

(ALICE)

Whoa, my head! Whoooa!
Even curiouiser.

(The CHESHIRE CAT appears high above.)

Whoa!

START

CHESHIRE CAT

Whoa, hello.

ALICE

Cheshire Puss?
I fear I've lost my head.

CHESHIRE CAT

The world has lost its head.

ALICE

What have I done – to him, them, me?
Have I just gone mad?

CHESHIRE CAT

Not to worry – we're all mad here.
I'm mad, you're mad.

ALICE

So, I am mad.

CHESHIRE CAT

It's a perfectly appropriate response.

(The CHESHIRE CAT nods, and begins to disappear.)

ALICE

Cheshire Puss? Don't go – please!

(The CHESHIRE CAT hovers.)

CHESHIRE CAT

"Please" and "Puss"? I like that. ♣

ALICE

But my old me, my old head, will I ever get it back?

CHESHIRE CAT

Then, do you want it back?
It took so long to lose it as it is.
You can't keep looking back, to fit the head you had.

ALICE

But my whole life was in that head.

(From the Book:)

“And yet, it is rather curious, this new sort of... feeling.”

CHESHIRE CAT

(With a nod toward the treetops.)

Think too much, my dear, you'll forget what you know by heart.

(Still, ALICE hesitates.)

What's the point of turning the key,
if you won't go through the door?

(With that, the CHESHIRE CAT disappears. ALICE begins climbing the ladder-tree.)

ALICE

“Alice climbed that massive tree as best she could,
for her head kept getting entangled among the branches...”

(ALICE joins the WHITE RABBIT in the treetops.)

Sorry — so sorry. I just...

(Stoned)

Have you ever imagined yourself to be otherwise
than what it might appear to others
you might not otherwise have been — or appeared to them to be?

WHITE RABBIT

(Equally stoned)

Exactly.

(The two of them hover together, mid-air, rapt with wonder.)

Alice, look — the tree tops.
Have you ever seen such tree tops?

#7 — *Those Long Eyes*

ALICE

From the treetops.