

DOCTOR WHO

'The Giggle'

by

Russell T Davies

GOLDENROD REVISIONS

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1 EXT. SOHO SIDE-STREET - DAY

1

CAPTION: Soho, 1925.

RAIN. Hammering down, on a quiet Soho side-street. PASSERS-BY with black umbrellas. CARS pattering past on the main road as CHARLES BANERJEE hurries along. He's 25, Indian, clever, well-dressed, educated at Eton, and heading for...

MR EMPORIUM'S TOYSHOP, lettered on the SHOP WINDOW. A beacon of light on a grey day, the window full of DOLLS, TEDDIES, TRAIN SETS, a toy CAROUSEL, BOARD GAMES, a JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MR EMPORIUM'S TOY SHOP - DAY

2

Ting-a-ling, the BELL above the DOOR rings as CHARLES walks in, shaking off the rain. It's a small, cramped shop, packed from floor to ceiling with TOYS, not an inch spare. From the second Charles steps inside, THE TOYMAKER begins his spiel; standing behind the counter, he's happy, smiling, tweed suit & bow tie. He looks like a Toymaker should look. Speaks with an outrageously cod German accent.

TOYMAKER

Ah, guten tag, guten tag, komm into
dee warm, it is ge-raining, is it
not? All of dee water all splishy
splashy, now vot can I helpen-sie
mit? Beholt! Ve haff everysing!
Everysing you could be ge-wanten.
Ve haff dolls! Zuch beautifool
pink-faced dollen, ja? We haff dee
compendium of games! Mit dee dice
and dee snaken und ladderz and dee
rules, zey are fery, fery
importanten, dee rules, don't you
sink? Also! Ve haffen dee teddy
bears und dee hobby-horsen, who
does not vant a hobby-horsen to go
clippety-clop down dee strasse, ja?

During this, Charles looks round, and heads for...

STOOKY BILL. A 2ft VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY hanging on a PEG, next to STOOKY SUE & the STOOKY BABBIES. Bill has wide eyes, big nose, wide smile. Big HEAD, little BODY (search: Stooky Bill images). Charles unhooks him, takes him to the counter.

CHARLES

I'm fine, I just want this, really.

TOYMAKER

Ah, Stooky Bill, meine favoriten!
But vill you leave dee family all
alone? Poor Stooky Sue! And dee
poor liddle Stooky Babbies, you
vill leave dem vizout Papa? Dee
widow und orphans will be gecrying!

CHARLES

Um. No, just him, thanks.

TOYMAKER

Du bist cruel. I liken you.

As the Toymaker wraps Stooky Bill in BROWN PAPER and STRING,
with the doll's head and grin still poking out:

CHARLES

Is that real hair?

TOYMAKER

Ja ja, I vos gesticking on dee hair
meinself. I cut it from dee head
of a beautifool lady. She vill not
miss it. But den, she vill never
miss anythink ever again!

He GIGGLES. Ha-ha-ha-HA-hahaha. Charles uneasy, but polite.

CHARLES

And. How much is that?

TOYMAKER

(normal voice)

Sixpence. But I really must
apologise for the rain outside.
You must be used to sunnier climes.

A chill between them; Charles knows exactly what he means.

CHARLES

I was born in Cheltenham.

TOYMAKER

Oh! By the looks of it, it's very
sunny there too.

CHARLES

Your accent seems to have slipped.
(hands over money)
I think we've said enough, I'll
just take him and go, thank you.

As Charles heads out with the DUMMY, German again:

TOYMAKER

I hope dee kiddies enchoy him!

CHARLES

It's not for children, it's for my employer. He lives around the corner, you might have heard of him? Mr John Logie Baird.

TOYMAKER

Oh dee inventor-man! Wunderbar! Vot is he being inventing now?

CHARLES

It's complicated, it's this new thing called... tele-vision.

TOYMAKER

Vell. Vot a game ve are playink. Vot a vonderful, vonderful game.

Charles heads out into the rain. The Toymaker seen through the GAP as the DOOR CLOSES. He GIGGLES: ha-ha-ha-HA-hahaha.

CUT TO:

3

INT. JOHN LOGIE BAIRD'S FLAT - DAY

3

And JOHN LOGIE BAIRD rips STOOKY BILL's head off!

BAIRD is 36, Scottish, mad hair, owl-glasses; he genuinely looks like an inventor. Bill's head comes off on a POLE.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD

Poor wee Stooky! That's a Scottish word, d'you know what Stooky means?

JLB's lodgings: 22 Frith Street, Soho, attic rooms. It's shambolic, a cheap flat turned into a LABORATORY. He jams Stooky's head down, in front of his greatest experiment; a NIPKOW DISK surrounded by BANKS OF POWERFUL LIGHTBULBS, CABLES running out. The first mechanical television. CHARLES BANERJEE is writing everything down on a CLIPBOARD.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD (CONT'D)

Comes from stucco. As in, plaster. But it's come to mean stupid and slow, like Billy boy's an idiot.

JLB leads Charles from the LIVING ROOM - stepping over CABLES snaking across a NARROW HALL - into a BEDROOM to sit in front of a BANK OF EQUIPMENT, including a BASIC MONITOR.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD (CONT'D)
But he can't be that daft. He's
about to make history. Ready now?

CHARLES
I think so.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD
As my old dad would say, may God go
with us.

And he FLICKS SWITCHES.

LIVING ROOM: the BIG BANK OF LIGHTS blazes on. Bright.
Burning. And the DISC begins to SPIN. The equipment is
RATTLING. DANGEROUS. But it keeps shuddering away.

Stooky's face. Stark, in fierce light. Staring.

On JLB's MONITOR, VERTICAL LINES flicker side to side, and...

An IMAGE appears. 32 LINES, 5 pictures per second,
flickering, a GRAYSCALE IMAGE of STOOKY'S FACE. Crude. But
magical. JLB and Charles truly in awe, hushed.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD (CONT'D)
I did it, Charlie. I did it.

CHARLES
How hot is it in there? We're not
going to catch fire, are we?

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD
That's why we need Stooky Bill.
All those lights. No man could sit
underneath that temperature.

CU BILL. EXTREME CU. Heat. Like torture. The HAIR crisps.

GLUE melts, runs like perspiration down his forehead.

The varnish around his mouth CRACKS.

BEDROOM: JLB & Charles still hushed:

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD (CONT'D)
Problem is. Could be a photograph.
If I'm to prove that television
works, I'll need a moving image.

And Stooky Bill MOVES!

JLB & Charles jolt with SHOCK!

But... it's just a ventriloquist's dummy. The glue around the jaw melted, and the MOUTH has fallen open.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD (CONT'D)
Gave me quite the shock!

CHARLES
Me too.

JOHN LOGIE BAIRD
Imagine. If he could talk. That wee chap's about to change the world, imagine what he would say.

Stooky Bill stares into CAMERA. Over his face: the GIGGLE.

Ha-ha-ha-HA-hahaha.

CUT TO TITLES.

4

EXT. ALLEYWAY & STREET - DAY

4

TODAY. A SIDE-ALLEY running at 90° from the 2/85 ALLEY, now full of RUBBLE. BURNING GIRDERS in b/g; the buildings have half-collapsed in the plane crash. THE DOCTOR runs forward.

DEEP IN B/G: DONNA by the TARDIS, with WILF in his wheelchair. Surrounded by DEBRIS. She's giving him a hug.

THE DOCTOR looks round, taking it all in, as a CAR and POLICE MOTORBIKE scorch across in front of him.

It's a STREET, like the 1/2 space, in CHAOS. REEFS of RUBBLE from the far-off crash, BURNING WRECKAGE, but also with:

FAMILIES running with FULL SHOPPING TROLLEYS.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN throws a BRICK through a SHOP WINDOW.

BANG! A good distance away, a CAR drives into another, and KEEPS DRIVING, pushing the smaller car back into CAFE TABLES.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN walks into the ROAD. CARS BRAKE. DRIVERS yell! The man stands there, head in the air, pompous, IGNORING THEM. The Doctor hops through traffic to reach him.

THE DOCTOR
Excuse me, can you tell me..? What are you doing?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I can't drive.

THE DOCTOR

Okay. So. Which means..?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I pay my taxes. Which means I've
paid for this road. It is mine.
And I will do what I like with it.

THE DOCTOR

You'll get yourself killed.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

It's my life, not yours.

THE DOCTOR

But. You could just stand over
there and be safe.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Blame them!

(meaning, everyone)

Because it all changed, two days
ago. Everyone in the world started
thinking they're right. All the
time! And they won't change their
mind! If you try to argue, they go
mad. Well, not me! I've *always*
been right!

THE DOCTOR turns back - hopping round CARS - oops, colliding
with a MAN in TOP HAT & TAILS, gleeful, dancing from SIDE TO
SIDE, blocking the Doctor's way. And French.

TOYMAKER

Excusez moi, monsieur, oh je suis
terrible! But per'aps you will
dance avec moi, ooh-la-la!

THE DOCTOR

- yes, sorry, thanks -

TOYMAKER

Ze game has begun, monsieur, ze
formidable game!

The Doctor pushes on - the Toymaker's no madder than anyone
else, waltzing away, now - the Doctor heading back for Donna
and Wilf, though they're still a good distance away, when -

WHAKKA-WHAKKA-WHAKKA, huge DOWN DRAUGHT, a HELICOPTER above.
The Doctor flinches - it's right above him! GROUND LEVEL:

UNIT TRUCKS charge across the mad TRAFFIC, on to the pavement right in front of them - and ANOTHER UNIT VEHICLE at the opposite end of the alley - TROOPS disembark, aim GUNS OUT, to PROTECT the Doctor. (NB, all UNIT staff now wear a METAL ARMBAND with embedded circuitry.) COLONEL IBRAHIM, male, 30, tall, Arab, steps out, taking command.

COLONEL IBRAHIM
Doctor? I'm Colonel Ibrahim of
UNIT Squad 5, If you could come
with us?

The Doctor looks down the alley.

SOLDIERS with Donna and Wilf. She's arguing with them.

DONNA
Get him to safety! Never mind me,
look after him, have you got that?!

The Doctor looks back round at the Colonel... and PAST him. SOUND falls away. SUSPENDED MOMENT: around the Doctor, it's busy, but way in the DISTANCE...

That odd cod-French man. Looking at the Doctor. Waving.

- a SOLDIER wipes frame, foreground, clears -

And the man is GONE.

On the Doctor. Disturbed.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - DAY

5

MILITARY HELICOPTER flies across LONDON.

A SECOND HELICOPTER behind it. With a LONG CHAIN below, carrying the TARDIS. The blue box flying over the city.

CUT TO:

6 INT. HELICOPTER/EXT. LONDON - DAY

6

THE DOCTOR, DONNA and COLONEL IBRAHIM in the HELICOPTER. All with UNIT-issue military EAR-DEFENDERS to drown out the noise. They all look down, with fear, upon London.

CITY BELOW: FIRES burning, an EXPLOSION! Madness everywhere.

The Doctor stares down. His adopted world. Burning.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. UNIT TOWER - DAY

7

THE UNIT TOWER now stands in the MIDDLE OF LONDON. A SKYSCRAPER. Proud, public, standing as PROTECTOR OF ALL. It's very Stark Tower, huge letters saying U.N.I.T. The top of the tower is all gleaming glass walls, with a large open-air PLATFORM jutting out, now acting as a HELIPAD.

The TWO HELICOPTERS, one with the TARDIS, circling.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. OPEN-AIR PLATFORM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

8

The platform is the size of two tennis courts. At one end: the GLASS & CONCRETE WALLS of the UNIT TOWER. On all other sides: a DROP to London far below. A WIND - both weather and helicopters - whipping the air as THE DOCTOR & DONNA stride away from his HELICOPTER with COLONEL IBRAHIM. Above, HELICOPTER 2 is lowering the TARDIS down on to the platform.

Crossing the DISTANCE from the TOWER to meet them: Head of UNIT, KATE LETHBRIDGE-STEWART & SHIRLEY BINGHAM with an ARMED GUARD. All wearing the ARMBANDS. Glad to see each other:

DONNA

Oh, here comes trouble.

SHIRLEY

I could say the same about you.

