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'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE ONE

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'DOCTOR WHO' - EPISODE ONE: 'SHADA'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR	+FILM
ROMANA	+FILM
SKAGRA	+FILM
CHRIS PARSONS	+FILM
PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS	
COLLEGE PORTER	FILM ONLY
CAR PASSENGER	FILM ONLY
SHIP	VOICE ONLY
FOUR SCIENTISTS	NON-SPEAKING
KRARG COMMANDER	STUDIO ONLY
PROFESSOR CALDERA	NON-SPEAKING
PASSER-BY	FILM ONLY

SETS:

Int. 'Think Tank' Main Chamber.
Corridor.
Int. Professor's Rooms.
Int. Physics Lab.
Int. Skagras Spacecraft.

TELECINE: (ALL DAY)

Model - Ext. Space Station, etc.
Ext. Cambridge Streets.
Ext. 'Cedd's College', Cantab.
Ext. 'The Backs', Cantab.
Ext. Country Road.
Ext. Country Field.

'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE ONE

SUPOSE CAM: *Opening*
Titles
Sequence:

Model Shot One

1. *Ext. Think Tank Station in space.*

ESTABLISH Think Tank space station in space. It is a purely scientific foundation, therefore utilitarian.

In the background is a star, the size of the sun only red. This is in a totally different galaxy, to our own.

2. *Int. Think Tank Main Chamber.*

(ROUND THE WALLS ARE ARRAYS OF EQUIPMENT TV MONITORS, COMPUTERS, CONTROL CONSOLES.

IN THE CENTRE IS A LARGE WHITE CONE, ABOUT THE HEIGHT OF A MAN.

THE SIDES ARE ABOUT SIXTY DEGREES. RATHER THAN PURELY ROUND, IT IS A

HEXAGONAL FIGURE, WITH EACH OF THE SIX FACES SLIGHTLY RECESSED.

IN EACH OF THESE RECESSES LIES A MAN, EACH DRESSED IN A SORT OF WHITE TRACK SUIT AFFAIR, TO EMPHASISE THEIR IMPERSONALITY.

ON TOP OF THE CONE SITS A MATT BLACK SPHERE, ABOUT EIGHTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

A HUM, FAIRLY QUIET, IS COMING FROM THE EQUIPMENT.

CU A DIGITAL DISPLAY, CLICKING DOWN TO ZERO.

THE CAMERA DOES A CIRCUIT OF THE CONE LOOKING AT EACH MAN'S FACE IN TURN.

ALL THE MEN HAVE THEIR EYES CLOSED, AND TOTALLY EXPRESSIONLESS FACES.

CU THE DISPLAY AS IT REACHES ZERO. THE HUM INCREASES IN INTENSITY.

THE STRAIN SHOWS ON THE FACES OF EACH OF THE MEN.

THEN WE SEE THAT THE FACE OF ONE OF THEM SHOWS NO STRAIN.

THIS IS SKAGRA. HE OPENS HIS EYES AND LOOKS ABOUT WITHOUT MOVING HIS HEAD.

SUDDENLY THE INTENSITY OF THE HUM INCREASES VERY SHARPLY.

TERROR AND ALARM REGISTER ON THE FACES OF ALL THE MEN OTHER THAN SKAGRA.

THEY WRITHE IN THEIR POSITIONS.
THEY PUT THEIR FISTS UP TO THEIR
FOREHEADS. THEY CRY OUT.

SKAGRA SMILES TRIUMPHANTLY. HE
LEAVES HIS PLACE ON THE CONE AND
SURVEYS HIS HANDIWORK.

HE CONSULTS SOME DIALS, SMILING
WITH SATISFACTION.

THE DIGITAL COUNTER KEEPS GOING,
NOW IN THE POSITIVE.

SUDDENLY ALL THE NOISE STOPS
SHARPLY, EXCEPT FOR A THIN
DISTORTED INHUMAN BABBLE EMANATING
FROM THE SPHERE.

THE MEN SLUMP, AND LIE STILL.

WITH BRISK EFFICIENCY HE PERFORMS
CHECKS ON EACH OF THEM.

