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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL L 269R

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P

22/11/89

'SURVIVAL'

by

Rona Munro

EPISODE ONE

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READ THRU: 2nd June 1989

O.B. REHEARSAL: 3rd - 9th June 1989

O.B.: 10th - 14th June, 17th - 21st June, 24th - 25th June 1989.

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P 'SURVIVAL' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ACE
THE MASTER
PATERSON
SHREELA
MIDGE
DEREK
HARVEY (SHOP OWNER)
LEN (SHOP OWNER'S FRIEND)
STUART
ANGE
KARRA (CHEETAH PERSON WITH DARK BLAZE)
MAN WASHING CAR
DINNER'S READY WOMAN
WOMAN AT WINDOW

NON-SPEAKING:

KIDS PLAYING IN STREET
YOUNG MEN IN TRAINING ROOM
ELDERLY WOMAN WATCHING DOCTOR
CHEETAH PEOPLE AT ENCAMPMENT

* * * * *

O.B. LOCATION EXTERIORS:

First Perivale Street. (Car washing/Tardis arrives)
Back Garden. (cats fighting)
Wasteground.
Second Perivale Street. (Cat on windowsill/kids playing)
Planet (Close up shots of Master)
Street Outside Youth Club.
Street Outside Shop.
Third Perivale Street. (Jogger/Cat on wall)
Playground.
Planet/Barren Landscape. (Ace arrives)
Plant/Copse of Trees. (Kids' hiding place)
Alley. (Doctor, cat and dustbins)
Long Wall. (Doctor and Paterson disappear)
Cheetah Encampment.

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P 'SURVIVAL' EPISODE ONE

O.B. LOCATION INTERIORS: (cont)

Youth Club Lobby.

Youth Club Training Room.

Small Shop.

Shopping Precinct

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7P

'SURVIVAL'

by

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EPISODE ONE

1. EXT. FIRST PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(A STREET SEEN
FROM HIGH UP,
RESIDENTIAL
STREET IN
PERIVALE.

IT'S A SUNDAY
AFTERNOON.

A MIDDLE AGED
MAN IS WASHING
HIS CAR.

WE SEE THE
WATCHER WHOSE
POINT OF VIEW
WE HAVE BEEN
SHARING.

A CAT HIGH UP
ON A ROOF OR
A WINDOW LEDGE
OF THE HOUSE ON
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE STREET
FROM THE CAR
WASHER.

THE CAT'S EYES
ARE RED/ORANGE.

A MIDDLE AGED
WOMAN COMES TO
THE DOOR OF THE
HOUSE BEHIND THE
CAR WASHER)

WOMAN: Dave? ... Your dinner's
on the table.

(THE MAN WAVES

THE WOMAN
GOES BACK
INSIDE.

THE CAT'S
P.O.V. THE
STREET IS
DESERTED APART
FROM THE CAR
WASHER.

THE MAN'S HAND
HOLDING A BRIGHT
PINK SPONGE
WORKING SUDS
OVER THE BONNET
OF THE CAR.

THERE ARE THE
SOUND OF RAPID
APPROACHING HOOF-
BEATS.

THE MAN STRAIGHTENS
UP AND TURNS,
FROWNING PUZZLED,
HIS EXPRESSION
CHANGES TO
INCREDULITY AND
TERROR. HE
STARTS TO RUN
CLUMSILY DOWN
THE STREET.

THE HOOFBEATS
GROW LOUDER)

THE WOMAN SEEN
THROUGH THE FRONT
WINDOW OF THEIR
HOUSE PLACING
FOOD ON THE
TABLE. SHE HAS
STOPPED, LISTENING.

THE HOOFBEATS
REACH A CRESCENDO
THERE IS A TERRIBLE
SCREAM THEN SILENCE.

THE WOMAN MOVES
QUICKLY TO THE
WINDOW, OPENING
IT AND LOOKING
UP AND DOWN THE
STREET)

WOMAN: Dave?

(THE STREET IS
NOW COMPLETELY
EMPTY, AN UP-
TURNED BUCKET
IS SPILLING
SOAPY WATER
INTO THE GUTTER
BESIDE THE
DRIPPING CAR.

FROM ITS VANTAGE
POINT ON THE
HOUSE OPPOSITE
THE CAT SLIPS
DOWN AND TROTS
PURPOSEFULLY
ACROSS THE ROAD
LIKE A CAT THAT'S
HEARD THE
KIT-E-KAT CALL
AND IS ANSWERING
AT FULL SPEED.
IT VANISHES OVER
A HEDGE INTO
SOMEONE'S GARDEN.

THE TARDIS
MATERIALISES IN
FRONT OF THE SAME
PATCH OF HEDGE.

THE DOOR OPENS.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE EMERGE,
HALFWAY INTO A
CONVERSATION)

ACE: You had to pick a Sunday didn't you? You bring me back to Boredom capital of the Universe and you pick the one day of the week you can't even get a decent television programme.

(THE TWO OF THEM
START WALKING
DOWN THE STREET
TOWARDS THE
HALF WASHED CAR)

THE DOCTOR: As I recall Ace I brought you here at your own request.

ACE: I just said I wondered what the old gang were up to. You didn't need to bring us here did you. You could've dropped me uptown and I could've phoned. (cont ...)

(THEY ARE NOW
LEVEL WITH THE
CAR.

THE WOMAN IS NOW
DOWN AT THE EDGE
OF THE PAVEMENT
LOOKING UP AND
DOWN THE ROAD.

THE DOCTOR SEES
THE OVER-TURNED
BUCKET AND BENDS
OVER TO SET IT
UPRIGHT, HE GLANCES
AT THE WOMAN WHO
IS CLEARLY AGITATED.

ACE CONTINUES
WALKING AND
TALKING:)

ACE: (cont) I just wanted to catch up with a few mates, that's all, we didn't have to have the guided tour ...
(GLANCES ROUND) Come on Professor.

(THE DOCTOR
CATCHES UP
WITH HER)

THE DOCTOR: So what's so terrible about Perivale?

ACE: Nothing ever happens here.

2. EXT. BACK GARDEN. DAY.

(ANOTHER STREET.

VIEW OF THE BACK
OF A HOUSE OVER
A SMALL GARDEN.

UNSEEN SOMEWHERE
IN THE GARDEN A
CAT FIGHT IS IN
PROGRESS, SOUNDS
OF HORRIFIC
YOWLING AND
SPITTING.

A WOMAN PULLS
UP AN UPSTAIRS
WINDOW IN THE
HOUSE AND SHOUTS
DOWN)

WOMAN AT WINDOW: Shoo! Get out of
here! Go on!

(A CRESCENDO
OF YOWLS THEN
OMINOUS SILENCE.

THE WOMAN FROWNS,
PUZZLED.