THE DOCTOR

Shirley you can't be serious. And Kate Lethbridge-Stewart! I can remember your father working night and day to keep UNIT secret, and look at you now! Out and proud and defending the Earth -

He's holding out for a handshake, but she slams into a HUG!

She separates. Stares at him. Desperate.

KATE

I've fought them all. Robots and insects and yeti and clones.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

But what do we do this time,
Doctor? How do we fight the human
race?

CUT TO:

9

INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

9

A BIG, HEAVY airlock-type DOOR between OPS ROOM & PLATFORM,
opening with a SCHUNK!, DONNA with KATE as they come through,
then THE DOCTOR, SHIRLEY, IBRAHIM & GUARDS.

THE OPS ROOM: large, glossy, hi-tech, but classy, not cold.
To the RIGHT: the airlock-type door with the Platform visible
outside (the HELICOPTER LEAVING in b/g). That curves round,
HUGE GLASS WALLS overlooking SKY and LONDON BELOW (SMOKE
rising up from fires). BACK of the room, DOORS leading off;
the airlock-door leads in to a flat, wide floor, with KATE's
DESK. STEPS & RAMP down to a wide area of OPERATIVE DESKS,
like the CIA, DESKS & WORKERS in front of - interrupting the
GLASS WINDOWS - MASSIVE SCREENS showing worldwide events:
footage of RIOTS, anger, fires.

At the DESKS: UNIT STAFF; staff in CIVVIES while GUARDS are
SOLDIERS. All wearing the METAL ARMBAND. And all the staff
are HUMAN... except for one sleek CHROME METAL ROBOT, THE
VLINX. Its body WIRED INTO the DESK.

All glancing across - it's the Doctor & Donna! The Doctor
reading screens, but from the start, as they walk in:

KATE

Your grandfather's safe, we've
built a security zone at the
Chiswick Flyover, and taken him
there. Full protection.

DONNA

Yeah, but it's not just him, is it?
I want my whole family safe, my
daughter and my husband and my mum.

KATE

I'm sorry, we've all got families,
but we don't have time -

DONNA

No. Because how did you know where
the Tardis would land? You've been
watching my family, which means you
owe them, and you owe me. If the
world is falling apart, I want them
protected. Right now.

Kate, with a smile, admiring Donna, to one GUARD.

KATE

If we could? Files Noble, Temple,
Mott, get them to Chiswick.

Guard, 'Ma'am,' heads off.

DONNA

Thank you.

A WOMAN hands an iPad each to the Doctor & Donna & Kate & Shirley & Ibrahim - Kate checking updates, during the below -

WOMAN

That's for you.

THE DOCTOR

Good good good, now what have we
got, are these worldwide? Cos I'm
gonna need all the statistics - oh
no WAY!

Because the woman is MEL! (The Doctor's companion, 1986-87.)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But what are you - ?! Oh that is
the best news! Melanie! Hello!!

Big hug!

MEL

Oh my God look at your face! But
don't don't don't, we'll catch up
later, we haven't got time -

(to Donna)

- I used to be like you, I was one
of his companions.

DONNA

I wasn't the first redhead!

MEL

No, that was me!

DONNA

Although, don't say companion.
That sounds like we park him on the
seafront at Weston-super-Mare.

(to Shirley)

Is 'park' rude?

SHIRLEY

Borderline.

Kate's finished her updates, back to work:

KATE

And, stations! Gold Protocols.
The Doctor is in the room. Report.

And the team swing into action, the Doctor & UNIT, friends old & new, working to save mankind. And the Doctor loves it.

SHIRLEY

Two days ago, an increase in
violence, worldwide, the *same*
increase, in every country, and all
rising at exactly the same rate -

KATE

Basically, every single human being
thinks they're right. And won't be
told otherwise.

COLONEL IBRAHIM

That plane crash, the F665 Boston
to Heathrow, the pilot declared his
right to land wherever he wants.

IMAGES on the BIG SCREENS and all MONITORS, plus iPads:

CUT TO:

10 INT. COCKPIT - DAY

10

CCTV facing the wild PILOT, British, a Londoner, 55, alone,
no co-pilot. Behind him, hammering on the cockpit door.

PILOT

I'm coming home! Look out London!
Daddy's coming home!!

CUT TO:

10A INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

10A

THE DOCTOR

But if everyone's going mad...

KATE

So is the government.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DOWNING STREET PRESS ROOM - DAY 11

TV FOOTAGE, the BLUE PRESS BRIEFING ROOM. The PRIME MINISTER, EDWARD LAWN BRIDGES, 55. He's sprawled across the PODIUM, shabby, scornful, laughing at someone off-camera:

EDWARD LAWN BRIDGES
What do I care? I mean, seriously?
Why should I care about you?!

CUT TO:

11A INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 11A

DONNA
No change there, then.

THE DOCTOR
But they've got nuclear weapons.

COLONEL IBRAHIM
We activated UNIT Override One.
All nuclear codes in the 9 armed
countries have been locked away.

CUT TO:

12 INT. ARMED VAULT, USA - NIGHT 12

CONCRETE VAULT. A MILITARY AIDE holds the NUCLEAR FOOTBALL, a BULKY BLACK BRIEFCASE. He stands to attention, as - SLAM!

A HUGE VAULT DOOR seals him in. Standing to attention outside: 2 ARMED UNIT SOLDIERS. All with METAL ARMBANDS.

CUT TO:

12A INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 12A

THE DOCTOR
But are they safe, are they secret?

KATE
That's the problem.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ARMED VAULT, USA - NIGHT 13

BANG BANG BANG!

The UNIT SOLDIERS stay in position. Worried. Nervous.

REVERSE: they face a HUGE STEEL DOOR, two-feet thick. One small window, the glass so thick that it distorts the FACE outside and his SOLDIERS. They bang on the door, demanding entry. This MAN is furious, and unstoppable, and blonde.

CUT TO:

13A INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

13A

THE DOCTOR
How long have we got?

KATE
Could be hours. Could be minutes.

DONNA
Minutes?!

THE DOCTOR
But you're fine, you're completely
normal, and that's because of..?

He's already studying Kate's ARMBAND. METAL with CIRCUITS,
including a BLUE LIGHT which is ON, a RED LIGHT which is OFF.

KATE
We call it the Zeedex.

VLINX
+++AN INVENTION OF THE+++ VLINX +

THE DOCTOR
Hello, the Vlinx, I'm the Doctor,
so why's it called a Zeedex?

VLINX
++GOOD +++ NAME +

KATE
It disrupts the brain and flattens
the spike. Keeps everything calm.

THE DOCTOR
And the spike is..?

KATE
I think I need to show you.
(to Shirley)
Activate brain scan.

SHIRLEY
Activating, ma'am.

On Shirley's SCREEN: a zig-zagging WAVELENGTH LINE. She presses a button, brings it up on the BIG SCREENS too.

KATE
That's my brain activity. Seems normal. Albeit slightly heightened, given the end of the world. Now. Keep your eye on the scan, and deactivate my Zeedex.

SHIRLEY
Kate Lethbridge-Stewart, off.

Shirley presses a button on her TERMINAL.

Kate's ARMBAND: the BLUE LIGHT goes OFF, RED LIGHT goes ON.

EVERYONE watching. Tense. Waiting. The Doctor fascinated. And a coldness creeps into Kate's eyes, an imperiousness.

KATE
Well?

THE DOCTOR
Um. Hello.

KATE
Hello.

THE DOCTOR
How are you?

KATE
Fine.

All watching the WAVELENGTH. Zig-zagging. But NORMAL.

THE DOCTOR
Busy day?

KATE
Why d'you want to know?

And the wavelength FLARES. A STRONG PATTERN of PEAKS.

THE DOCTOR
I'm just asking, is that a problem?

The pattern REPEATS and REPEATS, stronger and STRONGER:

KATE

It's an invasion of my privacy. In fact. It's an assault on my civic rights. And I think it's highly relevant that the person demanding information from me is an alien.

THE DOCTOR

(to Shirley)

Okay.

Shirley goes to turn it back on - but Kate RIPS her ARMBAND OFF, and the WAVELENGTH PULSES, harder and harder -

KATE

I think you'll find that I'm in charge here, and we have been infiltrated, by aliens, by a man with two hearts, a man who changes his face and cannot be trusted -

(at Donna and Mel)

And you, and her, both with red hair, what is this, some sort of conspiracy? What are you hiding?

(at Shirley)

And as for her. In that chair. I've seen you walk! I've seen you walking, don't deny it!

- TWO SOLDIERS grab her, force an ARMBAND on, she's vicious -

KATE (CONT'D)

- don't! You can't stop me - it's about time you heard the truth - !

- the ARMBAND's on, Shirley activates it, BLUE LIGHT, and the WAVELENGTH SCREENS blink OFF, going to normal footage.

Kate doubled over with pain and shame. Recovering. The Doctor & Donna horrified, the Doctor going to her.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

THE DOCTOR

No, it's okay.

KATE

Shirley. I'm so sorry.

SHIRLEY

Absolutely no need.

KATE

It's not just me, it keeps spiking
inside every single person's head.

DONNA

But... what, does that mean it's
being beamed in, from outside?

VLINX

NO ++ IT IS +NATURAL ++ IT IS
GENERATED ++ INSIDE THE BRAIN +

DONNA

But. Not me. Not Grandad.

MEL

Nor me, I'm wearing a Zeedex just
in case, but I've been fine. Well.
No more opinionated than usual.

DONNA

(smiles, likes Mel)
You and me both.

THE DOCTOR

Maybe long-term travel in the
Tardis puts you out of synch.

DONNA

Can't you give everyone a Zeedex?

KATE

Imagine trying that.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NEWS STUDIO, USA - NIGHT

14

The TRINITY WELLS SHOW, Trinity to CAMERA, holding a ZEEDEX.

TRINITY WELLS

They are using this. To control
us. And monitor us. And microwave
our brains. I'm anti-Zeedex!

CUT TO:

14A INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

14A

THE DOCTOR at SHIRLEY'S SCREEN, studying the WAVELENGTH.

THE DOCTOR

Can we filter this? On the Abacus
Scale, lose the background noise.

Shirley brings up: A SIMPLIFIED WAVE. With 7 peaks.

SHIRLEY

Gives us a strong coherent wave in
the Seizure Focus, peaking 7 times.

On the WAVE GRAPHIC, a DOT appears at each of the 7 peaks.

On Donna. The image provokes... a memory. An idea. DURING
the following, she goes to Mel's desk, 'Can I?' 'Yeah,' MEL'S
SCREEN showing the WAVELENGTH, Donna gets a pencil, paper.

THE DOCTOR

So if this started two days ago...
What else happened on that day?

KATE

Exactly, we've been looking for a
trigger, and there's this.

On THE GIANT SCREEN: a GRAPHIC of a COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE.

KATE (CONT'D)

The KOSAT 5 Satellite, launched by
South Korea, activated 2 days ago.

SHIRLEY

Here it is, right now. 36,000
kilometres above us.

ON THE GIANT SCREEN: a representation of the Earth with a
BLIP in geostationary orbit, representing the satellite.

KATE

KOSAT was the final link in the
chain. The world is now 100%
online. From the highest mountain,
to the deepest valley on Earth,
everyone is connected.

SHIRLEY

But KOSAT is clean, we've checked
and double-checked, it's not like
the old Archangel Network, there's
nothing hidden in the signal.

THE DOCTOR approaches a MONITOR SCREEN. Quiet, disturbed:

THE DOCTOR

And yet. For the first time in history. Everyone has access to this. A screen.

Hold. His mind whirring. The moment broken by:

DONNA

What if it's a tune?

THE DOCTOR

What?

DONNA

I know we've only got minutes to live but give me a second. Cos I spent six months teaching my daughter how to play the recorder until she said 'This is not who I am,' and that was the start of a whole other conversation, believe you me, but if you look at those seven peaks. Like this...

She's drawn the 5 LINES of a STAVE on paper, puts it over a SCREEN showing the WAVE GRAPHIC; the paper's translucent, the 7 DOTS now looking like MUSIC NOTATION across the stave.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Maybe it's music.

MEL

That's a classic arpeggio. Middle C an octave higher...

