

INT. TARDIS - (PRE-TITLES) - DAY 9

All fast, hand held, the middle of an emergency. THE DOCTOR runs in, wild, wired, and as MARTHA runs in -

THE DOCTOR  
Get down - !

She throws herself to the floor -

FX: A LASER BEAM blisters through the open door -

FX: small PRAC explosion as the FX beam hits the console -

The Doctor slams the door shut, as Martha stands - from outside, the noise of more firing -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Did they see you?

MARTHA  
I don't know -

THE DOCTOR  
But did they see you?

MARTHA  
I was too busy running -

THE DOCTOR  
Martha, it's important, did they see your face?

MARTHA  
No, they couldn't have, no -

The Doctor turns to the console, Martha following -

THE DOCTOR  
Off we go -

He slams switches, the Tardis lurches into flight -

But there's a beep from the scanner. The Doctor studies the reading; bad news. Dark:

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
They're following us.

MARTHA

How can they do that? You've got a time machine!

THE DOCTOR

Stolen technology. They've got a Time Agent's Vortex Manipulator, they can follow us wherever we go. Right across the universe... And they're never gonna stop. Unless...

He searches his pockets, frantic. Finds a fob watch.

DOCTOR

...I'll have to do it.

He looks at her, both close, intent:

THE DOCTOR

Martha. You trust me, don't you?

MARTHA

Course I do.

THE DOCTOR

Cos it all depends on you.

MARTHA

What does? What am I supposed to do...?

CU on the Doctor, Martha's POV, ie, to CAMERA:

THE DOCTOR

Take this watch. Cos my life depends on it. This watch, Martha... This watch is

-

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - (PRE-TITLES) - DAY 10

HARD CUT INTO MR JOHN SMITH - in bed, in his pyjamas, waking with a shock. And this man looks exactly like the Doctor; except he's not. He's shaken, blinking the dream away. He gets out of bed, grabs a dressing gown.

The quarters are small, comfortable, part-study, part-bedroom, lots of books, papers, etc. A knock at the door -

SMITH  
Come in.

And the maid, MARTHA, walks in, carrying a tray, with tea, toast, the newspaper. She's modest, demure, polite.

MARTHA  
Oh, pardon me, Mr Smith, you're not dressed yet. I can come back later...

SMITH  
No, that's all right, put it down...  
(still befuddled)  
I was, um... Sorry. But sometimes, I have these extraordinary dreams.

MARTHA  
What about, sir?

SMITH  
I dream I'm this... adventurer. This daredevil. A madman. The Doctor, I'm called the Doctor. And last night, I dreamt you were there. As... my companion.

MARTHA  
A teacher and a housemaid, sir? That's impossible.

SMITH  
I was a man from another world.

MARTHA  
Well then, it can't be true. Cos there's no such thing.

He goes to the mantelpiece. And there's the fobwatch. He picks it up (doesn't open it). It's completely ordinary.

SMITH  
And this thing. The watch... It was...  
(thinks)  
No. Funny how dreams slip away. But I remember one thing... It all took place in the future. It was the year of our Lord 2007.

MARTHA

I can prove that wrong for you, sir, here's  
the morning paper.

She takes the paper off the tray, shows him.

CU ON THE PAPER, DATE. MONDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1913.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

It's Monday November the tenth, 1913. And  
you're completely human, sir. As human as  
they come!

CU on Smith, as he smiles with relief.

SMITH

That's me. Completely human.

CUT TO:

**TITLES.**

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 10

The perfect picture of the exterior of the school. SMITH, in mortarboard and cape, walks past SCHOOLBOYS in uniform, other TEACHERS. The cold air, brisk and bracing.

**CAPTION: FARRINGHAM SCHOOL FOR BOYS, HEREFORD. NOVEMBER 1913.**

MUSIC: a schoolboys' choir, 'He Who Would Valiant Be.'

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 10

Choir continues. SMITH walking along, SCHOOLBOYS walking past. Smith gives a polite nod as he passes the headmaster, ROCastle. All upright and normal and very 1913.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY 10

SMITH reading from a book, to a class of BOYS. Written on the blackboard: THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

SMITH

..the Anglo-allied army and the Prussians advanced with little impediment. The French were all but spent, with only two battalions of the old guard remaining. This final reserve force was charged with protecting Napoleon, but by evening, the advance of the allied troops had forced them to retreat...

Smith's volume low, keep volume up on the hymn.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 10

SMITH walks along... passing MARTHA, and her fellow maid JENNY, on their hands and knees, scrubbing the floor.

MARTHA  
Morning, sir.

SMITH  
(distracted)  
Yes, quite...

And he walks on.

JENNY  
Head in the clouds, that one. Don't know  
why you're so sweet on him.

MARTHA  
I am not.

JENNY  
Oh you're always watching him, I've seen  
you!

MARTHA  
No, he's just kind to me, that's all. And  
not everyone's that considerate. What  
with me being...

She indicates her face, but it's an old joke between them:

JENNY  
A Londoner?

MARTHA

Exactly! Old London Town!

Both laugh - an older boy, BAINES, struts past, with HUTCHINSON, both prefects, with a couple of other BOYS.

BAINES

Now then, you two! You're not paid to have fun, put a little backbone into it!

JENNY

Yes sir, sorry sir.

HUTCHINSON

You there, what's your name again?

MARTHA

Martha, sir, Martha Jones.

HUTCHINSON

Then tell me, Jones. With hands like that, how you can tell when something's clean?

The boys sniggering, saunter away. Martha mutters:

MARTHA

Very funny, 'sir.'

JENNY

Careful now. Don't answer back.

MARTHA

I'd answer back with my bucket over his head.

JENNY

Oh, I wish! Just think, though. Few more years, and boys like that will be running the country.

Martha sits back, thoughtful. Close on her; the first indication she knows more than she's saying Quiet, sad:

MARTHA

1913. They might not.

JENNY

How d'you mean?

MARTHA

Just... World like this, you think it's gonna last forever. But nothing does.

(brisk again)

Never mind! On with the job!

And they get back to scrubbing.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR 2 - DAY 10

SMITH just emerging from a classroom, balancing a tall stack of books under his chin, when -

The Matron, JOAN REDFERN, 30's, is walking past -

JOAN

Morning, Mr Smith -

SMITH

Oh! Good morning Matron -

He gets flustered in front of her; always does. Drops one of his books.

SMITH (CONT'D)

No, whoops, there we go -

JOAN

Oh! Let me give you a hand -

She goes to help, he puts his foot on the book -

SMITH

No no no, I've got it, no. Um. How best to retrieve..? Tell you what, if you could take these...

He hands the pile of books over to her, she takes them.

SMITH (CONT'D)

...that leaves me free...

He picks the book off the floor.

SMITH (CONT'D)

There!

JOAN

Good!

SMITH

No harm done. So! How was Jenkins?

JOAN

Just a cold, nothing serious. I think he's missing his mother more than anything.

SMITH

Well! Can't have that.

JOAN

He received a letter this morning so he's a lot more chipper, I seem to be holding your books.

SMITH

Yes! So you are, sorry -

He goes to take them -

SMITH (CONT'D)

There we go, just let me...

JOAN

Um, no, why don't I take half?

SMITH

Brilliant idea! Brilliant! The perfect division of labour...

And Smith takes the top half.

JOAN

We make quite a team.

SMITH

Don't we just?

Pause, both smiling.

JOAN

So... these books, were they being taken in any particular direction?

SMITH

Yes! This way!

And off they go...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 10

SMITH & JOAN walking along, with books.

SMITH

I always say, Matron, give the boys a good head of steam, and they'll soon wear themselves out...

JOAN

Truth be told, when it's just you and me, I'd much rather you call me Nurse Redfern. 'Matron' sounds rather... well, matronly.

SMITH

Then Nurse Redfern it is.

JOAN

Though we've known each other for all of two months, now. You could even say, Joan.

SMITH

Joan?

JOAN

That's my name.