HE CROSSES TO A COMMUNICATIONS
CONSOLE WHICH FEATURES A VIDEO
SCREEN AND RIPS OUT THE LEADS FROM
ALL THREE MICROPHONES.

HE TAKES FOUR OR FIVE PEGS OR
FUSES FROM THE CONSOLE.

THE VIDEO SCREEN GOES BLANK.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON WHICH SETS OFF
A SERIES OF BLINKING LIGHTS.

HIS VOICE STARTS FROM A SMALL
SPEAKER ON THE CONSOLE.

HE COMES DOWN, TURNS OFF A POWER
SWITCH IN A SMALL FOREGROUND
CONSOLE.

HE HOLDS HIS HAND UP IN A SORT OF
'HOW' GESTURE.

THE SPHERE, WHICH IS TOTALLY
FEATURELESS, RISES OFF THE CONE
AND TRAVELS TOWARDS HIM.

IT COMES TO HIS HANDS OBEDIENTLY.
HE WALKS OUT OF THE CHAMBER.)

SKAGRA: (V.O.) This is a recorded
message. The foundation for the
study of advanced sciences is under
strict quarantine. Do not approach.
Do not approach. Everything is under
our control.

(THE MESSAGE IS A LOOP AND STARTS
AGAIN.)

3. *Int. Think Tank. Corridor.*

(CURVING WHITE WALLED SPACE
STATION CORRIDOR.

SKAGRA CALMLY WALKS ALONG IT.

HE COMES TO A BAY MARKED 'SHUTTLE
CRAFT'.

HE ENTERS IT.)

4. *Int. Think Tank. Main Chamber.*

((Note: Tape Over)

THE FIVE REMAINING MEN STAGGER
AROUND VERY SLOWLY, CLUMSILY, AS
IF THEY SIMPLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO
CONTROL THEIR BODIES.

FOR TWO OF THEM THE EFFORT IS TOO
MUCH AND THEY FALL TO THE GROUND.
THE REMAINDER SEEM NOT TO NOTICE
OR COMPREHEND.

THEY SEEM TO BE UNAWARE OF EACH OTHER OR INDEED OF ANYTHING AT ALL.

THEY ARE IN SHOCK. AS THOUGH THEIR MINDS HAVE GONE.)

MODEL SHOT TWO

5. Ext. Space Station.

Shuttle bay opens, and a sleek space ship slides out. It moves slowly away from the station.

We stay with it as it begins to pick up speed, leaving the space station in the distance.

We hear the tape message in distort.

SKAGRA: (DISTORT) ... Do not approach.

I repeat. Do not approach.

Everything is under our control.

Then, suddenly it puts on a fantastic spurt of speed which distorts our image of it as it shoots away from CAMERA and vanishes into the far distance.

TELECINE 1A:

Ext. Streets of Cambridge. Day.

CHRIS PARSONS is cycling towards St. Cedd's College.

He is about thirty, a post-graduate scientist.

He wears jeans and a denim jacket, likes Bach, Bruckner and Status Quo and his hair is longish because he preferred the Sixties to the Seventies.

TELECINE 1B:

Ext. College. Day.

CHRIS parks his bike outside the College and walks into first court. He pulls a scrap of paper out of his pocket and looks at it - it is the number of the room he is looking for.

He walks on into second court. He stops a PASSER-BY and shows him the room number.

The PASSER-BY points to the staircase in the far left hand corner.

CHRIS goes to it.

END TELECINE

6. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms in College.

(QUITE LARGE, WITH DARK OAK PANELLING. GENEROUSLY FILLED BOOKSHELVES, TABLES COVERED WITH BOOKS AND FILES OF PAPERS, FURNITURE THAT HAS SEEN BETTER DECADES.

IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM IS PARKED
A LARGE BLUE POLICE BOX.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS IS IN THE ROOM,
THOUGH CLEARLY HE HAS ONLY JUST
COME IN BECAUSE HE IS TAKING OFF
HIS GOWN AND SCARF AND UNPACKING
HIS BATTERED OLD BRIEF-CASE.

