



Scripts.com

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

By Lewis Carroll

Alice in Wonderland

How do you get to Wonderland

Over the hill or under land

Or just behind the tree

When clouds go rolling by

They roll away and leave the sky

Where is the land beyond the eye

That people cannot see

Where can it be

Where do stars go

Where is the grass that blooms

They must be somewhere

In a sunny afternoon

Alice in Wonderland

Where is the path to Wonderland

Over the hill or here or there

I wonder

Where

"...for if he does|and had been of late...

"much accustomed to|usurpation and conquest.

"Edwin and Morcar, the earls|of Mercia and Northumbria,
declared for him,|and even Stigand--"

- Alice.|- Hmm?

- Oh, I'm listening.|- "And even Stigand,

"the Archbishop of Canterbury,|agreed to meet with William...
and offer him the Crown."

"William's conduct|at first was model--"

Alice. Will you kindly|pay attention to your history lesson?

I'm sorry, but how can one|possibly pay attention...

to a book with|no pictures in it?

My dear child,

there are a great many good books|in this world without pictures.

In this world, perhaps,|but in my world,

the books would be|nothing but pictures.

Your world? Huh!|What nonsense.

- Now, once more.|- Nonsense?

- From the beginning.|- That's it, Dinah.

If I had a world of my own,|everything would be nonsense.

Nothing would be|what it is,

because everything would be|what it isn't,

and contrariwise,|what it is, it wouldn't be.

And what it wouldn't be,|it would.

You see?

In my world, you|wouldn't say "meow."

You'd say,|"Yes, Miss Alice."
Oh, but you would. You'd be|just like people, Dinah.
And all the other|animals too.
Why, in my world:
Cats and rabbits
Would reside in|fancy little houses
And be dressed in shoes|and hats and trousers
In a world|of my own
All the flowers
Would have very|extra-special powers
They would sit|and talk to me
For hours|when I'm lonely
In a world|of my own
There'd be new birds
Lots of nice and friendly|how-de-do birds
Everyone would have|a dozen bluebirds
Within that world
Of my own
I could listen
To a babbling brook
And hear a song that|I could understand
I keep wishing
It could be that way
Because my world would be
A wonderland
Oh, Dinah. It's just a rabbit|with a waistcoat-- and a watch!
Oh, my fur and whiskers!|I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!
Now this is curious. What could|a rabbit possibly be late for?
- Please, sir!|- I'm late, I'm late
For a very important date|No time to say hello, Goodbye
- I'm late, I'm late, I'm late|- It must be awfully important.
Like a party or something.|Mr Rabbit! Wait!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.|I'm overdue.
I'm really in a stew|No time to say goodbye, Hello|I'm late, I'm late, I'm
late
My. What a peculiar place|to have a party.
You know, Dinah,|we really shouldn't...
um! be doing this.
After all, we|haven't been invited,
and curiosity often|leads to trouble.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Goodbye, Dinah.|Goodbye!
Oh.
Well, after this, I shall|think nothing of fall--

Oh. Of falling down stairs.

Oh!

Ahh.

Whoa!

Goodness. What if I|should fall right through...

the centre of the earth--

Oh! And come out|the other side...

where people walk|upside down?

Oh, but that's silly.|Nobody-- Oh!

Oh, Mr Rabbit! Wait!

Please!

Curiouser and curiouser!

- Ohh!|- Oh! Oh, I beg your pardon.

Whew. Ha. It's quite all right,|but you did give me quite a turn.

- You see, I was following--|- Rather good, what? Doorknob? Turn?

- Please, sir.|- Swell, huh?

One good turn deserves another.|What can I do for you?

Well, I'm looking for a white rabbit,|so, um, if you don't mind--

Eh? Oh!

- There he is! I simply|must get through.|- Sorry. You're much too big.

- Simple impassable.|- You mean impossible.

No, impassable.|Nothing's impossible.

- Why don't you try|the bottle on the table?|- Table? Oh!

Read the directions and directly you'll|be directed in the right direction.

"Drink me."

Hmm. Better look first,|for if one drinks much...

from a bottle|marked "poison,"

it's almost certain to disagree|with one sooner or later.

- Beg your pardon?|- I was just giving myself|some good advice.

But-- Mmm.

Tastes like, uh,|cherry tart.

Custard, pineapple,|roast turkey. Goodness!

- What did I do?|- Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho.

You almost went out|like a candle.

But look!|I'm just the right size.

Oh, no use.

I forgot to tell you.

I'm locked!

Oh, no!

Uh, but of course, uh,|you've got the key, so--

- What key?|- Now don't tell me|you've left it up there.

Oh, dear.

- Whatever will I do?|- Try the box, naturally.

Oh!

