

## Murray J. Rivette

Inspired by *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and  
*Through the Looking-Glass* by Lewis Carroll

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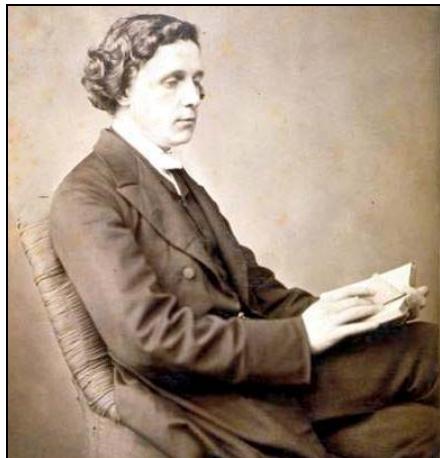
**Rapid City, SD 57709**

To  
*my beloved son,*  
Steven.

## Alice's Looking Glass

**SPOOF.** In this spoof of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, Alice enters Wonderland through a mirror her mother bought at Goodwill. In Wonderland, Alice meets a marching March Hare and a Dormouse who are on their way to the Mad Hatter's un-birthday party but have forgotten the candles. At the party, Alice has to suffer through the narcissistic Mad Hatter's bad jokes. Ditching the party, Alice meets a grumpy Cheshire Cat, who endlessly grins because he has had too many BOTOX injections. Then "twins" Tweedledee and Tweedledum argue over their prospective career paths. Finally, Alice is forced to play Go Fish! with the Queen of Hearts, who brazenly cheats at cards. Sick of Wonderland, Alice returns home, but it's not long before the residents of Wonderland stop by to hang out in Alice's bedroom. Alice manages to send them all on their way except for one who is in search of a litter box! Easy to stage.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 45-60 minutes.



Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898)

## About the Story

*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) was written by Oxford mathematician Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832-1898) under the pseudonym Lewis Carroll. While rowing a boat up the Thames River, Dodgson entertained three young sisters by telling them the story of the adventures of a bored young girl named Alice. One of the sisters, Alice Liddell, age 10, loved the story so much, she asked Dodgson to write it down for her. Three years later, Dodgson published the tale and it has been in print ever since. In 1871, Dodgson published a sequel, *Through the Looking-Glass*, which introduces new characters including Tweedledee and Tweedledum, Humpty Dumpty, and the Lion and Unicorn.

## Characters

(4 M, 3 F, 4 flexible)

**ALICE:** Ventures into Wonderland after her mother buys her a mirror from Goodwill.

**MOTHER:** Alice's mother who loves to shop at Goodwill; female.

**MARCH HARE:** Hare who likes to march; flexible.

**DORMOUSE:** Forced to attend the Mad Hatter's un-birthday tea party every day; flexible.

**MAD HATTER:** Hosts a tea party every day to celebrate his un-birthday; tells bad jokes and is a bit of a narcissist; flexible.

**CHESHIRE CAT:** Always grinning because he has had too many BOTOX injections; dislikes hurtful cat expressions and is obsessed with gumball machines; flexible.

**TWEEDLEDEE:** Wants to be a surgeon but can't stand the sight of blood; loves to argue with Tweedledum; wears a fat suit and the same outfit as Tweedledum; male.

**TWEEDLEDUM:** Wants to be an astronaut but is claustrophobic; wears a fat suit and the same outfit as Tweedledee; male.

**QUEEN OF HEARTS:** Overbearing queen who loves to play the card game Go Fish but is a horrible cheat; female.

**KING OF HEARTS:** Has a major sweet tooth; male.

**JACK OF HEARTS:** King and Queen's son accused of stealing the Queen's tarts; male.

**NOTE:** For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

## Setting

Alice's bedroom and Wonderland.

