

Alice On Stage

A History of the Early Theatrical Productions of *Alice in Wonderland*

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Henry Savile Clarke's Dream-Play *Alice in Wonderland* Script and Bibliography

The text which follows is that of the first printing of Savile Clarke's script in 1886. Songs have been omitted, as those which are not taken from the *Alice* books are printed in Chapter IV. Revisions made in subsequent editions of the script are noted in the bibliography and in Chapters V and VI. The original text has been copied as closely as possible, including typographical errors, illogical punctuation, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE.— *A Forest in Autumn. Alice asleep at foot of tree and Fairies dancing round her.*

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

['Sleep, maiden sleep!']

[*Fairies troop off at each side, the Chorus dying softly away in the distance. Scene changes to Wonderland, Garden set. The CATERPILLAR discovered smoking on gigantic mushroom at side. ALICE wakes up, and goes up and down stage in great bewilderment. The white RABBIT crosses the stage hurriedly.*

RABBIT. Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!

ALICE. If you please, Sir— (RABBIT starts and exit dropping white kid gloves and fan.) Dear! Dear! How queer everything is to-day. 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. But if I'm not the same who am I? Ah! that's the puzzle. I'll try if I know 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— Oh dear, I shall never get to twenty at that rate. I'll try "How doth the little busy bee."

SONG.—"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE CROCODILE."

AL. Oh! dear I'm sure those are not the right words, and I'm so very tired of being all alone here.

[Comes opposite CATER.

CATER. Who are you?

AL. I—I hardly know, Sir, just at present. At least I knew who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.

CATER. What do you mean by that? explain yourself.

AL. I can't explain myself, I'm afraid, Sir, because I'm not myself, you see.

CATER. I don't see.

AL. I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly, for I can't understand it myself to begin with.

CATER. You. Who are you?

AL. I think you ought to tell me who you are first.

CATER. Why? (ALICE tosses her head and is going off) Come back! I've something important to say. (AL. returns to him) Keep your temper.

AL. (indignantly) Is that all?

CATER. No. So you think you're changed, do you?

AL. I'm afraid I am, Sir. I can't remember things as I used.

CATER. Can't remember what things?

AL. Well I've tried "How doth the little busy bee," but it all came different.

CATER. Try "You are old, Father William."

AL. With pleasure, Sir.

SONG.—"YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM."

CATER. That is not right.

AL. Not quite right, I'm afraid. Some of the words have got altered.

CATER. It's wrong from beginning to end. Good day.

[CATERPILLAR and Mushroom are drawn off. Enter WHITE RABBIT.

RAB. The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh! my fur and whiskers. She'll get me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets. Where can I have dropped them I wonder?

AL. (aside) He's looking for his fan and gloves.

[She also looks for them. The RABBIT then notices her.

RAB. Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing out here? Run home this moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan. Quick now!

AL. (aside) He takes me for his housemaid. How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am. But I'd better get him his fan and gloves.

[picks up fan and gloves and gives them to RABBIT.

RAB. Thank you, Mary Ann, thank you. Now wait for the Duchess, she's coming here with the baby and the cook. [exit RABBIT.

AL. Oh dear me! I'm Mary Ann now, and the Duchess is coming and the baby, and the cook. Are they going to cook the baby, I wonder?

Enter DUCHESS carrying child. COOK with a saucepan and pepper castor, and CHESHIRE CAT.

AL. Please would you tell me why your cat grins like that?

DUC. It's a Cheshire Cat, and that's why. (to baby) Pig!

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

DUC. They all can and most of 'em do.

AL. I don't know of any that do.

DUC. You don't know much and that's a fact.

COOK. There's nothing like pepper say I. There's not half enough yet! Nor a quarter enough.

Boil it so easily.

Mix it so greasily,

Stir it so sneezily,

One, two, three.

One for the Missis, two for the cat, and three for the baby.

[*The COOK peppers soup and baby alternately.*]

AL. Oh, *please* mind what you're doing? Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!

DUC. If everybody minded their own business, the world would go round a great deal faster than it does.

AL. Which would *not* be an advantage. 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—

DUC. Talking of axes, chop off her head.

AL. Twenty-four hours, I think—or is it twelve—

DUC. Oh don't bother me. I never could abide figures.

SONG.—“SPEAK ROUGHLY.”

DUC. (*to COOK*) Off with you. (*exit COOK*) Here catch! (*throws baby off stage*) *I'm* going to the Queen.

[*exeunt* DUCHESS, CAT, and RABBIT.

AL. And I wonder what I'm going to do. I hope the cook caught the baby.

[*The head of CHESHIRE CAT appears in tree.*]

AL. Cheshire Puss. Would you tell me please which way I ought to go from here?

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

AL. I don't much care where.

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

AL. So long as I get *somewhere*.

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

AL. What sort of people live about here?

CAT. In one direction lives a hatter, and in the other a March Hare. Visit either you like—they're both mad.

AL. 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. You're mad.

AL. How do you know I'm mad?

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

AL. And how do you know that you're mad?

CAT. To begin with a dog's not mad. You grant that?

AL. 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.

AL. I call it *purring* not growling.

CAT. Call it what you like: and say “thank you for the information.”

