

# **DOCTOR WHO 2**

## **Episode 7**

**By**

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**SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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1

**EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. 1953. NIGHT 11.**

1

High shot of a long street of terraced houses. It's a foul January night, lashing with rain.

Caption: London 1953

Lightning splits the sky. There are one or two TV aerials amongst the chimney pots. Not many. They're still scarce.

Lightning hits again and -

CUT TO:

2

**INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 11.**

2

We're inside one of the houses. TOMMY CONNOLLY (16, nerdy but handsome) is on the sofa by the radio reading a magazine, 'Short Wave Craft'.

RITA CONNOLLY (striking, late 40s) is beavering away on a sewing machine. She laughs at something on the radio.

RITA

Oh, he's a caution, that one, he does  
make me laugh.

GRANDMA is set apart a little in an old armchair, staring into space and chewing gummily on a crumpet.

The door opens and EDDIE CONNOLLY (military-air, slightly going to seed) comes in, brushing the sleeve of his blazer.

TOMMY and RITA stiffen slightly as though the warm atmosphere has suddenly changed. GRAN hates him.

GRAN

Oh, our lord and master.

EDDIE

Rita, I'm off out.

TOMMY

Dad -

EDDIE holds up his hand. TOMMY's instantly cut off.

EDDIE

How many times, lad? We'll see.

TOMMY

But everyone's getting a TV, Dad! Even  
Mr Gallagher! And the Bells at number 67 -

2 CONTINUED:

2

GRAN

They're dangerous, televisions, woman  
down the market, it turned her blue.  
Head to foot, blue!

RITA

Now don't talk daft, mum.

EDDIE

You lot. I despair! You know where I got  
these, don't you?

EDDIE taps his blazer pocket. Neat medal ribbons are  
visible.

TOMMY

(quietly)

Burma.

EDDIE

Burma! Fought a war for the likes of  
you, you know! So's you could have  
opportunities I never even dreamt of.  
And all you want is a television set!

He shakes his head in mock-despair and ruffles TOMMY's  
hair a bit too vigorously.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Dear, oh dear. Well, maybe we'll get  
one for the Coronation. If you're  
lucky. Don't wait up.

He goes out.

GRAN

I heard they rot your brains. Rot them  
into soup and your brain comes pouring  
out of your ears, that's what television  
does! It's true!

CUT TO:

3

**EXT. FLORIZEL STREET/EXT MAGPIE'S. LONDON. NIGHT 11.**

3

We follow EDDIE out. Off the street (an alley?) there's a  
small parade of businesses; Greengrocer, Hairdressers and  
a seedy shop: 'Magpie's Electricals'.

Another lightning flash.

CUT TO:

4        **INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. NIGHT 11.**

4

A dusty, fly-blown shop. Old radios, bits of electrical stuff, gramophone records.

Behind a beaded curtain are unwashed dishes, un-aired clothes, bottles of stout on a cluttered table. Slumped in his vest before a flickering telly is MR MAGPIE (fifties, unshaven). Life has disappointed him and he's disappointed life. He's nodding off.

On the TV, a prim, beautifully-spoken LADY ANNOUNCER in evening dress.

LADY ANNOUNCER  
...when there'll be more from the  
'What's My Line' Team. That brings us to  
the end of programming for today. So,  
from all us here at Alexandra Palace, a  
very good night.

The National Anthem plays.

Close on MAGPIE, eye-lids drooping.

CUT TO:

5        **EXT. MAGPIE'S. LONDON. NIGHT 11.**

5

The aerial above MAGPIE's shop. Lightning strikes again. Then, almost immediately after, there's another strike. But this one's different. RED. And strangely fluid. More like plasma than lightning. It wraps itself like weed around the aerial...

CUT TO:

6        **INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. NIGHT 11.**

6

CLOSE on MAGPIE, sound asleep in his chair. Back onto the TV picture, now dwindled to a tiny white dot and monotonous whine... The whine of the TV disappears. The screen flickers back into life.

LADY ANNOUNCER  
(O.S.)  
Mr Magpie? Oh, Mr Magpie?

Blearily, MAGPIE opens his eyes. Frowns. Stares at the TV. The screen is back on. The LADY ANNOUNCER is smiling at him.

MAGPIE  
Eh?

6 CONTINUED:

6

LADY ANNOUNCER

You hoo! Can you hear me, Magpie?

MAGPIE

Y...yes. But...I must be dreaming...

He rubs his face.

LADY ANNOUNCER

Ohh no. This isn't a dream.

MAGPIE

I'm going doo-lally, then.

The LADY ANNOUNCER smiles sweetly.

LADY ANNOUNCER

Not at all, sweetheart. Now, are you  
sitting comfortably? Good. **Then we'll  
begin...**

A weird, warping sound.

The LADY ANNOUNCER's expression changes. It's triumphant.  
Evil!

MAGPIE looks utterly terrified. He tries to cry out -

- but his face begins to stretch, stretch, strettttttch  
as it's pulled inexorably towards the TV screen!

CUT TO:

TITLES

7

**EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. LONDON. DAY 12. 1953.**

7

Identical high shot as before but it's day-light.

CAPTION: Six months later.

There are *dozens* more TV aerials festooning the roofs.  
And Union Jack bunting is everywhere.

Track up the street. The TARDIS materialises.

ROSE steps out. She looks great. Big, late-'50s pink  
dress, bobby-socks, hair in a band.

ROSE

I thought we'd be going for the Vegas  
era. You know. The white flares and the  
chest hair.

7 CONTINUED:

7

THE DOCTOR pops his head around the door.

THE DOCTOR  
You're kidding, aren't you? If you  
wanna see Elvis, you go for the late  
'Fifties. The time before burgers!

He disappears back inside the TARDIS

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
When they called him 'The Pelvis' and he  
still had a waist! What's more, you see  
him in style!

And THE DOCTOR roars out of the TARDIS on a Vespa  
scooter!

He's wearing shades and a dandy white helmet.

ROSE laughs. THE DOCTOR grins. He tosses her a pink  
helmet.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Going my way, doll?

ROSE  
Is there any other way to go, daddio?  
Straight from the fridge, man!

ROSE clambers onto the back of the scooter.

THE DOCTOR  
You speak the lingo!

ROSE  
Yeah, well, me, Mum, Cliff Richard  
movies, every Bank Holiday Monday.

They screech off.

THE DOCTOR  
(fading)  
Cliff! I knew your mother'd be a Cliff  
fan...

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. FLORIZEL STREET - MOVING. DAY 12.**

8

With them as they drive.

ROSE  
Where're we off to?

8 CONTINUED:

8

THE DOCTOR  
Ed Sullivan TV studios. Elvis did  
'Hound Dog' on one of the shows and  
there were loads of complaints. Bit of  
luck, we'll just catch it.

ROSE looks around as the tear up the street. A red bus  
trundles past.

ROSE  
That'd be TV studios in, what, New York?

THE DOCTOR  
(exhilarated)  
That's the one!

They pull up sharp at a red post box. Next to it, a big  
advert for 'Quaker Oats' (or whatever we can clear).

ROSE  
(laughing)  
Ooh. Dig that New York vibe!

She gets off the scooter, looks about.

THE DOCTOR  
Could still be New York. I mean, this  
looks very New York to me. A sort  
of...Londony New York, mind, but -

ROSE  
What're all the flags for?

CUT TO:

9 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 12.**

9

Where the radio was six months ago there's now a brand  
new TV set. V/O over 50's footage.

ANNOUNCER  
...regular programming will, of course,  
change tomorrow as we present live  
coverage of the Coronation of Her  
Majesty the Queen...

The CONNOLLYs are grouped around it. All except GRANDMA.  
EDDIE's grinning fixedly. RITA is red eyed from crying.  
TOMMY's staring at the screen but not watching.

The tension is palpable.

9 CONTINUED:

9

EDDIE

Smashing! Innit smashing? You'd think they was in the room! Fair do's, Tommy, you had a point. Brand new television, your Uncle John is seething with envy! There now, Rita, doesn't that cheer you up? Give us a smile, eh?

RITA

But I can't. Nothing's the same any more. Not with her...

EDDIE

Stop going on about it!

RITA

But her face, Eddie. What happened to her? That awful face -

EDDIE

I said, stop it!

(Rita cowed)

To all intents and purposes, this is a normal house. Better than normal! We've got a television, we've got heating, we've got food in the fridge, we're the age of prosperity, that's what we are.

He stops dead - from upstairs, an ominous THUMP-THUMP-THUMP on the floorboards. All look up, terrified - even EDDIE, though he tries to hide it.