A CAT EMERGES
FROM THE BUSHES
AND LOOKS UP AT
HER BRIEFLY. ITS
EYES ARE RED)

3. EXT. WASTEGROUND. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
AND ACE STANDING
IN A PATCH OF
WASTEGROUND.

AN EMPTY BUILDING
SITE OR DISUSED
LOT.

THERE IS NO-ONE
ELSE IN SIGHT)

ACE: How long since I was here then?

THE DOCTOR: You've been away exactly
as long as you think you have.

ACE: Feel like I've been away forever.

(THE DOCTOR IS
TWIDDLING HIS
THUMBS)

THE DOCTOR: Any particular reason
for standing here?

ACE: It's Sunday.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AT HER)

Some of the gang always comes down
here on a Sunday.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AROUND
THE EMPTY SITE)

THE DOCTOR: What for?

ACE: I dunno ... light a fire,
muck about, you know.

THE DOCTOR: Ah. (HE YAWNS)

ACE: Well I told you it was dull.
(SHE GLARES AT HIM) Well you don't
need to hang about, I'll meet you
back at the Tardis if you want.

THE DOCTOR: No I'm sure I'll find
... something to interest me.

(THE DOCTOR
PICKS A WEED
AND LOOKS AT
IT DUBIOUSLY.
HE DROPS IT
AGAIN)

ACE: Maybe they don't come here
anymore.

(THE DOCTOR
IS LOOKING
AT THE GROUND.
THERE ARE FOOT-
PRINTS IN THE
WET EARTH,
MIXED IN WITH
THEM ARE HOOF-
PRINTS AND PAW-
PRINTS)

There's no-one here is there?
Nothing but tin cans and stray cats.

THE DOCTOR: ... and horses.

ACE: Horses? In Perivale? Don't
be stupid.

(ACE WALKS OFF.

THE DOCTOR
FROWNS DOWN
AT THE HOOF-
PRINT FOR A
MOMENT THEN
FOLLOWS HER)

4. EXT. SECOND PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(A CAT SITTING
ON ANOTHER WINDOW-
SILL LOOKING DOWN.

SOME YOUNG KIDS
ARE MUCKING ABOUT
WITH A BALL ON
THE STREET)

5. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(A MAN'S EYES
IN HARD CLOSE
UP, WE CAN'T
SEE WHO'S FACE
WE ARE LOOKING
AT. THE EYES
BECOME CAT-
LIKE, YELLOW
WITH A NARROW
BLACK PUPIL)

THE MASTER: Show me.

6. EXT. SECOND PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE KIDS
KICKING THE
BALL)

7. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(THE CAT-
LIKE EYES)

THE MASTER: No. There is no sport
for you here.

8. EXT. SECOND PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE CAT JUMPS
OFF THE WINDOW-
SILL.

THE KIDS GAME
CARRIES THEM
PAST A TELEPHONE
BOX.

ACE IS INSIDE.

THE DOCTOR IS
LEANING ON THE
OUTSIDE. HE
YAWNS AGAIN THEN
FREEZES MID YAWN.

THE CAT TROTTING
AWAY UP THE STREET)

THE DOCTOR: I wonder ...

(ACE COMES OUT
OF THE TELEPHONE
BOX)

ACE: (DEPRESSED) Nobody home.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STILL FROWNING
AFTER THE CAT)

Are you really fed up with this
Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Hmmm?

ACE: Can we just try down the
Youth Club?

9. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(INTERIOR OF
THE YOUTH CLUB,
A SHABBY ONE
STORIED BOX OF
A BUILDING.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE PUSH OPEN
CRACKED GLASS
DOORS AND WALK
INTO THE LOBBY.

THEY PAUSE LOOKING
ROUND. DOORS
LEADING OFF THE
LOBBY SHOW ROOMS
THAT ARE COMPLETELY
EMPTY)

ACE: Where is everyone?

(THE DOCTOR IS
STANDING STILL,
LISTENING.

THERE ARE FAINT
NOISES, RYTHMIC
GRUNTS OF EXERTION
COMING FROM BEHIND
THE ONLY CLOSED
DOOR.

ACE IS PEERING
INTO THE EMPTY
ROOMS)

I mean it always was a dump but at
least you could meet people ...
Look at this, we used to have a
coffee bar in here, what's happened
to the coffee bar? Where is everyone?

THE DOCTOR: Ace.

(THE DOCTOR
INDICATES THE
CLOSED DOOR.

AT THAT MOMENT
ABOUT A DOZEN
MALE VOICES
YELL IN UNISON.

ACE OPENS THE
DOOR)

10. INT. YOUTH CLUB. TRAINING ROOM. DAY.

(THE INTERIOR
OF BARE WINDOWLESS
ROOM WITHOUT
FURNISHINGS.
HALF A DOZEN
YOUNG MEN IN
TRACK SUIT
BOTTOMS AND
TEE SHIRTS
ARE STANDING
WATCHING TWO
OTHER YOUNG MEN
IN THE CENTRE OF
THE ROOM. ONE,
STUART, HAS
THE OTHER PINNED
TO THE FLOOR AND
IS HOLDING HIM
THERE.)

PATERSON IS
STANDING OVER
THEM. PATERSON
IS A SMALL STOCKY
MAN IN HIS
FORTIES WHO
LOOKS AS IF
HE FIGHTS A
CONSTANT BATTLE
WITH A BEER GUT
AS WELL AS
ANYTHING ELSE
THAT GETS IN
HIS WAY. RIGHT
NOW HE IS BENDING
OVER THE MEN ON
THE FLOOR SHOUTING
AT THEM)

PATERSON: Well go on! Go on lad!
What're you waiting for?

(STUART LOOKS UP)

STUART: I've beat him Sarge.

PATERSON: What? You think we're playing games do you? Let's pretend eh? That what you're going to do to some villian, some mugger? Help him up, dust him down, shake hands? Go on!

(STUART CRACKS
THE OTHER BOY'S
FACE OFF THE
FLOOR THEN LEAPS
AWAY FROM HIM.

ACE WINCES)

That's it!

(PATERSON BENDS
OVER THE FALLEN
BOY, WHO IS
LYING GROANING,
CLUTCHING HIS
FACE)

Alright lad, you're O.K. On your feet now.

(PATERSON PULLS
THE BOY UP.
THE OTHERS ARE
WATCHING SILENTLY,
THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ARE STILL
STANDING IN THE
DOORWAY)

Come on, you're alright eh? (cont...)

(THE BOY MUTTERS
AGREEMENT, STILL
HOLDING HIS FACE.

PATERSON RUFFLES
HIS HAIR WITH
HEAVY HANDED
AFFECTION)

PATERSON: (cont) That's my boy.
You go get cleaned up eh?