DUET.

[‘Cheshire Puss, my thanks to thee’]

[*dance and exeunt.*]

Enter HATTER, MARCH HARE, and DORMOUSE with tea-table which they set and seat themselves at it. *Enter* ALICE.

HATTER and HARE. No room! No room!

AL. There's plenty of room.

[*sits in chair at head of table.*]

HARE. Have some wine.

AL. I don't see any wine.

HARE. There isn't any.

AL. (*angrily*) 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.

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

HAT. Your hair wants cutting.

AL. (*severely*) You should learn not to make personal remarks.

HAT. (*looking astonished*) Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

AL. I believe I can guess that.

HARE. Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?

AL. Exactly so.

HARE. Then you should say what you mean.

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

HAT. Not the same thing a bit. You might just as well say that “I see what I eat” is the same thing as “I eat what I see.”

HARE. You might just as well say that, "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like."

DOR. You might just as well say, that "I breathe when I sleep" is the thing [sic] as "I sleep when I breathe."

HAT. It is the same thing with you. (*to AL., taking out his watch.*) What day of the month is it?

AL. The fourth.

HAT. Two days wrong. (*to HARE*) I told you butter wouldn't suit the works.

HARE. It was the best butter.

HAT. Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well, you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife.

[*HARE takes watch and dips it in cup.*]

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

AL. What a funny watch! It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is.

HAT. Why should it. Does *your* watch tell you what *year* it is?

AL. Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

HAT. Which is just the case with mine. Have you guessed the riddle yet?

AL. No I give it up. What's the answer?

HAT. I haven't the slightest idea.

HARE. Nor I.

AL. I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

HAT. If you knew Time as well as I do: you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's *him*.

AL. I don't know what you mean.

HAT. Of course you don't, I dare say you never spoke to Time.

AL. Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

HAT. 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 that it were nine o'clock in the morning—just time to begin lessons, you'll only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling: Half-past one—time for dinner!

HARE. I only wish it was.

AL. That would be grand certainly, but then I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

HAT. Not at first perhaps, but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.

AL. Is that the way you manage?

HAT. Not I. We quarrelled last March, just before he went mad, you know (*points at 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!
Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky.

Well I'd hardly finished the first verse when the Queen bawled out, "He's murdering the time, off with his head."

AL. How dreadfully savage!

HAT. And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now.

AL. Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?

HAT. (*sighing*) Yes, that's it. It's always tea-time, and we've not time to wash the things between whites.

AL. Then you keep moving round, I suppose?

HAT. Exactly so, as the things get used up.

AL. But what happens when you come to the beginning again?

HARE. Suppose we change the subject. Wake up, Dormouse, and tell us a story.

DOR. Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie, and they lived at the bottom of a well—

AL. What did they live on?

DOR. They lived on treacle.

AL. They couldn't have done that, you know, they'd have been ill.

DOR. So they were—*very* ill.

HARE. Take some more tea.

AL. I've had nothing yet: so I can't take more.

HAT. You mean you can't take less. It's very easy to take more than nothing.

AL. Nobody asked your opinion.

HAT. Who's making personal remarks now?

AL. (to DORMOUSE) Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

DOR. It was a treacle well.

AL. There's no such thing.

HAT. and HARE. Hush! Hush!

DOR. And so these three little sisters, they were learning to draw you know—

AL. What did they draw?

DOR. Treacle.

HAT. I want a clean cup, let's all move one place on.

[HAT. moves, followed by DOR. and MARCH HARE,
AL. into MARCH HARE'S place.

AL. But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

HAT. You can draw water out of a water-well, so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well— Eh, stupid?

AL. But they were *in* the well.

DOR. Of course they were, well in— they were learning to draw everything that begins with an M—

AL. Why with an M?

HARE. Why not?

DOR. (*half asleep, and pinched by HAT. gives a little shriek and goes on*)—that begins with an M; such as mouse-traps, and moon, and memory, and muchness, you know you say things are "much of a muchness," did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness.

AL. Really now you ask me, I don't think—

HAT. Then you shouldn't talk.

AL. (*jumping up*) How rude you are!

[*all rise from table and come down stage.*

COUPLETS AND CHORUS.—"SO THEY SAY."

[*All dance off— HARE and HATTER taking table away.*

Enter Two, Five and Seven of Clubs, then KING, QUEEN and

KNAVE of Hearts and other Cards, also ALICE.—*Procession goes round the stage. Two, Five and Seven lie down at sides.*

QUEEN. (to KNAVE) Who is this? (KNAVE only bows) Idiot! (to ALICE) What's your name, child?

AL. My name is Alice, so please you majesty. (*aside*) Why they're only a pack of cards; I needn't be afraid of them.

QUEEN. (*pointing to Two, Five and Seven*) And who are *these*?

AL. How should I know? It's no business of mine.

QUEEN. (*glares at ALICE and then shouts*) Off with her head! off—

KING. Consider, my dear, she is only a child.

QUEEN. (to KNAVE) Turn them over. (*Two, Five and Seven get up and bow rapidly to everyone*) Leave off that, you make me giddy. Off with their heads!

AL. You shan't be beheaded. [*shows them off stage.*

RAB. (to ALICE) It's—it's a very fine day.

