

DOCTOR WHO 5

Episode 3

By

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Yellow Revisions

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1 OMITTED

1

1A EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. DAY.

1A

Blue skies over London. Tranquil, serene. Could be summer day, any time. Except -

Rising now, the mournful wailing of the air raid sirens. Then stepping into shot, an AIR RAID WARDEN. He's squinting up at the sky.

CUT TO:

2 INT. MAP ROOM. DAY.

2

-- merging with the shriek of an air raid siren.

The Map Room. A hive of frenzied activity. A huge horizontal map of Southern England takes up most of the space. RAF Officers CHILDERS and TODD are on a range of constantly ringing coloured bakelite phones. Neat WAAF girls push lo-tech, wooden model planes and ships across the map like croupiers.

Among them are LILIAN (20s, smoulderingly lovely) and BLANCHE (30s, brassy).

(Maybe hand-held here. Shaky. More Verite than usual)

The crump-crump of bombs from outside. A trickle of dust falls from the ceiling. Lillian looks up at it. The siren wails on.

CHILDERS

LILIAN

Can't we shut that ruddy
thing up?

If wishes were kisses...

TODD

LILIAN

92 advancing from Biggin
Hill.

Hostile 36, confirm please -

CHILDERS

BLANCHE

Able Victor Charlie down -

26 and 41 detailed to
intercept.

LILIAN looks frightened.

LILIAN

41? That's...that's Reg's squadron.

She looks at Blanche who gives her a brave smile. Lillian pulls herself together.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

A door opens. Despite the urgent situation, everyone instinctively turns. A rotund silhouette framed in the doorway.

CHURCHILL

How many?

CHILDERS

Looks like a dozen Heinkel at least, sir. With Messerschmitts flanking.

CHURCHILL

(smiling)

Out of range?

LILIAN

Normally, sir, yes.

The figure steps into a pool of light. A dapper man in a black suit, spectacles and bow tie, a cigar jammed between his lips.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Prime Minister. He smiles.

CHURCHILL

Well, then. Time to roll out the secret weapon!

And Lilian pushes another lo-tech, wooden model across the map towards London.

But it's not a plane or a ship.

It is an **ENEMY!**

SCREAM INTO TITLES.

3

OMITTED

3

AND

AND

4

4

4A

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE. DAY

4A

A red light begins flashing and a harsh klaxon goes off.

CHURCHILL, at his desk, glances over his spectacles and smiles.

CUT TO:

5

INT. TARDIS. DAY.

5

The TARDIS has landed. AMY is checking herself in a mirror and THE DOCTOR is pulling on a jacket,

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

straightening his bow tie. (They just changed out of their sicked-on Beast Below outfits.)

AMY

He just calls you?? He just phones you up, like you're mates?

THE DOCTOR

We go way back! Had a fist-fight with him in the Sudan. Dodged doodle-bugs with him in '45.

Went to his memorial service in '65. Really moving. Horrible food.

AMY

Seriously?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Sandwiches were all curly at the edges. And no, he never phones. So it must be important!

He's already heading to the doors, flinging them open.

CUT TO:

6

INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

6

-- they step out - and a semi circle of MARINES are instantly pointing rifles right at them! The sound of ack-ack guns from above.

The TARDIS has arrived in a long, low room. Dingy lamp shades. Massive girders and air-ducts hang from the ceiling.

CHURCHILL emerges from behind the Marines.

THE DOCTOR

Amy Pond - Winston Churchill.

Churchill's staring, bemusedly, at the Doctor. This new man.

CHURCHILL

Doctor? Is it you?

Churchill holds out his hand. The Doctor goes to shake it but Churchill opens his palm and beckons.

THE DOCTOR

Every time!

(CONTINUED)

AMY

What's he after?

THE DOCTOR

TARDIS key, of course.

CHURCHILL

Think what I could achieve with your
remarkable machine, Doctor! The lives
that could be saved!

THE DOCTOR

(slams the TARDIS door)

Doesn't work like that.

CHURCHILL

Must I take it by force?

THE DOCTOR

(steely)

Like to see you try.

Churchill grins.

CHURCHILL

(to Marines)

At ease.

The Marines shoulder their rifles.

The Doctor smiles. Pleased to see his old mate.

THE DOCTOR

You rang?

CUT TO:

A nicotine-yellow corridor. Dust trickles from the ceiling. The raid is still going on. CHURCHILL strides ahead, THE DOCTOR and AMY struggle to keep up. Amy's past herself with excitement, taking it all in.

CHURCHILL

So - you've changed your face, again.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, had a bit of work done.

AMY

Got it got it got it! Cabinet War Rooms,
right?

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Yup. Top secret heart of the war effort. Right under London.

Amy waves at a passing WAAF.

AMY

Hello!

THE DOCTOR

Yeah, you might want to stop that.

AMY

Don't panic. Not gonna mess with their heads. Won't tell them who wins the War or how to invent plasma tellies -

CHURCHILL

(Over her)

You're late, by the way.

LILIAN rushes up to Churchill with a clip-board. She looks anxious.

LILIAN

Requisitions, sir.

CHURCHILL

(Taking clipboard)

Excellent.

THE DOCTOR

Late?

CHURCHILL

I rang a *month* ago.

THE DOCTOR

Really? Sorry. Sorry. Type Forty TARDIS. You know. Just running her in.

Churchill scribbles a signature on the clipboard. He looks at Lilian over the top of his glasses.

CHURCHILL

Something the matter, Breen? You look a little down in the dumps.

LILIAN

No, sir. Fine, sir.

Churchill hands back the clipboard.

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

CHURCHILL

Action this day, Breen! Action this day!

LILIAN

Yes, sir.

She catches Amy's eye. Amy winks at her but Lilian hurries on. TODD rushes by.

TODD

Got another formation coming in, Prime Minister. Stukas by the look of them.

CHURCHILL

We'll go up top then, Group Captain! And we shall give 'em what for! Coming, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Why?

CHURCHILL

I have something to show you.

CUT TO:

8 OMITTED

8

9 INT. LIFT. DAY.

9

Close on CHURCHILL's finger, stabbing at a grimy lift button.

He's jammed into a lift with THE DOCTOR and AMY. He goes into full rhetorical mode.

CHURCHILL

We stand at a crossroads, Doctor. Quite alone, with our backs to the wall. Invasion is expected daily. So I will grasp with both hands anything that will give us an advantage over the Naazi menace.

THE DOCTOR

Such as?

The lift doors creak open, Churchill marches out.

AMY

Naazi?

THE DOCTOR

Shh!

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

AMY

Naazi?

THE DOCTOR

It's just the way he says it.

They step out onto --

CUT TO:

10

EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. DAY.

10

-- the Ministry roof. A Union Jack flaps from a flag pole.

On BRACEWELL - a tin-hatted Scots scientist in owlish spectacles. He's looking at the sky. The distant drone of bombers, the *crump* of explosions from all around.

THE DOCTOR, AMY and CHURCHILL now joining him. Amy instantly gobsmacked by the view.

CHURCHILL

Doctor, this is Professor Edwin Bracewell. Head of the Ironsides Project.

BRACEWELL

How d'you do.

Whummp! A bomb explodes below. The building shakes.

Amy startled. On her, as she looks around.

FX: A fantastic view - but London is in chaos. Smoke billowing from the docks. Shattered churches. Fires blossoming everywhere.

AMY

(shocked)

Oh, Doctor...Doctor, it's -

THE DOCTOR

(grim)

History.

A bank of sandbags has been erected close to the edge of the building. Before it are a handful of MARINES.

CHURCHILL

Ready, Bracewell?

Bracewell raises his binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

FX: Bracewell's POV through the binoculars. The German bombers, just distant dots.

BRACEWELL

On my order!

The Doctor and Amy exchange glances.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

Fire!

FX: From behind the sandbag, a green death ray blasts upwards. **BOOM!** The distant German bombers bloom into a black cloud.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

Cease firing!

