

# AliceGraceAnon

By Kara Lee Corthron

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*“Welcome! It’s happening . . . A few years back, concerned that a national trend encouraging new plays with small casts and unit sets meant that playwrights we love might never quite feel free enough to pursue their most ambitious impulses, we gave 4 writers (Kara Lee Corthron, Lynn Rosen, Kathryn Walat, and Anna Ziegler) and their collaborating directors (Kara-Lynn Vaeni, Shana Gold, Portia Krieger, Beatrice Terry) an unusual commission: to make plays of “scope and adventure,” BIG plays, crazy imaginative plays; to challenge us as producers.*

*We called this initiative The Germ Project because it included a promise to fully produce 20 minutes of each nascent play, the “germ” of an eventual full-length play – as a bit of a practice, to test out their “produce-ability,” since “unproduce-ability” was what we asked for. We did that, in June 2011. And now this particular germ has come to full flower!”*

*~Susan Bernfield, producing artistic director New Georges Theatre Company on the world premiere of AliceGraceAnon*

Playwright’s note:

When I was a kid, maybe because I was a surprise baby and everyone in my family was much older, I was really into classic rock—specifically the psychedelic 60s. I also read the book *Go Ask Alice* sometime in my early teens and it riveted and terrified me. It was fear of that book and my obsession with psychedelia that led me to read the Lewis Carroll books. I was fascinated by the weird thread that connected these three phenomena: *Go Ask Alice* is taken from a lyric from Jefferson Airplane’s seminal acid-laced anthem “White Rabbit”, which was inspired by both *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. For many years, these three things have been intimately intertwined in my mind. I always had the feeling that I’d create something inspired by Alice, Grace Slick (lead singer of Jefferson Airplane), and the Anonymous protagonist of *Go Ask Alice*. But I never seriously explored what that something might be. When Susan came to me back in 2010 with the commission and stressed the idea that this should be my “dream play,” I figured if I was ever going to explore this wacky concept, this was the opportunity.

*AliceGraceAnon* is meant to be a theatrical, communal experience that above all else is fun for its audiences. The script is a blueprint for a show that can only be realized once imaginative collaborators join the process to make it happen. Thus, when I wrote this play I put on paper everything I saw in my mind in order to clarify the importance of magic in this world. This does not mean that my stage directions should always be taken literally. To give an example, there is a direction in the script that says: “a large, gloved, male hand reaches down from the sky and caresses Alice’s cheek.” I don’t expect that a theatre wishing to produce this play will necessarily have fly space and/or a budget sizable enough to make this stage picture a reality; it’s a metaphorical suggestion. What is necessary is that through magic—and magic can be dirt-cheap—the audience gets a sense of Alice’s fear of being watched without her permission.

Regarding cast size, there are five principal roles and several small, ensemble roles. A flexible chorus of two actors or a dozen (or more) would serve the play and be completely effective in different ways. Stage magic that might be achieved via video or other technology may also be done with the use of bodies on stage (e.g. to form the caterpillar’s body). At its best, *AliceGraceAnon* is a director’s playground. I encourage wild and joyful exploration.

### **CHARACTERS:**

**ANONYMOUS** – a teen girl with oodles of longing

**CHRIS** – her friend, another teen girl

**BOY** – a boy

**HIP CHICK** – a hip chick

**MEAN GIRL** – a mean girl

**BEATRICE SPARKS** – a woman in her 50s or 60s of questionable morality

**GRACE SLICK** – circa 1967, but with preternatural knowledge of her future

**PAUL KANTNER** – the father of Jefferson Airplane

**JERRY GARCIA** – represented by a teddy bear

**ALICE** – youthful but certainly not a child, over-the-top British accent

**CATERPILLAR** – sexy and generally unhelpful, male

**CHESSIRE CAT** – creepy trickster (probably also sexy), male

**MR. DODGSON** – aka Lewis A. Carroll; a grown man in his 30s with boundary issues

### **SETTING:**

The play begins in three spheres –

- 1) ANONYMOUS's world of a good girl-gone-drugs in 1967 (heroine of *Go Ask Alice*)
- 2) GRACE SLICK's world, which is a Jefferson Airplane concert gone wrong (also in 1967).
- 3) ALICE's world in Wonderland, circa 1864.

Then the worlds collide and become something else.

### **NOTES:**

1. Every effort should be made to create a diverse company, i.e. this should *not* be an all-white cast.
2. Beatrice Sparks and Paul can be played by the same actor, which would mean Beatrice would be played by a man.
3. There should be a fully-operating band on stage that will represent Jefferson Airplane.
4. This play can be done with said band and only 5 actors if necessary.
5. Ideally in production, there will be three "rooms:" the Alice Room, the Grace Room, and the Anonymous Room. The audience will be able to experience and interact with these rooms at the top of the show to learn about the three stories. Some of this interaction can be used later in the show.

*Show begins with the three heroines in a spot light before they begin their separate adventures.*

<i>(ANONYMOUS enters a party with HIP CHICK.)</i>	<i>Band is hanging out onstage.</i>	
ANONYMOUS Nobody knows who I am.		
HIP CHICK Does anybody really know who anybody is? Ruminates on <i>that</i> .		
ANONYMOUS What if they laugh at me?		
<i>(HIP CHICK stares at ANONYMOUS.)</i>		
HIP CHICK Sheri or Sally? Or Jamie? Or Jenny?  <i>(She waits for ANONYMOUS to correct her, but ANONYMOUS is more confused than she is. She gives up on her.)</i>		
HIP CHICK Whatever your name is? Why don't you stay here? And I'll follow the wind. You dig?		
<i>(And with a snap of the fingers, HIP CHICK is gone. ANONYMOUS awkwardly tries to join a group of kids at the party. She starts sucking down Cokes and shoving cookies in her mouth nervously.)</i>		
		<i>(ALICE enters.)</i>
		ALICE Dinah! Here kitty kitty kitty.

		<p>Dinah?</p> <p><i>(No sign of Dinah.)</i></p> <p>Stupid kitty!</p> <p><i>(She sees a giant daisy and picks it.)</i></p>
		<p>ALICE</p> <p>Hmm.</p> <p>He loves me.</p> <p><i>(She pulls off a petal.)</i></p> <p>He loves me not.</p> <p><i>(She pulls off a petal.)</i></p> <p>He loves me.</p> <p><i>(Another petal.)</i></p> <p>He loves me not.</p> <p><i>(Another petal.)</i></p> <p>He loves me.</p> <p><i>(She pulls off the last petal. She stares at the naked flower bulb. Then she eats it!)</i></p> <p><i>(Mouth full:)</i> He loves me not! Ha ha!</p>
		<p><i>(ALICE has a moment of really chewing the flower.)</i></p> <p>Curious! I like that rather better than cabbage.</p>
	<p><i>Band gives up on waiting for Grace to arrive and they begin to play "Somebody to Love" with Paul singing.</i></p> <p><i>Grace arrives in time for the chorus, which she sings. They sing a good portion of the song.</i></p>	

	Grace <b>WELCOME!</b>	
	<i>(PAUL whispers in her ear. It is intense. Her face reflects it; she is quite upset by what he's said.)</i>	
	GRACE <i>(Into the mic:) I'm sorry! I'm not being passive aggressive. Paul I—</i>  <i>(PAUL sharply covers the mic and continues whispering in her ear. Then he introduces her.)</i>	
	PAUL Ladies and gentlemen. The one and only. Grace Slick.	
	<i>(When the audience cheers—hopefully—GRACE becomes the animated, awesome GRACE they came to see.)</i>	
	GRACE <i>(To the audience:)</i> <b>WELCOME, my friends!</b> You are in for a real treat. You all know what a happening is, right?	
<i>(ANONYMOUS chugs a Coke from an oversized old-fashioned Coke bottle.)</i>	<i>(She waits for the audience to answer.)</i>	
	Good! 'Cuz this shit is <i>happening</i> . So smile! Get to know your neighbors. Allow your mind to bend. And if you have any questions along the way? Embrace them! Love yourself for caring enough to ask.	
		<i>(A white light whizzes past: the rabbit! ALICE pops up, suddenly</i>

		<i>attentive.)</i> ALICE Really? A rabbit in a waistcoat?
ANONYMOUS <i>(Giggles and writes something down.)</i> I know I shouldn't be writing in you now because I'm at a social event, but Diary, I cannot believe how much of a sugar addict I am!		
	GRACE You're about to find out how addictive life can be.	
Two Coca-colas, eight Oreos, a half an Almond Joy, and six cherry cordials! SIX!		
<i>(When MEAN GIRL appears, ANON quickly hides the diary.)</i>		
MEAN GIRL I can't believe YOOOOU'RE here. Did they cancel the Girl Scout meeting?		
ANONYMOUS Of course not! It got postponed.		
MEAN GIRL Have another Coke. Go on. I dare ya.		
<i>(MEAN GIRL hands ANONYMOUS a bottle of Coke—laced with LSD!—and ANONYMOUS drinks it.)</i>		
ANONYMOUS Mmmmmm. I love Coca-cola. If I could, I'd go steady with Coca-cola. But seriously: I'd wash my dishes with it. I'd brush my teeth with it. I'd		

take long fizzy baths. I'd jump in a Coca-cola puddle right now if I could		
But I'd rather not get my new dress all dirty so—		<p>ALICE</p> <p>Hmm. I don't particularly like the looks of this hole. And I'd rather not get my new dress all dirty so—</p>
<p><i>(The floor opens up in ANONYMOUS's mind and she is falling, falling, slowly; her dress is a parachute.)</i></p> <p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>OhgodohgodohgodohgodOH GODOHGODOHGOD what is happening to me? I can feel cell regeneration happening in my anus and it doesn't feel good. The beautiful burning brown liquid Coke stings my crying esophagus instead of kissing it. My grandmother wearing her sunhat sitting on the porch of my stomach. This is when I learn most internal organs have porches because the spies inside are always watching you. They know when you stay out too late.</p> <p>And THEN President Kennedy runs toward me with his arms open and his head wound crawling with maggots. I scream! And I cry like a stupid baby! And then . . . He touches my hand and I'm suddenly back in the room, at the party, but I don't feel safe. I can smell him. He smells like a wet sheep. I like it.</p>	<p><i>(The band plays a loud, endless drum roll.)</i></p>	<p><i>(A mysterious force pushes ALICE and she's tumbling down, down, down the rabbit hole!)</i></p> <p>ALICE</p> <p>OhgodohgodohgodohgodOHGODOH GODOHGOD</p>



BOY Don't be afraid. I've got you. I've got you.		
ANONYMOUS I believe Him. I give him what's left of my virginity as a thank you.		
(BOY smiles. BOY leaves.)		
He doesn't say, "You're welcome."  I'm safe now. I hope. But I've been tuned in, Diary. My love for Coca-cola will never be the same.		
	(Drumming stops.)	(ALICE lands with a plop.)
		ALICE I knew that hole was a bad idea.
	GRACE (To the audience:) In case I don't remember to tell you later: I appreciate you.  PAUL Oh really? Who called them a bunch a "tuneless wannabes" last—  (GRACE covers PAUL's mouth.)  GRACE I appreciate you for being here and taking another trip with us. I know I'm not always the best tour guide. But I promise you. I PROMISE YOU: I'll keep my hands where you can see them. At all times. And I won't dip into the cider.	
	(Grace winks seductively. Or cartoonishly, whatever works. The band plays "She Has Funny	

	<i>Cars.”)</i>	
		<i>(ALICE looks through a tiny door and sees a beautiful garden.)</i>
		ALICE Well that would be lovely. If I were the size of a chipmunk.
<i>(Phone rings. ANONYMOUS picks up without saying anything.)</i>		
BOY Hey, girl whose name I never remember. Party at what-her-butt's tonight. You comin'?		
ANONYMOUS For sure!		
<i>(As the music plays, ANONYMOUS goes through a large succession of parties, getting higher and higher. BOY parties with her and then a girl joins, CHRIS. Maybe BOY parties with CHRIS for a while before getting bored with both of them. This should be fast and cartoonish.)</i>		<i>(*As the music plays, ALICE: 1. finds the bottle, drinks it, shrinks 2. Cannot get thru the tiny door, it is locked. 3. sees the KEY but is too little to reach it 4. Finds the “eat me” food, eats it, gets big. 5. now is big, gets the key. 6. puts key on the table, drinks to shrink to fit thru door. 7 now can fit thru door but it’s still locked. 8. eats to get big enough to get the key 9. rapidly eats and drinks, cycling through size changes, but can’t get to be the exact size to get through the door. Finally....)</i>
		ALICE This is BOLLOCKS! I just want to get through the goddamn door! Is that too much to ask?? Who is making these stupid rules? What is—

