

INT. DANCE HALL/EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

MARTHA and JOAN, held at gunpoint -

But hidden away, behind some ONLOOKERS, TIM hears...

VOICES

And spellbound, he opens the watch - PRAC LIGHT -

Fast - BAINES is suddenly filled with the scent, intoxicated,  
lifts his head up (not specifically looking at Tim, more  
overwhelmed) -

BAINES

- it's him - !

- fast -

Be careful, Son of Mine. All of this was done for you, to live forever, don't get yourself hurt.

Baines points his gun at Martha & Jenny.

BAINES

I could shoot you down.

MARTHA

Try it. We'll die together.

BAINES

Would you really pull the trigger? You look too scared.

MARTHA

Yeah, scared, and holding a gun, good combination! D'you want to risk it?

And Baines lowers his gun.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Doctor, get everyone out, there's a door at the side, over there, go on, do it - Mr Smith, I mean you!

SMITH

But I don't.. I'm not...

JOAN

Do as she says - everyone! Out! Now!

And that works - panic, action - everyone runs for the side door

-



And Tim runs away, into the night (towards the school) -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

MARTHA shoves JENNY to one side. Backs away slowly, carefully, towards the side door, but still looking at the Family, pointing the gun, so scared. BAINES, CLARK, LITTLE GIRL more confident now, sneering, Jenny joining them.

MARTHA

Don't try anything... I'm warning you...  
or Sonny Boy gets it...

BAINES

She's almost brave, this one.

JENNY

I should have taken her form. Much more  
fun. So much spirit.

MARTHA

...what happened to Jenny? Is she gone?

JENNY

She is consumed. Her body's mine.

MARTHA

D'you mean she's dead?

JENNY

Oh yes! And she went with precious little  
dignity. All that screaming!

But the Family have been holding Martha's eyeline, so she  
doesn't see -

A SCARECROW rearing up, right behind her - grabs her -

BAINES

Get the gun!

The scarecrow grapples for the gun -

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

- MARTHA comes running out - SMITH & JOAN standing, dazed, other VILLAGERS way off in b/g, staring, lost -

MARTHA

Don't just stand there! God,  
you're rubbish as a human, come

- and she's running - Smith and Joan follow -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT 11

TIM's running, so scared. In the distance, he hears the sound of the alien laser, firing - he runs on -

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

SMITH, JOAN & MARTHA, running, then pausing. The sound of distant gunfire behind them. Martha exhausted, but:

MARTHA

...now d'you believe me?

SMITH

(furious)

I know what I saw. Your connivance!  
You're in league with them. The same  
tricks, the same language, the same  
fantastic stories!

MARTHA

Oh, and what about guns that can make  
people disappear? Was that a story? Or  
did that just happen, right in front of  
you?

JOAN

I think perhaps you should listen to her,  
John.

SMITH

You can't believe her!

JOAN

I don't know, but... Those people were  
certainly inhuman. They killed Mr  
Chambers, right in front of us. They...  
him.

MARTHA

(quieter)

This whole life of yours.

FX: TWO random LASER BOLTS shoots from the gun -

(No reverse of FX shot, just -) CUT TO VILLAGERS, in the

And they walk off.

CUT TO WIDER, Mother, Son, then the Little Girl and their escort of deranged scarecrows, like some awful carnival, heading off...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

SMITH, JOAN & MARTHA run towards the school -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

SMITH runs in - goes to a hand-held school bell. And starts to ring, it, furiously - MARTHA & JOAN following -

MARTHA

What are you doing?!

SMITH

Maybe one man can't fight them. But this school teaches us to stand together!

(yells)

Take arms! Take arms!

MARTHA

You can't do that -

SMITH

You want me to fight, don't you?

(yells)

Take arms! Take arms!

HUTCHINSON runs in, dishevelled, just shucking on his blazer -

HUTCHINSON

I say, sir! What's the matter?

SMITH

Enemy at the door, Hutchinson! Enemy at the door!

And he keeps ringing, ringing, ringing, wild, the strident metal clang of the bell -



CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

The hand-bell ringing out across the night. The bizarre grouping of BAINES, JENNY & LITTLE GIRL, with SCARECROWS, approaching. Baines delighted:

BAINES

They're sounding the alarms!

JENNY

I wouldn't be so pleased, Son of Mine. These bodies are silly and hot, they can damage and die, that's why we need the Time Lord. But this civilisation teaches its children to kill.

BAINES

Indeed, they'll have guns. Perhaps a little caution... Sister of Mine. You're such a small little thing. Find a way in, spy on them.

And the Little Girl giggles. Skips off towards the side of the school, still clutching her balloon. A strange child, heading off into the night...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

An armoury - a cupboard of rifles - being opened. HUTCHINSON is in charge, handing out guns -

Fast shots, hard cuts - BOYS grabbing rifles - arming them - Hutchinson a good leader -

Children going to war.

