

# **DOCTOR WHO 4**

## **Episode 1**

**By**

**Russell T Davies**

**YELLOW REVISIONS**

**16th October 2007**

© BBC WALES 2007. No part of this document or its contents may be disclosed, distributed or used in any way, stored in a retrieval system, disseminated or incorporated into any other work, without the express written permission of the BBC. Any unauthorised use is strictly prohibited and will be prosecuted in courts of pertinent jurisdiction.

1 OMITTED 1

2 EXT. NOBLES' HOUSE - DAY 1 2

Fast, cheeky music, sc.2-13.

DONNA steps out of her front door. Smart, head held high; she's on a mission. And as Donna heads left to right -

CUT TO:

3 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 1 3

- heading right to left, THE DOCTOR steps out of the TARDIS. Sets off. On a mission.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 1 4

DONNA walking along, left to right, through COMMUTERS.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 1 5

THE DOCTOR walks along, right to left, through COMMUTERS.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - DAY 1 6

DONNA stops in the street, looks up...

A TOWER BLOCK looming above. Cool, sleek, stylish, the London HQ of Adipose Industries.

Deep breath, Donna heads towards it.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - DAY 1 7

THE DOCTOR stops in the street, looks up...

THE TOWER BLOCK looming above, Adipose Industries. But this is the opposite side to Donna's, the back.

Deep breath, the Doctor heads towards it.

CUT TO:



13 CONTINUED:

13

She addresses the audience, 40 PEOPLE or so, scattered about, taking notes - they're JOURNALISTS; this is a Press Launch.

MISS FOSTER

Adipose Industries. The twenty-first century way to lose weight. No exercise, no diet, no pain. Just lifelong freedom, from fat, the Holy Grail of the modern age. And here it is!

Holds it up, an ordinary red & white capsule.

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

You just take one capsule.  
One capsule, once a day, for three weeks. And the fat, as they say...

ON SCREEN, GRAPHIC, the logo does a little spin, the  
jaj ET Q q 1 0 0 1 0 222 cm BTlule BTlule BTlule 0b0 12 108 12tle cmaa

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

## VOICEOVER

The Adipose Capsule is composed of a synthesised mobilising lipase, bound to a large protein molecule. The mobilising lipase breaks up the triglycerides stored in the adipose cells, which then enter the bloodstream... [etc.]

But during this, on Donna, watching, suspicious. And then PAN UP to see behind her, THE DOCTOR, in the PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW. (Not seeing Donna, just watching the screen.)

CUT TO INT. PROJECTION BOOTH, THE DOCTOR at the window, a FILM PROJECTOR whirring away, manned by a BLOKE. The Doctor shows him the psychic paper, keeping his eye on Miss Foster.

## THE DOCTOR

Health and Safety. Film department.

CUT TO CINEMA, film over, logo back on screen, as MISS FOSTER steps forward again. CUT BETWEEN THE DOCTOR & DONNA watching, separately.

## MISS FOSTER

100% legal, 100% effective.

## PENNY

But can I ask, how many people have taken the pills, to date?

## MISS FOSTER

We've already got one million customers within the Greater London area alone. But from next week, we start rolling out, nationwide. The future starts here. And Britain will be thin!

CUT TO:

14 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 1

14

The sales floor. Divided into those American-style cubicles, as functional as possible, like Keanu Reeves's office in The Matrix. Just a desk, a computer, a phone.

TRACKING along, passing one SALESPERSON after another, all on headsets, all cold-calling the spiel. 'Good morning, I represent Adipose Industries...' 'Good morning, I represent Adipose Industries...' 'Good morning, I represent...' etc.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

DONNA (CONT'D)

And I just need a list of your customers, can you print it off?

CRAIG

S'pose so.

DONNA

Where's the printer..?

CRAIG

Just over there, by the door.

WIDE SHOT, as she pops her head up over the partition. The only face visible among the rows of cubicles.

DONNA

Which door, that door?

CRAIG OOV

That's the one.

DONNA

Lovely.

She pops back down, gone - and in that second -

- THE DOCTOR pops his head up, far across the room.

THE DOCTOR

And that's the printer, over there?

CLAIRE OOV

By the door, yeah.

THE DOCTOR

Brilliant!

And he pops back down -

- as Donna pops back up, looking towards the printer.

DONNA

Does it need a code? Last place I worked, the printer needed a code.

CRAIG OOV

No, I can do that from here.

And she pops back down -

- as the Doctor pops back up, looking round.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

THE DOCTOR  
Has it got paper?

CLAIRE OOV  
Yeah, Jimbo keeps it stocked.

But the Doctor gives an 'oops!' and ducks down, seeing -  
MISS FOSTER striding in. With 2 SECURITY GUARDS, her permanent escort. She goes to the centre, claps her hands.

MISS FOSTER  
Everyone! Excuse me! If I could have your attention!

Heads pop up all around the cubicles, some standing, some just with eyes over the partitions. Donna stands up...

As the Doctor slowly stands up...

Miss Foster takes a single step forward, just in time to completely mask the Doctor from Donna's POV, and vice versa.

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)  
On average, you're each selling forty Adipose packs per day. It's not enough! I want one hundred sales, per person, per day, and if not, you'll be replaced. Cos if anyone's good at trimming the fat, it's me. Now back to it!

All heads duck down, Donna sinking back down as -

Miss Foster clears Donna's previous POV, revealing the Doctor, just ducking back down into the cubicle. To Claire:

THE DOCTOR  
Anyway! If you could just print that off, thanks.

CUT TO Donna & Craig.

DONNA  
Print off the list, and I'll get out of your way.

CU CURSOR clicking on PRINT.

CUT TO PRINTER, churning out PAPERS. Yellow sheets.

(CONTINUED)





15 CONTINUED:

15

DONNA's standing there, with clipboard & yellow papers, just flashes her ID card so it can't be seen properly.

DONNA  
Stacy Campbell?

STACY  
Who wants to know?

DONNA  
My name's Donna, I represent Adipose Industries, and you're on the list of our valued customers - I wonder, could I ask you a few questions?

STACY  
Sorry, I'm going out, I've booked a taxi, it's on its way.

