

JUST A LITTLE NUDGE?

Written by

The Impatient One

FADE IN:

INT. SCENIC APARTMENT - DAY

An expensive one-bedroom unit tastefully decorated with furniture designed for looks rather than comfort. A Monopoly set takes up most of the table.

A tiny drone hovers near a window looking outside. On the couch, GORDON (38) uses a near-future tablet to watch the drone's camera feed. A patch of grass.

GORDON

It's the same thing every day.

The drone swivels a bit, a small group of lizards appears on the tablet screen. Angry, Gordon tosses it on the couch.

The door opens, in steps BARBARA (35) carrying groceries. She removes a transparent facemask, drops it into a box with a UV light inside. She sets the grocery bag on a counter.

GORDON

They're still there.

He holds up the tablet, but she knows what he means.

BARBARA

I'm sorry, but do you expect them to leave on their own?

GORDON

If just one coyote happened to find them... I wouldn't have sixty million dollars tied up waiting to develop that land.

Barbara puts a beer in front of Gordon, kisses the top of his head, steps back to the kitchen.

BARBARA

You know that won't happen. Too many humans around.

GORDON

Stupid little endangered lizards. I want to get this place ready for when things open back up, and we can't move them because they have a "specific ecological niche" and wouldn't survive somewhere else.

BARBARA

I've heard that before. You could, maybe, eliminate them yourself.

Gordon seethes at the image of his four-legged adversaries.

GORDON

Having AV21 come right on the heels of Covid was a real gut-punch. And this one we got now... anyway, people are going to want a place to party. And party hard.

Barbara slices into a meat-like roll of... something.

BARBARA

Shooting them would be too obvious, but they could all get sick.

(Gordon looks up)

I've been bored, too, did some research. NRS or UBT would do it.

Barbara slips, cuts herself, covers the wound immediately, runs into the bathroom.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Barbara keeps a tight grip on the towel covering her hand, opens the medicine cabinet with an elbow. Tears wash out a color-shifting contact lens into the sink.

GORDON (O.S.)

You okay? That's what you get for hatching evil schemes. Which, come to think of it, might just work.

She turns on the water. The eye that lost a lens is reptilian, the blood running down the drain is orange.

BARBARA

I'm fine.

Barbara fumbles for a small communicator, mashes a button, speaks in a quiet but intense voice.

BARBARA

Five plagues in eight years, and these apes are still here. I am getting tired of waiting to develop this rock. Send something that will finish the job.

FADE OUT.