

1. EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. DAY.

\*

Blue skies over London. Tranquil, serene. Could be summer day, any time. Except -

\*

\*

- rising now, the mournful wailing of air raid sirens. Then stepping into shot, an AIR RAID WARDEN. He's squinting up at the sky.

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

2. INT. MAP ROOM. DAY.

The Map Room. A hive of frenzied activity. A huge horizontal map of Southern England takes up most of the space. RAF Officers CHILDERS and TODD are on a range of constantly ringing coloured bakelite phones. Neat WAAF girls push lo-tech, wooden model planes and ships across the map like croupiers.

Among them are LILIAN (20s, smoulderingly lovely) and BLANCHE (30s, brassy).

(Maybe hand-held here. Shaky. More Verite than usual)

The crump-crump of bombs from outside. A trickle of dust falls from the ceiling. Lilian looks up at it. The siren wails on.

CHILDERS

Can't we shut that ruddy thing up?

LILIAN

If wishes were kisses...

TODD

92 advancing from Biggin Hill.

LILIAN (CONT'D)

Hostile 36, confirm please -

CHILDERS

Able Victor Charlie down -

BLANCHE

26 and 41 detailed to intercept.

LILIAN looks frightened.

LILIAN

41? That's...that's Reg's squadron.

She looks at Blanche who gives her a brave smile. Lilian pulls herself together.

A door opens. Despite the urgent situation, everyone instinctively turns. A rotund silhouette framed in the doorway.

CHURCHILL

How many?

CHILDERS

Looks like a dozen Heinkel at  
least, sir. With Messerschmitts  
flanking.

CHURCHILL

(smiling)  
Out of range?

LILIAN

Normally, sir, yes.

The figure steps into a pool of light. A dapper man in a  
black suit, spectacles and bow tie, a cigar jammed between  
his lips.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Prime Minister. He smiles.

CHURCHILL

Well, then. Time to roll out the  
secret weapon!

And Lilian pushes another model across the map towards  
London.

But it's not a plane or a ship.

It is a **DALEK!**

CUT TO:

SCREAM INTO TITLES.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

A red light begins flashing and a harsh klaxon goes off.

CHURCHILL, at his desk, glances up over his spectacles and  
smiles.

CUT TO:

5. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

The TARDIS has landed. Amy is checking herself in a mirror  
and the Doctor is pulling on a jacket, straightening his  
bow tie. (They just changed out of their sicked-on Beast  
Below outfits.)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMY

He just calls you?? He just  
phones you up, like you're mates.

\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR

We go way back! Had a fist-fight  
with him in the Sudan. Dodged  
doodle-bugs with him in '45. Went  
to his memorial service in '65.  
Really moving. Horrible food.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

AMY

Seriously?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. Sandwiches were all curly  
at the edges. And no, he never  
phones. So it must be important!

\*  
\*

He's already heading to the doors, flinging them open --

\*

CUT TO:

6. INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

-- they step out - and a semi circle of MARINES are  
instantly pointing rifles right at them! The sound of ack-  
ack guns from above.

\*  
\*

The TARDIS has arrived in a long, low room. Dingy lamp  
shades. Massive girders and air-ducts hang from the  
ceiling.

CHURCHILL emerges from behind the Marines.

THE DOCTOR

Amy Pond - Winston Churchill.

\*  
\*

CHURCHILL

(to Marines)

At ease.

He's staring, bemusedly, at the Doctor. This new man.

\*

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Doctor? Is it you?

\*  
\*

The Doctor just smiles. Pleased to see his old mate.

\*

THE DOCTOR

You rang?

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

7. INT. WAR ROOMS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

A nicotine-yellow corridor. Dust trickles from the ceiling.  
The raid is still going on. CHURCHILL strides ahead, THE  
DOCTOR and AMY struggle to keep up. Amy's past herself with  
excitement, taking it all in.

\*

CHURCHILL  
So - you've changed your face,  
again.

\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, had a bit of work done.

\*  
\*

AMY  
Got it got it got it! Cabinet War  
Rooms, right?

THE DOCTOR  
Yup. Top secret heart of the war  
effort. Right under London.

Amy waves at a passing WAAF.

AMY  
Hello!

THE DOCTOR  
Yeah, you might want to stop  
that.

CHURCHILL  
You're late, by the way.

\*  
\*

LILIAN rushes up to Churchill with a clip-board. She looks  
anxious.

LILIAN  
Requisitions, sir.

CHURCHILL  
(Taking clipboard)  
Excellent.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
Late?

CHURCHILL  
I rang a *month* ago.

THE DOCTOR  
Really? Sorry. *Sorry*. Type Forty  
TARDIS. You know. Just running  
her in.

Churchill scribbles a signature on the clipboard. He looks  
at Lilian over the top of his glasses.

CHURCHILL  
Something the matter, Breen? You  
look a little down in the dumps.

LILIAN  
No, sir. Fine, sir.

Churchill hands back the clipboard.

CHURCHILL  
Action this day, Breen! Action  
this day!

LILIAN  
Yes, sir.

She catches AMY's eye. Amy smiles but Lilian hurries on.

TODD rushes by.

TODD  
Got another formation coming in,  
Prime Minister. Stukas by the  
look of them.

CHURCHILL  
We'll go up top then, Group  
Captain! And we shall give 'em  
what for! Coming, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR  
Why?

CHURCHILL  
I have something to show you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

8. INT. LIFT. DAY.

CLOSE on CHURCHILL's finger, stabbing at a grimy lift  
button.

He's jammed into a lift with THE DOCTOR and AMY. He goes  
into full rhetorical mode.

CHURCHILL  
We stand at a crossroads, Doctor.  
Quite alone, with our backs to  
the wall. Invasion is expected  
daily. So I will grasp with both  
hands anything that will give us  
an advantage over the Naazi  
menace.

THE DOCTOR  
Such as?

The lift doors creak open, Churchill marches out.

AMY  
Naazi?

THE DOCTOR

Shh!

AMY

Naazi?

THE DOCTOR

It's just the way he says it.

They step out onto --

\*

CUT TO:

9. EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. DAY.

-- the Ministry roof. A Union Jack flaps from a flag-pole.

On BRACEWELL - a tin-hatted scientist in owlish spectacles. He's looking at the sky. The distant drone of bombers, the *crump* of explosions from all around.

\*  
\*  
\*

The Doctor, Amy and Churchill now joining him. Amy instantly gob-smacked by the view.

\*  
\*

CHURCHILL

Doctor, this is Professor Edwin Bracewell. Head of the Ironsides Project.

BRACEWELL

How d'you do.

*Whump!* A bomb explodes below. The building shakes.

\*

Amy is startled. On her, as she looks around.

\*

FX: A fantastic view - but London is in chaos. Smoke billowing from the docks. Shattered churches. Fires blossoming everywhere.

AMY

(shocked)

Oh, Doctor...Doctor, it's -

THE DOCTOR

(grim)

History.

A bank of sandbags has been erected close to the edge of the building. Before it are a handful of MARINES.

Bracewell raises his binoculars.

\*

FX: Bracewell's POV through the binoculars. The German bombers and their fighter escorts, just distant dots.

\*  
\*

BRACEWELL

On my order!

The Doctor and Amy exchange glances.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

Fire!

FX: From behind the sandbag, a green death ray blasts upwards. **BOOM!** The distant German bombers bloom into a black cloud.

\*  
\*  
\*

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)

Cease firing!

The blazing green ray abruptly cut off.

AMY

Jings! What was *that*?

THE DOCTOR

(astonished)

That wasn't human, that was never human technology - that sounded like -

\*  
\*  
\*

He breaks off. Too terrible a thought to voice.

\*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Show me!! Show me what that was!!

\*  
\*

BRACEWELL

Advance!

And, from behind the sandbags emerges -

**A DALEK!**

\*

It's roughly painted in khaki - like a British tank - and there's a Union Jack just below its eye stalk.