"Eat me." All right, |but goodness knows what this will do.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, |whoa, oh!
What did you say?
I said, "A little of that |went a long way."
Well, I don't think |it's so funny.
Now-- Now I shall |n-never get home!
Oh, come, come, now. |Crying won't help.
I know, but I-I--
I just can't-- |I can't stop!
Come! Oh! Say, |this won't do.
It won't do at all.
You! You up there! |Stop!
I say! Oh, look!
The bottle. The bottle!
Oh, dear. I do wish |I hadn't cried so much.
Oh, a sailor's life |is the life for me
How I love to sail |on the bounding sea
And I never, never, ever |do a thing about the weather
For the weather never, ever |does a thing for me
Oh, a sailor's life |is the life for me
Tiddlee um pom pom |Deedle dum dum dee
And I never, ev-- |Ahoy!
And other nautical expressions! |Land ho, by Jove!
- Where away, Dodo? | - Dodo?
Three points to starboard. |Pull away, me hearties.
Have you in port |in no time at all.
- Oh, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of sea | - Uh, Mr Dodo! Please!
- We'll all fish fry as we sail the sea | - Please help me!
Um, uh, uh, pardon me, |but, uh,
would you mind |helping me, please?
Yoo-hoo. Yoo-hoo!
Help me. Please! |Won't you--
Help me!
Forward, backward, inward |outward, Come and join the chase
Nothing could be drier |than a jolly caucus race
Backward, forward, outward |inward, bottom to the top
Never a beginning |There can never be a stop
Hopping, skipping Hopping, skipping |Fancy-free and gay
That's all they did tomorrow |but you finished yesterday
Round and round and round |we go until forevermore
Once we were behind |but now we find we are be--
Forward, backward, inward |outward, Come and join the chase
Nothing could be drier |than a jolly caucus race
Ah, backward-- I say! |You'll never get dry that way.

- Get dry?|- Have to run with the others.
First rule of|a caucus race, you know.
But how can I--
That's better. Have you|dry in no time now.
No one can ever|get dry this way.
Nonsense! Why, I'm|as dry as a bone already.
- Yes, but--|- All right, chaps. Hip-hep now.
Look lively.
The White Rabbit.|Mr Rabbit. M-Mr Rabbit--
- Oh, my goodness! I'm late. I'm late.|- Oh-oh, don't go away.
- I'll be right back.|- I'm late, I'm late.
- I'm late, I'm late.|- Don't step on the fish!|Uh, w-w-watch it there.
Stop kicking that mackerel.|Brilliant! Jolly well--
Mr Rabbit.|Oh, Mr Rabbit.
Oh, dear, I'm sure|he came this way.
Do you suppose|he could be hiding?
Hmm.
Not here.
I wonder.
No, I suppose|he must've--
Oh! Why, what peculiar|little figures.
Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum.
If you think we're waxworks,|you ought to pay, you know.
Contrary to wax, if you think|we're alive, you ought to speak to us.
- That's logic.|- Well, it's been nice meeting you.
Goodbye.
You're beginning backwards.
Aye, the first thing|in a visit is to say:
How do you do and shake hands|Shake hands, shake hands
How do you do and shake hands|and state your name and business
- That's manners.|- Really?
Well, my name is Alice, and I'm|following a white rabbit, so--
-No, you can't go yet.|-No, the visit has just started.
- I'm very sorry.|- Would you like to play hide-and-seeK?
- Or "Button, button,|who's got the button"?|- No, thank you.
If you stay long enough,|we might have a battle.
That's very kind of you,|but I must be going.
- Why?|- Because I'm following a white rabbit.
- Why?|- Well, I-I'm curious to know|where he's going.
Oh, she's curious.
The oysters were curious,|too, weren't they?
Aye, and you remember|what happened to them.
- Poor things.|- Poor things.
Why? What did happen|to the oysters?

- Oh, you wouldn't be interested.|- Oh, but I am.

No, no, you're in|much too much of a hurry.

- Well, perhaps I could|spare a little time.|- You could?

Well!

"The Walrus|and the Carpenter."

Or "The Story of|the Curious Oysters."

The sun was shining on the sea|Shining with all its might

He did his very best to make|the billows smooth and bright

And this was odd|because it was

The middle of the night

The walrus|and the carpenter

Were walking close at hand

The beach was wide|from side to side

But much too full of sand

Mr Walrus|said the carpenter

My brain begins to perk

We'll sweep this clear|in half a year

If you don't mind the work

Work!

- Th-The time has come|- The walrus said

To talk of other things:|Of shoes and ships and sealing wax

And cabbages and kings

And why the sea is boiling hot|and whether pigs have wings

Calloo, callay|No work today

We're cabbages and kings

Oh, uh, oysters, come out|and walk with us.

The day is warm and bright.

A pleasant walk,|a pleasant talk,

would be a sheer delight.

Yes, and should we|get hungry on the way,

we'll stop and, uh,|have a bite.

But Mother Oyster|winked her eye

And shook her heavy head

She knew too well|this was no time

To leave her oyster bed

The sea is nice|Take my advice

- And stay right here|- Mum said

Yes, yes, of course, of course,|but, uh, ha-ha!

The time has come|my little friends

To talk of other things

Of shoes and ships and sealing|wax, of cabbages and kings

And why the sea is boiling hot|and, uh, whether pigs have wings

Calloo, callay|Come run away

With cabbages and kings

Well, now, uh, |let me see.

Ah! A loaf of bread |is what we chiefly need.

Listen, how 'bout some pepper |and salt and vinegar, eh?

Well, yes, yes. Splendid idea. |Ha-ha. Very good indeed.

Now, if you're ready,

oysters, dear,

we can begin the feed.