SMITH striding from one to the other, on edge, MARTHA at his side, desperate -

SMITH

Excellent! I want a sentry on every door! Morris, secure the courtyard, Redford, you maintain position over the stableyard, faster now, that's it -

MARTHA

You can't do this - Doctor! Mr Smith!  
They're just boys! You can't ask them to  
fight - they don't stand a chance -

Smith stops - right at her -

SMITH

They are cadets, Miss Jones, trained to  
defend the King and all his citizens and  
properties -

MARTHA

But this is , they're just -

ROCASTLE

What in thunder's name is this?!

Bellowed, with all of a Headmaster's authority, to bring  
everyone to a halt. Boys stand to attention. Silence.

ROCASTLE strides into the Hall, with PHILLIPS & A TEACHER.

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)

Before I devise an excellent and endless  
series of punishments for each and every  
one of you, could someone explain, very  
simply, and immediately, what exactly is  
going on?

SMITH

Headmaster. I have to report. The  
school is under attack.

ROCASTLE

Matron? Is that so?

JOAN  
I'm afraid it's true.

ROCASTLE  
Murder? On our own soil?

JOAN  
I saw it, yes.

ROCASTLE

MARTHA  
Gotta find that watch -

And she runs off -

Joan torn - but she follows -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

MARTHA, then JOAN run along -

Passing, but not seeing, TIM. Huddled in a dark corner.  
Clutching the watch. Scared, shivering, holding on tight.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 11

If possible, a small door eases open; or just appearing out of  
the shadows... the LITTLE GIRL. With balloon.

WIDE SHOT, a long, empty corridor. And the Little Girl skips  
along, staying in the dark.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

ROCASTLE and PHILLIPS walk out of the school.

Facing them: BAINES & JENNY and ALL THE SCARECROWS.

INTERCUT WITH: a good distance back, BOYS at the windows,  
watching. Amongst them: SMITH. A helpless spectator.

ROCASTLE  
So. Baines. And one of the cleaning  
staff, there's always a woman involved.  
Am I to gather some practical joke has got  
out of hand..?

BAINES

Keep a civil tongue, boy -

PHILLIPS

Now come on, everyone, I suspect alcohol's played its part in this, let's all just calm down. Gads, it's freezing out here! And who are these friends of yours, Baines? In fancy dress?

BAINES

D'you like them, Mr Phillips? I made them myself, sir! I'm ever so good at science, sir! Ne8gn. Gads, it's freezing out here!

Yes sir! And they were good, sir!

ROCASTLE

I warn you. This school is armed.

BAINES

All your little tin soldiers! But tell me... will they thank you?

ROCASTLE

I don't understand.

Baines strolls closer, careful, sly; almost hypnotic.

BAINES

What do you know of history, sir? What d'you know of next year?

ROCASTLE

You're not making sense.

BAINES

1914, sir. Because the Family has travelled far and wide, looking for Mr Smith, and ohh, the things we've seen.

(closer)

War is coming, sir. In foreign fields. A war of the whole wide world, with all of your boys falling in the mud. Do you think they will thank the man who taught them this was glorious?

Rocastle's quiet, furious, Baines sauntering back to Jenny.

ROCASTLE

Don't you forget, boy. I've been a soldier. I was in South Africa. I've used my dead mates as sandbags and fought with the butt of my rifle when the bullets ran out, and I would go back there tomorrow for King and Country -

BAINES

Oh, etcetera -

And he just turns round and fires -

FX: BOLT from the gun -

FX: - hits Phillips, who screams, disappears.

Rocastle shattered, now, truly out of his depth -

ROCASTLE

But he's..? How did you..?

BAINES

Run away, Headmaster. Run back to the school. And

Said, pointing the gun at Rocastle - who can't help it, he breaks into a run, terrified, helpless - back to the school -

Baines and Jenny really at him, even applauding, the scarecrows shudhr 0.00000047TcT/F1 12 Tf1 0 0 1 310dinglvW\*nBT/F2 12 Tf1





But he stops - boys run on - seeing -

In this fairy tale... who are you?

MARTHA

Just a friend, I'm not... I mean, you haven't got a rival! Much as I might... I'm just his friend.

JOAN

And... human, I take it?

MARTHA

Human, don't worry!

(resumes searching)

And more than that, I don't just follow him around, I'm training to be a doctor - not an alien Doctor, a proper doctor, doctor of medicine.

JOAN

Well that's certainly nonsense. Women might train as doctors, but hardly the skivvy. And hardly one of your colour -

MARTHA

Oh d'you think?

She faces Joan, smiling, smart, holds up her own hand -

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Bones of the hand. Carpal bones, proximal row, scaphoid, lunate, triquetral, pisiform, distal row, trapezium, trapezoid, capitate, hamate, then the metacarpal bones, extending into three distinct phalanges, proximal, middle and distal -

JOAN

You read that in a book -

MARTHA

Yes! To pass my exams!

(quieter, kind)

Can't you see? All of this is true.

Joan staring; starting to believe.

Then, shouts from off, military commands from Rocastle.

JOAN  
...I must go.

MARTHA  
But if we find the watch, we can stop them  
-

JOAN  
The boys are going to fight. I might not  
be a doctor, but I'm still their nurse.  
They need me.

