

Lux Radio Theater

Disney's "Alice In Wonderland"

Originally aired December 24, 1951

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

CAST:

Announcer, John Milton Kennedy –
William Keighley –
Alice (Cathy Beaumont)-
Dinah-
White Rabbit -
Doorknob -
Tweedle Dum -
Tweede Dee -
Walrus -
Carpenter -
Mother Oyster -
Rose -
Snap-Dragon -
Marguerite –
Violets
Marigold
Tulip
Lily
Caterpillar –
Libby Collins -
Cheshire Cat (Sterling Holloway) -
Mad Hatter (Ed Wynn) -
March Hare (Jerry Colonna) -
Doormouse -
Adriana Caselotti (Snow White) -
Queen of Hearts –
Hedgehog -
Flamingo -
The King –
Alice's sister –

SFX:

Door Handle
Uncorking bottle
Alice bumping head
Lock Turns
Water Rushing
High and Low honk
Teapot lid open & close
Tinkering with watch
Buttering
Hammering & Glass Breaking
Watch going out of control
Watch dies down
Gate unlatches & Opens
Trumpet Blare
Hitting Wooden Ball
Wind Blowing
Hammering
Getting hit in the face with Jam

ANNOUNCER: Lux, presents... Hollywood.

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: Lever Brothers Company, the makers of Lux toilet soap, bring you, "The Lux Radio Theater." Starring Ed Wynn, Kathy Beaumont, Jerry Colonna, and Sterling Holloway in "Alice in Wonderland." Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. William Keighley.

KEIGHLEY: Christmas greetings from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. Now that all the presents are wrapped, the Christmas tree decorated, the stuffing made for the turkey, and you're all worn out, why don't you draw up a chair,

and let us tell both you and the children a story. A story you'll both enjoy, because it's the Lewis Carroll classic, made into an enchanting picture by Walt Disney, "Alice in Wonderland." And as our stars from the original cast, we have Kathy Beaumont playing Alice, Ed Wynn as the Mad Hatter, Jerry Colonna as the March Hare, and Sterling Holloway, of course, as The Cheshire Cat. You know, Hollywood has always been known as a Wonderland, too. Partly because if it's glamorous actresses—beautiful women who protect the wonder of their skin perfection with Lux toilet soap facials. We're proud to say that nine out of ten screen actresses are Lux girls. Now, here's "Alice in Wonderland," starring Ed Wynn as the Mad Hatter, Kathy Beaumont as Alice, Jerry Colonna as the March Hare, and Sterling Holloway, as The Cheshire Cat.

MUSIC:

CHORUS: *Alice in Wonderland, how do you get to Wonderland?
Over the hill or underland, or just behind the tree?*

(CHORUS CONTINUES HUMMING UNDERNEATH)

KEIGHLEY: One warm and quiet summer afternoon, a little girl named Alice was in her garden. Nearby, her older sister was reading her History lesson. But I'm afraid Alice wasn't paying much attention. As a matter of fact, Alice, very quietly, had wandered away and sat down under a tree. Alice, you see, much preferred talking to her car than learning about History.

DINAH: Meow.

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

DINAH: Meow.

ALICE: Yes, to be sure. Nothing would be what it isn't. And contrariwise, what it is, it wouldn't be. Uh, do you understand?

DINAH: Meow!

ALICE: Quite sensibly. Furthermore, in my world, you wouldn't say 'meow'. You'd say 'Yes, miss Alice'. Oh, Dinah, you would be just like people. And all the other animals too. Why, in my world...

(SINGS) *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 could sit and talk to you 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 here a song that I could understand.

I keep wishing it could be that way, because my world would be a wonderland.

DINAH: Meow! Meow! Meow!

ALICE: Oh, come now, Dinah! See? It's just a rabbit. A rabbit with a waistcoat and a... oh look, he has a pocket watch!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh my fur and whiskers! I'm late, I'm late I'm late!

ALICE: Did you hear him? What could a rabbit possibly be late for?

MUSIC:

WHITE RABBIT: (SPEAKING TO THE MUSIC) *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!

ALICE: Mister Rabbit! Wait! Please!

WHITE RABBIT: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm overdue. I'm in a rabbit stew. No time to say goodbye, hello! I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!

DINAH: Meow!

ALICE: Yes, Dinah, that hole. The rabbit went down that hole. And what a large hole. But I can't see him down there, it's so dark. (CALLING WITH ECHO) Mister Rabbit?

DINAH: (CALLING) Meow!

ALICE: Hm. What a peculiar place to have a very important date. Dinah, I'm going to follow that rabbit down the hole.

DINAH: Meow.

ALICE: I've made up my mind. Goodbye, Dinah. (ECHO BEGINS) Be a good little kitty and I'll see you in a little...oh. DINAH! I'm falling! (FALLING) Goodbye, Dinah! Goodbye!

MUSIC: DESCENDING

SOUND: WIND HOWLING

ALICE: ... Oh! I'm going downer and downer and downer. Mister Rabbit! Where are you? Oh dear. What if I should fall right through the center of the earth and come out the other side where people walk upside down. Oh, but that's silly. Nobody could... oh! (ECHO STOPS) I've stopped falling. Oh, I've landed. And how strange. I'm in a room. Mister Rabbit? Where

are you? Hm. Why, here's a little door. He must have opened the door and...

SOUND: DOOR HANDLE RATTLES

ALICE: Oh dear. The door is locked.

DOOR KNOB: You could be a little more gentle, you know.

ALICE: Oh! Who said that?

DOOR KNOB: I did, of course.

ALICE: The doorknob?

DOOR KNOB: Oh, it's quite all right. But you did give me quite a turn!

ALICE: I'm terribly sorry. But I was following...

DOOR KNOB: Heh, heh, heh. Rather good, what? Doorknob? Turn? Heh, heh, heh.

ALICE: Oh, please help me, sir. I'm looking for a white rabbit, and he must have gone through your door. So, if you don't mind...

DOOR KNOB: Oh. sorry, you're much too big to go through. Simply impassible.

ALICE: You mean impossible?

DOOR KNOB: Oh, no—heh, heh—impassible.

ALICE: Now really.

DOOR KNOB: Why don't you try the bottle on the table?

ALICE: Uh, bottle? Why there *is* a bottle. And it says, "Drink me."

DOOR KNOB: Well?

ALICE: All right. I'll drink it.

SOUND: UNCORKING BOTTLE

ALICE: Hmm, tastes um... like cherry tart... and... and custard... and, oh my goodness. Like Roast turkey

DOOR KNOB: How do you feel?

MUSIC:

ALICE: How do I... Oh! What's happening to me? I'm getting smaller. I'm shrinking. I'm getting smaller and smaller and smaller.

DOOR KNOB: Ho, ho. One more swallow and you would have gone out like a candle.

ALICE: Oh, but I'm just the right size now. I can go through the door and...

DOOR KNOB: Oh. I forgot to tell you. I, um... I'm locked!

ALICE: Oh no!

DOOR KNOB: You *do* have the key, I presume?

ALICE: What key?

DOOR KNOB: Now, don't tell me you've left it up there on the table!

ALICE: Oh, dear! What will I do? I'm so small, I couldn't possibly reach the table.

DOOR KNOB: Well then, try the box.

ALICE: Box? What box?

DOOR KNOB: I must say, you are helpless. Turn around. There. You see? Well... open it.

ALICE: Why, there's a cookie in it. It says, "Eat Me." *SIGH* Very well. I'll eat it.

DOOR KNOB: (CHUCKLING) Oh, I can't wait til you do.

