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Doctor Who: The Movie

By Unknown

It was on Skaro that my old enemy,
the Master, was put on trial.
They say he listened calmly
as his list of evil crimes was read
and sentence passed.

Then he made his last,
and I thought curious, request.

He demanded that I, the Doctor,
a rival Time Lord,

should take his remains back
to our home planet - Gallifrey.

(DALEK) Exterminate! Exterminate!

It was a request
they should never have granted.

(DR WHO THEME)

The Time Lord has 13 lives
and the Master had used all of his.

But rules

had never meant much to him,
so I stowed his remains safely
for the voyage back.

Even in death, I didn't trust him.

There, that should do it.

(PIANO JAZZ MUSIC)

In all my travels
through space and time,
and nearing the end
of my seventh life,

I was beginning to realise
you could never be too careful.

..it was a beautiful sight
Your kiss was a flame
Not the spot that somehow dies...
..embraced

Was real as all those tears
I cried...

(HEARTBEAT AND RASPING BREATH)

..Each time I wake
Knowing that you're not here
But what can I do?
Time...time...

(RECORD STICKS)

Time...time...time...time... #
Funny how things...how things...

how things... #
Oh, no.
(CAR HORNS BLARE)
(BRAKES SQUEAL)
(ENGINE REVS)
Hey, where are you going?
Come back here, man!
Wimp!
(SPEAKS IN CHINESE SLANG)
Did you see it blow?
(PIPE CLANGS)
Say your prayers, Lee.
(WHOOSHING)
(TYRES SQUEAL)
What WAS that thing?!
(DOCTOR GROANS)
Timing...malfunction...
I'll get you an ambulance.
Stop it!
Stop IT!
What?
(SIREN)
Hold in there, old guy.
Chang Lee will help you.
HEY, OVER HERE!
- Were you with him?
- We were just passing.
Is he rich? He'd better be. Here.
- I'm not signing!
- Sign, or we can do nothing.
What's the date?
- December 30th.
- Nineteen ninety-nine.
Gunshot wounds. Heart's going
crazy. Must've taken something.
- Two hearts...?!
- One bullet in his shoulder.
No damage.
The other two are in his left leg.
Look, two hearts!
As if!
It's a double exposure, Curtis.
- Let's get these bullets out.
- One went straight through.

- Heart's still going like crazy.
- We'll get Cardiology.
- Who is on tonight?
- Amazing Grace.

(ARIA FROM 'MADAME BUTTERFLY'
BY PUCCINI)

(BEEPING)

I gotta go.

- Fibrillation at 300.
- 300?!
- X-rays?
- Double exposed every time we try.
- Try again.
- We're getting another machine up.
- No, we don't have time!
- Dr Holloway, it's Brian.

Yeah, Brian. I'm sorry!

I am on call.

Do you expect me to ignore it?

No, Brian, don't say that.

Just wait until I get home.

Brian?

Sorry.

Probe.

Scalpel.

And...straight to track four.

Track four coming up.

(SAME ARIA

FROM 'MADAME BUTTERFLY' PLAYS)

Puccini...

Madame Butterfly.

What you're about to do, stop!

You will be all right.

No! I am not human.

I am not like you!

Nobody is.

I need a beryllium atomic clock!

This is 1999, isn't it?

We can't wait any longer, Grace.

No, I'm not human! I'm not human!

Try not to speak, Mr Smith.

We've taken out the bullets.

Now we're finding out

why your heart is so wild.

I'll fix it.
You'll be fine. OK...he's under.
Timing malfunction!
The Master! He's out there.
Scalpel.
I've GOT to stop him!
Somehow I don't think
this man's name is Mr Smith, do you?
And here we have
an electro-physiology
being performed by
a senior cardiologist, Dr Holloway,
who will insert a micro probe
into the patient's artery,
then search out the part
causing the fibrillation.
And so you know your money is well
spent, we'll blast it with lasers.
Is Brian threatening to leave again?
He won't. ..That's strange.
- What?
- Dja vu.
- Where am I?
- Er...sub clavian.
I should be in the broncheo-cephalic.
Not unless this man's a donkey.
(NURSES LAUGH)
Then I am lost.
Let me try something.
Seizure! Get that probe out!
I'm trying!
- Picture's out!
- Damn it!
We're dropping off fast!
(GRACE) I can't get it out!
(ANAESTHETIST) He's flatlining!
(GRACE)
The probe snapped. It's still in!
CLEAR!
CLEAR!
CLEAR!
(MUSIC SWELLS TO A CLIMAX)
It's no good.
Time of death?

