

ALICE'S CHRISTMAS IN WONDERLAND

A one-act comedy by
Tommy Jamerson

A holiday-themed reimagining of the Lewis Carroll classic

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

NARRATOR

ALICE

SPECTRAL VOICES

THE CHESHIRE CAT

THE MAD HATTER

THE BUTTERFLY

THE WHITE RABBIT

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE KING OF HEARTS

TWEEDLEDEE

TWEEDLEDUM

THE MARCH HARE

THE DODO

BILL THE LIZARD

THE DORMOUSE

THE WALRUS

THE CARPENTER

SNOWDROP

THE KNAVE

LITTLE QUEEN OF HEARTS

FROGGIE FOOTMAN

CARD 1

CARD 2

CARD 3

CARD ARMY

SETTING

Christmas Eve, the late 1800s. Alice's bedroom/various locations in Wonderland.

NOTES

Ad-libbing. As is the case with most of my plays—but especially this one—ad-libbing is not only suggested but encouraged. Just remember this story does take place in the late 1800s, so while some anachronisms can be overlooked, modern pop culture references and jokes involving objects and celebrities post-1920 just won't work. As long as your additions capture the feel and spirit of the piece, I am completely fine with them.

Gender. There are various moments in the text where characters are assigned a gender—"she" for Snowball the cat, "he" for Card 2, etc. Aside from Alice, the Queen of Hearts, the King of Hearts and the Little Queen of Hearts, these characters are essentially genderless and can be played by any actor desired. You have my permission to change the pronouns and alter any dialogue needed (for instance, instead of Alice referring to the White Rabbit as Mr. Rabbit, you can easily change it to Miss, Ms. or Mrs.).

Snowdrop can be doubled. Almost any actor can play her, excluding the Narrator. The actor portraying the Froggie Footman could also play the Butterfly as well as Snowdrop. Also, the Spectral Voices can be performed by other actors.

SCENE 1: ALICE'S BEDROOM

(It's Christmas Eve in Ole London Towne. Music underscores – something bouncy and instantly recognizable. Perhaps the opening bars of Tchaikovsky's The Nutcracker, "Op. 71a: I. Overture." As the music slowly begins to fade, the NARRATOR enters.)

NARRATOR: 'Twas the night before Christmas
in Ole London Towne.

Parties were being held
with guests from all around!

Yes, families were gathering
as hearts burst with joy,
for the spirit of Christmas
was in each girl and boy.

(ALICE, sporting her iconic blue dress, white stockings and blonde locks, angrily storms into her bedroom, loudly slamming the door behind her. She tosses a large, clearly open present to the floor.)

ALICE: *(Perhaps she punctuates each "never" with the stomping of a foot. Fuming:)* I don't care what you say, I am never talking to you again! Never! Never! Never!

(She sticks her tongue out and blows an extremely wet raspberry.)

NARRATOR: ...Except for one, that is.
You see, for a little girl named Alice
whose heart was set on a particular present,
not receiving the right gift
was anything but pleasant.

ALICE: Ugh! Of all the rotten luck! Just wait until I tell my –

(Suddenly, SNOWDROP, a little white kitten – an obvious hand puppet – pops up from behind Alice's bed. She meows and coos,

and perhaps even makes little squeaking noises in response to all of Alice's comments.)

SNOWDROP: Meow!

ALICE: Oh! Snowdrop! My pretty kitty. I've just had the WORST Christmas Eve of my life.

(Snowdrop responds with a sad meow.)

No, I have. For the last month I've dreamt of nothing but a new doll, one who has ribbons in her hair and plays a little jingle – like a music box. I've dropped hints, helped with chores, made my bed, eaten every vegetable put in front of me – even the artichokes!

SNOWDROP: Yuck.

ALICE: I know! And instead of Mother and Father giving me the one thing I want most in the world – tonight, in front of our entire family, they presented me with...this!

(She scoops up the present she threw on the ground and opens it to reveal a hideous, tattered fur coat. Snowdrop reacts in a way that shows she too thinks the coat is awful.)

And if you think that's bad, it comes with a matching hat.

(She places the hat on her head. It's horrible. Truly. Her parents should be ashamed of themselves. Alice approaches an ornately decorated looking glass and observes her reflection. Snowdrop makes a face, acting as though she might gag simply from the sight of it.)

It's just awful! And heavy! I'm surprised this looking glass doesn't break from the very sight of it. I know Father's always playing pranks with his gifts, but this time he's gone too far. Christmas is ruined.

(Angrily, she takes the hat and coat off and tosses them over the looking glass. She sighs. A beat as well as a moment of reflection...even though she can't see her reflection.)

If only there were some way I could get out of here and spend the holiday with people who appreciate me. You know...like the ones in Wonderland! I've told you all about my adventures there, haven't I? And my friends?

SNOWDROP: *(Nodding:)* Mmmhmm.

ALICE: Let's see—there was the Mad Hatter and March Hare! The twins—Dee and Dum. The wise old caterpillar! Oh! The White Rabbit—who could never be on time, even if his life depended on it. And uh...the Queen of Hearts! Always threatening people with,

(Impersonating the Queen:)

"Off with their head!"

(A chuckle escapes her. Moving on:)

And of course, my personal favorite, the Cheshire Cat—the cleverest kitty I ever did meet.

SNOWDROP: *(Crossing her arms and pouting:)* Hmph!

ALICE: Except for you, of course.

(Alice approaches the bed, stretches her arms and begins to make herself comfortable.)

Oh Snowdrop, it's been two years since I last saw Wonderland—and despite looking for the rabbit hole that led me there at least a dozen times, I can never find it. It's almost as if it...

(She yawns loudly.)

disappeared.

(She begins to drift to sleep.)

Listen to me, jabbering on about a place I'll probably never see again. Still...visiting Wonderland at Christmas would be...

(Another yawn – perhaps she continues to talk while her mouth is open:)

a dream come true...

