

# **DOCTOR WHO 3**

## **Episode 8**

**By**

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**BLUE REVISIONS**

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1 INT. TARDIS - (PRE-TITLES) - DAY 9

1

All fast, hand held, the middle of an emergency. THE DOCTOR runs in, wild, wired, and as MARTHA runs in -

THE DOCTOR

Get down - !

She throws herself to the floor -





2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

SMITH  
That's me. Completely human.

CUT TO:

**TITLES.**

3 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 10 3

The perfect picture of the exterior of the school. SMITH, in mortarboard and cape, walks past SCHOOLBOYS in uniform, other TEACHERS. The cold air, brisk and bracing.

**CAPTION: FARRINGHAM SCHOOL FOR BOYS, HEREFORD. NOVEMBER 1913.**

MUSIC: a schoolboys' choir, 'He Who Would Valiant Be.'

CUT TO:

4 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 10 4

Choir continues. SMITH walking along, SCHOOLBOYS walking past. Smith gives a polite nod as he passes the headmaster, ROCASTLE. All upright and normal and very 1913.

CUT TO:

5 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY 10 5

SMITH reading from a book, to a class of BOYS. Written on the blackboard: THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

SMITH  
..the Anglo-allied army and the Prussians advanced with little impediment. The French were all but spent, with only two battalions of the old guard remaining. This final reserve force was charged with protecting Napoleon, but by evening, the advance of the allied troops had forced them to retreat...

Smith's volume low, keep volume up on the hymn.

CUT TO:

6 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 10 6

SMITH walks along... passing MARTHA, and her fellow maid JENNY, on their hands and knees, scrubbing the floor.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Morning, sir.

SMITH

(distracted)

Yes, quite...

And he walks on.

JENNY

Head in the clouds, that one. Don't know why you're so sweet on him.

MARTHA

I am not.

JENNY

Oh you're always watching him, I've seen you!

MARTHA

No, he's just kind to me, that's all. And not everyone's that considerate. What with me being...

She indicates her face, but it's an old joke between them:

JENNY

A Londoner?

MARTHA

Exactly! Old London Town!

Both laugh - an older boy, BAINES, struts past, with HUTCHINSON, both prefects, with a couple of other BOYS.

BAINES

Now then, you two! You're not paid to have fun, put a little backbone into it!

JENNY

Yes sir, sorry sir.

HUTCHINSON

You there, what's your name again?

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

The boys sniggering, saunter away. Martha mutters:

MARTHA

Very funny, 'sir.'

JENNY

Careful now. Don't answer back.

MARTHA

I'd answer back with my bucket over his head.

JENNY

7 CONTINUED:

7

JOAN

Oh! Let me give you a hand -

She goes to help, he puts his foot on the book -

SMITH

No no no, I've got it, no. Um. How best to retrieve..? Tell you what, if you could take these...

He hands the pile of books over to her, she takes them.

SMITH (CONT'D)

...that leaves me free...

He picks the book off the floor.

SMITH (CONT'D)

There!

JOAN

Good!

SMITH

No harm done. So! How was Jenkins?

JOAN

Just a cold, nothing serious. I think he's missing his mother more than anything.

SMITH

Well! Can't have that.

JOAN

He received a letter this morning so



7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

JOAN

We make quite a team.

SMITH

Don't we just?

Pause, both smiling.

JOAN

So... these books, were they being taken  
in any particular direction?

SMITH

Yes! This way!

And off they go...

CUT TO:

8 INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 10

8

SMITH & JOAN walking along, with books.

SMITH

I always say, Matron, give the boys a  
good head of steam, and they'll soon  
wear themselves out...

JOAN

Truth be told, when it's just you and  
me, I'd much rather you call me Nurse  
Redfern. 'Matron' sounds rather...  
well, matronly.

SMITH

Then Nurse Redfern it is.

JOAN

Though we've known each other for all of  
two months, now. You could even say,  
Joan.

SMITH

Joan?

JOAN

That's my name.

SMITH

Obviously!

JOAN

And it's John, isn't it?

SMITH

Yes, yes it is, yes.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

JOAN

Have you seen this, John?

There's a poster on a notice-board, for a village dance.

JOAN (CONT'D)

The annual dance, in the village hall,  
tomorrow night. Nothing formal, but  
rather fun, by all accounts, d'you think  
you'll go?

SMITH

Um. Hadn't thought about it.

JOAN

It's been ages since I went to a dance.  
Only... no one's asked me.

SMITH

Well! I should imagine you'd be... I  
mean, I never thought you'd be one for -  
I mean, there's no reason why you  
shouldn't - If you do. You may not. I  
probably won't. And even if I did.  
Then I couldn't. I mean, I wouldn't  
want to...

And during this, he's backing away from her.

JOAN

Um, the stairs.

SMITH

What about the stairs?

JOAN

They're right behind you.

SMITH

Yes.

He looks back and falls down the stairs - disappearing  
out of the bottom of frame, in a flurry of papers, with a  
scream.

CUT TO:

9 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 10

9 CONTINUED:

9

JOAN

Oh now, stop it. I get boys causing  
less fuss than this.

SMITH

Yes, but it hurts -

MARTHA rushes in, alarmed -

MARTHA

Is he all right?

JOAN

Um, excuse me, Martha, it's hardly good  
form to enter a master's study without  
knocking.

MARTHA

SMITH

I don't know. But almost every night...  
This is going to sound silly.

JOAN

Tell me.

SMITH

I dream, quite often, that... I have two  
hearts.

JOAN

Well then. I can be the judge of that,  
let's find out...

She gets her stethoscope. Listens to the left. Ba-boom,  
ba-boom... Martha watching... Then the stethoscope to  
the right. Nothing.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I can confirm the diagnosis. Just the  
one heart, singular.

SMITH

I've written down some of these dreams  
in the form of fiction. Not that it  
would be of any interest -

JOAN

I would be very interested.

Smith takes a notebook from his desk.

SMITH

I've never shown it to anyone before.

JOAN

'A Journal of Impossible Things.'