HE IS PRETTY ANCIENT, BUT
DISTINGUISHED IN HIS YEARS.

AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS HE
NOTICES THE TARDIS PARKED THERE,
LOOKS AT IT VERY BRIEFLY OVER HIS
HALF MOONS, GIVES A SLIGHT GRUNT
AND THEN IGNORES IT.

HE IS CLEARLY NOT AT ALL PUT OUT
BY IT.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

PROFESSOR: Come in.

(PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS POTTERS OFF
TO ANOTHER DOOR LEADING PRESUMABLY
INTO HIS KITCHEN.

HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY LOOK TO SEE
WHO IS COMING IN. IT IS OF COURSE
CHRIS PARSONS.)

(AS HE DISAPPEARS BRIEFLY) Excuse the
muddle. Creative disarray you know.

(CHRIS PARSONS IS SLIGHTLY BEMUSED
BY THIS. HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY KNOW
THE PROFESSOR.

HE STANDS AND WAITS.)

CHRIS: Professor Chronotis?

PROFESSOR: Tea?

CHRIS: Oh, thanks.

PROFESSOR: (ENTERING) Just put the kettle on.

CHRIS: Er, Professor Chronotis, I don't know if you remember, we met at a faculty party a couple of weeks ago. Chris Parsons.

PROFESSOR: Oh yes, yes. Enjoy those faculty dos do you?

CHRIS: Well, you know ...

PROFESSOR: Lot of boring old dons talking away at each other, never listen to a word anybody else says.

CHRIS: Well, yes. You said that ...

PROFESSOR: Talk talk talk. Never listen.

CHRIS: No. well ... I hope I'm not taking up your ... (IE VALUABLE TIME ETC)

PROFESSOR: Time? No no. When you get to my age, you'll find that time doesn't matter too much. Not that I expect you will get to my age.

CHRIS: Oh, really?

PROFESSOR: Yes, I remember saying to the last Master of College but one, young Professor Frencham ... or was it the last but two? May have been three.

CHRIS: (SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) Three?

PROFESSOR: Yes. Nice young chap. Died rather tragically at the age of

ninety. Run over by a coach and pair.

CHRIS: What was it you said to him?

PROFESSOR: Oh, I don't know. Long time ago you know.

CHRIS: (DOUBTFULLY) Yeesssss. Er, Professor when we met, you were kind enough to say that if I dropped round you would lend me some of your books on carbon dating.

PROFESSOR: Oh yes. Happy to. Ah, there's the kettle.

(HE BEGINS TO GO OUT TO THE KITCHEN AGAIN.)

You'll find the books you want at the far right of the bookshelf. Third shelf down.

(HE IS OUT OF THE ROOM BY NOW.)

CHRIS PARSONS GOES OVER TO THE BOOKSHELF. ON THE WAY HE LOOKS RATHER ASKANCE AT THE TARDIS.

HE PULLS A BOOK OUT OF THE SHELF THREE DOWN FROM THE TOP.

HE LOOKS AT IT. IT IS CLEARLY NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED, AND IS VERY PUZZLING TO HIM.)

(OFF) Or is it the second shelf down? Second I think. Anyway, take what you like.

(CHRIS PARSONS TAKES A COUPLE OF BOOKS FROM THAT SHELF ALSO, AND NODS WITH SATISFACTION: THIS IS WHAT HE HAD BEEN EXPECTING.)

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS, OFF:)

Milk?

CHRIS: Oh. Yes please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) One lump or two?

CHRIS: Two please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) Sugar?

(THE PROFESSOR COMES BACK IN
CARRYING TWO CUPS.

THE PROFESSOR, CHUCKLING SLIGHTLY
TO HIMSELF:)

Here you are.

(CHRIS PARSONS FEELS HE DOESN'T
WANT TO BE HARRASSED BY THIS MAN'S
ECCENTRICITY ANYMORE.

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH.)

CHRIS: Oh, actually Professor, I've
just realised I'm going to be late
for a seminar. I'm terribly sorry.
Look, I'll bring these back to you
next week, is that alright?

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes yes. Well, good-bye
then.