- Feed? | - Oh, yes. Uh--

The time has come my little friends |to talk of food and things

Of peppercorns and mustard seed |and other seasonings

We'll mix 'em all together |in a sauce that's fit for kings

Calloo, callay |We'll eat today

Like cabbages and kings

I, uh-- I-I weep for you.

I-- Oh, excuse me. |I deeply sympathize.

For I've enjoyed |your company...

oh, much more |than you realize.

Little oysters. |Little oysters.

But answer there came none

And this was scarcely |odd because

They'd been eaten, every one

Well, uh--

The time has come!

With cabbages

And kings

- The end. | - That was a very sad story.

Aye, and there's |a moral to it.

Oh, yes, a very good moral, |if you happen to be an oyster.

- Well, it's been a very nice visit-- | - Another recitation.

- I'm sorry, but-- | - Entitled "Father William."

- But really, I'm-- | - First verse.

You are old, Father William |the young man said

And your hair |has become very white

And yet you incessantly |stand on your head

Do you think at your age |it is right, it's right

Do you think at your age |it is right

Well, in me youth Father William |replied to his son

I'd do it again |and again and again

And I've done it again |and again and again

I wonder who lives here.

Mary Ann! Oh, drat that girl. |Where could she have put them?

- Mary Ann! | - The rabbit!

Mary Ann!

No use! Can't wait! I'm awfully late. |Oh, me. Oh, my. Oh, me. Oh, my.

Excuse me, sir, but--|but I've been trying to--
Why, Mary Ann!|What are you doing out here?
- Mary Ann?|- Don't just do something.|Stand there. No, no! Go, go!
- Go get my gloves. I'm late!|- But late for what?
- That's just what I--|- My gloves!
- At once! Do you hear?|- Goodness.
I suppose I'll be taking|orders from Dinah next.
Hmm. Now let me see.
If I were a rabbit, where|would I keep my gloves?
Oh! Thank you.
Don't mind if I do.
Oh, no, no, not again.
Oh! Mary Ann!
Now you see here,|Mary Ann. Help!
I need help!|Whoo-hoo! Ha! Oh!
No! Help!
Monster! Help! Assistance!
- Oh, dear.|- A monster! A monster, Dodo!
- In my house, Dodo. Oh,|my poor little-bitty house.|- The dodo.
Steady. Steady, old chap. Can't|be as bad as all that, you know.
Oh, my poor roof and rafters.|All my walls and-- There it is!
By Jove!|Jolly well is, isn't it?
Well, do something, Doo-doo.
Yes, indeed. An extraordinary|situation, but, uh--
But, but, but, but, but what?
But I have a very|simple solution.
- Thank goodness.|- W-W-W-What is it?
- Simply pull it out the chimney.|- Yes, g-g-go on, go on. Pull it out.
Who, me?|Don't be ridiculous.
What we need is a-- Uh--
- A lizard with a ladder!|- Hmm? Oh! Bill!
Bill! We need a lizard with|a ladder-- A ladder-- A b-b-b---
- Can you help us?|- At your service, governor.
Bill, me lad, have you|ever been down a chimney?
Why, governor, I've been|down more chimneys--
Excellent, excellent.|You just pop down the chimney...
and haul that monster|out of there.
Right-o, governor.|Monster?
Steady now. There.|That's better.
Bill, lad, you're passing up|a golden opportunity.
- I am?|- You can be famous.
- I can?|- Of course!
There's a brave lad.|In you go now.
Nothing to it, old boy.|Simply tie your tail...

around the monster's neck|and drag it out.
- B-But-But, governor--|- Good luck, Bill.
Well, there goes Bill.
- Poor Bill.|- Uh,
perhaps we should try|a-a more energetic remedy.
Yes! Anything, anything. |But hurry!
Oh, I-I propose|that we, uh--
- Yes, go on, go on. Yes, yes.|- I propose we, uh--
Oh!
By Jove! That's it. |We'll burn the house down.
Yes. Burn the house-- What?
- Oh, no.|- Oh-ho-ho!
Oh, we'll smoke|the blighter out
We'll put the beast to rout
Some kindling|A stick or two
Ah, this bit of rubbish|ought to do
- Oh, dear|- We'll smoke the blighter out
- We'll smoke the monster out|- No, no! Not my beautiful bird house!
Oh, we'll roast|the blighter's toes
We'll toast|the bounder's nose
Just fetch that gate|We'll make it clear
- That monsters aren't welcome here|- Oh, dear. Oh, me, oh, my.
- A match? Thank you.|- Match?
Without a single doubt|we'll smoke the monster out
We'll smoke the monster out|No! No!
My poor house|and furniture.
Oh, dear. |This is serious.
I simply must-- Ah! |A garden.
Perhaps if I ate something, |it would make me grow smaller.
Let go! Help!
- I'm sorry, but I must eat something.|- Not me! You, you, you, you--
You barbarian! |Help!
Monster!
Help!
Ah! I'm late! Oh, dear. |I'm here. I should be there.
- I'm late, I'm late, I'm late.|- I say, do you have a match?
Oh, no. Must go. Goodbye. |Hello. I'm late, I'm late, I'm late.
- Wait! Please wait!|- Ah, young lady.
- Do you have a match?|- No, I-I'm sorry, but--
- Mr Rabbit!|- No cooperation. No cooperation at all.
Well, can't have|monsters about.
Jolly well have to|carry on alone.
Wait! Please! |Just a minute!
Oh, dear. I'll never catch him|while I'm this small.