(sings)

La-la-la-LA-lalala.

Everyone... a SHIVER. A chill. Hearing something old and forgotten. But the Doctor doesn't feel it, puzzled.

THE DOCTOR

What? What? What is it?

KATE

...sing that again.

MEL

La-la-la-LA-lalala.

DONNA

I know that tune.

KATE

Where do I know that from?

MEL brings up an ON-SCREEN KEYBOARD, plays it, over and over.

SHIRLEY

I've heard it somewhere before.
What are the notes?

MEL

C, E, G, C, G, E, C, it's a musical
palindrome. But an arpeggio is
just straightforward, everyone
knows arpeggios, it's a basic tune.
The question is, why are we all
reacting to this one?

THE DOCTOR

I'm not. The Vlinx?

VLINX

+++ NEGATIVE +++

THE DOCTOR

Just the humans.

DONNA

It's just so familiar, like... it's
been buried in my head for years.
But what is it..?

STOOKY BILL

Ha-ha-ha-HA-hahaha.

Shirley's found the ORIGINAL FOOTAGE of STOOKY BILL (before
he was burnt), plays it ON HER SCREEN. All stare at Stooky's
ghastly image, THE GIGGLE on a LOOP. Scared, hushed:

THE DOCTOR

It's not a tune. It's a laugh.

KATE

It's a puppet.

THE DOCTOR

The giggle in everyone's head.

DONNA

What is that thing?

SHIRLEY

Stooky Bill. The first face ever
to appear on television. Put there
by John Logie Baird himself.

DONNA

But I've never seen him before, so
how do I know that laugh?

The Doctor studying SCREEN, close. The light. The pixels.

THE DOCTOR

If the very first image. Has been
hiding in every screen ever since.
Sneaking into your head. Carving a
wave. And waiting.

SHIRLEY

But hiding, how? If there was a
secret picture inside every
television, we'd have found it.

THE DOCTOR

Why? Because you're so clever?
What if little Stooky Bill was
smarter than you? Imagine...

And he holds up the SONIC. Wondering...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

If he burnt himself into television
itself. And every picture ever
since. Every single one.

And he uses the SONIC to *tap!* the NEXT SCREEN ALONG. And
STOOKY BILL appears on that. A much CLEARER IMAGE.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Screen after screen after screen

The Doctor races along the desks, *tap!, tap!, tap!*, every
single SCREEN, and STOOKY BILL appears -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And every type of screen -

Three STAFF with MOBILE PHONES, one with an iPad, the Doctor
goes *tap!, tap!, tap!, tap!*, STOOKY BILL on EVERY SCREEN.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Everyone, and everywhere -

Now he's approaching the GIANT SCREENS, with awe.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He's inside them all. Branding his
giggle into your brains. Until he
had enough screens to be complete.

The Doctor goes *tap!* And the GIANT SCREENS show STOOKY BILL.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Since the very first existence of
television. Laughing at the human
race. And driving you mad.

And now the Doctor WHIRRS THE SONIC.

On the BIG SCREENS, VOLUME ratchets up from 1 to 100.

And the LAUGH is INSANE.

Ha-ha-ha-HA-hahaha!

HA-HA-HA-HA-HAHAHA!

Ha-HA-HA-**HA-HAHAHA!**

A CACOPHONY, all screens laughing but all at DIFFERENT TIMES,
the laugh overlapping, looping, louder, louder - all STAFF
freaked out, DONNA, MEL, KATE, SHIRLEY, COL. IBRAHIM, scared.
And it's as if Stooky Bill KNOWS it, the head becoming more
lively, the jaw wider, is that a GLINT in his dead eyes?!

The INSANE LAUGHTER builds and builds and builds and -

HARD CUT TO:

15	OMITTED	15
15A	OMITTED	15A
16	OMITTED	16
17	INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY	17

SILENCE. It's MINUTES LATER. All grim, realising the scale
of this, the impossibility. Gathered around THE DOCTOR.

KATE
But something on that scale. Over
so many years. Who could do that?

THE DOCTOR
The puppet's just a puppet, we're
looking for the puppeteer. And
I've got. A memory...

INTERCUT with CU Doctor: the 3/3 strange French man. Waving.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I think something is coming back.
After a very long time.

Now he's cold; a new Doctor, colder than he's ever been.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But it's not only the giggle.
Don't go thinking you've got an
excuse. The human race might be
clever and bright and brilliant.
But it's also savage. And venal.
And relentless. All the anger out
there on the streets, the lies and
the righteousness... that's human.
That's you. That's who you are.
Using your intelligence to be
stupid. Poisoning the world. And
hating each other, you've never
needed any help with that. But
today. Something else is using
your worst attributes. Playing
with you. Like... toys.

And then. To war.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Can we take that satellite out?

EVERYONE back to their DESKS, to WORK, as the Doctor crosses
with Kate to her DESK, her SCREEN showing:

KATE

All missiles are on lockdown, but
we've got the Galvanic Beam.

THE DOCTOR

What range?

KATE

We can pick off a pebble on the
moon. Trouble is, taking out a
South Korean satellite will have
international consequences. So
we've been waiting for permission.

THE DOCTOR

You have my permission.

KATE

Thank you, Doctor.

Kate so happy to be in action, stabs CONTROLS.

Whole room goes *THRUMMMMM*...

DONNA's the only one who doesn't know what's happening, goes to the WINDOWS on the RIGHT by the AIRLOCK-DOOR, to see:

Exterior: the ENTIRE METAL PLATFORM is beginning to DESCEND.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. UNIT TOWER - DAY

18

Pure Thunderbirds: the ENTIRE OPEN-AIR PLATFORM DESCENDS. Hydraulics sliding it DOWN THE TOWER. Going TWO FLOORS DOWN.

CUT TO:

19 INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

19

WHOLE ROOM thrumming with power as the Platform descends, all busy at DESKS with coordinates - KATE joins them, leaving THE DOCTOR working on the keyboard on her DESK. Calling across:

THE DOCTOR

Shirley, have we got the exact date
Logie Baird made that transmission?

SHIRLEY

Nothing on record, I'll find it!

Mel pulls up a CHAIR to join THE DOCTOR, with her iPad.

MEL

I fed the KOSAT fake coordinates,
so it's coming into UK orbit.
Within range in three minutes.

THE DOCTOR

You're brilliant.

Both still typing away, busy, but so happy:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hello.

MEL

Hi.

THE DOCTOR

You look so well. But how..?

MEL

Quick version. I travelled the stars. And good old Sabalom Glitz, he lived to be a hundred and one! Died falling over a whisky bottle, perfect way to go, he had a great big Viking funeral, I thought, time to go home, so I got a lift off a zingo and came back to Earth.

THE DOCTOR

What's a zingo?

MEL

It's a thing you get a lift off. But then I had to face the one thing I'd been running away from. I've got nothing, my family's all gone, remember? But then Kate found me and offered me a job -
(call out to all)
Galvanic Beam payload, boarding!

CUT TO:

20

EXT. UNIT TOWER - DAY

20

TWO FLOORS DOWN, the GALVANIC BEAM slides forward, on to the OPEN-AIR PLATFORM. The BEAM is a sci-fi version of an ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN. As big as a TANK. Open-air PILOT'S CHAIR & CONTROLS 8ft up, beside a huge gimballled LASER-CANNON.

It slides out to the FAR END of the PLATFORM. The whole PLATFORM ASCENDS, bringing the Beam up to the OPS ROOM FLOOR.

CUT TO:

21

INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

21

DONNA watching at the window. KATE joins her.

KATE

That was very good work, with the music. If we survive this, you should think about joining UNIT.

DONNA

How much a year?

KATE

60,000.

DONNA
120 plus 5 weeks holiday.

KATE
Done.

Kate walks away. Donna goes 'Ooh!'

CUT TO:

22 EXT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 22

THE PLATFORM & BEAM reach OPS ROOM LEVEL, *SCHUNK!*, stop!

CUT TO:

23 INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 23

MEL crossing back to her DESK:

MEL
Galvanic Beam in position. KOSAT
in range in 90 seconds.

SHIRLEY
Doctor? Stooky Bill was televised
on October the 2nd, 1925, at 22
Frith Street, Soho, W1D 4RF.

THE DOCTOR handing KATE'S DESK back to her -

THE DOCTOR
Fire when ready, don't wait for me -
(to Colonel Ibrahim)
Tardis?

COLONEL IBRAHIM
Suite 17.

And the Doctor hurries from the room, DONNA following -

CUT TO:

24 INT. SUITE 17, UNIT TOWER - DAY 24

A huge, bare CONFERENCE ROOM, table & chairs removed, leaving only the TARDIS. All HUGE WINDOWS, LONDON below, the smoke and fires. THE DOCTOR runs to the TARDIS, with DONNA -

- into the Tardis, door SLAMS!

CUT TO:

25

EXT. SOHO SIDE-STREET - DAY

25

1925. Still a GREY DAY, though the rain's stopped, the streets wet, shining. VWORP VWORP, the TARDIS materialises.

The TARDIS door OPENS, THE DOCTOR & DONNA step out.

DONNA

Frith Street. This way.

They walk along.

DONNA (CONT'D)

So what about Mel?

THE DOCTOR

Oh she's brilliant, isn't she?

DONNA

Well, yeah, but I just keep thinking. All this time and you never mentioned her.

THE DOCTOR

Donna. I'm a billion years old. If I stood and talked about everyone I'd ever met, we'd still be in the Tardis, yapping.

DONNA

So you talk about no one. Ever. You just go charging on.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, because I'm busy! Like now!

DONNA

Yeah, and you're busy every second of every day, look at us now, we haven't stopped! But I saw you, Doctor, I got a glimpse inside your mind, and it's like you're staggering. You are staggering along. Maybe that's why your old face came back. Because you're wearing yourself out.

...but she's lost him, he's STOPPING, staring across at...

On a grey day, the LIGHTS of MR EMPORIUM'S TOYSHOP blaze out.

THE DOCTOR

Stooky Bill might be on Frith
Street. But the question is.
Where did Stooky Bill come from?

Entranced, he crosses the road, Donna following. They stare into the window. TOYS IN MOTION, the CAROUSEL spinning, a TRAIN ON A TRACK tootling around. CLOCKWORK DOLLS grin.

The Doctor looks through the glass.

Inside, THE TOYMAKER. Playing a game - he DODGES, so he's HIDDEN by the TOYSHOP LETTERING on the WINDOW. The Doctor shifts. The Toymaker DODGES. And again. And again.

The Doctor's had enough, STRIDES IN -

CUT TO:

26

INT. MR EMPORIUM'S TOY SHOP - DAY

26

Ting-a-ling on the BELL, THE DOCTOR strides in, then DONNA -
BOP! The Doctor is hit by a BALL.

THE TOYMAKER behind the counter, JUGGLING, throwing a BALL at the Doctor, AGAIN AND AGAIN - now the Doctor CATCHES IT, each time, whap, whap, whap, THROWS IT AWAY, all the time STARING at the Toymaker. A terrible stare. This is NON-STOP, throw, catch, throw, catch, throw, catch (and the number of JUGGLING BALLS never decreases). The Toymaker glittering, vicious:

TOYMAKER

Dee boll ist dee first game ever
being-invented! Stoner-Ager-Man,
he picked up ein rock! He said oh!
Das ist ein boll! He throwed it
und he killed a man, he zed, oh vot
fun! Und now eferybody loves dee
bolls! Until dee Year 5 Billion,
ven ze fery last human picks up dee
skull of his enemy and says, dat is
dee final boll of all, ja?

- and WHAP! DONNA in front of the Doctor, catches the BALL.

DONNA

Enough.

The Toymaker's juggling COLLAPSES, like she's spoilt it.

TOYMAKER

Ahh, Tonna Noble. I vondered which
one of you had dee bolls.

DONNA

Okay, so you know my name, but how
do you two know each other?

THE DOCTOR

Donna, go back to the Tardis.

DONNA

What?

THE DOCTOR

Go back to the Tardis.

DONNA

But you never tell me to do that.

TOYMAKER

Oh he is recognisink me. Are you
not ge-pleazed, Herr Doktor? To
zee me again? After zo many years?

