



Cambridge IGCSE™ (9–1)

DRAMA

0994/14

Paper 1

May/June 2025

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

2 hours 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- This copy of the pre-release material is for you to use in your responses.

This document has **24** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

EXTRACT 1

Adapted from *The Sunshine Boys* by Neil Simon

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Extract 1 is taken from Neil Simon's play *The Sunshine Boys*, which was first performed in 1972 in New York City. The play is in two acts and the extract is adapted from the opening of Act 1.

The play explores the longstanding relationship between the two members of a successful vaudeville duo, WILLIE CLARK and AL LEWIS, who performed together for 43 years. The relationship broke down eleven years before the start of the play when AL LEWIS suddenly announced, at the end of a show, that he was retiring from show business. This meant that WILLIE CLARK struggled to make a go of it as a solo artist, which led to the end of the working relationship between the two men.

At the start of the play, WILLIE CLARK is now an old man and is suffering with memory loss. He has no desire at all to reunite with AL LEWIS but after considerable persuasion from his talent-agent nephew, BEN SILVERMAN, WILLIE CLARK reluctantly accepts an offer to reunite with AL LEWIS for a CBS special on the history of comedy.

CHARACTERS

WILLIE CLARK
BEN SILVERMAN
AL LEWIS

ACT ONE SCENE ONE

[A two-room apartment in an old hotel on upper Broadway. It's rather a depressing place, with a lot of shabby furniture. There is a small kitchen to one side, a small bathroom on the other. A window looks out over Broadway. It is early afternoon, mid-winter.]

At curtain up, the TV is on, the banal dialogue of a soap opera drones on. In a leather chair sits WILLIE CLARK, in slippers, pyjamas and an old bathrobe. WILLIE is in his 70's. The set drones on and WILLIE dozes off. The tea kettle on the stove in the kitchen comes to a boil and whistles. WILLIE's head perks up at the sound, reaches over and picks up the phone.]

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WILLIE: *[Into phone.]* Hello? ... Who's this? *[The whistle continues from the kettle and WILLIE looks over in that direction. He hangs up the phone and does not seem embarrassed or even aware of his own absent-mindedness. He simply crosses into kitchen and turns off the flame under the kettle.]*

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VOICE FROM TV: ... We'll be back with 'Storm Warning' after this brief message from Lipton Tea.

WILLIE: ... Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere. *[He puts a tea bag into a mug and pours the boiling water in ... he glances over at the TV set which has just played the Lipton Tea commercial.]*

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VOICE FROM TV: And now for Part Three of today's 'Storm Warning' ...

WILLIE: What happened to Part Two? I missed Part Two? *[WILLIE listens as he shuffles towards chair. The TV set, which is away from the wall, has an electric plug running from it, along the ground and into the wall. WILLIE, who never seems to look where he's going, comes up against the cord with his foot. Inadvertently he pulls the cord with his foot out of its socket in the wall. The TV set immediately dies. WILLIE hits the set on the top with his hand.]* What's the matter with you? *[He stares at it in disbelief. He kicks the stand on which it rests. Then he crosses to phone, and picks it up.]* ... Hello? ... Sandy? ... Let me have Sandy

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... Sandy? My television's dead ... My television ... Is this Sandy? ... My television died ... No, not Willie. Mr. Clark to you, please ... Never mind the jokes, wise guy, it's not funny ... Send up somebody to fix my dead television ... I didn't touch nothing ... Nothing, I'm telling you ... It's a crappy set ... You live in a crappy hotel, you get a crappy television ... The what? ... The plug? ... What plug? ... Wait a minute. *[He lays phone down, crosses to behind set, bends down, picks up plug, looks at it. He crosses back to the telephone. Into phone:]* ... Hello? ... It's not the plug. It's something else, I'll fix it myself. *[He hangs up, crosses to wall plug and plugs it in. The set goes back on.]* He tells me the plug ... When he calls me Mr. Clark then I'll tell him it was the plug ... *[He sits and picks up his cup of tea.]* I'm sick of all of 'em. *[There is a knock on the door ...]*

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BEN'S VOICE: Uncle Willie? It's me, Ben. *[WILLIE turns and looks at front door.]*

WILLIE: Who's that?

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BEN'S VOICE: Ben.

WILLIE: Ben? Is that you?

BEN'S VOICE: Yes, Uncle Willie, it's Ben. Open the door.

WILLIE: Wait a minute. *[He is having great difficulty with it.]* ... Wait a minute.

BEN'S VOICE: Is anything wrong?

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WILLIE: *[Still trying.]* Wait a minute. *[He tries forcing it.]*

BEN'S VOICE: What's the matter?

WILLIE:	I'm locked in ... The lock is broken, I'm locked in ... Go down and tell the boy. Sandy. Tell Sandy that Mr. Clark is locked in.	
BEN'S VOICE:	What is it, the latch?	55
WILLIE:	It's the latch. It's broken, I'm locked in. Go tell the boy Sandy, they'll get somebody.	
BEN'S VOICE:	That happened last week. Don't try to force it. Just slide it out. [WILLIE <i>stares at the latch.</i>] Uncle Willie, do you hear me? Don't force it. Slide it out.	60
WILLIE:	[<i>Hands up to the latch.</i>] Wait a minute. [<i>Carefully, he slides it out. It comes open.</i>] It's open. Never mind, I did it myself. [<i>He opens the door. BEN SILVERMAN, a well-dressed man in his early thirties, enters, carrying a shopping bag from Bloomingdale's, filled to the brim with assorted foodstuffs and a copy of the weekly Variety. BEN looks at WILLIE as he enters.</i>]	65
BEN:	You probably have to oil it.	
WILLIE:	I don't have to oil nothing. I'm done with 'em. [BEN <i>hangs up his coat in closet.</i>]	
BEN:	[<i>Crosses to table with shopping bag.</i>] You feeling alright?	70
WILLIE:	What is this, Wednesday?	
BEN:	[<i>Puzzled.</i>] Certainly. Don't I always come on Wednesdays?	
WILLIE:	But this is Wednesday today?	
BEN:	[<i>Puts bag down.</i>] Yes, of course. Haven't you been out?	
WILLIE:	When?	75
BEN:	Today. Yesterday. This week. You haven't been out all week?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Crosses to him.</i>] Sunday. I was out Sunday. I went to the park Sunday. [BEN <i>hands WILLIE the Variety. WILLIE tucks it under his arm and starts to look through the shopping bag.</i>]	
BEN:	What are you looking for?	80
WILLIE:	[<i>Going through bag.</i>] My <i>Variety</i> .	
BEN:	I just gave it to you. It's under your arm.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Looks under his arm.</i>] Why do you put it there? He puts it under my arm.	
BEN:	[<i>Starts taking items out of bag.</i>] Have you been eating properly? No corned beef sandwiches, I hope.	85
WILLIE:	[<i>Opens to back section.</i>] Is this today's?	
BEN:	Certainly it's today's. <i>Variety</i> comes out on Wednesday, doesn't it? And today is Wednesday.	
WILLIE:	I'm just asking, don't get so excited. [BEN <i>shakes head in consternation.</i>] ... Because I already read last Wednesday's.	90
BEN:	[<i>Takes more items out.</i>] I got you six different kinds of soups. All low-sodium, salt-free. All very good for you ... Are you listening?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Head in paper.</i>] I'm listening. You got six lousy tasting soups ... Did you see this?	95
BEN:	What?	
WILLIE:	What I'm looking at. Did you see this?	
BEN:	How do I know what you're looking at?	
WILLIE:	Two new musicals went into rehearsals today and I didn't even get an audition ... Why didn't I get an audition?	100
BEN:	Because there were no parts for you. One of them is a young Rock musical and the other show is all female.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Has turned page.</i>] How do you like that? Sol Burton died.	
BEN:	Who?	
WILLIE:	Sol Burton. The songwriter, 89 years old, went like that, from nothing. You know what kind of songs he wrote? ... The worst. The worst songs ever written were written by Sol Burton. [<i>He sings.</i>] 'Lady, Lady,	105