ANONYMOUS Oh my GOD! I just realized something.  I'm cool.	GRACE Oh my god I just realized something.	ALICE Oh my god I just realized something.
	<i>(She looks at herself in a handheld mirror.)</i>	
	This isn't going to last.	
But . . . for how long? When the buzz goes away, does Cool leave too?		
	Even before anyone knew who I was, designers stopped me on the street to ask me to model for them. OK not Cardin, but real, bona fide designers.	
CHRIS No way. That's just the paranoia. Try this.		
<i>(CHRIS gives ANONYMOUS a pill. ANONYMOUS's eyes pop wide open.</i>		
	<i>(GRACE looks at the audience.)</i>	
ANONYMOUS (FAST:) I just made a new friend and she was nice enough to give me some Angel Dust which I've never tried before but I totally recommend if you ever feel like staying awake for about thirty seven days straight IT'S TOTALLY FUCKING AMAZING It's like being a rocket about to launch at that place in Florida . . . .WHAT THE FUCK IS IT CALLED??? ?!!!		
	Would you honestly be here if I wasn't Grace the face?	
CHRIS <b>HEY!</b>		
	GRACE	

	ANSWER ME!	
<i>(ANONYMOUS stops talking but it's clear the words are still going at top speed in her mind.)</i>		ALICE <b>OF COURSE!</b> This is all <i>very</i> much like the story Mr. Dodgson [ <i>pronounced <b>Dodsen</b></i> ] told me on our boat ride. I'm in the story. Oh no. I'm <b>IN</b> the story!!
CHRIS My name's Chris and don't worry. It'll wear off in the morning.		
	PAUL Don't be paranoid, Grace.  GRACE Labeling. That's mature.  PAUL Reeeeeelaax.  <i>(PAUL drops a pill in GRACE's mouth. The band relaxes.)</i>	
<i>(A wind howls and blows through ANONYMOUS's room. She collapses on the floor, but seems to be peacefully asleep.)</i>		<i>(A wind howls and blows through the tiny door. It expands and ALICE can now fit. She cautiously walks through it.)</i>
		ALICE Is anyone here?  <i>(No answer.)</i>  I can't be the only living creature in this . . . forest? Garden? What IS this place?
		WHISPERING VOICE Why don't you write him a letter?
		ALICE I beg your pardon?
		<i>(CHESSIRE CAT appears . . . sort of.)</i>
		CHESSIRE CAT Write your good friend Mr. Dodgson a letter. Tell him how you feel.

		ALICE Are you a cat?
		CHESSIRE CAT ( <i>Dry:</i> ) I'm obviously a cat.
		ALICE No I wouldn't say it's obvious. You're the queerest cat I've ever seen.
		CHESSIRE CAT You're no prize yourself!
		ALICE Well I think I'm rather good looking.
		CHESSIRE So does your friend.  ( <i>CHESSIRE CAT drops a sheet of paper and a pen.</i> )  Write him a letter. I'll see that he gets it.
		ALICE Why thank you! I think that may be a good idea.
		What is your—  ( <i>CHESSIRE CAT is gone.</i> )  How are you going to deliver my letter if I can't find you?  ( <i>No answer. ALICE sighs but begins writing anyway.</i> )  Goodness. That was the ugliest cat I've ever seen in my entire life. Even if Dinah were in heat . . . never mind. That's a very naughty thought.
		( <i>ALICE finds a comfortable seat. It is a mushroom.</i> )

ANONYMOUS Dear Diary		
	GRACE Dear Paul	
		ALICE Dear Mr. Dodgson
		I am not enjoying this predicament you've put me in. I don't understand why you feel the need to make things so difficult for me. Especially because you like me so much. Or claim to.
	GRACE <i>You are my beautiful wildflower of the hedges, my dark blue rain drenched flower</i>	
	PAUL What???	
	GRACE <i>My sweet naughty little fuckbird! Flog, flog, flog me viciously on my naked quivering flesh!</i>	
	PAUL What are you, fuckin' Hugh Hefner?	
	GRACE James Joyce wrote those words, thank you very much.	
	PAUL So he was a filthy perv.	
	GRACE I was trying to express affection. That's all. Why is it perversion for a woman to assert her sexuality?	
	PAUL Why don't you assert your	

	musicality so we can play a fuckin' song?	
		<p>ALICE</p> <p>Therefore, unless you take away at least <i>some</i> of these ridiculous obstacles I refuse to participate in your story any further.</p> <p><i>(She thinks.)</i></p> <p>In fact, I'll never speak to you again. How would you like that?</p>
		<i>(CATERPILLAR appears.)</i>
		<p>CATERPILLAR</p> <p>Who are you? You haven't been invited.</p>
		<p>ALICE</p> <p>I'm Alice. Perhaps you've heard of me. I'm Mr. Dodgson's friend. And as such, I don't believe I need an invitation.</p>
		<p>CATERPILLAR</p> <p>Oh. You're her. He described you differently. I never imagined you blonde.</p>
		<p>ALICE</p> <p>I beg your pardon. I've been a brunette my entire life!</p>
ANONYMOUS		
Chris is amazing. She's so . . .		
CHRIS		
Far out. Write that down.		
ANONYMOUS		
She gets it. My other friends don't. Either you've had your mind blown or—		

CHRIS Or you're a drag. No in between.		(CATERPILLAR holds up a mirror to ALICE so she can see her blonde hair. She screams.)
		ALICE What has he done to me?
		CATERPILLAR Ask him in your letter. Also, do me a favor. Tell him I don't appreciate his decision to cruelly and conveniently remove my libido. I'm a caterpillar, for chrissake. If that's not a phallic symbol, then I don't—
		ALICE With all due respect, this is <i>my</i> letter and I have a lot of ground to cover in it. You write your own.
		CATERPILLAR You're a bitch, Alice.
ANONYMOUS Lately Mom and Dad have been watching me like they're afraid I'm gonna spontaneously combust or something.		
CHRIS That only happens in France, man.		
ANONYMOUS We have to get outta here. We're running away.		
To San Francisco!		
		ALICE I am no more a bitch than you are a gentleman.
		(CATERPILLAR smokes.)
		CATERPILLAR You have an inflated opinion of



		yourself. That will do you no good here.  <i>(ALICE says nothing. CATERPILLAR hands her the pipe. She inhales.)</i>
	<i>(GRACE picks up a giant, bright teddy bear wearing sunglasses. This is JERRY GARCIA.)</i>	
	GRACE What do you think of divorce, Jerry Bear?	
	JERRY <b>Trouble ahead, Lady in red, Take my advice you'd be better off dead.</b>	
	GRACE I could move into your compound. You know?  <i>(She shoots a glance at PAUL.)</i>  If things don't go according to plan. Except I'd feel a bit self-conscious next to all your naked, bony blondes runnin' around. Think you could find a place for me anyway?	
	JERRY <b>Oh no! I've been there before, And I ain't gonna come around here any more.</b>	
	GRACE Bastard.  <i>(Maybe she smacks JERRY. Deep sigh.)</i>	
ANONYMOUS I'm scared.	GRACE I'm scared.	ALICE I'm scared.
		CATERPILLAR You should be. Even though this

		whole game he's set up for you is fixed.
		ALICE Is this another of his games? I don't particularly like his games. I never seem to win.
		CATERPILLAR Unstop your ears, girl. I say: this game is . . . <i>fixed</i> .
		ALICE How?
		CATERPILLAR ( <i>Smiles:</i> ) I'm not supposed to say.
		ALICE If you tell me . . . I'll do a dance.
		CATERPILLAR What kind?
		ALICE Polka?
		CATERPILLAR What kind?
		( <i>ALICE thinks hard.</i> )
		ALICE Romanian?
		CATERPILLAR Yes! That's a wonderful idea. You dance the Romanian polka. While singing the national anthem. The French national anthem. In French.
ANONYMOUS I'm scared of speedfreaks. But isn't everyone?		
SPEEDFREAK We're more scared of you than you are of us!		

	GRACE I'm scared of being forgotten.	
		ALICE But my French is atrocious!
	JERRY <b>See here how everything Lead up to this day And it's just like any other day</b>	
	GRACE I know, Jerry. I know.	
ANONYMOUS I'm scared of my own thoughts. They're so weird. It's almost like they've been dumped into my head by someone else. You ever have a dream that isn't your own? Imagine that feeling 24 hours a day.		
		CATERPILLAR Your loss.
		ALICE That's not fair!
		CATERPILLAR I am Mr. Dodgson's creation after all. Lest you forget.
		ALICE I'm so fucked!
ANONYMOUS All day Chris and I looked for jobs. It's tough. It's hardest for me. I get a job application and my mind goes blank. Can't even remember my own name half the time!		
		<i>(ALICE suddenly takes a chomp out of CATERPILLAR's mushroom.)</i>
		CATERPILLAR How dare you?!

		<i>(ALICE chews and swallows. She grows taller.)</i>
		ALICE Goddammit!
<i>(ANONYMOUS and CHRIS start swaying to the music.)</i>	<i>(GRACE and the band play "Today.")</i>	<i>(TALL ALICE begins to dance the Romanian polka. She contours "Today" by singing the French national anthem.)</i>
ANONYMOUS Did you get a job?		
CHRIS Fuck no. You?		
ANONYMOUS Please!		
<i>(They continue dancing, high happy.)</i>		
CHRIS We're gonna die. We're gonna disappear.		
ANONYMOUS Yeah.		
		CATERPILLAR Hmm. Well. To be honest, it looked better in my head.
		TALL ALICE <i>WHAT?!</i>
		CATERPILLAR And your syntax was all over the place.
		<i>(TALL ALICE gets taller!)</i>
		TALL ALICE Tell me what he's doing to me or I'll eat you <i>AND</i> your mushroom!

		CATERPILLAR WAKE UP!
CHRIS Wake up, dummy! Did you hear what I said?		<i>(TALL ALICE shrinks slowly.)</i>
		ALICE Wake up?
		CATERPILLAR This is all a dream.
		ALICE All this frustration. All this nonsense. It's nothing more than a dream he's concocted?
		CATERPILLAR Yep. Isn't that funny? Even your dreams aren't your own.
		<i>(ALICE stares at the CATERPILLAR for a moment. She says nothing.)</i>
		<i>(lights out on ALICE)</i>
ANONYMOUS Chris? How did you get your name?		
CHRIS I killed the old me. The old me had straight, white teeth and tried out for cheerleading. She was disgusting.		
ANONYMOUS You killed her?		
CHRIS She was suffocating the real me, man! In this life, you do what you have to. You gotta take what's yours, you dig?		
<i>(lights out on ANONYMOUS)</i>		

	GRACE (To the audience:) Are you having fun?	
	<i>(She waits for an answer before continuing. During the following monologue, GRACE has free reign of the stage and may wander into the audience and speak to individuals there if she wishes.)</i>	
	You better be. Let's play a game. After everything I ask, you say the first answer that comes to mind. And don't look around to see what your boyfriend or your mother's gonna say. You give your answer and fuck everybody else. OK? Great. Here we go. Have you ever gone wind surfing?	
	<i>(She waits for them to answer.)</i>	
	Have you ever spit off the Great Wall of China?	
	<i>(She waits for them to answer.)</i>	
	Have you ever defecated on your neighbor's lawn?	
	<i>(She waits for them to answer.)</i>	
	Have you ever stuck you finger up some guy's nose while you were drunk off your ass during a show in Germany?	
	<i>(She waits for them to answer.)</i>	
	GRACE When you were a guest on the Smothers Brothers' show, did you perform in black face?	