CHRIS: Goodbye. Er ... actually
Professor, can I just ask you, where
did you get that?

(HE POINTS AT THE TARDIS.

THE PROFESSOR LOOKS AT IT OVER HIS
HALF MOONS.)

PROFESSOR: That? I don't know. I think
someone must have left it there
whilst I was out.

CHRIS: I'll bring these back as soon as I ... er ... can ...

(HE GOES OUT.)

THE PROFESSOR PUTS DOWN THE TEAS AND SHRUGS SLIGHTLY TO HIMSELF.

THE PROFESSOR TAKES A BOOK FROM A PAPER BAG ON THE TABLE.

WE SEE THE TITLE 'THE TIME MACHINE' 'H. G. WELLS'.)

TELECINE 2.

Ext. The Backs of The Colleges. Day.

ROMANA reclining in a punt.

THE DOCTOR punting with skill, or at least with great elan.

ROMANA: Doctor, are you sure it's the right time of year for this sort of thing?

THE DOCTOR: Well the river's so crowded in the spring.

ROMANA: Don't make excuses. You misprogrammed the Tardis. You forgot to take axial tilt, diurnal rotation and the orbital parabola into account. One day you're going to materialise in the middle of the ocean.

THE DOCTOR: If I feel like a swim.

ROMANA hugs herself. She's cold.

THE DOCTOR: You know what you want?

ROMANA: A hot drink?

THE DOCTOR: Moral fibre.

ROMANA: I thought this was meant to be fun.

THE DOCTOR: It is if you've got moral fibre.

ROMANA: Don't you think it's time to see if the Professor is back in his room by now?

THE DOCTOR: That's where we're going.

ROMANA: Well can't you make this thing go more quickly?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I can. I could put a dimensional stabiliser on it and dematerialise. But that's not the point.

ROMANA: Then what is the point?

THE DOCTOR: Moral fibre.

ROMANA slumps back resignedly.

THE DOCTOR soldiers on, manfully whistling 'Jolly Boating Weather'.

The punt passes under a bridge. On top of the bridge, looking at them (but not necessarily for better reasons than mere coincidence) is SKAGRA. He has with him a carpet bag, large enough to be concealing the sphere.

We are aware for a moment of the thin babble of inhuman voices again.

We pick up on the punt coming out from the other side of the bridge.

THE DOCTOR, with a puzzled frown:

THE DOCTOR: Did you just hear voices?

ROMANA: I heard something ... Doctor, please let's go in.

END TELECINE 2.

7. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab.*

(FULL OF EQUIPMENT, LAB BENCHES.

A CARBON DATING MACHINE, SPECTRO ANALYSER, X-RAY, BUNSEN BURNER - THE LOT.

CHRIS ENTERS.

HE PUTS DOWN A LARGE SATCHEL HE HAS STRUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE GOES AND CHECKS A COUPLE OF PIECES OF EQUIPMENT.

THEN HE COMES BACK TO THE SATCHEL AND PULLS OUT SOME BOOKS.

HE QUICKLY FLIPS THROUGH THE FIRST COUPLE, AND THEN PULLS OUT A THIRD.

HE CLICKS HIS TONGUE WITH ANNOYANCE AT HIMSELF AS HE REALISES THAT THIS IS THE FIRST BOOK HE PICKED OFF THE PROFESSOR'S SHELVES, AND NOT ONE HE WANTED OR MEANT TO TAKE.

STILL, OUT OF CURIOSITY HE LOOKS AT IT AGAIN, WITH MANY EXPRESSIONS OF PUZZLEMENT.

HE IS SURPRISED BY TWO THINGS IN PARTICULAR: FIRST THE FACT THAT IT

IS PRINTED IN A TOTALLY UNKNOWN ALPHABET, AND SECONDLY THE TEXTURE OF THE PAPER, WHICH FEELS VERY ODD TO HIM. HE RUBS IT BETWEEN HIS FINGERS. HE EVEN SNIFFS IT.)

TELECINE 3.

Ext. College. Day.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA enter St. Cedd's College.

THE DOCTOR, in the manner of a guide.

