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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 7C

EPISODE 13 (7C-Ep.5): 'The Trial of a Time Lord'

by

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FILMING:

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL:

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: Studio

TRANSMISSION: Autumn 1986

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
MELANIE
THE INQUISITOR
THE VALEYARD
THE MASTER
THE KEEPER
MR. POPPELWICK
SABALOM GLITZ

* * * * *

SETS:

Trial Room
Corridor
First/Second's Clerk's Office

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Ext. Alley. Night.

* * * * *

MODEL SHOT

Space Station

* * * * *

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Space.

(Model Shot)

We see the Space Station
hanging against the void
- as in T/C 1, Ep.1.

After a moment the light
beam down which the
Tardis drifted all those
episodes ago is seen to
be carrying two small
objects.

As we CLOSE THE SHOT we
see that they are caskets
rather like the ornate
objects sold on the U.S.
death market.

They spin in towards the
Station and vanish into
a dark, gaping reception
bay.

END TELECINE 1:

1. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THE KEEPER OF
THE MATRIX
ENTERS AND BOWS
TO THE INQUISITOR.

AS HE DOES, A
SMALL MURMUR GOES
ROUND THE TRIAL
ROOM.

THE INQUISITOR
ACKNOWLEDGES THE
BOW AND THE
KEEPER IS SEATED)

INQUISITOR: Thank you for coming
so promptly, Keeper.

(BOTH THE DOCTOR
AND VALEYARD HAVE
EYED THIS UN-
EXPECTED ARRIVAL
WITH INTEREST.

THE INQUISITOR
THEN TURNS TO
THE DOCTOR)

The Valeyard has concluded his case.
Do you have any defence to offer at
all, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: The railyard's so-called
evidence is a farrago of distortion
that would have Ananias, Baron
Munchausen and other famous liars
blushing down to their very toe-
nails! Nothing is as I remember
it.

INQUISITOR: It may not be as you remember, Doctor, but - as has been said before - it is possible for there to be genuine differences in recollection.

THE DOCTOR: Not that different.

INQUISITOR: In my experience as an Inquisitor all criminals challenge the veracity of the evidence.

VALEYARD: Exactly, My Lady. That is a point I would have made in my concluding address - when I demand the supreme penalty.

INQUISITOR: Quite so, Valeyard. The difference here is that the evidence we have seen was not circumstantial, not open to interpretation, but hard facts drawn from the matrix itself.

THE DOCTOR: If you believe all that's in the matrix, ma'am, you'll believe anything. With respect.

INQUISITOR: Are you saying -

THE DOCTOR: That the matrix has been tampered with, yes. That the ragbag of evidence you have seen is the result of perjury. All I do not yet understand is who did it and why!

INQUISITOR: Your accusation would be laughable if it were not so outrageous. However ... as you have already witnessed, I have summoned the Keeper of the Matrix ... Keeper ...

(THE KEEPER RISES)

KEEPER: My Lady.

INQUISITOR: You have heard the Doctor's allegation. Is it at all possible for the data stored within the matrix to be tampered with in any way?

KEEPER: Quite impossible, My Lady. No-one may enter the matrix without the Key of Rassilon.

THE DOCTOR: By whom is the key used?

KEEPER: Qualified people. For inspection. Once in a millennia, perhaps, to replace a transductor ...

THE DOCTOR: Keys can be copied, you will agree.

KEEPER: The Key of Rassilon never leaves my possession.

THE DOCTOR: Except when it is in the hands of these qualified people?

VALEYARD: This is a ridiculous allegation, My Lady. The Doctor is challenging the evidence of the matrix on the grounds that it has been tampered with - a charge that he is totally unable to substantiate.

INQUISITOR: That is accepted. Wild accusations of malfeasance do not constitute a defence, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: The matrix can be physically penetrated - the Keeper has admitted as much. And the evidence you have been shown is totally at variance with my own memory. Therefore it has been deliberately distorted.

INQUISITOR: And who would do such a thing - even if it were possible?

THE DOCTOR: Somebody who wants my head. (POINTS) Such as the -

INQUISITOR: Careful, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard.

(THE VALEYARD SNORTS
CONTEMPTUOUSLY)

INQUISITOR: If you were not already facing the most serious charges, such an accusation levelled against a senior prosecutor would bring you into contempt, Doctor.

2. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE TWO CASKETS
WE SAW IN T/C 1,
LIE ON THE GROUND,
NEXT TO EACH OTHER.