Joan opens it.

The book is full of scribbles and footnotes, scrawled in  
all sorts of patterns - some formal chapters, but with  
the margin full of tiny writing. And drawings.  
Beautiful - though amateur - drawings, some doodled, some  
more detailed.

Close on the book, on Joan, reading, on Smith, smiling  
(intimacy between them). And on Martha, listening.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Just look at these creatures... Such  
imagination.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

A drawing of a Slitheen. A Cyberman. A Dalek. Lazarus.  
Not perfect reproductions; an ordinary man's version.

SMITH

It's become quite a hobby.

JOAN

But it's wonderful... Oh, and quite an  
eye for pretty girls.

A drawing of Rose. Smith embarrassed.

SMITH

She's just, an invention, this  
character, Rose, I called her Rose, she  
seems to disappear later on...

JOAN

(turns page)

And what's this..?

A drawing of the Tardis. (No 'police' wording on it.)

SMITH

That's the box, the blue box. It's  
always there. Like a magic carpet. The  
funny little box that transports me to  
faraway places.

JOAN

Like a doorway.

SMITH

Sometimes I think... how magical life  
would be. If stories like this were  
true.

JOAN

If only.

SMITH

All just a dream.

A shy, intimate smile between Smith & Joan.

CUT TO:

10 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 10

10

MARTHA catches up to JOAN, who's carrying the journal.

MARTHA

Ma'am, that book -

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JOAN

I'll look after it, don't worry. He did say I could read it.

MARTHA

But... It's silly, that's all. Just stories.

JOAN

Who is he, Martha?

MARTHA

I'm sorry?

JOAN

It's like he's left the kettle on. Like he knows he has something to get back to, but can't remember what.

MARTHA

That's just... him.

JOAN

You arrived with him, didn't you? He found you employment, here at the school, isn't that right?

MARTHA

I used to work for the family, he just sort of... inherited me.

JOAN

Well, I'd be careful. If you don't mind my saying, sometimes you seem a little familiar with him. Best remember your position.

MARTHA

Yes ma'am.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 10

11

Functional beds all lined up, with bedside lockers. HUTCHINSON sprawled on his bed, reading a letter from home, BAINES & OTHER BOYS scattered about, as TIM LATIMER enters. He's younger than them, a quiet lad. Hutchinson throws a book at him.

HUTCHINSON

Ah! Latimer! Here you are, Latin translation, that blasted Catullus, I want it done by morning.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

TIM

Yes, sir.

HUTCHINSON

And no mistakes, I want it written in my best handwriting.

(to Baines, of the letter)

But listen! Father says he's been promoted. That means more money, I might end up in a better school.

As Tim settles down with his books -

TIM

He should enjoy it, my Uncle had a six-month posting in Johannesburg, said it was the most beautiful countryside on God's Earth.

HUTCHINSON

What are you talking about?

TIM

Africa. Your father.

HUTCHINSON

Have you been reading my post?

TIM

What?

Hutchinson leaps up, pins Tim against the wall.

HUTCHINSON

Who said Africa? I've only just read the word myself, how did you know that?

TIM

Um, I didn't, I wasn't -

HUTCHINSON

Have you been spying on me?

TIM

No, I just... guessed.

HUTCHINSON

What's that supposed to mean?

TIM

I'm good at guessing, that's all.

Hutchinson lets go, walks away.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

HUTCHINSON

Idiot.

CU on Tim, unsettled; underscore with creepy music.

TIM

...sometimes I just say things, and they



12 CONTINUED:

12

MARTHA

It's freezing out here, why can't we have a drink in the pub?!

JENNY

Now don't be ridiculous. You do get these notions! It's all very well, those suffragettes, but that's London, that's miles away!

MARTHA

But don't you just want to scream sometimes?! Having to bow and scrape and behave, don't you just want to... *tell* them?

JENNY

I dunno, things must be different in your country.

MARTHA

Yeah, well, they are. And they're better! Thank God I'm not staying.

JENNY

Oh, you keep saying that.

MARTHA

Just you wait. One more month. Then I'm free as the wind.

(smiling)

Wish you could come with me, Jenny. You'd love it.

JENNY

But where are you gonna go?

MARTHA

Anywhere. Just look up there. Imagine you could go all the way out to the stars.

JENNY

You don't half say mad things.

But Martha's entranced, looking up, remembering.

MARTHA

That's where I'm going. Into the sky. All the way out...

FX: the night sky, and then... A tiny blink of light. For a second, then gone.

Martha instantly alarmed.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

JENNY

See what?

Martha stands, alarmed.

MARTHA

Did you see it though? Right up there.  
Just for a second...

JENNY

Martha. There's nothing there.

Hold on Martha, looking up. In fear.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. LANE - NIGHT 10

13

A lane by the woods, near the village. JOAN is walking along, towards the village. The hoot of distant owls.

Suddenly -

She's caught in the beam of a powerful, sickly green PRAC LIGHT FROM ABOVE. Blinding, dazzling. It makes her cry out and throw an arm up to protect her eyes.

Then, just as quickly - it's gone. Joan looks up. Nothing in the sky.

But then, she looks across at the landscape...

FX: a good distance away, a PATCH OF LIGHT blinks into existence on a field, like a spotlight. Then gone.

FX: further away, another patch of light. Like something above is scanning, probing, searching for something. And with each appearance, a terrible, deep throbbing noise.

Joan's shaken. She begins to run.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. PUB - NIGHT 10

14

MARTHA sitting with JENNY, still alert.

MARTHA

Did you hear that..? Like a noise. In the distance.

JENNY

Can't hear anything.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MARTHA

No, but hush...

Pause. Nothing.

JENNY

Never thought you'd be scared of the dark.

MARTHA

Oh yeah. With good reason.

JOAN comes running across to the pub, scared.

JOAN

Oh! Did you see it?

MARTHA

Matron? You all right?

JOAN

There was... there was something in the woods. This light...

SMITH

Anything wrong, ladies?

He's approaching, from the pub.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Rather too cold to be standing about in the dark, don't you think?