AL. Very! where's the Duchess?

RAB. Hush! Hush! She's under sentence of execution.

AL. What for?

RAB. Did you say what a pity?

AL. No I didn't. I don't think it at all a pity—I said what for?

RAB. She boxed the Queen's ears.

AL. Oh what fun!

RAB. Oh hush, the Queen will hear you.

QUEEN. Are their heads off?

KNAVE. Their heads are off, so please your Majesty.

QUEEN. Get to your places!

[KING gives ALICE his hand—KNAVE with QUEEN. *Grand Gavotte of Court Cards. At end head of CHESHIRE CAT appears in tree.*

CAT. (to AL.) How do you like the Queen?

AL. Not at all. She's extremely— (QUEEN comes behind her) polite.

[QUEEN smiles and passes on

KING. Who are you talking to?

AL. It's a friend of mine, a Cheshire Cat.

KING. A Cheshire Cat?

AL. 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. Don't be impertinent, and don't look at me like that. *[gets behind QUEEN.*

AL. A cat may look at a King.

KING. Well it must be removed. *(to QUEEN)* My dear, I wish you would have this cat removed.

QUEEN. Off with his head.

KING. Hi! Executioner.

KNAVE. Here he is.

Enter EXECUTIONER.

KING. Off with that cat's head.

EX. Can't be done.

QUEEN. What!

EX. You can't cut a head off unless there's a body to cut it off from. I never had to do such a thing before and I'm not going to begin at my time of life.

—
TRIO & CHORUS.—“HE IS THE EXECUTIONER.”
—

[All go off to end of song. QUEEN stops to say to AL.

QUEEN. Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?

AL. No, I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is.

QUEEN. It's the thing Mock Turtle soup is made from.

AL. I never saw one or heard of one.

QUEEN. The Gryphon shall show you.

Enter GRYPHON.

Here Gryphon, introduce this young lady to the Mock Turtle. I must go and see after some executions I have ordered.

[exit QUEEN.

GRY. What fun!

AL. What *is* the fun?

GRY. Why *she*. It's all her fancy that, they never executes nobody you know. Hi! Mock Turtle.

Enter MOCK TURTLE weeping.

AL. What is his sorrow?

GRY. It's all his fancy—that; he hasn't got no sorrow you know. This here young lady she wants for to know your history, she do.

MOCK. I'll tell it her. Sit down both of you. Once I was a real turtle!

GRY. Hjckrrh.

MOCK. When we were little we went to school in the Sea. The Master was an old Turtle, we used to call him Tortoise.

AL. Why did you call him tortoise if he wasn't one?

MOCK. We called him tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull.

GRY. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question.

MOCK. Yes, we went to school in the Sea; though you mayn't believe it—

AL. I never said I didn't.

MOCK. You did.

GRY. Hold your tongue.

MOCK. We had the best of educations, in fact we went to school every day.

AL. *I've* been to a day school too. You needn't be so proud as all that.

MOCK. With extras?

AL. Yes. We learned French and music.

MOCK. And washing?

AL. Certainly not.

MOCK. Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school. Now at ours they had at the end of the bill, French, music *and washing* extra.

AL. You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

MOCK. I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

AL. What was that?

MOCK. Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of arithmetic. Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

AL. I never heard of Uglification. What is it?

GRY. Never heard of uglifying. You know what to beautify is, I suppose.

AL. Yes. It means to make anything prettier.

GRY. Well then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.

AL. What else had you to learn?

MOCK. Well there was Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography, then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel that used to come once a week, he taught us Drawling and Stretching, and Fainting in Coils,

AL. What was *that* like.

MOCK. Well I can't show it you myself. I'm too stiff and the Gryphon never learned it.

GRY. Hadn't time. I went to the Classical master though, he was an old crab, *he* was.

MOCK. I never went to him, he taught laughing and grief they used to say.

GRY. So he did. So he did.

[both creatures hide faces in their paws in sorrow.]

AL. And how many hours a day did you do lessons.

MOCK. Ten hours the first day, nine the next and so on.

AL. What a curious plan.

GRY. That's the reason they're called lessons because they lessen from day to day.

AL. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday.

MOCK. Of course it was.

AL. And how did you manage on the twelfth.

GRY. That's enough about lessons, sing her a song.

SONG AND CHORUS

['Beautiful soup so rich and green']

MOCK. You may not have lived under the sea.

AL. I haven't.

MOCK. And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster?

AL. I once tasted—*(checks herself)* No never!

MOCK. So you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is?

AL. No indeed! What sort of dance is it?

GRY. Why, you first form into a line along the sea-shore—

MOCK. Two lines! Seals, turtles, salmon and so on; then when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—

GRY. *That* generally takes some time!

MOCK. You advance twice—

GRY. Each with a lobster for a partner—

MOCK. Of course, advance twice, set to partners!

GRY. Change lobsters and retire in same order.

MOCK. Then you throw the—

GRY. The Lobsters! *[with a shout and bound into the air.]*

MOCK. As far out to sea as you can.

GRY. Swim after them!

MOCK. Turn a somersault in the sea! *[capering about.]*

GRY. *(loudly)* Change lobsters again?

