

INT. DANCE HALL/EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

MARTHA and JOAN, held at gunpoint -

But hidden away, behind some ONLOOKERS, TIM hears...

VOICES  
...escape...

And spellbound, he opens the watch - PRAC LIGHT -

Fast - BAINES is suddenly filled with the scent, intoxicated, lifts his head up (not specifically looking at Tim, more overwhelmed) -

BAINES  
- it's him - !

- fast - JENNY lifts her head, sniffs deep -

- fast - the LITTLE GIRL - lifts her head, sniffs deep -

- and CLARK too, sniffs, hisses -

- in that second, MARTHA grabs hold of Jenny. Twists her round, so that Martha's standing behind Jenny, gripping on to her by her hair, holding the gun, pointing it at Baines -

MARTHA  
All right! One more move and I shoot -

- and Tim shuts the watch, fast, shocked - the Family not seeing him, turning to Martha -

BAINES  
Oh, the maid is full of fire!

MARTHA  
And you can shut up - !

She fires the gun -

FX: BOLT across the room - Martha aiming into empty space, SMALL PRAC EXPLOSION on the wall where the bolt hits - But it's enough to get the Family's attention.

CLARK

Be careful, Son of Mine. All of this was done for you, to live forever, don't get yourself hurt.

Baines points his gun at Martha & Jenny.

BAINES  
I could shoot you down.

MARTHA  
Try it. We'll die together.

BAINES  
Would you really pull the trigger? You look too scared.

MARTHA  
Yeah, scared, and holding a gun, good combination! D'you want to risk it?

And Baines lowers his gun.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Doctor, get everyone out, there's a door at the side, over there, go on, do it - Mr Smith, I mean you!

SMITH  
But I don't.. I'm not...

JOAN  
Do as she says - everyone! Out! Now!

And that works - panic, action - everyone runs for the side door - on Martha, desperate, holding Jenny and the gun as people blur past her - Joan taking charge -

JOAN (CONT'D)  
- Mr Jackson, don't argue, they're madmen, that's all we need to know - Come on! And you, Susan, Miss Cooper, outside, all of you, out!

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

PEOPLE running from the Dance Hall - once outside, some screaming - figures running off into the darkness, panicking -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

Last PEOPLE running out, SMITH & JOAN holding back, Smith just staring. But he comes to his senses, seeing TIM -

SMITH  
Latimer, come on, move yourself, boy, get back to the school, quickly -

And Tim runs out -

MARTHA's still holding on to JENNY - to Smith -

MARTHA  
And you, get out, just shift -

SMITH  
But what about you - ?

MARTHA  
Mr Smith, I think you should escort your lady friend to safety, don't you?

Smith torn... Then he takes Joan's hand, they run out -

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

PEOPLE still scattering in all directions, b/g - TIM, standing, looking back at the Dance Hall, scared, as SMITH & JOAN run out - Smith going to him, calling across -

SMITH  
Mr Hicks, warn the village, get everyone out! Latimer, get back to the school, tell the Headmaster not to allow -

But he's taking Tim by the arm, Tim pulls away, terrified -

TIM  
Don't touch me! You're as bad as them!

And Tim runs away, into the night (towards the school) -

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

MARTHA shoves JENNY to one side. Backs away slowly, carefully, towards the side door, but still looking at the Family, pointing the gun, so scared. BAINES, CLARK, LITTLE GIRL more confident now, sneering, Jenny joining them.

MARTHA

Don't try anything... I'm warning you...  
or Sonny Boy gets it...

BAINES

She's almost brave, this one.

JENNY

I should have taken her form. Much more fun. So much spirit.

MARTHA

...what happened to Jenny? Is she gone?

JENNY

She is consumed. Her body's mine.

MARTHA

D'you mean she's dead?

JENNY

Oh yes! And she went with precious little dignity. All that screaming!

But the Family have been holding Martha's eyeline, so she doesn't see -

A SCARECROW rearing up, right behind her - grabs her -

BAINES

Get the gun!

The scarecrow grapples for the gun - gets it - allowing Martha to twist round -

- and she legs it out of the door -

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

- MARTHA comes running out - SMITH & JOAN standing, dazed, other VILLAGERS way off in b/g, staring, lost -

MARTHA

Don't just stand there! Move!! God, you're rubbish as a human, come on!!

- and she's running - Smith and Joan follow -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT 11

TIM's running, so scared. In the distance, he hears the sound of the alien laser, firing - he runs on -

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT 11

SMITH, JOAN & MARTHA, running, then pausing. The sound of distant gunfire behind them. Martha exhausted, but:

MARTHA

...now d'you believe me?

SMITH

(furious)

I know what I saw. Your connivance! You're in league with them. The same tricks, the same language, the same fantastic stories!

MARTHA

Oh, and what about guns that can make people disappear? Was that a story? Or did that just happen, right in front of you?

JOAN

I think perhaps you should listen to her, John.

SMITH

You can't believe her!

JOAN

I don't know, but... Those people were certainly inhuman. They killed Mr Chambers, right in front of us. They... dissolved him.

MARTHA

(quieter)

This whole life of yours. It's made up. That's the fantasy. All we need to do is find that fobwatch, then we can turn you back.

JOAN

Into what?

MARTHA

The Doctor.

JOAN

And what would he do?

MARTHA

Save us.

SMITH

Why, what's so special about him? Is he better than me? He'd stop people from dying, is that it?

MARTHA

Yes.

SMITH

Then the death of Mr Chambers is all my fault?

Terrible silence.

Then Smith, quiet, bitter, turns, strides away, fast.

Beat, then Joan & Martha follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BAINES, CLARK, JENNY & LITTLE GIRL outside the Dance Hall, a grouping of SCARECROWS behind them - the Family enjoying being out in the open, now - as Baines fires, twice -

FX: TWO random LASER BOLTS shoots from the gun -

(No reverse of FX shot, just -) CUT TO VILLAGERS, in the distance, running, screaming into the night -

BAINES

(loving it)

Go on then, all of you, run! Oh, this is super! We've been hiding for too long, this is *sport*!

JENNY

I can smell the schoolteacher, he's gone back to his academy.

CLARK

But we detected his essence, separate from the man, how is that?

LITTLE GIRL

That servant, Martha. She knew all about it.

BAINES

And what do we know about her?

Jenny closes her eyes; concentrates; on CU, faintly, the PRAC GREEN LIGHT washes over her.

JENNY

This body has traces of memory... Was once her friend. Martha would go walking. Every day... To the west. And she'd never take company.

(light fades, eyes open)

Husband of Mine. Follow the maid's scent, go to the west. Find out what she was keeping secret.

CLARK

Soldiers!

Two scarecrows lollop after him, as he heads off -

BAINES

As for you, Mother of Mine.

(takes her arm, like a gentleman)

Let's go to school.

And they walk off.

CUT TO WIDER, Mother, Son, then the Little Girl and their escort of deranged scarecrows, like some awful carnival, heading off...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

SMITH, JOAN & MARTHA run towards the school -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

SMITH runs in - goes to a hand-held school bell. And starts to ring, it, furiously - MARTHA & JOAN following -

MARTHA

What are you doing?!

SMITH

Maybe one man can't fight them. But this school teaches us to stand together!

(yells)

Take arms! Take arms!

MARTHA

You can't do that -

SMITH

You want me to fight, don't you?

(yells)

Take arms! Take arms! Take arms!!

HUTCHINSON runs in, dishevelled, just shucking on his blazer -

HUTCHINSON

I say, sir! What's the matter?

SMITH

Enemy at the door, Hutchinson! Enemy at the door!

And he keeps ringing, ringing, ringing, wild, the strident metal clang of the bell -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

The hand-bell ringing out across the night. The bizarre grouping of BAINES, JENNY & LITTLE GIRL, with SCARECROWS, approaching. Baines delighted:

BAINES  
They're sounding the alarms!