SMITH

Obviously!

JOAN

And it's John, isn't it?

SMITH

Yes, yes it is, yes.

JOAN

Have you seen this, John?

There's a poster on a notice-board, for a village dance.

JOAN (CONT'D)

The annual dance, in the village hall,  
tomorrow night. Nothing formal, but  
rather fun, by all accounts, d'you think  
you'll go?

SMITH

Um. Hadn't thought about it.

JOAN

It's been ages since I went to a dance.  
Only... no one's asked me.

SMITH

Well! I should imagine you'd be... I  
mean, I never thought you'd be one for -  
I mean, there's no reason why you shouldn't  
- If you do. You may not. I probably  
won't. And even if I did. Then I  
couldn't. I mean, I wouldn't want to...

And during this, he's backing away from her.

JOAN

Um, the stairs.

SMITH

What about the stairs?

JOAN

They're right behind you.

SMITH

Yes.

He looks back and falls down the stairs - disappearing out of  
the bottom of frame, in a flurry of papers, with a scream.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 10

SMITH wincing, JOAN dabbing a bruise on his forehead (no blood).  
Joan with a medical kit laid out. He goes 'ouch!'

JOAN

Oh now, stop it. I get boys causing less  
fuss than this.

SMITH

Yes, but it hurts -

MARTHA rushes in, alarmed -

MARTHA  
Is he all right?

JOAN  
Um, excuse me, Martha, it's hardly good  
form to enter a master's study without  
knocking.

MARTHA  
Sorry, right, yeah -

She knocks on the door, sarky, and steps in properly -

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
But is he all right? They said that you  
fell down the stairs, sir -

SMITH  
Just took a tumble, that's all.

MARTHA  
Have you checked for concussion?

JOAN  
I have, and I dare say, I know a lot more  
about it than you.

MARTHA  
Sorry. I'll just... tidy your things,  
sir.

All the books have been dumped on a table, Martha starts to sort  
through them. But really, she wants to listen:

SMITH  
I was just telling Nurse Redfern. I mean,  
Matron. Um. About my dreams. Quite  
remarkable tales! I keep imagining...  
that I'm someone else. That I'm hiding...

JOAN  
Hiding in what way?

SMITH

I don't know. But almost every night...  
This is going to sound silly.

JOAN  
Tell me.

SMITH  
I dream, quite often, that... I have two hearts.

JOAN  
Well then. I can be the judge of that,  
let's find out...

She gets her stethescope. Listens to the left. Ba-boom,  
ba-boom... Martha watching... Then the stethescope to the right. Nothing.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
I can confirm the diagnosis. Just the one heart, singular.

SMITH  
I've written down some of these dreams in the form of fiction. Not that it would be of any interest -

JOAN  
I would be very interested.

Smith takes a notebook from his desk.

SMITH  
I've never shown it to anyone before.

JOAN  
'A Journal of Impossible Things.'

Joan opens it.

The book is full of scribbles and footnotes, scrawled in all sorts of patterns - some formal chapters, but with the margin full of tiny writing. And drawings. Beautiful - though amateur - drawings, some doodled, some more detailed.

Close on the book, on Joan, reading, on Smith, smiling (intimacy between them). And on Martha, listening.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Just look at these creatures... Such imagination.

A drawing of a Slitheen. A Cyberman. A Dalek. Lazarus. Not perfect reproductions; an ordinary man's version.

SMITH  
It's become quite a hobby.

JOAN  
But it's wonderful... Oh, and quite an eye for pretty girls.

A drawing of Rose. Smith embarrassed.

SMITH  
She's just, an invention, this character, Rose, I called her Rose, she seems to disappear later on...

JOAN  
(turns page)  
And what's this..?

A drawing of the Tardis. (No 'police' wording on it.)

SMITH  
That's the box, the blue box. It's always there. Like a magic carpet. The funny little box that transports me to faraway places.

JOAN  
Like a doorway.

SMITH  
Sometimes I think... how magical life would be. If stories like this were true.

JOAN  
If only.

SMITH  
All just a dream.

A shy, intimate smile between Smith & Joan.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 10

MARTHA catches up to JOAN, who's carrying the journal.

MARTHA  
Ma'am, that book -

JOAN  
I'll look after it, don't worry. He did  
say I could read it.

MARTHA  
But... It's silly, that's all. Just  
stories.

JOAN  
Who is he, Martha?

MARTHA  
I'm sorry?

JOAN  
It's like he's left the kettle on. Like  
he knows he has something to get back to,  
but can't remember what.

MARTHA  
That's just... him.

JOAN  
You arrived with him, didn't you? He  
found you employment, here at the school,  
isn't that right?

MARTHA  
I used to work for the family, he just sort  
of... inherited me.

JOAN  
Well, I'd be careful. If you don't mind  
my saying, sometimes you seem a little  
familiar with him. Best remember your  
position.

MARTHA  
Yes ma'am.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 10

Functional beds all lined up, with bedside lockers. HUTCHINSON sprawled on his bed, reading a letter from home, BAINES & OTHER BOYS scattered about, as TIM LATIMER enters. He's younger than them, a quiet lad. Hutchinson throws a book at him.

HUTCHINSON

Ah! Latimer! Here you are, Latin translation, that blasted Catullus, I want it done by morning.

TIM

Yes, sir.

HUTCHINSON

And no mistakes, I want it written in my best handwriting.

(to Baines, of the letter)

But listen! Father says he's been promoted. That means more money, I might end up in a better school.

As Tim settles down with his books -

TIM

He should enjoy it, my Uncle had a six-month posting in Johannesburg, said it was the most beautiful countryside on God's Earth.

HUTCHINSON

What are you talking about?

TIM

Africa. Your father.

HUTCHINSON

Have you been reading my post?

TIM

What?

Hutchinson leaps up, pins Tim against the wall.

HUTCHINSON

Who said Africa? I've only just read the word myself, how did you know that?

TIM

Um, I didn't, I wasn't -

HUTCHINSON

Have you been spying on me?

TIM

No, I just... guessed.

HUTCHINSON

What's that supposed to mean?

TIM

I'm good at guessing, that's all.

Hutchinson lets go, walks away.

HUTCHINSON

Idiot.

CU on Tim, unsettled; underscore with creepy music.

TIM

...sometimes I just say things, and they turn out to be correct. Just little things, tiny things, I can't help it, it's just some sort of... luck.

Baines breaks the mood, all cheery.

BAINES

Never mind that little toad, who's for beer?

A cheer from all (except Tim).

HUTCHINSON

You've got beer?

BAINES

Baxter's hidden a secret supply, in Blackdown Woods.

HUTCHINSON

Then what are you waiting for?

Baines opens the window, goes to climb out.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

Make sure the bursar's down the pub before you go past his window.

BAINES  
Bottle for everyone, is it?

Hutchinson indicates Tim.

HUTCHINSON  
None for the filth. And hurry back, Baines, I'm parched!

And Baines disappears, clambering down...

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB - NIGHT 10

MARTHA walking up to JENNY, carrying two half pints of beer, for both to sit (on a bench? A low wall?). Martha still fuming.

MARTHA  
It's freezing out here, why can't we have a drink in the pub?!

JENNY  
Now don't be ridiculous. You do get these notions! It's all very well, those suffragettes, but that's London, that's miles away!

MARTHA  
But don't you just want to scream sometimes?! Having to bow and scrape and behave, don't you just want to... tell them?

JENNY  
I dunno, things must be different in your country.

MARTHA  
Yeah, well, they are. And they're better! Thank God I'm not staying.

JENNY  
Oh, you keep saying that.

MARTHA

Just you wait. One more month. Then I'm  
free as the wind.

(smiling)

Wish you could come with me, Jenny. You'd  
love it.

JENNY

But where are you gonna go?

MARTHA

Anywhere. Just look up there. Imagine  
you could go all the way out to the stars.

JENNY

You don't half say mad things.

But Martha's entranced, looking up, remembering.