DONNA  
Tell you what, answer the questions and I'll get the taxi with you, then I can pay for it on expenses, how does that sound?

STACY  
Um. Brilliant, yeah. Okay! I'm still getting ready though, I'm in a bit of a rush -

DONNA  
You just carry on, don't mind me!

And Donna heads inside -

CUT TO:

16 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

16

ROGER DAVEY, 40, a thin & happy man, opens his front door (nice semi, with a small drive).

16 CONTINUED:

16

ROGER (CONT'D)  
If you want me to do adverts, anything,  
testimonials, I'm your man -

And the Doctor heads inside -

CUT TO:

17 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

17

Nice house, warm, comfy. STACY's on her feet, grabbing clothes, money, all that about-to-go-out stuff. NB, her hair's pinned up. DONNA sitting there with clipboard.

STACY  
- it's been fantastic, I started the pills on Thursday, five days later, I've lost eleven pounds!

DONNA  
And no side effects or anything?

STACY  
No, I feel fantastic, it's a new lease of life - what d'you think about the earrings, do they work?

DONNA  
Lovely, yeah. Going on a date?

STACY  
I'm doing the opposite, I'm gonna dump him! I can do better than him now! What d'you think, hair up or down? No, down, I want him to see me looking gorgeous -  
(hurrying upstairs)  
- won't be long, if the taxi beeps, give me a shout -

She's gone. On Donna, wondering if she's wastiup RCTj ET Q q 1 0 0 1

18 CONTINUED:

18

THE DOCTOR  
That's the same amount every day?

ROGER  
One kilo, exactly. You wake up, and it's disappeared overnight. Well, technically speaking, it's gone by ten past one in the morning.

THE DOCTOR  
...what makes you say that?

ROGER  
That's when I get woken up. Might as well weigh myself at the same time! But it's driving me mad - ten minutes past one, every night, bang on the dot, without fail... the burglar alarm goes off.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

19

THE DOCTOR & ROGER looking up at Roger's burglar-alarm box, high on the wall above the front door.

ROGER  
I've had experts in, I've had it replaced, I've even phoned Watchdog, you name it. But no! Ten past one in the morning, off it goes.

THE DOCTOR  
But with no burglars?

ROGER  
Nothing! I've given up looking!

THE DOCTOR  
Tell me, Roger... have you got a cat flap?

CUT TO:

20 INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 1

20

THE DOCTOR on the floor, prodding the back door's cat flap with the sonic. The flap swings to and fro, harmless. ROGER kneeling beside him, fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

ROGER

It was here when I bought the house.  
Never bothered with it, really, I'm not  
a cat person.

THE DOCTOR

No, I've met cat people, you're nothing  
like them.

ROGER

Is that what it is, though? Cats,  
getting inside the house?

THE DOCTOR

Well, that's the thing about cat flaps.  
They don't just let things in. They let  
things out as well.

ROGER

Like what..?

THE DOCTOR

The fat just walks away.

CUT TO:

21 INT. STACY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 1

21

Nice bathroom, bit lived-in. STACY's now with hair down,  
putting a new lipstick on, in the mirror. Calls down:

STACY

Won't be long!

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH LIVING ROOM -

CUT TO:

22 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1

22

DONNA

That's all right!

She sits, fiddling with the GOLD PENDANT. Just out of  
boredom. She holds it up, in the light. Nothing  
special.

Then she just holds it normally, looking round the room.

CU Donna's hands as, without thinking, she starts to  
unscrew the two halves of the gold capsule...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CUT TO THE BATHROOM. Stacy gasps. Not pain, but a sudden in her stomach. She clutches it.

CUT TO LIVING ROOM, Donna stops fiddling with the capsule.

CUT TO BATHROOM, the sensation's gone, Stacy recovers, holds her stomach. What the hell was that..?

CUT TO LIVING ROOM, Donna starts to fiddle again, unscrewing the capsule...

CUT TO BATHROOM, Stacy feels something again, holds her stomach. What's happening..?

CUT TO LIVING ROOM, Donna still screwing & unscrewing the two halves, without even looking at what she's doing.

CUT TO BATHROOM, Stacy lifts up her top. Smooths the skin of her stomach. Then horrified, as...

FX: the skin on her stomach moves. Like something is

CUE c don pa ofin, bujusshecar, as..he'sookinit.nhe



29 CONTINUED: 29

FX: an ADIPOSE, standing in the sink-bowl. About the size of a bag of sugar. And almost the same shape. A white lump of fat, Pilsbury Dough Boy in texture, with rudimentary arms and legs, black-dot eyes, a mewling mouth, with one little fang. It's strangely sort of . Like a soft toy. It seems to be waving, little stumpy arms, at Stacy.

Stacy is just .

LIVING ROOM, Donna goes to the hallway door, calls up:

DONNA  
You all right up there?

BATHROOM, Stacy stunned, too to call for help.

STACY  
...yeah.

FX: the ADIPOSE is mewling at her, a bit like 'mummy!'

CUT TO:

30 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 30

MISS FOSTER, on her WRISTWATCH COMMS -

MISS FOSTER  
The Adipose has been witnessed.  
Activating full parthenogenesis.

And in her other hand, she's got a GOLD CAPSULE - she takes hold of it, twists it -

CUT TO:

31 INT. STACY'S LIVING ROOM/STACY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 1 31



31 CONTINUED:

31

FX: an ADIPOSE struggles up over the waistband of the back of her trousers! Mewling! Free!

CUT TO Donna, getting a bit concerned now -

DONNA (CONT'D)

Have you lived here long? Stacy? You all right?

FX: BATHROOM, 2 ADIPOSE now in the sink, waving. Whispered:

STACY

What are you?

But then - oh God - more movement - under her t-shirt, more shapes, lots, shifting, her stomach, at her shoulder, on her back, on her thigh, writhing under her clothes.

CUT TO STAIRS, DONNA, now heading up.

DONNA

Wouldn't mind a little visit myself. Everything okay in there?

CUT TO BATHROOM, Stacy desperate, now trying to press the bumps in her clothing back in to her skin...

Donna now outside the door, little knock.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Only me. D'you mind if I pop to the loo? Stacy?

STACY

(quiet)

...help me.