JOAN

There! Look, in the sky -

They all look up -

FX: a shooting star, descending towards the horizon. Though maybe fractionally slower than a shooting star...

Martha & Joan chilled, SMITH & Jenny just smiling.

JENNY

Oh, that's beautiful...

SMITH

All gone! Commonly known as a meteorite. Just rocks, falling to the ground, that's all.

JOAN

Came down in the woods.

(CONTINUED)

SMITH

No, they always look close, when actually they're miles off. Nothing left but a cinder. Now, I should escort you back to the school.

JOAN

I'd appreciate that. Silly, but it gave me quite a scare.

SMITH

Ladies?

MARTHA

No, we're fine, thanks.

SMITH

Then I bid you good night.

Smith & Joan walk away. Martha muttering:

MARTHA

He's just walking away. Lights in the sky and he's walking away.  
(suddenly determined)

17 CONTINUED:

17

In the distance, a good half mile away, through the trees, lights are descending. A mighty roaring sound.

Baines staring, amazed, and then -

The lights vanish. Sudden silence. Baines leaves the beers, heads off through the woods, excited -

18 CONTINUED:

18

BAINES (CONT'D)

..is that, like a door, like a..?  
Hello? Is there anyone there..?

And Baines steps forward.

FX: disappears, behind the clean, sharp line delineating the invisible wall. Gone!

CUT TO A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY. If possible, a brow overlooking the field. MARTHA comes running on to the horizon, stops, catching her breath, JENNY following.

JENNY

There you are! Nothing there, I told you so!

Their POV: the empty field.

MARTHA

And that's Cooper's Field?

JENNY

As far as the eye can see. And no fallen star! Now come on, I'm frozen to the bone, let's go back. Like your Mr Smith said. Nothing to see.

Jenny goes. Martha hesitates, looking into the night...

Then she walks away.

CUT TO:

19 INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 10

19

BAINES is huddled on the floor, hugging his knees. Shivering. Terrified. This interior is mostly in darkness, just patches of a sickly green light, glimpses of strange machinery. The throb of alien machines.

Baines looking all around; soft, polite ALIEN VOICES floating in the air.

BAINES

But I don't understand. Who are you?

MALE ALIEN VOICE

We are the Family.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE

Far more important... Who are you, little thing?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BAINES

My name's Baines. Jeremy Baines.  
Please can I go?

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE

I'm so sorry, Baines, Jeremy Baines.  
But I don't think you can ever leave.

BAINES

But who are you? Why can't I see you?

MALE ALIEN VOICE

Why would you want to see us?

BAINES

I want to know what you look like.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE

Ohh, that's easily answered. Because  
very soon... We will look so  
familiar...

Suddenly - CAMERA RUSHES in towards CU Baines - and as he  
*screams* -

CUT TO:

20 INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 10

20

TIM now hard at work, sitting on the floor, polishing all  
the boy's shoes. HUTCHINSON & OTHERS playing cards.

HUTCHINSON

Where is he? Promises a beer, then  
vanishes into the night -

CU a hand, knocking at the window.

The boys leap up - go to help him in -

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

There he is! Let him in - come on  
Baines, you dolt! Thought you'd been  
caught by the rozzers -

And they haul in...

BAINES. But now he's not Baines. He's colder, more  
remote. He looks at the boys like a predator looking at  
prey.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

Well then, where is it, man? Where's  
the blessed beer?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

BAINES

There was no beer. It was gone.

HUTCHINSON

Damn it all, I've been waiting! That's a pretty poor show, Baines, I have to say.

And just for a second, Baines *sniffs* at Hutchinson - not too big a gesture, just a distinct sniff.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you, caught the sniffles out there?

BAINES

I must have done. It was cold. It was very cold.

And he *sniffs* at another boy.

HUTCHINSON

Well don't spread it about, I don't want your germs! Might as well get some sleep, come on, chaps. Maybe tomorrow - I think Jackson's got some beer in the pavilion...

Everyone heads off to their beds, chatting, Baines just sits there. Calm, cold, he looks across the room...

The only one now looking at him is Tim. Who seems scared.

Hold the stare. And then Baines *sniffs* at him.

On Tim, who gets back to polishing, not daring to look up. Something about Baines has terrified him.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 11

21

Dawn rising over the fields.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. BARN - DAY 11

22

MARTHA cycling along a country lane.



22 CONTINUED: 22

REVEAL an old barn. Martha comes to a halt. Leans the bike against the wall, and, looking around carefully, she goes inside...

CUT TO:

23 INT. BARN - DAY 11 23

MARTHA enters, and pauses at the gorgeous sight of the loveable old TARDIS, in dappled sunshine. Home!

She takes a chain off her neck - holding the Tardis key - and heads towards it...

CUT TO:

24 INT. TARDIS - DAY 11 24

Dark. Sunlight from the domed roof. MARTHA walks inside, smiles, glad to be back, pauses:

MARTHA

Hello.

(beat)

Talking to a machine.

And she goes to the console. Stands there. Weary. Closes her eyes, remembering -

FLASH BACK SC.1, running through the door, the laser -

CUT BACK to Martha, opening her eyes, walking slowly round the console, but continuing to remember...

FLASHBACK SC.1 - snatches of dialogue - they can follow us anywhere, never gonna stop -

CUT BACK TO MARTHA, heading round to the scanner, remembering -

And now CONTINUATION OF SC.1 -

CUT TO:

25 INT. TARDIS - DAY 9 25

FLASHBACK TO - THE DOCTOR holding the watch -

THE DOCTOR

- this watch is *me!*

MARTHA

Right, okay, gotcha. No, hold on. Completely lost.

The Doctor slamming down levers, frantic, but inspired -

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

DOCTOR

Those creatures are hunters. They can sniff out anyone, and me being a Time Lord - I'm unique! They could track me down, across the whole of time and space.

MARTHA

And the good news is?

DOCTOR

They can smell me, but they haven't seen me. And their life spans are running out! So! We hide. Wait for them to die.