JENNY  
I wouldn't be so pleased, Son of Mine.  
These bodies are silly and hot, they can damage and die, that's why we need the Time Lord. But this civilisation teaches its children to kill.

BAINES  
Indeed, they'll have guns. Perhaps a little caution... Sister of Mine.  
You're such a small little thing. Find a way in, spy on them.

And the Little Girl giggles. Skips off towards the side of the school, still clutching her balloon. A strange child, heading off into the night...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

An armoury - a cupboard of rifles - being opened. HUTCHINSON is in charge, handing out guns -

Fast shots, hard cuts - BOYS grabbing rifles - arming them - Hutchinson a good leader -

Children going to war.

SMITH striding from one to the other, on edge, MARTHA at his side, desperate -

SMITH  
Excellent! I want a sentry on every door!  
Morris, secure the courtyard, Redford, you maintain position over the stableyard, faster now, that's it -

MARTHA

You can't do this - Doctor! Mr Smith!  
They're just boys! You can't ask them to  
fight - they don't stand a chance -

Smith stops - right at her -

SMITH

They are cadets, Miss Jones, trained to  
defend the King and all his citizens and  
properties -

MARTHA

But this is *insane*, they're just *kids* -

ROCASTLE

What in thunder's name is this?!

Bellowed, with all of a Headmaster's authority, to bring  
everyone to a halt. Boys stand to attention. Silence.

ROCASTLE strides into the Hall, with PHILLIPS & A TEACHER.

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)

Before I devise an excellent and endless  
series of punishments for each and every  
one of you, could someone explain, very  
simply, and immediately, what exactly is  
going on?

SMITH

Headmaster. I have to report. The  
school is under attack.

ROCASTLE

(thinks he's mad)

Really? Is that so? Perhaps we should  
have a word, in private -

SMITH

I promise you, I was in the village, with  
Matron, and... it's Baines, sir, Jeremy  
Baines, and Mr Clark, from Oakham Farm,  
they've gone mad, sir, they've got guns,  
they've already murdered people in the  
village, I saw it happen -

ROCASTLE

Matron? Is that so?

JOAN  
I'm afraid it's true.

ROCASTLE  
Murder? On our own soil?

JOAN  
I saw it, yes.

ROCASTLE  
Then perhaps you did well, Mr Smith. But what makes you think the danger's coming here?

SMITH  
(hard to explain)  
...they said, uh...

JOAN  
Baines threatened Mr Smith, sir. Said he'd follow him. We don't know why. It's madness, sir.

ROCASTLE  
Very well. You boys, remain on guard. Mr Snell, telephone the police -

The teacher runs off -

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)  
And Mr Phillips, with me. We shall investigate.

He's heading for the door -

MARTHA  
No, but it's not safe out there -

ROCASTLE  
Mr Smith. It seems your favourite servant is giving me advice. You will control her, sir.

Rocastle and Phillips head out.

CUT TO Martha -

MARTHA

Gotta find that watch -

And she runs off -

Joan torn - but she follows -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

MARTHA, then JOAN run along -

Passing, but not seeing, TIM. Huddled in a dark corner.  
Clutching the watch. Scared, shivering, holding on tight.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 11

If possible, a small door eases open; or just appearing out of the shadows... the LITTLE GIRL. With balloon.

WIDE SHOT, a long, empty corridor. And the Little Girl skips along, staying in the dark.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

ROCASTLE and PHILLIPS walk out of the school.

Facing them: BAINES & JENNY and ALL THE SCARECROWS.

INTERCUT WITH: a good distance back, BOYS at the windows, watching. Amongst them: SMITH. A helpless spectator.

ROCASTLE

So. Baines. And one of the cleaning staff, there's always a woman involved. Am I to gather some practical joke has got out of hand...?

BAINES

Headmaster, sir! Good evening, sir!  
Come to give me a caning, sir, would you like that, sir?

ROCASTLE

Keep a civil tongue, boy -

PHILLIPS

Now come on, everyone, I suspect alcohol's played its part in this, let's all just calm down. Gads, it's freezing out here! And who are these friends of yours, Baines? In fancy dress?

BAINES

D'you like them, Mr Phillips? I made them myself, sir! I'm ever so good at science, sir! Look -

During this he's sauntered over to a SCARECROW -

And now yanks at his arm. Which comes off! Nothing but straw stuffing inside. Baines throws the arm at Rocastle & Phillips; Rocastle wise enough to be disturbed, now.

BAINES (CONT'D)

S'called molecular fringe animation, sir! Fashioned in the shape of straw men. My own private army, s'ever so good, sir!

ROCASTLE

(quieter)

Baines, step apart from this company and come inside with me...

BAINES

No sir, you sir, you, will send out Mr John Smith. That's all we want, Mr John Smith and whatever he's done with his Time Lord consciousness, then we're happy to leave you alone.

ROCASTLE

...you speak with someone else's voice, Baines. Who would that be?

BAINES

We are the Family of Blood.

ROCASTLE

Mr Smith said there had been deaths.

BAINES

Yes sir! And they were good, sir!

ROCASTLE

I warn you. This school is armed.

BAINES

All your little tin soldiers! But tell me... will they thank you?

ROCASTLE

I don't understand.

Baines strolls closer, careful, sly; almost hypnotic.

BAINES

What do you know of history, sir? What d'you know of next year?

ROCASTLE

You're not making sense.

BAINES

1914, sir. Because the Family has travelled far and wide, looking for Mr Smith, and ohh, the things we've seen.

(closer)

War is coming, sir. In foreign fields. A war of the whole wide world, with all of your boys falling in the mud. Do you think they will thank the man who taught them this was glorious?

Rocastle's quiet, furious, Baines sauntering back to Jenny.

ROCASTLE

Don't you forget, boy. I've been a soldier. I was in South Africa. I've used my dead mates as sandbags and fought with the butt of my rifle when the bullets ran out, and I would go back there tomorrow for King and Country -

BAINES

Oh, etcetera -

And he just turns round and fires -

FX: BOLT from the gun -

FX: - hits Phillips, who screams, disappears.

Rocastle shattered, now, truly out of his depth -

ROCASTLE  
But he's..? How did you..?

BAINES  
Run away, Headmaster. Run back to the school. And *send us Mr Smith!!*

Said, pointing the gun at Rocastle - who can't help it, he breaks into a run, terrified, helpless - back to the school -

Baines and Jenny really *laughing* at him, even applauding, the scarecrows shuddering with them, in imitation.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

ROCASTLE runs in. Slams the door. Leans on it. Ashamed to be scared in front of the BOYS, all facing him. The TEACHER has returned, stands with SMITH.

ROCASTLE  
Mr. Phillips, the Bursar, has been murdered. Mr Smith. Can you tell me why?

SMITH  
Honestly, sir, I've no idea.  
(of the teacher)  
And the telephone line's been disconnected. We're on our own.

ROCASTLE  
If we have to make a fight of it, then make a fight we shall.  
(more vigour)  
Hutchinson! We'll form a barricade within the courtyard! Fortify the entrances! Build our defences!  
Gentlemen, in the name of the King, we shall stand against them!

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

BOYS, well drilled, run, scatter across the courtyard (which has a set of doors as an entrance) -

Building defences. Sandbags being piled up.

Rifles being prepared.

Windows being boarded up, boys hammering away -

A crossbar being placed across the courtyard doors -

And the Vickers Gun, being carried to the centre of the courtyard, the centre of their defence. Boys carrying in the ammunition.

INTERCUT ALL THIS with ROCASTLE, centre, yelling out:

ROCASTLE

Sandbags along the north and west!  
Williams, you take charge! Pemberton,  
load the spare magazines with bullets!  
Ashington, we need water for the Vickers  
Gun, see to it! Faster, all of you!