40      EXT. STREET PARALLEL WITH STACY'S - NIGHT 1      40

THE DOCTOR runs to a halt, as the PRISON VAN scorches  
past - bleeps from the gizmo! But the van's fast, gone,  
damn!

CUT TO:

41      EXT. STACY'S STREET - NIGHT 1      41

43 CONTINUED:

43

MISS FOSTER

It seems we have a case of industrial espionage. One touch, and the capsule bio-tunes itself to its owner, but someone must have introduced a second, raw capsule. Therefore, one of these people is a thief...

(suddenly)

There!

(presses remote, to  
pause)

Oh yes. There she is. Now, what shall

we do 1 TE1 TE1 TE1 TE1 TE1 TE1 TE1 TEh /TTT5 1 Tf (pause)

45 CONTINUED:

45

DONNA  
Where's Grandad?

\*

SYLVIA  
Where d'you think he is? Up the hill!  
Always, up the hill!

CUT TO:

46 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 1

46

DONNA trudging up a lonely hillside.

There's her Grandad, WILF, sitting on a little camping chair, with a telescope - nothing too expensive, the amateur astronomer. All nice and quiet; she loves her Grandad.

\*

\*

WILF  
Aye aye. Here comes trouble.

\*

DONNA  
Permission to board ship, sir.

WILF  
Granted! Was she nagging you?

\*

\*

DONNA  
Big time. Brought you a thermos. 81 S Q q1 0 0 1 0 436 cm

46 CONTINUED:

46

WILF  
About 26 million miles. But we'll get

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

DONNA (CONT'D)

(pause)

Doesn't matter.

WILF

Well, you're not yourself, I'll give you that. You just seem to be drifting, sweetheart.

DONNA

I'm not drifting. I'm waiting.

WILF

What for?

DONNA

The right man.

WILF

Oh, same old story. A man!

DONNA

No, I don't mean like that. But he's real, I've seen him, I've met him. Just once. And then... I let him fly away.

WILF

Well then. Go and find him.

DONNA

I've tried. He's... nowhere.

WILF

Oy! Since when did you give up? I remember you, six years old, your mother said, no holiday this year, so off you toddled, all on your own, and got on the bus! To Strathclyde! We had police out and everything!

(both laughing)

Where's she gone, then? Eh? Where's that girl?

Donna lies back. HIGH SHOT, pulling out on the two of them; Donna and her Grandad, looking up at the night sky.

DONNA

You're right. Cos he's still out there somewhere. I'll find him. Even if I have to wait a hundred years... I'll find him.

CUT TO:



47      INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 1

47

CU on THE DOCTOR at the console, using equipment to study his GOLD CAPSULE - he's separated the two halves; each has tiny wires trailing out.

THE DOCTOR

Fascinating. Seems to be a bioflip-digital-stitch specifically for...

Looks up, looks round, aware that he's talking to himself.

WIDEST SHOT POSSIBLE of the TARDIS. The ancient, slow creak of the vast, empty space.

The Doctor, alone.

CUT TO:

48      EXT. NOBLES' HOUSE - DAY 2

48

Back to the fast, cheeky music from sc.2.

DONNA leaves the house, galvanised, determined to succeed today - she's got car keys, heading for the CAR.

SYLVIA runs to the doorway, in her nightie.

SYLVIA

It's my turn for having the car! What do you need it for?

DONNA

A quick getaway!

JUMP CUT TO CU CAR KEY, turning in the ignition.

CUT TO:

49

50 CONTINUED: 50

FX: further down the street, the TARDIS appears.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, FOYER - DAY 2 51

DONNA walks through the revolving doors -

CUT TO:

52 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, BACK YARD - DAY 2 52

THE DOCTOR sonic's the lock, PRAC EXPLOSION, in he goes -

CUT TO:

53 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 2 53

DONNA strides through, fast, not stopping -

CUT TO:

54 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - DAY 2 54

THE DOCTOR strides along the corridor -

He's heading for a door, opens it. A tiny little  
STOREROOM, mops & buckets, etc. No light. He gets  
inside, his hiding place, and he sonic's the lock. A big  
Locked.

CUT TO:

55 INT. LADIES TOILETS - DAY 2 55

Clean, smart, large room. DONNA hurries in. There's at  
least 5 cubicles in a row. She goes to the furthest one.

Inside, she bolts the door. Then lowers the lid on the  
toilet, to use it as a chair. Sits. Looks at her watch.

CUT TO:

56 INT. SALES CUBICLES - DAY 2 56

MISS FOSTER & 2 SECURITY GUARDS striding through. Sotto:

MISS FOSTER  
Keep an eye out. She'll come back. And  
then... she's mine.

As they clear, PAN UP to the CLOCK on the wall: 09.30.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

MIX TO: CLOCK reading 18.10.

CUT TO:

56A INT. SALES CUBICLES - NIGHT 2 56A

WIDE SHOT, lights flickering out, STAFF standing, putting on coats, CRAIG heading off, CLAIRE calling to a MATE:

CLAIRE

See you tomorrow!

CUT TO:

57 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 52

INSIDE THE STOREROOM, THE DOCTOR sonics the lock,

He steps out, stretching, a bit aching...

The corridor's much darker, now. He heads off. Runs!

CUT TO:

58 INT. LADIES TOILETS - NIGHT 2 58

DONNA still in the cubicle. She stands, aching, ooh. Then unlocks the bolt, steps out, the toilet empty -

Then her mobile rings! She panics -

- hurries back into the stall, locks the door, getting out her mobile, whispering -

DONNA

Not now!

CUT TO:

59 INT. NOBLES' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 59

SYLVIA on the phone, WILF in his coat in b/g, armed with TELESCOPE & THERMOS, about to head off. \*

SYLVIA

I need the car, where are you?!

SCENE CONTINUES, INTERCUT WITH LADIES TOILETS.

CUT TO:

60 INT. LADIES TOILETS - NIGHT 2 60

DONNA sitting on the loo, whispering on her mobile.

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

Right, we'll do it the hard way. Get her!

The guards move - kick the door in on the first cubicle,  
, one guard kicking, the other ready with his gun -

Empty.

Donna terrified.