RITA

She's awake!

EDDIE

Ignore it. Watch the television. You wanted it, now watch it, both of you, I said, watch! Eyes front!

They all stare fixedly at the TV. But aware of... THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. During all this, they keep staring at the TV, with the THUMP-THUMP going on above, eyes front, only daring to glance up. Quiet, scared:

TOMMY

We can't go on like this, Dad. Pretending she's not there.

RITA

Tommy, now do as your father says. He knows best.



9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

EDDIE  
Watch the television!

And they sit there, so scared, watching TV, with the awful THUMP from above. Then, muttered:

TOMMY  
What d'you think she wants..?

RITA  
I think she's hungry.

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. LONDON. DAY 12.**

10

On the opposite side of the street from the CONNOLLYs' is a battered delivery van marked 'Magpie's Televisions'.

A brown-coated figure stands back as two LADS - sons of the family opposite - manhandle a big old TV out of the van, for its new owner, the DAD, who's standing by. The man in the brown coat is MAGPIE! He has a face again but looks as seedy as ever.

MAGPIE  
There you go, sir! All wired up ready  
for the great occasion!

THE DOCTOR and ROSE suddenly appear round the side of the delivery van.

THE DOCTOR  
Great occasion? What d'you mean?

MAGPIE  
Where've you been living, out in the colonies? The Coronation, of course!

THE DOCTOR  
And what Coronation's that, then?

MAGPIE  
What d'you mean? *The Coronation!*

THE DOCTOR  
*The Coronation! Universe this size? Get some perspective! Napoleon's? William the Silent's? The Tumescant Arrows of the Half-light - numbers eight through fifteen?*

10 CONTINUED:

10

ROSE

Now don't be daft, it's obvious, isn't it? All the flags and stuff. It's the Queen's! Queen Elizabeth!

THE DOCTOR grins.

THE DOCTOR

Ooh! Is this 1953?

MAGPIE

(good-humoured)

Last time I looked! And time for a lovely bit of pomp and circumstance. It's what we do best!

ROSE looks up, frowning, at the forest of TV aerials.

ROSE

But look at all the TV aerials! Looks like everyone's got one. That's a bit weird, cos my Nan said tellys were so rare, they all had to pile into one house.

MAGPIE

Not round here, love. Magpie's Marvellous Tellys! Only five quid a pop!

THE DOCTOR

(not listening)

Oh, but this is a brilliant year, classic! Technicolor! Everest climbed! Everything off the ration! A nation throwing off the shadows of war and looking forward to a happier, brighter future!

**BANG!** The door of a house further up the street flies open and two THUGS IN BLACK SUITS burst out, carrying a MAN in a plaid shirt between them, a blanket over his head. They look like classic Men In Black. Stoney-faced and scary.

A big black car is parked, waiting, outside the house. A man, BISHOP - sleep-deprived, raincoat & trilby - steps out to hold the back door open for the THUGS and their captive. The THUGS drag the MAN towards it.

A WOMAN appears in the doorway of the house.

WOMAN

Ted! Ted!

(MORE)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(calls out)  
*Someone help me! Please!*

THE DOCTOR and ROSE come running up.

THE DOCTOR  
What's going on?

CRABTREE ignores him and pushes the MAN past BISHOP, into the back of the black car.

TOMMY comes racing out of his house.

TOMMY  
Oy! What are you doing?!

BISHOP blocks THE DOCTOR, shows his card.

BISHOP  
Police business, now get out of the way, sir.

The larger THUG, CRABTREE, pushes THE DOCTOR away, dives into the car, as does BISHOP, and it screeches away -

TOMMY just joining THE DOCTOR & ROSE -

ROSE  
(to TOMMY)  
Who did they take, d'you know him?

TOMMY  
Must be Mr Gallagher. But it's happening all over the place -  
(quiet, scared)  
They're turning into monsters -

CUT TO the CONNOLLY'S house, RITA in the doorway, watching, as EDDIE appears behind her.

EDDIE  
Tommy! Not one word, now get inside, right now! I said, *now!*

TOMMY  
(to Doctor & Rose)  
Sorry, I'd better do as he says -

And ashamed, he runs off, back home.

THE DOCTOR makes an instant decision -

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

THE DOCTOR

Come on!

And he runs to the scooter, ROSE racing after him -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All aboard!

ROSE takes a running jump onto the back of the scooter and they zoom off after the car.

MAGPIE watches them go. Quietly, sadly, to himself:

MAGPIE

Ohh, I'm sorry...

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 12.**

11

The black car takes a sudden left into an alleyway.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. CAR. DAY 12.**

12

BISHOP, CRABTREE and the other THUG are crammed into the car with the blanket-covered MAN. BISHOP looks back through the car's rear window. He's on a primitive car-phone.

BISHOP

Operation Standard. Go! Go! Go!

CUT TO:

13 **EXT. BISHOP'S ALLEY. DAY 12.**

13

As the car zooms down the alley, a grille comes crashing down after the retreating car.

In a flash, a NEWSPAPER VENDOR zooms into position in front of it and a BOWLER-HATTED MAN walks right to left, gives the man a coin for an Evening Standard, walks on.

THE DOCTOR's Vespa roars past the top of the alley. THE DOCTOR glances to his left. All looks normal.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. CAR. DAY 12.**

14

BISHOP on his car-phone.

14 CONTINUED:

14

BISHOP

Anything from Torchwood, what are they saying?

(pause)

I know their first priority is to protect the Royal Family, but how does that help me?

And he slams the phone down.

The car pulls up. BISHOP glances slowly across at the MAN sitting next to him. A blanket covers the head. The MAN is strangely still, except for his hands which are constantly flexing and unflexing.

BISHOP shudders and moves to open the car door. He's badly frightened.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 12.**

15

THE DOCTOR stops, looks about, shakes his head.

THE DOCTOR

Lost them. How'd they get away from us?

ROSE

I'm surprised they didn't turn back and arrest you for reckless driving. Have you actually passed your test?

THE DOCTOR

But men in black! Vanishing police cars! This is Churchill's England, not Stalin's Russia.

ROSE

Monsters, that boy said. Maybe we should go and ask the neighbours.

As he turns the Vespa round:

THE DOCTOR

That's what I like about you. The domestic approach.

ROSE

Thank you.

(beat)

Hold on, was that an insult - ?

15 CONTINUED:

15

But they zoom off - !

CUT TO:

15A **INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. NIGHT 12.**

15A

The front of the shop. It's big and spanking clean now. A huge display of TV sets, all on top of each-other. Behind a beaded curtain is MAGPIE's original TV. There's static on the screen. MAGPIE is slumped in front of it as before, holding a shiny brown bakelite box. There's a small screen inset in it so it's like a mini-TV.

MAGPIE

(holding up the box)

I've finished it. As you instructed.

The static on the big TV screen resolves itself into the features of the same lady announcer (hereafter THE WIRE) from the top of the show. She remains prim and posh but with a strange, unearthly look in her eye.

THE WIRE

(pleasantly)

That's awfully good of you, Mr Magpie.

MAGPIE

So you'll go soon? You'll leave me?

THE WIRE

(playfully)

We'll see. If you're a very good boy.

MAGPIE

Please. You're burning me. Inside. Behind my eyes. It hurts. Even my memories hurt.

He screws his eyes shut, agonised.

MAGPIE (CONT'D)

I just want things back like they used to be.

THE WIRE

Oh, but this world of yours is busy, busy, busy, forging into a brand new age! You can never go back; that's your tragedy. And now the time is almost ripe, Magpie. Cometh the hour, cometh the man.

(MORE)

15A CONTINUED:

15A

THE WIRE (CONT'D)  
(a terrible smile)  
Or lady.

CUT TO:

15B **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT 12.**

15B

It's getting dark. The landing's dingy and spooky.

TOMMY creeps on to the landing. Scared. He can hear the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP - not constant, just occasional. He goes to a bedroom door. Presses his ear to it. From inside we hear shuffling footsteps.

CLOSE on TOMMY's fearful face. He's breathing hard.

THUMP! THUMP! - from inside the room.

TOMMY  
(whispers)  
Gran? Gran, it's me, it's Tommy.

Another THUMP!

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna come in. Stand back, just don't... I'm sorry but I've got to come in...

TOMMY turns the key in the lock -

Puts his hand to the knob -

and EDDIE appears on the landing. Furious, quiet.

EDDIE  
What d'you think you're doing?

TOMMY  
We've got to try and help her!

