

RABBIT RABBIT

by pwatson1974

The endless grey void stretches onward. A patch of purple light sparkles in the smooth expanse. A small white rabbit hops into the void, purple static clinging to his fur. Harvey's nose twitches. He sits back on his haunches, paws scrabbling at the emptiness. The purple sparkles swirl around him, sinking into his fur. His body twitches, fur writhing, his ears bolt upright, eyes glowing purple as his body twists and deforms. His paws stretch out as the bones in his forelegs twist and contort outwards. His spine twists his body stiffly upright as his legs buckle and contort in a mad jig under him. His skull buckles, eyes slipping forward over his twitching nose. Finally, his body quiets and stills. He licks along his lips. "Buggeration! I do not have buck teeth. And this fur is just so... and the ears, my God, still the ears." he pats his hand on his long ears, and then his fur-covered chest, "And naked, no, no, this will never do." Purple sparks flit around him, solidifying into a black tuxedo, a purple band around the edge of his top hat. His ears twitch and the hat tumbles off his head. "No, that's enough of that." he places the hat back on and his treacherous ears knock it off again. "Fine. If that's how you want it." He jams the hat down hard and the top pops off, the tips of his ears emerging. His whiskers twitch. "Fine, fine, whatever you like, I am not going to continue being in a Looney Tunes episode one moment longer, I'm late, I'm late for a, no, no, Louis Carroll influences can bugger off, too." he vanishes from the void in a shower of violet sparkles.

Dell rolls over in her sleep, pulling the sheets around her, weaving them into a cocoon. Her right hand tingles like it's going numb, purple sparks appearing inside the the gem embedded in her palm. The wall glows softly and in a shower of purple glitter, Harvey appears, "Well, she's no Jessica, but...no, no, no rabbit references. For God's sake, man, pull yourself together. You're a professional."

"Mmmrrrrnnnnnnmmmm." Dell blearily opens her eyes, "Who? What? Wait, Jack? Oh, still dreaming, that makes sense. Why are you dressed like...that?"

"I'm not Jack. I am..."

"Yeah, sure, Jack, you can't fool me. Oh, right, Easter's coming. Funny."

"I am not..."

"So, whatcha want? I mean, at least you're not kidnapping my friends into the dream this time."

"I am not...actually, fine, sure, whatever." his nose twitches, "I just thought we could hang out, do some magic..."

"Oh? Sounds like fun" she throws the cover off, "Well, turn around, I'm not getting dressed with you watching me." Harvey looks nonplussed before turning away, "That's better. I don't care if you're the spirit of Halloween or whatever, no peeking." she pulls at the hem of her faded t-shirt, "Wait, I am so stupid! This is a dream! That makes it so much easier." She closes her eyes, her hand pulses and her t-shirt and underwear becomes a bright orange leotard, "Ta-daaa!! You can look now."

Harvey turns, and tries to whistle around his rabbit teeth, to disappointing effect. "You do scrub up nicely, I'll say that." he offers his arm, getting a light, possibly playful, punch in the ribs for his trouble.

"You'd better believe it, buster. So, what do you have planned?"

"P-planned?"

"For our magic fun, genius."

"Oh, yes, right, right, that. Follow me."

He steps into the wall. "Oh, so easy." Dell dives into the wall, leaving it rippling behind her as she follows into the void inside the van.

They emerge into one of the rooms. Harvey snaps his fuzzy fingers and spotlights blaze onto the small stage. "Now, where would they have put it..."

"Put what?"

"The trick, of course!"

"Don't shout, Jack. This all just a dream, so, can't we just..." she waves vaguely and a five-part mismatched cabinet rolls across the stage. Harvey closes his mouth before anyone notices, "You're usually the one playing games here. It's almost making me suspicious."

"S-suspicious?"

She pats his furry cheek. "Almost. Mmmm. Soft. I like this look on you. Makes you like big cuddly teddy." She opens the doors, standing with a ta-da pose before backing into the cabinet. "Well..."

"I am NOT a big fluffy teddy bear!"

"Ok, ok, you're not. So, are you going to start doing hideous things to me or what?"

Harvey stares for several long seconds before gathering his professionalism, "Ladies annnnd gentlemen, for your entertainment tonight, I shall be performing the impossible, and, before your very eyes, shall be dividing this lovely young lady into not two, not three, not even four, but into FIVE separate pieces!"

Inside the cabinet, Dell opens her mouth into a faux-frightened 'O'. Harvey closes the cabinet on her, one door at a time, fastening each firmly in place. Dell grins just before the last door closes.

"Bye-bye..."

Harvey pulls out a set of square blades, walking back and forth in front of the cabinet, clashing them together. "Well, they seem solid, but, so did our brave assistant."

"Hey! Are you calling me fat?!"

Harvey stops, a little discombobulated at the interruption from inside the box, before sliding the first blade into Dell's knees. A blood-curdling scream emerges from the box. He drops the blade with a clatter.

"Got you."

"Very funny." he grouches as he stoops to pick up the blade.

"You're a grouch today."

He slams the blade in with a little more than necessary vigour, shaking the cabinet.

"Ok, got it, got it, even in a dream I've got to behave. Man, my subconscious is whipped."

"Moving on!" he clashes the blades together and slams them in at her waist.

A soft 'oof' comes from the cabinet. He clashes a third set of blades and drives them under her ribs.

Harvey clashes the last set of blades. A mostly rhythmic thumping comes from the currently combined top two boxes.

"What now?!"

"I'm just getting a drum-roll of excitement going."

"Well, don't!" he harrumphs, "It's unprofessional."

Dell falls silent as the final blades press against her throat and then slam through.

"As you can clearly see, my lovely assistant has been neatly divided."

"I don't believe it!"

Harvey scowls briefly. "Will you be quiet?!"

"I'm just playing the audience."

He grinds his teeth, which is pretty impressive given the teeth. "Don't do that. I am perfectly capable of managing a phantasmal audience without comments from the boxjumper."

"Fine."

"Can I continue?"

Silence.

"I'll take that as a yes." He unlatches the top box and lifts it away, heavy with a sullen silence.

He continues to unstack the grudgingly silent boxes, placing them around the stage in blatant disorder.

"But I can sense some of you aren't convinced..." he waits for the interruption, but the boxes remain stubbornly quiet, "...so let's see what she looks like now." he reaches down, flicking open a box of Dell's thighs. "Well, that's nice, but..." the next box reveals her chest, hands flipping him off. He quickly shuts the doors again. "Unprofessional." He reveals her feet, stomach and a face scowling with the full force of teenage petulance and disdain, remaining sullenly silent. Harvey sighs in the

face of her glower, “Well, I suppose you'll want putting back together now?” Silence, “Ok, then.” He shrugs, closes up the boxes and starts to restack them. His hand trembles. Staring down, purple sparkles dripping as his fingers start to pull back into a paw. “Oh, buggeration!! Sorry, but I'm going to have to leave rather sooner than I intended.” his other hand quavers, his nose twitching. “Hey!! Hey!!!! You can't leave me like this.” “Nothing I can do.” he starts hopping off, the cabinet piece stuck between his paws, “I'm late, I'm late for a very, no, no bloody Carroll!!!” and he vanishes.

Some time later, “...and that's how I ended up here. And there. And there. And wherever he's left my stomach!”

Paul and Jackie exchange meaningful, distrusting glances. In the corner, Harvey covers his eyes with his paws and hops away.