

Alice The Musical

Senior Script

by

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Mound

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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
Executioner
Mock Turtle
Gryphon
King
Queen
Chorus of:
Animals, Oysters, Cards, Twelve Jurors

Act 1

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. Behind them we see a projected photograph of Dodgson. 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, and did not reach Christ Church again till quarter past eight, when we took them on to my rooms to see my collection of microphotographs and restored them to the deanery just before nine. ***(A photograph of the three Liddell sisters is projected)*** 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 ***(a photograph is projected of Alice Liddell posing on a step-ladder)*** And so to please a child I loved (I don't remember any other motive) 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 in the same pose as the 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 finishes)***

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 brought from their places in the auditorium. Some enter from the wings 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 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.

Song 4

Who are You Miss? (Dodgson, Alice)

(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 and he has a hookah in his hand, Dodgson, Young Alice, and the animals exit as the song finishes and the lights lower to a darker green around the Caterpillar and 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?

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 puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded it's arms, took the hookah out of it's mouth and said:

Song 5

Music Is My Life ***(Caterpillar, Alice, Chorus)***

(Full-scale number with chorus of animals meeting Alice. At the end she is on the stepladder and the Caterpillar on the ground. The chorus return to their places in the auditorium.)

Caterpillar:
& Chorus Music is my life, music is my joy,
 Music is my prayer, music fills the air.
 Music is my life, music is my life,
 Let the whole world sing, and let the music ring,
 Music is my life, Sha la la la la.

Caterpillar: Get switched on to music, any kind,
 Just get into music and you'll find,
 If there's a cloud above you, and all around is grey,
 Just watch that music blow them all away.

All: Music, music, let the music ring,
 Music, music, let the whole world, let the whole world,
 Let the whole world sing.

Caterpillar:
+ Chorus Any kind of music turns you on,
 Be it Brahms, or Bach, or Listz, or Beethoven,
 Maybe sing the Blues, or whatever you should choose,
 Us Caterpillars all love Rock and Roll.

All: Music is my life, music is my life,
 Let the whole world sing, and let the music ring,
 Music is my life, Sha la la la la.

All: Music, music, let the music ring,
 Music, music, let the whole world, let the whole world,
 Let the whole world sing.

Caterpillar: Magic mushrooms get you through the day,
But music really is the only way.

+ Chorus With music in your life, your troubles don't mean a thing,
You've heard the music, now let's hear you sing.

All x 2: Music is my life, music is my life,
Let the whole world sing, and let the music ring,
Music is my life, Sha la la la la.

Caterpillar: **(Crawling around at her feet)** 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.

Alice: Not quite right I'm afraid; some of the words have got altered.

Caterpillar: It is wrong from beginning to end. What size do you want to be?

Alice: Well I should like to be a little larger Sir if you wouldn't mind. Three
inches is such a wretched height to be.

Caterpillar: It is a very good height indeed.

Song 6

Which Side Now (Caterpillar, Alice)

Alice: Please help me Sir for I'm afraid, I can't to you explain,
Why I from inches high grow tall, and then shrink back again.

Caterpillar: So strange my dear, but tell me this, what size you wish to be,
The answer really I can tell, is here right next to me.
One side will make you shorter, one side will make you tall.

Alice: One side of what please tell me sir, I'm tired of being so small.

Caterpillar: The mushroom, child, the mushroom, just nibble it and see,
For up or down choose left or right, it's plain as plain can be.

Alice: For up or down choose left or right, it's plain as plain can be.

Caterpillar & Alice: For up or down choose left or right, it's plain as plain can be.

(The lights fade at the end, Alice and the Caterpillar exit arm in arm with the ladder to stage right. As they do so Young Alice enters stage left with the other ladder, Dodgson returns with the camera, and they are placed as in the first scene. The lights come up when they are in position.)

Dodgson ***(Moving to her from the camera)*** I hope you are not too much tired?
Young Alice: No Sir! Thank you for asking.
Dodgson: Do you like poetry?
Young Alice: Ye-es some poetry.
Dodgson: “The Walrus and the Carpenter” ***(reciting and making it up as he goes)***

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.

(Cue introduction to the song. The next verse is spoken over the music introduction as the Walrus and the Carpenter enter. The lights imply a seashore, Dodgson and Young Alice move to the side to watch them.)

The sea was wet as wet should 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.

Song 7
The Walrus and The Carpenter
(Walrus, Carpenter, Dodgson, Chorus of Oysters)

(During the song the chorus enter the stage wearing tabards like shells. They return to their places in the auditorium as they are “eaten”. Perhaps the Walrus and the Carpenter collect shells from the chorus as they pass.)

Dodgson: The Walrus and the Carpenter,
 Were walking close at hand,
 They wept like anything to see,
 Such quantities of sand.

Walrus, Carpenter: If this were only cleared away
 Dodgson: They said,
 Walrus, Carpenter: It would be grand.
 Walrus: Oh Oysters, come and walk with me
 Dodgson: The Walrus did beseech,
 Walrus: A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
 Along the briny beach,
 We cannot do with more than four,
 To give a hand to each.