Why, what curious|butterflies.
You mean|bread-and-butterflies.
Oh, yes,|of course, uh-- Hmm?
Now who do you suppose--
A horsefly! I mean,|a-a rocking horsefly.
- Naturally.|- I beg your pardon,
but, uh, did you--
Oh, that's nonsense. |Flowers can't talk.
But of course|we can talk, my dear.
If there's anyone|worth talking to.
Or about.
- And we sing too.|- You do?
Oh, yes. Would you like to hear|"Tell It to the Tulips"?
- No, let's sing about us.|- We know one about|the shy little violets.
- Oh, no, not that old thing.|- Let's do "Lovely Lily of the Valley."
- How 'bout a daisy duet?|- Oh, she wouldn't like that.|- Oh, watch the
rose.
Girls! We shall sing|"Golden Afternoon."
That's about all of us.
Sound your "A," Lily.
La
Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi|mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi
La, la, la, la|la, la, la, la, la
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
Dum du dum-dum
Little bread-and-butterflies|kiss the tulips
And the sun is like|a toy balloon
There are|Get-up-in-the-morning glories
In the golden afternoon
There are dizzy daffodils|on the hillside
Strings of violets|are all in tune
Tiger lilies|love the dandelions
In the golden afternoon
The gold afternoon
There are|dog- and cat-erpillars
And a copper centipede
Where the lazy daisies
Love the very
Peaceful life
They lead
You can learn a lot|of things from the flowers
For especially|in the month of June
Ah, ah, ah, ah|There's a wealth
Of happiness|and romance

All in the golden

Afternoon

All in the golden afternoon

The golden afternoon

You can learn a lot|of things from the flowers

For especially|in the month of June

There's a wealth|of happiness

And romance

All--

The golden afternoon

Ah

- Oh, that was lovely!|- Thank you, my dear.

What kind of garden|do you come from?

Oh, I don't come|from any garden.

Do you suppose|she's a wild flower?

Oh, no.|I'm not a wild flower.

Just what specie-- or shall we|say genus-- are you, my dear?

Well, I suppose|you'd call me...

a Genus Humanus Alice.

Ever see an Alice with|a blossom like that?

Come to think of it,|did you ever see an Alice?

Yes. And did you|notice her petals?

What a peculiar colour.

And no fragrance.

Just look at those stems.

Rather scrawny, I'd say.

I think she's pretty.

- Quiet, bud.|- But I'm not a flower.

Aha! Just as I suspected.

She's nothing but a common|Mobile Vulgaris.

Oh, no!

- A common what?|- To put it bluntly:

- A weed.|- I'm not a weed.

- Well, you wouldn't|expect her to admit it.|- Can you imagine?

-Well, goodness!|-Don't let her stay here and go to seed.

- Go on now. Don't you take root--|- Please, girls!

We don't want weeds|in our bed.

Move along, move along.

All right, if that's|the way you feel about it.

If I were my right size, I could pick|every one of you if I wanted to.

And I guess|that would teach you.

You can learn a lot|of things from the flowers.

Hm! Seems to me they could learn|a few things about manners.

A:

E-I-O-U

A-E-I-O-U

A-E-I-O-U

Who

U-E-I-O-A

U-E-I-A

A-E-I-O-U

Who are you?

Well, I-I-I|hardly know, sir.

I've changed so many times|since this morning, you see--

I do not see.

Explain yourself.

I'm afraid I can't|explain myself, sir,

because I'm not myself,|you know.

I do not know.

Well, I can't put it any more clearly,|for it isn't clear to me.

You? Who are you?

Well, don't you think|you ought to tell me...

who you are first?

Why?

Oh, dear, everything|is so confusing.

- It is not.|- Well, it is to me.

- Why?|- Well, I can't remember|things as I used to, and--

- Recite.|- Hmm?

Oh. Oh, oh, yes, sir. Um--

How doth the little|busy bee improve each shin--

Stop.

That is not spoken|correct-ically.

It goes:

How--

How doth|the little crocodile...

improve his shining tail...

and pour the waters|of the Nile...

on every golden scale?

How cheer--

How cheer--

How cheerfully|he seems to grin.

How neatly|spreads his claws...

and welcomes|little fishes in...

with gently smiling jaws.

Well, I must say I've never|heard it that way before.

I know.|I have improved it.

Well-- If you ask me--

You? Heh!

Who are you?

Oh!

Uh, you there. Girl!

Wait! Come back!

I have something|important to say.

Oh, dear.

I wonder what|he wants now.

Well?

Keep your temper.

- Is that all?|- No.

Exact-ically what|is your problem?

Well, it's exact-ically--|exact-ical--

Well, it's precisely this:

I should like to be|a little larger, sir.

- Why?|- Well, after all,

three inches is such|a wretched height--

I am exact-ically|three inches high!

And it is a very good|height indeed!

But I'm not used to it,|and you needn't...

shout!

- Oh, dear.|- By the way, I have|a few more helpful hints.