MARTHA

That's where I'm going. Into the sky.  
All the way out...

FX: the night sky, and then... A tiny blink of light. For a  
second, then gone.

Martha instantly alarmed.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

JENNY

See what?

Martha stands, alarmed.

MARTHA

Did you see it though? Right up there.  
Just for a second...

JENNY

Martha. There's nothing there.

Hold on Martha, looking up. In fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - NIGHT 10

A lane by the woods, near the village. JOAN is walking along, heading home. The hoot of distant owls.

Suddenly -

She's caught in the beam of a powerful, sickly green PRAC LIGHT FROM ABOVE. Blinding, dazzling. It makes her cry out and throw an arm up to protect her eyes.

Then, just as quickly - it's gone. Joan looks up. Nothing in the sky.

But then, she looks across at the landscape...

FX: a good distance away, a PATCH OF LIGHT blinks into existence on a field, like a spotlight. Then gone.

FX: further away, another patch of light. Like something above is scanning, probing, searching for something. And with each appearance, a terrible, deep throbbing noise.

Joan's shaken. She begins to run.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB - NIGHT 10

MARTHA sitting with JENNY, still alert.

MARTHA  
Did you hear that..? Like a noise. In  
the distance.

JENNY  
Can't hear anything.

MARTHA  
No, but hush...

Pause. Nothing.

JENNY  
Never thought you'd be scared of the dark.

MARTHA  
Oh yeah. With good reason.

JOAN comes running across to the pub, scared.

JOAN

Oh! Did you see it?

MARTHA

Matron? You all right?

JOAN

There was... there was something in the woods. This light...

SMITH

Anything wrong, ladies?

He's approaching, from the pub.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Rather too cold to be standing about in the dark, don't you think?

JOAN

There! Look, in the sky -

They all look up -

FX: a shooting star, descending towards the horizon. Though maybe fractionally slower than a shooting star...

Martha & Joan chilled, SMITH & Jenny just smiling.

JENNY

Oh, that's beautiful...

SMITH

All gone! Commonly known as a meteorite. Just rocks, falling to the ground, that's all.

JOAN

Came down in the woods.

SMITH

No, they always look close, when actually they're miles off. Nothing left but a cinder. Now, I should escort you back to the school.

JOAN

I'd appreciate that. Silly, but it gave me quite a scare.

SMITH  
Ladies?

MARTHA  
No, we're fine, thanks.

SMITH  
Then I bid you good night.

Smith & Joan walk away. Martha muttering:

MARTHA  
He's just walking away. Lights in the sky  
and he's walking away.  
(suddenly determined)  
Jenny, where was that? On the horizon,  
where the light was headed?

JENNY  
That's by Cooper's Field.

And Martha runs off, in that direction!

JENNY (CONT'D)  
You can't go running off! It's dark,  
you'll break a leg! Ohhh...

And with a sigh, Jenny follows, runs after her.

CUT TO:

OMITTED:16

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 10

BAINES is taking beer bottles from a hiding place, at the base  
of a tree, when -

A wind whips up around him.

Baines looks all around, surprised, sees -

In the distance, a good half mile away, through the trees, lights  
are descending. A mighty roaring sound.

Baines staring, amazed, and then -

The lights vanish. Sudden silence. Baines leaves the beers,  
heads off through the woods, excited -

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD BESIDE THE WOODS - NIGHT 10

BAINES steps out of the woods, looking round.

BAINES

...I said hello? Was that an aeroplane?!  
Are you chaps all right..?

He walks forward, into the field...

Boink! Baines hits his head. On *nothing*.

BAINES (CONT'D)

What the..?

He reaches out his hand. Touches...

An invisible wall. Nothing there, but both of his hands are feeling the surface of something smooth.

He takes his hands away.

BAINES (CONT'D)

But that's...

He takes a deep breath. Steps forward, strong, lashing out with his fist -

Bang! Hits the invisible wall, and -

FX: briefly, a shimmer, like a force-field, the colours of petrol, in the air, then gone.

BAINES (CONT'D)

...that's impossible. That's completely impossible...

He reaches out again, feels his way along...

FX: MID-SHOT PROFILE of Baines as his hand disappears, behind a clean line, reaching into the invisible space.

He whips his hand out again!

BAINES (CONT'D)

..is that, like a door, like a..? Hello?  
Is there anyone there..?

And Baines steps forward.

FX: disappears, behind the clean, sharp line delineating the invisible wall. Gone!

BAINES (CONT'D)

Hello?!

CUT TO A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY. If possible, a brow overlooking the field. MARTHA comes running on to the horizon, stops, catching her breath, JENNY following.

JENNY

There you are! Nothing there, I told you so!

Their POV: the empty field.

MARTHA

And that's Cooper's Field?

JENNY

As far as the eye can see. And no fallen star! Now come on, I'm frozen to the bone, let's go back. Like your Mr Smith said. Nothing to see.

Jenny goes. Martha hesitates, looking into the night...

Then she walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 10

BAINES is huddled on the floor, hugging his knees. Shivering. Terrified. This interior is mostly in darkness, just patches of a sickly green light, glimpses of strange machinery. The throb of alien machines.

Baines looking all around; soft, polite ALIEN VOICES floating in the air. Baines's POV: just shadows.

BAINES

But I don't understand. Who are you?

MALE ALIEN VOICE

We are the Family.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE  
Far more important... Who are you, little  
thing?

BAINES  
My name's Baines. Jeremy Baines. Please  
can I go?

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE  
I'm so sorry, Baines, Jeremy Baines. But  
I don't think you can ever leave.

BAINES  
But who are you? Why can't I see you?

MALE ALIEN VOICE  
Why would you want to see us?

BAINES  
I want to know what you look like.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE  
Ohh, that's easily answered. Because  
very soon... We will look so familiar...

Suddenly - CAMERA RUSHES in towards CU Baines - and as he *screams*  
-

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 10

TIM now hard at work, sitting on the floor, polishing all the  
boy's shoes. HUTCHINSON & OTHERS playing cards.

HUTCHINSON  
Where is he? Promises a beer, then  
vanishes into the night -

CU a hand, knocking at the window.

The boys leap up - go to help him in -

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)  
There he is! Let him in - come on Baines,  
you dolt! Thought you'd been caught by  
the rozzers -

And they haul in...

BAINES. But now he's not Baines. He's colder, more remote. He looks at the boys like a predator looking at prey.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

Well then, where is it, man? Where's the blessed beer?

BAINES

There was no beer. It was gone.

HUTCHINSON

Damn it all, I've been waiting! That's a pretty poor show, Baines, I have to say.

And just for a second, Baines *sniffs* at Hutchinson - not too big a gesture, just a distinct sniff.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you, caught the sniffles out there?

BAINES

I must have done. It was cold. It was very cold.

And he *sniffs* at another boy.

HUTCHINSON

Well don't spread it about, I don't want your germs! Might as well get some sleep, come on, chaps. Maybe tomorrow - I think Jackson's got some beer in the pavilion...

Everyone heads off to their beds, chatting, Baines just sits there. Calm, cold, he looks across the room...

The only one now looking at him is Tim. Who seems scared.

Hold the stare. And then Baines *sniffs* at him.

On Tim, who gets back to polishing, not daring to look up. Something about Baines has terrified him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 11

Dawn rising over the fields.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - DAY 11

MARTHA cycling along a country lane.

REVEAL an old barn. Martha comes to a halt. Leans the bike against the wall, and, looking around carefully, she goes inside...

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - DAY 11

MARTHA enters, and pauses at the gorgeous sight of the loveable old TARDIS, in dappled sunshine. Home!

She takes a chain off her neck - holding the Tardis key - and heads towards it...

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

Dark. Sunlight from the domed roof. MARTHA walks inside, smiles, glad to be back, pauses:

MARTHA  
Hello.  
(beat)  
Talking to a machine.