\*

On the Doctor: horrified! For once, lost for words.

\*

CHURCHILL

Our new secret weapon! What do you think? Quite something, eh?

\*

The Doctor turns to the Dalek. His voice is little more than a whisper.

THE DOCTOR

(to Dalek)

What are you doing here?

Beat.

DALEK 1

I am your...soldier.

THE DOCTOR

*What?*

DALEK 1

I am your soldier.

THE DOCTOR

Stop this. Stop it now! You know who I am, you always know.

\*

DALEK 1

Your identity is unknown.

BRACEWELL

Perhaps I can clarify things? This is one of my Ironsides.

\*

THE DOCTOR

Your *what?*

Bracewell beams like a proud parent.

BRACEWELL

(to Dalek 1)

You will help the Allied cause in any way you can?

DALEK 1

Yes.

BRACEWELL

Until the Germans have been utterly smashed?

DALEK 1

Yes.

BRACEWELL

And what is your ultimate aim?

Beat.

DALEK 1

To win the War!

On the Doctor: **NO!**

CUT TO:

10. INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

The *crump* of bombing from outside.

CHURCHILL is seated, AMY close by. THE DOCTOR is starkly lit under a tin lamp-shade, poring over documents on the table: blue-prints of the Daleks!

On Amy: worried. Because the Doctor is worried.

Through the open door, one of the khaki DALEKS glides past. The iris on its eye-stalk narrows as it watches the Doctor. He lets it disappear from view before he speaks.

(Throughout these scenes there are only TWO khaki Daleks - Dalek 1 and Dalek 2.)

\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR

This is impossible. This is *not* possible. They're Daleks! They're called *Daleks!*

CHURCHILL

They're Bracewell's Ironsides, Doctor! Look! Blue-prints, statistics, field-tests, photographs. He invented them!

\*

THE DOCTOR

*Invented* them? Oh no no no!

CHURCHILL

Yes! He approached one of our brass hats a few months ago. Fella's a genius.

\*

AMY

Maybe you should (listen to him) -

THE DOCTOR

Shh!

He silences Amy with an imperious gesture. She looks a bit stung.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He didn't *invent* them! They're alien.

CHURCHILL

Alien?

THE DOCTOR

And totally hostile!

CHURCHILL

(grinning)

Precisely. They will win me the War!

Churchill jabs at the pile of documents with his stick.

Amongst the files is a propaganda poster: a Dalek framed by search-light beams. And the words '**TO VICTORY!**'

\*

CUT TO:

11. INT. WAR ROOMS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

CHURCHILL's on the move again. THE DOCTOR and AMY just behind.

THE DOCTOR

Why won't you listen to me? Why did you call me in if you won't *listen* to me!

CHURCHILL

When I rang you a month ago, Doctor, I must admit I had my doubts. The Ironsides seemed too good to be true.

THE DOCTOR

Yes! Right! So destroy them! Exterminate them!

CHURCHILL

But imagine what I could do with a hundred of them! A thousand!

\*

THE DOCTOR

I *am* imagining.

DALEK 1 glides past down the corridor. It carries box files in its sucker arm. The Doctor glares at it.

Churchill stomps through into the Map Room.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(to Amy, desperately)  
Tell him.

AMY

Tell him what?

THE DOCTOR

About the Daleks!

AMY

What would I know about the Daleks?

\*

\*

On the Doctor - what?

\*

THE DOCTOR

Everything. They invaded your world, remember? Planets in the sky, you don't forget that!

But she's just staring at him. Blank.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Amy. Please tell me you remember the Daleks.

AMY

Nope, sorry.

On the Doctor. What?? A hairs-on-the-back-of-the-neck moment. Something's very wrong...

THE DOCTOR

That's not possible.

He turns, goes through the doors.

CUT TO:

12. INT. MAP ROOM. DAY.

We're hit full on again by the business of the place.

More dust tumbles from the ceiling into a cup of tea. One of the WAAFs calmly moves the cup aside.

CHURCHILL's at the head of the huge map, hands on hips. Another DALEK is in the room. AMY follows THE DOCTOR in. He slumps against the wall, watching the Dalek and brooding.

He chews his fingers and watches as Dalek 2 glides past.

THE DOCTOR

So they're up to something. But what? What are they after?

AMY

Well - let's just ask, shall we?

Amy marches up to the Dalek and tries to get past it. It doesn't budge and its eye-stalk swings round towards her.

DALEK 2

Can I be of assistance?

AMY

What? Oh. Yes. Yes! See, my friend reckons you're dangerous.

DALEK 2 says nothing. The Doctor watches it intently.

AMY (CONT'D)

That you're an alien. Is it true?

DALEK 2

I am your soldier.

AMY

Yeah. Got that bit. Love a squaddie. What else, though?

Beat.

DALEK 2

Please excuse me. I have duties to perform.

It glides off. Churchill passes and the Doctor comes alive.

THE DOCTOR

(pleading)

Winston, please -

CHURCHILL

We are waging Total War, Doctor! Day after day, the Luftwaffe pound this great city like an iron fist.

THE DOCTOR

Wait till the Daleks get started -

CHURCHILL

Men, women, children slaughtered. Families torn apart. Wren's churches in flame.

THE DOCTOR

Yeah? Try the Earth in flames!

CHURCHILL

I weep for my country and my Empire, Doctor. It is breaking my heart.

THE DOCTOR

But you're resisting, Winston! The whole world knows you're resisting! You're a beacon of hope.

CHURCHILL

For how long, Doctor? Millions of innocent lives will be saved if I use the Ironsides now!

Dalek 2 glides up to them.

DALEK 2  
 (to the Doctor)  
 Can I be of assistance?

THE DOCTOR  
 Shut it!  
 (to Churchill)  
 Listen to me. Just *listen!* The Daleks have no conscience. No mercy. No pity. They are my oldest and deadliest enemy. You cannot trust them!

CHURCHILL  
 If Hitler invaded Hell, Doctor, I would give a favourable reference to the Devil! Those machines will be our salvation!

The wail of the all-clear siren.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
 The all clear. We're safe.  
 (pointedly, to the Doctor)  
 For now.

He crosses towards CHILDERS. The Doctor plunges his hands into his pockets and begins to pace up and down. Thinking the madness through.

With Amy: she's looking interestedly at the huge map. Blanche tries to get past.

AMY  
 Can I help? I'd love to help. Go on, let me help.

BLANCHE  
 You qualified?

AMY  
 What in?

BLANCHE  
 Compass bearings? Plotting enemy interception with RDF?

AMY  
 RDF? Oh. Radar, that's radar, right?

BLANCHE  
 Or maybe you speak German? Some of us have to monitor what their pilots are nattering about on their RT.

AMY  
 (bit deflated)  
 Sorry. I'm in the way, aren't I?

BLANCHE  
 It's ok.

AMY  
 You been down here long?

Blanche points to a poster: "Careless Talk Costs Lives".  
 Amy rolls her eyes. *Sorry!* But then Blanche relaxes a bit.

BLANCHE  
 Joined the WAAFS soon as I could.  
 Wanted to go into the Navy,  
 actually.

AMY  
 Yeah?

BLANCHE  
 But the air-force uniform's  
 nicer.

She grins. Amy responds -- then catches sight of a worried-  
 looking LILIAN.

AMY  
 What's up with her?

BLANCHE  
 (sotto)  
 Lilian? Poor lamb. Her fiance's  
 been listed as missing.

On Amy. Brought up short.

AMY  
 Her...fiance?

BLANCHE  
 Yes. You got someone?

AMY  
 What? Yeah. He's...away. Long way  
 away.

BLANCHE  
 Awful, innit?  
 (to LILIAN)  
 Still no word?

LILIAN  
 No. Nothing.

BLANCHE  
 Look, go and get off your pins  
 for a bit. You look shattered.

LILIAN  
 I'm all right.

