

INVASION OF THE SLEEP DEPRIVED ALIENS

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright 2022
simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A married couples bedroom, a king sized bed in the middle of the room. His and hers wardrobes and cupboards on opposite sides of it. The light from the rising morning sun begins to seep through the thick flowery curtains.

LIZ, 28, plump, messy blonde hair and mobile phone gripped tightly in her right hand slowly rolls over, still half asleep. Alone in the bed.

ANDY, 30, handsome with a yellow hard hat on and high visibility jacket. He comes bursting inside the bedroom, his dirty work boots leaving imprints into the carpet behind him as he goes.

He has a gun in his right hand, grabs onto Liz and shakes her awake with his left.

She opens her eyes. Sees him.

LIZ
What the hell are you doing?

ANDY
We've got to go.

LIZ
You should be at work and I should be asleep. What the hell are you doing here?

ANDY
Alien invasion. We've got to go.

She looks him up and down. Sees the gun.

LIZ
What the hell have you got a gun for?

ANDY
Did you not hear me. Alien invasion. We're all going to die.

LIZ
You're scaring me.

ANDY
Good, because they're here to kill us.

She sits up. Reaches out and tries to snatch the gun from him.

LIZ

No guns in this house. I've warned you before. I swear to god I'll divorce you. No guns! You know how they make me feel.

ANDY

Can you not hear me? Alien invasion. Actual aliens. They're invading the whole god damn planet. And these aren't the type to come in peace. Now are you going to put some clothes on or just sit here and wait for them to come on up here and eat your brains?

Liz is confused.

LIZ

Say what?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Andy still with the gun in hand pulls Liz out from their house. She's still in the same PJ's that she was wearing in bed but with a large winter coat over her shoulders.

All along the street they see GREY skinned alien's. The same size as young CHILDREN. Dressed in silver space suits and holding onto powerful looking ray guns.

They almost look human, but their skin and pitch black eyes and unusual clothes give them away for what they really are.

Andy pulls Liz towards a parked car. They hide. Both breathing heavy.

LIZ

I'm so scared.

ANDY

Keep your voice down. I don't plan on either of us getting eaten today.

Andy and Liz peer around the car. Seeing the aliens are everywhere. They're trapped. No matter which direction they might try and run in there's going to be an alien and a ray gun waiting for them.

LIZ

Do you think they've taken over the whole planet? Is this the beginning of the end?

Andy reaches over, gently takes a hold of her hand.

ANDY

We've got to stick together and stay alive.

He stands up, his knees weak and shaking. Then, with a smile and a nod encourages Liz to slowly stand up with him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Lets go!

They make a desperate run for it. They pass desperately close to one of the aliens. Andy looks over at its grey face.

The alien yawns. Andy frowns.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He looks again, and again for sure the alien yawns wildly. Andy punches this small alien as hard as he can in the face and it hits the ground with a dull thud.

Another alien curls up and sleeps on the ground close to them.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What the hell is this. It must be a trick.

Andy and Liz look at the aliens all around them. All look dead on their feet. Exhausted. Yawning. Laying right down onto the ground to sleep.

LIZ

If it's a trick it's either very good or very stupid. Because I'm so confused right now.

ANDY

Well isn't that the point of tricks. To confuse? Remember that magician at Carl's birthday party. Every trick he did left me scratching my head.

LIZ
(disgusted)
You mean Carl your nephew? The four
year old? His birthday party? The
children's magician?

Andy wags a finger at her.

ANDY
That magician was good.

Another alien yawns wildly before dropping down at their
feet.

Andy and Liz now stroll calmly amongst the group of aliens.

Andy picks one of them up, like a human child. He's able to
easily lift it up before slamming it down onto the hard
ground. Head first. A power slam.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Die alien scum!

LIZ
What are you doing?

Liz reaches out and with a smile closes the eyes of another
alien. The alien falls asleep still standing upright.

LIZ (CONT'D)
They're all very sleepy looking.

ANDY
Yeah, maybe this is what they look
like right before a killing spree.

LIZ
I guess traveling across galaxies
is exhausting.

Andy reaches out and steals a ray gun.

ANDY
Well these are dangerous looking.

LIZ
You don't know that.

ANDY
Dan-ger-ous. An alien army. We need
to go before they wake up.

Liz takes off her coat and lays it down across one of the
sleeping aliens. Tucks him in as he lays on the ground.

Andy watches on, horrified.

 ANDY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

 LIZ
They look cute.

 ANDY
Cute!

 LIZ
They're just so tired. It's sweet.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Liz sets about setting up a makeshift 'crash pad'. Pillows and blankets on the floor. Setting up as many little beds as she can.

She then guides a few of the aliens inside, helping them to lay down onto these beds. One after another, soon filling up the whole front room with them.

Andy, with arms crossed refusing to help watches on utterly disgusted.

Liz glances across at him as she continues to work alone.

 LIZ
You know, you could help me?

 ANDY
They're an invading alien force
hell bent on our destruction or
enslavement. I'm not helping.

 LIZ
Well, wouldn't it make sense to be
nice to them.

 ANDY
And if these are some kind of space
Nazis?

Liz puts a finger to her lips. She shushes him.

 LIZ
Don't dare wake them up.

ANDY

Oh yeah, Ok. Don't dare wake the
space Nazi up. Yeah, of course. How
rude of me.

As Andy raises his voice one of the Alien's, who's laying
down, still with his ray gun clenched onto with both hands,
begins to raise up.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(terrified)

Look out.

Andy runs over and kicks the alien hard in the side of the
head, knocking it out cold.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Prepare to die you damn space Nazi.

Andy goes to stamp on the Alien's head, to finish it off. But
Liz leaps up and shoves Andy back, pushing him into the wall
behind him.

LIZ

(yelling)

No more hitting them!

Liz cradles the alien in her arms. Gently rocking and humming
it back to sleep.

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's OK. Go back to sleep. You're
ok.

ANDY

You're hugging the enemy.

LIZ

Go out and get some more.

ANDY

More space Nazi's? You want me to
go and get MORE space Nazi's.

LIZ

I'm not scared of them.

ANDY

Well I am.

LIZ

Just go get me more.

Andy mockingly salutes her with his ray gun. Goes to leave.

ANDY

You want space Nazi's, fine. I'll
fill the god damn house with them.
Just don't come crying to me. Space
Nazi loving psycho.

Andy storms out. Liz is left with her Alien's, smiling she
couldn't be happier.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Andy steps outside, there's a couple of Alien's just outside
the front door. He punches both as hard as he can in the
face. Knocking them both to the ground.

Andy then aims the ray gun out in front of him. He fires,
anticipating a great powerful weapon, instead he gets fun
sounding sound effects.

Andy inspects the ray gun closer.

ANDY

It's a toy?

Andy looks up, sees parents coming out to collect their
sleepy 'Alien's.' Picking them up and carrying them to their
nearby cars.

A smiling mother and father approach Andy.

FATHER

Kids, they love a costume party
don't they.

ANDY

Costume?

MOTHER

Have you seen ours around here.
They've spent the day playing
Aliens and are so exhausted. It's
so cute. They wondered out here
looking for their parents.

Andy looks down at his fists, sees grey face paint on them.

ANDY

Oh damn. Hang on, I'll be right
back.

Andy makes a run for it. Knowing he's messed up bad he does
the only thing left to do, he runs.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END