DONNA

Who is he?

And the Doctor is scared. INTERCUT his CU with IMAGES from
The Celestial Toymaker (1966). But now in COLOUR. The First
Doctor & the First Toymaker; his robes, his smile, his power.

THE DOCTOR

The Toymaker.

The Toymaker BOWS. His own voice, now.

TOYMAKER

We meet again. Doctor.
(then gleeful & German)
But sink! If dee boll vas dee very
first game, vot voss dee second?
(steps back)
Hide-an-seek!

There are TWO RED CURTAINS either side of the counter, and he
PULLS THEM, DISAPPEARS behind them in a single second -

The Doctor LEAPS over the counter, pulls the CURTAINS BACK.

The Toymaker's GONE. Just a DOOR. An old wooden door with a
GOLD DOOR-KNOB. The Doctor opens it, runs through -

CUT TO:

27

INT. TOYSHOP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

27

A long wooden corridor. Like a corridor from a sinister fairytale. Lined with the same DOOR, repeating all the way down its length, both sides, all with the GOLD DOOR-KNOB.

THE DOCTOR steps in, then DONNA. The DOOR SLAMS SHUT!

THE DOCTOR

No, no, no, go back -

He turns back, opens the door they just came through -

No Toyshop. Now the door leads to AN IDENTICAL CORRIDOR. The Doctor unnerved. Haunted by old memories. He turns back to face the corridor they first entered. Considers one DOOR. No. A trap? The next? One on the opposite side..?

DONNA

It's bigger than the shop, don't tell me he's got his own Tardis.

THE DOCTOR

The Tardis is an idea the Toymaker would throw away. We've stepped inside his Domain. And it's governed by the rules of play.

And he CHOOSES A DOOR, OPENS it -

Again, it leads to AN IDENTICAL CORRIDOR.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay. Keep going forward.

They walk down this SECOND CORRIDOR; the DOOR they came through shuts behind them. The Doctor hesitating over doors.

DONNA

But how does this even make sense? Cos I've seen some things with you. I've seen Ood. And Davros. I mean, the Adipose, for God's sake!

Next DOOR. THIRD CORRIDOR. Walk on.

DONNA (CONT'D)

But they had a sort of logic. The Daleks built a great big bomb, I understood that, but this. This is impossible. How does it exist?

THE DOCTOR

That's what unravels me. All the laws I cling to. Gone.

Next DOOR. FOURTH CORRIDOR. Walk on.

DONNA

So who's the Toymaker? What is he?

THE DOCTOR

When I was young. I was so sure of myself. I made a terrible mistake.

Next DOOR. FIFTH CORRIDOR. Walk on.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I let the Tardis fall into another realm. A hollow. Beneath the Under-Universe. Where science is a game. And all of us are toys.

DONNA

But you escaped.

THE DOCTOR

I beat the Toymaker, I won his game. But now, he's here. He's found his way into reality.

Next DOOR, SIXTH CORRIDOR, but the Doctor stops. He's out of his depth, scared of the doors, and the memories.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And I think. It's all because of me. Cos I got clever, didn't I? I cast that salt at the edge of the universe, I played a game. And let him in. An elemental force with the power of a God, he's driven the human race mad with a puppet.

DONNA

Yes, but you always say -

THE DOCTOR

- oh what do I say, what do I say, what do I say? Cos I'm always so *certain!* I'm all... sonic, and Tardis, and Time Lord, but take that away, take away the toys, and what am I? What am I now?

(pause)

I don't know if I can save your life this time.

DONNA
It's not about me.

THE DOCTOR
Oh yes it is.

And she's just as scared as him, now. But brave.

DONNA
Well. Maybe I'll save you. Okay?

He nods.

DONNA (CONT'D)
You big idiot.

A little smile. And they walk on, the Doctor testing doors.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Anyway! You beat him before.

THE DOCTOR
That's the problem. Odds on, I
will lose, next time.

DONNA
No. Doesn't work like that. Cos
my dad used to say, dice don't know
what the dice did last time. Games
don't have a memory, every game
starts from scratch. So you stand
an equal chance. Okay?

THE DOCTOR
I like that. Well said, dad.
Okay, let's find the right door.
(his old smile)
Faster?

DONNA
Faster!

And, deep breath, they go through ANOTHER DOOR, FAST -

- and another - and another - and another - faster and faster
- door, door, door, door, door, door, and then -

SLAM!

The door has closed behind the DOCTOR! Leaving Donna behind.

On DONNA, other side of the door. Tries the door, LOCKED.

The Doctor pulls on the door-knob - gaaah, LOCKED -

THE DOCTOR
Donna? Donna? Don't move!
(hammers on the door)
Can you hear me?

Donna's side, she CAN'T HEAR the Doctor, hammers on the door.

DONNA
Doctor? Are you there? Doctor?!

They both stop. Neither can hear the other. Calling out:

THE DOCTOR
Just stay there! I'll try another
door. I'll come back.

DONNA
I'll try another door! Don't move!

The Doctor goes to another DOOR. Opens it, goes through -

CUT TO:

28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29
30	OMITTED	30
31	INT. TOYSHOP SCHOOLROOM - NIGHT	31

- and THE DOCTOR steps into -

A wooden room. BLUE MOONLIGHT through a BROKEN WINDOW. A BLACKBOARD on an EASEL with A B C and a SIMPLE CARTOON FACE drawn in chalk - a round head like a devil, with HORNS.

And a MAN, a few feet off the ground, limp, HANGING ON THE WALL, his COLLAR on a row of PEGS. He's wrapped in BROWN PAPER AND STRING, his head poking out; it's CHARLES BANERJEE.

CHARLES
Help me.

The Doctor runs to him, looks at the hook, the collar -

THE DOCTOR
I'm here, I've got you, what is it,
what happened?

CHARLES

I bought. A toy. And paid. The price.

THE DOCTOR

It's okay, I just need to... Let me... Lift you off, I'll take the weight, okay? Are you ready? Hup!

The Doctor wraps his arms around Charles's thighs, lifts him UP - off the hook - and DOWN. Oof! Done! Charles collapses on to the FLOOR in a heap. The Doctor's kneeling beside him, starts untying the STRING and ripping off the BROWN PAPER.

CHARLES

I came back. To the shop. Because I couldn't stop hearing it. The giggle. The giggle in my head.

THE DOCTOR

I know, that's the Toymaker, but I can get you out, what are these..?

The STRINGS. Not just wrapping. They're connected to..?

Suddenly the STRINGS pull UP! To the CEILING. And the BROWN PAPER FALLS away as the strings YANK CHARLES TO HIS FEET.

He is a PUPPET.

A WOODEN BODY, human size. Painted like Charles's suit. JOINTED, like a DOLL. 5 STRINGS - head, arms, legs - pulled TAUT. Only Charles's HEAD is REAL, REAL CHARLES staring out.

CHARLES

I asked him. To stop. The giggle. And he said. I will stop. If you play my game. But I lost.

The Doctor LOOKS UP, horrified. The STRINGS go up, up, into BLACKNESS, no ceiling. But the blackness stirs like CLOUDS.

And Charles WALKS TOWARDS HIM. That awful jiggling puppet TOTTER. Pleading. The Doctor can't help it, backs away.

THE DOCTOR

I'll find him. I'll stop him.

CHARLES

And now I dance. When he commands. I dance and I prance, but I can never go home again, Doctor. What would mummy say? If she saw me like this. Oh help me please.

And now the Doctor LOOKS UP again. The BLACK CLOUDS above now SWIRLING and PARTING with THUNDERBOLTS, to reveal...

THE TOYMAKER. The PUPPET MASTER. VAST, a GOD in the SKY, holding the CROSS BAR connected to the strings. Booming:

TOYMAKER

Do you like my puppets, Doctor?
Do you like my fun?
All of them have played and lost,
But here's my favourite one!

The Doctor looks down again -

Now the PUPPET is HIM. His HEAD on a WOODEN BODY. Dancing.

PUPPET DOCTOR

I thought I was cle-ver!
I thought I was cle-ver!

It's freaking the Doctor's mind - he TURNS - RUNS - !

CUT TO:

32 INT. TOYSHOP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

32

THE DOCTOR RUNS, runs, runs -

CUT TO:

33 INT. TOYSHOP ATTIC - NIGHT

33

A DOOR with a GOLD DOORKNOB opens, and DONNA steps into...

An ATTIC. A tall BRICK WALL with a SLOPING ROOF. Wooden FLOOR, BLUE MOONLIGHT through a BROKEN SKYLIGHT. An old CLOCK FACE. DONNA walks in, cautious; the door slowly CLOSES behind her. She can hear a woman CRYING. Soft sobs.

DONNA

Hello? Who's that? Where are you?

The corner is PITCH BLACK. The source of the noise.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? My name's Donna.
And I warn you now, if this is a
trick, I will kill you.

And tottering out of the dark comes...

STOOKY SUE

I'm poor wee Stooky Sue,
I don't know what to do.
I lost my precious hubby,
They threw me in the cubby.

STOOKY SUE, 18" tall, BIG HEAD, little BODY, without strings.
And her face is MOURNFUL, MASCARA running from her painted
eyes, the MOUTH wailing. Scottish accent. And WALKING.

Donna's unnerved, can't help BACKING AWAY.

DONNA

You're not real.

STOOKY SUE

They took my Bill away,
I mourn him every day.
He won't come home to me,
Cos they burnt him on TV.
Now the Stooky Babbies weep,
Stooky Babbies cannae sleep.

And as Donna backs away...

BEHIND HER, she can't see 3 STOOKY BABBIES - little grinning
WOODEN BABIES, black-dot-eyes - LOWERING down on STRINGS.

DONNA

You're just. A doll.

STOOKY SUE

They miss their dear Papa,
They seek him near and far,
They miss their kiss goodnight,
They greet in endless night.

STOOKY BABBY

Mama!

Donna turns - they're right NEXT TO HER FACE! And they JUMP!

- strings abandoned, they're ON HER, CLINGING, babbling,
waah, wailing, in her HAIR - Donna twisting, pulls at them -

DONNA

Get off me, you little - !

Stooky Sue giggling, LEAPS on to DONNA'S LEG, climbing UP -

STOOKY SUE

Stooky Babbies are so sweet!
Stooky Babbies want to eat!

Donna grabs one Babby, THROWS IT away! Then the SECOND. But the THIRD climbs OVER HER FACE, gurgling away -

- she gasps, rages, struggles - PULLS IT away, THROWS it -

- Stooky Sue's FAST, climbing up to Donna's NECK, wrapping her wooden arms around Donna's throat to strangle her -

STOOKY SUE (CONT'D)

You've seen the widow cry,
And now it's time to die!

- but Donna RIPS Stooky Sue free. Holds her in her FIST.

DONNA

Hello Stooky, my name's Donna.
Now I think that you're a goner.

And she BASHES Stooky Sue against the WALL!

Bash!

Bash!

Bash, POP! Stooky Sue's HEAD FLIES OFF!

It BOUNCES on to the floor, bonk, bonk, bonk.

The Stooky Babbies are all on the floor, a distance away, on all fours, staring up at Donna. They look scared.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Anything to add? Babbies?

Eek. All three SCURRY BACKWARDS, into the shadows.

Donna victorious. She CHUCKS Stooky Sue's body over her shoulder, and goes to the DOOR. OPENS IT -

- and THE DOCTOR runs through, they COLLIDE! Delighted!

DONNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God -

THE DOCTOR

There you are - !

But the Doctor looks round, and -

CUT TO:

34

INT. THE TOYMAKER'S THEATRE - NIGHT

34

THE DOCTOR and DONNA are in the THEATRE.

More like a TOY THEATRE; a long, wooden HALL, and at the far end, a RED CARDBOARD PROSCENIUM ARCH adorned with LIGHTBULBS. RED CURTAINS as BACKDROP. No raised stage, just FLOORBOARDS.

CENTRE STAGE: the TOYMAKER, standing above a PUPPET THEATRE; theatre-within-theatre, a traditional Lonely Goatherd BOX.

TOYMAKER

Kommen-sie, ja, dee show is just
beginnink! Worldvide premiere!