ALICE: Goodness knows what will happen this time. I'll probably... OH!

MUSIC:

ALICE: I'm growing up again. I'm growing taller. Oh. Well, that's enough. Stop! Oh, STOP!

SOUND: BUMP

ALICE: Oh! Oh, my head.

DOOR KNOB: Hear now, hear. If you've cracked our ceiling...

ALICE: My poor head. Oh, and just look at me.

DOOR KNOB: (CHUCKLING) Large, aren't you?

ALICE: Well, I don't think it's a bit funny. (SHE STARTS CRYING)

DOOR KNOB: Hear now. There's no blubbering, please.

ALICE: Now I shall never get out! Never!

DOOR KNOB: Your tears! You'll flood us out. Turn off those... *GULP* tears at once!

ALICE: But I... I can't!

DOOR KNOB: (DROWNING IN HER TEARS) Stop, I say! Stop it, immediately!

ALICE: I just can't... help it!

DOOR KNOB: (GARBLED UNDER WATER) Get the key! Get the key!

ALICE: But what good will *that* do me now?

DOOR KNOB: And the bottle! The one marked, “Drink Me!”

ALICE: Where is it?

DOOR KNOB: It’s floating on the waves! Drink the rest of it! Quickly! Drink it!

ALICE: I’ll... I’ll try anything.

DOOR KNOB: I... I hope you can swim!

ALICE: I’m getting smaller again.

DOOR KNOB: Unlock me. Open the door. Let the water out.

ALICE: Courage, doorknob, courage!

DOOR KNOB: g!p!g!p!g!p... key! Turn the lock!

SOUND: LOCK TURNS

ALICE: I’ve done it! I’ve done it!

DOOR KNOB: Open the door! Run for the hills, men! The dam is burst!

SOUND: WATER RUSHING

MUSIC:

ALICE: *Whew* At least I’m out of that room. And... and at least I’m on dry land, again. But... what dry land? It’s a forest. I must have floated here. Oh. And I’m so tiny again, I...

SOUND: HIGH HORN

ALICE: Oh!

TWEEDLE DEE: Quite a flood.

SOUND: LOW HORN

TWEEDLE DUM: Wasn’t it?

ALICE: What peculiar little men. Why... why you’re twins.

TWEEDLE DEE: I’m Tweedle (**SOUND:** HIGH HORN) Dee.

TWEEDLE DUM: I’m Tweedle (**SOUND:** LOW HORN) Dum

ALICE: Well, it’s meeting you. Goodbye.

TWEEDLE DEE: You’re beginning backwards!

TWEEDLE DUM: Yes, the first thing in a visit is to say:

BOTH: (SINGING) *How do you do and shake hands, shake hands, shake hands.*

How do you do and shake hands and state your name and business.

BOTH: That’s manners!

ALICE: Oh, very well. My name is Alice and I'm following a white rabbit. So I really must...

TWEEDLE DEE: But you can't go yet!

SOUND: HIGH HORN

TWEEDLE DUM: Oh no. The visit's just started!

ALICE: I'm very sorry, but I...

TWEEDLE DUM: If you stay long enough (**SOUND:** LOW HORN) we might have a battle! Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee agreed to have a battle.

TWEEDLE DEE: For Tweedle Dum...

TWEEDLE DUM: Said Tweedle Dee...

TWEEDLE DEE: Has spoiled my nice new rattle. We're also... (**SOUND:** LOW & HIGH HORN)

TWEEDLE DUM: ... poets.

ALICE: Thank you very much. But I must be going.

BOTH: Why?

ALICE: Well, because I am following a white rabbit!

BOTH: Why?

ALICE: Well, I- I'm curious to know where he is going!

TWEEDLE DUM: Ohhhh, she's curious! Tsk! tsk! tsk! tsk!...

TWEEDLE DEE: The oysters were curious too.

TWEEDLE DUM: And remember what happened to them...

BOTH: Poor things!

ALICE: But... but what did happen to the oysters?

BOTH: You don't know?

ALICE: No.

TWEEDLE DEE: We will now relay...

MUSIC:

TWEEDLE DUM: 'The Walrus and the Carpenter'!

TWEEDLE DEE: Or...

BOTH: 'The story of the curious Oysters'!

TWEEDLE DUM: (SINGING) *The sun was shining on the sea, shining with all his might,*

TWEEDLE DEE: *He did his very best to make the billows full and bright.*

TWEEDLE DUM: *And this was odd, because it was...*

BOTH: *the middle of the night.*

TWEEDLE DUM: *The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking close at hand.*

TWEEDLE DEE: *The beach was white from side to side but much too full of sand.*

CARPENTER: *'Mister Walrus',*

TWEEDLE DEE: *said the Carpenter*

CARPENTER: *'My brain begins to burke. We'll sweep this clear in half a year',*

BOTH: *if you don't mind the work.*

WALRUS: *Work? The time has come...*

BOTH: *...the Walrus said,*

WALRUS: *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!

TWEEDLE DEE: *And that's when they saw the oysters.*

ALICE: *Oh, what did they do?*

TWEEDLE DUM: *Listen.*

WALRUS: *Oh, oysters, come and walk with us. The day is warm and bright!*

A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk, would be a sheer delight!

CARPENTER: *Yes, and should we get hungry on the way, we'll stop and... have a bite!*

TWEEDLE DEE: *But mother Oyster winked her eye and shook her heavy head. She knew too well this was no time to leave her oyster bed.*

MOTHER OYSTER: *The sea is nice, take my advice, and stay right here.*

TWEEDLE DEE: *Mum said.*

TWEEDLE DUM: *But the Walrus had other ideas.*

TWEEDLE DEE: *Oh yes! And the Carpenter, too.*

WALRUS: *The time has come, me 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 whether pigs have wings. Haha!

Calloo, callay, come run away! We're the cabbages and kings!

ALICE: Well, what happened?

TWEEDLE DEE: Why, they got ready for lunch.

TWEEDLE DUM: Spread a table cloth, tucked in their napkins...

BOTH: And...

WALRUS: *The time has come, me little friends, to talk of food and things!*

Of peppercorns and mustard seed and other seasonings.

We'll mix some all together in a sauce as good for kings. Ha haaa.

Callooh, callay, we'll eat today, like cabbages and kings!

*I... I, uh... I weep for you—(*hic* oh, excuse me)—I deeply sympathize.*

For I've enjoyed your company, oh, much more than you realize.

MOTHER OYSTER: Little oysters, little oysters...

TWEEDLE DUM: *But answer there came none.*

TWEEDLE DEE: *And... this was scarcely odd, because...*

BOTH: *They had eaten, every one!*

ALICE: Oh, that was a very sad story.

TWEEDLE DUM: And there's a moral to it.

ALICE: Ooh, a very good moral, if you happen to be an oyster. Well, it's been a very nice visit, gentlemen, but I...

TWEEDLE DUM: Another recitation...

ALICE: I'm sorry, but I...

TWEEDLE DEE: We will now recite, 'Father William'.

ALICE: But really, I'm...

TWEEDLE DUM: First verse:

BOTH: *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, is right, do you think at your age it is right?

ALICE: (OVERLAPPING) There he goes, the White Rabbit. I see him. Oh, Mister Rabbit! Wait! Oh, please wait for me.

TWEEDLE DEE: *Well...*

BOTH: (FADING) *in me youth, father William replied to his son, I'd do it again and again and again and I'd done it again and again and again... (FADE OUT)*

ALICE: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh. I just... I just can't run any further. Oh, Mister Rabbit!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, I'm late. Oh dear, I'm here. I should be there. I'm late, I'm late, I'm late.

