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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL L 270K

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P

'SURVIVAL'

by

Rona Munro

EPISODE TWO

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7P - 'SURVIVAL' - EPISODE TWO

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ACE
THE MASTER
PATERSON
SHREELA
MIDGE
DEREK
STUART
KARRA

NON SPEAKING:

CHEETAH PEOPLE
MILKMAN

* * * * *

OB LOCATION EXTERIORS:

Cheetah Encampment
Copse of Trees (Kids' hiding place)
Barren Landscape (Doctor and Paterson riding)
Hillside (Doctor and others travelling)
Perivale/Footpath (Milkman)
High Ground (Master and Kitling)
Valley (Pride of Cheetahs)
Small Lake (Ace hiding)
Waste Ground (Midge fleeing)
Bone Heap
Clearing in Woods
Rocky Ground (Midge running, savage)
Broken Ground (Master confronting Midge)

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7P

'SURVIVAL'

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EPISODE TWO

(REPRISE CLIFFHANGER)

1. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(A BARE STRETCH
OF GROUND, THE
GENERAL IMPRESSION
OF MOST OF THE
PLANET IS OF HARD
YELLOWS AND BROWNS,
BURNT BLEACHED
GRASSES LIKE
AFRICAN SAVANNAH,
A CLUMP OF STUMPY
LEAFLESS TREES
FILLS A HOLLOW,
A TANGLE OF BLACK
THORNY BRANCHES.

ACE IS STANDING
LOOKING ROUND THE
LANDSCAPE. SHE
LOOKS WORRIED.

ON THE HORIZON A
LINE OF HILLS SPOUT
PLUMES OF SMOKE,
VOLCANOES, THEIR FUMES
CAST A DARK SHADOW OVER
MOST OF THE SKY.

ACE LOOKS AT
THE DISTANT HILLS
THEN AT A CAT
WHICH IS WATCHING
HER IN THE FOREGROUND,
ITS EYES ARE RED,
IT'S SCAVENGING
AMONGST A HEAP
OF BONES, HUGE
RIB CAGES AND
WEIRDLY SHAPED
SKULLS LITTERED
ON THE GRASS.

SHREELA COMES TO
STAND AT ACE'S
SHOULDER)

SHREELA: They don't bother us, they
only eat us when we're dead ... It's
like they're watching us.

ACE: Yeah.

(THE CAT RUNS OFF.

ACE LOOKS AT THE
SKULLS WHICH SEEM
TO LOOK BACK WITH
THEIR BLIND SOCKETS)

2. EXT. CHEETAH ENCAMPMENT. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
PATERSON STANDING
IN FRONT OF THE
MASTER.

THE CHEETAHS ARE
ALL LOOKING AT
THEM, LICKING
THEIR WHISKERS)

THE MASTER: Run Doctor.

(THE CHEETAHS
MOVE FORWARD,
GROWLING)

Run!

(PATERSON MAKES
TO BOLT, THE
DOCTOR GRABS
HIS SHOULDER)

THE DOCTOR: Don't move! (cont ...)

(THE CHEETAHS'
PAUSE, THEY TURN
THEIR HEADS FROM
PATERSON AND THE
DOCTOR TO THE
MASTER, THEY
SNIFF THE AIR.

WITHOUT MOVING
ANY OTHER PART OF
HIS BODY THE MASTER
REACHES INTO HIS
POCKET AND PRODUCES
A SHINING BALL.

THE MASTER HURLS
IT SUDDENLY STRAIGHT
AT PATERSON.

THE BALL FLIES
GLITTERING
THROUGH THE AIR,
IT BOUNCES AT
PATERSON'S FEET.

THE NEAREST CHEETAHS
LEAP AFTER IT.

PATERSON TURNS AND
RUNS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Paterson no!

(THE CHEETAHS'
STREAK PAST HIM
AFTER PATERSON.

THE MASTER SMILING
COMES TO STAND
BESIDE THE DOCTOR)

THE MASTER: I was relying on your
intelligence Doctor, it would be such
an inelegant death.

(THE CHEETAHS HAVE
SURROUNDED PATERSON
AND ARE CIRCLING
HIM, HE MAKES
FRANTIC DARTS TO
BREAK OUT OF THEIR
CIRCLE, THEY BLOCK
HIM BUT MOVE NO
CLOSER, CIRCLING,
GROWLING, SMILING)

THE DOCTOR: They're playing with him.

THE MASTER: They are essentially a fun loving species. Now Doctor there are things I must discuss with you ...

(PATERSON HAS
FALLEN, A CHEETAH
STABS AT HIM WITH
ITS CLAWS UNTIL
HE STUMBLES UP
AND TRIES TO RUN
AGAIN)

3. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(ACE, SHREELA,
MIDGE AND DEREK)

SHREELA: I wanted to trap one.

(MIDGE STARTS
TO LAUGH,
DEREK JOINS
HIM.)

SHREELA JUST TO
ACE IGNORING
THEM:)

They always ride through here, to
get to the water on the other side ...

(SHE POINTS AT
THE TREES)

I thought we could string something
across the path ...

MIDGE: Or we could dig a big hole and put
twigs on top eh? Get a big net and
scoop them all up in that eh Shreela?

(ACE IS LOOKING
ASSESSINGLY AT
THE TREES)

ACE: What do you think this is?
A Tarzan film?

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(ACE PULLS SOME
STRING OUT OF
HER POCKET,
UNROLLS A BIT,
LOOKS FROM IT
TO THE TREES.

SHE SPEAKS TO
SHREELA)

ACE: (cont) You got anything?

(SHREELA OFFERS
SOME STRIPS OF
RAG)

Ace. O.K. Let's do it.

(ACE STARTS TO
WALKS TO THE
TREES.

SHREELA FOLLOWS.

ACE SPEAKS OVER
HER SHOULDER AT
DEREK AND MIDGE)

Come on, make yourselves useful
can't you?

(DEREK AND MIDGE
TRAIL AFTER THEM

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4. EXT. CHEETAH ENCAMPMENT. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
THE MASTER ARE
WATCHING THE
CHEETAHS PLAYING
WITH PATERSON)

THE DOCTOR: (CASUAL) That was a
good trick, with the ball.

(THE MASTER TAKES
A FEW MORE OUT
OF HIS POCKET)

THE MASTER: Pretty, aren't they?
They are a ... useful distraction.

THE DOCTOR: Charming.

(THE DOCTOR SWIPES
THE BALLS FROM
THE MASTER'S HAND
AND BELTS TOWARDS
THE CHEETAHS
AND PATERSON)

THE MASTER: No! Doctor come back!

(PATERSON HAS FALLEN
AGAIN, THE CHEETAHS
ARE MOVING IN
CLOSER.

THEY ARE CLOSE BY
ONE OF THE SKIN
TENTS.

A HORSE IS GRAZING
PLACIDLY NEARBY.

THE DOCTOR SKIDS
TO A HALT)

THE DOCTOR: Pssst!

(THE CHEETAHS
TURN.

THE DOCTOR
STARTS JUGGLING
RAPIDLY WITH
THE GLITTERING
BALLS.

THE CHEETAHS
WATCH THEM
FLASHING IN
THE AIR, FOUR
PAIRS OF CAT'S
EYES FOLLOWING
THE MOVEMENT.