ALSO INTERCUT - all overlapping - with SMITH, yelling:

SMITH

Remember your training. Take the  
magazine cut-off out! Lockley, when  
firing commences, you're in charge of the  
gathering, Thwaites, you keep the new  
magazines coming, stand to the left,  
remember -

Though as Smith shouts, his voice becomes less and less certain.  
Looking around him. Boys going to war.

CUT TO a window, inside, unseen: the LITTLE GIRL watches.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

HUTCHINSON & BOYS running along - long, echoing corridors at night - Hutchinson calling out -

HUTCHINSON

Barricade the kitchens, and secure the  
passageway to the stables -

But he stops - boys run on - seeing -  
Hidden in the shadows, TIM, crouched on the floor.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)  
You little coward...

He grabs hold of him, pulls him out.

HUTCHINSON (CONT'D)  
You'll do your duty, Latimer. With the  
rest of us!

And he hauls him back down the corridor -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

Already ransacked by the Family, now with MARTHA rooting through stuff, searching, frantic. JOAN standing back, watching; she's holding the journal...

MARTHA  
I know it sounds mad! But when the Doctor became human, he took the alien part of himself, and stored it inside the watch - I mean, it's not really a watch, it just looks like a watch -

JOAN  
And 'alien' means..? Not from abroad, I take it?

Martha stops. More gentle:

MARTHA  
I'm sorry, but... The man you call John Smith. He was born on another world.

JOAN  
A different *species*?

MARTHA  
Yeah.

JOAN  
Then tell me.  
(of the journal)

In this fairy tale... who are you?

MARTHA

Just a friend, I'm not... I mean, you haven't got a rival! Much as I might... I'm just his friend.

JOAN

And... human, I take it?

MARTHA

Human, don't worry!

(resumes searching)

And more than that, I don't just follow him around, I'm training to be a doctor - not an alien Doctor, a proper doctor, doctor of medicine.

JOAN

Well that's certainly nonsense. Women might train as doctors, but hardly the skivvy. And hardly one of your colour -

MARTHA

Oh d'you think?

She faces Joan, smiling, smart, holds up her own hand -

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Bones of the hand. Carpal bones, proximal row, scaphoid, lunate, triquetral, pisiform, distal row, trapezium, trapezoid, capitate, hamate, then the metacarpal bones, extending into three distinct phalanges, proximal, middle and distal -

JOAN

You read that in a book -

MARTHA

Yes! To pass my exams!

(quieter, kind)

Can't you see? All of this is true.

Joan staring; starting to believe.

Then, shouts from off, military commands from Rocastle.

JOAN  
...I must go.

MARTHA  
But if we find the watch, we can stop them  
-

JOAN  
The boys are going to fight. I might not  
be a doctor, but I'm still their nurse.  
They need me.

Joan - taking the journal - hurries out, upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES, JENNY & SCARECROWS, hearing the military shouts.

BAINES  
They've got an army, so have we -  
(yells into the night)  
Soldiers! *Sooooldiiiiiers!*

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT 11

EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS shamble on their way...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE #2 - NIGHT 11

And EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS, lolloping towards the school...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT 11

EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS, shambling on their mission. An army  
gathering...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY watching, delighted -

From far off, EIGHT MORE SCARECROWS lurching out of the night (no multiplication FX; done as cutaways).

BAINES

The Ship's been animating, we've plenty more Straw Jacks. War comes to England, a year in advance.

CLARK OOV

Son of Mine, Wife of Mine...

The voice is telepathic. Baines & Jenny automatically stiffen, close eyes; the GREEN PRAC LIGHT on their faces.

BAINES V/O

Father of Mine, what have you found?

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT 11

CLARK with the GREEN PRAC LIGHT-wash on his face. But his eyes are open, and he's grinning.

CLARK

His Tardis! The Doctor can't escape.

CUT TO THE TARDIS, 2 SCARECROWS at its side, pawing it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY eyes closed, in the PRAC GREEN LIGHT.

BAINES V/O

We have another weapon. You know what to do, Father of Mine...

And the PRAC LIGHT fades, they open their eyes.

BAINES

More soldiers!

And in the distance, from a different direction: MORE SCARECROWS, coming out of the night.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BOYS run through, carrying rifles -

On JOAN. Who's changed into Matron's uniform, just tidying it, nervous; battle dress. But she's been crying; tries to hold it back. Hides it, as SMITH runs in -

SMITH

- you boys, you're with Armitage and Thwaites, they know the drill -

He sees her. As he walks towards her, she starts laying out her medical equipment. Official, efficient. And during this, she keeps laying out supplies:

SMITH (CONT'D)

Joan, it's not safe in here -

JOAN

I'm doing my duty, just as much as you.

(beat; small smile)

Fine evening we've had together.

SMITH

(small smile)

Not quite as planned.

JOAN

Tell me about Nottingham.

SMITH

I'm sorry?

JOAN

That's where you were brought up. Tell me about it.

SMITH

Well... It lies on the River Leen, with its southern boundary following the course of the River Trent, which flows from Stoke to the Humber -

JOAN

No, but that sounds like an encyclopedia. Where did you live?

SMITH

Broadmarsh Street. Adjacent to Hockley Terrace, in the district of Radford Parade

-

JOAN

But more than the facts. When you were a child... where did you play? All those secret little places, the dens and hideaways that only a child knows, tell me about them.

Close on Smith, struggling... and he can't. And Joan's scared, close to tears.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Tell me, John. Please tell me.

SMITH  
...I won't be tested.

JOAN  
Why can't you tell me..?

SMITH  
How can you think I'm not real? When I look at you. When I kissed you. Was that a lie?

JOAN  
No. No it wasn't, no.

SMITH  
But this Doctor, he sounds like some romantic lost prince. Would you rather that? Am I not enough?

JOAN  
That's not true. Never.

Shouts from off, Rocastle's commands.

SMITH  
I've got to go.

JOAN  
Martha was right about one thing, though. Those boys, they're children, and John Smith wouldn't want them to fight - never mind the Doctor, I mean the John Smith I

was getting to know. He knows it's wrong.  
Doesn't he...?

SMITH  
...what choice do I have?

And suddenly, he kisses her. More shouts from off. Then they separate, and he can't even look at her, runs away.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL SMITH'S STUDY - NIGHT 11

MARTHA throws a whole pile of stuff over. Gives a stifled *gahhh!*, *furious*. *Runs out* -

CUT TO:

INT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

Lots of action - BOYS running to and fro - TIM with the ammunition, at the Vickers Gun, HUTCHINSON ready to man the gun. He's calling across to BOYS:

HUTCHINSON  
Get those bags piled up, filth, they're going to be the difference between life and death for us!

TIM  
Not for you and me.

HUTCHINSON  
What are you babbling about?

TIM  
We go to battle. Together.

CU Tim - CUT TO -

Fast, blurred images, sc.8/46, the Front Line -

CUT BACK TO Tim, staring.

TIM (CONT'D)  
We fight alongside. I've seen it. But not here, not now.

Hutchinson quieter; actually listening to him.

HUTCHINSON  
...what's that supposed to mean?

TIM  
So that means... You and I both survive  
this. But how?

He takes the watch from his pocket.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Maybe I saw those things for a reason.  
Maybe I was given this... So I could  
help...  
(leaps up)  
I'm sorry -

He runs off back into the school.

HUTCHINSON  
Latimer! You filthy coward!

TIM  
Oh yes! Every time, sir!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY, surrounded by SCARECROWS, hearing -

LITTLE GIRL OOV  
Brother of Mine, Mother of Mine...

They lift their heads, close their eyes, PRAC GREEN LIGHT...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

Deserted, except for the LITTLE GIRL, and balloon. She's got  
eyes closed, face bathed in PRAC GREEN LIGHT.

LITTLE GIRL V/O  
There's something. In the air.  
Something Time Lord...

BAINES OOV  
Find it, Sister of Mine...

