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Cast of Characters

Real World

ALICE
WALDO
MOOB
MOM
MS. SNODGRASS
TAMMY
MARY
STACY
MELANIE
KAYLIE
JOEY
TRISHA

Wonderland

ALICE
MAD HATER
MOCK TURTLE NINJA
MOM
RED QUEEN
RABBIT
MARCH HARE
MOUSE
GRYPHON
CHESHIRE CAT
KING OF HEARTS
CATERPILLAR

Note: Although the play is designed to be double-cast, directors may opt not to do so depending on cast size. Gender of most characters may be adjusted as necessary.

Acknowledgments

Alice's Adventures with Poorly Cooked Cafeteria Seafood was originally performed October 26, 2006 at North Oaks Middle School in Haltom City, Texas. The original cast was as follows:

ALICE Kristen Ramos
WALDO/MAD HATER Jeff Bales
MOOB/MOCK TURTLE NINJA Chris Pieper
MOM.....Breanna Cedillo
MS. SNODGRASS/RED QUEEN Daisy Avila
TAMMY/RABBIT Josephine Reddick
MARY/MARCH HARE..... Bethany Ivey
STACY/MOUSE Kelsey Kimbrough
MELANIE/GRYPHON.....Kaylon Williams
KAYLIE/CHESHIRE CAT Ashley Hobbs
JOEY/KING OF HEARTS..... Cesar Zavala
TRISHA/CATERPILLAR Maritza Reyes

ALICE'S ADVENTURES WITH POORLY COOKED CAFETERIA SEAFOOD

by Don Zolidis

(A dark, bare stage. ALICE, a typical teenage girl, emerges.)

ALICE. *(To the audience:)* Hello there. My name is Alice. I live in a town near you. I could be the girl sitting next to you. I could be the girl you never talk to. You might not even know I exist.

(WALDO, her little brother, pushes his way in.)

WALDO. *(To the audience:)* My name's Waldo. And I'm a genius.

ALICE. *(To WALDO:)* Get out.

WALDO. No.

ALICE. This is my story.

WALDO. I don't see your name on it.

ALICE. Mom! MOMMMM!

WALDO. *(To the audience:)* I live in your town too. I haunt your dreams. Are you ready for me? Are you ready for this much man?

ALICE. GET OUT OF MY ROOM!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* You kids play nice!

ALICE. He's interrupting my monologue!

WALDO. When I was seven I discovered I had supernatural powers. Powers over life and death.

ALICE. You do not.

WALDO. At the moment I'm making my older sister die slowly.

ALICE. Get out!

WALDO. Very slowly. She doesn't even realize it, but—

(ALICE gets WALDO in a headlock.)

WALDO. A curse on you! May your bones rot!

ALICE. You're weird, and I hate you!

(MOM bursts in.)

MOM. Stop it right now!

(ALICE lets go of WALDO.)

WALDO. You're lucky, Alice.

ALICE. You're a freak, Waldo.

WALDO. From now on I am known as Morgoth the undying. You shall address me as the Dark Lord.

ALICE. Mom, he's being weird again.

MOM. Alice, what did I say to you about calling your brother names?

ALICE. He's like this because you watched those Lord of the Rings movies while you were pregnant.

MOM. What did I say about calling your brother names?

ALICE. I don't know!

MOM. I said that your brother is a genius and our role as family members is to encourage him to reach his full potential.

WALDO. That's right I'm a genius!

MOM. All the tests say so. And standardized testing is never wrong. And those same tests showed that you were slightly below average—

WALDO. More than slightly—

MOM. So we shouldn't waste too much time educating you or encouraging you. Look, it's no sin to be average.

WALDO. Below average.

MOM. It's just that I don't have a lot of money to put both of you through college, so I've decided to concentrate on the smart one.

WALDO. In your face!

MOM. Look, you know I want the best for you Alice, but let's be honest here. Do you really deserve the best? Okay? I love you, honey.

ALICE. I just want him to leave my room so I can continue the opening!

MOM. Oh. Waldo? Why don't you let your sister continue?

WALDO. Because I hate her and I want her to suffer.

MOM. Well, that's good enough for me.

(She leaves.)

(ALICE returns to speaking to the audience:)

ALICE. I'm not doing very well in school. My last report card, I got a 57 in math. And that was one of my better grades.

(WALDO snorts.)

ALICE. And my stupid little brother is in the same classes as me cause he skipped two grades.

WALDO. Do you want to play Dungeons and Dragons with me?

ALICE. No. I don't want to play Dungeons and Dragons with you.

WALDO. Is it because you're intimidated by me?

ALICE. No, it's because you're weird.

(MOOB, Waldo's weird little friend, enters.)

MOOB. Hey Waldo.

WALDO. Hey Moob.

ALICE. His weird little friend is in my room!

MOOB. Hi Alice. Are you going to play D and D with us?

ALICE. No.

(MOM returns.)

MOM. Why can't you get along?

ALICE. Because he's a freak.

WALDO. Because she's inferior.

MOOB. I get along with everyone.

MOM. Boys, let me talk to Alice for a moment.

WALDO. Fine. Come on, Moob. You can be a half-orc.

MOOB. Ooh.

(They leave.)

ALICE. Can I get a lock on my door?

MOM. I just took a look at your report card.

ALICE. Oh shoot.

MOM. Darling, you know I love you, right?

ALICE. Yes.

MOM. Well I'm going to stop unless these grades improve.

ALICE. What?!

MOM. I've only got so much love to give, and most of it is reserved for little Waldo.

WALDO. *(Off-stage:)* Morgoth!

MOM. Or Morgoth.

ALICE. If Dad were here he'd support me.

MOM. Your father is too busy supporting his secretary to care about you. Now run along. Mommy is tired dear. She needs to spend some time away from you.

ALICE. But you're in my room.

MOM. I own the house. Technically, they're all my rooms.

ALICE. Fine.

(ALICE leaves. WALDO and MOOB are in the other room, setting up their Dungeons and Dragons game.)

WALDO. I'm the Dungeon Master cause I said so.

MOOB. I want to be a half-orc wizard.

WALDO. That's a stupid combination.

MOOB. Why?

WALDO. Cause half-orcs have penalties to their intelligence, loser. Gosh you're dumb. Are you going to play with us, Alice?

ALICE. Why would I want to play with you?

WALDO. Mom! She's not supporting my intellectual development!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* You play Dungeons and Dragons with your little brother!

ALICE. No! Mom!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* You do it or your cat's not allowed back in the house!

ALICE. Muffin?! Fine.

WALDO. Okay, now, I am the Dungeon Master. The entire world of this game exists inside my imagination.

MOOB. It's cool.

WALDO. And in my imagination you are an Amazon barbarian named Snorkus.

ALICE. Fine. Whatever. I don't care.

