

Talking About Giants and Aliens!

An Audio Film

By

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CHARACTERS

SEAN is an unfocused young man who doesn't talk much. He can be rather witty and cheeky but he is fun company. Not much frightens him.

JACK is a light hearted guy who likes to talk and push SEAN's calm and collected nature. He enjoys SEAN's witty attitude and joins in with his own teasing come-backs.

1. EXT. Back Garden. Housing Estate. Evening.

On a cold winter evening two friends are at home.

SEAN is outside gazing at the stars and JACK exits the house to join him.

JACK
Awfully cold out here. When is the
meteor shower supposed to start?

SEAN
Anytime now.

Sean opens a can of cider.

Off in the distance is a strange sound. Like creaking metal and breaking ice. A low hum accompanying it.

JACK
(Curiously)
Can you hear that?

SEAN
(Absent minded)
Yep.

JACK
Really?

SEAN
Yep.

JACK
Really, really?

SEAN
Yep, yep.

JACK
Really, really, really?

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
(Slightly irritated)
(Sigh) God man, I can hear it.

The sounds gets closer, louder.

JACK
(In dreamy wonder)
Maybe it's the compression and
rarefaction of the air pressure as
a giant stomps on his icy pond
hundreds of miles above us in his
kingdom on a floating cloud.

A beat.

SEAN
Or... perhaps... it's aliens.

A beat. Sounds get even louder.

JACK opens a can of cidre.

JACK
Don't be silly Sean, Besides, my
theory is much better. More fairy
tale or pantomime themed.

SEAN
Is the pantomime on the tele? I
remember watching it with my mum.
Who was that comedian who always
had a part?

JACK
Huh, Julian Clary, yeah. I also
watched them with my mum as a young
lad. I always liked the 'Jack and
the Beanstalk' play.

SEAN
Why? 'Cause your name's Jack?

JACK
Yeah... One time I dreamt I traded
my brother for a bag of magic
beans.

Sounds are close. A strong wind blows. JACK's Jacket rustles
in the breeze.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Ah! Where did this wind come from?

SEAN

Oh, here they are.

JACK

Who?

SEAN

The aliens.

JACK

Wait, What?... You were serious?

SEAN

Yep.

Alien ship's door opens. Rushing air steams out. Two aliens step onto the drawbridge door.

ALIEN 1

hhjdfguygferhgfiushgd
hfsidhvbdfkjvhkjdfshgvgkjsd
jndskvbnjhksdbvkjsdbvk
njdsjvbnsdkjvbkjhsvdbv?

ALIEN 2

hdfjbgjhdfkjghfdkjg
jhfksehfgjsgfkjs hjfsdbfjh
fjksdbfkjhdsbfk
jfknsfjbndksjbfbkjdbfk fkdjsbfn
kjfsdbfnk.

The aliens speak in a language neither SEAN nor JACK can understand. The two humans are confused.

JACK

Huh? What did they say?

SEAN

How could I know?

JACK

Well then ask them to speak,
(articulate) Good Old English.

SEAN

You ask.

ALIEN 1

hfdsfghgjkhfdgjkhfdkj jhsfdkjhgjsh
jh sdfkjkhj hdf vjhsfkjghkjh
jkhskdjhgfkhhkjhs jhsbdkjfhk.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Ah, there we go... He wants to probe you Sean... Don't be rude, go with them.

SEAN

(Speaking to JACK)

...Yeah, no. Not happening.

(Now speaking to the aliens)

Hey! Bugger off!

ALIEN 2

hjdgfkjhgdk?

The aliens step back into there ship, the door closes behind them and flies off, blowing the wind across the trees.

SEAN

There we go, bloody aliens.

JACK

You could've been nicer. I'm sure they just wanted to probe you.

SEAN

Shut up.

JACK

Ooohhh. Look the meteor shower's starting.

The distant sound of a meteor whistling through the atmosphere, but then...

...a bang, and a crashing and a crackle.

THE END.