(THE BOY SHAMBLES
OUT PAST THE DOCTOR
AND ACE. PATERSON
SEES THEM)

I'll be right with you.

(TURNS TO THE
OTHER BOYS)

O.K. shake hands lads and we'll see
you on Friday.

(THERE IS A PAUSE
THEN THE BOYS
TURN TO EACH
OTHER, SUBDUED,
SHAKING HANDS
APART FROM
STUART WHO
STILL STANDS
STARING AT
PATERSON)

What?

STUART: I'd already beat him Sarge.

PATERSON: Oh ... (cont...)

(PATERSON STARTS
TO MOVE IN ON
STUART)

PATERSON: (cont) Think I'm too hard do you? Pushing you too hard am I? Ever heard of survival of the fittest son eh? Ever heard of that? Lifes not a game son is it?

(PATERSON PUNCTUATES EACH QUESTION WITH A JAB AT STUART GETTING PROGRESSIVELY ROUGHER)

I'm teaching you to survive lad, I'm teaching you to fight back. What are you going to do when life starts pushing you around eh? What you going to do?

(AS PATERSON DIRECTS A FINAL JAB STUART HITS OUT AT HIM, PATERSON BLOCKS IT LAUGHING)

That's my boy!

(PATERSON RUFFLES STUART'S HAIR AFFECTIONATELY, HOLDS ONTO HIS HEAD PEERING INTO HIS FACE)

Alright now eh? Alright?

(STUART GRINS RELUCTANTLY)

STUART: Alright Sarge.

PATERSON: Off you go then.

(THE YOUNG MEN
INCLUDING STUART
JOG OUT THE
DOOR PAST
THE DOCTOR
AND ACE, A
CHORUS OF 'Bye
Sarge, see you
Sarge' ETC.)

PATERSON TURNS
TO ACE AND
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Survival of the fittest,
a rather glib generalisation bound
to be misinterpreted, I said as much
to Charles at the time. Fit for
what Sergeant ...?

PATERSON: Paterson. And you show me
a better way of surviving and I'll
give it a go.

ACE: Where's everyone else?

PATERSON: Who you looking for love?

(THE DOCTOR MOVES
OUT INTO THE
LOBBY)

11. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKING OUT
THROUGH THE
GLASS DOORS
AT THE BOYS
WHO ARE JOGGING
OFF DOWN THE
ROAD DIRECTING
PLAY PUNCHES
AT EACH OTHER,
TRYING TO TRIP
EACH OTHER UP.
THE INJURED BOY
TRAILS AT THE
BACK STILL
HOLDING HIS
FACE)

ACE: (O.O.V.) Everyone! Everyone
used to hang out in here Sundays, it
was the only place you could get out
of the house and out of the weather.

12. INT. YOUTH CLUB. TRAINING ROOM. DAY.

(PATERSON IS NOW
PULLING ON A
TRACK SUIT TOP
AND DRAPING A
TOWEL ROUND HIS
NECK)

PATERSON: It's self defence every
Sunday afternoon now. That sorted
the sheep from the goats eh? I
don't know where the wasters go now ...
Don't I know you from some place?

ACE: I don't think ...

PATERSON: Oh yeah ... let off with
a warning weren't you? You were
lucky.

13. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(SAME TIME ACE
AND PATERSON'S
CONVERSATION
CONTINUES IN
THE OTHER ROOM)

ACE: (O.O.V.) I'm just looking for
my friends O.K.?

(THE DOCTOR
NOTICES A
CAT SITTING
JUST OUTSIDE
THE DOOR LOOKING
IN)

PATERSON: (O.O.V.) Don't think
you'll have much luck then.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT THE CAT.

THE CAT LOOKS
STEADILY BACK.
IT'S EYES ARE
RED)

14. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(WE SEE NOTHING
OF THE SURROUNDINGS,
JUST CATLIKE EYES
IN C.U.)

THE MASTER: (A LONG BREATH OF
SATISFACTION) Ah!

15. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(ACE AND PATERSON
MOVE INTO THE
LOBBY BEHIND
THE DOCTOR)

PATERSON: No I think you'll find most
of your crowd have moved on.

ACE: Moved on where?

PATERSON: Well I think you'll have
a better idea of that than me love
eh? Where have you been hiding
yourself?

ACE: Around.

PATERSON: Your Mum had you listed
as a missing person.

(ACE LOOKS AWAY)

Don't give a toss do you? Four kids
gone missing just this month.
Vanished. Into thin air. (SNORTS)
I don't know, it's the parents I
feel sorry for, doesn't take much to
phone love. Ten pence. That's all.

(ACE TURNS HER
BACK ON HIM
AND PUSHES
HER WAY ANGRILY
OUT THE GLASS
DOORS)

ACE: Come on Professor.

(THE CAT IS
STARTLED AWAY
AS ACE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR
TURNS TO
PATERSON.

ACE IS STOMPING
ANGRILY DOWN THE
PATH.

PATERSON LOOKS
AFTER HER
SHAKING HIS
HEAD)

PATERSON: I don't know, I wouldn't
be that age again if you paid me,
would you?

THE DOCTOR: I can't remember, it's a
long time ago.

(THEY FOLLOW ACE
OUT THE DOORS)

16. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE YOUTH CLUB. DAY.

PATERSON: What a world to be seventeen in eh? How're they supposed to cope? I reckon you teach them to fight, that's all you can do. Then they'll fight or go under. Half of them go under anyway round here. Past saving. Wasters.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me Sergeant do you have a problem with strays?

PATERSON: Strays?

THE DOCTOR: Cats.

(PATERSON LOOKS
AT HIM IN
DISBELIEF)

PATERSON: I wouldn't know sir, it's hardly a police priority round here.

THE DOCTOR: Hmumum.

(ACE TURNS BACK)

ACE: Come on Doctor!

PATERSON: Doctor eh? You're not in the best of shape yourself though are you?

THE DOCTOR: What?

PATERSON: You want to build yourself up. I do a session down here Monday nights, for the older men.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AT HIM
WITH DISTASTE)

THE DOCTOR: (MURMURS) I must just go and see a man about a cat.

(THE DOCTOR QUICKENS
HIS PACE TO CATCH
UP WITH ACE.)

PATERSON CALLS
AFTER THEM)

PATERSON: Keep fit and self defence!

ACE: (MUTTERS) I don't believe it.

PATERSON: One finger can be a deadly weapon!

ACE: There's a lot I could say about that but I won't.

(THE CAT LOOKS
OUT FROM A
HIDING PLACE
AT THE DOCTOR
AND ACE WALKING
AWAY IN THE
DISTANCE)

17. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR
WALKING DOWN A
STREET PAST A
NEWSAGENT/MINI
MARKET, ITS
NEXT DOOR TO A
PUB)

ACE: Still looks the same, dead, we
were the only life there ever was
round here.

