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An Adventure in Space and Time

By Mark Gatiss

This is the BBC. The following programme is based on actual events. It's important to remember, however, that you can't rewrite history. Not one line. Except, perhaps, when you embark on an Adventure In Space And Time... Everything all right, sir? Are you okay? You need to move along now, sir. Sir... You're in the way. Hello? Er, Mr Hartnell? Mr Hartnell, sir, they're asking for you now. Shall I tell them you're coming now? - Tell them what you like. - Beg your pardon, Mr Hartnell? Tell them what you bloody well like! - Listen, I'm only doing my job. - Sod off, will you! I'm not ready! I need more time. Len! Len, for God's sake! You'll go up like a Roman Candle, if you're not careful. Can I take my head off, mate? I'm boiling in here. No. We'll be starting up again in a minute. Why? What's the hold up? You know who. Well, tell him to get his skates on! Some of us have got a bloody planet to invade. - Shh! - What? Can I see your pass, sir? Ah, come on, Harry. You know my face!

- That's as maybe, sir.
- Sydney Newman. Clue's in the name.
- Better than any mug-shot.
- Still need to see your pass, sir.
Ah, to hell with it!
That's not the way
we do things at the BBC, sir!
You don't say!
So, we got a great,
big thumping audience for
Grandstand, but we lose them
before the teeny boppers
tune in for Juke Box Jury, right?
- Right. Erm... correct.
- We got a gap to plug.
- 25 minutes.
- How about another Dickens?
Fossilised, Mervyn! Fusty. Frowsty.
And lots of less polite words
beginning with F.
Here's a word for you, though - fun!
FUN! You heard of fun, Mervyn?
It that something else
you've brought from ITV?
I hope so, I certainly hope so!
We need stuff to keep the sports
fans hooked and the kids too.
Competitive Tiddlywinks?
You know what I'm talking about.
science fiction?
Is it really that popular?
It was last time I took a look.
With juvenile boys, perhaps.
I like it.
Oh, let's have a wonderful time
Let's have a wonderful time
Come on, everybody
and let's have a wonderful time...
She thought the balloon had gone up.
- What?
- She thought we'd all had it.
Cuba! No point in holding back
if the missiles started flying.
So she put it about a bit.

A lot!

So what did they say? "You're only a production assistant, dear.

"It's a bit of a leap. "

I'm giving myself a year, Jackie.

Get on in television or get out.

Oh. What do I know?

I spend my time trying not to

bump into the cameras,

but don't pack in yet, Verity.

Softly, softly, eh?

- Mmm. You've got a... What?

- Red wine.

Oh. Red wine.

- Oh, Lord, it's on, isn't it?

- What?

The space shot! The Soviets.

Valentina what's-it.

- First woman in space!

- Oh, God, yes!

And there she is,

Valentina Tereshkova looking,

appropriately enough,

on top of the world.

Pop, pop, pop.

The first woman in space,

a major triumph there

for the Soviet Union

in the ever-escalating space race.

- Hello?

- Verity, it's Sydney.

- What?

- Sydney!

Sydney!

Hello, stranger.

- You know anything about children, Verity?

- Not a thing.

We want to do a science fiction

serial. Legitimate stuff, though.

- No tin robots or BEMs.

- BEMs?

Bug-Eyed Monsters! You know...

mutations and Death Rays.

Brains in glass jars,

that kind of crap.
It's going to run all year.
So a good-looking guy,
a good-looking girl
and a kid who gets herself
into all kinds of trouble.
Plus an older man. Quirky.
I'll come back to him.
They travel about in space
and time getting into scrapes!
- That's a lovely idea!
- You know me. Pop! Pop! Pop!
And we want history too.
Proper history.
The kids at home should learn
something.
And what about this other man?
The quirky character?
- He's a doctor. -
A doctor? - Mm-hmm.
He should be a doctor,
don't you think?
Makes him an authority figure,
Sorta, kinda reassuring.
So, what do you think?
Look, Sydney, I'd love to work with
you again. Really I would.
It's just...
I gave myself a year.
Get on in TV or get out...
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
I don't want you to
be my assistant again, kid!
I want you to produce it!
Produce it?
Sure. They've never had a female
producer here! Sit down!
You're just what this place needs!
- Someone with piss and vinegar in
their veins! - Thanks! I think.
- I did a show called Pathfinders
at ITV. You see it? - Um...
We had an old guy as the hero.
A grumpy old guy.

That's what we want here.

Wait for it! Attention!

Oh, my stars!

What did I do to deserve you lot?

Drivel.

- We'll make her a skirt...

- No-one rung?

- Not since you last asked.

- All right.

- Five minutes ago.

- All right, all right!

You've only been out of work

a couple of weeks.

Well, I'm not built

for lazing around, am I?

I've got to graft

or I'll go round the twist.

What about that play?

Another ruddy army part! No fear.

That's all they ever offer me.

Crooks and perishing

Sergeant Majors!

But that's how casting people see
you, isn't it, love? Authority figures.

- My grandfather's a funny 'un...

- Don't do that.

He's got a face

like a pickled onion.

- Stop it! Bloody rubbish.

- Bill! Not in front of Judi.

- My Grandfather's a funny 'un.

- I said stop it!

Why are you always so grumpy, Sampa?

What? What's it got to

do with you? Silly girl!

Judi? Judi-poodi, darling?

For goodness' sake, Bill!

- Go after her! - I told the girl once.

What's wrong with her?

- Cloth-ears?

- Urgh! Don't you like being successful?

That's not success! I'm legitimate!

A legitimate character actor

of the stage and film!

This is variety!

I only asked.