PRAC LIGHT fades, Little Girl skips down the corridor...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 11

Deserted, except for TIM. Huddled on the floor, clutching the fobwatch, rocking to and fro, as though willing it to speak, muttering:

TIM  
...what do I do, what do I do, what do I  
do, what do I do...?

VOICES  
...beware...

TIM  
Beware of what?

VOICES  
Her.

Tim looks up. Right down the far end of the corridor - as great a distance as possible - THE LITTLE GIRL. Standing there, staring, holding her balloon.

And she *sniffs*.

Tim scared, but brave, stands. Neither moves, keep the distance between them:

TIM  
Keep away.

LITTLE GIRL  
Who are you?

TIM  
I saw you. At the dance, with that...  
Family, you're one of them.

LITTLE GIRL  
What are you hiding?

TIM  
Nothing.

LITTLE GIRL

What have you got there?

TIM

Nothing.

LITTLE GIRL

Show me. Little boy.

TIM

(brave)

I reckon... Whatever you are, you're still in the shape of a girl. How strong is she, d'you think? Does she really want to see -

(holds up watch)

- this - ?!

He's holding it towards her, like a weapon, and he opens it. PRAC WHITE LIGHT from inside -

FAST ZOOM INTO the CU LITTLE GIRL - shocked - seeing -

CUT TO CU the Doctor, as 8/36 - at his strongest - to CAMERA - and even CLOSER, his face, his power - INTERCUT FAST with images from Ep.3.X sc.105, the Doctor as the God of Destruction, surrounded by fire and flame -

SUDDEN CUT BACK TO the Little Girl. Terrified! And she turns and runs -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

CU BAINES & JENNY & PRAC GREEN LIGHT - but suddenly *shocked* out of it - light gone - sharing the Little Girl's trauma -

BAINES

Time Lord!

JENNY

Inside the device!

BAINES

Everything he is. Concealed away. In the hands of a schoolboy.

(recovering his swagger)

But now we know. That's all we need to find, the boy, and the watch, what are we waiting for?!

(yells)

*Attaaaaack - !*

And the SCARECROWS lurch forward -

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

BOYS ready, rifles in hand, the Vickers Gun crew centre. NB, BOYS OVER 16 with rifles; just TWO BOYS with rifles are noticeably younger, maybe 12 years old, hoisting their guns up, looking so young. The other younger boys ready to supply ammo. ROCASTLE in command, SMITH beside him.

ROCASTLE

Stand to!

(to Vickers crew)

At post!

The BOYS tense up even further, ready to fire, terrified.

All staring at the doors to the courtyard. As it begins. The thumping, the banging from outside. Trying to break open the doors. Relentless, never stopping, the bang, bang, bang...

Fingers tightening on triggers...

Suddenly - an interior door slams open, MARTHA runs out - goes straight to Smith -

MARTHA

You've got to stop them - they're just boys, you got to get them out -

SMITH

I am not the Doctor!

MARTHA

I don't mean him, I mean John Smith!  
You've gotta stop them, you!

ROCASTLE

Mr Smith, I've warned you, remove that insolent girl!

Smith grabs her, fierce, pulls her inside -

MARTHA

- you've got to listen - get off! - you've  
just got to *listen* - !

ROCASTLE

Enemy in front!

All the boys face the doors again. As the bang-bang-banging gets worse... the doors starting to give...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

SMITH practically throws MARTHA back inside -

MARTHA

- but if you told those boys to retreat,  
they'd do it! I'm begging you, I'm just  
begging you, don't do this -

SMITH

(furious, close)

The Doctor, in those stories, he fights,  
doesn't he? The great warrior! Well  
*isn't this him?*

And he storms back outside -

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

The doors, banging, banging -

SMITH runs to his position. Grabs the rifle off ONE OF THE YOUNG 12 Y/O ARMED BOYS, hisses -

SMITH

Get inside. I said, get in!

The boy runs off, scared -

It's all Smith can do, the token gesture, as he readies his gun. Takes aim at the doors.

The doors, banging, banging, the crossbar jolting...

ROCASTLE has his hand in the air (not armed himself).

ROCASTLE  
Steady... Find the biting point...

Which means, the tension in the trigger just before firing.  
Fingers tighten in triggers...

The tension on all the faces...

The crossbar breaks/falls - doors burst open -

The doorway filled with twisted SCARECROWS -

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)  
Fire!

The boys fire -

- gun after gun after gun -

- Hutchinson fires the Vickers Gun, the rattle of bullets -

Smith makes to fire, but finds he can't. He just can't. He tries to concentrate against the huge, vast noise.

CUT TO MARTHA & JOAN in a window. Staring, horrified.

SCARECROWS twist and fall -

- flakes of straw fill the air, floating, drifting, somehow beautiful in the carnage -

As scarecrows fall, more appear in the doorway, charging on like brainless things -

But the focus isn't on them; it's on those firing:

Smith staring, gun still held up, but...

He looks round. Sees the BOY firing, near him.

The boy is screaming, his face red with rage. And fear.

Slow time now, as Smith looks around the courtyard, all noises becoming distant, muffled.

Smith sees the faces. Rocastle, yelling.

HUTCHINSON on the Vickers Gun - teeth clenched, shuddering with the gun's power - the good soldier -

And then, the boys. Some of them are intoxicated by it, intense, roaring.

Some are fumbling, clumsy in battle, scared.

Some are terrified to the point of tears.

And then the SECOND YOUNGER BOY. Who's holding his gun, but just crying, helpless, desperate.

And the scarecrows keep on tumbling, twisting, falling, straw floating all around.

And slowly, Smith lowers his gun...

He doesn't know who he is any more.

And then, cutting across, back into real time -

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)  
Cease fire!

A terrible silence.

Nothing of the scarecrows is left, just ripped clothes and piles of straw. Dust and straw in the air, now settling.

And now, all the boys, lowering weapons, look doubtful, dazed. It was a slaughter. What have they done..?

Smith is horrified.

Hutchinson is panting, white, holding it together.

Rocastle slowly walks out towards the remnants of the scarecrows. And even he's dazed.

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)  
Just straw. Like he said. Straw.

The news spreads around the boys. Relief, hysteria, some laughing, relieved.

HUTCHINSON  
Then no one's dead, sir. We killed... No one.

A look of relief from Rocastle, also.

There's a noise from outside. Footsteps on gravel -

ROCASTLE  
Stand to!

Meaning, get ready to fire again - he runs back to his position - frantic reloading, the click-click-click of weapons - all the BOYS lift their guns again, even those who were upset, still doing their duty.

Footsteps, the open doors full of night, inviting danger...

And then the LITTLE GIRL appears. Skips into the doorway. Holding her balloon. Stands there. Smiling.

Hold; the incredulous boys, pointing their guns at a child. Then, glances all around. What to do..?

Then Rocastle recovers, coming to his senses...

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)  
You, child! Get out of the way, quickly, get into the school, you don't know who's out there.  
(steps forward)  
It's the Wainwright girl, isn't it? Come here, come to me...

But behind him, Martha steps out of the school. Controlling herself - trying to keep calm; the courtyard's so tense, it feels like a shout would start the firing again. Joan follows her out, though stays back.

MARTHA  
Mr Rocastle, please. Don't go near her.

ROCASTLE  
You were told to be quiet.

MARTHA  
Just listen to me. She's part of it. Mr Smith..?

SMITH  
...she was... She was with Baines, in the village.

MARTHA  
Matron. Tell him.

JOAN  
I think... I don't know, I think you  
should stay back, Headmaster.

ROCASTLE  
She's a girl. She's no more than what,  
twelve years old..?  
(approaches the girl)  
Now you just come with me.

SMITH  
I really don't think you should -

ROCASTLE  
Mr Smith. I've seen many strange things  
this night. But there is no cause on God's  
Earth that would allow me to see this child  
in the field of battle, sir.