ALICE: Oh, now he's gone again. And I'll never catch him while I'm this small.

ROSE: I beg you're pardon?

ALICE: I said I... I'll never catch him while I'm so... oh! Who said that?

ROSE: Why, I did.

FLOWERS: (GIGGLE)

ALICE: Oh, but that's nonsense. Flowers can't talk.

ROSE: But of course we can talk, my dear.

SNAP-DRAGON: If there's anyone worth talking to.

MARGEURITE: Or about!

ALICE: A garden. Roses and Iris and Daisies and Manilas and...

VIOLETS: And Pareses. We sing too!

ROSE: Ready, girls?

MUSIC: BEGINS

FLOWERS TUNE THEMSELVES.

LILY: *Laaaa...*

VIOLETS: *Mimimimi...*

MARGEURITE: *Lalalala...*

ALL FLOWERS: (JOIN IN) *Lalalalalaaaaa...*

(SINGING) *Little bread-and-butterflies kiss the tulips, and the sun is like a toy balloon.*

There are get up in the morning glories,

CHORUS: (JOINS IN) *in the golden afternoon.*

FLOWERS: *There are dizzy daffodils on the hillside, strings of violets are all in tune,*

Tiger lilies love the dandy lions,

CHORUS: (JOINS IN) *in the golden afternoon,*

FLOWERS: *...golden afternoon.*

CHORUS: *There are dog and caterpillars and a copper centipede,*

FLOWERS: *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.
There's a wealth of happiness and romance,*

CHORUS: *all in the golden afternoon.*

ALICE: Oh, that was lovely.

ROSE: Thank you, my dear.

MARGEURITE: Now, tell us what kind of garden you come from?

ALICE: Oh, I don't come from any garden...

MARGEURITE: Girls... you don't suppose she's a wild flower?

ALICE: (LAUGHING) Oh, of course I'm not a wild flower...

ROSE: Well. Well, just what species are you, my dear?

ALICE: Well, I suppose you'd call me a... an Alice!

MARGEURITE: Did you ever see an Alice with a blossom like that?

SNAP-DRAGON: Come to think of it, did you ever see an Alice?

MARGEURITE: And did you notice her petals? What a peculiar color!

SNAP-DRAGON: Humph. And no fragrance!

MARGEURITE: And just look at those stems!

LILY: Rather scrawny, I'd say.

ROSE: Well, I think she's pretty!

ALICE: Well, frankly I'm not a flower!

SNAP-DRAGON: Not a... Just as I suspected! Girls? She's nothing but a
common weed!

FLOWERS: Oh no!

ALICE: I'm not a weed!

SNAP-DRAGON: Well, you wouldn't expect her to admit it. Would you?

LILY: Why does she stand there and go to seed?

MARGEURITE: Or go to root.

ROSE: Now, just a moment.

SNAP-DRAGON: Be quiet, Rose. Our she goes. Out. Out at once.

FLOWERS: (SHOO HER AWAY)

ALICE: Oh. If I were my right size, I... I could pick every one of you if up and...

SNAP-DRAGON: That does it. Doogwoods? Tiger Lilies? Snap-dragons? Get
rid of her at once.

FLOWERS: (CREATE COMMOTION)

ALICE: Someday someone's going to teach you manners. (FLOWER COMMOTION FADES) (PAUSE) Hm. If flowers can't even be friendly, goodness knows what I'll...

CATERPILLAR: Vegetable people do not talk to themselves.

ALICE: Oh!

CATERPILLAR: Well?

ALICE: A caterpillar. Sitting on a mushroom... and smoking a pipe.

CATERPILLAR: There is nothing remarkable in that. Caterpillars often relax on mushrooms Who are you?

ALICE: I hardly know, sir! I changed so many times lately, you see I...

CATERPILLAR: I do not see.

ALICE: Why how clever.

CATERPILLAR: What is so clever?

ALICE: Why, you are. You just said, "I do not see," and you blew smoke in a perfect letter "C".

CATERPILLAR: I will now blow the vowels. A – E – I – O – U .

ALICE: What A talented gentleman.

CATERPILLAR: Kindly explain yourself.

ALICE: I'm afraid I can't explain myself, because I'm not myself, you know.

CATERPILLAR: I do not... know.

ALICE: Well, I can't put it anymore clearly for it isn't clear to me!

CATERPILLAR: You?

ALICE: Oh, you did it again. The letter "U".

CATERPILLAR: Who are you?

ALICE: Oh dear. Everything is so confusing. I can't remember things as I used to, and I...

CATERPILLAR: Recite.

ALICE: Recite? Oh. Very well. If you insist. Let's see. Oh, yes. Um... *how doth the little busy bee, improve each shining hour...*

CATERPILLAR: Stop! That is not spoken correcitically. It goes thusly. (CLEARS THROAT) Ahem.

"How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail.

And pour the waters of the Nile, on every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin, how neatly spreads his claws.

And welcomes little fishes in, with gently smiling jaws.

ALICE: Well I must say I've never heard it that way before...

CATERPILLAR: I know. I have improved it.

ALICE: Oh. Well, if you ask me...

CATERPILLAR: You? Who are you?

ALICE: Cough-cough, cough-cough. And I don't think it's very polite to keep blowing smoke in my face. Good day!

CATERPILLAR: C-C-C-Come back! I have something important to say!

ALICE: Oh very well. What is it?

CATERPILLAR: Keep... your temper.

ALICE: Is that all?

CATERPILLAR: No. Exacitically, what is your problem?

ALICE: Well, it's exacitici-, exaciti-, well, it's precisely this: I should like to be a little larger, sir.

CATERPILLAR: Why?

ALICE: Well, after all, three inches is such a wretched height, and I...

CATERPILLAR: I am exacitically three inches high, and it is a very good height indeed!

ALICE: But I'm not used to it. And you needn't shout!

CATERPILLAR: I can advise you further.

ALICE: Well?

CATERPILLAR: Eat... the mushroom.

ALICE: But I'm not hungry.

CATERPILLAR: Nevertheless, eat the mushroom. One side will make you grow tall, the other side will make you grow small.

ALICE: Oh, thank you, sir. Thank you. Oh, at last I can... Oh. But which side is which?

CATERPILLAR: That is your... problem.

ALICE: Hmm. One side will make me grow, and the other side will make me... oh. Well, after all that's happened, I just don't care. I'll just eat it, and await development.

MUSIC: GROWING

ALICE: Oh, I'm growing tall. How wonderful. Two feet. Three feet. Four feet. Oh, I'd like to stop right here, please. Five feet. Six feet. Oh, oh no! Eight feet. Ten feet! Oh! Help! Help! Oh, I'm a giant again! Oh, no, no. Help!

MUSIC:

ANNOUNCER: We'll return with Act II of "Alice in Wonderland," after a brief visit with Libby Collins and her Lux Movie news of the week. Libby always has a top picture to tell us about.

LIBBY COLLINS: This one certainly is, John. The play won the Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critic's Award. And the picture is certain to be a top contender for the Academy Award.

ANNOUNCER: You must mean Stanley Kramer's production of "Death of a Salesman."

LIBBY COLLINS: Mm-hm.

ANNOUNCER: It's getting really rave reviews.

LIBBY COLLINS: Fredrick March as the troubled salesman is worth going miles to see. He really makes you feel that man's despair. You'll come away feeling your own troubles are pretty small.