A ROW of THEATRE SEATS, RED VELVET, appears behind the Doctor & Donna, SLIDES FORWARD, SCOOPS THEM into the seats, whoosh -

- zooms all the way down to the proscenium arch, STOPS.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Tonna Noble! Zis is for you. Let
me tell you who vot happened. Ven
dee Doktor, he was leavink you.

And now he's the PUPPETEER, lowering down, on CROSS-BARS, a PUPPET AMY POND. BACKDROP: OUTER SPACE, drawings of stars.

The Doctor staring, while Donna watches. Making sense of the terrible things she glimpsed inside the Doctor's mind.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

He made eine friend called Amy-
Pont, and he loved Amy-Pont, yes he
is likink dee redheads! Und they
vent to and fro in time-an-space.
But! Amy-Pont vas touched by dee
Veeping Angel - und she died!

The Toymaker's other hand has got a BIG PAIR of SCISSORS, slices through Amy's STRINGS, SNIP! She falls down, dead.

THE DOCTOR

She died of old age!

TOYMAKER

(American accent)

Well that's all right then!

(German accent)

Und den he was meeting Klara!

CLARA PUPPET lowered down.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

But she vas kilt! By a bird!

SNIP! BIG SCISSORS cut the STRINGS, Clara Puppet drops dead.

THE DOCTOR

She still survives in her last
second of life -

TOYMAKER

(American accent)

Well that's all right then!

(German accent)

And den the Doktor met Bill! Not
Stooky Bill! But Lady Bill!

BILL PUPPET lowered in.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

But she voss kilt by dee Zybamen!

BIG SCISSORS, snip! Bill puppet drops dead.

THE DOCTOR

But her consciousness survives -

TOYMAKER

(American accent)

Oh well that's all right then!

(German accent)

Un den! Dere came. Dee Vlux!

A ROW of PLANETS, STARS and COMETS is lowered in, each
suspended on a single STRING.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Oh, Tonna Noble. Dee poor Doktor.
Dee Vlux voss killink everysing!

The BIG SCISSORS SNIP the STRINGS, snip, snip, snip! The
planets & stars & comets DROP and BOUNCE, BOUNCE, BOUNCE -

DONNA

...is all of this true?

And the Doctor STANDS.

THE DOCTOR

I challenge you to a game.

Everything STOPS.

In silence, the Toymaker, REGAL now, swoops his hand - the PUPPET THEATRE whooshes away, STAGE LEFT - swoops again, and a plain GREEN BAIZE CARD TABLE whooshes in from STAGE RIGHT. A simple CHAIR on each side (side-on, so Donna can watch).

The Toymaker produces a DECK OF CARDS. His own voice:

TOYMAKER
I accept the challenge.

THE DOCTOR
You have no choice.

The Doctor walks forward, and sits. Donna watches, in awe. Two old enemies, face to face, after so many years.

The Toymaker shuffles the cards; one-handed cut, Sybil cut, riffle shuffle, cards turning, non-stop, MESMERISING, during:

TOYMAKER
I came to this universe with such
delight. And played them all,
Doctor. I have toyed with
supernovas and turned galaxies into
spinning tops. I gambled with God
and made him a Jack-in-the-box. I
made a jigsaw out of your history,
did you like it? The Master was
dying and begged for his life with
a final game. And when he lost, I
sealed him for all eternity inside
my gold tooth.
(bares his tooth: *ping!*)
There's only one player I didn't
dare face. The One Who Waits.

THE DOCTOR
Who's that?

TOYMAKER
I saw it. Hiding. And I ran.

THE DOCTOR
What do you mean?

TOYMAKER
That's someone else's game.

He places the deck on the table. So much power in the cards.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
What shall we play?

THE DOCTOR

One request. Tell me. The human race, back in the future. Why does everyone think they're right?

TOYMAKER

So that they win! I made every opinion supreme. That's the Game of the 21st Century, they shout and they type and they cancel -
(Cockney accent)
- it's all about the banter, don't you fink Doc, all the lovely banter-
(his own voice)
So I fixed it. Now everybody wins.

THE DOCTOR

And everyone loses.

TOYMAKER

The neverending game. Now name your challenge.

THE DOCTOR

Simplest game of all. Let's cut.

TOYMAKER

Highest card wins.

THE DOCTOR

Aces high.

TOYMAKER

You choose.

THE DOCTOR

I'll go first.

And the Doctor reaches out -

DONNA

But he'll cheat.

Both look at her. Both shocked!

THE DOCTOR & THE TOYMAKER

No.

TOYMAKER

For shame.

THE DOCTOR

That's the one thing he won't do.

DONNA

But they're his cards. He's all
tricks! Of course he'll cheat!

THE DOCTOR

The only rules the Toymaker
follows, are the rules of the game.
They bind his entire existence. I
win, or I lose, and that's it.

TOYMAKER

Then play!

The Doctor studies the deck.

Reaches out.

Cuts and turns over his CARD...

8 of CLUBS.

A middling card. That's tough.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

My turn.

The Toymaker reaches out.

Pauses.

Cuts and turns over...

The KING OF HEARTS.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

I'm the king.

(grins, gleeful, German)

Und now, meine kleine Doktor, ve
vill zee vot is my prize - !

THE DOCTOR

One. All!

The Toymaker's victory stopped dead.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I won the game. Many years ago.
You've won today. Which leaves us
equal. And you know that two
players are bound by one inviolable
rule.

TOYMAKER

Best of three.

THE DOCTOR
Best of three.

TOYMAKER
Then let's make it...
(pause)
2023.

The Toymaker reaches out - and that RED CURTAIN is in his hand, he PULLS IT across! Like the hide-and-seek, he's GONE!

And there's a CRACK from the CEILING, DUST falls -

The BACK WALL of CURTAINS is now a FLAT 2-D IMAGE of curtains, CREAKS, starts to FOLD IN on itself. Like ORIGAMI.

THE DOCTOR
Donna -

DONNA
I'm already running.

The Doctor runs to her - the ROW OF SEATS PARTS in the middle to allow them out - they run to the back of the hall -

Behind them, the HALL is folding, in, in, in, with a CRACK and a CRUNCH of rafters, timbers and floorboards snapping -

CUT TO:

35 INT. TOYSHOP CORRIDOR - NIGHT 35

THE DOCTOR and DONNA hand-in-hand run, run, run -
BEHIND THEM, the corridor is FOLDING IN, IN, IN -

CUT TO:

36 INT. MR EMPORIUM'S TOY SHOP - DAY 36

THE DOCTOR and DONNA run through the TOYSHOP, fast -

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SOHO SIDE-STREET - DAY 37

THE DOCTOR and DONNA RUN into the street -
STOP, and LOOK BACK -

The TOYSHOP is folding into MID-AIR, its roof folding DOWN, its floor folding UP, into a CENTRE about 6 feet off the ground, folding into that classic FORTUNE-TELLER-ORIGAMI. Leaving an EMPTY GAP between the TALL HOUSES either side.

It folds in, in, in, into a 2-inch PACKET. Which drops -
- underneath is a RED, SQUARE TOYBOX (which wasn't there before), its lid open. The PACKET drops IN, LID slams SHUT.

And all is calm. Except...

DONNA
He said 2023.

THE DOCTOR
Winner takes all.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. OPEN-AIR PLATFORM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 38

HARD CUT to the MODERN WORLD, HARDWARE & HI-TECH. The GALVANIC BEAM, at the FAR END of the PLATFORM, SWINGS ROUND!

THE PILOT sits in the CHAIR with JOYSTICK & SCREENS. The LASER-CANNON swings, TILTS, aiming UP. Further back on the PLATFORM, STAFF run cables, an AIR-MARSHALLER keeps the area clear. ALARMS, RED WARNING LIGHTS along the platform's edge.

CUT TO:

39 INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 39

ALL at work, MEL and SHIRLEY in charge of the Galvanic Beam, KATE supervising from her desk. SCREENS show KOSAT GRAPHICS.

MEL
We're one degree and 27 minutes
out, give it a base-drive reset.

SHIRLEY
Galvanic Beam, reset and reload.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. OPEN-AIR PLATFORM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 40

The PILOT at the CONTROLS. LASER-CANNON SWINGS, then REVERTS back to its original position, 'Reset confirmed, over.'

CUT TO:

41 INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 41

SHIRLEY

Accuracy 100%, systems locked and loaded. Satellite within range.

KATE

And, fire.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. OPEN-AIR PLATFORM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 42

THE GALVANIC BEAM FIRES! A CONTINUOUS RED BEAM, bristling with YELLOW CURLS, shooting up into the SKY.

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED 43

44 INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 44

GIANT SCREEN: the BLIP representing the satellite WINKS OUT.

MEL & SHIRLEY

We did it!/Success!

Smiles, relief, a little applause - as THE DOCTOR and DONNA stride in, the Doctor carrying the TOYBOX, gives it to Mel, ALL FAST & URGENT, Donna goes to Kate's desk, Kate steps aside, no question, and Donna starts TYPING. Immediately, EVERYONE IS WORKING FOR THE DOCTOR. He's grim, focused:

THE DOCTOR

(to Mel, of the Toybox)

Keep an eye on that.

(to everyone)

The satellite was only a link in the chain -

(to Kate)

- so Donna needs access to the subframe, there is no one in London faster on a keyboard -

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(gives a computer stick to
Shirley, she installs it)
- she's creating a template for
this, it coordinates all telescopes
and satellites and deep space
scans, across the Earth, the Vlinx,
I need all the mesh reflectors on
Earth translated into Digital 5 -

VLINX

MESH+ REFL+++ECTOR + LINK+ +

DONNA

(of the computer software)
Mel, is this static or dynamic?

MEL

Dynamic, we're using Triad.

DONNA

Gotcha. You should all be
receiving this... now!

PROGRAMMING scrolls on Donna's screen, then EVERYONE'S. All
TYPING, distributing the information. But KATE's worried.

KATE

How bad is it, Doctor?

All keep working, but he holds the room's attention. Grim.

THE DOCTOR

Something. Entered this world. In
1925. I don't know how. But if
we're lucky. The program I'm
giving you can detect the decay of
an energy signature from 98 years
ago. Might be on Earth. Might be
in orbit. Might be in space. But
if we can find the entrance, maybe
we can turn it into an exit.

KATE

What are we fighting?

THE DOCTOR

An elemental force. Beyond the
rules of the universe.

SHIRLEY

What's that supposed to mean?

Quiet, faint, like a radio playing, a SONG. *La la la la...*

THE DOCTOR

You think that life is a balance
between order and chaos. But the
universe is not binary. Far from
it. There is order. And chaos.
And there is play... what's that?

KATE

(looking round)
Could you turn that off, please?

COLONEL IBRAHIM

Who is that?

But the Doctor realises, as the song - it's the Spice Girls,
Spice Up Your Life, *la la la la la* - gets louder and louder -

THE DOCTOR

Oh I think he's here.

Ting-a-ling of the BELL, and a GOLD-DOOR-KNOB DOOR opens in a
WALL - where there was no door before - and THE TOYMAKER
steps out, BANG!, STREAMERS & CONFETTI. He's more showbiz
now, in an American bandleader costume.

EVERYONE turns - what the hell - ?!

THE SONG is HARSH, the MUSIC & COLOUR an INVASION of this hi-
tech world; the Toymaker dancing on the spot, singing along -

TOYMAKER

When you're feelin'
Sad and low,
We will take you,
Where you gotta go!

Ting-a-ling, EVERYONE TURNS at the sound of the BELL -

OPPOSITE WALL, a TOYSHOP DOOR opens, the Toymaker steps out!

- the Doctor & Kate LOOK BACK - first door & Toymaker GONE -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Smilin' dancin'
Everything is free,
All you need is,
Positivity!

Ting-a-ling - ALL TURN - what?! -

THIRD WALL, Toyshop DOOR opens, the Toymaker steps out -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Colours of the world!

DOORS over the place now, everyone looking round, freaked out, whip pans - all rules are off! Ting-a-ling, FOURTH DOOR-

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
Spice up your life!

Ting-a-ling, FIFTH DOOR -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
Every boy and every girl!

Ting-a-ling, SIXTH DOOR -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
Spice up your life!

Ting-a-ling, SEVENTH DOOR -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
People of the world!