	be my baby' ... Did you ever hear anything so rotten? Baby he rhymes with lady ... No wonder he's dead. [<i>He turns page.</i>]	
BEN:	This radiator is ice cold. Look, Uncle Willie, I'm not going to let you live here anymore. You've got to let me find you another place ... I've been asking you for seven years now. You're going to get sick.	110
WILLIE:	[<i>Still looking at Variety.</i>] Tom Jones is gonna get a hundred thousand dollars a week in Las Vegas. When Lewis and I were headlining at the Palace, the <i>Palace</i> didn't cost a hundred thousand dollars.	115
BEN:	That was forty years ago. And forty years ago this hotel was twenty years old. They should tear it down. They take advantage of all you people in here because they know you don't want to move.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Looking around.</i>] ... So don't come. I got Social Security.	
BEN:	You think that's funny? I don't think that's funny, Uncle Willie.	120
WILLIE:	[<i>Turns pages.</i>] If you had a sense of humour, you'd think it was funny.	
BEN:	[<i>Angrily, through gritted teeth.</i>] I have a <i>terrific</i> sense of humour.	
WILLIE:	Like your father, he laughed once in 1932.	
BEN:	I can't talk to you.	
WILLIE:	Why, they're funny today? Tell me who you think is funny today and I'll show you where he's not funny.	125
BEN:	Let's not get into that, huh? I've got to get back to the office. Just promise me you'll have a decent lunch today.	
WILLIE:	If I were to tell a joke and got a laugh from you, I'd throw it out.	
BEN:	How can I laugh when I see you like this, Uncle Willie? You sit in your pyjamas all day in a freezing apartment watching soap operas on a 35 dollar television set that doesn't have a horizontal hold. The picture just keeps rolling from top to bottom, pretty soon your eyes are gonna roll around your head ... You never eat anything, you never go out because you don't know how to work the lock on the door ... Remember when you locked yourself in the bathroom overnight ... It's a lucky thing you keep bread in there, you would have starved ... And you wonder why I worry.	130
WILLIE:	... Calvin Coolidge, that's your kind of humour.	
BEN:	Look, Uncle Willie, promise me you'll eat decently.	140
WILLIE:	I'll eat decently. I'll wear a blue suit, a white shirt and black shoes.	
BEN:	And if you're waiting for a laugh, you're not going to get one from me.	
WILLIE:	Who could live that long? Get me a job instead of a laugh.	
BEN:	[<i>Sighs, exasperatedly.</i>] You know I've been trying, Uncle Willie. It's not easy. There's not much in town.	145
WILLIE:	I heard you got a call from N.B.C.	
BEN:	C.B.S.	
WILLIE:	Whatever.	
BEN:	C.B.S. is doing a big special next month. An hour and a half variety show. They're going to have some of the biggest names in the history of show business. They're trying to get Flip Wilson to host the show.	150
WILLIE:	Him I like. He gives me a laugh. With the dress and the little giggle and the red wig ... That's a funny boy ... What's the boy's name again?	
BEN:	Flip Wilson.	
WILLIE:	What's the theme of the show?	155
BEN:	<i>The theme of the show</i> is the history of comedy dating from the early Greek times, through the days of Vaudeville right up to today's stars.	
WILLIE:	Why couldn't you get me on this show?	
BEN:	I got you on the show.	
WILLIE:	Alone?	160
BEN:	With Lewis.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Turns away.</i>] You ain't got me on the show.	
BEN:	Let me finish.	

WILLIE:	You're finished. It's no.	
BEN:	Can't you wait until I'm through before you say 'No'? Can't we discuss it for a minute?	165
WILLIE:	I'm busy.	
BEN:	Doing what?	
WILLIE:	Saying 'no'.	
BEN:	You can have the courtesy of hearing me out. They begged me at C.B.S. <i>Begged</i> me.	170
WILLIE:	Talk faster because you're coming up to another 'No'.	
BEN:	They said to me the history of comedy in the United States would not be complete unless they included one of the greatest teams ever to come out of Vaudeville, Lewis and Clark, the Sunshine Boys. The Vice-President of C.B.S. said this to me on the phone.	175
WILLIE:	The Vice-President said this?	
BEN:	Yes. He is the greatest Lewis and Clark fan in this country. He knows by heart every one of your old routines.	
WILLIE:	Then let <i>him</i> go on with that good-for-nothing.	180
BEN:	It's one shot. You would just have to do it one night, one of the old sketches. They'll pay ten thousand dollars for the team. That's top money for these shows, I promise you. Five thousand apiece. And that's more money than you've earned in two years.	
WILLIE:	I don't need money. I live alone. I got two nice suits, I don't have a pussycat, I'm very happy.	185
BEN:	You're <i>not</i> happy. You're miserable.	
WILLIE:	<i>I'm happy!</i> I just <i>look</i> miserable!	
BEN:	[<i>Falls into chair, exhausted.</i>] ... Do you really hate Al Lewis that much?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Looks away.</i>] I don't discuss Al Lewis anymore.	190
BEN:	[<i>Gets up.</i>] We <i>have</i> to discuss him because C.B.S. is waiting for an answer today and if we turn them down, I want to have a pretty good reason why ... You haven't seen him in, what, ten years now.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Takes a long time before answering.</i>] ... Eleven years!	
BEN:	[<i>Amazed.</i>] You mean to tell me you haven't spoken to him in eleven years?	195
WILLIE:	I haven't <i>seen</i> him in eleven years. I haven't <i>spoken</i> to him in twelve years.	
BEN:	You mean you saw him for a whole year that you didn't speak to him?	
WILLIE:	It wasn't easy. I had to sneak around backstage a lot.	200
BEN:	But you spoke to him on stage.	
WILLIE:	Not to <i>him</i> . If he played a gypsy, I spoke to the gypsy. If he played a fool, I spoke to the fool. But that good-for-nothing I didn't speak to.	
BEN:	I can't believe that.	
WILLIE:	You don't believe it? I can show you witnesses who <i>saw</i> me never speaking to him.	205
BEN:	Then will you answer me one question? If it was all that bad, why did you stick together for forty-three years?	
WILLIE:	[<i>Turns, looks at him.</i>] ... Because he was terrific ... There'll never be another one like him ... Nobody could time a joke the way he could time a joke ... Nobody could say a line the way he said it ... I knew what he was thinking, he knew what I was thinking ... One person, that's what we were ... No, no. Al Lewis was the best. The <i>best!</i> ... You understand?	210
BEN:	I understand.	215
WILLIE:	As an actor, no one could touch him ... As a human being, no one <i>wanted</i> to touch him.	
BEN:	[<i>Sighs.</i>] ... So what do I tell C.B.S.? No deal because Al Lewis spits?	
WILLIE:	You know when the last time was we worked together?	