THE CHEETAHS
MOVE SLOWLY
TOWARDS THE
DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR BACKS
OFF, STILL
JUGGLING THEN
SUDDENLY CATCHES
EACH BALL ON ITS
DESCENT AND HURLS
THEM IN THREE
DIFFERENT
DIRECTIONS.

THE CHEETAHS
SIMPLY STARE AT
HIM)

(HOPEFUL) Fetch?

(THE MASTER HAS
MOVED TO STAND
BEHIND THE
CHEETAHS)

THE MASTER: I'm afraid they are not
so easily distracted, Doctor. They're
hungry. (cont ...)

(THE CHEETAHS MOVE
IN ON THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR STEPS
BACK)

THE MASTER; (cont) No!

(THE CHEETAHS
TURN AND LOOK
AT HIM)

Come Doctor, why don't we leave these
animals to their meal ...

(AS HE SAYS 'MEAL',
THE MASTER INDICATES
PATERSON, WHO IS
STAGGERING TO HIS
FEET, WILD-EYED
AND DISHEVELLED.

THE DOCTOR GRABS
THE REINS OF THE
HORSE)

THE DOCTOR: Paterson, come on!

(THE CHEETAHS GROWL,
ABOUT TO SPRING
AFTER THE DOCTOR,
THE MASTER DARTS
SWIFTLY FORWARD,
PUTTING HIMSELF
BETWEEN THE
CHEETAHS AND THE
DOCTOR.

HE HOLDS OUT A
COMMANDING ARM)

THE MASTER: No!

(PATERSON LUMBERS
TO THE HORSE,
THE DOCTOR HELPS
TO HEAVE HIM
ONTO IT, CLAPPING
HIM ON THE BACK
AS HE DOES SO)

THE DOCTOR: Healthy exercise, Paterson,
it'll do you the world of good.

THE MASTER: I control these animals,
Doctor, if I want to I can command
them to eat you alive, I'm warning
you, do as I say, now!

(THE DOCTOR IS
ON THE HORSE
BEHIND THE
REELING PATERSON,
HE GRINS AT THE
MASTER, GIVES A
LITTLE WAVE AND
KICKS THE HORSE
INTO A GALLOP)

I command you! Come back!

(THE HORSE WITH
THE DOCTOR AND
PATERSON GALLOPS
OFF.

THE CHEETAHS WATCH
IT RECEDE AND THEN
LOOK AT THE MASTER.
THEY SNARL)

(QUIET) Very well, very well, I
will find some other food for you.

5. EXT. PERIVALE/FOOTPATH. DAY.

(PERIVALE.

EARLY MORNING.

A MILKMAN IS
WALKING DOWN
A PATH WHISTLING.

HE PASSES A CAT
SITTING ON A
WALL, THE RED-
EYED KITLING,
HE STROKES IT
BRIEFLY AS HE
PASSES.

THE KITLING
WATCHES HIM
WALK AWAY, STILL
WHISTLING)

6. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(ACE IS UP A TREE
TYING A CORD FAST
AROUND A BRANCH,
SHE LOOKS ACROSS
A NARROW PATH
IN THE WOOD AT
THE TREE OPPOSITE.

MIDGE IS HIGH IN
ITS BRANCHES WITH
ANOTHER END OF
CORD IN HIS HAND.
HE IS LOOKING
DOWN AT THE PATH.

THEIR MAKESHIFT
TRAP ISN'T READY
YET)

ACE: Come on, Midge!

(HE SHUSHES HER
VIOLENTLY.

THERE ARE SOUNDS
OF SLOW APPROACHING
HOOFBEATS.

ACE FREEZES,
CLINGING TIGHTER
TO HER BRANCH,
PEERING DOWN.

A CHEETAH ON A
HORSE APPEARS
BELOW.

THE CHEETAH
RAISES ITSELF
IN ITS STIRRUPS
AND LOOKS ROUND.

ACE DUCKS HER
HEAD OUT OF
SIGHT, CLOSES
HER EYES.

APPARENTLY
REASSURED, THE
CHEETAH RIDES
ON.

ACE LETS OUT
A LONG BREATH,
SHE LOOKS ACROSS
AT MIDGE.

HE LOOKS TERRIFIED.

ACE NODS AT HIM
FROWNING INQUIRINGLY,
'You O.K.?'

MIDGE NODS.

ACE PULLS HER END
OF THE TRAP CORD
TIGHT, MIDGE TUGS
ON HIS.

THEY COMPLETE THEIR
PREPARATIONS AND A
TIGHT ROPE IS
STRUNG ACROSS THE
PATH AT HEAD
HEIGHT, HALF HIDDEN
BY THE LEAVES)

7. EXT. BARREN LANDSCAPE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
PATERSON ARE
RIDING SLOWLY
OVER THE BARREN
LANDSCAPE, A
PALL OF SMOKE
COVERS PART OF
THE SKY, BUT
THEY ARE IN
SUNLIGHT, IF
POSSIBLE, THE
EFFECT OF MOST
OF THE LIGHT ON
THE CHEETAH
PLANET SHOULD
BE OF SUNLIGHT
WITH BLACK
THUNDERCLOUDS
BUILDING UP ON
ONE SIDE OF
THE SKY)

PATERSON: That's just not like me
you know, it's not, you ask anyone,
Sarge'll keep his head in a crisis,
you ask any of the lads, I don't
scare easy, Doctor, believe you me.

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING ROUND,
ABSTRACTED) Hmmm.

PATERSON: I was on one of those
survival courses you know, S.A.S.
style of thing. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR HAS
SEEN A CAT ON
THE OPEN GROUND
TO ONE SIDE OF
THEM, HE IS
LOOKING AT IT
SUSPICIOUSLY)

PATERSON: (cont) I was the only
one who ate the worm stew. That's
courage for you if you like.

(THE CAT IS
SITTING WATCHING
THEM WITH ITS
RED EYES)

THE DOCTOR: Yes, very impressive.

PATERSON: But this ... This is
just ... Where the hell are we
anyway?

THE DOCTOR: On the planet of the
Cheetah people. Intelligent
carnivores. No-one knows much
about them. No-one's survived
long enough to find anything out.

PATERSON: You trying to tell me
we're on another planet?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, it's very odd,
I've never heard of Cheetah
people hunting away from their
own feeding grounds before.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STILL STARING
AT THE CAT,
WHICH LOOKS
IMPASSIVELY
BACK)

And the kitlings ...

PATERSON: What?

(THE DOCTOR POINTS
AT THE CAT)

THE DOCTOR: That. A kitling.
A feline vulture. They have
the power of teleportation.
They jump from world to world
looking for carrion.

(THE KITLING
MOVES OFF.

THE DOCTOR
STARES AFTER
IT, LOST IN
THOUGHT, PATERSON
PEERS OVER HIS
SHOULDER AT HIM)

PATERSON: You're the one that's
on another planet, aren't you, eh?

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES
HIS HEAD AND KICKS
THE HORSE ON.

PATERSON LURCHES
AS IT MOVES
FORWARD)

Hey!

(THE KITLING
WATCHES THEM
GO.

IT IS STANDING
ON THE CARCASE
OF ANOTHER ALIEN
BEAST, A LONG
DEAD ALIEN
BUFFALO)

8. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(THE CLEARING IN
THE CLUMP OF
TREES.

THE REMAINS OF
A FIRE.