MARTHA

But they can track us down -

THE DOCTOR

That's why I've got to do it. I have to stop being a Time Lord.

He holds up the watch again.

DOCTOR

I'm going to become human.

CUT TO:

26 INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

26

MARTHA walking around the console, deep in thought...

Coming to something NEW. Hanging from the ceiling, at head-height, on a cable, is a head-sized ARCH. It fits over the head like an Alice Band - without being remotely Alice-Bandy, it's metal, almost barbaric, studded with jagged controls. (NB, this is very distinctive; it'll need to be recognised in ep.11).

Martha looks at it, remembering...

CUT TO:

27 INT. TARDIS - DAY 9

27

FLASHBACK TO - THE DOCTOR slams a control, looks up -

As the distinctive ARCH lowers down on a cable.

THE DOCTOR

Never thought I'd use this. Ohh, but all the times I've wondered...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MARTHA

What does it do?

THE DOCTOR

Chameleon Arch. Rewrites my biology.  
Literally, changes every single cell in  
my body. I've set it to human.

And as he's fixing the watch into the top of the Arch -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now the Tardis will take care of  
everything, it'll invent a life story  
for me, find me a setting and integrate  
me - it can't do the same for you,  
you'll just have to improvise, but I  
should have just enough residual  
awareness to let you in -

MARTHA

But hold on, if you're going to rewrite  
every single cell... isn't it going to  
hurt?

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. It hurts.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

28

MARTHA looks up at the ARCH. Remembering...

CUT TO:

29 INT. TARDIS - DAY 9

29

FLASHBACK TO - CU THE DOCTOR with the ARCH (with  
fobwatch) on his head - he's being blasted by FIERCE PRAC  
LIGHT -

MATHA standing back, horrified - PRAC WIND BLOWING -

And the Doctor's in agony, lets out a massive scream -

CUT TO:

30 INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

30

MARTHA hates remembering that; his pain. Shakes it off.  
Bit more energy now, as she goes back round the console,  
presses buttons - she's done this before - the Tardis  
scanner comes on. Displaying a recording of THE DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)



32 CONTINUED:

32

MARTHA

But there was a meteor, a shooting star,  
what am I supposed to do then?

Stabs a button, the Doctor back to normal speed:

THE DOCTOR

- and twenty three! If anything goes  
wrong, if they find us, Martha, then you  
know what to do.

(leans forward,  
holding up:)

Open the watch.

CUT TO:

33 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

33

SMITH passes his mantelpiece, picks up the watch -

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Everything I am is kept safe in there.  
Now I've put a perception filter on it,  
so the human-me won't think anything of  
it. To him, it's just a watch.

And Smith just puts it back, casual.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

34

THE DOCTOR on screen:

THE DOCTOR

But don't open it unless you have to.  
Cos once it's open, the Family will be  
able to find me. It's all down to you,  
Martha. Your choice.

He steps out of frame. Then steps back in.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and... thank you.

And he smiles, kind. Bleep, fizz, the picture cuts out.

MARTHA so sad.

MARTHA

I wish you'd come back.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

35

Knock on the door. SMITH opens the door to find TIM there.

TIM

You told me to come and collect that book, sir.

SMITH

Good lad, yes, the definitive account of Mafeking by Aitchinson Price. Where did I put it..?

He searches through his things, still chatting away:

SMITH (CONT'D)

And I wanted a little word. Your marks aren't quite good enough.

TIM

I'm in the top ten of the class, sir.

SMITH

Now be honest, Timothy. You should be the very top. You're a clever boy, but you seem to be hiding it. And I know why! Keeping your head low avoids the mockery of your classmates. But no man should hide himself, don't you think?

TIM

Yes, sir.

SMITH

If you're clever, then be proud of it. Use it! Where *is* that book..?

He wanders out to the kitchen (which is also a ramshackle mess of boxes, etc). As he chats away out there...

Tim, left alone.

We hear a whisper. A babble of voices.

35 CONTINUED:

35

PRAC LIGHT (?) from inside the watch -

FX (OR PRAC?): magical lights play across Tim's face -

VOICES (V.O.)

*Time Lord!*

Smith enters again, looking down at the book (which isn't ancient, only about 10 years old) -

SMITH

Here we are, first edition -

Tim snaps the watch shut, and without thinking, slips it into his pocket, Smith only looking up now -

SMITH (CONT'D)

So do take care of it. Some fascinating details about the siege, really quite remarkable - are you all right?

TIM

Yes sir. Fine, sir.

SMITH

Right then. Good! And remember. Use that brain of yours.

Smith hands over the book, Tim reaches out -

- on the moment of contact, hand, book, hand -

On CU Tim, shocked, and -

CUT TO:

36 INT. MODERN CORRIDOR - DAY X

36

- suddenly, a gleaming corridor, and instead of Smith in front of TIM, there's THE DOCTOR, looking right at Tim (IE, to CAMERA) -

- powerful, lifting up his sonic screwdriver as a weapon -

- Tim, in the corridor, terrified, blinks -

CUT TO:

37 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

37

- TIM blinks, back to normal -

And there's SMITH, looking at him, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SMITH

Really not looking yourself, old chap.  
Is there anything bothering you, or..?

TIM

(scared)

No sir. Thank you, sir.

And he runs out of the room.

Smith shrugs. Strange boy.

CUT TO:

38 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 11

38

TIM runs down the empty corridor, runs, runs, runs -

CUT TO:

39 INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 11

39

TIM sitting on his bed. Scared, excited, holding the watch, like a precious thing. Again, the thousand whispers...

He opens it...

FX (PRAC?) LIGHT on his face...

CUT TO FLASHBACK IMAGES - in CU, distorted - a SLITHEEN, DALEK, CYBERMAN, LAZARUS, SYCORAX LEADER, WEREWOLF -

On Tim, staring, illuminated, terrified -

CUT TO:

40 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

40

HUTCHINSON, BAINES & LADS in a quiet corner, out of sight from teachers, Hutchinson boasting:

HUTCHINSON

- and I thought, well, a farmer's daughter, she knows the lay of the land. And I don't mind saying, the look she was giving me, I said, you're quite the little minx...