BEN:	Eleven years ago on the Ed Sullivan Show.	220
WILLIE:	Eleven years ago on the Ed Sullivan Show ... July 27th ... He wouldn't put us on in the winter when people were watching, but never mind ... We did the Doctor and the Tax Examination ... You never saw that did you?	
BEN:	No, but I heard it's wonderful.	225
WILLIE:	What about a 'classic'? A <i>classic!</i> ... A <i>dead</i> person watching that sketch would laugh ... We did it maybe eight thousand times, it never missed ... <i>That</i> night it missed ... Something was wrong with him, he was rushing, his timing was off, his mind was someplace else ... I thought he was sick ... Still we got terrific applause ... Five times Ed Sullivan said, 'How about that'? ... We got back into the dressing room, he took off his make-up, put on his clothes and said to me, 'Willie, if it's all the same to you, I'm retiring' ... I said, 'What do you mean, retiring? It's not even nine o'clock. Let's have something to eat' ... He said, 'I'm not retiring for the night. I'm retiring for what's left of my life' ... And he puts on his hat, walks out of the theatre, becomes a stockbroker and I'm left with an act where I ask questions and there's no one there to answer ... Never saw the man again to this day ... Oh, he called me, I wouldn't answer ... He wrote me, I tore it up ... He sent me telegrams, they're probably still under the door.	230 235 240
BEN:	Well, Uncle Willie, with all due respect, you really weren't getting that much work anymore. Maybe he was getting tired of doing the same thing for 43 years ... I mean a man has a right to retire when he wants, doesn't he?	
WILLIE:	I don't even want to discuss it ... And in the second place, I would definitely not do it without a rehearsal.	245
BEN:	Alright, then will you agree to this? Just rehearse with him one day. If it doesn't work out, we'll call it off.	
WILLIE:	I don't trust him. I think he's been planning this for eleven years. We rehearse all week and then he walks out on me just before the show.	250
BEN:	Let me call him on the phone. [<i>Crossing to phone.</i>] Let me set up a rehearsal time for Monday.	
WILLIE:	WAIT A MINUTE! I got to think about this.	
BEN:	We don't have that much time. C.B.S. is waiting to hear.	
WILLIE:	What's their rush? What are they, going out of business?	255
BEN:	[<i>Picks up phone.</i>] I'm dialing, I'm dialing him, Uncle Willie, okay?	
WILLIE:	60-40 ... I get six thousand, he gets four thousand ... What on earth can he buy in New Jersey anyway?	
BEN:	[<i>Holding phone.</i>] I can't do that, Uncle Willie. I hope this works out. [<i>Into phone.</i>] Hello? ... Mr Lewis? Ben Silverman ... Yes, fine, thanks ... I'm here with him now.	260
WILLIE:	Willie Clark. The one he left on the Ed Sullivan Show. Ask him if he remembers.	
BEN:	It's okay, Mr. Lewis ... Uncle Willie said yes.	
WILLIE:	With an 'against it'. Don't forget the 'against it'.	265
BEN:	No, he's very anxious to do it.	
WILLIE:	[<i>Jumping up in anger.</i>] WHO'S ANXIOUS?? ... I'M AGAINST IT! ... TELL HIM, you lousy nephew.	
BEN:	Can you come here for rehearsal on Monday? ... Oh, that'll be swell ... In the morning. [<i>To WILLIE.</i>] About eleven o'clock? How long is the drive. About two hours?	270
WILLIE:	Make it nine o'clock.	
BEN:	Be reasonable, Willie. [<i>Into phone.</i>] Eleven o'clock is fine, Mr. Lewis ...	

[CURTAIN]

ACT ONE SCENE TWO

[The following Monday. A few minutes before eleven. The stage is empty. Suddenly the bathroom door opens and WILLIE emerges. He is still wearing his slippers and the same pyjamas, but instead of his bathrobe, he has made a concession to the occasion. He is wearing a double-breasted blue suit jacket, buttoned, and he is putting a handkerchief in his pocket. He looks in the mirror, brushes back his hair. He shuffles over to the window and looks out. There is a knock on the door. WILLIE turns and stares at it. He doesn't move. There is another knock and then we hear BEN's voice.]

BEN'S VOICE: Uncle Willie. It's Ben.
 WILLIE: Ben? Is that you?
 BEN'S VOICE: Yes. Open up, *[WILLIE starts to door, then stops.]*
 WILLIE: ... You're alone or he's with you?
 BEN: I'm alone.
 WILLIE: *[Nods.]* Wait a minute. *[The latch is locked again and again he has trouble getting it open.]* Wait a minute.
 BEN: Slide it, don't push it.
 WILLIE: Wait a minute. I'll push it.
 BEN: DON'T PUSH IT! SLIDE IT!
 WILLIE: Wait a minute. *[He gets it open and opens door, BEN walks in.]* You're supposed to slide it.
 BEN: I rushed like crazy. I didn't want him getting here before me. Did he call or anything?
 WILLIE: Where's the *Variety*?
 BEN: *[Taking off his coat.]* It's Monday, not Wednesday ... Didn't you know it was Monday?
 WILLIE: I remembered but I forgot.
 BEN: What are you wearing? What is that? You look half-dressed.
 WILLIE: Why, for him I should get *all* dressed?
 BEN: Are you alright? Are you nervous or anything?
 WILLIE: Why should I be nervous? *He* should be nervous. I don't get nervous.
 BEN: Good.
 WILLIE: Listen, I changed my mind. I'm not doing it.
 BEN: *What?*
 WILLIE: Don't get so upset. Everything is the same as before except I'm not doing it.
 BEN: When did you decide this?
 WILLIE: I decided it when you asked me.
 BEN: No, you didn't. You told me you *would* do it.
 WILLIE: Well, it was a bad decision. This time I made a good one.
 BEN: Well, I'm sorry, you have to do it. I've already told C.B.S. that you would be rehearsing this week and more important, that man is on his way over here now and I'm not going to tell him that you called it off.
 WILLIE: We'll leave him a note outside the door.
 BEN: We're not leaving any notes ... That's why I came here this morning, I was afraid you would try something like this ... I'm going to stay until I think you're both acting like civilised human beings ... and then when you're ready to rehearse, I'm going to leave you alone. Is that understood?
[BEN looks at him exasperated, a knock on the door and Ben crosses to it and opens it. AL LEWIS stands there. He is about 70 years old and is dressed in his best blue suit, hat, scarf and carries a walking stick. Time has slowed him down somewhat ... Our first impression is

that he is soft-spoken and pleasant ... and a little nervous.] Mr. Lewis, how do you do, I'm Ben Silverman. [BEN, *nervous, extends hand.*]

AL: How are you. Hello. It's nice to see you. [*His eyes dart around looking for WILLIE. He doesn't see him yet.*] How do you do? ... Hello ... Hello ... How are you? 330

BEN: We met before, a long time ago. My father took me backstage, I forget the theatre ... It must have been fifteen, twenty years ago.