And he's a few feet away from her. Reaches out his hand.

ROCASTLE (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

LITTLE GIRL  
You're funny.

ROCASTLE  
That's right. Now take my hand.

LITTLE GIRL  
So funny.

And smiling, she lifts up her gun -

FX: she FIRES A BOLT, and Rocastle disappears, screaming.

The boys look on, shocked.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Now who's going to shoot me? Any of you?  
Really?

Boys dazed, blinking, no one knows what to do - despite  
Rocastle's death, they still can't quite believe what they saw.  
All rules are off. And then...

A quiet voice, still keeping it unnaturally calm:

SMITH  
Put down your guns.

HUTCHINSON  
But sir. The Headmaster...

SMITH  
I'll not see this happen. Not any more.  
That is an order. Put down your guns.

And one by one - not all together, all disordered - they lower their guns, put them to the floor. All still keeping an eye on the Little Girl.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
You will retreat. In an orderly fashion.  
Back into the school. Hutchinson, lead the way.

HUTCHINSON  
But sir -

SMITH  
I said, lead the way -

And BAINES leaps into the courtyard doorway, savage -

BAINES  
Go on then, *ruuuuuuuuuun* - !

And he fires -

FX: ONE, TWO, THREE BOLTS lancing out -

PRAC EXPLOSION on the wall - but above head height, he's just scaring them -

But it's instant panic - at last the boys are just boys, and they run like kids, terrified, into the school - all a blur - running, stumbling - chaos -

Martha runs to Smith - grabs him -

MARTHA  
Come on - !

And she pulls him, they're running -

CUT TO BAINES, laughing, as JENNY joins him, and from behind them, more SCARECROWS run - at their fastest - into the school, in pursuit -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

BOYS run, terrified -

Behind them, the SCARECROWS, their shambling run -

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO DORM - NIGHT 11

TIM running up the stairs -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR #2 - NIGHT 11

SMITH running, with MARTHA & JOAN, but he's still taking care of BOYS, hurrying them through an internal door -

SMITH  
Quickly, this way, all of you, out through  
the garage - !

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GARAGE - NIGHT 11

An empty, dark space - SMITH, MARTHA, JOAN & BOYS run through, open the door to the outside - and they herd the BOYS out - throughout dialogue, boys whipping through frame -

SMITH  
Out you go, quick as you can -

MARTHA  
- don't go to the village, it's not safe  
-

SMITH  
- go to the railway station at Market  
Cross, it's only two miles across country  
- and you, ladies -

JOAN  
Not till we've got the boys out -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

The LITTLE GIRL stands there - as SCARECROWS hold captured BOYS as prisoners, BAINES & JENNY grab boys, one by one, shove them in front of the Little Girl for identification -

JENNY  
One of these boys has got the watch - this one?

LITTLE GIRL  
No.

And that boy's thrown back to the scarecrows - Baines pushes the next boy forward -

BAINES  
This one - ?

LITTLE GIRL  
No.

JENNY  
This one?

LITTLE GIRL  
No -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 11

HUTCHINSON & TWO BOYS, captured by SCARECROWS, being forced back down the corridor towards the Entrance Hall, struggling, kicking -

HUTCHINSON  
Get off me! I said get off - !

But the scarecrows are strong, pull him along -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GARAGE - NIGHT 11

SMITH, MARTHA, JOAN, hurrying BOYS through the door -

SMITH  
- out, out, out, keep running -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BAINES shoves HUTCHINSON in front of the LITTLE GIRL (other discarded BOYS huddled on the floor, b/g, terrified, JENNY & SCARECROWS standing over them) -

BAINES  
This one, is that him?

LITTLE GIRL  
No.

BAINES  
Then we can kill this lot -

And he swings his gun round - at Hutchinson -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 11

TIM stands centre, takes a deep breath - like this *hurts* -

And he opens the watch, holds it up high, like a beacon, its PRAC LIGHT shining between his fingers -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT 11

BAINES, with his gun, at HUTCHINSON, But -

He looks up, sharp - and JENNY, and the LITTLE GIRL -

BAINES  
That's him!

JENNY  
Upstairs -

BAINES  
Come on - !

And they run out - SCARECROWS following -  
The BOYS left behind, dazed.

HUTCHINSON  
Well don't just stand there - outside, come  
on, out - !

And they run -

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 11

HUTCHINSON & BOYS run out - run for their lives -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 11

TIM closes the watch -

Then heads out of the window, Baines's old escape route -

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO DORM - NIGHT 11

BAINES & JENNY run upstairs -

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL DORM - NIGHT 11

- BAINES and JENNY burst in -

The room's empty.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GARAGE - NIGHT 11

Boys gone, just SMITH, MARTHA & JOAN, as Smith runs back to the interior door, leading to the school -

SMITH  
- now I insist, the pair of you, just go,  
if there's any more boys inside, I'll find  
them -

Said, opening the door -

The doorway FULL OF SCARECROWS, reaching out -

Smith slams it shuts! Locks it!

SMITH (CONT'D)  
I think... retreat!

And all three leg it, to the outside -

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

SMITH, MARTHA & JOAN run out -

WIDE SHOT of the SCHOOL EXTERIOR. The strangest of sights, the collapse of this old institution; the shapes of BOYS running in all directions, like animals, into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE ALONGSIDE SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

NB, with the SCHOOL visible in b/g, though a good distance away - SMITH, MARTHA & JOAN running - when, from far off -

CLARK OOV  
Doctor! *Doc-taaaa - !*

Bellowing across the night. Smith slows. Looks round...

Far off: in front of the school itself, CLARK with SCARECROWS, surrounding their prize.

The TARDIS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

CLARK, SCARECROWS & TARDIS - with BAINES, JENNY & LITTLE GIRL walking out of the school, towards them, grinning. (NB, Smith, Martha & Joan way off, can't be seen.) They call out in all directions:

CLARK

Come back, Doctor! Come home! Come and  
claim your prize!

BAINES  
Out you come, Doctor! That's a good boy!  
Come to the family!

JENNY  
Time to end it, now! Come out, Doctor,  
come to us!

CUT TO:

EXT. LANE ALONGSIDE SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

SMITH staring. MARTHA going to him, gentle, JOAN scared. (All  
hidden by some wall, hedge...?)

MARTHA  
You recognise it, don't you?

SMITH  
...never seen it in my life.

MARTHA  
D'you remember its name...?

JOAN  
I'm sorry, John, but you wrote about it.  
The box, you dreamt of a blue box.

SMITH  
I'm not...

And now, he starts to break down. Tearful. A plain and  
ordinary reaction, and so human.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
I'm John Smith. That's all I want to be.  
John Smith. With his life. And his job.  
(to Joan)  
And his love. Why can't I be John Smith?  
Isn't he a good man?

JOAN  
(tearful)  
Yes, yes he is.

SMITH

Why can't I stay?

MARTHA  
(so sad)  
It's called the Tardis.

SMITH  
And what am I, then? Nothing? Just  
nothing? I'm just a story?

And he can't bear it. He runs away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT 11

BAINES, JENNY, CLARK, LITTLE GIRL & SCARECROWS, around the Tardis.

JENNY  
Humans think they're so advanced. But  
they scatter like rats.

BAINES  
(of the Tardis)  
Soldiers, guard this thing -  
(to Jenny)  
Onwards, Mother of Mine! One final stage,  
and we won't have to hunt. The Doctor, Mr  
Smith, the boy and the watch... they will  
come to us!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 11

TIM runs, runs, runs through the woods -

A distance away, running like ragged, wild things, the SCARECROWS - far away from Tim, not in direct pursuit of him, just routing all those who are fleeing.

And Tim keeps running -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT 11

SMITH - recovering - MARTHA & JOAN running - Joan stops -

JOAN  
This way - !

SMITH  
We've got to keep going -

JOAN  
I think I know somewhere we can hide - just  
listen to me for once, John, now follow me!

