**ALICE IN WONDERLAND SCRIPT SAMPLE**

QUEEN:

It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from. Come on, then and he shall tell you his history.

*THE QUEEN kicks behind a rock, waking a GRYPHON.*

Up, lazy thing and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered. And then---the trial!

*THE QUEEN exits. When she does the GRYPHON blows a huge raspberry.*

GRYPHON:

Ha! It's all her fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!

*The GRYPHON starts off. ALICE turns to the audience.*

ALICE: (aside)

Everybody here says "come on!" 'I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!

*THEY loopy around the stage. LOUD CRYING is heard from offstage. THEY stop and listen.*

ALICE:

My word! What sort of creature makes such a sorrowful cry?

GRYPHON:

It’s the Mock Turtle, you know. Always weepin’ and wailin’.

ALICE:

What is his sorrow?

GRYPHON:

It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!

*THEY loopy around the stage as the MOCK TURTLE enters and sits upstage. IT cries extravagantly. THE GRYPHON crosses to the MOCK TURTLE and knocks on his shell.*

This here young lady, she wants for to know your history, she do.

MOCK TURTLE:

I'll tell it her, and don't speak a word till I've finished.

*THEY wait, the only sound is that of the MOCK TURTLE weeping and sounds of “Hjckrrh!” from the GRYPHON. ALICE turns to the audience.*

ALICE: (aside)

I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin.

MOCK TURTLE:

Once, I was a real Turtle. When we were little, we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise—

ALICE:

Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?

MOCK TURTLE:

We called him Tortoise because he taught us --really you are very dull!

GRYPHON:

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

MOCK TURTLE:

Yes, we went to school in the sea and we had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day—We had reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with, and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

ALICE:

And how many hours a day did you do lessons?

MOCK TURTLE:

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

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

GRYPHON:

That's enough about lessons, tell her something about the games now.

*The MOCK TURTLE starts to speak but only wracking sobs come out. The GRYPHON stands up and pounding the TURTLE’S back. THE MOCK TURTLE coughs and continues.*

MOCK TURTLE:

You may not have lived much under the sea—'

ALICE:

I haven't.

MOCK TURTLE:

And perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—

ALICE:

I once tasted—

*Stern looks from the GRYPHON and MOCK TURTLE.*

ALICE (quietly)

No, never.

MOCK TURTLE:

—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!

ALICE:

What sort of a dance is it?

*THE GRYPHON and MOCK TURTLE start to be become very energetic, moving and yelling all about the stage.*

GRYPHON:

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

MOCK TURTLE:

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

GRYPHON:

*That* generally takes some time.

MOCK TURTLE:

—you advance twice—

GRYPHON:

Each with a lobster as a partner!

MOCK TURTLE:

Of course, advance twice, set to partners—'

GRYPHON:

—change lobsters, and retire in same order.

MOCK TURTLE:

Then, you know, you throw the—

GRYPHON: (shouting and bounding in the air)

The lobsters!

MOCK TURTLE:

—as far out to sea as you can—

GRYPHON: (screaming)

Swim after them!

MOCK TURTLE: (flapping his flippers)

Turn a somersault in the sea!

GRYPHON:

Change lobsters again!

MOCK TURTLE:

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

*THE GRYPHON and MOCK TURTLE stop capering about and immediately sit down at the same time. All the manic energy is gone. THEY look at ALICE.*

ALICE:

It must be a very pretty dance.

MOCK TURTLE:

Would you like to see a little of it?

ALICE:

Very much indeed.

MOCK TURTLE:

Come, let's try the first figure! We can do without lobsters, you know.

*Music. The GRYPHON and MOCK TURTLE sing and dance in a solemn fashion, occasionally stepping on ALICE.*

GRYPHON and MOCK TURTLE:

'"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.
 "There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.

 See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
 They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

*The music stops and the GRYPHON and MOCK TURTLE give very deep bows. A small burst of applause from ALICE.*

MOCK TURTLE:

It’s better if we have our ocean dancing shoes.

ALICE:

And what are they made of?

GRYPHON:

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

ALICE:

In the song, why was the porpoise so close to the other fish?

MOCK TURTLE:

They were obliged to have him with them, no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise.

ALICE:

Wouldn't it really?

MOCK TURTLE:

Of course not, why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say "With what porpoise?"'

ALICE:

Don't you mean "purpose"?'

MOCK TURTLE:

I mean what I say!