(And just like that, Alice is out. Lights shift as we hear a clock chiming in the distance. The looking glass, which still has the coat tossed over it, begins to stir. The stage springs to life with bright, iridescent colors. Fog billows onstage as a chorus of mysterious, spectral voices is heard...)

SPECTRAL VOICES: Aaaaallllliiccceeeee...

Aaaaaallllliiccceeeee...

AAALLLLIIIIICCCEEEEE.

ALICE: *(Stirring. Spoken in between yawns:)* Huh? Who's there? Snowdrop? Snowdrop, is that –

SPECTRAL VOICES: Wake up, Alice!

Wake uuuppppppppppp!

(Alice is now very alert. Alice turns to Snowdrop, who is quite the fraidy-cat at this precise moment.)

ALICE: I think it's coming from the looking glass!

SPECTRAL VOICES: *(Quietly. More of a hiss:)* Aaallliiccceeeee...

ALICE: Only one way to find out.

(Eyes half-closed and teeth clenched, she reaches out a trembling hand and with a quick flourish, snatches the hideous coat and hat off the looking glass.)

SPECTRAL VOICES: IT'S TIME, ALICE!

Time to go back...

ALICE: Back where?

(Bravely, Alice sticks her hand forward, attempting to touch the glass. To her surprise, her hand goes right through it!)

It's gone soft! Like gauze. Curiouser and curiouser! But where does it lead to?

SPECTRAL VOICES: Only one way to find outttt...

Peek your head innnnnn.

Join usssssssss.

ALICE: What do you think, Snowdrop? Should I do it?

(Snowdrop shakes her head no. She thinks Alice is nuts.)

Any place has got to be better than this one – especially if that place is Wonderland! And if it is, it'll be cold there –

(Alice picks up the ugly coat and hat and puts them on.)

might as well get some use out of this thing. Well, here goes nothing! Look out, because here I come!!

(In one swift motion, Alice moves forward and plunges into the looking glass. Snowdrop meows for a moment, then confused, turns and looks at the audience.)

SNOWDROP: Uh-oh.

(Lights dim...)

SCENE 2: THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

(Fog continues to billow forth as music fills the stage – something mysterious with a hint of mischief. If I had my way, the Nutcracker motif would continue with the "Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy" playing in the background. But most anything will do just fine.)

(Alice curiously wanders through the darkness, harsh fluorescent lights guiding her. If you so choose, a few actors dressed as clocks, teacups, signs reading "this-a-way" or "that-a-way" – essentially, anything that feels Wonderland-

esque – can dance around her, guiding her from one end of the stage to the other. Perhaps the faint ticking of clocks can also be heard, adding to the tonal chaos.)

(Eventually, Alice's journey comes to an end, and she steps into a vibrant pool of light, the rest of the stage shrouded in darkness. She looks about, and the music comes to a halt. We transition to...)

SCENE 3: OUTSKIRTS OF WONDERLAND

(Alice is still alone in the darkness. The fog has evaporated. All is quiet.)

ALICE: Oh, where am I? Hello?

(Louder, cupping her hands over her mouth:)

Hello!

(It echoes. A beat.)

Goodness, it would certainly be easier to tell where I am if it were a tad brighter. I—

(As she utters these words, bells ring or twinkle and lights immediately rise on a twisted, wonderfully oversized garden.)

That's better. Finally. B-but where's the snow? The Christmas trees? The decorations? Is this even Wonderland?

(Calling out to the heavens:)

Oh, if this is Wonderland— please!— give me a sign!

(A sign comes down. It reads: "Welcome to Wonderland.")

That'll work. But where are all my—

(The ear-shattering sound of an alarm going off ripples through the theater. Alice covers her ears.)

What was that?!

(THE WHITE RABBIT enters through the audience.)

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WHITE RABBIT: GOODNESS ME! GOODNESS MY!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS! I'M LATE!

(To an audience member:)

HI! Excuse me! Pardon me! I'm late! I'M LATE!!! Excuse me—
yes—nice dress—sorry, excuse me! Late rabbit, coming
through! Late, late, late!

ALICE: Why, look! The White Rabbit! At last, a familiar face!

*(The White Rabbit scurries onto the stage, his face buried in his
trusty pocket watch.)*

Mr. Rabbit! I say, Mr. Rabbit! How are you doing?

WHITE RABBIT: *(Still going about his business:)* I'm just fine,
monster. Running a bit late, that's all. But soon I'll—

(The White Rabbit suddenly has a realization!)

Wait a moment! Did I say—? Are you a—? MONSTER?! Oh no!
Oh no, no, no!!!

*(Perhaps The White Rabbit cries out to various audience members
or dashes madly from stage left to right.)*

Help! Someone! There's a vicious bloodthirsty monster on my
tail! My cute little cottontail!

ALICE: Monster? But Mr. Rabbit, I'm not a—

VARIOUS CHARACTERS: *(Off:)* Monster?!/Oh no!/Oh
my!/Did someone just say "monster"?

*(And just like that, Wonderland is alive with panic and mayhem!
The group—featuring the familiar faces of TWEEDLEDEE,
TWEEDLEDUM, THE DODO, BILL THE LIZARD, THE
WALRUS and THE CARPENTER—rushes on stage!)*

ALICE: Oh! My friends!

(Dodo whizzes by.)

Mr. Dodo!

DODO: Ahh! It knows my name!

ALICE: Tweedledum and Dee!

DEE & DUM: It knows our names!

ALICE: Walrus! Carpenter!

WALRUS & CARPENTER: And it's going to eat us!!

ALL BUT ALICE: AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

(The Group runs about the stage in disorderly fashion, screaming and carrying on. It's extremely manic. Maybe, like the White Rabbit before them, they attempt to convince the audience that they're under attack and need assistance. Alice tries to get their attention, to show them that she's only a little girl, but it's to no avail. Then, out of the chaos, a loud, booming voice is heard!)

CHESHIRE CAT: (Off:) All right, everyone—that's enough!
Enough!

(Dodo and the rest of the creatures stop for a moment, then almost immediately continue running amok.)

I SAID ENOUGH!