ACE, SHREELA,
MIDGE AND
DEREK CROUCHED
IN UNDERGROWTH,
SOOTY FILTHY
FACES PEERING
OUT THROUGH
THE LEAVES.

ACE IS BUSY
TYING RAGS
ROUND THE END
OF STICKS TO
MAKE A CRUDE
TORCH, SHREELA
IS HELPING.

ACE HAS A
LIGHTER ON THE
GROUND BESIDE
HER.

DEREK IS ROCKING
BACK AND FORTH
HUMMING MONOTONOUSLY.

MIDGE GLOWERS AT
HIM)

MIDGE: (WHISPERING) He'll get
us all killed. (cont ...)

(SHREELA AND ACE
EXCHANGE GLANCES)

MIDGE: (cont) He'll get us all
killed!

(ON THE LAST WORD
MIDGE HITS DEREK
ACROSS THE HEAD.

DEREK COWERS,
HOLDING HIS HEAD,
WHIMPERING.

MIDGE RAISES HIS
ARM AGAIN, ACE
GRABS IT.

THEY GLOWER AT
EACH OTHER
ACROSS HIS CLENCHED
FIST)

ACE: (THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) Sit
down and shut up.

SHREELA: Listen!

(ALL FREEZE.

OUT IN THE TREES
THERE ARE THE
SOUNDS OF SLOW
APPROACHING
HOOFBEATS.

ACE REACHES
SILENTLY FOR HER
LIGHTER.

THERE IS A CRASH
AS SOMETHING
FALLS FROM A
HORSE.

ACE BURSTS OUT
OF THE TREES
YELLING, WAVING
A BURNING TORCH.

SHE CHARGES
TO WHERE THERE
IS A THRASHING
IN THE UNDERGROWTH.

SHE STOPS.

THE HORSE IS
BOLTING AWAY
THROUGH THE
TREES.

THE OTHERS
ARRIVE AT HER
HEELS WITH MORE
BRANDS.

THEY TOO STOP,
GAPING.

PATERSON IS LYING
SPRAWLED IN THE
BUSHES, HIS ARM
PROTECTING HIS
FACE.

ACE LOOKS UP.

THE DOCTOR IS
SWINGING FROM
THE CORD THEY'D
STRUNG ACROSS
THE PATH LOOKING
DOWN AT HER
(SEVERELY)

THE DOCTOR: How many times have
I told you about playing with
fire?

(ACE BEAMS)

ACE: What kept you?

9. EXT. CHEETAH ENCAMPMENT. DAY.

(THE MASTER IS
SITTING VERY
STILL AND UPRIGHT
BETWEEN TWO
SLEEPING CHEETAHS.

THEY ARE SPRAWLED
ON EITHER SIDE OF
HIM LIKE TWO ARM-
RESTS.

THE MASTER LOOKS
FROM ONE TO THE
OTHER OF THEM,
HIS FACE IS
EXPRESSIONLESS.

TWO HORSES ARE
TETHERED NEARBY.

A KITLING IS
TROTTLING THROUGH
THE GRASS. IT
STOPS.

THE MASTER'S
FACE.

HIS EYES BECOME
CAT'S EYES)

10. EXT. HILLSIDE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, ACE
AND THE OTHERS
ARE MOVING UP
ONE SIDE OF A
SMALL HILL, AS
THEY APPROACH
THE SUMMIT, THE
DOCTOR DROPS,
TO CRAWL LOW,
WAVING AN ARM
AT THE OTHERS
TO GET THEM TO
FOLLOW SUIT)

PATERSON: Right, stick together
lads, that's the way ...

(PATERSON IS DOING
AN EXAGGERATED
GUERILLA CRAWL
INVOLVING A LOT OF
SWEAT AND EXCESS
OXYGEN.

SHREELA AND MIDGE
LOOK AT EACH
OTHER AND ROLL
THEIR EYES)

Stealth ... that's what we're
after ... stealth ... and surprise
... you follow me, I'll get you
through this. I'm a hunting
animal, got an instinct for it ...

(THE DOCTOR TURNS
ON HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Shhhh!

(PATERSON GLOWERS
AT HIM)

Ace ...

(ACE CRAWLS UP
TO HIM)

ACE: Where are we heading for,
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I'm trying to get
us through the Cheetahs hunting
grounds without one of us becoming
their afternoon tea and hopefully
without encountering the Master.

ACE: The Master? Who's he?

THE DOCTOR: The most evil genius
in the Universe. One of my oldest
and deadliest enemies.

(ACE LOOKS AT
HIM)

ACE: Do you know any nice people,
you know, ordinary people, how come
it's all power crazed nutters
trying to take over the Galaxy?

THE DOCTOR: I don't think he's
trying to take over the Galaxy ...
this time.

ACE: So what's all this in aid
of?

THE DOCTOR: He hates me.

ACE: They all do.

THE DOCTOR: He's using some kind of mind link with the kitlings, the cats, he's finding hunting for the Cheetah people, on Earth.

ACE: Why?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know ... yet. Come on.

(HE WRIGGLES UP TO THE BROW OF THE HILL, ACE FOLLOWS, THE OTHERS A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND.)

THE DOCTOR PEERING OVER EDGE OF A HILL, JUST HIS HEAD APPEARING ABOVE IT.

THE HILL IS AT THE EDGE OF THE SMALL WOOD)

(QUIET) Alright, there's nothing to worry about.

(ACE, SHREELA, MIDGE, DEREK AND PATERSON SLOWLY RAISE THEIR HEADS.)

ALL LOOK WHERE THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING AND EXPRESS VARYING DEGREES OF ALARM)

Shhh! (cont ...)

(A PRIDE OF CHEETAHS
ARE LYING ON THE
GROUND ABOUT FIFTEEN
FEET ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE HILL.

SOME ARE SLEEPING,
SPRAWLED AND
BASKING, SCRATCHING
OCCASIONALLY AT
THEIR FUR.

SOME ARE AWAKE AND
LOOKING STEADILY
AT THE GROUP OF
HUMANS WITHOUT
MOVING.

ONE SNAPS AS IF A
FLY WAS TOO NEAR
ITS WHISKERS.

DEREK FLINCHES)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) No sudden
movement!

11. EXT. HIGH GROUND. DAY.

(THE MASTER STANDING
ON A ROCK ON HIGH
GROUND, LOOKING
OVER THE LANDSCAPE.

YELLOW AND BROWN
ROCKS, DRY GRASSES,
BLACK STUNTED TREES,
DISTANT VOLCANOES
MAKING A DARK
CLOUD OF SMOKE NEAR
THE HORIZON.

HE IS HOLDING A
KITLING, STROKING
IT. HE SPEAKS
INTO ITS EAR,
STILL LOOKING ROUND
HIM)

THE MASTER: Hunt him, seek him
out, find him for me.

(HE PUTS THE
KITLING DOWN,
IT RUNS OFF)

Hurry! (cont ...)

(THE KITLING TURNS
AND LOOKS BACK,
THE LANDSCAPE IS
BEHIND IT, THERE
IS A FLASH OF FIRE
FROM THE VOLCANOES,
THE SAME RED AS
THE KITLING'S
EYES)

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

THE MASTER: (cont) (TO HIMSELF)
I must keep control.

