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Doctor Who Rose

By Russell T Davies

Rose

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[The Tyler's flat]

(Earth, United Kingdom, South London. An alarm clock goes off at 7:30. A young blonde woman gets up, dressed and kisses her mother goodbye. Her mother, who is also blonde, still in her dressing gown and lazing on the settee while watching TV.)

ROSE:

Bye!

(Everyone say Hi! to Billie Piper.)

JACKIE:

See you later!

[Henricks Department Store]

(Rose takes the bus to Central London and gets off outside the department store. There is a banner across the main entrance - Henrick's sale sale Henrick's.)

The day passes. Rose moves piles of display clothes around the ladies wear section, meets her boyfriend for a snack lunch in Trafalgar Square then goes back to work. Eventually -)

TANNOY:

This is a customer announcement. The store will be closing in five minutes. Thank you.

(Rose and the other girls head for the main doors. The guard shakes a clear plastic bag in front of Rose.)

GUARD:

Oi!

(Rose takes the bag and runs back to a lift and goes down to the basement.)

ROSE:

Wilson? Wilson, I've got the lottery money. Wilson, are you there?

(A door with a large danger of electric shock sign also claims to be the office of H P Wilson, CEO.)

ROSE:

I can't hang about 'cos they're closing the shop. Wilson! Oh, come on. (There is a clattering noise further down the corridor.)

ROSE:

Hello? Hello, Wilson, it's Rose. Hello? Wilson?

(She opens the door to a store room and turns on the lights. There are

boxes of clothes, and dressed dummies.)

ROSE:

Wilson? Wilson!

(As she explores, the door slams behind her. Rose runs back but it won't open.)

ROSE:

You're kidding me.

(More noises behind her.)

ROSE:

Is that someone mucking about? Who is it?

(A male shop dummy turns to watch her, then approaches.)

ROSE:

Yeah, you got me. Very funny.

(A second one starts moving behind it, then a third.)

ROSE:

Right, I've got the joke. Who's idea was this? Is it Derek's? Is it? Derek, is this you?

(More shop dummies start moving as Rose keeps backing away down the storage area. Finally they have her up against the wall, and the lead dummy raises its arm. Then a hand grabs Rose's wrist.)

DOCTOR:

Run.

(The Doctor has gone modern minimalist, with t-shirt and leather jacket. Everyone say Hi! to Christopher Eccleston.

He drags Rose through the basement as the Autons - see Jon Pertwee's first story for more details - follow, and into a lift. The lead Auton puts its arm through the closing doors. After several tugs the Doctor pulls it off, and the doors close.)

[Service lift]

ROSE:

You pulled his arm off.

DOCTOR:

Yep. Plastic.

ROSE:

Very clever. Nice trick! Who were they then, students? Is this a student

thing or what?

DOCTOR:

Why would they be students?

ROSE:

I don't know.

DOCTOR:

Well, you said it. Why students?

ROSE:

'Cos to get that many people dressed up and being silly, they got to be students.

DOCTOR:

That makes sense. Well done.

ROSE:

Thanks.

DOCTOR:

They're not students.

ROSE:

Whoever they are, when Wilson finds them, he's going to call the police.

DOCTOR:

Who's Wilson?

ROSE:

Chief electrician.

DOCTOR:

Wilson's dead.

[Behind Hendrik's]

ROSE:

That's just not funny. That's sick!

DOCTOR:

Hold on. Mind your eyes.

ROSE:

I've had enough of this now.

(The Doctor disables the lift mechanism with his sonic screwdriver.)

ROSE:

Who are you, then? Who's that lot down there? I said, who are they?

DOCTOR:

They're made of plastic. Living plastic creatures. They're being controlled by a relay device in the roof, which would be a great big problem if I didn't have this. (a small bomb) So, I'm going to go up there and blow them up, and I might well die in the process, but don't worry about me. No, you go home. Go on. Go and have your lovely beans on toast. Don't tell anyone about this, because if you do, you'll get them killed.

(He shuts the door behind him, then opens it again.)

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor, by the way. What's your name?

ROSE:

Rose.

DOCTOR:

Nice to meet you, Rose. Run for your life!

(Rose makes her way to the main road, nervous of the dummies in the shop window. She runs across the road, nearly becoming a hood ornament for a black cab.)

TAXI DRIVER:

Watch it!

(KaBOOM! A huge fireball takes out the upper floor of Hendrik's. Rose runs straight past an out of date police telephone box parked just in the alley between two other stores.)

[The Tyler's flat]

(BBC News 24 keeps everyone informed at 20.45.)

TELEVISION:

The whole of Central London has been closed off as police investigate the fire. Early reports indicate

(Jackie is on the telephone and Rose is slumped on the settee.)

JACKIE:

I know. It's on the telly. It's everywhere. She's lucky to be alive.

Honestly, it's aged her. Skin like an old bible. Walking in now you'd think I was her daughter. Oh, and here's himself.

(Rose's boyfriend, Mickey, enters.)

MICKEY:

I've been phoning your mobile. You could've been dead. It's on the news and everything. I can't believe that your shop went up!

ROSE:

I'm all right, honestly, I'm fine! Don't make a fuss.

MICKEY:

Well, what happened?

ROSE:

I don't know!

MICKEY:

What was it though? What caused it?

ROSE:

I wasn't in the shop. I was outside. I didn't see anything.

JACKIE:

It's Debbie on the end. She knows a man on the Mirror. Five hundred quid for an interview.

ROSE:

Oh that's brilliant! Give it here.

(Rose takes the phone from Jackie and ends the call.)

JACKIE:

Well, you've got to find some way of making money. Your job's kaput and I'm not bailing you out.

(The telephone rings again. Jackie answers it.)

JACKIE:

Bev! She's alive. I've told her, sue for compensation. She was within seconds of death.

MICKEY:

What're you drinking, tea? Nah, nah, that's no good, that's no good. You're in shock. You need something stronger.

ROSE:

I'm all right.

MICKY:

Now, come on, you deserve a proper drink. We're going down the pub, you and me. My treat. How about it?

ROSE:

Is there a match on?

MICKY:

No, I'm just thinking about you, babe.

ROSE:

There's a match on, ain't there.

MICKY:

That's not the point, but we could catch the last five minutes.

ROSE:

Go on, then. I'm fine, really. Go. Get rid of that.

(Rose has brought the Auton's arm home. They kiss, then Mickey picks up the arm.)

MICKY:

Bye, bye.

ROSE:

Bye.

(Mickey pretends to be strangled by the arm, then leaves.)

TELEVISION:

Fire then spread throughout the store. Fifteen fire crews are in attendance though it's thought there is very little chance of saving the infrastructure.

(Whistling, Mickey throws the arm into a rubbish bin, while somewhere nearby a couple are having a blazing row.)

[Rose's bedroom]

(Next morning, Rose's alarm goes off at 7:30 as usual.)

JACKIE [OC]:

There's no point in getting up, sweetheart. You've got no job to go to.

[The Tyler's flat]