WALDO. And you have a comeliness of 12.

MOOB. More like nine.

WALDO. Yeah, that's right. Nine.

(MOOB and WALDO laugh.)

ALICE. You guys are dorks. You know that, don't you? You know that's why no one wants to hang out with you.

MOM. *(Off:)* No one wants to hang out with him because everyone else is intimidated by his brilliance!

MOOB. I'm not intimidated.

WALDO. Okay, let's begin our world of adventure. You two noble adventurers are attempting to solve the quest given to you by the evil warlock Grimna—

MOOB. Can my character be going out with her character?

WALDO. Yes, but as Dungeon Master, I must caution you that that is gross.

ALICE. I kill myself.

MOOB. Think of the children!

WALDO. You can't kill yourself.

ALICE. Yes I can. I find the nearest cliff and throw myself off.

WALDO. There are no cliffs. You're in a flat desert.

ALICE. Fine. I eat sand until I die.

MOOB. I save her life.

WALDO. Moob's character saves you.

ALICE. I decide not to breathe any more.

WALDO. Everyone knows breathing is an involuntary process. How stupid do you have to be not to know that?

(ALICE gets up and leaves.)

WALDO. Hey! Hey! You're missing out on our adventure of the imagination!

(ALICE finally escapes from them and finds the audience again.)

ALICE. *(To the audience:)* Okay, sorry about that. As I was saying before I got so rudely interrupted, this is my story. And it all began at school one day. You see, I was having trouble passing Ms. Snodgrass' Biology class.

(Students begin arriving, carrying chairs and setting up the classroom.)

ALICE. It wasn't that I hated Biology. I didn't really care about Biology either way. It's just that Ms. Snodgrass was the kind of teacher who—

(MS. SNODGRASS, a supernaturally angry teacher, bursts on to the stage.)

MS. SNODGRASS. Silence! Sit down!

(ALICE sits quickly.)

ALICE. (To the audience:) Unfortunately, since my brother skipped two grades...

(WALDO enters and sits next to ALICE.)

WALDO. So did you do your homework?

ALICE. We had homework?

(WALDO smirks.)

ALICE. What was the homework?

WALDO. I'm sorry I cannot reveal that information.

ALICE. Tell me.

WALDO. I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you.

MS. SNODGRASS. Why is there talking?

(The students are very, very silent. MS. SNODGRASS paces.)

MS. SNODGRASS. It is time for Biology class, children. Time to leave behind your senseless cares of the outside world and concentrate on the mysteries of life itself.

(She stops.)

MS. SNODGRASS. Do I smell gum? Is someone chewing gum?

(No one says anything. MS. SNODGRASS surveys the class, moving from kid to kid, sniffing them.)

TRISHA. (Breaking down:) I had gum before class! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... please don't hurt me.

(She begins to cry.)

MS. SNODGRASS. I appreciate your honesty Trisha. Unfortunately, honesty will not always save you. Pick another student in this room to receive a zero on their test grade.

TRISHA. What?

MS. SNODGRASS. Or everyone will get a zero.

TRISHA. That's not fair!

MS. SNODGRASS. Life isn't fair. Biology is the study of life. Therefore, Biology isn't fair. A syllogism. Does anyone know what a syllogism is? Mary.

MARY. Um—

MS. SNODGRASS. Obviously your mind is too small for that word. Trisha, you will receive a one hundred for your honesty, someone else will receive a zero as a result. Who will it be?

TRISHA. Um...Kaylie?

KAYLIE. What?

MS. SNODGRASS. Very well, Kaylie it is. Kaylie I'm very disappointed in you. You just received a zero on a test grade.

KAYLIE. But I didn't—

MS. SNODGRASS. (*Cutting her off:*) And you were doing so well in this class. Sad, really.

KAYLIE. (*Whimpering:*) I'm not going to get Christmas now.

(*MELANIE raises her hand.*)

MS. SNODGRASS. What, Melanie?

MELANIE. Can I go to the bathroom?

MS. SNODGRASS. No.

MELANIE. I really need to go.

MS. SNODGRASS. You should have thought of that before class.

MELANIE. But I need to go.

MS. SNODGRASS. Sometimes our needs don't get met, Melanie. Sometimes you don't get what you ask for. Sometimes Santa doesn't come because you were bad and you didn't believe in

Santa, and as a result Santa died in a vicious sledding accident in Norway and all the kids in the world blame you for it.

MELANIE. I'm sorry.

MS. SNODGRASS. Life is not fair. And neither am I. Tammy!

TAMMY. What?

MS. SNODGRASS. You fail!

TAMMY. Why?

MS. SNODGRASS. As an example to the others. Be gone.

(TAMMY runs off, crying.)

MS. SNODGRASS. I have devoted my life to the study of Biology. Countless years of cruel study into the delicate physiology of God's creatures. I began with worms. Dissecting them. Inspecting them. Then crayfish. Then frogs. Then Joey's pet puppy.

JOEY. Puddles?

MS. SNODGRASS. Puddles is no more. Quit your crying, Joey. His heart was one size too small, he would have died soon anyway.

JOEY. I loved you Puddles. Why? Why, Puddles, why?

(JOEY dissolves into a whimpering mess.)

MS. SNODGRASS. It is my fervent hope that someday I will dissect one of you. Take out a sheet of paper.

MARY. I don't have any paper.

(A hush of fear from the class. MS. SNODGRASS swoops in on MARY.)

MS. SNODGRASS. What was that?

MARY. I don't have any...paper.

STACY. I can give you a sheet—

MS. SNODGRASS. Silence! What is the number one rule on our board, Mary?

MARY. Bring all materials to class?

MS. SNODGRASS. Yes. Have you brought your materials today?

MARY. ...No.

MS. SNODGRASS. What was that? I couldn't hear you with all that trembling you were doing.

MARY. No.

MS. SNODGRASS. So you have violated the first rule?

MARY. Yes.

MS. SNODGRASS. What should I do with you?

MARY. Please don't dissect me.

MS. SNODGRASS. Would I find paper inside you?

MARY. No.

MS. SNODGRASS. Do you love your parents, Mary? Do you think they're proud of you? I don't think they're proud of you. I think they're ashamed of you. Ashamed that they've raised such a worthless, silly little toad of a girl—

ALICE. You know, you're really mean.

(The class reacts in terror. Some children hide beneath their books.)

MS. SNODGRASS. Alice.

(A long pause. The class waits in terror.)

MS. SNODGRASS. I will see you after school for...Detention. Class Dismiss—

WALDO. *(Interrupting:)* Excuse me, Miss Snodgrass?

MS. SNODGRASS. Yes, Waldo, my joy, my treasure.

WALDO. You forgot to collect the homework for today.