But all this b/g, as Baines, unnoticed, turns away, sharp, looking to the distance -

And he *sniffs*.

CUT TO:



41 INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 11 41

(PRAC?) LIGHT on TIM's face - the whispers intense -  
But he snaps the watch shut again, breathing hard,  
scared.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11 42

HUTCHINSON still talking in b/g -

HUTCHINSON

- so if I don't join you for prep,  
gentlemen, you can guess where I'll be.  
I shall be writing to pater. And  
telling him my education is complete.  
(laughter)

But on BAINES. Sniffing -

But then he stops. Puzzled. Contact lost.

CUT TO:

43 INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 11 43

PHILLIPS ringing a hand-bell, loud and clear, to signal  
the change of lessons.

LOTS OF BOYS, as many as possible, passing to and fro,  
TIM, with his head down, lost in thought. Then,  
HUTCHINSON, BAINES and LADS...

As the entrance hall clears, Baines slides off to one  
side.

He finds a quiet, dark space, maybe under a staircase.  
Out of sight. A glance around, to make sure he can't be  
seen, the entrance hall empty now. Then he simply  
breathes in, stands upright, quite formal, and closes his  
eyes...

As he does so, a PRAC LIGHT washes over him - the sickly  
green of the spaceship interior. Telepathic contact:

BAINES OOV

There is a trace. But somehow  
scattered. The scent is confused.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE OOV

The Doctor is working against us. He  
fights like a coward.

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

The little girl starts to run.

The scarecrow speeds up, a shambling run.

She stops dead, turns round with all a little girl's might -

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Stop following me!

But this time, the scarecrow doesn't stop, runs right up to her, scoops her off her feet -

CAMERA stays where it is now, as the scarecrow runs away into the distance with the little girl - the balloon still in her grasp - her scream vanishing away...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD - DAY 11

45

Close on a Vickers Gun firing, the blaze of bullets -

CUT TO WIDER, the gun crewed by TIM & BOYS, HUTCHINSON firing away, loving it (though very precise, a good soldier). Hold on this extraordinary sight, schoolboys firing guns, with SMITH standing by, on duty, smiling.

CLOSER: Tim wincing as he feeds the bullets in, hating it.

PRAC BULLETS hitting the straw targets, shaped like people with spears.

SMITH

Concentrate, Hutchinson! Excellent work!

Headmaster ROCASTLE comes striding across.

ROCASTLE

Cease fire!

They do so.

SMITH

Good day to you, Headmaster.

ROCASTLE

Your crew's on fine form today, Mr Smith!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

HUTCHINSON

Excuse me, Headmaster, we could do a lot better. Latimer's being deliberately shoddy, sir.

TIM

I'm trying my best.

ROCASTLE

You need to be better than the best! These targets are tribesmen, from the Dark Continent.

TIM

But that's exactly the problem, sir, they've only got spears!

ROCASTLE

Oh, dear me! Latimer takes it upon himself to make us realise how wrong we all are! I hope, one day, you might have a just and proper war in which you can prove yourself. Now resume firing!

The gun starts up again.

CU the barrel, blazing bullets.

CU Tim, anguished, hating this, the noise, the intensity, and as he looks up -

His ANGLE on Hutchinson. Teeth gritted. The soldier.

Tim's ANGLE on the barrel, firing -

And even CLOSER on Tim, as suddenly -

CUT TO:

46 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FLASH FORWARD TO NIGHT X

46

Darkness. Mud. Confusion.

PRAC EXPLOSIONS, illuminating -

TIM, now three years older, in uniform too. He's propping up a three-years-older HUTCHINSON, his leg injured. They're managing to stumble along only because Tim is holding him upright. Bodies in the mud.

FX WIDE SHOT - the churned up mud of a World War One battlefield, the scene illuminated by the flashes of shells.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CLOSER on Tim. As he staggers, he's managed to open the watch and look at the time.

TIM

One minute past the hour. It's now.  
Hutchinson, this is the time, it's now -

47 CONTINUED:

47

SMITH

Pemberton! Smythe! Wicks! Take post!

The next group of boys mans the Vickers Gun.

With Rocastle striding away, Smith's smiling, quite content, as the rat-a-tat of the gun starts up again -

Then he sees that JOAN has been watching.

He hurries over, pleased to see her.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Ah! Nurse Redfern...

JOAN

I'll give you back your journal when next I see you.

SMITH

You don't have to -

JOAN

If you'll excuse me, Mr Smith. I was just thinking about the day my husband was shot.

And with that, with the Vickers Gun still blazing away in b/g, she turns, and walks away.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. FIELD - DAY 11

48

The farmer, CLARK, is striding along the edge of a field...

In the distance, a SCARECROW in the middle of the field. Which waves at him. Just once. Then it's still.

Clark thrown for a second. Then furious, someone's playing games. He strides across...

JUMP CUT TO CLARK, just reaching the scarecrow.

CLARK

That's my property! And you're trespassing on my land. Come on, who's in there? Is it one of those idiot boys from the school..?

And he pulls at the body -

Just straw. Clark really thrown now. He pokes it, prods it, puts his hand right inside. Just stuffing.

(CONTINUED)



JOAN

I find myself, as part of that school,  
watching boys as they learn how to kill.

SMITH

Don't you think discipline is good for  
them?

JOAN

Does it have to be such military  
discipline? If there's another war,  
those boys wouldn't find it so amusing.

SMITH

Hardly, though! Great Britain's at  
peace. And long may it reign.

JOAN

In your journal, in one of those  
stories. You wrote about next year.  
1914.

SMITH

That was just a dream.

JOAN

All those images of mud, and wire. But  
you told of a shadow. A shadow falling  
across the entire world.

SMITH

Well, then. We can be thankful it's not  
true. / And I'll admit, mankind doesn't  
need warfare and bloodshed to prove  
itself. Everyday life can provide  
valour and honour. Let's hope that from  
now on, this country can find its heroes  
in smaller places, in the most ordinary  
of deeds...