(THE DOCTOR PAUSES
LOOKING AT AN
OLD HEADLINE
ON A SANDWICH
BOARD OUTSIDE
THE NEWSAGENT.

THE HEADLINE
READS 'LOCAL
WOMAN STILL
MISSING, POLICE
ABANDON HOPE')

We used to come round here sometimes,
hang about outside try and get the
big kids to buy us cans. Used to
pocket our cash didn't they? Blow
it all on pool. Till I sorted them
out. Suppose my lot'll be able to
get in now though eh? I'm nearly
legal Professor. (GRINS) Back in
a sec.

(ACE VANISHES
INTO THE PUB.

THE DOCTOR GOES
INTO THE NEWSAGENT/
MINI MARKET)

18. INT. SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(INSIDE THE MINI
MARKET. THE DOCTOR
PICKS UP A WIRE
BASKET STARING
AT IT CURIOUSLY
FOR A SECOND
THEN PUTTING
IT DOWN AGAIN, HE
STARTS TO WALK
DOWN THE SHELVES
LOOKING AT THE
CONTENTS AND
PICKING UP
ITEMS TO STARE
AT THEM MORE
CLOSELY AS IF
THEY WERE BOOKS
IN A LIBRARY.

THE SHOP OWNER
(HARVEY) AND LEN
HIS MATE ARE
LEANING ON EITHER
SIDE OF THE
COUNTER BY THE
TILL PUTTING
THE WORLD TO
RIGHTS)

HARVEY: Well you take this Sunday
opening, think I want to do it?
Think I want to give up my one day
of rest and come in here and sit in
front of this cash register, does
your back in working a till all day,
it's a fact, there was a thing about
it on the news the other night. (cont...)

(THE DOCTOR PAUSES
IN FRONT OF CANS
OF CAT FOOD.

THE DOCTOR PICKS
UP ONE AND LOOKS
AT IT, THEN
SELECTS ANOTHER,
HE HOLDS ONE IN
EACH HAND LOOKING
CAREFULLY AT ONE,
THEN THE OTHER)

HARVEY: (cont) Well it's the law of
the jungle though right? Survival
of the fittest, all these other shops,
they're open aren't they? Where'd
d'you think I'd be if I didn't join
in? Down the plughole that's where,
down the plughole without a paddle
can I help you?

(THIS LAST TO
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Which would you say they
preferred?

HARVEY: What?

THE DOCTOR: Of the two brands which
would you say our feline friends
found particularly irresistible?

(MAN AND HIS
MATE EXCHANGE
GLANCES. 'OH GOD
A LOONY')

HARVEY: Well if we are to believe
the advertising, that one is beloved
of cat connoisseurs and that one is
the taste all cat owners who really
care put in the dish whereas that
one has the smell that drives tabby
cats wild.

LEN: Nah, that's an aftershave ad.

HARVEY: Is it?

LEN: Or is it for cars ...?

HARVEY: Well all I know is our Tiger goes mad for cheese.

THE DOCTOR: Cheese ... thank you.

(THE DOCTOR
MOVES TO THE
REFRIGERATED
CABINET.

HARVEY AND
LEN EXCHANGE
ANOTHER 'OH
MY GOD' LOOK)

HARVEY: Yeah, it's the law of the jungle.

LEN: These two guys, in a tent, in the jungle ...

HARVEY: (STARTING TO GRIN) Alright, alright you got another one for me have you?

(AS THE MEN
CONTINUE SPEAKING
WE SEE THE DOCTOR
FROM THE P.O.V. OF
SOMETHING LOW DOWN
LOOKING OUT FROM
BEHIND TINS AND
BOXES. THE DOCTOR
HAS HIS BACK TO
IT SNIFFING AT
CHEESES)

LEN: So it's dark right, then they here this terrible noise outside the tent, this terrible roaring, and the one guy turns to the other and he says 'Do you hear that? Do you hear that? That's a lion'.

(THE DOCTOR FREEZES.
HE TURNS SLOWLY
LOOKING DIRECTLY
TOWARDS WHERE
WHATEVER IT IS
IS LOOKING BACK
AT HIM)

So the other guy doesn't say a word, he just starts pulling on these running shoes right?

(THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO WALK FORWARD
SLOWLY, HIS ARMS
FULL OF CAT FOOD
AND CHEESE, STARING
INTENTLY AT
WHATEVER IS WATCHING
HIM)

And the first guy says, what you doing? You can't outrun a lion? And this guy says I don't have to outrun the lion.

(THE TWO MEN
FALL ABOUT.

SOMETHING ERUPTS
OUT OF THE BOTTOM
SHELF IN FRONT
OF THE DOCTOR
AND LEAPS AT
HIS FACE, SEEN
FROM THE P.O.V.
OF HIS ATTACKER.

THE DOCTOR YELLS
AND DUCKS DROPPING
HIS SHOPPING.

THE SHOP DOOR
BANGS AS SOMETHING
CRASHES OUT.

THE TWO MEN
GAPE AT THE DOCTOR
(ON THE GROUND)

HARVEY: Are you alright?

LEN: I told you you should get that
cat done.

HARVEY: That wasn't Tiger, I'm telling
you, you put a catflap in and you get
just anything coming into your house.

19. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(OUTSIDE ON THE
PAVEMENT. ACE IS
SITTING ON THE
KERB LOOKING
DEPRESSED.)

THE DOCTOR EMERGES
WITH A HANDFUL OF
TINS AND CHEESE)

THE DOCTOR: Did you find your friends?

(ACE LOOKS UP)

ACE: No-one even remembers them.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKING
AT HIS ARMLoad)

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure I've forgotten
something.

(HARVEY EMERGES
IN THE DOORWAY
BEHIND THEM)

HARVEY: Oy! Haven't you forgotten
something?

(THE DOCTOR
BEAMS AT HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

HARVEY: Money.

(THE DOCTOR
FROWNS AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: No that wasn't it.

(ACE SIGHS AND
PRODUCES GREAT
HANDFULS OF TEN
PENCES)

ACE: I got lucky on the fruit machine.

THE DOCTOR: Lucky?

ACE: Well ... they're all fixed
anyway, those machines.

20. INT. SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(HARVEY BACK
INSIDE LOOKING
INTO THE BACK OF
HIS SHOP. A
STOREROOM OF
SHELVES. HE IS
CALLING HIS CAT)

HARVEY: Tiger, pss pss pss, Tiger
come on then.

(A FURRY REMNANT
IS LYING IN THE
SHADOWS UNDER THE
SHELVES.

HARVEY SEES IT)

What the ...!

(LEN CALLS THROUGH
FROM THE FRONT
SHOP)

LEN: What is it?