ANNOUNCER: That's an extra reason for seeing "Death of a Salesman." And Mildred Dunnock plays the wife, doesn't she? The role she created on the stage.

LIBBY COLLINS: And she's superb. There's a promising young actress, too, Elizabeth Fraser.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, indeed. That's the lovely little Lux girl we had on our program last week.

LIBBY COLLINS: (CHUCKLING) *The* lovely little Lux girl, John? *All* Hollywood Lux girls are lovely.

ANNOUNCER: You're telling me, Libby? I'm a man. I can spot a "Lux lovely" complexion anywhere.

LIBBY COLLINS: Why, when you say "beauty care" in Hollywood, it means Lux. 9 out of 10 screen stars depend on gentle Lux Toilet soap facials to protect their precious complexion.

ANNOUNCER: And they're equally enthusiastic about the big bath size Lux, for a really luxurious beauty bath. The creamy lather is so abundant—even in hardest water. Lux lather is active, too—makes skin softer, smoother, "Lux lovely" all over.

LIBBY COLLINS: The perfume is delightful, too, John. I find it really clings and makes me sure of skin that's sweet.

ANNOUNCER: Yes Libby, I know you'll agree with this suggestion to thrifty shoppers. Tomorrow, get Lux toilet soap in the big bath size. There's extra luxury, extra economy, in this handsome larger cake. You'll find Lux makes your daily bath a real beauty bath.

LIBBY COLLINS: Right now, John, in the holiday season, with evening dresses making lovely shoulders so important, this is the time that every girl should find out how smooth, how luscious her skin will be after a Lux beauty bath.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, try Lux Toilet soap now. You're sure to be "Lux Lovely" all over. Remember: 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux toilet soap. Now, Mr. William Keighley, our producer.

KEIGHLEY: Act II of "Alice in Wonderland," starring Ed Wynn as the Mad Hatter, Cathy Beaumont as Alice, Jerry Colonna as the March Hare, and Sterling Holloway as the Cheshire Cat.

MUSIC:

CHORUS: *Alice in Wonderland. How do you get to Wonderland.
Over the hill or underland, or just behind the tree?*

KEIGHLEY: (OVER CHORUS) Poor Alice. I'm afraid she'd eaten a little too much of the mushroom. In five seconds, she was twenty feet tall. In ten seconds, a rather near-sighted crow started building a nest in her hair. But in twenty seconds, thank goodness, Alice remembered the other side of the mushroom. And in less time than it takes me to say all this, Alice was once again her normal size.

ALICE: Oh, well. This is much better. Now let's see. Where was I? (SINGING IN THE DISTANCE, APPROACHING) Oh yes. The White rabbit. Which way did he go? To the left? Or to the right? Or did he just...

CHESHIRE CAT: *'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe.*

All mimsy were the borogoves, and the momeraths outgrabe.

ALICE: Now who in the world is... why it's coming from up in that tree. .

CHESHIRE CAT: *'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe...*

All mimsy were the borogoves... .. and the momeraths outgrabe...

ALICE: Why, why it's a cat!

CHESHIRE CAT: A Cheshire Cat. (CONTINUES SINGING)

ALICE: But, but you keep disappearing. You go on and off again. Like a light. Oh, please!

CHESHIRE CAT: Now you see me, now you don't. Puzzling, isn't it?

ALICE: Yes. Yes, it is. But if you don't mind, I... I'd like to ask you which way I ought to go.

CHESHIRE CAT: Well, that depends on where you want to go *to*, does it? That's logic. (CONTINUES SINGING)

ALICE: Oh, it really doesn't matter, as long as I... Oh, now you're doing it again. Must you jump around so fast and disappear and reappear and...

CHESHIRE CAT: You know, if you'd really like to know... he went that way.

ALICE: Who did?

CHESHIRE CAT: The white rabbit.

ALICE: He did?

CHESHIRE CAT: He did what?

ALICE: Uh, went that way?

CHESHIRE CAT: Who did?

ALICE: The white rabbit!

CHESHIRE CAT: What rabbit?

ALICE: But didn't you just say... I mean... well you just said...

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh well, forget it. Can you stand on your head?

ALICE: Oh!

CHESHIRE CAT: (STARTS TO SING AGAIN) *Tw*as... However, if I were looking for a white rabbit, which I very rarely do—my favorite colors being plum, puce, heliotrope and livid. However, if I were, I would ask the Mad Hatter.

ALICE: The *Mad* Hatter?

CHESHIRE CAT: Or, if you'd rather, there's the March Hare. Of course, he's *mad*, too.

ALICE: But I don't want to go among mad people!

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, you can't possibly help that. Most everyone's mad here. Ha... ha ha ha ha ha! *'Twas brillig*,.. I'm not all there myself. *'Twas brillig and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe*... (FADE OUT)

ALICE: Oh, goodness. Oh well. If I ever want to find the White Rabbit, I'll just have to see the March Hare.

MAD HATTER: *A very merry unbirthday to us...*

ALICE: How very curious. More singing.

MARCH HARE: *If there are no objections, let us blow the candles out.*

ALICE: Why it's coming from over there. A coppice. A coppice under a tree.

MAD HATTER: *A very merry unbirthday...*

MARCH HARE: *A very merry unbirthday...*

BOTH: *A very merry unbirthday to us! ...*

ALICE: And a tea party. Someone's having a tea party.

BOTH: *Oh, a very merry unbirthday to us.*

MAD HATTER: *To us!*

BOTH: *A very merry unbirthday to us! To us!*

MARCH HARE: *If there are no objections, let it be unanimous!*

ALICE: Oh, such a long table, look at those chairs and teacups. But there are only two of them. I wonder if they'd mind company.

MAD HATTER: *Oh, a very merry unbirthday...*

MARCH HARE: *A very merry unbirthday...*

BOTH: *A very merry unbirthday to us!*

ALICE: (Clapping) What a lovely song. And what splendid voices. Do you... eh, mind if I sit down?

MAD HATTER: No room, no room, no room!

MARCH HARE: He's right, no room. Sorry! All filled up.

ALICE: But there must be at least a dozen extra places.

MARCH HARE: Ah, but it's very rude to sit down without being invited!

MAD HATTER: Oh, it's very, very rude, indeed! Heh heh heh!

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: Very, very, very rude, indeed...

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

ALICE: But where did she come from?

MAD HATTER: A teapot, naturally. Where else would a dormouse come from?

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: Yes. Where else?

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

ALICE: Well, I don't mean to be rude. And I did enjoy your singing and I wondered if you could tell me...

MARCH HARE: You enjoyed our singing?

MAD HATTER: Oh, what a delightful child! You must have a cup of tea!

MARCH HARE: Ah, yes indeed! You must have a cup of tea!

ALICE: I'm awfully sorry if I interrupted your birthday party.

MARCH HARE: Birthday? My dear child, this is not a birthday party!

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: What a peculiar little girl.

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

MAD HATTER: Why, this is an unbirthday party!

ALICE: Unbirthday?

MARCH HARE: It's very simple. Now, thirty days have Septem- ah, no, well... an unbirthday... if you have a birthday, then you... she doesn't even know what an unbirthday is!

MAD HATTER: How silly! He He! We shall elucidate!

MUSIC:

MAD HATTER: *Now statistics prove, prove that you've one birthday.*

MARCH HARE: *Imagine, just one birthday every year.*

MAD HATTER: *Ahhh, but there are 364 unbirthdays!*

MARCH HARE: *Precisely why we're gathered here to cheer!*

MUSIC: Ends

ALICE: Why, then today is my unbirthday too!

