

COMPUTERS: Proceed to Crying Room and wait with other Rejectees.

ALICE: But . . . but . . . (*She walks to stage left "Crying Room door" and peers in.*)

COMPUTERS: Bleack! You have been rejected. You are not allowed to enter Wonderland because you do not fit. Proceed to Crying Room and wait with other Rejectees. Bleack! You have . . . (*etc., continuing to repeat, fading to silence before Alice's next speech*)

ALICE: Oh, those poor little things. They look so unhappy. And the room is so cold and bare. I can't go in there. (*She wipes a tear from her eye during the introduction to 2. "Who Am I?", then returns to downstage center where she sits cross-legged and sings.*)

## 2. WHO AM I?

(Alice and Chorus with optional Violin\*)

Moderately (♩ = ca. 72)

8va-

PRIMO *pp* (*soft shimmer*)  
(*Guitar tacet through 2.*)

SECONDO *p* *r.h.* *L.h.*

5 ALICE:

Who am I? Who am I? Where am I go-ing and why? It was

8va-

*poco rit.*

on-ly a whim when I fol-low'd him, but soon I could reach for the sky.

8va-

*poco rit.*

(Vln, 8va)

\*Flute may be substituted.

*mp*

Why am I giv-en to wish-es that nev-er come true? If I

*Vln.*

*loco mp a tempo*

*mp*

*r. h.*

*l. h.*

*mp*

can't play the part I feel in my heart, What can I pos-si-bly do? If the

*mf*

*mp*

*mp*

21

world is as real as it seems, It's a place you can soon learn to

PART I *pp*

PART II (opt.) *pp*

PART III *pp*

*(Vln.)*

\*In a 2-part chorus, use I and III during 21 - 24, then again I and II.

know. And what-ev-er you feel in your dreams Ought to show you a way you can

*p* *Oo*

I

II

29

*mf* go. *mp* I can try! *p (echo)* I must try! Why should I sit here and

*mp* *(unis.)* I can try! *p (echo)* I must try! Why should I

(Vln.) *mf*

I

II *mf* *mp*

*mf* *p* *mf* *poco rit.*

cry? For I'm sure I can know, my heart tells me so; For - ev - er who - ev - er am

*p* *Oo*

*p* *poco rit.*

*Vln.* *(Vln. col' mel.)*

*p* *poco rit.*

*a tempo* [37]

*I.* *mp*

If the world is as real as it seems, It's a place you can soon learn to

*mp*

*a tempo* *loco* *mf* *(Vln. tacet 7 measures)*

*a tempo*

know. And what-ever you feel in your dreams, — Ought to show you a way you can

*mf*

*poco rit.* **45** *a tempo* (Bells on echoes)

*cresc.* — — — — — I can try! I must try!

*ECHO:*  
A few voices: *mp* I can try! I must try!

go. — — — — — I can try! I must try!

*cresc.* — — — — — *mp*

*poco rit.* *a tempo* I can try! I must try!

*Vln.* *8va-*

*cresc.* — — — — — *f*

*cresc.* — — — — — *f*

\*No breath.

Why should I sit here and cry? For I'm sure I can know. My heart tells me so, For-

Why sit and cry? Sure I know. Heart tells me so,

*loco* Vln. *8va* Bells

*slow* Vln. Vln. col' mel.

*slowing* *f freely*

ev - er, who - ev - er am I, For - ev - er, who - ev - er am I!

*mp* *mf*

Ev - er, who - ev - er am I, Who am I? Ev - er, who - ev - er am I!

*mp* *mf*

*8va* *slowing* *freely*

*mp* *mf*

Vln. *mp* *mf*

*The Mouse, having approached Alice as the song ends, reaches out to touch her in sympathy.*

ALICE: Oh! *(Startled, she leaps to her feet and backs away from the animals, who are now surrounding her.)*

*The animals answer Alice eagerly and excitedly, speaking in rapid succession.*

DUCK: We're nobodies.

PARROT: 'Bod-ies!

DODO: Losers.

PARROT: Los-ers!

CRAB: Rejectees.

PARROT: 'Jec-tees!

EAGLET: Dead as a . . .

DODO: Dodo!

PARROT: Dodo!

DODO: *(speaking with annoyance to Parrot)* You don't have to repeat . . .

PARROT: Pete! *(Covers mouth shyly, and smiling, becomes quiet.)*

MOUSE: *(stepping forward to Alice)* Who are you?