The blazing green ray abruptly cuts off.

AMY

Jings! What was *that*?

THE DOCTOR

(astonished)

That wasn't human, that was never human technology - that sounded like -

He breaks off. Too terrible a thought to voice.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Show me!! Show me what that was!!

BRACEWELL

Advance!

And, from behind the sandbags emerges -

AN ENEMY!

It's roughly painted in khaki - like a British tank - and there's a Union Jack just below it's eye stalk.

On the Doctor: horrified! For once, lost for words.

CHURCHILL

Our new secret weapon! What do you think? Quite something, eh?

The Doctor turns to the Enemy. His voice is little more than a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

THE DOCTOR
(to Enemy)
What are you doing here?

Beat.

ENEMY 1
I am your...soldier.

THE DOCTOR
What?

ENEMY 1
I am your soldier.

THE DOCTOR
Stop this. Stop it now! You know who I am, you always know.

ENEMY 1
Your identity is unknown.

BRACEWELL
Perhaps I can clarify things? This is one of my Ironsides.

THE DOCTOR
Your *what*?

Bracewell beams down from the balcony, like a proud parent.

BRACEWELL
(to Enemy 1)
You will help the Allied cause in any way you can?

ENEMY 1
Yes.

BRACEWELL
Until the Germans have been utterly smashed?

ENEMY 1
Yes.

BRACEWELL
And what is your ultimate aim?

Beat.

ENEMY 1
To win the War!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

On the Doctor: **NO!**

CUT TO:

11 INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

11

The *crump* of bombing from outside.

CHURCHILL is seated, AMY close by. THE DOCTOR is starkly lit under a tin lamp-shade, poring over documents on the table: blue-prints of the Enemies!

On Amy: worried. Because the Doctor is worried.

Through the open door, a khaki ENEMY glides past. The iris on its eye-stalk narrows as it watches the Doctor. He lets it disappear from view before he speaks.

(Throughout these scenes there are only TWO khaki Enemies - Enemy 1 and Enemy 2)

THE DOCTOR

This is impossible. This is *not* possible. They're Daleks! They're called Daleks!

CHURCHILL

They're Bracewell's Ironsides, Doctor! Look! Blue-prints, statistics, field-tests, photographs. He invented them!

THE DOCTOR

Invented them? Oh no no no!

CHURCHILL

Yes! He approached one of our brass hats a few months ago. Fella's a genius.

AMY

Scottish genius too. Maybe you should [listen to him] -

THE DOCTOR

Shh!

He silences Amy with an imperious gesture. She looks a bit stung.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He didn't *invent* them! They're alien.

CHURCHILL

Alien?

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

11

THE DOCTOR
And totally hostile!

CHURCHILL
(grinning)
Precisely. They will win me the War!

Churchill jabs at the pile of documents with his stick.

Amongst the files is a poster: a Enemy framed by search-light beams. And the words '**TO VICTORY!**'

CUT TO:

12

INT. WAR ROOMS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

12

CHURCHILL's on the move again. THE DOCTOR and AMY just behind.

THE DOCTOR
Why won't you listen to me?
Why did you call me in if you won't
listen to me!

CHURCHILL
When I rang you a month ago, I must admit I had my doubts. The Ironsides seemed too good to be true.

THE DOCTOR
Yes! Right! So destroy them!
Exterminate them!

CHURCHILL
But imagine what I could do with a hundred of them! A thousand!

THE DOCTOR
I *am* imagining.

ENEMY 2 glides past down the corridor. It carries box files in its sucker arm. The Doctor glares at it.

Churchill stomps through into the Map Room.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(to Amy, desperately)
Tell him.

AMY
Tell him what?

THE DOCTOR
About the Daleks!

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

AMY

What would I know about the Daleks?

On the Doctor - what?

THE DOCTOR

Everything. They invaded your world, remember? Planets in the sky, you don't forget that!

But she's just starting at him. Blank.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Amy. Tell me you remember the Daleks.

AMY

Nope, sorry.

On the Doctor. What?? A hairs-on-the-back-of-the-neck moment. Something's very wrong...

THE DOCTOR

That's not possible.

He turns, goes through the doors.

CUT TO:

13

INT. MAP ROOM. DAY.

13

We're hit full on again by the business of the place.

More dust tumbles from the ceiling into a cup of tea. One of the WAAFs calmly moves the cup aside.

CHURCHILL's at the head of the huge map, hands on hips. Another ENEMY is in the room. AMY follows THE DOCTOR in. He slumps against the wall, watching the Enemy and brooding.

He chews his fingers and watches as Enemy 2 glides past.

THE DOCTOR

So they're up to something. But what is it? What are they after?

AMY

Well - let's just ask, shall we?

Amy marches up to the Enemy and tries to get past it. It doesn't budge and its eye-stalk swings round towards her.

ENEMY 2

Can I be of assistance?

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

AMY

What? Oh. Yes. Yes! See, my friend reckons you're dangerous.

ENEMY 2 says nothing. The Doctor watches it intently.

AMY (CONT'D)

That you're an alien. Is it true?

ENEMY 2

I am your soldier.

AMY

Yeah. Got that bit. Love a sqauddie.
What else, though?

Beat.

ENEMY 2

Please excuse me. I have duties to perform.

It glides off. Churchill passes and the Doctor comes alive.

THE DOCTOR

(pleading)

Winston, please -

CHURCHILL

We are waging Total War, Doctor! Day after day, the Luftwaffe pound this great city like an iron fist.

THE DOCTOR

Wait till the Daleks get started -

CHURCHILL

Men, women, children slaughtered.
Families torn apart. Wren's churches in flame.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah? Try the Earth in flames!

CHURCHILL

I weep for my country and my Empire, Doctor. It is breaking my heart.

THE DOCTOR

But you're resisting, Winston! The whole world knows you're resisting! You're a beacon of hope.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

CHURCHILL

For how long, Doctor? Millions of
innocent lives will be saved if I use
the Ironsides now!

Enemy 2 glides up to them.

ENEMY 2

(to the Doctor)
Can I be of assistance?

THE DOCTOR

Shut it!
(to Churchill)
Listen to me. Just *listen!* The Daleks
have no conscience. No mercy. No pity.
They are my oldest and deadliest enemy.
You cannot trust them!

CHURCHILL

If Hitler invaded Hell, Doctor, I would
give a favourable reference to the
Devil! Those machines will be our
salvation!

The wail of the all-clear siren.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

The all clear. We're safe.
(pointedly, to the
Doctor)
For now.

He crosses towards CHILDERS. The Doctor plunges his hands
into his pockets and begins to pace up and down. Thinking
the madness through.

With Amy: she's looking interestedly at the huge map.
Blanche tries to get past.

AMY

You been down here long?

Blanche points to a poster: "Careless Talks Costs Lives".
Amy rolls her eyes. *Sorry!* But then Blanche relaxes a
bit.

BLANCHE

Joined the WAAFS soon as I could. Wanted
to go into the Navy, actually.

AMY

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

BLANCHE
But the air-force uniform's nicer.

She grins. Amy responds -- then catches sight of a worried-looking LILIAN.

AMY
What's up with her?

BLANCHE
(sotto)
Lilian? Poor lamb. Her fiance's been listed as missing.

On Amy. Brought up short.

AMY
Her...fiance?

BLANCHE
Yes. You got someone?

AMY
What? Yeah. He's...away. Long way away.

BLANCHE
Awful, innit?
(to LILIAN)
Still no word?

LILIAN
No. Nothing.

BLANCHE
Look, go and get off your pins for a bit. You look shattered.

LILIAN
I'm all right.

Amy stops the brooding Doctor in his tracks and puts a hand on his arm.

AMY
You okay?

The Doctor looks at her for a long moment. His tone is hushed. Grave.

THE DOCTOR
What does 'hate' look like, Amy, do you think?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

AMY

Hate?

Beat.