## Sets

**Alice's bedroom.** There is a small bed.

**Wonderland.** There are large rocks and a tree.

**Mad Hatter's tea party.** There is a table with two benches.

**Cheshire Cat's wall.** There is a partial wall for the Cheshire Cat to sit on.

## Synopsis of Scenes

**Scene 1:** Alice's bedroom. There is a small bed.

**Scene 2:** Wonderland. Bare stage or a backdrop may be used.

**Scene 3:** Mad Hatter's tea party. There is a table with two benches.

**Scene 4:** Wonderland. There is a partial wall large enough for the Cheshire Cat to sit on.

**Scene 5:** Wonderland. There are large rocks and a tree.

**Scene 6:** Wonderland. There are two large chairs or thrones with a small table between them and a chair for Alice.

**Scene 7:** Alice's bedroom.

## Props

Book  
Tall Mirror  
Large pocket watch, for March Hare  
Wristwatch (miniature sundial), for Mad Hatter  
Teapot  
3 Teacups  
Cake with 1 candle  
Cake knife  
2 Canes, for Tweedledee and Tweedledum  
Scepter, for Queen of Hearts  
Green eyeshadow, for Queen of Hearts  
Deck of "Go Fish" cards  
Goblet/chalice

“...a tire is a *Good*-year,  
but 364 un-birthdays  
is a *great* year!”

—Mad Hatter

## Scene 1

(AT RISE: Alice's bedroom. Alice is seated on her bed, reading a book. Her Mother enters, carrying a tall mirror and puts it down.)

MOTHER: Alice, look what I got for you! A beautiful, full-length looking-glass!

ALICE: A what?

MOTHER: A looking-glass.

ALICE: Mom, it's called a mirror, not a looking-glass.

MOTHER: Back in my day, when I was about your age, we called it a looking-glass.

ALICE: Whatever. It's nice. Where did you get it? (Crosses to mirror.)

MOTHER: I went window shopping at Goodwill.

ALICE: Did you buy any windows?

MOTHER: No, you know what I mean. Anyway, I found it there.

ALICE: (Inspecting the mirror.) Well, it's very nice, but did you notice it has a crack down here? (Points to crack in mirror.)

MOTHER: Yes, but it's in such good condition otherwise, I couldn't resist it.

ALICE: But a broken mirror? Does that mean I'll have seven years of bad luck?

MOTHER: (Correcting.) "Looking-glass."

ALICE: Whatever. So...bad luck or not?

MOTHER: No, because you didn't break it. But I guarantee that you *will* have seven years of bad luck if you don't do your household chores around here and if you don't behave yourself like a young lady should.

ALICE: No prob, Mom. You know I'll be good.

MOTHER: And that's why you're my favorite child.

ALICE: Mom, I'm your *only* child!

MOTHER: I know, I know.

ALICE: Sheesh!

MOTHER: I was only teasing you, Alice. You're a delightful young lady, and I'm proud to be your mother.

ALICE: Aw, thank you.

MOTHER: What are you doing today? Do you have any plans to go out?

ALICE: Nope. I thought I'd just curl up in bed and read.

MOTHER: All right. It's not that nice out, anyway.

ALICE: Is it going to rain?

MOTHER: No, there's no rain in the forecast...just partly cloudy.

ALICE: Oh, then I'll definitely stay in.

MOTHER: Fine. So, what book are you reading?

ALICE: It's one by Dr. Seuss. It's called "The Cat in the Hat."

MOTHER: That sounds adorable. Do you like it so far?

ALICE: Oh, yes. It has all kinds of cute characters.

MOTHER: Sounds like fun. Enjoy your book, sweetheart.

ALICE: I will, Mom, and thanks for the mirror.

MOTHER: (Correcting.) Looking-glass. (Exits.)

ALICE: Whatever. (*Climbs into bed, picks up a book, and begins to read, humming to herself. After short time, she puts the book down and crosses to the mirror. To mirror, inspecting it.*) Huh. I wonder how many crazy things you've seen. This is pretty neat...except for that little crack. Oh, well. (*As lights fade to black, she crosses to her bed and lies down.*)

## Scene 2

(AT RISE: Wonderland. Marching quickly and noisily, March Hare enters.)