(The theater shakes! The chaos stops. Perhaps the word "enough" echoes a bit. The denizens of Wonderland stop dead in their tracks.)

Much better. Now, before you work yourselves up into another tizzy, you must know that the monster you see before you isn't a monster at all.

GROUP: It isn't?!

CHESHIRE CAT: (Off:) No. It's an Alice. And not just any Alice. It's OUR Alice.

GROUP: (*Chattering amongst themselves:*) Huh?/Our Alice?/What does he mean by our Alice?/Do you know of an Alice?

ALICE: (*Removing her hat from her head:*) He means me. I'm Alice.

GROUP: Ohhhh! ALICE!

WALRUS: Crawfish and crustaceans! It really is her!

CARPENTER: She's come back!

(They all cheer!)

CHESHIRE CAT: (*Off:*) My, my, Alice. You certainly know how to make an entrance. Then again...

(POOF! Out of thin air, the CHESHIRE CAT materializes.)

so do I!

ALICE: Cheshire Cat! It's wonderful to see you again! It's wonderful to see all of you! I swear, it's as if you haven't changed at all.

BILL: Maybe not, but you certainly have. The Alice we know would never wear a getup like that!

(A few "yeahs" from the Group.)

DODO: Yes! I say, you look ridiculous!

BILL: Crazy!

DEE & DUM: Positively loony!

WHITE RABBIT: In a word –

GROUP: WE LOVE IT!

ALICE: (*Taking off the coat and tossing it aside:*) I'm glad someone does. I wanted a new doll, but instead was given this horrible hat and coat. I only wore them because I assumed it would be winter here. Clearly, I was mistaken.

(Some stirring amongst the Group.)

DODO: *(Hesitant. Unsure:)* Win-ter?

ALICE: You know, *(Makes little hand gestures:)* snow.

(They all look at one another, not sure how to react. Perhaps they mumble a few things to each other. Alice prattles on:)

No matter. Before anything else happens—I would just like to say, Merry Christmas, Wonderland!!

(The creatures don't know how to react. Silence. To herself:)

Perhaps you didn't hear me. I said: Merry Christmas, Wonderland—and a happy New Year!

(The various characters continue looking at one another, confused—unsure what to say or how to react. Maybe this moment is punctuated by a cricket chirping.)

DORMOUSE: And uh...a Hairy Kris Bliss to you too, Alice.

DODO: Yes! And a sappy blue deer!

ALICE: Hairy Kris Bliss? No, it's Mer-ry Christ-mas. Do you mean to tell me that you don't have Christmas here in Wonderland? You don't decorate trees? Or bake gingerbread cookies? Or exchange gifts?

GROUP: GIFTS?!

(They all begin chattering again—excited, curious, eager to hear more about this Christmas thing.)

CHESHIRE CAT: It does sound familiar. Maybe we've heard of it? Perhaps? But if Wonderland ever did celebrate this Kris Bliss, it must've been a very long time ago, and surely before most of these younger ones were born.

ALICE: I just don't see how this is possible! Dee, Dum, are you positive you've never heard of it before?

(Dee and Dum look at one another, then shrug their shoulders.)

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Bill? ...White Rabbit?

WHITE RABBIT: I'm afraid not, Alice. No.

(The various characters all shake their heads no.)

ALICE: Oh...all right. Well then...I suppose there's nothing more we can do. Perhaps I'd better head back...

(She turns and begins to exit, downtrodden.)

WHITE RABBIT: *(Looking back at the Group:)* Alice, wait!

(Alice stops and turns.)

We may not know or remember anything about this holiday of yours...but we can always learn!

ALICE: You mean it?

GROUP: Yes!/Yes!/ Absolutely!

DEE & DUM: Especially the presents!

DODO: Absolutely the presents!

BILL: And I'd like to hear more about this...

(Bill mimics the same gesture Alice used when she was first describing snow.)

snow.

CARPENTER: In that case, I say we talk to the ol' caterpillar. If anyone knows anything about snow or us celebrating Kris Bliss, it's him.

ALICE: ...I suppose. But that grouchy old caterpillar always had more questions than answers.

CHESHIRE CAT: Perhaps. But aren't some answers better than none at all?

ALICE: All right then, let's find the caterpillar and start celebrating Kris Bliss – I mean Christmas.

GROUP: Hurray!!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh callooh callay! What fun this will be! Just wait until I—

(The White Rabbit's alarm goes off, just like before.)

Oh me! Oh my! The time! I completely forgot about the—I'm going to be late! So very, very late!

(The White Rabbit shakes the hands and paws and claws of the various characters as he prepares to vamoose.)

ALICE: Poor White Rabbit—

(Calling out:)

Maybe you can catch up with us later!

(She turns to the rest of the party:)

C'mon everyone, we have a caterpillar to see!

(They exit. Lights shift. Music underscores as we immediately transition into...)

SCENE 4: THE CATERPILLAR'S MUSHROOM, A FEW MOMENTS LATER

NARRATOR: And so claw in paw,
and paw in hand,
Alice and friends
traversed Wonderland.

They climbed many hills
—excitement began to spume—
until at last they came
upon a familiar mushroom...

(Alice, Dormouse, Dodo, Tweedledee, Tweedledum, Cheshire Cat, Bill and Walrus all enter and approach a large red mushroom peppered with white polka dots.)

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DORMOUSE: (*Re-entering, mid-conversation:*) Let me get this straight. You're saying that every dismember —

ALICE: December —

DORMOUSE: You cut down a tree, put its carcass in your living room, cover it in tinsel and other shiny objects, and then place presents underneath it that you're not allowed to open until Kris Bliss Steve?

ALICE: ...Something like that.

CARPENTER: Look, everyone, we're here—the caterpillar's mushroom...

DEE: Yippie! The sooner we talk to him —

DUM: The sooner we can start celebrating!

DODO: And get our presents!

ALICE: Precisely. Christmas isn't Christmas without presents.

(Calling out:)

Oh, Mr. Caterpillar. You home? Hello!

(No response.)

