

# WOTCHA! GOTCHA!

A pantomime in three acts

By

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# CAST

## (In order of appearance)

Wiggins (Principal 'boy', played by a girl)

Mrs Hudson (Dame)

Socko (boy, street urchin)

PC Easy (Policeman)

Spring heeled Jack

Alice Liddell (female)

Mad Hat (female)

Moriarty (female)

Dodgson (male)

Wiggler (boy, street urchin)

Dodger (boy, street urchin, rival gang)

Horatio (the pantomime horse)

Bertie (cabby)

Dr James Watson

Shamrock Holmes

Harriet March

Prince Leopold

Oliver (boy, urchin, rival gang)

Fader (girl, urchin, rival gang)

Shilly (street urchin)

MC

Gorblimey Bruvver 1

Gorblimey Bruvver 2

Gorblimey Bruvver 3

Melody (female)

Zingo (male)

Queen Victoria

# ACT I

## Scene 1

*Generic Street Scene.*

*[enter Wiggins and Mrs Hudson]*

**WIGGINS**

[Wiggins is the "Principle Boy", i.e. is played by a girl]

I'm 'arry Wiggins. Wotcha, everybody!

[waving cheerily]

**MRS HUDSON**

[Mrs H is the "Dame", i.e. played by an overdressed man with too much makeup]

Hello, Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls. This is my nephew, Harry Wiggins, and that's his rather uncouth way of saying "How d'ye do. As this is a "Panto" we would of course like you to reply.

**WIGGINS**

Aunt Mary?

**MRS H**

What is it, Harry?

**WIGGINS**

I don't think they all know what a "Panto" is, auntie.

**MRS H**

Don't know what... well, what are they doing in this theater then?

**WIGGINS**

Well, right now they're a-waitin' for you to tell 'em what a "Panto" is, auntie.

**MRS H**

Me?

**WIGGINS**

Yes, you. Aren't you, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls?

**AUDIENCE**

[hopefully]

Yes!

**MRS H**

What about that one there?

**WIGGINS**

What *about* that one there?

**MRS H**

Which is it? Lady, gentleman, boy, girl, what?

**WIGGINS**

[taking out Holmes-type magnifying glass]

Hmmm.... yes, definitely the last one you said.

**MRS H**

a girl?

**WIGGINS**

No, a "what"...

[puts magnifying glass away]

So go ahead and tell everyone what a "Panto" is. You'll explain it better than wot I could. You're a very educated lady, Mrs Hudson. Very well-informed. Everybody trusts you.

**MRS H**

[preening herself]

Oh well, in that case, I'd better explain. Listen carefully, everyone. A good old pantomime is great fun, and it often contains beautiful women like this one does...

**WIGGINS**

...and a dashing young man too.

*[enter Socko]*

**SOCKO**

And if you believe that's a beautiful woman and a dashing young man, I have a Nigerian prince outside who only needs your banking details and a signed blank check to help you inherit a fortune.

*[exit]*

**MRS H**

Pay no mind. It's all a part of the magic of Panto. Anyway, the main point is this: you all have to join in. Lots. Cheer the good guys, Boo the bad guys, sing along when you're asked to, and all things of that ilk. And above all..

**WIGGINS**

When someone says "Wotcha!" You ALL shout "Wotcha!"

**MRS H**

Or if you're a little more refined you can say "How do you do?"

**WIGGINS**

Let's try that: "Wotcha!"

*[enter Socko. He holds up a sign saying "Wotcha!"]*

**AUDIENCE**

Wotcha!

[Mrs H is waving everybody to join in while herself shouting "How do you do?"]

[This bit is repeated with encouragement from Wiggins, Socko and Mrs H until the audience is being really loud]

*[enter PC Easy, unseen by Wiggins. He is about to "nab" Wiggins, but stops to say...]*

**PC EASY**

And if anyone says "Gotcha!" You all have to shout out...

[Wiggler holds up a sign saying "Gotcha!"]

**AUDIENCE**

Gotcha!

[PC Easy tries to nab Wiggins, but Wiggins slips away, forewarned]

**PC EASY**

Gotcha!

[Wiggler holds up a sign saying "Gotcha!"]

**AUDIENCE**

Gotcha!

**WIGGINS**

[chanting]

Oh no you ain't!

*[exit Wiggins]*

**PC EASY**

Curses, foiled again!

**MRS H**

[in a loud "aside" to the audience]

This the local copper, PC Ernest Constable, or as we often call him, PC Easy - E.C., get it?

**PC EASY**

Evening, all.

**MRS H**

I have a confession to make: PC Easy here doesn't know that Harry is my nephew. And there have been times when he wanted to talk to him quite urgently. You won't tell him Harry's my nephew, will you?

**AUDIENCE**

No!

**MRS H**

Thank you. I can see you're going to be a wonderful audience. You see, the thing is, he's not always been the best-behaved young man, and I'm sure that the policeman has one or two things he'd care to discuss with young Harry. But he's a good lad at heart, and nowadays he's acting very responsibly indeed. He works with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the Consulting Detective. Harry Wiggins is in fact the head of the Baker Street Irregulars, Mr. Holmes's young helpers.

[turns to PC Easy]

PC Easy, the little rascal's got clean away again! Why don't you come and have a wee dram in my kitchen?

**PC EASY**

Why, I'd be much obliged, Ma'am.