Amy stops the brooding Doctor in his tracks and puts a hand  
 on his arm.

AMY  
 You okay?

The Doctor looks at her for a long moment. His tone is  
 hushed. Grave.

THE DOCTOR  
 What does 'hate' look like, Amy,  
 do you think?

AMY  
 Hate?

Beat.

THE DOCTOR  
 It looks like a Dalek.

Dalek 2's eye-stalk is levelled at them.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 And I'm going to prove it.

CUT TO:

13. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

A proper boffin's lab. A white-coated SCIENTIST is hunched  
 over banks of complex and pleasingly antique technology.  
 DALEK 1 is with BRACEWELL.

DALEK 1  
 Would you care for some tea?

BRACEWELL  
 That would be very nice. Thank  
 you.

Dalek 1 glides over to the corner.

The door opens and THE DOCTOR and AMY enter.

THE DOCTOR  
 (brightly)  
 All right, Prof! The P.M. been  
 filling me in.  
 (MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Amazing things, these Ironsides  
 of yours. Amazing.

Dalek 1 glides past, carrying Bracewell's tea on a tray.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 You must be very proud of them.

BRACEWELL  
 Just doing my bit.

THE DOCTOR  
 (to Bracewell)  
 How did you do it? Come up with  
 the idea?

BRACEWELL  
 Ah, well. How does the muse of  
 invention come to anyone?

THE DOCTOR  
 (to Bracewell)  
 But you get a lot of these clever  
 notions, do you? \*

BRACEWELL  
 I have been blessed with the most  
 extraordinary insight of late,  
 Doctor, I must admit. Ideas just  
 seem to...teem from my head!  
 Wonderful things! Look here -

He waves some plans.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)  
 Some musings on the potential of  
*hypersonic* flight.

More plans.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)  
 Gravity bubbles that could  
 sustain life outside of the  
 terrestrial atmosphere! Came to  
 me in the bath!

THE DOCTOR  
 And are these your ideas? Or  
 theirs?

BRACEWELL  
 These 'robots' are entirely under  
*my* control, Doctor. They are the  
 perfect servant. And the perfect  
 warrior.

THE DOCTOR  
You're lying. Or mad. Or lying  
and mad!

BRACEWELL  
(affronted)  
Well, really!

THE DOCTOR  
I don't know what you're up to,  
Professor but whatever they've  
promised, you cannot trust them!  
Call them what you like, the  
Daleks are *death!*

CHURCHILL  
Yes, Doctor.

They all turn. Churchill is standing in the doorway. DALEK  
2 enters behind him.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
Death to our enemies. Death to  
the forces of darkness. Death to  
the third Reich!

THE DOCTOR  
Yes. And death to everyone else  
too!

At his shoulder:

DALEK 1  
Would you care for some tea?

THE DOCTOR  
Stop this!

The Doctor smashes the tea-tray from the Dalek's grip.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(savagely, to Daleks)  
What are you doing here? What do  
you *want?*

DALEK 1  
We seek only to help you.

THE DOCTOR  
To do what?

DALEK 1  
To win the war.

THE DOCTOR  
Really?

Big iconic Doctor shot.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

*Which war?*

DALEK 1

I do not understand.

THE DOCTOR

This war? Against the Nazis? Or *your* war? The war against the rest of the Universe? The war against the un-like! Against all life-forms that are not Dalek?

DALEK 1

I do not understand. I am your soldier.

THE DOCTOR

Oh yeah? Ok, soldier -

He picks up a big metal girder -

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Defend yourself!

**Smack!** The Doctor goes wild! He smashes the girder across Dalek 1's head! It's knocked back a bit.

DALEK 1

You do not require tea?

**Smack!** Another hit from the girder. The Dalek's eye-stalk swings towards the Doctor. He flings his arms around the creature and pulls and grabs and smashes his fists at its casing.

BRACEWELL

Stop it! Prime Minister, please -

He tries to intervene. The Doctor pushes him back.

CHURCHILL

Doctor, what the devil! These machines - (are precious)

THE DOCTOR

Come on! Fight back! You want to, don't you? You know you do!

The iris on the Dalek's eye narrows dangerously. Its gun-stick rises.

BRACEWELL

I must protest!

THE DOCTOR

(to Dalek)

What are you waiting for?

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 You hate me. You want to kill me.  
 Well, go on! *Kill* me.

**Smack!**

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
*Kill me!*

AMY  
 Doctor, be careful!

DALEK 1  
 Please desist from striking me. I  
 am your -

**Smack!**

THE DOCTOR  
 (fury)  
 You are my *enemy!* And I'm yours!

**Smack!**

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 You are everything I despise! The  
 worst thing in all creation.  
 Remember Necros? Spirodon? The  
 Arrows of the Half-Light? I've  
 defeated you! Time and time  
 again, I've defeated you. And now  
 you've crawled out from under  
 your filthy stone one last time.  
 Like a filthy disease. A plague!  
 Manipulating. Scheming.  
 Exterminating! Well, not on my  
 watch. Do you hear me? I sent you  
 back into the Void! I saved the  
 whole of Reality from you! I am  
 the DOCTOR! The Oncoming Storm!  
 And you are the DALEKS!

He kicks Dalek 1 across the room! It smashes into the wall. \*

-- a moment's silence, the Doctor spent. And then, \*  
 chillingly, one word. \*

DALEK 1 \*  
 Correct. \*

On the Doctor. What? *What??* \*

DALEK 1 (CONT'D) \*  
 Review testimony. \*

From inside Dalek 2, as on a tape recording, the Doctor's \*  
 voice again. \*

THE DOCTOR  
 (V.O. on the recording)  
 I am the DOCTOR! The Oncoming  
 Storm! And you are the DALEKS!

DALEK 1  
 Transmit testimony!

THE DOCTOR  
 Testimony? What are you talking  
 about, testimony?

DALEK 2  
 Transmitting testimony now

THE DOCTOR  
 Transmitting what where??

14. EXT. SPACE.

FX: The Moon. Completely dominating the shot. The Earth  
 creeps from behind its shadow - and in the sudden Earth-  
 shine -- a huge Dalek ship, hanging in orbit. It is  
 wrecked, battle-scarred and silent.

CUT TO:

15. CUT

16. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). DAY.

A long, low, metal, room. At one end of the room, a  
 solitary Dalek (in normal bronze colours) stands at a  
 control deck. The egg-like 'Progenitor' sits at the heart  
 of this, dark and dormant.

DALEK 3  
 Receiving testimony now.

The Doctor's taped voice, now booming round the room.

THE DOCTOR  
 (V.O.)  
 I am the DOCTOR! The Oncoming  
 Storm! And you are the DALEKS!

And the Progenitor lights up. The whole room seem to hum  
 into life.

The Dalek - almost shaking with excitement.

DALEK 3  
 Testimony accepted!! Testimony  
 accepted!!

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY. DAY

DALEK 1  
 Testimony accepted!

DALEK 2  
 Testimony accepted!

THE DOCTOR  
 Get back! All of you!

CHURCHILL  
 Marines! Marines!

Two MARINES race inside, raise their rifles and the Daleks' guns blaze.

FX: Green fire! X-ray skeletons revealed! Dead marines!

BRACEWELL  
 Stop it! Stop it, please! What  
 are you doing? You're my  
 Ironsides!

DALEK 1  
 We are the Daleks!

BRACEWELL  
 But...I *created* you!

DALEK 1  
 No.

FX: DALEK 1 fires a bolt of green fire that blasts away Bracewell's hand.

DALEK 1 (CONT'D)  
 We created *you*.

Shocked, Bracewell lifts his arm and we see --

-- wires, circuits, machinery sparking where his hand used to be! He screams and crumples to the floor.

On the Doctor: appalled.

DALEKS  
 Victory! Victory! Victory!

In the blink of an eye - they vanish!

A moment of shocked silence. Churchill and Amy look on in disbelief.