EDDIE  
Give me that key.  
(pause)  
I said, give me that key! Right now!

TOMMY does so, EDDIE pockets it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
And don't think I've finished with you.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 12.**

16

The TV's off now. EDDIE's furious, RITA weak and scared, TOMMY resentful.

EDDIE

All the warnings I've given you, and every time, every time, you disobey me!

TOMMY

But we can't just lock her away -

EDDIE

Excuse me, sunshine. I. Am. Talking.

A moment, as they stare at each other, then, mumbled:

TOMMY

Sorry.

EDDIE

That's more like it. Getting very full of yourself, these days. I know what'll sort you out. A good, proper job, down at the yard. It's about time you brought in an honest wage.

TOMMY

But I've told you, I want to go to university -

EDDIE

You can forget it! Sponging off the State and consorting with communists! I'm not having it -

TOMMY

I can do what I want -

EDDIE

No you can't, Tommy my lad. That's the point. What I say, goes. You can forget that college nonsense, and work alongside me. And get your hands dirty for once.

THUMP - THUMP - THUMP from upstairs.

RITA

Oh my Lord. Won't she ever stop?

EDDIE's bullish, picks up a stack of paper Union Flags.



16 CONTINUED:

16

EDDIE

Now then, Rita my sweet, business as usual. Get these up, all around the house, in honour of her Majesty. We've got the family coming round to see that television, and I want this place shining!

RITA

We can't have guests, they're gonna hear it, upstairs -

EDDIE

By the time they arrive, the situation will be resolved, my love, now I want this house looking spick and span -

RITA

But Eddie, what if she's dying - ?

EDDIE

(roars)

I! Am! Talking!

RITA's instantly cowed. Silence. EDDIE master of his world.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There. That's better. Bit of hush. I don't know what's happened to you two, full of all sorts of notions. I blame that television, bringing fancy ideas into the house. Just you remember one thing: this is my house, and an Englishman's home is his castle.

And then, a knock-knock-knock at the front door -

JUMP CUT TO -

16A **OMITTED**  
THRU  
18

16A  
THRU  
18

19 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 12.**

19

Front door opens, THE DOCTOR and ROSE are there, smiling. EDDIE in the hall, TOMMY behind him.

THE DOCTOR & ROSE

(big smile)

Hi-iii!

But EDDIE looks puzzled. Expecting someone else.

19 CONTINUED:

19

EDDIE

But... hold on, you're not the police, I  
saw that copper push you out of the way,  
who are you then?

The Doctor gets out his psychic paper, but considers  
before opening it:

THE DOCTOR

Let's see then, judging by the look of  
you, family man, nice house, decent  
wage, fought in the war, therefore, I  
represent -

(shows paper)

Queen and country! Just doing a little  
check of her forthcoming Majesty's  
subjects before the great day, don't  
mind if we come in? No, didn't think  
you did, thank you -

And he and Rose happily walk in, EDDIE helpless -

CUT TO:

20

**INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 12.**

20

The TV's on, RITA standing as THE DOCTOR & ROSE walk in,  
EDDIE and TOMMY following. THE DOCTOR looking all round,  
taking instant command, ROSE loving it.

THE DOCTOR

Not bad, very nice, very well kept, I'd  
like to congratulate you, Mrs, uh..?

RITA

Connolly.

EDDIE

Now then, Rita, I can handle this. This  
gentleman's a proper representative.

(to the Doctor)

Don't mind the wife. She does rattle on  
a bit.

THE DOCTOR

Well, maybe she should rattle on a bit  
more, I'm not convinced you're doing  
your patriotic duty.

(of the paper flags)

Those flags. Why are they not flying?

EDDIE

There we are, Rita! I told you! Put  
them flags up! Queen and Country!

20 CONTINUED:

20

RITA

Oh, I'm sorry -

EDDIE

Get it done, like the gentleman says!

THE DOCTOR

Hold on a minute. You've got hands, Mr Connolly. Two big hands, so why is that your wife's job?

EDDIE

Well. It's housework, innit?

THE DOCTOR

And that's a woman's job?

EDDIE

Course it is.

THE DOCTOR

Mr Connolly. What gender is the Queen?

EDDIE

Um. Female.

THE DOCTOR

Then, are you suggesting the Queen does the housework?

EDDIE

Um. No, not at all.

THE DOCTOR

Then get busy!

And he hands EDDIE the flags. (A glance between ROSE & TOMMY, loving this.)

EDDIE

Um. Right. Yes, sir. You'll be proud of us! Just you see, we'll have Union Jacks flying left, right and centre!

ROSE

Excuse me! Hold on a minute, Mr Connolly. Union *Jacks*?

EDDIE

Um. That's right, isn't it..?

ROSE

That's the Union *Flag*. It's Union Jack, only when it's flown at sea.

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

EDDIE

Of course, right, yes, I'm sorry. I do apologise.

ROSE

Well, don't get it wrong again, there's a good man. Now get to it!

And EDDIE gets busy, meek and cowed.

THE DOCTOR & ROSE sit down.

THE DOCTOR

Right then, nice and comfy. At her Majesty's leisure!

(quick aside to Rose)  
Union flag?

ROSE

My mum went out with a sailor.

THE DOCTOR

I bet she did.

(to Rita)

Anyway! I'm the Doctor, and this is Rose, and you are..?

TOMMY

Tommy.

THE DOCTOR

Well sit yourself down, Tommy, have a look at this - I love TV, don't you?

TOMMY

Yeah, I think it's brilliant!

THE DOCTOR

Good man! Keep working, Mr C!

(of the TV)

Oh, I know this programme! 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral'!

He watches eagerly at the sight of three dusty academics musing over a mystery object. It's *painfully* slow.

ROSE

How does that work then?

THE DOCTOR

Well, there's three scientists and they have to identify a mystery object from a museum.

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

ROSE

And that's it?

THE DOCTOR

Okay, so they're not in the jungle  
eating caterpillars but -

(quick as a flash)

Spindle whorl! Iron age! Made from a  
fossil Ichthyosaur vertebra!

HOST (O.S.)

Here's what it is.

A caption on screen shows THE DOCTOR's absolutely right.

THE DOCTOR grins. TOMMY and RITA stare at him.

TOMMY

Blimey. You're as clever as the  
television!

THE DOCTOR

Almost. Right! Here we are then, happy  
and settled, Mr Connolly keeping nice  
and busy, so -

And he suddenly looks at RITA with absolute compassion.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell me what's wrong?

RITA

(tearful)

Did you say you were a Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Yes I am.

RITA

Can you help her? Oh please. Can you  
help her, Doctor?

EDDIE

I'm not sure the gentleman needs to  
know, Rita -

THE DOCTOR

Oh, the gentleman does.

ROSE

Tell us what's wrong. And we can help.

RITA just starts to cry. ROSE goes to her, consoles her.

20 CONTINUED: (4)

20

ROSE (CONT'D)

It's all right. Come here. Oh, it's all right...

But EDDIE's rallying.

EDDIE

Hold on a minute. Queen and Country's one thing, but this is my house -  
(of his flags)  
What the hell am I doing?!

TOMMY

You're doing the housework, Dad!

EDDIE

And that's enough out of you!  
(bullish again)  
Now you listen to me, Doctor, and I don't care if you have got fancy qualifications. What goes on under this roof is my business -

THE DOCTOR

Not if people are being -

EDDIE

I! Am! Talking!

THE DOCTOR stands, matches him -

THE DOCTOR

And I'm! Not! Listening!

EDDIE stopped dead, open mouthed.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now you, Mr Connolly, you are staring into a deep, dark pit of trouble if you don't let me help, so I'm ordering you, sir, tell me what's going on!

From upstairs, the ominous THUMP - THUMP. All look up.

EDDIE defeated, now. Sits, tired.

EDDIE

...she won't stop. She never stops.

Awful silence, just the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. And then, only TOMMY's brave enough to talk, quietly.

20 CONTINUED: (5)

20

TOMMY

We started hearing stories. All round the place. People who... changed. Families, keeping it secret. Cos they were scared. Then the police started finding out, we don't know how, no one knows, they just find them, they come to the door and take them, any time of day or night. They get taken away. And never seen again.

THE DOCTOR

Show me.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT 12.

21

Outside the door again.

RITA hovers in the background, biting her nails. THE DOCTOR & ROSE standing ahead of her, closer to the bedroom, hearing the THUMP-THUMP-THUMP.

RITA

It's not her fault. She's just an old woman. Don't hurt her.