MS. SNODGRASS. So I did. Thank you for reminding me.

(ALICE steps forward as the students groan in horror. They exit as ALICE speaks to the audience.)

ALICE. So I had detention. With the meanest human being in the history of the universe. All day long I dreaded last period. I decided to eat a lot of the cafeteria food so I could go to the hospital instead. But they were having the mystery fish. Banned in thirteen countries. Provoked a riot when served to prisoners in Argentina. I had three helpings.

(WALDO appears behind her as ALICE begins to look ill.)

WALDO. Ha ha ha! You have detention!

ALICE. Shut up, Waldo!

WALDO. Morgoth!

ALICE. I'm not calling you that you little reject! Can't you see I'm talking to the audience?!

WALDO. The audience hates you. Hee hee hee!

(He runs off.)

ALICE. But the fish didn't work. By the time three o' clock came around I was frantic; I was losing my hair, I thought I was going to go insane. And then it was time for detention.

(ALICE tentatively enters MS. SNODGRASS's classroom.)

MS. SNODGRASS. Sit.

ALICE. Hello Ms.—

MS. SNODGRASS. Speaking is for those who can get into college. Quiet. I'm going to tell you a little story, Megan.

ALICE. My name's Alice.

MS. SNODGRASS. What did I tell you about speaking?

ALICE. I don't wanna die.

MS. SNODGRASS. Now listen. I haven't killed a child in an obvious way in years. You'll survive so long as you don't annoy me and you listen attentively to every word I say, because I'm going to tell you a story. The story of my life.

ALICE. *(To the audience:)* At this point I wasn't sure if this was going to be better or worse than death.

MS. SNODGRASS. I wasn't always the teacher you see before you. I know it may be difficult for you to believe, but when I first got out of college, I really loved children. Before I came into contact with them. And then I discovered something: the children were stupid. So, so horribly stupid. My gift of knowledge lay at their feet, ignored between conversations on cell phones and Gameboys and game phones and cellboys. And all that digital music downloaded off the internet. In my day, we didn't have the internet, all we had was a rusty pile of nails in the backyard that we'd jump into for fun in the fall. And you'd play and you'd play until the blood loss made you dizzy and that was how we communicated with each other. So I tried to teach these idiots. But I couldn't stand it any more, so I—

(She freezes.)

ALICE. I need to pause the action for a moment here.

(ALICE gets up from her chair.)

ALICE. It was a warm day. They hadn't turned on the air conditioning yet. And Ms. Snodgrass kept talking. I realized this was how she dealt out punishment. She talked to you. For as long as you could stand it. And the fish in my stomach began to work its evil magic. I started feeling worse... And worse. And worse. I started to hallucinate. I saw—

(She staggers back to her seat.)

MS. SNODGRASS. My first principal, Mr. Doby, had the misfortune of having only one eye and a dog that hated him. The kids called him Mr. Jellypants for some reason, but I never found out why. I found myself having dinner with him one night, alone—he was looking into my eyes—I was gazing into his eye, and then—

(The RABBIT peeks its head from around the corner.)

ALICE. Aaaah!

(The RABBIT disappears.)

MS. SNODGRASS. What?

ALICE. I just—saw—

MS. SNODGRASS. What?

ALICE. A very large rabbit.

MS. SNODGRASS. Young lady, let me assure you that there are no large rabbits walking around here un-dissected. And if you interrupt my enthralling story of love and forbidden romance in a school setting one more time, I will assign you detention again tomorrow. Do you understand?

ALICE. Yes, Ms. Snodgrass.

MS. SNODGRASS. Now, as I was saying, Mr. Jellypants had a medical condition known as sweaty palms. It was like shaking hands with a dog's tongue. So he had to wear mittens most of the time. Well, on this particular evening he had no mittens—

(The RABBIT peeks his head around the corner again.)

ALICE. There it is again!

(The RABBIT disappears again.)

MS. SNODGRASS. I was just getting to the good part! Where is this rabbit?!

ALICE. He just—he just—

MS. SNODGRASS. I do not see any giant rabbit! And furthermore, if I did, I wouldn't be screaming about it! And if you don't stop using your imagination this instant I will be forced to mark it down on your PERMANENT RECORD. Do you hear me?! Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go kidnap another puppy. I'll be back momentarily to finish my tale of forbidden love. Let me give you this little teaser: There are marshmallows involved.

(She leaves. ALICE sighs for a moment before the RABBIT bursts in.)

RABBIT. I'm late!

ALICE. You can talk!?

RABBIT. I'm very, very late! Young lady, you must tell me—

ALICE. I'm sorry, I'm not allowed to use my imagination any more.

RABBIT. Not allowed to use your imagination? Who told you that?

ALICE. My teacher.

RABBIT. Well I think that's preposterous. What if Eminem wasn't allowed to use his imagination, hmm? We would certainly have a lot fewer creative raps about loser men hating their ex-girlfriends, wouldn't we? And what if that Johnny Knoxville wasn't allowed to use his imagination and he had to stop making those Jackass movies? Well, the world would be a pretty sad place without those movies, wouldn't it?

ALICE. I guess you're right.

RABBIT. I should say so. Now, you use your imagination all you want. But I don't have time to sit here and talk to you about the beauty of modern culture, I have to be going. Aha! There's my hole!

ALICE. Where are you going?

RABBIT. I can't tell you that. But I have to go!

(He runs off and then hops down a hole.)

ALICE. At this point I had a decision to make. Either follow the obviously demented hallucination I was having from so much mystery fish, or wait for my evil horrible Biology teacher to tell me the story of her forbidden romance with the one-eyed Principal.

(ALICE jumps down the hole.)

ALICE. I'm falling!

(Lights flash.)

WALDO. *(Off-stage:)* No you're not!

ALICE. Shut up, Waldo!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* Alice, are you using your imagination again?!

ALICE. No, I'm actually falling!

WALDO. *(Off-stage:)* She's hallucinating it, Mom!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* Hallucinations are for hippies!

(ALICE lands on the ground.)

ALICE. Ow. Now where's that rabbit?

(She dusts herself off.)

ALICE. Hello there! Is there anyone here?

(ALICE finds herself in a rather bizarre landscape. This can be done in many different ways, the simplest way using colored lighting or weird music. Scenery may be added here, but nothing should slow down the action of the piece.)

RABBIT. Ah!

(He runs again.)

ALICE. Wait!

(A MOUSE appears.)

ALICE. Who are you?

MOUSE. I'm your worst nightmare, Chica. No, I'm just kidding. I'm just a mouse. But I'm here to—

ALICE. Get out of my way, Mouse! I'm following that Rabbit!

(The MOUSE refuses to budge.)

MOUSE. You need to check yourself, Missy! Just because I'm a mouse doesn't mean I can't inflict serious emotional damage on you. You may only pass beyond this door if you can best me in a battle of the mind.