Chorus: Four other oysters followed them,
 And yet another four,
 Oysters: And thick and fast they came at last,
 And more, and more, and more.
 All hopping through the frothy waves,
 And scrambling to the shore.

Dodgson: 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: The time has come,
 Dodgson: The Walrus said,
 Walrus: 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.

Walrus: I weep for you,
 Dodgson: The Walrus said,
 Walrus: I deeply sympathise
 Dodgson: With sobs and tears he sorted out,
 Those of the largest size.
 He held his pocket handkerchief,
 Before his streaming eyes.

Carpenter: Oh Oysters,
 Dodgson: Said the Carpenter,
 Carpenter: You've had a pleasant run,
 Shall we be trotting home again,
 Dodgson: But answer came there none,
 And this was scarcely odd because,
 They'd eaten every one.

Young Alice: ***(She and Dodgson return to their positions as the lights restore us to the studio situation)*** I like the Walrus best because he was sorry for the poor oysters.

Dodgson: He ate more than the Carpenter though. You see he held his handkerchief **(pulling out his own handkerchief)** in front so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took.

Young Alice: That was mean. Then I like the Carpenter best if he didn't eat as many as the Walrus.

Dodgson: But he ate as many as he could get.

(Young Alice seems sleepy and Dodgson entertains her with a trick tying a knot in his handkerchief, making a rabbits ears and head of it and letting it play in the light. Behind is projected a slide of a sleeping Alice Liddell.)

Song 8

It's Late, Thought Alice (Dodgson Solo)

Dodgson: It's late, thought Alice,
I'm tired and weary,
And miles from the nearest town,
Where can I find,
Somebody kind,
And a place, where I can sit down.

Dodgson: **(Alice enters and Young Alice watches her)** Alice came suddenly upon an open place with a little house in it. **(Alice looks at the ladder, towards Young Alice, as if it is the door)** For a minute or two she stood looking at the house and wondering what to do next. Alice went timidly to the door and knocked. **(Alice mimes a knock. She sees neither Dodgson nor Young Alice)** At this moment the door opened "How am I to get in?" asked Alice. **(Dodgson entertaining her with silly Frog Footman voice)** "Are you to get in at all? That's the first question, you know." **(turning to Young Alice)** said the footman.

Alice: But what am I to do? ...

Dodgson: Said Alice, and she opened the door and went in.

(Alice goes under the ladder and turns it to face us. The lights change as Young Alice steps off and exits with Dodgson. The Duchess' Kitchen is set consisting of a walking stove, a walking cupboard, and the ladder turned to face us centre. The Cat, Cook, and duchess carrying a pig/baby enter. She throws the baby about during the song to the disapproval of Alice. The chorus sing from their places in the auditorium. At the end of the song the Cook is at the stove and the Cat is on the ladder).

Song 9
We're Mad Down Here
(Duchess, Cook, Cat, Chorus)

Duchess: We're mad down here, oh yes we are,
Some things we can't deny.
It's not the same up top I've heard,
For there you have to try.
To get things right, or left, or up, or down, or in, or out,
But us down here.

Chorus: Oh yes they're all mad as Hatters, yes they're totally insane,
It helps you see, if they're to play the game,
Oh yes they're all mad as Hatters, yes they're totally insane,
They have to be, you see to play the game.

Cook: The Duchess she's quite crazy, for,
As anyone can hear,
The babe she cradles in her arms,
It is a pig, I fear,

Duchess: That cook, that cook, that crazy cook,
She hurls her pans around our heads with glee.

(Repeat Chorus)

Cat: Now look at me, I am insane,
I'll prove it to you now.
For when I'm mad, my tail I wag,
And when I'm pleased I growl.
For up down here, is down up there, and right is wrong, or left,
Do you believe?

(Repeat Chorus)

Duchess: That Queen of Hearts, is quite beyond,
For nearly every day.
Off with their heads, she screams, if
Anyone gets in her way.
The King, poor man, he follows while the knave and gardeners,
For their lives do pray.

(Repeat Chorus twice)

Alice: **(To Cook)** There's certainly too much pepper in that soup... **(to Duchess)** please would you tell me why your cat grins like that.

Duchess: It's a Cheshire cat. And that's why. Pig! **(Hitting baby)**

Alice: I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned – in fact I didn't know
that cats could grin.

Duchess: They all can and most of 'em do.

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

Duchess: You don't know much and that's a fact. **(Throwing baby to Cook.)**

Alice: Oh! Please mind what you're doing.

Duchess: If everybody minded their own business the world would go round a deal faster than it does.

Alice: Which would not be an advantage. **(To herself)** Just think what work it would make with the day and night. You see the earth takes twenty four hours to turn round on its axis.

Duchess: Talking of axes – chop off her head!

