



(Caterpillar turns and starts to go, See first two measures for vamp.)

ALICE: But where are you going? Is that all you had to say?

CATERPILLAR: (over his shoulder) That's all.

ALICE: But what about my predicament? The changes . . . ?

CATERPILLAR: Changing is casy.

ALICE: What should I do?

CATERPILLAR: Try the left and then the right.

ALICE: The left and the right of what?

CATERPILLAR: Your brain.

ALICE: But for what purpose?

CATERPILLAR: Making changes. (Exits stage right.)

As Alice and the Caterpillar have been speaking, a pair of roly-poly brothers, Tweedledee and Tweedledum, have entered quietly from stage left. With their arms around each other's shoulders, they walk toward and stand behind Alice as she watches the Caterpillar leave. When he is gone, Alice turns and, seeing them, stands for a few seconds staring.

TWEEDLEDUM: If you think that you're in a wax museum, you ought to pay, you know. Wax museums

aren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!

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

ALICE: I must apologize for staring. I wasn't even thinking at all.

TWEEDLEDUM: How thoughtless of you,

TWEEDLEDEE: Indeed.

TWEEDLEDUM: But I know what you're thinking now, and it isn't so, nohow.

TWEEDLEDEE:

Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't,

it ain't. That's logic.

ALICE:

I was thinking of asking: "Who's in charge?" I'm supposed to paint the sky in the

Queen's garden.

At this remark, the brothers begin to laugh heartily while hugging and slapping each other on the back.

TWEEDLEDUM:

"Paint the sky." Nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE:

Contrariwise!

ALICE:

But . . .

TWEEDLEDUM:

(controlling his laughter) You've started out all wrong. The first thing to do in a visit is say "Howdy!" and shake hands.

The two brothers give each other a hug, and then hold out the two hands that are free, to shake hands with Alice. Alice starts to shake the one free right hand in the conventional manner, but then, realizing that might offend the other brother, she grasps each of their free hands with both of hers. Immediately, the introduction to 4. "Tweedledum and Tweedledee" begins and the brothers lead Alice in a ring dance, as they all skip, band in band, merrily around the stage. The brothers sing as they dance.

4. TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

(The Tweedles and Alice, with optional Trumpets, Clarinet, Flute)













The song and dance conclude as the brothers are completely out of breath and panting desperately. All three hug each other at downstage left.

ALICE: Well, I guess we don't have to say "howdy" now. We seem to have got beyond that,

somehow! (pause) I hope you're not much too tired?

TWEEDLEDUM: Nohow! And thank you very much for asking.

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise! We're much obliged.

TWEEDLEDUM: (preparing to leave) Well, we just dropped by to say "Hello!"

TWEEDLEDEE: Contrariwise! Goodbye!

Both exit stage left, skipping with arms around shoulders, waving their free hands to Alice, who waves back and gazes after them forlornly. She walks slowly to downstage center.

ALICE:

SECONDO

Oh dear, here I am alone again. Nobody seems to like my company for very long. I musn't be so disagreeable. Always asking questions . . . arguing . . . talking about cats. (She looks quickly around to see if anyone is listening, then slowly and forlornly sinks again to cross-legged sitting position.)

ALICE: (spoken) Oh, Dinah, I wonder if I'm ever going to see you again. How

Reprise of No.2 WHO AM I?

(Alice and chorus, with optional Violin or Flute)

Moderately slow (= ca. 72) can I find you when I can't even find myself . . .

*PRIMO

(Vin. or FL)

(Guitar tacet)



^{*} If Violin or Flute is playing, Primo does not enter until measure 9.





ALICE:

Now which way shall I go? The Caterpillar said to use the left and right sides of my brain . . .

Alice stands thinking for a moment with the aid of her index fingers, pointing first to the left side of her brain, then to the right. As if inspired, she strides with determination to the Fifth Computer, picks up the print-out from the floor where the White Rabbit had dropped it. She reads aloud:

ALICE:

"If wishing's an art, No less and no more, Search in your heart For the key to the door."