AMY

What just happened? Doctor?

The Doctor hammers the heel of his palm against his forehead.

THE DOCTOR

I wanted to know what they wanted. What their plan was.

(horror)

I was their plan!

He tears out of the room.

CUT TO:

16. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). DAY. \*

The two Khaki Daleks gliding into the room. The Bronze one turns to the newcomers - beyond it we see the Progenitor, glowing and active. \*

DALEK 3 \*

The Progenitor is activated. It begins! \*

CUT TO:

16. INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

**Bang!** The door flies open and THE DOCTOR races in, AMY and CHURCHILL just behind.

THE DOCTOR

"Testimony accepted"! "Testimony accepted!" That's what they said! My testimony.

AMY

Don't beat yourself up. You were right! So, what do we do? Is this what we do now? Chase after them?

The Doctor unlocks the TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR

This is what I do, yes. And it's dangerous, so you wait here. \*

AMY

What, you mean I've got to stay  
safe down here in the middle of  
the London Blitz??

\*  
\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR

Safe as it gets around me.

He dashes inside, the TARDIS engines start up -- and he's gone.

FX: The TARDIS dematerialises.

AMY

What does he expect us to do now?

CHURCHILL

K.B.O. of course.

AMY

What?

CHURCHILL

Keep buggering on!

CUT TO:

17. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

THE DOCTOR's all over the controls. Information pours across screens on the console.

CLOSE on screen: Earth. Then Earth in space. A grid shimmering over the image. And there, hanging in the blackness, the Dalek ship.

THE DOCTOR

Bingo!

He flicks a switch.

CUT TO:

18. INT. STORAGE AREA. DAY.

AMY looks cross and frustrated.

CHURCHILL puts a kindly hand on her shoulder.

CHURCHILL

He'll come back. He always comes  
back.

AMY

He'd better. So I can murder him.

CHURCHILL

What?

AMY

Don't you wanna know what's going on? What they're up to? And he just scoots off leaving us here like lemons.

The room shakes. More bombing. Amy glances up.

AMY (CONT'D)

I could die here.

(panic)

I could *live* here!

CHURCHILL

Would that be so bad?

AMY

It's not happening! It stinks, the shoes are...*clumpy* and I don't like Spam! And I'm getting married in the morning!

\*

CHURCHILL

Oh. Really? Well!  
Congratulations, my dear!

AMY

Yeah, in the morning ... in about seventy years.

\*

\*

\*

CHURCHILL

Oh.

\*

\*

AMY

I'll be ninety-one. On my wedding day - ninety-one!

\*

\*

\*

A knock at the door.

CHURCHILL

(testy)

Yes?

LILIAN enters.

LILIAN

Signal from RDF, sir.  
Unidentified object.

\*

LILIAN hands Churchill a piece of paper. He puts on his spectacles, examines it

\*

LILIAN (CONT'D)

Just hanging in the sky, Captain Childers says.

\*

(MORE)

LILIAN (CONT'D)  
 We can't get a proper fix,  
 though. It's too far up.

CHURCHILL and AMY exchange glances.

CHURCHILL  
 What do you think, Miss Pond?  
 Could it be these...  
 (pronounced like  
 Naazis)  
 ..."Daaleks"?

Amy shoots him a look, intrigued - little bit amused. \*

AMY  
 Why are you saying it like that.  
 Like...*Daaleks*? \*

CHURCHILL  
 Because it's time to fight back.  
 The Doctor's in trouble and now  
 we know where he is! \*

AMY  
 Yeah. Cos he'll be on that ship,  
 won't he - right in the middle of  
 everything. \*

CHURCHILL  
 Exactly! \*

They're both on their feet now, ready for the fight,  
 kindred spirits. Churchill looks at her - a little bit  
 teasing. \*

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
 Of course ... he did just tell us  
 to wait. \*

AMY  
 Yeah, he did, didn't he?  
 (Then, big grin)  
 Don't you hate it when he does  
 that? \*

CHURCHILL  
 Miss Pond, I need more men like  
 you. \*

AMY  
 Yes, you do! \*

CUT TO:

19. EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. NIGHT.

Night has fallen.

The roof where the Dalek shot down the German bombers.

The AIR RAID WARDEN gazes down onto London below. It's totally blacked out except for pockets of fire.

Across the roof from him a door opens, and light spills out.

AIR RAID WARDEN  
Oi! Put that light out!

The door is hastily pulled shut.

CUT TO: \*

16. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER (HUMIDOR ROOM). NIGHT. \*

The three Daleks watching the glowing Progenitor -  
supplicants at the altar! \*

A few, long-dormant screens flicker into dim life.  
Information begins to scree across them, incredibly fast.

The ship remains gloomy and half-dead but now --

-- at the end of the room, a glass section begins to boil  
with energy, smoke and sparks shimmering over its surface. \*

DALEK 2  
The final phase commences! \*

A voice from behind the Daleks. \*

THE DOCTOR  
How about that cuppa now?

The Daleks' eye-stalks swing round. The TARDIS has  
materialised behind them (unheard in all the racket) and  
the Doctor has stuck his head out the door. \*

DALEK 2  
The Doctor! It is the Doctor!

THE DOCTOR  
No, seriously. I could murder a  
cup of tea.

DALEK 2  
*Exterm - !*

THE DOCTOR  
Wait! Wait! I wouldn't if I were  
you!

He pulls something out of his coat and flashes it like a  
police badge. We get a brief glimpse of a pale brown disc  
with a red centre.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
TARDIS self-destruct. And you  
know what that means. My ship  
goes, you all go with it.

He tucks the disc away again.

DALEK 1  
You would not use such a device.

THE DOCTOR  
Try me.

Dalek 2 moves towards him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
No scans! No nothing! One move  
and I'll destroy us all, you got  
that?

Beat. Then Dalek 2 pulls back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Good boy. Now - I could do with a  
sit down. Can I have a sit down?  
No. 'Course not. You don't do  
chairs, do you? Never mind. I'll  
have a wander.

He moves causally around the chamber, peering at battered,  
dusty equipment. He bangs the side of one of the machines. \*

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Pretty beaten up, this old lady.  
Running on empty, I'd say. Like  
you. When we last met, you were  
at the end of your rope.  
Finished.

DALEK 1  
One ship survived.

THE DOCTOR  
And you fell back through time,  
yes?

DALEK 1  
We were crippled. Dying. Then we  
picked up a trace. One of the  
Progenitor devices.

Dalek 2 creeps towards him again. The Doctor flashes the  
pale brown disc.

THE DOCTOR  
Ah ah!

Dalek 2 slides back.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Progenitor? What's that when it's  
 at home?

DALEK 1  
 It is our past. And our future.

THE DOCTOR  
 Ohhh, that's deep. That's deep  
 for a Dalek. What does it mean,  
 though? Show me.

Dalek 1 doesn't move. The Doctor thrusts out the lapel of  
 his coat where the disc is concealed.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
*Show me!*

DALEK 1  
 (to Dalek 3)  
 Access memory coil.

DALEK 3  
 I obey!

FX: Flickering, fuzzy, scrambled images are projected from  
 Dalek 3's eye-stalk onto the wall.

FX: The projection: Vintage Daleks. Lots of shots. On  
 Skaro. Vulcan. Spirodon. Invading Earth.

The Doctor watches, entranced. And while he watches, Dalek  
 1 glides slowly to a bank of machinery. Its sucker arm  
 extends -- and the machine begins to glow with life...

CUT TO:

21. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

A huge dish on the side of the battered Dalek ship angles  
 itself towards the Earth. Then it begins to emit a simple,  
 quiet pulse of energy.

CUT TO:

22. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

\*

The 'archive' is still flickering from DALEK 3's eye-stalk.

FX: DNA strands. The "Progenitor" in 3-D mapping. The DNA  
 swirling into it.