(NURSE) 10.03.

I want to see his X-rays NOW!
This is all his stuff. There's no
identification there, either.
Tag him John Doe
and book an autopsy.
Maybe the kid who brought him in
can help with identification.
Doctor?

Sure.

This is no double exposure.

Sir?

Hmm? Yeah, I'm up.

(NURSE)

Could you come with me, please?

You're the doctor?

Yeah. Yes, I am.

Are you a friend of Mr Smith's?

Yeah. Is he OK?

Actually, there were complications
and I'm afraid he didn't make it.

Sorry.

It's OK. I'll tell his family.

Are these his things?

Yeah.

I'll take them.

WE should contact the family.

No, this'll hit them hard. I will.

- You don't know him at all!

- I do!

- Then tell me his real name.

- Gotta go!

Wait!

SOMEBODY STOP HIM!

(SNORING)

Shut up...

(LOUDER SNORE)

..Bruce, please!

- Doing anything New Year's Eve?

- Costume party.

- Me, too. Who you going as?

- Wild Bill Hickock.

Cool... Who's that?

John Doe on the toe!

We've got a nice autopsy
booked for you tomorrow,
followed by a sauna or herbal wrap.
What's your pleasure?
One a.m.
Hey, it's December 31st, 1999.
PARTY ON!
Sweet dreams.
(LOUD SNORING)
(SNORING STOPS)
Look out!
It's alive! It's alive!
IT'S ALIVE! In the name of...
I know it! I KNOW IT!
(BANGING)
Hey, Ted, is that you?
(THUMPING CONTINUES)
Hello?
Who's there?
Oh, my GOD!
GOD, NO!
(SHE SCREAMS)
(HUMS THE PUCCINI ARIA)
(CLAP OF THUNDER)
ARGH!
Who am I?
Who am I?
WHO...AM...I?!
Weird.
(ALARM RINGS)
I must find the Doctor.
This body won't last long.
I need the Doctor's body.
Hmm, a sense of humour,
no more snoring?
You don't need a doctor.
Come back to bed, honey.
My name is not honey.
Well, what would you
like me to call you?
Master will do.
Well, come back to bed...master.
(SCREAM STOPS)
(THUD)

Oh, Doctor, soon I will have
all your lives.
It wasn't the same guy!
It was the guy who stole the body.
He was in a shroud
with a JD tag on his toe.
I don't think the Second Coming
happens here.
You think he's gonna go
to a better HOSPITAL?!
Know what? I'm going home.
Pete, stop by Psychiatric
and get MORE mind-altering drugs.
OK, sure.
Curtis, can you get SFPD? Some
creep's made off with the John Doe.
Don't call the police yet, Curtis.
Grace, can you give me some time?
Time...
..time!
..time!
We don't need to advertise
our mistakes, do we?
(GRACE) What are you saying?
Two hearts. No wonder you got lost.
Exactly.
Or maybe this really WAS
a double exposure.
In either case,
we can't afford to lose you.
- What are you doing?
- What I should have last night.
Am I having a bad dream?! I lose
a patient and then I lose his body
and you destroy the proof...
That you were careless!
- NO! I didn't know...
- He died because you got lost!
You BET I did!
The guy had two hearts!
Without records, no-one need know
he was even here.
- You can't do this!
- Let me take care of it, Grace.