THE DOCTOR: St. Cedd's College, Cambridge. Founded in the year something or other, by someone who's name I forget in honour of someone who for the moment escapes me.

ROMANA: St. Cedd?

THE DOCTOR: Do you know I think it very probably was? You should be a historian.

ROMANA: I should be a nursemaid.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, excuse me ...

He has spotted one of the PORTERS sticking something on a notice board outside the PORTER'S lodge.

PORTER: Yes sir?

Half recognises THE DOCTOR.

PORTER: Ah, aren't you Doctor ... er.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.

PORTER: Took an honorary degree in 1960.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. How kind of you to remember.

PORTER: That's my job.

THE DOCTOR: And you do it splendidly well sir. Tell me, is ...

PORTER: Professor Chronotis in? Yes sir, he returned to his room a few minutes ago.

THE DOCTOR: How did you know I wanted to see Professor Chronotis?

PORTER: That's who you asked to see when you were here in 1964, 1960, and 1955.

THE DOCTOR: Really, is that so? I was also here in 1958.

PORTER: (PUZZLED) Were you sir?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but in a different body.

PORTER: Just as you say sir.

THE DOCTOR: Nice to see you again sir. Come on Romana.

They walk through the college to PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS' staircase.

END TELECINE 3.

8. Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.

(PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS IS SITTING READING.)

HE GETS UP AND GOES TO THE KITCHEN.

JUST AS HE GOES OUT, THERE IS A
KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

PROFESSOR: Come in.

(HE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA COME IN.)

(OFF) Tea?

THE DOCTOR: Yes please. Two cups.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) Milk?

THE DOCTOR: Yes please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) One lump or two?

THE DOCTOR: Two please. And two
sugars.

(ROMANA LOOKS AT HIM IN
BEWILDERMENT.

THE PROFESSOR POKES HIS HEAD ROUND
THE CORNER.)

PROFESSOR: Ah! Doctor, how splendid to
see you!

THE DOCTOR: And you Professor. This is
Romana.

PROFESSOR: Ah my child, delighted,
delighted. I've heard so much about
you.

ROMANA: (SURPRISED) Have you?

PROFESSOR: Well, not yet, but I'm
sure I will have done. When Time
Lords get to my age they tend to
get their tenses muddled up. Now
would you have liked some biscuits
too?

TELECINE 4.

Ext. Streets of Cambridge.

We follow SKAGRA walking through the streets of Cambridge.

FAVOUR the bag.

END TELECINE 4.

9. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(DOCTOR, ROMANA AND PROFESSOR AS BEFORE.)

ROMANA: Three hundred years? In the same set of rooms?

PROFESSOR: Yes my dear. Ever since I retired from Gallifrey.

ROMANA: You'd think someone would notice.

PROFESSOR: One of the delights of the older Cambridge Colleges. Everyone is so discreet. Anyway Doctor young fellow. What can I do for you?

THE DOCTOR: What can you do for me? What can *I* do for you? You sent for me.

PROFESSOR: Sent for you?

THE DOCTOR: I got your signal.

PROFESSOR: Signal? What signal?

THE DOCTOR: Romana. Didn't we pick up a signal from the Professor? Would

we come and see him as soon as possible?

ROMANA: Yes. We came straight away.

PROFESSOR: I haven't sent you a signal. But it's very splendid to see you anyway. Why don't you just relax and enjoy yourselves?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but if you didn't send that signal ... who did?

TELECINE 5.

Ext. Gate of St. Cedd's.

The PORTER still busy with his notice board.

SKAGRA arrives. He stands very near the PORTER and looks into the College.

When he talks to the PORTER he speaks very quietly, looks past him rather than at him and behaves with the total arrogance of someone who doesn't even know what arrogance means.

SKAGRA: You.

The PORTER looks round. He does not take kindly to this mode of address.

PORTER: Did you address me sir?

SKAGRA: I want Chronotis.

PORTER: Professor Chronotis?

SKAGRA: Where is he?

PORTER: He will not meet you.

disturbed. The Doctor is with him. A very old friend.

The PORTER lays an emphasis on 'friend'.