And she goes to the console. Stands there. Weary. Closes her eyes, remembering -

FLASH BACK SC.1, running through the door, the laser -

CUT BACK to Martha, opening her eyes, walking slowly round the console, but continuing to remember...

FLASHBACK SC.1 - snatches of dialogue - they can follow us anywhere, never gonna stop -

CUT BACK TO MARTHA, heading round to the scanner, remembering -

And now CONTINUATION OF SC.1 -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 9

FLASHBACK TO - THE DOCTOR holding the watch -

THE DOCTOR  
- this watch is *me*!

MARTHA  
Right, okay, gotcha. No, hold on.  
Completely lost.

The Doctor slamming down levers, frantic, but inspired -

DOCTOR  
Those creatures are hunters. They can  
sniff out anyone, and me being a Time Lord  
- I'm unique! They could track me down,  
across the whole of time and space.

MARTHA  
And the good news is?

DOCTOR  
They can smell me, but they haven't seen  
me. And their life spans are running out!  
So! We hide. Wait for them to die.

MARTHA  
But they can track us down -

THE DOCTOR  
That's why I've got to do it. I have to  
stop being a Time Lord.

He holds up the watch again.

DOCTOR  
I'm going to become human.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

MARTHA walking around the console, deep in thought...

Coming to something NEW. Hanging from the ceiling, at  
head-height, on a cable, is a head-sized ARCH. It fits over  
the head like an Alice Band - without being remotely  
Alice-Bandy, it's metal, almost barbaric, studded with jagged

controls. (NB, this is very distinctive; it'll need to be recognised in ep.11).

Martha looks at it, remembering...

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 9

FLASHBACK TO - THE DOCTOR slams a control, looks up -

As the distinctive ARCH lowers down on a cable.

THE DOCTOR

Never thought I'd use this. Ohh, but all the times I've wondered...

MARTHA

What does it do?

THE DOCTOR

Chameleon Arch. Rewrites my biology. Literally, changes every single cell in my body. I've set it to human.

And as he's fixing the watch into the top of the Arch -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Now the Tardis will take care of everything, it'll invent a life story for me, find me a setting and integrate me - it can't do the same for you, you'll just have to improvise, but I should have just enough residual awareness to let you in -

MARTHA

But hold on, if you're going to rewrite every single cell... isn't it going to hurt?

THE DOCTOR

Oh yes. It hurts.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

MARTHA reaches up. Touches the ARCH. Remembering...

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 9

FLASHBACK TO - CU THE DOCTOR with the ARCH (with fobwatch) on his head - he's being blasted by FIERCE PRAC LIGHT -

MATHA standing back, horrified - PRAC WIND BLOWING -

And the Doctor's in agony, lets out a massive scream -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

MARTHA hates remembering that; his pain. Shakes it off. Bit more energy now, as she goes back round the console, presses buttons - she's done this before - the Tardis scanner comes on. Displaying a recording of THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

This working..? Martha! Before I change, here's a list of instructions, for when I'm human...

She's heard this so many times. Come on, come on.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

One! Don't let me hurt anyone. Can't have that! But you know what humans are like... Two! Don't worry about the Tardis, I'll put it on emergency power so they can't detect it, just let it hide away. Four! No, wait a minute... Three!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

SMITH just finishing shaving, in the mirror. Under:

DOCTOR (V.O.)

No getting involved in big historical events. Four! You! Don't let me abandon you. And five, very important, five -

Smith shakes his head and moves away from the mirror. He goes to his desk, where he's got a series of loose-leaf drawings,

left out for the ink to dry. Including a mysterious cavern; the inside of the Tardis. Under:

DOCTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Don't let me eat pears. I hate pears.  
John Smith is a character I made up, but I won't know that, I'll think I am him, and he might do something stupid like eat a pear. In three months time, I don't want to wake up from being human and taste that.

Smith casually takes a pear from a fruit bowl and bites into it. Mmm!

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

MARTHA hits a control, fast forwards, the high-speed DOCTOR babbling away -

MARTHA  
But there was a meteor, a shooting star, what am I supposed to do then?

Stabs a button, the Doctor back to normal speed:

THE DOCTOR  
- and twenty three! If anything goes wrong, if they find us, Martha, then you know what to do.  
(leans forward, holding up:) Open the watch.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

SMITH passes his mantelpiece, picks up the watch -

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
Everything I am is kept safe in there. Now I've put a perception filter on it, so the human-me won't think anything of it. To him, it's just a watch.

And Smith just puts it back, casual.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 11

THE DOCTOR on screen:

THE DOCTOR

But don't open it unless you have to. Cos once it's open, the Family will be able to find me. It's all down to you, Martha. Your choice.

He steps out of frame. Then steps back in.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh, and... thank you.

And he smiles, kind. Bleep, fizz, the picture cuts out.

MARTHA so sad.

MARTHA

I wish you'd come back.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

Knock on the door. SMITH opens the door to find TIM there.

TIM

You told me to come and collect that book, sir.

SMITH

Good lad, yes, the definitive account of Mafeking by Aitchinson Price. Where did I put it..?

He searches through his things, still chatting away:

SMITH (CONT'D)

And I wanted a little word. Your marks aren't quite good enough.

TIM

I'm in the top ten of the class, sir.

SMITH

Now be honest, Timothy. You should be the very top. You're a clever boy, but you

seem to be hiding it. And I know why!  
Keeping your head low avoids the mockery  
of your classmates. But no man should  
hide himself, don't you think?

TIM  
Yes, sir.

SMITH  
If you're clever, then be proud of it. Use  
it! Where is that book..?

He wanders out to the kitchen (which is also a ramshackle mess  
of boxes, etc). As he chats away out there...

Tim, left alone.

We hear a whisper. A babble of voices.

Tim looks round... Locates the source...

The watch on the mantelpiece.

He goes over. Curious. Picks up the watch, amazed as the  
babble - like a thousand tumbling thoughts - increases.

Tim opens the watch...

PRAC LIGHT (?) from inside the watch -

FX (OR PRAC?): magical lights play across Tim's face -

VOICES (V.O.)  
*Time Lord!*

Smith enters again, looking down at the book (which isn't  
ancient, only about 10 years old) -

SMITH  
Here we are, first edition -

Tim snaps the watch shut, and without thinking, slips it into  
his pocket, Smith only looking up now -

SMITH (CONT'D)  
So do take care of it. Some fascinating  
details about the siege, really quite  
remarkable - are you all right?

TIM  
Yes sir. Fine, sir.

SMITH  
Right then. Good! And remember. Use that brain of yours.

Smith hands over the book, Tim reaches out -

- on the moment of contact, hand, book, hand -

On CU Tim, shocked, and -

CUT TO:

INT. MODERN CORRIDOR - DAY X

- suddenly, a gleaming corridor, and instead of Smith in front of TIM, there's THE DOCTOR, looking right at Tim (IE, to CAMERA)  
-

- powerful, lifting up his sonic screwdriver as a weapon -

- Tim, in the corridor, terrified, blinks -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

- TIM blinks, back to normal -

And there's SMITH, looking at him, puzzled.

SMITH  
Really not looking yourself, old chap. Is there anything bothering you, or..?

TIM  
(scared)  
No sir. Thank you, sir.

And he runs out of the room.

Smith shrugs. Strange boy.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 11

TIM runs down the empty corridor, runs, runs, runs. Stops in a quiet corner, out of sight. Recovering. So scared.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 11

TIM sitting on his bed. Scared, excited, holding the watch, like a precious thing. Again, the thousand whispers...

He opens it...

FX (PRAC?) LIGHT on his face...

CUT TO FLASHBACK IMAGES - in CU, distorted - a SLITHEEN, DALEK, CYBERMAN, LAZARUS, SYCORAX LEADER, WEREWOLF -

On Tim, staring, illuminated, terrified -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

HUTCHINSON, BAINES & LADS in a quiet corner, out of sight from teachers, Hutchinson daring a cigarette, boasting:

HUTCHINSON  
- and I thought, well, a farmer's daughter, she knows the lay of the land. And I don't mind saying, the look she was giving me, I said, you're quite the little minx...