AL: I remember ... Certainly ... It was backstage ... Maybe fifteen, twenty years ago ... I forget the theatre. 335

BEN: That's right.

AL: Sure, I remember.

BEN: Well, if either of you think of anything, just call me. [*Looks at watch again.*] I've got to go. [*He gets up.*] Uncle Willie, I'm going. [*He crosses to LEWIS and extends hand.*] Mr. Lewis, I can't express to you enough how happy I am and speaking for the millions of young people in this country who never had the opportunity of seeing Lewis and Clark work, I just want to say 'thank you'. To both of you. [*Calls out.*] To *both of you*, Uncle Willie. 340

AL: [*Nods in his seat.*] I hope they won't be disappointed. 345

BEN: Oh, they won't.

AL: I know they won't. I'm just saying it.

BEN: [*Crosses to kitchen.*] Goodbye, Uncle Willie. I'm going.

WILLIE: [*Finally.*] Sooo ... what do you think? ... You want to do the doctor sketch? 350

AL: [*Thinks.*] Well, listen, it's very good money ... It's only a few days' work, I can be back in New Jersey. If you feel you'd like to do it, then my feeling is I'm agreeable.

WILLIE: And my feeling they told you. 355

AL: What?

WILLIE: They didn't tell you? My feeling is I'm against it.

AL: You're against it?

WILLIE: Right. But I'll do it if you want to.

AL: I don't want to do it if you're against it. If you're against it, don't do it. 360

WILLIE: What do you care if I'm against it as long as we're doing it? I just want you to know *why* I'm doing it.

AL: Don't do me any favours.

WILLIE: Who's doing you a favour? I'm doing my nephew a favour. It'd be good for him in the business if we do it. 365

AL: You're sure?

WILLIE: Certainly I'm sure. It's a big break for a kid like that to get big stars like us.

AL: That's different. In that case, I'm against it too but I'll do it.

WILLIE: [*Nods.*] As long as we understand each other. 370

AL: And I want to be sure you know I'm not doing it for the money. The money goes to my grandchildren.

WILLIE: The whole thing?

AL: The whole thing. But not now. Only if I die. If I don't die, it'll be for my old age. 375

WILLIE: The same with me.

AL: You don't have grandchildren.

WILLIE: My *nephew's* children. Sidney and Marvin.

AL: [*Nods.*] Very good.

WILLIE: Okay ... So, you wanna rehearse? 380

AL: You're not against rehearsing?

WILLIE: Why should I be against rehearsing? I'm only against doing the show. Rehearsing is important.

AL: Alright, let's rehearse. Why don't we move the furniture and we'll make the set. 385

WILLIE: Wait a minute, wait a minute. What are we doing here?

AL: I'm fixing up the set, I don't know what you're doing.

WILLIE: Are you fixing up for the doctor sketch or are you redecorating my apartment?

AL: I'm fixing up for the doctor sketch. If you'd leave what I'm doing alone, we'd be finished. 390

WILLIE: We'd be finished but we'd be wrong.

AL: Not for the doctor sketch. I know what I'm doing. I did this sketch for 43 years.

WILLIE: And where was I all that time, taking a smoke? Who did you think did it with you for 43 years? That was *me*, Mister. 395

AL: Don't call me Mister, you know my name. I never liked it when you called me Mister.

WILLIE: It's not a dirty word.

AL: It is when you say it. 400

WILLIE: Forgive me, *sir*.

AL: Let's please, for Pete's sakes, fix up for the doctor sketch. Alright. We'll start from where I come in.

WILLIE: Alright, from where you come in. First go out.

AL: [*Glares at him.*] Alright, I'm going out. I'll be right back in. [*He crosses to door, opens it, stops and turns.*] If I'm outside and my daughter calls, tell her to pick me up in an hour. [*He goes out and closes the door behind him.*] 405

WILLIE: [*Mumbles half to himself.*] She can pick you up now for all I care. [*He puts his hands behind his back, clasps them and paces back and forth. He calls out:*] Alright! Knock knock knock!

AL: [*From outside.*] Knock knock knock!

WILLIE: [*Screams.*] *Don't say it, do it!* [*To himself.*] ... He probably went crazy in the country. 415

AL: [*From outside.*] You ready?

WILLIE: [*Yells.*] I'm ready. Knock, knock, knock. [*AL knocks three times on the door.*] ... Come in. [*We see and hear the doorknob jiggle but it doesn't open ... This is repeated.*] Alright, come in alright.

AL: [*From outside.*] It doesn't open ... it's stuck.

WILLIE: [*Wearily.*] Alright, wait a minute. [*He shuffles over to the door and puts hand on knob and pulls. It doesn't open.*] ... Wait a minute. [*He tries again, to no avail.*] 420

AL: [*From outside.*] What's the matter?

WILLIE: Wait a minute. [*He pulls harder, to no avail.*] 425

AL: Is it locked?

WILLIE: It's not locked. Wait a minute. [*He tries again, it doesn't open.*] It's locked. You better get somebody. Call the boy downstairs. Sandy. Tell him it's locked.

AL: [*From outside.*] Let me try it again.

WILLIE: What are you wasting time? Call the boy. Tell him it's locked, [*AL tries it again turning it in the other direction and the door opens. They stand there, face to face.*] 430

AL: I fixed it.

WILLIE: [*Glares at him.*] You didn't fix it. You just don't know how to open a door. 435

AL: ... Did my daughter call?

WILLIE: You know I think you went crazy in the country.

AL: You want to stand here and insult me or do you wanna rehearse the sketch?

WILLIE: I would like to do *both* but we ain't got the time ... Let's forget the door. Stand in here and say 'knock knock knock.' 440

AL: [*Comes in and closes the door. Sarcastically.*] I hope I can get out again.

WILLIE: I hope so too ... [*He places hands behind back and paces.*] Alright, 'Knock knock knock.' 445

AL: [*Pantomimes with fist.*] Knock knock knock.

WILLIE: [*Sing-song.*] Enter!

AL: [*Stops, looks at him.*] What do you mean 'Enter'? [*He does it in same sing-song way.*] What happened to 'come-in'?

WILLIE: It's the same thing, isn't it? Enter or come-in. What's the difference, as long as you're in. 450

AL: The difference is we've done this sketch 12,000 times and you've always said 'Come-in' and suddenly today it's 'Enter'. Why today, after all these years do you suddenly change it to 'Enter'?