SKAGRA continues to stare into the middle distance, as if he is about to say something else.

Then, quite abruptly SKAGRA turns and walks off.

The expression on the PORTER's face tells us exactly what he thinks of him.

END TELECINE 5.

10. Int. Chris Parsons' Lab.

(CHRIS HAS JUST SET UP HIS MICROSCOPE.

HE IS NOT CERTAIN THAT HE SHOULD BE DOING THIS, BUT HE PICKS UP THE BOOK, OPENS IT, AND TRIES TO SLICE A SLIVER OF PAGE WITH A RAZOR BLADE.

HE CAN'T CUT THE PAPER.

THIS ASTONISHES HIM.

HE TAKES THE BOOK OVER TO A SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSER (IDENTIFY WITH LABEL ON IT 'SPECTROGRAPH').

HE PUTS THE BOOK INTO IT, WITH THE SPINE FOLDED BACK SO THAT ONLY ONE PAGE IS ACTUALLY BEING EXAMINED.

HE TURNS THE SPECTROGRAPH ON.
AFTER HUMMING FOR A FEW MINUTES,
IT EMITS A LOUD BANG FROM INSIDE
AND SMOKE STARTS TO POUR OUT OF
IT.

CHRIS IS HORRIFIED AND RIPS THE
PLUG OUT OF THE WALL.)

*11. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms. As
Before.*

(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND PROFESSOR,
AS BEFORE)

PROFESSOR: Wait!

ROMANA: (STARTLED) What for?

PROFESSOR: I've had an idea about who
might have sent that message.

ROMANA: Who?

PROFESSOR: Me!

THE DOCTOR: But you just said ...

PROFESSOR: I know. Memory's getting a
bit touchy of late. Doesn't like to
be prodded about too much. But my
dear old things, I must have sent it
ages ago.

ROMANA: I said you'd got the time
wrong Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I know, but you're always
saying that.

ROMANA: Well you're always getting the
time wrong.

THE DOCTOR: What was it about
Professor?

PROFESSOR: What was what about?

THE DOCTOR: (PATIENTLY) The message.

PROFESSOR: I don't know. You've seen it more recently than I have.

THE DOCTOR: Was it to do with the voices?

PROFESSOR: What voices?

THE DOCTOR: When we were on the river I heard a strange sound, a sort of babble of inhuman voices. Didn't you Romana?

ROMANA: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Oh just undergraduates talking to each other I expect. I've tried to have it banned, but no.

THE DOCTOR: No, this wasn't something like that, it was ... it was like a lot of people ...

PROFESSOR: Or things ...

THE DOCTOR: Very quietly ...

ROMANA: Screaming ...

PROFESSOR: Overwrought imaginings Doctor. No, I remember what it was.

(HE BECOMES SLIGHTLY PREOCCUPIED WITH WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY.)

Yes, of course, of course. Delicate matter, slightly. It was about a book ...

(DOCTOR LOOKING ROUND AT THE HUNDREDS OF BOOKS A FEELING THAT THIS IS A BIT OF AN ANTICLIMAX.)

THE DOCTOR: A book?

12. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab. Day.*

(CHRIS NOW HAS THE BOOK UNDER AN OLD X-RAY MACHINE.

HE WATCHES FROM BEHIND THE SHIELD WINDOW AS HE TAKES A PLATE.

THE BOOK STARTS TO GLOW.

HE HASTILY SWITCHES THE MACHINE OFF AND APPROACHES THE BOOK CAREFULLY.

HE IS WEARING A FULL PROTECTIVE APRON AND IT SEEMS MOST ODD THAT HE SHOULD APPEAR ALMOST AFRAID OF THE BOOK.

HE REACHES OUT A HAND TO TOUCH IT, THEN WITHDRAWS AS IF BURNT.)

TELECINE 6.

Ext. Cambridge Streets.

SKAGRA walking down a main road. There are PEOPLE and cars around.

He is looking for a car to steal, but does not wish to be conspicuous.

He passes a small side street, glances up it, sees one solitary car there.

He goes up to the car.

There is A MAN in the passenger seat.