EDDIE's by the door, TOMMY with him. EDDIE getting the key out. Quiet, but his resentment simmering.

EDDIE

All right then, Doctor. You with your smart mouth. Let's see if you can find the words for this.

EDDIE opens the door. It creaks as it swings open.

THE DOCTOR and ROSE peer into the dark room. A candlewick bed-spread. Dressing table. The light from the landing barely illuminates a figure by the window, holding a stick.

TOMMY

Gran? It's Tommy. It's alright, Gran. I brought help...

The figure moves forward, banging the stick on the floor.

THE DOCTOR reaches forward and switches on the light.

And GRANDMA has no face!

21 CONTINUED: 21

Under the snowy hair is nothing but a horrible, blank smoothness.

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. NIGHT 12.** 22

The big black car pulls up silently opposite TOMMY's house.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 12.** 23

THE DOCTOR is examining GRANDMA, shaking his head at the bizarre sight of her facelessness. EDDIE stands back, arms folded.

ROSE

When did this happen?

TOMMY

'bout a month ago.

THE DOCTOR

(scanning with the  
sonic)

Scarcely an electrical impulse left.  
Almost complete neural shut-down. Just  
ticking over. It's like her brain's  
been...wiped clean.

TOMMY

What do we do, Doctor? We can't even  
feed her!

BANG! Someone's smashing in the front door.

ROSE

We've got company!

RITA

Oh God! It's them! They've come for her!

THE DOCTOR

Quickly! What was she doing, before this  
happened? Where was she? Tell me,  
quickly, think!

CUT TO:



CUT TO:

25      INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 12.      25

CUT TO:

26 EXT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. NIGHT 12. 26

CUT TO:

27 INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 12. 27

ROSE is slapping THE DOCTOR's cheek.

27 CONTINUED:

27

ROSE

Doctor!

His eyes snap open, he jumps to his feet, instantly fine -

THE DOCTOR

Helluva right hook. Have to watch out  
for that.

He tears out of the room, ROSE following -

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. NIGHT 12.**

28

GRANDMA's being bundled into the black car. EDDIE & RITA  
just outside the doorway but hanging back - and EDDIE's  
just grabbed hold of TOMMY's collar -

EDDIE

Don't fight it, lad, now do as I say -

THE DOCTOR pelts through them and out of the door just as  
the car roars off.

THE DOCTOR

(calling back)

Rose! Come on!

CUT TO:

29 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 12.**

29

ROSE has reached the bottom of the stairs. About to dash  
outside, her attention's drawn to the open door into the  
living room. The TV's on, as usual, but the strange, red  
plasma is playing around the cabinet and screen.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. NIGHT 12.**

30

THE DOCTOR's got the Vespa started.

THE DOCTOR

Rose! We're gonna lose them again!

He gives a final look back, then tears off after the  
black car.

TOMMY stares at his father.

30 CONTINUED:

30

TOMMY

But Dad, they took her! That was Gran!  
And they took her!

EDDIE

Tommy! Back inside!

EDDIE shoves him inside, slams the front door behind them.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 12.**

31

ROSE is heaving the telly forward a few inches, to examine the back of the TV. The red plasma is just diminishing.

EDDIE, TOMMY and RITA come in just as the last of it disappears.

TOMMY

- but how did they know? How did they find her, who told them?

EDDIE

(to ROSE)

You! Get the hell out of my house!

ROSE only has eyes for the set and the logo attached to the back: MAGPIE'S TELEVISIONS.

ROSE

I'm done, I'm going, nice to meet you, Tommy, Mrs Connolly. And as for you, Mr Connolly... Only an idiot hangs the Union Flag upside down. Shame on you.

Big smile, she heads out, fast.

EDDIE's left in open-mouthed fury.

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT 12.**

32

The black car takes the left down the alley again.

33 **EXT. BISHOP'S ALLEY. NIGHT 12.**

33

A klaxon goes off, the grille comes down and the NEWSPAPER VENDOR and the BOWLER-HATTED MAN zoom into action again, the BOWLER-HATTED man walking right to left, buying a paper.

33 CONTINUED:

33

THE DOCTOR's roars past the top of the alley on his scooter.

Beat.

Then THE DOCTOR comes puttering back. Looks down the alley.

THE NEWSPAPER VENDOR and the BOWLER-HATTED MAN are going through the same procedure again, now with the BOWLER-HATTED MAN walking left to right, buying a paper.

THE DOCTOR smiles.

THE DOCTOR  
Very good. Very good.

CUT TO:

33A **EXT. BISHOP'S ALLEY. WINDOW. NIGHT 12.**

33A

THE DOCTOR opens a window at the back of the grilled area, slips inside.

CUT TO:

34 **INT. BISHOP'S HQ. NIGHT 12.**

34

A grim, institutional-looking place. Low light. THE DOCTOR slides through the window and presses himself against a wall as BISHOP emerges from a steel-doored room.

THE DOCTOR looks about, moves swiftly to the door, sonics the lock and produces a torch.

CUT TO:

35 **INT. BISHOP'S HQ. CELL. NIGHT 12.**

35

The beam wanders around crates and sheeted shapes and then THE DOCTOR moves it back, suddenly aware of a presence.

The torch-beam picks out a pair of feet in boots. Slowly THE DOCTOR raises the torch and the rest of the figure is revealed: the MAN in the plaid shirt, with a slicked-back hairstyle - and no face!

The MAN stumbles forward and THE DOCTOR'S torch-beam suddenly illuminates another figure and yet another: GRANDMA CONNOLLY! All standing there, like cattle, hands clenching, implacable, their faces smooth as pebbles.

35 CONTINUED:

35

THE DOCTOR's surrounded!

Suddenly harsh electric lights crackle into life. The cell is built in the middle of a decaying old warehouse, with a foreman's gallery above. The cell's packed with FACELESS PEOPLE, facing THE DOCTOR, helpless, all just clenching and unclenching their fists.

BISHOP

(O.S.)

Stay where you are!

THE DOCTOR looks up. BISHOP, CRABTREE and the THUG are looking down on him.

CUT TO:

36 INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. NIGHT 12.

36

MAGPIE is tinkering with the bakelite box. THE WIRE is on the big TV.

The shop bell rings.

THE WIRE

Oh super! Company!

MAGPIE

I'll get rid of them.

THE WIRE

(stroking her tummy)

No, no, no! I'm famished, Mr Magpie! I need more life! Heaps more! The Wire is hungry!

She licks her lips!

THE WIRE (CONT'D)

Time for tea!

MAGPIE

(infinitely weary)

How many more?

THE WIRE

Go!

MAGPIE parts the bead curtain a little to reveal ROSE. Carefully, he puts down the bakelite box and goes through.

36 CONTINUED:

36

MAGPIE

(urgent)

I'm afraid we're closing.

ROSE

(steely)

Yeah? Well I wanna buy a TV.

MAGPIE

Come back tomorrow. *Please.*

He's desperate to save her, but she won't take the hint.

ROSE

You'll be closed, won't you?

MAGPIE

What?

ROSE

For the big day? The Coronation?

MAGPIE

(distracted)

Yes. Yes, of course. The big day.

I'm...I'm sure you'll find somewhere to  
watch it...Now, please go -

ROSE

Seems to me, half of London's got a  
television. Since you're practically  
giving them away.

MAGPIE

I have my reasons.

ROSE

(suspiciously)

And what are they?

CUT TO:

Behind the beaded curtain.

THE WIRE

Hungry! Hungry!

Close on THE WIRE's wet mouth. It reasserts its control  
over MAGPIE.

CUT TO:

MAGPIE has a shaking hand to his temple. He straightens  
up, energized.

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

MAGPIE

(brightening)

Patriotic duty! Seems only right that  
as many folk as possible get to watch  
the Coronation. We may be losing the  
Empire but we can still be proud!  
Twenty million people they reckon'll be  
watching. Imagine that! And twenty  
million people can't be wrong, eh?

ROSE eyes him with interest. Something's up.

ROSE

So what have you got? What can you  
tempt me with? Cos I'm not leaving till  
I've seen everything.

MAGPIE

Well. If you insist.

ROSE

Oh, I insist.

MAGPIE

(resigned)

Alright. You talked me into it! Just  
for you, my dear. Come into my parlour!

He holds up the bead curtain.

MAGPIE (CONT'D)

Magpie's marvellous tellys! I promise,  
you won't be able to take your eyes off  
them...

ROSE looks about. She's like a coiled spring. She knows  
she's onto something but wary that's she's going to blow  
it. She goes through the bead curtain, not noticing THE  
WIRE on TV watching her.