MARCH HARE: (Like a lion, loudly.) Rooooaaaar! (Marching.)  
Hut, 2, 3, 4, hut, 2, 3, 4—

ALICE: Excuse me, but who are you?

MARCH HARE: (Halts.) Who am I? (Marching.) Hut, 2, 3, 4,  
hut, 2, 3, 4—

ALICE: Yes. Who are you, and how did you get in here, and what are you doing?

MARCH HARE: First, I'm the March Hare. And, second, I came in through the door. And, third, I'm marching, of course.

ALICE: Why?

MARCH HARE: Because I'm the March Hare, that's why!

ALICE: But I believe that the name "March" implies a month, not a thing...like marching.

MARCH HARE: How can you be sure?

ALICE: Well, I really can't be sure...

MARCH HARE: Aha! Then it could be marching, couldn't it?

ALICE: Well, yes...I guess...

MARCH HARE: There is no guess. There is only *do*. That's right. No guess, only *do*.

ALICE: What are you babbling on about?

MARCH HARE: What my mentor told me. No guess; only *do*.

ALICE: Oh, my! And just who is this mentor of yours?

MARCH HARE: Yoda, his name is.

ALICE: Oh, boy! Are you in the wrong story!

MARCH HARE: I am?

ALICE: Yes, this isn't "Star Wars," and there's no Yoda here.

MARCH HARE: Well, in that case, I have only one thing to say.

ALICE: What's that?

MARCH HARE: (*Like a lion, loudly.*) Rooooaaaar!

ALICE: Oh, my!

MARCH HARE: And now, if you will excuse me, I must be going.

ALICE: All right. If you must, you must.

(*March Hare starts to exit.*)

MARCH HARE: (*Like a sheep.*) Baa! Baa!

ALICE: Excuse me! What was that...“Baa-baa”?

MARCH HARE: Yeah, baa-baa. That's me coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb.

ALICE: Aha! See...it's just like the month of March.

MARCH HARE: It is?

ALICE: Yes, it is. An old saying is that March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. It's referring to the weather at that time of year.

(*Dormouse runs on.*)

DORMOUSE: (*Calls.*) Hey, rabbit! Let's go! We're late!

MARCH HARE: Late? Late for what?

DORMOUSE: The party!

MARCH HARE: Oh, right! I knew that.

ALICE: There's a party?

DORMOUSE: Yeah, the Mad Hatter's tea party.

MARCH HARE: Again, huh?

DORMOUSE: Every day, every day. You know that!

MARCH HARE: I know, I know.

ALICE: Excuse me, but I don't know.

DORMOUSE: (*To March Hare.*) Hey, who is she? (*To Alice.*) Who are you?

ALICE: Why, I'm Alice.

DORMOUSE: Well, go back to your restaurant, Alice, we can't hang around here any longer.

ALICE: Why not?  
DORMOUSE: Because we're late. I just said it a minute ago.  
We're late.  
MARCH HARE: I really don't want to go.  
ALICE: Excuse me again... (*To Dormouse.*) ...but who are you?  
DORMOUSE: Who am I? (*Shouts.*) Who am I?! That's what you're asking me? Are you talking to me? You're talking to me? Who am I?  
ALICE: Yes. That's what I'm asking. Who are you?  
DORMOUSE: (*Calms down.*) Oh, okay. I'm the Dormouse. That's who I am. But that doesn't matter. We're late...and it's a very important date.  
MARCH HARE: The Mad Hatter's tea party is *not* that important.  
DORMOUSE: Of course, it is.  
MARCH HARE: No, it isn't.  
DORMOUSE: 'Tis.  
MARCH HARE: 'Tisn't.  
DORMOUSE: 'Tis.  
MARCH HARE: 'Tisn't.  
ALICE: (*To March Hare and Dormouse, shouts.*) Please stop arguing!  
MARCH HARE: Sorry.  
DORMOUSE: (*To Alice.*) Yeah, me too.  
ALICE: Now, Dormouse, why is this tea party so important?  
DORMOUSE: Because it's the Mad Hatter's un-birthday.  
ALICE: His what?  
DORMOUSE: His un-birthday.  
ALICE: I don't quite understand. What's an un-birthday?  
MARCH HARE: His un-birthday is a day that's *not* his birthday.  
ALICE: And you're having a party for that?  
DORMOUSE: (*As if having a heart attack.*) Oh! My! Yes, of course! It's important!  
ALICE: Again, I don't understand.

