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

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 -

FX: A LASER BEAM blisters through the open door -

FX: small PRAC explosion as the FX beam hits the console -

The Doctor slams the door shut, as Martha stands - from outside, the noise of more firing -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Did they see you?

MARTHA

I don't know -

THE DOCTOR

But did they see you?

MARTHA

I was too busy running -

THE DOCTOR

Martha, it's important, did they see your face?

MARTHA

MARTHA

How can they do that? You've got a time machine!

THE DOCTOR

Stolen technology. They've got a Time Agent's Vortex Manipulator, they can follow us wherever we go. Right across the universe... And they're never gonna stop. Unless...

He searches his pockets, frantic. Finds a fob watch.

DOCTOR

...I'll have to do it.

He looks at her, both close, intent:

THE DOCTOR

Martha. You trust me, don't you?

MARTHA

Course I do.

THE DOCTOR

Cos it all depends on you.

MARTHA

What does? What am I supposed to do..?

CU on the Doctor, Martha's POV, ie, to CAMERA:

THE DOCTOR

Take this watch. Cos my life depends on it. This watch, Martha... This watch is

CUT TO:

I NT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - (PRE-TITLES) - DAY 10

HARD CUT INTO MR JOHN SMITH - in bed, in his pyjamas, waking with a shock. And this man looks exactly like the Doctor; except he's not. He's shaken, blinking the dream away. He gets out of bed, grabs a dressing gown.

The quarters are small, comfortable, part-study, part-bedroom lots of books, papers, etc. A knock at the door -

SM TH

Come in.

And the maid, MARTHA, walks in, carrying a tray, with tea, toast, the newspaper. She's modest, demure, polite.

MARTHA

Oh, pardon me, Mr Smith, you're not dressed yet. I can come back later...

SM TH

No, that's all right, put it down... (still befuddled)
I was, um.. Sorry. But sometimes, I have these extraordinary dreams.

MARTHA

What about, sir?

SM TH

I dream I'm this... adventurer. This daredevil. A madman. The Doctor, I'm called the Doctor. And last night, I dreamt you were there. As... my companion.

MARTHA

A teacher and a housemaid, sir? That's impossible.

SM TH

I was a man from another world.

MARTHA

Well then, it can't be true. Cos there's no such thing.

He goes to the mantelpiece. And there's the fobwatch. He picks it up (doesn't open it). It's completely ordinary.

SM TH

And this thing. The watch... It was... (thinks)

No. Funny how dreams slip away. But I remember one thing... It all took place in the future. It was the year of our Lord 2007.

MARTHA I can prove that wrong for you,

..the Anglo9al Dileat3ar1m3BabCd questiones Provides 12 and 612 792 A q7920 1 9002 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:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL &MOAD300.9 BDC q0.00000912 0 612 792 reWnBT/F1 12 Tf

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

MARTHA
Morning, s2fl8.89 ThkdC4ei eep volume up on the hymn.

MARTHA

Just... World like this, you think it's gonna last forever. But nothing does.

(brisk again)

Never mind! On with the job!

And they get back to scrubbing.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR 2 - DAY 10

SM TH just emerging from a classroom, balancing a tall stack of books under his chin, when -

The Matron, JOAN REDFERN, 30's, is walking past -

JOAN

Morning, Mr Smith -

SM TH

Oh! Good morning Matron -

He gets flustered in front of her; always does. Drops one of his books.

SM TH (CONT'D)

No, whoops, there we go -

JOAN

Ch! Let me give you a hand -

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

SM TH

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

SM TH (CONT'D)

...that leaves me free...

He picks the book off the floor.

SM TH (CONT'D)

Ther e!

Yes! This way!

And off they go...

CUT TO:

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

SM TH

Um Hadn't thought about it.

JOAN

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

SM TH

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.

SM TH

What about the stairs?

JOAN

They're right behind you.

SM TH

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:

INT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - DAY 10

SM TH wincing, JOAN dabbing a bruise on his for ehead (no blood). Joan with a medical kit laid out. He goes 'ouch!'

JOAN

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

SM TH

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

Sorry, right, yeah -

She knocks on the door, sarky, and steps in properly -

MARTHA (CONT'D)

But is he all right? They said that you fell down the stairs, sir -

SM TH

Just took a tumble, that's all.

MARTHA

Have you checked for concussion?

JOAN

I have, and I dare say, I know a lot more about it than you.

MARTHA

Sorry. I'll just... tidy your things, sir.

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

JOAN

Tell me.

SM TH

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 stethescope. Listens to the left. Ba-boom, ba-boom.. Martha watching... Then the stethescope to the right. Nothing.

JOAN (CONT'D)

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

SM TH

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.

SM TH

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 i magi nati on.

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

SM TH

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.

SM TH

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..?