THE DOCTOR

It looks like a Dalek

Enemy 2's eye-stalk is levelled at them.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And I'm going to prove it.

CUT TO:

14 INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

14

A proper boffin's lab. A white-coated SCIENTIST is hunched over banks of complex and pleasingly antique technology. ENEMY 1 is with BRACEWELL.

ENEMY 1

Would you care for some tea?

BRACEWELL

That would be very nice. Thank you.

Enemy 1 glides over to the corner.

The door opens and THE DOCTOR and AMY enter.

THE DOCTOR

(brightly)

All right, Prof! The P.M. been filling me in. Amazing things, these Ironsides of yours. Amazing.

Enemy 1 glides past, carrying Bracewell's tea on a tray.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You must be very proud of them.

BRACEWELL

Just doing my bit.

AMY

Not bad for a Paisley boy.

BRACEWELL

(delighted)

I thought I detected a familiar cadence, my dear. You're from the Islands, am I right?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

AMY

Nearly right. Inverness.

BRACEWELL

Oh!

THE DOCTOR

(cutting across - to
Bracewell)

How did you do it? Come up with the
idea?

BRACEWELL

Ah, well. How does the muse of invention
come to anyone?

THE DOCTOR

(to Bracewell)

But you get a lot of these clever
notions, do you?

BRACEWELL

I have been blessed with the most
extraordinary insight of late, Doctor, I
must admit. Ideas just seem to...teem
from my head! Wonderful things! Look
here -

He waves some plans.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

Some musings on the potential of
hypersonic flight.

More plans.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

Gravity bubbles that could sustain life
outside of the terrestrial atmosphere!
Came to me in the bath!

THE DOCTOR

And are these your ideas? Or theirs?

BRACEWELL

These 'robots' are entirely under *my*
control, Doctor. They are the perfect
servant. And the perfect warrior.

THE DOCTOR

You're lying. Or mad. Or lying and mad!

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

BRACEWELL
(affronted)
Well, really!

THE DOCTOR
I don't know what you're up to,
Professor but whatever they've promised,
you cannot trust them! Call them what
you like, the Daleks are *death*!

CHURCHILL
Yes, Doctor.

They all turn. CHURCHILL is standing in the doorway.
ENEMY 2 entrees behind him.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Death to our enemies! Death to the
forces of darkness! Death to the Third
Reich!

THE DOCTOR
Yes. And death to everyone else too!

At his shoulder:

ENEMY 1
Would you care for some tea?

THE DOCTOR
Stop this!

The Doctor smashes the tea-tray from the Enemy's grip.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(savagely, to Enemies)
What are you doing here? What do you
want?

ENEMY 1
We seek only to help you.

THE DOCTOR
To do what?

ENEMY 1
To win the war.

THE DOCTOR
Really?

Big iconic Doctor shot.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (3)

14

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Which war?

ENEMY 1

I do not understand.

THE DOCTOR

This war? Against the Nazis? Or *your* war? The war against the rest of the Universe? The war against the un-like! Against all life-forms that are not Dalek?

ENEMY 1

I do not understand. I am your soldier.

THE DOCTOR

Oh yeah? Ok, soldier -

He picks up a big metal girder -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Defend yourself!

Smack! The Doctor goes wild! He smashes the girder across Enemy 1's head! It's knocked back a bit.

ENEMY 1

You do not require tea?

Smack! Another hit from the girder. The Enemy's eye-stalk swings towards the Doctor. He flings his arms around the creature and pulls and grabs and smashes his fists at its casing.

BRACEWELL

Stop it! Prime Minister, please -

He tries to intervene. The Doctor pushes him back.

CHURCHILL

Doctor, what the devil! These machines -
(are precious)

THE DOCTOR

Come on! Fight back! You want to, don't you? You know you do!

The iris on the Enemy's eye narrows dangerously. Its gun-stick rises.

BRACEWELL

I must protest!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (4)

14

THE DOCTOR

(to Enemy)

What are you waiting for? You hate me.
You want to kill me. Well, go on! Kill
me.

SMACK!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Kill me!

AMY

Doctor, be careful!

ENEMY 1

Please desist from striking me. I am
your -

Smack!

THE DOCTOR

(fury)

You are my *enemy*! And I'm yours!

Smack!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You are everything I despise! The worst
thing in all creation. Remember Necros?
Spiridon? The Arrows of the Half-Light?
I've defeated you! Time and time again,
I've defeated you. And now you've
crawled out from under your filthy stone
one last time. Like a filthy disease. A
plague! Manipulating. Scheming.
Exterminating! Well, not on my watch. Do
you hear me? I sent you back into the
Void! I saved the whole of Reality from
you! I am the DOCTOR! The Oncoming
Storm! And you are the DALEKS!

He kicks Enemy 1 across the room! It smashes into the
wall.

-- a moment's silence, the Doctor spent. And then,
chillingly, one word.

ENEMY 1

Correct.

On the Doctor. What? *What??*

ENEMY 1 (CONT'D)

Review testimony.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED: (5)

14

From inside Enemy 2, as on a tape recording, the Doctor's voice again.

THE DOCTOR
(VO on the recording)
I am the DOCTOR! The Oncoming Storm!
And you are the DALEKS!

ENEMY 1
Transmit testimony.

THE DOCTOR
Testimony? What are you talking about,
testimony.

ENEMY 2
Transmitting testimony now.

THE DOCTOR
Transmitting what where??

CUT TO:

15

EXT. SPACE.

15

FX: The Moon. Completely dominating the shot. Earth creeps from behind its shadow - and in the sudden Earth-shine -- a huge Enemy ship, hanging in orbit. It is wrecked, battle-scarred and silent.

CUT TO:

16
AND
17OMITTED16
AND
17

17A

INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). DAY

17A

A long, low, metal, room. At one end of the room, a solitary Enemy (in normal bronze colours) stands at a control deck. The egg-like Progenitor sits at the heart of this, dark and dormant.

ENEMY 3
Receiving testimony now.

The Doctor's taped voice, now boooming round the room.

THE DOCTOR
(VO on the recording)
I am the DOCTOR! The Oncoming Storm!
And you are the DALEKS!

(CONTINUED)

17A CONTINUED:

17A

And the Progenitor lights up. The whole room seems to hum into life.

The Enemy - almost shaking with excitement.

ENEMY 3

Testimony accepted!! Testimony accepted!!

CUT TO:

17B INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

17B

ENEMY 1

Testimony accepted!

ENEMY 2

Testimony accepted!

THE DOCTOR

Get back! All of you!

CHURCHILL

Marines! Marines!

Two MARINES race inside, raise their rifles.

FX: Green fire! X-ray skeletons revealed! Dead marines!

BRACEWELL

Stop it! Stop it, please! What are you doing? You're my Ironsides!

ENEMY 1

We are the Daleks!

BRACEWELL

But... I *created* you!

ENEMY 1

No.

FX: Enemy 1 fires a bolt of green fire that blasts away Bracewell's hand

ENEMY 1 (CONT'D)

We *created* you.

Shocked, Bracewell lifts his arm and we see --

-- wires, circuits, machinery sparking where his hand used to be! He screams and crumples to the floor.

On the Doctor: appalled.

(CONTINUED)

17B CONTINUED:

17B

ENEMIES
 Victory! Victory! Victory!

In the blink of an eye - they vanish!

A moment of shocked silence. Churchill and Amy look on in disbelief.

AMY
 What just happened? Doctor?

The Doctor hammers the heel of his palm against his forehead.

THE DOCTOR
 I wanted to know what they wanted. What their plan was.
 (horror)
I was their plan!

He tears out of the room.

CUT TO:

17C INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). DAY

17C

The two khaki ENEMIES gliding into the room. The Bronze ENEMY turns to the newcomers - beyond it we see the Progenitor, glowing and active.

ENEMY 3
 The Progenitor is activated. It begins!

CUT TO:

18 INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

18

Bang! The door flies open and THE DOCTOR races in, AMY and CHURCHILL just behind.