ALICE: *(quickly)* I'm Alice. *(hesitantly)* I mean . . . *(looking around suspiciously)* I mean — Mary Ann. *(suddenly with tears)* Oh, I don't know who I am, where I am, or . . . whether I'm coming or going. It's all so confusing! *(She sobs.)*

DUCK: *(to the other animals)* If she keeps crying like that, we're all going to drown.

EAGLET: *(wiping feathers)* Oh dear, these are my very best feathers.

*All of the animals quickly begin to grumble and complain about Alice's crying, as they busily brush the tears away from their costumes.*

CRAB: *(elbowing Mouse aside)* Here, I'll speak to her. I'm older than you. *(to Alice)* Get hold of yourself, young lady. We're all in the same boat. And we're going to sink, if you don't stop blubbing this instant.

ALICE: *(drying her eyes quickly)* Yes. Yes. You're right, of course. I had just promised myself I wasn't going to sit around and cry, but then . . .

CRAB: *(briskly)* That's better. Now. You say you're lost. From where are you lost?

ALICE: I . . . I'm not sure. But before things got so confusing, I was living with my family. *(remembering)* Oh, I know. We went to the theater. We were going to see a play. And then this rabbit came running . . .

*The animals again speak in rapid succession.*

DODO: Rabbit . . .

PARROT: Rabbit!

DODO: Did she say Rabbit?

PARROT: Rabbit!

*All of the animals comment negatively to each other at the mention of the Rabbit.*

ALICE: Yes, and I followed him . . .

CRAB: Hmpf! Well, that explains that!

ALICE: What? Explains what?

CRAB: *(crossly)* Never mind. What does your family look like?

- ALICE: Family . . . look like? Oh, well, there's Mommy. And Daddy. My sister. And Dinah. And they all look . . .
- EAGLET: Who's Dinah?
- ALICE: (*eagerly*) Why, Dinah's my cat. You'd love her. She's so cute and soft, and she purrs so nicely by the fire . . . And she's really good at catching mice. Oh! (*She stops suddenly as she sees that the Mouse, who began to bristle at the first mention of "cat," is now shaking with fear and rage.*) I beg your pardon! We won't talk about cats any more if you'd rather not.
- MOUSE: (*indignantly*) We, indeed! As if I would ever talk on such a subject! My family *bates* cats. They're mean, ugly, nasty and vile!
- ALICE: But . . .
- EAGLET: They're killers!
- PARROT: Killers!
- DUCK: As soon eat a body as look at it!
- PARROT: (*parroting these words as spoken by Duck*) Body! . . . At-it!
- ALICE: Oh my! Oh dear! (*greatly concerned, as some of the animals hurry toward stage left and the others begin to edge away from her*)
- DODO: Better put an end to this.
- DUCK: (*speaking to ducklings*) Come away, little duckies, it's high time you were all in bed.
- EAGLET: I'm gettin' outa here!
- PARROT: Outa here! Squawk! Outa here! Outa here!
- ALICE: (*taking a few steps after the animals*) Oh, please don't go. Please don't leave me . . .
- CRAB: (*the last to crawl off the stage*) I really must be getting home: the night-air doesn't suit my throat.
- ALICE: Please . . . Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah. Nobody around here seems to like her. (*Returns to downstage center.*) Oh, Dinah, I'm sorry. You're the best cat in the world. I shouldn't have let them talk about you that way. What do *they* know? They're *nobodies*. They said so themselves. They were rejected. (*Sighs, looking down-cast.*) Just like me.

*As Alice has been talking to herself, a very cool and casual Caterpillar — he is the hip guru of Wonderland — has entered from stage right and strolled caterpillar-style, slowly and rhythmically, toward Alice. (Use the 2-measure vamp described in page 34 footnote.) He does not speak and Alice does not see him until he is standing close to her. Caterpillar carries an elegant walking stick and a giant pasteboard leaf, with which he calmly fans himself. He speaks with a slow and rhythmic Southern drawl.*

- CATERPILLAR: (*drawing the word out with a low, husky, musical tone*) Hi.
- ALICE: (*looking up in surprise*) Oh! Hello!
- CATERPILLAR: And who . . . are . . . you?
- ALICE: I . . . I hardly know, sir, at this moment . . . at least . . . I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but there have been so many changes since then.
- CATERPILLAR: Ex-plain.
- ALICE: I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, because I'm not myself, you see.
- CATERPILLAR: I . . . *don't* . . . see.
- ALICE: I'm afraid I can't put it any more clearly. I don't understand it myself, to begin with, and being so many different people and places all in one day is very confusing.
- CATERPILLAR: Not . . . to . . . me.
- ALICE: Well, maybe you haven't found it that way yet, but wait until you start wrapping yourself up in a cocoon — you will some day, you know — and then after that, you'll turn into a butterfly. I'll bet you'll think all those changes are a little queer, won't you?





wise, \_\_\_\_\_ If you know what's what, You real-ly don't have to go to school

**II**

*F7* *E♭maj7* *Dm* *Dm7*

**17**

\_\_\_\_\_ To learn it's not so hot When you lose your cool. No, you nev-er want-a lose your

**I** *PRIMO* *Cl. or Fl.* *col' 8va-*

**II** *(Sec.) G7* *C7* *F7* *B♭* *mf*

**21** *ALICE:* *(spoken grudgingly)*

Well, \_\_ I do like to dance.

