

Pitch for CRACK

This isn't an Alice in Wonderland story.

This is a Wonderland in Alice story.

CRACK is an urban fantasy where Ally is the local runaway junkie that hangs out in the shopping district and panhandles. Who knows where she goes at the end of the day or what she does, it's just a pain in the ass that you have to pass her and feel guilty for some stupid reason.

When she's mugged by thugs and nearly killed by a blow to the head, it's even worse. Now you have to see the hideous scar that runs down her forehead and near her eye, might as well leave her a whole dollar instead of some change.

For Ally, the world has become more of what lead her to being a 17-year-old homeless drunk to begin with. There are things in *between* that are all too clearly visible now that the crack in her head has let them out - or were they here all the time and she can merely discern them now?

There is a power struggle taking place in this new world layered on top of the old world. Richards, the cop that used to roust her and make her life difficult and Clair, the beautiful woman who slips her bills larger than singles are at odds - which one is out to get her and which one is out to save her.

She's important to them both because there is a battle for the heart of the city that can go either way and is always being fought. The energy that a city creates attracts those that would use it for good or bad. It's just not always obvious what those motives or intent are.

When Ally decides that it's Richards' side she wants to be on, she has to struggle against a lifetime habit of bucking authority to pull together his crew of do-gooders to fight against Clair and her henchman and her beautiful shiny evil that's winning the hearts and minds of the downtown denizens and threatening to bring a blight to the entire city.

She'll have to use the escapees from her own head to do it, literally looking inside herself for the strength to save those she has grown to love and all the other things *between* that now rely on her...

...or is she just one of those crazy homeless people that you see walking around muttering to themselves?

Crack - 1:1 Literally Girl
15 pp
Jodi Davis

Page 1

Panel 1

[Ally]Dirty, nail-chewed hand in used and dingy city snow, clawing at it.

Panel 2

Same hand crunching together a dirty snowball. Against a thigh clad in stained denim that used to be blue but is now more like gray.

Panel 3

Snow ball, with a piece of cellophane trash sticking out of it, sails through the air - generic city blur behind it.

Panel 4

Smacks into the burly pit bull neck and collar of a beat cop[Richards] who's nearly as wide as he is tall.

Panel 5

Reverse of 4 - The cop's eyes narrow, his well worn and aged face angry and grim - he's not an attractive figure, he's scary looking.

Page 2

Horizontal Panel 1

Wide Shot - City Square - Ally is a huddled figure in layers of dirty clothes, with a rejected Starbucks cup held out in front of her. Across the street Richards has turned to look at her, a hand on his baton, menace on his face. Pedestrians with packages walk through the frame, city shops decked out in Christmas goodness. In between the shop buildings there are shadows and in those shadows are things less savory, hinted at, slumped figures and harsh eyes watching.

Panel 2

The tip of the police issue baton is under Ally's chin, forcing her to look up into frame. She's smudged, angular,

pretty in a strange way, any hair that has straggled out from under a makeshift hat is matted and dirty. Ally may be a street kid, but she's not tattooed or pierced.

Panel 3

Wider shot, taking in Richards standing over her, looking down.

RICHARDS: So, Alley Cat--

ALLY: Officer Dick.

RICHARDS: You're going to have to do better than that for a bed and a hot meal in Juvie.

Panel 4

Reverse of 3 - Ally's POV - looking up the Baton into Richard's gristly face, his uniform should have RICHARDS over the pocket.

ALLY: Better than what? Some change for a bum?

RICHARDS: For some Gin? Must be hard to be an alkie in a druggie world.

ALLY: You should know.

Page 3

Panel 1

Back to the wide shot as Richards sheaths his baton.

RICHARDS: But I'll be drinking my Gin in a nice warm pub later.

Panel 2

Richards rattles some change in his pocket and Ally holds her cup up higher. She may be defiant, but there's not much pride to be found.

Panel 3

A single coin flips toward the cup as Richards is moving past her at the front of frame with Ally partially obscured behind his legs.

RICHARDS: Don't let this judge your value.

Panel 4

Close in as Ally peers into the cup.

Panel 5

A snarl on her face as her hand digs into the cup.

Panel 6

A coin flips through the air.

Panel 7

Hits the back of Richard's jacket.

Page 4

Panel 1

A penny lies in the dirty snow.

Panel 2

[Clair]A bright blue elegant pump, cladding a shapely leg has stepped on the penny.

Horizontal Panel 3

Richards is exiting frame left,

the vision in blue - Clair - is scantily clad considering how everyone else is dressed, a light weight bright blue business suit, the skirt a little short, the jacket a little long, a bright yellow neck scarf.

Ally is looking at this vision warily from her huddle against the building.

The shadow creatures/people seem more pronounced in this version of the street than before, the pedestrians, nearly fading into the background.