One side will make you|grow taller.

- One side of what?|- And the other side will|make you grow shorter.

- The other side of what?|- The mushroom, of course!

Hmm.

One side will|make me grow--

But which is which?

Hmm. After all|that's happened, I--

I wonder if I--|I don't care.

I'm tired of being|only three inches high.

Yi, yi, yi, yi, yi,|yi, yi, yi, yi, yi!

A serpent! Help!

Help! Serpent! Serpent!

Oh, but please, please!

Off with you! Shoo! Shoo!|Go away! Serpent! Serpent!

- But I'm not a serpent.|- Ser-- Indeed?

- Then just what are you?|- I'm just a little girl.

Little? Ha! Little?

Well, I am.|I mean, I-I was.

And I suppose you|don't eat eggs either.

- Yes, I do, but, but, but--|- Ah! I knew it! I knew it.

Serpent. Serpent!

Oh, for goodness' sake.

Hmm! And the|other side will--

The very idea.

Spend all my time laying eggs|for serpents like her.

Goodness. I wonder if I'll|ever get the knack of it.

There. That's much better.

Hmm. Better save these.

Now let's see.|Where was I?

Hmm. I-- I wonder|which way I ought to go.

'Twas brillig

And the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble|in the wabe

All mimsy|were the borogoves

And the mome raths|outgrabe

Now where in the world|do you suppose that--

- Lose something?|- Oh!

Oh, uh-- I--|I was-- N-No.

I-I-I mean, I-I was|just wondering--

Oh, that's quite all right.|Uh, one moment, please.

Ooh.

Second chorus.

'Twas brillig

And the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble|in the wabe

Why-- Why, you're a cat.

A Cheshire cat.|All mimsy

Were the borogoves

Oh, wait!|Don't go, please.

There you are.|Third chorus.

Oh, no, no, no.|Thank you, but--

But I just wanted to ask you|which way I ought to go.

Well, that depends...

on where you want|to get to.

Oh, it really doesn't matter,|as long as I--

Then it really|doesn't matter...

which way you go.

And the mome raths outgrabe

Oh, by the way.

If you'd really|like to know,

he went that way.

- Who did?|- The White Rabbit.

- He did?|- He did what?

- Went that way.|- Who did?

- The White Rabbit.|- What rabbit?

But didn't you just say--|I mean-- Oh, dear.
Can you stand|on your head?
- Oh!|- However,
if I were looking|for a white rabbit,
I'd ask the Mad Hatter.
The Mad Hatter? Um,|no, no, I-I don't think--
Or there's the March Hare...
in that direction.
Uh, thank you. I-I think|I shall visit him.
Of course,|he's mad too.
Oh, but I don't want|to go among mad people.
Oh, you can't help that.
Most everyone's mad here.
You may have noticed...
that I'm not|all there myself.
And the mome raths|outgrabe
Goodness. If the people|here are like that, I--
I must try|not to upset them.
How very curious.
If there are no objections|let it be unanimous
- Oh, a very merry unbirthday|- A very merry unbirthday
A very merry|unbirthday to us
A very merry|unbirthday to me
- To who|- To me|- Oh, you
A very merry|unbirthday to you
- Who, me|- Yes, you|- Oh, me
Let's all congratulate us|with another cup of tea
A very merry unbirthday
To
You
- No room, no room, no room.|- No vacancy.
-No room, no room, no room!|-But I thought there was plenty of room.
Ah, but it's very rude to|sit down without being invited.
I'll say it's rude.|It's very, very rude indeed.
Very, very,|very rude indeed.
Oh, I'm very sorry,
but I did enjoy your singing,|and I wondered if you could tell me--
You enjoyed our singing?
Oh, what a delightful child.
Things happen. I'm so excited!|We never get compliments.
- You must have a cup of tea.|- Ah, yes, indeed, the tea.
- You must have a cup of tea.|- That would be very nice.
I'm sorry I interrupted|your birthday party.
- Uh-uh, thank you.|- Birthday? Ha-ha-ha.

My dear child, this is not|a birthday party.
Of course not.
This is an un|birthday party.
Un|birthday? Oh, I'm sorry,|but I don't quite understand.
It's very simple.|Now, 30 days hath Sept--
No. Well. An un|birthday--
If you have a birthday,|then, you--
- She doesn't know|what an un|birthday is.|- How silly!
Well, I--
I shall elucidate.
Now statistics prove|prove that you've one birthday

Imagine:

Ah, but there are|364 un|birthdays
Precisely why we're|gathered here to cheer
Why, then, today is|my un|birthday too.
- It is?|- What a small world this is.
In that case--
- A very merry un|birthday|- To me
- To you|- A very merry un|birthday
- For me|- For you
Now blow the candle out, my dear|and make your wish come true
A very merry un|birthday
To you
Twinkle, twinkle,|little bat,
How I wonder|what you're at.
Up above the world|you fly...
Like a tea-tray|in the sky.
- Oh, that was lovely.|- And, uh, and now, my dear,
uh, you were saying that|you would like to seek--
Pardon me.
Uh, you were seeking, uh, some|information of some kind?
Oh, yes. You see,|I'm looking for a--
Clean cup, clean cup.|Move down!
- But I haven't used my cup.|- Drink up, drink up
Move down, move down|Drink up, drink up, move down
Would you like|a little more tea?
Well, I haven't had any yet,|so I can't very well take more.
Ah, you mean you can't|very well take less.
Yes. You can always|take more than nothing.
- But I only meant that--|- And now, my dear,
something, uh, seems|to be troubling you.
Uh, won't you tell us|all about it?
- Start at the beginning.|- Yes, yes.