*[exit PC Easy and Mrs H]*

[Socko strides forward to speak, but retreats when Mrs H comes back]

*[re-enter Mrs H]*

**MRS H**

Well, I hope you've all gotten an idea what a Very British Pantomime is all about. If you haven't, my friends, you'll just have to try to pick it up as we go long. Enjoy yourselves!

*[exit]*

[Socko strides forward to speak, but retreats when Mrs H comes back]

*[Mrs H re-enters again]*

I'll tell you what: ignore everything else we've all said about Panto. Just remember that last bit: "Enjoy yourselves"! WE most definitely shall.



*[exit again]*

[Socko strides forward, says nothing but does not retreat when Mrs H comes back]

*[Mrs H re-enters once more]*

**MRS H**

Oh yes and remember...

**SOCKO**

Yes?

**MRS H**

Watch out for Spring-Heeled Jack!

**SOCKO**

Who's Spring-Heeled Jack?

[sound effect BOING! BOING! BOING!]

**JACK**

ha ha ha ha ha!

[Spring-Heeled Jack appears briefly at back of stage, bouncing]

*[exeunt]*

## Scene 2

[On the left of the stage, Alice Liddell is reading a book in her father's library and talking to her kitten, Dinah. In the center of the stage, edge onto the audience, is a mirror. On the right of the mirror is Mad Hat (a stangely-dressed woman) sitting in her steampunkish lounge (which later turns out to be aboard the dirigible "Queen of Hearts"). Mad Hat is fiddling with a device with lots of dials, meters, sliding knobs, etc. Mad Hat is somewhat aware of Alice,(and increasingly so as the scene goes on), but Alice is not aware of Mad Hat.]

**ALICE**

This is a very tedious book indeed, Dinah!

[she holds kitten up]

What's that Dinah? Show you some pictures? I'm afraid I can't. Why? Because there aren't any! It's one of Professor Charles' books, all about mathematics. There's lots and lots of maths and some words which seem to be entirely about the maths, but nothing happens and nobody says anything interesting. In fact there aren't any anybodies in the book *to* say anything.

*[enter Professor Dodgson on Alice's side, unseen. He listens.]*

**MAD HAT**

Get in here, Moriarty! I think I'm getting something again!

[all the while Mad Hat does things with the device there are science-fictiony noises]

**ALICE**

Boring, boring, boring!

[she stamps her foot]

I know what I'll do! I'll make it more interesting! I'll draw some pictures myself! I'll put little people all around the edge and I'll have them saying interesting things! What's that Dinah? Yes, it is a capital idea, isn't it? Sometimes I'm so brilliantly clever I startle myself.

[she picks up a pencil.]

*[enter Professor Moriarty (a sinister-looking woman) on Mad Hat's side]*

**MORIARTY**

What is it now, Mad Hat? I'm very busy you know.

**MAD HAT**

Busy doing what?

**MORIARTY**

Busy being an enormous amount more intelligent than you are.

**MAD HAT**

That's not what I pay you for, Professor.

**MORIARTY**

It rather is, you know. All this is me being clever.

[gestures]

Airships. Mirrors that let you see other worlds. Giant steam-driven mechanical men. The hat with the telescope and teapot in it. All me, being clever. That IS what you pay me for.

**MAD HAT**

Point taken, Professor, Point taken. What are you working on at the moment?

**MORIARTY**

[becoming enthusiastic]

My masterpiece. My piece de resistance. My magnum opus.

**MAD HAT**

Well, that's three languages. What is it in Swahili?

**MORIARTY**

"Kito"

**MAD HAT**

Basque?

**MORIARTY**

"Maisulan"

**MAD HAT**

How many languages do you speak, Professor Moriarty?

**MORIARTY**

Including dead languages, dialects, and patois?

**MAD HAT**

Yes, yes.

**MORIARTY**

All of them.

[as she is talking, Prof M has worked out what Mad Hat wants, she is adjusting the controls. Then she kicks the machine]

[There is a sudden mystic sound effect"Whumm-ee-oo-ow"]

**ALICE**

Now then, Dinah, let's see just how interesting we can make this book...

**DODGSON**

Can I persuade you otherwise, Miss Alice? It was my gift to your father. I rather think he might take offense if he were to find any untoward... additions.

**MAD HAT**

That's it! That's it! I can see them again now! and hear them!

[Mad Hat is now watching the mirror as if it were a TV screen]

**MORIARTY**

There were just a few delicate last-minute adjustments to make...

**MAD HAT**

Delicate adjustments? You kicked it!

**MORIARTY**

I never did!

**MAD HAT**

Oh yes you did!

*[enter Wiggler]*

**WRIGGLER**

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, listen! I'm not really in this bit, and I'll deny all knowledge of it if you ask me later, but this is another bit where you join in.

[he conducts the audience during the obligatory passage]

**MORIARTY**

Oh no I didn't!

**MAD HAT/AUDIENCE/WRIGGLER**

Oh yes you did!

**MORIARTY**

Oh no I didn't!

**MAD HAT/AUDIENCE/WRIGGLER**

Oh yes you did!

**MORIARTY**

Oh no I didn't!

[and so forth for a while]

**MAD HAT**

Oh no you didn't!

**MORIARTY**

Oh yes I did! Oops!

**MAD HAT**

Thank you Mr Wiggler. Was there anything else?

**WRIGGLER**

No, mate, I'm not even here am I?