They kick in the second cubicle - - empty -

Donna clutching her knees, helpless -

They kick in the third cubicle - -

And there's PENNY CARTER! Hiding!

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

There you are.

On Donna. Eh?!

As the guards haul Penny out, she's furious -

PENNY

I've been through the records, Foster!  
All your results have been faked,  
there's something about those pills  
you're not telling us -

MISS FOSTER

Oh, I think I'll be conducting this  
interview, Penny.

And they're hauling Penny out of the door, gone.

Beat.

Then Donna opens her cubicle door a fraction, peers out.

CUT TO:

61

61 CONTINUED:

61

Where there's a WINDOW CLEANER'S CRADLE. Lovely! Just what he needs. He starts to sonic the controls.

65 CONTINUED:

65

He gets out his stethoscope, to listen at the cradle wall.

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH SC.67, MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

66 INT. AREA OUTSIDE MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

66

Secretaries' area, dark. DONNA creeps towards MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - it's got glass interior walls, but with blinds drawn, though there's still a glass panel in the door.

Donna crouches below the glass in the door. Listens.

CONTINUES INTERCUT WITH SC.67, MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

67 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

67

MISS FOSTER now behind her desk, facing PENNY. The GUARDS have just tied Penny's wrists to the chair with flex, and now they stand back, on duty, behind Miss Foster.

INTERCUT with DONNA listening, crouched low, outside the office door; THE DOCTOR crouched low, outside the window.

PENNY

You can't tie me up! What sort of country d'you think this is?

MISS FOSTER

A beautifully fat country. Believe me, I've travelled a long way to find obesity on this scale.

PENNY

(calmer, strong)

Come on then. Those pills. Miss Foster. What are they?

MISS FOSTER

You might as well have a scoop. Since you'll never see it printed.

(holds up a capsule)

This... is the spark of life.

PENNY

What's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

MISS FOSTER

Officially, the capsule attracts all the fat cells, and then flushes them away. Well, it certainly attracts them, that part's true. But it binds the fat together, and galvanises it, to form a body.

PENNY

What d'you mean, a body?

MISS FOSTER

I'm surprised you didn't ask about my name. I chose it well. Foster, as in foster mother. And these... are my children.

She opens the desk drawer, reaches in, plucks out...

FX: she puts an ADIPOSE on the desk. It waves.

ON THE DOCTOR & DONNA ONLY now, frustrated, unable to see.

PENNY

...you're kidding me. What the hell is that?!

MISS FOSTER

Adipose. It's called, an Adipose. Made out of living fat.

OFFICE DIALOGUE THEN CONT. ADR, OOV (and ADR dialogue will remove the Adipose), all this UNDER the action below:

From 'living fat', Donna to see... so she inches up to look through the glass panel...

At the same time, the Doctor to see... so, putting his stethoscope away, he inches up to look through the window...

(NB, Miss Foster, the desk, Penny & guards are at the front of the office, the Doctor & Donna a few feet further towards the back, so there's a clear space between the Doctor & Donna, who are directly opposite each other.)

The Doctor lifts his head up... looking left, to the desk.

Donna lifts her head up... looking right, to the desk.

(CONTINUED)



67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

Then the Doctor looks straight ahead, seeing -

Donna looks straight ahead, seeing -

The Doctor!!!!

Donna!!!??!

Big long moment, both just boggling, open-mouthed. Then, all shot through the glass, in silence, big gestures:

The Doctor: Donna???

Donna: Doctor!!!!

The Doctor: but...what? Wha... WHAT??!?

Donna: Oh! My! God!

The Doctor: but... how???

Donna points at herself! It's me!

The Doctor: well I can see that!

Donna: oh this is brilliant!

The Doctor: but... what the hell are you doing there???

Donna's just so thrilled, she waves! Big smile!

The Doctor: but, but, but, why, what, where, when?

Donna points at him - you!! I was looking for you!

The Doctor: me? What for?

Donna does a little mime: I, came here, trouble, read about it, internet, I thought, trouble = you! And this place is weird! Pills! So I hid. Back there. Crept along. Heard this lot. Looked. You! Cos they...

And on 'they', she gestures and looks towards Miss Foster.

Who is staring at her. As are the guards. Penny, too.

Donna freezes. Oops.

Miss Foster then looks at the Doctor. Calm:

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)  
Are we interrupting you?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

Donna stands, still framed in the glass. Looks at Miss Foster, speechless. Then at the Doctor.

The Doctor: run!!!

And Donna runs!

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

Get her!

The security guards head for the door -

The Doctor holds the sonic, whirrs it dead ahead -

The door's locked, the guards struggle with it -

Miss Foster turns to face the Doctor -

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

And him!

The Doctor sonics up, to the cradle-controls, fast -

FX: seen from inside the office, through the window, the cradle zooms up, fast, taking the Doctor with it -

CUT TO:

68 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2

68

DONNA bursts into the stairwell, runs up -

CUT TO:

69 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

69

THE DOCTOR back at the top, clambering out of the cradle - runs across the roof, to the Access Door -

CUT TO:

70 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

70

2 SECURITY GUARDS FIRE - PRAC GUNS -

PRAC FX: the locked door is shot into splinters!

Guards run through, and MISS FOSTER - PENNY's left tied to the chair, yelling -

PENNY

What about me??!

CUT TO:

71 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 2

71

DONNA running up -

THE DOCTOR running down -

And they meet on a landing! She hugs him!

DONNA

Oh my God, I don't believe it!! You've even got the same suit, don't you ever change?

THE DOCTOR

Thanks Donna, not right now -

There's a from a few floors below - he looks down -

His POV: the SECURITY GUARDS heading up -

And he grabs her hand, big smile!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Just like old times!