Ting-a-ling, EIGHTH DOOR -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
Spice up your life!

The Song goes 'Aaaaaah' - everyone looks round, where is he?!

Ting-a-ling, NINTH DOOR, RIGHT BY KATE, the Toymaker GRABS HER in a WALTZ - she's terrified, face to face with him, SPINS across the floor, so FAST, the chorus RELENTLESS -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)
Slam it to the left,
If you're having a good time!
Shake it to the right,
If ya know that you feel fine!
Chicas to the front,
Ha ha, go round!

Kate is THROWN out of the waltz - staggers into the WALL -

Ting-a-ling, TENTH DOOR - the Toymaker grabs MEL, lifts her ARM and TWIRLS HER across the FLOOR, impossibly fast, a BLUR -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)	THE DOCTOR
Slam it to the left,	Mel - ! No - !
If you're having a good time!	
Shake it to the right,	
If ya know that you feel	
fine! Chicas to the front,	
Ha ha, hai si ja! Hold tight!	

MEL is THROWN AWAY, hits the floor, the Doctor runs to her -

ELEVENTH DOOR - BACK OF THE ROOM, allowing the Toymaker to slow down, EXULTANT, shimmying forward. SONG KEEPS GOING:

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

La la la, la la la la la la...

KATE

Detain him!

THE DOCTOR

No, don't -

Two SOLDIERS stride forward to the Toymaker -

But he just TAPS them, both at the same time.

One second, they are MEN, next, they are BOUNCING BALLS. Each is a stack of bouncing balls - big, small, every colour - falling & BOUNCING, boing, boing, boing, the GUARDS are GONE.

A basketball-sized BALL bounces into Shirley's hands.

Printed on the ball: the GUARD'S SCREAMING FACE.

Oh! She throws it away, horrified -

KATE

What happened to them?

THE DOCTOR

They're dead, I'm sorry, just stop it, let me talk to him -

KATE

On my command! Open fire!

ALL GUARDS, inc. COLONEL IBRAHIM, lift their HANDGUNS.

They FIRE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

And ROSES & PETALS pop into existence at the front of their GUN-BARRELS. No bullets; they're firing flowers! The roses have no velocity, appearing mid-air - the guns still going bang! - but just petals, falling, floating, filling the air -

The GUARDS frantic, hit their GUNS, shake them, fire again, but it's still PETALS, PETALS, PETALS -

Kate pulls out her own PISTOL, FURIOUS, FIRES -

- roses, roses, roses -

IBRAHIM FURIOUS, can't believe it, FIRES, FIRES, FIRES -

- roses, roses, roses -

2 GUARDS RUN IN at the BACK OF THE ROOM with MACHINE GUNS -

KATE (CONT'D)

Get down!

All in the line of fire DUCK, and the GUARDS OPEN FIRE -

- ROSES, ROSES, ROSES, a BLIZZARD OF PETALS -

The Toymaker laughing! At the Doctor. Makes a snow-angel of petals. SONG CONTINUING THROUGHOUT, loud, harsh, merciless.

Then the Toymaker reaches DOWN.

PULLS UP a TRAPDOOR which wasn't there before - SONG ENDS -

TOYMAKER

Hai si ja! Hold tight!

The Toymaker JUMPS through the TRAPDOOR, WHUP!, and it SLAMS SHUT! The Doctor runs forward - no trapdoor, it's gone.

And the SILENCE is stunning. Petals settling. All recovering. Bewildered. Scared. Donna goes to Mel -

DONNA

You okay?

MEL

I'm fine. I was lucky.

KATE

Doctor. Who is he?

THE DOCTOR

The Toymaker.

SHIRLEY

How does he do that?

THE DOCTOR

The Vlinx, speed up those scans, I need those results, all of you, search the building, he's still here, where's he gone - ?

SHIRLEY

But how does he do it?!

THE DOCTOR

If I told you he manipulates atoms
with the power of thought, would
you believe it?

SHIRLEY

Is that what he does?

THE DOCTOR

No! You can't fight him, Shirley,
there's nothing you can do -

DONNA

Listen! Oy! Listen!

And they hear...

Ting-a-ling.

Faint. But where...? All look round. Ting-a-ling, ting-a-
ling, it's insistent, keeps ringing, where is it...?

THE DOCTOR

Where's it coming from?

KATE

Oh my God.

All look at her, follow her line of sight.

Through the GLASS WINDOWS to the RIGHT, on the PLATFORM...

THE TOYMAKER in standing at the base of the GALVANIC BEAM.
One of his DOORS has appeared NEXT TO the BEAM. He's
swinging it to and fro, ting-a-ling, to get their attention.
He's now dressed as a World War 1 PILOT with goggles & scarf.

KATE (CONT'D)

He's got the Galvanic Beam.

And the Doctor is running - !

CUT TO:

45

EXT. OPEN-AIR PLATFORM, UNIT TOWER - DAY

45

THE DOCTOR runs out -

THE TOYMAKER'S DOOR has gone - his clothes make sense now, as
he settles into the PILOT'S CHAIR, at the CONTROLS.

TOYMAKER

Achtung, achtung, backen-sie!

And he SWINGS the LASER-CANNON round to face the UNIT TOWER; whenever he takes aim, he's got his GOGGLES down.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

How I am liking dis! Dee gun mit
dee laser und dee bang und dee
boom, vot a vonderful toy!

The Doctor running to a halt, CENTRE, halfway to the Galvanic Beam, DONNA, KATE, SHIRLEY, MEL (carrying the Toybox), COL. IBRAHIM and 2 SOLDIERS, coming out of the AIRLOCK-DOOR, the rest of the STAFF watching in the Ops Room GLASS WINDOWS - but all now STOPPING as the LASER-CANNON SWINGS round -

THE DOCTOR

Get back, get back, get back -

TOYMAKER

No no no no no, every game is ge-
needing an audience, ja?!

THE DOCTOR

Get back inside!

TOYMAKER

Und I said NEIN!

And he FIRES THE GALVANIC BEAM!

A BLAST, about 20ft UP, hitting the TOWER, GLASS SHATTERS! SHARDS tumble down, SMASH, everyone flattening themselves back into the AIRLOCK DOOR, only the Doctor out in the open -

- he flinches, shields his head, shards fall, but he's okay.

Silence. The Toymaker lifts his goggles, his own voice:

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Now. We can all have some fun.

But Kate takes a step forward, brave.

KATE

Where are my staff? The Beam has a
pilot, and the armourer, and the
ground staff, where are they?

TOYMAKER

I think they're still falling.

Kate realises. Horrified.

The Doctor is at the CENTRE of the Platform. Furious.

THE DOCTOR

I don't understand why you're so...
small. You can turn bullets into
flowers! Think of the good you can
do. So tell me. Why you don't.

And there's a... *ripple* across the Toymaker; a hint of the
powers hidden underneath. Maybe a glimpse of EMBERS in the
air around him. Something raw, titanic, ancient.

TOYMAKER

You know. Full well. This is
merely a face. Concealing a
vastness. That will never cease.
Because your good and your bad are
nothing to me. All that exists is
to win, or to lose.

THE DOCTOR

And you know. Full well. That
I've had many faces, containing
something far more. So come with
me and leave this tiny world, we
can take your games back to the
stars. We can play across the
cosmos. We can be celestial.

TOYMAKER

The Time Lord. And the Toymaker.

THE DOCTOR

Infinite games.

And the Doctor HOLDS OUT HIS HAND.

Join me.

Hold.

The Toymaker so tempted...

TOYMAKER

And yet.

And he SWINGS the ENTIRE GALVANIC BEAM round, 180°.

Over the CITY. Below, the FIRES, the SMOKE. A LORRY
EXPLODES. The sounds carry up, now. Screams, alarms, rage.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

I have fallen in love. With
humanity. This world is the
ultimate playground.

(MORE)

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

All the sport, the matches, the medals, the gambling and the anger...

BEHIND HIM: Col. Ibrahim to one side, gestures to a SOLDIER on the other side. To sneak up on the Toymaker while his back's turned. They step forwards. Careful. GUNS in hand.

The Doctor, centre, sees them. 'No!'

But Col. Ibrahim won't obey. Another step. DURING:

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

And the children! Shackled to their bedrooms with their joysticks and their buttons - you make games out of bricks falling upon other bricks, you are exceptional! And then there's the mind games. Oh. The dating and ghosting, the deceit and the control, you make me dizzy! I'm in no hurry to leave this place-

The BEAM SWINGS BACK, GOGGLES DOWN, LASER-CANNON aiming DOWN -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

We can play Grandma's Footsteps!

BANG BANG BANG!, the laser-cannon fires 3 SINGLE RED BOLTS!

At the soldier's FEET! A deliberate MISS, soldier RETREATS -

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

And Off-Ground Touch!

BANG BANG BANG!, 3 BOLTS at Ibrahim's FEET, he HOPS BACK -

THE DOCTOR

Stop stop stop stop stop - !

TOYMAKER

Shooting ducks, that's a good game.

(German)

All my little ducklinks, ja?

And now the Toymaker aims the CANNON. At the onlookers. One by one. Enjoying this. They stand there, terrified.

His PILOT'S SCREEN: CROSS-HAIRS on...

Donna.

Kate.

Shirley.

Soldiers.

Colonel Ibrahim.

Mel...

THE DOCTOR

Your fight is with me! And you owe
me, one more g-

And the Toymaker FIRES THE BEAM!

THROUGH THE DOCTOR!

A CONTINUOUS, FIXED BEAM, this time, stabbing DOWN from the
LASER-CANNON, through the Doctor's CHEST, out the other side,
completing its downward slant to burn the Platform floor.

The Doctor suspended. Impaled.

Leaning back. Not too much pain. More... astonishment.

EVERYONE watching, oh!, horrified - Donna goes to start
forward, Kate stops her. There's nothing they can do.

The Doctor suspended.

The Toymaker delighted.

TOYMAKER

I played the first game with one
Doctor. I played the second with
this Doctor. Therefore. Your own
rules have decreed that I play the
third game... with the next Doctor.

And he switches the beam OFF.

As the BEAM withdraws, *schwup!*, it pulls the Doctor forwards,
so he staggers, and then sinks to his KNEES.

And that old, powerful GOLDEN GLOW starts.

On his FACE. His HANDS.

He lifts up his hands. Sees the GLOW. Helpless.

But Donna walks forward. Careful, unstoppable.

DONNA

He's not dying alone. You can do what you like to me. But I'm going to be with him.

MEL

And so am I.

Mel's put the Toybox down, walks forward.

And the Toymaker lifts his goggles, to watch the crucial moment, and bows his head; he loves the ceremony.

TOYMAKER

Handmaidens.

Given permission, they RUN to the Doctor. Kneel.

Donna one side, Mel the other. Each goes to take his HAND - glowing, but they're not scared, TAKE HOLD. Upset.

DONNA

It's okay.

MEL

We're here, we've got you.

THE DOCTOR

Thank you.

(to Donna)

It's not dying.

DONNA

I know, but...

(to Mel)

Have you seen this before?

MEL

No, I missed it, I was unconscious.

DONNA

Unconscious?

MEL

Well, the Tardis was attacked, by the Rani, she was this evil Time Lady, although not evil, more like amoral, and she dragged the Tardis down to this planet called Lakertya-

THE DOCTOR

Ahem.

Oh, sorry. MEL Sorry. DONNA

They focus on him again.

THE DOCTOR
But. This old face. Didn't last
long, did it?

MEL
You're going to be someone else.
And it doesn't matter who. Cos
every single one of you is
fantastic.

THE DOCTOR
I thought. I came back to this
body for a reason.
(to Donna)
And found you. But why?

DONNA
Never mind that. Just mend
yourself and come back fighting
fit. Cos the whole world needs
you, more than ever.

THE DOCTOR
It's time. Here we go again.
(final words)
Allons-y.

A sad laugh, he takes a deep breath, and...

They wait.

Nope.

Still, the glow, the energy, but...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Um.

DONNA
What's happening?

THE DOCTOR
Could you pull?

DONNA
Could I what?

THE DOCTOR
(to Mel)
And you.

MEL
What d'you mean?

THE DOCTOR
Pull.

