Alice: I think you might do something better with your time than waste it asking riddles with no answer.

Doormouse: You’re the one who’s asking.

Mad Hatter: *(With a look to the MARCH HARE)* If you knew Time as we do, child, you wouldn’t talk of wasting it.

Alice: *(To MARCH HARE)* You waste time by not spending it.

Doormouse: *(“Spare us!”)* Oh. Dear. Me.

March Hare: *(To ALICE)* I dare say you have never spoken to Time.

Mad Hatter: We, we’ve spent so many years with him, and you, you are just meeting him.

Doormouse: So, prithee: pass the scones.

March Hare: Time for you to riddle yourself home.

Doormouse: Leave us alone.

Alice: No, I won’t. It’s you, who talk in riddles.

Mad Hatter: Come, we live in riddles, Child, and sometimes there’s no answering them.

March Hare: *(With heightened reverence)* Indeed.

Doormouse: Indeed.

*(A pause)*

Mad Hatter: *(Sweetly; to ALICE)* More tea?

Alice: Yes. Please.

March Hare: She, and her incessant need.

Mad Hatter: For cream.