12. EXT. VALLEY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
THE OTHERS ARE
NOT WALKING
THROUGH THE
CHEETAHS)

THE DOCTOR: ... And when you leave
a Cheetah party, just move very
casually, very slowly ...

(THEY ARE WALKING
IN STRAGGLING
SINGLE FILE,
RIGHT PAST A
COUPLE OF
RECUMBANT CHEETAHS.

A CHEETAH REACHES
OUT A CASUAL PAW
AS THEY PASS AND
SWIPES AT THE
DOCTOR'S LEG.

THE DOCTOR FREEZES)

... make no sudden moves ... (cont ...)

(THE CHEETAH SNIFFS
AT THE DOCTOR'S
SHOES FOR A SECOND,
THEN SNEEZES AND
SPRAWLS BACK ON THE
GROUND, LOOKING
BORED.

THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO MOVE OFF AGAIN,
INCREASING HIS
PACE SLIGHTLY,
LOOKING DETERMINEDLY
TOWARDS THE HORIZON)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) And never, never
look back.

(ACE IS LOOKING
OVER HER SHOULDER
AT THE CHEETAHS,
SHE SNAPS HER
HEAD ROUND FRONT
AND MATCHES THE
DOCTOR'S PACE.)

SHREELA, PATERSON,
DEREK AND MIDGE
FOLLOW.

THE CHEETAHS ARE
LYING IN A SMALL
VALLEY, THERE ARE
NOW WALKING AWAY
FROM THEM UP THE
OPPOSITE SLOPE.

THE CHEETAHS WATCH
THEM GO, UNCONCERNED)

(JUBILANT) You see? Perfectly
simple, it's all a matter of
keeping your head and allowing
for the unexpected.

(A DISHEVELLED
MILKMAN APPEARS
AT THE TOP OF THE
SLOPE ABOVE THEM,
PANTING AND
TERRIFIED.)

HE STOPS AND
STARES AT THEM
FOR A SECOND,
THEN GIVES A
FRIGHTENED GLANCE
OVER HIS SHOULDER)

Oh no ... (cont ...)

(THE MILKMAN CRIES
OUT.

HE PILES DOWN THE
SLOPE TOWARDS THEM
JUST AS A CHEETAH
ON A HORSE APPEARS
ON THE BROW OF THE
HILL)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Don't move!

(DEREK HAS ALREADY
BROKEN AND RUN
AFTER THE MILKMAN.

BEHIND THEM, THE
CHEETAH PRIDE ARE
NOW VERY AWAKE,
DEREK AND THE
MILKMAN RUN TOWARDS
THEM AND THEN STOP.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

ON ONE SIDE, THE
PRIDE OF CHEETAHS
LOOK BACK, SHOWING
THEIR TEETH,
STANDING, READY
TO POUNCE.

ON THE OTHER, THE
CHEETAH ON HORSE-
BACK BARES ITS
TEETH.

ACE BENDS AND
PICKS UP A ROCK)

No Ace!

ACE: What?

(THE DOCTOR, URGENT,
KEEPING HIS EYES
ON THE MOTIONLESS
CHEETAHS)

THE DOCTOR: There's only one thing more dangerous than being attacked by a Cheetah, and that's attacking a Cheetah.

ACE: But Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Stay still!

(THE CHEETAH ON
THE HORSE STARTS
TO MOVE SLOWLY
DOWN THE SLOPE.

PATERSON LOOKS
WILDLY FROM SIDE
TO SIDE)

PATERSON: I'm not putting up with this ...

(THE CHETAHS BELOW
BEGIN TO PROWL
UP THE SLOPE)

I'm not just going to stand here and get eaten alive!

(PATERSON GRABS
THE ROCK OFF
ACE.

DEREK AND THE
MILKMAN BREAK
AND RUN IN
OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

SOME OF THE CHEETAHS
BREAK OFF IN PURSUIT
OF EACH OF THEM.

PATERSON YELLS AND
RUNS AT THE CHEETAH
ON THE HORSE,
HURLING HIS ROCK)

THE DOCTOR: No! (cont ...)

(THE ROCK GOES WIDE
OF ITS TARGET, THE
MOUNTED CHEETAH,
GALLOPS AT PATERSON.

PATERSON RUNS.

THE REMAINING
CHEETAHS COME
CREEPING UP THE
SLOPE AT THE DOCTOR,
ACE, SHREELA AND
MIDGE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Stay still,
Ace! Stay still!

(THE CHEETAHS HAVE
CAUGHT THE MILKMAN.

TWO OF THEM JUMP
ON HIS BACK, BRINGING
HIM DOWN)

Don't move! (cont ...)

(ACE, MIDE AND
SHREELA LOOK AT
THE CHEETAHS
PROWLING TOWARDS
THEM.

ACE REACHES OUT
AND GRABS
SHREELA'S HAND.

THE MILKMAN
SCREAMS.

MIDGE SUDDENLY
YELLS AND
SNATCHES UP A
ROCK.

HE HURLS IT AT
THE CHEETAHS.

ONE CHEETAH IS
HIT AND TUMBLES
BACK DOWN THE
SLOPE.

THE OTHER CHEETAHS
SNARL AND RUN AT
THE DOCTOR, ACE,
SHREELA AND MIDGE)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Idiot! Run!
Scatter!

(THEY ALL BREAK
AND RUN IN
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS,
EACH WITH A CHEETAH
IN PURSUIT)

13. EXT. HILLSIDE. DAY.

(A HILL ABOVE THE
PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE KITLING IS ON
HIGH GROUND LOOKING
DOWN.

BELOW IT THE SCENE
OF HUMANS PURSUED
BY CHEETAH PEOPLE,
PATERSON IS DOWN,
A CHEETAH IS
CIRCLING HIM ON
ITS HORSE.

SHREELA HAS MADE
A BREAK FOR A
TANGLE OF THE
STUNTED THORNY
TREES, REACHES
THE THICKET SAFELY.

MIDGE IS RUNNING
DESPERATELY WITH
A CHEETAH ON
HORSEBACK CHASING
HIM AT A SLOW
MENACING TROT.

THE DOCTOR IS
RUNNING IN ONE
DIRECTION, ACE IN
ANOTHER, BOTH
WITH CHEETAHS ON
THEIR TAILS.

ALL THIS IS
HAPPENING
SIMULTANEOUSLY
AND IS SEEN IN ONE
SWEEP OF THE
KITLINGS GAZE.

THE KITLING IS STILL
LOOKING DOWN BUT
NOW THE MASTER COMES
TO STAND BEHIND IT.
HE TOO TAKES IN THE
SCENE. HE DRAWS
IN HIS BREATH SHARPLY.

THE SKY ABOVE THE
SCENE IS HEAVY WITH
SMOKE, THERE IS A
FLASH OF FIRE FROM
THE VOLCANOES)

14. EXT. THE VALLEY. DAY.

(TWO CHEETAH'S HAVE
CAUGHT DEREK AND
ARE KNOCKING HIM
FROM ONE TO THE
OTHER AS IF HE
WERE A TOY,
KNOCKING HIM OVER
AND ROLLING HIM
ALONG THE GROUND,
NIPPING AT HIM
TILL HE GETS UP
THEN KNOCKING HIM
OVER AGAIN.)

A THIRD ON A HORSE
CIRCLES THEM, THIS
CHEETAH HAS
DISTINCTIVE MARKINGS,
A DARK BLAZE ON THE
FUR OF ITS FACE,
THE SAME CHEETAH,
KARRA, THAT ATE
STUART.