MARCH HARE: It is?

MAD HATTER: Oh, what a small world.

MARCH HARE: In that case...

MUSIC:

BOTH: *A very merry unbirthday.*

ALICE: *To me?*

MAD HATTER: *To you!*

BOTH: *A very merry unbirthday... to you!*

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: I will... I will... now recite.

MAD HATTER: Yes. The Doormouse will now recite.

DOORMOUSE: *Twinkle, twinkle, little bat, how I wonder what you're at!
Up above the world you fly, like a tea-tray in the sky!* The end.

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

ALICE: Oh, that was lovely!

MAD HATTER: And uh, and now my dear, uh... You are seeking information
some kind?

ALICE: Oh, yes. You see, I'm looking for a...

MAD HATTER: Clean cup, clean cup! Everybody move down one chair!

SOUND: CHAIRS MOVING

MAD HATTER: Move down! Clean cup! Move down!

ALICE: But I haven't used this cup!

MARCH HARE: Clean cup, clean cup!

MAD HATTER: Would you care for a little more tea, young lady?

ALICE: Well, I haven't had any yet, so I can't very well take more...

MARCH HARE: Ahh, you mean you can't very well take less!

MAD HATTER: Less, yes! Heh, heh, heh. You can always take more than
nothing! And now, my dear, something seems to be troubling you. Won't
you tell us all about it?

MARCH HARE: Yes. Start at the beginning.

MAD HATTER: Oh, yes! And when you come to the end... stop!

ALICE: Well, um... it all started while I was sitting under a tree in the garden
with Dinah...

MARCH HARE: Fascinating. Who's Dinah?

ALICE: Why, Dinah is my cat. You see she...

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: Cat? C-A-T? Cat? Cat? Cat? Cat? (CONTINUES
SCREAMING)

MAD HATTER: Oh! The Doormouse!

MARCH HARE: Stop him! Catch him!

MAD HATTER: Oh my goodness! Help! Help! Catch the Doormouse!

MARCH HARE: Get the jam!

ALICE: The jam?

MAD HATTER: The Jam.

MARCH HARE: Put the jam on his nose! On his nose!

ALICE: Well, if you think so...

MAD HATTER: (OVERLAPPING) It's the only thing that will quiet him down!
Jam on the nose!

DOORMOUSE: (CALMED DOWN) Cat. C-A-T. Cat.

MARCH HARE: Back in the teapot, Doormouse.

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

MAD HATTER: Oh. For heaven's sake. Those are the things that upset me.

ALICE: You're pouring tea all over your head.

MARCH HARE: Nerve tonic.

ALICE: Oh.

MARCH HARE: See all the trouble you've started?

ALICE: But really, I didn't think that...

MARCH HARE: Ah, that's just the point! If one doesn't think, one shouldn't talk!

MAD HATTER: Clean cup! Clean cup! Move down, move down!

ALICE: But I still haven't used....

MARCH HARE: Move down, move down, move down, move down, move down, move down, move down, move down!

MAD HATTER: And now my dear, as you were saying?

ALICE: Oh, yes. I was sitting under a tree in the garden with... um ...
(WHISPERING) with you know who...

MAD HATTER: I do?

MARCH HARE: Tea, anyone?

MAD HATTER: Tea! Oh, just half a cup if you don't mind. Heh, heh, heh.

MARCH HARE: Here you are. Thankfully, half a cup.

MAD HATTER: Oh, thank you so much. My dear, don't you care for tea?

ALICE: Yes, I'm very fond of tea, but...

MARCH HARE: If you don't care for tea, you could at least make polite conversation!

ALICE: Well, I've been trying to ask you...

MAD HATTER: Steady, child. Steady. Now let's not get excited, my goodness.

ALICE: Well, I'm sorry, but I just haven't the time!

MARCH HARE: The time, the time! Who's got the time?

WHITE RABBIT: (APPROACHING) No, no, no, no! No time, no time! Hello, goodbye! I'm late! I'm late! I'm late!

ALICE: The white rabbit!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, I'm so late! I'm so very late!

MAD HATTER: Well, no wonder you're late! Let me look at your watch, will you? Ah, ha! Exactly as I thought. This watch is exactly two days slow!

WHITE RABBIT: Two days slow?

MAD HATTER: Of course you're late. My goodness. We'll have to look into this.

SOUND: HAMMERING AND GLASS BREAKING, SPRING

MARCH HARE: There. No wonder. Why, this watch is full of wheels!

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, my poor watch! Oh, my wheels and springs! But- but- but-but, but- but- but...

MAD HATTER: But- but- butter! Of course, it needs some butter!

WHITE RABBIT: But- but- butter?

MAD HATTER: Ah, here we are. Now then, you will observe that by buttering the watch vigorously...

SOUND: BUTTERING

WHITE RABBIT: Oh no no no no no, you'll get crumbs in it!

MARCH HARE: Tea, anyone?

MAD HATTER: Tea? I never thought of tea. But of course!

SOUND: TINKERING WITH WATCH

WHITE RABBIT: No, no, no! My watch! Not tea!

MARCH HARE: Sugar?

MAD HATTER: Thank you. Thank you.

MARCH HARE: Raspberry Jam?

MAD HATTER: Jam! I forgot all about the jam!

WHITE RABBIT: No, no! Not jam! Not jam!

MARCH HARE: Mustard?

MAD HATTER: Mustard? Mustard!? Don't let's get silly, will you? Now, a slice of lemon, and a few squirts in the main springs... That should do it. Your watch, sir. Here it is. Good as new.

WHITE RABBIT: Ooooh. You've ruined my watch. Oh dear, oh dear. The minute hand's going in one direction...

MAD HATTER: Wonderful!

WHITE RABBIT: But the hour hand's going in the other direction.

MAD HATTER: It is?

MARCH HARE: Stand back! It's going mad! Mad watch! Mad watch!

SOUND: WATCH GOING OUT OF CONTROL

MAD HATTER: I can't understand it. I used only the best butter, you know.

MARCH HARE: Only one way to stop a mad watch! Sledgehammer!
Sledgehammer!!

MAD HATTER: That's it! I just happen to have one in my vest pocket. Stand back.

MARCH HARE: Stand back, everyone!

SOUND: HAMMERING.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, my watch... My, my poor...

SOUND: WATCH DIES DOWN

MAD HATTER: Yours? It was.

WHITE RABBIT: Yes. And it was an unbirthday present too.

MAD HATTER: Oh, well..

BOTH: in that case... *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.....

ALICE: (OVERLAPPING) Of all the silly nonsense, this is the stupidest tea party I've ever been. Well, I've had enough. I'm going home. Straight home.

BOTH: *A very merry unbirthday... A very merry unbirthday... A very merry unbirthday to us.*

ALICE: Where am I? I don't remember coming this way. And yet, I must have come this way. There wasn't any other path. And I... oh. I'm lost. And it's getting dark. And I can't find the way. (STARTING TO CRY) Now I... now I have to stay here for ever and ever. And I... Oh. (SHE SOBS)

CHESHIRE CAT: (SINGING IN THE BACKGROUND) *Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe. All mimsy were the borogoves, and the momeraths...*

ALICE: Oh, Cheshire Cat, it's you!

CHESHIRE CAT: Whom did you expect? The white rabbit, perchance?

ALICE: Oh, no no. I- I'm through chasing rabbits. (SOBBING) I want to go home! But I... I can't find my way.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, naturally. That's because you have no way. All ways here, you see, are the queen's ways.