THE DOCTOR
 "Testimony accepted"! "Testimony accepted!" That's what they said! My testimony.

AMY
 Don't beat yourself up. You were right!
 So, what do we do? Is this what we do now? Chase after them?

The Doctor unlocks the TARDIS.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

THE DOCTOR

This is what I do, yes. And it's dangerous, so you wait here.

AMY

What, you mean I've got to stay safe down here in the middle of the London Blitz?

THE DOCTOR

Safe as it gets around me.

He waves, dashes inside, the TARDIS engines start up -- and he's gone.

As the TARDIS dematerialises, some of Churchill's cigar-smoke is sucked towards its vanishing form.

AMY

What does he expect us to do now?

CHURCHILL

K.B.O. of course.

AMY

What?

CHURCHILL

Keep buggering on!

CUT TO:

19

INT. TARDIS. DAY.

19

THE DOCTOR's all over the controls. Information pours across screens on the console.

FX: CLOSE on screen: Earth. Then Earth in space. A grid shimmering over the image. And there, hanging in the blackness, the Enemy ship.

THE DOCTOR

Bingo!

He flicks a switch.

CUT TO:

20

INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

20

AMY looks cross and frustrated.

CHURCHILL puts a kindly hand on her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

CHURCHILL

He'll come back. He always comes back.

AMY

He'd better. So I can murder him.

CHURCHILL

What?

AMY

Don't you wanna know what's going on?
What they're up to? I do! And "elbow
patches" just scoots off leaving us here
like lemons.

The room shakes. More bombing. Amy glances up

AMY (CONT'D)

I could die here!
(panic)
I could live here!

CHURCHILL

Would that be so bad?

AMY

It's not happening! It stinks, the
shoes are ... *clumpy* and I don't like
Spam! And I'm getting married in the
morning!

CHURCHILL

Oh. Really? Well! Congratulations, my
dear!

AMY

Yeah, in the morning ... in about
seventy years.

CHURCHILL

Oh.

AMY

I'll be ninety-one. On my wedding day -
ninety-one!

A knock at the door.

CHURCHILL

(testy)

Yes?

LILIAN enters.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

LILIAN
Signal from RDF, sir. Unidentified object.

LILIAN hands Churchill a piece of paper. He puts on his spectacles, examines it.

LILIAN (CONT'D)
Just hanging in the sky, Captain Childers says. We can't get a proper fix, though. It's too far up.

CHURCHILL and AMY exchange glances.

CHURCHILL
What do you think, Miss Pond? Could it be these...
(pronounced like
Naazis)
..."Daaleks"?

Amy shoots him a look - intrigued - little bit amused.

AMY
Why are you saying it like that.
Like... Daaleks?

CHURCHILL
Because it's time to fight back. The Doctor's in trouble and now we know where he is!

AMY
Yeah. Cos he'll be on that ship, won't he - right in the midle of everything.

CHURCHILL
Exactly!

They're both on their feet now, ready for he fight, kindred spirits. Churchill looks at her - a little bit teasing.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Of course ... he did just tell us to wait.

AMY
Yeah, he did, didn't he?
(Then, big grin)
Don't you hate it when he does that?

CHURCHILL
Miss Pond, I need more men like you.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

AMY

Yes, you do!

CUT TO:

20A EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. NIGHT.

20A

Night has fallen.

The roof where the Enemy shot down the German bombers.

The AIR RAID WARDEN gazes down onto London below. It's totally blacked out except for pockets of fire.

Across the roof from him a door opens, and light spills out.

AIR RAID WARDEN

Oi! Put that light out!

The door is hastily pulled shut.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). NIGHT.

21

The three ENEMIES watching the glowing Progenitor -- supplicants at the altar!

A few, long-dormant screens flicker into dim life. Information begins to scree across them, incredibly fast.

The ship remains gloomy and half-dead but now --

-- at the end of the room, a glass section begins to boil with energy, smoke and sparks shimmering over its surface.

ENEMY 2

The final phase commences.

A voice from behind them.

THE DOCTOR

How about that cuppa now?

The Enemies' eye-stalks swing round. The TARDIS has materialised in the room behind them (unheard in all the racket) and the Doctor has appeared through the chamber door.

ENEMY 2

The Doctor! It is the Doctor!

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

THE DOCTOR

No, seriously. I could murder a cup of tea.

ENEMY 2

Exterm - !

THE DOCTOR

Wait! Wait! I wouldn't if I were you!

He pulls something out of his coat and flashes it like a police badge. We get a brief glimpse of a pale brown disc with a red centre.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

TARDIS self-destruct. And you know what that means. My ship goes, you all go with it.

He tucks the disc away again.

ENEMY 1

You would not use such a device.

THE DOCTOR

Try me.

Enemy 2 moves towards him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

No scans! No nothing! One move and I'll destroy us all, you got that?

Beat. Then Enemy 2 pulls back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Good boy. Now - I could do with a sit down. Can I have a sit down? No.

'Course not. You don't do chairs, do you? Never mind. I'll have a wander.

He moves causally around the chamber, peering at battered, dusty equipment. He bangs the side of one of the machines.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Pretty beaten up, this old lady. Running on empty, I'd say. Like you. When we last met, you were at the end of your rope. Finished.

ENEMY 1

One ship survived.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

THE DOCTOR

And you fell back through time, yes?
Crippled? Dying?

ENEMY 1

We picked up a trace. One of the
Progenitor devices.

Enemy 2 creeps towards him again. The Doctor flashes the
pale brown disc.

THE DOCTOR

Ah ah! TARDIS - bang bang! Daleks -
boom!

Enemy 2 slides back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Progenitor? What's that when it's at
home?

ENEMY 1

It is our past. And our future.

THE DOCTOR

Ohhh, that's deep. That's deep for a
Dalek. What does it mean, though? Show
me.

Enemy 1 doesn't move. The Doctor thrusts out the lapel of
his coat where the disc is concealed.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Ok, yeah, bit bored now - so maybe I'll
just blow us up anyway because I can.

(deadly serious)

Show me!

ENEMY 1

(to Enemy 3)

Access memory coil.

ENEMY 3

I obey!

FX: Flickering, fuzzy, scrambled images are projected
from Enemy 3's eye-stalk onto the wall.

FX: The projection: Vintage Enemies. Lots of shots. On
Skaro. Vulcan. Spirodon. Invading Earth.

The Doctor watches, entranced. And while he watches,
Enemy 1 glides slowly to a bank of machinery.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

Its sucker arm extends -- and the machine begins to glow with life...

CUT TO:

21A EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

21A

FX: A huge dish on the side of the battered Enemy ship angles itself towards the Earth. Then it begins to emit a simple, quiet pulse of energy.

CUT TO:

21B INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). NIGHT.

21B

The 'archive' is still flickering from ENEMY 3's eye-stalk.

FX: DNA strands. The "Progenitor" in 3-D mapping. The DNA swirling into it.

ENEMY 3

Dalek supremacy to be maintained at any cost. Future extinction -

THE DOCTOR

- not an option, yeah. Worked that out. Doesn't it drive you mad talking that slowly?

The "Progenitor" joining thousands of identical egg-like objects fired out into space.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So you created your Progenitors. Ohhh...clever! Clever! Dandelion clocks!

ENEMY 1

Explain.

THE DOCTOR

Dandelion clocks! Sentient seed pods! The Progenitor contains a copy of your original genome, is that it? The thing that makes up pure, one hundred percent, old-fashioned Dalek! Scattered all across the Universe in case of a rainy day!

ENEMY 1

The location had been lost to us for millennia. They had become almost a myth.

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21B

The 'archive' ends. The Doctor turns to address Enemy 1.

THE DOCTOR

Thanks. Enjoyed that. Bit samey in the middle but the special effects were knockout. Still one thing I don't get, though. If you've got the Progenitor, why build Bracewell? Why did you have to convince everyone you were man-made?

