

## #8C - Tea Party Tableau 2

(Everyone pushes on a place. Then they pull the seat out from ALICE, making sure there's no room for her at their table.)

+ ALICE

START

MAD HATTER

So, now we all explore: The Girl Who Wanted More.

ALICE

But, I haven't had *any* yet.  
So, how could I take more?

MARCH HARE

No. How can you take *less*?  
(A beat)

You selfish brat, go taste regret.

(ALICE is stung. The MARCH HARE becomes the WHITE RABBIT.)

WHITE RABBIT

Hate me yet?

ALICE

I never would or could.

WHITE RABBIT

You should.

MAD HATTER

So, shall we have a riddle?

(The WHITE RABBIT turns back into the MARCH HARE.)

ALICE

Yes.

MAD HATTER

Now, she wants a riddle.

MARCH HARE

That, and tea.

DORMOUSE

Loathe tea.

MAD HATTER

All right, then. Since you insist:  
Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

ALICE

You tell me.

MAD HATTER

I haven't the faintest idea.

*(The MAD HATTER, MARCH HARE, and DORMOUSE mock ALICE with their laughter.)*

ALICE

I think you might do something better with your time  
than waste it asking riddles with no answer.

DORMOUSE

You're the one who's asking.

MAD HATTER

*(With a look to the MARCH HARE)*

If you knew Time as we do, child,  
you wouldn't talk of wasting it.

ALICE

*(To MARCH HARE)*

You waste time by not spending it.

DORMOUSE

*("Spare us!")*

Dear. Dear. Me.

MARCH HARE

*(To ALICE)*

I dare say, you have never spoken to Time.

**END**