MARCH HARE: It's very simple, Alice. The Mad Hatter is a narcissistic egotist, and he celebrates his un-birthday instead of his birthday.

ALICE: But why?

DORMOUSE: Because if he celebrated his birthday, there would be only one tea party a year. But by celebrating his *un*-birthday, we can have a tea party 364 days a year!

MARCH HARE: Don't forget Leap Year.

DORMOUSE: Right! Make that 365!

ALICE: This is all very confusing.

DORMOUSE: It takes some time to get used to it, so you're not alone.

ALICE: Well, I'm glad to hear that.

MARCH HARE: What did you get him for this un-birthday, Dormouse?

DORMOUSE: Nothing.

MARCH HARE: Nothing?

DORMOUSE: Yup.

MARCH HARE: Not one thing?

DORMOUSE: Nope, not one darn thing.

MARCH HARE: Because of last week?

DORMOUSE: That's right.

ALICE: What happened last week?

MARCH HARE: He got the Hatter tickets to see "Hamilton" on Broadway.

ALICE: Oh, my! Those tickets are very hard to get.

DORMOUSE: They sure are.

MARCH HARE: But you ruined the whole thing with your spoiler alert!

DORMOUSE: I know. Sorry about that.

ALICE: (*To March Hare.*) What did he do?

MARCH HARE: He told the Hatter that Aaron Burr kills Alexander Hamilton in a duel, that's what he did.

ALICE: That's the spoiler alert?

DORMOUSE: Yep. That's what it was.

ALICE: But that happens to be history. Every schoolchild who has been in an American History class would know that.

DORMOUSE/MARCH HARE: (*Shocked.*) Really?

ALICE: Yes, really.

DORMOUSE: How about that!

MARCH HARE: (*To Alice.*) Well, then there was also the remark about the candles on the cake. There were candles all over the top of the cake. (*To Dormouse.*) I don't know why you did that.

DORMOUSE: Because it's too hard to put candles on the bottom of the cake!

ALICE: That's very true. But what was his remark?

MARCH HARE: He said that so many candles on a cake could be a fire hazard.

ALICE: Oooh, that's kind of hurtful.

DORMOUSE: Maybe so, but it's true!

MARCH HARE: That may be, but it wasn't necessary to call attention to the large number.

DORMOUSE: I guess not. Sorry.

MARCH HARE: There are so many candles on the Hatter's cake now, I'm going to my tailor's next week to have a suit made of fire retardant material.

DORMOUSE: And I think I'll buy some stock in the [Pottery Barn], where we get all those candles. [*Or insert another company that sells candles.*]

(*March Hare takes a large watch out of his pocket and checks it.*)

MARCH HARE: Well, I guess we'd better get going. We are a little late. Let's go.

ALICE: Excuse me, but am I going, too?

DORMOUSE: Of course, you're going! You can be the guest of honor!

ALICE: I can?

MARCH HARE: Sure, why not? Let's hurry!

(As lights fade to black, they rush off.)

### Scene 3

(AT RISE: Wonderland, the Mad Hatter's tea party. There is a table and two benches. A cake, a teapot, and three cups are on the table. The cake has one candle stuck in it. The Mad Hatter is seated on a bench. He looks up at the sun and checks his sundial wristwatch.)

MAD HATTER: Well, they're late, as usual. But being a little late is quite fashionable, so I can forgive them. (*March Hare, Dormouse, and Alice rush on.*) Ah! There you are!