MOCK. Back to land again and that's all the first figure.

[The two creatures who have been jumping about like mad things, now sit down again and look at ALICE.]

AL. It must be a very pretty dance!

MOCK. Would you like to see a bit more of it?

AL. Very much indeed!

MOCK. *(to GRYPHON)* Come let's try the first figure. We can do it without lobsters you know. You sing.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

["Will you walk a little faster?"]

AL. Thank you! It's a very interesting dance; and I do so like that curious song about the whiting.

MOCK. Oh, as to the whiting—you've seen them of course?

AL. Yes. I've often seen them at dinn—

MOCK. I don't know where Dinn may be, but if you've seen them so often of course you know what they're like.

AL. I believe so, they have their tails in their mouths, and they're all over crumbs.

MOCK. You're wrong about the crumbs, crumbs would all wash off in the sea; but they *have* their tails in their mouths.

GRY. The reason is they would go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again.

AL. Thank you, it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before.

GRY. Do you know why it's called a whiting?

AL. I never thought about it. Why?

GRY. It does the boots and shoes. [solemnly.]

AL. *Does* the boots and shoes?

GRY. Why, what are *your* shoes done with—I mean what makes them so shiny?

AL. They're done with *blacking*, I believe.

GRY. Boots and shoes under the sea are done with *whiting*. Now you know.

AL. And what are they made of?

GRY. Soles and eels, of course, any shrimp could have told you that.

AL. If I'd been the whiting, I'd have said to the porpoise, keep back please, we don't want *you* with us.

MOCK. They were obliged to have him with them. No fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

AL. Wouldn't it really?

MOCK. Of course not. Why if a fish came to me, and told me he was going on a journey—I should say, with what porpoise?

AL. Don't you mean "purpose?"

MOCK. I mean what I say. Now let's hear some of your adventures.

AL. The queerest thing that happened to me to-day was singing "You are old, Father William" to the caterpillar, and all the words came different.

MOCK. That's very curious.

GRY. Its about as curious as it can be.

MOCK. The words all came different. I should like to hear her try and sing something now.

GRY. Stand up and sing "'Tis the voice of the sluggard."

SONG.— "TIS THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER."

GRY. It is time for the trial.

AL. What trial.

MOCK. The trial of the Knave of Hearts.

[*Trumpets and March music. Enter KING and QUEEN of Hearts, Court Cards &c. WHITE RABBIT attired as Herald. KNAVE in chains guarded by soldiers.*]

KING. Herald, read the accusation.

[WHITE RABBIT *blows three blasts on trumpet, unrolls a scroll and reads.*]

RAB. 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. Call the first witness.

RAB. (*blows trumpet*) First witness.

Enter HATTER with teacup, and bread and butter. Also MARCH HARE and DORMOUSE arm in arm.

HAT. 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?

HAT. Fourteenth of March I *think* it was.

KING. Take off your hat.

HAT. It isn't mine.

KING. Stolen!

HAT. I keep them to sell. I've none of my own. I'm a hatter.

[QUEEN *puts on spectacles and glares at him and he fidgets.*]

KING. Give your evidence and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot.

[HATTER *fidgets and bites a piece out of his teacup instead of the bread and butter.*]

QUEEN. Bring me the list of the singers at the last concert.

[HATTER *trembles so that he shakes his shoes off.*]

KING. Give your evidence or I'll have you executed whether you're nervous or not.

HAT. I'm a poor man, your Majesty, and I hadn't 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*?

HAT. It *began* with the tea.

KING. Of course twinkling [sic] begins with a T. Do you take me for a dunce? Go on.

HAT. I'm a poor man and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said—

HARE I didn't!

HAT. You did!

HARE. I deny it!

KING. He denies it, leave out that part!

HAT. Well at any rate the Dormouse said—

DOR. I didn't

HAT. You did!

DOR. I deny it!

HAT. And after that I cut some more bread and butter.

KING. But *what* did the Dormouse say?

HAT. That I can't remember.

KING. You must remember or I'll have you executed!

[HAT. *drops teacup, and bread and butter, and goes on his knees.*

HAT. I'm a poor man, your Majesty.

KING. You're a very poor speaker! (*applause in Court*) and if that's all you know about it you may stand down.

HAT. I can't go no lower. I'm on the floor as it is.

KING. Then you may *sit* down!

HAT. I'd rather finish my tea.

KING. You may go—

[HAT. *rushes out.*

QUEEN. And just take his head off outside?

KING. Call the next witness!

[*Enter the DUCHESS'S COOK with pepper pot—one or two sneezes heard near her.*

KING. Be good enough to take the time from me. Now all together. (*All sneeze. To COOK*) Give your evidence.

COOK. Shan't!

KING. What are these tarts made of?

COOK. Pepper mostly.

DOR. Treacle!

QUEEN. Collar that Dormouse! Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!
[COOK *stands back.*

KING. Next witness?

RAB. (*Blows trumpet*) Alice!

KING. What do you know about this business?

AL. Nothing!

KING. Nothing *whatever*?

AL. Nothing *whatever*!

KING. That's very important! In that case consider your verdict.

QUEEN. No, no, sentence first, verdict afterwards.

AL. Stuff and nonsense.