What about Leslie French?

He'd be marvelous.

He's working with Visconti.

Gave us a polite no.

- Cyril Cusack?

- A less polite no.

- Ahem.

- Can I help you?

I think you're in my office.

That's a rather interesting
way of looking at it.

- I'm rather an interesting person.

- I don't doubt it. Rex Tucker.

I'm looking after Doctor Who.

Pending the appointment
of the permanent producer.

- Oh. Is he with you?

- You're looking at him.

- I keep coming back to Hugh David.

- Who?

He was in Knight Errant on ITV.

Lovely actor.

Not old enough for the Doctor,
surely?

Well, we don't want Grandpa Moses,
do we?

We need someone who can play older.

The shooting schedule's going to
be pretty punishing.

- I've got some ideas.

- I'll call Hugh. See what he thinks.

I'd rather you didn't.

Is that a fact? Waste of time!

We need someone like Frank
Morgan in the Wizard Of Oz.

He's dead.

- Rex... And American.

- I said "like".

Well, perhaps

we should all sleep on it.

After all, it took them

months to find Scarlet O'Hara!

Um... dear lady, may I have a word?

Hello?

Yes.

Oh, yes?

Is it right you were Sydney's
production assistant
on the other channel? Yes.

So this is quite a promotion.

Apparently.

Bound to ruffle a few feathers.

If feathers don't ruffle,
nothing flies.

This show is going to be a terrific
challenge, you know.

Outer space. Time travel.

In the first script,
they go back to the Stone Age.

You'll need all
the help you can get.

So, Rex is going to act
as a sort of mentor to you.

A ship can't have two captains.

- Dear lady... - Please
don't call me that. - Sorry.

And what about you, Mervyn?

What's your function?

I'm to be your sort of
technical boffin.

Help you through
the mire of all this.

Sydney obviously thinks he's got
the right person for the job.

That's what he wants for
Doctor Who.

Someone with piss
and vinegar in their veins.

- Did he say that?

- He's very blunt.

Yes.

Look, all I'm saying is, dear la...

Verity. All I'm saying is that
experience is not a dirty word.

Don't fight us.

Perhaps you could add a few drops

of warm beer in with your...

- Piss and...

- Mixture. Just for the time being.

Well. We'd better clear out,
we'll have the news team in here.

That's clever.

So they don't have to look down
at their words all the time.

Yes. Quite a wheeze.

Someone'll make a fortune
out of that.

- I suppose so. Shame I didn't get to
the patent office faster. - Why?

I invented it!

Well, have a look at it, Bill.

It certainly sounds different.

And it's an old man part, you know.

Is it?

Yeah! It's like This Sporting Life.

Well, I love playing older!

I know.

Well? What next?

He's going to set up a meeting. He
sounded ever so upbeat on the phone.

He says it's a smashing role.

For the BBC.

Yeah, yeah...

and it's for kiddies!

Come on, Stumpy!

Off to Madame Bovary.

Well, I'm sure he'll be
happier away from us.

- Any news from the design department?

- They're not being very helpful, I'm afraid.

What is this?!

What're we going to do with this?

Stone Age Man going, "Ug"!

It's crazy!

Cavemen and doctors and
disappearing bloody police boxes!

- What're we going to do?

- Waris Hussein. Our director.

- Verity.

- Hi.

What have you just been working on?

Er, Compact.

Oh. High art indeed.

Shut up.

Don't people say "Ug" in Compact?

Frequently.

Mostly after a liquid lunch.

The cavemen script is the only one ready to go.

We have to start with it.

Right, and where are we shooting?

Lime Grove. Studio D.

Oh, God, not there!

We can't do anything there.

It's a broom cupboard.

It's smaller on the inside.

It's the wrong shape and the sprinklers go off when it gets hot.

Well, you'll make it brilliantly, won't you?

Oh. I see. Simple as that.

It'll never work.

When do we start?

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

Hello?

Yes, sir? Gin and tonic...

Vodka and tonic

and a red wine, please.

Sorry, love, I'm serving...

Vodka and tonic

and a red wine, please.

Vodka tonic, red wine.

Thank you.

I'd have been stood here all night.

"We are all strangers
in a strange land. "

Very profound.

Isn't it? You'll find

I'm generally pretty profound.

- I wish I had your front.

- I wish I had your behind.

- Shh! Like a little peach.

- Shut up!

Don't be fooled, Waris.
That's all it is.
Front.
Inside, I'm shaking like a leaf.
I'm here by the skin
of my bloody teeth.
First Indian director
this place has ever had.
So, we've got to stick together,
haven't we?
Make our little show work.
That'll teach them.
Who? The old guard.
This - sea of fag smoke,
tweed and sweaty men.
Not that I'm knocking sweaty men.
I should hope not.
Listen, I overheard a couple of old
horrors standing by the tea urn.
They said, "Well, she didn't get
here standing up, did she?"
Sydney's bit of fluff, am I?
Well, that seems to be
the impression.
How else could you get
a promotion like this?
A promotion like what?
I'm trying to recreate
the Stone Age with Airfix glue
and bloody BacoFoil!
We're trying to.
Yes. Sorry.
Here's to us. The posh wog!
And the pushy Jewish bird!
- L'chaim!
- Cheers.
- We could have our own series!
- We do!
I don't want any of this muck,
thanks very much. I'll have a drink.
Right.
You the director, son?
Yes.
Hardly out of the cradle,

the pair of you.

Right. Let's talk turkey.

- I'm not sure about this. Not sure at all.

- No?

Apart from anything else, I don't want to take on another long run.

Had enough of that on

The Army Game. Nearly killed me.