ALICE. Oh, darn it. I'm no good at those.

MOUSE. I have it on good authority that your test scores aren't terribly high.

ALICE. Tests don't mean anything.

MOUSE. They don't? Then why are they testing you?

ALICE. It makes politicians feel like they're doing something.

MOUSE. Quite clearly you have a lot to learn about life. How lucky for you then to run into someone as wise as me. First off, I will take a peek at your permanent record.

(He produces her permanent record.)

ALICE. Where did you get that?

MOUSE. I have a lot of mouse friends living in the school.

ALICE. Yes, I've seen them.

MOUSE. And some of my mouse friends happen to be criminals. Let's see here, let's see...your permanent record. Oh. Wow.

ALICE. What?

MOUSE. Sucks to be you.

ALICE. What is it? What does it say?

MOUSE. It says here at the age of twenty-two you're going to marry a high school dropout named Fred who wants to open his own video rental store, but instead spends his time playing video games and lying around in his underwear on the couch. And then you're going to get fat.

ALICE. What? It has my future in there?!

MOUSE. Of course. It is your permanent record. Everything's in here. From birth to death.

ALICE. But how does it know my future?

MOUSE. Remember that test you took saying how much you liked doing certain activities?

ALICE. Yeah. It said I didn't like doing anything.

MOUSE. Right. That's what it told you. But it told the administration everything that's going to happen in your life.

ALICE. And I can't change it?

MOUSE. I'm afraid it's permanent.

ALICE. Let me see that!

(ALICE grabs for the permanent record.)

MOUSE. Ah! Stop it! There's no use getting angry about your destined life of misery and suffering. Get used to it. There is—however—one small way you can change things.

ALICE. How?

MOUSE. Give me twenty dollars.

(Pause.)

MOUSE. Nah, I'm just kidding. You must pass through the looking glass, find the Red Queen, and chop off her head.

ALICE. This is beginning to sound familiar.

MOUSE. Hey! Hey! Enough of that! I'm not the one hallucinating this, all right?

ALICE. I'm not going to do any such thing.

MOUSE. Fine. Say hi to Fred for me. Oh look you have six children with ADHD.

ALICE. Ah! All right fine I'll do it!

MOUSE. Very well.

ALICE. Where is this looking glass anyway? And what is it?

MOUSE. It's just a fancy way of saying mirror. And you're already inside it. Just...step that way.

(A mirror appears. ALICE peers into it. The MOUSE makes weird noises.)

ALICE. I think I'm getting a zit. What are you doing?

MOUSE. I'm providing sound effects. Oooooeeoo.

(He stops. ALICE is still looking at the mirror.)

MOUSE. Go through it already! Gosh you're lame.

(ALICE steps through the mirror and arrives on the other side. Again, lighting and sounds make up an eerie landscape.)

ALICE. Wow, what a strange place! I feel like everything that was once down is now up.

(She turns to the audience.)

ALICE. You'll just have to go with me on this one. We didn't have the budget to actually turn the entire stage upside down. We did have one techie who wanted to try it, but we eventually shot him. So use your imagination. Back to the story. *(She turns back into the story:)* I feel so very odd. Oh who are these strange creatures?

(The MOCK TURTLE NINJA and the GRYPHON enter.)

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. What in the world are you supposed to be?!

ALICE. I'm a girl. My name's Alice.

GRYPHON. Are you one of those goth kids we've been hearing about?

ALICE. No, I just—

GRYPHON. Cause they freak me out. Wearing all that crazy makeup.

ALICE. I'm afraid I'm not much of anything.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. You don't look like much of anything. Honestly, though, we don't get a lot of girls around here. So you could be the ugliest girl in the world and I wouldn't know any better.

ALICE. I'm not the ugliest girl in the world.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Or the fattest. Or stupidest. Or worst dressed. Honestly, I wouldn't have any idea.

ALICE. Who are you?

GRYPHON. Don't get him started. He has a complex.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. You know what, Gryphon? Bite me.

GRYPHON. No you have a hard shell.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. I am known as the Mock Turtle Ninja—I make fun of people. I'm a turtle. And I also carry nunchucks. Oh shoot. Where are my nunchucks?

GRYPHON. Did you leave them at home again?

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. I thought I told you to remind me!

GRYPHON. Are they on the dresser?

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Of course they're on the dresser! Where else do I keep them?! Anyway, toots, would you like to race me?

ALICE. What?

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. You are the dumbest girl alive, aren't you?

ALICE. Did you say you wanted to race me?

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Why would I want to race you, I'm a freaking turtle. You'd win. You know, unless you got overconfident and stopped in the middle for a doughnut or something while I plodded along and beat you at the end because slow and steady wins the race.

GRYPHON. Yeah, sure. That's gonna happen.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Hey it happens. Remember when I raced that rabbit?

GRYPHON. First, that wasn't you, and second, what idiot thought up that story?

ALICE. Have you seen the rabbit?

GRYPHON. I'd check the Mad Haters place.

ALICE. The Mad Hater?

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. He's always hating on people. I just mock them. Or I kick butt with my ninja skills. Except I don't have my nunchucks cause somebody forgot to remind me!

GRYPHON. Go crawl in your shell.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. At least in my shell I have people who love me!

GRYPHON. We're just roommates!

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Oh so now the truth comes out!

GRYPHON. You have serious mental issues!

ALICE. If you don't mind, I think I'll go find this Mad Hater.

GRYPHON. Seriously, girl, you don't want to talk to him.

ALICE. I'll see you later.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Don't count on it. I'm a ninja. I can become invisible!

GRYPHON. You haven't been able to do that in five years.

(ALICE leaves.)

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Look, you made her leave.

GRYPHON. I did not.

(Pause.)

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. You wanna go get some tacos?

GRYPHON. Yeah. I would like some tacos.

(They leave. ALICE returns.)

ALICE. I realized, though, that I forgot to ask for directions. I guess I'm always forgetting something. First homework and now this. Maybe everyone was right about me. Maybe I wasn't that smart and—

(The CATERPILLAR rears up on top of a giant mushroom.)

CATERPILLAR. What's up?

ALICE. Oh! I didn't expect to see you there.

CATERPILLAR. Who were you looking for?

ALICE. Well, I'm looking for a rabbit. But I'm first looking for somebody named the Mad Hater.

CATERPILLAR. Oh man, I hate that guy.

ALICE. Do you know where he is?

CATERPILLAR. Who cares?

ALICE. Well, you see, I think he might have the rabbit over at his house and—

CATERPILLAR. Hold on there. First off, you need to chill. All right? And second off, I don't really care about your problems.

ALICE. That's not very nice.

