

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - SIDEWALK

PAULA SMITH, in a pencil skirt and blouse, walks down the sidewalk with her purse slung over her shoulder. Her hair blows due to the slight breeze, but she keeps her head held high as she continues to strut.

She passes an alleyway as she hears a *WHIRRING*. She stops in her tracks and backs up until she is at the mouth of the alley.

PAULA'S POV: A blue square becomes to shimmer into existence. With each passing *WHIR*, we get a clearer and clearer image of it -- a blue POLICE BOX.

Paula, astonished, runs towards it and begins to circle it, confused.

PAULA

Oh my goodness, oh my goodness, oh my goodness, they're real! Aliens from the fifties!

As she comes to the back, JOHN SMITH exits through the door into the police box, continuing to looking inside.

JOHN

Feel better, Rose. Just gonna do a bit of lookin' around.

He closes the door to the box as Paula circles towards him, neither one noticing each other. She soon bumps into him, both screaming in fear.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What in the Face of Boa's name is wrong with you?!

PAULA

Alien!!

JOHN

Uh, *clone of an alien*.

PAULA

Well, how did you make that police box appear right there? Well, I mean, it's right *there*, but I could've just said right *here*, and I don't know why I --

John places his hand out, stopping Paula.

JOHN

Don't.

He steps forward and places his hands in his pocket.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You see, I'm the doc -- John. And this thing right here is the TARDIS. The Time and Relative Dimension in Space.

PAULA

What...?

JOHN

They always ask questions. Anyway, I travel in time, and go ahead and tell anyone you like, because, trust me, they won't believe you.

She begins to dig around in her purse, and quickly pulls out her CELLPHONE. She slides it open and points it at the TARDIS.

PAULA

What if I take a picture?!

JOHN

Of what? A police box in an alleyway?

PAULA

Oh...

She puts her phone back into her purse.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Well, are all aliens British?

JOHN

Okay, again, I am a *clone*. And no, not every alien is British. Some speak languages you couldn't even imagine.

PAULA

Like what? Italian or something?

JOHN

You're not the sharpest tool in the shed, are ya?

PAULA

(sad)

No, not really.

John places his hand on Paula's shoulder, comforting.

JOHN

Oh, cheer up, would ya. Here, tell me what's wrong.

PAULA

Well, you see, I'm a talent agent...

John slowly begins to back up, inching towards the TARDIS.

PAULA (CONT'D)

And I have these two clients, and I haven't been able to book an audition for them...

John opens the door to the TARDIS and continues to creep inside.

PAULA (CONT'D)

And I really wanna --

He slams the blue door shut, startling Paula. She turns around.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Hey!

She runs towards the door and begins to pound on it.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Wait!! Hey!!

She backs up a few paces, not taking her eyes off of the TARDIS.

As the *WHIRRING* sound returns, Paula runs as fast as she can towards the TARDIS, but as she's about to slam her shoulder into it, it disappears, causing her to fall to the ground.

CLOSE UP: PAULA. She groans as she lies on the ground, disappointed and in a slight amount of pain.

PAULA (CONT'D)

I hate aliens.

She pushes herself to her feet and dusts off her clothes.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Stupid, British alien.

She turns on her heel, and walks towards the end of the
alley as we --

BLACKOUT.

THE END