	<i>(She waits for them to answer.)</i>	
	Can you describe your life philosophy in the form of a haiku?	
	<i>(She waits.)</i>	
	If you could be any poet from the Romantic era, which one would you be?	
	<i>(She waits.)</i>	
	<i>(She makes a buzzer sound, then)</i> The correct answer was Keats.	
	Have you ever had a strawberry fuck?	
	<i>(She waits.)</i>	
	<p>You may have guessed that I have a ready answer to each of these questions and more. You don't know what that answer is, but I have one. I'll tell you what should've been a secret, but was way too good to be. I <i>have</i> had a strawberry fuck.</p> <p>It's possible that you're wondering what the fuck a strawberry fuck is. This is only logical because I invented the term.</p> <p>One time when I was feeling saucy, I knocked on the hotel door of a musician I admired. I went inside I noticed a bowl of frozen strawberries he left on his radiator to thaw. I stuck my hand in the bowl and squished some. Then I crushed some in the carpet.</p>	

	Then he did too. We laughed and squished semi-frozen strawberries all over this hotel's ugly carpet like two idiot children.	
	<p>(God, the poor housekeeper. We were assholes, man.)</p> <p>Anyways, we started squishing the strawberries on each other and then we - you know - fucked. And it was a good fuck. An <i>intense</i> fuck. You might not know this, but I've had my share of fucks and this one rates WAY at the top. He was a fucking good fuck. Oh did I mention his name? It's Jim Morrison. So let me rephrase the question now and please answer honestly: Have you ever had a strawberry fuck with Jim Morrison?</p> <p><i>(She waits for them to answer.)</i></p> <p>That's right. You wish you were Grace!</p>	
	<p>PAUL</p> <p>Whore.</p>	
<i>(ANONYMOUS's diary opens up by itself and phantom scribbling seems to be coming from the diary. She watches in horror. This can be done in a large, theatrical way.)</i>	<i>(The band jumps into "3/5 of a Mile in 10 Seconds.")</i>	
	<p>GRACE</p> <p>What?</p>	
		<p>ALICE</p> <p><i>(To CHESSIRE CAT:)</i> You.</p>
		<p>CHESSIRE CAT</p> <p>Quite.</p>
<p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>I don't know if I'm writing you, or if you're writing me.</p>		



	PAUL Nobody cares about the many, many, <i>many</i> notches in your belt.	
		ALICE What if I can't wake up? Does the "dream" become real?
		CHESSHIRE CAT It's already real. ALL dreams are real.
		ALICE No they're not! Are you mad?
		CHESSHIRE CAT Of course I'm mad. Everyone's mad here. Or couldn't you tell?
The new guy I'm seeing digs heroin. It doesn't feel like I'm in charge of my life anymore.		
		ALICE Who is in charge here?
But <i>someone</i> is. And that someone guides my hand to pick up a needle and—		
<i>(ANONYMOUS injects herself with a big syringe. Weird, sloooooow sound/lighting effects give us a sense what's going on inside her.)</i>		CHESSIRE CAT Why your dear Mr. Dodgson of course. It is his story. And by the by: he's the maddest one of all.
	GRACE May I ask what exactly makes me a "whore," Paul?	
	PAUL Simmer down, Grace.	
ANONYMOUS This is me now. <i>THIS</i> is me.		
		ALICE Send word. Immediately. Let him know I think his story is . . . <i>rubbish</i> !

	(GRACE stops the song.)	<p>(ALICE gives the CHESSIRE CAT her letter of complaint.)</p> <p>I do not wish to be frightened or powerless any longer. I simply won't allow it.</p> <p>I quit.</p>
	<p>GRACE</p> <p>NO! I wanna know why I'm a whore and you're not a whore. Is it just because I screw around OR because I'm not ashamed of it?</p> <p>Like you?</p>	
	<p>BAND</p> <p><b>SHUT UP, GRACE!</b></p>	
		<p>CHESSIRE CAT</p> <p>You can't . . . quit.</p>
	(GRACE is stunned. And pretty freakin' hurt, too.)	
	<p>PAUL</p> <p>We're not the same and I think you know that.</p>	
		<p>ALICE</p> <p>I just did.</p> <p>Stop the story.</p>
<p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>I can stop the story.</p>		
		<p>CHESSIRE CAT</p> <p>Are you sure you want that?</p>
	<p>PAUL</p> <p>(Rather gently:) Just sing. And play. And please: shut the fuck up, Grace.</p>	
	(GRACE is quiet. The band starts to play the first few bars of "White Rabbit." This is a peace offering to GRACE from PAUL.)	

<p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>So I do! I am one of the freaks now. A hophead. A junkie.</p> <p>Be . . . ware.</p>	<p><i>(GRACE takes a piece of electrical tape and places it over her mouth. She grabs JERRY, bows dramatically, and leaves the stage)</i></p> <p><i>(The band continues vamping "White Rabbit" awkwardly, unsure of what to do. Finally, PAUL gives up.)</i></p> <p>PAUL</p> <p>Fuck this.</p> <p><i>(PAUL exits. The band follows.)</i></p>	<p><i>(ALICE sits and crosses her arms in a stubborn position: she is NOT moving. The CHESSHIRE CAT nuzzles her and attempts to crawl in her lap, trying to change her mind).</i></p>
<i>(ANONYMOUS, looking pretty haggard, collapses.)</i>	<i>(GRACE appears in the audience with JERRY.)</i>	<p>ALICE</p> <p><i>(Firm:) I command you to stop the story. <b>NOW!</b></i></p>
<p><i>Sparks fly—literally—or something else CRAZY and BIG happens that should be rather shocking and scary. Something on the level of an actual explosion leaving destruction in its wake. The three heroines disappear! From somewhere we hear their voices....</i></p>		
<p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p><b>WHAT</b></p>		
		<p>ALICE</p> <p><b>THE</b></p>
	<p>GRACE</p> <p><b>FGUGFK!</b> <i>[that's "Fuck" with tape still on her mouth]</i></p>	
<p><i>Suddenly all the lights go out and everything on stage stops. There is a deep silence. Then out of the darkness:</i></p>		
		<p>ALICE</p> <p><i>(Frightened and small:) Oh dear.</i></p>

END OF PART ONE....

*Lights come up again slowly, just moments after the blackout.*

PAUL

Uh? Sorry about the confusion, everyone. Looks like Grace has gone AWOL. But don't worry! The show must go on, right? So get some more drinks, stretch your legs. *OH!* Hey! Maybe there's somebody out there who'd like to come up and join us?

(While the stage is being reset, a guest may join the band for a brief song or the band may want to play something original. After the setup is finished, the band is hidden, the lights come up and GRACE, ALICE, and ANONYMOUS see each other for the first time. A moment. GRACE rips the tape from her mouth.)

GRACE

What the Hell was that?

ANONYMOUS

No idea.

ALICE

I did it. I stopped the story.

GRACE

Story?

ANONYMOUS

It was quiet. Then . . .

(She makes an explosion sound with her mouth.)

ALICE

(Calling into the darkness:) Hello?

(Silence.)

Nothing. There's just nothingness and . . . you two.

(They all look each other over for a few minutes.)

GRACE

Where did you guys come from?

ANONYMOUS

Suburbia. Originally.

ALICE

The Caterpillar said I'm dreaming. For all I know I might be at home in my bed right now.

ANONYMOUS

You talk to caterpillars, too?

ALICE

Not normally of course.

(GRACE picks through the rubble and finds her Jerry Garcia bear. She cradles him for comfort.)

GRACE

So it's quiet and dark. And dank. Maybe we all ended up in some old basement? Somehow?

ANONYMOUS

Nuh-uh. My basement has a carpet and a plaid couch and Stratego. This just looks like an empty hole.

ALICE

The hole! Yes! I fell down the white rabbit's hole and I'm sure I was awake then.  
(Regret:) I never found him.

GRACE

I like white rabbits.

ANONYMOUS

Not me. You can't trust a fucking rabbit. I saw an army of a hundred rabbits stack themselves on top of each other and morph into a giant, evil rabbit with fangs.

GRACE

That's a myth. And it's a myth about rats, not rabbits.

ANONYMOUS

Rabbits are rats.

GRACE / ALICE

Rabbits are herbivores

ANONYMOUS

(Disappointed:) Oh. You guys are scientific.

GRACE

What is going on???

(Terror:) Oh Christ. What if this is the Cuban Missile Crisis all over again? War in South East Asia! War on the Pacific Coastline! We're all gonna DIE!!!!

(ALICE and ANONYMOUS scream. A moment.)

Or it could be nothing at all. Or we could be in some kind of experiment. Like a Dr. Moreau-type experiment. Do we have monkey legs?

(GRACE looks at their legs.)

No. No monkey legs. Not yet...

ALICE

Please stop talking! Everything you say is absolutely horrifying!

(Grace suddenly looks around expectantly.)

GRACE

Wait a minute! Is this another surprise Happening? I went to one in '66 in my leopard bikini, ready for the happening to lead us to a Jacuzzi or Hawaii. Instead some naked guy jumped out of a closet and threw raw fish on me!

ALICE

Ba? Ki – ni?

ANONYMOUS

What kind of fish?

GRACE

Sturgeon. Not the point.

(ALICE opens her eyes and mouth REALLY wide and holds them there. She does this a few times.)

ANONYMOUS

What are you doing?

ALICE

Drat! Sometimes when I'm having a nightmare if I do that, I can wake myself up. But? Perhaps this *isn't* a dream.

GRACE

(To ANONYMOUS:) Do *you* know what's going on here?

ANONYMOUS

Me? No. I don't know. I passed out.  
I peed and then I passed out.

ALICE

Vulgar.

ANONYMOUS

Yeah it was a really good pee.  
When I was out it was just - black. There was nothing. Like being dead I bet.  
And then I heard a sound—  
Did you hear it?

(They all think.)

It was like

ALICE

A humming sound

GRACE

Yes

ANONYMOUS

Almost like a bumble bee but

ALICE

Sweeter.

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

(All hum the tune for “The Ballad of Barbara Allen.” They may look at each other and frown as they continue humming in unison.)

GRACE

My mom used to hum that to me when I had a nightmare

ANONYMOUS

My grandmother whistles that in the kitchen when she makes cookies

ALICE

My sisters and I sing that song every single Christmas Eve!

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

But then everything changed and it wasn’t so sweet anymore.

(Beat.)

How are we all speaking in unison?

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

I don’t know.

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

You don’t?

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

Do I?

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

Do it again.

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

And again.

ANONYMOUS/GRACE/ALICE

And again.

ANONYMOUS

Shit!

GRACE

Yeah!

ALICE

Delightful!

(Beat.)

ANONYMOUS

(To ALICE:) You're not a Cali girl, huh?

GRACE

(To ANONYMOUS:) Get some culture, man! She's obviously English.

ALICE

We're ALL English. But we have oh so many accents. Clearly. I mean, neither of you sound like you're from Oxford or anywhere nearby.

GRACE

That's because we're not. You're in the States now, sweetie pie.

ALICE

Nonsense! I was playing in our garden in Christ Church this very morning when I chased the rabbit down the hole and began this ludicrous ordeal. I have not been near an ocean. How could I possibly be in the United States of America?

ANONYMOUS

Maybe you can fly.

ALICE

No I cannot fly.

ANONYMOUS

(Really looking at GRACE:) Oh shit!

ALICE/GRACE

What?

ANONYMOUS

I know you.



GRACE

No you don't.

ALICE

I've never seen either of you in my life. But I must say: you don't frighten me. And you seem mostly human.

(GRACE looks at ALICE quizzically.)

ANONYMOUS

Oh shit!

I LOVE you, man. I mean woman. I mean, oh my GOD!

GRACE

You met me ten minutes ago. You can't love a relative stranger.

ANONYMOUS

You're not a stranger to me.

(GRACE does a rude gesture forcing ANONYMOUS to shut up.)

GRACE

(To ALICE:) So are you an impersonator or something? 'Cuz I am impressed! You look exactly like her and you are like *really* committed to her narrative! That takes balls.

ALICE

Like whom?

ANONYMOUS

You look like Alice in Wonderland.

GRACE

Actually the title is *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

ANONYMOUS

Nuh-uh! I saw it at the movies with my—

GRACE

I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE FUCKING DISNEY CARTOON!