ENEMY 1

It was...necessary.

THE DOCTOR

But why?

Beat.

A big grin spreads over the Doctor's face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh I get it. I get it! Oh ho, this is good! This is *rich*!

(withering)

The Progenitor wouldn't recognise you, would it? It saw you as *impure*. All those centuries, struggling to survive! Mixing your genes with other races just so you could go on and on and on. And now you're too far gone to be recognised as Daleks! How does that feel?

ENEMY 1

Daleks do not *feel*. A solution was devised.

THE DOCTOR

(bitter)

Yes. *Me*. My *testimony*. The genie in the bottle needed an 'open sesame'. A key to unlock it.

ENEMY 1

Scans showed a concentration of temporal activity around the human called '*winstonspencerchurchill*'.

THE DOCTOR

So you set a trap, didn't you? You worked out that the Progenitor would recognise me. The Daleks' greatest enemy! It would accept my word. *My* recognition of *you* -- and -- and -- why are you letting me talk like this?

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED: (2)

21B

He stops dead.

The Enemies do not respond.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh no no no. Home movies. Cosy discussions. This isn't you.

Cut back to the Enemies: Silent. Motionless. Evil.

The Doctor flashes the brown disc again.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Daleks don't discuss their plans like nice, kind, *chatty* megalomaniacs. What are you doing?

Beat.

ENEMY 1

It is already done. Watch as the humans destroy each other!

On the Doctor: *what?*

CUT TO:

21C EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. NIGHT.

21C

The AIR RAID WARDEN is about to leave the roof when something catches his eye. On the London skyline, a big building suddenly blazes with light. Then another. Then another.

AIR RAID WARDEN

What the hell - ?

FX: Whole blocks of houses. St Paul's. Westminster. Every light in London flares into life!

AIR RAID WARDEN (CONT'D)

No! NO!

CUT TO:

21D INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

21D

Even more frantically busy. Phones are ringing off the hook. LILIAN, BLANCHE, and CHILDERS are all at work as before along with other WAAFs.

CHURCHILL is at the head of the table, AMY at his side.

(CONTINUED)

21D CONTINUED:

21D

TODD is flicking the light switches up and down but the lights stay on.

TODD

The generators won't switch off!
Blackout totally compromised all across the city, Prime Minister!

Churchill and Amy exchange glances.

AMY

Has to be them. Has to be the Daleks.

CHURCHILL

The Germans can see every inch of the city. We're sitting ducks.

BLANCHE

(into headset)

244 and 56 mobilised.

LILIAN

(into headset)

109? 109, confirm?

(to Churchill)

German bombers sighted over the channel, sir!

CHURCHILL

(grim)

Here they come.

(to Childers)

Get a message to Mr Atlee. War Cabinet to meet at 0300 hours. If we're all still here.

AMY

We can't just sit here! We've got to take the fight to the Daleks!

CHURCHILL

How? None of our weapons are a match for theirs.

AMY

But we must have something -

She stops, thrilled.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh! Staring us in the face! A gift!
From the Daleks!

CUT TO:

22 OMITTED
THRU
26

22
THRU
26

INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR is pushing his lapel forward again, white with anger.

THE DOCTOR
Switch it off! Switch it off! Turn
London off or I swear I'll use the
TARDIS self-destruct!

ENEMY 1
Stalemate, Doctor. Leave us and return
to Earth.

THE DOCTOR
That's it? That's your great victory?
You leave?

ENEMY 1
Extinction is not an option. We shall
return to our own time and begin again.

THE DOCTOR
No! I won't let you get away this time!
I won't!

Abruptly, all the noise and activity in the 'core'
ceases.

From out of the darkness the famous old Enemy '**throb-throb**' heartbeat begins.

Louder, louder, louder.

The Enemies' eye-stalks swing round towards it.

Suddenly the entire glass section blazes a brilliant red.
Swamping it is an impenetrable bank of smoke.

FX: Lightning crackles across the core.

On the Doctor: mesmerized.

The smoke begins to settle. The power cables snap off
and withdraw into the machine.

The glass core opens up and from out of it emerge -

New Enemies! Resplendent in multi-coloured livery.
Red, Blue, Orange, Black and White (colours tbc).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Big buggers. Bigger than they've ever been!

ENEMY 1

Behold! The restoration of the Daleks!

On the Doctor: absolute horror.

CUT TO:

28 INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT.

28

CLOSE on a revolver, the chamber full of bullets. .

With great difficulty now he's one-handed, BRACEWELL closes the barrel, his face impassive.

CHURCHILL (O.S.)

Bracewell!

Bracewell turns. AMY and CHURCHILL in the doorway.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Put the gun down.

BRACEWELL

This pistol is a danger to no-one but myself. My life is a lie and I choose to end it.

AMY

In your own time, Paisley boy. 'Cos right now we need your help.

BRACEWELL

But those creatures. My Ironsides. They *made* me? I...I can remember things. So many things. The last war. The squalor and the mud and the awful, awful misery of it all.

(wailing)

What am I? What *am* I?

He holds up his other arm, exposing the tangled wires where his hand used to be.

CHURCHILL

What you are, sir is either on our side, or theirs. I don't give a damn if you're a machine, Bracewell - are you a man??

AMY

Listen to me. I understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

AMY (CONT'D)

Really, I do. But fat fella here's right. There's a spaceship up there lighting up London like a Christmas tree. And you're the only one who can help us take it down.

BRACEWELL

I am?

AMY

You're alien technology. You're as clever as the Daleks are. So start thinking! What about rockets? You got rockets? Cos you said gravity whatsits, hypersonic flight. We could send something up, like a rocket, show them we've got firepower, some kind of missile...

CHURCHILL

This isn't a fireworks party, Miss Pond - we need a proper tactical
(barks off, an idea
hitting him, hard)
A missile ... or ...

AMY

Or what?

CHURCHILL

(to Bracewell)

We could send something up there, you say?

BRACEWELL

With a gravity bubble, yes. It's theoretically possible we could actually send something into space ...

CHURCHILL

Really?

AMY

You got an idea?

CHURCHILL

Roosevelt told me I had more ideas than anyone he'd ever known.

AMY

Well that's good

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

CHURCHILL

Almost all of them terrible.

AMY

Okay...

CHURCHILL

And d'you know what, I think I've just
had another one

(wings on Bracewell)

Bracewell - it's time to think BIG!

CUT TO

29 OMITTED

29

30 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

30

The WHITE ENEMY powers towards the other Enemies.

Old and new Enemies contemplate each other for a moment
as the Doctor watches in horrified fascination.

ENEMY 1

We have succeeded. Dalek victory is
complete! The Progenitor has restored
our original genetic code.

WHITE ENEMY

Yes

Beat.

WHITE ENEMY (CONT'D)

You are inferior

Beat.

ENEMY 1

Yes.

WHITE ENEMY

Then, prepare.

ENEMIES 1, 2 and 3 raise their exterminators into the
air.

ENEMIES 1, 2, 3

All hail the new Daleks! All hail the
new Daleks!

WHITE ENEMY

Cleanse the unclean! Total
obliteration! **DISINTEGRATE!**

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

FX: The Blue Enemy blasts them into clouds of dust.
Nothing remains.

THE DOCTOR

Blimey, what do you do to the ones who
mess up?

FX: The White Enemy's eye-stalk swings round towards the Doctor. And now we see, for the first time, that the eye of the new Enemy is an actual eyeball! Horrid, squishy, livid, blood-shot and ALIVE!

The White Enemy raises its gun.

WHITE ENEMY

You are the Doctor! You must be
exterminated!

He flashes the brown disc.

THE DOCTOR

Don't mess with me, sweetheart!

CUT TO:

31

INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

31

The Map Room shakes from the impact of German bombing.

CHURCHILL and AMY - silent, anxious.