HARVEY: Len ... I think something's
eaten Tiger.

21. INT. SHOPPING PRECINCT. DAY.

(A DESERTED
SHOPPING PRECINCT.
A DEPRESSED
LOOKING YOUNG
WOMAN, ANGE IS
STANDING HOLDING
A CAN WITH 'HUNT
SABOTEURS' WRITTEN
ON IT, SHE IS
SHAKING IT
MONOTONOUSLY AT
NO-ONE AT ALL.
SHE IS WEARING
JUMBLE AND SNIFFING
ON EVERY SECOND
BREATH.

ACE AND THE
DOCTOR WALK TOWARDS
HER.

ACE RECOGNISES
HER. SHE BEAMS,
RUNS TOWARDS HER)

ACE: Ange!

(ANGE LOOKS ROUND,
SHE FROWNS, THEN
MANAGES A WATERY
GRIN)

ANGE: Hi Ace. Thought you were dead.

ACE: What?

ANGE: That's what they said, either you
were dead or you'd gone to Birmingham.
(SNIFFS) Comes to the same thing I
suppose. (LOOKS AT DOCTOR) Who's he?

(THE DOCTOR HAS
BEEN DISTRACTED
BY ONE OF THE
SHOP WINDOW DISPLAYS,
HE GOES TO PEER
THROUGH THE GLASS)

ACE: He's a friend of mine.

ANGE: Oh.

(DOESN'T KNOW WHAT
TO MAKE OF THAT)

So you back to see your family.

ACE: No.

ANGE: So what you doing here? You're
well out of this dump.

ACE: I wanted to see my mates didn't
I? Catch up a bit.

ANGE: Oh. (SNIFF)

(THE DOCTOR IS
PEERING IN AT
A DISPLAY OF FUR
COATS. HE FROWNS
PEERING AT A
SPOTTED FUR)

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERING) But where are
they coming from?

ACE: Where is everyone?

ANGE: Who? (SNIFF)

ACE: Jay.

ANGE: (SNIFF) Dunno moved over west someplace, think he's doing window cleaning, that's what I heard.

ACE: Stevey?

ANGE: Oh he's gone.

ACE: Flo?

ANGE: Married Darth.

ACE: Darth Vader the brain dead plumber? Flo?

ANGE: Yeah, makes you think eh?

ACE: What about Shreela?

ANGE: Oh she's gone.

ACE: Midge?

ANGE: He's gone too.

ACE: What do you mean gone? Gone where?

ANGE: I dunno. Gone. Vanished.

ACE: People don't just vanish!

ANGE: You did.

ACE: Yeah ... well ... that's different.

ANGE: Is it?

ACE: Well when did they go?

ANGE: I dunno ... Last month?

ACE: What!?

ANGE: Well Midge and Stevey went last month, Shreela went last week, they had to scrape her Mum off the ceiling ... Funny, I always thought she got on alright with her family.

ACE: (SLOWLY) It doesn't make sense.

ANGE: That's what I said. Know what I reckon?

(ACE SHAKES
HER HEAD)

U.F.O's. They whisk them off and do experiments on them, like we do on animals. I wouldn't fancy cutting Stevey open to see what's inside would you? (RAISES CAN) Come on give us ten pence at least.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES
THEM AGAIN.)

ANGE RATTLES
HER CAN HOPEFULLY.

THE DOCTOR SCRABBLES
ABSENTMINDEDLY IN
HIS POCKET, PRODUCES
A HEAVY GOLD COIN,
PEERS AT IT
DUBIOUSLY THEN
ATTEMPTS TO SHOVE
IT IN HER CAN.
IT STICKS.

THE DOCTOR AND
ANGE PEER DOWN
AT THE FAT SLAB OF
GOLD WEDGED IN THE
SLOT OF HER CAN.

THE DOCTOR RAISES
ONE FINGER AND
TAPS IT SHARPLY,
IT DROPS.

ANGE GAPES.

THE DOCTOR INSPECTS
THE MOTTO ON THE
SIDE OF THE CAN.

HE TAPS THE CAN)

THE DOCTOR: It isn't a very efficient
kind of hunt really when you think
about it is it? All that noise
and pantomime to slaughter one little
animal.

(ANGE GOES ON
GAPING AT HIM)

If you were going to hunt, really hunt,
you'd do it alone, you'd study your
prey, observe its movements so you
could surprise it, alone, unsuspecting.
And you wouldn't kill too many, and
you'd be very careful, to cover your
tracks so you could keep on hunting the
same ground, so your prey never even
caught a smell of you. (SNIFFS) Do you
smell that?

(ANGE SNIFFS
ENERGETICALLY)

ANGE: I can't, hayfever.

ACE: What are you talking about
Professor? is something going on
here?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know, I'm not
certain ... yet.

(HE TURNS AWAY
THINKING HARD.

ANGE LOOKS
SIDEWAYS AT ACE)

ANGE: (WHISPER) Is he ...?

(ACE SHAKES HER
HEAD IMPATIENTLY)

ACE: Professor?

THE DOCTOR: When is a cat not a
cat?

(ACE AND ANGE
LOOK BLANK)

When it builds its own cat flap.

(THE DOCTOR WAVES
A TIN OF CATFOOD)

Bait. Come on Ace.

(HE WALKS RAPIDLY
OUT OF THE PRECINCT)

ACE: Hang on Professor!

(SHE RUNS AFTER
HIM.)

ANGE SHRUGS AND
GIVES ANOTHER HOPELESS
RATTLE TO HER
TIN)

21A. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(A CLOSE UP EYES,
LOOKING NORMAL,
WE STILL CAN'T
SEE WHOSE EYES)

THE MASTER: Show me.

(HIS EYES TURN
YELLOW WITH THE
NARROW BLACK
PUPIL)

Show me!

22. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(STUART JOGGING
DOWN AN EMPTY
STREET PUNCHING
THE AIR WITH
LITTLE WHISTLING
BREATHS AS HE DOES
SO.

A CAT SITTING
IN THE SHELTER OF
THE WALL WATCHES
HIM PASS.

THE CATS' EYES
WATCHING
RED EYES)

23. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(THE MASTER'S
EYES)

THE MASTER: Yes, he will do very
well.

24. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(STUART IS JOGGING
DOWN THE CENTRE OF
OF THE ROAD WITH
HIS HEAD DOWN.

HE RAISES HIS
HEAD AND STOPS
DEAD FOR ONE
FROZEN SECOND OF
TERROR AND AMAZEMENT
THEN STARTS TO
PELT BACK UP THE
ROAD.

THE SOUND OF
HOOFBEATS. SEEN
FROM THE P.O.V. OF
THE PURSUER
THUNDERING DOWN ON
STUART, GAINING
FAST. JUST AS
IT'S RIGHT ON TOP
OF HIM STUART
SCREAMS.