Weekly bloody rep!

Would you like to order drinks?

Whiskey and soda.

Chopee, chopee.

Whose idea was all this?

That fella from ITV?

Sydney Newman, yes.

But so many people have been at the birth of the thing, we'd be here all day...

Tell me about the characters.

Two school teachers.

Ian and Barbara. They're intrigued about one of their pupils.

A young girl called Susan.

She seems to have impossible knowledge for a girl from 1963.

So the schoolteachers follow her home. But "home" is a junkyard...

Yes, yes, yes. Scripts.

I need to see scripts.

Oh, they're going wonderfully.

Wonderfully!

The BBC are really excited about the show. They're throwing... everything at it.

State of the art facilities.

How do they get about?

Flying saucer or something?

Ours is a space and time machine that can blend in with its background.

You mean it's covered in invisible paint or something?

No, no...

it adapts to suit its environment.

It gets stuck in one shape.

A police box. A police box?

How gorgeous would that be?
An ordinary 20th-century object
on the surface of an alien planet!
Fantastic!
- And the opening titles are like
nothing you've ever seen. - Yes.
You see, if you point
a camera down its own monitor,
it creates the most wonderful
shapes, patterns...
Like mirrors, endlessly reflecting.
Swooping and pulsing,
like butterfly wings.
Maybe I could be in them?
Just pop in front of the camera
would you, Tony?
Let's see how that looks.
Oh, Christ, no! That's terrifying!
.. and wait till you hear the music,
we're using the latest technology.
How did you do it?
Brian's house keys.
And what about the Doctor himself?
He's something like 600 years old.
Looks like a senile old man
but he's tough.
Tough and wiry like an old turkey.
It's what you do so well,
Mr Hartnell. Stern and scary...
- but with a twinkle.
- Trust me, Bill. You're perfect for it.
No-one will be able to resist you.
You really think so?
CS Lewis meets HG Wells
meets Father Christmas.
That's the Doctor.
Doctor who, hmm?
Come on, big smiles!
And again.
Come on, big smiles.
Cheers! Lovely.
Come on, one more.
Lovely stuff. That's it!
You're a brick for doing this.

Contractually obliged, darling.
No, no! I mean the show.
You'll all give it such gravitas.
Thank you.
So, what do you make of him?
Oh, I've always been a fan.
Wonderful screen actor.
He frightens the life out of me.
I think he's sweet. Bless him.
Bless him?
He's not as old as he looks.
Must've had a tough life.
Are you okay?
Scared to death! Me too.
How about one of just
the three of you then?
Oh, well. Goodbye, real world!
One more.
Patience.
I have the patience of a saint.
But it's wearing very thin!
We need the inside of the TARDIS
right now!
I'm busy.
You'll get your time machine
when I can find a moment...
Too busy for a children's
programme, is that it?
Patience.
"If you could touch the alien sand
and listen to the sound of... "
Bugger!
"If you could touch the alien sand
and hear the cry of strange birds
"and watch them wheel in
another sky, would that satisfy you?
"Susan and I are cut off
from our own people.
"But one day we shall get back.
Yes. One day.
"One day. "
- Who's Susan?
- My granddaughter.
I'm your granddaughter.

Yes. Yes, of course you are, darling.
But she's my granddaughter in the
story I'm doing on the television.
I play a funny old man
who lives inside a magic box.
Like a jack-in-the-box, Sampa?
A little like that, yes.
But, this is a machine in disguise.
A time machine.
Do you know how to fly
a time machine, Sampa?
Hm? Yes! Yes, of course I do!
You'll see.
You'll see
when I'm on the television.
We'll be going back through history
to meet kings and queens.
And off to distant planets
where the Doctor will have
all kinds of adventures.
The Doctor?
He's the old man I'm playing.
A doctor?
Does he make people better?
No! I have... Don't you think you're
being rather high-handed, young man?
You thought you saw a young girl
enter the yard.
You imagine you heard music
or her voice?
You believe she might be in there?
Not very substantial, is it?
But why won't you help us?
I'm not hindering you.
You intrude here...
- He's tetchy as hell. - ... start
making accusations and implications.
If you both want to make
fools of yourselves,
I suggest you do what
you said you'd do.
Go and ask a policeman...
Bugger! Fetch a policeman.
While you nip off quietly

in the other direction, I suppose.
Come on, Barbara.
What are you doing out there,
Grandfather?
Go back inside! Shut the door!
Shut that door!
Barbara!
OK! OK, everyone.
Fantastic. That's where we stop the
tape and go inside the spaceship.
When it's built!
OK. Good. Well done.
Everyone happy?
No, I'm not happy. Not at all.
Er, Miss Lambert.
A word, if you please.
Coffee? Good idea. Thank you.
The set for the machine? TARDIS?
When is it arriving?
There's, er, there's been
a... delay.
It won't do. It just won't do.
I don't know how I'm expected to cope
with all the technical gibberish
I have to spout
without a bloody set to work on.
I'm sorry, Bill.
I need time to plot out
all the buttons, you see.
- Buttons? - On the controls!
All the switches and dials.
I need to know what they all do.
What if I press something
to open the doors
and the next week
I use it to blow us all up!
You must see that?
The children will spot it, you see,
if we try and fudge it.
And we must discuss my character.
Absolutely.
He's too abrasive.
Too nasty. Do you see?
Where's that twinkle