BRACEWELL runs in, one arm in a black sling. Looped around his neck are bits of cannibalised wireless, primitive radar, telephones mixed with more futuristic stuff that's still '40s in design. Some of the wires are attached to his temples. He plonks the lash-up onto a bench.

CHURCHILL

(to Bracewell)

At last! Are they ready?

BRACEWELL

I...I hope so. In the meantime -

On cue, the machine around his neck begins to crackle with life. Then, from out of the flaring static, an image appears on a circular radar screen. The Doctor!

AMY

It's him! It's the Doctor!

On a tiny screen, the WHITE ENEMY is parading in front of its fellows.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE ENEMY (O.S.)

We are the paradigm of a new Dalek race.
Scientist, Strategist, Drone, Eternal.
And the Supreme.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Which would be you, I'm guessing? Well,
nice paint job. I think I'd be feeling
pretty swish if I looked like you.
Pretty *supreme*.

AMY

He's got company. New company. We've
got to hurry up!

The phone rings. Bracewell picks it up.

BRACEWELL

(on phone)

Yes? Right. Yes! Thanks!

(to Churchill)

Ready when you are, Prime Minister.

CHURCHILL

Splendid!

Suddenly, a steady, sonar-like 'ping' comes from his
machinery.

BRACEWELL

Spaceship's exact co-ordinates located!

CHURCHILL

(to Childers)

Go to it, Group Captain! Go to it!

Childers grabs the microphone.

CHILDERS

(into mike)

Broadsword to Danny Boy! Broadsword to
Danny Boy! Scramble! Scramble!
Scramble!

CUT TO:

THE DOCTOR

Question is, what do we do now? Either
you turn off your clever machine or I'll
blow you and your new paradigm into
eternity.

32

CONTINUED:

32

WHITE ENEMY

And yourself.

THE DOCTOR

(shrugs)

Occupational hazard.

Suddenly the BLUE ENEMY lurches forward.

BLUE ENEMY

Scan reveals nothing! TARDIS self-destruct device non-existent!

The Doctor pulls out the brown disc from his coat and bites into it.

THE DOCTOR

All right, it's a Jammy Dodger, but I was promised tea.

BLUE ENEMY

Alert! Unidentified projectile approaching!

The Doctor and the Enemies turn to stare at a screen. The image shows a single, large 'blip' ascending from Earth. Then the 'blip' splits into three!

BLUE ENEMY (CONT'D)

Correction. Multiple projectiles.

On the Doctor's face - genuinely confused. What is this? What's happening?

WHITE ENEMY

(at the Doctor)

What have the humans done?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know

ENEMIES

Explain! Explain! Explain!

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. It's Winston. I never know!

Suddenly, a crackly voice in the air --

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)

Danny Boy to the Doctor! Danny Boy to the Doctor! Are you receiving me? Over.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

The Enemies look towards the screen.

The Doctor gawps! What? *What??*

FX: Close on the Enemy eyestalks also staring. Their living irises expand in astonishment. *What??*

On the Doctor, starting to grin.

THE DOCTOR

Oh, Winston! You beauty!

CUT TO:

33

EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

33

FX: Swooping towards us are - what? Spaceships? No!

Thrilling, Ron Goodwinesque fanfare -

- *Spitfires in space!!!!*

Zoom in close on the leading plane - the traditional 'Dam Busters' shot - but this cockpit is crammed with futuristic technology!

SPITFIRE PILOT

Danny Boy to the Doctor! Danny Boy to the Doctor! Are you receiving me?
Over.

CUT TO:

34

INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

34

A shrieking siren shatters the air.

WHITE ENEMY

Alert! Alert! Protect the paradigm!
Assume defensive position!

The Enemies race towards their stations, ignoring the Doctor now!

THE DOCTOR

Loud and clear, Danny Boy! Big dish.
Side of the ship. Blow it up! Over!

He races towards the TARDIS, chomping on his Jammy Dodger.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Aren't biscuits great! I love biscuits!

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

The WHITE ENEMY swings towards the Doctor and fires at him --

FX: Fireball

-- But he's already through the doors.

CUT TO:

35

INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

35

CHURCHILL

You heard him, Group Captain! Send in all we've got!

AMY grins at CHURCHILL, in his element. Every inch the great leader.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

36

FX: The dish on the Enemy ship is still sending its electronic pulse.

FX: The Spitfires bank towards it -- and open fire with Enemy weapons!

FX: Green bolts smash across the Enemy ship -- missing the dish.

FX: On the Enemy dish. Beams shoot out from it, firing at the spitfires -

FX: - but bounce harmlessly off protective gravity bubbles which shimmer around the planes!

CUT TO:

37

OMITTED

37

AND

AND

38

38

38A

INT. TARDIS. NIGHT.

38A

THE DOCTOR's hands dance over the console. He hums a little tune, cradling the receiver of the TARDIS phone under his chin.

CUT TO:

38B INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

38B

CHILDERNS
Beam still active, sir.

CHURCHILL
Then send them in again!

CUT TO:

39 EXT. ENEMY SHIP. NIGHT.

39

FX: A second attempt from the Spitfires. Their guns rip into the damaged hull of the Enemy ship, clipping the dish. But it's still working.

CUT TO:

40 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CENTRAL CORE. NIGHT.

40

The Enemy ship is shaking.

CUT TO:

40A INT. SPITFIRE. NIGHT.

40A

The lead PILOT is banking his plane again. Then, over the radio --

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)
Danny Boy? Danny Boy, this is the Doctor? Are you receiving me? Over?

SPITFIRE PILOT
Loud and clear, Doctor. Over.

CUT TO:

40B INT. TARDIS. NIGHT.

40B

THE DOCTOR
How're you doing, Danny Boy?

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)
Not so bad, sir. No joy with that dish yet, though. Over.

THE DOCTOR
I'm on that. Taking down their shields...

His fingers dance over the controls.

(CONTINUED)

40B CONTINUED:

40B

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(humming)

Taking down their shields, taking down
 their shields...Go for it, Danny Boy!
 Over!

SPITFIRE PILOT

Roger, Doctor! Over and out.

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

42

Everyone is glued to the tiny screen, watching the battle
 from the POV of the Enemy ship.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)

We're going in!

BLANCHE is chewing her nails.

BLANCHE

Oh good luck, lads!

CUT TO:

43 EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

43

FX: The three Spitfires bank again. Their enhanced guns
 blaze away -- the dish is hit -- and explodes!

CUT TO:

43A INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

43A

CHILDERNS

Direct hit, sir! Direct hit!

Everyone in the Map Room cheers.

CUT TO:

43B EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. NIGHT.

43B

FX: The Air Raid Warden gawps as the brilliantly lit
 London landscape snaps off as suddenly as it came on,
 plunging the scene into darkness.

AIR RAID WARDEN

Oh, thank the Lord!

Overhead, the drone of enemy bombers. The Air Raid
 Warden shakes his fist.

(CONTINUED)

43B CONTINUED:

43B

AIR RAID WARDEN (CONT'D)
Do your worst, Adolf!

CUT TO:

43C EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

43C

FX: Fanfare! The Spitfires peel off in triumph!

CUT TO:

44 INT. TARDIS. DAY.

44

FX: THE DOCTOR watches the Spitfires on the scanner.

THE DOCTOR
(on phone)
The Doctor to Danny Boy. The Doctor to
Danny Boy. Prepare for final attack.
Destroy this ship! Over.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)
What about you, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
I'll be ok.

He pats the console.

The screen flickers -- and the White Enemy appears.

WHITE ENEMY (ON SCREEN)
Doctor! Call off your attack!

The Doctor laughs.

THE DOCTOR
What? And let you scuttle off back to
the future? No fear. This is the end
for you. The final end!

WHITE ENEMY
Call off the attack! Or we will destroy
the Earth.

THE DOCTOR
I'm not stupid, mate! You've just
played your last card!

WHITE ENEMY
Every move has been anticipated, Doctor.
Bracewell is more than a mere android.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

THE DOCTOR

I don't get you. I am *not* getting you.