And they run up the stairs together -

CUT TO A FEW FLOORS BELOW -

The 2 SECURITY GUARDS storming up - MISS FOSTER following -

CUT TO:

72 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

72

THE DOCTOR & DONNA race out of the Access Door - the Doctor sonics it shut - then run across the rooftop, to the CRADLE, where the Doctor frantically sonics the winch, taking loose wires out of his pocket and fixing them to the controls -

And right from the word go, Donna's talking,

DONNA

- cos I thought, how do I find the Doctor? And then I thought, just look for trouble, and he'll turn up! So I looked everywhere, you name it, UFO sightings, crop circles, sea monsters, all those weird things in Cardiff, I investigated them all - like that stuff about the bees disappearing, I thought,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

DONNA (CONT'D)

I bet he's connected! Cos the thing is, you opened my eyes, Doctor, I believe it now, all those amazing things out there, I believe them all, well, except for that replica of the Titanic flying over Buckingham Palace on Christmas Day, I mean, that's gotta be a hoax, hasn't it - ?

THE DOCTOR

What d'you mean, the bees are disappearing?

DONNA

I dunno, that's what it says on the internet, but on the same site, there were all these conspiracy theories about Adipose Industries, so I thought, let's take a look -

The Access Door starts banging, Guards on the other side.

THE DOCTOR

In you get!

DONNA

What, into that thing?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, into that thing.

DONNA

But if we go down in that, they'll just call it back up again!

THE DOCTOR

No, cos I've locked the controls with a sonic cage, I'm the only one who can control it - not unless she's got a sonic device of her own. Which is very unlikely!

CUT TO:

73 INT. INSIDE ACCESS DOOR, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2

73

It's a hefty door, one of the GUARDS slamming against it with his shoulder, as MISS FOSTER strides up the stairs -

And she's just taking her PEN out of her breast pocket -

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

MISS FOSTER  
Out of the way -

And the pen whirrs with a familiar whirring sound, lights up with a familiar blue at the end -

CUT TO:

74 INT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP/SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT 7A

- THE ACCESS DOOR flies open - MISS FOSTER strides out, the 2 GUARDS following, but -

The roof's empty.

The cradle's gone, the lowering-mechanism clearly at work.

CUT TO WIDE SHOT, SIDE OF BUILDING, the CRADLE descending with THE DOCTOR & DONNA on board.

CUT TO ROOFTOP, Miss Foster smiling -

MISS FOSTER  
Oh, I don't think so -

She aims her SONIC PEN -

PRAC EXPLOSION on the ROOFTOP WINCH CONTROLS -

FX: THE DOCTOR & DONNA & CRADLE plummeting down, TOWER BLOCK FLOORS RACING past them - Donna screaming - !

CU ROOFTOP WINCHES spinning like crazy! PRAC SPARKS!

FX: CU THE DOCTOR, with FLOORS RACING PAST behind him, holding out the sonic, whirring furiously -

FX: CU PRAC EXPLOSION on the right hand CRADLE WINCH (with FLOORS RACING PAST B/G) -

WIDER on the CRADLE, halfway down the building, jerking to a sudden halt - the Doctor & Donna jolted, recovering -

CUT TO THE DOCTOR, sonicking the nearest window -

THE DOCTOR  
- hold on - we can get in through the window -

74 CONTINUED:

74

MISS FOSTER  
Deadlock the building!

CUT TO THE CRADLE, a of locks, the Doctor  
sonicking -

THE DOCTOR  
Can't get it open!

DONNA  
Well then, smash it!

And she's got a spanner from a workman's toolkit inside  
the cradle, slams the window -

CUT TO INSIDE THE BUILDING, the Doctor & Donna hammering  
at the glass - but it's security glass, doesn't give -

CUT TO ROOFTOP, Miss Foster now calmly walking over to  
the left-hand-side (her right-hand-side) ROOFTOP WINCH.  
Holds the PEN against the cable -

PRAC FX: the METAL CABLE burning, sparks flying out, like  
an oxyacetylene torch - the cable fraying -

CUT TO the CRADLE, both looking up, horrified -

DONNA (CONT'D)  
She's cutting the cable!!!!

CUT TO ROOFTOP, CU CABLE - PRAC FX, it SNAPS!!

FX, STUNT!, WIDE SHOT - the CRADLE tips, the LEFT HAND  
SIDE falling, the broken cable whipping downwards, the  
RIGHT HAND SIDE still connected, staying where it is, so  
the whole shebang falls down from the left - ie, the  
horizontal platform tipping to vertical - THE DOCTOR &  
DONNA tumbling towards the left, Donna already the  
left (ie, camera left) -

CU the falling Doctor flailing out, to reach for -

FX: DONNA tumbling over the edge, screaming - !

THE DOCTOR slams into the left-hand wall of the cradle -  
the cradle now vertical, and swinging a little - but it  
remains connected on the right-hand-side, so the left-  
hand-wall has become the floor -

The Doctor whipping his head over the side, to see -

THE DOCTOR  
Donna - ?!

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74







82 CONTINUED:

82

PENNY

Oy!

The Doctor pops his head back round the door -

THE DOCTOR

Sorry -

- and holds out the sonic pen, whirrs -

Penny's hands pull free, the flex loosened.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now do yourself a favour, get out!

And he's gone -

CUT TO:

83 INT. SALES CUBICLES - NIGHT 2

83

THE DOCTOR & DONNA burst through, from one end -

Stop dead. As MISS FOSTER strides through from the other end of the room, both SECURITY GUARDS hoisting up guns. A standoff; good distance between the two parties.

MISS FOSTER

Well, then. At last.

THE DOCTOR

Evening.

DONNA

Hello.

THE DOCTOR

Nice to meet you. I'm the Doctor.

DONNA

And I'm Donna.

MISS FOSTER

Partners in crime.  
And evidently offworlders, judging by your sonic technology.

THE DOCTOR

Oh! I've still got -  
(holds up)  
Your sonic pen. Nice! I like it.  
Sleek, it's kind of... sleek.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

DONNA  
Definitely sleek.

THE DOCTOR  
And if you were to sign your real name,  
that would be..?

MISS FOSTER  
Matron Cofelia, of the Five-Straighten  
Classabindi Nursery Fleet, Intergalactic  
Class.

THE DOCTOR  
A wet nurse. Using Humans as  
surrogates.

MISS FOSTER  
I've been employed by the Adiposian  
First Family, to foster a new  
generation, after their breeding planet  
was lost.

THE DOCTOR  
What d'you mean, lost, how d'you lose a  
planet?

MISS FOSTER  
The politics are none of my concern.  
I'm just here to take care of the  
children, on behalf of the parents.

