

START

ALICE

No! I won't. I know what's next.

ALFRED

Then, *please*. The Trial. We're late.

(Bits of torn pages drift from above, turning to white rose petals, which fall upon them.)

ALICE

I'm staying here. With you. In our garden of roses.
There cannot be a Trial without me there.

ALFRED

Alice!

ALICE

I shall never turn this page.
If we never move forward,
I never have to leave you behind.
We'll simply stop the story here.

ALFRED

I caaaaan't.

(A beat)

Perhaps we were never, really, meant to...

ALICE

Yes, we were.

We *are*. We still can be.

Forever. Here.

(ALFRED begins coughing. The light shifts to crimson, as if the blood from ALFRED's cough were turning all the white roses red.)

Alfred!!

(ALFRED lifts his hand, silencing her.)

ALFRED

Please!

ALICE

But, your roses... !

ALFRED

Yes.
They are as roses are.
As roses, here, must be.

(ALICE takes this in.)

I've got to reach the end.
Just this once more.

ALICE

I thought that when you knew a book,
you had the chance to have it
as you always want to have it in your head.

ALFRED

It doesn't always end as books would have it end.

I'm a rabbit in a waist-coat, really.
Running out of time in Wonderland.

#13 - Another Room in Your Head

ALICE

But how shall I be here without you, now?

ALFRED

That is the riddle.

(This lands. A silence. ALICE's cot appears, within some blank space of Wonderland, as if they were between both worlds. ALFRED leads her to it.)

WHAT WILL YOU DO, WHEN I'M NOT HERE WITH YOU,
AND YOU SIT HERE AND YOU'RE NOT WITH ME?
HOW WILL YOU DO, FINDING SOMETHING TO DO,
WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH YOU THOUGHT THAT WE'D SEE?

WILL I STILL SLEEP IN SOME PART OF YOUR MIND,
IN SOME WAY I MAY NEVER KNOW?

ALICE

WILL I STILL DREAM THAT YOU'RE HERE AND YOU'RE MINE,
AND I NEVER HAVE TO LET YOU GO?