AN EMPTY STREET
WITH NO SIGN OF
STUART OR WHATEVER
CHASED HIM.

THE CAT IS SITTING
ON TOP OF A WALL
PEACEFULLY WASHING
ITSELF. IT LOOKS
UP.

ACE AND THE
DOCTOR ARE
APPROACHING.

THE CAT JUMPS OFF
THE WALL AND MOVES
AWAY.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE SIT ON TOP
OF THE SAME WALL.

ACE LOOKS ROUND
HER DISCONSOLATELY.

THE DOCTOR IS
TAKING TINS OF
CAT FOOD OUT OF
ALL HIS POCKETS)

ACE: Can't believe he said that
you know. That Plod. I reckon
that was well out or order. Ten
pence. I mean even if I could've
phoned, which I couldn't right?
Do you think they'd've listened?

(THE DOCTOR PICKS
UP A TIN OF
CATFOOD LOOKS
AT IT, SHAKES
IT LOOKING
VAGUELY PUZZLED,
SUDDEN REALISATION)

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERED IRRITATION)
Tinopener.

ACE: It's not like I was homesick
for a place, just that time ...
just the whole crowd ... we had
a really good laugh you know ...
Can't believe they've all just
disappeared.

(THE DOCTOR IS
NOW APPARENTLY
LISTENING TO A
TIN OF CATFOOD)

Professor ...?

THE DOCTOR: (SURGEON ASKING FOR
EQUIPMENT) Tin opener.

(ACE SIGHS AND
PRODUCES ONE
FROM A POCKET.
(SWISS ARMY KNIFE?)
THE DOCTOR OPENS
ONE TIN, PLACES
IT ON THE GROUND
AND OPENS ANOTHER)

ACE: Professor are you listening
to me?

(THE DOCTOR IS
NOW CHECKING WIND
DIRECTION WITH
HIS FINGER)

THE DOCTOR: Shhh! Ace I'm
concentrating.

(ACE LOOKS AT
HIM. SHE SWALLOWS
HARD. SHE GETS
UP OFF THE WALL
AND WALKS AWAY.
SHE LOOKS BACK
ONCE.

THE DOCTOR IS
NOW PLACING OPENED
TINS OF CATFOOD
ON THE PAVEMENT
IN FRONT OF THE
WALL.

ACE TURNS HER
BACK AGAIN AND
WALKS QUICKLY AWAY.

THE DOCTOR FINISHES
ARRANGING THE
TINS TO HIS
SATISFACTION AS AN
AFTERTHOUGHT HE
TAKES A PIECE OF
CHEESE OUT OF HIS
POCKET AND PUTS
THAT DOWN AS WELL.

THE DOCTOR CLIMBS
BACK OVER
THE WALL AND
PEERS OVER THE
TOP OF IT, JUST
HIS HAT AND EYES
SHOWING, WATCHING
THE TINS)

25. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

(ACE SITS ON
A SWING IN A
DESERTED PLAYGROUND,
SWINGING SLOWLY
BACKWARDS AND
FORWARDS. A CAT
WANDERS IN AND
SITS AT HER
FEET. LOOKS
UP, MEWS PLAINLY.)

ACE LOOKS AT
IT. SIGHS)

ACE: Come on then.

(ACE PICKS THE
CAT UP.)

WE SEE ITS EYES,
THEY ARE RED/ORANGE)

26. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR PEERING
OVER THE WALL.
A CAT APPROACHES
AND SNIFFS AT
ONE OF THE TINS)

THE DOCTOR: Pssst!

(THE CAT LOOKS
ROUND.

THE CATS EYES
IN CLOSE UP)

(SIGHS) No, you're not what I'm
looking for are you?

(AN ELDERLY WOMAN
IS PEERING THROUGH
HER WINDOW FROM
BEHIND THE
DOCTOR. SHE
TAPS ON THE GLASS.

THE DOCTOR TURNS
AND FLAPS AT HER)

Shhh!

(THE CAT SNIFFS
AT THE FOOD
AGAIN THEN BACKS
OFF AS IT'S
SMELT SOMETHING
TERRIBLE.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
ANNOYED.

BEHIND HIM THE
ELDERLY WOMAN IS
NOW ON THE TELEPHONE)

27. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

(ACE IN THE
PLAYGROUND.

SHE SIGHS AGAIN
AND STANDS UP,
LETTING THE CAT
DROP TO THE
GROUND.

SHE STARTS TO
WALK OFF.

THE CAT LOOKS
AT HER WALKING
AWAY.

ACE SEEN FROM
BEHIND, SHE
FREEZES AS IF
SHE'S SENSED
SOMETHING, SHE
TURNS.

BEHIND HER IS
A CHEETAH PERSON
(KARRA) ON A
HORSE.

THE HORSE IS
COVERED IN ORANGE
AND BLACK CLOTH
AS IF IT WAS
DECKED OUT FOR
A MEDIEVAL
JOUST.

THE CHEETAH PERSON
IS HUMANOID IN SHAPE,

ITS EXPOSED BODY
IS COVERED IN
LIGHT GOLDEN FUR
WITH IRREGULAR BLACK
SPOTS, BOTH ITS
HANDS AND ITS
FEET WHICH ARE
EXPOSED HAVE LONG
JOINTS AND LONG
CLAWS.

THE CHEETAH PERSON
IS WEARING
CLOTHING IN THE
FORM OF THE
SKINS OF A VARIETY
OF OTHER ANIMALS,
BIRDS FEATHERS,
TEETH AND BONES
ARE HUNG AROUND
IT AND THE HORSE
LIKE TROPHIES.
ITS HEAD IS AGAIN
HALF HUMAN HALF
CAT WITH CAT'S
EARS AND WHISKERS.
IT HAS A DARK
BLAZE OF FUR ON
ITS FACE.

ACE GAPES AT IT,
AWED)

ACE: Wow! (cont...)

(THE CHEETAH SMILES
EXPOSING A MOUTH
FULL OF VERY
SHARP AND BUSINESS
LIKE LOOKING TEETH.

ACE STOPS BEING
IMPRESSED AND
REALISES SHE'S IN
TROUBLE.

SHE TURNS AND
RUNS.

THE CHEETAH SPURS
ITS HORSE AFTER
ACE.

ACE DUCKS IN
AMONG THE SWINGS
TRYING TO KEEP
THEM BETWEEN HER
AND THE HORSE.

THE CHEETAH CHECKS
THE HORSE AND
TROTTS PARALLEL WITH
HER. IT SMILES
A SMILE THAT
SAYS 'DINNERTIME',
LICKING ITS
WHISKERS.