And when you come|to the end,
stop, see?

Well, it all started...

while I was sitting on|the riverbank with Dinah.

Very interesting.

- Who's Dinah?|- Why, Dinah's my cat. You see--

Ah! Cat?

- Get the jam. On his nose.|Put it on his nose.|- On his nose, on his nose.

- C-C-Cat.|- Oh. Oh.

My goodness. Those are|the things that upset me.

See all the trouble|you've started?

- But really, I didn't think that--|- Ah, but that's the point.

- If you don't think,|you shouldn't talk.|- Clean cup, clean cup.

Move down, move down, move down!

-But I still haven't used--|-Move down, move down, move down

Move down

And now, my dear,|as you were saying?

Oh, yes. I was sitting|on the riverbank with, uh,
with you-know-who.

I do?

I mean my c-a-t.

Tea?

Just half a cup,|if you don't mind.

Come, come, my dear.|Don't you care for tea?

Why, yes, I'm very|fond of tea, but--

If you don't care for tea, you could|at least make polite conversation.

Well, I've been trying|to ask you--

I have an excellent idea.

Let's change the subject.

Why is a raven|like a writing desk?

Riddles?

Let me see now.

Why is a raven|like a writing desk?

- I beg your pardon?|- Why is a raven like a writing desk?

- Why is a what?|- Careful. She's stark, ravin' mad.

But, but it's your silly riddle.|You just said--

- Steady. Don't get excited.|- How about a nice cup of tea?

Have a cup of tea, indeed. Well,|I'm sorry, but I just haven't the time.

The time! The time!|Who's got the time?

No, no, no, no. No time,|no time, no time.

Hello. Goodbye.|I'm late. I'm late.

- The White Rabbit!|- Oh, I'm so late.

I'm so very, very late.

Well, no wonder you're late. Why,|this clock is exactly two days slow.

- Two days slow?|- Course you're late.
My goodness.
We'll have to look|into this. Aha!
I see what's|wrong with this.
Why, this watch|is full of wheels.
Oh, my poor watch.|Oh, my wheels and springs.
- But, but, but, but,|but, but, but, but--|- Butter! Of course!
It needs some butter.|Butter!
- Butter!|- But-but-butter?
Butter. Oh, thank you.|Butter. Yes, that's fine.
Oh, no, no! No, no, no!|You'll get crumbs in it.
Oh, this is the very best butter.|What are you talking about?
- Tea?|- Tea! Oh, I never thought|of tea! Of course.
- Don't! Don't! Not tea!|- Tea.
- Sugar?|-Sugar? Two spoons. Yes, y-- Two spoons.
- Thank you, yes.|- Oh, please be careful!
- Jam?|- Jam! I forgot all about the jam.
- No! Not jam!|- Just shows you what a person'll do.
- Mustard?|- Mustard, yes! Mus--
Mustard? Don't|let's be silly.
Lemon-- that's different.|That's-- There.
That should do it.
- Look at that.|- It's going mad.|- Oh, my goodness.
- Oh, dear.|- It's going mad. Mad watch.|- Oh, my goodness.
- I can't understand it.|It was the best butter.|- Mad watch. Mad watch.
- Mad watch!|- Oh, look. Do you think the|springs-- Oh, my goodness!
There's only one way|to stop a mad watch.
Two days slow.|That's what it is.
- Oh, my watch.|- It was?
And it was an|unbirthday present too.
- Well, in that case.|- A very merry unbirthday
To
- You|- Mr Rabbit.
Oh, Mr Rabbit! Oh,|now where did he go to?
A very merry unbirthday|to us, to us
A very merry unbirthday|to us, to us
- If there are no objections|let it be unanimous|- Of all the silly
nonsense.
This is the stupidest tea party|I've ever been to in all my life.
Well, I've had|enough nonsense.
I'm going home.|Straight home.
That rabbit. Who cares|where he's going anyway?
Why, if it hadn't|been for him, I--
"Tulgey Wood."

Hmm. Curious.

I don't remember this.

Now let me see.

Oh!

Mmm, no, no, please. | No more nonsense.

Now, if I came this way,

I should go back this way.

Oh, I-I beg your pardon.

My goodness. When I get home, | I shall write a book about this place.

If I-- If I ever | do get home.

Oh, uh, excuse me.

Um, could one of you | tell me--

Uh-- Heh-heh. Never mind.

Oh, dear. It's getting | dreadfully dark.

And nothing | looks familiar.

I shall certainly be glad | to get out of-- Oh!

Who. Who-who.

Who. Who-who.

Who.

It would be so nice if something | would make sense for a change.

Oh!

"Don't step on | the mome raths."

The mome raths?

A path! | Oh, thank goodness.

Ah. I just knew I'd | find one sooner or later.

If I hurry fast, I might even | be home in time for tea.