MARCH HARE: Sorry we're late, Hatter, but we've brought a friend.

DORMOUSE: (*To Mad Hatter.*) Yeah, sorry! (*Introducing Alice.*) And here's our new friend.

MAD HATTER: Ah! How nice! I'm always up for meeting new friends. Hello, and what is your name, young lady?

ALICE: My name is Alice, and a very happy un-birthday to you, sir!

MAD HATTER: Oh, thank you...but not "sir." Just call me "Hatter." No need for formalities. Tell me, Alice, do you like riddles?

ALICE: Yes...I guess so.

MAD HATTER: Then tell me, why do so many fish swim in saltwater?

ALICE: (*Thinks.*) Hmm. (*Pause.*) I don't know. Why?

MAD HATTER: Because pepper makes them sneeze!

(All laugh.)

ALICE: That's adorable!

MAD HATTER: Okay, here's one more for you: Do you know the difference between a tire and 364 un-birthdays?

ALICE: No, I'm afraid not.

MAD HATTER: Well, a tire is a *Good-year*, but 364 un-birthdays is a *great* year!  
(All laugh.)

ALICE: Now, that's funny. That's a joke, right?

MAD HATTER: Of course, it was a joke! It certainly wasn't the Gettysburg Address.

DORMOUSE: Gettysburg Address? What's that?

MAD HATTER: That was something from a long time ago, and it was written by a great president.

MARCH HARE: Are you talking about Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

MAD HATTER: Yes, I am.

DORMOUSE: Hey, I thought Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was 63 Garden Street, right near the theater district.

MAD HATTER: Don't be ridiculous. Lincoln never lived in Gettysburg.

DORMOUSE: Oh, really? Then why did he have an address there?

MARCH HARE: He lived in Washington, D.C., the capital of the United States. The word "address" refers to him speaking to his audience.

DORMOUSE: Boy, he must have been a really important guy.

MAD HATTER: Oh, yes! Actually, he was our 16th president.

DORMOUSE: Yep, that's an important job.

MARCH HARE/MAD HATTER: Yes!

MARCH HARE: So...what's in store for us today, Hatter? What's on the menu?

MAD HATTER: Always worrying about food, aren't you?

MARCH HARE: Well, yesterday we had subs, and I was hoping for something a little more in keeping with the celebration today.

ALICE: Excuse me, but what's a "sub"?

MAD HATTER: Same as a "grinder" or a "wedge" –

MARCH HARE: Some even call them "heroes," "hoagies," "torpedoes" –

DORMOUSE: When I was just a kid, we called them "po' boys"!

ALICE: You mean it's just a big sandwich?

MAD HATTER/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: Right!

ALICE: Oh. (*To March Hare.*) Well, at least you have a cake, so that's nice.

MARCH HARE: I didn't like my sub at all yesterday. Did you get something different than our regular sub, Hatter?

MAD HATTER: To tell the truth, yesterday I had the shop make them with diet Swiss cheese instead of the regular Swiss cheese.

ALICE: What's the difference between regular Swiss cheese and diet Swiss cheese?

MAD HATTER: The diet Swiss cheese has bigger holes!

ALICE/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: Ahhh!

MARCH HARE: (*To Mad Hatter.*) So where's the food?

MAD HATTER: The caterer hasn't arrived yet.

DORMOUSE: (*Excited.*) Caterer? Ooooh, what did you get for today?! I was hoping for pizza!

MAD HATTER: Sorry. I ordered Chinese food for today. I felt very magnanimous!

ALICE/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: What?

MAD HATTER: That means I decided to get something special today to make up for the subs from yesterday. It means I went really big!

ALICE/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: Ahhhh.

MARCH HARE: Well, since the food's not here yet, why don't we start with the cake and then have the entrée when it arrives?

MAD HATTER/ALICE/DORMOUSE: All right!

MAD HATTER: All right, where are the candles? I put this one on the cake just for show.