And they head off in a different direction -

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 11

HUTCHINSON, cradled at the base of a tree, all curled up,  
terrified. And he's crying.

Then he's terrified - a noise - he scrabbles back -

But it's TIM. Standing over him. He's quiet, calm, seems so  
much older, already knowing what has to happen.

TIM  
I knew you'd survive.

HUTCHINSON  
(ashamed)  
Go away.

TIM  
You had to. For the visions to come true.

HUTCHINSON  
Stop talking like that.

TIM  
It told me...

He holds out the watch, its casing closed.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Hold it. Go on, just hold it.

Hutchinson, wary, does so.

TIM (CONT'D)  
What can you hear?

HUTCHINSON

Nothing.

TIM

I thought so. Like... it's just meant for me. If the watch had stayed where it was, we'd all be dead by now. It's like it knew, like it wanted me to carry it.

And he's so certain, that Hutchinson believes him, now.

HUTCHINSON

...what for?

TIM

You were right. I have been a coward. I was so scared of him. But now it's time to do my duty.

He starts to walks away -

HUTCHINSON

Where are you going?

TIM

Hutchinson. In a few years, we'll be fighting again. In the mud and the dark. Will you trust me?

HUTCHINSON

I don't know what you mean.

TIM

Will you trust me?

HUTCHINSON

...yes.

That's all Tim needs; he walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

JOAN, running, leads SMITH & MARTHA towards a small, comfortable cottage. As they slow down...

JOAN

Here we are. Should be empty. Oh! Long time since I ran that far!

MARTHA  
But who lives here?

JOAN  
If I'm right... no one.

She tries the door. It opens.

They head in...

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

An ordinary 1913 family home. A bit Marie Celeste, a cup of tea perched on the arm of a chair, a newspaper open on the floor, where it fell. A child's rocking horse.

JOAN, MARTHA, SMITH enter cautiously.

JOAN  
Hello?  
(beat)  
No one at home. We should be safe.

MARTHA  
Whose house is it, though?

JOAN  
The Wainwrights. That little girl at the school, she's Lucy Wainwright. Or she's taken Lucy Wainwright's form. And if she came home this afternoon, if the parents tried to stop their little girl... They were vanished.

(picks up the tea)  
Stone cold.  
(beat)  
How easily I can accept these ideas.

Smith sits down, weary.

SMITH  
I must go to them. This 'family'. Before anyone else dies.

JOAN

But you can't! Martha, there must be something we can do.

MARTHA

Not without the watch.

SMITH

But you're this Doctor's companion, can't you help?!

(takes his anger out on her)

What else are you good for?! What exactly d'you do for him? Why does he need you?

MARTHA

(quiet)

Because he's lonely.

Which stops Smith dead.

SMITH

...and that's what you want me to become?

He sits again, despairing.

Hold the pause, then - a knock at the door. All scared, frozen. Then Martha makes to go -

JOAN

What if it's them?

MARTHA

I'm not an expert, but I don't think scarecrows knock.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

MARTHA opens the door -

And TIM's standing there. Polite, formal. He holds out the watch.

TIM

I brought you this.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 11

BAINES swaggering in, loving this, JENNY, CLARK & LITTLE GIRL with him. Baines throwing levers, stabbing buttons.

SMITH

Power up! Fully armed and ready. Mother and Father and Sister of Mine, prepare the armaments.

They all get busy, pressing controls; lights on consoles illuminate, the sound of power building.

BAINES

I doubt that England is ready for this.  
Fix targets. And counting down...

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

SMITH scared, facing...

MARTHA, holding out the watch. A distance away, trying not to antagonise him, but... JOAN watching, TIM looking grave. All quiet, controlled, so tense:

MARTHA

Hold it. Just hold it.

SMITH

I won't.

MARTHA

Please. Just hold it.

TIM

It told me to find you, it wants to be held.

JOAN

(to Tim)

But if you had the watch all this time, why didn't you return it?

TIM

Cos it was waiting, and... Cos I was so scared. Of the Doctor.

JOAN

Why?

TIM

Because I've seen him. And he's like fire. And ice. And rage. He's like the night and the storm and the heart of the sun -

SMITH

(upset)

Stop it -

TIM

- he's ancient and forever, he burns at the centre of time, and he can see the turn of the universe -

SMITH

Stop it, I said stop it -

TIM

- and he is wonderful.

Silence.

Hold. Long time.

Then Joan, quiet, hesitant...

JOAN

I've still got this...

From her nurse's apron: the JOURNAL.

SMITH

That's just stories.

JOAN

We know that's not true. Perhaps there's something in here -

- a massive *CRUMP!* of an explosion from outside, the whole room shakes -

MARTHA

What the hell - ?

- a second *CRUMP!*, the room shakes -

They run to the window -

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 11

WIDE SHOT, including the horizon.

FX: TWO BOLTS, like burning, white shooting stars, arc across the skyline, heading downwards...

FX: and on the horizon, the bloom of two explosions.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 11

BAINES laughing, JENNY, CLARK & LITTLE GIRL - fun time!

BAINES

Oh this'll flush him out, this'll do it -  
super, super fun - !

And he stabs the controls -

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

In the window: SMITH, MARTHA, JOAN, TIM, all horrified.  
CRUMP!, the noise of another hit, in the distance -

JOAN

They're destroying the village.

Then Smith turns, suddenly - grabs the watch off Martha - runs to the centre of the room -

JOAN (CONT'D)  
- John, don't -

But he doesn't open it. Just holds it tight. Breathes deep.  
The others staring. And he can hear it...

The faint babble of voices. He's relieved; he's despairing.

TIM

Can you hear it?

SMITH

...like he's asleep. Waiting to be woken.

TIM

Why did he speak to me?

SMITH

Oh, low level telepathic field, you were born with it, just an extra synaptic engram, causing... Is that how he talks?

MARTHA

(small smile)

That's him. All you have to do is open it, and he's back.

A *CRUMP!* from outside.

Joan, in b/g, looks out of the window, distressed. Then she turns to the journal. Reads it, properly this time (NB, as unnoticed as possible).

Facing Martha, Smith's no longer smiling.

SMITH

You knew all this. And yet you watched, while Joan and I...

MARTHA

I didn't know how to stop you. He gave me a list of things to watch out for, but that wasn't included!

SMITH

Falling in love. That didn't even occur to him?

MARTHA

No.

SMITH

Then what sort of man is that? And now you're asking me to die?

A *CRUMP!* from outside, closer, ornaments rattle.

MARTHA

It was always gonna end, though - the Doctor said, the Family's got a limited lifespan, that's why they need to consume

a Time Lord. Otherwise, three months, and they die. Like mayflies, he said. I just had to wait three months, then open the watch.

SMITH  
So your job was to execute me.

MARTHA  
But people are dying out there! They need him. And... I need him. Cos you've got no idea what he's like, I've only just met him, it wasn't even that long ago, but... He's everything, he's just everything to me, and he doesn't even look at me but I don't care, cos I love him to bits, and I hope to God he won't remember me saying this -

*CRUMP!* PRAC FX: a trickle of dust falls from the ceiling.

TIM  
It's getting closer.

Then Smith's desperate; almost like a kid, pleading -

SMITH  
I should have thought of it before!  
(the watch)  
I can give them this! Just the watch!  
Then they can leave, and I can stay as I am!

Both strong, now -

MARTHA  
You can't do that!

SMITH  
They want the Doctor, they can have him!

MARTHA  
He'd never let you do it!

SMITH  
He's not here, is he?! If they get what they want, then -

And then, quiet, calm, cutting across them; and Joan has never been more certain, more in control.

JOAN

Then it all ends in destruction.

(of the journal)

I never read to the end. But those creatures would live forever. To breed and conquer. War, across the stars. For every child.

