

# Brillig Braelig

10

Cue:

**DR. BUTRIDGE:**

Stay away.

**ALICE:**

Dr. Butridge, no. Bring him back!

**DR. BUTRIDGE:**

There's no returning. Terminal prognosis.

Awaaaay. **[MUSIC GO]**

*(As he speaks, DR. BUTRIDGE transforms into the JABBERWOCK.)*

**DR. BUTRIDGE: (cont.)**

From that Haemoptystic Hare, that Buck Tubercular.

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy lobes" –

**ALICE:**

The Jabberwock? That's not what's next.

*(As if to banish him:)*

"Then came a pattering of feet on the stairs, and Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled –" **[Alto Flute 1st Cue]**

**JABBERWOCK:**

Trembling Sickness. Delirium Tremens.

Orthostatic Tremor...

**ALICE:**

What?

**JABBERWOCK: (Hard of hearing)**

Whaaaat?

**ALICE:**

What?

**JABBERWOCK: (Now fully the Jabberwock)**

"Beware the Jabberwock!" **[Alto Flute 2nd Cue]**

**ALICE:**

No, Alfred!

**JABBERWOCK:**

"Beware the frumious Bandersnatch,  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!" **[GO ON]**

Callback cut for  
Jabberwock (KING of HEARTS)



(to 1)

A.Fl. 1st cue: 2nd cue:

Add airy sound effects

Tpt. Blow air through without buzzing and muck about with the valves!

Gtr.1(El.) scrape pick on strings

SYNTH

L.H. plays with Rd. cues

P2

(A hallucinatory dance sequence unfolds. The ensemble morphs into a nightmare. Wielding rifles and crutches, they become the expansive limbs and claws of the Jabberwock.)

1

♩ = 97

JABBERWOCK:

Bril - lig brae - lig uff - ish - ness, und cryp - tic di - ag - no - sis. —

Track: Synth Pad

Track: Synth Bass

Strep - to - mi - sis Gri - se - us, — then too, Tu - ber - cu - lo - sis.

Words mean what we say they mean— and that's the way it goes - es. So,

have a wee, a spot of tea, — and dine on your — a - lone - ness.

P3 of Call back

Ooooooh...  
Ooooooh...  
Track: Mechanical Crash  
25 26 27 28 (Drs. Kick cont.)

29

Bril - lig brae - lig uff - ish - ness, und Pseu - do - Pneu - mo - gno - sis.  
Bril - lig brae - lig uff - ish - ness, und Pseu - do - Pneu - mo - gno - sis  
Bril - lig brae - lig uff - ish - ness, und Pseu - do - Pneu - mo - gno - sis.  
Gtr.1(El.)/Drs. ♪ groove  
30

A. 4.

Two days 'til his heart drops dead- a pro - mis-ing prog-no - sis.

Two days 'til his heart drops dead- a pro - mis-ing prog-no - sis.

Two days 'til his heart drops dead- a pro - mis-ing prog-no - sis.

31 32

Sense - less twit, go grieve a bit, and soon we'll have sa - mo - sas.

Sense - less twit, go grieve a bit, and soon we'll have sa - mo - sas.

Sense - less twit, go grieve a bit, and soon we'll have sa - mo - sas.

Rec.  
Tpt.  
Vcl.

33 34

END

P. 5

35 36

Bril-lig is:— you share a kiss,— and soon you chuck his bones - es.

37

37 38 39 40

There

Come, sick-y, stick-y, sick-y- sign up your mind. Spine up, you trick-y-dick-ies- line up to die.

Rec. Tpt. *mf*