

DOCTOR WHO

4. Proms

By

Russell T Davies

**Shooting Script - Yellows
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1 INT. TARDIS -- DAY

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CU on an INK QUILL PEN scratching out MUSICAL NOTATIONS; bars, crotchets, quavers, etc., on a PARCHMENT, with MANY SHEETS already filled in underneath.

CUT TO WIDER. It's THE DOCTOR, in thoughtful mood, composing, the parchment on a MUSIC STAND. Around him, weird, abstract harmonic noises. He's listening, going pom-pom-pom, finding the right notes, writing them down.

A beep from the console.

 THE DOCTOR
Not now, I'm busy.

He keeps composing. Beep again.

 THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Ohh, all right then...
 (goes to scanner)
What..? What? What??

And he looks up -

FX: TELEPORT SHIMMER, a GRASKE appears!

 THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oy! Get out of my Tardis! I let down
the defences for one second..!

 GRASKE
Must speak to Doctor!

 THE DOCTOR
I don't care! You're a Graske, and a
Graske is trouble! Out!

 GRASKE
But the noise. That beautiful sound in
the air. What is it?

The Doctor kneels beside him.

 THE DOCTOR
If you must know. It's the Music of the
Spheres.

 GRASKE
Music of the Spheres, is what?

(CONTINUED)

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THE DOCTOR

Well, you've got all those planets
revolving around suns. And all those
suns revolving round in a galaxy. And
all those galaxies revolving round each
other.
If you take the gravity patterns and
feed them through the Tardis harmonic
filter... That, Mr Graske, is the sound
of the universe.

GRASKE

Universe sounds wonderful.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, it does, doesn't it?
(stern again)
But you're still not staying!

GRASKE

No, Graske came to warn you!

THE DOCTOR

About what?

GRASKE

About that!

He points, the Doctor looks round -

FX: opposite, at the top of the ramp, a WIBBLY-WOBBLY
CIRCLE appears, widens, a few feet off the floor. A
PORTAL.

THE DOCTOR

Ohh now. Looks like a space portal.

GRASKE

Told you! Danger!

FX: DOCTOR & GRASKE approach circle.

THE DOCTOR

Naah, that's harmless, it's just a hole
in space. But I wonder what's on the
other side..?

As he approaches, leans in...

THE DOCTOR CU TO CAMERA NOW, filling screen. (NB, these
sections of script could be on Autocue.)

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THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Hello..? Where's that, then..? Who are
all those people? Hold on. That looks
like... is that the Albert Hall?
(pause)
I said, is that the Albert Hall?
(pause)
I said, is that the Albert Hall??

AUDIENCE shouts 'Yes!' Etc.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Oh, brilliant. Hello!
(waves)
I said, hello!
(pause)
No, sorry, you'll have to shout, I said
HELLO!!

AUDIENCE, 'Hello!'

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Listen. My name's the Doctor. I'm a
Time Lord. But that's an awful lot of
people, what are you all doing there?
Wait a minute. It's the Proms! Is that
the Proms? Are you in the Proms??
('Yes!' etc)
Ohh, I love the Proms! I was at the
very first Proms. 1895. I played the
tuba, I was brilliant.
(looks down)
Is that the orchestra, down there?

ORCHESTRA waves hello.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Wait there, I've got an idea...

CUT TO NOT-TO-CAMERA ANGLE, as the Doctor runs across to
his music stand, scoops up papers, runs back.

TO CAMERA:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Cos the funny thing is, I've just been
composing something myself. I said to
Beethoven, I can rattle off a tune, he
said, pardon? But I've just been
inspired by the Music of the Spheres,
I've written my own symphony. And!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

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THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

If I can send these pages through the portal, then the orchestra can play it! A brand new piece of music! Composed by me! Ready for this, orchestra? Stand by. Three, two, one...

He tips the papers forward and down, and as they fall through the bottom of frame...

ALBERT HALL: a shower of PAPERS around the ORCHESTRA. (Either some sort of PRAC FX cannon, or... someone just throws a bunch of papers in the air.) Musicians grab hold of sheets, place them on music stands. As they do so...

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's it, there you go. Hurry up, this portal isn't going to stay open for long. Right. So! Now. If you don't mind, Mr Conductor, stand down. I'm in charge of this one. (gets out baton) Quiet please! Hush! Silence! Settle down! So! Here we go. Ladies and gentlemen and children. This is the worldwide premiere of Ode to the Universe. Aaand, a one, two, three...

He conducts.

The ORCHESTRA plays the most awful NOISE. Just terrible. Everyone banging away, in a mess.

The Doctor conducting, happy. 10 seconds, and then -

The Doctor reaches a crescendo. Swipes the baton, like a big finish, ORCHESTRA stops dead.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh come on, that was BRILLIANT!!

AUDIENCE: applause!

The Doctor nodding, mock-modest, bowing.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Thank you. I thank you. No, I thank you. You're too kind.

CUT TO NOT-TO-CAMERA ANGLE, the Doctor turning to his side -

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (4)

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THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
D'you see, Graske, that's the thing
about Planet Earth -
(no Graske)
What? What?? Where's he gone?
(to CAMERA)
I've lost a Graske! He must've slipped
through the portal! Have you seen him?

ON STAGE: THE GRASKE appears. In a spotlight? Running
around, gleeful.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
There he is! Albert Hall!! You've got
a Graske on the loose!
(pats pockets)
And he's stolen my water pistol!!

The Graske fires the YELLOW WATER PISTOL at the AUDIENCE
(not directly at them, more up-in-the-air). During this:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(looking down)
Oy! Graske! Stop it! Behave!
(looking front)
He wasn't trying to warn me, he was
trying to find a shortcut to Earth!! If
he escapes, he'll go round the whole
planet, causing trouble! Stealing
sweets! Making smells! Hold on!

CUT TO NOT-TO-CAMERA, the Doctor running to the console -

CU LEVERS, SWITCHES being thrown -

And the Graske runs off into the wings/through a door -

DOCTOR
I'm just going to reverse the polarity
and pull that Graske back into the
TARDIS.

The Doctor runs back to -

FX: PORTAL, and the Graske jumps through.

GRASKE
Not fair! Not fair!

THE DOCTOR
Oh, I'll show you not fair!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm gonna reverse-flip that teleport of yours and send you all the way to the other side of the galaxy!

GRASKE

No, please! Noooooooooo....

But the Doctor whirrs the sonic.

FX: GRASKE TELEPORTS OUT, screaming with anger.

The Doctor walks back to DOCTOR-TO-CAMERA.

THE DOCTOR

Well that was fun. And a little bit mad. But I've got to close this portal, before there's any more trouble. Nice to see you all! But one more thing. Just remember. Music isn't just orchestras and pop stars and special people with albums and downloads and concerts. It's you. Cos the Music of the Spheres is all around you. When you're on your own, just close your eyes. And you'll hear it. Music, inside your head. Cos everyone's a musician. Everyone's got a song inside them. Every single one of you. Bye!

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And the screen blinks off.

END