

THE MOUTH OF THE GIFT HORSE

Written by  
SOMEONE TOO QUICKLY

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EXT. DOCTORS OFFICE, CAR PARK - DAY

A SWAT team, complete with armored vehicle, arrange themselves at one end of the asphalt.

The heavily armed men take up positions behind parked cars and aim a variety of weaponry at the building. Behind them, a handful of bystanders are held behind an orange cordon.

Next to the building, in the disabled parking spaces, is a flying saucer, a small one, but nonetheless just like something straight out of the X Files.

CAPTAIN PEGG, 40s, career cop and loving being out in the field, takes a loud hailer from a Trooper at his side.

PEGG  
(through hailer)  
If you surrender now we can discuss  
your demands.

Silence.

SERGEANT LANSING, 30s, worried look on his face, approaches, nudging DOCTOR GRAYSON, 50s, bemused, towards the Captain.

LANSING  
Here's the Doctor who called it in.

Pegg turns to view the Doctor.

PEGG  
This sure as hell better not be some  
juvenile prank.

GRAYSON  
My juvenile years are long gone.

Pegg nods.

PEGG  
So, what happened.

GRAYSON  
I don't want this to sound funny...  
or juvenile, but an alien knocked on  
my office door and said he needed to  
see the Head Doctor of the World.

PEGG  
Head Doctor?

GRAYSON  
Of the world, yes.

Lansing laughs.

GRAYSON (cont'd)  
See, it sounds funny.

LANSING  
Sorry, but...

GRAYSON  
I know.

The door to the surgery building opens.

A hundred guns zero in on the door... as a CLEANER comes running out.

PEGG  
(shouting)  
Stand down.

After a moment his men, reluctantly, do as ordered.

GRAYSON  
So now what?

LANSING  
We're waiting for orders.

Pegg shoots his subordinate a withering glance.

PEGG  
I am in charge of the alien incursion  
until such time as Command  
communicate their strategic plan.

GRAYSON  
So, waiting for orders.

Pegg ignores the Doctor and raises the hailer again.

PEGG  
(through hailer)  
We understand that you want to see  
the Head Doctor of the World, can you  
tell us what it's pertaining to?

LANSING  
Pertaining to? This is too surreal.

PEGG  
Anyone else in the building?

GRAYSON  
No, don't think so.

Pegg nods.

PEGG  
And the alien... what does he, it,  
whatever, look like?

Grayson pauses, chooses his words carefully.

Lansing leans in.

GRAYSON  
Grey.

LANSING  
What?

GRAYSON  
A Grey, like in the movies.

Lansing and Pegg look confused.

GRAYSON (cont'd)  
You know, grey, silvery skin, egg-  
shaped head, big black eyes, no nose.

The pair still look unsure.

GRAYSON (cont'd)  
You don't go to the movies, watch TV?

They look sheepish.

Grayson takes his phone out.

INSERT: Phone Screen - Alien Grey in the Doctors office.

LANSING  
Oh, yeah, one of those.

PEGG  
You took a selfie?

Grayson shakes his head.

GRAYSON  
You don't have kids, do you?

PEGG  
No, but I don't know what --

LANSING  
The Doctor means that he's not in the picture, so it can't be a selfie.

The banal conversation is cut short by a booming voice.

ALIEN  
Is the Head Doctor of Earth here yet?

Everyone looks to the building, eyes wide, jaws slack, fingers tighter on triggers.

PEGG  
He speaks American?

GRAYSON  
I don't think so.

LANSING  
What do you mean, I just heard him.

GRAYSON  
I think it's in our minds.

PEGG  
Telepa-thingy-ma-bob?

GRAYSON  
Telepathy. Yes, think so. His lips didn't move when he spoke to me.

Pegg raises the hailer again.

PEGG  
(through hailer)  
Yes, he's here.

Lansing looks round for the Head Doctor of the World.

GRAYSON  
What are you doing?

PEGG  
Luring him out.

GRAYSON  
Is that a good idea?

PEGG  
(through hailer)  
He's waiting to meet you.

LANSING  
I don't like this.

Grayson starts to back away.

The door to the Surgery opens.

A GREY ALIEN steps out.

ALIEN  
Where? I see only a lesser Doctor and  
armed xenophobes.

Pegg looks around for the xenophobes, but only sees his  
nervous men holding their weapons too tightly.

PEGG  
(through hailer)  
We can help you.

The Alien puts it's head on one side, considering something?

ALIEN  
I have a gift.

Pegg moves to use the hailer again, Grayson stops his arm.

GRAYSON  
He can hear you without it.

Pegg nods.

PEGG  
What is the gift?

ALIEN  
It is for all people, not just you.

PEGG  
I understand.

The Alien stares at Pegg, eyes fixed on his.

ALIEN  
No, I don't believe that is accurate.

PEGG  
But I --

ALIEN  
I will give it only to the Doctor, he  
will understand why.

PEGG  
But the Doctor is not in charge here.

ALIEN  
Why would that be relevant?

Pegg flusters again.

PEGG  
I have rank and authority to --

ALIEN  
I recognize neither, and see only a  
scared, confused man.

GRAYSON  
I will take it to the right people.

The Alien considers again for a moment.

ALIEN  
Yes, I believe you will try.

He steps forward and pulls something from behind his back.

The Alien's sudden movement tickles a score of trigger happy  
fingers into action.

Bullets fly.

GRAYSON  
No!

Too late, the Alien collapses to the floor, torso torn apart  
by bullet holes, ichor leaking from the multitude of wounds.

Grayson rushes to the Alien, a Doctor's instincts overriding  
any residual fear.

Too late, the Alien has already gone.

Grayson looks to the Alien's hand and the Gift he'd brought.

It's a large vial, shattered by gunfire, liquid already  
evaporating into the air.

On the side of the vial is a label.

INSERT: Label - COVID19, Vaccine, For Head Doctor of Earth.