you talked about?
The thing that made me
so right for it?
I... Oh, Sydney!
Sydney Newman, Head Of Drama,
let me introduce you to
Mr William Hartnell.
Right! Our Doctor! Great choice.
I'm a big fan. Big fan.
Oh, thank you.
But I do need to discuss...
What was that terrific war picture,
you were in? What was that?
Well, I've done a few.
The Way Ahead?
Yeah! Hell of a picture.
You were sensational!
Oh! Do you really think so?
Oh, yes. Absolutely extraordinary.
I did get some very nice notices.
Yes.
Was that before or after
Brighton Rock?
Oh, before...
Of course!
You were in Brighton Rock! Wow!
What a performance!
Oh. Well. Ha-ha. You're very kind.
It should have led to much bigger
and better things, you know,
but, erm... I wasn't blessed.
Not blessed? What the hell
are you talking about?
Of course you're blessed. You're
going to be Doctor Who, aren't you?
- Well, yes... - Perfect choice for
my little show. My idea anyway.
That's what I do. Ideas!
One day I came into ITV.
"I got an idea," I said.
"The Avengers!"
"What's it about?" they said.
"How the hell should I know,"
I said. "But what a title!"

Pop! Pop! Pop!
You, sir, are going to make
a huge impact with this character.
I am?
Only a movie star could do it.
So nuanced.
So many layers.
Well, you know. One tries.
And these kids are perfect for it.
You couldn't be in safer hands.
Fun! Energy!
Youth! Pop! Pop! Pop!
Freaks.
Thank you so much, Sydney.
You've no idea
what a difference it makes...
Be a producer, Verity.
Find a way to deal with this stuff.
Or are you out of your depth?
What are you doing?
Being patient. What?
I can be very patient.
- You can't stay here! - Now, what
shall we talk about? I've got all day.
Don't be ridiculous!
The Old Curiosity Shop!
The Roman Forum!
The Hanging Gardens Of Babylon!
Symphonies in pencil and ink.
So, surely you can turn your hand
to my teeny little time machine?
Just turn that blazing talent
of yours to my little kiddies' show
and who knows what might happen?
Won't take you more than
half an hour.
You are a very trying woman.
Then I'll get out of your hair.
Maybe the muse will be with you!
Maybe it will be the best thing
you've ever thought of.
Very well! Very well!
Here. Here, madam.
Here's your bloody TARDIS!

Turned out rather well, hasn't it?
Through the cupboard doors
and into Narnia!
It's too bloody big.
Takes up half the studio.
Yes, yes?
Yes, yes, Waris, I heard him.
Thank you.
Right. Can you pass me my script,
please?
This is ridiculous!
Sorry, boys and girls.
He says he won't have
his teeth blacked out, Guv.
Dougie, it's 100,000 BC!
Yeah, I know.
It's the Tribe Of Gum.
He says he got them whitened
to get onto the telly.
Well, does it matter?
We only see his bloody shadow.
I'll do it! What?
I don't mind blacking my teeth.
I've already got sand fleas in my
Y-fronts. Can't get much worse.
OK, stout man!
I think we're sorted then, Guv.
Thank you, Duggie.
Red light, bell...
OK, into position, everyone,
and roll to record in 15...
God, it's hot in here.
Anyone else hot? Yeah.
Can we do something about the heat?
I thought he'd be used to it. What?
Nothing. Watch it, Arthur.
Five minutes, chum.
Then they turn the lights out.
Them's the rules.
OK, everyone. Quiet, please.
Quiet!
Five... four... three...
OK, come in to camera one, on one.
OK, clear two.

These people are known to you,
I believe.
What are you doing here?
They're two of my schoolteachers.
Is that your excuse for this
unwarrantable...
Unwarranted intrusion?
You had no right to invite them here.
I blame you for this, Susan.
You will insist on...
OK, come in on, er...
Come in on three.
- I warned you.
- But, Grandfather, I...
- Is this really where you live, Susan?
- Yes!
On three. Coming on one.
It was just a box!
On one, on three.
Come in on two.
You see, I knew this would happen.
Move the camera.
Get hold of the cable!
Get the cable!
Move the bloody camera!
Arthur, what the hell is he doing?
Why doesn't he have a go?
Now we are here, I'd just like to...
I know this is absurd, but...
The doors!
What's happening to the doors?
It moves. The TARDIS can go
anywhere.
TARDIS? I don't know what
you mean, Susan.
I made up TARDIS from the initials.
Time And Relative Dimensions
In Space.
I thought you'd both realise
when you came inside
and saw the different
dimensions from outside.
What's... What's happening to
the bloody doors?

A thing that looks like a police
box, stuck in a junk yard,
can move anywhere in time and space?
Oh, Susan, don't be ridiculous!
Oh, Christ,
stiff as Scotchman's wallet!
But you are one of us.
You look like us.
You sound like us.
I was born in the 49th century.
Oh...
Covers! Get the covers!
Everybody out.
Am I on yet?
Anyone?
I've done me teeth.
Wish I knew what bloody
dimension I was in.
Hello?
Hello?
Anyone?

TV:

we cannot let our secret loose
into the world
of the 20th century.
But you can't keep them
prisoner here!
He can't keep us prisoners anywhere.
I cannot let you go, schoolteacher.
Whether you believe what you have
been told is of no importance.
You and your companion would be
footprints in a time
we were not supposed to walk.
If I have to use force to get
out of here, I will, you know.
Maybe we've stumbled on something
beyond our understanding.
Oh, why did you come here, why?!
Grandfather, no!
No, you don't!
Oh, stop it! Let him go!
Let me go!