CATERPILLAR. So? I'm a free spirit. I could care less what anyone thinks of me. My guidance counselor told me was I was never gonna amount to anything, and now look at me.

ALICE. What have you amounted to?

CATERPILLAR. Nothing. Just goes to show that guidance counselors are usually right. I don't care, though. Listen, there is something you can help me with, though. Come here.

ALICE. You smell bad.

CATERPILLAR. I don't shower. And I live on a giant mushroom.

ALICE. That's gross.

CATERPILLAR. You think that's gross? At some point I'm going to build a house out of my own saliva and wait till my skin rots off. That'll be gross.

ALICE. But then you'll be a butterfly, right?

CATERPILLAR. What? Nobody told me that. Man that's gonna be terrible. I'll have to move around and stuff. Nah, I wanna stay a caterpillar forever. That's the life for me. No expectations. No one telling me to do anything. No one expects me to be pretty or smart. Kind of like you.

ALICE. Hey. I'm pretty and smart.

CATERPILLAR. Uh huh.

ALICE. I am.

CATERPILLAR. That's cool. Whatever you want to say. It's nice to lie. I'm the king of Egypt.

ALICE. I don't think I'm gonna do you any favors.

CATERPILLAR. Sweet cheeks, you don't have a lot going for you. You're not funny, you're not pretty, you're not smart—if you add being mean in there you've really got nothing. How do you expect to find a husband?

ALICE. I don't want a husband yet!

CATERPILLAR. That's right. Live alone for the rest of your life.

ALICE. I'm not old enough to have a husband!

CATERPILLAR. And I'm not old enough to need one of those motorized carts to carry me around, but it doesn't mean I don't want one. I bet I can get one free if I say I have a hundred legs.

ALICE. Why is everyone here so mean?

CATERPILLAR. All right, forget it. But back to the favor: This is what I want from you. Have you ever heard of drugs?

ALICE. I'm not getting you drugs! You're a bad caterpillar!

CATERPILLAR. What? Hey, I just asked if you've heard of them.

ALICE. I've seen pictures of you before! I know what you're about! Smoking that hookah!

CATERPILLAR. That was for blowing bubbles!

ALICE. In the Disney version maybe. You're a bad influence on the other insects!

CATERPILLAR. Dude, I wasn't even saying nothing!

(ALICE runs off.)

CATERPILLAR. I have a prescription here for the pharmacy! I have a medical condition. I need to take Adenol for my overactive thyroid. Darn it. Now I'll never become a butterfly. Oh well. I guess I'll go hang out with the stink bugs behind the school.

(He slinks off.)

(ALICE returns.)

ALICE. *(To the audience:)* I decided that a lot of these hallucinations were up to no good. And there were a lot of bad influences here that I needed to avoid if I was going to have any chance at college.

(The MARCH HARE enters.)

MARCH HARE. Hey.

(ALICE tries to walk past him without looking him in the eye.)

MARCH HARE. What. What? It's not like I rob people. Yeah, that's right, keep walking, girlie! Pretend I'm not here! You think you're better than me?! Do ya!? Just cause you're a girl and I'm a hare!

ALICE. You're a what?

MARCH HARE. A hare.

ALICE. You're made out of hair?

MARCH HARE. No, I'm a special kind of rabbit.

ALICE. Maybe you know the rabbit I'm looking for?

MARCH HARE. Oh, so just cause I'm a rabbit I'm expected to know every rabbit? That's a little bit racist, if you ask me. We're not all the same, you know.

ALICE. I didn't mean to offend you.

MARCH HARE. Well you did. That's just a stereotype that all rabbits know each other. And that we like carrots. And that we have lots of babies.

ALICE. Don't you?

MARCH HARE. Do you see me with a carrot?! Does it look like I have children?! All right. Think before you speak. Do you have any carrots?

ALICE. No.

MARCH HARE. Dang it! I hate humans.

ALICE. Well maybe you know the Mad Hater then?

MARCH HARE. I, in fact, do know the Mad Hater. I'm heading over to his house right now.

ALICE. Do you mind if I accompany you to the Mad Hater's?

MARCH HARE. Yes. Cause you're racist.

ALICE. I guess I have a lot to learn about rabbits.

MARCH HARE. I guess you do. You don't happen to have any carrots now, do you?

ALICE. I'll give you a carrot if you take me to the Mad Hater's.

MARCH HARE. All right, fine. Follow me.

(The MARCH HARE points.)

MARCH HARE. His house is right there.

ALICE. Why didn't I see it before?

MARCH HARE. You weren't using your imagination. Your imagination can take you anywhere.

ALICE. I didn't know that.

MARCH HARE. That's because you're quite stupid. And I believe you owe me a carrot.

ALICE. Yes.

(Pause.)

MARCH HARE. Um...so how about that carrot?

ALICE. Right.

(ALICE tries to slink away.)

MARCH HARE. Can I have it?

ALICE. Sure.

(She doesn't move.)

MARCH HARE. I hate you.

(The MOUSE enters.)

MOUSE. Welcome, friends!

ALICE. Hey, you're that mouse!

MARCH HARE. Wow, you just can't stop yourself, can you? He's more than a mouse, you know? All you see is the color of his hide. Just making your little judgments. I bet you think he eats cheese.

MOUSE. Nah, it's cool, we know each other from way back. Did you get what I asked for?

ALICE. I'm still working on it.

MOUSE. Well let's go in. The Mad Hater throws the best parties!

(Loud techno music plays. Perhaps fog fills the stage. The MAD HATER, accompanied by a burst of light and sound, erupts on to the stage.)

MAD HATER. Yo!

MARCH HARE. What's up?

(They shake hands in a complicated fashion.)

MAD HATER. Dormouse!

MOUSE. Hater!

(They shake hands in an equally complicated fashion. The MAD HATER suddenly stops when he spots ALICE. All music stops as well.)

MAD HATER. How you doin'?

ALICE. Hi.

MARCH HARE. Don't listen to her, man.

MAD HATER. Something about you seems kinda familiar.

ALICE. Yeah?

MAD HATER. Like I have this feeling of rage inside me at the sight of you. Like something inside me wants to tear you down and destroy you.

ALICE. We must be family.

MAD HATER. I guess that's it. You can only really have that reaction to a family member. All right, Alice, are you ready to get down?

ALICE. What?

MAD HATER. Cause we be kickin' it old school in this here thing.

ALICE. Why are you talking like that?

MAD HATER. I'm trying to use a lot of slang to mask my feelings of inadequacy in a social setting. Don't be hatin'.

MARCH HARE. You just wait, he's gonna hate on you any second.

MOUSE. It's gonna be bad.

ALICE. Listen, Mr. Hater, I'm looking for a rabbit.

MARCH HARE. She don't even know his name. She just calls him a rabbit.

ALICE. All I know is that he's late.