Joan - taking the journal - hurries out, upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES, JENNY & SCARECROWS, hearing the military shouts.

BAINES  
They've got an army, so have we -  
(yells into the night)  
Soldiers!

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT 11

EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS shamble on their way...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE #2 - NIGHT 11

And EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS, lolloping towards the school...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 11

EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS, shambling on their mission. An army  
gathering...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY watching, delighted -

From far off, EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS lurching out of the night  
(no multiplication FX; done as cutaways).

BAINES

The Ship's been animating, we've plenty  
more Straw Jacks. War comes to England,  
a year in advance.

CLARK OOV

Son of Mine, Wife of Mine...

The voice is telepathic. Baines & Jenny automatically stiffen,  
close eyes; the GREEN PRAC LIGHT on their faces.

BAINES V/O

Father of Mine, what have you found?

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT 11

CLARK with the GREEN PRAC LIGHT-wash on his face. But his eyes  
are open, and he's grinning.

CLARK

His Tardis! The Doctor can't escape.

CUT TO THE TARDIS, 2 SCARECROWS at its side, pawing it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY eyes closed, in the PRAC GREEN LIGHT.

BAINES V/O

We have another weapon. You know what to  
do, Father of Mine...

And the PRAC LIGHT fades, they open their eyes.

BAINES

More soldiers!

And in the distance, from a different direction: MORE  
SCARECROWS, coming out of the night.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BOYS run through, carrying rifles -

On JOAN. Who's changed into Matron's uniform, just tidying it, nervous; battle dress. But she's been crying; tries to hold it back. Hides it, as SMITH runs in -

SMITH

- you boys, you're with Armitage and Thwaites, they know the drill -

He sees her. As he walks towards her, she starts laying out her medical equipment. Official, efficient. And during this, she keeps laying out supplies:

SMITH (CONT'D)

Joan, it's not safe in here -

JOAN

I'm doing my duty, just as much as you.  
(beat; small smile)  
Fine evening we've had together.

SMITH

(small smile)  
Not quite as planned.

JOAN

Tell me about Nottingham.

SMITH

I'm sorry?

JOAN

That's where you were brought up. Tell me about it.

SMITH

Well... It lies on the River Leen, with its southern boundary following the course of the River Trent, which flows from Stoke to the Humber -

JOAN

No, but that sounds like an encyclopedia. Where did you live?

SMITH

Broadmarsh Street. Adjacent to Hockley Terrace, in the district of Radford Parade  
-

JOAN

But more than the facts. When you were a child... where did you play? All those secret little places, the dens and hideaways that only a child knows, tell me about them.

Close on Smith, struggling... and he can't. And Joan's scared, close to tears.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Tell me, John. Please tell me.

SMITH

...I won't be tested.

JOAN

Why can't you tell me..?

SMITH

How can you think I'm not real? When I look at you. When I kissed you. Was that a lie?

JOAN

No. No it wasn't, no.

SMITH

But this Doctor, he sounds like some romantic lost prince. Would you rather that? Am I not enough?

JOAN

That's not true. Never.

Shouts from off, Rocastle's commands.

SMITH

I've got to go.

JOAN

Martha was right about one thing, though. Those boys, they're children, and John Smith wouldn't want them to fight - never mind the Doctor, I mean the John Smith I

was getting to know. He knows it's wrong.  
Doesn't he..?

SMITH  
...what choice do I have?

And suddenly, he kisses her. More shouts from off. Then they  
separate, and he can't even look at her, runs away.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

MARTHA throws a whole pile of stuff over. Gives a stifled

CUT TO:

INT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

Lots of action - BOYS running to and fro -

HUTCHINSON  
...what's that supposed to mean?

TIM  
So that means... You and I both survive  
this. But how?

He takes the watch from his pocket.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Maybe I saw those things for a reason.  
Maybe I was given this... So I could  
help...  
(leaps up)  
I'm sorry -

He runs off back into the school.

HUTCHINSON  
Latimer! You filthy coward!

TIM  
Oh yes! Every time, sir!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY, surrounded by SCARECROWS, hearing -

LITTLE GIRL OOV  
Brother of Mine, Mother of Mine...

They lift their heads, close their eyes, PRAC GREEN LIGHT...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

Deserted, except for the LITTLE GIRL, and balloon. She's got  
eyes closed, face bathed in PRAC GREEN LIGHT.

LITTLE GIRL V/O  
There's something. In the air.  
Something Time Lord...

BAINES OOV  
Find it, Sister of Mine...



PRAC LIGHT fades, Little Girl skips down the corridor...

CUT TO:

What have you got there?

TIM

Nothing.

LITTLE GIRL

Show me. Little boy.

TIM

(brave)

I recko

But now we know. That's all we need to find, the boy, and the watch, what are we waiting for?!