WILLIE: [*Shrugs.*] I'm trying to freshen up the act. 455

AL: Who asked you to freshen up the act? They asked for the Doctor Sketch, didn't they? The Doctor Sketch starts with 'Come-in', not 'Enter'. You wanna freshen up something, put some flowers in here.

WILLIE: It's a new generation today. This is not 1934, you know.

AL: No kidding? I didn't get today's paper. 460

WILLIE: What's bad about 'enter' instead of 'come-in'?

AL: Because it's different. You know why we've been doing it the same way for 43 years? Because it's good.

WILLIE: And you know why we don't do it anymore? Because we've been doing it the same way for 43 years. 465

AL: So, if we're not doing it anymore, why are we changing it?

AL: If you say 'Enter' after 'Knock knock knock' ... I'm coming in alright. But not alone, I'm bringing a lawyer with me.

WILLIE: Where? From New Jersey? You're lucky if a cow comes with you.

AL: Against *you* in court, I could *win* with a cow. Listen, I got a terrific idea. 470

AL: Instead of working together again, let's never work together again. You're crazy.

WILLIE: I'm crazy, heh? I'M CRAZY!!

AL: Keep saying it until you believe it.

WILLIE: I may be crazy, but you're *senile*! You know what that is? 475

AL: I'm not giving you any straight lines.

WILLIE: Crazy is when you got a couple of parts that go wrong. Senile is when you went out of business. That's you, Mister. [*The phone rings. AL moves towards phone.*] Get away from that phone. [*Picks up phone.*] Hello? 480

AL: Is that my daughter?

WILLIE: Hello. How are you?

AL: Is that my daughter? Is that her?

WILLIE: [*To AL.*] Will you shut up? Will you be quiet? Can't you see I'm talking? Don't you see me on the phone with a person? ... WILL YOU BEHAVE FOR FIVE SECONDS LIKE A HUMAN BEING??? [*Into phone.*] Hello? ... Yes ... Just a minute, [*To AL.*] It's your daughter. [*He sits, opens up Variety.*] 485

AL: [*Takes the phone, turns his back to WILLIE, speaks low.*] Hello ... Hello, sweetheart ... No ... No ... I can't talk now ... I said I can't talk now ... Because he's a crazy bedbug, that's why.

WILLIE [*Jumps up.*]: Mister is no good but bedbug is alright?? [*Yells into phone.*] Your father is sick! Come and get your sick father!!

AL: [*Turns to him.*] Don't you see me on the phone with a person? Will you please be quiet. [*Back into phone.*] Listen, I want you to pick me 495

up now ... I don't want to discuss it, pick me up now. In front of the hotel. Don't park too close, it's filthy here ... I *know* what I promised. Don't argue with me. I'm putting on my coat, I'll wait in the street, I'll probably get mugged ... Alright, just a minute. [*He hands phone to WILLIE.*] She'd like to talk to you for a second. 500

WILLIE: Who is it?

AL: [*Glares at him.*] Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt ... What do you mean, who is it? Didn't you just say it's your daughter?

WILLIE: I know it's your daughter. I forgot her name.

AL: Doris. 505

WILLIE: What does she want?

AL: [*Yells.*] Am I Doris? She'll tell you.

WILLIE: [*Takes phone.*] Hello? ... Hello, dear, this is Willie Clark ... Unpleasantness? There was no unpleasantness ... There was stupidity maybe but no unpleasantness ... 510

AL: Tell her I'm getting into my coat. [*He is putting coat on.*] Tell her I got one sleeve on.

WILLIE: [*Into phone.*] I was hoping it would work out too ... I bent over backwards and forwards. He didn't even bend sideways ...

AL: I got the other sleeve on ... Tell her I'm up to my hat and then I'm out the door. 515

WILLIE: It's a question of one word, darling. Enter! ... Enter, that's all it comes down to.

AL: [*Puts his hat on.*] The hat is on. I'm bundled up, tell her.

WILLIE: [*Into phone.*] Yes ... Yes, I will ... I'll tell him myself. I promise ... Goodbye, Dorothy. [*He hangs up.*] I told her we'll give it one more chance. 520

AL: Not if you say enter. 'Come in' I'll stay, 'enter', I go.

WILLIE: Ask me 'Knock knock knock'.

AL: Don't fool around with me. I got enough pains in my neck. Are you going to say 'Come in'? 525

WILLIE: Ask me 'Knock knock knock'!

AL: I know you, you good-for-nothing!

WILLIE: ASK ME 'KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK'!

AL: KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! 530

WILLIE: [*Grinding it in.*] EN-TERRR!

AL: BEDBUG!!! CRAZY BEDBUG!!! [*Running out.*]

WILLIE: [*Big smile.*] ENNN-TERRRRR! [*The curtain starts down.*]

AL: [*Heading for the door.*] CONTEMPTIBLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING!!

WILLIE: ENNN-TERRRRR! 535

[CURTAIN]

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EXTRACT 2

Adapted from *Alice* by Laura Wade

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Alice was written by Laura Wade (b.1977) and was first performed at the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, UK, in June 2010. The play is in two acts, and the extract is taken from the first part of Act Two.

The play is an adaptation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, although events do not appear in the same order and only some of the dialogue is taken from the original books. In this adapted version, the story is set in Sheffield, a large industrial city in the north of England. Alice Little is presented as a 12-year-old girl, traumatised by the death of her 17-year-old brother. At the end of the funeral wake, Alice finds herself on a surreal, topsy-turvy journey in which she enters Wonderland. Here, she encounters many familiar characters from Lewis Carroll's original story.

Towards the end of Act One, Alice finds herself on the way to the Queen of Hearts' castle, which is the location for the opening of Act 2.

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

COMMENTATOR 1
COMMENTATOR 2
DUCHESS
ALICE
QUEEN OF HEARTS
OFFICIAL
KING
HEDGEHOG
FLAMINGO
KNAVE
WHITE RABBIT

ACT TWO

[The Queen's Croquet Ground. A number of young WONDERLANDERS are playing croquet on the lawn, watched by two COMMENTATORS in their own mobile commentary box.]

ALICE sits at the edge of the lawn, with the DUCHESS next to her.]

- COMMENTATOR 1: And that cracking shot concludes our warm-up match from the Junior Wonderlanders' Croquet League. 5
- COMMENTATOR 2: Stars of the future there ...
- COMMENTATOR 1: Yes indeed. And on their way to the podium now for the medals presentation.
- COMMENTATOR 2: Who knows, one day these youngsters may find themselves being presented with a medal by the Queen herself. 10
- COMMENTATOR 1: What a proud day that would be.
- DUCHESS: Isn't it exciting, dolly?
- ALICE: What?
- DUCHESS: To be here. Today. 15
- ALICE: I um – I don't quite know how I got here.
- DUCHESS: I'm like that, I forget things all the time.
- ALICE: I mean I was just talking to that scary man and now I'm – Now I'm here. Sorry, where am I exactly?
- DUCHESS: Silly dolly. You're at the Queen's croquet ground. 20
- ALICE: The Queen of Hearts?
- DUCHESS: Aren't you more excited than you've ever been? A game of croquet and then tea.
- ALICE: I don't really know anything about croquet.
- DUCHESS: Gosh dolly, don't say that anywhere near her majesty – the Queen's mad for croquet. 25
- ALICE: Is the Queen here?
- DUCHESS: She'll be here any minute, for the big match. Do you really mean to tell me you've never played croquet?
- ALICE: It's a bit old-fashioned where I come from. 30
- DUCHESS: You do think the Queen will receive me today, don't you? Just have to make sure I pick the right moment –

[A fanfare.]