DALEK 3  
 Dalek supremacy must be  
 maintained at any cost.  
 (MORE)

DALEK 3 (CONT'D)  
 Possibility of future extinction  
 not an option. Solution: the  
 creation of the Progenitor.

The "Progenitor" joining thousands of identical egg-like  
 objects fired out into space.

THE DOCTOR  
 Ohhh...clever! *Clever!* Dandelion  
 clocks!

DALEK 1  
 Explain.

THE DOCTOR  
*Dandelion clocks!* Seed pods!  
 The Progenitor contains a copy of  
 your original genome, is that it?  
 The thing that makes up pure, one  
 hundred percent, old-fashioned  
 Dalek! Scattered all across the  
 Universe in case of a rainy day!

DALEK 1  
 The location of the sentient  
 Progenitors had been lost to us  
 for millennia. They had become  
 almost a myth.

The 'archive' ends. The Doctor turns to address Dalek 1.

THE DOCTOR  
 Thanks. Enjoyed that. Bit samey  
 in the middle but the special  
 effects were knockout. Still one  
 thing I don't get, though.  
 If you've got the Progenitor, why  
 build Bracewell? Why did you have  
 to convince everyone you were man-  
 made?

DALEK 1  
 It was...necessary.

THE DOCTOR  
 But why?

Beat.

A big grin spreads over the Doctor's face.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Oh I get it. I get it! Oh ho,  
 this is good! This is *rich!*  
 (withering)  
 The Progenitor wouldn't recognise  
 you, would it? It saw you as  
*impure.*

(MORE)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All those centuries, struggling to survive! Mixing your genes with other races just so you could go on and on and on. And now you're too far gone to be recognised as Daleks! How does that feel?

DALEK 1

Daleks do not *feel*. A solution was devised.

THE DOCTOR

(bitter)

Yes. *Me*. My *testimony*. The genie in the bottle needed an 'open sesame'. A key to unlock it.

DALEK 1

Scans showed a concentration of temporal activity around the human called '*winstonspencerchurchill*'.

THE DOCTOR

So you set a trap, didn't you? You worked out that the Progenitor would recognise me. The Daleks' greatest enemy! It would accept my word. *My* recognition of you -- and -- and -- - why are you letting me talk like this?

He stops dead.

The Daleks do not respond.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Oh no no no. Home movies. Cosy discussions. This isn't you.

Cut back to the Daleks: Silent. Motionless. Evil.

The Doctor flashes the brown disc again.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Daleks don't discuss their plans like nice, kind, *chatty* megalomaniacs. What are you doing?

Beat.

DALEK 1

It is already done.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. NIGHT.

The FIRE WARDEN is about to leave the roof when something catches his eye. On the London skyline, a big building suddenly blazes with light. Then another. Then another.

FIRE WARDEN  
What the hell - ?

Whole blocks of houses. St Paul's. Westminster. Every light in London flares into life!

FIRE WARDEN (CONT'D)  
No! NO!

CUT TO:

24. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

Even more frantically busy. Phones are ringing off the hook. LILIAN, BLANCHE, and CHILDERS are all at work as before along with other WAAFs.

CHURCHILL is at the head of the table, AMY at his side.

TODD is flicking the light switches up and down but the lights stay on.

TODD  
The generators won't switch off!  
Blackout totally compromised all  
across the city, Prime Minister!

Churchill and Amy exchange glances.

AMY  
Has to be them. Has to be the  
Daleks.

CHURCHILL  
We're sitting ducks.

BLANCHE  
(into headset)  
244 and 56 mobilised.

LILIAN  
(into headset)  
109? 109, confirm?  
(to Churchill)  
German bombers sighted over the  
channel, sir!

CHURCHILL  
(grim)  
Here they come.  
(to Childers)  
(MORE)

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
Get a message to Mr Atlee. War  
Cabinet to meet at 0300 hours. If  
we're all still here.

AMY  
We can't just sit here! We've got  
to take the fight to the Daleks!

CHURCHILL  
How? None of our weapons are a  
match for theirs.

AMY  
But we must have something -  
She stops, thrilled.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oi, Churchill!

CHURCHILL  
What?

AMY  
Staring us in the face! A gift!  
From the Daleks!

CHURCHILL  
What are you talking about?

AMY  
We've got our very own robot!

CUT TO:

25. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

\*

THE DOCTOR is pushing his lapel forward again, white with  
anger.

THE DOCTOR  
Switch it off! Switch it off!  
Turn London off or I swear I'll  
use this thing!

DALEK 1  
Stalemate, Doctor. Leave us and  
return to Earth. Or watch the  
humans destroy each other.

THE DOCTOR  
That's it? That's your great  
victory? You leave?

DALEK 1

Extinction is not an option. We shall return to our own time and begin again.

THE DOCTOR

No! I won't let you get away this time! I *won't!*

Abruptly, all the noise and activity in the glass section ceases.

From out of the darkness the famous old Dalek '**throb-throb**' heartbeat begins.

Louder, louder, louder.

The Daleks' eye-stalks swing round towards it.

FX: Suddenly the entire glass section blazes a brilliant red. Swamping it is an impenetrable bank of smoke.

FX: Lightning crackles across it.

On the Doctor: mesmerized.

The smoke begins to settle. The power cables snap off and withdraw into the machine.

The glass section opens up and from out of it emerge -

***New Daleks!***

Resplendent in multi-coloured livery. Red, Blue, Orange, Yellow, Black and White.

Big buggers. Bigger than they've ever been!

DALEK 1

Behold! The restoration of the Daleks!

On the Doctor: absolute horror.

CUT TO:

26. INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT.

CLOSE on a revolver, the chamber empty.

Then a single, shaking hand begins slotting bullets into the weapon.

With great difficulty now he's one-handed, BRACEWELL is loading it, his face impassive.

CHURCHILL (O.S.)

Bracewell!

Bracewell turns. Churchill and Amy in the doorway. \*

CHURCHILL (CONT'D) \*

Put the gun down.

BRACEWELL \*

This pistol is a danger to no-one  
but myself. My life is a lie and  
I choose now to end it. \*

AMY \*

In your own time, Professor. Cos  
right now we need your help. \*

Bracewell screws up his eyes.

BRACEWELL \*

But those creatures. My  
Ironsides. How can they have *made*  
me? I...I can remember things.  
The last war. The squalor and the  
mud and the awful, awful misery  
of it all -  
(wailing)  
What am I? What *am* I?

He holds up his other arm, exposing the tangled wires where  
his hand used to be.

CHURCHILL

What you are, sir, is either on  
our side, or theirs. I don't  
give a damn if you're a machine,  
Bracewell - are you a man?? \*

AMY \*

Listen to me. I understand.  
Really, I do. But fat fella  
here's right. There's a spaceship  
up there lighting up London like  
a Christmas tree. And you're the  
only who can help us take it  
down. \*

BRACEWELL \*

I am?

AMY \*

You're alien technology. You're  
as clever as the Daleks are. So  
start thinking! What about  
rockets? You got rockets? Cos  
you said gravity whatsits,  
hypersonic flight. \*

(MORE) \*

AMY (CONT'D)

We could send something up, like  
a rocket, show them we've got  
firepower, some kind of missile  
...

CHURCHILL

This isn't a fireworks party,  
Miss Pond - we need a proper  
tactical -  
(Breaks off, an idea  
hitting him, *hard*)  
A missile ... or ...

AMY

Or what?

CHURCHILL

(To Bracewell)  
We could send something up there,  
you say?

BRACEWELL

With a gravity bubble, yes. It's  
theoretically possible we could  
actually send something into  
space ...

CHURCHILL

Really ...

AMY

You got an idea?

The room shakes as bombs begin to fall.

CHURCHILL

Roosevelt told me I had more  
ideas than anyone he'd ever  
known.

AMY

Well that's good.

CHURCHILL

Almost all of them terrible.

AMY

Okay ...