(yells)

And the SCARECROWS lurch forward -

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

BOYS ready, rifles in hand, the Vickers Gun crew centre. NB, BOYS OVER 16 with rifles; just TWO BOYS with rifles are noticeably younger, maybe 12 years old, hoisting their guns up, looking so young. The other younger boys ready to supply ammo. ROCASTLE in command, SMITH beside him.

ROCASTLE

Stand to!

(to Vickers crew)

At post!

The BOYS tense up even further, ready to fire, terrified.

All staring at the doors to the courtyard. As it begins. The thumping, the banging from outside. Trying to break open the doors. Relentless, never stopping, the bang, bang, bang...

Fingers tightening on triggers...

Suddenly - an interior door slams open, MARTHA runs out - goes straight to Smith -

MARTHA

You've got to stop them - they're just boys, you got to get them out -

SMITH

I am not the Doctor!

MARTHA

I don't mean him, I mean John Smith!  
gotta stop them,

ROCASTLE

Mr Smith, I've warned you, remove that insolent girl!

Smith grabs her, fierce, pulls her inside -

MARTHA

- you've got to listen - get off! - you've  
just got to

ROCASTLE

Enemy in front!

All the boys face the doors again. As the bang-bang-banging  
gets worse... the doors starting to give...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

SMITH practically throws MARTHA back inside -

MARTHA

- but if you told those boys to retreat,  
they'd do it! I'm begging you, I'm just  
you, don't do this -

SMITH

(furious, close)  
The Doctor, in those stories, he fights,  
doesn't he? The great warrior! Well

And he storms back outside -

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

The doors, banging, banging -

SMITH runs to his position. Grabs the rifle off ONE OF THE YOUNG  
12 Y/O ARMED BOYS, hisses -

SMITH

Get inside. I said, get in!

The boy runs off, scared -

It's all Smith can do, the token gesture, as he readies his gun.  
Takes aim at the doors.

The doors, banging, banging, the crossbar jolting...

ROCASTLE has his hand in the air (not armed himself).

ROCASTLE

Steady... Find the biting point...

Which means, the tension in the trigger just before firing.  
Fingers tighten in triggers...

The tension on all the faces...

The crossbar breaks/falls - doors burst open -

The doorway filled with twisted SCARECROWS -

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)

Fire!

The boys fire -

- gun after gun after gun -

- Hutchinson fires the Vickers Gun, the rattle of bullets -

Smith makes to fire, but finds he can't. He just can't. He  
tries to concentrate against the huge, vast noise.

CUT TO MARTHA & JOAN in a window. Staring, horrified.

SCARECROWS twist and fall -

- flakes of straw fill the air, floating, drifting, somehow  
beautiful in the carnage -

As scarecrows fall, more appear in the doorway, charging on like  
brainless things -

But the focus isn't on them; it's on those firing:

Smith staring, gun still held up, but...

He looks round. Sees the BOY firing, near him.

The boy is screaming, his face red with rage. And fear.

Slow time now, as Smith looks around the courtyard, all noises  
becoming distant, muffled.

Smith sees the faces. Rocastle, yelling.

HUTCHINSON on the Vickers Gun - teeth clenched, shuddering with the gun's power - the good soldier -

And then, the boys. Some of them are intoxicated by it, intense, roaring.

A look of relief from Rocastle, also.

There's a noise from outside. Footsteps on gravel -

ROCASTLE

Stand to!

Meaning, get ready to fire again - he runs back to his position - frantic reloading, the click-click-click of weapons - all the BOYS lift their guns again, even those who were upset, still doing their duty.

Footsteps, the open doors full of night, inviting danger...

And then the LITTLE GIRL appears. Skips into the doorway. Holding her balloon. Stands there. Smiling.

Hold; the incredulous boys, pointing their guns at a child. Then, glances all around. What to do..?

Then Rocastle recovers, coming to his senses...

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)

You, child! Get out of the way, quickly, get into the school, you don't know who's out there.

(steps forward)

It's the Wainwright girl, isn't it? Come here, come to me...

But behind him, Martha steps out of the school. Controlling herself - trying to keep calm; the courtyard's so tense, it feels like a shout would start the firing again. Joan follows her out, though stays back.

MARTHA

Mr Rocastle, please. Don't go near her.

ROCASTLE

You were told to be quiet.

MARTHA

Just listen to me. She's part of it. Mr Smith..?

SMITH

...she was... She was with Baines, in the village.

MARTHA

Matron. Tell him.

JOAN

I think... I don't know, I think you should stay back, Headmaster.

ROCASTLE

She's a girl. She's no more than what, twelve years old..?

(approaches the girl)

Now you just come with me.

SMITH

I really don't think you should -

ROCASTLE

Mr Smith. I've seen many strange things this night. But there is no cause on God's Earth that would allow me to see this child in the field of battle, sir.

And he's a few feet away from her. Reaches out his hand.

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)

Come with me.

LITTLE GIRL

You're funny.

ROCASTLE

That's right. Now take my hand.

LITTLE GIRL

So funny.

And smiling, she lifts up her gun -

FX: she FIRES A BOLT, and Rocastle disappears, screaming.

The boys look on, shocked.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Now who's going to shoot me? Any of you? Really?