BILL: Hmmm. That's odd.

CARPENTER: Could've sworn this was the spot.

ALICE: I wonder where he could be.

(A large BUTTERFLY enters, hovering over the rest of the Group. The Butterfly could be a puppet on a large pole or string that gives it the ability to hover over the other characters. Maybe the puppet is controlled by the actor portraying the character.)

Excuse me, Butterfly, can you tell us where the old caterpillar went? The one who used to sit atop this very mushroom.

BUTTERFLY: Goodness child, open your eyes. Anyone with half a brain can see that I AM he — or at least, I was.

ALICE: (*Squinting:*) Yes...it is you! And I'm Alice—the little girl you taught riddles and rhymes to. Did you miss me?

BUTTERFLY: (*In a jovial tone:*) Why, sweet child, of course...

(No longer friendly.)

not.

ALICE: There's no doubt about it: You definitely were the caterpillar. But my, how you've changed.

BUTTERFLY: We all do, don't we? As we go through the various stages of life, we transform. We mature.

(A beat.)

Have you matured, Alice?

ALICE: I'm not sure.

BUTTERFLY: Well, if you're not sure, then you most definitely haven't. When you change, really change, you not only feel it on the inside—but you express it for all the world to see.

ALICE: I suppose. You just look so different.

BUTTERFLY: And looks can be deceiving. Can't judge something solely based on its appearance, you know.

ALICE: That's what my father always says. Mr. Cater-err-fly, may I ask you a question? Just one.

BUTTERFLY: If you must.

ALICE: Why doesn't Wonderland celebrate Christmas? Did it ever?

BUTTERFLY: Oh sweet, simple Alice, of course we did.

ALICE: Then why don't you anymore?

BUTTERFLY: It's not so much of a why as a who. The reason Wonderland no longer celebrates Christmas is because it has been banned, by order of Her Majesty...the Queen of Hearts.

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ALICE/GROUP: The Queen!

BILL: You mean the one who'll—

*(Bill acts as if he's slicing his throat with his scaly finger—
accompanied of course by a sound effect.)*

if she don't like what you got to say?

BUTTERFLY: The very same.

ALICE: But why? I don't care how heartless the Queen of Hearts is—why would she ban Christmas?

BUTTERFLY: You said one question, Alice, and I've already answered three.

ALICE: Yes, but—

BUTTERFLY: Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. No buts! As we change and grow, we must also learn. It's up to you to figure the next bit out on your own. Goodbye, friends...and Alice. Who knows when I'll see you next!

(They all wave goodbye as the Butterfly darts off.)

ALICE: But Cater-Butter-whatever, come back! Please! I still have so many questions!

(Realizing he's gone and not coming back:)

Oh bother.

CHESHIRE CAT: *(Yawning and stretching:)* That went over well.

CARPENTER: Ain't this a pip? Now we'll never meet Kris Bliss Steve!

DODO: Or get presents!

DEE & DUM: Or cookies!

BILL: Or snow!

DORMOUSE: Or tinsel!

WALRUS: Or ribbons and bows!

(They all begin shouting over one another for a moment. Alice fights back, determined:)

ALICE: Yes, we will! I didn't come all this way just to have my holiday ruined by that awful ol' tyrant. No one can tell you what you can and can't do on Christmas—not even the Queen of Hearts! What do you say?

DORMOUSE: I say...yes!

(Perhaps a few hurrahs escape them.)

BILL: But uh...how do we start?

CHESHIRE CAT: I'm curious about that as well.

ALICE: Hmm. Let's see...right about now we'd be sitting around the table drinking tea and snacking on cakes...

(Something occurs to her.)

and I know a person who has both!

WALRUS: You do?

ALICE: I do! And being a milliner, he's got to have some ribbon and lace—

DORMOUSE: That we can use to decorate the corpse!

ALICE: Tree. And yes.

CHESHIRE CAT: What are we waiting for? I'm vaguely interested to see how this works out!

ALICE: To the Mad Hatter's we go!

(The Group begins to exit. Bill, however, has a moment of hesitation.)

BILL: Alice, wait. Is this safe? I mean, should we be celebrating Kris Bliss? What if the Queen were to find out?

ALICE: Don't worry, Bill. The only way she'd find out would be if someone told her. And who would be so thickheaded as to do that? We're completely safe.

(Alice and Bill exit. As the scene shifts, we see the White Rabbit scurry across the stage, staring at his pocket watch...)

SCENE 5: THE QUEEN'S THRONE ROOM

(An army of walking, talking PLAYING CARDS marches onstage, each carrying a large golden horn.)

WHITE RABBIT: *(Approaching the Cards:)* There you are! Ready? And a one, and a two, and a...

(In unison, the Cards blow their horns. The White Rabbit continues.)

Ladies and gentlemen of the court, and Wonderlandians of all ages, it is my privilege to present Her Royal Majesty!

(Applause is heard.)

Yes, she—our fearless leader—is not like the other rulers you see roaming about the countryside. Oh no. She is a ruler of distinction, beauty, grace, charisma, uniqueness, nerve—

QUEEN: *(Off, sickeningly sweet. Almost sung:)* Oh, Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT: Yes, my Queen?

QUEEN: *(Off:)* Dear...

(A complete 180:)

IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP AND CUT THIS INTRO, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HEAD!!

(Maybe "Head" echoes a bit? Back to being sickeningly sweet:)

Now please continue.

WHITE RABBIT: *(To the audience:)* Everyone, the Queen of Hearts!!

(More fanfare is heard as THE QUEEN OF HEARTS makes her entrance, fanning herself with a heart-shaped fan.)

QUEEN: Thank you! Thank you! Yes, it's me.

(The Cards applaud loudly as she makes her way to a large, heart-shaped throne.)

WHITE RABBIT: And now —

(He realizes something is tugging on his waistcoat. The White Rabbit looks down and sees a tiny, tiny little KING OF HEARTS, with an equally tiny heart-shaped fan of his own, attempting to get the White Rabbit's attention.)

Oh. Right. Of course.