Let's go to lunch.
Not hungry?
Don't seem to have much of
an appetite.
Not surprised.
I should fire the pair of you.
Right. Take out the reference to
the future time they've come from.
The 49th Century? Too specific.
It's Doctor Who, remember.
And the old guy's too nasty.
He should be cuter. Funnier.
And the kid needs to be cheeky too.
Like a regular teenager.
Did you like any of it?
Not much. Hate the opening titles.
You're joking?
Too weird. It's sensational!
Just because it's new.
Hey! Hey! I like new.
I do new, remember?!
It's too scary for the kids.
I-I thought we were trying
to scare them.
Scare them, not traumatise them!
Change it.
Over my dead body.
It can be arranged.
It'll cost. And they'll crucify me
for it.
What?
Do the whole thing again.
I'm not right for the part.
Bill... Just not right for it.
It... It isn't me. Bill!
Isn't me at all! Listen to me.
Sydney thought it was good.
He's over the moon! I let you down.
You let me down?
You were right. You were so right.
Look, we've made the Doctor
too abrasive.
We need much more of you in him.
Much more charm and warmth

and twinkle.
You knew it, I couldn't see it.
You sure you've got the right man?
Of course I am.
I'm-I'm frightened, you see,
I've... never really done
anything like this before.
The... pressure, the schedule
and all those ruddy words...
I'm here for you, Bill.
Promise?
Every step.
Right...
- I've got to tell the others now.
- Time and tide wait for no man, eh?
Time and space, Bill.
And they wait for no woman either.
I'm not hindering you.
If you both want to make
fools of yourselves,
I suggest you do what you
said you'd do.
Go and find a policeman.
Clear three, clear three.
Move to shot two. Tighter on two.
I shall be here when you get back.
I want to see your faces
when you try and explain...
Tighter on one.
.. Chesserman... Chesterton.
He got the name wrong.
He got the name wrong.
Can we go back? Can we go back?
We've already stopped recording
three times.
Only one more edit allowed, son.
Thank you, Mervyn.
Four edits in the whole show!
It's so bloody primitive!
Young man speak truth!
BBC equipment from Stone Age!
We have no choice, do we?
Onwards, Waris. Onwards!
OK, stand by one

Oh, no, Grandfather! No!
Let me through.
Get back to the ship, child!
It could be anywhere...
Dear, dear, dear, dear.
It's of no help to us at all.
I suggest before we go outside and
explore, let us clean ourselves up.
- Oh, yes.
- What does the radiation read, Susan?
It's reading normal, Grandfather.
OK. Good.
I'll tell them we can make
the transmission date.
How are the other scripts
coming along?
Your Canadian pal is doing us
one about Marco Polo.
Terrific! That's more like my brief.
Get the kids hooked on real history.
We're also trying one of Tony
Hancock's writers - Terry Nation.
You got a script?
- Yes. It's good.
- What's it about?
- Robots.
- No, no, no. They're not robots.
Rule one - no robots!
- Rule two... - No bug-eyed monsters!
I know. But I promise you they're not.
It's a really interesting story.
Set on a distant planet after
a nuclear war...
Okay, okay. Whatever.
Send it straight up to me.
Then we'll see.
This time in a few of weeks,
episode one will have aired.
Hm.
Brave heart, darling.
I think we'll be a smash.
Fingers crossed.
We could do with a bit of luck.
"Hideous machine-like creatures..."

"A lens on a flexible shaft...
"acts as an eye...?"
"You will move ahead of us
and follow my directions!"
"Ian breaks away
and dashes for it...
"Exterminate!"
"Exterminate!"
'It is with deep regret
that we announce
'that President Kennedy is dead.
'He was shot down as he was
driving in an open car
'through the city of Dallas, Texas.
'The identity of the assassin
remains unconfirmed at this time. '
It was very good, Bill.
'And now we return to the news.
'Vice President Lyndon Johnson
was yesterday sworn in
'as the 36th President
of the United States
'following the assassination
of John Fitzgerald Kennedy in Da... '
They'll all be watching the news.
She's way over budget.
No, no - it's more than that.
I'm afraid Miss Lambert
doesn't know what she's doing.
First cavemen,
now these silly robots.
What are you saying?
That you're not to do any
more than these four episodes
you've already got in production.
Kill it, Sydney.
Kill Doctor Who.
In the village where I lived
down there...
- Reviews were respectable.
- Uh-huh.
Ratings too. Respectable.
- Considering what happened.
- Mm.

Sydney wants to see you, Verity.
It's my fault.
I promoted you too soon.
I don't much like the way
the show's going.
First, goddamn cavemen...
- No choice, the... - And then
these... Dayleks. - Daleks.
Exactly what I wanted to avoid.
Cheapjack science fiction trash.
- Have you read the script?
- Yes!
- Really? - Well, enough to know
garbage when I see it.
- Jesus. Dorloks.
- Daleks!
Whatever! Bug-eyed...
They're not bug-eyed monsters!
They used to be like us.
Radiation has made them retreat
inside these impregnable
metal shells,
and now they hate
everything that isn't like them.
All they know how to do is lash out.
The Doctor and his friends turn up
and try to make them
see differently.
To understand other people
and make peace. It's good stuff!
It's strong stuff, Sydney,
and I really, truly believe in it.
Well, I wanted someone
with piss and vinegar.
I think we've got something
really special here, Sydney.
A knockout.
We've just got to hold our nerve.
Okay.
Okay.
I'll talk to the high-ups.
- And I want a repeat.
- What?
On Saturday. Repeat episode