Silence. Then with such dignity:

JOAN (CONT'D)

Martha. Timothy. Could you leave us alone?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 11

REPEAT (RESIZE/FLIP?) FX SHOT from 66, bolts arcing across the sky. The glow of explosions and fire on the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

Both MARTHA & TIM sit on the step of the front door, miserable. CRUMP! in the distance. And she hugs him.

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

JOAN with SMITH. For all the emotions underneath, both so dignified, so respectful.

JOAN

If I could do this instead of you, I would.

I had hoped...

(beat)

But my hopes are not important.

SMITH

He won't love you.

JOAN

If he isn't you, then I don't want him to.

(beat)

I had one husband. He died, and I never thought I'd ever again... And then you... You were so...

SMITH

And it was real, I wasn't... I really thought...

Both right on the edge. Deep breath, control it:

JOAN

Let me see.

He hands her the watch.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Blasted thing. Blasted blasted thing. I can't even hear it. Says nothing to me.

And then, on instinct, he reaches out...

On instinct, she returns the gesture, holding out her hand, holding the watch...

Their hands meet centre, clasping the watch between them.

CU Smith - eyes widening, seeing -

CU Joan - eyes widening, seeing -

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - FLASH FORWARD TO DAY X

Year, 1915. An archway, a church door: TIGHT ON SMITH & JOAN, stepping out. Married, both in wedding clothes. And so happy. Confetti filling the air, a blizzard.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN & SMITH'S BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD TO DAY X

Year, 1916. JOAN and SMITH happy together in the future.

Joan in bed, tired, smiling, holding...

Their baby. Smith sits on the bed. Overawed, eyes full of tears.

She gives him the baby. He holds his child.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - FLASH FORWARD TO DAY X

Year, 1926. SMITH & JOAN - just a little older - walk along a country lane. With them, the CHILDREN, TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN & SMITH'S BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD DAY X

Year, 1963. JOHN SMITH is an old, old man, now, in bed. Growing weaker.

A figure at the bed, JOAN, is holding his hand, but she's just a voice; hold this on Smith. His speech is very weak, a whisper. But this is important:

SMITH

They're all safe, aren't they? The children. The grandchildren. Everyone's safe?

JOAN

Everyone's safe. And they all send their love, John.

SMITH

Well then. It's done.  
(smiles at her)  
Thank you.

He closes his eyes. And -

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - NIGHT 11

SMITH and JOAN snap out of the moment. Staring at each other; overwhelmed.

SMITH

Did you see...?

She just nods, then:

JOAN

The Time Lord has such adventures. But he could never have all that.

SMITH  
And yet *I* could...

*CRUMP!* The loudest of all, the room rattles.

JOAN  
What are you going to do?

On Smith, holding the watch...

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - NIGHT 11

BAINES slamming switches - distant *crumps!* - JENNY, CLARK, the LITTLE GIRL bunched around him. He's loving it:

BAINES  
We'll blast them into dust, then fuse the dust into glass, then shatter them all over again -

Saying that, he spins round -

And there's SMITH. Holding the watch. So scared.

SMITH  
Just, I beg of you, stop the bombardment, that's all I'm asking, I'll do anything you want, just stop.

BAINES  
Say please.

SMITH  
Please.

Baines slams down switches. Grinning. The noise powers down, the sound of explosions stop.

JENNY  
Wait a minute...

And she sniffs at him, deep. Then happy:

JENNY (CONT'D)

Still human.

SMITH

I can't pretend to understand, not for a second. But I want you to know, I'm innocent in all this -

Stepping forward, he stumbles - hand splays across a number of buttons - steps back -

SMITH (CONT'D)

He made me John Smith, it's not like I had any control over it -

And stepping back, he stumbles again - hand splays over more switches behind him -

JENNY

He didn't just make himself human, he made himself an idiot.

BAINES

Same thing, isn't it?

SMITH

I don't care about this Doctor, and your Family, I just want you to go, so I've made my choice - you can have him, just take it, please, take him away -

He steps forward. Holding out the watch.

BAINES

At last.

He takes it - then grabs Smith -

BAINES (CONT'D)

Don't think that's saved your life.

And he shoves him - Smith sprawls back, across more machinery; hands splaying over buttons and controls.

BAINES (CONT'D)

Family of Mine. Now we shall have the lives of a Time Lord.

All excited, gathering round, as Baines opens the watch -

Nothing.

Baines sniffs at it.

BAINES (CONT'D)  
It's empty.

SMITH  
But... where's he gone?

BAINES  
You tell me.

And Baines throws the watch at him, vicious -

Except, *whap!*, Smith catches it, the most perfect, casual catch. Like an expert. And he's so different, now:

SMITH  
Oh, I think the explanation might be that you've been fooled by a simple olfactory misdirection, which is an elementary trick in certain parts of the galaxy -

- and casually, he puts on his old, familiar glasses -

SMITH (CONT'D)  
- and it's got to be said, I don't like the look of that hydrokinometer, cos if there's one thing you shouldn't have done, you shouldn't have let me press all those buttons, but, in fairness, I will give you one word of advice.

CU, right at them, and now it's THE DOCTOR saying:

THE DOCTOR  
Run.

And he's gone, out -

The Family suddenly surrounded by flashing lights, a deep red wash pulsing over the whole room, alarms sounding -

CU Baines, bellowing in rage -

BAINES  
Get out! Get out - !

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD BESIDE THE WOODS - NIGHT 11

THE DOCTOR runs across the field -

A distance behind, the FAMILY run - and behind them -

FX: an almighty explosion - the Family thrown into silhouette, as they throw themselves to the ground.

CU BAINES on the ground. Shakes his head, dazed, gradually recovering...

CU the LITTLE GIRL, on the ground. Still clutching her balloon. But as she looks up, her eyes widen, and she's afraid. (Start her V.O. from here)

CU BAINES, on the floor, looking up. Afraid.

CU JENNY, looking up, afraid...

CU CLARK, looking up, afraid...

The Doctor stands above them. Like a God of the Night. Lit by flames from the wreckage. The dark sky above him. A huge, terrifying hero shot of his strength and power.

Over this:

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

He never raised his voice. That was the worst thing. The fury of the Time Lord. And then we discovered why - why this Doctor, who'd fought Gods and Demons, why he'd run away from us, and hidden.

CU the Doctor. Staring down, terrifying.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was being kind.

CUT TO:

INT. MODERN CORRIDOR - DAY 12

The shiny futuristic corridor again, as 8/36 - THE DOCTOR, from here dressed like himself, throws CLARK, wrapped in chains, to the ground like a felled tree.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)  
He wrapped my father in unbreakable  
chains, forged in the heart of a dwarf  
star.

The Doctor strides away without looking back -

CUT TO:

INT. TARDIS - DAY 12

FX: JENNY is staggering back towards the open TARDIS doors, a beautiful, spinning vortex outside - PRAC WIND blasting her - she's being pulled back by the force of it -

THE DOCTOR, at the console, blown by wind but standing tall, ignoring it, staring, impassive.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)  
He tricked my mother into the event horizon  
of a collapsing galaxy.

FX: she falls through the door, bellowing and screaming, falling forever into the vortex - until, foreground, the Tardis door slams shut -

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To be imprisoned there forever.

The Doctor hits a switch, determined, moving on -

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY 12

CU BAINES, his face frozen in a rictus grin. Eyes staring; his body alive, but suspended in time. Widen, to see that he's standing with arms spread out... Widen, to see that he's actually pinned up, frozen, in the position of a scarecrow, in a scarecrow's clothing -

WIDER, to see him standing in an English field. As THE DOCTOR approaches, strolling across.

CUT TO CLOSER, as the Doctor pulls down a mask over Baine's unblinking face. A scarecrow's mask (a simple cloth version, easily pulled down over the head like sacking). But his unmoving eyes are still staring out of the eyesockets...