WHITE ENEMY

His power is derived from an Oblivion
Continuum.

The Doctor's face falls.

THE DOCTOR

You're bluffing. Deception's second
nature to you. There isn't a sincere
bone in your body. There isn't a *bone*
in your body!

WHITE ENEMY

Call off your attack or we will detonate
the android.

THE DOCTOR

No! This is my best chance ever! The
last of the Daleks! I can rid the whole
Universe of you. Once and for all!

WHITE ENEMY

Then do it. But we will shatter the
planet below! The Earth will die
screaming!

THE DOCTOR

But if I let you go, you'll be stronger
than ever. A new race of Daleks!

WHITE ENEMY

Then choose, Doctor! Destroy the Daleks
or save the Earth.

The Doctor doesn't move.

WHITE ENEMY (CONT'D)

Prepare detonation of Oblivion
Continuum!

The Doctor at the controls. What does he do? What??

WHITE ENEMY (CONT'D)

Choose, Doctor! Choose! Choose!

The Doctor, agonised. But there is no choice, there
never has been. Grabs the phone.

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor to Danny Boy. The Doctor to
Danny Boy. Withdraw.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)
Say again, sir. Over.

THE DOCTOR
Withdraw! Return to Earth. Over and out.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)
But, sir -

THE DOCTOR
Over and out!

The Doctor stabs frantically at the controls.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED45
THRU
4849 EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

49

FX: The Spitfires bank away from the Enemy ship.

CUT TO:

50 INT. STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

50

FX: The TARDIS reappears in the Cabinet Room.

THE DOCTOR tears out of the room.

CUT TO:

51 INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

51

Everyone' still grouped around BRACEWELL's radio lash-up.

BLUE ENEMY (V.O.)
Time corridor establishing. Time jump in five rels.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

52

WHITE ENEMY
The Doctor has failed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

WHITE ENEMY (CONT'D)

His compassion is his greatest weakness.
 Daleks have no such weakness.

It glides toward a bank of bank of machinery. Its sucker arm connects with the technology and a schematic appears on a screen.

It's a 3-D image of BRACEWELL!

CUT TO:

53

INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

53

THE DOCTOR leaps through the door -- and punches BRACEWELL under the jaw!

Bracewell goes down, the Doctor nurses his hand.

AMY

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Ow! Sorry, Professor. You're a bomb!
 An inconceivably massive Dalek bomb.

BRACEWELL

(on floor)

What?

THE DOCTOR

There's an Oblivion Continuum inside you! A captured wormhole that provides perpetual power. Detonate that and the earth will bleed through into another dimension! Now keep down!

Bracewell does as he's told. The Doctor rips open Bracewell's shirt and blasts him with the sonic screwdriver.

FX: Bracewell's chest glides apart like a window blind.

Revealed inside: shining metal and circuits with a distinctly Enemy-like design.

CUT TO:

54

INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

54

FX: CLOSE on the screen.

Every circuit in BRACEWELL's miraculous body revealed.
 And where his heart should be --

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

WHITE ENEMY

Continuum device unimpaired. Detonation sequence activated.

BLUE ENEMY

Time jump in three rels.

CUT TO:

55

INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

55

The 'heart' is exposed inside BRACEWELL's chest. On it is a circle like a pie-chart. Getting redder and redder. Ticking away towards detonation...

THE DOCTOR stares down at it.

AMY

Well?

THE DOCTOR

I dunno, I dunno, I dunno! Never seen one up close before!

He adjust the setting on the sonic screwdriver and blasts Bracewell's chest. Nothing happens.

AMY

So, what, they've wired him up to detonate?

THE DOCTOR

Not wired him up! He is a bomb.
Walking, talking, exploding!

AMY

There's a...a blue wire or something you have to cut, isn't there? There's always a blue wire. Or a red one.

THE DOCTOR

You're not helping!

He tries the sonic again. Nothing.

CHURCHILL

It's incredible. He spoke to us of his memories. The Great War...

THE DOCTOR

Someone else's stolen thoughts.
Implanted in a positronic brain -

He stops dead -- then grabs Bracewell by the lapels.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Tell me about it. Bracewell! Tell me
 about your life!

BRACEWELL
 Really, Doctor. This is hardly the time -

THE DOCTOR
 Everything! Tell me everything!

CUT TO:

56 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

56

The WHITE ENEMY looks on.

CLOSE on the screen. An identical image of the 'pie-chart' count-down. Getting redder and redder -

CUT TO:

57 INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

57

BRACEWELL
 My family ran the Post Office. Little
 place off the Alexandra Parade. By the
 ash trees. There used to be eight trees
 but...but there was a storm -

THE DOCTOR
 And your parents? Come on! Tell me!

Tick, tick, tick...

BRACEWELL
 Good people. Kind people. They...they
 died. Scarlet fever.

THE DOCTOR
 What was that like? How did it feel?

BRACEWELL
 Please -

THE DOCTOR
 How did it make you feel, Edwin? Tell
 me! Tell me!

BRACEWELL
 It... hurt. It hurt so badly. Like a
 wound. Worse than a wound. Like I'd
 been emptied out. There was nothing.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR

Remember it now, Edwin! The ash trees
by the Post Office and your mum and dad
and losing them and the men in the
trenches you saw die -

Tick, tick, tick. The 'pie-chart' gets redder and
redder!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Remember it! Feel it! You feel it
because you're human. You're not like
them. You are not like the Daleks!

Bracewell's face screws up in agony.

BRACEWELL

It hurts! Doctor. It hurts so much!

THE DOCTOR

Good! Brilliant! Embrace it. It means
you're alive! They *cannot* explode that
bomb because you're a human being.
You're flesh and blood. **They cannot**
explode that bomb! Believe it! You are
Professor Edwin Bracewell! You are a
human being!

Tick, tick, tick. It's not working!

The Doctor: frantic.

Suddenly, Amy leans in very close to Bracewell's ear.

AMY

Hey. Paisley. Ever fancied someone you
know you shouldn't?

BRACEWELL

W...what?

AMY

Hurts, doesn't it?

She shoots a quick glance - towards the Doctor? - then
away again. Bracewell looks away.

AMY (CONT'D)

But kind of a good hurt.

BRACEWELL

Oh, I really shouldn't talk about her...

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

AMY
Oh. There's a *her*...

Bracewell almost blushes. And the clock... tick,
tick... slows!

The Doctor grins triumphantly at Amy.

THE DOCTOR
(gently)
What was her name?

BRACEWELL
Dorabella

THE DOCTOR
Dorabella. Lovely name. Beautiful
name.

AMY
What was she like, Edwin?

BRACEWELL
Oh...such a smile. And her eyes. Her
eyes were so blue. Almost violet. Like
the last touch of sunset on the edge of
the world...

He smiles in remembrance.

CUT TO:

58 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

58

CLOSE on the screen. The circle is almost completely
red.

WHITE ENEMY
Detonation!

CUT TO:

59 INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

59

BRACEWELL
Dorabella...

CUT TO:

60 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CENTRAL CORE. NIGHT.

60

The bomb schematic suddenly turns a cold blue.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

BLUE ENEMY
Oblivion Continuum...inert.

WHITE ENEMY
Impossible!

BLUE ENEMY
Time jump imminent! Prepare!

CUT TO:

61 INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

61

BRACEWELL sits up. Smiles weakly. THE DOCTOR points at him, then Churchill, then Amy.

THE DOCTOR
You're brilliant -
(to Churchill)
You're brilliant -
(to Amy)
And you...

He's beyond words. Full up with joy.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Now. Gotta stop them! Stop the Daleks!

BRACEWELL
Wait! Doctor! Wait...

The Doctor stops. Bracewell blinks.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)
It....it's too late....

CUT TO:

62 INT. ENEMY SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

62

Hero shot of the new ENEMIES on their glittering ship.
Then -

CUT TO:

63 EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

63

FX: - whoosh! - the ship vanishes into the future.