Alice pauses to think again with the left and right sides of her brain, then walks to the White Rabbit's desk. There she picks up the big key marked TOP SECRET. She turns the key over and reads the other side aloud:

ALICE:

WISH!! (As she lays the key back on the desk, she sees the White Rabbit's gloves, and picks them up.) Oh! There are the White Rabbit's gloves. He said they were important to him, I'll take them along in case I see him, Now, I must WISH!!

Alice goes to stand before the imaginary door to the Garden, off-stage right. She covers her eyes with her hands, still holding the gloves, and wishes with all her heart. As she does so, she again seems to "shrink" slightly smaller. The stage-right door magically "opens." Alice uncovers her eyes and gasps.

ALICE: Ooooo! That is the most beautiful garden I have ever seen!

She laughs with delight and joyously walks off through the stage-right door into the garden, as the reprise of 1. "Wonderland" is heard. Computers begin singing as the curtain comes down or lights go out.

Reprise of 1. WONDERLAND

(Computers and Chorus with optional 2 Trumpets)









As instruments continue "Wonderland" theme, Computers leave the stage and are replaced by actors playing flowers, shrubs, and trees. When curtain goes up or lights come on, Alice enters upstage right and rapturously stops to survey the lush setting of the garden. As she stands gazing, a fish dressed as a footman in livery enters stage right and, after a few steps, pauses in front of an imaginary door at upstage center. He now knocks loudly (off-stage sound effect) on the door.

FROG FOOTMAN:

(Entering from stage left, he crosses to the imaginary door, grumbling all the way.) I'm coming! I'm coming! (Re-deep! Re-deep!) I'm coming! I'm coming! (Re-deep!) (Opens imaginary door briskly. Immediately a great amount of noise is heard from offstage left — the clattering of dishes and pans, sneezing, and shouting. Frog Footman steps through the door to face Fish Footman, and as he closes the door behind himself, the noise abruptly stops.) Yes? What is it?

FISH FOOTMAN: (Unrolls a very long scroll of paper with great ceremony and then reads pompously.)

"For the Duchess: An invitation from the Queen to play croquet."

FROG FOOTMAN: (even more pompously) From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.

FISH FOOTMAN: (competitively) For the Duchess; From the Queen!

FROG FOOTMAN: (even more competitively) From the Queen! For the Duchess!

FISH FOOTMAN: Queen! FROG FOOTMAN: Duchess!

FISH FOOTMAN: (With a curt shake of the head, haughtily hands scroll to Frog Footman.) Hmpf!

The two footmen elegantly bow low to each other, entangling their curly heads in the process, perhaps even losing their wigs. Alice watches all this in merriment and laughs as the Fish Footman turns and ceremoniously leaves the stage. The Frog Footman steps back through the "door" again setting off the stage-left hubbub while the door is open. Frog Footman closes the door, cutting off the noise, and he calmly exits stage left.

Alice tiptoes over to the "door" and timidly knocks on it from the same side as had the Fish Footman. She is astonished by the loud banging that occurs as her tiny knuckles rap thin air. When there is no answer, she slowly pushes open the door and the "inside" noise immediately begins. She quickly closes it and backs away. After a few seconds, she again approaches the door, opens it more quickly, with the same noisy result. The third time, she gathers up her courage, rushes to the door, opens it, braving the noise.