THERE IS A THUMPING
FROM INSIDE ONE OF
THEM.

FINALLY THE LID
SLIPS ASIDE.

A FLUSHED AND
DISHEVELLED SABALOM
GLITZ SITS UP AND
LOOKS AROUND.

AS HE DOES, A NOISE
COMES FROM INSIDE
THE SECOND CASKET)

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) What's going on?
Let me out of here!

GLITZ: Dibber? ... What's happened
to your voice, lad?

(THE LID OF THE
SECOND CASKET
SLIDES BACK AND
MELANIE SITS UP)

MELANIE: (STERNLY) I am not Dibber.
Neither am I a lad. And what's
more, there is nothing wrong with
my voice. As a matter of total
disinterest, who are you?

GLITZ: I ... er ... Sabalom
Glitz ... (cont ...)

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(WORRIEDLY, GLITZ
STARTS TO CLIMB
OUT OF HIS CASKET)

GLITZ: (cont) Are they all like
you here?

(MELANIE ALSO
STARTS TO CLIMB
FROM HER CASKET)

MELANIE: I don't know. Shall we
go and find out.

3. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

INQUISITOR: There is only one way to rebut the evidence of the matrix, Doctor - and that is to produce witnesses who can support your version of events. Can you do that?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I can't. You know I can't.

INQUISITOR: Then we must accept the Valeyard's evidence.

THE DOCTOR: Ma'am, such witnesses as I might call are scattered all over the universe and all through time. How can I find them now?

VALEYARD: Time-wasting, My Lady. The Doctor's only defence seems to be this ridiculous-

(THE DOOR OPENS.

GLITZ AND MELANIE
ENTER.

THEY STARE AT HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Glitz! Melanie!
How did you get here?

GLITZ: I was sent, wasn't I? Not my wish, mind you.

MELANIE: Same here. (TO THE DOCTOR) What're you been up to?

INQUISITOR: Be silent! Who sent you here?

GLITZ: (TO THE DOCTOR) That's the beak, is it. They all look the same. Carved out of something hard and nasty.

INQUISITOR: You said you were sent here, Sabalom Glitz. By whom?

MASTER: By me, madam.

(THEY SWING ROUND.

THE MASTER IS
STARING DOWN FROM
THE SCREEN.

THE DOCTOR GROANS)

THE DOCTOR: Oh no! Now I am finished ...

GLITZ: Who is it?

THE DOCTOR: Just one of my oldest enemies.

INQUISITOR: This is entirely irregular! Who are you, sir!

MASTER: I am known as the Master. And, as you see, I speak to you from within the matrix - proof, if any be needed, that not only qualified people can enter here.

KEEPER: But you haven't the Key of Rassilon -

(THE MASTER HOLDS
UP A KEY.

LARGE, GLITTERING
OF CURIOUS SHAPE)

MASTER: I have a very good copy,
Keeper - just as the Doctor said
was possible.

INQUISITOR: This is an official
court appointed by the High Council
to consider the most serious -

MASTER: Madam, I know. I have
followed the trial with great interest
and, indeed, amusement. But now I
must intervene for the sake of
justice.

THE DOCTOR: Take no notice, ma'am!
He doesn't know what justice is.
He'd see me dead tomorrow!

MASTER: Gladly Doctor. But not if
you forfeit your remaining lives to
the Valeyard. As an adversary I
can deal with you. (HEAVY) I am not
prepared to countenance a rival!

VALEYARD: My Lady, I must propose
an immediate adjournment -

INQUISITOR: I am sorry, Valeyard.
The prosecution's evidence is
completed. The ball, as the Doctor
might say, is now out of your court.

(THE DOCTOR IS IN
DEEP THOUGHT OVER
THE MASTER'S LAST
SPEECH)

MASTER: Doctor, I have sent you two star witnesses. I knew you would need them.

(THE DOCTOR RISES
TO HIS FEET)

VALEYARD: With respect, sagacity, the matter of admissible witnesses is for you to decide. We have seen enough to know that Glitz is an admitted criminal. Any testimony from him must, therefore, be dubious in the extreme -

MELANIE: But not from me. I'm as truthful, honest and about as boring as they come.

INQUISITOR: This court at the moment, is not impugning your integrity, young lady.

MASTER: Let Sabalom Glitz speak.