(To the audience. Half-hearted.)

And here's the King.

(No one applauds. A cricket is heard. The King sits on a tiny stool next to the Queen's massive throne. The White Rabbit turns his attention back to the Queen.)

Your Excellency, it's time for the daily briefing.

(He unfurls a long scroll and begins to read.)

All is well in Wonderland, *well...* as well as can be expected.

But speaking to the oysters,
They said they felt rejected.

I listened to the story
Of a recent scuffle
And was sad to learn
They'd all pulled a muscle.

Moving on:

Sources tell me...

Humpty Dumpty's been in a mood –
 His friends say that he's cracked.
 I think he'll feel much better though
 With his body parts intact.

The Chess Pieces are in debt,
 Their finances a flop,
 And so to make things easier,
 They went to a pawn shop.

They now can pay their taxes,
 Though their payment's rather late,
 But still they gave me the money
 Via...a check, mate.

Now that's all the news in Wonderland
 As far as gossip's concerned,
 But I do have one more tidbit for you –
 Miss Alice has returned!
 And so I –

QUEEN: What was that! Who has returned?! (*Before the White Rabbit can reply:*) And heaven help you if you answer with a rhyme!

KING: Aww. I liked it.

QUEEN: (*She groans. To the White Rabbit:*) What do you mean Alice is back? That girl has some nerve showing her face here after all she did to me:

Humiliating me during a game of croquet!
 Claiming her antics were simple child's play!
 Painting my precious roses red!
 Not letting me chop off her –

(*Realizing:*) Ugh, now I'm doing it!

WHITE RABBIT: I-I wouldn't worry about it, Your Grace. Alice is only here for the afternoon—apparently, she wants to teach everyone about some strange holiday. Kris Bliss, I believe it is called.

QUEEN: Kris Bliss?

WHITE RABBIT: Or was it Swiss Miss?

QUEEN: Swiss what?

(The White Rabbit attempts to come up with a few more names while the Queen ponders this over.)

Hmmm. Why does this sound so familiar?

KING: Beats me. Unless she's talking about Christmas.

WHITE RABBIT: That's it! Christmas!

QUEEN: Christmas?!?! CHRISTMAS?!?!?! You mean Alice is here to celebrate—*blech*—Christmas?! That loathsome day filled with nothing but gifts, and candy canes, and those annoyingly catchy songs?!

(CARD 2 turns to CARD 1.)

CARD 2: I like annoyingly catchy songs.

CARD 1: Me too. This sounds like fun. I hope we get to try it.

QUEEN: What was that you just said?

CARD 1: Uhhh...

QUEEN: You said you think Christmas sounds like fun! You think the day I hate more than any other sounds fun?

(He nods his head yes.)

I bet you do. OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

(Two of the Cards immediately whisk Card 1 away.)

CARD 1: Nooo! Your Majesty, pppllleeeaaassee!

QUEEN: *(To Card 2:)* And you? Does Christmas still sound fun to you?

(Card 2 begins to panic. Maybe those around him – the White Rabbit, the King, etc., all stand BEHIND the Queen, shaking their heads no.)

CARD 2: Um...uh...I fold!

(He leans over, "folding" himself.)

QUEEN: That's better. When I ordered Wonderland to forget that wretched holiday, I thought I'd never have to deal with it again. And now Alice wants to bring it back?! I won't allow it!

(The Queen reaches into her robes and pulls out a tiny golden bell. She rings it.)

Knave of Hearts? Knave of Hearts, I need you! Come to me at once!

(Highly animated, she rings the bell again. THE KNAVE rushes onstage.)

KNAVE: *(Saluting the Queen:)* Yes, Your Majesty?

QUEEN: Knave of Hearts, there you are! Write this down!

(She claps her hands, and the White Rabbit hands him a scroll and a quill pen.)

I want you to take your troops and scour the land for a girl who goes by the name of Alice. She's short, she's opinionated, and worst of all, she's blonde.

(Everyone shudders.)

Find her, Knave – and when you do, bring her back to me.

KNAVE: *(Saluting once more:)* As you wish!

(The Knave places his fingers in his mouth and whistles.)

C'mon, Cards! Let's shuffle!

(The Cards begin to march and exit.)

QUEEN: Excellent! When I'm through with that girl, she'll wish she'd never heard of Christmas!

(She begins to laugh maniacally. She does this for a moment, then turns to the King.)

Well, don't just stand there. Laugh with me.

KING: Oh. Sorry.

(The Queen and King laugh maniacally in unison, exiting.)

WHITE RABBIT: *(Once he's alone. To himself:)* Oh no. Poor Alice. What have I done?

(We transition.)

SCENE 6: THE MAD HATTER'S HOUSE

NARRATOR: Unaware of the Queen's evil scheme, Our heroes continued to travel upstream... But now let us shift to an entirely different matter, One involving a Hare...

(A spot shines down on THE MARCH HARE. Maybe the moment is even punctuated by a DING! sound.)

and a tea-loving Hatter.

(Another light shines down on THE MAD HATTER – along with another DING! The pair, giddily drinking their tea, approaches a large table filled to the brim with saucers and teapots, and dozens of tiny cakes.)

HATTER: I say, Hare.

HARE: Yes, Hatter?

HATTER: Was that a Narrator talking about us just now? Or am I hearing voices again?

HARE: No, no, you definitely heard something, because I heard something — and I'm as sane as can be!

(Perhaps as Hare spouts this line, he gives a look to the audience that says quite the opposite. Alice and the Group enter.)

ALICE: And if memory serves me correctly, right behind these bushes we'll find —

(Alice sees the Hatter and Hare.)

the home of the Hatter and the Hare! We did it! Oh, Mad Hatter, March Hare — it's me! How delightful to see you again!

HARE: Yes, I'm sure it is... whomever you are.

ALICE: Don't you remember me?

HATTER & HARE: Ummmmmmmmmm...no.

ALICE: But the tea parties! The cakes! We spent so much time together!

HATTER: We did? Let me get a better look at you.