DEREK IS SOBBING
WITH FRIGHT, BLEEDING
FROM MANY SCRATCHES.

A STONE SUDDENLY
HITS ONE OF THE
CHEETAHS ON THE
FLANK, IT TURNS,
SNARLING.

ACE IS STANDING
WITH ANOTHER ROCK
READY)

ACE: Come on then.

(BOTH CHEETAHS DROP
DEREK AND RUN AT
ACE.)

ACE HURLS HER
SECOND ROCK.

IT HITS THE CHEETAH
ON THE HORSE, THE
ONE WITH THE DARK
BLAZE ON ITS FACE,
KARRA, SHE SLUMPS.

THE FIRST OF THE
OTHER CHEETAH'S
TURNS DISTRACTED.

THE SECOND CHEETAH
KEEPS COMING AT ACE.

ACE RUNS)

15. EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY.

(MIDGE IS STUMBLING
ALONG, WHEEZING,
BREATHLESS, HE
COLLAPSES.

THE SOUND OF
APPROACHING HOOVES.

MIDGE LOOKS UP.

THE MOUNTED CHEETAH
IS SITTING ON ITS
HORSE A SHORT
DISTANCE AWAY,
WATCHING HIM,
WAITING.

MIDGE STUMBLES TO
HIS FEET. STAGGERS
OFF AGAIN.

THE CHEETAH FOLLOWS)

16. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(THE CLEARING IN
THE WOODS.

THE FIRE IS STILL
SMOKING SLIGHTLY.

THE DOCTOR STEPS
OUT OF THE TREES,
WARY, LOOKING
ROUND. HE CALLS
SOFTLY:)

THE DOCTOR: Ace?

(THE DOCTOR SEEN
FROM ABOVE.

SOMETHING IS WATCHING
FROM THE BRANCHES
ABOVE HIM.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
FROM SIDE TO SIDE)

Paterson? Shreela?

(A KITLING DROPS
FROM THE TREES
AND LANDS ON
THE DOCTOR'S
HEAD.

THE DOCTOR SHAKES
IT OFF WITH A YELL.

THE KITLING CROUCHES
ON THE GROUND A SHORT
DISTANCE AWAY, RED
EYES BLAZING, SPITTING
FURIOUSLY.

THERE IS A CHUCKLE
FROM THE TREE
ABOVE THE DOCTOR,
HE LOOKS UP.

THE MASTER IS LYING
AT HIS EASE IN THE
BRANCHES ABOVE
GRINNING DOWN AT
THE DOCTOR)

THE MASTER: Good hunting Doctor.

17. EXT. SMALL LAKE. DAY.

(ACE IS LYING AT
THE EDGE OF THE
WATER, SHE DRINKS.

IT'S DAYLIGHT BUT
THE PLANET'S MOON
IS UP. IT'S
REFLECTION IS IN
THE WATER. A
TRACK OF LIGHT
ACROSS THE WATER.

ACE LOOKS UP.

THE PALE DISK OF
THE MOON ABOVE
HER.

ACE MOVES AWAY
FROM THE WATER'S
EDGE, THERE ARE
THE SOUND OF SLOW
HOOFBEATS. ACE
DROPS.

A CHEETAH PERSON
ON HORSEBACK
APPROACHES ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
LOCHAN, IT'S
RIDING SLOWLY,
SLIGHTLY SLUMPED
ON THE HORSE.

IT MOVES DOWN TO
THE WATER'S EDGE
AND STOPS, THE
HORSE DRINKS, THE
CHEETAH PERSON
SLOWLY SLIDES OFF
IT'S BACK AND
CROUCHES FOUR-
LEGGED AT THE
WATER, IT BENDS
ITS HEAD TO DRINK.

SUDDENLY THE CHEETAH
PERSON LOOKS UP
ACROSS THE WATER,
STRAIGHT AT ACE.

IT IS THE CHEETAH
SHE STRUCK EARLIER,
A DARK BLAZE ON THE
FUR ACROSS ITS FACE.
KARRA.

ACE CATCHES HER
BREATH AND TRIES TO
FLATTEN HERSELF
FURTHER INTO THE
GROUND.

KARRA IS LOOKING PAST
HER, ABOVE HER.

ACE LOOKS ROUND.

ANOTHER MOON IS
RISING IN THE SKY
BEHIND ACE.

KARRA RAISES HER HEAD
AND GIVES A LONG
MUSICAL YOWLING HOWL.

ACE WATCHES, WIDE-
EYED.

KARRA YOWLS AGAIN BUT
BREAKS OFF INTO A
COUGH. SHE LOWERS
HER HEAD PANTING,
TRIES TO DRINK,
COUGHS AGAIN.

THERE IS BLOOD IN THE
WATER IN FRONT OF HER,
KARRA'S EYES ARE HALF
CLOSED, SHE'S BREATHING
FAST SHALLOW BREATHS,
HER SIDES HEAVING, SHE
LOWERS HER HEAD FOR
THE THIRD TIME THEN
JUST SLIPS FORWARD,
HER HEAD SLIDES INTO
THE WATER AND SHE
LIES STILL.

ACE RAISES HERSELF
SLIGHTLY.

KARRA DOESN'T MOVE.

SLOWLY ACE STANDS
UP.

A FEW AIR BUBBLES
BREAK ON THE SURFACE
BY KARRA'S HEAD.

ACE WALKS THEN RUNS
TO THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE LOCHAN.

SHE WALKS RIGHT UP
TO THE MOTIONLESS
CHEETAH, HESITATES
THEN SWIFTLY GRABS
HER AND PULLS HER
CLEAR OF THE WATER,
ROLLING HER ONTO
HER BACK.

KARRA LIES THERE,
EYES CLOSED, SHE
DOESN'T APPEAR
TO BE BREATHING.

ACE BENDS OVER HER,
SHE REACHES OUT
CURIOUSLY TO TOUCH
HER WET FUR. SHE
STARTS TO STROKE
THE CHEETAH'S SOFT
FUR.

KARRA'S EYES OPEN)

18. EXT. BONE HEAP. DAY.

(ELSEWHERE ON THE
PLANET, SAME TIME.)

THE BONE HEAP. A
FLAT BOTTOMED
VALLEY LITTERED
WITH GREAT SPOIL
HEAPS OF BONES.

MIDGE IS BEING
CHASED BY THE
MOUNTED CHEETAH,
HE'S WEAVING
ACROSS THE VALLEY
BOTTOM.

THE CHEETAH IS
RIGHT BEHIND HIM,
IT BENDS OUT OF
THE SADDLE AND
SWIPES AT MIDGE'S
HEAD.

MIDGE SCREAMS AND
GRABS AT HIS
HEAD. HE GOES ON
RUNNING.

THE CHEETAH SLOWS
ITS HORSE, LET'S
A BIT OF DISTANCE
BUILD UP BETWEEN
THEM AGAIN, THEN
GALLOPS AT MIDGE
AND SWIPES AGAIN.

MIDGE FALLS.

THE CHEETAH RIDES
PAST HIM AND STOPS.

MIDGE RAISES HIS
HEAD.

THE CHEETAH SITS
ON ITS HORSE
WAITING.