DONNA & MEL
Pull?

And he stands. They rise with him.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah. Pull. Each way.

DONNA
What for?

THE DOCTOR
I don't know. Feels different this
time. Ouch! Could you just pull?

Donna and Mel look at each other. Well. Okay.

And they pull, and...

THE DOCTOR...

SPLITS

IN

HALF.

Just his TOP HALF. No blood, no ripping, no pain, it's like
an amoeba separating, all surrounded by the GOLDEN GLOW.
And, sharing one pair of LEGS, both HALVES now LEAN BACK a
bit, THE DOCTOR looking at the NEW, YOUNG, HAPPY DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What?

DONNA
What?!

TOYMAKER
Vot?

THE NEW DOCTOR
No way!

Donna and Mel LET GO, STEP BACK. The Toymaker leaning forward, fascinated, but wary. And the two Doctors stare.

THE DOCTOR

But you're... me.

THE NEW DOCTOR

No, I'm me, I think I'm really, really me. Oh, I am completely me - don't just stand there, push!

THE DOCTOR

Do what?

THE NEW DOCTOR

Push!

They've each got an OUTER ARM, but their torsos, along the split, have no arms yet, but now they lift up a NEW ARM each - peeling into existence - and go to PUSH against the other.

THE DOCTOR

Does this work?!

THE NEW DOCTOR

I don't know!

They both grin. They love it. Delighted with each other!

And they PUSH!

They SEPARATE.

The GOLDEN GLOW GONE, two Doctors stand there, amazed. Two!

The Doctor's CLOTHES, SHARED: the Doctor has jacket & trousers, barefoot; the New Doctor has shirt, boxers & shoes.

THE DOCTOR

Hello.

THE NEW DOCTOR

(arms wide)

So good to see you! So good!

And they HUG!

Then the New Doctor steps away, looks round:

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now someone tell me. What the hell is going on here?!

Over at the Tower Wall:

KATE

Excuse me. Sorry. But...

SHIRLEY

How did that happen?!

THE NEW DOCTOR

Bi-generation! I have bi-generated. There's no such thing, bi-generation is supposed to be a myth, but look at me! Myth myth myth, Mel, what d'you think?

MEL

I think you're beautiful.

THE DOCTOR

Still beautiful.

DONNA

Do you come in a range of colours?

BOTH DOCTORS

Yes.

But the LASER-CANNON WHIRRS. All turn.

The Toymaker at the CONTROLS, malicious. The cannon AIMS at the Doctor. Then the New Doctor. Then back. Which one?

CROSS-HAIRS bristling. Ready to shoot.

TOYMAKER

Behold the Game of the Time Lords. A dummy who dies, and doubles, and dies, and doubles, I can play this for a hundred years. I'll have vast meadows of Doctors. Dying over and over again. And I'll never get bored, because -

BOTH DOCTORS

I challenge you to a game.

The Toymaker stopped dead. He can smell a trap.

TOYMAKER

But there are two of you.

THE DOCTOR

I'm the Doctor.

THE NEW DOCTOR

And I'm the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

And according to the rules, you
can't say no.

TOYMAKER

But that's cheating.

BOTH DOCTORS

How?

A pause. The Toymaker's rules spinning in his head. Damn.

TOYMAKER

I accept your challenge.

He LEAPS out of the chair -

SLAM! The Toymaker's feet hit the Platform, framing the two
Doctors in the background. To Donna & Mel:

THE DOCTOR

Get back.

Donna and Mel retreat to the others, at the Tower Wall.

TOYMAKER

These moments are a joy. When
someone thinks they can outwit the
maker of the games. Do you think a
grand total of two can cause me to
shiver? When I played against the
Guardians of Time and Space and
shrank them into voodoo dolls.
Name your challenge, Doctor.

THE NEW DOCTOR

You said it, the first game ever.

THE DOCTOR

The ball.

TOYMAKER

Catch.

And in that second, he's got a BRIGHT RED BALL in his hand.

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

Of course, before we begin, there's
one thing to remember. It's a
simple game, really, but I think -

- SUDDENLY he THROWS!

- at the Doctor, he's off-guard, woah!, fumbles, the ball fumbles, out of his hands, oh, up, grab, scrabble, argh...

CATCH. Phew.

THE DOCTOR

Nice.

Now the Doctor lobbs the ball to the New Doctor, and the New Doctor lobbs it back to the Doctor, both smiling, getting the feel of it. Of each other. In synch. Becoming a TEAM.

The game SPREADS OUT, a TRIANGLE, using the whole Platform. Doctor, to Doctor, to Doctor, to Doctor, to Doctor...

Then the New Doctor SLINGS the ball hard, at the Toymaker -

He CATCHES it, easily. SLINGS IT BACK to the New Doctor -

CATCH. The New Doctor tosses it from hand to hand, staring at the Toymaker, but then, sly, SLINGS it at the Doctor -

- oops, CATCH, only just -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm on your side.

THE NEW DOCTOR

Oh yeah, sorry. Hah!

THE DOCTOR

Well don't forget to -

SLINGS it at the Toymaker!

CATCH! But the Toymaker's rattled. Bares his teeth.

And now they PLAY. For REAL.

The most important game ever. For all mankind.

All the ONLOOKERS watching, terrified.

All the ENERGY in the BALL, the THROW, the CATCH, the DANGER!

Catch.

Catch.

Catch.

Catch!

Catch!

Catch!

Catch!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

Catch!!

CATCH!!

CATCH!!

CATCH!!

CATCH!!

CATCH!!

CATCH!!

CATCH!!!

CATCH!!!

CATCH!!!

CATCH!!!

CATCH!!!

- the Doctor FALLS BACK - just manages to CATCH IT - SLINGS
it to the New Doctor - who SPINS and THROWS at the Toymaker -

- and the Toymaker **MISSES!**

EVERYONE: Oh!!!

The BALL goes sailing over the edge, falling down to London.

Both Doctors STOP. AMAZED.

TOYMAKER

But...

He's seized with PAIN.

THE DOCTOR

We won.

THE NEW DOCTOR

We did it. Fair game. You lost.

TOYMAKER

No, but I think you'll find -

But he gasps, SPASMS, in AGONY!

THE DOCTOR

Best of three. And my prize,
Toymaker. Is to banish you from
existence. Forever.

He's beginning to FOLD INWARDS, like his Toyshop. Feet
lifting UP, head folding DOWN, into a CENTRAL POINT, MID-AIR.

TOYMAKER

No, but I'm...

(crunch)

You can't.

(crunch)

It's not.

(crunch)

But you.

(crunch)

Not fair!

(crunch)

Please.

Then for a second, that *ripple*, EMBERS in the air, and from
the FOLDING MASS, with an ANCIENT VOICE and burning RED EYES:

TOYMAKER (CONT'D)

My legions are coming.

Then, SCHWUP!, GONE, CRUSHED into a 2-INCH PARCEL, mid-air.

Mel SLIDES THE TOYBOX over -

It SLIDES across the Platform, fast, its LID OPENING -

Until it STOPS, right UNDERNEATH THE PARCEL, which DROPS into *
the TOYBOX, and the LID SLAMS SHUT, WHAM!

It's over.

CUT TO:

46 INT. OPS ROOM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 46

On the HUGE SCREENS, the GIGGLE WAVELENGTH. Ha-ha-ha-HA-h-
It FLATTENS.

Gone.

CUT TO:

47 INT. JOHN LOGIE BAIRD'S FLAT - DAY 47

CU on STOOKY BILL as he BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

CHARLES BANERJEE, next to LOGIE BAIRD, suddenly STARTS!
Shocked. But alive! Never knowing what the Toymaker did.

The puppet SHUDDERS. Burns. Disintegrates.

Dead.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. OPEN-AIR PLATFORM, UNIT TOWER - DAY 48

All busy, brisk, KATE issuing orders, handing the TOYBOX to
COLONEL IBRAHIM. SHIRLEY, MEL and STAFF all stripping off
their Zeedex, and heading back in, fast -

KATE

- take it to the deepest vault and
bind it in salt - Shirley, tell
Geneva we're in full resus, tell
every base to follow Green Shoot
protocols, full liaison, Rudi, I
want the names of those staff -

But foreground, THE DOCTOR walks forward. To the edge.

THE CITY below. FIRES still burning.

THE NEW DOCTOR and DONNA join the Doctor. Quiet:

THE NEW DOCTOR

Hey. We did it.

THE DOCTOR
But how many died, down there?

DONNA
That's not your fault.

THE NEW DOCTOR
You can't save everyone.

THE DOCTOR
Why not?

A long look at each other. Vastly different. But kind:

THE NEW DOCTOR
You're exhausted.

THE DOCTOR
Yeah.

THE NEW DOCTOR
No, but I mean. Exhausted. Right
down to your soul.

And the Doctor can only nod.

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Come here. I've got you. It's
okay. I'm here.

The Doctor, so tired now, leans into the New Doctor, who puts his arm around him. Kisses the top of his head. Holds him.

CUT TO WIDER. LOW ANGLE on the Platform.

Pull away, towards the EDGE, as the Doctor, New Doctor and Donna turn to go back into the Tower. They become BLURS in the b/g. And the CAMERA keeps pulling back.

A WIND blows across the Platform. Fragments of glass and ashes blowing across the surface. Pulling back to find...

A GOLD TOOTH.

It goes *ping!*

A HAND comes into shot. A WOMAN'S HAND. RED NAIL VARNISH.

It picks up the tooth. And takes it. An echo of an old, lunatic laugh dances on the wind, and fades away.

CUT TO:

49

INT. TARDIS

49

THE DOCTOR at the CONSOLE. The NEW DOCTOR and DONNA with him. Watching him. Because he's so tired now, hollow.

THE DOCTOR

...and that's the petrolink
shatterfry compensator. Moved from
there, to there. Hyperdynes.
Fluid links. Obviously. And...
well, y'know, things. But.

(To the New Doctor)

Um. How's it going to work? You
and me. Cos, it's great. I think.
Is it? But how do we both..?

THE NEW DOCTOR

One thing you need in this place is
a chair.

THE DOCTOR

I'll be all right.

THE NEW DOCTOR

You're thin as a pin, love, you've
been running on fumes.

DONNA

That's what I keep saying.

THE DOCTOR

I'm just... post-bi-generation.

THE NEW DOCTOR

It's more than that. The last time
you regenerated, on that clifftop,
d'you know when that was? About 15
hours ago. That's all.

THE DOCTOR

Wow.

THE NEW DOCTOR

And before that. Our whole
lifetime. Wearing you ragged.

The New Doctor's kindness opening the Doctor up, now. Raw.

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That Doctor who first met the
Toymaker. Never. Ever. Stopped.
Put on trial, exiled, Key to Time.
All the devastation of Logopolis.

THE DOCTOR

Adric.

THE NEW DOCTOR

Adric. River Song. All the people we lost. Sarah Jane has gone, can you believe that for a second?

THE DOCTOR

I loved her.

THE NEW DOCTOR

I loved her. And Rose. But the Time War. The Pandorica. Mavic Chen. We fought the Gods of Ragnarok and we did not stop for one second to say, what the hell?

THE DOCTOR

But. You're fine.

THE NEW DOCTOR

I'm fine because you fix yourself. We're Time Lords, we're just doing the rehab out of order.

Donna steps forward.

DONNA

He's saying, you need to stop.

THE DOCTOR

...I don't know how.

DONNA

Well, I can tell you. Cos d'you know what I did? While you went flying off in your blue box, Space Man. I stayed in one place and I lived day after day after day.

THE DOCTOR

It would drive me mad.

DONNA

Yes. It does. And you keep going. That's the adventure, the one adventure you've never had. Cos I've worked out what happened. You changed your face, and then you found me. D'you know why?

THE DOCTOR

...no.

DONNA

To come home.

The Doctor reeling. Yes, yes, maybe, but...

THE DOCTOR

D'you mean? He flies off?

The New Doctor shrugs. Yes.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

But. I could never let the Tardis go. Never. It would hurt.

THE NEW DOCTOR

Yeah, but bi-generation has never happened before, so what if...?

(an idea)

What if?!

(oh!)

What IF?!?