ANONYMOUS

Jesus. Why don't you take some sleepies and relax?

GRACE

(Back to ALICE:) I love those books, too. I think Lewis Carroll is an unsung genius. His language and story structure were like way advanced. Most people still don't get what he was trying to do.

(ALICE stares at her, confused. Then she understands)

ALICE

Oh! You mean Mr. Dodgson. That name is just a puzzle he made. It's Carolus Lodovicus actually.

GRACE

Wait. What?

ALICE

He translated his real name into Latin, then Anglicized it and reversed it. That's how he came up with Lewis Carroll. He likes to do clever things.

GRACE

Clearly you're a fan.

ALICE

A what?

ANONYMOUS

(Mumbling:) I like the Disney cartoon. It's *short*.

ALICE

What is that word? Cartoon? That's a silly word.

(GRACE and ANONYMOUS stare at ALICE.)

ANONYMOUS

How old are you?

ALICE

Nearly 13.

GRACE

What year were you born?

ALICE

(Impatient:) Well goodness, if I'm nearly 13, then I was obviously born in the year of our Lord 1852. It's elementary arithmetic.

(Beat.)

ANONYMOUS

Whoa.

GRACE

Right. The last time I dropped acid was roughly 2:30 Pacific time. Could this be a flashback?

ANONYMOUS

No way. I'm stone cold sober and I just heard the same thing you did.

ALICE

Honestly I probably would have been much better off had I just stayed inside today. But the sun shining through my window this morning was too beautiful to ignore.

GRACE

(To ALICE:) I can't believe it. This is actually happening. You're *really* her, aren't you?

ANONYMOUS

(To GRACE:) You're really you, too. Can I please be excited about that now?

(GRACE touches ALICE's hair and her dress and her feet.)

ALICE

Please stop that.

GRACE

In corporeal form.  
Maybe you're like - a messenger.

ANONYMOUS

You mean like Jesus?

GRACE

No! Like a goddess. Like *Athena*! She was so groovy. She was a counselor. Maybe you're here to guide us like that? Her virginity kept her head clear in times of stress. Man that is so cool. I wanna be a virgin.

(ALICE cries.)

Oh no honey! What's wrong?

ALICE

I don't know what you're talking about! I remember Athena from my lessons, but I'm not like her and I'm really tired and I really, REALLY just want to go home.

ANONYMOUS

(To GRACE:) Can I braid your hair?

GRACE

Eck! Gross!  
(Back to Alice:) Just know that I respect you deeply and I am in awe of your presence.

ALICE

Thank you.

GRACE

You're kind of a legend.

ALICE

(A little puffed up:) Really? A "legend" you say?

GRACE

In my humble opinion, you are the best female protagonist. Ever. Written.

ALICE

He wrote about me?

GRACE

Two fucking amazing books. What a cool way to be immortalized.

ALICE

I'm sorry. BookS? Plural?

GRACE

In the first one, you play croquet with a psychotic queen who makes everyone use flamingoes as mallets and a hedgehog as the ball! Animal cruelty is *fucked up*.

ANONYMOUS

And you meet these two fat guys that are twins and they make faces like this.

(ANON makes Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum faces)

GRACE

That doesn't happen til *Through the Looking Glass*. If you refer to that cartoon one more fucking time, I swear to God--!

(ALICE screams in anger)

ALICE

He told me these things. In confidence. But you know. This is obscene. He takes too many liberties!

ANONYMOUS

People do that. They steal your soul. They use you. They don't care.

(Silence.)

Do you guys have any coke?

ALICE

You all have such interesting words. They sound like the murmurs of a dim-witted baby.

GRACE

I'm Grace, by the way.

(ANONYMOUS squeals. GRACE gives her a warning look and she turns her attention to Alice.)

ANONYMOUS

You've come from the past. Welcome to the future! Do you have wisdom for us? Or! Maybe you're here to take some of our modern technology or medicines back to your own kind?

GRACE

She's not from another planet!

ALICE

The future. Surely you're joking.

GRACE

Oh jeez. I hate to alarm you, but you're in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century right now.

(ALICE tries to process this information. Then she trembles in a combination of terror and fury.)

ALICE

Well isn't that just bloody terrific!!

(ALICE stomps off in one direction.)

ANONYMOUS

Maybe we should've lied to her.

GRACE

She'd figure it out sometime.

(ALICE stomps back and then stomps off in another direction.)

ANONYMOUS

What is she doing?

GRACE

I'm gonna guess that this is some kind of 19<sup>th</sup> Century tantrum.

(ALICE stomps back and then stomps up stage, slapping the wall or just groping about. She returns, still angry.)

ALICE

There are no exits. This is a room with no end or beginning. We are positively trapped! Prisoners!

GRACE

That makes no sense.

ALICE  
Look for yourself!

(GRACE sits.)

GRACE  
Naa.

ALICE  
What is this  
(Imitating GRACE's American flat "a:") *Naa?! Look!*

ANONYMOUS  
I'll do it.

(ANONYMOUS wanders around the space. Her way of looking is a lot less methodical than ALICE's search and she may go the same way several times without noticing.)

ALICE  
This is what I mean by "liberties!" This time he has gone too far!

GRACE  
Who? Carroll?

ALICE  
You wouldn't understand.

GRACE  
I might.

ALICE  
This is another puzzle. Some kind of test. He likes to play . . . strange games.

GRACE  
What if he has nothing to do with this? Isn't that possible?

(ANONYMOUS returns.)

ANONYMOUS  
Was I looking for an exit?

ALICE / GRACE  
Yes.

ANONYMOUS  
Oh good. Then she's right. Not a door or a window anywhere.

ALICE

I once read a frightening story about a family who can't leave their house no matter what they do and it turns out that the whole family died in a boating accident and their house has become a kind of purgatory. What if that's what's happened to us? What if this is our purgatory?

ANONYMOUS

(Laughing it off:) Freaky.

ALICE

Don't you *care*?

ANONYMOUS

(In a strange voice, as if being manipulated:) I don't know. Every time I'm free, I just fall back in with the wrong crowd. Peer pressure has really destroyed my ability to make level-headed choices.

(She stops suddenly, shaking her head in confusion. GRACE and ALICE stare at her.)

That was weird. I wasn't planning to say any of that. That's not even how I talk.

GRACE

Maybe we should be cool for a while. Why don't we all just take a little rest? It's been a loopy day.

ANONYMOUS

I know, right? At least it's quiet.

(Sheepish:) And if anybody feels like practicing any new tunes, the acoustics in here are pretty boss.

GRACE

We'll see.

(ANONYMOUS squeals.)

ANONYMOUS

Dear . . . dear . . .

(She looks around and a mild panic sets in.)

It's gone. I can't believe I lost it.

ALICE

What did you lose?

ANONYMOUS

I used to write in my diary all the time. But lately...I kinda lose track of things.

ALICE

Perhaps you've just mislaid it. Did you write your name and address in the front cover? What is your name anyway?

(ANONYMOUS doesn't respond.)

GRACE

You afraid to say? Is it embarrassing? Like Hazel or Bertha? Or is it disgusting? Like Nixon or Liddy?

ALICE

Why should she be embarrassed about her name? She didn't choose it.

ANONYMOUS

I don't think it's disgusting.

ALICE

What is it?

(ANONYMOUS thinks.)

ANONYMOUS

I can't remember.

GRACE

You need to get your ass clean.

ANONYMOUS

Call me?

GRACE / ALICE

*What?*

ANONYMOUS

Call me by a name. Call me by several names. Just to see if any of them sound familiar.

GRACE

That's a really weird idea.

ALICE

I'll do it! This is how we named Dinah!  
Let me see.  
Guinevere?

(ANONYMOUS just looks at her.)

Isabella?



(Nothing.)

Prudence?

GRACE

Where are you getting these names?

ALICE

They're positively beautiful names!

GRACE

Sue?

(Nothing.)

Tracy?

(Nothing.)

Bertha?

ANONYMOUS

My name is definitely not Bertha.

GRACE

Man. You can't even get a driver's license without a name.

ANONYMOUS

I must have one though, right? You're probably not allowed to go to school without a name.

GRACE

Why don't you just name yourself? People do it all the time.

ALICE

Ooh can I do it?! Can we call you Guinevere? Or Isabella? Or Prudence?

ANONYMOUS

No. I don't feel like I'm any of those ladies. But I must be *somebody*. I wouldn't exist otherwise, right?

(Gently a large, gloved, male hand reaches down from the sky and caresses  
ALICE's cheek.)

ALICE

He's near.

GRACE/ANONYMOUS

Who?

ALICE

Do you ever feel like someone else is controlling your movements? Like you are not fully your own?

ANONYMOUS

All the time.

GRACE

(Uncertain:) No.

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

You're lucky. Some days I feel like one of those hideous marionettes with the rosy cheeks and pointy noses and / dead black eyes like a shark.

GRACE

(Mumbling, overlapping at the slash above:) dead black eyes like a shark.

(GRACE shakes that off.)

You have to resist that.

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

How?

(Beat.)

GRACE

Close your eyes and breathe until you're the captain of your ship again. And when that doesn't work? Have a cocktail.

ANONYMOUS

(Meditating:) Ommmmm. Cocktaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaiii.

ALICE

You don't understand! We're not safe here. There are creatures lurking. They're never far away.

GRACE

All I see is us.

ANONYMOUS

It feels like a sanctuary.

(Eyes pop wide:) But what if I'm wrong? What if this is actually a *mortuary*?! Maybe we're all fuckin' dead, man?!

ALICE

OH NO! I'M NOT READY TO BE DEAD!!! I NEVER GOT TO WEAR MY HAIR IN A CHIGNON LIKE A PROPER LADY!

GRACE

Shhhhhhh. Alice.

(To ANONYMOUS:) You. Maintain. Stay in the ommmm. It's all gonna be OK.  
Death is a complex matter.

(Out of nowhere the intro music to "The Ballad of You & Me & Pooneil" rises.  
GRACE produces a mic and mysteriously ALICE and ANONYMOUS stand and  
begin to dance very much like go-go girls in a cage.)

GRACE

(Sings:)

*If you were a bird and you lived very high,  
You'd lean on the wind when the breeze came by,*

(The music cuts out and they all sing a capella for a few moments.)

ALL

(Sing:)

*You'd say to the wind as it took you away,  
That's where I wanted to go today  
And I do know that I need to have you around*

(They should fall out of the song at different times and ANONYMOUS is the last  
one to figure it out.)

GRACE

Oh no. N-n-n-n-n-no. You don't just cut off someone's song like that.

(Calling into the void:) Hello? Um? I was clearly trying to make a point. With song. Ya wanna  
gimme my music back please?

(There is sudden sharp, deafening feedback from speakers and they all  
scream and cover their ears.)

ALICE

(Calling out:) Please stop! This isn't fair!

(The sound decreases, but doesn't completely go away. Instead it pulses  
for a few moments; like a waiting beast.)

GRACE

It's fucking with us!

ALICE

It's like—this very room. Is alive. Listening.

ANONYMOUS

I wish I never drank that Coca-cola.

GRACE

I wish I was in my bed listening to *The Who Sell Out*.

ALICE

I wish I weren't always so curious.

(Silence. The pulsing fades away. After a moment:)

GRACE

Are you guys hungry?

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

A little.

GRACE

Me too.

(She has a thought.)

How hungry are we?

(Beat.)

ALICE/ANONYMOUS/GRACE

So hungry I could eat one of these girls I'm with right now if I get desperate.

(They all gasp in horror. At that moment, more of "The Ballad of You & Me & Pooneil" starts to play again with no vocal. They are all alarmed at first, but then when they decide it's OK, GRACE opens her mouth to sing and as she does, the music ceases again.)

GRACE

Motherfuck!

(GRACE takes JERRY and looks out into the void.)

Do you think it is a good presence or a bad presence?

ALICE

You think—? So you don't think . . . *he's* controlling everything?

ANONYMOUS

Maybe it's an angel.

GRACE

An angel? I can dig that.

ANONYMOUS

Or not. Maybe we're just trapped in a . . . a brain tangle. We're all tied up in each other's neurons and shit.

(GRACE stares out into the void.)

GRACE

(Calling into the void:) Are you – the universe?

(No response.)