**MORIARTY**

[recovering herself]

Quite right, young man, we had forgotten that momentarily. On your way now. Do I encounter you later?

**WRIGGLER**

Dunno ma'am. I'm still reading the script.

[waves script]

**MAD HAT**

Well, you'd better get on with it then - I don't want you fluffing your lines later on.

[she gestures.]

*[exit Wiggler].*

**ALICE**

[giggling]

Charlie! Er, I mean, Professor Dodgson. I'm terribly sorry, I don't know what got into me.

**DODGSON**

I daresay it was Dinah here who put the idea in your head, my dear.

**ALICE**

Why yes it was! What a naughty kitten you are, Dinah!

**MORIARTY**

Wait a second. Shhh, Mad Hat.

**ALICE**

What's your silly old book about, anyway, Professor Dodgson?

**DODGSON**

Silly old maths. Geometry, to be precise.

**ALICE**

Oh, yes, that. What does "The Formulae of Plane Trigonometry" mean, anyhow?

**DODGSON**

Oh, nothing that you need bother yourself about, it's about things like lines that never meet.

**ALICE**

Never? Why not? Haven't they been properly introduced? Or is it like how you can't quite touch the "you" that you see in the mirror? I often think I'd like to meet my mirror self, but you can't quite ever do it you know.

[she moves towards the mirror, peers into it.]

[Mad Hat moves towards the mirror, peers into it. They mirror each other's movements in an amusing way for a while. Alice turns away to talk to Prof D as Mad Hat moves away to talk to Prof M.]

**MAD HAT**

Can she see me?

**ALICE**

Why can't I touch her?

**MORIARTY**

It's impossible.

**DODGSON**

It's impossible.

**ALICE**

I wonder what your book looks like in the mirror world...

[she holds the book up, open, to the mirror. Prof M, intrigued, comes forward to see what the book says.]

**ALICE**

It makes even less sense now! Terrible!

**MORIARTY**

Now it all makes sense! Brilliant!

**MAD HAT**

I thought it already made sense.

**DODGSON**

I thought it already didn't make sense?

**ALICE**

It makes even less "no sense" now.

**MORIARTY**

Now it makes so much sense, I think I can find a way to reach into their world.

**ALICE**

If I can't get into the mirror world, let's go outside and you can tell me one of your stories.

**DODGSON**

What a delightful idea.

[he laughs lightly]

*[Exit Prof D and Alice]*



**MAD HAT**

What a delightful idea. bwah-ha-ha

[she gives a villainous laugh]

**MORIARTY**

What would you do if you could? Reach into their world I mean?

**MAD HAT**

Well, we've seen quite a lot of that world called "England" now ... there's some of the same people in it. Sort of. There's a version of me. There's a version of my young friend Alex Liddell. In many ways it's quite like our own world of Angleland.

**MORIARTY**

But without my airships. And mirrors into another world. And giant steam-driven mechanical men.

**MAD HAT**

Yes yes, and the hat with the telescope and the teapot. But there's more. That world is run by men.

**MORIARTY**

Oh, I hadn't spotted that.

**MAD HAT**

Typical mathematician. You never look beyond your equations.

**MORIARTY**

But don't they have a woman in charge? Queen Railway station or something?

**MAD HAT**

Yes, and if I can make her see that this is how things SHOULD be, she'll be right behind me in my plan.

**MORIARTY**

What is your plan?

**MAD HAT**

The same as it always is: to take over the world...

**MORIARTY**

Why does that sound familiar? Never mind, never mind. How do you get Queen Spongecake on your side?

**MAD HAT**

That girl, their version of young Alex. She is a friend of Victoria's son. We kidnap her, and she talks to him, and he talks to Victoria...

**MORIARTY**

He talks to a plum?

**MAD HAT**

No, the Queen!

**MORIARTY**

This all sounds very complicated. Young girls, plums, railway stations, sponge cakes, queens...

**MAD HAT**

Just get on with your job. Being clever. Find us a way to touch the "England" world, and bring someone back here to Angleland. Leave the evil scheming to me.

**MORIARTY**

Very well my lord. But isn't it time for another evil laugh first?

**MAD HAT**

Oh, quite right Professor. Thank you for reminding me. Bwah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

*[exit Moriarty. Lights down]*

### Scene 3

in the street, outside the door of no 221b – or can be performed in front of the curtain

*[enter Mrs H, stepping out of 221b]*

**MRS H**

Hello everyone. Are you having fun? I wonder what's going to happen next? I don't like that Mad Hat character much, do you? You can never trust anyone that laughs like this:

[she imitates Mad Hat's villainous laugh badly]

Oh, except for me of course. You can trust good old Mrs Hudson.

[she shields her mouth from the audience and tries the laugh again, a little quieter.]

[she mutters to herself]

No, it's not really me at all. No wonder they gave me the romantic lead part.

*[enter Artie Dodger]*

**DODGER**

Excuse me...

**MRS H**

Yes, young man?

**DODGER**

Are you Mrs Hudson?

**MRS H**

Why, yes I am. How did you know? Did someone describe me? "She's this tall *[gesturing]*, beautiful, immaculately dressed..."

**DODGER**

er, no. Someone gave me the address. Is this where Mr Sherlock 'olmes lives?

**MRS H**

Why, yes it is.

[she turns to the audience and remarks]

No, I don't live with him. That wouldn't be quite proper. I'm his landlady - I let out several rooms in this house. Mr Holmes actually lives with Dr Watson. Which is of course entirely proper.