*(Caterpillar) (spoken while doing soft-shoe step)*

cool. You want-a give it a try? \_\_

*col' 8va-*

**I** *f* *mp* *B♭maj7* *D7* *E♭maj7*

**II** *f* *mp*

(Alice begins dancing, copying Caterpillar's routine.)

This is fun!

(Caterpillar tosses Alice the walking stick.)

(blasé)

It's as eas-y as pie.

So you can

col' 8va—

First system of musical notation. It includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features chords labeled F7 and Eb, and dynamics f, mp, and f. The vocal line has lyrics: "It's as eas-y as pie. So you can".

But I don't know the words.

dance. Now it's time to sing.—

Take a chance. Now

col' 8va—

Second system of musical notation. It includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features chords labeled Dm7, G7, C7, and F7, and dynamics mp. The vocal line has lyrics: "dance. Now it's time to sing.— Take a chance. Now".

**37**

*mf* You bet-ter keep it cool, When you're tempted to burn.

*mf* sing! Just re-mem-ber to keep it cool. *mp* \* zoo zoo za zoo za zoo za

*col' 8va r.h.* *Fl.* *mf* *(Cl.) mp*

*Clar. Bb F7* *Bb maj7* *Bells D7*

*Bells mf* *8va*

*NOTE: Primo play measures 39-*

Just be cool; That's the les-son to learn.

*zoo zoo za zoo za* *za zoo za zoo za zoo za*

*(Fl.)* *(Cl.)*

*- 68 only in absence of Clarinet and Flute.*

*Eb maj7* *F7*

**45**

When you get too hot, You're bound to act like a stub-born fool.

*zoo za za zoo za* *zoo za zoo za!*

*(Fl.)* *Eb maj7* *Dm* *Dm7*

\* Emphasize buzzing sound of z's; minimize vowels, in scat-singing style.

(Bells)

And if you do, you're not Gon - na keep it cool. Oh, you *mf*

Oh, yeah? *(CL.)* *za zoo* *(FL.)* Oh, you *mf* *(CL.)*

*G7* *C7* *F7* *Bb* *F7*

53

*(speaking as she dances)*

3

nev-er want-a lose your cool! Tell me: How did I do?

nev-er want-a lose your cool! *(FL.)* *(CL.)*

*mp* *Bbmaj7* *(Bells tacet to 69.)* *D7*

*(cheerfully, as if paying a compliment)* I tho't I did bet-ter than you.

Well, you did get the words all wrong. You

*(FL.)* *(CL.)*

*Ebmaj7* *F7*

[61]

Why can't I?\_

can't do bet-ter than me. Be-cause it's

(Fl.) (Cl.)

$\text{E}^{\flat}$   $\text{Dm}^7$   $\text{G}^7$

But, if I'm right . . . Hey, you bet-ter just cool it, 'cause\_

my\_ song! You're wrong! Hey, you bet-ter just cool it, 'cause\_

CHORUS I and II (unis.)

III (opt.)

You bet - ter

You bet - ter

(Both) (Primo plays with clarinet & flute)  
col' 8va

$\text{C}^7$   $\text{F}^7$   $\text{B}^{\flat}$   $\text{F}$

## ALICE and CATERPILLAR:

life's too short and the road's too long, \_\_\_\_\_ When the  
(Chorus)  
keep it cool, Don't let your temp-'ra-ture rise. \_\_\_\_\_  
keep it cool, Don't let your temp-'ra-ture rise. \_\_\_\_\_

Cl. & Fl.

col' 8va-  
PRIMO Bells

SEC. Bbmaj7 D7

8va-

push - in's hard, and the shov-in' is oh - so strong, So when you're  
Just keep cool, eas - y, breez-y and wise. \_\_\_\_\_ If you  
Just keep cool, eas - y, breez-y and wise. \_\_\_\_\_ If you

col' 8va-  
3

Ebmaj7 F7