Are you God?

(No response.)

Can we . . . pray to you?

(The odd pulsing returns, but it no longer sounds scary. It gradually subsides.)

Please? I want to be fulfilled!

(No response.)

ALICE

I'm not sure what it is you're doing, but I wonder? What does it mean to be fulfilled?

GRACE

I literally have no idea.

(To the void) I want to feel more joy and less shame!

(An elegant guitar riff comes from the distance and more light shines on them. GRACE is so happy she could cry.)

You guys? Anything can happen.  
Ask for what you want.

ALICE

I want to go home!

(They wait. Nothing happens.)

GRACE

Are you sure that's what you want?

ALICE

Of course I'm bloody sure that's what I want!

ANONYMOUS

I want to know my name.

(Light shifts. There is the mysterious, loud sound of typing. The space suddenly becomes freezing!)

ALICE

What is happening?

ANONYMOUS

I don't know.

GRACE

This is crazy. This isn't normal cold.

ALICE/GRACE/ANONYMOUS

This cold feels like death.

(Beat.)

ANONYMOUS

Nevermind! Don't tell me my name. I'll just figure it out. I guess.

(The typing goes away, the light shifts, and the temperature returns to normal.)

ALICE

Perhaps you were just too – demanding. Try it like this:  
(Using a docile, doll baby voice:) I would like to visit Tangier please.

(CATERPILLAR appears in a puff of smoke.)

CATERPILLAR

What would a child like you know about Tangier?

ALICE

You're here?!

GRACE

(Amazed:) Son of a bitch!

ANONYMOUS

I remember you, man!

(CATERPILLAR glances at ANONYMOUS. Then laughs.)

CATERPILLAR

Ah yes. That was an interesting evening.

It was a FREAK OUT!

ANONYMOUS

Potato, potahto.

CATERPILLAR

Are you here to take me home?

ALICE

Oh my dear girl.

CATERPILLAR

(CATERPILLAR reaches for ALICE's face. His hand is now wearing a white glove.)

Why did you run away when things were just starting?

(ALICE backs away.)

What's in that pipe?

GRACE

I'm not supposed to say.

CATERPILLAR

If you tell me, I'll do a dance.

GRACE/ANONYMOUS

Oh god.

ALICE

What kind?

CATERPILLAR

Polka.

GRACE/ANONYMOUS

What kind?

CATERPILLAR

Romanian?

GRACE/ANONYMOUS

YES! That's a wonderful idea. You dance the Romanian Polka —

CATERPILLAR

STOP!!!

ALICE

(They all look at her.)

I already did this for you once before.

ANONYMOUS

I think I did too.

CATERPILLAR

(To ALICE:)

No matter.

You think things change. Things don't change.

Everything you do you've done before

Or if not

Someone has.

What difference does it make?

ALICE

We have to do something different.

Or else . . . I fear we'll have to stay here forever.

(Ominous pause. Then music starts. GRACE takes the CATERPILLAR's hands and they dance the Romanian Polka together while she sings "Rejoyce.")

(ANONYMOUS dances by herself.)

ANONYMOUS

Isn't her music dreamy? If I could just live in these songs, all alone, I bet I wouldn't need the junk anymore.

ALICE

Junk?

ANONYMOUS

Shit. Smack. Shot. You know?

(ALICE shakes her head.)

Crank. Horse. Fairy dust. You know?

(ALICE shakes her head.)

Poppy. La Buena. Tigre de blanco. *Heroin*. You know?

ALICE

Ohhhh. Is that anything like opium?

CATERPILLAR



What do you know about that?

ALICE

I know about things.

(CATERPILLAR lights his pipe. Dreamily, GRACE partakes, then ALICE partakes, but ANONYMOUS refuses, though she really wants some.)

CATERPILLAR

Cherish your youth, Alice.  
You have plenty of time to learn  
About the follies  
Of the old  
And the fucked.

(As they get a bit high, the CATERPILLAR may make out a little with GRACE. They have a moment of being happy and loopy and a little touchy-feely. Then with a sudden sharpness, everything stops.)

CATERPILLAR

(Distressed:) I'm sorry. Life's highs never last as long as you think they will.

(ANONYMOUS grabs the pipe and inhales deeply. CATERPILLAR tries to pull it away from her, but she does it again and again like a greedy child in a pool of cookies. And then . . . ANONYMOUS is *HIGH*. He vanishes. An awkward moment passes.)

ALICE

Want to play Blind Man's Buff?

ANONYMOUS

(Fast:) Fuck that I wanna play I-spy.

GRACE

You got the crazy eyes, man.

ALICE

How do you pl—?

ANONYMOUS

(Fast:) I say "I spy with my little eye something blank" and you have to guess what it is.

ALICE

What's the objective?

ANONYMOUS

(Fast:) To fucking guess what it is!!!

ALICE

I'm sorry. Don't be angry. I'll play.

ANONYMOUS

I spy with my little eye something something something something . . . *blonde*. I mean yellow. I mean FUCK!

GRACE

I-spy shouldn't cause this much stress.

ANONYMOUS

Mulligan! I spy with my little eye . . . a door!

ALICE

You gave it away!

ANONYMOUS

No look!

(They all turn around and see a door!)

ANONYMOUS / ALICE / GRACE

Wow. Where do you think that came from?

ANONYMOUS

God dropped it.

GRACE

Brilliant! Maybe next he'll drop a window so we can stare out of it and pretend we see food!

ANONYMOUS

Shut up and go through it!

GRACE

*You* go through it.

ANONYMOUS

You.

GRACE

You!

ALICE

Perhaps we should ALL go through it.

(GRACE and ANONYMOUS glance at each other.)

GRACE / ANONYMOUS

(To ALICE:) You go through it.

(Nervous, but defiant, ALICE touches the door. It burns her hand.)

ALICE

*OHHH* son of a tosser!

GRACE

What? Did it shock you?

ALICE

Hot. Really, really hot.

ANONYMOUS

Like hot tub hot or blue fire hot?

ALICE

Really, *really* hot.

(GRACE inspects ALICE's hand.)

GRACE

You don't have a burn or anything.

ALICE

Well it hurt!

(ANONYMOUS slowly places her hand near the door.)

ANONYMOUS

It doesn't feel hot at all.

(She barely touches it and it flies open for her and she is on the other side. She becomes robotic and speaks in a strange voice as if being manipulated.)

Dear Diary,

*I don't know what or when or where or who it is! I only know that I am now a Priestess of Satan trying to maintain after a freak-out to test how free everybody was and to take our vows.*

(A school marmish woman appears. She is chain smoking and typing on her typewriter. Clickety clack, clickety clack. ANONYMOUS now moves as though she's being puppeteered. She robotically finds a sheet of paper and looks around for a pen. Like a zombie, she searches ALICE and finds her feather pen. ALICE yelps. She starts scribbling on the paper.)

ANONYMOUS

(While writing:)

Diary,  
*It's a thousand light years later, lunar time.*  
*Everybody's been storytelling except me. I don't have any stories worth telling.*  
*All I can do is draw pictures of monsters and internal organs and hate.*

GRACE

Hey man. What's happening to you?

(Note: BEATRICE SPARKS is the squariest of square old ladies with a gruff voice and an attitude.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

*Another day, another blow job*

ANONYMOUS

*Another day, another blow job.*

BEATRICE SPARKS

*The fuzz has clamped down / till the town is mother dry.*

ANONYMOUS

(Overlapping at the slash:) *The fuzz has clamped down till the town is mother dry.*

ANONYMOUS / BEATRICE SPARKS

*If I don't give...*

(BEATRICE thinks. ANONYMOUS waits.)

*If I don't give...*

(BEATRICE thinks. ANONYMOUS waits.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Stink Butt?

GRACE

Stink Butt?!

BEATRICE SPARKS

Jive Turkey?

ALICE

I don't understand any of this.

BEATRICE SPARKS

(Eureeka!) Big Ass!

ANONYMOUS / BEATRICE SPARKS

*If I don't give Big Ass a blow, he'll cut off my supply.*

(BEATRICE extinguishes one cigarette and lights another.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Well Bea, you've done it again!

GRACE

I have an idea. It's an old movie trick.

(To ANONYMOUS, while doing a bad James Cagney impression:) Get a holda yahself, toots!

(GRACE slaps her.)

ANONYMOUS

Ow.

GRACE

Did you get it? That was Cagney! Could you tell?

ANONYMOUS

No.

(ANONYMOUS sees the piece of paper. She reads it.)

I don't think I've ever met anyone named Big Ass before.

ALICE

Talk to the old lady. Maybe you and *she* are sharing a brain.

(ANONYMOUS sees BEATRICE SPARKS.)

ANONYMOUS

Do you think she knows my name?

ALICE

She knew Big Ass's name.

GRACE

Don't let her intimidate you, man. We'll back you up.

(ANONYMOUS is suddenly frightened.)

ANONYMOUS

I don't want to.

GRACE

What if she knows who you are?

ANONYMOUS

She does. Doesn't she?  
She knows . . . she knows all of it.  
(Scared:) She can help me then. Right?

ALICE

Be brave! She just looks like an old granny.

(ANONYMOUS walks up BEATRICE's desk. Without noticing her, BEATRICE continues typing.)

ANONYMOUS

What are you working on?

BEATRICE SPARKS

You the new intern? I like my coffee black with a half a teaspoon of cream. Say it to me.

ANONYMOUS

I'm not the—

BEATRICE SPARKS

Say it to me! How much cream do I want?

ANONYMOUS

A half a teaspoon.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Gold star for you.

ANONYMOUS

I'm NOT the intern.

(BEATRICE SPARKS eyes her suspiciously. ANONYMOUS leans over the typewriter and reads something.)

What do you know about it? Have you ever slept in a dumpster? Have you ever wrestled a rat for a Twinkie? Have you ever been to a **FREAK WHARF???!!!**

(BEATRICE is terrified.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

No. I haven't.  
I just want to be helpful.  
I'd hate to see nice young people —like you— get mixed up in the dope. There really is no hope in the dope.

ANONYMOUS

Why me?

BEATRICE SPARKS

Pardon?

ANONYMOUS

Don't you recognize me? I'm her. I'm . . .

(ANONYMOUS gets an idea. She reaches through BEATRICE SPARKS pages, searching for something. She finds it.)

This is - ?

(Reading:) A real diary by . . . Anonymous.

(A realization:) I'm Anonymous.

(BEATRICE SPARKS tries to laugh this off, but the more she looks at ANONYMOUS, the more frightened she becomes.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Oh my God.

ANONYMOUS

What's my name? I must have one.

BEATRICE SPARKS

For you, having a name is meaningless. Because you're not a person. You're not even much of a character. But you are indeed useful and thanks to you, thousands of young girls will obey their parents and when the time is right they'll marry and have lots of good, clean babies. I'm sorry you had to find out this way.

ANONYMOUS

You know who I am and you don't care.

BEATRICE SPARKS

It's really not personal. And it isn't your fault. I created you to fail. I created you to do those things that frighten the decent. But they'll learn from your misery. Think of how beautiful the world will be once people like you are no longer in it. Can't you just picture it? That's the America I want to live in.

(ANONYMOUS picks up the typewriter and drops it on the ground. **CRASH!**  
(GRACE and ALICE reappear.)

ANONYMOUS

My name. Is fucking. Bitch Rose!

BEATRICE SPARKS

Characters used to know their place. I blame that Gloria Steinem broad.

(They play “Wild Tyme” and celebrate ANONYMOUS’s defiant act. It’s a dance break and when it’s done, some time has passed. Then ANON gathers BEATRICE’S scattered manuscript.)

ANONYMOUS

I don’t want that hag writing my life ever again. I have to stop it!

(ANONYMOUS looks frantically around the space.)

GRACE

What are you looking for?

ANONYMOUS

Something dry and flammable—

ALICE

Flammable?

ANONYMOUS

It’s the only way.

ALICE

Why don’t we just tear it to bits?

ANONYMOUS

What are you afraid of? Burning this . . . this . . . whatever down? Would that really be worse?

ALICE

(To GRACE:) She’s being absurd. What do we do?

GRACE

I hate this. Why do I have to be the boss?

ALICE

You’re the eldest!