(THE INQUISITOR
PONDERS FOR
A MOMENT)

INQUISITOR: Criminals have been known to speak the truth, Valeyard. Especially when their own interests are not at stake.

VALEYARD: My point, My Lady, is that this person who calls himself the Master, whoever he might be, should not be permitted to produce surprise witnesses. The prosecution has no knowledge of -

INQUISITOR: As I understand it, Valeyard, the evidence for the prosecution is now concluded. The Doctor may now in his defence call witnesses to rebut that evidence.
(cont ...)

INQUISITOR: (cont) After which you have the right to cross-question them on what they have said. That is the procedure.

VALEYARD: My Lady.

(THE MASTER WATCHING
THIS EXCHANGE,
IS GRINNING)

MASTER: If I might interced -

INQUISITOR: You have no part in these proceedings, sir!

MASTER: Corporeally, of course not. But I am present - and enjoying myself enormously. I merely wished to comment on the shortness of the Valeyard's memory.

INQUISITOR: In what respect?

VALEYARD: My Lady -

(SHE WAVES HIM
ASIDE)

INQUISITOR: Let him continue.

MASTER: The Valeyard - or, as I have always known him, the Doctor - is amongst my most constant and determined foes. And now he effects not to recognise me!

VALEYARD: This is clearly a blatant attempt by the Doctor's cronies -

THE DOCTOR: Now just a minute! Did you call him Doctor!

MASTER: Your twelfth and final incarnation ... and I may say you do not improve with age.

THE DOCTOR: Can anyone believe that this worm, this lackey of the High Council's -

MELANIE: He is very like you round the eyes.

THE DOCTOR: Rubbish!

MELANIE: And the mouth. When I first saw him I thought to myself -

THE DOCTOR: Shut up!

MELANIE: (CONTINUING) I thought (POINTS AT VALEYARD) he has to be the Doctor's brother.

(THE INQUISITOR
RUBS HER BROW
RATHER WEARILY,
TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE
THIS NEW TURN
OF EVENTS)

VALEYARD: My Lady, these scandalous accusations ...

(SHE STOPS HIM
WITH A LOOK)

INQUISITOR: The single purpose of this trial is to determine the guilt or otherwise of the Doctor on the basis of the evidence that has been presented. Anything else is, for the moment, irrelevant.

VALEYARD: Thank you, Madam
Inquisitor.

INQUISITOR: Examine your witness,
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ma'am.

(HE TURNS TO
GLITZ WHO HAS
BEEN SCRUTINISING
AND FEELING
THE STAND)

GLITZ: This is real machanite, y'
know. Worth a few grotzis today.
Your honour, I could give you a
very fair price for the whole lot -

THE DOCTOR: Glitz!

GLITZ: Carriage included ... what?

THE DOCTOR: You were sent here by
the Master?

GLITZ: He is a business partner,
so to speak, we've pulled a few
good -

THE DOCTOR: The court isn't
interested in your squalid ventures,
Glitz.

INQUISITOR: Very good, Doctor.
Keep him to the point.

THE DOCTOR: When we first met,
Glitz, your main interest was in
getting possession of a chest of
secrets.

GLITZ: Right.

THE DOCTOR: What were those secrets?

GLITZ: I dunno. Scientific stuff, that's what he said. (INDICATING MASTER) Stuff the Sleepers had been nicking from the matrix for years.

KEEPER: The matrix? My matrix?

GLITZ: Right. The Sleepers had figured how to break into it. So they were creaming off all this hi-tech info to take home to Andromeda -

THE DOCTOR: But they were operating from Earth?

GLITZ: Course. That was their cover, wasn't it? They knew the Time Lords would trace the leak eventually.

VALEYARD: This is a palpable tissue of lies, My Lady!

THE DOCTOR: I don't think so, Stackyard. It begins to make very good sense.

MELANIE: Attaboy, Doc. Now we're getting at the dirt!

THE DOCTOR: Continue, Glitz. What happened then?

GLITZ: Well, it seems the Time Lords sussed the leak so they tried to knock off the Sleepers. They used this magno - magno-thing -

THE DOCTOR: Magnotron?

GLITZ: That's it.

THE DOCTOR: That could only have been done by an order in High Council!

MASTER: Of course, Doctor. To protect their own secrets they drew the Earth and its constellation billions of miles across space.

THE DOCTOR: Causing the fireball which almost destroyed the planet!