NO!
Believe me, I know
what is best for all of us.
But what WAS he?
How can we learn from him?
I've got to find his body!
I have to keep this hospital open.
No! No. If you do this...
..I'll quit.
You don't mean that.
Hold the elevator.
Puccini!
We've met before.
- I don't think so.
- Yes, I think so. I know you.
You're tired of life
but afraid of dying.
There was music - Madame Butterfly!
You were there!
I SAW you last night!
Wasn't me!
I don't know who I am,
but YOU know me!
- Please go away!
- You're my only hope!
- Do you know who I am?
- I don't CARE who you are!
You must help me! You're a doctor!
Well, my oath just expired!
Stand back!
ARGH! GET OUT!
It's my hearts!
(HORN BLARES)
There's something in here!
It can't be!
WHAT is this?!
Please...please, I have two hearts!
You have to get me out before they
kill me again! Please, help! DRIVE!
Hey, Bruce, why the shades?
I had a bad night.
Did you want something?
Where's the gunshot wound
I brought in?

He died.
Oh, yeah. Well, I've got orders
to move his body.
Where is it? His body?
Haven't you heard?
The body's gone. Stolen.
OK, where are his things?
Kid that brought him in took them.
The Asian child.
The Asian child (?)
Bruce, you're sick!
Thank you.
- Are you all right?
- Better, yes.
Now that I don't have primitive
wiring in my system.
Primitive.
I don't believe it!
- He's taken all his stuff!
- Who?
- Brian!
- Your boyfriend?
EX-boyfriend!
Have a seat.
I want to listen to your heart.
Hearts...
- plural.
- Right! Right...
He's taken the sofa!
Come on, follow me.
Now I'm remembering more!
Lovely view.
Maybe you have amnesia
brought on by shock.
Maybe. I can't remember.
Ah, Da Vinci! He had a cold
when he drew that.
- You're still fibrillating badly.
- No, I'm not. Here.
Puccini... I REMEMBER!
I was with him before he died!
Name dropper.
No, I was! I was, I was.
Oh, my God!

See, no echo.
He didn't finish Turandot.
Alfano finished it based
on his notes. It was so sad.
You have TWO hearts!
Who ARE you?
The anaesthetic almost destroyed
the regenerative process.
Oh, yeah...right...
I'm gonna get a syringe,
take some blood.
No, no, Grace, Grace...
I have 13 lives.
Please! You're telling me
you've come back from the dead?
Yes.
Dead stay dead.
You can't turn back time.
Yes, you can.
I'm not a child!
Don't talk to me like I'm a child.
Only children believe that crap.
I...am a doctor.
But it was a childish dream
that made you a doctor.
You dreamt you could
hold back death. Isn't that true?
(HE HUMS THE PUCCINI ARIA)
Don't be sad, Grace.
You'll do great things.
Hello?
(WHISTLES)
Who's there?
The guy from the ambulance?
Bruce, don't scare me like that.
This place is freaky enough.
Chang Lee, that's your name,
isn't it?
Well, I never!
The TARDIS really likes you.
- What are you taking about, Bruce?
- I am not Bruce.
It took me a minute with talking
and walking, but I am NOT Bruce.

I am merely...inside his body.
Oh, yeah (?) So, who are you really?
Give me the bag.
Yes.
Where is he?
The man you stole these from,
where is he?
He's dead.
HE'S NOT DEAD!
He has stolen MY body.
And I will die
unless we bring him back here.
You will help me do that,
understand?
What's in it for me?
You get to live.
Mmm, not bad. Did these belong to...?
Brian? Yep.
Keep 'em.
Thank you.
How's my blood?
It's not blood.
Mmm, perhaps if I walk in them,
they'll stretch a bit.
Good idea. Let's go for a walk.
(GRACE) Maybe you're the result
- of a genetic experiment.
- I don't think so.
But you have
no recollection of family?
No. No, wait! I remember I'm
with my father, lying on the grass,
on a warm Gallifreyan night.
Gallifrey! Yes! This must be
where I live. Where is that?
Never heard of it.
What do you remember?
A meteor storm!
The sky was dancing with lights.
- Purple, green, yellow! YES!
- What?
These SHOES!
They fit perfectly!
You know, this was all mine

until he stole it.
He should never
have been allowed here.
I was told he was dead.
That body HAD died.
He's regenerated into another one.
My body can do this 12 times,
- but he's taken most of mine.
- What for?
- Unspeakable crimes.
- Like what?
- Ghengis Khan.
- What about him?
- That was him.
- No way!
Yes, way! Look, I'm no saint,
but he is evil.
And he's doing it all with MY body!
I was about to stop him
when we got here.
What do you want, Lee?
What do you mean?
If you could have anything -
ANYTHING - what would it be?
I don't know. A million bucks!
Only a million?
- OK, two million.
- Think bigger.
- A BILLION!
- What would that buy you?
- Power.
- Power.
Gold dust?
You get the rest
when I get my body back. Deal?
Deal!
Let me show you around.
Go ahead.
How did I do that?
I told you. The TARDIS likes you.
The Cloister Room.
- Awesome!
- Isn't it?
Let me show you.

