



Where was I?” asked the Mad Hatter, looking slightly confused as the March Hare passed the pitcher to the Dormouse, who dragged it back to his place with determination.

Alice adjusted her pale blue dress, uncomfortable. “I think you were about to tell us...”

“Oh yes, of course!” he said, “I was right where I left myself!” The hare began giggling to himself.

“But let me continue my story...

“The battle was well underway, and the Queen cried out to her brave knight: ‘Now!’. Reluctantly, he stepped aside, allowing the White Queen full view of her nemesis, the threat to her entire Kingdom. The knight stood between his King and Queen, ready to serve and risk his life, and watched anxiously as the two women prepared to fight.”

The March Hare giggled uncontrollably, spinning wildly on his chair, and tossed the plate of biscuits to the mad host, before tipping half the pot of sugar onto his large, pink tongue. He began chewing loudly as the hatter deftly snatched the plate from the air, never breaking his gaze with the newest guest.

“But did you hear the story about the two brothers, called Tweedledum and Tweedledee?” said the madman.

“I think you mean Tweedledee and Tweedledum,” interjected the Dormouse.

“I overheard the oddest argument between them...”



Act I
Scene 1

Ambidextrous

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