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 10

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

MARTHA

Ma' am, that book -

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

INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 10

Functional beds all lined up, with bedside lockers. HUTCHINSON

Make sure the bursar's down the pub before you go past his window.

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. I magine 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.

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:

EXT. LANE - NIGHT 10

A lane by the woods, near the village. JOAN is walking along, heading home. 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:

EXT. PUB - NI GHT 10

MARTHA sitting with JENNY, still alert.

MARTHA

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

JENNY

Can't hear anything.

MARTHA

No, but hush...

Pause. Not hing.

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...

SM TH

Anything wrong, ladies?

He's approaching, from the pub.

SM TH (CONT'D)

SM TH

Ladi es?

MARTHA

No, we're fine, thanks.

SM TH

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)

Jenny, where was that? On the horizon, where the light was headed?

JENNY

That's by Cooper's Field.

And Martha runs off, in that direction!

JENNY (CONT'D)

You can't go running off! It's dark, you'll break a leg! Ohhh...

And with a sigh, Jenny follows, runs after her.

CUT TO:

OM TTED: 16

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 10

BAINES is taking beer bottles from a hiding place, at the base of a tree, when -

A wind whips up around him

Baines looks all around, surprised, sees -

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 -

And Baines steps forward.

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

BAINES (CONT'D)

Hello?!

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! Not hing 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'mfrozen 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.

сит то

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 10

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's POV: just shadows.

BAI NES

But I don't understand. Who are you?

MALE ALI EN VOICE

We are the Family.

FEMALE ALI EN VOI CE

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

BAI NES

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.

BAI NES

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

MALE ALI EN VOICE

Why would you want to see us?

BAI NES

I want to know what you look like.

FEMALE ALI EN VOI CE

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

Suddenly - CAMERA RUSHES in towards CU Baines - and as he <code>screams</code> -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 10

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

HUTCHI NSON (CONT'D)

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

BAI NES

There was no beer. It was gone.

HUTCHI NSON

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.

HUTCHI NSON (CONT'D)

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

BAI NES

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

And he sniffs at another boy.

HUTCHI NSON

Well don't spread it about, I don't want your germs! M ght 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

сит то

EXT. COUNTRYSI DE - DAY 11

Dawn rising over the fields.

EXT. BARN - DAY 11

MARTHA cycling along a country lane.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DAY 11

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...

сит то:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

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 consol e. 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

controls. (NB, this is very distinctive; it'll need to be recognised in ep. 11).

Martha Ioo

INT. TARDIS - DAY 9

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

MATHA standing back, horrified - PRAC WIND BLOWING -

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

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

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

DOCTOR

This working..? Martha! Before I change, here's a list of instructions, for when I'm human...

She's heard this so many times. Come on, come on.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

One! Don't let me hurt anyone. Can't have that! But you know what humans are like... Two! Don't worry about the Tardis, I'll put it on emergency power so they can't detect it, just let it hide away. Four! No, wait a minute... Three!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

SMITH just finishing shaving, in the mirror. Under:

DOCTOR (V.O.)

No getting involved in big historical events. Four! You! Don't let me abandon you. And <u>five</u>, very important, five -

Smith shakes his head and moves away from the mirror. He goes to his desk, where he's got a series of loose-leaf drawings, left out for the ink to dry. Including a mysterious cavern; the inside of the Tardis. Under:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

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)

Ch, 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:

INT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - DAY 11

Knock on the door. SM TH opens the door to find TIM there.

TI M

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

SM TH

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

He searches through his things, still chatting away:

SM TH (CONT'D)

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

TI M

I'min the top ten of the class, sir.

SM TH

Now be honest, Ti mot hy. You should be the very top. You're a clever boy, but you

TI M

Yes sir. Fine, sir.

SM TH

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

Smith hands over the book, Timreaches out -

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

On CU Tim, shocked, and -

CUT TO:

INT. MODERN CORRIDOR - DAY X

- 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:

INT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - DAY 11

- TIM blinks, back to normal -

And there's SM TH, looking at him, puzzled.

SM TH

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

TI M

(scared)

No sir. Thank you, sir.

And he runs out of the room

Smith shrugs. Strange boy.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 11

TIM runs down the empty corridor, runs, runs, runs. Stops in a quiet corner, out of sight. Recovering. So scared.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 11

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 I MAGES - in CU, distorted - a SLI THEEN, DALEK, CYBERMAN, LAZARUS, SYCORAX LEADER, WEREWOLF -

On Tim, staring, illuminated, terrified -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

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

HUTCHI NSON

- and I thought, well, a far mer'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.