MIDGE STAGGERS TO
HIS FEET, TURNS
THEN BEGINS TO
STUMBLE IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

THE CHEETAH GALLOPS
AT HIM AGAIN.

MIDGE BENDS AND
PICKS UP A SKULL.
HE HURLS IT ALMOST
WITHOUT LOOKING.

IT STRIKES THE
CHEETAH IN THE
CHEST KNOCKING
IT OFF THE HORSE.

MIDGE STOPS RUNNING.
HE LOOKS BACK.

THE CHEETAH IS
LYING MOTIONLESS.

IT'S HORSE SLOWS
AND WANDERS.

MIDGE WAITS, THE
CHEETAH DOESN'T
MOVE)

19. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(THE MASTER HAS
COME DOWN FROM
THE TREE AND IS
HOLDING THE
KITLING, STROKING
IT)

THE MASTER: They are so much more
aesthetic than carrion birds, don't
you agree Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Everything has it's own
purpose. They're alright, in their
place. What were they doing on Earth?

THE MASTER: Hunting.

THE DOCTOR: Hunting what?

THE MASTER: You. (SMILES) You're
very easy to follow Doctor, you lumber
around the Galaxy dabbling and meddling,
you left a trail so obvious I'm amazed
you still survive.

THE DOCTOR: Why are you looking for
me?

THE MASTER (SMILES BITTERLY) I need
your help.

20. EXT. SMALL LAKE. DAY.

(THE LAKESIDE.

ACE HAS MOVED BACK
FROM KARRA.

KARRA COUGHS, WATER
AND BLOOD, SHE CURLS
UP PROTECTIVELY
MAKING LITTLE
GROWLING MOANS,
HOLDING HERSELF.

THE COUGHING STOPS.

SHE LOOKS AT ACE,
PANTING.

ACE CROUCHES CLOSE
BY LOOKING BACK.

KARRA REACHES OUT
ONE PAW TOWARDS HER.

ACE FLINCHES THEN
HOLDS STILL AS ITS
MOVEMENT SLOWS.

THE CHEETAH GENTLY
PULLS AT ONE OF
HER BADGES)

KARRA: Bright.

(THE CHEETAH'S VOICE
IS LIKE A CAT TALKING,
HIGH, WHINY WITH A
VIBRATION IN IT LIKE
A PURR.

ACE GAPES)

Shin-ing.

(KARRA GRINS AND
PULLS AT THE BADGE,
THEN HER EYES CLOSE
AND HER HEAD DROPS
DOWN.

ACE LOOKS DOWN AT
HER, STUNNED)

21. EXT. THE BONE HEAP. DAY.

(MIDGE IS APPROACHING
THE MOTIONLESS
CHEETAH, IT LIES
SPRAWLED AMONGST
PILES OF DRY WHITE
BONES.

THE CHEETAH IS
BREATHING BUT
UNCONSCIOUS.

MIDGE WALKS WARILY
RIGHT UP TO IT, HE
LOOKS DOWN.

THE CHEETAH DOESN'T
MOVE.

MIDGE LOOKS ROUND,
THE EMPTY EYE
SOCKETS OF SKULLS
LOOK BACK.

CLOSE BY IS A MASSIVE
CARNIVORE SKULL,
GREAT DOMED HEAD,
HUGE EYE SOCKETS,
GREAT CURVING
TEETH SNARLING AT
HIM.

MIDGE REACHES OUT
AND TOUCHES ONE OF
THE GREAT TEETH
THEN HE WRESTLES
AND WRENCHES IT
LOOSE, GRIMACING
WITH THE EFFORT.

HE LOOKS BACK AT
THE CHEETAH, MOVES
TO CROUCH OVER IT
CLUTCHING THE GREAT
TOOTH LIKE A KNIFE.

THE UNCONSCIOUS
CHEETAH.

MIDGE'S MOUTH
TIGHTENS, HE
RAISES HIS WEAPON
AND BRINGS IT
SMASHING DOWN)

22. EXT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(THE CLEARING.

THE DOCTOR AND
THE MASTER.

THE MASTER PICKS
UP THE KITLING)

THE DOCTOR: You're trapped!

THE MASTER: Just so. The doors
into this world are one way only.

(THE MASTER IS
STROKING THE
KITLING, THEY
BOTH LOOK AT IT)

THE DOCTOR: For anything apart from
a native animal, a cheetah or a
kitling.

THE MASTER: Precisely Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: So now we're both
trapped.

THE MASTER: And time is running out.
This planet has an effect on every-
thing that comes here Doctor, an
effect no-one can escape, not even
a Time Lord. (cont ...)

(THE MASTER TURNS
AWAY, STILL HOLDING
THE KITLING. HIS
EYES HAVE BECOME
CATS' EYES)

THE MASTER: (cont) (QUIET) I must keep control.

THE DOCTOR: Why should I help you? Find your own way home.

(THE MASTER, STARTING TO BREATHE FAST, SHAKY:)

THE MASTER: No time ... you have to save me, to save yourself...

THE DOCTOR: Save myself from what? Your pets?

(THE MASTER INTERRUPTS WITH A BITTER LAUGH, HE TURNS ON THE DOCTOR, HE IS SWEATING NOW CATS EYES STARING)

THE MASTER: They're not my pets. I ... don't control the Cheetahs, Doctor. You might say they ... control ... me.

(THE DOCTOR STEPS BACK, STARTLED BY THE MASTER'S CHANGED APPEARANCE)

I can use ... the kitlings ... I can provide ... distractions but ... Even the will of a Time Lord cannot hold out against this place. We have to leave now! Or we will leave too late.

THE DOCTOR: You said no one could leave except one of the animals.

(THE MASTER BARES HIS TEETH IN A GRIN)

THE MASTER: Yes, that is what anyone who survives here becomes, what we will all become ... one of the animals.

(THE DOCTOR STARES
AT HIM HORRIFIED.)

THE MASTER LOOKS
ABOVE THE DOCTOR.

THE KITLING IS NOW
SITTING IN THE
BRANCHES OF A TREE
ABOVE THEM, BEHIND
THE KITLING IS ONE
OF THE PLANET'S
MOONS.

A PALE FULL DISK
SEEN THROUGH THE
THICK, THORNY
BLACK BRANCHES.

AS IF COMPELLED
THE MASTER THROWS
BACK HIS HEAD AND
HOWLS.

THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO BACK OFF STILL
STARING IN SHOCK)

23. EXT. BONE HEAP. DAY.

(A PRIDE OF CHEETAHS
LOOK UP FROM A
LITTER OF BONES, A
GREAT SPOIL HEAP OF
WEIRD CURLING HORNS,
SKULLS AND RIB
CAGES, THEY ARE
LYING IN IT LIKE A
NEST, THEY TOO STARE
AT THE SKY AND
HOWL.

SMOKE BLOWS ACROSS
THE MOONS.

THERE IS A FLASH OF
FIRE FROM THE DISTANT
MOUNTAINS)

24. EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS. DAY.

(HUDDLED UNDER
A TREE DEREK,
PATERSON AND
SHREELA LOOK
ROUND IN FRIGHT
AS THE SAME
HOWL SOUNDS IN
THE DISTANCE.

SHREELA GLANCES
ROUND SHARPLY.

MIDGE IS STANDING
A SHORT DISTANCE
AWAY STARING AT
THEM. HE HAS
TRACES OF CHEETAH
BLOOD ON HIS
BARE ARMS, HE
HOLDS THE GREAT
TOOTH IN HIS
HANDS.