MASTER: Of little consequence in the High Council's planning, Doctor. The robot recovery mission from Andromeda sped past Earth and out into space. Gallifreyan secrets were saved. Except that, at the first intimation of the coming fireball, the Andromedans were able to set up a survival chamber for the Sleepers.

THE DOCTOR: So that's why Earth was re-named Ravolox! That sanctimonious gang of hypocrites were simply covering their tracks!

MASTER: Exactly. It takes time. Doctor, but eventually you get there.

THE DOCTOR: They put an ancient culture like Earth's to the sword for the sake of a few miserable, filthy, scientific advances -

GLITZ: Big market for them, Doctor - so he said. Worth a lot of grotzis.

THE DOCTOR: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF)
In all my wanderings through the universe I have battled against evil. Against power-mad conspirators. I should have stayed on Gallifrey, the oldest civilisation - decadent, degenerate, and rotten to the core! Power-mad conspirators! (HE LAUGHS MADLY) Daleks. Sontarans. Cybermen. They're still in the nursery compared to us. Ten million years of total power. That's what it takes to be really corrupt.

MELANIE: Take it easy, Doc.

INQUISITOR: (NODS) These unseemly outbursts do not assist the court, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Unseemly outbursts! If I hadn't visited Ravolox, as I then thought of it, the High Council would have kept this outrage carefully buried - as they apparently already had for several centuries!

MASTER: I must agree - you have an endearing habit of blundering into these things, Doctor. And the High Council took full advantage of your blunder.

INQUISITOR: Explain that.

MASTER: They made a deal with the Valeyard to adjust the evidence - in return for which he was promised the remainder of the Doctor's regenerations -

MELANIE: (POINTS) Doctor!

(THE VALEYARD IS
SLIPPING FROM THE
ROOM)

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INQUISITOR: Valeyard -

THE DOCTOR: Come on, Glitz.

GLITZ: What?

THE DOCTOR: We need him - if you
want your money.

(THEY RUN AFTER
THE VALEYARD)

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4. INT. CORRIDOR.

(NO SIGN OF THE
VALEYARD AS THE
DOCTOR AND GLITZ
BURST INTO THE
CORRIDOR.

THEY LOOK AROUND)

GLITZ: He hasn't had time -

THE DOCTOR: There must be a way out
of here.

(HE STARTS SEARCHING
AS THE INQUISITOR,
THE KEEPER, AND
MELANIE APPEAR
BEHIND)

GLITZ: He's scarpered.

KEEPER: The seventh door. He must
have had a key.

THE DOCTOR: What?

(THE KEEPER POINTS)

KEEPER: The seventh entrance to the
matrix.

THE DOCTOR: Then open it. He has
to be brought back!

INQUISITOR: I agree. There are
several questions -

THE DOCTOR: Hurry!

(HE SNATCHES THE
KEY FROM THE
KEEPER AND PLANTS
IT FLATLY AGAINST
THE SURFACE OF
THE WALL.

A PANEL OPENS)

KEEPER: You'll never find him. The
matrix is a micro-universe -

MELANIE: Don't go, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: I must! Perhaps nothing
in my life has been as important as
this. Come on, Glitz!

(HE PULLS GLITZ
BY THE ARM AND
STEPS INTO THE
PANEL)

GLITZ: (RESISTING) Who, me?

(THE PANEL SLIDES
SHUT BEHIND THEM)

MELANIE: Doctor!

INQUISITOR: Silence, girl! Let us
return to the trial room.

MELANIE: Why? There's nobody to
try anymore!

INQUISITOR: Come, both of you.

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Narrow Alley.
Night.

Or as night as possible
- perhaps even day for
night.

The feel of the alley
is that of decaying
Victorian eeriness.

A solitary gas lamp
splutters and spits as
it fights the fog in
a desperate attempt
to illuminate the
darkness.

Suddenly the night air
is full of drunken
shouts and rowdy
laughter as though
emanating from a
distant pub.

Much closer, we hear
the evil almost unreal
sound of the VALEYARD
laughing.

The CAMERA travels
the length of the
alley as though in
search of the sound-
track noise, but all
it locates is a mangy
cat scavanging in a
pile of rubbish.

Suddenly a thin, very
bright strip of white
light forms, accompanied
by a high-pitch, rather
menacing electronic
sound.

This proves too much
for the cat, who,
panic stricken, bolts
into the night.