CHURCHILL

And d'you know what, I think I've  
just had another one.  
(Swings on Bracewell)  
Bracewell - it's time to think  
BIG!

CUT TO:

27. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT. \*

The WHITE DALEK powers towards the old Daleks.

Old and new contemplate each other for a moment as the Doctor watches in horrified fascination.

DALEK 1  
We have succeeded. Dalek victory  
is complete! The Progenitor has  
restored our original genetic  
code. \*

WHITE DALEK  
Yes.

Beat.

WHITE DALEK (CONT'D)  
You are inferior.

Beat.

DALEK 1  
Yes.

WHITE DALEK  
Then, prepare.

DALEKS 1, 2 and 3 raise their exterminators into the air.

DALEKS 1, 2, 3  
All hail the new Daleks! All hail  
the new Daleks!

WHITE DALEK  
Cleanse the unclean! Total  
obliteration! **DISINTEGRATE!**

FX: The Blue Dalek blasts the old Daleks into clouds of dust. Nothing remains.

THE DOCTOR  
Blimey, what do you do to the  
ones who mess up?

The White Dalek's eye-stalk swings round towards the Doctor. And now we see, for the first time, that the eye of the new Dalek is an actual eyeball! Horrid, squishy, livid, blood-shot and ALIVE!

The White Dalek raises its gun.

WHITE DALEK  
You are the Doctor! You must be  
exterminated!

The Doctor flashes the brown disc.

THE DOCTOR  
Don't mess with me, sweetheart!

CUT TO:

28. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

The Map Room shakes from the impact of German bombing.

CHURCHILL and AMY - silent, anxious.

BRACEWELL runs in, one arm in a black sling. Looped around his neck are bits of cannibalised wireless, primitive radar, telephones mixed with more futuristic stuff that's still '40s in design. Some of the wires are attached to his temples. He plonks the lash-up onto a bench.

CHURCHILL  
(to Bracewell)  
At last! Are they ready?

BRACEWELL  
I...I hope so. In the meantime -

On cue, the machine begins to crackle with life. Then, from out of the flaring static, an image appears on a circular radar screen. The Doctor!

AMY  
It's him! It's the Doctor!

On the tiny screen, the WHITE DALEK is parading in front of its fellows.

WHITE DALEK (O.S.)  
We are the paradigm of a new  
Dalek race. Scientist,  
Strategist, Warrior, Drone,  
Eternal. And the Supreme.

\*  
\*

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Which would be you, I'm guessing?  
Well, nice paint job. I think I'd  
be feeling pretty swish if I  
looked like you. Pretty *supreme*.

AMY  
He's got company. *New company*.  
We've got to hurry up!

The phone rings. Bracewell picks it up.

BRACEWELL  
(on phone)  
Yes? Right. Yes! Thanks!  
(to Churchill)  
(MORE)

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)  
 Ready when you are, Prime  
 Minister.

CHURCHILL  
 Splendid!

Suddenly, a steady, sonar-like 'ping' comes from his  
 machinery.

BRACEWELL  
 Spaceship's exact co-ordinates  
 located!

CHURCHILL  
 (to AMY)  
 Go to it, my dear! Go to it!

Amy grabs the microphone.

AMY  
 (into mike)  
 Broadsword to Danny Boy!  
 Broadsword to Danny Boy!  
 Scramble! Scramble! Scramble!

CUT TO:

29. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

\*

THE DOCTOR  
 Question is, what do we do now?  
 Either you turn off your clever  
 machine or I'll blow you and your  
 new paradigm into eternity.

WHITE DALEK  
 And yourself.

THE DOCTOR  
 (shrugs)  
 Occupational hazard.

Suddenly the BLUE DALEK lurches forward.

SILVER DALEK  
 Scan reveals nothing! TARDIS self-  
 destruct device non-existent!

The Doctor pulls out the brown disc from his coat and bites  
 into it.

THE DOCTOR  
 All right, it's a Jammy Dodger,  
 but I was promised tea.

BLUE DALEK \*  
Alert! Unidentified projectile  
approaching! \*

The Doctor and the Daleks turn to stare at a screen. The image shows a single, large 'blip' ascending from the earth. Then the 'blip' splits into three!

BLUE DALEK (CONT'D) \*  
Correction. Multiple \*  
projectiles. \*

On the Doctor's face - genuinely confused. What is this? \*  
What's happening? \*

WHITE DALEK \*  
(to the Doctor) \*  
What have the humans done? \*

THE DOCTOR \*  
I don't know. \*

DALEKS \*  
Explain! Explain! Explain! \*

THE DOCTOR \*  
*I don't know. It's Winston. I* \*  
*never know!* \*

Suddenly, a crackly voice in the air --

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.) \*  
Danny Boy to the Doctor! Danny \*  
Boy to the Doctor! Are you \*  
receiving me? Over. \*

The Daleks look towards the screen. \*

The Doctor gawks! What? *What??* \*

Close on the Dalek eye-stalks also staring. Their living \*  
irises expand in astonishment. *What??* \*

On the Doctor, starting to grin. \*

THE DOCTOR \*  
Oh, Winston! You beauty! \*

CUT TO:

30. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

FX: Swooping towards us are - what? Spaceships? No! \*

Thrilling, Ron Goodwinesque fanfare as they zoom closer we \*  
see they are - \*

- *Spitfires in space!!!!*

\*

Zoom in close on the leading plane - the traditional 'Dam Busters' shot - but this cockpit is crammed with futuristic technology!

SPITFIRE PILOT  
 Danny Boy to the Doctor! Danny  
 Boy to the Doctor! Are you  
 receiving me? Over.

CUT TO:

31. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

A shrieking siren shatters the air.

WHITE DALEK  
 Alert! Alert! Protect the  
 paradigm! Assume defensive  
 position!

The Daleks race towards their stations, ignoring the Doctor now!

\*

\*

THE DOCTOR  
 Loud and clear, Danny Boy! Big  
 dish. Side of the ship. Blow it  
 up! Over!

He races towards the TARDIS, chomping on his Jammy Dodger.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 Aren't biscuits great! I love  
 biscuits!

The WHITE DALEK swings towards the Doctor and fires at him -  
 -

FX: Fireball.

-- but he's already through the doors and as they slam shut.

CUT TO:

32. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

CHURCHILL  
 You heard him, Group Captain!  
 Send in all we've got!

AMY grins at CHURCHILL, in his element. Every inch the great leader.

CUT TO:

33. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

FX: The dish on the Dalek ship is still sending its electronic pulse.

The Spitfires bank towards it -- and open fire.

CLOSE on the Spitfires' guns. They're Dalek weapons. Green bolts smash across the Dalek ship -- missing the dish.

On the Dalek dish. Beams shoot out from it, firing at the spitfires -

\*  
\*

- but bounce harmlessly off protective gravity bubbles which shimmer around the planes!

\*

CUT TO:

36. INT. TARDIS. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR'S hands dance over the console. He hums a little tune, cradling the receiver of the TARDIS phone under his chin.

CUT TO:

37. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

CHILDERS  
Beam still active, sir.

CHURCHILL  
Then send them in again!

CUT TO:

38. EXT. DALEK SHIP. NIGHT.

FX: A second attempt from the Spitfires. Their guns rip into the damaged hull of the Dalek ship, clipping the dish. But it's still working.

CUT TO:

39. INT. DALEK SHIP. CENTRAL CORE. NIGHT.

The Dalek ship is shaking.

CUT TO:

40. INT. SPITFIRE. NIGHT.

The lead PILOT is banking his plane again. Then, over the radio --

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)  
Danny Boy? Danny Boy, this is the  
Doctor? Are you receiving me?  
Over?

SPITFIRE PILOT  
Loud and clear, Doctor. Over.

CUT TO:

41. INT. TARDIS. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR  
How're you doing, Danny Boy?

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)  
Not so bad, sir. No joy with that  
dish yet, though. Over.