(The Hatter pulls out a pair of oversized novelty spectacles, breathes on them, wipes them down and then places them on his face. They instantly make his eyes look three times larger than they are.)

There now.

(He gasps!)

By George, you're right!

HARE: Who's George?

HATTER: Hare, look! It's our friend!

(The Hatter places his glasses in front of the Hare's eyes:)

HARE: By George, it is! How could we be so foolish? It's our dear old friend...Ed Fitzherbert!

HATTER & ALICE: Precisely!/What?

HARE: (*Frantically shaking her hand:*) Such a pleasure to see you, Ed! How are the wife and kids? You just turned forty, right?

ALICE: I'm not Ed Fitzherbert!

HARE & HATTER: You're not?

ALICE: No! Do I look like a forty-year-old man to you?

HATTER/HARE: (*A beat, then:*) Ummmmmmmmmm —

ALICE: I'm a little girl! Anyone can see that! Just look at me!

HATTER: I am and — wait a moment! Blonde hair!

HARE: Blonde hair?

HATTER: Blue dress!

HARE: Blue dress?

HATTER: White stockings!

HARE: White stockings?

HATTER: Why, it's got to be —

HARE: It has to be —

HATTER: It must be —

HARE & HATTER: ALICE!!!

(The three embrace.)

HARE: Thank goodness you never change your clothes, otherwise we'd never recognize you!

HATTER: And look! You've brought all your little friends, and they're all so memorable — the Calrus and the Warpenter, Dill the Blizzard, Bee and Bum, (*To the Dormouse:*) and Toto too.

DUM: (*Nudging Dee:*) And people call me dumb.

HARE: What brings you all here?

ALICE: Other than a spot of tea and a few pastries, we'd like to borrow some lace and some ribbon – anything you can spare really – to celebrate Christmas.

HATTER: Oh, that sounds like –

(Something clicks.)

Wait a moment! Hold the phone!

(Hare reaches under the table and pulls out an old-fashioned phone.)

HARE: Holding!

HATTER: Did you say Christmas?! I remember that!

HARE: You do?

CHESHIRE: You do?

ALICE: You do?!

HATTER: Yes! Wait! What did I do?

ALICE: Remember Christmas!

HATTER: What's Christmas?

(The Hare bangs the Hatter on the head with the phone's receiver, jogging his memory.)

Right! And if memory serves me correctly...Christmas should be right about...

(In one quick motion, the Hatter lifts the tea set and crumpets off the table – only to reveal it is not a table at all, but an old trunk. This can be achieved simply by having all the plates and teapots glued onto a long piece of board that is painted to look like a checkered tablecloth.)

here!

(Once the Hatter has easily lifted it up, he merrily tosses it offstage. A few crashing sound effects are heard. Pointing to the chest:)

See. It belonged to my great, great, great, great, great—

(Aside:)

sometimes-not-so-great—grandmother...twice removed. She told me someday this Christmas thing would show up again, and when it did I should be ready.

ALICE: I see. Well, let's open this trunk and see what's inside.

(Alice opens the trunk – a heavenly glow pours out of it.)

GROUP: Ooooooh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!

(Alice reaches in and lifts, high into the air, mistletoe.)

ALICE: Look, everyone! It's mistletoe!

HATTER: Who's missing a toe?

ALICE: No, mistletoe! You hang it over your door, and when two people walk under it at the same time, they give each other a big kiss on the lips.

(Alice doesn't realize it, but she's holding the mistletoe right over Dee and Dum.)

DEE: *(To Dum:)* Don't even think about it.

DORMOUSE: So...you kiss people because you're standing under a plant?

GROUP: *(Talking over one another:)* I don't know about that!/How odd!/Gross!/What if I'm standing next to my grandmother?

ALICE: *(Discarding the mistletoe:)* Uh, let's see what else is in here.

HATTER: *(Pulling out a few ornaments:)* Ooh! What are these?!

ALICE: They're ornaments!

DORMOUSE: They're so shiny and delicate.

HARE: Yes. LET'S SMASH THEM!

DEE & DUM: OK!

ALICE: No! No! You use these little hooks to hang them from a tree branch.

(Alice spots a tree and hangs the ornament on a branch.)

See! It's easy!

(They all inspect this.)

DODO: And uh...then what happens?

BILL: Does it do something?

ALICE: No, it just hangs there.

WALRUS: Seems kind of boring.

ALICE: No, it's pretty.

DORMOUSE: Pretty boring.

ALICE: You just need to get into the spirit of things. How about we sing a carol while decorating the tree?

WALRUS: A carol?

CARPENTER: Carol?

HATTER: I know a Lewis but never heard of Carol.

HARE: I'm still waiting to meet George.

ALICE: Just listen.

(She sings:) WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW
YEAR!

(Spoken:) See. It's easy.

HATTER: That is easy...AND HORRIBLE!

(A few of the Group members agree. "Yuck!" "Puke!")

CHESHIRE CAT: I've coughed up hairballs that sounded better.

ALICE: Well, you don't have to have an attitude about it.

CHESHIRE CAT: My dear, I don't have an attitude. I'm a cat – I have a catitude.

ALICE: Just give it a try. From the top.

(Sung:) WE –

(Halfheartedly, they all join in. It's the most depressing rendition imaginable. Maybe some of them even yawn loudly while they sing.)

GROUP: WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

(They sigh collectively.)

And a happy New Year.

ALICE: What has gotten into all of you?

WALRUS: Barnacles and barracudas, Alice. This is not what we were expecting.

CARPENTER: We thought it'd be more exciting. Not missing toes you kiss under, or songs no one wants to sing.

(Perhaps they throw in a few "Yeahs!")

ALICE: No, you're –

BILL: *(Cutting her off:)* 'Sides, you promised us snow!

DEE & DUM: And presents!

ALICE: Yes, but—

CHESHIRE CAT: You also promised us we'd like this holiday mess...and so far, I'd just as well forget all about it.

ALICE: Don't say that. No, no.

(Alice reaches into the chest.)

