

Pilot

101

by Kyle Eggleston

Ten Years Ago

Joseph Evans was driving along a long stretch of road. He was headed home after a medical conference five hours away from his home town. It was pitch black out, the last day of the conference had run late. Joe was sipping on a cup of black coffee to help keep him awake. He was listening to the radio, some oldie station was playing. Joe sang along to it.

His car slowed to a stop. The radio went dead, the lights went out. Joe turned his key over, the engine did not start back up. He was stuck.

“What the hell?” Joe asked. “What’s going on here?”

A bright white light shone above the vehicle. It was brighter than the sun at noonday. Joe squinted as he tried to look up at the source of the light. A flying saucer hovered high above Joe’s Jeep.

Moments passed. The Jeep started back up. As the radio blared back to life, Joe shook his head. It was an odd thing that had happened. Did he really see a flying saucer? Checking the time, six hours had passed in a matter of minutes. Joe gasped. He thumped the clock with his finger, maybe it just wasn’t working properly.

“What the hell was that?!” Joe exclaimed. Shaking his head he continued driving home.

Present Day

Joe walked down the sidewalk in his home town of Townsend Arizona. It was a simple town with simple folk. The sidewalks rolled up at nine p.m. like clockwork. The local druggist always managed to have the right medications for what ails ya. It was just that kind of town to live in. Joe rather enjoyed it.

Looking down the sidewalk, Joe saw something that he wasn’t expecting. It appeared to be a small gray alien. He stopped dead in his tracks. Was he really seeing what he thought he saw? No one else seemed to be noticing the alien like he was. Talk about a wild day to be alive. First aliens then what? Joe was confused.

The alien stared Joe down. He pointed at Joe and smiled. His teeth were perfectly white. Joe was expecting ... well he couldn't tell you what he was expecting but white teeth was not it. Smooth and white.

Joe stepped into an alleyway to avoid the alien. It knew he could see him. Joe couldn't understand why no one else saw the alien. Was it just something in his mind? Was he going mental? Was he going crazy? There were too many questions to be answered that he just didn't have the answers to. Joe's heart was beating hard. He found it difficult to breathe.

The alien tracked Joe down, found him in the alleyway. "I can hear your heart beating human." He said in a smooth cool tone. "Why do you hide from me? Do you not want to know why I am here?"

Joe didn't care why the alien was there. He just wanted to be left alone. "Are you here to abduct me?" He asked.

The alien held up a finger. "Not today." He said.

Not today? Joe thought. *What the fuck does that mean?!* Had he been abducted before? There was that time ten years ago where hours of time seemed to go missing... it suddenly clicked. He *had* been abducted by aliens before.

"Now, don't go worrying about that. Don't go crazy on me." The alien said. "I'm in a bit of a jam. You see my spaceship crashed. I can't repair it. Since we have somewhat of a report you and I, I thought you might be able to help me out?"

Joe laughed. Not go crazy. Him? Right! Like *that* was going to happen. "What report do you and I have exactly?" Joe asked. "Hmm? Can you answer that?!" He waited for a response from the alien life form.

"Yes, well maybe we can discuss that at another place and time Joe." The alien said. "It all depends on if you'll help me or not."

Joe was beside himself. "Well, if you're going to stay on Earth for who knows how long, you're going to need to fit in. I suggest some clothing and perhaps you should look, oh I don't know *human*."

The alien nodded. With a snap of its finger it changed into a female form. A naked female form. Joe averted his eyes.

"Clothes! Clothes would be good!" He said.

The alien looked down at her appearance. "Oh right!" She snapped her fingers again and a red dress appeared covering her body. She smiled. "How's this?"

Joe looked over, he nodded his approval. She had long red hair green eyes. She stood roughly five foot four in height. *Yeah she could pass for a human.* He mused. “Better. You’re going to need a name. What is your name?”

The alien laughed. “You can’t even begin to comprehend my name. I won’t try and tell it to you.” She said sighing. “How about you pick out a human name for me.”

Joe thought about it long and hard. He finally came upon a name. “Miranda.” He said. “Yes, I will call you Miranda.” Joe chuckled to himself. It wasn’t the *best* name, but it would work for the meantime.

“Okay, well you look human now. So off with you.” Joe said. He started to walk away.

“Wait!” Miranda yelled after him.

Joe stopped walking and turned around to face her. “What now?”

“You agreed to help me.” She said.

Joe looked perplexed. “I don’t remember offering my help.” He said. “I remember you thrusting yourself upon me telling me I would help you. There is a difference.” Joe folded his arms.

Miranda smiled. “You look kinda cute, for a human, when you’re upset.” She said.

Joe shook his head. “Oh no, don’t think your new womanly ways will get me to change my mind. You are an alien.” He said pointedly. “But ... I need to protect this town from you it would seem. If I don’t help you, you’ll just go to some other defenseless soul.” Joe sighed. Helping this alien was not in his best interest, but he had no other choice. Best be him instead of some poor fool.

“Fine. I will help you.” Joe said. “I’ll take you to my home. We can figure out things from there.”

They left the alleyway making their way to Joe’s home. Miranda seemed happy with the agreement, Of course she would be happy, Joe thought, the alien had a place to stay while she figured out how to repair her spaceship. Sure she *claimed* the ship couldn’t be fixed, but there wasn’t anything made that couldn’t be fixed. He would help her, maybe they could figure out how to fix her spaceship and she could leave Earth. Yeah that was the ticket, Joe thought.

“Personal log. I am going by the name Miranda on this blasted planet known as Earth. I’ll try to find a way to contact my home planet so I can go back home. There has to be some antenna array or something I can use here. This human I’ve somewhat befriended is going to help me. He just doesn’t know *how* he’ll help me, *yet*. End Log.”

The End