

1 A DARK PLACE

We hear the sound of crying, a woman speaks, she is tearful, there is pain in her voice.

ALICE (VO)

O that one might read the book of fate, and see the revolution of the times, such a book I would sorely have read before this time.

*(out of the darkness a female face emerges, bruised, eyes wet with tears, streaks of mascara running down her cheeks, her gaze falls upon us through the lens)* If you can look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not, speak then to me.

We hold her on her looking down the lens, we hold on her until she blinks a tear rolls down her face.

BLACKOUT