DORMOUSE: Uh, I guess I was supposed to bring them, but I didn't get them.

MARCH HARE: Why not?

DORMOUSE: Well...I was going to the mall, but I never got there.

MARCH HARE: Why not?

DORMOUSE: In the words of San Andreas, "It's not my fault."

MAD HATTER: What do you mean, "Not your fault"?

DORMOUSE: I was out of gas, so I couldn't drive.

MARCH HARE: You don't have a car!

DORMOUSE: A minor technicality. The bottom line is...I didn't get the candles.

MAD HATTER: Now I can't make my un-birthday wish. And I had a real doozy for today.

ALICE: What was your wish?

MAD HATTER: My un-birthday wish for today was that I would live forever.

ALICE: That's a great wish.

MAD HATTER: And...so far, so good. I've lived all my life right up until today.

DORMOUSE: So even if I *did* have gas...or a car...your wish wouldn't have come true anyway 'cause it's an *un*-birthday wish.

ALICE: What's the difference between a birthday wish and an un-birthday wish?

MAD HATTER: An un-birthday wish comes true if you *don't* blow out all the candles.

ALICE: Aha.

MARCH HARE: But because it's pretty early in the year, the chances of the Hatter blowing out *all* the candles is excellent. There's only a couple hundred of them, and they're usually all bunched together.

DORMOUSE: (*To Mad Hatter.*) So even if I had gotten the candles, the wish wouldn't have come true?

MAD HATTER: True.

DORMOUSE: Okay, then. Now I don't feel so bad about not getting the candles.

MAD HATTER: You are forgiven...this time.

DORMOUSE: Thank you.  
MAD HATTER: Okay, then, let's have some cake and tea.  
(Starts to pour tea.) Uh-oh!  
ALICE/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: What?  
MAD HATTER: I've only got three cups, and there are four of us.  
ALICE: Oh, that's okay, I wasn't planning on staying.  
Something tells me that I've got other things to do.  
MARCH HARE: Really?  
ALICE: Yeah, woman's intuition, I guess. So I'll be going now. It was a pleasure to meet all of you. And, Hatter...?  
MAD HATTER: Yes?  
ALICE: Have a wonderful *un*-birthday, and many more to come.  
MAD HATTER: Thank you, Alice. And it was a pleasure meeting you as well.  
MARCH HARE: (To Alice.) Likewise.  
DORMOUSE: (To Alice.) Same goes for me, too.  
MAD HATTER: Alice, you are a lovely young lady, and you are welcome back anytime. So...how about you two? Are you guys coming back tomorrow? Dormouse? Hare?  
MARCH HARE: Do you want me to come back?

(For the following, Alice and Dormouse look at the Mad Hatter and March Hare as they speak, like watching a table tennis match.)

MAD HATTER: Why do you always answer my question with a question?  
MARCH HARE: Are you saying that I do?  
MAD HATTER: Are you saying that you don't?  
MARCH HARE: Why are you even asking?  
MAD HATTER: Why aren't you answering the question I'm asking you?  
MARCH HARE: Are you saying that I'm avoiding it?  
MAD HATTER: Are you saying that you're not avoiding it?

MARCH HARE: Did you just say that I was avoiding answering you?  
MAD HATTER: Don't you think you are?  
MARCH HARE: Why would you say that?  
MAD HATTER: What are you saying?  
MARCH HARE: What do you mean, "What am I saying"?  
MAD HATTER: Look, all I'm saying is... (*Shouts.*) ...never mind!  
DORMOUSE: (*To Mad Hatter and March Hare.*) Hey, can I ask you guys a question?  
MAD HATTER/MARCH HARE: (*Shout.*) No!  
ALICE: And on that note, I am out of here. Enough is enough! Goodbye! (*Exits.*)  
MAD HATTER/MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: Bye!

