Pass the tea, would you Alice?” said the Mad Hatter through his enormous grin.

“I’d like the milk, bring it over!” said the Dormouse rudely. Alice happily brought the tea to the madman before returning once more to her seat, sticking her tongue out at the diminutive and belligerent mouse. He harrumphed and took the jug of milk from Alice anyway, dragging it back to his seat as the Hatter stirred the sugar into his tea and continued to tell his amazing story.

“Be ready to strike,’ said the Old Red King to the jet black crow, ‘and I’ll be ready to avenge your death!’ The crow took one look at the Old Red King, and fluttered away. Crows are clever, but rarely loyal!”

“But enough of that,” he said, “let’s dance!”

He stood up from the table violently, extending a hand across the table in an elegant courtly gesture. Alice curtsied sweetly and followed him onto the magical dance floor that appeared suddenly from the dirt next to the tea party.

The March Hare took up a spoon and a fork and began to strike the crockery around him, making an awful, discordant sound. Was this music? Alice wondered as she was escorted onto the floor.

“Now you lead, my dear; I don’t know this song!” cried the Mad Hatter.
Act II
Scene 4

Duplex

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