FADE IN

EXT. FISHING HOLE - EVENING

A calm evening on a tranquil lake surrounded by trees.

NIGEL, 40’s, a heavy set fellow with thinning hair and an open Hawaiian shirt fishes over the side of a rickety wooden boat.

    NIGEL
    Come on, boys. Just one lil’ bite... a nibble?

He downs the last of drop of crap beer and tosses the can on the pile of empties in the bow.

    NIGEL (CONT’D)
    Serves you right then...

Nigel stands and unzipps his trousers to piss over the side.

Just then, a brilliant fireball screams over his head, slashing through the night.

    NIGEL (CONT’D)
    Holy...

The boat shifts with Nigel’s sudden reaction and capsizes, dumping everything into the lake.

Nigel surfaces amongst the beer cans.

    NIGEL (CONT’D)
    Shit!!

EXT. WOODED ROAD - NIGHT

The headlights from Nigel’s beat up truck pierce the mist that crawls over the dirt road.

INT. NIGEL’S TRUCK

Nigel squints through the dirty windshield as a Hula Girl dances on his dashboard.

EXT. WOODED ROAD

The truck swerves right where the trees appear to have been obliterated.
The tires crush burning branches as it traverses the newly minted trail.

EXT. CLEARING AROUND ALICE’S SHIP - NIGHT

At the end of the trail, a small, circular flying saucer lies half buried in the earth.

A tree, barely vertical from the impact, falls forward and smashes into the disk.

INT. NIGEL’S TRUCK

Nigel is wide-eyed and slack jawed as he pulls into the clearing.

EXT. NIGEL’S TRUCK

Still dripping, Nigel steps out of the muddy truck.

EXT. CLEARING

    NIGEL
    Hello? You alright in there?

Knocking can be heard from within the vessel.

    NIGEL (CONT’D)
    Hold on, saucer people...

Nigel drops the magazine, runs back to his truck and pulls a chain from the bed.

    NIGEL (CONT’D)
    I got this!

EXT. NIGEL’S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Tires spit dirt and gravel as the tree is dragged away.

EXT. CLEARING AROUND ALICE’S SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

A circular door opens on top of the flying saucer. Escaping steam hisses around it.

ALICE (20’s), a helmeted female figure dressed in a skin tight metallic jumpsuit, slinks out of the wrecked craft.
A bare midriff and inappropriate cleavage show off her purplish skin, covered with leopard like spots.

**NIGEL**

...make a grown man cry.

She stumbles a little, then steadies herself.

The woman takes off her helmet and throws it at the ground.

**ALICE**

Frunious bitch!!

**NIGEL**

That’s a nice ride. I’d Hate to pay that deductible.

Alice nods, frowns and exhales loudly.

**ALICE**

Tu brillig es Alice...Thank you for uffishing with my gimble.

**NIGEL**

Tu brillig es...Nigel. I think.

Alice rolls her beautiful eyes and plops down on her helmet and points to a blinking device on her wrist

**ALICE**

Uffish is whiffling...Coming. Help. Help is coming. Tu frunious translator gone all bandersnatch...

Nigel smiles.

**NIGEL**

That’s ok. I’m often bandersnatching...and at the worst possible time, lord knows my wife can tell you that!

Alice raises an eyebrow and laughs.

**ALICE**

Nigel mimsy bandersnatched?

The device on Alice’s wrist beeps steadily.

**NIGEL**

Wait a minute...are we talking about the same thing?
With a dazzling smile, Alice stands up and saunters towards Nigel.

ALICE
Nigel VORPAL mimsy!

She leans in and plants a sweet kiss on Nigel’s cheek. Literal sparks fly from her lips as Nigel stands completely still. Alice steps back, picks up her helmet and is almost instantly bathed in a column of brilliant light, along with her ship. Nigel shields his eyes for a second...

Then whoosh! Gone. The girl. The ship. Only the furrowed earth remains.

NIGEL
Well what the fuck?!

EXT. THE RUSTY NAIL PUB - NIGHT

Nigel nurses a pint of Guinness at the nearly empty bar as CLOVIS, 60’s, tends bar in a sweat-stained white shirt and eyes devoid of any hopes or dreams. THORNTON, 50’s, a bar fly who will likely die in this very spot, sits a few stools down.

NIGEL
...and then she was just like...Whoosh! Gone! Just like that.

Clovis wipes glasses with shirt tails.

CLOVIS
You mean to tell me you went to rescue this alien bitch and all she did was kiss you?

Nigel nods and sips his Guinness.

CLOVIS (CONT’D)
Well, I tell you, my friend, you done got royally fucked. Totally, completely and premium quality fucked.

NIGEL
How so?
Clovis puts the glass away and leans forward on the bar.

CLOVIS
You rescue an alien and they give you superpowers! Everyone knows this. A super suit! Glowing jewelry that makes ridiculous objects appear out of thin air!

THORNTON
Yeah! You could be zippin’ all over town, cape flappin’ behind you; not hidin’ here from your wife! Though I can understand why, knowin’ Gladys.

Thornton leans over and punches Nigel in the arm.

NIGEL
Owww! Bloody Hell! What’d you do that for?!

THORNTON
Not impervious to pain. That’s unfortunate.

CLOVIS
Hmmm. Maybe the super powers are dormant...Let’s find out!

Clovis and Thornton laugh as Clovis pulls out a shotgun from under the bar.

Nigel’s phone buzzes. The screen shows a smiling GLADYS (40’s), smiling and attractive.

NIGEL
Alright, boys. Wish me luck.

THORNTON
That’s a dead man walkin...

EXT. NIGEL’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nigel’s truck rumbles to a stop in front of a modest brick house in a quiet neighborhood.

A figure peeks through a lace curtain, then disappears abruptly as the porch light flickers on.

NIGEL
Hail Mary, full of grace...
INT. NIGEL’S FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Nigel walks in and puts his keys in a painted ceramic bowl shaped like a girl in a swimming pool.

    NIGEL
    I know you’re up. I can feel your breath on the back of my neck.

INT. NIGEL’S LIVING ROOM

The TV is on. GLADYS, (40’s) sits on the couch in a ratty old bath robe. The etched lines on her brow indicate that yes, Nigel is a dead man.

    GLADYS
    Down at the Nail, were you? Did you, I don’t know, some how forget that you are supposed to work tomorrow?

    NIGEL
    I can explain...Honest. You see there was this...

Suddenly, a light flashes outside the window.

Gladys instantly transforms from a furious housewife into a seductive woman of insatiable desire.

With a strippers flair, she tosses her robe on the floor and throws herself onto Nigel.

    GLADYS (CONT’D)
    (between kisses) You don’t...have to explain...anything...only...

She reaches down to his crotch and smiles broadly

    GLADYS (CONT’D)
    Now THAT is a vorpal mimsy!

Nigel smiles.

EXT. NIGEL’S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights in the house go dark.

FADE TO BLACK