A moment later, as
though propelled by
unseen hands, THE
DOCTOR is thrust out
of the white light,
which then vanishes.

THE DOCTOR: (DISTRESSED) What an
unpleasant journey ... (HE LOOKS
AROUND) And what an unpleasant
place.

THE DOCTOR turns
back to where the
white light was.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz?

No reply.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz!

The evil laugh is
again heard.

THE DOCTOR spins round
and from his P.O.V. we
momentarily see the
back of the VALEYARD
as he disappears into
a dense patch of yellow
fog.

THE DOCTOR gives chase,
but the VALEYARD has
vanished.

Confused by the sudden
loss of his quarry,
THE DOCTOR cautiously
continues his search,
now checking the dark
doorways that flank
this section of the alley.

THE DOCTOR then pauses
at a large, very full
rainwater barrel.

THE DOCTOR smiles and
peers down into the
water.

THE DOCTOR: I can't believe you're
in there.

Suddenly TWO powerful,
knarled HANDS break
surface, and with
enormous strength,
start to pull the
TIME LORD'S HEAD
under the water.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz!

THE DOCTOR struggles
with all his might,
but he is in serious
trouble.

The harsh, evil
laughter is heard
again.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

A confused GLITZ
staggers through the
strip of white light.

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Glitz!

Even more confused,
GLITZ looks around.

GLITZ: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Hurry, man!

Uncertain, GLITZ
moves off in the
direction of the
voice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

THE DOCTOR is lying
next to the rainwater
barrel in great
distress.

GLITZ arrives.

GLITZ: What's going on?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know ...

He climbs slowly to
his feet.

THE DOCTOR: That is, I don't know
if what just happened was real or
an illusion.

GLITZ indicates
THE DOCTOR'S torn
shirt collar.

GLITZ: That looks real enough to
me. Someone's had a go at you.

THE DOCTOR: Would you mind?

Points at the water
barrel.

GLITZ: What ...?

Turns to the barrel.

GLITZ: Oh, yeah ... Sure.

GLITZ scoopes up
some water in his
cupped hands.

THE DOCTOR: We're not in the real
world any longer, Sabalom Glitz.
What attacked me was in that barrel ...

GLITZ'S FACE creases
with anger. He
opens his hands and
allows the water to
pour back.

THE DOCTOR: Or was it just in my
mind?

GLITZ: How can we be in a different
world. We just stepped through a
door, that's all.

THE DOCTOR: But into the matrix,
where the only logic is that there
is no logic.

GLITZ: I knew this was a mistake
... Look, I'm off.

Rummages in his pocket
and pulls out a sheet
of crumpled paper.

GLITZ: My grip on reality is not
too good at the best of times. This
is for you.

Hands the paper to
THE DOCTOR, who
glances at it.

GLITZ: Now if you wouldn't mind
telling me how I get out of here
...

THE DOCTOR: This is from the Master!

GLITZ: I know, I've just given it to you.

Tries to glance over the DOCTOR'S SHOULDER.

GLITZ: He said it would be useful.

THE DOCTOR: It tells me where the Valeyard has his base.

GLITZ: (READS) "The Fantasy Factory, proprietor J.J. Chambers".

THE DOCTOR retraces his steps along the alley.

THE DOCTOR: So that's where he got to.

GLITZ joins THE DOCTOR and finds that he is standing in front of a board attached to a door. On it it says: "The Fantasy Factory, prop. J.J. Chambers".

THE DOCTOR: So why is the Master helping me?

GLITZ: Yeah, well, I'm sure you'll find out.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, I want you to meet my other self.

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THE DOCTOR rattles
at the door handle.

GLITZ: I've done my bit.

THE DOCTOR: Just pop in and say
hallo. You'll be perfectly safe.

Suddenly the door
flies open.

GLITZ: What's going on?

A large old-fashioned
whaler's harpoon,
thrown from within
the "factory", thuds
into GLITZ'S chest.

He screams and
collapses.

END TELECINE 2.

5. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MELANIE, THE
KEEPER AND THE
INQUISITOR
STAND BEFORE THE
SCREEN FACING
THE MASTER.

OTHER MEMBERS OF
THE COURT SIT
AROUND SOMEWHAT
BEMUSED BY EVENTS)

MELANIE: Is there anything we can
do to help?

MASTER: Remain calm. Concentrate
your thoughts. Prepare for the worse.

KEEPER: Sounds a bit gloomy.