Panel 4

Ally holds her cup up as Clair passes her, obscured by Clair's legs.

Panel 5

Clair has stopped right of frame and is turned toward Ally.

Page 5

Panel 1

Clair's perfectly manicured hand holds a twenty dollar bill folded between her index and middle finger. Her nails are blood red.

CLAIR: I only have a twenty.

Panel 2

Ally's hand has reached up for the twenty, her grubby fingers in direct contrast with Clair's, who holds the bill higher up.

ALLY: It is Christmas.

CLAIR: I don't know if I can just *give* twenty.

Vertical Panel 3/4

These two panels are separated symbolically - but could be connected art wise - Ally inhabits her frame and Clair her own. They face each other.

Ally stands on the left side - layers of things falling to the ground around her, but still wearing lumpy layers of indeterminate color and style. Her skin sallow and tired, her eyes alive although there are dark circles under them.

Clair stands on the right side - bright and shiny clean, radiating life and health. Bright blues and yellows.

ALLY: What do you want?

CLAIR: What have you got?

Page 6

Panel 1

Ally's face is hard, she's removing the makeshift wad of cloth that is her hat.

ALLY: I don't have nothin', lady, I'm the beggar, remember?

Panel 2

The manicured crimson nailed finger is held against Ally's pale lips.

CLAIR: Sometimes it's hard to tell who the beggars are.

Panel 3

Clair's fingers linger on Ally's face.

CLAIR: A kiss - for the twenty, and my scarf.

Panel 4

Ally takes the hand at her face in her own grubby one and moves it away.

ALLY: Don't judge my value...

Panel 5

Clair puts her yellow scarf around Ally's neck.

ALLY: So highly.

Page 7

Vertical Panel 1/2

This is again each of them in their own frames - only where Clair's hands hold the edge of the scarf, pulling Ally to her and where they kiss, breaks the integrity of the frame, putting them in that between space.

Horizontal Panel 3

Their lips on each other - nothing chaste about it - Clair's going to take her worth and Ally's going to give it, on each side are the shadows, and they're stopped, alert, staring at this kiss.

Page 8

Horizontal Panel 1

Ally leans back against the wall, twenty in her hand, yellow scarf around her neck, a little stunned, to the far right is Clair exiting the frame, in frame from Clair is one of the shadowed area between buildings with things watching. Darkness and eyes, could be cats and people, could be something else.

Panel 2

Ally puts the twenty in her pants pocket - a smile on her face for the first time.

Panel 3

Gathers up all her clothing and blanket from the ground.

Panel 4

Drops the used coffee cup on the ground.

Panel 5

Walks the opposite direction as Clair - to left of frame.

Page 9

Panel 1

Walks past shadowed area between buildings.

Panel 2

Ally is nearly out of frame, only her back at left. Hands, arms, gray, human but slightly off, two of them as if they could belong to one person reach for her, for the trailing scarf.

Panel 3

Five arms and hands, they have her by the bright yellow scarf and around the waist, she's facing us as she's been yanked back and is being pulled into the shadows.

Panel 4

Her hands grasp at the brick and cement on either side of the small area, her eyes panicked over one of the hands covering her mouth.

Panel 5

Her fingers have lost the battle with the buildings, leaving a smear of blood on one corner, she is mostly in shadow now, the yellow scarf the most visible.

Panel 6

Only a bit of the yellow scarf in the darkness.

Panel 7

Darkness framed by the sides of both buildings, no Ally, no figures, just black.

Page 10

NOTE: For this sequence, the scarf is yellow - the blood is red - everything else is black and white and grey. I'm going for a strobe/snapshot feel to the violence.

This page is Ally being dragged through the walkway and into a larger space behind the buildings, a **between** space.

The things that grabbed Ally, are other bums, at least that's how she sees them now. There are three of them, Clair's henchmen; Snap, Grim, and Melt.

Panel 1

Ally's roughshod booted foot connects with a knee.

Panel 2

Hands grasp at her clothes, ripping through layers of shirts, buttons flying.

Panel 3

Ally's fist connects with a nose, blood spurts.

Panel 4

The hand at her mouth has moved into a strangling position around her neck.

Panel 5

Ally's other hand clenches into a different face, her thumb finding an eye socket.

Page 11

Panel 1

A run down lot in the middle of a city block - the only way in is through one of the walkways between buildings - the only view is the back of buildings, large trash is stored here like a refrigerator, a safe, broken down retail racks, a two-year-old Christmas tree with tinsel, **old iron plumbing pipes** - and then the little trash, beverage containers, syringes, bits of foil, cigarette butts, bottle caps.

The wheeling frenzy that is three men with an angry girl child they can barely handle.

Grim goes to the ground howling, hands over his eye.

Panel 2

Snap and Melt manage to fling her to the ground face down.