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

My brother was suspended in time. And so the Doctor put him to work, standing over the fields of England. As their protector.

WIDE AGAIN, and the Doctor walks away. The cawing of rooks; the scarecrow on duty, forever. Over this:

LITTLE GIRL V/O

We wanted to live forever. So the Doctor made sure that we did.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY 12

(NB, could be school location?) THE DOCTOR walks up to a MIRROR on the wall; a beautiful mirror, classy gold frame.

DOCTOR & REFLECTION, as he knots his tie. All seems normal and fine. Until he glances, cold, to the side. CAMERA creeping in, slowly, following his stare... the reflection behind the Doctor dark, shadowy... creeping closer until...

Deep in the reflection, a door, just open a crack: and staring through, into CAMERA, not moving: the LITTLE GIRL. A glimpse of the edge of her balloon.

LITTLE GIRL (V.O.)

As for me. Once a year, every year, he comes back to see me. I wonder if one day he might forgive me. But there I am. Can you see? He trapped me inside a mirror. Every mirror. If ever you look at your reflection, and see something move behind you, just for a second... That's me. That's always me.

And the Doctor walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. WAINWRIGHTS' COTTAGE - DAY 12

JOAN has waited all night. And now, as she hears footsteps, she's so on edge, still hoping, and yet she can't look; makes herself look out of the window, as THE DOCTOR walks into the room. So calm, so quiet:

JOAN

Is it done?

THE DOCTOR  
It's done.

Pause.

JOAN  
The police and the army are up at school.  
Parents are coming, to take their boys  
home. I should go, they'll have so many  
questions, though I'm not sure what to say  
-

And finally, she turns -

She sees him. She's so lost, so shy.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Oh. You look the same. Goodness! You  
must forgive my rudeness, I find it  
difficult to look at you. Doctor. I must  
call you Doctor.

(quiet)

Where is he? John Smith?

THE DOCTOR  
He's in here somewhere.

JOAN  
Like a story.  
(pause)  
I miss him.  
(pause)  
Could you change back?

THE DOCTOR  
Yes.

JOAN  
Then... will you?

THE DOCTOR  
No.

JOAN  
I see. Well. Then I take it you've come  
to say goodbye? Which is very kind. I

appreciate that. Thank you. Thank you very much -

THE DOCTOR  
Come with me.

JOAN  
I'm sorry?

THE DOCTOR  
Travel with me.

JOAN  
...with the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR  
We could start again. I'd like that. You and me, we could try, at least. Cos everything that John Smith is and was, I'm capable of that too -

JOAN  
I *can't*.

THE DOCTOR  
But why not?

JOAN  
John Smith is dead. And you look like him.

The Doctor steps forward.

THE DOCTOR  
But he's here. Inside. If you look in my eyes...

But she refuses to, though she holds her head high.

JOAN  
Answer me this. Just one question, that's all, but... If the Doctor had never visited us, if he'd never chosen this place, on a whim...

And now, she looks at him.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Would anyone here have died?

Absolute silence. The Doctor steps back.

Hold the silence.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
You can go.

Then he turns. And walks away.

Joan stands there, dazed, grieving.

She sees the journal. He's left it for her.

She goes and picks it up. Hugs it to herself.

And starts to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE - DAY 12

The TARDIS now perched in the most huge, beautiful, pastoral setting possible, wide open grass and sky. THE DOCTOR is walking back towards it, MARTHA already there, waiting nearby, back in modern clothes.

THE DOCTOR  
Right then. Molto bene!

MARTHA  
...how was she?

THE DOCTOR  
Time we moved on.

MARTHA  
If you want, I could go and -

THE DOCTOR  
Time we moved on.

They head to the doors, the Doctor getting his key out.

MARTHA  
Um. Meant to say. Back there, last night, I would've said anything to get you to change -

Both embarrassed.

THE DOCTOR  
Oh yeah, course you would -

MARTHA  
I mean, I wasn't really...

THE DOCTOR  
No!

MARTHA  
Good!

THE DOCTOR  
Fine!

MARTHA  
So there we are, then.

THE DOCTOR  
There we are then, yes.  
(beat)  
And I never said. Thank you for looking  
after me.

And he gives her a great big hug. Interrupted by:

TIM  
Doctor! Martha!

TIM'S running towards them. They separate -

THE DOCTOR  
Tim Timothy Tim!

MARTHA  
Great timing.

TIM  
Thought you'd be leaving. Just wanted to  
say goodbye, and thanks, cos... I've seen  
my future, and I know what must be done.  
(quiet)  
It's coming, isn't it? The biggest war  
ever.

MARTHA  
You don't have to fight.

TIM

I think we do.

MARTHA  
But you could get hurt.

TIM  
So could you, travelling with him. Not gonna stop you though!

THE DOCTOR  
Tim. I'd be honoured if you'd take this.

He reaches into his pocket, gives Tim the fob watch.

TIM  
I can't hear anything...

THE DOCTOR  
No, it's just a watch, now. But keep it with you. For good luck.

MARTHA  
Look after yourself.

Martha grabs Tim and hugs him, kisses him on the cheek.

She goes into the Tardis. The Doctor takes a last look at Tim. Smiles.

THE DOCTOR  
You'll like this bit.

He goes inside, closes the door.

FX: the Tardis dematerialises, the breeze blowing...

And Tim's laughing. He likes it! Turns and walks away...

WIDE SHOT, Tim just an ordinary boy on an ordinary day, walking through that lovely English landscape. Walking away from CAMERA, into the distance, as the V/O starts...

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY X

FX: WS REPEAT FROM EP.8, World War One battlefield.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

In June 1914, an Archduke of Austria was shot by a Serbian. And this then led, through nations having treaties with nations, like a line of dominos falling, to some boys from England walking together, in Belgium, on a terrible day...

As before - though a longer sequence now -

TIM is propping up HUTCHINSON - his leg's injured, he can't walk without help. They stumble along.

But Tim opens the watch and looks 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 a POV heading right down at him, death about to hit them -

TIM (CONT'D)  
Down, to the left -

HUTCHINSON  
- keep going -

TIM  
Hutchinson, trust me - to the left!

And Hutchinson does - they throw themselves down, left -

FX: CU EXPLOSION -

A second's darkness, then...

On Tim & Hutchinson. Lying face down. Not moving. Hold, for a few seconds, then...

Tim looks up. Then Hutchinson.

They look around. Ears still ringing. Can't believe...

TIM (CONT'D)  
...we made it.

He sees the watch lying nearby, and grabs it. He's laughing.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Doctor. Thank you.  
(goes to help Hutchinson)  
Come on, old chap -

HUTCHINSON  
Leave me. Not gonna make it...

TIM  
Oh yes you are. Didn't I promise you, all those years ago? Now come on! Up! And that's an order!

Both laughing, grim, Hutchinson hauls himself up, and Tim supports him.

And they stagger on, through the mud.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY 12

On the proud face of an old man in a wheelchair, OLD TIM. He's looking at the fob watch, remembering. He wears his dress uniform, with medal ribbons, a Remembrance Day poppy in his lapel.

He's at a small Remembrance Day service, taking place around a war memorial.

A FEMALE VICAR is reading the words of the poem.

VICAR  
They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning. We will remember them.

Old Tim glances across at the onlookers, and the survivors. Fewer and fewer each year. And then he stops. Stares.

Scarcely able to believe his eyes...

At a great distance, there's MARTHA. She's just bought two poppies from a seller. She puts one in her buttonhole, then turns to put one in the buttonhole of THE DOCTOR.

Old Tim stares, amazed. Joyous.

They both turn to go, but as Martha walks away...

The Doctor looks across the distance.

Looks at Tim.

Old Tim is starting to cry, though happy.

And as he blinks...

The Doctor and Martha have gone.

Old Tim looks back at the memorial. In remembrance.

END OF EPISODE NINE.