From /, Smith is gazing across distractedly...

A good distance away, a WOMAN is wheeling along a pram.



49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

The workman's looking up, not seeing the woman & pram.  
The movers up above have eyes only on the piano itself,  
calling out, 'That's it, up a bit...'

Smith's POV taking all this in, the precise construction  
of the scenario, the position of the people...

The woman & pram getting closer and closer to the shop...

And the pulley.

Which is starting to break.

Woman approaching...

Workman not looking...

Pulley breaking...

Smith suddenly, decisively - darts over to a NEARBY CHILD -  
grabs a cricket ball off him -

- and throws it! Deadly precision - but he doesn't throw  
it at the piano, he throws it a good 10 feet to the left -  
ie, further to the left than where the ground-floor-rope-  
pulling workman is standing -

- where it hits a large, heavy hanging basket -

- which falls -

Which hits (in amongst a pile of workmen's stuff) a plank  
of wood, balanced on a central pile of bricks, so it is,  
in effect, a see-saw, with the right hand side up, the  
left hand side down, weighted down by a single brick -

- the hanging basket slams down on the right hand side -

- so the see-saw tilts, throwing up the left hand side -

- which throws the left-hand-side-single-brick up into

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

Smith tries to be casual, but he's as surprised as she is. And... A bit scared.

50 CONTINUED:

50

JOAN

Says the man who's dancing with me tonight.

He looks across to where a SCARECROW is standing, its hat hanging over one eye, one arm by its side (different to the sc.48 scarecrow, different field).

SMITH

That scarecrow's all askew.

They go over, and start to smarten it up, putting the hat straight, moving its arms into different poses. Under:

JOAN

Ever the artist. Where did you learn to draw?

SMITH

Gallifrey.

JOAN

Is that in Ireland?

SMITH

I don't, um... Yes. Must be.

JOAN

But you're not Irish?

SMITH

Not at all. My father, Sydney, he was a watchmaker from Nottingham. And my mother, Verity, she was... well, she was a nurse, actually.

JOAN

Oh, we make such good wives.

SMITH

Really? Right. Yes!

A bit flustered, he changes the subject.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Perhaps I might draw you?

JOAN

Would you?

SMITH

I'd be honoured. Now my work is done! What d'you think?

He proudly stands back from the finished scarecrow.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

JOAN

A masterpiece.

SMITH

I've all sorts of skills today.

And they walk off together.

The scarecrow slowly turns its head to watch them.

CUT TO:

51 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

51

CU on the journal, a new page, with a sketch of JOAN being completed...

CUT TO JOAN, sitting upright.

SMITH is sitting opposite, drawing her.

SMITH

Finished.

JOAN

Can I see?

He moves, to sit next to her, shows her the journal.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Goodness. Do I look like that?

(turns page)

Are you sure that's not me?

It's the drawing of a Slitheen. He turns it back -

SMITH

No, definitely this page. Do you like it?

JOAN

You've made me far too beautiful.

Both close, now. More adult, right into each other eyes.

SMITH

That's how I see you.

JOAN

Widows aren't supposed to be beautiful. I think the world would rather that we... stopped. Is that fair? That we stop?

SMITH

Not fair at all. I'm...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

He puts a hand to her cheek. Long moment of eye contact.  
Then, hesitant, but very sure, he kisses her.  
She kisses him back.  
He pulls back, gently. Intimate, scared:

SMITH (CONT'D)  
I've never...

She smiles, shining. Leans in, they kiss again -  
A good, proper, tender kiss, and then -  
MARTHA comes barging in. Stops dead!

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Martha! What have I told you about  
entering unannounced - ?!

Martha gobsmacked, turns and goes right back out again,  
slams the door -

CUT TO:

52 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11 52

MARTHA horrified, leans back against the door.

MARTHA  
Wasn't on the list!

CUT TO:

53 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 11 53

MARTHA *slams* into the Tardis!

Storms up to the console, stabs the button on the scanner -  
The recording of the Doctor plays, same footage as sc.30.  
But Martha only listens for a second -

MARTHA  
That's no good! What about the stuff  
you didn't tell me?! What about women?  
Oh no, you didn't think of that! What  
the hell am I supposed to do then?

She stabs a button, the Doctor's image freezes. Pause,  
Martha quieter now, looking at him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
You had to, didn't you? Had to go and  
fall in love with a human.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(pause)

And it wasn't me.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

54

BOYS passing to and fro, but TIM is sitting all on his own. He's holding the watch.

He doesn't dare open it here, but he squeezes it, tight.

The whispering... But this time, the words resolve into:

VOICES

...*danger*...

Tim startled, looks around.

Way in the distance, in the freezing air, BAINES is walking to the edge of the playing field. He's walking towards the farmer, CLARK. As Tim watches, they meet, but there's no smiles, no hello. They're talking, intent, and looking around. Even from this distance, they seem so cold.

And then... (If possible) Nearby there's a low wall. Above which, a balloon on a string can be seen, gently bob, bob, bobbing along... So innocent, but somehow sinister, as it gently travels...

Then, where the wall ends, the LITTLE GIRL comes skipping out, holding the balloon. She goes to Baines and Clark. Again, no smiles. And as Tim watches, unnerved...

As one, all three cock their heads to one side, pondering, and take a long sniff of the air.

On Tim. Transfixed. Scared.

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED

55

56 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 11

56

JENNY and MARTHA are wheeling their bicycles along.

JENNY

But Matron's lovely! You should be happy for them. Oh, I can just see it, her and Mr Smith.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MARTHA

No, it's a bit more complicated than that -

JENNY

If you're going to be jealous, you could at least try to hide it.

MARTHA

Will you stop it! I'm not jealous.

Pause, she stops, sighs. Then a little smile.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

All right, little bit.

JENNY

Said so!

(gets on bike)

But save all the news! I've got to go and see Mrs Maitland - wait till I'm back, we can have a good old gossip -

And she cycles off.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. LANE - DAY 11

57

JENNY, riding her bike. When suddenly -

A SCARECROW lollops out into the lane in front of her.

