

NIGEL ESCAPES DEATH

Written by

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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 unzips 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

(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