(*Pause.*)

MAD HATTER: (*To March Hare.*) Now, that was rude.  
MARCH HARE: You think so?  
MAD HATTER: Don't you?  
MARCH HARE: Do *you* think so?  
MAD HATTER: Why would you say that?  
MARCH HARE: Are you asking me?  
MAD HATTER: Is there anyone else here?  
DORMOUSE: Hey! I'm still here!  
MAD HATTER: Fine. In the words of the famous Queen Marie Antoinette, "Let us eat cake!"  
MARCH HARE: I don't think that's exactly what she said. It was, "Let *them* eat cake." She was referring to the French peasants.  
MAD HATTER: Do you want cake or not?  
MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: Yes!  
MAD HATTER: Then let *us* eat cake!  
MARCH HARE/DORMOUSE: Right!

(As lights fade to black, they all begin to eat cake.)

## Scene 4

(AT RISE: Wonderland. The Cheshire Cat is sitting on a wall. Alice approaches the Cat, who is grinning widely.)

ALICE: (To herself) Oh, my! Look at that! Why, it's a cat! Hello, there, kitty cat. (Cheshire Cat doesn't respond. Louder.) I said, "Hello, there." (Cheshire Cat doesn't respond.) Huh. (To audience.) Well, I'm trying to be polite, but I don't think this cat really cares about politeness. Not even a simple meow! (To Cheshire Cat.) What's the matter, cat got your tongue?

CHESHIRE CAT: Hey!

ALICE: Aha! I finally got something out of you. But I am very surprised. I didn't know that cats could talk.

CHESHIRE CAT: (Speaks slowly with a slight southern drawl.) Yes, but we just don't care to say anything to others. We prefer to remain aloof and independent.

ALICE: Well, at least I got a "hey."

CHESHIRE CAT: And that's all you're going to get, too.

ALICE: Well, that's a very rude thing to say, especially for a cat that is doing nothing but sitting on a wall!

CHESHIRE CAT: You want to know why I sit up here on this wall all day long, huh? Ask me, just ask me. Go ahead, ask me!

ALICE: All right. Why do you sit up on that wall all day long?

CHESHIRE CAT: Don't ask.

ALICE: But...you said—

CHESHIRE CAT: Never mind what I said. Do you always do what other people ask you to do?

ALICE: Well...no, I—

CHESHIRE CAT: Of course not! If you did what others asked you to do all the time, you'd never have the time to do what you want to do!

ALICE: Yes, I suppose that's true.  
CHESHIRE CAT: Suppose? You *suppose*?  
ALICE: Yes, I—  
CHESHIRE CAT: (*Shouts.*) There is no *suppose!* There is either...yes or no! There is no *suppose!*  
ALICE: Sorry.  
CHESHIRE CAT: Sorry doesn't fix the gumball machine!  
ALICE: What?  
CHESHIRE CAT: Never mind.  
ALICE: But you said something about a gumball machine.  
CHESHIRE CAT: Yes, I did.  
ALICE: What does a gumball machine have to do with anything?  
CHESHIRE CAT: Well, if *you* don't know, I'm certainly not going to tell you.  
ALICE: All right, if you say so. But please tell me why you are so rude to me. Why? Have I done something wrong?  
CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, all right. No, you've done nothing wrong. But the rest of the world has.  
ALICE: Oh? And why is that?  
CHESHIRE CAT: I am a Cheshire cat, which means I was named after a tiny little county in the great country of Great Britain.  
ALICE: What's wrong with that?  
CHESHIRE CAT: What's wrong? What's wrong with that, you ask?  
ALICE: Yes. I see nothing wrong with that. So...what's wrong with it?  
CHESHIRE CAT: You had to ask, huh? Well, it just so happens that almost every other living creature is named for a family member, a loved one, someone like that. I am named for a non-entity...a tiny little county.  
ALICE: But the county of Cheshire is a lovely place.  
CHESHIRE CAT: (*Surprised.*) It is?  
ALICE: Oh, yes.  
CHESHIRE CAT: (*Interested.*) Have you been there?