**DODGER**

Is Mr. 'olmes at 'ome?

**MRS H**

Do you have stutter young man?

**DODGER**

Wot?

**MRS H**

"'olmes at 'ome". Either a stutter or an echo. Oh, never mind, never mind. In any case, young man, No he's not here at the moment.

**DODGER**

Well, I got a message for 'im.

**MRS H**

Oh! I'm sorry, I didn't realize. You're one of his Baker Street Irregulars aren't you?

**DODGER**

No, I ruddy ain't!

**MRS H**

Language!

**DODGER**

Sorry, Ma'am. But I ain't one o' those smarmy so-and-sos. I hates 'em.

**MRS H**

[coldly]

Well, pardon me for jumping to conclusions when I see a scruffy little Herbert asking after Mr Holmes. Give me the message and be on your way.

[she holds out her hand]

**DODGER**

Oh, it ain't a written message. It's words, like.

**MRS H**

Then pray deliver your verbal communication, and I shall relay it verbatim.

**DODGER**

Wot?

**MRS H**

[sighs. Imitates Dodger's accent]

You tell it to me. I'll tell it to 'im.

**DODGER**

Well, why din't you say so? It's a message from a gentleman called Mr Fagin.

**MRS H**

Hmm. That's the first time I've heard the words "Fagin" and "gentleman" in the same sentence without also hearing "stole from the". But please carry on.

**DODGER**

Do wot? Oh, never mind. 'ere's the message. Don't.

**MRS H**

"Don't" what?

**DODGER**

Just "don't".

**MRS H**

Well, I'll pass the message on, you young thug. But I have a message for you - and for your "gentleman" too. It's about challenging Mr Holmes.

**DODGER**

What is it?

**MRS H**

"Don't".

*[exit Mrs H into 221b]*

*[enter P C Easy]*

**EASY**

[spotting Dodger]

Oi! I know you! You're one o' them pickpockets!

[he grabs Dodger by his coat]

Gotcha!

[Wiggler holds up 'Gotcha!' sign]

**AUDIENCE**

Gotcha!

**DODGER**

[wiggles out of his coat, leaving PC Easy holding just the coat]

No you ain't! Catch me, copper!

*[exit Dodger, chased by PC Easy, who drops the coat. Easy chases him round the auditorium]*

*[re-enter Dodger, picks up coat]*

Lost 'im!

[PC Easy is creeping up on Dodger, making frantic "Shush" signals to the audience]

[Dodger spots Easy sneaking up on him]

Whoops -no I ain't! I'd better scarper!

[exit Dodger again, chased by Easy]

### **P C EASY**

Come back here, you little villain!

*[enter Hansom Horatio, the horse. ]*

*[enter Bertie. He catches Horatio.]*

### **BERTIE**

'oratio, you are a very very naughty 'orse. I'm gettin' fed up with this.

[spots audience]

Do you folks out there fink you could lend me an 'and? This is me 'orse. 'e's called 'ansom 'oratio. 'e's supposed to be pulling me 'ansom Cab. I'm a cabbie. Any'ow, 'e keeps runnin' away. I got 'im this time, so we can get back to work now. So I gotta go. But if you see 'im again could you shout out? Could you shout out "cabbie! cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!" Come on, let's try it now!

Cabbie! Cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!

### **AUDIENCE**

Cabbie! Cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!

### **BERTIE**

You can be a lot louder 'n THAT! C'mon, now!Cabbie! Cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!

### **AUDIENCE**

Cabbie! Cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!

[Bertie repeats this several times, until the audience are enthusiastic enough.]

**BERTIE**

That's the spirit! I expect we'll see you later.

[Handsome Horatio chuckles and nods]

Bye now!

*[exit Bertie and Horatio]*



## Scene 4

Setting is the same as scene 2. Prof D is in the library, writing. Prof M is in Mad Hat's office, fiddling with the device. There is the "Whumm-ee-oo-ow" noise, now slightly echoing.

**DODGSON**

"Dear diary..."

**MORIARTY**

Eureka!

**DODGSON**

I beg your pardon? Who said that?

**MORIARTY**

You can hear me? Professor Dodgson?

**DODGSON**

Yes, yes. Where are you? Who are you?

**MORIARTY**

Come over to the mirror.

**DODGSON**

Come over... oh, very well...

[he does so. He sees Prof M and stops, amazed]

What the devil...

**MORIARTY**

Interesting. You can see me as well.

**DODGSON**

Why, it's Alice's mirror world. I can see right through the looking-glass. Who are you? What is happening?

**MORIARTY**

Well, Professor, my name is Professor Jane Moriarty. I am from another world.

**DODGSON**

You're a Martian?

**MORIARTY**

No, no, I'm from the Earth, just like you. Just not the same "Earth". I've found a way to talk to other worlds. Worlds on the other side of the mirror. Like yours.

**DODGSON**

Can you get into them, Professor? Alice would love that! How does it work? Does it involve Lord Kelvin's theory of vortex atoms in a gyrostatically elastic ether?

**MORIARTY**

One question at a time, Professor. First, Yes. But there's a problem getting back.

**DODGSON**

There is?

**MORIARTY**

[Looks around briefly to find something to throw. Picks up a cuddly toy, and throws it through the mirror]

Yes. Catch.

[suddenly realizes she's thrown her lifetime companion through a one-way portal into another universe]

Oh my! What have I done? Now try to throw him back.