Boys dazed, blinking, no one knows what to do - despite Rocastle's death, they still can't quite believe what they saw. All rules are off. And then...



A quiet voice, still keeping it unnaturally calm:

SMITH

Put down your guns.

HUTCHINSON

But sir. The Headmaster...

SMITH

I'll not see this happen. Not any more.  
That is an order. Put down your guns.

CUT TO BAINES, laughing, as JENNY joins him, and from behind them, more SCARECROWS run - at their fastest - into the school, in pursuit -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

BOYS run, terrified -

Behind them, the SCARECROWS, their shambling run -

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO DORM - NIGHT 11

TIM running up the stairs -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 11

SMITH running, with MARTHA & JOAN, but he's still taking care of BOYS, hurrying them through an internal door -

SMITH

Quickly, this way, all of you, out through the garage - !

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GARAGE - NIGHT 11

An empty, dark space - SMITH, MARTHA, JOAN & BOYS run through, open the door to the outside - and they herd the BOYS out - throughout dialogue, boys whipping through frame -

SMITH

Out you go, quick as you can -

MARTHA

- don't go to the village, it's not safe  
-

SMITH

- go to the railway station at Market Cross, it's only two miles across country  
- and you, ladies -

JOAN  
Not till we've got the boys out -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

The LITTLE GIRL stands there - as SCARECROWS hold captured BOYS  
as pr

SMITH, MARTHA, JOAN, hurrying BOYS through the door -

SMITH  
- out, out, out, keep running -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BAINES shoves HUTCHINSON in front of the LITTLE GIRL (other discarded BOYS huddled on the floor, b/g, terrified, JENNY & SCARECROWS standing over them) -

BAINES  
This one, is that him?

LITTLE GIRL  
No.

BAINES  
Then we can kill/P 2R8.7BT/F1 12 Tf1 0 0 1 190.82 488.47Tm0 G[

And they run out - SCARECROWS following -

The BOYS left behind, dazed.

HUTCHINSON

Well don't just stand there - outside, come  
on, out - !

And they run -

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

HUTCHINSON & BOYS run out - run for their lives -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 11

TIM closes the watch -

Then heads out of the window, Baines's old escape route -

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO DORM - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY run upstairs -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 11

- BAINES and JENNY burst in -

The room's empty.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GARAGE - NIGHT 11

Boys gone, just SMITH, MARTHA & JOAN, as Smith runs back to the  
interior door, leading to the school -

SMITH

- now I insist, the pair of you, just go,  
if there's any more boys inside, I'll find  
them -

Said, opening the door -

The doorway FULL OF SCARECROWS, reaching out -

Smith slams it shuts! Locks it!

SMITH (CONT'D)

I think... retreat!

And all three leg it, to the outside -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

SMITH, MARTHA & JOAN run out -

WIDE SHOT of the SCHOOL EXTERIOR. The strangest of sights, the collapse of this old institution; the shapes of BOYS running

Come back, Doctor! Come home! Come and claim your prize!

BAINES

Out you come, Doctor! That's a good boy! Come to the family!

JENNY

Time to end it, now! Come out, Doctor, come to us!

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE ALONGSIDE SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

SMITH staring. MARTHA going to him, gentle, JOAN scared. (All hidden by some wall, hedge..?)

MARTHA

You recognise it, don't you?

SMITH

...never seen it in my life.

MARTHA

D'you remember its name..?

JOAN

I'm sorry, John, but you wrote about it. The box, you dreamt of a blue box.

SMITH

I'm not...

And now, he starts to break down. Tearful. A plain and ordinary reaction, and so human.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm John Smith. That's all I want to be. John Smith. With his life. And his job.

(to Joan)

And his love. Why can't I be John Smith? Isn't he a good man?

JOAN

(tearful)

Yes, yes he is.

SMITH

Why can't I stay?

MARTHA

(so sad)

It's called the Tardis.

SMITH

And what am I, then? Nothing? Just  
nothing? I'm just a story?

And he can't bear it. He runs away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES, JENNY, CLARK, LITTLE GIRL & SCARECROWS, around the  
Tardis.

JENNY

Humans think they're so advanced. But  
they scatter like rats.

BAINES

(of the Tardis)

Soldiers, guard this thing -

(to Jenny)

Onwards, Mother of Mine! One final stage,  
and we won't have to hunt. The Doctor, Mr  
Smith, the boy and the watch... they will  
come to us!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 11

TIM runs, runs, runs through the woods -

A distance away, running like ragged, wild things, the  
SCARECROWS - far away from Tim, not in direct pursuit of him,  
just routing all those who are fleeing.

And Tim keeps running -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT 11

SMITH - recovering - MARTHA & JOAN running - Joan stops -



JOAN  
This way - !

SMITH  
We've got to keep going -

JOAN  
I think I know somewhere we can hide - just  
listen to me for once, John, now follow me!

And they head off in a different direction -

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 11

HUTCHINSON, cradled at the base of a tree, all curled up,  
terrified. And he's crying.