DONNA  
What, like an outer space Supernanny?

MISS FOSTER  
If you like.

DONNA  
So those little things, they're made out  
of fat, yeah? But that woman last

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

THE DOCTOR  
Seeding a Level Five planet is against  
galactic law.

MISS FOSTER  
Are you threatening me?

THE DOCTOR  
I'm trying to help you, Matron. This is  
your one chance. Because if you don't  
call this off... then I'll have to stop  
you.

MISS FOSTER  
I hardly think you can stop bullets.

Both Guards raise guns, the click of safety catches.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh, but hold on, one more thing! Before  
dying! D'you know what happens if you  
hold two identical sonic devices against  
each other?

MISS FOSTER  
No.

THE DOCTOR  
Nor me. Let's find out!

And with a huge grin, he holds SONIC PEN against SONIC  
SCREWDRIVER, whirrs!

CAMERA SHAKE, whole room VIBRATING! Miss Foster & 5 Tm /Tdnc 3 Tm /TT5

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83

MISS FOSTER

Tell the Adiposians, cover has been  
broken, I'm advancing the birthplan.  
We're going into premature labour.

And she strides out, Guards following -

CUT TO:

85 CONTINUED: 85

Behind it, floor to ceiling: a COMPUTER WALL. Very distinct design, all golden curves and lights.

CUT TO:

86 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 86

PENNY tied up again, as MISS FOSTER stands back, the two SECURITY GUARDS sliding back the wall behind her chair - revealing an IDENTICAL COMPUTER WALL to the storeroom's.

As Miss Foster goes to it, starts pressing buttons -

PENNY

What does that thing do?

MISS FOSTER

It's the Inducer. We'd planned to seed millions, but if that man's an alien and he's alerted the Shadow Proclamation, then the first one million Humans will have to do -

(to the Guards)

Find him, and the woman. Don't waste time, just kill them.

The Guards run out -

CUT TO:

87 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 87

THE DOCTOR on the floor, rewiring the COMPUTER WALL, DONNA beside him. He gives her a handful of wires, and keeps using those wires throughout this & sc.89, as they talk -

THE DOCTOR

She's wired up this whole building. And we need a bit of privacy -

CUT TO:

88 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 2 88

The 2 SECURITY GUARDS charging along, with guns - they slam through a set of Fire Doors -

FX: ARCS OF ELECTRICITY all around the doorframe, zapping the GUARDS - they fall to the ground, unconscious -

CUT TO:

89     INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 82

THE DOCTOR fiddling with two wires -

FX: tiny ARC OF ELECTRICITY, same as sc.88.

THE DOCTOR

Just enough to stun them! But why's she  
wired up a tower block, what's it all  
for..?

Then he keeps working, intent. And in the pause, DONNA's  
looking at him. Properly, now. Then, quiet & smiling  
(though he keeps working, she keeps handing him wires):

DONNA

You look older.

THE DOCTOR

Thanks.

Pause.

DONNA

Still on your own?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Well, no, I had this friend,  
Martha, she was called, Martha Jones,  
she was brilliant. And I destroyed half  
her life. But she's fine, she's good.  
She's gone.

DONNA

What about Rose?

THE DOCTOR

...still lost.

(pause, then gentler)

I thought you were gonna travel the  
world.

DONNA

Easier said than done. It's like, I  
had that one day with you, and I was  
gonna change, I was gonna do so much.  
Then I woke up the next morning, and  
it's the same old life. Like you were  
never there. And I tried, I did try, I  
went to Egypt, I was gonna go barefoot  
and everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

DONNA (CONT'D)

But then it's all bus trips and guide books and don't-drink-the-water, two weeks later you're back home, it's nothing like being with you. I must've been mad, turning down that offer.

THE DOCTOR

What offer?

DONNA

To come with you.

THE DOCTOR

...you're coming with me..?

DONNA

Ohh, yes please!

THE DOCTOR

...right.

COMPUTER WALL starts bleeping, more lights ILLUMINATING!

DONNA

What's it doing now?

THE DOCTOR

She's started the programme!

CUT TO:

90 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

90

MISS FOSTER slams a final lever, crosses to the window, to look out at the night. PENNY still tied to the chair.

MISS FOSTER

Mark the date, Miss Carter. Happy birthday. One million birthdays.

CUT TO:

91 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2

91

Smart, but not posh, like a Yates's Lodge. SYLVIA's out with the GIRLS - 5 women, her age, all dressed up for a night out, on the white wine. Brassy SUZETTE holding court -

(CONTINUED)



91 CONTINUED:

91

SUZETTE

- I swear, that Adipose treatment, it's fabulous, just look at my chin! And it's very good for back fat, I'm down two sizes!

SYLVIA

It's like a miracle! And all of that from one little pill?

SUZETTE

And I've been eating like normal -

She stops.

Holds her stomach. Feels something.

SYLVIA

You all right, love..?

SUZETTE

Yeah, I'm just... Funny sort of feeling, like it's...

THROW FOCUS, far behind her, at a separate table, a PLUMP MAN on date with a LADY. But he stands. Feels his stomach. Something wrong. The woman saying, 'What is it..?'

CUT BACK TO SUZETTTE, just standing and turning to go -

SUZETTE (CONT'D)

Just... pop to the loo...

SYLVIA

Oh my God, Suzette!

SUZETTE

What..?

She turns, trying to see - because under her clothes, on her back, something is starting to move...

CUT TO:

92 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

92

LIVING ROOM, ROGER just standing, feeling a bit odd. Puzzled. Looks down at his shirt...

A BUMP on his side is moving, squirming...

CUT TO:



97 EXT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2

97

SYLVIA walks into the doorway, stunned...

It's a busy street, with pubs & restaurants and takeaways. But as Sylvia looks around, WHIP PAN her POV -

A FAT MAN, kneeling on the floor, wrestling with his clothes, scared, his GIRLFRIEND panicking. Whip pan -

CUT TO A BLACK CAB, screeching to a halt -

CUT TO A CAR, slewing across the road, braking -

CUT TO THE DRIVER of another car, stopped in the middle of the street, getting out of his car to just boggle -

CUT TO a WOMAN, screaming, pointing, at -

FX: THIRTY ADIPOSE marching down the middle of the road!