[Prof D tries, but it bounces off the mirror]

You see?

**DODGSON**

Why are you sharing all this with me?

**MORIARTY**

Well, firstly because it was your formula that gave me the last clue how to do this, when Alice held your book up to the mirror. And secondly because I didn't mean to throw Mr Hoppy there... he's been with me since I was a small girl. I want Mr Hoppy back!

[pulls herself together]

It's all to do with sound, you see.

**DODGSON**

Sound?

**MORIARTY**

Yes: here's the sound that allows Mr Hoppy to get to you. Or anything else... I wish I'd thrown something else... poor Mr Hoppy...

[she presses a button. We hear "Whumm-ee-oo-ow"]

Now we need to find the sound to send things back. Or indeed people.

**DODGSON**

Fascinating. Simply fascinating. What might it be?

**MORIARTY**

Well, professor, I have an idea that it might be a vocal sound.

**DODGSON**

[musing]

Just like a magic spell...

**MORIARTY**

[laughing frantically]

Well, yes. Except that it isn't of course.

**DODGSON**

[begins to laugh too. They find it hard to stop, as the absurdity of the idea grows upon them]

Oh, of course not! Ha! Ha! No such thing as magic...

**MORIARTY**

We're scientists! Ha! Ha! Ha!

**DODGSON**

Ha! Ha! Of course we are!

[They sober up]

**MORIARTY**

Hmmm... It does sound a bit like it though...

**DODGSON**

You know, I'm going to read a little bit about magic.

**MORIARTY**

A good idea. Top drawer, Dodgson. There might be some clues there...

*[exit professors.]*

*[Enter Alice, holding a magazine called "Mischmasch"]*

**ALICE**

This poem of Professor Charles makes no sense at all. Does it, mirror Alice?

[She holds it up to the mirror]

*[re-enter Moriarty]*

**ALICE**

Oh, I see. It was mirror-writing...

**MORIARTY**

How strange. The writing in that book is the right way around.

**ALICE/MORIARTY**

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe...

[VERY loud "Whumm-ee-oo-ow"]

**MORIARTY**

[reaches through the mirror, grabs Alice]

Gotcha!

[Wiggler holds up "Gotcha!" sign]

**AUDIENCE**

Gotcha!

*[lights down]*

## Scene 5

Inside the *Raven and Writing-Desk* pub. Dodgson is talking to Dr Watson.

**DODGSON**

Thank you for agreeing to introduce me to Mr Holmes, Dr Watson. His fame has spread of late, and I have a problem which will, I fear, stretch even his mighty intellect.

**WATSON**

Yes, well, there's something I ought to...

**DODGSON**

Yes, I think I can promise Holmes at least a three-pipe problem.

*[enter Shamrock Holmes, Sherlock's Irish cousin]*

**HOLMES**

But I don't smoke.

**DODGSON**

I'm sorry, I don't believe we've been introduced.

**HOLMES**

Holmes, my dear sir. Shamrock Holmes.

**WATSON**

Professor Dodgson, allow me to introduce Shamrock Holmes. Holmes, this is Professor Charles Dodgson.

**DODGSON**

"Shamrock". Not "Sherlock"?

**WATSON**

That's what I was trying to tell you, Professor. I'm Dr *James* Watson, and I'm a companion to *Shamrock* Holmes. It's my brother Dr *John* Watson that's a companion to Mr *Sherlock* Holmes.

**HOLMES**

My cousin is unavailable at the moment, sir.

**DODGSON**

Unavailable?

**HOLMES**

He had to see a man about a hound.

**DODGSON**

Ah...

**HOLMES**

They offered the job to me, but Baskerville just isn't my typeface.

**DODGSON**

[to Watson]

Can I assume that this Holmes will serve me as well in the problem-solving?

**WATSON**

[trying to sound convincing]

Oh, definitely. Absolutely. No shadow of a doubt. I'd stake my reputation on it.

**HOLMES**

Pray tell me your problem, Professor Dodgson.

**DODGSON**

It's a little complicated, and I fear that you will find my story difficult to credit.

**HOLMES**

Don't trouble yourself, sir. I have heard some strange tales in my time.

**WATSON**

Oh, yes, Holmes has no trouble at all believing the most incredible things. He's very gullible. I mean, open-minded.

**HOLMES**

Thank you, Watson.

**DODGSON**

[doubtfully]

Well, it concerns the disappearance of a young girl of my acquaintance. It seems that she entered a room, but never came out again.

**HOLMES**

Say no more. I have solved your case already.

**DODGSON**

Incredible! What is the answer to this mystery?

**HOLMES**

Attend me closely.

**WATSON/DODGSON**

Yes...

**HOLMES**

Open the door of the room... and the girl will still be inside!

**WATSON**

[applauding]

Bravo, Holmes! Capital, my dear chap! I'd never have worked that out!

**DODGSON**

[facepalms]



Oh believe me, gentlemen, we tried that. She was nowhere to be seen. The windows were locked from the inside, and there was only one door into the room.

**HOLMES**

Oh well, in that case, I'm stumped! It's a mystery and no mistake! But there is one thing...

**DODGSON**

What's that?

**HOLMES**

Beware of Spring-Heeled Jack!

**WATSON**

Who's Spring-Heeled Jack?

[sound effect BOING! BOING! BOING!]

**JACK**

ha ha ha ha ha!