And he runs down the ramp, the Doctor and Donna following. He finds the COMPARTMENT in the floor, the one the Doctor used in Special 2, Sc.6. He opens it and pulls out...

A HAMMER. The type of very-long-handled hammer found at a FAIRGROUND CARNIVAL HAMMER game (the High Striker), to hit the BASE, to make a PUCK shoot up, to hit a BELL. It has a red and white stripy handle. The New Doctor delighted:

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What if the Toymaker's Domain is lingering? Just a few seconds more, we're still in a State of Play, so maybe...

- and he RUNS OUT - the Doctor & Donna have got no idea what he means, but they're delighted by him, run to follow -

CUT TO:

50

INT. SUITE 17 - NIGHT

50

THE NEW DOCTOR runs out of the TARDIS, EXCITED, with his long stripy FAIRGROUND HAMMER -

THE NEW DOCTOR

Watch this, watch watch watch!

- to MEL and SHIRLEY, waiting, patiently observing, as THE DOCTOR & DONNA step out. The New Doctor stands them back.

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Stand back, that's it. There!
Now! Wish me luck.

THE DOCTOR
What for?

THE NEW DOCTOR
We won the game. You got a prize,
honey. And here. Is mine!

And he SWINGS THE HAMMER BACK.

Then SWINGS IT FORWARD with all his MIGHT!

HITS the TARDIS!

And WHACK!!!!

The TARDIS is THUMPED... into TWO! A second TARDIS JOLTS OUT
of the FIRST, with a fairground DING!, like he's hit the
bell! Both Tardises shudder, reverberate, and then settle.

Two of them! Side-by-side.

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Ta-daaa!

DONNA
That is completely nuts.

The Doctor approaches the NEW TARDIS, in awe. Realises...

THE DOCTOR
Oh look!

He OPENS THE DOORS, flips open... A RAMP in the wooden base.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Shirley)
That's not bad. Wheelchair
accessible.

SHIRLEY
At last. You've finally caught up
with the 21st century.

And he FOLDS THE RAMP BACK as he steps inside, wide-eyed...

CUT TO:

51 INT. NEW DOCTOR'S TARDIS 51 *

THE DOCTOR looks inside. Identical. Except for... *

THE DOCTOR *

Oh, jukebox. *

And there's a Wurlitzer JUKEBOX, standing on the console. *

Pops out again.

CUT TO:

52 INT. SUITE 17 - NIGHT 52

And THE DOCTOR goes back to the ORIGINAL TARDIS, looks in -

CUT TO:

53 INT. TARDIS 53

THE DOCTOR looks inside. Identical, though no jukebox. Wow. *

Takes a moment. The New Doctor did it, he really did it.

He steps back out again.

CUT TO:

54 INT. SUITE 17 - NIGHT 54

THE DOCTOR steps out of the TARDIS - no sign of the New Doctor now, just DONNA and SHIRLEY and MEL.

THE DOCTOR

Where is he - ?

(realises)

Woah woah woah woah woah -

RUNS into the SECOND TARDIS!

CUT TO:

55 INT. NEW DOCTOR'S TARDIS 55 *

THE DOCTOR runs in, DONNA following. THE NEW DOCTOR busy at the CONSOLE. The Tardis gearing up for flight.

THE DOCTOR

You weren't going to fly off without saying goodbye, were you?

THE NEW DOCTOR
As if I would ever do that. Come
here, come here, come here.

Both Doctors go into a big hug! And then one for Donna!

THE NEW DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Look after him.
(to both)
Now if you don't mind. There's a
great big universe calling. And I
need to get going, old man.

THE DOCTOR
Hey! You're the old man. You're
older than me.

DONNA
Actually, that's true. He's
younger than you cos you came after
him. So you're the older Doctor.

THE NEW DOCTOR
Okay. Kid. I love you. Get out.

And with a smile, he presses a BUTTON.

The TIME ROTOR starts to move.

Oh! The Doctor and Donna run!

DONNA
I'm not doing that again!

Donna out, but the Doctor pauses at the door, a look back.

THE BEST SMILE between them.

And the Doctor goes.

CUT TO:

56 INT. SUITE 17 - NIGHT

56

The NEW TARDIS already groaning, LAMP flashing, DONNA with
SHIRLEY and MEL, as THE DOCTOR hops out of the NEW TARDIS -

THE DOCTOR
Right then! Don't suppose you've
ever seen this, Shirley. I don't
see it often myself. Stand by!

The TARDIS LAMP begins to FLASH.

MEL

Where's he going?

THE DOCTOR

Everywhere.

ENGINES rise, a BREEZE blasts through the room.

The Doctor loving it. Quiet:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Good luck.

And the Doctor stands with his friends, as the Tardis...

FADES AWAY.

CUT TO:

57

EXT. NOBLE-TEMPLE-DOCTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

57

A LOVELY HOUSE. Detached, open, airy. Not a mansion, but enough to make you go 'Ooh.' SYLVIA and SHAUN are bringing two POTS OF CURRY out through the bi-folds, into the GARDEN, where there's a table of food & drink - RICE & POPPADOMS and SAUCES & SALAD & everything. Again, not posh; mis-matched crockery, all kinds of MUGS & GLASSES, lived-in, unfussy.

And there's THE DOCTOR! With DONNA and ROSE. So relaxed. The Doctor like we've never seen him, so happy.

And far away, at the bottom of the GARDEN, like an old potting shed... the TARDIS. Beyond that, green hills.

SHAUN

Right, the cast-iron pot is the vegan, and the one with the flowers is the chicken, I think.

SYLVIA

And I've got a cauliflower cheese. Which doesn't really go with anything, but it was there.

DONNA

No, hush, it's the eyebrows story.

So there's lots of food, bowls, 'Thanks,' busy, during:

THE DOCTOR

So this species only communicated with their eyebrows. I thought, I can do that.

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So I stood there, on this clifftop,
and went...

(frowning his eyebrows)

I mean no harm. I come in peace.
I am your friend.

MEL

Am I late? Sorry! The door was
open, you don't mind?

And there's MEL, carrying an APPLE CRUMBLE.

SYLVIA

Oh you're family darling, sit down.

THE DOCTOR

Did you drive?

MEL

No, I got a lift off a zingo.

Old joke, all cheer! And Mel joins the table.

THE DOCTOR

So! She looks at me. The Warrior
Queen of the Felooth, and she says -

(eyebrows)

Good. Now you will marry me. I
said whaaat?!

(eyebrows shoot up)

And she pushed me off the cliff!

HUGE LAUGHTER. Hooting! Their favourite joke!

SYLVIA

Is that true, though? Is that
really true?

ROSE

We could always go in the Tardis.
And find out!

SYLVIA

No! No! No!

SHAUN

Don't you dare!

DONNA

You are grounded. Until the
Doctor's better. Don't you go
sneaking off to Mars.

ROSE
(cheeky, at the Doctor)
Again.

DONNA
What does that mean?!

SHAUN
Oh no way!

THE DOCTOR
No, it's just, the once -
(at Rose, smiling)
Oh you're in trouble!

MEL
He took me to New York last week.

Me-el!

THE DOCTOR

MEL
The gilded age, it was amazing.

SHAUN
No, but really, I know you keep
slipping off, cos that box makes a
noise like a hundred elephants -

DONNA
- no, that's mum -

SHAUN
- but Rose is only 16, when she's
18, we can talk about it, okay?

THE DOCTOR
Understood. Sorry. I just can't
turn down my favourite niece.

ROSE
Ahh, niece, I like that.

THE DOCTOR
Well, that's what you are.
(to Donna)
With my best friend.
(to Shaun)
My brother-in-law.
(to Sylvia)
The evil step-mother.

SYLVIA
I have barely begun.

THE DOCTOR
And mad Aunty Mel!

MEL
(a toast)
Mad Aunty Mel!

THE DOCTOR
And Grandad, where is he?

SYLVIA
He's off, shooting moles.

From offstage, a BANG!

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
There he goes.

THE DOCTOR
Don't worry, I gave the moles a
forcefield. Love the moles.

DONNA
You love the moles?

THE DOCTOR
I love them. But here we are -
(second BANG! offstage)
Grandad, and all of us. Who'd have
thought? I ended up with a family.

Nice little pause, all moved. Then:

SHAUN
Oh my God, I got it wrong! The
vegan is the one in the flowers!

ROSE
Gaaah! What am I eating?!

A lovely, loud, funny FUSS, Rose standing, Sylvia saying
'Does it matter?' Shaun swapping bowls, Mel, 'I'll have it'.

Leaving a QUIET MOMENT on the Doctor and Donna; best friends.

DONNA
You don't have to stay forever.

THE DOCTOR
We'll see.

DONNA
D'you miss it, though? Out there.

THE DOCTOR

Funny thing is. I fought all those battles, for all of those years, and now I know what for. This.

(pause)

I have never been so happy in my life.

And they smile.

Sunlight, laughter.

And the CAMERA tilts up...

Into a blue, summer sky, and...

High above and far away, spinning through the clouds...

A POLICE BOX.

CUT TO:

57A EXT. NOBLE-TEMPLE-DOCTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

57A

ALTERNATIVE VERSION of Sc.57.

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And far away, at the bottom of the GARDEN, like an old potting shed... the TARDIS. Beyond that, green hills.

SHAUN

Right, the cast-iron pot is the vegan, and the one with the flowers is the chicken, I think.

SYLVIA

And I've got a cauliflower cheese. Which doesn't really go with anything, but it was there.

DONNA

No, hush, it's the eyebrows story.

So there's lots of food, bowls, 'Thanks,' busy, during:

THE DOCTOR

So this species only communicated with their eyebrows. I thought, I can do that. So I stood there, on this clifftop, and went...

(frowning his eyebrows)

I mean no harm. I come in peace. I am your friend.

MEL

Am I late? Sorry! The door was open, you don't mind?

And there's MEL, carrying an APPLE CRUMBLE.

SYLVIA

Oh you're family darling, sit down.

THE DOCTOR

Did you drive?

MEL

No, I got a lift off a zingo.

Old joke, all cheer! And Mel joins the table.

THE DOCTOR

So! She looks at me. The Warrior Queen of the Felooth, and she says - (eyebrows)

Good. Now you will marry me. I said whaaat?!

(eyebrows shoot up)

And she pushed me off the cliff!

HUGE LAUGHTER. Hooting! Their favourite joke!

SYLVIA

Is that true, though? Is that really true?

ROSE

We could always go in the Tardis. And find out!

SYLVIA

No! No! No!

SHAUN

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DONNA

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ROSE
(cheeky, at the Doctor)
Again.

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(at Rose, smiling)
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Me-el!

THE DOCTOR

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The gilded age, it was amazing.

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slipping off, cos that box makes a
noise like a hundred elephants -

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- no, that's mum -

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18, we can talk about it, okay?

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turn down my favourite niece.

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THE DOCTOR
And mad Aunty Mel!

MEL
(a toast)
Mad Aunty Mel!

THE DOCTOR
And Grandad, where is he?

SYLVIA
He's off shooting moles.

A BANG!

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
There he goes!

And all TURN to look.

There's WILF, in his WHEELCHAIR, buzzing across the lawn,
with a SHOTGUN.

WILF
I'll get 'em! Don't you worry,
Doctor! You stay there! I'll get
the little..!

ALL laughing, except Rose.

ROSE
Leave them alone!

WILF
I will never surrender!

And Wilf glides away. All turn back to each other.

THE DOCTOR
Don't worry, I gave the moles a
forcefield. Love the moles.

DONNA
You love the moles?

THE DOCTOR
I love them. But here we are -
(second BANG! offstage)
Grandad, and all of us. Who'd have
thought? I ended up with a family.

Nice little pause, all moved. Then:

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DONNA

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battles, for all of those years,
and now I know what for. This.

(pause)

I have never been so happy in my
life.

And they smile.

Sunlight, laughter.

And the CAMERA tilts up...

Into a blue, summer sky, and...

High above and far away, spinning through the clouds...

A POLICE BOX.

CUT TO:

58

INT. NEW DOCTOR'S TARDIS

58

*

The new Doctor, now simply THE DOCTOR, grins and hops and
fizzes at the controls, as a brand new story begins.

Destination, Christmas!

END OF EPISODE.