ROSE

You gonna come clean then? What's  
really in it for you?

MAGPIE

For me? Perhaps some peace.

ROSE

...from what?

MAGPIE

From her.

He indicates the TV.

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

THE WIRE

What a pretty little girl.

ROSE gawps. THE WIRE smiles horribly.

ROSE

Oh my God. Are you - ?

THE WIRE

Yes. I'm talking to you, little one.  
Unseasonably chilly for the time of  
year, don't you think?

ROSE

What are you?

THE WIRE

I'm The Wire! And I am huuuungry!

The weird warping sound rises up again. ROSE tenses up,  
rigid, frozen to the spot.

ROSE

Magpie! Help me!

MAGPIE

(sadly)

Just think of that audience tomorrow, my  
dear. All settled down to watch the  
Coronation. *Twenty million people.*  
Things will never be the same again.

ROSE can't look away from the screen.

MAGPIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. So sorry.

ROSE

Help me!

THE WIRE

Good night children. Everywhere!

and ROSE's face is pulled towards the TV!

CUT TO:

37 **OMITTED**

37

38 **INT. BISHOP'S HQ. OFFICE. NIGHT 12.**

38

THE DOCTOR sits, BISHOP standing opposite, across the  
desk, leaning forwards on his knuckles, menacing, classic  
police-interview mode.



38 CONTINUED:

38

A desk lamp shines in THE DOCTOR's face.

BISHOP

Start at the beginning. Tell me everything you know.

THE DOCTOR

Well. For starters. I know that you can't wrap your hand around your elbow and make your fingers meet.

BISHOP

Don't get clever with me!

In b/g, CRABTREE, on guard. He can't help it - eyes front, he surreptitiously places his left hand around his right elbow. It's true, the fingers can't meet!

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You were there today, on Florizel Street, and now, breaking into this establishment. Oh, you're connected to this, make no mistake.

THE DOCTOR

Well, the thing is, Detective Inspector Bishop -

BISHOP

How do you know my name?

THE DOCTOR

It's written inside your collar.

BISHOP steps back, losing the leaning-over stance, thrown, embarrassed by his collar.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Bless your mum. But I can't help thinking, Detective Inspector, you're not exactly doing much detective-inspecting, are you?

BISHOP

I'm doing everything in my power -

THE DOCTOR

All you're doing is grabbing those faceless people and hiding them, fast as you can. Don't tell me - orders from above! It's Coronation Day, the eyes of the world are on London Town, so any sort of problem just gets swept out of sight.

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

BISHOP

The nation has an image to maintain.

THE DOCTOR

But doesn't it drive you mad?! Doing nothing? Don't you want to get out there and investigate?

BISHOP

Course I do, but...

BISHOP sits opposite THE DOCTOR, weary, more honest.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

With all crowds expected, we haven't got the manpower. Even if we did, this is beyond anything we've seen.

(sighs, weary)

I just don't know any more...

Pause. Then BISHOP tries to wrap his hand around his elbow.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

You're right. You can't.

THE DOCTOR

Told you.

BISHOP treating him like an equal now:

BISHOP

Twenty years on the force, and I don't even know where to start. We haven't the faintest clue what's going on.

THE DOCTOR

Well. That could change.

BISHOP

How?

THE DOCTOR stands. Leans over the desk, on his knuckles, towards the sitting BISHOP, reverse of the opening position.

THE DOCTOR

Start at the beginning. Tell me everything you know.

CUT TO:

39        **EXT. BISHOP'S ALLEY. NIGHT 12.**

39

The big black car pulls up outside the grille. CRABTREE gets out and drags another blanketed figure from the interior.

CUT TO:

40        **INT. BISHOP'S HQ. OFFICE. NIGHT 12.**

40

BISHOP & THE DOCTOR standing before a map of London, criss-crossed by coloured pins and string.

BISHOP

We started finding them about a month ago. Persons left sans visage. Heads just...blank.

THE DOCTOR

But is there any sort of pattern..?

BISHOP

(shrugging)

It's spreading out from North London. All over the city. Men, women, kids, grannies. Only real lead is, there's been quite a large number in -

THE DOCTOR

Florizel Street.

The door opens, CRABTREE enters, with the latest faceless arrival shuffling beside him.

BISHOP

Good man, Crabtree, here we are, Doctor. A fresh one! You can have a good look. See what you can deduce.

But THE DOCTOR is staring, horrified. That pink dress. Can't be!

On THE DOCTOR as CRABTREE pulls off the blanket.

ROSE, still as a statue, except for her clenching hands. A total blank where her face used to be!

THE DOCTOR

Rose...

BISHOP

You know her?

40 CONTINUED:

40

THE DOCTOR  
Know her? She's...

THE DOCTOR moves a trembling hand towards ROSE's blank face.

He's *devastated*.

On THE DOCTOR. The horror of it. No words. Just staring at this travesty of Rose Tyler. In b/g, CRABTREE hands BISHOP a report, but BISHOP's speech below just gradually fades away, just a noise in the background, as THE DOCTOR stares at his loss.

BISHOP  
Found her in the street, apparently,  
down by Damascus Road. Just abandoned.  
That's unusual, that's the first one out  
in the open, most of them are hidden  
away by the families, husbands or wives,  
that sort of thing. This one caused a  
right old panic, three men found her,  
just standing there, God knows, we'll  
have trouble keeping that quiet. That's  
more work for me. Seems to be more and  
more, like the rate of this is  
increasing. Heaven help us if something  
happens in public tomorrow, on the big  
day. We'll have Torchwood on our backs  
then, make no mistake...

THE DOCTOR steps back. Still staring at ROSE. Ice cold;  
so angry, containing it. Fixing on one detail:

THE DOCTOR  
They did what?

BISHOP  
I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR  
They left her where?

BISHOP  
Just... in the street.

THE DOCTOR  
In the street. They left her in the  
street. They took her face, then just  
chucked her out and left her in the  
street. And as a result, this makes  
things simple. Very, very simple. D'you  
know why?

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

BISHOP  
(scared of him)  
No...

THE DOCTOR  
Because now, Detective Inspector Bishop,  
there is no power on this Earth that can  
stop me. Come on!

And he blazes out of the room, BISHOP following in his  
wake.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. BISHOP'S ALLEY. DAWN. DAY 13**

41

BISHOP emerges as THE DOCTOR jumps onto his scooter,  
casts a glance at the rapidly lightening sky.

BISHOP  
The big day dawns.

CUT TO:

41A **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY 13.**

41A

RITA heading through to the living room with a plate of  
sandwiches, stops, as EDDIE is screwing the lock on the  
front door back in place.

EDDIE  
There. Safe and sound. And as for you...  
  
He goes to her. Close, mean.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
You've had your fun. With your little  
Doctor. But you're left with me now, so  
you'll behave, Rita. And smile!

And he ushers her through -

CUT TO:

42 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13.**

42

RITA fakes a smile as EDDIE ushers her in.

EDDIE  
Grub's up! Tuck in!

The room's full! UNCLE JOHN (elderly) is one of eight  
relatives who're pouring into the CONNOLLYS' sitting  
room.

42 CONTINUED:

42

It's a blur of pipe smoke, big hats, kids in tank tops.  
AUNTY BETTY (large, elderly, in a fur) peers about,  
holding her little terrier.

TOMMY sits on the sofa, carefully watching EDDIE's  
'performance'. RITA meekly offers sandwiches.

The TV is on. OOV ANNOUNCER over royal footage.

ANNOUNCER

This is a great and joyous day for us  
all. In a few minutes our Queen starts  
on her journey from Buckingham Palace to  
Westminster Abbey, there to be crowned  
Queen Elizabeth the second.

BETTY

Rita love, just look at that telly-box,  
then! Eeh, innit marvellous! The  
picture's so clear!

EDDIE

I says to Rita. You didn't have to get  
your hair done especially, love. The  
Queen can't see *you*!

Gales of good-humoured laughter. EDDIE throws an  
encouraging look at RITA.

AUNTY BETTY

Where's your old Mum then, she can't go  
missing it!

RITA

S...sorry, Mum can't make it down.

BETTY

Aww! Bless her. Maybe we could pop up  
and see her later.

TOMMY

Maybe you could! That'd be a good idea,  
what d'you think, dad? Aunty Betty could  
go up and see Gran!

Hostile stares between EDDIE & TOMMY.

EDDIE

Oh, he loves his Gran, does this one.  
Bit of a mummy's boy all round, ain't  
you, Tommy!