one before episode two.
- No-one was watching because of
the assassination. - Oh, I see!
This is Kennedy's fault?
We deserve a fair
crack of the whip, Sydney.
You'd better be right
about these... Daleks.
Let me be very clear, young lady.
Your neck's on the block.
Come on, get a move on.
It's like a rabbit hutch in here.
OK, are you nice and snug?
What the hell's that?
Monster for the next story.
- What, a sink plunger and an egg whisk?
- Oh, well.
If they can't take over
the universe,
might be able whip up
a decent omelet.
Roll to record in 15, 14...
Quiet, please, everyone.
Ten, nine, eight, seven,
six, five, four...
Action!
You will move ahead of us
and follow my directions.
- 'On two. '
- Immediately!
'Tighter on one. '
No, tighter!
Stand by, one.
'On one.
'Near three.
'Stand by, two.
- 'Two. '
- I said immediately!
Fire!
- My legs!
- On two.
- My legs!
- Your legs are paralysed.
You will recover shortly unless you

force us to use our weapons again.
Well, everyone, meet the Daleks.
Gosh, they're creepy, aren't they?
They're actually really creepy.
Michael! Dennis!
Your tea's getting cold.
And that thing you wanted
to watch, it's on!
Why? Because we weren't aware of
it until it was too late, that's why.
The truth is that your
supply of drugs has failed
and you came into the city to see
if you could find more.
Thals? What are you talking about?
We're not Thals, or
whatever you may call them.
Can't you see we're very ill?
- You and your companions need a drug
to stay alive. - We have no gloves.
Drugs.
You said "gloves". Eh?
Yes, yes. I... I did.
Because the Daleks are nasty and you
need special gloves to touch them.
Y-y-yes.
Yes. You know things like that
because you're Doctor Who.
That's... that's right.
Exterminate! Exterminate!
Exterminate! Exterminate!
Exterminate! Exterminate!
Exterminate! Exterminate!
You will be my prisoner!
You won't believe what I saw on the
bus this morning. It's... thrilling.
Sydney wants you, Verity.
Ten million viewers
for your bug-eyed monsters.
Ten million.
So...
What do I know about anything?
Well done, kid.
A bus? What were you doing on a bus?

Getting in touch with our audience.

Our great, big, fat,
enormous bloody audience.

Whoo-hoo!

Walking back to happiness

Woopah, oh, yeah-yeah

Said goodbye to loneliness...

Quickly, child! We're running
out of time! Check the fornicator!

Fault locator.

OK, I think we'd better
hold it there, please.

First positions again.

Verity. Verity! Look at this.

Just look at this.

General De Gaulle.

"DeGaullek"!

- That's wonderful!

- "No! No! No!"

We've really got something here.

They love us.

- Lovely stuff, this, you know.

- Shame it's not in colour.

Come on, how much have I won?

Ah...

35 elephants, 4,000 white stallions,
25 tigers...

And ten bob, you old devil.

Right, make-up are nearly done
with Kublai Khan's digits,

- so we'd best press on.

- What do you think?

- Wow.

- Very swish.

- Do you like it?

- Gorgeous, Carol. I wonder if they'll let me buy it.

- It'll turn a few heads on the Kings Road.

- Oh, God.

- Something the matter, Bill?

- You should be more careful, sweetheart,
throwing your money around like that.

It's an insecure
profession, you know.

- We should all bear that in mind.

- Fancy anything at Newmarket, Bill?
You know what I mean.
I'm just saying.
Splashing out
on new togs all the time,
you don't know you're bloody born!
I'm not a child.
I'll spend it how I like.
You're right, of course, Bill.
None of us knows how long
this is going to last.
No-one's irreplaceable.
- Who told you that? - Everyone
mentions it. So, you didn't go to RADA?
- Roedean, darling. -
Eh? - The girls' school.
Must have been a typo on my CV.
I've not got the heart
to tell Sydney.
Bill, thank you so much
for the flowers.
Sorry to see you go, son.
- So, what's next for you? - I've been
offered A Passage To India. - One-way?
- Bill, I hope you never change.
- Bill, Bill, come on.
- Quiet, please, everybody. - Oh,
yes. - Bit of hush, ladies and gents.
- Sure you won't stay? Do some more with us?
- Pastures new.
It's been a bloody blast, Verity.
Couldn't have done it without you,
darling. Shoulder-to-shoulder.
I saw you interfering with
some dials only last night,
so I've decided to show you all
the things that you mustn't touch
under any circumstances.
Exterminate, exterminate!
What the bloody hell?!

Hello, my darling.
What do you think?
"Thrills galore.
"Full-size, real-life Dalek playsuit

from the BBC TV series Doctor Who. "

Strike a light!

"Only 66 shillings and sixpence. "

And we have these. Goodness!

Man and boy, I've been at this lark.

But I've never known
anything like it.

Incredible.

No-one's irreplaceable, eh?

So much for softly-softly.

At this rate, you'll
be running the place.

- "Dear Uncle Who. "

- Uncle Who!

"I've got my...

"physics O-level coming up
and I need your help. "

I don't know why they
think I can help them.

It's all gobbledygook to me.

Please.

Doctor Who, can I please
have your autograph?

Now, then, what's this?

- An autograph?

- Teacher said it would be all right.

- Well, that must make you a very
special little boy, um... - Alan.

Thank you.

Please, Doctor?

Yes, what is it, um...

What is it, Alan?

- Please, when are them Daleks coming back?

- Daleks?

- They're taking over the ruddy world.

- It's what they do best, isn't it?

Oh!

Wow!

Oh, wow!

Goodness me!

Come along, come along. Keep up!

We must all get back to the TARDIS.

What's this?

What's this?

Look out! What?!

Look out! Run, run!

Exterminate! Exterminate!

Take three.

Cut!

Cut! Right, one more, please.

Quick as you can.

Len,

you were nearly off the kerb.

Why is it we always seem to have

to go again because of you?

