

Chapter 4: What Every Cinderella Needs

Written by Industry Nexus

[The crew at Industry Nexus occasionally take a break from their day jobs as entertainment guru to serialized stroy Ali In Wonderland.](#)

[A link to the previous chapters can be found here.](#)



Ali saw the leather jacket, the slicked-back black hair, could sense the six pack abs underneath it all, and deep in her heart, she knew. Even though he was hitchhiking and drinking out of a bottle in a paper bag, she could make no mistake.

“Oh my god – it’s really you!” she squealed.

The man looked up at her, trying to focus his red-rimmed eyes. “Do I know you?”

“No, but you will soon,” Ali said confidently. She walked over and extended her hand. “My name is Ali. Mr.

Cade, can I just say, it is an honor to meet you.”

He stared at her hand, puzzled, then took a swig from his bottle.

Ali hesitated. “You’re Michael Cade, right? You played Sylvester” – Ali fashioned her fingers into air quotes for effect – “Sly’ Winkle on *California*
Dreams !”

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The man started to stumble away. “I think you’ve got the wrong guy, missy.”

Ali grabbed his hand and tugged him back toward her. “No, sir – I’ve got the *right* guy! This is so perfect!

You played a manager on a hit teen TV series for five years, and I am going to be a famous Hollywood actress, and all famous Hollywood actresses need managers, right?”

Sly just stared at her.

“I know!” Ali continued. “This is totally fate – I mean, not only was your show called *California Dreams*

hello, that’s totally a sign!

But also, you’re the perfect man for the job.

“I mean obviously you’re a good manager, because The Dreams were a totally successful band even though they only ever played at Sharkeys, but also you’re good at makeovers, because there was that episode where you totally changed your looks and personality so that Tiffani would like you. You’ve definitely got a good heart because of that one episode where you dated a blind girl you met through a computer dating service, and you must have all sorts of great hook-ups because you scored Tiffani those steroids so that she could try out for the national volleyball team! Oh, *and* I know you’ll do anything to get your client a job because of the episode where you totally dated that fat girl so the band would get a paying gig!”

Ali stared at Sly, blinking excitedly. Sly stared back, nodding vacantly.

“Don’t you see?! You’re like... my fairy godmanager!” Ali hopped up and down, clapping her hands, then she grabbed Sly’s hand again.

“Let’s go.

Hollywood is this way, right?”

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She continued down the sidewalk, fairy godmanager in tow. “You must know a lot of people at NBC still, right? I mean, you were totally their bread and butter in '96!”

Sly finally spoke: “Am I gonna get ten percent?”

Ali stopped and turned to face Sly. “You, Mister Winkle, will get *twenty*.”

Ali started walking again, her stride reeking of confidence. Sly stumbled along behind her as they left the Valley, heading in roughly the general direction of Hollywood.