ACE PEERS OUT
AT IT FROM BEHIND
THE SWINGS, SHE
GULPS)

ACE: (cont) Doctor ...

28. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS OUT OVER
THE WALL AS A
SMALL DOG
APPROACHES THE
FOOD)

THE DOCTOR: Shooo!

(THE DOG IGNORES
HIM AND STARTS
TO TUCK INTO THE
KIT-E-CAT)

Go away!

(THERE IS THE
SOUND OF DISTANT
HOOFBEATS AND
ACE'S VOICE
YELLING)

ACE: Doctor!

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
ROUND, PUZZLED)

THE DOCTOR: Ace?

29. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

(THE CHEETAH
HAS FLUSHED ACE
OUT FROM HER
REFUGE BEHIND
THE SWINGS INTO
OPEN GROUND.

SHE STANDS PANTING
AS IT CIRCLES
HER THEN GALLOPS
AT HER.

ACE TURNS AND
RUNS, YELLING
AGAIN)

ACE: Doctor!

(THE CHEETAH
IS RIGHT ON
TOP OF HER.

THE DOCTOR PILES
ROUND THE CORNER
PANTING.

THE PLAYGROUND
IS DESERTED,
JUST ONE SWING
SWAYING GENTLY
TO AND FRO)

30. EXT. PLANET/BARREN LANDSCAPE. DAY.

(ACE RUNS OUT
OF THIN AIR
TO FIND HERSELF
IN A BARREN
LANDSCAPE, YELLOW
AND PALE BLEACHED
ROCKS, SUNBURNT
GRASSES, A FEW
BLACK THORNY
BUSHES, A DISTANT,
DARKER LINE OF
HILLS ON THE
HORIZON, TRICKLING
SMOKE, IT'S A HOT
EMPTY WILDERNESS
OVERSHADOWED BY
VOLCANOES.

ACE STOPS,
GASPING, LOOKING
ROUND, A GROUP
OF CATS ARE
MOVING OVER
SOMETHING ON
THE GROUND NEARBY.

SHE MOVES CLOSER
TO SEE WHAT THEY'VE
GOT.

A HAND, OBVIOUSLY
A VERY DEAD
HAND STILL CLUTCHING
A PINK SPONGE.
(IT'S THE CAR
WASHING SPONGE
FROM SCENE 1).

ACE'S FACE AS
SHE LOOKS AT
THE BODY.

THERE IS A
FAINT NOISE,
CLOTH SNAPPING
IN THE BREEZE.

ACE TURNS.

THE CHEETAH
PERSON IS SITTING
ON ITS HORSE,
MOTIONLESS, WATCHING
HER, THEY STARE
AT EACH OTHER
THEN THE CHEETAH
PERSON SPURS
THE HORSE FORWARD.

ACE TURNS AND
RUNS)

31. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
WALKING BACK
TOWARDS HIS
CAT TRAP.

THERE IS A
CAT EATING THE
CHEESE.

THE DOCTOR
FREEZES.

THE CAT RAISES
ITS HEAD AND
LOOKS AT THE
DOCTOR.

THE CAT'E EYES.
RED/ORANGE)

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERED) Got you.

(A HAND FALLS
ON THE DOCTOR'S
SHOULDER)

PATERSON: Got you! (cont...)

(THE CAT RUNS
OFF.

PATERSON GETS A
FIRMER GRIP ON
THE DOCTOR, HE
IS NOW IN HIS
UNIFORM)

PATERSON: (cont) Now then, what do you think you're up to?

THE DOCTOR: Sergeant ...

PATERSON: I've had complaints ...

THE DOCTOR: There's no time, I have to follow that cat!

PATERSON: You're a public nuisance.

THE DOCTOR: (TRYING TO PULL AWAY)
Will you let go of me!

PATERSON: Now don't be stupid eh?
Don't get yourself into real trouble.

(THE DOCTOR
STOPS STRUGGLING,
HE LOOKS AT
PATERSON FOR A
SECOND)

THE DOCTOR: One finger can be a deadly
weapon?

PATERSON: What's that? (cont...)

(THE DOCTOR
TAPS PATERSON
ON THE HEAD
WITH THE SAME
GESTURE HE
USED ON THE GOLD
COIN.

PATERSON SITS
DOWN ABRUPTLY
ON THE PAVEMENT.

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THE DOCTOR RUNS
OFF AFTER THE
CAT.

PATERSON GAPES
AFTER HIM)

PATERSON: (cont) How'd he do that?

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32. EXT. PLANET. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(ACE IS RUNNING
OVER ROCKS,
PANTING, LEGS
AND ARMS BEGINNING
TO GET CLUMSY WITH
FATIGUE.

THE CHEETAH ON
HORSEBACK IS
ALMOST ON TOP
OF HER.

ACE FALLS. SHE
IS RIGHT BESIDE
A CLUMP OF TREES.
THICK STUNTED
BLACK THORN BUSHES.

THE CHEETAH RIDES
PAST HER AND
STOPS. IT DISMOUNTS
IN ONE EASY
MOVEMENT. IT
STARTS TO MOVE
TOWARDS HER HALF
CROUCHED, STALKING.
IT SMILES ITS
TOOTHY SMILE. IT
IS FEMALE. THIS
IS KARRA,
DISTINGUISHED FROM
THE OTHER CHEETAHS
BY HER DARK
BLAZE OF FUR.

ACE STRUGGLES UP
TO A CROUCH LOOKING
ROUND FOR SOMETHING
TO USE AS A
WEAPON. HER EYE
IS CAUGHT BY A
MOVEMENT IN THE
COPSE OF TREES.

STUART IS PEERING
OUT FROM BETWEEN
THE TREE TRUNKS
ON THE EDGE OF
THE COPSE. HIS
FACE IS STREAKED
WITH BLOOD AND
DIRT, HIS CLOTHES
ARE SIMILIARLY
DISHEVELLED)

STUART: (URGENT WHISPER) Go away!
Get away from here!

(ACE LOOKS BACK
AT THE CHEETAH.

THE CHEETAH HAS
PAUSED LISTENING
AND SNIFFING THE
AIR, IT TURNS
ITS HEAD TOWARDS
STUART MAKING
A FAINT PURRING
GROWL IN ITS
THROAT.

STUART GIVES SOB
OF TERROR AND
STUMBLES OUT OF
THE TREES, LOOKING
ROUND FRANTICALLY
FOR SOMEWHERE ELSE
TO ESCAPE OR
HIDE.

ACE SNATCHES UP
A ROCK AND
STANDS FACING
THE CHEETAH, SHE'S
BETWEEN IT AND
STUART.

THE CHEETAH GLIDES
TOWARDS THEM,
A CROUCHING LOPE.

STUART TURNS AND
RUNS.

THE CHEETAH IS
RIGHT ON TOP
OF ACE.