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

AUNTY BETTY

Ooh, you know what they say about them!  
Eddie, you want to beat that out of him!

EDDIE

That's exactly what I'm gonna do.

Urgent knock at the front door. TOMMY leaps up.

TOMMY

I'll get it.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY 13.**

43

TOMMY opens the door. THE DOCTOR and BISHOP are standing there.

THE DOCTOR

(deadly earnest)

Tommy. Talk to me.

He grabs TOMMY's arm and tries to drag him out onto the street. EDDIE's there in a flash. He pulls TOMMY back.

EDDIE

What the blazes d'you think you're  
doing?

TOMMY

I wanna help, Dad!

THE DOCTOR

Mr Connolly -

EDDIE

Shut your face, you! Whoever you are! We  
can handle this ourselves!

(to TOMMY)

Listen, you little twerp. You're hardly  
out of the bloomin' cradle so I don't  
expect you to understand. But I've got a  
position to maintain. I'm respected  
round here. It matters what people  
think.

TOMMY looks at EDDIE. And in that moment, it all makes  
sense.

TOMMY

Is that why you did it, Dad?

EDDIE

What d'you mean, did what?

TOMMY

When the Doctor first came to the house, you were expecting the police. You said so. Why was that?

EDDIE

(flustered)

I dunno, I was just saying...

TOMMY

You ratted on Gran. How did the police know where to look? Unless some coward told them -

EDDIE

(flaring up)

How dare you? You think I fought a war so that mouthy little scum like you -

TOMMY

Don't you get it, Dad? You were fighting *against* Fascism. Remember? People who told you how to live. Who you could be friends with. Who you could fall in love with! Who could live and who had to die! Don't you get it? You fought a war so that stupid little twerps like me could do what we like. Now you've become just like them. You've been informing on everyone, haven't you? Even Gran. Just to protect your precious reputation!

A gasp. They turn. RITA's framed in the door to the front room. She's heard everything.

RITA

Eddie? Is that true?

EDDIE

I did it for us, Rita! She was filthy. A filthy, disgusting thing.

RITA

She's my Mother! And all those other people you informed on? All the people in the street? Our friends?

EDDIE

(faltering)

I had to. I did the right thing.



43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

RITA

The right thing for us? Or for you,  
Eddie?

EDDIE looks down, shamefaced.

RITA (CONT'D)

You go, Tommy. Go with the Doctor and do  
some good. Get away from this house.  
It's poison. We've had a ruddy monster  
under our roof all right. But it weren't  
my Mum.

She slams the front door in EDDIE's face.

EDDIE

Rita!

THE DOCTOR

Tommy?

Confidently, TOMMY steps out onto the street.

CUT TO:

43A **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13.**

43A

RITA walks in, smiles bravely.

AUNTY BETTY

What was all that then?

RITA

That was... That was the sound of  
something ending. And about time too.  
Everyone alright? Smashing! Nothing's  
going to spoil our big day, is it?

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. LONDON. DAY 13.**

44

PAN with THE DOCTOR, TOMMY and BISHOP.

THE DOCTOR

(sympathetic but  
urgent)

Tommy, your Gran's okay. They're doing  
their best, believe me. But you have to  
tell me about that night. The night  
she...changed.

44 CONTINUED:

44

TOMMY

Nothing happened! She was just watching  
the telly...

THE DOCTOR stops dead. He looks up at the forest of TV  
aerials in Florizel Street.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We were in the kitchen and Gran was  
watching her favourite programme. Mum  
went back in and she was -

THE DOCTOR

Rose said it! She guessed it straight  
away! Of course she did! All these  
aerials in one little street. How come?

TOMMY

Blake up the road. He's selling them  
cheap. Mr Magpie.

BISHOP

Oh yes. I know old Magpie. Minor  
villain. Black market stuff during the  
War. He's flogging TV sets on the cheap.

THE DOCTOR

Is he now? Come on!

And he races off, the others following -

CUT TO:

45 **INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. DAY 13.**

45

Silhouette of THE DOCTOR, BISHOP and TOMMY through the  
glass door.

BISHOP

(O.S.)

Trouble is, a warrant'll take an age and  
this being Coronation Day -

SMASH! THE DOCTOR puts his elbow through the glass,  
throws open the door.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

'Ere!

THE DOCTOR

(savagely)

Shop!

45 CONTINUED:

45

THE DOCTOR goes up to the counter, slams his hand repeatedly on the bell.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
If you're here, come out and talk to me!  
Magpie!

Silence.

TOMMY  
Maybe he's out.

THE DOCTOR  
(casually)  
Looks like it.

THE DOCTOR darts past the display of TVs through the bead curtain into the back of the shop. Urgently, he rifles through drawers and papers. Amongst them, he finds the bakelite box.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Hello.

He holds it up to the light.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
This isn't right. This is very much not right.  
(licks it)  
Tastes like iron. Bakelite, yes. Knocked together by human hands, yes. But the design itself...

He flicks the box and the little TV screen inset in it crackles. He scans it rapidly with the sonic screwdriver and whistles appreciatively.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Beautiful work. So simple. Changes any transmitter into a receiver.

THE DOCTOR dashes back through the bead curtain.

He pulls up short before the display of TV sets.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR takes out the sonic screwdriver and activates it.

Each and every TV screen flickers into life. And on each and every screen, crackling through the static -

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

A HUMAN FACE!

THE DOCTOR gapes at the horrible sight. Each face - man, woman, child - is mouthing silently, begging for help. GRANDMA's there and MR GALLAGHER.

In the centre of them is ROSE's face. THE DOCTOR hangs his head as he approaches her. So beautiful, so lost...Mouthing 'Doctor!' Over and over and over...

Tenderly, THE DOCTOR touches his hand to the screen.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm on my way.

(new tack)

All still here! Their faces.  
Personalities. Like waste.

BISHOP

(appalled)

Still alive?

THE DOCTOR nods.

MAGPIE

(O.S.)

What do you think you're doing?

TOMMY and BISHOP turn. THE DOCTOR doesn't. MAGPIE has appeared through the bead curtain.

BISHOP

Hello, Magpie. Remember me?

MAGPIE

(sweetly)

It's Mr...Bishop, isn't it? Can I help you?

BISHOP

I should think so. Would you mind explaining these apparitions, sir?

MAGPIE

Just a little experiment -

THE DOCTOR turns to face him:

THE DOCTOR

Look, should we just cut to the chase?  
You see, I'm not really in the mood for all this. We could play games. I like games.

(MORE)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Normally, there's nothing I'd like more than a bit of banter. I could pretend I don't know what you're up to. Bit of quipping. The odd *bon mot* about people having the smiles wiped from their faces. Hours of fun.

MAGPIE

You've lost me.

THE DOCTOR

No, no. I've found you, Magpie - See! You've got me started. But, like I say...

(scarily intense)

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD. I want my friend restored. And I think that's beyond a little back street electrician, so tell me: who's really in charge here?

And the TV set in the middle of the display - surrounded by screens of mouthing faces - flickers, reveals THE WIRE.

THE WIRE

Yoo hoo. That must be me. Oh, this one's smart as paint!

BISHOP

Is that - is she talking to us?

MAGPIE

I'm sorry, gentlemen, but you brought this on yourselves. May I introduce you to my new ...friend.

THE WIRE

Jolly nice to meet you!

BISHOP

Oh my God. It's her. That woman off the telly!

THE DOCTOR

No. It's just using her image.

TOMMY

What...what are you?

THE WIRE

(pleasantly)

I'm The Wire!

(MORE)

45 CONTINUED: (4)

45

THE WIRE (CONT'D)

And I will gobble you up, pretty boy!  
Every last morsel! All life is prey for  
me! Shining electrical life, pounding  
through your little brains. Coursing  
through every synapse, every neural  
causeway! And once I have feasted, I  
shall become whole again, I shall gain  
the corporeal body which my fellow kind  
denied me!

And during this, THE WIRE's strength makes the picture  
blossom into full colour.

BISHOP

Good Lord. Colour television!

THE DOCTOR

So your own people tried to stop you?

THE WIRE

They executed me. But I escaped, in this  
form. And fled across the stars.

THE DOCTOR

Now you're trapped in the television

THE WIRE

Not for much longer.

And during the above, she's faded back to black & white.

TOMMY

(scared)

Doctor! Is this what got my Gran?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, Tommy. It feeds off the electrical  
activity of the brain. But it gorges  
itself like a great, over-fed pig.  
Taking people's faces, their essence as  
it stuffs itself.