THE DOCTOR  
I'm on that. Taking down their  
shields...

His fingers dance over the controls.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(humming)  
Taking down their shields, taking  
down their shields...Go for it,  
Danny Boy! Over!

SPITFIRE PILOT  
Roger, Doctor! Over and out.

CUT TO:

42. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

Everyone is glued to the tiny screen, watching the battle from the POV of the Dalek ship.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)  
We're going in!

BLANCHE is chewing her nails.

BLANCHE  
Oh good luck, lads!

CUT TO:

43. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

The three Spitfires bank again. The Dalek guns pound at them -- but the gravity bubbles hold.

The Spitfires' enhanced guns blaze away -- the dish is hit -  
- and explodes!

CUT TO:

44. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

CHILDERS  
Direct hit, sir! Direct hit!

Everyone in the Map Room cheers.

CUT TO:

45. EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. NIGHT.

The FIRE WARDEN gawks as the brilliantly lit London landscape snaps off as suddenly as it came on, plunging the scene into darkness.

FIRE WARDEN  
Oh, thank the Lord!

Overhead, the drone of enemy bombers. The Fire Warden shakes his fist.

FIRE WARDEN (CONT'D)  
Do your worst, Adolf!

CUT TO:

46. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

Fanfare! The Spitfires peel off in triumph!

CUT TO:

47. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

THE DOCTOR watches the Spitfires on the scanner.

THE DOCTOR  
(on phone)  
The Doctor to Danny Boy. The  
Doctor to Danny Boy. Prepare for  
final attack. Destroy this ship!  
Over.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)  
What about you, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR  
I'll be ok.

He pats the console.

The screen flickers -- and the WHITE DALEK appears.

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)  
Doctor! Call off your attack!

The Doctor laughs.

THE DOCTOR  
What? And let you scuttle off  
back to the future? No fear. This  
is the end for you. The final  
end! \*

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)  
Call off the attack! Or we will  
destroy the Earth.

THE DOCTOR  
I'm not stupid, mate! You've just  
played your last card!

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)  
We have anticipated every move  
and counter move, Doctor. A  
contingency plan was required.  
Bracewell is more than a mere  
android.

THE DOCTOR  
I don't get you. I am *not* getting  
you.

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)  
His power is derived from an  
Oblivion Continuum.

The Doctor's face falls.

THE DOCTOR  
You're bluffing. Deception's  
second nature to you. There isn't  
a sincere bone in your body.  
There isn't a *bone* in your body! \*

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)  
Call off your attack or we will  
detonate the android.

THE DOCTOR

No! This is my best chance ever!  
The last of the Daleks! I can rid  
the whole Universe of you. Once  
and for all!

\*

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)

Then do it. But we will shatter  
the planet below! The Earth will  
die screaming!

THE DOCTOR

But if I let you go, you'll be  
stronger than ever. A new race  
of Daleks!

\*

\*

\*

\*

WHITE DALEK (ON SCREEN)

Then choose, Doctor! Destroy the  
Daleks or save the Earth.

\*

\*

The Doctor doesn't move.

WHITE DALEK (CONT'D)

Prepare detonation of Oblivion  
Continuum!

\*

The Doctor at the controls. What does he do? What??

\*

WHITE DALEK (CONT'D)

Choose, Doctor! Choose! Choose!

\*

\*

The Doctor, agonised. But there is no choice, there never  
has been. Grabs the phone.

\*

\*

THE DOCTOR

The Doctor to Danny Boy. The  
Doctor to Danny Boy. Withdraw.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)

Say again, sir. Over.

THE DOCTOR

Withdraw! Return to Earth. Over  
and out.

SPITFIRE PILOT (V.O.)

But, sir -

THE DOCTOR

*Over and out!*

The Doctor stabs frantically at the controls.

CUT TO:

50. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

FX: The Spitfires bank away from the Dalek ship (and plunge back into the stratosphere?)

CUT TO:

51. INT. STORAGE AREA. NIGHT.

FX: The TARDIS reappears in the storage area.

THE DOCTOR tears out of the room.

CUT TO:

52. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

Everyone' still grouped around BRACEWELL's radio lash-up.

BLUE DALEK (V.O.)  
Time corridor establishing. Time  
jump in five rels.

CUT TO:

53. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

\*

WHITE DALEK  
The Doctor has failed. His  
compassion is his greatest  
weakness. Daleks have no such  
weakness.

It glides toward a bank of bank of machinery. Its sucker arm connects with the technology and a schematic appears on a screen.

It's a 3-D image of BRACEWELL!

CUT TO:

54. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR leaps through the door -- and punches BRACEWELL under the jaw!

Bracewell goes down, the Doctor nurses his hand.

AMY  
Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Ow! Sorry, Professor. You're a bomb! An inconceivably massive Dalek bomb.

BRACEWELL

(on floor)

What?

THE DOCTOR

There's an Oblivion Continuum inside you! A captured wormhole that provides perpetual power. Detonate that and the earth will bleed through into another dimension! Now keep down!

Bracewell does as he's told. The Doctor rips open Bracewell's shirt and blasts him with the sonic screwdriver. Bracewell's chest glides apart like a window blind.

Revealed inside: shining metal and circuits with a distinctly Dalek-like design.

CUT TO:

55. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

\*

CLOSE on the screen.

Every circuit in BRACEWELL's miraculous body revealed. And where his heart should be --

WHITE DALEK

Continuum device unimpaired.  
Detonation sequence activated.

BLUE DALEK

Time jump in three rels.

CUT TO:

56. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

The 'heart' is exposed inside BRACEWELL's chest. On it is a circle like a pie-chart. Getting redder and redder. Ticking away towards detonation...

THE DOCTOR stares down at it.

AMY

Well?

THE DOCTOR

I dunno, I dunno, I dunno! Never  
seen one up close before!

He adjust the setting on the sonic screwdriver and blasts  
Bracewell's chest. Nothing happens.

AMY

So, what, they've wired him up to  
detonate?

THE DOCTOR

Not wired him up! He *is* a bomb.  
Walking, talking, exploding!

AMY

There's a..a blue wire or  
something you have to cut, isn't  
there? There's always a blue  
wire. Or a red one.

THE DOCTOR

You're not helping!

He tries the sonic again. Nothing.

CHURCHILL

It's incredible. He spoke to us  
of his memories. The Great War...

THE DOCTOR

Someone else's stolen thoughts.  
Implanted in a positronic brain -

He stops dead -- then grabs Bracewell by the lapels.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Tell me about it. Bracewell! Tell  
me about your life!

BRACEWELL

Really, Doctor. This is hardly  
the time -

THE DOCTOR

Everything! Tell me everything!

CUT TO:

57. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT.

\*

The WHITE DALEK looks on.

CLOSE on the screen. An identical image of the 'pie-chart'  
count-down. Getting redder and redder -

CUT TO:

58. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE on BRACEWELL's chest 'pie-chart'. Redder. Tick, tick, tick...

BRACEWELL

My family ran the Post Office. By the ash trees. There used to be eight trees but...but there was storm -

THE DOCTOR

And your parents? Come on! Tell me!

Tick, tick, tick...

BRACEWELL

Good people. Kind people. They...they died. Scarlet fever.

THE DOCTOR

What was that like? How did it feel?

BRACEWELL

Please -

THE DOCTOR

How did it make you feel, Edwin? Tell me! *Tell me!*

BRACEWELL

It...hurt. It hurt so badly. Like a wound. Worse than a wound. Like I'd been emptied out. There was nothing.

THE DOCTOR

Remember it now, Edwin! The ash trees by the Post Office and your mum and dad and losing them and the men in the trenches you saw die -

Tick, tick, tick. The 'pie-chart' gets redder and redder!

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Remember it! *Feel* it! You feel it because you're human. You're not like them. You are not like the Daleks!

Bracewell's face screws up in agony.