Oh. Oh, won't Dinah | be happy to see me.

Oh, I just can't wait | 'til I-- Ah!

Oh, dear. Now I--

Now I shall never get out.

Well, when-- | when one's lost,

I-I suppose | it's good advice...

to stay where you are | until someone finds you.

But-- But who'd ever think | to look for me here?

Good advice.

If, lf, lf, lf I'd listened | earlier, I-I wouldn't be here.

But-- But that's just | the trouble with me.

I give myself | very good advice.

But I very seldom | follow it

That explains

The trouble that | I'm always in

Be patient

Is very good advice

But the waiting | makes me curious

And I'd love the change
Should something strange
Begin
Well, I went along|my merry way.
And I never stopped|to reason.
I should have known
There'd be a price to pay
Someday
Someday
I give myself
Very good advice
But I very seldom|follow it
Will I ever learn
To do the things
I should
Will I ever learn
Learn to do the things
I should
And the mome raths|outgrabe
Oh, Cheshire Cat!|It's you!
Whom did you expect?|The White Rabbit perchance?
Oh, no, no, no. I-I-I'm|through with rabbits.
I wanna go home!
- But I can't find my way.|- Naturally.
That's because|you have no way.
All ways here, you see,|are the Queen's way.
- But I've never met any Queen.|- You haven't?
You haven't?|Oh, but you must!
She'll be mad about you.|Simply mad.
And the mome raths|outgrabe
Please, please! Uh,|how can I find her?
Well, some go this way.
Some go that way.
But as for me, myself,|personally,
I prefer the short cut.
Painting the roses red
We're painting|the roses red
We dare not stop|or waste a drop
So let the paint be spread
We're painting|the roses red
We're painting|the roses red
Oh, painting|the roses red
And many a tear we shed
- Because we know|- They'll cease to grow

In fact|they'll soon be dead
Ohh, and yet|we go ahead
Painting the roses red, red|red, red, red, red, red, red
Painting the roses red|We're painting the roses red
Oh, pardon me, but, Mr Three|why must you paint them red
Huh? Oh!
Well, the fact is, miss,
we planted the white roses|by mistake, and--
The Queen she likes them red|lf she saw white instead
- She'd raise a fuss|- And each of us
- Would quickly lose his head|- Goodness!
Since this is|the thought we dread
- We're painting the roses red|- Oh, dear.
Then let me help you.
- Painting the roses red|- We're painting the roses red
Don't tell the Queen|what you have seen
Or say that's what we said but|we're painting the roses red
Yes, painting|the roses red
- Not pink|- Not green|- Not aquamarine
We're painting|the roses red
- The Queen!|- The Queen!
- Queen!|- The Queen!
Cards, halt!
- Sound off!|- One, two, three,
four, five, six, seven,|eight, nine, ten, jack!
The rabbit.
H-H-Her Imperial Highness,|Her, Her Grace,
Her Excellency, Her Royal|Majesty, the Queen of Hearts!
- And the King.|- Hooray!
Hmm! Who's been|painting my roses red?
Who's been painting|my roses red?
Who dares to taint|with vulgar paint
The Royal flower bed
For painting my roses red
Someone will lose his head
Oh, no, Your Majesty, please!|It's all his fault!
Not me, Your Grace!|The ace! The ace!
- You? The deuce, you say?|- No! Two!
- Not me! The trey!|- That's enough!
Off with their heads!
They're going to lose their heads|For painting the roses red
It serves them right lf they'd|planted right the roses should be red
Oh, they're going to|lose their heads
Silence!

Oh, please, please. | They were only trying--
- And who is this? | - Uh, well. Well, well, now, | uh, uh, let me see, my dear.
It certainly isn't a heart. | Uh, do you suppose it's a club?
Why, it's a little girl.
- Yes. A-And I was hoping-- | - Look up. Speak nicely.
And don't twiddle | your fingers!
Turn out your toes. Curtsy.
Open your mouth a little | wider. And always say:
"Yes, Your Majesty."
"Yes, Your Majesty."
Now, um, where do you come from, | and where are you going?
W-Well, I-I'm trying | to find my way home.
Your way? All ways | here are my ways!
Well, yes, I-I know. | But I was just thinking--
Curtsy while you're thinking. | It saves time.
Uh, yes, Your Majesty. | But I was only going to ask--
I'll ask the questions! | Do you play croquet?
- Why, yes, Your Majesty. | - Then let the game begin!
To your places. To your places. By order | of the King. Hurry, hurry, hurry.
Shuffle deck!
Card cut! Deal cards!
Cards, halt!
Silence!
Off with his head!
Off with his head. Off with | his head. By order of the King. | Uh, you heard what she said.
- You're next, my dear. | - Oh, but--
Uh, yes, Your Majesty.
Oh!
- Stop! | - Oh, of all the impossible--
Do you want us both | to lose our heads?
- Uh-huh. | - Well, I don't.
Uh, I say, how are | you getting on?
- Not at all. | - Beg pardon?
I said, not at all!
Who are you talking to?
- Oh, uh, a cat, Your Majesty. | - Cat? Where?
There. Oh.
- Oh, there he is again! | - I warn you, child,
if I lose my temper, | you lose your head!
Understand?
You know, we could make her | really angry. Shall we try?
- Oh, no, no! | - Oh, but it's loads of fun.