THEY ARE LIT IN
A RED GLOW AS
THE MOUNTAINS
FLASH FIRE AGAIN)

25. EXT. SMALL LAKE. DAY.

(THE LAKESIDE.

ACE MOVES AWAY
FROM THE SICK
CHEETAH AS SHE
TOO RAISES ITSELF
UP AND GIVES
HER PURRING HOWL
AT THE MOON, SHE
LIES BACK, PANTING
AGAIN, WATCHING
ACE)

KARRA: (SOFT) Moon water.

ACE: What?

(KARRA JERKS
HER HEAD AT
THE LAKE)

KARRA: Moon water.

(THE REFLECTED
LIGHT OF THE
PLANETS MOONS
MAKES A PATH
ACROSS THE
WATER)

It will make me well. Very fast. (cont...

(HESITANTLY ACE
MOVES TOWARDS
THE WATER. SHE
LOOKS BACK AT
KARRA, SHE'S
WATCHING HER,
PANTING, TONGUE
JUST SHOWING
BETWEEN HER
LETHAL TEETH.

ACE BENDS AND
SCOOPS UP WATER
IN HER CUPPED
HANDS. IT GLOWS
IN HER PALMS AS
IF IT'S LIT FROM
WITHIN.

ACE GAPES IN
WONDER LETS IT
RUN GLOWING BACK
INTO THE WATER.

SHE SCOOPS UP
ANOTHER HANDFUL
AND CARRIES IT
CAREFULLY BACK
TO KARRA.

ACE HOLDS HER
HANDS AND LETS
KARRA LAP UP THE
WATER. SHE
DRINKS THEN LETS
HER HEAD DROP)

KARRA: (cont) (A SLEEPY PURR)
Better soon.

(HER EYES CLOSE)

THE DOCTOR: Ace.

(ACE LOOKS ROUND.

THE DOCTOR IS
STANDING A LITTLE
WAY OFF WATCHING
HER SERIOUSLY)

ACE: (GRINS) I knew you'd get away.
{SEES HIS EXPRESSION) What is it?
(cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR
COMES CLOSER,
LOOKING AT KARRA.

ACE LOOKING
DOWN AT KARRA,
KARRA APPEARS
TO BE SLEEPING,
ACE LOOKS UP
AT THE DOCTOR)

ACE: (cont) Should we leave it
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: If we leave it, it'll die.

ACE: Should I let it die?

THE DOCTOR: Cheetah people are
extremely dangerous creatures. This
is a very dangerous place, very ancient
and very dangerous ...

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AROUND
THE LANDSCAPE.

THE VOLCANOES
ON THE HORIZON)

(MUTTERING) Too old ... a planet that's
lived beyond its own time ... it was
here at the beginning of everything.

(ACE IS LOOKING
AT KARRA)

ACE: It's a female.

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

ACE: I think it's the one that chased
me, the one that killed that boy.

THE DOCTOR: It could be very useful
to us.

ACE: You mean it could help us get home?

THE DOCTOR: It's all a question of making the right connections ...

ACE: Connections to what?

THE DOCTOR: The planet. The wilderness. We can't leave unless we take part of the planet with us unless we become ...

(HE LOOKS PAST
ACE THINKING.)

ACE FROWNS NOT
FOLLOWING ANY
OF THAT. SHE
SHRUGS)

ACE: Better keep it alive then.

(ACE LIFTS THE
KARRAS' HEAD
AND TRIES TO
POUR SOME MORE
WATER INTO ITS
MOUTH)

THE DOCTOR: Ace ...

(ACE CONCENTRATING
ON HER TASK:)

ACE: What?

THE DOCTOR: It could be very dangerous for you.

(ACE LOOKS UP
AND GRINS AT
HIM)

ACE: Don't worry Professor, I'm
no-one's bowl of cat food.

(ACE LOOKS BACK
AT THE KARRA,
THE DOCTOR
LOOKS CONCERNED.)

ACE AND THE
DOCTOR SEEN BY
SOMEONE OR
SOMETHING PEERING
OUT OF THE
UNDERGROWTH.

THE MASTER
CROUCHED IN
THE BUSHES.
HE TURNS AWAY)

THE MASTER: (MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)
All a matter of making the right
connections. (HE SMILES) Of course.

26. EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS. DAY.

(PATERSON IS
WALKING UP AND
DOWN UNDER THE
TREES MAKING A
SHAKY ATTEMPT
AT HIS OLD
BLUSTERING MANNER)

PATERSON: Right, you just follow the
Sarge and I'll get us all out of this,
there's nothing I don't know about
survival, it's kill or be killed right?
Kill or be killed.

(MIDGE IS
WATCHING HIM
HIS BLOODY ARMS
RESTING ON HIS
KNEES)

MIDGE: (SOFTLY) Kill or be killed.

(PETERSON GLANCES
AT HIM A TOUCH
NERVOUSLY)

PATERSON: That's right lad, you're
going to come through, we're going
to come through just follow the Sarge.
Are you with me?

MIDGE: (SOFT) Yes.

PATERSON: (GROWING CONFIDENCE) Are
you all with me?

MIDGE: (LOUD) Yeah!

(SHREELA AND
DEREK STARE
AT THE OTHER
TWO BEMUSED.

PATERSON LOOMS
OVER THEM)

PATERSON: Well you better get with
me because if we're going to survive
we can't carry shirkers and we can't
carry dead wood.

MIDGE: (SOFT) No dead wood.

(MIDGE STARES
WITH HORRIBLE
INTENSITY AT
DEREK.

DEREK STARES
SLACK MOUTHED
AND BEWILDERED
BACK)

27. EXT. THE BONE HEAP. DAY.

(THE MASTER
IS CROUCHING
IN A PILE OF
BONES, HE IS
TEARING AT A
VERY OLD CARCASE
WITH A KNIFE,
TEARING OFF STRIPS
OF HIDE.

HE KNOCKS BONES
OUT OF HIS WAY
WORKING WITH
DESPERATE URGENCY)

28. EXT. SMALL LAKE. DAY.

(ACE IS CROUCHED
BY THE SIDE OF
THE WATER, SHE
LOOKS UP.

THE TWO MOONS
ARE HIGH IN THE
SKY ABOVE HER.

KARRA STIRS AND
GIVES A TOOTHY
YAWN)

ACE: Where are the others?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know, we have to
find them and soon.

(ACE STILL LOOKS
AT THE MOONS)

ACE: It's weird Doctor, I think I
like this place, I like it. Feel
like I belong here somehow.

THE DOCTOR: (QUIET) Connected.

ACE: I'm not scared ... Feels ...
exciting.

THE DOCTOR: (SHARPER) What do you feel?

ACE: Like I could run for miles ...
(SNIFFS) Can smell things as clear
as seeing pictures ...

THE DOCTOR: Anything else?

ACE: Well ...

(ACE LOOKS AT
HIM, GRINS)

I'm starving Professor.

(THE DOCTOR
SMILES BACK
A SHADE
UNCERTAINLY.

THE SOUND OF
SHREELA SCREAMING
SOMEWHERE IN
THE WOODS BEHIND
THEM.