ALICE: No, I haven't actually been there, but I've seen lots of pictures in books, and it is lovely...very picturesque and quaint.

CHESHIRE CAT: I see. Well, what about all those other expressions meant to put us down?

ALICE: Other expressions? Like what?

CHESHIRE CAT: Like the one you just used: "Cat got your tongue?" or "nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs." "The cat's in the cradle." Even a torture device called a "cat 'o nine tails." "Who let the cat out of the bag?" I'd like to know who put the cat *in* the bag in the first place! That's an awful thing to do!

ALICE: Yes, but those are only expressions.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, wait! I'm not finished yet. How about "Curiosity killed the cat" or "This place is so small that there's no room to swing a cat by its tail." Ugh!

ALICE: I hadn't heard that one.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, it's out there. And how about a "cat burglar," a "copycat," a "scaredy-cat," a "cat on a hot tin roof," "There's more than one way to skin a cat," and cats having nine lives! Bunk...stuff like that! Anything to discredit the entire feline species!

ALICE: But, like I said, those are all simply expressions.

CHESHIRE CAT: And they're very hurtful. Tell me, why aren't there any expressions like that for dogs? There's "puppy love" and "How much is that doggie in the window?" Sounds like someone wants to buy a dog! And there's, "I've got to see a man about a dog."

ALICE: (*Correcting.*) Horse.

CHESHIRE CAT: What?

ALICE: The saying is, "I've got to see a man about a horse," not a dog.

CHESHIRE CAT: Whatever. But all the others are correct, right?

ALICE: Yes, that's true, but there's also "the hair of the dog that bit you," "dog eat dog," and "it's raining cats *and* dogs."

And I remember one my mother used to say, "Let sleeping dogs lie."

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, sure! Let sleeping dogs lie! We wouldn't want to disturb them from their "cat nap"!

ALICE: But those expressions are really not meant to put you down.

CHESHIRE CAT: They're not?

ALICE: Of course not. They're meant to show love for all cats.

CHESHIRE CAT: They are?

ALICE: Oh, yes. Why, did you know that there are more cats that are pets than there are dogs? There are millions of dog lovers in this world, but the cats outnumber them when it comes to people choosing a pet. And one of the best compliments you can give a person is to say that they are the "cat's meow."

CHESHIRE CAT: I did not know that.

ALICE: And not only that, cats are so loved that they've even made a Broadway musical about them.

CHESHIRE CAT: No kidding?

ALICE: Nope.

CHESHIRE CAT: What's it called?

ALICE: "Cats."

CHESHIRE CAT: Yes, I know, but what's it called?

ALICE: "Cats"!

CHESHIRE CAT: I know, but what's the name?

ALICE: Hey, that *is* the name of the show..."Cats."

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh. Sorry, I didn't get it at first. Seems as though not much thought went into naming the show. "Cats"? Just..."Cats"?

ALICE: That's it.

CHESHIRE CAT: Huh. I would have thought, for instance, "SpongeCat SquarePants" or "How to Succeed in Business with Cats," or even "Fiddler on a Roof with Cats."

ALICE: They took the easy way out.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh. Okay, I guess that's all right. How do you like that? We're popular and we have a musical named for us.

ALICE: And I'm reading a wonderful book called "The Cat in the Hat."

CHESHIRE CAT: How do you like that? We are *loved!*

ALICE: Don't get a swelled head about it.

CHESHIRE CAT: No, no! I won't. And thank you for telling me these things. I was never aware of them before. Say, what's your name?

ALICE: Alice.

CHESHIRE CAT: That's a lovely name..."Alice." Thank you again.

ALICE: Tell me, why are you always grinning like that?

CHESHIRE CAT: I really can't help it...BOTOX.

ALICE: Ah. Sorry about that.

CHESHIRE CAT: So am I. I think I looked better before.

ALICE: Don't knock it. You are very handsome.

CHESHIRE CAT: You flatterer.

[END OF FREEVIEW]