Oh dolly, she's coming, she's coming.

[The DUCHESS drags ALICE off the pitch.] 35

- COMMENTATOR 1: If you've just joined us we're reporting from the annual All – Wonderland Croquet Tournament, in the presence of her majesty the Queen, croquet's greatest fan.
- COMMENTATOR 2: And of course his majesty the King.
- COMMENTATOR 1: The King, yes, and her majesty the Queen looking as radiant as ever – you know it's a wonder to me to think that those delicate hands were up until last night hard at work baking tarts, and yet now here she is, quite serene, not a dusting of flour or a spot of jam in sight. 40
- She is, truly, the Queen of Hearts.
- COMMENTATOR 2: And what a tea we shall have later. 45
- COMMENTATOR 1: The White Rabbit there, attending to every royal whim in his usual indispensable way, the model of discretion.
- ALICE: *[To DUCHESS.]* Does the White Rabbit work for the Queen?

COMMENTATOR 2:	What secrets must those ears have heard, eh?	
COMMENTATOR 1:	Yes indeed.	50
ALICE:	If he works for the Queen that must mean I'm in the right place, mustn't it?	
COMMENTATOR 2:	Not um, bad secrets, I mean –	
COMMENTATOR 1:	The Queen now rising from her royal seat to address the crowd – a reverent hush, if you please.	55
	<i>[The QUEEN stands up.]</i>	
	<i>ALICE looks at the QUEEN properly for the first time.]</i>	
ALICE:	She looks like my mum!	
DUCHESS:	Shhh.	
QUEEN:	Most dear, most loyal, most delicious subjects.	60
ALICE:	She sounds like my mum, too –	
QUEEN:	It is with great pleasure that you would like to thank me for laying on such a magnificent spectacle this afternoon, and for the love and fidelity you enjoy. From me.	
ALICE:	This means I'm definitely in the right place.	65
DUCHESS:	Really, dolly, you ought to be quiet.	
QUEEN:	I think we can all agree that there is no-one in all Wonderland more wonderful than me, and for that you are, of course, profoundly grateful. From the bottom of your hearts.	
ALICE:	I should go and speak to her then maybe she can click her fingers or her shoes or something and get me out of here.	70
	<i>[ALICE steps over the rope at the side of the pitch to try to move towards the QUEEN, but before she's covered any distance, a match OFFICIAL swoops in and stops her.]</i>	
OFFICIAL:	Sorry miss, you can't go over there.	75
ALICE:	But I need to speak to my –	
OFFICIAL:	Come on, we don't want any trouble – off the green, please.	
ALICE:	But I want to talk to the Queen.	
OFFICIAL:	Only players allowed to approach the Queen, miss.	
QUEEN:	My husband and I were remarking only the other day how lucky you are to be ruled by such a just, reasonable, compassionate queen as me –	80
	<i>[There's a shout from an unseen WONDERLANDER in the crowd.]</i>	
WONDERLANDER:	Tell us about the tarts!	
QUEEN:	Who said that? Off with his head!	85
	<i>[The KING comes close to the QUEEN's side.]</i>	
KING:	Beheadings later, my dear – Please continue, we're hanging on every word.	
	<i>[The QUEEN composes herself and continues.]</i>	

QUEEN:	I simply cannot tell you how pleased you are to be here, in the presence of me. We are happy to invite you all – or those of you still in possession of your heads by that point – to a croquet tea at which my home made tarts will be served to the most deserving among you.	90
	But before that – to the match. What a happy coincidence that croquet, my favourite sport, is also the favourite sport of all Wonderlanders everywhere. And what an exciting game we will have today – a champion, undefeated for twenty-five matches, and an unknown challenger. Who among you is brave enough to take on this quest for glory?	95
	<i>[The QUEEN looks at the crowd. No-one volunteers.]</i>	100
ALICE:	I SAID – who among you is brave enough to take on the challenge?	
DUCHESS:	Why won't anyone volunteer?	
QUEEN:	No one could defeat the champion. He's – Never mind that the last challenger had to have a hedgehog removed from his buttocks – he was right as rain in no time.	105
	Come on, Wonderland. Where's your lust for adventure?	
	<i>[Still no volunteers.]</i>	
	I WANT TO WATCH SOME CROQUET.	
	If no one volunteers then off with everyone's head. Off with his head, and her head, and his head and his head and off with their heads over there and ...	110
ALICE:	If I play, I'll get to meet the Queen, right?	
DUCHESS:	You play?	
	<i>[ALICE looks at her HEDGEHOG and FLAMINGO.]</i>	
ALICE:	What d'you think, guys?	115
HEDGEHOG:	No no no I'm scared, he's scary.	
FLAMINGO:	Do you know, I can't today, I've got to go to the chiropodist.	
ALICE:	Come on, let's be brave, let's do it.	
	<i>[ALICE goes to the match official.]</i>	
OFFICIAL:	I'd like to be the challenger, please.	120
QUEEN:	Are you sure?	
OFFICIAL:	... and your head and your head and – Your majesty – we have a challenger.	
	<i>[ALICE steps forward. The QUEEN looks her up and down with a flicker of recognition, then claps her hands, delighted.]</i>	125
	<i>The crowd breathes a sigh of relief.]</i>	
QUEEN:	Bring out the champion!	
	<i>[The crowd goes wild as the champion (wearing a helmet with a face-cage) is carried in, triumphant, and does a pre-emptive lap of honour.]</i>	130