THEY LOOK TOWARDS
THE NOISE, BACK
AT EACH OTHER
THEN BELT OFF
IN THE DIRECTION
OF THE SCREAMS)

29. EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS. DAY.

(ACE AND THE
DOCTOR BREAK
INTO THE CLEARING)

SHREELA: No! Stop it! No!

(SHREELA AND
PATERSON ARE
STANDING BY
HELPLESS AS
DEREK AND MIDGE
ROLL ON THE
GROUND, MIDGE
ON TOP)

THE DOCTOR: (COMMANDING) Midge!

(MIDGE TURNS,
HE HAS CUT OFF
THE CHEETAH'S
CLAWS AND WEARS
THEM ROUND HIS
NECK, HE HAS
THE GIANT TOOTH
IN HIS HANDS,
LIKE A KNIFE)

MIDGE: (QUIET) He's going to get us
all killed 'less someone sorts him out.

THE DOCTOR: Sorts him out?

MIDGE: (HEFTS THE TOOTH-KNIFE) Yeah.

THE DOCTOR: Where did you get the
claws Midge. (POINTS AT MIDGE'S
NECKLACE)

MIDGE: I killed it.

(MIDGE LOOKS
ROUND AT THEM
ALL, TRIUMPHANT.)

MIDGE BANGING
HIS CHEST FOR
EMPHASIS:)

I killed it!

PATERSON: (CLEARS THROAT NERVOUSLY)
Now then lad why don't you just ...
eh ... just put that knife down now.

(MIDGE STARES
AT HIM FOR A
CONTEMPTUOUS
MOMENT THEN
STEPS TOWARDS
PATERSON, TOOTH
RAISED.)

PATERSON STEPS
BACK HASTILY.

MIDGE TURNS AND
STALKS OUT OF
THE CLEARING)

THE DOCTOR: Midge!

(MIDGE TURNS BACK)

It's not too late. To come home.

(MIDGE WAVERS
STARING AT
THE DOCTOR
THEN HIS EYES
BECOME CATS
EYES HE BARES
HIS TEETH,
TURNS AND LOPES
AWAY.

SHREELA IS
WATCHING
THE DOCTOR
WITH DESPERATE
HOPE)

SHREELA: Home?

THE DOCTOR: I hope so. There's
a chance, for some of us.

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS IN THE
DIRECTION THAT
MIDGE VANISHED
IN)

Come on, we have to follow him.

30. EXT. ROCKY GROUND. DAY.

(ELSEWHERE ON
THE PLANET.

MIDGE LOPES
ACROSS THE
ROCKS, TOOTH
IN HANDS.

A KITLING
WATCHES HIM
PASS)

31. EXT. BONE HEAP. DAY.

(SAME TIME.

THE MASTER
RAISES HIS
HEAD IN HIS
DEN OF BONES.

LOOKING WITH
CATS EYES,
SEEING WHAT
THE KITLING
SEES)

32. EXT. ROCKY GROUND. DAY.

(THE KITLING'S
P.O.V. MIDGE
LOPING PAST)

33. EXT. BONE HEAP. DAY.

(THE MASTER
SMILES.)

HE RAISES THE
STRIPS OF HIDE
IN HIS HANDS.

HE HAS KNOTTED
THEM INTO A
ROPE WITH A
NOOSE LIKE A
COLLAR.

THE MASTER
SNAPS IT TIGHT
BETWEEN HIS
HANDS)

34. EXT. ROCKY GROUND. DAY.

(WHERE MIDGE
HAS JUST PASSED.)

THE DOCTOR WITH
THE OTHERS FOLLOWING
WALKS SWIFTLY
OVER THE ROCKS
AND GRASS, HE
STOPS BENDING
TO LOOK AT THE
GROUND. HE
LOOKS UP AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: That way.

(HE SETS OFF
AGAIN, INCREASING
HIS SPEED)

35. EXT. BROKEN GROUND. DAY.

(MIDGE RUNNING
OVER THE MOOR,
PANTING, HIS EYES
ARE CATS EYES.

THE MASTER STEPS
OUT FROM BEHIND
A ROCK IN FRONT
OF HIM.

MIDGE STOPS.
HE SNARLS. HE
LUNGES AT THE
MASTER HIS TOOTH/
KNIFE RAISED.

THE MASTER HURLS
HIS NOOSE FLICKING
IT OVER MIDGE'S
HEAD AND
PULLING IT TIGHT.

MIDGE FALLS
CLAWING AT HIS
NECK.

THE MASTER PULLS
MIDGE'S FACE
CLOSE TO HIS.

THEY STARE AT
EACH OTHER, CATS
EYES TO CATS EYES)

THE MASTER: Go hunting.

(MIDGE'S FACE
GOES BLANK)

Go home. (cont ...)

(MIDGE GETS UP.

THE MASTER HOLDS
HIM AS IF ON A
LEAD.

MIDGE SNIFFS
THE AIR SEARCHING
FOR SOMETHING)

THE MASTER: (cont) Yes.

(THE DOCTOR AND
THE OTHERS HAVE
CAUGHT UP WITH
MIDGE. THEY
STOP THE DOCTOR
DARTS FORWARD)

THE DOCTOR: Midge!

(MIDGE IGNORES
HIM.

THE MASTER
LAUGHS)

THE MASTER: You see Doctor, you did
help me, you kept these others alive
just long enough to serve my purposes.

THE DOCTOR: Midge wait!

(MIDGE TURNS
HIS HEAD SLOWLY
TO LOOK AT THE
DOCTOR.

THE OTHERS ARE
WATCHING)

THE MASTER: Don't worry, one of them
will become a Cheetah animal before you,
you can escape in your turn, or are you
too squeamish? Only the animals of this
place can leave Doctor because they
carry it with them.

THE DOCTOR: Midge listen to me!

(MIDGE SNARLS,
GLARING.

THE MASTER
SMILES)

THE MASTER: He doesn't remember his
name.

(THE MASTER
SPEAKS INTO
MIDGE'S EAR)

Go home.

(THE MASTER
TAKES A BETTER
GRIP ON MIDGE'S
LEAD, MIDGE
LEAPS FORWARD.
THEY VANISH.

THE OTHERS COME
TO STAND CLOSE
ROUND THE DOCTOR
STARING AT THE
EMPTY AIR WHERE
MIDGE AND THE
MASTER USED TO BE)

SHREELA: So there is a way out.

THE DOCTOR: A way out. Yes. We wait
till some of us turn wild and then we
try and use them before they escape
or kill the rest of us.

PATERSON: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) Well ...
no telling who'll be first eh ...
just need to eh ... keep a grip ...
and eh ... What you looking at!
(cont ...)

(THIS LAST TO
DEREK WHO STARTS
TO GIGGLE AND
SHAKE.

PATERSON STARTS
TO BACK AWAY
FROM HIM)

PATERSON: (cont) He's gone hasn't he?
He's gone! Look keep away from me
lad, we better finish him off now or ...

SHREELA: (INTERRUPTS) Look.

(SHE POINTS.

KARRA IS STANDING
LOOKING AT THEM.

ACE STEPS FORWARD)

ACE: (DELIGHTED) Oh yeah! She's
better.

(SHE TURNS AND
LOOKS BACK AT
THEM, SMILING.
HER EYES HAVE
BECOME CATS EYES)

Doctor look!

(THE DOCTOR
AND THE OTHERS
STARE AT HER
WITH GROWING
ALARM)

FADE OUT