Here is the Eye of Harmony,
the heart of this structure.
Everything gets its power
from here.
How can it help us?
As you know, it used to belong
to me. Now it belongs to him.
If we can open the Eye,
we WILL find him.
Cool! So, are you gonna open it?
No, you are. Can you pull this
reflector staff from its mooring?
This thing?
You can do it.
Yes!
Good! Now...
look in the beam of light.
If the TARDIS really likes you,
the Eye will open.
- Why don't you look?
- You pulled the staff out.
(LEE MOANS)
What is it?!
Something's happening!
Something's happening! God!
Oh, my God!
I KNOW who I am!
I am the Doctor!
Good! Now, do that again.
Wow! There's the guy
I took to hospital.
The Doctor's past life.
The Doctor?
That's what he calls himself.
Doctor (!)
The new Doctor.
He's so young. Hmm...
Fascinating!
See that?
That's the structure
of the human eye.
The Doctor is half HUMAN!
No wonder...
- No!

- What?
I saw him! The Master is here!
What are you talking about?
He plans to take my body,
so that he will live and I will die!
Oh...NO!
He has opened the Eye of Harmony!
- What is the Eye of Harmony?
- Wait, wait!
We're seeing what he's seeing.
I know that woman!
- Now he can't see you!
- What's the Eye of Harmony?
Power source in the TARDIS,
my ship through time and space.
It stands for Time
And Relative Dimension In Space.
- The Master is a devil?
- No, a rival Time Lord.
Evil. He was finally exterminated
by the Daleks, or so we thought.
- You really ARE insane!
- He wasn't dead! It was a trap!
If I look into the Eye...
..he will take my body!
- Listen to those lies!
- She believes him!
I don't want to deal with this!
That's enough!
If the Eye isn't closed,
this planet will be sucked through it!
Grace, I need to fix it! I need
an atomic clock. Help me find one!
Grace...
Grace!
Grace!
So that's how he intends to destroy me!
How?
We must get to the Doctor
before he finds a clock.
I know that woman!
- She operated on him.
- Find her, we find him.
GRACE!

- Stay away from me!
- Grace, please, let me in.

No!

Grace, let me in. We can sit down,
have a cup of tea, talk about it.

- Time Lord to earthling (!)
- Yes, I am a Time Lord.
- You were a doctor.
- I am!

I'm calling an ambulance
to take you back to Psychiatric!
Grace, if I don't get the Master
off this planet, it will not exist!

- I'm calling the ambulance!
 - Grace, we have until midnight!
- Come on, come on! Yes, I'll hold.

I'll PROVE the Eye is open!
Look at this.

Yes...

The molecular structure
of the planet is changing.
I will need an ambulance right away.

This is Dr Grace Holloway.

At first, in subtle ways;
soon, in catastrophic ways!

I need a psychiatric bed.
By midnight, this planet
will be pulled inside out.

Nothing will be left.

I think you'd better
make that two beds!

Doctor, Doctor.

Come on, she needs an ambulance.

Grace...I've lost 20 pounds!

Congratulations.

In 20 minutes?!

You'd make a fortune
in the diet business.

