

PUZZLE FADES INTO ALICE AND THETA AT THE TABLE WITHOUT THE PUZZLE AND NONE OF THE OTHER SMALL ITEMS, EXCEPT THE TWO COFFEES, A GLASS OF WINE ON HER SIDE, AND A BEER ON HIS.

Alice sips her coffee.

ALICE

Yes, my mind it chatters like a monkey to the rage... bouncing off the walls with both thoughts and emotions. The monkey only knows the play.

THETA

What's the monkey say?

Alice takes a sip of wine continues holding the glass.

ALICE

In a playful but fearful tone, he mutters the songs from a chalice overflown with tangled strings of emotion.

The half-empty wine glass starts filling to the top by itself. It starts overflowing, as it pours over on her hand while spilling all over the table onto the floor.

ALICE (CONT'D)

The chalice ferments intoxication so deep that if I drink it, I'd forget myself wholly. I believe that that is the moment when I fall into that oubliette, the place of forgetting.

THETA

Love is blind and the labyrinth consuming. Do you drink from the chalice often?

CLOSE UP OF WINE POURING THROUGH THE DARK CRACKS OF THE WOODEN FLOORBOARDS.

ALICE

Only when I can, but as the fall is the last moment before the forgetting begins, I really can't quote you lucid memories... as the sobriety is intoxicated with emotions.

THETA'S DRINKING FROM HIS COFFEE.

THETA

It's a difficult balance to maintain the turning tides. On one side, if you drink too deep from the well, you fall well in from head to toe and it may even darken the light once you go under. On the other side... you can sip up from the cup till you start to buzz like a bee becoming lighter. It a C thing. Cups see up. But if you go up too high, get too high, you may forget the souls at your feet which can lead to defeat.

SUN LIT OCEAN MOVING FROM BRIGHT SEA INTO THE BLINDING SUN.

CROSSFADE BACK TO THETA AND ALICE.

ALICE

Sometimes I try and be out of the churning tides upward and outward... but inward and downward I return for it is the place of soul by which I've imprinted my consciousness. I know that world so well.

THETA

What is consciousness? Can it be split to hold the best of both worlds?

ALICE

Sometimes there is a part of me conscious of something that my mind doesn't have the programming to acknowledge. It's like different parts of us are aware at different times. I can't explain it because I don't have the means to do so.

The scene of Alice and Theta begin to spilt into two halves again. This time, Alice's side begins shifting into various shades of green. Various images and metaphors of nature appear with light and shadow. The shadows have a subtle dark orange-amber tone. On Theta's side, images of yellow fire and sunshine start to appear. There is a mix of orange-golden highlights.

The centerline where the two worlds meet is marked by yellow-green that looks like leaves in the late afternoon sun. As the images start to take over the scene, Theta and Alice fade away. Just the characters' voices are heard. The images correlates to what the characters are describing. As the lines proceed, Theta's side fades up into a bright white, while Alice's side fades down into black.

THETA

I think we're starting to go in different directions now. My consciousness is becoming like a sphere of liquid light traveling to other places. It feels like I'm floating into film reel. Nothing to hold onto to guide my course... just floating. I think I'm tripping.

ALICE

Where are you? Where did you go? I'm beginning to sink now into deeper dark waters, but there's colors of light... nothing to hold or anchor on to... just floating on water.

THETA

Floating on air.

ALICE

So this is goodbye then. There's so much life in here.

THETA

There's so much light up here.

ALICE

I can still kind of hear you. Perhaps I'll see you in the halfway.

THETA

I hope so.

AFTER ALICE'S  
SIDE FADES TO  
BLACK, THE WHITE  
LIGHT FROM  
THETA'S SIDE  
SPREADS TO THE  
WHOLE SCREEN.