сит то

INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 11

(PRAC?) LIGHT on TIMs face - the whispers intense -

But he snaps the watch shut again, breathing hard, scared.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

HUTCHINSON still talking in b/g -

HUTCHI NSON

- 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:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 11

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

LOTS OF BOYS, as many as possible, pag692Bd. uoso7 u0 0 an7 u0 froep,

EXT. LANE - DAY 11

A LITTLE GIRL is walking, holding the string of a balloon.

She's passing a SCARECROW But then...

Its head turns to watch her.

She stops. Smiles. She waves.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello.

The scarecrow waves back, funny little wave.

She tilts her head to one side, fascinated.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

You're funny.

The scarecrow tilts its head to one side, too.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Bye bye.

She waves, the scarecrow waves, and she walks off.

As she walks down the lane... Behind her, the scarecrowlollops into the lane. Starts following her.

She stops. It stops.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

You stay there. You're supposed to be scaring crows.

She walks away. Behind her, the scarecrow starts to follow.

The little girl looks behind her, sees it following. And she's a bit unnerved now, she starts to hurry, faster...

The scarecrow starts to hurry.

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 own as his bound on the distance with the little girl - the balloon still in her grasp - her scream vanishing away...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD -

RCCASTLE

You need to be better than the best! These targets are tribesmen, from the Dark Continent. It's your Christian duty to put the fear of God into them

TI M

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:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FLASH FORWARD TO NI GHT X

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.

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 -

From overhead there's the scream of a descending shell. Tim looks up at -

SM TH

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.

SM TH (CONT'D)

Ah! Nurse Redfern...

JOAN

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

SM TH

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:

EXT. FI ELD - DAY 11

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

In the distance, a SCARECROWin 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.

He pulls his hand out, steps back, alarmed.

CLARK (CONT'D)

How did you..?

And the scarecrow waves at him again.

CLARK (CONT'D)

No. No...

And scared, he turns, about to run, and on the turn -

When a SECOND SCARECROW rears up in front of him Stands there, head tilting, studying him

Clark stepping back, in horror, as he looks all around...

WIDE SHOT of the field, as ALL THE SCARECROWS I ollop in from eight different directions, all heading towards Clark. And as he screams...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 11

JOAN is walking through the village square. SM TH comes running up, to walk along beside her.

SM TH

I'm sorry. About before.

JOAN

Oh, it wasn't your fault. I should apologise, it was rude of me.

SM TH

Tell me about your husband. Please.

Pause. Then she trusts him

JOAN

His name was Oliver. Died at the battle of Spion Kop. Long time ago, we were childhood sweethearts. But you see? I was angry at the army, for such a long time.

SM TH

You still are.

JOAN

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

SM TH

Don't you think discipline is good for them?

JOAN

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

SM TH

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.

SM TH

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.

SM TH

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

Towards...

A shop front, above which, an upright piano is being raised by pulley up to a top floor window by MOVERS. The pulley's got ropes running down to the piano, but with the main heaving-it-up rope reaching down, to a WORKMAN, heaving away, on ground level; this main rope is stretched at a diagonal - the diagonal meaning that the workman isn't underneath the piano, but a good distance away, to the left, the woman approaching from the right. 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 -
- where, right underneath the piano, it hits a milk churn -

JOAN

Oh it's all becoming clear now! This 'Doctor' is the man you'd like to be! Doing impossible things with cricket balls.

SM TH

I've discovered a tal ent, that's certainly true.

JOAN

But the Doctor has an eye for the ladies.

SM TH

The devil!

JOAN

A girl in every fireplace.

SM TH

Now there, I have to protest, Joan, that's hardly me.

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).

SM TH

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?

SM TH

Gallifrey.

JOAN

Is that in Ireland?

SM TH

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

JOAN

But you're not Irish?

SM TH

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.

SM TH

Really? Right. Yes!

A bit flustered, he changes the subject.

SM TH (CONT'D)

Perhaps I might draw you?

JOAN

Would you?

SM TH

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

He proudly stands back from the finished scarecrow.

JOAN

A mast er pi ece.

SM TH

I've all sorts of skills today.

And they walk off together.

The scarecrow slowly turns its head to watch them

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - DAY 11

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

CUT TO JOAN, sitting upright.

SM TH is sitting opposite, drawing her.

SM TH

Fi ni shed.

JOAN Can I see?

MARTHA comes barging in. Stops dead!

SM TH (CONT'D)

Martha! What have I told you about entering unannounced - ?!

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

сит то

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

MARTHA horrified, leans back against the door.

MARTHA

Wasn't on the list!

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 11

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? Ch 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. (pause)

And it wasn't me.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

BOYS passing to and fro, but TIMis 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:

VOI CES

...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:

OM TTED

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 11

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.

MARTHA

No, it's a bit more complicated than that

-

SM TH's now all ready for the dance. Smart (though not black

JENNY

I must have a cold coming on.