No, no, no! Stop!

Oh, no!

Oh, my fur and whiskers!

Oh, dear! Save the Queen.

Someone's head|will roll for this!

Yours!

- Off with her--|- But, but, but, but consider, my dear.

Uh, couldn't she have|a trial? Huh? First?

- Trial?|-Well, th-- Just a, a little trial? Hmm?

Hmm. Very well, then.

Let the trial begin!

Your Majesty.|Members of the jury.

Loyal subjects.

And the King.

The prisoner at the bar is|charged with enticing Her|Majesty, the Queen of
Hearts,

into a game of croquet|and thereby willfully...

-But--|-and with malice aforethought,|teasing, tormenting...

- and otherwise annoying our beloved--|- Never mind all that!

Get to the part where|I lose my temper.

Thereby causing the Queen|to lose her temper.

Now, are you ready|for your sentence?

Sentence? Oh, but there|must be a verdict first.

Sentence first!|Verdict afterwards.

- But that just isn't the way!|- All ways are--

Your ways, Your Majesty.

Uh, yes, my child.|Off with her--

- But consider, my dear. Eh,|we've called no witnesses.|- Huh?

Uh, couldn't we hear maybe|one or two? Huh? Maybe?

Oh, very well.|But get on with it!

-First witness. First witness.|Herald, call the first witness.|-The March
Hare.

Uh, oh, oh, what do you know|about this, uh, unfortunate affair?

- Nothing.|- Nothing whatever?

- Nothing whatever!|- That's very important!

Jury, write that down.

Uh, unimportant, uh,|Your Majesty means of course.

Silence! Next witness.

The Dormouse.

- Well--|- Shh!

What have you to|say about this?

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat.|How I wonder--

That's the most important piece|of evidence we've heard yet.

Write that down!

- Twinkle, twinkle. Twinkle, twinkle.|- Twinkle, twinkle.
Twinkle, twinkle. |What next?
The Mad Hatter.
- Off with your hat!|- Oh, my!
And, uh, where were you when|this horrible crime was committed?
I was home drinking tea.
Today, you know,|is my unbirthday.
Why, my dear, today is|your unbirthday too.
- It is?|- It is?
It is?
- A very merry unbirthday|- To me?
- Oh, no!|- To you! A very merry unbirthday
- For me?|- For you!
Now blow the candle out, my dear, |and make your wish come true.
A very merry unbirthday
To you
Oh! Your Majesty.
Uh, yes, my dear?
Look! There he is now!
- Huh? Wha-- Who?|- The Cheshire Cat.
- Cat!|- Cat?
- Cat! Cat, cat, cat, cat!|- There he goes! There he goes!
- Oh, this is terrible! Help! Help!|- Stop him! Stop him!
- Stop him. Catch him.|- Somebody help me. Catch him.
-Get me the jam. The jam, quick.|-The jam! The jam! By order of the King.
The jam. Let me have it!
Somebody's head is|going to roll for this!
- Aha!|- The mushroom.
Off with her h--
Oh, pooh. I'm not|afraid of you.
Why, you're nothing|but a pack of cards.

Rule 42:

must leave the court|immediately."
I am not a mile high. |And I'm not leaving.
Sorry. Rule 42, you know.
And as for you, |Your Majesty--
Your Majesty indeed.
Why, you're not a queen. |You're just a,
a fat, pompous, bad-tempered, |old ty-- tyrant.
And, uh, what were you |saying, my dear?
Well, she simply said that you're a fat, |pompous, bad-tempered, old tyrant.
Off with her head!
You heard what |Her Majesty said.

Off with her head.

Forward, backward, inward|outward, Here we go again

No one ever loses and|no one can ever win

Backward, forward, outward|inward, bottom to the top

- Never let the--|- Off with her head!

Off with her head!

Just a moment! You can't|leave a tea party without|having a cup of tea, you know.

- But I can't stop now.|- Ah, but we insist.

You must join us|in a cup of tea.

Off with her head!

Mr Caterpillar,|what will I do?

Who are you?

There she goes.|Don't let her get away!

Off with her head!

Oh! Still locked, you know.

But the Queen!|I simply must get out!

- But you are outside.|- What?

See for yourself.

Why-- Why, that's me!

- I'm asleep.|- Don't let her get away!

- Off with her head!|- Alice, wake up. Please wake up, Alice!

- Alice! Please wake up, Alice!|- Off with her head!

Alice! Alice. Alice.

Alice. Alice.

Will you kindly pay attention|and recite your lesson?

Hmm? Oh. Oh! Uh, how doth the little|crocodile improve his shining tail?

- And pour the waters of the--|- Alice, what are you talking about?

Oh. I'm sorry. But you see,|the caterpillar said--

Caterpillar? Oh,|for goodness' sake.

Alice, I-- Oh, well.|Come along. It's time for tea.

Alice in Wonderland

Over the hill|Or here or there

I wonder where

Alice in Wonderland

How do you get|to Wonderland

Over the hill|Or under land

Or just behind the tree

Alice in Wonderland

Where is the path|to Wonderland

Over the hill|Or here or there

I wonder where