*[Spring-Heeled Jack appears briefly at back of stage, bouncing] [lights down]*

## Scene 6

Inside Mad Hat's dirigible, "Queen of Hearts" flying over Angleland. Alice is tied to a chair. Mad Hat is talking to her.

**ALICE**

My but you're an odd-looking sort. Who are you?

**MAD HAT**

But my dear, you shouldn't be talking to me. We haven't even been introduced.

**ALICE**

Well, I haven't yet learned all the rules of etiquette, ma'am: I am still at school, after all. But I'm fairly certain it must say somewhere in the rules that if somebody kidnaps one and ties one to a chair, one is allowed to converse with that person, if only to find out what the flip is going on.

**MAD HAT**

Language, my dear! Language!

**ALICE**

Sorry, I'm not entirely in control of myself. As a rule I'm very polite, being tied up has rather taken its toll.

**MAD HAT**

Think nothing of it, Miss Liddell. A little stress can bring out the beast in any of us. But to answer your earlier question: my name is Lord Newry. Although some people call me Mad Hat. I prefer "My Lord".

**ALICE**

I already know a Lord Newry. He's at Oxford, with my friend Professor Dodgson. But you can't be a Lord. You're a lady.

**MAD HAT**

Oh, I'm aware of my namesake. He's how I found you. As for me being a "Lord"- well, things are a little different here on the other side of the Looking Glass, you know. It's a little complicated, especially for someone who's still at school...

**ALICE**

Then shall we try a few more enquiries? Where am I? What do you want? Why did you kidnap me? When can I go home? When's luncheon?

**MAD HAT**

What a curious girl you are, young Alice.

**ALICE**

Oh, I start off curious. And then I get curiouiser and curiouiser.

**MAD HAT**

What a lovely phrase. You should write that down somewhere. But as to your long list of questions...

*[enter Harriet March]*

...they can wait for the moment. Allow me introduce my colleague, Miss Harriet March. Often known as "Mad March Harry". Harry, this is Miss Alice Liddell.

**MARCH**

I knows who she is, sir.

**ALICE**

Pleased to meet you Miss March.

**MARCH**

Charmed, I'm sure, youngster.

**MAD HAT**

And what brings you here, Miss March?

**MARCH**

Good news and Bad news, sir. Sorry I'm late.

**MAD HAT**

Good news first, Miss March. If you'd be so kind.

**MARCH**

Yes sir. He's taken the bait!

**MAD HAT**

Excellent! And the bad news?

**MARCH**

Well, sir, that sorta breaks up into good news and bad news too,

**MAD HAT**

I swear, Harry, if you drag this out all day you'll find out why they call me "Mad Hat". Bad news?

**MARCH**

Holmes is getting involved!

**MAD HAT**

Curse it! And the good news?

**MARCH**

Shamrock Holmes, sir. Not Sherlock. Sherlock's rather less formidable cousin.

**MAD HAT**

221b or not 221b, that is the question.

**MARCH**

Oh, very droll, ma'am. Very droll. I don't think Shamrock will ever work it out.

**MAD HAT**

And we won't have those tiresome Baker Street Irregulars to deal with, either. Meddlesome little brats!

**MARCH**

Oh, I wouldn't worry about them, in any case, Your Lordship.

**MAD HAT**

Why not, March?

[March holds up a carton of Activia yoghurt. Of course, if the writing was backwards it would be great...]

**MARCH**

Well, this should get rid of the occasional Irregular, sir.

**MAD HAT**

Leave the jokes to me, Harriet.

**MARCH**

Yes, your Evilness. Anyhow, Shamrock does seem to have *some* help anyway ma'am. A mathematician.

**MAD HAT**

A good one?

**MARCH**

Professor Dodgson, my lord.

**ALICE**

Oh, he's jolly good! He's my friend. And he tells a lovely story too, if you ask him very politely.

**MAD HAT**

I doubt if he's as good as our tame professor of mathematics.

**ALICE**

There's nobody cleverer -I mean more clever - than my Charles.

**MAD HAT**

WE have Professor Moriarty. He's the one who figured out how to get through the mirror.

*[lights down]*

## Scene 7

outside 221b or in front of curtain

*[enter Dodger, running. He pauses to talk to the audience]*

**DODGER**

Crikey, old Easy's feeling energetic today! Whoops, 'ere 'e comes again!

*[exit, running]*

*[enter PC Easy, running]*

**EASY**

Crikey, that Dodger's feeling energetic today! Whoops, there he goes! Come back here!

*[exit, running]*

*[enter Hansom Horatio, running]*

**AUDIENCE**

Cabbie! Cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!

*[exit Horatio, running]*

*[enter Bertie, chasing Horatio]*

**BERTIE**

Thanks, everyone! Whoops, there 'e goes! Come back 'ere, 'oratio!!

*[exit Bertie, running]*

## Scene 8

(NOTE: this scene takes great timing. There are two scenes happening at the same time, and the conversations mirror each other.)

Stage left is interior 221b Baker Street, in Mrs H's rooms. She is preening herself in front of a large mirror, as she talks.

Also present are Dodgson, Shamrock Holmes, and Dr Watson.

Stage right is still aboard the "Queen of Hearts". Alice has been released. Mad Hat is talking to her in quite a civilized manner.

**MRS H**

Let me see if I understand ...

**ALICE**

I don't understand, ma'am.

**HOLMES**

Understand what?

**MAD HAT**

Don't understand what, my dear?