There's got to be something here. I'm sure the next thing is guaranteed to put you in the holiday spirit!

(She feels something.)

Oh look! It's a...

(She pulls out a fruitcake. Less than enthused:)

fruitcake.

DORMOUSE: That looks horrifying!

HARE: What is it, Hatter?

HATTER: I don't know, but stay perfectly still. Maybe it can't see us if we don't move.

ALICE: You're not supposed to be frightened of it—you're supposed to eat it.

CHESHIRE CAT: *(Picking up an ornament:)* I think I'd rather eat these rusty hooks.

WALRUS: C'mon, everyone. Let's get out of here. This Christmas is awful!

DODO: Yeah! This Christmas is terrible!

HARE: This Christmas—

KNAVE: *(Entering:)* IS CANCELLED!

ALICE: Huh?

KNAVE: There you are, Alice. Guards, seize the blonde one!

(The Card Soldiers enter, spears in hand. A few Cards rush to Alice's side, perhaps holding her hands behind her back.)

ALICE: Wh-what's going on?

KNAVE: You – and the rest of your companions – are under arrest for celebrating the most heinous and horrible of holidays!

CARD 3: You heard him, girlie! Now get moving!

CARDS: *(Drawing their weapons and surrounding the Group and Alice:)* Move it! Move it! Move it!

(The Cards begin pushing Alice and the Group in the direction of the Queen's palace. The Cheshire Cat stands back and observes this.)

HATTER: *(After being poked with a spear:)* Ouch! Stop!

ALICE: Cheshire! Help!

CHESHIRE CAT: I wish I could, but uh, it appears I'm very late for an extremely important date.

HARE: But that's the White Rabbit's line.

CHESHIRE CAT: You're right. It is. Toodles!

(POOF! The Cheshire Cat disappears.)

KNAVE: Come on, everyone. Move!

CARDS: Move it! Move it! Move it!

(The Cards and the Knave shove everyone forward as the scene shifts and music underscores...)

SCENE 7: THE QUEEN'S THRONE ROOM

NARRATOR: And so they marched until their feet turned red –

All the while their souls filled with dread.

Their minds spun wildly with visions of doom,

Quickly finding themselves in the heartless throne room.

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(The Cards push and shove Alice, along with the rest of the prisoners, into the Queen's throne room.)

CARDS: Move it! Move it! Move it! Move—

DORMOUSE: Stop pushing! I'm marching! I'm marching!

DODO: Hey buddy, watch the feathers!!

ALICE: If that old Queen thinks she's going to stop me from celebrating Christmas, she's got another thing coming!

QUEEN: *(Entering with the King:)* Is that so??

GROUP: Your Majesty!

CARDS: The Queen!

(All bow, except Alice.)

QUEEN: Hello, Alice. So delightful to see you again. But uh, aren't you forgetting something?

(She motions to the floor, for Alice to bow.)

KING: Psst! You're supposed to bow.

QUEEN: *(To King:)* QUIET, YOU!

(Sickeningly sweet. To Alice:)

Go ahead, child. You know you want to.

ALICE: *(Standing her ground:)* I'm sorry, but I only bow to those who are worthy of it.

(They all gasp – cards, animals, the whole lot of them.)

HATTER: No she di'int.

QUEEN: Well, you're certainly making this easier by the second. Alice, for the treasonous crime of celebrating Christ—

(As if she's about to retch:)

mas, I decree here and now that you will be sentenced to life in prison.

(She lets out a cackle or two.)

KING: *(Tugging on the Queen's robes:)* You mean you don't want to chop off her head?

QUEEN: All in good time. First, I want to make sure she spends every Christmas from this day forth rotting away in a dank cell. And once she's grown old and feeble, and has lost all hope, THEN I'll chop off her head! HA-HA!!

BILL: *(Raising his hand:)* ...Um, Miss Queen, ma'am. What about the rest of us?

DORMOUSE: Do we get to go home?

CARPENTER: We don't even like Christmas.

(The Group stirs.)

QUEEN: Why, of course, subjects! You may go home...in body bags! OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!

(To Alice:)

See what this holiday nonsense has done, Alice? You're losing your freedom, and your friends are losing their heads. Take them away!

(The Group screams and hollers as the cards attempt to drag them off. Alice breaks free from the Knave's grip and runs toward the Queen – facing her.)

ALICE: Stop it! STOP!

KNAVE: *(Lunging at Alice:)* How dare you –

QUEEN: Let her speak. Go on, Alice.

ALICE: I just want to know...why. Why did you banish Christmas? Why do you hate it so much? What has it ever done to you?

QUEEN: The absolute nerve! The utter disrespect!

(To King.)

Can you believe this, King?

KING: She does have a point, dearest.

(A few of the other characters – Bill, Dodo, the Cards, etc. – all pipe up, ad-libbing lines like, "she does make a good point," "why don't we celebrate Christmas," etc. The Queen becomes overwhelmed.)

QUEEN: Everyone, QUIET!

ALICE: Not until you give us your answer! Why do you hate Christmas?

QUEEN: *(Stunned, perhaps for the first time in her life:)* I-I...

(And then the Queen stops herself, lost in thought. She is visibly distraught. Silence.)

HARE: PSST! Hatter! What's going on?

HATTER: I don't know, Hare. But I think she's having a flashback...

GROUP: *(Breaking the fourth wall and staring directly at the audience:)* FLASHBACK! FLASHBACK! FLASHBACK!

(Lights flicker and flash. The LITTLE QUEEN OF HEARTS enters – she's the spitting image of her adult counterpart. However, unlike the adult Queen, she's nothing but rainbows and sunshine.)

LITTLE QUEEN: Mother! Father! Time to get up! It's Christmas morning! ...Mother? Father? *(To herself:)* Where could they be?

(She calls out.)

Oh, Froggie Footman!

(FROGGIE FOOTMAN hops onstage.)

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: Ribbit! Yes, Your Grace?

LITTLE QUEEN: Have you seen my parents?

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: I'm afraid the King and Queen are away on holiday.

