marked poison or not.

Dodgson: The bottle was not marked poison so Alice ventured to taste it and finding it very nice.

Alice: **(Having tested the bottle and replaced it she moves away to centre stage)** It has a sort of mixed flavour of cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee and hot buttered toast.

Dodgson: **(The child inside the table lifts up the inside so that the table appears to grow to just taller than ALICE. While this happens the little door stage right is replaced by a replica full-sized one in the darkness)** Alice was indeed shutting up like a telescope and when she went back to the table she could not possibly reach it.

Alice: **(Returning to the table and trying to reach the top)** Curiouser and curiouser.

(Dodgson enters the scene with Young Alice and sings to her. They watch Alice go through the door, which is turned by the child behind it who then exits with the door. As she does so the lights build to a bright green garden effect. They watch the Caterpillar enter to centre stage, as he is wheeled on a step-ladder by some chorus members, still dressed as animals. A suggestion of a mushroom is attached to the ladder.)

Song 4
Who are You Miss?
(Dodgson, Alice)

Dodgson: Alice thought how queer it was, to listen to a rabbit,
Wearing gloves upon its paws, a most peculiar habit.
She shut up like a telescope, and wondered could she do it,
She opened up the door to find now she could go through it.

Alice: The door leads to a lovely garden, now I am so small,
The flowers and the blades of grass, seem oh so very tall

Dodgson: She ran and ran into the wood, and nestled ‘neath some flowers,
Oh, how she did want to grow, the grass around her towered.

She stretched up high upon tiptoe, and reached up from the ground,
A caterpillar large and green, astride a mushroom found.
Surrounded there in smoky haze, he took no slightest note,
Until at last from sleepy gaze, he asked her,
Who are you Miss, he asked her, who are you Miss?

(Dodgson, Young Alice, and the animals exit as the song finishes and the lights lower to a darker green around the Caterpillar and Alice.)

Caterpillar: **(Unseen)** Who are you?

Alice: I hardly know Sir, just at present, at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed since then.

Caterpillar: What do you mean by that? Explain yourself.

Alice: I can't explain myself, I'm afraid sir, because I'm not myself you see.

Caterpillar: I don't see.

Alice: I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly for I can't understand it myself to begin with, and being different sizes is very confusing.

Caterpillar: It isn't.

Alice: Well perhaps you haven't found it so yet but when you have to turn into a chrysalis – you will some day you know – and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll find it a little queer, won't you?

Caterpillar: Not a bit.

Alice: Well perhaps your feelings may be different. All I know is it would feel very queer to me.

Caterpillar: You. Who are you?

Alice: **(Moving away, a bit annoyed)** I think you ought to tell me who you are first.

Caterpillar: Why? Come back I've something important to say! **(Alice does so)** Keep your temper!

Alice: Is that all?

Caterpillar: No.

Dodgson: **(Unseen, only his voice is heard)** Alice thought she might as well, wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might be worth hearing. For some minutes it sat there, without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms and said; "So you think you're changed do you?"

Alice: I'm afraid I am Sir I can't remember things as I used to. I've tried to say "How doth the little busy bee" – but it came out 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: **(Stops crawling)** No, no, no, - that is not said right.