QUEEN. Hold your tongue.

AL. I won't.

QUEEN. Off with her head.

AL. Who cares for you! My verdict is "Not Guilty, but the Knave mustn't steal the tarts again."

All. Not guilty! Hurrah!

FINALE.

['Not guilty I declare']

—
ACT-DROP.

ACT II.

—
"THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS."

SCENE I.—*The Looking-glass.*

AL. How nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-Glass Land. I'm sure it's got such beautiful things in it. Let's pretend there's a way of getting through it somehow. Let's pretend the glass has got all soft gauze.

So that we can get through. Why it's turning into a sort of dimness I declare. It'll be easy enough to get through.

[Climbs on to mantelpiece, and goes through Looking-glass.

SCENE II. *Looking-glass Land. The garden of Live Flowers. Chessmen discovered on stage.*

CHESS CHORUS

['Here ranged in due order of battle we stand']

[Dance: at the end of which one of the white pawns falls down, and the WHITE QUEEN rushes to her to pick her up, knocking the WHITE KING down in her haste.]

WHITE KING and QUEEN on floor. Enter ALICE.

AL. Why the chessmen are walking about!

WHITE Q. My Precious Lily! My Imperial kitten!

[tries to get up.

WHITE K. (sitting up and rubbing his nose) Imperial fiddlestick.

[ALICE lifts WHITE QUEEN up to a standing position : also the pawn.

WHITE Q. (to KING) Mind the Volcano!

WHITE K. What Volcano?

WHITE Q. It blew me up on to my legs. Mind you get up in the regular way, don't get blown up!

AL. (lifting the KING up) Why you'll be hours and hours getting up at that rate. (the KING is struggling to rise) I'd far better help you! Hadn't I? (helps the KING up hastily and dusts him. He makes faces) Oh please don't make such faces, my dear! You make me laugh so that I can hardly hold you. And don't keep your mouth so wide open! All the dust will get into it! There, now I think you're tidy. (Holds the KING upright, the moment she lets him go he falls flat on his back.) Oh! he's fainted.

WHITE K. (to QUEEN) I assure you, my dear, I turned cold to the very ends of my whiskers!

WHITE Q. You haven't got any whiskers?

WHITE K. The horror of that moment I shall never, *never* forget!

WHITE Q. You will though, if you don't make a memorandum of it?

[KING gets up takes out memorandum book and tries to write. ALICE takes hold of his hand and pencil and helps him.

WHITE K. My dear, I really must get a thinner pencil? I can't manage this one a bit—it writes all manner of things I don't intend.

WHITE Q. (taking it) What manner of things? *That's* not a memorandum of your feelings! (to ALICE) Here you read it, or sing it?

AL. Dear me! It's all in some language I don't know.

WHITE Q. (to WHITE KNIGHT) Then you read it!

SONG.—“JABBERWOCKY.”

[all rush off. ALICE alone.]

AL. Dear me I wish they had stayed! (To LILY) Oh Tiger-Lily, I wish you could talk!

LILY. We *can* talk, when there's anybody worth talking to!

AL. (almost in a whisper) And can *all* the flowers talk?

LILY. As well as *you* can and a great deal louder.

ROSE. It isn't manners for us to begin, you know, and really was [sic] wondering when you'd speak. Said I to myself, “her face has got some sense in it, though it's not a clever one.” Still you're the right colour and that goes a long way.

LILY. I don't care about the colour! If only her petals curled up a little more she'd be all right!

AL. Aren't you sometimes frightened at being planted out here with nobody to take care of you?

ROSE. There's a tree, what else is it good for?

AL. But what could it do if any danger came?

ROSE. It could bark. It says “Bough-wough,” and that's why its branches are called boughs.

AL. How is it that you can talk so nicely? I've been in many gardens before but none of the flowers could talk!

LILY. Put your hand down and feel the ground, then you'll know why!

AL. (*feeling the ground*) It's very hard, but I don't see what that has to do with it.

LILY. In most gardens they make the beds too soft, so that the flowers are always asleep.

AL. I never thought of that before! Are there any more people in the garden besides me?

ROSE. There's one other flower in the garden that can move about like you, I wonder how you do it, but she's more bushy than you are.

AL. Is she like me? (*aside*) There's another little girl in the garden somewhere.

ROSE. Well she has the same awkward shape as you, but she's redder, and her petals are shorter, I think.

LILY. Her petals are done up close, almost like a Dahlia— not tumbled about anyhow like yours!

AL. Does she ever come out here?

ROSE. I daresay you'll see her soon. She's one of the thorny kind!

AL. Where does she wear the thorns?

ROSE. Why all round her head of course! I was wondering *you* hadn't got some too. I thought it was the regular rule!

LILY. She's coming, I can hear her footstep thump, thump, along the gravel walk.

Enter RED QUEEN.

RED Q. Where do you come from? And where are you going? Look up, speak nicely; and don't twiddle you fingers all the time.

AL. I've lost my way.

RED Q. I don't know what you mean by *your way*— all the ways about here belong to me,—but why did you come here at all? Curtsey while you're thinking what to say, it saves time.

AL. Indeed—I'll try it when I go home, the next time I'm a little late for dinner.

