

Alice in Wonderland
adapted by Jason Pizzarello
(available from Stage Partners – www.yourstagepartners.com)

1f, 2 either
Comedy

(Two fat little school boys appear, standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck. One of them has "DUM" embroidered on his shirt, and the other "DEE." ALICE wanders away from the Flower Garden and approaches them slowly and they remain still.)

TWEEDLEDUM: *(Suddenly:)* If you think we're wax figures, you ought to pay, you know. Wax figures weren't made to be looked at for nothing, nohow!

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

ALICE: I'm very sorry. It's just that, I've never seen—

TWEEDLEDUM: I know what you're thinking about, but 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, which is the best way out of these woods? Would you tell me, please?

TWEEDLEDUM: You've been wrong! The first thing in a visit is to say "How d'ye do?" and shake hands!

(TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE each hold out a hand to shake with her. For fear of hurting the other one's feelings ALICE takes hold of both hands at once.)

ALICE: It would never do to say "How d'ye do?" now: we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!

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

(We hear something that sounds like a wild beast coming from the woods near them.)

ALICE: Are there any lions or tigers about here?

TWEEDLEDEE: It's only the White Knight snoring.

TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM: Come and look at him!

(They each take one of ALICE's hands, and lead her up to where the a White Knight [can be suggested] is still sleeping. He now has a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he is lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loudly.)

TWEEDLEDUM: Isn't he a lovely sight? Fit to snore his head off!

TWEEDLEDEE: He's dreaming now, and what do you think he's dreaming about?

ALICE: Nobody can guess that.

TWEEDLEDEE: Why, he's dreaming about you! And if he stopped dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?

ALICE: Where I am now, of course.

TWEEDLEDEE: You'd be nowhere! Why, you only exist in his dream!

TWEEDLEDUM: If that there Knight was to wake up, you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!

ALICE: I shouldn't! Besides, if *I* only exist in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know?

TWEEDLEDUM: Ditto.

TWEEDLEDEE: Ditto, ditto!

ALICE: Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.

TWEEDLEDUM: Well, it's no use you're talking about waking him, when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real.

ALICE: (*Beginning to cry:*) But I *am* real!

TWEEDLEDEE: You won't make yourself any bit real-er by crying. There's nothing to cry about.

ALICE: If I wasn't real, I shouldn't be able to cry.

TWEEDLEDUM: I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?

ALICE: I know you're talking nonsense, and it's silly to cry about it. I really better be getting out of the woods, for it's growing rather dark. Do you think it's going to rain?

TWEEDLEDUM: No, I don't think it is, at least—(*pulling out a large umbrella*)—not under here. Nohow.

(*They both go under the umbrella.*)

ALICE: But it may rain *outside*?

TWEEDLEDEE: It may—if it chooses, we've no objection. Contrariwise.

(*TWEEDLEDUM springs out from under the umbrella and seizes ALICE by the wrist.*)

TWEEDLEDUM: Do you see that?

(*TWEEDLEDUM points with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under a tree.*)

ALICE: It's only a rattle. Not a rattlesnake, you know. Only an old rattle—quite old and broken.

TWEEDLEDUM: I knew it was! (*Beginning to stomp about wildly and tear his hair:*) It's ruined, of course!

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

(*TWEEDLEDEE hides under the umbrella.*)

TWEEDLEDUM: But it isn't old! *(Becoming furious:)* It's new, I tell you—I bought it yesterday—my nice *NEW RATTLE!*

(TWEEDLEDEE tries his best to fold up the umbrella, but he can't quite succeed, and ends up rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out.)

TWEEDLEDUM: *(To DEE:)* Of course you agree to have a battle?

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

(DEE and DUM go off, and return with arms full of things—such as blankets, floor-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers and saucepans.)

TWEEDLEDUM: I hope you're good at tying strings? Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other.

(DUM and DEE bustle about attempting to wear the quantity of things they've brought. ALICE attempts to help them, tying strings and fastening buttons...)

ALICE: Really you'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time you're ready!

TWEEDLEDEE: *(Handing her a dish cloth:)* Please tie this securely 'round my neck.

ALICE: What for?

TWEEDLEDEE: To keep my head from being cut off, what else? 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.

(ALICE fixes TWEEDLEDUM's saucepan helmet.)

TWEEDLEDUM: Do I look very pale?

ALICE: *(Gently:)* Well—yes— a little.

TWEEDLEDUM: I'm very brave generally, only today I happen to have a headache.

TWEEDLEDEE: And *I've* got a toothache! I'm far worse off than you!

ALICE: Then you better not fight today.

TWEEDLEDUM: We *must* have a bit of a fight; I don't care how long it lasts. What's the time now?

TWEEDLEDEE: Half-past four.

TWEEDLEDUM: Let's fight until six, and then have dinner.

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

TWEEDLEDUM: And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not!

ALICE: You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think.

TWEEDLEDUM: I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing, by the time we've finished!

ALICE: And all about a rattle!

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

ALICE: *(To herself:)* I wish the monstrous crow would come already and frighten them both away!

TWEEDLEDUM: *(To DEE:)* There's only one sword, you know, but you can have the umbrella—it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can.

TWEEDLEDEE: And darker.

ALICE: It's so dark, there must be a thunderstorm coming on. Look what a thick black cloud that is! And how fast it comes! Why, I do believe it's got wings!

TWEEDLEDUM: It's the crow!

TWEEDLEDEE: It's the crow!

(TWEEDLEDEE and TWEEDLEDUM run around in circles at first, banging into each other and everything else and shouting about the crow. Eventually they make their way off. Meanwhile ALICE has run away as well, mostly to get away from them.)

End of Scene.