

Diz-Wit

By

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(with review/consultation by Matthew Pauli and Alice Adler)

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EXT. THE ZOO IN FRONT OF THE ZEBRA EXHIBIT - DAY

The animals stand silently. People are meandering around and looking at the various animals in their enclosures.

TIMMY, a seven-year-old armed with a small, plastic telescope, stares past the zebras and instead looks at the sky. He looks at a quadrant, puts the telescope in the crook of his arm and makes a notation in a small notebook. His mother, MRS. BUTTERMAN is busily taking pictures of the surrounding enclosures.

MRS. BUTTERMAN

They're such majestic creatures!
Timmy, aren't they just wonderful?

Timmy ignores his mother and continues his observations.

TIMMY

Quadrant A1, all clear.

He makes a check in the notebook and turns a quarter turn, away from the animals to once again look at the sky through his telescope.

Mrs. Butterman glances at her son and sighs.

MRS. BUTTERMAN

Timmy, we came to the zoo to see
the animals, not to patrol the
skies.

TIMMY

Quadrant B1, all clear.

Mrs. Butter sighs and goes back to taking pictures.

From the other direction, a small, silver spaceship silently flies towards the zebra and hovers just below its belly.

INT. SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS

The main compartment holds two tiny alien life forms. MOLTAR is green with many tentacles protruding from his head. BOODAN, his younger sibling is orange with splotches of green across his face.

Moltar punches his younger sibling in his appendage.

MOLTAR

You-are-a-diz-wit.
That-is-not-a-gir-affe.
That-is-a-ze-bra.

(CONTINUED)

BOODAN

You-are-wrong.
Look-at-the-stri-a-tions.
De-fin-ate-ly gir-affe.

They both once again glance at the zebra.

MOLTAR

Let-us-ask-the-giant-mop-pet-stand-ing-there.

EXT. THE ZOO - CONTINUOUS

The spaceship remains suspended below the belly of the zebra. Its loudspeaker emerges from the top. It emits a high whine but the words are audible.

MOLTAR

(through the loudspeaker)
Mop-pet. What-an-i-mal-is-this?

TIMMY

(squeaks)
Mom, see? I told you! It's a space
ship! It's a space ship!

Mrs. Butterman puts down her camera and looks at her son somewhat sternly. The spaceship flies up around the zebra and hovers behind her head.

MRS. BUTTERMAN

How many times do I have to tell
you? There are no such things as
space aliens or space ships.
Haven't you ever heard of the Boy
Who Cried Wolf?

Timmy excitedly brandishes his telescope and points it at the ship.

TIMMY

I know, Mom, but I'm not crying
wolf. I'm crying spaceship.

THE END.