(TV) Now news about
a strange natural phenomena.
Bay area tides break all records
for this time of year.
Flood warnings have gone out,
and in Hawaii

it has started snowing!
Links with the Millennium?
It is due to minute changes
in the Earth's gravitational pull.
Changes which happen once
every thousand years.
I love humans,
always seeing patterns
in things that aren't there.
Next, where fashionable people
are bringing in the New Year.
Won't they see a clock
getting started?
Yes, and it isn't just any old clock.
It's an atomic clock,
and it's at the ITAR
in downtown San Francisco.
(' 'ATOMIC CLOCK' ' ECHOES)
A beryllium clock!
- They're here!
- They can take us!
We need to go to the ITAR.
Do you know where that is?
Of course I do.
(DOCTOR) The time?
(GRACE) 10.30.
I'm on the Institute Board.
They'll listen.
Won't this thing go any faster?!
Come on!
Can't you give him a sedative?
Why didn't you say
you had access to a clock?
- I was worried about the Eye.
- Of Harmony?
And the fact we'll be sucked
through it!
You don't often meet a Time Lord,
Doctor.
He likes me to call him Doctor.
- Freudian...
- Transference.
At least Freud
would have taken me seriously.

- Not if he'd met you!

- We did meet.

Right, a Time Lord (!)

- You knew Marie Curie?

- Yes.

- She kiss as good as me?

- As WELL.

(GRACE)

A truck's blocking the lanes.

The planet's about to be destroyed

and I'm in a traffic jam (?)

(GRACE SCREAMS)

OH, MY GOD! WHAT IS IT?!

I can't be injured!

(MASTER) Get it off me!

Get it off me!

Get it off me!

Sir, ma'am, get back to your vehicle.

What?! STOP! He's...he's British!

I suppose I am. Jelly baby?

Jelly baby?

Just take it.

Now, stand aside

before I shoot myself.

Don't be a fool.

- With me, Grace?

- We don't stand a chance!

Excuse me, please.

I came back to life before your eyes.

I held back death!

I can't make your dream true

forever, but I can today!

Gimme the gun.

OK...give him the keys!

Thank you.

What are we waiting for?

- The road is still blocked.

- This...is...an AMBULANCE!

Maybe I should have

kept the gun. LOOK!

DOCTOR, LOOK OUT!

BREATHE IN!

(LEE) Don't worry.

I'm not worried.

- What are you doing?
- This way's quicker.
- I know what I'm doing.
- Faster!
We'll let him get to the clock,
then we'll get his body!
- I think we lost them.
- Good. Hold on!
- Know what I'll do with that gold?
- I don't want to know.
- You kill me!
- You want me to kill you?
No! I mean, you make me laugh.
You're a funny guy.
I'm glad one of us is amused.
Cheer up. You'll get your body.
We're a team, right?
Yes, we're a team (!)
NOT AGAIN!
Great, I meet the right guy
and he's from another planet (!)
Doctor, I only have ONE life!
Can you remember that?
- I'll try.
- Thank you!
Oh, no! Doctor, look!
Dr Grace Holloway and guest.
Thank you.
First time being on the Board
has ever done me any good.
He must've found a back way in.
- Sorry, not beyond this point.
- But this is Dr Bowman.
- You'll get in later.
- I'm on the Board!
Thank you very much (!)
Come on.
(TANNOY) Welcome to the Institute
of Technological Advancement.
Professor Wagg invites you
to join in celebrating the starting
of the world's most accurate timepiece -
a Beryllium Atomic Clock.
How will we get THAT on the bike?

(DOCTOR) We only need a tiny part.

- So, time travel is possible?

- Anything is possible.

Why can't you become
another species?

I can, but only when I die.

And the rival Time Lord, the Master?

He's on his last life. In a fight
for survival there are no rules.

If I tell you a secret,
promise not to tell.

Oh, Professor Wagg! This is
Dr Bowman. He's from London.

He was just going to share
a secret with us.

Yes. Any chance
of a closer look at the clock?

No! I'm afraid I am the only person
allowed up there.

Maybe we could bend the rules a bit?

- But you see...

- Grace says you have a secret.

What is it?

I'm half human.

On my mother's side.

Very clever! Happy New Year.

Yes, I think you must be.

Champagne?

Grace...

This is when I wish

I had my sonic screwdriver.

Your WHAT?

See? I told you it was small.

What is it they say?

They say it on my planet, too.

- I know you.

- You do, huh?

Gareth, answer the SECOND question
on your mid-term, not the third.

- What?

- The SECOND. Don't forget.

I won't. Now, what's in your hand?