But all this b/g, as Baines, unnoticed, turns away, sharp, looking to the distance -

And he *sniffs*.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - DAY 11

(PRAC?) LIGHT on TIM's face - the whispers intense -

But he snaps the watch shut again, breathing hard, scared.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

HUTCHINSON still talking in b/g -

HUTCHINSON  
- so if I don't join you for prep,  
gentlemen, you can guess where I'll be. I  
shall be writing to pater. And telling  
him my education is complete.  
(laughter)

But on BAINES. Sniffing -

But then he stops. Puzzled. Contact lost.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - DAY 11

PHILLIPS ringing a hand-bell, loud and clear, to signal the change of lessons.

LOTS OF BOYS, as many as possible, passing to and fro, TIM, with his head down, lost in thought. Then, HUTCHINSON, BAINES and LADS...

As the entrance hall clears, Baines slides off to one side.

He finds a quiet, dark space, maybe under a staircase. Out of sight. A glance around, to make sure he can't be seen, the entrance hall empty now. Then he simply breathes in, stands upright, quite formal, and closes his eyes...

As he does so, a PRAC LIGHT washes over him - the sickly green of the spaceship interior. Telepathic contact:

BAINES OOV  
There is a trace. But somehow scattered.  
The scent is confused.

FEMALE ALIEN VOICE OOV  
The Doctor is working against us. He  
fights like a coward.

BAINES OOV  
Nevertheless. We'd best arm ourselves...

And Baines's eyes snap open. He says aloud:

BAINES  
Activate the soldiers.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - DAY 11

A LITTLE GIRL is walking, holding the string of a balloon.

She's passing a SCARECROW. But then...

Its head turns to watch her.

She stops. Smiles. She waves.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello.

The scarecrow waves back, funny little wave.

She tilts her head to one side, fascinated.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

You're funny.

The scarecrow tilts its head to one side, too.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Bye bye.

She waves, the scarecrow waves, and she walks off.

As she walks down the lane... Behind her, the scarecrow lolllops into the lane. Starts following her.

She stops. It stops.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

You stay there. You're supposed to be  
scaring crows.

She walks away. Behind her, the scarecrow starts to follow.

The little girl looks behind her, sees it following. And she's a bit unnerved now, she starts to hurry, faster...

The scarecrow starts to hurry.

The little girl starts to run.

The scarecrow speeds up, a shambling run.

She stops dead, turns round with all a little girl's might -

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Stop following me!

But this time, the scarecrow doesn't stop, runs right up to her, scoops her off her feet -

CAMERA stays where it is now, as the scarecrow runs away into the distance with the little girl - the balloon still in her grasp - her scream vanishing away...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD - DAY 11

Close on a Vickers Gun firing, the blaze of bullets -

CUT TO WIDER, the gun crewed by TIM & BOYS, HUTCHINSON firing away, loving it (though very precise, a good soldier). Hold on this extraordinary sight, schoolboys firing guns, with SMITH standing by, on duty, smiling.

CLOSER: Tim wincing as he feeds the bullets in, hating it.

PRAC BULLETS hitting the straw targets, shaped like people with spears.

SMITH  
Concentrate, Hutchinson! Excellent  
work!

Headmaster ROCastle comes striding across.

ROCASTLE  
Cease fire!

They do so.

SMITH  
Good day to you, Headmaster.

ROCASTLE  
Your crew's on fine form today, Mr Smith!

HUTCHINSON  
Excuse me, Headmaster, we could do a lot better. Latimer's being deliberately shoddy, sir.

TIM  
I'm trying my best.

ROCASTLE

You need to be better than the best! These targets are tribesmen, from the Dark Continent. It's your Christian duty to put the fear of God into them.

TIM

But that's exactly the problem, sir, they've only got spears!

ROCASTLE

Oh, dear me! Latimer takes it upon himself to make us realise how wrong we all are! I hope, one day, you might have a just and proper war in which you can prove yourself. Now resume firing!

The gun starts up again.

CU the barrel, blazing bullets.

CU Tim, anguished, hating this, the noise, the intensity, and as he looks up -

His ANGLE on Hutchinson. Teeth gritted. The soldier.

Tim's ANGLE on the barrel, firing -

And even CLOSER on Tim, as suddenly -

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FLASH FORWARD TO NIGHT X

Darkness. Mud. Confusion.

PRAC EXPLOSIONS, illuminating -

TIM, now three years older, in uniform too. He's propping up a three-years-older HUTCHINSON, his leg injured. They're managing to stumble along only because Tim is holding him upright. Bodies in the mud.

FX WIDE SHOT - the churned up mud of a World War One battlefield, the scene illuminated by the flashes of shells.

CLOSER on Tim. As he staggers, he's managed to open the watch and look at the time.

TIM

One minute past the hour. It's now.  
Hutchinson, this is the time, it's now -

From overhead there's the scream of a descending shell. Tim looks up at -

HIGH ANGLE on Tim & Hutchinson, death about to hit them -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD - DAY 11

TIM shocked out of the vision, as -

He's stopped feeding in bullets, and the gun's stopped,  
HUTCHINSON furious -

HUTCHINSON

Stoppage! Immediate action!  
(to Rocastle)

Didn't I tell you, sir? The stupid boy's useless! Permission to give Latimer a beating, sir?

ROCASTLE

It's your class, Mr Smith.

SMITH

Permission granted.

Hutchinson & LADS grab hold of Tim - unprotesting, it's happened before and it's part of the system - and frogmarch him away. BAINES is going with them, but pauses -

At a distance, he *sniffs* at SMITH and ROCASTLE.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Anything the matter, Baines?

BAINES

I just thought...  
(pause)  
No sir, nothing sir.

Baines follows the other boys. Rocastle turns to go -

ROCASTLE  
As you were, Mr Smith.

SMITH  
Pemberton! Smythe! Wicks! Take post!

The next group of boys mans the Vickers Gun.

With Rocastle striding away, Smith's smiling, quite content, as the rat-a-tat of the gun starts up again -

Then he sees that JOAN has been watching.

He hurries over, pleased to see her.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Ah! Nurse Redfern...

JOAN  
I'll give you back your journal when next  
I see you.

SMITH  
You don't have to -

JOAN  
If you'll excuse me, Mr Smith. I was just  
thinking about the day my husband was shot.

And with that, with the Vickers Gun still blazing away in b/g, she turns, and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY 11

The farmer, CLARK, is striding along the edge of a field...

In the distance, a SCARECROW in the middle of the field. Which waves at him. Just once. Then it's still.

Clark thrown for a second. Then furious, someone's playing games. He strides across...

JUMP CUT TO CLARK, just reaching the scarecrow.

CLARK  
That's my property! And you're  
trespassing on my land. Come on, who's in  
there? Is it one of those idiot boys from  
the school..?

And he pulls at the body -

Just straw. Clark really thrown now. He pokes it, prods it, puts his hand right inside. Just stuffing.

He pulls his hand out, steps back, alarmed.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
How did you...?

And the scarecrow waves at him again.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
No. No...

And scared, he turns, about to run, and on the turn -

When a SECOND SCARECROW rears up in front of him. Stands there, head tilting, studying him.

Clark stepping back, in horror, as he looks all around...

WIDE SHOT of the field, as ALL THE SCARECROWS lollop in from eight different directions, all heading towards Clark. And as he screams...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 11

JOAN is walking through the village square. SMITH comes running up, to walk along beside her.

SMITH  
I'm sorry. About before.

JOAN  
Oh, it wasn't your fault. I should apologise, it was rude of me.

SMITH  
Tell me about your husband. Please.

JOAN  
No one wants to hear a widow's story.

SMITH  
I do.

Pause. Then she trusts him.

JOAN

His name was Oliver. Died at the battle of Spion Kop. Long time ago, we were childhood sweethearts. But you see? I was angry at the army, for such a long time.

SMITH

You still are.