SKAGRA takes no notice of this. He gets into the driver's seat and drives off.

THE PASSENGER gapes in astonishment.

THE PASSENGER: Who are you? What the blazes do you think you're doing?

SKAGRA doesn't take his eyes off the road. With one hand he opens the Doctor's bag.

To THE PASSENGER's astonishment the black sphere floats up out of it.

The thin babble of voices is heard.

The sphere presses itself against THE PASSENGER's forehead.

The babble sound increases sharply for a moment, THE PASSENGER writhes, then stiffens in his seat.

The sphere then detaches itself and sinks back into the bag.

Meanwhile, SKAGRA drives on, unconcerned.

WE ESTABLISH that at that moment SKAGRA is driving past the front of the College.

END TELECINE 6.

13. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(THE PROFESSOR IS UP AT THE BOOKSHELVES. HE HAS JUST TAKEN DOWN A BOOK.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE LOOKING SUDDENLY SLIGHTLY ALARMED.

THEY HAVE JUST HEARD THE VOICES AGAIN, THOUGH FAINTLY.)

THE DOCTOR: (HOLDING UP A HAND)
Professor ... !

PROFESSOR: Shhh! ... (HE LISTENS) Did you just hear voices?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(HE LOOKS AT ROMANA.)

ROMANA: Yes. Very faint this time.
From ...

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

ROMANA: Inside my head?

PROFESSOR: That's what I thought.

THE DOCTOR: Is it anything to do with this book?

PROFESSOR: What? Oh no no no. No that's just a book I ... well accidentally brought from Gallifrey with me, and I thought it was about time it ... er ...

ROMANA: From Gallifrey? You brought it here?

PROFESSOR: Yes, just a few knick knacks you know. And you know how I love my books Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: You just said you brought it by accident.

PROFESSOR: An oversight. I overlooked the fact that I decided to bring it. Just for study you know. But as I'm now getting ... very old I thought ...

THE DOCTOR: That perhaps I'd take it back for you.

PROFESSOR: Well now that I'm retired I'm not allowed to have a Tardis.

(IN FACT HE DELIBERATELY DOESN'T SAY THAT HE HASN'T GOT ONE, ONLY THAT HE ISN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE ONE.)

THE DOCTOR: Professor, I hardly like to criticise, but it could be terribly risky to take books from Gallifrey. They could be terribly dangerous in the wrong hands.

(MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR HANDS THE DOCTOR A BOOK.)

14. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab.*

(CHRIS IS ON THE PHONE.)

CHRIS: Keightley? Hey, yes it's Chris. Listen, I've just ... where? Yes, I'm fine. Listen, the most amazing thing. I've got this strange book. It's got a molecular structure unlike anything I've seen. Yes. I said book. It's like nothing on Earth. And I think I mean that literally. Extra-terrestrial. No,

I'm not mad. Listen I've done everything, X-Rays, spectrograph, you name it. You don't have to believe anything till you've seen it yourself. Yeah, come on over. Great. See you soon.

(HE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.)

15. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(THE DOCTOR READS FROM THE BOOK THE PROFESSOR HAS HANDED HIM.)

THE DOCTOR: 'And in the Ancient days of Rassilon, five great principles were laid down. Can you guess what those principles were children?'

ROMANA: It's just a Gallifreyan Nursery Book.

(SHE LOOKS AT THE SPINE.)

'Our Planet's Story'. I had that when I was a child.

PROFESSOR: Oh, no no, that's just another memento. Not the right book at all. Now where is it? Is this the one?

(HE PICKS OUT ANOTHER.)

No, not that one. Where is it? I know it's here somewhere.

(HE BEGINS TO SEARCH MORE URGENTLY.)

THE DOCTOR: How many books did you bring for heaven's sake?

PROFESSOR: Oh just the odd one or two.

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous?

TELECINE 7.

Ext. Country Road. Day.

SKAGRA driving.

He eventually pulls over and parks the car out of the way off the road.

He walks into what is apparently a totally deserted field.

He then appears to walk up some invisible steps.

As he does so he slowly disappears from the head downwards.