MAD HATER. So you're looking for a late rabbit? And you come to me?

ALICE. Well I thought maybe you might know.

MAD HATER. Does this look like late rabbit storage to you?

MARCH HARE. (*Overlapping:*) Oh he's gonna go.

MAD HATER. (*Continuous:*) Does it? Does it look like late rabbit storage? Do you see a sign around here that says late rabbit storage?

ALICE. I don't even know what you're talking about.

MAD HATER. You know why you don't see that sign?! Cause storing late rabbits ain't my business!

ALICE. I didn't say it was.

MAD HATER. If I was in the business of storing rabbits I'd have a whole series of little pens around here with lettuce and carrots—

MARCH HARE. (*Overlapping:*) Oh here we go with the carrots again.

MAD HATER. (*Continuous:*) And those little bottles that drip water so the little rabbits can drink from it and maybe some kinda wood chips or something to form a nice floor, but I ain't got that! I got a

club! I got the hottest club this side of those giant mushrooms out there and I don't care one whit about your stupid late rabbit problem!

MARCH HARE. *(Overlapping:)* Why's the rabbit gotta be stupid?

MAD HATER. *(Continuous:)* Maybe the rabbit's late cause he's sitting around talking to your nasty, blue-dress wearing zit-covered face!

MARCH HARE. Aw, he tol' you!

MAD HATER. So you just turn your little skinny mongoose-loving knee-sock-wearing-giant-fat-bullfrog-sounding-rat-faced-smelly self around and look somewhere else!

MARCH HARE. Woo!

(The MAD HATER stops and takes a deep breath.)

MAD HATER. Well I feel better.

MARCH HARE. You still got it.

MAD HATER. I'm sorry about that. Sometimes I just gotta let it out. What was your problem again?

ALICE. I'm looking for this rabbit with a vest.

MAD HATER. Oh that rabbit. He's probably with the Red Queen. She starts her croquet game about now. You can probably catch it if you hurry.

ALICE. Thank you. You are the first person who's actually been helpful here.

MAD HATER. Don't mention it. Hey, if you see the Red Queen... duck.

ALICE. Thanks.

(ALICE runs off.)

MOUSE. Do you guys have any cheese?

(Lights shift to follow ALICE.)

ALICE. So I ran and I ran, but I didn't know where I was running to. And just as I was about to think all hope was lost—

(The CHESHIRE CAT appears.)

CHESHIRE CAT. Meow.

ALICE. Oh! I didn't see you there!

CHESHIRE CAT. Not many people do.

ALICE. You can talk!

CHESHIRE CAT. So can you!

ALICE. Well, yes, but I'm a girl. Most girls can talk.

CHESHIRE CAT. They talk quite a bit, or so I'm told.

RED QUEEN. *(Off:)* Silence!

CHESHIRE CAT. Perhaps they shouldn't.

ALICE. Who was that?

CHESHIRE CAT. That's the Red Queen.

ALICE. That's who I'm supposed to meet!

CHESHIRE CAT. You're supposed to be meeting her? Do you have an appointment?

ALICE. No, but I'm going to kill her.

CHESHIRE CAT. Then you definitely need an appointment. Here.

(She takes out a book.)

CHESHIRE CAT. Let's see, she's free for a killing at six thirty. How's that for you?

ALICE. You're a secretary? I thought you were a cat.

CHESHIRE CAT. Just cause I'm a cat doesn't mean I can't be employed. A cat's gotta make a living, you know. Does six thirty work?

ALICE. Can we do six forty-five?

CHESHIRE CAT. I suppose. But it'll have to be a quick killing.

ALICE. Why are you smiling about that?

CHESHIRE CAT. I enjoy violence and bloodshed. I'm a cat, after all. That's what we do.

ALICE. I thought cats mostly slept.

CHESHIRE CAT. Yes, but when we're awake, we're after violence and death. You haven't seen a mouse around here, have you?

ALICE. Not recently.

CHESHIRE CAT. Darn. I was hoping to murder something before dinner. I suppose I'll go after a bird. I hate birds.

ALICE. You're really a violent animal, aren't you?

CHESHIRE CAT. Oh, quite insane as well. Pathological. If I didn't have such a lovely fur coat, no one would want anything to do with me. I can also lick my feet. Can you lick your feet?

ALICE. Yes.

CHESHIRE CAT. Wonderful. But as I was saying, I'm horribly, horribly insane. Most people around here are.

ALICE. I've noticed. But then again, most people seem insane in the real world too.

CHESHIRE CAT. Deary, this is the real world.

ALICE. No, this is a hallucination brought on by bad seafood.

CHESHIRE CAT. So you're definitely insane. It could be post-traumatic stress disorder then.

ALICE. Really? I hadn't thought of that.

CHESHIRE CAT. Maybe you were hit by a car and now you're in a coma. That would be cool.

ALICE. I don't think so.

CHESHIRE CAT. Oh I know! Mad scientists kidnapped you and performing experiments!

RED QUEEN. (*Off-stage:*) Silence!

CHESHIRE CAT. Uh-oh. Time to disappear.

(She tries to disappear.)

CHESHIRE CAT. It's not working!

(She hides behind ALICE as the RED QUEEN enters.)

RED QUEEN. Where is that blasted cat?! Who are you?

ALICE. My name is Alice.

RED QUEEN. Are you free for croquet? I could use a partner.

ALICE. I'm not really into croquet. I don't really know what it is.

RED QUEEN. I'm afraid that sort of insubordination cannot be tolerated. It will likely mean your death.

ALICE. What? I wasn't!

RED QUEEN. Cat! Cat! Get out here right now!

(The CHESHIRE CAT peeks from behind ALICE's back.)

CHESHIRE CAT. Oh. Hey.

RED QUEEN. What are you doing back there?

CHESHIRE CAT. Investigating.

RED QUEEN. Investigating what?

CHESHIRE CAT. If you must know, I, like all cats, am involved in a delicate and continuous process of self-discovery. For instance, I have recently discovered that I can lick myself in quite an extraordinary place. Would you like to see?

RED QUEEN. You are very close to having your head chopped off.

CHESHIRE CAT. Oh, in that case. Perhaps you should execute this girl instead?

ALICE. What? I thought we were friends!

CHESHIRE CAT. Cats befriend only the wind. And then only when it suits them.

RED QUEEN. Well I'm certainly going to execute someone.

CHESHIRE CAT. You are as wise as you are mean, your majesty. If I may say something, however, I noticed earlier that my litter box had not been cleaned promptly—

RED QUEEN. Harold! Get out here!

(The KING OF HEARTS enters.)

KING OF HEARTS. Yes, dear?

RED QUEEN. Our cat says you haven't cleaned her litter box recently!

KING OF HEARTS. I did it last night.