JOAN

I find myself, as part of that school, watching boys as they learn how to kill.

SMITH

Don't you think discipline is good for them?

JOAN

Does it have to be such military discipline? If there's another war, those boys wouldn't find it so amusing.

SMITH

Hardly, though! Great Britain's at peace. And long may it reign.

JOAN

In your journal, in one of those stories. You wrote about next year. 1914.

SMITH

That was just a dream.

JOAN

All those images of mud, and wire. But you told of a shadow. A shadow falling across the entire world.

SMITH

Well, then. We can be thankful it's not true. / And I'll admit, mankind doesn't need warfare and bloodshed to prove itself. Everyday life can provide valour and honour. Let's hope that from now on, this country can find its heroes in smaller places, in the most ordinary of deeds...

From /, Smith is gazing across distractedly...

A good distance away, a WOMAN is wheeling along a pram.

Towards...

A shop front, above which, an upright piano is being raised by pulley up to a top floor window by MOVERS. The pulley's got ropes running down to the piano, but with the main heaving-it-up rope reaching down, to a WORKMAN, heaving away, on ground level; this main rope is stretched at a diagonal - the diagonal meaning that the workman isn't underneath the piano, but a good distance away, to the left, the woman approaching from the right. The workman's looking up, not seeing the woman & pram. The movers up above have eyes only on the piano itself, calling out, 'That's it, up a bit...'

Smith's POV taking all this in, the precise construction of the scenario, the position of the people...

The woman & pram getting closer and closer to the shop...

And the pulley.

Which is starting to break.

Woman approaching...

Workman not looking...

Pulley breaking...

Smith suddenly, decisively - darts over to a NEARBY CHILD - grabs a cricket ball off him -

- and throws it! Deadly precision - but he doesn't throw it at the piano, he throws it a good 10 feet to the left - ie, further to the left than where the ground-floor-rope-pulling workman is standing -

- where it hits a large, heavy hanging basket -

- which falls -

Which hits (in amongst a pile of workmen's stuff) a plank of wood, balanced on a central pile of bricks, so it is, in effect, a see-saw, with the right hand side up, the left hand side down, weighted down by a single brick -

- the hanging basket slams down on the right hand side -
- so the see-saw tilts, throwing up the left hand side -
- which throws the left-hand-side-single-brick up into the air, arcing over to the right -
- where, right underneath the piano, it hits a milk churn -
- which falls -
- to the right, towards the pram-woman, causing her to cry out, and stop -
- just in time, as the piano falls, centre, and shatters. Exactly where the pram would have been!

No one hurt.

Joan looks between the piano and Smith, astonished.

Smith tries to be casual, but he's as surprised as she is. And... A bit scared.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Lucky.

JOAN

That was luck..?!

And he's suddenly emboldened by this new self:

SMITH

Nurse Redfern. Might I invite you to the village dance this evening? As my guest?

She looks at him. And simply bursts out laughing.

JOAN

You extraordinary man!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY 11

SMITH and JOAN striding along, both invigorated, openly enjoying each other's company, now. Much less shy. Joan with the journal in her hand.

JOAN

Oh it's all becoming clear now! This  
'Doctor' is the man you'd like to be!  
Doing impossible things with cricket  
balls.

SMITH

I've discovered a talent, that's certainly  
true.

JOAN

But the Doctor has an eye for the ladies.

SMITH

The devil!

JOAN

A girl in every fireplace.

SMITH

Now there, I have to protest, Joan, that's  
hardly me.

JOAN

Says the man who's dancing with me tonight.

He looks across to where a SCARECROW is standing, its hat hanging  
over one eye, one arm by its side (different to the sc.48  
scarecrow, different field).

SMITH

That scarecrow's all askew.

They go over, and start to smarten it up, putting the hat  
straight, moving its arms into different poses. Under:

JOAN

Ever the artist. Where did you learn to  
draw?

SMITH

Gallifrey.

JOAN

Is that in Ireland?

SMITH

I don't, um... Yes. Must be.

JOAN  
But you're not Irish?

SMITH  
Not at all. My father, Sydney, he was a  
watchmaker from Nottingham. And my  
mother, Verity, she was... well, she was  
a nurse, actually.

JOAN  
Oh, we make such good wives.

SMITH  
Really? Right. Yes!

A bit flustered, he changes the subject.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Perhaps I might draw you?

JOAN  
Would you?

SMITH  
I'd be honoured. Now my work is done!  
What d'you think?

He proudly stands back from the finished scarecrow.

JOAN  
A masterpiece.

SMITH  
I've all sorts of skills today.

And they walk off together.

The scarecrow slowly turns its head to watch them.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

CU on the journal, a new page, with a sketch of JOAN being  
completed...

CUT TO JOAN, sitting upright.

SMITH is sitting opposite, drawing her.

SMITH  
Finished.

JOAN  
Can I see?

He moves, to sit next to her, shows her the journal.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Goodness. Do I look like that?  
(turns page)  
Are you sure that's not me?

It's the drawing of a Slitheen. He turns it back -

SMITH  
No, definitely this page. Do you like it?

JOAN  
You've made me far too beautiful.

Both close, now. More adult, right into each other eyes.

SMITH  
That's how I see you.

JOAN  
Widows aren't supposed to be beautiful. I  
think the world would rather that we...  
stopped. Is that fair? That we stop?

SMITH  
Not fair at all. I'm...

He puts a hand to her cheek. Long moment of eye contact.

Then, hesitant, but very sure, he kisses her.

She kisses him back.

He pulls back, gently. Intimate, scared:

SMITH (CONT'D)  
I've never...

She smiles, shining. Leans in, they kiss again -

A good, proper, tender kiss, and then -

MARTHA comes barging in. Stops dead!

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Martha! What have I told you about  
entering unannounced - ?!

Martha gobsmacked, turns and goes right back out again, slams  
the door -

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

MARTHA horrified, leans back against the door.

MARTHA  
Wasn't on the list!

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 11

MARTHA *slams* into the Tardis!

Storms up to the console, stabs the button on the scanner -

The recording of the Doctor plays, same footage as sc.30. But  
Martha only listens for a second -

MARTHA  
That's no good! What about the stuff you  
didn't tell me?! What about women? Oh  
no, you didn't think of that! What the  
hell am I supposed to do then?

She stabs a button, the Doctor's image freezes. Pause, Martha  
quieter now, looking at him.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
You had to, didn't you? Had to go and fall  
in love with a human.  
(pause)  
And it wasn't me.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

BOYS passing to and fro, but TIM is sitting all on his own. He's holding the watch.

He doesn't dare open it here, but he squeezes it, tight.

The whispering... But this time, the words resolve into:

VOICES  
...danger...

Tim startled, looks around.

Way in the distance, in the freezing air, BAINES is walking to the edge of the playing field. He's walking towards the farmer, CLARK. As Tim watches, they meet, but there's no smiles, no hello. They're talking, intent, and looking around. Even from this distance, they seem so cold.

And then... (If possible) Nearby there's a low wall. Above which, a balloon on a string can be seen, gently bob, bob, bobbing along... So innocent, but somehow sinister, as it gently travels...

Then, where the wall ends, the LITTLE GIRL comes skipping out, holding the balloon. She goes to Baines and Clark. Again, no smiles. And as Tim watches, unnerved...

As one, all three cock their heads to one side, pondering, and take a long sniff of the air.

On Tim. Transfixed. Scared.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 11

JENNY and MARTHA are wheeling their bicycles along.

JENNY  
But Matron's lovely! You should be happy for them. Oh, I can just see it, her and Mr Smith.

MARTHA  
No, it's a bit more complicated than that  
-

JENNY  
If you're going to be jealous, you could  
at least try to hide it.

MARTHA  
Will you stop it! I'm not jealous.

Pause, she stops, sighs. Then a little smile.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
All right, little bit.