RED Q. It's time for you to answer now, open your mouth a *little* wider when you speak, and always say "Your Majesty."

AL. I wanted to see what the garden was like, your Majesty.

RED Q. (*patting ALICE'S head.*) That's right, though when you say garden, *I've* seen gardens compared with which, this would be a wilderness.

AL. And I thought I'd try and find my way to the top that hill.

RED Q. When you say "hill," *I* could show you hills in comparison with which you would call that a valley.

AL. No I shouldn't, a hill *can't* be a valley you know. That would be nonsense.

RED Q. (*shaking her head*) You may call it nonsense, but *I've* heard nonsense compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary. Would you like to play Chess?

AL. (*curtseying*) Oh yes, your Majesty. What fun it would be. How I wish I was one of you. I wouldn't mind being a pawn if only I might join—though of course I should *like* to be a Queen best.

RED Q. That's easily managed. You can be White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play, and you're in the second square to begin with, when you get to the eighth square you'll be a Queen, come along! You'll see Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

[*Takes ALICE by the hand and both run off. Enter TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE solemnly, and take up position side by side, umbrella behind.*]

—
DUET.

[*'Tweedledum and Tweedledee'*]

—
Enter ALICE.

AL. Here they are! I suppose they've each got TWEEDLE round at the back of the collar.

[*They stand still and ALICE is going round to inspect the back of their collars.*]

DUM. If you think we're waxworks you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

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

AL. I'm sure I'm very sorry.

DUM. I know what you're thinking about, but it isn't so, nohow.

DEE. Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it aint. That's logic.

AL. I was thinking which is the best way out of this wood. Would you tell me, please? (*They only look at each other and at her, and grin.* ALICE *points her finger at TWEEDLEDUM.*) First Boy!

DUM. Nohow!

AL. Next Boy!

DEE. Contrariwise!

DUM. You've begun wrong. The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do," and shake hands.

[*They shake hands with each other and then each give a hand to her. Then the music of "Here we go round the mulberry bush" commences, and all sing and dance round.*

TRIO.— "HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH."

DUM. That's enough for one dance!

[*Both stop suddenly out of breath, music also stops suddenly and they drop her hands.*

AL. (*aside*) It would never do to say, "How d'ye do" now; we seem to have got beyond that somehow. (*aloud*) I hope you're not much tired!

DUM. Nohow! And thank you very much for asking.

DEE. Contrariwise! So much obliged! Can you repeat us some poetry?

AL. (*doubtfully*) Perhaps I could!

DUM. Nohow!

DEE. Contrariwise! Repeat "The Walrus and the Carpenter?"

AL. I'm afraid I don't know it!

DUM. Then we'll tell it you.

[*Scene opens and discloses sea-shore, and WALRUS and CARPENTER.*

"THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER."

[*Scene closes back to garden.*

AL. I like the Walrus best, because you see he was a *little* sorry for the poor oysters.

DEE. 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: Contrariwise!

AL. That was mean, then I like the Carpenter best— if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus.

DUM. But he ate as many as he could get.

AL. (*lights rather down*) It's getting dark! Do you thing it's going to rain?

[TWEEDLEDUM *spreads large umbrella over himself and brother.*

DUM. No! I don't think it is, at least, not under *here*! Nohow!

AL. But it may outside!

DEE. It may if it chooses, we've no objection. Contrariwise.

AL. Selfish things! I shall say good-bye.

[*turns to go when TWEEDLEDUM rushes from under umbrella and seizes her by the wrist.*

DUM. (*in a rage—pointing to small white rattle under tree*) Do you see that?

AL. It's only a rattle— not a rattle-*snake*, you know— only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

DUM. (*dancing about in a rage, tearing his hair, &c.*) I knew it was, it's spoilt of course.

AL. You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

DUM. But it isn't old! It's new, I tell you! I bought it yesterday. (*screaming*) My nice new rattle!

[*during this TWEEDLEDEE tries to fold himself up in the umbrella with only his head out, in a fright.*

(*to him*) Of course you agree to have a battle!

DEE. (*sulkily, crawling out of umbrella*) I suppose so: only *she* must help us to dress up, you know.

[run off at opposite sides and bring on bolsters, blankets, hearthrugs, and coalscuttles.

DUM. I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings. Everyone of these things has got to go on somehow or other!

[they bustle about and dress up, ALICE helping them.

AL. (aside) Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes by the time they're ready.

DEE. Now for the bolster to keep my head from being cut off! (ALICE ties it on) You know it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle—to get one's head cut off!

DEE. (coming up to her to have coalscuttle tied on) Do I look very pale?

AL. Well—yes—a little.

DUM. I'm very brave generally, only to-day I happen to have a headache!

DEE. And I've got a toothache, I'm far worse than you!

AL. Then you'd better not fight to-day!

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

DEE. Half past four.

DUM. Let's fight till six and then have dinner!

DEE. Very well and *she* can watch us, only you'd better not come very close, I generally hit everything I can see when I get really excited.

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

AL. (laughing) You must hit the trees pretty often I should think.

DUM. I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing for ever so far round by the time we've finished.

AL. And all about a rattle.

DUM. I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been a new one.

AL. (aside) I wish the monstrous crow would come.