COMMENTATOR 1:	The crowd going suitably loopy there for the entrance of the All-Wonderland Croquet champion.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	And we've just been passed some statistics about today's challenger – never been known to win a tournament, never to our knowledge even handled a flamingo.	135
COMMENTATOR 1:	Could this be the shortest game in the history of this venerable championship?	
	<i>[The champion takes off his mask and snarls at the crowd who squeal with delight.]</i>	
	ALICE recognises him.]	140
ALICE:	That's the man – that's the man I saw! <i>He's</i> the champion?	
FLAMINGO:	The Knave of Hearts.	
ALICE:	But he can't be – I saw him –	
FLAMINGO:	Never been beaten. He's the Queen's favourite.	
HEDGEHOG:	Gosh, the things he can do with a hedgehog ...	145
	<i>[The KNAVE, having finished snarling at the crowd, advances on ALICE, menacingly. She stands with her flamingo lowered, trying to be brave. He circles her, then comes close and looks her in the eye, challengingly.]</i>	
	<i>He puts his helmet back on and smacks it down on the top of his head – he's ready to play. The crowd whoop and cheer. The KNAVE backs away from ALICE, and goes to select a flamingo from a rack displayed to him by the OFFICIAL.]</i>	150
FLAMINGO:	Oooh – ahh – the blood's all rushing to my head – ahhh –	
HEDGEHOG:	You mustn't leave him upside down for too long – the blood all rushes to his head.	155
ALICE:	I'm so sorry.	
	<i>[ALICE lifts the FLAMINGO to an upright position.]</i>	
FLAMINGO:	Oh yes, that's much bet –	
	<i>[The FLAMINGO faints, going floppy in ALICE's arms.]</i>	160
	<i>The FLAMINGO is still.]</i>	
HEDGEHOG:	Any minute now ...	
ALICE:	Is he going to be OK to play?	
COMMENTATOR 1:	The Knave now kneeling at the feet of his patron, her majesty the Queen who is –	165
COMMENTATOR 2:	We think –	
COMMENTATOR 1:	Yes yes, she's about to give him the royal hedgehog to play with.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	An honour indeed.	
	<i>[The QUEEN gives the KING a signal and he opens a small wooden box with a golden hedgehog inside it. He offers the hedgehog to the KNAVE, who takes it and bows to the QUEEN. She waves, regally, then gives her husband another signal.]</i>	170
KING:	Let's play croquet!	

FLAMINGO:	Come on then, let's get on with it.	
HEDGEHOG:	It's your shot first.	175
	<i>[ALICE walks to the first hoop.]</i>	
COMMENTATOR 1:	Our challenger now coming to the starting position to take the first shot.	
	<i>[ALICE puts her HEDGEHOG down on the floor.]</i>	
	Let's go in for a closer look.	
	<i>[The COMMENTATORS wheel themselves towards ALICE and watch her intently.]</i>	180
COMMENTATOR 2:	The concentration on the challenger's face – what must she be feeling at this moment right now?	
	<i>[ALICE takes the shot, and it gets almost to the hoop.]</i>	
COMMENTATOR 1:	Not a bad shot there from the challenger, but will it be enough?	185
	<i>[The KNAVE steps onto the pitch and places his hedgehog in the starting position.]</i>	
COMMENTATOR 2:	Here we go now – the Knave getting ready for the shot –	
	<i>[He knocks his hedgehog towards the hoop, but it seems to be going off course.]</i>	190
KNAVE:	Look up there!	
	<i>[Everyone except ALICE looks up in the sky where the KNAVE is pointing. He runs to his hedgehog, and taps it with his foot so that it's going through the hoop just as everyone looks back down again.]</i>	
	Sorry, thought I saw something.	195
COMMENTATOR 1:	Classic shot. A player at the very top of his game.	
ALICE:	He was cheating!	
KING:	Action replay!	
	<i>[Everyone goes backwards to where they were for the KNAVE's shot, then he plays it in slow motion as if it had gone through the hoop perfectly. The QUEEN claps with delight.]</i>	200
ALICE:	That's not what happened!	
COMMENTATOR 2:	A triumphant first hoop for the Knave.	
COMMENTATOR 1:	Time for the challenger's next shot – can she get through that first hoop at last?	205
	<i>[ALICE hits her hedgehog and it goes through the first hoop.]</i>	
COMMENTATOR 1:	Yes, keeping herself in a steady second place, there.	
ALICE:	Yeah, OK, I'm trying my best.	
	<i>[The KNAVE steps up to take his next shot. It gets a good way towards the second hoop, but doesn't go through it.]</i>	210

The KNAVE makes a frustrated sound and smacks his flamingo's head on the floor. The crowd inhales sharply.]

COMMENTATOR 2: The Knave showing some frustration there.
 COMMENTATOR 1: The point at which he'd usually call for a new –
 KNAVE: New flamingo! 215
 COMMENTATOR 1: Yes, he's calling for a new flamingo now.

[The OFFICIAL hands the KNAVE another flamingo and the KNAVE hands the OFFICIAL his old one.]

COMMENTATOR 2: Let's hope this helps him onto a happier footing.
 COMMENTATOR 1: What's the challenger going to do now? 220

[ALICE takes her shot. It looks like it'll go through the second hoop, but then the KNAVE puts down a bowl of bread and milk at the side of the hoop, and the hedgehog goes towards that instead.]

QUEEN: Well played!
 ALICE: That's not fair. 225

[ALICE goes up to the official.]

He's giving my hedgehog food – that's cheating.

[The OFFICIAL looks towards the QUEEN. The QUEEN nods to the KING.]

KING: Play on! 230

[The KNAVE takes his shot and his hedgehog sails through the hoop.]

COMMENTATOR 1: Beautiful.
 COMMENTATOR 2: Liquid croquet.
 COMMENTATOR 1: That's the kind of shot that gets me out of bed in the morning, I have to say. 235

[The QUEEN claps and nods to the KING again.]

KING: Free shot to the Knave!
 ALICE: What? No!
 COMMENTATOR 2: A well deserved bonus now for the Knave –

[The KNAVE takes his free shot and his hedgehog goes towards the third hoop, but not through it.] 240

QUEEN: Not a bad shot, but not his best.
 Free shot to the Knave!
 COMMENTATOR 2: The Queen herself calling for a free shot.
 COMMENTATOR 1: The royal prerogative in action there from croquet's greatest fan. 245

[The KNAVE hits his hedgehog and it goes through the third hoop. The QUEEN and the crowd all cheer. ALICE looks on, helpless.]

QUEEN: Hurrah! Free shot!

[The KNAVE hits his hedgehog towards the fourth hoop.]

Free shot! 250
COMMENTATOR 2: And another free shot...

[The QUEEN calls for as many free shots as it takes for the KNAVE to get his hedgehog through the fourth hoop.]

The KNAVE pants, showing some fatigue.]

COMMENTATOR 1: A brilliant run for the Knave, bringing him tantalisingly close to the winner's post. 255

KING: Time Out!

COMMENTATOR 1: The King calling time out now, giving the players a well-earned rest.

[The KNAVE goes to sit in a chair and is surrounded by attendants who mop his brow, feed him drinks and generally gee him up.] 260

COMMENTATOR 2: And while we're waiting for play to resume, why don't we read out a few of your birthday messages?

COMMENTATOR 1: Yes, I've a card here saying happy birthday Betsy from all your friends in Wonderland Border Control...

ALICE: This is stupid – I might as well give up. 265

HEDGEHOG: I'm sorry, I'm a sucker for a bit of bread and milk.

ALICE: If he's going to play like that, cheating all the time. I can't beat it. And anyway, everyone wants him to win.

FLAMINGO: No one beats the Knave of Hearts.

ALICE: Yeah, I can see why. No one gets a fair run. 270

COMMENTATOR 1: And here's another of your messages, though I'm not sure I quite understand this one.

COMMENTATOR 2: What does it say?