**MRS H**

Because it's very confusing.

**ALICE**

I'm not sure.

**HOLMES**

It's not that hard really.

**MAD HAT**

You're not sure what you don't understand?

**HOLMES**

What's not to understand?

**ALICE**

They're rather the same thing, aren't they? Not understanding and not being sure? Why do I always get in a muddle when I try to explain things?

**MRS H**

If I understand it, there is a world through the looking-glass, and another Professor who can move between the worlds. This Professor believes that Professor may have kidnapped young Alice.

**MAD HAT**

Well, you are in a Looking-Glass world, Miss Liddell. Things are sure to be a trifle back-to-front.

**DODGSON**

And taken her through the Looking Glass.

**ALICE**

"elfirt"?

**HOLMES**

Now I'm confused again...

**MAD HAT**

Now I'm confused. Why did you say "elfirt"?

**WATSON**

Doesn't take much does it?

**ALICE**

"Elfirt". That's "trifle" back-to-front.



**DODGSON**

That is the essence of it. You are an intelligent woman, Mrs Hudson

**MAD HAT**

[chuckling]

So it is. So it is. You know, you're a very bright young lady.

**MRS H**

Why, thank you Professor!

**ALICE**

Perhaps I am, but I still don't understand.

**HOLMES**

I thought I understood, but now my head is spinning.

**MAD HAT**

Now we're going around in circles. What don't you understand?

**HOLMES**

Could we start again with the girl who went in the room?

**ALICE**

Very well, then: I either don't understand why you tied me up, or I don't understand why you untied me. You choose.

*[enter Professor Moriarty with Harriet]*

**DODGSON**

[sarcastically]

Why don't we start by introducing ourselves again?

**MAD HAT**

Oh, good day to you, Professor. Hello, Mad Harry. Time for some introductions:  
Alice Liddell, Professor Moriarty: Professor Moriarty, Miss Liddell.

**HOLMES**

[not realizing Dodgson was being sarcastic]

Professor Dodgson, Mrs Hudson - Sherlock's landlady. Mrs Hudson, Professor Dodgson, of  
Oxford University.

**ALICE**

We met. Briefly. When she kidnapped me. Although I don't believe that can be  
considered to be a formal introduction.

**DODGSON**

[sighing]

Charmed, Mrs Hudson

**MORIARTY**

Charmed, Miss Liddell.

**MRS H**

It's mutual, Professor.

**ALICE**

It's mutual, Professor - but you're not as smart as my professor.

[Moriarty snorts]

**HOLMES**

Watson - explain to Mrs Hudson why the Professor came to us?.

**MAD HAT**

Harriet - could you explain to Miss Liddell why we tied her up?

**WATSON**

Oh, that's easy - He thought you were your cousin Sherlock.

**MARCH**

Oh that's easy. You see, Miss Liddell, we didn't want you going out that door over there and escaping into the street.

**HOLMES**

And would you care to explain why we're now in Baker Street?

**MAD HAT**

And would you care to explain why we've now untied her?

**WATSON**

That's easy, too. You see, Holmes, Now we'd all like to talk to Sherlock.

**MARCH**

That's easy too. You see, Miss Liddell, now you can't go through that door over there and escape into the street.

**MRS H**

I think the solution is really a lot easier than you imagine.

**ALICE**

Was it really easier to tie me up than lock the door?

**HOLMES**

Really, a lot easier?

**MAD HAT**

Door's not locked... try it. But try it very carefully my dear.

[Alice makes her way over to the door gingerly, and opens it. Sound effect of air rushing by. A seagull flies past the open door]

**HOLMES**

[baffled]

Blimey!

**ALICE**

Blimey!

[she covers her mouth]

Oh, I DO beg your pardon! I mean "Oh my goodness!" But we're up in the sky!  
Your house is up in the sky! What's keeping us up?

**MRS H**

Yes. The Professor is quite mad and should be locked up. People walking through mirrors,  
indeed.

[she pats the mirror]

It's not a door, it's a looking-glass.

**MORIARTY**

Oh, it's not a house - it's a dirigible. It's called "The Queen of Hearts".

**MRS H**

I can say, with my hand on my heart...

**ALICE**

A dirry gimble..

[there is a faint "Whumm-ee-oo-ow"]

**MARCH/WATSON**

What was that?

**MORIARTY/DODGSON**

What was what?

**MARCH/WATSON**

I thought I heard... oh, never mind.

**ALICE**

What's a dirry gimble?

[faint "Whumm-ee-oo-ow"]

**DODGSON**

What in the world do you mean, "locked up"?

**MAD HAT**

They don't have them in your world yet...they're a bit like the hot air balloons you've probably read about.

**HOLMES**

ooh! Can we go and visit him? I've always wanted to see a mad-house.

**ALICE**

ooh! I always wanted to go up in one of those!

**WATSON**

I'm sure you'd be welcomed in!

**MAD HAT**

[bows]

You're welcome, my dear!

**DODGSON**

To be frank, there's little to choose between this room right now and a madhouse.

**ALICE**

...although to be perfectly frank ma'am, if I'd a choice between being kidnapped in a Montgolfier balloon, or remaining at home a little bored... I believe I'd have plumped for the latter.

**MRS H**

Just because I'm not a Professor, Professor, doesn't mean I have no brains at all...

[she leans on the mirror to show that it's solid. But it isn't]

**MORIARTY**

Just because you've been kidnapped doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself...