DUM. (to his brother) There's only one sword. (takes up wooden toy sword) but you [sic] can have the umbrella. It's quite as sharp. (Stage darker) Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

[they fence up to each other.

DEE. And darker.

AL. What a thick black cloud that is, and how fast it comes! why I do believe it's got wings.

DUM. It's the crow.

[Both rush off frantically. Stage light again, WHITE QUEEN'S shawl flies across to ALICE who catches it.

AL. Dear me. Here's somebody's shawl being blown away.

Enter WHITE Q. and AL. puts the shawl on.

Am I addressing the White Queen?

WHITE Q. Well yes: if you call that a-dressing. It isn't my notion of the thing at all.

AL. If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin. I'll do it as well as I can.

WHITE Q. But I don't want it done at all, I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.

AL. (aside) Every single thing's crooked and she's all over pins. (aloud) May I put your shawl straight for you?

WHITE Q. I don't know what's the matter with it. It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here and pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it.

AL. (putting the QUEEN to rights) Come you look rather better now, but really you should have a lady's-maid.

WHITE Q. I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure. Two-pence a week and jam every other day.

AL. (laughing) I don't want you to hire *me*, and I don't care for jam.

WHITE Q. It's very good jam.

AL. Well I don't want any *to-day* at any rate.

WHITE Q. You couldn't have it if you *did* want it. The rule is jam to-morrow and jam yesterday, but never jam to-day.

AL. It must sometimes come to jam to-day.

WHITE Q. No it can't! It's jam every *other* day, and to-day isn't any *other* day you know.

AL. I don't understand you! It's dreadfully confusing!

WHITE Q. That's the effect of living backwards! It always makes one a little giddy at first.

AL. Living backwards—I never heard of such a thing!

WHITE Q. But there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways.

AL. I'm sure *mine* works only one way, I can't remember things before they happen!

WHITE Q. It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards. Try the other way, sing "Humpty Dumpty" and you'll see what will happen— Ta-ta!
[*exit* WHITE Q.]

AL. Sing "Humpty Dumpty?" I wonder what will happen!

SONG.— "HUMPTY DUMPTY."

[*as she finishes, HUMPTY DUMPTY seats himself on the wall at back.*]

AL. Why, there he is I declare! And how exactly like an egg he is!

HUM. It's very provoking to be called an egg! Very!

AL. I said you *looked* like an egg, sir! And some eggs are very pretty you know.

HUM. Some people have no more sense than a baby! What's your name and business?

AL. My name is Alice!

HUM. It's a stupid name, what does it mean?

AL. *Must* a name mean something?

HUM. 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.

AL. Why do you sit out here all alone?

HUM. Why, because there's nobody with me! Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another.

AL. Don't you think you'd be safer down on the ground?

HUM. What tremendously easy riddles you ask! Of course I don't think so! Why if ever I *did* fall— which there's no chance of— the King has promised me, with his very own mouth—

AL. To send all his horses and all his men.

HUM. 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.

AL. I haven't indeed! It's in a book.

HUM. Ah well! They may write such things in a book. That's what you

call a History of England that is! 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 I'm not proud you may shake hands with me.

[*shakes hands with* ALICE.]

AL. What a beautiful belt you've got on!

HUM. (*in a deep growl*) It is a *most provoking thing* when a person does not know a cravat from a belt! It's a cravat, child, and the White King and Queen gave it me as an un-birthday present!

AL. I beg your pardon?

HUM. I'm not offended!

AL. I mean, what *is* an un-birthday present?

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

AL. I like birthday presents best!

HUM. You don't know what you're talking about! How many days are there in a year?

AL. Three-hundred and sixty-five.

HUM. And how many birthdays have you?

AL. One.

HUM. And if you take one from 365, what remains?

AL. 364, of course.

HUM. Well, that shows that there are 364 days when you might get un-birthday presents.

AL. Certainly.

HUM. And only one for birthday presents, That's all, good-bye.

AL. Good-bye till we meet again.

HUM. I shouldn't know you again if we *did* meet, you're so exactly like other people.

AL. The face is what one generally goes by.

HUM. That's just what I complain of. Your face is the same as everybody has—the two eyes— so, (*marking the places in the air with his thumb*) nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same. Now if you had two eyes on the same side of the nose for instance— or the mouth at the top— that would be *some* help,

AL. It wouldn't look nice.

HUM. Wait till you've tried.

AL. Good-bye. (*going off*) Of all the unsatisfactory people I ever met—

[Starts and runs off—for HUMPTY falls with a fearful crash off the wall. Enter all the king's horses and all the king's men.

CHORUS.—“HUMPTY DUMPTY'S FALLEN DOWN.”

Enter RED KING and ALICE.

RED K. I've sent them all. I couldn't send all the horses, you know, because they're wanted; and I haven't sent the two messengers. They're both gone to the town. Just look along the road and tell me if you see either of them.

AL. I see nobody on the road.

RED K. I only wish I had such eyes. To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too, why it is as much as I can do to see real people.

AL. (looking off) I see somebody coming now; but what curious attitudes!

RED K. Not at all; He's an Anglo-Saxon messenger and those are Anglo-Saxon attitudes. (Enter Messenger) His name is Hare, and the other is Hatter. I must have two you know, one to come and one to go.