He has entered a spaceship invisible to our eyes.

END TELECINE 7.

16. Int. Professor's Room Again. Day.

(BOOKS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE NOW. THE PROFESSOR LOOKING AMONGST THEM ALL FEVERISHLY.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE HELPING HIM BY DISCARDING BOOKS WHICH ARE OBVIOUSLY NOT THE ONE.)

ROMANA: Well what does it look like? What's it called.

PROFESSOR: It's the Ancient Law of Gallifrey.

(THIS CAUSES THE DOCTOR TO START WITH AMAZEMENT.)

THE DOCTOR: The Ancient Law of Gallifrey?

PROFESSOR: Er, yes. Red book, about seven by five.

THE DOCTOR: Professor, how did that book get out of the Panopticon Archives?

PROFESSOR: Well, what I did you see is ... well I just took it.

THE DOCTOR: Took it?

PROFESSOR: Well, no one on Gallifrey's that interested in Ancient History anymore. And I thought that ... possibly certain things would be safer with me.

THE DOCTOR: And were they?

PROFESSOR: Well, in principle.

THE DOCTOR: Professor, that book dates back to the days of Rassillon ...

PROFESSOR: (INGENUOUSLY) Does it? Oh, er yes it would do. Yes.

THE DOCTOR: It's one of the artifacts.

PROFESSOR: Is it? Indeed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh come on Professor, you know that perfectly well. And you also know perfectly well that Rassillon had secrets and powers that even we don't

You've no idea what might be hidden in that book.

PROFESSOR: Well there's not much chance of anyone else understanding it then is there?

THE DOCTOR: I hope you're right. I think we'd better find it.

(THEY LOOK AGAIN.)

17. *Int. Skagra's Spacecraft.*

(THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP REFLECTS THE SLEEK AND DEADLY EXTERIOR - COMFORTABLE IN A SPARTAN WAY.

SKAGRA PAUSES IN ABSOLUTE STILLNESS FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

WHEN HE SPEAKS WE WILL REALISE THAT THERE IS NO OTHER BEING PRESENT FOR THE RESPONSE, WHEN IT COMES, IS FROM THE ENTITY OF THE WHOLE SHIP ITSELF - A WOMAN'S VOICE.)

SKAGRA: Feed me!

(BY HIS SIDE A BEAUTIFULLY PREPARED SERVING TROLLEY LADEN WITH EQUALLY DELIGHTFUL FOOD APPEARS.

SKAGRA SITS IN ONE OF THE LOUNGERS.)

Rest me.

(SKAGRA'S HEAD IS BATHED IN A GENTLE AURA FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THE AURA DISAPPEARS.

SKAGRA OPENS HIS EYES, REFRESHED

AND REVITALISED. HE TAKES
SOMETHING FROM THE TROLLEY AND
BEGINS TO EAT.)

SKAGRA: I have confirmed the location
of the book. It shall soon be mine.

SHIP: Congratulations my Lord.

SKAGRA: Tell me of the one called 'The
Doctor'.

(A SCREEN ON THE WALL, A
BEWILDERING AND, TO US,
UNINTELLIGIBLE RAPID SERIES OF
IMAGES.

B.C.U. SKAGRA'S FACE. HE IS
BLINKING VERY FAST, ASSIMILATING
THE MATERIAL.

THE PROCESS STOPS.)

He has no more power than the others.
Only one has the power I seek, and
when I have the book that power shall
be mine. Get me the carrier ship.

(THE SCREEN FLICKERS AND RESOLVES
INTO A NEW IMAGE.

BEFORE IT RESOLVES WE RESUME ON
SKAGRA'S FACE.)

All goes well, I shall be with you very
soon, and then let the Universe
prepare itself for me!

(C.U. THE SCREEN.

ON IT IS THE FACE OF THE KRARG
COMMANDER, A FACE WHICH SEEMS TO
BE COMPOSED OF LUMPS OF COAL WITH
BURNING EYES.)

KRARG COMMANDER: Everything is ready
my Lord.

SUPOSE CAM: *Roll*
End
Credits:

FADE OUT