Then he's terrified - a noise - he scrabbles back -

But it's TIM. Standing over him. He's quiet, calm, seems so  
much older, already knowing what has to happen.

TIM  
I knew you'd survive.

HUTCHINSON  
(ashamed)  
Go away.

TIM  
You had to. For the visions to come true.

HUTCHINSON  
Stop talking like that.

TIM  
It told me...

He holds out the watch, its casing closed.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Hold it. Go on, just hold it.

Hutchinson, wary, does so.

TIM (CONT'D)  
What can you hear?

HUTCHINSON

Nothing.

TIM

I thought so. Like... it's just meant for me. If the watch had stayed where it was, we'd all be dead by now. It's like it knew, like it wanted me to carry it.

And he's so certain, that Hutchinson believes him, now.

HUTCHINSON

...what for?

TIM

You were right. I have been a coward. I was so scared of him. But now it's time to do my duty.

He starts to walks away -

HUTCHINSON

Where are you going?

TIM

Hutchinson. In a few years, we'll be fighting again. In the mud and the dark. Will you trust me?

HUTCHINSON

I don't know what you mean.

TIM

Will you trust me?

HUTCHINSON

...yes.

That's all Tim needs; he walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

JOAN, running, leads SMITH & MARTHA towards a small, comfortable cottage. As they slow down...

JOAN

Here we are. Should be empty. Oh! Long  
time since I ran that far!

MARTHA  
But who lives here?

JOAN  
If I'm right... no one.

She tries the door. It opens.

They head in...

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

An ordinary 1913 family home. A bit Marie Celeste, a cup of  
tea perched on the arm of a chair, a newspaper open on the floor,  
where it fell. A child's rocking horse.

JOAN, MARTHA, SMITH enter cautiously.

JOAN  
Hello?  
(beat)  
No one at home. We should be safe.

MARTHA

JOAN

But you can't! Martha, there must be something we can do.

MARTHA

Not without the watch.

SMITH

But you're this Doctor's companion, can't you help?!

(takes his anger out on her)

What else are you good for?! What exactly d'you do for him? Why does he need you?

MARTHA

(quiet)

Because he's lonely.

Which stops Smith dead.

SMITH

...and that's what you want me to become?

He sits again, despairing.

Hold the pause, then - a knock at the door. All scared, frozen. Then Martha makes to go -

JOAN

What if it's them?

MARTHA

I'm not an expert, but I don't think scarecrows knock.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

MARTHA

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 11

BAINES swaggering in, loving this, JENNY, CLARK & LITTLE GIRL with him. Baines throwing levers, stabbing buttons.

SMITH

Power up! Fully armed and ready. Mother and Father and Sister of Mine, prepare the armaments.

They all get busy, pressing controls; lights on consoles illuminate, the sound of power building.

BAINES

I doubt that England is ready for this. Fix targets. And counting down...

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

SMITH scared, facing...

MARTHA, holding out the watch. A distance away, trying not to antagonise him, but... JOAN watching, TIM looking grave. All quiet, controlled, so tense:

MARTHA

Hold it. Just hold it.

SMITH

I won't.

MARTHA

Please. Just hold it.

TIM



They run to the window -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -

...like he's asleep. Waiting to be woken.

TIM

Why did he speak to me?

SMITH

Oh, low level telepathic field, you were born with it, just an extra synaptic engram, causing... Is that how he talks?

MARTHA

(small smile)

That's him. All you have to do is open it, and he's back.

A from outside.

Joan, in b/g, looks out of the window, distressed. Then she turns to the journal. Reads it, properly this time (NB, as unnoticed as possible).

Facing Martha, Smith's no longer smiling.

SMITH

You knew all this. And yet you watched, while Joan and I...

MARTHA

I didn't know how to stop you. He gave me a list of things to watch out for, but that wasn't included!

SMITH

Falling in love. That didn't even occur to him?

MARTHA

No.

SMITH

Then what sort of man is that? And now you're asking me to die?

A from outside, closer, ornaments rattle.

MARTHA

It was always gonna end, though - the Doctor said, the Family's got a limited lifespan, that's why they need to consume



a Time Lord. Otherwise, three months, and they die. Like mayflies, he said. I just had to wait three months, then open the watch.

SMITH

So your job was to execute me.

MARTHA

But people are dying out there! They need him. And... need him. Cos you've got no idea what he's like, I've only just met him, it wasn't even that long ago, but... He's everything, he's just everything to me, and he doesn't even look at me but I don't care, cos I love him to bits, and I hope to God he won't remember me saying this -

PRAC FX: a trickle of dust falls from the ceiling.

TIM

It's getting closer.

Then Smith's desperate; almost like a kid, pleading -

SMITH

I should have thought of it before!

(the watch)

I can give them this! Just the watch!

Then they can leave, and I can stay as I am!

Both strong, now -

MARTHA

You can't do that!

SMITH

They want the Doctor, they can have him!

MARTHA

He'd never let you do it!

SMITH

He's not here, is he?! If they get what they want, then -

And then, quiet, calm, cutting across them; and Joan has never been more certain, more in control.