(GRACE) What was that about?

Ten years from now, Gareth will

head the Seismology Task Force
and will design a system
to predict earthquakes.
His inventions save the human race
several times,
- but first he must pass Poetry.
- Look! The kid!
You see who he's with? Come on!
The Master?
You're lucky he only got your wrist.
(GUNSHOT)
(ALARM)
Liven things up!
DOOR!
You're not afraid of heights, are you?
- Yeah.
- So am I.
Everyone, stay calm! Remain inside!
Don't panic!
Everything is under control... OOF!
I'll seal the exits!
DOCTOR!
Here we go again!
- Do you know what'll happen to me?
- You don't want to know!
- You CAN'T not tell!
- Grace!
God! Brian's gonna move in again!
- I can't say.
- Please!
It's useless to meddle with the
universe, unless you're a Time Lord.
All right.
So, just give me a few pointers!
- There she is!
- A police box?
Key!
- I leave a spare in...
- ..a compartment above the door!
Up you go!
It's in a cubby hole above the P.
Got it! Why a police box?
Its cloaking device got stuck.
I like it like this.

(SIREN)

Doctor...

Oh, my!

(BELL TOLLS)

You hear that?

Yes.

That's a warning.

The TARDIS is dying.

This is AMAZING!

We don't have enough power
to move next door.

The beryllium chip, Grace.

- Careful.

- Yes, Doctor.

This looks pretty low-tech.

Low-tech?! This is a Type 40 TARDIS,
able to take you to any planet
at any date

in that planet's existence!

Temporal physics.

Oh, that would explain

the spatial displacement

we experienced as we came in.

Yes, if you like.

Yes!

There! The Eye is closing.

Now...let's see.

- Come on! Oh, no.

- What?

We may be too late.

- We still have 11 minutes!

- There's no context.

- What are you doing?

- Finding one minute past midnight.

If it's true, the Eye's been open
too long and there's no future!

Is this reliable?!

- Closing the Eye won't help.

- Why didn't you know that?

I haven't opened the Eye before!

NOW you tell me!

We have to go back to before the Eye
was opened, before we arrived.

- This IS a time machine!

- With NO power!
- Opening the Eye has drained it.
- Great (!)
- You MUST have power!
- Not enough!

What about the predictions
about me, about Gareth?

They must come from somewhere!

Wait...wait, wait, wait!

Are you any good

at setting alarm clocks?

No.

- I'll try.

- Listen very carefully.

We pre-set the co-ordinates as

I divert power from the Eye to here.

- Jump-start the TARDIS?

- Jump-start the TARDIS!

Hit the top switch

on the console. The top one.

Good, now pass me the neutron ram.

Grace?

The neutron ram?

I'll show you.

Oh, no... Oh, not you, Grace.

This is no time to play

Doctors and Nurses!

No good talking to her.

She's possessed.

You! You took my things.

Where are they?

They're not YOUR things any more.

Soon, everything here will belong

to the Master again.

Again? What's he been telling you?

When he gets his body,

I'm gonna be rich!

- And you BELIEVE him?

- Why shouldn't I?

There won't be anywhere left

to SPEND it!

- So we have no time to waste.

- But time to change!

I always...DRESS for the occasion.

Glad you appreciate
the gravity of the situation.
I never liked this planet.
Well, any minute, it'll cease
to exist! What's the time?
Time enough for me to get my body,
get away and take Lee with me.
Lee is the son
I have always yearned for.
Please (!)
Grace...put it on him.
I suspect you know how.
Lee, this is MY TARDIS,
MY Eye and my OWN body!
The Master has run out of lives!
That's the truth.
Look at Grace! She is possessed
by EVIL, not goodness!
(MASTER COUGHS)
This won't hurt...much.
I didn't think I'd make it!
My life's work!
Ohmmmm...
Ohmmm...
In 700 years, no-one has opened
the Eye. How did you do it?
Simple. Lee is human. You are only
half. Lee, open the Eye, please.
Ladies and gentlemen,
in three minutes,
the world enters a new millennium
and a new standard of accuracy
will come to how we measure TIME!
(APPLAUSE DROWNS DIALOGUE)
What do you mean, it won't start?
- Lee, this is your last chance!
- It's my ONLY chance!
There is nothing for him here,
no family, no gang, only death.
With me, he'll see the universe.
It's his last chance to stay alive!
- What do you know of last chances?
- More than YOU!
I've wasted all my lives