Sylvia just staring, in horror.

CUT TO:

98 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2

98

PROFILE MISS FOSTER, at the window.

MISS FOSTER

Come to me, children. Come to me.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 2

99

FX: WIDE SHOT. THE MARCH OF THE ADIPOSE. Hundreds of little shapes marching in unison down the road. BYSTANDERS staring, pointing, screaming, keeping well back.

CUT TO:

100 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 100

THE DOCTOR, frantic with the wires - DONNA helping - fast -

THE DOCTOR

- so far, they're just losing weight, but the Matron's gone up to Emergency Parthenogenesis -

DONNA

And that's when they convert -

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

THE DOCTOR  
 - skeletons, organs, everything - a  
 million people are gonna die!

CUT TO:

101 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 101

SYLVIA running back in -

Because SUZETTE is now on the floor, the GIRLS panicking-  
 LOTS OF BUMPS are now writhing under Suzette's clothes -

The PLUMP MAN's still standing, but horrified, his  
 clothes all still moving and flexing with bumps -

The YOUNG WOMAN at the bar's the same, scared, trying to  
 press down the moving bumps in her clothes -

CUT TO:

102 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 102

ROGER on the floor, rolling on to his side, trying to see -  
 LOTS OF BUMPS moving under the back of his shirt -

CUT TO:

103 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 103

THE DOCTOR still fighting - DONNA at his side -

THE DOCTOR  
 - gotta cancel the signal -

- and he takes out his GOLD CAPSULE & PENDANT, wrapping a  
 wire around it, connecting it to the computer-

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 This contains the primary signal, if I  
 can switch it off, the fat goes back to  
 being just fat -

CUT TO:

104 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 104

MISS FOSTER at the COMPUTER WALL - slams a lever - !

MISS FOSTER  
 Nice try. Double strength!

CUT TO:

105 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 105

ALARMS BLEEP - bad news, THE DOCTOR still with the GOLD CAPSULE and wiring -

THE DOCTOR  
No, she's doubled it, I need -

On his feet - runs a few yards down the corridor, desperate -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
- haven't got time - !!

- stops, runs back, grabs wiring - so fast, now -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
- it's too far - can't override it -  
they're all gonna die - !

CUT TO:

106 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2 106

SUZETTE, on the floor, panicking, as her clothes heave -

CUT TO:

107 INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2 107

CU on ROGER, wailing, helpless, so scared, as his back writhes, under his shirt. About to separate, any second...

CUT TO:

108 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 108

CU DONNA, now fixed, quiet, as THE DOCTOR works, frantic -

DONNA  
Is there anything I can do?

THE DOCTOR  
- sorry, this is way beyond you, Donna -  
gotta double the base pulse - I can't -  
!!

DONNA  
Doctor, tell me, what do you need?

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

THE DOCTOR  
I need a second capsule, to boost the  
override, but I've only got the one - I  
can't save them - !

He keeps working, as Donna calmly reaches into her  
pocket...

And Donna holds up...

HER GOLD CAPSULE & PENDANT.

The Doctor looks at her.

She looks at him.

The moment suspended. Just magic.

He smiles.

She smiles.

Then back to normal, as he grabs the SECOND CAPSULE off  
her, jams it into the wiring -

And the whole COMPUTER BANK goes dead!

CUT TO:

109 INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT 2

109

SUZETTE on the floor, SYLVIA & GIRLS crowding round her -

But Suzette's suddenly still.

SUZETTE  
It's stopped. They've gone...

She's patting her clothes, incredulous. No bumps.

CUT TO PLUMP MAN in b/g, laughing, overjoyed! It's  
stopped!

CUT TO YOUNG WOMAN. Joy!T5 1 Tf (He smiles.)Tj. cm BI76-YBT -0.0174 T

110 CONTINUED: 110

He starts to laugh, out of shock, but oh, the relief!

CUT TO:

111 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 111

MISS FOSTER slamming levers on the COMPUTER WALL, but it's dead, no lights. PENNY still tied to the chair.

PENNY

What's happened?

MISS FOSTER

I think the Doctor happened. But we've still given birth to ten thousand Adipose. And the Nursery is coming.

CUT TO:

112 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 122

THE DOCTOR & DONNA, as the room starts to rumble.

114 CONTINUED: 114

PEOPLE all around, looking up at the sky. The deep, low rumble shuddering away...

HIGH WIDE SHOT of the STREET - still in chaos, with cars having braked all over the place - EVERYONE staring up...

FX: A HUGE SPACESHIP gliding overhead! Close Encounters-style, a black disc with BRIGHT LIGHTS UNDERNEATH.

On Sylvia, and the others, all open-mouthed...

CUT TO:

115 EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT 2 115

WILF is sitting there with his TELESCOPE, and a CUPPA. Earphones on - only a CD Walkman, playing Gene Pitney. Wilf's the happiest man in the world. \*

FX: BEHIND HIM, the SPACESHIP gliding over LONDON, way off in the distance. \*

His telescope's pointing the other way. He's got no idea.

CUT TO:

116 INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 2 116

PROFILE, MISS FOSTER at the window, looking up. Smiling.

PENNY  
What's that noise? What is it??

MISS FOSTER  
My lift home.

And she strides out -

PENNY  
You can't just leave me here!

But she does!

CUT TO:

117 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2 117

FX: LOW ANGLE, looking up at the SPACESHIP, gliding to a halt like a vast halo above the Tower Block.

FX: LOW ANGLE, an ADIPOSE waving up at the SPACESHIP.

CUT TO:



118 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 128

The rumbling, shaking, stops. THE DOCTOR still packing wires back into the COMPUTER WALL, DONNA helping -

DONNA

When you say Nursery, you don't mean a creche in Notting Hill?

THE DOCTOR

Nursery Ship - ohh, wait a minute -

One screen on the Wall has blinked into life. Strange alien script scrolling across - the Doctor fascinated.

DONNA

Hadn't we better go and stop them?

THE DOCTOR

Hold on, hold on... Instructions from the Adiposian First Family...