As Alice "opens the door," the clatter offstage left resumes. A plate (a painted frishee launched by a local expert will do) sails across the stage and into the wings at stage right to the crashing sound of broken glass, while the Duchess, ducking the plate, and Cook enter stage left, fussing noisily at each other. The Duchess pushes a baby carriage in which the audience sees there is a pig, a fact hidden from Alice by the hood of the carriage. The Cook carries a large bucket of steaming soup, into which she pours a constant stream of black pepper from a giant shaker. The Cheshire Cat (See staging.) also fades into view at upstage left. The pig is bowling and sneezing (pre-recorded sound effects), while the Duchess alternates between sneezing, fussing at the Cook and swatting the pig with a folded newspaper. The Frog Footman, who has followed them in, shaking his head with mock concern, now hands Alice the scroll from Fish Footman, points to Duchess, and saunters off to exit stage right, after carefully closing the door behind himself, thus stopping the noise.

(stifling a sneeze) There's certainly too much pepper in that soup. ALICE:

Too much pepper? You mean too little. Here, taste it for yourself. (Offers the bowl.) COOK:

(Quickly moving past the Cook to avoid the soup, looks at the Cheshire Cat.) Please, ALICE:

can you tell me why your cat grins like that?

DUCHESS: It's a Cheshire Cat, that's why. (Swats pig.) Be quiet, you little pig!

(Jumps in alarm, but decides to ignore the last remark and continues, uncomfortably:) ALICE:

I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats could grin. The footman wanted me to give this to you. (Hands scroll to Duchess, who takes but ignores it for the moment.)

You don't know much, and that's a fact. (The pig bowls and Duchess gives it another DUCHESS:

swat.)

Oh, please mind what you are doing. You'll hurt the baby. ALICE:

(to the "baby") Pig! (to Alice) If everybody minded her own business, the world would DUCHESS:

go around a good deal faster than it does, (Reads scroll quickly, without comment and

rolls it around newspaper.)

But if the world went any faster, there wouldn't be enough hours in the day. (pensively) ALICE:

Let's see, we have twenty-four hours now, but . . . (The pig stops crying.)

Oh, don't bother me with numbers, I never could abide figures! (She looks closely at DUCHESS:

Alice who is still thinking about the problem of shorter days.) You're thinking too much, and that makes you forget to listen. I can't tell you just now what the moral of

that is, but I shall remember it in a bit.

(changing the subject) Well, at least your baby has stopped crying. ALICE:

So it has. And the moral of that is; it's love, it's love, that makes the world go round. DUCHESS:

(stage whisper) Somebody just said that it was done by everybody minding her own ALICE:

business.

DUCHESS: Ah, well! It means much the same thing, And the moral of that is: Take care of the

sense, and the stitches will be in time.

Don't you mean: Take care of the pence, and the pounds will . . . ALICE:

DUCHESS:

Sense, stitches, pence, britches! They're all the same to me. What counts is the moral. (The introduction to 5. "There's a Moral to Everything" begins.) Now if you'll stop thinking so loud, I'll explain it to you. (As the song is performed the Cook stirs the soup, rhythmically, and the Cheshire Cat "dances" and fades in and out appropriately. The scenery — shrubs, flowers, and trees — also zanily swing and sway in place.)

5. THERE'S A MORAL TO EVERYTHING

(Alice and Duchess with optional 2 Trumpets, Clarinet & Flute)















DUCHESS:

(speaking) I like the clear way you have of putting things, my dear; you're really quite a clever little pigeon.

ALICE:

Thank you. And, I'm beginning to realize, that you're as lovable as a favorite aunt.

DUCHESS:

And the moral to that is "Birds of a feather look before they leap." Now, why don't you take this pig (Pushes baby-stroller to Alice.) while I go off to play croquet with

the Queen,

ALICE:

(for the first time seeing the inside of the buggy) Why, it is a pig!

DUCHESS:

And the moral to that is: "A pig in hand's worth two pokes in the ribs!" (Pokes Alice

and laughs slyly.)

ALICE:

Don't you mean: "A bird in hand's worth two . . . "

DUCHESS:

I mean: "A pig in a poke's an inside joke!"

ALICE:

(looking at the pig) But I don't get it . . . I mean, I don't want to . . . (She pushes the

carriage toward the Duchess.)