because of YOU, Doctor!
Now I'll be rid of you.
ALL your lives?
Didn't you say I'd stolen them?
Lee, he lied!
He's used all his lives,
so he wants mine! Like I told you,
this is MY TARDIS, MY body!
Don't believe him. Open the Eye.
He said it himself, Lee.
He's wasted ALL of his lives!
- OPEN THE EYE!
- NO!
You LIED to me!
Lee...
Lee...
..I would never lie to you.
I would only protect you.
NO-O-O!
How will you open the Eye now?
Grace, come here.
In her present state, that won't work.
Her eyes aren't human!
Watch!
See...now they're human.
No, Grace! CLOSE YOUR EYES!
Too late!
I'M BLIND!
Your sight will return!
What's happening?
He can't move while the Eye
links us! Remember, Grace!
- Re-route the power!
- Console room, GO!
You'll die if I leave you!
We'll ALL die if you don't! RUN!
Run, Grace!
(MASTER) I'm taking your lives!
RUN!
I can hear your thoughts, Doctor!
I can feel your memories!
This cannot be how it ends!
Stop this!
Please...

STOP!
God, please!
What have I done?!
I thought surgery was difficult!
Routing the power!
I'm alive!
- 7...
- I'm re-routing the power. OW!
- 6...
- I'm alive! I'M ALIVE!
- Time's up.
- Three!
I AM ALIVE!
ONE!
(WHOOSHING)
(DOCTOR) ..before we arrived.
Alarm clock, alarm clock!
Think alarm clock!
Temporal orbit?
What's a temporal orbit?!
She did it. Your life force
is dying, Master.
NO-O-O-O!
We're in temporal orbit!
What is it?!
What IS that?
GRACE! NO-O-O!
Grace!
You are my life!
You want domain over the living,
yet all you do is kill!
Life is wasted on the living!
Give me your hand.
Never!
DOCTOR!
Doctor...I have your things.
Hello, Grace.
Well, how does it feel...
to hold back death?
Incredible! Did you see that? What
a sentimental thing this TARDIS is!
Congratulations. You've both been
somewhere I've never been.
(GRACE) It's nothing to be scared of.

Did we go back far enough?
That, or you're ghosts.
I don't believe in ghosts.
(WHOOSHING)
So...er...where's the Master?
(TARDIS RUMBLES)
Indigestion.
So, let's see where we are.
There. The future.
Look on the other side
of your galaxy. That's home.
(GRACE) Gallifrey!
(DOCTOR) 250 million light years away.
That's a good ten minutes
in this old thing!
So, where are we?
December 29th.
Do you want to get off here?
I couldn't live through that again.
I WOULDN'T live through that again!
(SHUDDER)
THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
(COUNTDOWN FROM TEN)
Happy New Year!
Happy New Year.
Can you believe it? 2000!
(WHOOSHING)
(HORNS BLARE, FIREWORKS EXPLODE)
Now, THAT'S as it should be!
Your things.
My sonic screwdriver! Thank you!
And...these, too.
Please, keep them.
- Really?!
- Yes, really.
I'll go before you change your mind!
Lee...
next Christmas, take a vacation.
Just don't be here.
Right! Thanks.
Thanks, Doctor.
See you around, Grace.
Happy New Year!
- Interfering again!

- Grace...
- Don't tell me.
- Why not?
I know who I am, and that's enough.
I'm glad!
Come with me.
You come with me.
- ME come with you?
- Yes!
Me come with you?
It's tempting.
I'm going to miss you.
I'm easy to find.
I'm the guy with two hearts.
That's not what I meant.
- Thank you, Doctor.
- No, no, thank YOU, Doctor!
(WHOOSHING)
(JAZZ RECORD PLAYS)
Hmm, sounds better.
Right...where to next?
Now, where was I?
..But my poor heart aches
Time...time...time... #
Oh, no! Not again!