CUT TO:

119 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2

119

MISS FOSTER strides out. Stands there. Triumphant. Addresses the crowd, like Eva Peron.

MISS FOSTER

Children! Oh my children, behold! I am taking you

FX: REVEAL that the streets outside the building are now full of HUNDREDS OF ADIPOSE - all going 'yaaay!', happy!

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)

Far across the galaxy, your new mummies and daddies are waiting. And you will

And she gestures upwards, arms wide, head back, exultant.

FX: LOW ANGLE BUILDING, as STRONG, WIDE, BLUISH BEAMS OF LIGHT shaft down from the SPACESHIP.

119 CONTINUED: 119

FX: WIDE SHOT, STREET, THE HUNDREDS OF ADIPOSE now in bluish BEAMS OF LIGHT, as they ALL begin to lift up, up...

On MISS FOSTER, exultant:

MISS FOSTER (CONT'D)  
That's it! Fly away home!

CUT TO:

120 INT. ADIPOSE IND., DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR/STOREROOM - NIGHT 120

THE DOCTOR still reading the screen -

THE DOCTOR  
- she wired up the building, to convert it into a Levitation Post. Ohh, but we're not the ones in trouble now, is -

And he's running, Donna following -

CUT TO:

121 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT 2 121

Adipose all gone; MISS FOSTER steps forward, into the strong PRAC LIGHT from above. Deep breath, looking up...

MISS FOSTER  
Take me. The children need me!

CUT TO:

121A INT. MISS FOSTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 121A

PENNY, still tied up, now illuminated by the PRAC LIGHT from outside.

But now she's open-mouthed, staring out of the window, can't believe what she's seeing...

CUT TO:

122 EXT. ADIPOSE INDUSTRIES, ROOFTOP - NIGHT 2 122

THE DOCTOR & DONNA burst out -

And stop.

Awestruck; the light of the BEAMS reflecting off them, gently; all rather beautiful, as they look out...

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

FX: the sky full of ADIPOSE, the air glowing with BEAM-LIGHT, as 100s of the little dot-sized creatures rise up...

The Doctor & Donna smiling.

DONNA

What you gonna do, then? Blow them up?

THE DOCTOR

They're just children. Can't help where they came from.

DONNA

Makes a change from last time. That Martha must've done you good.

THE DOCTOR

She did. Yeah, she did.  
(beat, then cheeky)  
She fancied me.

DONNA

DONNA

Oh, Mad Martha, that one. Blind Martha. Charity Martha.

FX: CLOSER on one rising ADIPOSE; it gives a little wave.

Donna waves back. Then stops.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm waving at fat.

THE DOCTOR

Actually, as a diet plan, it sort of worked... There she is - !

FX: A DISTANCE AWAY - IE, away from the roof, over the street, MISS FOSTER is rising up, gently, in the same levitation beam.

Around her, the LAST ADIPOSE rise up through shot, disappearing up, gone.

The Doctor runs forward, urgent - Donna following -

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

MISS FOSTER

I don't think so, Doctor. And if I never see you again, it'll be -

THE DOCTOR

- oh why does no one ever listen?! I'm trying to help! Just... get across to the roof, can you shift the levitation beam?

MISS FOSTER

What, so you can arrest me?

THE DOCTOR

Just I saw the Adiposian instructions! They know it's a crime, breeding on Earth, so what's the one thing they want to get rid of? Their accomplice!

MISS FOSTER

I'm far more than that, I'm nanny, to all these children.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly! Mum and Dad have got the kids, they don't need the nanny any more!

MID-SHOT, on Miss Foster... as the LIGHT SNAPS OFF! Darkness. She looks left and right, held in the air for a second like a cartoon coyote. Then -

FX: WIDE SHOT as Miss Foster falls, plummets, screaming, out of the bottom of frame -

Donna turns to the Doctor, flinches, with the OOV

The Doctor puts his arm around her. So sorry.

Then both look up, hearing the whine of engines...

CUT TO:

123 FX SHOT - ABOVE THE EARTH

123

FX: A WINDOW crammed full of ADIPOSE. Mewling. They look sad. A little wave from one of them, bye bye.

FX: PULLING OUT, the WINDOW set in the SPACESHIP, and the Ship hurtles away, into space, away from Earth, gone...

CUT TO:



125 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 2

125

The street from sc.50, DONNA running in, realising that her car is near the TARDIS, though a fair distance between them. THE DOCTOR is the definition of dubious.

DONNA

That's my car! That's like destiny!  
And I've been ready for this, I packed  
ages ago, just in case -

And she's opening the boot, hauling out a suitcase,  
another, a carpet bag, a valise, a trolley-thing, two  
plastic bags -

She shoves them at the Doctor, piling them up in his arms -

DONNA (CONT'D)

- cos I thought, hot weather, cold  
weather, no weather, he goes anywhere,  
I've gotta be prepared -

THE DOCTOR

You've got a hatbox.

DONNA

Planet of the Hats, I'm ready!

She swings the boot shut, - !

JUMP CUT TO DONNA dumping her armfuls of stuff by the  
Tardis, THE DOCTOR standing back, still weighed down with  
luggage; so she's in the Tardis doorway, with him facing  
her, the opposite of the end of 3.X.

DONNA (CONT'D)

- I don't need injections, do I?  
Y'know, like when you go to Cambodia, is  
there any of that? Cos my friend Veena  
went to Bahrain, and... you're not  
saying very much.

THE DOCTOR

No, but it's just... It's a funny old  
life, in the Tardis, it's not...

DONNA

(quiet, crestfallen)  
You don't want me.

THE DOCTOR

I'm not saying that.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

DONNA  
But you asked me.  
(silence)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

DONNA

I've got my mother's car keys! Back in a tick!

And she's gone. The Doctor stands there for a second, looking at the luggage, wondering, what the hell..? But then crucially, he smiles. Starts picking up the bags.

CUT TO:

126 OMITTED

126

127 INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 2

127

DONNA pokes her head around the half-open door.

DONNA

Off we go then!

THE DOCTOR by the console, plus luggage. As Donna walks up the ramp to join him:

THE DOCTOR

Here it is! The cuuOds! TBiggr honthe Tj ET Q q 1 0 0 1 0