I need a wee, don't I?

You try being in here.

Reset, let's go again!

It's not my fault!

Bill. Bill, I thought

I might try something

when I'm carrying you down the ramp.

What?

I thought maybe

I just throw a look towards you,

showing the Roboman's

inner turmoil.

You know, I was a man once

sort of thing, before the Daleks

made me like this.

What do you think?

- Don't be so bloody ridiculous.

- It was just a suggestion.

Yes, well, stow it.

- What's up with you?

- Mind your own business.

Oi, Len! Over here!

- It's not too late, you know.

- No, I've made up my mind.

- They can rewrite this stuff in a shot.

- It's time to move on, Bill.

- There's lots of other things I want to do.

- Well, of course.

And there's more to life than

just screaming at nasty monsters.

That's no way to talk about me.

One day,

I shall come back.

Yes, I shall come back.
Until then, there must be
no regrets, no tears, no anxieties.
Just go forward in all your
beliefs and prove to me
that I am not mistaken in mine.
Goodbye, Susan.
Goodbye, my dear.
That's lovely, Bill. Really lovely.
Doesn't like farewells, does he?
Just stepping off
for a minute, Waris.
Waris?
He's been doing that a lot lately.
That's it.
Look over towards Bill, Maureen.
That's it. Smile over here, please.
Big smile!
Cheers!
Cheers!
One more. One more!
Just look at Bill.
You look all-in.
Mm.
Come on, love. Why don't
you get your head down?
We can go through this
in the morning.
No, no. Got to get 'em in.
Got to.
Maybe it's time you
thought about moving on, love.
Moving on?
You're shattered all the time.
I can't! Even if I wanted to.
They're all relying on me.
Hundreds of people, aren't they?
And all those kiddies out there.
You can't have Doctor Who without
Doctor Who, can you? Come on.
Vortis? What galaxy is that in?
It's the Isop Galaxy.
The Isop Galaxy, Chesterton.
It's many... Many.

.. many... light years... Away... away.

'He is becoming delirious.

I do not understand his words. '

'He is becoming delirious.

I do not understand his words. '

Bill mustn't know I've spoken
to you. He'd play merry hell.

What's the matter?

Our GP rang.

Bill's not very well.

Oh, dear. Nothing serious?

Not in the short-term. It's, um...
er... arteriosclerosis.

It's a hardening of the arteries.

I see.

He smokes too much. Drinks too much.

And these days, the only exercise
he gets is walking the dog.

That, plus doing Doctor Who
virtually all year...

Do you think he should stop?

No. No, he couldn't bear that.

He loves the programme.

He's so proud of it. And all of you.

You should hear him.

But if there's anything you can do
to lift the burden

from his shoulders,

you know,

let him slow down a little.

Well... I'll have a quiet word
with my successor.

Oh.

Oh. I see.

Vortis? What galaxy is that in?

The Isop Galaxy, Chesterfield.

Chesterton!

Many, many light earths...

light years...

from us.

From... from Earth.

And yet the... Vortis...

Vortis planet hasn't a moon.

Hm? Eh?

Right, hold it there, please!
All this stuff,
I can do it with a look.
Bill, I really think we should stick
with what's on the page.
Verity. I can do all this
with a look, you know.
I don't need all these lines.
It's like ruddy King Lear!
I remember Lindsay Anderson saying
the same thing about me
on Sporting Life.
He just ripped a couple of pages
out of the script.
"Bill can do all this
with a gesture," you see.
"A raised eyebrow. "
Do you see what I mean?
Of course.
Bless you.
Actually, I'm glad to have the
chance to talk to you, Bill...
You're my rock, Verity. Oh...
You know that. My rock.
I don't know about that...
Since that day you first started
telling me about Doctor Who,
I've been spellbound.
Spellbound! But look at us now, eh?
Just look at us!
Our arses are in butter!
What did you want to tell me?
.. Which, of course, was her way
of saying take a hike!
So, I am justifiably
proud of myself.
I can spot talent light years away.
Ladies and gentlemen, Verity.
Best goddamn appointment
I've ever made.
Verity!
For she's a jolly good fellow
For she's a jolly good fellow
For she's a jolly good fellow

And so say all of us!
And so say all of us!
And so say all of us!
For she's a jolly good fellow
For she's a jolly good fellow
For she's a jolly good fellow
And so say all of us.
Not joining us?
Perhaps in a minute.
Bill, I wanted to say thank you.
For everything you've done.
- I'm in demand and it's all down to you.
- Oh, nonsense.
In no small measure, Bill.
Doctor Who has made me.
But why does it have to change?
Why do things always have to change?
Why can't we just go on as we are?
Life.
What about you?
Not ready for a rest?
Me? No. No. Not a bit.
This old body of mine
is good for a few years yet!
I'm going to miss all this.
You've got, erm...
Oh.
Let me.
What am I going to do without you?
Till we meet again.
That's it. Everybody ready?
Smile! Mr Purves... Jackie...
Look at each other.
That's it. Lovely!
Peter, give us a smile. Lovely.
All right, when you're ready, Bill.
Mr Hartnell to you, sonny.
Sorry.
You might call me by my first name
if we get to know each other better.
If you...
if you last on my show, that is.
Can we go from the top of the scene,
Mr Hartnell?