AL. I beg your pardon!

RED K. It isn't respectable to beg.

AL. I only meant I didn't understand.

RED K. Didn't I tell you I must have two; one to fetch and one to carry. (To Messenger) What's the matter? you alarm me—I feel faint! Give me a ham sandwich. (Messenger hands one out of bag, KING eats it.) Another sandwich.

HARE. There's nothing but hay left now.

RED. Hay then. (Hay is handed him and he munches it) (to AL.) There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint. (to messenger) Who did you pass on the road.

HARE. Nobody!

RED K. Quite right, this young lady saw him too. So of course nobody walks slower than you.

HARE. I do my best. I'm sure nobody walks faster than I do.

RED K. He can't do that, or he'd have been here first. However, tell us what's going to happen.

HARE. I'll whisper it. (HARE makes a trumpet of his hands, and puts them to KING'S ear, then shouts loudly) They're at it again.

RED K. (jumps) Do you call that a whisper? If you do such a thing again, I'll have you buttered. It went through and through my head like an earthquake.

AL. Who are at it again?

RED K. Why the Lion and the Unicorn fighting for the Crown, and the best of the joke is that it's my crown all the time. Here they come!

Enter LION and UNICORN fighting.

UNI. (to KING) I had the best of it that time.

RED K. A little, a little!

UNI. Come fetch out the plum cake, old man, none of your brown bread for me. (HARE offers cake to LION, looking at KING) What a fight we must have for the crown now!

[KING trembles.

LION. I should win easy.

UNI. I'm not so sure of that.

LION. Why I beat you all round the town, you know. Didn't I?

All. Yes! Yes!

CHORUS.—“THE LION AND THE UNICORN.”

[Exeunt all but AL.

AL. If that doesn't drum them out of town nothing ever will.

Enter WHITE KNIGHT brandishing club.

WHITE KNT. Ahoy! Ahoy! Check! you're my prisoner.

AL. I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen.

WHITE KNT. So you shall presently. Now I'll say good-bye! You'll be a Queen presently.

AL. Good-bye. (Exit KNIGHT. She follows him off stage, returning at once with crown on her head) And now to be Queen! But what is this on

my head? A golden crown! How can it have got there without my knowing it? (*takes it off, sits down and examines it and puts it on again*) Well this is grand! [*Struts up and down.*]

Enter RED and WHITE QUEENS.

If I really am a Queen I shall be able to manage it quite well in time (*to RED Q.*) Please would you tell me—

RED Q. Speak when you're spoken to.

AL. But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything.

RED Q. Ridiculous! what right have you to call yourself a Queen? You can't be a Queen till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it the better.

WHITE Q. Can you do addition? What's one and one, and one and one, and one and one, and one and one, and one and one.

AL. I don't know. I lost count.

RED Q. She can't do addition. Can you do subtraction—Take nine from eight.

AL. Nine from eight I can't, you know, but—

WHITE Q. She can't do subtraction. Can you do Division. Divide a loaf by a knife, what's the answer to that.

AL. I suppose—

RED Q. Bread and butter of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog what remains?

AL. The bone wouldn't remain of course if I took it, and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me, and I'm sure I shouldn't remain.

RED Q. Then you think nothing would remain.

AL. I think that's the answer.

RED Q. Wrong as usual. The dog's temper would remain. The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?

AL. Perhaps it would.

RED Q. Then if the dog went away—its temper would remain.

AL. They might go different ways.

RED Q. Of course you'll invite us to your party to-night.

AL. I didn't know I was to have a party at all.

RED Q. Of course you are.

Grand procession for the feast—King's men and chessmen. Trumpets sound.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—“TO THE LOOKING-GLASS WORLD.”

(Old Tune.)

ALICE and QUEENS take up position. Joint and Pudding set before them.

RED Q. ~~We always miss the soup and fish.~~ Put on the joint. (*ALICE takes knife and fork, and hesitates*) You look a little shy, let me introduce you to that leg of mutton. Alice—mutton! mutton—Alice.

[Leg of mutton gets up and bows.

AL. May I give you a slice?

RED Q. Certainly not! It isn't etiquette to cut anyone you've been introduced to. Remove the joint!

[Mutton taken off by head and legs. Large plum-pudding brought on.

AL. I won't be introduced to the pudding please, or we shall get no dinner at all! May I give you some?

RED Q. (*sulkily, growling*) Pudding—Alice! Alice—pudding! Remove the pudding!

[they are taking it out.

AL. Waiter, bring back the pudding! (*it is brought back, ALICE cuts a slice and hands it to QUEEN*) Let me help you!

PUD. What impertinence! I wonder how you'd like it if I were to cut a slice out of you, you creature!

RED Q. Now we'll drink you're health. Queen Alice's health!

All. Queen Alice's health!

CHORUS.—“ALICE'S HEALTH.”

[Gauzes down, and stage dark.

FINAL CHORUS.

['Wake! Alice! wake! now no longer a rover']

[ALICE discovered at foot of tree asleep as in first Act. Slow music, she wakes and rubs her eyes.

AL. Oh, I've had such a curious dream!