MASTER: Do you have any other
suggestions, my dear Keeper?

(THE KEEPER
SHAKES HIS
HEAD)

INQUISITOR: (EMBARRASSED) Assuming
I accept what you say about the
evidence against the Doctor ... How
much of it had been contrived?

MASTER: For a lie to work, madam,
it must be shrouded in the truth.
Therefore most of what you saw was
true.

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INQUISITOR: (HESITANTLY) The young person, the one who died ... Was that true?

MASTER: The delightful Miss Perpagilliam Brown. That was clever of the Valeyard, exploiting the affection the Doctor had for her. But then, of course, the Valeyard would know precisely how the Doctor felt.

INQUISITOR: Then she lives?

MASTER: She is a queen set up on high by that war mongering fool Yrcanos.

INQUISITOR: I'm pleased.

MASTER: Sentiment will not keep the Doctor alive, madam.

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TELECINE 3:

Ext. Alley. Night.

GLITZ lies prostrate
as though dead.

The harpoon lies next
to him.

THE DOCTOR paces
restlessly up and
down.

THE DOCTOR: You'll get cold lying
there.

GLITZ opens his eyes.

GLITZ: You're a hard man, you are.
My nerves in shreds. I could've been
killed!

THE DOCTOR: Not when you're wearing
a mark seven Postidion Life Preserver.

GLITZ sits up.

GLITZ: Yeah, well ... Whoever threw
that harpoon didn't know that!

Prods the harpoon.

GLITZ: So much for illusions ...

He then climbs to
his feet.

GLITZ: I thought it was you he
wanted to kill.

GLITZ unbuttons his jacket and examines the life preserver for damage.

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) He's playing games. Wants to humiliate me first.

GLITZ: Oh, I see, that's how it is, is it. He humiliates you by flinging harpoons at me!? That doesn't seem to make much sense.

THE DOCTOR: Of course it does. By using fantasy and illusion the Valeyard will try to destroy me.

GLITZ: Well?

THE DOCTOR: Your presence makes his task more difficult. He knows that. He also knows that together we can fight him.

GLITZ: Look, I'm a small time crook, with small time ambitions - one of which is to stay alive. I wish you every good luck, Doctor, but I'm off. I've done my bit.

He starts to move off.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard must be stopped and his agreement with the High Council broken.

GLITZ: Something best done by another Time Lord.

THE DOCTOR: Who is begging for your help.

GLITZ: Yeah, well ... Look, Doctor, this is all a bit embarrassing -

THE DOCTOR: If you leave - and I die - do you think you'll have a future? As the only witness to events here, the Valeyard will be forced to seek you out and kill you.

GLITZ: You have a mean way of arguing.

THE DOCTOR: I'm telling you the truth.

GLITZ: Oh, all right ... I'll help.

THE DOCTOR: Good man. Now button your life preserver and let's get on with it.

THE DOCTOR runs into the factory.

Reluctantly GLITZ picks up the harpoon and follows.

END TELECINE 3.

6. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THE MASTER
STARING SARDONICALLY
FROM THE SCREEN.

THE INQUISITOR
IS ADDRESSING
HIM DIRECTLY)

INQUISITOR: In all my experience I
have never before had to conclude a
case in the absence of both the accused
and the prosecutor.

MASTER: One and the same person,
madam.

INQUISITOR: So you said. But can you
prove that?

MASTER: I know them both. But I
suggest you question the High Council.
They set up this travesty of a trial,
making a scapegoat of the Doctor to
conceal their own involvement.

INQUISITOR: Is there any reason why I
should accept that allegation from a
renegade Time Lord?

MASTER: Yes, if you are concerned with
learning the truth.

INQUISITOR: What is your interest
in this matter? Not, I think, concern
for the Doctor.

MASTER: Oh, indeed not. But the Doctor is well-matched against himself. One must destroy the other.

MELANIE: How utterly evil!

MASTER: Thank you. I think I would lay a shade of odds on the Valeyard. But the possibility of their mutual destruction must exist. That would be perfect.

MELANIE: You're despicable!

MASTER: So many compliments ... May I say you're a charming child?

MELANIE: You beast!

INQUISITOR: Be quiet, girl. (TO MASTER) Am I to take it that some base desire for revenge was your motive for interfering?