COMMENTATOR 1: 'Alice. Alice. Alice. Has anyone seen Alice. I can't find Alice. I've looked everywhere. D'you think she's run off somewhere? Alice. Alice.' 275

COMMENTATOR 2: Seems to be for someone called Alice.

ALICE: I'm Alice, that's me.

COMMENTATOR 1: Sure it makes perfect sense to someone out there.

FLAMINGO: Who was it from?

HEDGEHOG: Sounded a bit worried. 280

ALICE: My dad – Dad? Mum? I'm here – I'm trying to get back.

If they can send a message, they must be close, mustn't they? I must be near the end.

FLAMINGO: OK, guys. Let's win this so I can get home. 285

ALICE: Win this? How can we win this? No-one beats the –

Yeah, you said.

But wouldn't it be amazing if we did beat him? Why should he get away with it, playing like that? He smacked that poor flamingo's head really hard.

FLAMINGO: That was my cousin Harold. 290

ALICE: Let's do it for Harold.

HEDGEHOG: But how can we do it?

ALICE: I don't know, but why don't we – Give it our best shot. You just have to do the best you can with what you've got, don't you?

FLAMINGO: My best shot... 295

ALICE:	<i>Literally</i> your best shot. D'you want to be the kind of flamingo that just gives in when things get difficult?	
FLAMINGO:	No. No, right, come on then. For Harold.	
ALICE:	Roger? Who's to say you can't fly if you want to?	
HEDGEHOG:	Yes. Yes, you're right. I'm a champion in the making. Let's play the game of our lives.	300
ALICE:	This is so massively cheesy it's <i>got</i> to work.	
KING:	Play on!	
COMMENTATOR 1:	The King calling for the game to be resumed there.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	If you've just joined us, the Knave looks to be only one shot away from a resounding victory.	305
COMMENTATOR 1:	One final consolation shot for the challenger first.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	And there she is, flamingo at the ready – what's that expression on her face, would you say?	
COMMENTATOR 1:	If I didn't know better I'd say it was –	310
COMMENTATOR 2:	Yes?	
COMMENTATOR 1:	I'd say it was <i>determination</i> .	
	[ALICE <i>steels herself and takes the shot.</i>	
	<i>By sheer force of will, Roger the Hedgehog goes through the third hoop, through the fourth then turns a corner to hit the winners post. The crowd gasp in amazement.]</i>	315
COMMENTATOR 2:	That's it! That's it! The challenger has won the match!	
COMMENTATOR 1:	The Knave of Hearts <i>and</i> the laws of physics taking an absolute pasting there. What a game.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	Who'd have thought at the beginning of today that by the end of today the world would look as very different as it looks now at the end of today.	320
COMMENTATOR 1:	Yes indeed. A new All-Wonderland Croquet champion.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	Won it fair and square.	
COMMENTATOR 1:	And doesn't the Knave of Hearts look cross about it.	325
	[The KNAVE <i>storms off in a huff.</i>]	
COMMENTATOR 2:	Yes, he'll be kicking himself tonight. The challenger now approaching the podium to receive her medal from her majesty the Queen.	
COMMENTATOR 1:	A great honour for any citizen of Wonderland.	
COMMENTATOR 2:	Seconds away from coming face to face with her majesty.	330
ALICE:	Hello.	
QUEEN:	I beg your pardon.	
ALICE:	Hi. I mean, here I am, so –	
QUEEN:	Are you addressing me?	
ALICE:	Mission accomplished, here I am. Mum.	335
QUEEN:	Mum?	
ALICE:	OK, no, sorry – just you look a lot like my mum, so –	
WHITE RABBIT:	The medal, your majesty.	
	[The WHITE RABBIT <i>hands the Queen the gold winner's medal.</i>]	
ALICE:	Hi.	340
WHITE RABBIT:	Hello?	
	[The OFFICIAL <i>comes over to the WHITE RABBIT and whispers in his ear.</i>]	

One moment.

[*The WHITE RABBIT steps away to speak to the official in private. The QUEEN hangs the medal around ALICE's neck.*] 345

QUEEN: I wanted the knave to win. He's my favourite.

ALICE: Yeah, I'm sorry. But I needed to speak to you. And the Duchess sort of said that the only way I could do that was to play croquet and get presented to you at the end. 350

QUEEN: The Duchess said this? The Duchess?

ALICE: I've done everything I was supposed to do, yeah? So now I'm ready to go back, because I think my dad is kind of worried about where I am.

QUEEN: The Duchess!

ALICE: Look, I'm happy to hand the medal back and give it to the Knave if you want to for some kind of technicality because I want to go home really, more than I wanted to win at the croquet. 355

QUEEN: Give it to me then.

[*ALICE takes the medal off her neck and hands it back to the QUEEN.*

The WHITE RABBIT returns and goes close to the QUEEN.] 360

WHITE RABBIT: Your majesty –

[*He whispers in her ear. The QUEEN suddenly shrieks.*]

QUEEN: Stolen! My tarts? Who stole my tarts?

That's it – No more croquet! Whoever stole the tarts will lose his head!

[*The whole crowd quakes with fear.*] 365

Out of my way!

[*The QUEEN goes to leave. As she is doing so, the DUCHESS steps into her path.*]

DUCHESS: Your majesty – may I say how delightful it is to me to be back at court and back in your – 370

QUEEN: Get out of my way, idiot!

DUCHESS: But your majesty – You're my best friend!

[*The QUEEN leaves, with the DUCHESS pursuing her.*]

ALICE: No – wait – please – I need to speak to you –

[*The WONDERLANDERS hurriedly pack away the croquet ground – rolling the lawn up and carrying it off, wheeling out the QUEEN's podium etc... ALICE tries to get to the QUEEN, but is thwarted every time by people standing in front of her.*] 375

No – please – please come back –

[*ALICE is left alone as everything and everyone gets packed away.*] 380

The big door clanks shut behind her and ALICE shouts with frustration.]

No no NO!

I don't know what to do I don't know what to do.

I mean what else do you bloody want me to do?

I've played the stupid game, I've done the Heart thing – it's not a place, 385
I've tried that, and it's not a person. I mean I'm running out of options
here, I'm struggling for any kind of idea at all. I've tried to talk to all
these crazy people but d'you know what? *They're all insane!* Nobody's
given me anything that's even remotely useful – what, a stupid
piece-of-nonsense poem and I'm supposed to go 'oh yeah, eureka, I 390
know exactly what to do now'.

[ALICE *hears a voice from another world.*]

MUM:	Has anyone seen Alice?	
ALICE:	Mum?	
DAD:	We can't find her anywhere.	395
ALICE:	I'm here!	
DAD:	Have you checked the attic?	
ALICE:	The attic's Joe's room, I can't go in there.	
MUM:	I don't know, I can't go in there.	
DAD:	She's probably just hiding somewhere.	400
MUM:	Maybe she's gone out.	
DAD:	She's not been out in two weeks.	
ALICE:	Mummy? Can you come and get me? I've got nothing left.	

I don't know how to get home, mum. I've got nothing.

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