JENNY  
Said so!  
(gets on bike)  
But save all the news! I've got to go and  
see Mrs Maitland - wait till I'm back, we  
can have a good old gossip -

And she cycles off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE - DAY 11

JENNY, riding her bike. When suddenly -

A SCARECROW lollops out into the lane in front of her.

She stops, surprised, but laughing.

JENNY  
Who's playing silly beggars, then?  
Nearly broke my neck, who's that, then?  
Is it you, Saul?

There's a sound behind her - she turns -

A LINE OF 4 SCARECROWS is now fills the lane behind her. And  
as she turns back to face the first scarecrow -

That's now a line of 4 SCARECROWS too.

Hold, Jenny scared. And then, all at once, they all run at her.  
She just has time to scream -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - DAY 11

SMITH's now all ready for the dance. Smart (though not black tie). He studies himself in the mirror, singing quietly:

SMITH  
Robert De Niro's waiting, talking  
Italian... talking-Italian. Italian!

He stops, puzzled.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Robert De who?

He resumes finessing his hair, tries another:

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Gimme gimme gimme a -  
(stops)  
No. Maybe not.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - DAY 11

JENNY crouched on the floor, miserable.

FACING HER, in the dark interior: TWO SCARECROWS, standing back, and the farmer, CLARK.

JENNY  
I don't understand. It's Mr Clark, isn't it? What have I done wrong?

CLARK  
Nothing at all. In fact, you're just what we need, girl.

BAINES  
She works at the school.

Jenny amazed as BAINES steps out of the shadows.

BAINES (CONT'D)  
And whatever's happening, seems to be centred around that establishment. The faintest of traces but they all lead back there.

JENNY

It's Baines, isn't it? This isn't very funny, sir -

BAINES

Just shut up, stop talking, cease and desist, there's a good girl. Mother of Mine is dying to meet you. And here she is...

He holds up a glowing translucent ball. Jenny upset:

JENNY

Stop mocking me, sir.

BAINES

No! Mother of Mine just needs a shape. We go through shapes so very fast, and yours is perfectly adequate. If a little grim. Mother of Mine, embrace her.

He holds up the ball -

FX: gorgeous, shimmering GAS streams out of the ball -

Jenny staring, in horror -

FX: the GAS streams into Jenny's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL, MARTHA'S/MAIDS' ROOM - DAY 11

In the school; simple room, small beds. MARTHA just sitting on the bed with a tray of tea, as the door opens -

And there's JENNY. A much colder Jenny. She just stands in the doorway.

MARTHA

There you are! Come on, look what I've got, Mr Pool didn't want his afternoon tea, so Cook said I could have it, there's enough for two - what are you standing there for?

But then Jenny *sniffs* -

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You all right?

JENNY

I must have a cold coming on.

Jenny walks forward, takes a chair, Martha pouring tea, reverting back to their old conversation:

MARTHA

Problem is, I keep thinking about them, but I don't know what to do.

JENNY

Thinking about who?

MARTHA

Mr Smith and Matron! Cos it's never gonna last. He's going to leave in a few weeks.

JENNY

Why?

MARTHA

It's like... his contract comes to an end. And she's gonna be heartbroken.

JENNY

Leave, for where?

MARTHA

All sorts of places. I wish I could tell you, Jenny. But it's complicated.

JENNY

In what way?

MARTHA

I just can't.

JENNY

But it sounds so interesting. Tell me. Tell me now.

And Jenny's sitting forward, just a bit too bright, a bit too keen. And then, she sniffs.

On Martha. Chilled now. Having to hide it.

MARTHA

...would you like some more tea?

JENNY  
Yes thanks.

MARTHA  
I could put a nice bit of gravy in the pot.  
And some mutton. Or sardines and jam, how  
about that?

JENNY  
I like the sound of that.

MARTHA  
Right. Hold on a tick...

Martha carefully heads for the door, desperately normal...

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. SCHOOL, MARTHA'S/MAIDS' ROOM, STAIRCASE - DAY 11

MARTHA closes the door of her room, and takes a few normal steps down the stairs...

And then runs - !

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL, MARTHA'S/MAIDS' ROOM - DAY 11

JENNY sniffs. Suspicious. She can detect Martha fleeing -  
She goes to the window, fast -

DOWN BELOW: MARTHA sprinting away (the school grounds empty, no one else around).

Jenny grabs a deadly ALIEN GUN from her pocket -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY 11

MARTHA, running, as -

FX an energy bolt zaps past her - SMALL PRAC EXPLOSION on the ground, where the beam, hits -

Martha runs for her life, round the corner, gone -

ANGLE ON JENNY, in the window, gun in hand. She *snarls*. Then heads off -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

JOAN, dressed up in her finest, with SMITH -

JOAN  
You're sure I'll do?

SMITH  
You look wonderful.

JOAN  
I'd best have some warning, can you actually dance?

SMITH  
I'm not certain.

JOAN  
There's a surprise. Is there anything you're certain about?

SMITH  
Yes.

Which is: I love you. They're about to kiss again -

MARTHA bursts in.

MARTHA  
They've found us!

Smith and Joan leap back from each other -

JOAN  
Oh this is ridiculous -

SMITH  
Martha, I've warned you -

MARTHA  
They've found us and I've seen them, they look like people, like us, like normal!  
I'm sorry, but you've got to open the watch  
-

Said, going to the mantelpiece - no watch!

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Where is it? Oh my God, where's it gone,  
where's the watch?!

SMITH  
What are you talking about?

MARTHA  
The watch, you had a watch, a fobwatch,  
right there -

SMITH  
...did I? I don't remember.

JOAN  
I can't think what concern it is of yours.

MARTHA  
But we need it! Oh my God, Doctor, we're  
hiding, from aliens, and they've got  
Jenny! They've possessed her or copied  
her or something! And you've got to tell  
me, where's the watch?!

SMITH  
Oh! I see! I didn't realise -

He reaches for his journal.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
The cultural differences! It must be so  
confusing for you.  
(Slowly.)  
This is what we call a story.

MARTHA  
Oh you complete - This is not you. This  
is... 1913!

SMITH  
(Slowly.)  
Good. This is 1913.

MARTHA  
I'm sorry, I'm really sorry, but they've  
got guns, and someone's gonna get hurt,  
I've got to snap you out of this -

And she slaps him!

JOAN

Martha!

MARTHA

Wake up! You're coming back to the Tardis  
with me -

SMITH

How dare you?! How dare you?!

He grabs her and manhandles her to the door.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I am not going anywhere with an insane  
servant! Martha, you are dismissed! You  
will leave these premises immediately, now  
get out!

He opens the door, shoves her out, slams it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

MARTHA stands there, desperate.

Then she decides: right! She heads off at speed -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

SMITH furious -

SMITH

The nerve of it! The absolute cheek! You  
think I'm a fantasist, what about her?!

JOAN

(quieter, troubled)

But the funny thing is... You did have a  
fobwatch. Right there. Don't you  
remember..?

On Smith. Thrown...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

MARTHA hurries through the village (this presumes her bike was near her school quarters, which she wouldn't dare return to, now). PEOPLE passing by, on their way to the dance.

And as she hurries around a corner - there's TIM, heading the opposite way -

- a small collision -

MARTHA

- oh, sorry -

Tim blinks -

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY X

- and TIM's standing in a modern town shopping precinct, still in school uniform, having just collided with -

MARTHA, in modern clothes -

MARTHA

- oh, sorry -

TIM

Martha?!

But then he blinks -

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

And he's back - MARTHA looking back, hurrying on -

MARTHA

Not now, Tim, busy!

He stays where he is, mesmerised. But she's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - NIGHT 11

MARTHA runs in, frantic -

And there's the Doctor's coat, thrown as usual over one of the central pillars.

She grabs it, starts rifling through the pockets...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

The door is KICKED OPEN - !

And BAINES & JENNY stride in. But the room's empty. They start going through things - though just lifting books and objects, not really understanding them.

BAINES  
No one at home.

JENNY  
The maid was definitely hiding something.  
A secret around this Mr Smith.