CHESHIRE CAT. He lies, your majesty! I will now pee on the furniture.

(The CHESHIRE CAT is about to leave.)

CHESHIRE CAT. Wait, I sense something. I have to be in the other room RIGHT NOW.

(She takes off running.)

RED QUEEN. We have a partnership—

KING OF HEARTS. Yes, dear.

RED QUEEN. And part of that partnership means that you are going to do whatever I say whenever I say it. Is that understood?

KING OF HEARTS. Yes, dear.

RED QUEEN. Don't look at me like that. If God wanted you to look at me, he would have made you taller.

KING OF HEARTS. Well I don't think that—

RED QUEEN. Let me explain something to you: You're my fourth husband. Do you know what happened to the other three?

KING OF HEARTS. They retired to Hawaii?

RED QUEEN. Let's just say that their heads were chopped off and stuck on poles. Now where are you going?!

ALICE. Um...I heard my Mommy.

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* You play nice with the Queen!

ALICE. Mom! She's going to execute me!

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* Well you probably deserve it!

RED QUEEN. I'm afraid you're not going anywhere. There is going to be a beheading and you must witness it!

ALICE. Why?

RED QUEEN. Because it's your beheading.

KING OF HEARTS. That was quite clever, your majesty.

RED QUEEN. If I wanted your opinion, Harold, I would tell you what it is.

KING OF HEARTS. Of course, my darling.

RED QUEEN. Stop sniveling.

KING OF HEARTS. Sniveling abating.

ALICE. Well this is ridiculous!

RED QUEEN. Exactly.

ALICE. I can't be executed without a trial!

RED QUEEN. Dear child, as you are not yet eighteen years old, I can do anything I want to you and call it your education. It's how the world works. However, since I am a fair and just Queen—

KING OF HEARTS. The fairest and the just-est—

RED QUEEN. Shut it. I will not behead you without a trial. The Trial of the Century! Everyone get out here to witness the trial!

(The MAD HATER, the MARCH HARE, the CATERPILLAR, the MOUSE, the GRYPHON, and the MOCK TURTLE NINJA enter. Finally, when they are done, the RABBIT enters.)

ALICE. Oh. The Rabbit!

RED QUEEN. *(To the RABBIT:)* Do you know this girl? And let me remind you that answering incorrectly will mean your death.

RABBIT. I've never seen her before in my life.

RED QUEEN. Off with his head!

RABBIT. Oh that girl. We go way back.

RED QUEEN. Then perhaps you can tell me what she is doing here not understanding the beauty of croquet?

RABBIT. She's hallucinating because she ate the mystery fish at lunch.

RED QUEEN. Oh, well that makes sense.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. I guess that explains me.

GRYPHON. Nothing explains you.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Don't make me use my nunchucks. Oh shoot, where are my nunchucks?

RED QUEEN. Quiet you idiots! Let's get on with the Trial of the Century!

(The assembled creatures bow suddenly with every mention of "The Trial of the Century.")

GRYPHON. Don't we do this every year?

RED QUEEN. Unfortunately, one of you is a criminal.

KING OF HEARTS. I admit it! It was her!

(He points at ALICE.)

ALICE. But I didn't do it! I'm innocent!

RED QUEEN. Innocence is no defense!

MOUSE. Perhaps I may be of some assistance.

ALICE. But you're just a little mouse, what can you do?

MOUSE. Oh I can do a lot, I assure you. Since when do we have trials where the defendant has no attorney to defend them and doesn't even know what the charges are against them?

KING OF HEARTS. He's right. This isn't very civilized.

MOUSE. If I may prepare the proper defense for my client.

RED QUEEN. For all the good it will do you. Cat!

CHESHIRE CAT. Yes, my Queen?

RED QUEEN. How would you like mouse for dinner?

CHESHIRE CAT. Well...now I have my heart set on some dry food, actually.

RED QUEEN. Mouse or nothing!

CHESHIRE CAT. Mouse sounds good.

RED QUEEN. If the mouse offends the court, he shall become food for the court's cat.

MOUSE. My Queen, I hope that my defense is not offensive.

KING OF HEARTS. The best defense is a good offense! I heard that somewhere.

MOUSE. Let us consider the nature of the crime.

ALICE. What is the crime exactly?

RED QUEEN. Quiet in the court! Bailiff, will you please read the charges for the Trial of the Century?

(Everyone bows again.)

GRYPHON. Okay. Um...

RED QUEEN. Please read it in a threatening tone, if you don't mind.

GRYPHON. The defendant is charged with one count of mediocrity.

ALICE. I don't even know what that means.

MAD HATER. It means dumb.

ALICE. I am not dumb!

MAD HATER. You didn't even know what that word meant, so you must be dumb.

GRYPHON. If I may continue, one additional count of not being terribly pretty, one additional count of being average, one addi-

tional count of not being all that athletic either, and finally, one super additional count of being rather dull. As in, not funny. As in, you.

RED QUEEN. Mad Hater, make your case.

MARCH HARE. Oooh, this is gonna be good. He's gonna hate on you like crazy now, girl. You just watch.

MAD HATER. Thank you my queen. Ladies and gentleman, think for one moment: Our land is in danger. You are all in danger. There are scary scary things out there, therefore you must listen to me unquestionably otherwise you will all die in a horrible explosion! And your children will die too!

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Not the children!

GRYPHON. We don't have kids.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. I meant in a general sense.

MAD HATER. So when you look at her think about all that fear and think, do we really need a girl like this? Do we really need a girl who...isn't that pretty?!!

GRYPHON. Ah!!!

MAD HATER. Do we need a girl who hasn't done well on standardized testing?!

CATERPILLAR. Man, I rocked standardized testing. And now look at me.

MAD HATER. In order to end the threat, we must kill her. We must kill her now. We must chop off her head and then you will be safe. But not too safe, no you will never be safe, your children will never be safe, you will have to listen to me forever.

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Not the children!

MAD HATER. Your honor, I would like to move to finish the Trial of the Century!

(Everyone bows again.)

MARCH HARE. Let's do it!

MOUSE. Wait a minute, I haven't gotten a chance to speak yet!

MAD HATER. Do we really need to hear more of the defense attorney's lies? Certainly we would never arrest someone who wasn't guilty, would we?

RED QUEEN. Well I don't think so.

MAD HATER. That would imply mistakes on our part, wouldn't it?

RED QUEEN. I don't make mistakes.

KING OF HEARTS. Please, dear, let the mouse speak.

MAD HATER. He's soft on crime! You heard him! How will he protect your children?!!

MOCK TURTLE NINJA. Not the children!

KING OF HEARTS. We used to have fair trials.

MAD HATER. But that was before the horrible, horrible threats!

RED QUEEN. Are you implying that this trial isn't fair?

ALICE. It's not fair!