ACE RAISES THE
ROCK.

THE CHEETAH
FLASHES RIGHT
PAST ACE GAINING
SPEED NOW, IT
SPRINTS AFTER
STUART, JUMPS AT
HIS BACK KNOCKING
HIM TO THE GROUND.

THE CHEETAH SMILES
DOWN AT STUART.

ACE'S FACE AS
STUART SCREAMS.

ACE STARTS TO
WALK TOWARDS THE
CHEETAH, HOLDING
HER ROCK, BREATHING
FAST.

THE CHEETAH SLINGS
STUART'S BODY
OVER ITS SHOULDER
AND STARTS TO
WALK BACK TO
ITS HORSE. IT SEES
ACE. IT STOPS AND
SNARLS AT HER.

ACE STOPS DEAD.

THE CHEETAH SLINGS
STUART'S BODY
OVER THE HORSE,
MOUNTS AND GALLOPS
OFF.

ACE IS WATCHING
IT RIDE AWAY
AS SHREELA COMES
OUT OF THE TREES
BEHIND HER.

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SHREELA LOOKS
HALF STARVED,
HER CLOTHES ARE
IN RAGS)

SHREELA: He shouldn't have run, they
always go for you if you run.

(ACE TURNS)

ACE: Shreela?

SHREELA: Hi Ace.

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33. EXT. ALLEY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR ON
HIS HANDS AND
KNEES STALKING
A PILE OF
DUSTBINS.

THE DOCTOR SEEN
FROM BEHIND
A DUSTBIN.
CAT'S P.O.V.
HE SMILES
INGRATIATINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: Why don't you come out
and we'll talk about this sensibly.
Hmmm?

(THE DUSTBINS ARE
KNOCKED FLYING
AS THE CAT MAKES
A RUN FOR IT.

THE DOCTOR POUNDS
UP THE ALLEY
IN PURSUIT.

PATERSON APPEARS
AT THE OTHER END
OF THE ALLEY)

PATERSON: Oy!

(PATERSON RUNS
AFTER THEM)

34. EXT. PLANT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(ACE AND SHREELA
WALK INTO A
CLEARING IN
THE COPSE.

TWO BOYS ARE
HUDDLED OVER
A TINY FIRE.

ONE IS ATTEMPTING
TO ROAST SOME
KIND OF SCRAGGY
RODENT IN THE
SMOKE.

THE OTHER IS
CHEWING ON
LEAVES WITH
NO APPARENT
APPETITE.

BOTH ARE WEARING
GRUBBY REMNANTS
OF CLOTHES AND
ARE HOLLOW EYED
AND STARVED LOOKING.

THEY LOOK ROUND
WITH HARDLY
ANY INTEREST)

ACE: Midge?

(THE LEAF CHEWER
NODS)

MIDGE: Hi Ace. Long time.

ACE: Is Stevie here too?

SHREELA: He was.

MIDGE: Stevie? He's cat food isn't he?

(THE OTHER BOY
LAUGHS)

SHREELA: Stop it!

MIDGE: (INDICATES OTHER BOY) This is
Derek, he's doing pretty well, been
here three weeks and only flesh wounds.

(DEREK GRINS AT
ACE.

HE KEEPS TURNING
HIS FOOD IN
THE FIRE. HE IS
SHAKING VIOLENTLY.

MIDGE SHOVES
SOME MORE LEAVES
IN HIS MOUTH,
IGNORING THEM
ALL AGAIN.

ACE LOOKS AT
SHREELA)

SHREELA: We'll have to move on soon,
they hunt at night sometimes.

(SHE SITS DOWN,
STARTS ROCKING
HERSELF TO AND
FRO.

MIDGE IS LOOKING
INTO SPACE)

MIDGE: They can see in the dark.
You can't see them, just their eyes.

(DEREK SHIVERS.

ACE LOOKS ROUND
THEM ALL. TAKING
IN THEIR EXHAUSTION
AND DESPAIR)

ACE: Just as well I'm back, you need
sorting out you lot.

35. EXT. LOW WALL. DAY.

(THE CAT IS
NOW ON TOP
OF A WALL
LOOKING BACK.

THE DOCTOR RUNS
TO THE FOOT
OF THE WALL.

THE CAT JUMPS
OFF THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
WALL AND VANISHES
IN MID-AIR.

THE DOCTOR
SCRAMBLES UP
THE WALL AND
TEETERS ON TOP
OF IT.

PATERSON RUNS
TO THE FOOT OF
THE WALL, LUNGES
UP AND GRABS
THE DOCTOR'S
FOOT)

PATERSON: Oh no you don't!

THE DOCTOR: (TEETERING) Get off you fool!

(THE DOCTOR
TOPPLES. BOTH
HE AND PATERSON
VANISH INTO THIN
AIR.

THE SOUND OF A
LONG DRAWN OUT
CAT YOWL)

36. EXT. CHEETAH ENCAMPMENT. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
PATERSON APPEAR
IN A TUMBLED
HEAP ON A
SUNNY PATCH
OF GRASS.

THEY LOOK ROUND.

THEY ARE IN
A FLAT STRETCH
OF LANDSCAPE,
BLEACHED GRASSES,
PALE ROCKS,
VOLCANOES ON
THE HORIZON.

TENTS WITH HORSES
TETHERED BESIDE
THEM SPECKLE
THE LANDSCAPE.

IN FRONT OF THEM
A TENT HAS ITS
AWNING PINNED
BACK, SPRAWLED
ON FURS SEVERAL
CHEETAH PEOPLE
ARE LYING IN
THE SUN IN FRONT
OF IT, CHEWING
ON RAW MEAT LIKE
A PICNIC PARTY.

THEY ARE ALL
LOOKING AT THE
DOCTOR AND PATERSON.

ONE OF THEM YAWNS,
ANOTHER IMPRESSIVE
DISPLAY OF
DENTISTRY.

SOME HAVE CATS
ON THEIR LAPS
OR SITTING ON
THEIR ARMS LIKE
HAWKS.

THE CAT THEY
FOLLOWED TROTting
OVER THE GRASS.
IT MOVES
PURPOSEFULLY
TOWARDS TWO OF
THE CHEETAHS WHO
ARE SITTING SO
AS TO MASK ANOTHER
FIGURE, THEY
MOVE ASIDE TO
LET IT PASS,
THE FIGURE IS
REVEALED AS THE
MASTER.

THE CAT CLIMBS
INTO HIS LAP.

THE MASTER STROKES
THE CAT, HE'S
SITTING AMONG THE
PICNICKING CHEETAHS,
HE SMILES)

THE MASTER: Why Doctor ...

(THE MASTER'S
EYES BECOME
CAT'S EYES)

... what an unexpected pleasure.

FADE OUT