BAINES  
We've both scented him, though, he was plain and simple human.

JENNY  
But maybe he knows something. Where is he...?

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

PEOPLE heading towards the VILLAGE HALL. Amongst them, SMITH and JOAN, cheery again.

JOAN  
- and I won't have that girl spoiling the whole night. Though it's all your own fault, anyway.

SMITH  
Why, what have I done?!

JOAN  
Intoxicated her. Oh, you're a dangerous man, no woman's safe.

And she takes his arm.

SMITH  
You've taken my arm in public.

JOAN  
I'm very scared.

And laughing, they walk on -

REVEAL TIM. A distance away. Just seeing Smith. Tim's watching, but keeping himself hidden, like a spy.

TIM'S POV: Smith & Joan are heading into the village hall. A sign outside says: 'Village Dance Tonight.' They head inside.

Tim runs after them. He's scared of Smith, now, and yet fascinated, can't help following him, to observe.

As Tim runs up, an elderly DOORMAN, shaking a tin, for a COUPLE just entering.

DOORMAN  
Spare a penny, if you could. Collecting for the veterans of the Crimea, thank you very much...  
(To TIM)  
Now then, my boy, spare a penny for the old soldiers?

TIM  
I'm sorry, I don't have any money.

DOORMAN  
But your parents can afford a private education? Shame on you, lad. For shame.

And he turns away. Tim heads inside -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

TIM walks in, keeping his head down, glancing about. Full of PEOPLE, VILLAGERS. It's a relaxed evening, good fun. MR CHAMBERS, the organiser, addresses the crowd.

MR CHAMBERS

Ladies and gentlemen, please take your partners for a waltz.

The band starts up.

SMITH takes JOAN's hand, leads her to the floor. They, and other couples, begin to waltz.

Closer on Joan and Smith dancing, smiling.

JOAN  
You can dance!

SMITH  
Quite surprised myself!

He spins her round, and they look wonderful -

Tim at the back of the room, ignored, watching them. Like a spy, fascinated by Smith.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

JENNY & BAINES now throwing books aside, searching for anything - but then CLARK strides in -

CLARK  
I think this might help -

And he holds up; THE POSTER FOR THE DANCE.

JENNY  
Well! That makes it easy, Son of Mine.  
Because Daughter of Mine is already there.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

SMITH & JOAN waltz past -

REVEALING the LITTLE GIRL. Still with her balloon. (The opposite side of the room to TIM.) She's impassive, cold, staring at the dance floor. At Smith.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

CU BAINES. Grinning.

BAINES  
We've been invited to the dance.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

MARTHA hurries up to the DOORMAN -

DOORMAN  
Oh, staff entrance, I think, Miss -

MARTHA  
Yeah, well think again, mate -

And she just strides past, in - The doorman huffs, stands there, on duty.

CUT TO WIDER, the doorman seen from a good distance away, puffing in the cold night air.

The POV of SCARECROWS. Hidden, crouched in bushes. Waiting. And then, the first of them steps out...

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

TIM sitting alone, glum, lost.

CUT TO JOAN, sitting at a table, alone. SMITH's over at a makeshift bar, just fetching her a drink. He smiles across, gives a little 'quick as I can, sorry' gesture, and she smiles back. Then as Smith turns away -

MARTHA appears, sits opposite Joan.

JOAN  
Oh, now, don't, please, let's not start all that again -

MARTHA  
He's different from any man you've ever met, right?

JOAN

Yes.

MARTHA

And sometimes, he says these strange things, like people and places you've never heard of, yeah?

(pause)

But it's deeper than that. Sometimes, when you look in his eyes, you know, you just know, that there's something else in there. Something hidden. Right behind the eyes, something hidden away. In the dark.

JOAN

I don't know what you mean.

MARTHA

(sad)

Yes you do.

CUT TO Tim. And again, the whisper:

VOICES

...danger...

He knows something's wrong. On instinct alone - his powerful instinct - he crosses to one of the windows. Looks out into the night -

And a SCARECROW slams against the glass!

Just for a second, Tim starts back -

But the scarecrow's gone. Tim disturbed now...

CUT TO MARTHA & JOAN.

MARTHA

I'm not being rude, but the awful thing is, it doesn't even matter what you think. But you're nice, and you're... lucky, and I just wanted to say sorry. For what I'm about to do.

SMITH

- oh now really, this is getting out of hand, Martha, I must insist that you leave

-

He's just approaching, with drinks -

And Martha turns round, strong, ready for him, holding up -  
The sonic screwdriver. Right in front of him.

MARTHA  
D'you know what this is?

SMITH  
I'm not...

But he's staring at it. Chasing memories...

MARTHA  
Name it. Go on. Name it.

JOAN  
(scared)  
John, what is that silly thing? John?

Unnoticed, watching this from a distance: THE LITTLE GIRL.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

The DOORMAN looks up as CLARK, JENNY & BAINES stride up -

DOORMAN  
Evening all, spare a penny, sir..?

BAINES  
I won't even spare you -

Baines lifts up the ALIEN GUN -

FX, 1 SHOT: Baines fires, the doorman vanishes with a yell -  
And they march inside -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

SMITH turns the screwdriver over and over in his hands, disturbed; and yet enchanted by it. JOAN worried by his expression; like she's losing him. MARTHA quiet, kind:

MARTHA

You're not John Smith. You're called the Doctor. The man, in your diary, he's real. He's you.

CUT TO THE LITTLE GIRL, listening. A sudden grin! And -  
There's a crash from behind them, a table sent flying -  
By BAINES, marching in with JENNY & CLARK.

CLARK

You will be silent! All of you! *I said silence!*

MR CHAMBERS

Mr Clark? What's going on - ?

Saying this, MR CHAMBERS steps forward -

And CLARK lifts up an ALIEN GUN -

FX: he fires -

FX: the Mr Chambers is struck, disappears -

Screams, everyone running to -

But the door fills with SCARECROWS, all lolloped and tilting and straw - PEOPLE run back -

They cower around the edges of the room, away from the FAMILY, as they stride to centre stage -

Martha mutters to Smith, frantic -

MARTHA

Doctor, everything I told you, just forget it, don't say anything -

BAINES

We asked for SILENCE!

And the room shuts up, all terrified.

BAINES (CONT'D)  
Now then. We have a few questions for Mr Smith.

LITTLE GIRL  
No, it's better than that...

And she walks forward, out of the crowd, to join the family -

JOAN  
Don't go near them -

LITTLE GIRL  
But they're my Family.  
(to Baines)  
I heard them talking. The man, the teacher, he's in disguise. He's the Doctor!

Baines delighted, even impressed.

BAINES  
You took human form?

SMITH  
Of course I'm human, I was born human, as were you, Baines! And you, Jenny, and you, Mr Clark, what's going on, this is madness!

BAINES  
Ohhhh, with a human brain, too. Simple, thick and dull!

JENNY  
But he's no good, like this.

CLARK  
We need a Time Lord.

BAINES  
Easily done.  
(points gun at Smith)  
Change back.

SMITH  
I don't know what you're talking about.

BAINES

Change back!

SMITH  
I literally do - not - know -

Jenny grabs Martha, puts a gun to her head.

MARTHA  
Get off me!

JENNY  
She's your little friend, isn't she? Does this scare you enough to change back?

SMITH  
I don't know what you mean!

JENNY  
But wait a minute, the maid told me about Smith and the Matron - that woman there -

CLARK  
Then let's have you -

Clark grabs Joan - puts a gun to her head too.

Facing Smith; Jenny's gun at Martha's head, Clark's gun at Joan's. Baines centre, in his element.

BAINES  
Have you enjoyed it, Doctor? Being human? Has it taught you wonderful things, are you better and wiser and richer? Then let's see you answer this. Which one of them do you want us to kill? Maid or Matron? What would the human do? Your friend, or your lover?  
(dazzling smile)  
Your choice!

On Smith, looking between them -

END OF EPISODE 8