DUCHESS:

Oh, very well. (She accepts the carriage and goes toward stage left muttering:)

This little pig goes to market, This little pig must play . . .

When the Queen sends an invitation,

We all have to play croquet.

Duchess exits sneezing, stage left with Cook following, still peppering the soup.

ALICE:

(watching them leave) Curiouser and curiouser! (She again points her index fingers to her head.) Let me think, what should I do now? (Turns to Cheshire Cat.) Cheshire

Puss, would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?

CHESHIRE CAT:

(Voice of cat, who is "wisdom of the ages," as personified by classic news commentators, speaks on off-stage microphone.) That depends a good deal on where you want to

get to,

ALICE:

I don't much care where . . .

CHESHIRE CAT:

Then it doesn't matter which way you go.

ALICE:

. . . so long as I get somewhere.

CHESHIRE CAT:

As you wish, (He disappears.)

ALICE:

Hmm. He's disappeared. (walking pensively to downstage center) What he said is true. If you don't know where you're going, it doesn't matter which way you go. (She continues over the introduction to 6. "Wherever I'm going" as rejected animals enter and group themselves around her to listen as she sings.)

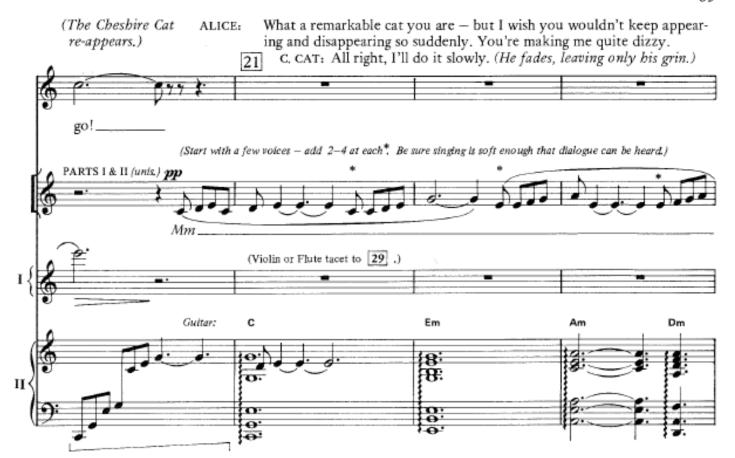
WHEREVER I'M GOING

(Alice and chorus, with optional Violin or Flute)





^{*}Primo plays only in absence of solo instrument.



(to Cat)

Can you still hear me?

ALICE: Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin, but





^{*}Some Part I singers should be assigned to Part II, so the "echoes" are always soft.





ALICE: Let's see . . . which way shall I go? . . . (Looks each way, exits stage right as lights go out or curtain falls, ending Act I.)

70 ACT II

Before the curtain rises (or stage lights go on) the introduction to Song 7. "Time for Tea" is heard. At [15], the scene is revealed; at downstage right is a long table with eight chairs around it. At one end of it the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, with the Dormouse asleep between them are crowded together, singing a lusty tea-drinking song, 7. "Time for Tea," This musical round is performed as an "action round" as well. (See staging.) At the end of each eight measures, each singer moves to the next chair, as indicated, and begins again. After a few rounds, they are interrupted by the arrival of Alice, and the singing stops. (The Hare and the Hatter speak in patter style — in the fashion of British Music Hall comics — and the Dormouse appears to speak and sing in his sleep.)

Scenery actors from the garden are spread out upstage and sing during the round. Both these singers and the pit chorus are divided into four groups. Group I sings with the Mad Hatter, Group II with the March Hare, Group III with the Dormouse and Group IV sings alone.

7. TIME FOR TEA
(Mad Hatter, March Hare, Dormouse, Chorus, with optional Trumpet, Clarinet and Flute)



^{*}Trumpet, followed by Clarinet and Flute at 2-measure intervals, plays the round as at [17] through [28] .