BRACEWELL

It hurts! Doctor. It hurts so much!

THE DOCTOR

Good! Brilliant! Embrace it. It means you're alive! They *cannot* explode that bomb because you're a human being. You're flesh and blood. **They cannot explode that bomb!** Believe it! You are Professor Edwin Bracewell! You are a human being!

Tick, tick, tick. It's not working!

The Doctor: frantic.

Suddenly, Amy leans in very close to Bracewell's ear.

AMY

Ever fancied someone you know you shouldn't?

BRACEWELL

W...what?

AMY

Hurts, doesn't it?

She shoots a quick glance - towards the Doctor? - then away again. Bracewell tries to avoid her gaze.

AMY (CONT'D)

But a good kind of hurt.

BRACEWELL

Oh, I really shouldn't talk about her...

He almost blushes. And the clock...tick, tick...slows!

The Doctor grins triumphantly.

THE DOCTOR

(gently)

What was her name?

BRACEWELL

Dorabella.

THE DOCTOR

Dorabella. Lovely name. Beautiful name.

AMY

What was she like?

BRACEWELL

Oh...such a smile. And her eyes. Her eyes were so blue. Almost violet.

(MORE)

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)  
 Like the last touch of sunset. On  
 the edge of the world...

He smiles in remembrance.

CUT TO:

59. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT. \*

CLOSE on the screen. The circle is almost completely red.

BLUE DALEK  
 Detonation!

CUT TO:

60. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

BRACEWELL  
 Dorabella...

CUT TO:

61. INT. DALEK SHIP. CENTRAL CORE. NIGHT.

The bomb schematic suddenly turns a cold blue.

BLUE DALEK  
 Oblivion Continuum...inert.

WHITE DALEK  
 Impossible!

BLUE DALEK  
 Time jump imminent! Prepare!

CUT TO:

62. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

BRACEWELL sits up. Smiles weakly. THE DOCTOR points at him,  
 then Churchill, then Amy.

THE DOCTOR  
 You're brilliant -  
 (to Churchill)  
 You're brilliant -  
 (to Amy)  
 and you...

He's beyond words. Full up with joy.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Now. Gotta stop them! Stop the  
Daleks!

BRACEWELL  
Wait! Doctor! Wait...

The Doctor stops. Bracewell blinks.

BRACEWELL (CONT'D)  
It....it's too late....

CUT TO:

63. INT. DALEK SHIP. CHAMBER. NIGHT. \*

Hero shot of the new DALEKS on their glittering ship. Then -

CUT TO:

64. EXT. SPACE. NIGHT.

FX: - whoosh! - the ship vanishes into the future.

CUT TO:

65. INT. MAP ROOM. NIGHT.

A moment of silence.

BRACEWELL  
Gone. They've gone.

THE DOCTOR  
No no no! They can't! They can't!

BRACEWELL  
I can feel it, Doctor. My mind is  
clear. The Daleks have gone.

The Doctor tries to get to the door but Amy grabs him.

AMY  
Doctor. It's ok! You did it. You  
stopped the bomb.

The Doctor is ashen.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR  
I had a choice. And they knew I'd  
save the Earth.

Beat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
The Daleks have won. They beat  
me. They've won.

AMY  
But you *saved the Earth*. Not too  
shabby? Is it?

For a moment the Doctor's face is still set.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Is it?

Slowly, he smiles.

THE DOCTOR  
No. Not too shabby.

Churchill claps him on the shoulder.

CHURCHILL  
A brilliant achievement, old  
friend. Have a cigar!

CUT TO:

EXT. MINISTRY ROOF. DAY.

The roof is strewn with debris from the previous night's  
air-raid. The FIRE WARDEN crosses wearily to the flag-pole  
where the Union Jack hangs limp and ragged.

Slowly at first, then with increasing determination, he  
hauls up the flag until it is flapping and flying proudly  
again in the breeze.

CUT TO:

67. INT. WAR ROOMS. CORRIDOR/MAP ROOM. DAY.

Later. Double doors are open onto the Cabinet Room. Various  
GENERALS, ADMIRALS and STAFF are taking their seats.

CHURCHILL is in the corridor. AMY is with him.

AMY  
So... what now, then?

He sifts through a huge file of papers.

CHURCHILL  
I still have a war to run, Miss  
Pond.

BLANCHE approaches with a sheaf of papers. She gives a small smile to Amy and melts away.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
They hit the Palace. And St Paul's again. Fire crews only just saved it.

AMY notices LILIAN taking a seat in the Cabinet Room. She is pale and red-eyed.

AMY  
Is she ok?

CHURCHILL  
What?

AMY  
She looks -

CHURCHILL  
Oh, Miss Breen? Her young man didn't make it, I'm afraid. Just got word. Shot down over the Channel.

Amy sags visibly.

AMY  
(sighs)  
Where's the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Tying up loose ends.

Amy turns as THE DOCTOR approaches.

AMY  
You mean Professor Bracewell?

THE DOCTOR  
Yup. He's taken out all the alien tech he put in.

Churchill looks suddenly small and weary.

CHURCHILL  
Won't you reconsider, Doctor? Those Spitfires could win me the war in twenty four hours!

THE DOCTOR  
Exactly.

CHURCHILL  
But why *not*? Why can't we put an end to this misery?

THE DOCTOR

Doesn't work like that, Winston.  
It's gonna be tough. There are  
terrible days to come. The  
darkest days. But you can do it.  
You know you can.

CHURCHILL

Stay with us, then! Help us win  
through! The world needs you.

THE DOCTOR

The world doesn't need me.

CHURCHILL

No?

THE DOCTOR

The world's got Winston Spencer  
Churchill.

He smiles, then makes the V for victory sign.

Churchill sighs.

CHURCHILL

Well, it's been a pleasure, as  
always.

THE DOCTOR

Too right.

Churchill gives him an unexpected bear-hug.

CHURCHILL

Good bye, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR

Shall we say adieu?

CHURCHILL

Indeed. Good bye, Miss Pond.

AMY

Bye. It's been amazing. Meeting  
you.

She gives him a kiss.

CHURCHILL

I'm sure it has! She's good  
Doctor. Sharp as a pin! Almost as  
sharp as me! Well, K.B.O.!

He straightens up, looking suddenly vibrant. Putting on the  
'Churchill' front. He lights a cigar, winks at Amy and  
powers through the double doors into the Cabinet Room.

They close behind him.

CUT TO:

68. EXT. VILLAGE. DAY.

A picture postcard English village in glorious summer sunshine. A Home Guard troop march past, revealing --

BRACEWELL. He takes off his hat with one, black-gloved hand and gazes across the road at the little village post office and the ash trees outside, their branches waving in the gentle breeze.

He goes inside.

AMY (V.O.)

Wonder what he'll find. What he's looking for.

The TARDIS is close by against a pretty little cottage. AMY and THE DOCTOR have been watching Bracewell.

THE DOCTOR

He's looking for answers. Not that he'll find many. But that's...being alive.

AMY

But his memories. They're not real...

THE DOCTOR

They're as real as anyone else's, Amy.

AMY

You gonna keep an eye him? Make sure he's ok?

THE DOCTOR

(smiling)  
We'll meet again.

His smile drops and he stares into space, pensive.

AMY

You ok?

THE DOCTOR

Yeah. More or less.

AMY

You're worried about the Daleks.

THE DOCTOR

I am *always* worried about the Daleks.

AMY

It'll take time, though, won't it? I mean, there's still not many of them. They'll need a while to build themselves up -

THE DOCTOR

It's not that. There's something else. Something we've forgotten. Or rather you have.

AMY

Me?

THE DOCTOR

You didn't know them, Amy. You'd never seen them before. And you should have done. You *should*.

He goes back into the TARDIS. After a moment, Amy follows.

FX: The TARDIS dematerialises.

As it fades away we see, in the mottled plaster of the house behind it, a huge crack like a crooked smile...

END