MASTER: There is nothing purer and more unsullied than the desire for revenge, madam. But if you follow the metaphor, I have thrown a pebble into the water, perhaps killing two birds with one stone, and causing ripples that will rock the High Council to its foundations. What more could a renegade wish for?

7. INT. FIRST CLERK'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

(THE LOUNGE OF
THE SPACE SHIP
REDRESSED.

ALTHOUGH THE HI-TECH
WALLS REMAIN, ALL
THE ORIGINAL FURNITURE
HAS BEEN REMOVED.

IN ITS PLACE IS
A VICTORIAN CLERK'S
DESK, COMPLETE WITH
HIGH STOOL, CANDLE,
INK STAND, LARGE
LEDGER AND AN OLD
FASHIONED PUSH BELL.

THE ROOM IS DARK
AND SHADOWY, THE
SOURCE OF LIGHT
BEING THE CANDLE.

SEATED ON THE
STOOL IS MR POPPLEWICK
A THIN, ANGULAR
MAN IN HIS MID-FORTIES.
EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM
IS SOUR - INCLUDING
HIS BREATH.

HE IS DRESSED IN LATE
VICTORIAN CLERK'S
ATTIRE AND IS WRITING
WITH A SQUEAKY, SCRATCHY
STEEL NIBBED PEN.

THE DOOR OF THE
ROOM OPENS AND THE
DOCTOR AND GLITZ
PEER IN)

GLITZ: This isn't what I expected.

(THEY ENTER.

MR POPPLEWICK DOES
NOT RESPOND, BUT
CONTINUES TO ENSCRIBE
THE PAGE OF HIS
LEDGER)

THE DOCTOR: The combination is a bit
odd. Hi-tech vistani alloy walls
cocooning what appears to be rather
a crusty Victorian Clerk. All very
anachronistic.

(THEY CROSS TO
THE CLERK'S DESK)

How d'you do. I think we're expected.

(MR POPPLEWICK CONTINUES
TO WRITE)

GLITZ: Are you sure we're in the right
place?

(THE DOCTOR POUNDS
THE BELL ON THE
CLERK'S DESK.

SLOWLY, MR POPPLEWICK
LOOKS UP)

POPPLEWICK: Yes?

THE DOCTOR: We've come to see the
proprietor.

POPPLEWICK: Do you have an appointment,
sir? Mr. Chambers only sees people
by appointment. Most particular
about appointments is our Mr. Chambers.

THE DOCTOR: I think you'll find
we're expected.

POPPLEWICK: And what is your name, sir.

THE DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor. And this is Mr. Sabalom Glitz.

(POPPLEWICK TURNS
THE PAGE OF HIS
LEDGER AND RUNS HIS
FINGER DOWN A LONG
LIST OF NAMES)

GLITZ: (LOW VOICE) If this Valeyard wants you dead, he's got a rum way of going about it.

THE DOCTOR: I told you, it's called humiliation. (TO POPPLEWICK) Can you hurry. We haven't got all day.

POPPLEWICK: There are procedures to follow, sir. Necessary routines to be completed. Even when I have found your names, there are many forms to be enscribed before you may move on to the next stage of processing.

(SNIFFS THEN ADDS
VERY EARNESTLY)

Processing is very important in this establishment.

(EYES THEM UP
AND DOWN DISTASTEFULLY)

I'm sure even you can understand that such things cannot be rushed ...
(SPITS THE WORD OUT) sir.

(THE DOCTOR GLANCES
OVER HIS SHOULDER.
FROM HIS P.O.V.
WE SEE ANOTHER
DOOR. ABOVE
IT IS A NOTICE
WHICH READS:
"ENTRANCE BY APPOINTMENT
ONLY")

THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. I've
always been a bit of an iconoclast
by nature.

(HE CROSSES TO
THE DOOR FOLLOWED
BY GLITZ)

POPPLEWICK: (ALARMED) You can't go
in there, sir. Not without an
appointment!

(THE DOCTOR
THROWS OPEN THE
DOOR AND ENTERS)

8. INT. SECOND CLERK'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

(THIS IS IDENTICAL
TO THE FIRST CLERK'S
OFFICE, EXCEPT
THAT IT REFLECTS
THE SECOND CLERK'S
SENIORITY IN PETTY
LITTLE WAYS.

HE HAS TWO CANDLES
ON HIS DESK.

THERE IS A STAND
FOR HIS HEAVY
OUTDOOR COAT ETC.