JOAN

Then it all ends in destruction.

(of the journal)

I never read to the end. But those creatures would live forever. To breed and conquer. War, across the stars. For every child.

Silence. Then with such dignity:

JOAN (CONT'D)

Martha. Timothy. Could you leave us alone?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 11

REPEAT (RESIZE/FLIP?) FX SHOT from 66, bolts arcing across the sky. The glow of explosions and fire on the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

Both MARTHA & TIM sit on the step of the front door, miserable. in the distance. And she hugs him.

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

JOAN with SMITH. For all the emotions underneath, both so dignified, so respectful.

JOAN

If I could do this instead of you, I would.

I had hoped...

(beat)

But my hopes are not important.

SMITH

He won't love you.

JOAN

If he isn't you, then I don't want him to.

(beat)

I had one husband. He died, and I never thought I'd ever again... And then you... You were so...

SMITH

And it was real, I wasn't... I really thought...

Both right on the edge. Deep breath, control it:

JOAN

Let me see.

He hands her the watch.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Blasted thing. Blasted blasted thing. I can't even hear it. Says nothing to me.

And then, on instinct, he reaches out...

On instinct, she returns the gesture, holding out her hand, holding the watch...

Their hands meet centre, clasping the watch between them.

CU Smith - eyes widening, seeing -

CU Joan - eyes widening, seeing -

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - FLASH FORWARD TO DAY X

Year, 1915. An archway, a church door: TIGHT ON SMITH & JOAN, stepping out. Married, both in wedding clothes. And so happy. Confetti filling the air, a blizzard.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN & SMITH'S BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD TO DAY X

Year, 1916. JOAN and SMITH happy together in the future.

Joan in bed, tired, smiling, holding...

Their baby. Smith sits on the bed. Overawed, eyes full of tears.

She gives him the baby. He holds his child.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - FLASH FORWARD TO DAY X

Year, 1926. SMITH & JOAN - just a little older - walk along a country lane. With them, the CHILDREN, TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN & SMITH'S BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD DAY X

Year, 1963. JOHN SMITH is an old, old man, now, in bed. Growing weaker.

A figure at the bed, JOAN, is holding his hand, but she's just a voice; hold this on Smith. His speech is very weak, a whisper. But this is important:

The Time Lord has such adventures. But he could never have all that.

SMITH  
And yet could...

The loudest of all, the room rattles.

JOAN  
What are you going to do?

On Smith, holding the watch...

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 11

BAINES slamming switches - distant - JENNY, CLARK, the LITTLE GIRL bunched around him. He's loving it:

BAINES  
We'll blast them into dust, then fuse the dust into glass, then shatter them all over again -

Saying that, he spins round -

And there's SMITH. Holding the watch. So scared.

SMITH  
Just, I beg of you, stop the bombardment, that's all I'm asking, I'll do anything you want, just stop.

BAINES  
Say please.

SMITH  
Please.

Baines slams down switches. Grinning. The noise powers down, the sound of explosions stop.

JENNY  
Wait a minute...

And she sniffs at him, deep. Then happy:

JENNY (CONT'D)

Still human.

SMITH

I can't pretend to understand, not for a second. But I want you to know, I'm

innocent in all this  
steps back to the 00000912 0 612 92 reW\*nBT/F1 12 Tf1 0 0 1 22

Nothing.

Baines sniffs at it.

BAINES (CONT'D)

It's empty.

SMITH

But... where's he gone?

BAINES

You tell me.

And Baines throws the watch at him, vicious -

Except, , Smith catches it, the most perfect, casual catch. Like an expert. And he's so different, now:

SMITH

Oh, I think the explanation might be that you've been fooled by a simple olfactory misdirection, which is an elementary trick in certain parts of the galaxy -

- and casually, he puts on his old, familiar glasses -

SMITH (CONT'D)

- and it's got to be said, I don't like the look of that hydrokinometer, cos if there's one thing you shouldn't have done, you shouldn't have let me press all those buttons, but, in fairness, I will give you one word of advice.

CU, right at them, and now it's THE DOCTOR saying:

THE DOCTOR

Run.

And he's gone, out -

The Family suddenly surrounded by flashing lights, a deep red wash pulsing over the whole room, alarms sounding -

CU Baines, bellowing in rage -

BAINES

Get out!

CUT TO:



LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

He wrapped my father in unbreakable  
chains, forged in the heart of a dwarf  
star.

The Doctor strides away without looking back -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 12

FX: JENNY is staggering back towards the open TARDIS doors, a beautiful, spinning vortex outside - PRAC WIND blasting her - she's being pulled back by the force of it -

THE DOCTOR, at the console, blown by wind but standing tall, ignoring it, staring, impassive.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

He tricked my mother into the event horizon  
of a collapsing galaxy.

FX: she falls through the door, bellowing and screaming, falling forever into the vortex - until, foreground, the Tardis door slams shut -

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To be imprisoned there forever.