Panel 3

Ally's face hits the snow hard - the breath is knocked out of her.

Panel 4

Snap sits on her back, straddling her facing Melt, while Melt has his hands in her pants pockets.

SNAP: It's fucking there somewhere.

GRIM: She poked out my eye!

MELT: You know what they say...

Panel 5

Snap comes up with the pristine folded twenty. Melt slaps Ally on the ass.

Ally: NnnnNNNGGGGgggg

MELT: It's all fun and games until--

GRIM: Shut the fuck up!

Page 12

Panel 1

Snap holds the folded bill under his nose.

SNAP: Ah, it still smells like The Lady.

Panel 2

Melt clambers off Ally's back reaching for the twenty.

MELT: Let me smell it!

Panel 3

Ally struggles to her hands and knees. Partially obscured by Melt and Snap fighting over the twenty.

Panel 4

Ally has risen to her knees, dazed, bruised, her hair crazy loose about her head, still slightly confused about what is happening.

Panel 5

Same panel, only a shadow has come up in her left. Her head just staring to turn toward it.

Page 13

Panel 1

Grim is standing over her, a pipe in his hands like he's Babe Ruth.

Panel 2

The pipe swings down.

Panel 3

Connects with the left front of Ally's head with extreme force.

Panel 4/5/6/7

A slow-motion fall back into the dirty snow, her legs bent awkwardly under her as she finally hits the ground, knocked out cold and the blood starts to pour from her head.

Page 14

Panel 1

Melt and Snap have frozen mid grab to stare in horror at Grim standing over the fallen Ally.

Panel 2

Melt grabs the pipe from him.

GRIM: Nobody pokes out my eye.

SNAP: What the Fuck?!

MELT: She's going to rip your head off!

Panel 3

Melt drops the pipe next to her.

GRIM: She's not going to do dick to me.

SNAP: Not her, dumb ass - The Lady.

MELT: She specifically told us not to break the girl, and now look what you've gone and done.

Panel 4

Close on Ally's face and head, the blood pooling out into the dirty trashy snow.

RICHARDS: Hey Alley Cat - you back here, I brought you a present.

MELT: Shit, let's get out of here.

Panel 5

Wider on Ally. From her head and the pool of blood have started to come other things, fascinating, amazing, beautiful and horrible things, growing, emerging, becoming.

RICHARDS: God Dammit! Hold on girl. Hold on.

Panel 6

Wide shot looking down on Richards as he talks into the his walkie talkie, the bottle of Gin he had bought for her half tumbled out of its brown paper bag on the ground next to her.

RICHARDS: I need an ambulance at the infield of Block 387. RIGHT NOW!

Page 15

Splash

Medium shot of Ally and the things becoming out of the crack in her head - vivid and bright. Snakes, Comets, Bugs, Vines, Fairies, Flowers, Slugs, Trolls, Monsters, things there aren't even names for - beautiful and horrible - Hi-

Tech made up things, all manner of nightmare and daydream objects, not limited to any genre but all drawn interwoven as they escape - they are filling up the frame - this should be the art frame everyone wants a print of.

CAPTION: This isn't an Alice in Wonderland story.

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Characters:

Ally

(Loner runaway, tough, not all that nice.)

Richards

(Cop - burly ugly looking guy - but for once - let's have the cops be good - this character will end up our stern but good King.)

Clair

(Beautiful cosmo woman - she will be our evil queen later - The Lady)

Snap

Bum and Henchman to The Lady

Grim

Hobo and Henchman to The Lady

Melt

Transient and Henchman to The Lady

Cruz

ER Resident, love interest, sanity.

Story Lines

1:2 Phase Space

where our heroine gets her head stapled, meets the boy and develops the scar

Puts a large crack in her skull - gets stapled back together - stitched up - Wakes up in the hospital - from this point on - every frame in the comic will be at worst **almost** normal - just one or two things will be off, at it's chaotic best, one thing normal. The ER Resident is the only one in the busy institution to pay attention to her. She doesn't want to be touched, he has to stitch her up. She has no

insurance, so they're not really going to do anything else - it's only a hair line crack to her skull, it should heal.

She leaves against the resident's wishes, loses time, everything's a blur of what she can see now and what can see her, the resident finding her to cut out the stitches since he knew she wouldn't be back.

1:3 Swank

where our heroine is seduced by the bright side - not everything pretty is good.

Large disgusting scar, that does something ingeniously sexy with one eye as it comes down the side of her forehead (making her an iconic easily recognizable character.)

1:4 Velar Fricative

where our heroine learns it's not what you say, but how you say it.

1:5 Visible Past

where we learn why our heroine is a 17 year old homeless drunk.

Story Notes

City starts out like a city and slowly changes to something else. You don't have to believe it to see it.

Urban nightmare/daydream