

Alice

By

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INT. KITCHEN, CHINESE RESTAURANT, WONDERLAND - NIGHT

It's the kitchen of a Chinese restaurant. Because that's where chases always take place.

However, there's something different about this one - the workers aren't all human. A TOAD washes pots by the sink and a CAT is cutting onions in the corner...

We're in Wonderland - the place where Lewis Carrol's novella was set. However, it's years after the hallucinations of Alice Liddell which gave birth to that narrative. Turns out that the place is actually a sprawling noir metropolis (with a Victorian twist) when you put the book down.

A PERP (40s) races through the kitchen, knocking stuff over in the hope that it will slow his pursuer down --

RABBIT WHITE (late 20s) - he doesn't do that usual Hero thing of trying to avoid the stuff in his way - SMASH - he's straight over the top of a SOUS CHEF like a running back heading for the line.

You got that right, the White Rabbit from the stories became a hard-nosed bail bondsman, and he's not going to let this guy get away.

He'll tell you that too - he's got a VOICE like gravel in a mixing bowl.

RABBIT (V.O)

They always run. They know that it's pointless... I always get them. It's just something to do with the nervous system. You see a threat coming your way and your feet start turning in the direction of the nearest exit...

CRASH - the Perp is out the back of the kitchen into --

EXT. DARK ALLEY, BEHIND THE CHINESE RESTAURANT, WONDERLAND - NIGHT

Chiaroscuro light fills the alley as two shadows run up the wall, just about visible though the thick fog circling around the place.

RABBIT (V.O) (CONT'D)

... It's the amygdala. The place where our brain gets all its emotional signals from. Once it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RABBIT (V.O) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
kicks in, it just takes over and no
matter what you were just thinking
about, you're not in control
anymore. Auto-pilot. Get the fuck
out of there...

At the back of the alley there's a chain link fence. The
Perp CLATTERS against it; then tries to climb as fast as he
can.

He barely gets half way up before Rabbit leaps up and grabs
the back of his pants, yanking him to the floor - CRUNCH -
real nasty - something's obviously broken.

The Perp doesn't dwell on it though and tries to jump up -
too late, Rabbit is on top of him wrestling his arms
together and trying to get some ancient looking cuffs on his
wrists.

RABBIT (V.O) (CONT'D)
... I don't really care what
they've done. Wonderland is full of
creeps who do crazy shit. A few get
caught in the net who've done
nothing, but that's not my issue
now. You can't deal with the real
scum of his world from behind a
desk, so I just treat the station
like a personal chequing account
these days. Deposit a bad guy and
withdraw the cash. Do I miss the
red tape...

PERP
(interrupting)
I know where she is.

Rabbit stops dead in his tracks. He blinks - pardon?

RABBIT
What did you say?

PERP
You're the one they keep talking
about. Hung up on that girl, what's
her name...

A rye smile from the Perp.

PERP (CONT'D)
... A...

I'll have a vowel please - Rabbit tees off on the Perp's face. Goodnight scumbag.

INT. HATTER'S DESK, W.P.D. STATION, CANAL ST PRECINCT,
WONDERLAND - NIGHT

The station is busy. Detectives are booking in criminals left right and centre. Streetlight spills through the slatted blinds, scoring everything in long bands of white.

Rabbit sits in front of a desk in the middle of the bullpen. Looking down he flexes his hands - they're bruised and covered in dry blood.

He moves a rolled up cigarette from behind his ear and pushes it between his lips before striking a match. Letting the vapour fill his lungs for a moment he then EXHALES, creating plumes of smoke which rise up his nose - an Irish waterfall.

Rounding the corner HARRY 'MAD HATTER' HARRINGTON (40's) spies Rabbit at his desk. His hair is thinning, his paunch is spreading wider and wider and the bags around his eyes are heavy and dark.

In his hands are more folders to add to the clutter on his workspace.

HATTER

You can't do that here anymore
White.

Rabbit looks for an ashtray.

RABBIT

Where's the ashtray then?

Moving round to his side of the desk Hatter EXHALES.

HATTER

Like I said. Can't do it here
anymore. Why the heck would we need
ashtrays?

Noticing the china teapot next to the typewriter, Rabbit takes one last drag and then deposits what's left of his smoke.

HATTER

Just like you can't go giving perps
complimentary dental work.