[enter Mrs Hudson through the Looking-Glass. for a moment she doesn't realize what's happened]

**MRS H**

Why, I'll have you know, I'm as well known for my brains as I am for my beauty, Professor.

**MORIARTY**

I can well believe it.

**MRS H**

Why, thank you. Um, where the h...

[she spots Alice just before she says "hell"]

where the flip am I? And where's Dodgson?

**HOLMES**

Where the flip did she go?

**MAD HAT**

Language!

**MRS H**

I do beg your pardon.

**ALICE**

Do you know Charlie?

**DODGSON**

By Jove, I do believe she went right through the looking-glass!

*[lights down on both sides]*

## ACT 2

### Scene 1

in the street, night-time

*[enter Wiggins, whistling a Music-Hall tune, hands in pocket, nonchalantly striding out]*

*[Leopold appears from the darkness]*

**LEOPOLD**

Psssst!

**WIGGINS**

[hesitates, listens, shakes head, carries on]

**LEOPOLD**

[approaching Wiggins]

PSSST! Boy!

**WIGGINS**

Yeah? Wot d'ya want? *[he sees Leopold's clothes]*...Sir?

**LEOPOLD**

Um, I wouldn't normally approach anyone without being introduced...my name's Leopold. How do you do?

**WIGGINS**

'Arry Wiggins. Wotcha!

[Socko holds up "Wotcha" sign]

**AUDIENCE**

Wotcha!



**LEOPOLD**

Oh, how amusing. Wotcha, Arry Wiggins.

[Socko holds up sign saying "Wotcha!"]

**AUDIENCE**

Wotcha!

**WIGGINS**

Well, what can I do for yer, Mr Leopold?

**LEOPOLD**

I've seen you talking to the Great Detective, haven't I? I believe you must be one of his "irregulars", the street-urchins he employs to help him with his investigations. Would that assumption be correct?

**WIGGINS**

'Ere - I know what a "Street" is, but what's an "urchin" when it's at 'ome?

**LEOPOLD**

I'm not entirely sure. Some sort of sea-creature if I'm not in error.

**WIGGINS**

Then wot's it doin' on the streets of London? Streets, which [*imitating Leopold's accent*]if one is not mistaken, are not exactly known for their quality of being subaqueous?

**LEOPOLD**

I'm afraid you have me stumped there, Mr Wiggins. It's just something they say.

**WIGGINS**

Oh, "they" say all sorts of things.

**LEOPOLD**

Yes, "they" do, don't "they"?

**WIGGINS**

"Get lost!" "Stop, thief!" and "get out of here, you scruffy so-and-so" are what the likes of YOU usually says to the likes of ME. Us "street-urchins", that is.

**LEOPOLD**

I'm most dreadfully sorry, Mr Wiggins, and I humbly apologize for inadvertently insulting you. But the truth is, sir, that I need your help.

**WIGGINS**

That's the first time anyone's called me "Mr Wiggins",and the second time anyone's ever called me "sir". That buys you me attention fer the two minutes it takes me to decide if you're one horse short of a Hansom cab ride.

*[enter Hansom Horatio, the pantomime horse]*

**AUDIENCE**

Cabbie! Cabbie! 'ere's yer 'orse!

**WIGGINS**

Hey, it's 'ansom 'oratio. Wotcha!

[Socko holds up "Wotcha" sign]

**AUDIENCE**

Wotcha!

[Horatio shows that he's pleased]

**WIGGINS**

[to Leopold]

When everybody says "Wotcha!" You're supposed to join in, Leopold.

**LEOPOLD**

Sorry, Mister Wiggins. Sorry, audience. I didn't realize it applied to domestic animals.

**WIGGINS**

'e's not a domestic, e's an 'orse!

**LEOPOLD**

But I... oh, never mind. Have it your way. Let's try that again.

**WIGGINS**

All right, 'oratio. Go off and come back on again.

[Hansom Horatio does so]

Wotcha!

[Socko holds up "Wotcha" sign]

**AUDIENCE/LEOPOLD**

Wotcha!

**LEOPOLD**

[to the audience]

There! I thought that went very well. Quite fun really.

**WIGGINS**

Wot's up, then? 'ave you run away again, 'oratio?

[Horatio nods]

You know you shouldn't do that! What's Bertie supposed to do? Pull the 'ansom cab himself?

[Horatio likes this idea and starts chuckling]

Now, look, mate, 'ere's a carrot. If I give you that will yer go back to the stables and be a good boy?

[Horatio nods reluctantly]

..and do yer job and pull the cab so Bertie can put food on the table?

[Horatio shuffles then nods]

All right then, Off ya go.

*[exit Horatio]*

*[enter Bertie]*

**BERTIE**

'oratio! 'oratio!

[notices audience, then Wiggins and Leopold]

Have you seen my horse, 'ansom 'oratio?

**AUDIENCE**

Yes!

**BERTIE**

Which way did he go?

[hopefully the audience help him out]

**LEOPOLD**

I think he was heading back to the stables. He looked a bit ashamed of himself, I fancied.

**BERTIE**

So he should, running away like that! I've got a wife and kids to feed.

**LEOPOLD**

Mr Wiggins here gave him a carrot. Does he like carrots?

**BERTIE**

It's his stable diet.

*[exit Bertie]*

**LEOPOLD**

I say, that's a bit of a coincidence. My Pater's a "Bertie" too.