She stops, surprised, but laughing.

JENNY

Who's playing silly beggars, then?  
Nearly broke my neck, who's that, then?  
Is it you, Saul?

There's a sound behind her - she turns -

A LINE OF 4 SCARECROWS is now fills the lane behind her.  
And as she turns back to face the first scarecrow -

That's now a line of 4 SCARECROWS too.

Hold, Jenny scared. And then, all at once, they all run at her. She just has time to scream -

CUT TO:

58 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

58

SMITH's now all ready for the dance. Smart (though not black tie). He studies himself in the mirror, singing quietly:

SMITH

Robert De Niro's waiting, talking  
Italian... talking-Italian. Italian!



59 CONTINUED:

59

BAINES

Just shut up, stop talking, cease and desist, there's a good girl. Mother of Mine is dying to meet you. And here she is...

He holds up a glowing translucent ball. Jenny upset:

JENNY

Stop mocking me, sir.

BAINES

No! Mother of Mine just needs a shape. We go through shapes so very fast, and yours is perfectly adequate. If a little grim. Mother of Mine, embrace her.

He holds up the ball -

FX: gorgeous, shimmering GAS streams out of the ball -

Jenny staring, in horror -

FX: the GAS streams into Jenny's eyes.

CUT TO:

60

60 CONTINUED:

60

MARTHA

Problem is, I keep thinking about them,  
but I don't know what to do.

JENNY

Thinking about who?

MARTHA

Mr Smith and Matron! Cos it's never  
gonna last. He's going to leave in a  
few weeks.

JENNY

Why?

MARTHA

It's like... his contract comes to an  
end. And she's gonna be heartbroken.

JENNY

Leave, for where?

MARTHA

All sorts of places. I wish I could  
tell you, Jenny. But it's complicated.

JENNY

In what way?

MARTHA

I just can't.

JENNY

But it sounds so interesting. Tell me.  
Tell me now.

And Jenny's sitting forward, just a bit too bright, a bit  
too keen. And then, she sniffs.

On Martha. Chilled now. Having to hide it.

MARTHA

...would you like some more tea?

JENNY

Yes thanks.

MARTHA

I could put a nice bit of gravy in the  
pot. And some mutton. Or sardines and  
jam, how about that?

JENNY

I like the sound of that.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2) 60

MARTHA

Right. Hold on a tick...

Martha carefully heads for the door, desperately normal...

CUT TO:

61 OMITTED 61

62 INT. SCHOOL, MARTHA'S/MAIDS' ROOM, STAIRCASE - DAY 11 62

MARTHA closes the door of her room, and takes a few normal steps down the stairs...

And then runs - !

CUT TO:

63 INT. SCHOOL, MARTHA'S/MAIDS' ROOM - DAY 11 63

JENNY sniffs. Suspicious. She can detect Martha fleeing -

She goes to the window, fast -

DOWN BELOW: MARTHA sprinting away (the school grounds empty, no one else around).

Jenny grabs a deadly ALIEN GUN from her pocket -

CUT TO:

64 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11 64

MARTHA, running, as -

65 CONTINUED:

65

JOAN

I'd best have some warning, can you actually dance?

SMITH

I'm not certain.

JOAN

There's a surprise. Is there anything you're certain about?

SMITH

Yes.

Which is: I love you. They're about to kiss again -  
MARTHA bursts in.

MARTHA

They've found us!

Smith and Joan leap back from each other -

JOAN

Oh this is ridiculous -

SMITH

Martha, I've warned you -

MARTHA

They've found us and I've seen them, they look like people, like us, like normal! I'm sorry, but you've got to open the watch -

Said, going to the mantelpiece - no watch!

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Where is it? Oh my God, where's it gone, where's the watch?!

SMITH

What are you talking about?

MARTHA

The watch, you had a watch, a fobwatch, right there -

SMITH

...did I? I don't remember.

JOAN

I can't think what concern it is of yours.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

But we need it! Oh my God, Doctor, we're hiding, from aliens, and they've got Jenny! They've possessed her or copied her or something! And you've got to tell me, where's the watch?!

SMITH

Oh! I see! I didn't realise -

He reaches for his journal.

SMITH (CONT'D)

The cultural differences! It must be so confusing for you.

(Slowly.)

This is what we call a story.

MARTHA

Oh you complete - This is not you.  
This is... 1913!

SMITH

(Slowly.)

Good. This is 1913.

MARTHA

I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, but they've got guns, and someone's gonna get hurt, I've got to snap you out of this -

And she slaps him!

JOAN

Martha!

MARTHA

Wake up! You're coming back to the Tardis with me -

SMITH

How dare you?! How dare you?!

He grabs her and manhandles her to the door.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I am not going anywhere with an insane servant! Martha, you are dismissed! You will leave these premises immediately, now get out!

He opens the door, shoves her out, slams it shut.

CUT TO:

66 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11 66

MARTHA stands there, desperate.

Then she decides: right! She heads off at speed -

CUT TO:

67 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11 67

SMITH furious -

SMITH

The nerve of it! The absolute cheek!  
You think I'm a fantasist, what about  
her?!

JOAN

(quieter, troubled)  
But the funny thing is... You did have

69 CONTINUED:

69

TIM

Martha?!

But then he blinks -

CUT TO:

70 EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

70

And he's back - MARTHA looking back, hurrying on -

MARTHA

Not now, Tim, busy!

He stays where he is, mesmerised. But she's gone.

CUT TO:

71 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 11

71

MARTHA runs in, frantic -

And there's the Doctor's coat, thrown as usual over one of the central pillars.

She grabs it, starts rifling through the pockets...

CUT TO:

72 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

72

The door is KICKED OPEN - !

And BAINES & JENNY stride in. But the room's empty. They start going through things - though just lifting books and objects, not really understanding them.

BAINES

No one at home.

JENNY

The maid was definitely hiding something. A secret around this Mr Smith.

BAINES

We've both scented him, though, he was plain and simple human.

JENNY

But maybe he knows something. Where is he..?