POPPLEWICK LOOKS
UP AS THE DOCTOR
ENTERS.

HE IS IDENTICAL TO
THE ORIGINAL POPPLEWICK
EXCEPT THAT HE WEARS
HALF FRAME GLASSES
AND A DIFFERENT
JACKET.

HIS MANNER IS ALSO
SLIGHTLY MORE
FRIENDLY AND LESS
LEADEN IN THE DOGMA
OF BUREAURCRACY)

POPPLEWICK: Ah, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: At least you're expecting
us.

POPPLEWICK: We all are.

GLITZ: You're look-alike outside
wasn't.

POPPLEWICK: He is the exception. As a very junior clerk, Mr. Popplewick is not permitted to expect anyone, sir.

GLITZ: Oh ... What's he talkin' about?

THE DOCTOR: I think it's called bureaurcracy.

POPPLEWICK: I prefer to call it order. And the holy writ of order is procedure. I'm sure you agree?

GLITZ: Oh, yeah, of course.

POPPLEWICK: For example, you wish to see the proprietor. Now the procedure is to make an appointment.

THE DOCTOR: We're already expected.

POPPLEWICK: But the junior Mr. Popplewick is not allowed to expect anyone.

GLITZ: You knew we were coming. Why didn't you give him the nod?

POPPLEWICK: And upset the procedure? The junior Mr. Popplewick has his pride, too.

GLITZ: (TO THE DOCTOR) I don't understand any of this. Here we are waiting to duck a terminal knuckle sandwich from the Valeyard, and this screed's goin' on about whether we've got an appointment or not.

THE DOCTOR: Is there no way to expedite the procedure?

POPPLEWICK: Expedite! I am a senior clerk, sir. To me the procedure is sacrosanct. My work is a celebration of all that is perfect. Why speed perfection?

THE DOCTOR: Because your proprietor wants me dead.

POPPLEWICK: (MATTER OF FACT) It seems that you have found the one little weakness in our procedure, sir.

(HANDS THE DOCTOR
A SHEET OF PAPER)

Would you sign this please.

THE DOCTOR: What is it?

POPPLEWICK: A consent form, sir. The corridors in this factory are long and dark. Should you unexpectedly die, our blessed proprietor, Mr J.J. Chambers, insists that he inherits your remaining lives.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard must be concerned the High Council may no longer be in a position to fulfill their side of the deal.

GLITZ: You're a dead man as soon as you sign it.

THE DOCTOR: We are in the Valeyard's domain. He can kill me any time he likes. I'll sign my remaining lives over to Mr J.J. Chambers.

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(THE DOCTOR ACCEPTS
THE PEN OFFERED
BY POPPLEWICK AND
SIGNS THE SHEET
OF PAPER)

GLITZ: Are you sure about this?

THE DOCTOR: Positive. Now can I
see your proprietor?

(POPPLEWICK POINTS
A FINGER TOWARDS
A DOOR)

POPPLEWICK: The waiting room is that
way, sir. You will be summoned
as soon as your signature has been
verified.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES
TO THE DOOR FOLLOWED
BY A COMPLAINING
GLITZ)

GLITZ: This madness!

THE DOCTOR: Not if it precipitates
my meeting with the Valeyard.

(HE THROWS OPEN
THE DOOR AND ENTERS)

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TELECINE 4:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

Flat mud for as far
as the eye can see,
topped by a vivid
orange sky.

THE DOCTOR: This is a very odd
waiting room. Where are the
hopelessly out of date magazines?

Suddenly THE DOCTOR
becomes aware that
he is alone.

THE DOCTOR: Glitz?

He looks around,
the CAMERA PANNING
as his P.O.V.

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) Glitz!

As a voice over
we hear the evil
laugh of the
Valeyard.

THE DOCTOR: What have you done with
him?

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Look to your own
predicament, Doctor.

Suddenly a slime covered hand reaches from the mud and grips the Doctor's ankle.

THE DOCTOR: This is an illusion. I deny it.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Not this time.

A second hand locks onto his other ankle.

THE DOCTOR: This isn't happening!

A third hand shoots from the mud and locks onto the lower half of his leg.

The evil laugh of the Valeyard is heard.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) You are dead, Doctor.

Another hand has come out of the mud and locked onto his leg.

The Doctor bends down to release it, but another hand grabs his and he is pulled over.

Slowly he is drawn down into the mud.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Goodbye, Doctor.

END TITLES