LITTLE QUEEN: Without me? But they went on holiday last holiday. And the holiday before that. ...They said this year would be different.

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: Well, they are very busy. But don't worry – they made me promise to give you this.

(He produces a gorgeously wrapped present.)

LITTLE QUEEN: ...Oh.

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: Don't be sad, Your Majesty. I'm sure you'll find this gift to be quite...ribbiting.

LITTLE QUEEN: Perhaps. For the last month, I've dreamt of nothing but a new doll, one who has ribbons in her hair and plays a little jingle – like a music box. I've dropped hints, helped with chores, made my bed, eaten every vegetable put in front of me – even the arti –

*(She opens the present – only to see something truly horrifying!
She screams!)*

Ahhhhhh!

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: Whatever is the –

(He looks inside the box.)

Oh my!

LITTLE QUEEN: My doll, she's – she's –

(She raises the doll out of the package.)

She's missing her head!

(Lights rise on the Group for a moment.)

GROUP: *(Quasi-musical:)* Bum! Bum!! Bum!!!

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FROGGIE FOOTMAN: (*Rifling through the box:*) It must've broken off!

(He finds it.)

Ah! Here it is! Don't worry, Your Grace, I'll have her fixed in no time.

LITTLE QUEEN: Do what you want with her—just keep her away from me.

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: No need to be upset. It'll only take a moment. And besides, your parents would want you to be happy.

LITTLE QUEEN: That's bull, frog. My parents don't care. They abandoned me, again, and they couldn't even make sure the present they left behind was in one piece. Christmas is ruined! Now get out of here!

FROGGIE FOOTMAN: But Your Grace, I must insist that—

LITTLE QUEEN: I said go! Now do as I say...or it'll be off with your head as well!

(Froggie Footman hops away. The Little Queen stares down at the headless doll. The Adult Queen takes a step forward.)

QUEEN: It was then I decided when I became Queen, Christmas would be cancelled, and anyone who disobeyed me...anyone who celebrated it, would be—

QUEEN & LITTLE QUEEN: Beheaded!

(The Little Queen holds up the doll. Maybe a crack of thunder for dramatic effect?)

HARE: Wow. That took a dark turn.

HATTER: Mmhm. Let's flash-forward.

GROUP: FLASH-FORWARD! FLASH-FORWARD! FLASH-FORWARD!

(Lights flicker and flash. The Little Queen exits.)

ALICE: *(Touched:)* Oh. Your Majesty, I—

QUEEN: Should remain silent.

(The Knave places a hand over Alice's mouth.)

I admire your determination, Alice. I truly do. But if you think for one moment I'm going to allow that little girl to be disappointed again, you're sadly mistaken. Guards, take her away! TAKE HER AWAY!

(The Queen snaps her fingers. The lights shift, and we're immediately...)

SCENE 8: THE DUNGEON

KNAVE: *(Shoving Alice into a jail cell:)* Enjoy your new home, prisoner! Better start getting comfortable—you're gonna be there a while! Hahaha!

(The Knave laughs heartily and exits as the sound of a cell door slamming shut and locking is heard.)

Man, I love being evil.

ALICE: Let me out! For heaven's sake, let me out!! ...*Please?*
(Defeated:) Oh, now what do I do? Everything's...everything's ruined.

NARRATOR: Dejected and defeated,
Alice did sink
Against a stone wall,
Needing time to think.

Tears welled in her eyes,
As sadder she became.

ALICE: Christmas—

NARRATOR: She thought—

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ALICE: ...will never be the same.

NARRATOR: Her teeth began to chatter
Because of that dank cell,
When soon came a voice
She knew rather well...

CHESHIRE CAT: Brrrrr. I don't know about you, but I'd say it's chilly in here. Looks to me like you could use a coat. A coat like...

(POOF! The Cheshire Cat appears sporting Alice's old coat and hat.)

this one?

(Alice snatches the coat and the matching hat from the Cheshire Cat. She wraps the coat around her in silence.)

Well...aren't you going to say thank you?

ALICE: Why? What does it matter anymore? My friends are about to be beheaded. I'm trapped here forever. My parents will never know what happened to me...and all because of that mean ol' Queen. What happened to her was sad, yes...but she needs to learn you can't throw a tantrum simply because you didn't get your way.

CHESHIRE: Why not? You did.

ALICE: No, I didn't!

(Something occurs to her.)

Well, what I meant was—

(A moment, then...)

I—

CHESHIRE: Yessss?

ALICE: It's not the same!

(The Cheshire Cat raises an eyebrow.)

...Is it? ...Perhaps this is why my parents were so cross with me. Why the Butterfly said I hadn't "matured." ...Perhaps I focused on the things that weren't important, instead of the things that are.

CHESHIRE: Perhaps. And what's important to you now, Alice?

ALICE: Saving my friends. Apologizing to my parents. Making this right again...

(A moment.)

Not having an outburst when I get a coat instead of a doll.

CHESHIRE CAT: ...Wow. This is a lot of self-discovery for one afternoon.

ALICE: A lot of good it'll do me. I'm still stuck here. I can't just magically poof my way out like you do.

CHESHIRE: Few can. But you know, if I were a clever kitty, *which I am*, I might have already planned for a situation like this, *which I did*, and your ticket to freedom would be coming right...about...

(Suddenly, the sound of an alarm clock going off is heard. The White Rabbit, harried and hurried as ever, enters.)

WHITE RABBIT: I'm late! I'm late! I'm late! I'm late! I'm —

CHESHIRE CAT: *(Stopping him in his tracks:)* Right on time!

ALICE: White Rabbit, what are you doing here?

WHITE RABBIT: *(Fumbling with his keys:)* Getting you out of here, of course! I'm the cause of all this — blabbing to the Queen, telling her about you and Christmas. I'm truly sorry, Alice.

ALICE: Don't be. This is my fault, and I'm going to fix it.

WHITE RABBIT: (*Unlocking the cell:*) There we go – and not a moment too soon! You've got to leave before we're discovered – and quickly!

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!