GRACE

That isn’t fucking fair!

ANONYMOUS

God! There’s nothing here! Empty, empty, empty.

(ALICE pretends to look for kindling as GRACE casually tries to hide her lighters. While this is going on, there is a crashing sound in the distance. They all freeze.)

ANONYMOUS

She’s back already!



(Calling:) Do I have to break your hands, too?!

(ANONYMOUS quickly tried to ignite a twig with a match. ALICE blows it out. GRACE follows the path of the sound.)

GRACE

Shh!

(Silence. Suddenly the loud sound of feedback from a speaker can be heard. They cover their ears and ANONYMOUS finally lights the diary, but instead of going up in flames, sparks fly from the diary and there is another explosion. Darkness and silence.)

ALICE

What did we do?

GRACE

Are you all right?

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

Who are you talking to?

GRACE

*Both of you!*

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

We're all right. Are you all right?

GRACE

Fine.

(There is a loud thud. They all gasp. Then a flashlight comes on and shines in each of their faces.)

GRACE

What *is* that?

ALICE

It's so bright!

ANONYMOUS

Who's there?

(The flashlight goes off. Silence.)

GRACE

(Scared:) Is someone else - here?

(No response.)

Caterpillar?

(No response.)

Chain-smoking writer woman?

(Nothing.)

Uh? We come in peace.

(She flashes a peace sign.)

So? Please keep that in mind.

ANONYMOUS

(Calling into the void:) Shit. I won't light any more fires. Happy?

(The light from before comes back and there is a new door.)

It looks different.

(She tries to open it, but when she does, it moves away from her so she can never touch it. The door seems to be light as a feather.)

I can't do it.

ALICE

Well I'm not trying any more doors. It'll just have to stay closed.

(The door then gently moves toward GRACE and nudges her. She sighs.)

GRACE

(To the door:) Subtle.

(She starts to touch it, but before she does it flies open for her. On the other side is PAUL. Holding a flashlight. He has a piece of electrical tape over his mouth. ALICE and ANONYMOUS scream.)

Jesus Christ.

(GRACE rips the tape off his mouth *hard*.)

PAUL

Ow! Fuck! It was a joke!

ANONYMOUS

Do you know this guy?

(PAUL looks around.)

PAUL

(Excited:) Is this an opium den?

(He sniffs the air and is quickly disappointed.)

GRACE

How the hell d'you find me?

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

Yes! If you found a way in, there must be a way out!

PAUL

Well? I passed out. Woke up and heard you singin' somewhere and I just followed your voice. Then there was some weird-ass door shit goin' on . . .

ALICE

Donkey bollocks! This place consistently gives decent logic the old two finger salute!

(PAUL looks at ALICE in confusion.)

PAUL

What kinda party *is* this?

GRACE

What the fuck are you doing here?

PAUL

Looking for you, genius.

GRACE

Man, I can take care of myself.

PAUL

That why you look like a refugee right now?

ANONYMOUS

Are you in the band?

PAUL

(Annoyed:) Yes. In fact, I started "the band."

GRACE

Technically Marty did.

PAUL

He started a social club. / started a band.

ANONYMOUS

Oh. You a drummer? You look like a drummer?

PAUL

(Ignoring her, to GRACE:) Come on, Grace.

GRACE

No.

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

No?!

GRACE

Not with him.

PAUL

Don't be a diva.

ALICE

Then just leave. Forget about him. What if this is your only chance?

(GRACE walks through the door. On the other side of the door is psychedelic music, pink clouds, and puppies. On the other side of the door is a giant, comfy bed and a really cute naked guy. Maybe. On the other side of the door is contentment. Tranquility. On the other side of the door is giving in to the will of one man, then another, and then another until she is alone. This is the future through this door. She is now old, alone, and hiding at home. Watching daytime television and cross-stitching inspirational quotes onto throw pillows. The other side of the door is like giving up. It feels nice at first. It's a little like slowly freezing to death.)

GRACE

NO!

(GRACE is zapped back to *this* side of the door. It slams shut.)

That wasn't the way. That can't be the only way.

ALICE

What did you see?

(GRACE looks at PAUL.)

GRACE

I don't ever wanna learn how to cross-stitch.

PAUL

You just had a flashback, babe. It's scary, but the feeling will pass.

(GRACE squeezes her Jerry Garcia bear for comfort.)

ANONYMOUS

Uh? We could try another song. See how that one goes.

ALICE

This might be a delicate subject to broach, but should we be thinking about . . . food?

PAUL

Oh are you guys hungry?

(He reaches in his pocket and pulls out some packets of Raisinets, Starbursts, and M&Ms. ALICE and ANONYMOUS attack the candy like dogs.)

GRACE

No thanks.

(PAUL stares at GRACE.)

ALICE

These confections are marvelous! Thank Heaven you arrived!

ANONYMOUS

Yeah, man. This is like the best dinner ever!

PAUL

Gracie? You know you want some.

GRACE

Eat my asshole.

PAUL

Hey! There are ladies present.

GRACE

You're not always my boss.

PAUL

I beg to differ.

(ANONYMOUS laughs.)

ANONYMOUS

You sound all proper.

PAUL

Yeah I know! That's how Mick says it.  
(Impersonating Mick Jagger:) I beg to differ.

(ANONYMOUS laughs.)

ANONYMOUS

You're funny!

GRACE

Stop flirting with him.

ANONYMOUS

Don't tell me what to do!

(ANONYMOUS hits GRACE in the face. GRACE is stunned.)

ALICE

What is wrong with you?

ANONYMOUS

I - I don't know--

PAUL

Not cool. If you were a dude, I would have to kill you.

(GRACE touches her mouth.)

GRACE

I'm bleeding.

ANONYMOUS

I'm sorry!

GRACE

Just because you're the subject of a tragic PSA doesn't give you the right to take your shit out on me!

ANONYMOUS

Tragic?  
You mean? I die?

GRACE

Well duh.

(Suddenly there are bright flashes coming from all over the place. It is a blinding disorienting affect. The flashes cease and they all stumble about, trying to regain

their bearings. A strange looking door is now in the space. It is either oddly shaped or a normal door, but on its side the words “OPEN ME” are written in large letters. They walk towards it when a young man in a Victorian-era suit bursts through it holding a camera.)

MR. DODGSON

Hello, Alice.

GRACE

Oh my God it's really you!

(ALICE says nothing.)

MR. DODGSON

H – H –

(He takes a deep breath.)

Who are your friends?

ALICE

Well, that one has just decided she's now ...?

ANONYMOUS

Forget it. Bitch Rose isn't right, either. I'm just nobody.

ALICE

All right. And that's Grace —

GRACE

Slick. Singer. Musician.

(MR. DODGSON is unimpressed by her.)

(Suddenly shy:) I'm pretty popular among a certain set.

ALICE

Are you all right?

GRACE

I'm fine.

ANONYMOUS

I'm sorry.

GRACE

Shut up.

(To DODGSON:) Sir, I love I mean I really LOVE your Alice books. You kinda helped shape my often lonely childhood. So? Thanks for that.

MR. DODGSON

That is k – k – kind of you to say.

ANONYMOUS

You stutter?

GRACE

Moron.

MR. DODGSON

*Stammer.* Only s – s – sometimes.  
And you, sir?

(PAUL looks up.)

PAUL

Don't mind me. I'm just passin' through.

MR. DODGSON

P – p – p – passing through . . . what?

PAUL

Whatever the fuck this hole is.

ANONYMOUS

Sorry I never read *Alice in Wonderland*. But *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* is amazing!  
Sooooo sad.

GRACE

That's C.S. Lewis.

ANONYMOUS

Fuck.

MR. DODGSON

(To PAUL:) It's just you s – s – s – s – see?

(He takes a deep, deep breath and then speaks very clearly.)

In the little bubble I've created for Alice, there isn't room for more gentlemen - than one. I hope  
you don't take offence.

PAUL

No man. I'm not offended. But thanks though.

(PAUL crowds Dodgson. Grace intervenes.)



GRACE

Just ignore him. That's all you can do.  
Can I please ask you some questions?

ALICE

I hate to be rude, but I'd like to speak with Mr. Dodgson alone. If that's all right.

GRACE

Oh. I get it.

ANONYMOUS

We'll be cool.

(GRACE and ANONYMOUS start to walk away. ANONYMOUS may try to touch GRACE to see if she's OK, but GRACE won't allow this. MR. DODGSON pulls ALICE's letter from his jacket pocket.)

MR. DODGSON

You're unhappy.

ALICE

(Referring to her blonde hair:) What is the meaning of this?

(MR. DODGSON pulls the wig from her head. She is now a brunette.)

MR. DODGSON

I'm sorry, darling. Blame Tenniel.

ALICE

I blame you.

MR. DODGSON

I can't draw! He's the one. He drew you without ever meeting you.

ALICE

You could've shown him a photograph. You certainly have enough.

MR. DODGSON

Those are private.

(Beat.)

You don't like the story.

ALICE

It's not that I—

MR. DODGSON

Then what?

ALICE

It's not just a story! They told me! You wrote a book! You wrote *two*!

MR. DODGSON

You mean? You're not pleased?

ALICE

Pleased?!

You never asked me and you know *why* you never asked me? Because I would have said no! I would have turned down your stupid idea and told you that a grown man should not enter into such a silly enterprise when he is already making a decent living as a mathematics tutor!

MR. DODGSON

It w—w—was a gift. For you.

ALICE

I never asked for it.

MR. DODGSON

That's what makes it an effective gift.

ALICE

You said you invented those stories just for me. My sisters, too, but mostly *ME*! Why did you have to share them with the world?

MR. DODGSON

I thought the w – w – w – w – world deserved to know you.

ALICE

God! I feel like you've peeled my skin off! Is nothing sacred?

(MR. DODGSON starts to speak.)

Don't answer me, you dolt! It's rhetorical!  
Do you feel any remorse? At all?

MR. DODGSON

I do now.

ALICE

Good!

MR. DODGSON

I swear to you, I thought—I th—th—thought the books would make you happy. They're monuments to you.

ALICE

You could've made up a name! A lovely name like Guinevere or Isabella or Prudence? Or even a normal name like Ashley, Annie, Judith or Matilda?!

MR. DODGSON

*Matilda's* Adventures in Wonderland? That sounds dreadful.

ALICE

You didn't even use *YOUR* name, "Lewis!"

MR. DODGSON

B – B – B – B –

ALICE

WHAT?!

(He takes a breath.)

MR. DODGSON

(Ashamed :) It's because Charles is so common. And Alice is the most beautiful name the English language has ever produced. Nothing comes close to it.

ALICE

Sometimes Mr. Dodgson, you make me want to vomit.

(GRACE reappears.)

GRACE

Excuse me for interrupting, but I just have one question and this may be my only chance. Why *IS* a raven like a writing desk?

ALICE

NO! Don't talk to him!

GRACE

It'll only take a sec!

MR. DODGSON

Why do *you* think?

GRACE

I have no fuckin' idea! I've tried to figure this out while under the influence of a shitload of hallucinogens and I'm still drawing a blank. Please tell me.

(A moment.)

MR. DODGSON

The notes for which they are both noted are not noted for being musical notes.

GRACE

(Disappointed:) Oh. Thanks.  
Carry on.

(She goes away again. MR. DODGSON smiles at ALICE.)

MR. DODGSON

That's not the answer.

ALICE

(A slight giggle:) I know.

MR. DODGSON

You've matured so much. Perhaps it's time we create a new story.

(MR. DODGSON pulls out a cartoonishly large ring.)

ALICE

Oh fuck.

(MR. DODGSON gets down on one knee.)

MR. DODGSON

Alice, my dear friend? Will you be my w – w – w – wife? Please?

(GRACE comes back.)

GRACE

OK yes. I *have* heard the rumors, but are you kidding me?? She's a little kid! She doesn't have her boobies yet!

MR. DODGSON

(To ALICE:) C – c – c – can you make her stop?

(ANONYMOUS runs on.)

ANONYMOUS

What'd I miss?

MR. DODGSON

(To ALICE:) Y – y – y – you haven't answered me.

ALICE

Can you send me home?! NO MORE GAMES!

MR. DODGSON

This is not a game.

ALICE

Can you? Or not?