You make the TV screen come on.
The scanner.
Scanner, right.
And then you flick the switch
and the doors open.
- No, no. Can't do that.
- Beg pardon?
I'd have to move
round to the other side.
That's where the door switch is.
- Does it matter?
- Of course it matters!
All right. We'll work around it.
You move where you like...
- Mr Hartnell.
- Thank you. I will.
Okay. Top of the scene, then.
The glass cylinder
should be going up and down.
- The ship is in flight.
- Right. Yes. Sorry.
- Well?
- Sorry. Be right with you.
Anybody know how to make it go?
For Christ's sake! Doesn't anyone
know how to do anything?
Out you go, out, out.
I'll sort it myself.
Red light, and bell.
Roll to record.
In 15, 14...
Quiet, please, everyone.
OK, everyone ready? Ready now.
There's a... Ten...
.. a lot of people
dancing about in my eyeline.
It's very off-putting. Do you mind?
Thank you... five, four...
Now... they've all gone.
All gone.
None of them ever understood.
Not even young Susan, or...
.. or V-V-Vicki.
And then there's Barbara

and Chatterton...
Ch-Ch-Chesterton!
Oh, God.
Perhaps I should go back
to my own time.
To my own planet.
But I...
I can't...
I can't...
Is everything okay?
I, er... I can't...
Are you all right?
I...
I can't...
Mr Hartnell? I, er...
Mr Hartnell?
Anneke! Anneke, turn to me, love.
Turn to me. Thanks, love.
I could get used to this.
How about you?
As you can see...
Yeah, yeah, I hear you.
It can't go on. He's become
so difficult to work with.
And his lines... I hear you!
The poor man's worn out.
Shame. Goddamn shame.
- So, that's that, I suppose.
- What do you mean?
Well, we can't have Doctor Who
without Doctor Who, can we?
Pop, pop, pop.
- Sampa! Sampa! Sampa!
- Oh, hello there.
Where are you going to take
the TARDIS next, Sampa?
Oh, I don't know, darling.
Miss says you should go back in
time and see Oliver Cromwell
and tell him not to be so horrible.
Yes, maybe I should.
But I want the butterfly men
to come back! They were pretty.
We did them at school

and I was a Zarbi.

Listen, Judi... They could have
a big fight with the Daleks
and you could fly on their backs
with a bow and arrow.

Listen, darling.

You mustn't expect too much
from your old grandfather, you know.

I get very tired
these days and, er...

Graham Potter says the TARDIS
will run out of petrol soon.

I need to take things a bit easier.

But I told him he was stupid.

The TARDIS will go on and on for
ever because it's special and magic.

- Like my Sampa.

- Well, I...

My Sampa's Doctor Who
and he can do anything.

I hope you don't think it
presumptuous of me

to ask for this meeting, Sydney...

Presumptuous?

Hell, no, Bill.

- I was going to ask you to come in,
as it happens. - Oh, yes?

Yeah. Yeah. Things...

Things can't go on the way they are.

Exactly! Exactly, Sydney!

I'm committed to Doctor Who,
100% committed, but...

.. well, I need more time off.

Bloody schedule

would kill a man half my age.

A-ha. All those lines they give me.

The kiddies don't want
to hear all that waffle.

But perhaps it would be best
if the writers just...

sort of sketched in the story
and left me to make up the rest.

No, no.

That's probably a step too far.

But you take my meaning.
I'm the star of the show.
I'm the Doctor.
And, er, if we're to continue,
you have to take account of that.
Proper account.
We've got great plans for
Doctor Who, Bill, believe you me.
Great plans. Well, I'm, er...
We're 100% committed too.
Very glad to hear it.
But we're looking at ways
of refreshing it.
Um... regenerating it.
Well, yes. Quite right.
Spice things up a bit. Bill...
I'm glad we're on
the same wavelength anyway.
Ah, hell, Bill, there's no
easy way of saying this. Um...
We want Doctor Who to go on.
Yes.
But not with you.
Like you said,
things have got to change.
I see.
Who... who have you got in mind?
You're a hard act to follow, Bill.
No need for soft soap, Sydney.
You know me better.
Who?
You approve?
Oh, yes, yes, quite.
Patrick Troughton.
Excellent choice.
I'm so sorry, Bill.
"Fortune, good night,
smile once more, turn thy wheel. "
Huh?
King Lear.
I did it once. Carried a spear.
Long time ago.
Long, long time ago.
Everything all right, sir?

Are you okay?
You need to move along now, sir.
Sir?
You're in the way.
I'm sorry, sir, but...
'Ere, aren't you...?
I'm, er, sorry, very sorry, officer.
- You're him, aren't you?
- Very sorry, officer.
You're Doctor Who.
Wait till I tell the kids.
They bloomin' love you!
Well, it's, er, been agreed by, um...
by mutual consent that I should,
er... pack it in.
Er...
Oh, right. Give it up.
I see.
Well... I think it's for the best,
love. Truly, I do.
You can't go on like this.
And I've made my mark.
Shown everyone I can do it.
I'm sure it'll lead to lots more
interesting stuff, hm?
Yes.
Well, I'll make us
a nice cup of tea.
I... I...
I don't want to go.
I... I don't want to go.
Oh...
Oh, Bill.
Well, then. Who's Who?
I won't lie to you.
I'm scared stiff.
Oh, you'll be fine.
In fact, you'll be wonderful.
I... I told them, you know,
there's only one man in England
who can take over.
Oh? Couldn't they get him?
Red light, and bell.
Okay, positions, everyone, please.

And roll to record in 15...
'I want you to belong somewhere,
to have roots of your own.
'With David, you'll be able
to find those roots,
'live normally,
like any woman should do.
'Believe me, my dear,
your future lies with David
'and not with a silly old buffer
like me.
'One day, I shall come back.
Yes, I shall come back.
'Until then, there must be
no regrets, no tears, no anxieties.
'Just go forward in all your beliefs
'and prove to me
that I am not mistaken in mine. '