RED QUEEN. You're not allowed to speak! Harold, I would have thought better of you. I would have thought you loved your Queen a little more.

KING OF HEARTS. But, I do—

RED QUEEN. Silence! Very well, little mouse, you may defend your guilty client.

MOUSE. Thank you, your majesty.

RED QUEEN. And as for you, Harold, you're clearly a wuss.

KING OF HEARTS. Yes I am. You are correct, my voluminous darling.

MOUSE. Ladies and gentlemen—

MAD HATER. Are you gonna let him call you that?! Are you?! This trial is a mockery!

MOUSE. I just thought that before we condemn and execute someone before hearing the facts—

MAD HATER. The law is not on trial here, mouse!

MOUSE. Is Alice average? I think that's the question here before us.

ALICE. I'm sorry. Is being average a crime?

(The assembled creatures react in shock and horror.)

CATERPILLAR. Dude. We're all above average.

ALICE. How can everyone be above average?!

CATERPILLAR. I don't know. I'm special.

ALICE. Well I don't mind being average. Average is normal. If there wasn't anyone who was average, then there wouldn't be anyone above average!

MAD HATER. Like me.

ALICE. And frankly, I don't think all those tests mean anything anyway. I mean look at you, Waldo—

MAD HATER. I am the Mad Hater!

ALICE. Is it above average not to be able to talk to girls? Is it above average to be such a loser that you don't have any friends except one weird freak boy from next door that doesn't understand how to take a shower?

MAD HATER. Other people hate me because I'm better than them.

ALICE. No they hate you because you're mean and weird and annoying!

MAD HATER. Aaah! It hurts.

ALICE. And so maybe I didn't do very good on a test!

GRYPHON. Didn't do very *well*.

ALICE. Shut up! That doesn't mean I don't have a future! That doesn't mean I'm not going to have a happy life! So all you guys can stuff it! I like myself and if you don't, then tough!

(Pause.)

MOUSE. She's obviously insane. That's my defense.

RED QUEEN. Off with her head!

CHESHIRE CAT. Can I eat the defense attorney now?

RED QUEEN. Yes, sweetums!

(The CHESHIRE CAT tenses up and wiggles her bottom. The MOUSE runs off and the CHESHIRE CAT chases him.)

MAD HATER. She said hurtful things to me.

MOM. *(Off-stage:)* You be nice to your brother!

RED QUEEN. Who is speaking?! This is my trial! Rabbit, chop off her head!

RABBIT. Yes, my Queen.

(The RABBIT approaches ALICE.)

MARCH HARE. I don't understand why the rabbits gotta be the killers, man.

ALICE. I thought you were a nice Rabbit.

RABBIT. Well...

KING OF HEARTS. WAIT! Stop the killing!

CATERPILLAR. Dude. What's going on?

KING OF HEARTS. This has gone on long enough. I'm average too!

(Shock and horror from the assembled animals.)

RED QUEEN. Well I never!

KING OF HEARTS. And so is the Queen!

RED QUEEN. How dare you!

KING OF HEARTS. And if I might say a little something here—

RED QUEEN. No!

(She slaps him. The KING OF HEARTS falls over.)

CATERPILLAR. Wait. What?

KING OF HEARTS. You know, what I'm tired of being pushed around—

(The RED QUEEN slaps him again. He falls over.)

KING OF HEARTS. I've had just about enough of—

(She slaps him again.)

RED QUEEN. Could someone please chop off his head! I'm getting tired here.

RABBIT. Of course.

MARCH HARE. You just do what they say, don't ya? Yes, your majesty. No, your majesty.

RABBIT. Do you have a problem with me?

MARCH HARE. I just wanna see a little bit of rabbit pride. Why don't you kill the Queen instead? Fight the power.

RABBIT. Fine.

RED QUEEN. I'm waiting!

(The RABBIT swings his executioner's axe and hits the RED QUEEN. She falls over.)

ALICE. You killed her!

RED QUEEN. Ouch.

ALICE. You hurt her real bad!

RED QUEEN. Is that thing made out of wood or something? That really hurt.

ALICE. You injured her slightly!

RABBIT. I'm outta here!

(The animals scatter, leaving ALICE alone on stage. The RED QUEEN chases after the RABBIT. Off-stage we hear:)

RABBIT. Hi ya!

RED QUEEN. Ah! You chopped off my head!

(The RED QUEEN's "head" rolls back on to the stage. ALICE picks it up.)

ALICE. Wow.

(She examines the obviously fake "head". Then she speaks to the audience.)

ALICE. We didn't have a lot of money for cool props. Imagine her head.

(The MAD HATER returns [as WALDO], carrying the chair from the classroom. ALICE sits in it. WALDO makes a sound effect to signify ALICE waking up from her dream.)

WALDO. Are you done with your detention?

ALICE. I...Toto! Auntie Em!

(She looks around.)

ALICE. Where's Miss Snodgrass?

WALDO. I don't know.

ALICE. I must've fallen asleep. Oh I've had the weirdest dream.

(MOM enters.)

MOM. Well I have to say I'm very disappointed in you, young lady. Detention. My goodness. Waldo here would never have detention.

WALDO. She's also been hallucinating.

MOM. What did I tell you about the hippies?

WALDO. You know why I wouldn't have detention? Because I'm special.

ALICE. I'm special too.

MOM. Isn't it nice to think so?

ALICE. I am just as special as him, darn it! You see, I've learned something today.

WALDO. Oh here we go. Haven't tests proved that your capacity to learn things is severely limited?

ALICE. Shut up! I learned that I'm worth something, okay? It doesn't matter what tests say or what grades say—

MOM. This is how we end up with homeless people.

ALICE. Mom, will you just listen to me?!

WALDO. Say no, Mom!

MOM. Can we talk about this at a later time when you've forgotten all about this?

ALICE. No! I learned something else too! I learned is that if you have a problem with a person, you chop off their head. So no more treating me like dirt, got it!

(ALICE picks up the executioner's axe, which is still lying around. MOM and WALDO look at the axe.)

MOM. Well, you make a good point there. With the head chopping off stuff. Fine, you know what Alice? You can have half Waldo's college savings.

ALICE. Woo hoo!

WALDO. Dang it!

ALICE. In your face, Waldo!

MOM. Let's go have some ice cream. Alice is buying.

(They exit. The CHESHIRE CAT returns, the mouse's tail sticking out of her mouth.)

CHESHIRE CAT. Hey where'd everybody go?

(ALICE returns with ice cream.)

ALICE. Oh, so that's my story. The moral: If you don't get what you want, have a strange hallucination and then threaten violence. Other people will back down in no time.

CHESHIRE CAT. That's one to grow on!

(The CHESHIRE CAT gives a thumbs up. Lights down.)

End of Play

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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