(Silence.)

MR. DODGSON

Silly child. You assume because I move about this world freely that I control it? I can't control anything.

If you really want to leave, you'll figure it out. You're a wise one. Miss Liddell.

(MR. DODGSON exits. As he leaves there is another flash of the camera, which blinds ANONYMOUS for a moment.)

ANONYMOUS

Hey! Nobody photographs me.  
For free!

MR. DODGSON

(From Off:) Don't f – f – flatter yourself.

ANONYMOUS

What a dick.

PAUL

Grace? This is bummin' me out. I'm leavin'.

GRACE

Bye.

PAUL

Seriously.

GRACE

OK  
(VERY serious:) Bye.

PAUL

I'm not comin' back for you.

ALICE/ANONYMOUS

Maybe you should go.

GRACE

Why? Nothing's changed. I'm sick a you being you and you won't be anybody else so why should I go?

PAUL

Fine.

(To ANONYMOUS:) *You* wanna come?

(ANONYMOUS giggles nervously, but then collects herself.)

ANONYMOUS

Thanks for the candy an all, but?

No.

PAUL

Sayonara, dummies.

(He wanders around looking for a door. After a bit, he finds one and disappears through it. A break; a small musical interlude happens here to indicate a slight passage of time. The song may be "A Small Package of Value Will Come to you Shortly.")

ALICE

We can figure this out. I'm sure we can.

GRACE

I don't know, Alice. We haven't done that well so far.

ALICE

But we can do it. We just have to think really hard and help each other.

ANONYMOUS

OK I'll do it. As long as I don't have to do any math. If there is math involved, you will not want my help.

ALICE

Well. Now that you mention it, perhaps it would be best if you didn't help me. It might require – how do I put this kindly? – a certain intellectual prowess.

ANONYMOUS

Huh?

ALICE

Precisely.

GRACE

Damn, Alice.

ALICE

I believe honesty to be an important virtue.

ANONYMOUS

Wait. You guys think I'm dumb?

(A moment.)

ALICE / GRACE

Of course not. Don't take it so personally. Everyone has gifts. We just haven't seen much evidence of yours yet.

(ANONYMOUS is stunned.)

ANONYMOUS

Door!

(Her door reappears and she glides through it. BEATRICE SPARKS is waiting on the other side.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Welcome to the DMV.  
*Name* please?

(BEATRICE SPARKS giggles.)

ANONYMOUS

This isn't the DMV. Who am I?

(BEATRICE SPARKS lights a cigarette.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Customer Service is line F.

ANONYMOUS

You know who I am. Why won't you tell me?

(SPARKS laughs.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

You think that will make any difference now?

ANONYMOUS

Yes! I think it will change me. If I knew my name, I could change. I could . . . grow up.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Honey? You can't change. Your destiny is being written. By me. You're not real. You're an idea.

ANONYMOUS

I *am* real. I have a mother and a father and a sister and a brother. My father is a professor. My mother is treasurer of the P.T.A.

BEATRICE SPARKS

You have no memories.

ANONYMOUS

Fuck you I do so! I was in love with Roger Whitacre since kindergarten until he stood me up last year!

BEATRICE SPARKS

What was your kindergarten teacher's name?

(ANONYMOUS thinks.)

You don't know because I never gave her a name.

I admire your pluck, though. I don't think I've ever experienced so lifelike a character before.

ANONYMOUS

I'm not just a character. I am a whole, worthy person with a brain just as good as yours!

BEATRICE SPARKS

It is as good as mine. It's my brain.

ANONYMOUS

What happens to me, lady? Am I ever gonna get better?

(BEATRICE SPARKS looks at her with pity. This look answers ANONYMOUS's question.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

I'm sorry, my dear. Happy endings don't save lives.

ANONYMOUS

I'm only 16.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Poor thing. That's what makes your story all the more heartbreaking.

(BEATRICE SPARKS offers ANONYMOUS her cigarette. ANONYMOUS takes a drag.)

ANONYMOUS

Wouldn't they make a more interesting story than me?

ALICE

Something feels wrong.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Plenty has been written about them already.



ANONYMOUS

But I know them for real. I could get you access to their stories . . . if you change mine.

(BEATRICE considers this.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Is this some kind of scheme?

ANONYMOUS

I want to be a real girl. A real person. I don't know how to scheme. I only know what I want.

(ALICE and GRACE double over in pain.)

ALICE

My stomach hurts!

GRACE

Oh my god. I think we're on the same cycle now!

ALICE

Oh no! Not the ladies' time! I haven't any hygienictowels!

(GRACE tries to picture a hygienictowel.)

GRACE

Dear god.

BEATRICE SPARKS

You let me talk to both of them and I'll think about . . . what is it you want me to do?

ANONYMOUS

Give me my name back. I know I used to have one. Return it to me. Write me healthy. Write me happy. Oh and make me beautiful like Raquel Welch.

BEATRICE SPARKS

That isn't a book that will sell.

(ANONYMOUS thinks.)

ANONYMOUS

Make it a kid's book! Make me a big ol fuck up—

BEATRICE SPARKS

I already did that.

ANONYMOUS

But give me a chance to learn my lesson. Let me redeem myself! It'll be a bestseller and an ABC movie of the week!

BEATRICE SPARKS

Okey-doke kiddo. Let's try it your way.

ANONYMOUS

They're my friends, though. So you have to be nice.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Sweetheart, I write books to save children all over the world. What isn't nice about that?

(ANONYMOUS and BEATRICE shake hands, making a deal. ANONYMOUS appears through the door. GRACE and ALICE feel worse.)

ANONYMOUS

Hello Alice and Grace. How are you?

GRACE/ALICE

What did you do?

ANONYMOUS

Nothing.

But – uh – my friend might be coming by to talk to you. Is that OK?

GRACE/ALICE

What friend? What are you up to?

ANONYMOUS

Only good things, I swear! She might be able to help us get out of here. Then---hopefully---we can get home. If that's what you want.

(No response.)

She's groovier than I thought. She gets it. She's a woman.

(There is a knock at ANONYMOUS's door.)

Come in.

(The door opens and BEATRICE SPARKS stands there.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Good afternoon, ladies.

ALICE

It's still afternoon?

GRACE

I feel really dizzy.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Won't this be lovely! A friendly chat with the girls.

ANONYMOUS

Like a sleepover!

BEATRICE SPARKS

Yes! Just like a sleepover!

(BEATRICE SPARKS lights another cigarette.)

ALICE

I feel like I might be sick.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Poor baby! Would you like a cold compress? Ginger ale? Ipecac?

(BEATRICE SPARKS may or may not magically produce these things.)

No? I'll start with you, Grace. Was it your intention to hypnotize the youth of America with drugs, cheap sex, and psychedelic music? Or was that just a bonus?

ALICE

Oh no! STARBURSTS!

(ALICE vomits all the colors of the rainbow.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

Well that was unfortunate.

(GRACE and ANONYMOUS help clean up ALICE.)

ANONYMOUS

Grace didn't do that! Ask her about her career.

BEATRICE SPARKS

All right. Your career. Do you honestly consider running around on a filthy stage in your bare feet and sleeping with any man that compliments you a career?

GRACE

I don't do that!

ALICE

Make her leave. She's awful!

ANONYMOUS

This isn't supposed to go like this.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Alice? Feeling better?

ALICE

No.

BEATRICE SPARKS

So in all those photos where you seem to be very comfortably giving your photographer bedroom eyes, were you being posed against your will?

ALICE

You're horrible!

BEATRICE SPARKS

I'm going to guess that's a "no."

ANONYMOUS

This isn't what I wanted.

BEATRICE SPARKS

You told me you wanted to be a *real girl*. Pinocchio with a pink purse.  
(Whispers:) A vagina.

How badly do you want it?

(ANONYMOUS looks at BEATRICE SPARKS, then at the other two.)

Another for you, Alice. How wise do you think your parents were to leave you and your sisters for hours, sometimes days all alone with a man more than twice your age? Do you ever wonder if they were . . . complicit?

(ALICE begins to cry.)

GRACE

M&Ms. Shit.

(GRACE vomits M&Ms.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

(To ANONYMOUS:) I must say: these are the most ungrateful subjects I've ever tried to interview. Can you do something?

ANONYMOUS

You said you'd be nice. You shook my hand!

BEATRICE SPARKS

Here's an easy one for ya, Alice: tell the truth to Auntie Bea. Was there some part a you, just a small part, that *liked* getting all that attention?

ALICE

(Ashamed:) Yes.

(Suddenly some part of ANONYMOUS's door appears. Maybe just a glowing outline. It feels different than before.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

See? A few more questions and I bet you'll be on your way.

(ANONYMOUS touches the door.)

Grace! All done upchucking?

ANONYMOUS

Stop it.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Let's discuss the institution of marriage.

ANONYMOUS

(Ferocious:) I said shut the fuck up.

(The door starts to fade.)

BEATRICE SPARKS

I thought you wanted a name. I thought you wanted to live!

(ANONYMOUS snatches BEATRICE'S notes and eats them!)

ALICE

(To ANONYMOUS:) What if—what if she is your only way out? Perhaps you have to make peace with her.

BEATRICE SPARKS

Listen to the child! She's smarter than you. A trained seal would be smarter than you!

ALICE/GRACE

Don't insult her you bitch!

(They snatch off her wig and play keep-away and ANONYMOUS throws it through the fading door. BEATRICE screams and runs after it. The door disappears.)

ALICE

Thank you.

GRACE

Yeah. Thanks. Man.

(ANONYMOUS says nothing.)

You didn't have to do that.

ANONYMOUS

I'm no Judas, man.

(ANONYMOUS is bummed out)

GRACE

Wanna help me? I been working on a brand new tune.

(GRACE finds a slip of paper written by an audience member earlier in the GRACE ROOM. She makes up the tune.)

(Sings:) If my life were a song <insert audience lyric here>. Whaddaya think?

(ANONYMOUS says nothing. GRACE sits in front of ANON, shakes out her hair and offers her head.)

Go on.

(ANON smiles and braids GRACE'S hair. ALICE likes this so she offers her head to GRACE and GRACE braids her hair. Or perhaps she braids ANON's hair. They share a few moments of hair-braiding bonding. Suddenly PAUL flies into the room. He looks terrified.)

PAUL

Oh my fucking God!

GRACE

Thought you weren't coming back.

PAUL

Wrong door. Bad room. Very, very, very, very, very, very baaaaaad room!

ALICE

What did you see?

PAUL

I lost everything. I lived in a dingbat in Costa Mesa, gained 300 pounds, and I – I – it's so awful!

ALICE/ANONYMOUS/GRACE

Tell us!

PAUL

I was a sideman for Lawrence Welk.

GRACE

*Oh my GOD!*

(GRACE embraces him.)

PAUL

And I was all alone. Every night. Just me and Johnny Carson.  
Gracie we gotta get the fuck outta here! This place is bad news!

GRACE

I can't.

PAUL

Yes you CAN.

(GRACE looks at PAUL and the others and she panics.)

GRACE

I can't go back with you. I – I – oh god! I need a vacation. *NOW!*

(GRACE's door gently returns. GRACE steps through it. She takes a deep breath and suddenly, she is in Hawaii—the Hawaii of her mind. PAUL follows her.)

PAUL

(Looking around:) What the Hell?

(At some point, the fantasy image will fade supplanted by the reality of PAUL.)

GRACE

Why did you follow me here? Why didn't you just let me go?

PAUL

I didn't want you to get hurt.

GRACE

You always follow me.

PAUL

I didn't follow you to Morrison's bed, did I?

GRACE

You've been with other chicks, Paul.

PAUL

That's different.

GRACE

How?

PAUL

Because? I can count my extra-curricular pussy on my hands. You couldn't do that. Ya know? With dicks.

GRACE

You have the swivel head of an owl. Watching, judging, watching, judging. I *HATE* it!

PAUL

Stop acting like you're all oppressed. You run every room you're in. You've never been under anybody's thumb.

GRACE

As long as it's funny—

PAUL

FUCK!

GRACE

—as long as you can say “Oh man! Grace is crazy” then it's fine. But not when I challenge you. There has to be some psychological term for such bullshit.

