

CONTINUATION RISING UP IN ELEVATION INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AS THE COLOR SHIFTS TO VIOLET.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And when you rise high enough above, you can dip into the maze of the well to know your way home the next time you submerge once again into the underworlds.

SUN SETTING AROUND THE CURVATURE OF THE STRATOSPHERE.

FADE INTO DEEP RED SUN AND CLOUDS SETTING OVER THE MOUNTAIN AT AN ACCELERATED RATE, AS THE SUN SINKS BELOW THE HORIZON.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CAFÉ PATIO - MORNING

OVERLAP OF TWO SHOTS: 45-DEGREE ANGLE ABOVE THETA AND 45-DEGREES ABOVE ALICE.

ALICE and THETA sit at two different café tables close to each other. There are empty tables nearby. They each drink from tea cups. They lock eyes for an extended period of time.

ALICE

(with shy assertiveness)

Hi. I'm Alice... like the green queen of Nature.

THETA

I'm Theta, like the state.

ALICE

Funny, I though I saw you through a mirror once. Where you from?

THETA

Here, I'm local. You, where ya from?

ALICE

(pause in uncertainty)

Not here. I'm not sure lately where I'm from... I was born in a hospital, so I'm from a hospital... but in a city, actually in a county... a county in a state, a state in a country side...

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

but within a continent... or so I've been told. Too many forms of "from" for me to truly know. What about you, where'd you come from?

THETA

Hmm... well now I'm not quite sure where I'm from. A few minutes ago I was from here, but I suppose not. I imagine it depends on the reality at a given moment.

(pause, lost in thought)

I suppose some days I'm from a suburb in Northern California. Other days California isn't real, a made up name someone brain stormed, a place of invisible borders you can't even touch let alone see. Is it possible to come from a concept made up in our heads?

ALICE

Borders are for boars who dig up earth and make a mess with piggly wiggly faces. It's not real... Borders are constructed in the minds and imaginations of ruling men.

THETA

What state their mind was in when they created these states?

ALICE

I can't say, it's not my state of affairs... Where you from?

THETA

I told you I no longer know... Sometimes, I think I'm from the planet Earth and other times I come from some other place, the stars, maybe the heart of the sun. It depends on the reality roulettes and my present state. The real wheel turned so at this moment, I'm coming from a state of contemplation no longer HERE.

ALICE

Maybe we're from stardust! Oh... but where is stardust from?

THETA

Someone has got to know. It's unsettling.

ALICE

Ask anyone, they most all think they know where they're from.

(pause)

Here, I feel strange here too... like misplaced raindrops on a barren lifeless dessert. I fall into the coarse deserted sands of time... as if I wait to be the life giving waters in a place where no roots dare grow... to be the salvation to ghost gardens long gone. I hope for just even a solitary flower to drink my essence, but the barrenness rules here and the echoes fall on deaf muted souls. They never listen.

THETA

Would be easier to answer the question, "Where are we now?" Perhaps "where are you from" is an endless loop without any real beginning.

ALICE

Yes indeed... A RED caterpillar once asked me that... "WHERE ARE YOU?" Though we're at a café, that is more of a WHAT then a WHERE. So where are we truly? What ever pool we are in now... we are sharing it. Where do we go from here?

THETA

(quietly to Alice)

I am told there is a sacred city by which secrets and answers are there told. They hold a copy of every story written and untold... Or so I've been told. Come with on the adventure.

ALICE

I would go with you if I could, but I am held down by ties wrapped around feet so numb... defeat that know the feel of earth, but forgot the softness of clouds. HERE... I stay.