ALICE: The Queen?

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, she'll be *mad* about you, simply mad! *Twas brillig, and the...*

ALICE: Please, please! Uh... how can I find her?

CHESHIRE CAT: Well, some go this way, and some go that way. But as for me, myself, personally, I prefer the shortcut.

ALICE: But... but what shortcut?

CHESHIRE CAT: Watch.

SOUND: MAGIC SOUND

ALICE: Why... why there's a gate.

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, I'm a very efficient cat.

ALICE: But it's barred. The gate's barred.

CHESHIRE CAT: Is it?

SOUND: MAGIC SOUND

SOUND: GATE UNLATHCHES

CHESHIRE CAT: Well... what are you waiting for?

ALICE: I... I don't know.

CHESHIRE CAT: Well, go on, then. Go on. It's a wonderful.... If you can survive it.

ALICE: Su, su... survive it?

CHESHIRE CAT: Sure. There are those who wish they never even saw the Queen. Ho, choooo. *T'was Brillig...(FADING OUT) and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe.*

ALICE: (OVERLAPPING) Oh, no, no, no. Wait, Cheshire Cat. Oh, please wait.

MUSIC: TRUMPET BLARE

WHITE RABBIT: This way to the Queen! This way to Her Majesty, The Queen!

MUSIC:

KEIGHLEY: In just a few moments, we'll bring you Act III of "Alice in Wonderland." Tonight my guest is... a voice. A sweet voice that promotes laughter and tears the world over. For it belongs in that tiny fairy princess, Snow White. In her private life, she's a Lux Girl, Miss Adriana Caselotti.

ADRIANA: You know, Mr. Keighley. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves" is coming back to the screen.

KEIGHLEY: I'll be first in line to see Walt Disney's version of that beloved tale, when it's re-released next February. I want to hear you sing, "Hi Ho," "Whistle While You Work."

ADRIANA: Thank you. You know that song that goes. (SINGING) *"I'm wishing. For the one I love."*

KEIGHLEY: Indeed I do.

ADRIANA: Well, I have new words for that tonight, Mr. Keighley. Really good advice to girls. (SINGING) *"Lux lovely. For the one you love"*.

KEIGHLEY: Well, that's sweet of you Adrinana. Certainly when you go on your personal appearance tour again with "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves," your audience will see a beautiful example of a "Lux Lovely" complexion.

ADRIANA: Well, with Snow White's beauty to live up to, I like to do the most for my own look. And that surely means Lux facial care.

ANNOUNCER: One thing you and so many lovely screen stars agree on, Adriana, Lux toilet soap is the finest complexion care there is.

ADRIANA: That's right, Mr. Kennedy. There's nothing like Lux soap facials to make skin softer, smoother, and really lovely.

ANNOUNCER: It's the Lux active lather that works its wonders.

ADRIANA: And so quickly. Why, for my daily Lux facials, I simply cream the rich active lather well in. It cleanses gently but firm. And after a warm rinse and a cold splash, I find that right away, that very minute, my skin feels so smooth and looks so wonderfully fresh.

ANNOUNCER: Quick new beauty. That's why you and lovely women everywhere are devoted to Lux toilet soap.

ADRIANA: Exactly, Mr. Kennedy. I'm glad to be here tonight. To urge more girls to discover that it's really easy to be Lux lovely.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Adriana. More girls every day are discovering that Lux soap care is a sure way to lovelier complexion beauty. Try Lux now. You'll see you can be Lux Lovely. You'll see why nine out of ten screen

stars use fragrant white Lux toilet soap. We pause now for station identification. This is the CBS Radio Network.

MUSIC: LUX THEME

KEIGHLEY: The curtain rises on Act III of “Alice in Wonderland,” starring Ed Wynn as the Mad Hatter, Cathy Beaumont as Alice, Jerry Colonna as the March Hare, and Sterling Holloway as the Cheshire Cat.

MUSIC:

CHORUS: *Alice in Wonderland. How do you get to Wonderland.*

Over the hill or underland, or just behind the tree?

KEIGHLEY: Yes, Alice has suddenly found herself in a most amazing place—the Queen’s Garden. And what is still more amazing, everyone present appears to have just stepped out of a deck of cards. There are spades, clubs, diamonds, and hearts.

SOUND: TRUMPET BLARE

KEIGHLEY: And now, announcing the arrival of the Queen, is the White Rabbit.

WHITE RABBIT: He...he... her imperial highness, he... her grace, her Excellency, her Royal Majesty, the Queen of Hearts!

CROWD: (CHEERS WILDLY) Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

KING: White Rabbit?

WHITE RABBIT: Oh, yes, of course... and the King...

CROWD: (SIMPLY) Hurray!

QUEEN: *Ahem*....

ALICE: Goodness, what a grumpy looking Queen.

QUEEN: Did my gracious majesty hear a voice?

ALICE: Oh. I beg your pardon. I didn’t mean...

QUEEN: Why, it’s a little girl.

ALICE: Eh, yes. And I was hoping that...

QUEEN: Look up, speak nicely, and don’t twiddle your thumbs! Turn out your toes. Curtsey. Open your mouth a little wider, and always say ‘yes, Your Majesty’!

ALICE: (DEEP BREATH) Yes, Your Majesty!

QUEEN: I will now pat you on the head. Hmhmhmhm. Now where do you come from, and where are you going?

ALICE: Well, I... I’m trying to find my way home...

QUEEN: *Your way? All ways here are my ways!*

ALICE: Yes, your majesty, but I was only going to ask...

QUEEN: I'll ask the questions! Do you play croquet?

ALICE: Croquet? Why, yes, your majesty.

QUEEN: Then let the game begin!

CROWD COMMOTION

WHITE RABBIT: To your places, to your places, By order of the Queen of Hearts!

KING: Form wickets! Bring on the royal mallets. Bring on the royal hedgehog.

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear, why did you say you play croquet?

ALICE: Because I do play it. And if you don't mind, White Rabbit, what are those soldiers doing?

WHITE RABBIT: Bending over, of course. We do need wickets, you know.

ALICE: Soldiers? For wickets?

WHITE RABBIT: Oh dear, I don't believe you know the game at all.

ALICE: Hm, I'm beginning to wonder myself. But what of those flamingoes, and the hedgehogs?

WHITE RABBIT: Flamingoes? Why they're the royal mallets, to be sure. And the hedgehog's the ball. He rolls up in a ball. Oh, my ears and nose, you're not very bright.

ALICE: She plays croquet by using a hedgehog with a flamingo?

QUEEN: SIIIIILENCE!

CROWD SILENCES

QUEEN: All ready, my dear? I'll call for a ball, then.

ALICE: (SIGHING) Yes, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: My mallet.

WHITE RABBIT: Right here, Your Majesty.

FLAMINGO: (SQUAWKS)

QUEEN: Where's the ball?

HEDGEHOG: (YAWNING) I'm ready, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Roll up, hedgehog. (LOWER) Remember your instructions.

HEDGEHOG: Yes, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: One! Two!! THREE!!!!

FLAMINGO: (SQUAWKS)

SOUND: HITTING BALL

CROWD CHEERS

ALICE: Oh, but this is the silliest thing I ever saw. The hedgehog is deliberately running through the wickets.

WHITE RABBIT: He's no fool.

QUEEN: Oh. Thank you, thank you. Rather a good one, if I say so myself. You're next, my dear.

ALICE: Uh, yes, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Here. You may use the royal mallet.

ALICE: Uh, thank you.