PAUL

Zip it. We can fight later

GRACE

No I wanna fight now!

PAUL

Goddammit!

GRACE

I want out. I can go solo. I'll just be Grace. Without the Slick. Or! *Or*— I could be Slick Grace. That sounds so bitchin!

(PAUL cracks up.)

PAUL

Solo?

Nobody would know who the fuck you are, if it hadn't been for me. Think about your life before I found you. Your marriage, your modeling career, the Great Society with little Jerry Slick. All flops. All complete failures.

(Reaching out a hand to her, like a tired father.)



Come on now. This isn't really Hawaii. This isn't real life. We gotta get back to the world, babe.

(He kisses her gently. She resists, then gets into it a little. Maybe.)

GRACE

The Great Society wasn't a complete failure.

PAUL

It was an embarrassment.

Face facts: I created you. This you. The one everyone wants. / did that. Without me ...? You could be turning tricks back on the Haight. Or worse.

(He makes a vanishing gesture.)

Poof. Nothing.

(GRACE remembers herself and pushes him away.)

GRACE

NO!

PAUL

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!

GRACE

You can't do that! You don't get to fuck me and *father* me! I can't take it! I can't I can't I can't I can't I can't I can't I CAN'T!

PAUL

You're acting like you're four years old.

(Does GRACE cry? Doubtful, but this really upsets her.)

GRACE

You make me *CRAZY*! I can't reason with you. I can't yell at you. I can't do *anything*! You always spin it so I look like the one who's out of her fucking mind and I'm not. I am IN my mind. I am.

PAUL

(Trying to really comfort her:) Shhhh. It's cool, babe! The most creative people in the history of the whole world have been ape-shit wacko.

(GRACE begins punching PAUL. He is shocked and he roughly defends himself, trying to subdue her and this may get violent though it might also be ridiculous.)

GRACE

I FUCKING HATE YOU!

PAUL

CUT IT OUT!

GRACE

You want to destroy me.

PAUL

No I don't!

(He pins her down. She stops struggling for a moment.)

I don't wanna do that at all.

GRACE

There's no talking to you.

(Silence. He kisses her.)

I don't wanna do *that* at all.

(He releases her.)

PAUL

Do you not love me anymore?

GRACE

I can't think.

(Silence. Gently, PAUL picks up the teddy bear.)

PAUL

(As the Teddy Bear:) Hello, Grace!

(As the Teddy Bear, he sings:)

**Annie laid her head down in the roses.**

**She had ribbons, ribbons, ribbons, in her long brown hair.**

**I don't know, maybe it was the roses,**

**All I know I could not leave her there.**

Do you know where I got this thing?

GRACE

You won it at the shooting gallery on the Santa Monica Pier. You only bragged about it for six fucking hours.

PAUL

That was a lie. I can't shoot for shit. This little guy was sittin' in a lit window in a building on

Carlyle. Felt like he was calling me. I went up, knocked on the door and said I want that bear. The man in the apartment thought I was nuts, askin' for his little girl's bear. I gave him all the cash I had on me plus a brick of hash. Plus a banjo.

GRACE

You gave him Cora Lee?! You said she got stolen.

PAUL

It was worth it.

GRACE

Thank you, Paul.

PAUL

You're welcome.

(PAUL hands her the bear.)

GRACE

I'm exhausted. You exhaust me.

PAUL

Ditto, babe.

(A moment.)

GRACE

(With the bear, as JERRY:) Hey Mr. Kantner. Ask me a question. Any question, my friend. Jerry Bear knows all.

PAUL

Why can't we be like this all the time?

(GRACE looks at PAUL for a long time.)

GRACE

We can.

(With her hands, she illustrates what she's about to say.)

You are here. (*She raises her hand in the air.*)

And I am here. (*She raises her other hand but leaves it at a different point in the air.*)

And sometimes I'm here. (*Now the hand is much lower.*)

But we have to both be (*She makes her hands starkly even; they must be on the same, equal level.*)

Yeah?

PAUL

Yeah.

It is distinctly possible – ok probable – that no one would care much about JA. If it wasn't for you. Cool?

GRACE

Cool.

(The right door slowly appears.)

This door shit is mind blowing. Can't wait to tell Leary about it!

(GRACE touches the door and a there is an elegant guitar riff. She reaches her hand out to PAUL. He takes it and they walk through the door together. They enter the realm of the band. They get quiet when they see them.)

GRACE

Hey guys! Uh – sorry. Ever have one of those days when life grabs you by the tits? I just had that.

(They start playing music. There is an unmistakable guitar riff. He's here!)

OH MY GOD! Jerry?!

BAND MEMBER

We knew you'd be back if Jerry came!

(JERRY GARCIA blows GRACE a kiss and the band jams. The band will jam for a bit and then gradually transition into "White Rabbit.")

	ALICE She's lucky. I wonder if we'll get out of here alive.
	ANONYMOUS Prob'ly not  ALICE Encouraging.
	<i>(Chris appears and they both gasp. She looks the same, but something is off. She seems a bit robotic. A bit manipulated.)</i>
	ANONYMOUS Where have you been?!

	CHRIS Nowhere. And everywhere. It'll be easier for you if you cooperate.
	ALICE You're familiar.
	CHRIS Try this.
	<i>(CHRIS takes a pill out and slowly hands it to ANONYMOUS when:)</i>
	ALICE If I have learned anything at all during this excursion into lunacy, you do NOT put things in your mouth offered to you by cryptic strangers.
	CHRIS You should be more trusting, dear Alice.
	ALICE How on earth do you know my—
	<i>(While ALICE is distracted, CHRIS gives ANONYMOUS the pill.)</i>
<i>(The Band begins to play "White Rabbit.")</i>	<i>(Everything slows down.)</i>
	ANONYMOUS <i>(During this next section, her voice is sooooo slow and distorted it may be unintelligible.)</i>
	Chris is soooo amazing. She's soooo
	CHRIS <i>(Real time, but sinister:)</i> Far out. Write that down.
	ANONYMOUS Diary she gets it. Either yooooooooouuv'e . . .
	<i>(ANONYMOUS suddenly begins convulsing. Normal time returns. And so does BEATRICE SPARKS, typing up a storm. ALICE panics, having no concept what an overdose looks like.</i>

	<i>GRACE can feel something is wrong and races back through her door.</i>
<i>GRACE sees ANONYMOUS in distress and runs back through her door. For a moment, ANONYMOUS seems to disappear. Then she leaves her body. GRACE and ALICE still kneel over the spot she once occupied. BEATRICE SPARKS comes through the door and walks over to ANONYMOUS.</i>	

BEATRICE SPARKS

All done. Thought you might like the first copy.

*(She hands her a copy of Go Ask Alice – a large, oversized version. ANONYMOUS stares at it.)*

ANONYMOUS

Wow. You turned me into a hundred and ninety-two page bummer.

BEATRICE SPARKS

You're a mensch, my dear. You chose friendship over your own life. There's probably a throne with rubies and sapphires just waiting for you in Heaven.

ANONYMOUS

(Sadly hopeful:) You think?

BEATRICE SPARKS

So long, kid.

*(She vanishes.)*

*(A new door opens with a special light glowing through it. ANONYMOUS leaves her diary for ALICE and GRACE and exits through the door. It closes with a chilling finality. Real time returns. ALICE and GRACE stare at the space where ANONYMOUS once was.)*

ALICE

She's gone. Isn't she?

*(GRACE nods. There is a moment of mourning. Perhaps they use debris from the room and make flowers and prop up the oversized diary as if it were a headstone.)*

GRACE

Do you want to come with me? I'm sure it's nothing compared to Christchurch, but I have a pretty nice pad.

ALICE

Thank you. But I must go home.  
(Calling:) Mr. Dodgson!!!!

*(ALICE begins searching all over the space, opening doors, running through obstacles until she finds the right door. She opens it. There is a blinding flash and MR. DODGSON appears.)*

MR. DODGSON

Alice! Have you considered my proposal?

ALICE

Yes. I've considered it preposterous.

MR. DODGSON

(Hurt:) You don't have to be cruel.

ALICE

Are you real? If I touch you, will you disintegrate between my fingers?

MR. DODGSON

Of course not, my dear. I'm always here for you.

*(ALICE reaches out her hand. DODGSON is confused about what she wants at first, but then realizes she wants the camera.)*

This is not for unlearned hands.

ALICE

Give it to me.

*(Reluctantly he does. ALICE takes a photo of DODGSON. She looks at it. And is shocked by what she sees.)*

What is wrong with you?

MR. DODGSON

Wr – wr – wrong—

ALICE

Your eyes. I've never seen eyes like these before. You look like you hate yourself.

*(Angrily, DODGSON pulls out photos taken early in the ALICE room. Or he could takes them of the audience right in this moment.)*

DODGSON

Look here! I have friends now, besides you! I'm a whole person!

ALICE

They look positively petrified. You haven't any friends, have you? I have friends. And I've lost friends. But you wouldn't understand that. No one likes you. I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

*(ALICE takes a photo of herself and examines it. She shakes her head. Somehow she wipes off the dolly makeup and removes the pinafore. She should be wearing something simple and more appropriate for a young teenager from her period underneath. She should look nothing like she did in the beginning of the play. ALICE hands the camera back to DODGSON who seems to be shriveling before our eyes.)*

ALICE

You may go now, Mr. Dodgson. I hope that one day you find a companion who will return your earnest love. A companion of your generation.

MR. DODGSON

No one will love you like I do.

ALICE

Perhaps that's for the best.  
Goodbye. Dear Mr. Dodgson.

*(MR. DODGSON disappears and what is left of him is a rope ladder. A big one, in the colors of his costume.)*

*(ALICE starts to leave. Then:)*

GRACE

Virginia Woolf!

ALICE

Who's she?

GRACE

Just remember that name. I think you're gonna dig her.  
But uh? Don't take her too literally.

*(Then ALICE and GRACE flash peace signs at each other and ALICE throws her magical rope ladder into the air, which attaches to a pool of light from above. She climbs up and disappears for good. ANONYMOUS reappears, but now she is the actress who played the role.)*

ANONYMOUS ACTRESS

(To the audience:) Do you know what happens at the end of *Go Ask Alice*? Yep. She dies. And that sucks!

Here's a rewrite for you to ponder.

Anonymous blows out her mood candles and wakes up the next day.

And the day after that. She remembers her nice normal name, finishes high school, attends a decent liberal arts college, receives her B.S. in veterinary medicine and sometime in the late 80s, she takes care of Grace Slick's ailing black lab. Jabberwocky.

GRACE



What a hip name for a dog!

ANONYMOUS ACTRESS

That's her ending now. I just changed it. Fuck destiny.

(ANONYMOUS exits.)

GRACE

(To the audience:) Well? Thanks for comin' tonight. I so appreciate it. You have seen . . . a LOT. Tonight. But think of yourselves as special. As the privileged few who've experienced the Grace Slick / Alice Liddell / Anonymous space-time-continuum. It will never happen again. So go ahead and pinch yourselves. I'll wait.

(Lights begin a very slow fade on GRACE and the band. GRACE stares at the audience for a long time with utmost seriousness. The band gently plays "White Rabbit" under her words.)

You are going to change.

And so am I.

The next time we meet, me may not recognize each other.

We'll age. We'll gain weight. We'll suffer sickness.

We'll die.

I need you to do me one last favor and then I promise I'll never ask you for anything ever again. Right now. Turn to your neighbor. You'll have to work this out amongst yourselves, but turn to someone and look that person in the eye. Now. On the count of three I want you to say: "I appreciate you." Ready? One. Two. Three.

(They do it.)

Beautiful.

Now turn to your other neighbor. Look that person in the eye and on the count of three . . . you know what to do. One. Two. Three.

(They do it.)

Now say it again to anyone you want.

(They do it.)

Say it to me!

(They do it.)

Say it to the band!

(They do it.)

Say it to the cast!

(They do it.)

Say it to all the people you love, who have passed away.

(They do it.)

Now keep saying it and when you think you can't say it anymore? Say it again. I'll do it with you.

I appreciate you.

I appreciate you.

I appreciate you.

I appreciate you.

I appreciate you.

I appreciate you.

I appreciate you.

(Lights fade.)

**End of play**