Jenny walks forward, takes a chair, Martha pouring tea, reverting back to their old conversation:

MARTHA

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

JENNY

Thinking about who?

MARTHA

Mr Smith and Matron! Cosit's never gonnal ast. 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. ia nice bit of

ANGLE ON JENNY, in the window, gun in hand. She snarls. Then heads of f -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

JOAN, dressed up in her finest, with SMTH-

JOAN

You're sure I'll do?

SM TH

You look wonderful.

JOAN

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

SM TH

I'm not certain.

JOAN

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

SM TH

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 -

SM TH

Martha, I've warned you -

MARTHA

They've found us and I've seen them, they look like people, like us, like normal! I'msorry, 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?!

SM TH

What are you talking about?

MARTHA

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

SM TH

...did | ? | | don't remember.

JOAN

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

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?!

SM TH

Oh! I see! I didn't realise -

And she slaps him

JOAN

Martha!

MARTHA

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

SM TH

How dare you?! How dare you?!

He grabs her and manhandles her to the door.

SM TH (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:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SM TH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

MARTHA stands there, desperate.

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

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

SM TH furious -

SM TH

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

JOAN

(qui et er, troubl ed)

But the funny thing is... You did have a fobwatch. Right there. Don't you remember..?

On Smith. Thrown...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

MARTHA hurries through the village (this presumes her bike was near her school quarters, which she wouldn't dare return to, now). PEOPLE passing by, on their way to the dance.

And as she hurries around a corner - there's TIM, heading the opposite way -

- a small collision -

MARTHA

- oh, sorry -

Tim blinks -

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:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

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

BALNES

No one at home.

JENNY

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

BAI NES

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

JENNY

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

сит то

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

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.

SM TH-

And she takes his arm

SM TH

You've taken my armin 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.

TIMs POV: Smith & Joan are heading into the village hall. 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.

As Timruns up, an elderly DOORMAN, shaking a tin, for a COUPLE just entering.

DOORMAN

Spare a penny, if you could. Collecting for the veterans of the Crimea, thank you very much...

(To TIM)

Now then, my boy, spare a penny for the old soldiers?

TI M

I'm sorry, I don't have any money.

DOORMAN

But your parents can afford a private education? Shame on you, I ad. For shame.

And he turns away. Tim heads inside -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

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

Ladi es and gentlemen, please take your partners for a waltz.

The band starts up.

SM TH 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!

SM TH

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:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

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

CLARK

I think this might help -

INT. SCHOOL SM TH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

CU BAINES. Grinning.

BAI NES

We've been invited to the dance.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

MARTHA hurries up to the DOORMAN -

DOORMAN

Ch, staff entrance, I think, Mss -

MARTHA

Yeah, well think again, mate -

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

CUT TOWIDER, 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:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

TIM sitting alone, glum, lost.

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.

JOAN

I don't know what you mean.

MARTHA

(sad) Yes you do.

CUT TO Tim And again, the whisper:

VOI CES

...danger...

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

And a SCARECROW slams against the glass!

Just for a second, Tim starts back -

But the scarecrow's gone. Tim disturbed now...

CUT TO MARTHA & JOAN.

MARTHA

I'mnot being rude, but the awful thing is, it doesn't even matter what you think. But you're nice, and you're... lucky, and I just wanted to say sorry. For what I'm about to do.

SM TH

- oh now really, this is getting out of hand, Martha, I must insist that you leave

He's just approaching, with drinks -

And Martha turns round, strong, ready for him, holding up -

The sonic screwdriver. Right in front of him

MARTHA

D'you know what this is?

SM TH

I' m not . . .

But he's staring at it. Chasing memories...

MARTHA

Name it. Go on. Name it.

JOAN

(scared)

John, what is that silly thing? John?

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCE HALL - NI GHT 11

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

DOORMAN

Evening all, spare a penny, sir..?

BAI NES

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:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BAINES (CONT'D)

Now then. We have a few questions for Mr Smith.

LITTLE GIRL

No, it's better than that...

And she walks forward, out of the crowd, to join the family -

JOAN

Don't go near them -

LITTLE GIRL

But they're my Family.

(to Baines)

I heard them talking. The man, the teacher, he's in disguise. He's the Doctor!

Baines delighted, even impressed.

BAI NES

You took human form?

SM TH

Of course I'm human, I was born human, as were you, Baines! And you, Jenny, and you, Mr Clark, what's going on, this is madness!

BAI NES

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

JENNY

But he's no good, like this.

CLARK

We need a Time Lord.

BAI NES

Easily done.

(points gun at Smith)

Change back.

SM TH

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

BAI NES

Change back!

SM TH

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?

SM TH

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.

BAI NES

Have you enj oyed it, Doct or? Being human? 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 EPI SODE 8