TOMMY

But Gran never came here.

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't matter. Wherever there's a TV,  
it can feed.

BISHOP

And you let her do it, Magpie.

45 CONTINUED: (5)

45

MAGPIE

(pathetic)

I had to. She allowed me my face. But only if I'd serve. She's promised to release me, at the Time of Manifestation.

TOMMY

What does that mean?

THE WIRE

(slyly)

The appointed time. My *crowning* glory!

BISHOP

(realising)

Doctor! The Coronation -

THE DOCTOR

(rattily)

Well, *obviously* the Coronation!

(to THE WIRE)

For the first time in history, millions gathered around a television set. But you're not strong enough yet, are you? You can't do it all from here. That's why you need this.

He waves the bakelite box.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It needs something more powerful. This'll turn a big transmitter into a big receiver.

THE WIRE

What a clever thing you are. But why fret about it? Why don't you relax? Kick your shoes off. Enjoy the Coronation.

THE DOCTOR

Nah. I Sky Plussed it donkeys' years back.

THE WIRE

But it's such a spectacle! Believe me! You'll be glued to the screen!

The weird, warping sound strikes up.

And TOMMY and BISHOP freeze, rigid, their faces begin to stream towards the screen.

45 CONTINUED: (6)

45

BISHOP

Doctorrrrr!

THE DOCTOR

Hold on, I'm -

But THE DOCTOR's in trouble too. He falls to his knees - dropping the bakelite box - as his face begins to melt like Munch's 'Scream'.

MAGPIE covers his face, so ashamed. THE WIRE is ecstatic.

THE WIRE

Hungry! Hungry! The Wire is hungry! It's almost time! Almost time!

THE DOCTOR's face begins to stream towards the TV!

THE WIRE (CONT'D)

Ohhh! This one is tasty! I'll have lashing of him. Dee-lish-ussss! His mind is *ablaze*!

Desperately, THE DOCTOR scrabbles in his coat, pulling out the sonic screwdriver and aiming it towards the TV.

THE WIRE scowls.

THE WIRE (CONT'D)

Armed! He's armed and clever, Withdraw! Withdraw! The box, Magpie, the box!

MAGPIE dashes over and retrieves the bakelite box.

The red lightning crackles from THE WIRE's TV - she disappears off the screen - surging into the bakelite box.

THE DOCTOR activates the sonic and the big TV set snaps off. He crumples to the floor.

At once, THE WIRE's face appears on the bakelite box's little screen, smiling triumphantly.

THE WIRE (CONT'D)

Conduct me to my victory, Magpie!

MAGPIE staggers out through the front door, clutching the bakelite box.

THE DOCTOR and TOMMY are unconscious, faces back to normal. BISHOP lies on the floor, faceless, flexing and unflexing his hands.

CUT TO:



46      EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. DAY 13.      46

WIDE SHOT of the street, coming down to find the place almost empty, just a couple of kids being called into two different houses by excited ADR mums, to watch the TV. They run in, slam, the front doors shut -

Only EDDIE is sitting there. Alone, nowhere to go.

CUT TO:

47                    EXT. MAGPIE'S. DAY 13.                    47

MAGPIE gets into his van, puts the box on the dash board and roars off. On the screen. THE WIRE whistles the theme to 'Housewives' Choice'.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13. 48

Everyone's grinning and tearful as the Coronation ceremony reaches its climax - even RITA.

AUNTY BETTY

Ooh, don't she look lovely?

RITA

Beautiful. Makes you forget all your troubles! Everyone alright for pop?

CUT TO:

49 INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. DAY 13. 49

THE DOCTOR just pulling BISHOP's body into the back room,  
yelling -

THE DOCTOR

Tommy! Wake up! Tommy, come on!

TOMMY's on the floor, stirs.

TOMMY

But... what happened?

THE DOCTOR

No time, we've lost Bishop, where's  
Magpie - ?

He races out of the shop.

CUT TO:

50

**EXT. MAGPIE'S. DAY 13.**

50

THE DOCTOR dashes out and looks frantically up and down.  
TOMMY follows.

TOMMY

We don't even know where to start  
looking! It's too late.

THE DOCTOR

It's never too late! As a wise person  
once said.

(beat)

Kylie, I think.

(new thought, mind  
racing now)

The Wire's got big plans. It'll need -  
oh yes, yes, yes! It's gonna harvest  
half the population! Millions and  
millions of people. And where are we?

TOMMY

Muswell Hill.

THE DOCTOR

Muswell Hill! Muswell Hill! Which  
means...

And he turns round...

FX: in the distance, ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Alexandra Palace! Biggest TV  
transmitter in North London! I deserve  
to be killed and...re-animated by the  
Gelth! Ally Pally! That's why it chose  
this place, Tommy!

He dashes back towards MAGPIE's shop.

TOMMY

What're you going to do?

THE DOCTOR

Me? I'm going shopping.

CUT TO:

51

**OMITTED**

51

52      EXT. NORTH LONDON STREET. DAY 13.      52

MAGPIE's van tears through the streets.

CUT TO:

52A      INT. MAGPIE'S SHOP. DAY 13.      52A

THE DOCTOR has sorted out armfuls of electrical bits and pieces.

TOMMY

This what you want?

He hands THE DOCTOR a valve.

## THE DOCTOR

Perfect. Right, I need one more thing.

He dashes out of the shop.

CUT TO:

52B INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13. 52B

Chatter, laughter, merriment as the family watch the TV.  
The Queen's coach rattles towards Westminster Abbey.

ANNOUNCER

... the State Coach, built for the  
Coronation of King George IV...

CUT TO:

53 INT. MAGPIE'S VAN. DAY 13. 53

MAGPIE drives with grim determination. On the passenger seat is the bakelite box showing THE WIRE.

THE WIRE

(singing)

"Here we go gathering nuts in May..."

CUT TO:

54 OMITTED 54

54A      **EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. DAY 13.**      54A

THE DOCTOR emerges from the TARDIS, now in his coat, slipping something (unseen) into his pocket.

TOMMY's got armfuls of the metal lash-up.

54A CONTINUED:

54A

THE DOCTOR  
Got it! Let's go!

TOMMY, laden down, runs after him.

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED

55

56 EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE, FIRE ESCAPE. DAY 13.

56

The Victorian pleasure palace, dominated by the massive TV mast. A SECURITY GUARD walks past. MAGPIE appears from round the corner, looks about, pockets the bakelite box and begins to climb up the fire escape.

CUT TO:

57 INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13.

57

CLOSE on the TV screen as the Royal procession clatters on.

ANNOUNCER  
...a stunning white creation designed by  
Norman Hartnell...

CUT TO:

58 EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE. TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.

58

MAGPIE continues to climb.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY 13.

59

On the hoof, fast, TOMMY burdened by armfuls of equipment, with THE DOCTOR running alongside, fixing wires, with the sonic screwdriver -

CUT TO:

60 EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE. TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.

60

MAGPIE climbs up the triangular structure. He's got the bakelite box on a leather sash around his body.

MAGPIE  
I can't do this! Please! Don't make  
me...

On the screen, THE WIRE is triumphant.

60 CONTINUED:

60

THE WIRE  
The time is at hand!  
Feeeeeeeeed me!

MAGPIE shudders, continues his climb.

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE, FIRE ESCAPE. DAY 13.**

61

THE DOCTOR and TOMMY race into the grounds - the lash-up is now a complete box - and take in the sight of Alexandra Palace. Then TOMMY spots MAGPIE on the transmitter.

TOMMY  
There!

THE DOCTOR looks frantically about, spots the entrance to the TV studios.

THE DOCTOR  
Come on!

They run straight into a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD  
Woah, there! Where'd you think - ?

THE DOCTOR flashes his psychic paper. The SECURITY GUARD gawps.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Oh! Very sorry, sir! Shouldn't you be at the Coronation?

THE DOCTOR  
They're saving me a seat!

And THE DOCTOR & TOMMY run inside.

TOMMY  
Who'd he think you were?

THE DOCTOR glances at the paper.

THE DOCTOR  
King of Belgium, apparently.

CUT TO:



The bakelite box free-standing on a ledge, plugged in to the isolator, humming with power. MAGPIE clings onto the mast, utterly exhausted.

'Vivat, vivat regina!'

Red lightning spurts out of the black box, crawling all around it.

THE DOCTOR, below, keeps climbing, desperate.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13.

The TV screen shows the Royal trumpeters raising their instruments. But instead of the expected fanfare, the strange alien warping sound throbs from the set.