FLAMINGO: (SQUAWKS)

ALICE: One... two... Three!

QUEEN: She missed! She missed the ball!

CROWD CHEERS AND LAUGHS

ALICE: But... but the flamingo... he deliberately bent his head.

QUEEN: Really! That's the flimsiest excuse I ever heard.

CHESHIRE CAT: (HUMMING) Hello, Alice. How are you getting on?

ALICE: Oh, hello, Cheshire Cat. I'm not getting on at all.

QUEEN: Whom are you talking to?

ALICE: Oh, a cat, your majesty!

QUEEN: A cat? Where?

ALICE: There! Oh no, he's doing it again. On and off, and on and off.

QUEEN: I warn you child, if I loose my temper, you loose your head!
(COMPUSED) I shall now continue our game.

CHESHIRE CAT: You know, we could make her really angry. Shall we try?

ALICE: Oh no no!

CHESHIRE CAT: Oh, but it's loads of fun!

ALICE: No, no! Stop!

CHESHIRE CAT: Look. She's bending over to hit the ball. Now...just when she's going to hit it... I think I shall jump on her bottom.

ALICE: Oh no no no! Stop! Stop!

QUEEN: One... Two... THREE!!!

CHESHIRE CAT: (LAUGHING WHILE HE LEAPS)

CROWD REACTS

WHITE RABBIT: Oh my fur and whiskers!

KING: Pick her up! Pick up the queen!

QUEEN: Someone's head will roll for this! Yours! Off with her head!

KING: But- but- but- but consider, my dear. Couldn't she have a trial... Hmm? ... first?

QUEEN: Trial?

KING: Well, just a... little trial? Hmm?

QUEEN: Oh, very well then. Let the trial begin!

WHITE RABBIT: My trumpet! My trumpet!

MUSIC: TRUMPET BLARE

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA TAKES OVER

CROWD COMMOTION

WHITE RABBIT: (ANNOUNCING) Your gracious Majesty... members of the jury... loyal subjects...

KING: A-hem...

WHITE RABBIT: (AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT) ...and the king.
(ANNOUNCING) The prisoner at the bar is charged with enticing her majesty, the Queen of Hearts, into a game of croquet, thereby...

ALICE: But that isn't so...

WHITE RABBIT: ...thereby willfully and with malice aforethought, teasing, tormenting, and otherwise annoying our gently and beloved...

QUEEN: Oh, never mind all that! Get to the part where I loose my temper.

WHITE RABBIT: (QUICKLY) ...thereby causing the queen to loose her temper.

QUEEN: Now, um... are you ready for your sentence?

ALICE: Sentence? But there must be a verdict first!

QUEEN: Sentence first! Verdict afterwards.

ALICE: Oh. but that just isn't the way!

QUEEN: All ways are...

ALICE: ...your ways, your majesty.

QUEEN: Yes, my child. (SHOUTING) Off with her head!

CROWD COMMOTION

KING: Consider, my dear.

QUEEN: Huh?

KING: We've called no witnesses. Uh... couldn't we hear... maybe one or two?
Hm? Maybe?

QUEEN: Oh, very well. But get on with it!

KING: The Herald will call the first witness.

WHITE RABBIT: You're majesty... The March Hare!

MARCH HARE: Anyone care for tea?

QUEEN: What do you know about this unfortunate affair?

MARCH HARE: Oh, you've come to the right witness. Nothing.

QUEEN: Oh, that's very important! Jury, write that down!

CROWD: Write that down. Write that down. Write that down.

ALICE: But you're majesty, important means...

QUEEN: Silence! Call the next witness.

WHITE RABBIT: The Doormouse!

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: (GIGGLES) I'm here.

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

QUEEN: What have you to say about this?

SOUND: TEAPOT OPENS

DOORMOUSE: *Twinkle, twinkle, little bat. How I wonder...*

SOUND: TEAPOT CLOSES

QUEEN: That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard. Write that
down!

CROWD: Write that down. Write that down. Write that down.

ALICE: Twinkle, twinkle. What next?

WHITE RABBIT: The Mad Hatter!

MAD HATTER: Move down! Move down! Move Down!

QUEEN: Off with your hat!

MAD HATTER: Oh! Oh, my! He he he!

KING: And where were you when this horrible crime was committed?

MAD HATTER: Oh, I was home, sipping tea. Today, you know, is my unbirthday.

KING: Why, my dear! Today is your unbirthday, too!

QUEEN: It is?

MARCH HARE & MAD HATTER: It is?

ALICE: Oh, no.

MAD HATTER & MARCH HARE: *A very merry unbirthday!*

QUEEN: *To me?*

MAD HATTER & MARCH HARE: *To you! A very merry unbirthday to you!*

MAD HATTER: And now, my dear, you may blow out the candles and make your wish!

QUEEN: Oh. (DEEP BREATH)

SOUND: WIND BLOWING

MARCH HARE: Take your places, men! Hurricane!

CHESHIRE CAT: (SINGING) *Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe.*

ALICE: Oh! Your majesty! Look! He's back again!

QUEEN: What? Who?

CHESHIRE CAT: *All mimsy were the borogoves, and the momeraths...*

ALICE: The Cheshire Cat!

QUEEN: Cat?

DOORMOUSE: Cat! Cat? Cat cat cat cat! (CONTINUES HOWLING)

MARCH HARE: There he goes!

MAD HATTER: Oh, this is terrible! Help! After him! Stop the doormouse!

DOORMOUSE: Cat cat cat cat!

MARCH HARE: Get the jam!

MAD HATTER: Oh, at once! Blackberry jam! Give me the jam!!

SOUND: HAMMERING

KING: The jam! By order of the king!

WHITE RABBIT: Blackberry jam, your majesty!

MAD HATTER: Here, give it to me!

QUEEN: No! Give it to me!

SOUND: SHE GETS HIT IN THE FACE WITH IT

CROWD REACTS

QUEEN: Oh, my beautiful face. Look at me! Just look at me!

KING: I've never seen you more lovely, my dear.

QUEEN: Somebody's head is going to roll for this!

ALICE: Oh. Just a minute. I've still got it. The mushroom!

QUEEN: The what room?

ALICE: The mushroom, in the pocket of my pinafore.

QUEEN: Off with her head!

ALICE: Oh, you're too late. I'm eating the mushroom. Just watch me,
everybody. Just watch me.

CROWD REACTES

KING: Oh, my goodness.

MAD HATTER: How you've grown, child.

QUEEN: Call the guards! Call the guards! Call the guards!

ALICE: Oh, pooh. I'm not afraid of you! Why... why, you're nothing but a pack
of cards!

KING: All persons more than a mile high must leave the court immediately.

ALICE: I am not a mile high. And I'm not leaving.

QUEEN: Sorry! Rule forty-two, you know.

ALICE: And as for you...

QUEEN: Yes?

ALICE: Why... why you're not a queen. You're just a... a fat, pompous, bad
tempered old tyrant. And what's more...

QUEEN: Hmhmhmhm?

ALICE: Oh, my goodness. What's happening? I'm growing smaller again.

QUEEN: Yeeeeeeessss.

ALICE: No. No.

QUEEN: (CHUCKLING TO HERSELF) Now, what was that you said, my dear?

CHESHIRE CAT: She simply said that you're a fat, pompous, bad tempered old
tyrant.

ALICE: Oh no. Oh no.

QUEEN: Off with her head!

ALICE: You'll have to catch me first.

CROWD COMMOTION

QUEEN: Stop! Stop at once. Stop her!