CUT TO:

64 INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

64

A moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

BRACEWELL

Gone. They've gone.

THE DOCTOR

No no no! They can't! They can't!

BRACEWELL

I can feel it, Doctor. My mind is clear. The Daleks have gone.

The Doctor tries to get to the door but Amy grabs him.

AMY

Doctor. It's ok! You did it. You stopped the bomb.

The Doctor is ashen.

AMY (CONT'D)

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

I had a choice. And they knew I'd save the Earth.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

The Daleks have won. They beat me. They've won.

AMY

But you *saved the Earth*. Not too shabby? Is it?

For a moment the Doctor's face is still set.

AMY (CONT'D)

Is it?

Slowly, he smiles.

THE DOCTOR

No. Not too shabby.

Churchill claps him on the shoulder.

CHURCHILL

A brilliant achievement, old friend. Have a cigar!

CUT TO:

65 EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. DAY

65

The roof is strewn with debris from the previous night's air-raid. The AIR RAID WARDEN crosses wearily to the flag-pole where the Union Jack hangs limp and ragged.

Slowly at first, then with increasing determination, he hauls up the flag until it is flapping and flying proudly again in the breeze.

CUT TO:

66 INT. WAR ROOMS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

66

Later. Double doors are open onto the Cabinet Room. Various GENERALS, ADMIRALS and STAFF are taking their seats.

CHURCHILL is in the corridor. AMY is with him.

AMY

So... what now, then?

He sifts through a huge file of papers.

CHURCHILL

I still have a war to run, Miss Pond.

BLANCHE approaches with a sheaf of papers. She gives a small smile to Amy and melts away.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

(reading)

They hit the Palace. And St Paul's again. Fire crews only just saved it.

AMY notices LILIAN walking past. She is pale and red-eyed.

AMY

Is she ok?

CHURCHILL

What?

AMY

She looks -

CHURCHILL

Oh, Miss Breen? Her young man didn't make it, I'm afraid. Just got word. Shot down over the Channel.

Amy sags visibly.

AMY

(sighs)

Where's the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Tying up loose ends.

Amy turns as THE DOCTOR approaches.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I've taken out all the alien tech Bracewell put in.

Churchill looks suddenly small and weary.

CHURCHILL

Won't you reconsider, Doctor? Those Spitfires could win me the war in twenty four hours!

THE DOCTOR

Exactly.

CHURCHILL

But why not? Why can't we put an end to this misery?

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't work like that, Winston. It's gonna be tough. There are terrible days to come. The darkest days. But you can do it. You know you can.

CHURCHILL

Stay with us, then! Help us win through! The world needs you.

THE DOCTOR

The world doesn't need me.

CHURCHILL

No?

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

THE DOCTOR
The world's got Winston Spencer
Churchill.

He smiles, then makes the V for victory sign.

Churchill sighs.

CHURCHILL
Well, it's been a pleasure, as always.

THE DOCTOR
Too right.

Churchill gives him an unexpected bear-hug.

CHURCHILL
Good bye, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR
Shall we say adieu?

CHURCHILL
Indeed. Good bye, Miss Pond.

AMY
Bye. It's been amazing. Meeting you.

She gives him a kiss.

CHURCHILL
I'm sure it has!

He turns to go.

AMY
Oi, Churchill!

Churchill swings round, eyebrow raised.

AMY (CONT'D)
TARDIS key. The one you just took from
the Doctor.

CHURCHILL
She's good Doctor. Sharp as a pin!
Almost as sharp as me! Well, K.B.O.!

He straightens up, looking suddenly vibrant. Putting on
the 'Churchill' front. He lights a cigar, winks at Amy
and powers through the double doors into the Cabinet
Room.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

They close behind him.

CUT TO:

67 OMITTED

67

*

67A INT. BRACEWELL'S LABORATORY -- DAY

67A

*

BRACEWELL, surrounded by the jumbled remains of his Spitfire technology, stares disconsolately into space. He now wears a single black glove where his hand used to be.

THE DOCTOR and AMY step out of the lift doors. Bracewell glances up.

BRACEWELL

I've been expecting you, Doctor.
I knew this moment had to come.

THE DOCTOR

Moment?

BRACEWELL

It's time to de-activate me.

THE DOCTOR

Is it? Oh...yeah.

BRACEWELL

You have no choice.

THE DOCTOR and AMY exchange glances.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

I'm Dalek technology. Can't allow me to go pottering around down here where I've no business.

THE DOCTOR

No, you're dead right, Professor.
Hundred per cent right. And by the time I get back here in - what, ten minutes?

AMY

More like fifteen.

THE DOCTOR

Fifteen minutes, yeah, that's exactly what I'm going to do. You are going to be SO deactivated. It'll be like you've never even been...activated.

(CONTINUED)

67A CONTINUED:

67A

BRACEWELL
Fifteen minutes?

THE DOCTOR
More like twenty, if I'm honest. Once
Pond and I have seen to the urgent thing
that we've got to see to.
(pointedly)
See?

BRACEWELL
Very well, Doctor. I shall wait here and
prepare myself -

The Doctor sighs.

AMY
Yeah, Dalek tech but a bit slow on the
uptake. That thing we've got to do.
Gonna take half an hour, realistically,
isn't it, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR
Easily! So no running off, that's what
I'm saying. Don't go trying to find that
little Post Office with the ash trees or
that girl - what was her name?

BRACEWELL
Dorabella.

THE DOCTOR
Dorabella. On no account go looking for
her. Mind you, you can get a lot done in
half an hour...

He smiles at Bracewell. Bracewell frowns, then his face
lights up.

BRACEWELL
Thank you, Doctor! Oh thank you!

The Doctor winks at him.

THE DOCTOR
Come on, Pond!

He goes out. Amy smiles warmly at Bracewell, then
follows.

Bracewell grabs a battered suitcase and starts throwing
his few possessions into it. He's a different man.

(CONTINUED)

67A CONTINUED: (2)

67A

Energized. Happy. Alive.

CUT TO: *

68 INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

68

*

The DOCTOR and AMY arrive back at the TARDIS.

*

AMY

*

Not gonna be easy for him, though, is
it?

*

THE DOCTOR

*

Who?

*

AMY

*

Tin Man back there. The Paisley
Pinocchio.

*

THE DOCTOR

*

Oh...Life's rich pageant and all that,
Amy. He'll spend his time looking for
all the answers to all the big
questions.

*

*

*

*

*

Beat.

*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

*

Won't find many of them. But
that's...being alive.

*

*

*

AMY

*

You gonna keep an eye him? Make sure
he's ok?

*

*

*

THE DOCTOR

*

(smiling)

*

We'll meet again.

*

AMY

*

(casually)

*

So you have enemies, then.

*

THE DOCTOR

*

Everyone's got enemies.

*

AMY

*

Yeah, but mine's the woman outside
Budgeon's with the mental Jack Russell.
You've got, like, arch-enemies.

*

THE DOCTOR

*

(almost shy)

*

'Suppose so.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

AMY

And here's me thinking we'd just be
running through Time being daft and
fixing stuff. But no. It's dangerous.

THE DOCTOR

(eyeing her)

Yup. Very. Is that a problem?

AMY

I'm still here, aren't I?

The Doctor responds but then his face falls a little.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're worried about the Daleks.

THE DOCTOR

I am *always* worried about the Daleks.

AMY

It'll take time, though, won't it? I
mean, there's still not many of them.
They'll need a while to build themselves
up -

THE DOCTOR

It's not that. There's something else.
Something we've forgotten. Or rather
you have.

AMY

Me?

THE DOCTOR

You didn't know them, Amy. You'd never
seen them before. And you should have
done. You *should*.

He goes back into the TARDIS. After a moment, Amy
follows.

FX: The TARDIS dematerialises.

As it fades away we see, in the mottled plaster of the
War Rooms behind it, a huge crack like a crooked smile... *

END

*
*