RITA freezes, rigid, in pain. Screams! Her face begins to melt! Then AUNTY BETTY's and everyone's else's too. Even the dog!

And their features are drawn towards the TV set like chewing gum...

THE WIRE  
Feasting! The Wire is feasting!  
Gorge! Glut! Satisfy me! And I will  
become manifest!

INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13.

The crowd in front of the TV are frozen, their faces - and brain energy - leeching towards the screen.

OMITTED

**EXT. LONDON. PANORAMA. DAY 13.**

All over London, TV aerials glow red and red lightning shoots from them into the sky.

CUT TO:

73

**EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE. TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.**

73

CLOSE on THE DOCTOR as he climbs towards MAGPIE, the cable trailing behind him.

MAGPIE

It's too late. Too late for all of us.

THE DOCTOR reaches out for the bakelite box. The image on the little screen glares at THE DOCTOR.

THE WIRE

NO! Stop him! *Kill* him!

MAGPIE's grabs for THE DOCTOR's hands -

THE DOCTOR

Don't try it, Magpie. I won't let you do this -

MAGPIE

Help me, Doctor! It burns! It took my face. My soul!

THE WIRE

KILL HIM!

MAGPIE

No I won't. No more. No more of this. You promised me peace!

On the bakelite box's screen, THE WIRE smiles serenely.

THE WIRE

Then peace you shall have.

MAGPIE groans with relief.

Then the red lightning arcs across and he vanishes in a blaze of red light. THE WIRE cackles madly. THE DOCTOR looks grim.

CUT TO:

74

**INT.ALEXANDRA PALACE TV GALLERY. DAY 13.**

74

TOMMY is staring anxiously at the console. Suddenly a big old-fashioned valve explodes. The hum of power starts to die away.

TOMMY

No, no, no, no!



74 CONTINUED:

74

He starts frantically hunting around the studio for a replacement.

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE. TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.**

75

THE DOCTOR reaches towards the bakelite box, snaps back his hand as the red lightning spits at him. But he persists.

THE DOCTOR  
Been burning the candle at both ends?  
You've over-extended yourself, missus.  
Fat on the energy of twenty million  
souls! Shouldn't have had a crack at  
poor old Magpie there.

THE WIRE's face on the screen is contorted in fury.

THE WIRE  
You cannot stop The Wire! I feast! I  
FEAST!

THE DOCTOR pulls open the bakelite box and begins to attach the cabling into it.

THE WIRE (CONT'D)  
I shall consume you, Doctor!

Red lightning spits and crackles around his feet.

THE DOCTOR  
Rubber soles. Swear by 'em!

CUT TO:

76 **INT. ALEXANDRA PALACE TV GALLERY. DAY 13.**

76

Beaming, TOMMY replaces the valve with a fresh one. The hum of power rises again, then a big plug sparks and fizzes.

TOMMY  
Oh God!

TOMMY pulls out a pen-knife and starts unscrewing the plug.

CUT TO:

76A      **EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.**      76A

THE DOCTOR gets out the sonic screwdriver. Points it at the box. The sonic lights up. But... Nothing happens.

He frowns. THE WIRE smiles.

CUT TO:

76B      **INT. ALEXANDRA PALACE TV GALLERY. DAY 13.**      76B

TOMMY's fiddling desperately with the coloured wires that fit into the plug. He drops a fuse, scrabbles for it, slams it into place and starts putting the plug back together.

CUT TO:

76C      **EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.**      76C

THE WIRE  
(pulling a face)  
Oh dear. Has our little plan gone  
horribly wrong, Doctor?

CLOSE on THE DOCTOR. Yes. It has.

CUT TO:

76D      **INT. ALEXANDRA PALACE TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.**      76D

TOMMY slams home the plug.

CUT TO:

77      **EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE. TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.**      77

- and the black box makes a distinctive and satisfying *clunk*. The alien warping sound goes into reverse.

The red lightning begins to pour out from the transmitter.

CUT TO:

78      **EXT. LONDON PANORAMA. DAY 13.**      78

It shoots across London, hitting the TV aerials.

CUT TO:

79      **OMITTED**      79  
AND      AND  
80      80



85 CONTINUED: 85

They blink and turn to the hissing, blank TV screen. Then the Coronation image returns.

CUT TO:

86 **OMITTED** 86

87 **EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE. TRANSMITTER. DAY 13.** 87

CLOSE on the face of THE WIRE on the bakelite box screen. It howls in silent rage then diminishes into nothingness.

THE DOCTOR disconnects the box from the transmitter and begins to descend.

88 **INT. ALEXANDRA PALACE TV GALLERY. DAY 13.** 88

TOMMY is staring at THE DOCTOR's lash-up.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
What have I missed?

He comes in, grinning.

TOMMY  
Doctor! What happened?

THE DOCTOR  
Sorted. Electrical creature. TV technology. Clever alien life-form.

He taps his chest.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
That's me, by the way. I turned the receiver back into a transmitter. Then I trapped The Wire in here.

He presses a button on the lashed-up box. A big, familiar-looking chunky slot rises up. The lash-up is a Heath-Robinson-esque top-loader video! He takes out a big old-Betamax tape.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I just invented the home video thirty years early. Betamax!

He puts the tape back in his jacket.

He looks over at the monitor.

88 CONTINUED:

88

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Oh look! God Save the Queen, eh?

CUT TO:

88A **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 13.**

88A

CLOSE on the TV screen.

TV SOUND  
God save the Queen! God save the Queen!

'Zadok the Priest' belts out joyfully over:

CUT TO:

89 **OMITTED**

89

90 **INT. BISHOP'S HQ. CELL. DAY 13.**

90

THE DOCTOR and TOMMY racing into the cell. TOMMY finds his GRAN and embraces her.

THE DOCTOR sees a familiar figure in a pink dress, back towards him.

She turns. ROSE. Restored.

THE DOCTOR's eyes are wet with tears.

ROSE just grins at him. They cling to each other like shipwreck survivors.

CUT TO:

91 **INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE. HALL. DAY 13.**

91

RITA hands EDDIE a suitcase.

RITA  
This was never your house, it's in my mother's name. And on her behalf, I'm telling you. Out!

CUT TO:

92 **EXT. FLORIZEL STREET. LONDON. DAY 13.**

92

A street party is in full swing. Beer, sandwiches, orange squash. Kids, old people. Everyone having a whale of a time. Find THE DOCTOR, ROSE & TOMMY helping themselves.

92 CONTINUED:

92

ROSE

We could go down the Mall. Join with the crowds.

THE DOCTOR

Naah, that's just pomp and circumstance. This is history, right here.

ROSE

The domestic approach.

THE DOCTOR

Exactly.

ROSE

Will it - that thing - is it trapped for good? On the video?

THE DOCTOR

Hope so. Just to be on the safe side though I shall use my unrivalled knowledge of trans-temporal extirpation methods to neutralise the residual electronic pattern.

ROSE

Do what?

THE DOCTOR

I'm gonna tape over over it.

ROSE

(laughing)

Oh just leave it with me, I'm always doing that!

THE DOCTOR

Tell you what, Tommy, you can have the scooter. Little present. Best keep it in the garage for a few years though.

TOMMY half-smiles, but he's distant, looking over at his house. THE DOCTOR & ROSE look round too. RITA is embracing GRAN.

EDDIE stands apart from everyone else, suitcase in hand. He catches his son's eye. TOMMY watches, so sad, but fighting it.

EDDIE looks away and sidles off into the shadows.

TOMMY

Good riddance.

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

THE DOCTOR

Is that it then, Tommy? New monarch, new age, new world. No room for a man like Eddie Connolly.

TOMMY

That's right. He deserves it.

ROSE

Tommy. Go after him.

TOMMY

What for?

ROSE

He's your dad.

TOMMY

He's an idiot.

ROSE

Course he is, like I said, he's your dad. But you're clever. Clever enough to save the world. So don't stop there. Go on.

And TOMMY feels so much older, so much more in charge. With a big smile, he runs off.

THE DOCTOR & ROSE watch as he reaches EDDIE. EDDIE tries to walk on. But TOMMY's calm, more mature - not trying to change his direction, it's too late and too complicated for that - TOMMY's just offering to carry the suitcase for him. Which EDDIE then allows. And they both walk away together.

THE DOCTOR & ROSE look back at each other, smiling.

They raise a cup of squash, clink, toast each other. A job well done.

High shot of the street through the fluttering Union Jacks.

93 **OMITTED**

93

END