KING: Oh, she mustn't get away. Oh dear, oh dear.

WHITE RABBIT: The Queen's guards! The Queen's guards!

MARCH HARE: Tea anyone?

MAD HATTER: Little girl, but you can not leave without having a cup of tea.

QUEEN: OFF WITH HER HEAD!

MAD HATTER: Oh, clean cup! Move down! Clean up! Move down!

QUEEN: OFF WITH HER HEAD! OFF WITH HER HEAD!

MUSIC:

ALICE: Oh, I've got to get away. I've got to get away. Help! Help!

SISTER: Alice! Alice, will you please wake up. Alice!

ALICE: They're all after me. The Queen of Hearts and the guards and the Mad Hatter and the... why... why I'm in my own garden. I'm home.

SISTER: Really, dear. I do wish you'd pay a little attention. Falling asleep while I'm trying to help you with your lesson.

ALICE: I... I was asleep?

SISTER: Now, let me hear you recite.

ALICE: Oh. Uh... yes, sister. Of course. Um... *"how doth the little crocodile, improve his shining tail. And pour the waters of the Nile, and..."*

SISTER: Alice! Alice, what are you talking about?

ALICE: Oh, I'm sorry, but you see, the Caterpillar said...

SISTER: Caterpillar? Oh, for goodness sake. Well. Come along, it's time for tea anyway.

ALICE: But we won't open the pot, will we? We won't take the lid off the pot?

SISTER: Why should we want to do that?

ALICE: Well, you see, the Doormouse might...

SISTER: Oh, the what?

ALICE: You know? I believe it was all just a dream.

MUSIC:

CHORUS: *Alice in Wonderland, (CONTINUES HUMMING)*

MAD HATTER: Isn't she silly? He he he, Imagine that. Saying it was only just a... Say you know, folks? I think somebody's crazy around here.

MARCH HARE: Tea anyone?

CHORUS: (FINISHES SONG)

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, I want you to meet our stars in person. And Mr. Keighley will tell you about next week's show. But first here's a beauty tip from Yvonne De Carlo, that lovely dancer who's a beauty, but definitely *a beauty*. Yvonne says, "After a day's dancing before the camera, I really look forward to my Lux soap bath. It's so refreshing. The quickest beauty pick up I know." Why don't you take Yvonne De Carlo's advice? Try the big bath size Lix toilet soap, and make your daily beauty bath, a *real beauty* bath. Lux lather is active—rich and creamy—even in the hardest water. So gentle, it leaves your skin really smoother, lovelier. And the delicate Lux soap perfume clings for so long, makes you sure of skin that's fresh, "Lux lovely" all over. Tomorrow, get this famous beauty soap in the big bath size cake. You'll quickly discover why 9 out of 10 screen stars are "Lovely Lux Girls." Now, here's Mr. Keighley with our stars.

KEIGHLEY: And here they are, stepping out of those wonderful characters to take a special bow. Ed Wynn, Cathy Beaumont, Jerry Colonna, and Sterling Holloway. Ed, you must have felt right at home in the part of the Mad Hatter.

JERRY COLONNA: Yes, this must be one of the few performances Ed ever gave where he wasn't always changing hats.

ED WYNN: Well, Jerry, originally I wanted to do my version of ... *my* version of "Alice in Wonderland."

CATHY BEAUMONT: Your version, Mr. Wynn?

ED WYNN: Yes, Cathy. Mine's an opera. Would you like to hear it?

STERLING HOLLOWAY: Oh dear, no.

KEIGHLEY: No, we'd love to hear about your opera, Ed. Go ahead.

STERLING HOLLOWAY: And don't forget that I sing, too. (SINGS) *'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves, did gyre and gimble in the wabe.*

ED WYNN: Oh no, no. My opera would be in English, you know.

JERRY COLONNA: Well then, how about me? (SINGS) *"I love Lux, and I want to live..."*

KEIGHLEY: Sounds like another unbirthday party.

STERLING HOLLOWAY: Yes. Most everyone is mad here.

ED WYNN: Say, cat. Why don't you disappear once and for all? Eat some vanishing cream, or something.

CATHY BEAUMONT: Oh, not vanishing cream, Mr. Wynn. Lux toilet soap. That's the thing to use.

KEIGHLEY: At last, someone has said something sane.

CATHY BEAUMONT: Yes. My mother always uses Lux soap for her complexion. And I'm already a Lux girl.

JERRY COLONNA: Yes, I washed my mustache in Lux, can't do a thing with it.

CATHY BEAUMONT: (LAUGHS)

ED WYNN: (LAUGHS) Now about my opera. You know, the first scene is on an island in the South Seas. And there's this beautiful native girl...

KEIGHLEY: Now, wait a minute, Ed. That's our show for next week.

ED WYNN: Well, that's where I heard it, eh?

KEIGHLEY: Yes. On New Year's Eve, we're going to bring you an unforgettable love story. It's Twentieth Century Fox's recent hit, "Bird of Paradise," with three of the most promising young stars in Hollywood, in their original roles. Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget, and Jeff Chandler.

CATHY BEAUMONT: Oh, that's a wonderful show, Mr. Keighley. Good night.

ED WYNN: Good night.

JERRY COLONNA: Good night.

STERLING HOLLOWAY: Good night.

KEIGHLEY: Good night. And a very Merry Christmas.

ANNOUNCER: Did you ask Santa Claus for the sheerest, most glamorous nylons in the world? Here's hoping you get them. And to make sure you enjoy them twice as long, wash them after each wearing with gently Lux flakes. Scientific strain tests prove the Lux weighed double the life of nylons. That's why over 90% of the makers of stockings recommend Lux. New Lux, with color freshener, keeps delicate stockings clearer and fresher, too. No wonder famous Hollywood stars insist on Lux for their own precious nylons. Keep a big box of new Lux flakes handy, wherever you wash your stockings and nice things, to give all your washables that, "nice-as-new" Lux look.

MUSIC:

CHORUS: (HUM'S "OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.)

KEIGHLEY: Once again Christmas is here. And for one day, at least, we will all share the everlasting dream of "Peace on Earth, good will to men." We

know now there can never be peace on this Earth until all men are of good will towards one another. We have need for human kindness that will be as everlasting as the spirit born on that Christmas day, 2000 years ago.

MUSIC: LUX THEME

KEIGHLEY: On behalf of the Lever Brothers company, and those of us in the Lux Radio Theater, may I wish you all a very Merry Christmas. We invite you to be with us once again next Monday evening, when the Lux Radio Theater presents, Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget, and Jeff Chandler in, “Bird of Paradise.” This is William Keighley saying good night, and wishing you a very Merry Christmas from Hollywood.

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, by following a few simple rules of safety, almost all the fires that destroy the thousands of homes, could be prevented. 90% of fires in the homes start through carelessness. Remember: every twenty seconds there is a fire, killing 11,000 annually. So don't gamble with fire—the odds are against you. Heard in our cast tonight were Bill Thompson as the White Rabbit, Gale Gordon as the Caterpillar, Verna Felton as The Queen Of Hearts, Joe Kearns as The Doorknob, and Jack Kruschen, Gil Stratton, Doris Lloyd, Norma Varden, Jonathan Hole, Margie Lizst, Marion Richmond, Leone LeDoux, Eddie Marr, and David Light. Our play was adapted by S. H. Barnett and our music was directed by Rudy Schrager. This is your announcer, John Milton Kennedy, reminding you to join us again next Monday night to hear, “Bird of Paradise,” starring Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget, and Jeff Chandler. This is the CBS Radio Network.