Alice: Twenty four hours – or is it twelve I –

Duchess: Oh don't bother me. I never could abide figures! **(Catching baby from Cook)**

Song 10

Speak Roughly (Duchess)

(Rocking and smacking the baby. The Cat and Cook join in the chorus)

Duchess: Speak roughly to your little boy,
And beat him when he sneezes,
He only does it to annoy,
Because he knows it teases.

Chorus: Wow wow wow wow, Wow wow wow wow.

Duchess: I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes,
For he can thoroughly enjoy,
The pepper when he pleases.

Chorus: Wow wow wow wow, Wow wow wow wow.

Duchess: Here! You nurse it for a bit. **(Throwing baby at Alice)** I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen. **(The Duchess sweeps off followed by the Cook. The Stove and Cupboard get up and walk off, the Cat returns to the ladder. Alice stands to the side looking at the Cat. The lights change to indicate a garden).**

Alice: Cheshire puss! Would you tell me please which way I ought to go from here?

Cat: **(Perched on top of the ladder).** That depends a good deal on where you want to get to.

Alice: I don't much care where.

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

Alice: As long as I get somewhere.

Cat: Oh you're sure to do that if only you walk long enough. In that direction lives a Hatter (***cue introduction to song***), and in that direction lives a March Hare. Visit either you like. They're both mad, we're all mad – you're mad – I'm mad.

(The Cat comes down the ladder to perform the song with Alice. By the end of the song they are exactly as they started).

Song 11
Mad Cat
(Cat, Alice)

Cat: It's purrfectly clear that I'm crazy,
I'm totally out of my brain,
I growl when I'm glad,
Wag my tail when I'm sad,
It's purrfectly plain I'm insane.
It sticks out a mile that I'm mental,
I ought to be locked in a room,
I'm a nine carat nutter,
My look would melt butter,
I'm a fast-talking, fish-eating loon.

Alice: I'd be quite mortified to displease you,
I've certainly no axe to grind,
No manic depressive,
Could be so expressive,
Why don't you crawl off and unwind?

Alice: Oh, pussy, I've seen through your cover,
Your problem is far from unique,

Cat: I'm not some neurotic,
I'm completely psychotic,
A schizo, a weirdo, a freak!
I'm daft as a brush and it's catching,
I'm cracked as the Liberty Bell,
I'd leave here discretely,
Before I smile sweetly,
And you end up crazy as well.

Alice, Cat: It's perfectly clear now – you're/I'm crazy,
Dementia is clearly defined,
With your/my fragmenting psyche,
No wonder you're/I'm spiky,
You're/I'm out of your/my two tiny minds.
With your/my fragmenting psyche,
No wonder you're/I'm spiky,
You're/I'm out of your/my two tiny minds.
With your/my fragmenting psyche,
No wonder you're/I'm spiky,
You're/I'm out of your/my two,
You're/I'm out of your/my two,
You're/I'm out of your/my two tiny minds.

Alice: How do you know I'm mad?

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

Alice: And how do you know that you're mad?

Cat: To begin with, a dog's not mad. You grant me 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 like. Do you play croquet with the Queen?

Alice: I should like it very much, but I haven't been invited yet.

Cat: You shall, you know. **(Lights out on Cat, Alice looks around to see where it has gone. Then the lights come up again.)** Bye the bye, what became of the baby? I'd nearly forgotten to ask.

Alice: It turned into a pig.

Cat: I thought it would. **(Lights out again, Alice looks around and then lights back up again as before.)** Did you say pig or fig?

Alice: I said pig, and I do wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly. You make one quite giddy!

Cat: All right! **(Lights out on everything except the cat's grin, which can be achieved by bouncing ultra-violet light on a white set of teeth.)**

Alice: Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin, but a grin without a cat! **(Exit Cat and Alice.)**

(LIGHTS BLACKOUT.)

INSTRUMENTAL REPRISE: Mad Cat

(During this, the Hatter, March Hare, and the Dormouse bring on their own props. A rectangle of grass with a tablecloth attached in the centre with all the tea-party props attached to it. They sit down and the lights come up to a bright outdoor state. They shout at Alice as she enters.)

Hatter: No room!

Hare: No room!

Dormouse: No room!

Alice: There's plenty of room.

Hatter: Have some wine.

Alice: I don't see any wine.

Hatter: ***(Laughing hysterically)*** That's because there isn't any.

Alice: Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

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

Alice: I didn't know it was your table and it's laid for a great many more than three.

Hare: Your hair wants cutting.

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

Hatter: Why is a raven like a writing desk?

Alice: ***(To audience)*** Come, we shall have some fun now. I'm glad they've begun asking riddles – ***(to Hatter)*** I believe I can guess that.

Hare: Do you mean that you think you can find the answer to it?

Alice: Exactly so.

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 like what I get is the same thing as I get what I like.

Dormouse: ***(Pulling his head out of the teapot)*** 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. ***(To Alice)*** What day of the month is it?

Alice: The fourth.

Hatter: Two days wrong. I told you butter wouldn't suit the works.

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.