know I shall! (*All this while the* GUARD *is looking at her, first through a telescope, then an opera glass, then a reading glass.*)

GUARD

You're traveling the wrong way. (*He exits left.*)

GENTLEMAN DRESSED IN WHITE PAPER

So young a child ought to know which way she's going, even if she doesn't know her own name!

GOAT

She ought to know her way to the ticket office, even if she doesn't know her alphabet.

BEETLE'S VOICE

She'll have to go back from here as luggage!

HOARSE VOICE

Change engines. (*Shrill scream of* TRAIN WHISTLE. ALICE *jumps up in alarm.*)

GENTLEMAN DRESSED IN WHITE PAPER

It's only a brook we have to jump over.

ALICE

However, it'll take us into the Fourth Square, that's some comfort. (*BLACKOUT.*)

START

SCENE 3

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

(† 38, 39, 40 and 41. * 14)

LIGHTS up. ALICE *finds herself in the presence of* TWO FAT LITTLE MEN. *They are standing under a tree, each with an arm about the other's neck. One of them has "* DUM *" embroidered on his collar, and the other "* DEE.*"*

ALICE

I suppose they've each got Tweedle round at the back of the collar. (*She starts around to see.*)

TWEEDLEDUM

If you think we're wax-works, you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works aren't made to be looked at for nothing—nohow!

TWEEDLEDEE

Contrariwise. If you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

ALICE

I'm sure I'm very sorry.

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 this wood. It's getting dark. Would you tell me, please? (TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE *only look at each other and grin.*) They look so exactly like a couple of schoolboys! (*She points at* TWEEDLEDUM, *like a school teacher.*) First boy!

TWEEDLEDUM

Nohow.

ALICE

Next boy!

TWEEDLEDEE

Contrariwise.

ALICE

Would you tell me, please . . .

TWEEDLEDEE

You like poetry?

ALICE

Ye-es, pretty well . . . some poetry . . .

TWEEDLEDEE

What shall we repeat to her?

TWEEDLEDUM (*hugging his brother affectionately*)

"The Walrus and the Carpenter." That's longest.

ALICE

If it's very long, would you tell me, please, which road . . . (TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE *move down left in neat glides, still with their arms around*

each other's necks, and take position for song. [* *14a.*] ALICE *sits, down right.*)

TWEEDLEDUM

The sun was shining on the sea,

TWEEDLEDEE

Shining with all his might:

TWEEDLEDUM

He did his very best to make

TWEEDLEDEE

The billows smooth and bright . . .

TWEEDLEDUM

And this was odd,

TWEEDLEDEE

Because it was

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE

The middle of the night.

TWEEDLEDEE

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:

TWEEDLEDUM

"If this were only cleared away,"

TWEEDLEDEE

They said,

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE
"It would be grand!"

TWEEDLEDUM
"O, Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;

TWEEDLEDEE
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head . . .
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

TWEEDLEDUM
But four young oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat . . .
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more . . .

All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

TWEEDLEDEE
The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes . . . and ships . . . and sealing-wax . . .
Of cabbages . . . and kings . . .

TWEEDLEDUM
And why the sea is boiling hot . . .
And whether pigs have wings.

TWEEDLEDEE
A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
Is what we chiefly need:

TWEEDLEDUM
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed. . . .

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

TWEEDLEDUM
"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,

Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"

TWEEDLEDEE
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

TWEEDLEDUM
"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"

TWEEDLEDEE
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathize."

TWEEDLEDUM
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE
"O, Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"

TWEEDLEDEE
But answer came there none . . .

TWEEDLEDUM
But answer came there none . . .

TWEEDLEDUM and TWEEDLEDEE
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

(TWEEDLEDUM *and* TWEEDLEDEE *return, with neat glides center, and* ALICE *rises to join them.*) (* *14b.*)

ALICE
I like the Walrus best, because you see he was a *little* sorry for the poor oysters.

TWEEDLEDEE
He ate more than the Carpenter though. You see he held his handkerchief in front so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took: contrariwise.

ALICE
That was mean! Then I like the Carpenter best . . . if he didn't eat so many as the Walrus.

TWEEDLEDUM
But he ate as many as he could get.

ALICE
Well! They were *both* very unpleasant characters. At any rate I'd better be getting out of this wood, for really it's coming on very dark. Do you think it's going to rain? (TWEEDLEDEE *picks up an enormous umbrella that lies behind him on the floor.*)

TWEEDLEDEE
No, I don't think it is: at least not under *here*. Nohow.

ALICE
But it may rain outside?

TWEEDLEDEE
It may if it chooses: we've no objection. Contrariwise. (*They exit right.*)

ALICE
Selfish things!

END

SCENE 4

The White Queen

(† 42. * 15)

A shawl is blown in by the wind from left. (* *15a.*)

ALICE
Here's somebody's shawl being blown off. I'm glad I happened to be in the way. (*The* WHITE QUEEN *is blown in.* [* *15b.*] *Helpless, frightened, with her arms outstretched wildly, she goes from left to right, and back, left again, where she finally settles repeating in a whisper to herself:*)

WHITE QUEEN
Bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter.

ALICE (*timidly*)
Am I addressing the White Queen?

WHITE QUEEN
Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing. It isn't my notion of the thing at all.

ALICE
If Your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can.

WHITE QUEEN (*with a groan*)
But I don't want it done at all. I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours.

ALICE (*aside*)
Every single thing's crooked and she is all over pins. (*To the* WHITE QUEEN.) May I put your shawl straight for you?

WHITE QUEEN (*in a melancholy voice*)
I don't know what's the matter with it. It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!

ALICE
It *can't* go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side, and dear me, what a state your hair is in.

WHITE QUEEN (*with a sigh*)
The brush has got entangled in it and I lost the comb yesterday.

ALICE (*carefully releasing the brush and altering some of the pins*)
Come, you look rather better now, but really you should have a lady's maid.