

DOCTOR WHO

Children in Need 2023

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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TITLES, then...

1 EXT. SPACE 1

A red planet, suspended in space. Caption: SKARO.

The TARDIS hurtling towards it...

CUT TO:

1A INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CREATION CHAMBER - NIGHT 1A *

A MAN walks along... *

CUT TO: *

2 INT. DAVROS'S DALEK CREATION CHAMBER - NIGHT 2

A METAL DOOR slides open, the MAN revealed as... *

DAVROS. He walks into the room. In all his cruel majesty. *

The room is simple, stark metal. Waiting for him, a nervous, ambitious young AIDE, JONAS CASTAVILLIAN, in Kaled uniform. He carries a Skarosian Ipad, a simple metal TABLET.

DAVROS
Greetings. I take it you are Mr
Castavillian?

MR CASTAVILLIAN
Yes, Davros. An honour to work for
you, sir.

DAVROS
Then let me show you. The future
of our beloved Kaled race. Behold.
My Mark Three Travel Machine.

He presses a switch.

SCHUNK! Lights come on at the far end. Revealing...

A DALEK.

A beautiful, classic 1975 Genesis Dalek, gun-metal grey.
Gleaming. The sinister EYE. The GUN. And...

Next to the gun, it has a COMPLICATED CLAW-ARM. Three
prongs, in a metal palm of CIRCUITRY. A work of genius.

DAVROS (CONT'D)

The war has caused the Kaled race
to mutate. But within this casing.
We can evolve. We can start anew.
We can become stronger than ever.

And the Dalek LOOKS UP. Alive, intelligent.

DALEK

We will become the supreme race in
the universe!

DAVROS

Led by me! Observe! A bonded
polycarbide shell. A Ruby Ray
Blaster, capable of exterminating a
million Thals...

CU on the CLAW-ARM.

DAVROS (CONT'D)

And a multi-dextrous claw, capable
of lifting 5,000 hundredweight,
with electrified poison darts and a
multi-omni-port to hijack any form
of electronic communication. My
ultimate masterpiece of design.

MR CASTAVILLIAN

(on his iPad, eager)

Yes, I did some research on the
name, sir, since we're called
Kaleds, I thought our future selves
could be an anagram of Kaled.
Like... Lekad.

DAVROS

No.

MR CASTAVILLIAN

Adlek?

DAVROS

No.

MR CASTAVILLIAN

Klade?

DAVROS

No.

Pause.

MR CASTAVILLIAN

...Edlka?

DAVROS

No.

VOICE on COMMS cuts through:

NYDER OOV

Davros, I need your confirmation to begin the next bombardment, sir.

DAVROS

(to Mr Castavillian)

One moment. And touch nothing. Is that understood?

MR CASTAVILLIAN

Yes, sir.

The DOOR slides open, Davros LEAVES, door closes. Mr Castavillian relaxes for a second, phew - he's so scared of Davros - but the next second, he hears....

VWORP VWORP...

And the TARDIS SHOOTS THROUGH the right-hand-wall - melting through, no damage, but becoming SOLID as it FLIES ACROSS and SLICES PAST the FRONT of the DALEK, WHACK!, then comes to a halt, jammed at a 30° angle against the left-hand-wall.

The DOOR opens, and there's the THE DOCTOR. All smiles. But sticking out of the side of the Tardis: the DALEK'S COMPLICATED CLAW-ARM. Broken.

THE DOCTOR

Hello! Just passing by, cos I got a bit lost, it's funny, sixty minutes ago, I was this really brilliant woman, and now I've got this old face back again, I mean why? Why? I ask of you, my brand new friend, why? It's all a bit of a puzzle, and ohhh...

He yanks out the complicated-claw-arm, looks at it.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I'm so, so, sorry, I think I've broken this multi-claw-adaptable-what is it..?

(he looks round)

Oh.

The Dalek. With a missing arm. A gaping HOLE & loose WIRES.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
But. That's a Dalek!

MR CASTAVILLIAN
Oh! Good word! Dalek! That's it!

THE DOCTOR
I'm lucky I wasn't exterminated.

MR CASTAVILLIAN
(typing)
Oh, exterminated, good word, great!

THE DOCTOR
Wait a minute. D'you mean this is
the... Genesis of the Daleks?

MR CASTAVILLIAN
(typing)
Oh this is the stuff! Thank you!

THE DOCTOR
No, stop it, look, I was never ever
here. Never. The timelines and
the canon are rupturing, I'm just
going to go, and you're not going
to say a word, okay?

MR CASTAVILLIAN
But you broke the multi-claw-
adaptable-thingummyjig.

THE DOCTOR
Oh, yes, right, hold on -

He reaches behind the Tardis door, pulls out a SINK-PLUNGER,
throws it, Mr Castavillian catches it. Final warning:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Never here.

The Doctor slams the door shut, a VWORP VWORP of engines, and
the TARDIS fades away...

Mr Castavillian is left alone, with a sink plunger.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CREATION CHAMBER - NIGHT 3

The DOOR slides OPEN, DAVROS walks in...

CUT TO:

4 INT. DAVROS'S DALEK CREATION CHAMBER - NIGHT 4

DAVROS enters. MR CASTAVILLIAN standing to attention. All innocence. Like nothing at all has happened.

DAVROS
Now, where were we, Mr
Castavillian? The splendid design
of my secondary arm...

And Davros looks.

The DALEK now has a SINK-PLUNGER for an arm. The Dalek's own EYESTALK looks down at the plunger, then up again, at Davros.

Silence.

Davros looks at Mr Castavillian.

He looks back at the sink-plunger.

He looks back at Mr Castavillian.

He looks back at the sink-plunger.

And then:

DAVROS (CONT'D)
I like it.

CLIFFHANGER MUSIC!

CUT to caption: DOCTOR WHO RETURNS, NOVEMBER 25.