The Doctor hits a switch, determined, moving on -

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY 12

CU BAINES, his face frozen in a rictus grin. Eyes staring; his body alive, but suspended in time. Widen, to see that he's standing with arms spread out... Widen, to see that he's actually pinned up, frozen, in the position of a scarecrow, in a scarecrow's clothing -

WIDER, to see him standing in an English field. As THE DOCTOR approaches, strolling across.

CUT TO CLOSER, as the Doctor pulls down a mask over Baine's unblinking face. A scarecrow's mask (a simple cloth version, easily pulled down over the head like sacking). But his unmoving eyes are still staring out of the eyesockets...



Is it done?

THE DOCTOR

It's done.

Pause.

JOAN

The police and the army are up at school. Parents are coming, to take their boys home. I should go, they'll have so many questions, though I'm not sure what to say

-

And finally, she turns -

She sees him. She's so lost, so shy.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Oh. You look the same. Goodness! You must forgive my rudeness, I find it difficult to look at you. Doctor. I must call you Doctor.

(quiet)

Where is he? John Smith?

THE DOCTOR

He's in here somewhere.

JOAN

Like a story.

(pause)

I miss him.

(pause)

Could you change back?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

JOAN

Then... will you?

THE DOCTOR

No.

JOAN

I see. Well. Then I take it you've come to say goodbye? Which is very kind. I

appreciate that. Thank you. Thank you very much -

THE DOCTOR  
Come with me.

JOAN  
I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR  
Travel with me.

JOAN  
...with the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR  
We could start again. I'd like that. You and me, we could try, at least. Cos everything that John Smith is and was, I'm capable of that too -

JOAN  
I .

THE DOCTOR  
But why not?

JOAN  
John Smith is dead. And you look like him.

The Doctor steps forward.

THE DOCTOR  
But he's here. Inside. If you look in my eyes...

But she refuses to, though she holds her head high.

JOAN  
Answer me this. Just one question, that's all, but... If the Doctor had never visited us, if he'd never chosen this place, on a whim...

And now, she looks at him.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Would anyone here have died?

Absolute silence. The Doctor steps back.

Hold the silence.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You can go.

Then he turns. And walks away.

Joan stands there, dazed, grieving.

She sees the journal. He's left it for her.

She goes and picks it up. Hugs it to herself.

And starts to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE - DAY 12

The TARDIS now perched in the most huge, beautiful, pastoral setting possible, wide open grass and sky. THE DOCTOR is walking back towards it, MARTHA already there, waiting nearby, back in modern clothes.

THE DOCTOR

Right then. Molto bene!

MARTHA

...how was she?

THE DOCTOR

Time we moved on.

MARTHA

If you want, I could go and -

THE DOCTOR

Time we moved on.

They head to the doors, the Doctor getting his key out.

MARTHA

Um. Meant to say. Back there, last night, I would've said anything to get you to change -

Both embarrassed.

THE DOCTOR

Oh yeah, course you would -

MARTHA

I think we do.

MARTHA

But you could get hurt.

TIM

So could you, travelling with him. Not gonna stop you though!

THE DOCTOR

Tim. I'd be honoured if you'd take this.

He reaches into his pocket, gives Tim the fob watch.

TIM

I can't hear anything...

THE DOCTOR

No, it's just a watch, now. But keep it with you. For good luck.

MARTHA

Look after yourself.

Martha grabs Tim and hugs him, kisses him on the cheek.

She goes into the Tardis. The Doctor takes a last look at Tim. Smiles.

THE DOCTOR

You'll like this bit.

He goes inside, closes the door.

FX: the Tardis dematerialises, the breeze blowing...

And Tim's laughing. He likes it! Turns and walks away...

WIDE SHOT, Tim just an ordinary boy on an ordinary day, walking through that lovely English landscape. Walking away from CAMERA, into the distance, as the V/O starts...

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY X

In June 1914, an Archduke of Austria was shot by a Serbian. And this then led, through nations having treaties with nations, like a line of dominos falling, to some boys from England walking together, in Belgium, on a terrible day...

As before - though a longer sequence now -

TIM is propping up HUTCHINSON - his leg's injured, he can't walk without help. They stumble along.

But Tim opens the watch and looks 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 a POV heading right down at him, death about to hit them -

TIM (CONT'D)

Down, to the left -

HUTCHINSON

- keep going -

TIM

Hutchinson, trust me - to the left!

And Hutchinson does - they throw themselves down, left -

FX: CU EXPLOSION -

A second's darkness, then...

On Tim & Hutchinson. Lying face down. Not moving. Hold, for a few seconds, then...

Tim looks up. Then Hutchinson.

They look around. Ears still ringing. Can't believe...

TIM (CONT'D)

...we made it.

He sees the watch lying nearby, and grabs it. He's laughing.



TIM (CONT'D)

They both turn to go, but as Martha walks away...

The Doctor looks across the distance.

Looks at Tim.

Old Tim is starting to cry, though happy.

And as he blinks...

The Doctor and Martha have gone.

Old Tim looks back at the memorial. In remembrance.

END OF EPISODE NINE.