CUT TO:

73 EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

73

PEOPLE heading towards the VILLAGE HALL. Amongst them, SMITH and JOAN, cheery again.

JOAN

- and I won't have that girl spoiling the whole night. Though it's all your own fault, anyway.

SMITH

Why, what have I done?!

JOAN

Intoxicated her. Oh, you're a dangerous man, no woman's safe.

And she takes his arm.

SMITH

You've taken my arm in public.

JOAN

I'm very scared.

And laughing, they walk on -

REVEAL TIM. A distance away. Just seeing Smith. Tim's watching, but keeping himself hidden, like a spy.

TIM's POV: Smith & Joan are heading into the village hall. They pass an elderly DOORMAN who is shaking a collecting tin. A sign outside says: 'Village Dance Tonight.' They head inside.

\*  
\*

Tim runs after them. He's scared of Smith, now, and yet fascinated, can't help following him, to observe.

\*

Tim heads inside -

\*

CUT TO:

74 INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

74

TIM walks in, keeping his head down, glancing about. Full of PEOPLE, VILLAGERS. It's a relaxed evening, good fun. MR CHAMBERS, the organiser, addresses the crowd.

MR CHAMBERS

Ladies and gentlemen, please take your partners for a waltz.

The band starts up.



74 CONTINUED: 74

SMITH takes JOAN's hand, leads her to the floor. They, and other couples, begin to waltz.

Closer on Joan and Smith dancing, smiling.

JOAN  
You can dance!

SMITH  
Quite surprised myself!

He spins her round, and they look wonderful -

Tim at the back of the room, ignored, watching them. Like a spy, fascinated by Smith.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11 75

JENNY & BAINES now throwing books aside, searching for anything - but then CLARK strides in -

CLARK  
I think this might help -

And he holds up; THE POSTER FOR THE DANCE.

JENNY  
Well! That makes it easy, Son of Mine. Because Daughter of Mine is already there.

CUT TO:

76 INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11 76

SMITH & JOAN waltz past -

REVEALING the LITTLE GIRL. Still with her balloon. (The opposite side of the room to TIM.) She's impassive, cold, staring at the dance floor. At Smith.

CUT TO:

77 INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11 77

CU BAINES. Grinning.

BAINES  
We've been invited to the dance.

CUT TO:

78 EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

78

MARTHA hurries up to the DOORMAN -

DOORMAN

Oh, staff entrance, I think, Miss -

MARTHA

Yeah, well think again, mate -

And she just strides past, in - The doorman huffs, stands there, on duty.

CUT TO WIDER, the doorman seen from a good distance away, puffing in the cold night air.

The POV of SCARECROWS. Hidden, crouched in bushes. Waiting. And then, the first of them steps out...

CUT TO:

79 INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

79

TIM sitting alone, glum, lost.

CUT TO JOAN, sitting at a table, alone. SMITH's over at a makeshift bar, just fetching her a drink. He smiles across, gives a little 'quick as I can, sorry' gesture, and she smiles back. Then as Smith turns away -

MARTHA appears, sits opposite Joan.

JOAN

Oh, now, don't, please, let's not start all that again -

MARTHA

He's different from any man you've ever met, right?

JOAN

Yes.

MARTHA

And sometimes, he says these strange things, like people and places you've never heard of, yeah?

(pause)

But it's deeper than that. Sometimes, when you look in his eyes, you know, you just know, that there's something else in there. Something hidden. Right behind the eyes, something hidden away. In the dark.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

JOAN

I don't know what you mean.

MARTHA

(sad)

Yes you do.

CUT TO Tim. And again, the whisper:

VOICES

...danger...

He knows something's wrong. On instinct alone - his powerful instinct - he crosses to one of the windows. Looks out into the night -

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

JOAN

(scared)

John, what is that silly thing? John?

Unnoticed, watching this from a distance: THE LITTLE GIRL.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

80

The DOORMAN looks up as CLARK, JENNY & BAINES stride up -

DOORMAN

Evening all, spare a penny, sir..?

BAINES

I won't even spare you -

Baines lifts up the ALIEN GUN -

FX, 1 SHOT: Baines fires, the doorman vanishes with a yell -

And they march inside -

CUT TO:

81 INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

81

SMITH turns the screwdriver over and over in his hands, disturbed; and yet enchanted by it. JOAN worried by his expression; like she's losing him. MARTHA quiet, kind:

MARTHA

You're not John Smith. You're called the Doctor. The man, in your diary, he's real. He's you.

CUT TO THE LITTLE GIRL, listening. A sudden grin! And -

There's a crash from behind them, a table sent flying -

By BAINES, marching in with JENNY & CLARK.

CLARK

You will be silent! All of you!

81 CONTINUED:

81

FX: he fires -

FX: the Mr Chambers is struck, disappears -

Screams, everyone running to -

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

BAINES

Ohhhh, with a human brain, too. Simple,  
thick and dull!

JENNY

But he's no good, like this.

CLARK

We need a Time Lord.

BAINES

Easily done.  
(points gun at Smith)  
Change back.

SMITH

I don't know what you're talking about.

BAINES

Change back!

SMITH

I literally do - not - know -

Jenny grabs Martha, puts a gun to her head.

MARTHA

Get off me!

JENNY

She's your little friend, isn't she?  
Does this scare you enough to change  
back?

SMITH

I don't know what you mean!

JENNY

But wait a minute, the maid told me  
about Smith and the Matron - that woman  
there -

CLARK

Then let's have you -

Clark grabs Joan - puts a gun to her head too.

Facing Smith; Jenny's gun at Martha's head, Clark's gun  
at Joan's. Baines centre, in his element.

BAINES

Have you enjoyed it, Doctor? Being  
human?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

BAINES (CONT'D)

Has it taught you wonderful things, are you better and wiser and richer? Then let's see you answer this. Which one of them do you want us to kill? Maid or Matron? What would the human do? Your friend, or your lover?

(dazzling smile)

Your choice!

On Smith, looking between them -

END OF EPISODE 8